

"CLARK AND BRUCE"
By Bruce Kane

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22448 Bessemer St.
Woodland Hills, CA 91367
PH: 818-336-1063
E-mail: bk@kaneprod.com

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"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.

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 done 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.

CLARK: Oh... Wait a minute. Why do I know that name?

(Bruce waves his arm like hes twirling a lasso, then outlines the form of a very shapely woman with his hands)

CLARK: Oh, yeah.. The one that spun around and turned into Wonder Bread.

BRUCE: Woman... Wonder Woman.

CLARK: Yeah... Woman... Wonder Woman... What was that spinning all about?

BRUCE: She never said. I never asked.

CLARK: So was she?

BRUCE: Was she what?

CLARK: What do you mean, what? Was she “wonder” woman?

BRUCE: Like you wouldn't believe. I had to hit the gym two hours a day just to keep up with her.

CLARK: What happened? She let herself go?

BRUCE: Her? You gotta be kidding. I ran into her a couple of months ago at Comic Con. She walked into the room and you never saw than many tongues hit the floor at the same time.

CLARK: So, if she was that hot...?

BRUCE: Underneath all the Amazonian bravado, she was a bundle of insecurities.

CLARK: No kidding? I never would have guessed.

BRUCE: Oh yeah.. Needed a lot of reassurance. More than I could give her, apparently.

CLARK: Too bad.

BRUCE: Every other minute it was... “Do you love me? “Am I the only one?” “Do you want to spend the rest of your life with me?”

CLARK: (nodding) The usual questions. What did you tell her?

BRUCE: Yeah, sure. Whatever.

CLARK: (nodding) The usual answers.

BRUCE: I was almost home free and then one night she threw that lasso over me.

CLARK: (intrigued) Lasso? Really? So she was into that kind of stuff.

BRUCE: Far from it. It was her truth lasso.

CLARK: Wait... Wait... What the hell is a truth lasso?

BRUCE: She had this lasso.

CLARK: Like in a rodeo?

BRUCE: Like in a rodeo.

CLARK: This gets more interesting all the time.

BRUCE: Not once she got that thing around you. There was no way you could lie. It was really spooky.

CLARK: Oh geez. Don't tell me. You told her the truth.

BRUCE: I didn't have a choice.

CLARK: Nothing will kill a relationship faster than the truth.

BRUCE: Tell me about it.

CLARK: It's not like the old days anymore, is it?

BRUCE: You miss those days?

CLARK: I try not to think about it.

BRUCE: Those were great times. When it was just you and me.

CLARK: Those days are over. You gotta look ahead.

BRUCE: Nowadays, you can't swing a dead cat without hitting some guy in a cape and a cowl.

CLARK: I swear there must be more superheroes on every corner than Starbucks.

BRUCE: Maybe I'm just getting old, but I can't tell one from the other. They all look alike to me.

CLARK: Be careful where you say that. It's not exactly PC.

BRUCE: Who gives a crap?

CLARK. The SPCA got wind of it, they'd be all over you.

BRUCE: What does animal cruelty have to do with this?

CLARK: No. I'm talking about the Superhero Protection Conference of America. You even look cross eyed at one of them now and they drag your ass into court.

BRUCE: You're kidding me. In our day Lex Luthor would have had those guys for lunch. By the way, whatever happened to him?

CLARK: Lex? I spent half my life trying to nail that douche bag and a bunch of hot shot Wall Street types took him down without breaking a sweat.

BRUCE: How'd they do that?

CLARK: Convinced him to take his evil empire public. Two years later they organized a hostile takeover and forced him out. I think he's living in Arizona now.

BRUCE: Serves him right.

CLARK: Whatever happened to your guys? The Joker? The Penguin?

BRUCE: Lost track of The Joker. Although The Penguin did try to friend me on Facebook.

CLARK: It's whole new world, out there.

(A pretty WAITRESS enters and replaces their drinks)

CLARK: Thank you.

BRUCE: Miss?

WAITRESS: Yes?

BRUCE: Mind if I ask you a question?

WAITRESS: Sure.

BRUCE: Who's your favorite superhero?

WAITRESS: Excuse me?

BRUCE: Your favorite superhero.

WAITRESS: I don't understand.

BRUCE: Superhero. Who do you like better... Superman or Batman?

WAITRESS: Super...? Bat...?

BRUCE: You never heard of Superman?

WAITRESS: Is that the name of band or something?

BRUCE: No, it's not a band. (getting agitated) I can't believe you never heard of Superman.

CLARK: (calming him down) It's okay, Bruce. It's okay.

WAITRESS: Sorry.

CLARK: (to Waitress) Don't worry about it. He's just feeling a little obsolete. Thanks for the drinks.

WAITRESS: if you need anything else?

CLARK: We'll be fine.

(She leaves)

BRUCE: Do you believe that? Never heard of Superman.

CLARK: I'm sure she never heard of The Beatles either. Time marches on, my friend, Time marches on.

BRUCE: I suppose.

(Bruce's cell phone goes off to the tune of the Batman TV Theme. Bruce takes out his phone)

CLARK: You've gotta be kidding.

BRUCE: (answers phone) What is it Alfred? I haven't forgotten... I have them with me. Sometimes you can be a real old lady Alfred. Bye, Alfred. (puts phone away) Alfred, my butler. He's afraid I won't remember to take my Lipitor.

CLARK: Still have a butler, huh?

BRUCE: Got used to having him around.

CLARK: Look after stately Wayne Manor, does he?

BRUCE: No, that's gone... Converted the place to condos. Made a bundle.

CLARK: Look at the time. It's been great. (gets up) But, I gotta fly.

BRUCE: Go ahead, rub it in.

CLARK: I don't mean fly fly. Haven't done that in years. Not with the vertigo. No, I gotta Jet Blue flight at six. It was great catching up with you, Bruce.

BRUCE: Until the next time. (toasts him with his drink)

CLARK: A word of advice my friend. No, lookin' back. Just keep your eye on the horizon. You'll live longer.

BRUCE: I'll try to remember that.

CLARK: See you next year.

BRUCE: Same bat time. Same bat channel. (*Clark leaves.*) Eye on the horizon.

(After a few moments, Bruce looks around to see if anybody is watching then takes out his cell phone and taps the screen. The phone begins to play the Batman TV Theme Music. Bruce smiles, leans back and lets the music wash over him.)

THE END