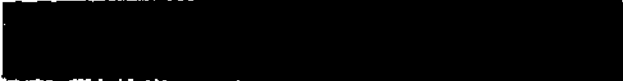


SECRET



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MASTER

AS BROADCAST
THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR

"BRASS KNUCKLES"

JUNE 12, 1952

Produced and Directed by:

Betty Mandeville

Script by: Louis Pelletier

and Jack Finke

tb

ATX01 0182209

ANNOUNCER:

Tonight's story... Brass Knuckles.

MUSIC: THEME AND OUT.

SOUND: PHONE.

WALTER:

(MIDDLE SIXTIES) City Club. Oh, evening, Mr. Miles. No sir, he's not here, they all went home after the meeting. Mr. Hegerty's upstairs in the card room, would you want him, sir? Oh I see...

(SOUND: DOOR OPEN OFF A LITTLE) Just a minute, sir, somebody's coming in, I'll see if it's him...(A BEAT)...no sir, it's not him, it's Mr. Gordon. You're welcome, Mr. Miles, good night, sir.

(SOUND: PHONE DOWN) Good evening, Mr. Gordon.

NICK:

Hello, Walter. Is George Hegerty here?

WALTER:

Yes, sir, he is, upstairs in the card room.

NICK:

Okay, boys, go up and take care of him. (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UPSTAIRS)

Walter...

WALTER:

Yes, sir?

tb

ATX01 01B2210

NICK:

In a couple of minutes you're going to hear a little noise upstairs, don't pay any attention to it. Also there are going to be people asking questions about who came to see Hagerty tonight. You don't know who came to see him. There were three guys and they wore masks.. (HE STOPS AS:)

SOUND: (OFF. A STRUGGLE)

BIZ: (VOICE OFF SHOUTS "HELP! WALTER, HELP ME, CALL THE POLICE!")

(A-BEAT)

NICK:

(CONTINUES) You understand, Walter, three guys who wore masks, you couldn't identify them. (A-BEAT) Walter! (STOP STRUGGLE)

WALTER:

(TERRIFIED) Yes, sir, I understand.

NICK:

You better, Walter...because what's happening to Hagerty happens to anybody who doesn't do what he's told. Always do what you're told, Walter...it'll keep you out of trouble.

MUSIC: DRAMATIC STING AND UNDER FOR:

tb

ATX01 01B2211

SHEPPARD:

On the night of September twelfth, 1949, three men entered the City Club of Gifford, Ohio, and brutally assaulted George Hagerty, a minor politician on the City Council. Hagerty died as a result of this beating and the newly formed Citizens Crime Commission asked your FBI to conduct an investigation into the criminal organization which had gained control of the city. Our investigation began when agent Bailey and I called at the home of Walter Lewis, steward of the City Club.

MUSIC: OVER AND OUT.

BAILEY:

And you say the men wore handkerchiefs over their faces, Mr. Lewis.

WALTER:

(VERY SUBDUED) Yes, sir, they did.

SHEPPARD:

And they asked for George Hagerty.

WALTER:

Yes, sir.

SHEPPARD:

You couldn't recognize any of their voices?

WALTER:

No, sir I...I...(HE STARTS COUGHING) ~~Martha...~~

MARTHA:

(OFF A LITTLE) Yes, dear.

tb

WALTER:

~~Dr. Martin's medicine, over there on the table.~~

MARTHA:

(OFF A LITTLE) Yes, Walter.

WALTER:

In all right Martha, Larry & William
(TO SHEPPARD) I'm sorry; I... I just haven't been myself since...
since this happened.

BAILEY:

We understand George Hagerty was a good friend of yours, Mr. Lewis.

WALTER:

We grew up on this block together. He was the best friend I had.

MARTHA:

(SOUND: SPOON STIRRED IN GLASS) Here, Walter.

WALTER:

Thank you, dear. (HE DRINKS) Sorry, gentlemen.

SHEPPARD:

That's all right, we're not going to keep you long, Mr. Lewis. ~~Now~~
^{you said} one of these men held you at gun point while the other two went
upstairs to the card room. What did you do when they came down and
left, Mr. Lewis?

WALTER:

I...I rushed upstairs to George. He...he was unconscious then. I
called the police and I...well...I guess that's all. The police came
for George...he was bleeding something terrible and...(HE STOPS AS HE
ALMOST BREAKS UP)
to

SHEPPARD:

Well, I think that's enough for today, Mr. Lewis. We'll come back some other time.

WALTER:

(DOWN) I'm sorry, really I am. I'd like to help, but...

BAILEY:

That's all right, we'll get in touch with you if we need you. Are you returning to work soon, Mr. Lewis?

WALTER:

No, the doctor says my heart...he says I'll have to rest quite a long while.

BAILEY:

I see. (SOUND: DOOR OPEN) Well thanks for helping us anyway. Goodbye, Mrs. Lewis, we'll phone first if we're coming back again.

MARTHA:

Any time you want, gentlemen.

SHEPPARD:

Oh, uh, Mr. Lewis...

WALTER:

Yes, sir.

SHEPPARD:

Just one thing before we go. What time was it when these men came into the club?

to

WALTER:

About eleven thirty, I'd say. The meeting broke up at eleven, and it was just about a half-hour after the meeting.

SHEPPARD:

Okay, thanks, Mr. Lewis. We'll be in touch with you.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSED.

MARTHA:

(AFTER A PAUSE SHE STARTS CRYING SOFTLY)

WALTER:

Aw, Martha...

MARTHA:

I can't help it. What's going to happen to us, Walter, you can't go on lying this way forever.

WALTER:

Martha...

MARTHA:

Maybe you should've told them the truth.

WALTER:

You saw what happened to George. They'd kill me, I wouldn't live one day after I talked.

MARTHA:

(MISERABLY) I know, I know. But there must be some way...

tb

-7-

WALTER:

There isn't, Martha, believe me, they run everything in this town, George told me. He knew they were coming for him.

MARTHA:

He knew?

WALTER:

Everybody knew it. They told George they wanted this bill passed in the council, they wanted to legalize their slot machines. George tried, he tried to get the bill passed, but he couldn't. And that's what they did to him, just because he promised to get the bill passed and he couldn't.

MARTHA:

But you can't keep up like this, Walter, the doctor said...

SOUND: PHONE. REPEAT.

MARTHA:

Don't answer it, Walter...it's him again.

WALTER:

I'll have to answer, Martha...he knows I'm here. (SOUND: PHONE UP)
Hello.

NICK:

(FILTER) Hello, Walter, you know who this is.

WALTER:

(DRY-MOUTHED) Yes. Yes, sir, I do.

tb

ATX01 01B2216

NICK:

(FILTER) I'm calling from a phone booth down the corner, Walter. I just saw those men leave your house. You didn't have any trouble with them, did you?

WALTER:

No...no sir, I didn't.

NICK:

(FILTER) Okay, just checking up. You stick to your story, Walter, and you won't be sorry. I'll call you later.

~~WALTER:~~

~~Yes, sir. (SOUND: PHONE CLICK OFF, PHONE DOWN)~~

MARTHA:

Was that him?

WALTER:

Yes.

MARTHA:

What did he say?

WALTER:

He said I should stick to my story...he said I won't be sorry, that's all.

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER:

tb

SHEPPARD:

And as our investigation proceeded the Citizens' Crime Commission supplied us with the political background of the assault on George Hegerty. As is often the case in a criminally dominated city, it was an open secret that a racketeer named Nick Gordon was running the town and that Gordon's lawyer wrote the wording of bills offered to the City Council. Theoretically it was possible to link Gordon to the assault on Hegerty...but only theoretically.

MUSIC: OUT.

JIMMY:

(ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE) Don't you see, Mrs. Lewis, if I could locate that memorandum that Nick Gordon sent to Dad it would establish a possible motive. (A BEAT) Don't you see?

MARTHA:

(WEARILY) I suppose so, Jimmy, but all of these politics are over my head. I'll tell Walter you're here...(PROJECT) Walter...

WALTER:

(OFF) Yes, dear.

MARTHA:

Jimmy Hegerty is here.

WALTER:

(OFF) I'll be there in a minute.

JIMMY:

(LOWERED VOICE) How's he feeling now, Mrs. Lewis?

tb

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MARTHA:

(LOWERED VOICE) I don't know, he doesn't seem to pick up any. He was so fond of your father and all...(LETS IT HANG)

JIMMY:

I know.

MARTHA:

He just sits in that chair in the sun parlor. He won't even read or take a walk.

WALTER:

(COMING IN) Hello, Jimmy.

JIMMY:

(WARMLY) Hello, Mr. Lewis, how are you.

WALTER:

Oh I'm all right. How's your mother, Jimmy?

JIMMY:

Pretty good, thanks.

WALTER:

You tell her I mean to come over as soon as I'm feeling better.

JIMMY:

I will.

MARTHA:

Walter.

WALTER:

Yes?
tb

ATX01 0182219

MARTHA:

Jimmy wants to talk to you. About a memorandum that...maybe you'd better tell him, Jimmy.

JIMMY:

Will it bother you to talk about what happened, Mr. Lewis?

WALTER:

No, go ahead, Jimmy.

JIMMY:

Do you remember, Mr. Lewis, about two months ago, when Dad introduced that slot machine bill to the Council?

WALTER:

Yes, I remember.

JIMMY:

Before he introduced it, Nick Gordon sent him a memo giving the exact working of the bill. Gordon signed the memo, I saw it.

WALTER:

Yes. I remember, your father told me about it. He didn't want to introduce the bill.

JIMMY:

I've looked all through his papers, Mr. Lewis. If I could find that memo, if we could show that Gordon was putting pressure on him...

WALTER:

Jimmy...

JIMMY:

Yes?

tb

WALTER:

Don't look for it, please. Forget the whole thing.

JIMMY:

Huh?

WALTER:

Nobody can protect you from Gordon, Jimmy. Nobody.

JIMMY:

(A BEAT) I...I didn't think you'd feel that way, Mr. Lewis.

WALTER:

(ALMOST BREAKING) Jimmy, I'm telling you, for your own good, keep out of this. You've got a nice law business, you're doing well in the city. If Gordon knew what you were trying to...

JIMMY:

You believe his hoodlums beat up Dad, don't you?

WALTER:

(SLOWLY) I...I only know what I saw, Jimmy.

JIMMY:

All right, the men wore masks, but they were Gordon's men... everybody in town knows that.

WALTER:

Forget it, Jimmy, please, for your own sake.

JIMMY:

(BITTERLY) Is that what you're doing, Mr. Lewis? *(keeping out of it?)*

tb

MARTHA:

Jimmy!

JIMMY:

(IMMEDIATELY CONTRITE) I'm sorry, I didn't mean that. Mr. Lewis, I...

WALTER:

(DOWN) That's all right, Jimmy, I know you didn't mean it. We're all upset lately.

JIMMY:

Maybe I'd better get back to the house.

MARTHA:

I was hoping you'd stay here for dinner.

JIMMY:

No thanks, I'd better go along. Mr. Lewis, please believe me...

WALTER:

It's all right, Jimmy, it's not your fault. So many bad things have been happening...it's not anybody's fault acting the way they do.

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER:

SHEPPARD:

And as Agent Bailey and I assembled the meager evidence in the assault on George Hagerty, the testimony offered by the city ^{club} steward, Walter Lewis, seemed to offer a small inconsistency. A chance remark by an employee of the club uncovered this inconsistency and Agent Bailey went to work on it immediately.

MUSIC: IS OUT.

SOUND: TYPEWRITER. KNOCK ON DOOR. TYPEWRITER STOPS.

tb

SHEPPARD:

Come in. (SOUND: DOOR OPEN)

BAILEY:

Hiya Shep, (SOUND: DOOR CLOSED) you still banging out that report?

SHEPPARD:

Yeah, I want to get it on the teletype this afternoon. Any luck?

BAILEY:

Uh huh, looks pretty interesting. Where's that transcript of Lewis' statement? I want to read the exact wording.

SHEPPARD:

I've got it in the desk here. What sort of man was his doctor?

BAILEY:

Very nice. He wrote down a complete medical history on Lewis' heart. He's been treating him for the past ten years.

SHEPPARD:

Uh huh. Here's the transcript. (SOUND: PAPER)

BAILEY:

(SOUND: PAPER) Thanks. Here's the section I want. "Question by Agent Sheppard: Now one of these men held you at gun point while the other two went upstairs to the card room. What did you do when they came down and left, Mr. Lewis? Answer: I rushed upstairs to George. He was unconscious then. I called the police.

SHEPPARD:

So what did his doctor say?

tb

BAILEY:

The doctor said that Lewis hadn't been able to climb stairs for the past five years. And that's what the janitor said, Lewis never left his desk at the front door and never went up to the second floor.

SHEPPARD:

So he didn't rush upstairs. Of course he could have been expressing an unconscious wish...

BAILEY:

Or he could have been lying.

SHEPPARD:

Uh huh.

BAILEY:

And if he could tell one small lie he might be capable of telling a few bigger ones.

SHEPPARD:

Very possible.

BAILEY:

Well?

SHEPPARD:

Well...let's look over that transcript again. Maybe Mr. Lewis wasn't so much of an innocent bystander as he wants us to believe.

BAILEY:

Maybe not. Let's look it over.

^{OUT}
~~MUSIC: IN AND UNDER:~~
~~SOUND: PHONE.~~

tb

WALTER:

Hello.

NICK:

(FILTER) Hello, Walter, this is your friend again, know who I mean?

~~WALTER:~~

~~Yes. Yes, sir, I do.~~

NICK:

(FILTER) ~~Walter~~ I want to talk to you privately. Come over to my office in an hour, will you.

WALTER:

Well I...I don't feel awfully well today...

NICK:

(FILTER) You'll feel better when you hear what I'm going to tell you.

WALTER:

All right I...I'll be there in an hour.

BRIDGE
MUSIC: OVER AND OUT.

LAWYER:

Nick, I tell you, it's a crazy idea, he's a sick man, he could never make a campaign.

NICK:

Look, Charley, as a lawyer you're all right, for politics you stink. Just get his name on the ballot, I'll take care of the rest.

LAWYER:

(RESIGNED) Okay, but I don't see the sense of it.
tb

NICK:

You don't. Look, the guy knows what I did to Hegerty, doesn't he?

LAWYER:

But he won't talk.

NICK:

Of course he won't talk, he's scared stiff! That's why I want him in Hegerty's place on the City Council. A guy who's scared will do what he's told.

LAWYER:

All right, Nick, I'll get his name on the ballot. But how can he make speeches and...

NICK:

Speeches. Who says he's going to make speeches? I've got enough votes in that district to elect anybody I want. All he has to do is sit home and wait for the results.

LAWYER:

You're sure of that.

NICK:

Of course I'm sure. And look at the angle we've got for publicity. Hegerty was his best friend. He's running to keep up the fine record of his friend.

LAWYER:

(SMILING) All right, all right, maybe you know what you're doing.

NICK:

If I didn't you'd be out of a job, don't ever forget that.
(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR) Come in. (DOOR OPENS) ✓/tb

18

JOE:

He's here, Nick.

NICK:

Okay, Joe, tell him to come in.

JOE:

Come on in, Mr. Lewis.

SOUND: A FEW FOOTSTEPS.

NICK:

(CORDIALLY) Hello, Walter, come on in. How are you feeling.

WALTER: (COMING IN)

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSED) I'm all right thanks, Mr. Gordon.

NICK:

You know my attorney, Mr. Baker. Member of the City Club.

WALTER:

Yes. How do you do, Mr. Baker.

~~NICK:~~

And Joe Petelli.

~~WALTER:~~

Yes.

NICK:

Well good. Pull up a chair, Walter, and sit down. Get a chair for
Walter, Joe.

tb

ATX01 01B2227

JOE:

Here you are.

WALTER:

Thanks.

NICK:

Call out down Walter

You ~~know~~ you're looking pretty good, Walter. Much better than the last time I saw you.

WALTER:

I...I feel a little better thanks.

NICK:

Anxious to get back to work at the club, huh.

WALTER:

Well yes...yes, I'm getting a little restless at home.

NICK:

Sure, it's no good sitting around just doing nothing. A guy's got to have a job to keep him alive.

WALTER:

Yes...I guess that's right.

NICK:

How old are you, Walter?

WALTER:

Sixty-four next birthday.

tb

NICK:

Uh huh. How would you like a job that took up two, maybe three days a week? Easy work and nice pay.

WALTER:

Well, I sort of like it at the club, Mr. Gordon.

NICK:

Uh huh, but a full week's work is too much for a man in your condition, Walter. I'm going to get you George Hagerty's vacancy on the City Council.

WALTER:

What?

NICK:

Mr. Baker is drawing up a petition to put your name on the ballot this afternoon.

WALTER:

(FRIGHTENED) No...no, Mr. Gordon. I...I don't want that.

NICK:

Sure you do. Salary's eight hundred more than you're making now and any smart councilman can pick up a few grand in loose change...

WALTER:

No, please, Mr. Gordon, I'd rather not.

NICK:

Walter...I didn't ask you over here to find out what you'd rather do. You're here to find out what you're going to do.
tb

WALTER:

Mr. Gordon, listen. I don't know anything about the City Council,
I wouldn't know how to act.

NICK:

Don't worry. Mr. Baker'll tell you how to act.

WALTER:

No, Mr. Gordon, please, I couldn't take George's place under the
circumstances, I just couldn't.

NICK:

(SMILING) Yes, you could, Walter, you could take his place very
easily...you just wait and see.

MUSIC: CURTAIN.

(COMMERCIAL)

tb

ATX01 0182230

ANNCR:

And now back to the "FBI In Peace and War" and tonight's story...
Brass Knuckles.

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER:

SHEPPARD:

And, as your FBI slowly uncovered fragments of evidence against the criminal machine that dominated the city of Gifford, Ohio, a special election was announced to fill the vacancy left by Councilman George Hagerty. When the name of Walter Lewis was put on the ballot we felt strongly, in the light of our investigation, that a crude and vicious political pay-off was in the making.

MUSIC: OVER AND OUT.

Forcefully
JIMMY:

(*EARNESTLY*) You've got to withdraw your name from the ballot, Mr. Lewis. It's not too late, they can get somebody else.

WALTER:

(*WEARILY*) No, Jimmy, I'm going to run.

JIMMY:

But don't you know what'll happen after you're elected? You won't be sitting in the Council, it'll really be Nick Gordon. He'll tell you every word you'll say, every move you'll make.

WALTER:

I'm going to try to be independent, Jimmy.

JIMMY:

Independent. That's what Dad said fifteen years ago. He'd run on their ticket but he wouldn't take orders. You know how it turned out, he was nothing but an errand boy till the day they murdered him.

WALTER:

Jimmy, what a way to talk about your father. He was so crazy about you and all...

JIMMY:

How do you think I felt about him?

WALTER:

I always thought...

JIMMY:

He was the nicest guy I ever knew, one of the best. But after they got hold of him, what good was he? Sure, he wanted to be a decent public servant, at first. He thought he could make a deal to get in office and then...(STOPS) Don't let them use you, Mr. Lewis, get out now while there's time.

WALTER:

I...I can't, Jimmy. I've already given my word.

ras

JIMMY:

Nothing I can say will change your mind.

WALTER:

I'm afraid not.

JIMMY:

You know I'll campaign against you.

WALTER:

Of course, I expected that.

JIMMY:

And if the Crime Commission ever breaks Nick's machine you'll be dragged down with it.

WALTER:

Yes, I know. But there's no evidence, Jimmy. This whole thing may blow over.

JIMMY:

And maybe it won't this time. (A BEAT) I...I found that memorandum about the slot machines, Mr. Lewis.

WALTER:

What.

ras

JIMMY:

It was in Dad's locker at the City Club. I went there to pick up his things this morning.

WALTER:

In his locker.

JIMMY:

Yes. And it was just as I remembered, signed by Nick Gordon.

WALTER:

What...what did you do with it, Jimmy?

JIMMY:

Nothing yet. But I'm going to use it. I thought you ought to know.

WALTER:

I see.

JIMMY:


Won't you change your mind about running, Mr. Lewis. Please?

WALTER:

I...I can't, Jimmy. I think I would if I were able but there are things...circumstances...(HE STOPS)

~~JIMMY:~~

~~Yes? What circumstances, Mr. Lewis?~~
ras



✓
WALTER:

~~I can't talk about them, Jimmy.~~ I wish I could...but I just can't,
that's all.

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER:

SHEPPARD:

And then, as this political deal shaped up and we were convinced
that Walter Lewis was being paid off for some kind of favor, we
questioned Lewis ^{again} ~~once more~~ in an attempt to find more holes in his
story. (MUSIC OUT)

BAILEY:

And what were you doing just before these men entered the club,
Mr. Lewis?

WALTER:

Well I...I was on the telephone, I think.

BAILEY:

You think.

WALTER:

No, I'm sure I was. One of the members was calling, Mr. Miles,
and he asked if Bill Darnell was there.

BAILEY:

Mr. Miles.

ras

WALTER:

Yes, sir, Mr. David Miles. I was on the phone with him, I'm positive.

MUSIC: OVER AND OUT.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN.

BAILEY:

Shep...o

SHEPPARD:

Yes.

BAILEY:

He's here.

SHEPPARD:

Oh good. (LOWERED VOICE) Did you tell him anything yet?

BAILEY:

No, not yet.

SHEPPARD:

Okay. (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS. STOP)

BAILEY:

Mr. Miles, this is Agent Sheppard.

ras

Sit down please SHEPPARD:
(ACKNOWLEDGING), Mr. Miles. (THEN), Sorry we had to interrupt your
office hours but we think this is important.

MILES:
~~Of course,~~ *That's all right*

~~SHEPPARD:~~
~~Sit down, please.~~

MILES: *→*
~~Thank you.~~ *→*

SHEPPARD:
You know, of course, about the current investigation your Citizens
Crime Commission is making in city politics.

MILES:
Yes, of course, everybody knows that. About time too, most of us
think.

SHEPPARD:
Well, we're glad you feel that way because you may be able to help.

MILES:
Me?

SHEPPARD:
Yes. We're trying to verify certain information that has been
given to us in connection with the death of George Hegarty.

MILES:

George Hagerty. That sure was a terrible thing, believe me.

BAILEY:

You knew Hagerty.

MILES:

Sure, one of the best liked men in the club. How anyone could do a thing like that to George...I just can't figure it.

SHEPPARD:

Well we're going to try to figure it, Mr. Miles, so it's important that you answer our questions carefully.

MILES:

Be glad to.

SHEPPARD:

The night that Hagerty was attacked was ^{Friday} September twelfth, Mr. Miles. ~~Do you remember where you were that night?~~

MILES:

~~September twelfth.~~

BAILEY:

~~Friday.~~

MILES:

~~Well no, I wouldn't remember that. But say, you fellows don't think I...~~

ras

BAILEY:

(SMILING) We don't suspect you of anything, Mr. Miles. We just want you to recall that night, to remember if you phoned the City Club at about eleven o'clock.

MILES:

Phoned?

SHEPPARD:

do you remember later, the 12th, did you?
Did you call the club and ask the steward if Bill Darnell was there, on Friday, the 12th?

MILES:

September 12th? well,
Now wait a minute, maybe I did. I don't remember if it was September twelfth, but I do remember calling for Bill one night because his wife was at ^{our} house and she was looking for him. It could have been on a Friday, that's when she and my wife play bridge.

BAILEY:

Then you do remember the call.

MILES:

Sure, I asked if Bill was there and Walter said no, only George Hagerty was there and then somebody came in, Nick Gordon I think it was...

SHEPPARD:

(Surprise - BIGGER,
Gordon. You're sure it was Gordon
ras

MILES:

I think so. I remember Walter said 'somebody's coming in now' and I think he said it was Gordon and...well...that's all I remember.

BAILEY:

That's plenty, Mr. Miles. Thanks a lot.

MILES:

Was that any help?

BAILEY:

It certainly was.

MILES:

Now mind you, I'm not sure it was September twelfth, but like I said the girls play bridge on Fridays and if September twelfth was Friday, well it might have been. Is that all you wanted to ask me?

SHEPPARD:

That's all, Mr. Miles. Frank...drive Mr. Miles back to his office, will you. I'm going to put through a teletype to Mr. Andrews in Washington.

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER:

SOUND: TELETYPE UNDER:

ras

SHEPPARD:

And although this testimony places Gordon at the City Club on the night of the assault, we agree with counsel for the Crime Commission that insufficient evidence is on hand to press for an indictment at this time. In reply to your query as to motivation, James Hagerty called this office requesting interview in regard to this subject. Will notify you of results immediately. Sign it Sheppard, Agent in Charge.

MUSIC: OVER AND OUT.

(STREET NOISES)

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE. FOOTSTEPS DOWN PORCH STEPS. ON SIDEWALK. CAR DOOR OPEN.

JOE:

Hello, Jimmy, come over to Mr. Gordon's car, he wants to talk to you.

JIMMY:

Sorry, I've got an appointment downtown, I...

SOUND: CAR DOOR SLAMS

JOE:

Mr. Gordon wants to talk to you...come on. (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP. CAR DOOR OPEN) Get in.

JIMMY:

Listen, you can't...

ras

ATX01 01B2241

JOE:

(SHOWING HIM) Get in! (SOUND: CAR DOOR CLOSED)

NICK:

Okay, Mike, get going. (SOUND: CAR STARTED)

JIMMY:

Look here, Mr. Gordon, I don't know what you've got in mind, but whatever it is, I'm not playing along.

NICK:

Take the road out through Mountain Avenue, Mike.

JIMMY:

Mr. Gordon...

JOE:

Why don't you shut up, Mister. When he's ready to tell you what he wants, he'll tell you.

NICK:

Thanks, Joe.

JIMMY:

Mr. Gordon, I've got an appointment downtown at three o'clock...

NICK:

It'll keep, Jimmy. And don't get so excited. That was one thing I never liked about your old man, he got excited.

-34-

JIMMY:

Listen you...

NICK:

Joe.

~~JIMMY:~~

(STRUGGLING) Let go of me...

JOE:

Sit still, Mister, or you're going to wind up with a broken arm.

JIMMY:

(WINCING IN PAIN) Let go...please!

NICK:

That's enough, Joe. He understands. (PAUSE) All right now, Jimmy, let's get down to business. Where's that memo that I wrote to your father about the slot machine bill?

JIMMY:

What memo?

NICK:

Maybe I was wrong, Joe, he doesn't understand.

JIMMY:

(QUICKLY) Listen, I don't know what you're talking about, Mr. Gordon, what memo?

ras

ATX01 0182243

NICK:

The one that was in your old man's locker at the club, Jimmy.

JIMMY:

Huh?

JOE:

The janitor told Nick about it, Mister, so don't play dumb.

JIMMY:

What?

NICK:

The janitor of the club, Jimmy. Remember, he watched you empty the locker and you gave him a receipt for the contents? Remember you dropped a pile of papers out of the locker and the janitor handed them back to you. One of the papers had my signature, he thought I ought to know about it.

JIMMY:

I told you I haven't got any memo like that.

~~NICK:~~

~~I don't remember sending your old man any memos but that one, Jimmy. He was supposed to turn it up, that's what we're going to do now. Where is it, Jimmy?~~

ras

JIMMY:

I...I haven't got it.

NICK:

Uh huh. Mike...pull over onto that side road there so Jimmy and I can talk quietly.

JIMMY:

I tell you I haven't got any memo, Mr. Gordon.

NICK:

Yeah, I hear you. Your old man was stubborn just like that. Seems to run in the family. (SOUND: CAR PULLS TO A STOP. MOTOR OFF) (AFTER A PAUSE) Joe.

JOE:

Yeah.

NICK: (MORE MENACE)

I'm going to try and convince Jimmy just by talking, but in case that doesn't work, show him what else I've got in mind. (PAUSE) You see those, Jimmy...they're brass knuckles, just in case you get stubborn. (A BEAT) All right now...where's that memo?

MUSIC: DRAMATIC BRIDGE AND OUT FOR:

SOUND: A FEW FOOTSTEPS. SOFT KNOCK ON DOOR. DOOR OPEN.

ras

-37-

WALTER:

Nurse...can I see Mr. Hagerty now? Is he conscious?

NURSE:

Yes, he is, but the two men from the FBI are ^{here} there now and I've just been given orders...

SHEPPARD:

(COMING IN) Thanks, nurse, we'll take care of this gentleman.

NURSE:

Yes, Mr. Sheppard. (GOING OFF) Ring if you want me.

WALTER:

I...I came as soon as I got your phone call, Mr. Sheppard. Can I see Jimmy now?

SHEPPARD:

Yes, we want you to see him. Come in.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSED SOFTLY. (A few seconds)

WALTER:

(SHOCKED) Jimmy.

JIMMY:

(WEAKLY) Hello, Mr. Lewis.

WALTER:

Jimmy...your face...what happened?

ras

ATX01 01B2246

BAILEY:

He had a talk with Nick Gordon about politics. They went over him with brass knuckles.

WALTER:

Jimmy...Jimmy...

JIMMY:

(WEAKLY) Don't...don't let them use you, Mr. Lewis...they...they...

WALTER:

Jimmy, you better not talk too much, I...I'll just sit here.

JIMMY:

Don't...let them, Mr. Lewis, promise me.

SHEPPARD:

Mr. Lewis.

WALTER:

Yes.

SHEPPARD:

You can stay with Mr. Hagerty a few minutes. When you come out, Agent Bailey and I would like to talk to you. (SOUND: DOOR OPEN)

WALTER:

(GOING OFF) Yes, sir.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSED.

ras

SHEPPARD:

(SUBDUED) I think we'll get the truth out of him now, Frank.

BAILEY:

Uh huh, looks that way. And if we do?

SHEPPARD:

If we do there's just one more thing I want to try and then we'll pick up Nick Gordon.

~~BAILEY:~~

~~One more, huh. Okay, go ahead, I'm listening.~~

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER FOR:

SOUND: PHONE.

NICK:

Hello.

JOE:

(FILTER)(EXCITED) Hello, Nick, this is Joe. Listen, I'm down at the Federal Building, I just got it straight from our friend down here. Walter Lewis is spilling his whole story to the FBI.

NICK:

What.

ras

JOE:

(FILTER) I'm telling you, Nick, he's giving them the whole story.

NICK:

All right, Joe. Get hold of Mike and we'll take care of it.

MUSIC: OVER AND OUT.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN.

MARTHA:

Walter...Mr. Gordon and two other gentlemen are here, they want to talk to you about that rally at Town Hall tomorrow.

WALTER:

All right, Martha.

MARTHA:

Mr. Gordon...

NICK:

Thanks, Mrs. Lewis. Go ahead, boys.

WALTER:

Martha, you go along to the movies, I'll see you later.

MARTHA:

Yes, dear. Mr. Gordon...

ras

NICK:

Yes.

MARTHA:

He's had a very busy day, the doctor says he should rest.

NICK:

He won't keep him long, Mrs. Lewis.

MARTHA:

I'll be back early, Walter.

WALTER:

~~All right, dear. (SOUND DOOR CLOSED)~~ Sit down, Mr. Gordon.

I'm sorry I haven't got any drinks to offer you...

NICK:

That's all right, we didn't come here to be social, Walter. ~~We~~
~~came to hear about that busy day you've been having.~~ Where were
you this afternoon?

WALTER:

Well I...I had some appointments downtown.

JOE:

At the Federal Building, huh.

NICK:

Joe.

ras

JOE:

What's the use of stalling, tell him we know, the whole thing.

WALTER:

Well I did drop in on Jim Weller to talk about the rally...

NICK:

You also dropped in on the Federal Bureau of Investigation to talk about me, didn't you, Walter.

WALTER:

What?

JOE:

The FBI, you told them that the three of us here were at the City Club the night that Hegerty got beat up.

WALTER:

Who said I told them that.

NICK:

Didn't you, Walter?

WALTER:

How could I, Mr. Gordon, you told me never to say anything...

NICK:

You did see them.

ras

WALTER:

Well sure, you knew they talked to me lots of times. But I didn't give them anything new.

JOE:

You're lying. He's lying, Nick.

NICK:

Sure he is.

WALTER:

I swear, Mr. Gordon...

NICK:

Walter, do you remember the night we came for Hagerty, I told you if you ever opened your mouth it would be the last time...

WALTER:

Listen, you've got to believe me, Mr. Gordon. They've been trying to break down my story, they even had me over to see Jimmy Hagerty this morning hoping I'd feel sorry for Jimmy...

JOE:

You talked, I got a reliable friend that says so.

ras

ATX01 0182252

WALTER:

Nick, it isn't so I don't want to lose this election, you know that.

NICK:

Uh huh, I know. But you're not going to be around for the election.

WALTER:

What?

NICK:

You're going to be in a sanitarium with a bad heart, Walter. A friend of mine runs it.

WALTER:

Mr. Gordon...

NICK:

You think I'm going to let you hang around town and keep on blabbing? You're a material witness, Walter, only you're going to be some place where you won't be doing any witnessing for a long while. Come on, get up off that couch, I got my car outside.

WALTER:

No, Mr. Gordon, I...

JOE:

(ROUGHLY) Get up, he said, you're going for a ride in the car.

WALTER:

But my wife, what'll she,..

tb

NICK:

I'll explain the whole thing to her when she comes back, Walter. You got a sudden attack while we were talking and I had the boys rush you off to my personal physician. Okay, Joe...get him up.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN.

SHEPPARD:

Never mind, Joe, we'll take care of that. Nice work, Mr. Lewis, we've got the whole thing on tape. Frank...

BAILEY:

Stand facing that wall, all three of you, put your hands in the air. This is an arrest.

NICK:

Now wait a minute, boys, my name's Nick Gordon, if you're new on the force...

SHEPPARD:

We're Federal Officers, Gordon. Put your hands in the air and do what you're told. Better frisk them, Frank.

NICK:

(TO WALTER) So you did spill to the FBI, you little louse.

WALTER:

You get all of it, Mr. Sheppard? Was it enough?

SHEPPARD:

Plenty, Mr. Lewis.

tb

BAILEY:

Shep...

SHEPPARD:

Yes, Frank.

BAILEY:

One pair of brass knuckles on this one.

SHEPPARD:

That's all?

BAILEY:

That's all.

SHEPPARD:

Okay, boys...let's go.

MUSIC: TO A CURTAIN.

SHEPPARD:

With Walter Lewis as state's witness, counsel for the Citizens' Crime Commission of Gifford, Ohio, presented the whole story of municipal corruption to a Federal Grand Jury. Nick Gordon, Joe Petelli and Mike Stevens were indicted for murder, brought to trial, convicted and sentenced to death. A score of lesser members of the machine went to prison for long terms. Walter Lewis, guilty of concealing a crime, was put on probation for three years. Thus an alert group of citizens freed its town from the terror of...Brass Knuckles.

MUSIC: TO FINISH

TB

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
JUNE 12, 1952

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: (UP TO CURTAIN)

TICE: In just a moment, Agent Sheppard will tell you
what happened to the people in tonight's story.

BARUCH: Friends, why don't you try that cigarette compa rison
we told you about tonight and see with your own eyes
that Luckies are made better to taste better ... all
you have to do is ... TEAR AND COMPARE. You'll
discover that the heart of your Lucky Strike is a
perfect cylinder of fine, mild tobacco. You'll see
how round and firm and fully packed it is ... with
long strands of fresh, clean good-tasting tobacco.
Now it stands to reason because Luckies are made
this way they draw freely ... smoke smoothly and
evenly ... always taste fresh and clean and mild.
So for your own real deep-down smoking enjoyment,
switch to Lucky Strike ... Yes, Be Happy -- Go Lucky.
Make your next carton Lucky Strike.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

ATX01 0102256

SHEPPARD:

(- OVER LAST NITE:)

With Walter Lewis as state's witness, counsel for the Citizens' Crime Commission of Gifford, Ohio, presented the whole story of municipal corruption to a Federal Grand Jury. Nick Gordon, Joe Petelli and Mike Stevens were indicted for murder, brought to trial, convicted and sentenced to death. A score of lesser members of the machine went to prison for long terms. Walter Lewis, guilty of concealing a crime, was put on probation for three years. Thus an alert group of citizens freed itstown from the terror of...Brass Knuckles.

MUSIC: THEME UP AND OVER

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
JUNE 12, 1952

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONTINUED)

TICE: All names and characters used on this program are fictitious. Any similarity to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. This program is based on Frederick L. Collins' copyrighted book, "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR" ... and is not an official program of the FBI. (AFTER PAUSE) In tonight's story Ed Begley played Nick Gordon; Bill Smith was Walter Lewis. The radio dramatization for "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR" is written by Louis Pelletier and Jack Finke. These programs are produced and directed by Betty Mandeville. Be sure to listen to next Thursday's story, "THE FALSE STEP" on "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR". Same time -- same station. "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR" has been selected as one of the programs to be heard by our Armed Forces overseas through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service.

MUSIC: THEME UP AND UNDER

BARUCH: This is Andre Baruch saying goodnight for Lucky Strike, product of The American Tobacco Company -- America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME UP AND OUT)

TICE: THIS IS THE CBS RADIO NETWORK.

ATX01 0182258

MASTER

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR

"THE FALSE STEP"

AS LARGEST

JUNE 19, 1952

Produced and Directed by:

Betty Mandeville

Script by: Louis Pelletier

and Jack Finke

tb

ATX01 0182259

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

"THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR"

OPENING COMMERCIAL

JUNE 19, 1952

THURSDAY

TICE: LUCKY STRIKE presents ... "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR!"

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

TICE: Another great story based on Frederick L. Collins' copyrighted book, "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR". Drama ... thrills ... action! But first -- Andre Baruch.

BARUCH: Friends, I'm sure you'll agree that taste makes the big difference in a cigarette and Luckies taste better. They taste better for two important reasons: First, Luckies are made of fine, mild tobacco. Everybody knows LS/MFT ... Lucky Strike means fine tobacco fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco. Second, Luckies are made better to taste better ... always round, firm and fully packed to give you a cigarette that's mild and smooth and fresh -- with better taste in every puff! You'll really Be Happy when you Go Lucky -- because Luckies taste better! So tomorrow why don't you start the day off with Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME UP AND UNDER)

TICE:
Tonight's story...The False Step.

MUSIC: STORY THEME AND OUT FOR:

STANLEY:

All right, I admit that's my gun, but you've got to believe me, I didn't shoot him.

SHEPPARD:

Allison's statement says you did, Mr. Bonner.

STANLEY:

He lies, he did it himself, that's why he came up to my apartment, that's why...

SHEPPARD:

Mr. Bonner.

STANLEY:

Yes.

SHEPPARD:

Why did you hide this gun before the police came?

STANLEY:

I told you, I was in a panic. Someone was ringing the doorbell, Fisher was lying on the living room floor. I didn't want a gun to be found in my apartment.

tb

SHEPPARD:

Your neighbor in the apartment across the court heard you arguing with someone several days before the shooting. You were telling this person that you'd see him dead before you gave him another cent.

STANLEY:

I admit all that. Fisher was bleeding me for every penny he could get.

SHEPPARD:

And you were angry enough to shoot him that night...if your gun had been handy.

STANLEY:

No. No, I never would have done a thing like that.

SHEPPARD:

I don't believe you would, Mr. Bonner.

STANLEY:

Thank you.

SHEPPARD:

Look, why don't you tell us the whole story? I know you've tried to keep Mrs. Bonner's name out of the papers, but it'll be far worse if you don't free yourself of this charge.

STANLEY:

Yes, I guess you're right.

SHEPPARD:

Would you like to tell it in the form of a statement? I can have a stenographer take it down.
tb

STANLEY:

Well, no, not yet if you don't mind. Maybe you'd better ask me questions, that would be easier right now.

SHEPPARD:

All right, any way you want. Would you like a cigaret?

STANLEY:

Yes, please.

SHEPPARD:

Here you are.

STANLEY:

Thanks.

SHEPPARD:

You and your wife met Allison on the boat coming back from Europe, didn't you.

STANLEY:

Yes.

SHEPPARD:

Who introduced you?

STANLEY:

Well no one exactly. He sat at our table and we became friendly like you do on shipboard. Helen...Mrs. Bonner...liked him immediately. He was very good company and Mrs. Bonner was fond of dancing. I wasn't and...well...

tb

SHEPPARD:

Allison was.

STANLEY:

Yes. Oh there was nothing wrong with it. In fact I was rather proud that a younger and quite handsome man found Mrs. Bonner attractive.

SHEPPARD:

When did he first mention the diamond bracelet?

(MUSIC: IN AND UNDER:)

STANLEY: (Goes Right On)

Well, that wasn't until our last night on board. There was a big party in the main lounge and he and Mrs. Boner danced till quite late. I had gone to our cabin earlier and I lay in bed reading. I heard them coming down the companionway.

MUSIC: OUT.

SOUND: RAPID FOOTSTEPS.

VIC:

(LAUGHING) Quiet, you'll wake up the whole ship.

HELEN:

(LAUGHING) It's not my fault, it's that horrible champagne they served.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP) Is this me, one-twelve?

VIC:

This is you.

~~HELEN:~~

~~It's a shame to go to bed, isn't it.~~
to

~~VIC:~~

~~Well, they're still playing up there. If you can take it.~~

HELEN:

(LAUGHS) ~~Heavens no, I've had enough.~~ Goodnight, Vic, and thanks for taking care of me. (SOUND: DOOR OPEN)

VIC:

It was fun, Helen. See you and Stanley in the morning, huh.

STANLEY:

(OFF) Helen...

HELEN:

Yes, dear, I'm saying good night to Vic.

STANLEY:

(OFF) 'Night, Vic. Thanks for taking her off my hands.

VIC:

(LAUGHS) The pleasure was mine, Stan. (GOING OFF) See you at the customs, Helen. 'Night.

HELEN:

(CALLS) Good night, Vic. (SOUND: CABIN DOOR CLOSED) (HELEN SITS DOWN WITH A SIGH) Whew...my poor feet.

STANLEY:

~~It was fun, huh,~~

HELEN:

~~Glorious. I'm almost dead.~~

tb

~~STANLEY:~~

~~(LAUGHS) Well, I'm glad you got it out of your system. We'll be back on the old routine tomorrow.~~

HELEN:

Uh huh. He's nice, isn't he, ~~STANLEY~~

STANLEY:

Vic?

HELEN:

Uh huh,

STANLEY:

Sure, he's okay. We'll keep in touch with him when we get back to the city.

HELEN:

I don't know whether we will, Stan. He's got to go out to the Coast, he's hoping to get a job with an ^{oil} ~~old~~ company out there.

STANLEY:

Hoping? I thought he was well-fixed for money.

HELEN:

So did I, Stan...he's dead broke...he hasn't got enough money for train fare.

STANLEY:

What.

HELEN:

He didn't want to tell me but we got talking about the future... (STOPS)
Stanley...we've got to help him. tb

STANLEY:

Well, sure
~~Well sure.~~ If he needs a couple of hundred bucks...

HELEN:

He won't borrow money, I've already asked him. And besides a few hundred wouldn't help at all.

STANLEY:

Now, God
~~I can't~~ believe he's broke, Helen.

HELEN:

He is, I assure you, and if he doesn't have at least a thousand dollars to put up a good appearance out on the Coast...

STANLEY:

Well I couldn't lend him that kind of money, Helen. After all...

HELEN:

He doesn't want to borrow it, I told you that. He...he wants to sell me a diamond bracelet he bought in Amsterdam. He says it would be worth at least three thousand in the States and he'll let me have it for eleven hundred. That is, after he gets it past the customs.

STANLEY:

Gets it past?

HELEN:

Yes, I suppose it's not exactly ethical but...well he can't very well pay the customs duty on it.

STANLEY:

But we couldn't buy a bracelet that was smuggled in, Helen.
th

HELEN:

Stanley, don't be so stuffy. Vic says all of his friends bring in things without declaring them, it's done all the time.

STANLEY:

Not by me, it isn't.

HELEN:

(GETTING ANGRY) Of course not by you, silly. Vic will bring it in and sell it to me later.

STANLEY:

Oh no he won't.

HELEN:

Stanley, the boy has to get to the Coast, he needs money. He won't accept charity.

STANLEY:

We're not buying any smuggled diamonds, Helen, and that settles it.
I refuse...
~~You'd better get to bed, it's late.~~

HELEN:

I'm not going to bed and that doesn't settle it. Vic is a fine boy, Stanley, and I'm not going to see him lose a job just because...

STANLEY:

Let him sell the bracelet somewhere else.

HELEN:

I won't. He wants me to have it, Stanley. It's a beautiful thing and worth three times what we'll pay for it.
tb

STANLEY:

~~Helen, I refuse...~~

HELEN:

You can refuse all you want, I'll take the money out of my own account. I'm going to have that bracelet, Stanley...that's the least we can do for Vic.

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER:

SOUND: TELETYPE:

CHIEF:

To Agents Sheppard and Bailey, FBI, confidential. Man answering description Victor Alton believed to have been passenger aboard S.S. Voldania docking Wednesday, customs inspector making identification after clearing passengers luggage under name of Victor Allison. Customs inspector will be at this office as soon as you are ready for conference. Sign it, Garner, Chief of Detectives, Harbor Section.

MUSIC: OVER AND OUT.

SHEPPARD:

And here's another picture, Inspector, taken when Allison was serving a term for fraud in 1940.

INSPECTOR:

Yes, that's him, all right.

BAILEY:

You didn't recognize him immediately, did you, Inspector?

tb

INSPECTOR:

No, I'm sorry about that. His face seemed familiar when I was going through his luggage, but I couldn't place him all that day. Yesterday morning I thought I'd try those wanted circulars you people sent us and that's when I called Chief Garner.

SHEPPARD:

Was there any forwarding address on Allison's luggage, Inspector?

INSPECTOR:

There probably was, but I didn't notice it.

BAILEY:

Did he declare anything for customs?

INSPECTOR:

A few things he'd bought in London, but they were under legal limit and not dutiable. He did have a diamond bracelet, but he bought here in the States, he had a bill of sale for it.

BAILEY:

A diamond bracelet?

INSPECTOR:

Yes. The bill of sale was from a wholesale house on Maiden Lane. I called them this morning and they looked up their records, he bought it there three months ago.

SHEPPARD:

He bought a bracelet and carried it to Europe with him?

INSPECTOR:

Uh huh.
tb

BAILEY:

That's a queer move.

INSPECTOR:

Yeah, I couldn't figure it myself. What's his racket, Mr. Bailey?

BAILEY:

Any kind of fraud from phoney oil stocks to blackmail. ~~What would he be doing with a diamond bracelet, Shep?~~

~~SHEPPARD:~~

~~You've got me, Frank. Some kind of swindle, but it's not like him to buy anything he could possible steal. Inspector, did anyone meet him at customs? A short heavy-set man?~~

INSPECTOR:

I don't remember. He did talk with one of the women passengers while I was checking his declaration, I think he called her Helen.

SHEPPARD:

Helen.

INSPECTOR:

Yes, but that's all I remember. I'm sorry I wasn't quick enough to recognize him, Mr. Sheppard...

SHEPPARD:

That's all right, we're glad you caught it when you did.

BAILEY:

No one but this 'Helen' talked to him at the pier.

tb

INSPECTOR:

As far as I remember.

BAILEY:

You suppose he's still working with Fisher, Shep?

SHEPPARD:

They always have worked together.

INSPECTOR:

Fisher?

SHEPPARD:

His partner, Harry Fisher, a worse swindler than Allison if that's possible.

INSPECTOR:

Oh.

SHEPPARD:

Well, thanks a lot, Inspector, you've been very helpful. And we'll go to work on this right now.

INSPECTOR:

You haven't got much to work on, I'm afraid.

SHEPPARD:

Well, not too much, but the diamond bracelet and Helen are worth investigating. We'll put the two of them together temporarily and see what turns up. With Allison and Fisher anything is possible.

MUSIC: BRIDGE TO:

SOUND: ICE CUBES IN GLASS, LIQUOR POURED:

tb

VIC:

(CHUCKLING) So I said to her, Helen, I want you to take this bracelet to a jeweler and have it appraised. If it's not worth twice what Stanley's paying for it...~~say when, Harry...~~

HARRY:


~~That's enough.~~

~~VIC:~~

~~If it's not worth twice as much,~~ don't let him buy it for you.

HARRY:

(CHUCKLING APPRECIATIVELY) I love it. What's he like, Vic, the husband?

VIC:

Ordinary husband type. Works his head off to give her anything she wants, probably makes fifty thousand a year.

HARRY:

He can afford a bracelet.

VIC:

Sure. Matter of fact when she told him the jeweler's appraisal on the thing he kind of figured he was putting over a ^{small}~~small~~ deal.

HARRY:

(SMILES) They always do, don't they.

VIC:

Yeah. He didn't say a word about smuggling, just wrote out a check and handed it to me.

tb

15

HARRY:

You got it with you?

VIC:

The check? Sure, I'm going to cash it this afternoon.

HARRY:

Don't cash it yet, I think I'll use it in my routine.

VIC:

Yeah?

HARRY:

Might make a nice touch. Confront him with the evidence.

~~VIC:~~

~~Uh huh. That's not bad.~~

~~HARRY:~~

How high do you think we can go on this one, Vic?

VIC:

I'm not sure, Harry, you'll have to feel him out. From the way his wife talked he's pretty proud of his business reputation.

HARRY:

Ten thousand?

VIC:

Could be. Maybe more.

HARRY:

What does he do, Vic?

tb

RTX01 01B2274

VIC:

Publishes a trade paper for the woolen business.

~~HARRY:~~

~~Uh huh. Plenty of advertising in it?~~

~~VIC:~~

~~Sixty pages every issue, he's the biggest thing in his field.~~

HARRY:

Wouldn't be so hot if a respectable publisher like that was mixed up in smuggling, would it.

VIC:

(SMILING) I'm afraid it wouldn't, Harry. He ~~might lose an awful lot of~~
business.

~~HARRY:~~

~~Might even have to go out of business entirely. (CHUCKLES) Poor guy,
I'm sorry for him already.~~

~~VIC:~~

~~Yeah, me too.~~

HARRY:

When do I move in?

VIC:

Well, he's had the bracelet for almost a week, I'd say he's just about ripe.

HARRY:

Okay, I'll see him at his office in the morning.
tb

VIC:

Did you get that phoney identification card?

HARRY:

Uh huh. Here it is...Inspector Harry Fisher, United States Customs Service.

VIC:

(SMILES) Okay, Inspector, this is your racket from here in, let's see what you can do with it.

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER:

SOUND: SWITCHBOARD BUZZER.

GIRL:

Bonner Publications, good morning. Just a moment, I'll connect you.
(TO HARRY) Yes, sir?

HARRY:

Good morning, Miss. Is Mr. Bonner in.

GIRL:

I'll see, sir. Do you have an appointment.?

HARRY:

No, but I think he might see me. My name is Harry Fisher, United States Customs Service.

MUSIC: OVER AND OUT.

STANLEY:

(IRY-MOUTHED) United States Customs Service.
tb

HARRY:

(DEFERENTIALLY) That's right, Mr. Bonner.

STANLEY:

Well...uh...what did you want to see me about, Mr. Fisher?

HARRY:

(KINDLY) You don't know, Mr. Bonner?

STANLEY:

Well no...I'm afraid I don't.

HARRY:

I want to see you about a diamond bracelet you bought from a man you met on board the S.S. Voldania.

STANLEY:

(STALLING) A bracelet?

HARRY:

Yes. You bought this bracelet from a man named Victor Allison. You paid eleven hundred dollars for it. Isn't that right?

STANLEY:

Someone named Allison? Well...I...

HARRY:

(NICELY) Mr. Bonner...I guess there's no use embarrassing you further. Here is the check you gave to Allison, eleven hundred dollars.

STANLEY:

(DEFEATED) Oh.
tb

HARRY:

You knew, of course that he brought the bracelet into this country without declaring it.

STANLEY:

Did he?

HARRY:

Mr. Bonner.

STANLEY:

(A BEAT) (THEN) Are you going to arrest me?

HARRY:

Receiving contraband is just as bad as carrying it.

STANLEY:

Have you arrested Allison?

HARRY:

We're detaining him at my office. He doesn't seem to have any record and seeing as this is his first offense...

STANLEY:

(EAGERLY) Listen, Mr. Fisher, this would be my first offense too.

I didn't want to buy ^{that bracelet, believe me} ~~that damn thing, but my wife kept pestering~~
~~me.~~

HARRY:

^{HARRY}
(SMILING) I know how it is, Mr. Bonner. Mr. Allison has a very touching story too. He needs money to go West.

tb.

STANLEY:

But that's the truth, he does. And all I wanted to do was help him out. If I'd known there was anything wrong...

HARRY:

A crime which could be punished with a stiff jail term ~~and a large fine~~ is certainly something wrong, Mr. Bonner.

STANLEY:

Jail term.

HARRY:

If you were convicted.

STANLEY:

But...but that's impossible! I'm not a criminal! All I was trying to do... (STOPS) Listen, Mr. Fisher, isn't there some way we could fix this up? Allison didn't mean it, neither did I.

HARRY:

Fix it up?

STANLEY:

Supposing I gave you a check for your favorite charity. I'd be punished that way and nobody would have to know about this.

HARRY:

Mr. Bonner, the penalty for bribing a federal officer is even worse than smuggling.

tb

STANLEY:

Bribing. I'm not bribing, all I'm trying to do is suggest a remedy that wouldn't involve publicity. If this thing got out it could ruin my whole business. All I'm saying is, if I gave you something like a thousand dollars for your favorite charity...

HARRY:

Mr. Bonner.

STANLEY:

Yes.

HARRY:

Supposing you gave two thousand to my favorite charity.

STANLEY:

(A BEAT) (THEN) You...you might accept it?

HARRY:

I might.

STANLEY:

(A SIGH OF RELIEF) What...what's the name of your favorite charity Mr. Fisher?

HARRY:

Harry Fisher, Mr. Bonner...only I think you'd better make it out to cash.

MUSIC: CURTAIN.

(C O M M E R C I A L)

tb

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
JUNE 19, 1952

~~B~~ 22

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: (TO A CURTAIN)

(END OF ACT I)

TICE: Back to "The False Step" in just a moment.

BARUCH: Friends, while all cigarettes may look the same on the outside -- there's an important inside difference in Lucky Strike -- an inside difference that proves Luckies are made better to taste better. TEAR AND COMPARE and see for yourself. From a newly opened pack, take a cigarette made by any other manufacturer. Then, carefully tear a thin strip of paper straight down the seam, from end to end, and gently remove the tobacco. In tearing, be careful not to loosen or dig into the tobacco. Now, do the same with a Lucky Strike. Then compare. You'll find some cigarettes are so loosely packed they fall apart. Others have excessive air spaces that burn too fast -- taste hot and harsh and dry. But just look at that Lucky. There you see a perfect cylinder of fine, mild tobacco, so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw. And notice those long strands of fresh, clean, good-tasting tobacco that smoke smooth and even, that give you a milder, better-tasting cigarette.

(MORE)

ATX01 0182281

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
JUNE 19, 1952

22A

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

BARUCH:
(CONT'D) Yes, friends, tear and compare -- see for yourself
that Luckies are made better to taste better. So,
try it yourself -- and for more smoking enjoyment
you, too, will make your next carton Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME)

ATX01 01B2282

TICE:

And now back to "The FBI In Peace and War" and tonight's story...

The False Step.

MUSIC: THEME AND OUT.

SHEPPARD:

And so you gave Fisher two thousand dollars to forget about the smuggled bracelet.

STANLEY:

Yes sir, I did.

SHEPPARD:

But he wasn't satisfied with two.

STANLEY:

No. I gave him another three thousand a month later. He promised he'd never bother me after that.

SHEPPARD:

And you believed him.

STANLEY:

Yes, I did. I guess I should have known better, but I was frightened. I could see my business ruined, a jail term for smuggling ^{or} bribery...I didn't know what to do.

SHEPPARD:

So you kept on paying.

STANLEY:

(DOWN) Yes.

SHEPPARD:

Go on, please.

(MUSIC: IN AND UNDER.)

STANLEY: (COMES RIGHT IN)

Well...the next time he came to see me he asked for five thousand. I reminded him of his promise but he said he'd been losing money on the horses and he just had to have five thousand more.

~~HARRY:~~

~~But this is the last time, Mr. Bonner, you've got my guarantee. Five thousand you'll never see me again.~~

~~STANLEY:~~

~~So I paid him the five in cash...I just didn't know what else to do.~~

MUSIC: OVER AND OUT.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS DOWN HALLWAY

RIZ: HARRY WHISTLING GAILY. THEN FOOTSTEPS STOP. WHISTLE STOPS.

SOUND: KEY IN DOOR. DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE.

ras

VIC:

(OFF A LITTLE) Harry?

HARRY:

(HIS CHEERFUL MOOD CHANGED TO SOBRIETY) Yeah, hello, Vic.

VIC:

(COMING IN, SMILING) Well, did our boy come though on schedule?

HARRY:

Yeah, he came through. How about a drink?

VIC:

Sure, right there on the dresser, help yourself. *(LARGE BOTTLE)* What took you so long? Did he put up an argument?

HARRY:

(SOUND: LIQUOR POURED) Yeah, more or less, but I beat him down.

VIC:

(CHUCKLES) I knew you would. Okay, let's see the cash. I need twenty-five hundred like I need my right arm.

HARRY:

Vic...

VIC:

Yeah?

ras

HARRY:

Your cut of this one only comes to fifteen hundred. All I could get out of him was three thousand.

VIC:

What?

HARRY:

Three. He had the envelope all ready for me. He said I could take the three or he'd blab the whole story and take his chances.

VIC:

(COOL) They all say that, Harry. Why did you let him get away with it?

HARRY:

Vic, ~~you've always taken my estimate on a sucker...this one is~~ pushed as far as we can push him. We're not going to get any more on this so we might as well lay off.

VIC:

(A BEAT, THEN) Harry...are you holding out on me?

HARRY:

Huh?

VIC:

Holding out.

ras

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HARRY:

You don't mean that, Vic.

VIC:

I asked you the question.

HARRY:

Okay, if you think I'm holding out take the whole three thousand.
Here it is...~~(SOUND: PAPER SLAPPED ON WOOD)~~ Go on, take the whole
thing.

VIC:

I don't want the whole thing. I just want my cut of what Bonner
gave you.

HARRY:

He gave me three, Vic...take as much of it as you want.

VIC:

~~(GONE OFF IF ENOUGH)~~

~~(A PAUSE)(THEN HE SMILES)~~ Okay...I'll take fifteen hundred.

HARRY:

Okay, Vic. And how about a drink?

VIC:

I'll take that, too. ~~(SOUND: LIQUOR BEING Poured)~~

HARRY:

I tried, Vic, I gave him every angle in the book, but he wouldn't go
for five.

res

ATX01 0182287

VIC:

All right, I guess we'd better line up something else while the tourist season is still on.

HARRY:

Sure, there are lots more where he came from. I was just looking up the boat sailings, you could get the Arcadia to Southampton this week.

VIC:

Trying to get rid of me, huh.

HARRY:

Vic.

VIC:

(CHUCKLES) Okay, I'll hit the high seas again. (RAISING HIS DRINK)
Here's to a good crossing.

~~HARRY:~~

~~Here's to it. (THEY BOTH DRINK, THEN) All right, let's divide up
this cash and we'll both feel better.~~

~~MUSIC: IN AND LOSE UNDER:~~

~~SOUND: TYPEWRITER.~~

ras

BAILEY:

Memo to Agent Sheppard, Allison inquiry...interviewed sixth passenger on Voldania list with first name Helen...Helen Bonner, wife of publisher. This subject admits friendship with Allison but very evasive, suggest...

SOUND: PHONE, TYPEWRITER, STOPS, PHONE UP.

BAILEY:

Bailey speaking.

SHEPPARD:

(FILTER) Hello, Frank. Are you busy?

BAILEY:

I'm just dictating a memo to you, Shep, on our "Helen" list.

SHEPPARD:

(FILTER) Well drop it, Frank, and meet me at 14 Maiden Lane, a jeweler named Dennis.

BAILEY:

Dennis. Is he the one *who sold Allison the diamond bracelet.*

SHEPPARD:

(FILTER) Uh huh, ~~sold Allison that diamond bracelet.~~ Allison was in there an hour ago and bought a diamond clip.

ras

BAILEY:

Okay, Shep. I'll be there in twenty minutes.

MUSIC: HAS COME IN TWO LINES EARLIER, NOW OVER AND OUT.

SHEPPARD:

And you're sure it was the same man, Mr. Dennis?

DENNIS:

Positive. And believe me, I was so nervous when I waited on him I could hardly talk. I wanted to leave the show^{room} to call you but he picked out the clip immediately, paid for it and left.

BAILEY:

You have no idea where he might be staying, Mr. Dennis.

DENNIS:

No. I remembered when Mr. Sheppard was in here last time he said if this man ever showed up again I was to try to deliver the item he bought, but really, gentlemen, he was only in here a matter of ten minutes.

SHEPPARD:

That's all right, Mr. Dennis, you've been very helpful, anyway.

We may be able to trace him if he came here or left by taxi.

~~And knowing he's still in town is a great help.~~ (RISING) Thanks a lot, Mr. Dennis. And keep in touch with us, will you.

ras

DENNIS:

I certainly will, Mr. Sheppard. (SOUND: DOOR OPEN)

BAILEY:

Goodbye, Mr. Dennis.

DENNIS:

Goodbye, Mr. Bailey.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSED. FOOTSTEPS.

SHEPPARD:

Well, it's not a plus but it's not a minus either. Let's walk down,
~~huh.~~

BAILEY:

~~Sure.~~ When can we check on the taxicab, Shep?

SHEPPARD:

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS DOWN STAIRS) Not till tonight, I guess. The
drivers hand in their reports at the end of the afternoon shift.
What about that memo you were sending in, Frank, let's go back to
the office and go over that.

BAILEY:

(SOUND: DOOR OPEN, TRAFFIC IN) Okay.

SHEPPARD:

This Helen Bonner looks interesting, huh.

ras

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BAILEY:

Very. She and her husband were quite friendly with Allison on board the ship.

SHEPPARD:

Was the husband there when you talked to her?

BAILEY:

No, but when I began telling her about Allison's record she excused herself for about five minutes. I think she called her husband's office. When she came back she was very nervous and wouldn't say a thing about Allison. It looked as if she was trying to protect him.

SHEPPARD:

Uh huh. But I still can't figure Allison's angle on this one.

BAILEY:

It's blackmail in some form or these people would talk.

SHEPPARD:

Yeah, that's what it must be. Come on, there's a cab...let's go up and see this man Bonner...maybe we can get something out of him.

MUSIC: BRIDGE TO:

STANLEY:

And that's why I wouldn't talk when you and Agent Bailey came to see me, I was too frightened.

ras

ATX01 0182292

SHEPPARD:

So even though you ^{we tried} ~~know~~ Allison had a criminal record you let Fisher continue to blackmail you.

STANLEY:

I had to, I just couldn't face the publicity, and Fisher promised that he'd let me alone if I'd give him just one more payment of five thousand.

SHEPPARD:

You mean one more after the ten you'd already paid?

STANLEY:

Yes.

SHEPPARD:

Where do you think Allison was at this time ?

STANLEY:

He was in Europe, he didn't know that Fisher had asked me for five more.

SHEPPARD:

Why do you think that.

STANLEY:

I ~~wouldn't think, I know~~ Helen..my wife bumped into Allison at a cocktail lounge, he told her he'd just come back from England.

ras

SHEPPARD:

~~She bumped into him.~~

✓
STANLEY:

(MISERABLY) Yes. Oh, I know, she should have gone to the police, turned him in, but she had some crazy notion about appealing to him, asking him what to do about Fisher.

SHEPPARD:

Neither you nor your wife connected Allison and Fisher as partners.

STANLEY:

How could we? Even you people weren't sure what Allison was doing. We thought you wanted him for smuggling.

SHEPPARD:

Go on, please.

~~MUSIC: IN AND UNDER~~

STANLEY:

Well, as I said, Helen met Allison at this cocktail lounge. I guess she was pretty foolish but after they talked for awhile she told him the whole story about Fisher. Allison, naturally, played her along.

MUSIC: HAS SEQUED TO SOFT DANCE TUNE IN B.G.

ras

HELEN:

And then Stanley offered the inspector a bribe and the man took it.

VIC:

He knew all about me, this inspector.

HELEN:

Yes he did, Vic.

VIC:

Helen...

HELEN:

Yes?

VIC:

Stanley shouldn't have paid the bribe, you know that.

HELEN:

Yes, I know.

VIC:

(SOFTLY) And you should go to the headwaiter right now and tell him to call the police, shouldn't you.

HELEN:

Yes, I should.

VIC:

Why don't you.

-36-

HELEN:

You know I can't.

VIC:

I've served time in jail, I did smuggle that bracelet...

HELEN:

Please, Vic, don't tell me anything. I don't want to know what you did or what you've been.

~~VIC:~~

~~(SMILING) Will you feel that way an hour from now...or do you still think I'd better leave town?~~

~~HELEN:~~

~~(DOWN) You don't have to worry about me, ever.~~

VIC:

Thanks, *Helen*

HELEN:

Don't thank me. I'm a fool and I know it.

VIC:

I suppose you are. But if there's ever anything I can do for you,
~~Helen...~~

HELEN:

There is, Vic. One thing.

ras

ATX01 0182296

VIC:

Yes.

HELEN:

Help Stanley. This man is going to blackmail him into the grave,
Vic. He's already got ten thousand out of Stanley and now he wants
five more.

VIC:

(A BEAT) How much has he got, Helen?

HELEN:

Ten thousand. And a week ago he came to Stanley and wanted five
more. Vic...can you help us, can you do anything to stop this?

VIC:

Ten thousand
I think I can, Helen.

HELEN:

He's coming tonight, to see Stanley. He says Stanley must have the
cash ready.

VIC:

What time is he coming, Helen?

HELEN:

About eight, I think. Will you help us, Vic, we just can't take
any more of this.

ras

VIC:

I'll do what I can, Helen...I don't like taking any more of this either.

MUSIC: BRIDGE TO:

SOUND: DOOR BUZZER, DOOR OPEN.

HARRY:

(CHEERFULLY) Good evening, Mr. Bonner.

STANLEY:

Good evening, Inspector. Come in, please. (SOUND: DOOR CLOSED)

HARRY:

I hope I didn't keep you waiting. I had a few things to clean up at the office, they're keeping us hopping with all these tourist boats coming in.

STANLEY:

That's quite all right, come in the living room.

HARRY:

Thanks. You know, Mr. Bonner, I don't like doing this sort of thing any more than you like paying me, and once we get our deal settled tonight...(HE STOPS)

STANLEY:

(QUIETLY) You know Mr. Allison, don't you, Inspector.

ras

VIC:

Hello, Inspector.

HARRY:

Uh...hello, Mr. Allison. What...what are you doing here?

VIC:

I'm here as a friend of the family, Inspector. I came to give them some advice.

STANLEY:

Sit down, Inspector.

HARRY:

Why is this man here, Mr. Bonner.

VIC:

Sit down, Inspector.

HARRY:

Look here, Allison, I let you go on that smuggling charge but if you're here to pull anything crooked...

STANLEY:

Mr. Allison came to tell me not to pay you any more money, Inspector.

HARRY:

What?

ras

VIC:

You were coming to accept a bribe, weren't you, Inspector? A five thousand dollar bribe...in addition to the ten you already got.

HARRY:

Mr. Bonner, with your permission I'm going to arrest this man.

VIC:

He did ask for five thousand a week ago didn't he, Mr. Bonner?

STANLEY:

Yes, he did. And I was supposed to have it ready tonight.

VIC:

That wasn't very smart, was it, Inspector.

HARRY:

Listen, I don't know what you two are talking about. If this is some sort of gag...

VIC:

It is, Inspector. And the laugh is on you.

HARRY:

(SWEATING) Mr. Bonner, I don't think you're in any mood to talk business tonight...

VIC:

He isn't, but I am, Harry, I'm just in the mood to talk business.

STANLEY:

~~(FRIGHTENED) Vic:~~

VIC:

Stay where you are, Stanley. You too, Harry.

HARRY:

Vic, put down the gun, we can talk sensibly.

VIC:

You've done all the talking you're going to do, Harry, for a long time to come.

STANLEY:

Vic...for the love of heaven...

VIC:

I told you I'd fix him for good, didn't I, Stanley. He won't bother you any more after tonight.

HARRY:

Vic, listen to me, I was going to cut you in on this, honest I was.

VIC:

Yeah, just like you cut me in on that last five he gave you. Only you told me it was three.

ras

STANLEY:

Vic...are you...you and...

VIC:

Sure. That's my partner. Honest Harry Fisher who's probably been chiseling on me as long as we've been together.

HARRY:

No, Vic, I swear...this was the first time...you've got to believe me.

VIC:

You were chiseling, weren't you, Harry.

HARRY:

Yes, yes, I admit it. But look, Vic, I've got all the money in the bank, you can have the whole thing, every cent. (TERRIFIED) Vic, listen to me, I'll never pull anything like this again, I was wrong, I admit it. Please, you've got to listen, I...

SOUND: A SHOT. BODY FALL

STANLEY:

(PARALYZED WITH FEAR) Vic...Vic!

ras

VIC:

Good night, Stanley. He won't bother you again. I think you can count on that.

MUSIC: BRIDGE TO:

STANLEY:

And then he left and I...was alone with Fisher. I didn't know what to do. Then the police came.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN.

BAILEY:

Shep.

SHEPPARD:

Yes.

BAILEY:

The marshall just brought Allison up to the D.A.'s office.

SHEPPARD:

Okay, Frank, we'll be there in a minute.

BAILEY:

Right. (SOUND: DOOR CLOSED)

STANLEY:

Mr. Sheppard, how did you find ~~her~~ Allison?

ras

SHEPPARD:

He came back to a rooming house where he'd stayed before he went to Europe. A taxi driver gave us the address. We'd been watching the place for a month.

STANLEY:

I'm glad you found him.

SHEPPARD:

So are we. Do you think you can see him now? We're going to ask you to make a formal identification.

STANLEY:

Yes, I can see him now...I'm ready.

MUSIC: TO A CURTAIN.

ras

RTX01 0182304

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
JUNE 19, 1952

~~4/5~~

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: (UP TO CURTAIN)

TICE: In just a moment, Agent Sheppard will tell you what happened to the people in tonight's story.

BARUCH: Friends, why don't you try that cigarette comparison we told you about tonight and see with your own eyes that Luckies are made better to taste better. You'll discover that the heart of your Lucky Strike is a perfect cylinder of fine, mild tobacco. You'll see how round and firm and fully packed it is ... with long strands of fresh, clean, good-tasting tobacco. Now it stands to reason because Luckies are made this way they draw freely ... smoke smoothly and evenly ... always taste fresh and clean and mild. So for your own real deep-down smoking enjoyment, switch to Lucky Strike ... Yes, Be Happy -- Go Lucky. Make your next Carton Lucky Strike.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

TICE: (CONCLUSION OF CASE)

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME)

(MORE)

ATX01 01B2305

MUSIC: SHOW THEME

SHEPPARD:

With Stanley Bonner as state's witness, Victor Allison was put on trial for the killing of Harry Fisher. Although counsel for the defense attempted to discredit Bonner's testimony, the jury returned a speedy verdict of guilty. Allison was sentenced to the chair. No charge was placed against Bonner, but his health and reputation suffered heavily as a result of...THE FALSE STEP.

MUSIC: SHOW THEME.

TICE:

All names and characters used on this program are fictitious. Any similarity to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. This program is based on Frederick L. Collins' copyrighted book, THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR...and is not an official program of the FBI.

In tonight's story _____ played the part of _____
_____ WAS _____

The radio dramatizations for THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR is written by Louis Pelletier and Jack Finke.

These programs are produced and directed by Betty Mandeville.

ras

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
JUNE 19, 1952

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

TICE: All names and characters used on this program are fictitious. Any similarity to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. This program is based on Frederick L. Collins' copyrighted book, "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR" ... and is not an official program of the FBI. (AFTER PAUSE)
In tonight's story _____ played _____ was _____: _____: The radio dramatization for "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR" ... is written by Louis Pelletier and Jack Finke. These programs are produced and directed by Betty Mandeville. Be sure to listen to next Thursday's story, "THE DIVORCE ACTION" on "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR". Same time -- same station.

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME UP AND FADE UNDER FOR)

BARUCH: This is Andre Baruch saying goodnight for Lucky Strike, product of The American Tobacco Company -- America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes. "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR" has been selected as one of the programs to be heard by our Armed Forces overseas through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service.

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME UP AND OUT)

TICE: THIS IS THE CBS RADIO NETWORK.

ATX01 01B2307

REVISED

MASTER

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR

"TROUBLE SHOOTER"

AS BROADCAST

JUNE 26, 1952

Produced and Directed by: Betty

Mandeville

Written by: Louis Pelletier and

Jack Finke

TB

ATX01 0182308

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

"THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR"

OPENING COMMERCIAL

JUNE 26, 1952

THURSDAY

TICE: LUCKY STRIKE presents . . . "THE FBI IN
PEACE AND WAR!"

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

TICE: Another great story based on Frederick L. Collins
copyrighted book, "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR".
Drama . . . Thrills . . . Action! But first . . .
Andre Baruch.

BARUCH: Friends, I'm sure you'll agree that taste makes
the big difference in a cigarette and Luckies
taste better. They taste better for two importan
reasons: First, Luckies are made of fine, mild
Tobacco. Everybody knows LS/MFT . . . Lucky Strike
means fine tobacco . . . fine, mild, good-tasting
tobacco. Second, Luckies are made better to taste
better . . . always round, firm and fully packed
to give you a cigarette that's mild and smooth
and fresh -- with better taste in every puff!
You'll really Be Happy when you Go Lucky --
because Luckies taste better! So tomorrow why
don't you start the day off with Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME UP AND FADE)

ATX01 0182309

-2- REVISED

ANNCR:
on the FBI in Peace Room
Tonight's story...The Trouble Shooter.

MUSIC: ESTABLISH THEME AND OUT FOR:

SOUND: KEY TURNED IN LOCK. CELL DOOR OPEN.

GUARD:

Okay, Doc...your lawyer's here. Go right in, Mr. Richards.

LAWYER:

Thank you. (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

GUARD:

(MOVING OFF) I'll be back in half an hour.

LAWYER:

That'll be time enough.

SOUND: CELL DOOR CLOSE. GUARD'S FOOTSTEPS GO OFF.

LAWYER:

(AFTER A PAUSE) Well, Doc, here we are again.

DOC:

(A DESPONDENT SWINDLER. ABOUT FIFTY) How are you, Mr. Richards.
I can't say I'm glad to see you.

LAWYER:

I imagine not. ~~May I sit down?~~

~~DOC:~~

~~By all means.~~

tb

ATX01 0182310

~~LAWYER:~~

~~(DOES SO, THEN)~~

Feel like talking?

DOC:

To be perfectly honest, I feel like going out and shooting myself.

LAWYER:

(SMILES) Uh huh.

DOC:

I mean it, Mr. Richards. ~~Shooting myself or cutting my throat.~~
Something.

LAWYER:

Well since you can't go out we'd better consider something more practical. Cigaret?

DOC:

Thanks, I could use one.

LAWYER:

The desk sergeant told me the charge on the way in. Larceny and conspiracy to defraud. I thought you'd turned over a new leaf, Doc.

DOC:

I did. Locking me up this way like a common criminal, it's a gross mistreatment of justice.

LAWYER:

Light?

DOC:

Thanks.
tb

LAWYER:

(SOUND: LIGHTER) A mistreatment of justice, huh.

DOC:

Putting it mildly. ~~(BLOWS OUT SMOKE) I'm innocent of the charge,~~
~~Mr. Richards. I look you right in the eye and tell you I'm innocent.~~

LAWYER:

Suppose
Why ~~don't~~ you just tell me what happened.

DOC:

~~I~~ told the FBI and see what they did.

LAWYER:

Tell me.

DOC:

Agent Sheppard and Agent Bailey, I spoke to them. Next thing you know I'm here in the pokey.

LAWYER:

Doc...

DOC:

You can take it from me, Mr. Richards, this is nothing but...

LAWYER:

...a gross mistreatment of justice. I know.

DOC:

Okay, ~~okay. I'll tell you.~~ Maybe you'll be able to reason with those guys.

tb

LAWYER:

Maybe I will.

DOC:

The whole matter would never even have come up if it wasn't for that doublecrossing skunk Stanley.

LAWYER:

Stanley?

DOC:

Eddie Stanley. He and Norma King were my assistants. And if I ever get my hands on either one of them...

LAWYER:

Doc...

DOC:

Well if I ever do the charge is going to be murder, you have my word for that.

LAWYER:

Doc, if you don't start from the beginning we'll never get anyplace.

DOC:

The beginning. Yeah, I guess you're right.

LAWYER:

What were you doing out in Nevada in the first place?

DOC:

I was working a brand new line of action, Mr. Richards. And all strictly legitimate.
tb

LAWYER:

Tell me about that.

DOC:

Well, when I got out the last time I said I'd go straight and I meant every word of it. That's why I went to Nevada.

LAWYER:

All right.

DOC:

~~I said I'd go straight and I meant it, and when this idea first came to me I knew I was on to something. They struck it rich with gold in California and oil in Texas. But me, I struck it with my divorce action in Nevada.~~

MUSIC: ENTERS.

DOC: (GOES RIGHT ON)

Made to order for me, that's what this thing was. In a divorce colony there are plenty of lonely women with six weeks' time on their hands. So the idea that came to me was that a lot of these women needed help, psychological help, someone who'd listen to their troubles for a nominal sum per hour. All you had to do was bone up on some psychiatric lingo, get a fancy diploma from one of those correspondence schools, and acquire a Hungarian accent. Do that, purchase an imposing-looking couch, and you're in business. (A BEAT)
~~It's surprising what you can do with a couch, a vulnerable patient, and a Hungarian accent.~~

MUSIC: LIGHT STING FOR:

SOUND: DOOR OPEN.

tb

NORMA:

Mrs. Hewitt...

HEWITT:

Yes?

NORMA:

Will you come this way, please. Doctor Karel will see you now.

MUSIC: OVER AND OUT.

DOC:

(HUNGARIAN ACCENT) And now, Mrs. Hewitt, just lie quietly, relax, allow your thoughts to flow freely.

HEWITT:

(IN HER LATE THIRTIES) Yes, Doctor.

DOC:

You are feeling better today?

HEWITT:

I am, Doctor. Much better.

DOC:

Good, good. We will continue where we left off on Monday. You were telling me of a strange dream you had. About an anchor you kept seeing on a ship. Has this dream recurred?

HEWITT:

Yes, it has. Only last night.

tb

DOC:

That is significant. Most significant. Only in dreams do the sub-conscious emotions dominate the restraining forces of intellect.

HEWITT:

They do?

DOC:

Most definitely. ~~We shall analyze your dream and it will be clear to you.~~ As I remember, you told me this ship you saw was out of water.

HEWITT:

Yes it was.

DOC:

(SMILES) Doesn't that suggest anything to you?

HEWITT:

(HESITANT) I...I'm not sure.

DOC:

Let your thoughts flow freely. Tell me the first thing that comes into your head. (PAUSE) Well...?

HEWITT:

A...fish.

DOC:

Go on.

HEWITT:

A fish out of water.

tb

DOC:

(APPROVINGLY) Exactly. Dreams are the manifestations of our sub-conscious thoughts. They come to life while our conscious being rests. ~~Many of these journeys into the dream world are merely the results of thoughts or acts about which we meditate, and which are liberated by the sub-conscious mind when we are completely relaxed.~~
This is clear to you?

HEWITT:

I...I think so, Doctor.

DOC:

A fish out of water easily becomes a ship out of water. You, Mrs. Hewitt, the ship. And the anchor, your husband. He is holding you down, keeping you from the sweet water of happiness.

HEWITT:

(A BEAT) Oh.

DOC:

(SMILES) The dream is clear to you now?

HEWITT:

Yes, very clear. Only...

DOC:

Yes?

HEWITT:

Well frankly, Doctor Karel, I...I've been thinking about giving up this idea of divorce and going back to my husband.

tb

DOC:

You have.

HEWITT:

I keep thinking...maybe I've been too hasty, maybe I should try once more to save my marriage...

DOC:

Mrs. Hewitt...

HEWITT:

Yes?

DOC:

(PATRONIZING HER) Naturally you've been thinking ^{the} ~~these~~ things. Regressions to your former ties are founded on guilt. And this in turn reverts to your childhood. ~~We will cover all of these things in the next few treatments.~~

HEWITT:

I...I shouldn't go back to my husband?

DOC:

Definitely not. Your sub-conscious has answered that for us. A ship out of water. An anchor. You would only be in for the same heartache all over again.

HEWITT:

But what must I do, Doctor?

tb

DOC:

Do? You must sever the tentacles of the past, Mrs. Hewitt. Sever them and enter the sphere of abundant life and happiness. You must seek a new companion, now, as quickly as possible.

HEWITT:

A new companion?

DOC:

Someone who will change your entire way of living.

~~HEWITT:~~~~(PAUSE) Do you really think so, Doctor?~~

DOC:

(SMILING) ~~No, Hewitt...the answer has been communicated to us through your sub-conscious.~~ You're a fortunate woman, you've been given a new opportunity for happiness. You must grasp this opportunity, Mrs. Hewitt. You must grasp it now...before it is too late.

MUSIC: IRONIC ENTRY AND UNDER.

DOC:

Continental
(CHUCKLING) A Hungarian accent, a couch, a vulnerable patient...it's surprising what you can do. Especially when you have a handsome 'new companion' around in the person of Eddie Stanley. Eddie was what you might call my insurance for keeping patients on the hook for six profitable weeks. And believe me once they met up with Eddie they never got off.

15 OUT
MUSIC: QUICK TOUCH FOR:

tb

EDDIE:

(ELABORATELY) I beg your pardon, Miss, is this sun chair taken?

HEWITT:

Why no, I don't think so.

EDDIE:

Thank you. (SMILING) This is my favorite spot by the pool, it was nice of you to save it.

HEWITT:

(LAUGHS) Well I'm afraid I wasn't quite saving it, but you're welcome anyway.

EDDIE:

(LAUGHS) You're very kind, thanks. Have you been in the water?

HEWITT:

Heavens no, I'm strictly a sun worshipper.

EDDIE:

Fine, I'm not the athletic type myself. Now if you'll tend me some of that sun tan oil, I'll buy the drinks when a waiter comes around. Deal?

HEWITT:

(GAILY) It's a deal.

EDDIE:

(LAUGHS) Good. ^{You know,} Then we can introduce ourselves, I have an idea this might be the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

MUSIC: LAUGHING OVER AND OUT FOR:

SOUND: DOOR BUZZER. FOOTSTEPS. DOOR OPEN.
tb

NORMA:

(QUIETLY) Doctor Karel is in consultation. If you will just step...
(SEES IT'S EDDIE) Oh hello, Eddie, I didn't know it was you.

EDDIE:

(SOFT LAUGH) Maybe you ought to have more light and less atmosphere
in this joint. (SOUND: DOOR CLOSED) Doc in?

NORMA:

Yeah, he's here.

tb

ATX01 01B2321

EDDIE:

(PUTTING HIS ARMS AROUND HER) Well, before we go into consultation, honey...

NORMA:

(LOWERED VOICE) Hey, cut it out, Eddie. If Doc ever...(SHE'S STOPPED BY HIS KISS)(THEN HUSKILY, SMILING) I said out it out, you dope, you know what Doc said about lovey-dovey.

EDDIE:

(PLEASED WITH HIMSELF) Who cares what Doc said.

NORMA:

I do. (WARNING) I'm telling you, Eddie...

DOC:

(OFF)(HUNGARIAN ACCENT) Miss King. Who is it please?

NORMA:

uh....
(PROJECT) It's Eddie, Doc.

DOC:

(NORMAL VOICE)(OFF) Oh, hiya, Eddie, *how's* ~~come-on-in~~

EDDIE:

Right with you, Doc!

NORMA:

(LOWERED VOICE) You see, you oughtn't to take chances like that, you idiot.

EDDIE:

(SOFT LAUGH) ~~For your baby, I'll take any chance.~~ (UP) (JOVIAL)
Hiya, Doc, take off those tortoise-shells, I know you.

DOC:

~~(COMING IN)~~ (CORDIAL) Hello, Eddie, my boy, sit down, rest yourself.
Norma, go get a nice cool drink for this hard-working gentleman.

NORMA:

(GOING OFF) Sure thing.

DOC:

So...how did it go, Eddie?

EDDIE:

Perfect, Doc. One hundred percent. I'm in the radio business in
New York. ~~I've got an office that knocks your eye out.~~ (LAUGHS)
You should've seen me in action, Doc, she swallowed the yarn right
down to the soap operas.

DOC:

Good. And you fed her with drinks, like I told you.

EDDIE:

Sure. Every time a waiter came by. At the end of the afternoon
we were practically falling in each others arms.

DOC:

(LAUGHS) Good. (SOBERING) How much did it cost?

EDDIE:

(LAUGHS) Always the businessman, eh Doc.

DOC:

How much.

EDDIE:

Twenty bucks. But you said it's worth it, didn't you?

DOC:

You bet your life it is.

EDDIE:

(SLYLY) How much worth, Doc?

DOC:

Twentyfive dollars an hour, five days a week, figure it yourself.

EDDIE:

No 'contribution' for your charity patients?

DOC:

Maybe. That depends on how happy you make her.

EDDIE:

(GRINS) If that's all it depends on your worries are over.

DOC:

~~I~~ ^{Sure} hope so. I'd like a four, maybe five thousand contribution out of this.

ras

-17-

EDDIE:

(IMPRESSED) She's got that?

DOC:

All tacked away in bonds. You've got to build her confidence in herself, Eddie. She's been thinking about going back to her husband.

EDDIE:

Don't worry.

DOC:

If she goes back to him we won't get a dime.

EDDIE:

Forget it. It's in the bag, Doc. Can't miss.

NORMA:

(COMING IN) What can't miss?

DOC:

The big radio man from New York, Norma. He's on the air and rarin' to go.

NORMA:

(LAUGHS) Okay, Eddie...here's to you.

ATX01 0182325

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EDDIE:

Thanks, honey. And here's to the dream girls who head out this way...may they continue living unhappily ever after.

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER.

DOC:

(CHUCKLING) Yes sir, once my patients met up with Eddie they never got off the hook. And believe me the racket would've been good for as long as you please if it hadn't been for one thing that loused us up. (Music IS OUT)

LAWYER:

Norma King got married.

DOC:

No.

LAWYER:

You forgot your ^{Contaminated} ~~Hungarian~~ accent.

DOC:

Uh-uh. One of my patients went back to her husband in spite of me.

LAWYER:

So?

ras

ATX01 01B2326

DOC:

So she told him what happened and he complained to the Psychiatric Institute. How do you like that, those legitimate boys haven't enough to do they have to report me to the FBI. That's what loused us up.

MUSIC: OUT.

SOUND: PHONE, RECEIVER UP.

SHEPPARD:

Sheppard speaking.

GIRL:

(FILTER) Mr. Sheppard, I have a call from the Psychiatric Institute. Doctor Meredith.

SHEPPARD:

Okay, Miss Gilbert. (SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR) Come in. (AS DOOR OPENS)
Oh hello Frank. Sit down, I'll be with you in a second.

GIRL:

(FILTER) Go ahead, Doctor Meredith.

MEREDITH:

(FILTER) Hello, Mr. Sheppard?

SHEPPARD:

Hello, Doctor, how are you.

ras

MEREDITH:

(FILTER) All right, thanks. Mr. Sheppard, I'm calling about that cancelled check of Mrs. Albert's we sent you...

SHEPPARD:

It arrived in the morning mail, Doctor. It's on my desk now.

MEREDITH:

(FILTER) Oh, good. I knew you'd want to see that.

SHEPPARD:

We do, thanks. How's Mrs. Albert?

MEREDITH:

(FILTER) She's going to be all right. That quack did a good deal of damage, confused her quite a bit. But the suicide notion's out of her head. She'll be all right.

SHEPPARD:

That's fine news, Doctor. We'll attend to our end right away. Anything else?

MEREDITH:

(FILTER) Not at the moment. I'll call again if anything develops here.

SHEPPARD:

I'd appreciate that. Goodbye, Doctor.

MEREDITH:

(FILTER) Goodbye, Mr. Sheppard.

SOUND: PHONE DOWN.

SHEPPARD:

How are you, Frank. What do you know.

BAILEY:

All I know is that Mr. Andrews told me to see you about this assignment. What are we working on?

SHEPPARD:

Ever hear of a swindler named Doc Carroll?

BAILEY:

Carroll?

SHEPPARD:

Carroll, Karel, Carpenter.

BAILEY:

No, none of them register.

SHEPPARD:

They didn't with me either, but he's got a juicy record of convictions dating back to 1928.

BAILEY:

What's the story?

SHEPPARD:

Oldest one in the business, Frank. He gets himself a couch, a phoney diploma, and claims he can mend a broken heart in six weeks' easy lessons.

BIZ: ENVELOPE TORN OPEN.

BAILEY:

That the diploma?

SHEPPARD:

No. This is a cancelled check made out to the 'Doctor' by one of his victims. ^{SOUND EFFECT} ~~Thirty-five hundred dollars for his favorite charity.~~

BAILEY:

Himself.

SHEPPARD:

Uh huh.

BAILEY:

^{haha} Thirty-five hundred. That's not a bad haul.

SHEPPARD:

No. And the funny thing is the woman wouldn't believe he was a phoney, after he all but ruined her life.

BAILEY:

Oh, one of those.

rbs

SHEPPARD:

No.

~~Uh-huh. But it doesn't have to happen, Frank. If only people didn't rush into an easy way out of their difficulties, if they'd only check with proper medical authorities before putting themselves in these fellows' hands.~~

BAILEY:

~~Yeah, if.~~

~~SHEPPARD:~~

There are excellent recognized psychiatrists all over the country if they only took the time to investigate.

BAILEY:

I know.

SHEPPARD:

Anyway, I'd like to catch up with this phoney as soon as possible.

BAILEY:

Okay with me. ~~Is the check the only lead?~~

~~SHEPPARD:~~

~~So far. But we know where he operates. What I want to do is catch the good doctor in his act.~~

BAILEY:

So what are we waiting for?

SHEPPARD:

A few papers Mr. Andrews is having made up for us. (GRINS) You may not know it, Frank, but we're going out to Nevada to get a divorce.

MUSIC: STING AND UNDER FOR:

HEWITT:

Doctor Karel...

DOC:

(THE ACCENT) Yes.

HEWITT:

I'll be able to file for my divorce in another week. Do you still think I should go through with it?

DOC:

Mrs. Hewitt...the sub-conscious doesn't ^{yet} lie. Your last dream was of this new companion you said you'd met. Have faith, Mrs. Hewitt... have faith and all will be well.

MUSIC: OVER AND OUT.

SOUND: GLASSES, ETC.

EDDIE:

(LAUGHING OVER DRINKS) And so she comes to me and she says, Eddie dear - she's calling me dear now, isn't that cute - Eddie dear, she says...

NORMA:

Look out, Eddie, you're spilling your drink.

EDDIE:

(A LITTLE FUZZY) Whatsa difference, it's Doo's liquor, Doo's out, who cares. And she says to me, Eddie, I've saved up a little money and there's more coming in the settlement, and if you think television's a good investment...

NORMA:

She's asking you to invest for her?

EDDIE:

I'm telling you, she's practically begging me. Course, the dough's all in bonds now, but they're the cashable kind and...

NORMA:

How much does she want to invest.

EDDIE:

She's got faith in me, Norma, real faith that the Doo put into her. She wants to invest fifteen thousand.

ras

NORMA:

Fifteen.

EDDIE:

Uh huh.

NORMA:

Doc'll never go for it, Eddie. You know that.

EDDIE:

(FROWNS) Doc? Who cares what he'll go for?

NORMA:

What do you mean. It's you, Doc and me, isn't it?

EDDIE:

for it?
~~It was you, Doc and me, Norma. Now it's going to be just you and me.~~

NORMA:

Eddie.

EDDIE:

I've had enough of what Doc'll go for and what he won't. And I'm fed up with his penny-ante twenty-five bucks ^{an hour} ~~a day~~ routine. With fifteen thousand we can make a pitch for the big money.

NORMA:

Don't talk crazy, Eddie.

ras

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EDDIE:

Why not? What's Doc to you? You're fed up with him too, aren't you?

NORMA:

Maybe, but...

EDDIE:

You're not fed up with me, are you.

NORMA:

No, but...

EDDIE:

Look, Norma, Elizabeth Hewitt is going to cash those bonds the minute I give her the word. I'm giving her the word the minute you tell me you're through with Doc.

NORMA:

No, Eddie...

EDDIE:

(WARMLY) We don't need him, Norma. It'll be you and me together the way we've wanted it right along...

NORMA:

Eddie, I've got to have time to think...

ras

ATX01 01B2335

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EDDIE:

(CLOSE TO HER) No time like now, baby.

NORMA:

Eddie, let go of me...

EDDIE:

Just you and me, Norma...

NORMA:

Let me think, Eddie, please let me...(SHE STOPS AS HE KISSES HER)

EDDIE:

(AFTER PAUSE)(SMILES) Sure, you go ahead and think. Only you better think fast, honey. Sooner or later our sucker's bound to wake up...I want to hit this while she's still subconscious...

MUSIC: TO A CURTAIN

(COMMERCIAL)

ras

ATX01 0182335

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY ~~B~~ 29
LUCKY STRIKE
THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1952

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: (TO A CURTAIN)

END OF ACT I

TICE: Back to "The Trouble Shooter" in just a moment.

BARUCH: Friends, while all cigarettes may look the same on the outside -- there's an important inside difference in Lucky Strike -- an inside difference that proves Luckies are made better to taste better. TEAR AND COMPARE and see for yourself. From a newly opened pack, take a cigarette made by any other manufacturer. Then, carefully tear a thin strip of paper straight down the seam, from end to end, and gently remove the tobacco. In tearing, be careful not to loosen or dig into the tobacco. Now, do the same with a Lucky Strike. Then compare. You'll find some cigarettes are so loosely packed they fall apart. Others have excessive air spaces that burn too fast -- taste hot and harsh and dry. But just look at that Lucky. There you see a perfect cylinder of fine, mild tobacco, so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw. And notice those long strands of fresh, clean, good-tasting tobacco that smoke smooth and even, that give you a milder, better-tasting cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

ATX01 0182337

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1952

- 99A

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

BARUCH:
(Cont'd) Yes, friends, tear and compare -- see for
 yourself that Luckies are made better to taste
 better. So, try it yourself -- and for more
 smoking enjoyment you, too, will make your
 next carton Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME)

ATX01 0182338

FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
JUNE 26, 1952

-30- REVISED

ANNCR:

And now, back to "The FBI In Peace and War" and tonight's story...
The Trouble Shooter.

MUSIC: THEME AND OUT FOR

LAWYER:

So Norma and Eddie Stanley were arranging to doublecross you.

DOC:

That's right, Mr. Richards. ~~And after all I've done for them.~~

~~LAWYER:~~

~~You had no idea what they were up to?~~

DOC:

~~None whatever.~~ They used my trusting good-nature to knife me in the back.

LAWYER:

Tell me about that.

DOC:

(PAINFULLY) Must I go through it? Hurts me even to think about their treachery.

LAWYER:

Try.

DOC:

Very well, if you insist. At least you'll see how an innocent can become involved when he's dealing with a scoundrel like Eddie Stanley.

ATX01 0182339

LAWYER:

All right.

DOC:

Not only knife me in the back, which was
~~Not only was that no good doublecrossing me behind my back, he was~~
even flaunting it in front of me. Mrs. Hewitt had said there was
only one more week to go before filing for her divorce, so the time
seemed ripe to set up a 'contribution' for my charity patients.

MUSIC: ENTERS.

DOC: *(GOES RIGHT OUT)*

Eddie had come to the office and we were talking the whole thing
over between patients. He let me in on the progress he was making
(MUSIC STARTS TO COVER) and I told him I thought the time was...

MUSIC: OVER AND OUT.

EDDIE:

So you think the time is ripe, Doc.

DOC:

I think so, Eddie. At least it will be by the end of the week.
(SMILES) You think you can keep the little lady happy until, say,
Friday or Saturday?

EDDIE:

(RETURNS THE SMILE) You tell me, Doc. What does the subconscious say?

DOC:

That you can keep the lady happy.

tb

EDDIE:

And that she'll also come through with a ^{five} five thousand dollar contribution?

DOC:

That too. Says it clear as crystal.

EDDIE:

(LAUGHS) What a racket, Doc. I got to hand it to you, you've got the mallarkey down cold.

DOC:

Thank you, Eddie. You just keep building Elizabeth Hewitt's confidence and... (SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR SLIGHTLY OFF)

EDDIE:

(LOW) Norma?

DOC:

Uh huh. (PROJECT) Yes? *what is it?*

SOUND: DOOR OPEN.

NORMA:

(SLIGHTLY OFF) Doctor Karel...

DOC:

(HUNGARIAN ACCENT) What is it, Miss King?

NORMA:

(SLIGHTLY OFF) The new patient who phoned, Doctor. Mr. William Sheppard.

tb

DOC:

Thank you, I'll be right there. (LOW, TO EDDIE) My glasses on straight, Eddie?

EDDIE:

(LOW) You look elegant, Doc. See you the end of the week.

DOC:

Uh huh. (GOING OFF) Miss King, Mr. Sheppard and I are not to be disturbed for the next half-hour.

NORMA:

(SLIGHTLY OFF) Yes, Doctor.

DOC:

(OFF) How do you do, Mr. Sheppard.

SHEPPARD:

(OFF) Doctor.

DOC:

(OFF) Come right this way, please...

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE SLIGHTLY OFF.

EDDIE:

(CHUCKLES) What a phonus.

NORMA:

(COMING IN) (NERVOUS) What did he say, Eddie?

tb

-34-

EDDIE:

well
Just what ~~he~~ figured. The time is ripe for a five thousand dollar contribution.

NORMA:

When?

EDDIE:

For Doc? The end of the week, Friday. For us...the middle of the week, Wednesday.

tb

ATX01 0182343

NORMA

Wednesday.

EDDIE

Uh huh. Mrs. Hewitt hands over our fifteen thousand, I pick you up at the hotel, so long Doc.

NORMA:

Eddie...maybe we shouldn't try this.

EDDIE

Maybe we shouldn't. But we're going to all the same. It's our pitch for the big money, Norma...there's no turning back now.

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER.

DOC

(*IRONIC*)

(*SADLY*) Right in my own office they were plotting my betrayal. And on top of that, the FBI is doing the very same thing. This Mr. Sheppard is from the Department of Justice and all the time he makes out like he's a new patient of mine. I tell you if that isn't enough to make you lose your faith in law and order, what is?

MUSIC: OVER AND OUT.

jm

ATX01 01B2344

-36-
BAILEY:

Go on, Shep. I'm fascinated.

SHEPPARD:

Well that's about it, Frank. According to Doctor Karel the reason for my unhappiness is due to the restraining forces of intellect dominating my sub-conscious emotions.

BAILEY:

(LAUGHS) That explains everything, Shep. From now on I'll be kinder to you.

SHEPPARD:

Thanks. But it isn't as funny as it sounds. The doctor has a pretty good spiel.

BAILEY:

He must if people fall for his act.

SHEPPARD

They do that all right. I saw a couple of women waiting to see him. They're so susceptible, Frank. He catches them at the time they could use legitimate psychiatric help.

BAILEY:

Apparently. Shep, what about Eddie Stanley?

SHEPPARD:

I don't know. I didn't see him around.

BAILEY:

You don't want to take Carroll in without him.

jm

ATX01 01B2345

SHEPPARD:

No. If we did that, Stanley would certainly run for it.

BAILEY:

So?

SHEPPARD:

We'll wait a while, Frank. Wait and get the two of them in the same haul.

BAILEY:

(DUBIOUSLY) Uh huh.

SHEPPARD:

You don't like that idea?

BAILEY:

Well...bird in the hand, you know.

SHEPPARD:

Sure. But Carroll isn't likely to run out on us, not with a going racket like this to bleed.

BAILEY:

I suppose.

SHEPPARD:

Anyway, I think I know a way to wing both birds.

jm

~~BRENNAN~~

Yeah?

SHEPPARD:

Keep a sharp eye on all Carroll's patients, find out which one he's building for the big take.

~~BAILEY~~

~~You said you saw a couple of women. For all we know, he may have~~
fifty.

~~SHEPPARD:~~

~~Yeah, but which one is being romanced by Eddie Stanley. Fifty~~
~~women, maybe, Frank. But which one is being romanced?~~

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER.

EDDIE:

(SOFTLY) Elizabeth...

HEWITT:

Yes, Eddie.

EDDIE:

Let's go for a drive this afternoon. There's something important I want us to talk about.

MUSIC: TOUCH AND UNDER FOR:

jm

DOC:

Eddie Stanley, Norma King, the FBI...everybody knifing me in the back. And I might never have known a single thing about it if it hadn't been for one lucky break.

LAWYER:

Norma King backed down.

DOC:

No.

LAWYER:

Eddie Stanley broke his neck.

DOC:

No. Elizabeth Hewitt had another dream and came to see me about it. My old friend the sub-conscious came through for me, that was the lucky break.

MUSIC: OVER AND OUT.

jm

HEWITT:

And that was my dream, Doctor Karel. Maybe I'm overexaggerating its importance, but I thought I'd better tell you about it anyhow.

DOC:

(THE ACCENT) The importance of any dream cannot be overexaggerated, Mrs. Hewitt.

HEWITT:

I suppose not. But what can it mean, Doctor?

DOC:

(GENTLY) Nothing suggests itself to you at all?

HEWITT:

I...I'm not sure.

DOC:

The "forest of green leaves," that suggests nothing?

HEWITT:

Could it be...(SHE HESITATES)

DOC:

Yes?

HEWITT:

Well, I thought perhaps...money?

sfm

~~DOG:~~

(APPROVINGLY) ~~Money. Exactly, Mrs. Hewitt. And the "field of clover?"~~

HEWITT:

The investment perhaps?

DOG:

Investment?

HEWITT:

Yes. That's been on my mind a good deal lately.

DOG:

(SMILES), I see. You've been thinking of offering someone money.

HEWITT:

Would I be doing right, Doctor?

~~DOG:~~

~~My dear Mrs. Hewitt, that is not for me to determine. We must allow the sub-conscious to answer for us.~~

~~HEWITT:~~

(DISTURBED) I know. ~~But I feel so terribly guilty, Doctor.~~ I keep thinking the only reason behind my ^{offer} ~~action~~ is matrimony.

DOG:

I beg your pardon?

sfm

- 42 -
HEWITT:

I...I'd like to get married again, Doctor. And Eddie...Mr. Stanley...

DOC:

Mr. Stanley?

HEWITT:

The...new companion I told you about. Edward Stanley.

DOC:

(SLOWLY) Just one moment, Mrs. Hewitt. Am I correct in my interpretation that you've been thinking of offering this Stanley person money?

HEWITT:

Of course, Doctor. Who else?

DOC:

(A BEAT) ~~Oh.~~

HEWITT:

He's going to invest it for me in television. ~~We sort of... well, made arrangements for it yesterday.~~

DOC:

How much investment, Mrs. Hewitt?

HEWITT:

He thought fifteen thousand dollars would be enough.

sfm

ATX01 0182351

- 43 -
DOC:

Fifteen thousand... (CONTROLLING HIMSELF) And when are you to give him this money?

HEWITT:

Day after tomorrow, Wednesday.

DOC:

Wednesday.

HEWITT:

~~(DISTRESSED) If only I didn't feel so guilty about it. If only I didn't want him to like me so much...~~

DOC:

(STEADY) Mrs. Hewitt...

HEWITT:

Yes.

DOC:

I...I want you to listen carefully to what I have to say. I'm about to do something I rarely do in my profession. I'm going to offer you advice, Mrs. Hewitt. And I want you to take this advice, will you do that?

HEWITT:

(ANXIOUS) Oh yes, Doctor.

sfm

ATX01 0182352

DOC:

Good, good. Your development has progressed so splendidly up to now, Mrs. Hewitt, we wouldn't want anything to spoil it...not anything in this world.

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER.

DOC:

That was the lucky break - or at least I thought it was at the time. And believe me it was all I could do to keep myself from getting a gun and shotting Eddie Stanley right between the eyes. But, ^{the day after} as I talked with Mrs. Hewitt a better idea came to me, a much better idea. And ^{that} the day after next, Wednesday, I proceeded to carry it out.

MUSIC: OVER AND OUT.

SOUND: DOOR BUZZER.

BIZ: EDDIE HUMMING HAPPILY.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN.

EDDIE:

(GAILY) Good morning, Elizabeth. How are you, my dear. Beautiful day, isn't it.

gfm

ATX01 01B2353

-45-

HEWITT:

Good morning, Eddie. Come in, won't you. (SOUND: DOOR CLOSED)

EDDIE:

Thank you, my dear, thank you. But I'm afraid I can't stay long. I'm catching an afternoon plane for New York. (LAUGHS EASILY) After all, this is the big day, isn't it.

HEWITT:

It certainly is. Just put your hat down over there.

EDDIE:

(PRATTLING ON) The big day, Elizabeth. I was just on the phone with the head man at Columbia Broadcasting. Invest? Why this fellow said to me, Mr. Stanley...

HEWITT:

Eddie, come in out of the hallway, there's someone I want you to meet.

EDDIE:

(OVER FOOTSTEPS) Mr. Stanley, he said, you know how your agency stands with us. If you want to invest in TV, Mr. Stanley, we'll roll out the red carpet for...(SWALLOWS HIS VOICE AS HE SEES DOG)

HEWITT:

(AFTER A PAUSE) Eddie, I'd like you to meet my friend and advisor, Dr. Karel. Doctor, this is Mr. Edward Stanley.
ras

ATX01 01B2354

DOC:

(THE ACCENT. SMOOTHLY) How do you do, Mr. Stanley. I've been hearing a great many interesting things about you.

EDDIE:

(NUMB) Uh...how do you do...Doctor, uh...

DOC:

Karel.

HEWITT:

Sit down, Eddie. I want you to have a little talk with the doctor... about my investment.

EDDIE:

(FEEBLY) Well, I, uh...like I said, Elizabeth, I can't stay long, I...

DOC:

You're leaving for New York today. Is that it, Mr. Stanley?

EDDIE:

(DESPERATELY) Well you see, Doctor, I was going to leave later in the week, Saturday, but, uh, certain circumstances came up, and I, uh, decided to switch to Wednesday and...Elizabeth, could I have a drink, please, I'm thirsty?

ras

HEWITT:

Of course. Scotch?

EDDIE:

Anything.

DOC:

Isn't it rather early in the day to start drinking, Mr. Stanley?

EDDIE:

Uh...

HEWITT:

(BIZ: DRINK UNDER) That's just what my dream meant, isn't it, Doctor. The switch to Wednesday.

DOC:

Exactly, Mrs. Hewitt.

EDDIE:

Uh...your dream?

DOC:

Yes. That's part of my profession, Mr. Stanley. Dream analysis.

EDDIE:

Oh. Dream analysis.

DOC:

Yes, all part of psychiatry.

ras

-48-

EDDIE:

Oh. Psychiatry, that's your profession.

DOC:

Yes. Another part is advising Mrs. Hewitt on all matters.

Especially financial.

EDDIE:

(FEEBLE LAUGH) Well that's, uh, fine...

HEWITT:

Here you are, Eddie.

EDDIE:

Huh?

HEWITT:

Your drink.

EDDIE:

Oh thanks, but I don't think I can stay for it, I...

DOC:

Mr. Stanley...

EDDIE:

(WEAKLY) Yes.

ras

ATX01 0182357

-49-

DOC:

Due to certain manifestations of the sub-conscious, I am decidedly interested in this shift of yours from Saturday to Wednesday...

EDDIE:

(SWEATING) Well, uh, the way I figured, Doctor...

HEWITT:

Eddie, don't you feel well today?

EDDIE:

No. I feel awful. In fact, I think I'll go see a doctor.

DOC:

I'm a doctor, Mr. Stanley.

HEWITT:

Maybe an aspirin would help?

EDDIE:

(MISERABLY) I don't think anything will help.

DOC:

I don't know, Mr. Stanley. Perhaps all you need is a little shock treatment.

EDDIE:

Huh?

ras

ATX01 0182358

-50-

HEWITT:

Shock treatment?

DOC:

Yes. It's what we medical men call the double cross prescription.

HEWITT:

I don't understand, Doctor.

- more -

ATX01 0182359

DOC:

I believe Mr. Stanley does. You're familiar with the double cross, aren't you, Mr. Stanley?

EDDIE:

Elizabeth...could I speak to the doctor alone for a minute please.

DOC:

I'm afraid I'm not in the mood for private consultation right now, Mr. Stanley.

EDDIE:

But you don't realize, Doctor...

DOC:

Ah, but I do. Thanks to a piece of luck I realize all the forces which caused this shift to Wednesday. And upon examining these forces in the light of psychological persuasion, I have advised Mrs. Hewitt not to invest in television this season.

EDDIE:

What?

HEWITT:

I'm sorry, Eddie. It would have been so exciting. But the sub-conscious...

DOC:

The sub-conscious, Mr. Stanley, was definitely against it.

EDDIE:

Elizabeth, you...you're sure...

DOC:

Mrs. Hewitt is so sure, Mr. Stanley, that I have persuaded her to give me the fifteen thousand dollars she was going to give you and I am taking it back to the bank for her this afternoon.

EDDIE:

(FORLORN) You're...you're taking it ^{back} to the bank.

DOC:

That's right. I'm only sorry that you can't stay so that I could show you the mental processes whereby I convinced Mrs. Hewitt not to invest in your proposition...

HEWITT:

Must you go, Eddie?

EDDIE:

(UTTERLY DEFEATED) Yes, Elizabeth, I'm afraid I must.

DOC:

Goodbye, Mr. Stanley. And if we should ever meet again....

HEWITT:

I'll see you to the door, Eddie.

EDDIE:

Elizabeth, I...

JAN

HEWITT:

Yes?

EDDIE:

Nothing. Goodbye for now. And...and...

DOC:

We'll be rooting for television, Mr. Stanley. We wish you all the luck in the world.

EDDIE:

(BITTERLY) Thanks, Doctor. Thanks a lot.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS. DOOR OPEN.

EDDIE: Huh

SHEPPARD:

One second more before you go, Eddie.

EDDIE:

~~Huh.~~ *What.*

SHEPPARD:

Come on, Frank.

BAILEY:

(COMING IN) Uh huh.

EDDIE:

Hey, what is this.

jn

HEWITT:

The FBI, Eddie. I let them use the bedroom for the privilege of overhearing your conversation.

EDDIE:

FBI !

SHEPPARD:

That's right, Eddie. We've been trying to catch up with you and Dr. Karel for quite a while now.

DOC:

(COMING IN. SHOCKED) Mr. Sheppard!

SHEPPARD:

Hello, Doctor. Sorry I won't be getting a chance to finish up my treatments.

DOC:

What are you saying, sir? You're linking me with this...this Stanley scoundrel! Mrs. Hewitt, please tell them...

HEWITT:

I already did, Doctor. I told them last evening when they first called on me. Then they told me about your racket and...

DOC:

(FORGETTING HIS ACCENT) Racket! This is an outrage! I demand an explanation! I demand to see a lawyer!

jn

ATX01 01B2363

BAILEY:

I'm a lawyer, Doc,

EDDIE:

Maybe you'd like an aspirin, Doc.

DOC:

(FURIOUS) You shut up you!

SHEPPARD:

Don't worry, Eddie. We'll get him all the aspirin he wants at headquarters.

DOC:

Headquarters. You're not taking me anyplace, what do you take me for.

BAILEY:

(SMILES) Well, Doc, as you medical men say, the psychological forces indicate the bitter water of unhappiness in the near future.

SHEPPARD:

In other words, Doc...we're taking you for about ten years. (THEN)
Come on, let's go.

MUSIC: TO A CURTAIN AND THE END.

JAN

ATX01 01B2364

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY -D-
LUCKY STRIKE
THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1952

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: (UP TO CURTAIN)

TICE: In just a moment, Agent Sheppard will tell you what happened in tonight's story.

BARUCH: Friends, why don't you try that cigarette comparison we told you about tonight and see with your own eyes that Luckies are made better to taste better. You'll discover that the heart of your Lucky Strike is a perfect cylinder of fine, mild tobacco. You'll see how round and firm and fully packed it is ... with long strands of fresh, clean, good-tasting tobacco. Now it stands to reason because Luckies are made this way they draw freely ... smoke smoothly and evenly ... always taste fresh and clean and mild. So for your own real deep-down smoking enjoyment, switch to Lucky Strike ... yes, Be Happy -- Go Lucky. Make your next carton Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

~~TICE: CONCLUSION OF CASE~~

~~MUSIC: (SHOW THEME)~~

~~TICE: All names and characters used on this program are fictitious. Any similarity to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. (CONTINUED)~~

ATX01 0182365

MUSIC: FANFARE

SHEPPARD:

(AFTER A PAUSE) In spite of his attorney's best effort, Doc Carroll was brought to trial along with Eddie Stanley and Norma King. All three were found guilty as charged, Carroll and Stanley going to prison for terms of six years each, and Norma King receiving a lesser sentence of two years. Their separate confinement closed our files on...
The Divorce Action.

MUSIC: SHOW THEME

TICE:

All names and characters used on this program are fictitious. Any similarity to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. This program is based on Frederick L. Collins' copyrighted book, "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR"...and is not an official program of the FBI.

In tonight's story Harold White played the part of Doc Carroll.
Coakley Costello was Elizabeth Bennett

..... The radio dramatization for THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR is written by Louis Pelletier and Jack Finke.

These programs are produced and directed by Betty Mandeville.

G

ATX01 0182366

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1952

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

PTCE:
(Cont'd)

~~This program is based on Frederick L. Collins'~~
copyrighted book, "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR" ...
~~and is not an official program of the FBI.~~
In tonight's story _____ played the
part of _____ was _____

The radio dramatization of THE
FBI IN PEACE AND WAR is written by Louis Pelletier
and Jack Ninkovic. These programs are produced and
directed by Harry Mendel. Be sure to listen
to next Thursday's story "THE BIG YARN" on
THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR. Same time -- same
station.

MUSIC: SHOW THEME -- UP AND UNDER

BARUCH:

Here's an important message from the American
Heritage Foundation. The rights and liberties
we enjoy here in America were not lightly won.
Now, more than ever, it is important that we
make them live. Everyone can help by making our
heritage of liberty the code of his daily conduct.
Take part in the affairs of your community! Be
sure you register and vote! Remember: Now
freedom needs you!

(CONTINUED)

ATX01 0182367

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY -E- 59
LUCKY STRIKE
THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1952

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

BARUCH: This is Andre Baruch saying goodnight for Lucky
(Cont'd) Strike, product of The American Tobacco Company --
America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.
THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR has been selected as
one of the programs to be heard by our Armed
Forces overseas through the facilities of
The Armed Forces Radio Service.

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME UP AND OUT)

TICE: THIS IS THE CBS RADIO NETWORK.

ATX01 0182368

R1X01 0182369

MASTER

AS PRODUCTIONS
THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR

"THE BIG YARN"

THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1952

Produced and Directed by:

Betty Mandeville

Script by: Louis Pelletier and

Jack Finke

tb

ATX01 01B2370

-A-

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

"THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR"

OPENING COMMERCIAL

JULY 3, 1952

THURSDAY

TICE: LUCKY STRIKE presents . . . "THE FBI IN
PEACE AND WAR!"

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

TICE: Another great story based on Frederick L. Collins'
copyrighted book, "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR".
Drama . . . Thrills . . . Action! But first . . .
Andre Baruch.

BARUCH: Friends, I'm sure you'll agree that taste makes
the big difference in a cigarette and Luckies
taste better. They taste better for two important
reasons: First, Luckies are made of fine, mild
Tobacco. Everybody knows LS/MFT . . . Lucky Strike
means fine tobacco . . . fine, mild, good-tasting
tobacco. Second, Luckies are made better to taste
better . . . always round, firm and fully packed
to give you a cigarette that's mild and smooth
and fresh -- with better taste in every puff!
You'll really Be Happy when you Go Lucky --
because Luckies taste better! So tomorrow why
don't you start the day off with Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME UP AND FADE)

ATX01 0182371

ANNOUNCER:
on the radio in Peace & War
Tonight's story...The Big Yarn.

MUSIC: THEME AND OUT FOR:

SOUND: PHONE DIAL, FILTERED BUZZ.

VOICE:

(FILTER) Hello.

MARTY:

(APPREHENSIVELY) Hello, Gus...how did Honey Boy make out in the fifth race at Belmont?

VOICE:

(FILTER) Not so good, Marty. He was tenth by a neck.

MARTY:

(HOLLOWLY) Tenth?

VOICE:

(FILTER) By a neck. Tough luck, Marty. You want anything for tomorrow?

MARTY:

No thanks, Gus, nothing for tomorrow. I'll call you sometimes.

VOICE:

(FILTER) Okay, Marty, so long.

SOUND: PHONE DOWN.

tb

-2-

SAM:

(GLOOMILY) He didn't come in, huh.

MARTY:

Sure, he came in...tenth.

SAM:

There were only eleven horses in the race.

MARTY:

I know.

SAM:

Well?

MARTY:

Well what?

SAM:

What does it say on the tally-sheet? How much have we lost in the last eight weeks?

MARTY:

Eight thousand, four hundred and six dollars, not counting Honey Boy.

SAM:

How much have you got in your pocket?

SOUND: A FEW COINS DROPPED ON TABLE.

tb

ATX01 01B2373

-3-

MARTY:

Six fifty-four. How much have you?

SOUND: MORE COINS.

SAM:

A dollar eighty.

MARTY:

(A BEAT, THEN SIGHS) Well...looks like we got to go back to work again.

SAM:

Uh huh. It looks that way.

MARTY:

It'll take a couple of weeks, maybe longer, to pull a new deal.

SAM:

Uh huh.

MARTY:

We've got to have money for a bolt of cloth and we've got to eat.

SAM:

Uh huh.

MARTY:

Okay, I'll toss you for who speaks to Mrs. Dilly.

SAM:

Okay, heads.

tb

ATX01 0182374

-4-

MARTY:

Heads, you win. (SOUND: DOOR OPEN) Oh, Mrs. Dilly....

SAM:

Tell her we'll give her an I.O.U.

MARTY:

She'll trust us. (LOUDLY) Oh Mrs. Dilly...

MRS. DILLY:

(OFF A LITTLE) All right, all right, you don't have to shout the house down, I'm coming.

MARTY:

Hello, Mrs. Dilly, how's my sweetheart? (SOUND: DOOR CLOSED)

MRS. DILLY:

Never mind that sweetheart business. I've got work to do, what do you want?

MARTY:

Mrs. D., an unfortunate set of circumstances has arisen...

MRS. DILLY:

What happened to Honey Boy?

SAM:

He lost.

MRS. DILLY:

Oh he did, eh.

tb

ATX01 0182375

MARTY:

Only by a neck, sweetheart. Now look it just so happens...

MRS. DILLY:

It just so happens I'm not giving you two any more credit. It's bad enough that the cops are looking all over for you, and me risking my very reputation...

SAM:

All we need is two hundred bucks, Mrs. Dilly. We'll pay you back double by the middle of next month.

~~MRS. DILLY:~~

~~Two hundred.~~

MARTY:

Three hundred, sweetheart, and we'll pay you back six. You can trust us, you know that, don't you.

MRS. DILLY:

Sure, I can trust you, but I have no intention...

SAM:

Three hundred, Mrs. D., and we'll give you back seven.

MRS. DILLY:

Well...

MARTY:

You know when we go to work we always pull a good one.

tb

MRS. DILLY:

All right, I'll stake you just this one time more, but if you start betting on the horses again...

MARTY:

You've got our solemn promise, never again. (~~SOUND: DOOR OPEN~~)
You'll get the money out of the bank this morning?

MRS. DILLY:

I will. And it's seven hundred for three, don't you forget.

MARTY:

We won't. And we'll never forget your generosity either. See you later, sweetheart. (SOUND: DOOR CLOSED) Okay, that takes care of the finances. (SOUND: PHONE DIAL)

SAM:

You calling Dave.

MARTY:

Uh huh.

SAM:

Tell him you want the best.

MARTY:

I know. (SOUND: FILTERED BUZZ)

DAVE:

(FILTER) Davidson and Company, yard goods, woolens, remnants.

MARTY:

Hello, Dave, this is Marty Willie.
tb

DAVE:

(FILTER) Oh hello, Marty. What can I do for you?

MARTY:

Dave, I want about ten yards of men's clothing material, a fine English import if you've got it.

DAVE:

(FILTER) I've got just what you want, Marty. English sharkskin, nine dollars a yard, reduced from twelve.

MARTY:

All right, Dave, Sam and I'll stop by this afternoon.

DAVE:

(FILTER) I'll be waiting, Marty.

SOUND: PHONE DOWN.

MARTY:

He's got an English import, nine dollars a yard. We'll pick it up this afternoon.)

~~SAM:~~

~~Nine dollars is pretty steep.~~

~~MARTY:~~

~~I know. But if we're going to pull a deal we've got to pull it right.~~

Okay...get out the sucker list and we'll start this one rolling.

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER:

SOUND: TELETYPE.

TB

-8-

BAILEY:

Wanted by the FBI for fraud and impersonation, Martin Willis and Sam Dixon with aliases. This pair, operating in and around New York and Jersey, have swindled manufacturers of men's clothing, wholesale woolen houses and other jobbers. (MUSIC: STARTS TO COVER) Willis, the front man for the swindle is described as follows...

MUSIC: OVER AND OUT.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR, DOOR OPEN.

SECRETARY:

(SOFTLY) Mr. Reeder....

REEDER:

(IMPATIENTLY) Yeah, yeah, what is it?

SECRETARY:

That Mr. Willis is back again, Mr. Reeder, the man who was here yesterday. He says he brought that material for you to see.

REEDER:

What material? I didn't order any material, tell him I'm busy, I'm not seeing salesmen today.

SECRETARY:

Yes sir, but Mr. Willis says...

MARTY:

(COMING IN) Mr. Willis says he's not a salesman, Mr. Reeder, he's a special contractor of imports. Thank you, young lady, you can go now.

tb

ATX01 0182379

REEDER:

Now look here, Mister, you can't come barging in here. I told you yesterday...

MARTY:

(SOUND: PAPER) You told me you'd look at this material and you gave me an appointment for ten o'clock. I'll only keep you a minute.

REEDER:

(SOURLY) All right, all right. Go on, Myrtle.

SECRETARY:

Yes, sir. (SOUND: DOOR CLOSED)

REEDER:

But let me tell you one thing, Mister, if this material is no good...

MARTY:

Mr. Reeder, it says in the trade papers that Reeder Manufacturing Company uses only the best in men's suits, that's why I'm here. Now supposing we let this material talk for itself. Here look at it.

REEDER:

Uh huh.

MARTY:

Feel that texture. And it's only eight ounces.

REEDER:

This is an import?

tb

10

MARTY:

Can't you tell?

REEDER:

How many yards have you got?

MARTY:

Fifteen hundred.

REEDER:

How much do you want for it?

MARTY:

(A BEAT, THEN) Three dollars a yard.

REEDER:

What?

MARTY:

It regularly sells for twelve, you can have it for three dollars a yard.

REEDER:

(A BEAT) I don't buy stolen goods, Mr. Willis.

MARTY:

(SOUND: PAPER) Okay, Mr. Reeder, you can't blame me for trying.

REEDER:

It is stolen, isn't it?

MARTY:

Sorry I took up your time.
tb

ATX01 0182381

REEDER:

I asked you a simple question.

MARTY:

I'll give you a simple answer. If you buy this stuff at three dollars you're saving nine dollars a yard, thirteen thousand dollars of saving, Mr. Reeder, and it doesn't even have to show on your income tax.

REEDER:

I don't buy stolen goods no matter what the price is. I've got principles, Mr. Willis.

MARTY:

Of course you have, so I'll tell you what I'm going to do...I'm going to leave this small bolt here with you over the week end and you think about it.

REEDER:

I don't have to think, A beautiful English import at three dollars it's got to be stolen.

MARTY:

(SOUND: DOOR OPEN) I'll be back on Monday, Mr. Reeder. If you don't want this stuff, I know somebody who will jump at it.

REEDER:

Who?

MARTY:

Never mind.

tb

I'll bet it was

^ That crook Harry White.

REEDER:

MARTY:

(CHEERILY) I'll see you on Monday, Mr. Reeder. Three dollars a yard..
you can't go wrong on that, can you.

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER FOR:

SOUND: TELETYPE.

SHEPPARD:

To Agent Bailey, FBI, confidential. Eleventh precinct station this city has possible lead on Martin Willis, Sam Dixon fraud through wholesaler of woolen blankets. Will wait your arrival to interview wholesaler, take next plane. Sign it, Sheppard.

MUSIC: OVER AND OUT.

SHEPPARD:

And this is Agent Bailey, Mr. Amery, we're working together in this case.

AMERY:

(NERVOUSLY) Glad to know you, Mr. Bailey.

BAILEY:

(ACKNOWLEDGES) Mr. Amery.

SHEPPARD:

Mr. Amery, I have the report here of Detective Brady of the eleventh precinct. According to this report you went to the station house of the eleventh precinct on Monday and asked to see a Detective Dixon.
tb

AMERY:

Yes...yes, I did.

SHEPPARD:

When you were told that there was no such person as Detective Dixon you were visibly upset and...

AMERY:

Mr. Sheppard.

SHEPPARD:

Yes.

AMERY:

Maybe...maybe I better tell you the whole story. I've been a very foolish man, Mr. Sheppard, and...well...I'll be glad to get it off my chest.

SHEPPARD:

We'd like to hear the whole story, Mr. Amery.

AMERY:

Well, six months ago a man came into my office and offered to sell me a thousand top-grade woolen blankets at three dollars apiece, the sample blanket he showed me was easily worth ten dollars.

BAILEY:

(SOUND: PAPER) Is this the man, in this photograph, Mr. Amery?

AMERY:

Why yes, yes that's the one.

tb

BAILEY:

Go on, please.

AMERY:

Well naturally, I had a suspicion that the blankets might be stolen, but they were such a bargain that I couldn't resist.

BAILEY:

Then the salesman said there was one condition...you had to pick up the blankets in your own truck.

AMERY:

Yes, that was the condition.

SHEPPARD:

And you were to bring the three thousand dollars in cash.

AMERY:

That's right.

BAILEY:

And then when you arrived at the warehouse this Detective Dixon appeared, arrested the salesman and took your three thousand dollars as evidence.

AMERY:

Yes. Naturally I thought he was going to arrest me too, and when he let me go I was so grateful I didn't mind losing the three thousand. Then, a few months later when I got to thinking about it, I began wondering if maybe I talked with Detective Dixon...

(LETS IT HANG)

tb

BAILEY:

That's when you found out you'd been swindled. *There was no such person as a selection person*

AMERY:

~~Yes, sir.~~ That's right.

SHEPPARD:

Mr. Amery, do you remember the location of this warehouse you went to for the blankets.

AMERY:

It was some place in Brooklyn, I don't remember the address..I'd recognize it if I saw it. It was down by the waterfront.

SHEPPARD:

Our car is downstairs, Mr. Amery. We'd like to locate that warehouse. Will you help us?

AMERY:

I most certainly will.

SHEPPARD:

Good. We have a lot more questions we'd like to ask you and we'll talk in the car. Okay, Frank, let's go.

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER:

SOUND: DOOR OPEN.

SECRETARY:

(SOFTLY) Mr. Reeder...

REEDER:

Yeah, what is it?
tb

SECRETARY:

That Mr. Willis is here again, shall I tell him you're busy?

REEDER:

~~(MARTY)~~ No, no, not at all, tell him to come right in. I've been going over his proposition, Myrtle, and I definitely think he's got something.

MUSIC: OVER AND OUT.

SOUND: CAR.

MARTY:

(CHUCKLING) And after he beefed around awhile and tried to chisel me fifty cents a yard he finally gave in.

SAM:

(SMILING) They always do.

MARTY:

Yeah, suckers are all alike. Chisel you out of your eye teeth if you let them. Next right turn?

SAM:

I guess so. I always get lost in Brooklyn.

MARTY:

Me too, but this looks like it anyway.

SAM:

Marty...

tb

MARTY:

Yeah?

SAM:

You think we ought to use some other warehouse besides this one?

MARTY:

Why? Charley's a nice old guy, I like to give him the business.

SAM:

I know. But I was reading one of those detective magazines. It says the trouble with professional people like us is they use the same method every time and that's what trips them up.

MARTY:

(SCORNFULLY) Detective magazines, ~~that's even worse than radio~~
~~programs.~~ What do they know?

SAM:

They couldn't print it if it wasn't true, could they?

MARTY:

Relax, Sam. The only reason professional people get caught is when they go overboard and try to take a sucker for too much. All you got to do is pull in a few thousand each trip...

SAM:

Hey...there it is, across from pier nineteen. (SOUND: CAR SLOWS)

MARTY:

I almost miss this thing every time. All these places look alike.

tb

18

SAM:

There's Charley.

MARTY:

Where?

SAM:

There, in front of the watchman's office. (CALLS) Hey Charley!

MARTY:

(CHUCKLES) Poor old guy, look at him sit up when he sees us coming.

(SOUND: CAR STOPS, MOTOR IDLES)

SAM:

Hiya, Charley, how are you?

CHARLEY:

(COMING IN) Well, Mr. Dixon, how are you. Hello, Mr. Willis.

MARTY:

Hello, Charley, how's the watchman business, things looking up?

CHARLEY:

(LAUGHS) Not since I saw you last, Mr. Willis.

MARTY:

Well, we're going to borrow your warehouse for a couple of hours on Sunday night, Charley. Fifty dollars all right with you?

CHARLEY:

It sure would be welcome, Mr. Willis.

MARTY:

Give the man fifty bucks, Sam.
tb

ATX01 01B2389

SAM:

Here you are, Charley. We'll use the place between seven and ten on Sunday night. ^{You 21} You go across the street and have yourself a few beers while we're in there, right?

CHARLEY:

Sure thing, Mr. Dixon. And thanks for the fifty.

MARTY:

Don't spend it all at once.

CHARLEY:

I won't.

MARTY:

Sunday at seven, Charley. So long. (SOUND: CAR STARTS)

CHARLEY:

(GOING OFF) So long, Mr. Willis. Thanks again.

MARTY:

Well, that takes care of that. How much dough have we got left, Sam?

SAM:

Three dollars.

MARTY:

Three?

SAM:

Well, you paid ninety bucks for that cloth, I bought a genuine detective badge, that was ten more...
tb

MARTY:

We can't eat from Monday till Sunday on three bucks.

SAM:

So what do you suggest?

MARTY:

Well, I guess we'd better go back to the room and hit Mrs. Dilly for another fifty.

SAM:

She won't be happy about that.

MARTY:

I know she won't.

SAM:

We could put the three bucks on Blue King in the fifth race.

MARTY:

No, we'll hit Mrs. D. After all we'll be worth forty-five hundred dollars after Sunday night...she can't ignore forty-five hundred cash, can she?

MUSIC: CURTAIN

(COMMERCIAL)

~~TICE:~~

~~Back to THE BIG YARN in just a moment~~

~~BARAUCH:~~

~~MIDDLE COMMERCIAL~~

~~MUSIC:~~

~~SHOW PHASE~~

tb

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY ~~B~~ WA
LUCKY STRIKE
THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1952

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: ~~(TO A CURTAIN)~~

END OF ACT I

TICE: Back to "The Big Yarn" in just a moment.

BARUCH: Friends, while all cigarettes may look the same on the outside -- there's an important inside difference in Lucky Strike -- an inside difference that proves Luckies are made better to taste better. TEAR AND COMPARE and see for yourself. From a newly opened pack, take a cigarette made by any other manufacturer. Then, carefully tear a thin strip of paper straight down the seam, from end to end, and gently remove the tobacco. In tearing, be careful not to loosen or dig into the tobacco. Now, do the same with a Lucky Strike. Then compare. You'll find some cigarettes are so loosely packed they fall apart. Others have excessive air spaces that burn too fast -- taste hot and harsh and dry. But just look at that Lucky. There you see a perfect cylinder of fine, mild tobacco, so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw. And notice those long strands of fresh, clean, good-tasting tobacco that smoke smooth and even, that give you a milder, better-tasting cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

ATX01 0182392

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1952

2 W (3)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

BARUCH:
(Cont'd)

Yes, friends, tear and compare -- see for yourself that Luckies are made better to taste better. So, try it yourself -- and for more smoking enjoyment you, too, will make your next carton Lucky Strike!

MUSIC:

(SHOW THEME)

MARTY:

Ah, the girl with the golden voice. Come in, sweetheart.

MRS. DILLY:

And don't give me that sweetheart routine, it always costs me money. Now how about this deal, what's happening?

SAM:

That's just why we called you, Mrs. Dilly, to tell you how it's going

MARTY:

We're all set for Sunday night, sweetheart. Our sucker is coming over to the warehouse in his own truck with forty-five hundred dollars cash.

MRS. DILLY:

Remember, seven hundred of that is mine.

MARTY:

Of course. Could we ever forget an obligation?

MRS. DILLY:

Well see that you don't.

MARTY:

But why should you get only seven hundred. Wouldn't ^{*eight hundred*} be a nice round figure?

MRS. DILLY:

(SUSPICIOUSLY) I'll stick to my end of the bargain.

MARTY:

(CHUCKLING) You see what I told you, Sam. Honest as the day is long.
tb

MRS. DILLY:

Now look here, Marty, if you're trying to borrow more money...

MARTY:

Borrow? Who said anything about borrowing? Sam and I decided that we'd give you one more share in our adventure, that's all. Why should we hog the whole thing? For a measly fifty bucks you double your money in six days. ~~The least we could do is let you in on that~~
much now.

MRS. DILLY:

You don't get another dime, Marty Willis, and that's final.

SAM:

We've got to eat, Mrs. Dilly.

MRS. DILLY:

That's your lookout.

MARTY:

Forty-five and you get back ninety.

MRS. DILLY:

No.

SAM:

Thirty-five gets you seventy.

MRS. DILLY:

Now look here...

tb

MARTY:

Aw come on, sweetheart, thirty bucks and we won't bother you till the deal is over. You wouldn't want Sam to be so hungry he couldn't pull his act right, would you?

MRS. DILLY:

All right, twenty-five dollars, but not one penny more.

MARTY:

Mrs. D., it pains me to see your lack of faith, but I guess we'll have to take the twenty-five. You don't happen to have it on you?

MRS. DILLY:

I do, and here it is. But let me tell you one thing, Marty Willis, if anything slips up on this deal it'll be out on the street for both of you.

MARTY:

Don't worry, sweetheart, when we give a sucker the big yarn he goes for it all the way. This one won't slip up, I guarantee it.

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER FOR:

SOUND: TYPEWRITER.

ras

SHEPPARD:

Memo to the director, Martin Willis, Sam Dixon case. Agent Bailey and the undersigned continuing canvass of Brooklyn waterfront for warehouse used in swindle, still believe this would prove valuable lead. Study of method used by above pair indicates unvarying technique in each case and undersigned feels (MUSIC: STARTS TO COVER) that location of this warehouse would enable us to set up trap for...

MUSIC: OVER AND OUT.

SOUND: TRAFFIC B.G. TWO PAIRS OF FOOTSTEPS

BAILEY:

(TIRED) How does the undersigned feel now?

SHEPPARD:

(THE SAME) Like the end of a hot summer day in Brooklyn. Let's sit down some place, huh.

BAILEY:

Yeah, my feet aren't happy at all. Over there?

SHEPPARD:

Okay. (SLIGHT PROJECT) Mind if we park on your loading platform for a few minutes, Mac?

CHARLEY:

(OFF A LITTLE) Go right ahead. Too hot to be out in the sun today.

SHEPPARD:

Thanks. (SITS DOWN) Ahh, that's better.

BAILEY:

Much.

SHEPPARD:

Got a cigaret?

BAILEY:

Yeah, here you are.

SHEPPARD:

Thanks. Now let's have that notebook.

BAILEY:

It won't do any good.

SHEPPARD:

Probably not.

BAILEY:

You think we ought to ask Amery to come out here with us again?

SHEPPARD:

We might. Let's have one more look at the notes.

ras

-27-

BAILEY:

Okay, but I think I know them by heart. He turned right off High Street, drove down to the waterfront, then he thinks he turned left, he thinks the place was opposite a fruit company shipping pier. How many fruit company shipping piers have we been opposite so far?

SHEPPARD:

At least six.

BAILEY:

Then he remembers the warehouse smelled like coffee and he's positive there was a sign for a coffee company out front.

SHEPPARD:

That's the one thing that bothers me, that coffee sign, why haven't we turned up a coffee sign so far?

BAILEY:

You got me. There's another fruit company over there, pier nineteen.

SHEPPARD:

Don't give me fruit companies.

BAILEY:

Okay.

SHEPPARD:

Have you got a match?

ras

ATX01 0182399

BAILEY:

Yeah, here you are.

SHEPPARD:

(IRONIC) Thanks.

BAILEY:

Huh?

SHEPPARD:

For the empty box.

BAILEY:

Oh, sorry.

SHEPPARD:

Never mind, I'll bum one from the watchman. (A BEAT, THEN) Got a match, Captain, we're out.

CHARLEY:

Sure thing, Mister. Keep the box, I've got plenty.

SHEPPARD:

Thanks a lot.

CHARLEY:

Sure is a scorcher today, isn't it.

SHEPPARD:

You can say that again.

-29-

BAILEY:

(COMING IN) Hold the light, Shep. (A BEAT) Thanks.

SHEPPARD:

Say, Captain, you familiar with this neighborhood around here?

CHARLEY:

Ought to be. Been on this job the last fifteen years.

SHEPPARD:

My friend is looking for a warehouse that stores coffee, he thinks it's along this section of the waterfront.

CHARLEY:

What's the name of the company, Mister?

BAILEY:

I don't remember. I was doing a door-to-door canvass for insurance, they said if I came back in a few weeks I could talk to them. Now I can't find the place.

CHARLEY:

Could it have been the Dexter Coffee Company?

BAILEY:

Could have been. Where were they?

ras

ATX01 0182401

CHARLEY:

Right here in this building, but they went out of business last winter.

SHEPPARD:

In this building?

CHARLEY:

That's right.

SHEPPARD:

Opposite a fruit company, Frank.

BAILEY:

Uh huh. Well thanks a lot, Captain, that might have been the place I was looking for.

CHARLEY:

(GOING OFF) You're welcome.

sheppard:

Thanks, Captain.

CHARLEY:

(OFF) Don't mention it. (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

BAILEY:

Went out of business last winter.

ras

SHEPPARD:

This could be it, Frank.

BAILEY:

Uh huh.

SHEPPARD:

There's a drugstore over there.

BAILEY:

You going to call Amery?

SHEPPARD:

Yeah. We'll drive him over here tonight and see if he remembers.

BAILEY:

What about getting in the place,

SHEPPARD:

I'll get a warrant from Judge Hollis.

BAILEY:

Okay. And if this is it?

SHEPPARD:

Then we'll go to work on the watchman. If he's been around fifteen years he must know something.

MUSIC: BRIDGE TO:

SOUND: HEAVY DOOR ROLLED OPEN.

ra"

SHEPPARD:

(ON CUE) Well, Mr. Amery?

AMERY:

(A BEAT, THEN) This is it all right, I'm positive now. I remember there was a checker's office right there, and the freight elevator next to it. I drove my truck into this space here, I remember that distinctly.

BAILEY:

Was there any watchman on duty when you drove in, Mr. Amery?

AMERY:

No. Mr. Willis was here at the door waiting for me.

SHEPPARD:

You're positive this is the place, Mr. Amery.

AMERY:

Absolutely. Let me look in this checker's office... (SOUND: DOOR OPEN) this is where Dixon took us when he made that fake arrest. Sure, this is it. I sat right over there, I'll never forget this office, believe me.

BAILEY:

All right, Mr. Amery we'll...

SHEPPARD:

Hold it a second, Frank.

res

BAILEY:

That's right.

CHARLEY:

FBI? Well what's the trouble? I was just across the street getting a beer. I only left my post a few minutes.

SHEPPARD:

We're not concerned with your job, Captain, but there are a few questions we'd like to ask you.

CHARLEY:

Now look, fellahs, if the management ever found out I was across the street...

BAILEY:

Huh. (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS OFF)

SHEPPARD:

Somebody's coming. (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS COME IN)

CHARLEY:

(OFF A LITTLE) Hey there, what's going on here?

SHEPPARD:

Hello, Captain.

CHARLEY:

(COMING IN) Hello yourself, and what are you people doing here?

BAILEY:

We have a warrant to inspect these premises, Captain.

CHARLEY:

Warrant? What is this? Aren't you the two that were here this morning? You're the insurance fellow, ^{ain't} aren't you?

BAILEY:

Just for this morning, Captain. Here are my credentials.

CHARLEY:

FBI.

ras

BAILEY:

Captain...

CHARLEY:

And the name's Charley...if we're going to be friendly.

BAILEY:

We're going to be friendly, Charley. Will you take a look at these pictures please? Have you ever seen either of these men before?

CHARLEY:

You see, fellahs, I've been on this job fifteen years and...(HE STOPS)

SHEPPARD:

Do you recognize either of these men, Charley?

CHARLEY:

This one...what has this one done?

SHEPPARD:

Martin Willis. He's wanted for fraud, forgery, and grand larceny.

CHARLEY:

Grand larceny.

BAILEY:

Do you recognize him?

ras

CHARLEY:

Now look, fellahs, I'm an honest, law-abiding citizen. Now it happens the people who own this building are a bunch of skinflints and they only pay me...

SHEPPARD:

Do you recognize the man, Charley?

CHARLEY:

They only pay me thirty dollars a week. A man can't live on thirty dollars, can he?

BAILEY:

Charley.

CHARLEY:

I recognize the man. Him and his friend, Mr. Dixon, they give me a tip every once in a while for letting them use the place for a couple of hours.

SHEPPARD:

When did you see them last?

CHARLEY:

They're wanted for grand larceny?

SHEPPARD:

Answer the question, please.

tas

CHARLEY:

Monday. They were here Monday and ...and they're coming back tomorrow night.

BAILEY:

Sunday.

CHARLEY:

Yes, sir. Between seven and ten.

SHEPPARD:

All right, Charley, come along with us, please, we'd like to ask you some more questions.

CHARLEY:

Now wait a minute, you can't think I'd have anything to do with grand larceny, or forgery or that other business he was in, do you? I'm an honest, law-abiding...

SHEPPARD:

I think you probably are, Charley, and Willis was only using you. But come along anyway.

CHARLEY:

Am I under arrest?

ras

SHEPPARD:

Let's say you're being detained til tomorrow night, Charley.
We'll clear up a lot of things by then.

MUSIC: STING AND LOSE UNDER:

SOUND: END OF PHONE DIAL. FILTERED BUZZ.

REEDER:

(FILTER) Hello.

MARTY:

Hello, Mr. Reeder, Martin Willis calling. I'm just checking on the
arrangements for tonight.

REEDER:

(FILTER) You don't have to check, I'm ready.

MARTY:

You'll drive the truck yourself?

REEDER:

(FILTER) I said I would, didn't I.

MARTY:

And you'll have the cash ready.

REEDER:

(FILTER) Yes, of course.

ras

MARTY:

Okay, Mr. Reeder, I'll see you at seven. The door to the warehouse will be open, just drive in.

REEDER:

(FILTER) I'll be there.

MARTY:

See you then. (SOUND: PHONE DOWN) (PROJECT) Sam,

SOUND: DOOR OPEN OFF A LITTLE.

SAM:

Yeah?

MARTY:

He's all set, Sam, seven o'clock. Polish up your badge and we'll go to work.

MUSIC: BRIDGE TO.

SOUND: A TRUCK, ESTABLISH, SLOW DOWN, ENTER WAREHOUSE, STOP, TRUCK DOOR OPEN, FOOTSTEPS COME IN.

MARTY:

(SOFTLY) Mr. Reeder,

REEDER:

(NERVOUSLY) Hello, Willis, where's the stuff, we'll start looking.

ras

MARTY:

It's all in that room down there, Mr. Reeder, we'll get going on it right away. Did you bring the money?

REEDER:

Of course I brought the money.

MARTY:

May I see it, please?

REEDER:

(NERVOUS ANGER) What do you mean, see it? I told you...

MARTY:

Shhh! Don't yell like that, you can't tell who might be around here.

REEDER:

(LOWERED VOICE) I told you I brought it, and you'll see it as soon as my truck is loaded.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS.

REEDER:

We'll need a hand truck, won't we.

MARTY:

I've got one.

ras

SAM:

Sure you can, you explain it every time. But you're not getting away with it tonight. My boys just took fifteen hundred yards of stolen goods out of this room and I'm booking you for grand larceny. Where's the money you were going to give him, Mister?

REEDER:

(BARELY ABLE TO SPEAK) I...I...

SAM:

Come on, hand it over.

REEDER:

Listen, Officer, I...I didn't know the material was stolen...

MARTY:

Give him the money, Mr. Reeder.

REEDER:

Yes, sure, here you are, but you've got to believe me...

MARTY:

He's telling the truth, Dixon, he didn't know the stuff was hot.

SAM:

I'll bet he didn't. How much is there?

REEDER:

Forty-five hundred. Listen, Officer...

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SAM:

Come on, get going, the both of you.

REEDER:

You're arresting me?

MARTY:

Dixon, give the guy a break, will you, he just thought he was getting a bargain on the stuff, that's all. You can book me, but give him a break. He's got a wife and kids, Dixon, his record's clean.

SAM:

Uh huh.

REEDER:

Officer, I've never done anything like this before...

MARTY:

His kid is just going to school, Dixon, you wouldn't want to break up an innocent family, would you.

SAM:

Well...

MARTY:

Come on, have a heart for once. Let the guy go. You got me, you got the woolens, what else do you want?

ras

ATX01 0182413

-44-

SAM:

Well...seeing as it's Sunday night and maybe this'll teach you a lesson, Mister...

MARTY:

Dixon, you're a real guy, I mean it.

SAM:

I'm just a dumb cop, but beat it, Mister...and take care of those kids in the future.

REEDER:

(GRATEFULLY) I will, Officer, believe me, I will. I'll never get mixed up in anything like this again.

SAM:

Go on, get going before I change my mind.

REEDER:

Thanks, Officer, thanks from the bottom of my heart.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSED.

SHEPPARD:

(OFF A LITTLE) A very nice performance, boys, we enjoyed the show. And don't reach for any pockets, Agent Bailey has you covered.

MARTY:

Huh?

ras

ATX01 0182414

SHEPPARD:

FBI, Willis. And if it isn't repetitions, you're all under arrest.

SAM:

FBI?

SHEPPARD:

That's right.

SAM:

Well...uh...how come you boys are here, I was supposed to have jurisdiction in this case.

SHEPPARD:

Were you?

SAM:

Sure. The name's Dixon, safe and loft squad. I've had this guy under surveillance for weeks.

SHEPPARD:

That's very interesting.

SAM:

Tell you what, I'll book him down at my headquarters and you fellows can come over in the morning...

SHEPPARD:

It's no use, Dixon, we've got the whole routine on a recording. You're going up for a nice long stretch this time.

MARTY:

What's the charge, we didn't steal any woolens.

SHEPPARD:

We know you didn't. The charge is fraud, Willis, and I don't think you're going to work your way out of this one.

SAM:

Now look here, as an officer of the law...

MARTY:

Sam.

SAM:

Yeah.

MARTY:

Lay off, Sam. He's got us right behind the eight ball.

SAM:

He has?

MARTY:

Sure. Say, Mister, if you took that forty-five hundred bucks...

SHEPPARD:

Don't you think you're in enough trouble without trying to bribe a federal officer, Willis?

ras

-47-

MARTY:

Yeah, I guess maybe you're right at that. Okay, let's go. Sam...

SAM:

Yeah?

MARTY:

I'll toss you for who calls Mrs. Dilly from the station house.

SAM:

Uh-uh, you got to call her, Marty...I sure wouldn't want to be around when she hears about this one.

MUSIC: TO A CURTAIN

ATX01 0182417

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY ~~D~~ 48
LUCKY STRIKE
THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1952

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: (UP TO CURTAIN)

TICE: In just a moment, Agent Sheppard will tell you
what happened ^{with the people.} in tonight's story.

BARUCH: Friends, why don't you try that cigarette
comparison we told you about tonight and see
with your own eyes that Luckies are made better
to taste better. You'll discover that the heart
of your Lucky Strike is a perfect cylinder of fine,
mild tobacco. You'll see how round and firm and
fully packed it is ... with long strands of fresh,
clean, good-tasting tobacco. Now it stands to
reason because Luckies are made this way they draw
freely ... smoke smoothly and evenly ... always
taste fresh and clean and mild. So for your own
real deep-down smoking enjoyment, switch to Lucky
Strike ... yes, Be Happy -- Go Lucky. Make your
next carton Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

~~TICE: CONCLUSION OF CASE~~

~~MUSIC: (SHOW THEME)~~

~~TICE: All names and characters used on this program are
fictitious. Any similarity to persons living
or dead is purely coincidental. (CONTINUED)~~

ATXO1 0182418

49

SHEPPARD:

Indicted for fraud and impersonation of an officer, Martin Willis and Sam Dixon were speedily brought to trial and convicted. Each was given a term of five to eight years in prison. Walter Reeder, the victim of this swindle, willingly aided the prosecution, but the court, in passing sentence, took note of Reeder's willingness to deal with men of questionable reputation and cautioned the witness never again to be a party to an undercover deal. Our files are now closed on...The Big Yarn.

MUSIC: TO FINISH ^{SHOW THE ME}

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY ~~E~~ 52
LUCKY STRIKE
THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1952

~~CLOSING CG~~

All names and characters used on this program are fictitious. Any similarity to persons living or dead is purely coincidental.

TICE:
(Cont'd)

This program is based on Frederick L. Collins' copyrighted book, "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR" ... and is not an official program of the FBI.

In tonight's story Larry Vaines played the part of Martin Wells; Bill Williams was Sam Sledge. The radio dramatization of THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR is written by Louis Pettetier and Jack Finke. These programs are produced and directed by Betty Mandeville. Be sure to listen to next Thursday's story "THE BAIT" on THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR. Same time -- same station.

MUSIC: SHOW THEME -- UP AND UNDER

BARUCH: This is Andre Baruch saying goodnight for Lucky Strike, product of The American Tobacco Company - America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes. THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR has been selected as one of the programs to be heard by our Armed Forces overseas through the facilities of The Armed Forces Radio Service.

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME - UP AND OUT)

TICE: THIS IS THE CBS RADIO NETWORK.

ATX01 0182420

JUNE 10 BROADCAST
TEMPERATURE CHANGE OF ENVIRONMENT
CONVERSION

ATX01 01B2421

JULY 10 BROADCAST
PREEMPTED BECAUSE OF REPUBLICAN
CONVENTION

ATX01 01B2422

MASTER

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
AS BROADCAST

"THE PSYCHO CASE"

THURSDAY, JULY 17th, 1952

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY:

BETTY MANDEVILLE

WRITTEN BY:

LOUIS PELLETIER AND JACK FINKE

ras

ATX01 0182423

-A-

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

"THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR"

8:30 - 9:00 PM EDST

JULY 17, 1952

THURSDAY

OPENING COMMERCIAL

TICK: LUCKY STRIKE presents ... "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR"

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

TICK: Another great story based on Frederick L. Collins' copyrighted book, "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR". Drama ... Thrills ... Action! But first ... Andre Baruch!

BARUCH: Friends, in a cigarette it's the taste that makes the difference and Luckies taste better - cleaner, fresher, smoother! Here's why: First of all, better taste in a cigarette begin with fine tobacco and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. Second, Luckies are made better. Every Lucky is round and firm and fully packed ... free from loose ends that get in your mouth and spoil the taste. Yes, every Lucky is packed just right to draw freely and evenly! So for a smoke that tastes better -- cleaner, fresher, smoother. Be Happy - Go Lucky. Make your next carton Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME UP AND FADE)

ATX01 0182424

ANNCR:

Tonight's story... *from the Psycho Case*
The Psycho Case.

MUSIC: THEME AND OUT FOR:

SOUND: DOOR CLOSED.

SHEPPARD:

Any decision yet, Lieutenant?

LIEUT:

(SLIGHTLY OFF) Yes, just now. Court martial. I've been assigned to the defense.

SHEPPARD:

That's a tough assignment.

LIEUT:

(COMING IN) I know. Major Kellog gave his complete report. Got a cigarette on you, Mr. Sheppard, I'm beat.

SHEPPARD:

Sure, here you are.

LIEUT:

Thanks. Of course, the doc's convinced the boy is definitely a section eight, and I should conduct his defense on these grounds.

SHEPPARD:

Section eight?

-3-

LIEUT:

(SMILES) Army talk, sorry. Section eight, mentally unbalanced...
a psycho case.

SHEPPARD:

Uh huh. Light.

LIEUT:

Thanks. (BLOWS OUT SMOKE) But if that's to be my basis for
defense, I've got to have backing. How do you people feel about
it.

SHEPPARD:

Well, there seems to be every indication of an unbalanced mind.

LIEUT:

There does.

SHEPPARD:

Merrick certainly isn't the ordinary ^{criminal type.} killer. But when something
opposes him, stands in his way...(LET'S IT HANG)

LIEUT:

Yes, that's what the doc said. Extreme aggressive tendencies,
repressed hostility released when...(BREAKS OFF) Mr. Sheppard,
I'd like to be brought up to date on this last episode of his.

ras

ATX01 0182426

-4-

SHEPPARD:

Anything I can tell you.

LIEUT:

I want to find out how his mind works. He had every one of those people completely fooled, didn't he?

SHEPPARD:

Completely. After each haul he'd leave them contented and go on to the next.

LIEUT:

You're sure it was Merrick who was involved in each of those crimes.

SHEPPARD:

Well, he made no point of concealing his identify, in fact just the opposite. But we didn't know that until recently. Remember we were out after an escaped military prisoner, we had no idea what he was up to on the outside.

LIEUT:

Of course. Would you mind running through this last episode. There are some things I'm anxious to have ^{cleaned up} ~~elaborated~~.

SHEPPARD:

Sure. Where would you like me to start?

ras

ATX01 0182427

LIEUT:

(THINKING IT) Well...let's assume Merrick's somewhere out west.
His escape from the ^{des captivity} detention barracks is four or five months
behind him. He's worked this thing successfully on several families
and he's about to work it again. Can you take it from there?

SHEPPARD:

I think so.

LIEUT:

Good, I'm listening.

SHEPPARD:

Well first, you're familiar with the background for his whole
operation.

LIEUT:

He worked on families of his buddies who were killed in Korea.

SHEPPARD:

Yes. He'd visit each family on the pretext that he was passing
through. He pretended he'd been honorably discharged from the
service and he thought he'd look up his old pal whoever-it was.

LIEUT:

Having no knowledge the pal had been killed.

ras

SHEPPARD:

Right, Merrick played it all innocent. As you know, he looks the part.

LIEUT:

Yes.

SHEPPARD:

Well let's assume as you suggest that it's about two months ago now, the middle of May, and we're on a train moving through the Midwest...

MUSIC: ENTERS.

SHEPPARD:

(GOING RIGHT ON) The engine ^{pulls} falls into the station of Elmsford Falls and handsome Eddie Merrick steps out. There's a taxi close by and he gets in, giving the driver an address. A few minutes after that the taxi is stopping outside a modest home on Maple Drive at the south side of town.

MUSIC: HAS BLENDED TO:

SOUND: TAXI DRAWING TO A STOP.

DRIVER:

Here you are, young fella, 19 Maple Drive. (SOUND: DOOR OPEN)

Want me to help you with that suitcase?

ras

-7-

EDDIE:

No, I'll handle it. What do I owe you?

DRIVER:

One dollar even.

EDDIE:

Okay, thanks.

DRIVER:

And thank you, son. (SOUND: DOOR CLOSED. TAXI DRIVES AWAY AS:)

BIZ: EDDIE'S FOOTSTEPS TO FRONT PORCH. UP STEPS. DOORBELL.
PAUSE. SCREEN DOOR OPEN.

NORA:

Yes?

EDDIE:

Morning, Miss. Is Bill home?

NORA:

Bill.

EDDIE:

This is 19 Maple Drive, isn't it? Hubbard?

NORA:

Why yes, but...

ras

ATX01 0182430

-8-

EDDIE:

(BIG SMILE) Then you must be Nora. Just tell your brother Eddie's here, Eddie Merrick. Tell him that and watch him come running.

MUSIC: OVER QUICKLY AND OUT.

NORA:

(UNSTEADILY) Mr. Merrick...this is my mother. (SOUND: DOOR CLOSED)
Come in, Mother.

EDDIE:

You...you're Bill's ma?

MOTHER:

(AT A LOSS) Well...yes, but...

NORA:

Mother, this is going to be something of a surprise...

EDDIE:

(UNHAPPILY) Say, look, Miss Hubbard, I never should have come here, if I'd had any idea...

NORA:

Why, not at all...

EDDIE:

But Bill and me, we said to each other, some day when this is all over, when we're back home from Korea...

ATX01 0182431

MOTHER:

Korea?

NORA:

(GENTLY) Yes, dear. Mr. Merrick was in Bill's outfit overseas.

MOTHER:

(A BEAT) Oh.

EDDIE:

(RISING) Mrs. Hubbard, I'm sorry, believe me...

NORA:

Sit down, Mr. Merrick...please.

EDDIE:

But...

NORA:

Please.

MOTHER:

(QUESTIONING) You were in Bill's outfit...?

EDDIE:

That's right, ma'am, before I left the service.

NORA:

Mr. Merrick was discharged last winter, he...he didn't know about Bill.

-10-

EDDIE:

I still can't believe Bill is dead. It...well, it just doesn't seem possible.

~~NORA:~~

~~No, it doesn't.~~

~~EDDIE:~~

(SOFT) He was my best friend, the squarest guy I ever knew. I wish it'd been me instead of him.

MOTHER:

(HER EYES FILLING) Nora...

NORA:

Now, mother...

EDDIE:

(APOLOGETIC) Oh say, I'm sorry, Mrs. Hubbard...

NORA:

That's all right.

EDDIE:

Me and my big mouth.

NORA:

It's all right, really. We just...well, we haven't fully recovered from the shock of it all yet.

ras

ATX01 01B2433

-11-

EDDIE:

I can imagine. When you told me, it was like somebody cut off my right arm.

MOTHER:

(CONTROLLING HERSELF) Do you have a handkerchief, Nora?

EDDIE:

Right here, ma'am.

MOTHER:

Thank you. (~~BLOWING INTO IT~~) ~~I'll have it washed out.~~

EDDIE:

That's okey.

MOTHER:

It's silly of me to act up I know. But it's good to hear my son was thought of that way.

EDDIE:

(PHONILY) Oh he was, ma'am. Bill was the most popular noncom in the whole outfit, that's why I still can't take it in. ~~He was always so alive, so...~~(BREAKS) Say, would you like to see a picture of him?

NORA:

Do you have one?

ATX01 01B2434

-12-

EDDIE:

Yeah, right here in my wallet. Somebody took it of the both of us together just before I was shipped back to the states. (PAUSE)
Here you are.

MOTHER:

(EAGERLY) Thank you.

EDDIE:

(SHEEPISH) We posed that way for laughs, we'd had a few beers,
(THEN) You can keep it if you want.

NORA:

Can we?

EDDIE:

Why sure.

MOTHER:

(FIGHTING TEARS AGAIN) I...I'm sorry, I...

NORA:

Mother, this has been ~~a difficult moment~~ for all of us. Why don't you go inside and rest, I'll show Mr. Merrick to the guest room...

EDDIE:

The guest room? Oh no, no...thanks, but I'm not going to stay...

ras

ATX01 01B2435

-13-

NORA:

Now of course you are.

EDDIE:

No, really I...I'll get a room at the hotel...

MOTHER:

We wouldn't hear of such a thing. Of course you're staying...

Bill wouldn't have it any other way.

EDDIE:

(HELPLESS) Mrs. Hubbard...

MOTHER:

You're staying, Mr. Merrick...as long as you're in Elmsford Falls...

you're staying right here with us.

MUSIC: SENTIMENTAL IRONIC STING AND UNDER FOR:

LIEUT:

And, of course, Merrick stayed.

SHEPPARD:

Uh huh. He dangled the bait, he hooked his victim, the operation had started to roll.

LIEUT:

But no mention yet of the money.

res

ATX01 0182436

SHEPPARD:

Not of the money nor the IOU. Remember we're dealing here with a deranged but clever mind. Merrick was aware of the value of the slow build. Meet the family, build confidence, slowly let them draw you out. He was aware of this value and that's the way he played it...~~he let the family draw him out.~~

MUSIC: IS OUT INTO:

SOUND: DISHWASHING.

NORA:

Now Eddie, you don't have to do those dishes. Go listen to the radio with Mother...

EDDIE:

(GAILY) But I like doing dishes, Nora. Makes me feel at home being here in the kitchen. (SOUND: DISH) This go up here?

NORA:

That's right. You're not sorry you stayed, are you.

EDDIE:

What do you think?

NORA:

(SIMPLY) I think mother hasn't been as happy as this since...well... for a long time, Eddie.

ras

-15-

EDDIE:

I'm glad. (THEN) Forks go in this drawer?

NORA:

Yes, // Eddie...

EDDIE:

Uh huh.

NORA:

Why did you come here?

EDDIE:

What?

NORA:

To Elmsford Falls. Why did you really come?

EDDIE:

Well you know why, Nora.

NORA:

Do I?

EDDIE:

Of course you do.

NORA:

No. From't. The only thing I know is you didn't come ~~out~~ here
out of any friendship for my brother.

ATX01 01B2438

-16-

EDDIE:

Nora...

NORA:

You didn't, did you. You came for some other reason.

EDDIE:

What are you talking about?

NORA:

Listen to me, Eddie...

EDDIE:

It was only out of friendship, there's no other reason.

NORA:

Eddie, listen. You don't have to keep up this act for me.

EDDIE:

Act...

NORA:

Yes, act. I know what you're doing. Oh for mother, it's wonderful of you, and I'll always be grateful. But not for me, Eddie.

EDDIE:

Nora...

ras

ATX01 0182439

-17-

NORA:

I know the kind of person Bill was as well as you do. He hasn't the most popular non-com in your outfit, he was probably the most hated. Even he admitted that in his letters.

EDDIE:

(SOUND: DRAWER) Knives in here too?

NORA:

If he hadn't been killed he'd have been thrown out of the service. His record showed every black mark in the book.

EDDIE:

Nora, we're going to be late for the movies.

NORA:

Why did you come, Eddie?

~~EDDIE:~~

I ~~told you~~ why.

~~NORA:~~

Was it ever something you wanted to square with Bill, was that it?

EDDIE:

Nora...

ras

ATX01 0182440

-18-

NORA:

Tell me Eddie, please. I want to know.

EDDIE:

(BIZ: SILVER DOWN HARD) Nora, for the luvva mike stop asking questions, will you!

NORA:

(SURPRISED) Eddie...

EDDIE:

I...I'm sorry. I guess my nerves are on edge.

NORA:

It's all right.

EDDIE:

Nora...let's not talk about Bill, do you mind.

NORA:

Not if it's going to upset you this much.

EDDIE:

It's...it's not that I don't want to tell you, it's just...(PAUSE)

NORA:

Yes?

ATXO1 0182441

-19-

EDDIE:

(ALMOST PLEADING) Bill wasn't a bad Joe, Nora. He just liked to gamble too much, that's all.

NORA:

Gamble...

EDDIE:

Look, he's dead now. Why dig out the past? Just because a guy goes dice-crazy...

NORA:

Bill owed you money. That's why you came here. (AS EDDIE IS SILENT) It is why, isn't it?

EDDIE:

Nora...

NORA:

It is, isn't it.

EDDIE:

(A BEAT, THEN) ^{Joe,} I have Bill's IOU for cash he borrowed over a period of months. He told me he'd make it good when he got back to the states.

NORA:

An IOU.

ras

ATX01 0182442

-20-

EDDIE:

For twelve hundred dollars. It happened I could use the money so I got on a train and...(SOUND: KITCHEN DOOR HAS OPENED ABRUPTLY)

MOTHER:

(CHEERFULLY) Well what's going on in here with you two? Are we going to the movies or not?

EDDIE:

We'll be through in a minute, Mrs. Hubbard. Nora and I were talking and got sidetracked.

MOTHER:

Sidetracked?

NORA:

Yes, mother. That's exactly what happened...but I think we've finally got everything straight.

MUSIC: STING AND UNDER FOR:

SHEPPARD:

And according to ^{our reconstruction of} the way we ~~reconstructed~~ the episode ^{as seen in} it was when ^{he} Eddie Merrick let Nora Hubbard draw him out ^{and} that led to the final step of the operation. (MUSIC: IS OUT)

SOUND: DOOR CLOSED.

ras

ATX01 01B2443

-21-

BAILEY:

Hello, Shep.

SHEPPARD:

Hello, Frank. You know Lieutenant Hollis.

BAILEY:

Sure. How are you, Lieutenant? Any decision yet?

LIEUT:

Uh huh. There's going to be a military trial, Mr. Bailey.

SHEPPARD:

Sit down, Frank. I'm just giving the lieutenant the facts on Merrick's last outing, you can help me fill in the details.

LIEUT:

You helped track him down, didn't you, Mr. Bailey?

BAILEY:

Yes.

LIEUT:

He covered himself very thoroughly, didn't he.

BAILEY:

Well, he kept on the move. We traced him from family to family, but he was always one jump ahead of us.

ras

ATX01 01B2444

-22-

LIEUT:

You didn't figure on this forgery angle.

BAILEY:

Not at first, no.

SHEPPARD:

We found out about that in Ohio. Merriok had turned over his IOU and these people happened to save it.

LIEUT:

Such an elaborate scheme. But I suppose it's characteristic of his kind of mind.

BAILEY:

Are you planning an insanity defense, Lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT:

It looks that way, Mr. Bailey. According to what Mr. Sheppard's told me so far the whole background leading up to the shooting indicates an unbalanced condition.

BAILEY:

Uh huh.

LIEUT:

Would you mind going ahead, Mr. Sheppard.

ras

ATX01 01B2445

-23-

SHEPPARD:

Certainly, Lieutenant. (TO BAILEY) I'm up to the last week in May, Frank.

BAILEY:

That's about the time Merrick tried for the money?

SHEPPARD:

Yes.

BAILEY:

Mrs. Hubbard found out about the I.O.U.

SHEPPARD:

Not yet. Her daughter couldn't bring herself to tell her mother at first, she was stalling for time.

(MUSIC: RE ENTERS.)

SHEPPARD:

But as the hours went by Nora felt more and more guilty in her delay. And finally, the next evening, she knew for sure what she would have to do. That's when Mrs. Hubbard found out.

MUSIC: IS OUT.

ras

ATX01 01B2446

MOTHER:

(MISERABLY) How could he, Nora. How could Billy have done a thing like that.

NORA:

I'm sorry, Mother. I wish I didn't have to tell you...

MOTHER:

Nora...

NORA:

I wish I didn't, but I couldn't let Eddie go away with this hanging over us.

MOTHER:

It isn't so much the money. ~~If he'd only written to me....~~

~~NORA:~~

~~I know, I know.~~

MOTHER:

But to get himself involved like that. When he knew he could never pay it back.

NORA:

He must have been desperate, Mother. I'm sure he didn't mean to.

ras

-25-

MOTHER:

(WEARILY) He always never meant to, Nora. Ever since I can remember. Did he lose the money gambling?

NORA:

Listen, Mother, it wasn't all Bill's fault. We've got to understand his side of it. After all, when a person's far away from home and any minute he may be stopping a bullet...

MOTHER:

Nora...

NORA:

We've got to understand his side, don't we?

MOTHER:

(FINALLY) Yes, yes I suppose we do.

NORA:

It wasn't all his fault, really.

MOTHER:

No, I guess not. Maybe...if your father had lived...

NORA:

(AFFECTIONATELY) Mother...

ras

ATX01 01B2448

MOTHER:

Well if he had, maybe things would be differentmaybe...

(SHE STOPS) Nora...

NORA:

Yes, dear.

MOTHER:

Eddie's leaving on Friday?

NORA:

(HESITANT) Well...

MOTHER:

That's what he said, didn't he, Friday?

NORA:

Yes, that's what he said...if he could raise the train fare by then.

MOTHER:

He'll have the fare, don't worry. I'll see to that.

NORA:

Huh?

MOTHER:

That's why you told me, isn't it? To see that he would.

ras

-27-

NORA:

Aw, Mother...

MOTHER:

Eddie'll have his train fare and the rest of the money besides.
I'm going to make that I.O.U. good, Nora.

NORA:

But, darling, you can't do that. Where would we get that kind of
money? The train fare's enough, Eddie won't mind about the rest...

MOTHER:

(GRIMLY) Maybe he wouldn't mind, but I would. I'll get that
money for him, Nora. If it means selling this house I'll get
it. (AS NORA PROTESTS) I've made up my mind, dear.

NORA:

(SYMPATHETIC) All right.

MOTHER:

We wouldn't want Eddie to leave with this hanging over our heads.
~~for said so yourself.~~

NORA:

All right.

ras

ATX01 0182450

-28-

MOTHER:

(FALTERING) Nora...

NORA:

Yes?

MOTHER:

I...I wanted to believe what Eddie told us about Bill. I wanted to believe that so much.

~~NORA:~~

~~(COMPASSIONATE) Oh darling...~~

MOTHER:

(QUIETLY) I'll get the money, Nora. I'll make the I.O.U. good, you wait and see. I don't ever want anyone to think my son wasn't good for his debts. I'll take care of this, you'll see.

MUSIC: TO A CURTAIN.

(COMMERCIAL)

ras

ATX01 0182451

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
JULY 17, 1952

~~B-~~ SA

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: (TO A CURTAIN)

END OF ACT I

TICE: Back to "The Psycho Case" in just a moment.

BARUCH: Friends, Luckies are made better -- to taste cleaner, fresher, smoother! And it's easy to prove this to yourself. Simply do this: Take a Lucky from a newly opened pack and carefully remove the paper by tearing down the seam from end to end. Be sure to start on the seam. In tearing, don't crush or dig into the tobacco. Now look at that perfect cylinder of fine, mild tobacco. See how it holds together -- without annoying loose ends that get in your mouth and spoil the taste? This is why Luckies taste cleaner! Notice how free Luckies are from air spaces - hot spots that burn too fast - taste harsh, hot and stale. This is why Luckies taste fresher. Then look at those long strands of fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco, packed just right for smooth, even smoking. This is why Luckies taste smoother. Yes, friends, these are the important inside reasons that make every Lucky taste better - cleaner, fresher, smoother. So for your own deep-down smoking enjoyment, Be Happy-- Go Lucky! Make your next carton Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: SHOW THEME

ATX01 0182452

ANNOUNCER:

And now back to "The FBI in Peace and War" and tonight's story...
The Psycho Case.

MUSIC: THEME AND OUT.

SHEPPARD:

And then, with the money in sight, Merrick seems to have decided suddenly that money wasn't enough, he had another objective.

LIEUT:

Nora Hubbard.

SHEPPARD:

Yes. I suppose in his deranged way he thought he was irresistible to women.

LIEUT:

That's what the doc said, delusions of grandeur. But all these people he tricked, they said he was so modest, unassuming...that was a cover-up, huh?

SHEPPARD:

It often is. Some of the coldest ^{Criminals} ~~killers~~ are gentle, well-mannered men.

LIEUT:

Yes, I've heard that. Go ahead, Mr. Sheppard.

tb

SHEPPARD:

Well, as I say, the money was in sight and Merrick could have taken another family in his stride...

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER:

SHEPPARD:

But the more he saw of Nora the more he liked her. During the two weeks he stayed at the house he took her out a great deal and one night as they were sitting on the porch he told her what he was thinking.

MUSIC: OUT.

EDDIE:

You know, Nora, I've been thinking...a girl like you...smart, good-looking...it's kind of a shame being stuck in a one-horse town like this.

NORA:

(NOT ENCOURAGING HIM) Eddie, it's getting late and I've got to go to work in the morning.

EDDIE:

Don't you think it's kind of a shame?

NORA:

Of course I don't. I like it here.

EDDIE:

(CHUCKLING) Elmsford Falls, population four thousand, elevation twelve hundred feet...

tb

NORA:

Eddie...

EDDIE:

You never wanted to see Chicago, Nora? New York, places like that?

NORA:

Of course I've wanted to travel, who hasn't.

EDDIE:

Well, why don't you?

NORA:

Huh?

EDDIE:

Travel. You and me. With this money that Bill owed me we could...

(SOUND: MOVEMENT) Hey, where you going?

NORA:

I'm going upstairs to bed.

EDDIE:

(SUDDENLY LOSING HIS TEMPER, GRABS HER) You're not going upstairs, I'm talking to you!

NORA:

(TAKEN BY SURPRISE) Eddie, let go of me.

EDDIE:

You hear what I said, I'm talking to you!

NORA:

(QUIETLY) I hear you, Eddie, let go of me, please.

tb

EDDIE:

(A BEAT, THEN HE COMES OFF IT) I...I'm sorry.

NORA:

That's all right.

EDDIE:

Don't go up, Nora. I...I didn't mean to fly off the handle. I...I get spells like this since...since I was overseas.

NORA:

(UNABLE TO BE ANGRY IN THE FACE OF THIS) It's all right, Eddie.

EDDIE:

I...I didn't mean anything wrong, Nora. I meant we could get married and travel, and then come back here, I didn't mean..(HE STOPS) Nora, what do you think of me?

NORA:

(CAREFULLY) Well I...I think you're very nice, Eddie.

EDDIE:

That's all?

NORA:

Well I hardly know you, after all it's only been a little over a week...

EDDIE:

You'd like me if you knew me better.

NORA:

Perhaps I would, but...
tb

EDDIE:

(SOFTLY) Nora, I'm going to stay here in Elmsford till you make up your mind to come with me.

NORA:

I...I don't think that's a good idea, Eddie.

EDDIE:

(STILL SOFT) Yes, it is. You'll get to like me after a while, I know you will.

NORA:

(BECOMING FRIGHTENED) I'm going upstairs.

EDDIE:

(PUTTING HIS ARM AROUND HER) No...wait just a minute...

NORA:

Don't paw me, please, Eddie.

EDDIE:

(HIT IT) (CEN. ST.)
(HOLDING HIMSELF IN) I'm not pawing! Don't use words like that! I'm telling you I want you to come with me, we'll get married.

NORA:

Maybe...maybe we better talk about it in the morning.

EDDIE:

(A BEAT, THEN SUDDENLY) All right, maybe we better.

NORA:

(UNCERTAINLY) Good night.

tb

EDDIE:

Nora...

NORA:

Yes?

EDDIE:

You ^{re} ~~is~~ not sore at me, are you?

NORA:

No, of course not.

EDDIE:

I...I can't take it when people don't like me, Nora...it makes me kind of sick inside.

NORA:

But I told you I liked you.

EDDIE:

Do you?

NORA:

Yes, of course.

EDDIE:

I'm glad. Because if you didn't...(HE PAUSES)

NORA:

Yes, Eddie?

EDDIE:

Nothing. (SOUND: RAPID FOOTSTEPS DOWN PORCH) I think I'll take a walk...I'll see you in the morning.

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER:

tb

SHEPPARD:

And after that night Merrick was more cautious. He sensed that he'd handled Nora in the wrong way but he felt sure that she could finally be won over.

LIEUT:

Do you think he really intended to marry her?

SHEPPARD:

It's hard to say. He had a fixed idea that he was entitled to anything he wanted and no scruples as to how he got it. I wouldn't try to guess how a twisted mind like that operated.

MUSIC: OVER AND OUT.

SOUND: STREET B.G. FOOTSTEPS UP PORCH, DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE.

MOTHER:

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS) Nora?

NORA:

(OFF A LITTLE) In the kitchen, Mother. (SOUND: COMING IN, RUNNING WATER) (STOPS AS:) I just wanted to get the things started for supper, you been downtown?

MOTHER:

Yes. (LOWERED VOICE) Is Eddie upstairs?

NORA:

No. He's out on one of those walks of his. Did you look at that dress like I told you?

tb

MOTHER:

No, I didn't, Nora, listen...I saw Jim Tuttle, he's going to lend us the money to pay Eddie.

NORA:

Aw, Mother...

MOTHER:

I had to ask him, Nora. He said the bank wouldn't give me the loan but he'd take my personal note. I'll have the money by the end of the week.

NORA:

(RESIGNED) All right, if that's the way you want it, I guess I can't stop you.

MOTHER:

It's the best way, believe me.

NORA:

Did you tell Mr. Tuttle why you wanted the money?

MOTHER:

Yes, I had to. It was all right, Nora, he's been such a good friend of the family.

NORA:

Tuttle
~~Fourteen~~ fourteen hundred dollars is an awful lot on a personal note.

tb

MOTHER:

I know. Jim tried to talk me out of it. He said I wasn't responsible for Billy's debts, he said he didn't like Eddie's story, it sounded false. I said I didn't care, I wanted to get this off my mind once and for all...

NORA:

Mr. Tuttle didn't believe what Eddie told us?

MOTHER:

No he...he said we ought to find out more about him...there have been cases where swindlers...^{have been} (SOUND: OFF -- DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE) (MOTHER DROPS HER VOICE) Nora, I want to pay this off, please let me do it my way.

NORA:

All right.

EDDIE:

(COMING IN) Hello, Mrs. Hubbard. Hello, Nora.

NORA:

Hello, Eddie.

EDDIE:

I brought some ice cream for dessert, Mrs. Hubbard. Butter pecan.

MOTHER:

Oh, thank you, Eddie.

EDDIE:

Want me to set the table, Nora?

tb

NORA:

No, that's all right...

MOTHER:

I'll set it, Nora. Eddie...

EDDIE:

Yeah?

MOTHER:

I...I'm getting the money to pay off Billy's debt, you'll have it by the end of the week.

EDDIE:

Huh?

MOTHER:

You'll have it by Friday, Eddie. (GOING OFF) I just wanted you to know. (OFF) It's all arranged.

EDDIE:

(TO NORA) Well say, that's darn white of your mother, isn't it. Makes me feel like kind of a heel taking it.

NORA:

(COOL) Does it?

EDDIE:

Sure. If I didn't need that money so bad... (STOPS) What do you mean, 'does it?'

NORA:

Nothing.
tb

EDDIE:

What did you mean?

NORA:

Nothing. You'd better put that ice cream in the freezer compartment, Eddie.

EDDIE:

(CLOSE TO HER) Don't give me orders.

NORA:

I just said...

EDDIE:

(TENSE) I heard what you said. But I got enough orders in the Army. I don't take them any more, I give them.

NORA:

Suit yourself. I only meant...

EDDIE:

You hear that?

NORA:

What.

EDDIE:

I give them now. Me, Eddie Merrick, I dish it out, I don't take it any more.

NORA:

All right, Eddie...

tb

EDDIE:

(TENSE, EXCITED) When I get that money on Friday, I got some orders I'm going to give you, Nora...

NORA:

Eddie, take your hands off me...

EDDIE:

You better treat me nice, Nora, or you'll going to be plenty sorry... I mean that.

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER:

SHEPPARD:

And then, when Merrick had only a few days to complete his operation we got a break through a letter sent to the Bureau by James Tuttle, a bank manager in Elmsford Falls. Agent Bailey and I followed up immediately.

SOUND: PHONE.

TUTTLE:

Hello.

GIRL:

(FILTER) Long distance calling, Mr. Tuttle...Agent Sheppard of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

tb

TUTTLE:

Thank you, Miss Williams, put him right on, please.

MUSIC: OVER AND OUT.

TUTTLE:

And thereafter I talked to you on the phone, I followed your suggestion and thought up an excuse to visit Mrs. Hubbard late this afternoon. I met Merrick just as he was leaving the house.

BAILEY:

Good. Describe him for us, will you please, Mr. Tuttle.

TUTTLE:

Well, he's about five feet seven, slight build, couldn't weigh over a hundred and forty, reddish blonde hair...

SHEPPARD:

That sounds like our man all right.

BAILEY:

Did you notice his teeth, Mr. Tuttle?

TUTTLE:

Very regular, I noticed that.

BAILEY:

The top teeth are false if this is Merrick, he lost most of the front ones in a jeep accident.

TUTTLE:

Well they did look a little too perfect to be real.

tb

SHEPPARD:

He's still at the Hubbard house now, Mr. Tuttle?

TUTTLE:

Yes. But I understand he's leaving tonight. As I told you over the phone, Mrs. Hubbard gave him the money on Friday and she told me he's leaving tonight.

BAILEY:

What's the Hubbard address, Mr. Tuttle?

TUTTLE:

Fourteen
Fourteen Maple Drive.

SHEPPARD:

Far from here?

TUTTLE:

About ten minutes.

SHEPPARD:

Could you call Mrs. Hubbard now, Mr. Tuttle, find out if Merriok is still there?

TUTTLE:

(SOUND: PHONE UP, DIAL) Of course.

BAILEY:

If he is, see if you can trump up some excuse to keep him there.

TUTTLE:

I'll try. (SOUND: FILTERED BUZZ)

tb

MOTHER:

(FILTER) Hello.

TUTTLE:

Emily
Hello, Nora, this is Jim Tuttle.

MOTHER:

(FILTER) Oh hello, Jim.

TUTTLE:

Emily
Nora, are you going to be home for the next half hour or so? I'd like to talk to you.

MOTHER:

Why sure, Jim.

TUTTLE:

It's about that young man, Merrick. Is he still there?

MOTHER:

He's out in the car with Nora, Jim....they'll be back soon.

TUTTLE:

All right. I'll be right over, *Emily* ~~Nora~~. Wait for me, please.

MOTHER:

I will, Jim.

SOUND: PHONE DOWN.

TUTTLE:

He's still there, but he's out riding in the car with Nora.

tb

SHEPPARD:

Thanks, Mr. Tuttle. Okay, Frank...let's go.

MUSIC: BRIDGE TO:

SOUND: CAR:

NORA:

Eddie, let's go in, please. You said if I just took a short ride...

EDDIE:

(NERVOUSLY) We're going. But we've got something we've got to settle first. Pull into that driveway up there, Nora.

NORA:

No, I told Mother we'd only be gone a half hour...

EDDIE:

(SHOUTS IT) Do like I tell you, Nora!

SOUND: THE CAR SLOWS DOWN.

NORA:

(AFTER A BEAT) Eddie, listen...

EDDIE:

In that driveway. You're going to do the listening.

SOUND: CAR STOPS.

NORA:

All right, we might as well have this out.

EDDIE:

Shut up, I said you're going to listen.

tb

NORA:

Eddie...

EDDIE:

(SOUND: HE HITS HER ACROSS THE FACE) Shut up, I said!

NORA:

(GASPS IN PAIN)

EDDIE:

I'm tired of fooling around with you. I said we're going to Chicago tonight, in this car. I meant that.

NORA:

I...I'm not going, Eddie.

EDDIE:

No? We'll see about that.

NORA:

You can't force me, I simply refuse to...(SHE STOPS DEAD)

EDDIE:

Yeah. You refuse to what? Go on, tell me.

NORA:

(PARALYZED WITH FEAR) Eddie...put down that gun.

EDDIE:

Go on tell me. Maybe if I don't like what you say, I'll use this.

NORA:

(DRY-MOUTHED) Eddie...

tb

EDDIE:

We're going to Chicago, Nora. You'll like it when we get there, I guarantee it. ~~If you don't, you can come back.~~ But we're going tonight, right now. Is that clear? (& BEAT) Nora.

NORA:

(A BEAT) All right, Eddie. Could I...could I stop at the house for my clothes? I...I'll have to tell Mother something.

EDDIE:

No, you can't stop.

NORA:

If I don't go home, Eddie, she'll call the police...

EDDIE:

All right. We'll go back, but no funny business, understand? I'll go upstairs while you get your clothes and I'll listen while you talk to her. Okay, get going.

SOUND: CAR STARTED. MOVES OFF.

NORA:

(ON CUE) Eddie.

EDDIE:

Yeah?

NORA:

Please put the gun away.

tb

EDDIE:

I will...when you've got your bags packed and we're on our way out of town.

NORA:

Eddie...you won't frighten Mother, will you? You'll let me handle her.

EDDIE:

Okay, but make one phoney move and you know what's going to happen.

NORA:

I understand, but just let me talk to her.

EDDIE:

All right.

SOUND: CAR FOR A FEW MOMENTS.

EDDIE:

(ON CUE) Who's car is that in your driveway?

NORA:

I don't know.

EDDIE:

Slow down. (SOUND: CAR SLOWS) Pull up to the curb but don't shut off the motor.

NORA:

It may be Mrs. Tompkins car, she has a...

tb

EDDIE:

Never mind who it is, do like I tell you.

SOUND: CAR STOPS. MOTOR IDLES.

EDDIE:

(ON CUE) (LOWERED VOICE) Who are those two guys coming down the porch?

NORA:

I don't know, Eddie.

EDDIE:

(LOWERED VOICE) Okay, we'll see. (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS COME IN)

SHEPPARD:

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP) Are you Edward Merrick?

EDDIE:

Yeah, that's right.

SHEPPARD:

FBI, Merrick, step out of the car.

EDDIE:

Okay. (HOARSE WHISPER TO NORA) Get going, Nora, or I'll shoot!
 Nora!!'. (TO SHEPPARD) Stay back you, or you'll get it too! Nora,
 get going, you hear me! Nora!! (SOUND: A SHOT) (TO SHEPPARD) You ^{SCREAM: Eddie (Door)} _{opens}
 heard what I said, Mister, stay back or you'll get it too.

SOUND: OFF A LITTLE. A SHOT.

tb

SHEPPARD:

(OFF A LITTLE) Get down, Frank!

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS:

EDDIE:

(PANTING AS HE RUNS, YELLS WILDLY) All right...come and get me, Mister, and see what happens to you, come on, Mister...come and get me!

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, SHOTS UP INTO:

MUSIC: TO A CURTAIN.

(C O M M E R C I A L)

tb

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
JULY 17, 1952

~~-C-~~ 50

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: (UP TO CURTAIN)

TICE: In just a moment, Agent Sheppard will tell you
what happened ^{to the pack!} in tonight's story.

BARUCH: Friends, discover for yourself why Luckies taste
better -- cleaner, fresher, smoother! Take a
Lucky from a newly opened pack and carefully remove
the paper by tearing down the seam from end to end.
Be sure to start on the seam. In tearing, don't
crush or dig into the tobacco. Now, examine that
perfect cylinder of fine, mild tobacco. See how
it holds together -- without annoying loose ends
that get in your mouth and spoil the taste. This
is why Luckies taste cleaner. Notice how free your
Lucky is from air spaces - hot spots that burn
too fast -- taste hot, harsh and stale. This is
why Luckies taste fresher. And look at those long
strands of fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco --
packed just right to smoke freely and evenly.
That's why Luckies taste smoother. So, for a
cleaner, fresher, smoother smoke, make your next
carton Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

~~TICE: CONCLUSION OF CASE~~

~~MUSIC: (SHOW THEME)~~

ATX01 01B2474

50-A
SHEPPARD:

Lieutenant Watkins, assigned to the defense of Edward Merriok, offered a plea of insanity to the court martial and, citing the recovery of Nora Hubbard from the gunshot wound inflicted by Merriok, put his case up to the clemency of the court. Taking into consideration the testimony of Army psychiatrists the court ^{ordered that} sentenced Merriok, ^{to be confined to an Army mental hospital} to life imprisonment...thus closing all files on...The Psycho Case.

MUSIC: TO FINISH.

TB

ATX01 0182475

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
JULY 17, 1952

-E- 51

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

TICE: All names and characters used on this program are fictitious. Any similarity to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. This program is based on Frederick L. Collin's copyrighted book, "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR" ... and is not an official program of the FBI. In tonight's story Ellen Parker played the part of Tara Sullivan; James Burton was Edward Merrick. The radio dramatization for THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR is written by Louis Pelletier and Jack Finke. These programs are produced and directed by Betty Mandeville. Be sure to listen to next Thursday's story "The Bait" on THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR. Same time -- same station.

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME -- UP AND UNDER)

BARUCH: This is Andre Baruch saying goodnight for Lucky Strike, product of The American Tobacco Company -- America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes. THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR has been selected as one of the programs to be heard by our Armed Forces overseas through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service.

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME -- UP AND OUT)

TICE: THIS IS THE CBS RADIO NETWORK.

JULY 24, 1952
PRE-EMPTED
DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION

RTX01 0182477

JULY 24, 1952
PRE-EMPTED
DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION

ATX01 018247B

MASTER

(REVISED)

NO BROADCAST

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR

"THE ENTRY FEE"

THURSDAY, JULY 31st, 1952

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY

BETTY MANDEVILLE

SCRIPT BY: LOUIS PELLETIER

AND JACK FINKE

T88

ATX01 0182479

-A-

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

"THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR"

OPENING COMMERCIAL

JULY 31, 1952

THURSDAY

TICE: LUCKY STRIKE presents ... "THE FBI IN PEACE
AND WAR!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

TICE: Another great story based on Frederick L. Collins' copyrighted book, "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR".
Drama ... Thrills ... Action! But first ...
Andre Baruch!

BARUCH: Friends, in a cigarette it's the taste that makes the difference and Luckies taste better -- cleaner, fresher, smoother! Here's why: First of all, better taste in a cigarette begins with fine tobacco and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. Second, Luckies are made better. Every Lucky is round and firm and fully packed ... without those annoying loose ends that get in your mouth and spoil the taste. Yes, every Lucky is packed just right to draw freely and evenly! So for a smoke that tastes better -- cleaner, fresher, smoother. Be Happy -- Go Lucky. Make your next carton Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME UP AND FADE)

ATX01 0182480

ANNOUNCER:

Tonight's story...on the FBI IN PEACE AND WAR...The Entry Fee.

MUSIC: THEME AND OUT FOR:

SOUND: HARBOR B.G. FOOTSTEPS ALONG DECK. KNOCK ON DOOR.

CAPTAIN:

(OFF) Come in. (SOUND: DOOR OPEN)

SHEPPARD:

Captain Jenner.

CAPTAIN:

Yes. Come in, gentlemen. (SOUND: DOOR CLOSED)

SHEPPARD:

My name is Sheppard, Captain, Federal Bureau of Investigation.
This is Agent Bailey.

CAPTAIN:

(ACKNOWLEDGING) Mr. Bailey, Mr. Sheppard. Sit down, please. I'll have one of the officers bring Hansen up here. We've got him looked in the brig.

SHEPPARD:

Thank you.

CAPTAIN:

Will he be given a defense counsel, Mr. Sheppard?

SHEPPARD:

Yes, the court assigns counsel.
tb

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CAPTAIN:

Good. He's in a pretty bad spot, isn't he?

SHEPPARD:

We don't know all the facts yet, Captain.

BAILEY:

Have you talked to him at all, Captain?

CAPTAIN:

Oh yes. As I told you over the phone he surrendered to me voluntarily. He told me the whole story.

SHEPPARD:

Do you think he'll talk to us?

CAPTAIN:

I don't know, it's hard to say. I'm his countryman, he's worked my ships off and on for the past ten years...

BAILEY:

Did he admit the stabbing, Captain?

CAPTAIN:

Oh yes. (SOUND: CLICK OF INTERCOM) Mister Nielsen.

VOICE:

(FILTER) Yes, Captain.

CAPTAIN:

Bring Seeman Hansen up to my cabin, please.

VOICE:

(FILTER) Yes, sir.

tb

RTK01 01B24B2

CAPTAIN:

(GOING RIGHT ON) Yes, he admitted the stabbing. He admitted it was wrong, but...well, he had very strong provocation, didn't he?

BAILEY:

Do you think so, Captain?

CAPTAIN:

I think if you understand Hansen's background, his ambitions...yes, I think so.

SHEPPARD:

Captain...before we talk to Hansen maybe it would help if we heard his side of the story from you.

CAPTAIN:

It might.

BAILEY:

Had Hansen ever been in trouble before, Captain?

CAPTAIN:

No, and I think that's an important point. You see, basically he's a quiet, hardworking man. All he wanted was to quit sailing, get himself a little farm and become an American citizen. That's what he wanted most, to become a citizen.

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER:

CAPTAIN:

Well, you know how it is with sailors...he applied for citizenship once but couldn't maintain the five years residence, the next time his quota was filled, always something happened, then, a few months ago when we docked here he went ashore and met up with this longshoreman, Charley Wellers. They met, he says, at a bar on Front Street. They did the town together and in a short while they were friends and Hansen was confessing his life's ambition.

MUSIC: SEQUENCES TO BAR MUSIC IN B.G.

STEVE:

(MIDDLE FIFTIES, SLIGHT SCANDANAVIAN ACCENT) A little farm, Charley.. I saw this ad in the paper, five thousand dollars only, a small house and ten acres, ~~I could grow enough to eat for myself, maybe~~ hire out as carpenter...

CHARLEY:

(ABOUT THIRTY, HARD) Aw, go on, you'll never quit knocking around the ocean, I know you guys.

STEVE:

No, I mean this, a little farm, ten acres...

tb

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CHARLEY:

Anyway where would you get five thousand bucks? That kind of dough don't grow on trees.

STEVE:

Never mind, I could get it. (SLIGHT PROJECT) Lady...

ALMA:

(ABOUT FORTY, HARD) (OFF A LITTLE) Yeah?

STEVE:

Two more beers for me and my friend, please.

ALMA:

(OFF A LITTLE) Okay.

CHARLEY:

This one's on me, Steve.

STEVE:

No, your money's no good tonight. Tomorrow I go back on ship, what good is money on the ship.

CHARLEY:

(CHUCKLES) So you'll save up, buy the farm.

STEVE:

You think I'm joking, eh. Here look at this.

CHARLEY:

What.

tb

ATX01 01B2485

-7-

STEVE:

My book from the savings bank, right here in New York. Look how much it says there.

CHARLEY:

(SURPRISED) Mm, you weren't kidding, were you. Fifty-three hundred bucks.

STEVE:

You bet I'm not kidding.

ALMA:

(COMING IN) Two beers.

STEVE:

(SOUND: COIN ON COUNTER) Here you are. Keep the change, lady.

ALMA:

(GOING OFF) Thanks.

STEVE:

Ten years it took me, *putting aside a little after each trip*
~~a little each week.~~

CHARLEY:

You really going to buy the farm?

STEVE:

No, I'm not going to buy.

CHARLEY:

You just said...

tb

ATX01 01B2486

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STEVE:

I said what I would like, but now the quota for citizens is filled.
I ~~have~~^{got} to wait a year, maybe more.

CHARLEY:

Oh.

STEVE:

Some sailors, they jump ship, but sooner or later they get caught.
Without papers I don't buy ~~any~~^{no} farm.

CHARLEY:

You mean papers for citizenship.

STEVE:

Sure. You got a cigaret, Charley?

CHARLEY:

No, I'm fresh out. There's a machine, I'll get some.

STEVE:

No, your money's no good tonight. (GOING OFF) I'll get them. You wait.

ALMA:

(COMING IN) (LOWERED VOICE) Who's the sucker, Charley?

CHARLEY:

(LOWERED VOICE) Ship's carpenter from the Norseland. Alma, is Eddie Kohler in town?

ALMA:

Yeah, he's here.

ATX01 01B2487

CHARLEY:

Get hold of him. This squarehead's got five thousand bucks in a savings' bank.

ALMA:

(GOING OFF) I'll get Eddie right away.

STEVE:

(COMING IN) Here you are, Charley, one for you, one for me.

CHARLEY:

Well, say, thanks, Steve.

STEVE:

Sure, what's money when you have to go back to the ship.

CHARLEY:

Say, uh, Steve...when you coming back into port again?

STEVE:

Fourteen days.

CHARLEY:

Well look. I've got an idea how you might get that farm if you really want it.

STEVE:

No, it's no good without being a citizen.

CHARLEY:

I know...but maybe that could be fixed too. Would you be interested.

STEVE:

You could fix it for me to be a citizen?
tb

CHARLEY:

I might. Come on, let's get out of here where we can talk privately ...I might have just the kind of proposition you've been looking for.

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER:

CAPTAIN:

And the proposition that the longshoreman gave to Hansen was the purchase of false citizenship papers for eight hundred dollars. At first Hansen refused, but the more he thought about that farm the more he was tempted. When we left port Hansen promised to call Wellers as soon as our ship returned to New York.

MUSIC: OVER AND OUT.

SOUND: PHONE. BAR B.G. PHONE UP.

ALMA:

Front Street Bar and Grill.

STEVE:

(FILTER) Hello...is Charley Wellers there?

ALMA:

Yeah, he's here. Just a second. (PROJECT) Charley!

CHARLEY:

(COMING IN) Okay, Alma. Who is it?

ALMA:

(LOWERED VOICE) Sounds like that squarehead from the Norseland.

tb

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CHARLEY:

Okay. (INTO PHONE) Hello.

STEVE:

Hello, Charley, it's me. Steve Hansen.

CHARLEY:

(WARMLY) Well hello, Steve, when did you get in? How was the trip?

STEVE:

I just got in now, Charley, and the trip was fine. Listen, can I see you tonight...about that proposition?

CHARLEY:

Yeah, sure, Steve, any time you say. Where'll I meet you?

STEVE:

Pier nineteen in a half hour.

CHARLEY:

Okay, Steve, I'll be there. (SOUND: PHONE DOWN)

ALMA:

That was him.

CHARLEY:

Yeah, let's go in the back room.

ALMA:

(SLIGHT PROJECT) Eddie....

EDDIE:

(OFF A LITTLE) Okay.
tb

ATX01 0182490

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ALMA:

What did he say, Charley?

CHARLEY:

He wants to talk to me.

EDDIE:

(COMING IN) What is it, Alma?

CHARLEY:

Hansen's ship just got in. He wants to talk about the proposition.

(SOUND: DOOR OPEN) Go ahead.

ALMA:

You want Al to bring us something to drink?

CHARLEY:

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSED) Never mind.

EDDIE:

You think he's going to fall for the deal, Charley?

CHARLEY:

(SMILING) Don't they always.

EDDIE:

(CHUCKLES) Yeah, I guess you're right, once a sailor decides he's going to get off the ocean there's no stopping him. Say, Alma, while we're on the subject, Sid says he's charging seventy-five bucks for making up those phoney citizenship papers.

ALMA:

Seventy-five. The big crook, where does he get that stuff?
tb

ATX01 01B2491

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EDDIE:

Inflation, I guess.

CHARLEY:

So it's seventy-five, what's the difference. We can hit this Hansen for every dime he's got in that savings bank.

EDDIE:

Five thousand you said.

CHARLEY:

Uh huh.

ALMA:

You want to bring him over here tonight, Charley?

CHARLEY:

Sure, the sooner we get started the better.

ALMA:

How is he set up?

CHARLEY:

Just like the rest. I told him you were the one who sold the phoney papers. He'll give you the dough. Eight hundred for a starter.

ALMA:

Okay.

CHARLEY:

If he tries to chisel you on the price, let him.

tb

ATX01 01B2492

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ALMA:

Uh huh.

EDDIE:

When do you figure I come in, Charley?

CHARLEY:

I don't know, Eddie. As soon as he gets the papers he'll probably jump ship. After that we give him a week, maybe more, then you go to work.

EDDIE:

Okay.

CHARLEY:

All right, we're all set...we know where we're going?

ALMA:

Sure, go meet your sucker, Charley...we'll handle it from this end, don't worry.

MUSIC: BRIDGE TO:

CAPTAIN:

So Hansen paid six hundred dollars for the false citizenship papers and jumped ship the next day. I reported to the Immigration people and I suppose they got in touch with you. You were working on some of these cases with the Border Patrol, weren't you.

SHEPPARD:

Only on one angle of the cases, Captain, impersonation of a Federal officer.

tb

ATX01 0182493

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CAPTAIN:

You mean Wellers' confederate in the scheme.

BAILEY:

Yes, it was part of the set-up for him to pose as an agent of our Bureau.

CAPTAIN:

Oh yes, that's what Hansen told me.

SHEPPARD:

Of course that was the difficult part about breaking up this operation. Most of the victims of the scheme were under the impression that they had tried to bribe a Federal officer and they didn't want that charge added to the others.

BAILEY:

Plus the perverted notion of loyalty to the seller of the false papers.

CAPTAIN:

Yes, that's the part that's hard to understand. You'd think once a man was caught...(LETS IT HANG)

BAILEY:

You'd think so, Captain, but it doesn't work that way. In fact, we wouldn't have known about the impersonation angle if it hadn't been for a notebook that was found on one of the sailors. In this book he'd written down bribe payments to "Agent Kohler" of the FBI.

CAPTAIN:

Then how did you ever catch up with this crowd?
tb

ATX01 01B2494

BAILEY:

Through the papers themselves. Since no one would talk we decided to try tracing the origin of the false papers. They were printed on very good stock so we got a laboratory analysis of the paper and went to work from there.

CAPTAIN:

That must have been a long process.

SHEPPARD:

It was, Captain, and we'll tell you about it later. Right now...

CAPTAIN:

Yes, of course, you want to hear more of Hansen's story.

SHEPPARD:

If you please.

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER:

CAPTAIN:

Well, as I said, Hansen paid six hundred dollars for the false papers and jumped ship. Naturally this man Wellers kept close watch on him and, about a week later, Hansen invited Wellers to take a drive in the country and see the farm that Hansen was going to buy. Wellers picked this as an ideal time for his confederate, Eddie Kohler, to pull his part of the operation.

MUSIC: OVER AND OUT.

SOUND: CAR COMING TO A STOP.

tb

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STEVE:

(HAPPILY) Well...there we are, Charley...what do you say?

CHARLEY:

(FAKE ENTHUSIASM) All this...for only five thousand?

STEVE:

Ten acres. And that bungalow. Wait till you see inside, Charley, it is built as strong as a ship. (SOUND: CAR DOOR OPEN)

CHARLEY:

It's terrific, Steve. Say...the owner isn't here, is he?

STEVE:

No, I ^{gl} have the key. Come on. (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL) Of course there is a little work to do...fix up the porch a little, a new roof on the chicken house.

CHARLEY:

(CHUCKLES) A chicken house too. You're really stealing this joint, aren't you.

STEVE:

(LAUGHING HAPPILY) Wait till you see. (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP PORCH) This man who owns it, he is a carpenter himself, everything is made by hand. When I move in...(HE STOPS)

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS COMING IN)

CHARLEY:

(LOWERED VOICE) Who's this guy?

tb

ATX01 0182496

18

STEVE:

I don't know.

EDDIE:

(COMING IN) Morning gentlemen...which one of you is Stephen Hansen?

STEVE:

My name is Hansen.

EDDIE:

I'm Agent Kohler of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, Mr. Hansen. My credentials.

STEVE:

(DRY-MOUTHED) ^hYes, Mr. Kohler.

CHARLEY:

What's the trouble, Mister?

EDDIE:

Just a routine check. We received information that this property was being sold to a former sailor. Do you have a shore permit or are you a citizen, Mr. Hansen?

STEVE:

I...

CHARLEY:

He's a citizen, Mr. Kohler. Just got his papers this week.

EDDIE:

Do you have them with you, Mr. Hansen?
tb

ATX01 01B2497

19

STEVE:

No, I...(APPEALING) Charley...

CHARLEY:

He doesn't know much about the FBI, Mr. Kohler. I can vouch for him.

EDDIE:

Sorry...I'll have to see his papers. I'll drive back to town with you.

STEVE:

(FRIGHTENED) I have the papers, Mister, I am a citizen.

CHARLEY:

Steve, let me handle this, huh? You go sit in the car.

STEVE:

I have the papers, Charley, you know I have.

CHARLEY:

Yeah, sure, I'll explain the whole thing to Mr. Kohler. Go sit in the car, Steve.

STEVE:

(GOING OFF) All right, Charley, you explain.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS GO OFF. DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE OFF

CHARLEY:

(ON CUE) (LOWERED VOICE) How do you like this one?

tb

ATX01 01B249B

EDDIE:

(LOWERED VOICE) He's perfect. You want me to ride all the way in with you?

CHARLEY:

Yeah. We'll go to his room and look at the papers, then I'll offer you the dough.

EDDIE:

Okay.

CHARLEY:

Turn it down the first time.

EDDIE:

Don't worry, I know my end of the act.

CHARLEY:

All right. We'll stand here talking a couple of minutes and then go over and give him the business.

EDDIE:

Look at that face on him...he's scared stiff.

CHARLEY:

That's the way you like them, isn't it!

tb

EDDIE:

You bet. Just get them scared enough and the rest is easy. This looks like a good deal, Charley...you sure know how to pick them.

MUSIC: TO A CURTAIN.

TICE:

Back to THE ENTRY FEE in just a moment.

BARUCH:

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: SHOW THEME

tb

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
JULY 31, 1952

-B- - 21A -

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: (TO A CURTAIN)

END OF ACT I

TICE: Back to "The Entry Fee" in just a moment.

BARUCH: Friends, Luckies are made better to taste better -- to taste cleaner, fresher, smoother! And it's easy to prove this to yourself. Simply do this: Take a Lucky from a newly opened pack and carefully remove the paper by tearing down the seam from end to end. Be sure to start on the seam. In tearing, don't crush or dig into the tobacco. Now look at that perfect cylinder of fine, mild tobacco. See how it holds together -- without those annoying loose ends that get in your mouth and spoil the taste? That's why Luckies taste cleaner! Notice how free Luckies are from excessive air spaces, hot spots that burn too fast -- and give you a hot, harsh taste. That's why Luckies taste fresher. Then look at that fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco, perfectly shredded and packed just right for smooth, even smoking. That's why Luckies taste smoother. Yes, friends, these are the important inside reasons that make every Lucky taste better -- cleaner, fresher, smoother. So for your own real deep-down smoking enjoyment, Be Happy - Go Lucky! Make your next carton Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME)

ATX01 0182501

ANNOUNCER:

And now back to "The FBI in Peace and War" and tonight's story...
The Entry Fee.

MUSIC: THEME AND OUT FOR:

CAPTAIN:

And then Hansen and Wellers drove back to Hansen's room in New York and showed the citizenship papers to "Agent" Kohler. Kohler, continuing his act, declared the papers to be faked and pretended to arrest Hansen.

SHEPPARD:

That's when Wellers stepped in and suggested a bribe.

CAPTAIN:

Yes.

BAILEY:

How much did Hansen pay the first time?

CAPTAIN:

A thousand dollars.

SHEPPARD:

And, of course, Hansen thought that closed the matter.

MUSIC: RETURNS AND UNDER:

CAPTAIN:

Yes. He thought now that he'd bribed a Government official he'd be permanently safe, but three weeks later "Agent" Kohler moved in again.

SOUND: PHONE. RECEIVER UP.
tb

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STEVE:

(FILTER) (EXCITED) Hello, Miss Alma?

ALMA:

Yeah?

STEVE:

This is Steve Hansen, Miss Alma. Listen, is Charley Wellers there?

ALMA:

No, but I can get him. What's the trouble, Steve?

STEVE:

I can't tell you over the phone. Get hold of Charley, Miss Alma, I'll be down there in fifteen minutes.

MUSIC: OVER AND OUT.

CHARLEY:

Go on, Steve, then what happened? *He asked for more money?*

STEVE:

~~Well~~, then he said to me, he is very sorry he has to come back ~~for more money~~ but he is badly in debt and he doesn't dare to tell his superior officer at the FBI...

ALMA:

(FAKE INDIGNATION) The nerve of that guy!

CHARLEY:

How much did he want, Steve?

STEVE:

Fifteen hundred dollars.

t b

ATX01 0182503

ALMA:

Fifteen hundred. You didn't pay him?

STEVE:

No, not yet.

ALMA:

Well I should hope not. Fifteen hundred bucks, I'd tell the guy to go jump in the river first. Right, Charley?

CHARLEY:

Well, I don't know, Alma, it looks like he's got Steve over a barrel.

ALMA:

Yeah? He accepted one bribe, didn't he? He could be turned in for that, couldn't he?

CHARLEY:

Sure. Turn him in and he opens up on Steve's phoney papers. What good is that? *Steve's got to pay him off, that's all*

ALMA:

(INDIGNANTLY) It might be worth it.

CHARLEY:

Alma, talk sense.

ALMA:

All right, all right, but I hate to sit here and see someone make a sucker out of Steve.

CHARLEY:

Well who doesn't? But what else can he do except pay the guy off.
tb

STEVE:

Pay him, Charley?

CHARLEY:

Do you see any other way out, Steve?

STEVE:

I could go back to my ship, forget the farm...

CHARLEY:

Uh - uh, the guy would hound you right across the ocean. The best thing is pay him and get rid of him once and for all.

ALMA:

Fifteen hundred is an awful lot of dough, Charley.

CHARLEY:

All right, give him a thousand, and tell him he doesn't get a cent more.

STEVE:

You really think this is best, Charley?

CHARLEY:

No, I think it's lousy, but don't want to see you in jail.

STEVE:

No...no, I couldn't go to jail.

ALMA:

Charley...why don't you go along with Steve, see that he gets a square deal from this guy?

tb

CHARLEY:

Well, I don't know, Alma...you want me, Steve?

STEVE:

Yes, I think it would be best, Charley.

CHARLEY:

All right. When are you meeting him?

STEVE:

He's coming to my room this afternoon at three...

CHARLEY:

Okay, I'll be there at two-thirty.

STEVE:

Thanks, Charley...you're a good friend.

CHARLEY:

Forget it.

STEVE:

(DOWN) I...I guess I better go to the bank now, get the money.

CHARLEY:

Yeah, you better.

STEVE:

~~(SOUND: DOOR OPEN)~~ Goodbye, Miss Alma...I'm sorry to bring all of my trouble to you.

ALMA:

That's okay, Steve...you do what Charley says and you won't have any more trouble from here in.
tb

STEVE:

I hope not. I'll see you at two-thirty, Charley, at my room.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSED.

CHARLEY:

(ON CUE) (SMILING) Whew! I could use a glass of beer after that one.

ALMA:

Yeah, me too. (CHUCKLES) You know, Charley, what I been thinking?

CHARLEY:

What?

ALMA:

Sailors should stick to the ocean...it's not safe in a big city like this.

MUSIC: BRIDGE AND SUSPEND OUT FOR:

CAPTAIN:

And that was when Hansen made the second payment to Kohler, just a month ago. Did you know anything about Kohler at that time, Mr. Sheppard?

SHEPPARD:

No, but we had narrowed down our search for the man who printed the fake citizenship papers. Agent Bailey located him in a dingy basement shop on Water Street.

tb

CAPTAIN:

How, Mr. Bailey?

BAILEY:

Well, it was a long process, Captain. We traced the paper from the manufacturer to local New York jobbers, then we had to have a look at every customer who bought this particular type of paper. When we found this ^{second class} basement shop using an expensive bonded stock like that, we got suspicious.

CAPTAIN:

I see.

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER:

BAILEY:

Of course there was no proof that this was our man, so we decided to put a surveillance on him to see who his customers were. Through that surveillance we found that a frequent visitor to the shop was Alma Stearns, owner of a bar on Front Street. The Border Patrol had been suspicious of this bar as a contact point for sailors who jumped ship so Agent Sheppard, posing as a British merchant seaman became friendly with Alma Stearns and one night at the bar sounded her out on a proposition.

MUSIC: HAS SEQUED TO JUKE BOX IN B.G.

SHEPPARD:

Alma...

ALMA:

(COMING IN) Yeah?
tb

SHEPPARD:

'Nother beer, huh, sweetheart.

ALMA:

Sure thing, Bill.

SHEPPARD:

Thanks. Say...where are all the customers, this place is like a morgue tonight.

ALMA:

I dunno, everybody's shipping out, I guess. When's your boat sail, Bill?

SHEPPARD:

Friday night they tell me.

ALMA:

Be glad to be getting back to Liverpool, huh.

SHEPPARD:

Glad for what? I'm sick of this whole business. Back and forth, Liverpool, New York, New York, Liverpool. What does it get you?

ALMA:

(LAUGHS) Three squares a day and a glass of beer.

SHEPPARD:

Yeah, and that's all.

ALMA:

So why don't you quit if you don't like it?
tb

SHEPPARD:

Quit? And try to get a job in Liverpool? You don't know what it's like over there.

ALMA:

(SMILING) You like it here, huh, Bill.

SHEPPARD:

Sure. With the money they pay mechanics in this town I could live on top of the world.

ALMA:

Okay, so live.

SHEPPARD:

(LAUGHS) Yeah, sure, just like that.

ALMA:

Well, why not?

SHEPPARD:

British subject, that's why not.

ALMA:

You wouldn't be the first Limey that jumped a ship.

SHEPPARD:

Yeah, and I wouldn't be the first caught doing it either. Uh-uh, Alma, you got to think of a better one than that.

ALMA:

You really serious, Bill?

tb

SHEPPARD:

About staying here?

ALMA:

Yeah.

SHEPPARD:

Sure I am.

ALMA:

How much would it be worth to you?

SHEPPARD:

You tell me.

ALMA:

Five hundred bucks maybe.

SHEPPARD:

Maybe...if it's a good idea.

ALMA:

Okay...tell you what, Bill...I've got a certain friend that specializes in a case like yours. Supposing I talk to him and see what can be done?

SHEPPARD:

Okay, Alma, you talk to him. But my ship goes out on Friday.

ALMA:

That's time enough. I'll talk to my friend tonight, and see that he can do.

MUSIC: BRIDGE TO:
tb

BAILEY:

And that night, after Agent Sheppard's conversation, we followed Alma Stearns to the print shop on Water Street and we knew we were on the right track.

CAPTAIN:

But you didn't know about Wellers and Kohler.

BAILEY:

No, not yet.

CAPTAIN:

Well, neither did Hansen, but he found out about them when they stretched their luck just a little too far.

SHEPPARD:

How is that, Captain?

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER:

CAPTAIN:

Well, as he tells it, he was hiding out in a cheap hotel on the waterfront and one night Kohler met him outside the hotel and demanded another thousand dollars. Hansen was desperate at this time, seeing his life's savings going, and he argued with Kohler as they walked down River Street. That was when Kohler's luck ran out.

MUSIC: HAS GONE OUT FOR:

SOUND: WATERFRONT. LIGHT TRAFFIC. FOOTSTEPS WALKING.

STEVE:

No, not one penny more. Turn me in if you want to.
tb

EDDIE:

Now look, Hansen, I don't like this deal any more than you do, and if I didn't need just a little more money I'd drop the whole thing. You don't know what a job I've had protecting you.

STEVE:

No, I don't pay any more money, Mister Kohler.

EDDIE:

(RAISING HIS VOICE) All right, if that's the way you're going to act, I'll tell you what I'm going to...(HE STOPS DEAD) (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP) (LOWERS HIS VOICE) Step in that door-way a second, Hansen

STEVE:

No, I pay no more money, I...(SOUND:FOOTSTEPS COMING IN)

EDDIE:

(HOARSE WHISPER) Shut up, get in there.

STEVE:

(LOWERED VOICE) Listen, I tell you once and for all...

LIEUTENANT:

(COMING IN) Hello, Eddie, come out of there, I want to talk to you.

EDDIE:

(NERVOUSLY) Hello, Lieutenant, how are you.

LIEUTENANT:

What are you doing in this precinct, Eddie?

EDDIE:

Nothing, Lieutenant, I...
tb

LIEUTENANT:

Who's this guy?

EDDIE:

He's...he's a friend of mine, Listen, Lieutenant, I was just on my way through town...I been living in Phily...

LIEUTENANT:

Uh huh. What's your name, Mister?

STEVE:

My name...

EDDIE:

His name's Harmon, Steve Harmon, Lieutenant....

LIEUTENANT:

He can talk for himself. What are you doing with this guy, Harmon?

STEVE:

Nothing, I...

LIEUTENANT:

You trying to swindle him out of anything, Eddie? You paying him any money for anything, Mister?

STEVE:

(AFTER A BEAT) No. We...we are just friends.

tb

LIEUTENANT:

Okay. Now look, Eddie, I told you once if I ever caught you down here on the waterfront I'd run you in on general principles. Now get out of town, go back to Philly and don't give us any more trouble, you understand.

EDDIE:

(SWEATING) Yeah, sure, Lieutenant, I understand. (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

LIEUTENANT:

(GOING OFF) Okay, beat it, both of you.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS.

EDDIE:

(ON CUE) Hansen, listen, I know this looks kind of funny...

STEVE:

(MURDEROUSLY CALM) Why didn't you show the detective your FBI badge like you showed me, Mister Kohler.

EDDIE:

Look, I can explain this, I... (HE WINCES IN PAIN) Let go of my arm...

STEVE:

Why didn't you show him your badge! Maybe you're not from the FBI, maybe like he says you're a swindler, right, Mr. Kohler!

EDDIE:

(WHITE) Please...you're going to break my arm...

tb

STEVE:

Where is my money, Mr. Kohler?

EDDIE:

I...we...we spent it.

STEVE:

You and Charley and Miss Alma.

EDDIE:

Yes...please...please let go...

STEVE:

It was a trick, the whole thing.

EDDIE:

(BREATHING HARD) Yes...but it was Charley's idea, he dragged me into it, I didn't want to come in. Listen, Hansen, I'll get money and pay you back, I'll...(HE GASPS IN PAIN)

STEVE:

Sure, you'll pay me back, all the money I saved, ten years you'll pay me back. (VICIOUSLY) I'll pay you back, Mr. Kohler...you and Charley and Miss Alma...I'll pay all three of you...you'll see!

MUSIC: HITS IN AND UNDER:

SOUND: COIN IN PHONE. DIAL. FILTERED BUZZ.

ALMA:

(FILTER) Yeah.

STEVE:

Miss Alma...this is Steve Hansen.
tb

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ALMA:

Yeah, Steve, what can I do for you?

STEVE:

I have to see you and Charley right away, Miss Alma, are you busy?

ALMA:

No, I'm just closing up the place.

STEVE:

Let me in the back way, Miss Alma, I'll be there in ten minutes.

MUSIC: OVER AND OUT.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP A FEW STEPS. DOOR OPEN.

ALMA:

Come on in, Steve. (SOUND: DOOR CLOSED) What's the trouble?

STEVE:

I'll tell you in just a minute, is Charley here?

ALMA:

Yeah, he's helping me clean up the bar, come on in. (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS
DOOR OPEN)

CHARLEY:

(OFF A LITTLE) Hiya, Steve. (SOUND: DOOR CLOSED)

STEVE:

Hello, Charley.

CHARLEY:

What's on your mind, Steve?
tb

ATX01 0182517

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STEVE:

Trouble, Charley, that fellow Kohler was over to see me again.

CHARLEY:

What?

ALMA:

You didn't pay him any more money, did you, Steve?

STEVE:

No, not this time, Alma.

ALMA:

Huh?

STEVE:

I didn't pay him this time. I was right, wasn't I, Charley.

CHARLEY:

Well sure, Steve, you can't let the guy milk you forever, but if he ever turned you in...

STEVE:

He couldn't turn me in, Charley, I just found out.

CHARLEY:

Found out what?

STEVE:

I found he was fooling us, Charley...he isn't an FBI man...he is just a plain swindler. Did you know that, Miss Alma?

tb

ATX01 0182518

ALMA:

What are you talking about.

STEVE:

Mister Kohler. He was walking with me on River Street and a detective came along. Mister Kohler was very frightened, he didn't even show his FBI badge like he showed it to us, remember, Charley?

CHARLEY:

(NERVOUSLY) I don't get it, Steve. Where is Kohler now?

STEVE:

If he can swim maybe he is climbing out of the river...if he can't swim...(QUICKLY) Take your hand off that door, Alma, I'm not through with you.

CHARLEY:

Steve...

STEVE:

You sit in that chair, Charley, I ^{got} have business with you too.

(SOUND: CLICK OF KNIFE BLADE)

CHARLEY:

(TERRIFIED) Look Steve...

STEVE:

You're not good, Charley. Maybe you did things like this to other sailors, but this is the last time, believe me.

ALMA:

(BARELY ABLE TO SPEAK) Steve...we can talk sensible...put that knife away.
tb

40

STEVE:

The last time you do things like this to a sailor, Charley.

CHARLEY:

Do you want your money back, is that it?

STEVE:

Kohler told me the money is gone, you spent it...

ALMA:

Steve, listen, I've got five hundred dollars in my office...

STEVE:

No, Alma, you stay here...I want you to see what happens to Charley.

ALMA:

No...don't, Steve...please...

STEVE:

(MOVING IN) You stay, Alma, and see what happens to a man who pretended to be my friend, who said, go ahead, Steve, buy the farm, I'll fix it for you to be a citizen. (YELLING AT CHARLEY) You fixed it, didn't you, Charley! You fixed it, didn't you!

SOUND: HE LUNGES AT CHARLEY. A STRUGGLE.

CHARLEY:

(BREATHING HARD) Alma! Grab the knife...grab it!

STEVE:

(WILD LAUGH) You're not very strong, are you, Charley.

tb

ATX01 0182520

CHARLEY:

Alma... (SOUND: QUICK FOOTSTEPS, DOOR SLAM) *Alma come back*

BIZ: A PAUSE.

CHARLEY:

(WE HEAR HIS LABORED BREATHING)

STEVE:

(GRIM SMILE) Maybe Miss Alma doesn't like to see blood.

CHARLEY:

She...she'll get the cops, Steve...

STEVE:

Sure, I know. You ^{ain't} haven't got a very strong grip on my wrist, have you, Charley.

CHARLEY:

Steve...

STEVE:

I am very strong in the hands, Charley, all I have to do is...
(HE GRUNTS AS HE BREAKS CHARLEY'S GRIP) just like that.

CHARLEY:

(NUMB WITH TERROR, BACKING OFF) Steve...Stevie boy... (SOUND:
FOOTSTEPS SLOWLY OFF) Stevie, please...please, Stevie...(THEN
SUDDENLY) Help! Somebody come help me! (SCREAMS IT) Help me!

MUSIC: CRASHES IN. OUT FOR:

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR, DOOR OPEN.

tb

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VOICE:

(SAME AS ACT ONE) Captain...

CAPTAIN:

Yes.

VOICE:

Seaman Hansen, sir.

CAPTAIN:

Thank you, Nielsen. Come in, Hansen.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSED.

CAPTAIN:

Hansen, these men are from the FBI. I told them you surrendered to me voluntarily. I've also told them as much of your story as I know. Counsel will be assigned to your defense and...well...I hope it doesn't go too hard for you.

STEVE:

Thank you, Captain.

CAPTAIN:

All right, gentlemen...I guess that winds up the story.

MUSIC: TO A CURTAIN.

ATX01 01B2522

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
JULY 31, 1952

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: (UP TO CURTAIN)

TICE: In just a moment, Agent Sheppard will tell you what happened in tonight's story.

BARUCH: Smokers, you can easily see for yourself the inside reasons why Luckies taste better - cleaner, fresher, smoother! Just take a Lucky from a newly opened pack and carefully remove the paper by tearing down the seam from end to end. Be sure to start on the seam. In tearing don't crush or dig into the tobacco. Now, examine that perfect cylinder of fine, mild tobacco. See how it holds together -- without those annoying loose ends that get in your mouth and spoil the taste. That's why Luckies taste cleaner. Notice how free your Lucky is from air spaces - hot spots that burn too fast -- taste hot and harsh. That's why Luckies taste fresher. And look at that fine, good-tasting tobacco -- perfectly shredded and packed just right to draw freely and smoke evenly. That's why Luckies taste smoother. So, for a cleaner, fresher, smoother smoke, make your next carton Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (PANFARE)

TICE: CONCLUSION OF CASE

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME)

ATX01 0182523

(END COMMERCIAL)

SHEPPARD:

Although Charles Wellers recovered from the wounds inflicted by Stephen Hansen, a charge of assault with a deadly weapon was brought against Hansen and he was quickly convicted and sentenced to a term of five years. Wellers and Alma Stearns, tried for fraud suffered the same fate, receiving terms of eight years each. Edward Kohler, is still at large but we feel confident, through recent information, that he will soon be picked up to close our files on...The Entry Fee.

MUSIC: TO FINISH.

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR -D-
JULY 31, 1952

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

TICE: All names and characters used on this program are fictitious. Any similarity to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. This program is based on Frederick L. Collins' copyrighted book, "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR" ... and is not an official program of the FBI. In tonight's story Raymond Boardman played the part of Stephen
Reuben: Larry Davis was Charles.
The radio dramatization for THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR is written by Louis Pelletier and Jack Finke. These programs are produced and directed by Betty Mandeville. Be sure to listen to next Thursday's story, "The Fence" on "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR". Same time -- same station.

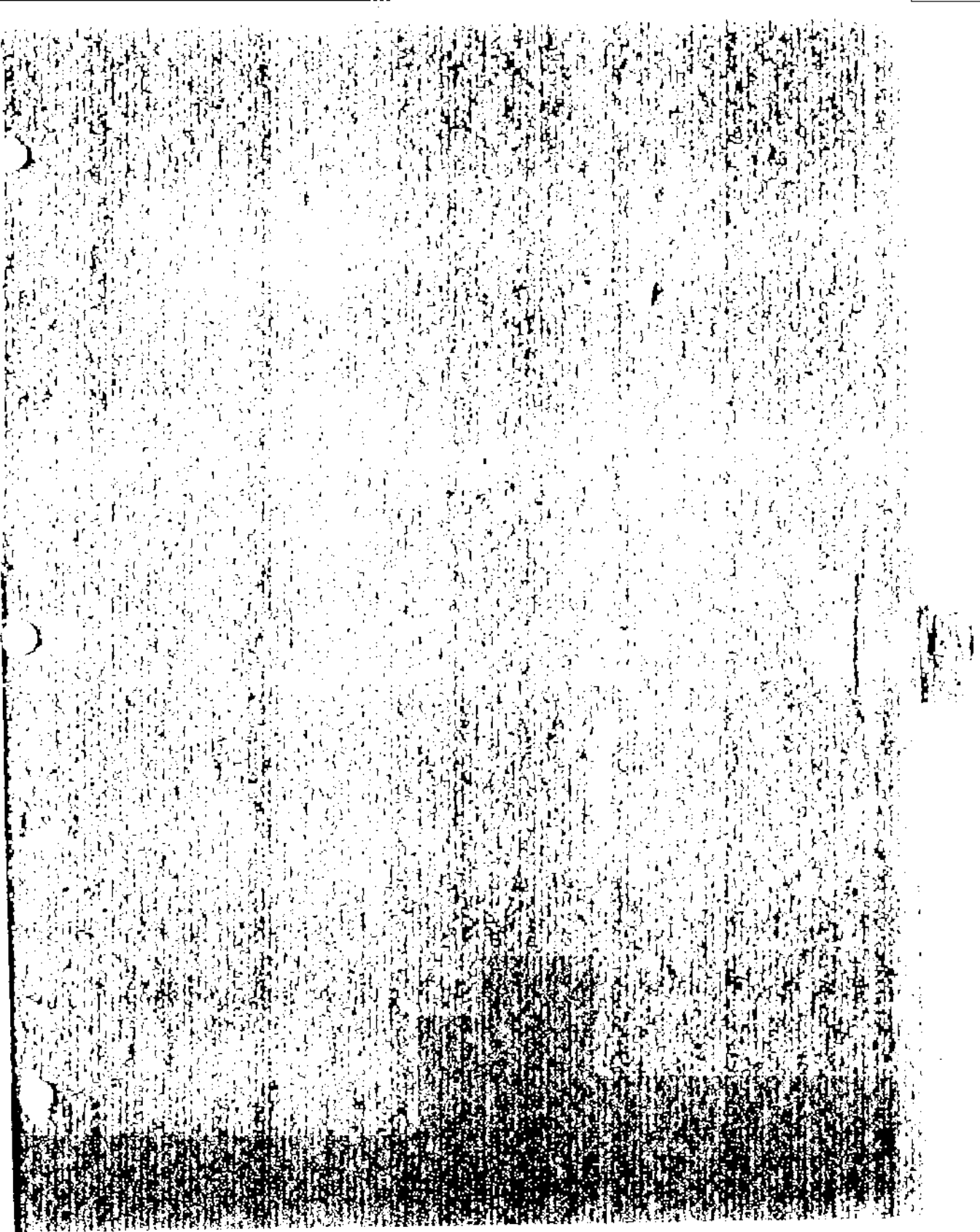
MUSIC: (SHOW THEME -- UP AND UNDER)

BARUCH: This is Andre Baruch saying goodnight for Lucky Strike, product of The American Tobacco Company -- America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.. THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR has been selected as one of the programs to be heard by our Armed Forces overseas through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service.

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME -- UP AND OUT)

TICE: THIS IS THE CBS RADIO NETWORK.

ATX01 01B2525



BTX01 0182526

MASTER

(REVISED)

AS BROADCAST

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR

"THE FENCE"

THURSDAY, AUGUST 7th, 1952

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY:

BETTY MANDEVILLE

WRITTEN BY:

LOUIS PELLETIER AND JACK
FINKE

ATX01 0182527

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

"THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR"

OPENING COMMERCIAL

AUGUST 7, 1952

THURSDAY

TICE: LUCKY STRIKE presents ... "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR"!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

TICE: Another great story based on Frederick L. Collins' copyrighted book, "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR". Drama ... Thrills ... Action! But first ... Andre Baruch!

BARUCH: Friends, in a cigarette it's the taste that makes the difference and Luckies taste better - cleaner, fresher, smoother! Here's why: First of all, better taste in a cigarette begins with fine tobacco and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. Second, Luckies are made better. Every Lucky is round and firm and fully packed ... without those annoying loose ends that get in your mouth and spoil the taste. Yes, every Lucky is packed just right to draw freely and evenly! So for a smoke that tastes better -- cleaner, fresher, smoother, Be Happy - Go Lucky. Make your next carton Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME UP AND FADE)

-2-

ANNCR:

Tonight's story on the FBI In Peace and War...The Fence.

MUSIC: THEME AND UNDER.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSED. FOOTSTEPS IN.

SALESGIRL:

(PROFESSIONALLY) Good afternoon, sir. (MUSIC IS OUT)

SPENCE:

Good afternoon. I'd like to see something in ladies wrist watches.

SALESGIRL:

Yes, sir. About what price range? We have some very fine watches in solid gold, or if you prefer plate...

SPENCE:

I prefer diamonds. Let's see that tray down there. And that one.

SALESGIRL:

(REACHING DOWN) Yes, sir.

SPENCE:

And that one over there.

tas

ATX01 0182529

-3-

SALESGIRL:

This one, certainly. (COMING UP WITH THE TRAYS) Now if it's a diamond one, sir, may I recommend this very fine Swiss movement...

(SHE STOPS WITH A STIFLED GASP)

BIZ: A PAUSE. THEN:

SPENCE:

(LOW AND HARD) All right, keep the trays coming and don't reach for any alarm. Dump all the watches in this bag and when you get through open that safe.

SALESGIRL:

(FRIGHTENED) Mister...

SPENCE:

Do like I tell you and you won't get hurt. Make one wrong move and I'll blow your pretty face off. All right...get going!

MUSIC: SHARP STING AND UNDER FOR:

ATX01 0182530

SHEPPARD:

In the late summer of last year several eastern cities were plagued with a series of hold-ups, ~~which baffled the local law enforcement agencies.~~ According to a description by the victims each of the robberies was pulled by the same individual, and when this was made evident the Bureau was asked into the case. We were looking for a tall, well-mannered man in his early forties, and we were aware that the search for him wouldn't be easy. Not a single article of stolen property had appeared since the original robbery, and it was natural to assume that our man had either held on to his hauls or had found an elusive means to dispose of them. (MUSIC STARTS TO COVER) It was with this in mind that Agent Bailey and I began...

MUSIC: COVERS AND OUT INTO:

SOUND: PHONE.

SHEILA:

Catena Associates, good morning. Oh hello, Freddie...yeah, just a minute I'll let you talk to him. What? (LAUGHS) No I'm afraid I'm busy tonight wise guy...(STOPS) Wait, hold it a second...

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSED) Yes?

SPENCE:

I'd like to see Mr. Catena.

ras

-5-

SHEILA:

(INTO PHONE) Someone just came in, Freddie. I'll connect you now. (SOUND: BUZZ) Fred Novak, Mr. Catena. (SOUND: PHONE DOWN)

Who do you want to see?

SPENCE:

Catena, Tony Catena.

SHEILA:

Who recommended you?

SPENCE:

Who wants to know?

SHEILA:

(SHRUGS) Okay. Only I can't let anybody...

SPENCE:

I have some business for Mr. Catena. If he doesn't want it I can always go someplace else.

SHEILA:

What kind of business?

SPENCE:

(SMILES) Who wants to know?

SHEILA:

(A BEAT. THEN) What's your name?

ATX01 0182532

-6-

SPENCE:

Raymond Spence. You call me Ray.

SHEILA:

Did Murray Lenner send you?

SPENCE:

(GRINS) You send me, sweetheart.

SHEILA:

You'll talk to Mr. Catena.

SPENCE:

Uh huh.

SHEILA:

(SMILES IN SPITE OF HERSELF) Okay, wait here. I'll find out if
he'll talk to you. (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UNDER)

~~SPENCE:~~

~~(MOVING OFF) And the young lady has nice legs in the bargain.~~

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

ATX01 0182533

-7-

TONY:

(ON THE PHONE)(ITALIAN ACCENT) All right, Freddie, you do that.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSED) And if you get into any trouble let me know. Fine. So long, see you Friday, (PHONE DOWN)

SHEILA:

Somebody to see you, Tony. Name of Spence. Raymond Spence.

TONY:

Spence? Who sent him?

ATX01 0182534

SHEILA:

(SMILES) He's not talking.

TONY:

Oh one of those.

SHEILA:

Yeah, a smooth character. Playing it safe. He says he's got business for you.

TONY:

Okay, Sheila, I'll see him.

SHEILA:

I figured you might.

TONY:

Sheila...

SHEILA:

Uh huh.

TONY:

Dinner tonight?

SHEILA:

Sure, Tony, anything you say. Send the guy in?

TONY:

Yeah, yeah.

SHEILA:

(SOUND: DOOR OPEN) (PROJECT) Come in, Mr. Spence. Mr. Catena will see you now.
tb

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SPENCE:

(COMING IN) Thanks, sweetheart.

TONY:

Hold my calls for the next few minutes, Miss Blair.

SHEILA:

Yes, Mr. Catena. (SOUND: DOOR CLOSED)

TONY:

Sit down, Mr...uh...

SPENCE:

Spence. Raymond Spence.

TONY:

Sit down.

SPENCE:

Obliged.

TONY:

Now then...

SPENCE:

Murray Lenner sent me.

TONY:

Oh, Lenner. Why didn't you tell my secretary?

SPENCE:

Do you tell everybody your business?

TONY:

(SMILES) What can I do for you, Mr. Spence?
tb

ATX01 0182536

10

SPENCE:

I don't know yet. That's what I came here to find out.

TONY:

What did Murray Lenner tell you?

SPENCE:

He said you were the best fence in the business. He said you could take good care of me.

TONY:

I could. What's your line?

SPENCE:

You read the papers, don't you.

TONY:

Depends.

SPENCE:

That jewelry store robbery on West Broadway yesterday. Did you read about that?

TONY:

That was you?

SPENCE:

The watch stick-up last week. Did you read about that?

TONY:

Yeah, very neat job. Over eight thousand worth the paper said. That was you too.

tb

ATX01 01B2537

11

SPENCE:

That was me.

TONY:

You work alone?

SPENCE:

Uh huh.

TONY:

Much better idea.

SPENCE:

I like it. But Murray said it's different on the other end.

TONY:

He's right. Getting rid of the stuff, that's another story. Working through me, it narrows the risk.

SPENCE:

So what have you to offer?

TONY:

(SMILES) You don't waste time, do you, Spence.

SPENCE:

No.

TONY:

Okay, I'll give it to you without the trimmings. When you come in with Catena, you come in for good. I keep twenty per cent of every job you do in return for my services.

tb

ATX01 0182538

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SPENCE:

All right. What services?

TONY:

I get rid of the stuff and collect the cash for you. You get a regular drawing account.

SPENCE:

Uh huh.

TONY:

If you get in trouble I go bond for you and my lawyers take the case.

SPENCE:

Uh huh. What about the cash you collect for me?

TONY:

It's always yours when you want it. Mirus, of course, twenty per cent.

SPENCE:

Okay, Catena, I'm in.

TONY:

Good.

SPENCE:

I'll bring around the stuff I've got later today.

TONY:

No, no. You don't bring anything here. Just tell Miss Blair your address and I'll send a collector to you.
tb

ATX01 0182539

SPENCE:

(ADMIRING) A collector, huh. You really have things organized, haven't you.

TONY:

(SMILES) That's right, my friend...with Catena Associates, we try not to leave anything on the fence.

MUSIC: STINGS IT AND UNDER FOR:

SOUND: DOOR CLOSED.

SPENCE:

(POLITELY) All right, all of you ladies up against that wall there. You, Blondie...put all that stuff in this bag and make it fast. And remember...the first one who doesn't eat nice gets a taste of this forty-five. ^{now} Start moving. ~~now~~

MUSIC: SHARPLY OVER AND OUT.

SOUND: TYPEWRITER UNDER.

TONY:

Raymond Spence...statement of account. Cash on hand, nineteen thousand eight hundred dollars. Weekly withdrawals since September first, two thousand four hundred...

SOUND: TYPEWRITER STOPS.

SHEILA:

(TIRED) Whew, I'm beat. Can't we finish this in the morning, Tony?

tb

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TONY:

Okay, Sheila, I guess that's enough. Let's take a break. Cigaret?

SHEILA:

Thanks.

TONY:

Of course, Mr. Raymond Spence won't think it's enough. He likes to know exactly where he stands. Light?

SHEILA:

Mm. (SOUND: MATCH STRUCK) He's quite a guy, isn't he.

TONY:

Spence?

SHEILA:

(EXHALING) Yeah.

TONY:

Depends how you look at it. (SOUND: RUSTLE OF PAPER) The way I have it here he's pulled three store stick-ups in the last couple of months, one payroll job...

SHEILA:

(SMILING) You know what I mean.

TONY:

(RETURNS THE SMILES) Uh huh, he's quite a guy. On account of he has a yen for you.

SHEILA:

That isn't what I mean.
tb

ATX01 01B2541

TONY:

(ENJOYS TEASING HER) You had a drink with him last night, didn't you?
And last week you had dinner twice, and...

SHEILA:

Tony, don't be a goon, I'm only being nice. He's a client, isn't he?

TONY:

(ODD SMILE) Okay, Miss Business. Only don't let it go to your head,
know what I mean?

SHEILA:

I know.

TONY:

Besides, I have an idea Mr. Raymond Spence won't be with us very long,
Don't you?

SHEILA:

Tony...

TONY:

Well look at it realistic, Sheila. He's got ^{almost twenty} ~~over thirty~~ thousand
cash with me. He's, like you say, quite a guy. At the rate he's
going he'll have close to one hundred thousand by the first of the
year.

SHEILA:

But...

tb

TONY:

He's too much a guy, baby. When he gets that hundred he's going to want out, I know his kind. Remember Bert Nixon? He was like that.

SHEILA:

Tony...you wouldn't turn Ray over to the cops?

TONY:

Wouldn't I? He'll get twenty years at least, and that leaves me with one hundred thousand.

SHEILA:

Tony...

TONY:

(SUDDENLY UGLY) I turned in Bert Nixon, didn't I. I turned in Nick Marko. I'll do the same with this Spence. (PAUSE) (CHANGING) Come on, let's go get a drink.

SHEILA:

I...I'm not thirsty, Tony.

TONY:

You're not, huh. (THEN) Okay, suit yourself. I'm going to swallow one and get back here.

SHEILA:

You're coming back?

TONY:

Yeah, I'm putting in a little overtime. Spence is doing his first job on a bank. He asked me to fix him up with a getaway car.
tb

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SHEILA:

Tony...

TONY:

Uh huh?

SHEILA:

Don't turn him in, Tony.

TONY:

Don't worry, baby, I won't. (SMILES) Not while he's going strong. You have my word I won't touch one hair on his handsome head till he has one hundred thousand cash with Tony.

MUSIC: STING AND UNDER FOR:

SOUND: ALARM BELL.

VOICE:

(OFF) (LOUD) Stop that car! Stop him...it's a hold-up!

SOUND: CAR HAS STARTED WITH A ROAR.

MUSIC: COVERS THE WHOLE EFFECT AND OUT QUIETLY FOR:

SOUND: GARAGE. HAMMER ON STEEL. STOPS.

CHIEF:

Morning, Benson.

MECHANIC:

(COMING UP FROM THE FLOOR) Oh hello, Chief, how're you?

tb

ATX01 01B2544

CHIEF:

All right, thanks. These gentlemen are from the FBI, Benson. Federal Bureau of Investigation. Shep, this is Joe Benson, best auto mechanic around these parts.

SHEPPARD:

Glad to know you, Mr. Benson.

MECHANIC:

Same here, Mr...uh...

SHEPPARD:

My name is Sheppard. This is Agent Bailey.

CHIEF:

They want to take a look at that wrecked Plymouth station wagon you brought in last night.

MECHANIC:

Sure thing, gentlemen. Have it right over here. (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS) Haven't started work on it yet. Thought I'd wait till I heard from you.

CHIEF:

Good. We don't want you to touch anything inside the car especially.

MECHANIC:

Figured. (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP) There it is. Not banged up too bad. Just skidded into the telephone pole, no real damage.

BAILEY:

Could you tell anything from the wreck, Mr. Benson? How it happened?
tb

MECHANIC:

Not much. Just looked like the driver was going too fast for the turn, slid off the road into the ditch.

BAILEY:

Uh huh.

MECHANIC:

Want to have a look inside?

SHEPPARD:

Not yet. We're expecting a couple of our technicians any minute. They're going to try for fingerprints, tread marks, anything that might give us a lead.

MECHANIC:

I get you.

CHIEF:

I wouldn't talk about this around town, Benson.

MECHANIC:

Course not, Chief. But a lot of people are talking already. ^{hey} Say this car is the same one that was used in that payroll stick-up over in Mason City.

CHIEF:

It's possible, but let's keep it to ourselves anyway. Shep, you want the car jacked up while we're waiting?

tb

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SHEPPARD:

Yes, that's a good idea.

MECHANIC:

Jack it up?

BAILEY:

Uh huh. For the plaster impressions of the tire treads.

MECHANIC:

Oh. I'll do it right away.

tb

ATX01 0182547

SHEPPARD:

Fine.

MECHANIC:

Say...isn't it rather unusual? Using a station wagon in a robbery?

SHEPPARD:

Yes it is. But we're dealing with a rather unusual type of criminal, Mr. Benson. And from the evidence we've gathered so far it's going to take an unusual method to catch up with him.

MUSIC: STING AND UNDER FOR:

BAILEY
VOICE:

Fingerprint file, class twenty S, reference UL, number four-oh-six-five-seven...Robert Spencer, alias Roy Spitz, alias Ray Spence. Last used...Spence... S-P-E-N-C-E. First name, Raymond.

MUSIC: QUICK RISE AND AGAIN UNDER FOR:

TONY:

Ray Spence...put him down for another fourteen thousand.

SHEILA:

Tony...you're not really going to turn him in are you?

TONY:

Not yet, Sheila. Like I said before, Spence is safe until he hits top money.

MUSIC: OVER AND SEGUE TO:

BIZ: SOFT DANCE TUNE IN THE B.G.

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SPENCE:

The top money, Sheila. That's what I'm heading for.

SHEILA:

Yeah. (IN LOW SPIRITS) I'll have another ^{dunk} ~~scotch~~, Ray.

SPENCE:

You and me both. (PROJECT) Waiter, ^{too more} (TO SHEILA) What's the matter with you tonight, ^{Sheila}

WAITER:

(COMING IN) Sir?

SPENCE:

Two more of the same, please.

WAITER:

(GOING OFF) Right away, sir.

SPENCE:

What is it, Sheila? Something got you singing the blues?

SHEILA:

Oh...I don't know, it's...it's...

SPENCE:

Tony.

SHEILA:

Oh no.

ras

RTX01 0182549

SPENCE:

He's worried because we've been seeing each other too much.

SHEILA:

(LYING) Of course he isn't. Tony and I...(SHE HESITATES)

SPENCE:

Yes?

SHEILA:

Ray, if...if you did get all this money...

SPENCE:

What do you mean, if. I'm getting it. And when I do...

SHEILA:

Ray...

SPENCE:

When I do I'm going to take it from Tony, wrap it up in a pretty blue ribbon, and ask a certain party if she wants to spend it with me as Mrs. Raymond Spence.

SHEILA:

What?

SPENCE:

(SERIOUS) How about it, Sheila?

raB

SHEILA:

(HIT) Mrs. Ray Spence.

SPENCE:

Why not? I've been thinking about that since the first day I walked into Catena Associates and saw you sitting there.

SHEILA:

Ray, cut it out, will you.

SPENCE:

Give me one good reason.

SHEILA:

You can't mean it. ~~I'm not your kind of girl.~~

SPENCE:

Why not.
~~Don't tell me you're Tony's kind,~~

SHEILA:

Ray...

SPENCE:

Answer me.
~~How about it?~~

SHEILA:

(TOUCHED) Stop it, will you, you ~~ll~~ have me bawling any second.

SPENCE:

~~Go ahead and bawl.~~ You feel the same way I do, I know you do.

-25-

SHEILA:

Don't be a fool, Ray, it'd never work.

SPENCE:

There's one good way to find out.

SHEILA:

(ALMOST READY TO TRY) You're crazy.

SPENCE:

Sure, let's both be.

SHEILA:

Ray, I...

SPENCE:

Yeah?

SHEILA:

(HELPLESSLY) It just wouldn't work, that's all. Tony...

SPENCE:

Sheila, look at me. Come on, look. When two people have got it together, that's all that counts. Nothing else. Okay?

SHEILA:

(TENDERLY) ~~Aw, Ray...please~~ Stop, please.

SPENCE:

I'm not stopping until we have the ring on that finger right there.

rae

ATX01 0182552

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SHEILA:

No...

SPENCE:

I'm not stopping until I've got that top money.

SHEILA:

Listen to me, Ray...

SPENCE:

You listen to me. I've got big plans, Sheila, I've got the biggest plans in the world. You hold on to my hand, honey...hold on real tight...when I get that money we're really going places, believe me.

MUSIC: TO A CURTAIN.

(COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 01B2553

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
AUGUST 7, 1952

~~4~~ - 26A

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: (TO A CURTAIN)

END OF ACT I

TICE: Back to "The Fence" in just a moment.

BARUCH: Friends, Luckies are made better to taste better--
to taste cleaner, fresher, smoother! And it's
easy to prove this to yourself. Simply do this:
Take a Lucky from a newly opened pack and
carefully remove the paper by tearing down the
seam from end to end. Be sure to start on the
seam. In tearing, don't crush or dig into the
tobacco. Now look at that perfect cylinder of
fine, mild tobacco. See how it holds together --
without those annoying loose ends that get in
your mouth and spoil the taste? That's why
Luckies taste cleaner! Notice how free Luckies
are from excessive air spaces, hot spots that
burn too fast - and give you a hot, harsh taste.
That's why Luckies taste fresher. Then look at
that fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco, perfectly
shredded and packed just right for smooth, even
smoking. That's why Luckies taste smoother. Yes,
friends, these are the important inside reasons
that make every Lucky taste better -- cleaner,
fresher, smoother. So for your own real deep-down
smoking enjoyment, Be Happy - Go Lucky! Make your
next carton Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME)

ATX01 01B2554

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ANNCR:

And now, back to "The FBI In Peace and War" and tonight's story
...The Fence.

MUSIC: THEME AND UNDER:

SPENCE:

I've got big plans, Sheila, I've got the biggest plans in the world.
You hold on to my hand, honey...when I get that money we're really
going places, believe me.

MUSIC: QUICKLY OVER AND OUT

TONY:

Going some place, Spence?

SPENCE:

Uh huh, I guess I'd better get started, Tony. I'll see you in a couple
of days. Night, Sheila. So long, Mex.

MEX:

(TOUGH, SPANISH ACCENT) Be seeing you, Spence.

SHEILA:

(OFF A LITTLE) Night, Ray.

TONY:

I'll walk you to the door.

SPENCE:

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UNDER) You'll have a new car for me, right?

TONY:

Don't worry.
tb

ATX01 01B2555

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SPENCE:

(CONFIDENT) I'm not.

TONY:

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP) Good. How much do you think this job'll net?

SPENCE:

With you handling it, Tony...I figure I'll be up to the hundred thousand mark.

TONY:

That high, huh.

SPENCE:

What I figure.

TONY:

Okay, go to it. I'm with you all the way.

SPENCE:

(EASY SMILE) I know you are, Tony. So long.

TONY:

So long, Spence.

SOUND: DOOR OPENED.

TONY:

(SORE) I don't like that guy. He's too familiar. Tony, Tony.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ACROSS OFFICE. PAUSE.

TONY:

(CRISP) Mex...

tb

ATX01 0182556

~~TONY:~~ HEY

Yeah, Mister Catena.

TONY:

You stick with him from now till the time he finishes this warehouse job. Don't leave him out of your sight, understand.

MEX:

Yeah, sure.

SHEILA:

(PROTESTING) Tony...

TONY:

(HARD) Shut up. (TO MEX) He's smart, Mex, too smart. Don't let him know he's being watched.

MEX:

Leave it to me, he won't know a thing.

SHEILA:

Tony...listen, will you...

TONY:

(ALMOST SAVAGE) I told you for the last time, Sheila, shut up. I'm through talking about it. This guy is ready to take a powder soon as he finishes this job. I know the signs. I'm not letting a hundred thousand dollars walk out of this office. Get going, Mex.

MEX:

Sure thing. (GOING OFF. DOOR OPEN) I'll keep in touch with you,

Mister Catena.

tb

-30-

TONY:

Never mind me. You stick with Spence.

MEX:

(OFF) Like a glove, and when he's finished with the job...(LETS IT
HANG)

TONY:

You know what to do.

MEX:

(OFF) I know. ~~So long Spence.~~ (SOUND: DOOR CLOSED)

SHEILA:

(RIGHT ON THE DOOR CLOSE) Tony...

TONY:

Now don't start bellyaching again.

SHEILA:

(WORKED UP) You're going to get rid of him, Tony...

TONY:

Supposing you mind your own business.

SHEILA:

You're going to get rid of him aren't you. You're not turning him
over to the cops. You're going to let Mex take him for a ride.

TONY:

So what, it won't be the first time.

SHEILA:

Tony, don't. Don't do it.
tb

ATX01 01B2558

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TONY:

(UGLY) Say what is this? You going soft for Mister Fancypants?

SHEILA:

No, no, I just don't want a killing, that's all. I...

TONY:

(GRABBING HOLD OF HER) Listen, you big-mouth, you open your yap about killings and I'll close it for good, understand. Just because this clown makes a couple of passes at you, you ~~make out like Romeo and Juliet...~~

SHEILA:

Let go of me, Tony...

TONY:

You just forget about this guy, understand. I'm not letting that money walk out of this office. If it means getting rid of Ray Spence, okay...I'm getting rid of Ray Spence.

MUSIC: STING AND UNDER FOR:

SOUND: TELETYPE.

BAILEY:

Wanted by the FBI, Raymond Spence, with aliases. Age about forty-two, height six feet one, weight one hundred and seventy, eyes brown, hair brown. Fingerprint classification, twenty S, Reference UL, number four-oh-six-five-seven. (MUSIC STARTS TO

COVER) Any information concerning this man should be reported immediately to the

MUSIC: STING AND UNDER AGAIN FOR: SOUND: PHONE.

ATX01 0182559

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TONY:

Catena Associates, Mr. Catena speaking.

SPENCE:

(FILTER) Hello, Tony. Ray Spence.

TONY:

(SMILES) Well, hello, Spence, I been waiting to hear from you.

SPENCE:

(FILTER) I imagine you have. I'm all set for that warehouse thing over in Jersey, Tony. Friday night.

TONY:

Sure. You want the car, right?

SPENCE:

(FILTER) If you can fix me up.

TONY:

Don't worry, I'll fix you up fine.

SPENCE:

(FILTER) Okay, Tony, that's all I wanted to know...that you'd take care of me.

TONY:

I sure will, Spence. I'll take care of you one hundred per cent.

MUSIC: RISES OVER IN CROSS-BLEND TO:

BIZ: SOFT PIANO BACKGROUND.

tb

ATX01 0182560

SPENCE:

So I'm all set for Friday night, honey. And right after that...

SHEILA:

(ALL KNOTTED UP) Ray...

SPENCE:

Uh huh?

SHEILA:

I don't want you to do this job.

SPENCE:

What?

SHEILA:

Don't ask me about it. Just do as I say.

SPENCE:

Sheila...

SHEILA:

Please, Ray. I've got a hunch. I'm funny about hunches.

SPENCE:

What are you talking about. This job is in the pocket. All I have to do is...

SHEILA:

(LOUD, ALMOST BREAKING) I've got a hunch I tell you! Don't do it, Ray!

tb

-34-

SPENCE:

Hey, keep your voice down.

SHEILA:

(LOW) Ray, don't do it.

SPENCE:

Aw now look, honey, just because you've got some silly hunch...

SHEILA:

It isn't silly. Don't do it. Forget the whole thing. Maybe even leave town for a while.

SPENCE:

Leave town? (SMILES) What is this, you a tea-leaf reader or something?

SHEILA:

I'm serious, Ray.

SPENCE:

(FROWNING) Yeah?

SHEILA:

Don't ask questions. Do like I tell you, please.

SPENCE:

What's going on, Sheila?

SHEILA:

Nothing. I told you, I got a hunch...

tb

ATX01 01B2562

-35-

SPENCE:

Uh huh. (THEN) You know something. What is it.

SHEILA:

I told you...

SPENCE:

Is it Tony? Is he cooking up something?

SHEILA:

Ray, suppose I did like you say. Suppose I went away with you now, picked up that ring...

SPENCE:

(HARD) It is Tony, isn't it.

SHEILA:

No...honest...

SPENCE:

Is he figuring to hold back that money I've got with him?

SHEILA:

Ray, you said if two people had it for each other...

SPENCE:

(EXCITED) What's he got in mind, Sheila? Tell me.

SHEILA:

Nothing.

SPENCE:

The money. He's going to hold back, right? (GRABBING HER ARM) Sheila..
tb

ATX01 0182563

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SHEILA:

(A BEAT) (RESIGNED) ^{yeah} He's going to hold back. He was going to turn you over to the cops...

SPENCE:

What.

SHEILA:

He was. Only he's decided to get rid of you instead. After Friday night's job. Max has got orders to stick with you every minute.

SPENCE:

(EXHALES, THEN) Nice boy Tony.

SHEILA:

We could leave now, Ray. Tonight. We could go someplace and get married. I've got some money saved up and...

SPENCE:

(UNHEARING) Real nice boy. A hundred thousand in his lap and me on a slab in the morgue. Nice.

SHEILA:

Ray...

SPENCE:

Too bad it isn't going to come off. Really a shame.

SHEILA:

(HOPEFULLY) You mean it, Ray? You'll leave with me now?

SPENCE:

Huh? Leave? Who's talking about leaving? I'm staying right here. And what's more I'm going through with the job Friday night.
tb

ATX01 0182564

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SHEILA:

No, Ray, no...

SPENCE:

Yes, honey. I'm going through with the job just as I planned. Only I'm coming up with a new wow finish.

SHEILA:

Ray, please...

SPENCE:

A new wow finish, Sheila. A special fencing-in job...all for our pal Tony.

MUSIC: HITS IT AND UNDER FOR:

SOUND: DIME IN SLOT. PHONE DIAL. FILTERED BUZZ.

GIRL:

(FILTER) This is the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

SPENCE:

Hello, I'd like to speak to one of your agents. I have some important criminal information. ^{Ray, Sheila, but} I'm hanging up in exactly sixty seconds, so put ^{Ray} ~~someone~~ on fast.

MUSIC: RISE AND SUSPEND OUT THROUGH:

SOUND: PHONE.

SHEILA:

Catena Associates.

tb

→ Give just one moment please, I'll connect you with Agent Sheppard

ATX01 0182565

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MEX:

(FILTER) Sheila, this is Mex. Let me speak to Mister Catena.

SHEILA:

Mr. Catena. Just one...

TONY:

(COMING IN ANXIOUSLY) That for me, Sheila? (NOT WAITING) Hello?

MEX:

(FILTER) 'Lo, Mister Catena.

TONY:

(ALERT) Mex. Where you calling from?

MEX:

(FILTER) Booth outside the warehouse. Railroad Avenue.

TONY:

And?

MEX:

(FILTER) It's all over, Mister Catena. *I had certain party, but I
am taking my powder*

TONY:

It is. He won't

MEX:

Do
(FILTER) Yeah. I called to find out what to do with the "goods."

TONY:

(RELAXING) Don't do anything, not a thing. Wait till I get there.

tb

ATX01 0182566

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MEX:

(FILTER) Whatever you say.

TONY:

And, Mex...

MEX:

(FILTER) Yeah?

tb

ATX01 0182567

TONY:

Good work. I knew I could count on you. (SOUND: PHONE DOWN)

SHEILA:

(FRIGHTENED) Tony...

TONY:

Get your handbag, Sheila. You're driving me over to ^{get rid} dispose of some goods.

MUSIC: COMPLETES THE SUSPENSION AND OUT.

SOUND: CAR PULLING TO A STOP.

BIZ: DISTANT OCCASIONAL HARBOR EFFECTS.

TONY:

Okay, wait here. (SOUND: CAR DOOR OPEN) And keep the motor running...

SHEILA:

Tony...

TONY:

And for the final time, shut up... (SOUND: CAR DOOR CLOSE) ~~wait~~
see ~~soon enough for yourself.~~ (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS) Douse the lights...

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON GROUND, STOP.

BIZ: WAREHOUSE DOOR ROLLED BACK.

ras

-41-

TONY:

(CALLS SOFTLY) Mex...

SOUND: WAREHOUSE DOOR ROLLED SHUT.

TONY:

Mex?

SOUND: A FEW FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD. STOP.

TONY:

(AT THE DARKNESS) It's me...Tony. (ANOTHER STEP) Where's a light?
Mex...

SPENCE:

(OFF A LITTLE) We won't need any light.

TONY:

(WHIRLING) Huh.

SPENCE:

Won't need any, I can make you out fine in the dark.

TONY:

Spence!

SPENCE

(COMING IN) You know, this is what I call real personal service.
Good of you to come around, Tony.

ras

ATX01 0182569

TONY:

Listen, I thought...

SPENCE:

I know what you thought. Uh-uh, stay where you are, and no fancy tricks. I wouldn't want this gun to go off accidental.

TONY:

Spence, what is this?

SPENCE:

You haven't figured it out yet? I always thought you were a smart apple, Tony. I thought you'd figure it the minute you walked in that door.

TONY:

Spence...

SPENCE.

(HARD) Stay where you are, Tony, or I'll blow your head off.

TONY:

Listen, if you're trying to involve me in this hold-up...

SPENCE:

Say, maybe you're a smart apple at that. That's exactly what I'm going to do, Tony. You're going to be the hold-up, all by yourself.

ras

-43-

TONY:

What?

SPENCE:

Sure. You've got a car outside. I'm handing you some furs and...

TONY:

You're crazy. That's not for me, I'm no good at this kind of thing...

SPENCE:

I know. You're only good at the fancy doublecross, aren't you.

TONY:

Huh?

SPENCE:

The doublecross, like you did to Bert Nixon and Nick Marko and like you were going to do to me.

TONY:

Who told you...

SPENCE:

Sheila spilled the whole deal, Tony. How you were fixing to unload me after the job...

TONY:

Sheila? She lied, Spence, lied through her teeth...

ras

ATX01 01B2571

SPENCE:

Uh huh.

TONY:

So help me...

SPENCE:

Yeah, sure, *make me out an affidavit*
~~with your hand on the bible.~~ You and Mex, you got
the same song and dance.

TONY:

Mex.

SPENCE:

Yeah. I took care of your watchdog, Tony, right after he made
that phone call for me.

TONY:

No...

SPENCE:

Uh huh. And right after that I called the cops.

TONY:

What.

ras

SPENCE:

The cops, the bright boys in the FBI. I figured a job over here in Jersey ought to be a federal rap. You get longer terms for that federal stuff, Tony.

TONY:

What are you talking about.

SPENCE:

THE FBI...they should be waiting for you outside right about now. I tipped them off ^{to this} ~~that a job was coming off~~. They're going to catch you red-handed, Tony. You'll probably get ten years.

TONY:

Listen, if you think you can force me...

SPENCE:

Who me? I wouldn't think of such a thing, Tony. A big man like you. I'm giving you a great big choice. Ten years in the pen or a bullet right smack between your beady blue eyes.

TONY:

Spence, listen...

SPENCE:

Stay where you are, Tony. I'm telling you for the last time.

r&B

ATX01 01B2573

TONY:

(DRIPPING SWEAT) You got to listen to me. Sheila gave you the business on this. She wanted that dough for herself...

SPENCE:

Tell that to the FBI.

TONY:

You got to listen! Would I do a thing like that, a crazy thing like that? Look, tell you what I'll do. You've got close to a hundred thousand on hand with me...I'll give you double that...

SPENCE:

You're a louse, ~~Tony~~.

TONY:

I'm telling you, I'll double it. I'll give you the cash first thing in the morning.

SPENCE:

You'll be tight behind bars in the morning.

TONY:

(INFURIATED) You shut up you! I don't have to take this from you!

SPENCE:

Of course you don't. Make one move and find out.

TONY:

(DESPERATE) Listen, Spence, give me a break...

ras

SPENCE:

All right. There's a bunch of furs next to you. Pick them up and get started.

TONY:

Spence...

SPENCE:

You want a break, I'm giving you one. Maybe the FBI isn't waiting. Maybe I'm only testing your nerve.

TONY:

No...

SPENCE:

Pick them up.

TONY:

No.

SPENCE:

For the last time, Tony...

TONY:

(LOW, PLEADING) Listen, please...

SPENCE:

That's better. Now get out.

TONY:

Spence...

SPENCE:

(MENACING) Get out, Tony.

BIZ: A PAUSE.

SOUND: WAREHOUSE DOOR ROLLED OPEN.

SPENCE:

All right. Go ahead.

TONY:

(LOW) For the love of heaven, Spence...

SPENCE:

(MOVING BACK) Here's a gun for you, Tony. You can shoot it out with the federal boys if you like.

~~TONY:~~

~~(CURSES AT HIM IN ITALIAN)~~

~~SPENCE:~~

~~(OFF) So long, Tony. See you in ten years. Here's the gun.~~

SOUND: OF GUN BEING THROWN. CAUGHT. SLIGHT PAUSE THEN:

BIZ: WAREHOUSE DOOR ROLLED CLOSE. OFF. THEN A DEAD SILENCE.

TONY:

(NUMB) Sheila... *Sheila*

SOUND: A HESITATING WALK.

ras

-49-

SHEPPARD:

(OFF)(P.A.) You! Drop that gun!

TONY:

(DRAWS UP IN FEAR)

SHEPPARD:

Drop it...put your hands in the air...this is a federal officer.

BIZ: WE HEAR TONY'S TERRIFIED BREATHING AS:

SOUND: HE STARTS TO RUN FOR IT.

SHEPPARD:

(OFF) Stop!

BAILEY:

(OFF) Stop or we'll shoot!

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS FASTER

BIZ: WE'RE WITH TONY, HIS BREATH COMING IN HARD SPURTS.

SHEPPARD:

(OFF) This is your final warning. Stop or we'll...

TONY:

(GASPING SAVAGELY) That's what you think, Mister...! (SOUND: HE FIRES)

BIZ: ONCE, TWICE, THREE TIMES.

ATX01 01B2577

-50-

SHEPPARD:

(OFF)(LOUD) All right, men...let him have it!

~~SOUND: A FUSILLADE OF SHOTS UP INTO:~~

~~MUSIC: TO A CURTAIN AND THE END.~~

ATX01 0182578

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
AUGUST 7, 1952

~~6~~ - 51 -

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: (UP TO CURTAIN)

TICE: In just a moment, Agent Sheppard will tell you what happened to the people in tonight's story.

BARUCH: Smokers, you can easily see for yourself the inside reasons why Luckies taste better -- cleaner, fresher, smoother! Just take a Lucky from a newly opened pack and carefully remove the paper by tearing down the seam from end to end. Be sure to start on the seam. In tearing don't crush or dig into the tobacco. Now, examine that perfect cylinder of fine, mild tobacco. See how it holds together -- without those annoying loose ends that get in your mouth and spoil the taste. That's why Luckies taste cleaner. Notice how free your Lucky is from air spaces - hot spots that burn too fast - taste hot and harsh. That's why Luckies taste fresher. And look at that fine, good-tasting tobacco -- perfectly shredded and packed just right to draw freely and smoke evenly. That's why Luckies taste smoother. So, for a cleaner, fresher, smoother smoke, make your next carton Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

TICE: CONCLUSION OF CASE

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME)

ATX01 01B2579

- 5 2 -

SHEPPARD:

(AFTER A PAUSE) Anthony Catena was killed in an attempt to shoot his way out of the trap Raymond Spence fixed for him. Although Spence went free for several months he was caught later when he tried, with Sheila Blair, to return for the cash Catena had held for him. FBI surveillance of Catena's home and office led to the arrest of several other notorious associates in Catena's criminal circle, this permanently closing...The Fence.

MUSIC: TO FINISH

ras

ATX01 0182580

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
AUGUST 7, 1952

~~D-53~~

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

TICE: All names and characters used on this program are fictitious. Any similarity to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. This program is based on Frederick L. Collins' copyrighted book "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR"...and is not an official program of the FBI. In tonight's story Richard White played the part of Ray, L. White. Charita Price was Richard White's secretary. The radio Ray, L. White dramatization for "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR" is written by Louis Pelletier and Jack Finke. These programs are produced and directed by Betty Mandeville. Be sure to listen to next Thursday's story, "The Super Salesman", on "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR". Same time -- same station.

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME - UP AND UNDER)

BARUCH: Here's an important announcement for every American. Our Armed Forces in Korea have issued an urgent call for more blood. Have you let them down? What happened to that pint of blood you were going to give? Please give that pint now at your Red Cross Chapter or local blood donor center. Thank you. This is Andre Baruch saying goodnight for Lucky Strike, product of The American Tobacco Company - America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

(CONTINUED)

ATX01 01B2581

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
AUGUST 7, 1952

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

BARUCH:
(CONT'D)

"THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR" has been selected as one of the programs to be heard by our Armed Forces overseas through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service.

MUSIC:

(SHOW THEME - UP AND OUT)

TICE:

THIS IS THE CBS RADIO NETWORK.

ATX01 0182582

(REVISED)

MASTER

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR

"THE SUPER SALESMAN"

AS BROADCAST

AUGUST ¹⁴~~21~~, 1952

Produced and Directed by:

Betty Mandeville

Script by: Louis Pelletier

and Jack Finke

ldg

ATX01 01B2583

~~A~~ / -

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

"THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR"

OPENING COMMERCIAL

AUGUST 14, 1952

THURSDAY

TICE: LUCKY STRIKE presents ... "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR"!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

TICE: Another great story based on Frederick L. Collins copyrighted book, "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR". Drama ... Thrills ... Action! But first ... Andre Baruch!

BARUCH: Friends, in a cigarette it's the taste that makes the difference and Luckies taste better - cleaner, fresher, smoother! Here's why: First of all, better taste in a cigarette begins with fine tobacco and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. Second, Luckies are made better. Every Lucky is round and firm and fully packed ... without those annoying loose ends that get in your mouth and spoil the taste. Yes, every Lucky is packed just right to draw freely and evenly! So for a smoke that tastes better -- cleaner, fresher, smoother, Be Happy - Go Lucky. Make your next carton Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME UP AND FADE)

ATX01 0182584

ANNCR:

And now tonight's story....on the FBI in Peace and War...The Super Salesman.

MUSIC: THEME AND OUT FOR:

GUARD. All right say. That's all lights

SOUND: STEEL DOOR CLOSED. FOOTSTEPS GOING AWAY.

DAVE:

(ON CUE) Go on, Al.

AL:

Huh?

DAVE:

What you were saying before dinner, about the proposition.

AL:

The proposition?

DAVE:

Yeah, when our time is up I said, why don't you and me go into partners and you said...

AL:

Oh, that proposition. Well look, Dave, you're a nice guy and all that, but after what happened last time, no thanks.

DAVE:

What last time?

tb

AL:

When I was doing that two-year stretch up the Hudson, I had a cellmate just like you and he said let's go in partners when we get out. I wouldn't be here now if I hadn't listened to that guy.

DAVE:

You don't want to come in?

AL:

It isn't that I don't like you, Dave...

DAVE:

So what happened with this guy that you don't like working with your cellmates?

AL:

You want to hear?

DAVE:

Why not?

AL:

It's a long story.

DAVE:

We're gonna be in here six months more, go ahead, tell me.

AL:

Well...this guy's name was Freddy. Freddy Walsh and the boys at Ossining used to call him "Itchy Fingers."

DAVE:

He picked pockets?
tb

AL:

Uh huh. Pockets, locks, anything he could get his hands on. He was very good, Freddy, and one of the nicest guys you'd want to know.

DAVE:

What happened?

AL:

Well, like we're doing here, Freddy says to me, why don't we work together when we get out, you got a good racket and I've got lots of talent, let's team up.

DAVE:

So you teamed up.

AL:

Uh huh. I got out six months ahead of him and did a few jobs, then, the day he got out, I put him to work.

DAVE:

On your racket.

AL:

Uh huh.

DAVE:

How did he fit in with that?

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER:

tb

-5-

AL:

Well...for my racket, first of all we had to find a brand new car and I figured Freddy could handle that. So the morning we went to work I had already spotted a new Ford that was parked on the street, and while I watched out for the cops Freddy picked the ignition lock.

MUSIC: IS OUT INTO:

SOUND: STREET B.G.

AL:

(SUBDUED) How you doing, Freddy?

FREDDY:

(WORKING) Don't worry, I'll have it going in two shakes. But what do we want this car for, Al?

AL:

You'll see.

FREDDY:

Okay, you're the boss, but if I'd known your racket was snatching cars...

AL:

I keep telling you, we only want this thing for a prop.

FREDDY:

All right.

AL:

Snatching cars is for juveniles. My racket...

tb

RTX01 0182588

FREDDY:

(SOUND: SNAP OF SWITCH) Okay, she's ready. You going to drive?

AL:

Yeah.

FREDDY:

Hop in. (SOUND: CAR DOOR CLOSED)

AL:

(SOUND: CAR STARTED) Good work, Freddy.

FREDDY:

Uh huh, but let's get out of here fast.

AL:

Okay, we're going.

SOUND: CAR MOVES OFF. ESTABLISH SOUND FULLY. THEN:

FREDDY:

(ON CUE) Okay...what now?

AL:

Well first we're going to take this over to Dixie Smith's filling station and park it, then we get a new set of plates, a phoney registration, and I go into my act.

FREDDY:

Uh huh. Now what's the act?

AL:

Reach in my right hand pocket, there's a newspaper clipping. (A BEAT)
Got it.
tb

FREDDY:

Yeah.

AL:

Read what it says.

FREDDY:

"Blonde siren slays mate in..."

AL:

No, no, on the other side.

FREDDY:

Oh. "Milford Library Fund sets goal ~~in~~ seventy-five thousand dollars".
What's that?

AL:

Go on.

FREDDY:

"Mrs. Martha Dillon, of 14 Maple Drive, director of the fund,
announced this morning that plans for the drive would be discussed
at a meeting of the committee..."

AL:

That's enough.

FREDDY:

Enough what?

AL:

Information. Mrs. Dillon, 14 Maple Drive, and seventy-five thousand
dollars.
tb

-8-

FREDDY:

I don't get it.

AL:

Would you like fifteen per cent of that seventy-five thousand, Freddy?
Over ten thousand bucks.

FREDDY:

Sure I would. (ACID) What are you going to do, sell them this car
for ten G's?

AL:

(LAUGHS) You might almost say that's just what we're going to do.

FREDDY:

Hey now wait a second. I don't know much about your kind of racket,
but this sounds awfully screwy to me.

AL:

I know it does, Freddy. But you just hold on to your hat and I'll show
you what happens when a super salesman goes to work.

MUSIC: BRIDGE TO:

SOUND: DOOR BUZZER. REPEAT. DOOR OPEN.

AL:

Mrs. Dillon?

MARTHA:

Yes?

tb

ATX01 0182591

AL:

I'm Alvin Connors, Mrs. Dillon, of Connors Associates, I called you on the phone this afternoon.

MARTHA:

Oh yes, Mr. Connors. Come in, please.

AL:

Thank you. (SOUND: DOOR CLOSED)

MARTHA:

I've been so busy over at the library all day that I haven't had a chance to discuss your proposal with the committee...sit down, won't you...but I'm almost sure, Mr. Connors, that their answer would be no. We've never employed professional fund raising organizations before and I don't think we need one now.

AL:

That's quite possible, Mrs. Dillon. But seventy-five thousand dollars is a lot of money in a town this size.

MARTHA:

I suppose it is, but...

AL:

I looked up some back newspapers, Mrs. Dillon. Last year the library had a drive like this and raised just a little less than half its quota.

MARTHA:

Yes, that's true, last year was disappointing, but this time...

tb

~~AL:~~

~~And the Firemen's Organization didn't do so well either when it
dropped the professional carnival it held every year.~~

~~MARTHA:~~

~~Yes, I know, but...~~

AL:

Mrs. Dillon, more and more communities like yours are putting their fund-raising problems up to Connors Associates. We handle everything and guarantee results. We'll hold a bazaar, picnic, raffle, bingo...

MARTHA:

I'm quite sure your organization is competent, Mr. Connors...

AL:

And just to show you that we get results I'll find your first contributor right now and he'll donate the equivalent of twenty-three hundred dollars to the fund.

MARTHA:

Twenty-three hundred.

AL:

Uh huh. He's a dealer in Ford cars and I'll get him to donate a brand new sedan to be raffled off during the bazaar. You'll get the car free and I'll guarantee to sell five thousand worth of chances on it besides.

MARTHA:

(IMPRESSED) You could get us a new car?

tb

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AL:

I could, as a donation. May I use your phone?

MARTHA:

Of course, but, the committee...

AL:

(SOUND: PHONE DIAL) You leave the committee to me, Mrs. Dillon,
I know how to handle them.

MARTHA:

I...I guess they would be pleased to get a car free, but...

*Pick up
FRED. Hello*
AL:

(SOUND: FILTERED BUZZ) Hello, Fred?

FREDDY:

(FILTER) Yeah, hello, Al.

AL:

Fred, this is Alvin Connors, of Connors Associates.

FREDDY:

Where are you, Al? Up at her house?

AL:

That's right, Fred. I'm working on a new campaign and I'm going to
give you a chance at a little publicity for your product. How about
donating a new sedan to the Milford Library Fund, Fred? I guarantee
it'll be worth while.

FREDDY:

What do I say now?
tb

ATX01 01B2594

12

AL:

You will? That's great, when can I get delivery?

FREDDY:

Go ahead, talk, this over my head.

AL:

Monday. That's perfect, Fred. Deliver it to Mrs. Martha Dillon...

MARTHA:

But just a minute, Mr. Connors, the committee...

AL:

You leave this to me, Mrs. Dillon. (INTO PHONE) Deliver it to Mrs. Martha Dillon at the library fund headquarters, Main Street, Milford. And Fred...

FRED:

Yeah?

AL:

Thanks a lot, you won't ever regret this, believe me. (SOUND: PHONE DOWN)

MARTHA:

(ASTONISHED) My goodness, is that all there is to it.

AL:

(CHUCKLES) That's all when know how, Mrs. Dillon. Now here's a contract stating our percentages and outlining the functions we'll perform for the fund.

tb

ATX01 01B2595

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MARTHA:

But the committee...

AL:

You take this to the committee just after the car is delivered on Monday and I think they'll be pretty well impressed, don't you?

MARTHA:

(SMILING) I'm afraid they will, Mr. Connors, almost as much as I am. My goodness, you certainly work fast, don't you.

AL:

In this racket...I mean, in this business Mrs. Dillon, you have to. Fast and out...that's the way we work it.

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER:

DAVE:

So that's how you got in, huh.

AL:

Yeah, that's the way we worked it, and the whole deal would have come out just fine if it hadn't been for two things...my partner, Itchy Fingers, and the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

SOUND: TELETYPE.

TB

ATX01 0182596

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BAILEY:

To Sheppard, FBI, confidential. Complaint on charity fraud, Oakwood Community Chest, looks like Alvin Connors job complete with new car raffle. Will be waiting for you at Oakwood station, 10:15 train, sign it, Bailey.

MUSIC: OVER AND OUT.

SOUND: STREET B.G.. FOOTSTEPS

BAILEY:

There it is, Shep, Max's Meat Market.

SHEPPARD:

Uh huh.

BAILEY:

He keeps the car in a parking shed behind the shop.

SHEPPARD:

I guess he won't be very happy to see us.

BAILEY:

I guess not.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN, MEAT BEING POUNDED, DOOR CLOSED.

MAX:

(COMING IN) Good morning, gentlemen.

SHEPPARD:

Good morning. Are you Mr. Max Schmidt?

tb

RTX01 01B2597

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MAX:

That's right.

SHEPPARD:

We're agents of the FBI, Mr. Schmidt, we'd like to talk to you for a few minutes.

MAX:

FBI? What's the trouble?

BAILEY:

No trouble, Mr. Schmidt, we want to see...

MAX:

Now look, fellahs, if it's about the prices I got to charge for steak to make a living don't look at me, it's those wholesalers, believe me at ninety-six cents a pound I'm losing money.

BAILEY:

It's not about meat, Mr. Schmidt.

SHEPPARD:

We'd like to see the Plymouth sedan you won at the Community Chest bazaar last month.

MAX:

(PROUDLY) Oh, the Plymouth, now there's a fine little car, I've got it right in back of the shop...(STOPS) What do you want to see it for?

BAILEY:

We believe the car was stolen in Jersey City six weeks ago.
tb

ATX01 0182598

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MAX:

Stolen? (A BEAT, THEN CHUCKLES) No, you've made a mistake, it couldn't be, I won the car with ticket number 1762 on account of a dream my wife had because she's sixty-two and my daughter is seventeen---
(STOPS) Stolen?

SHEPPARD:

We're afraid so, Mr. Schmidt.

MAX:

But how could that be possible? The Community Chest is a fine organization...

SHEPPARD:

It is, but a swindler named Connors managed the drive and used this car to sell himself to the committee.

MAX:

You mean...I got to give the car back?

BAILEY:

If it was stolen, Mr. Schmidt.

MAX:

Ohh, wait till my wife hears about this.

SHEPPARD:

May we see the car, please?

tb

ATX01 0182599

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MAX:

(DOWN) Yeah, I guess so. (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS) And my brother Herman, wait till he hears about it. I bought ~~to~~^{two} books of tickets five dollars each, you're throwing money away he says, ten dollars for tickets, and when I won he wouldn't speak to me for a week. And now... (SOUND: DOOR OPEN) (GLUMLY) There it is, you can look at it... I haven't got the heart.

BAILEY:

Thank you, Mr. Schmidt.

MAX:

(GLOOMILY) Don't mention it...it was a pleasure.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSED. A FEW FOOTSTEPS. CAR HOOD OPEN.

SHEPPARD:

All right, Frank...what's the motor number of that stolen car?

BAILEY:

706058.

SHEPPARD:

706058. Okay...this is it.

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER:

AL:

Yes, sir, everything would have been fine if it wasn't for the FBI and my partner Itchy Fingers.

DAVE:

Freddy gummed you up, huh.
tb

RTX01 0182600

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AL:

Uh huh, he gummed me plenty.

DAVE:

How?

AL:

Well...everything looked rosy on the library job. This Dillon female was the perfect sucker, the town was excited about the drive, and contributions were already coming in. So, on Monday morning, Freddy and I drove the new Ford to the Library Fund headquarters on Main Street in Milford.

SOUND: CAR COMING TO A STOP. DOOR OPEN.

AL:

Now remember you're a Ford dealer, you're doing this for the publicity value, and you believe in libraries so's people can be educated and not turn out to be crooks like us. (SOUND: DOOR CLOSED. STREET B.G.)

FREDDY:

(CHUCKLES) Okay, I got it.

AL:

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS) Here, you take the key to the car. You got the registration?

FREDDY:

Uh huh. (SOUND: DOOR OPEN)

tb

ATX01 0182601

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AL:

Okay, go ahead.

SOUND: TYPEWRITER COMES IN. STOPS AS DOOR IS CLOSED.

AL:

Good morning, is Mrs. Dillon in.

SECRETARY:

Yes sir, she is.

AL:

I'm Mr. Connors and this is Mr. Walsh.

SECRETARY:

Oh yes, Mr. Connors, she's expecting you, go right in that door, please.

AL:

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS) Thank you. (SOUND: DOOR OPEN)

MARTHA:

(ON THE PHONE) (COMING IN) Yes, that's right, Ella, a brand new Ford sedan and...oh, just a minute, he's here now. Sit down, Mr. Connors, I'm just talking to one of the ladies on the committee... (INTO THE PHONE) Ella, I'll call you back later, dear, and don't breathe a word to the rest of the girls, I think this is going to be a lovely surprise. Yes, dear, I'll call you... 'Bye. (SOUND: PHONE DOWN) Mr. Connors.

AL:

Good morning, Mrs. Dillon.
tb

ATX01 0182602

20

MARTHA:

(CORDIALLY) And this is Mr. Walsh.

FREDDY:

Yes, Ma'am. (BRIGHTLY) And on behalf of the Ford Motor Company of Northport...

AL:

(POLITE LAUGH) Freddy, give the lady time to meet you, huh.

MARTHA:

(LAUGHS) I don't think any introduction is necessary, Mr. Walsh, I've already heard a great deal about you.

FREDDY:

And I heard about you too, Mrs. Dillon, plenty.

MARTHA:

Well, thank you.

FREDDY:

You're welcome, Ma'am, and here are the keys to the car and the registration and...

AL:

Freddy...

FREDDY:

(DETERMINED TO GET IT OVER) And I hope the library gets all the books it wants so people don't turn out to be...

AL:

(FIRMLY) That's enough, Fred, Mrs. Dillon accepts with pleasure.
tb

ATX01 0182603

MARTHA:

(LAUGHS) I do indeed, Mr. Walsh. Thank you.

FREDDY:

(RELIEVED) You're welcome.

AL:

And now would you like to see the car, Mrs. Dillon.

MARTHA:

I'd love to. (SOUND: DOOR OPEN) Yes, Edith?

SECRETARY:

Miss Brooks just brought in her collection box, Mrs. Dillon, will you put the money away *in the safe*.

MARTHA:

Yes, of course, thank you, *Edith*

SECRETARY:

And Miss Brooks is outside, she'd like to see you for just a minute.

MARTHA:

I'll be right there. Are you in a hurry, Mr. Connors?

AL:

No, you go right ahead.

MARTHA:

I'll just put the money away and
1 (SOUND: SAFE BOLT OPENED) I'll ~~just~~ see Miss Brooks for a moment.

(SOUND: SAFE BOLT CLOSED) I'll be right with you, *Mr. Connors*

SOUND: DOOR CLOSED.

tb

22

FREDDY:

(AFTER A BEAT) Al...

AL:

Yeah.

FREDDY:

Did you see what I just saw.

AL:

Huh.

FREDDY:

That safe. They keep the contributions in that safe. A ten-year-old kid could blow that thing with a wad of bubble gum.

AL:

(ALARMED) Now look, Freddy...

FREDDY:

I'm telling you, I could open it with one thumb, left-handed.

AL:

Listen, you goon, I'm getting fifteen per cent of this thing, legitimate...

FREDDY:

But why take fifteen per cent when all we'd have to do is open that safe...

AL:

No! You hear me? N - O.

tb

ATX01 0182605

23

FREDDY:

All right, it was only a suggestion.

AL:

You keep your suggestions to yourself.

FREDDY:

Well don't get sore. All I meant...

AL:

I know what you meant and I don't want any more ideas out of that second-story brain of yours. This is my racket and I'll run it my way. Is that clear.

FREDDY:

Yeah, sure. Al, anything you say...(MILDLY) it was only a suggestion.

MUSIC: TO A CURTAIN.

(COMMERCIAL)

tb

ATX01 0182606

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
AUGUST 14, '952

~~B~~ - 23A -

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: ~~(TO A CURTAIN)~~

END OF ACT I

TICE: Back to "The Super Salesman" in just a moment.

BARUCH: Friends, Luckies are made better to taste better--
to taste cleaner, fresher, smoother! And it's
easy to prove this to yourself. Simply do this:
Take a Lucky from a newly opened pack and
carefully remove the paper by tearing down the
seam from end to end. Be sure to start on the
seam. In tearing, don't crush or dig into the
tobacco. Now look at that perfect cylinder of
fine, mild tobacco. See how it holds together --
without those annoying loose ends that get in
your mouth and spoil the taste? That's why
Luckies taste cleaner! Notice how free Luckies
are from excessive air spaces, hot spots that
burn too fast - and give you a hot, harsh taste.
That's why Luckies taste fresher. Then look at
that fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco, perfectly
shredded and packed just right for smooth, even
smoking. That's why Luckies taste smoother. Yes,
friends, these are the important inside reasons
that make every Lucky taste better -- cleaner,
fresher, smoother. So for your own real deep-down
smoking enjoyment, Be Happy - Go Lucky! Make your
next carton Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME)

ATX01 01B2607

ANNCR:

And now back to "The FBI In Peace and War" and tonight's story...

The Super Salesman.

MUSIC: THEME AND OUT.

AL:

Yes, sir, Itchy Fingers gummed me up plenty on that deal, and just when everything was going good.

DAVE:

Yeah, I guess that's what happens when you got a partner with a one-track mind.

AL:

Of course there was also a couple of wise guys from the FBI who stepped into the picture, but it took Freddy to fix me up with five more years on this stretch.

DAVE:

So what happened?

AL:

Well, like I was saying, after we gave this Dillon dame the car, I was in solid with her and the committee and it was a cinch from there in. They signed the contract giving me fifteen percent and I started the campaign rolling.

ras

-25-

DAVE:

You mean you actually did some work?

AL:

Work? Listen, when it comes to fund raising I'm the best little salesman you ever saw. I jumped into that drive with both feet and at the end of three weeks me and the local talent pushed the contributions over the fifty-thousand-dollar mark.

DAVE:

And they were going to give you fifteen percent of that?

AL:

Yeah, free and clear.

DAVE:

Only Freddy gummed it up.

AL:

Uh huh.

DAVE:

He couldn't wait?

AL:

Uh huh.

DAVE:

That's why they called him Itchy Fingers.

ATX01 01B2609

-26-

AL:

Uh huh.

DAVE:

Go on.

AL:

Well, naturally, when I work a campaign like this I usually call in one high-pressure boy to get contributions over the phone, but since Freddy was with me, I let him do this kind of work and I told the Dillon dame that Freddy was generously taking time off from his business to help the fund.

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER:

AL:

Well, one night, after a hard day at the campaign office, Freddy and I were in my hotel room, me having a highball and him totaling up the week's receipts. He liked to do this even when he couldn't get his hands on the dough, he said it kept him interested in the work.

MUSIC: IS OUT.

FREDDY:

And two hundred and six bucks and fifty cents from the Girl Scouts.
And fifty bucks, compliments of the Elite Dry Cleaning company.
Total, twelve thousand and three bucks and thirty cents.

ras

ATX01 0182610

-27-

AL:

How about another drink?

FREDDY:

Yeah, I'll have one. Say, you know, I've been thinking something,
Al...

AL:

Whatever it is, it's no good. (SOUND: LIQUOR POURED) Say when.

FREDDY:

No, I'm serious, I'm kind of worried. When.

AL:

Uh huh. Well you let me do the worrying for this team. (PASSES
THE DRINK) Here you are.

FREDDY:

Thanks. You aren't worried, Al?

AL:

Worried. About what?

FREDDY:

Well, I admit I never worked a job like this before, but I don't
like the idea of staying in one spot so long. We've been here
three weeks now. ^{Al: You look...} What if the cops ever caught up with that car
we took? What if they start pinning up your picture in the post
offices like they used to?

ATX01 0182611

AL:

How could they pin up my picture, I'm not wanted for anything.

FREDDY:

How about those deals you pulled before I got out?

AL:

Clean as a whistle, they'll never catch up with me on those.

FREDDY:

All the same I'm worried, I think we ought to take another angle on this job.

AL:

What other angle?

FREDDY:

Well, for instance, you're having this big bazaar out at the ball park on Saturday night. How much do you think you'll take in on that?

AL:

I dunno, it's the big wind-up to the campaign. With the car tickets, games of chance, all that, we might hit fifteen to eighteen thousand bucks.

FREDDY:

Yeah, that's what I figured. On Saturday night, right?

ras

-29-

AL:

Well sure on Saturday, what about it?

FREDDY:

On Saturday night the Dillon dame couldn't put all that dough in the bank, could she? She's got to put it in that safe in the office.

AL:

Now, Freddy...

FREDDY:

(PLEADING) Al, I'm telling you, I could open that thing standing on my head and one hand in my pocket!

AL:

No soap, Freddy.

FREDDY:

Al, we can't stay around this town forever.

AL:

We can stay till the end of next week like our contract says.

FREDDY:

But we'll only get about eleven G's on the contract and my way...

AL:

Your way is out, forget it.

ras

ATX01 0102613

-30-

FREDDY:

Al, you're making a very serious mistake.

AL:

(CHUCKLES) The only mistake I've made so far is knowing you.

FREDDY:

All right, laugh all you want, but don't blame me if we get in trouble hanging around this town too long...don't say I didn't tell you.

MUSIC: HITS AND UNDER FOR:

SOUND: TYPEWRITER.

SHEPPARD:

Memo to the Director, Alvin Connors search. Stolen car used in Oakwood Community Chest drive traced to filling station on Highway 22 through lubrication sticker on door post. Owner of station, Dixie Smith, former convict, Agent Bailey and I are going to work on this immediately. Sign it, Sheppard.

MUSIC: OVER AND OUT.

SOUND: CAR PULLING TO A STOP. MOTOR OFF. CAR DOOR OPEN.

DIXIE:

(COMING IN) Morning, gents, fill her up?

ras

ATX01 0182614

SHEPPARD:

No thanks. We'd like to talk to you, Dixie. FBI.

DIXIE:

FBI. Yeah, sure, what's the trouble?

BAILEY:

Supposing we go in your office for a few minutes, Dixie.

DIXIE:

Okay, come on along. (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL) But look fellahs, I'm clean, you can ask the Sheriff. I been in this spot for the last five years. (SOUND: DOOR OPEN) And you can ask anybody around here about my record. (SOUND: DOOR CLOSED) I been off parole since 1945 and I've got a legitimate business here.

SHEPPARD:

Dixie...when did you last see Al Connors?

DIXIE:

Connors? Who's that?

BAILEY:

He's a swindler, Dixie, who uses stolen cars as part of his racket.

DIXIE:

Why should I know him?

ras

SHEPPARD:

You did a lubrication job on one of his cars. Your mileage sticker was on the door post.

DIXIE:

Well look, I lubricate hundreds of cars here. I can't help it if some crook...

BAILEY:

This crook, Dixie, also happened to have been at the Elmswood Penitentiary when you were there ten years ago.

DIXIE:

So what, lots of guys were there.

SHEPPARD:

You'll save us a lot of trouble if you tell the truth, Dixie.

DIXIE:

I'm telling you the truth, I never heard of any guy named Alvin Connors.

BAILEY:

Agent Sheppard didn't say Alvin, Dixie, he said Al. How do you know Connors' name is Alvin instead of Albert or Alfred?

DIXIE:

(FLUSTERED) What's the difference, Alvin, Albert, I guessed, that's all.

ras

-33-

SHEPPARD:

All right, Dixie, if you want to go back up the river for harboring stolen property...

DIXIE:

(ANGRILY) Now wait a minute, I said I was clean and I meant it. I don't ask every customer who parks his car here whether it's stolen or not. A guy comes in with a car and tells me to store it, I don't ask him where he got it.

SHEPPARD:

Not even someone like Connors?

DIXIE:

No. Where he gets a car is his business, not mine.

BAILEY:

You do know him, don't you, Dixie?

DIXIE:

All right, I met the guy a couple of times, sue me.

BAILEY:

When was he in here last?

DIXIE:

I dunno, five, six weeks ago, I guess.

ras

ATX01 0182617

SHEPPARD:

Where is he now?

DIXIE:

I don't know.

SHEPPARD:

Okay, Dixie, I guess you better come along to headquarters...

DIXIE:

Now wait, I got a reputation here in this community, if people find out I served time...

BAILEY:

Where is Connors, Dixie?

DIXIE:

Well look, if I tell you what I know, and you find out my record is clean like I say it is...

SHEPPARD:

If it is, Dixie, you have nothing to worry about.

DIXIE:

Okay. (A BEAT) Last time Connors was in here he asked me for a Pennsylvania road map, he said he had a proposition in a place called Milford.

ras

SHEPPARD:

Milford.

DIXIE:

Pennsylvania. And listen, if I'd've known that car he was driving was stolen...

SHEPPARD:

We understand, Dixie. Your record may be just as clean as you say it is. Meantime, just stick around town here in case we need you. Okay, Frank, let's go. Oh, uh, one thing, Dixie...

DIXIE:

Yeah?

SHEPPARD:

Maybe you'd better give us a road map of Pennsylvania too.

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER FOR:

AL:

Yes sir, everything was going just fine and on Saturday night we wound up the campaign with eighteen thousand bucks that we took in at the ball park. Mrs. Dillon put the dough in her safe at the office and I figured the whole deal was in the bag.

DAVE:

Only it waen't.

ras

AL:

Uh huh.

DAVE:

So what happened?

AL:

Well, on Sunday morning I was sleeping peaceful in my room when there was a knock on the door.

SOUND: LOUD KNOCK

AL:

I opened the door (SOUND: DOOR OPEN) and a repulsive character stuck his head in and said...

SHEPPARD:

Are you Alvin Connors?

AL:

And I said "yes". And he said...

SHEPPARD:

FBI, Connors. Come along with me.

MUSIC: OVER AND OUT.

SOUND: CAR UNDER:

ras

-37-

AL:

It says it again
Listen, boys, this is a big mistake, I'm running a legitimate drive
in this town, you can ask anybody.

BAILEY:

We know, *you know* ~~all about it,~~ Connors. There's the office, Shep.

SHEPPARD:

Okay.

AL:

You can ask Mrs. Dillon, she's head of the committee...

SHEPPARD:

That's just *what* we are asking, Connors.

AL:

(RIGHTEOUSLY) Good. You'll see I didn't take a dime of this dough
for myself. All I'm getting is a straight commission.

SHEPPARD:

Did she say she'd be in front of the office, Frank?

BAILEY:

Yeah. She's driving a Pontiac station wagon.

AL:

There's Mrs. Dillon's car. Go ahead, ask her about me.

SOUND: CAR SLOWING UP.

ras

ATX01 0182621

-38-

SHEPPARD:

Did you tell her anything over the phone, Frank?

BAILEY:

No. (SOUND: CAR STOPS) Just asked her to meet us here.

SHEPPARD:

Okay. (SOUND: DOOR OPEN) Come along, Connors. (SOUND: DOOR CLOSED. FOOTSTEPS)

AL:

(CHEERILY) Morning, Mrs. Dillon, sorry these boys had to get you out of bed so early...

BAILEY:

We'll handle this, Connors.

SHEPPARD:

Mrs. Dillon.

MARTHA:

(PUZZLED) Yes?

SHEPPARD:

We're agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, Mrs. Dillon. We'd like to talk to you about Mr. Connors' part in the drive you've just completed.

ras

ATX01 0182622

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MARTHA:

About Mr. Connors?

AL:

Listen, Mrs. Dillon, tell them if I took one dime of that dough,
tell them...

SHEPPARD:

Do you mind if we go in your office and talk, Mrs. Dillon?

MARTHA:

No, not at all, come right in. (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS) I hope I have the
key. When you called, I got out in such a rush...yes, here it is.
(SOUND: KEY IN LOCK, DOOR OPEN)

AL:

Mrs. Dillon, these gentlemen are under a slight misapprehension.
(SOUND: DOOR CLOSED) And I know you're going to be able to straighten
them out.

MARTHA:

I'll do anything I can, Mr. Connors, but I'm afraid this is all a
little confusing. Sit down please, gentlemen.

SHEPPARD:

Thank you.

MARTHA:

Now what would you like to know?

ATX01 01B2623

BAILEY:

Mrs. Dillon... *we have reason to believe*

SOUND: OFF: A MUFFLED THUD.

MARTHA:

Gracious, what was ^{is} that! Excuse me, gentlemen, something seems to *be*
have ~~exploded~~ ^{going on} in my office. (SOUND: QUICK FOOTSTEPS. DOOR OPEN)

(A BEAT, THEN) Why, Mr. Walsh, what are you doing in my office!

AL:

(COMING IN) Mr. Walsh!

SHEPPARD:

(COMING IN) What's going on here?

MARTHA:

This is Mr. Walsh. He...he's an automobile dealer. (TO FREDDY)

But Mr. Walsh...what are you doing with that safe?

FREDDY:

(TRYING TO BLUFF IT OUT) Mrs. Dillon, ever since I saw this safe
I came to the conclusion that it wasn't burglar-proof and I said
to myself, that safe isn't...uh...safe...so I...uh...

AL:

Mr. Walsh, this is very embarrassing. (TO SHEPPARD) Gentlemen,

I suppose this is an unfortunate time to clear up your
misunderstanding about me...

END

-41-

SHEPPARD:

Very, Connors. All right, "Mister" Walsh, you can put that money back in the safe and we'll all take a ride to Harrisburg.

FREDDY:

Harrisburg?

BAILEY:

You're under arrest, Mister. FBI.

FREDDY:

FBI? Al...what is this?

AL.

(A BEAT, THEN DISGUSTED) Just what he said, ^{scraped, the} you-schnuck, FBI, and they got to catch you unloading a safe.

FREDDY:

Now wait a minute...

AL:

Go on boys, take him away, he's nothing but a crook. I should've known better than get tied up with a partner like that.

MARTHA:

Mr. Connors...are you and Mr. Walsh...

ras

ATX01 0182625

-42-

AL:

Yeah...we are, Mrs. Dillon, and I'm very sorry he tried this unfortunate method of collecting our commission. Maybe better luck next time.

MARTHA:

I...I can't believe it, Mr. Connors. We...we seemed to be getting along so nicely.

AL:

Sure we were, till he gummed it up. (TO SHEPPARD) Okay, boys, let's get it over with. Come, "Itchy Fingers"...I hope they give you life for not knowing a good thing when you see it.

MUSIC: TO A CURTAIN.

(COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0182626

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
AUGUST 14, 1952

EC- 4/3

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: (UP TO CURTAIN)

TICE: In just a moment, Agent Sheppard will tell you what happened to the people in tonight's story.

BARUCH: Smokers, you can easily see for yourself the inside reasons why Luckies taste better -- cleaner, fresher, smoother! Just take a Lucky from a newly opened pack and carefully remove the paper by tearing down the seam from end to end. Be sure to start on the seam. In tearing don't crush or dig into the tobacco. Now, examine that perfect cylinder of fine, mild tobacco. See how it holds together -- without those annoying loose ends that get in your mouth and spoil the taste. That's why Luckies taste cleaner. Notice how free your Lucky is from air spaces - hot spots that burn too fast - taste hot and harsh. That's why Luckies taste fresher. And look at that fine, good-tasting tobacco -- perfectly shredded and packed just right to draw freely and smoke evenly. That's why Luckies taste smoother. So, for a cleaner, fresher, smoother smoke, make your next carton Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

~~TICE: CONCLUSION OF CASE~~

~~MUSIC: (SHOW THEME)~~

ATX01 01B2627

-43A-

SHEPPARD:

With undeniable evidence piled up against them, Alvin Connors and Freddy Walsh were brought to trial, Connors charged with fraud, Walsh with fraud and grand larceny. Both were convicted, Connors given a term of five years, Walsh ten to fifteen. Connors is coming up for parole soon and we understand that he is sincere in his desire to give up his career as...The Super Salesman.

MUSIC: TO FINISH.

ATX01 0182628

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
AUGUST 14, 1952

~~D~~ 14

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

TICE: All names and characters used on this program are fictitious. Any similarity to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. This program is based on Frederick L. Collins' copyrighted book "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR"...and is not an official program of the FBI. In tonight's story Laura Lane played the part of Alvin Karpis. Alvin Karpis was Barbara Clayton. The radio dramatization for "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR" is written by Louis Pelletier and Jack Finke. These programs are produced and directed by Betty Mandeville. Be sure to listen to next Thursday's story, "The Bait", on "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR". Same time -- same station.

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME - UP AND UNDER)

BARUCH: "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR" has been selected as one of the programs to be heard by our Armed Forces overseas through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service. **This is Andre Baruch saying goodnight for Lucky Strike, product of the American Tobacco company -- America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.**

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME - UP AND OUT)

TICE: THIS IS THE CBS RADIO NETWORK.

ATX01 0182629

MASTER

AS PROSECUTOR

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR

"THE BAIT"

THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1952
~~SEP 14, 1952~~

Produced and directed by:

Betty Mandeville

Written by:

Louis Pelletier and Jack Finke

ras

RTX01 01B2630

-A-

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

"THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR"

OPENING COMMERCIAL

JULY 10, 1952

THURSDAY

TICE: LUCKY STRIKE presents THE FBI IN PEACE AND
WAR!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

TICE: Another great story based on Frederick L. Collins'
copyrighted book. "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR".
Drama ... Thrills ... Action! But first ...
Andre Baruch.

BARUCH: Friends, I'm sure you'll agree that taste makes the
big difference in a cigarette and Luckies taste
better. They taste better for two important
reasons: First, Luckies are made of fine, mild
tobacco. Everybody knows LS/MFT ... Lucky Strike
means fine tobacco ... fine, mild, good-tasting
tobacco. Second, Luckies are made better to
taste better ... always round, firm and fully
packed to give you a cigarette that's mild and
smooth and fresh -- with better taste in every
puff! You'll really Be Happy -- when you Go Lucky
-- because Luckies taste better! So tomorrow why
don't you start the day off with Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME UP AND FADE)

ATX01 0182631

ANNCR:
on the FBI in present war.
Tonight's story...The Bait.

MUSIC: LOW MOODY THEME AND OUT INTO:

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS. DARKENED ALLEY. B.G.

BIZ: DOOR SLIDING OPEN. PAUSE.

WHITEY:

(SOFT) Okay?

BERT:

Okay.

SOUND: DOOR SLIDING CLOSED.

BIZ: ANOTHER PAUSE. THEN:

SOUND: TWO PAIRS OF FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD WALKING SLOWLY. THEY STOP.

BERT:

(ON CUE) How about right here?

WHITEY:

No good. Flash your light down that way. (A PAUSE WHILE THEY

LOOK) Uh huh.

ras

-3-

BERT:

The cutting table.

WHITEY:

Maybe. Come on, we'll take a look.

SOUND: THE FOOTSTEPS AGAIN. STAY UNDER

BERT:

(ON CUE) Whitey.

WHITEY:

Yeah.

BERT:

He said he was going to leave a few bolts of silk here to make it look legitimate.

WHITEY:

Yeah. So he said. A few bolts for bait.

BERT:

You gave him that idea, huh. Bait.

WHITEY:

Sure.

BERT:

(CHUCKLES) Nice idea, Whitey.

ras

ATX01 0182633

BERT:

What's the matter?

WHITEY:

This is the spot. We'll use that waste-bin right there.

BERT:

Oh. Sure. Better than the table.

WHITEY:

Flash your light on the ceiling. (PAUSE) Uh huh. Nice up-draft. It'll burn right up that stairway and hit the second floor.

BERT:

Maybe we shoulda brought some gasoline just to be safe.

WHITEY:

(SCORNFULLY) Gasoline. You talk gasoline when we got thermite.

BERT:

I only meant, I never seen thermite work...

WHITEY:

You haven't, but *well,*
~~You serve a stretch in Korea you'd see it work.~~ Nothin' can
put it out once it starts burning. Four thousand degrees
Fahrenheit.

ras

-5-

BERT:

(IMPRESSED) Yeah?

WHITEY:

Yeah. Couple of ounces in that waste-bin and this place goes up like a matchbox.

BERT:

Four thousand degrees.

WHITEY:

Uh huh. Where is it?

BERT:

What.

WHITEY:

The ⁿtermite tube.

BERT:

Oh. Here.

WHITEY:

Okay.

BERT:

That's all you need, Whitey, just that little tube full?

WHITEY:

That's all. I set it with this here fuse and in six hours..blooey up she goes.

ATX01 0182635

-6-

BERT:

(STILL IMPRESSED) Scientific, huh.

WHITEY:

(SMILES) Yeah real scientific. Flash your light so's I can see what I'm doing.

BERT:

Yeah, sure. (BIZ: A PAUSE. THEN) Whitey.

WHITEY:

What.

BERT:

We better locate those bolts of silk. That's important.

WHITEY:

Sure we'll locate them.

BERT:

One sample out of each bolt, huh.

WHITEY:

Right. (PAUSE) Well, there we are, all set.

BERT:

It won't go off too soon, will it?

ras

ATX01 0182636

-7-

WHITEY:

Six hours.

BERT:

Exact?

WHITEY:

Uh huh.

BERT:

It's eleven o'clock now.

WHITEY:

Okay. Five A.M., up she goes. A three-alarm job if I ever saw one.

BERT:

(THINKING BACK) Four thousand degrees Farenheit, huh.

WHITEY:

(CHUCKLES) Yeah. Real scientific.

MUSIC: HITS IT SUDDENLY AND HARD. UNDER EXCITED FOR:

ATX01 01B2637

WOMAN:

(EXCITED) Hello, operator...operator...I want to report a fire!
It's a warehouse right down the block! First Avenue and River Street.
You better tell them to hurry, operator, it's burning something
terrible!

MUSIC: HITS AGAIN AND INTO:

SOUND: FIRE ENGINE COMING DOWN THE STREET

SOUND: EXCITED CROWD... ROAR OF FLAMES.

POLICEMAN:

Stand back! Stand back of the lines there!

WOMAN:

There goes the wall.

POLICEMAN:

Stand back. Get back!

FIRST MAN:

Anybody inside there, officer?

POLICEMAN:

Who'd be working on a Sunday. Get back you.

SECOND MAN:

They might as well tell those fire engines to go home, there won't
be anything left now.

WOMAN:

There it goes, the wall! That's the end of that warehouse!

SOUND: WALL CRASHING UP INTO:

MUSIC: BUILDS THE CRASH TO A CLIMAX AND OUT QUIETLY FOR:

SOUND: PHONE

DOTTIE:

(ON PHONE) Eastern Silk Trading company, good morning. What? Oh
yeah, just a minute please, I'll let you speak to him. (SOUND: DOTTIE
RISES, GOES A FEW STEPS TO A DOOR AND OPENS IT.) (LOWERS HER VOICE)

Jim...

JIM:

(OFF A LITTLE) Yeah.

DOTTIE:

It's the Marlow Silk Mills.

JIM:

(OFF A LITTLE) What do they want?

DOTTIE:

Something about the fire. They must've read it in the paper. You
better talk to them.

JIM:

(OFF A LITTLE) Okay, I guess this is it. Close the door, Dottie.

-10-

DOTTIE:

Sure.

JIM:

(OFF A LITTLE) Hello. This is Mr. Gordon speaking...

SOUND: DOOR CLOSED. DOTTIE STARTS BACK.

DOTTIE:

(A SMALL GASP OF FRIGHT) Oh...

WHITEY:

Morning, Dottie, how are you.

DOTTIE:

Whitey, for goodness sake you scared me.

BERT:

'Lo, Dottie.

DOTTIE:

Hello, Bert. You might at least have knocked, Whitey.

WHITEY:

(EASILY) It says on the door "Eastern Silk Company, walk in," so we walked in. Jim here?

DOTTIE:

He's busy on the phone.

ras

ATX01 01B2640

-11-

WHITEY:

Okay. Come on, Bert.

DOTTIE:

Whitey, this is an important call.

WHITEY:

Yeah?

DOTTIE:

The Marlow Silk Mills.

WHITEY:

Oh. Good. They're calling already, hah. This the first one?

DOTTIE:

Yeah.

WHITEY:

Don't worry, there'll be more. Come on, Bert, I want to hear how Mr. Big handles this one.

DOTTIE:

Whitey...

WHITEY:

Relax, honey. Jim always likes to see his pals. (SOUND: DOOR OPEN)

ras

ATX01 0182641

-12-

JIM:

(COMING IN GRADUALLY ON PHONE) Yes, of course, Mr. Johnson, I understand your position fully. What? No, I'm sorry to say I didn't carry a cent of insurance on any of the silk in my warehouse. What? (PAUSE) (PUTS HAND OVER PHONE, SOFTLY TO WHITEY) Sit down Whitey.

WHITEY:

(SOFTLY) Okay, Jim.

JIM:

(INTO PHONE) Yes I know it's unbusinesslike, Mr. Johnson, I admit it. What's that? Well, frankly, it looks like I'll have to declare bankruptcy. (SLIGHT PAUSE) Uh huh...uh huh...well, I'll tell you what Mr. Johnson, you send your lawyer over here and I'll talk to him. Yeah, you do that. Goodbye. (SOUND: PHONE DOWN)

WHITEY:

(LAUGHS) Nice work, Jim.

JIM:

(PLEASED) You like that, huh.

BERT:

What do you have to declare bankruptcy for?

ATX01 01B2642

-13-

WHITEY:

So's he won't have to pay back all that silk he got on credit, you dope.

BERT:

Oh.

WHITEY:

How much stuff did you cart out of that warehouse before we burned it, Jim?

JIM:

(CURTLY) That's my business, Whitey.

WHITEY:

No offense, just asking. From the size of the place I'd say it was forty maybe fifty thousand yards.

JIM:

Look, Whitey, you're getting a nice cut, don't get itchy.

WHITEY:

Sure, Jim, I know. (SLIGHT PAUSE) Only when?

JIM:

When what?

WHITEY:

When do we get our cut.

ATX01 0182643

-14-

JIM:

As soon as I sell the silk.

WHITEY:

Uh huh.

JIM:

That was our deal, wasn't it.

WHITEY:

Sure, Jim, that was the deal. (SOUND: PHONE. OFF)

DOTTIE:

(OFF) (INTO PHONE) Eastern Silk Trading company. Just a minute.

WHITEY:

Sounds like another one of your creditors.

JIM:

Yeah, they'll be flocking now.

DOTTIE:

(COMING IN) It's the Pompton Mills, Jim.

JIM:

All right, Dottie, I'll talk to them. Whitey, maybe you'd better...

WHITEY:

Sure we're going along, Jim. Just dropped in to see if everything was working on schedule.

ATX01 01B2644

-15-

JIM:

It's on schedule. And don't worry, I'll keep in touch with you.

WHITEY:

You do that. Come on, Bert.

BERT:

So long, Jim.

JIM:

So long, Bert.

WHITEY:

Be seeing you, Dottie.

DOTTIE:

Sure thing, Whitey.

WHITEY:

Come on, dope. (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR)

JIM:

(GOING OFF)(ON THE PHONE) Hello...this is Mr. Gordon speaking.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS DOWN HALL. ~~THEN STOP.~~

ras

ATX01 0182645

-16-

BERT:

Whitey.

WHITEY:

Yeah, Bert.

BERT:

When do we give him the bad news?

WHITEY:

(CHUCKLES) The bad news? Well I figure as soon as he cashes in on that silk, Bert...then we give him the bad news.

MUSIC. TOUCHES OMINOUSLY AND UNDER FOR:

MAN:

(TOUGH) Fifty thousand yards of silk, huh. How much do you want for it, Jim?

JIM:

Two dollars a yard, Stubby. Take any quantity.

MAN:

Okay, I'll go for five thousand yards. Get it over to my place tonight.

MUSIC: TOUCHES AND UNDER.

ras

ATX01 0182646

-17-

BERT:

Whitey...

WHITEY:

Yeah.

BERT:

He sold some of the stuff last night. Do we tell him now?

WHITEY:

Uh uh, not yet. Let him get in a little deeper. Let him stick his neck out real long, then we'll tie it up with ten yards of his own hot silk.

MUSIC: TO A CLIMAX AND OUT.

MILLER:

Well, there you are, Commissioner, that's the inventory of the silk that was in the warehouse at the time of the fire. At your suggestion...(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR) Come in. (SOUND: DOOR OPEN)

GIRL:

Mr. Sheppard is here, Mr. Miller.

MILLER:

Oh good. (PROJECT) Come on in, Shep. Thank you, Miss Black.

GIRL:

Yes, sir.

ATX01 01B2647

-18-

MILLER:

How are you, Shep...(SOUND: DOOR CLOSED)...how're things in Washington?

SHEPPARD:

Fine thanks, Tom.

MILLER:

Shep, I want you to meet Fire Commissioner Grady. Commissioner, this is William Sheppard of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

COMMISSIONER:

Glad to know you, Mr. Sheppard, the D.A. here's been telling me a lot about you.

SHEPPARD:

(SMILES) Oh he has, eh.

MILLER:

(LAUGHS) All to the good, Shep. Sit down, help yourself to a smoke.

SHEPPARD:

Thanks.

MILLER:

Commissioner?

ras

ATX01 0182648

-19-

COMMISSIONER:

No thanks. I've got to get back to my office. I don't want to rush you, Tom...

MILLER:

Sure, I understand, we'll get right to work. I guess it's up to you, Shep. What about the laboratory analysis of that residue?

SHEPPARD:

I'll tell you in just a second, Tom. Commissioner, I wanted to ask you, what made your investigators suspicious of this fire?

COMMISSIONER:

We weren't suspicious at first, Mr. Sheppard. We were just doing a routine check when one of my men noticed something peculiar about the waste bin on the first floor.

sheppard:

Uh huh.

COMMISSIONER:

The bin contained silk scraps which were completely consumed, leaving a characteristic black ash. But at the bottom of the bin there was a small pile of molten slag that looked chemical rather than animal.

SHEPPARD

I see.

ras

ATX01 01B2649

COMMISSIONER:

Naturally we thought of accelerants and I decided to ask Tom's office to send the stuff to you people for analysis.

SHEPPARD:

Uh huh. Well, I'm glad you did, Commissioner. The slag is the result of burning thermite.

MILLER:

Thermite.

COMMISSIONER:

(A LITTLE PROUD) My men were right, eh.

SHEPPARD:

They most certainly were. ~~On top of that, your report made no mention of poison.~~

*COHM: And besides the possibility of accelerants they found
no trace of any poison.*

MILLER:

Poison?

SHEPPARD:

Burning silk gives off hydrocyanic acid, the deadliest poison known.

If the fire had been a legitimate one the Commissioner's

~~The Commissioner's men apparently found no trace of it.~~

men would have found a good deal more than a trace of it.

COMMISSIONER:

would.
They certainly ~~didn't~~.

ras

-21-

MILLER:

You think there wasn't any inventory of silk in that warehouse, Shep.

SHEPPARD:

I don't think anything yet, Tom. Except it looks as if you've got an arson case on your hands.

MILLER:

Thermite. Where would anyone get a compound like that.

~~SHEPPARD:~~

~~From any welding plant, I should think.~~

Good
COMMISSIONER:

But once they got it, why would they want to fire a warehouse that was supposed to be full of silk.

MILLER:

An inside job?

SHEPPARD:

Maybe. But all I can say at the moment...

MILLER:

(SMILES) I know. The office has a nice case of arson on its hands.

W
~~MUSIC: HITS IT AND UNDER FOR:~~

~~SOUND: PHONE.~~

YBR

ATX01 0182651

JIM:

Eastern Silk Trading Company, Mr. Gordon speaking.

WHITEY:

(FILTER) Hello, Jim, this is Whitey. You wanted me to call?

JIM:

(JOVIAL) I sure did, Whitey. Come on over to my office, I've got some good news for you.

WHITEY:

(FILTER) You sold all the stuff, huh.

JIM:

That's right. Real good news.

WHITEY:

(FILTER) Okay, Jim, we'll be right over. Only I'm afraid we got some bad news for you.

MUSIC: TO A CLIMAX AND OUT.

JIM:

What do you mean, bad news.

WHITEY:

In this here package, Jim. Unwrap the package, Bert, and show the gentlemen.

ras

-23-

BERT:

Okay, Whitey. (SOUND: RUSTLE OF HEAVY PAPER)

JIM:

(TRYING THE LIGHT TOUCH) Come on, Whitey, what's the gag.

WHITEY:

No gag, Jim. Just have a look.

BERT:

(LAYING IT OUT) There you are, Jim.

JIM:

What's this.

WHITEY:

Silk, Jim. Don't you recognize it? That's a bolt of silk from your own warehouse.

JIM:

(HARD) Yeah.

WHITEY:

Pattern number ten oh six. Flowered print.

JIM:

All right, all right, so what about it.

ras

ATX01 01B2653

-24-

WHITEY:

Jim, supposing the cops ever got a sample of this here pretty print. They'd know that fire was just a cover-up, wouldn't they.

JIM:

(GETTING RED IN THE FACE) What are you trying to pull.

WHITEY:

Nothing yet, I'm just supposing. Wouldn't look good if the D.A.'s office got a sample of this in the mail, now would it.

JIM:

Listen, you two are in this just as deep as I am...

WHITEY:

Oh no, Jim. We were fifty miles away when it happened. Over in Jersey with an air-tight alibi.

JIM:

Now look, Whitey, if you think you can hold me up...

WHITEY:

I don't think, I know. We saved this little bolt of silk, just for that, Jim. And I'll tell you what we're going to do...

JIM:

You're not going to do anything. We agreed on five thousand for your cut...

ras

ATK01 01B2654

-25-

WHITEY:

(GOING RIGHT ON) What we're going to do, Jim, is sell some of this nice flowered print real cheap. Fifteen thousand, ~~bucks~~.

JIM:

What.

WHITEY:

Fifteen thousand, Jim. And believe me...at that price you're getting a bargain. Right, Bert?

BERT:

That's right, Jim. We got it all figured out...at fifteen thousand you're getting a bargain.

MUSIC: TO A CLIMAX AND THE CURTAIN.

(COMMERCIAL)

ras

ATX01 0182655

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
JULY 19, 1952

-B- W A.

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: ~~(TO A CURTAIN)~~

(END OF ACT I)

TICE: Back to "The Bait" in just a moment.

BARUCH: Friends, while all cigarettes may look the same on the outside - there's an important inside difference in Lucky Strike -- an inside difference that proves Luckies are made better to taste better and you can see for yourself - just TEAR AND COMPARE. From a newly opened pack, take a cigarette made by any other manufacturer. Then, carefully tear a thin strip of paper straight down the seam, from end to end, and gently remove the tobacco. In tearing, be careful not to loosen or dig into the tobacco. Now, do the same with a Lucky Strike. Then compare. You'll find some cigarettes are so loosely packed they fall apart. Others have excessive air spaces that burn too fast -- taste hot, harsh and dry. But just look at that Lucky. There you see a perfect cylinder of fine, mild tobacco, so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw. And notice those long strands of fresh, clean, good-tasting tobacco that smoke smooth and even, that give you a milder, better-tasting cigarette.

(MORE)

ATX01 01B2656

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
JULY 10, 1952

~~0~~ VSB

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL(CONT'D)

BARUCH:
(CONT'D)

Yes, friends, tear and compare - see for yourself
that Luckies are made better to taste better.
So, try it yourself -- and for more smoking
enjoyment you, too, will make your next carton
Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME)

ATX01 01B2657

ANNCR:

And now, back to "The FBI In Peace and War" and tonight's story
...The Bait.

MUSIC: THEME AND HOLD THROUGH:

JIM:

(HARD) All right, Whitey, you get your fifteen thousand. But I want
your word the D.A.'s office never sees this print.

WHITEY:

Jim, you have my solemn oath. The D.A.'s office'll never see this
print.

MUSIC: OVER QUICKLY AND OUT.

BIZ: WHITEY AND BERT CHUCKLING OUT OF MUSIC.

WHITEY:

There you are, Bert, fifteen thousand. Seventy-five hundred
apiece.

BERT:

(HAPPY ADMIRATION) I got to hand it to you, Whitey.

WHITEY:

(GRINNING) The bait was a nice idea, huh.

BERT:

Nice? Just look at this dough. I never knew there was so much green
in the whole world.

tb

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WHITEY:

(GRUDGING) Yeah, fifteen g's ain't bad.

BERT:

(TO THE WALLS) Ain't bad the man says!

WHITEY:

Okay, it's good. But thirty's even better.

BERT:

Huh?

WHITEY:

When your bait hooks a fish, Bert, it's not smart angling to throw back your catch.

BERT:

Whitey, you're not thinking...

WHITEY:

Sure I'm thinking. We got fifteen thousand, yeah. But Jim must of got a ripe eighty, maybe ninety. Ninety thousand just for sitting around doing nothing.

BERT:

(FISHING) You can't hold him up again, Whitey. You gave your word.

WHITEY:

Sure I did. My solemn oath, I gave...the D.A.'s office'll never see ten-oh-six, the flowered print.

BERT:

Well?
tb

ATX01 0182659

WHITEY:

Well, they won't see it. But they could get an eyeful of nine-four-two, the Chinese damask.

BERT:

(SMILING) Oh.

WHITEY:

(GRINNING) That wouldn't be going back on my solemn oath, Bert, now would it.

BERT:

(CHUCKLES) No, Whitey, I'd certainly say that wouldn't.

WHITEY:

'Course, we give Jimmy first crack. He wants the D.A. shouldn't see the Chinese damask, for fifteen thousand the D.A. don't.

BERT:

You know, Whitey, that's very scientific of you.

WHITEY:

(BIG GRIN) Sure. We got a guy coming and going, we got to take advantage don't we?

MUSIC: SHARP TRANSITION AND UNDER FOR:

JIM:

(LOBSTER RED) Fifteen more, eh. You two must be out of your minds!

WHITEY:

It's a bargain, Jim. A very rare bolt of goods.

tb

JIM:

Whitey, I...

WHITEY:

(SMOOTHLY) Don't answer now, think it over. Right, Bert?

BERT:

That's right, Jim. Take a few days, think it over.

MUSIC: UP SEVERELY AND OUT.

JIM:

(STORMING) Think it over, think it over. ^{6, 1947} Can you imagine the nerve of those punks!

DOTTIE:

Take it easy, Jim.

JIM:

Can you imagine the nerve of them!

DOTTIE:

Relax, will you.

JIM:

(COMING INTO MIKE) Relax...I told you what they're trying to pull, didn't I!

DOTTIE:

Yeah, you told me.

JIM:

And I'll tell you something else, Dottie, I'm not letting them get away with it!
tb

DOTTIE:

There's nothing you can do, Jim.

JIM:

There's plenty I can do. No penny-ante cheapsters are going to make a patsy out of me!

DOTTIE:

It may be worth fifteen thousand extra just to be rid of them.

JIM:

I'll never be rid of them, I know their kind. First, the flowered print, now the Chinese demask, they'll be pulling out the blue moire next...they think this'll go on forever!

DOTTIE:

There's no way to stop them, Jim!

JIM:

The D.A. can stop them.

DOTTIE:

(PAUSE) The D.A.?

JIM:

That's what I said, the D.A. Those two skunks are looking for trouble, they're going to get it.

DOTTIE:

You can't go to the D.A.!

JIM:

Who says I can't. You're getting on the phone to him right now.
tb

DOTTIE:

But...

JIM:

Listen, it's right down the line, don't you get it. A couple of hoods tried to sell me some milk looking suspiciously like my own. I don't think that fire was arson at all, I think it was a cover-up for robbery.

DOTTIE:

Jim...

JIM:

Right down the line, Dottie. Ten years up the river for each of them, just what they got coming...I'm in the clear.

DOTTIE:

That Whitey's a rough boy!

JIM:

(SORE) So what he's rough, maybe I'm rougher! Anyway, he'll never know what hit him.

DOTTIE:

I don't know, Jim.

JIM:

You don't, I do. What do you want, I should sit around here till I'm bled white?

DOTTIE:

Of course not.
tb

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JIM:

Then do like I tell you. Get on that phone, tell the D.A. I want to see him.

DOTTIE:

But supposing...

JIM:

Supposing nothing. The boys wanted me to think it over. Okay, I've got the answer for them.

MUSIC: HITS IN HARD. CARRY UNDER:

SOUND: SWITCHBOARD.

GIRL:

District Attorney's office, good morning. Just one moment, I'll connect you. (LOOKING UP) Yes, sir?

JIM:

I believe my secretary made an appointment for me with Mr. Miller? James Gordon of Eastern Silk.

GIRL:

Oh yes, Mr. Gordon. The District Attorney's been expecting you... will you go right in, please.

MUSIC: UP OVER AND OUT.

JIM:

So that's why I came to see you, Mr. Miller. As I said over the phone, there may be nothing in it, I don't know...I thought I'd better come to you anyway.
tb

ATX01 0182664

MILLER:

I'm certainly glad you did, Mr. Gordon.

JIM:

There's been something very peculiar about this whole business right from scratch. I thought of arson, but dismissed it for lack of motive. Now seeing the silk like that...well...

MILLER:

(SMILES, FINISHING IT) ...You have the motive. What do you think, Shep?

SHEPPARD:

Same as you I guess, Tom. Certainly all adds up.

MILLER:

I think so.

JIM:

Adds up?

MILLER:

Mr. Sheppard arrived at your conclusion several days ago, Mr. Gordon.

JIM:

(A BEAT) Oh?

SHEPPARD:

But for different reasons. Tell me...you feel the silk was stolen from your warehouse, then the warehouse fired as a cover-up.

JIM:

That's my guess.
tb

SHEPPARD:

These men who approached you with the silk. Did you get their names?

JIM:

Well, my secretary announced one of them as a Mr. Kane. They called each other Bert and ... I think, Whitey.

MILLER:

Connection, Shep?

SHEPPARD:

We've been looking for ^{a man} ~~an Army deserter~~ named Whitey Kane, he could be the same one.

MILLER:

What exactly made you suspicious of the men, Mr. Gordon?

JIM:

Well in the first place the patterns they had to offer were all identical to my inventory that went up in the fire.

MILLER:

I see.

JIM:

But the main thing was the price they were asking for the silks. Ridiculously low.

MILLER:

Uh hah.

tb

SHEPPARD:

You told them you'd sleep on their proposition overnight, is that it.

JIM:

Yes, right or wrong, I wanted to stall them.

SHEPPARD:

And after you'd slept on it?

JIM:

I'm to meet them tomorrow afternoon at a restaurant called the Sea Grill. I believe it's on Chestnut Street.

MILLER:

I know the one. What time?

JIM:

Three-thirty, quarter of four.

MILLER:

We'll be there. (RISING) Well, Mr. Gordon, we certainly appreciate your cooperation in this.

JIM:

(RISING) Not at all. (OVER FOOTSTEPS) Believe me, I'm as anxious to see those two behind bars as you are. (SOUND: DOOR OPEN. FOOTSTEPS OUT) Oh, incidentally, gentlemen. I certainly would appreciate it if my name could be kept quiet. (SMILES) I've had enough publicity out of this for a lifetime.

tb

MILLER:

Everything you've said to us today was said in strictest confidence.

SHEPPARD:

You just go home and sit tight till this is over, Mr. Gordon. We'll handle it from here.

JIM:

That's just what I'm going to do then, Mr. Sheppard. Go home and sit tight.

MUSIC: HITS IN TO BRIDGE INTO:SOUND: PHONE RECEIVER UP.

WHITEY:

Hello.

JIM:

(FILTER) Whitey, this is Jim.

WHITEY:

Oh yeah, Jim. (HAND OVER PHONE) Bert... Jim

BERT:

on
(COMING IN) Uh huh.

JIM:

(FILTER) Whitey, you gave me a couple of days to think over your proposition. Looks like I have an answer for you.

WHITEY:

(WAITING) Yeah.
tb

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JIM:

(FILTER) The answer's in an envelope in my pocket. The envelope contains fifteen thousand dollars.

WHITEY:

(RELAXED) Good answer, Jim.

JIM:

(FILTER) The only answer, I'm afraid. But I want your word that this is the end of it.

WHITEY:

You got my solemn oath, Jim. There's no hard feelings is there?

JIM:

(FILTER) Listen, a guy outsmarts you, he outsmarts you. No sense acting sore about it.

WHITEY:

(GRINNING) You got the right outlook, friend.

JIM:

(FILTER) Like you say, fifteen thousand's a bargain. You might've tried to grab it all.

WHITEY:

(CHUCKLES) You know, Jim, one thing I go for is a good loser. I have a feeling this is the end of it.

JIM:

(FILTER) I'm glad you look at it that way, Whitey. I have the same feeling.

tb

ATX01 01B2669

WHITEY:

Okay, we'll wind it up. Bert 'n me'll be right over for that envelope.

JIM:

(FILTER) Better not come to the office, Whitey, there's a creditors meeting going on with my lawyers. Someplace else.

WHITEY:

You name it.

JIM:

(FILTER) Well...you know the Sea Grill Restaurant on Chestnut Street?

WHITEY:

Sure.

JIM:

(FILTER) I can meet you there in...half-an-hour.

WHITEY:

The Sea Grill, half-an-hour, right.

JIM:

And, Whitey...you'll bring those samples along, won't you.

WHITEY:

They'll be with me, Jim. 'Bye.

JIM:

(FILTER) (SMILES) Goodbye, Whitey. (SOUND: PHONE CLICK-OFF)

SOUND: PHONE DOWN.

tb

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BERT:

We're in?

WHITEY:

(BIG GRIN) We're in, Bert.

BERT:

Thirty thousand?

WHITEY:

Uh huh. Told you thirty was better 'n fifteen, didn't I.

BERT:

You sure did. California, here we come!

WHITEY:

California? Well now I don't know, I've worked up quite a fondness for the East.

BERT:

Huh?

WHITEY:

Bert, I been thinking. How would you'n me like going into business together?

BERT:

Business?

WHITEY:

The silk business. Jimmy's getting along in years, could use maybe a couple of partners.

tb

ATX01 0182671

BERT:

(ADMIRING SMILE) Oh. This isn't the end of it after all, huh?

WHITEY:

(GRINS) Why should it be? Like I said, you got an advantage, you take it. A set-up like this, Bert, who knows where it could lead.

MUSIC: HITS AND UNDER.

MILLER:

All right, Shep, the men are posted.

SHEPPARD:

Good, Tom.

MILLER:

Two in front of the restaurant, two in a parked car, a couple more in here at the tables with us.

SHEPPARD:

What time do you make it?

MILLER:

Three forty-five.

SHEPPARD:

Three forty-five. Then we...

POLICEMAN:

(COMING IN) Mr. Miller...

MILLER:

Yes, Sergeant.
tb

JIM:

(HIS BACK TO IT) I'm all packed, just called for the car, I...

(HE HAS TURNED, STOPS DEAD)

SOUND: DOOR CLOSED.

WHITEY:

(OFF A LITTLE) 'Lo, Jimmy.

JIM:

Whitey.

WHITEY:

(COMING IN) Good to see you, Jim. Sorry I was late to the Sea Grill, but that's the way things go.

JIM:

What?

WHITEY:

Packing, ^{head} You figuring on maybe going someplace?

JIM:

(HIS BRAIN RUNNING) You were late to the Sea Grill?

WHITEY:

Uh huh. Stopped off for train tickets. And you know what? I saw Bert leaving the Grill in a car, figured he must've come on back here with you. You going someplace?

JIM:

I...

tb

WHITEY:

Where is ^{Beet} ~~the~~-dope anyway, Jim, inside?

JIM:

Uh...no, no he didn't come back here, Whitey.

WHITEY:

No? (STRAIGHT AT HIM) Where did he go, Jim?

JIM:

I...I don't know.

WHITEY:

Take a guess.

JIM:

I don't know.

WHITEY:

The station house maybe?

JIM:

Station house.

WHITEY:

(SMILES) You know, Jim, I just can't help thinking what a real good loser you been about all this.

JIM:

(PAUSE) Look, Whitey, I...

WHITEY:

Sit down, Jim.

tb

44

JIM:

Whitey...

WHITEY:

Sit down. You and me're gonna wait for Bert.

JIM:

(SWALLOWING HARD) Look, I... (SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

BIZ: THERE'S A PAUSE

WHITEY:

Answer it, Jim.

JIM:

It's only the doorman with my car...

WHITEY:

Answer it. Might be Bert.

JIM:

(A BEAT, THEN) Yeah, yeah. (SOUND: PHONE RINGS, FOOTSTEPS, PHONE UP)

(PAUSE) Yes...?

SHEPPARD:

(FILTER) Mr. Gordon, glad I got you in. This is William Sheppard.

JIM:

Huh.

SHEPPARD:

(FILTER) Wanted to let you know, Mr. Gordon. Something slipped up, only one of the men showed at the Grill. But we'll get the other, don't you worry.
tb

ATX01 0182676

45

JIM:

(BREATHING HARD) Uh...sure, Bert, he's here.

SHEPPARD:

(FILTER) What.

JIM:

(THE SWEAT STANDING OUT) Yes, there's been...uh...some misunderstanding, you better hurry right over, Bert.

SHEPPARD:

(FILTER) (ALERT) Wait a minute. Whitey Kane's there?

JIM:

That's right, Bert. I...

WHITEY:

(OFF A LITTLE) Put the phone down, Jim.

SHEPPARD:

(FILTER) Now listen to me, Gordon... *listen carefully, here's what I want you to do*

SOUND: A RUSH OF FOOTSTEPS UNDER ABOVE. NOW PHONE SLAMMED DOWN.

WHITEY:

I said put it down!

JIM:

Whitey... *J*

WHITEY:

Shut up.

tb

ATX01 01B2677

JIM:

Listen, I don't...

WHITEY:

You heard me shut up! (LIVID) I thought you crossed us, but I wasn't sure, I wasn't sure.

JIM:

What. Don't talk crazy...

WHITEY:

Yeah I'm talking crazy. Crazy that Bert was picked up by the cops, that you tipped them off. I'm talking crazy that wasn't Bert on the phone.

JIM:

You've got this wrong!

WHITEY:

Shut up shut up! You know what Bert was to me, Jim?

JIM:

If you'd only listen...

WHITEY:

Listen? I'll tear your lying tongue out!

JIM:

(DRY) Whitey...

WHITEY:

You crossed me, okay now I cross you. You know what this is, Jim?
I'll tell you what it is. ^{this is} A thermite bomb, the kind you burn a
warehouse with.
tb

JIM:

Huh.

WHITEY:

A warehouse, or a dirty-double-crossing skunk. Take your pick.

JIM:

What?

WHITEY:

It's plain, isn't it? Flash this cap, Jim, lock you in. Twenty, thirty seconds you go up like a matchbox.

JIM:

What are you saying!

WHITEY:

Thirty seconds, Jim. Four thousand degree burns. *that's* It's plain.

JIM:

(STARING) You're out of your mind.

WHITEY:

A three alarm job, you'll be fried before you can yell smoke.

JIM:

Stop it! Stop talking like that!

WHITEY:

Four thousand degrees. I want to see you fry, Jim. I want to see you melt away.

tb

48

JIM:

(A FRENZIED LUNGE) I'm getting out of here!

WHITEY:

(HITTING OUT) You're getting nowhere, Jim...

BIZ: JIM GASPS OUT IN PAIN AS HE'S HIT.

WHITEY:

...you're staying right here. (*PAUSE: You're getting nowhere*)

JIM:

(PANICKY) Whitey...Whitey, listen to me. Listen now. All right, okay, maybe I did cross you, maybe I did. But they didn't get you, you're in the clear. They got Bert sure, but you're in the clear...

WHITEY:

You crawling little louse you.

JIM:

Whitey, listen. You like money, you want money. It's yours, Whitey, every cent...

WHITEY:

You're gonna fry, Jim. You can't put out thermite. Touch it, your hands drop off like pasteboard.

JIM:

No!

tb

ATXO1 0182680

WHITEY:

(FLASHING THE FULMINATE CAP) There goes the cap, Jim...you got thirty seconds.

BIZ: WE HEAR THE SLOW NON-EXPLOSIVE HISS REACTION.

JIM:

(HOARSE PLEA) For the live of heaven, Whitey. *So long Jim*

WHITEY:

~~So long, Jim.~~ A three alarm job. You'll be fried before they can yell smoke.

BIZ: THE HISS IS GROWING FULL AS:

MUSIC: TO A CURTAIN AND THE END.

tb

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
JULY 10, 1952

-D- 50

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

~~MUSIC: (UP TO CURTAIN)~~

TICE: In just a moment, Agent Sheppard will tell you
what happened ^{to the people} in tonight's story.

BARUCH: Friends, why don't you try that cigarette
comparison we told you about tonight and see with
your own eyes that Luckies are made better to
taste better. You'll discover that the heart of
your Lucky Strike is a perfect cylinder of fine,
mild tobacco. You'll see how round and firm and
fully packed it is ... with long strands of fresh,
clean, good-tasting tobacco. Now it stands to
reason because Luckies are made this way they
draw freely ... smoke smoothly and evenly ...
always taste fresh and clean and mild. So for
your own real deep-down smoking enjoyment, switch
to Lucky Strike ... yes, Be Happy -- Go Lucky.
Make your next carton Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (PANFARE)

~~SHEPPARD: CONCLUSION OF CASE~~

~~MUSIC: (SHOW THEME)~~

ATX01 01B2682

SHEPPARD:

(AFTER A PAUSE) Jim Gordon was burned to death in the thermite fire in his apartment, but Whitey Kane was picked up within a few hours trying to leave town. He was quickly brought to trial and convicted, a federal court judge sentencing him to the extreme penalty. His confederate, Bert Loffets, went to prison for a six year term. Thus your FBI closed its files on a pair of hoodlums who failed with...The Bait.

MUSIC: TO FINISH

tb

ATX01 01B2683

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
JULY 10, 1952

~~E~~ 52

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

TICE: All names and characters used on this program are fictitious. Any similarity to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. This program is based on Frederick L. Collin's copyrighted book, "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR" ... and is not an official program of the FBI. In tonight's story Mr. [redacted] played the part of [redacted]; Miss [redacted] was [redacted]. The radio dramatization for THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR is written by Louis Pelletier and Jack Finke. These programs are produced and directed by Betty Mandeville. Be sure to listen to next Thursday's story "The Psycho Case" on THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR. Same time - same station.

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME - UP AND UNDER)

BARUCH: This is Andre Baruch saying goodnight for Lucky Strike, product of The American Tobacco Company - America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes. THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR has been selected as one of the programs to be heard by our Armed Forces overseas through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service.

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME - UP AND OUT)

TICE: THIS IS THE CBS RADIO NETWORK.

ATX01 01B2684

AUGUST 28, 1952

Jack Finke

Written By: Louis Pelletier and

Mandeville

Produced and Directed by: Betty

NS DOCUMENT

"THE GARLSON PLAN"

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR

ANSWER

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

"THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR"

OPENING COMMERCIAL

AUGUST 28, 1952

THURSDAY

TICE: LUCKY STRIKE presents ... "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR"!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

TICE: Another great story based on Frederick L. Collins' copyrighted book, "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR".
Drama ... Thrills ... Action! But first ... Andre Baruch!

BARUCH: Friends, in a cigarette it's the taste that makes the difference and Luckies taste better -- cleaner, fresher, smoother! Here's why: First of all, better taste in a cigarette begins with fine tobacco and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. Second, Luckies are made better, so round and firm and fully packed ... without those annoying loose ends that get in your mouth and spoil the taste. Yes, Luckies are packed just right to draw freely and evenly! So for a smoke that tastes better -- cleaner, fresher, smoother. Be Happy - Go Lucky. Make your next carton Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME UP AND FADE)

- 1 -

ANNOR:

Tonight's story on "The FBI In Peace and War"...The Carlson Plan.

MUSIC: ESTABLISH THEME AND OUT INTO:

MARTY:

If I'm telling you once I'm telling you a hundred times, Mr. Sheppard, this is all some terrible mistake...

SHEPPARD:

Uh huh.

MARTY:

We're honorable legitimate businessmen and all we know about any jewel robbery is not anything. Right, Sam?

SAM:

(EMPHATICALLY) Less than that even.

SHEPPARD:

Uh huh.

MARTY:

All right. You can "uh huh" all you want, only this shoving around is gonna cost you your job. I got friends in this town, I got...

(SOUND: DOOR OPEN OFF INTERRUPTS HIM)

SHEPPARD:

All right, Dave, bring him in.

REYNOLDS:

(OFF A LITTLE) Go on, Shorty, move.

tb

ATX01 01B2687

SHORTY:

(COMING IN) (A SMALL ANXIOUS APOLOGETIC MAN) Look, I'm moving. Only anxious to cooperate, that's me. I like the law, I respect it, nobody ever has more respect for the FBI than me. Hello, Marty, hello, Sam.

SAM:

(PROMPTLY) Don't talk to me. Who are you? I never saw you before in my life.

SHEPPARD:

You don't know this man, Dawson?

SAM:

Know him? Right this minute is the first time I laid eyes on him.

SHEPPARD:

Uh huh. And you, Ennis?

MARTY:

Me? I look like I associate with such riff raff?

SHORTY:

(HURT) Marty. Sam. How can you say such things? (TO SHEPPARD) Believe me, gentleman, they know me. Like a brother they know me. I should lie to you? The last thing in the world I would do is...

REYNOLDS:

Okay, okay, we know all about it.

SHEPPARD:

Just tell us which one sold you the ring, Shorty.
tb

-3-

SAM:

Whatever he tells you I flat-out deny it.

REYNOLDS:

Quiet, Dawson. Shorty?

SHORTY:

Both of them sold it.

SHEPPARD:

Both.

SHORTY:

And such a price I gave them, in all good faith. Believe me, if I had known the merchandise was stolen property...

SHEPPARD:

All right, Dave.

REYNOLDS:

Let's go, Shorty.

SHORTY:

(GOING OFF) In such innocence I trusted them. Like a lamb I was. Me, a man of respect, who has only the highest regard...

REYNOLDS:

(OFF) Okay, save it for the judge.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSED OFF.

SHEPPARD:

(AFTER A PAUSE) So this is all some terrible mistake, Ennis...
tb

ATX01 01B2689

-4-

MARTY:

(SWALLOWING) I...I don't feel so very good.

SAM:

Neither do I.

SHEPPARD:

You're going to feel a whole lot worse unless you decide to cooperate.

SAM:

Cooperate.

SHEPPARD:

Like Shorty. (THEN) We're after bigger fry than you two, Dawson. Cooperate and the Bureau may recommend leniency.

MARTY:

You mean you might let us off?

SHEPPARD:

I mean just what I said, I'm making no promises. You don't have to answer now, think it over.

SAM:

I've already thought.

SHEPPARD:

And?

SAM:

I'm cooperating.

tb

ATX01 0182690

SHEPPARD:

Ennis?

MARTY:

(SHRUGS) Things couldn't be any worse than they are now. What do you want us to do?

SHEPPARD:

Tell me everything that happened. From the beginning. The jewels, the robbery, who put you up to it.

MARTY:

Who? That's easy. Carlson.

SHEPPARD:

Carlson.

tb

ATX01 01B2691

6

MARTY:

The insurance investigator.

SHEPPARD:

He put you up to it.

MARTY:

I know it sounds crazy, but I give you my word...

SHEPPARD:

All right, I believe you.

MARTY:

It was him, he arranged everything. Had a whole plan, Carlson did. And it would've worked too...if it hadn't been for lame-brain here getting too greedy.

SAM:

(STUNG) Never mind lame-brain. You wanted to keep the ring as much as me.

MARTY:

Maybe I did, maybe I didn't. Anyways it don't make much difference now.

SHEPPARD:

Go on.

DL

ATX01 0182692

MARTY:

Well, like you say...from the beginning. That was in Kelly's Bar over on Third Avenue. (MUSIC: ENTERS) Me, I'm nursing along a glass of beer with nothing but change in my pocket. Nothing but change, and who would've thought just a few seconds later some total stranger would be offering me one thousand bucks.

MUSIC: IS OUT. JUKE BOX B.G.

CARLSON:

That's what I said...one thousand.

MARTY:

(AT THE BARTENDER) Hey Joe, you better call the wagon. This guy's headed for the booby hatch.

CARLSON:

I mean it, Ennis. One thousand dollars isn't hay.

MARTY:

Yeah. Either is one hundred.

CARLSON:

(EASY SMILE) What are you drinking?

MARTY:

Beer. And you can't have any.

DL

ATX01 0102693

CARLSON:

(TO THE BARTENDER) Scotch for both of us, Joe. The twelve year old.

MARTY:

Now wait a minute...

CARLSON:

It's all right, Ennis. I'm paying. (BIZ: WAD OF BILLS UNDER)

MARTY:

(STARING) Hey. Is that stuff real or did you make it yourself.

BARTENDER:

(COMING IN) Two scotch.

CARLSON:

(SOUND: GLASSES DOWN) Keep the change, Joe.

BARTENDER:

(GOING OFF) Thanks, Mr. Carlson.

MARTY:

Listen, mister, are you on the level?

CARLSON:

I've been trying to tell you.

MARTY:

(FISHING) I don't go for any rough stuff.

DL

CARLSON:

Who does. (SOUND: CARD UNDER) See for yourself.

MARTY:

(READS) "Leigh Carlson...Eastern Insurance Company." So?

CARLSON:

I'm an investigator. Claims Department.

MARTY:

(CAUTIOUS) Investigator.

CARLSON:

Relax, it's not what you think.

MARTY:

Claims Department, a thousand bucks, I don't get it.

CARLSON:

Then suppose we cut the preliminaries, get down to cases.

MARTY:

Right. (BIZ: THE JUKE BOX IS OUT)

CARLSON:

Ennis, you come highly recommended. Dependable, a square-shooter, strictly on the up-and-up...

DL

MARTY:

You can say that again.

CARLSON:

In fact, you're supposed to be one of the best second-story men in the business. (AS MARTY BALKS) Now don't take offense, this is cases. (THEN) You work with a partner, don't you.

MARTY:

(ON GUARD) Maybe.

CARLSON:

Sam Dawson. Also highly recommended.

MARTY:

Now look...

CARLSON:

(MILD) Ennis, don't take offense.

MARTY:

Why shouldn't I.

CARLSON:

Because I want you to do a job for me, you and Dawson. Five hundred dollars now, another five after it's accomplished.

DL

ATX01 0182696

MARTY:

(A BEAT) What kind of job.

CARLSON:

Some jewels in a house safe.

MARTY:

Huh?

CARLSON:

There's nothing to it. I give you the combination, you don't even take the jewels off the premises.

MARTY:

What?

CARLSON:

Leave them right there.

MARTY:

I don't get ^{this} it, I don't get ^{this} it at all.

CARLSON:

(SMILES) You will. All you have to do is exactly what I tell you.

How about it?

MARTY:

You're sure this is on the level?

DL

CARLSON:

There's five one hundred dollar bills in front of you. All you have to do is pick them up.

MARTY:

Lawrence
You give us the combination.

CARLSON:

Uh huh.

MARTY:

And we leave the jewels right on the premises.

CARLSON:

That's it.

MARTY:

(TAKING UP THE BILLS) Okay, I'll take a chance on it.

CARLSON:

(RELAXING) Good. Let's drink to it, then I'll give you the plan.

MARTY:

I'll bet it's a beaut.

CARLSON:

It is. A trifle elaborate perhaps, but well worth it believe me.

(SOUND: GLASSES CLINKED) To the plan, my friend. May your presence, shall we say...insure its success.

MUSIC: A LIGHT TOUCH AND UNDER.

DL

MARTY:

So that was the beginning, over at Kelly's on Third Avenue. And after the drink Carlson lets me in on his plan. Sam and me were to heist the swank home of a company client, a Mr. James Forrest. Crack the safe and leave the jewels on the premises.

DL

ATX01 01B2699

-14-

SHEPPARD:

And that's what you did?

MARTY:

Uh huh.

SHEPPARD

Left the jewels in the house.

MARTY:

Right in the same room with the safe.

SHEPPARD:

What about the ring?

MARTY:

(VULNERABLE) The ring. We'll get to ^{the ring} that later.

SHEPPARD:

All right.

MARTY:

We hid the jewels right there in the library, behind a few fancy books on a shelf. About nine o'clock I'd say that was. And a couple of hours after that... (MUSIC: SUSPENDS AS:)

SOUND: SHRILL RING OF PHONE.

SERGEANT:

(PHONE UP) Hartsdale Police, Sergeant Miller.

hj

ATX01 01B2700

FORREST:

(FILTER) (EXCITED) Hello, police. This is James Forrest speaking.
I want to report a robbery!

MUSIC: BACK IN TO HOLD THROUGH:

MARTY:

And right after that the Carlson plan was all on its own.

MUSIC: OVER AND OUT.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN.

FORREST:

And this is the only other exit out of the room. That's the children's
playroom in there...

CARLSON:

I see.

FORREST:

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSED) Of course the police have all this information,
Mr. Carlson.

CARLSON:

I know. But the company requires a separate report. (SOUND:
FOOTSTEPS UNDER) The safe over here?

FORREST:

Yes.

hj

CARLSON:

For a claim as large as yours we naturally want a full investigation. You understand.

FORREST:

Yes, but the return of the jewels is far more important to me than the claim amount. They have a sentimental value.

CARLSON:

One hundred and forty-odd thousand dollars. That's a lot of sentiment.

FORREST:

(A LITTLE STIFFLY) The company didn't seem to object when they wrote out the policy. In fact quite the opposite.

CARLSON:

(EASILY) We're not objecting now, Mr. Forrest. I'm only doing my job.

FORREST:

I realize that, but...

CARLSON:

(BIZ; STEEL DOOR OF SAFE) The lock wasn't forced, was it.

.hj

ATX01 0182702

-17*

FORREST:

No, the police mentioned that too. Apparently the thief knew the combination.

CARLSON:

Uh huh. (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UNDER) What about the servants?

FORREST:

All been with us for years.

CARLSON:

(CASUALLY) Quite a collection of books.

FORREST:

You don't think it was one of the servants?

CARLSON:

I don't think anything yet, Mr. Forrest. (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)
Thackeray, I always liked Thackeray.

FORREST:

Those are all first editions.

CARLSON:

Don't say. (BIZ: BOOK DRAWN OUT) "Vanity Fair." I read this when I was in high school.

hj

ATX01 0182703

-18-

FORREST:

(A LITTLE PROUD) That particular volume was among the first twenty printed. You'll find the author's signature on the fly leaf.

CARLSON:

You don't say. ^{the ye} ~~(SOUND: BOOK DRAWN OUT)~~ And "Henry Esmond," does that bring back memories. I remember when... (HE STOPS SHORT)

FORREST:

What is it?

CARLSON:

(SLOWLY) I'm not sure... ~~(BIZ: BOOKS PULLED OUT RAPIDLY)~~ but if it's anything like I think it is... (A PAUSE)

FORREST:

(STARING) Well I'll be...

CARLSON:

~~(SOUND: JEWELRY HANDLED UNDER)~~ Bracelet, rings, necklace, clips... ^{stolen} Mr. Forrest, this wouldn't happen to be the jewelry that was "stolen" would it.

FORREST:

I...I don't understand...

CARLSON:

Maybe you don't, but I'm just beginning to.

hj

ATX01 01B2704

-19-

FORREST:

Huh?

CARLSON:

House locked up tight, safe not forced, no trace left by any thieves...

FORREST:

What?

CARLSON:

(STERNLY) This isn't the first time I've come across this sort of thing, Mr. Forrest. What have you got to say?

FORREST:

(OFF-GUARD) Well, I...I'm highly gratified, naturally...

CARLSON:

Naturally.

FORREST:

I beg your pardon?

CARLSON:

Oh come now, Mr. Forrest. I can appreciate your embarrassment, believe me. But when an obvious fraud has been attempted...

FORREST:

Fraud?

hj

ATX01 01B2705

CARLSON:

That's what I said, fraud. The police aren't going to look lightly on this.

FORREST:

What are you talking about?

CARLSON:

Sentimental value indeed. I must confess, Mr. Forrest, for a time there you had me fooled...

FORREST:

(STUNG) Mr. Carlson, if you're insinuating...

CARLSON:

Insinuating? That's putting it mildly.

FORREST:

Well, you're on the wrong track, this is just as much a surprise to me as... (BREAKS OFF) What are you doing?

CARLSON:

What does it look like I'm doing? (SOUND: PHONE UP) This is a matter for the police.

hj

21

FORREST:

Now wait, don't do that...

CARLSON:

(SOUND: DIALING UNDER) I believe the penalty for this sort of crime is about five years.

FORREST:

Wait, Mr. Carlson. Please! (AS CARLSON HESITATES) I'll make it worth your while. (THEN) Very *much* *indeed*.

CARLSON:

(SOUND: PHONE SLOWLY DOWN) All right, I'm listening.

FORREST:

(PERSPIRING) You're on the wrong track, I assure you. ~~As soon as~~
I ~~collect myself~~...

CARLSON:

If I'm on the wrong track the police ^{will} let me know.

FORREST:

Stop talking like that. I don't want the police in on this.

CARLSON:

I'll bet you don't.

FORREST:

It isn't that. The publicity would be terrible, can't you understand?

G

ATX01 01B2707

CARLSON:

That depends.

FORREST:

(WIPING HIS FACE) The fact is the jewels have been located and your company won't have to pay out any claim. We can both be satisfied without bothering the police.

CARLSON:

I'm still listening.

FORREST:

Sit down, Mr. Carlson, sit down please, *Hand down. 20' right* We'll have a drink and talk this all over. I'm sure we can arrange something to your complete satisfaction.

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER:

SHEPPARD:

And he did.

MARTY:

I'll say he did, *complete* Carlson had him right behind the eight ball and he knew it. It was a clever plan, you got to hand him that. With the jewels recovered, the heat was off all around. The police were satisfied, the insurance company was satisfied, even James Forrest was satisfied. And the day after the arrangement was made we got a call from Carlson saying meet him over at Kelly's bar so's he could satisfy us.

MUSIC: OUT IN SEGUE TO JUKE BOX. B.G.

CARLSON:

(COUNTING) Three hundred, four, and five. There you are, gentlemen, five hundred dollars more just as we agreed.

MARTY:

(CONTENT) The easiest grand we ever took in. Right, Sam?

SAM:

Easier than that even.

CARLSON:

(SMILES) I told you there'd be nothing to it.

MARTY:

What a set-up. Better than plain stealing any old day.

SAM:

Much. I guess you pocketed a pretty piece of change for yourself, huh Mr. Carlson?

CARLSON:

My business.

SAM:

No offense, only asking.

MARTY:

Say how's for a little celebration drink on us?

G

CARLSON:

I'd like that, but I have to get back to the office. (SMILES)
They'll be wanting my full report on the recovery.

MARTY:

(ADMIRING) Nice. Maybe the company even gives you a raise.

CARLSON:

Maybe. (RISING) Gentlemen, it's been my pleasure. If you're
so inclined we might all be working together again.

SAM:

If we're so inclined.

MARTY:

Call on us anytime, Carlson. We're your boys.

CARLSON:

I'll remember. Anyway, so long for now. (GOING OFF) Joe, a
round of drinks for my friends, I'm paying.

BARTENDER:

(OFF) Okay, Mr. Carlson.

BIZ: A BEAT AS THEY WATCH HIM GO. JUKE BOX IS OUT.

MARTY:

(ON CUE) What a guy, Sam. Class.

G

SAM:

(SCORNFULLY) Class. He's a crook just like you and me.

MARTY:

There's a difference.

SAM:

Show me.

MARTY:

He has it up here. Plans something out, gets somebody else to do the slop. I'll bet he cleared ten g's from this, we come off with a lousy single.

SAM:

(KNOWING BETTER) What do you think.

MARTY:

Huh?

SAM:

Marty, what would you say if I told you I had it up here too?

MARTY:

You know what I'd say.

G

26

SAM

Yeah? So take a look at this and then say it.

MARTY:

What?

SAM:

This. (SOUND: RING ON TABLE) Take a look.

MARTY:

(STARTLED) Where'd you get that ring.

SAM:

Where do you think.

MARTY:

Sam.

SAM:

(SMILES) Now tell me I haven't got it up here.

MARTY:

(EXCITED) Put it away quick.

SAM:

There were so many in that safe, I asked myself who'd miss only one?

MARTY:

(FAIRLY HISSING) Put it away! (AS SAM DOES SO) You crazy idiot you.

JAN

ATX01 0182712

SAM:

Sure, crazy. There's eight carats in there or I swallow it whole.

MARTY:

If Carlson ever found out...

SAM:

He won't.

MARTY:

Says you.

SAM:

He didn't know about it when he was in here. And that Forrest character is never gonna open his mouth.

MARTY:

(THINKING IT) No, that's right.

SAM:

Of course it's right. And what I always say, finders keepers.

MARTY:

(RELAXING) Sam, I think maybe you got something.

SAM:

(GRINS) Sure. Up here, Marty. I got something up here.

JAN

ATX01 0182713

28

MARTY:

(LAUGHING IN SPITE OF HIMSELF) Okay, Sam...I admit it...you got something up here.

BIZ: THEY'RE BOTH LAUGHING AS:

MUSIC: TO A CURTAIN.

(C O M M E R C I A L)

JAN

ATX01 01B2714

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
AUGUST 28, 1952

~~B-~~ 2FB

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: (TO A CURTAIN)

TICE: Back to "The Carlson Plan" in just a moment.

BARUCH: Friends, Luckies are made better to taste better -- to taste cleaner, fresher, smoother! And it's easy to prove this to yourself. Simply do this: Take a Lucky from a newly opened pack and carefully remove the paper by tearing down the seam from end to end. Be sure to start on the seam. In tearing, don't crush or dig into the tobacco. Now look at that perfect cylinder of fine, mild tobacco. See how it holds together -- without those annoying loose ends that get in your mouth and spoil the taste? That's why Luckies taste cleaner! Notice how free Luckies are from excessive air spaces, hot spots that burn too fast -- and give you a hot, harsh taste. That's why Luckies taste fresher. Then look at that fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco, perfectly shredded and packed just right for smooth, even smoking. That's why Luckies taste smoother. Yes, friends, these are the important inside reasons that make Luckies taste better -- cleaner, fresher, smoother. So for your own real deep-down smoking enjoyment, Be Happy -- Go Lucky! Make your next carton Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME)

ATX01 0182715

ANNOUNCER:

And now, back to "The FBI In Peace and War" and tonight's story
...The Carlson Plan.

MUSIC: THEME AND OUT INTO:

MARTY:

Yes sir, Carlson had a clever plan, only Sam and me we thought we had
an improvement.

SHEPPARD:

Holding out on him.

MARTY:

Holding out and cashing in. The ring brought us twenty-five hundred
smackers.

SAM:

(WORRIED) Marty...

MARTY:

Listen, ^{Sam} if we're gonna come clean we might as well go all the way.

SHEPPARD:

Smart.

MARTY:

(STILL TO SAM) Who are you to talk anyway? If it wasn't for you we
wouldn't be in this spot, you got it up here.

JAN

ATX01 0182716

30

SAM:

I got it all right. Only maybe I'm not the only one.

SHEPPARD:

I'll say you aren't. That ring's worth over twenty thousand dollars.

SAM:

What?

MARTY:

Twenty?

SHEPPARD:

Over twenty. The Forrest collection is very well known.

MARTY:

Why that crook Shorty.

SAM:

A favor he was doing us!

MARTY:

(FORGETTING HIMSELF) No more business through him.

SHEPPARD:

Or through anybody for a while. Just tell me what happened next.

MARTY:

What happened? Two things happened. This whole deal would have come out perfect if it hadn't been for those two things.

JAN

ATX01 0182717

SHEPPARD:

Your partner Sam, and the FBI.

MARTY:

Yeah that's right...lame-brain here, and you people of the FBI.

MUSIC: STING AND UNDER.

SOUND: SWITCHBOARD.

GIRL:

Federal Bureau of Investigation. Mr. Andrews' office? Just a moment, I'll connect you with his secretary.

INSPECTOR:

Good morning, Miss. I'd like to see Mr. Sheppard. He's expecting me.

GIRL:

Yes, sir. Who shall I say is calling?

INSPECTOR:

Matthew Ryan...New York police.

MUSIC: OVER AND OUT.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE.

SHEPPARD:

Come in, Matt, come in. This is real good of you coming here.

JAN

ATX01 0182718

32

INSPECTOR:

My pleasure, Shep, it's nice seeing you again.

SHEPPARD:

You know Agent Reynolds, don't you.

INSPECTOR:

Sure, we worked a case together once, how are you, Reynolds.

REYNOLDS:

Fine thanks, Inspector.

SHEPPARD:

Sit down, Matt, help yourself to a smoke. That the item you phoned about?

INSPECTOR:

(BIZ: SMALL PACKAGE PUT DOWN) Uh huh. I only hope this isn't a false alarm.

REYNOLDS:

Inspector, where was this ring located?

INSPECTOR:

A pawn shop in Philadelphia.

REYNOLDS:

Philadelphia.

JAN

ATX01 01B2719

33

INSPECTOR:

Yes. Of course, the men there weren't looking for the ring. When the Forrest jewels were recovered we sent out the usual cancellation on our circular. They were looking for a fence named Shorty Blevin, he just happened to have the ring on him.

SHEPPARD:

I see.

INSPECTOR:

Naturally they thought it kind of odd, the ring turning up right after our cancellation. They checked with me, I checked with you...here I am.

SHEPPARD:

Open it up, Dave.

REYNOLDS:

Right. (SOUND: PAPER UNDER)

SHEPPARD:

Did he talk, Matt, this Shorty Blevin?

INSPECTOR:

Not yet, but he will. Not the defiant type.

REYNOLDS:

Here you are, Shep.

JAN

ATX01 01B2720

INSPECTOR:

You can see the initials on the inside. E.F., Elizabeth Forrest.
She has those on all her jewelry.

SHEPPARD:

Uh huh. (THEN) Well, what do you make of it, Matt?

INSPECTOR:

I don't know. James Forrest has a top reputation, as you know. But
this whole case has a smell to it.

REYNOLDS:

You haven't spoken to Forrest.

INSPECTOR:

No, I thought we'd all speak to Shorty Blevin first.

SHEPPARD:

That sounds right to me. (SOUND: CLICK OF INTERCOM) Miss Green,
I'm out for the rest of the day, give Agent Dailey my calls.

GIRL

(FILTER) Yes, sir.

SHEPPARD:

(SOUND: CLICK-OFF) Let's have a little talk with Blevin, Dave, and
then we can take it from there.

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER.

rnc

ATX01 0182721

MARTY:

Yeah, the whole deal would've come out perfect if you FBI people hadn't butted in.

SHEPPARD:

Sorry.

MARTY:

While you were talking with Shorty, we were living the life of Riley. Nice room in a hotel, money in our pockets, all the credit we pleased at Kelly's bar. And on top of all that we got this message to call Carlson for another job. So while Sam was buying drinks for the house, I went to the phone booth, dialed Carlson's number, and waited for the good news to come in.

MUSIC: IS OUT.

SOUND: FILTERED BUZZ.

CARLSON:

(FILTER) Leigh Carlson speaking.

MARTY:

Hello, Carlson, this is Marty Ennis. The bartender told me you called.

CARLSON:

(FILTER) That's right, Ennis, how've you been.

rnc

ATK01 01B2722

36

MARTY:

Never better. Yourself?

CARLSON:

(FILTER) Fine thanks. Why I called, Emnis...you and your partner still interested in picking up some extra coin?

MARTY:

Like I told you, Carlson, we're your boys.

CARLSON:

(FILTER) Well, I have another client in mind. When can we get together for details?

MARTY:

Tonight?

CARLSON:

(FILTER) Tomorrow's soon enough.

MARTY:

Okay be me. Here?

CARLSON:

(FILTER) All right. Say about this time.

MARTY:

We'll be waiting.

nmc

ATX01 0182723

37

CARLSON:

(FILTER) See you then. There's another thousand in it for you,
maybe a little more. 'Night.

MARTY:

Goodnight, Carlson. (~~BIZ: FILTERED CLICK-OFF~~)

~~SOUND: PHONE DOWN. BOOTH DOOR OPEN.~~

~~BIZ: JUKE BOX B.G.~~

~~SOUND: FOOTSTEPS BACK TO BAR.~~

MARTY:

(CHEERFULLY) All set, Sam. Meeting here tomorrow night.

SAM:

(COMING IN) Marty...

MARTY:

(PROJECT) Set 'em up again, Joe, my night to howl.

SAM:

Marty...

MARTY:

(SITTING DOWN) A thousand the man said, maybe more. Sam, you and
me have really walked into something.

mmc

ATX01 0182724

SAM:

You're telling me.

MARTY:

What?

SAM:

(GLUM) I even offered to buy him a drink.

MARTY:

Buy who?

The something he needed...
SAM:
This man right here.

MARTY:

So what? We'll both buy him a drink.

SAM:

Marty...

MARTY:

We'll buy him ten drinks...

SAM:

Marty, the man is Agent Reynolds.

MARTY:

In fact...(STOPS) The man is who.

SAM:

Agent Reynolds. Of the FBI.

mmc

39

MARTY:

(PROMPTLY) In fact I'm late for an appointment. If you gentlemen will excuse me...

REYNOLDS:

Sorry, Emis. (THEN) You have another appointment.

MARTY:

I do?

REYNOLDS:

At headquarters.

MARTY:

Headquarters? You must have the wrong party.

SAM:

(SADLY) That's what I told him, Marty. But Agent Reynolds, he's got a one track mind.

REYNOLDS:

That's right, I have. Now suppose we go nice and quiet and save all the talking for later.

MUSIC: IN TO COVER JUKE BOX AND OUT.

sfm

ATX01 01B2726

MARTY:

And that's the whole story of what happened, Mr. Sheppard. As you can easily make out, Sam and me got carried away by this smooth-talkig Carlson and if you let us off I can give you our word we'll never get mixed up with any such low-life again. Right, Sam?

SAM:

More than our word.even.

SHEPPARD:

I told you before, I'm making no promises. Everything you're doing is entirely voluntary.

MARTY:

Voluntary, of course. You want anything more from us, only ask.

SHEPPARD:

You say this entire business was all planned by Leigh Carlson.

MARTY:

That's right.

SHEPPARD:

And you're supposed to meet him at Kelly'a bar tomorrow night.

MARTY:

Just
Nine o'clock. We were supposed to.

SHEPPARD:

All right, Ennis. If it's agreicable to you and Dawson you'll still meet him.

sfm

41
SAM:

What?

MARTY:

Quiet, lame-brain. The FBI has to have evidence. It's agreeable, Mr. Sheppard.

SHEPPARD:

Good. Agent Reynolds will keep you company meantime, while I call on Mr. James Forrest.

MARTY:

Forrest?

SHEPPARD:

Yes. If it's also agreeable to him, I have an idea the Carlson plan is about to collapse.

MUSIC: LIGHT STING AND UNDER FOR:

SOUND: PHONE. RECEIVER UP.

CARLSON:

Claims Department, Carlson speaking.

GIRL:

(FILTER) One moment, Mr. Carlson. I have a call for you... Mr. James Forrest.

MUSIC: OVER AND OUT.

BIZ: JUKE BOX B.G.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS.

SFM

ATX01 0182728

chld

SOUND: BELL, RECEIVER UP.

FORREST:

Hello,

CARLSON:

(FILTER) Mr. Forrest? This is Leigh Carlson of Eastern Insurance speaking.

FORREST:

Oh yes, Mr. Carlson.

CARLSON:

(FILTER) I just got back to my office and found your message to call.

FORREST:

Yes, Mr. Carlson, I wonder if I might see you for a moment sometime today?

CARLSON:

(FILTER) See not? Now, Mr. Forrest, we made an arrangement and if you think...

FORREST:

Oh this isn't about that at all,

CARLSON:

(FILTER) No?

FORREST:

This is about a ring, Mr. Carlson. But I'd rather not speak about it over the phone. Could I see you at your office, say around four o'clock?

ldg

ATX01 01B2729

-11-B

CARLSON:

(FILTER) Very well. I'll be here at four.

FORREST:

That's fine. I'll see you then, Mr. Carlson. Goodbye.

CARLSON:

(FILTER) Goodbye, Mr. Forrest.

BIZ: POLICE CHECK-OUT

SOUND: PHONE RING

SHEPPARD:

All right. That was fine.

REYNOLDS:

You know what to do when you see him, Mr. Forrest.

FORREST:

(UNHAPPILY) I know, Mr. Sheppard... Gentlemen... I hope there
won't be any publicity about this...

SHEPPARD:

We can't promise you that, Mr. Forrest. The only thing we can promise
you is a nice reception committee for Carlson after he leaves your
office tonight.

MUSIC: BRIDGE TA

BIZ: JAKE BOY

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

ATX01 0182730

42
CARLSON:

Hello, Joe.

BARTENDER:

Evening, Mr. Carlson. How are you tonight.

CARLSON:

All right, thanks. Say, Joe, I'm expecting to meet somebody here at
^{say}
nine...

BARTENDER:

Ennis and Dawson?

CARLSON:

Yes, that's right.

BARTENDER:

They just got here a coupla minutes ago. Next to the last booth over
there.

CARLSON:

Oh good. Send me over a drink, huh. (SOUND: STEPS)

BARTENDER:

(GOING OFF) They already ordered.

MARTY:

(OFF A LITTLE) Here he is, Sam. (UP) Over here, Carlson.

CARLSON:

Uh huh.

sfm

ATX01 0182731

SAM:

(COMING IN) We got here ahead of you.

CARLSON:

(DRYLY) So I see.

MARTY:

Draw up a chair, we bought you a drink.

CARLSON:

I'm not staying long.

MARTY:

(SMILES) All business, huh.

CARLSON:

(COOL) Okay, let's have it.

MARTY:

Huh?

SAM:

Have what?

CARLSON:

You know very well what.

SAM:

(PLAYING DUMB) We do?

sfm

CARLSON:

Look, Dawson, don't play footsy with me. I want that ring.

MARTY:

Ring? What are you talking about?

CARLSON:

I'm talking about the ring you took with you from the Forrest premisses.
I want it.

MARTY:

Carlson, so help me I don't know what you're talking about.

CARLSON:

You don't, huh.

SAM:

What is this, Marty? You said we were meeting to talk over a job. I
don't have to stay here and be insulted.

CARLSON:

Sit down, Dawson.

SAM:

Listen...

CARLSON:

I said sit down. (HARD) Now you listen to me, the both of you. I'm
not fooling around. You pulled a bonehead play and you're not getting
away with it. sfm

MARTY:

Carlson...

CARLSON:

I'm running this deal. And I'm not letting any two-bit chiselers
mess things up for me.

SAM:

Listen...

MARTY:

(MILD) Shut up, Sam. (TO CARLSON) You're running this, huh.

CARLSON:

You heard me. And if you think you can outsmart me...

MARTY:

Maybe we can.

sfm

CARLSON:

You can't. And if you think different you're making the mistake of your life.

MARTY:

(A BEAT) Okay, Carlson, we have the ring.

CARLSON:

That's more like it.

MARTY:

We have it, only we can't give it to you.

CARLSON:

No?

MARTY:

Can we, Sam?

SAM:

Can't possibly.

CARLSON:

Uh huh. Apparently you two don't realize I mean what I say. Now I'm giving you exactly ten seconds to hand over that ring.

MARTY:

And if we don't hand it over...?

mmo

ATX01 0182735

CARLSON:

I'll be forced to take up the matter with the police.

MARTY:

The police. You hear that, Sam.

SAM:

Do I.

MARTY:

You wouldn't do a thing like that, Carlson.

CARLSON:

You'd be surprised what I'd do. I've arranged for such matters as this, I've planned everything thoroughly.

MARTY:

Maybe too thoroughly.

CARLSON:

I wouldn't say that.

MARTY:

He would.
You'd take the matter up with the police.

CARLSON:

If you force me to.

mmc

ATX01 01B2736

MARTY:

Okay, go ahead.

CARLSON:

Huh?

MARTY:

Take it up with them.

CARLSON:

I'm not bluffing, Ennis...

MARTY:

Neither are we.

SAM:

You can take it up with them right now.

CARLSON:

What?

MARTY:

Right now. There's a police officer in the next booth.

SAM:

In fact, there are two officers.

CARLSON:

(FROWNING) Ennis, I'm really not amused...

mmc

MARTY:

Maybe you're not, but we are.

SHEPPARD:

(OFF A LITTLE) He's got something there, Carlson.

CARLSON:

What? You stay out of this, buddy.

SHEPPARD:

(COMING IN) I'm already in. Here are my credentials. Okay, Dave.

CARLSON:

(ALMOST EXPLODING) What is this!

SHEPPARD:

This is Agent Reynolds, here are his credentials.

CARLSON:

No...

REYNOLDS:

Just stay where you are, Carlson. Put out your hands.

CARLSON:

I don't believe it...

REYNOLDS:

(BIZ: HANDCUFFS) You will down at headquarters. All right, Shep.

mmc

ATX01 0182738

50

CARLSON:

(FAIRLY BLUBBERING) Ennis...Dawson...you planned this...

SAM:

Well not quite. It was Mr. Sheppard's idea.

SHEPPARD:

Let's say it was all three of us. A little plan of our own,

MARTY:

(SMILING) Couldn't outsmart you, huh Carlson. We got it up here,
Right, Sam?

SAM:

(ALMOST PLEASED) That's right, Marty...the FBI and us, we got it up
here.

MUSIC: TO A CURTAIN AND THE END.

mmc

ATX01 01B2739

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
AUGUST 28, 1952

851

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: (UP TO CURTAIN)

TICE: In just a moment, Agent Sheppard will tell you what happened to the people in tonight's story.

BARUCH: Smokers, you can easily see for yourself the inside reasons why Luckies taste better -- cleaner, fresher, smoother! Just take a Lucky from a newly opened pack and carefully remove the paper by tearing down the seam from end to end. Be sure to start on the seam. In tearing don't crush or dig into the tobacco. Now, examine that perfect cylinder of fine, mild tobacco. See how it holds together - without those annoying loose ends that get in your mouth and spoil the taste. That's why Luckies taste cleaner. Notice how free your Lucky is from air spaces -- hot spots that burn too fast -- taste hot and harsh. That's why Luckies taste fresher. And look at that fine, good-tasting tobacco -- perfectly shredded and packed just right to draw freely and smoke evenly. That's why Luckies taste smoother. So, for a cleaner, fresher, smoother smoke, make your next carton Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

TICE: CONCLUSION OF CASE

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME)

ATX01 01B2740

SHEPPARD:

(AFTER A PAUSE) Leigh Carlson, Marty Ennis, and Sam Dawson were indicted in a conspiracy charging fraud and grand larceny. All were brought to trial and convicted, Carlson going to prison for five years. At the recommendation of the government Ennis and Dawson's sentence was reduced to one year each. With their confinement the files were closed on a trio that almost built a bankroll out of The Carlson Plan.

MUSIC: TO FINISH.

mmc

ATX01 01B2741

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR -D-
AUGUST 28, 1952

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

TICE: All names and characters used on this program are fictitious. Any similarity to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. This program is based on Frederick L. Collins' copyrighted book "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR" ... and is not an official program of the FBI. In tonight's story Bill Duhe played the part of John Quinn. John Quinn was John Quinn. The radio dramatizations for "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR" are written by Louis Pelletier and Jack Finke. These programs are produced and directed by Betty Mandeville. Be sure to listen to next Thursday's story, "The Serpent Ring" on "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR". Same time - same station.

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME - UP AND UNDER)

BARUCH: This is Andre Baruch saying goodnight for Lucky Strike, product of The American Tobacco Company -- America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes. "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR" has been selected as one of the programs to be heard by our Armed Forces overseas through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service.

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME - UP AND OUT)

TICE: THIS IS THE CBS RADIO NETWORK.

ATK01 0182742

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0182243

Received Monday, September 8, 1952
9:00 A.M.

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR

"THE SERPENT RING"

AS BROADCAST

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1952

Produced and Directed by:

Betty Mandeville

Script by: Louis Pelletier

and Jack Finks

1e

ATX01 0182744

-A-

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

"THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR"

OPENING COMMERCIAL SEPTEMBER 4, 1952

THURSDAY

TICE: LUCKY STRIKE presents ... "THE FBI IN PEACE AND
WAR":

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

TICE: Another great story based on Frederick L. Collins'
copyrighted book, "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR".
Drama ... Thrills ... Action! But first ...
Andre Baruch!

BARUCH: Friends, Luckies taste better -- cleaner, fresher,
smoother! This better taste starts with Luckies!
fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco. Remember,
LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And
Luckies taste better because they're made better --
made to taste cleaner, fresher, smoother. So for
real smoking enjoyment -- Be Happy - Go Lucky.
Make your next carton -- Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME UP AND FADE)

ATX01 01B2745

ANNOUNCER

And now tonight's story on "The FBI In Peace and War"... The Serpent Ring.

MUSIC: THEME AND INTO:

SOUND: TRAIN. ESTABLISH THIS UNDER:

JOE

(TOUGH, BUT WELL-MANNERED, ABOUT THIRTY) Yes sir, I got this ring in '39 at the World's Fair. Been good luck to me ever since. Say, how about one more highball before you turn in, Mr. Miller?

HENRY

(MIDDLE FIFTIES, SHY, TIMID) Oh, no thank you, I couldn't really, my wife'll be wondering what happened to me.

JOE

(CHUCKLES) You said this was your vacation, didn't you?

HENRY

Yes but, Emma... my wife likes to get up early. She doesn't want to miss all the scenery. It's been very pleasant, Mr... uh Fay... perhaps you and... you and your partner would join us at lunch tomorrow.

JOE

Be glad to. Where's your compartment?

le

HENRY

We're right in the next car.

JOE

Okay, we'll see you in the morning.

HENRY

That would be very pleasant. Good night, Mr. Fay.

JOE

(GOING OFF) Good night, Mr. Miller.

SOUND: TRAIN UP. CAR DOOR OPEN. RUSH OF AIR. SOUND OF RAILS.
CAR DOOR CLOSED A BEAT. COMPARTMENT DOOR OPEN.

HENRY

(SOFTLY) Emma... you asleep? ~~(SOUND: DOOR CLOSED)~~

EMMA

No, dear, I'm just watching the stars, and all these funny little towns we go through. You can put on the light. (SOUND: CLICK OF SWITCH) Was he nice, that Mr. Fay?

HENRY

(SOLENNLY) Emma... that Mr. Fay is the man who held up the bank, I'm positive of it.

EMMA

(DISTRESSED) Oh now really, Henry, if you're going to start that again and spoil our vacation...

HENRY

Emma, please believe me, I'm positive this time.

EMMA

Henry...

HENRY

All right, I was wrong once before, but...

EMMA

Twice before. Henry, you just can't keep on embarrassing me like this, identifying people as hold-up men. That man in the restaurant last summer and the one at the movies...

HENRY

Emma, listen to me, please. This man was wearing a gold ring, Emma, a gold ring made in the form of a snake with two rubies for eyes.

EMMA

Darling, go to bed, please, and get some rest.

HENRY

I tell you he's the one, I couldn't forget that ring because I was looking at his hand when he put that bag through the cage and asked for the money.

EMMA

You never mentioned a ring before.

HENRY

I know I didn't, I forgot it till just now.

EMMA

Oh, Henry...

HENRY

Well I did, Emma.

EMMA

The hold-up was over a year ago, darling...

HENRY

(DRAMATICALLY) Do you think I could forget it? That man pointing the gun at my face, telling me to...

EMMA

But you told the police the man wore his hat pulled way down on his face and you were so frightened you couldn't really remember what he looked like...

10

HENRY

I know all that...

EMMA

And when they showed you pictures of hold-up men you got all confused and said you weren't sure.

HENRY

But this ring, Emma, I'm sure of that.

EMMA

There are probably thousands of rings like that.

HENRY

Maybe. But I'm going to see the conductor of the train and notify the police.

EMMA

(A BEAT) Henry Miller, if you spoil the first vacation we've had in five years, (ALMOST ON THE VERGE OF TEARS) if you spoil my trip to California, after we've saved up and gone without...

HENRY

Aw, Emma...

le

EMMA

(CRYING) Well it's just too much, really. Ever since that hold-up you've made life miserable for both of us. They didn't steal your money, it wasn't your bank, you're just a bookkeeper and you keep on wanting to be a hero and trap hold-up men...

HENRY

Aw, Em, don't cry now...

EMMA

It's too much, really.

HENRY

I... I won't go to the conductor now, Em, not till I'm surer.
I... I'll talk to Mr. Fay some more and... and see if I was wrong.
Emma...

EMMA

I'm going to sleep, Henry. Turn out the light, please.

HENRY

I may have been wrong, Emma, but... but I don't think so... not with that serpent ring... I don't think I could be wrong, Emma, I really don't.

MUSIC: _____ IN AND UNDER FOR:

SOUND: _____ TELETYPE UNDER:

1e

CHIEF

To Agent Sheppard, FBI, confidential. Hundred-dollar-bill bearing serial number Bridgetown National Bank robbery located in deposit of railroad booking office this morning. Waiting your arrival, but make it fast, signed Jensen, Chief of Police, Mason City.

MUSIC: OVER AND OUT.

CHIEF

And this is Mr. Wallace. He was the clerk on duty at the reservation desk yesterday. Agent Sheppard, and Agent ^{Reynolds} ~~Reynolds~~ of the FBI, Mr. Wallace.

WALLACE

(ACKNOWLEDGING) Mr. Sheppard, Mr. ^{Reynolds} ~~Reynolds~~.

CHIEF

I've already told Mr. Wallace about the robbery. Shep, and how these bills have been turning up off and on for the past year. I guess you can take it from there.

SHEPPARD

Thanks, Chief.

CHIEF

Mr. Wallace remembers the men who passed the bills. (SMILING)
Says it's about the first hundred-dollar note he'd ever seen.

le

RTX01 0182752

BAILEY

There were two men, Mr. Wallace?

WALLACE

Yes.

SHEPPARD

Could you describe them briefly?

WALLACE

Well, the one that handed over the money, he was about thirty, I'd say, medium height, dark, must have weighed around one sixty. The other one was taller, bald, about forty, had bad teeth as I remember and I think... I think what hair he did have was kind of reddish. He was sort of thin.

CHIEF

That help any, Shep?

SHEPPARD

Not too much, Chief. We've been working in the dark on this thing as far as descriptions go. There were six employees in the front of the bank at the time of the robbery and the only thing they could agree on was that one of the men was taller than the other. And thinner.

le

CHIEF

Yeah, I know how it is.

BAILEY

The only leads we've had in the past year are twelve of the hundred-dollar bills.

WALLACE

How much money did the robbers get, Mr. ~~Bailey~~ *Coyne*?

BAILEY

Forty-two thousand, five thousand of it in hundred-dollar bills which the bank had recorded.

WALLACE

I see.

SHEPPARD

Now you have the reservation the men made, Mr. Wallace.

WALLACE

Yes, Chief Jensen asked me to bring it along. Here it is...
Compartment D, car 106, on the Western Limited. The train left
Union Station at nine P.M. last night, it's due to arrive in
Los Angeles Friday morning at eight A.M.

le

10

SHEPPARD

Have you got a schedule of stops, Mr. Wallace?

CHIEF

We worked that out already, Shep. You can get a plane out of here at two this afternoon and get into Big Creek, Utah, tomorrow morning at six A.M. It's not a regular stop but you can have the train flagged there.

SHEPPARD

That's perfect, Chief.

WALLACE

Wouldn't it be possible to have the train stopped and ~~searched~~ ^{searched} now, Mr. Sheppard?

SHEPPARD

Yes, but the trouble is we're not sure of our ground. These may be the men we want and they may not. When we get on the train we'll look for money, not the men.

WALLACE

I see.

SHEPPARD

Well, Chief, thanks a lot...

le

ATX01 0182755

11

CHIEF

That's okay, Shep, glad to help. I've got my car outside, I'll take you to the airport.

SHEPPARD

Good.

CHIEF

Can I drop you anywhere, Mr. Wallace?

WALLACE

No thanks, Chief, they gave me the day off, I'm not going downtown.

CHIEF

Okay.

SHEPPARD

Goodbye, Mr. Wallace. Thanks for helping us.

WALLACE

Well, I guess I didn't help much, but I hope you're on the right track, Mr. Sheppard.

SHEPPARD

Maybe we are. We're due for a break in this case just on the law of averages. Okay, Chief, we're ready.

MUSIC: BRIDGE TO:

SOUND: TRAIN. ESTABLISH. THEN UNDER:

1e

ATX01 01B2756

EMMA

(CHATTERING GAILY) And I said to Henry, this is the first vacation we've had in five years and we're going out to see Helen...that's my daughter, she and her husband live in Beverly Hills, he's in real estate.

JOE

Nice spot, Beverly Hills, I got connections there myself.

EMMA

And Henry said, we can't afford a vacation this year, and I said, well, you only live once and what's the use of saving money if you can't spend it?

JOE

You got something there, Mrs. Miller.

EMMA

Well, that's how I feel anyway, and I just hope Henry will enjoy the trip and not go spoiling things.

JOE

He seems to be having a good time.

EMMA

I suppose he does but... (A BEAT) Mr. Fay...

le

13

JOE

Yeah?

EMMA

I... I hope you won't think this sounds funny but... if Henry acts sort of queer and starts asking questions... well, don't mind too much, will you?

JOE

Questions? How do you mean?

EMMA

Well...it's awfully hard to explain to people but... well I guess Henry told you he works in the Bridgetown National Bank, didn't he?

JOE

(CAREFULLY) Why no... he didn't.

EMMA

Well that's where he works and a year ago they had a hold-up. I... I guess it was just about the most important thing that ever happened to Henry and he... well...he keeps trying to identify the hold-up men. He's already been wrong twice and now...well now he's got his eye on you.

JOE

On me?

le

ATX01 01B275B

14

EMMA

Yes. And believe me, I apologize in advance, Mr. Fay.

JOE

But... how come he picked on me?

EMMA

That ring you've got on. He said the hold-up man wore one just like it.

JOE

(CHUCKLES) You're kidding.

EMMA

No, I'm not, believe me, this is very serious to Henry. He wanted to go to the conductor and call the police.

JOE

You didn't let him.

EMMA

Of course not. But if he does start asking you questions, just humor him, will you, Mr. Fay.

JOE

Sure thing, Mrs. Miller, leave it to me.

le

ATX01 0182759

15

EMMA

I hate to ask you but...(STOPS, LOWERS HER VOICE) here he comes now. (SOUND: OFF, DOOR OPEN, RAILS IN, DOOR CLOSE)

JOE

(LOWERED VOICE) Don't worry, Mrs. Miller, I'll play along with him.

EMMA

(LOWERED VOICE) Oh thank you so much, Mr. Fay, you don't know how much this means to me.

JOE

(OFF, PROJECT) Well... hello, Mr. Miller, come on in and join the party.

HENRY

(COMING IN) Hello, Mr. Fay, hello Emma, did I miss anything?

JOE

Not a thing, Mr. Miller, ^{we've} ~~was~~ been talking about California and the weather. Come on, pull up and have a drink. What'll it be?

HENRY

Nothing, thank you. I... I feel just a little nervous this afternoon.

le

ATX01 0182760

16

JOE

Yeah, well a drink'll fix you up. Like your wife was just saying to me, you only live once, you might as well have some fun out of it.

MUSIC: BRIDGE TO:

SOUND: REESTABLISH TRAIN, THEN UNDER:

DAVE

(ANGRILY) Some fun, huh, getting off the train in the middle of nowhere. I love this.

JOE

All right, all right, stop beefing and pack that bag, we're due in this whistle-stop any minute.

DAVE

You're sure this is the guy, Joe?

JOE

Harry
~~Dave~~, how many times do I have to tell you! He works in the Bridgetown Bank, he spotted this ring of mine, his wife says the guy is practically a nut, he's been trying to identify hold-up men for the last year.

DAVE

So what do we do when we get off at this joint?

le

ATX01 01B2761

17

JOE

Take the first plane back to Philly and lay low awhile. When the goon finds out we're gone, he'll start yelling murder.

DAVE

Of all the crummy luck, just when we're sitting pretty... (SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR) Yeah, what is it?

JOE

That's probably the porter, I told him to let us know when we're coming into Pine Valley. (PROJECT) Come in. (SOUND: DOOR OPEN)

HENRY

Good evening, Mr. Fay, I hope I'm not disturbing you?

JOE

(MOMENTARILY UPSET) Well, Mr. Miller, hello, how are you, come on in. You...uh...you haven't met my partner, have you, Mr. Miller, Mr. Gormer. This... this is the gentleman I've been telling you about, ~~Sam~~ ^{Harry} Mr. Miller of the Bridgetown Bank. Well, what are you doing back at this end of the train, Mr. Millor.

HENRY

Well I hope you won't mind, Mr. Fay, but I saw you reading one of those John Mason detective stories in the club car this afternoon and I wondered...

le

ATX01 0182762

18

JOE

(TRYING TO GET RID OF HIM) You want to borrow it. Sure thing,
Mr. Miller. ~~Where~~ ^{Harry} where's that book?

DAVE

I just packed it, Joe. I mean, it's in your suitcase...

HENRY

If it's too much trouble, Mr. Fay...

JOE

(HASTILY) No, no, not at all. (SOUND: CLICK OF SUITCASE)
Glad to let you have it.

HENRY

Well thank you. I'm very fond of Mason's stories. There's nothing
like a good murder... (SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JOE

(NERVOUSLY) Yeah, what is it? (SOUND: DOOR OPEN)

PORTER

Coming in to Pine Valley, gentlemen.

JOE

All right, Porter, thanks. (SOUND: DOOR CLOSED) You sure you put
the book in here, ~~where~~ ^{Harry}?

le

ATX01 01B2763

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DAVE

Yeah, of course, I'm sure.

HENRY

Now if it's too much trouble, Mr. Fay...

JOE

No, no, not at all. (ANGRILY) ~~Henry~~

DAVE

I tell you, I put it in there! Here, let me look.

JOE

(FHONEY LAUGH) I never can find anything in that bag.

HENRY

That's all right. (SOUND: TRAIN HAS BEEN SLOWING) What did the porter say this station was?

JOE

Pine Valley. It's just a whistle-stop.

HENRY

Oh, Pine Valley. I like to keep track of all the stations, I think it makes the trip more interesting, don't you.

JOE

(NERVOUSLY) Yeah, so do I. ~~Henry~~

10

ATX01 01B2764

20

DAVE

Here it is. (SHOVING THE BOOK AT HENRY) Here's the book, Mr. Miller.

~~HENRY~~

~~On this page, the...~~

JOE

~~Take it to your~~ *compartment* ~~cabin~~. Mr. Miller, keep it as long as you want. (SOUND: TRAIN COMING TO A STOP)

HENRY

Did you read all of this, Mr. Fay?

JOE

Yeah, great story, you'll love it.

HENRY

I'm sure I will. You know there's one thing about a John Mason detective story...

DAVE

with a stop here
(POINTED) Joe, don't you want to get out here and send that telegram? (SOUND: TRAIN HAS STOPPED)

JOE

Oh yeah, that's right, the telegram...

1e

ATX01 01B2765

21

DAVE

You'll excuse us, Mr. Miller, we've got to send an important business telegram.

HENRY

Oh, of course, I'm so sorry. ~~(SOUND: DOOR OPEN)~~ There's the telegraph office, right there. I suppose you'll have to hurry, I don't imagine we stay here very long.

JOE

Yeah, I guess we better hurry...

HENRY

But you know, I think that office is closed.

DAVE

Huh.

HENRY

I don't see any light inside. I think the whole station is closed.

DAVE

(HASTILY) Well, we'll take a chance anyway. Come on, Joe.

JOE

Yeah, okay. Uh... see you later, Mr. Miller. (SOUND: DOOR OPEN)

le

ATX01 0182766

22

HENRY

(GOING OFF) Yes, of course, and thanks for the book, Mr. Fay.

JOE

(UNDER HIS BREATH) Come on, let's get out of here, grab the bags.

DAVE

(STRUGGLING) Okay. Here, you take this one, it's got the dough in it.

JOE

I got it. Come on, hurry.

DAVE

That was a close call, all right... (SOUND: TRAIN STARTS MOVING)
For the luvva miko, ~~we~~ *we're moving*...

JOE

(RUNNING) Come on...

SOUND: TRAIN, DOOR OPEN.

DAVE

Hurry up. (SOUND: RATTLE OF CAR DOOR KNOB) Open the door...open it...!

JOE

It's locked! Where's that fool porter!

le

ATX01 0182767

23

DAVE

Come on, the next car.

JOE

(SOUND: RATTLING OF KNOB) We'll never get there in time. Porter!

SOUND: TRAIN PICKING UP SPEED.

DAVE

Kick it open!

JOE

I'm telling you it's locked! (SOUND: MORE RATTLING OF KNOB)

SOUND: DOOR OPEN.

HENRY

Mr. Fay?

JOE

(ANGRILY) What?

HENRY

Was the door locked.

JOE

Yeah, it was locked.

10

ATX01 0182768

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HENRY

Oh what a shame. Now you can't send your telegram, can you.

JOE

(RECOVERING HIS POISE) It's...it's okay, we can send it from some place else.

HENRY

Yes, I guess you can send it later in the morning when we get to Salt Lake City.

DAVE

Salt Lake?

HENRY

Yes. I remember the schedule, there aren't any stops between here and Salt Lake City. Well... uh... I'm sorry you couldn't send your telegram, Mr. Fay. ^(GOING OFF) Uh...good night again, and thanks for the book.

(SOUND: DOOR OPEN)

JOE

Don't mention it. (SOUND: DOOR CLOSED)

DAVE

No stops between here and Salt Lake.

JOE

That's sweet, isn't it.

le

ATX01 01B2769

25

DAVE

Yeah. What are you going to do about it.

JOE

I don't know. We'll have to figure something out.

DAVE

Okay, this is your headache ... go ahead, start figuring.

MUSIC: TO A CURTAIN.

(COMMERCIAL)

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR -E-
SEPTEMBER 4, 1952

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

~~-----~~ --(-----)

END OF ACT I

TICE: Back to "The Serpent Ring" in just a moment.

BARUCH: Smokers, there's no doubt about it -- Luckies taste better. And this better taste starts with Luckies' fine tobacco. Yes, IS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco in a cigarette that's made better to taste cleaner, fresher, smoother.

Cleaner? You bet! In a Lucky you have a perfect cylinder of fine, clean tobacco -- free from those annoying loose ends that get in your mouth and spoil the taste.

Fresher? Of course! Luckies are fully packed -- without air spaces -- hot spots that burn too fast -- taste hot, harsh and dry. And every pack of Luckies is extra tightly sealed to keep in that fresher taste.

And smoother? Yes, indeed! Luckies' long strands of fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco are made into a cigarette that draws freely and smokes smoothly.

So friends, enjoy a better-tasting cigarette -- a cleaner, fresher, smoother smoke! Be Happy -- Go Lucky! Make your next carton Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME)

ATX01 0182771

ANNOUNCER

And now back to "The FBI in Peace and War" and tonight's story...
The Serpent Ring.

MUSIC: THEME AND OUT FOR:

SOUND: ESTABLISH TRAIN, LOSE UNDER:

EMMA

Henry...

HENRY

(PREOCCUPIED) Yes, dear.

EMMA

It's two A.M., Henry, and I think it's just about time you put
down that book.

HENRY

If the light bothers you, dear...

EMMA

It's not the light, it's just ^{those} ~~those~~ fool detective stories, every
time you get hold of one, you stay up the whole night.

HENRY

Yes, dear.

le

EMMA

The least you could do when we're on our vacation... (SHE STOPS)
Henry, you're not reading the book at all.

HENRY

No, dear, I'm thinking.

EMMA

Thinking? At this time of night?

HENRY

Yes. I was just wondering why they wanted to send a telegram.

EMMA

What in the world are you talking about?

HENRY

Mr. Fay, and that Mr. Gormer. They were going to send a telegram
at Pine Valley. Do you suppose they're suspicious, Emma.

EMMA

(EXPLODING) Suspicious! Henry, if you don't stop this nonsense...

HENRY

Now, En...

EMMA

It's just ridiculous, that's all! If Mr. Fay is suspicious of anything, it'll be your sanity. I told him you'd act queer and if you don't stop...

HENRY

You told him? Told him what, Emma?

EMMA

Henry, I refused to be embarrassed every time we...

HENRY

What did you tell him?

EMMA

I told him what I'd tell anybody when you act this way. I said you'd probably suspect him of being a bank robber on account of that ring.

HENRY

Emma, you didn't.

EMMA

I most certainly did. The next thing you know people will start suing you for false accusations.

HENRY

You told him I suspected him.

le

EMMA

Oh stop talking like a detective story.

HENRY

That's it! That's it, Em! They weren't going to send a telegram, they were trying to get off the train!

EMMA

Henry...

HENRY

They were, I'm positive. Their bags were packed, Mr. Fay had to open his to get me the book.

EMMA

Now listen to me, Henry...

HENRY

(DETERMINED) I'm not going to listen any longer. I'm going to the conductor right now.

EMMA

You're not going to do any such thing, it's two o'clock in the morning.

HENRY

Emma, these men are desperadoes, potential killers...

le

30

EMMA

I will not let you wake up the whole train at this hour, Henry Miller.

HENRY

They've got to be stopped, Emma. It's my duty as a citizen.

EMMA

Very well, go to the conductor, ruin our vacation, do whatever you like. But when we get to Salt Lake I'm getting the first train back.

HENRY

Aw, Em ...

EMMA

I mean it, Henry. Go ahead, call the conductor, raise an uproar. You'll get more than you bargained for, you just see if you don't.

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER FOR:

SOUND: TELETYPE.

WALLACE

To the station master, Big ~~Spring~~ ^{Creek}, Utah. Two agents FBI arriving Big ~~Spring~~ ^{Creek} by plane six A.M., will board Western Limited after flag ^{Wallace} down, please extend all possible cooperation, passenger agent by authority of S. Wotzel, general manager.

MUSIC: OVER AND INTO:

SOUND: TRAIN ESTABLISH, LOSE UNDER:

ATX01 01B2776

EMMA

(SLEEPILY) Henry...

HENRY

Yes, dear.

EMMA

You can't sit up in front of that window all night. What time is it?

HENRY

Five o'clock. It's getting light out.

EMMA

Go to bed, please.

HENRY

All right, dear.

EMMA

You won't be fit for a thing when we get to Los Angeles, and Helon's planned so many trips...

HENRY

All right, Em, I'll go to bed.

EMMA

(RELENTING) Henry, I don't want to sound mean, really I don't, but this is our vacation and if you're going to go around suspecting people and spoiling things... (SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR) Goodness, who's that.

HENRY

I'm sure I don't know, Emma. (UP) Yes?

JOE

(OFF) Can I talk to you a second, Mr. Miller? This is Mr. Fay.

EMMA

(LOWERED VOICE) Mr. Fay.

HENRY

What do you suppose he wants? (UP) Just a second, Mr. Fay.

EMMA

Hand me my robe.

HENRY

You don't suppose he wants his book back already?

EMMA

How should I know.

le

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HENRY

(SOUND: DOOR OPEN) Yes, Mr. Fay?

JOE

You mind if Mr. Gormer and I come in a second, Mr. Miller? It's important.

HENRY

Well, my wife and I...

JOE

(GENTLY FORCING HIS WAY IN) We won't stay a minute...okay, ~~we~~ *Henry*
put the bags right there. (SOUND: DOOR CLOSED) Sorry to bother
you, Mrs. Miller, but since you were so nice to me, we'll be
easy on you.

EMMA

(FRIGHTENED) Henry...

JOE

Sit down, Mr. Miller. This is what you think it is, a gun. And
it's loaded.

HENRY

Mr. Fay...

DAVE

Sit down, Mr. Miller. Do like Mr. Fay says and you won't get hurt.
le

ATX01 0182779

HENRY

What...what's the idea, Mr. Fay?

JOE

You don't know? I should think you would.

EMMA

Henry...

HENRY

(FRIGHTENED TRIUMPH) I... I was right, wasn't I, Emma.

EMMA

(CRYING) Henry...

HENRY

You...you are the men who held up our bank, aren't you?

JOE

Could be. Mrs. Miller...you're making too much noise, if you don't mind.

EMMA

(CRYING SOFTLY) Get out of here, please...

JOE

Harry
~~Harry~~...shut her up.

35

EMMA

Don't you dare to...

DAVE

(SOUND: A SHARP SLAP) Shut up, he said.

HENRY

(INDIGNANT) Look here you, don't you touch, Mrs. Miller. If you do... (SOUND: ANOTHER SLAP)

DAVE

Be quiet, we'll do the talking.

EMMA

(A STIFLED SOB) Henry.

HENRY

We... we'd better do what they say, Emma.

JOE

That's very sensible, Mr. Miller. Let's have your belt, ~~Harry~~ *Harry*

HENRY

What...what are you going to do?

10

ATX01 0182781

JOE

Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Miller. You are what I'd call a class-A blabbermouth, so we're going to keep you quiet till we get into Salt Lake City. When we get in, you're going to stay here in this compartment till Mr. Gormor and I get off the train. And you're going to keep your mouth shut, you understand that.

HENRY

You're going to tie us up?

JOE

That's the idea. And a little adhesive tape over that big mouth of yours when we come into the station.

HENRY

You... you won't get away with this..

JOE

(CHUCKLES) Mr. Miller, you read too many detective books, you're talking dialogue.

HENRY

I mean it. I... I... uh ... I've already informed the conductor.

DAVE

Oh you have.

le

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HENRY

Yes, I have. I've suspected you all along...

EMMA

No he hasn't, Mr. Gormer, he's only talking. Henry, they'll kill us...

HENRY

Emma...

EMMA

He hasn't done anything, Mr. Gormer. (SOFT CRYING) Henry... please, please don't make it any worse...

HENRY

(DOGGEDLY) You... you won't get away with it, Mr. Fay. The bank had the serial numbers on those hundred-dollar bills, they'll get you finally.

JOE

(QUIETLY HARD) All right, Mr. Miller, that's enough dialogue. Just keep quiet now. What time is it, ~~Harry~~ *Harry*.

DAVE

Ten after five.

le

ATX01 01B2783

JOE

Uh huh. Now look, the both of you, we got about three hours till we get into Salt Lake and if you act nice, there won't be any trouble. If you yell, or do anything foolish, it'll be the last time you ever open your mouth, is that clear. ^{Emma (CRYING) Yes, it's clear} (A BEAT) Okay... tie them up. ^{Harry} ~~Harry~~ (SMILING) And put Mrs. Miller over by the window. This is her vacation...she wants to see the scenery.

MUSIC: BRIDGE AND LOSE INTO:

SOUND: TRAIN APPROACHING STATION. SLOWS. STOPS. WE HEAR A VESTIBULE DOOR SHUT.

PORTER

Are you Agent Sheppard, sir?

SHEPPARD

That's right, and this is Agent ~~Bailey~~ ^{Reynolds}

PORTER

Mr. Johnson, the conductor, says he'll be with you as soon as he can. Meantime if you want anything, he says I should take care of you. (SOUND: TRAIN GETS UNDERWAY) Have you gentlemen had breakfast?

BAILEY

Yes, we have thanks. We'd like to go to compartment D, car 106, please.

1e

ATX01 01B2784

39

PORTER

Yes, sir, that's the next car. This way, please.

SOUND: VESTIBULE DOOR OPEN.

SHEPPARD

Porter...

PORTER

Yes, sir?

SHEPPARD

Is the dining car open yet?

PORTER

No, sir, not till six thirty.

SHEPPARD

Good. (TO BAILEY) They'll probably be in the room, ~~Room~~ *Dave*

BAILEY

Yeah.

SHEPPARD

You wait outside in case there's any trouble.

le

ATX01 0182785

40

RAILEY

Okay.

PORTER

Here we are, sir, Compartment D.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR. PAUSE. REPEAT.

~~REMOVED~~

~~Does this compartment have its own washroom?~~

~~REMOVED~~

~~REMOVED~~

~~REMOVED~~

SHEPPARD

Have you got a pass key?

PORTER

Yes, sir.

SHEPPARD

Open the door, please.

PORTER

Yes, sir. (SOUND: KEY IN DOOR. DOOR OPEN) / *UM* Guess nobody's in here,
sir. (SOUND: DOOR CLOSED)

le

ATX01 01B2786

BAILEY

Where's the baggage, Porter?

PORTER

(FUZZLED) Was right here when I made up the berths last night.

BAILEY

(SOUND: DOOR OPEN) Nothing in the washroom, Shep.

PORTER

I don't understand, sir, looks like they just moved right out.

BAILEY

Has the train stopped anywhere since you saw the baggage in here, Porter?

PORTER

Well now let me see... we stopped at Pine Valley last night... but that was before I made up the borths. No sir, we haven't stopped any place since Pine Valley.

SHEPPARD

They're on the train then. How many cars are you carrying, Porter.

PORTER

Ten Pullmans, two lounge cars and a diner, sir.

SHEPPARD

Okay, we'll begin at the last car and go straight through. What time are you due in Salt Lake?

PORTER

Eight o'clock, sir.

SHEPPARD

Two hours, ~~four~~ ^{Dave}.

BAILEY

It might not be enough, Shep.

SHEPPARD

Yeah, it might not. Will you tell the conductor to meet us in the last car, Porter.

PORTER

Yes sir, I will. (SOUND: DOOR) I'll toll him right away.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSED)

BAILEY

Ten Pullmans.

SHEPPARD

Uh huh. And maybe they're not even the pair we're looking for.

BAILEY

Maybe. But it looks kind of funny clearing the baggage out of here. Their tickets were for Los Angeles, weren't they.

SHEPPARD

Yeah, it looks fishy all right, but it doesn't prove anything.
Okay... let's go to the back car and get to work on it.

MUSIC: BRIDGE TO:

SOUND: ESTABLISH TRAIN. ~~THEY ENTER FOR~~

EMMA

Mr. Gormor...

DAVE

Yeah.

EMMA

Could you loosen this strap, please. My arm is hurting.

DAVE

Now look, you...

JOE

Loosen it, ^{Harry} ~~you~~ you can fix her up when we get into Salt Lake.

DAVE

Okay. But don't you try any tricks, lady.

HENRY

Mr. Fay...

le

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JOE

What.

HENRY

You're not going to get away with this, Mr. Fay, I promise you.

JOE

Yeah, yeah, I know. Crime doesn't pay. Maybe you better tape his mouth up, ~~Harry~~ ^{Harry}, I'm tired of listening to him.

DAVE

Good idea.

HENRY

I mean it, Mr. Fay. You can tape me up, you can get away with this now, but sooner or later...

JOE

(ANGRILY, GRABBING HIM) Look, blabbermouth, I said I was tired of listening to you and I meant that. One more crack out of you and you'll get a smack on the skull that'll shut you up for good.

EMMA

Henry, please, don't talk, darling. Just do what they say.

HENRY

Emma, you can't ask me to submit to...

10

ATX01 0182790

45

JOE

(SOUND: HARD SLAP) Do what they say! You heard the lady. ~~Harry~~ *Harry*
tape up his big mouth before I... (SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR) (A BEAT)
(LOWERED VOICE) Answer it, Mrs. Miller.

EMMA

Yes? Who is it?

CONDUCTOR

(OFF) The conductor, Ma'am. We'd like to see your ticket, please.

JOE

(LOWERED VOICE) Tell him just a minute.

EMMA

Just a minute, please.

JOE

(LOWERED VOICE) Take the straps off, ~~Harry~~ *Harry*

DAVE

Right.

JOE

(LOWERED VOICE) Remember, the both of you, no tricks or you know
what ~~Harry~~ *Harry* has got for you. Mr. Miller, I'm talking to you.

1e

ATX01 0182791

46

HENRY

I... I hear you, Mr. Fay.

DAVE

Okay, Joe.

JOE

Okay, Mrs. Miller, go ahead.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN.

CONDUCTOR

Sorry to bother you, Ma'am, may I see your tickets, please?

EMMA

Yes, of course, Henry...

HENRY

They're right on top of the suitcase, En...

CONDUCTOR

And may I see your tickets please, gentlemen.

JOE

Yeah, sure, this isn't our compartment, Conductor, we're just visiting with Mr. Miller. Here's our tickets.

CONDUCTOR

Thank you. Compartment D, car 106.

le

ATX01 0182792

47

JOE

That's right.

CONDUCTOR

Mr. Shoppard...

SHEPPARD

(COMING IN) Yes.

CONDUCTOR

These are the gentlemen occupying D, 106.

SHEPPARD

Thank you, Conductor.

CONDUCTOR

Where is your baggage, gentlemen?

JOE

(SUSPICIOUSLY) Right there. What's the trouble, Conductor?

EMMA

Here are my tickets.

CONDUCTOR

Thank you, ma'am.

le

ATX01 0182793

48

DAVE

What's the trouble, Conductor?

CONDUCTOR

No trouble, sir, Mr. Sheppard wants to...

HENRY

(COMING IN) Mr. Sheppard. Aren't you Mr. William Sheppard?

SHEPPARD

Yes, that's right.

HENRY

My... my name is Miller, Mr. Sheppard, don't you remember me?

JOE

(UNEASILY) Henry, why don't we let the conductor look at the tickots and get back to our card game, huh.

HENRY

Don't you remember me, Mr. Sheppard? I... I came to your office last year to... to discuss those pictures of Benjamin Franklin.

SHEPPARD

(FUZZLED) Mr. Miller?

HENRY

Henry Miller.

le

ATX01 0182794

49

JOE

Henry...

HENRY

Those pictures of Benjamin Franklin, Mr. Sheppard, don't you remember?

SHEPPARD

Oh yes... I do remember now.

DAVE

Listen, Mister, I don't know who you are, but this is a private party in here...

HENRY

(HAPPILY) That's all right, Mr. Gormer, Mr. Sheppard is an old friend of mine and...

JOE

Look, what's this all about, Conductor?

HENRY

(TRIUMPHANTLY) About Benjamin Franklin, Mr. Fay...and you've got his picture, I know you have!

JOE

What's the matter, Henry, are you off your head.

10

ATX01 0182795

50

HENRY

You'll see if I am, Mr. Fay.

SHEPPARD

(PROJECT) *Dave*
~~Frank:~~

BAILEY

(COMING IN) Yeah, Shep.

SHEPPARD

Cover them. You're under arrest, both of you.

HENRY

He's got a gun! That one!

BAILEY

Drop it, Mister!

EMMA

Henry!

HENRY

It's all right, Em. That's Mr. Sheppard from the FBI, he's the one who talked to me after the robbery.

JOE

FBI.

lo

ATX01 0182796

SHEPPARD

That's right. Go through their baggage, ~~Henry~~. *Dave*

BAILEY

Right, Shep.

JOE

Now wait a minute, what's the idea...

HENRY

He's the one who held up the bank, Mr. Sheppard. I'm positive this time, I know him the minute I saw that serpent ring.

JOE

Lister, Mister, this guy is just a little crazy. His wife told me he identifies everybody as that robber. My name is Fay, I'm in the real estate business...

BAILEY

You carry an awful lot of cash for the real estate business, Mr. Fay. *(CRISP-FBI)* Here you are, Shep, still plenty of hundred-dollar bills left.

HENRY

I told you, didn't I. *(PAUSE... TRIUMPH)* Hundred-dollar bills with Benjamin Franklin's picture, Mr. Fay.

le

Handcuffs (SFX 17)
JOE
Why you crummy little louse...

SHEPPARD

(TAKING HOLD OF HIM) All right, Mr. Fay, let's go back to your compartment till we get to Salt Lake City, Mr. Miller...

HENRY

Yes?

SHEPPARD

Would it be possible for you to get off at Salt Lake and make a formal identification?

HENRY

It certainly would be possible, Mr. Sheppard.

SHEPPARD

Good. All right, hold out your hands, both of you. (SOUND: CLICK OF HANDCUFFS)

HENRY

Mr. Fay.

JOE

(SOURLY) Yeah.

m 53

HENRY

I hate to say I told you so, Mr. Fay...but I told you so, didn't
I.

MUSIC: TO A CURTAIN.

(COMMERCIAL)

10

ATX01 0182799

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR -C-
SEPT. 4, 1952

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

~~_____~~ ~~_____~~
TICE: In just a moment, Agent Sheppard will tell you what happened to the people in tonight's story.

BARUCH: Friends, you'll find Luckies taste better -- taste cleaner ... fresher ... smoother because Lucky Strike gives you fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco in a cigarette that's made better to taste better. Luckies taste cleaner because Luckies' perfect cylinder of fine, clean tobacco is free from those annoying loose ends that get in your mouth and spoil the taste. Luckies taste fresher because they're fully packed without air spaces -- hot spots that burn too fast -- taste hot, harsh and dry. And every pack of Luckies is extra tightly sealed to keep in that fresher taste. Luckies taste smoother because in a Lucky you get long strands of fine, mild good-tasting tobacco in a cigarette that draws freely and smokes smoothly. Yes, friends, Luckies taste better! So for your own real deep-down smoking enjoyment -- for a cleaner, fresher, smoother smoke -- Be Happy -- Go Lucky! Make your next carton Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

~~_____~~
~~_____~~

ATX01 0182800

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR -2-
SEPTEMBER 4, 1952

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

~~-----~~ ~~(-----)~~

END OF ACT I

TICE: Back to "The Serpent Ring" in just a moment.

BARUCH: Smokers, there's no doubt about it -- Luckies taste better. And this better taste starts with Luckies' fine tobacco. Yes, LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco in a cigarette that's made better to taste cleaner, fresher, smoother.

Cleaner? You bet! In a Lucky you have a perfect cylinder of fine, clean tobacco -- free from those annoying loose ends that get in your mouth and spoil the taste.

Fresher? Of course! Luckies are fully packed -- without air spaces -- hot spots that burn too fast -- taste hot, harsh and dry. And every pack of Luckies is extra tightly sealed to keep in that fresher taste.

And smoother? Yes, indeed! Luckies' long strands of fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco are made into a cigarette that draws freely and smokes smoothly.

So friends, enjoy a better-tasting cigarette -- a cleaner, fresher, smoother smoke! Be Happy -- Go Lucky! Make your next carton Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME)

ATX01 01B2B01

SHEPPARD

Joseph Fay and David Gormer were brought to trial for the robbery of the Bridgetown National Bank and the defense attempted to discredit the testimony of Henry Miller illustrating the witness's previous false identifications. But FBI testimony placing Fay and Gormer in the various places where the hundred-dollar bills had been passed and the balance of the money recovered on the train, convinced a jury of their guilt. Each was sentenced to fifteen years in prison. Some time before the trial, Joseph Fay succeeded in getting rid of ... The Serpent Ring.

MUSIC: ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
SEPT. 4, 1952

-D-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

TICE: All names and characters used on this program are fictitious. Any similarity to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. This program is based on Frederick L. Collins' copyrighted book "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR" ... and is not an official program of the FBI. In tonight's story William Linn played the part of James Miller. Bill Smith was George Miller. The radio dramatization for "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR" is written by Louis Pelletier and Jack Finke. These programs are produced and directed by Betty Mandeville. Be sure to listen to next Thursday's story, "THE 12TH MAN", on "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR". Same time -- same station.

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME - UP AND UNDER)

BARUCH: "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR" has been selected as one of the programs to be heard by our Armed Forces overseas through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service.

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME - UP AND OUT)

TICE: THIS IS THE CBS RADIO NETWORK.

ATX01 01B2803

MASTER

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR

"THE 12th MAN"

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1952

AS BROADCAST

Produced and Directed by:

Betty Mandeville

Written by:

Louis Pelletier and Jack Finke

DL

ATX01 01B2B04

-A-

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

"THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR"

OPENING COMMERCIAL

SEPTEMBER 11, 1952

THURSDAY

TICE: LUCKY STRIKE presents ... "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR"!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

TICE: Another great story based on Frederick L. Collins copyrighted book, "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR". Drama ... Thrills. ... Action! But first Andre Baruch!

BARUCH: Friends, Luckies taste better -- cleaner, fresher smoother! This better taste starts with Luckies' fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco. Remember, IS/MFT -- Lucky strike means fine tobacco. And Luckies taste better because they're made better--made to taste cleaner, fresher, smoother. So for real smoking enjoyment -- Be Happy - Go Lucky. Make your next carton -- Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME UP AND FADE)

ATX01 01B2805

-1-

ANNCR:

Tonight's story on "The FBI In Peace and War"...The 12th Man.

MUSIC: THEME AND OUT FOR:

GORDON:

(COMING IN) And your name, sir, is...Miller.

CARL:

(CORRECTING) Miller, Carl Miller.

GORDON:

Miller, I'm sorry. Your occupation, Mr. Miller?

CARL:

I'm a salesman.

GORDON:

Uh huh. Mr. Miller, my name is Gordon. I'm representing the defendant in this case, Mr. Nicholas Ferron. Do you know either Mr. Ferron or myself?

CARL:

No, sir.

GORDON:

Do you know ~~my colleague here~~, Mr. Newman? ^{Lee?} He's going to prosecute for the Attorney General's office.

DL

ATX01 01B2B06

-2-

CARL:

No, I don't know him.

GORDON:

(TO ATTORNEY) I'm satisfied, Mr. Newman. He's all right with me for number twelve.

ATTORNEY:

Uh huh. (TO CARL) Mr. Miller, this is an action brought by the State against Mr. Ferron. Have you ever been involved in any litigation with the State?

CARL:

No, sir.

ATTORNEY:

Then you would have no particular prejudice in this case one way or the other.

CARL:

No, I wouldn't.

ATTORNEY:

An agent of the FBI, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, is going to be called upon to give testimony. That wouldn't prejudice you either.

CARL:

No, sir, I would only go by the facts.

DL

ATX01 0182807

ATTORNEY:

I see, thank you. (TO GORDON) All right with me too, Mr. Gordon,

GORDON:

That about completes our list then.

ATTORNEY:

Yes. (SLIGHT PROJECT) Clerk...will you inform Judge Ryan that a jury has been agreed upon.

MUSIC: STING AND UNDER.

SHEPPARD:

In the Fall of last year a jury was finally selected in the case brought by ~~the State of New Jersey~~ against one of the nation's leading racketeers. For a period of several months the staff of the Attorney General's office had ^{painstakingly} acquired the ~~preliminary~~ evidence necessary to bring in an indictment, and now that the preliminary step had been accomplished everyone involved was determined not to let the elusive defendant slip away as he had done so often in the past. But bringing a criminal to trial is one thing, securing a verdict against him is another. Twelve citizens control this delicate balance wheel. Twelve citizens, and any ^{one} of them enough to make the difference between acquittal and conviction...from the first through the twelfth.

MUSIC: OVER AND OUT.

SOUND: KEY IN LOCK, HOUSE DOOR OPEN. FOOTSTEPS, THEN DOOR CLOSE.DL

ATX01 01B2808

-4-

HELEN:

(OFF) Carl? Is that you? (COMING IN) Carl...

CARL:

(UNEASILY) Yes, Helen, it's me.

HELEN:

(ABOUT FIFTY. A BITTER, FRUSTRATED WOMAN) So why don't you answer then. What happened?

CARL:

I'll tell you after I wash up, dear, I...

HELEN:

Carl...

CARL:

I just got home. Let me at least put away these samples.

HELEN:

You can put them away after you tell me. What happened?

CARL:

Helen...

HELEN:

Are you on the jury or aren't you. (THEN) Well?

DL

ATX01 01B2809

-5-

CARL:

(WITH A BREATH) I'm the twelfth man.

HELEN:

(PLEASED) Carl, so why didn't you say so. That's fine.

CARL:

Is it? I'm not so sure.

HELEN:

It is, believe me it is. Here, let me take your things.

CARL:

(OVER FOOTSTEPS) Helen...

HELEN:

You go right inside and wash up, dinner will be ready in a few minutes. (SMILES AT HIM NOW) Pot roast, the way you like it.

CARL:

Helen. (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS OUT) I...I'm not going to do it. I just can't.

HELEN:

What?

CARL:

I can't. (THEN) I...I've made up my mind.

DL

ATX01 0182810

-6-

HELEN:

(COOL) Oh you have.

CARL:

Yes. (PLEADING) Helen, don't start anything. Please.

HELEN:

I'll start something all right, I'll start plenty.

CARL:

Helen...

HELEN:

I thought we had this all settled, Carl.

CARL:

(MISERABLY) We did. I know. But it just isn't any good, I'm not going through with it.

HELEN:

(WARNING) Carl...

CARL:

I'm not. I'm a good citizen, Helen, I...

HELEN:

(HOLDING HERSELF IN) Carl, if you don't pick up that phone and call Ferron's lawyer this very minute...

DL

ATX01 0182811

-7-

CARL:

(TORMENTED, BREAKS OUT) I can't, I tell you! I won't do it!

HELEN:

(A BEAT) Very well.

CARL:

I...I'm sorry, Helen, but I've thought it all out. This country's been good to me...

HELEN:

(CONTEMPTUOUS) It has, huh. It's been good to you, I like that. A sixty-dollar a week salesman...

CARL:

Don't talk like that, Helen.

HELEN:

(ANGRILY) I'll talk anyway I want! How many people get a chance like this. How many? And you're ~~too~~ afraid to take it when it comes.

CARL:

(DOGGED) I'm not going through with it, I don't like the whole idea.

HELEN:

You don't. Isn't that too bad. You don't like twenty, thirty thousand dollars either, do you. You don't want to have your wife live like decent normal people, do you.

DL

ATX01 01B2812

-8-

CARL:

It isn't that I don't want...

HELEN:

(OVERLAPPING) You'd rather stay in your crummy job till you drop dead, you'd rather be a "good citizen." You like that. (SOUND: PHONE UP) Well I don't. (DIAL "0")

CARL:

(WORRIED) What are you doing?

HELEN:

What do you think I'm doing? (INTO PHONE) Hello, operator, I want to get the business number of Mr. James Gordon, he's an attorney in this city. I don't have a phone book handy.

CARL:

Helen...

HELEN:

sup side
(INTO PHONE) Gordon, that's right, thank you.

CARL:

Helen, listen to me...

DL

ATX01 0182813

HELEN:

I'm tired listening. We're not letting easy money slip through our fingers this time, Carl. You don't get a chance like this every day in the week...we're going through with it whether you like it or not.

~~MUSIC: STING AND UNDER FOR:~~

~~SOUND: GATE DOOR OPEN.~~

~~GUARD:~~

Okay, ~~Erson,~~ on your feet.

NICK:

~~(OFF A LITTLE) What is it?~~

~~GUARD:~~

~~Your lawyer's here to see you. On your feet.~~

~~MUSIC: OVER AND OUT.~~

NICK:

(SOFT LAUGH) So he'll vote not guilty if the price is right, hun.

GORDON:

That's what his wife said.

NICK:

His wife.

DL

ATX01 0182814

-10-

GORDON:

Didn't I tell you, it was Mrs. Miller came to see me. She said it was better for her husband to stay in the background.

NICK:

(THINKING) Yeah, well ^{Maybe} she's right. When you getting me out on bail, Jim?

GORDON:

Tomorrow, the next day. Couple of days.

NICK:

(NARROWING) What?

GORDON:

We don't want to rush things, Nick.

NICK:

(RAGING SUDDENLY) Rush things! We don't want to rush things!
what kind of lawyer are you?
You ~~numbskull~~ I told you to get me out right away, didn't I!
What am I paying you for!

GORDON:

(STUNG) Now hold on, Nick...

NICK:

(LOW NOW, UGLY) Look, Jim, don't you never tell me what to do.

DL

ATX01 0182815

-11-

GORDON:

All I'm saying...

NICK:

Don't. I told you once I told you a hundred times, I don't like it in here.

GORDON:

Nick...

NICK:

They got no right to hole me up in here, no right at all. You get me out, Jim. You hear? (PAUSE) Jim...

GORDON:

(WEARILY) Yes, Nick, I hear.

NICK:

Okay. (CALMING) You saw Joe Fisher, didn't you?

GORDON:

Uh huh.

NICK:

So money's no worry. Fisher give you anything you need.

GORDON:

Money won't buy everything, Nick.

DL

ATX01 0182816

NICK:

Tell me what it won't.

GORDON:

I can get you out on bail. But the trial's set for next week.
They've got a case, Nick.

NICK:

They've had cases before.

GORDON:

This is different.

NICK:

You think so.

GORDON:

Much different. They've got you dead to rights.

NICK:

They've ^{got} had me dead to rights before.

GORDON:

This time it could stick.

NICK:

Who's side are you on, Jim?

DL

GORDON:

Nick...

NICK:

It could stick? With a juror voting the other way?

GORDON:

All right. But that's going to cost you plenty.

NICK:

How much?

GORDON:

Fifty thousand, she said.

NICK:

Fifty.

GORDON:

They'd settle for half.

NICK:

Uh huh. That'd beat this rap, Jim?

GORDON:

A hung jury? They'd have to call a new trial.

NICK:

Give it to them.

DL

-14-

GORDON:

Twenty-five thousand.

NICK:

~~Uh-huh.~~ *Give it*

GORDON:

(THIN SMILE) She's a shrewd operator, Miller's wife. She wants the money in advance.

NICK:

See Fisher. Tell him I said.

GORDON:

Okay, Nick. If that's how you want it.

NICK:

I want time, Jim. I want to beat this rap.

GORDON:

Well you'll do that all right, Nick. With the twelfth man in the jury box paid off...I guarantee...you'll beat it.

MUSIC: HITS IN AND UNDER FOR:

SOUND: TELETYPE.

DL

ATX01 01B2B19

ATTORNEY:

To Sheppard, Federal Bureau of Investigation, Washington,
confidential. Judge Ryan sets Nicholas Ferron trial for next week.
Will appreciate Agent Reynolds and your presence a few days earlier
to go over testimony. Sign it, Newman, Office of the Attorney
General.

MUSIC: OVER AND OUT.

ATTORNEY:

(BIZ: PAPERS UNDER) Well there you are, gentlemen. There's the
State's case.

REYNOLDS:

Uh huh.

SHEPPARD:

You feel confident you can get a conviction, Phil.

ATTORNEY:

Don't you?

SHEPPARD:

Well, if Ferron had any other lawyer but Jim Gordon...(LETS IT
HANG)

ATTORNEY:

I know, Shep. Gordon's a sharp cookie. But we have the evidence.

DL

ATX01 01B2B20

SHEPPARD:

Uh huh.

ATTORNEY:

Also, we have your testimony.

REYNOLDS:

Uh huh.

ATTORNEY:

You too, Dave?

REYNOLDS:

(SKEPTICAL) Well I know you've got the evidence, Phil. And our testimony on top of it. But...

ATTORNEY:

(SMILES) But Ferron still has Jim Gordon, is that it.

REYNOLDS:

Just about.

ATTORNEY:

You think it was a mistake to go to trial?

REYNOLDS:

Oh no, on the contrary.

DL

ATX01 01B2821

SHEPPARD:

Frankly, it's hard to see how Gordon possibly can beat this one.

ATTORNEY:

My feeling.

REYNOLDS:

What about the jurors, Phil?

ATTORNEY:

Well, Judge Ryan has promised to speak to them in his chambers before the trial. But I want something more than that. You've both read a transcript of Ferron's last trial, haven't you?

SHEPPARD:

Yes, we have.

ATTORNEY:

Well then you know what we're up against on that score.

SHEPPARD:

Uh huh.

ATTORNEY:

Naturally I was very careful in my selection of jurors, but as you point out Ferron's lawyer is a very slick article. He managed to pull a rabbit out of the hat when there was an apparent air-tight case against him last time. And honestly, that's why I was so anxious to get you both here before the trial.

DL

REYNOLDS:

Check up on the jurors.

ATTORNEY:

I want to find out all I can about every last one of them, alternates included.

SHEPPARD:

I see.

ATTORNEY:

Backgrounds, past history, present associations, the works. And, Shep...

SHEPPARD:

Yes.

ATTORNEY:

What do you think about a full surveillance on Ferron's lawyer and on Ferron himself - he's getting out on bail.

SHEPPARD:

You couldn't hold him?

ATTORNEY:

Not forever.

SHEPPARD:

I think yes.

hij

ATTORNEY:

All right, I'll assign all the men necessary to work with you. And we needn't keep this any secret, gentlemen. If the jurors understand the FBI will be watching them, I don't think Ferron's lawyer will be pulling any rabbits out of any hats in this air-tight case.

MUSIC: STING AND LOSE INTO.

SOUND: PHONE.

HELEN:

(SLIGHT PROJECT) I'll get it, Carl.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE. FOOTSTEPS CROSS ROOM AS:

SOUND: PHONE RING AGAIN.

HELEN:

(RECEIVER UP) Hello

GORDON:

(FILTER) Hello, Mrs. Miller, this is Jim Gordon speaking.

HELEN:

Who?

GORDON:

(FILTER) Nick Ferron's attorney.

HELEN:

(WARMLY) Oh Mr. Gordon. Yes, of course, I've been waiting to hear from you.

GORDON:

(FILTER) I imagine you have.

HELEN:

Well, the trial starts on Monday, you know.

GORDON:

(FILTER) (ACID) Yes, I know. Mrs. Miller, I spoke with my client about that proposition you came to see me about.

HELEN:

And?

GORDON:

(FILTER) He's quite prepared to go through with his end of the arrangement.

HELEN:

In cash.

GORDON:

(FILTER) Of course.

HELEN:

In advance.

GORDON:

(FILTER) The money's ready for you.

hj

HELEN:

How much money.

GORDON:

(FILTER) Mrs. Miller, let's not discuss this over the phone. If you'll drop by my office sometime tomorrow I'm sure we can come to an agreement.

HELEN:

I'll be there.

GORDON:

(FILTER) Good. And, Mrs. Miller...

HELEN:

Yes?

GORDON:

(FILTER) You might speak to your husband for me. Tell him to act perfectly normal in court. There've been some federal agents nosing around, I wouldn't want them to smell anything unusual.

HELEN:

You leave Carl to me, Mr. Gordon.

GORDON:

(FILTER) All right, I will. Just remind him of one thing..my client isn't sympathetic to any slip-ups.

hj

HELEN:

Don't worry, there won't be any. I'll see you tomorrow.

GORDON:

(FILTER) Tomorrow, right. Goodbye, Mrs. Miller. (BIZ: FILTERED
CLICK-OFF)

SOUND: PHONE DOWN AS:

BIZ: DOOR CLOSED OFF.

CARL:

(OFF A LITTLE) You'll see who tomorrow?

HELEN:

(ANNOYED) Carl...

CARL:

That was Jim Gordon, wasn't it, Helen. (COMING IN) You're going to see him.

HELEN:

So what if I am. What of it?

CARL:

(UNHAPPILY) Helen, why do you have to be so grabby. I've got a job, we've saved up a little money in the bank...(STOPS) Helen..

HELEN:

(DEFINITELY) I'm going to see Mr. Gordon tomorrow, we're going to have a lot of money in the bank.
hi

CARL:

Helen, please..

HELEN:

I told you, Carl. I'm not letting easy money slip through my fingers this time.

CARL:

But supposing somebody found out...

HELEN:

Oh don't be such a scarecrow, you make me sick. How could they find out?

CARL:

Helen...

HELEN:

Twenty-five thousand dollars, Carl. And all you have to do is vote the right way.

CARL:

Please listen to me, just once.

HELEN:

I told you I'm tired listening. I've been listening to you for thirty years and all it ever got either of us was a headache.

hj

CARL:

You can't ever tell where this kind of thing will end up...

HELEN:

Maybe you can't. But I'm telling you it'll end up on Easy Street, and we're going to be on it for the rest of our days.

CARL:

I hope you know what you're doing, Helen.

HELEN:

I know. Now stop bellyaching and open up a couple cans of beer, we're going to celebrate.

CARL:

Celebrate.

HELEN:

That's what I said, Carl. Whoever thought you and me would ever see this kind of money? Celebrate, that's what we're going to do. I've got a feeling this is a night we'll want to remember.

MUSIC: TO A CURTAIN.

(C O M M E R C I A L)

hj

ATX01 01B2829

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
SEPTEMBER 11, 1952

~~B~~ WA

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: (TO A CURTAIN)

END OF ACT I

TICE: Back to "The 12th Man" in just a moment.

BARUCH: Smokers, there's no doubt about it -- Luckies taste better. And this better taste starts with Luckies' fine tobacco. Yes, LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco in a cigarette that's made better to taste cleaner, fresher, smoother.

Cleaner? You bet! In a Lucky you have a perfect cylinder of fine, clean tobacco -- free from those annoying loose ends that get in your mouth and spoil the taste.

Fresher? Of course! Luckies are fully packed-- without air spaces -- hot spots that burn too fast -- taste hot, harsh and dry. And every pack of Luckies is extra tightly sealed to keep in Luckies fresher taste.

And smoother? Yes, indeed? Luckies' long strands of fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco are made into a cigarette that draws freely and smokes smoothly.

So friends, enjoy a better-tasting cigarette -- a cleaner, fresher, smoother smoke! Be Happy -- Go Lucky! Make your next carton Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME)

ATX01 01B2B30

ANNOUNCER:

And now, back to "The FBI In Peace and War" and tonight's story...The 12th Man.

MUSIC: THEME AND UNDER.

SHEPPARD:

The State's case against Nicholas Ferron came to trial on the following Monday, with Judge Ryan presiding. Agent Reynolds and I had meanwhile proceeded along the lines discussed with the prosecuting attorney. We had looked into the backgrounds of the jurors, we had put a full surveillance on Ferron's lawyer and Ferron himself, we had deliberately kept our movements far from secret. But by the time Monday morning came around we were still in the dark about Jim Gordon's sleight-of-hand magic and just what rabbit we could expect him to pull this time out of just what hat.

MUSIC: OVER AND OUT.

SOUND: DOOR BUZZER.

IRENE:

(OFF BEHIND DOOR) Yeah, who is it?

GORDON:

Jim Ferron
Jim Gordon, ~~irene.~~ *Open up.*

SOUND: CHAIN UNLATCHED, THEN DOOR OPEN.

hj

ATX01 0182831

IRENE: *loudly*
(LAZY-VOICED) C'mon in, Jim. Nick's been waiting for you.

GORDON:

Is he ready? We haven't much time.

IRENE:

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSED) Just putting on his tie. Nick,...

NICK:

(OFF) That you, Jim? Be right there.

GORDON:

(SLIGHT PROJECT) Better step on it, Nick.

NICK:

(OFF) Sure. Irene, help the man to a cup of java.

IRENE:

I will.

GORDON:

(FIDGETY) What time do you have, Irene?

IRENE:

Middle of the night, why can't they have these things at a more civilized hour. (BIZ: CUPS UNDER) Cream and sugar?

GORDON:

No thanks.
hj

IRENE:

No coffee?

GORDON:

Uh-uh.

IRENE:

Settle your nerves.

GORDON:

My nerves are all right. How's Nick?

IRENE:

Slept like a baby. (AS SHE POURS) You didn't, huh.

GORDON:

(OCCUPIED) What?

IRENE:

Sleep.

GORDON:

Oh. Listen, maybe I will have a cup after all.

IRENE:

Sure, it's good and strong.

NICK:

And a cup
(COMING IN) ~~Some~~ for me, baby. Morning, Jim.

hj

GORDON:

Hello, Nick.

NICK:

Nice suit, huh. Snappy. Got to show those jurors I'm a respectable business man.

IRENE:

Please. You want me to spill this?

NICK:

(LAUGHS) Thanks, Irene. Two sugars?

IRENE:

Natch. Jim...

GORDON:

Thank you. Nick, we haven't much time.

NICK:

One swallow. (DOING SO) Which one's our boy?

GORDON:

Huh?

NICK:

Which juror.

GORDON:

Oh. Second row, last one on your right. Twelfth man.

hj

NICK:

He's all set.

GORDON:

Uh huh.

IRENE:

For twenty-five thousand I should think he would be.

NICK:

How many days you figure on, Jim?

GORDON:

Hard to tell. Finish your coffee.

NICK:

A week? Ten days?

GORDON:

It all depends, Nick.

NICK:

(SOUND: CUP DOWN) Okay, I'm ready. Irene, you'll be in touch through Jim.

IRENE:

Uh huh.

NICK:

(CLOSE) Wish me luck?

hj

IRENE:

Mr. (THEY KISS, THEN) Only I guess this time you won't be needing any.

NICK:

Yeah, that's right. You tell the gang they'll be seeing me in no time flat.

GORDON:

Nick...

NICK:

Okay, Jim, I'm with you. Let's go.

MUSIC: STING AND UNDER FOR:

SOUND: PHONE. RECEIVER UP.

ATTORNEY:

Attorney General's Office, Mr. Newman speaking.

GIRL:

(FILTER) Is Agent Sheppard there, Mr. Newman? I have a call for him.

ATTORNEY:

Yes he is. Just one moment, I'll put him on.

MUSIC: OVER AND OUT.

SHEPPARD:

Sheppard speaking.

hj

REYNOLDS:

(FILTER) Hello, Shep, this is Dave.

SHEPPARD:

The woman's name with me. I just have to hear that.
Oh hello, Dave, hold it a second, (TO ATTORNEY) Phil, ~~will you listen~~
~~in on this,~~ it's Dave Reynolds. (AS SECOND PHONE IS LIFTED) Go ahead,
Dave. You're in New York?

REYNOLDS:

(FILTER) That's right, I've been doing that check up on banks. Looks
as if your hunch wasn't so bad, Shep. One of the jurors wives has an
account in five figures at the Second National.

SHEPPARD:

Five figures.

REYNOLDS:

(FILTER) Uh huh. Mrs. Carl Miller. And, Shep...

SHEPPARD:

Yes?

REYNOLDS:

(FILTER) Up to just a few days ago she never carried a balance of much
more than seventy, eighty dollars.

SHEPPARD:

Mrs. Carl Miller. The account's in her name.

hj

REYNOLDS:

(FILTER) That's right.

SHEPPARD:

And the new deposit. Was it all in one lump?

REYNOLDS:

(FILTER) Yes.

SHEPPARD:

Check written out by whom?

REYNOLDS:

(FILTER) No check, Shep.

SHEPPARD:

Cash.

REYNOLDS:

(FILTER) Uh huh. Maybe we've come up with something?

SHEPPARD:

Maybe. You did all right for yourself, Dave. Thanks.

REYNOLDS:

(FILTER) Right, Shep. See you back at the office.

SHEPPARD:

Okay. (SOUND: PHONE DOWN) Phil....

HJ

ATX01 0182838

ATTORNEY:

(SOUND: SECOND PHONE DOWN) Of course the money could have come from any number of sources.

SHEPPARD:

Of course.

5-7

HJ

ATTORNEY:

(THINKING IT) We've come this far in the case, I'd hate to ask for a mistrial on the sole basis of that information.

SHEPPARD:

I know. It is pretty slim.

ATTORNEY:

What do you think, Shep?

SHEPPARD:

(APPRAISING IT) I don't know, Phil. I've had my eye on Carl Miller. Frankly, I don't think he's the type.

ATTORNEY:

Neither do I. There's probably a perfectly rational explanation for that money. But if it's all right with you I'll take out some insurance anyway.

SHEPPARD:

Have Judge Ryan speak to Miller.

ATTORNEY:

Yes
~~Uh-huh.~~ If there's nothing to this, it won't do any harm. If there is, I'm sure there won't be once he sees the judge.

SHEPPARD:

Well I guess that's best, Phil. As you say, you've come this far in the case, it would be too bad to throw in the sponge now.

MUSIC: STING AND LOSE INTO:

G

JUDGE:

Mr. Gordon and Mr. Newman, Would you both step over here a moment, please.

GORDON:

(COMING IN) Yes, your Honor.

JUDGE:

It's a little too late to begin your summations today. If it's all right with you, we'll recess until tomorrow.

GORDON:

Certainly, your Honor.

JUDGE:

(SOUND: GAVEL) The court will recess until tomorrow morning at ten o'clock. The jury will kindly not discuss this case with others or among themselves. (BIZ: MUMUR IN COURTROOM) Oh, Mr. Miller...

CARL:

(OFF A LITTLE) Me, your Honor?

JUDGE:

Yes. Would you step in here with me, please. I want to talk with you a moment privately.

MUSIC: UP OVER AND OUT.

ldg

VOICE:

(OVER THE RADIO) ..and, both attorneys having been told to sum up, there should be a verdict in the Ferron trial sometime tomorrow. According to rumor, presiding judge Ryan called one of the jurors to his chambers late this...

SOUND: RADIO CLICK-OFF

HELEN:

Now what did you have to do that for? I wanted to ^{read} ~~hear~~ the rest of it.

CARL:

You've ^{read} ~~heard~~ enough. Maybe now you believe me.

HELEN:

Carl...

CARL:

(ALMOST CRYING) I told you something like this would happen, I told you. I never should have let you talk me into this scheme...

HELEN:

On for the love of heaven stop snivelling, it isn't as bad as you think.

CARL:

That's what you say.

G

HELEN:

Just because the judge said boo at you.

CARL:

He said more than that. He warned me, he said he has his eye on every juror and if he finds...

HELEN:

Don't be a fool, he was only talking generally. If he suspected something he'd toss you right out of the jury box.

CARL:

That's what you say, but I know...

HELEN:

You know nothing. You never did and you never will.

CARL:

(TAKING A STAND) Helen...I want you to give back that money to Mr. Gordon.

HELEN:

What?

CARL:

I mean it, Helen. Give it back. Tell him I'm not going to go through with this.

G

HELEN:

You're not what.

CARL:

(LOUDLY) Well you can hardly expect me to now can you!

HELEN:

Keep your voice down, Carl. Why can't I hardly.

CARL:

(STARING) Helen...are you out of your mind?

HELEN:

I'm not. But I'm beginning to wonder about you.

CARL:

Helen...

HELEN:

You don't make a bargain with a man like Nick Ferron and then back down on it, believe me you don't.

CARL:

I don't care about Nick Ferron!

HELEN:

Let's go to bed, Carl, we'll talk this over in the morning.

CARL:

(FAIRLY SCREAMING) We won't talk about it at all! You're taking that money back do you hear me! Either you're taking it back or I will!

G

HELEN:

Carl....

CARL:

Either you or me, Helen! I mean what I say!

HELEN:

(A BEAT) All right, Carl.

CARL:

What?

HELEN:

All right, I'll take it back.

CARL:

Helen...

HELEN:

I'll go see Mr. Gordon. First thing in the morning.

CARL:

You...you mean it, Helen?

HELEN:

(SHURGS) If that's what you want there's not much I can do about it.
You're the one on the jury.

G

CARL:

You'll see Mr. Gordon, give him back the money.

HELEN:

~~What~~ *I said so, didn't I.*

CARL:

And explain what I said.

HELEN:

I'll explain, but he's not going to like it. Coming to bed?

CARL:

Helen...

HELEN:

What? What is it now?

CARL:

(A WEIGHT OFF HIS MIND) I...I'm sorry about the money. But you see my position, don't you? (PAUSE) You do, don't you?

HELEN:

Yes, Carl. I see. Let's go to bed, huh...we've both got a big day ahead of us tomorrow.

~~MUSIC: HITS IT AND HOLD FOR:~~

~~CLERK:~~

~~The court will please rise~~

~~SOUND: MOVEMENT IN COURTROOM.~~

G

~~JUDGE:~~

~~(OFF A LITTLE) ~~clerk~~, clerk.~~

~~CLERK:~~

~~Please be seated.~~

SOUND: MOVEMENT.

JUDGE:

(OFF A LITTLE) Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, have you reached a verdict?

FOREMAN:

We have, your Honor.

JUDGE:

~~(OFF A LITTLE) Will the foreman hand it to the clerk. (THEN) Thank you. Will the clerk please read the verdict.~~
for please announce your verdict to the court.

~~CLERK:~~ FOREMAN

Yes, your Honor. (READS) "We, the jury, unanimously find the defendant... guilty as charged..."

BIZ: HUBBIE IN THE COURT

MUSIC: UP OVER TO A CLIMAX AND CUT

SOUND: TAXI PULLING TO A STOP.

G

-40-A

IRENE:

Guilty as charged. Well that's cute, isn't that cute!

GORDON:

(PACING) Okay, okay, but how was I to know?

IRENE:

How were you to know. You were supposed to fix this, weren't you. You were supposed to have it in the bag!

GORDON:

That's it. Blame me ~~now~~

IRENE:

Who else should I blame? Nick behind bars and twenty-five thousand down the drain.

GORDON:

I still can't believe it. I still can't believe that crummy punk of a juror had the nerve to pull this.

IRENE:

Oh you can't.

GORDON:

His wife gave me her word....her solemn word....

IRENE:

She gave you the business, that's what. I told Nick, I told him not to trust a lunkhead like you....

GORDON:

(STUNG) Now see here, Irene....

ldg

ATX01 01B2B48

-40-B

IRENE:

Oh, dry up. If it wasn't for Nick you'd be out in the gutter and you know it.

GORDON:

I don't have to take this from you.

IRENE:

Tell that to Nick,

GORDON:

I don't. And as soon as I have this straightened out....

IRENE:

(ACID) Oh, you're going to straighten it out, are you? How?

GORDON:

I'll show you how. (SOUND: PHONE GRABBED UP)

IRENE:

What are you doing?

GORDON:

(DIALING) You'll find out. I'll take care of that Miller character and get the money back too.

IRENE:

What about Nick?

GORDON:

(FILTER BUZZ UNDER) I'll get an appeal for Nick, don't worry about that. I'll...

FISHER:

(FILTER) Yeah?

ldg

ATX01 01B2849

-40-0

GORDON:

That you, Fisher?

FISHER:

(FILTER) Maybe. Who wants to know?

GORDON:

This is Jim Gordon speaking.

FISHER:

(FILTER) Oh hello, counselor. Yeah, this is me.

GORDON:

You heard the news, didn't you?

FISHER:

(FILTER) I heard. Looks like somebody crossed Nick up.

GORDON:

That's what I'm calling about.

FISHER:

(FILTER) I'm listening.

GORDON:

Nick wants to take care of that somebody, Fisher. You interested?

FISHER:

(FILTER) Maybe.

GORDON:

You name your own price.

FISHER:

(FILTER) I'm interested.

ldg

ATX01 0182850

GORDON:

The name is Miller. Carl Miller. One-two-four Riverdale Road. Meet me.

FISHER:

(FILTER) I'll be there. (BIZ: FILTERED CLICK OFF)

(SOUND: PHONE DOWN)

GORDON:

That's how, Irene....going to be all straightened out.

(MUSIC: OVER TO A CLIMAX AND OUT.)

(SOUND: TAXI PULLING TO A STOP.)

LDG

FISHER:

Okay this is the place, driver.

SOUND: TAXI TO A COMPLETE STOP. DOOR OPEN.

FISHER:

Here y'are, thanks.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE. FOOTSTEPS UP WALK. TAXI DRIVES OFF.

BIZ: FOOTSTEPS COME TO A STOP. DOOR BELL. PAUSE.

SOUND: HOUSE DOOR OPEN.

CARL:

(OFF A LITTLE) Yes?

FISHER:

You Miller, Carl Miller?

CARL:

(TENTATIVELY) That's right.

FISHER:

Carl Miller
My name's Fisher, ^{Carl} Joe Fisher. (AS HE WALKS IN) I come to talk to
you about a personal matter.

CARL:

Look here, if you're another reporter...

G

FISHER:

Reporter? (SOUND: DOOR CLOSED) I'm no reporter, Miller. Your wife home?

CARL:

No. As a matter of fact when you rang I thought it was...

FISHER:

Yeah, yeah. (BIZ:FOOTSTEPS UNDER) Jim's not here yet either, huh.

CARL:

Jim?

FISHER:

Jim Gordon. (SMILES) You know who he is, don't you? Sit down, Miller.

CARL:

What do you want anyhow?

FISHER:

Me? I don't want anything. It's Nick who wants.

CARL:

Nick.

FISHER:

Nick Ferron. You got a bad memory for names, Miller. Sit down, we'll wait for Gordon, ~~here~~.

G

CARL:

What does Nick want?

FISHER:

Hey, you got something to drink? I'm dry.

CARL:

I said...

FISHER:

What does Nick want? You'll find out soon's Gordon gets here.
Nothing to drink, huh.

CARL:

What's Jim Gordon coming here for.

FISHER:

Hey you're a funny guy, Miller. The funniest maybe, and I met
plenty queer ones.

CARL:

Huh?

G

FISHER:

The way I see it, pal. When a guy crosses Nick Ferron he shouldn't have to ask too many questions.

CARL:

Cross him? I didn't cross anybody.

FISHER:

(LOW CHUCKLE) The funniest for sure.

CARL:

What are you talking about? My wife saw Gordon, she gave him back the money....

FISHER:

Uh huh.

CARL:

Well she did. I had Helen tell him I wasn't going through with it.

FISHER:

Honest, you kill me.

CARL:

Listen, you better get out of here...

FISHER:

(HIS SMILE FREEZING) And you better shut up!

jn

ATX01 01B2855

CARL:

What?

FISHER:

Who do you think you're coming, your wife saw Gordon? Your wife ~~never~~ saw nobody! She never told nobody anything!

CARL:

What are you talking about?

FISHER:

Don't give me that!

CARL:

Helen never saw Gordon?

FISHER:

You don't know.

CARL:

(IN VAGUE REALIZATION) Helen...never...saw...

*FISHER: never saw him. Just him so many
C.P. No*

FISHER:

(SORE) You don't know, I'll tell you something you really don't know! You, Jim and me are going for a little ride out in the country. Three of us going out, but only two coming back.

jn

CARL:

What?

SOUND: THE DOORBELL HAS RUNG.

FISHER:

Okay, that's Gordon now. ^{open} Answer it.

CARL:

I...

FISHER:

I said ^{open} answer it!

BIZ: A BEAT. THEN CARL GOES SLOWLY TO THE DOOR. STOPS.

FISHER:

(LOW) Go on.

SOUND: ANOTHER BEAT. THEN DOOR OPEN.

BIZ: A PAUSE.

MAN:

Mr. Miller?

CARL:

I...

jn

MAN:

We're from the Daily News, Mr. Miller. We'd like to get a picture, maybe a statement from you on the trial.

CARL

The Daily News?

FISHER:

(STEPPING IN) Mr. Miller isn't giving out any statement.

Fisher I do
CARL: well you're wrong Mr. Miller
who says I'm not? (HE STARTS TO LAUGH) Come in, gentlemen... I can
 give you a statement ~~all right~~. (THE LAUGH BUILDS) ~~Come right in...~~
 I'll give you the best statement your paper ever got...

BIZ: HE IS LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY AS:

MUSIC: TO A CURTAIN AND THE END.

JN

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
SEPTEMBER 11, 1952

-C- 47 A

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: (UP TO CURTAIN)

TICE: In just a moment, Agent Sheppard will tell you what happened to the people in tonight's story,

BARUCH: Friends, you'll find Luckies taste better -- taste cleaner ... fresher ... smoother because Lucky Strike gives you fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco. in a cigarette that's made better to taste better. Luckies taste cleaner because Luckies' perfect cylinder of fine, clean tobacco is free from those annoying loose ends that get in your mouth and spoil the taste. Luckies taste fresher because they're fully packed without air spaces -- hot spots that burn too fast -- taste hot, harsh and dry. And every pack of Luckies is extra tightly sealed to keep in that fresher taste. Luckies taste smoother because in a Lucky you get long strands of fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco in a cigarette that draws freely and smokes smoothly. Yes, friends, Luckies taste better! So for your own real deep-down smoking enjoyment -- for a cleaner, fresher, smoother smoke -- Be Happy -- Go Lucky! Make your next carton Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

TICE: (CONCLUSION OF CASE)

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME)

ATX01 0182859

SHEPPARD:

(AFTER A PAUSE) Carl Miller gave his statement to the paper, and another to your FBI. The information he offered, coupled with the evidence already secured, was enough to have James Gordon join Nicholas Ferron in the federal penitentiary, where both ^{are serving} served eight years terms. Miller's wife was picked up a few days later in Florida, where she had gone ^{with the money} the day of the trial; and she ^{was subsequently} and her husband were ~~subsequently sentenced to terms in prison, thus closing the files on a robbery, and the files on...~~ ^{sentenced to a term of two years in a women's penitentiary, then closing the files on a robbery, and the files on...} The 12th Man.

MUSIC: TO FINISH.

JN

THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR -D-
SEPTEMBER 11, 1952

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

TICE: All names and characters used on this program are fictitious. Any similarity to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. This program is based on Frederick L. Collins' copyrighted book "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR" ... and is not an official program of the FBI. In tonight's story Earl Hunter played the part of Carl Miller. Ed Foley was Nikolas Levan. The radio dramatization for "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR" is written by Louis Pelletier and Jack Finke. These programs are produced and directed by Betty Mandeville. Be sure to listen to next Thursday's story, "The Opportunity Man" on "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR". Same time -- same station.

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME - UP AND UNDER)

BARUCH: This Sunday America's favorite comedy show returns to the air. Yes, it's THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM and Jack and the gang will be back for another season of great comedy. Consult your newspaper for time and station. That's THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM back on the air this Sunday. This is Andre Baruch saying goodnight for Lucky Strike, product of The American Tobacco Company -- America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes. "THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR" has been selected as one of the programs to be heard by our Armed Forces overseas through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service.

MUSIC: (SHOW THEME - UP AND OUT)
TICE: THIS IS THE CBS RADIO NETWORK.

ATX01 0182861