

Sunday Players

Drama Resources

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Not So Super, Man

By Bob Rictor

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Synopsis

Superman (serving as a metaphor for most Christians) is living a defeated life despite the tremendous power within him.

Cast

Lois

Clark (a.k.a. Superman)

Jimmy Olsen

Props

A few large boxes marked “fragile”.

Sound fx of crashing china, a cat screeching, a hubcap rolling, etc.

A soft chair

(Lois is stacking heavy boxes in the attic. Suddenly, one falls. She catches it, but its weight is too great. She's trapped and can't hold on much longer.)

Lois: Help! Help!
(silence)

Lois: HELP!
(silence)

Lois: CLARK! I know you can hear me. This is an emergency. Get up here right now.

Clark: *(offstage)* Oh all right.

(Superman slouches in, sloppily chewing on a 12" sub sandwich. His superhero uniform is dirty and stained, and his potbelly hangs over his red shorts. The bum hasn't bathed or shaved in days. His only decoration is a dab of mayo on the corner of his mouth.)

Clark: Whaddya want now, Lois?

Lois: Can't you see? Why don't you use that X-ray vision of yours for something other than Sports Center?

(Clark mocks her by aping her words and tone. He's heard these complaints countless times before.)

Lois: Clark, hurry! I'm going to drop this!

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Clark: I told you I was gonna get around to moving those things.

Lois: That was seven months ago.

Clark: I've been busy.

Lois: Busy? Doing what? Lex Luthor is now mayor of Metropolis. Funky Flashman is superintendent of schools. Violent crime is out the roof. The whole world is going to hell in a hand basket and all you do isAAAHHHHHHHHH! *(She loses her balance and the box crashes to the floor. Add sfx. Clark just keeps obnoxiously chewing his sandwich like some cow chewing her cud.)*

Jimmy: *(offstage)* Superman! Superman! *(rushes in breathlessly)* Oh Superman, thank goodness I found you. The bridge washed out and a train filled with nuns and orphans is dangling perilously over the precipice. You've got to save them!

Clark: Let Batman do it.

Jimmy: But Batman doesn't have any super powers.

Clark: *(Using his sandwich as a pointer)* That's exactly right! But who's been getting all the movie deals lately?

Lois: Is that what this is all about?

Clark: No.

Jimmy: But what about the train?

Clark: Get somebody else. I'm busy.

Jimmy: *(In disbelief)* Ok. Maybe Iron Man is back from his check up at Jiffy Lube. *(Exits)*

Lois: Clark, What's going on?

Clark: Nothing. Nothing is going on.

Lois: *(Pulls out a chair)* Come on. Have a seat.

(Clark slumps into the chair)

Lois: Now tell me what's going on with you.

Clark: I'm bored. I'm bummed. Life just isn't interesting anymore.

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(Lois waits patiently for him to continue.)

Clark: I don't know. No matter what I try to do lately, it all seems so meaningless. The newspaper. The telemarketing job. The Tupperware.

Lois: Well, no wonder, Clark. You weren't born to burp bowls. You were born to change the world. You are unique. You have powers that I can't even begin to understand. Can Batman leap over tall buildings in a single bound? Can Spiderman bend steel in his bare hands? I don't think so. Nobody else can do what you were created to do. And until you start doing what you were created to do, you'll never be satisfied.

Clark: But that work is so hard. Do you have any idea what it feels like to be sitting on a nuclear bomb when it goes off? Let me tell you, it's no picnic. And then nobody says, "Thank You." All I ever hear is, "Help, Superman, I'm being robbed. Help, Superman, I'm trapped in a fire. Help, Superman. Help. Help. Help." Why can't they go help themselves for a change? Just once I'd like to just be a bad guy and do whatever I want.

Lois: But Clark, that's not you. You were created for good works. There's an entire world out there that's in a mess of trouble. They need that X-ray vision. They need those powers far beyond those of mortal men. They need you. And I think that once you start behaving the way God created you, you'll find that life is far more exciting than you could ever imagine. So what do you say? Why don't you go save that train full of nuns and orphans?

(Clark struggles with the answer)

Lois: Come on. I bet there's even a puppy on board.

Clark: Well, why didn't you say so in the first place? *(Starts to get out of the chair, but can't get past his belly.)* Uh, Lois, can you give me a hand here?

Lois: Sure. *(She reaches out her hand and helps him up.)* Hey, if you hurry I bet you can get there before Iron Man.

Clark: Aaaah, that old rust bucket was never any competition for me. *(He exits, then yells off stage...)* Up, Up, and Away!

Lois: *(Yelling to him as he flies away)* Don't forget we're having dinner with the Incredibles tonight. *(Picks up the box she dropped and exits.)*

The end.