

CROOKED HAND: GAME OF CUPS

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Phil Lebowski- Bumbling detective trying to catch the one that got away

John Samuels- Detective turned criminal ex-friend of Phil's willing to do anything to not go to jail.

Louie Richards- Ex-gambler and ball player and current hotel owner. Has history with Phil and John

Horace Crane- Cat burglar even though he doesn't seem like he could be. Extremely strange.

Vincent Rudolph- Suave sophisticated ladies man and jewel thief.

Heather McGinty- Pick pocket that is out of her league but has some tricks up her sleeve.

Kitty Capris- Gangsteress that is trying to prove herself by pulling off a job by herself.

Silas Bingaman- Entrepreneur and Ball Cup enthusiast.

Kate Capers - Narrator of the story

Radio Host - A Radio Host

Introduction:

The year is 1939. After a solid year building a name for himself as a detective, Phil Lebowski comes across a piece of evidence that will lead him to “the one that got away.” Hot on the trail, Phil gets wrapped up in a job with his ex-friend on security detail of a priceless jewel.

Suddenly, they are caught in a madcap situation full of gangsters, thieves, and murder! Can Phil find the killer, retrieve a giant ruby, and wrangle all the crazy suspects before he “sleeps with the fishes?”

Host:

Welcome folks to the late night hour on your hometown station WGLT! Tonight we have a very special guest that you all may remember from a few years back. (pauses) Now this guest of ours is a ruthless no-good killer with a taste for blood and a fetish for stabbing her bosses in the back in the VERY literal sense. She currently is being watched over by five of the largest police officers I have ever seen, all of which are armed to the teeth. Her hands and feet are shackled by locks that would make even the Immortal Harry Houdini himself break a sweat in an escape attempt. (pauses) The only thing separating me from certain death is a two foot thick wall of reinforced steel. This is the only way that her warden would let us have some words with her. Nobody has ever before dared to be in her presence, let alone interview her for a radio show. A life-risking endeavour, I know, but the public has the right to know the truth about this homicidal maniac! So without further delay, may I introduce for your pleasure, Ms. Kate Capers. Say hello Kate.

Kate:

Well! That was some introduction! First off, may I point out that there are only two guards here. Neither are armed and they are not even in the room Bub. Also, a two foot thick steel wall? Please! I was released on good behavior, you know that!

Host:

(chuckling) hahahaha. Isn't she a pretty little headcase folks. Just as I expected, downplaying the whole thing. Even when tens of thousands of people are listening over the airwaves this very second. Live. I can assure you that I am indeed scared for my safety. Not knowing what this sinister murderess has in her sick, twisted mind...

Kate:

Can we get on with it? Hello, my name is Kate Capers.

Host:

Kate, what brings you here tonight, besides to destroy the pretty picture I painted in the mind of our beloved audience.

Kate:

Well, as you may not know, I've been trying to tell my side of the story about what happened that fateful night that I "accidentally" stabbed my boss to death. I've actually been writing a book about it.

Host:

(Very uninterested) Oh yes. How entertaining..... A book.

Kate:

(peevd) As I was saying, It wasn't even my fault. I was brainwashed by the dark hypnotizing eyes of former Detective John Samuels into believing that murder was the only way!

Host:

I thought you said it was an accident.

Kate:

Well, it was... sort of. I.... found my way into his office with the knife and kind of stabbed him 16 times!

Host:

It says in my notes that your former boss was stabbed 17 times! (Takes this time to break off into a tangent) This, ladies and gentleman of the home audience, very well be a break in a case that was previously thought to be closed. Who delivered the final blow? Was there someone else in the room? Who is trying to frame this poor innocent-ish lady? When will her suffering end?

Kate:

No! That was the accident part. I accidentally slipped on

his blood and fell and stabbed him the last time.

Host:

So.... why are you here if not to plead your innocence?

Kate:

Isn't it obvious? To sell books.

Host:

I don't think you're supposed to say that. Isn't there some OTHER reason why you are here?

Kate:

Oh. And to find John Samuels of course.

Host:

Former Hotshot Detective and your accomplice John Samuels?

Kate:

Correct but you forgot "love of my life" and "future father of my children". After we were arrested, John made a daring escape by picking his handcuffs with a hairpin of mine and stealing the paddy wagon all the while screaming about how he was "the criminal." I'm worried about his mental health.

Host:

So you came here to plead to the hard working blue collar listeners of my program to ask them to be on the look out for your accomplice because you are worried about HIS health.

Kate:

Yes.

Host:

Did he kill anyone?

Kate:
Well, no.

Host:
Did he hurt anyone?

Kate:
I guess not.

Host:
Did he steal anything?

Kate:
Besides my heart?

Host:
Well, I think that is all the time we have for Ms. Kate.....

Kate:
But wait, you didn't let me tell you my story yet.

Host:
I thought you just had.

Kate:
That is only the first part. There was another John Samuels incident that was more recent! I believe it is found in Chapter 7. The Cup Game

(Curtain)

Phil is at desk, looks through it for clues on the whereabouts of John Samuels.

Kate narrates the story from off stage or even recorded. Transitions to talking about Phil's manhunt for Samuels and that there's been a break in the case.

Kate:

Breaking News...Progress made in the hunt for the infamous John Samuels. Phil Lebowski has uncovered a document that very well could lead investigators to the capture of this cold blooded murderer.

Phil:

I've found it! (looking at document from desk) This may very well be the break that could lead me to the capture of a cold blooded murderer!

Kate:

Yeah that's what I just said.

Phil:

(Reads aloud the document about Samuels going to work security. Going under the name I.M. Abadguy. Clears throat) "Mr. Abadguy".....Abadguy??? That's a weird name.

Kate:

Could be a pseudonym.

Phil:

Yes? But what would Samuels want with medicine?

Kate:

No, pseudonym. It could be the name John Samuels is going by to throw you off his case.

Phil:

I knew that. Maybe. (Clears throat again) "We are delighted to inform you that we have gone over your resume and decided to select you for security detail at our upcoming exhibition. Although we don't know how the 'skills' you have listed are pertinent to the job, (lists off skills) awesome beard, piercing smile, dashing good looks, what we really liked was the part about 'having experience killing when necessary.' We are all set for your arrival and

are ensured that you are the right man for the job. However, we regret to inform you that we did check up on your references, and this Phil Lebowski guy you have listed was a total waste of our time.” Hey! I’m Phil Lebowski. Those jerks! Wait what is this? (shuffles to paper behind note) A glamour shot signed I.M. Abadguy? (shows crowd, it’s a picture of Samuels) Ah ha! It is John Samuels.

Kate:

It seemed as if Phil was hot on the trail, swiftly and surely to bring about the hammer of justice upon the incorrigible John Samuels. The hands of fate themselves could not stop the diligence, the determination, the moxie, the....

Phil:

Well, now that I have that figured out I better get lunch. All this detective work can make a guy hungry.

Kate:

Oh... so you’re not going directly after John Samuels, the dangerous criminal?

Phil:

You can’t exactly do that on an empty stomach now can you? Besides, what’s the worst that could happen?

Kate:

(yelling, telegraph beeps in background) THIS JUST IN, JOHN SAMUELS HAS STRUCK AGAIN!!! THIS MADMAN HAS GONE ON A MURDEROUS RAMPAGE ACROSS THE MIDWEST! IF ONLY SOMEONE WOULD’VE STOPPED HIM WHEN THEY HAD THE CHANCE!!!

Phil:

Oh you’re just making that up now! I assure you that Samuels will be dealt the swift hand of justice...after I get a sandwich...

Kate:

And so...justice took a lunch break. And afterwards a nap, and then it had to visit its Mother. But after all of that, it set out on a long and arduous journey to parts unknown, hot on the trail of a merciless fugitive of the law. Lebowski starts by looking on the east coast, stopping in New York City to see if he can gather any further leads.

(Phil will be walking back and forth across the stage between signs poking out from the curtains with city names when they are mentioned. Using some sandwich-board type methods of transportation that he can strap on as he walks.)

Kate:

The trail ran cold and so Phil caught a train headed west for Philadelphia, to St. Louis.... back to Philadelphia because he forgot his hat in a diner, he traveled to the great parts unknown, stopping in places that seemed like the middle of nowhere. He continued on to Baltimore, then somehow took a boat to Cleveland and hot air balloon to Des Moines, until finally stopping, aboard his trusty steed in (Insert local town here).

Phil:

I thought you said I already went to the middle of nowhere???...(smirking)

Kate:

And the people of (local town) booed him out of town. (crowd boos) And so, ashamed and humiliated, he had exhausted all leads and finally had come to a breaking point. Would the hands of justice be dealt a deathblow from the scoundrel John Samuels? Will Phil keep being an eternal screw-up, feared by small children and hated by people in general? Tune in next week for the exciting second part where Phil Lebowski the idiot detective scours the countryside only to get nowhere once again...

Phil:
Next Week?... Idiot? ... I don't think that's quite appropriate.

Kate:
Well you're not really getting anywhere with this. It doesn't really make for good radio when there is nothing happening. I'm trying to sell books here! And besides, I can only describe a man aimlessly wandering around the country, with no clue about what he's doing, in so many ways and it not bore people to death. Then I would be the murderer, Phil....you are going to make me kill people Phil. Kill people... with boredom.

Phil:
Ok! ok. I get the point. If you're so smart why don't you help me out, instead of mocking me?

Kate:
Well you could start by examining the letter you found in John's desk a little more closely, ya goob!

Phil:
I scoured this piece of evidence over and over, for hours on end, and there's nothing....on...here....that...oh would you look at that, there's an address! The Monkey Paw Hotel....223 West Jackson Boulevard...Chicago, Ill...it's even been circled with an arrow pointing to it saying "this is where I will be."

Kate:
Ahem (clears throat) And so after the wise, and might I add extremely attractive voice from nowhere helped out, the search was revived. And Phil Lebowski, the *hero* detective (sarcastic), was once again on the hunt.

Phil:
You know, I don't even know why I bother. Even if I am in the right city, I still won't be able to find this "I.M. Abadguy."

(John peeks around curtain, sees Phil. Acts shocked, but casually and slowly walks up to Phil. Phil doesn't see him.)

Phil:

I'm a failure. I can't keep a job. Everywhere i go people either end up dead or hate me. Who am I kidding, John Samuels is just too good for me.

John:

I think you hit the nail on the head there!

Phil:

John! Where did you come from? How long have you been standing there? (jumps back) Now you just hold it right there! You know I have to take you in for the murder of Brock Philips.

John:

Is that? Why are you carrying around that picture of me?

Phil:

Oh! This? It's, uh, evidence.

John:

Hold on a minute, slick! I'll give it to you that it is impressive work, you finding me. But there is no way in this world that you are arresting me. How did you find me anyways? Was it Fat Tony, Shorty, Short and Fat Ralph?

Phil:

Tony? Shorty? Ralph? Who are these people?

John:

Well Tony is a pimp. Funny story about shorty, he's actually 6 foot 5. Ironic nickname, I know. (chuckles) and Ralph, well you know Ralph. The one that's going bald. You know he kinda looks like this (makes face, gestures smoking cigars), smokes cigars. Smells like cabbage all the time.

Phil:

Oh, Ralph! Yeah he does smell like cabbage.

John:

So if it wasn't any of those guys how did you find me?
You've most certainly stepped up your game if you've
tracked me down all by yourself.

Phil:

Oh, well, it was easy (lying). All I had to do was follow the
leads, and detectivate the facts.

John:

Detectivate? I don't even think that's a real word, Phil...

Phil:

Semantics be damned! Now justice can be served!

John:

No really Phil! (agitated) How did you find me? I know you,
you couldn't find your way out of a wet paper bag!

Phil:

I found this in your desk. (shows letter to John)

John:

How could I be so careless? This must've led you right to
me!

Phil:

Yes! After (coughing) three weeks of searching, I noticed
the address of the Monkey Paw Hotel was right there in
big, bold letters. It's actually pretty hard to miss. It kind of
stands out, pops off of that stationary. Really, now that is
all I can see when I look at this. Yeah it was pretty easy,
John.

John:

Are you feeling alright with that cough there? I almost could've sworn you said it took three weeks to get here.

Phil:

Three weeks? No, I mean (coughs) three weeks? No it didn't take long at all...Well, I got sidetracked. And I had to stop for lunch. I was famished. You know you can't do good detective work on an empty stomach. (fake chuckle)

John:

(disappointed) You didn't even see the address, did you Phil? You probably wandered about the country like a lost puppy dog, most likely ending up in the middle of nowhere.

Phil:

They call it (local town name), and they don't take kindly to that comparison...

John:

Nice town...(smiles at crowd, hamming it up) You were completely lost weren't you? Who told you Phil? Was it one of those short, fat guys I mentioned?

Phil:

No. (deflated)

John:

A tall, skinny guy?

Kate:

Why do you have to assume it was a guy, hmm?

John:

Really? It finally makes sense! You haven't changed a bit Phil. It's sad really.

Phil:

(confidence briefly regained) The only one that will be sad is your face when it sees the look of your mother...wait, I

mean your mother when she sees your face!

John:
(confused)

Phil:
Because it's so ugly!

John:
Now hold on a minute Phil! No need to bring my mother into this, and there's definitely no need to call my face ugly. I mean, come on! You must be delusional. This is a handsome face! (motions in a circle around face)

Phil:
You know what I mean John. Crime shows it's ugly head and I must be the justice to (blanks) to...to...

John:
(confused again)

Phil:
You know what they say....come on...it's about crime's rear.

John:
Whoa, I don't want to talk about rears.

Phil:
No, it's something about rears and your face.

John:
What is it with you and my face?

Phil:
Give me a break! It's been a long trip. Crime rears it's ugly head, I will be there to...to..

John:
INSULT CRIME'S MOTHER?! I don't have time for this

Phil.

Phil:

No! You're twisting my words now. Bottom line is that you are coming with me John. I'm taking you down!

John:

Look. Phil, buddy, you caught me. Fair and square. I am embarrassed really.

Phil:

Really?

John:

Yeah (lying). You made it look so effortless too. I'm sure if you were to take me, John Samuels, an "alleged" accomplice to murder in, that you would be a hero. People would talk about it for hours, days even. Men would want to be you, women want to be with you, and kids would flock to get your autograph. But you can't take me in right now. It would screw up my entire investigation.

Phil:

I can't? Wait, is this a trick? What investigation?

John:

Look, I'm not supposed to tell you this but I'm undercover for the FBI. On special assignment from J. Edgar Hoover himself. Listen, I won't get into any details, but this is big and I'm about to blow this whole case wide open. But that can't happen if you take me in.

Phil:

So let me get this straight. You want me to believe that you are in the midst of an FBI investigation.

John:

That is EXACTLY what I just said. But if you really want to be a hero, go ahead. Just know that the safety and

security of the American people would be greatly at risk.

Phil:

But all that you said about the women? the fame?....the women???

John:

The safety and security of America, Phil. You can save the country. It's your civic duty really.

Phil:

Well, when you put it that way. And you said you were on personal assignment from Hoover? Why here? Why the Monkey Paw? Isn't that a brothel?

John:

Yes, well it used to be. But not anymore. Don't tell anyone this, but J. Edgar himself was said to have been undercover here before. Dressed up like one of the female dancers!

Phil:

Really? What is this Monkey Paw now, and why is it so important to America's "safety and security?"

John:

Get this: it's owned by Louis Richards. He redid the whole place.

Phil:

You mean Louie "the hammer" Richards?

John:

Yes, Louie "the rocket cannon hammer slammer" Richards.

Phil:

Well I see he's added to his nickname. But you're joking, right? The guy barely had two nickels to rub together last time we saw him. He was always in trouble for owing

money to everyone and their brother. I think he still owes me 2 dollars.

John:

Yeah, he hit the jackpot. Won a lot of money, struck it rich.

Phil;

You don't say...Let's see 2 dollars, accounting for 10 percent monthly interest, over 3 years.

John:

Come on, Phil! Stay with me here. This is kind of important. And besides, you would never get 10% interest, maybe 2%.

Phil:

So you're investigating the "rocket...cannon...hammer...slammer"? (has to take the nickname slow to remember the new additions)

John:

No, not him specifically. I'm working security for the hotel. Well, that's my cover anyways. Look there's a lot going on here, and I don't really have time to spell the whole thing out for you. So would you just go with...it...(looks towards front of theater)

(Louie "the rocket cannon hammer slammer" Richards walks in from entrance of theater, giving people in audience his autograph as he walks down the aisle)

Louis:

That's right folks! Louis "the rocket cannon hammer slammer" Richards is here. Try not to push or shove each other. If you wish to bask in my greatness, there's enough basking and enough greatness for everyone, especially you ladies over there. Babe Ruth only wishes he was half the ballplayer "the hammer" was, ...and that he could fit in these pants!

John:

Oh great. Here he comes, look, you're not going to take me in alright? I can fill you in on the rest later, but you just have to trust me on this one. I promise that you can take me in after the assignment is over and have all your women, women, and women.

Phil:

John, the last time I trusted you someone was murdered...by YOU.

John:

I didn't kill anyone. And besides, it wasn't my idea. So are you going to help me out or not?

Phil:

Only if you promise that after all this is over with, you will confess to your crimes and allow me to take you in.

John:

Ok, whatever, now just let me handle this. You try not to get in the way and mess things up, like you have a habit of doing.

Phil:

Horse pucky! If I have to go along with this then I'm involved as much as you are. We are even partners. I'll get in the way if the situation dictates, it's actually what I'm best at!

John:

Messing things up? Yeah I know that!

Phil:

John, please, I'm a professional now. I've come a long way from the hapless loser you once knew.

John:

Excuse me... is this the same professional who just insulted crimes mother? (They continue to silently banter in the background as Louie takes the attention)

Louie:

(Runs into person covered in newspaper in front of monkey paw) Hey! What's the idea here? Why don't you find another place camp out. I'm trying to run an upscale joint here. Do you know who I am?

(Bum moves a bit but for the most part just ignores Louie's request.)

Louie:

What? Did you hear me? Beat it. (He finishes making his way up the aisle and notices the two men waiting on him and shocked to see who it is) What.... Ph...John...

John:

Oh not this again!

Louie:

What are you two doing here? And why aren't you two.... I don't know.... fighting?

Phil:

We temporarily made up.

Louie:

Made up? Phil, John was going to kill you! Literally. Going to kill you. Dead. (Makes silly dead face.)

John:

Let's not get hung up on technicalities! Right guys! (Awkward smiling and chuckles. John is slightly off in the head) Besides Louie, you already know why we're here.

Louie:

I do?

John:
You should. You hired us.

Louie:
No! Really? Wait! I hired you? Both of you? At the same time? ... I don't know if you heard but this is no longer a brothel.

Phil:
We're here for your security.

Louie:
Well I feel safer now that I'm not surrounded by hookers.
Well, at least not as many.

John:
Security for your event boss.

Louie:
Oh...OH!! Gotcha! I just can't believe it's you two. Getting along. Are you guys armed?

John and Phil:
No.

Louie:
Great. Let's try to keep it that way and nobody in a body bag. Right! Well, why don't I fill you in on the details inside. But first! (John grabs hold of Phil and shakes his head as if to say "I know what you are about to do and Don't")

John:
Let's rephrase, our inaugural goal is....

Louie:
Is that I'm running a high class type of hotel here now and I

can't be allowing all types of bums to sleep outside of it. Would you mind terribly to run off that person sleeping on the ground over there. (They both look behind them and see a homeless person covered in newspaper sleeping with their head on more newspaper)

John:

Sure, I got this. (Commanding voice) Hey you Bum! Beat it!! (The bum grabs the newspapers and starts moving)

Louie:

(shrugs as if to say job well done and begins heading inside followed by Phil and John) That'll do. (They enter through the stage doors and the curtain opens revealing the Monkey Paw Conference Hall. There is a small stage with a podium on top of it. On top of the podium is a case that is covered by a draped fabric. Behind the podium on the wall is a Portrait of Silas Bingham and underneath it on the ground are three potted plants. The walls have a few hotel type art pictures hung. There are a few chairs along the open places on the walls. Louie leads them into the conference hall.)

Louie:

And this is the conference hall that you will be watching over. Breathe it all in gentlemen, isn't this one of the most beautiful rooms you'll ever see? Got it booked up for four years, people are dying to set up exhibitions. And can you blame em? I've spared no expense.

Phil:

Seems you sure have hit it big Louie. I mean, it almost seems impossible since you have always been...bad, well you know, just really horrible with your money.

John:

PHIL!

Phil:

What? I'm just giving him a compliment. I said he had always *been* god awful at managing his income, past tense.

Louie:
Thanks?

Phil:
So what is it that you need us to do boss? Make sure nobody dirties the place up? Scuffs the floors? Uses the drapes as a handkerchief? Crowd control to keep things from getting out of hand?

Louie:
It's simple, really. All I need you guys to do is check people at the door and don't let anyone near the podium. ANYONE! Got that? Nobody. Near. The. Podium.

Phil:
Ok. We Got it. What's on the podium?

John:
(chuckles awkwardly) What a kidder. Like I wouldn't tell my partner that we are guarding the largest ruby this side of the world.

Louie:
You didn't tell him did you, John?

John:
And ruin the surprise??

Louie:
Well then let me give him the rundown since you are sooo well prepared. Entrepreneur Silas Bingaman has been gracious enough to put his jewel collection on display here at MY hotel, with the focus being on his giant ruby known as the "wandering eye."

John:
Wandering eye huh reminds me of phil's mom..... (To Phil)
Now we're even.

Louie:
Yeah I know what you mean, right?

Phil:
Hey!

Louie:
Anyways, I believe our gracious donor Silas may be a little too trusting since he said he would not hire any security for the event, which is why I hired you two.

John:
Well you technically only hired 1 of us and that you're getting a two for one.

Louie:
John, I told you this wasn't a brothel anymore. Let's keep on track here. Mind out of the gutters.

John:
Oh you thought i meant...two for one...sorry boss, will do.

Louie:
Anyways, the point about Silas is... I don't trust him so I hired you to keep my name clean. My hotel is just starting out and for me to get a bad reputation now would kill me.

Phil:
So when do we get to meet this Silas.

Louie:
Well I'm gettin to that. You see since Silas knows his collection of jewels are an easy target, he keeps having me check the books to see who has checked in.

Phil:
He's checking for criminals!

Louie:
Exactly!

John:
So, he's asking you to throw them out?

Louie:
That's what I thought, too. No, instead, he is having me set up private meetings with them.

Phil:
Awkward. I wonder how that meeting would go. (Acting out how he thinks that meeting would be.) So... you wanna steal my jewels!? (Turns and acts the other person)
Ahhhh... you caught me. Darn. Guess i'll just go mug John's ugly old snaggle toothed mother!

John:
PHIL!

Phil:
What?

John:
I said to leave my mother out if this!

Phil:
I couldn't help myself.

John:
I suppose next you were going to comment on my face.

Phil:
And how ugly it is? Prove it!

John:

(slaps Phil upside the back of the head)

Louie:
GUYS!!

Phil/John:
WHAT!?

Louie:
Business.

Phil:
Right. Business. So how many of these meetings has he had?

Louie:
Well after looking over the check-in names we noticed three too many John and Jane Does. After a little more digging we realized that they were in fact our criminals. Two extremely accomplished burglars in Horace Crane and Vincent Rudolph.

John:
Horace Crane. THE Horace Crane the cat burglar. That could very well be the bust of the year!

Phil:
Vincent Rudolph is nothing to sneer at either. International jewel thief. Turned to crime to pay for his trips around the world to find the best vodka martini. He also has two dogs, a house on the beach, and from what I hear is a hit with the ladies. (By now, John and Louie are looking at Phil as if he lost his mind) What? They had a report on him on my favorite station. WGLT!

Kate:
Thank you for that shameless plug!

Phil:

Don't mention it.

John:

So, who was the third perp?

Louie:

This low-level pickpocket. Her name is Heather "Quick hands" McGinty. Not much history. This whole thing is a bit out of her league.

John:

Quick Hands? Sounds like my kind of girl!

Phil:

Only if she has a knife in one of those hands...

John:

Phil, don't be ridiculous. (After a beat) Is she pretty? (smiles thinking about a pretty girl with a knife)

Louie:

Remember guys, you're not here to take these criminals down. Silas wants to meet with them. So leave your badges at the door.

Phil:

Well...one of us doesn't have a badge anymore because they off and killed someone...

John:

Phil! Not right now, ok?

Louie:

So this is how it's gonna be the whole night? huh. Guys. Bottom line. Watch this room and watch that podium like both your lives and your mothers' lives depend on it. I gotta tend to some business, check in on our benefactor, and make sure these criminals don't steal from the mini bar. If anything happens to that ruby, I'm holding you

responsible. Of course, policemen get found face down in ditches a lot these days. (chuckles) Just kidding.... but they do...in ditches....dead (chuckles again) I'm just messing with you...But seriously (makes slitting throat motion and points at John and Phil) Welcome to Chicago. (Exits the way he came in.)

John:
Alright then. Down to business.

Phil:
Right. I'll just patrol this area. (walks in small circle)

John:
Ok. Better plan. Why don't you take that side of the room (pointing to the side of the room furthest from the podium) and I'll stand guard up here by the podium.

Phil:
You're joking right. You better think twice if you think I'm allowing the one of us whom is actually a criminal guard a giant ruby. I'm standing up here by the podium and you can go over there (pointing across the room).

John:
Come on! You gotta get past that. Besides, it'll be over my dead body that you stand up here. You gotta have your big gun by the podium in case someone takes a run at the ruby.

Phil:
What makes you think that YOU'RE the big gun?

John:
The fact that a sturdy breeze is not gonna knock me over!
So look alive. We'll have company coming soon.

Phil:
Fine. We'll both stand by the podium.

John:

Fine. (Phil stands awkwardly close to John before getting a mean look from John and a tap on the shoulder, followed by John angrily motioning for Phil to stand on the right of the podium, and John settles into his spot on the left)

Phil:

(After a pause) So... assuming someone did charge the podium, what direction do you think they would attack?

John:

Well seeing as the door is over there... I'd say your side.

Phil:

Oh.... (thinks for a second) you know.... maybe you should stand on this side. I, uh, think I have a better vantage point of the room where you are. Or maybe we could stand side by side, I liked that formation.

John:

Phil! We can't have people coming in here for the big exhibition and seeing two grown men getting all cozy together by the jewels.

Phil:

Right, really I'm just cold. Ever since you said sturdy breeze. And I think...

John:

We are not using our body heat for warmth. Look, if you are worried about getting attacked I will switch you sides if you promise to shut up!

Phil:

Deal.

John:

You wuss. (Reluctantly switches sides)

Kate:
So, there our heros stood....

Phil:
(Clears throat) Excuse me.... was that a plural hero that I heard?

Kate:
Listen Bub, there appears to be two of you and I have to at least give the APPEARANCE to the listening audience that you could indeed succeed in saving the day, instead of failing miserably...which seems like the most likely thing that will happen.

John:
Oh, in your face Phil. You just got owned by a disembodied voice.

Kate:
May I continue?

Phil:
Go on If you must.

John:
Where is that voice coming from anyways?

Kate:
It's ME! Kate! Your true love!

John:
Doesn't ring a bell. Could we continue?

Kate:
Playing hard to get, huh? So, there our heroes stood unknowing what would soon be coming their way. Danger and mystery swirled around in their heads leaving them with a feeling of unpreparedness that was uncommon for

their kind. The tension was thick as cement as they waited patiently for their opportunity to spring into action (Entering slowly is Horace Crane. He makes sure to look around the whole room which is just habit from his long life as cat burglar. He sticks close to the wall.)

John:

Hello, sir. The Monkey Paw appreciates your excitement for the presentation of Silas Bingamans Collection but I'm afraid the banquet doesn't start until much later tonight.

(Horace continues to go around the edge of the room, ignoring John, acting like he shouldn't be able to see him)

Phil:

Hey, did you hear? It starts later.

(Horace stops within 6 feet of where they are standing, still acting like he's hiding)

John:

Is there something I can help you with? I can see you right there. Look you're going to have to leave.

(Horace covers face with cape or sleeve or something.)

John:

Oh, for Pete's sake. Give me a break man, beat it.

Horace

(A little withdrawn. Large build. Very much the loner type. Jumps to the side, in what he thinks is revealing himself from the shadows) Ha! Sorry to sneak up on you like that. I was just checking out the room. I wanted to know where I should try to sit tonight. I want to have a really good vantage point.

Phil:

A jewelry lover are you?

Horace:
I would say I possess a good amount of it.

Phil:
Funny, I would think you might wear some to a formal occasion like this.

John:
(To Phil) Nice eye, Phil.

Phil:
They don't call me Loopy Lebowski for nothing!

John:
I know. They call you that cause that christmas party five years ago.

Phil:
I thought the invitation said clothing optional.

John:
Why did you bring it up? And why would a Christmas party be clothing optional?

Phil:
I was just saying I have a nickname.

John:
Yeah but loopy isn't the best nickname for anybody unless you want people to know that you took too much cough medicine and tried to climb a chimney naked.

Horace:
Did I just hear that your name is Phil Lebowski? The hero detective that busted John Samuels for murder!?

Kate:
Correction! He "allegedly" murdered someone.

John:

I did not! You need to allegedly shut your mouth! I was going through a tough time!

Horace:

And you're John Samuels!

Kate:

And with that their cover was blown!

John/Phil:

Thanks a lot!

John:

Well, I'm assuming you are John Doe number 1?

Horace:

I see my reputation precedes me.

John:

I suppose, but that leads us to a problem. See, my name is already John and I don't want anybody soiling it.

Horace:

I believe you have already done that yourself.

Phil:

Ow. This kitten has claws.

John:

And by kitten, he means Horace Crane the cat burglar. Am I right? (Phil and John high five)

Horace

You two are not as dumb as you look it seems. Unfortunately for you, I have not broken any laws and you have nothing on me. I'm just here to witness a gala with what I hear are some dazzling jewels. I hear it will blow

the house down!

(At this time, a couple come haphazardly into the room through the door both carrying drinks and laughing amongst themselves. They are Vincent Rudolph and Heather McGinty)

Heather:

Oh John, you are just too much fun!

Vincent:

And I told her that if she couldn't make a decent martini I was going to go back there and make it myself.....

(As they stumble in they knock right into Horace pushing him into the middle of the room and onto one knee. Heather goes and helps him. This is a place he is not really comfortable with and he quickly moves to the other side of the room on the wall.)

Vincent:

Beg pardon, sir.

Heather:

Oh my, sorry. Didn't see you there.

John:

Please, don't encourage him. He was standing there in plain sight, just ignoring us for the better part of ten minutes now.

Phil:

Folks the exhibition doesn't start until later, so we're going to have to ask you all to move it right along.

Heather:

Mr. Doe here (John and Phil look at each other) was just bringing me to find out when this event kicks off.

Phil:
How about that? Another Mr. Doe!

John:
Let's just cut through the bull and get this over with! You,
Mr. Doe, are really Vincent Rudolph and...

Phil:
We're assuming this lady happens to be Heather McGinty.

John:
(under his breath to Phil) I don't know how much of a "lady"
she is with a nickname like that!

Heather:
Well that was short lived. I knew this was a bust.

Vincent:
At least we still have each other's good company madam.
Besides, I already knew who you were. (He then turns his
gaze on Phil and John) And seeing how we are being
open of our identities I suppose I should say "hello" to Phil
Lebowski Detective for Hire and John Samuels, fugitive
and murderer

Kate:
Alleged.

John:
Thank You.

Phil:
Let's just stick with accomplice.

Kate:
Sounds good!

Heather:
What's with that voice?

John:

Oh that? Just some jerk. We mostly just ignore her.

Kate:

He acknowledged me !...

Vincent:

Anyways, I'm pleased to meet you Gentlemen. Now when does this soiree begin.

Phil:

Woah woah. You're telling me that you are staying.

Vincent:

Of course.

Phil:

We know who you are. You know who we are. You see us standing here guarding what you came for and you still are sticking around.

Vincent:

I just made a decent martini and with you and your "partner's" track record, my competition may very well bite the bullet leaving me with the spoils.

Phil:

My partner never shot anyone. He prefers a knife. (makes joking stabbing motion)

John:

(mean mugs Phil) Will you stop it!

Phil:

Hey, I'm just clarifying for this gentleman. He obviously thinks you are going to shoot everyone else in the room.

John:

Maybe just one person if they're not careful. (looks at Phil, who is doing the knife stabs again while he is talking) I guess that will make things a bit more interesting tonight. Fortunately, our shindig doesn't start until much later tonight so why don't you all vacate the premises...

Vincent

Hello, Horace (Horace is still on the other side of the room)
It has been quite some time.

(Horace tries to cover his face and hide again)

Vincent

Oh come on now, not this again. HORACE! I can see you, you're right there. How many times must we do this?

(Horace moves a chair or plant in front of him to hide behind)

Vincent:

Ok, if you insist....(acts as if Horace isn't there) I THOUGHT YOU GENTLEMEN SAID SOMETHING OF THE FAMED CAT BURGLAR HORACE BEING IN THE ROOM. HE SURELY IS THE SNEAKIEST MAN ALIVE. I'M NOT SURE IF HE WERE RIGHT NEXT TO ME IF I COULD TELL....

Horace:

Ah ha! (jumps out from behind cover) Here I am Vincent.

Vincent:

(annoyed) Oh thank god that's over...

Horace:

It has been a while since we last met. But, not long enough.

John:

You two know each other?

Vincent

You meet many people when you travel the world as I do...
(to Heather trying to impress) Paris one day, Monaco, the
Caribbean, Hawaii, Egypt (Heather is swooning).

Phil:

We get it. You've been around the block a few times...

Horace:

We met in a few places that we had mutual "interest" in.

Phil:

Such as?

Horace:

You know. Just anywhere there was expensive and
valuable things to be stolen.

Vincent:

I didn't mind at first, because I always beat him to the
punch. But then, I began discovering MY "interests" were
disappearing and reappearing in the possessions of a Mr.
Horace Crane.

Heather:

You are THE Horace Crane. (Starts making her way over
to him eventually putting her arm around him) Wow. I've
heard stories! The radio preaches about you...

Kate:

ON WGLT!

Heather:

Like you are on a whole new level. I can't believe I'm
standing next to you.

Vincent:

He's something, alright. As awkward as he is when people

are around, he's that brilliant when alone!

John:
You mean this guy is a decent cat burglar?

Phil:
He's not very good at sneaking around!

Vincent:
That's when someone is looking. He's the best when nobody is around.

John:
Ok we'll take your word for it.

Vincent:
And he's even better with demolitions.

Phil:
Demolitions?

Vincent:
TNT! You remember me saying how my "interests" became his? Yeah, he blew up my house and stole them while I was on an excursion.

John:
BLEW IT UP? Look man, there will be none of that craziness here. I bid everyone a good day, please leave.

Horace:
Twice.

John:
(puzzled)Excuse me?

Horace:
I blew up his house twice.

Heather:

(still enthralled by Horace, even more now, and gets all up in his personal space) A man good with explosives...

Phil:

Isn't a cat burglar supposed to sneak around. You know, be all stealthy? The object is to not be seen nor heard, right?

John:

Yeah, and not go blowing up stuff!

Horace:

Hmm...Could be. Could be I get bored...

Vincent:

Could be I finally made a lock Horace can't pick!
(At this point, while all this action is taking place, the bum from the front of the stage has returned and walks in front of the stage toward the entrance door on stage right and walks in carrying the newspapers with something wrapped in them)

Horace:

Could I have a little space, please?

Heather:

(Insulted) Absolutely.

Phil:

Great! Heroship between criminals.

John:

I'm touched. Really! Folks, the door is that way. (points)
There's nothing i'd rather do with my day than to hear you go on and on about how great the other ones are, but GET OUT!

Horace

Did I catch that your name is Heather?

Heather:

Well, I guess the jig is up. So, yeah. Heather McGinty. Nice to meet you all. (Pointing to closet) Is that a coat closet?

John:

That's the wrong door! I'm sure your coat will be much better taken care of when it is checked at the front desk!

Heather:

Please! (Ignoring him completely heads into the closet and takes off her coat) I used to work as a coat checker and believe me... I checked coats! I checked 'em for all they were worth!

John:

Okay, well if you need directions to the front desk....it's a desk (makes hand gestures as to the size of a desk)....and it's out front (points at exit). NOT IN HERE!

Horace:

...Heather McGinty....I've never heard of you.

Heather:

(Still in closet) Do you often keep up to date on coat checkers?

Horace:

I meant I've never heard of any criminal jobs you've pulled.

Phil:

Maybe she's just that good!

John:

Phil! Stop egging them on! The goal is to get them to leave, not join in on the conversation.

Phil:

Oh, sorry. (grunts angry caveman style, and makes same gestures John just made about the front desk, clearly mocking him)

Heather:

Actually to answer your question, Phil, it's to the contrary, I'm quite a bit out of my league.

John:

What! You're paying attention to him but not me? Get out! Scram! Vamanos!

Vincent:

Please darling. You may be the best Jane Doe I've seen all year.

John:

Especially, if we send you to jail for attempted theft. (John continues to be ignored)

(The bum has now entered the room slowly working the way inside)

Phil:

John, (points to the bum) look at this will ya!

John:

Great! I thought I already got rid of this bum. Hey! Get lost! This is a classy joint. We can't have you stinkin up the place.

(Everyone's attention is now on the bum. The bum throws the blanket on the ground and raises up the newspaper like a gun. The bum is actually Kitty Capris)

Kitty:

Hi everybody. Now, I'd appreciate it if you would all get down on the ground so that I might be able to get to that

ruby over there.

(There is a pause before everyone in the room starts pointing and laughing. Kitty does not realize that it is because the gun is still wrapped in the newspaper.)

John:

Check it out Phil! We're about to get killed by some hard hitting news!

Phil:

It better have a killer headline!

Vincent:

That sure is some mean literature!

Kitty:

Oh for cryin' out loud! (rips the paper off the gun and lets loose a few bullets making everyone in the room throw themselves down on the floor) Better now? Just nobody move and everything will be ok!

John:

Geez... why didn't you just say so!

Kitty:

Nobody try and make a run for it either. I've got the place surrounded by some of my trusted associates. If all goes well, I'll have you back to your martinis and chit chat in no time.

Phil:

Why didn't I get a martini?

(Kitty begins making her way to the podium, stepping over people as necessary.)

Heather:

(To Phil and John) You two are cops! Shouldn't you be

doing something!

(This stops Kitty in her tracks)

John:

You need to keep your mouth shut for a minute.

Phil:

Yeah just let the nice lady with the abnormally large gun filled with many bullets finish her business and leave... with us alive.

Kitty:

COPS! I hate cops. (Points at Phil and John) You two get up and stand against the wall.

John:

What!? I'm not a cop! That's crazy talk!

Phil:

I was just here minding my own business. I guess I didn't park my car in here.

(They are both getting up)

John:

No, no. Don't let him fool you. He is definitely a cop.
Check out the clothes.

Phil:

He is the one that is the cop. Gotta be pretty built to take down criminals and a strong wind could knock me over.
Isn't that right, John?

John:

It was a sturdy breeze. And they don't let murderers be cops, do they?

Kate:

Alleged murderer Sweetie!

Phil:

I thought we were going with accomplice. Are you confessing to murder now, John? Weird lady voice, let's prepare to get this on the record...

John:

Does it stop me from being shot?

Kitty:

No. I'll shoot you anyway. (matter of factly)

John:

Then no. I was just an accomplice.

Kitty:

As soon as I collect my prize and plug you two, the whole Chicago scene is going to be talking about the Great Kitty Capris!

Phil:

You should have a scarier name if you are going to be a gangsteress.

John:

Yeah, Kitty just isn't doing it for me.

Phil:

I never really got gangster names you know.

John:

It could be, it could be something like Stall "so we don't get killed skee", right Phil?

Phil:

What kind of name is Stall?...don't get killed skee...(just now gets it) oh yeah, that is mighty fierce.

John:

That's a good one. A scary nickname is really important. Like, who is afraid of some guy named Fish Face Calhoun.

Phil:

Or Dave "Slobber Jaw" Davis...

John:

Or Grab DaGun Before We Die-Oni

Kitty:

Enough! I ain't no gangsteress.

Phil:

Are you sure that you're not... it kinda seems like you are a mobster.

Kitty:

There is no such thing (Saying these lines as if she has practiced them) I have no knowledge that any such family over organized crime exists, nor am I a part of said family. (Snaps out of it) But if I were, they would be saying how proud they are of me right now bringing honor to our rising mob...I mean crime...family.

Phil:

Yeah, I'm sure your crime Mother is super proud!

Kitty:

I'll make her proud in a second after I unveil my trophy and plug you and your friend.

Vincent:

Since we are not cops and don't care whether you kill these two or not, why not just let us go? My martini is getting rather low.

Kitty:

Can't people just be happy? I could have just shot you all

first and taken what I need but, I thought I would be generous.

Vincent:

Well put. This floor seems more comfortable every second. I'm completely fine with you plugging those two.

Kitty:

Whatever. I am just going to collect my prize now. Is that ok with everyone? Geeez. (She is on the podium now and grasps the cover and rips it off. This reveals that there is nothing there) Is this some kind of joke?

Vincent:
Interesting.

Heather:
It's gone!

John:
What do you mean it's gone? (As he begins standing up)

Kitty:
Did I say you could stand up?

John
(rolls eyes and gets back down) what do you mean it's gone?

Phil:
This is why nobody wants to play simon says with you?

Kitty: Do you think this is funny? (To Phil)

Phil:
Do I get to live if I do? I will laugh soooo hard if that is the case.

Kitty:

I'll cut you a deal. You find me the ruby and I won't shoot you!

John:
Does that go for both of us?

Kitty:
Do you two hold hands while you pee too?

(Phil and John look at each other as if to say...."not always")

Kitty:
The way I see it, I'll be more forgiving of who gets the prize in my hands first. I love incentives!

Phil and John:
Deal! (John rushes off of the floor and begins frisking all the criminals in the room. Phil gets up and dusts himself off confidently)

John:
Oh I am so going to beat you Phil. You are a goner, nice knowing ya buddy!

Phil:
I think I'll let you handle the cavity searches. You may have to be very thorough.... oh come on... you don't honestly think one of them has it on them do you?

John:
Well, I did... until you just made it sound like I was being an idiot. Why am I even listening to you Mr. Took-me-3-weeks-to-find-someone?

Phil:
Let's just work together to solve this John.

John:

Work together! You think I'm a murderer!

Kate:
Alleged murderer!

Everyone:
Accomplice!

John:
Whatever! Why would I work with you?

Phil:
Look. It is obvious it's not on them. They didn't steal it while we were in the room. Remember? We stood up there, you yelled at them to leave, they ignored you. If they stole the ruby certainly they wouldn't endanger it by bringing it back in the room.

John:
Okay, that makes a little bit of sense. Good point.

(At this moment, Louie comes dashing into the room and closes the door behind him)

Louie:
JOHN! PHIL! IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN! NOT HERE....
NOT IN MY NEW HOTEL... I'LL BE RUINED (Louie has not turned around yet)

Phil:
Uh.... Louie.

Louie:
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. YOU TWO ARE LIKE MURDER
MAGNETS!

John:
Murder?

Kate:

Alleged! Accomplice! I don't know anymore.

Louie:

No, I'm pretty sure it happened! (As he turns around surprised to see three suspects on the ground with hands up and John and Phil held at gunpoint by a bum that is on the podium and a missing ruby.) Is this a bad time? I can come back.(He starts backing up)

Kitty:

Hold it!

Phil:

Yeah, while you're out there you should give John's boss a ring and tell him he's a little busy right now and he'll "shoot" (pulling trigger hand motion) him a call later, if you know what I mean? (winks)

Kitty:

Shut up funny man!

Phil:

You think so? (to john) I think she likes me, John.

John:

She was being sarcastic.

Phil:

You know. I have been trying to beef up my puns. (puffs out chest)

John:

That's what you try to beef up?! Puns!

Phil:

You're just mad cause she thinks I'm funny!

John:

Looking! You take after your mother!

Kitty:

Enough! Nobody is going anywhere until that ruby is in my hand. (To Louie) What were you blabbering about when you came in... saying it's happening again?

Louie:

What? That, oh that? It's nothing. Don't listen to me, I was drunk.

(Kitty fires a shot into the air)

Louie:

Does this matter under the circumstances? I mean really, like I said, I can totally come back later...(inches towards door)

Kitty:

Talk, or this room gets a remodeling job compliments of my tommy gun here. Again.

Louie:

(almost no hesitation) It's Silas! He's dead!

Phil:

Again John!? You are a deranged man!

John:

Hey! I didn't kill anybody!

Kate:

Allegedly!

John:

Shut up.... it's a whole new murder.

Kate:

Sorry. Got a little carried away. Besides weren't you in here

when the murder took place?

John:
Yes! Thank you.

Kitty:
Excuse me.... gun?

John:
Right.

Kitty:
I'll do the talking here. (At louie) You. Get over here with the rest of the group while the big kids talk, huh!

Louis:
You do realize you are talking to Louis "the hammer" Richards. I own this place. I'm tired of being ordered around.

Kitty:
Do you have a tommy gun?

Louis:
No. (Follows orders)

Kitty:
(To phil and John) Silas is gone, huh. Looks like all your leads and witnesses are starting to bite the big one... so what is the plan to get me my ruby before you follow along in their footsteps?

Phil:
First (thinks of something to say), we have to go pee.
(grabs John's hand)

John:
(looks weirded out, Phil nods to him) Oh yeah, when you gotta go ya gotta go! (both head towards door)

Kitty:

I knew it! Get back here!

John:

Nice try... You can stop holding my hand now.

Kitty:

No more games, tell me how you're gonna find my ruby!

Phil:

Well, I guess we just have to handle this like any other crime.

John:

We have our suspects wrangled...

Phil:

Now we just have to interrogate!

John:

Yes! My favorite part.

Kitty:

Why so happy about a bunch of questions?

Phil:

This is what we do best lady!

Kitty:

Nobody calls me lady!

Phil:

Sorry sir...

Kitty:

You are pushing it buster.

John

What he means to say is that they don't call us detectives for nothing. Questions are where the real detecting takes place. Nothin' gets us goin' like calling someone out on their bull....

Kate:
Language! We have young-at-heart listeners!

John:
Stuff... bull stuff.

Phil:
(To John) Wuss.

Kitty:
Well, let's do this then!

Phil:
Well, we have to detain our suspects so they can't overhear our interrogation. Then we'll start with the questioning.

Kitty:
Where do you start?

Phil:
John, you wanna take this? (As they both stroll over to Louie)

John:
Absolutely Phil! Kitty, you always start with the usual suspects!

Phil:
Hi, Louie!

Louie:
Oh no. Not again!

John:

Don't be so worried! We are just gonna have a little talk!

Kate:

Will our heroes solve the mystery of the runaway ruby robbery? Are their powers of interrogation as strong with a gun to their head? Which one of these culprits could conjure this cunning caper! Will Kitty make her mobster...err crime family happy...

Kitty:

Hey... they don't exist...

Kate:

My bad..... just stick around! Lots of fun to come!

(Curtain)

Act 2

Kate:

Hello Folks! For those of you that are just joining me, you missed a lot. Maybe somebody next to you can fill you in! For now, we are going to continue my story beginning with our protagonists conducting interrogations. Starting with their old, familiar friend.....

(Curtain. Phil is just leaving the closet and Kitty still has John at gunpoint. There is a chair set up in the middle of the room now.)

Phil:

Ok. All suspects are detained in the closet, handcuffed to a heater.

John:

Why is there a heater in a closet?

Phil:

That.... is a good question. To keep the coats warm? Maybe I'll use this as my "base question." (uses finger quotes)

John:

Base question? (mocks finger quotes) What are you talking about?

Phil:

Well I became kind of a big deal after you left, you know, when you had to flee because you killed that guy...

Kate:

Allegedly!

John:

Phil! Just let it go man! Jeez!

Phil:

I was just saying. Since all that happened, I had to work on my interrogation skills. So I tweaked my approach a little because it didn't seem to go over too well the last time. This is how you do it, John. You ask them a few questions that you know they would tell the truth with and then one that you know they would lie about. That is where the "base question" (finger quotes again) comes into play.

John:

(mocks Phil for using finger quotes yet again) Well thank you "star detective" (finger quotes) for telling this idiot how to interview a perpetrator. It's not like I haven't done this before. So what's next Sherlock? You listen to what they say and see how their body language changes between answers? That's some real complicated "detective-ating" there.

Kitty:

Can you two hurry this along? I can feel myself gettin all geriatric over here!

Phil:

Hey pipe down sweetie! Men are talking here....

John:

Phil!?

Kitty:

Excuse me?

Phil:

You heard me! And you mister fancy pants detective, you think you're so good. You mock the "base question" now, but you'll see. I'll have these jerks squealing in half a shake of a donkey's tail.

John:

Phil...I...

Phil:

I know, I know. You're now going to make fun of my overuse of air quoting aren't you? "The nerve!" And you over there, "miss kitty cat." Oh you think you're sooo scary (makes claw gestures) Meeow. Give me a break.

John:

Phil, I'm just trying to tell you that it might not be a good idea to insult the person with a gun pointed at our heads!

Phil:

Oh right.... she has the gun, doesn't she.... I forgot, I was just getting pumped up for my interrogation method! Yeah, we're ready to go. Let's bring him in!

John:

(Waiting for Phil to go) Yep, it's time to get to work.

Phil:

(Waiting for John to go) Yeah, let's get down to business.

John:

Here we go.

Phil:

Yes sir. We are ready!

John:

Ok... Let's.... Oh for crying out loud Phil! Go get Louie already!

Phil:

You go get him! I'm heading this investigation! Didn't you hear me getting all pumped up about it just now?

John:

Phil, you couldn't head a cabbage!

Phil:

I don't even know what that means! (They begin "fighting" with each other but is more or less a series of John doing school yard moves: pinched nipple, wedgie, "stop hitting yourself" etc)

Kitty:

Maybe killing everyone and not getting a ruby would be worth it! I would be a hero to all mankind for taking you two out of their misery! (After a beat) Will someone just get this over with!?

Phil:

(They break it up) Fine! I'll go. I've got the key anyway!

John:

Yeah! You better go!

(Phil heads off stage to retrieve Louie. John takes this opportunity to talk to Kitty.)

John:

So... Kitty huh? Is there a reason you went with Kitty?

Kitty:

Is there a reason that you can still talk when you obviously don't have a brain? You just keep your focus on getting me my ruby!

John:

So that's why! Kitty's got claws! (goofy hissing noise)

Kitty:

Wow... lame.

Kate:

That joke has already been used!

John:

Come on! Just because you have a gun on me and are currently threatening my life, doesn't mean we can't get along! I'm sure when you are not planning a heist or ordering people to get on the ground, you are a real catch.

Kitty:

Does this kind of flattery normally work on someone that has a gun pointed at you?

John:

Maybe you can tell me after we find this ruby for you and I ask you to grab a saucer of milk with me.

Kitty:

And the cat jokes just keep on comin...

(Phil enters with Louie)

Phil:

Calm down Lou. It's just a few questions. You'll be done in no time and then back to the closet with ya.

Louie:

Am I supposed to feel good about that? You just locked me in the closet of my own hotel with three KNOWN criminals and one of them is a MURDERER! Now I'm a suspect!

Phil:

I think right now we will be keeping your status as witness until further notice. What do you think John? (Louie sits fidgety in the chair)

John:

I think that with all the criminals in this hotel, if Louie wanted to off someone, it wouldn't be hard to push the blame.

Louie:
Why would I want to kill someone that was bringing
business TO my hotel?

Phil:
Maybe, when you realized that he also brought all these
criminals, you didn't like the kind of patrons he was
delivering.

John:
It was making your hotel look untrustworthy or unsafe!

Louie:
It's a lot better than the crowds the place was getting as
the brothel...

Phil:
John, we are getting ahead of ourselves!

John:
We are? I thought we were getting somewhere.

Phil:
Remember.... "base questions"...

John:
Whatever. Do your thing pal!

Phil:
Louie, please tell me your name!

Louie:
Louie... you just said it.

Phil:
How many nicknames do you have?

Louie:
Ummmmm.... I lost track after twenty or so...

Phil:
Do you like them all?

Louie:
I guess they aren't horrible... Sure.

Phil:
Even.Louie...

John:
(cuts off Phil) Even Louie "The Murderer" Richards?

Phil:
Hey! I was going to say that!

Louie:
Who calls me that?

John:
I was just checking. Are you sure you don't want to try that one on Louie? It might have a little ring to it. Louie "the rocket cannon hammer slammer ---MURDERER" Richards.

Louie:
I don't think that murderer quite fits my personality.

Phil:
Louie, you were not so good at gambling the last time I saw you. It has been a while and I can't even remember how much money you owed the Peppermint Pad Casino! Can you tell me how much money you were in the hole?

Louie:
I don't really see what this has to do...

John:
Just answer it (Picking up what Phil is doing) It's funny... I

can't seem to remember either.