

Scene 1

We're in a small living room with Mickey standing on his own in the space like a statue, then we hear the news from the radio. The stage is unlit.

Radio: Good morning everyone out there in the world we live in, this is Radio who cares only lorry drivers listen to us and we are live all day and all night for your trucking needs. But we start as always with the news, the prime minister has announced that he has actually done what he promised to do in his manifesto Parliament responded by having a collective heart attack but don't worry he's sorted out the health service so they'll all be feeling fine soon. The Spice Girls have announced that they are all sick of singing and are actually going to settle down for once, one of them has even become a fast food waitress at her local KFC, more on that including her identity later. And finally Newcastle United has won the Premier League title in a stunning reversal of fortunes, Alex Ferguson has reportedly retired due to the news and reports from Newcastle itself reveal that Magpies are being taken from their branches and kissed to death in celebration. More news from your favourite and only radio station later.

A spot light is on Mickey and he speaks.

Mickey: Good news. Good news is hard to come by these days, have you ever noticed how they always put the bad news on first and leave the good news til last? It's sick, they want to depress us, all of us even more than we already are. Life isn't easy, it's a long marathon run with loads of hurdles and stuff in the way. But then, they want to make it even worse than it is by making it look even worse than that. I don't even bother listening anymore, the last time I tried to I heard about a man being killed in some war against some enemy on the other side of the world. Then they said he was 18 years old and had a wife. Then they had the wife talk about her husband. Then they had his mum on talking about him like he was an angel or summat. Then, just to depress me even more, they played abide with me really slowly with a welsh bloke singing it. It was awful, I don't want to be depressed I want to be happy, but all they do is spew out more and more depressing stuff, this person has died, this bloke is in charge of the country, this 12 year old is pregnant, this 16 year old is drinking vodka. All depressing, all the time and I don't want to hear it. I want something happy when I turn on the news, that's what I want, I don't want to be reminded that life's a bitch and then you die and then they play abide with me then everyone cries over your rotting corpse. I want to feel alive. I want to live. I want summat, sorry I'll say that again, something to live for, you know, like everyone.

Lights go to general wash and he moves around the space fiddling with things as he goes, then sits down completely bored.

Mickey: Well this is fun isn't it? Hello, is anyone here? No responding or what?

Mickey picks up some letters and reads them one at a time.

Mickey: Letter from mum, letter from dad. Letter from insurance bloke, who has died, good. Letter from Nigeria, sorry but the scam didn't work better luck next time from Nigerian scam friend. Letter from Burger King telling me that they do not give away free samples, letter from McDonalds telling me they don't need a new clown, letter from KFC telling me to stop calling them.

Katie walks in and Mickey doesn't notice.

Katie: What's that one?

Mickey: It's from the job centre telling me my benefits are not going to up to forty thousand a year despite all the yelling I did outside their door.

Katie: That's a shame.

Mickey: Yes it is and I keep telling them that.....Who the hell are you?

Katie: Who me? Little me? Me, me , me , me, me?

Mickey: Yes, you. What are doing here? Who are you? How did you get in?

Katie: Whoa there, one question at a time please. Okay, ask one question at a time, then leave a gap so I can answer.

Mickey: Who are you?

Katie: See, was that so hard? My name is Katie, but that is just a name really it isn't a who is it. So I am a person, sort of and I am a woman, sort of. But I can't really go into details about who I am because I really don't know myself.

Mickey: What is that supposed to mean?

Katie: It's meant to mean that I don't know who I am really. I think it depends on what I doing at the time.

Mickey: What do you mean?

Katie: I think I am here to help you, I am a helper on your journey through life, your advisor. And if you told anyone I was here I would also be the proof that you are a complete loony.

Mickey: What are you talking about?

Katie: I am talking about my relation to you although I think what you meant to ask was, why did I say people would think you were a loony if you told them that you could see me? Well in answer to that question I would say....because only you can see me, I am in your mind oooooo. Be afraid. Not laughing? No smile? Oh that's a shame.

Mickey: I'm going mad, I've finally gone crazy, hold on if you're in my head , can I touch you?

Katie: No, we just met so no touchy feely stuff okay. I do have a life outside your head, at least I think I do otherwise I would have no reason to exist. Or wouldn't I? I don't know, I only know that I am in your head, so hello.

Mickey: I am going insane, I have finally lost it completely. I am talking to someone who isn't actually there.

Katie: Yes, you should continue talking to yourself that's far more logical.

Mickey: Do you mind I am having a crisis here.

Katie: Sorry, just trying to lighten the mood. You are far too stressed out, you should learn to relax, enjoy life, take it easy and any other metaphor I can say to help things.

Mickey: Are you mocking me? Is that what you are my mocking angel?

Katie: No I'm just annoying really. So what's with the letter? Are you having money troubles?

Mickey: You're in my head you should know what is going on.

Katie: Yes I am in your head but I am also nice enough not to go into it besides it's a mess in there, so humour me and answer my questions.

Mickey: I have problems with money, that's all.

Katie: Keeping it or spending it?

Mickey: Both. I have problems in both directions.

Katie: Sounds serious, so you can't get enough money and you spend what you have. Is that correct?

Mickey: Yes, that is correct I have problems in both directions.

Katie: Okay, first things first, do you have a job?

Mickey: No!

Katie: Okay I can see that maybe an issue. What qualifications do you have?

Mickey: That's private.

Katie: Not from me it isn't you can either respond to my questions in an honest way or I will sing until you cannot stand it anymore, and you know what? I'll sing the wheels on the bus go round and round in the most annoying voice you could imagine, just to top it off.

Mickey: Okay, I have no GCSEs, no A-levels, no NVQs and nothing basically.

Katie: Wow, you have no qualifications at all?

Mickey: That's right.

Katie: Not even an NVQ they're virtually giving those away.

Mickey: No, I have nothing. Although I did do some work experience once.

Katie: Now we're talking, where did you work?

Mickey: At a rubbish dump for four weeks.

Katie: As Tom Hanks once said; Houston, we have a problem. This is a serious situation. Have you worked anywhere at all?

Mickey: The work at the dump was good but eventually the smell became noticeable. I tried working

in fast food but the smell became noticeable. I tried working in an office but the smell became noticeable. I tried being a truck driver but they found out I couldn't drive.

Katie: Okay, so you've tried a lot of work but it hasn't worked out, the pun was intended and you may laugh if you wish to. But you won't so let's concentrate, what you really need is money, correct?

Mickey: Correct, I need money but where can I get it from?

Katie: I don't know yet but I am just getting started so bear with me. You've tried work so that's not an option, an honest working arrangement is obviously not for you. You have tried various get rich quick schemes.

Mickey: How do you know that?

Katie: I am in your head now shut up I'm working your mind. So no work, no get rich schemes and the government hates you, there is only option.

Mickey: Yes and what is it?

Katie: Kill yourself and get it over with.

Mickey: Oh thank you so much that was really helpful.

Katie: I'm sorry but that's reality, you're stuck and you cannot move anywhere so you have to die, it's simple really.

Mickey: I am not going to kill myself.

Katie: I can help you if you want me to.

Mickey: No, what I meant to say was I would prefer to live.

Katie: Oh come on, we've tried that this is the only option left.

Mickey: There must be some other way?

Katie: There is one thing you could do to make money.

Mickey: And that is?

Katie: Get pregnant then you'd get more benefits.

Mickey: I'm a man, I can't get pregnant it's impossible.

Katie: Then make it possible, why are quitting on me now?

Mickey: I'm not quitting, I am just saying that I cannot get pregnant.

Katie: Yes you can, we just need a woman and a lot of lubricant.

Mickey: I am not a woman.

Katie: Yes I know you have already told me that you are a man so I know that much. However, it is

the only way available to us, you don't want to die, for some reason you want to live so we have to do this.

Mickey: Why can't you get pregnant then?

Katie: I am in your head brainless, you try sticking that thing of yours into your ear and seeing what'll happen.

Mickey: I could take Yoga classes and see how long it took me to get it there.

Katie: We don't have time for that, we need a solution to this problem. Let's break down the problem into easy chunks so that we can handle it. So you have no money?

Mickey: I have a couple of quid, probably enough for a bus fare.

Katie: Okay, so you can go somewhere although it'll have to be fairly close. You can't go and find a job because you're a lazy, useless, indolent, boring, ugly, smelly...

Mickey: Hey wait a minute!

Katie: Shut up I'm not finished! Monstrous, fat arsed, scrawny little piece of crap that I would rather burn my shoes than wipe off, no good man, although I use that term very loosely. And you cannot get money off the government because you are a lazy etc, etc, etc, etc, something. So do you prefer hanging yourself or would you like to find a convenient cliff and plummet to your death?

Mickey: You are really not helping me self-esteem.

Katie: I don't care, you bum.

Mickey: I can't get money off the government. Right?

Katie: Right they know you are a lazy etc. Why what are you thinking?

Mickey: This government, what about other governments?

Katie: What? Hold on, you're in Britain, you live here, you get benefits off them. You cannot get benefits from other countries, it's not possible unless you move there.

Mickey: Have you ever watched spy movies?

Katie: Yes and no, I am in your head so technically I have watched everything you have but in my short life outside your head I haven't actually watched any movies, why what are you thinking?

Mickey: What if I became a spy?

Katie: A spy?! You? An actual spy, like James Bond or something?

Mickey: Yes, I could become a spy.

Katie: *She laughs hysterically then eventually gets control of herself.* Oh I am sorry you caught me by surprise there, you want to become a spy?

Mickey: Yes, I want to become a spy.

Katie: Mickey Saint, the laziest man in the world since he had to be delivered by forceps wants to become a spy.

Mickey: Yes, I do.

Katie: We have entered the Twilight Zone. Have you been drinking? You are not a spy. I doubt you even have suit in your wardrobe never mind any idea about how to become one, a spy that is not the suit.

Mickey: Do you doubt my ability to become a spy?

Katie: How can I put this simply? Yes, definitely.

Mickey: What is wrong with me becoming a spy?

Katie: Where do I start? Look at you, you are far too lazy to even jump across a puddle never mind running after a terrorist in some chase scene.

Mickey: No, it's not about all that guns and girls stuff. It's more about selling information, that's spying. It's about selling secrets to another country.

Katie: You don't even know how to run a washing machine; you don't know any secrets at all.

Mickey: Maybe but I don't need to know any secrets, I only need to make some up.

Katie: That's fraud, if they find out that you have lied then they will either kill you with an umbrella through your foot or arrest you and send you to some deep dark place in the middle of nowhere.

Mickey: Where I will get fed and have all my bills paid.

Katie: Yes that's correct.

Mickey: So I will either be killed, which is what you want me to do, or be imprisoned and not have to worry about anything except dropping the soap in the shower?

Katie: That's right but you have to think about this, how are you going to do this?

Mickey: I have seen plenty of spy movies in my time and I have one advantage that no one else has.

Katie: And what is that?

Mickey: I'm completely insane and am willing to do anything.

Katie: Since when is insanity an advantage? Plus you said you had one advantage not two.

Mickey: Since right now and I didn't take Maths in school.

Katie: Okay fine but how on Earth are you going to do this?

Mickey: I'm going to start by deciding who to spy for silly.

Katie: That makes sense, I expect you want me to help you.

Mickey: No I can handle this.

Katie: No, no I'm the delusion I should be helping.

Mickey: Okay, we need a country to give the information to.

Katie: Okay since you know nothing I'll start.

Mickey: Hey, stop insulting me, you're in my head and that means that you know just as much as me.

Katie: No it doesn't so shut up dumbo while I do my thing. Okay, first we need to look at the countries that maybe interested in finding out anything about Britain.

Mickey: Germany, we've been at war with them twice.

Katie: Yes, but they're not bothered about us anymore unless they want to put towels on our stuff. Look the world is a lot more peaceful these days unless you're in Korea or Iraq, or Iran, or Afghanistan, or Africa, or Israel. But other than those areas everything is peaceful.

Mickey: I have it!

Katie: Then please keep it to yourself.

Mickey: The Russians, I can give information to the Russians.

Katie: Yes because no one has ever done that before. Come on everyone has done that in their life, giving information to the KGB used to be all the rage during the Cold War.

Mickey: Come on, it's perfect, they're still our enemies. They have nuclear weapons so do we, they have guns so do we, they think we should buy their oil as well as their coal and, well, we don't really. Look it's the best option.

Katie: So you want to make contact with the KGB using your bus fare and hand over a lot of false information that you haven't made up yet, is that it?

Mickey: Yes, absolutely.

Katie: You are truly insane, how are supposed to make contact? And what makes you think they'll even listen to you?

Mickey: I am a very reliable source I am in the country and a citizen of the UK and that means I can go anywhere in this country.

Katie: As long as it costs a few quid to get there.

Mickey: You are not helping me.

Katie: I know but the idea is so ridiculous that I have lost all interest in it.

Mickey: That's it I am officially ignoring you, now how do I make contact...Email! That's the solution, I email them.

Katie: Yes at I am a spy at KGB dot net. Making sure to put 'potential information' in the subject line.

Mickey: That was not funny.

Katie: Ah so you are listening to me.

Mickey: Shut up, it's simple really, I have a computer and I have an internet connection and I shall do this.

Katie: You have an internet connection and a computer?

Mickey: No, but I know someone who does, all I need to do is to use it. I will be right back. *Mickey exits.*

Katie: I am not following him. What a prick. He has the smallest brain I have ever had to be a delusion in. Come on how long does it take to send an email to the KGB? I never thought I would ever have to ask that question. Come on! *Mickey enters.* It's about time.

Mickey: Sorry it took me longer than I thought, it's done they've arranged a meeting with me.

Katie: Where?

Mickey: I don't know they said they'll send a message to me.

Katie: How?

Suddenly a smash is heard and a brick comes hurtling into the room with a note attached to it.

Mickey: I am guessing that might be it. *He examines the note.* Ah ha, hum, I see, this is interesting.

Katie: What does it say?

Mickey: Nothing it's been thrown through the wrong window, this was meant for the window next door. *He throws it out again.* Typical isn't it? You can't get the service nowadays. *Then another brick is thrown on stage.* Ahh, here we are. *He examines it.* This is it, we are to meet him in a dark alleyway on a dark street that has dark lighting on it and it has to be at night. Oh and he's given me directions.

Katie: You are not going to meet him are you?

Mickey: They know where I live I have no choice I am going to meet the KGB at night, tonight.

Blackout.

Scene 2

During the blackout we hear the radio.

Radio: Hello little people living out there in reality it is that time again, the news. The latest news from reporters who we don't pay, we simply get the stuff of the net and tell you what we find. In a study conducted by the Chocolate Lovers Alliance, it has been found that chocolate can actually help control your weight even if you eat it all day and all night without eating anything else, this study

was conducted by four female scientists and funded with a forty thousand pound grant from the government. North Korea has finally surrendered and is preparing to merge with South Korea, creating unity in a place where war was becoming a horrible possibility. The USA has announced that they plan to celebrate the President's birthday by giving everyone in the world a bar of Chocolate and a big kiss from the Pres. That's all the news for now folks, you'll hear me later.

The lights come up on a dark alley way, Mickey and Katie both enter.

Mickey: This is the place.

Katie: Great, do you think this place is dark enough?

Mickey: Where are you?

Katie: Right here.

Mickey: Then yes I do.

Katie: Okay what's the plan?

Mickey: It's simple we meet, we talk and I get some money off him.

Katie: That's your plan! That's stupid what if you don't know what to say?

Mickey: I've done pretty well with you so far. Now just relax I don't want to miss him.

Katie: We're the only ones here, how could you possibly miss him?

Mickey: He's a member of the KGB, he'll be brilliant at concealing his approach.

Dimitri (Offstage): MISTER SAINT, COMRADE I WISH TO TALK TO YOU!

Mickey: See he's a genius. I AM OVER HERE!

Dimitri (offstage): I CAN HEAR YOU, I AM COMING TO YOU.

Dimitri enters from the opposite side and walks up to Mickey.

Dimitri: Are you alone?

Mickey: No, I mean yes, I am alone.

Dimitri: Good, we do not want anyone knowing that we are here. I am agent Slivovitz of the KGB.

Mickey: Wow the KGB.

Dimitri: Yes the KGB, and before you ask, it doesn't stand for Kentucky Grilled Burgers; we are Russian intelligence, highly secret and very well trained. WHAT WAS THAT? Just a cat.

Mickey: Are you sure it was a cat?

Dimitri: I know my cats, Mr Saint. And that was a cat, possibly a Siamese cat. Now we need to talk.

Mickey: Good, what about?

Dimitri: About the information you have, we in the KGB are willing to negotiate for whatever you have.

Mickey: Good, so when should I begin?

Dimitri: What a moment.....I think we are in the clear, you may talk. NOW!

Mickey: Okay, I have information about the trains that have been sighted leaving the station I live close to.

Katie: What are you talking about? The nearest station is ten miles away from your house.

Mickey: Shut up.

Dimitri: What?

Mickey: I mean, shut up I shall continue. The trains appear to be carrying parts for a new weapon known as a BCBM.

Dimitri: A BCBM?

Mickey: Yes a Big Continental Ballistic Missile. A brand new project designed to create the ultimate weapon; I have more information on that for a price.

Dimitri: Anything else?

Mickey: Yes, I also know of several ships that have left port recently for an island in the Orkneys, they are carrying parts for a weapon codenamed Big Gun, designed to destroy anything in the world when it is fired. I have files on this project for a price.

Dimitri: Perhaps you can help us after all, we have heard about Britain's Big Gun from other operatives. What do you want?

Mickey: Money.

Dimitri: How much money?

Mickey: Lots of it.

Dimitri: Dollars or roubles.

Mickey: Wait a second, which pays the most?

Katie: Dollars of course.

Mickey: Dollars of course, I mean dollars, lots of dollars.

Dimitri: Very well, for the files we are willing to give you a hundred thousand dollars only upon delivery.

Mickey: A hundred, a hundred, a hundred thousand dollars? Oh wow. One second.

Katie: It's about seventy thousand pounds and yes it's a lot.

Mickey: I reluctantly accept, I shall be here tomorrow to bring you the package.

Dimitri: To bring me the what?

Mickey: The package, the package. You know the package.

Dimitri: Why would I want a package? I want the files.

Mickey: What is he on about?

Katie: This isn't James Bond this is reality so speak clearly to him.

Mickey: Oh I see. I shall bring you the files tomorrow night same time and same place.

Dimitri: Very well, I shall see you and you shall only see me when I want you too. *Dimitri exits. Then we hear a loud clutter offstage.* Oh blasted cat, it got me again!

Mickey: This is brilliant. I am in the money now, I actually have a job too.

Katie: Yes brilliant but there is one problem.

Mickey: And what is that?

Katie: You do not have any files. You need them for tomorrow and they have to hold up to scrutiny from the Russians. How are you going to pull that off?

Mickey: You always have to pour ice water onto my success don't you. I can do it easily, all I need to do is use the computer and type them up, it's simple really.

Katie: What about pictures? Most files of top secret projects tend to have pictures and diagrams on them, how are you going to do it?

Mickey: I can draw.

Katie: But you can't draw schematics for a super weapon that you have never even seen or designed.

Mickey: They won't know the difference trust me I can do this, this is the start of a new life for me I shall become the greatest spy in history and get very rich in the process.

Katie: Look as the person in your head I have to say this. WAKE UP! You are not James Bond you are going to get found out, you cannot forge top secret documents about some super weapon it is simply impossible to do. You are not an engineer or a scientist.

Mickey: So, most scientists make it up anyway, they won't know the difference trust me, this is the start of a new life for me, one full of Aston Martins and loads of women that aren't in my head.