

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? The Shade knows. By day, Theodore Rockwell is a go-get-em reporter for the Chicago-Gazette-Times-Herald, but by night, he becomes the Shade! And can I just take this moment to say how grateful I am that we made it to Season 4? It's good to be steadily employed. Not steadily PAID, mind you, but hey, it keeps me off the streets. Now where was I? Oh right... 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 can one man defend the innocent from the scourge of Chicago's underbelly?

SFX: SIREN

NARRATOR

And unsurprisingly, we have a new Sponsor It appears that Mad Murray of Mad Murray's Metronomes really lived up to his name, breaking into music classrooms across the city and gluing their metronomes to the Presto position, resulting in several nascent orchestra students passing out during Twinkle Twinkle Little Star. So, while Murray gets the help he so desperately needs, we here at Throwing Shade would like to welcome the above average folks at Sweeney Razors. Sweeney Razors--a shave that's as easy as pie! Also brought to you by Eclectic Full Contact Theatre, bringing you high-quality 1930's radio style satire since...to be honest, I can't remember a time I WASN'T in this booth. Previously on Throwing Shade--

CANNOLI

Huh?

NARRATOR

And now, on to our Story.
Act One, Scene One. Bard to the Bone.
 One paper, with little dignity
 In fair Chicago, where we lay our scene.
 Where wage begrudged causes a mutiny

For the editor is a man most mean.

CLEMMONS

Rockwell! Morning! GET IN HERE!

SFX: FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPEN, CLOSE

THEO

What can we do for you, Chief?

CLEMMONS

I want to talk to Morning. .

WED

Me, Mr. Clemmons?

CLEMMONS

No, Morning, the other typist I've got named after a day of the week. Of course you!

THEO

I'm confused.

CLEMMONS

Color me surprised.

THEO

If you wanted to talk to Wednesday, why did you call both of us in here?

CLEMMONS

Huh. Habit, I guess. And like the nun said at the swimming pool, it's tough to drop the habit.

(PAUSE)

CLEMMONS

Shouldn't I be hearing some typing? That was a Grade-A joke.

THEO

Well, it certainly laid an egg.

SFX: TYPING

CLEMMONS

Now I remember why I didn't want to talk to you, Rockwell.

THEO

Sorry, Chief.

WED

What did you want to talk to me about, Mr. Clemmons?

CLEMMONS

I want to offer you a promotion, Wednesday.

THEO

Why not today?

CLEMMONS/WED

Rockwell.../Theo...

THEO

Terribly sorry. Won't happen again.

WED

A promotion, Mr. Clemmons? That's...

CLEMMONS

Amazing? Wonderful? An honor?

THEO

(ASIDE)

Highly suspicious.

WED

Unusual.

CLEMMONS

Well, you've been kicking and moaning about not having a byline, even though I gave you one.

WED

Once. And only to keep me from leaving.

CLEMMONS

More like to keep your father from carting you off to West Virginia to marry a coal miner.

THEO

Chief, that was an amazing example of former employment!

CLEMMONS

I'm gonna regret this, aren't I?

WED

Almost definitely.

CLEMMONS

What do you mean, former employment?

THEO

You know...EX-POSITION!

CLEMMONS

ROCKWELL!

THEO

I'm sorry, Chief, I can't help myself. It's a problem. I'm not well.

CLEMMONS

That's the first thing you said that I agree with! Now, Morning, I'm offering you your own column and a permanent byline.

WED

Mr. Clemmons! That's...that's...

CLEMMONS

Amazing? Wonderful? An honor?

WED

Absolutely! To be the first female reporter on the staff of the Chicago gazette-Times-Herald is just...wait a minute. What exactly is my beat going to be? It isn't something like fashion, is it?

CLEMMONS

Wednesday, I'm surprised at you. After all, this is--

SFX: FLIPPING CALENDAR PAGES

CLEMMONS

The vaguely latter half of the 1930's. I can assure you that your column will be tackling a subject that is incredibly important to society.

THEO

Say, Chief, not that I'm not overjoyed for Wednesday, but why NOW?

CLEMMONS

Well, if you must know, Mr. Nosey Parker, we've had a...um..vacancy open up.

WED

Wait, a vacancy? That means it's a column that already exists! Theo, do you know what this means?

THEO

Um...

WED

It means there's no way it's a frivolous subject, since we don't have any frivolous columns in the paper! Mr. Clemmons, I will--

SFX: ANGRY FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPEN

ERMA

(Heavy smoker voice)

And I'm tellin' ya right now, Clemmons, don't try begging me to come back! For the peanuts you're offering, you won't have Erma Landers to kick around anymore!

SFX: DOOR SLAM

WED

What was that?

THEO

I believe that was the vacancy.

WED

Wait--Erma Landers? Miss LonelyHearts? That's my promotion? That's the subject that's so important to society?

CLEMMONS

It's a very popular column!

THEO

Erma Landers has been Miss LonelyHearts for as long as I can remember. Why is she leaving?

CLEMMONS

Crazy old biddy wants a raise. During a Depression!

WED

So this promotion doesn't come with a raise in pay?

CLEMMONS

I've always admired your keen powers of observation, Morning.

THEO

Um, Chief, not to rain on Wednesday's parade--

WED

This is a parade?

THEO

But if Wednesday takes this promotion, who's going to be my typist? I mean, I could do it myself--

CLEMMONS/WED

NO!

CLEMMONS

Morning will still be your typist. I can't afford a new hire.

WED

But if I'm doing Erma's job and not making more money...

CLEMMONS

Those funds have been earmarked for reinvestment.

WED

Modern equipment?

THEO

Updated facilities?

CLEMMONS

Executive salaries.

THEO/WED

Natch.

WED

Sorry, Mr. Clemmons, but more work and no raise? I have to pass on that "honor"

CLEMMONS

You drive a hard bargain. Well, then I guess I have no choice.

WED

I'm glad to see you're being reasonable--

CLEMMONS

Rockwell, you're the new Miss LonelyHearts!

THEO

Me?

WED

Him?

CLEMMONS

You. Your first column is due tomorrow. Get reading.

THEO

But Chief--

WED

You can't be serious!

CLEMMONS

Why? I need somebody and Rockwell's never complained about his pay.

WED

Because he makes twice what I do!

THEO

Yeah, because I--wait, WHAT? Twice? Chief, I have to say, that

does seem a little unbalanced.

CLEMMONS

Okay, from now on you and Morning are making the same salary.

WED

It's about time--

CLEMMONS

Rockwell, I'm cutting your pay in half.

THEO

Well, that seems fair--hey!

CLEMMONS

Now get out there and solve me some relationship problems!

SFX: FOOTSTEPS. DOOR OPEN, CLOSE

THEO

That's unbelievable!

WED

That Clemmons offered me ridiculous assignment requiring more work for no raise just because I'm a woman?

THEO

I can't believe I lost half my pay!

SFX: STING

NARRATOR

Act 1, Scene 2--The Munching of Lettuce

The trudging passage of the long workday
 Could not reduce fair Wednesday's hysteria.
 Which, long simmeréd, did hotly overflow
 Within the paper's cafeteria!

SFX: SOUNDS OF EATING, GENERAL HUBBUB

WALLY

Ow!

THEO

What happened?

WALLY

I bit my tongue!

WED

You bit your tongue?

WALLY

Yes, I bit my tongue.

WED

At me?

WALLY

Did I bite my tongue AT you?

WED

Yes, did you bite your tongue at me?

THEO

Is that a thing people do?

WED

I don't know what insults you men come up with.

THEO

How would that be a--

WALLY

I did not bite my tongue at you, but I did bite my tongue.

WED

Well, watch it.

WALLY

Wednesday, what's wrong?

WED

Sorry, Wally. I'm still frustrated about Clemmons and the whole Erma Landers thing.

WALLY

I know how you feel.

WED

Really? You know how it feels to be offered a job that is so completely beneath your skills AND be expected to be grateful?

WALLY

Three words. Joke. A. Day.

THEO

He's got you there.

WED

Don't you start. I can't believe you accepted the job!

THEO

I think accepted is a bit of a stretch. Was forcibly recruited, is more

like it.

WED

Clemmons doesn't want to pay a woman what she's worth, so he gives this job to a MAN!

WALLY

But you said you thought the column was stupid

THEO

And besides Erma, you're the only woman working here, so who else would he offer it to?

WED

Gentlemen?

THEO/WALLY

Yes?

WED

You both see that I am upset, correct?

THEO/WALLY

Yes.

WED

THEN I DON'T HAVE TO MAKE SENSE!

THEO/WALLY

(Pause)

Understood.

WED

Thank you. And just because I didn't want to do it doesn't mean I think a man should take a woman's job.

WALLY

Wait, are you saying men can't give love advice?

WED

I'm sorry, did I miss the moment men started expressing emotions without alcohol being involved?

WALLY

Well, THAT'S a gross generalization.

THEO

Wednesday, I've spent the last few hours reading these letters, and they're almost always written by some woman with eight cats and no friends.

WED

Speaking of gross generalizations.

THEO

Oh no, that's hard data. Most of the writers enclose photographs of the cats and list their names in the letter. They seem to think it's a selling point. See?

SFX: PAPER RUSTLING

WED

Well I'll be dipped.

THEO

Point is, most of these women are asking why men do the things they do, or how they think.

WALLY

And, as you have pointed out, Theo is a man.

THEO

Quite astute of you, actually.

WALLY

So who better to answer those questions?

WED

Y'know, Wally, I used to like you.

THEO

For what it's worth, I think you did the right thing in turning down the job.

WED

Theo, when I want your opinion, I'll--wait, what?

THEO

It's beneath you. Heck, it's beneath me.

WALLY

And that's saying something.

THEO

Wally, stop helping.

WALLY

Sorry.

THEO

Maybe you could--

WED

Theo, I appreciate what you're trying to do, but right now, I don't

want a solution.

THEO

Then what do you want?

WED

To complain!

(PAUSE)

THEO/WALLY

Ohhhhhhh!

WALLY

Go right ahead!

THEO

Feel free!

WALLY

Do you want me to bite my tongue again?

SFX: STING

NARRATOR

ACT 1 Scene 3--A Printer's Tale

Now see, the printer is most discontent.

For Theo was dumber, and 'twas a bad sport

For all the notes he lowered down on the man,

And buried him in the stacks he must sort.

Y'know, I wish somebody had told me I was gonna get stuck doin'
nothin' but haikus this episode. I woulda stayed home.

(Whispering) Haiku. *(Whispering)* I said Haiku! Haiku Haiklu
Haiku!

OFFSTAGE VOICE

Gesundheit!

NARRATOR

I need a new job. A few days later, Clemmons called Theo and
Wednesday into his office. See? Was that so hard?

CLEMMONS

Rockwell! Morning! Get in here!

SFX: FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPEN, CLOSE

WED

You bellowed, Mr. Clemmons?

CLEMMONS

Rockwell, have you taken any hits to the head recently?

THEO

Define recently.

WED

What's wrong, Mr. Clemmons?

CLEMMONS

What's wrong? What's wrong? You want to know what's wrong?

THEO

I thought she was pretty clear on that.

CLEMMONS

What's wrong is that I've had the typesetter on the phone yelling in my ear for the past hour. Rockwell, the Lonely Hearts column is a SMALL column. You sent the printer three pages worth of letters!

THEO

I can't help it Chief. Erma had a backlog that stretched back years! All these poor, unfortunate women, completely ignored!

CLEMMONS

I don't give a rat's--

SFX: PAPER RUSTLING

THEO

Like this poor woman--"Solitarily Confined". She's been writing for years and never once did Erma answer her letters. She's all alone, living in a far-flung suburb. She never goes anywhere, never has any visitors...poor thing doesn't even have a cat!

CLEMMONS/WED

WHAT?

WED

I thought they all had cats.

THEO

Apparently, the place she lives doesn't allow pets. To be honest, it does make her letters significantly shorter.

CLEMMONS

Look, I feel for the poor old broad too--

WED

Obviously.

CLEMMONS

--but you can't print all her letters at once! We need some room for

the actual news!

THEO

Fine, Chief, I'll pare it down to the most important five or six--

CLEMMONS

ONE!

THEO

Or one. One is good too.

WED

Theo, I've noticed you use your actual name in the column instead of the alias Miss Lonely Hearts. Do you think that's a good idea?

THEO

Well, obviously. Otherwise I wouldn't have done it.

NARRATOR

I can't believe I'm going to say this folks, but he has a point.

WED

Okay, let me put it another way--aren't you worried that by using your actual name, some of these extremely lonely women could get obsessively fixated on you and develop an unhealthy attraction that might just turn dangerous?

CLEMMONS

That's an oddly specific worry.

WED

I heard it on a radio drama the other night.

THEO

Wednesday, I appreciate the concern, but while that may happen in radio drama, something that far-fetched could never happen in real life. I'm sure there's no chance of anything going wrong. Besides, Dorothy lives all the way out in...hmmmm....handwriting's pretty messy...Julienne. I don't even know where that IS!

WED

Wait, where--?

THEO

Gotta run if I'm going to get the new letters--

CLEMMONS

LETTER!

THEO

Letter--to the typesetter by deadline. See you!

SFX: FOOTSTEPS< DOOR OPEN/CLOSE

CLEMMONS

You know, sometimes I wonder how somebody that dim can be as successful as he is. It's almost like he's got a more competent person helping him out. *(Pause)* Naaaaaaah.

WED

Oh no!

CLEMMONS

Morning! I didn't notice you.

WED

I'm used to it. But Mr. Clemmons, I think Theo's in trouble!

CLEMMONS

He is if he doesn't cut back on how many of those crazy old dames he puts in my paper!

WED

No, Mr. Clemmons, I mean he might be in REAL danger! This woman, "Solitarily Confined", that he's writing to?

CLEMMONS

Yeah, the one who lives in Julienne? Where is that, anyway?

WED

It's not Julienne! She's in Joliet!

SFX: DRAMATIC STING

CLEMMONS

You mean that tiny little town southwest of here? No wonder she doesn't have a life.

WED

No, Mr. Clemmons, I think she's not in Joliet, I think she's IN

Joliet!

SFX: DRAMATIC STING

CLEMMONS

You mean...?

SFX: DRAMATIC STING

WED

Yes!

SFX: DRAMATIC STING

NARRATOR

Does anybody else find that really annoying?

CLEMMONS

Let me see that.

SFX: DRAMATIC STING

NARRATOR

What the--?

LORI

Oops!

SFX: PAPER RUSTLE

CLEMMONS

You're right, Morning, this "Solitarily Confined" woman is in Joliet prison!

WED

We have to warn Theo!

CLEMMONS

Warn him about what? The woman's behind bars, under guard. What can she do to him?

WED

She's a dangerous criminal!

CLEMMONS

Aren't you the one always tellin' me that crime is very often a result of socialist economic differences?

WED

The word you're looking for is socio-economic, but yes.

CLEMMONS

Then why tell Rockwell anything? She ain't gettin' out of Joliet, and him printin' these letters helps sell that sob story that we oughts treat criminals like human beings instead of the boil on society's derringer they happen to be.

WED

Derriere.

CLEMMONS

What does the smell of milk have to do with anything?

WED

Never mind.

CLEMMONS

You're overreacting. You're acting like a hysterical--

WED

A hysterical WHAT?

CLEMMONS

Um...a hysterical person who listens to too many radio dramas.
Mark my words, no good can come of it.

WED

Uh-huh.

CLEMMONS

Now quit wasting my time, get out there, and get me a REAL story!

SFX: FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPEN, CLOSE

NARRATOR

To squeal or not to squeal,
that was the question
Whether 'twas likely that Clemmons
was right that nothing
Would result in Rockwell's misfortune,
Or that Theo's letters would
cause a convict to fall
Hopelessly in love....

WED

Come on, this is Theo we're talking about. He wouldn't recognize
romance if it hit him over the head with a typewriter...I
mean....um...I think I just heard my name. Coming!

SFX: DRAMATIC STING

NARRATOR

We'll return to Throwing Shade, Romeo and Joliet in just a moment.
But first, a word from our sponsor. Friends, do you hate how quickly
your razors dull? Do you bemoan the "rock and a hard place" choice
between constant sharpening or throwing money away on disposable
blades? Do you ever find yourself almost nodding off during your
morning shave due to the lack of danger to your physical well
being? If so, then Sweeney Razors are for you! The finest in straight
razor technology, Sweeney razors never dull thanks to a proprietary
alloy comprised of titanium, carbon, and sharpamantium, which is
definitely a real metal and not something we just made up. Sweeney
Razors are sho keen, they can slice through other razors, which I'll

demonstrate right now.

SFX: METAL SLIDING AGAINST METAL

NARRATOR

Sounds impressive, doesn't it? Believe me, it is! And it guarantees a closer shave than any other razor on the market. In fact, Sweeney razors cut so close, you won't be able to think about anything else during your shave except for how close to the jugular that blade actually is! And as a special introductory offer, every purchase of a Sweeney razor comes with a free meat pie. Sweeney razors--You'll Lovett!

And now, a word from other important personages.

If you love live audio drama performed with musicians and in-person Foley, then you'll love Eclectic Full Contact Theatre's Crashbox Festival of Short Live Audio Plays, appearing Nov 16th-19th at the Edge Off Broadway Theatre in Chicago.

See six amazing audio scripts written in the noir genre performed LIVE! Grab your fedora and sit back for an evening of wisecracking dames, hard-boiled P.I's, and twisty plots where the truth hides in the shadows but the sound effects are out in the open! Go to eclectic-theatre.com for info and tickets!

NARRATOR

And now, back to our story.

Act 2 Scene 1--A Prisoner's Life's Dream

They Say her name is Dorothy,,

But tis not so, for she is Dot.

Crazy Dot, dangerous Dot.

Smite thee atop the noggin

With a frying pan Dot.

No meek domestic servant, she.

Nay, she is Dot Archer, of Cell Block D.

SFX: Metal Door Clang

RAINBEAUX

(The bad cop prison guard from women in prison movies)

Lights out, ladies!

DOT

(Sassy, think Roz Russell)

Still got two minutes by my watch, Cousteau.

SFX: Nightstick slamming bars

RAINBEAUX

Your watch ain't got no authority here, Archer.

DOT

You realize that's a double negative, right, Cousteau?

RAINBEAUX

Another wisecrack like that and I'll give you a double negative upside your head.

DOT

You talk pretty tough for someone named Rainbeaux Cousteau.

SFX: another bang against the bars

RAINBEAUX

One more peep outta you and it's a night in the box!

DOT

Peep.

RAINBEAUX

That's it!

SFX: Door opening, struggle

RAINBEAUX

Enjoy your night in the box, Archer!

SFX: Heavy door slamming, multiple locks

NARRATOR

Oh, Dorothy, Dorothy, wherefore art thou, Archer?
Well, that's a dumb question. We know where she is. She's in the box. We literally just told people that's where she was going.
(Whispering) What? *(Whispering)* It means WHY? Then why don't they just say WHY? And why are we asking why she's Archer?
That's her name. *(Whispering)* Play on words? What--
ohhhhhh...arch-er. More arch. You know, this is why nobody thinks Shakespeare is funny. Where was I?
But soft, what light through yonder cell door breaks? Tis the east, and to Joliet it has come.

SFX: Multiple locks unlocking, heavy door opening.

PANDORA

(The good cop guard)
Rise and shine, Archer.

DOT

Pandora Levelle, as I live and breathe. Thanks for letting me outta the box, Pandora.

PANDORA

You really have to stop antagonizing Cousteau, Archer. Life'd be a

lot easier for you if you just followed the rules.

DOT

Pandora, you are, without a doubt, my favorite screw. But I'd say the fact I'm behind bars to begin with means I ain't exactly good at the whole rule following thing.

PANDORA

Come on.

SFX: Footsteps

PANDORA

Alright, now try to make it through breakfast without starting anything. Warden Steele is talking about transferring you outta state to one of the maximum security lockups if you can't keep your nose clean.

DOT

Tell her to put in better powder room facilities.

PANDORA

I'm serious, Dot. You're one wisecrack away from Sing-Sing. Try not to screw it up.

DOT

You really have to work on your pep talks, Pandora. Anyway, thanks for the heads up. I'll do my best.

SFX: footsteps. Picking up a tray

DOT

Such a smorgasbord. What's on the menu, Marge?

MARGE

(She sounds exactly like you think the lunch lady at a penitentiary would sound)

You got a choice between Cream of Wheat and Cream of Wheat Deluxe.

DOT

What makes it deluxe?

MARGE

I didn't smoke over the pot when I was makin' it.

DOT

Yummy. I'll have some of that, if you don't mind.

(Sound of a wet plop)

DOT

As always, your presentation is divine.

MARGE

It's my passion. NEXT!

SFX: Footsteps, tray set down on table

CICERO

(Very Judy Holiday)

Hey there, Archer, how's tricks?

LIPSCHITZ

(The Bookish one)

Heard you spent another night in the box thanks to Cousteau.

DOT

And good morning to you, Cicero, Lipschitz. Yeah, me and the head screw did our little cell block tango.

CICERO

I didn't know Cousteau could dance.

LIPSCHITZ

Quiet, Cicero. Well, Archer, this should make your day.

SFX: Newspaper being tossed on table

DOT

How'd you get your hands on a newspaper, Lipschitz?

LIPSCHITZ

I employ a highly complex process known as not antagonizing every screw in the joint. You should try it some time.

DOT

What, and upset the delicate ecosystem that is Joliet Women's Penal Institution?

CICERO

(Giggles)

LIPSCHITZ

For the last time, Cicero, that isn't what that word means.

CICERO

Sorry.

DOT

Not that I don't appreciate being able to discover that--

SFX: Paper rustling

DOT

--a bunch of people lost their minds over a radio program about aliens, but exactly why do you think that's gonna cheer me up?

CICERO

No, Dot, it ain't that!

SFX: Paper rustling

CICERO

They put your letter in the paper!

DOT

What?

SFX: More rustling

DOT

Well whattaya know? The Chicago Gazette-Times-Herald finally came through. I've been writin' to that rag for--

C/L

Five years

DOT

And in all that time, have they ever printed a single one of my letters?

C/L

They sure ain't!

DOT

All on account of me being in stir. Just 'cuz I'm behind bars--

C/L

Don't mean I ain't got feelin's!

DOT

I got a sneaking suspicion I've told you this before.

C/L

Once or twice.

CICERO

The weird thing is, it ain't Miss LonelyHearts writin' the column no more.

DOT

What? Who is it?

LIPSCHITZ

Some fella named Rockwell.

CICERO

Don't that beat all? Havin' a fella write a love advice column!

LIPSCHITZ

It's a travesty.

CICERO

What's curtains got to do with it?

DOT

Don't take this the wrong way, Cicero, but how exactly did you ever manage to put together a plan to rob a bank?

CICERO

I didn't rob nothin'! My beau told me to stand there in the middle of the bank and fiddle with my stockings. So I did. By the time I was done, he'd robbed the place and took off, leavin' me to take the rap!

LIPSCHITZ

See? Men have no feelings.

DOT

I dunno. My ex poured his heart to me last time I saw him.

LIPSCHITZ

Yes, well, he did have a massive knife wound in it at the time.

DOT

It's like I told the judge. He ran into the knife.

LIPSCHITZ

He ran into it ten times?

DOT

He had it comin'!

CICERO

He had it comin'?

DOT

He had it comin'! He was always lookin' deeply into other women's eyes.

LIPSCHITZ

He was an optometrist.

CICERO

Well, he certainly made a spectacle of himself. *(Giggles)*

LIPSCHITZ

That deserves a day in the box. So what does this paragon of masculine sensitivity say?

DOT

“Dear Solitarily Confined--“

CICERO

Don't he sound dreamy?

LIPSCHITZ

Seriously?

DOT

“So sorry nobody responded to you before this. But I've read all your letters--“

LIPSCHITZ

Impossible! It took five years to write all of them. This man's a liar. Like all of them.

CICERO

Why are you always so down on fellas? Is it because your boss at the bank made you think he was sweet on ya but then embezzled a bunch of money and made it look like you done it?

NARRATOR

I gotta say, that was some first-rate exposition there, folks.

LIPSCHITZ

No, Cicero, it's like that Austrian headshrinker says. It's because I really wish I had a--

MARGE

Peanuts?

ALL 3

WHAT?

MARGE

Sorry to interrupt, but the men's prison ordered too many peanuts, so they sent the excess over here. Want any?

LIPSCHITZ

Why does the men's prison gets peanuts and we don't?

MARGE

Sorry, Lipschitz. I didn't realize you liked peanuts so much.

LIPSCHITZ

I don't, I just--

CICERO

Sounds to me like you're pretty envious of those peanuts.

LIPSCHITZ

I am NOT envious of those men and their peanuts! It's just the principle--

MARGE

Look, do you want the peanuts or not?

CICERO

I do! It's been forever since I had peanuts!

SFX: Sound of bags being placed on table

MARGE

Enjoy.

SFX: Fading footsteps

DOT

Mind if I get back to my letter now?

CICERO

(Mouth full) Go on.

DOT

"My advice to you is to never give up. Just because it didn't work out with one fella doesn't mean there isn't some other guy out there with an appreciation of a woman who knows her mind with a take charge attitude."

LIPSCHITZ

He does know you're in prison, right?

DOT

I told him I felt isolated--like my heart was in a cage.

CICERO

(Mouth full) It ain't just yer heart!

LIPSCHITZ

Cripes, Cicero, leave some peanuts for the rest of us.

CICERO

I thought you didn't want any.

LIPSCHITZ

That's not what--

CICERO

Ohhhhh so you DO have peanuts envy!

LIPSCHITZ

I never liked you.

DOT

Girls!

C/L

What?

DOT

Listen to this! "I work with a woman with the same way of thinking. And while I don't always understand her, I like her, and I'd more than likely like you. And really, what better way to kick off a relationship? Signed, Theodore Rockwell.

LIPSCHITZ

Strange he used his real name and not the alias.

DOT

It's because he wants me to know who he is. Ladies, I'm in love!

C/L

What?

DOT

He's sweet on me! It's right there in black and white! He wants to kick off a relationship. He said so himself!

LIPSCHITZ

That's not exactly--

CICERO

How romantic!

DOT

That's it, I gotta get outta here!

CICERO

But how?

DOT

Hey, Levelle! Hey screw!

SFX: Footsteps

PANDORA

It's been ten minutes, Archer! You keep this up, you're gonna see the

warden!

DOT

What a coincidence, Pandora--that's exactly who I want to see.

SFX: STING

NARRATOR

Act 2 Scene 2--Taming of the Screw--DOT is given an offer she can't refuse

NARRATOR

Double , double, toil and trouble,
 One as rough as o'ernight stubble
 Tongue of lizard, claws of cat
 Roar of lion, eyes of rat
 Voice pours smooth with honey'd lilt
 Then plunge the dagger to the hilt
 Reason is crazed and crazed 'tis reason
 She marches through this curséd prison
 By the pricking of my thumbs
 Joliet's warden this way comes...

SFX: Knock on door

QUEENIE

Come in!

SFX: Door opening

PANDORA

Warden Steele?

QUEENIE

(If Nurse Ratched ran a prison...)

What is it, Lavelle? You're not interrupting me with another sob story about some convict getting their feelings hurt, are you?

PANDORA

No, Warden Steele. And I might remind you, that the last time I was here it was to bring to your attention the physical abuse being visited on the inmates by Officer Cousteau.

QUEENIE

Every single one of these women are in Joliet because they visited violence upon some innocent member of society. As my mother always said, don't dish it out if you can't take it.

PANDORA

I thought we were supposed to be rehabilitating--

QUEENIE

Nothing rehabilitates bad behavior faster than a good swift kick up the keister. Now get to why you're here. I was just about to start my hour of cultural study.

PANDORA

Sorry, Warden. I forgot your soap opera came on the radio this time of day.

QUEENIE

This is why you never get promoted, Lavelle.

PANDORA

I've got an inmate that insists on speaking to you.

QUEENIE

Oh for the love of all that's...which one is it?

PANDORA

Dot Archer.

QUEENIE

Why are you wasting my time with that--

PANDORA

Person who is presently standing right outside this open door?
Because I know how much you like to live up to that promise you make the inmates that you're here for them.

QUEENIE

This had better be good, Levelle. *(Switches to saccharine tone)*
Please send her right in!

PANDORA

Come on in, Archer.

SFX: Footsteps, door closes

QUEENIE

Miss Archer, how good to see you. Please, tell me how I might help you.

DOT

Look, Warden, I know this is gonna sound a little outta left field, but once you hear me out, I think you'll agree it's best for all involved.

QUEENIE

Well, that's certainly an intriguing opening. Please, do continue.

DOT

Know I know, Warden, that I ain't exactly what you'd call an

exemplary prisoner.

QUEENIE

Yes. I believe we put up a poster of you near the entrance for new inmates entitled "Don't Let This Happen To You"

DOT

Well, see, then you're in agreement with me. Me and prison don't really fit.

QUEENIE

Well, yes. I suppose? You do seem to rankle at even the merest suggestion of discipline.

DOT

See, I'm glad to hear you say that Warden. Because I know that means you'll be on board for what I'm proposin'.

QUEENIE

And what, exactly, are you proposing?

DOT

You let me go.

QUEENIE

Well, yes, that seems like a--wait, what did you say? Let you GO?

DOT

Absolutely. I tried, you tried, but this whole thing just ain't working out. So it'd be better off for everybody if I just left.

QUEENIE

Miss Archer--

DOT

Oh please, call me Dot.

QUEENIE

Yes, of course, Dot. (*To Pandora*) Levelle, why did you bring this insane woman into my office?

PANDORA

I didn't know what she wanted to see you for. Dot, You can't expect that we're just going to let you walk out of here.

DOT

Why not? Seems like it solves everybody's problems.

QUEENIE

Because you are a CRIMINAL! You are a violent threat to the well being of every law-abiding citizen of this city!

DOT

That ain't true, Warden. I was a violent threat to one person only-- my ex. And anyway, my whole attitude towards things has changed. I've been rehabilitated!

QUEENIE

Oh well, in that case, be on your way, with my blessing.

DOT

Really?

QUEENIE

NO! You see, Levelle, this is where all this mollycoddling prisoners by NOT putting them under hard labor gets us.

PANDORA

Dot, you just spent last night in the box--again. When did you get rehabilitated?

DOT

During breakfast. I'm in love.

PANDORA

In LOVE?

QUEENIE

Now I've heard everything, Where's my cattle prod?

PANDORA

Wait, Warden. Dot, just who did you fall in love with during breakfast?

SFX: Paper rustling, thrown down on desk

DOT

Him!

QUEENIE

Detroit Tigers first baseman Hank Greenberg?

DOT

Sorry, wrong section.

SFX: Paper rustling

DOT

Him!

PANDORA

Miss Lonelyhearts? Dot, I think you've spent too much time in the box...

DOT

Open yer peepers, will ya? They gave the column to some fella named Theodore Rockwell.

QUEENIE

A MAN is giving romance advice? This is what happens if we get rid of child labor.

DOT

I tell ya, Warden, when I read the sweet words this Rockwell fella wrote to me, I knew I could go straight thanks to the love of a good man.

SFX: Birds singing

QUEENIE

Levelle!

PANDORA

Sorry, Warden.

SFX: Footsteps

SFX: Window opening

PANDORA

Shoo!

SFX: wings

SFX: Window closes

QUEENIE

Listen here, Archer, there is no place for lovey-dovey malarkey in Queenie Steele's office.

PANDORA

No wonder you're always in such a bad mood.

QUEENIE

What?

PANDORA

Nothing.

QUEENIE

There is no way I am letting you walk out of prison just because you're twitter-pated by some pair of trousers who doesn't know enough to repress his emotions like a decent man should! You're a con!

DOT

I am a con. Hath not a con eyes? Hath not a con hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? If you prick us, do we not

bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?

QUEENIE

Levelle, I'm not sure about the rest of it, but that last part sounded like a threat.

DOT

But if you love us, will we not love in return? For there is none of us so mean and base that hath not noble passion in our hearts!

QUEENIE

What in the name of Ma Barker is she talking' about?

PANDORA

I don;'t know, Warden, but I have a feeling she ain't gonna stop until you let her go.

QUEENIE

Alright! Listen Archer, if you promise to stop...whatever it is you're doing, I'll make you a deal. Capiche?

DOT

Gesundheit.

QUEENIE

Don't push it.

DOT

Sorry. What's the deal?

QUEENIE

Now, you want somethin' from me. But what do I get out of it?

DOT

I'm outta your hair.

QUEENIE

That ain't enough, Archer. See, if you want Queenie to be good to you, then you gotta be good to Queenie, if you take my meanin'. You gotta play ball.

DOT

Play ball?

QUEENIE

Anybody who wants to get ahead in Joliet plays ball with Queenie Steele.

SFX: Sexy saxophone?

QUEENIE

What the--?

PANDORA

I'll take care of it.

SFX: Footsteps

SFX: Window opens

PANDORA

HEY! Prison band practice is TOMORROW!

RANDOM CON

Sorry, Pandora!

SFX: Window shut

QUEENIE

This is what happens when you get rid of chain gangs. Where was I?

DOT

Playing ball.

QUEENIE

Right. Joliet has an excellent softball team, consisting of myself and all the guards. If you want out of prison, all you have to do is put together a team and beat us. You win, you walk.

DOT

And if we lose?

QUEENIE

A week in the box and you do whatever Rainbeaux Cousteau tells you for a month.

PANDORA

Warden, that's too much!

DOT

I'll do it.

PANDORA

Dot, don't. You'll regret it!

DOT

The only thing I'm going to regret is that I won't be around to rub Cousteau's face in our victory.

QUEENIE

Then we have a deal. You have one week.

DOT

Then take a good look, ladies,. Because seven days from now, you

won't have Dot Archer to kick around anymore.

SFX: Footsteps

SFX: Door open/close

QUEENIE

Levelle, give Archer and whatever ragtag group of plucky misfits she gathers an extra half hour of yard time each day. I don't want anyone saying Queenie Steele runs a rigged game.

PANDORA

You are going to run a rigged game, though, aren't you?

QUEENIE

Of course I am. But I don't want anyone saying it! Call Cousteau and tell her to get over here and see me. Miss Archer is in for quite a surprise.

SFX: STING

NARRATOR

ACT 2 Scene 3--Pitched Hard to Third--Stealing Home takes on a new meaning

Guards! Convicts! Baseball Fans! Lend me your ears!

I come to montage Archer, not lengthen her.

The broad strokes of action will still be shown,

The minute details are oft skipp'd over.

So let it be with Archer. The hapless

Convicts' practice that week was strenuous

While guards and warden did conspire withal.

Thrice Cicero practiced the double play

Which she did thrice bobble. Was that ineptness?

It matters not. What is practice 'gainst guile?

The week has past, the game's afoot! Play ball!

SFX: Whistle

SFX: bat hitting ball

SFX: Running footsteps, sliding into bag

UMP

SAFE!

ANNOUNCER

That's another run for the convicts. I hafta tell ya, folks, the guards' chances of a win are walking a razor's edge--an edge almost as fine as that of Sweeney's razors, the absolute finest in home shaving paraphernalia. No matter how stubborn your whiskers, Sweeney's Razors will slice right through them, leaving you with a smooth shave second to none! And believe me, folks, when it comes to balance, nobody beats Sweeney's Razors! Pick one up, and you'll

swear your arm was incomplete without it! So if you're looking for a quality razor in the time of nick, try Sweeney's Razors--easy as pie! And now, let's get back to the action!

LIPSCHITZ

I can't believe we're up 14-0! It's been seven innings of baseball brilliance for our side.

CICERO

Which is mighty impressive seein' as you ain't never played ball games before.

LIPSCHITZ

Trust me, Cicero, if there's one thing I've always been good at, it's hitting balls.

CICERO

I think it's just aces you'll be walkin' outta here to follow your heart, Dot. It's amazin'!

DOT

Yeah. It's amazing alright.

CICERO

You don't look happy. Lipschitz, why don't Dot look happy?

LIPSCHITZ

Search me.

CICERO

What good'll that do?

DOT

Don't it seem odd to you two that the guards are THIS bad?

CICERO

Well, they didn't spend no time practicin' this week.

LIPSCHITZ

They totally underestimated us.

DOT

Maybe. But it seems to me like they're not even trying.

LIPSCHITZ

Why would Warden Steele and the guards throw the game?

CICERO

Well, they are from Chicago--check out their socks!

LIPSCHITZ

I mean, they went all out for this every other way. They even got

vendors in the stands.

VENDOR #1

Red hots! Get yer red hots!

CICERO

Even the convicts got in on the act.

VENDOR #2

Hacksaws! Get yer hacksaws!

DOT

I just can't help but feel like somethin' about this is cock-eyed.

UMP

Archer, you're up!

RAINBEAUX

Hey, ump, I need a new ball. The cover's almost knocked completely off this one!

DOT

You gonna miss me, Cousteau?

RAINBEAUX

It ain't like you're gonna be gone, Archer, more like dearly departed.

DOT

What?

QUEENIE

Quit flapping your gums, Cousteau, and just pitch the ball!

RAINBEAUX

Here it comes, Archer. Been nice knowin' ya! (*Grunts as she throws*) **SFX: Bat hitting ball**

ANNOUNCER

It's a long fly ball hit deep down the third base line. It's fair--it's foul....it's foul...IT'S FAIR! It's gonna hit the wall!

SFX: Thud

SFX: Explosion (balloon popping)

NARRATOR

Huh. I never knew Joliet Prison was in a warehouse district. (*Voice whispers*) Oh, sorry, right.

Verily, the guards did swoon from blast concussive.

Save for one who bore grave missive.

You, uh, you know that doesn't really rhyme, right? I mean if you're gonna go all rhyming couplet here you should probably--(*voice*

whispers harshly) Sorry, didn't realize that I even HAD a lane. Fine. Grave missive it is.

PANDORA

Run--go--into the breach, dear Dot. Before they close the wall up and you'll be dead!

DOT

Dead? What are you talking about?

PANDORA

Queenie was never going to let you walk outta here. She rigged that softball to explode when you hit it. She worked in a demolitions plant during the Great War.

LIPSCHITZ

Which side?

DOT

So why didn't it blow right away?

PANDORA

I put a delay on it. You may be a criminal, Archer, but you deserve fair play. Now go!

DOT

Levelle, I've said it before and I'll say it again. You are definitely my favorite screw. Come on girls! Follow me, and when we charge, cry--Love for Archer! I'm coming, THEODORE! (*CHEERING*)

SFX: METRONOME

NARRATOR

Will Dot find Theodore Rockwell? Will love blossom? Will Cicero and Lipschitz make it in Chicago? Questions that sound a lot like these will be quietly ignored in next week's thrilling conclusion to *Throwing Shade--Romeo and Joliet*. Here's a sneak listen.

CICERO

Wow.

NARRATOR

This has been *Throwing Shade*, brought to you by Sweeney's Razors. Just right for everyone from a big lumberjack to a little priest.

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!

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, Julian Serna, 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!