MacGuffin was first performed at Smith’s Hill High School on March 8, 2013 with the following cast:

KIP KIPPINGTON
KISS KIPPINGTON
POOPSIE KIPPINGTON
GEORGE KIPPINGTON
TONY KIPPINGTON
KITTY KIPPINGTON

CLAIRE CRIGHTON
JOANNA LABA
MANEESHA TODD
BRANDON SCOLNIK
HENRY KOCATEKIN
HELENNNA BARONE-PETERS

DETECTIVE ROOSTER
SERGEANT PLUCKER
SERGEANT CLUCKER
SERGEANT DUCKS
SERGEANT DRAKES
SERGEANT McNUGGETS
MRS HEN

JENNA OWEN
MAHALIA CRAWSHAW
EMERSON BURKE
BREANNA MACEY
COREY GIBSON
HENRY ONGERTH
GRACE WELSBY

MARGO ST. JOHN
MINCER
SERGEI

ONDINE MANFRIN
JOSH HAYWARD
KIM MURPHY

HYPNOTO
CHANTEL VA-VOOM

BEATRIX ROWE
AYDEN SKORULIS

HUTCH MANDERLEY

NIC ORR

HITCHCOCK

THOMAS DOYLE

WILMA
ELMER

NICOLA LOMBARDI
JONO DE LYALL

JOHN CITIZEN & MC 2
NORMAN WHINER, RANDY & MC 1
MADAME HERRMANN
PECK & TRAIN 2
TRUFFAUT & SINCERITY
MRS BATES & G-ROB
RUSH & TRAIN 1
FROG

SAM SWEETING
DIMI HAVADJIA
DREW BRAICOVIC
LILY MONTGOMERY-PRIMMER
DANIKA ADAMSKI
KATIE NEWFIELD
CHARISSE ADAIR
BRYAN CUTLER

The play is set in modern day Manhattan, New York.
Act One

A nightclub. The Theme from MacGuffin plays. Enter HYPNOTO, a female hypnotist. KISS, WILMA & ELMER are seated in the audience.

HYPNOTO I am Hypnoto, the world’s greatest hypnotist. I am here to program you, to change your ways of thinking, to make your will bend to mine. You are powerless under my spell. When you have been released from my trance you will never be the same. You are completely under my control. And now I introduce you to my beautiful assistant, Chantal Va-Voom.

Enter VA-VOOM, in drag.

Va-Voom suffers from a congenital defect, she cannot speak, but actions speak louder than words. Va-Voom? I need a subject, one with a supple mind that is open to the powers of suggestion. Do I have a volunteer from the audience?

VA-VOOM moves to choose KISS. ELMER & WILMA stand.

ELMER Damn dee spiddely speck, that woman looks awful familiar-like.

WILMA All cowgirls look familiar to you.

KISS exits, fearful of Elmer’s attention.

ELMER Now why she run off like that?

WILMA slaps ELMER as VA-VOOM moves towards them.

WILMA Elmer! This is my husband, Elmer, we’re from Strongmuscle, Arkansas, and you’ll never meet a man with a suppler mind open to the powers of suggestion.

ELMER The kids’ll never believe that I was hypnotised by Hypnoto on our trip to the Big Apple.

WILMA Course they will, and I’ll have the photographic evidence to prove it. You just hurry up there and get yourself sleepy.

ELMER I do declare I will.

WILMA Go on then.

ELMER I will.

WILMA Go on.

Enter KIP, late for the show, carrying a ukulele in a bag on her back.
KIP  (Finding a seat) Sorry, 'scuse me. Hate to impose. Mind the ukulele.

HYPNOTO  Stop!

A spotlight falls on KIP.

KIP  You mean me?

HYPNOTO  You have been chosen.

KIP  You’re not one of those entertainers who embarrass latecomers by making them do stupid things, are you?

HYPNOTO  I am no mere entertainer, I am Hypnoto! Va-Voom? Bring that girl to me!

VA-VOOM returns to the stage with KIP.

KIP  Who are you calling 'girl'? I’m twenty-three.

HYPNOTO  And I am Hypnoto. Delicate creature, what is your name?

VA-VOOM opens her mouth as if about to speak.

    Not you, Va-Voom. You are creature, but not delicate, and silence is golden. (To KIP) Now, your name?

KIP  Kip. Kip Kippington.

HYPNOTO  Kip Kippington, watch my finger.

KIP  It ain’t clean?

HYPNOTO  I said watch.

VA-VOOM  He said watch.

HYPNOTO  Va-Voom! You do not speak, I have to double your wages if you speak and I already run this show on the smell of an oily rag.

VA-VOOM  An oily rag?

KIP  It’s an expression-

HYPNOTO  It’s a miracle! Through the power of hypnosis, Va-Voom can talk. But, regard how she becomes mute when she poses and looks sexy. Va-Voom, sexy pose!

VA-VOOM strikes a sexy pose.
Now, Miss Kip Kippington-

KIP You have a funny accent.

HYPNOTO You have a funny name. And so, watch my finger. Train your eyes on my finger. Do not be distracted, do not lose focus for one second. You are getting sleepy, your eyelids are falling down like a plane into the Hudson River. Sleep! (KIP is under his spell) And so, can you hear me, Kip Kippington?

KIP Yes, Hypno.

HYPNOTO When I click my fingers you will tell us a secret, a burden to remove from your chest.

KIP It’s weighing me down.

HYPNOTO A secret that sends chills down your spine and entertains those who like to laugh at the misfortune of others.

HYPNOTO clicks his fingers.

Miss Kippington, reveal your secret!

KIP I love to play the ukulele!

HYPNOTO Not that secret, tell us about your phobia.

KIP My phobia?

HYPNOTO Your phobia. Your suffer from?

KIP Ranidaphobia.

HYPNOTO Ranidaphobia, sounds like a 1970s-

Enter RANDY.

RANDY Hi, I’m Randy DiPhobia. Anyone order a pizza?

HYPNOTO Get out!

RANDY (To KIP) Call me.

Exit RANDY.

Ranidaphobia, Miss Kippington, which means that you have a deep-seated fear of-
KIP & Frogs!
HYPNOTO

KIP reacts when she hears the word.

HYPNOTO You cannot stand their slime-
KIP Their ooze, their-

BOTH Hoppity, hoppity.

HYPNOTO But when they are little, you love them, you want to kiss them always. Say hello to Emily, my little frog.

HYPNOTO reveals a puppet frog. KIP immediately smooches the frog uncontrollably. Enter FROG, unnoticed by KIP.

Yet when they grow bigger and uglier and fatter, they terrify you so much that you want to kill them with all your might.

KIP (Getting out her ukulele) Big frogs must die!

HYPNOTO Look, Miss Kippington!

KIP notices FROG and begins smashing it with her ukulele, destroying the instrument in the process, until FROG runs away and exits. KIP returns the damaged ukulele to its bag.

(Snapping fingers) Sleep, Miss Kippington. (To audience) You have witnessed the power of suggestion. In a moment, I will awake Miss Kippington, but first – Ah, another latecomer!

Spotlight on JOHN CITIZEN being chased into the club by various villains. Every time he opens a door to escape a spotlight falls on a new villain, blocking him. Finally CITIZEN, trapped, runs onto the stage. He collides into KIP and falls into her arms. CITIZEN whispers into her ear, but she’s still under hypnosis. Suddenly, a spotlight reveals an unmasked SERGEI, in the motion of throwing a knife. CITIZEN is hit in the back by a dagger. The music cuts and the sound of police whistles can be heard.

WILMA That man over there, he’s the killer, he threw the knife.

ELMER What are we gonna do, take a picture?

WILMA Hell no, chase that man, we could be on the TV.

SERGEI hurriedly escapes and exits, pursued by ELMER & WILMA. Spotlight off. In the throes of death, CITIZEN whistles the Theme from MacGuffin.

HYPNOTO (Snapping fingers) Awake, Miss Kippington.
KIP is left holding the fugitive and the knife. CITIZEN gasps a last warning.

CITIZEN Juliana Sange is a MacGuffin!

CITIZEN dies.

KIP & HYPNOTO What's a MacGuffin?

Blackout. Lights up on HITCHCOCK, sitting on a train with two other passengers.

HITCH. Good evening, my name is Alfred Hitchcock.

Lights down on HITCHCOCK and up on the nightclub.

KIP & Who is Alfred Hitchcock?

CITIZEN & HYPNOTO

Lights down on the nightclub and up on TRUFFAUT.

TRUFFAUT As any French man will tell you, Alfred Hitchcock is the master of suspense. A film director whose classics include North by Northwest, The Birds and Psycho.

MRS BATES appears from behind TRUFFAUT, clutching a knife.

MRS. B Anyone for a shower?

Lights down on MRS BATES & TRUFFAUT and up on HITCHCOCK.

HITCH. Tonight's play is entitled, 'MacGuffin' and when one uses the term MacGuffin, one often finds oneself misunderstood. Perhaps one can best illustrate it by telling the following story.

The following story is acted out by the train passengers.

There are two people sitting in a train going to Scotland and one says to the other-

TRAIN 1 Excuse me, but what is that strange parcel you have on the luggage rack above you?

TRAIN 2 Oh-

HITCH. Says the other-

TRAIN 2 That's a MacGuffin.

TRAIN 1 Well-
HITCH. Says the first-

TRAIN 1 What's a MacGuffin?

HITCH. The other answers-

TRAIN 2 It's an apparatus for trapping lions in the Scottish Highlands.

TRAIN 1 But-

HITCH. Says the first-

TRAIN 1 There are no lions in the Scottish Highlands.

TRAIN 2 Well-

HITCH. Says the other-

TRAIN 2 Then that's no MacGuffin.

HITCH. You see, it’s all so very simple.

*Lights down on HITCHCOCK and up on TRUFFAUT & MRS BATES.*

TRUFFAUT No, it is not as simple as you think. A MacGuffin is a plot device, like a stolen microfilm, a bomb, jewels-

MRS B An old woman with a carving knife.

TRUFFAUT That the hero, police and villains are all after. But, as the story unfolds, the plot device, the MacGuffin, is not important at all.

MRS B Shall I carve?

*Lights down on TRUFFAUT & MRS BATES and up on HITCHCOCK.*

HITCH. But MacGuffins do exist, and very soon we shall meet one in a tale that warns what happens to sticky beaks who place their noses in erroneous positions.

*Lights down on HITCHCOCK.*

*The Police Station.* KIP is being interviewed by SERGEANTS CLUCKER & PLUCKER.

CLUCKER And you expect us to believe that you were at Hypnoto’s last night by sheer coincidence?
PLUCKER  A cockamamie story.

KIP  Can I see a lawyer?

CLUCKER  Does a chicken have lips?

PLUCKER  You were caught with a knife in your hand and egg on your face.

KIP  I didn’t kill that man!

CLUCKER  Looks like we’ve got a hard-boiled one here, Sergeant Plucker.

PLUCKER  By the time we’ve finished with her, Sergeant Clucker, she’ll be sunny side up and over easy.

KIP  Plucker and Clucker? Is this a police station or a hen house?

CLUCKER  You’re a bad egg, Kippington.

PLUCKER  But your chickens have come home to roost.

CLUCKER  And if you ain’t gonna squawk-

PLUCKER  It’s time to get out the zapper.

KIP  I want to speak to someone in charge.

Enter DETECTIVE ROOSTER.

ROOSTER  Detective Rooster at your service, miss.

KIP  Detective Rooster?

ROOSTER  Yes, and there’s no use squawking like a chook with its head cut off. I could hear you from the pen.

KIP  The pen?

ROOSTER  The cells. At my station, there’s no such thing as free range.

PLUCKER & CLUCKER  laugh.

KIP  Those two threatened to torture me.

ROOSTER  Don’t concern yourself with them…miss?

KIP  Kippington, Kip Kippington.

ROOSTER  What a beautiful name. Miss Kippington, those two are way down the pecking order and I rule the roost here.
KIP I want to see my lawyer.

ROOSTER What need do you have for a lawyer when I am more than disposed to take you under my wing?

KIP They think I stabbed that poor man last night.

ROOSTER They got it cock-eyed. I know you were just trying to cross the road.

KIP Then why all the ducks and drakes?

ROOSTER Whaddya know 'bout Ducks and Drakes?

CLUCKER I told you this chick was up to no good.

PLUCKER This bird flaps my wattles.

ROOSTER Ducks! Drakes! In here this instant! Shake a tailfeather!

Enter SERGEANTS DUCKS & DRAKES.

DUCKS You wanted to see us, boss?

CLUCKER (Mocking) Bring in the A team.

ROOSTER I thought you two were supposed to be undercover at Hypnoto’s show.

DRAKES We were, we were as rare as hen’s teeth.

ROOSTER There’s no need to make fun of Mrs Hen just because she’s had cosmetic surgery on her mouth.

Enter MRS HEN.

HEN You called, Detective Rooster?

ROOSTER Mrs Hen, how are the choppers?

HEN I’m going to be eating solids soon, no more soup. It’ll be spit roast and apple sauce!

ROOSTER You’re the one doing the spitting.

HEN Oops.

KIP This is insane. What’s next, McNuggets growing on trees?

ALL COPS Oh no!
Enter McNUGGETS.

McNUGG. I may have many things but I dinnae have a growth of fleas.

KIP Let me guess, McNuggets.

McNUGG. I’ve seen you lot trying to get a wee look under my kilt, but this is one Scot who doesn’t ruffle their giblets.

PLUCKER I never tried to look under your kilt!

McNUGG. I’ve caught you snooping, you dirty wee girl.

CLucker What have you got stuck in your craw?

McNUGG. Don’t raise your hackle feathers, lassie, or I’ll be having you. I’ll be having the lot of you!

DUCKS You and whose flock, bird-brain?

McNUGG. Oh, bird-brain is it, you dumb cluck?

CLucker Me?

McNUGG. Strutting around like a banty rooster.

ROOSTER Leave me out of this!

McNUGG. Put your money where your beak is or are you all chicken?

DRAKES Let’s teach this Scotch egg a lesson!

McNUGG. The only lesson ye are gonna learn is that I’m hungry and you’ve got to break eggs to make an omelette.

They engage in a chicken fight, which delights MRS HEN, until stopped by ROOSTER.

ROOSTER Sergeants! Have you forgotten our motto?

SERGS. Birds of a feather are cops together.

ROOSTER Now, shoo, the lot of ya, and I shall further investigate the witness.

Exit SERGEANTS & MRS HEN.

Now, Miss Kippington, have you heard of the name, StickyBeaks?

KIP Not more chicken gags. If this is your idea of pun then I’m going to fly the coop.
ROOSTER  Miss Kippington, Kip, the Kipper, Kip-a-dee-doo-dah, Kip-a-dee-yay, may I call you Kip?

KIP  Miss Kippington will be fine.

ROOSTER  Whaddya know 'bout StickyBeaks?

KIP  It’s a website, ain’t it?

ROOSTER  It’s far more than just a website. Chicky-babe.

KIP  Don’t be so sexist.

ROOSTER  Who’s being sexist? It’s my name, Chicky-babe Rooster. Call me Chicky-babe.

KIP  No.

ROOSTER  This incident at Hypnoto’s is serious stuffing; and I’m not so sure that I believe your story about just being a chicken caught in the headlights.

KIP  Rabbit.

ROOSTER  Rabbit?

KIP  Never mind, it’s just an expression.

ROOSTER  StickyBeaks is an organisation dedicated to hacking into top levels of governmental departments with the intention of disseminating highly classified information and hanging out this country’s dirty laundry for all to see. The point is that StickyBeaks and its insidious leader, Miss Juliana Sange, are engaged in dissembling behaviour with the sole intention of publishing our country’s secrets to the world.

Lights up on Channel Eight studios. SINCERITY is hosting a discussion with RUSH & G-ROB as its expert commentators.

KIP &  And what’s so bad about that?

SINCERITY

SINCERITY  Rush Limbo?

RUSH  It’s the thin edge of the wedge, Sincerity, the short straw at the end of the stick, is what it is. How can our democratically elected representatives expect to do business with people of different coloured skin who, all because of these leaks by StickyBeaks, now know we hate their guts?

SINCERITY Leaks by StickyBeaks, that rhymes. Mr G-Rob, QC?
G-ROB Whistle-blowers need a place where they can anonymously publish documentation to reveal how big businesses and governments are colluding to rob the public purse.

RUSH That’s crazy, left wing, bean curd sprouting, pinko talk if ever I’ve heard it, G-Rob.

G-ROB Better than the right wing, flesh eating, testosterone-fuelled gibberish that’s gushing from that lobotomy scar beneath your nose. There are too many secrets, I’m proud to say I support StickyBeaks.

RUSH StickyBeaks? More like busy bodies. Just like that playground snitch who used to threaten to tell on you for peeing in the public pool. If you didn’t pay up, you were hung, drawn and quartered in the court of classroom opinion.

G-ROB It’s the need to know, people.

RUSH Ain’t no-one need to know if I’ve been peeing in the public pool.

SINCERITY Surely there should be some freedom of information?

G-ROB Yes, Sincerity, like the rumour StickyBeaks is about to publish evidence of a plot by some master criminal to blow up the Brooklyn Bridge.

SINCERITY Blow up the Brooklyn Bridge! Who on Earth would wanna do that?

*Spotlight up on ST. JOHN, MINCER & SERGEI laughing evilly. Spotlight down.*

RUSH The Brooklyn Bridge has stood since 1883 and it’ll take more than StickyBeaks to bring it down. It’s about time people respected our right to privacy.

G-ROB I hardly feel the need to repeat myself, but I like the sound of my own voice so I shall. There are too many secrets.

SINCERITY But what if they were to turn their attention towards you?

ROOSTER *Lights down on the panel.*

KIP I don’t have secrets.

ROOSTER Everyone has a secret, Miss Kippington, even you. For example, I know that you play the ukulele.

KIP What gives you that idea?

ROOSTER It’s on your back. Either that or your name’s Quasimodo and it’s time to start ringing a bell.
KIP What’s this got to do with what happened at Hypnoto’s?

ROOSTER That man who so inconveniently decided to die in your embrace was a courier working for Sange and StickyBeaks.

KIP I told you that I had nothing to do with that!

ROOSTER But your fingerprints is on the dagger. Mrs Hen?

Enter MRS HEN, excited, holding up a sheet of fingerprints.

HEN Right hand fingerprints, positively ID’d to one Kip Kippington.

ROOSTER Thank you, Mrs Hen. Now put your dentures in, you’re all gums.

Exit MRS HEN, depressed.

KIP Are you suggesting I stabbed him?

ROOSTER No-one saw from whence the dagger came, it would have been the easiest thing in the world for you to slip it out in the midst of all the confusion and carve him an invitation to hell.

KIP But I was under hypnosis!

ROOSTER We know that the deceased was one John Citizen, possibly an alias, but his name does pop up on a lot of credit cards. Citizen was under investigation for various crimes, including the theft of a cache of explosive secrets that he was supposedly carrying on a disc drive at the time of his murder.

KIP Murder?

ROOSTER It weren’t suicide, honey. We’re assuming that he was on his way to deliver the disc drive to Sange before his internal organs decided they needed some air.

KIP Then why don't you arrest Juliana Sange?

ROOSTER That’s the problem, no-one knows what she looks like. We’ve tried everything; hacking, database searches, it’s like she don’t exist. The only identifying characteristic we know of is that she blinks uncontrollably when faced with bright lights.

KIP The chicken in the headlights.

ROOSTER Rabbit.

KIP My mistake.
ROOSTER She could be anywhere now. She could be right under our noses and we’d never know. At least Beat. not without a spotlight. Hit it, Mrs Hen!

*A spotlight shines on ROOSTER, who covers his face.*

Man, that’s bright. Mrs Hen?

*Enter MRS HEN, excited.*

HEN Yes, Detective Rooster?

ROOSTER Turn that goddamn light off.

MRS HEN clicks her fingers and the spotlight cuts. *Exit MRS HEN.*

KIP Was that stunt meant to prove I’m Juliana Sange?

ROOSTER Of course not, Kippity-poo, well maybe. I mean, who would ever know?

KIP I would.

ROOSTER But what I do want to know is, where is the disc drive?

KIP Search me.

ROOSTER If only I was entitled to under law. Mrs Hen?

*Enter MRS HEN, with latex gloves on her hands.*

Search Miss Kippington.

*During the following MRS HEN pats KIP down.*

KIP Hold on!

HEN *(Holding up a sheet) Hold this, to respect your privacy.*

ROOSTER You see, we know John Citizen whispered something to you before he paid the ferryman. Perhaps something about explosives set to go off on a certain bridge. And at that moment, he also had ample opportunity to pass you the disc. It’s an old ruse, but it works. A spy bumps into someone who appears to be a stranger, and in the collision passes vital information that will lead to the end of orderly civilised society as we know it. Mrs Hen! Give me the disc!

MRS HEN removes the sheet to reveal KIP, now wearing a completely different costume.

HEN She doesn’t have it, boss.
ROOSTER  Oh.

Exit MRS HEN.

KIP     Can I leave too?

ROOSTER You think you’re so smart with that smug look on your face.

KIP     Look, Chicky-babe-

ROOSTER Ooh, I’ve got a hot flush.

KIP     I’m innocent, nothing more than a ukulele-playing engineering undergraduate.

ROOSTER Very well, you may leave, but I’ll be keeping an eye on you.

KIP     If a rooster can bark up the wrong tree, that’s exactly what you’re doing now. Anybody’d think I’m liable to blow up the Brooklyn Bridge.

ROOSTER Just don’t leave town.

Lights fade.

St. John’s Office. SERGEI & MINCER are visible, but ST. JOHN is seated with back to the audience.

ST. JOHN That was very careless of you, Sergei.

SERGEI  I killed Citizen.

ST. JOHN You let the girl get away-

MINCER  And in all likelihood Citizen handed her the disc drive.

ST. JOHN You interrupt me again, Mincer, and I’ll feed you through one.

MINCER  Won’t happen again.

SERGEI  The place was swarming with police, boss. What was I supposed to do?

ST. JOHN Your job, Sergei, as a fixer. We have a problem, you fix it.

SERGEI  The girl doesn’t know anything, she was just in the wrong place at the wrong time.

MINCER  How can you be certain of that?
SERGEI I thought-

ST. JOHN You’re not employed to think, you’re paid to act.

MINCER And you’re doing a pretty poor imitation of it now.

SERGEI I’ll silence her; give me a couple of hours and the woman will be up in smoke like a burnt wiener at a barbecue.

MINCER whispers something into ST. JOHN’S ear, who turns to face the audience.

ST. JOHN I must find out what the woman knows. If she has the disc, I need to ensure she hasn’t made a duplicate and passed it on to the authorities.

MINCER And if she claims ignorance and protests her innocence?

ST. JOHN Either way, I want to meet this troublesome female and see what she can tell me in the hours that she has left to live.

MINCER And then, poof, the lady vanishes?

ST. JOHN You have such an unfortunate way with words, Mincer.

MINCER (To SERGEI) How long before you can get the girl?

Kip’s place. NORMAN is busy with a scientific experiment, whilst KITTY & TONY play games around him.

TONY I spy with my little eye, something beginning with ‘N’.

KITTY (Indicating NORMAN) Nerd?

TONY Warm.

KITTY Nut?

TONY Warmer.

KITTY Knob?

NORMAN That doesn’t start with ‘n’.

TONY Look who’s the spell master.

KITTY It does the way I spell it. Close?

TONY You’re hot.
KITTY Numpty?

TONY Boiling hot.

KITTY Norman!

NORMAN Take a hike! Can’t you two brats see I’m experimenting?

KIDS (Chanting) Norman’s a nerd, Norman’s a nerd.

NORMAN Go and watch TV.

KITTY Aunty Kip says that TV’s for numpties.

TONY Why don’t you watch TV?

KITTY Numpty.

NORMAN Where is the respect? I’ll put you over my knee and give you a good thrashing.

KITTY No you won’t.

TONY We’ll tell Aunty Kip on you.

KITTY And then she’ll give you no more kissy-kissy.

TONY Oh, Norman, you’re so fine-

KITTY You’re so fine, you blow my mind-

TONY & KITTY Hey, Norman. Hey, Norman.

NORMAN I don’t know why I ever allowed Kip to have you two stay for the holidays. You’re nothing but pests; you should be exterminated.

TONY You shouldn’t have said that.

KITTY He’s made me sad.

TONY We’re telling on you.

KITTY We’re just adorable kids.

NORMAN Gimme a break, already!

His phone rings. Lights up on KIP, walking along a street, trying to hail a cab and using her phone. As NORMAN answers, a click can be heard. Spotlight on SERGEI, who’s listening in their conversation.
Kip?

KIP Norman, what’s the matter?

NORMAN Nothing’s the matter.

KIP There is, I can hear it in your voice.

NORMAN It’s your delinquent niece and nephew. They won’t give me a moment’s peace to conduct my scientific investigations.

KIP They’re only staying for a few days; surely you can cope with a couple of kids for that long? Taxi!

NORMAN They ain’t kids, they’re home wreckers. I’m going to put my foot down, Kip, either they go back to their mother or I will.

KITTY But Mum don’t like you either.

KIP Norman-

NORMAN (To the kids) Shut it!

KIP Don’t tell me to shut it, Norman Whiner!

NORMAN I weren’t talking to you.

KIP Then don’t tell Kitty and Tony to shut up either.

NORMAN Are you coming home soon?

KIP I’m on my way to my music lesson with Madam Herrmann.

NORMAN Your music lesson?

KIP I told you last night.

NORMAN I forgot.

KIP You’re forgetting a lot lately.

NORMAN What’s that supposed to mean?

KIP My birthday, our three month anniversary.

NORMAN Three months is not an anniversary.

KIP Sorry for trying to instil some romance into our relationship. Taxi!
NORMAN We'd have more romance if you got your butt back home to deal with these monsters and ditched the music lesson.

KIP Music’s important to me, Norman, though I’m certain a scientist like you couldn’t possibly understand.

NORMAN Musicians create noise-

KIP & NORMAN Scientists create life.

KITTY Don’t you just blow stuff up?

NORMAN I’ll blow you up in a mo’ if you don’t behave. (To KIP) How long are you going to be?

KIP No more than half an hour; it’s just on Thirty Third and Third. See you soon, yeah?

NORMAN If you’re lucky I’ll wait.

KIP Norman!

NORMAN We'll see.

KIP Okay then, I love-

NORMAN disconnects. Lights down on Kip’s place.

You.

KIP looks upset as does, mockingly, SERGEI. Lights down on KIP.

SERGEI What a sob story, very pukealicious.

SERGEI makes a call.

She’s at a music lesson on Thirty Third and Third/ Yeah, I know the place/ Ten minutes/ No mistakes this time, I’m a professional.

SERGEI puts on a police hat and grins. Spotlight down.

Madam Herrmann’s house. An argument can be heard within.

MADAM (Off) And don’t you ever come here again unless you want to play your instrument with a bow instead of that useless kitchen implement.

MRS BATES comes out, all flustered.
KIP She’s not in a good mood today?

MRS B All I wanted to do was play my violin with this.

MRS BATES produces her carving knife.

That ain’t so strange, is it?

KIP ‘Bout as strange as German composers turned music teachers; next she’ll be asking to be called ‘Maestro’.

MRS B (Handing KIP a violin) Here, take this, I ain’t gonna be needing it no more.

KIP What’s this?

MRS B It’s a violin, dummy. And speaking of dummies, (Holding up her knife) I need to practice.

Exit MRS BATES. KIP enters Madame Herrmann’s house.

MADAM Ah, here she is, Kip Kippington, the silly ukulele player.

KIP I’m not silly, Madam Herrmann.

MADAM Nein, but that instrument is.

KIP I love my ukulele.

MADAM Take it from me, a ukulele is only good for beach parties and luaus and if I wanted to hear Hawaiian music then Germany would have invaded the place instead of the Japanese.

KIP Don’t be so racist!

MADAM Who’s being racist? We lost the war! Now let me have a look at this toy.

KIP removes the broken ukulele from her bag.

KIP My uke!

MADAM Ah, it is a toy, swing it around and it’s a slingshot or a pair of nunchuks.

KIP Who did this to my uke?

MADAM Whoever it was did you a favour.

KIP I know Norman likes to destroy things, but this is a bridge too far.
MADAM Is Norman your boyfriend? Is Norman normal?

KIP I think so.

MADAM Then he was doing you a favour. Tell me more about this Norman, he sounds smashing. Does he love you, child?

KIP We've just celebrated our three month anniversary.

MADAM This is not an anniversary, come back to me when you've been married for twenty years and then talk to me about anniversary.

KIP But I'm in love!

MADAM Being in love is like being pregnant, nine months and it's over.

KIP I'm wasting your time, Madam Herrmann.

MADAM Oh, my dear, have I upset you?

KIP No, it's not you, I just don't have an instrument now.

MADAM Don't have an instrument? How many times must I say it, child? You are the instrument, not the wood and fishgut, or on a ukulele, plastic and nylon, but you.

KIP Me?

MADAM The music is in your mind and your heart and your hands. An instrument merely allows you to express it. What is in the case?

KIP A violin.

MADAM A violin? Then the two of you can truly make beautiful music together.

KIP I've never used a bow.

MADAM Are you not willing to try? I'm throwing you a rope, the least you could do is help to pull.

KIP Well-

MADAM Think of the poor horse that gave up a hundred hairs from its tushy to make that bow. If you do not use it then horses everywhere will be screaming out for equine equity.

KIP But I don't know a scale.

MADAM You're a ukulele player, you never did. Now rest the violin on your collarbone, gut, use your left hand to support it.
Like this?

That is good. Now take the bow; don’t strangle it like a goose fit for the pot.

Sorry.

That’s better. Now play.

What do I play?

Whatever it is in your mind and heart.

Okay.

begins playing the Theme from MacGuffin perfectly.

Ja, you are a natural. I think you are not telling me the truth, where did you learn to play this?

I’ve never heard it before in my life.

That is not possible. Somewhere, sometime, you have heard this tune before.

A knock on the door is heard.

Keep playing, I’ll answer the door.

answers the door. Enter SERGEI, dressed as a policeman and speaking with a New York accent.

Ja, what can I do for you?

Sergeant Sergei, ma’am. I hope I’m not disturbing you, but I’m on the lookout for Kip Kippington and have reason to believe she may be here.

I’m in the middle of a lesson with her at this moment.

I’d like a couple of words if you don’t mind.

Kip, stop that playing. The police are here to speak with you.

The police? (To SERGEI) I’ve already made a statement to Detective Rooster.

It ain’t no thing, the detective sent me to collect your passport.

I don’t have here, it’s at home.
SERGEI  Then I'll have to ask you to accompany me in the car to your house.

KIP     Can't it wait?

SERGEI  I have strict instructions. Either I'm to return to the station with the passport *Beat*, or with you.

KIP     But my lesson?

MADAM   Don't keep the sergeant waiting, Kip, go. I will be here next week and, in the meantime, use that violin to practice.

SERGEI  Let’s make a move, Miss Kippington.

*MADAM* Next!

*Enter McNUGGETS with bagpipes.*

McNUGG. I’m here to blow you a merry tune, me lassie.

MADAM   Can’t it wait, I’m developing a pain in my head.

McNUGG. I came for a music lesson, not a sour Kraut. Now listen to this!

*He plays as she covers her ears. Lights fade.*

Sergei's car.

SERGEI  Surrendering your passport is just a formality, Miss, we know you’re not going to leave the country.

KIP     How could you possibly know that?

SERGEI  Let’s just say that we don’t expect you to feature in our plans for much longer.

KIP     Your plans?

SERGEI  I meant our investigation.

KIP     How did you know I was at Madame Herrmann's?

SERGEI  I called your apartment and spoke to a Mr Norman Whiner; he gave me the scoop.

KIP     You rang Norman?
SERGEI  Don't believe me? Give him a call.

KIP  Maybe I- Beat. Actually that won't be necessary.

_The car slows._

Why are we stopping?

SERGEI  Just need to pick up my superior.

KIP  To collect my passport?

SERGEI  She wants to have a word with you.

_The car stops. ST. JOHN gets in._

ST. JOHN  Get in the back, Sergei, I'll drive.

_The car begins moving again._

Miss Kippington, you've been giving us an awful lot of trouble of late.

KIP  I cooperated with Detective Rooster. Not a bad guy if you can get past the hands-on approach.

ST. JOHN  Must we indulge in tiresome games?

KIP  I ain't following you.

ST. JOHN  You have in your possession a disc drive that we must ensure falls into safe hands. Thus, to avoid a permanent alteration to your health, I recommend you hand it over now.

KIP  You're not the police, are you?

ST. JOHN  Did you hear that, Sergei, she thinks we're not the police.

SERGEI & ST. JOHN _laugh evilly._

No, Miss Kippington, I'll call you by your most recent name if it amuses you, we're no more the police than you are an engineering undergrad-

KIP  It is my name, the only one I've ever had, and I attend Harvard-

ST. JOHN  Yes, I'm sure you've very conveniently got your student card to show me, that's the way your people operate.

KIP  My people?
ST. JOHN Jettison the feigned ignorance, we both know you work for StickyBeaks.

KIP Work for StickyBeaks!

ST. JOHN This charade is paper thin and time is of the essence, I have an engagement to attend.

KIP If you ain’t the police, then who are you?

ST. JOHN My name is Margo St. John, and I’m a businesswoman and StickyBeaks has foolishly chosen not to respect my privacy. But I’m not divulging anything you don’t already know.

KIP St. John. I’ve read about you in the papers; something to do with that proposal for a casino near the bridge.

ST. JOHN Oh, you can read? I never realised that was a prerequisite for your American universities.

SERGEI laughs.

Yes, it was funny, Sergei, now shut up. Miss Kippington, are you going to cooperate and tell me where the disc is; or does Sergei here have to help jog your memory?

KIP You’ve got the wrong girl, St. John.

ST. JOHN It wasn’t you at that show where John Citizen engineered that cleverly planned swap just before he met his demise?

KIP I was hypnotised, I don’t remember anything.

ST. JOHN That’s a double negative. We were taught to avoid their usage at Oxford.

KIP All I recall is that hypnotist holding me and saying the word, ‘sleep’.

ST. JOHN What a good idea. Sergei?

SERGEI (Putting a handkerchief over KIP’s mouth) Smell me hanky.

KIP struggles before falling into unconsciousness. ST. JOHN stops the car.

ST. JOHN Top shelf. Now I need to call Mincer on the mobile.

SERGEI Aren’t we gonna get moving?
ST. JOHN  We may be killers, Sergei, but we don’t violate traffic laws. Do try to be
civilised. (On a mobile) Mincer, be a good chap and meet me at (To SERGEI)
what’s her address, Sergei?

SERGEI  West 83rd and 10th.

ST. JOHN  (On mobile) West 83rd and 10th, I shall arrive in ten minutes. Miss
Kippington’s dying to get home.

ST. JOHN puts away the mobile.

SERGEI  There’s a man and two kids there, boss.

ST. JOHN  Then we’ll just have to be sure to take presents.

SERGEI & ST. JOHN laugh evilly.

The Morgue. ROOSTER & PECK are examining CITIZEN’s body.

ROOSTER  Alright, Peck, gimme the poop.

PECK  You don’t need a coroner for that, you need the Department of
Sanitation.

ROOSTER  Quit with the jibes or I’ll sanitise you all the way to latrine duty in
Central Park.

PECK  Okay, we got a caucasian male of around twenty five, hundred and
sixty two pounds in weight, five foot ten, and apparently he loves his mother.

ROOSTER  That’s amazing, Peck, how can you tell that?

PECK  See the tattoo?

ROOSTER  Yes.

PECK  It says ‘mother’.

ROOSTER  What about the wound?

PECK  It’s in his back.

ROOSTER  Well done. After six years of medical school, you’re able to identify
there’s a wound in a man’s back. I suppose you would have worked it out
sooner if we had have left the blade in.

PECK  Easy on, I just got the corpse!

ROOSTER  It’s been here for hours.
PECK Long lunch, what can I tell you?

ROOSTER I'm obviously wasting my time.

PECK Initial observation reveals that the knife entered the body on the right side of the back at an angle of fifty five degrees. It passed through subcutaneous tissue, causing fatal trauma to internal organs, which cooked over a low flame can feed a family of four.

ROOSTER Cut to the chase, Peck!

PECK We'll know more when we cut him open. At this stage it's just a stab in the dark.

ROOSTER Can you at least tell me if this wound might have been inflicted from close range?

PECK Forensics is a precise science, Rooster.

ROOSTER And your opinion?

PECK Maybe Beat. or maybe not.

ROOSTER Peck, you’re about as useful as an eggless hen.

PECK An eggless hen. You couldn’t lay your spurs on one, could you?

Enter MRS HEN.

HEN I have my uses, Detective Rooster.

ROOSTER Mrs Hen, I didn’t mean-

HEN And I’m sick of being the butt of all your yolks.

PECK What a magnificent creature; can I have her?

ROOSTER For experimentation?

PECK No, dinner, I’m starving.

ROOSTER You can’t eat Mrs Hen!

PECK I wouldn’t eat her, I’d-

ROOSTER Get on with it, Peck-

HEN (To PECK) What would you do?
ROOSTER Mrs Hen, remember who’s in charge here and behave. A hen that struts like a rooster often ends up on the plate. Now, Peck, until I get your report I can’t put a line through Miss Kippettington’s name for the murder of John Citizen. Looks like I need to pay her another visit. How’s my breath?

*Kip’s garage.* ST. JOHN is standing outside of the car. KIP sits inside, unconscious. MINCER passes a hose connected from the exhaust into one of the windows.

ST. JOHN Quite finished, Mincer?

MINCER She’s about to breathe her way to the big sleep.

ST. JOHN Annoying we didn’t find the disc, however.

MINCER Murder feels better if the victim has done something wrong.

ST. JOHN Who said anything about murder? I think the police will find that the poor girl took her own life.

*Enter SERGEI from one of the two side doors.*

All present and accounted for, Sergei?

SERGEI Oh yeah, that’s one adult, name of Norman Whiner-

ST. JOHN Norman Whiner? He was our explosive expert, the scientist who designed the bomb.

SERGEI Oops.

ST. JOHN No matter, Whiner had to die, he was a man who knew too much.

SERGEI There’s also two kids who won’t be bothering us any time soon.

ST. JOHN Suffer the little children. Mincer, seal the rear window and start the car.

Smoke begins filling the car.

MINCER Starting to look like a Turkish steam bath.

ST. JOHN And what would you know about tawdry Turkish steam baths, Mincer?

MINCER Nothing I-

ST. JOHN Goodbye, Miss Kippettington. Now, who’s hungry? My shout.

They laugh evilly and exit as smoke continues to pour into the car. Seconds pass until a tapping that progresses to a knocking on the garage door begins to wake KIP. She panics until she realises that all she has to do is turn off the ignition. She does
so and the smoke ceases. She opens a door and collapses, coughing and spluttering onto the ground. She becomes aware of the knocking on one of the side doors and rushes to open it. TONY & KITTY fall into the room; they’re tied up and gagged. KIP quickly removes their restraints and holds the children to her.

KIP Where’s Norman?

The children look ominously towards the other side door. KIP stands and slowly walks towards it. She opens the door and NORMAN collapses into her arms, dead, a knife protruding from his back. The kids scream. KIP removes the knife.

Again? This ain’t my month!

Blackout. Spotlight on HITCHCOCK.

HITCH. What a sticky end to Norman’s life. At least there will be one less for dinner. And what about Kip? I do so hate it when people suffer from gas, but it has made Kip’s home look like a roach bomb has hit the place. At times of inconvenience, it’s always a comfort to know that one can call upon one’s parents for a visit. Though of late these visits seem never-ending with children unwilling to fly the coop, preferring to nest and suckle off their parents. And to the parents is exactly where Kip and the children are heading now.

Kip’s parents’ place. KIP, TONY, KITTY, POOPSIE & GEORGE are sitting on a sofa.

POOPSIE Of course the children can stay with us for a couple of days, Kip.

KIP Thanks, Ma, thanks, Pa.

GEORGE I can tell them all about my war stories. You ever been to war, kids?

KIDS No, grandpa.

GEORGE The way your grandmother breaks wind reminds of the FK-16s the Bosch used in the Great War.

POOPSIE You weren’t in the Great War, George.

GEORGE The smell of methane is so much like cordite that the old Post Traumatic Stress Disorder kicks in.

POOPSIE You’re frightening the children.

KIP We were almost gassed to death!

GEORGE Ever looked into the eyes of a dead man, kids?

The kids react sharply, each huddling closer to the women.
What'd I say?

POOPSIE Oh, you're a silly sausage, George. How can you talk about dead men after what your daughter told us about Norman?

KIP That's okay, Ma, I think Norman was going to leave me anyway.

GEORGE Well he has now.

POOPSIE George!

GEORGE Hold fire, Poopsie. I'll put on the kettle.

KIP Kids, you help your grandfather. I want to have a little talk with Gran.

GEORGE Come on, kids, I can tell you how we used to smoke out the enemy.

POOPSIE George!

GEORGE Harden up, kids.

TONY Aunty Kip, I want my mummy.

GEORGE You can't have your mummy, Tony, you're too young to go into clubs where women dance exotically and chase the wealthy men.

POOPSIE Don't talk that way about their mother.

KITTY Where's Mummy?

POOPSIE Oh Kitty, last I heard she'd been arrested for indecent exposure in some Scandinavian country.

GEORGE How do you get arrested in Amsterdam, for crying out loud? They ain't got no laws. Speaking of which, who wants a pig in a blanket?

KITTY A pig in a blanket?

GEORGE A sausage roll. Come on, kids, it's like a pooh wrapped in pastry, only tastier.

Exit GEORGE, TONY & KITTY.

KIP He seems to be taking it well.

POOPSIE Two daughters in trouble with the law? He's okay, the fruit don't fall far from the tree. But, Kip, what are you going to do?

Lights down on grandparents' house and up on Kip's garage. ROOSTER, PLUCKER & CLUCKER are inspecting the body of NORMAN.
PLUCKER That’s one dead duck.

CLUCKER Chicken one day, feathers the next.

PLUCKER His goose is cooked.

ROOSTER Either of you know this guy?

PLUCKER He reminds me of someone I saw on TV one time.

ROOSTER Who was it?

PLUCKER A dead guy with a knife in his back.

ROOSTER What do you make of it, Clucker?

CLUSTER Stick another knife into him and we could have spit roast.

Enter MRS HEN.

HEN Who said ‘spit roast’? I can eat solids again!

ROOSTER Mrs Hen, organise forensics and prints, would you?

HEN What about the spit roast? I want a spit roast!

ROOSTER There’ll be no roast for you. Now get crackling!

HEN Look at me, I’m Detective Rooster, I get a spit roast.

Exit MRS HEN.

ROOSTER Same Modus Operandi. I think Miss Kippington’s suddenly upped the stakes, but this time her victim is closer to home. I wonder if she likes candy.

Lights down on Kip’s garage and up on the grandparents’ house.

POOPSIE Kip, you have to go to the police.

KIP Maybe, I don’t know.

POOPSIE What about Norman?

KIP I was dead to him, Ma-

POOPSIE And now he’s dead to you. That’s the irony of life. You did love him, didn’t you?

KIP I loved that I wasn’t alone.
POOPSIE  Oh, Kip, come here.

POOPSIE  comforts KIP. Enter GEORGE, TONY & KITTY.

GEORGE  *(Holding up a cocktail sausage)* Who's for a little boy?

TONY  *(Eating one)* Pop, why are they called ‘little boys’?

GEORGE  Ask your mother.

POOPSIE  George!

GEORGE  Now what’s this I hear about you going to the police? Kippingtons don’t dob!

POOPSIE  Kids, who wants another little boy? There’s more in the kitchen, go and get some.

Exit TONY & KITTY.

POOPSIE  She might be killed if she doesn’t go to the police.

GEORGE  I’d rather have her dead than a dobber. Say you won’t, princess.

KIP  I haven’t decided yet.

GEORGE  That’s my girl, Daddy’s little angel is no snitch.

KIP  You’re not listening, Pa, I ain’t sure, they haven’t ruled out charging me with murder and they think I’m in possession of that StickyBeaks disc.

GEORGE  StickyBeaks! Ain’t they led by Juliana Sange?

POOPSIE  No respect for privacy, that woman, except her own.

POOPSIE & GEORGE  What do you have to do with Juliana Sange?

KIP  Nothing, but everyone seems to think I have a connection to her and are prepared to go to some pretty extreme lengths to prove it.

GEORGE  That’s it, I’m getting dressed. I won’t have no daughter of mine facing these jackals alone.

KIP  Pa, this ain’t no Charlie & the Chocolate Factory. This is Dial M for Murder.

POOPSIE  Sit down, George, and eat your little boy.
GEORGE Yes, Poopsie.
KIP Maybe there's only one way to clear my name and that's to find the disc.
POOPSIE You're no spy, Kip.
KIP The police and St. John both think I am, that gives me a head start.
GEORGE A head start to a wooden sleeping bag.

Enter KITTY & TONY.

KITTY Why would anybody want a wooden sleeping bag, Grandpa?
GEORGE To dispose of a dead body.
KIP rises to leave.

POOPSIE Where are you going, Kip?
KIP I have a feeling it's safer for all of us if you don't know, Ma. You look after the kids, yeah?
GEORGE Don't worry about a thing, sweetheart. This old dog can smell trouble from a mile away.

Exit KIP. Lights down. Spotlight on HITCHCOCK.

HITCH. Ah, the innocent man, or in this case woman, on the run from the villains and the police. It's a staple of the suspense diet and one that implies that all this evil could be happening to you. I like a little evil, I like the feeling of a dark room, pitch black, with the clip-clop of footsteps nearing, knowing that a killer approaches, engulfing you in a sea of mortal terror, a paroxysm of fear so overwhelming that you cannot move, awaiting death, gasping for breath in claustrophobic convulsions Beat. but that's a dish best served in the second act. For now, it's the city at peak hour, and our hero, Kip, is wandering the streets, looking for clues and fearful of whom she might run into.

The Street. Peak Hour. Enter KIP. People bustle by her and everywhere she goes she senses she is being watched. The only person not moving is HUTCH MANDERLEY, who stands holding up a broadsheet newspaper, his face obscured. The headline on the newspaper reads; 'Kip the Ripper Strikes Again'. Enter WILMA & ELMER. KIP runs into them.

ELMER Howdy diddy-do, little missy. Take a moment to stop and smell the roses.
WILMA My name's Wilma Elmerwilma, and this here is my husband-
ELMER  Elmer. Elmer Elmerwilma. We’re the Elmerwilmas from Strongmuscle, Arkansas.

WILMA  Have you ever been to Strongmuscle, Arkansas?

ELMER  Don’t be silly, Wilma. Nobody’s ever heard of Strongmuscle, Arkansas.

WILMA  Oh really, then you might like to see a picture of it. This here’s one of our sub-prime mortgage houses. Used to be prime, now it’s just sub. And this here’s our drug store. They done closed it a long time ago, but some men still make a living selling pharmaceuticals out the back. And this one’s our daughter, Wilhelmina, Wilhelmina Elmerwilma-

ELMER  Do you have children, miss...

KIP    Kip, Kip Kippington.

WILMA  Kip? That name seems awful familiar.

ELMER  Say, Wilma?

WILMA  What is it, Elmer?

ELMER  Slap me on the thigh and call me pretty, but I do declare we’ve met this here miss before.

WILMA  Fiddly-dick hoppity-pee, Elmer.

ELMER & WILMA  Are you thinking what I’m thinking?

ELMER  Hypnoto! This pretty young sweet thing was at Hypnoto’s show.

WILMA  You’ll have to excuse Elmer’s language, he’s as rough as a rhinestone cowboy.

ELMER  Put me in the saddle and get bucking!

WILMA  You hungry, Miss Kippington?

ELMER  Our hotel not too far from here.

KIP    No, I’m not hungry, thanks-

WILMA  You don’t have to be hungry to eat my Chicken Rendang-

ELMER  Saying no would break Wilma’s heart and get me all irritable, like.

WILMA  Come with us, Kip.
ELMER    It ain't far.
KIP      But I-
WILMA    Just take a moment of your time.
ELMER    It's just round the corner.
KIP      Sorry, look, I got to go.
WILMA    But, Kip-

KIP rushes to leave and runs into HUTCH.
ELMER    Is this your boyfriend?
WILMA    We'll leave you to your boyfriend. *(Menacing)* But I'm sure we'll be bumping into one another again.

Exit WILMA & ELMER. KIP is about to apologise to HUTCH when she reads the headline.

KIP      God, no!
HUTCH    You must really like our team.

HUTCH turns the paper around to show the back page which reads, ‘Yankees Lose Again’.

KIP      What?
HUTCH    The Yankees.
KIP      No it's-
HUTCH    Don’t worry, they’ll come good when the Giants stop winning.
KIP      Do you always read the back pages first?
HUTCH    I like my sports, so I read back to front. Like so.

HUTCH raises the paper again to a page that reads, ‘Is Kip really Sange?’ KIP reacts, shocked.

    No need to look shocked, all men do it, some women too. But here I am going yada yada and turning off the one decent ray of sunshine that’s come into my day.

KIP      Ray of sunshine?
HUTCH My mother used to say, Hutch, you wouldn’t know what to do if a pretty girl bumped into you on a street corner. And I guess I don’t.

KIP You always talk this fast?

HUTCH Only when I’m nervous, beautiful women make me anxious, make me start to sweat.

KIP I’ve really got to go.

HUTCH But we’ve only just met, maybe we could go for coffee some time?

KIP Yeah, maybe.

Suddenly, there’s commotion and a general panic as the police sound whistles, they think they’ve spotted KIP.

HUTCH Hey, what’s going on? Must be the police.

KIP looks around, wondering whether to stay or take flight. The whistles get louder.

I don’t like the sound of that, cops give me the heebie jeebies.

KIP You ain’t too brave, but I got a cure for an anxiety disorder.

HUTCH What’s that?

KIP suddenly embraces HUTCH behind the newspaper (‘Yankees Lose Again’). Enter PLUCKER & CLUCKER, searching for KIP in a slapstick manner. Enter ROOSTER, DUCKS & DRAKES. KIP & HUTCH continue their embrace.

ROOSTER (To PLUCKER & CLUCKER) Report?

PLUCKER We lost the suspect.

CLUCKER She disappeared into thin air.

ROOSTER You were certain you had her.

DUCKS Don’t count your suspects ‘til they’re caughted.

DRAKES (Mocking) Bring in the A team.

ROOSTER Don’t cackle ‘til you’ve laid Beat. a charge. Alright, Plucker and Clucker, you take 55th and 5th, Ducks and Drakes, you take 44th and 4th. I’ll check in Louie’s.

DRAKES What for?
ROOSTER  Wife wants me to take home some eggs and I think the four of you
have laid all you can for one day. Now, move it!

*The sergeants exit. ROOSTER looks suspiciously at KIP & HUTCH, then turns to the audience.*

ROOSTER  Damn Yankees!

*Exit ROOSTER. KIP & HUTCH come out of their embrace.*

KIP  That was nice. See ya.

HUTCH  Hey, I know it might sound like a backward step, but how about that
coffee?

KIP  Look, you’re a nice guy, and maybe if circumstances were different-

*Sounds of police whistles can be heard approaching again.*

    You got a place?

HUTCH  Upstairs.

KIP  Make it instant.

HUTCH  I have plunger.

KIP  I mean instant like in ‘now’.

*Exit all. Spotlight on HITCHCOCK.*

HITCH.  So Kip makes her great escape, but is it straight into the clutches of the
nefarious Hutch Manderley? Or is he only interested in booty? Rest assured,
in my plays, coffee means coffee.

*Hutch’s apartment. HUTCHE & KIP enter.*

KIP  This is a nice place.

HUTCH  It ain’t much, but it’s home. Do you play?

KIP  This is just coffee, understand?

HUTCH  No, the violin.

KIP  I’m just a bit slow, it’s been a long day.

HUTCH  You wants to talk about it?
KIP  I…I just broke up with my boyfriend.

HUTCH  Oh.

KIP  It’s okay, he got the point.

HUTCH  Cryptic. Hey, we haven’t been formally introduced.

KIP  Kip, Kip Kippington.

HUTCH  Your parents must have a sense of humour.

KIP  Hey, I got off light, my sister’s name is Kiss. You going to return serve?

HUTCH  Hutch Manderley.

KIP  And is there a Mrs Manderley?

HUTCH  No, I’m currently in between ill-informed decisions.

KIP  You’re a cynic.

HUTCH  And you’re cryptic. What does that make the two of us?

KIP  A couple of crynpics?

HUTCH  Sounds like a new strain of acne.

KIP  Relationships are bumpy rides.

HUTCH  Is this going to turn into a relationship?

KIP  Is this where you go get the coffee?

HUTCH  Only if you play me some coffee-making music.

KIP  You usually make coffee with cheese?

HUTCH  I don’t usually have women in my apartment. But play me something.

KIP  I only know one tune.

HUTCH  That’s a strange name, but one tune’ll do.

KIP  I warn you, I’m not very good.

HUTCH  Tell you what, you give me one tune and I’ll give you coffee. Deal?

KIP  At that price, who can argue?
HUTCH    Be right back.

Exit HUTCH, KIP begins playing the Theme from MacGuffin. A noise can be heard offstage. Enter MRS BATES.

MRS B    That music rings a bell, it’s like the theme from an old Hitchcock movie.

KIP      You know which one?

MRS B    It ain’t Psycho. But, then again, neither am I.

Exit MRS BATES. KIP puts down the violin and starts reading the newspaper. She sees an article that catches her eye.

KIP      (Reading) Benefit for Juliana Sange at Central Park Zoo tonight. Starts at 7, bookings not essential. This might be something.

HUTCH    (Off) This kettle’s a bit slow, won’t take too long.

KIP      Fine. I’m just gonna make a call. (Making the call) 555-5555 Beat. 4, no 5. (Into the phone) Hello, Ma?

Lights up on grandparents’ place. POOPSIE answers the phone. GEORGE sleeps.

POOPSIE  Kip, is everything alright?

KIP      Everything’s fine, I just wanted to check on you.

POOPSIE  Apart from your father teaching the kids how to kill a person in six different ways, things couldn’t be better.

KIP      Sounds like the old man.

Enter KITTY & TONY.

POOPSIE  It’d be a lot easier if Tony and Kitty liked to watch TV-

KIP      Put ‘em on the phone, Ma.

TONY     Is that you, Aunty Kip?

Spotlight slowly up to reveal SERGEI & MINCER listening in on the conversation.

KIP      Yes, Tony. Now are you two behaving yourselves?

TONY     You bet, Grandpa taught me how to use a bayonet!

KITTY    And the best way to strangle a man.

GEORGE   In self-defence!
KITTY  In self-defence.

KIP    You be sure to let your grandparents rest, they're no spring chickens any more.

TONY   We know, Pop was telling us how he used to fly helicopters during the war.

KITTY  I didn't know helicopters were invented in the dark ages.

KIP    Grandpa don't lie. Now, be good for them, I've gotta go. Love you.

KIDS   Love you, Kip.

KIP    Okay, hang up, kids.

KIDS   No, you hang up.

KIP    You hang up first.

KIDS   No, you hang up first.

KIP    Alright, we'll both hang up together. On the count of three: one, two-

        damn, the little buggers hung up.

Lights down on grandparents' house.

MINCER The little buggers hung up.

KIP    Who's this?

SERGEI I see you got out of the car alive.

KIP    What do you want? Leave me alone!

MINCER They seem like such nice kids, Kip, it would be a pity if anything were to happen to them-

SERGEI & MINCER Again.

SERGEI & MINCER hang up. KIP also hangs up and hurriedly prepares to leave.

SERGEI You'll have to do this one, Mr Mincer, the brats might recognise me.

MINCER I'll give them a one way helicopter trip to the family plot.

SERGEI Huh?
MINCER  The great gig in the sky. Chopper goes up, chopper comes down. Kaboom. End of story.

SERGEI  End of kiddies.

Lights fade on SERGEI & MINCER as they laugh evilly. Lights up on KIP, who’s trying to ring her parents again.

KIP  555-5555 Beat. 5. Engaged. Come on, get off the phone.

She tries again. Enter HUTCH with a toilet plunger and the coffee behind his back.

HUTCH  I couldn’t resist, I made plunger.

KIP  That sucks.

HUTCH  Only kidding, ta-da!

KIP  Thanks, but I’m going to have to take a rain check, something’s come up.

HUTCH  Anything important?

KIP  Yeah.

HUTCH  How can I help?

KIP  You’ve already helped me more than you could know. So, um, bye.

HUTCH  But I just met you.

KIP  You know, you look cute when you’re pouting; put on an apron and you’d just about be my perfect man.

KIP gives HUTCH a lingering kiss on the cheek.

See ya.

Exit KIP. HUTCH puts down the coffee, then notices the newspaper.

HUTCH  (Reading) The Juliana Sange Benefit at the zoo. Okay, Hutch, the chase is on, but I figure you ain’t gonna like this, Kip.

Lights fade as on HUTCH, concerned.

Grandparents’ house. POOPSIE, TONY & KITTY are talking. GEORGE is having a snooze.

TONY  Grandma, we’re bored.
KITTY There’s nothing to do.

POOPSIE Why don’t you watch TV, *The Simpsons* is on.

KITTY What’s *The Simpsons*?

POOPSIE You mean to tell me that my grandchildren are the only two children in the world who have never watched *The Simpsons*?

KITTY We don’t watch the boob tube.

TONY That’s funny.

KITTY What is?

TONY You said ‘boob’.

KITTY That’s what Mummy calls it.

POOPSIE A boob is an old way of calling someone stupid.

TONY Wow, women must be twice as stupid then.

KITTY Is that why I always beat you at school?

*A door bell is heard.*

POOPSIE Thank heavens, that’s the door. I’ll get it.

POOPSIE opens the door. MINCER is standing there in the guise of a postman.

MINCER Afternoon to ya, ma’am. She’s a hot one today. You could fry an egg on the sidewalk in a New York minute.

POOPSIE Can I help you?

MINCER US Postal service, Express Mail delivery for Mr and Mrs Kippington.

POOPSIE Where’s our usual postie, Myron, he’s such a nice boy.

MINCER He’s off sick, I don’t expect he’ll be back soon. Now, you want that I bring it in, she’s a big one.

POOPSIE You’re too kind.

Exit MINCER.

GEORGE What is it, Poopsie?
POOPSIE  It's an Express Mail package.
GEORGE  You haven't been on the EBay again, have you?
POOPSIE  I wasn't expecting anything.

*Enter MINCER, carrying an enormous cardboard box.*

   Over there, please.

TONY  What's in the box, Gran?
POOPSIE  No idea, Tony.
KITTY  Open it up!
MINCER  I need someone to sign first, cutie pie. It's still my property until someone do.

GEORGE  I'll take care of that.

GEORGE  *signs for the package.*

   Hey, buddy, give us a hand opening this box.

MINCER  You got it.

GEORGE & MINCER  *open the box and pull out a remote control toy helicopter.*

TONY  Oh wow, that's enormous.
GEORGE  She's a beauty!
POOPSIE  Is there a card?
GEORGE  It's gotta be from Kip to cheer up the kids, already.
POOPSIE  She didn't mention it on the phone.
GEORGE  Don't be a killjoy, Poopsie.
KITTY  It's the bomb dot com.
MINCER  You can say that again.
KITTY  Are these the controls? How does it work?
MINCER  You want me to prime it?
TONY  Would you, mister?
MINCER  Here, let me have those controls.

KITTY passes MINCER the controls.

You see, you power it on with this knob and this is your joystick.

POOPSIE  You seem to know a bit about this.

MINCER  I dabble in electronics.

KITTY  Cool.

MINCER  And as soon as you engage the joystick, the plane starts to lift. But careful, you don’t want to crash or else ka-boom!

MINCER again laughs a little freakishly.

Have fun with your flight, I gots to go. I’m sure it won’t take too long to get the bang, I mean the hang of it.

Exit MINCER.

GEORGE  Okay, kids, who’s going to be the first pilot?

KIDS  Me!

POOPSIE  You ain’t going to fly it inside, are you?

GEORGE  Just to see if it works.

POOPSIE  But my furnishings!

GEORGE  Always with the furnishings. This is a home, let’s live a little. Power it up, Kitty.

KITTY presses the power button and instantly a soft ticking sound can be heard, though not by the characters. It increases in volume throughout the following.

POOPSIE  That was a strange postman.

GEORGE  Man just loves his job.

POOPSIE  I hope Myron’s alright, he looked fine yesterday.

KITTY  Grandpa, it’s moving!

GEORGE  See if you can get it off the floor.

POOPSIE  Don’t crash it.
TONY Come on, sis, give it some juice!

The plane now begins to fly over the audience. The actors improvise dialogue as the ticking gets louder and faster. Just as it becomes obvious that the bomb is about to explode, KIP enters.

KIP Ma, Pa? What are you doing?

GEORGE Just playing with the chopper you sent.

KIP I didn’t send no helicopter!

GEORGE Don’t be ridiculous, the postie just brought it.

KIP The postie? What’d he look like?

POOPSIE This weird constipated looking guy with a creepy voice.

KIP That was no postman, Ma, that was one of the men that kidnapped me.

GEORGE Eh?

KIP That ain’t no chopper, it’s a bomb. Give me that control!

KIP grabs the remote and flies the plane to a safe crash landing. A massive sound effect of a bomb exploding is heard. They all huddle together. After a few moments, KIP looks out to the audience.

Everyone okay?

Lights snap to black. Spotlight on HITCHCOCK.

HITCH. All this suspense is thirsty work. Time for a drinky-poo, we’ll be back in fifteen minutes. Bottoms up!

End of Act One
Act Two

_Lights up on Grandparents’ house._ ROOSTER, DUCKS, DRAKES, PLUCKER, CLUCKER & MRS HEN are inspecting the place. GEORGE, POOPSIE, KITTY & TONY stand around anxiously.

PLUCKER  This place stinks to high heaven.

DRAKES  Either these windows ain’t been opened in months or someone’s been popping out the poop gas.

DUCKS  What’s the smell, a mixture of cream cheese, bagels and chicken soup?

POOPSIE  You’re complaining about my chicken soup?

CLUCKER  No, she just means-

POOPSIE  God forbid I should make a better chicken soup. Maybe if you ate my soup it would remove that dumb grin from your face.

DUCKS  My grin ain’t dumb!

POOPSIE  Not dumb? Who are you kidding? You got a face like a split matzo ball. I’ll get you the recipe. You just sit down there. Don’t cry, sweetheart, the couch just had the scotchguard-

POLICE  Oh, no!

_Enter McNUGGETS._

McNUGG.  Did I nay hear someone mention a scotch guard?

POOPSIE  Oh, look, a gender bender.

KITTY  Tony, that guy’s wearing a dress!

TONY  And he’s got better legs than you. _Beat._ Not that I’m looking at his legs.

McNUGG.  So you’ve been looking at hers?

TONY  No, I-

McNUGG.  It’s natural, me laddy. I know, ma own sister had a pair of pins you could use at a bowling alley.

_Exit McNUGGETS._

GEORGE  Is this going to take all day?
ROOSTER  *(Taking notes on a pad)* I gotta ask you a few questions and Mrs Hen needs to finish the fingerprints. How are you going, Mrs Hen?

HEN  You don’t care. For five years I’ve slaved my guts out for you and do I ever get noticed, a thank you, a Dunkin’ Donut from time to time? No.

ROOSTER  Sheesh. Now, Mr Kippington, I’m very interested in the movements of your daughter, Kip. The way she shakes her shimmy makes it a good news day every day, if you know what I mean.

GEORGE  That’s my daughter you’re talking about, Rooster!

ROOSTER  Well, it ain’t Mrs Hen.

HEN  Detective Rooster!

MRS HEN  *exits in tears to the kitchen.*

ROOSTER  What’s she gonna do in there?

POOPSIE  Maybe she wants a little boy.

ROOSTER  Huh?

*Enter PECK.*

PECK  I’m here, Rooster.

ROOSTER  We don’t need no coroner, Peck, there ain’t no stiff!

PECK  I heard there was a dead guy.

ROOSTER  Who told you that?

PECK  I came running when Mrs Hen called.

ROOSTER  It’s a wild goose chase.

PECK  I dropped everything to once more hear her voice-

ROOSTER  She ain’t here.

GEORGE  She’s having a pig in a blanky.

PECK  When did she get so rural? I gots to know more about this dame.

*Exit PECK.*
PLUCKER  Hey, Mr K, you mind if we turn on the TV? Might be something about the case.

TONY    We don’t watch the TV.

PLUCKER You do now, small fry.

CLUCKER Leave him alone, Plucker, he’s cute. (To TONY) If you were a stamp I’d lick you both sides.

DRAKES Forget about it. Turn on the TV.

*Lights up on Channel Eight studios. SINCERITY, RUSH & G-ROB are in discussion.*

SINCERITY Welcome back to Channel Eight-

FOX     Eight is great!

G-ROB & RUSH

SINCERITY I’m Sincerity Fib and it’s nine past the hour. Top stories: rumours of an explosive device on Brooklyn Bridge gain momentum. Coroner reopens investigation into forensics officer who overdosed on Krazy Glue. And Swedish police red-faced as the rest of us now ask where in the world is Juliana Sange? As always I’m joined by G-Rob, QC, and shock-jock, Rush Limbo. G-Rob, how seriously should we take these threats to blow up the bridge?

G-ROB Very seriously, one would have thought. The climate surrounding the casino development near the bridge is getting tropical and not about to change.

SINCERITY You’re referring to the offshoot of the Occupy Wall Street campaign?

G-ROB Indeed, who rightly point out that we already have one casino and fail to see the need for a second one to attract high rollers.

RUSH These protesters are just a bunch of maggot-infested commies-

G-ROB Really Rush-

RUSH Who probably dropped out of university with enough rudimentary understanding of chemistry and physics to make a dirty bomb sufficient to blow up the bridge.

G-ROB What’s a dirty bomb?

SINCERITY Probably one that doesn’t take you out to dinner first. But, Rush, you’re president of B.O.A.
G-ROB: And what, pray tell, is B.O.A.?

RUSH: The Bomb Owners' Association of America.

SINCERITY: The B.O.A.O.A.

G-ROB: Have you been drinking?

RUSH: And I say that the only way to deal with bad people with bombs is to get good people with bombs to blow ‘em all to hell.

SINCERITY: Detonate them up the doodad!

G-ROB: You’re forgetting that StickyBeaks is reportedly about to publish a document concerning a master criminal and an explosive device.

RUSH: We got ourselves a master criminal, one Miss Juliana Sange.

G-ROB: Are you suggesting Miss Sange is going to blow up the Brooklyn Bridge?

RUSH: She is the one publishing the leak and she is a criminal on the run.

SINCERITY: Maybe she’s moved from indecent exposure to indecent explosure!

RUSH: How anyone who’s never been seen can be arrested for indecent exposure is well beyond me.

SINCERITY: And that exposure continues tonight with Central Park Zoo hosting a masquerade benefit in honour of the tireless work she’s doing with StickyBeaks.

RUSH: Tireless work? She’s flushing this country down the toilet like a cheap curry.

SINCERITY: And now that she’s skipped bail, the paparazzi will be out in force for a possible glimpse of Sange and, with all those cameras flashing, her tendency to blink under bright lights could reveal her identity. Two people who come from the ‘blink and you’ll miss her’ Sange fan club can join us now. Are you there, Elmer and Wilma Elmerwilma?

ELMER: Hot damn, Wilma, we be on the television.

WILMA: Howdy, Sincerity, we be from Strongmuscle, Arkansas and we wouldn’t miss tonight’s benefit for all the smoked kippers at our favourite restaurant back home.

ELMER: The Red Herring.
WILMA  The Red Herring serves a mean kipper.
ELMER  And you know what they do with kippers?
WILMA & ELMER  They smoke ‘em.
WILMA  And there’ll be one less kipper to smoke after tonight.
SINCERITY  I’m not following.
ELMER  It’s like our bucket list; things to do before she dies.
SINCERITY  Don’t you mean ‘we’?
WILMA  Elmer does get nervous-
ELMER  But not while I’m smoking kippers.

*They laugh evilly.*

POOPSIE  Turn off the TV already, those two are giving me the creeps.
ROOSTER  I believe Kip, oh Kip, is not your only daughter.
POOPSIE  No, she has an elder sister, Kiss.
ROOSTER  You’re a little old, but okay-
POOPSIE  That’s her name.
ROOSTER  I was only joking.
GEORGE  We don’t joke about our daughters, Mr Rooster.
ROOSTER  And where can I find Kiss, should I wish to have speaks with her?
POOPSIE  She was in gaol-
ROOSTER  In gaol!
POOPSIE  She’s a dancer; all dancers get arrested sooner or later.
ROOSTER  And this happened where?
POOPSIE  In Amsterdam.
GEORGE  You know, in Scandinavia.
PLUCKER  Amsterdam ain’t in Scandinavia, boss.
DUCKS  It's in Belgium.

POOPSIE  Anyway, they let her out on bail, and the authorities told her not to leave the country, but she's like her sister-

ROOSTER  *unfolds her pad and reveals a chain of paper dolls.*

ROOSTER  A foxy lady?

GEORGE  Got a mind of her own.

POOPSIE  She's a New York girl; my money says she's on her way home.

ROOSTER  Like a pigeon after a worm.

GEORGE  Eating a big apple.

ROOSTER  You're strange. Where is your younger daughter, Kip?


ROOSTER  Stop that! You do know she has been in a little trouble with us of late.

KITTY  Aunty Kip don't like the police.

TONY  Says one keeps hitting her.

KITTY  Hitting on her, dufus.

ROOSTER  You wouldn't happen to have a photograph of her, would ya? Perhaps one at a swimming pool or a day at the beach?

GEORGE  We don't go to the beach.

ROOSTER  Then perhaps a photo of Kiss?

GEORGE  And we don't like loud music.

POOPSIE  There ain't no photos of Kiss. She got all self-conscious when she hit puberty.

ROOSTER  Mrs Hen?

*Enter MRS HEN.*

HEN  You want me?

ROOSTER  No, just curious as to whether you've finished.
POOPSIE  (To MRS HEN) Why do you keep throwing yourself at the detective? You’re a married woman, for crying out loud.

HEN Was a married woman, but my husband died of an overdose of ethyl cyanoacrylate, which they use in Krazy Glue and is a liquid we sometimes employ to I.D. fingerprints. Anyway, I’m done.

ROOSTER Here’s my card, Mr and Mrs Kippington. Any photos of your daughters turn up, be sure to give me a call. And stay schtum, I wanna keep this out of the press.

Lights down. Lights up on HITCHCOCK.

HITCH. And so Kip continues to run in fear for her life. This isn’t so difficult to understand, weren’t we all frightened as children? Nothing has changed since Little Red Riding Hood faced the big bad wolf. What frightens us today is exactly the same sort of thing that frightened us yesterday. It’s just a different wolf. Or a bird. Birds can be clever and vicious and the only method of psychology I can find to calm them down is birdseed.

Lights down on HITCHCOCK.

Central Park Zoo. A masquerade benefit performance for Juliana Sange. Seating for the characters is on stage, facing the audience, as if they were watching from behind the performers. MADAME HERRMANN is conducting the band with McNUGGETS guarding the musicians. Sounds of zoo wildlife can be heard. ST. JOHN, MINCER & HUTCH enter. ST. JOHN is on HUTCH’s arm; it is clearly a date. They sit down; there is a spare chair next to HUTCH.

ST. JOHN Thirsty, my dear?

HUTCH I’m fine, thanks.

ST. JOHN Get into the swing. Nothing would be simpler than Mincer procuring drinky-poos.

MINCER Maybe he doesn’t want one.

ST. JOHN A champagne, perhaps?

HUTCH I could wet my whistle.

ST. JOHN I know you can. Mincer, two champagnes and a diet coke for yourself; I know you’re watching your figure. Let’s face it, no-one else does.

Exit MINCER to get the drinks.
Well, my darling, here we are, I am displaying my love for you in public, even if we are masked, which is the only way I’d be seen at a fundraiser for that cyber-bullying bandit, Sange.

HUTCH It’s nice to get out.

ST. JOHN What an irony, that here I am playing the trophy girlfriend whilst all the while you’re my toy-boy.

HUTCH I don’t like that term.

ST. JOHN Whatever has gotten into you, Hutch, you know better than to make a fuss.

HUTCH I’m sorry, Margo, whatever you want.

ST. JOHN I want to enjoy myself, darling, and you can assist that by showering me with your affection.

She offers her cheek, which HUTCH duly kisses. Enter MINCER with the drinks.

MINCER Your champagne, boss. And I took the liberty of placing a strawberry in your flute, Mr Manderley.

ST. JOHN Take a seat, Mincer, he’s mine.

MINCER I was just being thoughtful.

ST. JOHN Shush up, it’s showtime!

Enter two MCs.

MC 1 Ladies and gentlemen, thanks for coming out tonight to Central Park Zoo to show your support for the founder of StickyBeaks, Juliana Sange.

A light smattering of applause.

Juliana can’t be with us tonight due to unforeseen circumstances-

MC 2 Like possible extradition to Guantanamo Bay-

MC 1 But we do take this opportunity to respect her privacy-

MC 2 Even though she seems unable to reciprocate that courtesy to us.

MCs Maybe it’s an Australian thing.

MC 1 But in all seriousness, it’s reassuring to know that someone is leaking secrets about multinational corporations-
MC 2 Like, they’re crapping on us.

MC 1 And before StickyBeaks came along, I thought all politicians were honest. Now we find out they’re in bed with big business.

MC 2 Hence funding to private schools.

ST. JOHN (To MINCER) Who organised for these buffoons to host?

MINCER Beats me, guv.

ST. JOHN Have them shuffle off this mortal coil at the end of the show.

MC 1 Anyway, enough from us. Tonight’s meeting is all about raising funds, awareness of StickyBeaks-

MC 2 And the great work it is doing throughout cyberspace.

MC 1 So we’re going to open up the microphone and hope you show your appreciation by dropping a few coins in the bags that are circulating.

MC 2 And, if you don’t want to be considered cheap, put in a few notes; flights to South America are expensive.

MC 1 So let’s get the show rolling, do we have any volunteers to go first?

MC 2 Or shall we just spend the rest of the night watching an empty stage like a couple of hicks?

ST. JOHN I shall perform.

MC 2 Margo St. John, head of the casino development, what an honour-

MC 1 A privilege-

MC 2 A pleasure.

ST. JOHN Don’t think your fawning will get you a job at my new bridge casino. Microphone! (To Audience) Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, I might take a moment to provide balance for this occasion Beat. in song. Hit it, Mr Music.

MADAME I am woman, hear me roar!

ST. JOHN Anything you like, as long as it’s in ‘C’.

*The band begins playing ‘New York Girl’.*

I’m a New York girl, I’ve been caught in a swirl.
I’ve been adopted by Manhattan, the island that is Staten and the statue they call liberty.
I'm a New York girl, so don't you worry 'bout me.

I'm a New York girl, I'm the city's pearl.
I'm nothing like that Aussie sheila, your secrets I won't steal-a, I'm a dealer
and a dame on the rise.
I'm a New York girl, just look at the stars in my eyes

I know you're suspicious because I am British, it's true, whaddya do?
But we came in boats and wore our red coats and settled this land just for
you.
I'm a New York girl and I know that this city is waiting for me.
I'm a New York girl, so don't you worry 'bout me.

So whaddya, say let's get the CIA onto Sange.
And clean up those freaks that they call Stickybeaks give 'em all holidays at
Guantanamo Bay.
I'm a New York girl and I know that this city is waiting to give me my dream.
I'm a New York girl, so don't you worry 'bout me.

Immediately upon the finish of the song, KISS enters masked and performs an
aggressive dance towards ST. JOHN who, begrudgingly, joins in. During the dance,
ST. JOHN is accused, tied up, arrested and put in prison, all mimed. At the end of
the dance, KIP enters. Upon seeing her, KISS exits. KIP then hesitates upon seeing
HUTCH with ST. JOHN, who has resumed her seat. ROOSTER and the other police
officers enter and guard doors.

MC 1  (To KIP) A latecomer, you missed a great dance there, kid.  
(Supposedly to KISS) I didn't catch your name. Where'd she go? (To KIP)
Take a seat, there's one just down the front, don't be shy.

KIP sits next to HUTCH.

MC 2  We're going to pop down into the audience to see if we have anyone
else brave enough to face the terror of the open mic.

The MCs head down into the audience.

KIP  (To HUTCH) You keep some fine company.

HUTCH  Kip, I didn't expect to see you here.

KIP  Obviously, seems like you're in the middle of an ill-informed decision.

ST. JOHN  Miss Kippington, what a surprise.

KIP  I'm sure it is.

HUTCH  You two know one another?

ST. JOHN  Though it is unconscionably rude of you to be late.
KIP There was something in the house that was about to go off.

HUTCH You just missed Margo’s song.

KIP I bet she brought the roof down, (To ST.JOHN) you’re good at it.

ST. JOHN I’m sure I don’t know what you mean.

KIP Try asking the goon.

ST. JOHN Who, Mincer?

HUTCH Ah, I don’t know what this is all about, but I could sure use a refill.

HUTCH moves to rise.

KIP & ST. JOHN Sit down, Hutch.

MC 1 No need to be nervous, people, it’s all in a good cause.

KIP (To HUTCH) Just how do you know this dragon?

ST. JOHN Mr Manderley is my partner.

KIP Your partner?

ST. JOHN Yes, we date. We are romantically entwined.

KIP Well, didn’t you turn out to be a prize bastard?

HUTCH Kip, I can explain-

KIP I thought you wanted a little more than coffee, but I see it’s gone cold.

ST. JOHN Must we indulge your adolescent fantasies?

KIP They ain’t fantasies.

ST. JOHN Oh really? (To HUTCH) You might like to discuss how you know this child on the way home (To KIP) to my place.

KIP Manderley, this woman you’re dating is a killer.

HUTCH A killer? Are you out of your mind? This is Margo St. John.

KIP The only saint she knows is Vinnies, judging by the way she dresses.

HUTCH Are you jealous?
KIP Are you an idiot?

ST. JOHN Alright, two’s company, three’s an irritation. Mincer, arrange a car ride for Miss Kippington to her final destination.

MINCER Whose wheels should I take?

ST. JOHN You could take his Beat. or hearse.

MINCER Gotcha.

MINCER grabs KIP by the arm and tries to lift her. HUTCH rises protectively.

HUTCH Hey, no need to get rough.

MINCER eyeballs HUTCH, who looks to the door. SERGEI stands there ominously.

MC 2 And now the boys in blue are gonna do a dance to ‘Shake Your Tailfeather’.

MC 1 Here they are, Detective Rooster and the Flatfeet.

ROOSTER & the sergeants dance with the following dialogue interspersed throughout.

KIP Tell the gorilla to get his hands off me.

ST. JOHN That’s an idea. Mincer, feed Miss Kippington to the gorillas.

KIP Gorillas don’t eat meat, they only eat nuts.

ST. JOHN Then they’ll find you most appetising. Get my car, would you, Hutch?

HUTCH hesitates.

Now.

HUTCH leaves.

He may not be the smartest man I’ve ever met but, by god, he looks good.

KIP Just leave him be.

ST. JOHN I think Hutch was right, you are jealous. So long, Miss Kippington.

Exit ST. JOHN, accidentally dropping her wrap behind.

MINCER Come this way, I’d like to show you some of the exhibits.
Okay, I'll just-

**KIP** punches **MINCER** in the stomach, doubling him over. She rushes to leave, but runs straight into **SERGEI**. She pushes him away and heads for the other exit but **police sergeants** enter and block it, forcing her straight into the arms of **ROOSTER**.

ROOSTER  Kip-a-dee-doo-dah, Kip-a-dee-yay!

**KIP**  Oh no!

ROOSTER  Did you like the way I shook my tailfeather?

**KIP**  Huh?

ROOSTER  It was a cry of love.

**KIP**  You're crazy!

ROOSTER  You didn't like my bird dance? (Falling to the floor) Then look, I'm a bottlenose dolphin! Hop on, Kip, hop on and take me for a spin!

**KIP**  What?

ROOSTER  Get down here now!

ROOSTER pulls **KIP** onto her back a makes gleeful noises as though she is taking **KIP** for a ride. **KIP** removes ROOSTER'S handcuffs and pulls his hands behind him.

That's right, steer me, Kip!

**KIP** handcuffs ROOSTER, rises and leaves...

Kip, wait, where are you going?

*Straight into the arms of **MINCER**.*

**MINCER**  I'm beginning to lose my sense of humour with you, Kippington.

**MC 1**  Last call for open mic.

**KIP**  *(Frantically)* I'll do it.

**MC 2**  A volunteer?

**KIP**  I play violin.

**MC 1 & MADAME**  Violin?

**MC1**  A little culture, when you're ready.
KIP        Just let me get my instrument out.
SERGEI    Do we stop her?
MINCER    Let her perform. What harm can it do?
SERGEI    You mean, wait for the fat lady to sing?
MINCER    She’s playing violin, Sergei.
SERGEI    It’s an expression, Mr Mincer.

Enter HUTCH. KIP sees him and throws him a caustic look.

MINCER    What are you doing back here?
HUTCH     Margo left her wrap. What’s the G.O.?
SERGEI    The fat lady’s singing.
HUTCH     But she’s playing-
MINCER    It’s an expression, toy-boy.
MC 2      Ladies and germs, our next volunteer is Miss…?
KIP       Di, Di Manderley.
MC 1      Give it up for Di Manderley.
KIP       I’m just a novice, but I can play this song okay. It’s called ‘One Tune’.

KIP plays The Theme from MacGuffin, but it’s limited as to how far she can go with it. After a short while, audience members on stage start to titter uneasily. KIP gets nervous and her playing suffers.

SPECT. 1   Play something different.
SPECT. 2   Enough already!

As KIP continues, the sounds of animals and birds become louder.

KIP       I’m doing my best.
SPECT. 3   Get her off!
SPECT. 4   She stinks!

The audience members begin a slow handclap.
MC 2    Di Manderley, everybody.

The slow handclap starts to speed up as the bird sounds become louder. KIP begins to improvise. Her notes become progressively higher pitched. MINCER, SERGEI & POLICE begin to move towards her. She sees them and takes her playing to another level.

MC 2    You could break glass with that thing!

Just as she is about to be caught, she hits the highest note possible and, as she sustains it, actors disguised as black birds appear and begin to flap and screech around the space. Everybody on stage panics in mortal fear. Seeing her opportunity, KIP exits through the crowd. The screams and screeches continue as the lights fade.

The Street. KIP is walking, unsure of what to do. HUTCH appears with bird poo all over him.

HUTCH    Kip! Hey, Kip, wait up!

He catches up to her and grabs her.

   I need to talk to you, Kip.

KIP    Get your hands off me.

HUTCH    At least give me five minutes to explain.

KIP    What? How all those birds knew which back-stabber to crap upon?

HUTCH    I know, thousands of birds in a Hitchcock movie and not one character gets hit and here I am looking like a statue of Colonel Sanders.

KIP    If the poo fits, wear it.

HUTCH    Ain’t no need to be like that.

KIP    Ain’t you in a hurry to get back to St. John? How could you date that killer?

HUTCH    That’s what you’ve got to do when you’re in my position.

KIP    You make it sound like work.

HUTCH    She does kiss okay.

KIP    Kiss okay? Old Hutch, moseying down to cougar town.
HUTCH  Get off the high horse, Kip, everybody’s got to do things they don’t want and we’ve all got a price.

KIP  She just happened to be able to afford yours.

HUTCH  You know, you can be cruel.

KIP  Call this cruel? I’m a pussy compared to that alley cat. She’s trying to have me killed.

HUTCH  I didn’t realise she found me so attractive.

KIP  You are so up yourself. Later. No, never.

KIP  starts to move away.

HUTCH  I know about the disc drive.

KIP  stops, returns, trying to act ignorant.

KIP  What disc drive?

HUTCH  You know the one.

KIP  You’ve got two minutes. Keep talking.

HUTCH  The one that St. John and police think you have, the one that’s going to get you knocked unless-

KIP  Unless what?

HUTCH  Unless you quit interrupting me. You need help, I can provide it.

KIP  (Mocking) What are you, a secret agent or something?

HUTCH  I read the article in The Times about your supposed suicide attempt in the car and the helicopter bomb.

KIP  That hasn’t been in the Beat. papers.

HUTCH  Cat got your tongue?

KIP  How do you know about this?

HUTCH  Trust me. I care about you, Kip.

KIP  What about St. John?

HUTCH  She wants something from me, we want something from her.
KIP: We? Who is we?

HUTCH: You and I is who is we. You were so beautiful when you were on the run from the police today.

KIP: You were onto me?

HUTCH: From the first and, now more than ever, I wanna be on-

Spotlight on HITCHCOCK.

HITCH: No, no, no, this will simply not do. We'll have no double entendres or innuendo here. I know I was famous for them in my movies but that was over fifty years ago. Times have changed, we're more conservative now and coffee means coffee. Play the scene again.

Light down on HITCHCOCK.

HUTCH: You and I is who is we. You were so beautiful when you were on the run from the police today.

KIP: You were onto me?

HUTCH: I'm too much of a gentleman to reply.

KIP: We still haven't had that coffee. I like mine with a strong body and intense flavour.

HUTCH: I like mine short, a Ristretto.

HUTCH moves to embrace KIP. Spotlight on HITCHCOCK.

HITCH: Decaffinato, people, decaffinato!

Light down on HITCHCOCK. Just as they're about to kiss, KIP recoils.

KIP: Pee-eew, you stink!

HUTCH: And you're sweaty. But at least I've got you.

KIP: How did you know, Hutch?

HUTCH: Call it love at first sight.

KIP: No, I mean about how they've been trying to kill me.

HUTCH: Don't worry about that.

KIP: The only ones who could have known were the killers themselves or other members of Margo's operation.
KIP tries to break free of the embrace.

HUTCH (Smiling) Margo who?

KIP And you were gonna let that gorilla take me. You’re one of them. Get your hands off me.

HUTCH You’re being silly, Kip.

KIP I’ve got my right knee loaded and locked and I ain’t afraid to pull the trigger.

HUTCH You wouldn’t do-

KIP knees HUTCH where it hurts.

KIP Oh, I’m sorry, did I interrupt you again?

HUTCH (High-pitched) That was a low blow.

KIP How naïve do you think I am? Enough to believe in knights in shining armour? Well, you’re no knight and your armour smells shocking.

HUTCH But what about you and I?

KIP You and I no longer has an ‘I’ in it.

Lights down. Spotlight on HITCHCOCK.

HITCH. Kip’s in a right pickle, which is physically impossible. If only there was a clue, some hint to point her in the right direction.

The Theme From MacGuffin begins playing softly.

There’s that music again, the only song that Kip can play. How convenient. Never let logic get in the way of a cracking good plot.

Spotlight down on HITCHCOCK. Lights up on KIP, still on the street, who notices the music, removes her violin from her bag and begins to walk and play along. After a short period, she stops; the music is louder.

KIP I’m getting warmer.

She continues to play and walk. Each time she stops the music is louder. Eventually, she finds herself outside HYPNOTO’s home. We can see HYPNOTO & VA-VOOM inside. They both have bandages on their heads.

Of course, the hypnotist. Why didn’t I think of it sooner? I can play ‘One Tune’ ‘cause I heard it under his spell. Well, here goes nothing.
KIP knocks on HYPNOTO’s door. The music stops.

HYPNOTO See who is at the door, Va-Voom.

VA-VOOM You see who it is, after yesterday when those Englishmen visited.

HYPNOTO Don’t be so foolish, answer the door. And this time apply your face.

VA-VOOM But I’m wearing make-up!

HYPNOTO I thought it was stubble. Must be five o’clock.

VA-VOOM I’m afraid, Hypnoto!

HYPNOTO I know what you’re thinking, but it’s probably just the postman.

VA-VOOM Ah, you can read minds now?

HYPNOTO Don’t be silly, I am a hypnotist, not a mind reader.

VA-VOOM goes to look through the window, which is simply a square wooden frame that she holds up. She spots KIP.

VA-VOOM Hypnoto, it is that woman from last night, the ukulele player.

HYPNOTO Let me see, Va-Voom.

VA-VOOM passes him the window.

You’re right, she’s the one who started this.

VA-VOOM slides over to look through the window with HYPNOTO.

VA-VOOM What do we do, Hypnoto?

HYPNOTO Get out of sight!

VA-VOOM & HYPNOTO slide below the window. KIP knocks again, checking behind her to make sure she’s not being followed.

KIP There’s gotta be someone home!

VA-VOOM & HYPNOTO rise again into the window. KIP notices something out of the corner of her eye.

What’s that?

VA-VOOM & HYPNOTO slide below the window.
There’s movement behind that window.

VA-VOOM & HYPNOTO rise again into the window. KIP turns towards the window, VA-VOOM & HYPNOTO duck again. A cat and mouse game ensues until they all look through the window at the same time and let out a scream.

Hypnoto. I gotta talk to you.

HYPNOTO Go away, haven’t you caused enough trouble?

VA-VOOM Let the little girl in, Hypnoto.

HYPNOTO There’s no Hypnoto here.

KIP Then why did she just called you ‘Hypnoto’?

HYPNOTO Because she’s an insolent, ignorance gossip who cannot keep her mouth shut. Now, go away.

KIP I can’t go away, I’ve nowhere left to turn and there are people who want to do terrible things to me and my family.

VA-VOOM Just like they did to us. I’m opening the door, Hypnoto.

HYPNOTO Over my dead body.

VA-VOOM You really want me to kill you so I can open the door?

HYPNOTO It’s just an expression, dimwit!

VA-VOOM opens the door by throwing the frame aside.

KIP My god, what happened to your heads?

VA-VOOM We were bopped by some Englishmen.

KIP Why didn’t you just hypnotise them?

HYPNOTO They weren’t open to the power of my suggestion.

KIP Hypnoto, do you remember that man who was knifed at your show?

HYPNOTO Of course, I put people under, but not six feet under.

KIP Think, Hypnoto, did that man give me anything? A USB or a disc drive?

HYPNOTO I saw nothing.

KIP Are you certain?
He rushed into your arms, whispered something in your ear and then died.

But, that's it, I don't remember what he said. Do you know what he whispered to me?

I'm a hypnotist, not a mind reader.

But you must have heard something?

I am no sticky-beak! For all I know he might have been whispering sweet nothings of love.

The man had a knife in his back!

So, I've heard of kinky places where men go-

I can see I'm getting nowhere here.

Just a moment, Miss Kippington.

Pulls HYPNOTO aside and whispers conspiratorially.

Put her under again, Hypnoto.

Yes, maybe that way we can get rid of her for good.

We are not killers, idiot.

Miss Kippington? Hypnoto will hypnotise you once more, so that what the dying man said might be revealed to you.

Okay, I'll do it. But no tricks.

There are no tricks in hypnosis. If it were that easy I could have any woman in the world. Instead, I have Va-Voom, whose voom is not so va as it used to be.

You can talk, after kissing you I have to make a doctor's appointment.

Stop arguing!

You call this arguing?

This is what married couples do.

Now, to hypnotise my subject.
KIP Please hurry.

HYPNOTO My name is Hypnoto, the world’s greatest hypnotist. I am here to program-

KIP Do you have to do the whole show? We’ve seen it already.

HYPNOTO I suppose. Let’s see, change ways of thinking, bend will to mine, powerless under my spell and all of the other hocus-pocus phooey.

_The Theme from MacGuffin plays quietly._

Now, Miss Kippington, watch my finger. Train your eyes on my finger. You are getting sleepy. Sleep!

KIP _is under his spell. He clicks his fingers. She is instantly agitated._

KIP No, get them away from me!

HYPNOTO The Englishmen?

KIP No, the frogs!

HYPNOTO You now love frogs.

KIP I love frogs.

HYPNOTO If you ran a theatre company you would name it after frogs.

KIP _smiles at the thought of frogs and then becomes agitated again._

VA-VOOM What is it?

HYPNOTO I’ll do the talking, Va-Voom. What is it, Kip?

KIP 48th and 9th.

VA-VOOM An address. In the middle of Hell’s Kitchen!

KIP Juliana Sange is a MacGuffin!

HYPNOTO What’s a MacGuffin?

VA-VOOM An apparatus for trapping lions in the Scottish Highlands.

VA-VOOM & But that’s not important right now.

HYPNOTO

KIP _begins whistling the Theme from MacGuffin._
HYPNOTO  See I told you our theme was catchy, but oh no, you wanted something by Justin Bieber. (To KIP) Now, Miss Kippington. When I click my fingers you will awake and bring to your consciousness these things that we have delved into your subconscious to retrieve. One, two, three, awake.

*He clicks his fingers and KIP awakes. The music stops.*

What do you recall?

KIP  48th and 9th. John Citizen whispered that address, knowing I was hypnotised, the power of suggestion and what's at 48th and 9th is something for which a lot of people are prepared to kill.

HYPNOTO  I know what you're thinking, you're thinking of going there, breaking in and investigating.

KIP  How did you know that?

HYPNOTO  A little mind reading never hurts. Now run, Kip Kippington-

HYP. & VA-VOOM  Run for your life!

KIP exits. Lights down.

48th and 9th. John Citizen’s basement flat. The room is sparse, save for a desk and chair, a sofa and a naked light bulb that hangs from the ceiling. A quiet knock can be heard on the door, followed by the smashing of glass and a door opening. The door then closes. Footsteps are heard above, causing the light bulb to rattle. The steps can be heard descending a staircase. They stop in front of the stage door. The door opens and KIP enters. It is very dark. She crosses the room in search of a light switch, finds it and turns on the light bulb. KIP pulls out the desk drawers and searches the contents. She finds a bundle of papers and stuffs them into her bag. As she does, her violin and a newspaper clipping fall out. She is about to put the newspaper clipping in the bag, when she looks at it more closely and it stops her.

Enter a person whose face we cannot see. It is KISS. She moves slowly towards her unsuspecting sister, takes something out which looks like a gun.

KISS  Looking for this?

KIP spins around, ready to attack, when she realises it is KISS.

KIP  Kiss, is that you?

KISS  Is this the disc drive you been searching for, sis?

KIP  Yes, come here.

*They hug.*
KISS We ain’t got time for no long reunions, Kip. The police have just dropped their stake-out on this joint, so it’s gonna get hot real soon.

KIP We thought you were dancing in Amsterdam.

KISS No, Stockholm, Sweden, and this may come as a surprise to you, but the exotic dancer thing was just a front-

KIP But what about those years of training?

KISS And I have a feeling that those bad guys think that you is me.

KIP Kiss, you’re making no sense.

KISS Come on, don’t take me for a putz. The police, St. John, the CIA-

KIP The CIA?

KISS You still interrupting people? Yeah, the CIA. I was the one that Citizen was supposed to meet at that hypnotist show, but I had to scramouche, ’cause the CIA were on my tail.

KIP You?

KISS You worked it out yet? I’m with StickyBeaks. Then I was about to make my move at the benefit tonight, well I did make some moves, that dance training ain’t been in vain, when who should I see but little sister with a red face and all in a huff. You might have blown my cover so I took an exit, stage left.

KIP So what’s on the disc?

*They are so preoccupied that they don’t hear the sound of the upstairs door opening and footsteps approaching.*

KISS It contains information that proves Margo St. John was bribing the mayor over the new casino deal. It’s all there including what she intends to do if she don’t get the contract.

KIP The Brooklyn Bridge?

KISS Kaboom. What’s with the newspaper?

KIP Something even more unbelievable. It’s-

*Suddenly, KISS notices that the light bulb is rattling and the footsteps begin to descend the stairs.*

KIP Who’s that?
KISS We got company. Take this.

KISS hands the disc drive to KIP and then hides behind the desk. As the footsteps reach the bottom of the stairs, KIP shuffles to the light switch and kills the light and hides behind the sofa. The door slowly opens and we see someone holding a gun in one hand and a torch in the other. It is ST. JOHN, who enters the room. She traces the torch light around the room, but is unable to spot KIP.

ST. JOHN Now we’re alone. Just you and me and pistol makes three, and three is an irritation. You must believe that I never wanted to kill you; I wanted someone else to do it for me. But needs must. You’re a fly in the ointment, Kip Kippington, but you will be exterminated. Yet I do appreciate your leading me to Citizen’s hideout where I’ll recover the disc that you so rudely stole. Now I wonder where you could be, behind the couch or desk?

ST. JOHN chants the following whilst alternatively pointing the torch and the gun at the sofa and the desk.

Eeny-Meeny-Mini-Moe, catch a thief by the toe. If she hollers kill her slow, eeny-meeny, mini-

KIP Okay, St. John, you got your girl.

ST. JOHN What I got is nothing, what I want is one, a disc drive and two, you dead.

KIP I don’t-

ST. JOHN Or we can reverse the order. Farewell, Kip.

ST. JOHN is about to shoot as KISS appears from behind the drawers.

KISS She ain’t got the disc drive, I got it.

ST. JOHN Kitty Tony? What a surprise.

KISS Here’s another one, Kitty Tony ain’t my real name. Try Kiss Kippington on for size.

KIP You two know each other?

KISS We go back. St. John was the one who bribed the Swedish authorities to have me thrown in gaol. Bribing governments is one thing she’s good at.

ST. JOHN Well it appeared to work on the mayor for the casino until you commenced your efforts to expose me, so I thought it would work in Sweden.

KISS I was locked up in gaol!
ST. JOHN  Think of it this way, it’s better than death. Speaking of which, it’s time to kill two birds with one gun. Who’s to be first?

KIP  Just a moment, St. John.

KIP reads her violin to play.

ST. JOHN  A tune? How appropriate that you should be fiddling whilst Rome burns.

KIP begins playing the Shower Scene from Psycho Theme, as ST. JOHN takes aim. Just as ST. JOHN is about to fire, the screeching sound of the violin shatters the light from the torch (we hear the sound effect) and the room is again thrown into darkness. ST. JOHN fires wildly. She finds the light switch, turns it on, but KIP & KISS have left the room. A scuffle can be heard on the steps outside. Enter SERGEI & MINCER dragging KISS in with them.

SERGEI  Houdini got away again.

ST. JOHN  Give me the disc drive.

KISS  I’m just the beautiful assistant.

ST. JOHN pistol whips KISS, who falls unconscious into the arms of MINCER.

MINCER  Kissy-kissy.

ST. JOHN  Put her in my car then get the hell out of my sight. I’m going to take Miss Kippington, Mark II, for a little climb up a certain bridge.

The Police Station. ROOSTER is pacing anxiously. Enter DUCKS, DRAKES, PLUCKER & CLUCKER, carrying in a struggling KIP.

CLUCKER  We got her, Boss.

DUCKS  One Kip Kippington, home delivery.

PLUCKER  Piping hot and ready to serve-

CLUCKER  A warrant on.

ROOSTER  Why is she horizontal?

DRAKES  You told us to pick her up.

ROOSTER  That’s my job!

KIP  Let me go!
ROOSTER  If they let you go will you rush into my arms as your lord protector and future husband to be?

KIP  What?

ROOSTER  Good enough, let her go.

*The Sergeants throw KIP into ROOSTER’S arms.*

Sheesh, you put on a couple of pounds? You wanna watch that.

KIP  You are the most vile, degenerate, sexist pig I have ever had the misfortune to meet.

ROOSTER  Sure, but I got some bad points too.

DRAKES  You gonna lock her up, Boss?

PLUCKER  That way she won’t get away.

ROOSTER  A tempting thought, but first I gots to search her.

KIP  *(Producing the disc drive)*  No need, I got the disc drive.

ROOSTER  Can I still search you?

KIP  This is the disc drive from StickyBeaks which proves-

ROOSTER  *snatches the disc drive.*

ROOSTER  I’ll tell ya what it proves. Mrs Hen?

*Enter MRS HEN.*

*(To MRS HEN)*  What? You giving me the silent treatment now? Just check the disc. *(To KIP)* I know our problems don’t amount to a hill of beans in this crazy world, but after this is through, can I take you to Casablanca?

MRS HEN  Detective!

ROOSTER  Alright, Mrs Hen, what have ya got?

*The sergeants read the disc.*

DUCKS  Margo St. John bribes the government-

CLUCKER  In order to obtain approval for casino licence.

DRAKES  Mayor fears scandal if exposed and threatens to back out.
PLUCKER In retaliation, St. John threatens to blow up Brooklyn Bridge.

ROOSTER We gotta make it there quick or-

POLICE (Singing as they exit) Brooklyn Bridge is falling down, falling down, falling down. Brooklyn Bridge is falling down-

ROOSTER (To KIP) My fair lady.

Lights down on police station and up on HITCHCOCK.

HITCH. Thus the police and Kip are en route, a vile phrase, en route, the French have a lot for which to answer, en route to the Brooklyn Bridge. But what of the others?

All the characters in the following montage appear on the bridge as it is being assembled. Lights up on KITTY & TONY.

TONY Give me the remote, I wanna watch The Simpsons.

KITTY You watched it last night, I wanna watch The Bachelor.

Lights down on KITTY & TONY, up on TRUFFAUT.

TRUFFAUT But where is the MacGuffin? I shall ask Hitchcock personnellement!

Lights down on TRUFFAUT, up on RANDY.

RANDY All the action’s at the bridge, and the hot chicks be hanging for Randy DiPhobia.

Lights down on RANDY, up on HYPNOTO & VA-VOOM. HYPNOTO wears a dress, VA-VOOM a suit.

HYPNOTO What are you looking at?

VA-VOOM We like cross-dressing.

Lights down on HYPNOTO & VA-VOOM, up on McNUGGETS & MADAME.

McNUGG. Dinnae ye know that the inventor of the pipes was inspired by the cries of an asthmatic pig.

MADAME I’d rather hear the pig.

McNUGG. (Snorting) But I bet pigs cannae tickle you like I can with ma scotch fingers.

Lights down on McNUGGETS & MADAME, up on POOPSIE, GEORGE & MRS BATES.
POOPSIE    George, I've never seen you so angry.

GEORGE    I'm gonna slit that Juliana Sange's throat from ear to ear when I catch
her.

MRS B    Would you like a hand?

_Mrs. Bates:_

_Lights down on POOPSIE, GEORGE & MRS BATES, up on ELMER & WILMA._

ELMER    I'm getting an itchy trigger finger, Wilma.

WILMA    Drop the character, we have a licence to intercept and kill one Juliana
Sange.

ELMER & WILMA    With extreme prejudice.

_Mrs. Bates:_

_Lights down on ELMER & WILMA, up on HITCHCOCK._

HITCH    I could give you more back story, but remember what I said about logic
and plots. To the bridge!

_The Brooklyn Bridge._ _St. John drags Kiss' body up to the summit and ties her to
the bridge._

ST. JOHN    You didn't respect my privacy, did you? Well, now it's all out in public,
you're going to experience how it ends. With the aid of a ten minute fuse to the
detonator, your death will be one for the ages, Kitty Tony.

KISS    It's Kiss. Kiss Kippington.

ST. JOHN    As you wish, strap yourself in. Oops, you already are.

_Enter ROOSTER & KIP._

ROOSTER    Hold it right there, St. John, we got both sides of the bridge covered.

ST. JOHN    And I've got a bomb and a hostage.

KIP    Let her go!

ST. JOHN    Let her go? Your sister was using StickyBeaks to expose my dealings
on the casino.

KISS    They weren't dealings, it was corruption.

ST. JOHN    All business is corruption, how else would we ever get anything done?
KISS But the people-
ST. JOHN The people are fools.
KIP Maybe, but they have a right to know!
ST. JOHN And I have a right to privacy.
KISS Not with StickyBeaks around you don’t.
ROOSTER A-ha! I was wondering when the two of us was gonna come face to face. Margo St. John meet Miss Juliana Sange. Hit it, Mrs Hen!

Spotlights suddenly hit the top of the bridge. ST. JOHN is blinking wildly. KIP takes the opportunity to rush up the bridge. Just as she is about to get to the top, the sound of gunshots and breaking glass are heard. The spotlights cut. WILMA & ELMER are responsible and they appear. ST. JOHN sees KIP approaching and draws her gun.

WILMA That’s her? Margo St. John is Juliana Sange?
KISS It can’t be!
ELMER She’s blinking, ain’t she?
ST. JOHN And you must be my good friends at the CIA.
WILMA Special Agents Cloak-
ELMER And Dagger.
KIP What do you mean, my good friends?
ST. JOHN Let’s just say I give them treaties to help with opposition to casinos.
WILMA I thought she was our friend, but if St. John is Sange then it complicates things. We got orders.
ELMER It don’t complicate nothing. That woman’s been playing us too and exposing our secrets. Ipso facto sum-
WILMA & ELMER She’s got to die.
ST. JOHN Now just you hold on!

Lights up on HITCHCOCK & TRUFFAUT.

HITCH. I agree, hold on, this is not at all how I planned the finale. These characters are mere bit players. What is one to do?
TRUFFAUT It is time to bring out your trump card. Bring out your greatest creation.

HITCH. You’re correct, my dear, entrez-vous, Mrs Bates!

Enter MRS BATES, charging with a knife. WILMA & ELMER collapse under the threat of her pointy weapon.

MRS B. People with secrets disgust me. Not that I have any secrets, do I, Norman? (As Norman) No mother. (As herself) You’re a good boy.

HITCH. I do so hate some of those Americans, they’re like actors, mere cattle who move at the whim of their masters.

TRUFFAUT You are the master of suspense. Come to Françoise.

HITCH. Mademoiselle Truffaut, I’m a married man.

TRUFFAUT You can talk all you like, but French is the language of love, and when I’m finished with you I will make you mime.

HITCH. Tarnation! These French have an answer for everything.

They embrace. Lights down on them.

ROOSTER While we’re in the mood for love, Kip. Whaddya say? Will you be my oopsie-woopsie. I’ll let you tie me kippity down, sport.

KIP Not now, Rooster, there’s a major criminal with a gun up here!

KISS And a bomb that’s set to blow!

ROOSTER That’s it. My life is over, if only there was someone. If only-

MRS HEN enters with PECK.

Mrs Hen, I was wrong. You’re the icing on my donut, the spit on my roast, the-

PECK Save it, Rooster! I’ve been doing some snooping around into Mr Hen’s death and found the reason for his overdose of ethyl cyanoacrylate.

ROOSTER That was a sticky situation.

HEN Too sticky for you.

PECK He’d just finished an autopsy with you and was walking home, drinking from the bottle you gave him to quench his thirst.

ROOSTER It was just water.
PECK    It was ethyl cyanoacrylate and he only made it halfway home.

ROOSTER   You mean?

HEN    Just like the song goes-

PECK    He was stuck in the middle with glue.

HEN    Coroner Peck? You leave me spellbound.

PECK    What's say you and I tie the knot?

HEN    Start a family-

HEN & PECK    And raise a bunch of hen-peckers

_They leave. Enter PLUCKER, CLUCKER, DUCKS & DRAKES._

ROOSTER    So this is it? I'm gonna end up a schmuck who can't get a date and writes plays for a hobby. Has anybody thought about me?

KIP    Has anybody thought about the gun?

KISS    And the bomb?

ROOSTER    Okay, sergeants, arrest Miss St John or Sange or whatever she wants to be called. I'm going to drown my sorrows.

ROOSTER    walks beneath the bridge. The sergeants start to move up the bridge when MINCER & SERGEI appear.

SERGEI    Not so fast, coppers.

MINCER    I got your back, boss.

PLUCKER    Sergeants?

SERGS.    Birds of a feather are cops together.

_A fight ensues which the police win._ MINCER & SERGEI are thrown to where WILMA & ELMER are.

SERGEI    Well hello, sweetie.

ELMER    Hubba hubba.

WILMA    Come here, cookie.
MINCER  Hmm, cookies.

ST. JOHN takes this opportunity to train her gun on KIP.

ST. JOHN You've led me on a merry chase, Kippingtons, but fun times are over. I want my disc.

KISS She doesn't have it-

ST. JOHN Shut up!

KIP You're through, St. John, the disc is with the police.

ST. JOHN Police can be bought and I shall remain free. Now move over to the railing, you'll enjoy the view. Hands in the air, face the edge.

KIP What are you doing?

ST. JOHN You've displayed some amazing aptitude up to this point, though I'm fairly certain your skills don't include that of flight.

KISS You ain't going to push her?

ST. JOHN Push her? No, she's going to jump. You see, since the Brooklyn Bridge was opened it has been the home, for want of a better word, to forty suicides. Tonight, you'll become the forty-first.

KIP Just a minute, you're forgetting that I found Citizen's secret.

ST. JOHN Ho-hum, old news.

KIP It wasn't a disc he was trying to get to Kiss, it was a newspaper clipping. And you know which one I mean.

ST. JOHN (Slowly menacing) You are going to die!

ST. JOHN rushes at KIP and they struggle on the edge of the precipice. Just as it appears that KIP will be pushed over the side, a shot rings out and ST. JOHN slumps and falls over the edge. The gunman is HUTCH.

HUTCH Kip!

KIP Hutch!

HUTCH You're not hurt?

HUTCH unties KISS as ROOSTER appears beneath the bridge carrying ST. JOHN in her arms.

ROOSTER Hoochie mama, look what just dropped out of the sky.
ST. JOHN  I dropped out of the sky? I don’t remember doing that.
ROOSTER  You must have hit your head on the way down.
ST. JOHN  It hurts.
ROOSTER  Chicky-babe Rooster will rub it all better.
KISS     Rooster, what are you doing, she’s a killer.
ROOSTER  That’s what these femme fatale chicks do. Besides, she’s hot.
KIP      Forget about it, Kiss, they deserve each other.
ST. JOHN  You’re so handsome.
ROOSTER  Margo? I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship.
HUTCH    (Holding the bomb) Hey, Rooster, here’s a present for the honeymoon.
HUTCH    tosses the bomb to ROOSTER.
ROOSTER  Thanks. Now, we’re off for some fowl play.

Exit ST. JOHN & ROOSTER. An explosion is heard. Feathers blow up into the air.

KIP     Hutch, how did you know to be here?
HUTCH    We’ve been on her trail for a long time.
KIP     We?
HUTCH    starts to answer, but KIP puts a finger on his lips.

Straight answer this time.

HUTCH    I’m FBI.
KISS     But that wasn’t Juliana Sange.
HUTCH    You ever seen Sange?
KISS     No, but I work for her.

HUTCH    You’ve been working for Margo St. John. She founded StickyBeaks to spy on her competitors and the government to extort funds. She threw her conspiracy theorists a bone or two occasionally and created this mythical character, Juliana Sange, for all to worship. But some of the beaks, like you, got too close to discovering her secret.
KISS That’s why she had me framed for indecent exposure.

KIP So, that’s what John Citizen meant. Juliana Sange was a MacGuffin because she never really existed.

HUTCH Juliana Sange didn’t exist any more than the Tooth Fairy or the Easter Bunny do.

KIP But this is too unreal. How did you know I would bump into you when the police were chasing me?

HUTCH It was no accident, the newspaper I was holding was faked, the killing of John Citizen didn’t make the morning papers. So we fabricated one that we knew would get your attention.

KIP That I do know.

HUTCH How did you know?

KIP ‘Cause of this newspaper clipping from last week.

KIP pulls out the newspaper clipping.

HUTCH & KISS (Reading) Yankees win World Series.

KISS You mean you bluffed St. John when she was going to shoot you?

KIP I had to do something.

KISS Respect, little sister.

KIP Now whaddya say? Two’s company, three’s an irritation.

KISS I get the hint.

KISS walks down the bridge. Enter RANDY.

RANDY I knew this was where the action was. What’s your name, Mama?

KISS Kiss.

RANDY Bring it on!

KISS Rack off, bozo.

KISS knees RANDY where it hurts. He exits.
(To Audience) The famous Kippington knee. (Indicating KIP) Taught her everything she knows.

Enter GEORGE, POOPSIE, KITTY & TONY.

POOPSIE  Darling, are you okay, we saw it on the news.

GEORGE  I thought you was going to be Juliana Sange.

POOPSIE  Everyone says you’re a hero. It’s nice to have a hero in the family.

KISS  There’s only one hero in this family, Ma, and she’s standing up there.

TONY  Are they gonna do what I think they gonna do?

KITTY  I think they’re gonna kissy-kissy.

POOPSIE  George, you get the car. Children, you cover your eyes and, Kiss, that means you too.

POOPSIE  starts ushering them off.

(Aside) Go for it, Kip!

Exit family.

HUTCH  Now the case is over, how ’bout that rain check for coffee?

KIP  Don’t rush things, I want to go back to where our relationship began.

HUTCH  Oh?

KIP  Kisses first, coffee’s for afters.

Spotlight on HITCHCOCK & TRUFFAUT.

HITCH.  Decaffinato, people, decaffinato.

TRUFFAUT  Ristretto, Hitch, Ristretto.

Light down on HITCHCOCK & TRUFFAUT.

KIP  You know I’ve learnt something from this hoo-ha.

HUTCH  And what’s that?

KIP  (Looking at the audience) Privacy should be respected.

The lights slowly dim as KIP & HUTCH are about to kiss.
The End