

ATTACK OF THE FISH PEOPLE

By Eric Webster

Additional writing contributions from Joshua English Scrimshaw, Tim Uren, and Shanan Custer

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CAST

Agnes Moore	Evie's Niece and office worker in love with Bob
Bob Bailey	Office worker in love with Agnes
Evie Barr	Evil Station Owner
Grace Allen	Station Sales Manager
Molly McGee	Evie's Assistant and Narrator
Bill Conrad	Program Director
Candy Matson	Receptionist
The Creeper	Host of "The Dark Hour"
Mary	The Tip Top Tea Spokesperson
Ernie Chappelle	Station Announcer
Suzie Storyteller	Host of Suzie's Stupendous Storytime
Cinnamon Bear	Sidekick of Suzie's Stupendous Storytime
Eddie Burger	Ventriloquist without a dummy
Mercury McCambridge	Commercial voice actor
Mayor	Studio Voice actor playing the Mayor
Miss Etta Topper	Host of Gossip Time Celebrity Gossip
Harriet Nelson	News Reporter
Katheryn Cravens	News Reporter
Grandma	Studio Voice Actor
Phil Ferrari	Studio Voice playing band leader / Orchestra of Charm
The Jingle Bella's	Station Jingle Singers
Agent Drummond	Government agent
Agent Romero	Government agent
Britt Reid	Newspaper Reporter
Perry Mason	Evie's Lawyer
Foley artists/ Trigger the Horse	Sound effects people
Studio Engineers	
Station Organist	

ENSEMBLE

Studio Crew and Actors / Office workers / Crazy Crowd / Evie's party guests

PRE-SHOW

PRE-SHOW MUSIC/SOUND

WBRR RADIO IS PLAYING IN HOUSE AND IN THE LOBBY - HOLIDAY MUSIC WITH WBRR RADIO ANNOUNCER IN BETWEEN SONGS (PRE-RECORDED VOICED BY ERNIE CHAPPELLE CHARACTER)

I.E. – “YOU’RE LISTENING TO WBRR” / PROMOTIONS FOR UPCOMING SHOWS I.E. “COMING UP THE CREEPER”, WEATHER, NEWS REPORT ABOUT WAR OF THE WORLDS. ...ETC

AT THE END OF RECORDING HE SAYS “YOU ARE LISTENING TO WBRR” AND THEN ERNIE CHAPPELLE GOES INTO PRE-SHOW ANNOUNCEMENTS.

PRE-SHOW STAGE SET

TOP OF SHOW SCREEN DOWN - REDS SHUT TO SCREEN - STATION ADVERTISEMENTS/PROMO SLIDES PLAY ON SCREEN.

SLIDES OF THE DIFFERENT RADIO PERSONALITIES AND SHOWS ON THE STATION - DONE UP LIKE NEWSPAPER ADS– ALSO SAME SLIDES ARE POSTERS AROUND THE LOBBY.

PROMO SLIDES/POSTERS INCLUDE NEWSPAPER ADS FOR
WBRR IN GENERAL

THE CREEPER

TIP TOP TEA (WITH MARY THE TIP TOP TEA LADY SPOKESPERSON)

SUZIE STORYTELLER AND THE CINNAMON BEAR

THE JINGLE BELLAS

ERNIE CHAPPELLE

EDDIE BURGER AND JINGLES

PHIL FERRARI

MISS ETTA TOPPER

NEWS TEAM - HARRIET NELSON /KATHERYN CRAVENS

ACT ONE

PRE-SHOW LIGHTS FADE TO BLACK. SCREEN GOES UP. RED CURTAINS OPEN.

MUSIC: OMINOUS MUSIC PLAYS

THE ON-AIR STUDIO IS CENTER STAGE (PERMANENTLY AFFIXED FOR THE WHOLE SHOW) THERE IS A PERFORMANCE STAGE WITH THE ENGINEER BOOTH BEHIND IT IN A FRAME TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE THEY ARE BEHIND GLASS. THERE IS A TABLE WITH CONSOLE IN THE ENGINEER BOOTH. THERE IS A WALL BEHIND THE ENGINEERS WITH CLOCKS AND CALENDERS AND BULLETIN BOARDS AND SUCH. THERE IS A BIG “WBRR” SIGN ABOVE THE ENGINEER BOOTH. BELOW THAT SIGN IS A BIG “ON AIR” SIGN THAT IS LIGHTS UP. THERE ARE OLD FASHIONED MICROPHONES ON THE PERFORMANCE STAGE AND SOME STOOLS AND MUSIC STANDS. THERE IS A “FOLEY TABLE TO THE LEFT OF THE PERFORMANCE STAGE THAT IS PILED WITH SOUND EFFECT STUFF. THERE IS AN OLD TIMEY ORGAN TO THE RIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE STAGE. WE ONLY SEE THE BACK OF IT SO WE CAN PUT A MODERN KEYBOARD INSIDE. ALSO TO THE RIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE STAGE IS A PLATFORM WHERE THE JINGLE SINGERS STAND.

THERE IS A CHRISTMAS TREE LIT UP, AND A LITTLE BIT OF CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

ALL OF THIS IS IN THE DARK WHEN REDS OPEN. THE LIGHTS COME UP FIRST ON THE WBRR STUDIO SIGN. THEN THE STUDIO ON AIR SIGN COMES ON. THEN A SPOTLIGHT ON ONE STOOL AND MICROPHONE ON THE PERFORMANCE STAGE. MOLLY IS SITTING AT A STOOL TALKING INTO A MICROPHONE. SHE IS HOLDING A BOOK.

MOLLY:

This is WBRR Radio. A small independent radio station, somewhere in America run and owned by Evie Barr. Thus, the call letters, WBRR. It’s not lost on anyone that it spells out “BRRRR” (*Shivers as if she is cold*). Evie is Cold. Ruthless. Heartless. She’s a wealthy socialite that inherited her family money and dumped most of it into this station.

I'm Molly McGee, Evie Barr's assistant. I don't really do much of anything. I just kind of follow her around and listen to her rant and rage about everything. I don't mind. I get paid to just sit in her office and I get to read a lot. Sometimes I think she just pays me to pretend to be her friend. Which I'm not. Nobody is.

It's December, 1938. Today is the day that everything will change for this station. This radio station... is not doing very well. In fact, we are probably days away from shutting down if we don't find advertisers with a lot of money... soon. And Evie is going to lose her family's entire fortune.

Let me give you a little history.

SLIDES WILL COME UP AS SHE TALKS – SLIDES AND ORDER TBD. WHAT THE SLIDES PROJECT ON TBD.

Back in October, the radio drama theater company "The Mercury Theater on the air" performed an adaptation of the Book "War of the Worlds" as a radio drama. Broadcast nationwide. They decided to frame their performance as an actual news event. Breaking away from regular programming for breaking news updates and live on the scene reporting that the earth was under attack by an invasion of inhabitants of Mars.

The next day, every newspaper in the country reported that the broadcast had created a mass panic and terror across the nation as listeners didn't realize it wasn't an actual news broadcast and thought that the earth was actually being invaded. Stating that millions of people had fled their homes, and massive rioting and evacuations of cities had occurred.

However, that mass panic reported by the newspapers simply did not occur. In fact, hardly anyone was listening. Less than 1 percent of the listening nation was tuned in, as the most popular radio show in America was on at the same time. "The Chase Sanborn Hour with Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy". And just FYI, Edgar Bergen was a ventriloquist, and his dummy was Charlie McCarthy. Yes a ventriloquist act was the most popular radio show in America at the time. I'll let that sink in.

It is an American mythos that prevails to this day and is accepted as fact. This idea that the "War of the Worlds" radio broadcast caused so much calamity just will not go away.

So why did the newspapers report that? Because it was an opportunity to take down this new medium of radio that was a threat to the newspaper industry. That broadcast and the myth of mass panic that it supposedly created, resulted in numerous congressional hearings and all sorts of laws being passed to control content on the radio.

To this day you can look up “War of the World’s Broadcast” and the story is STILL being written that the broadcast caused mass panic.

So today....

SFX PHONE RINGS.

LIGHTS UP SR REVEALING THE OFFICE OF WBRR RADIO STATION OWNER EVIE BARR. WE ALSO SEE THE OUTER OFFICE WHERE THE SECRETARY IS SEATED AT A DESK. THERE IS A DOOR TO THE OUTER OFFICE THAT EXITS OFF STAGE AND ALSO A DOOR TO EVIE BARRS OFFICE. A SIGN THAT HAS THE CALL LETTERS “WBRR” WITH “BARR BROADCASTING COMPANY” UNDERNEATH, IS BEHIND THE SECRETARY’S DESK. THE SECRETARY, CANDY MATSON, IS AT HER DESK AND IS FILING HER NAILS AND HUM SINGING “JINGLE BELLS”.

Well...You’ll see.

LIGHTS GO OUT CENTER STAGE

SFX PHONE RINGS MUTIPLE TIMES

CANDY FINALLY PUTS DOWN HER NAIL FILE, AND RELUCTANTLY PICKS UP THE PHONE.

CANDY:

WBRR Radio, Barr Broadcasting Company. The high Bar of radio stars.

She listens

Yes, this is Candy Matson.

She listens

No, I’m sorry Miss Barr is not in yet.

She listens

Yes, the show “The Dark Hour” will be on today.

She listens

Well I'm sorry you think it's stupid....*she cups the phone and loudly whispers...* Between you and me I think it's stupid too.

She listens

Yes.

She listens

Uh huh.

She listens

I see.

She listens

Yeah...Interesting

She opens a desk drawer and puts the phone in it and shuts the drawer. She goes back to sing/humming. The door to the outer office opens. In walks Evie Barr, station owner, along with Molly McGee.

EVIE:

To Molly who is holding a newspaper and showing it to Evie I don't care what the New York Times says. I don't have time to read critics. What do they know? Have they ever run a radio station? Have they ever had to create programming every day that everyone will love? Have they ever squandered their family fortune on a whim that radio was the next big thing? Have they ever had to go to work every day and try not to drown in a sea of misfits and losers?

CANDY:

Good Morning Miss Barr.

EVIE:

Points at Candy, looks back at Molly You see?

CANDY:

Miss Barr...

EVIE:

What is it Taffy?

CANDY:

Candy.

EVIE:

Whatever. What do you want?

CANDY:

There's a phone call for you. *She opens desk drawer and hands her the phone.*
Evie takes it.

EVIE:

Hello?

She listens

Yes.

She listens

Uh huh.

She listens

I see.

She listens

Yeah...Interesting

She opens a desk drawer and puts the phone in it and shuts the drawer.

Molly, in my office. Hold my calls Nougat.

CANDY:

Candy.

EVIE:

Whatever.

CANDY:

Also here is your mail. *She hands her stack of bills.*

EVIE:

Bills, bills bills....*Molly and Evie go into her office. She shuts the door. The outer office with Candy is still lit.*

Look at this Molly! *Rifling through bills* Past due. Past due. Past due. Second notice. Third notice. Final notice.

MOLLY:

Well at least they noticed.

EVIE:

Gives her a stare. She sits in her chair behind her desk. If we don't do something, this station is going to be shut down in a matter of days. We need to do something and fast. *Pushes her intercom button.*

SFX: *INTERCOM BUZZ*

Hello? *Pushes button again.* HELLO? *Pushes button repeatedly while yelling*
HELLO! HELLO! HELLO! *Exasperated she goes to office door and opens it.*

EVIE:
CHUCKLES!

CANDY:
Candy.

EVIE:
Whatever. Why aren't you answering?

CANDY:
OH!
Looks around at her desk, open drawer, takes out phone, puts up to ear.
Yes.
She listens
Uh huh.
She listens
I see.
She listens Yeah...Interesting

EVIE:
Just get me Bill in here now!

CANDY:
Yes Miss Barr. *She puts phone back in drawer and shut drawer. Goes to outer office door and opens it and yells.* BILL CONRAD TO MISS BARRS OFFICE PLEASE!

EVIE:
Befuddled by Candy, she goes back in her office and shuts door. Bill comes running in the outer office door, Candy is in the way, they do a back and forth dance, he picks her up and sets her down behind him, goes straight through to Evie's office, opens and shuts door.

BILL:
Sorry Miss Barr. I was just...

EVIE:

Never mind. Sit down. Bill, this station is in big trouble. As Program Director you need to come up with something that will get people to listen to this station!

BILL:

Well, I think what we have is pretty darn good.

EVIE:

GOOD?!?! Have you ever listened to this station? What's on right now?

BILL:

OH! That's our highest rated show! "The Dark Hour" with "The Creeper"! People love it! It's great!

EVIE:

Oh yeah? Let's take a listen to this "Great" show. *She turns on the radio on her desk.*

LIGHTS COME UP ON CENTER STAGE ON STUDIO. THERE IS A "FOLEY PERSON" AND ORGANIST. THERE ARE ENGINEERS IN THE BOOTH. ON ONE MIC IS "THE CREEPER", HOST OF "THE DARK HOUR". ON THE OTHER MIC IS MARY, THE TIP TOP TEA LADY. THE "JINGLE BELLA'S ARE ALSO ON STAGE. LIGHTS REMAIN ON IN EVIES OFFICE AS WE WATCH THEIR REACTIONS. SOUND EFFECT PERSON MAKES A LOUD CREAKING SOUND FOLLOWED BY A DOOR SLAM.

SFX: CREAK OF DOOR/DOOR SLAM

ORGANIST PLAYS CREEPY ORGAN THEME

CREEPER:

Good evening, friends of the Dark Hour. This is the Creeper, your host for the show here on WBRR. Which stand for BRRRRRR!!! You'll be cold with fear after our show today. Speaking of Cold. Did you hear about the man who stabbed himself with an icicle? He died of cold cuts. *Laughs maniacally at his own joke.* Well, our story today is about murder. But I won't be sad. I'm not a mourning person. *Laughs maniacally at his own joke.*

MARY:

Mr. Creeper. That joke is terrible.

CREEPER:

Why Mary, of *CORPSE* it was. *Laughs maniacally at his own joke.*

MARY:

Mr. Creeper, someday you're going to choke on one of those puns.

CREEPER:

And won't that be nice, Mary? Then you can revive me with... Tip Top Tea.

MARY:

Oh dear! Must this go on week after week? But thank you for bringing it up, I *would* like to tell our listeners about our proud sponsor Tip Top Tea.

CREEPER:

That sounds like a very Grave Matter. *Laughs maniacally at his own joke.* Please go on Mary. Make our day a little brighter, before we bring on "The Dark Hour".

MARY:

Well yes, of course, lots of folks do find that Tip Top Tea makes the day seem brighter. Yes, it sort of helps them through their housework, or in-between meals, as well as with dinner and supper, to sit down and enjoy a cup of Tip Top Tea. And the reason why Tip Top is so satisfying is because of that one little word: Unique. Tea experts say that Tip Top has a unique flavor, that some describe as an explosion of mint. So much mint it's like your mouth is on fire. And it clears your sinuses and removes unwanted nose hair. And unlike a stick of gum, that minty flavor lasts for weeks. But unlike gum, an independent study proved Tip Top Tea safe to swallow 9 out of 10 times. And Tip Top Tea makes your perspiration smell minty fresh! Say goodbye to bathing every day! So, folks, ask for Tip Top Tea at your grocer's. You just don't know how good tea can be till you've tried Tip Top Tea.

JINGLE SINGERS:

When you try Tip Top Tea - What will happen? just you wait and see!

CREEPER:

Well, let's get this Par "Tea" started, shall we? *Laughs maniacally at his own joke.*
Tonight, we bring you a story so ghastly, so unnerving that it will leave you unable to move. But don't worry, like a good speed bump, you'll slowly get over it.
Laughs maniacally at his own joke. Tonight's episode of "The Dark Hour", celebrates the holidays. We bring you "The most Wonderful time of the Fear".
Enjoy... *Laughs maniacally at his own joke.*

SOUND EFFECT PERSON MAKES A LOUD CREAKING SOUND FOLLOWED BY A DOOR SLAM.

ORGANIST PLAYS CREEPY MUSIC

LIGHTS OUT ON STUDIO CS, LEAVING LIGHTS ON IN EVIE'S OFFICE SR. SHE IS TURNING OFF THE RADIO AS LIGHTS GO DOWN ON STUDIO.

EVIE:

THAT'S OUR NUMBER ONE RATED SHOW!?!

BILL:

Yeah, well, some people like it.

EVIE:

NOBODY LIKES IT BILL! Molly do you like it?

MOLLY:

I like Tip Top Tea. I drink it after I brush my teeth.

EVIE:

Nobody likes the show, Bill. Tip Top Tea is close to the last sponsor we have. And nobody likes Tip Top Tea.

IN THE OUTER OFFICE, THE SECRETARY CANDY HAS BEEN MAKING TEA WITH A BOX MARKED "TIP TOP TEA". ON THIS LINE SHE HAS TAKEN A SIP AND DOES A SPIT TAKE.

EVIE:

We have to come up with something Bill. Everything depends on us getting some listeners and some sponsors, *Picks up the bills on her desk and throws them at him*
Or we can't pay any of this!

BILL:

Well maybe we could get a celebrity guest star on the Dark Hour. Like maybe ...

EVIE:

Who Bill? Who are you going to get?

BILL:

Well, I know a guy that knows a guy that is the trainer for Roy Rogers horse, Trigger.

EVIE:

A horse? You want to put a horse on the radio?

BILL:

Well he could do some of his tricks...

EVIE:

People can't see the horse, Bill. It's radio.

BILL:

Well...you know....Theater of the mind....

EVIE:

Picks up a newspaper from her desk. Stupid Orson Welles. He's STILL all over the news. Look at this!

SHE SHOVES THE NEWSPAPER AT BILL.

BILL:

“ ‘The Columbia Workshop’ is now the top radio show in the country since their airing of their adaptation of the H.G. Wells novel ‘The War of the Worlds’, and presented it as an actual news broadcast, that caused major alarms across the nation as millions of people panicked thinking that Martians were attacking earth...”

EVIE:

People panicked? I didn’t see anything. I didn’t panic. Did you panic Molly?

MOLLY:

I didn’t panic. But I don’t listen to the radio.

BILL:

I’m always in a panic.

EVIE:

YET.... they get all this free publicity! Headlines! Now “The Columbia Workshop” show is number one in the country! Their ratings went through the roof. AHHHHH!!! I HATE ORSON WELLES SO SO MUCH!

MOLLY:

Maybe we should get Orson Welles on our shows.

EVIE:

Molly don’t be stupid. We can’t get Orson Welles.... Wait a minute... Wait a minute...I’ve got it! What if....What if we.... do our own fake news broadcast show!

BILL:

We do what now?

EVIE:

We adapt some dime store science fiction novel into a radio show! You know...The ones that have Bubbly eyes and lasers andblobs.

BILL:

What...?

EVIE:

Just like they did! A news broadcast like it's an actual thing that's happening.

BILL:

But what if people actually believe it?

EVIE:

Nobody will believe it Bill. Just like nobody thought that that War of the World's thingamabob was real. But the papers will see their opportunity to try and take us down. But all they'll do is give us free publicity! It's genius! I'm a genius! Bill get on it!

BILL:

Ok well...what book do you want me to adapt?

EVIE:

I don't know. Anything. *Looks at Molly who is reading a book.* What are you reading?

MOLLY:

This? It's called "Shadow over Insmouth". It's by a little-known writer named H.P. Lovecraft. It's pretty good! Super weird. But pretty good!

EVIE:

Lovecraft? Sounds like an advice column for single people. What's it about?

MOLLY:

It's about a man who discovers a New England town called Innsmouth that is inhabited by a race of human-fish people, who are out to take over the world. Except you can't tell they are fish people because they look just like anybody else.

EVIE:

Grabs book That's it! Perfect!

MOLLY:

Ummm...I really don't think that's a good idea. I mean, this book is SUUUUPER weird. I mean, I can barely follow it. And it doesn't exactly have a happy ending. I mean...the Fish people win.

BILL:

Spoiler.

EVIE:

Make it happen Bill. I want this presented as an actual breaking news broadcast. "Fish people are real and living among us and are taking over the world."

And don't tell anyone. Only the three of us... and the actors... and people in the studio...but that's all who will know it's not real. Everybody needs to be sworn to secrecy. Write it today. It airs tonight! This is how we're going to save the station! We are about to be attacked by fish people! *She tosses the book at him. He catches it, shrugs and leaves. As he walks through the outer office, Candy stops him.*

CANDY:

Want some tea? Just made it.

BILL:

Thank you! *Takes tea cup and saucer and goes out door. There is a beat. Then off stage we hear...*

AHHH! OH MY GOD! WHAT IS THIS? MY TONGUE IS ON FIRE!

THE OUTER OFFICE DOOR OPENS AGAIN. IN COMES THE SALES MANAGER GRACE ALLEN. SHE IS HOLDING THE TEA CUP AND SAUCER THAT BILL HAD.

GRACE:

Hey Candy.

CANDY:

Hey Grace.

GRACE:

Want some tea? Bill just gave it to me. Said it was just made.

CANDY:

No I'm good.

GRACE:

Is the high priestess in?

CANDY:

Yeah she's in there with Molly. Go on in.

SHE GOES INTO EVIE'S OFFICE. STILL HAS TEACUP. SHUTS DOOR BEHIND HER. MOLLY IS NOW READING AN OVERSIZED MAGAZINE SHE HAS PICKED UP WITH A PICTURE OF ORSON WELLES ON THE COVER..

GRACE:

Miss Barr, I really need to talk to you.

EVIE:

What is it Grace?

GRACE:

Well as Sales Manager for WBRR, I have to be really frank with you. We're having a really hard time coming up with anybody willing to sponsor any of our shows. I mean, listen to what we have resorted to. *She goes to radio on desk and turns it on.*

LIGHTS UP ON STUDIO. SAME AS BEFORE EXCEPT NOW THE CREEPER AND TEA LADY HAVE BEEN EXCHANGED WITH STORYTIME SUZIE AND THE CINNAMON BEAR. FOLEY ARTIST IS PLAYING SOME THEME SONG ON A XYLOPHONE AND SLIDEWHISTLE. FOLLOWED BY THE ORGANIST PLAYING SOMETHING. THEN THE JINGLE BELLA'S SING. LIGHTS STAY UP ON EVIE'S OFFICE AS WE WATCH REACTION.

JINGLE BELLA'S:

It's story time! Story time! It's Suzie and her storytime!
To miss the show would be a crime!
Other things that rhyme with time!
Suzie and her Storytime!

CINNAMON BEAR:

SUNG And the Cinnamon Bear! That's me!

SUZIE:

Hello children! Welcome to Suzie's Stupendous Stories. I'm Storytime Suzie! And today we are going to tell you a story about the Cinnamon Bear. Once upon a time, actually right now, the Cinnamon Bear can't afford to pay the rent on their cave.

CINNAMON BEAR:

I'm the Cinnamon Bear. I can't afford to live in my cave.

SUZIE:

And one day his landlord showed up.

SFX: *KNOCK ON DOOR*

LANDLORD: (*CINNAMON BEAR*)

Hey Bear, you owe me three months' rent for this cave. You pay it now, or you gotta go!

CINNAMON BEAR:

But I don't have any money.

SUZIE:

Said the Cinnamon Bear.

CINNAMON BEAR:

Because of budget cuts at my job.

SUZIE:

Said the Bear.

LANDLORD: (*CINNAMON BEAR*)

What's your job?

SUZIE:

Asked the mean old landlord.

CINNAMON BEAR:

I'm a sidekick on a children's show on a radio station. But nobody listens to our show. And so nobody will sponsor it. And if I don't get a sponsor soon, then I'm going to have to live at the YMCA.

LANDLORD: (*CINNAMON BEAR*)

Oh no!

SUZIE:

Said the Landlord. And the bear ate the landlord because he was so hungry.

SFX: FOLEY ARTIST AND THE CINNAMON BEAR DO THE SOUNDS OF EATING OF THE LANDLORD.

SUZIE:

So kids, if you know of anybody with any money, let them know that Suzie...I mean the Cinnamon Bear, needs money to keep his home. So, they should write out a check to WBRR! So remember kids! Find some money for the Cinnamon Bear! We'll see you next time on Suzie's Stupendous Stories!

FOLEY ARTIST THEME SONG ON A XYLOPHONE AND SLIDEWHISTLE. FOLLOWED BY THE ORGANIST PLAYING SOMETHING. THEN THE JINGLE BELLA'S SING.

JINGLE BELLA'S:

That was story time! Story time! Suzie and her storytime!
Help the bear, send a dime!

CINNAMON BEAR:

GIANT BELCH

LIGHTS FADE ON STUDIO. GRACE TURNS OFF RADIO.

MOLLY:

Stupendous. More like stupidendous.

Molly and Grace point at each other and make "The mark" in mid air.

EVIE:

Do you write for the Creeper? I can't believe that show follows "The Dark Hour". What is it like nine in the morning? Look Grace, just hang in there. We have something brewing, it's gonna be big.

GRACE:

Yeah? What is it?

EVIE:

I can't tell you. But just trust me. This time tomorrow morning they'll be so many people wanting to sponsor our shows you're going to be swimming in phone calls.

MOLLY:

HA! Swimming!

EVIE:

Through gritted teeth Shut...Up...Molly.

GRACE:

Can't you give me just a little hint? So I can be prepared?

EVIE:

Just turn on the station tonight and you'll see.

GRACE:

Ok. Well, then, *Holds up teacup she's been holding* Here's to your secret plan!
She sips the tea and then spit takes at Molly, who is holding up the Orson Welles cover magazine in front of her face and the spit take flies all over that.

EVIE:

Hah! Take that Orson ne'er-do-well!

MOLLY:

Oof. Now who's doing Creeper jokes?

LIGHTS FADE ON EVIES OFFICE. LIGHTS COME UP ON STUDIO. SAME SET UP AS BEFORE BUT NOW ON THE STAGE IS ONE MAN, EDDIE BURGER THE VENTRILQUIST. ALSO ON STAGE IS THE STATION ANNOUNCER, ERNIE CHAPPELLE. A BUNCH OF RANDOM PEOPLE FROM THE STATION COME IN WHILE ERNIE IS TALKING. EDDIE DOES THE VOICE OF JIGGLES. HIS LIPS MOVE.

JINGLE SINGERS:

W B R R The high Bar of radio stars.

ERNIE:

Thank you Jingle Bella's! You are in great voice as always today! Hello WBRR listeners! This is your WBRR announcer Ernie Chapelle. It's time for the debut show of Eddie Burger and Jiggles! Soon to be Americas most beloved ventriloquist act!

EVERYBODY IN THE STUDIO HALF HEARTEDLY APPLAUD.

EDDIE:

Well, hello everybody! It's great to be here again! And how are you today Jiggles?

JIGGLES:

I'm Just great Eddie! Say...Knock knock.

EDDIE:

Who's there?

JIGGLES:

Lettuce.

EDDIE:

Lettuce who?

JIGGLES:

Lettuce in it's cold out here!

PEOPLE IN STUDIO FAKE LAUGH

JIGGLES:

I got another one. Knock knock.

EDDIE:

Who's there?

JIGGLES:

Harry.

EDDIE:

Harry who?

JIGGLES:

Harry up and answer the door!

PEOPLE IN STUDIO FAKE LAUGH

ERNIE:

To Bill who is in the room Bill, isn't the name "Eddie Burger" a little too on the nose? I mean, I know we are trying to get in on that Edgar Bergen popularity, but – that's pretty much the same name.

BILL:

If we say it fast enough I'm hoping people will think we said Edgar Bergen and think that it's him. Plausible deniability.

ERNIE:

And where is his dummy?

BILL:

We couldn't afford him. Besides. Theater of the mind!

JIGGLES:

Knock knock.

EDDIE:

Who's there?

JIGGLES:

Tank.

EDDIE:

Tank who?

JIGGLES:

You're welcome!

PEOPLE IN STUDIO FAKE LAUGH. LIGHTS FADE ON STUDIO AND COME UP ON MAIN OFFICE AREA SL. THERE ARE DESKS AND PEOPLE MOVING TO AND FRO WORKING. AT THE MAIN TWO DESKS DOWNSTAGE, FACING EACH OTHER, SITS AGNES MOORE AND AT THE OTHER DESK IS BOB BAILEY. THEY ARE DOING BUSY WORK OF SOME KIND.

BOB:

Both are trying to not be heard by others Hey Agnes. Are you free tonight? I want to go see that Wolfman movie with Lon Chaney Junior!

AGNES:

Wolfman movie? At Christmas?

BOB:

Yeah, well, maybe he gets the Christmas spirit and changes his ways and gives toys to orphans.

AGNES:

She giggles. Well, I actually would go see that.

BOB:

So...what time should I pick you up?

AGNES:

I can't Bob. I have to go to Aunt Evie's house. She having some kind of party. A last-minute thing she's throwing together. She said "tonight is going to change everyone's lives".

BOB:

Maybe she's selling the station. One can only hope.

AGNES:

Be nice Bob.

BOB:

Your aunt is singlehandedly destroying this station. She has been ever since she took it over 5 years ago. I can't believe the garbage this station puts on the air. Did you hear the Suzie's Stupendous Story Time this morning?

AGNES:

Yes! That poor bear. *They both laugh.*

BOB:

I'm just saying, this station needs new leadership. We can't last much longer. There's no sponsors for anything. *He begins making tea at his desk.*

AGNES:

I know Bob. But what do you want *me* to do? I only have this job because I'm her niece. It's not like I'm in any position to walk in and tell her anything.

Bob has made the tea and is bringing the cup to his mouth.

Quietly OH MY GOD DON'T DRINK THAT.

BOB:

Ok. Look, all I'm saying is, I know that you could run this station. And I think that you should ask her for a promotion. Maybe take over for Bill as the Program Director. You have so many great ideas for shows. Would it hurt to just ask her to listen to your ideas?

AGNES:

She doesn't even want me doing this job Bob. I'm a Barr. We have a social standing, and she wants me to carry on the name of Barr. She doesn't want me working. She wants me to be a socialite. I had to beg just for this stupid job from her. Just let it go, ok? I have a "Destiny".

BOB:

Allright. Allright. I understand. Sorry. I just...I think you're great. And you galivanting around in gowns at balls and making the social pages is a waste of your greatness. That's all. *Leans in and whispers* I just love you. That's all.

AGNES:

Shhh...Keep it down. People are looking. I think some of them already suspect.

BOB:

Let 'em suspect. I don't care. I'm gonna stand on my desk and announce my love to the whole station.

AGNES:

You will do no such thing. You will sit there quietly and not make any waves. Now...just drink your tea.

BOB:

I thought you said....

AGNES:

It might help your breath. *Beat – then they both laugh.*

BOB:

Hey, how about I go with you tonight to your aunt's shindig?

AGNES:

Absolutely not. You know Aunt Evie wouldn't approve of you. If she thought for one minute that we were dating, I would be cut out of the family on the spot.

BOB:

I don't understand what's wrong with me.

AGNES:

Nothing is wrong with you Bob. You're just not a Rockefeller or a Roosevelt. Aunt Evie is determined that I marry a man of high social standing. To carry on the name of Barr.

BOB:

The name of Barr. The name of Barr. Your name's not even a Barr, Agnes. Your last name is Moore.

AGNES:

Only because my mother married a Moore. Aunt Evie is trying to get me to change my name to Barr though. Ever since she took me in and raised me as her own after mom and dad passed away....*She begins to sob. Catches herself.* Sorry.

BOB:

Your not gonna change your name are you?

AGNES:

No. I'm keeping the name Moore. I want to honor my parents and carry on the Moore name.

BOB:

You're going to have to tell her someday you know. You can't go on pretending and living this lie. You have to stand up for yourself.

AGNES:

I will Bob. I will. When the time is right.

BOB:

Why not tonight? At her party? Say! Wouldn't that be swell? We could just go in and make the announcement that "We're in love and we don't care what you think or about your money" and then grab some shrimp and shove it our mouth and leave.

AGNES:

Smiles That would be quite the scene.

BOB:

Let's do it!

AGNES:

Nope.

BOB:

Please! It will be a gas!

AGNES:

Nope.

BOB:

How about if I pour this tea into the punchbowl?

AGNES:

I tell you what, I'll meet you halfway. We'll go to the movie.

BOB:

Really?

AGNES:

Yes. I don't want to go to her stupid party anyway. I'll just tell her I don't feel well. Besides, I'm in the Christmas spirit. I would love to see a good werewolf movie.

They both laugh

LIGHTS FADE ON OFFICE. LIGHTS UP ON STUDIO. EDDIE BURGER VENTRILQUIST IS JUST FINISHING UP HIS ACT.

EDDIE:

Well folks, That's going to have to do it for tonight's show. I hope you had a swell time. Did you enjoy the show Jiggles?

JIGGLES:

Yes! It was so much fun! I especially liked the part where you did the punchline wrong.

EDDIE:

I didn't do the punchline wrong Jiggles. You're set up wasn't right.

JIGGLES:

Oh sure. That's what you always say. You say everything. I never get to say anything. It's all just you you you.

EDDIE:

You would be nothing without me Jiggles!

JIGGLES:

Oh I could make it. I don't need you. I have a few offers on the table already. What if I took one? Huh? Then where would you be? Just a sad man trying to find another dummy.

EDDIE:

There's plenty of dummies out there, dummies are a dime a dozen. In fact, I'm going to do that. You're fired Jiggles!

JIGGLES:

Fired? I'm Fired? I quit! You're nuttier than a bowl full of ...nuts.

THEY START "FIGHTING"

PROGRAM DIRECTOR BILL IS DESPERATELY WAVING HIS ARMS TRYING TO GET THEM TO STOP. HE MAKES THE CUT MOTION ACROSS HIS NECK NUMEROUS TIMES. HE FINALLY PUSHES ERNIE CHAPPELLE ON THE STAGE ALONG WITH MERCURY McCAMBRIDGE AND MISS ETTA TOPPER. MEANWHILE EDDIE HAS FALLEN ONTO THE FLOOR AND IS WRESTLING WITH HIMSELF. ACTORS AND STUDIO PEOPLE COME AND BREAK IT UP.

ERNIE:

OK...well...*clears throat*...That was Eddie Burger and Jiggles! You are listening to WBRR.

JINGLE SINGERS:

W B R R The high Bar of radio stars.

ERNIE:

Thank you Jingle Bella's. Time now is 7:00 PM. It's now time for Gossip Time Celebrity Gossip with Miss Etta Topper. Brought to you by Lucky Llama Chewing Tobacco.

WHILE THE COMMERCIAL AND GOSSIP TIME IS GOING ON, BILL GATHERS ALL THE ACTORS AND STUDIO PEOPLE AROUND AND IS HANDING OUT SCRIPTS. HE IS EXPLAINING TO THEM WHAT TO DO AFTER THE COMMERCIAL. THE ACTORS ARE READING THE SCRIPT AND LOOKING CONFUSED. HE IS ALSO MAKING THE GESTURES OF "QUIET" TO INSINUATE THAT THIS IS A SECRET.

MERCURY:

Let me ask you housewives a question. Are your children bored and grumpy? Does your husband fall asleep in his rocking chair before you've put dinner in the oven? Do you long for an exciting new activity to bring pep and verve back into your once happy home?

Try Lucky Llama Chewing Tobacco, the only chewing tobacco made for the whole family! Husbands love its bold, masculine flavor, children love how fun it is to spit, and mothers love its healthy side effects. You see, Lucky Llama Chewing Tobacco is fortified with Vitamin N! That's N for Nicotine! Ten times more nicotine than lesser brands of chewing tobacco.

Why not pack some pep in your cheek right now and find out why more and more housewives are saying:

SFX: SPIT AND DING OF A SPITOON FROM FOLEY PERSON

Lucky Llama is the chew for me!

JINGLE SINGERS:

Lucky Llama recommended by your mama!

MISS ETTA:

Hello Nosey people! This is Miss Etta Topper with Gossip Time! Where I reveal what all your favorite celebrities' mundane daily activities!

Headline! We all know that Orson Welles is a prodigy, having accomplished a lifetime of accolade at only the tender age of 19! But what's this? Sources tell me that Mr. Martian scare has been seen galivanting around town with a certain Doctor. Could it be that despite his youth Mr. Welle's isn't so well?

Headline! Here's the scoop on our local newspaper editor Britt Reid. Our favorite scribe was seen out and about in the wee hours. While he claimed to be "working late," eyewitnesses swear they spotted a mysterious plus-one in the passenger seat of his fancy car. Stop the presses! Could this be a romantic bulletin? Stay tuned!

Headline! Jingles sighting?! The popular puppet, the better half of the comedy team of Eddie Burger and Jingles, has never been seen, but a secret source claimed to have been witness to the slippery stickman waiting for a bus on the corner of Elm and Maple, which is also the names of his mom and dad. Was he heading out of town? Is the team breaking up? Or was he just pining for his parents?

THE LIGHTS COME UP ON SL WHERE WE ARE IN EVIE'S HOME WHERE PEOPLE HAVE GATHERED FOR HER BIG SURPRISE. SHE LISTENS ON HER RADIO TO THIS FINAL STORY FROM MISS ETTA AND REACTS TO HEARING ABOUT BOB AND AGNES.

Headline! The local upper crust has been patiently waiting for the arrival of WBRR's very own Agnes Moore into the Haut Monde. As the niece of aristocrat and WBRR station owner Evie Barr, all assume it's just a matter of time before she leaves her bottom rung position and marries her way to the top of the ladder! But what's this? Insiders are whispering that Agnes and fellow menial labor lackey, Bob Bailey, are Romeo and Julietting. That probably won't sit well for our star crossed lovers if Lady Evie Capulet discovers their secret tryst!

That's all for now! Until next time, I'll be keeping my eyes open for you.

JINGLE BELLA'S:

What's the Scoop? Miss Etta is the world's best snoop!

BILL QUICKLY ASSEMBLES EVERYONE INTO POSITION FOR THE SPECIAL BROADCAST. LIGHTS STAY UP SL AT EVIE'S HOME, AT HER PARTY. EVERYONE IS LISTENING, EATING, DRINKING...THEY REACT THROUGHOUT THIS WHOLE SCENE.

ERNIE:

And now, a WBRR special presentation. We present "Phil Ferrari and His Orchestra of Charm". Featuring a special guest appearance from "Trigger the Wonder Horse". Performing live from the Majestic Velvet Ballroom. We go now live to the Majestic Velvet Ballroom and the charming sounds of Phil Ferrari.

JINGLE SINGERS:

W B R R The high Bar of radio stars.

SFX: FOLEY ARTIST PLAYS A RECORD.

IF THERE IS AN INTERMISSION – THE INTERMISSION GOES HERE

PHIL WILL ADD THE LINE “SO IF YOU NEED TO GO TO THE POWDER ROOM, NOW WOULD BE THE TIME”.

LIGHTS WILL COME UP ON HOUSE. STAGE LIGHTS WILL GO TO 50%.

THE RECORD FROM THE FOLEY ARTIST PLAYS THE ENTIRE INTERMISSION.

WHILE INTERMISSION IS GOING ON, RADIO STATION ACTIVITY CONTINUES ON STAGE, WORDLESS, THE ENTIRE INTERMISSION. ACTORS AND STUDIO PERSONELL GOING TO AND FRO DOING “BUSINESS”. ACTORS ARE PREPARING FOR THE SPECIAL SHOW THAT BILL HAS JUST HANDED THEM THE SCRIPT FOR. EVIES PARTY WILL ALSO CONTINUE – WORDLESS, BUT JUST GOING ABOUT PARTY BUSINESS.

WHEN INTERMISSION IS OVER, HOUSE LIGHTS WILL GO TO HALF - THEN OUT. A SPOTLIGHT WILL COME UP ON MOLLY

MOLLY:

Well...Here we go. Evie’s master plan is about to happen. Bill has taken the book “Shadow over Innsmouth” by H.P. Lovecraft and adapted it. I’m just glad they picked a Lovecraft book that didn’t have Cthulhu in it. (KA – THU – LOO). Can you imagine? Right? Any Lovecraftians in the house? No? Well good we are 100% nerd free in here tonight. (OR if anyone claps or says yes she says “Jokes for two people. That was worth it.) Anyway, your about to witness Bills genius in action, turning it into a radio show staged to be presented as if it were news reports happening in real time. Just like what Orson Welles did with War of the Worlds.

All in the desperate attempt to gain publicity for WBRR and attract sponsors and save the station. How could anything go wrong?

LIGHTS UP TO FULL ON STAGE. SPOTLIGHT OUT.

ACT 2 OR PICK UP HERE IF NO INTERMISSION

NEWS ANNOUNCERS TAKE THE STAGE AFTER A MINUTE OF MUSIC/ OR AFTER MOLLY'S TOP OF ACT 2 MONOLOGUE IF THERE IS INTERMISSION.

(NOTE: OVER THE NEXT SERIES OF EVENTS, EVERYTIME THE RECORD PLAYS, THE ACTOR PLAYING PHIL FERRARI PRETENDS TO CONDUCT THE RECORD PLAYER. BILL IS RUNNING AROUND DURING ALL OF THIS CUING PEOPLE AND MOVING THEM ABOUT, HANDING THEM SCRIPTS.)

MUSIC FADES

JINGLE SINGERS:

Sung WBRR Breaking news!

ERNIE:

Ladies and gentlemen, we interrupt our broadcast to bring you this special news bulletin. We go now to WBRR Reporter Harriet Nelson.

HARRIET:

City officials have announced that they are in a special meeting to discuss an issue that has recently occurred in our city. Details of that issue have not been released as of yet. When they have an official statement, we will report it live here on WBRR.

ERNIE:

And now back to the Majestic Velvet Ballroom and the music of Phil Ferrari.

SFX: FOLEY ARTIST PLAYS RECORD

AFTER 20 SECONDS OR SO, ERNIE GOES BACK ON MIC.

JINGLE SINGERS:

Sung WBRR Breaking news

ERNIE:

Ladies and Gentleman we interrupt our broadcast again for another special news update. We go back to our news desk and Harriet Nelson.

HARRIET:

City officials have concluded their special meeting. We go live to our on the scene reporter, Kathryn Cravens.

KATHERYN:

I am live at city hall where the mayor and other top city officials are about to come out and make an announcement of some sort, that we assume is related to their convening a special meeting this evening. We are waiting patiently for them to come to the podium. The room here is packed with reporters and news media. We don't have any details on what the statement or announcement may be. We will come back here live once they arrive.

ERNIE:

And now back to the Majestic Velvet Ballroom and the music of Phil Ferrari.

SFX: FOLEY ARTIST PLAYS RECORD

AFTER 20 SECONDS OR SO, ERNIE GOES BACK ON MIC.

JINGLE SINGERS:

Sung WBRR Breaking news

ERNIE:

Ladies and Gentleman we interrupt our broadcast again for another special news update. We go back to our news desk and Harriet Nelson.

HARRIET:

City officials have concluded their special meeting. We go live to our on the scene reporter, Katheryn Cravens.

KATHERYN:

I am live at city hall where the mayor and other top city officials have just arrived and are ready to make an announcement of some sort, that we assume is related to their convening a special meeting this evening. Here we go...Here is the mayor now.

MAYOR:

Ladies and Gentleman. Myself and other high ranking officials in your city have just concluded a meeting in which we were given information from a highly reliable source that we believe that there are people living among us in the city, that are not as they seem. They make look like average people, but we believe that they are perhaps some kind of hybrid of human and half fish. That is all we have for now.

BILL GETS THE ACTORS TO ACT LIKE REPORTERS ASKING FOLLOW UP QUESTIONS. THEN...

ERNIE:

And now back to the Majestic Velvet Ballroom and the music of Phil Ferrari.

SFX: FOLEY ARTIST PLAYS RECORD

AFTER 20 SECONDS OR SO, ERNIE GOES BACK ON MIC.

JINGLE SINGERS:

Sung WBRR Breaking news

ERNIE:

Ladies and Genleman we interrupt our broadcast again for another special news update. We go back to our news reporter, Harriet Nelson.

HARRIET:

City officials have concluded their special meeting. We go live to our on the scene reporter, Katheryn Cravens.

KATHERYN:

I am now at the city science building and I am with Professor J.M. Hingerstuffensteinster. Professor, what can you tell us of the announcement that was just made by our Mayor?

PROFESSOR: *(Played by the Creeper in the same Creeper voice)*

Ah yes. Well, it seems that we have an infiltration in our community of some kind of half human half fish creature that is living among us.

KATHERYN:

Fish People? Are you serious?

PROFESSOR:

Yes....Holy Mackerel! *Laughs at his own joke. Bill wildly gestures to stop it.*

KATHERYN:

How do we identify them?

PROFESSOR:

Well we cannot, for you see they look just like us. They could be anybody, they could be standing next to you right now. Do you find that disturbing? Let minnow what you think. *Laughs at his own joke. Bill is super mad.*

KATHERYN:

Do we know what they want?

PROFESSOR:

Well obviously they are here to try and take over the world. Which is simply Fin-credible. *Laughs at his own joke. Bill slaps his head.*

KATHERYN:

So you are saying we are in danger?

PROFESSOR:

Looking at his script, realizing that Katherine is improvising, looks at Bill who Shrugs, so Professor comes up with answer Uhhh...Yes. We are in danger. They...want to eat us. Yes. That's what they do. They eat us. They are going to kill us all!

Bill just stares helplessly and then sits down.

KATHERYN:

Thank you Professor. I'll have more as things develop. Back to you Harriet.

HARRIET:

Thank you Kathryn...*Flips script back and forth. Realizing that is, again, her only and unnecessary line* Back to you Ernie.

ERNIE:

Thank you. And we will go back to the Majestic Velvet Ballroom and Phil Ferrari and his Orchestra and his Orchestra of Charm right after this message from the sponsor of tonights breaking news, Kitchco Brand Kitchen Conveniences.

MERCURY:

Ladies, are your kitchens becoming a library of modern cookbooks? Do all these new-fangled recipes seem like a bunch of confusing scientific formulas? Do you miss the charm and familiarity of traditional recipes handed down by your family? Well, Kitchco Brand Kitchen Conveniences is thrilled to offer you a new type of old-fashioned recipes with Kitchco's Cookbook from Grandma's Recipe Box!

GRANDMA ACTOR:

First, preheat the oven until the neighborhood dogs start barking.

MERCURY:

Kitchco Kitchen Conveniences knows that you can't recapture that flavor of your favorite childhood dish if you don't do it exactly the way grandma did it.

GRANDMA ACTOR:

Pistol whip the meat until tender. Then get two fistfuls of lard from the barrel. Coat the interior of the pan and the floor.

MERCURY:

And for the publication of this book our Kitchco Cryptographers have saved you the trouble of translating your grandmother's cramped, manic style of cursive into actual legible words.

GRANDMA ACTOR:

Pour the contents into Cousin Judy's blue mixing bowl. Call Judy about her thyroid. What's going on with that? Spice to taste. Serve repetitiously. I used to babysit John Wilkes Booth.

MERCURY:

New Kitchco's Cookbook from Grandma's Recipe Box, the first product in our new Kitchco Brand Kitchen Conveniences line of Inconvenient Kitchen Products! Ask for it by name at your local grocers or flea market!

JINGLE SINGERS:

When you need the brands that make your kitchen grand It's Kitchco!

ERNIE:

We will keep you updated as things unfold regarding the invasion of fish people, but for now back to the Majestic Velvet Ballroom and the music of Phil Ferrari.

PHIL:

Hello everyone. I hope you're enjoying the music tonight by myself and Orchestra of Charm. But right now, before we get back into the music, we have a special guest, Roy Rogers horse Trigger!

FOLEY ARTIST:

Makes horse sounds

PHIL:

Oh my! Look at him go! He's hula hooping with a ring of fire! And look here! He's on a trapeze and doing backflips! And now he's playing Gin with some friends!...uh horse friends! *Foley person makes multiple horse sounds*. Yes....he's brought his horse friends! Thank you Trigger! Simply amazing!

FOLEY ARTIST:

Makes horse sounds that sounds like "You're welcome".

PHIL:

And now, here's a number I think you'll all remember. A one and a two and a....

SFX: FOLEY ARTIST PLAYS RECORD

AFTER 20 SECONDS OR SO, ERNIE GOES BACK ON MIC.

JINGLE SINGERS:

Sung WBRR Breaking news

ERNIE:

Ladies and Gentleman, our apologies for once again interrupting your evening of music, but we have more breaking news about the attack of the fish people. We go now to our news desk and Harriet Nelson.

HARRIET:

Why do we even bother...? Here's Katheryn.

KATHERYN:

The studio actors begin screaming and yelling like they are under attack. Foley artist is making lot's of banging and crashibng, maybe gunshots. Katheryn is yelling. Thank you Harriet! I am live in the town square where we are under attack! We repeat the fish people have begun attacking and....Foley artist starts making loud crunching and eating noises Oh God they are...Looks at Bill, he motions to go with it...Eating us. Yes devouring us.

Bill makes a motion to her to continue Yes. Eating us...me? ...YES me. They are eating me. Oh! Ouch! AHHHHH! Goodbye cruel world. AHHHHH!!! As she dies BACK...TO....YOU....HARRIET....

Bill makes a gesture for everything to go silent. Waits a few beats. Then points at Harriet.

HARRIET:

Oh no. What a shame. We'll miss you Katheryn. Katheryn and Harriet glare at each other Back to you Ernie.

ERNIE:

Ladies and Gentleman, what we have just heard is horrific. We will keep you updated as things develop further.

JINGLE SINGERS:

Sung WBRR First to report the end of the world!

ERNIE:

Back to Phil Ferrari and His Orchestra of Charm, live from the Majestic Velvet Ballroom!

FOLEY ARTIST PLAYS RECORD

BILL:

And that's a wrap! Thank you everyone! You were all just great! Thank you! And remember, loose lips! Keep this all to yourself. Have a goodnight!

EVIE'S PARTY ON SL HAS BEEN SILENTLY REACTING TO EVERYTHING THROUGHOUT ALL OF THIS. EVIE WITH A LOOK OF SMUG AND PRETENDING TO BE FRIGHTENED. HER HOUSEGUESTS IN INCREASING PANIC. MOLLY IS THERE AND ROLLS HER EYES A LOT AND IS MOSTLY READING. AT THE END, LIGHTS FADE ON EVIE'S PARTY.

ACTORS AND STUDIO PERSONELL STAND AROUND WITH A LOOK OF BEWILDERMINT.

MERCURY:

Well, that was weird. I have no idea what this was all about.

SUZIE:

I know stories. And that story was terrible.

CINNAMON BEAR:

That story could have used a bear. Bears love fish! I could have saved the day and eaten all the fish people! ROAR!

MERCURY:

You know you're not an actual bear right?

SUZIE:

SHHHH!! Of course they're an actual bear! Don't you listen to her Cinnamon Bear!

CINNAMON BEAR ROARS AT MERCURY AND MAKES A MOVE TOWARDS HER. SUZIE HOLDS THE BEAR BACK.

MERCURY:

Alright, alright! You're a bear. *She walks over to the organist.* Everybody here is crazy. I've got to get my resume together and get out of here. I got a really bad feeling about all of this.

ORGANIST HITS A FOREBODING MUSIC STING

SHE WALKS OVER TO WHERE THE CREEPER, MARY AND EDDIE ARE.

MERCURY:

Pointing towards organist. Everybody here is crazy.

CREEPER:

I know! Isn't it wonderful?

EDDIE:

What's wrong with you?

JIGGLES:

What's wrong with him? What's wrong with *You*?

EDDIE:

What are you talking about?

JIGGLES:

You're the one talking to yourself.

EDDIE:

Shutup!

JIGGLES:

You shut up!

LIGHTS FADE ON STUDIO AND COME UP ON EVIE'S OFFICE. SHE IS IN HER OFFICE WITH BILL, MOLLY AND GRACE.

EVIE:

Well done everyone! Well done! The broadcast was magnificent! Everyone at my party last night was simply entranced afterwards! It was all they could talk about! I think some of them were actually a tad bit frightened! Oh Bill you pulled it off! Bravo!

BILL:

Thanks. But, aren't we worried that we ...ummm...well we lied.

EVIE:

We didn't lie. We did a show! An adaptation of a book! There's nothing wrong, illegal or immoral about that.

GRACE:

I've received over 20 phone calls this morning. People asking if they can be the sponsor of our newscasts just like Kitchco. I didn't even know Kitchco was a sponsor. And I'm the Sales Manager.

BILL:

They're not. I made them up.

GRACE:

I see. Then that cookbook I ordered probably isn't coming...?

MOLLY:

I wish Tip Top Tea was made up.

BILL:

Miss Barr, what if people, actually believe our broadcast?

EVIE:

Well first off, we don't have enough listeners to make any impact. Nobody listens to us.

MOLLY:

Um actually, the ratings are in from last night, they're really high. Like Millions of people were listening.

EVIE:

Millions? How is that possible?

BILL:

It might be because I said that Trigger was going to be on.

GRACE:

He was great! The Trapeze was my favorite part!

BILL:

There was not horse on a trapeze. I made that up. Just like all of it.

GRACE:

I don't know what to believe anymore.

BILL:

Theater of the mind!

MOLLY:

The network heard our reports and started to broadcast it live all over the nation. So yeah...Millions.

EVIE:

Well...That's ok. That good! Lots of listeners never did anybody any harm! Now we got them hooked! Besides, with the disclaimer after the broadcast, we're covered.

BILL:

Disclaimers?

EVIE:

Yes, you know, the part where it was announced that it was only a show and not real? You know...DISCLAIMER??

BILL:

Yeah....I kinda didn't do that.

EVIE:

You...kinda...didn't...do...that?!

BILL:

But I'm sure it's fine! I mean c'mon who would have believed any of that?

GRACE RAISES HER AND SLOWLY

Other than Grace. I mean c'mon.

MOLLY GOES TO WINDOW OF OFFICE, OPENS SHADES, LOOKS OUT ON STREET.

MOLLY:

Um...you all should see this.

EVIE:

What?

THEY ALL GO TO WINDOW. ONCE THEY ARE THERE LIGHTS COME UP ON THE HOUSE OR PERHAPS JUST SR BEHIND WINDOWS, AND EVERYBODY IS SCREAMING AND RUNNING IN TERROR. ACCUSING EACH OTHER OF BEING FISH PEOPLE. MOLLY SHUTS SHADES. LIGHTS GO OUT AND THEY FREEZE IN THE DARK. THEY ALL WAIT A BEAT. MOLLY OPENS SHADE AGAIN. LIGHTS COME UP ON THE SCREAMING AND RUNNING IN TERROR. ACCUSING EACH OTHER OF BEING FISH PEOPLE. MOLLY SHUTS SHADES. CHAOS STOPS.

EVIE:

Oh God. No no no no no....

BILL:

Look I'm sure it's not everyone. I mean other than Grace...and those few thousand people.... who else could have possibly thought that was real?

DOOR TO OUTER OFFICE OPENS. IN COMES CANDY. SHE IS WEARING A FISH MASK. SHE SITS AT HER DESK. THE DOOR OPENS AGAIN AND AGNES AND BOB COME IN FRANTIC. THEY SEE CANDY AND STOP.

AGNES:

Candy? Is that you?

CANDY:

Yes.

BOB:

Are you a?

CANDY:

NO! no no no. I'm wearing a mask so that I can fit in with them and they won't eat me.

AGNES:

Ok. PHEW! Is my Aunt in?

CANDY:

Yes. She's in there with everyone else.

THEY GO IN THE OFFICE. CANDY PROCEEDS TO SWIM AROUND HER DESK.

AGNES:

Aunt Evie! Have you heard?

EVIE:

Yes. I know.

BOB:

What are we going to do?

EVIE:

Just calm down, it's not what you think.

AGNES:

Not what we think? There are fish people everywhere, just waiting to attack us! They could be anybody! They could be you! *Points at Evie.*

BOB:

Or you! *Points at Bill*

AGNES:

Or you! *Points at Molly.*

MOLLY:

Who is reading the paper Not me. I'm allergic to water.

BOB:

Or you! *Points at Grace.*

GRACE:

I'm not a fishperson! You are! You're pretending to panic to throw us off your scent!

EVIE:

Grace! There are no fish people remember?

GRACE:

Right. Yes.

AGNES:

Wait...how do you know that?

BILL:

We made it all up. The broadcast was a fake.

BOB:

Wait...why?

MOLLY:

To get publicity for the station just like that War of the Worlds stunt that Welles pulled.

AGNES:

Except no one was listening to that.

MOLLY:

Well, they were listening to this. Thanks to Bill.

BILL:

I DIDN'T KNOW HOW POPULAR TRIGGER WAS OK?

BOB:

Wait...the horse part wasn't real either?

GRACE:

Nope. And don't expect a cookbook coming anytime soon. Today is just two fistfuls of lard from the barrel of disappointment.

AGNES:

Aunt Evie, you have got to be kidding me. Have you looked outside? *She opens shades to window.*

EVERYBODY IS SCREAMING AND RUNNING IN TERROR. ACCUSING EACH OTHER OF BEING FISH PEOPLE.

EVIE:

YES I KNOW I KNOW! Shut the shades!

AGNES SHUTS SHADES. LIGHTS GO OUT AND THEY FREEZE IN THE DARK.

AGNES:

What are you going to do?

EVIE:

She hits her intercom button

Hello?

She hits her intercom button again

HELLO?

She hits her intercom button again over and over

HELLO? HELLO? HELLO?

She makes her way to the office door and opens it. She see's Candy in her fish mask and screams.

OH for the love of ...what are you doing?

CANDY:

I'm in disguise. So the fish people can't eat me.

EVIE:

THERE ARE NO FISH PEOPLE! I MADE IT UP!

CANDY:

Oh! Good. I can't swim. I was practicing, but...

EVIE:

Look Gumball...

CANDY:

Candy.

EVIE:

Whatever. Get on the phone and call my lawyer!

*SHE LOOKS FOR THE PHONE, DOESN'T SEE IT. REALIZES IT'S IN THE
DESK DRAWER. TAKES IT OUT, PUTS UP TO HER EAR.*

She listens

Yes.

She listens

Uh huh.

She listens

I see.

She listens

Yeah...Interesting

EVIE:

Sweet Mollasses!

CANDY:

Candy.

EVIE:

I KNOW! JUST HANG UP AND CALL MY LAWYER!

*SHE HANGS UP PHONE AND IT IMMEDIATELY RINGS. EVERYBODY
COMES OUT OF THE OFFICE AND STARES AT THE RINGING PHONE.*

SFX;

PHONE RINGING

THEY ALL NOD AT CANDY. SHE PICK UP THE PHONE.

CANDY:

WBRR Radio, Barr Broadcasting Company. Bar none, we're number one.

She listens

Yes, this is Candy Matson.

She listens

Yes.

She listens

Uh huh.

She listens

I see.

She listens

Yeah...Interesting

She hangs up.

GRACE:

Who was it?

CANDY:

It was the federal government. They want to come and talk with everyone here.

BILL:

Oh here we go. Oh...it's all over now.

EVIE:

Not if I can help it. Everybody listen to me. As far as we know, the report we did was true. You got it? Or you're all out of a job. Everybody in the whole station. And if you think that any of you or the people that work here can get a job anywhere else, think again. Everybody here has a job because of me. Nobody else would hire this sorry lot of misfits and losers. So spread the word, Bill. When the government gets here. NOBODY breaks. Got it?

BILL:

Yeah. Got it.

EVIE:

And as for you my pretty. If you so much as flinch when they come to talk to us, you'll be out of the family forever. And you won't see a dime. But, if you play nice, I'll let you marry your little boyfriend here.

AGNES:

Oh...uh...he's not my boyfriend we're just...

EVIE:

Don't even start. Everyone knows. Miss Etta reported it last night on Gossip Time.

AGNES:

But how would she even know...

BOB:

I may have told Jingles.

GRACE:

YOU'VE SEEN JINGLES? WHERE IS HE?

BILL:

There is no Jingles. We couldn't afford him.

GRACE:

Nothing is real. Nothing.

BOB:

Then who was I talking to?

EVIE:

ENOUGH! You go along with this Agnes, we save the station, we save everyone's job, the station does extremely well with the publicity, and you two get to live happily ever after. . So do we have a deal?

AGNES:

Looks at Bob. Smiles. Deal.

LIGHTS FADE ON EVIE'S OFFICE. COME UP ON STUDIO. ERNIE IS AT THE MIC. GRACE IS IN STUDIO WATCHING, EXCSTATICLY. FOLEY PERSON, BILL AND STUDIO PEOPLE ARE ALSO IN THE STUDIO. ALONG WITH SUZIE, EDDIE, CREEPER, TIP TOP TEA LADY, NEWS REPORTERS, BOB AND AGNES AND ACTORS. CANDY HAS A PHONE WITH HER. EVERYBODY IS THERE BUT EVIE.

ERNIE:

Good morning! This is WBRR Radio.

JINGLE SINGERS:

W B R R The high Bar of radio stars.

ERNIE:

Time is 9:00 AM. Stay tuned for another thrilling episode of "The Dark Hour" with your host, The Creeper. Brought to you by...

ERNIE:

Thompson seedless Wine.

JINGLE SINGERS:

When you want all the taste without the crunch.

ERNIE:

Goldilocks Cookies. .

JINGLE SINGERS:

Anything is better than porridge

ERNIE:

Zoomies Cereal.

JINGLE SINGERS:

Now more sugar than allowed by law. Whatcha gonna do?

ERNIE:

Firecracker Spark Plugs.

JINGLE SINGERS:

The little explosions your car needs to run. But somehow your car doesn't blow up.

ERNIE:

The new 1940 Buick Cyclone.

JINGLE SINGERS:

Because spinning is better than crashing.

ERNIE:

Phil Ferrari Men's suits.

JINGLE SINGERS:

Because charming starts where the suit begins.

ERNIE:

That'll do discount Furniture store.

JINGLE SINGERS:

Just off Highway 72, 2 blocks north of the abandoned Hatfield house.

And Tip Top Tea.

JINGLE SINGERS:

When you try Tip Top Tea – it's guaranteed too minty!

ERNIE:

Recommended by 4 out of 5 dentists.

GRACE HAS A GIANT HANDFUL OF MONEY AND IS COUNTING IT.

But first, the news.

HARRIET:

Good morning. I'm Harriet Nelson and now with today's news... here's Kathryn Cravens. *She throws her script in frustration. She loud whispers to Bill* I thought we killed her off last night?!

KATHERYN:

Thank you Harriet. The search for the fishpeople continues today, as officials are leaving no stone unturned, paying particular attention to those that might be staying in pools a little too long.

NEWS PEOPLE CONTINUE TO MIME READING NEWS. MOLLY WALKS IN

MOLLY:

Bill, the government people are here. They're ready to start the interviews.

BILL:

Ok. Everybody gather around. This is it. Remember. We all stick together, we all keep our jobs.

ERNIE RUNS UP TO THE MICROPHONE

ERNIE:

WBRR will be um...going off the air for a few minutes...we have to ...shovel more megahertz into the transmitter. We'll be back.

ON-AIR SIGN GOES OFF. GOVERNMENT AGENTS WALK IN. EVIE COMES IN AS WELL.

AGENT DRUMMOND:

Hello everyone. My name is agent Drummond, this here is agent Romero.

CREEPER:

Policed – to meet you.

TEA LADY HITS HIM

AGENT DRUMMOND:

We are not Police. We are with the FCC.

CREEPER:

I know it was just a play on words.

AGENT ROMERO:

But if we are not police, then that doesn't work.

CREEPER:

Yeah it kinda does because “Police” can have a wide range of meaning.

AGENT ROMERO:

We are agents. Not police. Comedically speaking your pun would have to center around the word agent.

CREEPER:

Hey be A Gent le with me.

AGENT ROMERO:

Yeah! That’s better.

TEA LADY:

Is it?

AGENT DRUMMOND:

Look, we just need to ask everyone a few questions. Which one of you is Evie Barr?

BILL:

Ummm...she’s not here...she’s ummm....

GRACE:

Wigging out.

MOLLY:

Interrupting fast She’s in a meeting with...Orson Welles.

CANDY:

HE’S HERE?! I’ve got to call mom and tell her! *She starts to dial on her phone and Molly pushes down the hangup button and just discreetly shakes her head no.*

AGENT DRUMMOND:

Ok well...I guess we can do this without her. We are investigating this attack on your city by these “Fish People”.

AGENT ROMERO:

Making sure there’s nothing fishy.

CREEPER:

Good one.

AGENT ROMERO:

What?

CREEPER:

Fishy!

AGENT ROMERO:

I don't...

AGENT DRUMMOND:

Ok, let's stay focused. Who was the reporter that uncovered this story?

EVERYBODY LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM AND THEN HARRIET JUMPS FORWARD.

HARRIET:

ME! It was me. I'm the reporter that broke this. I'm the best reporter here.

AGENT DRUMMOND:

And you are...?

HARRIET:

Harriet Nelson. Reporter extraordinaire.

AGENT DRUMMOND:

How exactly did you discover these fish people among us?

HARRIET:

Well...I uh...I got a nose for news! Just out there working the beat...Keeping my eyes open...got sources....

AGENT DRUMMOND:

I see. And your source?

HARRIET:

I uh...well.. I'm uh...

SUZIE JUMPS TO HER RESCUE

SUZIE:

Once upon a time, there was Cinnamon Bear who lived in a cave.

CINNAMON BEAR:

Hello! I live in a cave! Roar!

SUZIE:

The Cinnamon Bear was friends with a penguin.

PENGUIN: *(Cinnamon Bear)*

Hi! *Makes penguin noise* I'm a penguin. And I'm super lost! I shouldn't be in the woods!

SUZIE:

But the penguin survived by using their cunning and became friends with everyone in the forest. One day the Penguin came to the Cinnamon Bear and said...

PENGUIN: *(Cinnamon Bear)*

I have been talking to the fish. They would like you to start eating something else.

SUZIE:

And the bear ate the penguin.

FOLEY ARTIST AND CINNAMON BEAR MAKE EATING SOUNDS

MERCURY:

Everybody here is crazy.

AGENT DRUMMOND:

I see. So your sources have code names, and you won't reveal your sources?

EVERYBODY PAUSES, LOOKS AT EACH OTHER, THEN NODS OR AGREES OR SAYS YES CONFIRMING

AGENT DRUMMOND:

I see. Well, we can't force you to reveal your sources.

AGENT ROMERO:

Unless we use source-ery.

FOLEY PERSON DOES A RIM SHOT

CREEPER:

I really like this guy.

AGENT DRUMMOND:

We talked to the Mayor, and he said he made no official announcement on the radio about fish people yesterday.

MOLLY:

Oh yeah, that's all about plausible deniability. You know. Politicians. Am I right?

AGENT DRUMMOND:

Why would he deny that?

CREEPER:

Yeah that seems In-Plause – ible.

HE LOOKS AROUND. SILENCE. TEA LADY MOVES TO STRANGLE HIM FROM BEHIND AND IS STOPPED BY MOLLY.

CREEPER:

Nothing? C'mon.

MOLLY:

Look, Agent, seems to me how we found this story doesn't seem like it should matter. What matters is that we are being attacked, and we uncovered it. And I think we deserve some credit for that. Not all this "Who is your source" and "Why doesn't the Mayor know" and "Did you just make this story up so that you could get higher ratings and make more money" stuff.

GRACE:

Shoving money in her pockets Yeah, this is NOT about money. This is all about saving the world.

AGENT DRUMMOND:

Very well then. That's about all we need. Good job everyone. Fine Journalistic integrity. The foundation of our freedom. The country thanks you for your service.

AGENT ROMERO:

Yes.

THE AGENTS LEAVE. EVERYONE LET'S OUT A SIGH OF RELIEF. THEY ALL SCATTER OFF STAGE IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS OR BACK TO THEIR STUDIO POSTS. NEWSCASTERS GO BACK TO STAGE – ON AIR LIGHT COMES ON - AND START MIMING NEWS READING. BOB AND AGNES STAY AND COME DOWN SC.

AGNES:

This is wrong. We can't keep up this lie. Somebody is gonna get hurt. I just know it.

BOB:

But if we say anything...people will lose their jobs Agnes. And all this new found money. And the station....and your Aunt, things won't go well for her.

AGNES:

I don't care. I can't live like this anymore. We've got to tell. And then you and I will be together. I don't care if I'm kicked out of the family, I don't care about the money or this job. I'll have you, and a clear conscience. And people will stop checking my neck for gills.

BOB:

Ok Agnes. I love you. And I'm with you.

WE NOW HEAR THE NEWS REPORTERS.

KATHERYN:

...And now people have no idea what to eat on Fridays. Ok, back to you Harriet.

HARRIET:

Through gritted teeth... Thank you Katheryn.

ERNIE:

And now it's time for "The Dark Hour".

LIGHTS FADE AND THE DARK HOUR DOOR SQUEEK AND DOOR SHUT AND ORGAN MUSIC IS HEARD AS THE LIGHTS FADE. BOB AND AGNES WALK TO SL WHERE LIGHTS COME UP AND THERE IS A DOOR THAT SAYS "BRITT REID; REPORTER CITY CHRONICLE LEDGER POST". ON THE DOOR. THEY KNOCK.

BRITT:

Come in.

THEY ENTER. BRITT IS WEARING A FISH MASK.

AGNES:

OH! I uh...hey...so are you..?

BRITT GETS UP AND HE GOES TO THEM AND CHECKS THEIR NECKS FOR GILLS. THEN HE SITS DOWN.

BRITT:

OK. No gills. Just being careful. *Whispers* I'm not one of them. It's a mask!
Lifts to reveal face and puts back down.

AGNES:

Oh. Ok. Phew! Hello Mr. Reid. I'm Agnes Moore and this is Bob Bailey. May we talk with you for a minute.

BRITT:

Yes of course. Come in. Sit down.

They sit down

BRITT:

Tea?

BOB:

Blows air into his hand and smells it checking his breath. Oh no thank you. I'm good.

BRITT:

What can I do for you?

AGNES:

Well, you see Mr. Reid, we work at WBRR Radio.

BRITT:

Ah yes....Fine work. Are you the reporters that broke the story?

BOB:

No, uh, we stamp paperwork with a stamp that says "File".

BRITT:

Yes. Well, that's needed too.

AGNES:

Anyway, we need to tell you. The whole story, all of it. It was made up. There are no fish people. It was made up to gain publicity for the station, and to save it. We were going broke.

BRITT:

I see. Do you have proof of that?

BOB:

Yes sir. Right here. All paperwork in the office goes through us. And we saved the script. Here it is.

BRITT:

Looking at script. Hmmm...Yes I see. Yes. Well. I uh. *SLOWLY TAKES OFF HIS FISH MASK.* Well don't I feel silly. You realize, this is going to bring your whole station down. This is the end of WBRR.

AGNES:

We know. We're prepared for that. We just can't live with the lie anymore.

BRITT:

Well then. You can expect it on the front page of the evening edition. Now, start from the beginning.

LIGHTS FADE ON NEWSPAPER OFFICE. BACK UP ON STUDIO CS. AT THE MICS ARE SUZIE, EDDIE/JIGGLES, THE CREEPER, THE TEA LADY, THE WHOLE CAST EXCEPT EVIE IS IN THE STUDIO.

SUZIE:

Once upon a time there was a very bad bear. He had told lies. Lies about fish!

EDDIE:

Oh no! That's terrible! You shouldn't lie!

JIGGLES:

Right! Like claiming me as a dependent on your taxes.

EDDIE:

Under his breath Shut up Jiggles.

JIGGLES:

You shut up. You'll do what I say. I have the drop on you old man.

BILL MOTIONS FOR SOMEONE TO STOP HIM. TEA LADY COVERS HIS MOUTH.

MARY:

What we are trying to say is sometimes you have a bad day. You make poor decisions that you may regret. And when you've had a long hard day of lying, sit down and treat yourself to a cup of Tip Top Tea.

CREEPER:

Oh that was Brew Tea Full Mary.

HARRIET:

Ladies and Gentleman we have breaking news...

KATHERYN:

Thank you Harriet. WBRR Radio has admitted that the entire Fish People attack was made up in attempt to increase their ratings. Station owner Evie Barr has been taken into custody by federal authorities. We'll have more on this story as it develops. Back to you Harriet.

HARRIET:

Thanks.

MOLLY:

Goes up to the Mic Actually, we won't have any more on this story, as WBRR's license to broadcast has been officially revoked. So at this point, we are signing off. Permanently.

JINGLE SINGERS:

We are really sorry. Goooooooood Bye.

EVERYBODY FILES OUT SLOWLY, HUGGING AND SAD. ONCE EVERYONE IS GONE, BOB AND AGNES WALK IN. THEY GO TO STAGE AREA AND SIT ON STOOLS NEAR MICROPHONES. ON AIR LIGHT IS STILL ON.

AGNES:

Well, that happened quick. I can't believe the station is shut down. It's all over.

BOB:

It was kinda sad to see your aunt taken away in handcuffs. But I'm glad the story exonerated everybody else at the station and put all the blame solely on her.

AGNES:

Well Bob. Now it's just you and me. And I don't need anything else.

BOB:

The world is our oyster.

AGNES:

Don't say Oyster.

BOB:

Right. Oh Agnes. No matter what. We have each other. And our love will see us through.

AGNES:

I don't need money, or fancy things. Just looking into your eyes, I see the joy of being alive.

BOB:

And when I look into your eyes I see the hopes and dreams of all good people and all good things. You inspire me.

AGNES:

So what now?

BOB:

We move from here. Somewhere, far away. I'll get a job somewhere. There has to be work for an experienced paper stamper. And we'll get a nice little home, with a yard. By a lake maybe.

AGNES:

Not by a lake.

BOB:

Right. And we will live out our days together. Just you and me.

AGNES

And?

BOB:

A dog.

AGNES:

And?

BOB:

A...cat?

AGNES:

Sure. And?

BOB:

A color Television?

AGNES:

Bob...

BOB:

I'm just kidding. And kids. A whole bunch of them.

AGNES:

Slow down. How about two?

BOB:

Two it is. *They laugh*

AGNES:

I love you Bob. Merry Christmas.

BOB:

I love you Agnes. Best Christmas ever.

THEY STAND AND HUG. THEY GRAB HANDS. BEFORE THEY CAN LEAVE GRACE AND BILL COME RUNNING IN. A STUDIO ENGINEER GOES TO THE BOARD AND TURNS OFF THE ON-AIR LIGHT.

GRACE:

Hey you two! Nice Job!

BILL:

Yeah that was fantastic!

AGNES:

Oh we're so sorry we cost everyone their jobs. We just had to tell. We just couldn't go on....

GRACE:

Not that! We're good with that. We're talking about your show!

BOB:

Our show?

BILL:

Yeah! The phones have been ringing off the hook!

GRACE:

Everybody is demanding more of the "Agnes and Bob" show.

AGNES:

The what and what show?

GRACE:

You didn't know the mics were on?

AGNES:

OH! What? Oh no!

THE WHOLE STAFF STARTS TO COME IN.

BILL:

No it was great! Such heart! Such feeling! It's what the world needs right now!

EVERYBODY TALKS IN AGREEMENT.

GRACE:

Bravo you two! We went out broadcasting the most truthful beautiful moment in WBRR history!

BILL:

In radio history!

EVERYBODY APPLAUDS. A PERSON ENTERS THE ROOM.

MASON:

Excuse me. Pardon me. Sorry to interrupt the party. But I am looking for Agnes Moore?

AGNES:

That's me. Am I going to jail too?

MASON:

Jail? No – Names Mason. I'm a lawyer for the trust of Evie Barr. With her in jail, I just came to tell you that you inherit everything of hers. Just need to sign here.
Hands her paper.

AGNES:

What? *Looks around in dismay.*

BOB:

Well, sign it already!

SHE SIGNS IT. EVERYONE CHEERS.

AGNES:

OH Bob I...

ENGINEER:

HOLD THAT THOUGHT. *He turns on-air light on.* Alright. Now go ahead.

AGNES:

Oh Bob! I love you!

BOB:

I love you Agnes!

ORGANIST STARTS PLAYING OH COME ALL YE FAITHFUL. EVERYBODY STARTS SINGING ALONG. LIGHTS DIM AND MOLLY COMED DSC AND IN SPOT.

MOLLY:

Well, all's well that ends well the "Agnes and Bob" show went on to be the most popular family radio show in the history of radio. They got married, had kids, just two. Jingles and Eddie split up, and Jingles got his own radio show that was a huge hit. And Tip Top Tea was banned by the FDA, and everyone lived happily ever after.

Even Evie Barr.

EVIE IS IN HANDCUFFS AND RUNNING ACROSS STAGE FOLLOWED BY FBI AGENTS.

They never found her.

CAROL ENDS – LIGHTS FADE.

BOW MUSIC

Happy Holiday (Beef Wellington Remix) OR the original with Bing Crosby and Andrew Sisters. THE END