

*From Spy School, by Don Zolidis, ©2011*

### **From Spy School**

JANE, 17, typical American teenager in 1961.

JOEY, her spy brother, undercover, probably about 40 years old from The Bronx

DEBBIE, 17, typical stupid American teenager.

*JANE needs to find a date for Homecoming in order to thwart a Soviet Plot.*

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

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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.

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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.

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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.