

# THE LAST RADIO SHOW

by Todd Wallinger

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**SYNOPSIS:** It's 1948, and KUKU Radio is in trouble. Their broadcast tower keeps falling over. The electric company is about to shut off their power. And now they're losing actors, one by one. Can this ragtag crew keep the show going? Or will they be shut down for good? This hilarious farce brings back the Golden Age of Radio, with crazy commercials such as Kindling Krunch ("the cereal that's like having your own national park—in a bowl!"), and even crazier shows, like *The Thing With Two Spleens* and *Tex King, The Humming Cowboy*. Of course, the best part of those old-time radio shows was the sound effects, and this play features over two dozen of them, most of which can be produced from simple household items. Don't touch that dial. This is radio like you've never seen it before!

**DURATION:** 90 minutes.

**TIME:** 1948.

**SETTING:** KUKU Radio Studio.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

*(5 females, 5 males)*

- JIMMY (m).....Mild-mannered office boy with dreams of radio stardom. *(97 lines)*
- MAGGIE (f).....Station engineer. A wizard with vacuum tubes but a total novice in matters of the heart. *(125 lines)*
- WILSON DEWITT (m).....Station manager/announcer. Always seems one crisis away from a nervous breakdown. *(355 lines)*
- MRS. WATT-RYLER (f).....Matronly station owner. Can't wait to clean out the whole crew. *(28 lines)*
- NIGEL (m).....Former London stage actor now playing bit parts on radio. A curmudgeon to the core. *(36 lines)*

- DANNY (m) ..... Debonair leading man. A real horse lover, especially when they come in first. (87 lines)
- GLORIA (f) ..... Glamorous leading lady. President of her own fan club. (85 lines)
- ROXIE (f) ..... Ditzzy young actress. So nearsighted she can't tell a microphone from a meatball sandwich. (101 lines)
- KNUCKLES (m) ..... Gangster. As tough as a sledgehammer. About as bright as one too. (136 lines)
- RITA (f) ..... Receptionist. An expert at filing, as long as it involves her nails. (39 lines)

### ***Production Notes***

***(including set description, props, costumes, and sound effects)  
are found at the end of the script.***

**PREMIERE PRODUCTION**

*The Last Radio Show* received its world premiere on January 14, 2016 at Black Box Theatre in Colorado Springs, CO with the following production team, cast, and crew:

Director.....	Todd Wallinger
Assistant Director .....	Jeff Schmoyer
Light/Sound Designer.....	Kitty Robbins
Stage Manager .....	Debby Brewer
JIMMY .....	Sam Suksiri
MAGGIE .....	Alaina Stroble
WILSON.....	Freddy McDaniel
NIGEL .....	Buck Buchanan
MRS. WATT-RYLER.....	Sue Bachman
DANNY.....	Dan Robbins
GLORIA .....	Karann Goetsch
ROXIE.....	Jessamine Hamer
KNUCKLES.....	Dan Kifer
RITA.....	Emily Stroble

**ACT ONE**

*SOUND EFFECT: Cuckoo clock. JIMMY enters down right. Looking around to make sure no one is watching, he creeps up to one of the microphones.*

**JIMMY:** Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. America. This is Jimmy McPherson for K-U-K-U, bringing you another exciting episode of *Bullets Over Bemidji*.

*Entering up left, MAGGIE stops to watch JIMMY.*

**JIMMY:** *(As policeman.)* Listen up, Frankie. We've got the place surrounded. Come out or we'll shoot. *(As gangster.)* I'm not afraid of you, copper. If you want me, you're going to have to get me. *(As policeman.)* All right, Frankie. You asked for it. Bang! Bang! Bang! *(As gangster.)* Ow! You got me! *(Falls to the floor.)*

**MAGGIE:** *(Applauds.)* Bravo! Bravo!

**JIMMY:** *(Jumps to his feet.)* Maggie! I didn't know you were here!

**MAGGIE:** I'm the engineer, Jimmy. I'm always here.

**JIMMY:** Oh, right. Well, please don't tell Mr. DeWitt what I was doing. He doesn't like me messing around with the microphones.

**MAGGIE:** Don't worry. Your secret's safe with me. Are you still hoping to become a radio star someday?

**JIMMY:** Gee, Maggie. It's all I think about.

**MAGGIE:** Then why don't you ask Mr. DeWitt to put you on the air?

**JIMMY:** I don't know. He might get mad.

**MAGGIE:** Come on, Jimmy. Just ask him. After all, today could be the day your dream comes true.

*WILSON bursts in down right, angrily waving a past due notice.*

**WILSON:** Idiots! Imbeciles! Ignorami!

**MAGGIE:** Or maybe tomorrow's the day.

**JIMMY:** What's the matter, Mr. DeWitt?

**WILSON:** This letter. Some fool says we owe him five hundred dollars.

**MAGGIE:** What? Let me see that. (*Reads notice.*) Mr. DeWitt, this is a past due notice from the electric company! It says we haven't paid them in six months!

**WILSON:** Of course we haven't paid them. We don't have any money.

**MAGGIE:** But if we don't pay them, they could cut off our electricity!

**WILSON:** Electricity? Bah! Who needs electricity?

**MAGGIE:** We're a radio station, Mr. DeWitt. We need electricity.

**JIMMY:** Yeah. How else would we broadcast our shows? Send smoke signals?

**WILSON:** That's a great idea. We could start by burning this past due notice. (*Rips up the notice and tosses it into the trash can.*)

**JIMMY:** Hey! What did you do that for?

**WILSON:** Don't worry. They can't cut off our electricity until they've sent us two more notices.

**MAGGIE:** You're right. That could take months.

**JIMMY:** I know, but shouldn't we do something about it?

**WILSON:** Listen, Jimmy. I'm the station manager. Let me manage the station and I'll let you manage the coffee.

**JIMMY:** Yes, sir, Mr. Boss, sir.

**WILSON:** Maggie, what's the latest on our broadcast tower?

**MAGGIE:** Well, I managed to push it back up, but Mrs. Kowalski isn't very happy about it. When the tower fell, it flattened her chicken coop.

**WILSON:** What's the matter? Doesn't she like scrambled eggs?

**MAGGIE:** No, scrambled eggs are fine. It's the scrambled chickens she objects to.

**WILSON:** She'll get over it. Just send her a bottle of barbecue sauce. Is the rest of our equipment in good working order?

**MAGGIE:** I don't know. I still need to go through the checklist.

**WILSON:** Well, you'd better hurry up. We go on the air in ten minutes.

**MAGGIE:** Will do, boss.

*MAGGIE exits up left. WILSON paces back and forth, looking for JIMMY. JIMMY follows him.*

**WILSON:** Jimmy! Oh, Jimmy! (*Turns to find JIMMY directly behind him.*) AAAAAH!

**JIMMY:** What do you want, Mr. DeWitt?

**WILSON:** What do I want? What do I want? I want you to stop following me!

**JIMMY:** Sorry, Mr. DeWitt. It's just that I was hoping—Well, maybe not hoping. More like wondering—

**WILSON:** What is it, boy? Spit it out!

**JIMMY:** Would you let me perform today? Just give me one tiny, insignificant part and I promise I'll never ask for anything again.

**WILSON:** Look, Jimmy. I like you. But the last thing I need is a green actor. I have enough problems with all the other colors.

**JIMMY:** But I'm not green. I practice in front of my bathroom mirror every morning. Just watch. (*Poses.*) To be or not to be, that is the question...

**WILSON:** Not to be, that is the answer.

**JIMMY:** But Mr. DeWitt—

**WILSON:** Make the coffee, Jimmy.

**JIMMY:** Yes, sir, Mr. Boss, sir.

*JIMMY goes to the coffee station. SOUND EFFECT: Telephone ringing.*

**WILSON:** Rita! Oh, Rita!

*WILSON goes to answer the phone. By the time he reaches it, the ringing stops. MAGGIE enters up left.*

**MAGGIE:** Do you need something, Mr. DeWitt?

**WILSON:** Where's Rita? She's supposed to be answering the phone, not me.

**MAGGIE:** Rita called a few minutes ago. She says she has a problem with her eyes.

**WILSON:** Oh, yeah? What's wrong?

**MAGGIE:** She can't see coming to work today.

**WILSON:** Well, tell Rita I can't see giving her a paycheck.

**MAGGIE:** Yes, sir.

*MAGGIE exits up left. NIGEL enters down right.*

**NIGEL:** Ah, yes. Another day in the crass underbelly of the broadcasting industry.

**WILSON:** Well, if it isn't Nigel, our little ray of British sunshine. Remember, Nigel, it takes more muscles to frown than it does to smile.

**NIGEL:** I know. It's the only exercise I get. So what unmitigated dreck do you have for me today?

**WILSON:** The usual. Doctor show. (*Hands NIGEL a script.*)

**NIGEL:** Trite.

**WILSON:** Detective show. (*Hands NIGEL a script.*)

**NIGEL:** Banal.

**WILSON:** Oh. You're going to like this one. You get to be the title character. (*Hands NIGEL a script.*)

**NIGEL:** (*Reads.*) "Momentousman vs. the Hideous Maggot Monster?" I take it I'm not the superhero?

**WILSON:** No. You're the vermin.

**NIGEL:** And to think I was once the toast of the London stage.

**WILSON:** Believe me, if you flub your lines one more time, you will be toast.

**NIGEL:** Can I help it if I need an occasional nap to perform at my peak?

**WILSON:** Take all the naps you want, Nigel. Just please stop taking them in the middle of a scene.

**NIGEL:** How do you expect me to stay awake with such abominable scripts as these?

**WILSON:** You could drink some of Jimmy's coffee.

**NIGEL:** I'd rather drink poison.

**WILSON:** I don't know why everyone complains about the coffee here. I think it tastes pretty good.

**NIGEL:** Trust me. If dogs had armpits, they would taste better than Jimmy's coffee.

*NIGEL goes to the coffee station. JIMMY hands him a cup of coffee.*

**JIMMY:** Good morning, Mr. Pennyfeather. I found some more sugar for you.

**NIGEL:** Thank heavens. (*NIGEL scoops a spoonful of sugar into his coffee. Then another. And another.*)

**JIMMY:** Gee whiz, Mr. Pennyfeather. That sure is a lot of sugar.

*NIGEL takes a sip of the coffee. He grimaces.*

**NIGEL:** And yet the repulsiveness still comes through.

*MRS. WATT-RYLER enters down right.*

**NIGEL:** Uh, oh. (*Exits up right.*)

**MRS. WATT-RYLER:** Mr. DeWitt!

**WILSON:** Mrs. Rottweiler! What are you doing here?

**MRS. WATT-RYLER:** I'm the owner of this station, Mr. DeWitt. Why shouldn't I be here?

**WILSON:** Because I changed the lock?

**MRS. WATT-RYLER:** Mr. DeWitt, you can't keep me away that easily. My dear husband Harold left me this station when he died.

**WILSON:** Yes, I know.

**MRS. WATT-RYLER:** And do you know what he said to me as he lay on his deathbed?

**WILSON:** Get your hands off my throat?

**MRS. WATT-RYLER:** No. He said, "Poopsie"—that's what he called me, Poopsie—"do what you want with the rest of my properties, but don't ever sell KUKU. There are some very fine people at that station. To me, those people are KUKU."

**WILSON:** A great man, your husband.

**MRS. WATT-RYLER:** Oh, I've been tempted to sell the station. I almost sold it after Nigel fell asleep during his shift and our listeners were subjected to six straight hours of snoring. I almost sold it after Jimmy spilled his coffee and it ate through the coaster, the file cabinet, and seven years of tax returns. But last night, something happened that shook me to my very core.

**WILSON:** You looked in a mirror?

**MRS. WATT-RYLER:** No. I turned on the station, and I heard a most disturbing sound.

**WILSON:** What did you—

**MRS. WATT-RYLER:** Silence!

**WILSON:** Yes, Mrs. Rottweiler.

**MRS. WATT-RYLER:** No. That's what I heard: silence. We were supposed to play the new commercial for Rodent Gleam, the toothpaste for hamsters. But no, all I heard was silence.

**WILSON:** That's because our broadcast tower fell over.

**MRS. WATT-RYLER:** Yes, well, because of that little mishap, thousands of hamsters will go to bed tonight with dirty teeth. I ask you, Mr. DeWitt, how do you sleep at night?

**WILSON:** Well, usually I start on my back, and then around midnight, I roll onto my side—

**MRS. WATT-RYLER:** You might think this situation is amusing, Mr. DeWitt, but I do not. The Rodent Gleam people just called to tell me they were pulling their ads. If we lose one more sponsor, I'm going to sell the station and then you'll all be looking for work!

**WILSON:** But Mrs. Rottweiler, you can't do that!

**MRS. WATT-RYLER:** And why not?

**WILSON:** Because these people are actors. They don't know how to work.

**MRS. WATT-RYLER:** First of all, Mr. DeWitt, I'm the owner of this station. I can sell it whenever I like. And second, my name isn't Rottweiler. It's Watt-Ryler.

**WILSON:** Yes, Mrs. Watt-Ryler. Good day.

**MRS. WATT-RYLER:** Mark my words, Mr. DeWitt. If there are any disasters—if anything stops or interrupts today's broadcast—this will be your last radio show!

*DANNY enters down right disguised as an old lady with a cane. He stabs MRS. WATT-RYLER in the foot as he passes by.*

**MRS. WATT-RYLER:** Oh, my foot! My poor mangled foot! (*Exits down right, limping.*)

**DANNY:** (*Old lady's voice.*) Hello there, sonny. Is this K-U-K-U?

**WILSON:** Yes, ma'am, but we're not giving any tours today.

**DANNY:** I don't want to take a tour. I'm looking for a man.

**WILSON:** A man? What kind of man?

**DANNY:** Well, he's built like this—(*Indicates a big man.*) And he's got a face like this—(*Makes an angry expression.*) And he wears a pinstripe suit.

**WILSON:** Sorry, ma'am, but there's no one like that around here.

**DANNY:** Are you sure?

**WILSON:** Yes. I'm quite sure.

**DANNY:** Good. *(Removes his costume and tosses it off up right.)*

**WILSON:** Danny Silvers?

**DANNY:** *(Normal voice.)* The one and only.

*NIGEL enters up right.*

**WILSON:** What are you wearing that crazy get-up for?

**DANNY:** It's for my health.

**WILSON:** Disguising yourself as an old lady keeps you healthy?

**DANNY:** No. Hiding from Knuckles Tortellini keeps me healthy.

**WILSON:** Uh oh. How much money do you owe him this time?

**DANNY:** Not much. Just a few bucks, give or take three thousand.

**WILSON:** Three thousand dollars! Danny, when are you going to learn? You've got to stop gambling.

**NIGEL:** Danny? Ha! He could never stop gambling.

**DANNY:** Oh, yeah? *(Pulls a ten-dollar bill out of his pocket.)* Ten bucks says I can.

**WILSON:** Put your money away, Danny. I'll keep an eye out for Knuckles, but you've got to promise not to gamble anymore.

**DANNY:** Sure thing, Mr. DeWitt.

**WILSON:** Great. Here are your scripts.

*WILSON hands scripts to DANNY. GLORIA and ROXIE enter down right. GLORIA is carrying a purse with ROXIE'S eyeglasses inside.*

**GLORIA:** Good morning, fellow thespians! The dreariness of your little lives is over! Gloria Lamour is here!

**ROXIE:** Gee, Miss Lamour. It must be wonderful to be so famous.

**GLORIA:** Of course it is, Foxy—

**ROXIE:** Roxie.

**GLORIA:** Why, I remember when I was a struggling, untalented actress like yourself. Slogging from audition to audition, hoping the next one would be my big break. Back then, I killed to get a job in show business.

**ROXIE:** Don't you mean you "would have" killed to get a job in show business?

**GLORIA:** No. Not really. (Sees WILSON.) Oh, there's Mr. DeWitt.

*GLORIA goes to WILSON. Following, ROXIE walks into the sound effects table.*

**ROXIE:** Ow.

**GLORIA:** Mr. DeWitt, this is Roxie, the young actress I was telling you about. Roxie, this is Mr. DeWitt.

**WILSON:** Nice to meet you, Roxie.

*WILSON holds out his hand to shake. Unable to see, ROXIE grasps at the air for a moment before GLORIA steers her hand into WILSON'S grip.*

**ROXIE:** My pleasure, I'm sure.

*WILSON pulls GLORIA aside.*

**WILSON:** Is there something wrong with Roxie?

**GLORIA:** What do you mean?

**WILSON:** She walked into the sound effects table. She couldn't see my hand when I tried to greet her. It's like she needs glasses or something.

**GLORIA:** Oh, yes. I made her take them off.

**WILSON:** Take them off? But why?

**GLORIA:** Because we can't have her disfiguring her face with those ugly things.

**WILSON:** Gloria, no one will see her. We're on the radio.

**GLORIA:** Don't tell her that. Roxie thinks she's going to be on television.

**WILSON:** What would make her think that?

**GLORIA:** I told her.

**WILSON:** Gloria, give Roxie back her glasses.

**GLORIA:** I'm warning you. The very sight of them will make you ill.

**WILSON:** I'll take that chance.

**GLORIA:** All right.

*GLORIA removes the eyeglasses from her purse and hands them to ROXIE, who puts them on. GLORIA grimaces.*

**ROXIE:** Oh, good. I can see again. (*Looking around.*) Hey, wait a minute. Where are the television cameras?

**WILSON:** There are no television cameras, Roxie. This is a radio station.

**ROXIE:** Oh. Okay. (*Still looking around.*) Then where are the radio cameras?

**WILSON:** (*Indicates the microphones.*) Right there.

**ROXIE:** Oh.

*Gazing into one of the microphones, ROXIE prems and smiles as though posing for a camera. WILSON hands scripts to GLORIA and ROXIE.*

**WILSON:** Here are your scripts. If it's not too much trouble, please look them over before we go on. Oh, and Gloria?

**GLORIA:** Yes?

**WILSON:** Help Roxie with the big words.

*MAGGIE enters up left.*

**MAGGIE:** Two minutes to showtime, Mr. DeWitt.

**WILSON:** Thanks, Maggie. Now listen up, everybody. I've got some bad news and I've got some worse news.

**DANNY:** Give us the bad news first.

**WILSON:** Mrs. Watt-Ryler was here—

**NIGEL:** I thought you were going to give us the bad news first—

**DANNY:** Yeah. What's worse than Mrs. Rottweiler being here?

**WILSON:** Try none of us being here.

**DANNY:** Huh?

**NIGEL:** My dear boy, what are you talking about?

**WILSON:** Mrs. Watt-Ryler is mad that the station went silent last night. She says if we have any more disasters, we're all going to lose our jobs.

**DANNY:** Well, it's been nice knowing you, everybody.

*DANNY heads for the down right exit.*

**WILSON:** Where are you going? We haven't had the disaster yet.

**DANNY:** I know, but if we leave now, we can avoid rush hour.

**NIGEL:** Danny's right. Something's bound to go wrong.

**GLORIA:** We haven't had a perfect show since we first went on the air.

**DANNY:** These microphones have been known to burst into flames.

**MAGGIE:** And the only thing keeping our broadcast tower up is a wad of bubble gum and some rubber bands.

**JIMMY:** Can I say something, boss?

**WILSON:** Sure, Jimmy, but make it quick. We've only got a minute until air time.

**JIMMY:** *(To EVERYONE.)* Look, I know I'm only the office boy, but sometimes, when you're doing a show, I stand back here and watch and I am in awe. You're the smartest, most talented people I know. Why, I'm sure if you work together and give it everything you've got, this will be your best show ever.

**GLORIA:** Thank you, James. That was very inspiring.

**NIGEL:** Yes. We're grateful for your support.

**JIMMY:** Great. Does that mean you'll let me perform with you today?

**EVERYONE:** No!

**NIGEL:** We're not that grateful.

**MAGGIE:** Ten seconds, boss.

**WILSON:** All right. Places everybody.

*WILSON, NIGEL, GLORIA, and DANNY gather around the microphones.*

**MAGGIE:** In five. Four. Three. Two. One. And we're on!

*MAGGIE exits up left. ON AIR sign turns on. SOUND EFFECT: Three-tone theme.*

**WILSON:** Good morning, all you people out there in Radioland. This is Wilson DeWitt for K-U-K-U. Today we've got a little something for everyone: highbrows, lowbrows, even unibrows. But first, a message from our sponsor.

*SOUND EFFECT: Junky car driving. Actors read from scripts.*

**DANNY:** Do you hear that?

**GLORIA:** What could it be?

**DANNY:** It sounds like a cement mixer filled with rusty tin cans.

**GLORIA:** I think it sounds like someone threw bolts in a blender and set it to puree.

**NIGEL:** You're both wrong. That alluring sound is the latest sports car from Italy, the Limone. For years, only rich, good-looking people could afford a sleek roadster like this. Well, we've implemented so many cost-saving features on the Limone, even a slob like you can afford one. How did we make it so cheap? We're not going to tell you. But you can probably figure it out.

**DANNY:** Is the door supposed to come off in my hand like this?

**NIGEL:** We're glad you asked that!

**GLORIA:** And the engine. Isn't it supposed to be inside the car?

**NIGEL:** We're glad you asked that too!

**DANNY:** Reliability is very important to me. Does the Limone come with a warranty?

**NIGEL:** As a matter of fact, the Limone has the best warranty of any car in its class. How do we know? Because it's the only car in its class. When you buy a Limone, you never have to worry about transportation again. If the car ever breaks down, we'll send you a brand new pair of running shoes.

*DANNY runs in place.*

**WILSON:** Hi, Tom. Looks like you've lost some weight.

**DANNY:** Twenty pounds. I never had the willpower to exercise before, but now that I own a Limone, I don't have any choice. Hey, is that a Limone you're driving?

**WILSON:** Sure is. Just bought it today.

*SOUND EFFECT: Car falling apart.*

**DANNY:** Well, that didn't last long.

*WILSON runs in place.*

**WILSON:** Looks like I'll be losing weight too!

**DANNY and WILSON:** Thanks, Limone! (*DANNY and WILSON stop running.*)

**NIGEL:** The 1949 Limone. Because a car should be more than just a car. It should be an experience.

*Actors stop reading from scripts.*

**WILSON:** You're listening to K-U-K-U. Remember, without "U," we would just be "KKKKK." (*Makes a throat-cutting gesture.*) It's time now for a musical interlude from Squeaky Volente and his Poco Loco Orchestra. Take it away, Squeaky!

*ON AIR light turns off. SOUND EFFECT: 1940's swing music. MAGGIE enters up left.*

**JIMMY:** Nice work, everybody.

**MAGGIE:** Yeah. We may get to keep our jobs after all.

*SOUND EFFECT: Knock on door.*

**WILSON:** Who could that be?

**DANNY:** Maybe it's Rita.

**WILSON:** No, it's too early. She would only be an hour late. Rita never shows up until she's at least two hours late.

*JIMMY peeks out the down right exit.*

**MAGGIE:** Can you see who it is, Jimmy?

**JIMMY:** Yeah. There's a man wearing a brown shirt and brown pants and he's holding a long envelope.

**WILSON:** Oh, no! That's the guy from the electric company! He must be bringing the second past due notice!

**MAGGIE:** But we just received the first one.

**JIMMY:** I guess he really wants our money.

*SOUND EFFECT: Knock on door.*

**WILSON:** Everyone get down!

**GLORIA:** What?

**WILSON:** I said, get down! If he can't see us, he might go away.

*EVERYONE crouches or finds a hiding place. SOUND EFFECT: Knock on door.*

**MAGGIE:** He's not going away.

**DANNY:** Maybe we should try to scare him off.

**WILSON:** Sure, but how?

**DANNY:** I don't know. What are delivery boys afraid of?

**MAGGIE:** I'd think they'd be afraid of dogs.

**WILSON:** Great idea, Maggie. Jimmy, bark like a dog.

**JIMMY:** What kind of dog?

**WILSON:** Who cares what kind of dog? A big dog. A big scary go-for-your-throat kind of dog. (*JIMMY lets out a little yip.*) What do you call that?

**JIMMY:** Sorry. I didn't have a dog growing up.

**WILSON:** What did you have?

**JIMMY:** Squirrels.

**DANNY:** Great. Try throwing some nuts at him.

**JIMMY:** (*Peeks out the down right exit.*) Never mind. He's gone.

**MAGGIE:** And just in time too. We're back on the air in ten. (*WILSON, NIGEL, GLORIA, and DANNY scramble over to the microphones.*)  
Five. Four. Three. Two. One.

*MAGGIE exits up left. Music stops. ON AIR light turns on.*

**WILSON:** Thank you, Squeaky Volente. Your music always puts a spring in my step.

**DANNY:** (*Under his breath.*) And a throbbing in my head.

*Actors read from scripts.*

**WILSON:** We now present *Good Doctor Goode*, the story of a handsome young physician who breaks as many hearts as he

heals. (*SOUND EFFECT: Romantic theme music.*) As we rejoin our story, Doctor Goode is at Fairview Hospital, making his morning rounds.

**DANNY:** Good morning, Nurse. How does Mr. Johnson's chart look today?

**GLORIA:** Excellent, Doctor Goode. His heart rate is up. His blood count is up. Everything is up, up, up.

**DANNY:** You're reading the chart upside down.

**GLORIA:** Oh. In that case, Mr. Johnson is dead.

*NIGEL moans.*

**DANNY:** He's not dead yet. Sounds like he's still got some life in him.

**NIGEL:** (*Weakly.*) Water. I need water.

*SOUND EFFECT: Water pouring.*

**GLORIA:** Here you go, Mr. Johnson.

**NIGEL:** Thank you, Nurse.

**GLORIA:** That'll be three hundred dollars.

**NIGEL:** AAAAAH!

**DANNY:** Okay, that killed him.

**GLORIA:** Orderly! We've got another one! (*Growing weary, NIGEL wheels the office chair up to the microphone and sits.*)

**DANNY:** You know, Nurse, you seem very distracted today. Are you feeling all right?

**GLORIA:** I don't know what's wrong with me, Doctor. Every time I stand near you, my heart beats faster and I break out in a cold sweat.

**DANNY:** Well, it could be one of two things. Either you're madly in love with me or you've got a bad case of lumbago.

**GLORIA:** What should I do, Doctor?

**DANNY:** Take two aspirin and call me in the morning.

**GLORIA:** What if it's love?

**DANNY:** Take three aspirin and never call me again.

**ROXIE:** (*Muffled, as over an intercom.*) Calling Doctor Goode. Calling Doctor Goode. You're wanted in Room 104, Doctor Goode.

**DANNY:** Excuse me, Nurse. I have to go.

*SOUND EFFECT: Footsteps.*

**GLORIA:** Oh, you doctors are all alike! You make a girl fall in love with you, then the moment some sickie rings their little buzzer, you run out!

*SOUND EFFECT: Door opening.*

**DANNY:** Hello, Nurse.

**ROXIE:** Hello, Doctor Goode. I set out your surgical instruments for you.

**DANNY:** What seems to be the problem?

**ROXIE:** Take a look for yourself, Doctor. This patient is gravely ill.

**DANNY:** I see what you mean. His face is pale, his eyes are bloodshot, and his mustache is all droopy.

**ROXIE:** No, no. That's not the patient. That's the patient's wife.

**DANNY:** Forget the surgical instruments. Get me a paper bag.

**GLORIA:** Excuse me, Doctor. Are you N. E. Goode?

**DANNY:** I'm not bad.

**GLORIA:** No, I mean are you Neil Emerson Goode, the famous surgeon?

**DANNY:** Yes, I am. What can I do for you?

**GLORIA:** My husband has been diagnosed with a terminal disease and we'd like to get a second opinion.

**DANNY:** Very well. Let me examine him. *(Examining the patient.)* Uh huh. Uh huh. Uh huh.

**ROXIE:** What did you find, Doctor?

**DANNY:** Well, I may be going out on a limb here, but I would say he definitely has a disease.

**ROXIE:** What do you make of that pineapple growing out of his head?

**DANNY:** Must be a tropical disease.

**GLORIA:** I don't know how, Doctor. My husband hasn't been anywhere near the tropics.

**DANNY:** Has he been near any fruit stands?

**ROXIE:** Excuse me, Doctor Goode, but I don't think this line of questioning is getting us anywhere.

**DANNY:** You're right, Nurse. There's only one way to get to the bottom of this. Please hand me my copy of *1001 Rare and Very Expensive Diseases*.

**ROXIE:** But Doctor, I've already gone through the book five times. There's no mention of a pineapple anywhere.

**DANNY:** Are you suggesting I discovered a new disease?

**ROXIE:** Yes, Doctor. I am.

**DANNY:** Do you realize what this means? I'll get written up in all the medical journals! I'll get my picture in all the newspapers! I'll finally be able to get a tee time on Sundays!

**GLORIA:** What about my husband?

**DANNY:** He'll have to get his own tee time.

**ROXIE:** You know, Doctor, if you want credit for discovering this disease, you're going to have to come up with a name for it.

**DANNY:** Excellent point, Nurse. What should I call it?

**ROXIE:** How about Goode's Disease?

**DANNY:** Goode's Disease. I like it. Simple, direct, yet with a hint of self-absorption.

**NIGEL:** (*Stands.*) Hey, wait a minute. I'm the one with the disease. Why should it be named after you?

**DANNY:** Because I'm the doctor. And besides, your name is already taken, Mr. Malaria.

*SOUND EFFECT: Balloon blowing up.*

**GLORIA:** Oh, dear! The pineapple is getting bigger!

**ROXIE:** You've got to remove it, Doctor, before it explodes!

**DANNY:** All right, Nurse. Prepare for surgery.

**ROXIE:** Prepare for surgery!

**GLORIA:** Prepare for surgery!

**NIGEL:** Prepare for surgery!

**DANNY:** Who are you talking to?

**NIGEL:** Sorry. I got carried away.

**DANNY:** Yes, well, keep that up and I'll see that you are carried away.

**ROXIE:** Here's the anesthesia, Doctor.

**DANNY:** Very good, Nurse. Now just relax, Mr. Malaria, and start counting backwards from a thousand.

**NIGEL:** A thousand? I thought I was supposed to count backwards from a hundred.

**DANNY:** It's a very low dose.

**NIGEL:** One thousand, nine hundred ninety-nine, nine hundred ninety-eight—(*Collapses into the office chair, unconscious.*)

**ROXIE:** I think he's out.

**DANNY:** Excellent, Nurse. You can now bring in the next patient.

**ROXIE:** But Doctor, you haven't operated on this one yet.

**DANNY:** Trust me. We get into a lot less trouble this way.

**GLORIA:** You can't just leave my husband in this condition. What kind of doctor are you?

**DANNY:** Funny you should ask. I actually started out as a tree surgeon.

**GLORIA:** Really? What made you switch to people?

**DANNY:** I wanted to branch out.

*SOUND EFFECT: Balloon blowing up.*

**GLORIA:** Oh, no! The pineapple is growing as big as a house!

**DANNY:** Please don't exaggerate, Mrs. Malaria. You can see it's no bigger than a two-room flat.

**GLORIA:** Well, you'd better remove it before it turns into a high-rise!

**DANNY:** Very well. Are you ready, Nurse?

**ROXIE:** Yes, Doctor.

**DANNY:** All right then. Scalpel.

**ROXIE:** Scalpel.

**DANNY:** Paring knife.

**ROXIE:** Paring knife.

**DANNY:** Melon scooper.

**ROXIE:** Melon scooper—Wait a minute, Doctor. Are you performing surgery or are you making a fruit salad?

**DANNY:** Well, now that you mention it, I haven't eaten all day.

**ROXIE:** This is ridiculous. I'll just remove the pineapple myself.

**DANNY:** Be careful, Nurse. A pineapple-ectomy is a very delicate procedure.

**ROXIE:** Phooey. I'll just grab the pineapple here and—

*SOUND EFFECT: Released balloon.*

**GLORIA:** You did it, Nurse! You saved my husband!

**DANNY:** This calls for a celebration.

**GLORIA:** Not just a celebration. A luau!

**DANNY:** I'm sorry, Mrs. Malaria, but a luau is simply out of the question.

**GLORIA:** Why?

**DANNY:** Because we'd have to find someone with a roast pig growing out of their head.

*SOUND EFFECT: Romantic theme music.*

**WILSON:** And so we come to the end of another episode of *Good Doctor Goode*. Join us again next week when we'll hear Doctor Goode say—

**DANNY:** And how will you be paying for the operation, Mrs. Malaria?

**GLORIA:** My husband's welfare check should cover it.

**DANNY:** I knew it!

**GLORIA:** How could you know that?

**DANNY:** Because you only have to take one look at that pineapple growing out of his head to know that he's on the Dole.

*Actors stop reading from scripts.*

**WILSON:** And now for another musical interlude from nobody's favorite bandleader, Squeaky Volente!

*ON AIR light turns off. SOUND EFFECT: 1940's swing music. MAGGIE enters up left. JIMMY goes to wake NIGEL, who's still sprawled unconscious in the office chair.*

**JIMMY:** You can get up now, Mr. Pennyfeather. The show's over, Mr. Pennyfeather.

**WILSON:** Look at him sitting there, the laggard! And after he promised me he wouldn't fall asleep anymore.

**JIMMY:** (*Shakes NIGEL.*) Wake up, Mr. Pennyfeather! Wake up! (*To WILSON.*) Something's wrong, Mr. DeWitt. Mr. Pennyfeather won't wake up.

**DANNY:** (*Checks on NIGEL.*) It's no use, Jimmy. He's out cold.

**JIMMY:** I don't understand. He was drinking coffee like there's no tomorrow.

**DANNY:** Yeah? Well, if he doesn't wake up soon, there will be no tomorrow. For any of us.

**WILSON:** You're right, Danny. If Mrs. Rottweiler finds out we've lost one of our actors, she'll shut us down for sure.

**JIMMY:** I'll fill in for him, Mr. Boss, sir!

**WILSON:** Sorry, Jimmy. I need a real actor. Not a kid who thinks he's Hamlet. Come on, Danny. Let's put Nigel in the backroom. We don't want anyone to trip over him.

*Rolling NIGEL in the chair, WILSON and DANNY exit up right.*

**JIMMY:** Gee whiz. They must think I'm only good for one thing.

*SOUND EFFECT: Knock on door.*

**WILSON:** (*Off up right.*) Get the door, Jimmy!

**JIMMY:** Make that two things.

*JIMMY exits down right. With a sigh, MAGGIE watches him go.*

**ROXIE:** You've fallen for Jimmy pretty hard, huh?

**MAGGIE:** Like a bag of bowling balls. I just wish he felt the same way about me.

**ROXIE:** Listen, if you find yourself falling in love with a guy, just do what I do.

**MAGGIE:** What's that?

**ROXIE:** Play hard to get. If a guy looks at you, look the other way. If he talks to you, spit in his eye.

**MAGGIE:** That'll make him fall in love with me?

**ROXIE:** No. That'll scare him off. Who wants a man hanging around all the time?

*JIMMY enters down right, walking backwards, his hands in the air.*

*KNUCKLES enters down right, pointing a gun at the boy.*

**JIMMY:** (*Nervous.*) Can I help you, sir? I mean, of course I can help you, but is there anything you need right now, like a pillow or foot massage or something that will help you get rid of your stress?

**KNUCKLES:** I'm looking for Danny Silvers.

*WILSON runs in up right, waving at JIMMY not to say anything.*

**JIMMY:** Danny? Oh, he went into the backroom for a minute. Let me get him—

*Alarmed, WILSON blocks the way.*

**WILSON:** I'm sorry, sir, but Danny isn't here right now—

**KNUCKLES:** But I just heard him talking on the radio.

**WILSON:** Yes, well, he was here, but he stepped out for some coffee.

**KNUCKLES:** When will he be back?

**WILSON:** Oh, not for a few weeks.

**KNUCKLES:** I thought you said he stepped out for coffee.

**WILSON:** He did. Unfortunately, the coffee shop is two states away.

**KNUCKLES:** I'll wait. (*Pocketing the gun, KNUCKLES leans against the desk.*)

**WILSON:** I don't know if that's a good idea, Mr., uh—

**KNUCKLES:** Tortellini. But you can call me Knuckles.

*DANNY enters up right, disguised as an old lady again and pushing a broom.*

**DANNY:** (*Under his breath.*) I'd rather call you a cab.

*WILSON pulls DANNY aside.*

**WILSON:** What are you doing?

**DANNY:** What do you think I'm doing? I'm hiding from that oversized gorilla over there.

**WILSON:** Oh, no, you're not. I need you to go on the air in a minute.

**DANNY:** Nothing doing. I've got another thirty years of life ahead of me. I don't want to spend them dead.

**WILSON:** But you know what Mrs. Rottweiler said. If anything interrupts our broadcast today, we could all lose our jobs.

**MAGGIE:** Hey, if he wants to be a janitor, let him. This place has never looked so clean.

*Pushing the broom, DANNY exits up left.*

**MAGGIE:** You missed a spot!

**WILSON:** Well, that's just peachy. Now I'm down two actors. What am I going to do?

**MAGGIE:** Why don't you let Jimmy perform?

**WILSON:** I can't do that.

**MAGGIE:** Why not? He might turn out to be good at it.

**WILSON:** That's what I'm afraid of. What if he quits his job to become an actor? Who will I get to make coffee?

**MAGGIE:** You could make it yourself.

*WILSON clutches at his chest like he's having a heart attack.*

**WILSON:** You're going to kill me with that crazy talk, Maggie! I swear you're going to kill me!

**ROXIE:** Why don't you fill in for Danny, Mr. DeWitt?

**WILSON:** Me?

**ROXIE:** Yeah. You've got a good voice. I bet you'd make an excellent actor.

**WILSON:** Well, now that you mention it, I was quite the thespian in high school. Why, when I played King Lear, I brought the audience to tears.

**GLORIA:** I can only imagine.

**WILSON:** But we still need someone to replace Nigel. Someone cultured. Someone refined. Someone who just oozes sophistication and class.

*WILSON sees KNUCKLES, who is sniffing his armpits.*

**WILSON:** Someone sitting right over there.

**GLORIA:** What? Don't tell me you're going to allow that knuckle-dragging brute to perform with us!

**WILSON:** Why not? Maybe he's loaded with talent. Maybe he's got a brilliant actor inside him, just begging to get out.

**GLORIA:** Yes, because Knuckles swallowed him.

**WILSON:** (*Approaches KNUCKLES, framing the gangster's face between his fingers.*) You!

**KNUCKLES:** Who, me?

**WILSON:** Yes, you. Have you ever dreamed of being a radio star?

**KNUCKLES:** Not that I know of.

**WILSON:** Sure, you have. You just didn't realize it.

**KNUCKLES:** Huh?

**WILSON:** Why, just look at you. You've got the perfect face for radio.

**KNUCKLES:** I do?

**WILSON:** Yes. And your voice is as melodious as a mountain stream.

**KNUCKLES:** Hey! Who you calling melodious?

**WILSON:** I tell you what. I'll give you an audition right now.

**KNUCKLES:** Really?

**WILSON:** Sure. Come over here and speak into this mic.

**KNUCKLES:** Okay. (*Follows WILSON, but instead of grabbing a microphone, he grabs JIMMY.*) Testing 1-2-3. Testing.

**WILSON:** What are you doing?

**KNUCKLES:** I'm doing just like you told me. I'm talking into Mike.

**WILSON:** That's not Mike. That's Jimmy. Here. (*Indicates a microphone.*) This is the mic.

**KNUCKLES:** That doesn't look like a Mike.

**WILSON:** Why, sure it's a mic. It's short for microphone.

**KNUCKLES:** (*Indicates JIMMY.*) Well, he's pretty short for a microphone too.

**MAGGIE:** Ten seconds, boss.

**WILSON:** You're hired! (*Shoves a script into KNUCKLES' hands.*)

**KNUCKLES:** Which part do I play?

**WILSON:** Don't worry about your part. Just follow my lead, all right?

**KNUCKLES:** All right.

**MAGGIE:** In five. Four. Three. Two. One.

*MAGGIE exits up left. Music stops. ON AIR light turns on.*

**WILSON:** Thank you, Squeaky. Our next program starts in just a moment. But first, let's have a word from our sponsor.

**KNUCKLES:** *(Reads from script.)* Hey.

**WILSON:** Ha ha. When I said let's have a word from our sponsor, I was hoping for more than just one.

**KNUCKLES:** Oh. *(Reads from script.)* Hey, Mom. *(WILSON gestures for him to keep reading.)* I don't feel very well. Do I have to go to school?

**GLORIA:** Why, Timmy? What's the matter?

**KNUCKLES:** I feel weak all over. My arms ache. My legs ache. And I can barely lift my head off this pillow.

**WILSON:** Is your child a lazy ingrate? Does he lie around the house like a useless slug? The problem may not be him. It may be a lack of fiber in his diet. That's why there's Kindling Krunch. Made from only the finest twigs, bark, and pine needles, Kindling Krunch is like having your own national park—in a bowl!

**GLORIA:** Timmy, how many times do I have to tell you? Stop playing with your food.

**KNUCKLES:** It's not me, Mom. A family of chipmunks have moved into my bowl.

**GLORIA:** Well, would you look at that! They love Kindling Krunch almost as much as you do!

**WILSON:** That's right, Mom. Kindling Krunch is a great way to introduce children to wildlife. And how does it taste? Well, let's let Timmy be the judge.

*Grabbing a bowl of cereal, WILSON offers KNUCKLES a spoonful.*

**KNUCKLES:** I don't want any.

**WILSON:** Come on, Timmy. If you know what's good for you, you'll eat it!

**KNUCKLES:** No. I said I don't—*(WILSON shoves the spoon into KNUCKLES' mouth. KNUCKLES chews.)* Ow! I think I broke a tooth!

**WILSON:** Kindling Krunch. It may be the last cereal you ever buy.

*Actors stop reading from scripts. SOUND EFFECT: Three-tone theme.*

**WILSON:** You're listening to K-U-K-U, the voice of the upper half of the lower third of Wiccamucca County. And now, you'd better grab

your trench coat and fedora. Our popular mystery show is about to begin.

*SOUND EFFECT: Sultry saxophone solo. Actors read from scripts.*

**WILSON:** *(To audience.)* Hello. I'm a private detective. I spend my days dealing with other people's dirty laundry. And when I say "laundry," I mean laundry. Stained shirts. Ripped pants. I handle it all. That's right. I'm Clint Hazard, Wardrobe Detective.

*SOUND EFFECT: Sultry saxophone solo.*

**WILSON:** It was a hot, steamy night. I hadn't had a case in weeks and I was itching for some new business. Or maybe that was the extra starch in my underwear. Anyway, that all changed the moment she walked in. She was gorgeous, with long red hair and legs that went all the way down to the floor.

**GLORIA:** Are you Mr. Hazard?

**WILSON:** Who wants to know?

**GLORIA:** My name is Kitty.

**WILSON:** Sure, and my name is Doberman Pinscher.

**GLORIA:** No, I mean it, Mr. Hazard. My name really is Kitty. I was named after my great-aunt.

**WILSON:** She couldn't have been that great if she let you be humiliated that way.

**GLORIA:** Please, Mr. Hazard. You've got to help me. I've lost something rare and extremely valuable.

**WILSON:** What is it? A fur coat? A diamond necklace? An autographed photo of Attila the Hun?

**GLORIA:** No. It's... a sock.

*SOUND EFFECT: Ominous organ sting.*

**WILSON:** A sock?

**GLORIA:** Yes, a sock.

*SOUND EFFECT: Ominous organ sting.*

**WILSON:** Well, don't you think you'd better start looking for it?

**GLORIA:** You don't understand, Mr. Hazard. I'm hiring you to look for it.

**WILSON:** Wouldn't it be easier if I just gave you one of my socks?

**GLORIA:** Well, sure, but then you'd be missing a sock.

**WILSON:** No, I wouldn't. I always wear an extra pair of socks in case of emergencies like this. It pays to be prepared, Miss Kitty.

**GLORIA:** I appreciate the offer, Mr. Hazard, but I don't want your sock. I want my own.

**WILSON:** Well, where did you last see this so-called sock?

**GLORIA:** At Dirty Eddie's Laundromat. I put two socks in the dryer, and when the load was done, I could only find one sock.

*SOUND EFFECT: Ominous organ sting.*

**WILSON:** One sock?

**GLORIA:** Yes, one sock.

*SOUND EFFECT: Ominous organ sting.*

**WILSON:** Why do you get the ominous organ sting and I don't?

**GLORIA:** Because it's my sock.

*SOUND EFFECT: Ominous organ sting.*

**WILSON:** Can you describe what it looks like?

**GLORIA:** I'll do even better. I'll show you its twin. Stand back, Mr. Hazard.

**WILSON:** Now really, Miss Kitty, I don't think I need to—

*SOUND EFFECT: Descending slide whistle.*

**WILSON:** Whoa! That sock is huge!

**GLORIA:** Hold on. I'm just getting started.

*SOUND EFFECT: Descending slide whistle.*

**WILSON:** I know your legs are long, Miss Kitty, but this is ridiculous.

**GLORIA:** Just a little bit more.

*SOUND EFFECT: Descending slide whistle.*

**GLORIA:** There. Do you think you can get it back, Mr. Hazard?

**WILSON:** Miss Kitty, I pride myself on being the hardest working detective in the city—

**GLORIA:** I know, but can you get it back?

**WILSON:** Probably not.

**GLORIA:** Oh, but you've got to try, Mr. Hazard. I expect you to spare no expense in your search for my sock.

**WILSON:** *(To audience.)* Spare no expense? That was easy for her to say. So far I hadn't gotten a dime out of her. And if I didn't find that sock, I might never see a dime again. But one thing was certain. Whenever something went missing in town, there was one guy who'd know where it was. Twitchy McGee.

*SOUND EFFECT: Footsteps.*

**WILSON:** Twitchy was a nervous little guy who owned a pawn shop just off 44th Street. He used to sell knights and bishops too, but then the chess business dried up.

*SOUND EFFECT: Shop bell jingling.*

**WILSON:** *(To KNUCKLES.)* Hello, Twitchy.

**KNUCKLES:** Hey, Clint. How's things?

**WILSON:** Sorry, I don't have time to chat. I need some vital information and I need it now.

**KNUCKLES:** The bathroom's down the hall on the right.

**WILSON:** Not that kind of information. I need to know if you've seen a sock.

**KNUCKLES:** A sock?

*SOUND EFFECT: Ominous organ sting.*

**WILSON:** Yes, a sock.

**KNUCKLES:** How much is it worth to you?

**WILSON:** My client told me to spare no expense.

**KNUCKLES:** So like a thousand dollars?

**WILSON:** I was thinking more like twenty-three cents.

**KNUCKLES:** Then I don't know nothing.

**WILSON:** Oh, yeah? Well, maybe this will refresh your memory.

*SOUND EFFECT: Descending slide whistle.*

**KNUCKLES:** Holy hosiery!

**WILSON:** Wait. There's more.

*SOUND EFFECT: Descending slide whistle.*

**KNUCKLES:** If that sock gets any longer, I'm going to have to add on to the shop.

**WILSON:** I'm almost done.

*SOUND EFFECT: Descending slide whistle.*

**WILSON:** There. Have you ever seen a sock like this?

**KNUCKLES:** No.

**WILSON:** Are you sure? You've got plenty of other socks here.

**KNUCKLES:** Yeah. Dirty Eddie's been bringing them in.

**WILSON:** Dirty Eddie? The owner of Dirty Eddie's Laundromat?

**KNUCKLES:** How many people do you know named Dirty Eddie?

**WILSON:** You'd be surprised.

**KNUCKLES:** Well, this Dirty Eddie has been bringing in twenty to thirty socks a week. Says his customers leave them behind.

**WILSON:** Oh, yeah? Then why are they all singles?

**KNUCKLES:** I don't know. Maybe Dirty Eddie doesn't let them get married.

**WILSON:** *(To audience.)* So everything led back to Dirty Eddie's Laundromat. My mind was whirling with questions. Like how? And why? And can I get extra cheese on that? But I knew one thing for sure. I was going to have to case the joint. Unfortunately, I had no idea what the word "case" meant so I drove down there and looked around. Everything seemed to be normal. Everything, that is, until I

came to the last dryer. I could see something hanging down just inside the door. I pulled on it.

*SOUND EFFECT: Descending slide whistle.*

**WILSON:** It was Kitty's missing sock! I peered inside. Dirty Eddie had installed a trap above the door, a trap just big enough for one sock.

*SOUND EFFECT: Ominous organ sting.*

**WILSON:** *(To self.)* Oh, sure! Now I get the ominous organ sting! *(To audience.)* I pulled out my camera and was about to take a picture of the trap when I heard a voice behind me.

**KNUCKLES:** Hey, you!

**WILSON:** Either one of the dryers had learned to talk or I was in big trouble. *(To KNUCKLES.)* Dirty Eddie! Long time no see!

**KNUCKLES:** What are you doing here, gumshoe?

**WILSON:** I thought I'd stop in and do a quick load.

**KNUCKLES:** Oh, yeah? Where's your laundry?

**WILSON:** I'm wearing it.

**KNUCKLES:** Where's your detergent?

**WILSON:** I didn't bring any.

**KNUCKLES:** Then how are you going to get your clothes clean?

**WILSON:** I thought I'd rely on my bubbly personality.

**KNUCKLES:** I don't think you're here to do laundry. I think you're here to snoop around. And it looks like you're completely unarmed.

**WILSON:** I wouldn't say that. These fists are registered as lethal weapons in thirty-two states.

*SOUND EFFECT: Fist punching.*

**WILSON:** Ow! Unfortunately, this isn't one of those states.

*KNUCKLES draws a gun on WILSON. SOUND EFFECT: Gun clicking.*

**KNUCKLES:** Say goodbye, gumshoe. You're going on a long trip.

**WILSON:** Oh, good. Can you make it Paris? I've always wanted to see the Eiffel Tower.

*GLORIA draws a gun on KNUCKLES. SOUND EFFECT: Gun clicking.*

**GLORIA:** Drop the gun, Dirty Eddie.

**KNUCKLES:** Aw, man! (*Pockets his gun.*)

**WILSON:** Hello, Kitty. What are you doing here?

**GLORIA:** The same thing you're doing, only it looks like I'm a lot better at it.

**WILSON:** You mean you're a detective too?

**GLORIA:** That's right, big boy. I was hired to capture Dirty Eddie, but I knew he was too dangerous to approach directly so I used you as a decoy.

**KNUCKLES:** Hey, that's not fair!

**GLORIA:** Neither is stealing a girl's favorite sock.

**WILSON:** Don't worry. Your sock is safe and sound and it's right here in this dryer. See?

*SOUND EFFECT: Ascending slide whistle.*

**GLORIA:** Gee, thanks, Clint. I didn't think I'd ever see my sock again. Oh, but look.

**WILSON:** What's the matter?

**GLORIA:** Now that this sock is clean, the other one is dirty.

**WILSON:** That's all right. It'll all come out in the wash.

*SOUND EFFECT: Sultry saxophone solo.*

**WILSON:** This concludes another episode of *Clint Hazard, Wardrobe Detective*. Tune in again next week for the Case of the Untied Shoes, or Tongues are Wagging.

*Actors stop reading from scripts. SOUND EFFECT: Knock on door.*

**WILSON:** You know, this would be a great time for another musical interlude. Squeaky? Are you there? Squeaky?

*ON AIR light turns off. SOUND EFFECT: 1940's swing music. MAGGIE enters up left.*

**WILSON:** Everybody get down!

*This time, only WILSON crouches.*

**GLORIA:** I'm going to powder my nose. *(Exits up right.)*

**JIMMY:** And I'm going to get the door.

**WILSON:** No, Jimmy! Don't!

*JIMMY exits down right.*

**WILSON:** What's the matter with all of you? We've got to hide!

**ROXIE:** But we don't even know who it is.

**MAGGIE:** That's right. It could be anyone.

**ROXIE:** It could even be the pope!

*JIMMY enters down right with a bouquet of flowers.*

**JIMMY:** Some guy delivered these.

**ROXIE:** *(Takes the bouquet.)* Why would the pope deliver flowers?

**JIMMY:** The card says they're for Maggie.

**ROXIE:** Maggie?

**WILSON:** The flowers are for Maggie?

**MAGGIE:** *(Takes the bouquet from ROXIE.)* Why are you so surprised?

**WILSON:** I don't know. I guess I didn't think you liked flowers.

**MAGGIE:** Every woman likes flowers.

**WILSON:** Exactly.

**JIMMY:** Gee, Maggie. Those flowers look awfully expensive.

**MAGGIE:** They sure do.

**JIMMY:** You don't happen to know who sent them, do you?

**MAGGIE:** What? Didn't you?

**JIMMY:** No. I don't have that kind of money.

*Not knowing what to say, MAGGIE looks to ROXIE for guidance.*

*ROXIE flexes her muscles to suggest a big brawny man.*

**MAGGIE:** Oh. Well then, I suppose they came from... Bjorn.

**JIMMY:** Bjorn?

*ROXIE mimes giving a massage.*

**MAGGIE:** Oh, yes. His big strong hands work wonders on my back.

*ROXIE makes a gesture to suggest a beret.*

**MAGGIE:** Or maybe they came from Pierre.

**JIMMY:** Pierre?

*ROXIE mimes cooking.*

**MAGGIE:** Yes. No one can whip up a crème brûlée like Pierre.

*ROXIE makes a gesture to suggest a long mustache.*

**MAGGIE:** Or wait. I know. They must be from Sergio.

**JIMMY:** Sergio?

*ROXIE mimes something ambiguous.*

**MAGGIE:** Yes. He's always such a sweetie when he... greases my spark plugs?

*ROXIE frantically signals "no."*

**MAGGIE:** Why? Are you jealous?

**JIMMY:** Jealous? Why would I be jealous? Just because you let Pierre massage your spark plugs and Bjorn grease your crème brûlée? What do I care?

*JIMMY storms off, exiting up right.*

**ROXIE:** He's jealous!

**MAGGIE:** I just hope I didn't go too far.

**ROXIE:** Don't worry. When it comes to men, going too far is never quite far enough.

*MAGGIE shrugs and exits up right with the flowers. RITA enters down right carrying a purse. Inside the purse are an envelope containing a past due notice, a nail file, a small bottle of sleeping powder, and three thousand dollars.*

**WILSON:** Well, if it isn't Rita, the world's laziest receptionist. Do you realize you're over an hour late?

*MAGGIE enters up right with the flowers in a vase, which she sets on the desk.*

**RITA:** Yeah? Well, I was planning to make up for it by leaving an hour early. *(Sits on the desk.)* Oh, this is for you. *(Tosses WILSON the envelope and proceeds to file her nails.)*

**WILSON:** This better be your resignation letter. *(Tears open the envelope. Scanning the notice inside, he clutches at his chest.)* I'm dying! I'm dying! Oh, my heart can't stand the strain!

**MAGGIE:** What's the matter, Mr. DeWitt?

**WILSON:** It's the second past due notice!

**ROXIE:** Oh, no!

**MAGGIE:** That means we've only got one warning left!

**WILSON:** This is all your fault, Rita! You should have given it to me earlier!

**RITA:** How was I supposed to know what was inside that envelope? I don't have X-ray vision. And if I did, I wouldn't waste it on a crummy letter.

**WILSON:** That's it! From now on, no one is allowed to enter or leave the studio!

**MAGGIE:** How are we going to eat?

**ROXIE:** Yeah. I didn't bring enough gum for everybody.

**WILSON:** Don't worry. I'll have Rita order some Chinese food.

**MAGGIE:** But I thought no was allowed to enter or leave.

**ROXIE:** How are they going to get the food inside?

**WILSON:** Fine. We'll order Italian then. They can feed the spaghetti through the keyhole.

**RITA:** All right. I'll make sure to get enough for everybody.

*RITA picks up the phone to order. GLORIA enters up right. Seeing the flowers, she screams.*

**GLORIA:** Get those flowers out of here!

**MAGGIE:** Why? I think they're pretty.

**GLORIA:** Because I'm a—I'm a— (*Feels a sneeze coming on.*)

**ROXIE:** You're a what? A puppeteer? A kleptomaniac? A professional taxidermist?

*GLORIA sneezes.*

**MAGGIE:** I think she's trying to say she's allergic.

**ROXIE:** Allergic to what? Flowers?

**GLORIA:** Not all flowers. Just that kind. (*Sneezes.*)

**WILSON:** What are you all standing around for? Get them out of here!

**MAGGIE:** But I don't know where to put them.

**WILSON:** It doesn't matter! Just get rid of them!

**MAGGIE:** (*Grabs the flowers out of the vase.*) Ow! Thorns! (*Tosses the flowers away. They land in GLORIA'S hands. She sneezes.*)

**GLORIA:** I don't want them! (*Tosses the flowers to KNUCKLES.*)

**KNUCKLES:** Ow! Ow! Ow! They're poking me! (*Tosses the flowers away. They land in GLORIA'S hands. She sneezes.*)

**GLORIA:** Get them away! (*Tosses the flowers behind her. JIMMY catches them as he enters up right.*)

**ROXIE:** Jimmy, throw them here! I'll toss them outside!

*JIMMY aims for ROXIE but misses by a mile. The flowers land in GLORIA'S hands. She sneezes.*

**ROXIE:** Where did you learn to throw?

*DANNY enters up left with a whisk broom and dust pan. He grabs the flowers, drops them on the floor, and stomps them into smithereens. Then he sweeps them into the dustpan and carries them out of the room, exiting up right.*

**WILSON:** Well, that takes care of that.

**GLORIA:** Not quite. Once the pollen gets into my sinuses, it takes hours for me to recover.

**WILSON:** Hours? We don't have hours! We go on the air in five minutes!

**MAGGIE:** Actually, more like one minute.

**GLORIA:** Oh! (*Exits up right.*)

**WILSON:** Well, that's just great! Now we're down three actors!

**JIMMY:** Let me fill in for Miss Lamour. Oh, please, Mr. Boss, sir! Please please please please!

**WILSON:** Jimmy, see if you can get this through that thick melon-shaped skull of yours. You are a boy. Miss Lamour is a girl.

**JIMMY:** I can be a girl! I can be anything you want me to be!

**WILSON:** Good. I want you to be quiet.

**JIMMY:** But—

**WILSON:** I said, quiet!

**ROXIE:** What are we going to do, Mr. DeWitt? I can't perform all the women's parts myself.

**WILSON:** I know, but who could we possibly get to—Rita!

**RITA:** Huh?

**WILSON:** My absolute favorite employee in the world!

**RITA:** Oh, no. No no no no no.

**WILSON:** You don't even know what I'm going to ask yet.

**RITA:** Oh, yes, I do. You're going to ask me to fill in for Gloria. Well, I won't do it. I'm a receptionist, not an actress.

**WILSON:** But you could be an actress. I mean, look at you. You have so much... so much... something! And your talent, it's really... really... something!

**MAGGIE:** Come on, Rita. We actually need you for once.

**ROXIE:** Yeah. If we don't keep the show going, we're all going to lose our jobs.

**RITA:** All right, all right. I'll do it. But I'm warning you, I ain't going to win no Oscars.

**WILSON:** Who needs an Oscar? I'd be happy if you just pronounced the words correctly.

*WILSON hands RITA a script. Taking a deep breath, she steps up to the microphone. WILSON, KNUCKLES, and ROXIE join her.*

**MAGGIE:** Relax, Rita. You've got nothing to worry about.

**JIMMY:** That's right. Don't even think about the thousands of people listening to you, hanging on your every word.

*Hearing this, RITA gets a terrified look on her face and starts nervously shaking her script.*

**MAGGIE:** In five. Four. Three. Two. One.

*Music stops. Lights out.*

END OF ACT ONE

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