

SPIES

TEN MINUTE PLAY

By David J. LeMaster

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SYNOPSIS: They've made contact. Exchanged secret codes. Traded top secrets. But Agent 62455 has been tricked. And now, with spies watching spies who are covering spies, 62455 and AABBC will battle to the death using a spy's most secret and deadly weapon...the stare!

CAST OF CHARACTERS
(2 EITHER)

1 (m/f)

2 (m/f)

AT RISE:

Two people, 1 and 2, approach each other. They both look nervous. They both wear disguises. 1 looks at 2, looks around to be sure no one is listening, and then speaks softly.

1: Hello.

2: Hello.

1: Nice day, don't you think?

2: Yes. Isn't it.

1: Hmm. I was just wondering if. . . (*Very deliberate.*) The rain in Spain falls mainly on the plain.

2: What was that?

1: I said, the rain in Spain falls mainly on the plain.

2: That's from My Fair Lady, right?

1: (*Alarmed.*) Forget it.

2: No, really. I know it wasn't Sound of Music, but it's Julie Andrews.

1: I said forget it.

2: Where are you going?

1: Never you mind.

2: How did that tune go? (*Tries to sing.*) Was that it?

1: Please. Go away.

2: Why?

1: Beat it.

2: Or was it - (*Sings dramatically.*) Oklahoma! Where the wind goes sweeping down the plain?

1: (*Shocked.*) Did you just say, "Oklahoma?"

2: You heard me.

1: Alas, poor Yorik.

2: First thing, let's kill all the lawyers.

1: This shall determine that.

2: You have made worms' meat out of me.

1: So it is you, Agent 00210753.6!

2: Not so loud, you idiot! Do you want someone to hear us?

1: (*Lowers voice.*) Why didn't you answer when I gave you the secret code?

2: Shhh! (*Points.*) See the guy across the street?

1: Yeah?

- 2: He's watching.
1: I'll take him out.
2: Wait! He may only be an innocent bystander.
1: Then why is he watching us?
2: Because we've been singing show tunes for the last five minutes.
1: Oh. Yeah.
2: We've got to test him. Pretend I just said something funny.
1: Huh?
2: Laugh.
1: Ha ha.
2: For real. Laugh and then look away.
1: *(Follows directions, pause.)* Is he still watching?
2: Yes.
1: What'll we do?
2: Sit tight a sec. Did you bring the package?
1: Yes.
2: Where is it?
1: Under my coat.
2: Give it to me.
1: Is he still watching?
2: No. Give it to me. *(They make an inconspicuous exchange. Pause.)* Mazel Tav.
1: *(Taken aback.)* What was that?
2: Help me, Obi One Kenobi. You're my only hope.
1: *(Horried.)* I see the bad moon a'risin'!
2: The day the music died.
1: Hold your horses.
2: Don't count your chickens.
1: Mares eat oats, and does eat oats, and little lambs eat ivy.
2: A kid'll eat ivy, too. Wouldn't you?
1: HOW MANY ROADS MUST A MAN WALK DOWN?
2: *(Grins.)* IS THERE BALM IN GILEAD?
1: You're not Agent 00210753.6!
2: Of course not! I'm Double Agent AABBC! And I've been watching you, Agent 62455.
1: I should have known!
2: Too bad your friend across the street walked away.

- 1: Give me back that package!
- 2: Never!
- 1: Then I'll take it from you. (*Strikes fight pose.*)
- 2: You'll have to kill me first!

They fight. Lots of kicks, chops, etc. Neither can overcome the other.

- 2: You fight well, 62455. But not well enough.
- 1: Give it back.
- 2: Never! Do you see the man reading the paper on the street corner? He's one of our agents. And at this very moment, he's holding a gun on you.
- 1: You fiend!
- 2: Surrender!
- 1: Never. Do you see the fire hydrant?
- 2: Yes?
- 1: I've got an agent in there. And he's got you covered as well.
- 2: The woman pushing the baby carriage. Inside it is an antiballistic missile.
- 1: The men moving the pianos. It's not really a piano. It's a piano-shaped bazooka.
- 2: The Ford across the street is filled with our agents.
- 1: The chopper in the sky is filled with ours.
- 2: The little old woman over there!
- 1: The guy tossing pizza!
- 2: Yeah, but the pizza belongs to us. It's really a laser homing device disguised as a pizza, and it allows our satellites in orbit to target the top of your head.
- 1 and 2: We've got you completely surrounded!
- 1: There's only one way to determine this.
- 2: What's that?
- 1: The stare.
- 2: No!
- 1: Yes.
- 2: It's been outlawed by the international conference of spies. Too dangerous.
- 1: Then surrender the package.

- 2: I'll die first.
1: Then prepare for—the stare.
2: One word from me , and my spies will shoot your spies.
1: They won't. The international spy code says once the stare challenge has been issued, nobody can interfere. It's like a duel in the old west. A joust in the Renaissance. A standardized test in high school. You have no choice. Fight or die.
2: Very well.

They roll their sleeves up, prepare clothing, etc. 2, nervous, puts the package down. They separate themselves by five paces.

- 1: On three.
2: Three. Right.
1: One. Two. Three!

They launch into intense, serious stares. Long pause.

- 1: Your stare is strong. Far stronger than I expected.
2: Indeed, you fool. You've underestimated me. I am the master of the stare.
1: What? You mean—
2: That's right. I am—the *stare master*.
1: I've been tricked!
2: They knew you were coming, Agent 62455. They've tracked you for weeks, and they sent me, to assassinate you!
1: No! It cannot be!
2: So, en garde!
1: En garde!

They stare again, but this time it's twice as intense. They both strain with the effort, wincing, groaning, until both fall back, exhausted.

- 2: So. You are just as good as they say.
1: Oh, you foolish, foolish man. Learn the science of the stare from the real master.
2: You'll never defeat me! I have a secret weapon.

- 1: Oh?
2: I know—the Nuclear Stare!
1: What????

2 strikes a pose. 1 shrieks in horror.

- 1: My eyes! My eyes! For the love of—
2: Give up!
1: No! For the love of my family. The honor of my country. Must...
hold...

2 must relinquish the Nuclear Stare. They both pant, exhausted.

- 2: You broke it once. But not even you are lucky enough to break a
Nuclear Stare a second time.
1: It isn't luck, AABBC. I have the answer to the Nuclear Stare.
2: Not the—
1: Yes! The Disarmament Stare!

1 strikes a pose. This time, 2 shrieks.

- 2: Must. . . hold. . . up. . .
1: It's no use!
2: No. . . NO! NOOOOOOOOOO!
1: Give up the package, AABBC!
2: Not while I'm still breathing, 62455. For I know—the Magnifi-Stare!
1: Not that!

2 strikes another pose. 1 is stunned.

- 1: Gasp! But I can disarm you with the Petrified Stare!

Another pose. From this point they strike pose after pose.

- 2: The Combustible Stare!
1: The Hollow Stare!
2: The Embarrass-Stare!

- 1: The Putrid Stare!
2: The Reverse Putrid Stare with an Evil Eye Wink!
1: The Double-Reverse Putrid Stare with an Evil Eye Wipeout.
2: The Double-Reverse Putrid Stare with an Evil Eye Wipeout Wink
Wisp Willow Wander Whistle Whomp!
1: Aaarg!
2: Surrender or die!
1: Never! I have not yet begun to fight.
2: What? Surely you have no other tricks—
1: Just one more. . . . A Reverse Double-Reverse Slow Motion Infra-
red Evil Eye Bolt Action Double-Barrel Twisted Water-Crested Iris
Diphthong with extra blinking, winking, and eyebrow wagging!
2: (*Struggling for breath.*) Nooo!
1: Die! Die!
2: Please! Have mercy.
1: The package! Give me the package.
2: Yes. (*Starts to give up.*) No. Wait. You forgot just one thing,
62455.
1: What's that?
2: I have—a mirror!

*2 holds the mirror in front of his face. Both explode with a series of
faces, etc., and fall to their knees, exhausted.*

- 1: You. . . filthy . . . spy.
2: You. . . dirty. . . fiend.
1: Can't. . . go . . . on.
2: The package.
1: No.
2: Must. . . take. . . the package.
1: No! It's my duty. . . . as an American. . . . to keep you from—
2: Wait a second.
1: What?
2: Did you say duty as an American?
1: Yes, you filthy spy.
2: Hold it. I'm an American, too.
1: What? I thought you were working for the European Union.

- 2: Don't be ridiculous.
- 1: The Communists?
- 2: No.
- 1: Terrorists? Nazis?
- 2: I thought you were working for the KGB.
- 1: KGB? FBI!
- 2: CIA.
- 1: I don't believe it.
- 2: I've got a signed order from the President. *(Takes out ID.)* See?
- 1: Gee. Me, too. *(Takes out ID.)*
- 2: Then all those guys you mentioned surrounding me are—
- 1: FBI. Yours—
- 2: CIA.
- 1: Great.
- 2: Terrific.
- 1: So. Uh. Sorry I had to hit you with that Reverse Double-Reverse Slow Motion Infra-red Evil Eye Bolt Action Double-Barrel Twisted Water-Crested Iris Diphthong with extra blinking, winking, and eyebrow wagging.
- 2: Well. You know. All in a day's work, I say.
- 1: So. Got plans for dinner?
- 2: Not really.
- 1: There's this great Italian restaurant just around the corner.
- 2: Oh. Yeah. Great. *(They get up to leave.)* But I get to hold the package.
- 1: I hold the package.
- 2: Give me that package!

They start another fight.

Blackout.

THE END

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