

Murder: The Final Frontier

Written by Scott Cherney

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LOCATION: IMAGINACON COMIC BOOK/SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION

CAST OF CHARACTERS

DEWEY OSGOOD-Organizer and host of Imaginacon, geek extraordinaire and proud of it. Finds himself in the unenviable position of solving the murder, though he discovers his inner super-hero as a result.

WILSON CHADWICK-The one and only Captain James T. Curt of the Star Freighter Innerthighs from the cult TV show STAR TRUCK. He is brash, over-bearingly charming with a voracious appetite for life and everything else for that matter. Considers himself the center of the universe with everyone else as satellites orbiting about him.

JEAN RODDENREEL-Widow of STAR TRUCK creator/producer Dean Roddenreel. Hollywood royalty in exile (and denial) with champagne tastes on a beer budget. Had an illicit love affair with Chadwick during the run of the series that produced a long-lost off-spring.

LEON PORTNOY-The inimitable Mr. Spark, forever type-cast as first officer of the Innerthighs and second banana to Wilson Chadwick which has made him bitter beyond belief. Now works as Jean Roddenreel's man servant.

CARRIE FISHWICH-Longtime nemesis of Chadwick, co-star of rival franchise STAR BOARS. Loose cannon with a hair trigger who blames Chadwick for all her personal failures. Social media maniac.

ALIEN-Supposed STAR TRUCK fan who may or may not be of this world, until Chadwick's murder when it is revealed this she is actually rising starlet and current geek icon (with attitude to spare) **NIRVANA NIGHTENGALE**, star of the hit TV series BATTLESTAR GALLIFREY

This is an interactive script allowing for audience participation with scripted lines that can be provided to select participants prior to curtain. An optional improvisational section for audience interrogation is specified within the script near the end of ACT III.

ACT I

Welcome to the sci-fi/comic book convention known as Imaginacon, set in the banquet room of a large hotel. STAR TRUCK memorabilia in the form of posters and tchotchkes decorate the stage of the tribute due to begin as the scene opens.

DEWEY OSGOOD, dressed as an unmasked superhero complete with cape, enters and plants himself center stage, arms akimbo.

DEWEY: Citizens of Earth...open your minds! THIS is Imaginacon! Welcome to the biggest comic book/science fiction convention this side of the galaxy. Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Dewey D, Osgood. The D stands for Decimal. I kid you not. My parents conceived me in a library...right in the science fiction section! It's pretty obvious by how I look in this costume, it wasn't the health and fitness section. Anyway, I am your host and the guy responsible for putting this whole she-bang together. I'll also be the first name on the lawsuit should this whole thing go down the toy-toy. That's right. I'm a grown man in a cape who just said "toy-toy". Let me tell you a little bit about myself. I am a proud, card-card carrying, dyed in the wool nerd to the nth degree. Always have been, always will be. Did I get picked on when I was growing up? You bet I did. I wore my wedgies like badges of honor. Hey, they improved my posture. But there was that one that had to be surgically removed...NOT a pretty story. But when I am wearing this costume, I am known as Captain Imaginacon! My super powers include super speed, x-ray vision...oops, sorry, ma'am...and as you just witnessed, I have the uncanny ability to repel members of the opposite sex at a single bound. But Captain Imaginacon is the champion of all nerds, geek, fanboys and fangirls-everywhere. That's right, I'm a geek and proud of it. Needless to say, Imaginacon is my favorite time of year. It's Christmas, Halloween, the Fourth of July and my birthday all wrapped up into one. This is a celebration of all things fantastic in the world and beyond...with emphasis on the word FAN. Whether you love science fiction, fantasy, horror or superheroes in film, TV, books, games and comics...THIS is the place to be. The dealers' room is now open for all your collectables and memorabilia. We're going to have autograph signings galore. There'll be panel discussions, film screenings, special guests AND...to cap it all off, a salute to the greatest TV show in history, STAR TRUCK! That's right, the show that sparked our love for the fantastic and made us want to reach for the stars and beyond! Our tribute to STAR TRUCK features appearances by... are you ready...Jean Roddenreel, Nurse Church herself and wife of producer/creator Dean Roddenreel...And the reunion we've all been waiting for...our favorite Voltron, Mr. Spark and Captain James T. Kork! Leon Portnoy and Wilson Chadwick will be here on this very stage! So like I said, open your minds, citizens of Earth...THIS is Imaginacon! Have a great time! (walkie-talkie on Dewey's belt squawks, Dewey grabs it and begins speaking) Stevie? Is that you?...I'm not going to call you that, Stevie....Stevie, you're trying my patience....Fine. Come in, Dungeonmaster. Are you happy now?...Any sign of our special guests? Well, where are you?...You're not supposed to be at a food cart. You're supposed to be working security...okay, fine. You have low blood sugar. That's what you said a half hour ago. Which food stand? The Lord of the Onion Rings. Again? You were just there!...Yes, I know. They're hobbit-forming. That was funny the first dozen times you told me....Hurry up and get your snack on, Dungeonmaster. I need you. the STAR TRUCK tribute's coming up and absolutely none of the cast members have shown up yet.

Stevie! I can't understand you with your mouth full. Call me back when you see anyone...or swallow, whichever comes first.

What appears to be an **ALIEN**, dressed in a silver costume/uniform with face hidden in a metallic mask (not unlike a Power Ranger) and holding a ray gun enters behind DEWEY.

ALIEN: (monotone, almost robotic) Earthling!

DEWEY: Are you talking to me?

ALIEN: If-you-are-earthling.

DEWEY: Yep. Born and bred.

ALIEN: You-will-help-me.

DEWEY: Do you want me to take to you to my leader?

ALIEN: No. That-is-dumb.

DEWEY: Then what I do you for you, my interstellar friend?

ALIEN: Take-me-to –Captain-Kork.

DEWEY: Big fan, huh? Yeah, you and everybody else. Well, he's not here yet. When he does, you'll have to wait your turn.

ALIEN: No, I-do-not.

DEWEY: Okay, Decepticon. Whatever you say. Wilson Chadwick will be here soon...(sotto)...I hope.

ALIEN: In-that-case, I-shall-return.

DEWEY: Don't you mean "I'll be back"?

ALIEN: No. That-too-is-dumb.

DEWEY: You say so now, but some day, you could be the governor of California.

ALIEN sighs, shakes head and exits

From opposite. **JEAN RODDENREEL** enters flamboyantly like a movie star from another era, totally out of place in this century dressed in a coat that would the entire membership of PETA faint on sight.

JEAN: Pardon me, you with the cape.

DEWEY: Yes, ma'am, may I help you? Whoa! By the Mystical Moons of Mongo! It's you! Jean Roddenreel! It is a pleasure to meet you!

JEAN: Please. No autographs. Besides, it would cost you.

DEWEY: I...wasn't asking for one. How do you do? I'm Dewey Osgood. Sorry you didn't recognize me in my costume.

JEAN: I wouldn't recognize you in a tuxedo. Who are you supposed to be, young man?

DEWEY: Dewey Osgood? The organizer of this event?

JEAN: Doesn't ring a bell, but I'll take your word for it. I believe you're the gentleman I'm supposed to meet, am I correct?

DEWEY: Yes. And I would know you anywhere. The great Jean Roddenreel in my presence. If you don't mind me saying so, you look as young and smoking hot as you did as Nurse Church on STAR TRUCK.

JEAN: Yes, you may say that. (beat) Well, go ahead.

DEWEY: You look as young and smoking hot as you did as Nurse Church on STAR TRUCK.

JEAN: Oh, you're just saying that. Thank you, Oswald.

DEWEY: Osgood.

JEAN: It doesn't matter. What does matter is that all my needs are have been taken care of during this little soiree of yours.

DEWEY: Everything you wished has been my command.

JEAN: So you say, Durwood.

DEWEY: No, it's Osgood. Dewey Osgood.

JEAN: It still doesn't matter. What does matter is that the penthouse suite I requested is ready to be occupied.

DEWEY: As I mentioned to your assistant, I have reserved the second largest suite in the entire facility just for you.

JEAN: Second largest? I am second to no one, young man! Who could possibly have the penthouse suite?

DEWEY: That would be Mr. Chadwick, ma'am.

JEAN: Wilson Chadwick has my room? How dare you!

DEWEY: I apologize, Mrs. Roddenreel, but one of the major stipulations of his contract was that he has dibs the penthouse. He does in fact own this hotel.

JEAN: He what?

DEWEY: Yes, he purchased it just last year. I'm surprised you didn't know that.

JEAN: If I knew that, I never would have agreed to attend this flea circus of yours. May I remind you of who my late husband was, Doogie?

DEWEY: No, it's Dewey...

JEAN: It doesn't matter! What does matter is that my husband was Dean Roddenreel, creator, producer and visionary behind STAR TRUCK. He is the only one who matters! Without him, none of this would exist. This room would be empty and you would be at the Piggily Wiggily asking someone if they wanted paper or plastic! Since my husband's untimely demise, I alone carry the torch of STAR TRUCK in his good name. No one, I repeat, no one, shall take precedence over me. Do I make myself crystal clear?

DEWEY: Mrs. Roddenreel...Jean...I have nothing but respect for you, for your husband and certainly for STAR TRUCK itself. That's what this all about. But this is Wilson Chadwick's first appearance at any convention...ever. Naturally, he'll be the one everyone will want to see...

JEAN: How dare you!

DEWEY: I didn't mean it like that. Of course everyone wants to see you. You're Mrs. STAR TRUCK! You are royalty. And of course there's Mr. Spark himself, Leon Portnoy who I certainly hope arrives here soon. (walkie talkie squawks, talks into it) Stevie?...Fine, Dungeonmaster, what is it?...He is! Good job. Go treat yourself to some more onion rings. (to JEAN) Leon Portnoy is in the house.

JEAN: Yes, I know. He drove me here.

DEWEY: Really? You two car pooled? That is so cool.

JEAN: If you say so.

(Walkie talkie squawks again.)

DEWEY: Excuse me. (into walkie talkie)Go ahead, Dungeon...wait? What? Stevie, calm down! ...Okay. I'll be right there. (to JEAN) I have to leave. Apparently there's a catfight at the Hello Kitty booth. I'll be back in a flash!

MUSIC CUE: (from the Flash Gordon theme song by Queen) FLASH... AHH-AHH!

DEWEY: That was weird. (exits)

LEON PORTNOY enters in dark suit and a chauffer's cap.

JEAN: Leon, for heaven's sake, where have you been?

LEON: I've parked the car, checked in at the front desk and carried your mountain of luggage to your room. I think I may have the beginnings of a hernia.

JEAN: Oh, walk it off. How is the room?

LEON: You will find the accommodations quite inadequate.

JEAN: I knew it. Wilson has the master suite. Do you know why?

LEON: Because he's a low-based, back-stabbing snake in the grass?

JEAN: He is, but that's beside the point. He happens to own this roach hotel.

LEON: Imagine my delight. One thing is for certain. I'll be stealing all the towels.

JEAN: I suppose we'll have to make the most of it. What did you find out about the spa?

LEON: No spa on the premises. However, you do have a vibrating bed and they've supplied you with a roll of quarters.

JEAN: Oh, the price of fame.

LEON: If you run out, I can make change for a dollar.

JEAN: Lovely. Just lovely. What have I been reduced to?

LEON: How do you think I feel?

JEAN: I didn't know you had feelings.

LEON: Well, *that* certainly hurt.

JEAN: Oh, please, Leon.

LEON: Please do or please don't?

JEAN: Both.

LEON: That is highly illogical.

JEAN: Give it a rest, will you? You're not Mr. Spark anymore.

LEON: I'm not much of anyone anymore. I used to be a highly regarded character actor. But now what am I? Your chauffeur. It's great research if I ever want to audition for DRIVING MISS DAISY.

JEAN: You're more than that to me. Much more.

LEON: Yes. I'm your butler, your gardener, your personal chef, your hair dresser and sometimes even your therapist. I'm everything to you and nothing to myself except for what I want to be most of all.

JEAN: My...friend?

LEON: Please. I already have enough friends in my life.

JEAN: No, you don't. Nobody tolerates you except me.

LEON: And not in the way I wish.

JEAN: Leon, it's not in the cards for us.

LEON: It is for me. Solitaire.

JEAN: Blame it on Wilson Chadwick.

LEON: I blame everything on Wilson Chadwick

ALIEN enters, stepping right up to LEON.

ALIEN: Earthling.

LEON: Are you addressing me?

ALIEN: I-am-addressing-you.

LEON: Then shouldn't you say "KLAATU BARADA NIKTO"?

ALIEN: Not-if-I-can-help-it.

LEON: Then what is it, nerdling? Speak or forever hold your peace.

ALIEN: Bite-me.

JEAN: I see you've made another friend, Leon.

ALIEN: Where-is-Captain-Kork?

LEON: Burning in the fiery pits of Mordor one would hope.

ALIEN: I-must-speak-with-him.

LEON: Why? Does he owe you money too?

ALIEN: Has-Captain-Kork-arrived-or-not?

LEON: How should I know? What do I look like-his keeper?

ALIEN: No. A-chauffer.

LEON: What do we have here? (takes ray gun from ALIEN) Why, it's a Spazer gun. Jean, take a look at this.

ALIEN: Return-my-weapon.

JEAN: (examines gun) Very authentic, but this isn't approved merchandise. I would know.

ALIEN: It-is-not-for-you. It-is-a-gift-for-Captain-Kork.

JEAN: Oh, is it now? Hmm. (makes a few adjustments on gun)

ALIEN: Do-not-break-it! I-command-you!

JEAN: You people and your role playing...

LEON: (takes gun) Where did you get this?

ALIEN: My-planet. Return-it-to-me.

LEON: What do you say? (teases ALIEN with gun, holding it at arm's length)

ALIEN: Or-else!

LEON: Wrong answer. Looks like this is mine to keep.

CARRIE FISHWICH, looking a bag lady version of Princess Leia, enters texting on her phone. She stops dead and surveys the scene before her)

CARRIE: Oh, this is priceless! This is going straight into my Twitter feed. (holds up phone to film scene)

JEAN: Carrie Fishwich? What are you doing here?

CARRIE: What's a science fiction convention without me?

JEAN: Legitimate, perhaps?

CARRIE: Back away, sister. You're blocking the action. Smile pretty for the camera, Leon.

LEON: (distracted) What?

ALIEN: (assumes karate stance) Hy-yah! (kicks LEON in shin, CARRIE takes gun from him, examines it and makes a few adjustments)

LEON: Ow! You little creep!

CARRIE: You're pathetic.

LEON: Give that to me. (snatches gun back from CARRIE)

ALIEN: I-want-my-gun!

LEON: In how many pieces?

DEWEY enters behind LEON and takes the Spazer from him.

DEWEY: (returns Spazer to ALIEN) Here you go, little friend.

ALIEN: Thank-you. Where-is-Captain-Kork?

DEWEY: On his way. Honest. Here. Take this. It's a coupon for a free ice cream at THE GAME OF CONES. Run along now. (ALIEN exits, then to LEON) What is the meaning of this, sir? Oh my gosh, you're Leon Portnoy! I don't understand. What happened here?

LEON: That little punk just assaulted me. I demand that he be thrown out of the building

DEWEY: It looks to me that you were picking on him. Mr. Portnoy, I am one of your biggest fans, but I really don't respond well to bullies. Shame on you.

LEON: You will pay for that.

DEWEY: I already have. My check is good.

CARRIE: Give it up, Portnoy. You're outmatched. He's wearing a cape. You're just wearing a cheap suit.

JEAN: Carrie, what in the bloody blue blazes are you doing here? *This* is a STAR TRUCK convention, not that cheap imitation you appeared in.

CARRIE: I'll have you know that STAR BOARS is beloved around the world and way more popular than that weenie roast you called a TV series.

JEAN: STAR BOARS is nothing more than a low budget B-movie about pigs in space. Imagine, stealing ideas from The Muppets. You should all be ashamed of yourselves.

LEON: What do you have to say about that, Miss Piggy?

CARRIE: Careful, Portnoy. I can kick too, but not before I post this little incident of yours on Facebook, You Tube and Instagram.

DEWEY: Okay, time out, people, please. Mrs. Roddenreel, wouldn't you like to freshen up before the tribute?

JEAN: I am fresh.

CARRIE: Yeah, fresh from frozen. Ooh! I should tweet that!

JEAN: Tweet this! (swings purse about toward CARRIE, but DEWEY is hit instead when he stands between them)

DEWEY: Ladies! To your corners!

JEAN: Come along, Leon. I have a sudden craving for a caviar smoothie. (exits)

CARRIE: Yeah, go on, Portnoy. Time for walkies!

LEON: There is an old Voltron saying...

CARRIE: Live long and prosper?

LEON: No. Drop dead and decompose. (exits)

CARRIE: You've got a lot of class, Leon... and it's all LOW!

DEWEY: Miss Fishwich...

CARRIE: Hang on. (texts) #fresh from frozen. Got it! (to DEWEY) Call me Carrie.

DEWEY: Hi, Carrie. I'm Dewey Osgood. This is my convention.

CARRIE: And what a wing-ding full of wing nuts it is.

DEWEY: It's an unexpected pleasure to have you here. Um, why exactly are you here? Were you in the neighborhood? I mean, we're honored to have you, of course.

CARRIE: To be perfectly frank, I'm here for one reason and one reason only- Wilson Chadwick.

DEWEY: You're not going to cause any trouble, are you? I know you two have this intense rivalry between you-STAR TRUCK vs STAR BOARS, which one is better, and while it's a lively, spirited debate, there's a time and a place for everything.

CARRIE: You bet there is. The time and place is right here and right now. That blowhard Chadwick started this ridiculous feud and I'm going to put an end to it. He's been coming at me hard and heavy in the media for the last year and I am sick of it! I'm here to let him have it blazing out of both barrels.

DEWEY: Whoa! What does that mean?

CARRIE: This is the final showdown! Today it ends once and for all. I'm sick of this stupid fight. It's pointless. I feel like I can't move forward. I have other things in my life besides STAR BOARS. Don't forget, I starred in quite a few films in my career afterward.

DEWEY: Yes, that's true. You were Indiana Joan, the world's most famous dogcatcher.

CARRIE: Indeed I was. Who could ever forget RAIDERS OF THE LOST BARK?

DEWEY: Not me.

CARRIE: I'm also a writer. Don't forget that. I created the Harry Pothead series.

DEWEY: Absolutely. Harry Pothead, the stoner boy wizard. I really love HARRY POTHEAD AND THE BONG OF DOOM.

CARRIE: And right now, I'm in the midst of creating a new TV series about a zombie employment agency.

DEWEY: Oh? What's it called?

CARRIE: THE WORKING DEAD. So, you see, I've moved on from STAR BOARS. But each time Wilson Chadwick opens his fat mouth, he pulls me back in again. STAR BOARS is always going to be better than

STAR TRUCK. Everybody knows that. And if they don't, I make sure that they do. Sometimes I over-do it and it shows up in the press or the Internet or somewhere else and everywhere I turn, I'm made to look bad or even worse...crazy. Then all the work I've put into my career takes a backseat to all these hoo-hah about this stupid feud and I'm back at square one, defending STAR BOARS all over again.

DEWEY: Look, Carrie, I have the utmost respect for you as an actress, a writer, an icon from my youth...

CARRIE: Careful! You're walking a tightrope over an alligator pit.

DEWEY: Let me clarify. Speaking for the entire geek and nerd communities combined, I can honestly that you were our ultimate fantasy...the girl of all of our dreams. And not just in the first STAR BOARS or the second, THE UMPIRE STRIKES OUT, but especially the third installment, RETURN OF THE RED EYE. It was that film that forever embedded the fabulous Carrie Fishwich into our hearts, minds and...

CARRIE: Libidos?

DEWEY: Bingo! And you know why, don't you?

CARRIE: It was that gold bikini slave girl costume I wore in that film, isn't it?

DEWEY: Carrie, it made our collective heads spin so much it almost knocked the earth off its axis.

CARRIE: What a world. In my life, I could have won the Nobel Peace Prize, an Academy Award and become President of the United States, but for a bunch of drooling nerds and geeks, it boils down to that gold bikini. I did look pretty good in those days, didn't I?

DEWEY: I still lose sleep thinking about it.

CARRIE: And your point?

DEWEY: You are a goddess to us and your arrival here, while impromptu, is a gift from Heaven. I welcome you to Imaginacon with open arms as our very special guest. I can set up a table for you for autographs or an ad-hoc forum or anything you wish. But please, I beg of you, don't sabotage this STAR TRUCK tribute. It has taken years of my life to put this all together. Let's just say everything is very fragile. One little disruption could bring the whole thing down crashing at my feet. So I implore you...please don't.

CARRIE: You're a nice boy. Your mother must be very proud.

DEWEY: So she tells me.

CARRIE: I'll be good...providing you tell me one thing.

DEWEY: Yes?

CARRIE: Where's the bar?

DEWEY: There's one next to the coffee shop. We call it The Tardis Tavern. They make a mean Sonic Screwdriver.

CARRIE: Just what the Doctor ordered.

DEWEY: Hang tight. I'll get you a guide. (into walkie talkie) Stevie? Come in Stevie....Never mind that Dungeonmaster crap now. This is important. I'm standing here next to Carrie Fishwich. Yes, way. Princess Squeal herself has graced us with her presence. I need you to take her the Tardis Tavern. What? I'll ask. (to CARRIE) My friend Stevie here wants to know if you brought that gold bikini with you.

CARRIE: No.

DEWEY: No, Stevie. (to CARRIE) Can you get a gold bikini?

CARRIE: No.

DEWEY: No. (to CARRIE) If he gets a gold bikini, will you wear it?

CARRIE: No.

DEWEY: No. (to CARRIE) Do you care if he wears it?

CARRIE: Yes!

DEWEY: Stevie! Enough already. (to CARRIE) Sorry. Stevie's a big fan. He's harmless. Give him a Jolly Rancher and he'll calm right down. He's going to guide you to the Tardis Tavern.

CARRIE: Where is he?

DEWEY: (pointing off) Standing over there. He's wearing glasses, a fanny pack, his pants up to his chest...

CARRIE: That could be anybody here.

DEWEY: There he is. He's waving at us. (returns wave) Everything is on the house, Carrie. If you're hungry, you can try the Transformer Grille. There's a special on Optimus Prime Rib.

CARRIE: I'm more in the mood for a liquid lunch.

DEWEY: Then please feel free to start a tab at the bar.

CARRIE: I'm way ahead of you, sport. (exits while texting)

DEWEY: (into walkie talkie) Now, Stevie, behave yourself. Don't get all wheezy now. Remember, your puffer is in your fanny pack. What about Wilson Chadwick? Any sign of him? Really? Ooh, boy. The tribute's just about to start. (on walkie talkie) Hey, you guys in the booth. Do you guys read me? Look, it looks like we're going to make some adjustments. It pains me to say this, but Wilson Chadwick is a no show. But that doesn't mean there won't be a show. The show must go on!

WILSON CHADWICK enters behind DEWEY wearing what looks like lounge singer attire-tuxedo with no tie and open collared ruffled shirt. He listens intently to DEWEY.

CHADWICK: But a show without Wilson Chadwick is a no show...like no business I know.

DEWEY: Pardon me, sir, but I'm a little busy....

CHADWICK: Well, could you tell me if this is the comic CONNNNNNNN!!!!!!

DEWEY: It's you!

CHADWICK: Naturally. Why would I be anyone else?

DEWEY: Wilson Chadwick, as I live and breathe! (kneels before CHADWICK with fist to his chest in a mock salute) It's an honor to meet you at last, Captain, my Captain.

CHADWICK: Well, of course it is. All men want to be me and all women want to be with me. At least that's what I keep telling everybody. Rise and be recognized, young man.

DEWEY: This is your first STAR TRUCK convention. How does it feel?

CHADWICK: It's marvelous! It's all about me, isn't it? The world of science fiction and fantasy is the world of Wilson Chadwick. Movies. Television, comic books, video games...you can't talk about any one of them without mentioning the name Wilson Chadwick. Science fiction? Wilson Chadwick. Fantasy? Wilson Chadwick.

DEWEY: Humility?

CHADWICK: Not Wilson Chadwick, that's for sure. I don't have a humble bone in my body. If I did I wouldn't be...

DEWEY: Wilson Chadwick.

CHADWICK: You're very quick, grasshopper. I am indeed Wilson Chadwick. I'm that and a bag of chips.

DEWEY: Yes, you are.

CHADWICK: And a cup of soup.

DEWEY: Uh-huh.

CHADWICK: With a large drink.

DEWEY: Don't forget the pie.

CHADWICK: I never do.

DEWEY: On behalf of all the fans attending today and for STAR TRUCK fans everywhere, it is an honor to have you here. And as the guy who would have been drawn and quartered if you didn't show, I hope you mind if I breathe a big sigh of relief.

CHADWICK: Who are you again?

DEWEY: I'm Dewey Osgood.

CHADWICK: Dewey Osgood! Of course! This is your carnival, isn't it? Dewey Osgood...I'm going to call you Dewgood. Is that alright with you?

DEWEY: You can call me whatever you like, sir.

CHADWICK: Proper respect. I like that. But what's with the monkey suit? What are you supposed to be?

DEWEY: Captain Imaginacon. It's a character I created myself.

CHADWICK: You're a captain? I'm a captain! Everyone's a captain! I feel like Oprah. (points to audience members) You're a captain! And you're a captain! But listen, Dewgood, why did you think I wouldn't show? I find that rather insulting.

DEWEY: I didn't receive any confirmation to that effect other than letters O and K.

CHADWICK: I'll have you know that an OK from Wilson Chadwick is chiseled in stone. Wilson Chadwick is a man of his word. Wilson Chadwick is a standup guy. Ask anyone. I insist.

DEWEY: (to audience member) Is Wilson Chadwick a standup guy?

CHADWICK: Why can't you take my word for it? Believe in Wilson Chadwick, Dewgood. Hallelujah! Sorry. I get carried away when I'm talking about my favorite subject-ME. You get the picture?

DEWEY: Frame and all.

CHADWICK: Wilson Chadwick may be synonymous with STAR TRUCK, but he is much, much more than that.

DEWEY: Yeah. There's that bag of chips too.

CHADWICK: That's right. You are such a good listener. You're a credit to your uniform, Captain Dewgood. Yes, that bag of chips actually represents my life. Open a bag of chips. Is there more than one? Of course! Chips, the plural of chip. And that's the life of Wilson Chadwick. Yes, I starred on STAR TRUCK. I also wrote for STAR TRUCK. I directed for STAR TRUCK. And I did the same for numerous television programs and films throughout the years. I've written my memoirs-twice! I have a book of poetry. I've dabbled in oil painting, sculpture, photography. I'm a gourmet chef with my own cooking show-WILSON CHADWICK'S YUMMY IN MY TUMMY. I'm on the board of directors and spokesperson for an online discount travel service.

DEWEY: What's it called?

CHADWICK: Go Away.

DEWEY: Oh, well, alright... (starts to exit)

CHADWICK: No. That's the name of my company. Go Away.com. Our motto is "Don't just get away, go away at GoAway.com."

DEWEY: Catchy.

CHADWICK: Every time I say it means money in the bank. Cha-ching!

DEWEY: You certainly keep busy.

CHADWICK: Some people call me Mr. 24/7.

DEWEY: Who does?

CHADWICK: I don't know, but somebody should, don't you think?

DEWEY: With all that, you must be a very wealthy man.

CHADWICK: Eh. I make a living.

DEWEY: You bought this hotel.

CHADWICK: You haven't seen anything yet, big boy. Just you wait and see.

DEWEY: But you've resisted attending any convention since their inception. Why now?

CHADWICK: You love living in the now, don't you, Dewgood? I dig that about you! I'm here to make a very big announcement to the world. Oh, it's big. Very big.

DEWEY: Would you like to share it with me?

CHADWICK: In due time, laddie buck. Be patient. Good things come to those who wait. That's what my first girlfriend said to me. You know what? She was right.

DEWEY: Sir, the tribute is about to start.

CHADWICK: Do what you think is best, Dewgood. I have complete confidence in you, my boy. This ship is in your capable hands.

DEWEY: You honor me, sir.

CHADWICK: You have the Wilson Chadwick Stamp of Approval. Now, before we get this little sideshow of yours on the road, I am in desperate need of a churro. I love those things, don't you? Point me in the right direction, will you?

DEWEY: Second star to the right and straight on until morning.

CHADWICK: Come again?

DEWEY: Right over there by Wonder Woman.

CHADWICK: Hmm...I wonder if that is a woman. (exits)

DEWEY: (into walkie talkie) Sound booth, come in! We are a go! Wilson Chadwick is in the house! We'll get started right after dinner here, okay? Stand by! Stevie? Come in, Stevie! Listen to me. Are you still with Carrie Fishwich? Just answer yes or no. Okay. Don't let her hear this. Wilson Chadwick is here. Now you keep an eye on her. She is your responsibility. Stay close to her. Not that close. We don't need a lawsuit. Do you have all that? No, don't repeat it... Stevie? Stevie? Uh oh... Enjoy your dinner, everybody. The salute to STAR TRUCK tribute's coming up next. You fans out there get your questions ready. We'll be back before you can say Dilathium crystals. (into walkie talkie) Stevie? Come in, Stevie! (exits)

ALIEN enters, crossing through crowd.

ALIEN: Captain-Kork? Captain- Kork? Where-is Captain- Kork? It-is-imperative-that-I-find-him. His-life-depends-on-it. Captain-Kork? Captain-Kork. Yes-this-is-getting-monotonous. Imagine-how-I feel. (exits)

ACT II

Four chairs are set in row across center for the upcoming tribute as the act begins

DEWEY: (re-entering w/ walkie talkie) Stevie? Come in, Stevie! Where is that boy? Dungeonmaster? Stevie!!!! Oh, there you are. Finally! Where have you been? I've trying to get you for the last...what? You can't find your pants? What...why...how...huh? You did what? Start from the beginning. You were supposed to keep an eye on Carrie Fishwich. She showed up at the STAR TRUCK tribute half in the bag....You did have an eye on her... You took her to the Tardis Tavern. Yes, it is bigger on the inside. She had a Sonic Screwdriver? You did too. How many?...Wow. You usually don't drink anything stronger than Diet Yoo Hoo...What happened next?...Oh, dear. Oh, Stevie. She what? Carrie Fishwich made a man out of you. And she had the gold bikini all along...What? No, I won't tell your mom...Where is Carrie now?...You don't know? Look, you have to find her. I think she's going to cause more trouble. Okay. Find some pants then go find her. Hoo boy. (looks at watch) Yikes. Look at the time. (into walkie talkie) You guys in the booth ready? Alright, it's show time, folks. (exits)

ALIEN: (enters) Captain-Kork? Yes-it-is-me-again. Captain-Kork? Where-is-Captain-Kork? He-is-here-somewhere. I-can-sense-it. Captain-Kork? Sorry, that-is-not-my-table. Captain-Kork? (exits)

DEWEY returns opposite, standing very solemn.

DEWEY: It was the second half of the 20th century. American television audiences witnessed for the very first time the debut of a new dramatic program unlike any they had ever seen before. It was a show too big to contain on the small screen for its imagination, ideas and sense of wonder encompassed an entire galaxy. This was...STAR TRUCK! From The imagination of visionary Dean Roddenreel, STAR TRUCK chronicled the adventures of the first interstellar mail, package and freight delivery system with its flagship, the star truck Innerthighs, the crown jewel of the fleet. Spanning the solar system with its cargo, the crew of the Innerthighs consisted of first officer Mr. Spark-half-man, half-alien, half-robot, Chief Engineer Spot, hailing from a distant dog star, ship's physician Dr. McBoytoy with his assistant, Nurse Church and many others. And at the helm, Captain James Tyrannosaurus Kork.

CHADWICK; (Voice-over) Space...the very last place....these are the voyages of the star truck Innerthighs. Its continuing mission: to explore strange new worlds with a full load of freight, to seek out new life and civilizations, then have them sign for their packages, to boldly deliver mail where no mail has gone before!

DEWEY: Ladies and gentlemen, fanboys and fangirls and Truckees of all ages...I give to you the cast of STARTRUCK! First up, the grande dame of the STAR TRUCK universe, beloved wife of founding father Dean Roddenreel , Nurse Church herself...Jean Roddenreel!

JEAN enters, wearing her STAR TRUCK uniform and bows to the crowd.

DEWEY: Next up, the man forever known as first officer of the star truck Innerthighs-direct from the planet Voltron, Mr. Spark, I give you Mr. Leon Portnoy!

LEON enters in costume, gives the Voltron salute, kind of an inverted okay sign.

DEWEY: And last but certainly not least, for the first time ever at any STAR TRUCK convention, it is my honor to present to you, my hero, your hero, Captain of the Star Truck Innerthighs... Captain James Tyrannosaurus Kork...Mr. Wilson Chadwick!

CHADWICK enters as though he stepped onto a Las Vegas stage, posing and executing some Elvis-style karate moves and kicks.

JEAN: How gauche.

LEON: And so soon after dinner.

CHADWICK appears a bit dizzy and grabs his chest. DEWEY is there to catch him.

DEWEY: Are you alright, sir?

CHADWICK: Whoa. Good reflexes, Dewgood. Thanks for the save. That little number did a little number on me. My pacemaker went into warp drive. (takes a deep breath) Okay. All better now.

LEON: What a pity.

DEWEY: On behalf of everyone here and to all your fans around the world, I thank you for being here and thank you for, well, just being.

JEAN: You're very welcome, Dagwood.

DEWEY: No, it...doesn't matter. And of course you know... (indicating CHADWICK)

JEAN: (feigning ignorance) Have we met?

CHADWICK: Jean! It's me!

JEAN: I'm sorry. I'm so bad with faces. Are you a fan of the show?

CHADWICK: Only the lead actor. He's very good.

JEAN: You resemble Wilson Chadwick, but that just couldn't be. Wilson Chadwick wouldn't let himself go in such a dreadful fashion.

CHADWICK: Same old Jean.

JEAN: What do you mean "Old Jean"?

CHADWICK: Pish-posh, turtle dove. You haven't aged a day.

JEAN: But you have...like cheese.

CHADWICK: (laughs uproariously) What a delight! I've missed you so. And Leon! How are you, my old friend?

LEON: (coldly) Mr. Chadwick.

CHADWICK: Mr. Chadwick? Why so formal? What happened to Will? Or Sonny? Or Chad? Or Wicky?

LEON: The answer is blowing in the wind.

CHADWICK: Still carrying a grudge after all this time?

LEON: With a forklift.

CHADWICK: Boo-hoo to you, too. This is a fine how do you do. Who else are you dragging out here, Dewgood? James Doohickey? George Tacky? That Russian kid...what was his name?

LEON: Regrettably not. They all hate and despise you, enough not to be in the same room with you again.

CHADWICK: What about DeForrest Tucker? Surely he was my friend until the end.

LEON: His dying words were: Tell Wilson Chadwick he should have gone first.

CHADWICK: Oh well. Here today, gone tomorrow. Not much of a reunion, is it?

DEWEY: When did you all last see each other?

CHADWICK: My gosh, it had to be...was it Dean's funeral?

JEAN: It most certainly was not! You didn't bother to attend.

CHADWICK: Oh, right, right. I believe I was out of the country at the time.

LEON: You were across the street from the funeral home. We all saw you walk into a Red Lobster.

CHADWICK: Oh yes! Now I remember. It was All You Can Eat Shrimp Night.

JEAN: You were supposed to deliver the eulogy.

CHADWICK: But I did read Dean's eulogy.

JEAN: Where?

CHADWICK: At the Red Lobster salad bar. The diners were very moved. Then they ordered more shrimp. So did I. They're very good.

JEAN: You don't care about anyone but yourself. You never have and you never will.

CHADWICK: But Jean, it was shrimp! All you can eat.

JEAN: (to audience) On behalf of my late husband, Dean Roddenreel, I want to thank all of you who honor his memory by paying tribute to his finest and most endearing creation, STAR TRUCK.

CHADWICK: Here, here.

JEAN: No, Wilson. (points off) There, there.

CHADWICK: Sorry?

JEAN: Go away!

CHADWICK: Why, thank you for the plug, Jean. That's very sweet of you.

JEAN: What?

CHADWICK: Don't just get away, go away at GoAway.com. Cha-ching!

JEAN: I feel unwell. What on earth are you wearing anyway? Are you supposed to be some sort of lounge singer?

CHADWICK: Do you mean why am I not dressed like Captain Kork? Madame, I only don that gear before a rolling camera, not in public. It takes away the magic.

JEAN: There is no magic, you buffoon. It's all special effects and razzle dazzle.

CHADWICK: As time goes by, my dear Jean, the razzle begins to lose its dazzle. Best to keep our cards close to our chests, don't you think? And you, Leon...do you ever take those ears off?

LEON: I have had my ears surgically altered. They are permanent.

CHADWICK: Why would ever do such a thing to yourself?

LEON: I am Spark.

CHADWICK: No, you're not. You're Leon Portnoy. Mr. Spark is a character you played on a TV show another lifetime ago.

LEON: (angry) That's what I keep telling everyone!

CHADWICK: Whoa! Easy does it, sunshine. Are you off your meds?

LEON: I've told everybody what you just told me. I'm Leon Portnoy, not Mr. Spark, but do they listen? No! Not casting directors, not agents, not producers! No one! Not even fans! Mr. Spark has lots of fans. Leon Portnoy...not so much. But Mr. Spark is a rock star! Everybody wants him. I can't get a job doing anything else. I read for a commercial for foot fungus. They said to read it like Mr. Spark. I said Mr. Spark doesn't get foot fungus! So I put my foot down. I said I am not Mr. Spark. I am a human being! Take me or leave me.

CHADWICK: What did they do?

LEON: They left me.

CHADWICK: Oh, my dear chap...

LEON: I had to make a living somehow. So I made a decision. I had to make myself into Spark once and for all. Ears...eyebrows...hair...the works.

CHADWICK: Your hair and eyebrows will grow back eventually, but your ears, Leon. You look like an aging Doberman Pincher.

LEON: I blame you.

CHADWICK: Me? I didn't do anything.

LEON: Exactly. You did nothing. When we were filming STAR TRUCK, you claimed we were best friends forever before anyone ever heard of the term.

CHADWICK: Then we were BBFFs-Before Best Friends Forever.

LEON: Hah! Poppycock...balderdash...bull...

CHADWICK: Easy!

LEON: When our show wrapped, you went off to do movies, more TV shows and theater....Did you once even once consider me for any of your projects?

CHADWICK: Uh...

LEON: Speechless. I finally made Wilson Chadwick speechless. I longed to break away from this character, but no one gave me a chance, least of all you, my supposed BFF.

CHADWICK: BBFF.

DEWEY: Granted, you've been typecast, but, if you don't mind asking, haven't you made a lot of money being Mr. Spark?

LEON: Not enough and yes, I do mind you asking. The world has grown weary of Mr. Spark. Now I'm reduced to personal appearances, supermarket openings, children's birthday parties. I wrestled a bear once. No, the market has dried up for Mr. Spark. I suppose I was just a flash in the pan. (Cue: FLASH! AH-AH!) Go ahead, mock me! I deserve it. You see what I've been reduced to, Wilson? Now I have to supplement my income by working for her?

JEAN: You say that like it's a bad thing.

LEON: It is a bad thing. There's an old Voltron proverb that states: Anything that isn't the thing is a bad thing.

JEAN: You're speaking gibberish.

CHADWICK: That's funny. You don't look gibberish.

LEON: That's not funny.

CHADWICK: Sure it is. It's all funny. You never learned to laugh, Leon. Can't you see the absurdity in it all? Life is too short not to laugh.

LEON: Why can't your life be too short?

CHADWICK: I'm going to make it up to you, Leon. You'll see

DEWEY: Time to open the floor for some questions for our guests. (directs attention to the audience)

Pre-chosen AUDIENCE MEMBERS ask questions provided for them on 3x5 cards

AUDIENCE MEMBER #1: What was your favorite memory from the show?

CHADWICK: The very first day on the set. It was like the first day of school. I got to meet all my new friends and the wonderful Dean Roddenreel was our principal. And when I sat down in the Captain's

chair, I knew I was in command. This was my ship. This was my crew. This was all about me...just the way it should be.

DEWEY: (to LEON) What was your favorite memory?

LEON: The very last day on the set. I knew I didn't have to listen to him anymore.

JEAN: I second that.

CHADWICK: That really hurts my feelings (beat) Well, that's passed. Next question?

AUDIENCE MEMBER #2: My favorite STAR TRUCK episode is THE TROUBLE WITH TRUFFLES. What was it like to film that?

CHADWICK Refresh my memory. I'm a little hazy on the storylines after all these years.

JEAN: You arrogant cad. That was the most popular episode of all time. How can you not remember it?

CHADWICK: It was a long time ago, my dear. Besides, I've never watched the show.

DEWEY: You've never seen STAR TRUCK? Not one episode?

CHADWICK: Not all the way through. Just the scenes I was in. Dewgood, what was is Truffle episode about?

DEWEY: THE TROUBLE WITH TRUFFLES involved a miniature alien race that that disguised themselves as chocolate candy smuggled aboard the Innerthighs. When the crew would eat a piece, they'd transform into the aliens.

CHADWICK: Oh, now I remember. I was the only one who didn't eat the candy because Captain Kork was allergic to chocolate. You ate one, didn't you?

LEON: Yes. Mr. Spark ate a truffle, then he became a Truffle.

CHADWICK: I was the only one left on the ship. And then I said, "Nobody knows the truffle I've seen." That was really, really, really stupid.

JEAN: Stupid? My husband won an Emmy for that episode!

CHADWICK/LEON: It bit the big one.

AUDIENCE MEMBER#3: This question is for Mr. Spark.

LEON: Mr. Portnoy.

AUDIENCE MEMBER #3: Okay. You've always said that Mr. Spark was half-human, half-alien, half-robot. How could that be? That doesn't add up.

LEON: Math is not Mr. Spark's strong suit.

JEAN: You can blame the man who created Mr. Spark. My husband couldn't even balance his checkbook.

DEWEY: Next question?

AUDIENCE MEMBER #4: Who were your favorite villains on STAR TRUCK?

CHADWICK: That's a tough question since my memory has gone the way of all flesh. I do recall my least favorite and I think this is probably the only thing the three can agree upon, am I right?

JEAN: Absolutely.

LEON: Most definitely.

DEWEY: Okay, who were your least favorite villains?

CHADWICK/LEON/JEAN (together) The Kardashians.

JEAN: Oh, they were dreadful

LEON: Horrible blood-sucking beasts.

CHADWICK: All I can add is: Ick.

DEWEY: You must admit that the bad guys that endured the longest had to be the Klingoffs.

JEAN: Of course.

LEON: Undoubtedly.

CHADWICK: Who were they again?

JEAN: Oh, Wilson, can't you remember anything?

CHADWICK: I remember only the most important elements in my life, not this insignificant trivia.

JEAN: Such as...

CHADWICK: Shall we say, a certain night in the summer of...

JEAN: Stop right there, mister!

CHADWICK: Come on, Jean. It was a night to remember. You know what I'm talking about. Boldly going where no man has...

JEAN: I insist that you cease and desist or else....

CHADWICK: Or else what?

JEAN: Leon-do something!