

STERLING DRUG, INC.

PERMANENT
FILE COPY

PVO

"MYSTERY THEATRE"

"SLEEP NO MORE"

by

Everett Crosby

CAST:

INSP. MARK SABER

SGT. TIM MALONEY

CARL

KURT

MARTHA

ARCHIE

ALECK

VLADIMIR

VOICE

SCRIPT NO. 109

Wednesday, May 19, 1954

Rehearsal: 5:00 PM ABC Studio 4A
Broadcast: 9:30-10:00 PM

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

WABC & NET

MYSTERY THEATRE

() ()

"SLEEP NO MORE"

9:30 - 10:00 PM

MAY 19, 1954

WEDNESDAY

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

(TWO SECOND PAUSE)

ANNCR: (COLD) Does shaving hurt your face because your razor scrapes and pulls? Try MOLLE BRUSHLESS SHAVING CREAM. MOLLE'S a cream with real body. It takes the painful scrape and pull right out of shaving. And because MOLLE contains lanolin, it conditions your skin for a better shave. So start your 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: Bayer Aspirin and Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets bring you Mystery Theatre...and Inspector Mark Saber of the Homicide Squad.

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

(MUSIC: . . . HARD STING AND OUT)

(DOORBELL RING, FOOTSTEPS ON AND DOOR OPENED)

(MUSIC: . . . FAINT SOUNDS OF RECORDED MUSIC WHICH BECOME LOUDER AS DOOR IS OPENED)

CARL: Kurt! I had no idea it was you.

KURT: I should expect not.

(HE PUSHES IN AND CLOSES THE DOOR)

CARL: (PERPLEXED) I thought you were still out on your concert tour.

KURT: But I surprised you...didn't I?

CARL: (MORE AND MORE MYSTIFIED) Surprised me?

KURT: (WALKING TO THE PHONOGRAPH) Mooning over my wife's favorite piece of music...Nina. It must be very convenient, living right next door.

CARL: Kurt, what are you talking about?

KURT: That faithless wife of mine. I know what you've been doing while I've been away.

CARL: You're insane. I've never addressed a romantic word to Martha.

KURT: I'm not worried about...words. Do you think I'm blind? When I slip home to check up on Martha, and hear you sitting alone in here, listening to her favorite piece, do you think that I can't guess what's been going on?

CUE

FOR

CANADA

CARL: I didn't know "Nina" was her favorite piece. I happen to like it also.

DO

KURT: (SHOUTING) Lies! Lies! (HE STRIKES THE PICK-UP AND SENDS IT SKIDDING INTO THE CENTER PIN) So much for "Nina." You and I are going to settle accounts...now.

NOT

CHANGE

(MUSIC: . . . STING AND OUT)

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

(COMMERCIAL)

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA
TABLETS
MYSTERY THEATRE
5/19/54

-3-

(197 Words)

ANNCR: (COLD) Every day, more and more people are hearing the news about the remarkably quick and effective relief you can get from upset stomach, gas, heartburn and other symptoms of acid indigestion.

The reason for this wonderful news is an amazing preparation called PHILLIPS' TABLETS, which contain one of the fastest, most effective stomach sweeteners ever discovered. PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA TABLETS work so quickly that almost before you know it, your acid indigestion is eased away.

Besides bringing countless men and women the acid indigestion relief they've searched for for years, PHILLIPS' TABLETS do it pleasantly, too. You just won't get over their delightful peppermint flavor. They leave your mouth so wonderfully sweet and clean lots of people find them as refreshing to take as candy mints.

So next time you have any symptoms of acid indigestion, just put two or three wonderful tasting PHILLIPS' TABLETS in your mouth and see how amazingly fast you get relief.

Always be sure to carry PHILLIPS' TABLETS in your pocket or purse to take after meals or wherever you may be when acid indigestion causes you distress. Pocket size tins of 30 tablets cost only 28¢. Ask for PHILLIPS' TABLETS.

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

(MUSIC: . . . STING AND UNDER)

ANNCR: Inspector Mark Saber - and tonight - "Sleep No More."

(MUSIC: . . . UP AND INTO)

MARTHA: More coffee, Kurt?

KURT: No thanks. I've had plenty.

MARTHA: I'm sorry to get such a make-shift dinner. If I'd known you were coming home I'd have got something special.

KURT: Nonsense. It was delicious.

MARTHA: (DOUBTFULLY) I hope so. My, it's good to have you back. I hope you can stay for a while.

KURT: (PLAYFULLY) Do you?

MARTHA: You know I do.

KURT: I just like to hear you say it...darling. (BRIEF PAUSE)
Oh, I almost forgot.

MARTHA: Forgot what?

KURT: When I was coming up the front steps I saw Carl Morgan next door. He asked us to stop over after dinner for a drink.

MARTHA: Oh, do we have to?

KURT: (A LITTLE SHARPLY) Why not?

MARTHA: Your first night home...

KURT: I don't mind. Why should you?

MARTHA: But I'm not dressed to go visiting.

KURT: That's ridiculous, Martha. It's just a friendly call on a neighbor. Isn't that all he is?

MARTHA: (AS SHE RECOGNIZES THE TONE) Of course that's all he is. Shall we go....now?

(MUSIC: . . . UP AND HOLD UNDER. . .)

(INSISTENT DOORBELL RINGING)

MARTHA: He doesn't seem to be home.

KURT: He said he might be down in the basement. That must be why he left the door partly open.

MARTHA: I hate to just walk into his house this way.

KURT: (SHARPLY) What way would you rather walk in?

MARTHA: Please, Kurt. Shall we go in?

KURT: Of course. (HE PUSHES OPEN THE DOOR) Wait a minute.

MARTHA: What's the matter?

KURT: I think I left the lights on in my car. You go in. I'll join you in a second.

MARTHA: (RELUCTANTLY) All right.

(SHE GOES IN. STAY WITH KURT'S FOOTSTEPS SLOWLY DESCENDING THE FRONT STEPS. HE BEGINS TO WHISTLE "NINA" SOFTLY.)

MARTHA: SHE SCREAMS SUDDENLY WELL OFF MIKE

KURT: (HURRYING BACK UP THE STEPS) What is it? Martha, what's happened?

MARTHA: (RUSHING BACK ON) It's Carl, on the living room floor... he's dead!

(MUSIC: . . . UP BIG AND OUT)

SABER: The body was just like this when you found it, Mrs. Kassel? You didn't move it in any way?

MARTHA: (SHUDDERING) Oh, I couldn't possibly have touched it.

SABER: But you knew he was dead. Did you feel his pulse or anything?

KURT: I can assure you, Inspector, that Martha would never touch Carl Morgan...after he was dead.

SABER: I see. And did you touch him?

KURT: Yes, to see if there was anything I could do for him. But I knew he was dead the moment I touched him. I didn't change the position of the body.

SABER: Yet the body is not in a position that it would be expected to fall in if he were shot while standing on that spot.

MALONEY: It looks almost as if he'd been kneeling. And shot in the back of the head, like an execution.

SABER: That's just what I was thinking. How well did you know this Carl Morgan?

KURT: Just as neighbors. We were not...intimate.

MALONEY: So you wouldn't have any idea why someone would want to do a thing like this to him.

KURT: On the contrary, I have a very good idea.

SABER: Oh?

KURT: Carl was divorced about a year ago. But he didn't suffer from loneliness in the meantime, and his tastes were extraordinarily varied.

SABER: You think it could have been some jilted female?

KURT: Or some reasonably jealous husband. Carl was not particular on that score. Was he dear?

MARTHA: (WORRIED) I really didn't pay too much attention to what went on over here.

MALONEY: And you didn't hear a shot?

MARTHA: I was away all afternoon. I hadn't expected Kurt home tonight and I didn't get back until after six.

SABER: And you, Mr. Kassel?

KURT: I was practicing. I hear nothing when I play the violin.

SABER: There's one thing that doesn't check. You say you spoke to Mr. Morgan at five thirty. Yet the medical examiner says he has been dead since five.

KURT: (SHRUGGING) Then the medical examiner must be mistaken. He was very much alive when he spoke to me.

SABER: Where was he when this happened?

KURT: He was at the window of his study, which opens on my driveway. He spoke to me as I got out of my car.

SABER: Would you show me the particular window?

KURT: Certainly.

(FOOTSTEPS INTO NEXT ROOM)

KURT: It was this one, here.

SABER: It's closed now.

KURT: (TOUCH OF HUMOR) Maybe my practicing annoyed him.

MALONEY: Mark, what's that funny noise?

(THERE IS A MOMENT'S SILENCE AND THEN WE HEAR THE SCRATCH OF THE PICKUP STILL GRINDING AROUND ON THE LABEL)

SABER: It's coming from the phonograph.

(FOOTSTEPS TO PHONO AND LID BEING LIFTED)

MALONEY: There's a record on, and the needle is just scraping around on the label.

SABER: The machine's very warm. It must have been running since before Morgan was killed. Did you hear music while you were talking to him.

KURT: I did not. One seldom heard music from this house.

SABER: This is an automatic phonograph. I wonder why the pickup went in beyond the repeat groove.

MALONEY: Maybe it's broken.

SABER: One way to find out. I'll set the pickup down in the last groove and see what happens.

(SLIGHT SWISH OF PICKUP IN ECCENTRIC GROOVE
FOLLOWED BY SUCCESSFUL OPERATION OF AUTOMATIC
MACHINERY WHICH SHUTS OFF AFTER LAST RECORD.)

(NOTE: DO NOT PLAY ANY PART OF THE RECORD)

SABER: It worked perfectly then. What could have happened to it before?

KURT: As it is with people, machines do not always behave the way they should.

(MUSIC: . . . BRIDGE AND OUT)

SABER: Take a look at this record, Tim. That's why it didn't turn off.

MALONEY: You mean that scratch?

SABER: That's right. It's much too deep to have been made if the pickup had just skidded across record. Someone slapped it, and slapped it hard. It went right through the automatic mechanism and temporarily jammed it.

MALONEY: Now why would someone do a thing like that?

SABER: That's what you and I have to find out.

MALONEY: Maybe Kurt did it. He's a musician, and maybe he didn't like the record.

SABER: Rather a violent form of musical criticism.

MALONEY: What is the piece, anyway?

SABER: (READING) "Nina", by Pergolesi.

MALONEY: Never heard of it.

SABER: I have, but I don't know too much about it. Tim, I have a feeling that this record is an important clue, if we only knew how to use it.

MALONEY: Sure...IF.

SABER: I think we'll take this record and pay a call on Archie Bretton.

MALONEY: The violinist? But we're up to our ears in violinists now. What could he tell us?

SABER: Tim, what could you tell me about Sgt. Peterson?

MALONEY: (SNORTING) What couldn't I tell you. I could write a book about that bum.

SABER: So, if one police sergeant could write a book about another, maybe one top-flight violinist can do the same about another. Or at least, fill in one of the chapters.

(MUSIC: . . . BRIDGE AND OUT)

ARCHIE: "Nina"? Why yes, it goes like this.

(MUSIC: . . . HE PLAYS A SHORT EXCERPT)

ARCHIE: It's sometimes called "Tre Giorni", or occasionally just "Air by Pergolesi".

MALONEY: Can you think of any reason why someone should hate it?

ARCHIE: (PUZZLED) Not a musical reason. It's a beautiful melody. It was originally a song, but it's been played by violinists and cellists, and sometimes by full orchestra.

SABER: I see. Now, what can you tell us about Kurt Kassel.

ARCHIE: That's a little different. Of the two, I prefer the song.

SABER: Why, I'd always heard that he was a great violinist.

ARCHIE: Oh, he's a good violinist, a fine violinist.

SABER: Then why the lack of enthusiasm?

ARCHIE: Well, he's what people who don't know much about music mean when they say "Longhair". And he hasn't got that much genius. No one has.

MALONEY: You mean he's temperamental?

ARCHIE: He's temperamental, AND self-centered, AND insulting...
and then there's that ridiculous jealousy.

SABER: You mean of other artists?

ARCHIE: No, of his wife. Doesn't trust her out of his sight.
Acts as though she's carrying on with every man who comes
down the pike.

SABER: Is she?

ARCHIE: Not that I ever heard. She always struck me as being very
decent.

SABER: (RISING) Well, thanks, Archie. You've given Tim and me
something new to think about.

ARCHIE: I don't know what it was, but anyway you're welcome.

SABER: Oh, one thing more. You said that Nina was originally a
song. Do you know how the words went?

ARCHIE: Not exactly. But it was sort of a lament, asking Nina
to wake up, to arise from her bed.

SABER: A lament?

ARCHIE: Yes. As I recall it, the song is asking her to awaken
from death.

(MUSIC: OMINOUS BRIDGE AND OUT)

(MUSIC: TUNING OF VIOLIN)

MARTHA: You haven't told me what you're doing about your tour.
Are you playing somewhere tonight?

KURT: (STILL TUNING) Perhaps. You have some special reason for
wanting to know?

MARTHA: I'm always interested in what you're doing.

KURT: I can well imagine.

(MUSIC: . . . HE STOPS TUNING AND BEGINS TO PLAY "NINA")

MARTHA: (AFTER A MOMENT) I wish you wouldn't play that piece.

KURT: (STOPPING) Why I thought it was your favorite.

MARTHA: It is. But it seems so sad after what's happened.

KURT: (PLAYING ANOTHER PASSAGE FROM IT) It was also Carl's favorite.

MARTHA: (SURPRISED) It was?

KURT: (STOPPING AGAIN) Didn't you know?

MARTHA: Why should I?

KURT: (STARTING TO PLAY AGAIN) I would think you could answer that question better than I.

MARTHA: Are you suggesting that...

KURT: (STOPPING AGAIN) I'm not suggesting anything. It isn't nice for men to suggest things to...ladies.

MARTHA: (HER VOICE RISING) Please...stop it.

KURT: She said, her guilty brown eyes brimming with tears.

MARTHA: Kurt, you're going too far, even for you.

KURT: (IN MEASURED, VICIOUS TONES) Is it possible to go too far...with you?

(MUSIC: . . . HE SAVAGELY ATTACKS "NINA" AGAIN AND PLAYS UNINTERRUPTEDLY FOR SEVERAL SECONDS)

(DOORBELL CUTS IN HARSHLY)

KURT: (BREAKING OFF HIS PLAYING) Were you expecting someone, Martha?

MARTHA: (WEARILY) No, I wasn't.

KURT: We'll soon find out.

(HE STRIDES TO THE DOOR AND FLINGS IT OPEN)

KURT: Oh...Vladimir. (HAPPILY) And Aleck! Come in, come in.

(THEY ENTER)

ALECK: I met Vladimir on the street and he told me you were in town and that he was on his way to your house to practice. I thought I'd come along and say hello.

KURT: I'm so glad you did. You're a true friend, Aleck.

ALECK: (LAUGHING) Well, it's nothing to get carried away about.

KURT: But it is. True friendship is so rare, these days. I mean the kind based on absolute confidence...and trust.

ALECK: I suppose there's not too much of that around, if you stop to think about it.

KURT: That's just what I've been doing. And I decided there were just three things in the world that I valued. Our friendship, my violin, and my beautiful wife.

ALECK: (A LITTLE EMBARRASSED) I'm honored to be out in such company.

VLADIMIR: (DEDICATED SLAVIC TYPE) Shall we get to the practice, Kurt? It's late already.

ALECK: You have a concert tonight?

KURT: Yes, in San Diego. I shall spend the night there.

ALECK: Then I'll be running along...

KURT: Not at all, not at all. I won't be long. Stay and keep my foolish wife out of mischief until I'm finished. Now, Vladimir, we practice.

(THEY MARCH INTO THE NEXT ROOM)

MARTHA: He wouldn't tell me where he was going to play.

ALECK: (SURPRISED) Why not?

MARTHA: He doesn't want me to know when to expect him home. He figures it will make me a little more...careful.

(MUSIC: . . . KURT BREAKS INTO A SHOWY CONCERT PIECE IN THE NEXT ROOM)

ALECK: (WITH A RUEFUL LAUGH) Poor Kurt. Why does he have this insane jealousy?

MARTHA: I don't know, I don't know. Now he's even suggesting that there was something between me and poor Carl Morgan.

ALECK: (TAKEN ABACK) He is? On what grounds?

MARTHA: What grounds does Kurt ever have? Carl was a man, and he lived next door.

ALECK: (TROUBLED VOICE) Martha, you don't suppose...

MARTHA: I don't suppose what?

ALECK: Nothing. Nothing. (THOUGHTFULLY) He becomes like a wild man whenever he even thinks another man's looking at you.

MARTHA: He trusts no one. (WITH A SMILE) Except you, of course.

ALECK: Except me, of course. (KURT GOES INTO A PARTICULARLY FLORID CADENZA AND WHEN IT IS CONCLUDED ALECK SAYS IN AN ODD VOICE) It's strange. Except me.

(MUSIC: . . . POIGNANT BRIDGE AND OUT)

SABER: Turn the light over here, Tim. (PAUSE) No...nothing.

MALONEY: More smudges?

SABER: Yes. The only identifiable fingerprints inside Carl Morgan's living room are his own...plus a lot of smudges.

MALONEY: Gloves?

SABER: Probably.

MALONEY: Kurt looks like the kind of boy who would wear gloves, even when he was killing someone.

SABER: If he killed someone. But we have only two things to go on. The fact that he was unreasonably jealous, and the fact that he said he talked to Carl after the M.E. said he was dead.

(MORE)

SABER:
(CONT) We have no reason to think he was jealous of Carl, no reason for the scratched record, and no fingerprints inside Carl's house.

MALONEY: I know, but...hey, look! There's a man going into the Kassel's house.

SABER: Yes, and it's not Carl.

MALONEY: Maybe his jealousy wasn't so unreasonable.

SABER: (AFTER A MOMENT) That wasn't a particularly affectionate greeting. More like an old friend.

MALONEY: Look. They're sitting beside that open window. I suppose it would be elementary to suggest that we go outside it and listen.

SABER: Decidedly elementary, Tim. Let's go!

(MUSIC: . . . SHORT STING AND OUT)

MARTHA: But Kurt isn't here. He told you he would be in San Diego.

ALECK: That's why I'm here.

MARTHA: He'd be wild if he knew you dropped in when he wasn't home.

ALECK: Well, he's not home, and he won't know. So relax.

MARTHA: How can I, Aleck? Why did you come, anyway?

ALECK: To tell you a few things.

MARTHA: What...sort of things.

ALECK: Martha, you should learn a lesson from that favorite song of yours.

MARTHA: You mean "Nina?"

ALECK: Yes. The final words and "Non dorma piu."

MARTHA: "Non dorma piu"...sleep no more. (UNEASILY) What should I wake up to, Aleck?

ALECK: (QUIETLY) That Kurt has made your life a hell.
MARTHA: Oh, Aleck, you shouldn't...
ALECK: He has, hasn't he?
MARTHA: (UNHAPPILY) Not entirely. We have had some very wonderful times together.
ALECK: The other thing you should wake up to is the fact that the only man in the world your husband trusts is the only man in the world who is hopelessly in love with you.
MARTHA: (PARTLY RISING) Aleck...no! You mustn't.
ALECK: Why not? Haven't you known it for a long time?
MARTHA: I don't know, I don't know. (PAUSE) Yes, I guess I have. And...I'm very fond of you, Aleck. But Kurt is my husband, and whatever he may think, I've never been unfaithful to him. He needs me. He needs me so desperately.
ALECK: For what? To destroy you?
SABER: (CLOSE ON WHISPER) Come on Tim. We've heard enough.
MALONEY: Right.
MARTHA: (FADING OUT) Give me time Aleck. Give me time to think...
MALONEY: What do you make of that, Mark?)
SABER: One thing important. "Nina" was) CUE
Martha Kassel's favorite piece of)
music. That makes the other two) FOR
things we have chalked up against) CANADA
Kurt fit together rather neatly.)
MALONEY: That's what I was thinking. And..) DO
Mark, look! Getting out of that car.) NOT
SABER: It's Kurt Kassel, coming home.) CHANGE
MALONEY: Unexpectedly.)
(MUSIC:.. .CURTAIN.. .UP FULL TO END)

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

MYSTERY THEATRE
BAYER ASPIRIN
WEDNESDAY, MAY 19, 1954

-17-

(191 WORDS)

ANNOUNCER: (COLD) When you have a headache and want fast relief, take BAYER ASPIRIN. For BAYER ASPIRIN means fast relief -- is known to millions for its amazing disintegrating speed.

To see for yourself how quickly different headache tablets disintegrate, just do this: drop the tablet you now use in one glass of water -- drop a BAYER ASPIRIN tablet in another glass of water -- and make your own comparison.

In the BAYER ASPIRIN glass you'll see that a BAYER ASPIRIN tablet starts disintegrating almost instantly--even before it touches the bottom of the glass! And the same thing happens in your stomach -- it's ready to go to work with amazing speed. That's one reason why BAYER ASPIRIN brings quick relief -- makes you feel better -- fast.

Besides giving you fast relief, BAYER ASPIRIN also gives you gentle relief. It's so gentle doctors prescribe it even for small children. And its record of safety -- of safe use by millions of people -- can be matched by no other pain reliever.

When you buy aspirin, why be satisfied with anything less than the best? Sure it costs a few pennies more, but the best aspirin is BAYER ASPIRIN.

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

(MUSIC: . . . BRIDGE . . .)

ALECK: Why won't you face the truth, Martha? You've only been staying with Kurt through a sense of duty.

MARTHA: Maybe. Maybe so. But it's seemed to me to be the right thing to do.

ALECK: Does it now, knowing how much I love you?

MARTHA: I don't know, Aleck. I can't be sure of anything.

ALECK: Then let me.....

(THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN AND KURT STRIDES IN)

KURT: So...now I've really caught you.

MARTHA: Kurt...!

KURT: Yes, Kurt. Now try to lie your way out of....Aleck! It'S you!

ALECK: (UNCERTAINLY) Yes, I guess it's me.

KURT: Oh, excuse me, Aleck. I didn't recognize you when I saw you through the window. I didn't know it was you, Aleck. You do understand?

ALECK: Yes....I guess so.

KURT: It was nice of you to come and see that my fickle wife didn't get into any trouble. If I'd known she was in such good hands I wouldn't have come back from San Diego to check up on her. You're a real friend...a true friend.

ALECK: (EMBARRASSED) Well, now that you're home, I guess I might as well be on my way.

KURT: No stay for a while. We'll have a toast.

ALECK: I really should be going.

KURT: Nonsense. I feel like opening a bottle of good wine. You should have heard me tonight. I was magnificent.

(MUSIC: . . . UP AND OUT)

(CAR RUNNING)

MALONEY: That was quite a scene we just witnessed, Mark.

SABER: It certainly was. And did you notice one thing about Kurt? He does wear gloves.

MALONEY: Like Carl Morgan's murderer.

SABER: Quite a few musicians do - to protect their hands.

MALONEY: It's a funny thing. The only man who probably ever made a serious play for Martha is the only man who Kurt trusts.

SABER: That's not too unusual for a super-ego like Kurt's. Aleck is his best friend, and he probably feels that he owns him completely. It's unthinkable that someone so possessed could ever turn on him.

MALONEY: Well, he's in for quite a surprise.

SABER: And soon. Tim, how would you like to be a switchboard operator?

MALONEY: I'd be overjoyed. Where's the opening?

SABER: At Aleck's apartment building...Let's get over there. Things are going to be popping, and unless I miss my guess, they're going to be popping soon.

(MUSIC: . . . BRIDGE AND OUT)

(DOOR OPENS SOFTLY AND CAUTIOUS FOOTSTEPS ENTER.

DOOR GENTLY CLOSED)

VLADIMIR: Kurt, why you always sneak into your own house this way?

KURT: How else do you keep your wife on her toes, you idiot?
VLADIMIR: Maybe on her toes she doesn't need to be kept. Better maybe you should.....
KURT: Vlady.....I pay you to accompany me. I'll do the leading.
VLADIMIR: Excuse.
KURT: (WHISPERING) Listen....she's on the upstairs phone. Be quite while I pick up the downstairs phone, and we'll find out if she's on her toes.

(MUSIC:.....BRIEF STING AND UNDER)

MALONEY: Mark, it sounded like someone else picked up the receiver in one of the two houses.
SABER: Yes, I noticed it. But they're so intent on what they're saying they don't seem to have noticed it.
MALONEY: Do you suppose it was Kurt?
SABER: Quite possibly. Shhhh.....let's hear what else they have to say.

(MUSIC:.....STING AND UNDER)

ALECK: (FILTER) Martha, you've admitted you love me, too. How can I keep up my friendship with Kurt any longer after last night? It's too dishonest.
MARTHA: (FILTER) (FALTERING) You mean....I won't be seeing you any more?
ALECK: That's not what I mean. Martha, how can you stay married to such a man and still keep your self-respect?
MARTHA: Please....I don't know what to say. Let me think.
ALECK: We have adjoining seats at Kurt's concert tonight. Will we talk about it then?

MARTHA: Aleck.....

ALECK: (URGENTLY) Will we, Martha?

MARTHA: Yes....yes, we'll talk then.

ALECK: And keep thinking of the word of the song, darling. "Non dorma piu....sleep no more".

MARTHA: I'm not sleeping any more. (SOFTLY) Goodby, Aleck.

(TWO PHONE REPLACES ON FILTER. AFTER A BRIEF PAUSE
PHONE REPLACED ON MIKE)

KURT: (IN A STRANGLED VOICE) They will both of them sleep....
forever.

VLADIMIR: (STARTLED) What is it Kurt? What's wrong?

KURT: (MECHANICALLY) Nothing....absolutely nothing.

(MUSIC: . . . STING AND UNDER)

MALONEY: Three phones hung up, Mark.

SABER: I know. I'm sure Kurt was listening.

MALONEY: Maybe we should get out there before he does anything to
Martha.

(SWITCHBOARD BUZZ)

MALONEY: Excuse me, Mark. It's that terrible, complaining dowager
in 4A. (INTO PHONE) Yes, ma'am. But ma'am, we've called
the janitor about the heat three times. Yes ma'am. Well
we're getting pretty warm down here.

(CLICK AS HE SWITCHES HER OFF.)

SABER: Tim, I don't think Kurt'll do anything yet. He'll want to
get them both together and cook up something special. But
that concert tonight ought to be interesting.

MALONEY: (TERRIFIED) Mark, you weren't thinking....

SABER: Timothy, a policeman's life is not a happy one - remember? Grim as it may sound to you, tonight we're going to a concert.

(MUSIC: . . . UP AND OUT)

(AD LIB MURMUR OF LARGE AUDIENCE FILLING UP A CONCERT HALL)

VLADIMIR: Kurt, calm yourself and stop peeking through the back drops. How can you play in this condition?

KURT: (THROUGH CLENCHED TEETH) I don't care how I play. Look at them out there....together.

VLADIMIR: Who? Kurt, what are you talking about?

KURT: (PAYING NO ATTENTION) Talking...laughing! Oh, I will smash them. Smash them both.

VLADIMIR: Kurt, please. It's time. We must go out.

KURT: (SUDDENLY FRIGHTENED) Go out? I can't go out.

VLADIMIR: But you must. Are you sick?

KURT: Sick? Yes, that's it. We must cancel it, Vladimir. I can't play.

VLADIMIR: Is it Martha and Aleck? Is that what you see out front?

KURT: Why do you say that?

VLADIMIR: Is that what you overheard on the phone?

KURT: Yes. But how do you know?

VLADIMIR: I've seen it developing for months. But too busy chasing imaginary villians you were to see it.

KURT: Imaginary? Do you dare to say that I've ever been wrong?

(THE HOUSE MURMUR SUBSIDES)

VLADIMIR: (CALMLY) Fire me if you want to, Kurt. But first play the concert.

KURT: I.....I can't.

VLADIMIR: Kurt, you must.

KURT: (AFTER A MOMENT) All right, Vlady.

(THEIR FOOTSTEPS GO OUT ON STAGE. THERE IS A BIG BURST OF APPLAUSE WHICH GRADUALLY SUBSIDES.)

(MUSIC:.....AFTER THE PIANO INTRODUCTION KURT BEGINS TO PLAY "NINA".
STAY WITH HIM FOR A FEW BARS AND SLOWLY GO WELL OFF IN
PERSPECITIVE.)

MALONEY: (WHISPERING) Mark! That's the song that was on the phonograph.

SABER: Martha's favorite song. I noticed it on the program.

MALONEY: Something's going to pop. Look, he's as white as a sheet.

SABER: I've been watching him. The perspiration's standing out on his forehead. We'd better be ready to move.

(MUSIC:.....BRING IT UP SLIGHTLY. THE PLAYING HAS BEEN GETTING
HARSHER AND HARSHER. SUDDENLY IT BREAKS OFF WITH A RASP)

KURT: (SHOUTING) I can't do it.....I can't do it.

(AD LIB: GENERAL PANDEMONIUM)

SABER: Come on, Tim.

(THEY SHOULDER THEIR WAY TO THE STAGE)

SABER: (VAULTING UP ON THE STAGE) Where is he? Where did he go?

VLADIMIR: He went toward the stage door. He must have gone out.

SABER: We'll check with the stage door attendant.

(THEY RUN TO STAGE DOOR)

VOICE: Hey, you....who are you and where do you think you're going?

SABER: Police. Did you see anyone run out the stage door?

VOICE: No, but I went in there to get a drink of water when the concert began. I came out when I heard the shouting.

SABER: So Kurt Kassel could have run out and you wouldn't have seen him.

VOICE: Kurt Kassel? Boy, I've seen some concert artists get pretty rough receptions, but this is the first time I ever seen one chased clean out of the theater.

(MUSIC: . . . BRIDGE AND OUT)

SABER: (TALKING INTO PHONE) Yes....I see. Well, thanks anyway.
(HE HANGS UP)

MALONEY: Nothing there?

SABER: Nope. That was the last cab company. No one remembers picking up Kurt outside the theater.

MALONEY: And no one remembers seeing him run down the street. You'd think he'd have been pretty hard to miss, waving that violin.

SABER: And he didn't leave the violin inside the theatre. Or if he did, we didn't find it.

MALONEY: I heard it was worth about fifty thousand dollars. You wouldn't think he'd leave it anywhere.

SABER: You wouldn't. Tim, I've got a crazy idea that I know where he is, but I'll be blest if I know why he's there or what he's going to do next.

(MUSIC: . . . BRIDGE AND OUT)

(PHONE RING AND PICK UP)

MARTHA: (ON) Hello....

KURT: (FILTER) Martha....

MARTHA: Kurt....Kurt, where are you?

KURT: Right now that's not important. Martha, I want you to do something for me.

MARTHA: But I didn't think you'd ever want me to do anything...

KURT: I see Vlady told you about the phone conversation I heard. You think that's why I ran out of the theater?

MARTHA: Why, of course.

KURT: Don't be absurd. You and Aleck both have my blessing. No, Martha. I ran because I saw Inspector Saber and Sgt. Maloney in the audience. I knew they were going to arrest me.

MARTHA: Arrest you. Why?

KURT: For the murder of Carl Morgan.

MARTHA: Oh Kurt....you didn't!

KURT: I'll let you decide that after you've read the papers.

MARTHA: Papers?

KURT: I took some extremely important papers from Carl's desk before the police arrived. They could clear me or convict me, depending on how they're used.

MARTHA: But....

KURT: Get them and read them. Then tell me what I must do. I'll do whatever you say.

MARTHA: Where are they?

KURT: Under the chair cushion in my dressing room, at the theatre.

MARTHA: At the theater? How can I get them?

KURT: You remember that I wanted to practice there early in the morning. The management gave me a key to the stage door. It's in my upper left hand bureau drawer. Get the papers at once, Martha. Tonight.

MARTHA: (RELUCTANTLY) All right, Kurt. Then what?

KURT: I'll call you in the morning and ask for your advice. Oh, by the way. You'd better bring Aleck. I imagine you'd feel safer with him in that big empty theater.

(MUSIC: . . . OMINOUS BRIDGE AND OUT. . .)

(FOOTSTEPS ECHO DOWN CEMENT CORRIDOR)

ALECK: Do you have the key ready?

MARTHA: Yes, Aleck. This must be the door. Do....do you think we should be doing this?

ALECK: No, but if you insist on going in, I'm certainly going in with you. I still think we should have brought the police.

MARTHA: But they'd have insisted on seeing the papers, and I promised Kurt I'd read them and not do anything until he called me back.

ALECK: Let's go then. Swing the light a little lower. There.

(KEY IN LOCK. IRON DOOR SWINGS OPEN)

ALECK: Which way is the dressing room?

MARTHA: That way....on the other side of the stage.

(THEIR FOOTSTEPS ECHO ON THE EMPTY STAGE..)

ALECK: Let's get this over with before someone....

(CLICK OF SWITCHES)

MARTHA: (GASPING) The lights...who turned the stage lights on?

KURT: (OFF) I did.

MARTHA: Kurt...!

KURT: (COMING CLOSER) Yes....Kurt.

ALECK: And with a gun. I should have suspected a trick like this.

KURT: I guess you should have. But you didn't.

ALECK: I suppose that's the gun that killed Carl Morgan?

KURT: You're absolutely right.

MARTHA: Oh, Kurt, Kurt. He was innocent.

KURT: That's not very important. I thought he was guilty, and that's all that's ever mattered to me.

MARTHA: (FRIGHTENED) What....what are you going to do now?

KURT: Give a final performance. What would you like to hear?
"Nina"?

ALECK: In Heaven's name....

KURT: Keep Heaven out of this, Aleck. Did you really think that I'd let Martha go? That I'd let anything go?

MARTHA: Other men do.

KURT: (SHOUTING) Don't judge me by "other men". I let nothing go that I want. I would rather destroy it.

ALECK: Kurt, you can't possibly....

KURT: I can do anything I want. I told you both that there were only three things I valued. Martha, Aleck's friendship, and my violin. After what I heard on the phone, I had only my violin, and when I found that I couldn't play last night, that has no more value to me. It must go too.

MARTHA: (TERRIFIED) Must...go?

KURT: Be destroyed, smashed, terminated. Like this.

(VIOLIN BEING SMASHED TO BITS) (AN EXPENSIVE ONE,
KEENE)

MARTHA: (GASPING) Your beautiful Guarnarius de Gesu....

KURT: No more beautiful than you, yet you're the next to go.

MARTHA: You....wouldn't.

KURT: I would. And I will.

(CLICK OF HAMMER DRAWN BACK)

SABER: (OFF) Drop that gun, Kurt.

(FOOTSTEPS RUSH ON)

KURT: Wha.....?

(ONE PISTOL SHOT FOLLOWED BY BRIEF SCUFFLE)

MALONEY: (GRUNTING) Drop it, Kurt, drop it. (THE GUN CLATTERS TO
THE FLOOR) There, that's better.

MARTHA: Inspector Saber....Sgt. Maloney. How did you get here?

SABER: We've been watching the theater all day. And when we saw
you two go in we knew it was some kind of a trap.

MALONEY: Maybe we ought to explain that Kurt wasn't the only one
who was listening in to that phone conversation. We were
too, down at headquarters.

ALECK: (RUEFULLY) It seems to have been about the most public
declaration of love ever made. But how did you know Kurt
was in the theater?

SABER: When we could find no one who saw a man carrying a violin
leave the theater, and when we couldn't find the violin,
we concluded that he must still be in here, hiding
someplace.

MALONEY: It wouldn't have done any good to come in here looking for him, because we still didn't have enough evidence to hang the Carl Morgan killing on him.

KURT: (BITTERLY) But you do now.

SABER: Yes, Kurt....we do now.

KURT: It doesn't matter, I guess. I intended to kill myself after getting rid of those...those two vermin. So I am prepared to die. I welcome it.

SABER: I'm afraid even that solace may be denied you. The killing of Carl Morgan was a crime of passion. You'll probably get life. } CUE FOR CANADA

KURT: Life imprisonment? No....

SABER: Yes, Kurt, the rest of your life to try to realize that your blind jealousy has cost you the only three things in the world you ever really wanted. } DO NOT CHANGE

{MUSIC: . . . CURTAIN - UP FULL TO END}

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

ANNCR: (OVER CURTAIN) Bayer Aspirin and Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets have just brought you Inspector Mark Saber in...."Sleep No More"...on MYSTERY THEATRE.

{MUSIC: . . . UP AND OUT. . .}

(COMMERCIAL)

MYSTERY THEATRE
DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER
WEDNESDAY, MAY 5, 1954

-30-

(134 WORDS)

ANNOUNCER: (COLD) There's no question about the importance of using a dentifrice that sweetens your breath. But to sweeten your breath without neglecting your teeth, use DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER. It does more for your teeth than any tooth paste -- and without employing so-called "miracle" or colored ingredients.

Recognized dental scientists who guide its manufacture say that any additional ingredients in Dr. Lyon's would do nothing to improve it. They would simply increase its cost.

DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER not only sweetens your breath and helps prevent tooth decay, but whitens and brightens your teeth as well. 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.

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

(MUSIC:. . . .THEME UP AND BEHIND. . . .)

ANNCR: MYSTERY THEATRE is directed by Frank Papp. Tonight's story, "Sleep No More" was written by Everett Crosby. 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 "Legal Larceny". This is Roger Forster speaking.

(TWO SECOND PAUSE)

NETWORK
ANNCR: This is ABC....Radio Network.

bab/tp
4/30/54
10:55 pm