

Excerpt from...

“CLARK AND BRUCE”

By Bruce Kane

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WARNING No one shall make any changes to this play for the purpose of production. Publication of these plays does not imply its availability for production.

“CLARK AND BRUCE”

By Bruce Kane

SETTING: Poolside at a vacation resort.

TIME: Now

CHARACTERS:

Clark: Mid fifties, handsome, still fit.

Bruce: Also mid fifties, a slight paunch, showing his age.

Waitress – Young, pretty.

PRODUCTION NOTES: What follows is a leisurely paced exchange between two old friends. It's not written to be rapid fire exchanges. You can leave a little space between changes of topic to give the conversation an air of spontaneity.

(LIGHTS UP on Clark and Bruce seated in portable lounge chairs, wearing shorts, flip flops and T shirts. Clark's T-shirt reads "It's a bird. It's a plane. It's me." Bruce's T-shirt reads Wayne Enterpri\$e\$. Each holds a large tropical drink.)

CLARK: Man, this is the life.

BRUCE: No worries....

CLARK: No responsibilities

BRUCE: No getting up in the middle of the night.

CLARK: Speak for yourself.

BRUCE: I mean to fight bad guys.

CLARK: Oh, that. I gave that up years ago.

BRUCE: I should've listened to you.

CLARK: I kept telling you to get off the treadmill. But you couldn't let go.

BRUCE: I was dedicated.

CLARK: You just loved seeing that signal in the sky. *(mockingly)* We need you. Come save us.

BRUCE: You were just jealous you didn't have one.

CLARK: I didn't need one. All they had to do was whisper my name and I was tearing my clothes off in a phone booth.

BRUCE: It's a wonder the cops never picked you up for that.

CLARK: I must have gone through six suits a week. The cost alone was killing me. Especially on a reporter's salary.

BRUCE: How come no one every figured out who you were?

CLARK: I had a disguise.

BRUCE: Horned rimmed glasses? You call that a disguise? At least I had a cowl and talked in *(drops voice)* a low husky voice.

CLARK: Well those days are gone and over.

BRUCE: Why did you give it up when you did?

CLARK: Once the x ray vision started to go, I knew it wasn't long for the rest of it.

BRUCE: I would have given anything for X ray vision.

CLARK: It did have its advantages, if you know what I mean

BRUCE: I know exactly what you mean. (*they fist bump*) Speaking of lead lined objects, how is Lois these days?

CLARK: Okay, I guess.

BRUCE: You guess?

CLARK: We split up a couple of years back.

BRUCE: I didn't know... I'm sorry.

CLARK: No, you're not.

BRUCE: I suppose you're right.

CLARK: You weren't exactly her biggest fan.

BRUCE: She was always a little too much "I am woman, hear me roar" for my tastes. What happened?

CLARK: Said she needed to find herself.

BRUCE: Find herself? That's what she said? Find herself?

CLARK: I offered to hire a private detective. She didn't think that was funny.

BRUCE: She never was a bundle of laughs.

CLARK: Then she had the nerve to tell me I didn't satisfy her needs.

BRUCE: Mmmmmm. The old faster than a speeding bullet thing.

CLARK: Not you too? If I had a dime for every time I've heard that.

BRUCE: Sorry, couldn't resist. So what happened to her?

CLARK: Married a CPA.

BRUCE: He must be one helluvan accountant.

CLARK: She said he might not be able to leap tall buildings but she's up to date on her taxes. You ever marry?

BRUCE: Me? No.

CLARK: Never met the right girl?

BRUCE: Not that I didn't have my opportunities. No, sireeeee.

CLARK: Hell, all you had to do was show up in the bat suit.

BRUCE: Oh yeah. The ladies loved the bat suit.

CLARK: Why not? The shoulders, the pecs, the washboard abs...

BRUCE: Oh yeah, The whole package.

CLARK: Especially the package.

BRUCE: Yeah, they loved going to bed with Batman, but waking up with Bruce Wayne, not so much.

CLARK: So, you never got close.

BRUCE: Depends what you mean by close.

CLARK: Popping the question. Buying the ring.

BRUCE: Remember, Diana Prince?

CLARK: You and Princess Diana??

BRUCE: No... Not Princess Diana. Diana Prince.

(Play continues...)

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