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Radio Star

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Great Western Wanderlust
by Eric Eberwein

7-9 Actors Play 9 Roles

Synopsis: A bored Midwestern couple boards a cross-country train for an impulsive romantic getaway into the American West ... but no matter how far they go, they can't seem to get away from the fantasies, fetishes and doubts below the surface of their marriage. *Great Western Wanderlust* comically chronicles the St. Louis-to-Los Angeles adventure of Greg and Kristi, two thirtysomethings hiding their true wants and needs beneath their stolid Midwestern upbringing. As their escape from suburbia turns into a vacation from hell, their trip west also changes their relationship – they feel the pull of freedom and adventure, and the classic American impulse to find their true selves on the open road.

Nine Months: Inside Out

nine related short plays for each month of pregnancy

by S.W. Senek

2 Males, 2 Females

Synopsis: Bob and Lisa are having a baby and their lives will change forever. This circular play is a month-by-month guide made up of nine scenes, revolving around one couple, exploring different points of view on how the birth of one baby can affect so many lives.

RADIO STAR

By Tanya O'Debra

Special Thanks:

Andrew Mauriello, Molly Peck, The Ritchie Family (especially Mom and Nana), Peter James Cook, Erez Ziv and Heidi Grumelot at the Horse Trade Theater Group, Dora Peterson, Corinna Mantlo, Alex Brook Lynn, Reggie Watts, the New York Innovative Theatre Awards, Jerry Hoyt, David Doherty, Richard Kenneally, Jason Aaron Goldberg, and J. Lincoln Hallowell, Jr.

A Note on Sound Cues and Music

Andrew Mauriello wrote amazing original music and lyrics for the play, and the rights to the recordings can be arranged by contacting him at **ajmauriello@gmail.com**.

The tracks include "Theme From Radio Star", "Smoky New York Sax", "Scene Change Short", "Cliffhanger", "Iron Lung Cigarettes", "Quirky", "Del Heffernan's Hair Tonic for Men", and "Scene Change Resolves".

RADIO STAR was originally produced at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival on August 29, 2009. It was directed by and starred the playwright.

RADIO STAR was first produced in the United States on January 7, 2010 at the Red Room in New York City. It was co-produced by the Horse Trade Theater Group. It was directed by Peter James Cook. The cast was as follows:

Tanya O'Debra: Nick McKittrick/Fanny LaRue/
Commissioner O'Hamish/Wally
Donkendilder/Lucifer Murdore/Betty
Buttons/Rosie/Woman/Host

J. Lincoln Hallowell, Jr.:
Soundman/Foley Artist/Announcer

Cast of Characters:

Nick McKittrick - a hard-boiled detective

Fanny LaRue - femme fatale

Commissioner O'Hamish - Irish cop

Wally Donkendilder - dopey inventor

Lucifer Murdore - Fanny's creepy manservant

Betty Buttons - secretary of the murder victim Stu LaRue

Rosie - Nick's secretary

Soundman/Announcer - Foley artist

Woman - commercial sponsor

Host - snooty British Maitre d'

RADIO STAR

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

SOUND CUE - THEME FROM RADIO STAR

Male announcer speaks with the delivery of a circus barker.

ANNOUNCER

From high atop the building next to the Empire State building, we welcome to the Iron Lung Cigarette Mystery Hour. Don't let your life be ruined forever by anti-social behavior! Iron Lung Cigarettes guarantee instant popularity and success! Also nature's cure for distressing penile curvature! Stay tuned for 'The Adventures of Nick McKittrick, Private Dick' Episode 696, The Case of the Long Distance Lover.

SCENE TWO

SOUND CUE - SMOKY NEW YORK SAX

NICK MCKITTRICK sits in his New York Office. He has the gravel-y voice of a hard-boiled detective.

NICK

New York City. Hell of a town. One minute you're on top of the world, smoking Cubans at El Morocco with a doll on each arm, the next minute you're waking up in a bathtub full of ice and your kidneys have left you for another man. With action like that, there are plenty of places where people want to stick their noses, but they just don't know how. That's where I come in. Nick McKittrick. Private Dick. Twenty-five bucks a day, and I'll stick my nose into anything from the deepest crack to the tightest crevice to sniff out your hidden booty.

SOUND CUE - BUZZER

Nick's secretary, ROSIE, announces a visitor. Rosie sounds like a New Yorker who has been smoking since birth.

ROSIE

Mr. McKittrick, a Mrs. Fanny LaRue is here to see you.

NICK

Thank you, Rosie. Send her in.

ROSIE

Sure thing, Mr. McKittrick.

DOOR OPENS.

FANNY LARUE enters. Fanny has a soft, sweet voice with a classic 1940's delivery.

FANNY

Ahem.

SOUND CUE - SMOKY SAX

NICK

(whistles)

What a doll baby. A man could feast forever on a pair of drumsticks like those. A tasty morsel indeed.

FANNY

Excuse me, detective, but I'm also in this room. I can hear 100 percent of the words you're saying.

NICK

No you can't. That's what we call an "internal monologue".

FANNY

It's only internal if you don't actually say the words. You're speaking plain as day. Now it's just a regular monologue.

NICK

By gum, you're right. I do apologize. Now what brings you to my office? If you're having trouble finding a date, this'll be the easiest case I ever cracked.

FANNY

That's just it. I don't think I'll ever have a date ever again. You see, my husband... *(Cries)* He's been murdered!

SOUND CUE - SCENE CHANGE CLIFFHANGER

SCENE THREE

NICK

A regular morning at the office for me is unlike what the average Joe deals with at work. You see, Joe hangs his hat and coat, takes a seat at his desk, opens up his typewriter and looks at Facebook all day while pretending to work. Not me. Not this Joe. This Joe deals with the stuff of newspapers stories, the gruesome underbelly of humanity. When this Joe looks his employer in the eyes, he sees a grieving mother, a jealous lover, a frightened husband. And when my employer looks to me for answers, the question is always the same. "Why has my loved one been taken from me?" And when Fanny LaRue walked into my office freshly widowed, I knew it was that question she came to have answered once and for all.

FANNY

When you're finished waxing poetic, I'd like to get down to business.

NICK

That was out loud, wasn't it.

FANNY

Plain as the nose on my face.

NICK

Well, I wouldn't call that nose plain, sweetheart. You have the nose of an angel. Or a really exotic prostitute.

FANNY

If you please, I'm not paying you to undress my nose with your eyes. Now, I'd like to know who killed my husband.

NICK

Quite right. Care for an Iron Lung cigarette?

FANNY

No thanks. I don't smoke.

LIGHTING MATCH SANDPAPER

PUFFING

NICK

This husband of yours, how do you know he was murdered?

FANNY

The police say it's extremely difficult to strangle oneself with a telephone cord.

NICK

Strangled with a phone cord, eh? That cat dialed a wrong number. Murder is no way to operate. I guess he probably needed to make a call pretty bad. I'll get that creep on the line. He better get used to calling long distance.

FANNY

Are you through?

NICK

I don't know. When I'm through with him, the only ringing he'll hear is the sound of keys on the jailer's belt. His digits-... Yeah, that's going nowhere.

FANNY

All right, then.

NICK

Sorry. Where did you say this crime scene was painted?

FANNY

At his office. He is - was - an inventor for Whatchamagadget International. He invented the Snuggie. You know, the blanket with sleeves.

NICK

Ah yes, the Snuggie. Genius idea. Blankets really do slip and slide all over the place. I mean, are they lubricated or something? Am I right?

FANNY

And you can't do anything with your hands when they're under a blanket. It's just like wearing handcuffs. Uh-oh, I hear the phone ringing. I'd answer it, but I'm wearing a blanket. Ugh, my house is on fire. I'd try to escape if I weren't trapped beneath this sleeveless blanket. No more. The Snuggie is the single greatest invention of the 20th century. Stu LaRue did so much more than revolutionize the personal warmth industry. Stu LaRue freed us all from blanket slavery. He truly was our generation's Abraham Lincoln.

NICK

That is obvious. Well, Mrs. LaRue, I better get started.

FANNY

Thank you, Mr. McKittrick.

NICK

Listen, if you ever need a shoulder to cry on, or if you're just looking for an absolutely meaningless fuck-fest-

FANNY

That really is completely inappropriate. My husband just died. Like, yesterday.

NICK

Too much?

FANNY

Call me if you find anything. Good day.

DOOR OPENS and CLOSES.

HEELS CLACK DOWN THE HALL.

NICK

Dames. Can't live with them, can't rape them. Well, that's not entirely true. Next stop: Whatchamagadget International.

SCENE FOUR

SOUND CUE - SCENE CHANGE CLIFFHANGER

Nick McKittrick is outside Stu LaRue's office at the scene of the crime. He is meets COMMISSIONER O'HAMISH, who speaks with an Irish accent.

COMMISSIONER

Now fellas, make sure you seal off that room. Tight. Under no circumstances do I want any riffraff forcing their way in. If anyone gives you any guff, you take them from behind, nail them against the wall, and take them downtown.

NICK

Commissioner O'Hamish. To what do I owe the pleasure?

COMMISSIONER

Have you not heard, McKittrick? There's a new policy I've got to enforce. The "no dicks allowed" rule.

NICK

Ah, come on Commissioner. You know I'm paid to poke around.

COMMISSIONER

Can't do it. There's a pecking order that you can't penetrate. The police force will block the entrance with a protective barrier to shield it from dirty dicks like you.

NICK

Come on, Commish, you know I nailed that case from last week for you. You owe me. Besides, I got a hot tip. Listen, nobody has to know.

COMMISSIONER

Well...

NICK

I'll finish before you even realize I started.

COMMISSIONER

Damn it, McKittrick, you can sweet-talk me into anything! All right, go on. But don't go begging for more. Just the tip! And use the back door.

NICK

Thanks, Commish. It'll be our little secret.

DOOR OPENS and CLOSES. Nick is inside Stu's office.

NICK

So this is what an inventor's office looks like. What a mess! Let's see what he's got in his desk. If I had a nickel for every time I got into a man's drawers...

RUMMAGING NOISES.

NICK

Let's see... Goggles, magnifying glass, beakers, fog machine, curly tubes, hamster wheel- What's this? This drawer has a false bottom! Let's just pop that sucker right out.

POP.

NICK

What do we have here? A vibrating butt plug and a ball gag? Definitely taking these... For evidence. Hmm... A notebook with the plans for a blanket with sleeves. Why would he have to hide that? The Snuggie has already been patented. Better take this with me, too. I'll just close this up now.

CLOSES DESK DRAWER.

NICK

What else has he got lying around? This could be something. A cigarette butt with red lipstick on it. Then again, maybe Stu led a more interesting life than he let on. Well, I better pull out before the Commissioner blows the whistle on me.

DOOR OPENS and CLOSES.

NICK

Ugh.

There's a giant CRASH (BODY DROP).

SCENE CHANGE CLIFFHANGER

NICK

Suddenly the floor and I were dancing cheek to cheek. It must have been pretty romantic, because the next thing I knew, somebody turned out all the lights.

SOUND CUE - SCENE CHANGE CLIFFHANGER

SCENE FIVE

IRON LUNG CIGARETTES

A commercial extolling the healing qualities of Iron Lung Cigarettes.

Iron Lung Cigarettes, smoke them while you can
Iron Lung Cigarettes makes you more of a man
Iron Lung Cigarettes, known to treat and prevent indigestion, herpes, mild to moderate AIDS, cardiac arrest, conigulitis, sub-par ovaries, terrible diarrhea, and Blond Mustache Syndrome.
Iron Lung Cigarettes, cures the common cold
Iron Lung Cigarettes keeps you from getting old
Iron Lung, Iron Lung, Iron Lung, Iron Lung, Iron Lung (I'm sorry, fellas)

SCENE SIX

QUIRKY

Nick has collided with WALLY DONKENDILDER, the inventor who works in the office next door. Wally has a throat-y, dopey sounding voice.

NICK

Enveloped in a thick fog, I began to wonder who told Joe Di-Maggio he could hold batting practice inside my head. As the fog slowly lifted, I could see some big galoot standing over me. I took a deep breath as I waited for him to put me back to sleep.

WALLY

Oh, I'm terribly sorry. I didn't mean to knock you over. Are you all right?

NICK

What are you, an anvil in sheep's clothing?

WALLY

(laughing)

Oh-ho! An anvil in sheep's clothing! You- Here, let me help you. Up-sie daisy!

NICK

Thank you kindly. *(Grunts as he stands.)* Say, do you work in this office right next door to Stu LaRue's?

WALLY

Why yes, I do. Very sad. Very sad, indeed.

NICK

Mind if I ask you a couple questions?

WALLY

Not at all.

NICK

Did you know him very well? Stu LaRue?

WALLY

Nope.

NICK

Really? And he worked right in the next office? You never bumped into him like this?

WALLY

Not like this. No way.

NICK

Never ate lunch together.

WALLY

Can't say that we did.

NICK

Ever just stop and say hello?

WALLY

No, sir. Never.

NICK

So, I'm guessing he never dipped his fountain pen in your ink-well.

WALLY

Well, I did do that. It's just that his is so much deeper than mine. Wait... Are we talking about the same thing?

NICK

Never mind. Say, I didn't catch your name. I'm Detective McKittrick.

WALLY

Wally.

NICK

Wally...?

WALLY

Wally Donkendilder.

NICK

Wally what-you-say?

WALLY

Donkendilder. D-O-N-K-E-N-D-I-L-D-E-R. Donkendilder.

NICK

Huh. Well, good-bye, mister...

WALLY

Wally. Wally's fine.

NICK

See you around, Wally.

WALLY

Good-bye, detective. Doh dee doh dee doh...

NICK

What a dumb ass.

SOUND CUE - SCENE CHANGE SHORT

SCENE SEVEN

NICK

What is proof? How can you tell if you're discovering evidence and not just accidents? Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar, and sometimes a cigar is soaked in the vaginal secretions of a White House intern. You can never be sure which until that cigar is right under your nose. With that in mind, I left the Whatchamagadget International Building to sniff out the truth.

Nick walks out of the Whatchamagadget International Building. CARS whiz by on the busy street. He spots LUCIFER MURDORE opening a limousine door. Out steps Fanny LaRue.

SOUND CUE - URBAN CITY SOUNDS

NICK

Well, how do you like that? If it isn't Fanny LaRue getting out of either the world's longest limousine or the world's shortest steam engine. And who's that creep she's got with her?

LUCIFER SLOBBERS SOFTLY.

NICK

Hello, doll. That's a nice hat you've got on. I bet it would look great bobbing in front of my belt buckle.

FANNY

And that's a lovely eye you have in your left socket. I bet it would look even better skewered on heel of my right shoe.

NICK

Touché.

FANNY

Well, detective, I'm happy to see you've gotten to work so quickly. Any news?

NICK

Not really. Still connecting the dots. Who's your boyfriend? Or is that your pet gremlin?

LUCIFER SLOBBERS LOUDER.

FANNY

Who, him? That's Lucifer Murdore, my manservant. Oh, Lucifer! Come meet Detective McKittrick.

NICK

Words fail me when I try to describe the horror that is Lucifer Murdore, but since this is radio, I'm going to give it my best shot. The first word that comes to mind is "misshapen". The second is "oozing". Then comes "monster" and "right of out my worst nightmare". Oh, god. I think I'm going to be sick.

Nick DRY HEAVES.

FANNY

A. I can hear you. B. Get a hold of yourself.

Lucifer SHUFFLES over to them. He speaks with a creepy, slurping lisp.

FANNY

Oh, Lucifer, it looks like someone needs his slobber-chief! I'll just mop that up for you.

SLOBBERING DROOL SOUND.

FANNY

Now, go on, introduce yourself.

LUCIFER

Hello, Mr. McKittrick. It's a pleasure to make your acquaintance.

NICK

Ugh, holy God, shouldn't he be restrained or something?
(shudders)

LUCIFER

Excuse me?

FANNY

Oh, Lucifer, he's only pulling your leg. Now, Mr. McKittrick, please- Have you found anything?

NICK

I'm not sure yet. I spoke to Wally Donkendilder.

FANNY

Was he of any help?

NICK

Sadly, no. He was about as useful as a fishnet condom.

FANNY

Have you spoken with Stu's secretary?

NICK

Secretary? Nobody mentioned he had a secretary.

FANNY

Why, yes. Betty Buttons.

NICK

Betty Buttons, eh?

FANNY

I think you ought go pay her a visit.

NICK

Something tells me I ought go pay her a visit.

FANNY

Yes. It was me.

NICK

No, I don't think so.

FANNY

I just said it just now.

NICK

Nope. Not ringing a bell.

FANNY

Two seconds ago, I said you ought go pay her a visit.

NICK

You're mistaken.

FANNY

And you're losing your marbles!

NICK

I think it was more my detective's intuition that told me, and less you. Either way, Betty Buttons can expect a knock at her door.

FADE OUT URBAN SOUNDS.

SCENE EIGHT

KNOCK ON DOOR.

BETTY BUTTONS answers. She has a squeaky, high-pitched cartoon voice.

NICK

Hello? Miss Buttons?

BETTY BUTTONS

(muffled by door)

Go away.

NICK

I don't want to take up too much of your time, Miss Buttons, but I have a few questions I'd like to ask you. I'm Detective Nick McKittrick. May I come in?

BETTY BUTTONS

(muffled by door)

I don't know anything.

NICK

Then why won't you let me talk to you for a minute?

BETTY BUTTONS

(muffled by door)

I don't want to talk.

NICK

Listen, Miss Buttons, we can do this the easy way or we can do this the hard way. The easy way is you open the door, we have a nice conversation, and I go on my merry way.