

## Hunter Douglas Radio Style Theatre:

### Act I:

**Announcer:** Thank you for tuning in to Old Time Radio Theatre for another episode of Hunter Douglas Private Detective. Brought to you by Measure Right. The Tape measure that does the job right the first time. Join us now as we take you back to a time when radio theatre was truly theatre on the radio.

We join our hero HD as he sits in his run down dusty office just by the Burlington-Northern train tracks on the wrong side of town a little bit down from Margies Donuts on the left-hand side.

#### **[FX - Muffled outside ambient street noise]**

**HD:** *Since my solving of the lightweight sample book case things around here have been real quiet. I fact, almost a hush. The kind of quiet that if you heard it you would probably comment saying, Gosh that's, really quiet. Then the door open and there she stood the late afternoon sun highlighting her silhouette. She was standard size. Yet beautiful in understated kinda way...a diamond in the rough. The sun shone through her sheer dress, defusing the light, leaving my office devoid of hard shadows so much associated with film noir detective offices. She was plain, but this was no ordinary dame. She spoke...*

#### **[FX - Door opening]**

**Luminette:** It looks like I'm in the right place.

**HD:** How do you know.

**Luminette:** You're here and I'm here. Let me introduce my self. I'm Luminette.

**HD:** And I'm --

**L:** Hunter Douglas Private Detective

**HD:** *I looked at one of my business cards lying on the table to confirm the authenticity of her deduction. ... She was right, I was. She walked in to room swinging the door shut with a flick of her elegant wrist.*

#### **[FX - Door clattering closed inelegantly]**

*I couldn't take my eyes off her. Her red rosy lips. Her perfect white skin, well maybe not so much white, more like bone, no porcelain, err alabaster ,ivory ,linen flirt... Well, anyway, it doesn't matter, She had beautiful skin.*

How may I help you?

**Luminette:** Well, I'm really scared Hunter, my stylish identical twin sister, Silhouette is missing. She sings at the night club down the street....The Jubilance. She hasn't returned any of my calls.

**HD:** She's missing and she sings at the Jubilance?

**Luminette:** Yes, why how did you know?

**HD:** You just told me.

**L:** Wow...you are really good.

**HD:** *Indeed. She could recognize a detective. Already we were getting on swimmingly. Did she have any enemies, anyone who had crossed her? Did she cross anybody and was there a crossing in general?*

**L:** Yeah, well, there was another night club owner at the Paradise Sands....

**HD:** *I'd herd of the Paradise Sands...It was a seedy joint. Low down. The kinda place you wouldn't want to go unless you went there. They had drapes covering every window. Old saggy drapes. Yucky.*

**L:** Well I really feel that Valance, the Night club owner over there must have taken her. You see people come from miles around just to hear Silhouette sing at the Jubilance> No one goes to the Sands anymore. His place has got no style and every one knows it. I think he kidnapped her in jealous rage. I just have this feeling.

**HD:** There were no other clues, nothing she left in her apartment? Nothing you saw?

**L:** Yeah, of course! There was this note! Maybe it would be helpful.

**[FX - Crinkling of paper]**

**HD:** *I looked at the note. It said, "I won't be back, Valance has taken me."*  
This could be helpful.

**L:** Anyway, I think that she might be a Valance's house.

**HD:** But how can we work out where that house is?

**L:** I know he lives in the old country woods, but, well, that's clear past the out-skirts of town. I've never been out there before Hunter.

**HD:** *Luminette may have never been there before, but I'd been past the outskirts of town.*