

Super Spies & Pizza Pies

By John Shanahan

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DEDICATION

To Stacey, of course.

SYNOPSIS

Things are about to get weird at Picka Packa Pizza. Word is out in the spy community that super-spy Jamie Gold is coming to this hole-in-the-wall pizzeria to pick up top secret documents. The problem is, Gold is a master of disguise and could be anyone, from average customers to the picky eater who can't decide what to order to the new delivery person who's got the worst luck in the world. But that won't stop two teams of rival snoops from trying to make a name for themselves by getting the best of Jamie Gold! Their only clue is that instead of a password, Gold will order the worst pizza anyone's ever heard of. And if these oddball spies can pull it off, they might even win a Golden Sneaker Award!

ORIGINAL PRODUCTION

"Super Spies & Pizza Pies" was originally performed as a reading by the Furnace Brook Middle School Theater Club, Marshfield MA, in May 2023, under the direction of Stacey Shanahan.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(In order of appearance)

(10 or more actors, extras)

PICKA PACKA PETE (OR PATTY) PASTINI: Owner of Picka Packa Pizza. Old and grumpy.

THE PLAID DRAGON: Spy from the Supreme Mysterious Underworld Rogues Federation. A spy in a terrible jacket.

AGENT 42: Spy from the Supreme Mysterious Underworld Rogues Federation and assistant to The Plaid Dragon; wears a helmet for no apparent reason.

MISTER SLY: Spy from the Super-Secret Sinister Sensational Spy Syndicate Society. The 14th ranked spy in the world; wears trench coat and sunglasses.

SISTER SLY: Spy from the Super-Secret Sinister Sensational Spy Syndicate Society. The 9th ranked spy in the world; wears trench coat and sunglasses.

PICKY EATER: A customer.

SPEEDY: The brand new, nervous, unlucky delivery person.

JAMIE GRAY: A customer. (NOT Jamie Gold!)

CJ LEE: Jamie Gray's friend.

JAMIE GOLD: The super spy... maybe.

EXTRAS AS CUSTOMERS

(23 lines that can be divided at your discretion)

Tastes funny customer

Bike customer

Change customer

Refill customer

Waiting customer

Mushroom customer

Still Eating customer

Hey! Pepperoni customer

Music customer

Note: Most characters are written as gender-neutral and may be cast as necessity dictates. The neutral pronoun "they" is used throughout the script; that may be changed where desired or needed.

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SET

The main room of Picka Packa Pizza. There are a few tables and chairs for customers. To one side there is a counter where there is a menu board and a spot where the owner can manage the phones and take orders. There is a front door and also a door that leads to the back of the pizza shop.

COSTUMES

The Plaid Dragon wears a very loud plaid jacket.

Agent 42, for reasons unknown, wears a helmet like a motorcycle helmet or anything else you dig up.

Mister Sly and Sister Sly wear trench coats and sunglasses.

Jamie Gold wears a tuxedo. If you can't get a tuxedo, a slick-looking suit and tie is a must.

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(AT RISE: The main room of Picka Packa Pizza. To one side there is a counter, where PICKA PACKA PETE, the owner, is manning the phones and taking orders. There are a few tables and chairs; some have CUSTOMERS sitting at them with pizza or sandwiches. At one table sits THE PLAID DRAGON and AGENT 42. Near the entrance, in trench coats and sunglasses sits MISTER SLY and SISTER SLY. The PICKY EATER stands at the counter, considering a menu board. SFX: The phone rings.)

PETE: *(Answering.)* Picka Packa Pizza. You pick it, we pack it, you put it away. *(Pause.)* What? No, I mean put it away like, you eat it all. You never heard that before? *(Pause.)* Sure, I guess you could put it in a closet. It's your pizza. What can I get you? *(THEY listen and take down an order.)*

SISTER SLY: Are you sure this is the place?

MISTER SLY: My top-secret insider spy source is never wrong! Today, super spy Jamie Gold is picking up a very important package right here.

SISTER SLY: In Picka Packa Pizza?

MISTER SLY: I know, right? So clever! Who would ever suspect it?

SISTER SLY: Not me. It smells like feet.

MISTER SLY: Trust me, this is the place or I'm not the world's ninth greatest spy.

SISTER SLY: Whoa, hold on. *I'm* the world's ninth greatest spy. *You're* fourteenth.

MISTER SLY: I don't think that's right.

SISTER SLY: Of course you don't. But that's what it says in the latest issue of *Sneaky Spies Monthly*. *(SHE can whip out of copy of the magazine if you like.)*

MISTER SLY: Oh, who reads that trash anyway?

SISTER SLY: Me! I have a subscription!

PETE: *(To PICKY EATER.)* Are you going to order something? I got pizzas to make!

PICKY EATER: Yes, of course. I'm just wondering... is your pepperoni locally sourced?

PETE: What?

PICKY EATER: Your pepperoni. For the pizza. Is it local?

PETE: Yeah. I keep it in the back room. That's as local as you're gonna get.

(SFX: The phone rings.)

PETE: *(Cont'd. Answers.)* Picka Packa Pizza. You pick it, we pack it, you put it in your face. *(Pause.)* No, I said IN your face. Like your mouth, get it? We don't recommend putting hot pizza ON your face. It hurts a lot. I found that out the hard way. *(Pause.)* Yeah, we deliver. I got a new delivery driver. It might get there. *(Pause.)* Well, you never know until you try. What can I get you?

AGENT 42: What are we doing here, boss?

THE PLAID DRAGON: Today, Agent 42, the legendary Jamie Gold, Agent Double-O-Somethingorother is coming to—

AGENT 42: You don't know the number?

THE PLAID DRAGON: The what?

AGENT 42: Gold's double O number, like, you know, double O seven, license to kill?

THE PLAID DRAGON: No, Double-O-Somethingorother is literally their double-O name. They couldn't decide on a number.

AGENT 42: Well, that lacks spy style.

THE PLAID DRAGON: Anyway, Gold is picking up a highly important package in this very pizzeria. This very... run-down, grungy, oddly scented, quite unfortunate pizzeria. And we will steal it from them, or my name isn't *(THEY stand, hands on hips and head to one side and say, LOUD.)* The Plaid Dragon!

AGENT 42: Boss, boss, sit down! We gotta keep a low profile, right?

THE PLAID DRAGON: My bad. Force of habit. Keep a low profile, right.

AGENT 42: That jacket doesn't help.

THE PLAID DRAGON: What's that?

End of Freeview

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