

MURDER ALLE VONGOLE
Throwing Shade Season 4 Ep 4

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!

SFX: 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?

FANS

The Shade knows!

NARRATOR

Well look at that--we have fans! Who knew?

FAN #1

I'm your number one fan!

FAN #2

We love Throwing Shade!

FAN #3

We follow you EVERYWHERE!

FAN #4

We've listened to every episode 475 times and have found all the Easter Eggs and hidden messages left there by the writers for we loyal Shade-ians!

NARRATOR

Shade-ians?

FAN #1

I thought we went with Shade-ites

FAN #2

I thought it was Theo's Throng!

FAN #3

I still say we should be Vampires!

FANS

Those are already a thing!

NARRATOR

Man, you go to one convention...May I continue?

(Various mutterings of assent)

NARRATOR

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 uncanny 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 an one man defend the innocent from the scourge of Chicago's underbelly?

SFX: SIREN

NARRATOR

Find out on this week's episode--Throwing Shade--Murder Alle Vongole! And, in a move that is surprising only to someone who managed to join us just NOW, we have a new sponsor! It turns out that the Stubbins Ffirth Home Chemistry Set, while loads of fun for tiny tots, was also chock full of dangerous toxins and explosives. And we all know that things like that shouldn't be available to civilians until the age of eighteen! So, Paraclesius Educational Playthings has shut down operations until it can land a sweet military contract. SO we here at Throwing Shade are happy to welcome the fine folks at the Camicie Nere Preparatory School for Boys, where they'll turn your little terror into a Lil' Duke!

Also brought to you by Eclectic Full Contact Theatre, bringing you high-quality, 1930's radio-style satire since...well since we could all record in person!

Previously on Throwing Shade...

CLEMMONS

Rockwell!

NARRATOR

And now, on to our story!

Act 1 Scene 1--Murder most Fowl--Ponch and John find a cock of the walk's been plucked

It was December of 1938, and all around Chicago, people were in a festive mood.

SFX: CAR HORN

DRIVER #1

(Indian accent) Get a move on! Some of us have places to be!

DRIVER #2

But it's snowing!

DRIVER #1

Yes, what an unusual occurrence in a city in the Midwest. Nothing

like this has ever happened before. Now please to get out of the way,
you--

SFX: CAR HORN

NARRATOR

Luckily, elsewhere in the city good cheer could be found, as two
police officers walked their beat.

SFX: BELL OVER DOOR RINGS

PONCH

Thanks Fyvush

JOHN

Yeah, we really appreciate it!

SFX: DOOR CLOSE

JOHN

Gotta say, Ponch, these Dinkel sugar cookies sure are swell!

PONCH

You got that right, John. The only things better are their donuts.

JOHN

Mmmmmm...donuts.

PONCH

Y'know, John, a nice snowy day like this, with fresh-baked cookies
in your hand...well, it's the kind of day you know absolutely nothing
can go wrong.

SFX: SCREAM

BOTH

Natch

NARRATOR

Come on, you HAD to know that was coming. Ponch and John
rushed off in the direction of the scream.

SFX: CHEWING.

PONCH

Gotta finish the cookies.

JOHN

Don't want to run on an empty stomach.

NARRATOR

I do NOT get paid enough for this. Ponch and John, having finally

scarfed down their confections, rushed off in the direction of the
scream--

SFX: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

NARRATOR

--arriving at the Poultry in Motion Chicken Factory. It was there
they found a crowd of people standing around a figure in the snow.

PONCH

Alright everybody, nothing to worry about. We're here now.

MAN #1

Qhattaya mean, we? There's only one of you!

PONCH

What? John? John!

SFX: STUMBLING FOOTSTEPS

PONCH

John! What's wrong?

JOHN

OWWW! I've got stomach cramps! I guess you really do have to
wait half an hour before you run.

PONCH

That's swimming.

JOHN

Why would you have to wait half an hour after swimming before
you run? Those triathletes are in for a surprise!

WOMAN #1

Pardon me, but could we perhaps get back to the reason I screamed?

PONCH

Yes, right, sorry! Everyone's please move aside!

NARRATOR

The crowd parted, revealing the prostrate form of a man laying face
down on the sidewalk.

PONCH

This doesn't look good. John, check his pulse.

JOHN

Why me?

PONCH

You're already bent over.

JOHN

Oh, right.

NARRATOR

John knelt down next to the unmoving figure.

SFX: CREAK and GRUNT

NARRATOR

And checked his pulse.

JOHN

He's dead, Ponch.

SFX: GROWD GASPS

PONCH

Ma'am, were you the one who found the body?

WOMAN #1

Body? What body?

PONCH

That one! The one on the ground. The one my partner--uh, John, you can get up now.

JOHN

That's what you think.

PONCH

Oh for crying out--here, let me help you.

SFX: GRUNTS

PONCH

Walk it off.

SFX: STAGGERING FOOTSTEPS

PONCH

Now ma'am, you screamed, so you must've found the body.

WOMAN #1

That wasn't why I screamed. By the time I got here there was already a crowd.

PONCH

Then why did you scream?

WOMAN #1

Because that woman is wearing white after Labor Day!

SFX: CROWD GASPS

WOMAN #2

What?

JOHN

It checks out, Ponch.

WOMAN #2

This is an ermine fur coat! It's festive!

WOMAN #1

It's gauche!

PONCH

Alright miss, you'll have to come with us. John, take her in.

WOMAN #2

You have got to be kidding!

PONCH

We don't make the laws, miss. We just enforce them.

JOHN

Come along, Miss.

SFX: FADING FOOTSTEPS

JOHN

(fading as footsteps fade) You don't happen to have any Alka-Seltzer in your bag, do you?

WOMAN #1

Thank goodness! I don't know what this world is coming to! It isn't safe to walk the streets anymore! Why, in my day--

PONCH

Ma'am, if you don't mind, I'd like to get back to the dead body in the middle of the sidewalk.

WOMAN #1

Why, I never!

SFX: FADING FOOTSTEPS

NARRATOR

Ponch knelt down and rolled the poor unfortunate onto his back. He then noticed two things. First, that the man's face was covered in a rash, and secondly--

PONCH

This guy's a dead ringer for Edward G. Robinson...literally.

SFX: RIM SHOT

NARRATOR

Normally I would object to such heavy-handed and unsubtle Foley commentary, but in that case, it was completely deserved. So let's go to the sting!

SFX: STING

NARRATOR

**Act 2 Scene 2--FAMILY FEUD--The Shade and the Vamp
encounter mob mentality**

Later that day, at the offices of the Chicago Gazette-Times-Herald, the rumor mill was operating full tilt.

SFX: PEPPER GRINDER

NARRATOR

I can see it's gonna be one of THOSE episodes. And responding...loudly...to the rumors being milled was Editor-In-Chief Clarence Clemmons.

SFX: CROWD SOUNDS, TYPEWRITERS

SFX: DOOR OPENS

CLEMMONS

Rockwell! Morning! Get in here!

SFX: FOOTSTEPS, DOOR CLOSE

THEO

You bellowed, Chief?

WED

WHat's up, Mr. Clemmons?

CLEMMONS

Apparently the rumor mill is going full tilt about this fella the police found outside Poultry In Motion Chicken Factory. I'm getting peppered with questions, and I don't like it.

THEO

You do seem a little salty.

WED

I'm surprised that mere rumors could affect a seasoned journalist such as yourself, Mr. Clemmons.

NARRATOR

Nope. No, I refuse to say anything.

CLEMMONS

I keep getting calls from out of town papers asking if the deceased is actually Edward G, Robinson.

THEO

The deceased is actually Edward G. Robinson?

CLEMMONS

That's--

WED

What would Edward H. Robinson be doing outside a chicken factory?

CLEMMONS

As far as we--

THEO

I heard "A Slight Case of Murder" did lay a pretty big egg.

CLEMMONS

If you two are finished with what passes for witty repartee between the two of you? (*SILENCE*) Thank you. Now as I was saying, we don't know if the deceased IS Edward G. Robinson, just that he's a dead ringer for Edward G. Robinson.

THEO/WED

Literally.

CLEMMONS

You know, there are days I regret not firing you.

WED

Don't worry, Mr. Clemmons, we'll get to the bottom of this.

THEO

Yeah, see? We'll find out who offed Mr. Big, see? Yeah, and then we'll spill the beans and he'll end up in stir, see? Yeah!

(*SILENCE*)

CLEMMONS

Is he alright?

WED

Theo? Did you hit your head without us noticing?

THEO

What are you talking about? That was my Edward G. Robinson impression.

CLEMMONS

Another reason I don't like impressionism.

SFX: TYPING

WED

I have to admit, that was good.

THEO

It was an homage!

CLEMMONS

It was more like a cry for help.

SFX: TYPING

WED

Two in a row!

THEO

It kills at parties.

CLEMMONS

Well now we know what did him in.

SFX: TYPING

WED

The hat trick!

THEO

I never liked you.

CLEMMONS

Listen you two, I wanna scoop all the other papers, so you get the dirt on the body!

THEO

I think grave digging it a bit outside our remit.

CLEMMONS

ROCKWELL!

WED

We're on it, Mr. Clemmons! Let's go, Theo!

SFX: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPEN,
SLAM

CLEMMONS

(Yosemite Sam noises and crashes behind the door)

WED

You do that on purpose, don't you?

THEO

I can neither confirm nor deny that. So what's our next move?

WED

Head over to the city morgue and see if we can uncover the cadaver's identity.

THEO

Good idea Wednesday.

SFX: DOOR OPENS

CLEMMONS

Good idea, Rockwell!

SFX: DOOR SLAM

WED

You know, for a man who never listens, he has awfully good hearing.

THEO

Wednesday, are you thinking what I'm thinking?

WED

That if your son has a behavior problem, the best solution is the Camicie Nere Preparatory School for Boys?

THEO

The Camicie Nere Preparatory School for Boys?

NARRATOR

I see we're doing the product placement early.

FAN #1

I love these!

FAN #2

They're always so subtly done!

NARRATOR

How did you get in here?

FAN #3

We won behind-the-scene passes!

SFX: PAPER RUSTLING

NARRATOR

These are in crayon. On looseleaf paper. *(PAUSE)* Looks legit.

FANS

YAY!

NARRATOR

Fine, you can stay! Just pipe down!

FANS

(Whispering) Yay!

FAN #4

You won't even know we're here.

SFX: ASSORTED GIGGLING

NARRATOR

I REALLY do not get paid enough for this. Anyway, back to your regularly scheduled in-episode commercial.

WED

And that's how the Camicie Nere Preparatory School for Boys can turn your tiny terror into a lil' Duce!

FANS

Awwww, we missed it!

NARRATOR

Yes. Tragic.

THEO

You make a convincing argument, Wednesday, but what I meant was I think we might have more success at the morgue if WE'RE not the ones who show up.

WED

Well, it is true that the city coroner isn't the biggest fan of the press. So I guess that means--

THEO

Ooooooh, can I say it?

WED

(Sighs) Oh go ahead.

THEO

This looks like a job for....THE SHADE! Come on!

SFX: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

WED

Men. So simple. Imagine me getting that worked up just saying this

is a job for...THE VAMP! Ooooooh, that IS thrilling! Wait for me!

SFX: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

NARRATOR

A short time later, in the antiseptic yet considerably macabre environs of the city morgue, Coroner Pierre Entrailles was finishing his report not he mysterious corpse found outside the Poultry in Motion Chicken Factory.

SFX: SOUND OF A SIGNATURE

PIERRE

Zere! Finally, I have finished ze report on ze mysterious corpse found outside ze Poultry in Motion Chicken Factory!

NARRATOR

This is why nobody likes the French.

PIERRE

Now for ze most important part of a Frenchman's workday--lunch!

NARRATOR

But before Pierre could make another move, he heard a sound.

SFX: WINDOW BREAKING

PIERRE

Mon Dieu! Bastille Day already?

SHADE

Dr. Entrailles, I presume.

PIERRE

Le Ahhhhhh!

VAMP

Dr. Entrailles--

PIERRE

Le Aaaahhh!

SHADE

Le Aaahhh!

VAMP

Shade!

SHADE

Sorry, I just always wanted to learn another language!

PIERRE

Zut alors! Is zis, how you say, a stick up?

SHADE

What? No! I'm the Shade and this is The Vamp. We're crimefighters!

PIERRE

Ahhh, I see. Shade, with the all black ensemble. And Vamp, oui, I see it. Your look is tréz reminiscent of Viviane Romance. Belle tenue.

VAMP

Merci, il a des poches.

SHADE

Dr. Entrailles, we're looking for information about the mysterious corpse found outside the Poultry In Motion Chicken Factory.

PIERRE

Ah, mais oui! I have just, how you say, completed my report. It is a most interesting case.

VAMP

We understand he's a dead ringer for Edward G. Robinson.

PIERRE

Literally.

SHADE

Can you tell us what killed him?

PIERRE

Of course not. I have not done ze autopsy yet.

VAMP

But you just said you completed your report.

PIERRE

Oui! I always finish ze report before ze autopsy so ze paperwork is done early. Otherwise, I would end up having to stay late.

SHADE

Stay late? It's not even noon.

PIERRE

I am French. We take lunch at ten, come back at one, and leave at two. And speaking of lunch...

SFX: DRAWER OPENING

SHADE

Isn't that the same set of drawers you keep the bodies in?

PIERRE

Of course! Excellent refrigeration, and no clunky icebox to ruin ze decor!

SFX: PAPER UNWRAPPING

VAMP

Is that...*(Slightly gagging)* a rare roast beef sandwich?

PIERRE

Oui, Mademoiselle. Normally, my lunch would consist of several delicate and intricately prepared courses, but as a city coroner, I am required to eat foods zat are guaranteed to make anyone who visits uncomfortable and vaguely nauseous due to the proximity of dead bodies and ze rawness of ze foodstuffs. Pardón.

SFX: BIG BITE AND CHEWING

PIERRE

Mmmmmm Zey made it extra rare today. Juicy!

SHADE

(Uncomfortable and slightly nauseous) Uh...what can you tell us about the....ughhh dead body?

PIERRE

I do know zere is not a mark on him, and if it were not for ze rash, I could believe he was merely sleeping. Of course, he would have to be dead tired. *(Laughs Frenchily)* Pardón. As a coroner, I am also required to indulge in gallows humor.

VAMP

Don't worry, I'm used to it. The main question, Dr. Entrailles, is--is this Edward G. Robinson?

PIERRE

Of course not!

SHADE

How do you know? Dental records?

VAMP

Fingerprints?

SHADE

Phrenological comparison?

PIERRE

I phoned up Hollywood and asked to speak to Edward G. Robinson.

VAMP

That must've been expensive!

PIERRE

Not to worry. Ze taxpayers covered it.

SHADE/VAMP

Natch

PIERRE

Monsieur Robinson is fine. He is presently on ze set of a movie wherein he plays an agent of ze FBI.

SHADE

Now that IS acting!

VAMP

Well, if our mystery man isn't Edward G, Robinson, then who is he?

PIERRE

Zat is très simple, mademoiselle Vamp. Zere is only one person in Chicago who is a dead ringer for Edward G. Robinson.

SHADE/VAMP

Literally.

PIERRE

And sat is ze head of ze Gardetti crime family, Enrico Gardetti!

SFX: STING

NARRATOR

Act 1 Scene 3--GARDETTI VENDETTI Conclusions are jumped to.

Meanwhile, across town in the warehouse district--

SFX: BALLOON POP

NARRATOR

Ah, an oldie but a goodie. Others were gathering to get some answers as well.

SFX: DOOR KNOCK, PANEL SLIDING OPEN

GUIDO

What's the password?

MARIO

Pesce Spada

GUIDO

Gesundheit. What's the password?

LUIGI

(SIGHS) Swordfish.

SFX: POANEL CLOSES, LOCKS UNLOCKING,
DOOR OPENS

GUIDO

Come on in. Good to see youse again Mario, Luigi.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS, DOOR CLOSES

MARIO

Why do we imply a doorman who don't speak Italian?

LUIGI

Give it a rest, Mario. The only word you know in Italian is swordfish. And Guido here came very highly recommended by the Organized Crime Doorman's Union Local 427.

GUIDO

Thanks, Luigi, that means a lot. I've been attending a lot of professional enhancement seminars in order to positively synchronize my performance with on-the-job expectations, resulting in an overall increase in beneficial paradigms.

MARIO

That's what I'm talking about! What is all that gobbledygook? All you gotta do is open the door when you hear the word swordfish! You don't gotta synchronize nothin'! And why do you want two ten cent pieces?

GUIDO

Oh, I see your confusion. No, paradigms are--

MARIO

I don't care!

LUIGI

Guido, why don't you take your break?

GUIDO

Sure, Luigi, sure. Hey Mario, I hope whatever's buggin' you works out. Life's too short to be that stressed.

MARIO

Who you calling short?

LUIGI

Thanks, Guido!

SFX: FOOTSTEPS OFF

MARIO

Now who's gonna watch the door?

LUIGI

Guido brought on a trainee.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS ON

BUBBA

Howdy, y'all! I'm Bubba. Really appreciate this here work experience opportunity!

MARIO

Dis one don't even talk good English!

LUIGI

Mario, get over here!

MARIO

Yoink!

SFX: RUSHED FOOTSTEPS

LUIGI

Look, I know you're upset that Enrico won't let you leave the plumbing supply business, but you can't take it out on the staff!

MARIO

I'm the youngest, so I ain't never gonna be head of the family! All I wanna do is go drive race cars! Come on, Mario Gardetti? It's a perfect racer name!

LUIGI

Hey, you don't gotta tell me. Enrico never listens. You know how many years I've been trying to get him to branch out into the snack industry? It's a goldmine and a perfect cover for the family business!

MARIO

Luigi, you're my brother and I love you, but nobody wants to eat rye chips flavored with Worcestershire sauce!

LUIGI

You'll see!

MARIO

Where is Enrico, anyway? Guido!

SFX: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

GUIDO

Yeah, Mr. Gardetti?

MARIO

You seen Enrico?

GUIDO

Nope, ain't seen him, Mr. Gardetti.

LUIGI

Thanks, Guido.

GUIDO

No problem. Oops, I gotta run. Bubba's having trouble with the password. *(As he runs off)* Not CATfish, SWORDfish!

SFX: RUNNIng FOOTSTEPS

MARIO

Typical. Enrico insists we meet him here, then doesn't show up!

LUIGI

He probably just wanted to tell us somebody thought he was Edward G. Robinson again.

MARIO

I swear, sometimes I could just strangle him!

SFX: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

GUIDO

Mr. Gardetti! Mr. Gardetti!

MARIO/LUIGI

What?

GUIDO

A fella just came to the door with some news about your brother!

MARIO

News?

LUIGI

What is it?

GUIDO

Information of an urgent nature, but that isn't important right now. What is important is that your brother was found dead earlier today outside the Poultry In Motion Chicken Factory.

MARIO

Enrico? Dead?

LUIGI

Are you sure it wasn't Edward G, Robinson?

GUIDO

Nah, our guys have eyes on Eddie G at all times just in case of this very thing.

(PAUSE)

MARIO

(Overwrought) Poor Enrico!

LUIGI

What a loss!

MARIO

Who would do such a thing?

LUIGI

He was so well-liked

MARIO

Salt of the earth!

LUIGI

My heart, she is breaking!

MARIO

My soul, it is black with grief!

BUBBA

Weren't they just saying what an awful guy he was?

GUIDO

It's an Italian thing. Come on, let's go get some espresso. This is gonna go on for awhile.

SFX: FADING FOOTSTEPS

MARIO

Luigi! We must avenge Enrico!

LUIGI

I agree! But who could have committed such a dastardly act?

MARIO

There's only one family who would dare strike at Enrico in such a fowl manner!

NARRATOR

I'm giving that one a pass since they're grieving.

LUIGI

You're right!@ It can only be--

BOTH

The Tallys!

SFX: STING

NARRATOR

We'll return to Throwing Shade, Murder Alle Vongole in just a moment. But first, a word from our sponsor. Friends, is your son showing signs of independent, critical thinking, consideration of others and willingness to consider other people's opinions? Then make sure to bundle your burgeoning communist off to the Camicie Nere Preparatory School for Boys, where he will be whipped into shape and learn that strong, autocratic authority and unwavering commitment to one's own beliefs, regardless of their effect on others or facts, are what make a real success!

Run by esteemed and so far unindicted educator Benny Muslin, the Camicie Nere Preparatory School for Boys will ensure that your son comes out strong and behaving like a complete Duce!

And now, a few words from some other important personages.

Friends, Eclectic Full Contact Theatre is forging ahead with their 11th season, bringing you a year of nothing but new works. From readings to festivals celebrating the best new works from around the country and the world, both onstage and over the airwaves, EFCT is bringing fresh, new work to audiences everywhere! So go to eclectic-theatre.com to find out about all their brand-spanking new 11th season! And tell them the Shade sent you! And now, back to our story!

NARRATOR

Act 2 Scene 1--BLARNEY SANDWICH--Kitty and Misty deal with a rye situation

While turmoil and tumult swirled about in the seedier parts of Chicago, life was significantly more sedate in the confines of The Little Man in the Boat.

SFX: DOOR OPENS, BELL TINKLES

MISTY

Welcome to the Little Man in the Boat, what can I get you?

PATRON

What a nice place! Cozy!

MISTY

Thanks, we like it.

(PAUSE)

PATRON

Awful lot of pink, though.

MISTY

Brightens up the place.

(PAUSE)

PATRON

Well, I'm here!

MISTY

You certainly are!

PATRON

Soooo...where's my drink?

MISTY

You haven't ordered yet.

PATRON

Listen, doll--

MISTY

Doll?

PATRON

Now don't get hot. Word on the street is any fella who shows up here under his own steam without asking directions is treated to a free drink. And I ambled my way over here toot sweet. Gotta say, it wasn't all that hard to find.

MISTY

Well, congratulations to you for being able to locate something with adequate lighting and signage. Truly a feat. Sad to say, though, we are no longer running that special.

PATRON

No free drinks?

MISTY

'Fraud not, toots.

PATRON

Toots?

MISTY

Don't get hot. Now, while we don't offer a free drink just for showing up, we DO offer a free drink with a purchase off our new expanded lunch or dinner menu.

PATRON

You mean you got something besides peanuts and pretzels?

MISTY

Yep. Our lunch special today is a corned beef sandwich on rye, with a drink, two bits.

PATRON

I dunno. I rarely eat out. Especially a place like this.

MISTY

Try it. I think you'll like it.

PATRON

Corned beef, you say?

MISTY

Very juicy. And a free drink.

PATRON

You know what? Let's give it a whirl! I'll take the corned beef and a beer!

SFX: LIQUID POURING INTO A GLASS, GLASS
SET ON BAR

MISTY

Here's the beer. Sandwich will be up shortly.

PATRON

Look at me! Trying new things! And my wife says I ain't adventurous!

MISTY

I'll bring your sandwich over to you.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS FADING, ORDER BELL
DINGS

KITTY

You rang?

MISTY

Corned beef sandwich for the gentleman, Kitty.

KITTY

Well glory be! I gotta say, I really hadn't expected turning this place into a full service pub would end up being so popular, especially with the lads.

MISTY

It's not too tough to cajole them into giving it a try. Especially not with tying a free drink to it. Simple positive reinforcement.

KITTY

Yer a genius, Misty, that's what ye are. I'm so glad you're my...business...partner.

MISTY

I must admit, I didn't think I was going to enjoy helping to run this place, but it grows on you. I'm proud of the life we've made since we were released.

KITTY

Aye, it's true what they say, Prison does make for strange bedfellows.

MISTY

You can say that again.

KITTY

Prison does make for--

MISTY

I didn't mean literally.

KITTY

What can I say? I'm in a fine mood. What could possibly go wrong?

SFX: DOOR OPENS, BELL

RINGS

JOHNSON

Kitty!

SFX: DOOR CLOSES

KITTY

Da?

JOHNSON

In the flesh! Ah, sure, ain't you a sight for sore eyes! Ain't she, boys?

PETER

Aye, that she is, Da!

BIG WILLIE

Absolutely!

PORKSWORD

(Confused Unintelligible Gaelic gibberish)

JOHNSON

I agree, Porksword. It IS a lot of pink.

MISTY

Brightens up the place.

JOHNSON

Ah, Miss LeBlanc. How nice to see you again. Glad to see you don't hold a grudge about the unfortunate kidnapping incident. Had I known you were a fellow criminal mastermind, I woulda never made such a blunder.

MISTY

Oh, no apologies necessary. I realize it was just business. Best to let bygones be bygones. Hello, Big Willie.

BIG WILLIE

Hello, Miss LeBlanc.

MISTY

Is it me, or have you gotten taller?

PETER

Nah, he just stands straighter around pretty women.

MISTY

I'm flattered.

KITTY

(Trying not to sound jealous but totally jealous) Misty!

MISTY

What?

PORKSWORD

(Vaguely suggestive Gaelic gibberish)

MISTY/KITTY

To save on expenses!

JOHNSON

Alright, that's enough of that! This is a happy family reunion, Porksword, so you keep a civil tongue in your head.

PORKSWORD

(Muttering unintelligible Gaelic gibberish)

MISTY

I heard that! I didn't understand it, but I heard it.

KITTY

Da, not that I ain't glad to see you, but why are you here? I thought you all had three more years on your stretch for racketeering and mob-like activities. And where's Richard?

JOHNSON

Ah, that's a sad tale, me dear. Your brother Richard is gone.

KITTY

Gone? You mean he--

JOHNSON

Aye, he emigrated back to Ireland.

MISTY

Wait a minute. You mean somebody actually went BACK TO Ireland?

PETER

We couldn't believe it either. But, see, he started reading in prison.

JOHNSON

And that, Peter, is why I'm against education. Thankfully, none of me other boys fell into that trap.

KITTY

That's for sure.

MISTY

What could he have read that made him want to go back?

JOHNSON

Well, we had thought he had started studying arts and crafts.

PETER

Turns out, he was actually reading 'bout arts and CROFTS.

JOHNSON

So what did that wool-headed nitwit do? Busts outta stir and hops a freighter bound for Erin's Isle! Idjit!

MISTY

But don't you all constantly sing about wanting to go back?

BIG WILLIE

Aye, that's what we do instead of GOING back.

PORKSWORD

(Insulting unintelligible Gaelic gibberish)

JOHNSON

Porksword, be nice. It ain't her fault. She's American. They ain't got no culture of their own.

KITTY

Wait, did you ALL bust out of prison?

JOHNSON

Not at all, at all. We was released last week on account of good behavior.

PETER

We were model prisoners!

KITTY

YOU were model prisoners?

BIG WILLIE

Aye! And we got the pictures to prove it!

SFX: PHOTOS BEING PASSED AROUND

KITTY

Well, whattaya know? I didn't know prisons put out promotional flyers.

PORKSWORD

(Proud Unintelligible Gaelic gibberish until...) Cover girl!

MISTY

Well, you've got the legs for it.

KITTY

You all have been out for a week? Why didn't you tell me?

JOHNSON

I wanted it to be a surprise. Besides, I had some business I needed to take care of first.

KITTY

Business?

PETER

Aye, to get the family operations up and running again.

BIG WILLIE

It's been too long since the Tallys were on top!

PORKSWORD

(Megalomaniacal unintelligible Gaelic gibberish ending with villainous laugh)

JOHNSON

Yes, Porksword, we all know how much you want to take over city planning.

MISTY/KITTY

City planning?

PETER

Porksword really hates traffic.

PORKSWORD

(Unintelligible Gaelic epithet)

KITTY

Da, I love you and all, but I can't get mixed up in any more your schemes. Misty and I have gone straight.

(PAUSE)

(ALL TALLYS BREAK OUT INTO UPROARIOUS LAUGHTER)

JOHNSON

Oh go on, pull the other one!

BIG WILLIE

You two, gone straight?

PETER

Don't make us laugh!

PORKSWORD

(Mocking unintelligible Gaelic gibberish)

(ALL FALL SILENT)

JOHNSON

That was a bridge too far, Porksword.

BIG WILLIE

We have a bridge?

JOHNSON

(Sigh) Peter, would ya? You're closer.

PETER

Sure, Da.

SFX: SMACK

BIG WILLIE

Ow!

KITTY

I'm serious, Da. Misty and I are just trying to keep our heads down

and get on with our lives.

MISTY

Besides, we already have enough trouble with the law assuming we're behind every crime in this city without you pulling us into whatever harebrained scheme you've cooked up.

PETER

Ooooh, Kitty! Yer girl there gives out quite the tongue-lashing, don't she?

KITTY

You have nob idea. Listen, Da, I'm glad you're all free men again, but Misty's right., I can't be getting involved in a life of crime.

JOHNSON

Life of crime? Who said anything about a life of crime? Did I say anything about a life of crime?

PETER

Sure, but you said no such thing, Da.

BIG WILLIE

Such words never passed your lips, Da.

PORKSWORD

(Offended unintelligible Gaelic gibberish)

KITTY

So you're all going straight as well?

JOHNSON

Perish the thought! Nah, we're getting involved in the plumbing supply industry!

PETER

It's completely legitimate!

BIG WILLIE

And completely corrupt!

PORKSWORD

(Bitter unintelligible Gaelic gibberish)

JOHNSON

Yes, Porksword, we all know the potholes in this city are a disgrace, but even we ain't crooked enough for city government!

KITTY

Well, I'm glad you're not going back into organized crime, but Misty and I really aren't into plumbing.

JOHNSON

I completely understand, my dear. All I ask is that you keep our presence in the city quiet for now. Things are at a very delicate stage. It's a bit of a hostile takeover, you might say.

PETER

Ate, and we don't want to upset the apple cart.

BIG WILLIE

We have apples?

PETER

Porksword, would ya? Me hand's sore.

PORKSWORD

(Assenting unintelligible Gaelic gibberish)

SFX: SMACK

BIG WILLIE

Ow!

KITTY

Don't worry, Da. We won't let the cat out of the bag.

BIG WILLIE

We have a--

SFX: SMACK

KITTY

Thanks Misty.

MISTY

(It really is) My pleasure

PETER

Why'd Big Willie's posture improve?

JOHNSON

Come on, boys! There's still lots to do. But soon, the Tallys will be laying pipe all across this fine city!

NARRATOR

You know, I had really hoped we would've been done with the plumbing puns LAST episode.

SFX: STING

NARRATOR

Act 2 Scene 2--Italians on ice--The Shade and The Vamp

practice diplomacy

Back in the warehouse district--

SFX: BALLOON POP

NARRATOR

Mario and Luigi were preparing to pay a visit to the Irish side of town.

SFX: GUNB COCKING

NARRATOR

However, perched atop the roof of the building and peering through the skylight, were the Shade and the Vamp!

SHADE

Can you see anything?

VAMP

Not a thing. This skylight is filthy!

SHADE

You know, used to be, criminals took pride in their hideouts!

VAMP

It's the Depression dragging on, Shade. There are so many abandoned buildings here in the warehouse district--

SFX: BALLOON POPPING

SHADE

Aaaahhh! Whoa....

NARRATOR

The Shade, startled by the callback to an earlier episode, lost his balance, and....

SFX: GLASS BREAKING, SLIDE WHISTLE DOWN, THUD

NARRATOR

Fell through the skylight.

SHADE

I'm alright, I'm alright! Luckily, these crates of rubber washers broke my fall.

NARRATOR

The sudden appearance of the Shade surprised the Gardettis.

SFX: SOME SORT OF WHOOSH FOR THEM SPINNING AROUND

MARIO/LUIGI

The Shade!

NARRATOR

Taking their attention away from the Vamp dropping to the floor behind them, having used a Shade-rope.

VAMP

I hate to admit it, but they are useful. Hello, boys.

SFX: SOME KIND OF WHOOSH AS THEY SPIN
AROUND

MARIO/LUIGI

The Vamp!

LUIGI

Ow! My neck! I'm too old to be spinning around like that!

MARIO

What are you two doing here? We ain't done nothing illegal!

LUIGI

Well, not today.

VAMP

We're here about the death of your brother, Enrico.

MARIO

You think we did it?

SHADE

No.

VAMP

Not until right now.

SHADE

We were wondering if you knew of anyone who would want your brother out of the way.

LUIGI

You're kidding, right?

MARIO

Look, we already know who's responsible, and we're off to...discuss the matter with them.

VAMP

You seem awfully heavily armed for just a chat.

LUIGI

These help us get our point across. Emphatically.

SHADE

And just who are you going to have this emphatic chat with?

MARIO

That's for us to know, and you to find out!

SHADE

That's,...what we're doing.

LUIGI

You are?

. VAMP

Yeah, we ask the questions because you know, and then you tell us, so we've found out.

SHADE

Simple logic, really.

MARIO

Hold on a minute.

SFX: WHISPERING

LUIGI

Alright, you win.

MARIO

We can't wriggle out of that cast-iron reasoning.

SHADE

Good. So who do you think did it?

MARIO

The Tallys

SHADE

The Tallys?

VAMP

That's not possible.

SHADE

The Tallys are in jail.

MARIO

Not all of them.

LUIGI

Kitty's been out for months!

VAMP

But why would Kitty Tally want to get rid of Enrico?

LUIGI

The Tallys have always wanted to take over our criminal--I mean plumbing empire.

MARIO

And it's well-known that the Tallys own Poultry In Motion Chicken Factory.

LUIGI

It was a front for their underground turtle racing business!

VAMP

Underground turtle racing? How did that go?

SHADE

Slowly, I would assume.

VAMP

Quiet, you.

MARIO

So we have all the proof we need. Kitty Tally is gonna pay!

SFX: GUNS COCKING

SHADE

Hold on there, Gardettis! You can't just go taking the law into your own hands!

VAMP

Exactly!

MARIO

Says the vigilantes!

SHADE

Well, yes...but that's different!

LUIGI

Different how?

VAMP

We have masks.

SHADE

Look, nobody wants a gang war.

MARIO

I'm alright with it.

LUIGI

Yeah, that was kinda our idea.

VAMP

Alright, you don't want the law coming around and investigating you and your family businesses too closely, do you?

MARIO/LUIGI

Well...

SHADE

Which is exactly what would happen if you start slinging lead at Kitty Tally. Think of all the business you'd lose while you wait for the heat to die down. Do you want that?

MARIO/LUIGI

(Petulantly) I guess not...

VAMP

Alright, then. You let us look into this. We'll bring whoever is responsible to justice.

SHADE

You have our word.

MARIO

I'm gonna trust you. BUT, you better find out who's responsible by tomorrow night, otherwise Luigi and I are gonna take care of it!

LUIGI

That's right! And you don't want the wrath of two plumbing brothers coming down on your head, believe me!

SHADE

Alright, it's a deal. You cool your heels, and we'll find the culprit by tomorrow night.

MARIO

But if you don't--

LUIGI

It's gonna be a Gardetti Vendetti!

NARRATOR

Where have I heard that before?

SFX: FADING FOOTSTEPS UNDER NEXT FEW
LINES

MARIO

What's wrong with you? It's vendetta, not vendetti!

LUIGIN

(Voice fading as they leave) It's more intimidating when it rhymes!

SFX: FOOTSTEPS STOP

VAMP

Great. Now we only have a little over twenty-four hours to find out who's responsible for the death of Enrico Gardetti.

SHADE

At least now we have a place to start.

VAMP

You really think Kitty Tally could be behind this?

SHADE

Who knows? Anything's possible. Especially since she joined up with Misty LeBlanc.

VAMP

Well, come on! Off to the Little Man in the Boat!

SHADE

You seem pretty...eager...to go there.

VAMP

What? It's a nice place! Cozy! Come on!

SFX: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

SHADE

I dunno. Always seemed fishy to me.

SFX: STING

SFX: METRONOME

NARRATOR

Will the Shade and the Vamp beat the clock?

SFX: TICKING, FOLLOWED BY HAMMER
SMASHING SOMETHING

NARRATOR

Is Misty LeBlanc up to her old tricks?

MISTY

Pick a card, any card.

NARRATOR

Is Edward G. Robinson really safe?

VOICE

Yeah, see?

NARRATOR

These and other questions will be summarily ignored on next week's thrilling conclusion to Throwing Shade--Murder Alle Vongole!

Here's a sneak peek!

SFX: THUD

NARRATOR

This has been Throwing Shade, Murder Alle Vongole, brought to you by The Camicie Nere Preparatory School For Boys.

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:

Our Foley Artist was Lori Eyre

Our engineer was:

And I am your narrator:

Special thanks to Tina Salamone!

Tune in next week--Same Shade Time, Same Shade Station!