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Spy School

A Comedy in Two Acts

By Don Zolidis

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Full-Length Comedy
15+ actors, gender flexible

It's 1961, and ordinary teenager Jane Doe is drafted by the CIA to become a super-secret secret agent. Her mission? Infiltrate an American high school to locate a Russian spy about to send classified space program information to the USSR. But it's not easy being undercover, especially when your spy family consists of a femme fatale "mom," a 40-year-old "younger brother," and the most dashingly narcissistic "dad" ever. Add that to obnoxious fellow students, a blatantly sexist curriculum, and the horror that is prom, and you've got a mission that might be impossible.

Cast of Characters

JANE, an ordinary girl destined for extraordinary things.
MOM, her Mom
DAD, her Dad

The CIA:
CIA AGENT 1
CIA AGENT 2
AGENT K, director of the CIA
BRACK MILO, trainer for the CIA
FIZZ, the inventor

Her Fake Family:
BLAKE MOORE, the coolest spy ever
NATASHA SPARROW, a former Russian spy
JOEY, 40ish, on the run from the mob

The Teachers at Anonymous High School
MR. BLIX, the English teacher, unfriendly
MS. MILLY, the home economics teacher, unfriendly
MS. DOBBS, teacher of remedial home economics, cat lover

The Students
SPENCER, a proto-nerd
BRUCE WATERS, the dreamboat, also possibly a Russian spy
BERT, a hoodlum
TOM, a hoodlum
PRISCILLA, leader of the cool girls
DEBBIE, her flunky
LUCY, follower of the cool girls
SALLY, a proper girl
JEZEBEL, an improper girl, by name alone

DORIS, a diamond in the rough
MYRA, perhaps just rough

Other STUDENTS

DJ BOBBY FREEZE, a hip DJ
DR. ROBERT, an astronaut

Note: Parts may be doublecast or cross-cast.

Setting: 1961. CIA Headquarters. And Anonymous High School, which could be somewhere near you (if you're stuck in 1961.)

Spy School had its world premiere at Mosley High School in Lynn Haven, Florida, on May 7th, 2011. It was directed by Bruce Taws and the cast and crew are listed below:

JANE – Kaitlyn Vathis
MOM – Devin Wiles
DAD – Jordan Carter
CIA Agent #1 – Christina Powell
CIA Agent #2 – Jennifer Geary
AGENT K – Katie McCluskey
BRACK MILO – Christina Powell
FIZZ – Barbara de los Santos
BLAKE MOORE – Michael Cochran
NATASHA SPARROW – Lauren Jones
JOEY – Tyler Kent
MR. BLIX – Martin Bonnin
MS. MILLY – Jasmine Tolbert
MS. DOBBS – Meagan Held
SPENCER – Wade St. Laurent
BRUCE WATERS – Nic Primavera
BERT - Cameron Waterhouse
TOM – Jordan Carter
PRISCILLA – Kasey Lugo
DEBBIE – Alexis Taylor
LUCY – Katie Moseley
SALLY – Savannah Sharron
JEZEBEL – Brie Humphries
DORIS – Lauren Blanks
MYRA – Jessica Flitcraft
DJ FOXY FREEZE – Sierra Weaver
DR. ROBERT – Brianna Beavers
RANDOM BOY – Adam Rowland

Director/Stage Manager - Mr. Bruce Taws
Asst. Stage Manager - Cana Sylvester
Lighting - Nicole Hartzog
Sound - Pete Gasperson
Rails - Jenna Zimmerman
Stage Crew - Nhi Le, Sophia Adsit, Alec Thaxton, Matthew Bonnin, Erin Jones, Morgan Summers, Krystyn Dodgen-Evans, Tanya Trzaska, and Erin Yantha

Act One

(JANE, a pretty ordinary teenage girl, addresses the audience.)

JANE

It was an ordinary Tuesday when it happened.

MOM

Good Morning Jane!

JANE

That's my Mom.

MOM

Oh Honey, today is going to be the first day of the rest of your life.

JANE

She says that every day. She's right every day.

MOM

Now you go out there and find yourself a husband with solid earning potential!

JANE

I'm sixteen.

MOM

Of course you are, sweetheart, but it's never too soon to begin preparing for the rest of your life. And remember what I always tell you: A woman's role is in the home preparing nutritious meals for her husband and never wanting anything more. Ever. Or you'll go crazy. Like your Aunt Beulah.

JANE

What happened to Aunt Beulah?

MOM

Let's not talk about her. Did I mention what a joy it is to clean the floors, wash the dishes, and do the laundry?

JANE

Every day.

(DAD enters, with pipe.)

DAD

Good Morning Jane!

JANE *(to the audience)*

That's my Dad. In case you were wondering.

DAD

Well, it's off to another fulfilling and lucrative day at the factory! It's nice to know I have a great job and will never lose it or have to switch careers! And when I get home from work the house better be spotless and there better be a nutritious meal on the table.

MOM

You know there will be!

DAD

That's my wifey!

(They are about to kiss.)

Not in front of the girl.

(They shake hands instead.)

JANE *(to the audience)*

Every day was pretty much just like this. Every day… except for today.

(MOM begins cleaning.)

MOM

There's nothing I like better than the smell of lemon pledge –

JANE

Mom, do you think there's more to life than just finding a husband?

MOM

There's having children! Nothing gives more meaning to a woman's life than –

(she is interrupted by two masked CIA AGENTS, dressed all in black, somersaulting into the room.)

CIA AGENT

Jane Doe?

JANE

Yes?

MOM

What are you – ?

(without saying a word the CIA AGENT sprays MOM with a spritzer. She falls unconscious immediately.)

DAD *(returning)*

Honey I –

(the CIA AGENT sprays DAD with the same mist and he falls unconscious immediately.)

(Pause.)

CIA AGENT

Jane Doe.

JANE

Yes?

CIA AGENT

Your country needs you. Come with us.

JANE *(to the audience)*

Now a normal girl would probably be concerned with this, but…
(she stops, to the AGENTS)
Okay. Let's do it!

CIA AGENT

You have five seconds to gather your things.
(JANE grabs her backpack.)

JANE

I'm ready!
(One CIA AGENT somersaults offstage.)
By the way, are my parents going to be –

CIA AGENT

They won't remember any of this.

JANE

Because they're dead?

CIA AGENT

No. Only unconscious. There's no time. Let's go.
(The CIA AGENT leads JANE off-stage.)

(As the set changes.)

JANE *(to the audience)*

You never forget the first time you're abducted by the CIA and transported in a black helicopter to a top secret location that may or may not be somewhere near Virginia. And it's equally thrilling to ride on a secret elevator deep underground into a mysterious compound where the people who –

CIA AGENT 2

You can't tell them anything about this.

JANE

But it's a pretty interesting story –

CIA AGENT 2

No, the audience is on a need-to-know basis, and they don't need to know where we're going.

JANE

Oh.

(to CIA AGENT 1)

Can I see that?

CIA AGENT *(handing over the sprizter)*

Sure.

(JANE sprays CIA AGENT 2, who falls unconscious immediately.)

JANE *(back to the audience)*

*Any*way, as I was saying. Who knew that there was a secret compound underground, paid for with taxpayer dollars –

CIA AGENT

We're actually funded by selling illegal weapons to rebels fighting governments in various places around the world.

JANE

How can you possibly make enough money that way?

CIA AGENT

We also sell weapons to the governments fighting the rebels.

JANE

Oh. As I was saying, who knew there was a secret underground compound paid for with illegal money –

(she looks at the CIA AGENT, who nods)

That was designed to create and train the largest spy operation in the history of the world?

(to the agent.)

This is nice.

CIA AGENT

Yeah. I just love coming to work every day, you know?

JANE

Yeah. Must be fun.

CIA AGENT

Oh man – The things I could tell you…

(short pause)

But then I'd have to kill you.

JANE

Ha ha ha.

CIA AGENT

Seriously, I would have to kill you.

JANE

Oh.

(awkward pause.)

CIA AGENT

So are you married?

JANE

I'm sixteen.

CIA AGENT

Right.

(The lights change to reveal the secret CIA compound, which is really just a single, rolling chair. AGENT K, the secret director of the FBI, dressed in a snazzy suit, spins around in the chair.)

AGENT K

Ah. Jane Doe. We've been waiting for you. I am Agent K.

JANE

K?

AGENT K

Yes.

JANE

Okay.

AGENT K

No Just K.

JANE

Okay.

AGENT K

Not O K, just K – you can call me Agent K –

JANE

Okay.

AGENT K

I don't think you're understanding – Never mind. Jane, we've been watching you for some time now. In appropriate ways. You are just the girl we need.

JANE

Gee whiz! To do what?

AGENT K

To Save. The World. Well, okay, maybe not save the entire world, but it's a pretty important mission to National Security. If you choose to accept the mission –

JANE

I'll do it!

AGENT K

If you choose to accept the mission, you will be inducted into a secret society from which there is no escape – you will always be a part of us, you will never be like other people –

JANE

Sure.

AGENT K

You sure?

JANE

Yep. I've always wanted to be a secret agent.

CIA AGENT

Me too.

JANE

When my friends were playing cowboys and Indians, I played secret agent killer, and when my friends were playing Cops and Robbers, I played secret government assassin.

AGENT K

I knew you were our girl. Your mission, however, does not involve assassination.

JANE

Oh. But could it if things get hairy?

AGENT K

I don't think that will be necessary. Tell me: what do you know about… the moon?

JANE

I'm going to the moon?!

Skipping Forward

You weren't ready.

JANE

You didn't say you were going to attack me.

BRACK

Does the viper tell the mouse when it will strike?

(no answer)

Does it?

JANE

I don't think vipers can talk.

BRACK

They can't! But even if they could they wouldn't say anything! You must be prepared for any confrontation at any time – any time!

(he attacks again! And stops)

You weren't prepared.

JANE

Sorry.

(he attacks again!)

Stop doing that!

BRACK

I will. But then I will start again – when you least expect it –

(he attacks again! This time she dodges.)

A ha. You are learning. Good. Now come back over here for a congratulatory hug.

(she comes back for a hug and he attacks! She dodges again.)

Nice.

JANE *(to the audience)*

My favorite part, though, apart from the math and calisthenics and random attacks –

(she turns to look at him, but he doesn't attack this time.)

Was the deadly martial arts training.

BRACK

Now we begin deadly martial arts training.

(he takes out two pencils.)

Here is your weapon.

JANE

A pencil?

BRACK

Any weapon is deadly in the hands of a skilled attacker. I once killed a man with a cup of coffee.

JANE

How did you do that?

BRACK

I put poison in it. En garde!

(He attacks with the pencil, she isn't able to deflect it.)

Not good enough. Follow me.

(He begins a complicated series of martial arts moves with the pencil.)

Forehand Strike. Forehand Strike. Parry. Back. Back. Backhand Strike. Backhand Strike. Up. Down. Left Strike. Spin. Jump. Witty Remark.

(short pause)

Now your turn.

JANE

Forehand Strike?

BRACK

And then?

JANE

Um… I forget?

BRACK

Forehandstrike, forehandstrike, parry, back, back, backhand strike, backhand strike, up, down, left strike, spin, jump, witty remark.

JANE

Forehand strike. Forehand strike. Parry. Back. Back.

BRACK *(overlapping)*

Yes! Feel it!

JANE *(continuous)*

Backhand Strike. Backhand Strike. Up. Down. Left strike. Spin. Jump. Witty Remark.

BRACK *(overlapping)*

Yes! Yes! More! More! You don't say witty remark, you make a witty remark.

JANE

Oh. Um.

BRACK

En Garde!

(He attacks – JANE blocks with the pencil – they begin a choreographed fight sequence.)

Witty Remark now!

JANE

Um… I see your penmanship is improving.

(BRACK nods in appreciation.)

BRACK

You are learning.

BLAKE MOORE *(entering)*

Unfortunately, that is a pencil, and not a pen.

(BLAKE MOORE, the dashing super-spy, dressed in a tuxedo, enters, looking casual and smooth.)

Moore. Blake Moore.

JANE *(to the audience)*

It was Blake Moore.

BLAKE MOORE

I just said that.

JANE *(to the audience)*

He was the most famous super spy ever to work in secret for the CIA.

BLAKE MOORE *(taking the pencil from her)*

Allow me. En Garde!

(he battles BRACK stylishly, casually. BRACK stabs for him, and misses.)

I'm beginning to see your point.

JANE

Ooh that was a good one.

BLAKE MOORE

Just getting started.

(he knocks BRACK's pencil out of his hand.)

Allow me to sharpen that for you.

(he stabs BRACK in the back with the pencil, and BRACK falls.)

FIZZ *(entering)*

Agent Moore, what are you doing?

BLAKE MOORE

Just some homework.

(he tosses the pencil behind him.)

JANE

Wow.

BRACK

That hurt a lot.

BLAKE MOORE

And that, young lady, is how it's done. I didn't catch your name.

JANE

Doe. Jane Doe.

BLAKE MOORE

Of course. It's enchanting to meet you.

JANE *(melting)*

…yes.

BLAKE MOORE

Now let's see about some new devices, shall we?

JANE

What?

FIZZ

Actually Agent Moore, I came for Agent Doe.
(BLAKE stops.)
Allow me to introduce myself – my name is Fizz.

BLAKE MOORE

Is my new car ready?

FIZZ

Not yet, sir.
(to JANE)
I'm an inventor –

BLAKE MOORE

Apparently a slow one if my car isn't ready.

FIZZ

I'm not a miracle worker, Moore!
(to JANE)
Now I've made a few things for you I like to call miracles –

BLAKE MOORE

Excuse me, I get the miracles, she can create her own fantastic devices. No offense, Jane, but I do have an image to protect.

FIZZ

I can't work like this! You're tearing me apart, Moore! All right, now I've gone out on a limb with a few of these devices, so I'm not sure you're ever going to be able to use them.

BLAKE MOORE

They come in quite handy, actually, although on my last mission –

FIZZ

No one wants to hear about it!

JANE

I'd like to hear about it if you don't mind –

FIZZ

No time! All right now. First in my grab-bag for you –

(he produces a dead squirrel.)

This is a dead squirrel. But it's no ordinary dead squirrel – in fact, if you lift up the tail, it becomes a portable phone. Incredible.

JANE

Did you have to make it a dead squirrel?

FIZZ

Yes I did. Take it.

(JANE is a little repulsed.)

JANE

It's not a real dead squirrel is it? It's like a fake plastic dead squirrel?

FIZZ

Why would I put a phone inside a fake squirrel?

JANE

Can I see what else you've got?

BLAKE MOORE

I'll take the squirrel phone.

(He takes it.)

JANE

Fine I'll take it!

(JANE takes it back.)

FIZZ

All right then, be that way.

BLAKE MOORE
He's been near a few too many explosions.

FIZZ
I heard that Moore, and just for that, no ejector seat in your car!

BLAKE MOORE
I love the ejector seat.

FIZZ
Tough. Now, sweetheart, I have developed something of vital importance for every teenage girl. Makeup.

JANE
Oh. It's black.

FIZZ
Indeed. Now – you take your makeup case like this, and it sprays the entire room with knockout gas.

JANE
Wouldn't the entire room include me?

FIZZ
Of course. Which is why I have also developed – a gas mask made from an egg. You breathe through the egg – you'll be perfectly able to function while the gas knocks everyone else out.

JANE *(taking the egg and the makeup)*
Okay, that's useful I guess.

BLAKE MOORE
Can I have that egg?

FIZZ
No! And lastly – I have this pen for you.

JANE
What does it do?

FIZZ
You click this clicker here and this part pops down, and you can write messages with it.

JANE
What else does it do?

FIZZ

That's what it does! It's a pen.

JANE

Just seems like it's a regular pen.

FIZZ

I can't hit a home run on every swing, okay? It's a pen. It writes. I'm trying to create erasable ink, but it's impossible I tell you! All right fine, I didn't want to give you the pen, I had another invention – but the puppy bomb turned out to be a poor idea, so we scrapped it.

JANE

You had a puppy bomb?

FIZZ

One of my more brilliant ideas actually – you put a bomb inside a cute little puppy –

BLAKE MOORE

Are you going to make any more of those?

FIZZ

Apparently someone complained, so no. What can you do?

JANE

The pen is nice, but –

FIZZ

The pen is spectacular.

JANE

I don't know how helpful it's going to be, though.

FIZZ

You know, I take your point, and I would respond by saying – tough. Okay then?
(he starts to walk off with BLAKE.)

BLAKE MOORE

So my car –

FIZZ

Budget cuts.
(They leave.)

JANE *(to the audience)*

So I had a dead squirrel phone, an egg, a pen, and a case of makeup that might come in handy.
(AGENT K enters.)

AGENT K

You're ready.

JANE

I don't know that I really feel ready.

AGENT K

Exactly. Which is why you are ready. If you feel ready, you would be too ready in reality.

JANE

I don't get it.

AGENT K

Precisely.

(AGENT K takes her on a walk as the set changes behind them.)

Now – there are some things you need to know – in America, we drive on the right side of the street.

JANE

I'm from America.

AGENT K

Never mind then. Also – we have created a false family for you – in every aspect, they will appear to be an ordinary American family in an ordinary American town – however – they are in actuality three deadly secret agents capable of stunning feats of subterfuge and daring. Their disguises are so brilliant, so impenetrable, that to the outside eye, no one will suspect a thing. We have purchased a modest American home for you –

JANE

Why do you keep saying the word American so much?

AGENT K

I love my country, that's why. Do you love your country?

JANE

Yes.

AGENT K

How much do you love it?

JANE

A lot. Like this much –

(she spread her arms wide.)

AGENT K

I love it this much.

(he spreads his arms wider)

So there. You will blend in with the students at Anonymous High – remember, any of them could be a Russian agent in disguise – you must be on your toes at all times, but not so much on your toes that someone would suspect that you were on your toes. Understand? Good. And now… it begins.

(Pause.)

I said… It begins. I'm sorry, we were supposed to hit you with knockout gas there. Apparently someone isn't doing their job.

JANE

Why do you need to hit me with knockout gas?

AGENT K

Just kinda how we do things here. When there's something dramatic about to happen, we like to knock you out. It's cool.

(CIA AGENT runs in with knockout gas.)

JANE

I don't need the –

(CIA AGENT hits JANE with knockout gas and she passes out.)

CIA AGENT

How was that?

AGENT K

Timing was a little off.

(Lights change. Light up on the interior of a house. JANE regains consciousness and talks to the audience.)

JANE *(to the audience)*

So, armed with an egg and – this thing is really gross – I began my new life deep undercover in an anonymous town. My new name: Priscilla Lee. I just liked the sound of that. Priscilla Lee. It kind of flows. And I got to meet my new family –

(BLAKE MOORE enters with a smoking jacket.)

BLAKE MOORE

Honey! I'm home.

JANE

Are you my husband?

BLAKE MOORE

You're sixteen. I'm your father.

JANE

Oh. That makes more sense.

BLAKE MOORE

Honey! Come give your hubby a kiss!

(NATASHA enters. She looks like a typical femme fatale. She also speaks with a Russian accent.)

NATASHA

Oh my husband – it is good to seeing you again.

JANE

You're my mother?

NATASHA

Of course I am being your mother. I am perfect disguise.

JANE *(to the audience)*

Her name was Natasha Sparrow – she was a double agent – a former Russian spy who had defected to our side because we offered better health benefits.

NATASHA

I am having high blood pressure.

JANE *(to the audience)*

Well, she was certainly different than my real mother.

BLAKE MOORE

Darling, I believe it's time for dinner.

NATASHA

Yes.

BLAKE MOORE

Haven't you made an appetizing and healthy meal for all of us?

JANE

Hey – just cause she's a woman doesn't mean she has to cook!

NATASHA

I could kill you with garden hose.

BLAKE MOORE

I'd like to see you try.

NATASHA

I am not maid. I am not chef. I am deadly secret agent with expert knowledge in Russian communications. I am also fantastic-looking in heels.

BLAKE MOORE

Well I'm not making dinner.

JANE

I guess we'll all starve then. This is a great family, guys.

BLAKE MOORE

Stop that rebellious talk! This is what happens to teenagers today. They hear some rock and roll music and they go crazy.

JANE

How about we go to a restaurant or something?

NATASHA

Good. First we must find brother.

JANE

Brother?

BLAKE MOORE

Your brother. Oh Joey – come on out!

(JOEY enters. JOEY looks to be about 40, with a mustache, possibly bald, speaks with a Brooklyn accent.)

NATASHA

This is brother?

JOEY

What. Heya sis. Lookin' nice.

JANE

How old are you?

JOEY

Who wants to know?

JANE

You don't really look like a high school kid.

JOEY

I'm fifteen. Plus twenty-five.

JANE

Skipping Forward

JANE

Yeah. I'm from uh… out-of-town.

PRISCILLA

That must be wonderful!

JANE

Yeah it was… super-special. Being from somewhere else.

DEBBIE

Hi.

LUCY

Hi.

JANE *(a little taken aback by them)*

Hi there.

PRISCILLA

I am actually on the welcoming committee –

DEBBIE

She's chair of the welcoming committee!

PRISCILLA

Some are born leaders, some have leadership thrust upon them.

JANE

That's great.

PRISCILLA

So if you need anything at all, just let me know – and I will leap to your aid.

DEBBIE

Leaping!

PRISCILLA

That's enough, Debbie.

DEBBIE

I am so so sorry.

JANE

I might need directions to the cafeteria.

PRISCILLA

Of course! You take a right here, follow that hallway, and then down the stairs. You can't miss it!

JANE

Thanks.

PRISCILLA

I didn't catch your name.

JANE

Lee. Priscilla Lee.

(All three of them instantly darken.)

PRISCILLA

What a coincidence. My name is also Priscilla.

DEBBIE

You are not named Priscilla.

JANE

No that's my –

DEBBIE

You are not named Priscilla! That's her name! You can't just walk in here and take her name! Who do you think you are?!

PRISCILLA

Debbie – it's not major.

JANE

Thanks I –

PRISCILLA

She'll just have to change.

LUCY

Your new name is Edna.

DEBBIE

My Aunt is named Edna, she can't be Edna.

JANE

Girls, I'm sure there's more than one Priscilla –

PRISCILLA

Are you saying you won't change?

LUCY

Are you crazy? Are you just crazy? Is that your problem? Have you escaped from some ward somewhere?

JANE

I'm not changing my name.

PRISCILLA

So be it. But you just made one very big mistake, new girl. I could have been a great friend to you, instead… I am now your biggest enemy.

DEBBIE

That's right!

JANE

I'm not really scared of you.

LUCY

Edna.

JANE

Honestly, I've been trained to kill someone with a pen, I think I can handle you.

PRISCILLA

Well, listen to Miss Empowered. This isn't over.

DEBBIE

Not over! Not even close to being over! Not even close to being close to being over!

PRISCILLA

Debbie: Enough.

DEBBIE

Yes, Priscilla.

PRISCILLA

Very well then: when next we meet, I don't know you.

DEBBIE

And she's on the welcoming committee!

LUCY

Edna.

(They turn as one and walk off.)

JANE *(to the audience)*

It felt nice to be welcomed –

(she stops, aware that a new person, SPENCER, (the biggest nerd in the school), is watching her from a distance. She turns to him.)

Can I help you?

(he snorts, unable to speak.)

Is there something you need?

SPENCER

Are you an angel? Because I could see that…

(loses his line, he opens a book of 51 sure-fire pick-up lines.)

Because I think you've stolen my heart. Oh wait, whoops, I messed that up. Can I do that again? Pretend you haven't talked to me.

JANE

I haven't talked to you.

SPENCER

I know, but just pretend again.

(he looks at his book)

Is your father a thief?

JANE

No.

SPENCER

You're not supposed to answer.

JANE

My father isn't a thief.

SPENCER

But maybe he stole the stars and um… oh man I did it again. You interrupted me in the middle of it. This doesn't really control for those situations.

(two clean-cut HOODLUMS, BERT and TOM, enter.)

BERT

NERD!

(BERT grabs SPENCER)

SPENCER

Oh boy!

TOM

What are you doing, nerd? What are you doing?

SPENCER

Nothing.

BERT *(to JANE)*

Is this nerd bothering you?

JANE

Actually, a little bit yeah.

TOM

Let's pound him!

BERT

That'll show him not to talk to people!

JANE

Wait I –

(They get SPENCER in a headlock as BRUCE, a dreamboat, enters. A song like Marvin Gaye's "Let's get it on" play for a second.)

BRUCE

Gentlemen. Bullying is not cool.

(BERT and TOM stop.)

BERT

Oh. Sorry Bruce.

TOM

I was just acting out for a bad childhood. And low self-esteem. And bed-wetting issues. And –

BRUCE

I've heard enough.

TOM

Okay.

BERT

Are we gonna play football later?

BRUCE

Of course.

BERT

Yay!

(BERT and TOM run off.)

SPENCER

You are a gentleman and a scholar, sir –

(BRUCE ignores SPENCER and looks right at JANE.)

BRUCE

Bruce Waters. Student Body President.

JANE

Hi. I'm… Priscilla.

BRUCE

That's a lovely name, Priscilla.

JANE

Thanks. It's gotten me in some trouble.

BRUCE

I imagine you're a girl who can handle some trouble.

JANE

Sometimes, yeah. But sometimes not.

BRUCE

Then I suggest you avoid greasers and menthol cigarettes.

JANE

Okay.

BRUCE

See you around, Priscilla.

JANE

See ya.

SPENCER

Thanks Bruce!

(BRUCE ignores him and walks off. JANE watches him go. Perhaps romantic early 60s music plays. SPENCER approaches again.)

So um… it would be much appreciated if I could telephone you later to ask you on a date. I have a cousin who can lend me his car. Not that I need a car to go on a date, but we could walk somewhere if you like walking, but sometimes my knee acts up so…

JANE

I think we should be friends.

SPENCER

Yes! I'll call you tonight.

(SPENCER skips off – hurts his knee, limps away.)

(A telephone rings. JANE looks around. The phone keeps ringing. She looks around. She takes the dead squirrel out of her backpack.)

JANE *(into dead squirrel)*

Hello?

(lights up on AGENT K, talking into a bowl of shrimp.)

AGENT K

Report.

JANE *(into dead squirrel)*

Um… I've been here for ten minutes.

AGENT K

Who are your top suspects?

JANE

I've been here for ten minutes.

AGENT K

An agent makes decisions in lightning speed. Move quickly. Think more quickly. Don't let them know who you are. Don't stand out.

JANE

Kind of already too late for that.

AGENT K

Don't make me abort this mission!

JANE

Sorry, I just… you know, I have opinions.

AGENT K

An agent has instincts, not opinions.

JANE

Hey, I gotta go. Class is starting.

(Spotlight on MR. BLIX)

MR. BLIX

I have graded your papers. Those that were worthy of comment are being returned to you. Those that were beneath my notice have been shredded and used as liners for my pet hamsters. I have

never, I have never in my twenty-nine years as an educator, encountered a more inept and pathetic group of students as this. I counted sixty-one spelling errors, forty-three uses of split infinitives, thirty-nine agreement errors – the list continues, a list of such horror and depravity that I nearly fainted when compiling it – your papers were an offense, they were a statement of revolt, a revolt against intelligence – well let me tell you where your revolt with lead! The prison. You think prisoners have good grammar? Go ask them! See if they use the word "ain't," see if they use double negatives. "I don't know no better" is what they say, but if they could only have formed the sentence, "I don't know any better," they wouldn't have found themselves incarcerated. I offer you a choice: good grammar and salvation, or poor grammar and a life of misery and imprisonment. Who is with me?! WHO IS WITH ME?!

(JANE raises her hand.)

She's with me!

JANE

No I'm just – I'm new I was just wondering if I was in the right room.

MR. BLIX

Did you just say "I'm just I'm new"?

JANE

Well that's kind of – yeah.

MR. BLIX

Kind of yeah? Don't you mean "yes?"

JANE

Yes.

MR. BLIX

Then why didn't you say yes?

JANE

I said yeah.

MR. BLIX

Is yeah yes?

JANE

Yes.

MR. BLIX

No.

JANE

No?

MR. BLIX

No it is not! "Yeah" is an abomination! Yes is a word. "Yeah" is a piece of slang tossed around by hipsters and jazz musicians! No one in this class says "Yeah!" Don't you have any respect for yourself? For your future children?

JANE

I don't think my future children have anything to do with it.

MR. BLIX

But there you are wrong, miss. This young lady is an example of all that is going wrong with society. Observe, class, the way her demeanor is slack and relaxed. She thinks this is "cool," but I assure you, young lady, being "cool" is not "cool." Being "cool" means a life of poverty, a life of immoral weakness to bowling and gambling – you are mother to the future! And what a terrible mother you will be.

JANE

Um… Is this –

MR. BLIX

Did you just say um? Ummm? What is umm?

JANE

It's an expression.

MR. BLIX

It's neither an expression nor a word. It's a sound, a sound uttered by chimps. It is not a word to be utilized by humans.

JANE

Okay. So this is English class?

MR. BLIX

This is English class.

JANE

Good.

MR. BLIX

May I continue?

JANE

Yelling at everybody? Sure.

MR. BLIX

Young lady, in this class we are not flip to our teachers. Perhaps in your previous school such behavior was tolerated, but I assure you, cross me again and you will find yourself in remedial English.

(the bell rings.)

Class dismissed.

(Lights up on the hallway.)

JANE

So my plan to blend in was not going smoothly –

(PRISCILLA enters and looks at her.)

What.

PRISCILLA *(mocking her)*

Umm….

(DEBBIE and LUCY enter and laugh uproariously.)

DEBBIE and LUCY

Ha ha ha ha!

(PRISCILLA cuts them off with a wave. They silence themselves immediately.)

PRISCILLA

Chimp.

(She's about to turn and leave when BRUCE enters.)

Why don't you go back to wherever you came from where they have bad grammar!

DEBBIE

Yeah!

(they look at her)

I mean yes!

LUCY

Double yes!

JANE

You know what, Priscilla?

PRISCILLA

No I don't know what. Why don't you tell me what?

JANE

You don't happen to like borscht do you?

PRISCILLA

I'm sure I've never heard of borscht.

DEBBIE

Skipping Forward

JOEY

Stuff. Goin' to school. I don't know any of this.

PRISCILLA

Excuse me, did you say sister?

JOEY

Yeah, this is my big sister. My name's Joey. I'm fourteen. And a half. And another half.

JANE

Joey was just leaving.

DEBBIE

Hi I'm Debbie.

JOEY

Like Debbie Snack Cakes.

DEBBIE

That's my nickname, Snack Cakes.

JOEY

Nice. I like that.

DEBBIE

I like that you like that.

JOEY

Maybe sometime I could call you.

DEBBIE

Maybe sometime I'd answer the phone.

JOEY

Maybe that would be conducive to a conversation between us.

DEBBIE

Maybe it would.

PRISCILLA

Debbie! Cool off.

DEBBIE

I'm sorry I can't talk to you any more.

JOEY

That's all right. I can communicate through grunts and gestures.

DEBBIE

I'd like that.

PRISCILLA

Debbie! Let's go!

BRUCE

It was nice seeing you again, whatever your name is.

PRISCILLA

Bruce!

(They begin exiting.)

JOEY

Hey Debbie!

(she turns.)

(He grunts and makes a gesture. She swoons. PRISCILLA drags her off.)

JANE

Are you kidding me?

JOEY

Agent K told me to look after you.

JANE

By grunting at my enemies?

JOEY

They seemed nice.

JANE

They're not, okay? They're evil.

JOEY

Are they Russian spy evil?

JANE

No I think they're specifically American teenage girl evil. Either that, or they're more like us than we ever new. I think we're looking for someone with an accent, or an eye patch, or who likes classical music.

(JANE steps forward to address the audience.)

How to discover the double agent? I began with my teachers. One: Miss Milly

(lights up on MISS MILLY)

MISS MILLY
Welcome to Home Economics. Ladies, it is a pleasure to serve as your guide to the wonderful world of femininity. Oh what delights I have to show you. Today's lesson: Learning your place. Who can tell me who's the head of the household? Anyone? Yes? Priscilla?

JANE
I think an ideal marriage would be between equals.

MISS MILLY *(trying to smile through this)*
Oh. Well isn't that an interesting idea? Does anyone else have a correct answer? Sally?

SALLY
I'm not sure.

MISS MILLY
You're not sure?

SALLY
I guess the husband.

MISS MILLY
Here's a hint: it's probably the person making all the money.

JANE
But can't the wife get a job?

MISS MILLY *(swooning)*
Oh. Oh can't the wife get a job? Oh.

JANE
And really – the way I see it – what if your husband is dumb? Like he's stupid and he can't find a job, but you went to law school –

MISS MILLY *(even more swooning)*
Law School? Oh my goodness.

JANE
And so you've got a good job with a high salary and –

MISS MILLY
Oh oh oh – these are – these are… interesting ideas… what if your husband is dumb? Can someone tell me what to do then?

SALLY

Act more dumb?

MISS MILLY

Thank you. And how do we act dumb?

SALLY

I don't know.

PRISCILLA

Math is hard.

LUCY

I don't understand taxes!

DEBBIE

Please tell me who to vote for!

MISS MILLY

Yes yes yes wonderful ideas. You see, ladies, men won't like if you're intelligent. It's true – they think you might find them dull, or perhaps they might be embarrassed by their lack of education – perhaps they can't hold a conversation, or talk about anything other than baseball – perhaps they can't read, or tie their shoes, or dress themselves, but then it's your role to pretend to be even dumber than your man. If he can't read, pretend you don't even recognize symbols, if he can't tie his shoes, pretend you can't even walk. If he watches baseball, ask silly stupid questions about it, and above all, never, never criticize. Smile. Nod. Pretend to be dumb. Oh and do your nails. And wear high heels. Unless you're tall in which case stoop. But not too much. Just a little.

JANE

This is ridiculous!

MISS MILLY

Oh my goodness what is happening?!

JANE

I'm just objecting to this insane line of thought!

MISS MILLY

Oh no!

JANE

I'm a human being –

MISS MILLY

What do I do what do I do someone is asking me to think!

JANE

No I just –

MISS MILLY

I can't consider these things!

JANE

Fine. Forget it.

MISS MILLY

And that is how you pretend to be dumb, ladies. Simple. And effective.

(Lights change to the house.)

(JANE enters and slings down her book bag. NATASHA is in the kitchen, wearing an evening dress, pearls, and glittering earrings.)

NATASHA

How is school?

JANE

Terrible!

(she storms past.)

(JOEY enters.)

JOEY

Hey Jane wait up.

NATASHA

What happened in school day?

JOEY

Nothing.

(he runs past to find JANE.)

NATASHA

Why do not talk to me?! This is not how I run family!

JANE

Joey I would appreciate some alone time so that I can formulate a new plan of attack, thanks.

JOEY

Is that about that girl?

JANE

No! Which girl?

JOEY

That lady that's into me.

JANE

What are you talking about?

JOEY

I can't help it. Girls love Joey.

JANE

No this is about rampant sexism in the curriculum, Joey.

JOEY

I don't have nothing to do with that.

JANE

I know. I'm not angry with you.

JOEY

Oh. All right then. So you're not mad about me and that girl?

JANE

No although I find it weird and disturbing.

JOEY

Okay then good.

(There's a knock from BLAKE MOORE, who wears a tuxedo.)

BLAKE MOORE

Pumpkin?

JOEY

I should go.

JANE

Go away, fake Dad.

BLAKE MOORE

Natasha told me you had a difficult day in school. I'd also like to add that she looked smashing tonight. Might I come in?

JANE

Fine.

JOEY

See ya.

(JOEY leaves as BLAKE MOORE enters.)

BLAKE MOORE

So what seems to be the trouble? Henchmen? Were you attacked?

JANE

No I wasn't attacked.

BLAKE MOORE

You're probably not asking the right questions then. Sometimes, when I'm on a mission, I think to myself, why hasn't anyone tried to kill me lately? Maybe I'm looking in the wrong place. Maybe I'm not flirting with the right girl.

JANE

I don't think that's the problem here.

BLAKE MOORE

A little piece of advice: find the most attractive person in the room, and hit on them. Chances are, someone will be trying to slice your head off just a few minutes later, and then you'll be on the right track. Better yet, you might get knocked unconscious and wake up in the villain's lair. That's the best way to stop them. Then when they start talking about their evil plan – strike.

JANE

Thanks.

BLAKE MOORE

Not a problem.

(He starts to go, then stops.)

It's not about boys is it?

JANE

No it's not boys.

BLAKE MOORE

Oh it's boys.

JANE

No it's about sexism.

BLAKE MOORE

Sexism of boys. Well I'm going to punt on this one –

JANE

Excellent –

BLAKE MOORE *(calling out)*

Darling! Girl problems! Your department!

JANE

No no – fake Dad – that's not –

BLAKE MOORE

I've never had a problem with the opposite sex, so I don't know that I can help you.

(NATASHA enters.)

NATASHA

Yes what?

BLAKE MOORE *(instantly seductive)*

Hello.

NATASHA

Hello.

(they stare at each other.)

BLAKE MOORE

Care to join me for a dance?

NATASHA

Do I dare?

JANE

I thought she was here to talk to me.

BLAKE MOORE

Of course. How silly of me. I'll be waiting… in the kitchen.

NATASHA

Will you be heating something up?

BLAKE MOORE

There might be something about to boil.

JANE

Stop it stop it come on!

BLAKE MOORE

Very well.

(He takes Natasha's hand, kisses it longingly, then slowly departs – he then stops, and turns to look at her, then slowly departs again.)

NATASHA *(breathless)*

He is bad for me. Now what is problem? Men?

JANE

No. Well, in a general sense yes.

NATASHA

Ah.

JANE

Do you ever get frustrated that women aren't allowed to do the things that men do?

NATASHA

What are these things?

JANE

I don't know, it just seems like the whole world just wants girls to be house-making, smiling idiots that can't think for themselves.

NATASHA

Yes. That is what they want. True.

JANE

So what do you do?

NATASHA

Remember, if someone wants you to be brainless smiling idiot it is because they are brainless smiling idiot. You don't become what they want you to be, and you will destroy them. Okay? It's not hard. Other day, a man whistles at me on street. What do I do? Do I keep walking? Do I ignore him? Do I kick him in side of head and knock him unconscious?

JANE

You kicked him in the side of the head?

NATASHA

Of course. No more comments. You see?

JANE

So you think brutalizing people is the way to end sexism?

NATASHA

Yes and no. They only win if you let them win. If you want to win, you win. Kick them in the face.

JANE

But in a metaphorical sense?

NATASHA
Oh sure yes. Metaphorical sense. Also wear better clothes.

JANE
Thanks, fake Mom. That actually helps.

NATASHA
Now forget about that and find spy. You have two days.
(Tango music begins.)
I have to go.
(Lights change as NATASHA and BLAKE MOORE tango off.)

JANE
So I had to swallow my pride for the moment about the rampant sexism at school and focus on finding the Russian spy.
(PRISCILLA and crew enter, putting up a poster for the prom.)

DEBBIE
A real live astronaut! Wow.

LUCY
Dreamy.
(BERT and TOM enter.)

TOM
He's just a spaceman – who cares?
(LUCY spins on TOM.)

LUCY
He is the symbol of our nation's advancement! You silence your mouth!

TOM
Sorry.

BERT
I think I'm gonna be an astronaut. Huh Debbie?

DEBBIE
What?

BERT
I'm gonna be an astronaut.

DEBBIE
So?

BERT

So you want to go to prom with me?

DEBBIE

I'm afraid I'm holding out for someone else.

(SPENCER enters,)

BERT

HIM?!

DEBBIE

No! Why would you say that?

BERT

Oh.

(SPENCER is trying to get past)

SPENCER

Excuse me, gentlemen.

BERT

What did you just say to me, nerd?

TOM

I heard him say something!

SPENCER

I assure you that I –

BERT

He said it again! You just don't know when to stop, do you nerd?

(SPENCER runs. BERT and TOM chase him.)

LUCY

I like it when they're violent.

PRISCILLA

You should go to the prom with Bert, Debbie. It fits my theme.

DEBBIE

Well – he is athletic…

LUCY

I find that to be the most important quality in a man.

(JANE enters, sleuthing.)

JANE

Can I ask you a question?

PRISCILLA

Maybe. Maybe not.

DEBBIE

Good answer.

JANE

I was doing a project on Russian music, could any of you help me?

PRISCILLA

I'm sorry I prefer Rock – and Roll.

LUCY

And folk music! The Weathermen, I like the weathermen. They're cute and soulful.

JANE

Thanks.

(MISS MILLY enters and nearly runs into JANE.)

MISS MILLY

Oh!

PRISCLLA

Hello Miss Milly.

DEBBIE

Hi Miss Milly!

MISS MILLY

Hello ladies. Well, Miss Lee – it's nice to see you once again. I see that you haven't completely rejected society.

JANE

It's not that –

MISS MILLY

Stop! Due to your bizarre unwomanly outbursts from yesterday, I have decided that regular home economics is not for you.

JANE

Thank goodness.

MISS MILLY

Skipping Forward

JANE

I don't think so.

MR. BLIX

You don't think much, do you?

JANE

In fact, in my other classes I'm getting in trouble for thinking too much.

MR. BLIX

Perhaps you are merely thinking incorrectly. In any event, watch yourself. I sense remedial English might be just around the corner for you. In which case, you'll find yourself with a segment of the school population I like to call, "the untouchables." Be afraid. Dismissed.

JANE

Oh um – sorry I didn't mean to say um – I had a question for you.

MR. BLIX

Yes?

JANE

The American educational system is in trouble, right?

MR. BLIX

Near death.

JANE

Is there another country we should be modeling after? I mean isn't the school system of the Soviet Union really great?

(pause)

MR. BLIX

My dear, if I wanted communist education, I could go to Canada.

JANE

All right thanks, that's all I needed to know.

(Lights shift. JANE addresses the audience.)

It was nice to know that at least one of my teachers wasn't a secret Soviet spy, but I wasn't so sure about the others. I wasn't so sure about anything, really and –

(MS. DOBBS speaks to a class of three misfit girls, JEZEBEL, MYRA, and DORIS.)

MS. DOBBS

Welcome to remedial home economics.

JEZEBEL *(snapping gum)*

You say that every time.

MS. DOBBS

Well I'm still welcoming you! Okay! We got a new girl today – Priscilla.

GIRLS *(pathetically)*

Hi Priscilla.

JANE

Hello. I've been sentenced to this class because I think for myself.

MRS. DOBBS

Sit.

JANE *(sitting)*

All right.

MS. DOBBS

Now – this is a class for girls who are going to be spending most of their lives alone.
(DORIS raises her hand.)
What is it Doris?

DORIS

Maybe I'm just a diamond in the rough. And maybe the right man will come along –

MS. DOBBS

Stop right there. Stop right there. I want all of you to get this silly diamond in the rough nonsense out of your heads. At seventeen, you are the most attractive you're ever going to be. And look at you girls. Just look at yourselves. Doris, honestly? Come on.

JEZEBEL

I'm attractive.

MS. DOBBS

Yes, but you're going to attract motorcycle riders, and trust me ladies, they're not going to marry you. I've ridden on the back of enough cycles to know that much. But Doris – it's all downhill from here, and you're not starting from a high hill if you know what I mean.
(MYRA raises her hand.)

MYRA

What about me?

MS. DOBBS

Oh. Myra.
(she just shakes her head)

Any-way, this class is preparing you for a lifetime of loneliness. Today's lesson: How many cats is too many cats?

DORIS

Three!

MS. DOBBS

Wrong. Three cats creates a cat triangle, which can make problems with odor. Now, you're not going to have to worry too much about personal grooming, but it's important to keep your cats clean.

MYRA

I thought cats licked themselves.

MS. DOBBS

They do, and a cat's raspy tongue is useful –

JANE

I'm sorry but why are we learning this?

DORIS

It's about cats!

JANE

I got that, but I'm just wondering why we need to have a lesson in cat grooming.

DORIS

Because we have to keep the cats clean!

JEZEBEL

I hate cats.

MS. DOBBS

Ladies! It doesn't have to be cats. I've heard that parrots can make excellent companions for women unable to find husbands.

JEZEBEL

All right I'll get a bird.

JANE

Nobody needs to get anything! I've had enough of this. Honestly – Miss Dobbs – are you married?

MS. DOBBS

No.

JANE

And is your life happy and fulfilled?

MS. DOBBS

Not even close.

JANE

See that's wrong!

MS. DOBBS *(about to cry)*

I know! I try and I try and I try –

JANE

No I'm saying that it's wrong to feel unfulfilled without a husband! You can be happy and fine without a husband! You gotta live for yourself! Look at you, what's your name?

JEZEBEL

Jezebel?

JANE

Your parents named you Jezebel?

JEZEBEL

They thought I had a saucy look as an infant.

JANE

It doesn't matter. You are a beautiful girl – you dress a little… um… happily, but still, you're a lovely young woman and you should be happy with who you are – and Myra, I think you're outstanding –

MYRA

Do you think that means I can get a man?

JANE

No. But it doesn't matter! You see girls, you have to be happy with yourselves! If you're happy with yourself, then love will find you, okay? So, tell you what, let's make this class whatever we want it to be! We don't have to follow the stupid curriculum! What do we want to learn?

DORIS

I want to be a fighter pilot.

JANE

I don't know that we have that in the budget but that's a great idea!

MYRA

I want to learn how to arrange rooster fights.

JANE

We're probably not going to do that.

MYRA

That makes me happy, though.

JANE

But these are good ideas, girls! Good ideas! Keep `em coming!

MS. DOBBS

I want to learn to assert myself.

JANE

And I can help you with that! I'm very assertive!

JEZEBEL

I want to ride motorcycles!

JANE

I'm sure you do! And I think that's great!

DORIS

I say Priscilla is in charge!

MS. DOBBS

Me too! I never wanted to be a teacher I hate it.

JANE

That's all right, I'll be the teacher, you be the student.

MS. DOBBS

Okay thank you so much!

(MS. DOBBS runs and switches positions.)

JANE

All right, class, before we begin our first lesson… Has anyone noticed any suspiciously Russian-type people lurking around the school?

(lights change.)

One day before the dance and I had no leads. None at all.

(BRUCE enters.)

BRUCE

Pssst –

JANE

Nothing that would possibly indicate a Russian agent. There was only –

BRUCE

Pssst –

JANE

The hope that someone would try to kill me.

(BRUCE begins to sneak up on her. He looks like he's about to kill her. He's about to lunge at her just as she turns to spot him.)

BRUCE

Hi!

JANE

Hi! What are you doing here in the darkened school after classes are over?

BRUCE

I don't like to go home.

JANE

Oh. Problems?

BRUCE

Well – here, I'm student body President, at home I'm just Bruce who needs to take out the garbage.

JANE

Wow.

BRUCE

Sometimes I get the janitors to come home and do my chores for me. They revere me.

JANE

Oh. Thanks for helping me out with the semicolon today, by the way.

BRUCE

It's a difficult punctuation mark.

JANE

Yes it is.

BRUCE

I overheard your revolt in remedial home economics.

JANE

How did you hear that?

BRUCE

As student body president, I had a lot of eavesdropping equipment planted in the classrooms. I think it was great what you said, though. About believing in yourself and love will find you.

JANE

Yes?

(He gets close to her.)

Your gum smells fantastic.

BRUCE

Thank you.

JANE

Aren't you going steady with Priscilla?

BRUCE

She just sees me as an acquisition. She's so concerned about material things.

JANE

And you aren't?

BRUCE

No. I'll save you a dance, tomorrow, all right?

JANE

Okay.

BRUCE

Oh one more thing.

(He kisses her.)

I have to go.

(He runs off.)

(JANE stands there for a second.)

JANE

I was just about to swoon, when it occurred to me:

(She takes a piece of gum out of her mouth.)

He was chewing Russian gum.

(Lights down.)

(End of act one.)

Act Two

(Lights up on JANE in school. A clock is ticking.)

JANE *(to the audience)*

Could it be? Could it be possible that the all-American dreamboat high school president, was, in fact, a secret soviet spy?

(BRUCE appears in a pool of light. He slowly puts on a furry hat and begins dancing a Russian dance.)

I couldn't believe it! Not Bruce. Not those cheekbones and those eyes that you could swim in. I didn't believe it – and still he was my only suspect.

(A phone rings. JANE removes the dead squirrel from her backpack. Lights down on BRUCE and up on AGENT K, on a ladybug phone.)

AGENT K

Report.

JANE

I have a suspicion, but no proof.

AGENT K

The CIA needs proof!

JANE

Really?

AGENT K

No, not really, but it's nice in case we get sued. Keep your eyes and ears open. The Astronaut will be there tomorrow night at your prom – the spy will strike then. Go to the dance. Be ready.

JANE

I don't have a dress.

AGENT K

That's all right, we have someone here at the CIA who specializes in prom dresses. Look to the sky.

JANE

Right now?

AGENT K

Right now.

(JANE looks up.)

(A prom dress drops from a catwalk (or is thrown in from the wings if there's no catwalk))

JANE

Oh it's beautiful. Has this been worn before?

AGENT K

No! Absolutely not! Why would you say that!?

(Lights up on FIZZ, on a beaver phone.)

FIZZ

Agent Doe – this is no ordinary prom dress. The ruffles -

JANE

They shoot poison darts?

FIZZ

No they're just very pretty. But the dress does contain an escape mechanism -

JANE

There's an escape mechanism from my dress?

FIZZ

There's a zipper in the back – and the shoulder straps are adjustable –

JANE

That's it?

FIZZ

I'm working under a budget! Also it may have the capacity to spray knockout gas, but that's still experimental.

JANE

How does it spray knockout gas?

FIZZ

Not sure. I think if you shake it.

JANE

If I shake it?

FIZZ

Must you have everything repeated to you? Listen to your squirrel!

JANE

So can I dance or not?

FIZZ

Does dancing involve shaking it?

JANE

Depends on the song!

FIZZ

As long as you dance with an appropriate level of modesty, everyone should be safe. I have to go. Your father wants his car.

JANE

Hey can I get a car?

FIZZ

No. Fizz out.

(Lights change. JANE addresses the audience.)

JANE

So I had the dress – I was just missing one thing.

(JOEY enters.)

JOEY

Me.

JANE

No not you. I need a date.

JOEY

I'm sorry I'm taken.

JANE

I don't care – you're my brother I can't go with you.

JOEY

Hurts, don't it?

JANE

No it doesn't! Who are you going with anyway?

JOEY

Who am I not going with?

JANE

What? You're going with more than one person?

JOEY
No I just wanted to say that cause I thought it sounded cool.

JANE
You're an idiot.

JOEY
I'm an idiot with a date.

JANE
So who are you - ?
(JOEY smiles.)

JOEY
Yo Snack Cakes!
(DEBBIE enters, in love.)

DEBBIE
Yes, sir?

JANE
She calls you sir?

JOEY
It's her pet name for me. How you doin'?

DEBBIE
Nice. How are you doing?

JOEY
Nice. I like the way your face looks.

DEBBIE
It looks at you.

JOEY
Yeah it does.
(They stare at each other.)

DEBBIE
I think your mustache is beautiful.

JOEY
Me too.

JANE

You two are just weird.

JOEY

Weird in love.

DEBBIE

Did you just say love?

JOEY

I can't deny it any more.

JANE

You can't love her! You just met her two days ago!

DEBBIE

I love you too!

JOEY

Sweet!

DEBBIE

This is crazy, isn't it?

JANE

Yes, this is crazy.

JOEY

I don't want to be not crazy!

DEBBIE

Me neither, sir!

JOEY

Will you run away with me?

DEBBIE

I'll run anywhere with you.

JANE

Um… brother, might I remind you that we have a job to do?

JOEY

Oh. Right. Um… can't do the running away thing until after the dance.

DEBBIE

I'll wait for you! I'll wait as long as it takes!

JANE
It's tomorrow. But anyway, Joey, we need to talk.

DEBBIE
Can I wait here?

JANE
No. Go somewhere else.

DEBBIE
I won't forget you, sir.

JOEY
I won't forget you, Snack Cakes.
(DEBBIE goes a little bit away and stares longingly at JOEY.)

JANE
Okay now look – I have a suspicion who it is – can you please pay attention to me?

JOEY
What.

JANE
You're staring at Debbie.

JOEY
I'm staring at Debbie and listening to you at the same time.

JANE
No you're not – you're not paying attention to me at all. Do you want to know who I think the spy is?

JOEY
What?

JANE
The spy! The reason we are here.
(JOEY doesn't respond.)
Fine!
(JANE flounces over to DEBBIE and turns her around, then walks back to JOEY.)

JOEY
No good. I like looking at her this way too.

JANE

Ack! Never mind!

JOEY *(to DEBBIE)*

I miss you.

(The lights change to the school.)

JANE

So who would be the perfect date to the - ?

(BRUCE enters, to music.)

Hello Bruce.

BRUCE

Hello Priscilla.

JANE

Funny seeing you here at the school we both go to.

BRUCE

About last night –

(PRISCILLA enters, with DEBBIE and LUCY in tow.)

PRISCILLA

Bruce! What did I tell you about speaking to independent-minded girls?

BRUCE

It was bad and I shouldn't do it.

PRISCILLA

That's right. Now it's time to walk me to class.

BRUCE

I have to go.

(BRUCE hooks his arm with PRISCILLA and starts to walk off.)

JANE

Bruce! This is America! We have freedom!

(BRUCE shakes his head and is led off.)

Freedom!

(DEBBIE returns.)

DEBBIE

First, I would be honored if you would be my sister-in-law. Second, never talk to Priscilla's boyfriend because I hate you. But no hard feelings. And also say hello to Joey for me and tell him that I think he's wonderful, he's wonderful like a lion in the jungle, with the teeth and everything – wait don't tell him that, that's stupid – he's more like an eagle –

JANE

I'm not telling him anything.

DEBBIE

You don't have to be rude.
(She leaves.)

JANE

Let's see – finding a date –
(BERT enters.)

BERT

Hey.

JANE

Hey.
(Pause.)

BERT

See ya.

JANE

See ya.
(he leaves.)

(TOM enters.)

TOM

Hi.

JANE

Hi.
(Pause.)

TOM

I'm gonna go do something.

JANE

Okay.
(TOM leaves.)

MISS MILLY

Trouble getting a man interested?

JANE

Where did you come from?

Skipping Forward

JANE

So do you have a date for the prom?

TOM

No.

JANE

Really? I don't have one either.

TOM

Oh.

JANE

Are you a good dancer?

TOM

No.

JANE

That's good because I wouldn't want to dance anyway – if I went to the prom – mostly I'd just want to sit on the side and drink punch. Or maybe talk about sports.

TOM

Good luck. Bye.

(He leaves.)

MISS MILLY

Desperation is the worst make-up you can wear, dear.

JANE

Determination, not desperation.

(BERT enters – JANE hurls her books at him. He ducks and falls to the floor.)

BERT

Ah!

JANE

Oh I'm so sorry! I'm really clumsy!

BERT

Whoah!

JANE

Do you have a date for the prom and if not would you like to go with me?

(BERT is a deer in headlights.)

BERT

What?

JANE

I'm a good conversationalist, I have a great dress, and I don't eat much.

BERT

I don't understand what you're doing.

JANE

Do you want to go to the prom with me?

BERT

I'm confused. Are you asking me? But you're a girl.

JANE

I know that, but still –

(LUCY swoops in.)

LUCY

Stay back! He's mine!

BERT

Wait, I –

LUCY

Bert – she's in remedial home economics.

BERT

Oh.

LUCY

And you're going to ask me to the dance.

BERT

Do you want to go to the prom with me?

LUCY

I'm not sure. Can I get back to you?

BERT

Okay.

(to JANE)

I already asked Lucy.

LUCY

I've checked my calendar and I think I'm free.

BERT

Great! Can I carry your books?

LUCY

I suppose.

(BERT carries LUCY's books and they leave.)

MISS MILLY

I do hope you're not allergic to cats. Now, if I might offer you a suggestion: coyness.

JANE

The dance is tomorrow.

MISS MILLY

Quick coyness.

JANE

But –

(SPENCER enters.)

MISS MILLY

A woman must present herself as available. Speak in a low, soft, soothing voice to allow him to know that your presence is a haven away from the cares of the real world. Perhaps prepare a cold or warm drink –

SPENCER

Hello Priscilla – I couldn't help but overhear your predicament –

JANE *(soft, soothing)*

Yes?

SPENCER

Also, - if you are a spaceman, you'd be out of this world. I didn't say that right.

JANE

That's quite a clever line, Spencer.

SPENCER

You're swell.

JANE

Did you want to ask me something?

SPENCER

Would you like to accompany me to the ball?

JANE

The prom?

SPENCER

The ball prom. Yes. That.

JANE

Sure.

SPENCER

Excellent. We shall embark on the romantic evening of your dreams and your nightmares.

JANE

I'm thinking of this as more of a friends thing –

SPENCER

Nonsense. Prepare to have your feet swept from under you – although I must warn you that due to my asthma I am incapable of physically lifting you, and judging by your physique you're not thin enough for me to lift – I think it's important, though, that women have curves, it helps with birthing, but also, I need to prepare you – because of my acute food allergies we will not be dining at a restaurant, but instead I will prepare a sumptuous meal of peanut butter sandwiches in Ziploc bags. There may also be some gluten-free jello. I also feel compelled to mention that I have a sweating problem, usually it only occurs when I'm stressed out at large public gatherings, like a dance – I have a spray that I can use on my pores, but unfortunately it's a little sulfuric in nature so it accentuates my natural body odor – Also, I get vertigo sometimes in cars, so instead of driving you to the dance, I have a tandem bicycle we can ride – you can be in the back because you probably weigh more and your thighs look pretty strong, we're going to need those to go up the hill between your house and the school. Am I forgetting anything? Oh yes – if you fall in love with me, which is quite possible given my magnetism and knowledge of algebra, you're going to need to know that Wonder Woman will always come first in my heart. Okay? This is going to be magic.

(Lights change back to the house.)

BLAKE MOORE

Honey, I'm home!

(NATASHA looks at him.)

Ah, domestic bliss. Let us have a look at the cleanliness of the house, shall we?

NATASHA

Why?

BLAKE MOORE

As a housewife, your role is to maintain a clean and efficient household.

NATASHA

I have not done this.

BLAKE MOORE

I see. So are you leading me to believe that I spend all day slaving away at a fake job, and you do nothing at home?

NATASHA

I am watching American Soap Opera. Your people are stupid.

BLAKE MOORE

Oh really?

NATASHA

And you do not have real job. You go to park and watch pigeons.

BLAKE MOORE

That is tiring.

NATASHA

And it's Saturday!

BLAKE MOORE

And there are no pigeons on Saturday?!

NATASHA

Bah!

BLAKE MOORE

That's it! I want out! You're suffocating me! And not in the way you did before when you tried to kill me with a pillow but in an emotional way!

NATASHA

Oh and marriage is bag of cats for me!

BLAKE MOORE

Well it's not a bag of cats for me either, even though I don't know what that is.

NATASHA

It means good time in Russian.

BLAKE MOORE

A bag of cats is a good time?

NATASHA

They are cute and fluffy. And it is cold in Russia so you can keep warm with them. Bag of cats is not the issue!

BLAKE MOORE

You don't respect my fake job!

NATASHA

I am not housewife! I do not clean! I do not cook!

BLAKE MOORE

That's it! The thrill is gone! Gone I tell you! I'm going to find a new European model to have an affair with!

NATASHA

And I find new dashing American spy!

BLAKE MOORE

You wouldn't!

NATASHA

Try me.

(They stare at each other.)

BLAKE MOORE

Wait a second. Do you know what's going on here?

NATASHA

What?

BLAKE MOORE

We've had our first normal person fight.

NATASHA

So this is how they do it.

BLAKE MOORE

Incredible. I find you extremely attractive right now.

NATASHA

You are devastating like box of sheep.

BLAKE MOORE

I hope that means handsome in Russian.

NATASHA

Everything about sheep is handsome in Russian.

(BLAKE snaps his fingers and tango music begins. They are about to dance when JOEY enters in a tuxedo.)

JOEY

This is just beautiful what you guys got right here.

BLAKE MOORE

That means a lot fake son.

JOEY

I'm gonna need to borrow the car tonight. I got that dance thing.

BLAKE MOORE

Oh. Where the spy's going to kidnap the astronaut?

JOEY

Yeah.

BLAKE MOORE

All right. But try not use the oil slick option – I've really been wanting to try that out.

JOEY

Yo Jane! You ready!

(JANE enters in prom dress.)

JANE

How do I look?

NATASHA

You look like little spy. My heart is crying.

BLAKE MOORE

Now darling, there are a few things I need to tell you on the eve of your first dance. First, most likely someone will try to kill you tonight. Don't let them.

NATASHA

I remember my first formal dance. There was super-genius there with beautiful henchman. Oh – henchman.

BLAKE MOORE

Do you have a concealed weapon?

JANE

I didn't think I had a license to kill.

BLAKE MOORE

Oh that's right.

JANE

Can I borrow yours?

BLAKE MOORE

You'll get your license when you get older.

JANE

But it would be really helpful right now.

BLAKE MOORE

Sweetheart, I know you want to grow up quickly and be allowed to shoot to kill like your parents, but these things take time. And government clearance. And lastly, if you date tries anything tonight that makes you uncomfortable, remember that you can take one of your hair clips and pierce him through the throat with it.

NATASHA

Husband no. Do not wound date.

BLAKE MOORE

I'm just saying if he starts to reach for anything he shouldn't be reaching for… maim him.

NATASHA

Oh and you didn't grabby grabby at the dance?

BLAKE MOORE

I was defending national security.

NATASHA

That's what they all say.

(the doorbell rings. BLAKE dives to the side and pulls out a gun.)

JANE

Fake Dad that's just my date!

JOEY

It's cool! Everything's cool! I got this.

(JOEY exits to answer the door. DEBBIE is there, breathless.)

DEBBIE

Joey!

JOEY

Debbie. I was gonna pick you up.

DEBBIE

I couldn't wait. I walked the three miles over here. In high heels. I think I twisted an ankle or something but pain means nothing now that I see your face.

JOEY

That's great. Uh… you wanna meet my parents?

DEBBIE

If you want me to.

JOEY

Do you want me to want you to?

DEBBIE

I want you to want me to do anything you want to do.

(pause)

JOEY

What?

DEBBIE

I don't know what I just said.

JANE

This is killing me! Mom, Dad, this is Debbie, Joey's weird date.

BLAKE MOORE

I'm enchanted to meet you.

NATASHA

Hello American.

DEBBIE

Hi. I just want to say that…

(the doorbell rings. BLAKE dives to the side and pulls out his gun again.)

Ah!

JOEY

That's okay that's what our family does.

JANE

Joey, can you get the door?

JOEY

No.

JANE

Fine. I'll do it.

(She answers it. SPENCER is standing there in a ridiculous tuxedo.)

SPENCER

Greetings!

JANE

Hello.

SPENCER

May I come in?

JANE

Sure.

SPENCER

You know if I were a vampire you just lost all power over me.

JANE

Okay. Hey everyone – this is Spencer… my date.

BLAKE MOORE

Oh darling. What have you done?

JANE

This is my Dad, and my Mom, and you know my brother Joey and his date Debbie.

DEBBIE

I'm more than just a date.

JANE

Fine. More than just a date.

JOEY

Yeah you are. You're my everything.

DEBBIE

You mean that?

JOEY

I mean it so much.

DEBBIE

You're my everything plus one.

JANE

They'll be disgusting us tonight.

SPENCER *(holding forth a corsage)*

Here.

(He tries to pin it on her.)

JANE

Wait, just – ow.

SPENCER

Whoops. Let me try again.

JANE

Ow.

SPENCER

Darn it. Hold on.

JANE

How bout it goes on my wrist?

SPENCER

Oh. Sorry. Well, I've prepared a little speech.

JANE

No that's okay –

SPENCER

Family of Priscilla! Hear me now.

(They stop to hear him.)

I come in peace. Ha ha. Just kidding. But I'm sure you're wondering about who the new mystery man in your daughter slash sister's life is. Who could he be? Who could it be that has captured her heart? Is he a weightlifter? An athlete? A rock and roll musician? No. But he does enjoy twisting his hips occasionally, provided that it's not too rigorous or suggestive. Allow me to dispel the mystery: I'm a Pisces, I think that tells you everything you need to know. Ha ha ha.

(no one laughs with him)

Thought I'd get a little bit more of a laugh there. This material was really killing at my house earlier. Okay… skipping a little bit – What you need to know is that I am a gentlemen one hundred percent. And although I'm hoping to do some petting tonight* –

*<*This line may be changed to I'm hoping to so some kissing tonight>*

JANE *(cutting him off)*

STOP!

SPENCER

If you'd let me finish, I was going to add that it was going to be respectful and mutually pleasurable.

BLAKE MOORE

All right, I've heard enough. Allow me to have a little speech of my own. I remember what it was like to be a young man, with a beautiful girl on my arm… of course I was a lot more attractive than you are and quite a bit more dashing – still, I do recall what goes through a young man's mind on a date – and I'd like to add that I'm an expert marksman, am skilled at reconnaissance, and will most likely be following you quite invisibly throughout the night. Also, it is not inconceivable that I could shoot the glasses off your face from a hundred yards. That's all.

NATASHA

Okay let us doing pictures now.

(NATASHA takes out her camera. The two couples pose.)

Say Smile.

BLAKE MOORE

It's say cheese.

NATASHA

Why cheese?

BLAKE MOORE

That's just what we say.

NATASHA

Cheese has nothing to do with smile.

BLAKE MOORE

I understand that.

NATASHA

Say Cheese then stupid Americans.

ALL FOUR

Cheese!

(She snaps the photo.)

NATASHA

Again.

(she snaps a photo.)

Again.

(she snaps another photo faster)

Again!

(photo faster – she takes the next pictures in rapid succession)

Again! Again! AGAIN AGAIN AGAIN!

(NATASHA drops the camera, shaking.)

Sorry. In Russia photos are not fun. Okay – you have nice night.

(Lights change.)

(JANE steps forward as the other three create a dinner table. DEBBIE and JOEY sit uncomfortably close, while SPENCER removes a peanut butter sandwich from a Ziploc bag.)

JANE *(to the audience)*

What's there to say about the dinner?

SPENCER

Where are the ingredients on this menu? Excuse me – excuse me waitress – why aren't the ingredients listed? Some people have food allergies you know.

JOEY

You know something?

DEBBIE

What?

JOEY

This Penne pasta reminds me of you.

DEBBIE

It does?

JOEY

Cause it tastes good.

DEBBIE

That's the most romantic thing anyone's ever said to me.

(they cuddle.)

SPENCER

Priscilla, this peanut butter sandwich reminds me of you. Cause it's… round… and chunky. In a good way, though.

JANE *(to the audience)*

Let's just say it's a good thing I didn't have a concealed weapon on me.

SPENCER

Can I give you some relationship advice?

(DEBBIE and JOEY stop cuddling and look at him.)

I might not have a lot of experience in relationships, but um… the flame that burns brightest, burns shortest.

JOEY

Are you callin me short?

SPENCER

I just think you need to water down your passion for a little while. That's all.

DEBBIE

Excuse me?

JOEY

You got some kinda problem with love?

SPENCER

You're just a little effusive in your affection. I think that if one couple on a date is… amorous, then the second couple needs to be amorous too.

JANE

I don't think that's a rule.

JOEY

Hey. We can't help ourselves.

DEBBIE

We don't want to help ourselves.

JOEY

Even better. You're the kinda guy who hates swans cause they're beautiful, you know.

DEBBIE

That was so deep.

JOEY

You think so?

DEBBIE

Yes. I do.

JOEY

I think you're a swan.

DEBBIE

You're a swan too.

JOEY

I want to swim around with you in the water, like a swan. And eat bugs like swans do.

(they cuddle.)

(JANE steps away from them.)

JANE *(to the audience)*

It went on like that –

SPENCER

I think you're a bird too. Um… like a pigeon. A beautiful pigeon. Not like a city pigeon but like a country pigeon. You ever see a pigeon with just one leg? You're not like that. You have two legs.

JANE *(to the audience)*

I almost forgot the Soviet plot to kidnap an astronaut to learn space secrets. Almost. But luckily for me, we actually made it to the prom.

(The lights shift. The table clears to a dance floor. Bright lights. Maybe balloons.)

(DJ BOBBY swings in, with sunglasses and a microphone.)

DJ BOBBY BREEZE

Hey all you hep cats and hep kitties! Welcome to Prom 1961! I am your host with the mostest, DJ Bobby Breeze, on loan from WJAY, the coolest, swingiest, radio station in the state! Let's get things a rocking and a rolling with a message from your prom king – the one, the only Bruce Walker!

(BRUCE, in a tux, takes the microphone.)

BRUCE

Thank you Bobby.

DJ BOBBY BREEZE

You can call me the Breeze!

BRUCE

Thanks, Breeze.

DJ BOBBY BREEZE

No it's "The Breeze."

BRUCE

Thanks, "The Breeze."

DJ BOBBY BREEZE

Now, you're rocking!

(DJ BOBBY BREEZE takes the microphone back.)

Let's hear it for the Prom King everyone! Now all you kitties and cats out there, let's hit it!

(He starts a song.)

(Various couples begin dancing serenely in the background, including BERT and LUCY, TOM and SALLY, and MISS MILLY and MR. BLIX)

(JEZEBEL, MYRA, and DORIS enter, dressed to the nines.)

JEZEBEL

Hi Priscilla!

JANE

What are you guys doing here?

DORIS

We took your advice – we're not waiting for a man any more! We're seizing life!

MYRA

Seizing it!

DORIS

And all thanks to you!

JEZEBEL

I'm on the prowl, ladies! Watch out! I'm going out there and taking what I want!

(JEZEBEL grabs TOM and tosses SALLY to the ground.)

SALLY

Ack!

JEZEBEL

Hello.

TOM

Hello.

JEZEBEL

Let's dance.

TOM

Whatever you say.

JEZEBEL

That's right.

SALLY

What is going on!

DORIS

Women's liberation! Or at least women stealing other men.

MYRA

I'm still not going to do that.

DORIS

Give us advice!

MYRA

We are your soldiers!

JANE

Um… Enjoy life!

DORIS

Yes! That's what I've been waiting to hear!

(DORIS and MYRA start dancing, maybe grabbing a RANDOM BOY or two.)

DJ BOBBY BREEZE

Oh it's getting in hot in here! Time for The Breeze!

(JOEY and DEBBIE enter. DJ BOBBY BREEZE accosts them.)

Hey there hep cat what's your handle!

JOEY

Um… my name's Joey.

DEBBIE

And I'm Joey's girl!

JOEY

This is Snack Cakes.

DJ BOBBY BREEZE

Let's see what you've got on the dance floor! Hit it!

(He changes the song to something a bit more upbeat, something like "Yellow Polka Dot Bikini".)

JOEY

Let's do this.

(He starts to dance impressively.)

DJ BOBBY BREEZE

Wowie zowie those are some moves! Where did you learn to dance like that?

JOEY

In the mob.

DJ BOBBY BREEZE

All right the dance mob!

JOEY

We dance a lot in the mob.

DJ BOBBY BREEZE

Okay then! Let's find another couple to hit the dance floor! I've got my breeze-o-meter here – let's find some kids out there in love.

(He swings around and stops, pointing directly at JANE and SPENCER.)

Here's a little lady and her stud! When did you two crazy kids know it was true love?

SPENCER *(taking the microphone)*

I played hard to get at first. I try to dress stylishly to attract females. Clearly it worked.

JANE *(trying to take the microphone)*

Can I just say that –

SPENCER *(taking the microphone back)*

From the first moment she saw me, I think Priscilla here was overcome with feelings. We're taking it slow though.

JANE *(trying to take the monologue)*

But we're not really –

DJ BOBBY BREEZE

Let's see what the Breeze-O-Meter says!

(He begins making sound effects)

Boopy Boopity Bop Bop Bop! It's Love! All right let's hear it for these sweethearts! But now comes the true test of their passion! Can they bring it to the dance floor!

JANE

Actually, Spencer has a lot of physical problems which prevent him –

SPENCER

This time I'll dance!

JANE

Yay.

DJ BOBBY BREEZE

Let's see what you got!

(Upbeat music begins. SPENCER starts dancing freakishly. JANE tries to dance, unhappily.)

That's right! Woo hoo!

(They dance more.)

Let's keep the music going! Freezy Breezey Pudding Pie! That girl can move!

(The music stops.)

Okay fellas and gals out there, you've just seen poetry in motion here. Let's top it off with a lover's kiss, shall we?

JANE

I feel sick. I'm feeling very contagious right now. I have a lot germs and –

SPENCER

I'm game for it, DJ Bobby.

DJ BOBBY BREEZE

That's the spirit! No need to be shy, Priscilla. You're among friends. So let's put one hand here and one hand here and don't move those hands, kids!

(He places SPENCER's hands on JANE's waist. SPENCER sticks out his lips. He tries to move his lips and only his lips closer to JANE, who tries to move her lips away.

BRUCE *(charging in)*

Wait!

(Everyone stops.)

SPENCER

But I –

(JANE shoves SPENCER out of the way without looking at him.)

JANE

Yes, Bruce?

BRUCE

I have to say something. Priscilla, I – I hope you'll be happy together.

DJ BOBBY FREEZE

We all hope they'll be happy together so that's why –

(JANE snags the microphone.)

JANE

Wait a minute. Bruce – I don't know what you're planning on doing here tonight, but I know that you're dreamy –

PRISCILLA

Hey!

JANE

And the kiss we shared, and the gum, was the best moment of my life.

SPENCER

You were cheating on me?!

JANE

Oh stuff it, Spencer. So… please… from the bottom of my heart – if you are planning on doing something terrible tonight – please don't.

(PRISCILLA seizes the microphone.)

PRISCILLA

I've heard just about enough of this drivel! First of all, Bruce loves me –

JANE

But he kissed me.

PRISCILLA

So? He's a boy! It doesn't mean anything!

JEZEBEL

That's what I've been saying –

PRISCILLA

And second –

DJ BOBBY BREEZE

I hate to interrupt this catfight, but we've got a special prize for all you kids out there. That's right, America's number one spaceman, Dr. Robert Ness! He's helping our great country beat the Russians at the very most important thing in the entire universe – putting someone on the moon! Wow! Say hello to all those moon girls up there!

(DR. ROBERT, wearing a kind of weird spaceman, get up, walks onto the stage to applause. PRISCILLA, JANE, SPENCER, and BRUCE are shunted to the side to watch.)

DR. ROBERT

Thanks, DJ. That was quite an introduction.

DJ BOBBY BREEZE

You're quite a guy!

DR. ROBERT

People of Earth: I come in peace. Just kidding, folks.

DORIS

I love you!

DR. ROBERT *(trying to smile)*

That's nice to hear, but um…

DORIS *(screaming)*

I love you! I love you I love you I love you –

DR. ROBERT

Okay, well, I see the space program is popular –

(DJ BOBBY BREEZE takes the microphone)

DR BOBBY BREEZE

I'll handle this. I've got some experience with groupies. Lots of experience.

(calls out to DORIS like he's yelling at a dog.)

NO! NO! NO!

(back to DR. ROBERT)

There you go.

DR. ROBERT

As I was saying, we at NASA are committed to opening the universe to exploration. American exploration. It's all part of our patriotic duty to defeat our enemies at everything, whether that's nuclear war, or weightlifting, or table tennis. We must win. Always. At everything. No exceptions. Right now we have chess experts learning chess and how to make those little statues that go inside of other little statues and -

(BRUCE approaches)

BRUCE

Well, Mr. Astronaut man, I have to say that we here on Earth really appreciate the work you're doing, and allow me to present you with –

(He starts taking something out of his pocket)

JANE

It's a trap!

(BLAKE MOORE rolls in, with gun. He holds an egg to his mouth.)

BLAKE MOORE

Knockout gas!

(Everyone passes out, except for JANE and JOEY, who pull out eggs.)

JANE

What are you doing?

BLAKE MOORE

Let's get him out of here!

JOEY *(to DEBBIE's unconscious body)*

I'm gonna miss you Snack Cakes.

(JOEY and BLAKE MOORE grab DR. ROBERT and drag him out.)

PRISCILLA

Not so fast!

(PRISCILLA puts up a bagel to her mouth.)

JOEY *(to JANE)*

Hey uh – handle this, will ya?

JANE

Gladly.

(JANE and PRISCILLA face off, lowering their mouth guards.)

So it was you.

PRISCILLA

I was about to say the same thing, Priscilla, or should I say secret agent Priscilla?

JANE

You could say secret agent Priscilla, but then I would say secret agent Priscilla back to you.

PRISCILLA

I don't understand what you're saying.

JANE

Neither do I.

PRISCILLA

Well then – if I have to go through you to get the astronaut, so be it.

JANE

You and what army?

PRISCILLA

Oh I don't need an army, I just need –

(she takes out a ruler)

This.

JANE

You think a ruler scares me?

(JANE takes out two pencils.)

Time to go to school.

PRISCILLA

Let's see if you measure up.

(She attacks! A ridiculous fight sequence to tango music begins. (feel free to choreograph however you like during the lines below.))

(PRISCILLA swings with her ruler, JANE dodges, then fights back with her pencils.)

JANE

What's your real name? Olga?

PRISCILLA

What's yours? Svetlana?

JANE

Ha!

(PRISCILLA removes her high heels and throws one at JANE, missing.)

Looks like your aim is as good as your fashion sense.

PRISCILLA

How dare you!

(PRISCILLA knocks the pencils out of JANE's hands.)

I'm gonna bisect you like a quadrilateral.

(JANE removes her corsage and points it, pin first at PRISCILLA.)

JANE

Oh I still have a few pins up my sleeve.

PRISCILLA

Those things hurt.

JANE

But they smell fantastic.

(JANE attacks with her corsage, disarming PRISCILLA.)

PRISCILLA

That was your last move.

(She takes off her corsage.)

My date spent more on this than yours, by the way.

JANE

That's okay. I bet mine will hurt just as much.

(They attack again. The corsages get ruined. They resort to hairpulling and headlocks. Maybe a few punches to the stomach and attempts to kick, which is hard to do in a full-length dress. Finally, JANE gets the better of PRISCILLA.)

Well well well. Guess we just learned who's the queen bee. Buzz Buzz. Looks like the astronaut is safe.

PRISCILLA

What are you talking about?

JANE

Your evil communist Russian plan.

PRISCILLA

You're the evil communist Russian.

JANE

No I'm pretty sure you're the evil spy. At first I thought it was Bruce due to his Russian gum –

PRISCILLA

I gave him that gum. How did you get it?

JANE

First of all – yuck. Second of all… he gave it to me.

PRISCILLA

I gave it to him in a wrapper.

JANE

Oh thank goodness.

PRISCILLA

It was a souvenir my CIA trainer gave me.

JANE

Well it was a – what?

PRISCILLA

My CIA trainer.

JANE

You had a CIA trainer?

PRISCILLA

Where do you think I'd been trained?

JANE

I don't know, Moscow?

PRISCILLA

That's where you've been trained.

JANE

Wait a minute.

(The phone rings. JANE takes out her dead squirrel phone.)
Hello?

FIZZ *(speaking into his beaver phone)*
Agent Doe! We've been double-crossed!

JANE
You know I was just starting to think that.

FIZZ
Proceed immediately to home base! There's still a chance you can save them!

JANE
On it.
(FIZZ hangs up.)
Um… I think maybe I've been working for the wrong side.
(A phone rings.)

PRISCILLA
That must be me.
(PRISCILLA takes out a dead rabbit phone.)
Hello? Oh. Okay.
(She hangs up her rabbit.)
Fizz says you're cool.

JANE
You know Fizz?

PRISCILLA
He gave me this dress.

JANE
It's so pretty.

PRISCILLA
Your dress is pretty too.

JANE
Hey. Sorry I tried to kill you.

PRISCILLA
I'm sorry I tried to kill you.

JANE
And I'm sorry I tried to steal your boyfriend.

PRISCILLA

And I'm sorry I used my popularity as a weapon to destroy you. It's really just my own insecurity.

JANE

You're insecure?! But you're so pretty!

PRISCILLA

I know but I feel threatened by other pretty girls, so I lash out.

JANE

That's so great that you think I'm pretty!

PRISCILLA

All right, let's go kick some butt.

(They begin to exit.)

JANE

Should we um… help people?

PRISCILLA

They'll be fine. Probably.

(They exit. Lights change. Secret agent music plays. The scene shifts back to the house.)

(DR. ROBERT is tied to a chair. NATASHA, BLAKE MOORE, and JOEY hover nearby.)

DR. ROBERT

Why are you doing this? You're supposed to be working for our side?

BLAKE MOORE

Let's make one thing clear. I'm working for my side. You think I like being relegated to pretending to be Daddy? I'm the best super-spy there is. I could be doing anything. Instead, I have to babysit a little girl.

NATASHA

And I am Russian. So I am evil.

JOEY

I'm misunderstood. By people. You know, other people. Except for Debbie, who I love.

BLAKE MOORE

Enough talk. Now it's time for you to talk. Tell us the secrets of the space program.

DR. ROBERT

What do you mean?

BLAKE MOORE

You know, the secrets.

DR. ROBERT

There aren't really any secrets – it's complicated math. You just have to figure out.

NATASHA

That is not what Russia wants to hear!

BLAKE MOORE

Well then, perhaps Natasha will be forced to get persuasive.

NATASHA

I can be very persuasive.

(JANE and PRISCILLA bust in from the opposite side of the stage.)

JANE

Not so fast, Mommy!

BLAKE MOORE

On to our little double-cross, are you?

JANE

Yes! Now! It took me a little while, but I got it. How could you?

BLAKE MOORE

It's not that hard, actually. You pretend to be with one side, and then secretly you begin talking to the other side, and then –

JANE

I meant in a general sense!

JOEY

Uh… you know, I'm up for anything.

JANE

I trusted you!

PRISCILLA

So did I!

JANE

You did?

PRISCILLA

I just needed to say something. But I'm friends with Debbie, so I feel a little betrayed too. She's not gonna deal with this well.

JOEY

She got friends.

JANE

It doesn't matter! The game is up! Release the astronaut!

BLAKE MOORE

Very well – you win this round… wait a minute – I'm not going to release the astronaut. Be serious. Look at you and then look at us.

JANE

What?

BLAKE MOORE

You're a little girl. Please. Did you even bring a weapon?

(JANE and PRISCILLA search themselves for weapons.)

PRISCILLA

Maybe we should have brought weapons.

JANE

I thought you had a weapon.

PRISCILLA

I had that ruler.

JANE

That's not a weapon –

PRISCILLA

But in the right hands –

BLAKE MOORE

See this? I have a gun. And I also have a license to kill, which you also do not have.

JOEY

I really want one of those.

BLAKE MOORE

Maybe later, Joey. So you see, really, the situation is hopeless. I mean, honestly, you're girls.

JANE

So?

BLAKE MOORE

You should be in the kitchen making brownies, not trying to solve international problems. A woman's place is in the home.

PRISCILLA

He's right.

JANE

He's not right! I'm just as capable of doing anything as a man!

BLAKE MOORE

Really? Can you pee standing up?*
*(*Feel free to cut this line)*
How about I give you a math problem?

PRISCILLA

Math is hard.

JANE

I can do your math. If I get it right, you let the astronaut go.

BLAKE MOORE

No, why would I do that? I'm just trying to prove a point here.

JANE

Oh come on!

BLAKE MOORE

Oh boo hoo. Fine: If you can answer my question, I'll let the stupid astronaut go.

JOEY

What are you doin?

BLAKE MOORE

She's a girl. I've seen her report card. Here you go: Solve the following system! 2X +2Y equals 24! X minus Y equals sixteen! You have five seconds!

JANE *(very quickly)*

X equals sixteen! Y equals negative two!

PRISCILLA

Is that right?

BLAKE MOORE

Well now. I see you know your algebra. Unfortunately, I had my fingers crossed.

JANE

This is so typical! You just change the rule mid-stream!

PRISCILLA

Let it go, he had his fingers crossed. That means it doesn't count.

JANE

That means you cheated!

BLAKE MOORE

No it means I'm better at Math. Because I'm a man and you're dumb. Because you're a girl. All right, you had your fake chance, now get out, because we're going to learn the secrets of the American Space Program which allow the Soviet Union to put men on the moon in five years, on Mars within ten, and then the whole solar system will fall under Russian control! Yes indeed, once people get on the moon, there'll be no stopping us. We'll just keep going and going and making new discoveries and building bigger ships and bigger ships! Nothing could possibly stop that.

JOEY

You'd have to be pretty stupid to stop space progress.

BLAKE MOORE

Indeed.

End of Excerpt.
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