

Hate Morgan

WEAF

V I T A L I S

(REVISED)

"MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY"

"THE CASE OF THE MISGUIDED MOTHERS"

() ()
9:30 - 10:00 PM

APRIL 26, 1944

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: Mr. District Attorney" - champion of the people -
 defender of truth - guardian of our fundamental rights to
 life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ FANFARE)

ANNCR: "Mr. District Attorney" is brought to you by Vitalis,
 V I T A L I S, Vitalis - the famous preparation that keeps
 your hair well groomed ... AND ... used with the speedy
 sixty second workout helps you to keep your hair.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ BRIDGE)

D.A. : (ECHO) And it shall be my duty as District Attorney not
 only to prosecute to the limit of the law all persons
 accused of crimes perpetrated within this country, but to
 defend with equal vigor the rights and privileges of all
 its citizens.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP FULL AND FADE UNDER)

ANNCR: Our case tonight opens in the home of Mrs. Thomas Avery
 in one of the better residential sections of your District
 Attorney's city. Mrs. Avery is in her study talking to a
 companion....

AVERY: Now let me see, Mrs. Clark...what else have we to do?
CLARK: Well, you still haven't sent out a notice to the membership about next week's meeting...
AVERY: Oh, dear...of course, I completely forgot it...
CLARK: Would you like to dictate it to me?
AVERY: Have you time to take it?
CLARK: Surely...
AVERY: Oh, you are an angel...Now let me see, we set the meeting up for next Monday, didn't we?
CLARK: That's right..
AVERY: Well, suppose we say...Important notice to all members of mothers club...
CLARK: Yes...

(SCRIBBLE)

AVERY: There will be a general membership meeting Monday at 2 p.m. Matters vital to all mothers of America will be discussed. You are urgently requested to attend. Signed, Mrs. Thomas Avery, President.

CLARK: I'll have this mimeographed right away..

AVERY: Splendid...

(DOOR BELL RINGS...OFF)

CLARK: Shall I answer the door?

AVERY: Thank you, dear...(FADING OVER HER STEPS) If that's a Mr. Warren, have him come right in...

CLARK: Very well...

(DOOR OPENS)

WARREN: How do you do...

CLARK: Mr. Warren?

WARREN: Yes, that's right..

CLARK: Come right in, please...Mrs. Avery is expecting you...

WARREN: Thank you...

(STEPS...DOOR CLOSES...STEPS)

CLARK: She's right in here in the study....

WARREN: I see...

AVERY: (OFF) Is that you Frederick?

WARREN: Yes...

AVERY: (FADING ON) Come in, darling...I'm delighted to see you...

WARREN: It's nice seeing you again, Alice...

CLARK: You won't be wanting me any more today, Mrs. Avery?

AVERY: No, dear, no...you run along...Thanks for everything..

CLARK: That's all right...

AVERY: Can you come here tomorrow?

CLARK: Yes, of course..

AVERY: You're a darling...

CLARK: Oh, I'm glad to be able to help....(FADING) See you tomorrow....

AVERY: All right, dear...

(DOOR CLOSES)

AVERY: Lovely woman...

WARREN: Who is she Alice?

AVERY: Oh, heavens, I forgot to introduce you..

WARREN: I believe we've met before...Who is she?

AVERY: Her name is Clark...wonderful woman...has a boy overseas.
She's been very helpful..doing all sorts of work for the club without accepting a cent of pay.

WARREN: I'm trying to recall where I've met her.

AVERY: Well, she has only been in town here several months....
I'm sure you've never seen her before...

WARREN: But I have...

AVERY: I have wonderful things to report, Frederick...The club
is just growing in leaps and bounds...

WARREN: What's that?

AVERY: The club, darling....I have over four hundred mothers
enrolled...

WARREN: Oh, that's fine....

AVERY: Splendid women, too....excellent workers...

WARREN: Have you been following my instructions?

AVERY: To the letter. ...In several neighborhoods we've already
set up racial boycotts...we have a movement started for
an early peace.....

WARREN: Wait!

AVERY: What is it?

WARREN: I remember that woman now.

AVERY: Who?

WARREN: The one who just left...

AVERY: Mrs. Clark?

WARREN: Yes...she belonged to one of our mother's organizations
in the middle west.

AVERY: Really?

WARREN: Very actively too...until one day she disappeared.

AVERY: Disappeared?

WARREN: That's right...and a number of important letters and papers
from the files of that club disappeared with her.

EVERY: She took them?
WARREN: Who else?
EVERY: Why did she do it?
WARREN: That's quite obvious...
EVERY: Are you sure this is the same woman?
WARREN: I'll wire and get a description of her just to make certain.. Meanwhile....keep a very close watch on her activities.

(MUSIC:)

D. A.: Miss Miller...
MILLER: Yes, chief ...
D. A.: Will you send this check off to the Red Cross for me...
MILLER: I thought you'd already sent them your donation?
D. A.: I did...but they're short of their goal here in our county...they've asked every one to contribute a little something again to make up their quota...
MILLER: Oh...well, I'd better do something about that myself..

(DOOR OPENS)

HARR: Hi, chief....Miss Miller..

(DOOR CLOSES)

D. A.: Hello, Harrington.
MILLER: Hello...I thought you were going to spend the day down at headquarters...
HARR: I am... I just stopped off here first to see the chief for a minute..
D. A.: What about?

HARR: Well, I ran into something last night...I don't know if it means anything but I thought I'd pass it along to you...

D.A.: Yes? What is it?

HARR: I had dinner over at my Aunt's house...she started tellin' me about an organization she's got roped into...

D.A.: I see...

HARR: It's some kind of a mother's club. She joined it on account of a neighbor of hers..

MILLER: A mother's club?

HARR: Yeah...that's what it's called...anyway, she went to a couple of meetings...she gave me the lowdown on what goes on there...

D.A.: What do you mean?

HARR: The thing is supposed to be patriotic...but all these dames do is stir up trouble...

MILLER: How is that?

HARR: Well, they have speakers who tell the members there ought to be an early peace...their soldier sons are bein' killed by selfish politicians.

D.A.: Oh, that sort of talk...

HARR: Yeah...they throw some anti-semitic stuff in, too. The women are told it's their duty to only deal with Christian stores...

MILLER: That's really subversive, chief..

D.A.: Yes...it sounds that way...Did you get any details as to who was behind the thing?

HARR: A woman named Avery runs it...she's kinda of a social dame..

DIA.: Evidently a front...

MILLER: How often do they hold these meetings?

HARR: There's supposed to be another one Monday afternoon.

MILLER: This sounds like something the F.B.I. ought to know about, chief.

D.A.: Yes...however, I think we should do a little ground work for them first...

MILLER: What do you mean?

D.A.: The F.B.I. is so overworked, Miss Miller...we should investigate the organization ourselves...if what Harrington has said about it is true, we'll turn them into the Bureau.

HARR: That's a good idea, chief....

D.A.: Do you know where this mothers' meeting is being held on Monday?

HARR: I can find out.

D.A.: Would your Aunt mind taking someone along with her?

HARR: No, she'd be glad to.

D.A.: Very well...Miss Miller...you shall become a mother.

(MUSIC: _____)

(BABBLE OF FEMALE VOICES...GAVEL RAP)

AVERY: Order, please...may we have order, please...

(BABBLE SUBSIDES)

AVERY: We must get on with the meeting...Now the petition that we are sending to Washington will be passed among you for signatures...

WOMAN: (OFF) Mrs. Avery...Mrs. Avery...

(GAVEL)

AVERY: Mrs. Milan?

WOMAN: (OFF) I'd like to ask a question, please?

AVERY: Yes, what is it?

WOMAN: (OFF) Isn't there anything we can do about Russia?

AVERY: Yes, there is...we're discussing that later...

WOMAN: (OFF) But can't it be put in this petition?

AVERY: This is a peace petition, Mrs. Milan...
(LOW BABBLE...GAVEL.)

AVERY: Order, please...

WARREN: (MOVING ON) (SOFTLY) Excuse me, Alice...

AVERY: Oh...yes, Frederick...

WARREN: I'd like to talk to you outside please...

AVERY: Surely...(PROJECTING) The chair wishes to be excused for a moment...Go right ahead with the petition, please...

(LOW BABBLE...FOOTSTEPS)

AVERY: Is something wrong, Frederick?

WARREN: Wait till we get outside...

(STEPS...DOOR OPENS)

WARREN: Go ahead...

AVERY: Thank you...

(DOOR CLOSES...BABBLE OUT)

AVERY: You seem upset about something...

WARREN: I am...it's your Mrs. Clark...

AVERY: Oh...what about her?

WARREN: I just received a special delivery letter...it was a reply to my inquiry about her.

AVERY: Yes...

WARREN: They enclosed a picture...here, take a look at it...

AVERY: Surely...

WARREN: Was I right?

AVERY: Yes...it's the same person...

WARREN: It has also been established that she is the one who stole the letters and papers from the files out there...

AVERY: Heavens!

WARREN: Is she attending the meeting?

AVERY: Yes...she's handing around a petition right now...

WARREN: Good...where does she live?

AVERY: Over on Elm Street...She has an apartment there.

WARREN: Alone?

AVERY: I believe so...Frederick...why should she be spying on us?

WARREN: I don't know...but I intend to find out.

AVERY: How?

WARREN: By paying a visit to her apartment.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ _)

D.A.: Is that you, Miss Miller?

MILLER: (FADING ON) Yes, chief...

HARR: Did you just get out of that meeting?

MILLER: About ten minutes ago...

HARR: Well, what was it all about?

MILLER: I think it's definitely something the F.B.I. ought to look into...

D.A.: What went on?

MILLER: Well, there were about three hundred women there...

D.A.: Any men at all?

MILLER: Just one...he and that Mrs. Avery, the woman who runs the thing, went outside together during the meeting.

HARR: What did they talk about at the meeting?

MILLER: There were a number of speakers...all of them waved the flag, told how patriotic they were...then they went ahead and ripped our whole national structure to pieces...

D.A.: What were their specific points?

MILLER: Oh, how the lives of our boys were being needlessly sacrificed on the battlefield...How aliens and minority groups were running the country...stuff like that.

HARR: Were the women who attended the meeting in favor of all this talk?

MILLER: I don't think many of them even realized what it was really about...like all mobs they were being swayed by a cleverly organized group.

HARR: Silly dames!

MILLER: The women who spoke weren't Nazis by any means, chief...

D.A.: How do you know?

MILLER: Well, they all had American names...spoke good English...

D.A.: You didn't expect to hear a German accent, did you?

MILLER: No, but---

D.A.: All enemy propoganda has taken on a new line, Miss Miller... the people who front for it are as American as...well... apple pie. But the forces behind them...the people who guide their words and deeds take orders direct from Mr. Goebbels.

HARR: You think this Avery dame is a front for that kind of a set up?

D.A.: I strongly suspect that she is...yes.

HARR: What do we do now?

D.A.: I'm going to make a full report on this to the F.B.I. at once.

(MUSIC: -----)

(PHONE RINGS...RECEIVER UP)

AVERY: Hello...

WARREN: (FILTER) Hello, Alice...this is Frederick...

AVERY: Oh, I've been thinking about you...Did you go to Mrs. Clark's apartment?

WARREN: I just left there...

AVERY: Did you find anything?

WARREN: Yes...a great deal. Among other things, she has quite a collection of your own correspondence, my dear.

AVERY: My letters?

WARREN: Yes...

AVERY: How did she get them?

WARREN: Hasn't she been acting as your secretary?

AVERY: Oh...yes...

WARREN: She has gathered complete data on the club...

AVERY: But why? Is she a government agent?

WARREN: No.

AVERY: How do you know?

WARREN: I found evidence that she is writing a book...

AVERY: A book?
WARREN: Yes...an expose...very much like "Undercover."
AVERY: Oh...
WARREN: However, I don't think she'll be as successful in having it published...
AVERY: What do you mean?
WARREN: Alice...you're being very naive. Where is she now?
AVERY: She's doing some work for me.
WARREN: Where?
AVERY: At the clubroom.
WARREN: That's fine...it gives us plenty of time...
AVERY: For what?
WARREN: For what I have in mind...we'll meet her after she finishes.
AVERY: Where?
WARREN: At her apartment.
(MUSIC: _____)

(KEY IN LOCK...DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES...FOOTSTEPS...

LIGHT SWITCH)

AVERY: Good evening, Mrs. Clark...
CLARK: (STARTLED) Oh...Mrs. Avery...How did you get in here?
AVERY: Your door was open...
CLARK: But, I---
AVERY: You remember Mr. Warren...I neglected to introduce you the other day...

CLARK: Oh, yes...Hello there...

WARREN: How do you do?

CLARK: (PAUSE) Well, this is a surprise...

AVERY: Really?

CLARK: Yes...did you want anything special, Mrs. Avery?

AVERY: Well...yes...Mr. Warren wished to talk to you...

CLARK: Oh, I see...What about, Mr. Warren?

WARREN: About you, Mrs. Clark.

CLARK: Me?

WARREN: Yes...your activities.

CLARK: I'm afraid I don't understand.

AVERY: Mr. Warren thought he recognized you the other day.

CLARK: From where?

WARREN: From a mother's club you belonged to out in the middle west.

CLARK: Well, I'm afraid you were mistaken...

WARREN: No...That's why I came to your apartment earlier today.

CLARK: What do you mean?

WARREN: I paid a visit here this afternoon...I took the liberty of...well...going over your papers---

CLARK: What right had you---?

WARREN: Self preservation, Mrs. Clark. Of course you already know what I found.

CLARK: (PAUSE) Well?

AVERY: Aren't you even going to offer an explanation?

WARREN: She knows it would be quite useless.

AVERY: Mrs. Clark, I'm really ashamed of you.

CLARK: You ashamed of me?

AVERY: Completely. I've never heard of such disloyalty.

CLARK: You must be joking.

AVERY: Joking?

CLARK: Look, Mrs. Avery...let's use the word disloyalty in its proper place...let's apply it where it belongs. You are being disloyal to your country...this club of yours is being used as a mouthpiece for Nazi thoughts and ideologies.

AVERY: That's not true! I'm merely trying to save my country.

CLARK: Is that your objective too, Mr. Warren?

WARREN: Naturally.

CLARK: You're lying, both of you.

AVERY: My dear woman, I can trace my ancestry back six generations in this country...

WARREN: Alice, we're wasting time! We came here for a specific reason, remember?

AVERY: Oh...yes.

CLARK: And what might that be, Mr. Warren?

WARREN: According to the papers I found here this afternoon, you were going to write a book exposing our activities.

CLARK: Well?

WARREN: One such book has already been published...

CLARK: "Undercover?"

WARREN: Yes...it has done a great deal of harm to our cause, I don't wish to have any repetition of this.

CLARK: So?

WARREN: So we are obliged to silence you..

CLARK: You mean...kill me?

WARREN: If you wish to put it that bluntly..yes.

CLARK: You'll never get away with it.

WARREN: Yes, we will...your death will be quite accidental.

CLARK: What are you saying?

AVERY: I called a doctor from here just an hour ago...I said I was Mrs. Clark. I reported to him that I had fallen down here in the apartment...hurt my head...

WARREN: Hand me my cane, Alice..

AVERY: Surely...I told him it wasn't necessary for him to come here...

WARREN: But the Doctor does know that you received a blow on the head, Mrs. Clark..

CLARK: Keep away from me...

WARREN: He thinks it was accidental, though...he doesn't know this cane will have delivered the blow!

CLARK: No...NO. (SINGLE BLOW) (SHE GROANS)

(BODY FALL)

WARREN: That was for the mothers.

(MUSIC: _____)

(COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

4/26/44

ANNOUNCER: As your District Attorney said a moment ago, Nazi agents usually do not have an accent. But the cold-blooded murder of Miss Clark shows the desperate steps they'll take in their attempt to keep us from winning the war. We'll continue in just a minute. But first.

ANNOUNCER: You know, there's one thing you can generally count on! The man who has good-looking hair is the man who takes care of his hair! And more well-groomed men take care of their hair with Vitalis ... than any other hair preparation of its kind.

WINTERS: And here's the reason: Vitalis and the famous sixty-second workout gives you three important benefits!

ANNOUNCER: First, Vitalis keeps your hair well-groomed...and does it in a natural looking way. There's no plastered-down look.....no patent-leather shine when you use Vitalis.

WINTERS: Second, the swift Vitalis workout helps rout loose dandruff...which is always unsightly and often embarrassing.

ANNOUNCER: Third -- and most important -- Vitalis and the sixty-second workout helps you to keep your hair. Because it loosens up your tight, dry scalp ... stimulates circulation ... and helps prevent excessive falling hair.

WINTERS: Now, wartime restrictions naturally limit the amount of Vitalis we can produce.

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

4/26/44

(CONT'D)

WINTERS: And demand from the armed forces is tremendous. So
(CONT'D) if your druggist doesn't always have it -- please be
 patient.

ANNOUNCER: After all, it's worth waiting for because ... Vitalis
 and the sixty-second workout -- gives you three distinct
 benefits. That's three benefits with Vi - tal - is. Vitalis!

(MUSIC. UP FULL AND FADE UNDER)

ANNOUNCER: Now back to ... "Mr. District Attorney!"

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT)

D.A.: Miss Miller, did you see this letter I received from the F.B.I. this morning?

MILLER: I didn't read it, chief ... what did they say?

D.A.: Well, they thanked me for the report on that mothers' club ...

MILLER: Are they going to investigate it?

D.A.: Yes...it seems that there are a number of like organizations scattered throughout the country,

MILLER: All under the same leadership?

D.A.: That's what the F.B.I. intends to find out...

(DOOR OPENS)

HARR: Excuse me, chief....

D.A.: Come in, Harrington....

HARR: Thanks.....

(DOOR CLOSES)

HARR: Sorry I couldn't get over here sooner...

D.A.: What happened?

HARR: Well, I took a little trip with the homicide squad out to an apartment on Elm Street

MILLER: A murder case?

HARR: That's what it looked like when they got the call.... but it turned out different...

D.A.: What do you mean?

HARR: Well, some middle aged dame was found in bed with a wound in her head ... a maid found the body and called the cops...

D.A.: Yes

HARR: This dame lived alone so it looked like an assault of some kind.

D.A.: Well?

HARR: We're just about to label the thing murder when a Doctor drops in....his office is right in the neighborhood.....

MILLER: Why did he come there?

HARR: I'm gettin' to that, Miss Miller...it seems that the night before this woman had called him to report that she'd had a fall and banged her head.

MILLER: Yes...

HARR: He didn't go to see her then because she didn't think it was necessary.

MILLER: Oh....

HARR: He dropped in this mornin' just to check up on her ... so that cleaned the thing up ...

D.A.: I see.....

HARR: Here's a report on the thing...also some pictures of the corpse...You might want to put 'em in the files, chief....

D.A.: Very well ... you take them, Miss Miller....

MILLER: Yes, sir...

HARR: Here y'are...

MILLER: Thanks ...

D.A.: I've been waiting for you to get here, Harrington so we can go over the Bartlett case and - - -

MILLER: (OFF) Chief!

D.A.: Yes?

MILLER: (MOVING ON) Chief ... this woman in these pictures ...
I saw her at that meeting.

HARR: The dead woman?

MILLER: Yes ... she was at that Mothers Club a very active
worker, too.

D.A.: Are you sure?

MILLER: Yes ... I even remember her name ... it was Clark.

HARR: Hey ... you're right ... that was the dames' name.

Do ya think there's anything funny about this, chief?

D.A.: I think it should be looked into ... did they move the
body?

HARR: It was still there when I left.

D.A.: Call headquarters Miss Miller, and tell them to send
word not to disturb anything in that apartment ...
we're going right out there.

(MUSIC:)

(FOOTSTEPS)

HARR: The body is right in here, chief....

D.A.: Yes, I see.....

HARR: The cop outside said nothin's been touched...

D.A.: Good

HARR: There she is.

(STEPS OUT)

HARR: That's the only wound the one on the left side
of the head....

D.A.: Is there any evidence as to where she fell and injured
herself?

HARR: Yeah...it looks like it was on the edge of that chair there.....

D.A.: Let's have a look at it....

(STEPS....)

HARR: There's blood right there...see?

D.A.: Yes...How about this woman's personal effects, Harrington? Were any papers or letters found?

HARR: No...not that I know of...why?

D.A.: Well, if she was mixed up in that mother's club, we might find something that would interest the F.B.I.

HARR: All the cops found, chief, was her pocketbook... here it is right on the dresser....

D.A.: Let me see it....

HARR: Sure...here y'are.

(SNAP OF POCKETBOOK OPENS...)

HARR: I don't think there was any letters or papers in the house....

D.A.: Well...this might be something...

HARR: What, chief?

D.A.: I just came across an item here in her purse...Tell me, did you get that Doctor's name?

HARR: Yeah...Wilson I think it was...

D.A.: Did he by any chance say what time the woman called him last night?

HARR: No...but we can find out.

D.A.: I think we should....

HARR: What do you make of this thing?

D.A.: Well, first of all, in my opinion, she didn't strike her head on the edge of that chair....

HARR: What makes you say that?

D.A.: I'm just judging by the appearance of the wound....
I'd like a confirmation on that, though.

HARR: Well if that ain't what killed her, then this thing could be a murder case after all...

D.A.: Yes It's important that you contact that Doctor.
Then I want the police lab to determine the real cause of that wound....

HARR: Okay, chief ... Where are you going'?

D.A.: I want to check on this clue I found in her purse.

(MUSIC:)

(FOOTSTEPS....)

AVERY: (OFF) Where are you, Frederick?

WARREN: I'm in here in your study...

AVERY: (MOVING ON) Sorry to keep you waiting I overslept
.... just woke up about ten minutes ago.....

WARREN: I see...

AVERY: I had a miserable night ... couldn't close my eyes....

WARREN: What was the trouble?

AVERY: Darling, after that experience with Miss Clark!.....
after all, I'm not that calloused.

WARREN: You should get used to those things, Alice...;

AVERY: I just kept thinking about it all night long. Frederick...
are you sure that the police won't suspect what really
happened?

WARREN: Yes... quite sure....

AVERY: I hope you're right....

WARREN: In the first place ... even if they do suspect,
how can they trace the killer?

AVERY: It has been done, you know...

WARREN: She had no friends here in town ... she lived alone ...
furthermore, I learned from her papers yesterday that
the name Clark was assumed....

AVERY: What was her real name?

WARREN: I've forgotten ... the point is ... she has no identity.

AVERY: But about those papers you found in her apartment?

WARREN: I took all of them. Look, my dear ... that is all
in the past ... I came here to discuss the future ...

AVERY: What do you mean?

WARREN: I received a new directive this morning .. throughout the
country, we have sufficient organization now to throw a
bit of weight around.....

AVERY: How?

WARREN: Politically, socially ... there are a number of points ...
I'll go over them with you....

AVERY: Right now?

WARREN: Yes ... you must get started at once ... these are
going to be very busy times, Alice.

(MUSIC:)

HARR: (FADING ON) Oh, Miss Miller.

MILLER: Yes, Harrington?

HARR: Did the chief get back yet?

MILLER: No ... he didn't call either....

HARR: Oh, brother, I've got a bag full of goodies for him....

MILLER: What do you mean?

HARR: You know that Mrs. Clark?

MILLER: Yes,....

HARR: The latest flash on her is murder.

MILLER: Really?

HARR: Yep... we did an investigation on that wound in her head...she didn't get it from falling against the chair.

MILLER: How do you know?

HARR: From the coroner's report.

(DOOR OPENS)

HARR: Oh, hi chief....

D.A.: How did you make out Harrington?.....

HARR: You were right about that wound..the coroner said she'd been slugged with a blunt instrument. Her skull was crushed.

D.A.: I thought so ... what about the Doctor?

HARR: I went over to his office...the woman called him at five minutes past nine last night...he had a record of it....

D.A.: That's all the confirmation I wanted....

MILLER: What's in that package, chief?

D.A.: Some very valuable evidence...come on along with me, both of you....

HARR: Where are we goin'?

D.A.: To pay a call on the President of the mothers' club... Mrs. Avery.

(MUSIC:)

(DOOR BELL RINGS)

MILLER: Maybe she's out, chief....

D.A.: Well, we'll just have to - - - -

(DOOR OPENS....)

AVERY: Yes....

D.A.: Hello ... ara you Mrs. Avery?

AVERY: That's right...

D.A.: I'm the District Attorney.....

AVERY: Oh.....

D.A.: I wonder if I could see you for a few minutes, please

AVERY: Why, yes ... come in...

D.A.: Thank you ... go ahead, Miss Miller....Harrington ..

THEY AD LIB OKAY...

(STEPS....,DOOR CLOSES)

WARREN: (OFF) Who is it, Alice?

AVERY: (PROJECTING) It's the District Attorney.....

WARREN: (OFF) I see.....

AVERY: Come right down the hall to my living room.....

D.A.: Very well....

(STEPS)

MILLER: Wait, chief ... that man back there in the study....

D.A.: Yes....

MILLER: He's the one who was at the meeting...

D.A.: Oh...I think we should meet him then...Mrs. Avery...

AVERY: (A BIT OFF MIKE) Yes?

D.A.: Your guest back there in the study... I'd like to talk
with him too....

AVERY: Mr. Warren....

D.A.: Is his name Warren?
AVERY: Yes....
D.A.: Then I definitely want to see him...
HARR: Wait a minute, mister...where are you going?
WARREN: (OFF) I'm leaving here....why?
HARR: You better stick around....
WARREN: I'm sorry, but -----
HARR: Stay here, mister!
AVERY: What's the meaning of all this?
D.A.: It has to do with the death of a woman named Clark.
WARREN: (OFF) Let go of me!
HARR: (OFF) Take it easy!
AVERY: I don't understand ...
D.A.: In this envelope, I have evidence that Mrs. Clark collected concerning your activities...
WARREN: (MOVING ON) What is he saying?
D.A.: I'm saying that I have enough on you both to hold you on suspicion of murder.

(MUSIC:)

(COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

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UTTAL: Your District Attorney will be back in a minute to tell us more about that evidence .. and the ending of tonights' case. But first let's listen in while young Billy Hudson asks his father a question.

BOY: (ABOUT SIX ... STRAIGHT AND NOT CUTE) Da-a-d ... j'a ever hear about Rip Van Winkle?

MAN: (HE'S OBVIOUSLY KIDDING IN THE HALP POMPOUS ADULT TRADITION) Rip Van Winkle? Ah-h-h. There's a man after my own heart, Billy. (DWELLING ON IT) Never a worry ... just sno-o-zed away for a quarter of a century, and grew a nice .. big beard. (CONSPIRATOR TONE) Don't tell your mother ... but Rip Winkle was always one of my heroes.

BOY: You mean ... 'cause he didn't hafta get up in the morning?

MAN: Gosh no! Because he didn't have to shave for twenty years!

UTTAL: Sounds as if Billy's father never heard of Ingram's Shaving Cream. Because you can have close shaves that are cool and comfortable with Ingram's. Why even at the very moment it's soaking and wilting your tough beard for quick shaving, Ingram's cool, soothing lather is conditioning your face for the razor. So your face is comfortable while you're shaving... comfortable afterward too.

-more-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

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(CONT'D)

UTTAL:

(CONT'D)

And your face looks as smooth as it feels!

Ask your druggist for Ingram's, I-N-G-R-A-M-S, Ingrams'

Shaving Cream. Remember, in the jar ... or in the

tube ... it's always Ingram's and always cool!

(MUSIC: UP FULL AND FADE UNDER .)

ANNOUNCER: Now here is your District Attorney.

(MUSIC: OUT)