

"PAT NOVAK ... FOR HIRE"

STARRING

JACK WEBB

ABC #17

SATURDAY JUNE 5, 1949

Produced and Directed

by

William P. Rousseau

ABC Producer: BILL JOHNSON

Music: Basil Adlam

Engineer: NORMAN DEWES

Sound: Bud Tollifson

ANNOUNCER:

CAST

PAT NOVAK ... JACK WEBB

JOCKO MADIGAN ... TUDOR OWEN

INSPECTOR HELLMAR ... RAYMOND BURR

HUNTER

GIRL

MAN

DOG

ATTORNEY

WIFE

PAT NOVAK FOR HIRE

~~6-5-49~~

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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: FOGHORN AND HARBOR BACKGROUND...THREE STEAMSHIP WHISTLES...
FADE ON THIRD...START FADING IN FOOTSTEPS WITH SLIGHT ECHO
BRING FULL ON MIKE AND TO STOP

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

MUSIC: (HIT FOGHORN CHORD AND INTO THEME...FADE FOR)

NOVAK: That's what the sign out in front of my office says...Pat Novak for Hire. It's about the only way to make a living down on the waterfront in San Francisco, because around here a set of morals won't cause any more stir than "Mother's Day" in an orphanage. Maybe that's not good, but that's the way it is, and it wouldn't do any good to build a church down here. Because some guy'd muscle-in and start cutting the wine with wood alcohol. All you can do is try to make the books balance and the easiest way to do that is keep one hand on your billfold and the other hand on someone else's. I rent boats and do anything else that'll buy a warm winter. It works out alright and it saves the government a lot of money, but if anything goes wrong your trouble comes hard and it doesn't do any good to sing the blues. Because down here, you're just another guy in the chorus. I found that out Wednesday afternoon. It started to rain up by pier nineteen and I knew there was a storm on the way. The bay looked flat and smoothed over, but you can say that for a lot of quarrels; so I closed the office and walked down to the barber shop for a shave. The barber lathered me up, so I couldn't answer back, and started to tell me how Dean Acheson oughtta handle things. About five minutes later somebody walked into the shop and started to tap on my foot. He got tired of that and moved up to my chest.

SOUND: ON CUE...TAP ON FOOT

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HUNT: (ON CUE) Hey...You listenin'? Hey.

NOVAK: Stop pushing. That's my chest, not a buzzer.

HUNT: You listenin'?

NOVAK: Yeah. What's on your mind?

HUNT: I wantta talk to you alone.

NOVAK: He's a barber, he won't listen.

HUNT: Let's go alone.

NOVAK: Alright. (GRUNTS) Let's go..... Be back in a minute.

SOUND: PACE FOOTSTEPS TO STOP

NOVAK: Yeah...

HUNT: My name is Max Hunter. They told me I'd find you here, Mr. Novak.

NOVAK: You're alright so far. Go ahead.

HUNT: I want to hire you tonight. Will you do something for me?

NOVAK: Not for friendship.

HUNT: I'll give you two hundred dollars to follow a woman.

NOVAK: I've done it for less.

HUNT: Not this kind. Her name is Agnes Bolton. You'll find her at seven o'clock tonight at this bowling alley. Here's the card. The address is there.

NOVAK: How do I spot her? Read it off an ankle bracelet?

HUNT: You won't have any trouble. She's a large woman, about fifty years old with a reddish face.

NOVAK: That's no help. For fifty, she sounds normal.

HUNT: Not Agnes. She couldn't pass for ninety. She'll be playing in the last alley. With a woman's team called the Play-mores.

NOVAK: Yeah?

HUNT: You'll follow her out of the bowling alley. Somewhere along the line, she'll pick up a green leather bag. After that, I need your help.

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NOVAK: It doesn't sound like love.

HUNT: She'll go to the yacht basin and get aboard a boat called the Seventh Heaven. I want you to have your boat ready and follow her into the bay. She'll leave that bag aboard some ship. I wantta know the name of it.

NOVAK: Is that two hundred dollars worth?

HUNT: Yes. I'll wait in your office. Contact me there. And be careful.

NOVAK: Is she that tough?

HUNT: No, but her friends are.

NOVAK: With a figure like that, how come she's got any?

HUNT: They're holdovers. Just be careful.

NOVAK: Yeah. It sounds easy at these prices.

HUNT: That depends on your luck, Mr. Novak. If it turns bad, you've been cheated.

MUSIC: (UP DRAMATICALLY AND FADE INFO)

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NOVAK: He stood at the door for a moment and his eyes swept the shop like a ten dollar broom, and then he turned around and walked off. You couldn't tell anything from his face, and his smile was as smooth as a pound of liver in a bucket of glycerine. After I finished, I went down to Pier Nineteen and took the boat up to the yacht basin. I tied up near the Seventh Heaven and started downtown to that bowling alley. It was ladies night and I stood against the back rail and watched the women bowl. Most of them were wearing slacks and if I ever get a few bucks ahead I know the right business. At least the demand is there. About ten minutes after I got there, Agnes Bolton showed up, and I knew right away Max Hunter'd over-rated her. She was at least fifty, because you can't get that ugly without years of practice. She was wearing a green woolen dress and her figure wasn't any worse than a bale of cotton somebody's cut the wire on. The fat hung down from her arms ~~like a set of dirty pink curtains~~ and there was so much of it, you knew even her bones were plump. And Max was right about her complexion; it was red and scratchy, as if she used a bag of sand for cold cream. I musta stood there about ten minutes, watching them bowl... when the other girl came up. I didn't see her but I felt her as she brushed up against me from behind. She leaned on the railing close to me, and when she started to talk it was like grafting a hot iron onto your spine.....

GIRL: (WARM) You look sad, Mr. Novak. Is it the view?

NOVAK: What are you, the repair squad?

GIRL: (WARM) No. I want you to do me a favor.

NOVAK: Do me one.

GIRL: Huh?

NOVAK: Slide over. I bruise easy.

GIRL: Oh.....

NOVAK: Now, what's on your mind?

GIRL: (STILL WARM) I want you to do me a favor. Don't follow Agnes Bolton.

NOVAK: You're pretty, but I've got Max Hunter's dough.

GIRL: I'll help you spend it. Don't let Agnes Bolton get to that boat.

NOVAK: Look, angel, go warm up an armory. I've got a deal.

GIRL: Suppose I tell Agnes Bolton you're gonna follow her.

NOVAK: You'd tell her first, without tagging by here. If you've got something on your mind, lay it on the line or relax.

GIRL: I want her worse than Max Hunter does. When she gets that green bag I want you to bring her to me.

NOVAK: I couldn't move her that far. You better rent a derrick.

GIRL: Please, Mr. Novak. It's important to me. I want to talk to Agnes Bolton. I can give you more money than Max Hunter.

NOVAK: You haven't got enough to cover, lady. You're talkin' about kidnapping and that's a federal rap. The answer's no.

GIRL: You're sure?

NOVAK: Unless you wantta change the offer.

GIRL: I hope you make it, darling.

NOVAK: I may.

GIRL: Don't bet your two hundred dollars. It's bad to die broke.

NOVAK: Is anybody that tough?

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GIRL: Now, it's my turn to brush you off. Go ahead and follow her, Mr. Novak. But I'll bet you have to roll her the last couple of miles.

NOVAK: Huh?

GIRL: And unless you can prove it's an election bet, the police'll cause you trouble.

MUSIC: (UP DRAMATICALLY AND FADE FOR)

NOVAK: I watched her as she turned her back and walked out of there. She looked good and she was wearing a tight jersey dress that gave you the idea she either thought the weather was warm or she wasn't much on details. ~~And there was just enough vibration to let you know the motor was running.~~ I turned around and looked for Agnes Bolton. The game was breaking up and she started into the dressing room. A few minutes later she came out and started down Market Street. It was no trouble following her; you could see her in the crowd and she rolled from side to side as she walked and when she bumped into anybody, they looked back at her as if they'd been hit in the chest with a sack of jelly. She crossed the street at Stockton and went into a little coin shop. She came out about five minutes later with a green leather bag. She strapped it over her shoulder and she held onto her purse with the other hand. At Powell Street she got on the cable car, up near the front...I moved up there to be safe. She looked heavy enough to tip a cable-car up hill. In that light, she didn't look any better. Part of her hair had come undone and hung down in her face, like the branches on a dead tree. I noticed her eyes for the first time. They were small and so close together they coulda saved time and put 'em in one socket. She got off the cable-car at Geary and walked into a hotel. I followed her in and watched her squeeze into a phone booth on the other side of the lobby. The way she fit, a sardine ougta be happy. She took some money out of her purse and started to dial. A couple of people moved in front of her and I didn't get a look for about five minutes. When they moved away, she was still talking to someone. I looked up about ten minutes later and I knew something was wrong. Her head was pressed against the phone and she'd run out of conversation... I walked across the lobby and opened the door to the phone booth. She fell out, as old as she'd ever get....

SOUND: ~~FEW FOOTSTEPS...TO STOP...OPENING OF DOOR...BUMPING OF BODY~~

X ~~THAT FOOTBALL~~

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CAST: EXCITED AD LIBS...GASPS ETC...

NOVAK: Here...help me get her over to a couch...

MAN: Yes....Was she your wife...

NOVAK: If she was...this is the way' I'd want her.

MAN: Her purse is spilled all over the floor...It sure is a mess...

NOVAK: Yeah...

MAN: She's some relative, huh?

NOVAK: Look, mister, stop trying' to pair us up. I was around when she tumbled out that's all...

MAN: Yeah...What's she die from?

NOVAK: I don't know.

MAN: I just figured ya might know what she died from?

NOVAK: No.

MAN: It's a simple question to answer when you know what she died from.

COP: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Alright...alright...lemme through here.

CAST: VARIOUS AD LIBS FROM CROWD

COP: (FADING IN) Alright....Stand back...Give her air!

NOVAK: She can't use any more, copper.

COP: Huh?

NOVAK: She quit about five minutes ago.

COP: Who are you?

NOVAK: I'm not dead. She is.

COP: Then who's she?

NOVAK: You better check on her stuff. And don't forget that green bag...

COP: Yeah...what bag?

NOVAK: The green bag over there on the floor...(CATCHES SELF)
Well, it was over there a minute ago.

COP: The same one the little guy had?

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NOVAK: What little guy?

COP: The one who was talking to you. He just walked outta here, carryin' a green bag.

MUSIC: (UP AND FADE FOR)

NOVAK: I got out to the street and the little man had just crossed Geary. He turned and looked back once and I saw him melt into the crowd and disappear quickly, like the wake of a ship on a dark night. When I came back to the lobby, the copper was over by the couch, making noises in his throat as if he was tryin' to eat a pound of cellophane. The manager of the hotel was wringing his hands and making little steps, like a ballet dancer with the hotfoot. The copper took my name and put in a call to homicide and a few minutes later I got into that phone booth. There was a number on the pad and I took it down. ^{Granstone 4-2961} ~~Sutter 4791~~. It didn't prove much, but Agnes Bolton wasn't out to prove much tonight. I began going through the phone book but there was no Max Hunter listed and when I called the office, nobody answered. I knew there was as much chance of him showing up as a second piece of butter on a fifty cent lunch. I ran down that ^{Granstone} ~~Sutter~~ number and found out it was an address out on Post Street. I walked through the lobby and out the side door. Some of the people were out of the dining room and they looked mad because Agnes Bolton had died during the roast beef instead of later. I walked down Geary to the Union Square garage and gave the guy my ticket. He started down the ramp for the car and I stood there waiting. I musta looked lonely, because Hellmen from homicide shoved up near the cashier's cage and started over. He made his way through the cars, and as he squeezed by the last one he looked like a sea-lion.

SOUND: ON GUE, HONKING, SLIGHT ECHO, FOOTSTEPS FADE IN AND STOP

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HELLMAN: (ON CUE) Hello, Novak...We identified her.

NOVAK: You had lots to work with, Hellman.

HELLMAN: Where you going?

NOVAK: Out on Post Street...

HELLMAN: I'll go with you. Her name was Agnes Bolton.

NOVAK: You read it somewhere?

HELLMAN: She was a government agent.

NOVAK: They got their money's worth.

HELLMAN: The coroner says she died of quick poison.

NOVAK: How quick?

HELLMAN: Five minutes.

NOVAK: You're workin' him too hard, Hellman.

HELLMAN: He's got a license. He says five minutes.

NOVAK: She was in that phone booth ten minutes. Nobody got to her.

HELLMAN: She looked dead to me, Novak. I don't believe you.

NOVAK: I'm hurt.

HELLMAN: I don't believe a thing you say!

NOVAK: That's up to you, I'm not starting a religion, Hellman. I watched her for ten minutes. Nobody got to her! You better check on that little guy.

HELLMAN: Yeah?

NOVAK: She was carrying a green bag. A little guy walked out there with it.

HELLMAN: He sounds hard to find. You don't.

ATTEND: (FADING IN) Hey, mister, is this your ticket?

NOVAK: Yeah. It's a blue Nash.

ATTEND: You better come down and drive it up.

NOVAK: Why?

ATTEND: I can't get to the wheel. The guy in there won't move.

NOVAK: Huh?

ATTEND: I don't blame him either. When you're dead, you got a right to rest.

MUSIC: (UP DRAMATICALLY AND FADE FOR)

NOVAK: Hellman stood there a moment, wiping his teeth with his tongue and it began to sound like someone beating the bathtub with a piece of steak. When he finished making noises, we walked down the ramp to the car. It was the little guy who'd taken the green bag. He was hunched over and he was grabbing the wheel as if he'd just married it. Hellman lifted his head up and laid him across the seat. The light was bad, but you could see a little of his face. There was watering around his forehead and the damp hair was plastered down under the hat brim. The perspiration had broken up and started to run down his forehead like tears, and you got the idea he cried out of his hairline instead of his eyes. He didn't look surprised or pained; he just stared with a puzzled look, as if he'd missed part of the conversation. Hellman stood there, trying to wipe some egg off his coat and turning to look at the guy to make sure he didn't leave....

HELLMAN: So what happened, Novak?

NOVAK: So he had an automobile accident, Hellman. I don't know.

HELLMAN: He's your passenger.

NOVAK: He bummed the ride himself. When I saw him, he was on his way with that green bag.

HELLMAN: Where is it?

NOVAK: He got talked out of it. You better check on a guy named Max Hunter.

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HELLMAN: Who's cousin is he?

NOVAK: He gave me two hundred bucks to tail Agnes Bolton. I got another offer too...

HELLMAN: Yeah?

NOVAK: A blond biscuit and she said everything on the beat.

HELLMAN: For a total stranger, you sure met a lot of people.

NOVAK: You better meet 'em too, Hellman. Because one of 'em got to Agnes Bolton.

HELLMAN: How about junior here? Did he crawl down the ramp and die on your seat covers?

NOVAK: I don't know how he got here.

HELLMAN: Maybe you left him here and forgot.

NOVAK: He wouldn't slip my mind. I haven't murdered anybody in the front seat.

HELLMAN: I'll bet it's lively though. You better get a story, Novak.

NOVAK: You've already got mine, Hellman.

HELLMAN: You won't like the ending.

NOVAK: I'll bet you do.

HELLMAN: I like it fine, Novak. You're the only lead on Agnes Bolton. I'll shop around and get enough to pin you down.

NOVAK: You couldn't pin down a dead butterfly, Hellman. You better look up Max Hunter and check on a boat called The Seventh Heaven.

HELLMAN: I will and I'll put a tail on you, Novak. He'll follow you all over San Francisco. He'll ~~walk through any door~~ ^{go anywhere.} in town.

NOVAK:

Yeah? ~~Wasn't the woman asleep?~~ *that's fine, cause I've got a suggestion.*

MUSIC: (UP DRAMATICALLY AND FADE FOR)

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NOVAK:

As soon as Hallman left I took a cab out to that address on Post Street. But it was a waste of time. I might as well been peddling tip sheets in a monastery. It was a brown house on the corner and there was a big curved window that stuck out from the rest of the house, like a ^{wart} ~~eye~~ on the back of your neck. A toothly old man answered the door and said he didn't know Agnes Bolton. I was pretty sure he was on the level; he just kept nodding his head and rubbing the wrinkles on his face. There were enough of them there to bundle up and sell as a canal. I left and rode downtown again. On the way, I went by the yacht basin and the Seventh Heaven had moved out into the stream. It was raining harder now and the docks looked shiney, as if somebody had given 'em a coat of egg white. I had a couple of places to hit, so I looked up Jocko Madigan. He's a good guy who never learned that if you keep your foot on a bar rail for twenty years....it'll do more good for your arches than it will for your brains....I finally found him in the Hunt Room of the Bellview Hotel.

SOUND: TINKLE OF GLASSES ON CUE

CAST: GENERAL BAR AD LIBS...OUT ON CUE

JOCKO: (BOILED TO THE EYES) Ah, Patsy.....A drink for Mr. Novak....something to take off the chill....

NOVAK: I don't want a drink, Jocko....You've had enough too...

JOCKO: I refuse to shiver to death Patsy...I'd look terrible with a blue face...

NOVAK: Willya stop drinkin' Jocko...

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JOCKO: I hate whiskey, Patsy...But I'm drinking tonight with a purpose...I made a deal with Charlie the bartender to buy every eight drink....And I've got him on the run...By morning I'll have him in bankruptcy court.

NOVAK: Look Jocko... *I'm in trouble.*

JOCKO: (RAMBLING ON) I always know when I've had enough to drink, Patsy...when I tilt the glass up, the rim rubs against the bridge of my nose...It's a sort of safeguard...So that when my nose begins to break out in blisters, I know I've had enough for the night!

NOVAK: Will ya listen! ~~I'm in trouble...~~

JOCKO: Patsy, you sound like a young girl coming home from boarding school.....You'll never be on the right side of things....You'll always be in trouble, because you're a bad citizen...You're a shabby half-step in the march of progress.....

NOVAK: Alright Jocko...

JOCKO: You don't know the difference between good and evil...for you, all of human endeavor is a vague blur in high heels...and your vocabulary is a few gutter terms, sandwiched in between yes and no...You'll never be any good Patsy...

NOVAK: Yeah...yeah...

JOCKO: You might as well try to recapture melancholy...or ventilate a swamp...You haven't a chance, Patsy. You'll never be any good.

NOVAK: (MAD) Are you all through, Jocko?

JOCKO: Yes, if you're gonna be touchy.

NOVAK: Hellman wants me on a murder rap.

JOCKO: Yes?

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NOVAK: Some tubby woman died in a hotel lobby.

JOCKO: It sounds like his mother.

NOVAK: she was a government agent. I followed her in there.

JOCKO: Patsy, you've got to start trusting the government.

NOVAK: I was paid to follow her. But she ate some poison, somewhere along the line.

JOCKO: (SADLY) That's the trouble with food.

NOVAK: I got hired by a guy named Max Hunter.

JOCKO: Look him up and resign. That's the best way out of this thing.

NOVAK: I don't know where to find him. And I think the Max Hunter's a phoney. You've gotta help me.

JOCKO: Yes?

NOVAK: He gave me this card. His prints must be on it. Check it down at headquarters, find out if he's got a record. Then tag by my place.

JOCKO: Yes. I better have a drink first. There's an ugly taste in my mouth. I think it's saliva.

NOVAK: Willya, hurry up, Jocko! All you do is drink!

JOCKO: That's all I have left, Patsy. I'm too young to die and too old to do almost anything else.

NOVAK: Alright Jocko...

JOCKO: It's true, Patsy....When you get to be my age most of the quiet pleasures are fattening...and most of the active ones will kill me. Goodnight, lover.

MUSIC: (UP DRAMATICALLY AND FADE FOR)

NOVAK: When I left Jocko, I dropped by the Chronicle morgue to look up Max Hunter. There was nothing under Hunter, and I looked through every Max from Baer back to Beerbolm and couldn't find a thing. It was close to eleven when I rode down to the office for a final check. It wasn't raining hard any more. It was a nice easy drizzle and you could hear it playing against the sheds along Pier Nineteen...It sounded quiet and almost private, like the sound a woman makes when she runs her fingernail up and down her stocking. It got on your nerves at first, and then you began to like it. The minute I got to the door I knew something was wrong. There wasn't any reason, but I got the feeling; the same way you know sometimes you're gonna get the busy signal on the phone. I could see her lying on the floor before I turned on the light. You took one look at her and you knew she was the sorta girl whose name oughtta be Pearl or Myrtle. Somebody had sapped her and she was lying with one hand stretched out and the other under her hair. It really wasn't hair; it looked more like a pelt, or a racoon just after a shampoo. It was fuzzed up on the sides and on top she'd combed it back so tight it was about to go under the scalp. She began to move a little and when I bent over she started to mumble....

FRAN: (GROGGY) What do you want?

NOVAK: The rent, if you're gonna stay long. Here, put your head up...

FRAN: (SPILL GROGGY) Are you Mr. Novak?

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NOVAK: It's too late to change.

FRAN: Where's Agnes Bolton? Where did she go, Mr. Novak?

NOVAK: I don't know where she went. Was she a good girl?

FRAN: Something's happened to her.

NOVAK: Don't worry. It won't happen again. Who sent you here, Max Hunter?

FRAN: Yes. Please help me up.

NOVAK: Yeah. (SLIGHT GRUNT)

FRAN: I'm Francine Kane. I came to find out about Agnes Bolton.

NOVAK: You're a deep sleeper. What happened?

FRAN: You wouldn't know her.

NOVAK: I would if she's a tall blonde on the make for that green bag. Who is she?

FRAN: Joan Hayward. You can find her at the Geary Theater.

NOVAK: Is she an actress?

FRAN: Not exactly.

NOVAK: Yeah.

FRAN: Her stray talents, Mr. Novak, are dimensional rather than dramatic. But if you're smart you'll stay away from her.

HUNT: (FADING IN) Don't tell him any more. Fran, he's paid up.

NOVAK: Hello, Hunter. You over-sold me.

HUNT: Then gimme back the two hundred.

NOVAK: I'm gonna give you lots for your money.

HUNT: Don't include Agnes Bolton. I don't know anything about her.

NOVAK: Is that a lie?

HUNT: It might be. Where's the green bag.

NOVAK: Joan Hayward has it.

HUNT: Is that a lie?

NOVAK: The little guy didn't think so. She left him dead in my car.

HUNT: (GRUNTS ASSENT) Let's go, Frank.

NOVAK: You're in a hurry, Max.

HUNT: You're not. I hope you like your office, Novak.

NOVAK: Huh?

HUNT: (GRUNTS) Because this is where you're gonna spend the night!

SOUND: BRIEF STRUGGLE...SEVERE SAPPING...GROAN...BODY FALL

NOVAK: Don't let him feel bad, lady. It musta been his turn.

MUSIC: (UP DRAMATICALLY AND FADE)

NOVAK: When I left he was crumpled up against the desk and she was staring down at him, as if she forgot to water the plants. When I rode by the Geary Theater it was dark, so I looked up Joan Hayward's address. When I got out to her place, I knew I'd made a mistake. The landlady clutched her bathrobe like a bar of solid gold and told me Joan Hayward left the house ten minutes ago. There was a cabbie at the corner and he said he dropped her at the Goldbar Club a few minutes before. I got down there about one o'clock and Hellman was wandering around and stopping every few feet, as if he expected to hear something.... The bar was dark except for a light over on one side and over near the music box Joan Hayward was stretched out as dead as a deer on a fender. At first Hellman didn't pay any attention when I walked in. I stood there for awhile and looked at Joan Hayward. She still looked pretty, except in the dim light her skin looked course and reminded you of a piece of felt that was almost worn out. But the rest was alright and Hellman came over for another look.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP FULL ON MIKE AND STOP

HELLMAN: What did you forget, Novak?

NOVAK: My black tie. How'd it happen?

HELLMAN: The bar was closed. Where were you?

NOVAK: Crawling out from under your thumb.

HELLMAN: (GRUNTS) We're gonna keep that coroner. It was quick poison.

NOVAK: Yeah.

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HELLMAN: We found a needle in her coin purse. She didn't know about it and ran into trouble when she started to call up.

NOVAK: You better find this guy Max Hunter.

HELLMAN: That's gonna be hard.

NOVAK: Yeah.

HELLMAN: There is no Max Hunter.

NOVAK: Does she believe that?

HELLMAN: Your shicker friend came in with a card. We went over the fingerprints. They belong to Jackie Renn. He's wanted for espionage.

NOVAK: For more than that now, Hellman.

HELLMAN: Maybe. Where have you been?

NOVAK: Look, Hellman, stop needling me. I won't go on the block for her.

HELLMAN: Don't you like her?

NOVAK: I've got an alibi you can't break. I've been all over town, ask your tail. Ask your tail where I've been!

HELLMAN: That won't get it.

NOVAK: Huh?

HELLMAN: He reported in at eleven-thirty.

NOVAK: (GRUNTS)

HELLMAN: You've got the wrong idea, Novak. You don't rate overtime.

MUSIC: (UP DRAMATICALLY AND FADE FOR)

NOVAK:

When I left there I knew everything was downhill. Hellman could stick me for everything but Dan McGrew. My only out was to find Jackie Renn, but you can't ring that many doorbells in one night. I went through the book ~~and called every hotel in town~~, but there was no Jackie Renn or Max Hunter listed. I went home to get some sleep and if they turned Gabriel loose tonight, it was alright with me. Jocko called up about nine and said there was still no trace of Renn. Some mornings you can't trust yourself with a razor, so I got dressed and went down to a Greek's on Goary Street for breakfast..The murder was all over page one, but there were so many pictures of Hellman you couldn't tell who was dead. I was about half-way through breakfast when I noticed the story down in the corner. A girl named Tony Pritchard had been found dead out in the Marina. The story said everybody liked her, the police didn't have a lead and they couldn't find a reason. It seemed kinda funny, but when I got to the last paragraph I began to wonder. It said she was employed by the Musi-Tone Company and worked the late shift as a switchboard operator. I wasn't sure, but you can't pass the dice when you've only got a buck left; so I jumped down to see ^{Frank Lupo} ~~Charley Marcellit~~. He said the Musi-Tone Company owned the box in the Goldbar Club. It worked like all the rest. People use a little microphone in front of the box and call into a main switchboard for songs. I grabbed Jocko and we got up to the Mui-Tone Company. The guy in charge said sure, they recorded some of the talk to check on the girls...and sometimes the girls did it for laughs. We started through the recordings and about a half hour later Jocko rolled a seven....

PAT NOVAK FOR HIRE
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JOCKO: No, Patsy, they're all old onces....Try this...

NOVAK: Yeah...Well, put it down. I'll handle the needle...

JOCKO: (GRUNTS) There.

SOUND: SCRATCHY START OF RECORD

FRAN: (FILTER) You're crazy, Jackie...She'll know something's wrong.

HUNT: (FILTER) Lemme handle it, Fran.

FRAN: (FILTER) You'll just get in trouble. I don't want you to get in trouble, Jackie.

HUNT: (FILTER) Lemme worry. You get back to the hotel. I'll meet you at the Ken^{wood}more right after.

FRAN: (FILTER) It's too late. She's coming now.

GIRL: (FADE IN ON FILTER) I came down as soon as you called, Jacki.

HUNT: (FILTER) You made a mistake, Joan. It's one time you shouldn't have hurried!

SOUND: ON FILTER...REPEATED GUNSHOTS...SCRATCHY RECORD

NOVAK: That's enough, Jocko. Let's get up to the Ken^{wood}more.

JOCKO: Why don't we think it over awhile.

NOVAK: Put the record down and come on. They're at the Kenmore and you heard the shots.

JOCKO: That's what I'm worried about. If that fellow's any kind of a mechanic, he's had time to reload.

MUSIC: (UP DRAMATICALLY AND FADE FOR)

NOVAK: I got down to headquarters and told Hellman why that girl Tony Pritchard lost her vote. We rode out to the Kenmore and Hellman started through the register. There was no Jackie Renn listed and we didn't have any better luck with the girl. I briefed the desk clerk and he said he thought there were two people in the hotel who looked like that, but he didn't know their names. All we could do is wait for them to show, so Hellman and I walked down the street and slid into the car. It musta been about three o'clock and for the next four hours we sat in there. About seven o'clock it began to rain harder and it wasn't easy to see the front of the Ken^{wood}more. I got out to wipe the windshield and it was a mistake, because just then the door of the hotel swung open. The girl came out first and then Jackie Renn. He saw me right away and the two of them jumped over to the curb and got into a car. Riding with Hellman's just as safe as eating an arsenic sandwich. When we got to the corner they turned East and started down Bush. It wasn't easy to stay behind them; the rain was hitting the windshield and it was like tryin' to see through a mint julep... But when we got past Jones Hellman began to ^{close it} ~~pull-up~~...It musta scared Reen too much, because at Stockton he swung the car around with Hellman a few feet behind and it was a dead end both ways...

SOUND: SNEAK IN CAR AT FAST TEMPO...TURNING OF CORNER...

SCREECHING

HELLMAN: He can't get out now...open the door!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...RAIN IN

NOVAK: There he is...over by the wall! Over here, Hellman, he'll go down that embankment on the other side.

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HELLMAN: He can't. It's too steep. Stay on this side. Can you see him?

NOVAK: No.

SOUND: GUNSHOTS OFF MIKE

NOVAK: But he's around, I think.

HELLMAN: (PROJECTING) You got a chance now, Renn. Come on out...

HUNT: (OFF MIKE) I don't like you that well, mister!

SOUND: GUNSHOTS OFF MIKE

HELLMAN: He's over there by the embankment. Can you see the girl...

NOVAK: She's with him...

HELLMAN: Over to one side...move up in front...

NOVAK: You're confused, Hellman. I pay the taxes...

HELLMAN: (PROJECTING) It's gonna hurt from now on, Renn. I'm comin' over!

HUNT: (OFF MIKE) I hope you make it, copper!

SOUND: GUNSHOTS OFF MIKE...ANSWERED BY GUNSHOTS ON MIKE

HUNT: (GROANS SLIGHTLY OFF MIKE) Alright, copper...unless you want a medal, I'm through.

HELLMAN: You don't need the gun then. Get rid of it.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP TO STOP

HELLMAN: Just toss it over there.

HUNT: I can't even lift my arm.

HELLMAN: Throw it down, mister.

HUNT: (GRUNT) I'll throw it right at you, copper!

FRANK: Jackie...Jackie, please don't!

SOUND: REPEATED GUNSHOTS

HUNT: (CAUGHING VIOLENTLY) Francine, you crazy woman...you crazy woman, you let them kill me!

NOVAK: He's goin' over that embankment!

K

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HUNT: (WILDLY) You let them kill me right in front of you!
(LOUD SCREAM AND DIMINISH)

FRAN: (VERGE OF HYSTERIA) No, Jackie...Please, Jackie, I tried to stop you....I tried to stop you, Jackie!

HELLMAN: Grab her, Novak, she's goin' over.

FRAN: (HYSTERIA) Leave me alone...I want him.....Jackie, I want you....Jackie, I want you..... At least they can let me have that! (SCREAM AND DIMINISH)

SOUND: BRING UP RAIN

HELLMAN: (ON CUE) It's a long way down.

NOVAK: (FLATLY) Yeah. Too bad her name wasn't Jill.

MUSIC: (UP AND FADE FOR)

SOUND: FOGHORNS AND FADE FOR

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NOVAK: The last I saw of Francine she was lying down at the bottom in the rain. Her head was over to one side and you knew with a little push it'd roll around as easy as a ball-bearing on a plate. Her face was clean, but the rain was beginning to wash the dirt down and when I left she wasn't pretty anymore. Jackie Renn outlasted her by a few hours and Hellman used 'em all. Agnes Bolton was carrying government papers, bound for China. The four people were split into teams. Jackie Renn and Francine were trying to outbid Joan Hayward and the little guy. The way Jackie had it figured, he'd find out what ship they were going out on and pick it up from there. Joan Hayward knew he was dealing with me, so she followed me after I left the barber shop. She saw me park the car in that garage and tailed me down to the bowling alley. She planted the needle in Agnes Bolton's purse and the little guy tagged along behind, waiting for something to happen. Just to be on the safe side, in case anything went wrong, Joan doubled by the office and gave Francine a headache. When the little guy got the green bag he took it to Joan. It was too good to split so she killed him and left him in my car. Then she made a mistake. When Jackie called her up and asked her to come down to the Goldbar Club, she bought the story. It would have worked out for Jackie if he hadn't talked in front of that microphone. But a nosey girl heard it and tried to put the crews on him. Hellman asked only one question: About that conversation between Jackie and the girl...why would a person say anything that private in front of a microphone?....I don't know, but I told him about a couple of others Jocko and I heard...He didn't say anything, but I'll bet he gets ahold of those records and plays 'em every night before he goes to sleep.

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, must 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)

ANNOUNCER:

Pat Novak is produced and directed by William P. Rousseau.
Jocko Madigan is played by Tudor Owen. ~~Inspector Hellman~~
~~is played by Raymond 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)

It's time for another exciting crime drama. So listen now for -- "Famous Jury Trials".

THIS IS ABC...THE AMERICAN BROADCASTING COMPANY.