

WM. ESTY AND CO. INC.  
1537 North Vine Street  
Hollywood, California

(REVISED)

"MYSTERY IN THE AIR"

Starring

PETER LORRE

FOR

CAMEL CIGARETTES

**AS  
BROADCAST**

*Mystery*

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

Program Number 7  
Thursday, August 14, 1947

Produced by Don Bernard

Directed by Cal Kuhl

Original story, "The Lodger" written by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes

Adapted by William T. Johnson

CAST

Lodger.....	Peter Lorre
The Voice.....	Henry Morgan
Ellen.....	Agnes Moorehead
Bunting.....	Eric Snowden
Daisy.....	Barbara Eiler
Coroner.....	Raymond Lawrence
Inspector.....	Raymond Lawrence
Canot.....	Rolfe Sedan
Newsboy.....	Conrad Binyon
2nd Newsboy.....	Henry Morgan

Michael Roy  
Bob Andersen  
Lyle Bond  
Ed Chandler  
Paul Baron

SOUND EFFECTS:

Door  
Rattle newspaper  
Footsteps  
Rattle coins  
Dishes  
Stairs  
Chair  
Swinging door squeaks  
Rattle tray  
Courtroom crowd  
Breaks door with iron bar  
Scuffle  
Body fall  
Glass crash  
Gavel

ENGINEERING:

Filter mike  
Echo is needed  
Isolation Booth

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(REVISED) -A-

"THE LODGER"

MUSIC: SHIMMER OF "MYSTERY THEME" ... (ENGINEER: FADE IN...  
BUILD, THEN FADE TO BACKGROUND)

MORGAN: "Mystery in the Air", starring Peter Lorre...presented  
by Camel Cigarettes.

MUSIC: "MYSTERY IN THE AIR" THEME

INSPECTOR: All right, men...I guess that's all. Put him on the  
stretcher and take him to the morgue.

ELLEN: (FADES IN, SLIGHTLY) Must I stay, Inspector?

INSPECTOR: For a while, Mrs. Bunting. I need all the details  
for my report.

ELLEN: (ANGUISHED) That such a thing could've happened here...  
here in my own house.

MUSIC: SWELLS TO BACKGROUND

MORGAN: Each week at this hour, Peter Lorre brings us the excitement of the great stories of the strange and unusual - of dark and compelling masterpieces culled from the four corners of world literature.

MUSIC: OUT

MORGAN: Tonight, "The Lodger", by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. Peter Lorre is "The Lodger" and Ellen Bunting is played by Miss Agnes Moorehead.

MUSIC: GONG...THEN SNEAK IN CURTAIN

ROY: "Mystery in the Air"...brought to you by Camel Cigarettes!

MUSIC: CURTAIN UP TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

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" decide which cigarette you like best. Your "T-Zone"...that's T for Taste and T for Throat...is your true proving ground for any cigarette. So try a Camel on your "T-Zone"... Introduce Camel's rich, full flavor to your Taste... Acquaint your Throat with Camel's cool mildness. See if you don't decide, like so many other smokers, that Camels suit your "T-Zone" to a T!

MUSIC: "MYSTERY IN THE AIR" THEME TO SHIMMER...THEN DOWN AND OUT

INSPECTOR: Go on, Mrs. Bunting - you said you were looking for a lodger?

ELLEN: Yes, Inspector, we had to! But I never dreamed such a thing could happen here - to us! Why, it was only last Tuesday night my husband and I were sitting before our fire while we read in the newspaper about the latest murder...the fifth...by...the Avenger. I remember saying distinctly...

ELLEN: (AS THE THOUGHT HITS HER) Robert, this Avenger person could be the fellow standing next to you...or maybe the man you bump into. It's a terrible thought.

BUNTING: Yes. But it appears to me that the Avenger's too quick for the police.

SOUND: NEWSPAPER RATTLES

ELLEN: And look here...it says this girl he got last night was like all the others...pretty, blonde, and she'd just come from a music hall...exactly like all the rest of his victims. Tch, tch...what a pity.

BUNTING: Ellen, have you stopped to think who fits that description perfectly? Our own Daisy.

ELLEN: Shush, what a pretty thought, Bunting. It's a good thing she's with her aunt instead of here. London ain't a safe place for any girl now.

BUNTING: Just the same, I can't help thinking how fine it'd be to have her here with us.

ELLEN: Well, there's no sense even talking about it... We just can't afford it.

BUNTING: I know that, Ellen. But I've hoped we could manage it someway.

ELLEN: How? Haven't I scrimped myself half crazy trying to keep us going?

BUNTING: I know, Ellen. Well, don't you go worrying about it. I think we can...

SOUND: KNOCKING ON DOOR, OFF

ELLEN: Now who do you suppose that could be?

BUNTING: Could it be someone looking for a room?

ELLEN: Oh, I wish it were. Then you could have your Daisy back....

MUSIC: SNEAKS IN...HOLDS UNDER

ELLEN: (NARRATING) I went to the front door and when I opened it, there stood a man wearing a black cape and hat. He carried but a single piece of luggage.

MUSIC: ACCENTS ... THEN CUTS

ELLEN: Good evening sir.

LORRE: I saw your sign. It says you have a room to rent.

ELLEN: Yes sir! ... Please...won't you come in.

SOUND: DOOR SHUTS UNDER:

LORRE: Thank you.

ELLEN: Could I...take your cape, sir?

LORRE: No. I am looking for a quiet room...but it should be very quiet.

ELLEN: Oh, we have that sir...just that. Above all, our house is quiet. Your bag, sir...may I take it?

LORRE: No. Just show me the room, please.

ELLEN: Oh, yes...yes, sir. It's right up these stairs, sir...  
this way.

SOUND: THEIR FOOTSTEPS ON STAIRS

(AFTER A PAUSE) You see, sir, there's just my husband  
and me here...and we're ever so quiet. I'm sure you'll  
find this room to your liking.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS DOWN HALL...DOOR OPENS

Here we are.

LORRE: (LOOKING AROUND) I think I like this room.

ELLEN: (ANXIOUSLY) It is pleasant, isn't it, sir? There's  
not many rooms with such pretty pictures, now is there?

LORRE: I don't know...Pretty pictures interest me very little.  
What I like about the room is the simplicity. I like  
the bareness. I think I'll take it. What is your name?

ELLEN: Mrs. Bunting, Sir.

LORRE: All right, Mrs. Bunting - I'll take the room.

ELLEN: Yes, sir. And please, sir, let me help you with your  
luggage.

LORRE: No...don't you touch it!

ELLEN: But I...I only wished to...

LORRE: You only wished to help, of course. I understand,  
Missus...ah, Bunting. It's...forgive me - it's just  
that I...I'm so very weary....I'm tired -- I do a lot  
of studying...

ELLEN: Of course, sir, of course.

LORRE: (SOFTLY) You can see how few things I need - just what's  
in this bag - but this is my favorite book - the Bible.  
It's a good book Mrs. Bunting, isn't it?

ELLEN: Indeed it is, sir;

LORRE: Yes - it says "He brings them to their desired haven..." beautiful words, huh? And now, at last, I've found my haven of rest. If I pay you thirty shillings a week for this room...is that satisfactory?

ELLEN: Thirt--! Why, yes sir! Yes sir, that'll be quite all right.

LORRE: My name is Sleuth.

ELLEN: Mister Sleuth?

LORRE: Yes, Sleuth. (SPELLS IT) S-L-E-U-T-H. Think of a hound, Missus Bunting, and you'll never forget my name... And here are your thirty shillings.

ELLEN: Thank you, sir. And would you be wishing anything now... Supper...tea?

LORRE: No - nothing. Goodnight, Mrs. Bunting.

ELLEN: Yes, goodnight, sir. (FADES, HUMMING GAILY)

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

LORRE: (CALLING) Please stop that - you hear!

ELLEN: (STOPS HUMMING SUDDENLY) (OFF) Oh...sir! (FADING IN AGAIN) What did I do?

LORRE: You were humming. That's music!

ELLEN: But, I --

LORRE: Music is an instrument of sin.

ELLEN: (WEAKLY) (ON) Yes, sir.

LORRE: And you did tell me, Mrs. Bunting, that your house would be absolutely quiet.

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ELLEN: But it is, sir. I didn't mean any harm, believe me, sir,

LORRE: I believe you, I'm sorry I spoke sharply. I know you are trying to be considerate and kind.

ELLEN: Oh, thank you, sir,

LORRE: Oh by the way, Mrs. Bunting, I think I would like some bread and some tea.

ELLEN: (FADING) Certainly, sir, I'll have it in an instant.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

MUSIC: BRIDGE AND OUT

SOUND: RATTLE OF DISHES FOLLOWS ACTION, UNDER

BUNTING: (JOYFULLY) (AS THOUGH HE'S REPEATED IT MANY TIMES)  
So he took the room, eh, Ellen. He took the room.  
And at thirty shillings a week!

ELLEN: (BUSTLING ABOUT) In advance. Hurry now, Bunting.  
Is the water for the tea hot yet?

BUNTING: Yes. What a stroke of --

ELLEN: Put the bread and the butter on the tray. I'll pour the water.

BUNTING: You know, Ellen, it's wonderful. Do you realize what this means? We can have Daisy back with us now.

ELLEN: (IMPATIENTLY) I know, I know. Hurry with it, now.

BUNTING: Why, we can have her back with us tomorrow.

ELLEN: Now..there's the water...the tea...the... It's all ready. Open the door, Bunting, I'll take it up to him right away.

Sound. Door opens



BUNTING: There you go, old girl. (FADES) First thing in the morning I'm going to fetch Daisy and bring her home. Oh, it's a wonderful night, Ellen. Wonderful!

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP STAIRS...SLIGHT RATTLE OF TRAY

ELLEN: (SHE BEGINS TO HUM THEN QUICKLY CATCHES HERSELF)  
(LOW) Oh. Oh, I mustn't.

LORRE: (AS ELLEN'S FOOTSTEPS GO DOWN HALL) (FADE IN) "She has cast down many wounded from her. Yea, many strong men have been slain by her..."

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

LORRE: (OFF) Come in.

LORRE: (AS DOOR OPENS) "And to know the wickedness of folly."

ELLEN: (GASPS) Why, Mister Sleath, you...

LORRE: Yes. What is it?

ELLEN: Those pictures! Those pretty girls! You've turned all their faces to the wall!

LORRE: Yes...I've turned them to the wall because they're wicked and sinful.

ELLEN: But, sir, I...

LORRE: (CONTINUING) .. Don't you agree Mrs. Bunting, that everything wicked and sinful should be purged from the earth? (PAUSE) Hmm?

ELLEN: (FRIGHTENED) Yes...yes, I do.

LORRE: (QUIETER) I'm happy to hear that, Mrs. Bunting. Now if you'll excuse me. I have to leave.

ELLEN: ~~Yes, sir.~~ *But sir - here's your tray.*

LORRE: Good night, Missus Bunting.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS DOWN HALL...AND (FADING) ON STAIRS...DOOR SHUTS.

ELLEN: (NARRATING) You know, for a moment I was stiff with fear. I set the tray down, he hadn't so much as noticed the light supper I'd prepared for him, and rushed to the window to watch.

MUSIC: SNEAKS IN UNDER AND HOLDS

He came out of our cottage and moved off down the street, his black cape swirling about him. Finally, he was lost in the fog and, I don't know why, but I stared after him for a long while. Well, I did the dishes and got ready for bed. I lay there thinking and it was almost dawn before I had convinced myself that at most he was a trifle odd - and after all, paying thirty shillings, maybe he had a right to his strange ways.

MUSIC: ACCENTS, THEN SWELLS IN...THEN FADES UNDER AND HOLDS

ELLEN: It was daylight when I was suddenly awakened by the newsboys shouts in the street...

NEWSBOY: (FAR OFF) 'Orrible murder! Read all about it!

2ND NEWS: (OFF, OVERLAPPING) Murder at King's Cross last night! Avenger strikes again! Extra special!

ELLEN: (OVERLAPS) Slowly I realized what the newsboys were shouting.

NEWSBOY: 'Orrible murder! (IN CLEAR) Avenger takes sixth victim!

ELLEN: Oh! Oh, no! (SCREAMS)

NEWSBOY: (A LITTLE CLOSER) Avenger at work again! Another girl falls victim to his knife! Avenger strikes again!

MUSIC: BUILDS AND COVERS SCREAM AND NEWSBOY TO CURTAIN

(APPLAUSE)

MORGAN: In a few moments, Mr. Peter Lorre will bring us the climax of tonight's "Mystery in the Air" when Camels present Act Two of - "The Lodger".

MUSIC: GONG

ROY: Any sports champion can tell you how true it is... that experience is the best teacher!

ANDERSEN: Don Whitfield, for one. He's the world's outboard speed champion, you know. It's taking the turns around the marking buoys just right that makes that extra speed... and boy...how Don Whitfield worked out on that problem!

ROY: Don Whitfield recently said:

MAN: Experience is the best teacher in outboard racing...and in smoking, too. Smoking whatever brands I could get during the wartime cigarette shortage taught me there's no other cigarette like a Camel!

ROY: And many other smokers had the same experience. Yes... during the wartime cigarette shortage, when people smoked whatever brands they could get...then's when we all compared cigarettes, whether we wanted to or not. And then's when so many people decided that their Taste liked Camel's rich, full flavor and their Throats liked Camel's cool mildness. The result --

CHANDLER: (FILTER) More people are smoking Camels than ever before!

ROY: Experience is the best teacher. Try a Camel yourself!

MUSIC: "MYSTERY" THEME TO SHIMMER - THEN UNDER TO BG

MORGAN: As the Inspector takes notes of the terrifying events  
Ellen Bunting continues the story. (MUSIC OUT)

INSP: And now, Mrs. Bunting, what did you do the morning you  
learned the Avenger had murdered his sixth victim?

ELLEN: Well...I was a little frightened to meet our lodger, yet  
I kept my thoughts to myself. After all, there still  
wasn't much to go on. Robert had gone to meet Daisy, so  
Mr. Sleuth ate breakfast alone. I watched him through the  
crack in the door. Finally, I went in with more tea.

LORRE: No. No, thank you, Mussus Bunting. I don't care for any  
more tea...thank you. You've been very kind. I must go  
on with my work now...if you'll excuse me.

SOUND: CHAIR SCRAPED...FOOTSTEPS FADE OFF

ELLEN: My fear really changed to pity then. He seemed so  
helpless and tired. And he was so considerate. This man  
couldn't be a murderer...it was all a coincidence.  
Besides, we just couldn't afford to lose that thirty  
shillings a week.

MUSIC: IN...ESTABLISH AND HOLD UNDER

Around ten in the morning, he left the cottage and I  
decided to go upstairs and have a look about his room.  
I had to find out what he carried in his one piece of  
luggage. It wasn't a bag...it was more like a case.  
(THEN SLOWLY) Yes...a case...a case for a knife!

MUSIC: ACCENTS AND CONTINUES UNDER

SOUND: (FOLLOWS ACTION)

ELLEN: I rushed up stairs, my heart beating wildly at the thought I'd had of the case. (OPENS DOOR) There wasn't anything in his closet. I went over to the chest of drawers against the wall. (DRAWER OPENED) Nothing in the top one. (ANOTHER OPENED) In the next one there were some socks, underclothes. (DRAWER OPENED) The next one was empty. There was only one other place for the small, narrow case...the bottom drawer. (DRAWER PULLED BUT LOCKED) And it was locked. (PULLED AGAIN) I pulled and pulled at it and then, suddenly, I heard the front door open downstairs!

MUSIC: POINTS AND OUT

In a panic I rushed out of the room and down the hall.

BUNTING: (OFF, CALLS) Oh, you're upstairs, Ellen. Look!  
Look, Ellen, daisy's here!

ELLEN: (SIGHS) Oh, thank heaven.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP STAIRS

DAISY: (FADING IN) Oh, Mother, it's so good to see you.  
It's so good to be home!

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS OUT

DAISY: Why, whatever's the matter?

BUNTING: Yes, you're quite white, Ellen.

ELLEN: (RECOVERING) Oh. It's...it's...I'm all right. It's just that I wasn't expecting you so soon.

DAISY: Well, it's good to be back. The country's all right, but there's nothing like London, now is there.

ELLEN: No. No, there isn't.

BUNTING: Well, as long as that Avenger's about you're going to have to do something to keep this young lady indoors... London or no London.

DAISY: (LAUGHING) Oh, don't you worry, Mother'll see to that.

ELLEN: Well, Daisy, I might as well get you settled.

DAISY: (LAUGHS) You see, Father..what'd I tell you. She'll have a dust cloth in my hand before I have my coat off.  
(THEY ALL LAUGH - THEN LAUGHS STOP ABRUPTLY)

ELLEN: Mister Sleuth!

LORRE: (PAUSE, THEN:) Why is my door open?

BUNTING: We..we were just leaving, sir.

LORRE: Have you been in my room?

ELLEN: (HELPLESSLY) Oh, not at all, sir.

LORRE: From now on Mrs. Bunting, I shall keep my room locked.

ELLEN: But you see, sir...I was just tidying up a bit and Mister Bunting, he brought our daughter home. And she just arrived and...and this is Daisy.

DAISY: (QUIETLY, WITHOUT FEAR) Pleased to meet you, sir.

BUNTING: (PAUSE) She's been away for quite a while...that's why we're a bit excited, you might say. You were probably surprised to hear us laughing and carrying on.

LORRE: Yes. Yes, I must say I was. But then, there are different kinds of joy, are there not, Daisy?

DAISY: Yes...I'm sure there are.

LORRE: Yes, there is the despicable, evil joy of the abandoned..  
and there is the divine happiness of the blessed.  
A great difference. (EAGERLY) You understand that  
Daisy, don't you?

DAISY: Why...yes, sir...yes, Mister Sleuth.

LORRE: There are so few young women, nowadays, who do.

DAISY: Why, Mister Sleuth! You mean a girl's not to enjoy  
life at all...not to have any fun?

LORRE: Enjoyment and fun, my child, are the devil's breeding  
ground...all his implements are there...pleasure,  
impropriety, the temptation of music...dancing...

DAISY: (LAUGHS) Oh, that's crazy! Why, there's nothing I  
like better than dancing, and I'm not...

LORRE: (INTERRUPTS SHARPLY) You like to dance!

ELLEN: (IN A RUSH) She didn't know what she was saying,  
Mister Sleuth...just a child.....Daisy, you know you've  
never been one for dancing...you never learned how to...

DAISY: But I did learn, Mother...while I was away. (PUZZLED)  
What's so wrong about it? What's the harm in dancing?

LORRE: And she lies in wait as for a prey, and increases the  
transgressors among men...

DAISY: (DISMISSES IT) I don't know what you mean. I've never  
heard such nonsense.

LORRE: Nonsense? You call the Scripture nonsense! ~~So what I~~  
~~prayed against is true. You are beyond help!~~

ELLEN: Daisy! Daisy, go into the front room.  
LORRE: It's all right, Missus Bunting. <sup>It's all right.</sup> I'm used to such kind of talk...good day.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS FADING TO DOOR...DOOR CLOSES

ELLEN: (PAUSE) (LOW TENSELY) Daisy...Daisy, listen to me.

DAISY: Yes, Mother?

ELLEN: I've got to tell you about...about...(BREAKS OFF)

DAISY: About what?

ELLEN: (PAUSE) Nothing. I've got to go out for a while now. I'll be back.

MUSIC: SWELLS, THEN FADES UNDER AND HOLDS

ELLEN: For a moment I was about to tell my awful suspicions, but I stopped. They were only suspicions. At the same time I had a thought: I'd go to the Coroner's inquest they were having into the Avenger's latest victim. I was hoping to hear something said that would clear my suspicions of the lodger. At least, I'd give him this last chance.

MUSIC: ACCENTS..CONTINUES UNDER

ELLEN: A lady was testifying as I took my seat. She'd seen the Avenger from her window, she said...and her description of him didn't tally with Mister Sleuth. I can't tell you how relieved I was...till it was pointed out she couldn't possibly have seen anyone that night from her window because of the fog.

MUSIC: ACCENTS...THEN FADES OUT UNDER



ELLEN: The next witness was a Mr. Cannot. I leaned forward anxiously as they swore him in and began asking questions.

SOUND: COURTROOM NOISES, UNDER  
(SLIGHT ECHO, ALL ARE OFF, EXCEPT ELLEN)

CORONER: You say, Mr. Cannot, you're positive you saw this man?

CANNOT: Positive, sir. It was only a few moments before the murder that I saw the Avenger.

CORONER: Describe him.

CANNOT: He wore a black cape, I believe, and was very gaunt looking...and was carrying a small handbag.

CORONER: A handbag?

CANNOT: Yes. A small narrow handbag. Such a one as might contain a knife!

ELLEN: (GASPS) A knife!

CROWD: COURTROOM REACTS

*silence in the court.*  
CANNOT: He had a low, hesitating voice....I'd say with something of a continental accent. An educated man, I'd judge, but quite mad.

CORONER: What do you mean by that?

CANNOT: Well, as he emerged from the fog he was talking aloud to himself. (STILL AWED) Believe me, sir...he was reciting scriptures from the Bible!

CROWD: COURTROOM REACTS LOUDLY

SOUND: GAVEL RAPS, CONTINUE

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ELLEN: (ON WORD "SCRIPTURES") No! No, it can't be! It can't be!

SOUND: EFFECTS SWELL AS:

ELLEN: (NARRATING) (OVER EFFECTS) Could there be any doubt about it now! Mister Sleuth, our lodger, was the murderer!

MUSIC: HITS...SWELLS...FADES UNDER AND HOLDS

ELLEN: I got out of the courtroom as quick as I could. I didn't even notice it had started to rain....I hardly remember going home. Running and walking somehow... while slowly the nightmare of fear and terror grew bigger and bigger inside me. It was three streets from our cottage that I saw Mr. Robert Bunting. One thought hit me clearly...I realized Daisy must be home alone with the Avenger!

MUSIC: POINTS...THEN CUTS

ELLEN: (YELLS) Bunting! Bunting!

BUNTING: (FADES IN) Why, Ellen! Ellen, what is it?

ELLEN: (ALMOST SOBBING) Bunting, where's Daisy? Where is she, I say! Where's Daisy?

BUNTING: Why...she's at home.

ELLEN: Listen, Bunting, listen! Sleuth is the Avenger!

BUNTING: What? What are you saying?

ELLEN: Our lodger....he's the Avenger. Daisy's alone with him right now. Hurry!

MUSIC: HITS...SWELLS...FADES OUT

LORRE: Listen to me carefully my child----rejoice with me in your heart for the moment is at hand. You're not afraid, Daisy, are you?

DAISY: No - I'm not afraid--

LORRE: You're very beautiful, and you should live in the ways of righteousness. You hear me, Daisy? You want to live in the ways of righteousness, don't you?

DAISY: Yes...Yes I do.

LORRE: I know you do and that is why I've been sent to purge your soul, so that you will be elevated beyond all sin and evil. You like to dance, Daisy, don't you? Six have gone on before you, and they are beyond all sin and evil. You are the seventh to elevated, my child...and my work is almost done for the seventh I have promised at this appointed hour.

DAISY: (A LITTLE CRY OF FEAR)      SOUND: DOOR OPENS, FAR OFF

<p>LORRE: Be still, Daisy, and don't listen to the temptations of the crowd when they call out your name because I am here to save you from all evil and wickness that consume you like a wild fire of scarlet and crimson. You like to dance don't you?</p>	<p>ELLEN: Daisy! Daisy!</p> <p>BUNTING: Daisy...Daisy, where are you.</p> <p>(CALLS) DAISY!</p> <p><u>SOUND: FOOTSTEPS HURRYING UP STAIRS</u></p> <p>ELLEN: In Mr. Sleuth's room! Come, Bunting ...help me!</p> <p><u>SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP STAIRS</u></p>
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DAISY: Yes I do.

LORRE: Look at me, my child,  
and don't fear me and  
do not tremble. Woe  
to them that call evil  
good and good evil and  
put darkness for light  
and light for darkness  
and therefore I must  
bring you down like  
the lamb to slaughter,  
and I lift my hand with  
a flaming sword, for now  
comes the vingerance  
and the time to  
rejoice

ELLEN: (FADES ON, NEARER)  
Daisy, are you in  
there! She's in there.  
I know she is!

SOUND: BEATS ON DOOR

ELLEN: Daisy...open the door!  
Open it, open it, I  
say!

BUNT: Look out, Ellen, I'll  
break it in!

SOUND: DULL THUDS AGAINST  
THE DOOR

ELLEN: Hurry, Bunting,  
hurry.

BUNT: Give me that bar!

ELLEN: Daisy! Daisy! She's  
in there! Oh,  
Bunting!

SOUND: IRON BAR BEGINS TO  
BREAK DOWN THE DOOR

ELLEN: Oh, hurry, Bunting.

SOUND: DOOR CRASHES IN

ELLEN: (FADES ALMOST ON) (SCREAMS) Stop him! Stop him! He'll  
kill her! Daisy! Come here!

BUNTING: (FADES ALMOST ON) (SHOUTS) Drop that knife, you fiend!  
Drop it!

SOUND: SCUFFLE...HOLD UNDER

DAISY: (NOW WITH ELLEN)(SOBBING) Oh Mother...Mother...

ELLEN: Thank Heaven...you're safe...you're safe!

BUNTING: (NOW WITH LORRE) Drop that knife you...

LORRE: (OVER-LAPS, AS HE SCUFFLES) Take away your hands!  
Let go of me! (SHOUTS) Get away!

SOUND: BUNTING IS HURLED AGAINST THE WALL...GLASS CRASH

LORRE: Don't you know that such that are for death to death,  
and such that are for the sword to the sword and no  
one dare to have pity upon them. Here - here!

ELLEN: Watch out! Daisy!

BUNTING: His knife! His knife!

SOUND: FALLING TABLE, CHAIRS

LORRE: (GASP)

ELLEN: (CRIES OUT)

SOUND: BODY FALLS OVER CHAIR ON FLOOR

ELLEN: Mercy! He fell on the knife!

LORRE: Yes, it is burning in me like a fire...oh, it purges  
me and consumes me. All sin and evil are falling away  
...Praise and Glory. For it is I who is the seventh...  
Yes...the vengeance is fulfilled....

MUSIC: SWELLS TO CURTAIN

(APPLAUSE)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ROY: Each week, the makers of Camel Cigarettes send free Camels to servicemen's hospitals from coast to coast. This week the Camels go to Veterans' Hospital, Jefferson Barracks, Missouri; U.S. Army Letterman General Hospital, San Francisco, California; U.S. Naval Hospital, Charleston, South Carolina; U.S. Marine Hospital, Ellis Island, New York; Veterans' Hospital, Fort Meade, South Dakota.

ANDERSEN: Yes.....everywhere more folks are smoking Camels. Many of those Camel smokers are doctors. You know, three leading independent research organizations asked one hundred thirteen thousand, five hundred and ninety-seven doctors: What cigaretted do you smoke, Doctor? The brand named most was Camel.

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

MUSIC: "MYSTERY IN THE AIR" THEME...FADE UNDER TO BACKGROUND

MORGAN: Next week, "Mystery in the Air", starring Mr. Peter Lorre, brings you one of the world's great stories of the strange and unusual, "The Horla" by DeMaupassant, with a special musical score composed and conducted by Paul Baron.

MUSIC: COMMERCIAL LEAD IN...FADE OUT ON CUE

HITCH-HIKE:

CHANDLER: Hey, there, Mister Pipe Smoker! Do you know that more pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco? Well, it's true, so why don't you give P.A. a try? Prince Albert is especially made for smoking pleasure. It's choice tobacco, specially treated to insure against tongue bite -- crimp out to burn slow, smoke cool. See if the extra-rich, full flavor of Prince Albert doesn't give you added interest in your pipe!

Be sure to listen to Prince Albert's "Grand Ole Opry" Saturday night...for a half hour of folk music and laughter with Red Foley, Minnie Pearl, Rod Brasfield and the rest of the opry gang. ----- And...as Red, Red's special guest this week you'll hear...Salty Holmes. Remember...Prince Albert's "Grand Ole Opry"... Saturday Night...over NBC.

MUSIC: "MYSTERY" THEME...FADE FOR:

51454 8851

ROY: Listen again next week at this same time when the makers of Camel Cigarettes presents Mr. Peter Lorre in "Mystery In The Air." (Next week's play will be "The Horla" by de Maupassant.)  
The artists supporting Mr. Lorre tonight were:  
Agnes Moorehead as Ellen.

HENRY MORGAN.....as "The Voice of Mystery"

BARBARA EILER.....as Daisy

ERIC SNOWDEN.....as Bunting

RAYMOND LAWRENCE.....as the Inspector

ROLFE SEDAN.....as Cannot

and CONRAD BINYON.....as The Newsboy

*and on behalf of Mr. Peter Lorre and the entire cast, our sincere thanks to Agnes Moorehead for her portrayal of Ellen Bunting. (APPLAUSE)*

This is Michael Roy in Hollywood wishing you all a pleasant -- goodnight - for Camels.

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME TO FINISH

NBC ANNCR: THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY