

BONUS: THE RITA MINUTE 2 - THE RITA DETECTIVE AGENCY

RITA:

No way, Boss! You are *not* comin' in to the office today, and that's final!

JUNO:

(THROUGH COMMS, SICK)

I am not taking a day off, Rita. Crime doesn't take a day off, and you better--

RITA:

Well, that sounds like crime's problem, Boss.

JUNO:

(DIZZY AND SICK)

Don't try to change the subject, Rita. I swear to God, if you don't unlock--

RITA:

Oh boy, Mista Steel, you sure sound sleepy, I think I'm gonna hang up now and let you take a little nappy.

JUNO:

Wait, hang on! Don't hang up, god dammit! I need you to--

RITA:

G'night, Mista Steel!

JUNO:

Rita, unlock my door! RITA!

SOUND: COMMS BEEP.

RITA:

Whew!

Good thing I talked Mista Steel into those digital locks last year. If I couldn't lock him into his apartment, he'd work himself until he was in real troub--

(GASP!)

Ooh, I better lock the windows, too!

SOUND: KEYBOARD CLATTERING.

It sure is hard work to care so much. I think I earned a little snack or ten. Or maybe just five big snacks. Or maybe seven medium-sized ones. Or--

SOUND: COMMS BEEP.

(GROWL)

Mista Steel! If he ain't in bed, I swear, I'm gonna--!

SOUND: COMMS BEEP.

Boss! Just whaddayou think you're doin?

MARLOWE:

Boss! Oh, I'm so sorry, this must be the wrong number, I'm just in such a state and I--

RITA:

Is that...

(GASP)

Patricia Marlowe, Stream Star and game show host and philanthropist!

MARLOWE:

Oh, is that you, Rita? You flatter me, darling, but there's really no need...

RITA:

... and entrepreneur and pet psychologist and social commentator and food critic and pet psychiatrist and--

MARLOWE:

Rita!

RITA:

(GASP)

MARLOWE:

It is a delight to talk to you darling, you *know* it is, but this is rather urgent! I need to speak with Juno this instant, Rita, do not delay a single moment, this is a matter of life and death!

(PAUSE)

Hello? Rita?

RITA:

Patricia Maaaaaaaaarloooooooooowe

MARLOWE:

Rita! Where is Juno?

RITA:

Mista Steel! Sorry, Ms. Marlowe, but he's outta the office today. Got a bad case of the... the... whateverya call it when your throat's all red and swollen?

MARLOWE:

A tumor?

RITA:

Yeah, that's it. He's got a bad case'a the throat tumors and the doctor gave him some pills but they ain't gonna work unless he gets lots of rest. You should call back tomorrow, though.

MARLOWE:

This can *not* wait until tomorrow! I'm sorry, darling, but I'll have to call him at his apartment, this is entirely too dangerous to--

RITA:

No! Stop! Wait!

MARLOWE:

Quickly, Rita, I've not a second to lose!

RITA:

This is your big moment, Rita. Mista Steel is countin on you. Lives are at stake. And also: if Patricia Marlowe calls the Boss, you won't get to hear her dreamy voice anymore.

MARLOWE:

What was that?

RITA:

You gotta take control, Rita. You gotta show Mista Steel you got what it takes to protect him. You gotta show the world that you can be a... a Private Eye.

MARLOWE:

Yes, hello, hello? Could you speak up, dear?

RITA:

I said I'm gonna help you, doll-face! This is Rita, Private Eye, reportin' for duty!

MARLOWE:

Are you certain you could help?

RITA:

The Boss left *me* in charge!

MARLOWE:

Did he really?

RITA:

When you're a Private Eye like me, you learn that it's what people don't say that's really important. What seems t'be the problem?

MARLOWE:

Well, there's... a package, you see. It arrived at my doorstep this morning, and—

RITA:

Have you ordered any packages lately?

MARLOWE:

Well, of course, but not this—

RITA:

Case closed! That was easy.

MARLOWE:

But not this one, and my God, it's *ticking*! I'm just so worried, you don't think it's a bomb, do you?

RITA:

Please, Ms. Marlowe, leave the Detecting to the Detectives. What have you done so far?

MARLOWE:

Only called you, but... perhaps that's it! Perhaps I should have called the HCPD! They must have a bomb squad of some sort, they could send someone right over and—

RITA:
Hold it right there!

MARLOWE:
 Why? You don't think...
 (GASP)
 A conspiracy! The HCPD sent the bomb!

RITA:
Nah, I don't think so. I used to work there and we got all kinds
 of bomb threats all the time and that turned out to be
 nothin. It was real annoying.

MARLOWE:
 But... what do I do?

RITA:
 Well, you're afraid of this package, ain't you?

MARLOWE:
 ... I believe I've made that clear, yes.

RITA:
 But you don't even know what's in it, right?

MARLOWE:
 Yes, but—

RITA:
*I don't think it makes any sense t'be afraid of somethin' you
 don't even know anythin' about. And a good Private Eye
 needs clues! And all the clues are right inside the
 package!!*

MARLOWE:
 ... You can't be serious.

RITA:
 So open it, open it! I wanna know what's inside!

MARLOWE:
 Really? You're... certain about this?

RITA:

Course I'm sure. I'm Rita, Private Eye! Now open the box please
please please please PLEEEEEEEEEAAAAASE

MARLOWE:

Well... alright...

RITA:

(AFTER A PAUSE)

So? What is it? What is it?

MARLOWE:

It's... well, it appears to be a...

RITA:

Tell me tell me tell me tell me tell me tell me tell me—

MARLOWE:

Oh no.

RITA:

Oops nevermind hold on a second. I got a call on the other line.

MARLOWE:

(SCREAM)

SOUND: COMMS BEEP.

JUNO:

(WHISPER, STILL SICK)

Rita, you've got to unlock these doors!

RITA:

You again! Mista Steel, I told you I got everything under
control here!

JUNO:

(TOP)

This isn't about that anymore! Rita, I think there's *something*
in my apartment!

RITA:

Oh, really.

JUNO:

Yes, really! I keep hearing them banging around the walls! If you just unlock the door I can make a break for it—

SOUND: CRASH.

Damn it, they broke through!

RITA:

Nice try, Mista Steel, but you can't kid a kidder. I faked healthy all the time when I was just a little Rita and I never bought it then, either. So, you get back in bed and sleep, Boss. Now.

JUNO:

Assassin drones! Dozens of them! Unlock the door, Rita, you're gonna get me *killed* you—

SOUND: COMMS BEEP.

RITA:

So, toots, how did it go?

MARLOWE:

A bomb! It's a bomb, a bomb, a bomb!

RITA:

A twist, huh. Well. I guess no good case goes by without a good twist. I usually like it when they come later, though, like in the last five seconds of the movie and then you get a big DUN-DUN BWEEEEEOOWWWWWW and then it all goes black and you get in a fight with Mista Steel on the way home about what it all meant and—

MARLOWE:

Rita! There is currently a bomb in my home, and it's ticking much more quickly than I feel comfortable with! Assist me! Now!!

RITA:

Alright, alright, you don't have to get so rude about it. Any brands or logos or anything on it? BlastForce, maybe? The Kaboom Room? T an' T an' You?

MARLOWE:

It doesn't say! I think it might be homemade!

RITA:

Aw, that's sweet. Ain't nothin' like a homemade bomb. I kept my Ma's old recipe but they just ain't the same when they don't come outta her oven.

MARLOWE:

Is this part of the investigation?

RITA:

Just send me a picture'a the bomb and I'll figure it out.
Sheesh.

MARLOWE:

Alright...

SOUND: BEEPS.

So? What do I do, what do I do?

RITA:

To do what?

MARLOWE:

The bomb is going to explode!!

RITA:

It is a *bomb*, Ms. Marlowe.

MARLOWE:

(SHRIEK)

No! No no no no no! You must fix this, Rita! You must fix it immediately!

RITA:

Again? I think I'm startin' to see why Mista Steel's always so tired. This is exhausting! Just bring it here, willya? I can just defuse it when it's here.

MARLOWE:

But--!

RITA:

No buts! I've had enough buts for one day, and let me tell you,
I don't like buts even on the best of days, well that ain't
exactly true but you know what I-

Oops, got another call, seeya soon!

MARLOWE:
RITA!

SOUND: COMMS BEEP.

RITA:
Mista Steel, if this is you again-

JUNO:
(SICK, PANTING)
No time, Rita! I got out of the apartment through the window but
now I need your help!

RITA:
Boss! How dare you! I locked that window!

JUNO:
Yeah, well, I broke it. Might've broken something else, too,
that's nearly a thirty-foot fall.

RITA:
Well if you broke that window so easy you can march right back
up and unbreak it, you--!

JUNO:
There were more drones than I thought, Rita, I've got nearly
fifty of the things chasing me down the street and I need
help. I'm headed for the office right now, so get a blaster
ready!

RITA:
To the office?! Oh... No, Boss, you can't come to the office, you
gotta turn around right away

JUNO:
Rita...

RITA:

No! It's it's it's... it's on *fire*, Mista Steel, um, it ain't decent, uh, you can't come, you gotta wait until next week maybe or a month or two that's it—

JUNO:
Rita, what did you *do*?

RITA:
I tried to solve a case while you were out I'm sorry

JUNO:
You...! We'll figure this out after we deal with the drones.

RITA:
No can do, Boss! It's Patricia Marlowe, Boss, and she's got a bomb and I kinda told her to bring it to the office cuz I thought I'd have time—

JUNO:
A bomb...? That's it!

MARLOWE:
(DISTANT)
Juno? Is that you?

JUNO:
Patty! Throw me the bomb!

MARLOWE:
Gladly!

JUNO:
Alright, you stupid bugs. Eat shrapnel!
(GRUNT)

SOUND: BOMB EXPLODES.

RITA:
... Boss?
(PAUSE)
Boss, is everything—

JUNO:
Rita.

RITA:

Yeah, Boss?

JUNO:

(SNIFFLE)

I'm feeling a little under the weather. I think I'm gonna take the day off.

RITA:

You do that, Boss.

JUNO:

Just... just don't take any more calls. Please.

RITA:

Okay, Mista Steel. Have a nice sleep, and be sure t'drink plenty of--

JUNO:

Rita?

RITA:

... Yeah?

JUNO:

Don't.

RITA:

Okay, Boss.

SOUND: COMMS BEEP.

(AFTER A MOMENT, QUIET)

Bein' a PI ain't easy, it turns out. Maybe I oughtta retire. Spend a little more time with the family, like Frannie and Mista Steel. Take up a hobby, or-

SOUND: COMMS BEEP.

Nope, nope. I ain't gonna answer it.

(WITH STRAIN)

I... ain't... gonna...

SOUND: COMMS BEEP.

Hello, this is Detective Rita, Private Eye, of Detective Rita Private Eye's Detective Agency! We accept all forms of payment, but especially gift creds for that nice bakery down the street. Now, what crime can I stop for you today?

THE END

CREDITS

The second Rita Minute starred Kate Jones as Rita, with Joshua Ilon as Juno Steel, and Sophie Kaner as Patricia Marlowe. It was written by Kevin Vibert, and directed and sound designed by Sophie Kaner. The Penumbra is created and produced by Sophie Kaner and Kevin Vibert.

(Transcript by Wendy Wang and Kevin Vibert.)