MARK AND RITA: PIZZA SPIES

Written by

CIARAN MURTAGH AND ANDREW BARNETT JONES

1 EXT. PIZZA PIZZAZZ - NIGHT

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

1

2

4

5

6

| MARK | (0.S.) | | | |
|-----------------|--------|--|--|--|
| (painstakingly) | | | | |
| Eleven Twelv | e | | | |

2 INT. PIZZA PIZZAZZ. COUNTER

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.

RITA 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 <u>very</u> 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.

RITA (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.

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

The CUSTOMER growls, only his lips moving:

CUSTOMER Is the Special ready yet? 1

2

2

4

6

| | 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.</revving> |
| 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 |

2.

| | CAL leaps over the counter in a surprisingly spry manner, grabs two scooter helmets from under it and tosses them ov | er. |
|----|---|-----|
| 16 | CAL Take these. Take the scooters. Stop that guy before he gets wherever he's going. GO! | 16 |
| | He's heading for the back room. | |
| 17 | MARK But, you said we weren't ready for the scooters | 17 |
| | RITA's eager to give them a go though! Helmet on, she cuf MARK on the arm. | fs |
| 18 | RITA So let's go before he changes his mind! Road triiiip! | 18 |
| | 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 Awesome saaaaauce! | 19 |
| | Some way behind, MARK's scooter veers over the road, speed and slowing randomly as he wrestles with the controls. | ing |
| 20 | MARK Slow down sis! I'm not sure how to work this thing. | 20 |
| 21 | RITA Me neither! Just go with the flow! | 21 |
| | Huh? MARK loosens his grip on the handlebars - and it instantly levels out and catches up. CAL's voice comes fro inside their helmets. MARK looks around wildly for a momen | |
| 22 | CAL (0.S.) | 22 |
| | Okay, I probably owe you kids an explanation. | |

3.

| 24 | CAL (O.S.) <i>Pizza Pizzazz</i> isn't just home to the tastiest pies this side of the turnpike | 24 |
|----|--|----|
| | 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 th freezer behind the counter in the pizza place. | e |
| 25 | CAL (CONT'D) It's also home to a top secret spy base. | 25 |
| 26 | MARK I knew it! (RITA stares at him!) Okay, I didn't know <u>that</u> , but I knew <u>something</u> was hinky! | 26 |
| 27 | RITA Yeah but you say that about every- Hey! There he is! | 27 |
| | RITA points ahead, the black-tinted cab takes a sharp righ | t. |
| 28 | CAL (O.S.) Okay, brace yourselves | 28 |
| | 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.</screech> | |
| 29 | RITA Whooo! Whadda the rest of these buttons do!? | 29 |
| 30 | CAL (O.S.) Nothing, coz you're not gonna press 'em! Just get that Special back before it's too late! | 30 |
| | The CUSTOMER's head pokes out of the cab briefly, then the cab speeds up and starts taking evasive action. | |
| 31 | RITA I think he's seen us! What's so special about this Special anyhow?! | 31 |
| 32 | CAL (O.S.) It's my weekly update to head office. The toppings are a code: Twelve slices of pepperoni means 'everything is A-OK'. | 32 |

4.

| | And thirteen slices? | |
|----|--|---|
| | Ahead the cab screeches abruptly onto a long curving on-ramp to the freeway. There's no time for the scooters to take it. | |
| 34 | CAL (O.S.) 34 Means our cover's been blown and they should activate our self- destruct code. Hold on! | |
| | Another button lights up on the scooter. An empty pizza box is fired from the lead scooter, lands flat, then the lid jacks up so the box is now a ramp. The scooters hit the ramp and are launched into the air towards the elevated freeway. | > |
| 35 | MARK 35 (wailing in terror) If we live through this, I have thoughts about that code system! | |
| 36 | RITA 36 And in case we don't - I'm pressing buttons! | |
| | She stabs a couple of buttons at random | |
| 37 | CAL (O.S.) 37 No! Wait! You'll | |
| | Just before the scooters come to land on the freeway, a slick of red sauce spills out the back of one scooter, and a sticky blob of dough flies out the front of the other and expands. | |
| | The cab skids wildly on the red slick, before <splatting> into the giant doughball.</splatting> | |
| | The scooters land and come to a gentle halt. | |
| 38 | MARK 38 What what was that?! | |
| 39 | CAL (O.S.) 39 A passata slick combo'd with a dough ball special - how'd ya come up with that one?! | |
| 40 | RITA 40 What can I say, natural born spy! Fearless, instinctive | |
| | The CUSTOMER exits the cab woozily, pizza box in hand, and | |

The CUSTOMER exits the cab woozily, pizza box in hand, and falls at her feet.

The box pops open, she reaches in, peels off a slice of pepperoni and eats it, yum! MARK frowns, and moves one of the other slices - the one RITA added - to where the one she just removed was.

41

MARK --tiny bit careless... good job you got me sis!

The start scooting back up the road.

42

CAL (O.S.) 42 Okay, get back here and let's wipe those memories clean! Ahh, just kidding. Probably...

END.

41