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Cast of Characters

THE PINK WASP/BRETT MAJORS

YELLOW JACKET/CHANG

THE GOLDEN PHARAOH

GISELLE PROON

NORWOOD PENDLETON

CHIEF O'CONNEL

THE LEOPARD LADY

HAPPY THE SHOESHINE BOY

THE MOLE MAN

MR. BALTHAZAAR MAJORS

MRS. BALTHAZAAR MAJORS

WOMAN ON THE STREET

ORPHANS

A HOST OF HENCHMEN

Production Notes

You need not have an actor for every role. As originally staged, actors doubled up and played multiple parts. I leave this to the director's discretion.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE PINK WASP & YELLOW JACKET (IN COLOR)

by Anthony Wood

ACT I

Scene 1

(Blackness: Opening montage. Twangy surf music begins to play [“Shake N’ Stomp” by Dick Dale and his Del-Tones.] Lights up quickly on the PINK WASP and YELLOW JACKET standing center stage. PINK WASP holds a pink handgun. YELLOW JACKET is in an elaborate karate fight stance. They vogue a few poses around the stage. Two masked CRIMINALS enter. YELLOW JACKET kicks one off stage with a series of karate and kung fu moves. PINK WASP shoots the other one in between the eyes. A beautiful BLONDE enters à la Jane Mansfield: tight dress and missile-cone, industrial strength bra breasts. She snuggles up to him. They are about to kiss. PINK WASP rears back and punches her square in the jaw.)

(Lights out.)

(We hear a forceful voiceover ANNOUNCER say...)

ANNOUNCER. The Pink WASP!

(Lights up. PINK WASP enters as his alter ego BRETT MAJORS. He smokes a cigarette.)

Millionaire Playboy Brett Majors, performing a top secret, hi-tech experiment—

(A stuffed bee or wasp on a string with a nuclear symbol on its side swoops in and hits BRETT. He recoils in pain. The lights flash hypnotically.)

—is accidentally stung by a nuclear wasp. His blood boils with the strength of atomic insect power!

(BRETT writhes some more. Then rolls offstage.)

Achieving super intelligence and expert marksmanship, he vows to fight the dark princes of crime, striking fear into the hearts of evil-doers as—

(BRETT enters as The Pink WASP.)

—The Pink WASP! Starring Alan DeBong as The Pink WASP...with Jimmy MacGillicuddy as Yellow Jacket.

(YELLOW JACKET twirls kicks and chops his way on stage and poses next to the PINK WASP.)

It's The Adventures of The Pink WASP!...and Yellow Jacket. In color!

(Music ends.)

(Lights to half.)

(Entering on stage is the GOLDEN PHARAOH. PINK WASP and YELLOW JACKET, bound back-to-back with ropes, are led in by two masked HENCHMEN.)

When we last left The Pink WASP and Yellow Jacket, they were captured trying to stop their arch-nemesis The Golden Pharaoh from stealing The Ruby Orb of Osiris. Now, held captive under The Golden Pharaoh's sinister Device of Doom, they struggle for their very lives!

(Lights up.)

(The GOLDEN PHARAOH stands on a wood block pedestal. He leans back and laughs.)

GOLDEN PHARAOH. HA! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Well, well, well. The Pink WASP and Yellow Jacket. It seems I have you exactly where I want you.

PINK WASP. You'll never get away with this, you taupe-skinned, Arabic fiend!

GOLDEN PHARAOH. Ha, ha, ha! Your pathetic threats are so quasi-comical I almost feel compelled to laugh outwardly at the sheer scope of their irony!

(The GOLDEN PHARAOH holds out a red glass ball in his palm.)

The Ruby Orb of Osiris, and all the power it contains therein, are mine. You, on the other hand, are about to taste ultimate destruction and pain in the hands of my Device of Doom!

(SFX of a monstrous machine begins.)

(Everyone on stage looks up in awe.)

In five minutes its spectacular destructive power will come hurtling upon your commiserable heads, plunging you into the ebony-black darkness of death. Highly amusing, don't you think?

PINK WASP. I think you talk too much.

GOLDEN PHARAOH. Pity I can't stay to watch your horrific and somewhat messy demise, but I have a world to conquer, you understand. Ta-ta, Pink WASP and Yellow Jacket! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

(GOLDEN PHARAOH and the HENCHMEN exit up stage right. There is a pause.)

(Offstage:) What?...I don't think...Are you sure?

(They come back on.)

Excuse me...wrong door. Goodbye Pink WASP and Yellow Jacket! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

(They exit downstage right. Another pause.)

(Offstage:) Uhhh...this doesn't look—no this does not look right at all.

(They all enter.)

(Clumsily:) Well...so...see you at the Pearly Gates, Pink WASP and Yellow Jacket! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

(They exit up stage left.)

(Offstage:) What?! Oh now this is just ridiculous! I mean...

(They all enter again.)

(Pointing to PINK WASP:) Don't say anything, all right? Nothing!

(They exit center.)

If this is not right I am kicking some henchman butt.

(They are gone. PINK WASP and YELLOW JACKET struggle with the ropes.)

PINK WASP. *(Struggling:)* Uhh! Ropes...too...tight...to...loosen...effectively...without...causing...severe...rope...burn! Sorry...I...got you...into this...old chum!

YELLOW JACKET. *(Also struggling:)* Don't...worry, boss. It's been...a pleasure...fighting...next to...you!

PINK WASP. Sorry, I didn't get that.

YELLOW JACKET. I said,... It's been a pleasure...fighting next to you.

PINK WASP. Nope. I appreciate the effort, old chum, but I don't have time to try and decipher your crude "chinky, Jap-o gutter English." Right now we've got to figure out how to stop that devilish machine.

(They both look up.)

My God, if wasn't so spectacularly horrific, I'd think it was downright beautiful. That evil, hookah-puffing, goat-eating fiend!

(They look up as the machine noise becomes louder and more ominous.)

You know I...I never really got to see the Grand Canyon...or the Statue Of Liberty...or the Macy's windows at Christmas time...

(He begins weeping.)

Oh God...I'm too young. Why! Why, God, whyyyyyy!

YELLOW JACKET. Wait! Boss, what about the mini saw in your utility coat?

PINK WASP. What?

YELLOW JACKET. The mini saw! The mini saw in your utility coat!

(PINK WASP strains to understand YELLOW JACKET, then gives up.)

PINK WASP. Ahhh...oh God, I'm gonna die! I'm gonna die hog-tied to a marble-mouthed, yellow heathen!

(He pauses.)

Wait! I've got it, old chum! I can use the mini saw in my utility coat! Why didn't think of this before?

(PINK WASP struggles a bit.)

Wait...uhh...there! I've got it! Hold still, old chum. I'll have us out in no time.

(SFX of a small circular saw. PINK WASP shifts his shoulders as if he's guiding the saw without looking.)

YELLOW JACKET. Oww!

PINK WASP. Don't be a baby, I just grazed you.

(After a moment...)

Ah! Got it!

(They jerk free of the ropes. The machine noise is at an extreme level. They both look up.)

YELLOW JACKET. The Device of Doom! We're too late!

PINK WASP. There's only one way out of this old chum! It's slim, but it's the only chance we have. Follow my lead. One...two...three—

(Lights out.)

Scene 2

(Blackness: More surf music begins to play.)

(Lights up.)

(We see millionaire BRETT MAJORS standing in a white dinner jacket, bow tie and black pants. He stares solemnly out into the audience. He smokes a cigarette and holds a drink.)

ANNOUNCER. When we last left The Pink WASP and Yellow Jacket, they'd just executed a brilliant escape from The Golden Pharaoh's Device Of Doom. Now, safe at his beachside mansion, The Pink WASP, now posing as his alter ego millionaire Brett Majors, ponders his next move.

(The sound of people reveling at a party is heard off-stage. CHANG enters with a tray of drinks. He wears his yellow servant's jacket.)

CHANG. Pardon me, Master Brett, but your guests are wondering why you're not at the party.

(BRETT looks confused and waves his hands around his ears as if to signify "no comprende.")

BRETT. I'm sorry, is that supposed to be English, or...?

(CHANG shakes his head, frustrated. BRETT pulls out a book and hands it to CHANG.)

Oh, speaking of which, I picked this up for you last week, Chang. I thought maybe it would help.

(CHANG reads the cover.)

CHANG. "Charlie Chan's Guide To Ploppa Engrish."

BRETT. It's never too late in life to learn, old chum.

(Disgusted, CHANG thumbs open the book and reads in broken English à la Charlie Chan.)

CHANG. "Honorable guests wonder, why for you not at party."

BRETT. See? Clear as cake. *(Turning away:)* Oh, I'm not in the party mood, old chum. Just knowing that fiendishly evil...fiend The Golden Pharaoh is out there, somewhere. Mocking me. Laughing at

my weak attempts to thwart his malevolent plans. I can't think of anything else right now.

(BRETT picks up a body building magazine.)

Not even my cherished body building magazines can give me solace. I can't stop. I won't. Not until I have that vile, heinous Punjab behind bars where he belongs.

(CHANG starts to leave.)

Old chum?

(CHANG turns. BRETT motions to him. CHANG sighs and bows like a house boy. BRETT gives him the "thumbs up." CHANG exits, shaking his head. BRETT picks up another body building magazine.)

(Sadly:) Oh, Charles Atlas, give me strength in my time of need.

(CHANG re-enters.)

CHANG. *(Charlie Chan-like:)* "Honorable Mr. Norwood Pendleton and Miss Giselle Proon."

(GISELLE and NORWOOD enter. NORWOOD is another rich socialite like Brett. He also wears a white dinner jacket and tie. GISELLE is the buxom woman from the opening. She wears a sparkling dress that is skin-tight, underneath which is an industrial strength '50s bra that makes her breasts protrude like scud missiles. If she hugged one too hard she may draw blood. Her hair is platinum blond. They both carry cigarettes and drinks.)

NORWOOD. Say, pal o' mine, why you ducking out in here? The party's in full swing. Everybody's here: Biff, Cookie, Muffy, Buffy, Chad, Dipsy, Django...

GISELLE. Yes, Brett. Your Orphanage Fund Raiser is a huge success. In fact, we've got a surprise I'm sure will cheer you up.

(She goes to the door.)

(Calling off stage:) All right, everybody!

(A group of four or five CHILDREN enter. They all carry cigarettes and drinks.)

These grateful orphans just wanted to say thanks, Brett. Okay, kids.

CHILDREN. Thank you, Mr. Majors.

(They all take a swig and a drag as GISELLE ushers them out. BRETT smiles slightly, then hangs his head.)

NORWOOD. I know what's got you down in the dumps, Amigo. It's this recent crime wave, isn't it?

BRETT. How did you...?

NORWOOD. It's that bloody darn Pink WASP and his heathen sidekick Yellow Jacket. Their spree of evil and hate is running rampant in the streets of Metro City. It's really putting a damper on the social scene, I can tell you that. Rumor has it they helped The Golden Pharaoh steal the Crimson Orb of Osiris from the museum last night.

BRETT. Well, I don't think—

NORWOOD. —bloody hi-heck! I'd be out there hunting down those hoodlums myself, if I didn't have this trick polo knee.

(NORWOOD finishes off his drink.)

Whoa, Daddy's dry again. Gotta track down that house boy of yours. A party ain't a party without Scotch, my grandmother always said. Take it easy, Compadre. The Pink WASP will be brought to justice in a pig's wink. You'll see. Coming, Giselle?

GISELLE. In a bit, Pookie.

(NORWOOD exits. GISELLE approaches BRETT with a "Ginger Grant" come-hither air about her. She puts her hand on BRETT's shoulder.)

GISELLE. Cheer up, blue eyes. Let's see that smile.

(BRETT gives a weak grin.)

There it is. You know, Norwood and I aren't really together. I mean, we came to your party together, but I just agreed to come because...well, I guess I wanted to see you. And to maybe make you a little jealous.

(BRETT looks into her eyes.)

You know, Brett, I've always felt close to you...even when we're standing across a crowded, smoky room, I can feel you next to me.

(She leans in. He leans in. She extends her lips for a kiss. He does the same. Just as their lips are about to touch he grabs her roughly by the shoulders and slaps her face.)

GISELLE. *(Shocked:)* Hey!

BRETT. You love it and you know it! Women, you're all so different: like gumballs in a glass globe. Yet, deep down, you're all exactly the same. Sugary and chewy, but your flavor goes limp in about five minutes. Give you a credit card and a Whiskey Manhattan and you'd forget my phone number and the color of my hair. So don't give me the hot breath, the pouting lips and the shimmy-shimmy-shake, Jezebel. I'm not gonna be another notch on your hitching post.

(She stares at him in shock.)

Have some dignity. Go on. Get out of here.

(She heads for the door and pauses, looking back at him.)

I said get out.

(She pauses, sighing.)

GISELLE. *(Sobbing:)* God, I love him!

(She exits. He picks up another body building magazine. He pauses, then starts weeping, burying his face in the pages.)

BRETT. Why?! Oh God, why?!!

(CHANG enters.)

CHANG. Honorable Chief O'Connel.

(CHIEF O'CONNEL enters. He is older, gray at the temples, moustache and also wears the white dinner jacket ensemble. He carries the required drink and cigarette. BRETT quickly tries to regain his composure.)

CHIEF O'CONNEL. Brett, do you have a moment?

BRETT. (*Frantically composing:*) Yes!... Chief, right, yes, of course, right, no problem.

(*BRETT sniffles up the last of his tears.*)

CHIEF O'CONNEL. I need a word with you. It's rather important.

BRETT. Didn't start a fight out there, did you Chief O'Connell?

CHIEF O'CONNEL. I beg your pardon?

BRETT. Well, I know how you people are, Chief. You have one glass of hootch too many and all of a sudden you're rolling up your sleeves, defending the Pope and threatening everybody with a whack of your shillelagh.

CHIEF O'CONNEL. I don't—

BRETT. What can I help you with, Chief?

CHIEF O'CONNEL. Well, as you know, Brett, the city has been inundated with a host of crimes initiated by The Pink WASP and Yellow Jacket.

BRETT. Go on...

CHIEF O'CONNEL. No one feels safe, even in their own homes. And for all of our efforts, the Metro City Police Department can't seem to get close. He slips through our fingers like fine sand. He's super smart and super cunning.

BRETT. And a crack shot, I hear tell. So what do you want with me, Chief?

CHIEF O'CONNEL. Well, Brett, we feel that a man with your "resources" might be able contribute to the MCPD, to help in the fight against these dark characters.

BRETT. Absolutely.

CHIEF O'CONNEL. Really?

BRETT. Of course, Chief. What kind of citizen would I be if I didn't try to do my part? We're all in the same boat, you know.

CHIEF O'CONNEL. Thank you, Brett.

BRETT. Any resources I have are at your disposal.

CHIEF O'CONNEL. Thanks again, Brett.

(They shake hands and look at one another for a long moment.)

BRETT. When you say “resources” you’re not talking about money, are you?

CHIEF O'CONNEL. Well...yes actually.

(BRETT starts laughing heartily.)

BRETT. Oh! Oh, Chief! You are a card!

(BRETT starts walking the CHIEF to the door.)

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Chief, I’d have to be as drunk as you to agree to something like that. Enjoy the rest of the party.

(BRETT pushes the CHIEF out the door.)

CHIEF O'CONNEL. But Brett...

(BRETT walks glumly over to his desk and pulls out The Pink WASP mask. He stares at it.)

BRETT. So, now you’re a menace to society. Things aren’t turning out the way we planned them, eh, old friend? I just wanted to help those in need.

(He puts on the mask.)

And now I’ve become a symbol of hate and fear.

(CHIEF O'CONNEL re-enters.)

CHIEF O'CONNEL. Brett, I think we should—

(The CHIEF sees BRETT in the mask and gasps in shock.)

CHIEF O'CONNEL. You! The Pink WASP! Here?! What have you done with Brett Majors, you...you fiend?!

(The CHIEF turns and calls for help.)

Help! Quickly! Somebody help!

(BRETT whips off the mask and puts it back in the drawer. The CHIEF turns and faces him, confused. CHANG, NORWOOD, GISELLE and the ORPHANS come in.)

CHIEF O'CONNEL. *(Confused:)* Brett?!... But, I saw him!

(The CHIEF searches frantically around the room.)

He was right here! As plain as day!

BRETT. Who, Chief O'Connell?

CHIEF O'CONNEL. The...The Pink WASP.

BRETT. *(Chuckling:)* Oh, Chief, I'm afraid that's impossible. I've been here the whole time. I never saw any Pink WASP.

CHIEF O'CONNEL. But...but...

(BRETT grabs the CHIEF's arm and leads him to the door.)

BRETT. Chang, better check the medicine cabinet. I'm afraid the good Chief has gotten into the nail polish remover again.

(CHANG bows. The other guests chuckle with relief.)

Enjoy the rest of the party, everybody. There should be some rumaki put out a few minutes.

(Everybody "oohs" and "ahhs" as they leave. A computer-like beeping sound emanates from Brett's desk. BRETT runs to it and mimes hitting a few buttons.)

BRETT. Great scott!

(CHANG comes running in.)

CHANG. What's up?

(BRETT looks at CHANG. CHANG takes out his book and reads.)

CHANG. "What's up?"

BRETT. It's the Crimino-puter. It says that The Leopard Lady and her Pussy Brigade are planning a heist at the Metro City Mint.

CHANG. Holy engraver's plates! If she gets control of the city's money supply, she could crumble our whole economic system by an unwanted flood of false currency!

(BRETT stares at CHANG a moment.)

BRETT. Whatever. Come on, old chum. There's no time to lose. To the WASP's Nest!

(They start to run downstage, then freeze.)

(More surf music and blackout.)

Scene 3

(Blackness: More surf music begins to play.)

(Lights up.)

(It is the Metro City Mint. Tables stacked with dollar bills are set on stage. The PINK WASP and YELLOW JACKET enter, cautiously. They freeze.)

ANNOUNCER. When we last left The Pink WASP and Yellow Jacket, they were speeding down the Metro City freeway in the WASP Mobile, heading for the Metro City Mint...and a rendezvous with The Leopard Lady.

(They unfreeze. They tip-toe around the stage.)

PINK WASP. See anything, old chum?

YELLOW JACKET. *(Charlie Chan-ish:)* "Not yet. Honorable Mint as empty as Joe McCarthy's head."

(There is a rustling noise offstage. They halt.)

PINK WASP. Uh-oh. We've got company. Looks like it's time to assemble my WASP Ray.

(The PINK WASP takes several pieces of a pink gun from his coat and starts putting them together. It's a long and involved process that includes a series of "clicks," "clunks" and several wheels and shafts being pressed and screwed together. YELLOW JACKET waits, patiently.)

Okay...wait.

(He takes a few more pieces from his jacket. A few more “clicks,” and then...)

There. That ought to do it. Now, we just set the cheese and trap ourselves a cat.

(YELLOW JACKET looks at the PINK WASP, confused.)

Okay, got me. I didn't say it was a good metaphor.

(The two tip-toe stage left, waiting patiently. From behind them, stage right, enter two of the Leopard Lady's Pussy Brigade HENCHMEN. They come up close to the PINK WASP and YELLOW JACKET. One of the HENCHMEN taps the PINK WASP on the shoulder.)

PINK WASP. *(To YELLOW JACKET:)* What?

YELLOW JACKET. What?

PINK WASP. What?

(YELLOW JACKET shakes his head. They wait again. Another tap.)

PINK WASP. What?

YELLOW JACKET. What?

PINK WASP. You know “what.”

(YELLOW JACKET shakes his head again, very confused. They wait again. Another tap.)

PINK WASP. Okay, that's not even funny now.

YELLOW JACKET. What?

(Another tap. The PINK WASP turns to the HENCHMEN.)

PINK WASP. Just a sec. *(To YELLOW JACKET:)* Don't try to be the comedian, I—

(They freeze in shock. They turn to the HENCHMEN. The HENCHMEN jump on their backs.)

(Surf music begins to play.)

(YELLOW JACKET throws off the HENCHMAN and starts to pummel him with a series of carefully choreographed kicks and chops. Batman-style sound effects are heard with each strike, and signs reading "POW!", "BAM!", "BIFF!" and "WOW-ZEE BANG!" appear from off stage. PINK WASP pushes away his attacker and punches him. Another "POW!" sign. The HENCHMAN stumbles back into one of the money tables. He grabs a handful of loose dollars and throws them into the PINK WASP's face. The PINK WASP grabs his eyes and reacts like he's been hit with acid.)

PINK WASP. Arrrrrrgghh!!!

(He falls to his knees. The HENCHMAN picks up the Pink Wasp's gun and points it at YELLOW JACKET. He stops kicking the crap out of the other HENCHMAN. The HENCHMEN grab the PINK WASP and YELLOW JACKET from behind. A woman's laughter is heard off stage.)

PINK WASP. Show yourself, you flea-bitten feline!

(The LEOPARD LADY enters. She is wearing a skin tight leopard suit complete with hood, ears and a black mask. She also has the industrial strength missile breasts like Giselle.)

LEOPARD LADY. So...the little bugs have fallen into my fly paper. Puuurrffffect! *(To the PINK WASP:)* You, I'll roast under a magnifying glass. *(To YELLOW JACKET:)* And you...I'll just pull your wings off for fun.

PINK WASP. Don't get cocky, Puss N' Boots. This isn't over yet.

LEOPARD LADY. Isn't it? I have all this ready cash at my disposal now, buggo. I can buy and buy and buy, shopping to my little heart's content. There'll be so much money floating in this city you'll need a wheel barrow full just to purchase a can of Friskies Buffet. A dream come true at last. The ruination of Metro City. *Meooooow!*

(She strolls downstage.)

PINK WASP. You pathetic panther! You would go out of your way to bankrupt the good, wealthy upper class citizens of this fair city?! I don't believe you're really evil enough to do such a thing. There

has to be a good little tabby somewhere underneath all those treacherous spots.

(She pauses and turns to him. She nods her head at the HENCHMEN and he lets the PINK WASP go. The PINK WASP approaches her. There is a palpable sexual tension in the air.)

LEOPARD LADY. Maybe...maybe not. What can you do for the pretty little kitty to make her change her mind?

PINK WASP. I don't know. A bowl of milk, perhaps?

(She inches closer to him, purring.)

LEOPARD LADY. Uh-huh...

PINK WASP. A good, healthy snort of catnip?

(She inches even closer, purring louder.)

LEOPARD LADY. Oooh, uh-huh...

PINK WASP. And maybe a scratch at the base of your tail?

(He scratches her tailbone. She purrs loudly and sticks her butt out like a cat.)

LEOPARD LADY. Ooooooh...Hello Kitty.

(They inch toward one another for a kiss. Just as their lips touch he pulls away and slaps her across the face. She hisses.)

PINK WASP. You miserable minx! Sure, you're all sweet and purring and rubbing against my legs now! But in five minutes you'll be climbing the neighbor's fence and doing the back alley wail with some cross-eyed Tomcat who promises you Chicken of the Sea. Sorry, Shee-Ra. That's a game of cat and mouse I don't play.

LEOPARD LADY. You'll pay for that, you Dung Beetle! Cecil! Beanie!

(The HENCHMEN tie the PINK WASP and YELLOW JACKET up with rope, pinning their arms at their sides. The HENCHMEN push them down to their knees.)

LEOPARD LADY. Okay, Waspy. I'm going to show you how we like to cat fight...downtown!

(She takes out a remote control and pushes a button. The sound of rusty wheels turning is heard. Everyone looks out at the audience as the source of the noise. A loud, guttural, monstrous meowing is heard. The PINK WASP and YELLOW JACKET are in shock. The HENCHMEN take out cloth sacks with dollar signs printed on them and begin gathering up the money from the tables.)

LEOPARD LADY. Meet Mister Snuggles, gentlemen. A little genetic experiment of mine that, well, shall we say "got a bit out of hand."

(More monstrous growling and meowing as the rusty wheels turn.)

PINK WASP. Great googly moogly!

LEOPARD LADY. Eighty-five tons of nasty, flesh rendering fur, claws and teeth. And a bad temper to boot. How unfortunate...for you.

(She checks her watch.)

And what do you know. It's just about feeding time.

(She takes out an egg timer and cranks it. It begins ticking loudly.)

When this timer goes ding, Mister Snuggle's cage will be wide open. Just in time for him to have a little bug morsel or two to chew on.

PINK WASP. You dastardly...evil...wretched...this, gosh, this is just bad! It's really, really bad! Really bad!

LEOPARD LADY. How eloquent.

(The HENCHMEN finish their money-gathering. LEOPARD LADY takes the PINK WASP's chin in her hand and leans in close to him.)

Ta-ta, Waspy. See you in the litter box.

(She laughs as she exits with the HENCHMEN. The PINK WASP and YELLOW JACKET struggle against the ropes.)

PINK WASP. No good! Oh, I hate this! This whole tied up and waiting to die thing is really getting on my nerves!

YELLOW JACKET. “Honorable Boss. Is there any device you might have that could free us?”

PINK WASP. Uhmmm...let’s see. There’s the mini saw, but that burned out a bearing from the last time. Uhm...how about the— Ahh! That ticking is gonna make my ears bleed! Swear to God! Man, that’s annoying!

(They struggle some more. The wheels stop turning. The growling gets much louder and much closer.)

PINK WASP. Well, old chum. This is it.

YELLOW JACKET. “It has been honor to serve you, oh mighty Pink WASP.”

PINK WASP. Hold your head high, old chum. If we go, we go like men.

(They sit stoically, staring out at the approaching beast. Suddenly the PINK WASP breaks down and begins sobbing loudly.)

PINK WASP. Ahhhhh! Mommy! Help! Help me! Mommmmm-eeeeeee!!!

(They freeze.)

(Lights to half.)

ANNOUNCER. Will The Pink WASP and Yellow Jacket escape from the gruesome clutches of Mr. Snuggles? And will Leopard Lady have her way and crash the economy of Metro City? Tune in to our next episode and find out! Same WASP time! Same WASP channel!

(Surf Music and blackout.)

ACT II

Scene 1

(Lights up to half.)

(The PINK WASP and YELLOW JACKET are frozen, sitting on stage tied together with ropes. They wear fearful expressions.)

ANNOUNCER. In our last episode of The Adventures of The Pink WASP and Yellow Jacket, our heroes were trapped by the Leopard Lady in the Metro City Mint. All too soon they will be lunch for her ravenous, genetically altered monstrosity...Mr. Snuggles!

(Lights up full.)

(The sound of monstrous growling and meowing is heard.)

PINK WASP. Well, old chum. This is it.

YELLOW JACKET. “It has been honor to serve you, oh mighty Pink WASP.”

PINK WASP. Hold your head high, old chum. If we go, we go like men. Like heroes.

(They sit stoically, staring out at the approaching beast. Suddenly the PINK WASP breaks down and begins sobbing loudly.)

PINK WASP. Ahhhhhh! Mommy! Help! Help me! Mommmmm-eeeeeee!!!

(They freeze.)

(Blackout.)

(Twangy surf music begins to play [“Shake N’ Stomp” by Dick Dale and his Del-Tones.]

(Lights up quickly on the PINK WASP and YELLOW JACKET standing center stage. PINK WASP holds a pink handgun. YELLOW JACKET is in an elaborate karate fight stance. They vogue a few poses around the stage. Two masked CRIMINALS enter. YELLOW JACKET kicks one off stage with a series of karate and kung fu moves. PINK WASP shoots the other one in between the eyes. A beautiful BLONDE enters à la Jane Mansfield: tight dress and missile-cone, industrial strength bra breasts. She snuggles up to him.

They are about to kiss. PINK WASP rears back and punches her square in the jaw.)

(Lights out.)

(We hear a forceful voiceover ANNOUNCER say...)

ANNOUNCER. The Pink WASP!

(Lights up.)

(PINK WASP enters as his alter ego BRETT MAJORS. He smokes a cigarette.)

Millionaire Playboy Brett Majors, performing a top secret, hi-tech experiment—

(A stuffed bee or wasp on a string with a nuclear symbol on its side swoops in and hits BRETT. He recoils in pain. The lights flash hypnotically.)

—is accidentally stung by a nuclear wasp. His blood boils with the strength of atomic insect power!

(BRETT writhes some more. Then rolls offstage.)

Achieving super intelligence and expert marksmanship, he vows to fight the dark princes of crime, striking fear into the hearts of evil-doers as—

(BRETT enters as the PINK WASP.)

—The Pink WASP! Starring Alan DeBong as The Pink WASP...with Jimmy MacGillicuddy as Yellow Jacket.

(YELLOW JACKET twirls, kicks and chops his way on stage and poses next to the PINK WASP.)

It's The Adventures of The Pink WASP!...and Yellow Jacket. In color!

(Music ends.)

(Blackout.)

(Lights up.)

(The PINK WASP and YELLOW JACKET stand on stage, free of their ropes.)

YELLOW JACKET. My goodness, that was a close one.

PINK WASP. *(Confused:)* I can't make heads or tails out of that garbled Chinky-speak, Yellow Jacket. Use your phrase book.

(YELLOW JACKET takes out his "Charlie Chan's Guide To Ploppa English" phrase book. He reads...)

YELLOW JACKET. *(In Charlie Chan speak:)* "Holy Flaming Pagodas! I never think we get out of that one. I sure my flesh torn and rendered in Mr. Snuggles' ugly fangs."

PINK WASP. Well, old chum, I figured all we needed was a small distraction to give us time to free ourselves. Word to the wise: always carry a spare sparkly glitter ball.

(The sound of Mr. Snuggles meowing happily off stage is heard.)

Come on, old chum. We'd better head out before Mr. Snuggles wants his belly scratched. You take the WASP Mobile back to the WASP's Nest. I'll meet you there later.

YELLOW JACKET. "Where you go?"

PINK WASP. I've got to go do a little homework...let's roll!

YELLOW JACKET. "Got it."

(Lights to half. Surf music plays.)

(YELLOW JACKET and PINK WASP exit.)

(Lights up.)

(BRETT MAJORS walks on stage wearing his overcoat and fedora. He speaks to the audience.)

BRETT. My gut told me there was more than one rat involved in The Metro City Mint heist, I was sure of it. Leopard Lady couldn't have pulled this off alone. I mean, let's face it...she's a woman.

(Lights up downstage on HAPPY, an African American shoe shine boy. He kneels by a chair, rummaging through his shoe shine kit.)

My best bet for information on the street was Happy, a shoe shine boy on the corner of Main and Fifth. Good kid, Happy. Kept his ear to the ground and his mouth shut.

(BRETT sits in HAPPY's chair.)

HAPPY. *(In Stepin Fetchit fashion:)* Well, hello Missuh Majors, suh. How you doin' today?

BRETT. Fine, Happy. Give me the regular.

HAPPY. Duh regula', yes suh.

(HAPPY begins shining.)

BRETT. So, Happy, what's the word on the street?

HAPPY. Oh, I don't know nothin' 'bout nothin' no way no how, seems to me. Yas suh.

BRETT. What can you tell me about the Metro City Mint heist last night?

HAPPY. Well, far as I hear tell, da Leopard Lady done steal all da printed money from da Mint, whilst da Pink WASP and Yellow Jacket done got dey sef's trapped and almost eaten by one huge honkin' genetically messed up kitty called Mr. Snuggles.

BRETT. Uh-huh.

HAPPY. I hear tell da' Pink WASP started in ta weepin'and cryin'and callin' for his momma. Yes suh.

BRETT. *(Uncomfortable:)* Right...

HAPPY. He be a ballin' and a whinin', sound just like a little girl who done wet herself, yes suh.

BRETT. *(More uncomfortable:)* Got it...

HAPPY. Some folks say dey can hear his girlish screams echain' clear to the next county. Why he was so terrified—

BRETT. Okay, changing the subject here. What about the Leopard Lady? You think she acted alone?

(HAPPY looks about suspiciously.)

HAPPY. Well, I hear tell she be teamin' up wit some bad folk nowadays. I don't wanna name no names, but I hear tell that de Mole Man is back in circulation.

BRETT. The Mole Man, eh?

HAPPY. Word on the street is he done got hisself holed up at de old abandoned power plant on de edge of town. Now we both know he ain't settin hisself up to repair no radios up there, no suh. He up to no good.

(BRETT gets up from the chair.)

BRETT. Thanks again, Happy. I owe you one.

HAPPY. Yes suh. No problem.

(HAPPY holds out his hand. BRETT digs in his pocket for change. He holds out a coin to HAPPY then retracts it.)

BRETT. Hey Happy, how about a little dance?

HAPPY. *(Uncomfortable:)* Uhh, well I don't know, suh...my bad hip and all.

(BRETT starts putting his money away.)

BRETT. Oh, well that's too bad.

HAPPY. Okay. Okay.

(HAPPY starts to do a stiff little tap dance. BRETT claps along. HAPPY stops, panting.)

BRETT. Come on, Happy. It's a quarter.

(HAPPY struggles a little further with his dance. He stops, holding his hip in pain. BRETT puts the quarter in HAPPY's hand and rubs his head.)

BRETT. Thanks happy. You're a good kid.

(Lights to half.)

(HAPPY exits with chair. BRETT exits.)

(Lights up.)

(BRETT re-enters wearing his white dinner jacket. CHANG enters carrying a tray with a drink and lit cigarette on it. BRETT takes both. CHANG reads from his phrase book.)

CHANG. “Honorable boss find what need in street?”

BRETT. I sure did, old chum. It seems the Leopard Lady was not acting alone. She may be working in cahoots with the Mole Man...among others.

CHANG. “Others”?

BRETT. There’s only one super villain smart enough to pull together these evil fiends into an evil triumvirate of evil... A super criminal whose brilliance is only exceeded by his vileness.

CHANG. “Holy Enigma Shrouded In Mystery!”

BRETT. You said it all, old chum. My arch-nemesis is back once again to pull his dark quilt over the unsuspecting heads of the citizens of Metro City. Well I won’t let that happen. I have vowed to my last dying breath to thwart his evil plans wherever they may take place. I shall not rest until he is crushed under the heel of justice and truth.

CHANG. “Wow. You must really hate this mystery criminal, huh Boss?”

BRETT. Let’s just say this master of destruction is the reason The Pink WASP walks the earth today.

CHANG. *(Surprised:)* Wah? Huh?

BRETT. It’s a long, long story, old chum. The birth of The Pink WASP happened exactly...like this.

(Blackout.)

Scene 2

(Lights up to half.)

ANNOUNCER. And now, a special encore presentation of, The Birth Of The Pink WASP!

(Lights up. Surf music plays, fading into old style Christmas Music.)

(A few people walk across the stage, as if walking against the wind.)

It is Christmas time, 1940. Young Brett Majors is taking a leisurely holiday shopping trip: strolling down the streets of downtown Metro City with his parents, millionaire industrialist Balthazaar Majors and his wife Mrs. Balthazaar Majors.

(BRETT and his MOM and DAD come walking on stage, “oohing” and “ahhing” at the Christmas decorations.)

BRETT. Wow-ee zow! Look at the giant reindeer in the window, Mother.

MOM. Oh, it's beautiful!

DAD. Quite a sight, son.

BRETT. And the candy canes! They're so tall!

MOM. They sure are.

DAD. Taller than our guest house.

(BRETT runs across the stage.)

BRETT. Man oh man! Look at the train set! Can I ask Santa for that for Christmas? Can I, Mom? Can I?

MOM. Put it on your list, dear.

BRETT. Oh boy!

DAD. Hey now, son. Your mother and I had a careful talk with Santa recently. A long distance call to the North Pole.

MOM. *(Disapproving:)* Balthazaar...

BRETT. You did?

DAD. Mm-hmm. And since you're all of seven years old now, we all decided that maybe you're a little too old to be playing with toys like trains and bikes and what not.

BRETT. *(Sadly:)* You did?

DAD. Yep.

MOM. Sweetheart...

DAD. You're becoming a man now, Brett. It's about time you put away your childish things and prepare yourself for life in the real world. That's why Santa, your mother and I all decided that this Christmas we're going to get you a prostitute.

MOM. Balthazaar!

BRETT. Wow, really?

DAD. Mm-hmm.

BRETT. What's a prostitute?

DAD. You know what a cocktail waitress is?

BRETT. Sure I do.

DAD. Well, it's absolutely nothing like that.

MOM. Balthazaar, stop teasing.

DAD. All right, all right. You go ahead and put that train on your list, son. I wouldn't be surprised if Santa himself sets it up under the tree for you to see on Christmas morning.

BRETT. Oh boy!

DAD. *(Aside, to BRETT:)* We'll talk about the prostitute thing when you're ten.

BRETT. Okay.

(The family exits.)

(Lights to half. Christmas music continues.)

(The family re-enters. BRETT carries a shopping bag and plays with a yo-yo. His parents' arms are filled with wrapped packages.)

DAD. Well, we've made quite a haul today. What say we head back and have Byron mix us some nice, warm egg nogs?

MOM. Sounds good to me. My feet are ready to fall off.

BRETT. Really? Can I have them if they do?

DAD. Come on, let's take a short cut through the alley.

(The family heads downstage. Suddenly a large shadow looms over them. They freeze in fear.)

(Christmas music fades to eerie, ominous music.)

(A dark and familiar voice is heard.)

VOICE. Ho, ho, ho and hello, Happy Shoppers. Got yourself some good Holiday bargains, I see.

(The GOLDEN PHARAOH enters with two HENCHMEN. He wears the familiar Pharaoh mask with a '40s style suit. He carries a revolver.)

GOLDEN PHARAOH. I'm looking for a few bargains myself. *(To the HENCHMEN:)* Boys!

(The HENCHMEN take the packages from the parents.)

And the wallet, big daddy.

(DAD hands over his wallet.)

Ooooh, and I do like fine jewelry.

(The GOLDEN PHARAOH walks up to Brett's MOM and fingers the pearl necklace hanging from her neck. She is tense with fear.)

Beautiful... Japanese, aren't they? Only the best should have from that lovely alabaster neck, Mrs. Majors.

(He yanks the pearls from her neck. She tries to hold on to them.)

MOM. No, please, they were my grandmother's. Please!

(DAD steps in.)

DAD. Now see here—

(The GOLDEN PHARAOH hits DAD on the head with the butt of his gun. He falls to his knees in pain.)

MOM. Balthazaar!

BRETT. Daddy!

GOLDEN PHARAOH. You need to learn some manners, Mr. Majors. There's a new gang in town, and they're not going to be pushed around by you, the police or any of your country club cro-

nies. Get used to it. This is just a small sample of what's to come. Ta-ta, kiddies.

(They criminals start to exit. The GOLDEN PHARAOH stops and turns back to the family.)

Oh, and by the way...Merry Christmas.

(He points his revolver at them.)

(Blackout.)

(A strobe light comes on as the GOLDEN PHARAOH shoots DAD and MOM in cold blood. BRETT screams.)

BRETT. No! Mommy! Daddy! Noooo!

(The strobe light dies. BRETT's screams fade in the blackness.)

(Lights up.)

(BRETT, now dressed in his white dinner jacket is standing center stage. He holds a drink and cigarette. CHANG stands next to him with his tray.)

BRETT. And that, old chum, was the beginning of it all. That night I made a vow. I vowed to get revenge on the hideous Golden Pharaoh and all evil doers like him. On that chilly December night The Pink WASP was born.

CHANG. "But, honorable Boss. I thought you become Pink WASP when you stung by radioactive wasp in unauthorized and highly dangerous scientific experiment, thereby developing super atomic intelligence and expert marksmanship."

BRETT. Oh...yeah...that, too. So now you know why I must bring The Golden Pharaoh and the rest of his dirty crew to justice. It's not just for the safety and well being of the citizens of Metro City. It's also for that sad little seven year old who never got his Christmas prostitute.

(CHANG looks at BRETT, confused.)

Train set.

(CHANG nods.)

All right, old chum. Gas up the WASP Mobile and check the oil. It's time we paid a little visit to the old abandoned power plant and a spineless, conniving little crooked named the Mole Man... To the WASP's Nest!

(They start to run, then freeze.)

(Blackout. Surf music up.)

Scene 3

(Lights up to half. Surf music plays.)

ANNOUNCER. In our last episode, The Pink WASP and Yellow Jacket raced through downtown Metro City in their new, super-charged WASP Mobile. Their destination: the old abandoned power plant and a visit with The Mole Man!

(Lights up.)

(The stage is a tangle of hanging duct hoses and wires. There is a whir of heavy electric turbines. The PINK WASP and YELLOW JACKET enter, cautiously.)

YELLOW JACKET. “Honorable Boss, power plant not so abandoned for abandoned power plant.”

PINK WASP. There does seem to be a lot of “electricity” in the air, old chum.

(There is the sound of scurrying moles revolving around the theatre. It sounds sort of like—“nim, nim, nim, nim, nim...” It fades. The two look about, startled.)

PINK WASP. What in the name of Truman Capote was that?

YELLOW JACKET. “Sound like the scurrying of small, nebbish, dirt digging mammals with poor eyesight.”

(The PINK WASP stares blankly at YELLOW JACKET.)

YELLOW JACKET. “You know...moles?”

PINK WASP. *(Getting it:)* Right. Right, right.

(More scurrying and “nim, nim, nim, nim, nim.”)

PINK WASP. They seem to be all around us, even under our feet. Prepare yourself, old chum. We may be in for the fight of our lives.

(The PINK WASP goes through his seemingly endless pink gun assemblage routine again. YELLOW JACKET waits patiently in a Kung Fu stance.)

PINK WASP. Okay. All set.

(The MOLE MAN comes crawling in on his belly behind our two heroes. He stands up slowly. He is a round, nebbish fellow with greasy hair, thick glasses, buck teeth and a brown suit covered in dirt. He holds his hands out in front of him like mole flippers. He speaks like Peter Lorre on acid.)

MOLE MAN. *(Sheepishly:)* Hi, fellas.

(The two heroes jump away in shock.)

So nice of you to pay me a visit.

(Creepy laughter.)

Hee, hee, hee, hee, hee.

PINK WASP. What are you up to, Mole Man?

MOLE MAN. Up to? What could I possibly be up to?

PINK WASP. Don't be coy, Squinty, it doesn't suit you. It looks to me like you've got your little dastardly operation in full swing. Whatever it may be.

MOLE MAN. What, this? Oh, this is just a little piece of technical genius I threw together at the last second. Do you like it?

PINK WASP. It stinks of evil...and unwashed folds of foul, sweaty flesh.

MOLE MAN. *(Embarrassed:)* Sorry...been a tad busy here.

PINK WASP. What's your game, Greasy?

MOLE MAN. Let's just say it's a little game we dark underworld types like to call, "Conquer The World." I'd like to invite you to play, but unfortunately, you'll be dead. *(In a loud, high voice:)* Nim! Nim, nim, nim, nim, nim!

(On his signal, two dark robed Mole HENCHMEN appear from the wings. They wear black knit hats and black masks with thick glasses worn over them. They have buck teeth and mole flippers. They tip-toe around our heroes shouting “Nim, nim, nim!” and pinching the PINK WASP and YELLOW JACKET with the tips of their mole-ish fingers.)

(Surf music plays.)

PINK WASP. Oww! Hey!

YELLOW JACKET. Ouch! Oww!

PINK WASP. Stop it!

YELLOW JACKET. Owwww!

PINK WASP. That is really—Oww! That is really irritating!

(More “nim, nim, nimming” and pinching from the HENCHMEN. Eventually they bring our heroes to their knees. The two HENCHMEN descend on YELLOW JACKET, pinching and “Nimming” him till he screams.)

YELLOW JACKET. No! Noooo!

PINK WASP. Stop it! Stop, damn it, you’re killing him!

(LEOPARD LADY shouts from off stage.)

LEOPARD LADY. All right, Mole Face! They’ve had enough!

(The HENCHMEN stop. YELLOW JACKET writhes in agony. LEOPARD LADY enters. The HENCHMEN exit.)

LEOPARD LADY. So, it seems the lure of honey has brought the Pink WASP to my hive.

PINK WASP. *(Gasping for breath:)* Contrary...to popular belief...the wasp...although practicing bee-like coleoptric habits like...cross pollination of flowering plant species...and the building of coned habitats from regurgitated fiber material...does not...in actuality produce...honey.

LEOPARD LADY. Yeah, okay, fine.

(She slinks towards him as he stands, unsteadily.)

Don't you think this particular wasp could make an exception? It is, after all, my own, personal honey. An old family recipe.

(She moves in close to him.)

PINK WASP. Is it as sweet as they say it is?

(He leans closer.)

LEOPARD LADY. Well, put a little on the tip of your tongue and taste for yourself.

(She leans in for a kiss. Just as their lips touch he reels back and slaps her face. She recoils and hisses.)

PINK WASP. Enough of your metaphorical games, you treacherous Ocelot. Next time I might not be such a gentleman.

LEOPARD LADY. There won't be a next time!

PINK WASP. Fine!

LEOPARD LADY. Fine!

PINK WASP. Fine!

LEOPARD LADY. Good!

PINK WASP. Good!

(The GOLDEN PHARAOH's voice erupts loudly.)

GOLDEN PHARAOH. Enough!

(The GOLDEN PHARAOH enters.)

So, we meet again, my cagey pink nemesis. Let's hope it's for the last time, this time.

PINK WASP. Fine by me. What are you up to, you Sphinx-loving fiend? It's more than just ruining the Metro City economy, isn't it?

GOLDEN PHARAOH. How astute of you. No, no, no, nothing so paltry as that. I simply needed the extra cash to fund this elaborate, world-conquering undertaking you see before you. Moley, explain, if you will.

MOLE MAN. Well, it's rather simple, really. It's a basic neuron phase reduction system enhanced by a molecular warp continuum

device that transfers polymorphic bytes of rescinding energy into a focused laser guided neo-sporric platform that I tweaked a little to my own specs.

PINK WASP. Oh my God! A death ray that could destroy the planet!

MOLE MAN. No.

PINK WASP. Uh...An anti-gravity device?

MOLE MAN. No, duh!

PINK WASP. Uh...An atomic...zombie making—

MOLE MAN. It's a time machine, you idiot! A time machine!

PINK WASP. *(Covering his ignorance:)* Oh...Oh, a neo-sporric platform...sure...right, okay.

GOLDEN PHARAOH. With Leopard Lady's cash and the Mole Man's genius, we've built the ultimate machine of omnipotent evil. We only needed one more ingredient to make our plan complete.

(The GOLDEN PHARAOH pulls out the Crimson Orb of Osiris.)

PINK WASP. The Crimson Orb of Osiris! You fiend!

GOLDEN PHARAOH. Yes...you see, the ancient scrolls of Mal-Habib tell of the Orb's mystical power. Facet upon facet upon facet that are said to be bridges across time. Doorways to the past and the future. When the concentrated energy of Mole Man's device strikes the Orb, it will reawaken its time traveling capabilities. Imagine the possibilities, my friend. Why fiddle away our time here when the riches of the future await us? I will travel forward, to the year 2000. There I will be able to make a conquest of all the riches it holds: flying cars, super powered laser rays, interstellar space craft, wrist band communicators and small pills that become full meals just by adding a drop water. With these tools at my disposal I will be able to conquer every world in every period of history! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

PINK WASP. You'll never get away with this, Pharaoh! You may have captured us, but Metro City's finest police force will track you down in no time and put you away for good!

GOLDEN PHARAOH. Ha, ha, ha, ha! I hardly think so, Waspy.

(From out of the shadows steps CHIEF O'CONNEL.)

YELLOW JACKET. "Holy Egg Drop Soup! It's Chief O'Connel!"

GOLDEN PHARAOH. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

(The dynamic duo turns out to the audience and gasps in shock. They all freeze.)

(Lights to half.)

ANNOUNCER. Will our heroes free themselves from the clutches of the Trio of Evil? Can they stop the Golden Pharaoh from pilfering the riches of the future? And what about Chief O'Connel? Tune in to our next episode and find out! Same WASP time! Same WASP channel!

(Surf music and blackout.)

ACT III

Scene 1

(Blackness: Opening montage.)

(Twangy surf music begins to play [“Shake N’ Stomp” by Dick Dale and his Del-Tones].)

(Lights up quickly on the PINK WASP and YELLOW JACKET standing center stage. PINK WASP holds a pink handgun. YELLOW JACKET is in an elaborate karate fight stance. They vogue a few poses around the stage. Two masked CRIMINALS enter. YELLOW JACKET kicks one off stage with a series of karate and kung fu moves. PINK WASP shoots the other one in between the eyes. A beautiful BLONDE enters à la Jane Mansfield: tight dress and missile-cone, industrial strength bra breasts. She snuggles up to him. They are about to kiss. PINK WASP rears back and punches her square in the jaw.)

(Lights out.)

(We hear a forceful voiceover ANNOUNCER say...)

ANNOUNCER. The Pink WASP!

(Lights up.)

(PINK WASP enters as his alter ego BRETT MAJORS. He smokes a cigarette.)

Millionaire Playboy Brett Majors, performing a top secret, hi-tech experiment—

(A stuffed bee or wasp on a string with a nuclear symbol on its side swoops in and hits BRETT. He recoils in pain. The lights flash hypnotically.)

—is accidentally stung by a nuclear wasp. His blood boils with the strength of atomic insect power!

(BRETT writhes some more. Then rolls offstage.)

Achieving super intelligence and expert marksmanship, he vows to fight the dark princes of crime, striking fear into the hearts of evil-doers as—

(BRETT enters as the PINK WASP.)

—The Pink WASP! Starring Alan DeBong as The Pink WASP...with Jimmy MacGillicuddy as Yellow Jacket.

(YELLOW JACKET twirls, kicks and chops his way on stage and poses next to the PINK WASP.)

It's The Adventures of The Pink WASP!...and Yellow Jacket. In color!

(Music ends.)

(Lights out.)

When we last left The Pink WASP and Yellow Jacket, they were captured trying to stop the evil trio of Leopard Lady, the Mole Man and The Golden Pharaoh from embarking on their insidious plan of evil. Using his ingenious time machine, The Golden Pharaoh would travel to the year 2000 and enslave the citizens of the future and throughout all of history.

(Lights up.)

(The PINK WASP and YELLOW JACKET are surrounded by the MOLE MAN, LEOPARD LADY and the GOLDEN PHARAOH, who holds the Crimson Orb of Osiris in his outstretched hand.)

GOLDEN PHARAOH. I will travel forward, to the year 2000. There I will be able to make a conquest of all the riches it holds: flying cars, super powered laser rays, interstellar space craft, wrist band communicators and small pills that become full meals just by adding a drop water. With these tools at my disposal I will be able to conquer every world in every period of history! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

PINK WASP. You'll never get away with this, Pharaoh! You may have captured us, but Metro City's finest police force will track you down in no time and put you away for good!

GOLDEN PHARAOH. Ha, ha, ha, ha! I hardly think so, Waspy.

(From out of the shadows steps CHIEF O'CONNEL.)

YELLOW JACKET. "Holy Egg Drop Soup! It's Chief O'Connel!"

GOLDEN PHARAOH. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! You see my insect friends, crime does pay.

PINK WASP. Chief O'Connel?! But...but how could you aid these evil fiends? How could you harbor these heinous criminals? How drunk are you?!

CHIEF O'CONNEL. In my mind you and your yellow-jacketed sidekick are the darkest stain on this fair city's bright face. The master criminals of all master criminals. If I have to make an allegiance with a simple thug to defeat the devil himself, well...so be it.

PINK WASP. Chief O'Connel, no! You've got us all wrong!

GOLDEN PHARAOH. Ha, ha, ha! It seems our little game is at an end. Ta-ta my pathetic foe, I am off to the year 2000 to conquer the next century!

MOLE MAN. Uh...you know, I think it's really supposed to be 2001.

GOLDEN PHARAOH. What?

MOLE MAN. The next century, technically, is 2001 not 2000.

(Everyone looks at one another, confused.)

GOLDEN PHARAOH. No...

MOLE MAN. Yes, you see, the year 2000 is actually the end of this century. The start of the next century isn't until 2001.

GOLDEN PHARAOH. That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard.

MOLE MAN. It's true.

GOLDEN PHARAOH. No, no, no.

LEOPARD LADY. You know, he's right. I think I just read that somewhere.

GOLDEN PHARAOH. Oh. You did? Oh, you read it somewhere. And on which wrapper of Bazooka Joe was that, hmm?

MOLE MAN. If you look at Pudzinsky's alpha-numeric time chart it clearly states—

GOLDEN PHARAOH. —Okay! You know what, fine! Fine!

(He tweaks a knob on the side of the orb.)

Just try to concoct a simple little time travel, conquer humanity plan... There. Happy? So, I'm off to the year two thousand...and *one*...to conquer the next century! The future is in my hands! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

(A shimmering light appears above the GOLDEN PHARAOH. He disappears. The light continues to flicker.)

YELLOW JACKET. "Holy Peking Duck! He's gone!"

PINK WASP. Yes, but look! The hole he made in the time-space continuum is still there...but not for long! Yellow Jacket, you clean things up here! I have to go after him!

YELLOW JACKET. "Boss, no! If you go, you never come back!"

PINK WASP. It's the risk I have to take, old chum! The fate of humanity hangs in the balance. Besides, me and that golden-faced villain still have a score to settle...no matter what century it is! Let's do it!

(Surf music begins.)

(The PINK WASP and YELLOW JACKET begin battling the MOLE MAN, LEOPARD LADY and CHIEF O'CONNEL. As YELLOW JACKET kicks and twirls, the PINK WASP makes his way to the flickering light.)

PINK WASP. See you on the other side, old chum.

YELLOW JACKET. "Boss, no!"

PINK WASP. I have to, for all of humanity.

(He starts to step into the light, then turns back.)

Oh, and there are some dirty dishes really piling up in the sink back home. If you could get to that as soon as you could...thanks.

(He steps into the light and begins to writhe and shriek in pain.)

YELLOW JACKET. "Boss!"

MOLE MAN. The fabric of time-space is collapsing around him. He may not make it out alive!

YELLOW JACKET. "No, Boss! Noooooooooo!"

(The PINK WASP disappears. The flickering light fades. LEOPARD LADY, MOLE MAN and CHIEF O'CONNEL converge on YELLOW JACKET, menacingly. They all freeze.

(Lights to half.)

ANNOUNCER. Will The Pink WASP make it in time to save the next century? Or will he be stuck in limbo forever? And what of Yellow Jacket? Can he escape the evil clutches of Mole Man, Leopard Lady and The Metro City Police Department? And what about those dirty dishes? For answers to these and other riveting questions, tune in to our next exciting episode!

(Blackout.)

Scene 2

(Lights at half.)

ANNOUNCER. In our last episode, The Pink WASP transported himself into the year 2001 to hunt down his evil adversary The Golden Pharaoh. But as he attempted his travel through time, the delicate fabric of the time-space continuum started to collapse around him. Would the Pink Crusader be able to thwart the Pharaoh's plans? Or would he be trapped in a timeless limbo forever?

(Lights up full.)

(The stage is bare. The time travel light begins to flicker on stage. The PINK WASP appears in the light, writhing in agony.)

PINK WASP. Arrrgh!

(The flickering light dissipates. The PINK WASP struggles to catch his breath.)

Where...am I? What is this place? Did I make it? Is this the year 2001?

(He looks up into the sky.)

Hmmm. No flying cars or interstellar space ships.

(A WOMAN appears downstage left. She wears sensible business clothes and looks as if she's waiting for a bus.)

I must know. I'll have to interact with the local natives to find out. But I must do it...incognito.

(He removes his mask and tucks it into his coat pocket. He is now BRETT MAJORS. He fixes his hat and strolls nonchalantly over to the woman.)

BRETT. Excuse me, Miss, do you have the time?

(She checks her watch.)

WOMAN. Uhm, it's about three fifteen.

BRETT. Thank you...And do you know the date?

WOMAN. *(Warily:)* November 15th.

BRETT. Thank you...And would you know what year it is, by chance?

WOMAN. The year?

(He leans in close to her.)

BRETT. Yes, you see, gazing upon such a remarkably beautiful woman as yourself, I've lost track of all time...the date...or the year.

WOMAN. Really?

BRETT. Yes, really.

(He leans in closer. She leans in. Their lips are about to meet, then she slaps him hard across the face.)

BRETT. Hey!

(She knees him hard in the groin. He shrieks and collapses.)

BRETT. Ahhhhh!

WOMAN. Now do you know what year it is, lover boy?

BRETT. *(In a high pitched yell:)* Ooooooow! Wha...what are you doing?! My God! You don't do that! You don't kick a man in his tender nougats! That's...that's wrong! That's just wrong!

WOMAN. So is sexual harassment, pal! We kind of frown on that here in the year 2001. Get the message?

BRETT. Yes...Yes, got it.

WOMAN. Good.

(She storms off, then returns, jots something on a business card and throws it at him.)

Call me.

(She exits. BRETT climbs to his feet, catching his breath. HAPPY the shoe shine boy enters, forty years older. He wears a tailored suit and carries a briefcase. He sees BRETT and walks over to him.)

HAPPY. Sir? Are you all right?

(BRETT stands and looks at HAPPY.)

BRETT. I think so, I—

(HAPPY recognizes BRETT and gasps.)

HAPPY. You...Brett Majors!

BRETT. Happy? Happy the shoe shine boy? Oh my gosh, it's so good to see you!

(He rubs HAPPY's head. HAPPY slaps his hand away.)

HAPPY. *(Angry:)* Get your two-bit cracker hands off of me!

BRETT. Happy, wha...?

HAPPY. I thought you were gone. Gone for good. I thanked the stars the day you disappeared forty years ago. I'd hoped you were murdered and your body dumped into a cement truck somewhere.

BRETT. Well...that's not very nice.

HAPPY. It's what you deserved.

BRETT. Happy, I...I need your help.

HAPPY. I worked and slaved every day as a young man. Shining the shoes of mindless blue bloods like you. Eventually I saved enough to start a string of shoe shine parlors. Then I bought dry cleaners, tailors and garment makers. After that it was real estate, stock futures and overseas investments. Before long I became the richest man in Metro City. I even bought up what was left of Brett

Majors Enterprises. Now you need my help? Ironic, don't you think?

BRETT. Not the word that came to mind, no.

HAPPY. You want my help? Sure...after I get a little dance.

BRETT. A dance?

(HAPPY stands back and folds his arms. BRETT understands and begins doing a stiff, clumsy tap dance. He labors a few moments, then stops. HAPPY reaches into his pocket for change.)

HAPPY. Come on, Mr. Majors. It's a whole quarter.

(BRETT starts dancing again, humiliated. He stops. HAPPY puts the quarter in BRETT's hand.)

This is all the help you're ever going to get from me.

(HAPPY starts to leave, then comes back.)

Oh, and by the way...

(He knees BRETT in the groin. BRETT collapses again. HAPPY exits.)

BRETT. Ahhhh! My God! Why do you people keep doing that?!

(BRETT gets up and stumbles around the stage as if lost. NORWOOD enters dressed in filthy pants and a dirty string T-shirt. He chomps on a cigar. He stands behind a small table. BRETT wanders over to him and leans on the table, out of breath. NORWOOD speaks in a gruff, harsh tone.)

NORWOOD. Hey, hey, hey pal! Don't drool on da' merchandise, okay? You buy these skin mags you can spooey on 'em all you want. Till then, keep it clean, huh?

(BRETT recognizes NORWOOD.)

BRETT. Norwood?

(NORWOOD looks at BRETT, confused. Then he recognizes him and starts to speak in his old, upper-crust way.)

NORWOOD. Brett? Good God, Brett Majors?! Why I haven't seen you these past forty years! Where have you been keeping yourself, old chap?

BRETT. I...I've been away.

(He looks closely at NORWOOD's clothes, then at his news stand.)

Norwood, what...what happened to you?

NORWOOD. Oh, you mean all this? It seems my good ship has run aground. These are different times, you know.

BRETT. Yes but...the filth, the dirt, the very minimum wage nature of it all.

NORWOOD. It's my life now, I'm afraid.

BRETT. But how?

NORWOOD. It's not like the old days, mi compadre. Back then a fellow could get by on family wealth, trust funds and pork bellies. But then came the go-go eighties and everything was fair game. Insider trading, junk bonds, the whole ugly lot. I wouldn't be a part of it. But then, when I saw all the money to be made, I got greedy. I invested every nickel I had five years ago in a company called nippleclips.com. Seemed like a sure thing. How was I to know it was just three teenagers and a laptop in a warehouse loft? But now I have my own business. The money isn't much, but I get a lot of reading in...

(He thumbs through some of his wares.)

"Boob-A-Liscious," "Ass Masters," "Pierced Ecstasy," "Heavy Hangers Weekly"...

(BRETT becomes distressed and starts to leave.)

BRETT. I...I have to go.

NORWOOD. Wait, if you subscribe to "Wang Bangers" now you get a VHS copy of "Butt Rodeo" free. A \$19.95 value.

BRETT. No! I have to go!

(BRETT staggers away. NORWOOD exits. BRETT stands center and takes his mask from he pocket. He speaks to it.)

You had to do it, didn't you? It's because of you and your stupid vow of revenge that I'm trapped in this desolate place. But...I guess there's no use arguing. You're a part of me now...

(He puts on the mask and becomes the PINK WASP.)

PINK WASP. ...and I'm a part of you.

(The GOLDEN PHARAOH's voice calls from off-stage.)

GOLDEN PHARAOH. Well, well, well. It seems I'm not the only one who's gotten a glimpse of things to come.

PINK WASP. Show yourself you cad!

(The GOLDEN PHARAOH steps on stage.)

PINK WASP. All right, Golden Pharaoh. It's high time we settled this. Once and for all!

(They freeze.)

(Blackout.)

Scene 3

(Lights at half.)

(The PINK WASP and the GOLDEN PHARAOH stand frozen on stage facing one another.)

ANNOUNCER. In our last episode, The Pink WASP was in a state of shock and despair, trapped forever in the year 2001. When all seemed lost, he finally came face to face with his vile, hideous quarry, The Golden Pharaoh!

(They unfreeze.)

PINK WASP. All right, Golden Pharaoh. It's high time we settled this. Once and for all!

GOLDEN PHARAOH. I have no fear of you, you pathetic little fly! I have faced far greater foes in the last three hours than you've dealt with your whole, miserable life.

(The PINK WASP looks closer at the GOLDEN PHARAOH. His clothes are ripped and disheveled.)

PINK WASP. What...What happened to you?

GOLDEN PHARAOH. What?

PINK WASP. You're a mess.

GOLDEN PHARAOH. I am not.

PINK WASP. You look like you've been run over by a garbage truck.

GOLDEN PHARAOH. Shut up...

PINK WASP. So...it looks your great conquest of the future hasn't really worked out, has it, bronze face? Where is your great, evil army that's going to wreak havoc on the ages of history?

GOLDEN PHARAOH. Well, I...I've hit a few snags, that's all.

PINK WASP. Really?

GOLDEN PHARAOH. These things take time, you know.

PINK WASP. Mm-hmm. Find any futuristic devices to use as your weapons of doom? Laser rays? Miniature missiles? Atomic photon guns?

GOLDEN PHARAOH. No...not yet. I have discovered a few interesting, hi-tech pieces of equipment.

PINK WASP. Such as?

GOLDEN PHARAOH. You know, they've developed a wireless telephone that you can carry in your pocket. They call it a "cell phone."

PINK WASP. Interesting.

GOLDEN PHARAOH. And you can call another cell phone and *type* in your message rather than speak it. That's called "instant messaging."

PINK WASP. Hmm. If I was calling another phone, why wouldn't I just talk?

GOLDEN PHARAOH. *(Thinking:)* I don't know... They've also have developed super computers that fit on the top of a desk or, better yet, unfold and sit on your lap.

PINK WASP. Fascinating. They must be incredibly intelligent: using these devices to solve elaborate problems of physics and mathematics.

GOLDEN PHARAOH. Not really, they mostly just play games and listen to music on them. But soon, with the aid of something called "the internet," they will be able to watch actual television on their computer screens.

PINK WASP. Why wouldn't they just watch television on their televisions?

GOLDEN PHARAOH. *(Thinking:)* I don't know. God, I'd give my eye teeth for some rocket boots or x-ray glasses right now. This place isn't the future. Not like The Jetsons, anyway! It's some kind of bizzaro sideways dimension. It's filled with more disease, more war, more pollution, and more poverty. And everybody here dresses like billboards: shirts saying Coca-Cola, pants with the name Tommy written down the leg and an insane worship of some man named Nike. Nike on hats, Nike on shoes, Nike on underwear. They wear this advertising and they don't even get paid for it. They actually *pay* to wear these things! Hundreds of dollars, it's insane!

PINK WASP. I guess there is some consolation: your evil plan will not succeed. The citizens of history are safe.

GOLDEN PHARAOH. Maybe...maybe not. Let's just say I modified the plan a bit. You see, I still hold the Crimson Orb of Osiris.

(He takes the Orb from his pocket.)

I may not conquer history and time, but I can go back...and leave you trapped here forever.

PINK WASP. You fiend!

(The GOLDEN PHARAOH tweaks a knob on the side of the orb. There is a whirring sound.)

GOLDEN PHARAOH. Good-bye my worthy adversary. I leave you to the inmates of this asylum.

PINK WASP. No! Nooo!

(The time travel light begins to flicker over the GOLDEN PHARAOH. There is a flash. The GOLDEN PHARAOH is gone. The PINK WASP collapses to his knees.)

PINK WASP. Oh, God! This can't be happening! I'm trapped. Trapped in this mindless future...forever! I can't stay here. I can't. People are so mean...and it smells funny. Mommy! Momeeee!

(The PINK WASP collapses to his knees, sobbing. From behind him enters CHANG. He looks older and weary.)

CHANG. Hello, Boss.

(The PINK WASP looks up, startled.)

PINK WASP. Chang! How...How did you get here? Did you rig Mole Man's time machine?

CHANG. No, Boss. The police shut the machine down. Chief O'Connell arrested me after you'd gone. I had a drawn out trial and spent the next twenty-two years at the Metro City Penitentiary.

PINK WASP. Chang I...I'm sorry.

(CHANG shrugs.)

CHANG. It gave me time to think.

PINK WASP. Say, old chum. You're speaking your silly Asiatic double talk, and yet I understand you. It sounds like you're speaking English, plain and clear.

CHANG. It is English. I've always spoken English. I was born in London, for God's sake. I studied at Oxford for five years before I came to work for you. I was, in fact, an English major.

PINK WASP. But how...?

CHANG. You hear what you want to hear. You always have. My name isn't even Chang. It's Clarence...Clarence Witherspoon. I told

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!

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