

MARK AND RITA: PIZZA SPIES

Written by

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1 EXT. PIZZA PIZZAZZ - NIGHT 1

A cab with oddly blacked out windows is parked outside down-at-heels pizza restaurant *Pizza Pizzazz*.

1 MARK (O.S.) 1
(painstakingly)
Eleven... Twelve...

2 INT. PIZZA PIZZAZZ. COUNTER 2

MARK holds a slice of pepperoni in a pair of tweezers, fretting over a pizza he's topping.

RITA's leaning on the counter looking at the chisel-jawed CUSTOMER who's waiting wordlessly for his order to be ready.

2 RITA 2
Hi! I'm Rita, so new I haven't even got a name badge! Same goes for my slowpoke bro - bet you're getting hungry, right?

The CUSTOMER doesn't react in the slightest. MARK frets over the pizza, we see that the hand-drawn 'order' he's following is insanely detailed.

3 MARK 3
Uncle Cal's very precise about pizza toppings, you know that!
(measures an angle)
Twenty-seven degrees... There!

As MARK goes to get a pizza paddle, RITA casually flips an extra slice of pepperoni on, still looking at the CUSTOMER.

4 RITA 4
(with a wink)
And one more for luck, whadda ya say?

No reaction. MARK's got the pizza on the paddle, and into the oven. RITA thinks, grins.

5 RITA (CONT'D) 5
Okay, say nothing, if you're getting great service!

The CUSTOMER growls, only his lips moving:

6 CUSTOMER 6
Is the Special ready yet?

RITA opens her mouth to complain but MARK interrupts, pulling the pizza from the oven and popping it into a box.

7 MARK 7
 (learned sales speak)
 "Freshly fired to perfection, here
 at Pizza Pizzazz we use--"

The CUSTOMER has taken the box and headed out without a word. MARK speeds up, unable not to say the rest of his speech.

8 MARK (CONT'D) 8
 "100%-organic-flames-for-a-fuller-
 fresher-flavour." (breathes out)

CAL has arrived from outside carrying three pineapples, in time to hold the door for the CUSTOMER, giving him a hearty wave.

9 CAL 9
 Sorry, kids, hadda play hardball
 with my pineapple guy, long story.
 Tell me the Special went out okay?

10 MARK 10
 Right this second, Uncle Cal! Every
 ingredient right where you wanted..

11 RITA 11
 Plus an extra slice of pepperoni to
 put a smile on his face!

CAL has gone pale, he staggers against the counter, dropping the pineapples.

12 CAL 12
 YOU GAVE HIM EXTRA PEPPERONI?!

From outside, sounds of a finely tuned engine <REVVING> and the tinted-window taxi screeching off.

13 RITA 13
 I know, wasting my time, some
 customers will never be satisfied.

14 CAL 14
 You've doomed us all!

15 MARK 15
 (picking up pineapples)
 Wow, I guess our profit margins are
 tighter than I thought...

CAL leaps over the counter in a surprisingly spry manner, grabs two scooter helmets from under it and tosses them over.

16 CAL 16
 Take these. Take the scooters.
 Stop that guy before he gets
 wherever he's going. GO!

He's heading for the back room.

17 MARK 17
 But, you said we weren't ready for
 the scooters...

RITA's eager to give them a go though! Helmet on, she cuffs MARK on the arm.

18 RITA 18
 So let's go before he changes his
 mind! Road triiiiip!

And she's out the door dragging MARK behind her.

3 EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT 3

Deserted backstreet - suddenly RITA zooms through on her scooter at ridiculously high speed, helmet glowing! Their voices are carried to each other through their helmet.

19 RITA 19
 Awesome saaaaaauce!

Some way behind, MARK's scooter veers over the road, speeding and slowing randomly as he wrestles with the controls.

20 MARK 20
 Slow down sis! I'm not sure how to
 work this thing.

21 RITA 21
 Me neither! Just go with the flow!

Huh? MARK loosens his grip on the handlebars - and it instantly levels out and catches up. CAL's voice comes from inside their helmets. MARK looks around wildly for a moment.

22 CAL (O.S.) 22
 Okay, I probably owe you kids an
 explanation.

23 RITA 23
 Ya think?!

24 CAL (O.S.) 24
Pizza Pizzazz isn't just home to
the tastiest pies this side of the
turnpike...

CUTAWAY: CAL is sat in a hi tec spy control room. As he
speaks we pull away and see it's hidden out the back of the
freezer behind the counter in the pizza place.

25 CAL (CONT'D) 25
It's also home to a top secret spy
base.

26 MARK 26
I knew it!
(RITA stares at him!)
Okay, I didn't know that, but I
knew something was hinky!

27 RITA 27
Yeah but you say that about every-
Hey! There he is!

RITA points ahead, the black-tinted cab takes a sharp right.

28 CAL (O.S.) 28
Okay, brace yourselves...

Buttons light up on each scooter, one is selected - and a
wedge of pizza flies out the front of each scooter, on a
string of melted cheese. The wedges wrap round a lamppost
like a bolas, and the scooters <SCREECH> in a tight turn.

29 RITA 29
Whooo! Whadda the rest of these
buttons do!?

30 CAL (O.S.) 30
Nothing, coz you're not gonna press
'em! Just get that Special back
before it's too late!

The CUSTOMER's head pokes out of the cab briefly, then the
cab speeds up and starts taking evasive action.

31 RITA 31
I think he's seen us! What's so
special about this Special anyhow?!

32 CAL (O.S.) 32
It's my weekly update to head
office. The toppings are a code:
Twelve slices of pepperoni means
'everything is A-OK'.

