Mission: Possible!

By Craig Sodaro

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MISSION: POSSIBLE!
By CRAIG SODARO

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(In order of appearance)

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MISSION: POSSIBLE

SYNOPSIS

PLACE: Grand Hall of Argentum Manor, a huge Saxon castle. TIME: The present.

ACT ONE, Scene One
A foggy night on a London street.

ACT ONE, Scene Two
Argentum Manor the following morning.

ACT ONE, Scene Three
That evening after dinner.

ACT TWO, Scene One
The following afternoon.

ACT TWO, Scene Two
Eleven forty-five that night.
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THE SETTING

The first scene of ACT ONE takes place on a London Street on a foggy night and is played before the curtain. At left there is a park bench and a street lamp.

The rest of the play takes place in the Grand Hall of Argentum Manor, a huge Saxon (or is it Jute?) castle. The ENTRANCE DOWN RIGHT leads to an entryway and outside. The ENTRANCE DOWN LEFT leads to the dining room, kitchen and other rooms of the house. The UP CENTER door leads to a "secret wing" where the dungeon is. A grand organ (which does not have to play) is UP LEFT CENTER. At RIGHT is a screen with a chair and a table grouping in front, perhaps by a fireplace. At LEFT is another chair and small table grouping, perhaps in front of a bookcase. An OPTIONAL "secret panel" may be used UP LEFT. This can be built into the bookcase or the wall. It can even be a slit in a flat disguised by wainscotting. Here and there about the room are medieval touches such as tapestry, pieces of armor and so on.

ACT ONE
Scene One

AT RISE, FORESTAGE: VICTORIA and ALBERT, an older couple, sits on a bench. He tries to read the paper by the light of the street lamp.

VICTORIA: (Feeding the pigeons.) Oh, Albert, hasn’t our life together been exciting? (ALBERT grunts.) Thirty-five wonderful years! (ALBERT grunts.) I know I haven’t always been the perfect partner, but we have had fun, haven’t we, Alfred? (ALBERT grunts.) And now soon we’ll retire, and who knows? If we ever get used to keeping normal hours again, maybe we’ll have another thirty-five years together! (ALBERT slowly drops the newspaper and stares at her. He then raises the paper and begins to read again.) Well, it’s just a thought. All that wonderful peace and quiet to spend together. You’d like that, wouldn’t you, Alfred? (DR. SCHLOCK ENTERS RIGHT, followed by CARLEY.)

CARLEY: I don’t understand, Dad! Who’d want to meet you in the middle of Regents Park at this time of the night to talk about
financing your latest project?

SCHLOCK: The message says cash. That's all I need, Carley.
CARLEY: Doesn't it make you suspicious? You don't know if it's from friend or foe.

SCHLOCK: Anybody willing to invest in my telephonic research is a friend of mine! Say, maybe it's those two sitting over there.
CARLEY: It doesn't look like they're modern enough to even spell telephonic, let alone pay for it! Come home. There's nobody here! (BORIS and NATASHA, in disguise, ENTER RIGHT, unseen by SCHLOCK and CARLEY.)

SCHLOCK: Let's wait just a minute more.
CARLEY: Dad, nobody's coming. It's just another crank.
SCHLOCK: Somebody has to believe in my work!
CARLEY: I do, Dad. Isn't that enough?
SCHLOCK: You're a wonderful daughter, Carley. But it's time you found your own life and let someone pay for me to get a research assistant. I know you'd like to meet some nice young man and settle down.

CARLEY: Well, as a matter of fact, I have met someone!
SCHLOCK: That's wonderful! Who's the lucky fellow?
CARLEY: Come home and I'll tell you! (Takes his hand. They turn to face two guns staring at them.)
BORIS: So glad you could make it, doctor.
NATASHA: Your car is waiting!
CARLEY: You can't just order us into some strange car!
BORIS: It's not a strange car. It's a nice limo. Television, wet bar, and no escape!
NATASHA: Now, move, or you'll both end up pigeon food!
CARLEY: Dad!
SCHLOCK: (Nervously.) I... I think it would be fun to ride in a limo, don't you, Carley? (BORIS and NATASHA push CARLEY and SCHLOCK RIGHT.)
CARLEY: (EXITING.) Don't you push me, you... you... vat of botulistic borscht!
BORIS: You really know how to hurt a guy! (They're OFF. [Optional sound of car pulling away.])

VICTORIA: Albert? Albert, did you see that? That nice man and his daughter have been kidnapped! Albert!
ALBERT: We're retired, remember?
VICTORIA: But we can't just sit here and do nothing!
ALBERT: What do you want me to do?
VICTORIA: At least give me a hand! (Pulls one of ALBERT'S hands off and uses it as a telephone. She dials on the palm
and holds it up to her ear.) Headquarters? Victoria Regina here. We've got trouble!

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE
Scene Two

SETTING: Argentum Manor the following morning.

AT RISE: Thunderous music of Mozart fills the Grand Hall of the beautiful castle. SILVERTHUMB, who wears gloves on both hands, sits at the organ, playing wildly. (Consult PRODUCTION NOTES.) BORIS and NATASHA guard SCHLOCK, who sits, disheveled, on a chair DOWN LEFT. After a half-minute of playing, SILVERTHUMB rises, even though the music continues playing. BORIS and NATASHA clap enthusiastically until a frustrated SILVERTHUMB draws his finger across his throat, indicating "Cut!" NATASHA quickly flips a switch on the wall and plunges the room into silence, except for BORIS'S continued clapping.

SILVERTHUMB: Thank you, Boris! (BORIS continues clapping.) Boris! (BORIS stops.) How can I remain humble with such adulation?

BORIS: But no one, master, can play Mozart like you!

SILVERTHUMB: Come, come. I'm sure Wolfie himself ran a close second. So, Dr. Schlock... are you enjoying your stay at Argentum Manor?

SCHLOCK: You tricked me, you swine!

SILVERTHUMB: (Draws out a riding crop and taps SCHLOCK on the left ear.) This little piggy invented things. (Taps SCHLOCK'S right ear.) This little piggy wanted dough. (Taps SCHLOCK'S right hand.) This little piggy stuck his hand out. (Taps SCHLOCK'S left hand.) This little piggy couldn't let go. (Taps SCHLOCK'S head.) And this little piggy went weeeeeeen all the way to the grave!

SCHLOCK: You're sick.

SILVERTHUMB: But rich.

SCHLOCK: What have you done with my daughter?

SILVERTHUMB: She's safe for now.

SCHLOCK: For now?

SILVERTHUMB: Life is so... fleeting!

SCHLOCK: What do you want of me?

SILVERTHUMB: I think you know, doctor.

SCHLOCK: I don't have any money.
SILVERTHUMB: I am the richest man in the world, Schlock. They don't call me Silvertumb for nothing! I don't need your money.

SCHLOCK: Then what do you want?

SILVERTHUMB: Not much... just your mind!

SCHLOCK: My... mind? You mean some type of transplant?

SILVERTHUMB: Hardly! My mind is so wonderfully, criminally devious, I wouldn't want to lose one gray cell! No. I want your mind put to work for a special project I am planning.

SCHLOCK: Never!

SILVERTHUMB: You know something, Schlock, I've come to realize something very important about life. Money isn't any good without power. I feel this urge to control things. A terrible urge!

SCHLOCK: What things?

SILVERTHUMB: Everything!

SCHLOCK: You're mad!

BORIS: You want me to make him eat his words, master?

NATASHA: I've got a nice recipe!

SILVERTHUMB: Come, come, my two pets. We must keep a spirit of open negotiations going here. Now, doctor, you say the word, and I'll go over my plan for world domination with you.

SCHLOCK: You honestly think I'd go along with this insanity? I live by a strict code of ethics, and I have the courage to back up my convictions with action!

SILVERTHUMB: Of course you do! (CARLEY Screams OFFSTAGE, CENTER, presumably from the dungeon. NOTE: All of CARLEY'S ensuing screams will also come from CENTER.)

SCHLOCK: (Frightened.) What was that?

SILVERTHUMB: Little Carley, sweet and nice. If you don't say the word, she'll be put on ice!

SCHLOCK: You'll never get away with any of this! They'll find you! Hunt you down! Kill you!

SILVERTHUMB: The respectable owner of one of the finest resort castles in England? Come, come, Schlock. Why, people from all over the world are our guests here. In fact, there's a tour bus arriving very soon, so I suggest you think seriously about the consequences of not cooperating with me.

BORIS: Master can be very convincing!

NATASHA: Look at us!

Kitty: (Enters LEFT in dance costume. She pirouettes about the room poorly. SILVERTHUMB is taken with her and rushes to the organ. He sits and begins to play, but there is no music.
He clears his throat. He clears it again, angrily. NATASHA turns on the music. KITTY dances to Mozart briefly, then finishes, half lying on SILVERTHUMB.) Oh, darling! You play divinely!

SILVERTHUMB: Oh, twinkletoes! You dance like an angel!

SCHLOCK: You make me nauseous! (NATASHA snaps off the music.)

KITTY: *(Pointing to SCHLOCK.* Who's that? A critic?

SILVERTHUMB: No. I've taken care of all your critics, my precious! This is Dr. Schlock. He's going to be working on our little project.

SCHLOCK: Never! *(CARLEY screams OFFSTAGE.*

KITTY: *(To SILVERTHUMB.* Can't you shut her up? She's destroying my consternation.

SILVERTHUMB: Your concentration, my precious. Of course, I'll shut her up... and soon, if the good doctor doesn't cooperate!

SCHLOCK: I suppose this is your secretary?

KITTY: Oh, a smarty pants! Well, I'll have you know I am no secretary! I am an artiste!

SILVERTHUMB: My darling Kitty. Kitty Galore. Here, Kitty, Kitty, Kitty! *(He embraces her.*) Kitty will be the world's prima ballerina!

SCHLOCK: You're kidding! She dances like a three-legged hippo!

KITTY: *(Pouting.* He is a critic!

SILVERTHUMB: *(Menacingly.* No. He's just stupid. You don't understand, doctor, that when my plan is put into operation, my Kitty will be the prima ballerina. All will rush to applaud her! They won't have a choice!

SCHLOCK: What? She's going to take lessons?

BORIS: *(Wringing his hands and looking eagerly at SCHLOCK.*

Now, master?

SILVERTHUMB: Not yet. We need him unbruised. *(To SCHLOCK.*

No, you stupid fool! My angel will be on the cover of *Time, Newsweek* and *Rolling Stone*, because I will control every mind in the world.

SCHLOCK: Every mind? How?!

SILVERTHUMB: I'll just reach out and touch someone! Hahahahaha!

SCHLOCK: Let me out of here! Help! Help! Help!!

SILVERTHUMB: You'll help? I'm so glad you agree!

SCHLOCK: Never! Never! Never!! *(CARLEY screams.*

SILVERTHUMB: I'm afraid we'll just have to stop that annoying child from screaming for good. Boris? Natasha? Tell Gargoyl
to let the dogs loose. They haven't had a good run since they
brought down that last secret agent who came snooping about!
NATASHA: How thrilling, master! She looks like she can run like a
gazelle!
SCHLOCK: (Terrified.) Wait!
KITTY: I think he's had a change of liver.
SILVERTHUMB: Heart, my dear. He's all heart now.
SCHLOCK: Don't harm Carley.
SILVERTHUMB: Not if you cooperate fully.
SCHLOCK: Promise?
SILVERTHUMB: Scout's honor! Now, Boris, Natasha... show Dr.
Schlock to his laboratory. I will be down soon to lay out my
plan for world domination! Hahahahaha! (BORIS and
NATASHA lead SCHLOCK OFF CENTER.)
KITTY: What day am I mean "Scout's honor?" You were never a scout!
SILVERTHUMB: I was, too. I was a Cub Scout for one day.
KITTY: Why'd you quit?
SILVERTHUMB: I got caught stealing Girl Scout cookies! (A knock
at the door, OFF RIGHT.)
KITTY: Company?
SILVERTHUMB: The tour has arrived!
KITTY: Not more little old ladies with poodles!
SILVERTHUMB: Smile, angel! We only have to stay undercover
for a few more days! (KITTY EXITS LEFT.) Boris! Get the
doors!
BORIS: (ENTERS CENTER or UP LEFT through optional secret
panel.) Yes, master! (BORIS EXITS RIGHT. Returns a
moment later with JAMES BLOND, flanked by N and U. U
carries a shopping bag.) They're here!
SILVERTHUMB: (Approaching them.) Thank you, Boris. Welcome
to Argentum Manor, finest Saxon castle in all of England!
BLOND: (Suspiciously.) Hmmmm. Saxon, you say? I'd say from
the look of the stonework it's more Jute. Wouldn't you agree,
Professor Smith?
N: Exactly, James. Er... Dr. James.
BLOND: And what about you, Professor Jones?
U: Jute. Definitely Jute.
BLOND: Jones says Jute, so don't you forget it.
SILVERTHUMB: (Suspiciously,) Dr. James with Smith and Jones.
Hmm. You're with the tour, I presume?
BLOND: Yes, the rest of the party's just cleaning up. Quite a
bumpy ride out to this cliff.
SILVERTHUMB: We like to keep everything as authentic as
possible. *(MAXWELL SHARP ENTERS RIGHT, followed by 98.6, who is trying to repair her lipstick. NUTMEG also ENTERS, along with CARTER FLINT.)*

SHARP: You never looked better, darling.

98.6: Really, Max, I look like I tried to put on makeup during an earthquake.

NUTMEG: Honestly! You'd think those ruts have been there since the tenth century.

SILVERTHUMB: They have.

FLINT: And you're Sir Sy?

SILVERTHUMB: Sir Sy at your service. Welcome to Argentum Manor.

SHARP: Interesting place you got here, Sy. Bit on the old side for me.

98.6: I think it's charming, Max. So much hidden mystery.

SILVERTHUMB: Really? And what do you mean by THAT?

98.6: So many angles, so many doors. I wonder what's behind them all. Take that one for instance! *(Points to CENTER.)*

SILVERTHUMB: Curiosity killed the cat, my dear. You must never go into that wing. Trust me. Boris, come, let us make one last check on the rooms for our guests.

BORIS: Yes, master. *(SILVERTHUMB and BORIS move left.)*

SILVERTHUMB: Just make yourself at home. *(SILVERTHUMB and BORIS EXIT LEFT.)*

NUTMEG: What do you make of him?

BLOND: Don't worry about Sir Sy. We've got bigger fish to fry.

JOSEPHINE: *(ENTERS RIGHT with ELLA CURIOSITY, carrying suitcases.)* Least you could have done was help with the luggage.

NUTMEG: They've got Quasimodo to do that.

ELLA: Well, the driver just tossed everything off the bus.

JOSEPHINE: Couldn't you have gotten anything later than the tenth century, Blond... James Blond?

BLOND: Let's not complain. We've got a job to do. Maybe you'd like to tell us about it, N? *(No response.)* N!

N: *(Perks up.)* Oh, sorry. Never have gotten used to having a single letter for a name.

BLOND: You shouldn't complain.

U: But I should.

SHARP: You? What do you know about it?

BLOND: Maxwell Sharp, meet U.

SHARP: You English are sure strange. You always go around introducing people to themselves?
U: My name is U.
SHARP: You can't be a ewe. You're a guy.
98.6: Max, I think he means the letter U.
SHARP: They run out of names in this country or what?
NUTMEG: Really, Agent Sharp, can we get on with this?
N: Just so, Nutmeg.
SHARP: First they're named after letters. Then they're named after spices. What's next, car parts? (AXEL ENTERS RIGHT carrying other bags.)
BLOND: Ah, here's our tour guide, Axel, now.
AXEL: Well, group, we've made it. This castle is one of the most outstanding examples of Saxon architecture in England.
BLOND: It's Jute. Everyone agreed?
AXEL: I know the guide book says Saxon, Dr. James. I can find it here somewhere! (Fumbles through his pockets.)
BLOND: Trust me. And, Axel, we don't really need any information now. Why don't you run out and check the garden? You're something of a horticulturist, aren't you?
AXEL: Oh, I know an aster from a buttercup, but I'm supposed to give you a tour. This is my first job, and if I mess up at all, Acme Travel won't give me any more tours.
NUTMEG: It's all right. We'd like to freshen up before the tour, anyway, Mr. Greeze.
AXEL: Well, all right. But you won't write the company and complain, will you?
98.6: We're having a wonderful time!
AXEL: Are you sure?
SHARP: Now that you mention it... my seat on the bus was torn, and it snagged my pants. What's Acme going to do about it?
98.6: Max!
BLOND: Oh, my! I see a periwinkle petunia out there!
AXEL: Now that would be a find! Where, Dr. James?
BLOND: (Pointing RIGHT.) That way!
AXEL: I could get some kind of prize for finding a periwinkle petunia! (EXITS RIGHT.)
JOSEPHINE: Shouldn't we let him in on our secret?
ELLA: Really, the poor man's a nervous wreck.
U: Which provides the rest of us with good cover.
N: Precisely. All right, now, everyone. Listen. (SHARP is looking around the room absently. N clears his throat. No response.)
98.6: Max?
SHARP: Funny about these old places, 98.6. They're all gray.
Gray, gray, gray. If I didn't know better, I'd say those Jutes
were all color blind.

N: May I proceed?!

SHARP: Who's stopping you?

N: All right. We've called you, the greatest secret agents from around the world, to help us combat the ultimate threat to freedom and liberty for all mankind.

SHARP: (Bored.) This better be important.

98.6: Max, listen!

N: You've read about Silverthump on your way to the tour, I presume. Well, he's hiding somewhere in this vicinity, and he's up to no good. Agent Flint?

FLINT: (Pulls a microrecorder from his pocket.) Now, sir?

N: Now. (FLINT pushes the button.)

VOICE: Good morning, Mr. Flint and other members of the team. As you know, Silverthump has been a threat to world peace for many years. Yet, due to clever disguises, he has been able to allude capture. Sources in London informed us recently that he was responsible for the kidnapping of Dr. Sigmund Schlock, a noted telecommunications expert, and his daughter Carley. This apparently has something to do with Silverthump's latest plan to dominate the world. Your mission, if you decide to accept it, is to... (The tape is garbled. FLINT taps the machine, then shrugs. The tape resumes.)...and that is something you must never say. Repeat, never. It will throw Silverthump into a rage that cannot be controlled. Remember, he is armed and dangerous! (FLINT sets the machine on the table.) This tape will self destruct in five seconds. Four. Three. Two. One. (Horrible screams are heard from the tape.)

JOSEPHINE: So now what do we do? Our mission is missing!

N: Possibly. But things aren't impossible. We know we have to stop Silverthump at all costs.

SHARP: It would be easier if we knew what we're not supposed to say to Silverthump.

N: It will be dangerous.

BLOND: But I'm sure U has some help for us.

SHARP: And what kind of grammar is that, Blond. . . James Blond?

U: He means me, Sharp. And I have something to help each of you! (From his shopping bag, pulls out a several small lunch bags.) Each of you is to receive a lunch bag.

SHARP: Thanks, but I already ate.

98.6: Max!

U: The bags contain the following. First, a cigarette.
JOSEPHINE: I gave up cigarettes. But not this brand. Light up, aim, and it fires a .22 calibre bullet.

SHARP: Talk about a coffin nail!

U: You’ll also have lipstick.

BLOND: Now, wait just a moment, U.

U: But don’t put it on your lips.

BLOND: I knew you were kidding.

U: Each tube contains acid strong enough to eat through steel. You’ll also find a pen. Push the button and the ballpoint becomes a deadly stiletto.

N: This pen is mightier than the sword.

U: And finally, you’ll find a pair of glasses.

ELLA: Come, come, U, I’ve got twenty-twenty vision!

U: These are just plain glass. But in one arm I’ve placed a radio transmitter. Speak in your normal voice and anyone wearing the glasses can hear you, because on the other arm there’s a tiny radio receiver. This way we’ll all always know what’s going on. The chief can also monitor our conversations while we’re wearing these. (ALL put on their glasses.)

JOSEPHINE: Couldn’t you have gotten something a bit more stylish?

U: Sorry. Mum helped me pick out the frame.

NUTMEG: Do they really work?

SHARP: (Speaks loudly into arm of his pair of eyeglasses.) Testing, one, two, three! (ALL others rip their glasses off in pain.)

U: Really, Sharp, no need to shout!

N: Now, I suggest this afternoon we all split up and go into the village to see if we can get a lead on where this Silverthumb fellow is hiding out. (SILVERTHUMB ENTERS LEFT. He notices they’re all wearing the same glasses.)

BLOND: (Realizing how they all look.) Well, Sir Sy, we wouldn’t want to miss a trick, would we, group?

SILVERTHUMB: I say, was there a sale at Glasses R Us?

BLOND: Not at all. Touring glasses, you see. They sharpen the image.

SILVERTHUMB: (Suspiciously.) I’m sure they do! Follow me. Your rooms are ready. (ALL move LEFT.)

98.6: First thing I’m going to do is take a nice long bubble bath.

MAX: Can I be the bubble machine, 98.6? (MAX, 98.6, N, U, SILVERTHUMB, JOSEPHINE, ELLA, NUTMEG and FLINT EXIT LEFT. BLOND looks over the room.)

SHILLING: (ENTERS RIGHT, seductively.) Hello, Blond. . . James
BLOND.
BLOND: Miss Penny Shilling! What are you doing here?
SHILLING: I couldn’t bear the thought of you being up here... facing all this danger... alone.
BLOND: You should be back at your desk.
SHILLING: I hate my desk. It separates you from me. (Advances on BLOND.)
BLOND: Now, Miss Penny Shilling, you know there’s nothing between us.
SHILLING: Just chemistry! Oh, James, don’t be such a stuffed shirt. Give in to your animal instincts.
BLOND: What, and run?
SHILLING: Don’t you want to kiss me?
BLOND: How would you like to try a new shade of lipstick, Miss Penny Shilling?
SHILLING: Oh, stop changing the subject! I’m wild about you! Madly, passionately in love, love, love!
BLOND: And so am I!
SHILLING: Oh, James! You know how long I’ve waited to hear those words from you?
BLOND: With someone else.
SHILLING: Not those words. The other ones.
BLOND: Sorry, Penny Shilling, but I am wild about her! (CARLEY screams OFFSTAGE.) Wait! What’s that?! Sounds like someone’s in trouble! (EXITS CENTER.)
SHILLING: James! James, wait! (EXITS CENTER.)
SILVERTHUMB: (SILVERTHUMB ENTERS RIGHT with SCHLOCK.) So you see, doctor, all you need to do is perfect teledrone, the world’s greatest invention!
SCHLOCK: This is monstrous!
SILVERTHUMB: Just a little electrical impulse sent into the brain over the telephone and everyone will be my slave!
SCHLOCK: You’ll never get everyone.
SILVERTHUMB: I will with those lovely little words, "It’s for you!" You see, Dr. Schlock, tomorrow night at midnight phones around the world will ring. My satellite will simultaneously tie up all phone lines. The teledrone will kick into action and everyone who answers will immediately fall into my power. Their first command will be to tell someone else, "It’s for you!"
SCHLOCK: You’re so low, so despicable.
SILVERTHUMB: Stop flattering me! (CARLEY screams OFFSTAGE.)
SCHLOCK: My poor baby!
SILVERTHUMB: Better get back to business! No telling how long Ms. Gargoyle can control herself! (SCHLOCK EXITS CENTER. SILVERTHUMB EXITS RIGHT. JOSEPHINE and ELLA ENTER LEFT.)

JOSEPHINE: Did you hear that, Ella?
ELLA: Sir Sy is Silverthumb!
JOSEPHINE: We must let A.U.N.T. headquarters know immediately!
ELLA: Here’s a phone.
JOSEPHINE: Wait! It might be tapped! Let’s use our glasses!

(JOSEPHINE and ELLA put on their glasses as NATASHA ENTERS LEFT with two cups of tea.)

JOSEPHINE: (Tapping glasses.) Chief! We’ve arrived. And you’ll never believe what we found out.
NATASHA: Teatime! (ELLA and JOSEPHINE jump.)
JOSEPHINE: Well, how nice of you. (Offhandedly.) Not you, Chief!
NATASHA: (Hands each a cup of tea.) Good after a long, hard trip, hmmm? (ELLA and JOSEPHINE drink.)
ELLA: Very goo. . . (ELLA and JOSEPHINE drop to the floor.)
NATASHA: Oh, my, that trip took everything out of ‘em! (NATASHA laughs wickedly as the curtain falls.)

ACT ONE
Scene Three

SETTING: That evening, after dinner.

AT RISE: Thunder is heard far off. Lightning flashes through a window.

BORIS: (ENTERS RIGHT, struggling with several bolts of wires. Sings to himself.) Tonight’s the night
We’re gonna get it right.
Tonight’s the night
The world will see the light!

NATASHA: (ENTERS LEFT, carrying several large tools along with pieces of electrical equipment.) Oh, it was you trying to sing. I thought the master ran over the cat.

BORIS: Very funny. Come, Dr. Schlock needs these supplies at once. The experiment will be ready tonight! (CARLEY screams OFFSTAGE.)

NATASHA: Good thing. She’s ready to lose her voice! (BORIS and NATASHA EXIT CENTER. BLOND ENTERS LEFT, angrily. He is followed by SHILLING.)
PRODUCTION NOTES

STAGE PROPERTIES: For the LONDON STREET SCENE: park bench and a street lamp. For ARGENTUM MANOR: Organ, screen, two chairs, two tables, fireplace, bookcase, secret panel, tapestry, armor, switch on wall, pot (which breaks) on shelf, lunch bag on floor (containing Chapstick, lipstick and eyeglasses).

HAND PROPERTIES:
ACT ONE, Scene One, brought on: newspapers, fake hand/telephone (ALBERT); bag for pigeon food (VICTORIA); guns (BORIS, NATASHA).

ACT ONE, Scene Two, brought on: riding crop (SILVERTHUMB); dance costume (KITTY); large shopping bag containing 9 lunch bags, each containing a tube of lipstick, black framed eyeglasses, a cigarette (candy or fake) and a ballpoint pen (U); tube of lipstick (98.6); suitcase (JOSEPHINE); suitcase (ELLA); suitcases (AXEL); small tape recorder (FLINT); two teacups on a tray (NATASHA);

ACT ONE, Scene Three, brought on: bolt of wires, rope (BORIS); electrical equipment (such as jumper cables) (NATASHA); silver hooded cloak (SILVERTHUMB); gurney or wheelchair, oversized mallet (JOSEPHINE); gurney or wheelchair, oversized mallet (ELLA); map (SHARP); whip (GARGOYLE).

ACT TWO, Scene One, brought on: feather dusters (CARLEY, JOSEPHINE, ELLA); apron, chef's hat, covered dish, knife, skewers, twine (NUTMEG, FLINT); evening dress, note (SHILLING); map, cigarette (SHARP); silver-hooded cloak, black framed eyeglasses, large syringe, sketch, cigarette lighter (SILVERTHUMB).

ACT TWO, Scene Two, brought on: feather dusters (JOSEPHINE, ELLA); gun, knife (SHILLING); gun (SILVERTHUMB); gun (FIGURE IN BLACK); black framed eyeglasses, ball point pen, lipstick, Chapstick (98.6); black framed eyeglasses (SHARP); control panel (CARLEY, NUTMEG, FLINT); frying pan, envelope [containing two tickets] (ALBERT).

SETTING: Wing entrances are LEFT and RIGHT. Door entrance is UP CENTER. Organ (which doesn’t have to play) is UP.
CENTER LEFT. Secret panel, if desired, is UP LEFT either worked into the bookcase, the wainscotting or other design. The couch is at the LEFT with a small table next to it. The phone sits on the table. The fireplace is at the RIGHT with two chairs and a table grouping. The screen is UP RIGHT. There is a possible bookcase LEFT. A window is UP LEFT by the organ or CENTER between organ and door to dungeon.

For Scene One a park bench sits LEFT by a street lamp [if desired].

BREAKING POT: Place a pot atop the organ or on the bookshelf. Pre-crack the pot so it is already in pieces. Glue it weakly back together. Tie a string onto the base of the pot. Run the string through the wall of the set. Have a stage hand jerk the string when the gun fires. The pot will fall and shatter.

COSTUME NOTE: Nothing special, except the following:
SILVERTHUMB wears silver gloves throughout and needs a silver-hooded cape.
KITTY wears show clothes such as dance costumes and evening gowns throughout. SHILLING wears an evening gown in ACT TWO, Scene One. It would be a nice touch to have maid costumes for the spies who have been "telephoned," but this isn't necessary. FLINT would then wear a chef's outfit.

MUSIC: Recording of Mozart is needed for organ playing.
Recording of "Ain't She Sweet" (or similar number) is needed ACT ONE, Scene Two.

Music under the chase in ACT TWO, Scene Three is helpful.

CASTING: The roles of N, U, NUTMEG, CARTER, FLINT and GARGOYLE can be played by male or female with very few line changes. The FIGURE IN BLACK can be doubled with any number of characters.
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