Acting Edition

SUPERHEROES

WITH GREAT POWER COMES ORDINARY RESPONSIBILITY

BY IAN McWETHY

This sample is an excerpt of a Concord Theatricals title.

Samples of Concord Theatricals titles are for perusal and cannot be used for performance or downloaded, printed, and distributed in any way.

This sample may not reflect the version of the play currently in print.



Playscripts

Superheroes: With Great Power Comes Ordinary Responsibility (1st ed. - 02.27.14) - superheroesAcf
Copyright © 2014 Ian McWethy

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Copyright Protection. This play (the "Play") is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention, and the Berne Convention.

Reservation of Rights. All rights to this Play are strictly reserved, including, without limitation, professional and amateur stage performance rights; motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video, and sound recording rights; rights to all other forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction now known or yet to be invented, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, photocopying, and information storage and retrieval systems; and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

Performance Licensing and Royalty Payments. Amateur and stock performance rights to this Play are controlled exclusively by Playscripts, Inc. ("Playscripts"). No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this Play without obtaining advance written permission from Playscripts. Required royalty fees for performing this Play are specified online at the Playscripts website (www.playscripts.com). Such royalty fees may be subject to change without notice. Although this book may have been obtained for a particular licensed performance, such performance rights, if any, are not transferable. Required royalties must be paid every time the Play is performed before any audience, whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. All licensing requests and inquiries concerning amateur and stock performance rights should be addressed to Playscripts (see contact information on opposite page).

Inquiries concerning all other rights should be addressed to Playscripts, as well; such inquiries will be communicated to the author and the author's agent, as applicable.

Restriction of Alterations. There shall be no deletions, alterations, or changes of any kind made to the Play, including the changing of character gender, the cutting of dialogue, the cutting of music, or the alteration of objectionable language, unless directly authorized by Playscripts. The title of the Play shall not be altered.

Author Credit. Any individual or group receiving permission to produce this Play is required to give credit to the author as the sole and exclusive author of the Play. This obligation applies to the title page of every program distributed in connection with performances of the Play, and in any instance that the title of the Play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing, or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production thereof. The name of the author must appear on a separate line, in which no other name appears, immediately beneath the title and of a font size at least 50% as large as the largest letter used in the title of the Play. No person, firm, or entity may receive credit larger or more prominent than that accorded the author. The name of the author may not be abbreviated or otherwise altered from the form in which it appears in this Play.

Publisher Attribution. All programs, advertisements, and other printed material distributed or published in connection with the amateur or stock production of the Play shall include the following notice:

Produced by special arrangement with Playscripts, Inc.
(www.playscripts.com)

Prohibition of Unauthorized Copying. Any unauthorized copying of this book or excerpts from this book is strictly forbidden by law. Except as otherwise permitted by applicable law, no part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including, without limitation, photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Playscripts.

Statement of Non-affiliation. This Play may include references to brand names and trademarks owned by third parties, and may include references to public figures. Playscripts is not necessarily affiliated with these public figures, or with the owners of such trademarks and brand names. Such references are included solely for parody, political comment, or other permitted purposes.

Permissions for Sound Recordings and Musical Works. This Play may contain directions calling for the performance of a portion, or all, of a musical work *not included in the Play's score*, or performance of a sound recording of such a musical work. Playscripts has not obtained permissions to perform such works. The producer of this Play is advised to obtain such permissions, if required in the context of the production. The producer is directed to the websites of the U.S. Copyright Office (www.copyright.gov), ASCAP (www.ascap.com), BMI (www.bmi.com), and NMPA (www.nmpa.org) for further information on the need to obtain permissions, and on procedures for obtaining such permissions.

The Rules in Brief

- DO NOT perform this Play without obtaining prior permission from Playscripts, and without paying the required royalty.
- DO NOT photocopy, scan, or otherwise duplicate any part of this book.
- DO NOT alter the text of the Play, change a character's gender, delete any dialogue, cut any music, or alter any objectionable language, unless explicitly authorized by Playscripts.
- DO provide the required credit to the author(s) and the required attribution to Playscripts in all programs and promotional literature associated with any performance of this Play.

Copyright Basics

This Play is protected by United States and international copyright law. These laws ensure that authors are rewarded for creating new and vital dramatic work, and protect them against theft and abuse of their work.

A play is a piece of property, fully owned by the author, just like a house or car. You must obtain permission to use this property, and must pay a royalty fee for the privilege—whether or not you charge an admission fee. Playscripts collects these required payments on behalf of the author.

Anyone who violates an author's copyright is liable as a copyright infringer under United States and international law. Playscripts and the author are entitled to institute legal action for any such infringement, which can subject the infringer to actual damages, statutory damages, and attorneys' fees. A court may impose statutory damages of up to $150,000 for willful copyright infringements. U.S. copyright law also provides for possible criminal sanctions. Visit the website of the U.S. Copyright Office (www.copyright.gov) for more information.

THE BOTTOM LINE: If you break copyright law, you are robbing a playwright and opening yourself to expensive legal action. Follow the rules, and when in doubt, ask us.

Cast of Characters

HAWKEYE
TEENAGE GIRL
JIMMY
NELLY
CLARK
BATMAN
FELICIA
BOSS
TUCKER
ULMA
STORM
ORIN
WOMAN
TOMMY
MANAGER
VENTNOR
FAN
PENELOPE
ROBIN
GARTH
TEEN 1
TEEN 2
HULK
MIA
TINA

Bonus Scene Characters:

YORMA
GREEN LANTERN
SPIDERMAN
SUPER FAN 1
SUPER FAN 2
SUPER FAN 3
INTERN
WONDER WOMAN

Author Notes

Hi there! Thank you for purchasing/deciding to produce *SUPER-HEROES*…glad to see you're as immature as I am. A few things to be aware of.

1. In case it isn't clear from the stage directions, almost everyone is in their "street clothes." This is supposed to be everyone's day off, so costumes should be simple, everyday clothes. The two exceptions are Batman and The Hulk. If you do not feel like finding/buying these costumes, you can replace these scenes with the bonus scenes. All the bonus scenes require no costumes.

2. The scenes themselves are pretty gender flexible (and I would argue that Batman and Hulk are broad enough that they could be played by women, or changed to their female equivalent "She-Hulk" or "Batgirl"). However, you may want to change the superhero itself depending on your casting needs. For example, Hawkeye could become Black Widow (or a number of other characters I'm sure). You would just have to change some of the specifics of the scene, which I give you full permission to do. I found www.superherodb.com to be a pretty good database but I'm sure there are others as well. You can also change the hero in the scene for purely creative reasons as well. That's fine with me too.

3. And in general, anything you want to change to make the play better/more current I give you permission to do. You're welcome to email me at Ian.McWethy@gmail.com, but don't feel like you have to.

That's it! Good. Luck.

-Ian McWethy

SUPERHEROES:
WITH GREAT POWER COMES ORDINARY RESPONSIBILITY

by Ian McWethy

Prologue: It Ain't Easy Bein' Super

(A spotlight on HAWKEYE, *holding his bow. He looks at the audience.)*

HAWKEYE. Being a superhero isn't easy: dedicating yourself to an ideal. The physical toll it takes on your body. Risking your life at a moment's notice. Knowing that if you mess up…it literally could be the end of the world.

(Beat.)

That's the easy part. I mean, that's what we live for. The rush you feel when you defeat a villain, the thrill of shooting that perfect arrow. And there is nothing, and I mean nothing, better than saving the world. It's after that. The downtime. The regular stuff. Getting stuck in traffic, going to the gym, doing your taxes. All the boring stuff you find boring we find really really boring. Like imagine one day, you're fighting a clone army, jumping off buildings, firing exploding arrows, and just when you think you've saved the day, you find a bomb! A huge, city-ending, nuclear bomb! And guess what?! There's only 30 seconds left until it goes off. So you do your best to dismantle it but you're really just guessing 'cause you've never done this before. You're furiously cutting wires, green, then blue, then green again. 10, 9, 8…it should be working but it's not. 7, 6, 5… Oh god! I didn't train for this what do I do! 4, 3, 2 and then, in a split-second decision you reach in, pull out a handful of wires and…it works! It really shouldn't have worked but it worked! You look at the timer and there is 1 second left! 1 second! Holy Cow! Woo! You're the man, Hawkeye! You're the man! I mean my god it is such a rush!

*(*HAWKEYE *takes a minute to collect himself.)*

And the next day you're folding laundry. You're just a guy with a bow and arrow…folding laundry. It could drive a person nuts. So you spend the next day walking around, searching for that high again. That rush of…seeing someone in danger and you saving them. But most days…it never comes.

(The lights change. We reveal a TEENAGE GIRL *is standing next to* HAWKEYE, *a pen and picture in hand.)*

HAWKEYE. Sorry, so…what was the question?

TEENAGE GIRL. Can I get your autograph?

HAWKEYE. Yeah, of course. Sorry. Who should I make it out to?

TEENAGE GIRL. Rory, my little brother. He loves you.

HAWKEYE. Sure thing. "To Rory. Thanks for being such a straight shooter. Hawkeye." There ya go.

*(*TEENAGE GIRL *takes the autograph, confused.)*

TEENAGE GIRL. Oh, sorry…I thought you were Batman. You're not?

HAWKEYE. What? No, I'm Hawkeye. From the Avengers. Look, see. A bow. No mask?

TEENAGE GIRL. Oooohhhh. Right. I thought you had the bow as like a joke or something. Sorry.

*(*TEENAGE GIRL *gives him his autograph back.)*

HAWKEYE. You don't want it at all.

TEENAGE GIRL. He just really likes Batman. Sorry, I'm not sure he knows who you are. I mean, I do, but he's 7 so. Thanks.

*(*TEENAGE GIRL *walks off stage.)*

HAWKEYE. You know Batman in real life is kinda crazy! He wouldn't even give you his autograph, he'd just yell at you. You'll see! You'll…

*(*HAWKEYE *crumples up his autograph and kicks it.)*

HAWKEYE. Batman. Always Batman…

Scene 1: Superman, You Aren't Fooling Anybody

*(*NELLY, *a Human Resources officer, is talking to* JIMMY, *who has a cast on his right hand.)*

JIMMY. I just don't think he realizes how strong he is. He gave me a high five and shattered every bone in my hand.

NELLY. Jimmy, we've planned a meeting to talk to him. This will all be…

(A knock is heard. CLARK KENT *pokes his head in.)*

CLARK. Hey Nelly, I heard you wanted to see me?

NELLY. Yes Clark, thank you for coming in. I'm just finishing up here with Jimmy.

*(*JIMMY *gets up to leave.)*

CLARK. Jimmy, my man, up top.

JIMMY. Ah! Don't…touch me.

*(*JIMMY *runs away.)*

CLARK. Huh. What's up with Jimmy?

NELLY. Well, that's what I wanted to talk to you about.

CLARK. Hey, before you start, did you catch that clip of Superman saving that bus full of kids? Man. I had an emergency root canal so I missed it…again! Bad timing I suppose. Anyway, seemed like a good story.

NELLY. Yeah, okay, let's—

CLARK. Hey, do I need to run that by you? Dentist appointments? It was a last minute thing but if you need to count it as a sick day…

NELLY. Okay, Clark, let's just cut to the chase here. Um…everyone knows that you're Superman.

CLARK. What? ME?!?! But I…I'm so clumsy. How could I possibly be…even a great man. Let alone a…

NELLY. Your disguise is glasses, Clark. You put on glasses and you expect everyone to think you're a different person but…it's painfully obvious.

*(*CLARK *thinks before responding.)*

CLARK. So…how many people know, about uh…?

NELLY. Everyone.

CLARK. Really? Everyone.

NELLY. Trevor, that new intern who started here on Monday, he knows. Within like two minutes he was like "Whoa, that guy's Superman right?"

CLARK. Really? Shoot. I thought…I covered for myself pretty well.

NELLY. No, it was a horrible disguise.

CLARK. Really? Huh, well what should I have done?

NELLY. Wear a mask, Clark. Everyone wears a mask, why didn't you think of that?

CLARK. I don't know, I thought glasses would do the trick. Shoot.

NELLY. Well I'm afraid you can't work at the Daily Planet. It's a pretty big conflict of interest and frankly we've already been accused from the Gotham Post of having a "Super-ly bias," so…

*(*CLARK *sighs.)*

CLARK. Well, I certainly understand that. It's just…I really liked being here. I mean you think it would be great being Superman, with all the powers I have: flying, invincible skin, super strength, x-ray vision, arctic breath, and lasers that shoot out of my eyes. You think that would be awesome, but…people really resent me. They're like "Oh, great, you saved the day again, what a surprise. I'm sure I could save the day too if I had all those powers. Ya jerk." That's why I like working here. I feel…flawed as Clark Kent. It's weird but it's nice to feel flawed.

NELLY. I have to say, as Superman you are a little predictable. I mean you have everything. Every power you could ever want you have. So…I get what you mean.

CLARK. Yeah. I guess I'm a little boring.

(Beat.)

NELLY. Well, look Clark, thank you for your time here. Here's your severance package: three months salary, health care for six months. We wish you the best of luck. Well…I mean not really, why would you need luck, you're invincible but…you know.

CLARK. Well, thank you for everything. I feel like I learned a lot here…

*(*CLARK *shakes* NELLY's *hand. She immediately shrieks in pain.)*

NELLY. Oh god! So strong!

CLARK. Oh, sorry, I…wasn't thinking.

NELLY. It's okay, just…take your severance package.

CLARK. Yeah, of course. I…sorry. Well…I'll just get going. Hey, at least I'll miss rush hour. Don't want to get stuck in…

*(*NELLY *gives him a look.)*

CLARK. Right. I don't get stuck in traffic. I fly…

NELLY. Over everything. Must be nice.

CLARK. Yeah. Okay, well…

*(*CLARK *leaves.* NELLY *grabs her hand.)*

NELLY. I'm gonna get stuck in traffic. After I get out of the emergency room. Stupid…Superman.

Scene 2: Batman Begins…To Get His Laundry

*(*FELICIA, *a laundromat attendant, hands a dry-cleaning order to her client.)*

FELICIA. That's $19.95. You want me to put it on your tab?

CLIENT. That would be great. Thanks Felicia.

FELICIA. Alright, see you next week.

*(*CLIENT *leaves with his dry cleaning.)*

FELICIA. *(To an offstage co-worker:)* Hey George! We have that order from Mr. Wayne? 'Cause he came by yesterday and I told him we had to clean it again. Did we lose Mr. Wayne's shirt?

BOSS. *(Offstage:)* Yeah, I found it. It's on the front hook. Sorry, that new guy I hired last week messed up my whole system.

FELICIA. Alright, well we should call him 'cause Mr. Wayne seemed really annoyed. He said, "This is an injustice! I won't stand for this! You'll see!"

BOSS. *(Offstage:)* Rich guys are so self-righteous. What a jerk.

FELICIA. Yeah, alright. I mean, what is he even talking about? Injustice?!? Really? I mean what would a guy like that even do? Nothin', right?

(Just then BATMAN *appears behind her.)*

BATMAN. I wouldn't bet on it.

FELICIA. What the—

*(*BATMAN *pins* FELICIA *to a wall.)*

BATMAN. WHERE'S BRUCE WAYNE'S LAUNDRY!

FELICIA. I… What? You want his dry cleaning?

BATMAN. HE WAS SUPPOSED TO GET IT YESTERDAY BUT YOU DIDN'T HAVE IT! NOW WHERE IS IT!? WHERE?!

FELICIA. Okay, yeah, sorry. I…hold on. My boss said he thinks it's in the back.

*(*FELICIA *runs offstage.)*

FELICIA. *(Offstage:)* Where's Mr. Wayne's suit!?!

BOSS. *(Offstage:)* I told you it's probably in the back!

FELICIA. *(Offstage.)* Well find it! Batman's here!

BOSS. *(Offstage:)* What do you mean Batman's here? To pick up dry cleaning!?!

FELICIA. *(Offstage).* Yes! Okay, and he's going to beat us up if we don't find it so help me!

BOSS. *(Offstage:)* Alright, alright…uh…here, this is it! Give it to him!

*(*FELICIA *runs back on stage, Bruce Wayne's dry cleaning in hand.)*

FELICIA. Sorry, I didn't know how important it was.

BATMAN. Now you do! Justice isn't just about breaking the law. It's about keeping your promise as a small business. That's. Justice. Too.

FELICIA. Okay, I guess it is?

BATMAN. IT IS!

FELICIA. Yeah, fine, okay. Should I call Mr. Wayne and tell him you have his laundry?

BATMAN. If he wants to get in touch with me, tell him to…look for my sign.

(Beat.)

FELICIA. Okay, I'm not sure that will help him. I mean he needs his laundry, so do you have like a phone number or email he can—

BATMAN. JUST TELL HIM TO LOOK FOR MY SIGN! OKAY!? THAT'S HOW PEOPLE GET IN TOUCH WITH THE BATMAN!

FELICIA. God. Okay. I'll tell him to look for your sign.

*(*BATMAN *runs off stage.* FELICIA *catches her breath.)*

BOSS. *(Offstage:)* Is he gone?

FELICIA. Yeah. Dude, what's wrong with Batman?

BOSS. *(Offstage:)* I think he's bored. Crime's been way down for months now and he probably just doesn't know what to do with himself.

FELICIA. Huh. Well he should get a hobby or something.

Scene 3: Not Every X-Man Is Created Equal

*(*STORM, *in street clothes, is reading a book on the bench.)*

(Two teens, TUCKER *and* ULMA, *approach* STORM, *giggling, whispering, obviously shy to approach her.)*

TUCKER. Just go, go…

ULMA. Uh, excuse me, Ms. Storm.

STORM. Yes.

ULMA. I hate to bother you, I know you must get this a lot.

STORM. No, not that much actually. What can I help you with?

ULMA. It's just a…we're big fans. We love the X-Men.

TUCKER. Love 'em. Just…love the whole idea that you work as a team.

ULMA. Professor X, and Cyclops, and Rogue.

TUCKER. Beast! Awesome.

ULMA. And of course Wolverine.

TUCKER. *(Making claw retracting noises:)* Fffshing! So awesome.

STORM. Oh. Yeah, yeah.

TUCKER. His healing powers! And the rage! So cool.

ULMA. I mean, he doesn't even really have the best powers. Like you probably have way better powers than he does.

STORM. I could electrocute you right now, so yes, I'd say I do.

ULMA. Right! I know. But there's something about Wolverine right?

TUCKER. He's just…so…cool. Like…cool.

STORM. A lot of people like him. Yep. *(Beat.)* Is there anything else I could help you with?

TUCKER. I'm sorry; I know you're reading, I just feel like I may not get another chance to do this.

STORM. Sure. No problem. Do you have a / pen?

TUCKER. What's Wolverine like? In real life?

STORM. Oh. That's what you wanted?

TUCKER. It's just, I always imagined he's like angry and ferocious in battle, but then afterwards he's like…soulful. And surprisingly sensitive.

ULMA. Yeah, he's like Ryan Gosling but with claws and crazy hair.

STORM. Yeah…I dunno. He's… I don't want to like ruin your illusions so…sure. That is what Wolverine is like.

ULMA. No come on, that's why we asked. What's he really like?

STORM. Well…uh…he's…kind of a jerk. And not in a cool way. He's just…a very annoying person.

TUCKER. Oh.

STORM. It's like…he does a lot of little obnoxious things that really get under your skin. Like he doesn't ever pay for groceries but my god does he feel entitled to your yogurt or milk, which, by the way, he drinks straight the carton. He NEVER cleans the common room but then will call X-Men meetings where he's like "Guys, have you noticed that it's getting a little messy around here? Everyone should do their part." And I'm like "Are you kidding me! You never clean! Ever!" You know, it's one thing to be the messy guy. Beast is pretty messy, but then to have the audacity to call a meeting and blame other people for being messy! Ah! It is so frustrating!

TUCKER. Wow, yeah, I didn't…

STORM. He doesn't tip. Ever. He says he doesn't believe in it. Oh, when we go out to karaoke, he only sings songs that are like eight minutes long. And he knows he's doing it. He acts like he doesn't but every time he goes up to the mic he's like "Oh, maybe 'Bohemian Rhapsody' again." And it's like "That goes on forever and you're tone deaf! Why?!?" He's a lazy, and inconsiderate and…he's just the worst. I've asked to be transferred to the Avengers like six times. But…it's really hard to get into.

TUCKER. Really? You'd rather be in the Avengers?

STORM. Oh yeah! The Avengers is WAY better, plus they have really good benefits and a retirement plan. The X-Men are a mess. Technically we're a university but there's a whole bunch of issues because we're a school for mutants, so you can't write off anything, so doing your taxes as is a nightmare and…whatever. The Avengers, on a practical level, is way better. Waaaay better.

(Beat. TUCKER *and* ULMA *look really disappointed.)*

ULMA. Well, thank you for your time.

STORM. Look guys, we're not really heroes. We're just a bunch of weirdos with freakish super powers. You really shouldn't idolize us.

TUCKER. We shouldn't?

STORM. Scientists, doctors, firemen. Those are the people you should look up to. People who selflessly make a difference every day in small and big ways. They're the real heroes.

ULMA. Yeah, I guess you're right. Huh.

*(*ULMA *and* TUCKER *start to walk away.)*

TUCKER. Or maybe we should just be watching sports more.

ULMA. I was just thinking that. Like I saw this highlight of the Broncos game yesterday. This linebacker hit the quarterback so hard his chest cavity caved in.

TUCKER. Oh Awesome! I wonder what that linebacker is like in real life.

*(*TUCKER *and* ULMA *are gone.)*

STORM. No, not football players! We're better than…uh…whatever.

*(*STORM *goes back to reading her book.)*

Scene 4: Is Aquaman Even a Superhero?

(A WOMAN *walks down the street carrying a purse. A* MUGGER *walks by and snatches the purse. Runs off!)*

WOMAN. No, wait…help, help, that man took my purse.

(Just then ORIN, *AKA Aquaman, walks on stage.)*

ORIN. Ma'am, are you okay?

WOMAN. That man. He took my purse. He came out of nowhere and grabbed it!

ORIN. Well ma'am you're in luck. I just happen to be a superhero.

WOMAN. You are?

ORIN. Oh, right. Street clothes. It is my day off today technically but…I'm happy to help. See.

*(*ORIN *unbuttons his two top buttons revealing a uniform underneath.)*

WOMAN. Oh thank god, you're…you're a…sorry, who are you?

ORIN. I'm Aquaman.

WOMAN. Oh…right. Right of course.

ORIN. I'm not as big as some of the others, I know.

WOMAN. Well it doesn't matter. That man…

ORIN. Right. I'm on it. So tell me, that man who stole your purse.

WOMAN. Yes?

ORIN. Do you think he'll be by a body of water?

WOMAN. I…I don't know. Does that matter?

ORIN. Well…it's kind of how my powers work, so…it would be helpful.

WOMAN. Oh, right, because you can…shoot water at criminals.

ORIN. No. Shoot water at criminals? That's ridiculous, I don't do that.

WOMAN. Sorry, I don't follow superheroes. I'm more of a reality TV person.

ORIN. I'm Aquaman. I can breathe under water. I can swim really fast. And…I can talk to aquatic animals.

WOMAN. Oh…neat.

ORIN. *(Super dramatic:)* Any aquatic animal. Dolphin, tuna, anchovy. If it's underwater I…can talk to it.

*(*ORIN *looks heroically over the horizon.)*

WOMAN. And that's it. You don't do anything else?

ORIN. What do you mean that's it? Can you breathe under water?!? Can you talk to sharks?

WOMAN. No, but…

ORIN. No! You can't!

WOMAN. It's just…do you fight a lot of crime, with those powers? It seems inconvenient.

ORIN. Uh! Yeah, of course I do! I fight pirates and…uh…this one time a guy robbed a bank and tried to escape on a boat. I nailed that guy. He was like "Ha ha, no one can catch me now…oh my god where did all these salmon come from. Ahhh." Ha ha…that was a good day. Good…

*(*ORIN *trails off. Thinks.)*

WOMAN. So are you going to get him? That man who stole my purse.

ORIN. No, I am. I am. I'm just…thinking. If he's running by Rickshaw Pond, there'll probably be some goldfish there. I could probably get them to jump out of the water and hit him. Although do goldfish do that? No, right? Oh! Maybe he fell in. If he fell in I'll swim around him, put him in a headlock…yeah.

WOMAN. And if he's not running by a body of water?

ORIN. Hmmmm…I dunno.

(Beat. WOMAN *is losing her patience.)*

WOMAN. You know what, maybe I'll just call the police.

ORIN. That might be a good idea. I mean I could go after him, but if he's not submerged in water…a police officer might be more useful.

WOMAN. Do you have a phone?

ORIN. No…you know. They're not very waterproof. So…

WOMAN. Right…well, I've gotta go.

ORIN. Of course, good luck.

*(*WOMAN *runs off to find a cell phone.* ORIN *finds a coin on the ground.)*

ORIN. Oooooo…Sacagawea coin! Ho ho! It's a good day for Aquaman!

*(*ORIN *picks up the coin.)*

Scene 5: The Dark Knight Returns…For His Fast Food

*(*TOMMY, *head set on, takes a fast food order.)*

TOMMY. Alright, that's two number 3s, a chicken nugget happy meal and three Diet Cokes. Drive through to the next window.

*(*TOMMY's *manager walks on stage.)*

MANAGER. Hey, here are the fries for that double cheeseburger order.

TOMMY. Oh…shoot. I already gave that order away. I thought the fries were already in there.

MANAGER. Well, if he doesn't come back then they're all yours… if you want 'em.

*(*MANAGER *walks off stage.)*

TOMMY. Really? Nice. I should "forget" to put the fries in more often.

*(*TOMMY *eats a fry. Smiles.)*

(Then BATMAN *pops up right behind him.)*

BATMAN. That's not forgetting. That's stealing.

TOMMY. Jesus! Where did—

*(*BATMAN *grabs* TOMMY's *shirt.)*

BATMAN. WHERE ARE THE FRENCH FRIES?! WHERE ARE THEY?!

TOMMY. What? They're right—

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

Please visit our website to buy the full script, apply for a license to perform this show (if it's available), or to explore hundreds of similar titles.

www.concordtheatricals.com

www.concordtheatricals.co.uk

To be the first to know about new books, licensing releases, and anything theater-related, follow us on our social media channels.

@ConcordShows and **@ConcordUKShows** on Facebook, Twitter and Instagram.

concord
theatricals