“WHAM! BAM!”

A Short One Act Comedy
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.

“WHAM! BAM!”

ACT I

SCENE I

LIGHTS UP ON A HOTEL ROOM

(An attractive WOMAN is pacing nervously. Suddenly there is a knock on the door. She hurries over and puts her ear up against the door and whispers…) 

SHE: Who is it?

(From the other side of the door we hear a man’s booming stentorian voice.)
HE: (O.S.) It’s me. Captain Justice, the defender of truth. The champion of the defenseless. The…

SHE: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

(She opens the door to CAPTAIN JUSTICE, a full fledged superhero complete with a superhero’s outfit including cape and cowl. This is no Halloween costume. Captain Justice in, in fact, a full fledged super hero. She quickly pulls him in and shuts the door.)

SHE: Where the hell have you been?

(In addition to sounding like he’s always giving a speech, he is also, muscular, - or at least the suit is - insecure, self centered and often pompous)

HE: A bank was being robbed.

SHE: I’ve been waiting an hour.

HE: No need to worry. I quickly corralled the cunning culprits.

SHE: Couldn’t you leave that to the police? I don’t have all afternoon.

HE: The police? Who needs the police when Captain Justice is around? After all, vanquishing villainous vermin is my vocation.

SHE: (annoyed) Yeah, you and my husband.

HE: (disdainfully) How is “whatisname” these days?

SHE: We’re not here to talk about him. Did anyone see you come in?

HE: Of course. (proudly) Everyone saw me come in. I’m hard to miss.

SHE: Great.

HE: I am Captain Justice, defender of…

SHE: I think we covered that already. Okay… Okay… Let’s just hope they think you’re after some bad guy and not here with me…

(She can’t finish the sentence but He can.)

HE: Committing adultery?

SHE: If you’re going to be direct and insensitive about it, yes committing adultery.

HE: You and I are not committing adultery.
SHE: Of course, we are.

HE: No... You're committing adultery. I'm not married.

SHE: (sarcastically) Thank you for pointing that out.

HE: No problem.

SHE: God, I hope we're doing the right thing.

HE: Of course, we're doing the right thing.

SHE: How can you be so sure?

HE: Because I always do the right thing. My whole life is devoted to doing the right thing. Nobody does the right thing... thing better than I do the right thing... thing.

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.


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. (wistfully) I’ll never forget the time we joined the mile high club.

HE: Mile high club. Big deal.

SHE: It was a big deal. We weren’t in a plane. (sadly) 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: 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.

HE: Ever since I saw your picture in the paper…

SHE: (flattered) You saw my picture?

HE: Standing next to him… (disdainfully)… him.

SHE: Oh.

HE: Looking up at him. Smiling at him. Adoring him. All I could think of was “why him?” Why not me? Why did you want him? Why didn’t you want me?

SHE: Maybe because I didn’t know you.

HE: It didn’t matter. You wanted him and I wanted you to want me.

SHE: Are you saying you became Captain Justice… for me?

HE: What’s the use? No matter what I do. No matter how many sleazy scofflaws I send to solitary or purloining pirates I pinch or hate filled hooligans I harness… you’d always compare me to him.

SHE: No… No… I would never do that.

HE: I’d always play second fiddle.

SHE: (reaches out to touch him) That’s not true. I’m overwhelmed. To think you would do all this just for me. For my attention. What woman wouldn’t be flattered?

HE: You don’t have to patronize me. I can tell. As far as you’re concerned, I just don’t measure up.

SHE: (whispers in his ear) I’m sure you “measure up” just fine.

HE: Do you mean that?

SHE: Well, there’s only one way to find out… oh captain, my captain.

(Their eyes meet)
LIGHTS DOWN:

ACT I

SCENE 2

LIGHTS UP:

(The two of them are now lying in bed under the covers. His hands are clasped behind his head. He’s feeling very good about himself. Very good indeed. She is lying next to him, wearing his cowl and smoking a cigarette.)

SHE: Well, Ernest Hemple. You may not be able to leap tall buildings in a single bound. And you might not be able to see through walls. But there is one thing you and my husband do have in common. (ruefully) You’re both faster than a speeding bullet.

(As thick and unaware as ever, he replies with a self satisfied smile.)

HE: Tell me about it.

(Off her slow take…)

LIGHTS DOWN

THE END