

# Fismit (The Misfit Superhero)

*By Reid Conrad*

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*Fismit (The Misfit Superhero)*

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### **DEDICATION**

*The world moves for love.*

*It kneels before it in awe.*

--M. Night Shyamalan

### **STORY OF THE PLAY**

PT Dingle is a misfit, an outcast, a social pariah. Things look bleak for him, especially on the dating front, until, with the help of his best friend and fellow misfit, Morton J. Lewison, PT discovers his superhuman alter ego, *The Fismit*. Will PT become accepted by his peers and get Diana, the girl of his dreams? You'll have audiences laughing at and cheering on *Fismit (The Misfit Superhero)*! About 40 minutes.

### **ORIGINAL PRODUCTION**

PT DINGLE: Christopher T. Rhodes

MORTON J. LEWISON: Jared Hoozky

CHARLIE DINGLE: Joseph Warren

SHOTGUN: Chris Logan

DIG-DUG: Mark Monge

BO: Robert Gunn

DIANA WOZAKOWSKAWICZ: Lena Kees

WOWIE: Anne' Revlett

POOTS: Madison Marion

LICORICE: Jenny Morales

STAGE MANAGER: Milena Canete

ASISTANT STAGE MANAGER: Emily Putnam

TECHNICIAN: Jeannie Tilley

STAGE CREW: Bailey Green, Gabriel Maldonado, Isaac Ramos,  
Elizabeth Romero, Taylor Schuler

**CAST OF CHARACTERS**

*(6 m, 4 w)*

**PETER THOMAS (PT) DINGLE:** The Fismit.

**MORTON J. LEWISON:** PT's only friend.

**DaBOYZ**

**CHARLIE DINGLE:** PT's brother.

**SHOTGUN:** Charlie's buddy and chief tormentor.

**DIG-DUG:** Charlie's buddy and village idiot.

**BO:** Charlie's buddy and self-proclaimed ladies' man.

**LeGURLZ**

**DIANA WOZAKOWSKAWICZ:** The girl.

**WOWIE:** Diana's excitable friend.

**POOTS:** Diana's pessimistic friend.

**LICORICE:** Diana's naïve friend.

**MINIONS OF THE FISMIT:** Non-speaking roles which can be doubled by DaBOYZ and LaGURLZ.

## **SET**

There are two settings. The first is within the school, and the other is a bedroom. The school hallway is symbolized by a brick school wall. When a scene takes place in a classroom, cast members bring on chairs or desks and arrange them, facing audience, in rows. When the scene takes place in the bedroom, the brick school wall is turned to reveal a bedroom. The bedroom contains a bed which is sturdy enough to support jumping actors.

## **Fismit (The Misfit Superhero)**

*(AT RISE: LIGHTS up on PT, standing DSC, arms down and outstretched, head slightly raised, eyes closed. He is in the school hallway. MUSIC with a romantic feel is heard. On the floor, at PT's side, sits a boom box and school books. After a minute, DaBOYZ: CHARLIE, DIG-DUG, BO and SHOTGUN enter in a jocular and jostling silent conversation. Bo sees PT and signals to the others. They converge on PT quietly. Shotgun grabs the boom box and the MUSIC stops.)*

**SHOTGUN:** *(Singing.)* When I fall in love—

**BO:** *(Singing.)* I get such a boner—

**PT:** Fellas, give it back!

**DIG-DUG:** *(Mimicking.)* Give it back!

**SHOTGUN:** *(Pushing PT down.)* When I fall on the ground—

**BO:** I am such a loser! *(Pleased with his rhyming ability.)*

**PT:** Quit it!

**DIG-DUG:** Aw, PeePee fall down go boom?

**BO:** PeePee hurt?

**SHOTGUN:** PeePee scared?

**DIG-DUG:** PeePee need help up?

**BO:** *(With foot on PT's chest.)* Who help PeePee up?

**DIG-DUG:** Who help PeePee up?

**BO:** You help PeePee up?

**DIG-DUG:** No, you help PeePee up?

**BO:** Me no strong enough to lift big, powerful PeePee off ground.

**DIG-DUG:** *(To CHARLIE.)* You help PeePee up?

**CHARLIE:** He can help himself up. *(Steps away, disgusted.)*

**BO:** PeePee fallen and can't get up.

**DIG-DUG:** Shotgun, you help PeePee up?

**SHOTGUN:** Sure, I help little pipsqueak PeePee up. One sec. Gotta free up this hand. *(Extends arm and drops boom box.)* Oops. Hope you didn't need that, PeePee.

**PT:** You bastard!

**DIG-DUG:** What'd you say?

**SHOTGUN:** Whoa, whoa, whoa! I'm only tryin' to help you, PeePee. Here, let's get you up off that cold dirty ground. *(Yanks PT up, slaps his face.)* Careful what you call people, PeePee. Some people don't like being called names. *(Slaps PT again.)* You understand, doncha?

*(PT nods.)*

**SHOTGUN:** *(Cont'd.)* We understand each other, don't we? You help me out, I help you out. Glad I could help my little PeePee out. But, look at you, you're such a mess. *(Brushes PT's shirt.)* Let's get you all fixed up. You want to look purty fer school, doncha? *(Tears PT's shirt.)*

*(BO and DIG-DUG hoot and holler.)*

**SHOTGUN:** *(Cont'd.)* Oh, now look what I went and done. They just don't make shirts the way they use-ta. Hmm, made in China. No wonder. Well, this is a predicament, ain't it? You'll just have to go to school like that—

**BO:** Unless you go runnin' home cryin' to yer mama—

**SHOTGUN:** —all them girls in class will be swoonin' at your ripped muscles—

**DIG-DUG:** *(Grabbing at shirt.)* Ripped is right!

**PT:** Quit it, guys! Quit it!

*(DIG-DUG and BO join in.)*

**PT:** *(Cont'd.)* Charlie!

*(DaBOYZ turn and look at CHARLIE.)*

**CHARLIE:** Don't come cryin' to me, loser.

*(DaBOYZ return to taunting PT. LeGURLZ: DIANA, WOWIE, POOTS and LICORICE enter and converge on DaBOYZ. DIANA hangs back a bit.)*

**WOWIE:** Oh, look, DaBoyz are puttin' on a show.

**LICORICE:** Whatcha doin', boys?

**BO:** *(Standing.)* Ladies.

**DIG-DUG:** We is helpin' poor PeePee with his wardrobe malfunction.

**PT:** Guys, quit it!

**POOTS:** *(Mimicking.)* Quit it!

**WOWIE:** Well, don't let us interrupt. I want to see how this ends.

**POOTS:** Don't get yer hopes up.

**WOWIE:** Huh?

**POOTS:** If yer expecting a big surprise from this runt, yer'll be sorely disappointed.

**WOWIE:** Too bad. I wuz hopin' to start my day off wif a bang.

**BO:** Might I be of service?

**PT:** Quit it, guys! *(Desperately.)* Please!

**DIANA:** Stop it, Charlie.

**CHARLIE:** ME? I'm not doing nothing. *(A beat.)* All right, all right. Boys, leave the little twerp alone.

*(General sounds of disappointment from DaBOYZ and LeGURLS as they release PT and move away.)*

**DIANA:** You would think that we, as a society, would've moved away from this sort of behavior in this day and age.

**SHOTGUN:** *(With an intellectual air.)* Apparently not.

**DIANA:** Shotgun, Dig-Dug, Bo, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves. You're better than this.

**DIG-DUG:** We are?

**DIANA:** It's been eons since we separated ourselves from the beasts of the jungles and elevated our stature to that of caretaker of our fellow man.

**BO:** Lost me.

**DIANA:** Boys. Must we torment poor PT every single day?

**DIG-DUG:** It's okay with Charlie.

**DIANA:** But it's not okay with me. And Charlie, you, of all people! You're supposed to protect PT, not brutalize him.

**CHARLIE:** He's a twerp.

**DIANA:** He's a human being. You make me sick. All of you.

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