

BATMAN: THE REAL STORY BEGINS

by Robert L. Crowe

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SYNOPSIS: Smash! Boom! Bang! Ever wonder how Batman and Robin got their start? Well, here is one highly unlikely possibility.

CAST OF CHARACTERS*(2 males)*BRUCE (m) *(56 lines)*DICK (m) *(58 lines)*

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AT START: *Two chairs are on stage. DICK is seated in one of them. BRUCE is standing and walking around.*

BRUCE: Young man, you have been living here at Wayne Manor for some time now. Although this seems like a peaceful country estate, I have an idea that is going to change our lives and the lives of thousands in nearby Gotham City. The courts have made you my ward and I think it's time to alter our relationship. You no longer have to refer to me as "The Ward Boss." You may call me Uncle Bruce.

DICK: (*Stands.*) Holy, name calling. That will be swell! And you can call me... Richard of Gotham!

BRUCE: I'll call you "Dick."

DICK: That will work, too.

BRUCE: Dick... I need to talk with you about another matter.

DICK: Is it the Internet? I got on that site completely by accident ...

BRUCE: No, not that.

DICK: My cell phone?

BRUCE: No. It's bigger than that.

DICK: Hmmmm. Bigger than a cell phone. What's the first letter?

BRUCE: What do you know about crime?

DICK: Two things, Uncle Bruce. First... Crime does not pay. Second, I didn't do it and I have an alibi.

BRUCE: I'm not talking about something that you have done.

DICK: Good!

BRUCE: I'm talking about the crime wave that is rolling through Gotham City. The streets are not safe for women and children and babies and pets and... and others. This evil has to stop. We must do our part.

DICK: I'll stay in my room.

BRUCE: We must POW! And BAM! Put those criminals in a cage where they belong. I have decided to lead a campaign against those who harm others. I need some help and want you to join me.

DICK: It sounds a little dangerous. I mean, even after we fight for justice and right, the bad guys will know where we live and I won't be safe even in my room.

BRUCE: When we go to SOCKO the law breakers I think it best that we dress-up in some costumes so no one can recognize us. I'll just open this secret box (*He does.*) and take this out. For example, I am going to wear this. (*Holds up cape.*)

DICK: It looks like a black bed-sheet.

BRUCE: It's a cape!

DICK: Good idea! A cape, so you can fly like Superman!

BRUCE: No, no. This is a non-flying cape. Just a regular cape. I can't fly. But, I can do this. (*Runs across the room with hands over head. He thinks he's swinging from a rope.*)

DICK: You are running to surrender!

BRUCE: No, no. Watch again. (*Repeats his run.*)

DICK: Running with a protest sign!

BRUCE: I can't fly but I can swing on ropes from place to place.

DICK: Oh, like Tarzan.

BRUCE: Not exactly but my sudden arrival will frighten evil-doers.

DICK: Holy arrival! The bad guys will say, "Look! Look! Look! Here's Bruce Wayne. Run! Run! Run!"

BRUCE: They won't know who I am because I'll wear this! (*Puts on hood and cowl, then moves around as if blinded.*)

DICK: Can you see anything?

BRUCE: Needs a little adjustment. It's still in design stage. (*Removes hood.*) The point is that when I dress in this outfit, I will strike fear in the hearts of those outside the law. Fear, I tell you. Fear! I shall travel from the bat-cave beneath my home. I shall call myself ... Batman!

DICK: Wow, that is really cool. Did you just think that up?

BRUCE: No, I first had the idea while with a little league baseball team.

DICK: And you hit home-runs?

BRUCE: No, I was the bat-boy. (*Ok, pause just a bit here.*) But I said, "When I grow up, I'll have my own team and strike out evil."

DICK: That's really interesting, Uncle Bruce. Holy double-headers.

BRUCE: So, where was I? Anyway, I will dress in this menacing bat costume and you will be my cohort.

DICK: Do I get a costume, too?

BRUCE: Of course. We will be a team. You will be a bird and...

DICK: I know! An American eagle! I'll have a cape and a headpiece with a large beak with edges as sharp as razors. I will cut through walls and speeding cars. I will swoop out of the sky on ropes and vines. I will wear gloves with long nails. My talons will slash and gash and... and... and cause lots of problems for all of the evil in the world. And I shall be called... *(In grand fashion.)* Avenging Eagle!

BRUCE: No.

DICK: *(Grand.)* Super Eagle!

BRUCE: No.

DICK: *(Questions.)* American Eagle?

BRUCE: No. Robin.

DICK: Robin Eagle?

BRUCE: Just plain Robin.

DICK: Robin. You mean like the little orange-breasted bird ... a robin?

BRUCE: Yes.

DICK: Striking fear in the hearts of worms?

BRUCE: We will start you out as a robin and if things go well we can change your persona.

DICK: What's next up the ladder ... a blue jay?

BRUCE: We'll see. Now, here is your costume. *(Hands a stack of clothes.)*

DICK: *(Holds up a small mask to his face.)* And I don't get a razor-sharp beak? I get this Lone Ranger mask? And all my friends will see me in these tights?!

BRUCE: OK. We will do most of our work at night so you won't be identified. And here's another thing. We will register with the police department and when they need some help they will shine a spotlight... a bat signal... in the sky to summon us from the bat cave.

DICK: Holy sunshine, Uncle Bruce. That would be hard to see in the day time. Good thinking! But I do have one question. If we get into big trouble, can we call other super-heroes to help us?

BRUCE: I don't think it will be necessary to bother The Hulk... and Superman and I don't get along very well... but I am on good terms with Spiderman. We can contact him.

DICK: I can email him. Does he have a home page?

BRUCE: Yes, Spiderman's home is... *(Pause so the audience won't miss this next dumb joke.)* on the world-wide-web.

DICK: Holy fly-catcher. Of course! But how will we get around to catch bad guys? Your old pickup truck needs new tires.

BRUCE: Ahh. I've been working on that in secret. Come with me. *(Opens a secret door and leads through a maze of passage-ways to the basement bat cave.)*

DICK: Holy swinging libraries... a secret door. *(Follows.)* And this narrow dark secret passage. It's a good thing we're tough. This is a little spooky. *(They stop.)* I can't see anything. It's so dark!

BRUCE: I'll fix that. I'll light this gas lantern. *(Strikes a match, lights the lantern and places it in front of the car.)*

DICK: KA-BOOM! Look at that! It's the Green-Hornet Mobile!

BRUCE: No, no. It's the Bat Mobile.

DICK: What a chick magnet! Can I take it for a drive?

BRUCE: No, but you can sit in it. *(They go to chairs.)*

DICK: Holy Christmas tree. This looks like the light board for a Night Ranger concert.

BRUCE: Is Night Ranger a new super-hero? If he is going to be out at night maybe we should contact ...

DICK: Night Ranger is a band.

DICK: Oh. Very much like Lawrence Welk?

DICK: Yes, exactly like Lawrence Welk. Holy light sockets. This dashboard has everything!

BRUCE: Yes. Just be sure you don't push ...

DICK: What does this blue one do? *(Pushes button on dash. The two of them make an explosion noise and jump in their seats because of the big explosion in front of them.)*

BRUCE: ...that you don't push...

DICK: Holy atomic bomb. What was that?

BRUCE: Was it the blue button?

DICK: Yes.

BRUCE: It was a heat-seeking missile.

DICK: They are very effective, aren't they! It sure took out that lantern... and the wall.

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