

Hughie Kapooey & the Really Orangey Thing - full play

Hughie Kapooey - private investigator. A little bit on the dim side, but makes up for it in cheerful optimism

Penny Perks - his faithful secretary, who may be a lot smarter than she lets on

Susie McFlusie - Barmaid and wannabe dancer. Makes extremely good cocktails

Max Moneybags - cunning and calculating owner of the club where Susie works. Possible ties to the London Mafia

Doug the Thug - The braun to Max's brain

Eliza - The lead singer of Eliza and the Doolittles. Doesn't appreciate Hughie's line of questioning

Radio Presenter - small part, does what it says on the tin

Sergeant PIPps - Actual police officer, usually arrives just in time to clear up the mess

Hughie Kapooey	
Penny Perks	
Susie McFlusie	
Doug the Thug	
Max Moneybags	
Eliza	
Sergeant PIPps	
Radio Announcer/Sound	

Film noir, sepia tones

Props:

Notebook/pencil

Toy telephone

Groucho Mask

Something really orangey

Cocktail Shaker

Cocktail umbrella

Whiskey glass

Cocktail Glasses

Scene 1:

SFX - opening theme music

Hughie (*staring into the distance with a faux American accent*): It's not easy being a dick...

(*very British and cheerful*) Oh sorry, I haven't introduced myself... the name's Kapooey, Hughie Kapooey, and I'm a PI. A private investigator if you will. (*switching back to cliched American*) It's a tough job, but someone's gotta do it.

(*back to standard English*) Most of my work is exactly what you'd expect - catch a cheating husband or wife (or sometimes even cause a husband or wife to cheat... if you know what I mean). Find out who is skimming a little off the top of their account... you know the deal.

But this case was different. Something about it was different and I don't think I'll ever forget it.

The case of the really... really, orangey thing was perhaps my most memorable case to date.

So... how did it all begin....?

(*Hughie looks off to the distance. Penny Perks appears on camera*)

Penny: Mr Kapooey, there's a lady here to see you. Are you busy?

Hughie (*to camera*): A lady, hey? Sounds interesting... (*to Penny*) I've got a minute

Penny (*slightly dubious*): Would you like me to come and take notes?

Hughie: Sure, why not.

Susie appears on camera

SFX - musical interlude - George Gershwin - Rhapsody in Blue

Susie (*immediately flirtatious*): Are you him? The famous private investigator?

Hughie: In the flesh. (*without the slightest hint of innuendo*) The best dick in town (*Penny raises an eyebrow*)

Susie: Mr Kapooey, I need your help.

Hughie: I'm listening...

Susie: Well, you see, something happened at work...

Penny: Which is where?

Hughie: Ms Perks, let the lady tell her story in peace.

Susie (*dismissive of Penny*): Oh sorry, I work at the Wandering Cat Club in Soho, I work behind the bar, but really I'm a dancer.

Penny: I see... (*she is furiously scribbling notes*) **SFX pencil sound**

Hughie: Ahem

Susie: I don't know how to describe it, but yesterday morning I had to go into the back office to get some more of those little cocktail umbrellas.. You know the ones?

Hughie: I do indeed, the little papery ones that just sort of pop up... absolutely ingenious, I'd say

Susie: Yes, well, I went into the back office and I just remember there being this incredible orange light...there was a sort of really orangey thing on the desk, but then I must have passed out because the next thing I knew it was several hours later and I was lying on the floor of the office. But Mr Kapooey, the really strange thing was that I was wearing completely different clothes.

Hughie: Astonishing!

Susie: And now all I can think about is what was the really, really orangey thing and why were my clothes different? Please, you've got to help me

Penny: Ms...?

Susie: Mcflusie, Susie Mcflusie.

Penny: Ms McFlusie, how long have you worked at the Wandering Cat?

Susie: 2 years next month

Hughie: And you say you're a dancer? What's your specialism? Tap? Jazz? A bit of in, out, in, out and shake it all about?

I do love a bit of hokey pokey ... (*Penny raises an eyebrow*)

That sounded better in my head

Susie: um, well, to be honest, I'm probably better at the bar stuff. I make a mean Screaming Orgasm, but I do love a Long Comfortable Screw

Hughie (*getting flustered*): Oh... um... oh

Penny: That's the one with sloe gin and whisky right?

Hughie: Oh, of course, cocktails... So what cocktail were you making that needed those little umbrellas we were talking about?

Susie: I was just restocking the bar, we've got a new band and they like their Sloe Screwdrivers with an umbrella so we were low and I wanted to be ready for the evening rush.

Penny: Sir, I'm not really sure it matters what cocktail she was making. It's not exactly important to the case is it?

Hughie: I just can't stop thinking about those little umbrellas Miss Perks, I'm sure they're vital to getting to the, uh, bottom of this....

Penny (*rolls eyes*): So who else was there while you were restocking the bar?

Susie: Well apart from the band setting up, Mr Moneybags, the boss, was up in his office I think, and Doug had just arrived to start his shift on the door.

Penny: Anyone... (*she tails off as she realises it's not really her job to ask questions*)

Hughie: Anyone else?

Susie: I don't really know Mr Kapooey, I'm sorry. We sometimes get a few people in early and there are cleaners and the like during the afternoon.

Hughie: So... we have a really orangey thing, several lost hours, a mysterious change of clothes and some little, tiny cocktail umbrellas (*he mimes opening a little umbrella*)? Anything else?

Susie: not that I can think of

Penny: Sorry, I don't mean to interrupt, but can I just ask one quick question...?

Hughie: Go ahead Miss Perks, but remember, I'm the detective here, not you.

Penny: Great... so, what were you wearing before you passed out and what were you wearing after?

Susie: Well obviously I was wearing my uniform, I did say I was at work. But when I woke up, I was in my other clothes, the ones I usually wear at the end of my shift, kind of like what I'm wearing now.

Hughie: I was just about to ask that...I do wish you'd stop jumping the gun, you're a secretary Miss Perks, not a P.I.

Penny (*slight sarcasm*): Yes sir, sorry sir, shall I go and make you a cup of tea then sir?

Hughie: If you wouldn't mind.

Penny camera off, but not before giving Hughie a dirty look

Susie (*now that Penny is gone, she can ramp up the flirting*): Mr Kapooey, will you help me? Please? (*sigh*) I need your help. My cock..tails haven't been the same since this happened.

Hughie: (*gulp*) Ms McFlusie, I would love to hear more about your cock..tails. Perhaps it's worth us travelling to your club to begin our investigation and discuss this further? Maybe we could start with a Long Comfortable Screw together?

(suddenly spoiling the moment) Does that one come with a little umbrella? I do love a little umbrella

Penny camera on

Penny: So, sir, what are you thinking?

Hughie: We have an excellent opportunity here Perks, The Wandering Cat club is a den of iniquity. I have a feeling Mr Moneybags has some mob connections too. Even if we don't find out about this really orangey thing, we may get some leads on some of our other open cases.

Penny: To the club?

Hughie: To the club. On y va!

Cameras off

Scene 2:

SFX - Jazz club music

Susie and Doug cameras on

Doug: Hey Susie, where you been? I missed your pretty little face. Have a drink with me?

Susie: Aw Doug, you know I don't drink with apes.

Doug: Don't be mean Susie, Mr Moneybags is onto something big this time, you'd better start respecting me, I'm moving up in the world.

Susie: Well you couldn't exactly move down, now, could you.

I'm expecting some guests later, so play nicely.

Ever heard of Hughie Kapooey?

Doug: The dick? I heard he was one of the best. Why's he coming here Susie?

Susie: I, erm, well, I needed a bit of help with something.

Doug: Mr Moneybags ain't gonna like some P.I. sniffing around Susie. You shoulda come to me for help.

Susie snorts

Doug: Don't be like that with me, I coulda helped you I'm sure.

Susie: Listen Doug, I haven't got time to chat, there are customers that need serving. And anyway, it's not the kind of help that you can give, if you know what I mean

Doug: What're you saying?

Susie: Nothing Doug, just that Mr Kapoey has some unique skills that I want to take advantage of

Doug: What are you up to Susie?

Susie: Nothing that you need to worry about Doug, nothing at all

Max camera on

Max (annoyed): Doug, stop talking to Sarah and come here now, it's important

Doug: Susie, sir

Max: I don't care what her name is, I need you to stop talking to her and come here... now

Doug: Yes sir, on my way sir.

Max: And bring me a drink, a whisky... make it a double for goodness sake.

Max camera off

SFX door closing

Susie: Two years I've worked here and he still doesn't know my name

Doug: He's got a lot on his mind. Anyway, you heard him, give me a whisky

Susie: A please wouldn't hurt

Doug: Puh-lease

Susie: Whatever

Susie passes Doug a whisky 'through the camera' - e.g. she passes left and he receives from the right

Doug: See you later Susie.

Doug camera off

SFX - metal stairs up plus door opening and closing

SFX - Door

Penny and Hughie camera on

Hughie: Come along Miss Perks, I'm eager to try out some of those cocktails you were talking about

Susie: Mr Kapooey, you came... oh, but you're not alone.

Penny: Sorry about that, he, uh, needs me to take some more notes.

Susie: Is something going on between you two? I mean, I don't want to get in the way if there is.

Penny/Hughie: good god, no/Yuck, not a chance etc.

Hughie: Why are you so interested Ms McFlusie? You're not jealous are you?

Susie: I, er, um, I, uh just wondered. So.. um, what can I get you to drink Mr Kapooey.

Hughie: Why don't you surprise me

Oh... but make sure it has one of those little umbrellas in it

Susie: and for you Miss?

Penny: Please, call me Penny. *(pause)* I'll take a Diablo

Susie raises an eyebrow then turns her camera off while she 'makes' the cocktails off camera

SFX - glass/shaker noises during this sequence

Hughie: Well Perks, what do you think? Who should we speak to first?

Penny: Any sign of Mr Moneybags? We need to figure out what he's up to.

Hughie: No sign of anyone so far. I still can't figure out how those little umbrellas are involved, but they are somehow, mark my words but they're important to the case.

Penny: If you say so, sir. Is that Max Moneybags' office up there?

Hughie: Yes, I think you're right. I think I can see his shadow through the blinds. Yes... he looks to be in some sort of meeting with someone and waving his arms about quite a bit, I wonder what that means?

Penny: Do you think we could get close enough to hear what's going on.

Hughie: Let's get our drinks and edge a little closer... see what we can pick up.

Penny: What about the mystery of the clothes change and the orange light? Any ideas on where we could start?

Hughie: I need to take Ms McFlusie round the back and probe her a bit more

Penny gives him a look

Hughie: I mean, I need to have a private conversation with her

I need to explore her... story

Oh for goodness sake, I just need to have a little chat about where she was and what she was doing before all of this happened. Must you make everything filthy Perks?

Penny: Sir

Hughie: Ok, so, I'll take McFlusie and you can try to get closer to Moneybags?

No, wait... here comes the band. One of us needs to talk to them too. I used to be a bit of a musician so how about I talk to the band first?

Penny: And I'm sure that has nothing to do with the rather attractive young lady who appears to be their lead singer sir?

Hughie: I hadn't noticed, but now that you've mentioned it, she is rather attractive.

Susie appears back on her camera holding her arm out to one side as though carrying a tray

Susie: Your drinks

Penny and Hughie both reach over and pick up drinks from off camera - Penny's is tall, red and classy, while Hughie's is as feminine as possible, with a cocktail umbrella.

Hughie: Would you look at that *(He opens and closes his umbrella as though it is the most exciting piece of technology he's ever seen)*

Penny and Susie both roll their eyes and smile at one another at the realisation that they reacted in the same way

Max (camera off): I don't bloody well care who they are, they need to be gone from my club. The last thing I need right now is the bloody law sniffing around. There is too much going on Doug, too much riding on the next few days. Get rid of them. Actually, no, let me deal with them... What did you say his name was? Kapony? Kapooey? And he's some sort of jumped up private investigator.

Susie: I, um, I'd better get back behind the bar,

SFX - door slam, metal stairs down

Max camera on

Max: Mr... Kapooey is it? Welcome, welcome to the Wandering Cat Club. What brings you here, sir and with such a delightful lady friend?

Hughie: Ah ha, just the man. I assume you're Max Moneybags, the owner of this establishment?

Max: I am, but you haven't answered my question yet, Mr Kapooey, what brings you here?

Hughie: Well, you see, there was a Screaming Orgasm and a Long Comfortable Screw and so I thought I'd better come and check it all out.

Max: My, my you have been busy.

Hughie: And then, of course, we got talking to your lovely barmaid

Max: ah, yes, Samantha

Hughie: Susie

Max: Anyway, I'm so sorry to cut your visit short Mr Kapooey, but I've heard there's a storm on the way so it's best that you make a move. I wouldn't want you to get... wet.

Hughie: Oh that's ok, I've got an umbrella (*he holds up a cocktail umbrella and opens & closes it*)

Max (*with some menace*): But Mr Kapooey, I really must insist that you leave, the weather outside is truly terrible, remaining here might be dangerous.

Hughie (*completely oblivious*): That's no problem at all, it's not as though it's raining in here, and I'm rather enjoying my drink.

Max: Nevertheless...

Pre-recorded Radio Cuts In.

SFX - Radio static

Radio Presenter: We're sorry to interrupt your regularly scheduled music programme, but there has been a major art theft from the National Museum. Picasso's Really Orangey Thing has disappeared without a trace. It is understood that the crime occurred sometime in the last week, however, detectives are unsure of the exact time frame as the crime had been hidden by extensive renovation work ongoing at the museum. Updates to follow.

Max: Sheila, turn that radio off (*Susie looks embarrassed and turns the radio off*)

SFX - radio click off

Hughie: My, my, a really orangey thing that's gone missing. How peculiar?

Max: If you'll excuse me, I really must... I need to... Doug!

Max camera off

SFX metal stairs - fast - Door slam

Hughie: Well, he seemed rather in a hurry, didn't he? Perks, you don't think that the Really Orangey thing on the radio might have some connection to the really orangey thing that Susie saw, do you?

Penny: That did rather seem to be the case, sir, and also, that Mr Moneybags knows something about it going missing.

Doug camera on

Doug (*sheepishly*): Pssst... Susie.... psst.

Susie camera on

Susie: What Doug, I'm working

Penny & Hughie both pretend not to listen

Doug: The boss wants to know if you heard anything about this Really Orangey Thing that got nicked?

Susie: I don't know what you mean Doug

Doug: Is that why you called him here (*indicates Hughie*)? Did you know it had been taken?

Susie: Please Doug, I don't know anything, I just need to understand what happened to me

Doug: If you think of anything, let me know Susie, ok?

Doug & Susie camera off

Hughie: Time to see if those musicians know anything, wait here.

Penny: And miss an opportunity to watch you making a prat out of yourself in front of a beautiful woman? Not a chance.

Hughie: Hmmm.... Hello, nice to meet you ma'am, my name is Hughie Kapooey

Eliza camera on

Background SFX - instruments tuning

Eliza: Sorry, can I help you? Can't you see we're busy? We've got to get ready for the show tonight

Hughie: I appreciate that, but I need to ask you a few questions miss, er?

Eliza: My name's Eliza, and this is my band, the Doolittles

Hughie: Eliza and the Doolittles, eh?

I hear you're the new house band around here. How long have you worked here?

Eliza: Nosey one aren't you? It's been about 3 weeks, ain't that right ladies?

All offstage cast turn on mics to murmur in agreement

Hughie: And were you here the day of Ms McFlusie's accident?

Eliza: If you mean the day that Susie drank too much and passed out in the store room, then yes, we were here. We were setting up for the evening, just like we're trying to do right now; except some daft bugger keeps getting in the way asking stupid questions

Hughie: Goodness, how annoying for you. Perhaps I could help get rid of him, do you have a name, or a description?

Penny (*stage whisper*): I think she means you, sir (*she is trying hard not to laugh*)

Hughie (*stage whisper back*): I can't imagine she does, Perks, I'm absolutely charming and adorable

So, you say that Ms McFlusie 'drank too much and passed out'? That's not what she thinks happened. How do you know she had been drinking?

Eliza: Do you normally dance on the tables when you're sober?

Hughie: Not usually, but there was that one time in Paris...

Eliza: She was so drunk that she 'had a little accident'. I had to get one of the girls to get her clothes out of her bag and change her out of her uniform

Hughie: You don't say? So, you're saying that *you* changed Miss McFlusie's clothing? That is interesting

Eliza: Well, me and the girls. She's heavier than she looks

Hughie: And she 'had an accident' you say? Goodness me. Well that doesn't sound like a lot of fun. And what about the Really Orangey Thing, did you see anything that fit that description while you were changing her clothes

Eliza: The only orangey things I saw were the endless cartons of orange juice in the storeroom. Should there have been something else?

Hughie: So you've not heard about the Really Orangey Thing?

Eliza: I have no idea what you're talking about

Penny: Sir, might we have a little chat?

Eliza: Does this mean you'll leave me alone to work?

Hughie: Ah, I guess so. Miss Perks, I'm all yours

Eliza camera off

Penny: What do you think, sir? Was she telling the truth? Do you think we've been brought here on a wild goose chase?

Hughie: Well, Eliza does give us a rather plausible explanation for the change of clothes I suppose... but you'd think that if she'd just had too much to drink, she probably wouldn't go hunting down one of London's best private investigators... and what about the Really Orangey Thing she saw? And where do umbrellas come into it? *(He is once again playing with his cocktail umbrella)*

I'm not certain that Eliza and the Doolittles were telling the truth.

Penny: I'm not sure about umbrellas sir, but it does seem rather odd. And a little too convenient.

Have you ever seen an all-female band before, sir?

Hughie: No and I don't think much of their 'set-up' That cello player kept putting her finger in the F hole AND her G-string was loose.

Penny: Sir?

Hughie: The saxophone player should really practice her fingering... and put it further into her mouth

Penny: Ummm

Hughie: She definitely wasn't using enough tongue

And don't get me started on the wrist motions. You'd think that drummer had never held a drumstick before - she was gripping far too tight.

Penny is looking at him in amused horror

Oh... I used to play in a band at school. My music teacher was very particular. He used to love a big group session after everyone else had gone home.

Penny: I...see

Susie camera on - shy smile

Hughie: If you'll excuse me Miss Perks, it looks like I have a date with a bartender in the backroom of the club.

Cameras off

Scene 3:

Max & Doug cameras on

Max: Well Doug, what do you think he knows? Is he going to be a problem? No... don't answer, bring Kapooey here. He and I need to have a little talk.

Doug camera off

SFX door

This is a really critical time for my operation, I can't have some P.I. coming here and messing things up. I need to find out what he knows and get rid of him one way or another.

SFX door

Doug and Hughie camera on. Doug remains silent but menacing throughout, occasionally cracking his knuckles or glaring

What're you after Kapooey?

Hughie: That's a difficult question to answer. Would a beautiful woman and a bag full of cash be asking for too much?

But seriously, I've just come for the cocktails, everything else is just a bonus.

Max: Do you play cards Mr Kapooey?

Hughie: I've been known to dabble

Max: Excellent, why don't we play a hand?

Hughie: If that's what you would like

Max: I find it's a good way to learn about the man across the table from me. Please, forgive my little whimsy. Doug, will you deal.

Doug shuffles a pack of cards before 'handing them' in two different directions and turning his camera off. Both Hughie and Max hold up five cards and keep putting one down and picking a new one up during the following conversation.

Max: Tell me Mr Kapooey, what do you know about the Really Orangey Thing?

Hughie: What do YOU know about the Really Orangey Thing?

Max: I asked first

Hughie: Yes, but I asked second

Max: Answer my question Mr Kapooey

Hughie: Please, call me Hughie...

(pause - both men hold a conversation entirely by facial expressions with each placing down a card and giving the other a different look - starting off as rather cryptic i.e. raised eyebrows, but becoming suspiciously flirtatious before Hughie breaks).

SFX - suspenseful music

I'll show you mine if you show me yours.

Max (*holds cards close to his chest*): I'm not showing you my anything MR Kapooey

Hughie: I meant, I'll tell you what I know, if you tell me what you know. Although, if you wanted to show me your hand, then that would be fun too.

Max: I don't think you know anything Mr Kapooey. You're wasting my time.

Hughie: The Really Orangey Thing, one of Picasso's more obscure works. First painted in 1904 as something of an explosive departure from his 'Blue Period'. It had been thought lost until fairly recently when it was found in a private collection and sent to the National Museum for safe keeping. But you're absolutely right, I know very little about it.

Max: I'll concede that you do know something. Perhaps you're not quite the clown I thought you were. I didn't have you pinned as an art lover.

Hughie (*to camera*): I really must give Miss Perks a pay rise.

Max: Did you just say something?

Hughie: Your turn Mr Moneybags,

Max plays a card

what do you know about it?

Max: Very little Mr Kapooey, very little. Only that it's worth an awful lot of money should it be sold and that whoever currently has their hands on it, is sitting on a goldmine, (*he smiles conspiratorially*) although only a fraction of what they might have got if they'd manage to take the certificate of authenticity too, which was held separately to the piece itself. I believe the owner had planned on selling both items at auction in coming weeks, but presumably now, it will be sold on the black market somewhere.

Hughie: Oh, so you have heard of it then

Max: Just a little

They silently play a few more cards

Hughie: What I want to know, Mr Moneybags, is why the Really Orangey Thing was in your storeroom yesterday morning?

Max (*there is a flicker of shock on his face, before he covers it*): I have absolutely no idea what you mean Mr Kapooey. I am not aware of the Really Orangey Thing having ever been in my storeroom, or even in my club for that matter.

Hughie: I can't tell if you really believe that to be true or whether you're lying to me.

And on that note, I believe I just won... do I need to say 'Uno' or is that a given?

I think I'd like another cocktail and I believe there's a White Russian down in the club just waiting for me to get my hands on her.

Hughie camera off

SFX - door

Max: Doug... is Sophie Russian?

Doug camera on

Doug: You mean, Susie, sir? I don't think so, sir

Max: No, me either. I wonder what he meant by that?

Doug: No idea, sir.

Sir, would you like me to deal with him?

Max: No Doug, that won't be necessary, I have a feeling that Mr Kapooey may be just what we need to help everything come together exactly the way we planned.

Cameras off

Scene 4:

SFX - noisy pub

Eliza camera on

Eliza: Mr Kapooey, I, uh, I wanted to apologise for being so, uh, rude earlier. I wondered if you had a minute for a, um, private chat.

Hughie camera on - he is clearly drunk, with a cocktail umbrella behind his ear

Hughie: I knew you'd come around Mis loodittle, Miss loolittle, Miss 'Liza. It's the old Kapooey charm, eh?

Eliza camera on

Eliza (*trying very hard not to look disgusted*): Uh, yes... charm.

I thought it was important for us to clear the air.

My bandmates tell me that I was rather rude to you earlier and for that, I apologise. It's stressful work being the... lead singer in a band and I get very... focused... when I'm working. I'm sorry for snapping at you, perhaps I can make it up to you in some way?

Hughie: Now we're talking. What did you have in mind?

Eliza: Perhaps now isn't the best time, you seem, distracted. Is the case you're working on stressful Mr Kapooey?

Hughie: Nothing I can't handle, dollface. That's a funny word isn't it 'dollface', I wonder who came up with it. Your face doesn't really look like a doll at all. Not one bit, well apart from having eyes and nose and a mouth, so I suppose it does mean you look a bit like a doll. Anyway, where was I?

Do you like my umbrella? It's pink (*he is once again opening and closing his cocktail umbrella*)

Eliza: It's very... nice. You were telling me about your case though?

Hughie: Nothing to tell really, as you said, the girl got drunk and passed out, she probably imagined something orange. Or she made too many orange drinks. I had an orange drink... I had a few orange drinks... a Slow Screw d... sloe screwdriver. Do you like a slow screw (*hiccup*)?

Eliza: I've been known to have one or two after a gig

Hughie: I bet you have

Eliza: Mr Kapooey, perhaps we should get you home. Is your secretary still around or shall I help you get back?

Hughie: Perks? Perks! Oh, she doesn't appear to be here.

Eliza: Let's get you home then Mr Kapooey. Or do you prefer Hughie? *She smiles provocatively*

SFX - Footsteps and door

Eliza and Hughie cameras off just as Penny turns her camera on

Penny: Sir? Did you call? I had to pop to the little girls room. For goodness sake where is he?

Susie camera on

Susie: I just saw him leave, with that singer (*sigh*) Oh well, plenty more fish in the sea I suppose

Penny: He left? With Eliza? He was so drunk that he could barely string a sentence together and he left with a woman?

Susie: Yes (*sigh*)

Penny: What is she up to?

Susie: Is he always like that?

Penny: What? Lazy? Arrogant? Drunk? Yes, pretty much.

Susie: oh! I meant charming, heroic and has a way with the ladies?

Penny: A way with the ladies? Are you sure we're talking about the same man? He's an idiot. I have to help him get his shoes on the right feet in the morning! Ok, I exaggerate a little, but you could do so much better than Hughie Kapooey. I mean, look at you? You're gorgeous, vivacious and friendly too - I would kill to have hair like yours. And those cocktails you make, good grief, you'll have to show me how you make that Diablo, it was the best I've ever had.

Susie: Do you really think so? That I could do better? The only guy that ever shows any interest in me is Doug and the occasionally really drunk guy at the bar. I was beginning to worry that I was doing something wrong.

Penny: Oh sweetheart, you could have any guy you want. If I had half of your personality, I'd be lethal.

Susie: That's kind of you to say Miss Perks.

Penny: Please, call me Penny.

Susie: Ok, Penny. I'm sorry if we got off on the wrong foot, I was a bit jealous when I first met you because you got to have a real job, working for a famous private investigator. I'm just a cocktail waitress in a sleazy club.

Penny: It's not all it's cracked up to be, believe me. Besides, I was probably a bit standoffish too. You're so stunning that I, well, I assumed we wouldn't get along. And there's no 'just' about it, you have a real talent for making drinks - have you ever thought about learning to cook as well?

Susie: I'd love to train to be a chef, it's such a hard job to get into, especially if you're a woman, no one takes you seriously

Penny: I know how that feels, trust me.

Susie: Can I get you another drink?

Penny: I know exactly how that feels... Oh my God, I've got it, I've figured it out! I'm really sorry, but I have to run. I promise we can carry on this conversation another time.

Susie: Oh!

Cameras off

Scene 5

Penny camera on - she is wearing a false moustache and glasses. She has a landline phone - ideally a classic Fisher Price Chatter Phone or similarly ridiculous. She dials.

SFX - phone ringing

Sergeant PIPPS appears.

PIPps: Soho police station, you're through to Sergeant PIPps, unless it's urgent, I suggest you hang up as I'm very busy

Penny (*making no attempt to disguise her voice*): It's me, your secret informant, shallow neck, I have information about The Really Orangey Thing theft

PIPps: I'm listening

Penny: Come to the Wandering Cat club tomorrow at 2pm and you'll be able to make an arrest. Don't come in uniform.

Pipps: Oh bloody hell, it's Kapooey again, isn't it? He's solved another case before my team even got a hint of a clue.

Penny: I'm not at liberty to give you any more information

Pipps: Listen to me, sir or madame or...whatever you are...

Listen you sneaky bugger, tell me who you are and how you know that Kapooey has cracked another case or there will be trouble.

Penny hangs up and turns her camera up

Pipps: Every time, every bloody time

Scene 6:

SFX - birds tweeting - 'morning' sounds

Penny and Hughie cameras on

Hughie: Oh, my head

Penny: Serves you right

Hughie: My tongue feels like a flange of baboons has danced a conga along its length, shedding hair as they went.

I have to ask, did I knock everything off my desk, or did you do that?

Penny: I wouldn't know, sir. I didn't help you home for once.

Hughie: You left me? In that state? Good lord Perks, how heartless

Penny: I did not leave you, sir. You left... with someone else...

Hughie: I did? Are you sure? Well, well, well, Miss McFlusie finally succumbed to my charms

Penny: Er, no, sir

Hughie: No? Well if you didn't help me home and I didn't take Ms McFlusie home with me, then who on earth did I go home with? Wait, it wasn't the bouncer was it? Is that why my head hurts this much? Did I get thrown out?

Penny: No, sir, not the bouncer. You, er, left with the singer, sir.

Hughie: The singer? Are you sure? She didn't seem particularly impressed earlier in the day... and I don't remember a thing. How odd. Ah well, never mind

Now, why're we back here at the club. I still haven't figured out what's going on, nor how the little umbrellas are involved so who do we need to question now?

Penny: If you'll forgive me, sir, I have an idea. Let's just wait here for a bit and see who turns up.

Hughie: Whatever you say, Perks. But please, get me something to drink to help soothe this headache.

Susie camera on

Susie: What can I get for you... oh, it's you.

Hughie: Miss McFlusie, what a pleasure it is to see you today (*he winces and clutches his head*).

I'd like to apologise for any offence I caused you, it seems that those delightful cocktails were a little stronger than I thought. Perhaps something slightly less strong might be in order for today.

Penny: I'll have a cup of tea for now Susie, thank you. I suspect he'll have a coffee.

Susie: Coming right up

Doug & Max camera on

Max: Mr Kapooey, you're back. What an unwelcome surprise. What brings you here... again?

Hughie: I just couldn't wait to see you again Mr Moneybags.

Max (sneering): Oh, delightful

Hughie: You love me really

Pipps camera on

Pipps: Kapooey, a little bird told me you'd solved my case. I'm listening...

Hughie: Sergeant Pipps, how delightful to see you... I'm a little bit under the weather right now, but I'm sure Perks can help you out.

Pipps: Come on Kapooey, i haven't got all day. Get to the bloody point.

Max: Kapooey, who is this man?

Hughie: Mr Moneybags, I'd like to introduce you to my good friend, Sergeant Pipps, who loves to turn up just in time to make an arrest... on that note, Perks?

Penny: Wait for it...

Eliza camera on

Eliza: Mr Moneybags, I regret to inform you that... oh, it's you

Hughie: Eliza, what a... delight to see you

Eliza (*frowning*): yes, um, yes

Penny: Something wrong?

Eliza: No, I, er, no.

Penny: Were you still expecting Hughie to still be asleep? Especially after the amount of horse tranquilizer you slipped into his drink last night. I mean, he should've slept until this evening, right?

The funny thing about Hughie Kapooey is that he's been drugged so many times that he shakes it off quicker than anyone I've ever met. And, while he can't hold his drink, he doesn't usually forget what he's been up to the night before. In fact, he's been known to remember every little embarrassing detail, even that one time in Paris when we danced on the table tops...

Hughie: I think you'll find I was as sober as a judge that night Miss Perks... you, on the other hand, were a different story

Penny: I don't know which judges you've been hanging around, sir, but you certainly weren't sober.

So, Eliza...

Eliza: I don't know what you mean. And, if you'll excuse me, I need to, um, go and find my band

Hughie: Oh, don't let us detain you... but before you go, what was it you were going to say to Mr Moneybags?

Eliza: I, er, I was

Penny: You regret to inform Mr Moneybags that...

Max: Oh for goodness sake, spit it out.

Eliza: I regret to inform you that... I need to leave. Right now. You need to find a new band for tonight.

SFX running footsteps

Penny: I wouldn't let her leave if I were you.

Max: Doug.. see to it that Eliza doesn't leave.

Doug: Yes, sir

Max: Miss, er, Perks was it? Do go on

Penny: I had my suspicions about Eliza early on, it all seemed rather convenient that she casually had an explanation for Susie passing out and changing her clothes.

And my suspicions were only made worse when Hughie here pointed out that her band couldn't play their instruments, but I couldn't figure out why they would be here in the club after committing the crime of the century, nor why Eliza needed to steal Susie's uniform.

Susie: Wait, she stole my uniform? Why on earth would she do that?

Pipps: Stole your uniform, hey? Did you report this crime to the, ahem, appropriate authorities?

Susie: Why do you think Mr Kapooey is here?

Pipps: That's not what I meant

Hughie: Now, now sergeant, don't be bitter

Pipps: Bitter? You bloody well stole my case, you, you, *hrmph*

Susie: Will somebody please explain to me why this woman stole my uniform?

Hughie: Don't worry Miss McFlusie, I didn't for a second believe that you had drunk too much and passed out, after, er, soiling your clothes; I knew she was lying

Susie: Soiling my clothes? You told them I soiled my clothes.

Eliza (*with a smirk*): Actually I told them you'd shit yourself, but he's too polite to say that

Susie: You bitch

Hughie: Now, now, ladies, let's not fight

Doug: Can't we let them fight a little bit? We could pour beer over them and make the customers pay to watch

Susie & Eliza: Piss off Doug

Max: Do go on Miss Perks

Penny: Well, it was something you said to Hughie, Mr Moneybags, about needing the certificate of authenticity. He thought that you were the person who stole The Really Orangey Thing, but you're not... far from it, in fact, from what I can tell, you're the owner of The Really Orangey Thing. I think I read somewhere that you recently lost an aunt, who was an art collector. I assume that's where you found the piece & loaned it to the National Museum

Max: Very good, Miss Perks. Very good. Yes, my Great Aunt Martha Moneybags was a notorious hoarder and she left all of her art to me. Most of it was absolute rubbish, but there amongst the trash was a lost Picasso with it's certificate of authenticity too. I couldn't believe my luck. Doug, here was helping me to secretly organise the sale, but I knew we couldn't keep it safe here in the club, so I asked the Museum to look after it for me

Doug: We was very worried when we heard that it had been stolen, but we still had the certificate up in Mr Moneybags' safe

Penny: You might want to check on that one, sir

Max: Do as she says Doug

Doug: Right away, sir

Doug, camera off

Metal stairs and door SFX up and down

Doug, camera on

Doug: It's gone, sir

Max: What?

Doug: It looked like it was still there, but when I unrolled it, it was just a sheet of music

Max: What??

Penny: Don't worry, it hasn't left the building yet... in fact, why don't you check her bag

Eliza: You can't do that, that's my private property. I don't give you permission.

Max: Doug, please check Eliza's bag for my certificate.

Eliza: Hey give me my bag back.

Penny: I'm guessing Eliza and her band stole the Really Orangey thing in the confusion of the museum renovation - they probably just posed as cleaners, everyone always overlooks a group of women coming and going, after all, women can't be master thieves... or private investigators...

Susie: Or chefs!

Pipps: Are you saying that a bunch of women stole a priceless piece of art from the bloody National Museum?

Hughie: And what's wrong with that sergeant?

Pipps: Women? I find that hard to believe Kapooey

Doug: Sir, it's here, the certificate is here.

Pipps: oh

Max: Are you sure it's actually the certificate this time and not just some folded up sheet music

Doug: I'd need to do a full chemical composition analysis, but it certainly looks like the certificate...

Everyone looks shocked

What? Just because I don't look that smart, doesn't mean I'm stupid - I happen to be studying chemistry at King's College, working here just helps pay my fees, it's not cheap to become a chemist you know.

Susie: But I still don't understand why she stole my uniform, or why I passed out

Penny: She needed access to Mr Moneybags' office and you go in there every afternoon to sort out the petty cash. All she had to do was pose as you and she could make her way in and access the safe to switch out the certificate with a decoy. Timing was crucial and she knew that Mr Moneybags popped out every afternoon at the same time to clean his teeth before locking up and heading out to walk his pet chihuahua.

Susie: But we look nothing alike!

Penny: True, but Mr Moneybags can't even remember your name, let alone remember what you look like! As far as he's concerned, one woman looks like any other, especially wearing a Wandering Cat Club uniform

Max: Now that you mention it, I did wonder if you'd changed your hair colour a couple of days ago *(or some other obviously different feature between the two actresses)*

Susie: Oh... I see

But how could she know I'd be in the backroom in the afternoon?

Hughie is once again playing with a paper cocktail umbrella and has stopped listening

Penny: Do you remember when we first met, you mentioned the band and...

Susie: Oh God, and that they insisted on having...

Hughie: Little paper umbrellas in their drinks! I knew it, it was all down to the bloody umbrellas! I'm a bloody genius.

Penny: Well, yes sir, the umbrellas, as it turns out, were vital to the case.

So, all she had to do was wait until you headed into the backroom to, follow you in and knock you out - was it chloroform or a sedative, Eliza?

Eliza *(frowning)*: Tranquilizer dart if you must know - one of my girls hid in the backroom and when she went in & turned the light on, she took the shot.

Susie gasps

We knocked her out, took her uniform and then I went up & took the certificate while the girls kept watch for me. We were back and setting up before she even woke up.

Hughie: Hold on, if she stole the certificate two days ago, why is she only making an excuse to leave now?

Penny: It'd look suspicious if they disappeared immediately so they had to wait a day or two to be sure it wasn't obvious. And then we turned up...

Eliza: I had to be sure that he didn't know anything or have any suspicions so I thought I'd use my... charms to find out what he knew.

Hughie: So, you drugged me and ransacked my office, hey?

Eliza: And all I found was a pile of useless rubbish and a doodle of some sort of weird blobby thing

Hughie: That was meant to be a sketch of my mother

Penny: As soon as she realised that you didn't have anything that could pin the crime on her, she could hand in her notice and move off

Eliza: I didn't count on you being the brains of the outfit

Penny: No one ever does

Max: This is all very well, but where in the name of hell is my Really Orangey Thing

Penny: That, I haven't quite worked out

Hughie: Ah ha, I can solve that one. Just a minute.

Hughie camera off

SFX Door opening and closing

Everyone looks around confused

SFX Door opening and closing

Hughie camera on triumphantly waving something orange (anything at all)

Hughie: ta da

Max: Where the bloody hell was that?

Hughie: Where else? In the backroom, hidden amongst the orange juice cartons - that's why they'd been drinking so many Sloe Screwdrivers - to make sure there was plenty of space to hide it.

Pipps (*slightly irritated*): Congratulations Kapooey, you've done it again. Another bloody crime solved by the great Hughie Kapooey.

Max: Thank you Mr Kapooey

Hughie: Take her away Sergeant Pipps

Pipps: Right you are, sir (*grumble, grumble, grumble*)

Pipps and Eliza cameras off

SFX Front door opening and closing

Max: Doug, let's get my artwork and certificate back up to my office. I think it's time to change the combination on my safe

Doug: Yes, sir

Max & Doug camera off

SFX metal stairs and door

Pre-recorded Radio Cuts In.

Radio Presenter: We interrupt this broadcast to bring you breaking news. Hughie Kapooey does it again. The Really Orangey Thing has been found and returned to its owner by the famous private investigator Hughie Kapooey.

Hughie: So, Miss McFlusie, perhaps we could continue where we left off? Would you, perhaps, like to go for a drink with me?

Susie: I, er, I'm afraid I have other plans

Hughie: What about you, Perks, have a drink with me to celebrate another case solved?

Penny: Sorry, sir, I can't

Hughie: Oh... well... in that case, I guess I'll head home

Hughie camera off

SFX Front door opening and closing

Susie: Doesn't it annoy you that he gets all the credit? You did all the hard work! You solved the case!

Penny (*shrugs*): I don't mind, he pays me well and I get to travel and do a job that I love.

At the end of the day, as long as he gets the credit, he's the one with the target on his back.

Besides, the people that matter know who really solved the case.

Susie: So, are we going for that drink now?

Penny: I'd like that. I'd like that a lot, thank you

Cameras off

SFX - closing credits