

OTYR
MASTER COPY

DICK TRACY

SERIES #2

EPISODE NO. 4

THURSDAY

SEPTEMBER 29, 1938

*WAF - Red
S. 00 - 5115
75 - +6*

OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT:

(TWO CANNON SHOTS)

ANNOUNCER: Calling all adventure fans....Calling all Dick Tracy fans..Stand by!

(SIRENS UP)

ANNOUNCER: Here comes Dick Tracy now!

(SIRENS FADE)

ANNOUNCER: So be sure that all the Dick Tracy fans at your house are ready to hear this thrilling (~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~) Dick Tracy adventure.....brought to you by Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice...those two specially delicious, nourishing cereals.....that are shot from gunsto give you lots of trigger-fast food energy. Call them to the radio, right away, so they can enjoy Dick Tracy's adventures with you. And now...all you fellows and girls who have been made special deputies by Dick Tracy with a special assignment to tell all your friends to be sure to tune in on the Dick Tracy program every dayshow Dick Tracy what a real job you can do. Spread the good news to every one.

(ONE CANNON SHOT)

ANNOUNCER: Hear that? It's the welcome sound of the big Quaker gun to remind you to tell Mother that Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice are actually shot from guns.

(M O R E)

MASTER AS BROADCAST
THIS COPY REPRESENTS AS BROADCAST
POSSIBLE THE PROGRAM AS BROADCAST
ALTERNATE ISSUE IN CHANGES
LOCAL CONTENT ARE CORRECT
Need Tom Burch
ANNOUNCER
DATED *Sept 29 1938*

ANNOUNCER:
(CONT'D)

Tell her how that special Quaker process makes the nourishing grains of wheat and rice specially easy to digest....so that you get all the trigger-fast food energy quickly and easily.

Ask Mother now, to get a package of Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice from the grocer right away. And listen. Dick Tracy's going to perform a very special ceremony at the end of today's program. And he wants you to attend. So stand by for big doings.

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT:

ANNOUNCER: Time will tell. And now Dick Tracy is here in person to perform a special ceremony at our Dick Tracy Secret Service Patrol meeting...brought to you by your favorite cereals...Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice.. the delicious, nourishing grains of goodness... that are shot from guns to give you lots of trigger-fast food energy. And here come Dick Tracy and Junior now!

(GAVEL - THREE TIMES)

JUNIOR: The meeting will come to order. And your Commander-in-Chief, Dick Tracy, will now take charge.

TRACY: Hello there, patrol members and friends. As you know, we're all banded together in the Dick Tracy Secret Service Patrol, to uphold law and order. But we do a lot more than that. We share in all sorts of detective adventures and activities together. And we have barrels of fun. And when it comes to fun, to real, downright enjoyment...there's one person in America.... a good friend of yours and mine...who deserves a great, big vote of thanks from all of us.

QUAKER MAN: And here she is now...your own Aunt Jemima, the Queen

(MUSIC)
("HAPPY DAY")
(CHEERS)

of pancake makers, and the Empress of good eating.

TRACY: Welcome, Aunt Jemima.

AUNT JEMIMA: Thanks, Mr. Tracy. I'm mighty happy to be here with you, an' all the thousands of my friends in the Dick Tracy Secret Service Patrol. I loves 'em all.

CLOSING: (CONTINUED)

QUAKER MAN: And they all love you, Aunt Jemima. Our Patrol members are the world's greatest pancake eaters. And Aunt Jemima's are the world's most delicious, tempting, tender pancakes. So how could they help it? Every time we sit down to a big stack of piping, hot Aunt Jemima pancakes or buckwheats....with streams of butter cozing out the edges...and the golden syrup trickling down the sides....we think of you, Aunt Jemima. And today, we want to show our appreciation for all the joy and goodness you brought us with your famous, secret recipe.

JUNIOR: Aunt Jemima, we salute you.

(ONE CANNON SHOT)

AUNT JEMIMA: Sakes alive!

TRACY: And I hereby appoint you to the exalted rank of "Honorary Chief Director of Pancake Eating, for the Dick Tracy Secret Service Patrol.

(CHEERS)

(ONE CANNON SHOT)

AUNT JEMIMA: Happy days sure is here again, for me, Mr. Tracy.

QUAKER MAN: Well, Happy days are pancake days, aren't they, Aunt Jemima?

AUNT JEMIMA: Indeed they is, an' pancake days is happy days.

QUAKER MAN: Right. So listen all you pancake-loving boys and girls. Enjoy a big stack of genuine, delicious Aunt Jemima pancakes or buckwheats...for breakfast, lunch or supper, right away. They're so nourishing. And so easy to digest.

(M O R E)

CLOSING: (CONTINUED)

QUAKER MAN: Tell Mother she can make two big Aunt Jemima pancakes for only one cent. That's even less than the hard-to-make cookbook kind and they're better too! So, you see Aunt Jemima saves money for Mother. And she can make them jiffy-quick. Now, here's a great idea. Enjoy Aunt Jemima's tasty pancakes and her tangy buckwheats turnabout, as thousands of real pancake-lovers do. Ask Mother now to get you a package of each from the grocer right away. And listen....Save those Aunt Jemima box tops. Something special is coming soon.

(TWO CANNON SHOTS)

ANNOUNCER: Calling all adventure fans...Calling all Dick Tracy fans... Stand by...for another exciting (electrically transcribed) Dick Tracy adventure tomorrow at this same time. That is all!

(SIRENS)

(LOCAL ANNOUNCEMENT WRAP ONLY)

ANNOUNCER: Read Dick Tracy daily and Sunday in the New York Daily News.

Jgs
9/2/38

MASTER COPY

OK with changes due
from Hi Brown

DICK TRACY

SEPTEMBER 29, 1938

J. M. A.

EPISODE #4

THURSDAY

(SIGNATURE:)

ANNOUNCER: Calling all Adventure fans . . . Calling all Dick Tracy
fans . . . Stand by!

(SIRENS)

Here comes Dick Tracy now!

* * * * COMMERCIAL * * * *

Cast

Red Weaver
Charles Canton
John Brown
Lawson Zerbe
Andy Devine
Miss Wood

ANNOUNCER: (PAUSE) Dick Tracy, ~~the greatest detective of his time,~~
 is ~~on~~ on the trail of a gang ~~who~~ smuggling
 contraband silk across the Mexican Border into the United
 States. In our last episode ~~we saw~~ Dick ~~and~~
 met Billy the Kid, a young desperado ~~who~~
~~was~~. The Kid was
 about to engage in a gunfight with an Eastern gangster,
~~out in the street,~~ ~~who~~ ~~appeared~~
~~on the scene that~~ ~~was~~ ~~stopping~~ the
 fight. A confederate of the gangster ~~was~~
~~was~~ was about to shoot the kid in the back, but
 Tracy saved him. Nevertheless, the Kid insisted on
 fighting it out with the gangster in the street. Just as
 the two were about to shoot, Tracy stepped between them!

TRACY: And I'm going to stand right here till you put down those
 guns!

GOOGY: That's what you think, flatfoot! You get out of the way
 or I'll shoot right through you.

TRACY: I'm not moving!

GOOGY: Then I'm shooting!

(SHOT . . MACHINE GUN)

GOOGY: Ohhh! Me hand! Me hand!

JUNIOR: He did it, Dick. Billy the Kid jumped to one side and
 shot him in the hand just as that gangster fired at you.

KID: (FADING IN) That evens us up, Tracy!

TRACY: (TO JUNIOR) Yes, I saw what happened. (TO THE KID) Quick
 shooting, Billy. You broke his wrist with that bullet,
 just as he fired that tommy gun. You spoiled his aim and
 saved my life. Naturally, I'm grateful.

KID: A few minutes ago, you did the same for me - saving my life, when this coyote's side-kick tried to shoot me from behind. But don't get the idea we're going to be friends.

JUNIOR: You could do a lot worse than have Dick Tracy for a friend.

KID: I don't make friends with policemen - especially with a policeman named Dick Tracy - - - Besides, I don't need any friends.

JUNIOR: That's what you think.

KID: You're a pretty fresh youngster, aren't you?

JUNIOR: I try not to be -- where you going now, Dick?

TRACY: Come along and see, Junior. We're going to put that gangster under arrest. That goes for you, my young Wild Western friend. Get going.

KID: If you think you can arrest me --

TRACY: I'm certain of it.

KID: You are, eh? Owww! Leggo! Leggo my little finger! Leggo!

TRACY: Take his gun, Junior.

JUNIOR: Got it.

TRACY: Well, Billy, will you come along quickly now - or must I listen to you give yourself another build-up on how tough you are.

KID: All right, you've got me.

(FADE IN GOOGY MOANING)

TRACY: Well, little man, what happened to you?

GOOGY: Who wants to know. If that Billy the Kid didn't pull a fast one, I'da had you - well, you wouldn't be here now ---

TRACY: But since nothing of the sort happened, we won't waste too much time talking about it. Get up. You're under arrest.

TRACY: Well, I'm going to give such an excellent imitation of it you won't be able to tell it from the original. The jail is just around the corner. Are you getting up?

GOOGY: All right. But you won't get away with this. I got a mouthpiece, see? He'll spring me outta jail before sunset!

TRACY: That's very interesting. Let's go.

JUNIOR: Dick -- look out --

TRACY: Junior -- what -- ?

JUNIOR: The Kid - he's got a horse - he's getting away.

(HORSE SNORTS GALLOPS OFF)

KID: We'll meet again, Tracy!

JUNIOR: Dick, are you going to let him get away....

TRACY: I could bring him down, but --

JUNIOR: But what, Dick?

TRACY: (SLOWLY) As he says, we'll meet again. Come on, Googy, we're going for a stroll.

GOOGY: Awww.....

(PAUSE)

(DOOR OPENS)

SHERIFF: Ohh - hello, Tracy. Who've you got there?

TRACY: His name is Googy. Lock him up, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: But what for?

TRACY: For endangering public safety, and for carrying firearms without a permit.

GOOGY: Listen, you can't get away with this ... I'll break you for this!

SHERIFF: You'll strain a muscle in your throat with all that wild talk. Come on, you! Come on! (FADES)

JUNIOR: Dick, I just remembered - What about the gunman in the hotel room, Dick - the one you wounded?

TRACY: Pat was right behind us. I saw him head for the hotel. He's undoubtedly taking care of him and will bring him in in a minute. Hello - what's this?

JUNIOR: Looks like a - it is a radio cabinet, isn't it?

TRACY: Yes, and it contains a combination radio-and-record player. One of the finest models I've ever seen. Strange.

JUNIOR: What do you mean, strange, Dick?

TRACY: A sheriff's office is rather an odd place for a combination radio and record player.

JUNIOR: What's that heavy lock for?

TRACY: That question occurred to me, too. Why should anything as harmless as a radio be kept under lock and key. I wonder.....

SHERIFF: (FADES) Well, Tracy, I put that fellow where he won't be any trouble for a while. Ohh...admiring the radio?

TRACY: Yes - seems to be a very modern instrument. Combination, isn't it?

SHERIFF: That's right. Things are pretty quiet here sometimes. This machine helps while away the time. Got quite a collection of records - and I play 'em a lot too when I ain't listening to the radio.

TRACY: Is that why you have a lock on the cabinet?

SHERIFF: (UNEASILY) What do you mean?

TRACY: To protect the records - make sure they aren't stolen.

SHERIFF: Yes, - that's it.

TRACY: Sit down, Sheriff - there are some things I want to say to you, and I'm going to say them plainly.

SHERIFF: Anything wrong, Mr. Tracy?

TRACY: That's what I'm going to find out.

SHERIFF: What do you mean?

TRACY: Sheriff, I don't trust you - to put it bluntly and simply.

SHERIFF: You don't -- ? Now look here, Mr. Tracy.

TRACY: I'll do the talking.

SHERIFF: That's a serious charge, [REDACTED]

TRACY: I'm well aware of it. I'm convinced that you got mixed up with Boss Mallory. What's more - you're completely under his thumb.

SHERIFF: Tracy, can you prove what you're saying?

TRACY: Not yet - but I will - in a very short time.

SHERIFF: Now, Tracy, don't you think maybe you might be mistaken. You admit you haven't got any evidence -

TRACY: When I first came to your office I found the Boss with you. You offered some lame excuse and I accepted it. Then you told me you knew nothing about these silk smuggling operations. This has been going on right underneath your nose and you haven't been aware of it! That doesn't make sense, Sheriff. If you had any pride at all in your job - that of enforcing law and order in this town, you'd know what was going on. Unless, of course, you had reasons of your own - or perhaps orders from a certain party - to close your eyes and turn your back.

SHERIFF: Now, Tracy, you can't --

TRACY: Another thing! You knew Billy the Kid and that gangster in there were going to fight a duel. That's unlawful. Why didn't you interfere? You also knew the Kid wasn't going to get a fair deal! And that seemed to be all right with you, too. Why? I'll tell you. Because Boss Mallory wants Billy the Kid out of the way - and you're taking orders from him --

SHERIFF: That isn't true!

TRACY: For your sake, I hope so. As I say, I'm not quite ready to prove these charges. But it won't be long before I will be in a position to prove it - ~~and I'll tell you~~
~~when it comes to various lawbreakers, I don't know the~~
~~meaning of the word "smuggling"~~

SHERIFF: Tracy, you've made a lot of serious charges against me. But you're going to find out you've been wrong.

TRACY: I'm willing to be convinced of that. But just let me remind you that I'm here to clear out this smuggling racket and everyone connected with it - everyone, do you understand -- and that's precisely what I'm going to do!

(FADE IN MURMUR OF MEN)

JOE: Okay, youse - the Boss's got something to say. Go ahead, Boss, - they're listening --

(MURMUR SUBSIDES)

BOSS: Thank you, Joe.

JOE: It's okay, Boss - it's okay.

~~BOSS: Boys, you'll be glad to learn that business has been excellent.~~

~~JOE: Hear that, boys? Not bad, huh?~~

~~BOSS: This week you're all going to get an extra little bonus.~~

JOE: ~~A bonus? Are we working for the right guy or aren't we?~~

VOICE: ~~There ought to be double pay in this job.~~

BOSS: ~~What do you mean?~~

VOICE: This job ain't no picnic - and we got plenty coming to us. Listen, when I joined up back in the East I didn't think I'd have to dress up like no cowpuncher and make believe I was the real McCoy. I'm a trigger man. Dat's my perfession. What am I doing all day ridin' around on a horse, makin' believe I'm lookin' after the cattle.

(MURMUR OF ASSENT)

VOICE II: ~~And he ain't the only one that's like that, Boss. It's okay playin' Bassie Bill for a day or two but this has been going on for weeks. I'm so sore from ridin' horseback I kin hardly walk.~~

(MURMUR OF ASSENT)

BOSS: Use your heads, boys. We've got to keep up appearances, that's part of the job. I'm doing my share and expect you to do yours. I own this ranch, and as a ranchowner I'm supposed to have cattle and cowboys to look after them. So what if you do have to ride a horse and wear cowboy clothes. ~~You're getting well paid, aren't you?~~ Trouble is you boys don't know a good thing when you see one.

(MURMUR)

BOSS: Now let's get to business. There's a new shipment of silk coming over the border in a few days. We've got to make new arrangements about getting it ~~to our distributing center back East.~~

JOE: What's the matter with the way we been doing it, Boss?

BOSS:

A remark like that, Joe, shows why you'll always be a mug. If we keep on using the same routine we'll walk right into the hands of the Border Patrol - or even Dick Tracy. The thing we've got to do is to change all the time - to keep them guessing. Well, we're going to change - we're going to use planes.

JOE:

Air-planes? Now you're talking. Guess you boys are going to like dat better than riding a horse. (LAUGH)

BOSS:

Not ordinary airplanes, but auto-gyros. We've got a large flat roof on the plant back East - large and flat enough for an auto-gyro to land on. I've already ordered two planes to be sent out here. They'll be flown out from El Paso, at night, of course - so nobody'll be the wiser.

~~VOICE:~~~~Sounds okay to me, Boss, what about this Tracy guy--~~

BOSS:

~~What about him?~~

VOICE:

~~He's in our hair, ain't he. First he puts Googy in jail. How do we know he won't put us there next? And if it hadn't been for him - Tracy, I mean, we would have had Billy the Kid out of the way.~~

BOSS:

~~I'm glad he isn't out of the way.~~

VOICE:

~~What do you mean?~~

BOSS:

~~After all, what have I got against the kid? He talks a lot - thinks he's a big shot. That annoys me. But what of it? It's occurred to me we may be able to use the Kid.~~

JOE:

~~Use Billy the Kid? You don't mean it, Boss.~~

BOSS:

~~Why not? He knows the country, he can ride and shoot - and he doesn't like Dick Tracy --~~

JOE:

~~Tracy saved his life, didn't he?~~

BOSS:

~~That won't mean a thing after I've made my proposition to Billy the Kid.~~

JOE: Don't be too sure, Boss - the Kid is one of them fair play boys. But that's your headache not mine. What I want to know is what about Googy. When you going to spring him?

BOSS: I'll have the Sheriff release him tomorrow.

JOE: I know the Sheriff takes orders from you - but what's Tracy goin' to say?

~~BOSS: Easy won't have a thing to say about it.~~

(DOOR OPENS)

JOE: Here's your pal, the Sheriff, now.

~~SHERIFF: Never mind that loose talk, Joe. That 'pal' business is what I mean.~~

BOSS: What's the matter, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: Boss, I - I've got to see you.

BOSS: Well, here I am, what's on your mind?

SHERIFF: We've got to get rid of Dick Tracy!

(MURMUR)

JOE: See - like I told you - even the Sheriff is worried about Tracy.

SHERIFF: I'm worried plenty.

BOSS: What's happened?

SHERIFF: Tracy talked to me about an hour ago. And I didn't like anything he said. He told me that he knew I was mixed up with you, that I was in on the smuggling racket.

BOSS: He said that --

~~SHERIFF: I'd feel a lot better right now if that train had never~~
~~had been wrecked?~~ Tracy's clever, Boss. He's dangerous. He's only been in town a few days, and he's picked up a lot of information. He's blocked us several times already. We've got to get rid of him, I tell you - before he gets rid of us. And there's only one way to do that ---

BOSS: Wait a minute. Not that way - we can't do it. If we bumped Tracy off we'd have the G-men down here in no time. Tracy's too well known and too well-liked. Get a couple more of those Feds down here hanging around and they'll blow the lid right off.

SHERIFF: But you've got to do something.

JOE: ~~What could I do, Boss?~~

BOSS: ~~What could I do, Boss?~~ Let me think. There must be some way of getting rid of that flatfoot without . . . (HE BEGINS TO CHUCKLE.)

VOICE: What is it, Boss?

SHERIFF: If you've got an idea - let's have it.

BOSS: Yes, I've got an idea. The biggest and cleverest idea I've ever had. So we've got to get rid of Tracy, eh? Well, we will get rid of him and without any danger to ourselves either.

JOE: That's the way to talk. But are you sure it's going to work?

BOSS: Will it work? Just gather around, boys, and listen. Tracy's as good as gone right now! (LAUGHS AND FADES)

ANNOUNCER: What is this unusual scheme Boss Mallory has thought of? And will the great detective succeed in escaping unharmed? ~~Be sure to hear the next episode of Dick Tracy.~~