

*When the Revolution strikes, what becomes of superheroes? After shielding supervillain Janie Myer, AKA The Geiger from the retribution of “justice,” the Hero is captured by revolutionaries. He must choose between joining the Revolution or a public execution for his most serious crime: Opulence.*

## **CAST OF CHARACTERS**

The Hero - A Rich Man

Orwell - A leading member of The Revolution

Inquisitor - An interrogator and Hero of The Revolution

Philosopher - An Actor

PeNG - An Actress

**SETTING**

An interrogation room.  
United States of America.

**TIME**

The Current: Spring 2025, the Revolution.  
The Talked About: Winter 2025, the Breaking.

**A NOTE**

This play takes place during a revolution, but is not about revolution.  
This is a superhero story.

As such, it is about justice.

*A nondescript room. Perhaps a table.*

*At it, a man, asleep. His clothes, too, are nondescript. A Nasty wound on his face.*

*He stirs.*

*Pain.*

*There are more wounds that we cannot see.*

*His stomach is wrong.*

*Mind, too.*

*These are not his clothes.*

*He doesn't know this room...*

*A loud BUZZ. It sounds again. An alarm.*

*He stands.*

*Falls.*

*A door opens. The alarm stops.*

*Two women enter. One, businesslike. The other, costumed.*

*The business one, a politician, ORWELL, helps him up.*

ORWELL. Are you okay?

*No response. Like the room, clothes, he doesn't know these women.*

*The costumed one, a hero, The INQUISITOR, places a glass on the table, if there is one.*

ORWELL. Please, drink. You must feel awful. Your tongue is heavy. Your throat is dry. You are dehydrated. If you won't drink, I need you to tell me they can give you an IV. Do you want an IV?

INQUISITOR. He's afraid we'll poison him.

ORWELL. Are you afraid of poison?

INQUISITOR. He is.

ORWELL. Did you poison his drink?

INQUISITOR. No.

ORWELL. There you have it. If it makes you feel better...

*ORWELL drinks. She hands the glass to the man.*

*He gulps it down.*

INQUISITOR. Was it poisoned?

ORWELL *takes the glass.*  
*She spits her sip back inside.*

ORWELL. It was.

*The man launches to his feet, but wobbles.*

ORWELL. Conserve your strength, hero. You're in no condition to fight. Don't you need time to figure out the structural weak points of the room, gauge our forces, where we are, why you're here? Is that what you would do, Inquisitor?

INQUISITOR. Yes.

ORWELL. There we have it. Sit, please.

*The man sits.*

ORWELL. That's a good boy. *(To INQUISITOR:)* Why did you poison him?

INQUISITOR. To get the truth.

ORWELL. The truth. That's a worthy goal. But why poison?

INQUISITOR. I spiked the drink with a truth serum.

ORWELL. So not poison?

INQUISITOR. I wouldn't call it poison.

ORWELL. So it is. Did you hear that? You weren't poisoned. We just wanted to help you along. Hero's don't tell lies, afterall. To preserve yourself, you should be truthful. The Inquisitor is keeping you safe. Isn't that right?

INQUISITOR. Heroes protect heroes.

ORWELL. So it is. Do you remember your name?

HERO. Yes.

ORWELL. Your human name?

INQUISITOR. That's no good. Heroes have to keep that secret. No matter who asks.

ORWELL. Will you tell him yours?

INQUISITOR. No.

ORWELL. My name is Penelope Orwell. Please, call me Orwell. It's nice to meet you. Do you remember your superhero moniker?

HERO. Yes.

ORWELL. What was that? I'm making sure your memory is intact.

HERO. I go by...

INQUISITOR. Is that hero still alive?

ORWELL. That's a good point. Then we'll call you the Hero. Is that okay by you, Hero?

HERO. That's fine.

ORWELL. Do you consider yourself a hero?

INQUISITOR. He is a hero.

ORWELL. But I'm asking if he considers himself a hero. If he doesn't think he's a hero, then he can't be a hero. Isn't that right? Hero is an identity. Do you consider yourself a hero, Inquisitor?

INQUISITOR. I do.

HERO. I am a hero.

ORWELL. Is that so? Well there you have it. Then it's okay for us to call you "Hero."

HERO. That's fine.

ORWELL. So it is. Let's get on with it.

INQUISITOR *opens the door.*

*So enters an actor: PHILOSOPHER, dressed flashily in presentational wealth.*

*The door closes.*

HERO *recognizes those clothes. They're his.*

INQUISITOR. Do you consider yourself a hero?

PHILOSOPHER. Yes.

INQUISITOR. What is your name?

PHILOSOPHER. I must keep my name safe.

INQUISITOR. Very well.

PHILOSOPHER. You can call me the Philosopher.

INQUISITOR. Very well.

HERO. Is this a game?

ORWELL. No. What makes you a hero?

HERO. Justice.

INQUISITOR. How, Philosopher, can you call yourself a hero?

PHILOSOPHER. I fight for Justice.

INQUISITOR. You are not costumed.

PHILOSOPHER. Why should I be? I am at home.

ORWELL. Where is your home?

HERO. A few miles outside the Heights.

ORWELL. What were you doing on the day you met?

HERO. Day I met who?

ORWELL. Geiger.

HERO. I was apprehending a mugger on thirty-second and Broadway.

INQUISITOR. What were you doing when you met?

PHILOSOPHER. I was drinking a '58 merlot. I never looked at the brand.

*The INQUISITOR hands him the empty glass.  
He swirls it.*

INQUISITOR. You didn't collect?

PHILOSOPHER. I simply liked the taste.

ORWELL. You liked the taste? Heroes mustn't lie.

HERO. No. Not much.

PHILOSOPHER. It was a Cheval-Blanc. I normally don't drink the expensive wines, but I was celebrating.

INQUISITOR. What were you celebrating?

PHILOSOPHER. My mother died that morning.

INQUISITOR. My apologies.

PHILOSOPHER. No need.

ORWELL. Do you think she was a bad person?

HERO. No.

ORWELL. Heroes mustn't lie.

HERO. She wasn't a bad person.

INQUISITOR. Why did you celebrate her death?

PHILOSOPHER. I don't know.

INQUISITOR. You don't know?

PHILOSOPHER. I can't recall.

INQUISITOR. She beat you when you were a child. She took a switch from the yard and slammed it against your back. She kept saying she'd get a whip one of these days.

PHILOSOPHER. The scars burn when I think about her.

HERO. She didn't beat me.

PHILOSOPHER. She suffered. When she finally passed, it was a relief. No more pain.

INQUISITOR. Were you with her when she died?

HERO. She wanted to stay in Tennessee.

ORWELL. You didn't visit?

HERO. I couldn't leave the city.

ORWELL. In case they needed you?

HERO. Yes.

ORWELL. Did they need you?

HERO. I don't know.

ORWELL. You should tell the truth.

HERO. I don't know.

PHILOSOPHER. I don't know why I celebrated. I should have been sad, and I was, but I wasn't. I couldn't figure it out, so I drank.

INQUISITOR. But you drank in celebration?

PHILOSOPHER. I think so.

ORWELL. Well?

HERO. I don't remember.

ORWELL. How much was the wine?

HERO. I don't remember.

PHILOSOPHER. \$112,000. I got it at auction.

INQUISITOR. Did you celebrate with anyone?

PHILOSOPHER. I was alone.

HERO. What do you want from me?

INQUISITOR. You were celebrating your mother's death, and then what?

PHILOSOPHER. There was a knock.

*There's a knock on the door to the interrogation room.*

INQUISITOR. And you checked your security cameras.

PHILOSOPHER. I checked the feed.

INQUISITOR. You saw her on your doorstep. Who was it?

HERO. I didn't. I didn't look.