

Last Page

by

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

SARA: A 22-year-old female barista.

CLARA: A 22-year-old female reporter.

BLUE MOON: A 22-year-old male superhero.

GIRL: A 22-year-old female person.

A note for the directors: y'all are directing, so do what you want, but in my head while writing this play is like a runaway train: if it pauses too much the characters will realize the nonsense they are perpetrating and may just get too self-aware for their own good. So my suggestion is take beats at the beats, but otherwise move the dialogue along as fast as is possible.

But again, you do you.

SCENE 1 (The only one, actually...)

(LIGHTS UP on a café on an average Wednesday afternoon. It's a nice place, but certainly not too nice. There are several tables set up in the café, each with a few chairs around them. There's a counter in back with a register. One door opens out to the street, another opens back to the kitchen, closet, and bathroom.)

(At the counter, SARA, a 22-year-old female, is working. She's the only one in today. She has white iPod earbuds in, and is listening to some song.)

(She finally finishes working, pulls up a chair, sits down, and closes her eyes.)

(The lights go down, except for a spotlight on Sara. She's dreaming now.)

(An intense, heroic score (that for legal reasons certainly ISN'T the Superman Theme, but directors can do what they want to do...) starts playing under her, and we hear the sound of a fight, floating in and out of the music. Punches, kicks, bones breaking. But with every brutal-sounding hit, a cartoony comic-book "POW", "WHAP," or "CRUNCH" pops up, filling the empty space next to her head. And they say playwrights don't give directors fun stuff to do.)

(The fight and music crescendo, filling the space, until-)

(LIGHTS UP on the café. Standing above the sleeping Sara is CLARA, a young reporter who has as many twitter followers as she has bylines: 23.)

CLARA

Excuse me!

(Sara jolts awake.)

SARA

Oh, I'm sorry ma'am, can I help you?

CLARA

If you can get me a grandé double-shot dirty chai, then yes.

SARA

(Still rubbing off the sleep)
I'm...I'm sorry?

CLARA

Grandé double-shot dirty chai.

SARA
 (Rushing behind the counter)
 That's...that's-

CLARA
 Do you not-

SARA
 I'm sorry I don't-

CLARA
 Know what it is?

SARA
 Know what it
 is...

SARA
 ...Sorry.

CLARA
 Grandé: medium.

SARA
 Well yeah I know that-

CLARA
 Chai: chai tea latte.

SARA
 We don't-

CLARA
 Dirty: with a shot of espresso

SARA
 But ma'am we-

CLARA
 Double shot: two of them. Is that
 so hard to-

SARA
 MA'AM. WE DON'T HAVE CHAI TEA.

(A long beat. Clara looks down at Sara's name tag.)

CLARA
 Sara?

SARA
 Yes.

CLARA
 (holding out her hand)
 Clara.

SARA
 Clara?

CLARA
 Clara.

SARA
 (tepidly reaching out to
 shake it)
 Clara...

CLARA
 (Sweetly)
 Sara.

SARA
 Clara-

CLARA
 Sara.

SARA
 Clara?

CLARA
 (slamming the counter)
 What the fuck do you mean you
 don't have chai tea?

SARA
 Ah! I dunno!

CLARA
 You "Dunno"?!

SARA
 I dunno!

CLARA
 You "dunno"...

SARA
 I dunno!

CLARA
 You-

SARA
 We just don't!

CLARA
You "just don't"

SARA
We just don't!

CLARA
You "just don't"....

SARA
The owner doesn't order it.

CLARA
She doesn't order it?

SARA
He doesn't order it.

CLARA
Well why doesn't he order it?

SARA
I dunno!

CLARA
You "dunno"!

SARA
I can get you the two shots of
espresso though.

CLARA
Two shots of espresso?

SARA
Yeah. I don't have the chai bit,
but I can get you two shots of
espresso.

CLARA
What about the latte?

SARA
You want a latte?

CLARA
With two shots of espresso.

SARA
Okay, okay, that I can do! One
latte, two shots of espresso,
coming right up for...Clara!

CLARA
Thank you Sara.

SARA
No problem Clara! And you know what, for you catching me sleeping, and for not having chai tea when, let's be honest, chai tea's really having a moment now, and by all accounts we really should have chai tea, and I should really talk to the owner-

CLARA
Sara...?

SARA
-Because who doesn't have chai tea, I mean WHO DOESN'T HAVE CHAI TEA, AM I RIGHT OR AM I RIGHT, BECAUSE I THINK I'M-

(Clara grabs her by the shoulders and shakes her.)

CLARA
Sara!

(A beat.)

SARA
Sorry.

(Clara lets go, and Sara goes about making the drink in silence. She tamps the espresso, steams the milk, pours the shots, and mixes it all together in the cup with ballet-like precision. She finally hands it over to Clara.)

SARA
What I was trying to say was, it's on the house.

CLARA
(grabbing the drink)
Thank you.

(All of a sudden, the door swings open, and in comes BLUE MOON, a tall, strong, handsome superhero all in an all-blue costume, who is definitely nothing like Captain America, (especially if anyone reading this works for Marvel.))

(He walks in, and naturally strikes a heroic pose. Sara stares at him. Clara notices Sara staring, and turns around. Blue Moon smiles at them. It's a winning smile. Clara slowly turns back around to Sara.)

CLARA
A regular?

SARA
No.

(Sara and Clara turn back around. Blue Moon is still standing, posing, smiling.)

SARA
Hi...?

BLUE MOON
Hello citizens!

(A beat.)

SARA
Do you want like, a coffee?

BLUE MOON
(Breaking pose)
Ah, no, I'm just here to meet someone.

CLARA
You're here to meet someone?

BLUE MOON
A friend.

CLARA
A friend.

BLUE MOON
Yes, a friend.

CLARA
Do you and your friends frequently frequent these kinds of establishments? (*Turning to Sara*)
No offense Sara.

SARA
None taken.

BLUE MOON
No, she picked the place.

CLARA
A she?

SARA
Inquisitive much?

CLARA
I'm a reporter. So yes.

SARA
Fair enough.

CLARA
A she?

BLUE MOON
Yes. A she.

CLARA
Is this a...date?

SARA
Clara!

CLARA
What?

SARA
(Whispering to her)
Why are you engaging the crazy man
dressed up as Blue Moon?

CLARA
Oh, you know who this is? I just
thought "crazy man dressed as a
superhero," I didn't realize he
was being specific.

(She walks over to Blue Moon and holds out her hand.)

CLARA
Hi, Blue Moon, is it, apparently?
Clara.

BLUE MOON
Nice to meet you Clara!

SARA
Clara!

CLARA
I appreciate your protective
instinct Sara, I really do, but we
only met five minutes ago, so I
don't think you're one to judge my
capabilities.
(Turning to Blue Moon)
She thinks you're a crazy person.

BLUE MOON
A crazy person?

CLARA
Well, to be fair, so do I. But I
think that means you deserve
further study.

(She walks to a table, pulls out a chair, and sits in it. She
motions for Blue Moon to sit down.)

CLARA
Sit and talk a while. Kill time
before your date shows up.

SARA
Clara, is this really a good idea?

CLARA
I'm fascinated by the human
condition Sara!

SARA
Yeah, fine, but can't we like,
observe it from afar? Preferably
behind bulletproof glass.

CLARA
(To Blue Moon)
Come on, sit!

(He does.)

CLARA
Now, tell me about yourself Mr.
Moon.

BLUE MOON
Well actually-

CLARA
I want backstory, details,
nemeses, the works!

BLUE MOON
Well see-

CLARA
The human condition, Sara!

BLUE MOON
Now I-

CLARA
Whenever you're ready.

(A beat.)

BLUE MOON
I'm sorry, you're a very confusing person.

SARA
Yeah, she makes up drink orders.

CLARA
Excuse me?

SARA
Early warning sign of a troubled personality, probably.

CLARA
What are you talking about?

SARA
Grandé double-shot dirty chai? No way.

CLARA
It's a thing!

SARA
Are you a trained barista?

CLARA
It's definitely a thing!

SARA
Didn't think so.

CLARA
You don't even have chai!

SARA
Exactly! I'm not sure it even exists either.

CLARA
Are you trying to rile me up so I leave and stop talking to the crazy man in costume?

BLUE MOON
Excuse me?

CLARA

Because then you'd be left alone
with him, which is even worse.

BLUE MOON

Ummm

CLARA

It won't work! I am a fox that has
caught the scent, and I shan't be
stopped!

BLUE MOON

Miss do you-

CLARA

(To Blue Moon)

So where were we?

SARA

The part where a crazy man in a
costume murders you ON MY SHIFT!

CLARA

Two half-caf no-foam cappuccinos
please exactly one-hundred-
seventy-five degrees meaning shush
and start working.

SARA

She's gonna get stabbed, and I'm
gonna fired...

(Sara starts making the drinks.)

CLARA

So, where were we?

BLUE MOON

Ma'am, did you say you were a
reporter?

CLARA

Yes, of course.

SARA

Of course?

CLARA

Shut up and brew Sara!

BLUE MOON

No mean to disrespect ma'am, but
it's just that I don't usually
give out interviews.

CLARA
You don't give out interviews?

BLUE MOON
Not usually.

CLARA
Why not?

BLUE MOON
Well frankly I don't often have
time.

CLARA
(winking)
Right, "saving the day" and all.

BLUE MOON
Did you just wink?

CLARA
Wink?

BLUE MOON
Wink. Just then. When you said
"saving the day."

CLARA
Involuntary eye twitch.

BLUE MOON
What?

CLARA
Involuntary eye twitch. It means
my eye twitches. Involuntarily.

BLUE MOON
Okay...

CLARA
Caffeine-induced usually.

SARA
What are you doing at a coffee sh-

CLARA
ONE-SEVENTY-FIVE DEGREES EXACTLY.

BLUE MOON
I'm sorry, I'm waiting for
someone.

CLARA

So you can sit and chat while you wait!

BLUE MOON

I'd really rather not.

CLARA

Come on! Who dresses up in a superhero suit to *avoid* attention?

BLUE MOON

Well-

CLARA

Why else would you be doing this?

(A beat.)

BLUE MOON

Well, to fight crime mostly.

(A beat.)

CLARA

Commitment, I like that.

BLUE MOON

Thank you?

CLARA

You know, I took classes at Second City.

BLUE MOON

I'm sorry?

CLARA

I'm trained!

BLUE MOON

Trained in-

CLARA

Well, technically I was an audience volunteer.

BLUE MOON

I'm sorry I-

CLARA

And it was at my middle school.

BLUE MOON

Look I'm just-

CLARA

But still! I know how to "yes-and"

BLUE MOON

...Yes-

CLARA

AND! See!

BLUE MOON

What are you talking about?

SARA

You're on your own pal. She lost me a while back.

CLARA

All I'm saying is, I'm impressed with how well you maintain character. Now! Tell me all about yourself.

BLUE MOON

Ma'am, like I said I don't do interviews.

CLARA

Off-the-record. Consider me a curious potential fan. Sell me on the whole...Blue..Blue whatsit-face thing?

BLUE MOON

Blue Moon.

SARA

Blue Moon!

CLARA

Oh, right, Sara over there recognized you. Didn't peg her for a geek.

SARA

I'm not a geek!

BLUE MOON

Are you trying to say only geeks recognize me?

CLARA

Oh, no, not at all.

SARA

Stop insulting the crazy-costumed-probable-murderer!

CLARA

I'm not-

SARA

And stop insulting me!

CLARA

It was a compliment. Geek is the new nerd, it's in now.

SARA

No it's not.

CLARA

I'm a reporter! I keep my nose to the ground!

BLUE MOON

I thought it was "ear to the ground"

CLARA

Why would it be "ear to the ground"?

BLUE MOON

So you could listen.

CLARA

Why would you listen?

BLUE MOON

Because that's a thing people do?

CLARA

Yeah but they smell too, don't they?

SARA

I think that's a joke. "What did the two eyes say to each other?"

CLARA

Don't you have-

(Sara walks over, carrying the two finished half-caf no-foam cappuccinos at exactly 175 degrees. She sets them down on the table.)

SARA

"Between the two of us, something smells."

(She smiles adversarially.)

Six-forty-four, please.

CLARA

What happened to "on the house"?

SARA

That was before you started almost getting me killed.

(Clara reluctantly coughs up a ten-dollar bill and tosses it on the table.)

SARA

(Picking up the money)

Merci beaucoup!

CLARA

(To Blue Moon)

So. Off-the-record. Interested potential fan. Tell me about yourself. Let's start with the outside.

BLUE MOON

The outside?

CLARA

The mask, the costume, the crime fighter. What's your deal? Do you have a sidekick? A moon-mobile? Arch-villain? Evil, goatee-ed version of yourself wreaking havoc in a parallel dimension?

SARA

Who's the geek now?

CLARA

I am ignoring you out of deference to my new-found friend.

BLUE MOON

Well...I've been fighting crime for as long as I can remember.

SARA

1974. Blue Moon Issue 1.

CLARA

Really? Well you don't look it darling. Sidekick?

BLUE MOON

Um...okay. Well, I don't have a sidekick.

SARA

Ah, you're going Modern Age. No sidekick yet.

BLUE MOON

I'm sorry?

CLARA

What Blue Man group said.

SARA

In the Bronze age you had a sidekick. "Moonboy." But the recent reboot hasn't gotten there yet.

BLUE MOON

Reboot?

SARA

Yeah. After the Megapocalypse where they rebooted the whole comic universe.

CLARA

You're adorable. I'm sure somewhere a sex-starved Reddit-er in his parents' basement is having wet dreams about you.

SARA

Fuck you.

BLUE MOON

Who's "Moonboy"?

SARA

Rick Dickson. "Poor troubled kid from the wrong side of the tracks who gets taken under Blue Moon's wing."

BLUE MOON

I'm afraid you're mistaken.

SARA

Wait and see. I'm sure they'll re-intro him soon enough. You'll have to find a boy wonder to join your cosplay crusade.

CLARA

As much fun as this is to watch,
I'm the one asking the questions
Sara.

SARA

It's my café.

CLARA

It's my superhero!

SARA

You don't even know his name!

CLARA

Blue Man!

BLUE MOON

Blue Moon

SARA

Blue Moon!

SARA

Jesus. I mean sure he's no
Superman or Spiderman, but he's
not a nobody.

BLUE MOON

Thank you?

SARA

Don't get me wrong, he's not my
favorite by a long shot.

BLUE MOON

Umm....

SARA

But he's got some good arcs.
They'll probably get around to
giving him a movie soon.

BLUE MOON

Movie?

SARA

What, do they not have movies
where you're from?

BLUE MOON

Of course we do! But why would
they make a movie of me?

SARA

Took the words out of my mouth.

BLUE MOON

I mean, they don't make movies out of superheroes! They can just watch the news!

SARA

Oh for god's sake, shut up!

BLUE MOON

Pardon?

SARA

It's cute the dedication, but you really don't have to keep pretending!

CLARA

Sara...

SARA

Look, could you just go.

BLUE MOON

Are you afraid I'm going to "murder" you?

SARA

Honestly, no, not really. But you're weirding me out, and weirding out the customers.

CLARA

Nope!

SARA

Shut up Clara.

CLARA

Never Sara.

SARA

I just don't need a guy going around pretending like he's some superhero!

BLUE MOON

But you see, I'm not pretending-

SARA

Yeah. Of course you're not. Because that'd be breaking character.

BLUE MOON

I'm not just some Blue Moon fan,
Sara-

SARA

How do you know my name?

BLUE MOON

You two have been shouting it for
five minutes!

SARA

Still.

CLARA

Perceptive!

SARA

Shut up.

BLUE MOON

I'm the real thing.

SARA

No you're not!

BLUE MOON

I am. I'm not some imposter.

SARA

No, you're not an imposter,
because an imposter is impersonating a
real person!

(A beat. Clara glares at her.)

BLUE MOON

What do you mean.

CLARA

Impersonating probably. I don't
think impersonating is a word. Making
up words, betrays a lack of
education.

BLUE MOON

No, not that. What do you mean "a
real person."

(A beat.)

SARA

Oh god.

CLARA
Sara...

SARA
You don't.

CLARA
Really Sara...

BLUE MOON
I don't what-

SARA
You don't.

CLARA
I mean it Sara

BLUE MOON
I don't what?

SARA
You don't think you're real, do
you?

(A beat.)

CLARA
Sidebar.

SARA
Sidebar?

(Clara grabs Sara and pulls her to the corner of the coffee
shop.)

CLARA
Sidebar.

SARA
I see.

CLARA
What are you doing.

SARA
He can't really think-

CLARA
He might! He can. He probably
does.

SARA
I can't tell if that makes him
more or less crazy.

CLARA

It makes you more or less an asshole!

SARA

You're not using that phrase in the same way I was.

CLARA

Shut up!

SARA

Just saying, it's only clever parallelism if it, ya know, parallels.

CLARA

Shut up!

SARA

Betrays a lack of education.

CLARA

SHUT UP.

BLUE MOON

Ahem?

(They both turn back and look at him. They walk back to the table. Clara gives Sara an "I'm watching you" gesture.)

CLARA

So, where were we?

SARA

We were just talking about how Blue Moon is a fictional character created for kids comic books.

CLARA

What did you think (*repeats the "I'm watching you" gesture*) meant?

SARA

"I'm watching you."

CLARA

Yeah!

SARA

So.

CLARA

So why'd you do that?

SARA

Because I don't care about you.

BLUE MOON

What is wrong with you two?

CLARA

Her insistence on ruining the fun.

SARA

Her insistence on being dumb.

CLARA

Near-rhyme. Doesn't count.

SARA

Wasn't going for that.

CLARA

Still doesn't count.

BLUE MOON

If you two don't mind, I'm really just waiting on someone, I don't need to be part of this.

CLARA

(Standing on the table)

WAIT!

(A beat)

I have an idea!

SARA

Do you Clara?

CLARA

I do Sara!

SARA

Well do tell.

CLARA

I want to hold a geek-off!

(A beat.)

BLUE MOON

I'm sorry?

CLARA

Yeah, a geek-off! Let's see who's done their homework.

(She steps down from the table.)

BLUE MOON

I have no idea what you're-

CLARA

We're gonna see who knows the most about our lovely Blue guest. If you win, she gives you a free drink. If she wins, I dunno, you give her five bucks.

SARA

That's remarkably low-stakes for little miss drama queen over here.

CLARA

I am a drama queen and I REVEL in my royalty!

BLUE MOON

Are you two friends?

SARA

God no!

CLARA

Sweet Jesus no!

SARA

We met about 10 minutes ago.

CLARA

She was sleeping at the counter.

SARA

She caught me.

CLARA

She made me a free drink.

SARA

We didn't have chai.

CLARA

Who doesn't have chai?

SARA

We don't have chai.

CLARA

But who doesn't have chai?

(A beat.)

BLUE MOON

(Getting up)

You know, I may just wait outside.

CLARA

(Running over, pushing him
back down into his chair)

Nuh-uh, we are gonna settle this.
Two geeks enter, one geek leaves.
(A beat) Well, one geek leaves
having won. You both leave.
Eventually.

SARA

A free drink?

CLARA

A free drink, or five bucks!

SARA

Like I said, that's pretty low
stakes.

CLARA

Oh, Sara likes to live on the
edge?

SARA

You win you get free drinks for
life.

(A beat.)

BLUE MOON

And if you win?

CLARA

That's not gonna happen baby-doll.

SARA

If I win...

CLARA

She's going up against the man
himself, there's no chance.

SARA

You take off your mask, look me in
the eye, say "I am not Blue Moon,"
and then leave my shop and never
come back.

(A long beat.)

CLARA
Sidebar.

SARA
Sidebar?

(Clara pulls Sara aside, and whispers into her ear.)

SARA
Fucking sidebars...

CLARA
What's wrong with you?

SARA
What do you mean?

CLARA
You're gonna break the crazy man!

SARA
I'm not gonna break him.

CLARA
I think he might actually believe
he is Blue Meany.

	BLUE MOON	SARA
Moon!		Moon!

(Clara and Sara both turn to look at Blue Moon.)

BLUE MOON
You don't whisper very well.

(Clara drags Sara over to behind the counter. She shoves them both to the ground.)

CLARA
It's not very nice.

SARA
On the contrary, it's very nice.

CLARA
He thinks he's a superhero! He's
gonna go crazy if you make him
take off his mask in public!

SARA
Superheros aren't real. And the
sooner he learns that, the better.

CLARA

But weren't you the one talking about him murdering us? Don't poke a sleeping bear Sara!

SARA

Those are my terms. Or the bet is off.

(Clara glares at her. After a beat she leaps up.)

CLARA

You know, Mr. Blue, it was a dumb idea all along-

BLUE MOON

I accept.

CLARA

You what?

BLUE MOON

I accept the terms.

CLARA

Ummmm, I'm not so sure if ya do.

BLUE MOON

I like this place. I'm looking forward to coming her often and taking advantage of my free drinks for life.

CLARA

But the whole "unmasking" and the-

BLUE MOON

That's not going to be a problem.

SARA

Confident, are you?

BLUE MOON

Very.

SARA

Well then, let's begin.

(They both move to the middle and shake hands.)

CLARA

Okay....

(They separate and walk to opposite sides of the table. A beat.)

SARA

We'll keep it after the reboot.
Make it easier on you.

BLUE MOON

I still don't know what you're
talking about.

CLARA

Me neither!

SARA

Do you want to go first?

BLUE MOON

Be my guest.

SARA

Alright then.

(A beat)

First arrest?

BLUE MOON

Jimmy O'Connor. What for?

SARA

Robbing a Radio Shack. When?

BLUE MOON

June 7th, 1996. Accomplice?

SARA

Trick question, worked alone.

BLUE MOON

Very good.

SARA

Thanks.

CLARA

This is seriously weirding me out
right now.

SARA

Name of your car?

BLUE MOON

Moon-Mobile. Color?

SARA

Blue. Make and Model?

BLUE MOON

Custom, but Chevy Impala chassis.
License plate?

SARA

B-L-U-7-4. First artist?

BLUE MOON

I'm sorry?

SARA

First artist. Who drew your
introductory issue?

BLUE MOON

What are you talking about?

SARA

Look, I know you're having fun
with the costume bit, but you
should know who drew Blue Moon #1.

CLARA

Hold on!

(Clara clambers on to the table, between the two of them.)

CLARA

I cry shenanigans!

SARA

What?

CLARA

This lovely man is committed to
his character. It would be
patently unfair to ask him about
things his character would not
know. (*Whispering to Sara*) Which
includes who ew-dray his omics-
cay.

SARA

Literally every person knows pig
latin Clara.

BLUE MOON

Drew my comics?

SARA

Yes you weirdo, drew the comics
for the character you're playing.

CLARA

Shush! As impartial judge and
arbiter-

SARA

Who made you judge?

CLARA

-AND ARBITER. As impartial judge
and arbiter, I rule no asking
questions Blooming Onion would not
reasonably know.

(Sara glares at her. She then glares back at Blue Moon. She
paces, thinking. Clara and Blue Moon look at her, confused.)

(Finally, she stops pacing. She smiles, turns slowly towards
the other two. A beat.)

SARA

Secret. Identity.

BLUE MOON

You're kidding.

SARA

'Fraid not.

BLUE MOON

No.

SARA

Then you lose.

CLARA

Sara that's-

SARA

Clara it's something he would
reasonably know. His own real
name.

CLARA

But it's not something he can
reasonably say.

BLUE MOON

You're clever, Sara.

SARA

Thank you?

BLUE MOON

Ask me the one question I cannot
answer.

SARA

Well I think there's plenty you can't answer. But there's only one you can answer, and won't. And that's: "What is your secret identity."

BLUE MOON

I don't know why you harbor the fantasy that I'm some fictional character.

SARA

Oh there's so much fantasy-harboring in this room you could call it a....harbor....for.....fantasy.

(A beat)

But it's not from me.

BLUE MOON

You think I'm crazy.

SARA

In so many words, yes.

BLUE MOON

And you think making me take off my mask will somehow cure me of the crazy?

SARA

Worth a shot.

CLARA

See! She's a kind soul! Misguided as shit, but...kind?

BLUE MOON

Aiden Gray.

SARA

What?

CLARA

What?

BLUE MOON

That's my secret identity.

(He sits down, and takes a self-satisfied sip of his cappuccino. A beat.)

CLARA

Aiden.

SARA

Aiden.

CLARA

Aaaaaaaiiiiiiiiiideeeeeeeeeeeen.....
Wouldn't have guessed-

SARA

Bullshit.

CLARA

What?

SARA

Your name is not "Aiden Gray," you
cheating little sonuvabitch.

BLUE MOON

It is.

SARA

You were counting on me not
knowing it. If I didn't know, you
could say whatever you wanted and
get away with it.

CLARA

Sara...

SARA

You could make up some bullshit
name and pass it off as the truth
because I didn't know enough.

CLARA

Okay Sara...

SARA

Because how could I know enough?
How could Sara possibly know the
real name of C-list Superhero Blue
Moon is John Markov?

(A very long beat.)

BLUE MOON

What. Did. You. Say.

SARA

That's why you're not a top dog,
John. Would Superman lie his way
out of a simple trivia contest?

BLUE MOON
 (Getting up)
 How do you know my name?

CLARA
 Okay, wow, crazy man starting to
 go crazy.

SARA
 AH! So you admit I was right!

CLARA
 NOT THE TIME SARA.

SARA
 SHUT UP CLARA.

BLUE MOON
 HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?

(A beat.)

SARA
 Because you're not real.

BLUE MOON
 What does that possibly mean?

SARA
 You're not real.

CLARA
 Sara...

SARA
 You're not real.

CLARA
 Seriously-

SARA
 You're not real.

CLARA
 Repeating it isn't helping-

SARA
 You're not real, you're not real,
 YOU'RE NOT REAL.

(A beat)
 You're a pathetic loser of a man
 who gets his kicks by dressing by
 dressing up as third-rate,
 FICTIONAL superheroes.

(MORE)

SARA (CONT'D)

You read one too many FICTIONAL
comics when you were a kid,
something broke, and now you think
you're the real deal but YOU'RE
NOT. Because you can't be. No one
can.

(A beat)

Hopefully that'll snap you out of
your sad little fantasy.

(A loooooooooong beat. No one says anything. No one moves.)

BLUE MOON

(To Clara)

Is she right?

CLARA

What?

BLUE MOON

Why would a random girl at a
coffee shop know something I've
never told anyone?

CLARA

Maybe she's the crazy one?

BLUE MOON

Is she?

CLARA

Depends. Do you have good stabbing
knife hidden somewhere in there,
and would a change in your
existential worldview make you
incline to use it?

(He shakes his head no.)

Then no. She's not the crazy one.

(A beat.)

BLUE MOON

So who am I then?

CLARA

I don't know.

BLUE MOON

I....I...

(A long beat.)

(Finally, he walks over to Sara, takes off his mask.)

BLUE MOON

I...I am not....I am not Blue
Moon.

(He turns back around, tears in his eyes. Sara actually looks a bit upset. Sure, he's crazy, but this is pretty depressing.)

(After a moment, he turns to walk out, and, with tears still flowing, smashes his fist down on the table.)

(Impossibly, it cracks clean in half. Have fun set designer.)

(He stops. He looks up. He turns around to Sara and Clara, who looked utterly shocked and horrified.)

BLUE MOON

What the-

SARA

Goddamn-

CLARA

Shitfuck.

(A beat.)

BLUE MOON

I could only do that-

CLARA

-If you-

BLUE MOON

-was the real.....

(A beat)

SARA

SHIT SHIT SHIT SHIT WHAT?

BLUE MOON

I told you!

SARA

But-but-

BLUE MOON

You said I wasn't-

SARA

BECAUSE YOU CAN'T BE.

BLUE MOON

Can a normal person break a table
in half?

(A beat.)

CLARA
Was that rhetorical?

BLUE MOON
Kinda, yeah.

CLARA
Well they can't.

BLUE MOON
That's what I was getting at.

CLARA
I mean, I see that, and I agree,
and I just wanted to make sure we
were all on the same-

SARA
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

(She runs and hides behind the counter.)

CLARA
(Following her)
Eh, you might wanna stay back for
this one, Pops.

BLUE MOON
Pops?

CLARA
(Peering over the counter)
Sara...Honey...what's wrong?

SARA
He's-he's....What's wrong with
him?

CLARA
What do you mean?

SARA
He did that!

CLARA
The table thingy?

SARA
YES!

CLARA
So he did.

SARA
WHY ARE YOU NOT FREAKING OUT ABOUT
THIS?!?!?!?

CLARA
I'm actually not sure.

SARA
WHAT?

CLARA
You're totally right, I *should* be
freaking out about this. I mean,
what is apparently a real, live
superher-

SARA
HE'S NOT A SUPERHERO.

CLARA
He broke a table with his bare
fist!

SARA
(Getting up)
But Blue Moon is a *fictional*
character! HE IS NOT REAL.

CLARA
I mean, I'll take your word for
it.

SARA
Hang on.

(She exits the cafe.)

(A long beat as Clara and Blue Moon stare at the door.)

CLARA
I really don't know why this isn't
freaking me out more.

BLUE MOON
Should it?

CLARA
Yeah. Superheroes definitely
aren't real. But you definitely
seem to be.

BLUE MOON
I'd second that.

CLARA

Maybe this is a dream?

BLUE MOON

Honestly I was sort of thinking that.

CLARA

What?

BLUE MOON

I mean, all my life I've lived in a world where superheroes not only exist, but are a major part of day-to-day life. Everybody knows and sees superheroes in every moment of their day.

(A beat)

Truthfully it's somewhat weird. It's almost as though there's more heroes than people.

CLARA

Definitely not my experience.

BLUE MOON

But all of a sudden I walk into a random coffee shop with two very strange girls.

CLARA

None taken.

BLUE MOON

I didn't- never mind- Those strange girls are convinced that superheroes don't exist. And one of the strange girls knows my secret identity. It has to be a dream.

CLARA

But what makes you think it's *your* dream?

BLUE MOON

Well...Because I'm me. Also it'd make more sense. I'm the only normal one here.

CLARA

In what world are you the normal one?

BLUE MOON
The real world.

CLARA
Ah right.
(Winks)
The real world.

BLUE MOON
Why are you winking?

CLARA
Involuntary-

BLUE MOON
-Eye twitch. Right

CLARA
I'm sorry dude, but I am no figment of some superhero's imagination. If anything, it's *my* dream! Real life superhero thinks he's fictional, then breaks a table? And worst of all: NO CHAI TEA? This is the weirdest....what day is it?

BLUE MOON
Tuesday?

(A beat.)

CLARA
The second weirdest Tuesday I've ever experienced!

(Before Blue Moon can speak, in walks Sara with a stack of comic books in her arm. She plops them on the table.)

SARA
There. Blue Moon issues 12, 25, and the latest 47. Read 'em and fucking weep fucking fucker...fuck.

CLARA
OH MY GOD.

(Clara runs and hides behind the counter.)

SARA
What?

CLARA
 (From behind the counter)
 IT JUST HIT ME.

SARA
 What are you talking about?

CLARA
 THE EXISTENTIAL BREAKDOWN.

(Sara sighs then opens up one of the comics.)

SARA
 See: written by Bobby Clarkson.
 WRITTEN. As in "Was made up by a
 person, so is therefore a work of
 FICTION, and is subsequently
 therefore not real."

BLUE MOON
 What is this?

SARA
 A comic book.

BLUE MOON
 ...Like Archie?

(A beat)

SARA
 YOU'RE TRYING TO TELL ME YOU HAVE
 GODDAMN ARCHIE COMICS IN MAGIC
 SUPERHERO WORLD?

BLUE MOON
 Not magic superhero world, but
 yes.

SARA
 (Running behind the counter)
 I GIVE UP

CLARA
 HEY. This is my breakdown!

SARA
 IT'S MY CAFE.

(Blue Moon picks up a comic and flips through it.)

CLARA
 But you don't even have chai tea,
 so can you really call it a cafe?

SARA
YES. BECAUSE IT'S A CAFE.

CLARA
But is it really?

SARA
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR BREAKDOWN?

CLARA
What?

SARA
THE SUPERHERO INDUCED BREAKDOWN?

CLARA
Oh, yeah, that. AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH

SARA
AHAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

CLARA
AHHHHHHHHHHH

SARA
AHHHHHHHHHHH

BLUE MOON
WHAT?!

(A beat. Both Sara and Clara peer over the top of the counter.)

CLARA
Yes?

BLUE MOON
What is this?

SARA
...A comic book.

BLUE MOON
But how did it...?

(A beat.)

CLARA
Ya gonna finish that thought
buddy?

BLUE MOON
It....

(He drops the comic on the floor. Clara hops over the counter and picks it up. She reads it. Her eyes grow wide.)

CLARA

What the.....

(Sara leaps over to join her. She reads over her shoulder.)

SARA

....no.....no.....no no no NO NO
NO THIS IS NOT OKAY.

CLARA

It's me!

SARA

And me!

BLUE MOON

And me!

SARA

Fucking duh, it's a Blue Moon
comic. That's your name on the
cover.

CLARA

Fair point.

BLUE MOON

But-

SARA

BUT WHY AM I IN YOUR COMIC?

CLARA

AND WHY AM I IN YOUR COMIC?

SARA

...Why am I in *your* comic?

BLUE MOON

Hey!

CLARA

Play nice.

SARA

Wait, let me...

(She flips a few more pages.)

"Sara: Why am I in your comic.

Clara: Why am I in your comic.

Sara: Why am I in *your* comic.

Clara-

CLARA & SARA & BLUE MOON

"Play nice."

(A beat.)

CLARA & SARA & BLUE MOON
 AHHHHHHHHHHH

SARA
 Oh god oh god oh god oh god WHAT
 DOES THIS-

CLARA
 -I DON'T EVEN KNOW BUT I-

BLUE MOON
 -EVERYBODY QUIET.

(A beat.)

SARA
 Fuck you man!

BLUE MOON
 What?

SARA
 You're the one that got us into
 this mess!

CLARA
 I'm fictional because of you!

SARA
 We're fictional because of you!

BLUE MOON
 We aren't fictional!

CLARA
 Sorry, but it seems like the most
 logical explanation to me.

BLUE MOON
 NO! As someone who briefly thought
 he was fictional, I can assure
 you, it is not something I want to
 try again! We are *real*!

SARA
 ...ah ha ha hA HA HA HA HA! HA!

BLUE MOON
 What?

SARA
 It's just- It's- you're saying all
 of that! It's all there!

(MORE)

SARA (CONT'D)

In the book! All this too, it's like... It's like I'm reading ah.....AH HA HA HA HA!

CLARA

I think you broke Sara.

SARA

He did not break me, Clara, for I was born broken!

CLARA

Yep, ya definitely did.

SARA

Because all of this did not exist until moments ago, and none of it shall exist after and any brokenness that occurs past, present, or future was there from the moment it began!

CLARA

Look, Sara, I'm your buddy, could ya maybe just, I dunno, not be doing this thing?

SARA

(Standing on the table)

I could, but since I am, then that is all I can do!

CLARA

Could your breakdown be at least a little more comprehensible?

BLUE MOON

What are you saying?

CLARA

I'm saying that I don't get-

BLUE MOON

No, Sara, what do you mean?

SARA

I mean this world is not ours! Who we are, what we are, it's written down, and we're just playing along and I.....

(She stares at him excitedly)

I could cheat.

BLUE MOON

What do you mean?

SARA

I could cheat. I have the answers.
Why study for a test when you can
flip to the key?

CLARA

(Reaching for the book)
OH NO, I don't know much about
metaphysics and the like but I
know you don't flip to the end of
magic future-telly book.

BLUE MOON

(Getting on the table)
No, let her.

CLARA

What.....?

BLUE MOON

We can do whatever we want.

SARA

Whatever we want? How can we? It's
all-

BLUE MOON

It's all there. So whatever we do,
it was written.

SARA

...It was written!

BLUE MOON

Exactly.

SARA

So whatever we do...

BLUE MOON

Exactly.

SARA

...It was written.

(A beat.)

CLARA

Okay, you lost me.

SARA

If the future is set in stone, we
have no choice.

BLUE MOON

Meaning we have no responsibility.

SARA

We can do whatever we want...

BLUE MOON

...Because whatever we do...

SARA

...It was written.

(A beat.)

SARA

If we cheat, we were supposed to
cheat. Wait...

(She gets off the table, and runs into the closet.)

CLARA

I don't like or understand
anything that's happening right
now.

BLUE MOON

I'm still not positive this isn't
a dream.

CLARA

Have you tried waking up?

BLUE MOON

No?

(Clara gives him a "what's wrong with you?" look)

BLUE MOON

What?

CLARA

You think it's a dream and you
don't even TRY to wake up? Fuckin'
amateur hour over here...

BLUE MOON

I'm sorry, this is a new
experience for me!

CLARA

You think I escaped a dream-three-way with Tom Petty and Steve Urkel by whining about how it was a "New experience for me"?

BLUE MOON

I literally have no response.

CLARA

When he says he "won't back down" he ain't kidding.

BLUE MOON

Literally nothing.

(Sara bursts in wearing a bright purple superhero costume, with a cape and mask. She has a red S on her chest.)

CLARA

Huh.

SARA

We can do anything.

CLARA

Are you trying to tell me you had that in the closet this whole time.

SARA

Yeah.

CLARA

I severely misjudged you, you flagrant weirdo you.

SARA

(Stepping back up on the table)

We can do anything.

BLUE MOON

(Smiling)

We can indeed.

SARA

Because it is written. What judgements can be thrown on us, simply for being ourselves, when our selves are not our own creation?

BLUE MOON

None.

SARA

And if I can wear this-

CLARA

-Which it's still strange that you
keep that at work-

SARA

-Then we can read ahead.

BLUE MOON

We can cheat.

SARA

Because it is written.

(A beat.)

CLARA

Well, this is all bullshit, but
hey, when else do you get to see
your future, especially in the
form of a shitty comic book.

BLUE MOON

Hey!

CLARA

(Getting up on the table.)
None taken.

BLUE MOON

That's not even- whatever. Not
important.

CLARA

(Winking)
We can do *whatever* we want?

BLUE MOON

Involuntary eye twitch?

CLARA

What?

BLUE MOON

What?

CLARA

No...

BLUE MOON

Oh.....

CLARA

Yeah.....

BLUE MOON

Sorry. I just don't-

CLARA

-No, yeah, that's fine-

BLUE MOON

-Besides, I'm here to meet someone-

CLARA

-Of course of course, no it's all, yeah-

BLUE MOON

-I mean you're a nice-

CLARA

-Aw, shucks-

BLUE MOON

-It's just-

SARA

FOR THE LOVE OF GOD WOULD YOU TWO SHUT UP.

(A beat.)

SARA

Wait, yeah, weren't you supposed to be meeting someone?

BLUE MOON

Yeah, I was.

SARA

When were they gonna get here? We've been doing this for like 20 minutes.

BLUE MOON

I'm not sure.

SARA

Whatever. Let's break the universe.

(They all stare at each other. Gingerly, Sara flips the pages, one by one.)

They keep staring at each other, until finally Sara reaches the last one. A beat.)

SARA
One...

CLARA
Two...

BLUE MOON
Three...

SARA
GO!

(They all look down. They scan the last page. Their faces transition from curiosity, to confusion, to frustration. A beat.)

SARA
What the fuck?

BLUE MOON
Seriously?

CLARA
I mean.

SARA
It's just.

BLUE MOON
I don't want to critique but...

SARA
It's...

CLARA
Lazy.

BLUE MOON
Cutesy.

SARA
Was it really all building for
that?

CLARA
I mean, there was some interesting
stuff in there before, where is
all that!

BLUE MOON
It's like he abandoned the whole
premise for a dumb...

(MORE)

BLUE MOON (CONT'D)
I can't even call it a *joke*...

CLARA
Is that a *pun*?

BLUE MOON
Not even.

SARA
Disappointed.

CLARA
Me too.

BLUE MOON
Me three!

SARA
I just.. forget it.

(She tosses the book to the ground.)

CLARA
I dunno man. I figured it'd go
somewhere better than that.

SARA
I wanna meet him. And punch him in
the goddamn face.

BLUE MOON
Let me do it.

CLARA
Good call. I bet you got a mean
uppercut. Plus, you know, super
strength.

SARA
Teach you to write a shitty ending
to our lives!

CLARA
Yeah!

BLUE MOON
Yeah!

SARA
Yeah!

CLARA
Sara?

SARA

Clara?

CLARA

I changed my mind. This is officially the weirdest Tuesday I've ever experienced.

(A beat.)

BLUE MOON

She wasn't there for that bit.

CLARA

Also I forgive you for not having chai tea, Sara.

SARA

We really should get some chai tea though, Clara.

CLARA

You really should.

(The door opens and in walks another girl, dressed perfectly normally. She looks around. All three, who are still on the table, look back at her. A long, long, LONG beat.)

GIRL

Hi.

SARA

Hi.

GIRL

Blue Moon?

BLUE MOON

Oh, are you the one-

GIRL

-You're supposed to meet? Yeah.

BLUE MOON

Hi.

GIRL

Hi. Who are you two?

SARA

Sara.

CLARA

Clara.

Ah. GIRL

You? CLARA

Tara. GIRL

(BLACKOUT)