

SECRET IDENTITY:
An Adventure in Peer Pressure!

By Will Ledesma

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DEDICATION

With many thanks to Famous Mentor Lee Walker for some sound and gentle advice, and to Debra Duderstadt, who may have put more hours into this show than even I did.

STORY OF THE PLAY

Secret Identity follows the heroic adventures of Princess Mystic Starfish, a charming and unconventional superheroine who battles her enemies with dogged persistence by firing bubbles in an attempt to confuse them (or possibly get soap in their eyes). Despite her unorthodox methods, the Princess' success in apprehending wrongdoers is somehow perfect. One day, she is given an invitation to join the greatest international union of superheroes in the world—but in order to prove herself to her fellow heroes, she'll have to take a course of action that goes against everything she's stood for as a superhero. Meanwhile, her archenemy, the nefarious Naughty Naughty Noddingshire, is on the loose...again! With supervillains on one side and peer pressure on the other, the Princess may need some help from her true friends to figure out who she really wants to be. Oh, and to save the world. That, too.

Friendship, adventure, integrity, an evil mime, a mysterious butler, stolen dinosaur bones, a man with a mailbox on his head—it's all just a part of the fun in *Secret Identity: An Adventure in Peer Pressure!*

Original Production

The show premiered on October 8, 2008, performed by the A. D. Players Touring Company in Houston, TX, and went on to tour elementary schools in the Houston area throughout the 2008-09 school year. The production was directed by the playwright with costume design by Debra Duderstadt, sound by Orlando Arriaga, and set and props by Paul Larsen.

The cast was as follows:

PRINCESS MYSTIC STARFISH: Debra Duderstadt

WILFRED: Mark L. Redd

MAILMAN / NODDINGSHIRE: Jason D. Hatcher

STINY / QUEEN: Kristen N. Clarke; Natalie Frances Lerner

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 m, 3 w, 1 voice)

PRINCESS MYSTIC STARFISH: Our heroine; gentle, spirited, enthusiastic, pretty, and kind; not the greatest super hero ever to fight for truth and justice, but possibly the most enthusiastic!

WILFRED: Her faithful butler, with a secret past... He's a butler and comes dressed appropriately. Remember, a good butler is NEVER without his coattails!

NAUGHTY NAUGHTY NODDINGSHIRE: The #3 on the King's most wanted list for years and years and years! Well, once he shared the #3 spot with an evil rocking chair, but that was only for a couple of weeks in the late 1990s.

STINY: Naughty Naughty Noddingshire's willing henchmime.

MAILMAN: Official mail carrier of the International Union of Superheroes, Amazing Persons, and Otherwise Outstanding Citizens, or IUSAPOOC (pronounced eye-YOO-suh pook). Definitely brawn over brain. Actually, more like brawn over more brawn, but a heart of gold and a very cool cape. A muscle-bound man in tights and a cape, with a large mailbox on his head. Mailman's face normally appears in the opening of the box, but it's always closed when he's flying, which would be disastrous for any old guy, but, well, Mailman is a super hero, after all. He's a real man's man, but with a sentimental touch; while pro football adorns most of his walls at home, Precious Moments has a corner in the bedroom.

QUEEN VICTORIOUS: President of the IUSAPOOC; it's very important for her to be the one in charge, and she has no problems knocking other heroes down a few notches so she can stay on top; furthermore, she bakes excellent cookies. That doesn't come into play in the story, but it's nice to know.

RADIO NEWS ANCHOR: Unseen; a voice-over who needs to consider cutting back on the caffeine.

(Please see end of script for costume and prop notes.)

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(AT RISE: Traditional superhero fanfare SFX heralds the arrival of MAILMAN, who flips, poses, and flexes his muscles in a super display of strength and agility—until he loses his balance, trips, and lands flat on his back. Music abruptly dies.)

MAILMAN: Oh, man! That really *smarts!* *(Leaps to his feet.)*
Greetings, citizens! I am Mailman! And I am a superhero. Yes, that's right, we superheroes really do exist. You don't hear about us on the news or read about us in the papers, but that's just because we don't like to be seen. Gives us the *Element of Surprise!* Here, I'll say that again for those of you taking notes out there: the *Element of Surprise!* Now, I'm here today because word on the street is that there are some of you out there who want to be superheroes someday. Just like me—Mailman! Come on now, who wants to be a superhero? Don't be afraid, you can raise your hand...that's right. Well, I don't blame you. It's a great job, saving people and fighting bad guys and...delivering other superheroes' mail...if you're me, anyway. That's *my* superpower: I can deliver anything from anyone to anywhere in the world in under an hour! And on top of that, dogs *love* me!

Yes sir, superpowers are great...OH! I mean, not that that's all there is to being a superhero! I mean, powers are great and all, but you don't need—I mean, it *helps*, sure, but—aw geez. I'm *totally* blowing it here. Never mind! I just got an idea that's really, really *neat!* I'm gonna tell you all a story about one of my *favorite* superheroes of all time—and she didn't have any powers at *all!* So pay close attention, and you might find out that real superheroes aren't *that* much different from you. Now! Can I get some story-starting music, please?

(SFX: Story-starting music.)

MAILMAN: *(Cont'd.)* The whole thing happened back when I used to work as the official messenger for the International Union of Superheroes, Amazing Persons, and Otherwise Outstanding Citizens. For short, we just called ourselves IUSAPOOC! IUSAPOOC's a pretty darn cool club, if I do say so myself. Just about every superhero knows about IUSAPOOC, and they *all* want in! Anywhatsit, back in my IUSAPOOC days I once ran across a girl named Princess Mystic Starfish...

(Enter STINY the Mime, carrying a satchel; she takes her place on stage and freezes.)

MAILMAN: *(Cont'd.)* Er...that is not Princess Mystic Starfish. That's a mime.

PRINCESS MYSTIC STARFISH: *(From offstage.)* Wait! Come back here! *(Runs onstage, quite harried.)*

MAILMAN: FREEZE!

(SHE freezes mid-stride.)

MAILMAN: *(Cont'd.)* THAT is Princess Mystic Starfish! Isn't she pretty? Anywayz, this story starts one bright sunny afternoon when the Princess here was in this park here somewhere in England. No, wait, Poland! Or was it Switzerland? Shoot, I don't remember, one of those countries that ends in "land." Never mind! Somebody has just stolen the crown jewels, and Princess Mystic Starfish is looking for the thief! Okay, ready, aaaaaaand action!

(PRINCESS and MIME unfreeze; Princess, out of breath, looking around diligently and Mime climbing an invisible rope.)

PRINCESS: Oh, dear, I seem to have lost her! Where could that jewel thief have possibly gone? I know she's got to be in this park somewhere... *(To MAILMAN.)* Excuse me, you, with the mailbox on your head? Have you seen a jewel thief running by here?

MAILMAN: Oh, holy yikes! I'm not supposed to be in this part of the story! Mailman, away!

(HE closes the lid to the mailbox on his head and "flies" offstage, making flight noises with his lips or humming his own theme music.)

PRINCESS: That was strange...

(MIME has taken out stolen jewels and waves them behind the Princess' back, mocking her. PRINCESS looks around, but as her eyes fall upon the Mime, that blasted silent clown has hidden the jewels back in her satchel and is now working very hard to push a large invisible object that simply will not budge.)

PRINCESS: *(Cont'd.)* There has to be someone around here who knows where the jewel thief is... *(To the audience.)* Have you seen anyone with some stolen jewels around here?

(As SHE'S trying to discern what the audience is saying, the MIME is again mocking her with the very jewels that she is seeking!)

PRINCESS: *(Cont'd.)* What's that? You say I should ask the mime? Well, all right...but I don't expect she'll say very much.

(SHE abruptly turns to the MIME, who is caught red-handed with the jewels.)

PRINCESS: *(Cont'd.)* Good Mime, could you help me—oh. I see you have some stolen jewels in your hands. In that case, never mind what I was going to ask you, and *give back those jewels!*

(The MIME sticks her tongue out at the Princess and runs for it with the satchel.)

End of Freeview

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