

THE ADVENTURES OF THE PINK WASP AND YELLOWJACKET
(EXCERPT)

Written by

Anthony Wood

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ACT ONE - SCENE ONE

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 ala 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 voice over ANNOUNCER say...

ANNOUNCER
The Pink WASP!

LIGHTS UP.

Pink WASP enters as his alter ego BRETT MAJORS. He smokes a cigarette.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
Millionaire Playboy Brett Majors,
performing a top secret, hi-tech
experiment--

A stuffed bee or wasp on a string with a nuclear symbol on it's side swoops in and hits Brett. He recoils in pain. The lights flash hypnotically.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
--is accidentally stung by a nuclear
wasp. His blood boils with the
strength of atomic insect power!

Brett writhes some more. Then rolls offstage.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
Achieving super intelligence and
expert marksmanship, he vows to
fight the dark princes of crime,
striking fear into the hearts of
evildoers as--

Brett enters as The Pink WASP.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
 --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.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
 It's The Adventures of The Pink
 WASP!...and Yellow Jacket. In
 color!

Music ends.

LIGHTS TO HALF

Entering on stage are THE GOLDEN PHARAOH. Pink WASP and
 Yellow Jacket, bound back to back with ropes, are lead in by
 two masked HENCHMEN.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
 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 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! You're 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.

GOLDEN PHARAOH (CONT'D)
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.

GOLDEN PHARAOH (CONT'D)
In five minutes it's 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.

GOLDEN PHARAOH (CONT'D)
(Offstage.)
What?...I don't think...Are you sure?

They come back on.

GOLDEN PHARAOH (CONT'D)
Excuse me...wrong door. Goodbye Pink WASP and Yellow Jacket! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

They exit downstage right. Another pause.

GOLDEN PHARAOH (CONT'D)
(Offstage.)
Uhhh...this doesn't look--No this does not look right at all.

They all enter.

GOLDEN PHARAOH (CONT'D)
 (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.

GOLDEN PHARAOH (CONT'D)
 (Offstage.)
 What?! Oh now this is just
 ridiculous! I mean...

They all enter again.

GOLDEN PHARAOH (CONT'D)
 (Pointing to Pink WASP.)
 Don't say anything, all right?
 Nothing!

They exit center.

GOLDEN PHARAOH (CONT'D)
 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.

PINK WASP (CONT'D)

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.

PINK WASP (CONT'D)

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, whyyyyyyy!

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.

PINK WASP (CONT'D)
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...

PINK WASP (CONT'D)
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.

END OF ACT ONE SCENE ONE.

ACT ONE - SCENE TWO

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 beach side mansion, The Pink WASP, now posing as his alter ego millionaire Brett Majors, ponders his next move.

The sound of people revelling 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 your 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.

BRETT (CONT'D)

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 Egnrish."

BRETT

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

Disgusted, Chang thumbs open the book and reads in broken English ala Charlie Chan.

CHANG

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

BRETT

See? Clear as cake.
(Turning away.)
(MORE)

BRETT (CONT'D)

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.

BRETT (CONT'D)

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.

BRETT (CONT'D)

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.

BRETT (CONT'D)

(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 Gisselle Proon."

GISELLE and NORWOOD enter. He is another rich socialite like Brett. He also wears a white dinner jacket and tie. She is the buxom woman from the opening. She wears and sparkling dress that is skin tight, underneath which is an industrial strength 50's 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;

(MORE)

NORWOOD (CONT'D)
 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.

GISELLE (CONT'D)
 (Calling off stage.)
 All right, everybody!

A group of four or five children enter. They all carry
 cigarettes and drinks.

GISELLE (CONT'D)
 These grateful orphans just wanted
 to say thanks, Brett. Okay, kids.

KIDS
 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.

NORWOOD (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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

Brett gives a weak grin.

GISELLE (CONT'D)

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.

GISELLE (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)
 (Shocked.)
 Hey!

BRETT
 You love it and you know it! Women,
 you're all so different; like gum
 balls 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.

BRETT (CONT'D)
 Have some dignity. Go on. Get out
 of here.

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

BRETT (CONT'D)
 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'Connel?

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.

BRETT (CONT'D)

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 your 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.

BRETT (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)
You! The Pink WASP! Here?! What
have you done with Brett Majors,
you...you fiend?!

The Chief turns and calls for help.

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

The Chief searched frantically around the room.

CHIEF O'CONNEL (CONT'D)
He was right here! As plain as day!

BRETT
Who, Chief O'Connel?

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.

BRETT (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)
Great scott!

Chang comes running in.

CHANG
What's up?

Brett looks at Chang. Chang takes out his book and reads.

CHANG (CONT'D)
"What's up?"

BRETT
It's the Crimino-puter. It says that The Leopard Lady and her Pussy Brigade is 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.

END OF ACT ONE SCENE TWO.

ACT ONE - SCENE THREE

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.

PINK WASP (CONT'D)

Okay...wait.

He takes a few more pieces from his jacket. A few more "clicks", and then...

PINK WASP (CONT'D)

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.

PINK WASP (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

(To Yellow Jacket.)

What?

YELLOW JACKET

What?

PINK WASP

What?

Yellow Jacket shakes his head. They wait again. Another tap.

PINK WASP (CONT'D)

What?

YELLOW JACKET

What?

PINK WASP

You know "what."

Yellow Jacket shakes his head again, very confused. They wait again. Another tap.

PINK WASP (CONT'D)
Okay, that's not even funny now.

YELLOW JACKET
What?

Another tap. The Pink WASP turns to the henchman.

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 (CONT'D)
Arrrrrrgghh!!!

He falls to his knees. The henchman picks up The Pink WASP's guns 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 (CONT'D)
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. Puuurrrrfect!
(To the Pink WASP.)
(MORE)

LEOPARD LADY (CONT'D)

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 wheelbarrow 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 henchman and he let's 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
Oooooh...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 (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)

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.

LEOPARD LADY (CONT'D)

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

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

LEOPARD LADY (CONT'D)

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...retched... 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.

LEOPARD LADY (CONT'D)

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

Uhhmm..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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

Ahhhhhh! Mommy! Help! Help me!
Mommmy-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.

END OF ACT ONE SCENE THREE.