

Welcome, loyal listeners, to another episode of Eclectic Full Contact Theatre's satirical saunter down the silly streets of yesteryear, Throwing Shade! If you enjoy the adventures of the Shade and the Vamp, head over to tinyurl.com/EFCTThrowingShade where for as little as \$5/month, you can get exclusive access to bloopers, rehearsals, and special bonus episodes. Now sit back, relax, and enjoy, Throwing Shade!

(METRONOME)

NARRATOR

There is a darkness in the minds of Men, a darkness in their hearts. A darkness in a room with no lights! And who knows that darkness? The Shade knows! And I know you all probably weren't expecting to hear from us again, but...WEEEEEEE;RE BAAAAAACK! Fortunately, the theme song and intro haven't changed. Unfortunately, neither have the jokes. Oh well, can't have everything. So hold on, everybody, as we kick off...whatever this is going to be. By day, Theodore Rockwell is a go-get-'em reporter for the Chicago Gazette-Times-Herald, but by night he becomes, The Shade! Using his unique ability to wear dark clothing, he, assisted by his girl Friday, Wednesday Morning, who is the mysterious female vigilante, the Vamp, defends the downtrodden and fights the forces of evil. But can one man defend the innocent from the scourge of Chicago's underbelly?

SFX: SIREN

NARRATOR

Find out in this season's premiere episode--UNFINISHED SENTENCES. And with a new season comes, naturally, a new sponsor! I'm not exactly sure what was wrong with the last one...to be honest, it's been so long, I don't remember WHO the last sponsor was. So let's just start fresh and welcome the as-yet-unindicted folks at Wood Tick Whiskey--Blindingly good! Also brought to you by Eclectic Full Contact Theatre, bringing you 1930's-style radio satire since...well, let's just say it was before Presidents turned Orange. Previously on Throwing Shade...

SFX: Papers rustling.

NARRATOR

Um...something about hats. Anyway, on to our story!
Act one, scene one Look Out! Cleveland!
Theo really steps in it.
 Time had passed since the last adventures of the Shade and the Vamp. How much time, you ask?

VOICE

How much time?

NARRATOR

Enough that we somehow made it into early 1938, or thereabouts. The Depression was still going strong, Cubs fans were still reminiscing about 1906, and at the offices of the Chicago Gazette Times-Gerald, Editor-in-Chief Clarence Clemmons--

SFX: Door opens

CLEMMONS

ROCKWELL! MORNING! Get in here!

SFX:Door slams

NARRATOR

Was still...himself.

SFX: Footsteps, door open/close

THEO

You bellowed, Chief?

CLEMMONS

You two like working here?

WED

I'm sorry?

THEO

I don't understand the question.

CLEMMONS

Do you like working here?

WED

Um...define "like", Mr. Clemmons.

CLEMMONS

Oh for crying out--like--enjoy, look forward to...like!

THEO

That's what I thought. Wednesday, he's talking about feelings!

WED

I know!

THEO

I'm scared, hold me!

SFX: Sound of a jump

WED

Theo, I can't hold you and the typewriter at the same time! Get down!

THEO

No, it's scary down there!

WED

It's too heavy! Ohhhh, oh nooooooo!

THEO

look out!

SFX: sound of extended crash, including wood breaking, metal crashes, ending with a cat.

THEO

I wondered where that cat had got to.

CLEMMONS

My desk! Rockwell!

THEO

It wasn't my fault, Chief. Wednesday was the one who fell over.

WED

It wasn't my fault, Mr. Clemmons, it was gravity!

THEO

And you know what they say, Chief. Gravity isn't just a good idea, it's the law.

SFX: typing

THEO

You can't give me demerits for that, I was supporting you!

WED

I don't make the rules.

CLEMMONS

ENOUGH! I've had it! You two are fired!

THEO/WED

Fired?

WED

But Mr. Clemmons, why?

THEO

Yeah, Chief, why? It doesn't make any sense!

CLEMMONS

Oh, it doesn't? What about this?

SFX: Sounds of wood debris

THEO

To be fair, Chief, that's not the first piece of furniture

Wednesday-- WED

Ahem

THEO

Sorry, we--

WED

AHEM!

THEO

Okay, I'VE broken.

CLEMMONS

That's the point!

WED

But Mr. Clemmons, while we may be a bit...unorthodox--

CLEMMONS

Unorthodox?

THEO

I'm Reform, myself.

WED

We make up for it by being the best reporters you've got.

CLEMMONS

No, you USED to be the best reporters I've got. You two haven't written a decent story since...

SFX: Sound of debris and rustling papers

CLEMMONS

Well, since the last time you wrote a decent story! The one about those hat guys!

THEO

Hat guys?

WED

The Haberdasher Society.

THEO

Oh, right. Oh, RIGHT! That was a while ago, wasn't it?

WED

Maybe? I'm a bit hazy on chronology.

CLEMMONS

I'm a Presbyterian, myself.

(PAUSE. WEDNESDAY SIGHS)

SFX: Typing

CLEMMONS

Ha-ha! Points!

WED

Yes. Points. Definitely points.

CLEMMONS

Now where was I? Oh, right. You're fired! I need reporters who sell papers!

THEO

(To WED) I thought the newsies did that.

WED

Not the time, Theo. Mr. Clemmons, please give us another chance. The mayor is holding a press conference today, and I'm sure that'll give us a crackerjack story!

CLEMMONS

Why would I want a story about some snack that gives you cheap toys?

THEO

Yeah, why Wednesday?

WED

Not THAT kind of crackerjack!

THEO

Right! Not THAT kind of crackerjack, Chief!

CLEMMONS

Well...

THEO

And if we don't, not only can you fire us, but we'll leave Chicago and never write for another paper ever again!

WED

Right, we'll--wait, what?

CLEMMONS

Now that's a deal! You got it!

WED

Now wait just a minute!

CLEMMONS

Good work, Morning!

WED

That wasn't my-

CLEMMONS

Now get out there and get me that story! Or don't! It's win-win for me either way!

SFX: footsteps, door open/close

THEO

I think that was very successful.

WED

Are you out of your mind? Why would you DO that?

THEO

Wednesday, why are you so upset? Clemmons finally gave you credit.

WED

That wasn't my idea! That would never have been my idea! That idea was, quite possibly, the worst idea in the history of ideas!

THEO

Of course it was your idea, Wednesday. Sure, I may have sweetened it a little--

WED

SWEETENED it?

THEO

But I was just trying to support your idea to get Clemmons to give us another chance to keep our jobs. And it worked!

WED

I...you...I can't even....I didn't---aaaahhhh! One of these days,Rockwell, we are going to have a long talk about what "support" actually means!

THEO

Relax! What's the worst that could happen?

WED

The Mayor doesn't have anything newsworthy to announce, we fail to impress Clemmons, lose our jobs, and have to leave Chicago! Where exactly am I supposed to go?

THEO

I hear Cleveland's nice.

WED

You do not hear that.

THEO

No, no I don't. But don't worry, Wednesday! You told Clemmons we would give him a great story, and I believe in us! Come on! Off to City Hall!

SFX: Running footsteps

WED

I know I say I wish Theo would listen to me more, but I swear, sometimes that's WORSE!

SFX: STING

NARRATOR

Act 1 Scene 2--Thinking outside the Box

A couple of reprobates get a reprieve A short time later, Theo and Wednesday joined the crowd of reporters on the steps of City Hall.

SFX: Crowd noises

MAYOR

Gentlemen, gentlemen--and ladies--

WED

Well, would you look at that?

MAYOR

And canines--

PUDDLES

(Happy bark)

MAYOR

Of the press, I have called you all here today to announce an event of incredible import to this city, its citizens, and myself personally.

THEO

This sounds like just the story we need!

WED

Don't get too excited. He could very well be announcing a plan to put up a statue of himself.

SFX: Rustling papers

MAYOR

I would like to announce that the city council has approved the construction of a statue of yours truly to commemorate an unprecedented and unblemished ten terms as your Mayor.

SFX: running footsteps amidst murmurs.

THEO

Wednesday, that's amazing! You're psychic!

WED

Oh goodie. Maybe I can get a job with the circus as a fortune teller after we lose our jobs.

THEO

You're never gonna let that go, are you?

WED

Now who's psychic?

ROSA

Mr. Mayor, stop! Stop! Parada!

THEO

Wow, a statue AND a parade!

MAYOR

Rosa, what are you doing?

ROSA

I am interrupting your press conference, Mr. Mayor. I thought that was obvious.

THEO

She has a point.

MAYOR

Ask a silly question. Alright, WHY are you interrupting my press conference?

ROSA

Because you are reading the wrong paper!

MAYOR

I am?

WED

He is?

ROSA

You are.

WED

Theo, do you know what this means?

THEO

Yes. You're not psychic.

SFX: Typing

WED

I swear, Cleveland is starting to look good.

ROSA

I'm sorry, everyone.

SFX: Rustling paper

ROSA

THIS is the press announcement the Mayor was supposed to take this morning.

MAYOR

Then what's the other one?

ROSA

That's the one we let you read every morning to put you in a good mood.

MAYOR

I thought it sounded familiar. *(PAUSE)* So no statue?

ROSA

No.

MAYOR

Awww.

ROSA

Maybe soon.

MAYOR

Huzzah!

THEO

Maybe this is the story we should write.

WED

Nobody would believe it.

MAYOR

Well, now while I know we are all disappointed that there will be no statue--

THEO

We are?

WED

We are?

ROSA

Eh, not so much.

NARRATOR

Something else that hasn't changed this season is the writers' inability to find a point.

MAYOR

THIS is an announcement of incredible import to the city, its citizens, and myself. This morning there will be several inmates released from Joliet Prison. Of special interest are two local convicts. Police Chief Cannoli has more information.

CANNOLI

Today, both Misty LeBlanc and Kitty Tally are being released from prison on-a parole.

SFX: Excited crowd sounds.

REP #1

How could Misty LeBlanc get parole? She tried to take over the city with a freeze ray!

REP #2

And Kitty Tally is a member of organized Crime!

WED

And she kidnapped me!

MAYOR

And both of them tried to help John Douché frame me as the Shade!

MAN

And Kitty's bar is really hard to find!

WOMAN

I dunno, I've never had a problem.

PUDDLES

(barks angrily)

THEO

To be fair, it's not really illegal to be a cat person.

PUDDLES

(GROWLS)

THEO

But it is unethical!

CANNOLI

If I could have everybody's attention? As useful as-a dat recap was, the fact of-a da matter is dat Joliet prison is overcrowded, and trying to topple democracy and being part of organized crime is not-a dat bad. So dey is being let go onna good behavior to make room for real criminalS

REP #1

Real criminals? Like who?

SFX: rustling papers

CANNOLI

Labor organizers, vagrants, and da malati de mente.

WED

What's that?

THEO

I think I had it for dessert last night.

CANNOLI

'Scusi. I mean-a to day the ones who are pigeons.

REP #2

Pigeons? Chief, are you locking up animals again?

CANNOLI

Hey! Cannoli never locked cuppa no animals, no matter how much they deserved it! No, I mean the ones who are LIKE pigeons.

THEO

Wednesday...

WED

Theo, don't do it.

THEO

I can't help it!

WED

Resist!

THEO

I can't, the urge is too strong. Chief!

WED

Nooooo!

THEO

What do you mean people who are LIKE pigeons?

CANNOLI

You know, coo-coo!

ALL

Ohhhhhhhh.

SFX: Typing

WED

I hate to admit it, but that one makes sense.

MAYOR

Thank you, Chief Cannoli for...whatever that was. I need you, the members of the press, to spread this information far and wide, and should Misty and Kitty show their faces in our fine city, I want you to hound them mercilessly so they have no chance to threaten me--um, us--ever again.

ROSA

Uh, Mr. Mayor?

MAYOR

Yes, Rosa, what is it?

SFX: Whispering

MAYOR

Really?

ROSA

Sí.

MAYOR

(Sighs) Very well. Apparently I need to stat officially that should either of them return to Chicago, the press is to respect their status as private citizens and NOT hound or harass them in any way. There. I said it.

REP #1

And we heard it.

REP #2

It's on the record.

MAYOR

Thank you all for allowing me this plausible deniability. Now, go forth and do your worst!

ROSA

Your jobs!

MAYOR

Yes, your jobs! That's what I meant to say. Do your jobs. That is all. SFX:

Sound of crowd and receding footsteps

WED

This is it, Theo, the story we need! Two of the most dangerous criminals Chicago has ever known returning to the city that incarcerated them!

THEO

Who knows what they might do when they come back? It could be chaos!

WED

Mayhem!

THEO

A crime wave, the likes of which has never been seen before!

BOTH

We're saved!

NARRATOR

Act 1 Scene 3--Jailbirds of a Feather

Misty and Kitty return

Meanwhile, at a Greyhound bus station on the wrong side of Chicago's tracks, two very special passengers were disembarking.

SFX: Sounds of bus door opening and feet on stairs.

KITTY

(Sniffs) Smell that air, Misty! That's freedom.!

MISTY

(Sniffs, then coughs) Freedom smells like the tanneries.

KITTY

It's amazing to me that after almost five years in prison, you still have these high-falutin' airs.

MISTY

I can;'t help it, Kitty. I'm just better than most people.

KITTY

I think my favorite thing about you has to be your humility.

MISTY

Look, Kitty, I appreciate you using your status as a doyenne of organized crime to help make prison easier on me--

KITTY

See, this is what I'm talkin' about! I wouldn't have had to use me clout if you'd-a stopped usin' them twenty-five cent words!

MISTY

Kitty, it's 1938. That word is worth at least fifty cents.

KITTY

Bloody inflation. But I'm serious, Misty. You gotta try to be more like normal people and not so snooty. 'Specially if we're gonna go straight.

MISTY

Kitty, I was your cellmate for over three years--

SFX: Victory chime

NARRATOR

Exposition upgrade, unlocked!

MISTY

And I can tell you right now, I don't believe either of us can go straight.

KITTY

We have to try. I don't ever wanna go back to the slammer. The rest of me family is still locked up for who knows how long. That ain't gonna be me.

MISTY

I'm not eager to go back either, you know.

KITTY

I'll bet. I don't think I've ever seen any woman spend more time in the box than you.

MISTY

I couldn't help it. Joliet had some of the hardest screws anywhere!

KITTY

Yeah, but you kept tryin' to get a rise out of 'em. It's almost like you enjoyed the box!

MISTY

The first time was uncomfortable, and awkward. But after awhile, you get used to it.

KITTY

All the more reason to settle down and blend in.

MISTY

But why are we on this side of town?

KITTY

Because even with us living together--

BOTH

To split expenses.

KITTY

This is the best we can afford. It ain't like they let you out of prison with anything approaching enough to actually start up a decent life. But it's only temporary, until I can get back the Little Man in the Boat.

MISTY

You really want to go back to that place?

KITTY

Of course I do. It's the only family business the Tallys had that's legitimate. Kinda.

MISTY

I don't know, I don't think I'm cut out for that.

KITTY

Misty, trust me, I have no doubt that you're gonna be a natural at The Little Man in the Boat.

MISTY

Well, just remember, I have plans of my own.

KITTY

I know, I know, but neither of us will be able to do anythin' without dosh, and that means the Little Man in the Boat. Now c'mon, let's get to the boardin' house.

NARRATOR

Hailing a taxi, Kitty and Misty headed off to the Llangollen Home for Single Ladies, a well-known halfway house for ex-convicts of the fairer sex. Unfortunately for the two formerly incarcerated femme fatales, the house's reputation was a little too well-

known. SFX: Reporters and

flashbulbs

REP #1

Kitty! Misty! Why'd they let you out?

REP #2

Misty! Kitty! Why'd you come back to Chicago?

REP #3

Do you want revenge?

REP #4

Do you blame the Mayor?

REP #1

Are you teaming up? Living together?

REP #2

Is Misty a member of the Tally family now?

REP #3

What's the matter ladies, cat got your tongue?

PUDDLES

(Growls)

REP #3

Sorry, Puddles.

MISTY

Stop hounding us!

PUDDLES

(Angry barking)

MISTY

I am NOT sorry, Puddles!

PUDDLES

(Whimpers)

NARRATOR

As the hullabaloo continued, near the back, Theo and Wednesday watched on, and were concerned.

WED

Theo, I'm concerned.

THEO

So am I, Wednesday.

WED

I know it's newsworthy, but I don't feel good about how dogged the press are being in their questioning.

PUDDLES

(Growls)

THEO

Wow, Puddles is really sensitive lately.

WED

Any reporter who drinks out of the toilet is in no place to criticize others' decorum.

THEO

You've been waiting a long time to say that, haven't you?

NARRATOR

Yes, yes she has.

THEO

I don't much like it either, Wednesday, but the public should know what the two of them are up to.

WED

But they just got off the bus, Theo. They haven't had a chance to unpack, much less start a crime spree. I don't think this is the way we should be following this story.

THEO

Yeah, but if somebody else gets the scoop on us--

WED

I know, Cleveland.

THEO

Or worse, Des Moines

WED

Bite your tongue!

THEO

Ow!

NARRATOR

Wednesday did her best to ignore the fact that even after all the years they'd worked to gather, Theo still insisted on taking too many things literally. She decided to move on.

WED

Let's move on.

THEO

(Speaking as though his tongue is swollen) Good plan.

WED

I think I know how we can get a scoop without acting like those jackals.

THEO

How?

WED

We come back later as the Shade and the Vamp. That way we can talk to them without a crowd.

THEO

Do you really think either one of them will want to talk to the Shade and the Vamp?

WED

They won't really have a choice. We need to find out what they're up to.,

THEO

Didn't I just say that?

WED

I didn't say I trusted them, Theo. I just don't to act like a bunch of rabid dogs.

PUDDLES

(Offended barking)

WED

Oh grow up, Puddles!

SFX: STING

NARRATOR

Act 1 Scene 4--Third Degree Burns
Valorous vigilantes visit villainous vixens

Misty and Kitty, having settled into their shared room--

BOTH

To split expenses!

NARRATOR

Moved on to discussing their next steps.

MISTY

So what are our next steps?

KITTY

I'm so glad you asked!

NARRATOR

So am I. This plot's gotta get started sometime.

KITTY

We have to get the Little Man in the Boat back.

MISTY

And how do we do that with no money? They gave us just enough to pay for the bus when they let us out. Barely.

KITTY

I've got a plan.

MISTY

Is it a cunning plan?

KITTY

It's an extremely cunning plan.

NARRATOR

We step away from the two ladies' use of cunning language to turn our attention to the Shade and the Vamp, perched outside the room's window.

SFX: Bird sounds

NARRATOR

Well, they should have been perched outside the room's window. Apparently, however, there were some...issues.

SFX: Grunt, whoosh, clank, something metal sliding down a roof

VAMP

Shade, what are you doing?

SHADE

I'm attempting to throw my Shade-a-rang up to the roof, catch it on the chimney, then climb up the attached Shade Rope so we can perch outside the room's window.

VAMP

You know we could just--wait a minute. Shade-a-rang? Shade rope?

SHADE

Yes! I thought that designing some Shade-specific equipment would help us become even more famous,

VAMP

And why would we want to do that?

SHADE

So we could get invited to Crimefighter Conventions!

VAMP

There are Crimefighter Conventions?

SHADE

I don't know because we've never been invited!

VAMP

I...never mind. SO you made a...what did you call it?

SHADE

Shade-a-rang!

VAMP

It's a boomerang.

SHADE

A Shade-a-rang!

VAMP

And what exactly makes it a Shade-a-rang?

SHADE

It's black!

VAMP

That's it?

SHADE

Well, originally I had tried to shape it in the likeness of my hat, but that wasn't particularly aerodynamic.

VAMP

I can imagine. And the Shade rope is just a--

BOTH

Black rope.

VAMP

Well, as...impressive as that equipment may--or may not--be, I think a better plan would be--

SHADE

I made one for you.

VAMP

I'm sorry?

SHADE

I made you a Vamp-themed piece of equipment.

VAMP

I know I shouldn't do this...

NARRATOR

No, she really shouldn't.

VAMP

But what is this Vamp-themed piece of equipment you made me?

SHADE

Well, I know how important your pockets are to you.

VAMP

They are.

SHADE

And I also thought that you could always use more.

VAMP

I could.

SHADE

So I made you--

SFX: Sound of something being pulled out of a bag

SHADE

The Vampocket!

NARRATOR

The Vamp was dumbstruck by what The Shade was holding in front of her.

SHADE

It's a large portable pocket which contains inside it--

SFX: Zipper

SHADE

Several smaller pockets! Voila! The Vampocket!

VAMP

It's a purse.

SHADE

A Vampocket!

VAMP

A black purse.

SHADE

Van

VAMP

You say Vampocket one more time, I swear, you'll be eating that boomerang.

(PAUSE)

SHADE

Shade-a-rang.

SFX: SMACK

VAMP

Now can we please just use the fire escape on the side of the building?

SHADE

I guess. Though that's not the kind of move that'll get us a crimefighter convention invite!

VAMP

THERE AREN'T--(*gathers herself*) you know what? Maybe not, but discovering the plot of two dangerous criminals just might, don't you think?

SHADE

Good idea, Vamp! Here, take the Vampocket. You never know when it might come in handy.

VAMP

Shade, I know you mean well, but this thing is just going to fall off my shoulder in a fight.

SHADE

That's why I made--

SFX: Long strap being pulled out of a bag

SHADE

The VampStrap!

SFX: TWO CLICKS

SHADE

Now you can sling it across your body!

VAMP

Well, that's at least useful.

SHADE

And it matches your shoes!

VAMP

Ooooooh! (*Realizes*) I am so ashamed.

SHADE

Come on!

NARRATOR

Our heroes FINALLY made their way up the fire escape--

SFX: Footsteps on metal

NARRATOR

To the window outside Kitty and Misty's room, just in time to hear--

MISTY

Sounds risky.

KITTY

Trust me, there's something in this bag that'll guarantee the bankers play ball.

MISTY

Well, then it looks like we're off to do a number on the First National Bank. I can't wait to see their faces!

SFX: Footsteps, door open/close.

VAMP

Shade! Did you hear that?

SHADE

I did! And I have to say, I'm surprised.

VAMP

You are?

SHADE

Yes! I had no idea that Kitty and Misty had spent their time in prison becoming a dance act! And I had no idea that banks were hiring entertainers!

NARRATOR

The Vamp stared at the Shade silently, attempting to formulate an appropriate response. Then, one finally came to her.

SFX: Sound of heavy bag hitting something.

SHADE

OW!

VAMP

You were right, Shade, the Vampocket DID come in handy.

SFX: STING

NARRATOR

We'll return to Throwing Shade--Unfinished Sentences in a moment, but first, a word from our sponsor. Friends, now that Prohibition is in the past, do you find yourself longing for luxurious libations, only to have your dreams dashed by your Depression deprived bank account? Then look no further than Wood Tick Whiskey, the very best whiskey you can afford.

Some high-falutin' whiskies are made in oak barrels, But Wood Tick Whiskey cuts back on waste by being made FROM the barrels! And none of that fancy oak, neither. No sir, Wood Tick Whiskey is made from the finest white pine, dogwood and hickory, straight from Appalachia--America's Distillery.

So get yourself some Wood Tick Whiskey, and never see Whiskey the same way again!

And now, a few words from other important personages

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Go to eclectic-theatre.com for info and tickets!

And now, back to our story!

NARRATOR

Act 2 Scene 1--Distaff Disputes

Editor-In-Chief Clarence Clemmons puts his foot down...and then gets it stepped on.

As the Shade and the Vamp made their way to the First National Bank--after a brief detour to visit noted crimefighter physician Dr. Sherry...

DR. SHERRY

It's nothing more than your usual light concussion. How did it happen this time? Gang of thieves? Fall down a manhole? Someone paint a tunnel on the side of a mountain?

VAMP

I hit him with my purse.

SHADE

Vampocket.

DR. SHERRY

Understandable. But in the future, try to avoid the head. Despite what popular culture might tell you, you can't knock sense INTO somebody.

VAMP

Works when I do it to the radio.

SHADE

She's not wrong.

DR. SHERRY

(Sighs) Just try to take it easy, Shade. Don't overtax your brain.

SHADE

Never do, Doc.

VAMP

He's not wrong. Thanks, Dr. Sherry. I'll make sure he takes it easy. And that I aim for the torso.

SHADE

Put it on my tab, Doc!

SFX: Footsteps, door opens/closes

DR. SHERRY

Go into vigilante medicine, they said. You'll never be bored, they said...

NARRATOR

Meanwhile across town at the Gazette-Times-Herald, Editor-In-Chief Clarence Clemmons was feeling strangely uneasy.

CLEMMONS

Hmmmm....I feel strangely uneasy.

NARRATOR

You know what? I'm not even mad, I'm just disappointed.

SFX: Door opens

CLEMMONS

ROCKWELL! MORNING! Get in here!

SFX: Running footsteps, door slams

WALLY

You bellowed, Chief?

CLEMMONS

Winchell? I didn't bellow for you! Where are Rockwell and Morning? And don't call me Chief!

WALLY

They're out working on the Misty LeBlanc and Kitty Tally release story.

CLEMMONS

What? Why I oughta--*(Devolves into angry gibberish)*

WALLY

I would've thought you'd want them working on a story like that, Chief--uh, Mr. Clemmons.

CLEMMONS

I do! But I also want them here when I need to yell at somebody!

WALLY

Gee, that sounds kinda capricious, Mr. Clemmons.

CLEMMONS

Impossible! I'm a Sagittarius.

WALLY

Is there something I could help you with?

CLEMMONS

Hold on, let me look.

SFX: Rustling papers

CLEMMONS

Well whattaya know, there is something you can help with.

WALLY

Excellent, let me have it!

CLEMMONS

WINCGELL!

WALLY

Holy perforated eardrums, Chief! I'm already in the room.

CLEMMONS

Oh, right. Listen Winchell. Now I know I let you write that column about all the hoo-hah over in Europe--

WALLY

Yes, and I want to thank you for that, Mr. Clemmons. I think it really brought a certain je nais sais quoi to the paper.

CLEMMONS

Hold on, Winchell. I didn't give you permission to hire anybody, and besides, this Jenny Sayqua sounds like a communist.

WALLY

No, Chief, you don't understand. Je nais sais quoi is French--

CLEMMONS

That's even worse! Wait, she's not a mime, is she? I hate mimes!

WALLY

(Sighs) Np. No she's not.

CLEMMONS

Good! Now listen up, Winchell. I told you you could have a SHORT column about the rest of the world.

I know, Mr. Clemmons, and I've done everything I can to keep it short--

CLEMMONS

Short? SHORT?

SFX: Rustling papers

CLEMMONS

You call this short?

SFX: Newspaper hitting desk

WALLY

Well, yes. That column only takes up--

BOTH

Half a page!

CLEMMONS

Half a page about stuff that has nothing to do with America!

WALLY

But the column itself is only half an inch wide?

CLEMMONS

That's not the point! The entire article could be one sentence. People are calling each other names in Germany.

WALLY

That's a gross oversimplification, Mr. Clemmons. The tensions created by the National Socialist Party could very easily erupt and have wide-ranging ramifications for America and the rest of the world if they're not stopped.

CLEMMONS

I thought you bleeding hearts liked socialists.

WALLY

They're not--it's just a word they added to their party to help consolidate power. Just because I call a dog a cat doesn't make it one.

CLEMMONS

Why are you wasting column space on German cats?

WALLY

I'm NOT--Mr. Clemmons, is it possible that perhaps you're upset about something else?

CLEMMONS

What?

WALLY

It's just that article isn't any longer than any of the other articles I've written, so I'm wondering if perhaps you're upset about something else and are instead taking that anger out on me instead of the thing you're actually upset about.

SFX: Drawers opening and closing, papers rustling, footsteps, etc.

WALLY

What are you looking for?

CLEMMONS

Where Wednesday's hiding, because there's no way all that malarkey came out of a full grown man.

WALLY

Mr. Clemmons...

CLEMMONS

Fine! Yes, I am feeling strangely uneasy.

NARRATOR

Seems I heard that somewhere before.

WALLY

Well, you know, Mr. Clemmons, I think I have just the thing to help.

CLEMMONS

You do?

WALLY

I do. Wood Tick Whiskey! Made from the finest Appalachian trees, Wood Tick Whiskey guarantees that after a few sips, your problems will fade into darkness!

CLEMMONS

Well, I do enjoy covering up my emotions with alcohol.

WALLY

Exactly! What's more American than drowning your troubles?

CLEMMONS

But I'm tired of having to pay through the nose for those fancy-Dan whiskeys.

WALLY

Worry no more, Mr. Clemmons, because Wood Tick Whiskey cuts out the middleman. No nosy government inspectors, no revenuers, no retailers insisting on their cut. No, when you purchase Wood Tick Whiskey, it comes straight from an unknown location deep in the mountains straight to you!

CLEMMONS

How does it taste?

WALLY

After a bottle of Wood Tick Whiskey, you'll never look at another brand again! And remember, it's either Wood Tick Whiskey, or you have to deal with your feelings by talking about them.

CLEMMONS

Wood Tick Whiskey it is! Though I would like to know why I have this sense of impending doom hanging over my head.

SFX: Stomping footsteps. Door is flung open

MRS. CLEMMONS

Clarence!

CLEMMONS

Mitzi! What are you doing here?

WALLY

Who's that lady, Chief?

CLEMMONS

That's no lady, that's my wife!

NARRATOR

You know what? Even though I had nothing to do with that, I feel like I should apologize. I'll show myself out.

WALLY

Mrs. Clemmons, it's so nice to meet you. Chief, you never mentioned your wife was so...

CLEMMONS

No, I didn't.

MRS. CLEMMONS

And don't call him Chief.

WALLY

Sorry Chief, uh--Mrs. Clemmons.

MRS. CLEMMONS

Now I'd like to talk to my husband alone, so amscray!

CLEMMONS

Winchell! DON't leave me!

WALLY

Sorry, Chief!

SFX: Running footsteps, door slams.

CLEMMONS

Now Mistzi, what are you doing here? I'm busy!

MRS. CLEMMONS

I just wanted to check and make sure you didn't forget.

CLEMMONS

Forget? Of course I didn't forget? How could I forget?

MRS. CLEMMONS

Considering you forgot the last three times, I just assumed it'd slipped your mind yet again.

CLEMMONS

What? No, don't be silly, Mind like a steel trap, my dear.

MRS. CLEMMONS

Good, because remember what I told you. You forget one more time and my mother is coming to stay with us while she recovers from her ingrown toenail surgery.

CLEMMONS

She is?

MRS. CLEMMONS

And the doctor said it could take months.

CLEMMONS

He did?

MRS. CLEMMONS

So I'm sure you have something wonderful planned for tonight.

CLEMMONS

I do? I mean, I do! I mean--TONIGHT??

MRS. CLEMMONS

Yes, tonight. Unless you forgot...

CLEMMONS

What? No! I didn't forget! Definitely something wonderful tonight for the thing that I definitely did not forget.

MRS. CLEMMONS

Good. Then I'll see you tonight.

SFX: Footsteps, door opens.

MRS. CLEMMONS

Oh, and Clarence?

CLEMMONS

Yes, dear?

MRS. CLEMMONS

No working late!

SFX: Door slam

CLEMMONS

Yes dear, of course not, dear.

NARRATOR

Editor-In-Chief Clarence Clemmons tiptoed over to the door and cracked it open

SFX: tiptoe and door latch

NARRATOR

To make sure his wife was really gone. Once he saw the coast was clear...

SFX: Door flung open

CLEMMONS

WINCHELL!

SFX: Running footsteps

WALLY

You shouted, Mr. Clemmons?

CLEMMONS

Winchell, I need your help. It's a matter of life and death. No, it's worse. It's a matter of life and mother-in-law.

WALLY

Gee, I'd love to, Chief, but I'm busy editing my column for space.

CLEMMONS

How'd you like front page, just below the fold?

WALLY

(Deep voice) I'm in.

SFX: STING

NARRATOR

**ACT 2 SCENE 2--Shade, Hey You Can't Drive My Car!
The Shade and The Vamp's relationship takes a wrong turn**

Let us draw a curtain across whatever Editor-In-Chief Clarence Clemmons and Wally Winchell are planning and return to the Shade and the Vamp, who swiftly tracked down Misty and Kitty

SFX: Gears grinding, backfiring, etc.

NARRATOR

Well, they WOULD'VE swiftly tracked Misty and Kitty, save for the fact The Shade was the one driving Wednesday's Nash Advanced Six Coupe.

VAMP

How is it you STILL don't know how to drive? And why are driving instead of doing the leaping across the rooftops thing?

SHADE

To answer your second question first, because two people in all black are less likely to be spotted in a car in the middle of the day, as opposed to leaping across rooftops.

VAMP

That's--um, okay, that actually makes some sense.

SHADE

As for the first question, this only happens when I drive YOUR car. I think a better question would be, why do you keep letting me drive?

CANNOLI

Oh no, you're not making this my fault.

SHADE

Also, I don't think all of this is me.

SFX: Grinding

VAMP

What do you mean?

SHADE

How old is this car?

SFX: Backfire

VAMP

You never ask a lady her car's age!

SHADE

I don't think that's a thing.

NARRATOR

I never thought I'd say this, but the Shade...is right! I'm scared, somebody hold me!

VAMP

It's a poor craftsman who blames his tools. This wouldn't be happening if I was driving.

SFX: Sound of brakes.

SHADE

Alright, then.

VAMP

Alright, then!

SFX: Doors opening, footsteps, doors closing.

VAMP

I'll show you how to swiftly track someone!

SFX: Grinding

VAMP

Hold on.

SFX: More grinding, backfire

VAMP

Amelia, no! Say it isn't so!

SHADE

Amelia?

VAMP

Yes. I named my car after Amelia Earhardt.

SHADE

You named your car after an explorer who got completely lost and disappeared?

VAMP

Quiet, you.

SHADE

I think it's pretty obvious you need a new car.

CANNOLI

This is because of what you put her through! She just needs a good mechanic.

SFX: Louder grinding, big backfire.

SHADE

More like a good undertaker.

VAMP

I'm pulling over.

SFX: Car stopping and shutting off with a lot of clanks and knocks.

VAMP

We're taking the roof route, and when this is all over, Amelia's getting a tune up!

SFX Door open/close.

VAMP

And you're paying for it!

SFX running footsteps.

SHADE

Boy, I had no idea women got so attached to their cars. Thank goodness we men don't do anything silly like that. Hey, wait for

me! SFX: Running footsteps

NARRATOR

Act 2 Scene 3--Withdrawal Symptoms

Misty and Kitty face obstacles they didn't really bank on.

As the Shade and the Vamp made their way across the rooftops of Chicago--

SFX: Throw, metal clang

SHADE

See, isn't swinging across rooftops using the Shade-a-rang and Shade Rope so much easier than jumping?

SFX: Swing, then thud

VAMP

Haven't worked out the whole stopping-yourself-some-other-way than-hitting-the-wall thing, have you?

SHADE

I'm alright, I'm alright!

NARRATOR

At the First National Bank, two formerly felonious females arrived...and were immediately recognized.

SFX: Crowd of reporters, flashbulbs

MISTY

What are the press doing here?

KITTY

Back off, ya jackals, we got business!

REP #1

You two at a bank, must be monkey business.

REP #2

Wouldn't that make more sense if they were at a zoo?

REP #1

Why would they be at a zoo?

REP #2

I don't know. You're the one who brought up monkeys!

REP #3

Kitty! Misty! What do you say to the rumors that you're raising an army of primates to take over City Hall?

KITTY

What? Of all the wool-headed--

REP #1

No now, you can't pull the wool over our eyes!

REP #2

Yeah, there's way too many of us!

REP #3

Yeah, it's not even shearing season!

REP #4

Don't you feel sheepish?

MISTY

You know, it's times like this that I miss the well-reasoned and insightful questioning of Puddles.

KITTY

Listen ya lunkheads, me and Misty got business at dis here bank, and the business we got ain't none of yer business so you just mind yer business if you don't want us to give you the business! Now outta me way, ya blood-sucking leeches!

SFX: Sounds of pushing through a crowd

REP #1

Are there any other kind?

REP #2

Yeah, that was unnecessarily purple prose.

REP #3

How can you make a living being purple?

REP #4

I still wanna know where the monkeys are!

NARRATOR

While the reporters outside were driving themselves to distraction--

REP #2

Is that downstate?

NARRATOR

Misty and Kitty entered the bank. At the same time, The Shade and Vamp arrived.

SFX: THUD

SHADE

(groggily) I'm alright...I'm alright.

NARRATOR

They made their way through the skylight just in time to see Kitty and Misty approach the security guard.

VAMP

Can you make out what they're saying?

SHADE

(Slurring his words) Giraffes have prehistoric tongues.

VAMP

What?

SHADE

Where? When? Why? Who? Who! Hoo! Owls' heads can reach 360 degrees. That's hot!

VAMP

I think instead of a cape, you need a helmet. I'm worried about--

NARRATOR

The Vamp was then rudely interrupted by an alarm.

SFX: Alarm clock

NARRATOR

A warning alarm

SFX: Klaxon or tornado alarm

NARRATOR

A bank burglar alarm!

SFX: The right alarm

NARRATOR

Was that so hard?

LORI

I require specificity.

NARRATOR

Oh for crying out...anyway, the Shade and the Vamp looked down to see Misty and Kitty in the middle of the bank, with the security guard--and the rest of the customers, face down on the ground. All the tellers had their hands up.

TELLER

Help! Help! We're being robbed!

VAMP

Come on, Shade!

SHADE

To the Shade-Cave!

SFX: Running footsteps

VAMP

Wait, Shade! Look out for--

SFX: Long fall down a flight of stairs. Ends with hubcap.

VAMP

--the stairs.

SFX: Metronome

NARRATOR

Will Misty and Kitty get away with their heinous crime?

KITTY

Hey! ALLEGED heinous crime, thank you very much!

NARRATOR

Will the reporters outside realize what's going on?

REP #1

Is that the bank alarm?

REP #2

Why would a bank be alarmed?

REP #3

Have you seen interest rates lately?

NARRATOR

Will the Shade and gravity ever get along?

SHADE

I'm alright...I'm al--

SFX: Faint

NARRATOR

These questions will most likely be forgotten by next week's thrilling conclusion to Throwing Shade--Unfinished Sentences. Here's a sneak preview!

SFX: Crash

NARRATOR

This has been Throwing Shade, brought to you by Wood Tick Whiskey--Now without splinters!
 Throwing Shade has also been brought to you by Eclectic Full Contact Theatre. Remember to like, follow and subscribe to our podcast! Or leave a review!
 Created by Andrew Pond and Sarah Siegel
 Written by: Andrew Pond with Zach Osterman
 Directed by: Andrew Pond
 Starring the voice talents of:Chloe Adamo, Jessica Lauren Fisher, Daniel Houle, Noelle Klyce, Zach Osterman, Andrew Pond, Rachael Proulx, and Monica Szaflik
 Our Foley Artist was Lori Eyre
 Our engineer was: Daniel Houle
 And I am your narrator: Noelle Klyce
 Special thanks to Tina Salamone!
 Tune in next week--Same Shade Time, Same Shade Station!