

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

(2ND REVISION)

"MYSTERY IN THE AIR"

**AS
BROADCAST**

Starring

PETER LORRE

For

CAMEL CIGARETTES

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

Program Number 11
Thursday, September 11, 1947

Produced by Don Bernard

Directed by Cal Kuhl

Original story, "The Queen of Spades", written by Alexander Pushkin

Adapted by Tom McKnight

CAST

PETER LORRE

The Voice.....	Henry Morgan
Countess.....	Lurene Tuttle
Lizavetta.....	Peggy Webber
Tomsky.....	Ben Wright
Duke.....	Rolfe Sedan
Narumov.....	Louis Van Rooten
Surin.....	Jack Edwards, Jr.
Chekalinsky.....	Stanley Waxman
Usher.....	Henry Morgan
Voice 1.....	Jack Edwards, Jr.
Voice 2.....	Rolfe Sedan

SOUND EFFECTS

Door
Deck of cards
Body fall
Move chairs
Jingle keys
Crowd - small and large
Town clock strikes
Bedroom clock strikes
Slide curtain rings
Gambling hall noises
Crockery

Michael Roy
Bob Andersen
Ed Chandler
Barbara Fuller
Floyd Caton
Paul Baron

ENGINEERING

Filter mike
Echo is needed
Isolation booth

51454 8926

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

DUKE: (FRENCH, SUAVE, MIDDLE-AGED) But Countess, are you
sure you want to put all your winnings on a single
card?

COUNTESS: (RUSSIAN, A WOMAN OF ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE) Absolutely
sure, my dear Duke.

DUKE: I don't know how it is in Russia, but here in Paris
it is very seldom that anyone wins on three cards in
succession.

COUNTESS: The game of faro is the same in Russia as anywhere
else. But I wish to put the whole amount--four
hundred thousand francs--on my next card.

DUKE: As you wish, madame. I will deal--

SOUND: TWO CARDS DEALT

COUNTESS: I have won!!! Look--I have won....You see, Duke,
you were wrong!

DUKE: Yes--I was wrong--I--(CHOKES...GASPS)

COUNTESS: Good heavens--what's the matter?

DUKE: I--I--(FINALE CHOKE)

SOUND: BODY SLUMP

COUNTESS: (SCREAMS)
(LAST: REACTION

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

FIRST COMMERCIAL

MORGAN: Each week at this time, Camel cigarettes bring you 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 Queen of Spades" by Alexander Pushkin.

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 own experience tell you why more people are smoking Camels than ever before!

Yes...just leave it to your "T-Zone" to judge. Your "T-Zone"...that's T for Taste and T for Throat...is your true proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camel's rich, full flavor doesn't get highest rating with your Taste and if Camel's cool mildness isn't more than welcome to your Throat. See if you don't find, like millions of other smokers, that Camels suit your "T-Zone" to a T!

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

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TOMSKY: The story I am about to tell you, you may not believe --but I assure you it actually happened. The whole thing started one night when a group of young officers were having a game of cards at the rooms of Narumov of the Horse Guards. There were five of us there-- including a lieutenant in the engineers named Hermann. He was the son of a German who had become a naturalized Russian, and was an ambitious young man of strong passions and imagination, which he held in check by an even stronger will. Thus though a born gambler at heart Hermann never touched a card, for he considered his financial position did not allow it. I remember that night, at about four in the morning, we all sat down to supper--

SOUND: CROCKERY B.G.

VOICES: (MALE VOICES BACKGROUND, CONVERSATION)

NARUMOV: How did you make out, Surin?

SURIN: I lost.

LORRE: You always lose, Surin. You must be very strong-minded to be so consistent.

OTHERS: (LAUGH),

NARUMOV: If you think he is strong-minded, how about yourself, Hermann?

LORRE: Me? Why me?

TOMSKY: You've never held a card in your hand or made a bet. And yet you sit here until four o'clock in the morning watching us play.

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LORRE: Gambling interests me very much, Tomsy. In fact I am a gambler at heart, but I am not in the financial position to sacrifice the necessary in the hope of winning the superfluous. In other words, I cannot afford it.

OTHERS: (LAUGH)

SURIN: That doesn't explain anything. We none of us can afford it.

TOMSKY: Oh, Hermann's easy enough to understand. He is of German descent, and therefore thrifty. It's my grandmother - the Countess Fedotovna - who baffles me. She won't gamble, either.

NARUMOV: Lots of grandmothers don't gamble. St. Petersburg is full of them.

TOMSKY: Ah, yes - but they don't know the secret my grandmother knows!

LORRE: Secret? What kind of a secret does she know?

TOMSKY: Something we'd all of us give a lot to possess. A combination of three cards that can't fail to win at the faro table.

NARUMOV: There's no such thing!

SURIN: What are you trying to tell us?

VOICE 2: Let's go home - it's late.

LORRE: Wait - I would like to know more about this secret.

SURIN: What do you care, Hermann - you don't gamble.

LORRE: Still, I would like to hear about it.

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TOMSKY: Well -- many years ago, when my grandmother was a lot younger, she went to Paris. Oh she must have been quite a sensation -- the Muscovite Venus, They called her. Anyway she gambled at faro with the Duke of Orleans, and lost a great deal of money -- much more than she could pay.

SURIN: Ah, who doesn't?

LORRE: Come on, keep quiet, will you?

TOMSKY: There was at that time a Count St. Germain in Paris -- a mysterious figure that no one knew much about. Be that as it may, he revealed to my grandmother the secret of the three winning cards.

LORRE: And she won?

TOMSKY: That night she played again with the Duke of Orleans -- played the ~~two~~^{three} cards one after the other, doubling her bet each time. All three won, and she recovered everything she had lost ten times over.

NARUMOV: (LAUGHS) A little hard on the Duke, don't you think?

TOMSKY: Yes. As a matter of fact he dropped dead, I believe. It was a long time ago.

LORRE: Go on with the story.

TOMSKY: That's all there is. My grandmother never touched a card again.

NARUMOV: You mean she knows how to pick three winning cards in succession, and you haven't succeeded in getting the secret out of her?

TOMSKY: That's the devil of it. She had four sons, one of whom was my father, and yet she would never reveal the secret to any of them -- though it wouldn't have been a bad thing for them.

SURIN: Or for you either, eh?

OTHERS: (LAUGH)

VOICE 1: (YAWNS) I have had enough--I am going home,

VOICE 2: I'll go along with you.

SOUND: BACKGROUND CONVERSATION...MOVING CHAIRS, ETC.

LORRE: (OVER THIS) Tomsky--this grandmother of yours--
the Countess Fedotovna--she lives in St. Petersburg?

TOMSKY: Yes, with a ward of hers named Lizavetta. Poor girl
--she is supposed to be my grandmother's companion
--but slave would be a better word for it.

LORRE: Your grandmother is a widow?

TOMSKY: Yes. (THEN LAUGHS) But don't get your hopes up, Hermann--
she's a bit too old for you. Eighty-six if she's a day.

LORRE: Still, I should like to meet her.

TOMSKY: Not much chance of it I'm afraid--she doesn't go
about much any more.

LORRE: But I still should like to meet her--I should like to
meet her very much!!

MUSIC: (BRIDGE...SEGUE INTO BALLROOM MUSIC OF THE PERIOD,
FADE AND CONTINUE UNDER TO NATURAL FINISH)

SOUND: BACKGROUND OF A LARGE RECEPTION

TOMSKY: (FADING IN) Well, Lizavetta---

LIZAVETTA: Hello, Paul.

TOMSKY: Don't tell me my grandmother is here?

LIZAVETTA: No. But she is going to the Embassy Ball tomorrow.
Tonight I--I came alone.

TOMSKY: (LAUGHS) While the cat's at home, the mouse will play,
eh? What's this I've been hearing about you?

LIZAVETTA: (FLUSTERED) About me?

TOMSKY: All very romantic, I understand.

LIZAVETTA: I - I don't know what you're talking about.

TOMSKY: Come come, Lizavetta, you can't tell me you don't know about the mysterious officer who's been standing outside the house for the last two weeks - about the notes he hands you when you get into the carriage with my grandmother - about the letters he sends by the milliner's girl --

LIZAVETTA: Who told you?

TOMSKY: A great friend of your officer - a lieutenant in the engineers named Hermann.

LIZAVETTA: (VERY NERVOUS) Hermann? Oh yes - I - I think I've heard of him. Is he nice?

TOMSKY: I like him very much, but he is a very determined young man, and means to get what he wants. Personally I wouldn't trust him - he has the profile of Napoleon, and the soul of Mephistopheles -

LIZAVETTA: Oh, Paul --

LORRE: (FADING IN) Ah - good evening, Tomsy, good evening.

LIZAVETTA: (GASPS)

TOMSKY: Speak of the devil - hello, Hermann. Lizavetta, may I present Lieutenant Hermann - the man we were just talking about... Hermann - this is Lizavetta Ivanovna - my grandmother's ward.

MUSIC: STARTS DANCE MUSIC BACKGROUND, SOFT

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LORRE: How do you do--Mademoiselle Lizavetta.

LIZAVETTA: (LOW) H-how do you do, Lieutenant.

LORRE: Would you like to dance?

LIZAVETTA: Yes, I would love to.

LORRE: Good--see you later Tomsy.

MUSIC: (SWELL DANCE MUSIC BRIEFLY... THEN FADE AND CONTINUE

UNDER:)

LORRE: Ah this is paradise, Lizavetta--holding you in my arms
--feeling your heart beat against mine--

LIZAVETTA: No no! You mustn't say things like that--people will
hear you--they will talk--

LORRE: I don't care.

LIZAVETTA: They are talking already. Why did you make up that
story about your imaginary friend to tell Tomsy?

LORRE: I didn't want him to know it was I--and I had to talk
about you to somebody.

LIZAVETTA: I hope the Countess doesn't hear about it.

LORRE: The devil with her! It is not the Countess I am in
love with--it is you! Ah Lizavetta--this is so wonderful
--it makes up for all those nights I stood ~~in the cold~~
outside your house--

LIZAVETTA: (VERY NERVOUS) Look--there in the door--that is the
Countess' coachman come to fetch me. I must go home.

LORRE: When am I going to see you again?

LIZAVETTA: I--I don't know.

LORRE: But this is horrible--my heart is burning with things
I want to tell you, but I can never see you alone--
there must be some way--

LIZAVETTA: (URGENT, VERY LOW) There is a way...

LORRE: Yes? How?

LIZAVETTA: Take this --

SOUND: KEY JINGLE

LORRE: Ah.

LIZAVETTA: This is the key to the Countess' house. Tomorrow night we are going to the Embassy Ball. We will be home at two. If you will let yourself into the house at about eleven-thirty, all the servants will be asleep. Go directly to the library - it is at the right end of the corridor at the top of the stairs. Wait for me there --

LORRE: The right end of the corridor. Oh, ~~my darling~~ *you sweet Lizavette. I adore you.*
(THEN CASUALLY) And where is the Countess' room?

LIZAVETTA: At the other end of the corridor. But - why did you ask me that?

LORRE: I don't want to get in the wrong room, by mistake.

LIZAVETTA: (LAUGHS) Oh - I see. But now I must go.

LORRE: *tomorrow night at - au revoir mademoiselle.*
~~Urr~~ Till, two o'clock tomorrow night - good night.
~~my darling~~ - good night.

MUSIC: SWELLS, SEQUE INTO MYSTERIOSO BRIDGE

SOUND: SMALL BEDROOM CLOCK STRIKES TWO SOFTLY - DOOR OPENS,
A LITTLE OFF

COUNTESS: (VERY OLD) Good night, my child.

LIZAVETTA: Countess, are you sure there's nothing you want me to do for you?

COUNTESS: Nothing, thank you, Lizavetta I think I will just put my jewels away and sit quietly awhile by myself.
Good night.

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LIZAVETTA: Good night.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

COUNTESS: (~~TO HERSELF, COMING ON~~) Ah, I am so tired -- so very tired. I am too old to --

SOUND: RAPID SLIDE OF CURTAIN RINGS

COUNTESS: What's that?!!

LORRE: (COMING ON) Don't be alarmed--

COUNTESS: Wh -- who are you?

LORRE: (LOW, TENSE) Do not be alarmed, Countess. I have no intention of harming you --

COUNTESS: How did you get in my bedroom!!?

LORRE: I have been waiting behind that curtain since eleven thirty -- just for the chance to ask a favor --

COUNTESS: A favor? Of me?!!

LORRE: Yes -- you can insure the happiness of my life, and it will cost you nothing.

COUNTESS: I don't know who you are, but you are mad!!

LORRE: No! I happen to know that you can name three winning cards in order --

COUNTESS: Oh! (PAUSE) That -- that was a joke.

LORRE: It was no joke -- I can see by your expression. I want you to tell me those three winning cards!!

COUNTESS: (PAUSE) No.

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LORRE: Who are you keeping the secret for? Your grandsons? They are rich enough without it - besides, they do not know the value of money. But, I - I do! Your cards will not be thrown away on me!

COUNTESS: No. It is accursed - it brings death!

LORRE: I'll chance that! Of what use is it to you? Is it connected with some terrible sin some bargain with the devil? I am ready to take your sins upon my soul. Only reveal the secret to me!! (LONG PAUSE) Please... (NOW HE IS LOSING HIS GRIP) You old hag - I will make you answer!

COUNTESS: (FRIGHTENED) Don't --!

LORRE: (MENACE) You have my happiness in your hands --

COUNTESS: No - no -- (CHOKES) Let go -- my - throat --

LORRE: -- You won't speak! Well --

COUNTESS: Ohhhhh...(MOANS)

SOUND: BODY SLUMP

LORRE: (MUTTERING) She wouldn't tell me - she wouldn't tell me...

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

LIZAVETTA: (MUFFLED) Countess - are you all right? I heard voices... ~~(PAUSE)~~

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

LIZAVETTA: (COMING ON) Countess, is everything-- You!!

LORRE: Yes, it is I.

LIZAVETTA: But - but I don't understand. Where is the Countess?

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LORRE: There she is.

LIZAVETTA: (GASPS) Countess -- what's the matter -- ?

LORRE: It is no use. She is dead.

LIZAVETTA: Dead?

LORRE: (BITTERLY) Yes, dead. Taking with her the one thing I wanted in the world -- without which I cannot face life --

LIZAVETTA: (HORRIFIED REALIZATION) You killed her!!

LORRE: (MENACE) But you're not going to say anything about it --

LIZAVETTA: (GASPS)

LORRE: No one knows I was in the house except you -- and you can't tell because you gave me the key!! (BEGINNING TO LOSE CONTROL) Yes -- I killed her -- she deserved to die!! And now I'll never know her secret -- no one will ever know her secret -- unless she comes back to tell it to somebody -- (WILD LAUGHTER)

MUSIC: 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 Queen of Spades?"

MUSIC: GONG

CHANDLER: (FILTER) Experience is the best teacher!

ROY: Remember the wartime cigarette shortage? Who doesn't? One thing about it, though. Smokers who went through it really learned a lot about cigarettes. They had first hand experience with many different brands.

WOMAN: (LIGHT LAUGH) How true! Goodness, we certainly smoked whatever brands we could get in those days! I smoked so many different brands, I'm practically a walking encyclopedia about cigarettes! Well...I'm a Camel smoker now....And, believe me, I know Camel's the cigarette for me, because I've compared so many brands!

ROY: Yes, smoking whatever brands they could get during the wartime cigarette shortage made people everywhere experts on judging the differences in cigarette quality. That experience convinced a host of smokers that they preferred the rich, full flavor and cool mildness of Camels. 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: So the Countess is dead, and now the funeral is in progress. What a stupendous funeral - the huge church is banked with flowers - all the way from the doors to the catafalque, where the coffin rests. And such a distinguished group of mourners - it almost seems as if all Imperial Russia is there.

MUSIC: FADE I N ORGAN, FUNERAL MUSIC, BACKGROUND

SOUND: LOW MURMUR OF VOICES THROUGHOUT SCENE

NARUMOV: (FADING IN) Ah, Tomsky - a sad occasion, eh?

TOMSKY: Yes - but I suppose the old girl had to go sooner or later. ~~There~~ There were times when I doubted she ever would.

NARUMOV: What did she die of?

TOMSKY: Heart attack, they said. Why?

NARUMOV: Oh, I heard a rumor - you know how those things are. Something about bruises on her throat...

TOMSKY: Nothing to it. The doctor said she could have inflicted those herself, when she had trouble breathing.

LORRE: (FADING IN) Hello, ~~Narumov~~..Tomsky. *My Condolences.*

TOMSKY: Thank you for coming, Hermann. It's very nice of you. You never met my grandmother, did you?

LORRE: (SUDDENLY IRRITABLE) No. But that is no reason I shouldn't show my respect - after all, you're my friend.

USHER: (FADING IN) Would you gentlemen care to view the remains before the services commence?

TOMSKY: I suppose I should, anyway.

NARUMOV: By all means.

LORRE: I will come, too. If you don't mind.

TOMSKY: Not at all. (FADING) Come along.

MUSIC: ORGAN SWELLS AS THEY GO TOWARD IT, AND REMAINS AT A
HIGHER LEVEL UNTIL THE END OF SCENE

TOMSKY: (WHISPERS) Doesn't she look peaceful? Poor old girl...
I was fond of her.

~~NARUMOV: (WHISPERS) I wish I knew her secret!~~

LORRE: (WHISPERS) VERY AGITATED) Wait..did you see that?

TOMSKY: (WHISPERS) See what?

LORRE: (VOICE RISING) One of her eyelids moved!

TOMSKY: What!!!!?

LORRE: I tell you...

NARUMOV: Hermann, be quiet.

LORRE: But I saw it..her eyelids moved, as if she winked at
me! She...she...(GROAN)

SOUND: BODY FALL

TOMSKY: He's fainted!

NARUMOV: Fine example of an army officer..fainting at a funeral.

TOMSKY: Maybe he's sick. Come on...help me carry him out of here.

MUSIC: BRIDGE SEGUE INTO MYSTERIOSO

SOUND: TOWN BLOCK BOOMS THREE

LORRE: (TO HIMSELF) I shall never get to sleep. My conscience
won't let me. Why did I do it? Why did I go to that
cursed funeral? Just because my conscience said "You
are the murderer of that old woman," I wanted to implore
her pardon..but she winked at me. I could swear it.

COUNTESS: (FADES IN) (GHOSTLY LAUGH)

LORRE: Who's there? Who...?

COUNTESS: (GHOSTLIKE QUALITY) You do not recognize me? You have a short memory.

LORRE: Countess, I..I...

COUNTESS: I have come back from the beyond against my wishes. I have been ordered to grant your request.

LORRE: (STUPIDLY) Grant my request?

COUNTESS: Yes. Three, seven and ace will win for you if played in succession.

LORRE: (FEVERISHLY) Three, seven, and ace...

COUNTESS: But only on these conditions...

LORRE: Anything..anything at all!

COUNTESS:that you do not play more than one card in twenty-four hours, and that you never play cards again during the rest of your life.

LORRE: (ABSENTLY) I promise, oh I promise. (THEN HALF TO HIMSELF) Three, seven, ace.

COUNTESS: (GHOSTLY LAUGH, FADES)

LORRE: (MUTTERING) Three, seven, ace..I must remember it..three, seven, ace..three, seven, ace...

MUSIC: UP FOR BRIDGE

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

LORRE: (WEAKLY) Er....come in...

SOUND: DOOR OPENS, CLOSES

TOMSKY: (COMING IN) Oh, there you are, Hermann. Are you all right?

LORRE: (VAGUELY) All right? Yes, I..I'm all right.

TOMSKY: Good. We were worried about you..we hadn't seen you since you collapsed at my grandmother's funeral.

LORRE: Oh, that was terrible, Lieutenant..an officer shouldn't faint..I hope you'll forgive me for what happened yesterday.

TOMSKY: That's all right. Could have happened to anyone. But it wasn't yesterday, you know. It was the day before.

LORRE: The day before? I - I didn't remember....

TOMSKY: (LAUGHS) You must have been pretty sick, to lose a whole day like that. What got into you?

LORRE: (SUDDENLY FEVERISHLY INTENT) Tomsy..will you do me a favor?

TOMSKY: If I can. What is it?

LORRE: I have heard a lot about a certain Chekalinsky, and the gambling that goes on at his house every night....

TOMSKY: Oh yes..Chekalinsky has practically spent his whole life at the card table. He's amassed millions at it. But what-----?

LORRE: I should like to go there.

TOMSKY: You want to watch them play faro at Chekalinsky's?

LORRE: No. I want to play.

TOMSKY: You want to play? (LAUGHS) What's happened to you, Hermannn. I thought you couldn't afford to gamble.

LORRE: Now I can. I have a little legacy my father left me.. and I feel I am in luck. When can you take me?

TOMSKY: Oh any time.

LORRE: Tonight?

TOMSKY: Yes...if you feel up to it.

LORRE: Good, we will go to Chekalinsky's, tonight!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: BACKGROUND OF LARGE GAMBLING HALL

LORRE: (SOTTO) Tomsy ^{Honestly - I've never seen such} ~~what~~ a magnificent establishment.

Never have I seen such a place ---

TOMSKY: All paid for by fellows like you who felt they were in luck. There is Chekalinsky at the faro table. Come on over and I'll introduce you. But don't say I didn't warn you.

VOICES: UP MOMENTARILY...DOWN AS TOMSKY STARTS TO SPEAK

TOMSKY: (FADING IN) Chekalinsky, I want you to meet a friend of mine, Lieutenant Hermann -- Hermann, this is the famous Chekalinsky.

(BOTH AD LIB HOW DO YOU DOS)

TOMSKY: Hermann seems to feel particularly fortunate tonight -- do you suppose he could sit in and take a card?

SOUND: CARDS SHUFFLED

CHEKALINSKY: ^{What kind of game?} But of course.

SOUND: DEAL ONE CARD

TOMSKY: (SOTTO) Good luck, Hermann.

CHEKALINSKY: Will you be kind enough to select your card please?

LORRE: Thank you. This is my card.

CHEKALINSKY: Well, how much would you like to bet Lieutenant?

LORRE: (FEVERISHLY) I would like to bet forty-seven thousand rubles.

CAST: REACTION

CHEKALINSKY: Forgive me, Lieutenant, but we only play for cash.

LORRE: That's quite all right. I have it. The money right here.

CROWD: (REACTION)

TOMSKY: (SOTTO) Are you crazy Hermann?

~~LORRE: No.~~

CHEKALINSKY: You're playing pretty high, Lieutenant. Nobody here has ever staked anything like that on one card before.

LORRE: Do you accept it or don't you?

CHEKALINSKY: I accept it.

LORRE: Then if you'll be kind enough to deal--

CHEKALINSKY: As you wish.

SOUND: DEAL TWO CARDS

CHEKALINSKY: Nine, three--

TOMSKY: Hermann has won - won -- His card is a three!

CROWD: (REACTION)

CHEKALINSKY: Congratulations, Lieutenant.-- Do you want me to settle with you now?

LORRE: If you please.

CHEKALINSKY: Here you are -- forty-seven thousand rubles. Would you like to try again?

LORRE: Not tonight. But tomorrow night I will be back to try another card.

MUSIC: SHORT BRIDGE

SOUND: SAME BACKGROUND

CHEKALINSKY: Well, Lieutenant, what do you want to wager tonight?

LORRE: The same stake as last night, plus my winnings -- ninety-four thousand rubles. ~~in all.~~

CROWD: (REACTION)

CHEKALINSKY: Just as you say. You have picked your card. I will deal.

SOUND: DEAL TWO CARDS

CHEKALINSKY: Knaive, seven --

TOMSKY: Hermann's won again!! His card is a seven!!

CROWD: (BIG REACTION)

CHEKALINSKY: (TENSE) There you are -- ninety-four thousand rubles.

LORRE: Thank you, sir. I shall see you again tomorrow night!!

MUSIC: SHORT BRIDGE

CAST: EXCITED BUZZ OF CROWD

SURIN: Here he comes now, with Tomsy.

VOICE II: He can't win a third time -- he can't

CROWD: (EXCITED BUZZ BUILDS)

CHEKALIN: Gentlemen -- gentlemen -- quiet, please!!!

SOUND: ALL BACKGROUND AND VOICES OUT...DEAD SILENCE

CHEKALIN: (HE IS BEGINNING TO SHOW THE STRAIN) Well, Lieutenant Hermann, how much do you wish to bet tonight?

LORRE: The same stake plus my winnings -- here it is -- one hundred and eighty thousand rubles.

CAST: (GASP)

CHEKALIN: On one card?

LORRE: Yes.

CAST: (REACTION)

TOMSKY: Hermann, don't you think -?

~~LORRE:~~
LORRE: Be quiet, Tomsy - I know what I'm doing!!

CROWD: EXCITED REACTION

CHEKALIN: Gentlemen, please!!

CROWD: SUBSIDES

CHEKALIN: Will you choose your card, Lieutenant?

LORRE: I have it. Will you please deal?

SOUND: DEAL TWO CARDS

CHEKALIN: Queen, ace --

LORRE: (MATTER OF FACT) I have won -- my Ace has won. See?

CROWD: MURMUR

CHEKALIN: If you'd been holding an ace, you would have won. But you haven't an Ace -- you have a Queen --- and it loses

LORRE: What!!? What do you mean???

CHEKALIN: You weren't holding an ace -- you have the Queen of Spades! Look, look at it yourself!

LORRE: (BEGINNING TO GO TO PIECES) The Queen? The Queen of Spades? It's not possible!! But - but it is!! ^{*No - it's the Queen of Spades*} Now I see it. But it isn't the Queen of Spades, it's the Countess!! See the resemblance!!? (LAUGHS)

CROWD: REACTION

LORRE: She's tricked me!! She deliberately tricked me!!!!
And --

TOMSKY: What are you talking about?

LORRE: Your grandmother, the Countess. She told me three, seven, and ace --

TOMSKY: She told you!!? You never met her.

LORRE: I did meet her. I waited for her one night in her bedroom. I pleaded with her but she refused to tell me her secret -- she refused, and I took her by the throat....

TOMSKY: (LIGHT DAWNING) And you killed her!! You took her by the throat and strangled her.

LORRE: (BUILDING UP) Yes, I killed her but she still didn't tell me. But then one night she came back -- she came back from the grave and told me three cards -- but she lied -- she lied to me!! ^{On that dirty woman.} She's gotten her revenge - I've lost all the money I had in the world -- (HYSTERICAL) -- but I'll show her -- I'll --

TOMSKY: Quiet, Hermann --

LORRE: (SCREAMING) Let go of me -- let go I say --

TOMSKY: You murdered the Countess - you'll hang for that.

SOUND: STRUGGLE..IMPRECATIONS

LORRE: Let them hang me - I'll get even with her - beyond the grave I'll get even with her.

TOMSKY: He's gone mad.

LORRE: I'll be glad when they hang me - I'll be glad.

MUSIC: BRIDGE - BIG - THEN FADE UNDER FOLLOWING

TOMSKY: But they didn't hang him. He is spending the rest of his life in Room 17 of the Obukhov Hospital. He never answers **any** questions but constantly mutters the same thing.

LORRE: Three - seven - ace. Three -- seven - ace.

MUSIC: UP FOR CURTAIN

(APPLAUSE)

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, American Lake, Washington...U.S. Army & Navy General Hospital, Hot Springs, Arkansas...U.S. Naval Hospital, Brooklyn, New York...U.S. Marine Hospital, Detroit, Michigan... and Veterans' Hospital, Perry Point, Maryland.

ANDERSEN: There are many doctors among America's millions of Camel smokers. In fact.....

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

ANDERSEN: This survey was made by three leading independent research organizations who questioned one hundred thirteen thousand, five hundred and ninety-seven doctors, living in every state of the Union: What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor? The brand named most was Camel.

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 greatest American classics of all time - "The Black Cat" by Edgar Allen Poe, with a special musical score composed and conducted by Paul Baron.

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

HITCH HIKE

CHANDLER: Mister Pipe Smoker! Do you get the greatest possible enjoyment from your pipe? Do you pack it full of mellow, mild Prince Albert? Prince Albert, you know, is a rich, full-flavored tobacco specially made for smoking pleasure! Specially treated to insure against tongue bite--crimp cut to burn slow, smoke cool! No wonder more pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco. See if Prince Albert doesn't give you a better smoke!

Be sure to listen to Prince Albert's "Grand Ole Opry" Saturday night--for a rollicking half hour of folk tunes and humor...with your favorite stars - Red Foley, Minnie Pearl, Rod Brasfield--and the rest of the Opry gang. And as Red's special guest...Judy Martin. Yes folks--Prince Albert's "Grand Ole Opry" Saturday night over N.B.C.

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

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"

Lurene Tuttle.....as "The Countess"

Peggy Webber.....as "Lizavetta"

Ben Wright.....as "Tomsy"

Louis Van Rooten.....as "Narumov"

Stanley Waxman.....as "Chekalinsky"

Jack Edwards Jr.....as "Surin"

and Rolfe Sedan.....as "The Duke"

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.

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