

PERUSAL SCRIPT



THE ILLEGAL ALIEN

by Lyvia Martinez



Newport, Maine

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THE ILLEGAL ALIEN

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ORDER # 2110

CAST — 1m 2f 1either

SUPERMAN, dressed as Clark Kent

LOIS LANE

ADÁN

ELENA, a secretary/clerk

“The Illegal Alien,” by Lyvia Martinez, was originally performed in November 2009. Director: Kiely Smith

THE ILLEGAL ALIEN by Lyvia Martinez 1m, 1f, 1 either. Contemporary costumes, Simple setting. When Lois Lane and Clark Kent want to get married, they find out the one thing his super powers can't do: prove he's a legal citizen of the United States. **ORDER #2110**

Lyvia Martinez — Lyvia Martinez was born and raised in Puerto Rico where her love of stories grew with every book and Blockbuster rental. From an early age, she loved creating stories and acting them out with costumes made out of cardboard boxes. She studied theater and filmmaking at Brigham Young University, and later Chapman University. Lyvia produced and co-wrote the double-Emmy Award-winning short “Inspector 42,” and has written several short plays performed by New Play Project, two of which won audience choice awards. At present, she plans events for festivals and expos by day, and writes freelance by night. Her most recent project was writing for the *Toca Life Stories* webseries. She lives in Los Angeles, CA with her wife and six cats.

THE ILLEGAL ALIEN

(The stage is set with a table and four chairs. Stage Left sits SUPERMAN, dressed as Clark Kent but with a bit of his suit exposed, with LOIS LANE wearing an engagement ring. They are holding hands and waiting anxiously. After a few moments, ADÁN, in office attire and carrying a folder, enters.)

ADÁN. Good afternoon Miss Lane and Mr. Superman.

LOIS LANE. Good afternoon.

SUPERMAN. Hello, and, in all disclosure, my real name is Kal-El.

ADÁN. Oh. So... Mr. El, is it then?

SUPERMAN. Yes.

ADÁN. And that's . . .

SUPERMAN. Kryptonian.

ADÁN. Kryptonian, right. Well, Mr. El—

SUPERMAN. But, you can call me Clark, if that's easier.

ADÁN. Oh. Okay. How many names do you have?

SUPERMAN. Um, well Kal-El is my birth name, Superman is my hero name and Clark Kent is my name here on Earth.

ADÁN. Clark Kent?

LOIS LANE. Yes. It's what his adoptive parents call him.

ADÁN. Oh, that does sound like it could make things easier.

(SUPERMAN and LOIS LANE relax a bit.)

ADÁN. Do you have the adoption papers?

(SUPERMAN and LOIS LANE tense. They look at each other.)

SUPERMAN. Well, you see, I was never *officially* adopted. I was found and all that they found with me was my cape with the Superman ‘S’ on it.

LOIS LANE. We brought that, in case it could help any.

(She places the cape on the table. ADÁN looks at it in slight disbelief.)

ADÁN. Thank you. We’ll, uh, take a look at that later.

(He sets the cape aside.)

All right. Mr. El—

SUPERMAN. Officer Adán, sorry to interrupt you. I just wanted to say, I mean, I understand why the formalities, interview and investigation. There are plenty of people who marry foreigners for the wrong reasons. But I can assure you, sir, Lois and I are in love.

LOIS LANE. Very much so.

(LOIS LANE holds up her hand and flashes her engagement ring.)

SUPERMAN. And we just want to be together, not cause any trouble or lie to the government in any way. We just want to get married.

ADÁN. I’m sure you are. There’s nothing to worry about, these are just regular governmental procedures. We have to make sure that these kinds of unions are legitimate and not just so foreigners can stay in the U.S.. Well, on the planet, in your case, really. I’m sorry but this is the way the government works. We have to follow the laws set in place to protect this country from, well, aliens. You understand.

(Both SUPERMAN and LOIS LANE nod.)

Now. We seem to be missing some documents here. Do you have any legal IDs?

(SUPERMAN reaches into his pants and pulls out an ID card. He hands it to ADÁN.)

Your *Daily Planet* Reporter ID card?

(Small pause.)

LOIS LANE. And the cape.

ADÁN. Do you have *any* identification papers?

SUPERMAN *(A little more upset).* I fell from the sky in a weirdly shaped spaceship and was found by a farming couple. What do you expect?

LOIS LANE. Don’t get too excited, sweetie.

SUPERMAN. I know, I know. It's just . . . well . . . Officer Adán. I mean, come on. I'm Superman.

(Small pause.)

ADÁN. Yes?

SUPERMAN. I can stop a speeding bullet, leap over tall buildings in a single bound. I've defeated Lex Luthor, Brainiac, Doomsday—

LOIS LANE. He's saved many lives; even half the city, I bet. He's saved me countless times already! That's got to count for something.

ADÁN. Now I understand what you're both trying to tell me, but Mr. El, you don't even have a green card. Do you even have a social security number?

SUPERMAN. Well, no, but, I grew up here, I promise.

ADÁN. How were you even able to get a job?

LOIS LANE. Clark is one of the *Daily Planet's* best reporters, and he deserves to work there, more than anyone else. He doesn't just report, he—well he freaking *makes* the news! He saves lives!

ADÁN. Miss Lane, it's not about what he deserves. He should have been documented; something his parents should have taken care of when they found him. As it stands, he's an illegal alien and your situation seems a pretty convenient ploy for him to be able to stay.

LOIS LANE. Well don't you want him to stay?

ADÁN. Not if he doesn't have the right paperwork. We've deported people for less.

SUPERMAN. We just want to get married.

ADÁN. Then you should've asked to become an official citizen before, or at least applied for a visa. As it stands, it merits more investigation. Now I'll have my secretary schedule an interview with the two of you, separately, so we can test you as a couple.

(ELENA, also in office attire, is carrying a pile of paperwork.)

ADÁN. Mr. El, we're going to have to deport you until then.

SUPERMAN. What? To where?

(ELENA hands ADÁN the papers and he starts looking through them.)

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ADÁN. Well, you have your home. Krypton was it?

LOIS LANE. But that was destroyed before he even came to Earth.

ADÁN. Oh. Oh wait. So you don't have a home country?

LOIS LANE. He doesn't even have a home planet.

ADÁN. Well. This is trickier.

two more pages to the end