

WM. ESTY AND CO., INC.
1537 NO. VINE ST.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

(SECOND REVISION)

"MYSTERY IN THE AIR"

Starring

PETER LORRE

For

CAMEL CIGARETTES

**AS
BROADCAST**

Made

NBC - Studio A
6:00 - 6:30 PM, PST

Program Number 1
Thursday, July 3, 1947

Produced by Don Bernard

Directed by Cal Kuhl

Adaptation of Edgar Allen Poe's "The Tell Tale Heart"

Written by Frank Wilson

CAST

Peter Lorre
Bob Bruce
Lois Corbett
Jack Douglas
Henry Morgan
Michael Roy
Bob Andersen
Lyle Bond
Ed Chandler
Quartette
Paul Baron

SOUND EFFECTS

Door
Footsteps
Clock strikes
Creaking door
Creaking lantern handle
Heartbeat
Creak of stairs
Boots climbing stairs
Running downstairs
Two walking sticks
Chair

ENGINEERING

Filter Mike
Isolation Booth
Echo is needed

(OPEN COLD)

SOUND: HEART BEATING...INCREASING IN TEMPO AND VOLUME UNDER
FOLLOWING:

LORRE: I could hear it -- the low, dull, quick sound...the
sound a watch makes when covered with cotton.
I knew that sound, and it beat me into a rage...
like a drum beating a soldier to courage!...

(MUSIC SNEAKS IN) And it grew louder and faster...
louder and faster...louder...louder...louder --
it was the beating of his hideous heart!

MUSIC: (SWEEPS INTO CLIMAX AND HOLDS IN SHIMMER UNDER:)

VOICE: "Mystery In The Air" -- starring Peter Lorre --
in which Mr. Lorre shares with us the excitement
of the great stories of the strange and unusual --
of the dark and compelling in his collection culled
from the four corners of the world of literature.
It's "Mystery In The Air" -- starring Peter Lorre.

MUSIC: (GONG)

ROY: "Mystery In The Air" -- brought to you by
Camel Cigarettes! ✓

MUSIC: (UP TO CLIMAX)

(APPLAUSE)

1:19

"MYSTERY IN THE AIR"
7/3/47

(REVISED)

-B-

ROY: Experience is the Best Teacher! Try a Camel -- let your own experience tell you why more people are smoking Camels than ever before!

Yes, let your "T-Zone" judge your cigarette and you can't go wrong. Your "T-Zone"...that's T for Taste and T for Throat...is your true proving ground for any cigarette. So let your "T-Zone" know about Camels... Introduce that rich, full flavor of choice tobaccos to your Taste...See if your Throat doesn't welcome Camel's cool mildness. Yes...Try a Camel on your "T-Zone." See if you don't say, like millions of others..."Camels suit my 'T-Zone' to a T!"

QUARTETTE: C-A-M-E-L-S

211

MUSIC: (A NEW MOOD THEME TO ESTABLISH FEELING OF THE SERIES
AND ESPECIALLY TO SET MOOD BACKGROUND FOR THE VOICE
OF THE SERIES)

VOICE: (CALMLY AND DIGNIFIED) In the dim reaches of the early
Nineteenth Century -- a dark genius spoke darkly in the
language of literature -- of things and shapes horrid
encountered in the labrynthian ways of the soul.
Generations who read Edgar Allen Poe wondered as they
closed the covers of his books whether they would ever
be done with his masked and misty visitors.

MUSIC: (OUT)

LORRE: Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and
weary
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten
lore
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came
a tapping
As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber
door

 Only this and nothing more.

MUSIC: (ENTERS)

VOICE: In our time there has risen a genius of interpretation -- an artist who in one tremendous characterization served notice that book ends could no longer keep the mighty terrors of man's mind. He is Peter Lorre. Tonight we hear Mr. Lorre in Edgar Allen Poe's magnificent study of a deranged mind -- "The Tell Tale Heart."

MUSIC: (SEGUE TO INTRODUCTION, THEN FADE UNDER FOR BACKGROUND)

LORRE: Yes, it's true...I am nervous...I am very nervous... I have been and I am. But why do you say that I am mad? Oh no -- what you mistake for madness -- it's only the extreme sharpness of my senses. Yes, and now they are even sharper than ever before. Now I can hear all things in heaven and earth. (SUGGEST WEIRD REMOTE EFFECTS HERE IN MUSIC SCORE) And I can hear many things in hell. (MUSIC CHORD...AND OUT) How then am I mad? Just observe how calmly I can tell the whole story. Could a madman do that? Only: it's impossible to say how the idea first entered my brain...but once conceived it haunted me...it haunted me day and night...Motive? I had no motive. No, I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. I felt sorry for him. Poor, sick, old man. He could not make one move without me...And I had to carry him...And feed him...and bathe him...I always had to wait on him...like a dog! You know, I didn't want his gold. No, I think it was his eye.

(CONTINUED)

LORRE: Yes, it was his evil eye. One of them was like that
(Cont'd) of a vulture -- a pale blue eye with a film over it.
And whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold!
Then I knew -- I must kill him and get rid of that
terrible eye -- forever!

MUSIC: (PEAKS AND DOWN AND OUT UNDER:)

LORRE: (SOFTLY) But every night at midnight, I turned the
(SOUND: latch of his door and opened it -- oh, so gently!
FOLLOW
LORRE:) And then, when I had made an opening for my head,
I put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed so that
no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head.
Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly
I thrust it in! I moved it slowly -- very slowly,
so that I would not wake the old man. Ha! -- would
a madman have been so clever as this? And then I
undid the lantern cautiously -- oh, so cautiously.
I opened it just so much that one single thin ray
fell upon the vulture eye. And this I did for seven
long nights -- but I found the eye always closed;
and so it was impossible to do the work; for it was
not the old man who vexed me, but his Evil Eye!

MUSIC: (PEAKS AND DOWN QUICKLY)

LORRE: And then came the eighth night.

SOUND: ~~SLIGHTLY FOOTSTEPS~~

TURN LATCH ON DOOR VERY QUIETLY

DOOR CREAKS SLIGHTLY AS OPENED

OLD MAN: (BREATHES HEAVILY FOR A WHILE...THEN STOPS AND GASPS)
Who's there?

MUSIC: (EFFECT...AND UNDER FOLLOWING:)

LORRE: So -- he's awake -- at last! ---- He is awake --
Now you may think that I drew back --- but no.
Never -- Never before had I felt the extent of my
own powers. For one whole hour I did not move a
muscle. I knew he was listening --- listening to
the death watches in the wall as I had done night
after night.

OLD MAN: (GROANS)

LORRE: That wasn't a groan of pain -- oh, no -- that was the
cry of terror that came from the deeps of his soul.
I know well what he feels...I know exactly what he
feels. And so, we waited and waited -- both of us --
in the blackness of the room. (PAUSE)

He knew that something was wrong -- he ^{Could feel something in the} ~~felt my presence~~ ^{room.}
But, he tried to reason it away -- tried to reassure
himself:

OLD MAN: No -- no -- it's nothing -- nothing but the wind in the
chimney -- nothing but a mouse running across the floor.

LORRE: Wind -- mouse -- (A SNEER) But I waited and waited -- and then I opened the lantern --- just a little -- oh, so little, until one single dim ray shone out -- it fell right upon his vulture eye! It was open -- like the thread of a spider -- wide open, and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness -- that dull blue, with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow of my bones. I couldn't even see his face -- I could not see his body -- nothing, nothing but that terrible eye for I had directed the ray as if by instinct, precisely upon that ^{horrible} ~~damned~~ spot.

MUSIC: (PEAK AND OUT)

LORRE: I did not move a muscle...I held the ray direct upon the eye. See -- I can hold it there forever.

SOUND: HEART BEATS SOFTLY

LORRE: But, suddenly, I began to feel something -- his fear reaching out at me. And then I began to hear something. Oh, I told you what you mistake for madness is but the extreme sharpness of my senses. Yes, I could hear it! -- the low, dull quick sound -- the sound a watch makes when covered with cotton. I knew that sound, and it beat me into a rage -- like a drum beating a soldier into courage!

MUSIC: (PEAKS SHORT AND CONTINUES UNDER:)

LORRE: I tried to keep quiet -- tried not to move -- to keep the ray of the lantern on the evil eye -- but his fears grew worse and his heart beat faster and louder -- faster and louder -- louder -- louder -- they will hear it beyond the walls -- the neighbors will hear his heart beat beyond the walls! I must stop it -- stop it -- stop it!

OLD MAN: (SCREECHES)

MUSIC: (FLARES OUT)

SOUND: (ON CUE) HEART BEATS SLOW AND SLOW...FAINTER AND
FAINTER...ALMOST STOPS...PICKS UP ONCE...TWICE...THEN...
PAUSE...NOTHING)

LORRE: He is dead -- His terrible eye will trouble me no more -- no more forever.

SOUND: (WAY OFF) CLOCK STRIKES FOUR

LORRE: Almost dawn and it is done. See -- It was so easy to put him under the three planks in the floor. No eye -- not even his vulture eye could find him now!

Sound: (LAUGHS SOFTLY) Mad? Me? (LAUGHS) Oh, no, I was
(Move chair)
clever -- I even pulled the old man's chair over the spot -- see -- even the dust is sprinkled back on the floor. Yes -- It is done -- and now, I am free -- I am free forever --- (LAUGHS)

SOUND: THE HEART...BEATING SOFTLY...SLOWLY BUT INCREASING IN
VOLUME AND TEMPO

LORRE: What is that? —

MUSIC: (JOINS IN HEARTBEAT...THEN CREASHING CURTAIN)
(APPLAUSE)

"MYSTERY IN THE AIR"

(REVISED) -7-

7/3/47

Voice:
~~ROY:~~

*In a few moments, Mr. Peter Lorre will bring us the climax of
tonights "Mystery In the Air" when Camel presents Act Two
Second Act of "The Tell Tale Heart" starring Peter Lorre,
of Edgar Allan Poe's great masterpiece "The Tell Tale Heart."*
(PAUSE) 14:58

Roy:

Do you know what these people have in common? 15:00

Mildred O'Donnell...Cecil Smith...Dorothy Newstead?

(SLIGHT PAUSE)

MAN:

(AS FROM AUDIENCE) They're all champions of some kind,
aren't they?

ROY:

That's right. Mildred O'Donnell...diving -- Cecil Smith
...polo -- Dorothy Newstead...fishing. And they all say:

CHANDLER:

(FILTER) Experience is the best teacher!

ROY:

Yes...both in acquiring their great skill...and in
selecting Camel as their cigarette...these champs agree
that experience is the best teacher. Millions of other
Camel smokers also agree. The experience of smoking
any brand they could get during the wartime cigarette
shortage...of comparing many brands...made smokers
everywhere experts on judging the differences in
cigarette quality. The result...

CHANDLER:

(FILTER) More people are smoking Camels than ever before.

Roy:

Experience is the best teacher. Try a Camel yourself. - 15:02

MUSIC:

(PLAY-ON TO RE-ESTABLISH MOOD FOR SECOND ACT...FADE

UNDER VOICE...)

51454 8721

VOICE: The dark, shuttered, ancient house on the old cobbled street. Within faint light of coming dawn casts pale shadows upon the ancient staircase and the only sound is the creak of its elderly boards under the boots of the house's only living occupant.

SOUND: SLOW CREAK OF STAIRS

MUSIC: (OUT)

LORRE: Oh, I'm tired -- so tired. Yes -- but now I'm free. I'm alone and I don't have to get up in the morning. Yes, it's nice to go up these stairs slowly -- so slowly, because there's nobody waiting -- nobody asking -- wanting -- waiting! I'll lie on my bed and I'll sleep and sleep and sleep. But -- look -- I don't need this candle -- it's day -- and the sun is coming and soon it will be bright and warm and...

SOUND: KNOCKING AT THE DOOR

LORRE: What's that?

(PAUSE)

SOUND: KNOCKING IS REPEATED

LORRE: Some one at the door!

SOUND: RUNS HEADLONG DOWN THE STAIRS AND HALTS SUDDENLY

LORRE: (PAUSE) Why must I be afraid now?

SOUND: ^{*Footsteps*} KNOCKING REPEATED AT HAND

LORRE: There is nothing to be afraid of. I'll open the door. I'll open it -- and let them in.

SOUND: ONE KNOCK AND DOOR IS OPENED SWIFTLY

LORRE: (PAUSE...THEN HAPPY AND BROAD) Good morning --
good morning. It is a beautiful morning to be up
and on your way. ~~You have come to ask directions --~~
~~anything you want to know just ask it -- where the~~
~~beautiful Commons are -- where the State House --~~
~~where Old Fannouil Hall --~~

~~(PAUSE)~~

~~He?~~ I don't believe I know you gentlemen and -- the lady?
The sun is in my eyes and I cannot see your face --
OHHHH -- of course -- of course -- the lady who lives
next door -- my good neighbor -- come in -- come in --
come in.

SOUND: STEPS IN AND THE DOOR CLOSES

LORRE: Come this way, good people -- Sit down -- sit down,
please -- I will sit in the old chair -- see? It is
rickety and uncertain. Good lady you sit there --
and gentlemen -- take the wooden chairs -- they are
stout oak and you are so big.

MAN: I don't believe, sir, that you know who we are.

LORRE: I don't. I don't -- but I know the lady. She is my
neighbor next door.

MAN: It is strange that you don't recognize us -- we are
members of the Watch -- we patrol this street every
night.

51454 8723

LORRE: Oh, of course -- gentlemen of the Watch. Yes -- such good men who keep us safe. At night when I can't sleep I hear your boots on the cobbles and the sound of your truncheons on the pavement and your cries of "All's Well."
(LAUGHS) How stupid of me not to know who you were -- you are my friends.

MAN: You are alone here, Sir?

LORRE: Oh, yes -- yes. But, I do not mind it. I am used to being alone.

MAN: Were you awake last night?

LORRE: Oh, no -- no -- I was sleeping -- sleeping like a baby.

MAN: You heard nothing?

LORRE: No -- how could I hear anything?

MAN: Sometimes we are awakened by loud cries.

LORRE: Cries?

MAN: Like the cry of a cat.

LORRE: Oh, no -- cats never bother me -- I like cats.

WOMAN: I was awakened last night by a loud cry -- it was more of a shriek --

MAN: This lady came to us and told us of what she had heard.

WOMAN: It was a shriek and it came from close by -- It seemed to come from here.

LORRE: From here? But, how could it come from here?

MAN: Then you heard nothing?

LORRE: I --- Well, I -- but wait a minute -- maybe it was me.

MAN: You, Sir?

LORRE: Yes -- that must be it. It was me that screamed -- I must have been dreaming -- I have terrible dreams. No one else could have screamed -- who else could have screamed? The Old Man isn't here. The -- Did you think the Old Man was here? He went to the country -- he's been gone for weeks and weeks. It was me that you heard screaming. (LAUGHS) Don't you see -- it was me. (PAUSE) Don't you believe me? Don't you -- But that's so silly -- how could anything have happened to him!

(PAUSE)

(LAUGHS SOFTLY) How could -- Why are you looking at me?

(PAUSE)

You can search the house -- ~~See -- nothing has been disturbed -- nothing has been taken.~~

~~MAN: We can see that.~~

LORRE: ~~And nothing has been disturbed -- everything is the same~~ And nothing has been disturbed -- everything is the same and if someone had screamed like that they must have had some reason -- something was happening to them --- something terrible -- Of course -- of course and if it was me -- If I should be guilty of something -- I should not be so calm. (LAUGHS A LITTLE)

MAN: I'm afraid we've made a mistake, Sir, and we are very sorry to have disturbed you over nothing.

WOMAN: He is pale -- look at his face.

LORRE: Pale -- Am I pale?

MAN: You don't look well, Sir..

LORRE: I -- don't feel as well as I did when you came.

WOMAN: Why does he sit there -- while we have stood?

LORRE: Sit here? Why shouldn't I sit here -- in this old chair?
I like this chair -- I like to sit in this chair. What
are you looking at?

(PAUSE)

There is nothing wrong -- nothing has been disturbed ---
See -- the dust is still on the floor.

MAN: ~~We're sorry, Sir -- Please forgive us for intruding.~~

yes, We're quite satisfied and we shall be going now.

SOUND: STEPS ACROSS THE ROOM

~~WOMAN: I -- I guess I was mistaken and I -- I wish to apologize
for bringing the Watch.~~

~~LORRE: That's all right. It is nothing -- really nothing
at all. (WEAK LAUGH AS THE HEART BEGINS TO BEAT...)~~

SOUND: HEARTBEATS SOFTLY BUT BUILDING SLOWLY...AS THE VOLUME
OF THE BEAT INCREASES HIS VOICE SEEKS TO RISE ABOVE IT

LORRE: You are satisfied now. You see if I was guilty of
something, I should not be so calm -- I should not
be here at all -- should I? It is very funny --
is it not?

WOMAN: Wait -- please wait -- There is something about this
man that --

SOUND: STEPS BACK

LORRE: No -- No -- there is nothing -- It is my head -- I was shaking my head because I've got kind of a headache. It's too bad you had to come today -- I'm sorry I can't see you to the door -- but there's something in my head...

(MUSIC ACCENT AND UNDER:) -- a ringing -- a ringing.

And you are staring at me -- looking at me and you can hear it, too -- You can hear it and you are laughing at me -- shaking your heads in time with it -- mocking me -- hearing it louder -- louder -- louder and you are laughing -- laughing at my horror -- you can hear it beat -- beat -- beat -- beat! (SCREAMS SHARPLY)

MUSIC: (IMITATES "BEAT-BEAT-BEAT"...DROPS) SUDDENLY AND BUILDS)

LORRE: (SOBBING...GASPING) Stop -- stop -- it is true -- true -- I admit it. Tear up the planks -- under this chair. It is, ^{the beating} the beating of his hideous heart! - 24:19

MUSIC: (CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)

ROY: Peter Lorre will be back in just a moment for
CAMEL Cigarettes. 24:50

Each week the makers of Camel cigarettes send free 24:54
Camels to servicemen's hospitals from coast to coast.
This week the Camels go to Veterans' Hospital,
Castle Point, New York...U.S. AAF Station Hospital,
March Field, Riverside, California...U.S. Naval
Hospital, Newport, Rhode Island...U.S. Marine Hospital,
Norfolk, Virginia...and Veterans' Hospital, Hines,
Illinois.

ANDERSEN: Among the millions of smokers who enjoy Camels are
many doctors. When three leading independent research
organizations recently asked one hundred thirteen
thousand, five hundred and ninety-seven doctors:
"What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?" the brand
named most was Camel.

CHANDLER: (FILTER) According to a recent nationwide survey,
more doctors smoke Camels than any other cigarette.

QUARTETTE: C-A-M-E-L-S / 25:44

Music: Mystery theme. Fade on cue to

(AFTERPIECE)

26.02

VOICE: / And now here is Mr. Peter Lorre.

LORRE: I just have time for a few words while I'm out on bail. I hope you remember that earlier tonight we tried to give you an idea of the kind of stories you could expect from now on in this corner - sort of a fielder's choice - or one man's meat -- the great thrill stories from world literature that made me keep the light burning all night while I sat up with a police whistle in my hand. You remember we didn't say "classics". That's because we know a little boy who was once frightened by a classic and grew up to use his books only to hold the front door open on hot Summer nights. Yet I'm sure you're going to end up with us at the end of this series with the conviction that every story we bring you has been not only a classic, but a great classic. It might be one that has lain under dusty covers for a century or it might come fresh and ink-stained from the front page of our newspaper. We hope our classics will leave you chilled and thrilled for days after. Or, would you rather have a hot foot? Goodnight. 27.19

(APPLAUSE)

51454 8729

MUSIC: "MYSTERY IN THE AIR" THEME .. FADE OUT ON CUE

~~IS...~~

Voice: *Next week "Mystery in the Air" -- starring Mr. Peter Lorre in a great modern classic - "Leningrad versus the Arts."*
Music: *Theme*

27.46

27.51

~~_____~~)
CHANDLER: More pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco! 28:07
Why is Prince Albert so well liked? Because P.A. is
made specially for smoking pleasure -- for your smoking
pleasure -- for your enjoyment. The flavor of Prince
Albert is rich and full...and P.A. is crimp cut to burn
slow, smoke cool. Yes, and specially treated to insure
against tongue bite. No wonder Prince Albert -- so
mild -- such a joy in your pipe -- is called the
National Joy Smoke! / 28:35

Be sure to tune in on Prince Albert's "Grand Ole Opry"
this Saturday night -- you'll hear Red Foley,
Minnie Pearl, Rod Brasfield and the rest of the Opry
gang in a half hour of music and laughter -- (and
as Red's special guest -- Salty Holmes! Remember
Prince Albert's "Grand Ole Opry") Saturday night
over NBC. / 28:52

MUSIC: (THEME UP AND FADE FOR:)

ROY: This is Michael Roy in Hollywood wishing you all a pleasant -- good night, for -- Camels! —

29:22

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (THEME TO FINISH)

NBC ANNCR: THIS IS N.B.C....THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

- 29:30

ROY: Next week at this same time the makers of Camel cigarettes will again present Mr. Peter Lorre in "Mystery In the Air" - next weeks play will be the great modern classic, "Leiningen Versus the Ants".

29:00