

WM. ESTY AND CO. INC.
1537 No. Vine Street
Hollywood, California

(3RD. REVISION)

"MYSTERY IN THE AIR"

Starring

PETER LORRE

For

CAMEL CIGARETTES

AS
BROADCAST
Master

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

Program Number 10
Thursday, September 4, 1947

Produced by Don Bernard

Directed by Cal Kuhl

Original story, "The Mask of Medusa", written by Nelson Bond

Adapted by Tom McKnight

CAST

PETER LORRE

The Voice.....	Henry Morgan
Ilse.....	Peggy Webber
Magda.....	Lucille Meredith
Greta.....	Lucille Meredith
Karl.....	Russell Thorson
Miss Akins.....	Phyllis Morris
1st Girl.....	Phyllis Morris
2nd Girl.....	Peggy Webber
Father.....	Ben Wright
Paul.....	Russell Thorson
Aristide.....	Stan Waxman
Aristide ..	

Michael Roy
Bob Andersen
Ed Chandler
Bill Stulla
Paul Baron

SOUND EFFECTS

Door
Siren
Little shop bell
Draw shades
Click of cabinet latch
Crowd
Town clock strikes
Crackle of flames
Smash door
Thump of Gorgon head
Running feet

ENGINEERING

Filter mike
Echo is needed
Isolation booth

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

CROWD: (MURMUR)

ARISTIDE: Now, ladies and gentlemen, if you will inspect the
forty-seven wax images you see before you, I think you
will admit they are more life-like, more startingly
real, than any you have ever seen before!

CROWD: (MURMUR OF ASSENT)

ARISTIDE: But the greatest interest lies in the fact that each
one of these figures is a fiendish, sadistic
murderer!!!!

CROWD: (AWED REACTION)

ARISTIDE: (FADING) But come -- I begin at the end of the line,
and describe their horrible crimes in detail.

CROWD: (MURMUR FADING...CONTINUES UNDER FOLLOWING...)

LORRE: (SOTTO) Oh -- there he goes -- once more telling
people all the bad things we did. Oh but it's
terrible -- being nothing but figures in a wax
museum -- with people staring at us all day long,
and not one of them - not one ever suspects that
we are still alive!! —

MUSIC: "MYSTERY THEME" - SWELLS BIG..THEN TO B.G.

FIRST COMMERCIAL:

MORGAN: Each week at this time, Camel cigarettes bring you 1126
 Peter Lorre in 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 Mask of Medusa" by Nelson Bond. 1146

MUSIC: GONG ... THEN SNEAK IN CURTAIN

ROY: "Mystery in the Air" ... starring Peter Lorre, brought
 to you by Camel Cigarettes!

MUSIC: CURTAIN UP TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

ROY: Experience is the best teacher! Try a Camel - let your 2104
 own experience tell you why more people are smoking
 Camels than ever before!

When you smoke a cigarette, it's your "T-Zone" that
 passes judgment on it. Yes, your "T-Zone"...that's T
 for Taste and T for Throat ... is your proving ground
 for any cigarette. If your taste longs for really full,
 rich flavor in a cigarette ... if your Throat would
 welcome true coolness and mildness in a cigarette ...
 don't miss trying a Camel. You may well find, like so
 many millions of smokers, that Camels suit your "T-Zone"
 to a T! 2143

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

CROWD: LOW CONVERSATION OF PEOPLE INSPECTING WAX WORKS EXHIBIT 2:57

KARL: (APPROACHING) So, Greta -- how do you like this little fellow, eh?

GRETA: Oh, he is nice, Karl. I don't believe he ever did anything wrong.

KARL: (LAUGHS) You women -- always the same. You heard the lecturer say that everyone of these figures is the likeness of a real murderer. Maybe this little angel poisoned his wife, hey? (LAUGHS)

GRETA: I don't believe it. He is too innocent looking.....

KARL: They always are.

GRETA: Except his eyes...they go right thru me.

KARL: Come out of here ... before it really gets you.

LORRE: (SOTTO) Idiots! Morons! Can't they see I am still--? But no, I suppose not. I'd like to be alive again, I'd --- "Alive" again? I'm alive right now - but I'd be better off dead. I can hear - I can see - I can feel - and I can think. But I cannot move - I cannot move at all - (GRUNTING WITH EFFORT) - no matter how I try.

CROWD: MURMUR APPROACHING

ARISTIDE: And now ladies and gentlemen, if you will regard these recent specimens -- and if I may say so myself, they're masterpieces.

MISS AKINS: (SHRIEKS)

ARISTIDE: What's the matter, madam?

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MISS AKINS: (VERY ENGLISH) That strange looking little one! I was watching him and he moved his eyes!

ARISTIDE: Thank you, madam - that's a true compliment to my artistry. But I assure you the gentleman did not move his eyes -- that would be utterly impossible. He is made of wax and other substances known only to myself.

MISS AKINS: Rubbish. I am English, my man, and you can't ^{handboyle me.} ~~pull the wool over my eyes~~

ARISTIDE: (SMOOTHLY) I'm sorry if the realism of my exhibits has played tricks with your imagination --

MISS AKINS: Imagination, fiddlesticks. I tell you I saw --

ARISTIDE: (INTERRUPTING) If you doubt that my exhibit is exactly as represented, madame, may I return your price of admission? Here you are.

MISS AKINS: (MOLLIFIED) Oh, thank you so much.

ARISTIDE: (ENSINUATING) Now perhaps, if I might suggest a little fresh air --?

MISS AKINS: I do feel a bit faint -- all these ghastly crimes, you know - (FADING) - I believe I'll go and have a cup of tea.

ARISTIDE: To resume, ladies and gentlemen, if you will step over this way - this way - you will see exhibit number three - the infamous Hatchet Woman of Hamburg -- in life she was Frau Helser. (FADING) Over a period of five short years she -- shall we say -- liquidated more than seventeen of her close friends and neighbors, in the most gruesome manner --

(CONTINUE SPEECH AD LIB IN B.G.)

CROWD: MURMURS..UP AND MOVE OFF

LORRE: (IMITATING HIM) This way - this way - just listen to him - day in, day out we stand here while he talks and talks about us. Oh, he is so boring....All he talks about are those silly, incidental murders we committed. Why doesn't he talk about how we did them. Why, here in this room are some of the greatest artists in their lines the world has ever known. For example - just look at the ones on each side of me. On my left - that's Paul ... Oh he was the most skillful man with scalpel in Prague. Oh he was wonderful. Even today they haven't found all the pieces of the bodies he carved up. And on my right is the beautiful Magda, who always killed with a German Luger. She used but one bullet to a husband, and she did away with five of them. It is an honor to stand between such exquisite artists. And as for me ... (SIGHS) I can hardly believe it was only three days ago that I walked in here of my own free will. My own free will...

MUSIC: IN AND DOWN UNDER

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...,LITTLE SHOP BELL TINKLES, DOOR CLOSSES

ARISTIDE: Good evening, sir.

LORRE: (NERVOUS) Oh...er...good evening.

ARISTIDE: You wish to see my wax figures?

LORRE: Wax figures?

ARISTIDE: Yes...all around you.

LORRE: Oh...oh yes, of course. (LAUGHS NERVOUSLY) You mean to say all these people are wax?

ARISTIDE: But certainly.

LORRE: You know for a moment I thought they were alive.

ARISTIDE: A very natural mistake.

SOUND: SIREN...FAR OFF INCREASES DURING NEXT TWO SPEECHES

ARISTIDE: By the way...is anything the matter? You seem nervous. *What's the matter with you?*

LORRE: ~~No, no..I just happened to be passing, and I saw your sign...~~

SOUND: SIREN REACHES PEAK...LOUD THEN STARTS TO FADE

LORRE: (RELIEVED) *Thank God an early sign.* Oh it's late..I'm sure you want to close up. I'll go away now, and perhaps some other time...

ARISTIDE: It is never too late to show my masterpieces. But first I'll lock the door and draw the shades...

SOUND: DOOR BOLTS...SHADES PULLED...SIREN IS BY NOW OUT

ARISTIDE: There...you don't have to be afraid of being seen...

LORRE: (STARTLED) Afraid? Why should I be afraid?

ARISTIDE: I don't know. Why should anyone be afraid?

LORRE: Well, I am in no hurry. I suppose since I am here, I might...

ARISTIDE: Look over my collection?

LORRE: Why not?

ARISTIDE: Good. Permit me to introduce myself. I am Aristide Zweig, owner of this exhibit, artist, and connoisseur of crime.

LORRE: (LAUGHS. HE IS A LITTLE MORE SURE OF HIMSELF) Artist and connoisseur of crime? That's an odd combination.

ARISTIDE: Not at all...as you shall see. Suppose we begin here -- do you by any chance recognize this one?

LORRE: No. But he is very ugly.

ARISTIDE: Roger Saunders. Englishman. A Poisoner -- not very imaginative. Next to him, here, is Nicholas Rodriguez -- he killed with the knife ---

LORRE: Wait a minute --

ARISTIDE: What's the matter?

LORRE: These people -- they all have a strange look.

ARISTIDE: Strange? How?

LORRE: As if -- as if they had just seen something horrible -- and then their faces froze ---

ARISTIDE: (LAUGHS SOFTLY) Perhaps they did see something - something that made them realize the horror of their crimes.

LORRE: Crimes? Are these all criminals?

ARISTIDE: Every one. All forty-six of them - murderers!!!

LORRE: (HE IS BEGINNING TO THINK ARISTIDE IS A LITTLE OFF) You must be very interested in murder, to get up a collection like this.

ARISTIDE: Oh, but I am. It is my mission.

LORRE: Mission? What are you talking about?

ARISTIDE: Murder! Murder...that most horrible of crimes. I hate it...I loathe and despise its perpetrators!! It is my mission to show the world these fiends in human form...to display them in all their brutal bestiality.. that men may view them, tremble, and take heed!

LORRE: (HUMORING HIM) Oh, I see...I see. And where do you get your...er...specimens? From the morgue?

ARISTIDE: Not from the morgue. I get them here, there, wherever I can find them. Usually I have to go out and look for them...as a matter of fact there is one now I would like to have very much...for my forty-seventh specimen.

LORRE: Oh?

ARISTIDE: Yes...he murdered a defenseless old woman, quite near here...not half an hour ago it was. I heard it over my radio. He brutally murdered her, and took her life's savings....

LORRE: (TENSE AGAIN) Did..did they catch him?

ARISTIDE: Not yet, but they will. They are watching all the roads. And besides that, the old woman's money was in old bills, so old it is now out of circulation. When he tries to pass it, they will know. And if they don't catch him, I will!!!

LORRE: You will?

ARISTIDE: Yes...murder must be avenged and exposed..by one means or another! But forgive me for going on like this.. sometimes I get carried away. Let's get back to this next figure. A most interesting case. This man, Hans Schneider, who murdered by air embolism....

LORRE: Schneider? Did you say Hans Schneider?

ARISTIDE: Yes.

LORRE: I knew him...but he disappeared he was never captured... never even suspected...

ARISTIDE: None of them were.

LORRE: Then...then how did you get them here?

ARISTIDE: I told you, I am an artist. I have my own methods of reproducing their likenesses.

LORRE: (HORRIFIED) Wait..is that a model of Schneider, or is that Schneider himself?

ARISTIDE: (HAPPILY) How in the world did you happen to guess? You're quite correct, it is Schneider!

LORRE: But this is monstrous.

ARISTIDE: Not at all...you just do not understand.

LORRE: I understand, you you dirty hypocrite! You hate murder and yet you've killed everyone in this room!

ARISTIDE: No, I didn't kill them.

LORRE: How did you do it? Poison? A knife? Or did you dip them into the tallow vat alive?

ARISTIDE: None of those things. They're not dead.

LORRE: What? What did you say?

ARISTIDE: They are not dead. They are simply in a state of permanent suspended animation.

LORRE: Are you mad? Are you insane?

ARISTIDE: It's true. I just let them look, and that's what happened.

LORRE: Let them look at what?

ARISTIDE: Did you ever hear of the Gorgon's head? The head of Medusa?

LORRE: Of course. *I went to school.* I studied Greek mythology ~~in school~~. Medusa was once a beautiful woman, but she offended Athena who changed her hair into snakes and made her face so hideous...so horrible that all who looked on her were turned to stone. Later Perseus cut off her head.

ARISTIDE: You are right and the severed head could still turn men to stone.

LORRE: (LAUGHS) I know..but that was a long time ago.

ARISTIDE: Would you care to look upon it?

LORRE: What are you talking about?

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ARISTIDE: Oh, it's here. The Mask of Medusa was found -- long ago, in a wild lost grotto in Greece. Where and how does not matter -- but it has been the means of fulfilling my sacred mission, the destruction -- the cleansing of the world -- of those who slay their fellow men.

LORRE: Now I know you are mad!

ARISTIDE: (LAUGHS) Perhaps I am the only sane one in a world gone mad.

LORRE: (HUMORING HIM) Oh sure, sure, tell me sir, this mask - what does it look like?

ARISTIDE: Oh, I have never seen it myself. The native who gave it to me warned me - I do not dare look.

LORRE: (LAUGHS) I don't blame you. Now suppose we talk a little business, you and me, eh?

ARISTIDE: What do you want?

LORRE: Your help -- to get me out of Vienna.

ARISTIDE: How can I help you?

LORRE: Oh, it's simple. Nobody suspects you -- that is, nobody but me. You put me in a crate like one of these forty-six models you're so proud of, and send it off in a truck. Simple, eh?

ARISTIDE: But why - why should I do this?

LORRE: (MENACE) Why? Because you fear the police as much as I do.

ARISTIDE: You fear the police? You -- are a murderer?

LORRE: I didn't say that!

ARISTIDE: (SOFTLY) You are a murderer.

LORRE: No more than you are.

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ARISTIDE: But I didn't kill them. I told you --

LORRE: Yes, yes, it is a fine story. But who is going to believe it. The police? Oh no, sir -- oh no. If the police come here -- and I will make sure they do come here --

ARISTIDE: (INTERRUPTING) It would take money. ~~I would have to rent a truck.~~

LORRE: Here is money -- all the money you need.

ARISTIDE: (EXCITED) ^{I thought so.} That money -- those old bills!! It was you! You are the one who murdered the old woman -- and took her savings. I thought so, all along!!

LORRE: That stupid woman -- if she hadn't resisted me -- she...

ARISTIDE: (FEVERISHLY) Wait -- I have something in this cabinet I want to show you --

SOUND: CLICK OF CABINET LATCH

LORRE: No tricks, you hear me - or the police -- hey, what's in that sack?!!

ARISTIDE: I didn't want to do this -- I never want to do it -- but it must be done!

MUSIC: EFFECT IN

LORRE: Don't want to do what? Stop, you --!!!

ARISTIDE: Look murderer, upon the crimson Mask of Medusa!!! Yes, look -- look upon the Mask of Medusa.

LORRE: You're insane! You're - No, no, put it away, ^{my legs-my hands-} -- I can't stand it -- I can't -- (SCREAMS)

ARISTIDE: Ah...Now I have number forty-seven.

MUSIC: UP TO CURTAIN
(APPLAUSE)

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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 Mask of Medusa".

MUSIC: GONG

ROY: It's been proved time and time again -- in work, in sports, in everything we do -- Experience is the Best Teacher. Ace midget-auto racer Walter Ader proved it conclusively when two other cars crashed and almost blocked the track during a recent championship race. Roaring up at one hundred miles an hour - Walter Ader squeaked through an opening only inches wider than his car. As Mr. Ader said:

MAN: Experience is the best teacher .. In choosing cigarettes as well as in auto racing! I've smoked most all the brands .. Camel's suit me best!

ROY: Ycs...experience is the best teacher! Smokers learned how true that is -- during the wartime cigarette shortage. Smoking so many different brands ... when there was no choice...made folks experts on judging the differences in cigarette quality. Well, that proved to thousands and thousands of smokers that there's nothing like Camel's rich, full flavor...nothing like Camel's cool mildness. 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 AND OUT

MORGAN: Now a new crowd is viewing the attractions of Aristide Zweig's ~~waxworks exhibit~~...the lifelike, living but not breathing, images of the forty-seven murderers. 16.03

CROWD: (AS IN FIRST SCENE)

1ST GIRL: Come Hilda...let's go out side...I don't like this place.

2ND GIRL: Wait, here's one we didn't see.

1ST GIRL: I don't know how you can stand there looking at them... the murderers!! And their faces...ugh!

2ND GIRL: This little one isn't so bad, if he was alive I could...

1ST GIRL: (SPINNERS) He's horrible! Come on...

2ND GIRL: (FADING) Oh all right.

LORRE: (SOOTO) I could crush her skull ~~as I did the old woman's. Yes, and it would be fun. And all these others here would help me.~~ *Stupid idiot.* No - it is not pleasant to be stared at day after day, by people who know nothing of life or death as we know it. The living death...that's what it is, and he -- he is responsible. If we could only somehow - somehow get back to normal... even for a little bit....Oh, what we could do, all of us. What we could do.

MUSIC: IN AND UP FOR TRANSITION

SOUND: TOWN CLOCK BOOMS 12...OFF CONTINUES UNDER SCENE

LORRE: (OVER CLOCK) Midnight. How still it is. But..but something odd is happening. A little while ago, my mind was blank - I was not thinking about anything, but suddenly a thought came into my head...yes suddenly out of nowhere.

MAGDA: (SOFTLY) Yes...we can project our thoughts, if we try.

LORRE: Who...who is what?

MAGDA: Magda. Standing next to you... Think, think hard! If we all think together, perhaps we can make somebody help us.

LORRE: Yes, yes of course. Wonderful. Magda - she's wonderful. Forty-seven minds trained in crime, all concentrating at once on somebody who comes in here to look. If we try, if we try hard enough, we could make him do anything. Maybe we could even get him to...no, that's too much to expect. But still....

MUSIC: UP FOR TRANSITION

SOUND: VISITORS MURMURING OFF

LORRE: Another day has started, but today, I have a feeling of excitement. All night long we concentrated and our thoughts were getting stronger and stronger. I'm convinced Magda has gotten through to everyone. I have a feeling that something is going to happen, and just a little while ago there came the thought....

MAGDA: (SOFTLY) Zweig is upstairs in his room. We must watch the door. When the right one comes, we shall know it at once...be ready!

LORRE: I'm ready....whatever is going to happen, I'm ready....

SOUND: DOOR OPENS, A LITTLE BELL JANGLES, DOOR CLOSES

LORRE: The door is opening....maybe this is it.

ILSE: (LITTLE OFF) (A NEUROTIC GIRL OF ABOUT SEVENTEEN) But, Father....I'm frightened....I do not wish to look....

FATHER: (HEAVY, UNIMAGINATIVE) It won't hurt you, Ilse. Teach you maybe to get over your stupid fears. You look at these figures..every one of them, you understand?

ILSE: (VERY LOW) Yes, father.

FATHER: Where is that Lecturer? He should be here. I will find him...(FADING) ...so that he can tell you all about these criminals.

ILSE: (GASPS)

MAGDA: (SOFT) Think..think..hard...

LORRE: (EXCITED) There's no doubt of it...this little Ilse, she's the one. Yes, she's the one we've been waiting for....she has the kind of mind we need. Yes. Oh, how exciting...the thoughts are coming in very strong. Keep thinking, Magda.

MAGDA: (SOFTLY) Matches and fire. Matches and fire. Matches and fire.

LORRE: (OVERLAPPING) We can't be free unless something happens to that horrible Mask of Medusa over there in that cabinet. If something could happen to that, the spell might be broken. Magda, what are you thinking?

MAGDA: (SLIGHTLY LOUDER) Matches and fire. Matches and fire.
(CONTINUES SAME THING IN RHYTHM UNDERNEATH FOLLOWING)

LORRE: I've got it. Of course, I've got it....fire! (PICKS UP WITH MAGDA) Matches and fire. Matches and fire.

ILSE: (OVER THIS) Father, father..where are you? I feel... strange....

OTHERS: (PICK UP THE CHANT, SOFT, OMINOUS) Matches and fire.
Matches and fire. (CONTINUE UNDER TO END OF SCENE)

FATHER: (FADING IN) I beg your pardon, have you seen my
daughter? She was here a minute ago - a thin girl,
about sixteen.

MAN'S
VOICE: I haven't seen her.

WOMAN: I saw her, just now. Over there by that cabinet, I think
it was. She had a box of matches in her hand, and --

VOICE: (OFF) Fire - fire!!

LORRE & FIGURES: Ahhh!

SOUND: PANL'EMONIUM, RUNNING FEET, FADING OUT, DOOR SLAMS,

CRACKLE OF FLAMES

LORRE: It's worked! All our trained evil minds concentrating on
that one small mind - oh, we simply overwhelmed it. Poor
little Ilse - she will never know why she started that
fire, but it is a big wonderful fire and the cabinet is
burning - it's burning, and what is that? Something is
happening - something is happening - I have just been
able to move the little finger on my left hand! Yes,
we can move!

MUSIC: IN FAST AND DOWN

LORRE: We are free...we can move. All of us...we are moving...
we, the walking dead!

CAST: ANGRY MURMUR BUILDS THROUGHOUT FOLLOWING:

MUSIC: UP

LORRE: Everyone is moving swiftly on through the flames towards the stairs. Yes, we, a horrible company - oh, how exciting - white faces gleaming in the flames... Forty-seven, we are - murderers, all of us, surging forward to get the man we all hate. He is a murderer, too - but worse than us...His victims stay alive. He condemned all forty-seven of us to a horrible, endless living death.

MUSIC: CLIMAX AND OUT

CAST: ANGRY MOB AT ZWIEG'S DOOR

LORRE: He's behind that door.

SOUND: KNOB RATTLES

MAGDA: It's locked.

LORRE: Break it down - come on!

SOUND: CRASH - MOB SURGES INTO PROFESSOR'S ROOM

LORRE: We got him!

ARISTIDE: The Medusa - what have you done to it?

LORRE: We've taken care of your Medusa Mask, Aristide, and now we will take care of you!

ARISTIDE: No - please - don't -- I will help you - you don't know the Mask -- you fools - I'll help you - you haven't got much time --

MAGDA: (SCREAMS) Listen - it's coming - the Mask is coming!

SOUND: ~~DEAD SILENCE, THEN THE GORGON HEAD THUMPING LOUDER AND~~

LOUDER

CAST: *AWED REACTION*

LORRE: It's coming up the stairs after us!

PAUL: Kill him - at least we can kill him before --

LORRE: No - stop - wait - I have a plan - get away from the door - let me get there!

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ARISTIDE: It is here! Close your eyes!

LORRE: Don't look - don't look at it!

MUSIC: (SCREAMS OF OTHERS - ~~THEN PAUSE~~)
E/K

~~PAUL, ARISTIDE:~~ Too late. They looked - and now they're all gone.
Everybody has gone back as they were before - ~~the~~
~~living dead.~~

~~LORRE: Keep your eyes closed, Paul. If you don't look at it -~~

~~PAUL: I can't - I must look - I - (SCREAMS)~~

~~ARISTIDE: Gone. He's gone, too.~~

LORRE: Yes, ~~he's~~ gone. All gone, but you and I. Wait...

ARISTIDE: What are you going to do?

LORRE: I'll show you what I am going to do!

SOUND: PAUSE - BUMP - ANOTHER BUMP

LORRE: Look, Aristide - look here.

ARISTIDE: What...?

LORRE: You opened your eyes - you saw it! Keep looking,
yes, you are looking on the crimson Mask of Medusa!

ARISTIDE: (SCREAMS) Oh, no - no - no!

LORRE: Look - look! (LAUGHS) Now you can't move your feet -
(LAUGHS) or your hands. Yes, now you are not even able
to talk. You have looked upon the Mask of Medusa. You
have looked-- (CHOKES) I - I - I looked at it, too!
(SILENCE)

MUSIC: CRASH OF MUSIC TRANSITION

LORRE: Well - here we are - all of us -- the finest criminal minds in the world...the elite...the cream of crime. Now we are just wax figures in a side show. But now there are forty-eight of us! (LAUGHS) Yes - I suppose we should feel honored to have with us the great Aristide Zweig. This way he looks quite natural, standing over there between Schneider and Paul. At least he doesn't bore us with those silly, stupid lectures, ~~any more~~. No - now he doesn't talk at all. Someone called Albert is running the exhibit now - poor Albert is an imbecile - Albert doesn't know there was a Mask of Medusa. Oh, we are much more intelligent than Albert - he doesn't even know that we are all alive! —

26:17

MUSIC: TO FINAL CURTAIN
(APPLAUSE)

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9/4/47

COMMERCIAL

ROY: / Each week, the makers of Camel cigarettes send free *26:38*
 Camels to servicemen's hospitals from coast to coast.
 This week the Camels go to Veterans' Hospital, Sunmount,
 New York...U.S. AAF Station Hospital, Keesler Field,
 Biloxi, Mississippi...U.S Naval Hospital, Corona,
 California...U.S. Marine Hospital, Mobile, Alabama...and
 Veterans' Hospital, Knoxville, Iowa.

ANDERSEN: Three leading independent research organizations made a
 survey of doctors' cigarette preferences. One hundred
 thirteen thousand, five hundred and ninety-seven doctors
 were asked: What cigarette 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. — *27:16*

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

MORGAN: / Next week, "Mystery In the Air", starring Mr. Peter *27:28*
 Lorre, brings you, *an exciting story of gambling & sudden death - the immortal*
~~"The~~ Queen of Spades" by Alexander
 Pushkin, with a special musical score composed and
 conducted by Paul Baron. —

MUSIC: COMMERCIAL LEAD IN...FADE OUT ON CUE *27:44*

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HITCHHIKE

CHANDLER: Try Prince Albert in your pipe, and you'll know why
more pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco.
Men like P.A. because it's specially made for smoking
pleasure. Extra rich and full flavored...crimp cut to
burn slow, smoke cool...and specially treated to insure
against tongue bite. Just try a pipeful of Prince
Albert. See if you don't get more enjoyment from the
National Joy Smoke. ✓

27:50

28:13

And folks...be sure to listen to Prince Albert's "Grand
Ole Opry" Saturday night..for a half hour of folk songs,
fun and laughter...with your favorite folk stars...Red
Foley, Minnie Pearl, Red Brasfield...and the rest of the
Opry gang..and as Red's special guest...Jimmy Wakely.
Remember, Prince Alberts' "Grand Ole Opry "Saturday
night over NBC. ✓

28:31

MUSIC: COMMERCIAL THEME UP..AND FADE TO BG FOR

ROY: Yes, your dreams can come true! Your own home...a college
education for your son..travel..save for them, and
they'll be yours. Buy U.S. Savings Bonds...buy them
regularly. U.S. Savings Bonds are always safe...
always profitable. Sign up for the Payroll Savings
Plan where you work, or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you
bank. ✓

28:34

28:52

MUSIC: "MYSTERY" THEME UP..FADE TO BG FOR

51454 8924

28:57

ROY:

Listen again next week at this same time when the makers of Camel cigarettes present Mr. Peter Lorre in "Mystery in the Air."

The artists supporting Mr. Lorre tonight were:

- HENRY MORGAN.....as "The Voice of Mystery"
- PEGGY WEBBER.....as Ilse
- LUCILLE MEREDITH.....as Magda
- STANLEY WAXMAN.....as Aristide
- RUSSELL THORSON.....as Karl
- BEN WAIGHT.....as the father
- and Phyllis Christine^{MORRIS}.....as Miss Akins

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. —

29:30

51454 8925