

The Adventures of Angry Man and Lotion Boy

by Logan Rodgers

Episode 1 - Origin.

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, The Adventures of Angry Man and Lotion Boy Show.

(Intro music plays)

Announcer: In the depths of our galaxy there sits a prison. It is not a prison for the everyday robber. It is a prison designed long ago by a forgotten people to hold a threat. A threat to all life as we know it. That threat has been waiting a very long time and it just found its way out. The prison bars shook, and they are now no more. The escapee thought they made the perfect get away, but they made one fateful mistake. This alien is coming at a direct trajectory for Earth. Where it lands will change everything. This is the Adventures of Angry Man and Lotion Boy show!

(Music fades up and out)

Announcer: The escapee fell to our humble blue planet. It hit the ground with a crash like thunder. It made it's way to the nearest power source it could find and trapped itself inside. To feed.

(Music transitions)

Announcer: In a simple city, in a simple college, in a simple classroom sit a student and a private tutor. The student, an undergraduate Massage Therapy Major, Samuel Plier. The tutor, a scientist with a Ph.D in Anger, Dr. Moren Tense.

Moren: Good work, lad. To know the pressure points of extreme tension and stress will only lead to the better and more relaxing massages.

Samuel: Wow, Dr. Tense, the ever growing worm of knowledge will only make me better equipped to help the stressed and tight muscled citizens of the city.

Moren: Not just the city, the world. Remember always, Sam, that the city is just one part of the macrocosm of the Earth which is only a microcosm to the universe. You could help so many tight muscled.

Sam: But, it's so big, Doc Tense.

Moren: Which is why the city will be where you are called.

Sam: I am ready to do my best!

Moren: Good lad.

Announcer: Just as the two were about to go on their way after another successful lesson Moren got a call on his wrist watch radio, only used for the most elite of Anger Doctors and their pupils. It was the ever-eager Teaching Assistant Felicity Lawrence.

Felicity: Doctor, there has been a malfunction in the Anger Labs, some of the gear on our living lotion experiment has spiked and our patented experimental Anger gas is at highest pressures. Anymore and we could have a serious anger leak.

Moren: Don't worry, Felicity. I'm with Sam, we'll go down and sort it all out. Probably some young intern didn't know how to set the automatic Angry gas control monitor in place before leaving the labs for a wholeful school night of studying and responsibility.

Announcer: So, the two took their leave of the ever lucrative retreat of knowledge that was the Anger Archives, and made their way to the Anger Labs. Once the Doctor of Anger and his apprentice were inside the Anger Control room they scrutinized the Control panel.

Moren: Great outburst, Sam! These valves are spiking higher than ever before. If I don't release the pressure inside the entire city will be flooded with Anger gas. The kind that smells worse than when a late night returning husband from his second job to support his family lifts up the covers next to his wife to discover the flatulence trapped inside because she had made enchiladas for the rest of the family earlier in the night. Just doing her part for the family without falling into the housewife stereotype. I have to go in and seal off anyone or anything from getting in or out.

Sam: But, won't you be trapped inside?

Moren: All Anger Doctors live by a code and we know the risks. To understand Anger in order to relieve the world. All this pressurized and gaseous form of anger, it would hit too many people who don't understand how to control it like I do. You have to let me, lad.

Sam: Just... be careful, Doctor Tense. Holy working man, Doctor. There are still workers in the labs. And the Anger Gas chamber is connected to their work stations! We can't let them get hurt, they are innocent. And they are working on the living lotion bacteria experiment. The joint funds of the Anger department and the Massage Therapy department depend on this experiment!

Moren: You will work on getting them out in case it goes unfavorably for us. I will focus on the gas, I need you to run the control panel and evacuate them if the controls become critical. They should be safe, as long as the chamber walls hold.

Sam: Right, Doctor.

Announcer: So Sam evacuated the innocent lab workers from inside the Anger chambers. Before the Doctor stepped to the control panel he turned to face Sam.

Moren: And one last thing, Sam. It's Moren to you now. No longer Doctor Moren Tense. If I do not make it back, know that we are more than just teacher-student. We are friends.

Announcer: As Doctor Tense stepped inside the chamber and sealed off any access to get in or out, he approached the Anger gas controls. Adjusting the valves ever so calmly he was able to bring down the pressure to safe levels.

Moren: All safe, lad.

Announcer: When all of a sudden the valves pressure raised back up. The Doctor quickly went back to work. Sam, who was at the master control panel, was doing all he could to help. But then, in the second chamber where the living lotion experiment was being performed Sam spotted innocent Doctors working away to further the ever widening gyre that is the human understanding of science! These Doctors were separate from those in the Anger Chambers!

Sam: I have to help those scientists, Doctor.

Moren: Go, help the innocent. My Ph. D earning knowledge will keep this pressure safe for a while longer, but this thing is going to blow. Not even the chamber can seal it now.

Announcer: Sam rushed into the lab and evacuated all the doctors quickly while coinciding with the proper safety evacuation policies as outlined for all lab workers in the Anger Labs in the training manual. Not stampeding or hurting others' rights to get to safety! However, one worker left a vat of the experimental lotion formula uncovered in their haste to leave. The health hazards of having some of the experimental, untested, living lotion escape into the world with the potential blast of anger gas was too great. The always safety cautious Sam Plier made his way for the vat to cover it. Meanwhile, Doctor Tense was busy trying to maintain the Anger Gas temperature. When, all of a sudden, the valves dropped to zero. A pressure well below what any gas chamber should be if it were occupied by gas. When, all of a sudden, the valves kicked up past their tension point and shattered. However, there was no gas to behold.

Moren: The safety drain must have initialized. That gas is well maintained in our backup containers. But, why didn't it do that sooner?

Announcer: With the valves stabilized the door in the lab leading to the gas chamber released. As Moren Tense Ph. D in Anger made his way through the door that connected the gas chamber to the Living Lotion Lab a few sparks started and with a great gust the gas doors ripped open. A black cloud of energy burst forth and knocked the Doctor Backward. Sam, who was nearing the vat of experimental living lotion fell in pushed by the force of the blast.

(Music up and out)

Announcer: The two were quickly taken to the nearest hospital. Meanwhile that black cloud of energy was still travelling. It made it's way to a nearby factory. It was too weak now. It needed to be quiet. It needed to feed.

(Music up and out)

Announcer: As the two woke up in their hospital beds nothing felt odd to the Doctor and the training Massage Therapist. Nurse Haller entered their room.

Nurse Haller: Well it's good to see you two up.

Moren: How long were we out?

Nurse Haller: 161 hours.

Moren: Almost an entire week... Uncanny.

Sam: What's the damage Nurse Haller?

Nurse Haller: Well, besides a few bumps on the head I think you two will be alright.

Sam: Good. I sure will appreciate this chance to relax a bit more.

Moren: Sam, you and I have been asleep for a week. I believe relaxing is something we have had more than enough of.

Announcer: As the two share a laugh at the Doctor's joke and celebrate their being alive without so much as a wound Sam relaxes himself in his bed. But, just as he does so Sam starts feeling the sheets moisten around him.

Sam: Nurse, I think I feel my sheets becoming a bit... moist? Could you come over here and check on them?

Announcer: But, as the nurse approaches he quickly shrills away in excitement and nervousness. For, the ever young and lovable Sam, had somehow become covered in something sticky. Lotion! And, the pool of it was only increasing. It was now dripping off of his hospital bed. A team of nurses and Doctors came rushing in to help. They crowded around him, blocking Doctor Tense's view of his favorite pupil. This caused the usually composed Doctor to start to worry, as he had been unconscious for almost an entire week so his brain was still warming up to being back in the conscious world. His body, however, had been waiting for a chance to show off its new reflexes unbeknownst to the mind of Moren Tense Ph. D. In a quick build from nervousness to belligerence the Doctor roared with a howl of pure angry energy that stopped the Doctors in their tracks and simultaneously freed him from his bed. He ran over to Sam and picked the boy up. Moren could feel his ever tightening muscles from his anger bulging. It made him feel strong, but he could feel it start to inhibit his movement. Sam's skin felt soft and clean, like that of a baby. A newborn beauty that reflects the inner soul of creation. Once out in the halls of the hospital he looked up to his student who had passed out from all the excitement. He had stopped oozing lotion, but there was still plenty left on him. It trickled down onto the Doctor, making him feel less tense. Less angry. Eventually enough lotion fell onto the Angry man that he stopped running and fell to the ground. Realizing how weak he still was sleep overtook him.

(Music up and out)

Announcer: The two woke up back in their hospital room, but this time securely fastened down by the safety harnesses.

Sam: What happened?

Moren: I don't know, lad. I was my calm self and on the turn of a dime when I saw you in peril I became a raging ball of intensity.

Sam: And, for some reason it felt like lotion was coming out of me.

Moren: Wait a minute. Lotion. The living lotion formula! I have to get back to the laboratory! Nurse Haller! Quick, lad, press your call button. We need to attract the nurse over here like magnets attract metal when the polarity is facing the right side in accordance to the polarity of the planet.

Announcer: And so the two, after apologizing to the hospital staff and checking out according to proper procedure and policy, made their way back to the lab where the accident was. But to their surprise, the clean up crews and police were in the area.

Moren: Officer Krupke, what is going on here?

Officer Krupke: Yeah, the boys and I had to take over your lab as part of the investigation to the gas explosion.

Sam: Was anybody hurt?

Officer Krupke: Fortunately, no. We think that your friend Dr. Tense here might have absorbed all of the radiation from the blast.

Moren: All of it?

Officer Krupke: Well almost all of it. There was a spider hiding in the corner of the room, but spiders main weakness is angry gas. It couldn't handle even the smallest dose.

Moren: No. Not another innocent arachnid!

Sam: Calm down, Doctor. You were doing your best. At least the rest of the city was saved and you are still alive.

Moren: You're right, Sam. Life is a precious gift. We should enjoy all the time we are given. Bless that Spider, I'm sure it was happy. Officer, we just need to go to the lab.

Officer Krupke: Afraid I can't help ya boys. Lab is off limits for all except authorized personnel.

Moren: But, I built this lab! With my own two hands!

Officer Krupke: Sorry, but I can't let you through.

Announcer: Just as Moren felt a bellow of rage fill his right pinky toe that would slowly spread to the soft delicate sinews of his body making them hard tense sinews, he felt a hand at his back that relieved some of his tension. It was the hand of Sam, patting him.

Sam: It's okay, Doctor. We will get to the bottom of this somehow.

Announcer: It was there that Sam got an idea. He remembered the lotion that seemed to pour out of him and also noticed that when he touched the Doctor's back he seemed to ease up. Sam approached the officer.

Sam: Officer Krupke, I think Doctor Tense is just very upset. His whole life has been dedicated to this place. Please, ease up. No harm can come of it.

Announcer: As Sam had spoke the words "ease up" he had touched the base of the Officer's neck to shoulder. The Officer relaxed into a stress free ball of buoyancy. Like that of an inflatable, dollar store, beach ball.

Moren: Sam, that man, you just...

Sam: I didn't intend for him to fall asleep. I just realized that when I touched your back just now you eased up. I thought it was worth a try on the Officer. Say, do you think it might be related to the blast from last week?

Moren: I don't know, Sam. But we are here to find out.

Announcer: The two made their way into the lab. Despite the clean up crews, It looked as if it had not been touched since the blast.

Moren: They must be with the EPA. Doing their lawful jobs to keep the rest of this city safe. Inspirational be they that fight for the Earth.

Announcer: The door was blown wide open and pieces of small glass scattered around the floor. The most peculiar thing the two found was that the vat of living lotion was empty. Not a drop to be found. This gave the Doctor of Anger an idea.

Moren: Sam, what if when the gas vault exploded and sent us flying back... it sounds crazy... But what if when the living lotion hit you, you absorbed all of it. Just like how I absorbed all of the angry gas.

Sam: Holy relaxation aids!

Announcer: After running a few tests in the remnants of the Angry Lab they discovered that Moren's hypothesis was right! The living lotion was an experimental bacteria that could be injected to make the skin forever soft and non wrinkly or dry for all of life. It would be a major advancement in decreasing anger across the country. But, when Sam had accidentally fallen in, it shielded him from the Angry Gas. However, it also bound itself to Sam's DNA so while his body keeps working like the fine tuned machine everybody's body is, it has the ability to produce lotion of any amount at any time. From any pore! As the two left the lab that evening, they ran into some unexpected trouble on the way home.

Robber: Hey, you two come here.

Announcer: The voice of a mysterious stranger came from an alley. Courtesy bound the two gentlemen to an answer.

Moren: Who goes there? Let me see you so we can have a proper conversation the way two civilized human beings do.

Robber: I'm just inside the alley. Please, do come in. It is quite nice.

Sam: I think we better listen to his hospitality. It is, after all, the courteous thing to do.

Moren: Quite right, lad. Just keep your eyes peeled. The streets can be a dangerous place.

Announcer: But once they get inside the alley way, the robber reveals that they were armed with a handgun the entire time.

Robber: Alright! Give me your money and nobody gets hurt!

Sam: Oh, you dastardly hooligan!

Moren: Please, Sam. Let us work this out rationally. I've only been checked out of the hospital today and I do not have many of my regular possessions except my pass into my office building. It is now late and the building is far away, I am afraid that I have no money.

Robber: In that case I will just have to steal your lives from you instead!

Announcer: The robber aimed their hand gun, but they were too slow. The usually calm demeanor of Doctor Moren Tense disappeared and he became very angry. So much so that the robber was frozen in a state of pure fear. The look in the Robber's eyes changed to one of defense and shot at the Angry Doctor. The bullets just bounced right off of him. The Doctor closed in and subdued the Robber, but his anger was ever rising. Sam could see this and decided to act. He jumped to the Angry Doctor and started massaging his back muscles and all the stress tension points he had learned about in his tutoring with Dr. Tense. The Doctor calmed down and resumed his usual demeanor, while the assailant was passed out on the ground.

Moren: Did you see that, lad? I stopped that thief. Even after their dastardly attempts to end my blissful existence.

Sam: I did, Doc. It was incredible. Good thing I was there to calm you down though. Who knows how angry you would have gotten?

Moren: Yes, Sam. Thank you.

Announcer: All of a sudden a life changing idea hits the Ph. D in Anger holding Doctor.

Moren: Lad, what have we always agreed was the purpose of our extensive studies into anger and relieving others of it?

Sam: That it would always be used to help people. Why do you ask? You're not going to make me do more of those boring practice tests are you?

Moren: No, boy. But those tests do nothing but sharpen your wit. Be appreciative of the hard work the great people at textbook publishing companies put in for your knowledge.

Sam: I know, Doc. But, what were you going to say?

Moren: Inspiration hit me when I saw the EPA hard at work. Lad, what if we helped more people by stopping crime on the street like this common criminal before our feet? It would be like protecting the environment except with people instead. Wouldn't that be a great way to help the innocents of the streets and our great country in service of the microcosm of one of it's great cities?

Sam: Oh boy, Doctor, would it?

Moren: With you by my side we could both be the brains, I'd be the muscle, and you'd be the ever needed side kick who keeps me in place. Of course we would need secret identities while we did this. So I can protect my work and you can protect your family's good names as one of the great organic volleyball manufacturers of the world. Of course I need to protect the organic name - it needs all the good it can muster.

Sam: I love it, but what should we call ourselves?

Moren: Something non-offensive to anyone. Something people can believe in. The ultimate peace in beautiful juxtaposition. I've got it!

Announcer: And so the two discussed what would be most appropriate and protective of their true selves. After much deliberation they agreed the safest and most inspiring names were "Angry Man" and "Lotion Boy". And thus the duo was named. Their partnership now begun as the crime fighting duo that would devote itself to only the betterment and protection of the city.

Angry Man: There lad, some hooligans harassing a cat trapped in a tree. They will be given the lecture of their lives.

Lotion Boy: Holy delinquent youth reformation, Angry Man!

Announcer: What they didn't know was that listening over the wrist watch radio, one Felicity Lawrence - the ever faithful Teaching Assistant to Angry Man could hear everything. She was making a late night snack of microwavable popcorn. The sounds of the kernels exploding travelled over the radio without her realization. Before Angry Man could reach the hoodlums he stopped to listen. He knew only one person had access to the radio.

Angry Man: Felicity, is that you?

Felicity: Yes, Doc-

Angry Man: Shh! It's Angry Man. You are speaking to Angry Man

Felicity: Yes, Angry Man?

Angry Man: How long have you been listening?

Felicity: For the past few days. The radio does not turn off. I have not said anything out of confusion on what to do.

Angry Man: Felicity, stay where you are. We will have a talk when I get back. I trust you are at the labs.

Felicity: Yes, Angry Man.

Announcer: After Angry Man and Lotion Boy stopped the hoodlums and gave them a lecture about how we as people are expressions of nature just as the cat stuck in the tree was - he left for the labs with Lotion Boy in tow. The two knowing they had reformed the youthful and easily influenced members of society for the better.

Angry Man: Felicity, do not panic. Your knowledge of our alter egos was on fault of our own hubris. We were excited to help. And, we did not think of the consequences.

Felicity: It is quite alright, Doctor. I was just in such a state of shock. I mean the Anger Gas... and we now know the power of the living lotion formula!

Angry Man: Quite right, we do, Felicity. Which is why I offer you the ability to help our crusade. I know you are just as dedicated to helping the world as we are. Helping the world like father helps their newborn son learn how to walk on his own. Sometimes under harsh conditions if the father is not up to the challenge that is parenthood, but they get the job done alright. However, you would not be a father such as this. You would be the best of fathers. What I am trying to say, is that we would be honored if you would be our Headquarters manager. You would stay here while we were out and monitor what we couldn't.

Felicity: Doctor Tense, it would be my honor. However, I think as a TA maybe I should get a raise.

Announcer: The three of them laughed together the laugh of true champions. A new day was dawning for the city. However, in a factory sits a man, a man with an unusual habit. One that the likes of our newly found heroes have yet to meet, but will never forget. And, what of the escaped prisoner? Could this factory be the same one the dark energy escaped to? Tune in next time to the Adventures of Angry Man and Lotion Boy to find out!

(Music fades up and out)

Announcer: This five-episode event "The Adventures of Angry Man and Lotion Boy" is written and directed by Logan Rodgers. It stars...

Episode 2 - Enter Ponchik.

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, The Adventures of Angry Man and Lotion Boy Show.

(Intro music plays)

Announcer: When we last left our heroes they had just found their calling in their new found powers. As they patrolled the streets of their fine city,

stopping the everyday crook, a new challenge presented itself. The two spotted a young man, only a few years younger than Sam Plier, or to those just tuning in, the young sidekick to the ever powerful Angry Man, Lotion Boy! The young man was armed with a can of spray paint and was just about to vandalize the side of a small, humble, roofing business office. The two heroes swooped in on the young representative of the youthful generation.

Angry Man: Stop right there, youthful rabblrouser. That is a piece of private property, paid and maintained by this humble, small, business.

Announcer: The professor of Anger Studies with a Ph. D in Anger, Dr. Moren Tense, was the inner identity of our hero. But, come night when the crooks are a-flight, he became the ever watchful Angry Man!

Teen: This here is the business of William Moulton ChemiKa, owner of ChemiKa roofing. His patented organic roofing formula isn't organic at all. It's venomous! It causes the degradation of the roofing sealing agent causing it to crumble. He targets well insured families then by a ridiculous loophole in his contract he gets to pocket all of the insurance money. Leaving the families no better off.

Announcer: At this news Angry Man felt his anger begin to build. For, after accidentally absorbing a mass blast of Angry gas at his lab building, he inherited the ability to channel his extreme anger into the ability to perform superhuman feats. All while he maintained his angry state of emotion. The only way to stop his rampages was the ever-helpful power that his side kick, Lotion Boy, had acquired in the same lab explosion that gave Angry Man his powers. He had fallen into a vat of experimental living lotion bacteria. His entire body absorbed the vat and bound itself to his DNA, giving him the ability to excrete Lotion from any pore. This lotion has the ability to relax the most strained of muscle. One that always stopped Angry Man from going too far in his quest to bring peace to the city. With the professor of Anger feeling his discontent build, his liquidy lad quickly came to his aid to provide just enough lotion to calm him down, but not enough to make him too relaxed.

Lotion Boy: Well that is horrible news, Angry Man. Say, we should pay this William Moulton ChemiKa a visit. See if he really is as bad as this guy is saying.

Angry Man: Quite right, Lotion Boy.

Announcer: So after putting the teen on the honor system to not vandalize the building, the two entered the building to find the roofer William Moulton ChemiKa tucked away in his office. Rustling through some papers.

(SFX spray paint being sprayed muffled)

ChemiKa: And who do you think you might be?

Angry Man: I am Angry Man, masked vigilante of this city. And this is my trustful ward, Lotion Boy. We are here to inquire of you your story on some serious allegations about dirty deeds in your roofing company. Dirty deeds that reek through the pure soil of this city. Deeds that are weeds. And weeds must be plucked out so that the garden of this city's people can thrive.

ChemiKa: Well, I assure you Angry Man, I only run the cleanest of businesses.

Angry Man: That's Mr. Angry Man to you. Well if that is the case then you won't mind if I have my sidekick look over your documents.

ChemiKa: But, you cannot. They are my private work related files. You have no business peeking at those, Angry Man.

Announcer: At this, the ever attentive Lotion Boy pulled his friend and fellow crime fighter aside.

Lotion Boy: I don't like this, Angry Man. If he has nothing to hide then why does he refuse to let us look at his papers.

Angry Man: I don't know, lad. But, I intend to find out.

Announcer: All of a sudden Angry Man's wrist watch radio went off. It was the ever faithful Teaching Assistant to Professor Moren Tense Ph. D in Anger Studies, Felicity Lawrence. Felicity had been along for the first escapades of Angry Man and Lotion Boy on accident as they were on their first nights of crime fighting. She had overheard of the Professor and Student's plan to take on the crime of the city in the hopes to alleviate all of the city's anger. When the duo found out that Felicity knew their identities by the accidental popping of popcorn over the radio intercom link when Felicity was making a late night snack, Angry Man offered her a post in being their intel. Being the ever trustful and resourceful Teaching Assistant that she was.

Angry Man: What is it Felicity?

Felicity: I was listening in on your conversation and I did some research. William Moulton ChemiKa has raked in thousands from the destroyed homes across the city and his next target is the University.

Angry Man: This will not stand. Thank you, Felicity.

Announcer: With a beep, the intercom shut off. Angry Man went to consult with his ward.

Angry Man: Lad, let me get angry now. I can feel it inside of me. I have learned better control over it, but once I release it nothing can stop it, but you. Let me get angry enough to scare him, but only calm me down enough to make

sure I stay in that state. Do not let me get so Angry I tense up too much to where I can't move or to where I may accidentally hurt the man. My powers, like the best of mankind, have to be kept in check too. For too much zealousness can lead to an over infatuation with the ego and inner id.

Lotion Boy: Right, Angry Man.

Announcer: And with a flex of muscles Angry Man unleashed his anger. Lotion Boy kept his fingers pointed at him to shoot lotion at Angry Man in case he got too angry, following the Doctors orders. Orders that he would be kept hush in order to ensure the dastardly kekniving crook would not know of their plans. And, to follow the legal bond that is Doctor-Patient confidentiality, but in this case it was Doctor-Sidekick confidentiality. The confidence that only the two best friends can have in each other. And, friends they were, for they were the great Angry Man and Lotion Boy! Angry Man made his approach.

Angry Man: You crook, if you have nothing to hide then you should not be afraid of me taking a peek at your documents.

ChemiKa: That is what they say in Fascist societies! Are you, Angry Man, a supporter of such societies!?

Announcer: At these crazed accusations Angry Man's muscles got tighter, but before Lotion Boy could shoot lotion at Angry Man, ChemiKa pulled a gun to Angry Man. Lotion Boy aimed for ChemiKa instead and shot lotion at him to subdue the culprit, but in the process ChemiKa instinctively pulled the trigger. Luckily because Lotion Boy did not pour lotion on Angry Man the bullet disintegrated upon impact on Angry Man's muscles. Angry Man, becoming even angrier made his way toward ChemiKa, but he could feel his motion slowing due to his great muscular strain, like the most overworked Ox. Lotion Boy changed his aim for Angry Man and shot. He loosened back to his regular composed self once enough lotion absorbed into his skin. They then peaked at the files on William Moulton ChemiKa's desk. Sure enough, they were plans to buy out and alter the University's roofing. Using their intellect, they knew they could not let their association to the University out. Luckily enough, because of the costumes Felicity had made them for crime fighting their true identities were well protected. ChemiKa was out cold, so they left the wrongdoer handcuffed to the desk and called the police anonymously for them to prosecute the man. But Lotion Boy was perplexed.

Lotion Boy: Angry Man, back there ChemiKa called you a fascist for saying he would have nothing to fear if he had nothing to hide. Isn't he right? We all know fascism is the most invasive of our most personal moments. And privacy is the right of all people of the world.

Angry Man: You are right, lad.

Lotion Boy: Then what right did we have searching those papers?

Angry Man: You raise an intelligent question, Lotion Boy. You see, even with calling me a fascist he was only doing so by association to events in history and parts of the world that did not have relevance to his dastardly deeds. He was in a different vein of evil entirely. But, all veins of evil pump to the same cruel heart. The heart of blackness we are fighting. I was using it as a ruse to both determine his intelligence and his composure. If he had maintained his composure and brought up the point that you did just now I would have known he was a smarter criminal than the regular street thug or animal poacher. He would also have a better chance at seeming innocent to us. The fight against evil always takes wits, Lotion Boy. Something I am sure you will see more of.

Announcer: Deciding that it was a night of crime fighting fulfilled they stopped by the original teenage vandal and told him that there were better ways of battling injustice than by using injustice.

Angry Man: Just as it is useless to try to stop a raging flame with another.

Announcer: That teen was then reformed and forever on the side of good. The two returned back to their personal dwellings, in order to get the healthy amount of sustenance and sleep needed to maintain their daytime personas at the university. But, if you recall, last week we talked about a man in a factory. And for those of you tuning in just now, in this factory where a lonely worker was toiling away after hours there was a dark figure there as well. Hiding in the shadows.

(Music up and out)

Announcer: Here, in the factory sat Bogan Thawne, owner of Elias Plastics Company. The city's chief manufacturer of Plastic Mannequins, until recently when they went out of business due to the ever rising inflation on plastic parts for mannequins. But, that was just a ruse that the big corporations blamed him for. In actuality they wanted him out of business because he made mannequins that weren't reflections that big clothing companies wished to advertise. Bogan Thawne believed that mannequins should represent all peoples and were more than advertising banners. They were art, a plastic reflection of the human soul. In the city, with local businesses he was popular enough to be bought from, but not by the owners of international clothing stores. The man has a deeper story, dear listener, but it is one that will have to wait to be revealed. For, as all people you meet, the more time you spend around them the better you get to know them. And, by knowing them, you get a greater sense of how they became the way they were and how you reflect in their light of personality. Just remember to always believe in your personality as well. It is what makes you heroic like our two heroes Angry Man and Lotion Boy.

(Music up and out)

Announcer: Bogan Thawne was attending to another plastic sculpture. He lived in the factory and did all of his work there. His business may had gone bankrupt, but he had enough personal funds to keep the place running. All he did with his time was sculpt new Mannequins all day, every day. He did not much care for interacting with the outside world, he was a solitary man. But, if you were to approach him, he would not be discourteous or volatile toward the company of another person. He just preferred the solace in solitude, even more after having to shut down his company. He decided to care not for the opinions of the outside world and their marketable images, but to strive for happiness the rest of his life. One of the things he loved the most was the taste of brownies. It was his favorite dessert, and one of the things that made the plastic craftsman happy. He knew he had been eating too much of them recently, but he let the worry of it go. He could easily pick up exercise, he had nothing but time on his hands these days. What he didn't know, was that that the dark energy that had escaped from the Angry Labs, which caused the explosion giving Angry Man and Lotion Boy their powers, had recessed itself in the power generator of the factory, to feed. However, on its travel to the generator some of its dark energy had landed on the plate of brownies. This was not a mistake on the dark energy's part. It was planned out, and the humble Bogan Thawne was the test subject. The moment Bogan would take a bite of the brownie it would prove to the dark energy whether or not it could spread its power to other people and if brownies had the power they were rumored to in the prison it escaped from in deep space. Bogan took a bite and that was all the energy needed to see. Bogan at first did not realize the seed that had been planted by his consumption of the brownie. As for the dark energy, we will have to wait until next time to hear what the next deeds in his plot are. This week's episode is not over though. For, back with our heroes, quite the turn of events were unfolding.

(Music up and out)

Announcer: The following afternoon was the monthly ice cream social for Massage Therapy Undergraduate Majors at the University. It was here that a young, well rested and studied, Samuel Plier was at talks with the girl he had been going steady with, Karla Neville. The two enjoyed iced cream and the lovely spring weather. However, trouble was brewing when another student made his way for Sam and Karla.

Student: Hey there, pretty lady. You alone at this ice cream social?

Karla: Well, actually-

Student: I knew it. I guess I'll be your date.

Announcer: As the man put his arm around Karla, Sam immediately went on the offensive. He was about to politely interrupt and explain the situation, that Karla was actually his long time girlfriend. But, before he could, Karla who was a karate master flipped the student onto his back, all without doing an

ounce of damage of course. It was meant to stun him only, it was the words Karla spoke that had the real power.

Karla: That was not gentlemen like. You call yourself a Massage Therapist.

Announcer: And let that be a lesson to all of our male listeners. Never approach a woman like she is your property, such as this student did. Be respectful and courteous just like our heroes of this story. For, when Sam put his arm around Karla, it was because he had a long standing relationship with the female where doing such an action was more than in their comfort zone. And, if either of them had any issue with it due to some foul mood or bad day that could or couldn't have been the other one's fault, they would communicate it. Like a healthy couple. Just remember, if you objectify women that makes you a misogynist. And, a douche bag. Unfortunately, in this episode that is what we get to see of Karla. Because, the ice cream social socializing between the two came to an abrupt stop when Dr. Moren Tense of the Anger department at the University came by to call Samuel away. But, only after waiting patiently for Samuel and Karla to depart once he delivered the news in a polite way to respect the couple.

Moren: I do hate to pull you away from your monthly tradition of eating ice cream, Samuel. And for taking Sam away from you, Karla. Something has come up at the Angry Labs and we need all hands we can.

Karla: Of course, Doctor Tense, Sam can go with you. I will see him again on our own time.

Announcer: If you wish to know of the departing rituals of Karla and Sam then you should get to know them as closer friends really, but if you were a true friend to our heroes as I believe you are, you would respect that every couple should have their privacy.

(Music up and out)

Announcer: Our heroes were now at the Angry Labs.

Moren: I wouldn't have called you here away from Karla if it hadn't been important, Samuel.

Samuel: I understand, Angry Man. What is so important?

Announcer: With a wizz, the swivel chair behind Dr. Tense's desk swung around. Sitting in it was a man in a suit.

Security: Hello, men.

Samuel: Good evening, sir. Who might you be?

Security: Well, on the surface my name is Sesil Cural. But, I have a different identity altogether. Much like you do, Lotion Boy.

Samuel: Lotion Boy? Who is that?

Moren: Don't worry, Samuel. You can let down the ruse. Sesil is on our side.

Security: Sesil is only my daytime name. My true identity is Security!

Samuel: What do you mean your true identity? Don't you mean your alter ego?

Moren: Not quite, Sam. You see we were born in the beauty of being regular human beings later gifted with great strength. My ability to control my anger and let it out only when I need to, but uncontrollably so and your super lotion conjuring abilities are only recently acquired. Security has had his securing powers for as long as he can remember. Hence, his alter ego is Sesil Cural, humble secret service agent.

Samuel: Secret service? That means...

Announcer: From behind the swivel chair Security was sitting in, with a smooth motion, emerged none other than the President of the United States!

President: Hello, Lotion Boy.

Samuel: Holy Nationalism!

President: No need to salute me, young lad.

Samuel: I am in shock, Mr. President. If you don't mind me asking why were you waiting behind the chair like that?

President: You, of all people, should understand and appreciate the value of a dramatic and unexpected entrance.

Moren: Yes. An entrance that should be just as appreciated as when a long married couple accidentally conceive a child, but prepare for the life of parenthood ahead of them. For the love of themselves, each other, and their new creation.

Samuel: Do you have any children, Doctor?

Moren: No.

President: Your companion against crime speaks true, Lotion Boy. I knew you wouldn't have any faith in my credentials if I didn't set up such a dramatic entrance.

Samuel: Why are they here, Doctor? You're not here to try to shut us down are you?

Moren: Easy, Samuel. Listen to his words before you react. For right now you are being baking soda mixed with vinegar without the vinegar. The only reactant you have is the imaginary vinegar of surprise that so aptly yields a similar result. President has done so the same way we do to the city's criminals.

(SFX inspirational music)

President: And that is what I want to talk to you about, Samuel. We see the good that you are doing in the microcosm of the the macrocosm of the universe that is this city and we want you to continue that good. For the universe is built upon small bits and each have to be worked on one by one. Progress is slow, but eventually all of the universe can be turned to a force of good. Not that it isn't a force of good already, but the world that we know of in the least does have it's wrong. A wrong we will not tolerate. Only understand and respect, as everyone has some bad in their life. We still pursue our goal of making it good. We always will. And, with your help, we can do just that. A first step, if you will.

Samuel: But, Mr. President, surely a man of your caliber understands that we are just parts of nature, not separate from it. We all partake and make up nature.

President: Which is exactly why we should try to make a world that works. One that is never built to hurt others or monopolize. It is what we do for America, and with the origin point of figuring out our own problems of who we are we can have the tools necessary to help others. And, if other countries learn more about themselves with or without our help and are happy then we can both co-exist in beautiful harmony! As long as we respect the universe for the beauty it is and take down those that wish to control it, like the common street thug. The United States wants to recruit you as fully authorized agents to do all you can, with the help of your powers, to bring justice and respect to the city. We will fully fund your efforts. All you have to do is accept. If you do not wish to, we understand. It is not in everybody's nature to believe in the government and we respect that, but if we are not bound by legalities as partners I cannot assist you or prevent any other enforcers of the law from getting to you.

Announcer: With too golden an opportunity ahead of them, the two heroes agreed to the terms of the President and his ever trusty sidekick, Security. They started by setting up sensors around the city. They got their first sign of trouble using the slightly altered equipment left over from the Patriot Act.

President: As a good leader, I must find way to be economical with equipment that exists, but never to let it be used for the negative purposes it was built for. Positive energy can will-out any instrument! The man who built this

equipment was not a real American! They were a false ruse. One that will never befall our people as long as I am here.

Angry Man: Don't worry, Mr. President. Negativity and liars sometime get the better of us all temporarily, but never permanently. The truth always comes out.

Announcer: They made their way to the trouble. Which just so happened to be at the shut down factory owned by Elias Plastics Company. They knocked on the front door and were greeted by a kind and humble man by the name of Bogan Thawne. His hair was unkempt, his dress shirt untucked, tie askew, and back hunched as he had just been spending more hours working on more mannequins.

Bogan: Gentlemen, goodness what outfits! If it is Halloween already I am afraid I've lost track of more time than I thought.

Angry Man: Not even, kind citizen. We are Agents of the Government and Masked Vigilantes. We were doing one of our regular patrols and got an unusual power reading from this facility. We just want to take a look inside to see if we can scuff it out if the source is evil. Nothing to worry about.

Bogan: Well then, by all means.

(SFX of footsteps)

Bogan: Your voice sounds familiar. Mister... what was it? Angry Man?

Lotion Boy: Hey - you may want to watch out. Your brownie crumbs might stain your shirt. I don't bring it up to be outward or rude, I just wouldn't want you to deal with the frustration of staining your suit. I of all people know what that is like.

Bogan: And who are you?

Lotion Boy: Lotion Boy, sidekick to my partner in crime fighting Angry Man.

Bogan: Goodness, me. You are professional. Well by all means do what you can.

Angry Man: Thank you, kind sir. I would do you the favor of taking off my mask and shaking your hand, but I have to keep my identity secret. For the safety of all around me.

Announcer: After inspecting the factory closely, they came to the source of the energy. In the power generator room.

Lotion Boy: Holy electrical socket, Angry Man, look at the size of this generator.

Bogan: It really is too bad my factory was shut down.

Angry Man: You mean this haven for beautiful plastic sculptures was shut down? Why? You made mannequins that reflect how people actually look. Not what the mass media image that is projected to keep a certain mindset, outlook, and style strangling customers. I swear, after I clean up this city the next battle will be privatized business corporations.

Bogan: That is exactly why I was closed down. None of the big chains wanted to buy from me and only the big chains can keep a business running these days. So, I work here, on my own. I have enough to live here, power here, and fulfil my life's passion of sculpting mannequins regardless of what the outside world thinks.

Lotion Boy: But, you should challenge their system.

Angry Man: Easy lad, for every person is just trying to do their best to stay afloat. I think it is more important for our friend here to just be happy than to be running a business. And happiness should be the first thing sought for in life, not just a means to get by. We fight crime for the betterment of ourselves, and the city. So that everyone can be happy. We must never sacrifice our happiness in the process though.

Lotion: Right!

Angry Man: Now this generator is giving off strange amounts of pressure on the valves. Pressure very similar to that of the accident a few weeks ago at the University I am sure you heard about Mr. Thawne. I read the reports of the accident in the news. Well, just to be safe I think we should evacuate the building. Just long enough to understand what exactly is-

Announcer: But, with a flash of light the systems on the generator starting failing and the valves pressure readers started rising, even higher than the day of the accident.

Angry Man: Lotion Boy, take Bogan and get out of here! I can use my tensed muscles to stop the blast from spreading, but you need to clear the building just in case.

Bogan: No, my life's work. I cannot leave it!

Angry Man: If you leave now I can save it, Bogan. But, you must get out of here first. If I get too angry with you still in the room who knows what I might do? Lotion Boy, find me after the blast.

Announcer: And so, Lotion Boy and Bogan made their escape from the building. Angry Man positioned himself next to the generator and let his anger out in order to tense his muscles so tight that they would take all of the blast. He

grounded himself and became a tough, strained, spasming structure of tissue. It was here that the dark energy made its escape to the power lines just above the alley where Lotion Boy and Bogan were. The blast went off, and Angry Man could have absorbed it all, if it had not felt to him that his powers were cancelling out. As if a dark energy was spreading through the factory. Angry Man did not lose enough tension to be hurt, but the factory was now on fire and Angry Man was too stressed out to be moved. Outside of the factory, Lotion Boy got a call on his wrist watch radio from the ever faithful teaching assistant Felicity.

Felicity: Lotion Boy, Angry Man is trapped inside next to the generator his muscles are too tight to move. You have to go in and help him.

Announcer: Lotion Boy went to tell Bogan to stay put as he made his attempt to rescue Angry Man, but Bogan was gone. He saw him disappear into the flames of the building to save his plastic creations. Lotion Boy, while stressed himself, didn't let his logic be lost. He knew the best way to douse the flames would be to save Angry Man first, for he could pull in water lines with his great strength. But, Lotion Boy could test out just how infinite his supply of Lotion was by using it to douse the flames, but knew that if he tried before getting to Angry Man he ran the risk of tiring himself out. He made on his way in. Bogan could not be found, to search for him would be to lose time that could have been used in saving Angry Man to save all three. Lotion Boy found Angry Man in a knot on the floor. Using just the right amount of Lotion, not enough to make him lose his Anger but enough to give him his strength, Angry Man went to work on bringing in water lines as Lotion Boy went to dousing the flames he could while searching for Bogan.

(Music up and out)

Lotion Boy: Bogan! Bogan!

Angry Man: The fires have been doused lad, but I cannot find him. He must have made it out.

Announcer: All of a sudden they heard rubble moving. From it came the figure of Bogan Thawne. However, he did not look like his whole self. Plastic had melted onto him and it looked like one of his legs and one of his arms had been replaced entirely by those of Mannequins. He stumbled forward.

Angry Man: Quick, Lotion Boy. We need to get this poor soul to a hospital.

Ponchik: You let them all get destroyed.

Angry Man: I apologize for that, Mr. Thawne. I did not intend for it.

Ponchik: Bogan Thawne is gone. He left with the mannequins. Say hello to Ponchik!

Announcer: Ponchik made a run for Angry Man, Lotion Boy saw this and shot his lotion for the man who just minutes prior was going by the name Bogan Thawne. Ponchik raised a hand and the lotion stopped in mid air. He turned to Angry Man and without so much as lifting a finger, raised him into the air.

Ponchik: You do not know how much trouble you just found yourself in, Hero.

Announcer: There Angry Man floated, incapable of moving and not even due to his straining muscles. Lotion Boy, frozen with the lotion that was caught in the air. And, the former Bogan Thawne, now going by the mysterious new name "Ponchik". A man that only moments ago was so kind to our heroes. Outside the factory, residing in the power lines and watching through the window, the dark energy was rejoicing at what he saw.

(Music up and out)

Announcer: What will happen next week? What will become of our heroes? The suspense rises, the relationships build, and the tension becomes ever tighter in next week's episode of The Adventures of Angry Man and Lotion Boy Show!

(Music up and out)

Announcer: This five-episode event "The Adventures of Angry Man and Lotion Boy" is written and directed by Logan Rodgers. It stars...

Episode 3 - The League of Evil Russian Pastries Rises.

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, The Adventures of Angry Man and Lotion Boy Show.

(Music up and out)

Announcer: When we last left our heroes they were frozen in the grips of a man who was part plastic mannequin and part man. He was introduced only moments earlier to the duo as Bogan Thawne, owner of the recently shut down Elias Plastics Company. He was now going by the name of Ponchik, and our heroes were powerless to him in this moment.

Angry Man: Mr. Thawne, please. I was doing my best to save your factory. My heart crumbles at the thought of all that plastic gone away.

Ponchik: Your heart crumbles, Angry Man? Well mine melts. My life's work was in there.

Lotion Boy: But, if we had not come when we did you might not have been saved!

Ponchik: Saved? All I ever cared for were my plastic creations and now you have taken that from me.

Angry Man: I see that you are Angry. Believe me, I know what anger feels like. Please, Bogan, let us help you. Look down at your arm, do you realize the damage the third degree searing to the skin like that can do?

Announcer: What Angry Man did not know was that the sear of plastic covering on his arm was not a sear at all.

Ponchik: That is my arm! I have finally become what I always loved, a plastic creation! I was born in the melting bodies of my beloved sculpted brethren. Maybe, if you didn't come along I could have had the same fate as my brothers, but now that I am here I will never stop on my crusade to for equality of all plastics. For their portrayal in stores, for their recycling for glorious repurpose, and for their right not to be left in the slums that is the city's dump! Stay out of my way, Angry Man. For, right now our quarrel is just beginning and you would be wise to heed my warning. If you do not come in my way, I will not come in the way of yours. And as for you, Liquidy Lad of Lotion, you best make sure you keep your friend on a tight leash.

Announcer: At this Ponchik released Lotion Boy, who fell to the ground with hardly the strength to move. With a flick of the wrist, he made Angry Man tense all of his muscles so tight that movement was not possible. Then he let the Master of Anger go. He fell to the ground like an Anvil.

Ponchik: Don't try to follow me. If you try to before helping your friend he won't be able to move for weeks, no matter how much lotion you use.

Announcer: And, with a great leap, Ponchik disappeared over the tops of the buildings and off into the distance. Luckily Lotion Boy was able to get his crime fighting companion lubricated and lax before he became too tense. Lotion Boy ran over to Angry Man, pointed his hands at the Anger connoisseur and let his lotion conjuring abilities fly. It was more lotion than he had to have created than before, but even after fighting all the fires that he did Lotion Boy could feel no strain on him. After Angry Man had been untensed and well doused, Lotion Boy fell over not from too much lotion expulsion, but from tiredness of the night's events. Angry Man sat up and his wrist watch radio went off.

Felicity: Angry Man, your vitals are dropping to deep trance relaxed. You have absorbed too much lotion. You have no way out of there on your own. I'm alerting Security.

Angry Man: Thank you, Felicity. It is true, Lotion Boy just hit me with enough lotion to stop the angriest giraffe. And then some. We mustn't let that much time between lotion massages and my rages again if we are going to win against crime.

Announcer: But, just as he said that, a group of nearby street thugs encroached upon the two heroes.

Thug 1: Well, whaddaya know? It's Angry Boy and Lotion Man. They put half my gang in jail last week.

Thug 2: Yeah, and three weeks ago he helped a little old lady across the street before I could mug her.

Thug 3: And don't forget his sidekick, Lotion Boy. My skin has been dry for years and he hasn't helped me for nuttin'.

Thug 1: Then let's repay the favors, boys.

Announcer: Unbeknownst to the criminals, Security was waiting in stealth around the corner.

Security: Don't worry Angry Man and Lotion Boy, these thugs are no chance for the fighting spirit of patriotism. My Eaglerang should do the trick.

Announcer: Just as the gang of street thugs approached the relaxed heroes, a boomerang shaped like an American Eagle came flying in and hit all the street thugs atop the head rendering them unconscious. From a zipline came flying in Security.

Security: You shall not fear Caped Heroes, for Security is here to secure your safety.

Angry Man: Just like the most secure harness while ziplining or rock climbing.

Lotion Boy: Or, the most devoted fireman's knot that helps him lift his companions out of harms way.

Security: Which is just what I am here to do, Lotion Boy! Stay where you are and don't try to move as I get those ropes around you.

Announcer: And with great haste Security fastened the most expert of knots not known to anyone, but him, around the duo. Then, from over the buildings, came the President's helicopter that the president was flying himself!

President: A good president must never be afraid or too busy to put in a bit of their own manual labor! Especially when the safety of not just the city, but the safety of our first line of defense that isn't the army! I cannot comment on my personal thoughts of the army though. That's classified.

Announcer: Security fastened the ropes tied to Angry Man and Lotion Boy to the helicopter and the team took off back to the headquarters of the Angry Lab.

(Music up and out)

Announcer: A confused and scared Bogan Thawne, or Ponchik depending on your perspective, went running over the city's rooftops. He stopped on one that collapsed inward with a crash. After falling on the floor inside the building he spotted a sign that read "This building proudly roofed by ChemiKa Organic Roofing". The plastic-man hybrid looked at his arm and saw that it had cracked down the middle, being that it was made of pure plastic. On some new natural instinct he had not realized, he looked around and found some discarded tubeware. Upon touching it, his cracked plastic arm absorbed the flexible plastic improperly discarded of. The cracked areas smoothed over and were good as new. He fell back to the floor, and started to weep. He wept for the factory he lost, the mannequins melted, and for the ununderstood changes that had happened to his body. It was like puberty had accelerated itself through his body three times over and violently shoved itself through twenty thousand rolls of bubble wrap where all the bubbles had already been popped. Except it was hard plastic instead of the packing protection that bubble wrap gives without the screeching annoyance of packing peanuts.

Domovoy: Surprising, isn't it?

Announcer: A voice rung throughout the room, but Ponchik - or Bogan Thawne - had no idea where it came from. He dried his eyes, for it is natural that one who had been through so much to be crying. And crying always happens because of a reaction in the body. The beautiful actions that occur being a part of nature! Even though Bogan Thawne was now part plastic, do not forget plastic is a part of nature too, Educated listener.

Ponchik: Who goes there? If you have plans to hurt me, do not attempt. I am leaving, but if you attempt regardless you will regret it.

Announcer: The voice laughed.

Domovoy: Oh, dear Ponchik. I am not here to hurt. I am here to help.

Ponchik: I don't want help. I want to be left alone.

Domovoy: You want plastic. You want plastic perfection.

Ponchik: I had that. It was just taken from me.

Domovoy: I can give it back. I can give you more.

Announcer: Ponchik did not believe this voice. Yet, it had some strange calling to him. He felt an electric energy about it.

Domovoy: I can give you back your ability to sculpt plastic as you feel, give you the power to go after those that did you wrong in shutting down your factory. If you stick with me I can give you the ability to raise your own plastic army.

Ponchik: Even if I believed you, why should I do it? I can be happy on my own... why I... I can finally be one with what I always wanted to be! As a man, all I wanted was to be a man with his mannequins, but now that this has happened I have been reborn as a man... nequin!

Announcer: It just now hit Ponchik that he was now the plastic that he always wished to be. He actually found great joy in this. All he needed now was a place to be in solitude and to craft as much plastic as he wished. Who knows what this new found ability would bring? The voice radiating a dark energy knew and he had other plans. All of a sudden Ponchik was being raised into the air, much like what he had done to Angry Man earlier in the episode.

Domovoy: You will listen, and listen well.

Announcer: The words he spoke were too terrible for Ponchik to imagine. What they were, you will have to keep listening to find out!

(Music up and out)

Announcer: The night had proven too much physical bearance on the new founded heroes whose bodies weren't fully adapted to the amount of exercise they needed for an escapade such as that one.

Moren: For, it is imperative that we begin to exercise every day to train our bodies and our minds.

Announcer: The Doctor of Anger told the laxed lad of lotion, who was in just as deep a relaxation trance as him that it made their jaws hard to move. Security brought the two back to their respective homes for at least eight hours of bedrest and the properly balanced meal. When Samuel woke up in his dorm room there came a knock at his door.

Karla: Sam, it's me.

Announcer: It was Karla, whom Sam was the boyfriend of. She had come by after classes were cancelled across the University for the day. The night previous a

factory across the city had exploded and as result, power lines were failing across the city. What Karla didn't know was that the ever studios and dedicated Samuel Plier was actually Lotion Boy, and that he had been at the scene of the accident the night before.

Samuel: Karla, I will be right there.

Announcer: Luckily for Sam, before he had been tucked away ever so kindly in his sheets by Security, he had used his super securing powers to change him out of his super hero uniform and into his regular clothes. In fact, Sam woke up perfectly dressed and showered. All the better, he knew that because of Security's powers he did it all without encroaching upon Sam's decency. A Security worthy of the President indeed!

Samuel: Hey, Karla, come on in.

Karla: Sam, all classes have been cancelled today. The power lines are failing around campus, a factory exploded downtown. Luckily, no one was hurt in the blast. And, it gives us the luxury of a day off if you can afford it. If not, I understand because we all have a lot going on right now as the studios, responsible, upholding people that are the student populous of college students who always make the right choice.

Samuel: I'd love to, Karla. Shall we go to breakfast?

Karla: Sam, it's nearly 12:30.

Samuel: Oops, I guess I lost track of time studying. Lunch then?

Announcer: And so the two departed campus and made their way to Starjammers, a local pizzeria that had a science fiction theme to it. For, they both loved the youthful eternalness that is a pizzeria and the mind provoking conundrums of ingenuity that is the science fiction genre. As the two sat down, waiting to order their mozzarella and tomato sauce covered baked dough to arrive they enjoyed the other's company and the creative waiters flying around them, in the organized chaos that is food service, dressed in science fiction related garb. Some were evil doctors, others aliens, a good portion of them were even dressed as Super heroes.

Karla: Goodness, look at all of the characters. They must be busy today.

Waiter: Yes, Ma'am. We are one of the few buildings not greatly affected by the power outages. It makes them all hungry for our pizza! What can I get for you?

Karla: We will take the Galactic Guardian pizza, large. With two Pan Galactic Gargle Blasters.

Waiter: Alright, I'll have that right out for you.

Karla: You know, even though school being closed today does put a stop to our ability to gain more knowledge to use upon our graduation so that we can become well working, high functioning, members of society I appreciate the break. It is always good to have one in order to keep perspective.

Samuel: I agree. I think a break today is just what I need. I think I slept weird last night.

Karla: Bad dreams? Couldn't get to sleep?

Samuel: No, I slept like a log. I just feel out of sorts, like when you take a nap responsibly at five pm so you can be awake for the midnight movie you and your friends are going to, but upon waking up you just feel weird. Like your brain wasn't expecting to rest at that particular moment of the day. Oh well, I just want to relax.

Announcer: Right as Sam said that, out of the corner of his eye he saw two men roughly his age stroll into the pizza place and cut in line to the front. And the management didn't see it because they were busy assisting an elderly customer nobly and like a good manager should do. The people's words of protest fell on deaf ears to the two hoodlums. Sam knew he could set that right. But, he couldn't use his powers in so public a place and with Karla sitting so near by. He excused himself politely from the table and made his way to the restroom which was close to the direction the two punks had come from. He could overhear their conversation.

Punk 1: Hehe the management will never catch these dine and dashers. You brought the tupperware?

Punk 2: You know it. It's gonna be free pizza for the next few nights.

Sam: Hooligans. I will not stand idly by.

Announcer: As Sam was passing he shot some lotion from his hands over the ground behind them, he then shot more right on their feet. The two took another step to try to cut into the pizzeria and stumbled backward. The lubrication of the lotion to the texture of their shoes sent them flying to the back of the line where they had to wait patiently like customer-code-of-conduct-following customers should behave. Sam didn't want to the two to not get their pizza. He just would not stand by as such hooligans tried to get their way without following the rules everyone else did. For their rights ended where others began, and Samuel being the disguised crime fighter he was, always fought for the rights of everyone! Sam approached the Manager.

Sam: Excuse me, are you the manager?

Manager: Yes, I am.

Sam: There are two people at the back of the line who are planning to dine and dash and steal a good deal of pizza in tuboware. I overheard them on my way in. I just thought you should know. I don't mean to be a snitch, but I appreciate the finer ends of running a business. I used to work food service myself to help pay for school.

Manger: Thank you, sir. We will keep our ears out. Can I offer you a free pizza on us? As a thank you.

Announcer: Sam humbly refused and took his seat with Karla again.

Karla: Sam, while you were gone the pizza arrived.

Samuel: Oh, thank goodness. I felt like I'd just slip over onto the ground because I was so hungry.

Karla: So, Samuel, have you been reading the papers? They say that the city might have some superheroes in it now. Real life, actual super heroes.

Samuel: Wow... I...

Announcer: Sam, found himself in a pickle he had never thought of before. Sitting here now, with his long term girlfriend, he hadn't thought of the fact that he had been keeping his night time escapades a secret from her. He never even thought the press would catch on. With lack of knowing what to say he just sat there in silence. When all of a sudden his wrist watch radio went off! It was Felicity Lawrence, the ever faithful Teaching Assistant to Doctor Moren Tense Ph. D holder in Anger Studies at the University.

Samuel: Felicity, I am afraid you caught me at a bad time, I am on a date with Karla right now.

Felicity: I know, that is why I am calling you. I can hear in your voice that you are shocked and have never realized that you are leading a double life secret from your girlfriend.

Samuel: Holy clarity, Felicity! You just made sense out of the whirlwind in my head. The power that a clear mind from a party candidate outside of a situation cannot be measured. But, I think I feel bad. I tell Karla everything.

Felicity: Sam, it is only logical that you should feel torn, but you should realize that you are very new at being Lotion Boy and don't realize the full implications that come from being so. You feel a strong sense of morality in fighting crime and it is a noble thing, but you also feel a strong need for honesty in your relationship with Karla. My suggestion consists of two points. You should talk to Angry Man about it for once you reveal your identity to her surely she will know his. The second is that you need to work out what is going

inside of you before you take action. Give it time. You know that Karla will always stand by you. How do you think she would feel if she found out you were Lotion Boy?

Samuel: I'd hope proud. No, I know she would be proud. She is supportive of me, who I am, and shares the same passion for using whatever we can for the good of the microcosm that the Earth and humankind is to the macrocosm of the universe so that one day harmony and understanding come to all. The tallest giraffe or the smallest bacteria. Thank you, Felicity. We can always count on you.

Karla: Sam, who were you talking to on your wrist watch radio? Are you called to the lab again?

Samuel: Not even, Karla. Felicity, Dr. Tense's TA, was just letting me know that our tutoring session would not happen today on behalf of the power outage.

Announcer: On the TV set in the restaurant a news report came on.

Reporter: Last night there was an explosion as Elias Plastics, an abandoned mannequin factory, is no more. No one was harmed in the blast, but security cameras across the street did capture this image.

Announcer: And on screen was an image of Angry Man and Lotion Boy squaring off against Ponchik. Right before the three had been frozen in place.

Reporter: None of the identities of these people have been identified, but from the looks of their garb it looks like a comic-book like standoff between superheroes and a super villain. Stayed tuned for more.

Karla: That's what I was talking about. Who is the one to the right of the big man with the muscles. What an interesting costume...

Sam: I don't know. Maybe it's just some people playing dress up. Dangerous to do so next to a freshly exploded factory.

Karla: Hmm... Oh well, let's dig in.

Announcer: And so the two enjoyed the rest of their day together. We will leave them in polite, respectful, privacy. As I am sure you would like if you were on a date. For now, we will see what was brewing in the office of an oval shape that belonged to none other than... you guessed it... the President!

(Music up and out)

President: We know that you did not intentionally cause this power outage, Angry Man. But, we cannot have damages like this again. We were lucky that the ever reliable power systems of the city were able to shut down the generators before a true catastrophe happened, and auxiliary power is keeping the town running while repairs are underway.

Angry Man: I agree, President. However, I do not think the cause of the blast came from any of us. Certainly not Lotion Boy or I, not even Bogan Thawne - or Ponchik depending on who you think he really is. I did some research back at my Angry Labs and I realized a similarity between that accident and the accident that gave Lotion Boy and I our super powers.

President: A similarity?!

Angry Man: Yes, of its origin's intent I know not. What I do know is that the coincidence is too great to write off as just a coincidence. Before the Angry Gas exploded in the Anger Labs there was a great fluctuation in the pressure valves and then they dropped to stable pressures. All of a sudden the gas exploded just seconds after stabilizing. The same happened with the generator at Elias Plastics. I was able to stabilize its electrical outputs, but then seconds later it exploded. I think there is more at work here than what meets the eye.

President: What ever could it be? Is it a threat? It seems like it with all of these explosions happening where it goes.

Angry Man: I followed the energy formulas and ran it through the Anger bases. I found that the electrical patterns it corresponds with are similar to those in an asteroid upon impact. The kind it carries with it from deep space. Always causing power outages and the such with its presence.

President: So, it is alien then...

Angry Man: If my hypothesis is correct, then yes. It would seem that we were the first exposed to this alien life form. First contact between the great race of mankind and the unknown. Think of the potential at our fingertips.

President: As President of this great nation, I am obligated to learn more. Angry Man, whatever you can do please do. Do not be aggressive with it though, if it does end up being alien. This is a first connection with another microcosm in our beautiful macrocosm of the universe.

Angry Man: Of course, Mr. President. I will be as delicate as a gardener with their tomatoes, as a florist with their flowers, as a ring bearer with the wedding ring. I, with Lotion Boy, we will investigate. I was able to locate where its current position is. Its in an abandoned building that was condemned after we exposed the evil plots of ChemiKa organic roofing. The fiend, using the beauty and resourceful opportunity of applying organic products that nurture ourselves as well as our environment. We will start there, sir.

President: I want Security to join you on this one. We'll never know what could happen until it does.

Angry Man: No, President. A great leader must always be safe. Do not risk yours for ours. We will be fine.

President: If you say so, Angry Man.

Angry Man: Never fear, Mr. President. For Angry Man and Lotion Boy are on the case.

(Music up and out)

Announcer: As Sam was leaving the front door of Karla's apartment, Lotion Boy was making his way back to his own place for some time to relax before donning the Lotion Boy costume. It was beginning to get dark, but he knew he had some time before the curtain of night fell completely. When, he got a call on his wrist watch radio.

Moren: Sam, it's Doctor Tense. Meet me in ten minutes at the coordinates I am sending you. And, don't be yourself.

Announcer: Realizing that duty was calling, Sam quickly changed into his Lotion Boy attire. He made his way to the coordinates by means of riding a wave of lotion. A trick he had only recently discovered. And, it did not leave any marks or refuse of the relaxing liquid because Lotion Boy had such great control over it that he could use it in circumvention, as to recycle. Always to recycle! Protect the environment, or else you are no better than the scum like ChemiKa!

(Music up and out)

Announcer: When Lotion Boy got to the coordinates he found Angry Man waiting for him.

Angry Man: I am glad you understood my hidden message, Lotion Boy. For being not yourself meant to not be who you are during the day hours at this meeting. Be that person underneath and be proud, but dawn your costume with just as much pride.

Lotion Boy: I'm here, Angry Man!

Announcer: So, Angry Man brought Sam up to speed on how they were investigating an electrical surge that was similar to the ones during the past two accidents. They entered a building with a collapsed roof. The lights were going on in full power.

Lotion Boy: I don't understand, Angry Man. All the lights are fully functional in this place, but it has long since been abandoned after we put ChemiKa behind bars, and since the people working here lost all their jobs because of it.

Angry Man: Worry not on them, Lotion Boy. The funds ChemiKa had stashed away reimbursed all of them and insured he would have none so he would have to go to prison without a means to bribe his way out. However, for those that could not win in court, our great unemployment system would have their backs. No matter what! The President said so!

Lotion Boy: Holy wise insight, Angr-

Announcer: All of a sudden, when Lotion Boy was just about to compliment, agree, and cherish his friend he fell over on the ground. Unable to move.

Angry Man: No need to pre-emptively compliment me, lad... Lad? Lotion Boy! What is the issue!? Please get up!

Announcer: Then, down the hallway they were standing in came a laughter.

Ponchik: You cannot help him now. He is under his control.

Angry Man: Ponchik! Let him go! Neither one of us had any clue you were here. We are investigating a strange power reading we picked up.

Ponchik: I know all about what you are talking about. And, so does he.

Angry Man: Who?

Announcer: Angry Man looked at Ponchik's hands. They looked as if they had been covered in chocolate batter.

Angry Man: Who?!

Ponchik: Him!

Announcer: From behind Ponchik came a seven foot tall figure shaped like a man. It had a head, eyes, nose, mouth, and an entire body. However, this figure was made entirely out of what looked and smelled like freshly baked brownies.

Domovoy: Me, Domovoy!

Ponchik: Forget not! I have a sidekick now as well, Angry Man. More of a companion or a partner, than a sidekick. Say hello to Womannequin!

Womannequin: Hello, I am Womannequin.

Ponchik: Plastic perfection if I ever knew it. Say hello to the League of Evil Russian Pastries.

Announcer: What is this? Has Ponchik made a full conversion to evil? Who is this Domovoy that Ponchik seems to have met? What of this strange new plastic woman named Womannequin? How will Angry Man react? Lotion Boy is rendered unconscious and Angry Man can feel himself losing control on holding his Anger in with all the excitement. What does this all mean? What is the League of Evil Russian Pastries? Find out what happens to our heroes on next weeks episode of The Adventures of Angry Man and Lotion Boy show!

(Music up and out)

Announcer: This five-episode event "The Adventures of Angry Man and Lotion Boy" is written and directed by Logan Rodgers. It stars...

Episode 4 - Ponchik to the Past.

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, The Adventures of Angry Man and Lotion Boy Show.

(Music up and out)

Announcer: Last time on the Adventures of Angry Man and Lotion Boy Show, our heroes found themselves in a whole new conundrum. Across from them stood the old operator of Elias Plastics, who after a factory explosion became part plastic, Bogan Thawne. Or, as he was referring to himself now... as... Ponchik! To Ponchik's right stood a seven foot tall man who was made entirely out of the dessert food Brownies! He was going by the name... Domovoy! Then, donning a body made of pure living plastic was Ponchik's new found sidekick, Womannequin. Lotion Boy was unconscious on the floor for unknown reasons to Angry Man, one of the two heroes of our story, rendering Angry Man almost powerless. For, when he unleashed his anger due to an accidental mass blast of Anger Gas that he absorbed giving him the ability to perform superhuman feats once Angry. His one weakness was that the longer he was angry the tighter his muscles got, until

the point where they were so tight he could not move. He would be helpless in his fight against crime if it weren't for his sidekick, Lotion Boy! Lotion Boy got his powers in the same accident as Angry Man. When the gas exploded and Angry Man absorbed all of it, the impact from all the pressure of the exploding gas valves knocked Samuel Plier, the Massage Therapist Major, into a vat of experimental living lotion bacteria. The bacteria grafted itself into Samuel's DNA to where he can now produce mass amounts of lotion from any pore on his body on command. This came in mighty use to the crime fighting duo. Whenever Angry Man tensed up too much there was Lotion Boy to hit him with lotion and massage the pressure points that would release his muscles to resume his fight against crime. If trouble was about to be afoot here with Ponchik and his new crew Angry Man would have to be in extra careful control of his powers. For, without Lotion Boy he could only last a few minutes before being rendered completely immobile.

Angry Man: Bogan, please. We don't want anyone to get hurt. We are here to stand for good.

Ponchik: Good, Angry Man? What fun has good ever brought? I lived a life full of being good and that brought me a collapsed factory. From here forth I will be on my own side. The side of Ponchik!

Angry Man: Very well, Bogan. Very well. As long as you are not going to be on the side against good. I can appreciate that you are going through a harsh time and that I am not the person you wish to see. However, I am on my own mission, as you are on your own to understand and heal - I am on one to heal the city that is the microcosm of the universe's macrocosm. If you will just stand aside so that I can get my sidekick to safety.

Ponchik: Your sidekick will not be moving anytime soon. And you, Angry Man, aren't either.

Announcer: At a raise of his plastic arm Angry Man fell to the floor much in the fashion Lotion Boy's did. Once he was incapacitated on the ground, the three who referred to themselves as The League of Evil Russian Pastries circled around our two heroes.

Angry Man: Why... are you Russian? I don't hear any accents. Except for you, Womannequin.

Ponchik: Fool. The name automatically spreads fear in America. Ponchik in Russian means Donut, try to guess Domovoy's, and Womannequin has a Russian accent. Regardless that none of us hail from Russia. The association alone will drive fear into the psyche of peoples the country over. And as for the Russians, they won't be able to do a thing. After we take over everything!

Womannequin: What should we do with these costumed clowns?

Domovoy: Get rid of them. They will only be thorns in our sides on our quest to take over the city. We will leave them here, if they come after us again then we will deal with them. For now, we have a President to visit. When they catch up, they will watch.

Announcer: But, as the three made their way to the street where they would find the President and make their ridiculous demands for control another hero in the story came flying in.

Security: Not so fast.

Announcer: It was Security! The guard and friend to the President. He had been listening on the wrist watch radios Angry Man and Lotion Boy both had. Once the President had been threatened it was his duty to interfere. He made his way there by the Security-Secret-High-Speed-Jellopy that only he and the President knew about. He stood across from the villains. Domovoy smiled.

Ponchik: Who is this? Another vigilante? Come then, I just disposed of two.

Security: You criminals! You dastardly fiends! You dessert covered bitter villains! Do not go one step more. Turn yourselves in and I swear you will hear mercy from me. If you do not, then prepare to be subdued!

Ponchik: Ha! We will see about that.

Announcer: Unknown to Security, even to Angry Man and Lotion Boy, the words spoken by Ponchik were not his own. They were the words of someone else in the League of Evil Russian Pastries. Dear listener, more will be explained on that later. I assure you. For right now, the tension in the air was so tight it could be cut with a knife. The three villains made their move in for Security, but Security being well trained in the act of securing security evaded all their attacks. He brought down his trained biceps attached to his elbows on top of the creature made of brownies. It disintegrated upon impact.

Security: Oh, the weakness of foundation that is building your entire diet off of sweets. It will reek only the worst havoc on healthy digestion!

Lotion Boy: I guess that was a bittersweet ending for our fudgy foe, Angry Man!

Announcer: This left only Ponchik and Womannequin. Security made his way towards the two, who immediately took off to flee. As Security closed in, Ponchik turned around and started shooting plastic blocks from his hands at Security. A power unknown to us, the listeners and to our heroes, that Ponchik had. Security hit one of these blocks and stumbled over onto the pavement with a thud. It seemed as if the two were to get away. To do who knows what dastardly deeds. Then from the rooftops came flying in on a platform of Lotion were the ever steadfast in their fight against crime heroes known as Angry Man and Lotion Boy!

Angry Man: Never fear, Security, we will get the two fiends.

Security: But, how did you two get out of the building?

Angry Man: Explanations can wait, it is now time for justice.

Lotion Boy: Angry Man, get angry I am going to throw you at Ponchik and I will get Womannequin.

Angry Man: Right, lad. Bombs away!

Announcer: And with a great exertion using the platform of Lotion they were soaring on Angry Man was hurled toward Ponchik. While in mid flight he let all of the Anger he could muster out. With a shrill that could only be defined as heroic, manly, and full of all the ire only a raging bull angry who lost his bag of peanuts could be - he landed atop Ponchik, so tensed up that none could move. Lotion Boy closed in on Womannequin.

Lotion Boy: Stop right there, Plastic Miss. I wish to dissuade from any potential future criminal acts!

Womannequin: Never, you dogooder! You know nothing of the power of Womannequin!

Announcer: And with a great turn, the woman mannequin sent both her arms in a rocket like fashion shooting off toward Lotion Boy. Conjuring up great amounts of lotion he shot down both of them.

Lotion Boy: You have been disarmed, Womannequin! Stop right there, or... Great scotch!

Announcer: As Lotion Boy spoke these words Womannequin magically regrew her arms out of some discarded, littered, water bottles. The plastic the bottles were made of were absorbed and converted into her mannequin-plastic-tendered flesh. Like that of the most efficient green energy converter that uses corn oil instead of fossil fuels. And, let this instance be a lesson to any who wish to pollute and litter our environment with your refuse irresponsibly. You might just be what fuels evils ability to fight good. But, you may not have known so you are forgiven. This time.

Womannequin: Prepare Lotion Boy!

Announcer: Then, the plastic arm that had just formed changed itself into a great plastic sword, but not the kind of sword you may have played around with as a child pretending to be a pirate on the seven seas taking all the gold you could find to start a country with fair governance and a working economy. No, this sword was the kind you used for fighting. In this case, not just fighting! Womannequin was readying to cut Lotion Boy's arms clean off.

Womannequin: I think it is you that is about to be disarmed!

Announcer: She lunged for the Lad of Lotion who realized what her pun was going to pertain. So, he quickly made all the pores on his arms ooze as much lotion as possible. When Womannequin's sword of plastic came down on his arm it slipped off of its course, causing Womannequin to stumble backward and hit her head, rendering herself unconscious.

Lotion Boy: That is why you should always be prepared for the lubrication of justice!

Announcer: Victory was named Angry Man and Lotion Boy! For they had just subdued all three culprits before they ever had a chance to commit a crime. As Lotion Boy went over, prepared to release Angry Man of his living rigor mortis, he heard a laughter.

Domovoy: Fools, you have played right into my trap.

Announcer: It was the voice of the brownie built giant, Domovoy. It didn't make sense though, he had disintegrated into a cloud of crumbs and dehydrated flour. After he spoke these words the light flashed on the street lamps around our heroes and shattered. Then the dark energy from before ran its way through the city's power lines, content. To find out why, dear listener, you will have to keep on with our adventure. For the time being, and to fully understand the outcome of our tail, you must listen closely. For the remainder tonight's episode is where the plot truly thickens!

(Music up and out)

Announcer: With the two culprits subdued, Security did what he did best, he secured the criminals in a secure holding facility. One where they would be questioned. As Ponchik sat, handcuffed to the room made entirely out of non plastics, Angry Man made his entrance. He sat across Ponchik. President, Lotion Boy, and Security were all watching through a two way mirror that disguised itself as a regular one.

Angry Man: Bogan Thawne, or should I say Poncik, I never wanted things to come to this.

Ponchik: You waste your words, Angry Man. You should learn to be more intellectual. With the intellect I have you could be quite the man. You could be... Angry Mannequin!

Angry Man: Not even, plastic malefactor! Please, remember the simple factory worker you once were.

Ponchik: I do! Don't you see why I am the way I am. Why I do what I do? I will make you see!

Announcer: And with a startle Angry Man was in a trance. Ponchik was somehow trying to take him on a trip down the past of Bogan Thawne. He had no idea why, but he was about to find out. For any confused on why the once kind Bogan Thawne became so belligerent and power hungry as the evildoer Ponchik, now is the time to listen close, to phone your friends and family to tell them to tune in.

(Music up and out)

Announcer: Even though Angry Man was in a trance the entire ordeal actually lasted only a matter of seconds. However, the amount of information he took in during this ordeal was enormous. Here is what Angry Man discovered during his trance.

(Music up and out)

Announcer: It was now years prior. Many years, so many years that when Angry Man looked down on the scene he saw that he was not Angry Man at all. He was a young Moren Tense, only in his sophomore year at the University studying Psychology with a focus on Anger. He was walking next to his friend, and fraternity brother, Benjamin Lawrence - who just so happened to be the older brother of a ten year old Felicity Lawrence. The two friends were conversing about the finer points of their different fields in psychology. Moren in, as you know, Anger - and Benjamin in Sadness. Angry Man was experiencing this scene as an invisible spectator to the world around him. He could speak and hear everything, but could not be seen or heard by a single person. His younger version of himself was about to speak.

Young Moren: So, tonight is induction for the new Fraternity brothers, what are you bringing?

Young Benjamin: Only the most respectable suit, we have to give an induction ceremony worth remembering.

Moren: Benjamin! Benjamin! Dear goodness it is you, much younger of course. Alas, he cannot hear me. This is some sort of strange trance placed by Ponchik - I should be careful.

Announcer: The scene changed from the passage between the two friends to the induction ceremony they spoke of at their fraternity house. All were dressed in only the most respectable suits, all joining in the happiness of brotherhood. It was a cool evening, one without so much as a single haze.

Young Moren: And with that, we welcome all of you into the house!

(SFX cheers)

Announcer: And one approached the young, not yet Doctor of Anger.

Bill: It's going to be a fun next few years.

Announcer: The voice belonged to Bill, a Visual Arts major with a focus on sculpting.

Angry Man: Oh, Bill, before his teaching days when he became an elementary school art teacher. He was always a wonder to be around.

Announcer: The scene changed several times more. Angry Man saw all the adventures that Bill, Benjamin, and he had together. Leading all the way to graduation, however just as Angry Man thought the scene would jump ahead his time line some more - something strange happened. The trance to the past started to follow Bill. It landed in the classroom he had taught in for ten years after graduating. Bill was in deep conversation with the Principal of the school.

Principal: Bill, I see that you are busy as ever working away in the sculpting room.

Bill: I am just testing out a new project for the kids to do. I thought it might be neat if we tried making sculptures out of the material similar to the one's used in mannequins. With the new work and research I've been doing I think we could make some really neat stuff. I'd say even Mannequins that look just like the students. How interesting would that be? I bet the kids would love it.

Principal: Exciting. I want to talk to you about something, Bill.

Bill: Fire away, just let me adjust this piece of plastic.

Principal: You're fired, Bill.

Bill: What?

Principal: We have been getting phone calls all across the board from parents. They think that you are teaching them an art curriculum that procures too much... imagination.

Bill: Imagination? The kids love what we do!

Principal: You can have too much of a good thing. What does your curriculum consist of?

Bill: Nothing that you haven't approved of, after I've shown you. We do a bit of everything. Drawing, sketching, sculpting, pottery, chalk art, graffiti styled art - done to teach appreciation in the craft that it takes to create graffiti murals, but never to be used as an act of vandalism. Expressionism, post-modern expressionism, the classics. We do a bit of everything.

Principal: Well, that is the thing, the parents of these kids don't want a bit of everything. They rather have a more streamlined, academic process.

Bill: Like what? I don't understand.

Principal: Well, it is like this. There is art that decides to stay within the lines of the coloring book. Then there is what passes for art that decides to work on the outside of the lines, putting colors wherever you please. Then there is you that believes in the anarchy of a blank canvas. And our parents find concern in that. You may finish up the week. Thank you for understanding.

Bill: This is because of No Child Left Behind.. isn't it?!

(SFX Principal's footsteps leaving)

Bill: Try to stop me from teaching art, will you? Well not on my watch. I've lost my battle here teaching elementary school in Missouri - where hardly anyone knows what art and love really is - there is hope for them, but I can do no more here. I should move back to the city, maybe try to get a job at the University, I have friends in the area who could help me. I will just go to the bank and check my account.

(Music up and out)

Bill: Hello, Miss. I'd like to check my account.

Banker: Yes, let's see here. Oh my, did you recently purchase twenty thousand crates of pogo sticks with your credit card?

Bill: No. I did not. What is the meaning of this?

Announcer: After talking to multiple bankers and different government agents, Bill realized that he had been the theft of identity crime. Someone had stolen his account information because they hacked the government's weakly built network that watched people's every move during the Patriot Act. Something that President changed in his quest to restore America's beauty. Because of this theft, Bill had to change his name. As he sat across from the Federal Agents, they handed him an envelope with one name on it and an address. It turns out, he would end up going to the city. He took a job at a new factory for plastic mannequins. An experimental one looking for designer mannequins. The Government was able to take the former Bill's skill sets and, even though with a new identity, put them to work somewhere doing something he somewhat enjoyed.

In fact not just somewhat, he loved what he was doing. Bill's nonstop optimism, even in place of his new name overtaking his old one, brought him joy in his work. He took to being more solitary though, the world had given him enough trouble that he decided to focus on just being his happy old self. The scene changed again, years lapsed by and he was promoted to owner of the factory, until one night when he was sitting down, working on a mannequin after the recent closing of his factory - enjoying a brownie. A knock came at his door and he went to open it. Standing in the door were none other than our heroes Angry Man and Lotion Boy! That's when Angry Man realized it.

Angry Man: Emotions running awry! Bogan Thawne is my good friend from the University Bill! Oh no, Mr. Bill. But, what went wrong!? What happened? After this accident you became Ponchik - the angry spectre of plastic!

Announcer: The scene of the factory accident that created Ponchik played out once again. What a horrible sight for the Angry Man to re-live from an outsider's perspective.

Angry Man: They say hindsight is twenty-twenty, but these events bring too many tears to my eyes for my vision to be anything except cloudy.

Announcer: Then the scene changed again. This is the event we told you we would tell you more of two weeks ago. When the newly born Ponchik and the dark energy shared an exchange. This is what was left omitted two weeks prior!

Domovoy: You want plastic. You want plastic perfection.

Ponchik: I had that. It was just taken from me.

Domovoy: I can give it back. I can give you more.

Announcer: Ponchik did not believe this voice. Yet, it had some strange calling to him. He felt an electric energy about it.

Domovoy: I can give you back your ability to sculpt plastic as you feel, give you the power to go after those that did you wrong in shutting down your factory. If you stick with me I can give you the ability to raise your own plastic army.

Ponchik: Even if I believed you, why should I do it? I can be happy on my own... why I... I can finally be one with what I always wanted to be! As a man, all I wanted was to be a man with his mannequins, but now that this has happened I have been reborn as a mannequin!

Domovoy: You will listen, and listen well.

Announcer: The dark energy wrapped itself all around Ponchik so he was rendered immovable!

Domovoy: My name is Domovoy. I was a prisoner on an ancient prison on a planet I am sure you have heard of... Uranus!

Ponchik: There is a prison on Uranus? And you escaped?

Domovoy: Yes, I escaped Uranus. The death clench of that hole is sickening!

Ponchik: That makes you a fugitive of the law. If the prison was that bad you had to have been a fiend.

Domovoy: Fiend is a matter of perspective. I am sure that you know, being an artist yourself!

Ponchik: What did you do?

Domovoy: Never you mind! Just know, I can give you what you want. I already have, you plastic hybrid. Look!

Announcer: And as Domovoy commanded his gaze to change Ponchik saw a block of plastic.

Ponchik: It is a block of solid plastic.

Domovoy: Touch it!

Announcer: As Domovoy touched the plastic it started changing shape into a mannequin. Not just any mannequin though, the most beautiful mannequin that Ponchik had ever set eyes upon. It took its form.

Womannequin: Hello, I am Womannequin.

Ponchik: Hello. I am Ponchik... And I feel that I am in uncontrollable, inexhaustible love for you.

Announcer: Ponchik didn't know if it was his hollow plastic arm that made it seem like his heartbeats were echoing... or if it was just love.

Domovoy: That is only a fraction of the power I can give you. Ultimate happiness, Ponchik. Now, can I be such a bad person?

Announcer: If Ponchik had been thinking clearly he would have seen through this fallacy of logic, but the hold Domovoy had over Ponchik was too strong. Ponchik, having the ever artful and well educated mind of Bill slash Bogan Thawne, had the entire scenario plotted out. He recalled his friend at the University who was in charge of the Sad Labs, Benjamin Lawrence, who had explained that dark energies can seep and take hold in an intoxicating mindset. This is exactly what had happened to Ponchik. Who was only a slave to the

intoxication of Domovoy! That's it, he had to see Benjamin Lawrence of the University! He would be able to help! But, the pull was too strong to Womannequin! He could not leave. And, he felt the dark energy that had seeped into him rising! He was starting to believe that sticking with Domovoy would be a good idea.

Domovoy: Now, in return for this beauty I ask only one thing. Make me a pan of Brownies.

Ponchik: Yes, sir!

(Music up and out)

Announcer: Angry Man watched as the pan of brownies was then inhabited by the ever sinister Domovoy. Who made the small pan replicate and build into an entire body.

Domovoy: Good, good. Ponchik, from this day forth we will be known as the League of Evil Russian Pastries!

Ponchik: Russian? But, none of us are Russian, except for Womannequin's slight accent.

Domovoy: We are in America, they have a history of high tensions with Russia. If we say we are Russian that will put them that much more on edge! And, if successful, cause ever rising political tensions between the two countries - distracting two of the world's biggest powers from my uprising.

Ponchik: Your?

Domovoy: Our uprising. Of... plastic perfection!

Ponchik: I am having second thoughts...

Domovoy: No, you won't! I have control over you remember? And, if you decide to break any of my commands I will take away the Womannequin you love.

Ponchik: No! I cannot lose another! I especially cannot lose her. I will do as you say, Domovoy.

Announcer: The scene from earlier in the night then played out. Security arriving to stop them, the arrival of Angry Man and Lotion Boy, leading to Domovoy's Brownie built body being destroyed and Womannequin's escape. Then Ponchik being brought in for questioning. With a jolt, the trance ended and Angry Man woke up. Remember now, to everyone else there - this all happened in what seemed like six seconds. The journey Angry Man had just taken was much, much longer.

Ponchik: Do you see now, Angry Man? Do you see what has happened?

Angry Man: But, what is he planning?

Ponchik: An uprising of some sort. The dark energy that he uses split off and fell into all of us. I do not know how you got your powers, but I would imagine much similar to how I did - he was present and some of his dark energy ran off into us. That is how he was able to control me, and how I was able to lift you into the air the first night we met. With me... it's different. I ate brownies. And that is how he gets absolute control over you. It's like having a miniature version of him inside your stomach, stretching to all the nerves in your body and pushing all the buttons. I am not evil, Angry Man. I just cannot control my actions when I am under his influence. Even when he isn't controlling me, I do as he asks. I have to...

Angry Man: But why?

Ponchik: For her sake... for... Womannequin...

Angry Man: Great lovers quarrel! You are in love with her still? I thought it was a part of Domovoy's influence.

Ponchik: It started that way... but... you saw what happened to me, Angry Man. She is everything that I ever strove for all those years as an artist or as a mannequin sculptor. And with my new found powers and appearance, as well as hers, I think I could be happy with another in the throes of love like never before. She isn't evil. Not like Domovoy, he can only create but his negative influence doesn't create evil. It creates those that he can manipulate and degrade to evil.

Angry Man: Like the old trick by big media industries. They can't tell you what to think, but they can tell you what to think about...

Ponchik: For, life, as the words of our friend Benjamin would say -

Felicity: Life is the makeup of the universe expressing itself through our actions. And love is the greatest makeup of all. The words of my father.

Announcer: The ever faithful Felicity Lowrence, Teaching Assistant to Dr. Moren Tense came through Angry Man's wrist watch radio.

Ponchik: Felecity?

Felicity: Hello, Bill. I am so sorry for what you have been through.

Ponchik: How do you know...

Angry Man: I think I can explain. I have my wrist watch radio connected to my brain synapses so that in the case of emergency Felicity can read my mind and communicate to Lotion Boy. Also, in the case that I am frozen solid like I have been in the past before Lotion Boy can get to me. It can at least force me to make it to safety if I have no control over myself. The entire trance I just went through was monitored by her as well.

Ponchik: Then you know what is at stake?

Felicity: Yes, I do. Do you mind if I share with Security, Lotion Boy, and the President?

Ponchik: Let them know.

Felicity: Uploading now.

Angry Man: Ponchik... Bogan... you don't understand fully either. When I went into your past, I saw someone. I saw...

Bogan Thawne: Moren Tense, Ph. D in Anger studies. I know, Angry Man. I know.

Angry Man: But how?

Bogan: The dark energy connection we share. He knows we both are connected by it, but he does not know that we have a much deeper past, my friend.

Announcer: And with that - Lotion Boy, Security, and President were brought up to speed on the backstory of Ponchik. President came into the room.

President: Ponchik, I am sorry for the dealings that have happened to you. However, your story bodes some darkness I did not foresee and it makes me fear the worst is just around the corner.

Angry Man: What do you mean, Mr. President?

President: Domovoy escaped from Uranus... a far away planet made of gas. While what they teach you about the makeup of the planet in school is true, there is one thing they don't teach you... It is an intergalactic prison for the worst war criminals of the universe. Domovoy is one of these criminals. And, with him here I fear only the worst. There is no telling what he could do, where he is, or even how to defeat him.

Angry Man: How could you know this?

President: All Presidents know a few secrets of the cosmos. Not all though, no where close. It is impossible to learn everything about a universe that is so large and ever growing. Why, even what I know is perhaps less than point zero-zero-zero-one percent! I will contact NASA and see if we can get in

contact with Uranus, but it will be hard to send the right signals there. And the travel time alone will take who knows how long? NASA has there ways though... and better late on getting intel than never.

Angry Man: Be honest, President. Don't use NASA as an excuse to us. There is more to this.

President: Years ago, Domovoy came down to Earth and rigged one an election that changed everything. He was softening up the United States so that enough negative influence would spread for his return. He escaped from Prison because of one man, and all he needed was twenty-four hours. Worse he got away with it twice. Because... I failed..

Angry Man: Mr. President, we need answers. This is imperative.

President: Ponchik, I am sorry you were dragged into this. He always seems to get right past me everytime. Me and Security. Until it is too late. Well, not this time! Not today! We finally have an upper hand. For once!

Security: President. Tell them. They all have a right to know.

President: Alright. Listen carefully. I am not the President of the United States. I am just a stand in for him.

Angry Man: Excuse me? Lotion Boy prepare.

President: No need, Angry Man. No need. You see I do work for the President. I am a stand in for him when needed. I know everything that he does. You see, I am part of a race that runs the prison on Uranus. We are one super-race that has come together throughout the universe in order to protect other worlds from all the threats out there. Security and I are the guardians of this planet. We have been here since one fateful day. A day that caused nothing, but havoc for everyone on Earth. The day was November 7th, 2000. Do you remember what happened that day?

Angry Man: George W. Bush was elected President.

President: Exactly! Dick Cheney had struck a deal with Domovoy. We still don't know how because that was our first meeting with Domovoy. Security and I discovered and transported Domovoy to the prison. He didn't put up a fight, he wanted to be caught. Then, four years later what happened all over again?

Lotion Boy: Bush won again..

President: Exactly! For democracy's sake none of us could get the two out of office after the elections were through. However, we knew Domovoy had struck again. However, he was held in the deepest and darkest parts of Uranus. And then, he just made his escape for the third time. But, he will not wreak havoc

again. This time he will pay for what he has done to your planet. He will pay for the Bush administration.

Angry Man: Then you have us by your side, President. If that is your name.

President: My race does not believe in names, but call me President for the sake of your own customs. We only believe in titles. I am Guardian of Earth, and I hail from the great line of Mumbak.

Lotion Boy: Great line of Mumbak?

President: He is the warden of the prison on Uranus. And, soon to be, vanquisher of Domovoy. Once he is captured again. Now is the hour to act! Are you all with me?

Announcer: Before any such plans were enacted all of a sudden Angry Man, Lotion Boy, and Ponchik became stiff as boards. Ponchik spoke first, but it was not his voice that came out! It was... Domovoy's!

(Music up and out)

Announcer: Domovoy stood in the resided in the building with the collapsed roof that the former League of Evil Russian Pastries were hiding in.

Domovoy: You will listen and listen well, all of you. I have complete control over Ponchik so if you do not let him loose I will make sure he destroys all of you. And to Ponchik, who might think of resisting my dark energies, I tell you this. I have Womannequin as hostage, if you even try to resist I will destroy her.

Announcer: Then the three were let loose once again.

Lotion Boy: Great romantic and moral conundrums, Angry Man! This appears as an issue for us all.

Angry Man: Not quite. It seems that Ponchik here can't have his thoughts read by Domovoy. This could prove helpful. We will have to let him go.

Ponchik: He is right, but you must help me get Womannequin back!

Angry Man: Hold on. Something seems out of place here... I think that Domovoy does not know that Lotion Boy and I have the same dark energies inside of us. Otherwise, he wouldn't have made the threat that he did. Maybe he doesn't realize such things. Why would he be so scared of us then? He knows that Moren Tense and Samuel Plier were at the explosion of Anger Gas, yet he has not made a claim to our identity. I think that Domovoy is frightened of being caught again and is sloppy at covering his tracks. Quick Lotion Boy, flash quiz.

Lotion Boy: Right, Angry Man. I'll get a No. 2 pencil.

Angry Man: No time, Lotion Lad. How can we know if Domovoy knows the three of us were connected?

Lotion Boy: It's simple Angry Man, he saw Ponchik stop all of us in place. Once at the exploding factory and once earlier this evening.

Angry Man: Yes, of course. Very perceptive of you, Lotion Boy. We need a way to sever that connection.

Lotion Boy: Domovoy seems to be Linked In pretty well to his plans.

Angry Man: Linked In, indeed. Wait a minute, Lotiony lad. I think you are on to something. Linked In is...

Lotion Boy: A social medium for sharing your job portfolios.

Angry Man: Of course, and jobs are what pays money so that people can survive. Now that just leaves the clue of money...

Lotion Boy: Money is part of the economy, Angry Man. Money helps circulate it.

Angry Man: Good thinking!

Lotion Boy: More so, the economy got really bad after W. Bush was President for a bit. There was plenty of corruption.

Angry Man: Corrupt like our old pal William Moulton ChemiKa. Wait a minute... Lad, that is it! Of course! Ponchik you must go your own way. I am sorry, we will do all we can to help.

Ponchik: I understand, but no matter what happens you must promise me that you will make sure Womannequin is not harmed.

Angry Man: You have my word.

Ponchik: Even if that means I do not make it out alive, Angry Man.

Angry Man: I... will do my best, old friend.

Announcer: And with that Ponchik took his leave to return to the ever sinister... Domovoy!

Angry Man: Oh, the throes of love and what they make us do. Lotion Boy, that being said I want you to take the rest of the night off to spend it with Karla. Tomorrow is a big day, and we have to be at our best. We do not know what will

come of it, so please go enjoy the hours with her. Like the best of loves, in full bloom and ever potent with sweet perfume.

Lotion Boy: Angry Man, as much as I'd like to, my place is with you. You seem to be on a trail.

Angry Man: Tomorrow, lad. For now the hour is late. Late indeed. Please, trust me.

Lotion Boy: I will see you tomorrow then, Angry Man. You take care too.

Angry Man: Of course, lad. Of course.

Announcer: And so, Lotion Boy left the room to go spend an evening with his long time girlfriend.

Angry Man: Now as for you two, I will not leave Bill without protection. I need you to do everything possible to make sure that while under Domovoy's control, he and his Plastic partner stay out of harms away. Can you do that?

Security: You have our word, Angry Man.

Angry Man: I would tell you not to go, Mr. President, but I feel your leadership like qualities would not make you stand idle. You are worthy of your post and for re-election.

President: Thank you, Angry Man. But, I did just tell you I am not actually the president.

Angry Man: Mr. President, to me, I have seen more leadership and bravery in you than in any other before. You are the President.

Announcer: And with tears in his eyes, Angry Man gave President a salute.

President: I am touched, Angry Man. But, what about you? What are you going to do?

Angry Man: Me? Oh, I am just going to retreat here in my labs for the evening. Think things over before we act... tomorrow. I would tell you more, but with all of our posts it needs to be kept secret.

Announcer: With that, Security and President took their leave. And Angry Man put his full plan into effect!

(Music up and out)

Announcer: Meanwhile, Ponchik was sent on his own way to return to Domovoy in hopes of saving Womannequin. He didn't know how and he knew that once around

Domovoy his sway would be too powerful. He had no choice in the matter. Poor, poor Ponchik!

(Music up and out)

Announcer: At a desk sat William Moulton ChemiKa who was on his last few days before trial. He was reflecting on the bad decisions he had made in his life, but unlike most criminals do - he did felt resentment - part of him felt justification for his actions. The teddy bear scandal or the great ruse of the disappearing dolphin flipper were just notches on his bedpost for all the different kinds of evil he had laid with. He wished he could take it all back. Though, he might just hold the key to making the right thing happen. With a burst Angry Man crashed through the ceiling - not roofed by ChemiKa organic roofing!

Angry Man: William Moulton ChemiKa, you have just saved the day!

Announcer: What does Angry Man mean? Could this dastardly villain actually have saved the day? What of Ponchik going toward his doom of being a mindless slave to Domovoy once again? Will Womannequin be safe? What is Domovoy's planned uprising? One thing is for sure, everything will be answered in next week's - finale episode of - The Adventures of Angry Man and Lotion Boy Show!

(Music up and out)

Announcer: This five-episode event "The Adventures of Angry Man and Lotion Boy" is written and directed by Logan Rodgers. It stars...

Episode 5 - Angry Man and Lotion Boy say Goodbye.

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, The Adventures of Angry Man and Lotion Boy Show.

(Music up and out)

Announcer: When we last saw our heroes Angry Man, was inside the office of William Moulton ChemiKa. He glared down the swindler who had so unforgivingly placed people in homes roofed by his company with the intent of them failing so that he could pocket their insurance money.

Angry Man: William Moulton ChemiKa, you have just saved the day! That is how this conversation could go. I need a supply of your roofing glue formula.

ChemiKa: Why do you think I would do that, Angry Man? You have done nothing, but ruin me.

Angry Man: Because, Mr. ChemiKa, I will get angry if you don't. And we know that we both don't want that.

ChemiKa: It's in the vaults downstairs, Angry Man. Take what you need.

Angry Man: That was too easy... what is your game, ChemiKa?

ChemiKa: No game, Angry Man. I just can't go on with myself. I've caused too much sadness. Too much pain. I just want to take it back. I know you are on the side of good. If I can help now do what you will.

Angry Man: Those are powerful words, ChemiKa. I know that it must not have been easy to say. Inner change is one of the biggest obstacles we can overcome. If I may, Mr. ChemiKa, I can send you the information of a really great psychologist who specializes in sadness. He can help you more than I. For, the schedule one such as myself keeps, I am busy.

Chemika: Thank you, Angry Man.

Announcer: Our hero gave him the card of Benjamin Lowrence and took his leave. Angry Man took the containers of organic roof glue he needed from ChemiKa's building. And returned to the Anger Labs.

(Music up and out)

Announcer: Ponchik approached the building Domovoy was residing in, unaware of President and Security tailing him a few hundred feet from behind. It had occurred to him that if Domovoy had complete control over Ponchik when he was nearby there was no need for him to have created Womannequin in the first place. What Domovoy had done was create something he could find resonance in, to hold against him - as a trap. He entered into the building and made his way through dusty corridors and lobbies. He came upon a kitchen where he found Womannequin hard at work... cooking brownies!

Ponchik: Womannequin! You are alright!

Womannequin: Run!

Ponchik: What?

Womannequin: Run, Ponchik! Run!

Announcer: But, it was too late. All the cooked brownie pans shook and combined together... to form... the brownie body of Domovoy.

Domovoy: Hello, Ponchik. It is good to see you.

Announcer: Ponchik knew he had only seconds before Domovoy would take control of him. He decided to act!

Ponchik: Take this! You disgrace the deliciousness of brownies!

Announcer: Ponchik wound up his plastic arm for the most powerful javelin launch of his fist he could muster. Domovoy was too fast though. He raised his pastry arm and stopped Ponchik in place.

Domovoy: Sorry, Ponchik. I can't have any dissent amongst my work crew. It leads to the hard plastic sealant of Unionization.

Announcer: And with that, Ponchik was under Domovoy's control.

Domovoy: Now get to baking with Womannequin. We are going to need many more brownies before the day is out!

(Music up and out)

Announcer: Sam Plier was now leaving the home of Karla. It was midnight. Samuel went back to his home. He looked at his Lotion Boy uniform hanging in his closet. He wondered if he could keep up his double life and still be with Karla. Sam did not know what tomorrow would bring. He wrote a letter to her that evening before going to bed - he would put it in his personal safe that his family had the codes to. They would find it for her and give it to her if needed. The letter went like this.

Samuel: Dear, Karla. I write this to you after just leaving your place. I have been debating with myself for the past few weeks of telling you this or not. I have not until this point not because I do not trust you, but because I do not understand the implications of your knowledge of this information will have on your life. I believe that you would understand and accept me no matter what. We know each other too well. I am the masked sidekick to the Super Hero Angry Man, Lotion Boy. I received my powers in the Angry Labs accident a few weeks ago after falling into a vat of living lotion formula. In the morning I will embark, with Angry Man, on a quest to stop a great evil. I would tell you more if I knew more. I write you because I do not know if I will return. If I do not, Karla, I want you to know how much I love you. Love, Samuel Plier.

(Music up and out)

Announcer: Back at the Angry Labs Doctor Moren Tense, Ph. D in Anger was finishing his tests. Samuel Plier entered.

Moren: Hello, Sam.

Samuel: Good morning, Doctor. You look tired. Did you not get your eight hours?

Moren: Unfortunately, no. I know it is unwise of me, but I feel like the work I have been doing through the night is more important. And, I believe that if I were to get angry right now and if you were to calm me down my energy would come back to me. Would you, Sam?

Announcer: So, Doctor Tense let out his anger and Sam used his lotion abilities to calm him down all in the span of fifteen seconds. Sure enough, Doctor Moren Tense pepped up immediately.

Moren: It seems I am still discovering the full extent of my powers. Who knows what else we might find out, Sam? I was doing some research about the dark energies that reside in all of us due to Domovoy. And, I think I've figured out a way we can turn that against him. See, all of us can be controlled by him because he is the source of that power and we are the receptors. What happens if we turn those receptors off?

Sam: He cannot get to us.

Moren: Precisely, lad. Precisely. However it is impossible for us to get rid of them. My experiments through the night have yielded that. You see the dark powers of Domovoy are like a mutually beneficial symbiote-parasite. Both species coexist just fine, but there will always be a connection between us and Domovoy - even if he were to be stopped there is no way to extract it. At least with the technology available to us. We can, however, block them temporarily. With this, I took some of the formula from ChemiKa roofing which happens to be a paste of leaves, melted butter, and rhubarb. With one secret chemical. It does not have a name, but it causes an extreme feeling of trustworthiness - hence why he was able to get so many people to buy from his company as well as pass inspections by the state on his license to sell his services. It can't sustain itself though without a bonding agent. Which is why it never worked properly as a roofing glue. It would hold temporarily, but fell apart with the expiration of the rhubarb. With rain, the melted butter would run off. However, using the proper bonding agent the lipids of butter would stay in place and the rhubarbs preserved. The side effect of an inflated feeling of trustworthiness would not be yielded, as the chemical bonding would change its molecular makeup. A bonding agent like that of the living lotion bacteria that is now part of your DNA could support it though, lad.

Sam: Holy Chemistry Agents, Doctor!

Moren: If we inject you, you will be safe from control over Domovoy or Ponchik. I won't be though. You could then stop me from doing anything because of your lotion powers. Then Security could help you with Ponchik and Domovoy while rescuing Womannequin. The injection will last as long as the best chicken pox vaccine you receive as a child does. If gone as hoped, permanently.

Sam: Of course! And, if we take out Domovoy first then you would be free.

Moren: Not exactly, Sam. Domovoy doesn't need a body to survive. He just uses brownies for some reason. The same pastry that Bogan Thawne loved to snack upon. Even though it makes his body powerless. Why is that?

Sam: It beats me, Doctor.

Moren: Whatever reason, I feel like this won't be as easy as we think.

Sam: I agree, something is fishy.

Moren: Unfortunately, there is not a thing we can do until we get there.
Felicity-

Announcer: And over the wrist watch radio the ever faithful teaching assistant to Doctor Moren Tense Ph. D in Anger responded.

Felicity: Yes, Doctor?

Moren: Forward all the information I just told Sam to President and Security. Sam, come with me, we need to get this roofing glue in your system.

(Music up and out)

Announcer: It was then that the final arrangements were made. In the Angry Lab, Doctor Moren Tense - Ph. D in Anger and his private pupil Samuel Plier suited up into their alter egos Angry Man and Lotion Boy. Possibly for the last time.

(Music up and out)

Announcer: The two heroes stood atop of the building across from the one where the roof had caved in. The one where Domovoy was hiding out with Ponchik and Womannequin. The one where their fates would be decided!

Lotion Boy: Angry Man, this is it.

Angry Man: Yes, Lotion Boy. We are in the calm before the storm.

Lotion Boy: I am glad we took this journey together. I think we made a real difference in the city.

Angry Man: Yes, boy. We have. What troubles me is that I don't know what will happen to everyone else - not just in the city but the world - if we do not prevail.

Lotion Boy: One thing at a time, Angry Man. You are trying to take in too much at once. Remember, focus on the moment you are in and the path becomes clear.

Angry Man: Right you are. Those Massage Therapy classes really do pay off, my ward. Now is the time to -

Announcer: But before Angry Man could finish his statement, from the air dropped a figure shaped like a man made out of brownies. It was Domovoy! He hit Lotion Boy and the two flew through the air like a great stunt plane!

Domovoy: Hello, Lotiony Lad. Sorry to fly in and out so quickly.

Lotion Boy: Don't worry about it!

Announcer: And with widening eyes Lotion Boy unleashed his lotion vision causing a concentrated beam of lotion to project out of his pupils onto Domovoy. Making his brownie exterior moist and crumbly. They fell from the air, but Lotion Boy could not shake himself free. Domovoy would not let go of him. With a howl of pure Anger, Angry Man came shooting up from the ground and intercepted the two. He disintegrated Domovoy with one headbutt full of all the horsepower of stampeding oxen. Lotion Boy then guided the two through the air using projectiled lotion as a rocket to the ground. He quickly massaged the key pressure points on Angry Man's body and the two waited.

Lotion Boy: Hopefully that is the end of him.

Angry Man: Not so soon, Lotion Boy. As you recall his brownie body disintegrated before as well. I fear this may not be over.

Announcer: Then another brownie body came from around the corner.

Domovoy: You are so right, Angry Man. I had Ponchik and Womannequin lay Brownie pans all around the city. They are doing so as we speak. But, not just Ponchik and Wommanequin. Ponchik has created, for me, a plastic army of Mannequins!

Angry Man: Which means...

Domovoy: I have an army of Mannequins and of myself just waiting. To be shared by all! Think of it, Angry Man. A city controlled completely by me. Even better, with a horde of plastic minions as well. Once Earth is finished, I can return to Uranus. And think of all the fun I can have once all the inhabitants of the prison are under my control!

Announcer: Then, to make matters all the worse, Ponchik and Womannequin came from around the corner behind Domovoy.

Lotion Boy: Holy continuity errors, Angry Man! Domovoy just said that Ponchik and Womannequin were off spreading brownies around the city.

Domovoy: They did, Lotion Boy! As I just explained, with their plastic army! Surely you saw inside Ponchik's past, Angry Man. I know you did. It was a part

of my plan. I wanted you to see his ability to create plastic living creatures at a touch.

Angry Man: No, you fiend!

Domovoy: Yes, Angry Man. I don't care what else of that useless oaf, Bogan Thawne's, past you saw. There is an army of plastic mannequins delivering brownies to every single home in the city. And those that do not eat the brownies which are being delivered, will be force fed by the army!

Angry Man: But there are those with diabetes, some watching their weight or dieting. You can't!

Domovoy: Too late, it is already in process. Angry Man, you have lost. How fortunate for me.

(Music up and out)

Security: President, stay close. I can see the Mannequin army leaving brownies at the doorsteps of all neighborhoods in the area. They all have nice notes attached to them too, complementing the recipient...

President: Those fiends! Turning the kind act of fellowship that is leaving baked goods at the doorsteps of people in your community into something evil. The trust that will be broken amongst a neighborhood's community is enough to make one weep, but this is just... unspeakable. And, we don't even know what is with the brownies, but it is diabolical. We can't let them be delivered.

Security: I agree. And there is only one way to stop this.

President: I hope you brought your milk, Security.

Security: No, I take my brownies fresh, warm, and dry!

Announcer: The President attached his saddle on the back of Security, and with a great haste while avoiding detection from the Mannequin army Security used his great securing powers to run around the city and eat every single pan of brownies whole before they were ever delivered! It seemed to the two that they had stopped that step of Domovoy's plot. Or did they? Let us return to Angry Man and Lotion Boy to find out.

(Music up and out)

Domovoy: Ha! You look surprised Angry Man. Did you forget that Ponchik was a creature of my creation. Apparently, you do not. You see, once I landed on Earth I needed a place to feed to become powerful enough. I found a gas chamber and it did the trick. There was so much electricity running through! What I did

not count on was that I was pulling from the gas valve control energy source, it exploded. So, I escaped and I found my way to the closest largest energy source. I was still too weak and my memory is hazy, except as my luck would have it, Bogan Thawne was there eating brownies of all things. Oh, my plan was coming through. Beautifully. I was already going to try to find a brownie factory or something of the sort, but the opportunity was right there. Waiting to be grasped, so I did. I shot some of the little energy I had gained into the brownies to see if they worked. You see, here on Earth they are just seen as delicatables - but in the deep reaches of space they are a rare and dangerous weapon. There have been wars fought over them for their taste and for their ability to control. My race has the ability to infiltrate them and whoever eats them stays under the control of whoever shot the energy into the brownie. I found it curious that he had control over you and Lotion Boy - then I connected the dots. Some of my energy seeped off into you two during the lab explosions, but not enough for me to read your minds. However enough for both Ponchik and I to control you! My plan goes so much deeper though. Just wait for you to see! If you are still alive!

Announcer: Domovoy tried to stop the two heroes in place in a similar way Ponchik had done many times prior. Angry Man and Lotion Boy were frozen. Domovoy approached them.

Domovoy: Let's see if you survive a taste of Domovoy!

Angry Man: Now, Lotion Boy!

Announcer: Lotion Boy sprung into action, as he was only pretending to be frozen! Lotion Boy shot his lotion vision again. He concentrated his eye muscles so that one eye hit Angry Man, blocking Domovoy's control - and that the other one shot through Domovoy.

Angry Man: Great muscle control, Lotion Boy. That's why I always told you to read in well lit rooms. Otherwise your muscles would be too strained all the time to pull off such feats. Domovoy.

Domovoy: What?! How are you doing this?

Announcer: All of a sudden on the wrist watch radio the voice of Felicity Lowrence, the ever faithful Teaching Assistant to Doctor Moren Tense Ph. D in Anger came over the airwaves.

Felicity: Angry Man, Security and President have taken all measures of security possible.

Angry Man: Yes, Domovoy. We know you have been delivering brownies around the city. And they have stopped a single one from being delivered.

Domovoy: We?

Angry Man: Yes, President and Security are on it. Because we are a team of justice, not a league of evil!

Domovoy: No! You will not thwart me!

Announcer: And with a raise of his fudge-built arms Womannequin and Ponchik came flying at Angry Man and Lotion Boy.

Domovoy: Kill them!

Announcer: The two waited in the street as the two plastic partners came flying at the crime fighting partners. They were merely feet away from the two when Angry Man made his move.

Angry Man: Lotion Boy, now!

Announcer: And with the grace of the best acrobat Lotion Boy shot his rocket powered lotion stream out of his feet to fly above Ponchik and Womannequin. He then shot lotion at the two until they crashed into the ground. Ponchik and Womannequin stood up and they embraced.

Womannequin: My love we have been freed.

Ponchik: Yes, we have! But how?

Angry Man: I can answer that, Ponchik. You see I synthesised a temporary injection into lotion boy made of the chemicals from ChemiKa organic roofing. It destroys the polarity of magnetic pulses thus rendering electrical energies motionless. Electrical energies like those of Domovoy. Your effects are temporary, but you are safe. When we get out of this we will take you back to the Angry Labs and make the effects permanent.

Domovoy: No! You will not win!

Angry Man: The odds are four to one, Domovoy. With Security and President saving the rest of the city, you are done for.

Domovoy: No!

Ponchik: Angry Man, Lotion Boy! He is weak! He has been spreading too much of his energy across all the brownie pans without recharging. You can stop him.

Angry Man: Quick, Lotion Boy! Enact operation lights out!

Announcer: Lotion Boy took off toward Domovoy shooting lotion out of his hands all over Domovoy.

Domovoy: Fools I have enough brownie pans in the area to keep regenerating. You cannot stop me.

Announcer: Lotion Boy shot lotion over Domovoy's body making him soggy.

Angry Man: We aren't trying to stop you from your brownies, Domovoy. We are trying to make you stop yourself.

Domovoy: And why would I do that?

Angry Man: You already have!

Announcer: Domovoy looked to Angry Man, Lotion Boy, Ponchik, and Womannequin. He then saw Ponchik and panicked.

Ponchik: Because, without control over me who controls your plastic army? Go back to Uranus or I turn them on you and we stop you the hard way.

Domovoy: I will never go back to Uranus, do you know what they do to prisoners there?

Ponchik: If you will not go back, you leave us no choice.

Angry Man: Wait Ponchik! Do not be so hasty!

Domovoy: Listen to Angry Man, Ponchik. He still knows you'll lose!

Ponchik: No matter what you do, I don't need the army. I see now, Angry Man!

Domovoy: What do you mean?

Lotion Boy: Holy contingency plan, Angry Man!

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen this was the sight that befuddled them all! As when you think you lost your keys and they were inside your cat all along! They all froze when they saw, falling from the sky, by parachute, Abraham Lincoln. However, it was not the real Abraham Lincoln, it was one of the guardians sent by the great Mumbak from the prison. He had with him a cable that was hundreds of feet long. It was connected to a teleporter that would send Domovoy back to Uranus.

Angry Man: Time to spend your life behind the bars of Uranus.

Domovoy: No, you can't! I will do anything.

Angry Man: Then think over what you have done and how to reform yourself.

Announcer: Once Lincoln got close enough he let the cable drop and land in Angry Man's hands. He shoved it into Domovoy's body. The brownies burnt and exploded. Domovoy let out a scream, it was quickly muffled as it was secured. Domovoy was trapped. Overhead Abraham gave Angry Man a nod as he cut his parachute and used his jetpack to leave and go back to the transporter to secure that Domovoy would go back inside Uranus - for a very long time.

Lotion Boy: Holy ghost, Angry Man! What happened back there? Why was Abraham Lincoln there? To help us? God bless America, I am confused.

Angry Man: You see, lad, as I was planning all of last night when all of a sudden I was contacted by Uranus. President had told them the whole situation. So, they sent another President to help us. One of America's most powerful. Abraham Lincoln. Upon closer examination to the gas valve generator in the Angry Lab, we realized if we reversed the polarity it would trap electricity. Like we just did with Domovoy.

Lotion Boy: Holy historical context, Angry Man. How could Abraham Lincoln be here in the modern day?

Angry Man: That version of Abraham Lincoln was only a copy. You see, on the prison planet of Uranus, they make their guards take shape of the best leaders of our planet. In this case, Lincoln. I am sure there are a great many other look alikes of past leaders up there.

Lotion Boy: Wow, we must be a really special planet if other races look to us.

Angry Man: Quite right, lad. For, their people have already achieved a holy place of nirvana. The kind that we are fighting for. They decided to replicate their image to that of humanity because they see the good that we are capable of and they are trying to support it. Domovoy was a member of their race that went rogue. However, he didn't prove to be much of a threat once their great security systems grabbed wind of the matter. The only real danger was stopping the city from being overrun by Ponchik's plastic army. Which was thwarted by the realization that if we temporarily mixed the ChemiKa roofing agent with your lotion powers we could block Domovoy's signal. For, Ponchik has stopped the plastic army and even used them to our advantage. If Security and President have stopped the spread of all brownies then we should be safe. Let's call them on the wrist watch radio.

Lotion Boy: Then how does that explain what Security is?

Angry Man: Oh, Lotion Boy. That is an explanation for another time.

Announcer: However, when Angry Man went to use his wrist watch radio he realized it had broke while in the trapping of Domovoy. Lotion Boy's was soaked and needed to dry off before it could be used.

Angry Man: No matter. We will just patrol the city until we find them.

Announcer: But, before Angry Man could leave with Lotion Boy, President came down the street dragging an unconscious Security.

President: We are alright. Security here is just napping. He ate every pan of brownies in the city.

Lotion Boy: Holy indigestion! Every pan!?

Angry Man: He was truly securing the safety of the situation. Bring him back to the lab, I am sure that in the morning he will be back at it. Congratulations all, it looks like we won! I personally thank all of you for your hard work.

Announcer: Everyone cheered. Womannequin and Ponchik embraced. Angry Man and Lotion Boy gave each other pats on the back of victory. President calmly smiled at Security. Who miraculously awoke. And he stood.

Angry Man: See, what did I tell you? Good as new.

Lotion Boy: Wait... Angry Man, if the organic roofing formula stops Domovoy's ability to control us then why'd he pick his hide out to be a building once roofed by them. It feels like it would be a sign. Wait a minute, before Domovoy was going to be trapped again he said "My plan goes so much deeper..."

Security: It's because he was trying to send a message. Hail. Domovoy.

Lotion Boy: No time for pranks, Security. This is serious.

Security: Hail. Domovoy.

Angry Man: Wait a minute. President get out of the way.

Announcer: Angry Man pulled President out of the way with the blink of an eye. Lotion Boy quickly massaged down Angry Man's joints. Security stood with a blank expression on his face in the street.

Security: Hail. Domovoy.

Angry Man: What is happening?

President: It must be all of the brownies he ate.

Ponchik: Of course! Security is not completely human like I was when I ate a brownie! When you eat one, imagine a small miniature version of Domovoy controlling your entire body. You can feel brownie bits commanding all of your nerves! Security has eaten enough to control the entire city's population! There is no telling what will happen.

Angry Man: But Abraham Lincoln absorbed all of Domovoy's energy! All the brownie pans should have become just brownies. Except...

Ponchik: Security ate all of them before Domovoy was extracted.

Womannequin: Which means only part of Domovoy went back to Uranus.

Lotion Boy: How much was left here though?

Angry Man: I think we are about to find out. Everyone make a formation. We are going to get Security back, no matter what.

Announcer: And just like that, Security's body expanded and kept on expanding until he was as tall as a skyscraper! His regular skin faded into brownies! Across the galaxy where Lincoln was securing Domovoy's cell, he gave off his last laugh before becoming imprisoned once again.

Womannequin: Now we are in real trouble.

President: No, we are not. Ponchik, use your plastic Mannequin army to stop Security from moving. Lotion Boy, take me up to talk to him.

Angry Man: I can't let you do that, President. The people need you.

President: I am not the real President, Angry Man. I am a guardian of this planet disguised as your President. And Security is my friend. I have to. If it were Lotion Boy, you'd understand.

Angry Man: I say it... because you are my friend. But, you are my friend too. Just come back.

Announcer: And so Ponchik brought his army of plastic mannequins that were once delivering brownies throughout the city to Security's engorged legs. They all used their extreme strength granted by Ponchik's powers to hold Security in place. Lotion Boy took off with President using his rocket-like propelled lotion from his feet. They floated across from Security's face which was the size of a city block.

President: Security! You can't do this. This isn't who you are.

Announcer: Security swung an arm at them. Luckily it missed any buildings nearby, but Lotion Boy had to maneuver them around the arm.

President: Security, please! Listen to me. You are my greatest friend. I cannot go on without you.

Announcer: Security was trying to shake loose the Mannequins who were grounding his feet. He was about to break free and start wreaking havoc.

President: I can't let you do this, Security.

Announcer: It was not Security's voice that returned. It was Domovoy's! His voice travelled like that of a speeding bullet, its volume ripped windows apart.

Domovoy: Security is in here, he is putting up a fight. However, it will not do him any good. I am too strong now. Nothing will stop me. My true self may be imprisoned, but most of my strength is down here. After I rule you all, I will fly into and break out of Uranus once more.

President: Domovoy, you fiend!

Domovoy: What you fail to realize, is that I have been here on Earth right under all of your noses for all these years. When I broke out the first time in 2000, I split my energy into a pan of brownies. That is how I knew it would work on Ponchik. And guess who's brownies they were? You may emulate the President, President. But, I took over complete control of this man for years. How do you think I left the country in the mess that it was in? How do you think I built the foundation for my rule!

Announcer: Then Domovoy's brownie exterior hardened and started taking the color of pasty white flesh. His body became more and more human, but at the same time as far from being human as possible. He screamed and contorted until the transformation was complete. When he was done all of our heroes stood in awe. Before them, standing hundreds of feet tall, was former Vice President of the United States, Dick Cheney.

Domovoy: It was I who was Dick Cheney. It was I who rigged both the 2000 and 2004 elections so that Bush would get into office. On my first visit I ensured Cheney would eat a whole pan of brownies, not just one like Ponchik. An entire pan. And, I have been here ever since. The real Dick Cheney.

Announcer: Lotion Boy flew President and himself to the top of the building opposite of the newly formed Dick Cheney's face next to Angry Man, Ponchik, and Womannequin.

Lotion Boy: Explain this to me, Angry Man. I feel my emotional composition slipping.

Angry Man: I too, Lad. I think Domovoy used his power to split himself into two beings to keep a version of himself here covertly and a version of himself in the prison planet at the same time.

Domovoy: You, President. You, who was named guardian of Earth by the Great Mumbak of Uranus. You who justified the state of humanity by thinking that humanity was just facing its darkest days it had ever known - but would overcome them. You could never know, never have guessed, that it was I all along.

President: You. All of my years here in America... I just thought humans were confused. They were doing great things as well as horrible, but they were learning. They were learning every step of the way. And you were there to try to push them back down. The things you must've been responsible for... The economy, the Government shut down, the ending to Lost, Twilight! And that is only in America. Cheney, as Vice President, did things all around the globe. It was all you! You may have escaped me yet, but it ends tonight.

Ponchik: President, Security is acting as his host. Remove Security and he is powerless.

Angry Man: But he has too much energy in him and Security is trapped inside... There is no way to get to Security without getting locked up in the energy field and becoming a part of the evil that is Dick Cheney... Dick Cheney and Domovoy! We still can't get any further than the exterior. Only President could because he is from the same planet. President, do you think you can lead Domovoy back to the University?

President: Yes, I could. But, only after I get that election rigging, backhand dealing, Republican soiling politician away from my friend.

Angry Man: You will, Mr. President. Just get him to the University. I have a plan. Ponchik, you and Womannequin take your plastic army and make sure every single citizen is evacuated safely. Ponchik, you control the army. Womannequin, go to the abandoned Elias Plastics building and create more Mannequins for the army. We will need as many as possible. Lotion Boy, help me back to the University and then help President. Womannequin can create plastic bodies too!

Lotion Boy: Can do, Angry Man!

Announcer: And with that, the team enacted Angry Man's plan.

President: A little help Angry Man?

Announcer: Angry Man quickly picked up President and launched him at Domovoy's Dick Cheney formed face.

President: It's time to reform the mistakes you made, Mr. Vice President!

Announcer: President's powerful punches sent Domovoy crashing backward. Luckily lined up in a row were thousands of Ponchik's plastic army that had followed them onto the roof. Angry Man threw Ponchik and his army of mannequins toward

the buildings surrounding Domovoy to get all the people who might be inside out safely. In a sea of raining Mannequin of all shapes and sizes that accurately represented all kinds of people they blotted out the light of the moon over the city before crashing to the ground.

Angry Man: Quick, Lotion Boy. You know what to do.

Announcer: Angry Man then made himself so tight that movement was impossible. Stuck in a runner's starting position Lotion Boy aimed for Angry Man's ankles. With spring loaded action Angry Man took off flying through the air faster than a Peregrine Falcon toward the University. Lotion Boy, Ever the marksman shot off Lotion in directions that looked sporadic and uncalculated far off into the distance to the untrained eye, but they were some of the best coordinated shots of a projectile in the history of man. Lotion Boy had shot lotion off in the far distance of places that Angry Man was going to hit as he flew through the air to loosen up enough to propel himself again. After a thousand feet of soaring the first wad of lotion hit his left arm, he used it swing around a flagpole and build more momentum to travel farther. The next one hit his legs so that he could jump off the top of the next building and travel even more. In one grand finale, soaring well above the city's skyline, another shot of lotion hit him. Loosening up his whole body. He then took the formation of an olympic diver and stressed his muscles once more. Diving through the air like a bullet shot from the most powerful rifle he plummeted hundreds of feet and hit the main grounds of the university like an arrow. Then the last gush of lotion came raining down exactly where he landed, loosening him up once more. He shot up and took off toward the labs. Back where Lotion Boy was standing his wrist watch radio had dried and went off.

Felicity: Good work, Lotion Boy, Angry Man made it to the University safely.

Announcer: Lotion Boy did not wait for further instruction. He immediately propelled off toward President, who was clinging to the few remaining hairs on Dick Cheney's head as the giant ex-vice president tried to swat him away. Lotion Boy flew in, grabbed President, and flew him around to the front of Domovoy's naval.

Lotion Boy: Time to find out if Dick was an innny or an outy!

Announcer: Lotion Boy threw President at the Dick Cheney figure's stomach. President shot through and came out the other end of his body covered in chocolate. President grabbed the tail end of Cheney's Wal-Mart tailored suit and swung up to his shoulder. While, Lotion Boy flew up to his nose and cannon-blasted Lotion inside of both nostrils. Domovoy's head went back in stun. Lotion Boy flew to the President and grabbed him. He saw Ponchik with his plastic army gently and respectfully evacuating the city and went to him.

Lotion Boy: Ponchik, have some of the Mannequins Womannequin is making at the factory go to the University. Then both of you join us there. We're heading there now.

Ponchik: Can do, Lotion Boy. Good luck!

Lotion Boy: Bill, I have a woman there that I love. I need her to be safe.

Ponchik: On the honor of the love that Womannequin and I share, we will not fail you.

Lotion Boy: Thank you, Bill.

Announcer: Lotion Boy took off with President to lead an angry Domovoy toward the University. Lotion Boy flew around to Domovoy's back side and propelled toward him with President. The two lifted the stories tall Domovoy and flew him through the air.

Domovoy: You cannot stop me, Lotion Lad. You have been nothing, but a thorn in my side.

Lotion Boy: Then, might I suggest some lotion to soothe the skin!

Announcer: Lotion Boy shot more of his lotion vision at Domovoy. The politician flew upwards and came crashing down onto the ground emitting tremors that shook buildings. They had arrived at the University Ponchik's army was there in full numbers readying to fight, but not one hundred percent in formation or accounted for. As there were a lot of them!

Lotion Boy: No, the army is only just arriving. Let's hope Angry Man knows what he is doing.

Announcer: Right beneath Lotion Boy's feet was the Angry Lab, where Angry Man was attaching cabling to the empty Anger Gas valves.

Angry Man: Just like Abraham Lincoln said, reverse the polarity and it becomes a prison once again. Where is Ben? My wrist watch radio is still broken.

Announcer: Lotion Boy was standing off against Dick Cheney. He looked down at the University.

Domovoy: Ever wonder why your student interest rates on your loans are so high? I did it. Capitalizing off of college students is so easy. I didn't even need to, it just brought me some laughs seeing all of those kids never get into the college they wanted to. How do you think we supplied all the fast food workers? How do you think we keep America so fat? It was all my doing! And, I guess after I destroy this place, they can take repair costs out of your tuition and parents' life insurance!

Lotion Boy: No! You will not harm another student.

Announcer: If Lotion Boy could keep Domovoy on the campus grounds border for a bit longer... he knew Angry Man had a plan. He had mentioned that reversing the polarity on the gas chambers would serve as a prison for Domovoy instead of as a source of energy.

Lotion Boy: President! Prepare, we have to-

Announcer: But, as Lotion Boy turned to President he saw the ground beneath his feet crumble as Angry Man jumped out of the Earth, grabbed him and brought him below.

Lotion Boy: Fine, Angry Man. I know you won't fail me. I guess I will have to fight him myself for a bit. We can't afford one person not to be evacuated by the plastic army. Alright, Domovoy, let's see what you have in that oil baron of a body!

Announcer: Lotion Boy rocketed off toward Domovoy faster than ever before then he starting punching lotion out of every pore of his body as fast as he possibly could. It broke holes in Domovoy's skin and he bled chocolate sauce. Just as Lotion Boy was going in for another attack, one of Domovoy's hands came down on Lotion Boy - sending him flying off toward the dorms of the campus. He hit the ground with a crash. Landing right next to a group of evacuating students. Lotion Boy could hardly move. He felt his face and realized his mask had fallen off in the crash. All the students had already passed and were unharmed so he knew none of them saw him. When all of a sudden he heard a voice he knew.

Karla: Sam?

Announcer: It was Karla, the long term girlfriend of Sam. She came running toward him.

Karla: What are you doing here? We are being evacuated... Why are you dressed like...

Announcer: Then she realized, her long term boyfriend was the masked vigilante - Lotion Boy!

Karla: I don't understand, but how?

Announcer: With a great effort Samuel Plier stood to his feet.

Samuel: Karla, I know you have a lot of questions and that you are confused, but right now I need you to be safe. I promise I will tell you everything after this is over.

Announcer: Karla, who was ever trusting and loving of her boyfriend did not question this. She only said..

Karla: I do not doubt you had your reasons. Just come back to me.

Samuel: With pleasure, Karla.

Announcer: The two shared a kiss. Sam was ready to fly. Lotion Boy dissolved as his alter ego. Everything became clear to him and he looked at Domovoy.

Samuel: Hey, you Russian piece of nutritionless calories, it's time for your massage appointment!

Announcer: Sam took off. He spiraled and created a tornado of lotion to capture Domovoy. The creature spun violently and was thrown into the air once again. But Domovoy was quick to steady himself and landed on his feet! The fall was too much for him though, so he lost his footing and toppled over as his legs crumbled like week old brownies do once you finally get them out of the pan. Sam landed in front of the monster's disintegrating feet.

Samuel: You Dick.

Announcer: As Sam turned to leave, Domovoy kicked remainder of the foot of Dick Cheyney onto the ground with such force that the leg exploded he went and Sam went flying into the air in a dust of brownie crumbs. Domovoy sat up and grabbed him in his hand.

Domovoy: Now, I will crush you like the used up lotion bottle that you are. Not even recycled, thrown away to further signify the waste of oil that goes into making plastic bottles that go nowhere.

Samuel: Not if I have anything to say about it.

Announcer: Sam made lotion seep out of every pore once again and slipped through his grasp. He fell toward the Earth preparing to take flight once more, when both of Domovoy's hands grabbed him.

Domovoy: Not so fast!

Announcer: Domovoy started to apply pressure to his hands to come down upon Sam. Only his head stood out from Domovoy's entrapment.

Domovoy: So, that is who you are underneath the mask. Just some kid. Another worthless runt of humanity. And, I saw that you had a girlfriend over there. Well, maybe after I am through with you - I can pay her a visit.

Lotion Boy: Comments like that make you a misogynistic douchebag!

Announcer: Then a tower of stacked Mannequins stood across from Domovoy to create a giant platform. At the top, with an army of Mannequins, was Womannequin. Ponchik was at her side.

Ponchik: Everyone has been evacuated, Lotion Boy. Now our army is at your disposal.

Announcer: They stood off against each other. Domovoy with Lotion Boy in hand, at his level an army of thousands of plastic mannequins led by Ponchik and Womannequin.

Womannequin: Look at the face of the ultimate misogynist. His comments and actions surpass just being a douchebag. He has kept all of us held down. Be us plastic or flesh. Now, we strike. We are all Womannequins!

Ponchik: Look at the face of your oppressor. Look at the face of the man who killed small businesses and helped ruin our economy. Look at the reason that the rights of Mannequins as well as humans have been lost. Today we end oppression. Today we end bigotry. Today we become men again. Today we are born again! Today we are Mannequin!

Announcer: Domovoy did not let go of Lotion Boy, but ran into the crowd of Mannequins. Kicking with all of his might, limbs of plastic went flying in all directions. Their numbers were too great though. Mannequins started climbing up Domovoy's body from all angles. Lotion Boy stayed locked in Domovoy's grips though. What Domovoy did not count on was Ponchik's ability to regenerate all the mannequins because of his plastic limbs. Womannequin had taken hold of the arts supply room on campus and was shuffling crates of plastic Ponchik's way. Domovoy realized this and charged for Ponchik. With his free hand he lifted Ponchik up. His mannequins fought as hard as they could for their master. However...

Domovoy: Kill the source. Kill the signal. Goodbye, Ponchik.

Lotion Boy: No!

Announcer: Domovoy dangled Ponchik from his plastic arm and swung him forward. His plastic arm snapped clean off. Ponchik flew into the arts building. Next to Womannequin.

Womannequin: Ponchik!

Ponchik: I am here, Womannequin.

Womannequin: Here, take some plastic, regenerate!

Ponchik: I cannot, that was the arm that allowed me to use such powers. It is too late for me, my plastic love. Too late for us. Once I go, you go too. I am the source of the energy that controls you. We can buy Angry Man more time though.

Womannequin: What is he doing that is taking so long?

Ponchik: I figured it out as he flew away. He is reversing the polarity of the generator to turn it into a prison. He needed President because President is the only one capable of getting close enough to the inside Domovoy with the cable to trap him.

Womannequin: Of course! Then, let us all go out fighting for plastic everywhere, and for the end of Domovoy!

Ponchik: For the peace of every species in the galaxy! For the microcosm that is the city and the planet in the macrocosm of the universe!

Announcer: The two stood up. Grasping each other hand-in-remaining-hand, the two rocketed off toward Domovoy.

Womannequin: Now!

Announcer: The two let go of one another, the energies inside of Domovoy were too great for anyone besides President it was true. They could feel it as they got closer. Lotion Boy was only holding on because he was injected with the ChemiKa formula. They stayed the course though. The two each flew through the eyes of Domovoy. It would only temporarily blind him, but it would be enough to slow him down. The two flew out the other end of Domovoy and hit the ground with an explosion of craters. They stretched their arms out for one another. Held each other. And saw the other for the last time.

(Music up and out)

Announcer: It was here that Angry Man and President appeared. Thousands of their plastic companions were falling over without their leader to act as their source of energy.

Angry Man: Ponchik, Womannequin, we were supposed to save all of these plastic soliders. Discover a way to make them all free.

Announcer: Then Angry Man saw that Lotion Boy was in Domovoy's hand.

Angry Man: Domovoy... Now is the time President.

Announcer: Angry Man picked up President who was wielding a giant electrical cable. Like a javelin Angry Man sent President flying at Domovoy. Angry Man saw time slow down, his entire body shook, all of a sudden the feeling of Anger

disappeared from his body. He felt a pure peaceful hum and charged forward. He had become so angry that his body reached an emotion never before experienced by a human being. He leaped to Lotion Boy, tore off Domovoy's fist - sending brownie chunks flying everywhere and ran to safety all in a matter of nanoseconds. Before Lotion Boy or Domovoy had realized this, President soared stories above Domovoy and went in free fall toward Domovoy's mouth and dove in.

Lotion Boy: Mr. President, no!

Angry Man: Stand back, lad. Benjamin, Felicity!

Announcer: Beneath them, in the Angry Labs. Dr. Benjamin Lawrence - Ph. D in Sadness and life long friend to Dr. Moren Tense and Felicity Lawrence - daughter to Benjamin and Teaching Assistant to Dr. Moren switched the power on and started controlling the valve pressure of the Anger Gas container. Domovoy fell onto his knees.

Domovoy: No, I cannot be stopped. You will be ruled.

Angry Man: It's time for America not to be. Prepare for prison, you evil Russian Pastry.

Domovoy: No! Imprison me and Karla dies!

Announcer: With the strength and tenacity of a crazed baby giraffe trying to make himself taller so that he is not killed by a Leopard, but cannot because puberty has not hit him yet - Domovoy charged toward Karla. In a flash, Lotion Boy flew around to the front of Domovoy and formed a giant fist made of pure lotion that he shockwaved into Domovoy.

Lotion Boy: I said, stop being a dick.

Announcer: Lotion Boy then erupted lotion from his mouth. It projected into Domovoy's. At the exact moment Angry Man came flying through the air with more wires in tow. As they were attached all of Domovoy's energy was transported to the cage in the Angry Labs. Domovoy's body expanded, crumbled, shook, and exploded into brownie chunks. The last part left was the face of Dick Cheney. The wire President had dove into his mouth with jerked back and forth. President came flying out with Security in arm.

President: Mister Vice President, I am afraid I have some bad news.

Lotion Boy: You're impeached.

Announcer: Lotion Boy shot more lotion onto Angry Man who was curled into a death grip on the ground feet away. Upon being soothed he hurled himself into the face of Dick Cheney.

Angry Man: You're reign of terror was one thing that made me really, really, Angry.

Domovoy: No!

Announcer: And with a sonic boom, Angry Man blew up the face of former Vice President, Dick Cheney.

Angry Man: Anger Management finished.

(Music up and out)

Lotion Boy: Security! You're safe!

Security: Yes, when Domovoy makes brownies he actually was making small version of himself in every piece. I ate a majority of the power Domovoy had absorbed in brownie form. I wouldn't have survived if President hadn't jumped in when he did. I felt myself slipping every second that Fudgy Phony had control of me.

President: I knew my friend had to be in there somewhere. I would not stand idle until everything was done to try to save him.

Security: You were smart to call out Domovoy on his bluff, Sam. He was trying to get to you.

Lotion Boy: But, now he knows my face. Worse, he knows who Karla is.

Angry Man: I wouldn't worry about that, Sam. Domovoy is not going anywhere anytime soon. Right, Mr. President?

President: After this, I don't know what the great Mumbak will do with him. He won't be back though. I think this is the last we will see of Domovoy. Humanity can finally get back to progress. The worst is over.

Angry Man: Not just humanity. Plastic kind too. We can't keep seeing plastic as a pollutant to our life. We have to see it's beauty too. In the memory of Ponchik and Womannequin. We will not stop. At the end of the day it was love that saved us all. Which is what we were fighting for. Love to be spread everywhere possible. Love will save the universe. Love saved Security, it saved the city! I am sure your love for Karla gave you strength, Lotion Boy - as well as Ponchik's and Womannequin's love for one another and all things plastic - and my love for you all gave me strength.

Announcer: Benjamin Lowrence and Felicity came out of the labs and onto the grounds with everyone else. They stood around one another examining a job well done. It was then that reporters started flooding the streets asking such questions of how the heroes did it. Their heroism was then etched into the

city's history. The President's approval ratings shot through the roof. And all was well.

(Music up and out)

Announcer: It was days later. Sam was with Karla on a much needed vacation. He decided it was time to tell her the truth. He knew the implications, but love is what led him through. And love is what was going to lead him onward. He returned to her on the beach and started. We will leave them now in their privacy. I will let you know this though. They were happy.

(Music up and out)

Announcer: Life went back to how it had been. Except now the world knew of Angry Man and Lotion Boy. Not just the world, but the city and the prison planet of Uranus. They knew how they had saved the city and became the center of everything good in the people's minds and hearts. The heroes had inspired good and no form of monopolizing consumer name brand products could put a damper on them even to the most stereotypical hipster. But, these were all frivolous perceptions of society that Domovoy had left on humanity. And they were slowly washing away. People's of the world unified because of Angry Man and Lotion Boy. They never discovered who Angry Man and Lotion Boy were for Sam had shielded his face as the reporters came in, but they knew that they were out there. Defending every person in some way or another. For, as they taught, we must look inside and be happy with who we are as individuals and care and respect what others feel to make truly lasting friendships. Angry Man exemplified that with his always understanding demeanor toward even the most dastardly of foes. Even Domovoy. There was much to still be understood about him. But, he was safely locked away in the Angry Labs while Angry Man studied him to figure out what they should do.

(Music up and out)

Announcer: Finally, Doctor Moren Tense Ph. D in Anger and Samuel Plier Undergraduate Major in Massage Therapy met in the library for another tutoring session. They had just barely opened their books when...

Felicity: Doctor Tense, downtown there has been reports of a mass theft of dentures. From a team of criminals calling themselves the Naturalist State of Old People.

Moren: Thank you Felicity. Angry Man out. Lad.

Announcer: With a nod, the two quickly left to change into their alter egos. The two that would never stop defending the city. The two that changed the world with love. The two best friends. Angry Man and Lotion Boy!

(Music up and out)

Announcer: This five-episode event "The Adventures of Angry Man and Lotion Boy" is written and directed by Logan Rodgers. It stars...

(silence)

Announcer: William Moulton ChemiKa was in the office of Dr. Benjamin Lawrence in his labs. Benjamin held a Ph. D in Sadness. He liked to help those struggling with deep depression. Such as William Moulton ChemiKa, who was seeing the error of his ways after swindling countless families out of their insurance money. The two were in deep talks about what ChemiKa could do to change. ChemiKa was feeling empowered. When all of a sudden there was an energy surge outside the lab doors. Benjamin exited the room to find a lab technician. He got far enough way. ChemiKa walked around the lab to try to settle his nerves. Behind him was the valve system used to hold the Sad gas. Out of nowhere the valves reached critical pressure and exploded. William Moulton ChemiKa went flying forward and was rendered unconscious. He woke up in the hospital a week later being able to do some very new - very strange - superhuman - feats.

ChemiKa: I guess I am back in the game... Angry Man and Lotion Boy!

END.