

THE NOT-SO-SECRET LIFE OF ROWENA RIDDLE (SUPER-HERO)

by
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Bare stage.

Enter ROWENA, a middle-aged superhero. She pulls along a soft-sided foldable grocery cart and carries several re-useable shopping bags. She's a woman on a mission, albeit a bit beleaguered.

ROWENA: *(entering)* Oh, good, there's people in here. I've been wandering in the hall for ages hoping I'd find someone —and here you are! Let me look at you...

Ahhh, yes! You're exactly the kind of people I'm looking for. Because...

SHE looks around to make sure they're alone.

I'm on a mission. A very important mission. There's something very important I need to ask you. Something so important it can't wait a moment longer. And when you hear it.. when I tell you what it is....

Pause.

If I could only remember what it was.

Pause.

Aagh! This kind of thing happens to me alot. I'll have something important to say and then.. poof!... it's gone. (BEAT). Hold on a second. Sometimes if I....

SHE shakes her entire body, making strange sounds.

...If I do this....sometimes it helps me remember things.

SHE shakes again, then stops, thinks.

Wait....

SHE shakes again, faster this time, more intense.

Nope.

SHE stops.

It's no use. I forget.

This is not good. This is a problem, a serious problem. As a superhero, I'm expected to hold all sorts of things up here— *(points to her head)* — smart things. It's a big responsibility. Can you guess what my superpower is?

Am I as fast as a speeding bullet?

Nope.

Can I put out flames with the power of my mind?

Nuh-uh.

Can I turn invisible, then spy on people?

Nope. Although that sounds like fun, doesn't it.

But nope, nope, and nope. My superpower is.... are you ready?

Telling riddles!

You know, when you ask a question but it's a trick-question. A joke. For example, I ask you "why did the chicken cross the road?" And you say.....*(give time for audience respond)*.... Exactly! "To get to the other side". You've heard it before.

That's a riddle. And there are millions of them. No! Gazillions! And before you object... yes. Telling riddles can be a superpower. It depends on how you use them. Don't believe me? Watch and learn, my friends. Watch and learn.

But, first, some tools of the trade. Before I tell a riddle, I always do this.

SHE rings a bicycle bell attached to her belt.

That's to get the person's attention. Then.... when the answer comes, I do this.

SHE reaches into her waist-pouch and pulls out a pair of hand-clappers, begins flapping them noisily. (Alternatively, you could use a clown squeeze horn.)

No particular reason. I just think it's fun.

SHE stops, puts the clappers back into her waist-pouch.

As for the riddles themselves.. well. They come to me straight from the Riddleverse. Which is exactly like the universe only more riddle-y. You've heard of the Riddleverse?

(genuinely surprised) No?

It's where riddles come from! They twinkle away up there, just waiting to be told. To be shared. To be loved.

The Riddleverse is also where I get my superpowers from. Oh yeah. You'd be amazed at how just the right riddle, told at just the right time —and in the right way—can completely defuse a crisis.

For example, yesterday, I'm standing in line at the bank, waiting for my turn at the service desk. When a bank robber comes in. He pushes right past me —past everybody— tells the lady behind the counter to give him all the money. Everyone is scared. Ooooh. And that's a perfectly normal reaction. But me? I don't have time to be scared. I have work to do!

So when nobody's looking —and trust me, nobody's looking. They're all busy watching that bank robber, wondering what he's gonna do next —So when nobody's looking...

I get myself ready. Then... I walk over there.... and when I'm close
--But not too close! It's a bank robber!-- I go to work.

Hands on her tool belt.

"Hey mister".

Rings bell.

"Why can't a bank keep a secret?"

Then I wait for him to guess the answer. Will he get it right? Will he give up? Will he tell me to keep my mouth go sit down, behave myself?

But this bank robber... He doesn't say anything, he doesn't do anything. ..

He just stands there, staring into distance. This far-away look in his eyes.

So I ask him again. This time I offer a little encouragement.

"Hey mister. Hllloooooo. Whoo-hoo. I have a riddle for you. Try to guess the answer. It's fun! You ready? (*speaking very slowly*) "Why can't. a bank. keep a secret?"

"Don't know?"

"Think about it. It's easy. "Why can't a bank keep a secret?"

"Because.... it has too many tellers!"

SHE begins wildly flapping the hand clappers and guffawing.

"Bank tellers! You get it? That lady giving you all the money, she's called a teller. And also you tell people things. Like secrets. So the word "teller" means two things at the same time! Isn't that great!"

During the above, seeing no reaction in the "bank robber", she gradually and visibly deflates, slowing down.

Oh boy.

What happened next surprised even me. Because that bank robber — that scary, mean-looking bank robber! — he falls to his knees, starts to cry. And I'm not talking ordinary crying here. I'm talking bawling his eyes out!

He's sitting in the middle of that cold, hard floor. Just... sobbing.

Well! I'm confused!

I wanna help him, right. But he's a bank robber! ...But he's sad, I should help him. ...But he's a bank robber!...I'm CONFLICTED!

In the end, it doesn't matter. Because all that crying gives someone in the bank time to push the alarm. So the police come, the robbery's over. And I'm thinking "Great. My job here is done." Right?

But nope.

Because that bank robber, he walks over to me, takes my hand, tells me his gran used to tell him that exact same riddle when he was a little boy. But he'd forgotten all about it! Until he hears me say it. Which brought it all back to him. His gran. The way she'd tuck him in at night, tell him he was the best little boy in the world. And he just... he just couldn't go through with it anymore.

(as "BANK ROBBER") My gran wouldn't be happy she found out I was robbing banks and scaring people.

(as HERSELF) That's exactly what he said to me! And he vowed right then and there, to never rob another bank — or scare anyone — ever again as long as he lived.

He even thanked me. They always do.

And that, my friends, is the power of the right riddle at the right time. The trick, of course, is knowing the right riddle. The one that will defuse the crisis, save the day! Which is only knowable to those of us in direct communication with the Riddleverse.

That's what makes it a superpower!

But wait. I'm supposed to be on a mission. I didn't come here to... to... wait. What city is this?

(The audience responds)

Nanaimo? ...*(use whatever city you are in)* I've heard of Nanaimo. Do they have cars here?... How about buses?.... And... do you have superheros here? doing superhero stuff?

Oh, I bet you there are superheros here. You just don't know it. For example, does somebody in your family ever put the garbage out at the curb at night and, in the morning... it's gone! Where did it go? Who took it away?

Garbage Man!

Oh yeah! Garbage man. You've seen him. I've seen him. Travelling around in that big truck. And there's not just one Garbage Man, there's two, three, of 'em. They travel in packs! All over the city.

Me, I don't have a truck to take me places. But if I told you how I got here —to Nanaimo—- you'd never believe me.

Okay. I'll tell you.

I was blown here by the wind.

Blown here by the wind like a big balloon.

That is not the same as flying. I did not fly here, It's more like.... floating..... I floated here.

Sure, I could get myself a truck like Garbage Man. Or drive a car, ride a bike. But if I did, then I'd have to pick a direction. I'd have to know where I was going! And most of the time... well.. I don't know where I'm going. That's where the wind comes in. The wind tells me where I need to go.

It was the wind brought me to Nanaimo today.

Oh yeah. I float everywhere! It's a very relaxing way to travel. Comfortable.

And useful! When I'm floating up there, I can see for miles in every direction.

In fact, just the other day, the wind blew me to this city with very tall buildings. I don't know what city it was. Some place with very tall buildings. Anyway, I'm floating into town.....

And I see this building on fire!....And there's this man!He's standing on a balcony. Waving his arms. He needs help!

So, of course, I have to save him. Because that's my thing. That's what I do.

“Hang on, Man in Burning Building! I'll save you!”

SHE stops.

The problem is, when I get there, try to save him he refuses to come with me.

(As the “MAN”, clinging to the wall) But 'm scared of heights! I can't go with you! I won't go! It's too high! I'm scared!

(as HERSELF) You know — just between you and me and these four walls— I've noticed sometimes —people — when they're scared—they have trouble thinking straight.

But what can I do? I can't just leave him there! So...

I bring out the riddles.

“Hey. mister.”

“What did one campfire say to the other campfire?”

BEAT.

He was not expecting that. He did not see that one coming.

(AS “MAN”) The building is on fire and you're asking me a riddle?! Now?! Are you nuts?!

(As HERSELF) A little bit.

“But answer me anyways. What did one campfire say to the other campfire? Know the answer?”

Then I speed some things up. 'Cause, you know, the building's on fire. *(speaking fast)* “What did one campfire say to the other. campfire? It said ‘Shall we go out tonight?’ Get it! Shall we go out tonight. As in, fires go out. Get it?”

He gets it.

(normal speed) And then... I pinch his nose!

Which makes him even angrier!

But that's okay! It's all part of the plan. Because if he's angry.. he forgets he's scared of heights. Which means I can pick him up..... float him down to the ground.... to safety....gentle as a dove.

Of course, he thanked me later. They always do.

Now all this happened last Tuesday. Or was it Wednesday? I get so busy with all this superheroing, I lose track of time.

What day is it today?....Would that be the day after ____ and the day before ____?

Right. I'd better make a note of that.

SHE takes a notebook and pen out of her tool belt, prepares to write, then stops.

Ah-ha!

That's it! That's what I did! That thing I wanted to ask you. I wrote it down!

It's all coming back to me now.

I wrote it down on a piece of paper...

SHE flips through her notebook, checks her pockets.

You haven't seen it, have you? It's a piece of paper about yay-big.

Could you check you pockets? Take a look?

(Responding to the audience, ad lib)Oooh..what's that? That's interesting. But no. That's not it....

Hey. I have an idea.

How about I ask the Riddleverse to send me a clue?

Why not?

Sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn't. But I do have to ask nicely.

Beat.

"Dear Riddleverse. How's it goin'?"

"Hey. D'ya think you might help your old pal Rowena find that piece of paper she's looking for. She's tried the usual memory tricks but nothing seems to be working. And these nice people are waiting for me. Waiting for me to make this big announcement. Which I can't remember. And it's a bit embarrassing. So please please pretty please with a cherry on top. Thanks!

Beat.

SOUND: A mysterious sound from above. Something indicating "You've Got Mail" This is the sound of the "Riddleverse" communicating with her.

There it is!

That's my cue!

SHE reaches into her right pocket, pulls out a note.

Ah-ha! A message!

For me.

It says...

Reading.

"What has a bottom at the top?"

What has a bottom at the top. And the answer is...

Turning the note over, reading.

"Your legs."

Beat.

Hmm.. That's funny. But how's that gonna help me find what I'm looking for. What's the clue here?

"Bottom at the top."

What bottom?... My bottom?... Your bottom?

"Bottom" could mean lots of things. It could mean the bottom of that ...*(a piece of furniture in the room)*.. right there.

SHE looks.

Nope.

The bottom of that... *(another piece of furniture in the room)*

SHE looks.

Oh for... This is impossible!

Wait.

The answer to the riddle is "Bottom at the top." So it could be on top of something.

It could mean the top of that.... *(somewhere in the room)*

SHE looks there.

Nope.

Then maybe on the top of... *(somewhere else in the room)*.

SHE finds a note there.

Ah-ha! Found it!

The next clue!

SHE reads the new note.

"What did Ironman say to Superman?"

What did...?

Turns the note over, reads it.

“Don’t bug me.”

Hmmm.

“What did Ironman say to...”

(CALLS OUT) Is there an Ironman in the house?Ironman?....
How about a Superman?

No? I don’t get it then.

This isn’t very helpful.

(looking up) You’re supposed to be helping me, Riddleverse?
Haven’t I always served you well? Shared you with people?

Haven’t I always laughed at your jokes? And, let’s face it,
some of those jokes...they weren’t even all that funny.

Hey, I’m just callin’ em as I sees ‘em. Don’t punish me for
something everybody out there knows to be true.

Oh, come oooooon! ...I need a clue!...

AND GIMME SOMETHING I CAN USE THIS TIME. Not some
useless convoluted riddle I’m supposed to “figure out”!

I MEAN, WOULD IT REALLY BE SO MUCH TROUBLE TO GIVE ME
ONE LITTLE CLUE?

PLEEEEEEEEEEEASE!

Long pause.

Oh oh.

*HER body seems to have been taken
over by an unseen force.*

... I’m a getting a message....

Another message! Comin’ through!

BEAT.

Then SHE speaks as if in a deep trance. It is a different-sounding voice, more kindly.

“Take a rest now, Rowena. Show them the gold medal you won.”

Beat.

SHE shakes her head to clear it.

Oh.

Well, isn't that nice. The Riddleverse want me to...

SHE digs into her one of her bags.

...to show you something....

SHE pulls out an obviously fake gold medal.

...This!

SHE hold it up for the audience to see.

See this?

This is the gold medal I won at the Superhero Olympics. Yes, it's true. Us superheroes have our very own Olympic games. Sports like Building Jumping, Invisible Wrestling... My sport was Catching the Thunderbolt. So how do you catch a thunderbolt? People ask me this all the time. So I'll tell you.

First, you gotta wait for a stormy day. thunder and lightning, the whole bit. Then.... you jump up!...

Whoops. I almost forgot.

She hurries over to her bags, starts digging inside.

First, you gotta put on these thick heavy rubber gloves. They're made out of this special material that..

She pulls out a pair of heavy rubber gloves, puts them on and immediately pulled down by their weight.

...is very heavy.

SHE tries to raise her hands, but they drop again.

Because safety first!... Always.... Even for us superheroes.

Beat.

Whew. I forgot how heavy these are.

Hey. Do you mind if we skip this demonstration thing? It was a long time ago I won that medal. I was in better shape back then.

SHE takes off the gloves, returns them to her bag.

My point is you gotta be very careful handling thunderbolts. Because not only are there fifty million volts in one of those things — they're fast! You gotta be quick! Catching a thunderbolt is not easy. It's very challenging.

But challenges are good!

Some of us —like me!— love challenges.

SHE takes the medal off, puts it back into her bag.

Most of the time.

Beat.

Hey. Can I tell you something?

In the interest of full disclosure?

We're friends now. I trust you.

SHE sits.

Once I thought about taking piano lessons. But then I saw a piano.

There were 88 keys on that thing — I counted ‘em!

Then I looked at my hands...

SHE holds up both hands, fingers splayed and on display.

Ten fingers. How’s that supposed to work?

(If the audience responds) Really?... I never thought of that... how fascinating! It sounds fun.)

Oh well. I’m a busy person. I have way too many other things to do. So nah, thank you very much but I’ll skip the piano lessons, stick to telling riddles.

SOUND: A telephone rings.

Whose phone is that?

Oh. It’s my phone. ...Whoops.

SHE looks through her bags, pulls out a plastic telephone receiver, puts it to her ear.

Hello?... Oh hi!.... Actually, I can’t talk right now. I’m on a mission...Yeah!... Well, right now we’re looking for a piece of paper —but it’s a very important piece of paper!...

Yes, they’re here... *(indicating the audience)*... Yes, we looked in our pockets.... No.... Yes, we looked around the room... No, nothing..... Yes, I will. Thank you very much. And you be careful with those reindeer now!.... *(laughs)*.... Okay, bye-bye..... No, you first... Okay, then me first. Bye-bye.... Bye.... Bye.... Bye....

SHE quickly puts the phone back in the bag.

That was Santa Claus. He was checking up on us.

(If audience comments) “Not real?... Oh! .. You thought I was talking to the not-real Santa Claus! Of course not. That’s just silly. No, I was talking to the other Santa Claus. The real one! There’s two of them, you see. A real Sant and a not-real Santa... Yes, I know. It can get confusing...

But enough distractions. I’m supposed to be on a mission!

Beat.

She looks at her bags.

I haven't checked my bags yet, have I.It's probably in there.

Sighs.

Okay then.

SHE sighs again, starts searching through her bags.

Arrggh, so much stuff! Why do I carry around so much stuff?...
A lot of this is just junk. ... I really need to go through all of these bags at some point, throw some of this stuff out.

SHE sees something inside her bag, gasps.

But I have to keep this. There's no way I'm getting rid of this..

SHE pulls out a small ornate bag of precious jewels.

My jewel collection.

Shows them the jewels.

This bag of jewels, was given to me by the Queen of the Fairies herself. For saving Fairyland from the evil Lord Lawnmower.

Who's Lord Lawnmower?

Imagine a fairy-sized monster about yay big.. ..with teeth like the blades of a lawnmower. Now to you and me, that's the size of an average housefly. But to a fairy --who's no bigger than the size of your pinkie-nail--that's a lot of monster! And this Lord Lawnmower, he was mowing down all the flowers in Fairyland. And chasing the fairies, scaring them. Destroying fairy homes with his big nasty teeth.

Oh, he's bad. If I didn't come along when I did, there would've been nothing left.

So how did I help?

SHE reaches into one of her bags, pulls out a flyswatter, and brandishes it like a weapon.

With this!

But I had to use cunning....I had to use stealth!

So I stood very still in the middle of Fairyland.....and I waited.

SOUND: A fly buzzing.

(CALLS OUT) “Hey. Lord Lawnmower. I got a riddle for you.

Betcha can’t figure it out.”

(TO THE AUDIENCE) That got his attention.

(CALLS AGAIN) “Why couldn’t the monster go to sleep?”

SOUND. The buzzing stops.

(TO THE AUDIENCE) I can see him now. He’s landed on this big log...

SOUND: Buzzes.

He’s tiny, but his eyes are big. And shiny like marbles. I can see the glint of his teeth in the sun.

SOUND: More buzzes.

(CALLS OUT) “You know the answer, Lord Lawnmower?”

“Why couldn’t the monster go to sleep?”

“Give up?”

SHE inches closer and closer to the “log”.

“Because there were children under the bed!”

SHE comes down hard with the flyswatter.

SOUND: A fly buzzing away.

(TO THE AUDIENCE) Yeah, I missed him.

He flew away.

But I scared him so bad, the Queen says he hasn't been back to Fairyland since.

SHE puts the flyswatter back in the bag.

She was so thankful! They always are.

And that's why ...

SHE holds up the jewels again.

..she gave me these.

I take them with me wherever I go. They're my most prized possession in the whole wide world.

While putting the bag of jewels back in her bag, she finds something else in there. She gasps, loudly, excited again.

Wait.... No they're not...

SHE pulls out a thin paperback book for riddles.

This is my most prized possession in the whole wide world!

My first book of riddles!

This book changed my life. Some books can do that, you know.

Opens book to a random page, reads.

"What do you give a sick lemon?"

Rapturously.

"Lemon-aid."

See what I mean? Life-changing!

Because I wasn't always a superhero, I had to start somewhere, I had to discover who I was.

When did I first realize that I was different? How old was I?

I remember the exact day.

It was a Thursday. I was 10 years old. My first year into the double-digits.

One. Zero.

Ten.

It happened at school. Ten minutes before the three o'clock bell. Our teacher, Mr. Whistlebottom, gave us this in-class assignment. Something to keep us busy until the bell rang.

(AS "TEACHER") "Okay, children. It's been a long day. We're all exhausted. Especially me. So how about we all sit down... I'm talking to you, too, Mr. Fraser!... Everybody sit down, open your notebooks... and write down for me all the words you can think of that start with the letter "R".....And.... go!

(AS HERSELF AGAIN) Well.

SHE sits.

Being the good student that I was, I opened my notebook and started writing...

SHE mimes writing in a notebook.

"Rock". "River"..... um... rat, run.Ruin, ride, raft, rhyme.... ahh!
Rowena!

It was so much fun. Too much fun!

SHE rises.

In those ten minutes, I'd filled up my entire notebook and was asking for more paper. But Mr. Whistlebottom....

(AS "TEACHER") You can stop now, Rowena, The bell rang. Go home."

(AS HERSELF, TO THE AUDIENCE) But I wasn't finished yet! I had more R-words inside of me. And they wanted to come out!

I was torn.

Do I do as I'm told? go home? Or do I stay right where I am. Finish what I started.

I decided to stay. Complete the mission!

So I got up, went to the front of the class, started writing on the blackboard.

SHE writes on an imaginary blackboard.

“Ramification... reduce.... reflect...”

I could feel some kids watching me, Heard their snickering.

“Romania...ready....”

But I didn't care. I was on a roll....Ah-ha! There was another one. “Roll”!

Suddenly, R-words were everywhere! Flying into my brain from all direction at four-hundred miles per hour.

At 4:35, I'm still going strong....

And showing no signs of slowing down. So Mr. Whistlebottom?

He called my mom.

As “TEACHER”, SHE dials the phone.

(AS “TEACHER”) Mrs. Riddle. Please come and get your daughter, I gave the kids an assignment and, well, Rowena! She refuses to stop!....Wait! ... She's leaving the room!....Where's she going?... (gasp)...Is that my collection of permanent markers she's taking? ...Oh no! She's headed for the gymnasium.... She wouldn't dare!.... She is! She's writing R-words all over the gymnasium floor. With permanent marker! ...Permanent marker, Mrs. Riddle! THAT STUFF DOESN'T COME OFF!

SHE puts down the imaginary phone.

(AS HERSELF) My mom came, got me. And, boy, did I get an earful on the way home.

But even that didn't stop me!

By bedtime, I'd used up every piece of paper in the house and was starting in on the envelopes.

This went on for days. Finally, my parents took me to the doctor. But this doctor....he didn't know what it was.

(AS "DOCTOR") Hmmm. I've never seen this particular malady in a child before. I think your daughter needs to see a specialist.

(AS HERSELF) That's when I met Dr. Gloria.

She was a superpower specialist.

Oh, I liked her. Dr. Gloria was this a tall radiant woman with long red hair down to her waist....and a soft twinkle in her eye... And she wore a sequined lab coat! ...And her stethoscope was in the shape of a moon!...And she sat like this...

SHE sits, legs crossed at both the knees and the ankles.

And when she talked, she reminded me of the Fairy Godmother in Cinderella.

(AS "DR. GLORIA") You certainly have all the qualities of a superhero, my dear.

And I suspect your gifts might have something to do with words. ...Words, words! Glorious words! ...How absolutely wonderful! You, my dear, are like the caterpillar on your way to becoming a butterfly.

Dear parents or this rapidly growing wonder. Do not worry! Your daughter simply has yet to come into the full expression of her powers. ...But oh, just you wait.... She will!....And in the meantime, give her as much paper as she wants, let her tire herself out!"

(AS HERSELF) I liked Dr. Gloria.

And she was right! Two years later...

SHE holds up the riddle book.

I found this book in the drugstore and was hooked.

I'd found my calling. My purpose!

I'D FOUND THE RIDDLEVERSE!

SOUND: Telephone rings.

Is that my phone again? I'm sorry.

*Reaching inside her bags, she
pulls out a plastic banana, uses it as a
phone.*

Hello?... Slow down, Santa. I can't understand a word you're saying.... Oh. Well. It's no wonder, considering where you are. Is Mrs. Claus there?... She's gone to get you both a snack. Okay then, listen carefully. I'll tell you what you need to do.....Are you listening?... Good.

Now. Take off your shoe.... Turn it upside down.... And give it a good shake so all the sand falls out. ...

I know, yes! ...*(laughing cheerfully)*.. It really is that simple, Santa! ...You're very welcome.....

Listen.... Listen, I'd better go. I have a room full of children here and.... Yes, we're still looking for it.... Thank you. And you, too. ..Safe travels now! And say hello to Mrs. Claus for me! Bye, bye!... Bye..... No I hung up first the last time, it's your turn now. .. It is.... Okay, bye bye. ..Bye bye.

*SHE puts the phone back in her bag,
continues looking through the bags.*

Oh, it was some problem with sand in his shoes. You heard it.. Honestly, sometimes I wonder about that--

SHE sees something in her bag, stops.

Well well well. Speaking of shoes.

SHE pulls out a pair of kid's fancy shoes.

Aren't these great. They're my old dancing shoes!

When I was eight, I had this friend. His name was Larry. He was my best friend. We did everything together, Larry and I. We even made up our own dance.

SHE begins to dance.

Larry loved to dance. So did I!

SOUND: Happy music.

Larry used to say “Dance like no one’s watching!” So if you’ll excuse me....

THIS ONE’S FOR YOU, LARRY!

(TO THE AUDIENCE) You can dance, too, if you want.

(Ad lib, if some of the audience dances): Oh, I see some good dancing out there... Nice moves!... Try this!... etc.

Aaaaand...

SOUND: The music ends.

....STOP!

Whew! That was fun. But a tad exhausting, if I’m honest. At least it was for me. So...time to rest. Time to come back to the story. About Larry.

(Take time to quiet the audience, if necessary) Everybody quiet! Everybody gather around....come closer.... that’s it...

This is the sad bit. You ready?...Okay.

One summer, when I was.... nine.... Larry and his family moved away —to Australia!

Now for those of you who don’t know this, Australia is very far away. Too far away to visit on the weekend. Too far away even for the summer holidays.

I was soooo upset! I might’ve even said I was never going to dance again as long as I lived. And well. You just saw me dance. So we know that turned out.

Because, you know what. Now... whenever I think of Larry, I just feel happy.

I feelyeah! I feel happy!

Because it's a wonderful thing to have had such a good friend. Even if he isn't around anymore.

But in a way, he still is.

'Cause I got him right here.

SHE hold the shoes to her heart.

And here.

Shoes to head.

And here.

Points to her feet with the shoes.

And he's in these shoes, too. Which is why I'm never getting rid of these shoes. I'm taking these shoes with me wherever I go.

You know Larry had superpowers, too. It's true.

It wasn't dancing though.

SHE puts the shoes back in the bag.

It was.... Are you ready?

Herding sheep!

That's right. Sheep.

You know. Baaaaaa.

I remember the day Larry first came into his superpowers. He was so excited! He told me the whole story.

He said he was walking home from school. By himself. And it was just like any other school day. Which just goes to show you. You never know when it'll happen.

Because all of a sudden cars are honking. ...People are shouting at him... So he turns around, sees this herd of sheep behind him.

They're following him!

Twenty, thirty of 'em. Coming down the road. This grey-white mass of wool. With cute little black faces.

He finds out later those sheep came from a farm twenty kilometres away! They ran all the way there.

Cross the highway... past the golf course.... then past the rec centre...through the park.... past the shopping mall.... towards the school...

Just so they could find Larry. And follow him. Now that is a superpower!

You know what I think?

I think we all have superpowers. Every one of us. Even if we don't know it yet.

And it doesn't have to be things like catching thunderbolts. Or turning invisible — I mean, all that's fine if that's your thing— but it could also just be something simple. An everyday thing, like... herding sheep! Or baking cakes. Building a monster with Leggo. Planting a garden. Anything!

In fact, I bet all of you could tell riddles just as well as I can.

If you wanted to.

Because the Riddleverse is open to anyone who cares enough to listen to it.

In fact, I have this box of riddles with me today and I I was hoping —

SHE freezes, Suddenly remembering.

Wait a second. That's it!

That's what I've been trying to remember!

What I wanted to ask you!

Woo-hoo! I remember now! I remember why I came here today. I knew I'd get there.

Eventually.

So here's the mission.

I'm looking for people to tell my riddles for me. 'Cause you see, I'm going on vacation and, well, the Riddleverse doesn't go on vacation. The Riddleverse keeps going.

Riddles need to be shared!

So will you do that for me? Will you share my riddles?

SHE starts digging around in her bags, looking for something.

It's not hard.... I've written a bunch of them down... my plan is.... you don't have to, of course. But I wrote them all down... put them in this...

SHE pulls out a small decorative box.

...this box!

She opens the box, revealing its contents: many little pieces of paper with riddles printed on them.

And now I'm going to come over to your side of the magic line...

SHE steps high over an imaginary line marking the separation between performer and audience.

...up and over!... Now I'll pass 'em around.

She passes out the riddles to members of the audience, ad lib, continue under.

Don't worry if you can't read yet. Just ask somebody to read it to you, then memorize it. Keep it stored up here.

Points to her head.

And you don't have to tell riddles all the time. Like I do. Once or twice is probably plenty.

And you certainly don't have to catch bank robbers with them. In fact, please don't use these riddles to catch bank robbers. Leave that to the professionals.

Just tell the riddle to someone you like.

Share it!

SHE crosses back over the imaginary line.

Oooh, this wonderful!

My mission is now complete!

SOUND: A strong wind.

SHE sniffs the air.

The wind is changing, if I want to catch it, I gotta be ready.

But first, I need to change my clothes!

SHE digs into her bag, pulls out a flowing summery skirt, begins to put it over her tights.

So if you would be so kind...? I need a bit of privacy. So while I change my clothes, if you could please close your eyes.

SHE changes quickly and also begins packing up all bags.

No peeking!....I won't be long. I'm a very fast dresser. As a superhero, one must be able to dress quickly.No peeking!..... Yes, a superhero must be able to dress fast! Up and at 'em at a moment's notice. No dilly-dallying... No peeking now. I'm almost done!

At the end of her changing, she has all her bags packed.

Okay, I'm done. You can open your eyes.

I look like a completely different person now, don't I!

SOUND: Strong wind.

Oh! That's my cue. Time for me to go!

SHE heads for the exit, but just before she steps off stage, she turns to the audience.

Tell the Riddleverse, I'll be back—

SOUND: A sudden strong gust of wind.

SHE is "sucked offstage" by the wind.

—soooooooooon!

HER voice fades. So does the wind.

THE END

Performance rights must be secured before production. For contact info, see [the information page for The Not-So-Secret Life of Rowena Riddle \(Super-Hero\)](#)