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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

RANDOM BOY

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).

Acknowledgments

Spy School had its World Premiere at Mosley High School in Lynn Haven, Florida, on May 7, 2011 with the following cast and crew:

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
Assistant Stage Manager	Canan 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

SPY SCHOOL

by Don Zolidis

ACT I

(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.)

DAD. 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 1. 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 1. Jane Doe.

JANE. Yes?

CIA AGENT 1. 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 1. 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 1. They won't remember any of this.

JANE. Because they're dead?

CIA AGENT 1. No. Only unconscious. There's no time. Let's go.

(The CIA AGENT leads JANE offstage.)

(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 1. *(Handing over the spritzer:)* Sure.

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

JANE. *(Back to the audience:)* Anyway, as I was saying. Who knew that there was a secret compound underground, paid for with taxpayer dollars—

CIA AGENT 1. 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 1. 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 1. Yeah. I just love coming to work every day, you know?

JANE. Yeah. Must be fun.

CIA AGENT 1. Oh man—the things I could tell you... *(Short pause.)* But then I'd have to kill you.

JANE. Ha ha ha.

CIA AGENT 1. Seriously, I would have to kill you.

JANE. Oh.

(Awkward pause.)

CIA AGENT 1. So are you married?

JANE. I'm sixteen.

CIA AGENT 1. 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 1. 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?!

AGENT K. No I just asked what you knew about it.

JANE. Oh, it's a spherical ball of rock that orbits the earth and influences the tides with its gravitational pull? It also causes werewolves.

AGENT K. Good enough. However, it might surprise you to know that the moon is the key to the future of the Earth. Right now we are engaged in a deadly space race with the Soviet Union. Whoever reaches the moon first will rule the universe. By 2000, American Spacecraft will have bases on the moon and Mars—

JANE. Will we also have flying cars?

AGENT K. I don't foresee any way in which it would be possible for us *not* to have flying cars.

JANE. Keen!

AGENT K. Well, we have discovered that there is a plot afoot to kidnap one of our new spacemen—we like to refer to them as astronauts. If the Russians kidnap this astronaut and take him back to the Soviet Union, we'll be doomed.

JANE. Doomed?

AGENT K. Imagine a million Russian telescopes planted on the moon, looking down upon our country at night—even during the day—imagine a hundred thousand microphones drowning out good old American Rock' N' Roll with evil Communist classical music. Imagine trying to eat a cheeseburger and a ray from space will transform it into borscht.

JANE. What is that?

AGENT K. I don't know. But I don't intend to find out.

JANE. But why do you need me?

AGENT K. This Astronaut is scheduled to speak at a dance at a typical American high school, and our expert intelligence has discerned that there is a Russian agent already undercover at that high school, and that they plan to strike at this dance, a dance known only as... the prom.

JANE. Okay, so you know there's an undercover agent at the high school, you know where they're going to strike, and when they're going to strike?

AGENT K. Our intelligence is breathtaking, isn't it?

JANE. Then how do you *not* know who exactly it is?

AGENT K. Maybe it's not completely breathtaking. It's like half-breathtaking. But that's where you come in. We need you to infiltrate this typical American high school and foil this plot. And who could be more typical than...

JANE. Jane Doe? (*She thinks about it.*) I'm in.

AGENT K. Brilliant.

JANE. (*To the audience:*) And so began my training as a super-secret CIA spy.

(BRACK MILO *enters.*)

BRACK. This begins your training as a super-secret CIA spy. First, I will break you. Then, I will rebuild you. I will test you as you have never been tested before – (*Suddenly:*) Three plus five!

JANE. Eight?

BRACK. Impressive. (*Suddenly:*) Cosine of 3 pi!

JANE. Aarrhghghg! Six?

BRACK. Six?

JANE. Is advanced math really necessary?

BRACK. You disgust me. Again! (*Suddenly:*) Two trains leave a station traveling in opposite directions! Train A is traveling at 40 miles per hour, Train B is traveling at 60 miles per hour! Train A must stop every fifteen minutes for a five-minute bathroom break! After two hours how far are the trains apart! How far are the trains apart! HOW FAR!

JANE. I don't know! (*She crumples to the floor.*)

BRACK. Now you have been broken. If the Russians capture you, be assured, they will not stop at simple math. They know Calculus as well.

JANE. Oh how I hate them!

BRACK. Yes. Focus your hate. It will make you strong. Probably won't teach you math though. Now it is time for: physical training.

JANE. (*To the audience:*) So we did –

BRACK. Push-ups!

(JANE *does a push-up.*)

Sit-ups!

(JANE *does a sit-up.*)

BRACK. Toe touches!

(JANE *does a toe touch.*)

Those windmill thingies!

(JANE *does a windmill thingie.*)

Good. Very good. But not good enough!

(*He attacks! And then stops before hitting her with a karate chop.*)

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.*)

BRACK. 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.)

BRACK. 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. Forehand strike, forehand strike, 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.)

BRACK. 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.*)

BLAKE MOORE. 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.*)

BLAKE MOORE. 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.*)

FIZZ. 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.)

FIZZ. 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.)

AGENT K. 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 1 *runs in with knockout gas.*)

JANE. I don't need the—

(CIA AGENT 1 *hits JANE with knockout gas and she passes out.*)

CIA AGENT 1. 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. You're forty years old?

JOEY. Lookit Miss Math! Hey I'm here to do a job, all right? Let's do it. And I also happen to be hiding out from the mob, so if you see any Italians you don't know me, all right?

BLAKE MOORE. All right everyone—let's go out to dinner.

NATASHA. Perhaps we go dancing after.

BLAKE MOORE. Perhaps we shall.

(He grabs NATASHA and assumes a tango position.)

JOEY. Nobody said nothing about dancing.

(BLAKE snaps his fingers and tango music plays.)

JANE. Where did that come from?

(BLAKE spins NATASHA around the dance floor.)

BLAKE MOORE. Perhaps we should discuss international relations.

NATASHA. Oh no—there is a still cold war going on.

BLAKE MOORE. Of course—but there's the threat of...nuclear annihilation. That would make things quite hot, wouldn't it?

JANE. Fake Mom! Fake Dad! Stop it!

JOEY. Eh. Let 'em dance. Life is short. You wanna?

JANE. No!

JOEY. All right I'll just shimmy then. (JOEY *shimmies a little bit.*) I liked that.

JANE. Hello! Are we going out to dinner or not?

JOEY. No sweat. I know a guy who has some fish.

JANE. I'm going to my room.

BLAKE MOORE. Teenagers can be so moody.

(Lights change. JANE addresses the audience.)

JANE. *(To the audience:)* So my new family might not have been any better than my old family.

BLAKE MOORE. I'd like to have a fatherly chat.

JANE. I'm busy, Fake Dad.

BLAKE MOORE. Of course, of course, but I couldn't help noticing that you seem to have a little bit of confusion about what women are supposed to do.

JANE. What?

BLAKE MOORE. In my experience, there are a few different things for women to do: 1. Look great in a bikini. 2. Become a girlfriend of an evil mastermind, and 3. Cook. So if you can do all of that, you're set. And remember, being a woman is special: Someone needs to make the food and look hot. Glad we had this talk.

JANE. *(To the audience:)* That sure was keen.

(The set changes to Anonymous American High School. Somewhere a bell rings.)

JANE. *(To the audience:)* And then there was my first day at Anonymous American High School.

(PRISCILLA enters, followed by DEBBIE and LUCY. They observe JANE from a distance.)

PRISCILLA. *(All smiles:)* Hello there, you must be new.

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.)

JANE. Can I help you?

(He snorts, unable to speak.)

JANE. 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.)

SPENCER. 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" plays 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.)

SPENCER. 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 will 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.)

JANE. 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. 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. Yes!

(Short pause.)

I was just agreeing with that.

PRISCILLA. New girl, do you pluck your eyebrows?

JANE. What?

LUCY. Answer the question!

JANE. No...

PRISCILLA. Maybe you should.

DEBBIE. Ha ha ha ha!

(BRUCE enters and PRISCILLA immediately becomes sweet as pie.)

BRUCE. Priscilla!

JANE. Yeah? I—

(He's already scooping up PRISCILLA in his arms.)

PRISCILLA. Darling, I don't think we should be this demonstrative in public.

BRUCE. You're right. You're always right.

PRISCILLA. But maybe we could go to the drive-in tonight.

BRUCE. Really?

PRISCILLA. Really. Bruce, have you met Edna, she's new.

BRUCE. I thought your name was Priscilla.

JANE. It is.

PRISCILLA. That's funny because two people can't be named Priscilla! People would get confused. So she's going by Edna.

JANE. No I'm still going by Priscilla since it's my name.

BRUCE. We've met.

PRISCILLA. Bruce and I are going steady.

DEBBIE. You guys are like royalty. It's like the sun is in love with the moon.

PRISCILLA. Thank you Debbie. Your fawning is appreciated.

DEBBIE. That's wonderful.

PRISCILLA. Well I'd hate for you to keep us from our incredibly romantic evening, so we'll see you later.

(PRISCILLA *stands there.*)

DEBBIE. (*To JANE:*) That's your cue to leave.

JANE. I'm not going anywhere. I was standing here first.

DEBBIE. They are royalty!

(JOEY *enters.*)

JOEY. Hey sis how's it goin'?

JANE. What are you doing here?

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 knew. 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 this 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!

PRISCILLA. 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. Therefore you are being transferred to remedial home economics—with Miss Dobbs.

PRISCILLA. Ha!

MISS MILLY. Priscilla—it is not ladylike to express delight in the misfortunes of others. Instead, keep those good feelings inside and smile contentedly.

(PRISCILLA *nods and smiles contentedly*.)

That is all. Good day. (*She leaves*.)

PRISCILLA. Well. I hope you enjoy your new class. With the losers.

DEBBIE. Losers!

(They exit.)

(Lights up on MR. BLIX, holding a paper.)

MR. BLIX. Once again, I am amazed at the depths of your stupidity. I continue to believe that we have reached the bottom, and then find myself astounded anew by the use of semicolon where a semicolon is not supposed to go. Have you no sense of decency? None?! What would your mothers and fathers say when they learned how you have polluted our glorious language with this nonsensical grammatical abomination! What are the rules of the semicolon? Well? WELL? Does no one know?! Can this be possible?! Miss Lee?

JANE. Oh!

MR. BLIX. Oh what?

JANE. I don't know.

MR. BLIX. You don't know what?

JANE. How to use a semi-colon?

MR. BLIX. Is that a question?

JANE. I don't know!

MR. BLIX. You don't know what?

JANE. Help! Someone help!

MR. BLIX. I'm afraid no one will help you, Miss Lee. The class is taking too much satisfaction from watching you drown in your own ignorance.

BRUCE. I believe I can answer the question.

MR. BLIX. Mr. Walker?

BRUCE. A semi-colon is used to separate two independent clauses which are given equal rank.

MR. BLIX. That is one use—

BRUCE. A semicolon can also be used to separate items if a list of items inside the list contain commas.

MR. BLIX. Correct.

(The bell rings.)

Miss Lee please see me after class.

(BRUCE leaves.)

JANE. I have a class coming up actually.

MR. BLIX. Do you imagine that your problems concern me? I am troubled by your performance in my class.

JANE. I've been here two days.

MR. BLIX. And yet in that time you have proven to be obstinate and remarkably unintelligent.

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.

MS. 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.)

JANE. *(To the audience:)* 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 I

ACT II

(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 anymore.

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.)

JANE. 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.

(BERT 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?

MISS MILLY. All it takes is a smile and a flirtatious giggle. Look your potential suitor in the eyes—remember he has important things

to talk about and he needs someone to listen. Just a hint of perfume in the right places—

JANE. I'm not listening to you.

MISS MILLY. (*Hissing:*) Just admit that you need me.

JANE. Never! I can get a date by myself!

(*MISS MILLY chuckles*)

MISS MILLY. You poor sweet lonely dear.

JANE. The next boy that walks through—

(*RANDOM BOY enters.*)

MISS MILLY. Go ahead, dear. If you can.

(*RANDOM BOY stops and looks at his books. JANE approaches, then awkwardly throws all of her books on the floor.*)

JANE. Whoops!

(*She stops, waiting for RANDOM BOY to help. He doesn't.*)

I guess I'll just pick those up myself then.

(*He doesn't help. She picks up her books.*)

I'm Priscilla by the way.

RANDOM BOY. Okay.

JANE. Good.

(*JANE has all her books. She waits for a second, then throws them down again, hitting RANDOM BOY with them.*)

RANDOM BOY. Ow!

JANE. Whoops again!

(*She waits for a second.*)

RANDOM BOY. You really need to get your hands checked or something.

(*He exits.*)

JANE. You really need to get your chivalry checked or something!

(*MISS MILLY approaches gleefully.*)

MISS MILLY. Pathetic.

JANE. (*Gathering books:*) That's okay—he was just a little dense, all I need is another chance—

(*TOM enters, hurrying.*)

Tom! Tom! It's so good to see you!

(TOM stops, confused.)

I just dropped all my books and could use someone big and strong to help me pick them up.

MISS MILLY. This is just sad.

TOM. What?

JANE. Can you help me pick up my books? I'm just so clumsy lately.

TOM. Okay.

JANE. You're so strong I bet you can carry a lot of books. Do you lift weights?

TOM. No.

JANE. You're just naturally powerful then?

TOM. I guess so.

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 jell-o. 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 your 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.)

DEBBIE. 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.)

SPENCER. 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 do 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 anymore! 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.)

DJ BOBBY BREEZE. 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.)

DJ BOBBY BREEZE. 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 microphone:)* But we're not really—

DJ BOBBY BREEZE. Let's see what the Breeze-O-Meter says!

(He begins making sound effects.)

DJ BOBBY BREEZE. 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 of 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 BREEZE. 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 drive! 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.*)

DJ 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 hair-pulling 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.)

JANE. 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.

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!

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