

The last days of Clark K.

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CHARACTERS

CLARK
LOIS
SUPERMAN
LANA

ACT 1

An apartment. Night. On the left side, the bedroom. In the center, the sitting room. On the right side, a balcony. In front of the bedroom, there is a corridor that communicates the sitting room with the entrance door. There's another door that communicates with the bedroom. The walls are invisible.

In the bedroom there is a king size bed. In the sitting room, from left to right, there is a bar, a stereo and a table with two chairs around it, and a sofa.

Lois enters. She turns the music on and pours herself a drink from the liquor cabinet. Clark enters.

They are a couple. Both are around thirty years old. Lois is wearing a summer dress. Clark wears a white shirt and black pants, matching the frame of his glasses.

CLARK: What time is it?

LOIS: Two o'clock.

CLARK: That early?

LOIS: Well, yes...

CLARK: I thought it was later.

LOIS: So.

CLARK: So.

LOIS: It was you who was in a hurry to go.

CLARK: Because I thought it was...

LOIS: Please, Clark! Don't start with that. You knew perfectly what time it was...

Lois goes to the bedroom. Starts getting undressed.

CLARK: You gotta admit that you also thought that the party was a bore.

LOIS: I'll admit that.

CLARK: All the parties that the newspaper throws are a bore, specially the Summer Party. The Christmas party at least has incentive of the Secret Santa thing, but the Summer Party...

Lois puts her pajamas on.

LOIS: What happened was just that you could not stand that I was having enjoying myself.

CLARK: Were you having enjoying yourself?

LOIS: Do you find it so hard to believe?

CLARK: Well... yes. I find it hard to believe.

LOIS: Even if you find hard to believe... I was having a great time!

CLARK: Jimmy couldn't take his eyes off of you!

LOIS: What?

CLARK: Jimmy. He was all over you the whole time.

LOIS: So...?

CLARK: He was coming on to you, Lois.

LOIS: Who? Jimmy?

CLARK: Yes, Jimmy.

LOIS: Well, yes!

CLARK: Yes? Yes, what?

LOIS: Yes. He was coming on to me.

CLARK: And... what-what-what... what did you do? *(Turns the music off)*

LOIS: What did I do?

CLARK: Yes.

LOIS: I fucked him in the bathroom.

CLARK: ...

LOIS: Don't be stupid. *(Hugs him)* I told him that I had already met my lovers quota, but that I could enter his name in the substitute list.

They kiss on the lips.

CLARK: And... this quota... how large is it?

LOIS: Hundreds.

CLARK: And... what number am I?

LOIS: One hundred and fourteen.

CLARK: Only?

LOIS: Only.

CLARK: Ah.

Clark takes his glasses off and starts to undress.

LOIS: And you?

CLARK: ...?

LOIS: How many lovers have you got?

CLARK: Uff...

LOIS: What does “ufff” mean? A hundred? Two hundred?

CLARK: One.

LOIS: One? Come on!

CLARK: Really.

LOIS: And this girl... What is her name? Lisa? *(Pause)* Linda?

CLARK: Linda? What about Linda?

LOIS: The other day... at the coffee machine...

CLARK: Oh, yes... but I didn't do anything!

LOIS: And what about Minnie?

CLARK: Minnie? What Minnie?

LOIS: Sports Minnie. That one that pinched your ass in the elevator.

CLARK: It wasn't you? I thought it was you who pinched...

LOIS: No. And Wendy?

CLARK: Wen... Wendy? I-I swear that it was on-only a ki-kiss, and a very, very fast one... *(He gives her a fast kiss)* Like this. Very fast. It was the only way to make her leave me alone.

Lois stares at him, very serious. Then she gets into bed. Clark stays in the sitting room, putting his pajamas on.

CLARK: Women never stop hounding me.

LOIS: Of course. It's normal.

CLARK: Do you think it is normal?

LOIS: Yes, of course.

CLARK: But... some of them are really hot!

LOIS: So...?

CLARK: That I also... well... I don't know. When I was in college, for example, that didn't happen to me. Actually, they were the ones feeling harassed.

LOIS: That's also normal.

CLARK: I don't get it.

LOIS: What don't you get?

CLARK: Women. I don't get you.

Lois gets up and goes back to the sitting room.

LOIS: Do you really don't know why women hound you?

CLARK: Frankly... I don't.

LOIS: Don't you realize? Can't you tell that they... *know?*

Silence.

CLARK: They... *know*? All of them... *know*?

LOIS: Of course they know. Everybody knows.

CLARK: Everybody?

LOIS: Everybody.

CLARK: But they know know... they know that I...?

LOIS: Yes, they know that you...

CLARK: That I...?

LOIS: Yes, that you are...

CLARK: That I am...

LOIS: That you are *him*.

CLARK: And... and... how do they know?

LOIS: What do you mean how? They know it. That simple.

CLARK: But, someone must have told them.

LOIS: I guess.

CLARK: Who?

LOIS: How am I supposed to know that? *(Pause)* Who told you that Marilyn Manson was actually that kid in *The Wonder Years*?

CLARK: I don't know. Someone.

LOIS: Well, this is the same.

CLARK: But I am not Marilyn Manson.

LOIS: No, you are Superman.

Silence.

LOIS: Really you didn't realize they knew?

CLARK: Well, I imagined that maybe a few people did know... You, my mother, that guy in the phone booth... But not *everybody*!

LOIS: The guy in the phone booth?

CLARK: Don't, don't change the subject. We were talking about women. *(Pause)* Do you mean that they... hound me because... *they know*?

LOIS: Which woman would not want to fuck Superman?

Silence.

CLARK: Maybe it was me who they wanted to fuck...

LOIS: Of course...

CLARK: ... maybe not all of them... but some.

LOIS: What did I just tell you? They all want to fuck Superman.

CLARK: Well, yes, but... what if... what if they actually wanted to... who they really wanted to screw was... Clark?

LOIS: What's wrong with you?

CLARK: With me?

LOIS: It's like you are jealous of yourself.

Silence.

CLARK: Lois...

LOIS: ...?

CLARK: Do you love me?

LOIS: Of course.

CLARK: And if I wasn't Superman... would you love me?

LOIS: What sort of question is that?

CLARK: Would you love me or not?

LOIS: ...

CLARK: I didn't hear you.

LOIS: I didn't say anything.

CLARK: If Superman and Clark were two different people, which one would you choose?

LOIS: What is this? An interrogation?

CLARK: No, it's an interview. I am a journalist.

LOIS: So am I. *(Pause)* So I'll ask you another question: if Lois, that girl who works with you, and Lois, the girl that fucks with you, were two different people, which one would you choose?

CLARK: Don't be silly. There's no difference between them two.

LOIS: No? And since when a simple co-worker does this to you? *(Starts licking his ear)*

CLARK: Since about a month ago. When I met Cindy by the copy machine.

Suddenly, Lois stops licking and puts her hand into Clark's pants.

LOIS: And this? Which co-worker has ever done this to you? Tracy?

CLARK: No, no. Not Tracy... At least not with her hand.

Lois seats on top of him.

CLARK: Lois, what are you doing?

LOIS: I thought you were smarter than that.

CLARK: Please, not now.

LOIS: What's wrong? Do you have a headache?

CLARK: Kind of.

LOIS: What a lousy superhero!

CLARK: I am sorry.

LOIS: Are you feeling alright?

CLARK: I need some rest. That's all.

Lois goes back to the bedroom. She gets into bed.

LOIS: If we are just going to sleep, turn the light off.

Clark turns the light on the bedroom off.

LOIS: The other one too.

Clark turns off the lights on the sitting room too, he takes a cigarette and a lighter and goes out. He leans on the rail of the balcony. He tries to lit the lighter but it constantly goes off (it is windy). Suddenly, the lighter slips off his hands, and falls down, to the street.

He goes back to the sitting room. He takes his glasses, puts them on, and goes back out. He leans on the rail again and looks down.

Lois wake up and walks towards Clark.

LOIS: I didn't know that Superman needed his glasses to look afar.

CLARK: Actually, he does. Superman is near-sighted. Unlike Clark, who is far-sighted.
(Smile)

LOIS: *(Looking at the cigarette)* Weren't you going to quit?

CLARK: Quit? Why? You know it has no effect on me.

LOIS: Maybe not on you, but it has on me. I don't like kissing an ashtray.

CLARK: That's not what you used to say to me. *(Kisses her)*

LOIS: Well, not, I don't like it. *(Pause)* It's funny, sometimes you taste different.

CLARK: Sometimes?

LOIS: Yes. The other day, for example.

CLARK: Where?

LOIS: *(Whispering)* At the Tibidabo.

CLARK: *(Also whispering)* At the Tibidabo?

LOIS: Don't you remember? You flew me all the way there.

CLARK: Really?

LOIS: You remember. Don't you?

CLARK: Of course! Of course I remember.

LOIS: Let's go out.

CLARK: Where do you want to go at this time of night? *(Pause)* Don't tell me you want to go back to the party...

LOIS: No. I don't want to go back to the party.

CLARK: Then... what do you want?

LOIS: I want to fly.

CLARK: And I want to sleep.

LOIS: We don't have to get up early tomorrow morning. We are on vacation.

CLARK: Exactly! We have to pack. Our ship sails at 1 pm., we don't have that much time.

LOIS: Our ship sails at 1 pm. the day after tomorrow. And we *do* have plenty of time.

CLARK: Ok, ok... you're right. But, I really want to get to bed.

Clark goes back to the sitting room.

LOIS: It's been so long since you last took me flying. It's been so many days since you last made me feel special. And I don't know how long I will be able to stand this pathetic, pitiful and boring phase.

CLARK: ...

LOIS: No more excuses!

Lois goes back to the bedroom. Closes the door and gets into bed.

Clark, helpless, goes back to the balcony.

A heroic music starts to play. He hesitates a few seconds before he climbs on to the rail and jumps off.

About fifteen seconds later, Clark's legs appear again, above the rail. The legs and the rest of his body land on the balcony.

Superman is standing on the rail, totally dressed as a superhero: leggings, cape... Even though they look very much alike, Superman and Clark are not identical.

The music ends.

Clark is ecstatic, due to a massive adrenaline rush.

SUPERMAN: Why did you do that?

CLARK: Don't shout.

SUPERMAN: I am not.

CLARK: She could wake up.

Clark takes a cigarette and puts it between his lips. He is looking for something in the pockets of his pajamas.

CLARK: Excuse me... But I think I dropped my lighter. Would you mind...?

Superman gives Clark a disapproving look.

CLARK: Well. Who cares.

Clark puts the cigarette in his pocket.

SUPERMAN: Why did you do that?

CLARK: This is the first time we see each other. Isn't it funny?

SUPERMAN: No. It isn't.

CLARK: Ok.

SUPERMAN: Why did you do it?

CLARK: Why...? Why did *you* do it?

SUPERMAN: What?

CLARK: Why did you save me?

SUPERMAN: Why? Why do you ask me that?

CLARK: Why not?

SUPERMAN: Because...

CLARK: Why didn't you let me fall?

SUPERMAN: I let you fall.

CLARK: Why didn't you let me fall *all the way*?

SUPERMAN: Because you would have died. And I couldn't let you die.

CLARK: Why not?

SUPERMAN: Because I couldn't

CLARK: And why couldn't you?

SUPERMAN: Why? Because... because it's my speciality!: saving people, catching the bad guys... this sort of things. These are the things I go.

CLARK: Ok.

Silence.

SUPERMAN: Why did you jump?

CLARK: I knew you would come.

SUPERMAN: If I hadn't been around I couldn't have saved you.

CLARK: I know.

Superman observes Clark.

CLARK: Are you trying to read my mind?

SUPERMAN: I can't read minds. Why did you make me come?

CLARK: Well... I don't know where to start.

SUPERMAN: Wherever you want. Go on.

CLARK: I guess you are used to things being easy for you: flying, stopping trains, diverting asteroids... But, for the rest of us this things are not easy. Well, besides stopping trains. This we can do, at least once in a lifetime.

SUPERMAN: Yeah.

CLARK: Well... it's not easy. It's no easy telling someone like you, someone so... so you... that I am a fake.

SUPERMAN: I knew.

CLARK: What?

SUPERMAN: I knew it. I knew you were a fake.

CLARK: Oh, great, thank you very much.

SUPERMAN: You are welcome.

CLARK: Of course I knew you knew. You had to know, it's logical. Because you had to know that I wasn't you. And that you weren't me. It's obvious.

SUPERMAN: Why did you make me come?

CLARK: I suppose I have no choice but to confess my sins. Because it's all about this, isn't it?

SUPERMAN: What is it about what?

CLARK: God knows our sins, but still we have to explain them to him... but we do that through a messenger. Someone who doesn't know them and probably doesn't want to know them. Why would he want to know them if he then can't tell them to anyone?

SUPERMAN: Excuse me...

CLARK: Yes?

SUPERMAN: I think it is fantastic that you have the need to confess your sins, but actually I can't be here all night listening to you. I am not a priest.

CLARK: Nor are you God either. But, you are that who most resembles him.

SUPERMAN: Funny, I thought I was you who I most resembled.

CLARK: Yes... (*Cheering up*) I am not a liar.

SUPERMAN: Aren't you? Just a minute ago you were admitting that you were a fake. Was that a lie?

CLARK: No... I am a fake, yes, but I am not a liar.

SUPERMAN: Wait a minute. If you are a fake, you are then also a liar. They are synonymous.

CLARK: No. They are not. Because I have never told a lie. I simply do not stick to the truth.

SUPERMAN: Ok, then...

CLARK: I mean it! I have never told anybody I was Superman. If anyone has ever been led to believe that I was... it's not my problem.

SUPERMAN: It isn't, of course.

CLARK: My only sin has been not denying it. At first, I was about to do it... but I didn't. Why should I?

SUPERMAN: Good question: Why should you? Why should you tell Lois the truth?

Upon hearing her name, Clark shivers. Lois does too, in her sleep.

CLARK: *(Speaking in a lower voice)* I suppose that, if it hadn't been for Lois, this farce would have ended a long time ago. *(Pause)* If it hadn't been for Lois I would have been much more honest. If Lois hadn't fallen in love with Superman... but she did. She felt in love with you. I couldn't compete against you... but, why should I? *(Pause)* When people made comments about how much we look alike. Superman and I look alike. Isn't it funny?

SUPERMAN: No, it isn't.

CLARK: Well, they said it. At first I didn't pay much attention to it. But then rumors started. And it is so difficult to fight against rumors. Actually, if they ever ask me what is stronger, if Superman or a rumor, I would answer that, without a doubt, a rumor is.

SUPERMAN: Well. Thank you.

CLARK: The question is that Lois had fallen in love with Superman, and I couldn't compete with Superman. I was Superman, until proven wrong. I was convinced that, if I could make Lois believe that I was Superman, she would sooner or later fall in love with me. Then, I'd tell her the truth. And Lois swallowed this Superman thing. Even I started to believe it myself, that she had finally fallen in love with me. But now I know how wrong I was. I was wrong, because Lois has all the time only been in love with you. She loves you, and only you. *(Pause)* She doesn't know it, of course. Because she thinks that I am you. That's why I can't tell her the truth. That's why she cannot know the truth. That's why...

SUPERMAN: That's why you tried to kill yourself. Isn't it?

A very uncomfortable silence. Clark goes to the liquor cabinet.

CLARK: A beer?

SUPERMAN: No thanks. I don't drink.

CLARK: A coke?

SUPERMAN: No, I don't drink coke either.

CLARK: You don't? I have always thought that you...

Clark takes a beer bottle. He tries to open it with his bare hands, but he can't.

SUPERMAN: Come on. Let me do it...

CLARK: No, thank you.

Clark gives up and takes a coke, opens the can and gets out to the balcony.

CLARK: And you... What about you? Why didn't you tell the truth? Why haven't you given me away? Or is it that you don't mind a fake like me is fucking your girlfriend?

SUPERMAN: ...

CLARK: It's kind of funny.

SUPERMAN: You find a lot of funny angles in this story, don't you?

CLARK: She is sleeping with two guys... and they are the ones cheating on her.

(Pause) Because you... you and Lois... you have...?

SUPERMAN: We have what...?

CLARK: Yes...

SUPERMAN: Of course we have.

Clark gets very close to the rail.

CLARK: Then... then we are very similar doing...

SUPERMAN: I suppose.

CLARK: Actually I had not thought about it...

A gun shot stops him from finishing his sentence. In the bedroom, Lois wakes up. Superman runs towards the balcony and stops a second bullet just in front of Clark. He drops the bullet and flies off.

There is a third shot. Clark runs and hides underneath the table.

Lois opens the bedroom door.

LOIS: What is going on?

CLARK: What...? Lois! Get out of the way! It's dangerous!

LOIS: What...?

Another shot. Lois hides by Clark.

LOIS: What's going on?

CLARK: Shots.

LOIS: I know that. But... why?

CLARK: Why? What do you mean why?

Another shot.

CLARK: Because of guns.

LOIS: Clark.

CLARK: Yes?

LOIS: What are we doing here?

CLARK: Is... is this a philosophical question?

LOIS: What are we doing here, ducked under a table?

Another shot.

LOIS: Aren't you going to do something?

CLARK: Wh—what? I am doing something!

LOIS: They are shooting at us! Why don't you get up and do something?

CLARK: Because they are shooting at us.

LOIS: But you are Superman.

CLARK: Yes, and I am here to protect you.

LOIS: And couldn't you protect me much better by getting up and stopping this sniper or whatever this person is?

CLARK: It could be dangerous.

LOIS: Dangerous? Bullets can't do anything to you!

CLARK: Not to me! But, what if the guy sees me and starts shooting to innocent people?

LOIS: He is already doing that!

CLARK: No..., that we cannot know.

LOIS: And are you going to let him keep on shooting all night long?

CLARK: No, I don't think the ammo will last him that long.

LOIS: That we really cannot know.

CLARK: Lois...

LOIS: What?

CLARK: Could you shut up, please? Don't you see I am trying to concentrate here?

LOIS: Whaaaat?

CLARK: I am trying to use my telepathic super powers to reduce this guy.

LOIS: Since when do you have telepathic powers?

CLARK: If you keep on talking, I can't concentrate.

Pause.

LOIS: There are no more shots.

CLARK: You see? I told you that I...

Lois gets up. Clark pulls her back down.

CLARK: Lois, what are you doing? The fact that the shots have stopped doesn't mean that...

LOIS: Why don't you go out and see...?

CLARK: Yes, yes, of course, I'll go. But only if you stay here and promise me you will not move.

LOIS: I promise.

CLARK: Ok.

Clark stays put.

LOIS: Clark!

CLARK (*Getting up*): Alright, alright! But don't you move, ok?

Clark pushes Lois back under the table, and runs to the bedroom, closing the door behind him.

Lois gets out from under the table. The first thing she sees is Superman entering the balcony. She gets up, surprised. Superman wasn't counting on her being there either.

SUPERMAN: Lois!

LOIS: You are back already?

SUPERMAN: Yes. I missed you.

Superman runs to her and hugs her like they hadn't seen each other for a long time.

LOIS: What did you do to...?

SUPERMAN: To what?

LOIS: To the sniper. Of course.

SUPERMAN: Oh, I turned him into the police. It wasn't easy, because many innocent lives were in danger. But, finally, there were no casualties.

LOIS: You turned him into the police?

SUPERMAN: Yes. I read him his rights... Even though I know it's not my job to do so. It is supposed to be part of the police duties.

LOIS: Clark... But... It didn't take you more than three seconds!

SUPERMAN: Three? No way, at least it took me... (*With his X-ray vision, Superman sees Clark hiding in the bedroom and takes fast conclusions*) Four seconds. I think it's been four seconds. Actually I read him the short version of his Miranda Rights.

LOIS: The "short version"?

SUPERMAN: "Shut up"! And he did.

Lois shushes him with a kiss.

Superman moves his lips gently away from her, still holding her.

SUPERMAN: Lois...

LOIS: Tell me.

SUPERMAN: What do you think if you and I... now?

LOIS: ... go to bed?

SUPERMAN: Well, I was going to ask you if you wanted to go patrolling the city with me.

LOIS: Flying?

SUPERMAN: Of course! What do you say?

LOIS: Clark, you know I am always ready to go patrolling with you.

They are about to take off, and Lois turn around and heads to the bedroom.

LOIS: Wait a second.

SUPERMAN: What's going on?

LOIS: I want to take my camera...

Lois starts opening the bedroom door. Clark is half hidden under the bed, but Lois could see him perfectly.

SUPERMAN: Come on! How many times have I told you that I don't like you taking pictures while we are on patrol.

LOIS: I want to finish my roll.

SUPERMAN: Don't you remember that it is dangerous? Last time we almost kill a guy!

LOIS: But you caught the camera in time, didn't you? This time I will put the strap around my neck.

SUPERMAN: I am sorry, Lois.

LOIS: You can't do this to me. I am a journalist!

SUPERMAN: And I am Superman.

Lois shrugs. Romantic music starts to play. Superman takes her and they both jump up the balcony.

Clark goes back to the sitting room and sits, offering a pathetic and devastating view.

Superman gets into the sitting room with Lois in his arms. She is asleep. The music ends.

Superman and Clark talk low, the dialog is almost inaudible.

SUPERMAN: What are you doing?

CLARK: Sitting.

SUPERMAN: It's not the moment now.

CLARK: Of course it is! I have been about to die! I need to recover.

SUPERMAN: You'll recover later.

CLARK: Damn it! Is this why you saved me? So I can see how you fuck her?

SUPERMAN (*Offended*): Oh, please... She's asleep!

CLARK: It's even worse then.

SUPERMAN: Get out of here.

Clark obeys and goes to the balcony.

Superman puts Lois to bed. She awakes and hugs him. Puts her legs tightly around him.

Clark makes animal sounds. Superman closes the bedroom door.

Clark climbs on top of the rail of the balcony.

CLARK (*In a low voice, simulating distant voices*): No, don't jump! He is going to jump! Hey! Nooo, don't juuuuump! (*Clearly, he has no intention to jump*)

Superman opens the bedroom door. Only his head is outside the bedroom, he looks towards the balcony.

SUPERMAN: Don't do it. Or, do it, if you want. But this time don't expect me to save you.

Superman goes back to bed with Lois, but he realizes she's back to sleep.

Discontented, he gets up.

CLARK: Supermaaaaan! Someone please call Supermaaaaan! Supermaaaaan, where are you?! Supermaaaaan!

Superman goes to the sitting room.

CLARK: Supemaaaan, you are never there when we you are needed! (*Superman goes towards him*) Why... why didn't you tell her the truth? Why didn't you tell the truth to Lois?

SUPERMAN: I suppose that for the same reason you didn't. Because I can't compete with you.

CLARK: ...

SUPERMAN: ...

CLARK: You are teasing me, aren't you?

SUPERMAN: No, I am not. Do you think that if Lois had to decide between us two, she would pick me...?

CLARK: Well, yes. Don't you... don't you think so too?

SUPERMAN: No. At least I didn't use to think so. But now that I have meet you face to face, I have my doubts.

CLARK: ...

SUPERMAN: Because... Tell me... what do you think she saw in you? Anyway, I still believe Lois would pick you.

CLARK: But... why?

SUPERMAN: It's obvious.

CLARK: If you don't tell me...

SUPERMAN: How can I explain it to you? You see... A woman cannot be with a superhero full time.

CLARK: I don't know if..

SUPERMAN: She just can't be a superhero's partner 24/7. *(Pause)* For example, now, you are going on a cruise, right? *(Lois, in bed, mumbles "Clark". They continue talking in very low volume)* You'll be aboard that ship for I don't know how many days, isolated, disconnected from the rest of the world...

CLARK: Yes.

SUPERMAN: I couldn't! How could I tell Lois that superheroes don't go on vacation? Because you cannot save the world while sailing on a cruise...

CLARK: Why are we speaking so low?

SUPERMAN: Because I heard her with my super hearing.

CLARK: I still believe that if Lois had to choose...

SUPERMAN: Ok. She'd probably choose me, what I tell you for sure that it wouldn't be long before she'd regret it.

CLARK: I don't know.

SUPERMAN: Believe me. Perfection can end up being very boring. That's why I envy you,

CLARK: ...

SUPERMAN: Sometimes I'd love to be just a simple guy. Like you. Do you have a cigarette?

CLARK *(Surprised)*: Do you smoke?

SUPERMAN: I mean it. You don't know how lucky you are to be so... so like the rest.

CLARK *(Taking a cigarette out)*: I thought you didn't smoke.

SUPERMAN: I don't smoke.

He takes the cigarette that Clark gives him. He takes a lighter from inside his suit "pants". Lights the cigarette.

He takes a drag. Coughs.

CLARK: And they talk about Kryptonite...

SUPERMAN (*Putting the cigarette out*): I know this may sound ridiculous, but... you are my hero.

CLARK: And this lighter?

SUPERMAN: Actually, I don't need it... I could have lit it with my... But it is just part of the ritual.

CLARK: Yes... but this lighter... Isn't it *my* lighter?

SUPERMAN: No. I found it on the sidewalk.

CLARK: On what street?

SUPERMAN: This street. Just underneath this balcony.

CLARK: Of course! Because it is my lighter!

SUPERMAN: Are you sure?

CLARK: Yes! Don't you remember I told you I dropped it?

Superman looks at it, not too convinced. Finally, throws the lighter at Clark, he tries to catch it, but he misses and has to pick it up from the floor.

SUPERMAN: Actually, I don't need it.

Clark stares at Superman.

CLARK (*Thoughtful*): So... you'd like to be me?

SUPERMAN: Well, don't overdo it.

CLARK: Would you like to be me, or not?

SUPERMAN: Don't take everything I say so literally. The truth is that I could not live without my superpowers. Without this sensation that I am the strongest man in the world. Without being the best, in short.

CLARK: So? Yes or no?

SUPERMAN: But sometimes, I'd love to know what it is like being mediocre, like you.

CLARK: So I'd love to have your superpowers so I could kick your ass!

SUPERMAN: You see? I couldn't kick you! The press would jump all over me.

CLARK: Being a journalist had to have some advantages too. Superheroes can't attack you.

SUPERMAN: No.

Lois wakes up and gets up from bed. Superman hears her and makes Clark hide

behind the table. He lights a cigarette to appear casual. Lois opens the door.

LOIS *(Still half asleep)*: Don't smoke.

Lois goes back to bed. Superman coughs.

CLARK *(Getting up from behind the table)*: Would you like to be me?

SUPERMAN: I've already told you that...

CLARK: I am not talking about being me forever, but... Would you like to replace me for a few hours, for a day...?

SUPERMAN: Well...

CLARK: ... for a week!

SUPERMAN: Do you really mean that?

CLARK: Totally.

SUPERMAN: Are you suggesting that I... that you want me to pretend to be you?

CLARK: Yes.

SUPERMAN: Let me see, so I understand it well: I pretend to be you... while you... you pretend to be me?

CLARK: No, not that...

SUPERMAN: Pretending to be Superman is not easy.

CLARK: Of course I don't intend to pretend to be you... Actually, you don't have to be me all the time.

SUPERMAN: ...?

CLARK: Only when you don't have to save anybody. After all, if you need to disappear for a while people will understand.

SUPERMAN: Are you sure?

CLARK: Of course. What do you think I have been doing all this time? When you appeared, I vanished. *(Pause)* Well, not always, of course, because I had no way of knowing exactly what you were doing all the time...

SUPERMAN: That relieves me.

CLARK: ... but, each time you had a specially notable performance, then I would hide.

SUPERMAN: You'd hide?

CLARK: Yes. In the news room bathroom, underneath a restaurant table, inside a phone booth...

SUPERMAN: A phone booth?

CLARK: Yes, a phone booth. *(Lois moves in her sleep)* But sometimes the remedy is worse than the illness, specially with phone booths. They are traps!

SUPERMAN: Why?

CLARK: Do you remember that fire a few weeks back?

SUPERMAN: On Fritz Lang Avenue?

CLARK: Yes, that. Well, so when it happened I was inside a phone booth.

SUPERMAN: Hidden?

CLARK: No. Talking on the phone. I knew nothing about the fire... Until a man saw me. He recognized me, and started to bang on the booth, like a mad man, while pointing at a building a few blocks away.

SUPERMAN: The one that was on fire.

CLARK: Yes. Obviously, the man expected Superman to come out of the booth and proceed to the rescue.

SUPERMAN: But you are not Superman.

CLARK: Of course not! I didn't know what to do... I came out of the phone booth and started to run towards the building on fire. Phone booths are traps.

SUPERMAN: You ran?

CLARK: Yes, I ran.

SUPERMAN: How did you run?

CLARK: Well... running.

SUPERMAN: Yes... but... Show me how.

CLARK: What?!

SUPERMAN: I want to see how you ran.

CLARK: You are not saying this seriously...

SUPERMAN: You only have to run back and forth around the...

CLARK: Come on!

SUPERMAN: Do it!

CLARK: Who cares how I ran?

SUPERMAN: Do it!

CLARK: But... why?

SUPERMAN: Do it, please. It is important to me.

CLARK: ...

SUPERMAN: Please.

CLARK: Well... I suppose...

Clark goes to the balcony, starts to stretch.

SUPERMAN: What are you doing?

CLARK: Getting ready to run.

SUPERMAN: You are supposed to be inside a phone booth, you can't get ready.

CLARK (*Stops the stretching routine*): Very well, very well... (*Pause*) Are you going to time me?

SUPERMAN: No need to.

CLARK: ...

SUPERMAN: Whenever you want...

Clark starts running around the sitting room. He is a little tired due to the effort.

SUPERMAN: Did you really run like this?

CLARK: More or less.

SUPERMAN: Oh my!

CLARK: I wasn't that bad...

SUPERMAN: What? It wasn't "that bad"? You say it wasn't "that bad"? Oh, please! Aren't you ashamed of yourself?

CLARK: Well...

SUPERMAN: For goodness sake! And you were pretending to be me! If you ever try to be me again, could you at least try to do it right? You can't pretend to be me and run like that...

CLARK: Nobody noticed it.

SUPERMAN: Well, then I wish they had! Are you aware of the damage that that can cause to my image?

CLARK: It's no that bad...

SUPERMAN: Superman can't run like that!

CLARK: Alright, alright!... I am sorry. *(Pause)* But really, hardly anybody saw me. Only that man and a few more. Everybody was looking at the fire. And I quickly disappeared into the crowd.

SUPERMAN: And nobody noticed you?

CLARK: Nobody. Well, that's what I think. And then you appeared.

SUPERMAN: So there were about... how many people? About one hundred, two hundred people?

CLARK: If I knew you were going to get mad like this, I wouldn't have told you all this.

SUPERMAN: You have to understand that you are messing with my public image.

CLARK: That also applies to you.

SUPERMAN: What?

CLARK: You are also messing with my public image.

SUPERMAN: Excuse me; it's you who's pretending to be me.

CLARK: And you allow it to happen, which turns you into an accomplice. And from the moment that you allow people to think that you and I are the same person, all that you do in public is affecting *my* image too. And since you have far more public appearances than me, it is *my* image that gets much more exposed. Isn't it? Yes or no? Yes? Or maybe normal, average people like me, we don't have an image to protect too? Everybody is exposed to public opinion, not only those who appear in the media.

SUPERMAN: I know...

CLARK: And I am telling you, that I am a journalist.

SUPERMAN: Yes, well...

CLARK: That's why, if you pretend to be me, my image will be in danger 24/7.

SUPERMAN: It wasn't me who suggested that I would pretend to be you.

CLARK: Yes, but do you want to? You want to be me.

SUPERMAN (*Thinking*): And what will you do while I am you? Will you hide inside a phone booth?

CLARK: No. I want to go home, visit my mother. It's been a long time since I saw her last.

SUPERMAN: I never met my parents. I only saw them in some recordings.

CLARK: I am sorry.

SUPERMAN: How long will you be gone?

CLARK: One week.

SUPERMAN: Ok.

CLARK: You'll be me for a week. Do you think it's ok?

SUPERMAN: Oh, yes. With one week I have plenty of time.

CLARK: Ok...

Clark offers Superman to shake hands in order to seal the deal. Superman hesitates and finally doesn't shake Clark's hand.

SUPERMAN: It's just...

CLARK: ...?

SUPERMAN: ... that I don't know if I'll know how.

CLARK: That you won't know how...?

SUPERMAN: I don't know if I'll know how to behave. If I will be able to pretend I am you.

CLARK: It's not that hard. I didn't need to do anything, and they already thought I was Superman.

SUPERMAN: All right, but...

CLARK: You will manage just fine.

SUPERMAN: I don't know. First of all, I am not a journalist. I don't even have a degree in journalism.

CLARK: So...?

SUPERMAN: So I don't know if I am allowed to work as a journalist.

CLARK: Please! If you knew the amount of people who pose as journalists and have never studied journalism. You only have to turn your TV on and you'll see... And, the degree is actually no use...

SUPERMAN: I don't know how to write an article.

CLARK: Once you have the news you write everything down. And don't worry about spelling. You press F7 and everything gets corrected.

SUPERMAN: I have never written an article.

CLARK: Anyway, if you ever have a problem, you can always ask...

SUPERMAN: Lois?

CLARK: No. Interns. That's what they are there for. *(Pause)* Will you remember?

SUPERMAN: Yes. Interns, interns, interns...

CLARK: That's right.

SUPERMAN: But...

CLARK: What?

SUPERMAN: Now that I think about it... Aren't you leaving on vacation?

CLARK: Yes. So...?

SUPERMAN: Then I won't have to replace you at work.

CLARK: What?

SUPERMAN: If you are on vacation, I won't have to replace you at...

CLARK *(Interrupting)*: Hey, hey. Don't go so fast. The exchange will be next September, when we come back from our vacation. Monday, September 2nd.

Clark offers Superman to shake hands again, and this time, Superman accepts. They shake hands.

CLARK: Eight o'clock pm.

SUPERMAN: Don't you come back in the morning?

CLARK: Yes, but you come at eight pm.

Superman leaves jumping off the balcony.

LIGHTS OUT.

ACT 2

The same apartment. Day.

Lois is sitting in the sofa, reading a big book. Clark is unpacking. They both wear summer clothes.

Clark looks at his watch.

CLARK: Thirty-four

LOIS: ...

CLARK: Thirty-four hours.

LOIS: What?

CLARK: It's been thirty-four hours since you spoke to me last.

LOIS: This is not true.

CLARK: Yes it is.

LOIS: It is not. Now I am speaking to you.

CLARK: Yes, after thirty-four hours.

Silence. Lois goes back to her reading. Clark looks at his watch. Takes a pack of cigarettes. It's empty. Looks at his watch again.

CLARK: One minute. It's been one minute since you spoke to me last.

Silence.

CLARK: Are you still mad at me?

LOIS: No, I am not mad at you.

CLARK: Yes, you are.

LOIS (*Getting upset*) : I am not!

CLARK: Then I don't understand why you are not speaking to me.

LOIS: I am now.

CLARK: Yes, now.

Silence. Clark looks at his watch. He is about to open his mouth, but Lois speaks first.

LOIS: I am not mad at you. I am only disappointed.

CLARK: Disappointed?

LOIS: Yes, disappointed.

CLARK: Disappointed, that is worse.

LOIS: Worse?

CLARK: Worse than being mad. I would prefer that you were mad.

LOIS: Listen, if you want me to be mad...

CLARK: And could you let me know what have I done to make you mad?

LOIS: Is it not about what you *have* done to me. Is about what you *haven't* done to me.

CLARK: And what have I not done to you?

LOIS: It is not about what you have not done to me. Is about what you have not done to Miss Morrison.

CLARK: I knew it. I knew it has to be that.

LOIS: Then, why do you ask?

CLARK: So, you are mad at me because of what I have not done to Missis Morrison.

LOIS: Miss Morrison. And I am not mad, I am disappointed.

CLARK: Alright, yes. You are disappointed because of what I have not done to Miss Morrison

LOIS: Actually, it is for what you did not do to her. Did not do. In the simple past tense.

CLARK: What did you want me to do?

LOIS: You know very well.

CLARK: Oh, really... Let me guess. *(Pause)* Oh, yes! I think I got it. You wanted me to keep playing along with her, isn't it?

LOIS: She was drowning, Clark!

CLARK: I couldn't know that. She could be faking it, and actually she could just stand on the seabed.

LOIS: We were in the middle of the ocean.

CLARK: She probably knew how to swim.

LOIS: In that case she had a very peculiar swimming style, shaking her arms and screaming: "help me, help me, I am drowning"...

CLARK: Then, if she couldn't swim, why did she jump into the water?

LOIS: So you could save her.

CLARK: So I could save her! In other words, she was playing games with me...

LOIS: Yes, but still, she was drowning.

CLARK: I could not play along with her, Lois.

LOIS: I could not let her die, Clark.

CLARK: She did not die.

LOIS: No, because this other guy jumped.

CLARK: Of course.

LOIS: If not, she would have died.

CLARK: No, she would not have died.

LOIS: If that guy had not jumped, Miss Morrison would have died.

CLARK: She would have not. Because I would have jumped.

LOIS: Oh, really... Then why didn't you?

CLARK: Because that other guy jumped first.

LOIS: He did not jump first. He jumped because you didn't seem to be very willing to do so.

CLARK: I couldn't play along with her.

LOIS: No, of course you couldn't.

CLARK: Moreover, I had to allow time for my digestion.

LOIS (*Astonished*): What?!

CLARK: We had just had lunch a half an hour before all that.

LOIS: You did not jump because you were digesting your lunch?!

CLARK: It's dangerous. You can suffer stomach cramps...

LOIS: That lady was drowning!!

CLARK: I told you, I did not want to play along.

LOIS: You were going to let her die!

CLARK: Don't be so melodramatic, Lois. If that guy had not jump, I would have.

LOIS: Yes, sure... You sure would have jumped, exposing yourself to terrible stomach cramps.

CLARK: Oy vey!

LOIS: Clark, you can't imagine how embarrassed you made me feel. All those people looking at you, waiting for you to save her...

CLARK: Really, so they were expecting me to save her. Why me?

LOIS: Because you are Superman.

CLARK: So they knew too...

LOIS: Of course they knew.

CLARK: Did you tell them?

LOIS: No one had to tell them. They all knew.

CLARK: Yes, and Missis Morrison knew too, didn't she?

LOIS: Miss. Of course, that's why she jumped.

CLARK: So I would save her, right?

LOIS: So Superman would save her.

CLARK: You see? This is what really bugs me! A woman jumps overboard from a sailing cruise, and I have to save her.

LOIS: Of course.

CLARK: Why do we always have to do all that is expected from us?

LOIS: Clark, the life of that woman was in danger!!

CLARK: She brought it upon herself.

LOIS (*Upset*): How can you talk like that?

CLARK: Lois, I am not saying that I was not willing to save her... what happens is that I don't like it that people think that I am obliged to do what I do.

LOIS: It's no pain for you.

CLARK: It was no pain for that guy either.

LOIS: It was much lesser pain for you.

CLARK: Not much less. Didn't you realize he was Daredevil?

LOIS: Whaaat?!

CLARK: Let me tell you.

LOIS: But, Daredevil is blind!

CLARK: Sure, and I am supposed to believe that.

LOIS: Daredevil is blind. Everybody knows it.

CLARK: Yes, Daredevil is blind. And Elvis is alive. Don't you see he has fooled you all? A blind man going around saving people... Ha! Like it's that easy. It is complicated being Superman... imagine being blind.

LOIS: Well, supposing that guy was Daredevil... people did not know it.

CLARK: Of course they didn't know. Because they think that Daredevil is blind!

LOIS: On the other hand, they all knew you were Superman.

CLARK: Sure.

LOIS: And they were all looking at you.

CLARK: So...?

LOIS: Really, Clark. You just cannot imagine how embarrassing it was for me.

CLARK: You said that already.

LOIS: I have never felt more embarrassed in my whole life.

CLARK: So that's it...

LOIS: What?

CLARK: A woman was about to die, and you could only care about your embarrassment. Have you no feelings?

LOIS: And you were only worried about digesting your lunch.

CLARK: Don't change the subject!!!

LOIS: Don't yell at me!!

CLARK: Why not?!

LOIS: Because I am not deaf!!!

CLARK: Ok.

LOIS: And I don't like you saying I have no feelings.

CLARK: I am sorry. I suppose I overdid it. Actually, you do have feelings. (*Pause*) Feelings of embarrassment.

LOIS: Clark!

CLARK: And, you couldn't care less if that woman was drowning or not... precisely because you did have feelings. You were feeling jealous...

LOIS: Me? Jealous of that old woman?

CLARK: She had been coming on to me no stop.

LOIS: How strange, right?

CLARK: Not strange at all. I am Superman. I am a great catch.

LOIS: Any man with no false teeth would be a great catch for Missis Morrison.

CLARK: Miss. You see? You are jealous.

LOIS: I am not jealous.

CLARK: Now, now you are not. But at that moment you were.

LOIS: I was not.

CLARK: You were, and you couldn't have cared less if Miss Morrison had drowned.

LOIS: How can you say that!? I wanted you to save her!

CLARK: That. You wanted *me* to save her.

LOIS: Of course...

CLARK: You wanted *me* to save her, and no one else could do it.

LOIS: Clark...

CLARK: What?

LOIS: You disappointed me.

CLARK: Well, then I'd rather that you were mad.

LOIS: You go on like that.

Lois resumes her reading.

CLARK: What are you reading?

LOIS: A book.

CLARK: Oh, really!

Reluctantly, Lois shows him the book cover.

CLARK (Reading): *The murderer of Juliet's grave.*

Lois continues reading.

CLARK: The mother of the watchman.

LOIS: What?

CLARK: The murderer of Juliet's grave is the watchman's mother.

LOIS: How do you know?

CLARK: Because I read it.

LOIS: When did you read it? I bought it yesterday...

CLARK: Last night.

LOIS: Last night?

CLARK: Yes, while you were sleeping. Actually I only read the last page.

LOIS: This is a lie.

CLARK: No, Lois, it's not a lie. I am not a liar.

LOIS: I would prefer that you had lied to me.

CLARK: Really? Would you rather me being a liar?

LOIS: I would prefer that you had made up what you just said.

CLARK: What I have just said? That the murderer was the watchman's mother.

LOIS: Yes, that...

CLARK: And what's so important about it?

LOIS: It may not seem important to you, because you have not read two hundred pages already...

CLARK: What is it? That a book loses all its interest when you know its ending?

LOIS: Totally.

CLARK: Then it must be a pretty bad one.

LOIS: It is not.

CLARK: Yes it is. If the only interest of a book is in knowing how it ends, then it is not even worth starting it.

LOIS: I disagree.

CLARK: I have just made you a favor.

LOIS: Oh, yes?

CLARK: Yes. I told you the thing that interested you of this book. Now that you know, you don't have to waste any more time reading it.

LOIS: It is not the only thing that I was interested in. I was, and still am, also interested in knowing why did she killed all the girls.

CLARK: Because she was a very overbearing and possessive mother.

LOIS: And I want to know how she did it.

CLARK: Dressed in her son's uniform.

LOIS: Why?

CLARK: Because she wanted him to be sent to jail, where he would have no more contact with women.

LOIS: And you caught all that just by reading the last page?

CLARK: Yes.

LOIS: What a sudden ending.

CLARK: It's a very bad novel.

LOIS: You are fooling me.

CLARK: No, really.

Clark takes the book. Opens it by the last page and gives it back to Lois.

CLARK: Look. Read it.

LOIS: “It was thanks to his tendency to always forget his umbrella that he discovered the real identity of the murderer of Juliet's grave. Otherwise, how could he imagined that the murdered was no other than the librarian?” *(To Clark)* The librarian?

CLARK: You were right. I lied. I never read the last page.

Lois throws the book at Clark's face. He ducks and avoids a direct hit.

LOIS: Why did you lie to me?

CLARK: You said that you'd prefer that I had made it up.

LOIS: Yes, but...

CLARK: And, on top of that, it was for a good cause.

LOIS: What...?

CLARK: I want to fuck you.

LOIS: Now?

CLARK: Yes. Here and now.

LOIS: I don't feel like it.

CLARK: Why not?

LOIS: Because I don't feel like it. I have a headache.

CLARK: It figures! I would have one too after reading two-hundred pages of this bore.

LOIS: ...

CLARK: Actually, I have a headache too.

LOIS: Don't make me laugh!

CLARK: It's true. My head hurts. But that's no obstacle for me. I still want to.

LOIS: You are Superman, you can't have headaches.

CLARK: Well, I do.

LOIS: Liar.

CLARK: So...

LOIS: So... what?

CLARK: Wanna fuck?

LOIS: No.

CLARK: Are you still angry?

LOIS: I am not angry.

CLARK: Are you still disappointed?

LOIS: Yes, I am still disappointed.

CLARK: Can't we make up?

LOIS: No, no, we can't. People reconcile when they are angry, not when they are disappointed.

CLARK: So, what can I do to make you angry?

LOIS: Keep on going like this.

CLARK: Like this? How?

LOIS: Saying things like... you want to fuck.

CLARK: I wanna fuck, wanna fuck, wanna fuck, wanna fuck, wanna fuck, wanna fuck.

LOIS: Clark...

CLARK: I wanna fuck! Wanna fuck! Wanna fuck! Wanna fuck! Wanna fuck! Wanna fuck!

LOIS: Clark, stop!

CLARK: Really, I want to fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

LOIS: Shut up, Clark!!

CLARK: Are you angry?

LOIS: Not yet.

CLARK: Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. I want to fuck. Fuck. Fuck. I want to...

Lois shuts him up with a long and intense kiss. Clark hugs her. They go on like this for a while, until Lois pulls her lips away, gets up. And leaves.

CLARK: What are you doing?

LOIS: I am turning you on.

CLARK: And...?

LOIS: And that's it.

CLARK: What do you mean, "that's it"? You can't leave me like this!

LOIS: Sure I can.

CLARK: This is so cruel.

LOIS: Really? And making me read the ending of the book? Wasn't that cruel?

Clark puts his hands together, begging.

CLARK: Please, Lois. Do me this favor. Only this time. Let's make love, now, and we won't have to do it ever again, if you don't want to. Never again.

LOIS (amused): Never again?

CLARK: Never again. This will be our last shag.

LOIS: Ha, ha! You are really desperate, aren't you?

CLARK: I mean it. I'll never bug you again.

LOIS: Sure. You are just saying it now.

CLARK: I swear! If we do it now, you'll satisfy my sexual needs for the rest of my life.

LOIS: Listen. Are you planning to leave me...

CLARK (nervously): Wh-wh-who, me? B-b-but, don't be silly! *(Pause)* So, we fuck or we don't?

LOIS: Clark, jerk off and leave me alone.

Lois picks the book up. Clark stands still, thinking about her suggestion. Finally, he reaches a conclusion.

CLARK: No, I pass.

LOIS: You pass? You are not going to leave me alone?

CLARK: No, I pass on the jerk-off.

LOIS: ...

CLARK: Unless, *you* do it to me...

Lois, very irritated. Throws the book at him. This time the book hits him. Clark is in pain.

LOIS: I see that you like acting.

CLARK (*trying to conceal his pain*): Oh, yes... I love theater.

LOIS: You could be a pro.

CLARK: Do you mean it?

LOIS: Mmmm... no.

Lois picks the book up and enters the bedroom. She lies on the bed and resumes her reading again.

Clark looks at his watch. After a few seconds of silence, he goes to the balcony and sees Superman hiding on the exterior part of the rail.

Clark walks towards the exit.

LOIS: Are you leaving?

CLARK: I'm going to buy cigarettes.

Clark exits.

Superman jumps in. He is dressed as Clark, even the glasses.

He walks in silence towards the exit, he opens the door and closes it.

LOIS: Weren't you going to buy cigarettes?

SUPERMAN: I quit.

LIGHTS OUT.

ACT 3

Same apartment, day.

Lois is pacing the bedroom while speaking on the cordless phone. She is dressed elegantly but casually (in winter clothes).

Superman is setting up Christmas lights and decorations on the balcony.

LOIS: Clark? As always... *(Pause)* Yes... Well, actually he's changed in the past months. Sometimes he doesn't seem himself. *(Pause)* No, that is true... He takes me flying everyday. Four days ago we went to Paris... *(Pause)* Yes, back and forth. And last week we flew to Rome via Venice... *(Pause)* Imagine: Paris, Venice, Rome... The most typical romantic spots. *(Pause)* No, I am not complaining. You know that I love Italy. *(Pause)* What happens is that lately he is too much... I don't know how to say this. Now he is super gentle, super charming, super fantastic... super everything. But at the end I... *(Pause)* Yes, I know that this is all I have always wanted, but... it's not just that. *(She looks towards the balcony and she observes Superman)* I don't know, it's like he just doesn't feel like it anymore... Well, forget it. *(Pause)* Is it that late? *(She looks at her watch)* It's true. *(Pause)* I have to do some last minute shopping too. It's what Christmas is all about, isn't it? *(Pause)* A woman goes in labor in a manger, and twenty centuries later we all have to show off our purchasing power. *(Pause)* Merry Christmas to you too. Kisses.

Lois hangs up. She stays put for a few seconds, like she was concentrating just to be able to take her next step: towards the sitting room, where Superman is now.

SUPERMAN: So I don't feel like it anymore... what is it?

LOIS: Uh?

SUPERMAN: You don't need super hearing to catch that.

LOIS: Sure.

SUPERMAN: But it helps.

LOIS: Yes. *(Pause)* You never did that to me before.

SUPERMAN: I should of.

LOIS: I should *have*...

SUPERMAN: You should have what?

LOIS: You should say "I should have".

SUPERMAN: That's what I said.

LOIS: No, you said "I should of"

SUPERMAN: It doesn't matter... it's the same.

LOIS: It does matter, Clark. You are a journalist.

SUPERMAN: Well, that's what interns are for, aren't they?

LOIS: What?

SUPERMAN: That's what interns are for.

LOIS: For what?

SUPERMAN: Well... that, you know. To save our bacon. *(Pause)* Aren't they?

LOIS: Why do you say that?

SUPERMAN: I don't say it. Clark does. *(Realizing what he has just said)* I mean... I do. I say it. I am Clark.

LOIS: Sure.

Lois seats by the table. Superman does to.

SUPERMAN: By the way, what were you saying?

LOIS: What?

SUPERMAN: Yes, just a minute ago. You said I never did that before. What was it?

LOIS: Well, maybe you did. But, before, you were much better at pretending you didn't.

SUPERMAN: Before? Before what? Before I...?

LOIS: Before you quit smoking?

SUPERMAN: Yes, that's it. Before I quit smoking.

LOIS: Well... yes.

SUPERMAN: Meaning that when I smoked I was better at pretending.

LOIS: Yes. Well, no. What happens is that now you have changed.

SUPERMAN: Changed? But... changed for the better or for the worse?

LOIS: I don't know!

SUPERMAN: Tell me the truth.

LOIS: What does it matter?

SUPERMAN: Lois, please... do you think now I am better or worse than when I used to smoke?

LOIS: ...

SUPERMAN: Better or worse?

LOIS: It depends.

SUPERMAN: Better or worse.

LOIS: Now, you don't smoke.

SUPERMAN: And that... is it good or bad?

LOIS: It's good, of course.

SUPERMAN: Then you think I am better now, don't you?

LOIS (*not too convinced*): Yes.

SUPERMAN: You are prettier everyday too.

LOIS: Do you really mean that?

SUPERMAN: I never lie. You are *yummy*.

LOIS: Listen, are you sure you are not cheating on me?

SUPERMAN (*Alert*): In what sense?

LOIS: In the sense of cheating. You know...

SUPERMAN: No, I don't know. You have to be more specific.

LOIS: Are you cheating on me with another woman?

SUPERMAN (*Relieved*): Oh, that!

LOIS: So...?

SUPERMAN: So...?

LOIS: Are you with another woman or not?

SUPERMAN: Noooo, of course not.

LOIS: The I don't get it. I don't understand why are you acting so strange lately.

SUPERMAN: That's because I quit smoking. You know that these things are...

LOIS: Please, Clark! I can believe this smoking thing up to a certain point. But I am sure that there must be something else. There must be something else.

SUPERMAN: ...

LOIS: ...

SUPERMAN: What do you mean?

LOIS: You know.

SUPERMAN: No, I don't.

LOIS: We don't have sex, Clark.

SUPERMAN: Ah, yes... It might be.

LOIS: Not might be... it is. It's been three and a half months.

SUPERMAN: You're right.

LOIS: What?

SUPERMAN: You are right. It's been a while.

LOIS: ...

SUPERMAN: ...

LOIS: I give up. It is impossible to argue with you, Clark. How can we have a real argument if you always agree with me?

SUPERMAN (*Surprised*): Do you want us to argue?

LOIS: No...

SUPERMAN: I am not a telepathist, Lois. I can't read you mind. If you don't tell me, I

am unable to guess what is it that you want or don't want to do.

LOIS: Do you know what I want? Do you want to know what I want? I want you to contradict me. I want you to have a much stronger personality. I don't want you to always agree with me. I don't want you to be so... so...

SUPERMAN: ...

LOIS: ...

SUPERMAN: Do you want me to smoke again?

Lois, impotent, stares strongly at Superman. Unable to resist her staring at him, Superman looks away.

SUPERMAN: You are right.

LOIS: Don't tell me I am right. Damn it!

SUPERMAN: But... I... There's one thing I have not told you... and I think it is about time I do. *(Pause)* If I had told you before, I wouldn't have to do it now. *(Pause)* And if I hadn't told you that there was something that I have not told you, I wouldn't have to tell you either. But...

LOIS *(Desperate)* : Clark!

SUPERMAN: I am stressed.

LOIS: What?!

SUPERMAN: I am stressed, Lois. I suffer stress: mental or nervous strain due to physical or psychological factors of...

LOIS: I know what stress is!

SUPERMAN: And...? Don't you think it is a terrible thing?

LOIS: Please, Clark, what century do you live in? Nowadays, everybody suffers from stress. Even plants.

SUPERMAN: I am thinking about quitting my job in the newspaper.

LOIS: Come on...

SUPERMAN: I mean it.

LOIS: But, you can't...

SUPERMAN: You are right, I can't.

LOIS: You see? You are agreeing with me again.

SUPERMAN: I cannot write an article, stop a crime, prepare an interview, prevent Apocalypse... I can't cope with all of it, Lois.

LOIS: But we can't live only on my salary.

SUPERMAN: Why not?

LOIS: Do you know how much money we spend only on groceries?

SUPERMAN: Yes, but... I can't cope with it all. I simply can't.

Silence.

LOIS: You could find a sponsor.

SUPERMAN: A what?

LOIS: A sponsor. You could get some benefit from you pajamas. Instead of this big “S”, you could... I don't know, you could have ads of... of...

SUPERMAN: American Airlines?

LOIS: For example!

SUPERMAN: No way!

LOIS: But... why not? You fly. Planes fly. It's the perfect synergy!

SUPERMAN: No. Lois, I can't handle it all.

LOIS: You could up til now.

SUPERMAN: Well, I can't anymore. I reached my limit. *(Pause)* Just yesterday, Perry asked me to do a report for the Sunday paper; he wanted me to interview Superman. Can you believe it?

LOIS: Well, you know that Perry...

SUPERMAN: Yes, you're right. I know Perry... But, it is an interview with Superman... and he asked precisely that I did it. What is the point of going on pretending when everybody knows the truth? And what is important; working extra hours o saving the world?

LOIS: I don't understand you.

SUPERMAN: Saving the world. Saving the world is more important.

LOIS: You are probably right. If you can't, you just can't.

SUPERMAN: ...?

LOIS: The world will lose a great journalist, but I'll win a psychologically balanced superhero.

SUPERMAN: Lois...

Lois looks at him.

SUPERMAN: Lois... I was thinking... I was thinking that it's been a while since we...

LOIS: Since we fucked?

SUPERMAN: Since we flew last. We haven't flown for a while...

LOIS: It's been four days.

SUPERMAN: Only?

LOIS: Yes, only four days. And it's been four months without sex.

SUPERMAN: Three and a half. Just a while ago you said three and half months...

LOIS: ...

SUPERMAN: We could go to the Machu Picchu.

LOIS: Where?

SUPERMAN: The Machu Picchu is the only new Wonder of the World I have not

visited. I always say to myself that I will go, but always something comes up...

LOIS: Do you want to go to the Machu Picchu?

SUPERMAN: Yes, don't you? The say is spectacular... Jimmy went there last summer. He has pictures on his profile...

LOIS: Clark, you don't listen to me. I tell you that we have not fucked in a long time, and you talk about going to the Machu Picchu?

SUPERMAN: Yes... What, shall we?

LOIS: When?

SUPERMAN: Now.

LOIS: Now?

SUPERMAN: Yes, now.

LOIS: So, to fly to Peru you have all the time in the world, but you are too *stressed* to have sex.

SUPERMAN: But, Lois...

LOIS: What's going on with you? Don't you like me anymore?

Suddenly, Lois hugs Superman. She starts licking his ear.

LOIS: I don't turn you on anymore?

SUPERMAN: Of course you do...

Superman is obviously telling her the truth, and he has to make a superhuman and superheroic effort to push her away from him.

SUPERMAN: I already told you that...

LOIS: Yes, that you are stressed.

SUPERMAN: And not only that. I have a headache too. I need to get some fresh air.

LOIS: In the Machu Picchu.

SUPERMAN: Yes.

LOIS: Come on, go! Get out, fly to the Machu Picchu! I will not be the one to clip your wings... or your cape. *(Pause)* What are you waiting for?

SUPERMAN: I'm waiting for you to take your camera.

LOIS: You take the camera if you want to take pictures, I am not going.

SUPERMAN: Lois, I want to go out with you.

LOIS: No, you don't want to go out with me. Last time I went out with a guy it was because he wanted to go to bed with me... What was his name? Oh, yes, Clark. His name was Clark. *(Pause)* I have to go to the grocery store.

SUPERMAN: Now?

LOIS: Yes, now. Lately you don't stop eating and the fridge is empty.

Lois walks towards the exit. Superman follows her.

SUPERMAN: Lois.

LOIS (*Getting impatient*): Yes?

SUPERMAN: Remember to buy beer. We ran out.

Lois turns away from him and leaves.

Superman is alone. Closes his eyes, pinches himself in the forehead, between his eyebrows. Sighs. He stays still for a moment. Finally, he opens his eyes. He stares a point in front of him.

SUPERMAN: Every year we repeat the same ceremony. Millions of people in the whole world decorate their homes to celebrate Christmas. This is one of those homes. But, here lives a man that is like no other. He is more than a man... Superman, do you consider yourself a man or a superman?

Superman takes his glasses off. During the auto-interview, he will put them on and take them off, whenever playing Clark or Superman.

SUPERMAN: Well... a man. (*Clark*) False modesty? (*Superman*) Well, a superman? I wish I was a superman for everything. (*Clark*) But everyone knows you are perfect, that you can do everything, you can fly, you have no problems. (*Superman*) Problems? Actually, to tell you the truth, I have some problems. (*Clark*) A superman? Look at you. If you really were a superman, you would be able to satisfy your woman! (*Superman*) How many times do we have to talk about it? You already know that I can't... (*Clark*) You can't? Fuck you can't! If all women throw themselves at you all the time. You only have to move a finger! (*Superman*) This is the problem! If I lose control, with only a finger I could destroy this table, this wall... I can't do that to Lois! (*Clark*) You don't have to do it to Lois, if you don't want to! You have more options: there is Minnie, and Cindy, and Tracy... (*Superman*) I am Superman, I can't do that to anyone. (*Clark*) If they want you to, it's not your fault! It's going to be alright, if you do it only once. We are dying to do it! (*Superman*) No, no way... next question! (*Clark*) Superman, as a being from another planet, do you feel discriminated?

The door bell rings. Superman goes to open the door.

A woman of about his same age, Lana, enters. She act very secure and firm, like if that was her apartment. Superman follows her, he doesn't understand anything. When she is right by him, Lana turns towards him. She is very determined.

LANA: We have two options, Clark. Either we go to the Ambassador or we do it here.

SUPERMAN: But...

LANA: Yes, I know that we always do it in a hotel...

SUPERMAN: What do you mean always?

LANA: ... but I feel like innovating. And, this is the moment to do it. Because it will be long until Lois comes back...

SUPERMAN: Lois? You...

LANA: Yes, I just saw her.

SUPERMAN: Do you know Lois?

LANA: Of course! She told me she was going to the grocery store. She said that lately you won't stop eating and that the fridge is empty.

SUPERMAN: Oh, I see that you get along fine.

LANA: Not as fine as with you.

Unexpectedly, Lana jumps on Superman, and kisses him in the lips.

LANA: I wanted it so bad, Clark!

SUPERMAN: I... I see.

LANA: I wanted to do it so, *so* bad.

SUPERMAN: Yes, but...

LANA: You don't?

SUPERMAN: What?

LANA: You don't want it bad.

SUPERMAN: Well, I...

LANA: It's been six months, Clark!

SUPERMAN: At least.

LANA: For me it feels like an eternity.

SUPERMAN: Yes...

LANA: And to you?

SUPERMAN: To me? *(Pause)* Yes, a lot. You see, it has felt like so eternal that I don't even remember. It's been six months you said?

LANA: Five months, seventeen days and eleven hours.

SUPERMAN: Oh, well, I see you really keep track of time.

LANA: But to me it's been like five centuries, seventeen years and eleven months.

SUPERMAN: To me too.

LANA: Really?

SUPERMAN: Really. I told you that I don't even remember.

LANA: Well, then I remember perfectly.

SUPERMAN: Really?

LANA: Like it was yesterday.

SUPERMAN: Well.

LANA: Do you want me to refresh your memory?

SUPERMAN: That would be nice. If it's not too much trouble.

LANA: Trouble? Not at all. What do you prefer? The whole story or do you want me to make a shorter version?

Lana pulls him towards her and gives him a long kiss.

SUPERMAN: Lois...

LANA: Lois won't be coming back for a while... I told you I met her on my way here. By the way, she told me you quit smoking. Congratulations!

SUPERMAN: Oh, yes...

LANA: It must have been very hard.

SUPERMAN: Ffff... you don't know how hard.

LANA: I can tell.

SUPERMAN: No, really, you should go through it to have an idea of the sacrifice it represents...

LANA: Clark, I went through it. Don't you remember?

SUPERMAN: Of course. *(Pause)* And did you talk about anything else?

LANA: I told her I was going to pay you a visit.

SUPERMAN: Oh, and what did she say?

LANA: That we would see each other in here. She invited me to lunch.

SUPERMAN: And what did you tell her.

LANA: That I'll be delighted to have lunch with you, of course. *(Pause)* What do you think if we start preparing some appetizers?

Lana grabs Superman by his back and pushes him towards the bed. He shows resistance.

SUPERMAN: What are you doing?

LANA: What do you think I am doing?

On the bed, Lana starts to unbutton his shirt. Superman stops her and buttons his shirt back up.

SUPERMAN: But, we have to prepare the appetizers.

LANA: And what do you think we are doing?

SUPERMAN: Well... I had another idea. I don't know... Anchovy filled olives, chips and salsa, mussels, clams... A martini. You know... appetizers.

LANA: You have become very sophisticated man since you live in the city.

SUPERMAN: I do the best I can.

Lana unbuttons his shirt again. Superman tries to resist, but he is afraid he might hurt her, and lets her do.

SUPERMAN: So, what have you done all this time?

LANA: I have worked, gone on vacation, read a few books, watched TV... I have slept, eaten..

SUPERMAN: And have you eaten... many appetizers?

LANA: Yes, but none like this one.

SUPERMAN: And, wouldn't you rather have a martini?

LANA: I don't like them.

Superman pushes her away and runs towards the liquor cabinet.

SUPERMAN: What about a beer? I have beer... Oh, no. We ran out... What about a coke! A fruit juice! Milk!

LANA: What?

SUPERMAN (*Showing her a milk carton*): Do you want some milk? It has great nutritional value, If it wasn't for milk, mammals would be extinct.

LANA: I'll serve myself.

Lana pulls his pants down.

SUPERMAN: I can't .

LANA: I think you do.

SUPERMAN: Really, I can't!

LANA: Well, your little friend says otherwise.

SUPERMAN: Yes, but Lois...

LANA: She will be long.

SUPERMAN: I can't do this to her.

LANA: You could, before.

SUPERMAN: Sure... but before...

LANA: Before, what?

SUPERMAN: Before was before.

LANA: Is there someone else?

SUPERMAN: What?

LANA: Is there another one? Another woman?

SUPERMAN: Noooo. Well, yes. There is Lois.

LANA: Another one, besides Lois.

SUPERMAN: No. You see, I am monogamous.

LANA: You didn't use to be before.

SUPERMAN: I know, but I have...

LANA: You have, what?

SUPERMAN: I have...

LANA: You have changed?

SUPERMAN: Yes, no... Maybe.

LANA: You really seem a different person.

SUPERMAN: What? Wh-why do you say this?

LANA: You don't look like Clark.

SUPERMAN: Don't be silly. Of course I look like him! Well, it's not that I look like him... I am him! I am Clark. I have always been Clark. Since I was born I have been Clark.

LANA: I don't know... I have my doubts. If you were Clark, you wouldn't make me beg for it.

SUPERMAN (Categorical): I disagree.

LANA: What?

SUPERMAN: I disagree. If I'd agree with you it wouldn't be me. Lois always tells me that I am always contradicting her.

She slaps him.

LANA: I am not Lois. I am Lana!

SUPERMAN: Of course!

LANA: You and I have always understood each other perfectly. But, if now you back off, I'll understand that you are a different person. But, if you go on with it, I'll have no doubts about it.

SUPERMAN (Letting himself go for the first time): It is really what you want?

LANA: Of course. Why do you ask?

SUPERMAN: Because I think that you should know the risk...

LANA: Clark, I am not fourteen anymore. I know...

SUPERMAN: Do you? Do you really know?

LANA: Clark...

SUPERMAN: Do you know that if I start getting turned on...

LANA: I thought I had already turned you on.

SUPERMAN: If I get turned on for real... Do you know you could burn?

LANA: I love playing with fire.

Suddenly, Lana is laying on the table and Superman is on top of her.

SUPERMAN: I am speaking literally. I could lose control. I might not be able to control my strength. I could crush you!

LANA: Clark...

SUPERMAN: I am not joking. Think that I can tear a wall down with a finger, and if I let myself go... I could suffocate you or cripple you.

LANA: This is not funny.

SUPERMAN: It's not supposed to be. Anyway, we don't have to worry. After all, if nothing bad had ever happened before...

Superman tears her clothes off.

LANA: Nooooo!! It didn't happen. Nothing happened. It's a lie, it's a lie! I have never believed that story about Clark... about Clark and you being the same person.

SUPERMAN: ...

LANA: I have known you for a long time, and if he had ever been able to... you know... I would have been one of the first people to realize.

Superman gets back on his feet and goes to the balcony. He utters a very loud scream and goes back in with Lana.

SUPERMAN: If you knew that Clark and I were two different people, how come you were not surprised to find me here?

LANA: Not too long ago, Clark came to see me.

SUPERMAN: When?

LANA: About... two months ago, ever less. He came to see me and told me a few things. He told me about the... *exchange* he had arranged with you. And he also told me that...

SUPERMAN: But, between you and Clark there is...

LANA: Between Clark and I there *was*... But a long time ago. Now we are just friends. Good friends.

SUPERMAN: Then... Then you came here to...

LANA: Clark asked me to do him a favor. He wanted to know how Lois was.

SUPERMAN: Why?

LANA: Why? Because he worries about her, I guess.

SUPERMAN: And this is why you came here? To spy on Lois.

LANA: I came here because Clark asked me to.

SUPERMAN: Wait a second. Let me see I got this: you came here because Clark worries about Lois... and you don't think of a better thing to do than to g... g... g... get in bed with me? Sincerely, I think you couldn't care less about Lois.

LANA: ...

SUPERMAN: You only came here to shag me.

LANA: Yes... No.

SUPERMAN: Yes or no?

LANA: Yes... I am sorry. I shouldn't have done it... I swear to you that I have never... never... done anything like it...

SUPERMAN: Like... trying to fuck a superhero?

LANA: Yes... Well, actually it's much more than this. I supposed there was going to be something more...

SUPERMAN: Love?

LANA (*Bitter smile*): No. Do you want to know one thing? In our town... you are the main industry. The main source of income. In a very short time it has turned a pilgrimage center for a bunch of... freaks. (*Smiles*) It went from the last frontier in Kansas, from a town that didn't even appear on maps, to the Mecca of all Superman's fans.

SUPERMAN: Oh.

LANA: And they are all so funny. All of them, with no exception. They go about town incognito and they communicate using... *enigmas*. They ask: "Is... you know who... around here?" and things like that.

SUPERMAN: I see it is an open secret.

LANA: Not at all. It's a very well kept secret.

SUPERMAN: Very well kept by... how many people? Twenty..., thirty?

LANA: Three hundred. To me... doing what I wanted to do meant a lot more than just having a good time. I meant becoming...

Superman is about to say something, but hesitates.

LANA: Say it. Say what you were about to say. Whatever it is, I am sure I deserve it.

Lana looks away, feeling uneasy.

Some noises can be heard: steps approaching, a key-chain that falls on the floor, a key in the lock...

SUPERMAN: It's Lois! She can't see us here.

LANA (*It takes her a moment to react*): She can see you. It's me she cannot see.

SUPERMAN: Come on! Hide! Hide under the bed! Come on, hurry!

Lana is about to obey, but stops.

LANA: I can't hide... I told Lois I was coming her to pay you a visit. She expects me to be here.

SUPERMAN: Are you sure?

LANA: Yes. I told you, didn't I?

SUPERMAN: Yes, and you also told me that this wasn't the first time we'd seen each other.

Lana is picking clothes up from around the room, when a man enters. He wears sporty clothes and a baseball hat: it's Clark.

He looks at them, amazed.

Lana looks at Clark's face and mumbles a sort of apology, but Clark centers his attention on Superman. Lana leaves.

CLARK: How are things around here?

SUPERMAN (*Sarcastic*): Well, it's been a really intense week. You see, I have the sensation that instead of a week it's been like three and a half months.

CLARK: Yes... you are right. Mea culpa.

SUPERMAN: ...

CLARK: Well, you are kind of a little responsible too.

SUPERMAN: Me?

CLARK: Yes, you. Because, let's not fool ourselves, you could have come looking for me. I told your where I was going... and anyway, you wouldn't have had any problems tracking me down. Am I wrong?

SUPERMAN: ...

CLARK: Why didn't you?

SUPERMAN: Because...

CLARK: Why didn't you come looking for me?

SUPERMAN: Because I didn't...

CLARK: Because you didn't?

SUPERMAN: But, have you seen yourself? You come here, and have the guts to ask me why I didn't go looking for you?... The answer is that I just didn't feel like it!

Because I am fed up with you! Because I am sick of you and don't want you around. I don't want you around Lois.

It takes Clark a few seconds to process this.

CLARK: Oh.

SUPERMAN: ...

CLARK: And Lois... how is she?

SUPERMAN: ...

CLARK: Is she happy?

SUPERMAN (*Looking away*): Yes, very happy.

CLARK: Look at me.

Superman looks at Clark.

CLARK: Is she happy?

SUPERMAN: Are you now interested in Lois? Now you worry about her? If you were sincerely worried about Lois, you wouldn't have done all you did. You would have...

CLARK: Look at me.

SUPERMAN: I am.

CLARK: ...

SUPERMAN: You know that I can't read your mind.

CLARK: Sure. But you have your X-ray vision, don't you?

SUPERMAN: Yes, of course.

Superman takes his glasses off and "scans" Clark. He doesn't like what he sees.

SUPERMAN: Have you been to the doctor?

CLARK: Of course. *(Pause)* I have know it for a long time.

SUPERMAN: A long time?

CLARK: Yes.

SUPERMAN: Last time we saw each other...?

Silence.

SUPERMAN: Then... when you tried to... to...

CLARK: ... commit suicide?

SUPERMAN: Yes. Was it because of this?

CLARK: It was one of the reasons, yes. *(Pause)* I couldn't continue being with Lois.

The disease was already getting worse, and she would have discovered the truth. And I couldn't... I couldn't do that to her.

SUPERMAN: Your corpse crushed on the sidewalk wouldn't have helped much either.

CLARK: You're right. But I was desperate. And, I only had a few months left... I'd prefer to die just on time, being a superhero...

SUPERMAN: Flying...

CLARK: ... instead of dying when it was too late. Being a fake. *(Pause)* An agonizing fake.

Silence.

CLARK: Help me.

SUPERMAN: Why?

CLARK: Because I cannot do it myself.

SUPERMAN: It wouldn't be the first time you try.

CLARK: That's why.

SUPERMAN: What do you want me to do?

CLARK: I want you to take me away, far away from here.

SUPERMAN: How far?

CLARK: To the Antarctica.

SUPERMAN: Come on...

CLARK: I mean it. I've been thinking about it a lot, and it's the best. You only have to take me there and let me... Well, you won't have to stick around.

SUPERMAN: ...

CLARK: Please.

SUPERMAN: Do you realize what you are asking me?

CLARK: I wouldn't ask you if it wasn't the best...

SUPERMAN: Do not count on me.

CLARK: Please!

SUPERMAN: No way...

CLARK: I ask you as a friend.

SUPERMAN: "As a friend"? "As a friend" you say? You are not my friend.

CLARK: I am not?

SUPERMAN: No.

CLARK: ...

SUPERMAN: ...

CLARK: How many friends do you have?

Superman doesn't answer. No need: Clark knows the answer. He also knows what Superman is thinking, and what he is about to do...

Superman picks Clarks up and they fly away.

Lois enters carrying many grocery bags.

She seats at the table.

Superman comes back. He seats in front of her.

SUPERMAN: Lois...

LOIS: Yes?

SUPERMAN: I've killed a man.

LOIS: Surely he had done something bad.

SUPERMAN: He was a nice guy. I couldn't say no.

LOIS: Come on Clark... are you asking me to comfort you?

SUPERMAN: Lois...

LOIS: ...

SUPERMAN: Do you love me?

LOIS: Of course.

SUPERMAN: And if I wasn't Clark, would you still love me?

LOIS: What kind of question is that?!

SUPERMAN: Would you love me or not?

LOIS: ...

SUPERMAN: I can't hear you.

LOIS: I haven't said anything.

SUPERMAN: If Clark and Superman were two different people, which one would you choose?

LOIS: None of them.

Lois, fed up, gets up and runs towards the exit.

Superman stays, all alone.

LIGHTS OUT.