

RAW PROVOCATIVE HUMANE PLAYS

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Spy Actually:
A Bi-Polar Express
a very short holiday play by Jim Fagan

December 20, 06:00 hours.

Location: Somewhere in Switzerland.

Latitude: Varying.

Longitude: Varying.

The roof of a speeding sleek black, coal-powered locomotive. The kind only found at train shows and under Christmas trees, but this one is flying down tracks carved violently into the side of the snow-capped Alps. The moonlight betrays a man on top of the train. Snow whips past in all directions.

PETER, wearing a trim snowsuit, is hurriedly making his way across with impressive balance. He clutches a wrapped Christmas gift.

The train takes a dip, challenging his balance, but he recovers quickly, protecting the present like an egg balanced on a spoon.

A massive man, SYLVESTRO, wrapped in furs, is in pursuit. He stands upright in a way that suggests the very position is almost unnatural. He'd rather be on all fours. Peter twists around, grim and determined. In a perfect British accent:

Peter How did you find me?

Sylvestro makes to punch down at Peter, but Peter slides through Sylvestro's legs, kicking the back of his knee and bringing him down. He twists around and pulls out his Walter PPK pistol.

Peter *(cont'd)* Sylvestro, you are being extraordinarily rude.

The train takes a violent turn, knocking Peter off balance. Sylvestro kicks the gun.

Peter *(cont'd)* Nuts.

Sylvestro pulls Peter to his feet.

Sylvestro growls, throwing Peter to the train. He slams his head down in rhythm.

Peter *(cont'd)* I...AM...RE...TIRED!

Peter head-butts Sylvestro, who staggers back. Sylvestro charges at Peter and wraps him up. A tackle that morphs into a hug. He's laughing.

Sylvestro Little Squirrel!

He puts Peter down. Peter, unsure of what this means, stares at him uncomfortably. The train takes a massive dip and throws him to the ground. Sylvestro stands Peter up again. Slapping him across the face.

Sylvestro *(cont'd)* You thought you could outsmart me! But I found you!

Sylvestro is laughing so hard now.

Peter I'm sorry. Did I miss something?

Sylvestro can't contain his grin. The train hums along in a regular rhythm, chugging up the mountain.

Sylvestro What's in the package? Something for someone special?

Peter What do you know?

Sylvestro Ha! Not so much smarter than me!

Peter What did you do?

Sylvestro "Dear secret spy man. Special secret job. Steal art on train. One time only. Big pay."

Peter So you hacked my messaging system. Good for you. I never planned on handing it over to that dealer. I'm giving it to a museum. It didn't belong to the Nazis, and it doesn't belong to some count in Argentina, it belongs to the world.

Sylestro It's mine.

Peter You haven't stolen it yet, don't get cocky. How did you find the train? Took me weeks.

Sylvestro It's not big secret. It's a tourist attraction.

Peter Ha! I think I'd know a top-secret mission train when I see one thank you very much.

Sylvestro I led you to the train. It's for rich kids. Based off a children's book. They serve cocoa.

Peter What are you... oh. Oh. Oh my.

The train is slowing down as it chugs up to the top of a peak, like a roller coaster.

Sylvestro I tricked you! You see, I...

Peter You pretended to be a private art thief, lured me onto this train with a false job, and knowing I'd be here, waited until we were in the middle of the Alps and attacked me. Well done.

Sylvestro I wanted to explain it!

Peter So this isn't a rare work of any kind in my hand, is it.

Sylvestro It's the only one of its kind.

Peter opens the gift.

Peter It's a picture of the two of us fighting. That you drew.

Sylvestro That's the old days, before you cry over some old lady.

Peter You leave her out of this. And she's totally hot.

Sylvestro falls down to the floor of the train, rolling in laughter. It looks as if he'll roll right off the roof. Peter throws the picture overboard. The train crests, and suddenly lunges. It's now rushing at a faster speed than ever. Peter falls to his knees.

Peter *(cont'd)* I'm leaving.

Sylvestro Don't you miss the old days? I get a mission. "Kill the Prime Minister's son." You get a mission. Stop Sylvestro. Sometimes I win. Sometimes you win. You win more often, granted, but when I win, I'm front page news. Nobody even knows you exist! Now if I get a job to kill the Prime Minister's son, he's dead by sun-up. Where's the challenge? Where's the excitement?

Peter I don't know. Good luck finding it. Goodbye. Only, there's one thing I don't understand. Why a holiday train ride for little Swedish children? It seems so... well, silly I suppose.

Sylvestro grins.

Sylvestro It's part of your real Christmas gift.

Peter And that is?

Sylvestro An unretirement party.

Peter I won't fight you no matter how adorable the setting.

Sylvestro Perhaps it is only a question of motivation! I make bomb. Game not over. This train is strapped with remote dynamite. All the little kiddies explode if I press this button. But if you fail, KAPOW. HA! I am raising the stakes all over this place, blowing up kids. You can't say no to that!

Peter This is not what friends do Sylvestro. Friends don't blow up little children.

Sylvestro We have a unique relationship.

Peter You'll blow up too!

Sylvestro takes the detonator and puts it in his coat. Then he points to a cord on the inside of the jacket.

Sylvestro Parachute.

Peter DAMN IT!

Sylvestro Final stage. Evil genius vs. super spy man. Winner takes all.

Peter You're a sociopath, and I'm getting off the roof of this train before I get killed. I'm going to go find a pub somewhere as soon as this train stops, I'm going to get off, and I'm going to make some REAL friends who just want to get drunk and read Dickens! I'm sorry you're having a mid-life crisis, good day!

Sylvestro Don't you know what it's like to be lonely?

Peter pauses. He struggles on the increasingly speeding train to find his balance. He stands to face his enemy. Sylvestro notices a change in Peter as soon as he speaks. Something has snapped.

Peter I don't care. Blow us all up.

Sylvestro Don't think I won't.

Peter is slowly approaching Sylvestro. The train is picking up speed. The sky is lightening with the dawn.

Peter Don't think I care.

Sylvestro This is a very foolish tactic.

Peter Not a tactic. The world is a heartless place. You'll be doing those kids a favor.

Peter getting close now, though each step is harder, and each line they have to work harder to be heard.

Sylvestro Is this about your weepy leave spy business lady? She's not worth the trouble!

Peter You haven't met her. Trouble is the best part about her.

Sylvestro This is pathetic!

Peter I thought you wanted to win?

Sylvestro This isn't winning, it's totally lame. It's cheap. I wanted a fight!

Peter Can't help you then. Besides, I could only beat you by outsmarting you, and it looks like this time, you've thought of everything.

Sylvestro You're being so annoying.

Peter The world is an annoying place and I want to die.

Peter is chin to chin with him now. Snow whipping in all directions. The train moving at breakneck speed.

Peter *(cont'd)* Do. It.

Sylvestro You've taken all the fun out of this.

Peter See. That's where you're wrong. You don't know it, but the fun has just begun.

Peter hugs Sylvestro violently. Then, releases the confused, large man, and grabs his parachute cord.

Peter *(cont'd)* And for the win!

Peter pulls the cord, the chute opens, and...

Sylvestro NOOOOOOooooOOOoooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!!!!!!!

Peter Winner takes all, friend! Happy Christmas!

Sylvestro calls back as he sails off into the distance.

Sylvestro Haaaaaaaaappy Christmaaaaaaaaaassss!

Peter holds the detonator. He looks at it as the train slows and pulls into a station. The warm lights of a Santa's village in the distance. Peter sits on the roof, completely satisfied.

Blackout.

END OF PLAY.