

Andrew

CONTENT WARNING

If you are listening to this production in a car, please note that our story also takes place in a car, and includes sounds of honking, traffic, and tires screeching.

Our story also includes some language and themes that may not be appropriate for children.

Hello everyone. This is Andrew Pond, Artistic director of Eclectic Full Contact Theatre. Welcome to Season 3 of The Half Hour Audio Hour. Every month, we'll be featuring a different playwright, allowing you to not only hear their work, but to find out a little more about them and their process. If you

enjoy what you hear, please remember to like, follow, and subscribe to our podcast. And feel free to leave a review! You can help us out in continuing this work by heading over to [redcircle.com/shows/half-hour-audio-hour](http://redcircle.com/shows/half-hour-audio-hour), where for as little as \$5/month or \$50/yr, you can get access to exclusive behind the scenes interviews with the casts and directors of our shows, as well as become our partner in highlighting the voices and stories of women, BIPOC and LGBTQ+ artists, just like donors Jack Kilpatrick and Marianne Goodell

This month's production is "Things Needing Explanation", written by Julia Fisher, directed by Holly Lynn, and starring Leslie Jones, Evelyn Smith, Josalyn Lynn, Lydia Lewis, and Christopher Morgan.

Before we start, we'd like to briefly introduce you to Julia Fisher.

After

the production, stay tuned for an interview with Julia for more insight into the play and this process.

Julia Fisher (she/her) is a playwright, intimacy director, actor, and director, and her work has been seen in professional theatres throughout Northeast Ohio and beyond. Julia has had original works commissioned, developed, and produced by Rubber City Theatre, Ohio Shakespeare Festival, Playwrights Local, Radio on the Lake Theatre, First Take Co., BorderLight Fringe Festival, the Twinsburg Public Library, and now - Eclectic Full Contact Theatre! She is a playwright-in-residence at Radio on the Lake Theatre, and she is in her sixth year of membership with Cleveland's Young Playwrights Collective. Julia is a Teaching Artist and Curriculum Developer with Intimacy Directors and Coordinators, where she is in the final stages of certification, and she is the Resident Intimacy Director at Rubber City Theatre. She is a recipient of the Ohio Arts Council Individual Excellence Award, the BorderLight Fringe Festival Producers' Choice Award, and the Near West Theatre Emerging Artist Award. She is a proud member of the Dramatists Guild of America.

And now, Things Needing Explanation

SOUND. OMINOUS MUSIC SETS THE SCENE, THEN FADES OUT. CAR DOOR SLAMMING SHUT.

FOOTSTEPS AND TIRED/HEAVY BREATHING.

ANOTHER CAR DOOR OPENING. JACKLEAN SETTLES INTO THE DRIVER'S SEAT. CAR DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

SEAT BELT BUCKLING.

ANOTHER SEAT BELT BUCKLING.

JACKLEAN EXHALES SHAKILY.

JACKLEAN. (WHISPERING TO HERSELF) Okay. Okay.

SOUND. CLICK OF A BUTTON, AND THE GARAGE DOOR OPENS. KEYS JINGLING, THEN PUT INTO THE IGNITION.

KEYS TURN – THE CAR STARTS.

AS THE CAR STARTS, THE RADIO TURNS ON.

RADIO HOST. Finally, there's a backup on I-90 stretching to dead man's curve.

Today's traffic report has been brought to you by Chicken & Waffles, Cleveland's hottest new

addition to the Flats, a restaurant featuring over 40 variations on – you guessed it – chicken and waffles.

GEORGIA. Oooh Grandma J we should try that.

SOUND. A SOUND ESCAPES JACKLEAN'S THROAT. AS THE RADIO HOST CONTINUES, THE CAR PULLS OUT OF THE DRIVEWAY.

WITH ANOTHER CLICK OF THE BUTTON, THE GARAGE DOOR CLOSES.

RADIO HOST. The time is now 6:00pm. You're listening to your number one destination for songs and stories from your past – FM 92.1, WJCB Cleveland. In just a moment, we will return with the 1948 real life-mystery A LITTLE TOO LAKE, featuring John Ellert of the Evansville, Indiana Press.

SOUND. INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC OVER RADIO.

GEORGIA. YES. Made it in time for old people radio hour.

JACKLEAN. Watch who you're calling old.

GEORGIA. I say it with the DEEPEST admiration and respect. I love old people.

Old people are so much better than teenagers.

JACKLEAN. Are we?

GEORGIA. You are.

RADIO HOST. We return now with a chilling tale of murder, wrongful sentencing, and a fresh new lead after seven years

SOUND. JACKLEAN TURNS OFF THE RADIO.

GEORGIA. Hey!

JACKLEAN. I want to talk to you.

GEORGIA. But old people mystery radio hour is our TRADITION. HOW DARE YOU INTERFERE WITH OUR TRADITION.

JACKLEAN. We can turn it back on soon.  
I have an idea.

GEORGIA. Is it better than OLD TIMEY MURDER?

JACKLEAN. Maybe.

GEORGIA. Hmph.

JACKLEAN. I think it might be time to resurrect Things Needing Explanation.

GEORGIA. Oh my god I forgot about that game!

JACKLEAN. Georgia.

GEORGIA. Sorry. Gosh.

Man, it's been YEARS since we played that. How did that even start? It was something with Agatha Christie, right?

JACKLEAN. Yes, I had just given you my copy of Murder on the / Orient Express

GEORGIA. Orient Express yes I remember! And in the middle of the book, Inspector Poirot was stumped, so he made this list and titled it "Things Needing Explanation" and wrote down everything he didn't understand about the case.

JACKLEAN. And you wanted to be just like him

GEORGIA. -the queer female version anyway

JACKLEAN. -so you asked us to create fake crime scenes for you to solve.

GEORGIA. And I'd write THINGS NEEDING EXPLANATION on the top of a sheet of paper and write down all my notes.

JACKLEAN. I still have some of those sheets in my memory box.

GEORGIA. (LAUGHING) There must be like hundreds. I think I made you play with me every single time I came over. Why'd you let me bully you into that? Mom and Dad and Hattie gave up on me after like one game.

JACKLEAN. Oh, I LOVED doing those with you! Plus I felt responsible for getting you into mysteries in the first place.

GEORGIA. Did my parents ever get mad that you introduced me to murder mysteries when I was so young?

JACKLEAN. It was pretty clear early on that you were going to do and read whatever you wanted no matter what they said.

GEORGIA. Fair enough. I think my favorite was still when you pretended to steal my necklace.

JACKLEAN. Ah, yes. Took that plot from Nancy Drew.

GEORGIA. YOU COPIED FROM BOOKS??

JACKLEAN. I had to! I read just about every mystery on the shelves of the library just trying to keep up with you.

GEORGIA. What about the one with the syringe and the air bubble?

JACKLEAN. Ah, that one was Blanche White.

GEORGIA. I loved Blanche White! No wonder so many of those books felt oddly familiar.

JACKLEAN. You were hard to stump. You were quite a clever little girl.

GEORGIA. And now I'm—?

JACKLEAN. Stop fishing.

GEORGIA. Why'd you bring that up?

JACKLEAN. I was thinking we could play it again. If you're going to be applying to Criminology programs soon, you have to sharpen up your detective skills.

GEORGIA. Are you saying they're not already

JACKLEAN. They can always be sharper.

GEORGIA. But we're... driving.

JACKLEAN. I'll make it up out loud.

GEORGIA. Okay. If you really want to.

SOUND. SLIGHTLY OMINOUS MUSIC – CONTINUES UNDER JACKLEAN'S LINES.

JACKLEAN. So. You're the detective. You are notified that an ambulance responded to a 911 call and a young boy was DOA. Which means

GEORGIA. Dead on arrival. I taught YOU that.

JACKLEAN. I was GOING to say – which means you need to investigate the scene before the body can be taken away. When you ring the doorbell, a man opens the door. He's sobbing. The body of a young boy – his nephew – is lying on the floor. He tells you through tears that his nephew is allergic to shellfish, and he hadn't realized that caesar salad dressing contains anchovies.

GEORGIA. –which aren't technically shellfish, but most people with shellfish allergies are allergic to anchovies too. Checks out. How old is this kid?

JACKLEAN. Six.

GEORGIA. My first question is how did he get a six-year-old to eat salad.

JACKLEAN. He tells you he wouldn't let the kid eat ice cream until he ate his whole dinner.

GEORGIA. Okay. Is the medical examiner here?

JACKLEAN. She comes in right behind you. After examining the body, she says that the boy experienced laryngospasm – the / throat

GEORGIA. throat closed up from the allergic reaction. Right. So he would have died really quickly. Epipen?

JACKLEAN. The uncle used it, but it didn't save him.

GEORGIA. Huh.

JACKLEAN. Does that happen often?

GEORGIA. Yeah, sometimes. Could be incorrect dosage, incorrect usage, expired

Is anyone else at the house?

JACKLEAN. Nope. Just uncle and nephew.

GEORGIA. This is the uncle's house?

JACKLEAN. Yes.

GEORGIA. Why was the kid there?

JACKLEAN. Uncle was babysitting. The kid's mom and dad were going to see a show.

GEORGIA. What show?

JACKLEAN. Mousetrap.  
Why?

GEORGIA. Just seeing how fast you can make shit up. J

ACKLEAN. /Georgia

GEORGIA. STUFF! Make stuff up.

SOUND. CAR HONK FROM BEHIND THEM.

JACKLEAN. (IN RESPONSE TO THE DRIVER) Sorry! I'm going.

SOUND. SLIGHT CAR ACCELERATION.

JACKLEAN. (TO GEORGIA) So what's your verdict?

GEORGIA. Well it seems like a straightforward case, but since we're playing "Things Needing Explanation," it's obviously not. Unless you're trying to trick me. Are you trying to trick me?  
I don't think you're trying to trick me.  
I order an autopsy with special attention paid to the contents of the stomach.

JACKLEAN. Autopsy comes back – cause of death was indeed a laryngospasm, brought on by an allergic reaction consistent with the child's recorded reactions to shellfish.

GEORGIA. Any other allergies?

JACKLEAN. Not documented. He went through pretty rigorous testing when they discovered the shellfish allergy.

GEORGIA. Okay. Stomach contents?

JACKLEAN. Unidentifiable.

GEORGIA. Even under a microscope?

JACKLEAN. Correct.

GEORGIA. OH THAT'S INTERESTING. How much of the salad did the kid eat before he had a reaction?

JACKLEAN. At least a few bites.

GEORGIA. OR SO THE UNCLE SAYS. Plants and vegetables don't break down as easily in the stomach, so remnants of lettuce should have still been identifiable under a microscope. Or even visually since he died right after eating, and little kids don't usually chew that well. So no trace of lettuce?

JACKLEAN. No trace of lettuce.

GEORGIA. Hmmmm.

JACKLEAN. Is that only true for plants and vegetables? That they'd be identifiable in an autopsy?

GEORGIA. Yeah, anything with a cell wall. Don't you remember helping me study for that biology test?

JACKLEAN. Someone has a good memory.

GEORGIA. For biology at least. Okay so now I'm super suspicious of this uncle. How long was the kid with him?

JACKLEAN. An hour or two.

GEORGIA. Where was he before?

JACKLEAN. The boy's home.

SOUND. JACKLEAN'S PHONE RINGS.

V ASSISTANT. Call from – Neely AKA My Favorite Daughter pink heart emoji pink heart emoji pink heart emoji.

GEORGIA. I can't believe you never changed that back. Or that you let my mother alone with your phone in the first place.

SOUND. JACKLEAN PRESSES A BUTTON.

JACKLEAN. Hey hon.

NEELY. (D) Hey ma!

GEORGIA. Hi mom!

JACKLEAN. How was day one of the conference?

NEELY. (D) Still going. We just took a five and I wanted to check in. Is Georgia with you?

JACKLEAN. Yep, just picked her up a few minutes ago. She's got her headphones in.

GEORGIA. No, I / don't

NEELY. (D) Can she hear us?

JACKLEAN. I don't think so. Her music's up pretty loud.

NEELY. (D) Good. How's she seem?

JACKLEAN. Um. She seems fine. A little quiet maybe. Why?

NEELY. (D) Oh, she and Hattie got into a fight. They were supposed to have a movie night tonight, just the two of them, while Louis and I are out of town. Georgia was really excited about it, I think. But Hattie got invited to some party and decided to go to that instead.

JACKLEAN. Aw.

NEELY. (D) And poor Georgia wasn't invited to the party, which I think made it worse. They don't even have the same friends anymore - it breaks my heart.

JACKLEAN. They're twins, hon, not clones.

NEELY. (D) I know, I know. But I can't stand when they aren't speaking to each other.

JACKLEAN. I'm sure it'll pass soon.

NEELY. (D) Yeah, you're right. Thanks again for taking her for the weekend last minute like this. I'm sure it'll cheer her up - she loves hanging out with you.

JACKLEAN. The feeling is mutual.

NEELY. (D) Well, give Georgia our love, and we'll see you both when we get back Sunday night. Though you might hear from Louis before then. Man's watched eight hours of Fixer Upper already. I warned him that I wouldn't have time to hang out with him what with all the hobnobbing



with the future neurologists of America, but he still insisted he wanted to come.

JACKLEAN. He's very welcome to call whenever he gets bored.

NEELY. (D) Thanks. Just be prepared to talk about crown molding when he does. (LAUGHS)

JACKLEAN. If he wants to come install some for me, he can talk all he wants.

NEELY. (D) (LAUGHS) See you soon, mom.

JACKLEAN. Enjoy the schmoozing!

NEELY. (D) I'll try.

SOUND. CALL ENDS.

GEORGIA. "Poor Georgia," my ass.

JACKLEAN. Georgia!

GEORGIA. Sorry! But I don't need pity from my own mom. I'm fine. It's not a big deal.

JACKLEAN. Are you sure you're okay?

GEORGIA. Yeah, we fight all the time. It's nothing. Why'd you tell my mom I had headphones in?

JACKLEAN. Oh, I knew she'd want to grill you about what you learned in school today and all that. I figured I'd spare you.

GEORGIA. Very considerate, grams.

JACKLEAN. Back to the case, Madam Detective.

GEORGIA. Right. What was the verdict on time of death?

JACKLEAN. Within the hour that you showed up, more or less.

GEORGIA. Interesting.

JACKLEAN. Do they usually get more specific than that?

GEORGIA. I don't think so. All the indicators are so variable I don't think they could tell by the minute.

SOUND. GEORGIA'S PHONE DINGS.

JACKLEAN. Who's that?

GEORGIA. How should I know? I'm being a good attentive granddaughter and not looking at my phone.

SOUND. GEORGIA'S PHONE DINGS.

GEORGIA. Sorry, I'll turn the sound off.  
Wait, where'd I put my phone?

SOUND. GEORGIA'S PHONE DINGS.

JACKLEAN. Oh, here it is. I'll grab it - it's a red light.

SOUND. RUSTLING AS JACKLEAN GRABS GEORGIA'S PHONE.

JACKLEAN. Oooooooooooh, who's Kate?

GEORGIA. No one.

JACKLEAN. These messages don't look like they're from no one. Is she a new girlfriend?

GEORGIA. They are my... friend. Remember I told you about them? From mock trial?

JACKLEAN. Oh right! I remember you thought they were very cute.

GEORGIA. Why do I EVER tell you anything?

JACKLEAN. Do we need to respond to Kate?

GEORGIA. Green light, grams.

SOUND. CAR HONK.

JACKLEAN. Sorry! Sorry.

SOUND. CAR ACCELERATES.

GEORGIA. Okay, so you said the kid was at his own house earlier, right?

JACKLEAN. Right. The uncle picked him up there and then drove the boy back to his place.

GEORGIA. I wanna go to the kid's house. Look around.

JACKLEAN. Okay. It's a small house, so it doesn't take you long to look around. Kitchen is spotless. Fridge is full of food - the kid's

mom is a caterer and had been preparing trays for an event the next day. Kid's room has toys everywhere – dolls, train tracks, stuffed animals. Little bookshelf full of books. Nothing seems to be out of the ordinary or out of place.

GEORGIA. Do any of the catering orders have fish in them?

JACKLEAN. There are a few trays of fish sticks.

GEORGIA. Well there we go. Wow, that's some great parenting right there.

JACKLEAN. She was a caterer. It was her job.

GEORGIA. Her job was to keep her kid alive. Was the fish breaded?

JACKLEAN. Yes. Why?

GEORGIA. If the kid thought they were, I don't know, chicken nuggets or something, he might have eaten one when no one was paying attention and died here in his home. Or if this was a murder, someone could have TOLD HIM it was a chicken nugget.

JACKLEAN. How'd you guess there'd be fish in the fridge?

GEORGIA. We know it was a food allergy because of the laryngospasm, but it doesn't seem to be the salad. So I'm looking for any other sources of shellfish.

JACKLEAN. And what if it hadn't been a salad? What if the uncle would have said that it was something else – something not a vegetable? Would you still have suspected this?

GEORGIA. I don't know. That's not the game, grams.

JACKLEAN. Sorry. You're right. Keep going.

SOUND. A NEARBY CAR HONKS ANGRILY. JACKLEAN ROLLS DOWN THE CAR WINDOW. SOUND OF WIND AND TRAFFIC.

JACKLEAN. (SHOUTING OUT HER WINDOW) I'm going the SPEED LIMIT, give an old woman a break!

SOUND. CAR WINDOW ROLLS BACK UP.

GEORGIA. Did you just flip that person off?

JACKLEAN. I did no such thing.

GEORGIA. Yes you did! You flipped them off!

JACKLEAN. Georgia

GEORGIA. This is the greatest day of my life.

SOUND. JACKLEAN INHALES SHARPLY.

GEORGIA. You okay?

JACKLEAN. Yes. Yes. I'm fine.

GEORGIA. How many fish sticks are there?

JACKLEAN. What?

GEORGIA. Fish sticks. In the fridge.

JACKLEAN. Oh. Um. I don't know. A lot?

GEORGIA. Are these homemade or frozen from a box?

JACKLEAN. Homemade. She's a caterer, remember?

GEORGIA. Why is a caterer making breaded fish sticks?

JACKLEAN. It's a kid's birthday party.

GEORGIA. but...

JACKLEAN. A RICH kid's birthday party.

GEORGIA. Okay, that makes sense.  
Can we look at her catering receipt?

JACKLEAN. Sure.

GEORGIA. Under fish sticks, does it have a specific number?

JACKLEAN. It says a hundred.

GEORGIA. How many fish sticks are in the fridge?

JACKLEAN. ...Ninety-nine.

GEORGIA. A HA. So the kid DID eat one!

JACKLEAN. Or the mom dropped one. Or didn't make the right number.

GEORGIA. Yeah right. She's a caterer, they're like, all about

precision.

JACKLEAN. I hadn't thought about counting how many there were. That's clever. That's good.

GEORGIA. Now we just need to know – did the kid sneak one on his own, or was this a murder?

I want to question that uncle. Did he have any motive for getting rid of the kid?

JACKLEAN. (VOICE SLIGHTLY WAVERING) Not that you can find. You question him for hours and find nothing besides that he really, really loved his nephew. He's wracked with guilt.

GEORGIA. What about the parents?

JACKLEAN. No motive for them either.

GEORGIA. Any other family members?

JACKLEAN. Not that live in the area.

GEORGIA. If they really have no motive, and I'm convinced of that Am I convinced of that?

JACKLEAN. Yes.

GEORGIA. Okay. Then the kid must have snuck one on accident and died. With a laryngospasm it'd be pretty immediate. How far away is the uncle's house?

JACKLEAN. Twenty, thirty minutes.

GEORGIA. I can't imagine a kid just like holding on to a singular fish stick for that long, so it had to have happened at the kid's house. But why not call the police from there? Why take him back to the uncle's house?

JACKLEAN. That's a good question.

GEORGIA. Oh shit.

JACKLEAN. /Georgia

GEORGIA. SHIT.

The mom.

The kid must have died at his house while the uncle was like in the bathroom or something. And then he used the EpiPen but it was too late. And

the uncle realized that if he called the police right away, the mom would find out that he died because she had fish in the fridge. And she would blame herself. He did it to save the kid's mom. So she'd be able to blame him for her son's death instead of herself.

I'm right, right? I'm totally right.

JACKLEAN. That was significantly faster than I expected.

GEORGIA. Thank you.

JACKLEAN. So. What'd you think?

GEORGIA. That was pretty tricky, grams. I'm impressed. It's a stupid crime, though. He shoulda just kept the kid where he was and called an ambulance.

JACKLEAN. Even if it was clearly too late?

GEORGIA. Yeah. I mean, I doubt they'd be facing criminal prosecution since it wasn't on purpose. Minor charges of negligence, maybe. And saving the mom's feelings is a stupid reason to go through all that. It was her fault anyway.

ACKLEAN. Was it just the lettuce?

GEORGIA. Huh?

JACKLEAN. You wouldn't have figured it out if it hadn't been lettuce? If the uncle had served the kid something that wasn't a plant, you wouldn't have suspected anything?

GEORGIA. I dunno. Maybe. Why?

JACKLEAN. Was there anything else suspicious?

GEORGIA. You mean besides the murderous radishes?

JACKLEAN. (SHARPLY) This isn't funny, Georgia.

GEORGIA. What?! What's your problem?

JACKLEAN. I need you / to take this

GEORGIA. LOOK OUT!

SOUND. SCREECH. ANGRY HONKING. CAR SWERVES AND BRAKES ABRUPTLY ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD. THE OTHER CAR DRIVES OFF.

GEORGIA. WHAT IS THE MATTER. YOU ALMOST GOT US KILLED.

JACKLEAN. (SHAKILY) I'm sorry.

GEORGIA. Why don't you let me drive?

JACKLEAN. No.

GEORGIA. Why not? I've got my license with me. And you're clearly not having the best driving day

JACKLEAN. NO.

GEORGIA. Okay!  
I was just trying to help.

JACKLEAN. I just need a minute.

GEORGIA. ...  
On the side of the road? What's the matter, Grandma?

SOUND. JACKLEAN INHALES SHAKILY. THEN JACKLEAN'S PHONE RINGS.

V ASSISTANT. (D) Call from - Hattie.

SOUND. JACKLEAN PRESSES A BUTTON.

JACKLEAN. (FORCING HERSELF TO SOUND CHEERY) Hey sweetheart!

SOUND. IN THE BACKGROUND OF HATTIE'S CALL, WE CAN HEAR THE SOUNDS OF HIGH SCHOOL VOLLEYBALL PRACTICE:  
VOICES, RUNNING, THE SQUEAK OF TENNIS SHOES, THE THUD OF VOLLEYBALLS HITTING THE FLOOR.

HATTIE. (D) Hey grams! Did you pick up Georgia yet?

JACKLEAN. Yes, she's here with me. Why?

HATTIE. (D) Did she get the present I left her?

GEORGIA. Present? I got a / present?

JACKLEAN. I'm not sure, honey. She has her headphones in right now. What was it?

HATTIE. (D) Well, I was helping run the National Honors Society book sale at lunch today, and I found this huge collection of female detective fiction. Georgia's been kind of mad at me, so I bought it for her and left it on her bed as a peace offering. I texted her to

say I left her a surprise at home but she hasn't responded and I'm scared she's still mad at me.

JACKLEAN. (VOICE THREATENING TO CRACK) Oh, Hattie. What a sweet gift. I know she'll love it.

HATTIE. (D) (A BIT DISAPPOINTED) So she hasn't said anything about it? I left it on her bed when I ran home to grab my volleyball bag. I figured she might want to read it while she's with you this weekend.

JACKLEAN. I'm not sure if she saw it. But I'll certainly let her know, and maybe we'll swing by the house later to pick it up.

HATTIE. (D) Thank you.

JACKLEAN. And what are you up to this weekend?

HATTIE. (D) Well. Allan's having a birthday party tonight and he invited me! You know how long I've had a crush on him, grams. And he invited me specifically. I still have to figure out what to get him as a present, but today in Foods we made chocolate chip cookies and I used this weird bougie recipe with almond flour and peanut flour and coconut flour because Allan's gluten free, so I'm going to bring those to the party. I really hope he likes them.

JACKLEAN. Were those the cookies on the counter? I'm so sorry, hon, but I ate one when I picked Georgia up. They looked so yummy!

HATTIE. (D) (IMMEDIATELY PANICKED) Shit I left them at home?? I thought I put them back in my car. Georgia didn't eat any, right??

JACKLEAN. Of course not.

HATTIE. (D) (DEEPLY RELIEVED) Oh good. Okay. I can't believe I did that. I was just in such a rush to get back for volleyball.

JACKLEAN. It's alright, sweetie. Georgia's fine.

HATTIE. (D) Did they at least taste okay?

JACKLEAN. They were delicious.

HATTIE. (D) Good.

SOUND. Coach's Whistle.

HATTIE. (D) Gotta go. Coach is calling us back.



JACKLEAN. Love you, honey.

HATTIE. (D) Love you!

SOUND. CALL OVER.

MUFFLED SOUNDS OF DISTANT TRAFFIC.

A BRIEF MOMENT OF SILENCE IN THE CAR. JACKLEAN EXHALES.

GEORGIA. Grandma, what's going on?

JACKLEAN. Your sister got you a present! Isn't that nice.

GEORGIA. That's not what I mean. Why didn't you just ask me if I had seen the book? Why do you keep telling people I have my headphones in?

JACKLEAN. I didn't want to / put you on the spot

GEORGIA. And why the hell did you eat one of Hattie's cookies? You know better than to touch anything she makes. I'm sure they were in neat little rows all wrapped in pink saran wrap or something

JACKLEAN. Oh, you know, I just-

GEORGIA. She would have definitely known if there was one missing.

SOUND. A BRIEF, TERRIBLE SILENCE.

GEORGIA. (REALIZATION DAWNING) She would have known if there was one missing.

Why did you tell me that story about the little boy?

JACKLEAN. I just

GEORGIA. DON'T PLAY WITH ME, GRANDMA.

What was the point of that story? And why can't I remember any of this - you eating a cookie or, or picking me up... I barely remember getting home from school. Shit it's getting really hot in here, I gotta roll down a window.

Why can't I move.

WHY CAN'T I MOVE?

JACKLEAN. I'm so, so sorry, Georgia.

GEORGIA. FOR WHAT??

Oh shit. Oh shit oh shit oh shit.

Am I

No no no no no it can't possibly be

Am I... dead?

JACKLEAN. Yes.

GEORGIA. Holy shit.

Holy SHIT.

I. I. I... need a second. (A PAUSE)

Fuck, I still can't roll down the window. How did I not realize that I can't MOVE?

JACKLEAN. I'll do it.

SOUND. JACKLEAN ROLLS DOWN THE CAR WINDOWS. DISTANT TRAFFIC.  
GEORGIA TAKES DEEP, SHAKY BREATHS.

GEORGIA. Okay. Okay! I'm dead. I'm... dead. A lifetime of carrying my fucking EpiPen everywhere and it doesn't even save me. I did use it, right?

JACKLEAN. Yes. I don't know why it wasn't enough. GEORGIA. Where was my PHONE?

JACKLEAN. On the charger upstairs.

GEORGIA. Fuck. FUCK.

JACKLEAN. Georgia

GEORGIA. I'M DEAD, I GET TO SWEAR NOW.

JACKLEAN. No, that's not- I didn't

SOUND. GEORGIA BEGINS TO CRY. JACKLEAN MAKES COMFORTING NOISES.

JACKLEAN. Shhhhh. Shhh. It's okay. It's okay.

GEORGIA. No it's not okay, I'm dead! This is the definition of NOT okay.

What is even happening? Am I a ghost? A spirit?

JACKLEAN. I don't know.

GEORGIA. WHAT AM I?

JACKLEAN. I don't KNOW! I just started hearing your voice. I assumed I was cracking up.

GEORGIA. I can't believe I'm dead. I can't believe Hattie killed me!

JACKLEAN. She didn't mean it.

GEORGIA. If she wasn't so enamored with her stupid gluten-free boyfriend.

JACKLEAN. It was a mistake.

GEORGIA. Why are you taking the fall for her? Are you really okay with my whole family hating you for the rest of your life?

JACKLEAN. The rest of my life isn't as long as / Hattie's

GEORGIA. Stop it. You're what, 65? You have decades left. You want to spend your golden years with everyone you love blaming you for killing me?

JACKLEAN. I'll know the truth.

GEORGIA. This is some self-sacrificial bullshit. You don't have to MARTYR yourself for Hattie.

JACKLEAN. It was my fault just as much as hers.

GEORGIA. What? How?

JACKLEAN. I was late to pick you up.

GEORGIA. So?

JACKLEAN. If I wasn't late – if I hadn't had to finish the chapter of my stupid book – maybe I would have gotten there on time. Maybe I could have saved you.

GEORGIA. That's still not the same as leaving out cookies with fucking peanut flour.

JACKLEAN. Your parents got rid of the house phone. If that were still there, maybe you would have been able to call 911.

GEORGIA. What are you saying?

JACKLEAN. None of us are innocent, Georgia. And unless I take all of the blame, each one of us is going to twist ourselves into impossible knots of guilt and shame for the rest of our lives. It'll ruin us.

GEORGIA. ...  
(NOT CONVINCED) Okay...

But why did I even eat Hattie's cookies anyway?  
It's not like I normally eat random baked goods  
without knowing exactly what's inside.

JACKLEAN. (GENTLY) Have you not figured that out yet?  
It was her text. She told you she had a peace  
offering.

GEORGIA. She meant the book. But I thought she meant the cookies.

JACKLEAN. Yes.

GEORGIA. Oh.

...

Alright. Yeah, yeah.  
She really would never forgive herself.  
(A PAUSE)  
So what do we do now?

JACKLEAN. You want to help?

GEORGIA. I guess. What else have I been training my whole life for?  
(GEORGIA INHALES)

Oh.

Oh, Grandma. I'm never going to become a  
detective.

JACKLEAN. Georgia...

GEORGIA. NO! No. It's okay. This is my chance. If my last mission on  
earth is to save Hattie from a lifetime of guilt, then let's do this.

JACKLEAN. You don't / have to

GEORGIA. We have to move. The longer we sit on the side of the road,  
the more suspicious we become. If this is gonna work, we can't waste  
any more time. Get  
back on the road.

SOUND. CAR ACCELERATES, PULLS BACK ONTO THE ROAD. WIND RUSHES THROUGH  
THE OPEN CAR WINDOWS.

GEORGIA. Okay. Catch me up to speed. What did you do at the house?

JACKLEAN. When you weren't answering your phone, I pulled into the  
garage and came in through the side door. I found you. (SHE SWALLOWS.)  
We'll skip over that part. I- I ate the rest of the cookie you didn't  
finish and carefully rewrapped the  
plate - which, you were right, was beautifully arranged.

GEORGIA. Of course.

JACKLEAN. Then I carried your stuff and you out to the car and propped you up so it looked like you were asleep.

GEORGIA. Okay. Okay. Good.  
Were any of the neighbors out when you got to my house?

JACKLEAN. No. And I closed the garage door before I brought you out.

GEORGIA. Good. So what's the plan now?

JACKLEAN. We need to make it look like you ate something at my house with peanuts.

GEORGIA. Do you have anything at the house with peanuts?

JACKLEAN. Of course not, for this exact reason.

GEORGIA. Right. Well, I guess we'll have to stop and grab something. Something that doesn't seem like it would have peanuts in it.

JACKLEAN. I'll drop you off first and then run to the store.

SOUND. A CAR DING.

JACKLEAN. Lord almighty, the gas tank is almost empty.

SOUND. JACKLEAN MAKES DISTRESSED NOISE.

GEORGIA. It's okay. There's a gas station right there. We can just stop together.

JACKLEAN. (HER EMOTIONS RISING) I meant to fill up the tank on my way over, but I was already late.

GEORGIA. It's okay.

JACKLEAN. (ON THE VERGE OF A BREAKDOWN) If I hadn't been late..

GEORGIA. It's not your fault, Grandma.

SOUND. A LONG SILENCE. THE SOUND OF THE CAR AND TRAFFIC AND WIND. THE TURN SIGNAL.

GEORGIA. Are you really doing this for Hattie, or are you doing this because you blame yourself?

JACKLEAN. (AFTER A PAUSE. QUIETLY.) I don't know.

SOUND. A BRIEF SILENCE AS THE CAR PULLS INTO THE GAS STATION. JACKLEAN ROLLS UP THE WINDOWS, ELIMINATING OUTSIDE NOISES. JACKLEAN TURNS THE CAR OFF. SHE UNBUCKLES HER SEATBELT.

JACKLEAN. Alright. Don't go anywhere.

GEORGIA. (DRYLY) I couldn't if I tried.

JACKLEAN. Oh, I didn't

GEORGIA. Too soon? (LAUGHS) Go, grandma!

SOUND. JACKLEAN GIVES A PAINED LAUGH. CAR DOOR OPENS, JACKLEAN GETS OUT. CAR DOOR SHUTS. TRAFFIC SOUNDS GET LOUDER. JACKLEAN OPENS THE FUEL DOOR, UNTWISTS THE GAS CAP, INSERTS HER CREDIT CARD IN THE MACHINE, ENTERS HER ZIP CODE, SELECTS THE TYPE OF GAS, LIFTS OFF THE NOZZLE, AND INSERTS IT INTO HER CAR. SUDDENLY, THE GAS STATION TV BEGINS TO PLAY LOUDLY BEHIND HER.

TV REPORTER. (D) Tonight's weather forecast

JACKLEAN. (EXTREMELY STARTLED) GEEZ LOUISE. Stupid, stupid things.

SOUND. SOUND OF PUMPING.

TV REPORTER. (D) Partly cloudy skies becoming cloudy later with a chance of thunderstorms 90%. Low 56 degrees. Winds southeast at 5 to 10 miles per hour.

JACKLEAN. Thunderstorms. Great.

TV REPORTER. (D) Next up: is your lawn fertilizer secretly killing you? Stay tuned.

SOUND. TV FADES OUT AS WE HEAR FOOTSTEPS ACROSS PAVEMENT. Automatic DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES. OUTDOOR SOUNDS FADE. FAINT CONVENIENCE STORE MUSIC PLAYS THROUGHOUT THE SCENE.

CASHIER. Good evening!

JACKLEAN. Hello.

CASHIER. Let me know if you need help finding anything.

JACKLEAN. Thank you.

SOUND. FOOTSTEPS AS JACKLEAN WALKS UP AND DOWN THE AISLES OF THE GAS STATION STORE.

JACKLEAN. (TO HERSELF) Soft. Not plant-based. Not obviously containing peanuts...

SOUND. JACKLEAN STOPS.

JACKLEAN. Perfect.

SOUND. JACKLEAN PICKS A FEW ITEMS OFF THE SHELF.

JACKLEAN. Okay. Is that all I need? I think so.

SOUND. JACKLEAN TAKES A DEEP INHALE, THEN A LONG SHAKY EXHALE. SHE STARTS TO CRY. SHE'S TRYING TO STAY QUIET SO NO ONE CAN HEAR, BUT IT'S A RAW, UGLY CRY. THIS LASTS AS LONG AS IT NEEDS TO, AND THEN JACKLEAN CALMS HERSELF DOWN.

JACKLEAN. Pull yourself together, woman. You're not done yet.

SOUND. JACKLEAN EXHALES.

JACKLEAN. Alright. Let's get this over with.

SOUND. JACKLEAN QUICKLY WALKS TO THE CASHIER.

CASHIER. Is that all for you, ma'am?

JACKLEAN. Yes, thank you.

SOUND. BEEP OF A SCANNER.

CASHIER. Four seventy-seven.

SOUND. JACKLEAN PULLS MONEY OUT AND COUNTS IT.

CASHIER. I'm so sorry, but I have to tell you that you're not supposed to leave your car unattended when it's filling up.

JACKLEAN. Oh!

CASHIER. I wouldn't normally say anything, but our manager has been all up on us to watch out for it. Apparently the auto shutoff didn't work for someone like a month ago and gallons of gas got spilled on the ground while they were in the bathroom. Crazy how fast things can happen, huh?

JACKLEAN. Yeah. Right. Um, thanks for the warning. But actually my granddaughter is in the car. She's keeping an eye on it.

CASHIER. Oh! Good.

JACKLEAN. Although it looks from here like she fell asleep. Poor girl's had a rough day. High school, am I right?

CASHIER. You're telling me. Only a few months left.

JACKLEAN. Congratulations.

SOUND. CASH REGISTER OPENS. RECEIPT SPITS OUT.

CASHIER. Receipt?

JACKLEAN. Please.

SOUND. RECEIPT IS TORN OFF, HANDED TO JACKLEAN. ITEMS ARE PUT INTO A PLASTIC BAG AND HANDED TO JACKLEAN.

CASHIER. Have a nice day!

JACKLEAN. Thanks. You too.

SOUND. FOOTSTEPS. AUTOMATIC DOOR OPENS AGAIN. OUTDOOR SOUNDS RETURN. FOOTSTEPS ACROSS PAVEMENT AND THE SWISH OF THE PLASTIC BAG. GAS NOZZLE IS PULLED OUT OF THE CAR AND PUT BACK IN ITS HOLDER. CAR DOOR OPENS, JACKLEAN GETS IN, CAR DOOR SHUTS. OUTSIDE SOUNDS FADE. JACKLEAN EXHALES HEAVILY.

GEORGIA. Everything go okay?

JACKLEAN. Yeah.

GEORGIA. What'd you get?

SOUND. JACKLEAN OPENS THE BAG.

GEORGIA. Awwwwwww pudding mix! I'm going to be killed by my own comfort food.

JACKLEAN. I grabbed a few chocolate and one chocolate peanut butter. They were right next to each other, so I can say that this box was misshelved. And if anyone tracks the purchase and wonders why I had to buy pudding on the way home, I can say it was to cheer you up.



GEORGIA. From my fight with Hattie. Smart. But why wouldn't you look at the ingredients list? You ALWAYS look at the ingredients list before you give me anything.

JACKLEAN. Maybe because I'm old and senile. I forgot.

GEORGIA. No one's going to believe that.

JACKLEAN. The police certainly will.

GEORGIA. Not after you just had that conversation with Hattie. And mom and dad

JACKLEAN. Honey, your mother grew up watching both my parents slowly forget who she was. She's been watching for signs of dementia in me since she was twelve. She'll believe it.

GEORGIA. But Hattie? And my dad?

JACKLEAN. I'll just have to convince them.

SOUND. GEORGIA'S PHONE DINGS.

JACKLEAN. /Your phone!

GEORGIA. My phone! It'll be super suspicious if I haven't responded to anything recently. Plus if I send messages closer to the time of you calling 911, it'll seem even more believable. Who's messaged me in the last hour?

JACKLEAN. I'm so sorry, I need your fingerprint to unlock

SOUND. RUSTLING AS JACKLEAN USES GEORGIA'S FINGER.

GEORGIA. This is very weird, grandma.

JACKLEAN. Hush.

GEORGIA. So who's messaged me?

JACKLEAN. You kids with your apps. How many different ways do you need to send messages to each other?

GEORGIA. They all have different FUNCTIONS.

JACKLEAN. Uh huh. Okay, you have the message from Hattie about the peace offering, and then a few messages from Kate.

GEORGIA. Respond to Hattie - um... "I didn't see it when I was home, but Grandma J told me what you got me. That's the coolest and you're

the coolest. Can't wait to read it. Love you."

SOUND. JACKLEAN TYPES THE MESSAGE.

GEORGIA. No comma there. Come on, you know my text style. You gotta match it.

JACKLEAN. Sorry for being proper.

GEORGIA. Grammar and language is made-up and people who are all anal about it are usually just enforcing some kind of colonial, patriarchal nonsense.

JACKLEAN. They really are teaching you stuff in high school, huh.

SOUND. SOUND OF A TEXT BEING SENT.

GEORGIA. What did Kate say?

JACKLEAN. They said - "hey the gang is talking about seeing a movie tomorrow wanna come?" and then "nevermind they all just backed out" and then "actually I really just wanted to ask you anyway. wanna see a movie with me?" And then a while later, "omg did I ruin things? I'm so sorry. If you don't wanna go please just pretend like this never happened."

SOUND. A SOUND ESCAPES FROM GEORGIA'S THROAT.

JACKLEAN. Are you okay?

GEORGIA. Yeah. Yeah.

...  
Tell them, "I'd love to." Period. And then a smiley face. Just a colon and parenthesis, not an emoji.

SOUND. JACKLEAN TYPES THE MESSAGE.

GEORGIA. NOT A WINKY FACE, GRANDMA.

JACKLEAN. Sorry, sorry.

SOUND. SOUND OF A TEXT BEING SENT.

JACKLEAN. That's it.

GEORGIA. Okay. Let's get out of this gas station. We've been here too long already.

JACKLEAN. Don't worry, I checked the camera placement and we're barely visible here.

GEORGIA. (A SURPRISED LAUGH) You're a little too good at this, grandma.

SOUND. KEYS IN IGNITION. CAR STARTS. CAR PULLS BACK ONTO THE ROAD. A MOMENT WITH JUST THE SOUND OF THE CAR ON THE ROAD. JACKLEAN AND GEORGIA BOTH EXHALE.

JACKLEAN. Now we just have to make it home.

GEORGIA. Then what?

JACKLEAN. I'll make the pudding on the stove and serve it to you so you wouldn't have had a chance to read the label.

GEORGIA. What about my EpiPen?

JACKLEAN. I brought it with us. I'll drop it on the ground next to you like you used it. Then call 911.

GEORGIA. Okay. Good.  
Are we missing anything?

JACKLEAN. I don't think so. Can you think of anything else?

GEORGIA. No.

JACKLEAN. If we do this right, no one will suspect a thing.

GEORGIA. And they can all blame you.

JACKLEAN. And they can all blame me.

GEORGIA. I'm so sorry, grandma.

JACKLEAN. I can handle it.

GEORGIA. And you're - you're really sure about all this?

JACKLEAN. I'm sure.

(A MOMENT.)

I'm really going to miss you, Georgia.

GEORGIA. I know.

Hey, let's listen to the end of old people radio time.

JACKLEAN. Anything for you.

SOUND. RADIO TURNS ON.

RADIO HOST. (D) Our weary reporter-turned-detective knew there was

only one thing left to do. If he could just hold strong, and keep his wits about him, he might just be able to do it. He might just be able to save everyone...

SOUND. DRAMATIC OLD-TIMEY RADIO FLOURISH.

Andrew

Thank you for listening to Things Needing Explanation, here on The Half Hour

Audio Hour. Next up is a brief interview we conducted with Julia Fisher

after the recording of this show

Andrew

So Julia the first thing that I want to do is I want to say? Thank you so much. Not only for doing this interview but also for allowing EFCT to be part of your show "things needing explanation."

Julia Fisher

Thank you so much. Thank you, It's been such a joy to work with all of you.

Andrew

Wonderful. So my first question is how did you get into writing.

Julia Fisher

What a great question. I truly can't remember a time that I've not been writing some of my first memories are of like writing and directing and performing in plays with my sister and our friends when we were like 6/7 years old. It was high school when I started to realize that like playwriting was actually a thing that I could like do so a lot of things clicked for me then I was a creative writing major in college but we didn't have a strong playwriting program. There was only one class so I just kind of dabbled in it.

Andrew

Me.

Julia Fisher

Then, and it's been in the last like 5 years or so that I've really started playwriting professionally and like getting my work produced and stuff so that's been a really fun journey.

Andrew

Ah, that's that's awesome. It's it's a very common thread that I've I've noticed with with writers every time I ask them that it's almost always I can't remember not writing. writing seems to be 1 of those things that that.

Julia Fisher

Forever Just forever.

Andrew

That that hit that grabs you young and you just never stop.

Julia Fisher

Yeah, and it's so accessible too like you just need paper in a pencil and a brain and that's it.

Andrew

So what inspired things needing explanation.

Julia Fisher

Yeah, so I was actually commissioned to write this piece from 2 theater companies here in Cleveland Radio On the Lake theater in Playwrights Local and it was an open commission so they were interested in kind of whatever I wanted to write about and I've Always loved detective fiction. It's just always been one of my favorite genres. And I had recently done some adaptations of detective stories for radio plays and it's just such a great genre for mystery. And I wanted to see if I could do it myself like I I was I've never tried to do detective fiction before but I was like maybe this is the time. Yeah, so that was kind of the like the reason I started the project. I had had for a couple years this like image of like.

Julia Fisher

A play that was just 2 people in a car and like I didn't know anything else but I was like that just feels interesting to me for some reason like a whole story of 2 people in a car. And then I was like maybe that could be related to this. Maybe that can be a detective piece somehow. Um.

Julia Fisher

And the idea just kind of came to me on a walk and then you know, just lots of work hammering out all the details and kind of mapping out what the mystery was going to be.

Andrew

That's incredible. That's so much fun. So now you you say that you had, done adaptations of detectives stories for radio. So you you have written for audio prior to this then.

Julia Fisher

Um, yes, yeah.

Andrew

So so what is it that you enjoy about writing for this medium.

Julia Fisher

Yeah, it's just so Fun. I've always really enjoyed the genre. I

remember like listening to old radio plays like old timey radio mysteries in the car with my dad sometimes and they just always were so fun to me and. I'd always been interested in in writing it. I had like toyed around with some ideas for a while but really it was the pandemic that made me actually start writing them because all of a sudden theaters were like well this is all we can do so that's what I was like ok I Love I Guess I guess I'm going to try it now.

Andrew  
Yeah

Julia Fisher  
And I just really enjoy like I I listen to a lot of audio Dramas and I like that it's like theater that you can experience in your car doing chores. There's a lot of imaginative spirit to it. There's a lot of like collaboration with the audience because they're really. Creating the whole world in their in their head and I think that's really fun.

Andrew  
Yeah, absolutely absolutely. And and yeah, the the pandemic did a lot for audio drama in this country.

Julia Fisher  
Yes, it really did.

Andrew  
All of a sudden. It's like everybody was and we were one of them too. We all of a sudden. We just kind of went. Ok so I don't ever want to do a play on Zoom So let's let's do this instead. So I but I think I think that what you're saying about how you can you can have it allows you to have theater wherever you happen to be. You don't have to go somewhere in order to experience theater and entertainment and I think that that's a wonderful thing about it.

Julia Fisher  
Yeah, it's It's really naturally accessible to a lot of different kinds of people.

Andrew  
Yeah, so do you have any upcoming projects that you'd like to promote.

Julia Fisher  
Sure I guess well the first one is not necessarily upcoming but the 2 other detective fiction radio plays that I've written are still available to listen to. They are adaptations of. Lady Molly of Scotland yard which is a series of detective fiction stories from 1910 and I adapted 2 of them for the radio and they are available on youtube or Soundcloud through Ohio Shakespeare Festival so you can just Google those and find them.

Andrew

Oh ah, oh that's awesome. That's great.

Julia Fisher

Yeah, yeah, those are really really fun and then the project I'm working on now I'm finishing drafts of a play I'm writing called Hyde which is a modern day feminist Jekyll and Hyde full-length piece. So hopefully we'll be seeing some developments and productions of that sometime soon.

Andrew

Oh that sounds like fun that sounds like a that sounds that sounds like a lot of fun.

Julia Fisher

I Think so.

Andrew

Excellent. So this is of course the most important question of the entire--

Julia Fisher

Yes, I'm ready. Yes.

Andrew

The the entire interview and I'm and I'm actually very curious to to know the answer to this so who is your favorite detective.

Julia Fisher

Yes, so I had to sit with this question for a while. I want to first give two honorable mentions.

Andrew

Okay.

Julia Fisher

My first honorable mention is Nancy Drew for being my my first detective. I read her When I was probably too young to be reading Nancy Drew and I remember coming up to my mom when I was like so small indeed like mom what's a bomb and she was like let's maybe not have you read those books anymore. Ah But I love Nancy Drew Second honorable mention is Sherlock Holmes it's you know he's the big one.

Andrew

it's it's Sherlock Holmes Yeah.

Julia Fisher

He's wonderful I love as sure. Um, he's incredible I love like almost every adaptation. It's just such a fun character. Ah, but I think my absolute favorite is going to go to Cassie Maddox and so this is a

character in my favorite series of detective fiction books. They're called the Dublin murders series and they're by Tana French every book features like a different detective from this Like squad of detectives. And they're just the greatest detective fiction books I have ever read and I have read quite a few. and book 2 which is the likeness is my favorite and the detective of that book is Cassie and I just think she's wonderful. So she gets my my top. Honors.

Andrew

Excellent, Well see this is great now I have now I've got a ah new series of detective books to go and check out because I'm always... that's that is that's wonderful.

Julia Fisher

Who Yeah, they're great.

Andrew

See I was very happy when I I read this script because my favorite detective growing up as ah as a child was Hercule Poirot.

Julia Fisher

amazing.

Andrew

He was my favorite just him walking around talking about his little gray cells Was just-- and and I was and I was reading I was reading that at an age I was far too young to be reading Hercule Poirot as well.

Julia Fisher

Sure yes, so Agatha Christie's just the best.

Andrew

So but oh, it's just it's amazing. So yeah, when when I saw that I was like Yay, .

Julia Fisher

Ah, and I'll tell you a secret for the listeners too. Every character in the play is named for a real life Female detective female detective fiction author or....

Like like ah hang on. Let me start this over every character is named after either a real life female detective a fictional female detective or a female author of detective fiction so you can do some googling and see if you can figure those out.

Andrew

Um, oh that is so cool

Julia Fisher

I had I had fun I realized that it's not something most people would



ever pick up on but it was a fun Easter egg for myself.

Andrew

This No, that's exactly the kind of thing that that I love in fiction when people do that that is so that is so cool I see now it's I'm I'm gonna be I'm gonna be sitting here Googling for the next hour This is awesome I did Yay and I and I do love the fact that you're not telling anybody who they are. It's like ok now go forth figure it out yourself

Julia Fisher

You got to be your own detective. Yes. Yeah.

Andrew

be your own detective there you go. That's awesome. Well Julia I have to I have to say this has been absolutely delightful and thank you again so much for allowing EFCT to be part of bringing things needing explanation to our half hour audio hour Audience. It's been really wonderful and and on behalf of everybody here Thank you so very much.

Julia Fisher

Thank you so much. This has been such a wonderful process I'm so excited to hear the final piece. Thank you.

Andrew

We hope you enjoyed Things Needing Explanation Next month, we will be presenting The YouTube Comments Section of the Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald, written by Ryan Stevens. And don't forget to head over to eclectic-theatre.com to find out about Crashbox an International Festival of New Short Live Audio Plays, performed live with live Foley and music November 16-19th., as well as all our other shows and projects.

On behalf of myself and everyone here at EFCT, thanks for listening