

Boston Blackie

"Blackie and The Fur Trade"

Original Broadcast Date: 1945

CAST

Janet (bad dame)
Harry (bad guy)
Announcer
Cab Driver (bit)
Blackie (charming thief turned PI)
Inspector Faraday (hard-boiled cop)
Mary Wesley (Jean Arthur type)
Officer

ORGAN MUSIC THEME

JANET: There's the fur coat I was telling you about, Harry. The one in the window right there.

HARRY: Which one, Janet?

JANET: That one, the second one to the left.

HARRY: It's a mink isn't it?

JANET: Uh, huh. Can you get that one for me?

HARRY: Sure I can, easy.

JANET: But it costs ten thousand dollars. If that's the one they showed in the ad.

HARRY: Well, is it the one in the ad?

JANET: Yes, I'm sure it is.

HARRY: Okay, baby, then I'll get it for you.

JANET: But how, Harry?

HARRY: How? I'll show you how.

JANET: When, now?

HARRY: Oh no, it may take a couple of days.

JANET: A couple of days?

HARRY: Yeah, never took me longer than that to get fur coats before.

JANET: But that was in other cities, darling. Maybe things are

different here.

HARRY: Maybe, but I'm the same and my plan's the same.

JANET: Yes, darling, I know

HARRY: Okay, then as long as you know. All we need to get that coat is two thousand dollars, a rainy day and Boston Blackie.

ORGAN MUSIC STING

ANNOUNCER: And now on to Richard Kollmar as Boston Blackie. Enemy to those who make him an enemy. Friend to those who have no friend.

ORGAN MUSIC UP AND OUT

F/X: Rain in B/G

HARRY: Okay, Janet, let's get moving!

JANET: You got the coat, Harry, the mink?

HARRY: What did you think I was doing while you were paying two g's for that Persian lamb.

JANET: Well, where is it, Harry? Where's the mink?

HARRY: Right here on my arm under the raincoat.

JANET: Ohhhh.

HARRY: Hey, I'm getting soaked.

JANET: Yeah.

HARRY: Taxi! Hey, taxi!

JANET: Taxi!

F/X: TAXI squeels to a stop.

JANET: Oh, that's good.

HARRY: Come on, Janet. Well, we're in luck all day today. We got a cab on the first try. Come on, get in.

JANET: Ahh. It's good to get out of the rain

HARRY: Yeah, you ain't kiddin'. Weston Hotel driver!

DRIVER: Okay.

HARRY: We'll go to my place for awhile till we dry out Janet.

JANET: Anything you say, darling. Ah, Harry, you're so wonderful.

HARRY: Like me, huh?

JANET: Love you.

HARRY: Maybe, ah, maybe you just love the things you're getting because I'm smart.

JANET: Ha. You know better than that, honey. Doesn't it feel snug with me next to you?

HARRY: Yeah, it feels great. But don't think I'm forgettin' that you're snuggling up to that mink coat I've got on my arm.

JANET: Oh, honey.

HARRY: Now, kid, you've got work to do.

JANET: What kind of work?

HARRY: You're going back to Boston Blackie.

HARRY: There's something else you gotta get him to do for us. Can you do it?

JANET: Can I? Blackie will do anything I say.

ORGAN STING

F/X: Door BUZZER then DOOR OPENS

JANET: Hello, Blackie.

BLACKIE: Oh, hello, Janet. Come in.

JANET: Thanks.

BLACKIE: Did you get the coat?

JANET: Yes, I did.

BLACKIE: You obviously didn't have any trouble.

JANET: Oh, none at all thanks to you.

BLACKIE: Don't thank me for anything else, glad to do it for you.

JANET: Well, I want to thank you just the same, Blackie. After all, I couldn't have got this without your help.

BLACKIE: Well, you can have my help anytime you want it, Janet. Say, that's a pretty coat you're wearing. Is that the one?

JANET: It's one of them. The other's mink and it's beautiful. And, Blackie, you're wonderful. I can't thank you enough.

BLACKIE: Don't look now, but you just thanked me very nicely.

JANET: I think you're sweet.

BLACKIE: Wonderful AND sweet -- say I'm quite a guy.

JANET: I should say you are. Blackie, I'd like to bring the mink to you. Would you keep it for me please?

BLACKIE: Well sure, but why?

JANET: Well, I think it's safer with you. I don't like to keep it in my hotel room.

BLACKIE: Well, I'll keep it I a safe place for you, until you leave town if

you like.

JANET: Oh, that won't be for several days yet, maybe a week or two. And I'll want to get a few more things while I'm here. You'll help me with them to?

BLACKIE: You can count on me. I'll do my part.

JANET: As well as you did this time?

BLACKIE: Don't worry. You just name the store, I'll do the rest.

JANET: Blackie, that's all I want to know.

DRAMATIC ORGAN MUSIC UP AND OUT

F/X: Rapid KNOCKING at DOOR

INSPECTOR: Open up, Miss Wesley.

F/X: MORE KNOCKING.

INSPECTOR: Open up!

MARY: Who is it?

INSPECTOR: Faraday. Inspector Faraday.

F/X: MORE KNOCKING at DOOR

INSPECTOR: Open the door, Miss Wesley!

MARY: Just a second!

INSPECTOR: Come on, come on.

MARY: Well, you can at least wait until I get the door open.

F/X: DOOR UNLOCKS the OPENS

MARY: What's all the excitement about?

INSPECTOR: I'm looking for something and someone.

MARY: Well, if it's Blackie, he isn't here.

F/X: DOOR CLOSES quickly

INSPECTOR: Na, I'm not looking for Blackie, yet. What I'm looking for right now is proof of something maybe you and Blackie did together.

MARY: Well, let's see, we went to the movies together last night. Would you like to see the ticket stubs?

INSPECTOR: No. I'd like to see some stolen furs.

MARY: Stolen furs!

INSPECTOR: Yes. Stolen by a man and a woman. The description of the woman almost fits you. And I have a hunch that the man is Harry Barlow wanted for murder in Kansas.

MARY: Well, that's fine, Inspector Faraday, but what does that have to do with Blackie?

INSPECTOR: Plenty. Blackie phoned the stores and recommended some customers. Then shortly after they showed up, expensive fur coats were missing.

MARY: And you think that I was the woman.

INSPECTOR: Yeah.

MARY: Well, I wasn't.

INSPECTOR: Well, maybe you were, maybe you weren't. But I'm going to search this apartment just the same.

MARY: Oh, no you're not, Inspector.

INSPECTOR: Oh, yes I am, Miss Wesley.

MARY: Not without a search warrant.

INSPECTOR: Oh, you know the law do you?

MARY: I certainly do and you can't search my apartment without a search warrant.

INSPECTOR: That's right, Miss Wesley, I can't. But it just so happens that right here in my pocket I have a warrant to search this apartment.

MARY: You what?

INSPECTOR: Sorry, Miss Wesley. I hope I don't find anything here. But you take a look at this warrant while I take a look at your closets.

MARY: Oh, my gosh, this is a warrant to search my apartment. You're not joking.

INSPECTOR: I'll say I'm not.

F/X: Closet door opens

INSPECTOR: And I'm looking for a mink coat, a ermine cape, a chinchilla coat and a sable rap.

MARY: What?

INSPECTOR: You heard me.

MARY: Well, you're certainly not going to find them in there. Unless that six year old camel hair looks like a brand new mink to you.

INSPECTOR: No, even I know mink from camel's hair.

F/X: Closet CLOSES

INSPECTOR: Nothing I'm looking for in there.

F/X: FOOTSTEPS on WOOD

INSPECTOR: What's in this closet?

MARY: Oh, be careful, that has my cleaning stuff in it.

INSPECTOR: Yeah?

F/X: Closet DOOR OPENS

INSPECTOR: Hum. Floor mop, vacuum cleaner, dust mop and broom.

MARY: I'm a clean one huh?

INSPECTOR: Sure. So why don't you come clean with me?

F/X: Closet DOOR CLOSES

INSPECTOR: You have other closets in here don't you?

MARY: Yes, yes, there's that one right over there. I suppose you're going to look in that one, too.

INSPECTOR: The warrant says I can search your entire apartment, Miss Wesley.

MARY: Well, go right ahead, Inspector, if you can stand the disappointment.

INSPECTOR: Now look, I don't say that you and Blackie stole anything. I just say I think that you and Blackie had something to do with those missing furs.

MARY: The only furs I have are missing, Inspector -- missing from my wardrobe. Budget you know.

F/X: FOOTSTEPS on WOOD and Closet DOOR OPENING

INSPECTOR: Yeah. Let's see what's in this closet. It looks like it's got nothing in it but dresses.

MARY: Well, it's strange that it should look that way because all it has IS dresses.

INSPECTOR: Wait a minute, till I look behind them.

F/X: SOUND of CLOTHES HANGERS being moved.

INSPECTOR: Ah ha!

MARY: What'd you find behind them, Inspector?

INSPECTOR: Nothing, just the wall. Only what's this? Over on the side of the closet?

MARY: It's just a box.

INSPECTOR: Yeah. It looks as if it might have a coat in it; a fur coat. It's heavy.

MARY: Inspector Faraday, don't open that box!

INSPECTOR: No? My warrant says I can search this apartment and everything in it.

MARY: Yes, but don't open that box. Please, you can't! Blackie said that it wasn't to be opened by anybody.

INSPECTOR: Blackie sent this box to you?

F/X: BOX being moved and OPENED

MARY: Yes, and he warned me not to open it. Please Inspector, please. Blackie must have a good reason!

INSPECTOR: And I think I know what that reason is too.

MARY: Oh.

INSPECTOR: I'm opening this box.

MARY: Inspector, I don't know why you . . .

INSPECTOR: This string is as strong as wire. Ah, that got it.

F/X: STRING SNAP

MARY: And I'm going to get it, too. Blackie will never believe that I didn't open it.

INSPECTOR: Ah, if it has what I'm looking for in it. I'll tell Blackie who opened it.

MARY: Oh, golly.

INSPECTOR: Well, it's open and . . .

F/X: PAPER RUSTLE in BOX

INSPECTOR: (calling out sarcastically) Miss Wesley.

MARY: Yes?

INSPECTOR: Wanna come and have a peek?

MARY: Why, what's in the box?

INSPECTOR: You know what's in it, and now I do too.

MARY: A fur coat. A mink!

INSPECTOR: A stolen mink!

MARY: Oh no!

INSPECTOR: Yes.

MARY: Well Blackie didn't steal it.

INSPECTOR: So you say. Blackie sent it to you, Blackie asked you to hide it, but Blackie had nothing to do with this, huh.?

MARY: Well, I don't know why he sent me this coat or why he asked me not to open the box, but I'm going to find out why. I'm going to see Blackie.

INSPECTOR: Your going to see him, Miss Wesley?

MARY: Yes, I am, and I'm going to get a few things good and straight.

INSPECTOR: Well, I'm going to see him too. Because at last I got proof that boyfriend of yours is crooked!

ORGAN MUSIC UP AND OUT

F/X: DOOR BUZZER and DOOR OPENS

JANET: Hello, Blackie.

BLACKIE: Oh Janet, come on in.

JANET: You're alone?

F/X: DOOR CLOSE

BLACKIE: Uh huh. How'd everything go at the store this afternoon?

JANET: Not a single hitch. Look at the coat I got at Baxters. Like it?

BLACKIE: Expensive?

JANET: I got two. This one was the cheaper one.

BLACKIE: Everything worked out all right then, huh?

JANET: Perfectly.

BLACKIE: Glad to hear it. Tell me something Janet did you . . .

F/X: DOOR BUZZER

BLACKIE: Uh oh. We're not alone anymore.

JANET: Oh, dear

BLACKIE: (calling to person at door) Come in

INSPECTOR: Hello, Blackie.

BLACKIE: Goodbye, Faraday.

MARY: Don't you say hello or goodbye to me Boston Blackie.

F/X: DOOR CLOSES

BLACKIE: Well, uh, Mary. I didn't expect you. Mary this is . . .

INSPECTOR: Never mind who that is Blackie, I know. She's the girl you sent to those stores to steal fur coats for you.

BLACKIE: What?

MARY: And the nerve of you hiding them in my apartment.

BLACKIE: You opened that box, Mary.

INSPECTOR: No. She didn't, I did. And I know this girl is working with you. She's wearing the fur coat she got at Baxters this afternoon.

MARY: Blackie, you'd better do something about this.

JANET: All say he better Miss whatever your name is. He has some explaining to do

INSPECTOR: He can explain everything to me down at headquarters. Come on lady your going with him.

JANET: Blackie?

BLACKIE: No, she isn't Faraday. You're not taking us anywhere.

INSPECTOR: No? You deny you sent that coat to Miss Wesley's?

BLACKIE: No I admit it. And I admit I told her not to open the box too.

MARY: Oh why Blackie? Why did you do that?

INSPECTOR: Let's not worry about why Miss Wesley. He admits everything.

BLACKIE: And I think you'll admit that this is a gun in my hand too, Faraday.

INSPECTOR: Blackie, put that gun away!

BLACKIE: Not until I put you away, Faraday, in this closet.

F/X: SLIGHT SCUFFLE and CLOSET OPEN

MARY: Blackie, please don't!

BLACKIE: Quiet, Mary!

MARY: What are you doing?

BLACKIE: I know what I'm doing. Get in this closet, Faraday.

INSPECTOR: All right but Blackie so help me

F/X: CLOSET CLOSE

INSPECTOR: (muffled thru closed closet door) I'll take care of . . .

F/X: Inspector KNOCKING on DOOR and MUFFLED YELLING in B/G under following dialog

JANET: Oh, Blackie, you shouldn't have done that.

BLACKIE: It's all right, Janet. Don't let Faraday bother you.

MARY: Blackie, what is this all about?

BLACKIE: You have nothing to worry about Mary.

MARY: Oh, I haven't and I suppose this is all very funny?

BLACKIE: No, it's not funny at all. I have Faraday locked in that closet. Now you get in to this one.

F/X: CLOSET OPENS

MARY: What?

BLACKIE: Sorry, Mary, sorry. But you're going to be left in the dark

MARY: Blackie! Blackie what are you doing?

F/X: CLOSET CLOSES

BLACKIE: Locking you in a closet too. Can't you tell?

F/X: MARY adds to INSPECTORS MUFFLED YELLING in B/G.

JANET: Blackie, what'll we do now?

MARY: Blackie!

BLACKIE: Janet.

MARY: Blackie please let me out!

BLACKIE: Janet, those two are behind locked doors now, but we're not. We're getting out of here!

MUSIC UP AND UNDER

ANNOUNCER: Janet Corning and a man named Harry Barlow wanted for a Kansas murder are stealing furs and apparently getting assistance in their work from Boston Blackie. Inspector Faraday is convinced that Blackie is working with the thieves when he finds a stolen fur coat hidden away in Mary's Wesley's apartment. When confronted with this evidence Blackie locks both Faraday and Mary in a closet and escapes with Janet. As we return to our story Blackie and Janet are in Blackie's car driving down the street in a remote part of town.

MUSIC OUT

F/X: CAR MOTOR and CITY SOUNDS in B/G

BLACKIE: All right, Janet. Tell me what this is all about.

JANET: Oh Blackie I'm afli glad you asked that. I've been almost crazy trying to tell someone. But I've been afraid.

BLACKIE: But you're not afraid to tell me?

JANET: No, because you can help me.

BLACKIE: Somebody better help me. On account of trying to help you I'm really messed up.

JANET: Well you'll get out of it Blackie, you always do. But, but what about me?

BLACKIE: What about you?

JANET: Well you know who I am don't you?

BLACKIE: Of course I know who you are. Niece of my best friend, Charley Kingston. That's why I went to the trouble of locking Inspector Faraday in a closet.

JANET: And that girl why did you lock her in the closet, too?

BLACKIE: So Faraday would know she was in on this. Now come on, tell me what kind of a jam are you in?

JANET: Blackie, I'm working with a man named Harry Barlow. Not because I want to, but because he tricked me into it.

BLACKIE: And Barlow is making you do what?

JANET: Steal furs with him.

BLACKIE: How?

JANET: Oh, it's all very simple. I go in and ask to look at furs, and while I buy a cheap one Harry steals an expensive one I've looked at but didn't buy. Blackie, he made me get you to recommend them so that the stores wouldn't hesitate to show us their best stuff.

BLACKIE: Oh, so that's the racket. Okay, can I get in touch with this fellow?

JANET: I'll give you his address. In fact if you wanna go and see him and walk in on him by surprise I have the key to his room right here in my bag.

BLACKIE: No, never mind about that just give me his address. Where's he live?

JANET: At 507 Lane Street.

BLACKIE: 507 Lane Street, huh. I think I'll go up and have a little talk with that guy.

JANET: But, Blackie, please be careful he's dangerous.

BLACKIE: So am I, sometimes. And this is one of those times.

JANET: But he is really he is. You're taking an awful risk and you shouldn't do it. Not for me.

BLACKIE: I'm not doing it for you alone, beautiful. I'm doing it for myself too. Furs are suppose to keep people warm. I can believe that. The one's you and Harry stole certainly have made it hot for me.

MUSIC UP AND OUT

F/X: DOOR CLOSES

HARRY: Well, what is this Janet?

JANET: Oh, hello, Harry.

HARRY: Well, just like that, "Hello Harry." Sorry I interrupted your packing. Going somewhere?

JANET: Oh, no, not exactly. I figure we might have to leave town almost any time now, and I wanted to be ready.

HARRY: Oh, you did, did ya?

JANET: Uh huh.

HARRY: You weren't going to run out on me or anything like that?

JANET: Honey, you know better than that.

HARRY: I did once, but that was before you met Blackie.

JANET: Blackie! Now look, Harry, there's nothing between him and me. I just sent him all the way to the other end of town on a phony address. He wanted to find you, honey.

HARRY: Find me for what reason, kid, to knock me off so you and him could be a team.

JANET: Harry you can't . . .

HARRY: No more lies, Janet. Here you are ready to pull out and leave me to take the wrap for all those fur jobs. You figured we were through didn't you.

JANET: Oh no, no Harry honest I didn't.

HARRY: I've got news for you. You and I are through, but I decided that just now. I'm packing you in. You're hot as a two bit pistol. You could be picked up by any of those sales girls that waited on you. I was going to string along with you in spite of that. But I changed my mind now. I'm leaving town, but you're staying here.

JANET: Okay, bud, that's all right with me.

HARRY: Is it?

JANET: Yeah!

HARRY: It better be. You know kid you're just a natural born double-crosser. You say you sent Blackie on a wild goose chase. Okay, you crossed him. You were going to pull out of here pick up your loot and scam. That means you were going to cross me. You can't be trusted Janet, un uh, you just can't be trusted.

JANET: Look, Harry, you're going haywire, you're blowing your lid.

HARRY: Un uh. I'm thinking good, baby, very good. I'm getting out of town and I'm leaving you here. I can't let you spill all about me to Blackie or the cops.

JANET: No, I won't talk Harry honest I won't!

HARRY: I'll say you won't! This Persian lamb coat here.

JANET: Yeah.

HARRY: Lovely, isn't it?

JANET: Yeah.

HARRY: Come, here baby. Come here.

JANET: Harry.

HARRY: You know something.

JANET: Hmm.

HARRY: Your lovely too, Janet. It's too bad you couldn't play anything straight.

JANET: Harry you're not . . .

HARRY: Not what, dear?

JANET: Harry you're not . . .

HARRY: Relax, relax. That's better. You know I just thought of something.

JANET: Huh?

HARRY: You used to say when we started out in this racket that you wanted all the good things that you could grab.

JANET: Yeah.

HARRY: Yeah. You wanted to be loaded with diamonds and smothered in mink.

JANET: Yeah, but I . . .Harry put that coat down, put that, put that . . .

F/X: Slight STRUGGLE as he smothers her.

HARRY: You wanted to be smothered in mink, huh. Well you're going to have to make a slight sacrifice darling. You're being smothered in Persian lamb.

MUSIC UP AND OUT

BLACKIE: Hey Faraday! You still in the closet?

INSPECTOR: (muffled) Where do you think I am? In Florida?

BLACKIE: Well, I'm going to let you out.

F/X: CLOSET DOOR OPENS

INSPECTOR: It's about time. Where've you been?

BLACKIE: At a phony address.

F/X: MARY knocking on other closet to be let out.

INSPECTOR: Oh. Your address is going to be the city jail in a minute.

BLACKIE: Hold it, Faraday. I know when I've made a mistake. And I admit it too.

INSPECTOR: You sure made a mistake locking me in that closet

BLACKIE: That's the least of my mistakes pal. Wait till I get Mary out

of

her closet. Mary you all right?

MARY: (muffled) Oh, it's just fine. I love it in here. It's so airy and the view's divine.

BLACKIE: Oh, I'm sorry, Mary, but I had to lock you in.

F/X: DOOR OPENS

MARY: Golly.

BLACKIE: I wanted Faraday to know that you and I weren't working together on this. Forgive me will you?

F/X: DOOR CLOSES

MARY: I don't know. First I'll have to see what life is like on the outside. My goodness it's still daylight isn't it?

INSPECTOR: Maybe it's daylight, Miss Wesley, but your friend Blackie is going to be in a nice, dark cell.

BLACKIE: Look, Faraday, look. I told you I made a mistake. I thought that girl was the niece of my friend, Charley Kingston, and in a jam. So I was just trying to help her.

INSPECTOR: What do you mean you thought she was Charley Kingston's niece? Didn't it occur to you to check?

BLACKIE: I tried to Faraday, but Charley's traveling in Europe and I couldn't get in touch with him. She had a letter, but now I know it was forged.

MARY: Fine time to find out.

INSPECTOR: All right, but that doesn't explain everything.

BLACKIE: I know. You wanna know what I've been doing to help these two. Well, it's nothing really. All I did was phone the stores and ask that my friends be well taken care of. Apparently, they wanted me to do that for two reasons. One to be sure they saw only the best furs, and second so that when they left town the heat would be on me.

MARY: Well, that coat in my apartment certainly puts the heat on me. I'm sore about that, Blackie.

BLACKIE: Oh, I can explain that, too, Mary. Janet asked me to keep it for her. I didn't want to leave it here any character in town is liable to drop in here anytime. So I thought the safest place would be in your apartment.

MARY: Oh, fine, fine you keep a fur coat for another girl in my apartment.

BLACKIE: But, Mary, don't you see why?

MARY: Oh, yes, sure, I see it now.

INSPECTOR: Well, I don't see why you warned Miss Wesley not to open the box?

BLACKIE: That should be obvious to a school kid, Faraday. If Mary had opened the box she'd have thought the coat was for her. And I didn't think it was right to ask her to keep a coat for somebody else.

INSPECTOR: Oh ya. I don't get it.

MARY: I think he's telling the truth, Inspector. I would have thought that coat was for me, I have a birthday coming up soon.

INSPECTOR: Okay, it's beginning to make sense to me now. But when you ran out on us, what were you going to help Janet do? Steal more furs

BLACKIE: No, I didn't realize she was stealing furs. I thought she was just being used by someone who was. Now I've changed my mind. Since she sent me on a wild goose chase, Faraday. I admit I made a mistake.

INSPECTOR: (LAUGHING) So the Great Boston Blackie admits he made a mistake does he? That's a good one.

BLACKIE: I know a hyena that laughs better and looks better while he's doing it. Lay off me, will ya? I admit I've made a mess out of this, but give me time and I'll straighten it out.

INSPECTOR: I'll give you time, all right. Five or ten years for obstructing justice. I could of nabbed that girl, except for you.

BLACKIE: I'm sorry, Faraday. I thought she was an all right girl in a jam.

MARY: Oh, Blackie, you always were a pushover for a pretty face, weren't you?

BLACKIE: I still am. Aren't you glad of that, Mary?

MARY: Oh I never thought of that.

F/X: ROTARY PHONE DIALING

BLACKIE: Hey, Faraday, who you calling?

INSPECTOR: Headquarters. Thanks to you and your stupidity I'm going to have to send out an alarm for that girl.

BLACKIE: Look, I'll find her.

INSPECTOR: I'll find her!

BLACKIE: Sure you will. In your office after I bring her in.

INSPECTOR: If she isn't brought in my office pretty soon you're going to be there yourself, under arrest.

OFFICER: Homicide.

INSPECTOR: Hello, this is Faraday.

OFFICER: Oh, I'm glad you called Inspector, we've been looking everywhere for you.

INSPECTOR: Never mind about me. I want you to look everywhere for a girl named Janet.

BLACKIE: Corning.

INSPECTOR: Janet Corning. Five feet five inches. Brown hair.

BLACKIE: Brown eyes, and the cutest little dimples you've ever saw.

INSPECTOR: Brown eyes and the cutest little . . .I mean, she has prominent dimples. Get it?

OFFICER: Yeah, I not only got the description, Inspector, but I've got the girl.

INSPECTOR: What?

OFFICER: Yes sir.

INSPECTOR: Well hold her, I wanna question her.

OFFICER: Sorry Inspector I'm afraid you can't do that she's on a slab in a morgue dead.

INSPECTOR: Dead?

OFFICER: Yep, smothered to death we think.

INSPECTOR: Okay, thanks. I'll be right down there.

F/X: PHONE HANG UP

INSPECTOR: Blackie, your girlfriend Janet is dead.

BLACKIE: Dead?

MARY: Oh, how awful.

BLACKIE: It could be worse though, Mary, you see I know who killed her.

INSPECTOR: Sure the guy at the phony address. How you gonna find him?

BLACKIE: I'm not going to find him, Faraday. He's going to find me. There's something else he wants. Only I've got it, and I'm going to keep it.

MUSIC UP AND OUT

F/X: DOOR OPEN, CLOSE, FOOTSTEPS and LIGHT SWITCH

BLACKIE: (Waking from sleep) Who's that?

HARRY: You wanna know Blackie?

BLACKIE: Who are you? What are you doing in my apartment?

HARRY: Maybe you'd like one answer at a time huh?

BLACKIE: At this time in the morning one at a time is all I can understand. Who are you?

HARRY: Harry Barlow, mean anything to you?

BLACKIE: Yes. You're ah Janet Corning's partner. Or should I say the late Janet Corning's partner.

HARRY: You know she's dead, huh? Blackie, you awake enough to see this gun in my hand?

BLACKIE: I saw that before I saw you. I don't know which of you I'm sorrier to see.

HARRY: Give me that key and you won't see either of us in a minute.

BLACKIE: What key?

HARRY: You know, the key that Janet gave you. The key to the safe deposit where I got the fur's in.

BLACKIE: Oh, that key. I've got it. But Janet didn't give it to me. I lifted it out of her purse.

HARRY: What? Well what's the difference how you got it, I want it. I'm leaving town, and I'm not leaving without those furs.

BLACKIE: All right. With that gun in your hand I guess there's nothing I can do, but let you have the key. It's right there in the top of the drawer. I'll get it for you.

HARRY: Oh no, you won't, Blackie. I'll get it myself.

BLACKIE: What's the matter don't you trust me?

HARRY: Sure, sure I trust you Blackie, as long as you keep your hands right where they are. Ya that's the key all right.

BLACKIE: Well, if you want to take it I can argue with you, but not with that gun there.

HARRY: I'm going to take it all right. As a little present for papa.

F/X: ELECTRICAL ZAP

HARRY: Hot dog!

BLACKIE: I've got something for papa too, Harry.

F/X: HIT TO THE JAW and BODY falls to floor

BLACKIE: It's the poke in the jaw I gave you that knocked you out, Barlow, but wouldn't you like to know what hit you when you grabbed that key?

MUSIC UP AND OUT

F/X: DOOR OPENS

INSPECTOR: Busy, Blackie?

BLACKIE: No, come on in, Faraday, sit down. I was just sitting here with nothing on my mind. You won't change that situation any.

F/X: DOOR CLOSES

INSPECTOR: You've got nothing on your mind, but I've got plenty on mine. Blackie, we have Harry Barlow cold for those fur heisting jobs, and he's wanted for murder in the mid-west. How did you grab him?

BLACKIE: It's a secret, Faraday. But I'll give you a little tiny hint. He went for a key that I planted in my room.

INSPECTOR: And did he get it?

BLACKIE: He sure did. Right across his great big chin, I clipped him, Faraday.

INSPECTOR: What was he doing all this time?

BLACKIE: I'll give it to you slowly, pal. He came into my room with a gun.

INSPECTOR: Yeah.

BLACKIE: He knew I had the key to the box where the stolen furs were locked up.

INSPECTOR: Yeah.

BLACKIE: I told him to take the key, but I forgot to tell him that I had wired it to the electric socket.

INSPECTOR: I get it. He grabbed the key, got a shock, and dropped his gun.

BLACKIE: You're close, kid. He yelled at the shock and I poked him one for luck. That acted kind of like a lullaby because the next thing I knew he was fast asleep.

INSPECTOR: So that's how you did it, huh, Blackie? I was wondering. He was a pretty tough character they tell me.

BLACKIE: So I hear, so I hear, but he fell asleep just like a baby. Then I called you, Faraday, and when he got out of the arms of Morpheus

he was snug in the arms of the law.

MUSIC UP AND OUT TO END