

ct

The last days of Clark K.

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traducción de
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(fragmento en inglés)

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?