An excerpt from

“WHAM! BAM!”

A Short One Act Comedy
By Bruce Kane

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IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS All producers of "Wham! Bam! " must give credit to Bruce Kane as sole Author of the Play in all programs distributed in connection with performance of the Play and in all instances in which the title of the Play appears for any purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or production thereof, including posters, souvenir books, flyers, books and playbills. Bruce Kane must also appear immediately following the title of the Play and must appear in size of type not less then fifty percent of the size of type used for the title. The Author’s name must be equal to or larger than the Director's, but never smaller than that of the Director. The above billing must appear as follows: "Wham! Bam! " by Bruce Kane.

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.

What follows is an excerpt from “Wham! Bam” a short play for one man and one woman. . A full fledged but rather thick and insecure Superhero, in full superhero regalia, is meeting the the wife of a rival superhero in a hotel room to begin an affair. The excerpt begins a few pages into the play.

SHE: I don’t know. I keep thinking about what he would do if he found out.

HE: Don’t worry. He won’t find out.

SHE: You forget he can see through walls.

HE: (*feeling threatened*) Well, if you going to start bringing that up.

SHE: Forget I said anything. Why don’t we just get on with it.

HE: Just because he can leap tall buildings in a single bound.

SHE: I said forget it.

HE: I can still cover just as much ground as he does. I just use my…

SHE: (*impatiently)* I know… I know… Your skills and ingenuity.

HE: Balderdash and poppycock. Who needs skills and ingenuity when you drive the Justice Mobile?

SHE: Of course. The Justice Mobile. Silly me.

HE: Did you know that baby can do zero to a hundred in nothing flat?

SHE: Amazing

HE: Oh yeah… Kid glove leather interior. Surround sound speakers. Synchro mesh transmission. Three inch steel armor plating. Not to to mention the ejection seat and missile launchers.

SHE: Let's not forget the missile launchers.

HE: The old Justice Mobile is a real chick magnet.

SHE: Just what every woman loves, a car with an ejection seat.

HE: I bet Mister Born On Another Planet would give his right arm for the Justice Mobile.

SHE: He seems to do alright without it.

HE: What was it about him that you found so damn attractive, anyway? That stupid little curl in the middle of his forehead?

SHE: If you must know, he was the most exciting man I'd ever met.

HE: Give me a break. The man is so square he has corners.

SHE: You're falling to your doom from a forty story building and some guy comes flying by, scoops you out of the air and flies off with you cradled in his massive arms. It's exciting. And it's sexy. Damn sexy.

HE: I could've done that. I could have swooped.

SHE: Of course you could have swooped.

HE: I would've had to used cables and grappling hooks and launchers. But I could have swooped.

SHE: I wasn't saying you couldn't swoop.

HE: I'm a great swooper.

SHE: I'm sure you are. Which side of the bed do you want?

HE: At least, I don't become a total wreck when someone waves a piece of rock at me.

SHE: We all have our weaknesses.

HE: Sure, go ahead. Defend him.

SHE: I'm not defending him. He's perfectly capable of defending himself… And most of the world for that matter.

HE: And I'm not. That's what you're saying, isn't it?

SHE: That's not what I'm saying. Can we get this show on the road.

HE: Don't change the subject.

SHE: I thought that was the subject.

HE: Admit it, you're only here because old buns of steel can't get it up.

SHE: No, that's not why I'm here. And for your information, he gets it up just fine.

HE: Is that so?

SHE: Or, at least, he used to. There was a time when he thought nothing of making love to me at ten thousand feet.

HE: Big deal.

SHE: It was a big deal. We weren't in a plane. (*then wistfully*) But those days are gone. Now, it's all work, work, work. Busting bruising brigands. Terminating ticking time bombs. Defeating dastardly doers of devilish deeds.

HE: Sure… Go ahead. Throw it my face. My husband can fly. My husband is invulnerable. You think it's easy doing what I do without one single super power to my name? No gills.. No magic words. No radioactive insect bites. Knowing that the rotten, ungrateful rabble of this stinking rat infested hole they call a city will always be comparing me to… him.

SHE: The people of this city love you. They need you. They want you.

HE: Of course they want Captain Justice. Hell, everyone wants Captain Justice. The Mayor wants Captain Justice. The police want Captain Justice. But does anyone want Ernest Hemple?

SHE: Who the hell is Ernest Hemple?

HE: I'm Ernest Hemple.

SHE: That's your name? Ernest Hemple?

HE: Okay… It's out there. Yes, I'm Ernest Hemple. Certified public accountant.

SHE: You're a CPA?

HE: Make that super CPA. I made enough money in real estate to pay off the national debt.

SHE: Then why all this Captain Justice stuff? Why not just play golf and live in a big house?

HE: I do. Twenty five rooms. Three swimming pools. Tennis courts and my own movie theatre.

SHE: Ohmygod. You own Stately Hemple Manor.

HE: You've heard of it.

SHE: Yes, I've heard of it. Who hasn't? So why the whole Captain Justice thing?

HE: Would you have checked into a hotel to spend an afternoon with Ernest Hemple, accountant?

SHE: Maybe to get my taxes done.

(The play continues...)

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