

**'The Casanova of Orderly Close'**

by Chris Brake

Synopsis

A private investigator regrets taking a case so close to home.

Age Range

40+

Gender

Male

Length

3 - 4 minutes

**THE PRIVATE DICK:**

I never should have taken a case on that circled so close to home.

There's dumping on your own doorstep, and then there's shitting the bed.

Had I known it would end up the latter I would have just said no.

It was a married, middle-aged cruise rep who hired me.

Had an inkling her hubbie became Casanova whenever she left our shores.

But what with her roaming the seven seas there was no easy way to confirm.

So in her absence she hired me.

A private dick.

That's where I came in.

Marjorie Scriven, this woman's name was.

A long-time stalwart of Orderly Close, just round the corner from me.

Lived half her life there.

Part of the town.

Though personally I didn't know her from Eve.

I wouldn't normally nod that through, proximity wise, being so close to home.

But the woman was desperate and it cut my commute, so to save on petrol I took her on.

Decent money too, it was.

These cruise ship bods have pots of disposable and sod all to splash it on out on the waves.

They're either on duty or locked in their cabin.

And there's only so many Toblerone's you can take from ship to shore.

Anyway, first few days I had eyes on her husband, there was less than nowt to report.

Though not a surprise given his profile.

Mid-50s.

Local lad.

Works in the library.

Looks after his Mum.

Not exactly a scandal-factory, but the dull ones can oft be the worst.

Still, the only visitors knocking his door were handing him haddock and chips.

But come Friday night he had two bags delivered, from the Turkish on Claybourne Road.

There was too much for one man.

Much too much.

So I threw up a long lens, poised for action and set an eagle eye for his tart.

Two minutes later *the mistress* arrived.

His scarlet woman.

His *friend*.

Spiky monobrow, right-leaning hunch, wrestler's mullet, and misaligned hips.

Not to mention a flapping jaw that could make a pelican wince.

Might not be a looker, but she caught *my* eye.

And her other traits stole my heart.

Like her funny-bones.

That warmth she has.

And good gravy, can that woman kiss.

That's why I loved her.

That's why I still do.

Still, even now, after twenty-six years.

My wife.

'Til death us do part.

Even now, despite what she's done.

But she's done it.

And she's done it with *him*.

That librarian, John.

A librarian, pffft.

Of all the things.

Silly cow's only read two books.

Lady Chatterley and Fifty Shades.

Should've been a red flag right there.

But I shan't embarrass her.

Won't tell her I know.

But I'll rightly warn him off.

Tell him to prey on some other poor wretch, and to check for a ring when he does.

I'll keep it shtum from Marjorie too.

Better not to know.