

LIGHTS UP on ZACH and SIMON. They face offstage DR and DL respectively, their hands apparently tied behind their backs. ZACH is passed out. SIMON is awake and angry. ZACH wakes up groggily.

ZACH

Whoa. Where's my puka-bead necklace?

SIMON

I'm. Not. Talking. To you.

ZACH

You didn't fucking take my puka-bead necklace.

SIMON

No.

ZACH

(suddenly notices)

This isn't the youth hostel.

SIMON

(as ZACH groans)

No.

ZACH

My head. You did not fucking let me drink absinthe, Simon.

SIMON

It was chloroform. And you didn't so much drink it as breathe it in, after you got kicked in the head.

ZACH gets up and walks around.

SIMON

Wha? You... you can walk around!

ZACH

("Of course I can.")

Yeesss.

SIMON

Well... can you untie --

ZACH  
They liked it kinky, huh Simon?

SIMON  
They? What they? Who they?

ZACH  
Last I remember, it was you and me and  
those hotties, and --

SIMON  
They were ninjas! They were  
practitioners of the art of ninjitsu,  
which you could have figured out when  
they killed the bartender.

ZACH  
What's ninjitsu?

(beat)

SIMON  
It's what ninjas do!

ZACH  
I'm gettin' breakfast. Where's the  
door?

SIMON  
There's no door -- Zach, could you  
maybe cut these ropes?

ZACH pulls out a knife but stops short of cutting  
anything.

ZACH  
Y'know -- don't fucking act like it's  
somehow \*my\* fault.

SIMON  
Did you have to claim you were a secret  
agent?

ZACH  
It works!

SIMON sighs.

ZACH

Okay, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, girls don't believe me, but that hundredth time...

ZACH basks in satisfaction a moment.

SIMON rolls his eyes.

EVIL OVERLORD (O. S., on mic if possible)

Ha! Listen up, \*spies\*, soon the ballistic missile will launch and your fates will be sealed!

ZACH

Whatever!  
(to SIMON)  
Who's that?

SIMON

At a guess, a megalomaniacal nihilist bent on municipal destruction.  
(ZACH blinks incomprehendingly)  
A bad guy.

ZACH

Oh.

SIMON

He talked earlier. He wants to destroy Trenton.

ZACH

And our 'fate' is we're stuck in here?

SIMON

Yes. Or at least we will be, until he launches the giant rocket.

ZACH follows SIMON's gaze, notices the giant rocket for the first time. It's been DC this whole time; ZACH walks DC and peers up at it.

ZACH  
Awesome!

SIMON  
And then the exhaust flames will fill  
the dungeon and presumably kill us.

ZACH  
Kill \*you\*. Dude, I'll just jump at  
the right time.

ZACH practices jumping.

SIMON shakes his head.

EVIL OVERLORD enters through a door UR.

EVIL OVERLORD  
So the secret agent is trying to 'get  
the jump' on his arch nemesis?

ZACH  
What?

SIMON  
(who can't see)  
What's going on?!

ZACH  
Wow, that's a door?

EVIL OVERLORD  
Why, yes, and when it closes  
(EVIL OVERLORD closes the door)  
it is completely invisible \*and\*  
unopenable.  
(beat)  
Oh crap.  
(EVIL OVERLORD tries opening it again,  
fails.)  
You think you have the upper hand --  
but not for long!

SIMON  
'Cos we only have fifteen seconds to  
live?

EVIL OVERLORD  
(to ZACH)  
Oh, this is your game, eh spy?! A  
battle of wills?

Through the countdown, the EVIL OVERLORD tries to  
look stoic & unflappable.

SIMON  
Ten... nine... eight... seven....

EVIL OVERLORD  
Gah!  
(flips open cell phone)  
Gary? Cancel the countdown.  
(beat)  
Uh-huh.  
(beat)  
Yes, I'm locked in.  
(beat)  
It's not that funny!  
(angrily closes cell phone)

ZACH  
Sounds like morale troubles.

EVIL OVERLORD  
Silence!  
(notices door)  
Stupid locking mechanism.  
(starts yanking on the door)

ZACH  
You know, you could use an experienced  
spy to turn things around here.

EVIL OVERLORD  
And you would...  
(EVIL OVERLORD finally gets the door  
open)  
Consider turning to evil?

ZACH  
On a consulting basis, sure. Let's  
hash things out, see what options we  
have.

ZACH and the EVIL OVERLORD exit through the door,  
ad libbing further plans in managerspeak.

SIMON stays on stage, tied to a post.

SIMON  
Um... guys?  
(They're gone.)  
Anybody?

LIGHTS DOWN

SIMON  
Shit.