

Mormon Superhero

by eric w jepson

Teddy enters a bare stage and looks about in surprise. He raises his fingers to his temples and concentrates. Basic furniture falls from above. Teddy rearranges the furniture, then rearranges it again. He seems agitated.

Enter Susanne.

Susanne: Teddy.

Teddy: Oh! Hi! I, ah, was was

Susanne: I can see what you were doing. Where was the furniture this time.

Teddy: Nowhere. In particular.

Susanne: It was on the ceiling, wasn't it.

Teddy: Yes.

Susanne: Teddy! How many times—?

Teddy: I know, I know. I'm sorry. I really have no idea how it happened. I wasn't even here.

Susanne: Sure.

She sits and starts rummaging through her purse.

Susanne: Brother Newell called.

Teddy: He did? About what?

Susanne: He said you have the lesson tonight.

Teddy: What? Is it Wednesday already? Oh crap. Where's the Ensign?

Susanne: You had it last.

Teddy: No, you were reading that article on dating.

Susanne: Then you wanted to see the new mission presidents.

Teddy: Oh, that's right. Shoot. What did I do with it?

Susanne does not immediately reply. Eventually, Teddy realizes she does not intend to.

Teddy: Um, did you see where I left it?

Susanne sighs.

Susanne: It's on your nightstand. I wish you'd keep track of your stuff.

Teddy: Thanks, now I remember.

He exits. Sounds of rummaging and of furniture falling to the floor and more rummaging. Teddy returns empty handed and a little sheepish.

Teddy: Um, where did you say?

Susanne makes an angry-sounding sigh and stands up, thrusting her purse back on the chair. She stomps off and immediately stomps back holding the Ensign.

Susanne: Here!

Teddy: Thanks. Um, where was it?

Susanne: On your nightstand! I swear Teddy!

Teddy: I know, I know, I'm sorry.

He looks around as she sits down and starts rifling through her purse.

Teddy: Where's my chair?

Without looking up, she shoots one hand up, pointing skyward.

Teddy: Oh. I guess that makes sense. Huh.

Teddy struggles to get his fingers properly arranged at the sides of his head. The doorbell rings.

Susanne: Will you get that?

Teddy: Sure. COME IN!

Susanne glares at him.

Enter Steve.

Teddy: Steve!

Steve: Hey, guys. Sorry to butt in like this—

Teddy: No problem, Steve! Hey, you want to take a seat? You could.... You could.... Oh, that's right.

Teddy drops the Ensign to the floor and is about to get the furniture down when Steve stops him.

Steve: Whoa! Ted! Hold up! That's actually kind of why I'm here. Our ottoman's back on the ceiling and I didn't want it to just fall down because it's kind of an antique and last time it dropped one of the, well, uh, it made a horrible sound. Would you mind coming over?

Teddy: No, not at—I'm real sorry—I can't—Wow, how—Susanne, I'll be right back, okay? I don't believe this. I'm real sorry, Steve.

Susanne: Don't forget you still need to put a tie on.

Teddy: I know.

Steve and Teddy begin exiting

Steve: I really appreciate it, Teddy.

Teddy: Yeah, I don't know why this keeps happening....

They are gone.

Susanne shakes her head.

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