

Sam Shovel, Private Eye Cast List

4 Male, 4 Female, and 2 M/F

NARRATOR (M/F) narrates the episode.

SAM SHOVEL (F) A cynical, world-weary private eye in the gritty city.

BELLA BOSSYPANTS / IRATE CUSTOMER (F) Sam's very efficient and disappointed secretary; grumpy customer waiting for a washing machine.

DAN DEVINE (M) An innocent, handsome man looking for his fiancée.

SVEN SVENGALI / SOLDIER (M) A sultry and seductive man who has his sights set on Sam Shovel; commercial voice.

SERGEANT SULLIVAN / JOE (M) An inept and overbearing member of the police force; commercial voice.

BUFFY HARDCASTLE / WOMAN / JINGLE (F) Enforcer for Big Al; commercial voice; commercial singer.

BIG AL / HOTEL CLERK / JINGLE (F) Crime boss extraordinaire; clerk who is tired of being treated as a peon; commercial singer.

CABBIE / GUS / STAN (M) Cabbie who is tired of being treated as a peon; commercial voices.

NERDY McNERDY (M/F) Sound effects person.

TIME: 1940'S

PLACE: A radio studio in NYC, the gritty city

Sample Pages

(Lights down on audience. Jazz music plays in the background. Stage lights up. Enter the cast who take their places by the mics. Jazz music ends.)

NARRATOR: *(To CAST.)* All right everyone. We'll be live in 5, 4, 3, 2, and 1! *(NARRATOR points to the BAND who plays some short intro music. Then NARRATOR speaks to the audience.)*

Welcome, everyone, to another adventure of *Sam Shovel, Private Eye*. In tonight's episode, there won't be one but four murders! How will our famous detective solve these crimes? Are they connected? Let's find out in this episode "*Tailor Made ... for Murder!*"

(SAXOPHONE plays slow, sultry, jazzy musical intro.)

SAM: *(Narrating.)* It was a hot and sultry day in the city. The ceiling fan in my office churned slowly, like a tanker's propeller through an oil slick. Business was way down due to some bad press after the Case of the Angry Neutered Tom Cat. I was cooling my heels, throwing cards into my hat when my secretary, Bella Bossypants, buzzed me.

BELLA: Buzz.

SAM: What is it, Bella?

BELLA: Two things. First, when are you going to get the intercom fixed? I'm tired of yelling, "Buzz."

SAM: I'll get it fixed right after my next big case. And the other thing?

BELLA: You've got a potential client.

SAM: Can he pay?

BELLA: He doesn't smell like money. He looks like a country bumpkin.

SAM: Send him in anyway. I might at least get some ham and eggs for my trouble.

BELLA: Okay.

SAM: *(Narrating.)* I was just tossing the king of hearts into my fedora, when in walked the man of my dreams. His body was as chiseled as a Michelangelo statue. So naturally I asked -- *(To DAN.)* What can I do for you, David?

DAN: I'm Devine.

SAM: You are at that.

DAN: Dan Devine. I came here just to meet you.

SAM: *(Hopeful.)* I see.

DAN: It's about my fiancée.

SAM: *(Disappointed.)* I see.

DAN: She has gone missing.

SAM: *(Hopeful.)* I see.

DAN: And I want you to find her.

SAM: *(Disappointed.)* I see. Did you check the hospitals?

DAN: ICU.

SAM: *(Hopeful.)* I see you, too.

DAN: Intensive Care Unit.

SAM: *(Disappointed.)* I see.

BELLA: Buzz!

SAM: Bella, not now.

BELLA: Buzz, buzz, buzz right now, you second-rate detective.

SAM: That really stings.

BELLA: There's a man to see you, and --

(SFX male screams then SFX of body falling on a desk. BELLA screams.)

SAM: What on earth?

(SFX of door opening and feet running.)

BELLA: He just keeled over on my desk!

DAN: What's wrong with him?

SAM: He was murdered.

DAN: How do you know that? Deductive reasoning?

SAM: There's a yardstick plunged precisely twelve inches into his back.

DAN: You're pretty calm. Do a lot of people die in your office?

SAM: Not really. Just on Murder Mondays.

DAN: Murder Mondays?

BELLA: It's better than Slaughter Saturdays.

SAM: That's why I don't work Saturdays anymore.

DAN: *(Beat.)* What do you think happened to this guy?

SAM: I'm not sure, but I can tell you this: It was a case of death by inches.

NARRATOR: Who is that dead man on Bella Bossypants' desk? Why does he have a yardstick in his back? And if he wanted to see Sam, why didn't he go metric so that he could meter (*"meet her"*)? For the answer to these and other questions, stay tuned. Sam Shovel will be back after this message from our sponsor.

[Cocaine Cola: Nobody knows the original formula for Coke or Pepsi, but it included extract of coca leaves (from which we get cocaine), kola nut extract (from which we get caffeine), alcohol,

and a whole lotta sugar. That's the real thing. And it was developed by Pemberton, who was trying to break his morphine addiction.]

(SFX: footsteps of two men walking.)

JOE: Hey, Gus. Want to grab a beer after work?

GUS: Joe, you know the 18th Amendment prohibits alcohol.

JOE: Yeah, but --

GUS: And I'm a law-abiding citizen.

JOE: But it's just a little --

GUS: Who respects, no, reveres the Constitution of these United States.

JOE: All right already! Have it your way. You want to grab a cup of tea after work?

GUS: A cup of tea? What are we, Joe, a couple of spinster aunts?

JOE: Then what do you suggest?

GUS: I've got a whole cooler of Cocaine Cola right here.

JOE: I was wondering why you were carrying that icebox around. Isn't it heavy?

GUS: Not after I've had a couple of bottles of Cocaine Cola.

JOE: Cocaine cola is that good?

GUS: Why don't you try it yourself? *(SFX of bottle opening. Drinking.)*

JOE: Wow! That's tastes great! And I've never felt more alive! What's in this stuff?

GUS: All natural ingredients, like extracts from coca leaves and kola nuts. Some alcohol. And a pound of sugar per bottle.

JOE: Wait. Back up. Did you say alcohol?

GUS: Yes.

JOE: What about your 18th Amendment?

GUS: Joe, the 18th Amendment doesn't apply to medicine, and Cocaine Cola is nature's best health tonic.

JOE: *(SFX of gulping.)* You're telling me! Can I have another?

GUS: Sure! I've got this whole cooler --

JOE: Why waste time? Give me six more.

GUS: But Joe, that's nearly all --

JOE: Thanks, Gus. *(SFX of bottle opening then frantic gulping.)* I can't get enough of this stuff. *(The next lines from JOE are delivered more and more quickly in-between gulping.)* It's addictive!

GUS: Cocaine cola. The energy drink --

JOE: Give me another! *(SFX of bottle opening and more gulping.)*

GUS: The energy drink that peps you up and won't let you down.

JOE: And another! *(SFX of bottle opening and more gulping.)*

GUS: Developed by a man who was trying to break his morphine addiction.

JOE: Give me a straw, Gus. And six more Cocaine Colas! I LOVE THIS STUFF!

GUS: Here's your straw, Joe. Cocaine Cola: Don't you want a little more energy in your life?

JOE: Yippee!

GUS: Joe, I think you're using that straw the wrong way.

NARRATOR: For a tasty pick-me-up, try Cocaine Cola today!

(BAND plays SONG 1)

NARRATOR: Previously, Sam Shovel met a man who was drop-dead gorgeous and a man who just dropped dead. Which man will Sam spend more time investigating? And now, back to *Sam Shovel, Private Eye* in "*Tailor Made ... for Murder!*"

SAM: *(Narrating.)* The man on Bella's desk was deader than a revival meeting at a Lutheran Church. And it was just my luck that Sergeant Sullivan was on duty when Bella called the police. Sullivan walked into my office like a walrus on hot sand. He didn't waste time on small talk, even though he only had a small vocabulary.

SULLIVAN: Another dead body in your office, Sam. And it's not even Saturday. What do you know about the victim?

SAM: I don't know anything about the guy. This is the first time I've laid eyes on him.

SULLIVAN: Then use your famous deductive reasoning.

SAM: Well, judging from the yardstick plunged in his back, he already had one foot in the grave.

SULLIVAN: You're a laugh riot, you know that, Sam? And who is this hayseed?

DAN: Dan Devine.

SULLIVAN: What are you doing here? Did you know the victim?

DAN: I came to see Sam about --

SAM: About something confidential, between client and private detective.

SULLIVAN: You hired Sam Shovel? What for? One of your socks go missing?

DAN: I am not at liberty to say.

SULLIVAN: Well, Dan, take my advice. Stay away from Shovel if you want to stay at liberty. I'll need both of you to come to the station to make a statement.

SAM: We will, but first --

SULLIVAN: But first nothing. You come down to the station today, or I'll have you arrested.

SAM: Arrested for what?

SULLIVAN: Obstruction of justice, conspiracy to commit murder, impersonating a private investigator ... I'll throw the book at you. Get down to the station!

(SFX of footsteps, door opening, door slamming shut.)

SAM: That man has the patience of a hibernating grizzly bear that's been poked by a branding iron.

DAN: Do you do that a lot?

SAM: Do what a lot?

DAN: Speak in similes.

SAM: You're not familiar with Film Noire, are you?

DAN: No.

SAM: Then you're like an eskimo during the Spanish Flu.

DAN: Meaning?

SAM: You won't get it now, but you will. Yeah, I use a lot of similes. *(Beat.)* So, back to your case of the missing fiancée. You still want me to find her?

DAN: Yes.

SAM: I charge \$25 a day plus expenses.

DAN: What kind of expenses?

SAM: Bullets, shoe leather, a union-scale saxophone player ... the usual.

DAN: That sounds fair.

SAM: So, your fiancée came to the city?

DAN: Yes.

SAM: Where was she last seen?

DAN: At the Hyatt Regency. But I went there. They said she checked out.

SAM: It's a place to start. What's her name?

DAN: Alexandria. Alexandria Barone.

SAM: The heiress?

DAN: Yes.

SAM: You certainly are marrying up.

DAN: Can't argue with you there.

SAM: Why'd she run off?

DAN: I honestly don't know. But she's been very angry lately.

SAM: Why?

DAN: I don't know. Women are a mystery.

SAM: Yeah, but mysteries are solved if you read the book.

DAN: Excuse me?

SAM: Just this once. Do you have a picture of her?

DAN: Yes. *(SFX of paper rustling.)* This was taken at our engagement party.

SAM: She's dressed to the nines.

DAN: She should be. We were an hour late to the party while I waited for her to just get dressed.

SAM: Uh-huh. *(Pause.)* Let me guess. That's the only suit you have?

DAN: Yes.

SAM: Off the rack.

DAN: Yes.

SAM: And you wear it for weddings, funerals, and blasting stumps out of the ground.

DAN: What's your point?

SAM: You don't know the first thing about women having to "just get dressed."

DAN: Okay. It's still a mystery.

SAM: Okay. You still need to read the book. I'll start my investigation today. Where can I reach you?

DAN: I'm staying at that luxury hotel, the Biltmore. ...