

"PAT NOVAK ... FOR HIRE"

STARRING

JACK WEEB

ABC #19

SATURDAY JUNE 18, 1949

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Produced and Directed

by

William P. Rousseau

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ABC Producer: KEN MANSON

Music: Basil Adlam

Engineer: NORMAN DEWES

Sound: Wayne Kenworthy

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ANNOUNCER: GEORGE PENNEMAN  
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CAST

PAT NOVAK ... JACK WEEB

JOCKO MADIGAN ... TUDOR OWEN

INSPECTOR HELLMAN ... RAYMOND BURR

GUNSEL

MAN

FREDDIE

TREVOR

PAT NOVAK FOR HIRE  
6-18-49

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ANNCR: (COLD) Ladies and gentlemen...the American Broadcasting Company brings to its entire network one of radio's most unusual programs ... "Pat Novak...For Hire."

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SOUND: FOOTSTEPS... LAUNCHING OF WATER... THREE STEAMBOAT WHISTLES...  
FADE ON THIRD... AND BEGIN PADING IN FOOTSTEPS... BRING FULL  
ON MIKE AND STOP ON CUE

NOVAK: (ON CUE) Sure, I'm Pat Novak -- For Hire.

MUSIC: (TAKE OUT DRAMATICALLY AND FADE INTO)

NOVAK: That's what the sign out in front of my office says -- Pat Novak -- For Hire. If you're trying to make a living down on the waterfront in San Francisco, you've gotta run things like a smorgasbord -- you take a little of everything you can get your hands on. Even then, it's a bumpy ride, because down here everybody tries to pad his part. I rent boats and do anything else good men pay bad men to do. You don't get many gold stars, but you pay the bar bill and it's as safe as a closetful of tigers. The only way you can make friends on the waterfront is to die. I found that out Tuesday night. I went to the wrestling matches and watched <sup>Georgio Kozog</sup> ~~Nagornski~~ throw some guy around like a poker chip in Tijuana. I was in the middle of the crowd, on my way out of the place when this guy stepped up behind me and started talking...

SOUND: SNEAK IN CROWD NOISE ON CUE... HOLD IN BACKGROUND

GUNSEL: (ON CUE) You got company, Novak.

NOVAK: Huh?

GUNSEL: I said you got company. On both sides.

NOVAK: Oh. Did your friend get his face at a fire sale too?

GUNSEL: We can't all be pretty. (SLIGHT BEAT) Keep walkin', Novak.

NOVAK: Is that gun in my back supposed to help.

GUNSEL: That's up to you. Straight ahead and out the side door.

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NOVAK: You got the right growl, but the wrong guy, mister.  
GUNSEL: *You keep workin' your mouth, but neither comes out*  
~~You must not take falls for a finisher. (SLIGHT BEAT) Alright.~~  
Out here.

SOUND: STEEL DOOR BEING OPENED AND CLOSED... GROUND NOISE OUT...  
SLIGHT TRAFFIC NOISE IN

NOVAK: What are your plans? Shall we take the kids?

GUNSEL: The car right down here.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS THROUGH CONVERSATION

NOVAK: Look, bigshot, in a drugstore I get all the mystery I want  
for two-bits.

GUNSEL: You want things explained?

NOVAK: Yeah. Besides shovel-head here I don't understand a thing.

GUNSEL: We just want Joe Dineen.

NOVAK: I never heard of you either; ~~but we're friends already.~~

GUNSEL: (SLIGHT BEAT) We just want Joe Dineen.

NOVAK: (MAD) Alright, you can have him! You're welcome. See  
his wife, see anybody you like, I don't even know the guy!

GUNSEL: You're fulla talk. As soon as you wantta make it the  
right kind you can go home. (AS FOOTSTEPS) Here we are.  
Into the back seat.

SOUND: ON CUE FOOTSTEPS STOP... CAR DOOR OPENS

GUNSEL: You drive, Eddie.

NOVAK: You boys run on. I'll grab a cab.

GUNSEL: (TOUCH) Get in, Novak. We're not gonna take a vote.

NOVAK: GRUNTS

GUNSEL: That's it. Just be a good mouse.

SOUND: CAR DOOR SHUT

NOVAK: You got a lot of time to waste it this way, mister.

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GUNSEL: You're too gabby, Novak.

NOVAK: And you're too tough, junior!

GUNSEL: This noise is beginnin' to give me a headache.

SOUND: SEVERE SAPPING... ACCOMPANIED BY GROAN FROM NOVAK

GUNSEL: Let's go, Eddie. Novak's gonna sulk awhile.

MUSIC: (UP DRAMATICALLY AND FADE INTO)

NOVAK: He could have taken three bases on that wallop. I spread out on the back seat like a bowl of cake batter and tried to think of a guy named Joe Dineen. There was nobody on my list by that name, but the way these two gunsels acted he was supposed to be a blood relative. I could hear them talking dimly and tried to follow the conversation, but it was like trying to put a smoke ring in your pocket. I don't know how long the tour lasted. It musta been about thirty or forty minutes when the car pulled up and the big <sup>goniff</sup> gunsel started to yank me...

GUNSEL: Wake up...wake up, sweatboy.

NOVAK: GRUNTS

GUNSEL: Come on ... It's time for your ten o'clock feeding...

NOVAK: (GROGGY) Yeah... Wait'll I borrow some legs.

GUNSEL: Come on. You never looked better.

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENING... HARBOR SOUNDS ON CUE THROUGH FOLLOWING

GUNSEL: Alright. Down the dock here.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON DOCK... OUT ON CUE

NOVAK: Are we playing a new game, or hunting a guy named Dineen?

GUNSEL: That's right.

NOVAK: Good. Now I know the rules.

GUNSEL: (GRUNTS) ...(AS FOOTSTEPS COME TO STOP) Well....is that your boat, Novak?

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NOVAK: It's got my name on it.

GUNSEL: (HARD) Is that your boat, Novak?

NOVAK: (MAD) What's it look like, the Normandie? Of course it's my boat! Who threw the blood all over it, one of your friends?

GUNSEL: Maybe Dineen.

NOVAK: Look, you better back up and start a recap. I never heard of Dineen, and from the size of his friends, I'm just as happy!

GUNSEL: You mean he didn't rent a boat off you?

NOVAK: If he used that boat, he stole it, mister. I closed up tonight at seven.

GUNSEL: You make it sound good.

NOVAK: It is good! I been off the waterfront four hours. In the meantime, somebody takes my boat, gets it shot full of holes and sends you around to weep! Who's Dineen?

GUNSEL: A friend.

NOVAK: I don't blame either of ya for hangin' on to one.

GUNSEL: We were supposed to meet him at your landing at ten. He was gonna rent one of your boats and we were gonna meet him at ten.

NOVAK: There's the boat. You wantta pay the damages?

GUNSEL: We came early and found the boat piled up. Blood all over and no Dineen. You got any ideas?

NOVAK: Maybe he cut himself shaving, drag the bay, mister! I don't know your guy, but somebody did! They met him out there in the bay and cut him down.

GUNSEL: You sound happy.

K

NOVAK: I don't care one way or the other, except he used my boat.  
If he wanted to die he should have hired a davenport.  
That's all I know. I never heard of Joe Dineen. ~~Sorry~~  
~~I can't help you and I'm short on theories.~~

GUNSEL: Yeah.

NOVAK: You and your friend better go see somebody else.

GUNSEL: Sure, Novak. We'll look around. But hang onto your cards  
because you still got a hand in this game.

NOVAK: Thanks, mother. I'll remember.

SOUND: SNEAK IN SOUND OF AUTOMOBILE APPROACHING... SCREECH OF  
BRAKES

GUNSEL: Whatch out, Eddie! Watch out, we're in trouble!

SOUND: REPEATED SHOTS OFF MIKE... DEPARTING CAR ON CUE

GUNSEL: (HE'S BEEN HIT) Ya alright, Eddie...(BREATHING HEAVILY)  
Nice curve, Novak...

NOVAK: You're wrong, mister. My friends ride the cable car!

GUNSEL: Ya made a bum pitch, Novak...and I trusted you!

SOUND: STRUGGLE WITH GRUNTS AND EXCLAMATIONS ETC.

NOVAK: (BREATHLESS IN STRUGGLE) You can't afford a fight now...

GUNSEL: (BREATHLESS) I want you for Eddie, Novak...

NOVAK: (BREATHLESS) Sorry, fella...The water's gonna be cold...

SOUND: SHARP CRACK... SINGLE GROAN... AND SPLASH OF BODY FALLING IN  
WATER... RUNNING FOOTSTEPS... UP ON MIKE TO STOP

MAN: (ON CUE) Hey, what's the trouble? Trouble goin' on?

NOVAK: (QUIETLY) No. Whatever gave you that idea?

MAN: I'm a nightwatchman over here. (SLIGHT BEAT) That fella  
lying on the dock there dead?

NOVAK: If he's not, he's gonna catch cold.

MAN: What about the other fella? Maybe he can't swim.

NOVAK: Whatta you care? He doesn't.

MAN: Oh. Did they come here lookin' for somethin'?

NOVAK: Yeah.

MAN: Guess they didn't find it, huh?

NOVAK: Somebody's satisfied. (SLIGHT BEAT) They were tryin' to find the guy that came out of that boat.

MAN: You mean the funny lookin' guy?

NOVAK: Huh?

MAN: A guy got out of the boat a few hours ago. All banged up. I think he was in a fight.

NOVAK: Yeah?

MAN: Sure. Somebody shot him. I think he was in a fight.

NOVAK: Where'd he go?

MAN: Down the dock toward the street. He asked about a fella and went down the dock.

NOVAK: Oh.

MAN: He asked about a fella named Novak. (SLIGHT BEAT) Do you know him?

NOVAK: (QUIETLY) Yeah. (SLIGHT BEAT) But I'll do my best to forget.

MUSIC: (UP DRAMATICALLY AND FADE INTO)

NOVAK: It wasn't going to be easy to forget. I knew there was a guy wandering around San Francisco, waiting to jog my memory. And before long somebody was gonna find out those two dead guys weren't doing light housekeeping on the dock. Once homicide smelled that red meat, they'd turn Inspector Hellman loose. That's like pouring a bottle of cyanide in a wedding cake.



NOVAK:  
(cont'd)

He's a smart cop, with a heart the size of a full-grown pea. I got off the dock in a hurry and went home. When I left, the ~~old man~~ <sup>watchman</sup> was still standing there, waiting to check-in the next murder, and smiling like a vulture with first option on a massacre. I had to get home and look sweet in case Hellman showed up. ~~Speak of the devil and you'll find him drinking your whiskey....~~ When I opened the door to my place Hellman was on the couch, with a drink in one hand and a movie magazine in the other.....

HELLMAN: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Hello, Novak. Ya busy?

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

NOVAK: No. I'll just sit here and watch you. A little more of that ~~whiskey~~ <sup>penicil</sup> and movie magazine...and you'll break out in a cold sweat.

HELLMAN: (ON MIKE) Where have you been?

NOVAK: Staying out of other people's apartments.

HELLMAN: I got an answer for that.

NOVAK: You haven't got an answer for anything, Hellman. You can't fill in a return address envelope. (SLIGHT BEAT) What's on your mind?

HELLMAN: Can't I make a call?

NOVAK: Not to play cat and mouse. If you want to know about that blood bath down on the docks, say so!

HELLMAN: Yeah?

NOVAK: They're close strangers. I never saw either of 'em before.

HELLMAN: You're getting loose around the mouth, Novak.

NOVAK: Huh?

HELLMAN: That's right. If some of your playmates stubbed their toes it's news to me. (SLIGHT BEAT) You better tell me though. It'll save time.

NOVAK: What's the use? If a fact walked up and sat in your lap,  
you'd lose it in the fat!

HELLMAN: Suit yourself. (SLIGHT BEAT) Have a drink.

NOVAK: Yeah...

SOUND: POURING OF DRINK

NOVAK: Where's the bottle opener?

HELLMAN: Huh?

NOVAK: The bottle opener. You got teeth for it, I need a bottle  
opener, Hellman.

HELLMAN: I dunno. Try the kitchen.

NOVAK: GRUNTS

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ACROSS FLOOR... SMALL BUMP AND GRUNT FROM NOVAK

HELLMAN: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Try the light.

SOUND: SNAP OF LIGHT SWITCH

NOVAK: (QUIETLY) Well.

HELLMAN: (FADING IN) About this guy on the floor, Novak...Don't  
tell him to move, because I don't think he can.

MUSIC: (UP DRAMATICALLY AND FADE INTO)

NOVAK: When I looked down at the guy on the floor, I felt like a burlap sack from the neck down. He was a big guy, lying on his back and you got the idea he took it hard, he didn't like the way the vote came in; because he wasn't relaxed the way most people are when they're on the prowl for a harp. He was <sup>about as</sup> ~~hard as~~ rigid, <sup>as</sup> ~~like~~ a coil of wet line on a steamer deck. His face was pock-marked and the color of an old piece of abalone. Hellman was standing over him and the shadow cut across the lower part of his face. It almost blocked out the gun...a big thirty-eight lying about four feet away. The rest of the kitchen was a mess. It was torn up worse than a Japanese lantern in a high wind. Hellman was leaning against the cabinet and smiling, like the banker in a crooked black jack game.

HELLMAN: Does he belong to you, Novak?

NOVAK: He's not pretty enough. (SLIGHT BEAT) Roll him over. We'll find out who he is.

HELLMAN: I already been through his stuff.

NOVAK: Wipe your hands. The green still shows.

HELLMAN: His name is Joe Dineen.

NOVAK: (GRUNTS) You sure were popular, Joe.

HELLMAN: Why?

NOVAK: A scavenger hunt. Every <sup>goniff</sup> ~~gunner~~ in town's been lookin' for him.

HELLMAN: I figured you for the prize.

NOVAK: Two of them picked me up and lugged me down to the waterfront.

HELLMAN: Yeah?

NOVAK: I told you about 'em. They ran into bad weather.

HELLMAN: Why'd they take you?

NOVAK: (MAD) Because I looked like a bird dog maybe! I don't know why, Hellman, they just took me. In the meantime, sunshine here took my boat out and got shot up.

HELLMAN: And he came up here to borrow your adhesive tape.

NOVAK: That's all I know, Hellman. He musta figured me for a part.

HELLMAN: I got the same trouble, Novak. That gun on the floor helps too.

NOVAK: That gun's second lead at best. I never saw it before.

HELLMAN: It's the murder gun. How'd it get here?

NOVAK: I dunno.

HELLMAN: Maybe the scullery maid left it? Come on, Novak, you're in a spot; you better start diggin'.

NOVAK: If I do any diggin', the dirt'll go in your face, Hellman.

SOUND: SHARP CRACK IN FACE

HELLMAN: (GRUNTS) You got a nice face too, Novak.

SOUND: REPEATED CRACKS IN FACE

NOVAK: (BREATHLESS) You better buy a big shield, Hellman. You got a lot to hide behind.

HELLMAN: Stop beefin'. You're the host. (SLIGHT BEAT) What about the safety deposit box?

NOVAK: You're ahead of me on that one. You ought to have your picture taken.

HELLMAN: He was talking about a safety deposit box when I got here.

NOVAK: He was alive when you got here?

HELLMAN: That's right. Show more joy. The neighbors heard the shooting and phoned in.

NOVAK: Who did it? What did he say?

HELLMAN: He said tough luck, copper. That's all he said... something about a safety deposit box and tough luck, copper.

NOVAK: That's fine. You let him die clammed up. You're smart, Hellman. You let him off with a third-rate tag line!

HELLMAN: You're lucky, Novak. This way it's gonna take me twelve hours to wrap you up! I'm gonna run that gun through and check a couple of things, then I'll be on your tail.

NOVAK: I wantta see you follow something up, Hellman. With that big nose of yours you couldn't find a moose in the bathtub.

HELLMAN: Look, Novak, you're a small-time waterfront punk. You've been lucky so far but you're still a punk. I don't like you and I'm gonna hang you by your heels. I'm gonna get you. If it's the last thing I ever do I'm gonna get you.

NOVAK: Hellman, if I thought you were on the level about that... I'd give myself up.

MUSIC: (UP DRAMATICALLY AND FADE INTO)

NOVAK: When Hellman left things were as dim as a glowworm at high noon. All the leads were tucked away in the morgue. Those two stiff on the dock checked out with nothing but a grunt and the guy up in my place left a thirty-eight and some mild regrets. I had the funny feeling there was a lead up in that apartment, but I couldn't get ahold of it. Something waiting to be understood, the way a thing gets balanced on the edge of your brain, half-in and half out... like the melody, but not the words, of an old song. I didn't know where to turn, I was hunting for the shore line on a dark night; so I looked up the only honest guy I know. An ex-doctor and boozier by the name of Jocko Madigan. He's alright, but he's got the idea that all liquid that isn't a hundred proof lacks character. I finally found him in a little bar down near Union Square. He was talking to a blonde girl and a sailor when I walked in...

SOUND: FEW BAR NOISES... TINKLING OF GLASSES

JOCKO: (BOILED) Ah... Patsy... You find me in the late October of my life, trying to recapture a few <sup>April</sup> ~~March~~ moments...

NOVAK: Yeah... Jocko, I gotta talk to you.

JOCKO: That's what I like about good whiskey... it makes you too sentimental to be mad at yourself for growing old...

NOVAK: I'm in a jam. Lay off that stuff long enough to listen.

JOCKO: Patsy, you under-rate the grape. It's a terrible mistake... it's thrown-off the whole perspective of history.

NOVAK: (IMPATIENT) Alright, Jocko.

JOCKO: Like that story about young Washington and the cherry tree. They blame him for that, but actually it was his first hint of future greatness.

NOVAK: (IMPATIENT) Yeah... yeah...

JOCKO: (RUSHING ON) They talk about vandalism, whereas the truth of the matter is he was just preparing a few Mannhattens for the family. The whole perspective of history has been altered, Patsy.

NOVAK: Stop it, willya! I'm in trouble. Willya help me out?

JOCKO: Yes, if you'll allow me to get a word in edgewise.

(SLIGHT BEAT) What kind of trouble?

NOVAK: There's a dead guy up in my place.

JOCKO: Hmm! I don't know why you're in trouble. Think of his bleak outlook on things.

NOVAK: Hellman's nosing around and thinks I did it.

JOCKO: Did you?

NOVAK: No, he got shot in relays. But he picked my place to quit. And there are two other dead guys down on the dock.

JOCKO: What were their practices?

NOVAK: They strong-armed me about ten o'clock and took me down to the waterfront. We were supposed to find a guy named Joe Dineen. But they looked too ripe to somebody.

JOCKO: How about Dineen?

NOVAK: He's the guy in my place. When Hellman got there he was muttering about a safety deposit box and staring at a big thirty-eight. (SLIGHT BEAT) You gotta help me, Jocko.

JOCKO: Yeah! Where would you like me to spread the ashes?

NOVAK: I want you to get down and find out everything you can about Joe Dineen.

JOCKO: He's your house guest. Why don't you go?

NOVAK: Hit the Chronicle and Examiner morgues. And try to find out if he has a safety deposit box in any of the banks.

JOCKO: Where are you going. Before prison, I mean.

NOVAK: I'm goin' down and lie in Hellman's shadow until something turns up. I need every minute, Jocko, so hurry!

JOCKO: Well, I'll need a quick one for the road first.

NOVAK: (MAD) You'll get going right now, Jocko.

JOCKO: Patsy, you have a defiant attitude for a man on the doorstep to the next world. Try to be sweeter, until you discover your normal disposition will do. (SLIGHT BEAT) You can start by paying my bar bill.

NOVAK: Yeah. Willya hurry. (SLIGHT BEAT) How much do you owe?

JOCKO: About eleven dollars.

NOVAK: What have you been doing all night, are you crazy?

JOCKO: I may owe eleven dollars, Patsy, but so far I've had a better night than you have. Goodnight, lover.

MUSIC: (UP DRAMATICALLY AND FADE INTO)



NOVAK: I had to get started on some answers, because once Hellman checked on those two guys at the dock, he'd go to work on me. He'd keep hacking away and finally cut me down, like a piece of flint in a cigarette lighter. After I left Jocko I started down to headquarters. It was after midnight and the streets were wet and silent, except that now and then you could hear a woman's laughter coming out of the dark as you passed along. It's the only sound the night keeps whole. I was cutting down Leavenworth Street when it came to me. I knew what my lead was up in that apartment. It didn't hit me suddenly -- it kept shoving in like a piece of old seaweed on the water moving in and out and finally brushing up against you. If that guy was alive when Hellman got there, that meant he could've phoned somebody. And if he did, then they'd have a record of it down at the desk. I got back to my place and asked the operator. It feels good when you've got the right sweepstakes ticket. She said a call had been put in from my place at ten fifteen. To the Ambrose Hotel. Room 204. At last things were beginning to make sense. They musta made sense for about five seconds because Hellman called. The girl handed me the phone and Hellman started in.

HELLMAN: (FILIPER) I got news for you Novak. We checked the prints on that murder gun. They don't add.

NOVAK: Take your troubles to the chaplain, Hellman. I got my quota.

HELLMAN: Yeah. You got fancy friends too, Novak. The prints belong to Jake Fidelo.

NOVAK: How d'ya spell it?

HELLMAN: (STARTS TO SPELL THEN CHECKS SELF) F-i-d... you're cute aren't ya Novak?

NOVAK: To Jake Fidelo I'm nothing. Who is he?

HELLMAN: A cheap punk like you, Novak. He's working out a 20 year stretch on Alcatraz.

NOVAK: Huh?

HELLMAN: Yeah, Alcatraz. So there's no tie between the murder gun and the murder.

NOVAK: Maybe Fidelo bought himself a two day furlough.

HELLMAN: (FILTER) We already checked. The guard saw him in his cell at eleven o'clock tonight, reading a book.

NOVAK: Guards pay the rent too, Hellman. My boat was out in that bay tonight, and it came back full of bullets and blood. Now you're trying to tell me there's no connection. You better find out if a guy can skip Alcatraz for a few hours.

HELLMAN: (FILTER) I'll wait, Novak. Maybe you can tell me how it's done before long.

SOUND: PHONE HANGS UP

MUSIC: (UP AND FADE FOR)

NOVAK: Well, nothing matched now. It was like the chorus girls legs in a cheap nightclub. If Jake Fidelo was smart enough to beat Alcatraz for a couple of hours then he wasn't dumb enough to leave that murder gun behind. What was the connection between Dineen and Jake Fidelo? And who lived at the Ambrose Hotel. I went up there to find out. It was a small place up near the top of Telegraph Hill and when I rode by I could see Alcatraz sitting out in the bay, a lonely island full of birthdays. The Ambrose turned out to be a high-toned little joint, the sort of place where the welcome mat's printed in Old English. I went up to 204. The card in the door said Fredricka Simms. I knocked and when the door opened it was like shaking hands with a flame-thrower. She was a tall, number and she screamed final edition all over. She stood in the doorway for a minute and swayed in a nice contented way, like a snake on the right diet. And when she said hello, you wanted to hand her your arm and say "twist"...

FREDDIE: (WARM) Good evening.

NOVAK: (QUIETLY) Yeah. My names Novak.

FREDDIE: (WARM) I'll remember. (SLIGHT BEAT) Won't you come in .

NOVAK: It'll save an argument.

FREDDIE: (WARM) Good.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

FREDDIE: I hope you don't mind crowds, Mr. Novak.

TREVOR: (FADING IN) She means me, Mr. Novak. I'm Mike Trevor.

FREDDIE: And I'm Freddie Simms.

NOVAK: That brings us up to date.

FREDDIE: A drink would do so much more. You need a drink, Mr. Novak, you look a little dusty.

TREVOR: Don't mind her, Novak. She addresses all people as peasants.

NOVAK: Alright, suppose you two landowners tell me who killed Joe Dineen.

FREDDIE: You know, Mike, I don't think he wants the drink.

NOVAK: We'll all celebrate when you get around to Dineen.

TREVOR: I don't think we know a man by the name of Dineen. Particularly if he's dead.

FREDDIE: Yes, I'm sure we wouldn't like him.

NOVAK: Drop the smart talk. Come on back in the saloon. A guy by the name of Joe Dineen died all over my kitchen tonight.

TREVOR: Don't get tough, Novak. If you missed your dinner alright, but don't come up here screaming about your dead friends.

NOVAK: I'm about ten feet behind a phone call. Dineen put in a call for this number just before he died.

TREVOR: Then it was whimsey, Novak. Or anything else you'd like to call it! We don't know the man! You can mull it over on your way downstairs!

NOVAK: Yeah. And you can use the time to think over that safety deposit box.

FREDDIE: What safety deposit box?

NOVAK: You're jumping your cue, lady. Make it more casual, huh?

TREVOR: Do you know what you're talking about, Novak?

NOVAK: You think so.

TREVOR: I'll tell you what I'll do, Novak. (SLIGHT PAUSE) I'll buy that key from you.

NOVAK: You've got a deal, unless you want to pay it off with money.

TREVOR: You mean Joe Dineen?

NOVAK: That's right. I'm running front on a murder rap. You want that key; if you want it bad enough, come on down to headquarters and we'll make a trade.

TREVOR: No thanks, Novak. You didn't look bright, but I thought you might be hiding your brains somewhere. This way you lose money.

NOVAK: You lose even more, Trevor. I was gonna ease you into that murder rap. But the offer's out. You'll have to struggle in, then you'll be too tired to get out.

FREDDIE: Can I loan either of you boys a pick-axe.

TREVOR: No, thanks. Well, I'm going to run along. Can I drop you anyplace, Novak.

NOVAK: I'll stay.

TREVOR: You know, I didn't think I could drop you anyplace.  
(SLIGHT BEAT) Novak, you ought to sell that gleam in your eye. Some airport could use it. Goodnight, Freddie. (SLIGHT BEAT) Be careful.

SOUND: DOOR OPENING

FREDDIE: Goodnight, Mike. I can take care of myself.

TREVOR: Yes, if you try. That's all I was worried about.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

NOVAK: Your friend reads the wrong books.

FREDDIE: (WARM) I'll bet you never wasted your time that way. Why don't you sit down on the couch here and have a drink, Patsy. Now that the arguments over.

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NOVAK: Is it?

FREDDIE: At least we need a drink.

SOUND: TINKLING OF GLASSES

NOVAK: Sure. That'll make the talk come easy. About that key.

FREDDIE: You think I want the key?

NOVAK: Like nothing else in the world.

FREDDIE: (WARM) Well, that's a little rash, Patsy. (SLIGHT BEAT)  
But I do want it.....I want it very badly.

NOVAK: Those are famous last words, lady. You heard the round  
with Mike. The prices haven't changed.

FREDDIE: (WARM GRUNT) You're too expensive, darling. Here's  
your drink.

SOUND: TINKLE OF GLASSES

FREDDIE: (WARM) What are you looking at, Patsy.

NOVAK: You. The way you slide around that couch.

FREDDIE: (WARM) Yes?

NOVAK: Yeah. You belong in the Everglades.

FREDDIE: (WARM) If I were there, Patsy, I think you're the kind  
of a guy who'd be right around the next bend.

NOVAK: You sound pretty sure. That's a good way to lose your  
shirt.

FREDDIE: (WARM) I am sure, Patsy. I know that about us. We  
belong in a swamp.

NOVAK: Yeah...

FREDDIE: We belong together, because we're the same kind. We're  
neither good nor bad. We just are; and that has to do.

NOVAK: (QUIETLY) You make it sound corny, baby.

FREDDIE: (WARM) Try to hide, darling, but I can see you peeking  
through your fingers. (VERY WARM) I can see you awfully  
good from here, Patsy.

NOVAK: (INTENSE) Watch out, you're backing into a corner,  
angel.

FREDDIE: (MOUNTING) But I've got you with me.

NOVAK: (INTENSE) Make some more noise. I like it.

FREDDIE: (MOUNTING) It's true, I've got you with me, haven't  
I, Patsy?

NOVAK: (INTENSE) I can still struggle.

FREDDIE: (MOUNTING) I'll bet you don't struggle good. I'll bet  
you don't struggle good at all, Patsy. (BREATHY)

NOVAK: (QUIETLY) I've still got the key, baby.

FREDDIE: (WARM) You're a sissy...

NOVAK: (QUIETLY) It stays at my place.

FREDDIE: (WARM LAUGH) I could eat you, Patsy. You're wonderful.

NOVAK: Yeah...

FREDDIE: (WARM) Lean over and hand me my drink...and the soda  
at the end of the table.

NOVAK: Sure.

FREDDIE: That's it, darling.

SOUND: REPEATED SAPPING AND GROAN FROM NOVAK

MUSIC: (UP AND FADE FOR)

NOVAK: It doesn't pay much to fall in love. I spent enough time on her rug to work my way into the design, and when I finally came to it was morning. There was nobody around the place so I started for home, On the way I tried to fill in the blind spots but it was like matching pearls in the dark. Somebody had killed Dineen for the key to that safety deposit box but where was the key. If the girl or Mike Trevor did it, then why were they still on the trail. When I got to my apartment the place was torn apart. Looked something like a mop closet after a New Year's Eve party. Jocko was sitting in the middle of the room listening to the water fizz.

JOCKO: (GAILY) Good morning. Where'd you get the bump on the head?

NOVAK: Romance. What'd ya find out, Jocko?

JOCKO: Dineen had lots of friends and enemies.

NOVAK: Yeah. One of 'em's Jake Fidelo.

JOCKO: He's number one on the list. Dineen had a brawl with Fidelo two years ago. Jake promised to square the beef.

NOVAK: He's in a bad spot for it now.

JOCKO: Maybe. Dineen has no safety deposit box.

NOVAK: (GRUNTS) That was my out.

JOCKO: Perhaps you can take up folk-dancing in prison. I'll send you diagrams of new steps from time to time.

(SLIGHT PAUSE) Fidelo has a safety deposit box though.

NOVAK: Yeah?

JOCKO: He's got a lot of money floating around somewhere.

NOVAK: Well, well.

JOCKO: And a lot of woman doing the same thing.



NOVAK: We're getting a better shuffle now. Is the girl's name Freddie Simms?

JOCKO: That's right. Fidelo loves her like the last fifteen minutes of life. (SLIGHT BEAT) That's why he won't like it.

NOVAK: Get to the point.

JOCKO: She's supposed to be waiting for him. But she got married in Mexico to a guy named Mike Trevor. Fidelo's best friend. Does it make sense?

NOVAK: No. Suppose Jake's found out about his sweetheart and best friend? Why would he kill Dineen?

JOCKO: I don't know. Except you'll find out, Patsy that sometimes the difference between your best friend and your worst enemy is a matter of opportunity.

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGING...RECEIVER OFF THE HOOK

NOVAK: Yeah....Novak talking.

HELLMAN: (FILTER) Hello....How's the dent in your forehead?

NOVAK: You get around, Hellman.

HELLMAN: (FILTER) Yeah...We picked her up at your apartment.

NOVAK: Did she tell you about that key?

HELLMAN: (FILTER) A little. She made a confession too.

NOVAK: She's generous.

HELLMAN: (FILTER) Not to Mike Trevor. She pinned the whole thing on him and signed the statement. We're goin' out to pick him up now. I'll see you in ten minutes.

NOVAK: Why?

HELLMAN: (FILTER) In case he wants to shoot somebody. I'm offering you.

SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN

MUSIC: (UP DRAMATICALLY AND FADE OUT)

NOVAK: Things were moving fast now. I sent Jeeko down to start repair work on the boat and Hellman picked me up five minutes later. We drove out Geary and turned on Van Ness. Hellman was subtle. He stopped right in front of the rooming house where Mike Trevor was living. The girl had mapped it out for him. Trevor was in a first floor room. It was a quiet neighborhood, but as we opened the front door and started in, I got the idea it was going to be a tough place to get any sleep for the next few minutes....

SOUND: DOOR OPENING ON CUE...FOOTSTEPS AS DIRECTED

HELLMAN: (QUIETLY) It's down on the right side here. Stay ahead of me, Novak.

NOVAK: You're one copper who'll die in bed, Hellman.

HELLMAN: (QUIETLY) Down the hall and quiet. (AS FOOTSTEPS END)  
This is it.

NOVAK: On this lap you go first.

HELLMAN: (QUIETLY) Stand back...while I throw it open.

SOUND: DOOR BEING OPENED VIOLENTLY

NOVAK: (ON CUE) Kinda empty, Hellman.

HELLMAN: The girl said he was here.

SOUND: NOISE OFF MIKE...DROP GARBAGE CAN COVER OR SOMETHING

SIMILIAR

HELLMAN: What's that?

NOVAK: Your boy's up at the top of the stairs.

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS...TO STOP

HELLMAN: (BREATHLESS) Do you see him?

NOVAK: He's not wearing neon pants. Go up and get him.

HELLMAN: (PROJECTING) Come on down, Trevor. Your girl talked.  
Come on down and sign a confession.

MIKE: (OFF MIKE...PROJECTING) I've got a better idea, copper.  
You come up and hand me the pen!

HELLMAN: Alright, Novak...

SOUND: ~~THREE OR FOUR GUNSHOTS OFF MIKE~~

NOVAK: Move over, Hellman. He's gonna argue.

SOUND: ~~RUNNING FOOTSTEPS OFF MIKE~~

HELLMAN: He's heading for the roof. Let's go.

SOUND: ~~RUNNING UPSTAIRS SWIFTLY~~

NOVAK: Hold it. If that door up there's locked we'll run right  
through the barrel.

HELLMAN: You get one more chance, Trevor! Come on down...

SOUND: ~~THREE OR FOUR GUNSHOTS...SPACED...TWO OR THREE MORE~~

NOVAK: (OVER SHOOTING) The roof door's locked!

MIKE: (OFF MIKE) Alright, copper. *In coming down. Make a hole.*  
~~Put away the gun. I'll~~  
come down.

~~HELLMAN: (PROJECTING) Alright.~~

~~SOUND: ~~FOOTSTEPS SLIDING OFF MIKE~~~~

~~MIKE: (OFF MIKE) Hello, Novak...~~

~~HELLMAN: That's all I need, now that I'm downstairs ahead of you,  
Trevor.~~

~~SOUND: ~~THREE OR FOUR GUNSHOTS ON MIKE~~~~

~~NOVAK: You're a sweet guy, Hellman. Watch out, he's gonna fall  
on us.~~

~~SOUND: ~~BODY TUMBLING DOWN THE STAIRS~~~~

~~Hellman: Now you've got your hole, Trevor.  
NOVAK: You didn't give him a chance to drop the gun Hellman.~~

~~MIKE: (ON GUN, WEAKLY) ...~~

~~NOVAK: ...~~

MIKE: (WEAKLY) *Novak* Thanks...you better get to that safety deposit  
box, Novak...Get there in a hurry...before the girl at  
least...

NOVAK: ~~Yeah. I'm sorry, mister.~~

MIKE: (WEAKLY) ~~Don't be. I'm gonna be dead soon, but you've gotta go on living with people like Hellman. (LONG SILENCE)~~

NOVAK: The city owns him now, <sup>Hellman.</sup> Let's get to that safety deposit box.

HELLMAN: Let her have the key. Whatta you care, Novak. She's Fidelio's girl.

NOVAK: There's a queer twist somewhere. How do you know what's in that box?

HELLMAN: So Fidelio's in love with the girl...He's grateful, whatta you care?

NOVAK: That's what makes it good, that's the way it is with love and gratitude. The love goes on, Hellman..But the gratitude changes.

MUSIC: (UP DRAMATICALLY AND FADE INTO)

NOVAK: The way things stood there was only one place that key could be. I got to a phone and called Jocko. I told him to check out in the boat for a key in the floorboards. Jocko seemed happy when he said that some girl had come by 15 minutes ago and nosed around the boat for awhile. Hellman and I rushed down to the bank. When we got downstairs, Freddie was just starting into the vault.

FREDDIE: (FADING IN) Hello, Patsy. You look rested.

NOVAK: If you're on your way to that deposit box, you better think it over.

FREDDIE: Can he stop me, copper?

HELLMAN: No. But we can hold the dough until we check with Fidelio.

FREDDIE: Go ahead.

NOVAK: I don't think he's gonna like it.

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FREDDIE: We'll have to see. (FADING) I'll be back in a moment.

HELLMAN: Let's go, <sup>Novak</sup> We can hold the dough upstairs, and check with Fidelio.

NOVAK: Hang around. I just want to see 18-karat greed when she opens that box.

SOUND: KEY IN SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX...BOX SLIDING OPEN...THEN SHORT..

QUICK BLAST

NOVAK: There's that gratitude, Hellman.

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS TO STOP

FREDDIE: (WEAKLY) Well, Patsy, I got the key, huh?

NOVAK: Yeah. You got everything, angel.

FREDDIE: (WEAKLY) How about Mike, what happened to him?

NOVAK: He beat you over the line by twenty minutes.

FREDDIE: (WEAKLY) Oh. That's a nice way to let me know anyway.

NOVAK: I'll try again because you don't rate a nice way. You're not worth anything Fidelio ever had.

FREDDIE: (WEAKLY) Why start an argument? I couldn't finish it.

NOVAK: I was wrong about one thing, angel. When I said Fidelio wouldn't like this. I think he will.

FREDDIE: (LONG SIGH) Yeah...He was a cutie.

MUSIC: (UP DRAMATICALLY...AND FADE FOR)

SOUND: HARBOR SOUNDS UP AND FADE FOR

NOVAK:

Fidelio was a thorough guy. The way he told Hellman, everything worked out but the right inning. Fidelio found out about the girl and Mike Trevor. So he pulled a switch. He hired his enemy Joe Dineen to do the job. Dineen planted the bomb in the safety deposit box. And just to prove it was a square pitch, Fidelio gave Dineen a gun with his prints on it. Dineen was supposed to kill the girl and leave the key for Mike to blow his head off. Just to make it clean, Fidelio got in touch with Mike on the side and told him to look up Dineen if anything happened to the girl. That way he figured to wrap up all three of them. But Mike jumped the gun. He started tailing Dineen and shot him up out in the bay. He followed him to my place and killed him with the fingerprinted gun Dineen was carrying. Dineen didn't get on to the double-cross but he called the girl and told her there was a lot of money in that safety deposit box. It began to look awfully big so the girl finally double-crossed Mike Trevor and turned him in. Trevor killed those two guys on the pier. He'd lost Dineen in the fog and when he drove up and saw a couple of gunsels around he got scared. Hellman asked only one question: What could that girl have said to Jocko to make him let her walk in and breeze out with the key. I mentioned it to Jocko, but he just smiled. ~~Hummmmmmm.~~

MUSIC: (UP AND FADE FOR)

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ANNCR: The American Broadcasting Company has just brought you  
"Pat Novak...For Hire"....Starring Jack Webb.

MUSIC: (OUT)

ANNCR: Now a special announcement.

Be careful! The life you save may be your own! More and more people are realizing that accidents can happen to them...and not always to someone else. Many people still do not realize the seriousness of the staggering fatality rate which is increasing daily by leaps and bounds. Last year alone, death walked hand-in-hand with thirty two thousand people on our highways. The casualty list does not include one million, one hundred thousand Americans who were injured by highway traffic accidents. The cost to the nation amounted to two billion two hundred thousand dollars. Perhaps the most distressing thought on the subject is that most of these accidents can be avoided. For safety's sake, each of us, pedestrian or driver, most constantly remember to be careful. For the pedestrian the most dangerous act is crossing between intersections. For the motorist, speeding is the factor most commonly reported as contributing to traffic accidents. Let the common sense rule be your yardstick whether you are walking or driving.. obey all traffic regulations..and remember that an accident can happen to you.

MUSIC: (THEME)

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ANNCR: Pat Novak is directed and produced by William P. Rousseau. Jocko Madigan is played by Tudor Owen. Inspector Hellman is played by Ramond Burr. Music was composed and conducted by Basil Adlam. In our cast were: (CREDITS)

This program is being released to our service men and women overseas through the world-wide facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service.

This is George Fenneman inviting you to be with us again next week when over most of these same ABC stations we will bring you "Pat Novak...For Hire."

This program came to you from Hollywood.

~~Now a listening reminder:~~

~~(TWO SECOND PAUSE)~~

~~For a thrilling revelation of American justice at work - listen to Famous Jury Trials - the exciting courtroom show. Famous Jury Trials is full of action and drama - so be sure to hear it tonight.~~

THIS IS ABC...THE AMERICAN BROADCASTING COMPANY.