

Secret Agent Man

By Tony Howell

Based on an idea by Mitch Comparet

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SYNOPSIS

Matt is a former secret agent who is determined to live a normal life after he was nearly blown up on his last mission. But then he finds out that his new life has been compromised and agents from around the world want him dead. He has to stay alive, capture assassin after assassin, and keep his buddies from getting killed, all while trying to figure out who blew his cover and actually wants him eliminated. The show has seven parts where the actor gets a great scene, gets to do a comic fight with the hero, and then is finished, making it perfect for cameos or people with limited rehearsal time. The show does lean heavily on the actor who plays Matt as he's on stage for most of the show and is in all seven of the comic fight scenes.

ORIGINAL PRODUCTION

The show was originally performed at Central Noble High School in Albion, Indiana in March of 2023 with the following cast:

Matt Jones	Robert Thompson
Samuel "Sloth" Harrison.....	Tucker Jordan
Jason "Ace" Fleetwood	Kade Baker
Boris.....	Cadyn Warren
Joe Smith	Brayden Fletcher
Nia Harding	Saige Faltermeier
Eden Barbary	Avery Phillips
Cinnamon Moore.....	Alexis Agler
Jade Tiger	Rylee Paris
Granny Belladonna	Amelia Simpson
Natasha.....	Tearuh Rice
Sister Mandy	Kayla Keirn
Andes Annie.....	Addasin Vandagriff
Miss T.	Joselyn Swank
Judith Harding	Dakota Davis
Mr. G.	Tony Howell
Boot Hill.....	Tomy Oliver
Cable Guy/Girl	Ryan Hotchkiss

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(5 m, 10 w, 3 flexible)

MEN:

MATT JONES: Former spy, now living with his buddies.

SAMUEL "SLOTH" HARRISON: Video game geek and one of Matt's best buds, roomie of Ace.

JASON "ACE" FLEETWOOD: Playboy and one of Matt's best buds, roomie of Sloth.

BORIS: A Russian spy out to kill Matt, disguised as the new neighbor.

JOE SMITH: Mr. G.'s new #1 spy. Also the Ninja.

WOMEN:

NIA HARDING: The young woman from the local laundromat.

EDEN BARBARY: Former spy and lover of Matt, may be the one trying to get him killed.

CINNAMON MOORE: The weather girl who just started dating Ace.

JADE TIGER: Chinese spy and assassin who wants to kill Matt.

GRANNY BELLADONNA: Sweet old lady who has poisoned knitting needles.

NATASHA: A Russian spy out to kill Matt, disguised as the wife of the new neighbor.

SISTER MANDY: AKA the Praying Mantis... man-killing spy whose cover is a nun.

ANDES ANNIE: Assassin from South America, singing telegram girl.

MISS T: Mr. G.'s secretary. Also the Ninja.

JUDITH HARDING: Nia's mother and tough owner of the local laundromat.

FLEXIBLE:

MR. / MRS. G.: Matt's boss from his days at the firm.

BOOT HILL: The murdering cowboy/cowgirl from Mexico.

CABLE GUY / GIRL

SETTING

The bachelor apartment of Sloth and Ace. There is a front door (which opens in), a door to a kitchen (which swings both ways) and two doors to bedrooms.

COSTUMES

Modern-day costumes although the spies should all be very comic-book/stereotypical.

SPECIAL NOTE

The original production found great success in planning the fights with the props and set pieces that were handy. We used couches and chairs that were sturdy and could be flipped over, and placed items such as pillows, popcorn, books, pizza boxes, clothes, laundry baskets and even remotes so that they could be used in various comic fights. We never took the fights too seriously, but they were actually intended to be creative and show Matt's resourcefulness as the assassins attacked him. No guns should appear in the show until Mrs. Harding shows up. Part of the fun is that the first person to use a gun isn't a secret agent, but the woman who owns a laundromat. Since none of the guns are ever fired, we were able to use foam dart guns and other toy weapons in the show which added to the comic effect. Keep in mind that noise is often what makes a staged fight fun, so the actors should be prepared to grunt, groan and yell as they fight.

ACT I

(AT RISE: A bachelor apartment. SLOTH is sitting on the couch and playing a video game on the TV. A few moments later, ACE comes out of the kitchen with MATT following.)

MATT: I appreciate you guys letting me stay here.

ACE: No problem, bro.

SLOTH: Yeah. We don't mind. As long as you're cool sleeping on the couch.

MATT: I don't care about that.

ACE: Of course, you'll have to get Sloth off the couch, first.

SLOTH: I get off the couch.

ACE: Only to go to work or the kitchen.

SLOTH: You kick me off every time you bring home one of your dates!

MATT: Come on, Ace. Are you still chasing every woman you see?

ACE: Can you think of a more interesting game?

SLOTH: *(Fill in the name of video game that he's currently playing.)*

ACE: More interesting than girls?

MATT: Games. That's still all you two care about, isn't it? You chase women and you chase zombies. When are you guys going to grow up and do something real with your lives?

SLOTH: Don't act all high and mighty, Matt. What have you been doing the last three years that lets you look down on us?

MATT: Grad school. You know that.

ACE: Yeah. Grad school. For what?

MATT: I told you. Statistics.

ACE: Yeah, right.

SLOTH: You expect us to believe that? You only passed algebra in college because I helped you.

MATT: So, I finally got the hang of it.

SLOTH: You want us to believe that the guy who only wanted to be a detective suddenly traded it all in for a career working at a desk and looking at spreadsheets?

MATT: I grew up and realized that there are safer and better paying ways to earn a living. That's all.

ACE: Look. You don't want to tell us what you've been up to these last three years. Fine. So we only got a couple of phone calls from you and no visits home. Fine. You're our pal and we won't ask questions.

SLOTH: Right. We've all been friends since kindergarten, so we'll have your back, even if you are lying to us. But don't act like you're the adult here and we're still little kids.

ACE: Exactly. Keep your privacy as tight as you want. But keep your judgment just as tight and to yourself, too.

SLOTH: Exactly.

MATT: I'm sorry. You're right. I have no business judging either one of you.

SLOTH: And when you're ready to be honest with us, we'll be here.

ACE: Well, Sloth will be here. I've got a date!

SLOTH: Who is it this time?

ACE: Her name is Cinnamon Moore and I've been trying to get her to go out with me for two weeks now.

MATT: You finally wore her down, did you?

ACE: She finally saw my positive attributes, thank you very much.

SLOTH: Is this the Cinnamon Moore who is the weathergirl on Channel 21?

ACE: Yup.

SLOTH: She's cute.

ACE: Yup.

SLOTH: You'd better let Matt use your bed tonight. Otherwise, it's going to be crowded on the couch when you convince her to stop in for some coffee.

ACE: What makes you think she wants coffee?

MATT: Cinnamon and coffee. Sounds like a great combo to me.

SLOTH: *(Laughing.)* Exactly. Besides, you've been using that coffee trick since we were college freshmen! Don't pretend we don't know what's going to happen.

MATT: He's got you there.

ACE: Well, feel free to sack out on my bed. I'll take the couch tonight. But not because I'll be serving coffee. Just because I'm a good host.

MATT: Whatever you say, Ace.

SLOTH: Besides. We're letting Matt have his privacy. I guess we can do the same for you.

ACE: Thanks for being so considerate. I'll see you both in the morning. *(Exits out the front door.)*

MATT: I'm hungry. Anything to eat around here.

SLOTH: I think there's popcorn, but that's about all. Ace was going to get some groceries today, but he ran into Maeve and forgot all about it.

MATT: Maeve?

SLOTH: She's a casting agent that's been trying to get Ace to sign on with her agency for commercials and stuff.

MATT: Ace is into acting for commercials?

SLOTH: No. Ace is into Maeve. So he keeps promising to sign on as a client. The only question is who gives in first. Does Ace sign on with Maeve's talent agency, or does Maeve sign on with Ace?

MATT: My money is on Ace.

SLOTH: You've got a bet.

MATT: What makes you think Ace will give in first?

SLOTH: I've seen Maeve.

MATT: *(Heading into the kitchen.)* You want popcorn?

SLOTH: Sure.

(MATT vanishes into the kitchen. SFX: Sloth's phone rings. HE answers.)

SLOTH: Hey, Bobby. What's going on? *(Pause.)* You're kidding. *(Pause.)* Half price? Really? *(Pause.)* Yeah, for sure. Swing by and pick me up. I'll be downstairs in five minutes. *(HE hangs up and then gets up and yells at the kitchen door.)* There's a big sale going on at the Comic Castle. I'll be back in about thirty minutes.

MATT: *(From in the kitchen.)* Okay. See you then.

(SLOTH takes off out the front door. The stage is empty for a moment and then MATT comes out with a bowl of popcorn. Just as he sits down, SFX: the doorbell rings. He gets up and answers the door. MR. G., an older man dressed in a suit with an umbrella, strolls in.)

MATT: Mr. G.? What are you doing here?

MR. G: We need to talk, Matthew.

MATT: There is nothing to talk about. I quit. And there is nothing you can say to get me back into the business.

MR. G: I'm not here to talk you into coming back into the firm.

MATT: Good. Then if you don't mind leaving, I would prefer my friends didn't know what I've been doing for the last three years.

MR. G: They won't find out from me. You know that is completely against policy.

MATT: Then there's nothing for us to talk about.

MR. G: How about your funeral arrangements?

MATT: What?

MR. G: I give you less than twenty-four hours unless you listen to me.

MATT: Look. I almost died in Barcelona! So you're not going to scare me into coming back by making a few little threats.

MR. G: Look, Matthew. You know how much I value you. That's why I've come in person to warn you.

MATT: Warn me?

MR. G: Your whereabouts have been leaked. Every intelligence agency around the globe knows where you've gone.

MATT: But I'm dead. After the Barcelona incident, you said the firm would confirm that I died so I could go back to a normal life if I wanted.

MR. G: That was the plan. But it turns out that someone didn't like the idea of you retiring. So, it's been leaked to some foreign powers that you're still alive.

MATT: But that means...

MR. G: They'll be sending assassins to take care of you even as we speak.

MATT: So what do I do?

MR. G: Until we can find the leak, there is no point in doing anything. I won't be able to hide you anywhere until we figure out who's behind this mess. I won't even be able to send you any help until we've figured out who we can trust. I'm headed back to HQ right now. With any luck, I'll track down the double agent, and then we can send you back into hiding.

MATT: And until then, I hang out here and try not to die?

MR. G: That would be my advice. Good luck, Matthew. I'd hate to lose you now.

MATT: Thanks, Mr. G. That makes me feel a lot better.

MR. G: Remember, trust no one. I'll report back asap, but until then you must keep your guard up every second!

MATT: Don't worry. I will.

(MR. G. exits. MATT sits down, then pops right back up and goes to the door, locking it. Goes back and sits down, pops up and goes into the kitchen. Then exits / enters one bedroom and then the other.)

MATT: *(Cont'd.)* All windows locked. Everything secure. *(Sits down. Tries to eat some popcorn, and then pops back up, paces a little and then sits back down.)* This is ridiculous. I have to relax and stay calm.

(SFX: The doorbell rings. MATT jumps to his feet and hits a martial arts pose. SFX: The doorbell rings again. Then there's a knock on the door. Matt finally moves over to the door.)

MATT: *(Cont'd.)* Who is it?

NIA: It's Nia. Nia Harding. Is Ace at home?

MATT: No, he's not.

NIA: Well, I need to drop off his laundry. Can I at least come in and do that?

MATT: His laundry?

NIA: Yes. My mom runs the laundromat down on 25th Street. Ace is one of our clients. I promised I'd drop his clothes off this evening, so, please, can I leave them here with you?

MATT: Yeah. Of course.

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(MATT opens the door. NIA comes in with a basket of clothes all folded and neat.)

NIA: Thanks. I don't think I know you.

MATT: I'm an old friend of Ace's. I'm staying here for a few days.

NIA: Oh, that's nice. Sloth isn't around either?

MATT: Sorry. They're both out right now. But I'll be sure and tell him that you called.

NIA: You do that.

(SHE reaches into her coat and pulls out a remote. MATT flips the basket of clothes onto her head/face, chops the remote out of her hand, spins her around and puts her stomach down on the couch with his knee in her back.)

MATT: Now, tell me who sent you?

NIA: I told you, my mother owns the laundromat!

MATT: Come on, you need a better story than that!

NIA: Let me up, you maniac!

MATT: Not when you're pulling a gun on me!

NIA: I don't have a gun! It's Ace's remote. He keeps leaving it in his bathrobe pocket. *(SHE sticks her hand out again and points at the remote on the floor.)* See!

(MATT looks down at the remote, looks at NIA and then lets her up.)

MATT: I'm sorry. I just thought...I mean, I was sure. I'm so sorry.

(NIA gets up and straightens herself as she backs away towards the door.)

NIA: You're a lunatic! A real looney tunes! Well, tell Ace that he has to pick up his own clothes from now on because I'm never coming back here!

End of Freeview

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