

**PERMANENT
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PJO

STERLING DRUG INC.

"MYSTERY THEATRE"

"CURFEW FOR FRANKIE"

by

Ken Field

CAST:

INSP. MARK SABER

SGT. TIM MALONEY

FRANKIE HAYES

LAWRENCE WINTER

FLOYD

DOLPH EMERY

MRS. HAYES

TONY...(Double for Winter)

Wednesday, May 12, 1954

Rehearsal: 5:00 PM ABC Studio 4A

Broadcast: 9:30-10:00 PM

Script #108

Contact: Eugene Patterson
Dancer-Fitzgerald-Sample, Inc.
347 Madison Ave., New York, NY

WABC & NET

MYSTERY THEATRE

"CURFEW FOR FRANKIE"

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9:30 - 10:00 PM

MAY 12, 1954

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: In a moment..MYSTERY THEATRE...

(TWO SECOND PAUSE)

ANNCR: (COLD) MOLLE BRUSHLESS SHAVING CREAM is a cream with real body. It sets your whiskers up as no skimpy, watery cream can -- and takes the painful scrape and pull right out of shaving. Contains abundant lanolin, too - conditions your skin for a better shave. So start each day the comfort way -- with M-O-L-L-E -- MOLLE.

(TWO SECOND PAUSE)

BUSINESS: (CFCF-MONTREAL JOINS NETWORK HERE..)

(MUSIC:.. THEME UP AND DOWN FOR)

BUSINESS: (CFCF-MONTREAL LEAVES NETWORK HERE..)

ANNCR: PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA and BAYER ASPIRIN bring you Mystery Theatre..and Inspector Mark Saber of the Homicide Squad.

BUSINESS: (CFCF-MONTREAL JOINS NETWORK HERE..)

(MUSIC:.. . HARD STING AND OUT)

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

FRANKIE: (UP) Mr. Winter?... (PAUSE) Mr. Winter!... (PAUSE, LOW, DISGUSTED) Oh, for pete's sake!..

(DOOR OPENS)

You in here, Mr. Winter?...It's me...Frankie Hayes...

WINTER: (OFF, WEAK, IN PAIN) Miss ---Hayes--

FRANKIE: Huh?..Hey, for --!!

(QUICK FOOTSTEPS AND OUT)

What the heck happened to you!?

WINTER: (ON) Get - a -- pencil and paper --

FRANKIE: Pencil and paper, my eye!..I'll get a doctor!

WINTER: Too -- late -- for -- that....

FRANKIE: Who did it, Mr. Winter? Who plugged you?

WINTER: That's what -- I -- want -- you-- to write --

FRANKIE: A statement? Naming the guy?..And you'll sign it, huh?

WINTER: Hurry!

FRANKIE: I got my shorthand notebook right here.. Start talkin'....

(SCRATCH OF PENCIL BEHIND:)

WINTER: (SLOW, LABORED) I, Lawrence Winter, knowing I am at the point of death, do hereby swear that the man who shot me was...

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(MUSIC:..STING AND OUT..)

BUSINESS: (CFMCF-MONTREAL LEAVES NETWORK HERE FOR LOCAL ANNOUNCEMENT)

(C O M M E R C I A L)

MYSTERY THEATRE
BAYER ASPIRIN
WEDNESDAY, MAY 12, 1954

(179 Words)

-3-

ANNOUNCER: (COLD) When you have a headache, fast relief is important. But also important is gentle relief. And that's why it will pay you to use BAYER ASPIRIN. For BAYER ASPIRIN gives you both.

Yes -- BAYER ASPIRIN gives you both important kinds of relief. It gives you amazingly fast relief -- and one reason is that BAYER ASPIRIN tablets start disintegrating almost instantly you take them. And it gives you wonderfully gentle relief, too ...because it's actually so gentle doctors prescribe it even for small children.

Add to this BAYER ASPIRIN's record of safety - a record of safe use by millions of people that no other pain reliever can match -- and it's easy to see why millions who want something that's completely dependable take BAYER ASPIRIN. So whenever you're in pain, don't experiment with drugs that have not stood the test of time. Instead, use BAYER ASPIRIN -- use it for both fast relief and gentle relief.

And when you buy aspirin, don't look for a bargain. The best always costs more. So be sure you are getting the best -- buy BAYER ASPIRIN.

BUSINESS: (CFCF-MONTREAL RETURNS TO NETWORK HERE...)

(MUSIC: . . . STING AND UNDER)

ANNCR: Inspector Mark Saber..and tonight.."Curfew for Frankie".

(MUSIC: . . . UP AND OUT)

MALONEY: Only one bullet fired, huh, Mark?

MARK: That's all I can see, Tim..It hit him just below the heart.

MALONEY: Meaning he died instantly?

MARK: Hard to say. He could have lingered for a little while.

MALONEY: What I don't get, Mark, is why nobody heard the shot. The whole newspaper staff was working right on the next floor.

MARK: A newspaper office can be a pretty noisy place.

MALONEY: If he hadn't happened to call that little blonde stenographer from downstairs, no telling when they would have found him.

MARK: You asked her to wait, Tim?

MALONEY: Miss Hayes?...Aye, she's out in the hall now.

MARK: I want to ask her a few more questions.

MALONEY: (BITTER) No need to ask her why Lawrence Winter was killed.

MARK: No..All you have to do is read his series of exposes that have been running in the paper lately to figure that out.

MALONEY: It's a cryin' shame, Mark. The lad was doing a real job.

MARK: Too good a job for his own health.

MALONEY: He must have known when he started exposing the rackets in this town, he was sticking his neck out.

MARK: Apparently, he uncovered a few facts that somebody didn't want published.

MALONEY: So the killer probably isn't any of the racket-bosses who've been mentioned in the articles that have already come out.

MARK: More likely in the series he was working on.

MALONEY: Aye, and if we had his notes..

MARK: But we don't. And I imagine the killer does. He doubtless stole them from this office after he shot Winter..Well, let's go talk to Miss Frankie Hayes.

(FOOTSTEPS BEHIND:)

MALONEY: Right..The m.e. and the stretcher-bcys should be here soon.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

MARK: (UP SLIGHTLY) Miss Hayes..

(FOOTSTEPS APPROACH)

FRANKIE: (FADING IN) Well, it's about time, copper..You expect me to spend the whole night coolin' my heels out here?

MALONEY: Easy, lass..you want to help us find out who killed your boss, don't you?

FRANKIE: He wasn't my boss..I work for all the guys on the paper.. whoever happens to want a stenog.

MARK: Had you done much work for Winter on his current series?

FRANKIE: Some.

MARK: How far ahead did he write his articles?

FRANKIE: You kiddin'? He never beat a deadline in his life, that guy.

MARK: So he hadn't dictated any of the forthcoming ones to you?

FRANKIE: Nope.

MALONEY: And you don't know what would have been in them?

FRANKIE: Me? How would I know?

MARK: Miss Hayes, what time did Winter call downstairs and ask for you?

FRANKIE: Must've been around eleven.

MARK: And you came straight up?

FRANKIE: Not till nearly midnight...He said he wasn't in any hurry. I had some transcribing to do.

MALONEY: You said he was dead when you walked in here?

FRANKIE: That's right.

MALONEY: It's not always easy to be sure when a man's dead, Miss Hayes.

FRANKIE: Well, I'm sure.

MALONEY: Too bad it is you didn't come up as soon as he called.

MARK: Yes, he might still be alive.

MALONEY: Or at least we might know who killed him.

FRANKIE: How d'ya mean?

MALONEY: The Inspector thinks he may not have died instantly..If he'd still been conscious when you arrived, he could have told you who fired the shot.

FRANKIE: Yeah, that's right, he could've, couldn't he?...Well, like you say, copper, it's too bad..but he didn't.

(MUSIC:.._._BRIDGE)

(DOOR CHIMES, OFF & MUFFLED. PAUSE. DOOR OPENS)

FLOYD: (FADING IN) Yeah?...Whaddya want, sister?

FRANKIE: I wanta see Dolph Emery.

FLOYD: A lotta people wanta see him, but they don't all get to.. Blow.

FRANKIE: Tell him I work for the same newspaper Larry Winter worked for.

FLOYD: (BEAT) So what?

FRANKIE: So I think he'll see me..(BEAT) Hurry up, stupid.

FLOYD: Huh?...Now wait a minute, babe..!

EMERY: (OFF) It's all right, Floyd..Let her in.

FLOYD: Okay..whatever you say, boss..(BEAT) Well, come on, sister...what are you waitin' for?

FRANKIE: For you to get your big carcass out of the way..Thanks, stupid.

FLOYD: (GROWLS) Why, you..!
(DOOR CLOSSES)

EMERY: (FADING IN) That'll be all, Floyd..Go take a walk.

FLOYD: Yeah, sure, Mr. Emery..(FADING) Call me 'stupid'....!

EMERY: (LAUGHS SMOOTHLY) I must apologize for Floyd. I've been urging him to take a course in a charm school..(GETS NO RESPONSE) Sit down, Miss...er...

FRANKIE: Hayes..Frankie Hayes..My Father was Luke Hayes..remember?

EMERY: (SLOWLY) N-no, I can't say I do..Did I know your father?

FRANKIE: You only killed him.

EMERY: (BEAT) I beg your pardon?

FRANKIE: Beggin' my pardon ain't enough. Not even beggin' my mother's pardon.

EMERY: I'm afraid I don't follow you.

FRANKIE: Pop was a cabbie, Mr. Emery. He drove a hack in this town for 20 years. He'd still be drivin' it if it hadn't been for a phony outfit called the Cab Drivers' Protective Association. Pop didn't like paying for protection he didn't need. He said so. The next day Mom and I found his body in the alley behind our house.

EMERY: (CLUCKS SYMPATHETICALLY) Tch tch tch..How unfortunate.

FRANKIE: (DRY) Ain't it..That happened five years ago. They been five hungry years for Mom and me. Plenty hungry..But that's all over, Mr. Emery. From now on we eat good. I got myself a meal-ticket.

EMERY: What sort of meal-ticket?

FRANKIE: A piece of notebock paper. With a dead man's name on it.

EMERY: (BEAT) Yes?

FRANKIE: The name's Larry Winter. He wasn't dead when he signed it. Not quite anyway.

EMERY: I see..And what does the piece of paper say, Miss Hayes?

FRANKIE: It says that stooge of yours, Floyd, shot him.

EMERY: Why would Floyd do such a thing?

FRANKIE: Because you ordered him to. Because Larry Winter dug up proof you're the boss of the Cab Drivers' Protective Association. Enough proof to pin the murder of a half-dozen cabbies on you. Including my old man.

EMERY: The piece of paper says that, too?

FRANKIE: Yeah, it says that, too.

EMERY: And where is the piece of paper, Miss Hayes?

FRANKIE: Where you and your strong-arm boys can never get your hands on it.

EMERY: We can, however, get our hands on you.

FRANKIE: I thought of that. So if anything happens to me, the piece of paper gets delivered straight to Saber at Homicide.

EMERY: You've done all right, haven't you, Miss Hayes?

FRANKIE: Not bad..for a dumb stenographer.

EMERY: I'm grateful you didn't turn Winter's statement directly over to the police.

FRANKIE: I figured you would be.

EMERY: How much is my gratitude going to cost me?

FRANKIE: Five Cs a week.

EMERY: Five hundred dollars?

FRANKIE: Uh huh...Each and every week of my life.

EMERY: That's a lot of money, Miss Hayes..Maybe we can bargain?

FRANKIE: Sure..Like you bargained with Pop..I'll tell you the same thing you told him..Pay up..or you're dead.

(MUSIC:.._..BRIDGE_..)

(SUBDUED RESTAURANT BACKGROUND)

MARK: (FADING IN) You're Dolph Emery, I believe?

EMERY: Yes, I am.

MARK: My name is Saber..Inspector Saber of Homicide.

EMERY: Glad to know you..Won't you join me for lunch, Inspector?

MARK: Thanks, I've eaten..I dropped by in the hope of finding you here, but I wasn't sure I would.

EMERY: I eat at this same table every day.

MARK: So I heard. But since your luncheon appointment for today was so abruptly cancelled..

EMERY: My luncheon appointment?

MARK: With a reporter named Larry Winter.

EMERY: Oh, yes..Poor Winter..Too bad, wasn't it?

MARK: Your name was on his desk-calendar, Emery. This would have been your third meeting with him in the past two weeks. Would you care to tell me what you and he were discussing?

EMERY: Glad to..Winter had saved up a little money. He'd heard I had an inside track with certain brokerage houses. He wanted a few tips on the market.

MARK: I think you're lying, Emery.

EMERY: Inspector..

MARK: Winter wasn't interested in stock-market tips. What he was interested in was the real source of your income.

EMERY: Which would be?

MARK: An extortion racket. The Cab Drivers' Protective Association.

EMERY: Never heard of it.

MARK: You're the organizer of it.

EMERY: I'm afraid you're barking up the wrong tree, Inspector.

MARK: Am I?...According to the editor of the paper, this cab-drivers' outfit was to be the subject of Winter's next expose. He'd promised a series of articles that would rock the town.

EMERY: I don't see how that concerns me.

MARK: Your name has come up repeatedly in past investigations of the racket.

EMERY: There are always such rumors about any man of means.

MARK: Now, in the thick of another investigation, Winter has two meetings with you..and is murdered before he can keep a third..Quite a remarkable coincidence, Mr. Emery.

EMERY: Coincidences do happen.

MARK: Sometimes they're more than coincidence. They're grounds for suspicion.

EMERY: But suspicion is one thing. Proof is quite another...Ah, here comes the waiter with my lunch..You're sure, Inspector, you won't have a bite of something with me?

(MUSIC: . . . BRIDGE)

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES. FOOTSTEPS BRIEFLY)

MALONEY: (FADING IN) Mark! Where have you been?

MARK: Talking to a very slick operator, Tim..It's not going to be easy to nail Mr. Dolph Emery for the murder of Larry Winter.

MALONEY: Maybe it won't be as tough as you think.

MARK: You've turned up something on him?

MALONEY: Indirectly...More specifically on the little blonde.

MARK: Frankie Hayes?...What has she to do with it?

MALONEY: A lot more than she's letting on..Mark, her father was a cab-driver. He was murdered five years ago. The Protective Association was known to be gunning for him, but the rap was never pinned on them..That's item number one.

MARK: Keep going.

MALONEY: Item two..Little Frankie lied about the time she went up to Winter's office. The elevator man in the newspaper building swears he took her up at eleven-thirty, not midnight like she says.

MARK: But she didn't report the murder till a few minutes after midnight.

MALONEY: Which raises the very interesting question of what she was doing from the time she found Winter shot till the time she called in..

(MORE)

MALONEY: Item three. The tail we put on Emery's apartment-building
(CONT) saw Frankie Hayes enter there at nine a.m.

MARK: So she spent a half-hour in Winter's office after he was
shot...and now she's paid a call on Dolph Emery?

MALONEY: Right..What do you get from all that, Mark?

MARK: I get a burning desire, Tim, to have another talk with
Frankie Hayes...Have her brought in here at once.

(MUSIC:.. BRIDGE..)

FRANKIE: I don't know what's eatin' you guys...Why haul me in here
and give me all this double-talk?

MALONEY: It's you who's making with the double-talk, Miss Hayes.

MARK: You deny you went to Winter's office earlier than you
said?

FRANKIE: Sure I deny it.

MARK: Even though the elevator man swears..?

FRANKIE: That punchy old goat?...He never even learned to tell
time.

MALONEY: And you didn't enter an apartment-building on Westcott
Drive early this morning?

FRANKIE: What would I be doin' in a swank neighborhood like that?

MARK: Visiting Dolph Emery.

FRANKIE: Who's he?

MARK: The boss of the Cab Drivers' Protective Association. The
man who ordered your father's death..and Larry Winter's.

FRANKIE: If you know all that, why bother me? Go pick him up.

MARK: We know it, Miss Hayes, but we have no proof.

MALONEY: And we're sure you have.

FRANKIE: Me?...I'm just a dumb stenographer.

MARK: No, you're smart, Miss Hayes. But not as smart as you think. You're playing with fire. You're blackmailing Dolph Emery. Winter was alive when you found him. He told you one of Emery's men shot him..maybe he even dictated a statement. Now you're holding it over Emery's head.

MALONEY: If that's true, Miss Hayes, you're asking for a knife between the ribs.

FRANKIE: They're my ribs, aren't they, copper?

MALONEY: Then it is true?

FRANKIE: I never said so.

MARK: Miss Hayes..we can understand why you're doing this. Emery robbed you of your father. Now you've stumbled on what you think is a way to make him pay for it.

MALONEY: It's the wrong way, lass.

MARK: What you're really doing is protecting your father's killer.

MALONEY: And you don't want to do that, do you?

MARK: Give us whatever evidence you have, Miss Hayes. We'll use it to break up this rotten extortion racket and send Emery and his trigger-men to the gas chamber..Then the cab-drivers in this town will be safe. They'll be able to earn their living without being pushed around.

MALONEY: That's the right way to even the score with Emery.

MARK: He'll pay for your father's life with his own life.

MALONEY: What do you say, lass?

FRANKIE: You guys'll have me bustin' out in tears before you know it.

MALONEY: Miss Hayes...!

FRANKIE: Turn it off, copper, turn it off..(YAWNS) If you're all through playin' Hearts and Flowers, how about lettin' me get back to work?

(MUSIC:.. BRIDGE..)

(GIRL'S FOOTSTEPS. KEY IN LOCK. DOOR OPENS
ABRUPTLY)

FLOYD: (FADING IN) You don't need no key, sister.

FRANKIE: Well, for...!

FLOYD: I had to bust your lock to get in.

FRANKIE: Oh, you did, huh?...Well, now you can get out, you big ape!

FLOYD: Take it easy, babe...I'll get out when I'm ready to get out.

(DOOR CLOSES)

FRANKIE: Look at my room!..Looks like a cyclone hit it!..What's the idea of tearin' it apart?

FLOYD: Mr. Emery sent me over to find somethin'.

FRANKIE: Here!?... (LAUGHS) He must be as stupid as you! Does he think I'd hide that statement of Larry Winter's in my own room?

FLOYD: No harm lookin'.

FRANKIE: Okay, you looked..Now get out!

FLOYD: I got somethin' to tell ya first.

FRANKIE: Well?

FLOYD: Mr. Emery, he wants that paper Winter signed.

FRANKIE: No kiddin'?

FLOYD: He wants it...and he's gonna get it.

FRANKIE: How does he figure to do that?

FLOYD: I figger to do it..(GRABS HER) Like this!

FRANKIE: (GASP OF PAIN) Hey!..Leggo my arm!

FLOYD: I could do it right now, see..(LETS HER GO) Only I got orders to let ya think it over.

FRANKIE: What's to think?

FLOYD: Whether you're gonna give me the paper like a nice girl.. or am I gonna have to persuade ya.

FRANKIE: You wouldn't do anything to me..If I kick off, the paper goes to Saber.

FLOYD: Who's talkin' about kickin' off?..You don't persuade nobody by killin' 'em..Just by almost killin' 'em.

FRANKIE: You big gorilla!

FLOYD: Now you don't want nuttin' like that to happen to you.. You're too pretty to get all messed up.

FRANKIE: Get outa here!

FLOYD: Yeah, sure, baby..The boss says you got one day to make up your mind.

FRANKIE: One day?

FLOYD: Yeah..I'll be back same time tomorrow night..Maybe you better have the paper here then, sister..Just so you can go on lookin' pretty.

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(MUSIC:..CURTAIN..UP FULL TO END)

BUSINESS: (CFCF-MONTREAL LEAVES NETWORK HERE FOR LOCAL ANNOUNCEMENT)

MYSTERY THEATRE
PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA
WEDNESDAY, MAY 12, 1954

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(181 WORDS)

ANNCR: (COLD) If you have the blues because you're suffering from irregularity, remember this: For 75 years, PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA has been the best laxative money can buy.

Countless people have discovered that wonderfully effective PHILLIPS' is gentle enough for children and thorough enough for grownups. It provides better relief..more complete relief -- than laxatives which just act on irregularity alone. And the reason Milk of Magnesia gives you more complete relief is that it's actually more than a laxative. Milk of Magnesia, you see, also relieves any accompanying acid indigestion.

And PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA works leisurely, too. Just take three tablespoonfuls with water at bedtime when necessary..and you can go to bed knowing that it will act without embarrassing urgency. Then when morning comes, PHILLIPS' should bring you the relief you need to start the new day feeling like a new person.

So get PHILLIPS' tomorrow - the 28¢ size, the 55¢ size or the economical family size. And when you buy, make sure you ask for it by name --- PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA, the best laxative money can buy.

BUSINESS: (CFCF-MONTREAL RETURNS TO NETWORK HERE..)

(MUSIC: . . . BRIDGE . . .)

EMERY: I didn't expect to see you this morning, Miss Hayes.

FRANKIE: I stopped in on my way to work..I don't need till tonight, Mr. Emery, to make up my mind.

EMERY: You're referring to the little proposition Floyd made you?

FRANKIE: Is that what it was..a proposition?..Either I hand over Larry Winter's statement, or get my face pushed in?

EMERY: (SIGHS) Floyd puts things so bluntly.

FRANKIE: I don't care how he put it..I don't like the idea of being tortured.

EMERY: I didn't think it would appeal to you.

FRANKIE: I'm not kiddin' myself either..If that big ape starts gettin' real rough, I'd probably tell him where the paper is.

EMERY: I'm glad you realize that..So you've decided..?

FRANKIE: I decided to come here and offer you a deal.

EMERY: You're scarcely in a position to do that, are you?

FRANKIE: Why not?..Saber has a hunch I'm holdin' that paper over your head. He gave me a song-and-dance about how I'm askin' for grief.

EMERY: So?

FRANKIE: So if I get carted off to a hospital, he's gonna know who did it and why.

EMERY: Luckily, he'll have no proof.

FRANKIE: If I haven't got the paper any more, what's to stop me from tellin' him?

EMERY: Nothing..But you see, Miss Hayes...

FRANKIE: Mr. Emery, why take a chance on squarin' off with Saber?
It'll only cost you ten grand to stay away from trouble.

EMERY: You're suggesting...?

FRANKIE: I'll sell you Larry Winter's statement for cash. Instead
of five hundred a week, I'll take ten thousand in a lump
sum.

EMERY: That seems a good deal to pay for something I could get
free.

FRANKIE: Mr. Emery, look - you got all the money in the world,
ain't you?...You been squeezin' it outa cabbies for years
and years...So what's ten grand to you.

EMERY: I might be able to spare it.

FRANKIE: It'd make up a little for what Mom and me lost when you
rubbed my old man out..We could get by for a long time
with ten thousand in the bank.

EMERY: (BEAT) All right, Miss Hayes..I'll buy your deal.

FRANKIE: Swell.

(CHAIR PUSHED BACK)

I'm late for work..I'll bring you the paper tonight
around dinner time.

EMERY: Very well.

FRANKIE: (FADING) And you have the dough ready for me..

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES, OFF)

EMERY: (AFTER SLIGHT PAUSE) Floyd!

FLOYD: (OFF) Yeah, I'm comin'..

(FOOTSTEPS APPROACH)

EMERY: I suppose you heard that?

FLOYD: (FADING IN) Some of it..I was on the phone when she come in. Blackie called me, and he says..

EMERY: Newer mind Blackie..I want you to tell the Hayes girl.

FLOYD: All day?

EMERY: No, she'll be at work till five..When she leaves the newspaper building, pick her up and stay with her till she's got Winter's statement. Then bring her here.

FLOYD: Okay, boss..Now about Blackie's call. He says there's a guy givin' us trouble.

EMERY: Another cab-driver?

FLOYD: Yeah. Jerk named Sullivan..He don't wanta pay up..He's gettin' tough..talkin' about goin' to City Hall.

EMERY: Well, you know what to do, Floyd.

FLOYD: Work him over? Or do it right?

EMERY: Do it right..Have the boys get a line on where he's cruising. You flag him yourself. Give him an address out in the sticks...When he gets you there, let him have it.

FLOYD: You want it done today?

EMERY: Right now..The drivers haven't had a reminder to be good boys for quite a while..We'll let the remains of Mr. Syllivan teach him a lesson in cooperation.

(MUSIC:.._._BRIDGE)

MALONEY: Joseph T. Sullivan, age 54...It's on his driver's card, Mark.

MARK: (GRIM) Yes, I see, Tim.

MALONEY: When the boys brought him here to the morgue, they thought he'd been killed in an accident.

MARK: That bullet-hole in the back of his head was no accident.

MALONEY: Mark, I ought to be used to such things by now. But seeing that body there under the sheet makes me want to start swinging my fists.

MARK: I know, Tim..No question it was Emery's outfit that did this.

MALONEY: None at all. You heard Sullivan's widow saying he was too independent to pay for protection. Mark, how long are we going to let honest men get murdered because they're independent?

MARK: Not much longer, I think..Sullivan himself may help us break up the racket.

MALONEY: Sullivan himself, is it? ..Mark, how can a dead man..?

MARK: Hold it, Tim..Here she comes now.

(FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING)

MALONEY: (LOW) Frankie Hayes!..What's she doin' here in the morgue?

MARK: (LOW) I sent for her.

FRANKIE: (FADING IN) Hey, what's the idea makin' me come down to this gruesome joint?

MARK: Miss Hayes, have you changed your mind about giving us the evidence you're using to blackmail Dolph Emery?

FRANKIE: For that, he takes me away from work!..I don't know what you're talkin' about, copper.

MARK: You think of yourself as a pretty tough kid, don't you?

FRANKIE: Do I?

MARK: Yes..but personally I don't think you really are...The murder of your father hurt you. It left a wound that won't heal.

(MORE)

MARK:
(CONT) You hide the wound with this hard-boiled air. Underneath,
Frankie, I think you're just as decent as most girls.

FRANKIE: What are you givin' me?

MARK: I doubt if you like the idea of having the blood of an
innocent man..a cab-driver like your father..on your hands.

FRANKIE: Me?...Are you accusin' me..?

MARK: Of killing a man, yes.

FRANKIE: You're off your rocker!

MALONEY: A cabbie named Joe Sullivan died at noon, Frankie. Shot
through the head by one of Dolph Emery's men.

FRANKIE: (SHAKEN, FOR THE FIRST TIME) Wh-what's that to me?

MARK: If we'd been in possession of whatever evidence you have
against Emery, Sullivan would be alive.

FRANKIE: But..but..I..Look, you guys are wastin' your time. I
gotta get back to work.

MARK: Not yet..There's something I want to show you first.

FRANKIE: Show me?

MARK: It's lying on that slab over there.

FRANKIE: You mean..?...I don't have to look at anything like that!

MARK: I think it would do you good. It might bring you to your
senses...By the way, Frankie, how old was your father when
he was killed?

FRANKIE: I dunno..Fifty, fifty-five...Why?

MARK: Just about this man's age..How many children did he have?

FRANKIE: Just one. Me.

MARK: Joe Sullivan had four..They'll all have wounds that'll
never heal..thanks to you..Now step over here.

FRANKIE: I don't wanta!

MARK: Bring her along, Tim.

FRANKIE: (FRANTIC) Don't you touch me, copper!

MARK: Maybe you've forgotten your father. This may remind you..

FRANKIE: (BREAKS IN, WILDLY) I ain't forgotten Pop! I don't wanta look at that!

(FOOTSTEPS RECEDING FAST)

(FADING FAST) You can't make me!..You can't make me look!

MALONEY: Should I go after her, Mark?

MARK: No, Tim..I half-expected her to run. I thought the threat alone might be enough.

MALONEY: You were plenty rough on her.

MARK: I had to be...And I think it worked..Unless I'm mistaken, we'll be seeing Frankie Hayes again before the day's over.

(MUSIC: . . BRIDGE. .)

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

MRS. HAYES: (UP) Who's that?

FRANKIE: (OFF AND MUFFLED) Me, Mom.

MRS. H: Oh -- Frankie..Just a second, honey..

(FOOTSTEPS. DOOR OPENS.)

FRANKIE: (FADING IN) Lemme in, Mom..Quick!

MRS. H: I haven't been takin' any chances..Asked who it was every time anybody knocked.

(DOOR CLOSES)

FRANKIE: Nobody's been here, have they? No strangers?

MRS. H: Not a one..And that piece of paper you gave me is right where you told me to hide it..in your Pop's old safe.

FRANKIE: That's why I came, Mom..I want it now.

MRS. H: Sure, honey..But...

FRANKIE: But what?

MRS. H: Why don't you tell your Mom what's going on?

FRANKIE: Nothin', honest.

MRS. H: You look funny, Frankie..Kind of upset and worried..
You're not up to somethin' bad, are you?

FRANKIE: N-not any more..I was thinkin' about doin' somethin' you
might not have liked so much. But I changed my mind..
Now get me that paper, Mom.

MRS. H: (FADING) All right, Frankie..

(FEW FOOTSTEPS RECEDE. CLICK OF SAFE
BEHIND:)

FRANKIE: Mom,

MRS. H: (SLIGHT DISTANCE) Uh huh?

FRANKIE: Remember, I told you we'd be gettin' a lot of money
maybe?... Now it looks like we won't be gettin' it
after all.

MRS. H: (SLIGHT DISTANCE) We'll manage without it.

FRANKIE: You don't mind too much?

(SAFE DOOR OPENS, OFF)

MRS. H: (OFF) I don't mind at all..Not if you were going to do
somethin' wrong to get it...

(SAFE DOOR CLOSES)

(FADING IN) Here's that paper...

FRANKIE: Thanks, Mom..

(SLIGHT RUSTLE OF PAPER)

Instead of makin' a pile of money, I'm gonna help the cops
nab the guys who killed Pop.

MRS. H: That Protection gang?..Oh, Frankie, that'd be better than a million dollars!..They killed another driver today.

FRANKIE: (STIFLING A SOB) Y-yeah..Yeah, I know...Well, I gotta go.

MRS. H: 'Bye, honey..(FADING) Now you take care of yourself.

FRANKIE: You, too, Mom.

(DOOR OPENS, STREET NOISES, OFF)

MRS. H: (OFF) I'll see you real soon..

FRANKIE: (LOW, TO HERSELF) I wonder about that.

(DOOR CLOSES. FOOTSTEPS DOWN STAIRS.

STREET NOISES FADE IN. FEW FOOTSTEPS ALONG
SIDEWALK)

(UP) Taxi!!!....Hey - taxi!

(CAR PULLS UP AND STOPS)

Gee, what a break!..You came along just at the right time.

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

TONY: Break for me, too, Miss..Business, she's-a not so hot today..Where you wanta go, hah?

FRANKIE: (GETTING IN) To Homicide.

TONY: Homicide?..You mean - Central Police Headquarter?

FRANKIE: That's right..And get there quick as you can, because..

FLOYD: (FADING IN FAST) Hold it, cabbie!

FRANKIE: (GASPS) Floyd!

FLOYD: This dame don't want no taxi..She's goin' with me.

TONY: That's-a not what she tell me.

FLOYD: I'm tellin' ya..Okay, come on outa there, sister.

TONY: Now wait a minute...

FLOYD: (HARD) Shut up!..Get movin', baby..I ain't got all day.

TONY: You got-a no right, Mister, to ..

FLOYD: Wanta argue about it?..Then argue with this .38.

TONY: (GASPS) Why, you dirty..!

FRANKIE: Take it easy, fella.. No use gettin' yourself all shot up for my sake..I'll go with him..What else can I do?

(MUSIC:.._BRIDGE.._)

TONY: ..I'm-a try to stop him, see, Inspector. But he's-a pull gun. Say, 'You wanta argue, argue with this!' So what could I do?

MARK: You couldn't do anything, of course.

MALONEY: You say the girl got out of your cab and went with him?

TONY: That's-a right, Sergeant..He shove her in his own car, and drive off..I come straight down here.

MARK: Because she told you this was where she wanted to go?

TONY: Yes, sir..She's-a tell me 'Homicide' when she get in.. So I think that's-a where she want me to take the paper.

MALONEY: Paper, is it!?

MARK: She dropped a piece of paper in your cab!?

TONY: She's-a not drop it. She's-a leave it there on purpose.. I'm-a watch her do it while this fellow pull her out.. He's-a not see what she do.

MALONEY: You've got the paper with you, man?

TONY: Sure..I think she must want I take it to you. So I bring it..Right here..in my pocket..

MARK: Let's have it.

(SLIGHT RUSTLE OF PAPER)

MALONEY: (BEAT) Well, Mark?

MARK: (READS) 'I, Lawrence Winter, knowing I am at the point of death..'

MALONEY: Aye, that's it! Just what you thought all along!..And look down here, Mark.."...a man called Floyd who admitted he was acting under the orders of his employer, Dolph Emery..' Mark - we've got everything we need to send Emery to the gas chamber!

MARK: (SIGHS) It would seem so, Tim.

MALONEY: Well, don't sound so gloomy about it.

MARK: I'm thinking of Frankie Hayes..What it's probably cost her by now to turn this over to us.

MALONEY: Great Heavens, I clean forgot!..The guy who nabbed her must be this same Floyd..

MARK: He doubtless took her to Emery, and Emery knows what she's done.

MALONEY: Maybe it's not too late to save her.

MARK: It's worth trying. We may need help..Round up Corcoran and Olson...Tell them to meet us outside Emery's apartment in ten minutes..Get going, Tim.

(MUSIC:.._BRIDGE.._)

FLOYD: She's givin' it to us straight, boss..She musta left it in the cab..It ain't on her.

FRANKIE: I told you that's what I did..(LAUGHS) And where does that leave you bright boys?...Right out on a limb!

FLOYD: Ya rotten little..! Boss, lemme take care of her!

EMERY: Just a minute, Floyd. Be patient..What makes you think the driver took the statement to Saber, Miss Hayes?

FRANKIE: Because he was a good joe, like most cabbies. He knew that's where I was goin', and he saw me drop it on the back seat. Oh, don't worry, he took it there all right.

EMERY: And why should that please you so?

FRANKIE: The guy who rubbed out my old man is on the hot-seat.. and I shouldn't be pleased?

EMERY: You felt differently yesterday.

FRANKIE: So I made a mistake yesterday.

EMERY: (COLD ANGER) You made your mistake just now..Did it occur to you there's no longer any reason for me to let you live?

FRANKIE: It passed through my mind, yeah.

EMERY: And did you expect me to forgive and forget?

FRANKIE: Nope.

EMERY: Still you think you did a smart thing?

FRANKIE: The smartest..If you don't believe me, ask a coupla thousand cab-drivers around town.

EMERY: (SNAPS) All right, Floyd..she's all yours.

FLOYD: A pleasure, Mr. Emery.

EMERY: Use the silencer on the gun..Then wait till the coast is clear, and carry her down the back way to the alley..I'll bring the car around myself.

FLOYD: We'll dump her in the drink?

EMERY: On our way to the border.

FLOYD: We're powderin', huh?

EMERY: Of course..With that statement in Saber's hands, we have no choice but to go.

FRANKIE: Go where, Mr. Emery?..Where's a place so far away that
Saber won't catch up with you?

FLOYD: Come on, sister!

FRANKIE: He'll find you, no matter where you go!..(FADING) And when
he does, you'll hear me laughin'!..Me and my old man..
We won't be around, but you'll hear us laughin' anyway!

EMERY: (ROARS) Get her out of here! Shut her up!

FLOYD: (FADING) I'll shut her up, boss..For keeps.

(PAUSE. FOOTSTEPS BRIEFLY. DOOR OPENS)

MALONEY: (OFF) Not thinkin' of going anywhere, were you, Mr. Emery?

EMERY: (COVERING THE SHOCK) Oh..it's you, gentlemen?

MARK: (FADING IN) Yes. And just in time apparently.

EMERY: I'm sorry, Saber..but I have an appointment..

MALONEY: (ON) So you do..with a jury of your peers.

EMERY: What?

MARK: You're under arrest, Emery, for the murder of Lawrence
Winter.

EMERY: Is this some sort of joke?

MALONEY: Can't you see, we're laughing our heads off?..Hold out
your hands..

(CLANK OF CUFFS)

We'll slip these pretty little bracelets on you, and then..

(MUFFLED GUNSHOT, OFF)

MARK: Tim! Did you hear that?

MALONEY: Sounded like a gun with a silencer.

MARK: Back in the rear of the apartment..Corcoran..Olson..
watch this man..Come on, Tim..

(FOOTSTEPS RUNNING)

MALONEY: Down at the end of this hall, I think, Mark.

(FOOTSTEPS SUSTAINED BRIEFLY. OUT)

MARK: Try that door there.

(DOOR OPENS)

FLOYD: (SLIGHTLY OFF, WHIRLING) Wha...!?

MARK: Get your hands up!

MALONEY: We're too late, Mark!.He's killed her!

MARK: (GRIM) I'm afraid you're right..Keep him covered, Tim..
(PAUSE) Wait..She's still alive!..Tim - take him out and
turn him over to Corcoran and Olson. Then come back here.

MALONEY: Right y'are...Get moving, you!

FLOYD: (FADING) Okay, okay, don't shove me around...

MALONEY: (FADING) Keep those hands over your head, or I'll do worse
than shove you!..

FRANKIE: (AFTER PAUSE, MOANS WEAKLY)

MARK: (GENTLY) Miss Hayes..Frankie..It's Mark Saber.

FRANKIE: (FAINTLY) Hello, copper..

MARK: We came as fast as we could..I'm sorry.

FRANKIE: It- it's okay, copper..Did you - get - the - paper..?

MARK: The cab-driver brought it to us.

FRANKIE: I - knew - he would...Copper.

MARK: Yes, Frankie?

FRANKIE: Mr. Emery can't -- push any more..cabbies..around..?

MARK: Never again..Thanks to you.

FRANKIE: I - I got even -- for what -- he - did - to - Pop..

MARK: You got even in the right way.

FRANKIE: I'm - glad..

MARK: A lot of decent people in this town will remember you and be grateful to you, Frankie.

FRANKIE: Will they - honest..?...Then I - I don't mind..dyin'.. so much -- I -- (CHOKING GASP) Oh -- copper!...

MARK: Frankie...!!

(PAUSE. FOOTSTEPS APPROACH QUIETLY)

MALONEY: (FADING IN) Well, Mark?

MARK: She's dead, Tim.

MALONEY: May she rest in peace.

MARK: I hope so..She made a lot of mistakes, but I think she'll be forgiven for them.

MALONEY: I'm sure of it, Mark..Didn't she come through at the showdown?..And isn't there more rejoicing in Heaven for one the like of her than for ninety-nine of the rest of us?

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(MUSIC: . . CURTAIN . . UP FULL TO END)

BUSINESS: (CFCF-MONTREAL LEAVES NETWORK HERE FOR LOCAL ANNOUNCEMENT)

ANNCR: (OVER CURTAIN) PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA and BAYER ASPIRIN have just brought you Inspector Mark Saber in.. "Curfew For Frankie"..on MYSTERY THEATRE.

(MUSIC: . . UP AND OUT)

(C O M M E R C I A L)

ANNCR: (COLD) If you want to be nice to be near, you need sweet breath plus a winning smile. That's why it's important to sweeten your breath without neglecting your teeth.

DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER does this -- does more for your teeth than any tooth paste -- and without using so-called "miracle" or colored ingredients.

DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER is made under the guidance of recognized dental scientists who say additional ingredients would do nothing but increase its cost.

Just as it is, Dr. Lyon's sweetens your breath and helps prevent tooth decay. It whitens and brightens your teeth. It cleans your teeth as no tooth paste can -- because nothing cleans teeth like powder.

So to sweeten your breath without neglecting your teeth, use white-as-snow DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER -- available in regular or ammoniated form.

BUSINESS: (CFCF-MONTREAL RETURNS TO NETWORK HERE...)

(MUSIC:..THEME UP AND BEHIND)

ANNCR: MYSTERY THEATRE is directed by Frank Papp. Tonight's story, "Curfew For Frankie" was written by Ken Field. Les Damon is starred as Inspector Saber and Sergeant Maloney is Walter Burke. The role of _____ Music supervision by Binny. The names of all characters in tonight's dramatization are fictitious and any resemblance to actual situations is coincidental. Listen again next week to MYSTERY THEATRE..and "Sleep No More." This is Roger Forster speaking.

(TWO SECOND PAUSE)

NET

ANNCR: This is ABC...Radio Network.

lj
4/30/54
10:30 pm