

The Adventures of Gay Man: Birth of A Hero

by
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CAST OF CHARACTERS

RANDY STONE	Early 30s handsome, private, gay man applying to be a superhero
B.A.	50s-60s retired female superhero owns B.A. HERO Talent Agency
BRENDA	20s female, not super girly, bored agency receptionist
RAINBOW MAN	Man in mask, tights, rainbow cape, rainbow velcroed to shirt

NOTE: To limit cast size, director can choose to (or not to) have the following characters be played by 2 of the primary characters in simple masks (if needed) and simple costumes for walk-on, brief, roles.

DANIEL	30s gay man, husband to Randy (can be played by un-costumed RAINBOW MAN)
TWIN #1	20s-30s Woman (can be played by RAINBOW MAN in mask and alternate costume)
TWIN #2	20s-30s Woman (can be played by BRENDA in mask and costume)

SETTING

Office of B.A. HERO Talent Agency.

TIME

Current day. Morning.

SYNOPSIS

Young gay man who has always dreamed of being a superhero goes to B.A. HERO talent agency to apply and is pigeonholed as a “gay” superhero while he wishes to be a superhero without regard to his sexual orientation. The agency wants to use him as the poster boy for gay superheroes and reap the financial rewards from percentages of endorsements, action figures, movies, comic books, etc...

ACT I
Scene 1

Setting: Somewhat dumpy offices of B.A. HERO Talent Agency. Reception area w/front door. Tattered posters of past superheroes adorn the wall. Further in is B.A.'s office and, unseen, back offices.

At Rise: BRENDA sits behind reception desk, feet up, looking at cell phone, laughing to herself.

(RANDY enters front door hesitantly, looks around. Reception phone rings.
BRENDA answers phone. RANDY approaches desk, unnoticed, and waits.)

BRENDA (totally bored, rehearsed)

B.A. Hero Talent Agency. It's a great day to be a hero. This is Brenda.

BRENDA (phone conversation)

Mr. Bleuth. No, we still don't have anything for you. Yes, I know you can fly but- Really? Good at? Oh. Origami. Yes, I see it notated in your file. I'll let her know you called again. (hangs up, writes message, notices RANDY) Welcome to the B.A. Talent Agency. It's a great day to be a hero. I'm Brenda.

RANDY (nervous)

Hi Brenda. I'm Randy Stone. I'm here to submit an application.

BRENDA

An application for...

RANDY (confused)

Um...to be a superhero? That is what you do here...right?

BRENDA

It's been a bit slow. We recently branched out into construction and entertainment. Can you hold a tune?

RANDY

Oh...well no. I'd only be interested in the superhero side of things.

BRENDA

Well B.A. is out. You can leave your resume and she'll call you if she's interested.

(RANDY reaches in coat pocket while BA enters front door, unnoticed.)

RANDY

Well this is embarrassing. I seem to be without my resume. Perhaps I could wait and meet with this...
(pause) B.A. in person? What's B.A. stand for anyhow?

B.A.

Bad Ass. Brilliant Arbitrator. Beautiful Avenger. Take your pick. (pause) (to BRENDA) Messages?

BRENDA (reading)

Building super called about the noise complaint. Your dry cleaning is ready. Mr. Bleuth called...again.

B.A.

(to BRENDA) That's it? (sigh) (TO RANDY) And you are?

RANDY

Randy Stone. Wait...Beautiful Avenger? THE Beautiful Avenger? I remember you. You were one of my childhood heroes. The way you could climb buildings. And spit fire! But I thought you died...fighting that government villain...what was it...Taxusmorphus?

B.A.

Ha! Taxusmorphus was but a pimple on the face of society. He was easily defeated. No...I actually took early retirement and used my 401K to start this agency. Randy? Step into my office. Let's have a chat.

(BRENDA returns to her cell. RANDY and B.A. go into BA'S office and sit.)

B.A.

So, Randy Stone. Why are you here?

RANDY

Well...I want to be a superhero.

B.A.

Why?

RANDY (thinking)

I've always dreamt of being a superhero. I grew up reading comics about the old superheroes. You know, Superman, Batman, Spiderman. As I got older, it seemed like new superheroes were always in the news. You, Ball Buster, BAM, The Flower Girl, Little Big Man-

B.A.

So, you want to be in the news. Listen Randy there's more to it than-

RANDY

Oh no! Not me. I couldn't care less about the publicity. I want to make a difference. Help people.

B.A.

Alright. Tell me about yourself.

RANDY

Well, I'm 32. I'm a programmer for TCL. Been with them for 9 years-

B.A.

Any family?

RANDY

My parents moved to Florida last year. My brother's in upstate New York. I've been married for three-

B.A. (disappointed)

Hmmm...Married then. OK, well...Tell me about your superpowers.

RANDY (excited)

I can fly!

B.A. (unimpressed)

Really? Anything else?

RANDY

Superhuman strength? Cars, buildings, trains. You know. That kind of thing.

B.A.

I have to be honest Randy. You're a young white male. You can fly. You have super strength. That describes 95 percent of the people who walk through my door. The public is looking for something different. Something new. Unique. You know? Don't get me wrong. You're good looking, articulate and that works well despite your lackluster superpowers. Back in the day you would have been a shoo-in. But in the here and now you're white, which is nothing new, and married, which is boring.

RANDY

I don't really see how marital status relates to-

(During following DANIEL enters front door and has unnoticed exchange with BRENDA explaining he is RANDY's husband hands resume over and exits.)

B.A.

Perception is everything. How the public sees you. How relatable you are. This will determine if you'll be accepted by the public. And if you're going to get anything done as a superhero, you must have an adoring fan base, have representation, endorsements, liability insurance-

(BRENDA enters B.A.'S office with resume.)

B.A. (Cont)

Brenda! I'm in the middle of an interview!

BRENDA

I know. But you'll want to hear this.

(BRENDA whispers in B.A.'S ear, hands over resume and returns to reception.)

B.A. (pleased)

Mr. Stone. Your resume! Apparently, your husband delivered it.

RANDY

Sweet guy. Guess he saw I left it on the kitchen table. I-

B.A.

Why didn't you tell me you're gay? This changes everything! A gay superhero! It's timely. It's hip. It's totally relatable. It's perfect! The world has been waiting for a gay superhero. So many possibilities. Your superhero name, for instance. (wistfully) By what name will the world know you?

RANDY

I was thinking Power House or perhaps-

B.A.

No no no. We'll need to play up the gay aspect. Something like...Homo Man!

RANDY (mortified)

Homo Man? No!

B.A.

Or The Gay-A-Nater.

RANDY

What? No! That makes it sound like I have the power to make people gay.

B.A. (excited, quick interest)

Do you?

RANDY

Of course not!

B.A.

Well we can't help what people read into a name now can we? Gay-A-Nater. Has a nice ring to it-

RANDY

Absolutely not!

B.A.

How about...Agent Queen!

RANDY

That is extremely insulting!

B.A.

Captain Gayhab?

RANDY

What is wrong with you?

B.A.

OK. How 'bout something simple. (pause) Gay Man. And the costumes. Of course, you get to weigh in on this, but I'm thinking...a rainbow cape. (yelling) BRENDA! Send in Rainbow Man!

(BRENDA exits backroom.)

RANDY

Rainbow Man? I've never heard of him.

B.A.

One of my earlier recruits. (wistful) I really thought there would be more of a demand for rainbows.

(BRENDA and RAINBOW MAN enter and then enter B.A.'s office.)

BRENDA

Presenting Rainbow Man!

RAINBOW MAN

Boss! Does this mean you finally have an assignment for me? Just tell me where you need a rainbow!

B.A.

Sorry George. I'm afraid I'm going to have to retire you. I need the costume for our first gay superhero!

RAINBOW MAN (critically sizes up RANDY)

What? This guy?

RANDY (extending handshake)

Nice to meet you, Rainbow Man.

RAINBOW MAN (ignoring handshake)

I can be gay!

BRENDA

You can't really just (air quotes) be gay, George.

RAINBOW MAN

Well this is just great. What am I going to tell the wife?

(Turns to head for back exit, head hung low.)

B.A.

George, before you go?

RAINBOW MAN

Yea?

B.A.

The cape?

RAINBOW MAN

For real? (pause) Ok fine!

(Removes cape, holds reverently, hands to B.A., and turns to leave.)

Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll go clear out my locker.

B.A.

Oh George? The applique?

RAINBOW MAN (gasps)

Not my rainbow!

B.A.

Technically, it belongs to the agency.

RAINBOW MAN

Fine.

(Removes the Velcro affixed rainbow, hands to B.A., and heads for back exit.)

Here. Now I'm leaving before you take my dignity a well.

B.A.

Oh George?

RAINBOW MAN

What!?!

B.A.

The tights?

RAINBOW MAN

And...so goes the dignity.

(Pulls down his tights.)

RANDY

Nope. Stop. That's ok. I can get my own tights. I prefer to get my own tights.

RAINBOW MAN

What? Don't wanna see what's at the end of my rainbow? Makes me think you're not really even gay.

(Pulls up tights, exits reception, exits back followed by a consoling BRENDA.)

RANDY

I feel so bad.

B.A.

Forget him. Let's get you into this cape!

(Puts the cape on RANDY, and tries to stick the rainbow to his chest. It falls off.)

Needs a little Velcro. Oh, you could have sidekicks! (shouting) BRENDA! Send in the twins (to RANDY) They're the best sidekick team on the market. We'll need a name for them...

(From back office BRENDA enters followed by THE TWINS who parade around the room singing and dancing to the tune of Beatles Birthday (or other) song.)

TWIN #1 and TWIN #2

You say you're a gay man! Well we can be gay too! They say you're a gay man. We're gonna be so gay with you!

RANDY

Oh. My. God.

B.A.

I know, right? How about Gay Man and the Lebition Twins! Well they're not really twins, of course-

RANDY

You can't be serious!

B.A.

How about Homo Man and the Dyke-Namic Duo! It's like Dy-Namic, but it's Dyke-Namic. Get it?

RANDY

Oh, I get it. I just don't believe it.

B.A.

You're right. We'll need to focus-group-it before deciding. Girls, you can go.

(TWINS exit reception and then back office followed by a consoling BRENDA.)

RANDY

Look, I don't think this is going to work out. Your whole attitude about my being gay. It's so-

B.A.

Good lord. Gay men are soooo overly sensitive.

RANDY

There. That right there. It's like you're stuck in 1990! We're done here.

(RANDY slams rainbow applique down on the desk, takes off the rainbow cape and tosses it at B.A., turns and heads for the front door. B.A. quickly opens drawer, pulls out a stack of papers and begins pretending to read, loudly.)

B.A.

Dear B.A. Hero Agency. My name is Zack. I'm 10 years old. I want to be a superhero one day but I like boys and kids at school make fun of me and say I could never be a superhero. Is that true?

(RANDY stops, listening, but does not turn around.)

B.A. (Cont)

Dear B.A. Hero Agency. My Dad laughed when I told him I want to be a superhero. He says no one wants to be saved by a sissy boy. What should I do? Christopher. 12 years old.

(RANDY turns around still listening.)

B.A. (Cont)

Dear B.A. Hero Agency. Why aren't there any gay superheroes? My teacher said it's because people are afraid it's catching. She said I probably caught it from Tommy. Maybe she's right. Billy, age-

RANDY

Enough. I get it.

B.A.

Do you? (puts down papers) I may not be eloquent in my approach Mr. Stone, but I think you'll agree (taps papers) the children of this world need you. They need you, Randy Stone, to lead by example.

RANDY (humble)

Perhaps I was too hasty.

B.A. (handing cape and applique to RANDY)

Good. Now that we're back on track...what about your superhero name?

RANDY

I'll think about it.

B.A.

Think fast, Mr. Stone. I'm sure we'll have an assignment for you in no time. Shopping emergencies! Floral arrangements gone awry. Bad haircuts. Musical Theatre recommendations needed!

RANDY

That's it! I'm done. Gay men are more than stereotypes. We are people. And if you can't get that through your thick, retired-superhero-head, then there's nothing more I can say!

B.A.

Kidding! I was just rousing you a bit. I think it's your sense of humor that needs to be rescued! Now, you'll need to fill out the standard contract. The agency cut is 20% off the top. Endorsements, action figures, movies - please, God, a movie! - comic books, graphic novels, plush toys.

(BRENDA enters running from back room, bursting into B.A.'s office.)

BRENDA

You'd better come quick before we have another fire. The Torcher and Tree Man are at it again!

(OS a loud scream.)

B.A.

Oh, for heaven's sake! Brenda, have Mr. Stone fill out the 20% contract. I'll be right back.

(B.A. exits running to reception and then to back office. BRENDA sits in B.A.'s chair, pulls a contract out of drawer, hands to RANDY with a pen.)

BRENDA

Having second thoughts?

RANDY (thinking)

Maybe.

(BRENDA picks up stack of papers and starts to put them back in the drawer.)

RANDY (Cont)

Wait. Before you put those away, may I look at the letters for a moment?

BRENDA

Letters?

RANDY

Those. (pause) The ones from the kids?

BRENDA (perplexed)

From the kids? (looks at papers) These are parking tickets.

RANDY

Parking tickets? May I?

(BRENDA shrugs, hands stack to RANDY who shuffles through while speaking.)

RANDY (Cont)

Ticket. Ticket. Ticket. All tickets.

BRENDA

She just keeps stuffing 'em in her drawer. One day she's gonna get herself arrested.

RANDY (heroic pose)

Or worse. (in superhero voice) It's clear, now, how I must use my superpowers. (regular voice) Wait. Where's my cape?

(BRENDA helps w/cape, tries to stick rainbow to RANDY's chest. It falls off.)

BRENDA

Needs Velcro. But you look good! Rainbow is definitely your color.

RANDY

Thanks. Now, where was I?

BRENDA

(mimicking superhero voice) It's clear, now, how I must use my superpowers.

RANDY

Right. Thanks. (superhero voice) It's clear, now, how I must use my superpowers. I, Gay Man, will fight dangerous stereotypes that permeate our society. I will obliterate those who oppress and repress people they do not understand. And I will seek justice for those who've been marginalized, used, and abused!

BRENDA

Wow. My hero!

RANDY

And I'm going to start by kicking some Beautiful Avenger butt!

BLACKOUT