

Pat Novak For Hire
"Go Away, Dixie Gillian"
Originally broadcast: April 16, 1949

ANNOUNCER: Ladies and Gentlemen, the American Broadcasting Company brings transcribed to its entire network, one of radio's most unusual programs:

MUSIC: BRIEF, DRAMATIC INTRO, THEN SOFTEN FOR NEXT LINE

ANNOUNCER: Pat Novak, For Hire.

MUSIC: UP AGAIN BRIEFLY AND FADE OUT

SOUND: HARBOR AMBIANCE DURING NOVAK'S INTRO LINES

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS OUT OF THE FOG

NOVAK: Sure, I'm Pat Novak, For Hire.

SOUND: HARBOR OUT

MUSIC: UP AS HARBOR FADES. PLAY BRIEFLY AND THEN SOFTEN AS NOVAK CONTINUES.

NOVAK: That's what the sign out in front of my office says: Pat Novak, For Hire. Down on the waterfront in San Francisco you always bite off more than you can chew. Its tough on your wind pipe, but you don't go hungry. And down here a lot of people figure its better to be a fat guy in a graveyard than a thin guy in a stew. That way he can be sure of a tight fit. (Pause) Oh, I rent boats and do anything else which makes a sound like money--

MUSIC: OUT

NOVAK: --it works out alright, if your mother doesn't mind you coming home for Easter in a box. I found that out on Wednesday night at about 9 o'clock. I closed the shop early and I came home to read. It wasn't a bad book, if you ever wanted to start a forest fire. It was one of those historical things and the girl in it wandered around like a meat grinder in ribbons. Ah, I was moving along alright. She was just getting her second wind before going for the world's record when the door to my apartment opened and the place began to get kinda crowded. From where I sat, the crowd looked good.

SOUND: SOFT FOOTSTEPS APPROACH UNTIL LEIGH'S FIRST LINE

NOVAK: She sauntered in, moving slowly from side to side like a hundred and eighteen pounds of warm smoke. Her voice was alright, too. It reminded you of a furnace full of marshmallows.

LEIGH: (Sultry) Good evening.

NOVAK: Yeah. Thanks for knocking.

LEIGH: I don't think you mind my coming in without warning.

NOVAK: No. I get the cabbage smell from next door the same way.

LEIGH: Does it pay to be that polite, Mr. Novak?

NOVAK: It saves you the trouble of saying, "Please". What's on your mind?

LEIGH: That bottle in front of you. Will you pour me a drink?

NOVAK: No I won't. You'll save dough if you look up a bartender.

LEIGH: Alright. I came to use you instead of your whiskey anyway.

NOVAK: Let's hear.

LEIGH: My name is Leigh Underwood. I'll give you \$300 to do something for me. It'll only take an hour.

NOVAK: That's too much dough unless it's murder; and if it is murder, its not enough dough.

LEIGH: Are you afraid?

NOVAK: I just don't like paid murder, I told you. When you get caught, the pay gets expensive.

LEIGH: If it were murder, I'd do it myself. (Pause) Mr. Novak, I want you to frighten someone for me.

NOVAK: Why don't you hire a friend? Are they too pretty?

LEIGH: It's a man named Dixie Gillian. You'll find him in an office down on Folsom Street. Here's the address. I promise, nothing will happen to you.

NOVAK: That's what they told Benedict Arnold.

LEIGH: He'll be in his office until eleven tonight. I want you to go and see him. Tell him you're from Adrian and he's to get out of town by tomorrow noon.

NOVAK: Suppose he wants to put it off?

LEIGH: He won't. Don't let him know who hired you. Just tell him Adrian said to leave.

NOVAK: Look, lady, you'd better go on home. For three-hundred bucks I won't buy a tissue-paper plot. Now tell me more or say goodbye.

LEIGH: There's not much more I can tell you, except, there won't be any trouble. He's a rotten little beast and I want him frightened badly.

NOVAK: Why?

LEIGH: He's been bothering my sister.

NOVAK: (Pause) Why doesn't he bother you?

LEIGH: Because, I bother back too fast. (Pause) You want the three-hundred, Mr. Novak?

NOVAK: Yeah, its gonna be a long summer. Put it on the table.

LEIGH: Good. And you'll need this, too.

SOUND: LAYING GUN ON TABLE

NOVAK: No, you keep that. I don't want a gun.

LEIGH: It's empty. Don't worry.

SOUND: OPENING A CLOSING BULLET CHAMBER

LEIGH: See? No shells. Its perfectly safe.

NOVAK: (Irritated) Look, Sis, I've got a nasty disposition. You can rent that for three-hundred bucks. But if you want more, find a gunsel.

LEIGH: I don't want you to be a gunsel. That's why I want you to use this gun. I know it's empty. Use it on Dixie and he'll scare fast. Its just a way to save some breath.

NOVAK: (Resignedly) Alright. Its your three-hundred.

LEIGH: You'd better go now.

NOVAK: Yeah. Wait'll I get a coat will you.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS WALK AWAY AND QUICKLY RETURN

NOVAK: If your doorbell rings, don't play mouse--

LEIGH: Oh?

NOVAK: --because I may look you up.

LEIGH: Am I too young to ask why?

NOVAK: Because if anything goes wrong I'll be around looking for you. And from there on it won't be nice. (Threatening) I'll dirty you up like a locker room towel.

LEIGH: Relax, Patsy. You'll never learn to fall in love that way.

MUSIC: SULTRY SAXOPHONE BRIDGE TO NEXT SCENE

NOVAK: She handed me the gun and walked out of my apartment. Seeing her leave made you feel like Frank Buck losing an argument. She walked with the nice, easy swing of a satisfied leopard. For a small leopard, she had pretty good spots, too. Well, I put the

gun in my overcoat pocket and I went down to Folsom Street. The address was down near the bridge entrance and the street was deserted except for a couple of winos near the corner trying to buy back 1926 at a dollar a jug. I stopped in front of the place. It was a machinery company. And I could see a light burning in the back. I began to walk through the place. It was so quiet you could hear a worm with the whooping cough and there were enough shadows around to keep a ghost happy for years. When I got to the office back in the corner, through a glass I could see a man sitting at the desk. When I opened the door--

SOUND: DOOR OPENING FOLLOWED BY FOOTSTEPS

NOVAK: --and walked in, he didn't seem surprised.

UNDERWOOD: Come on in, mister. You're bad on noise.

NOVAK: Yeah?

UNDERWOOD: That's right. You make too much for a thief and not enough for a customer. What do ya want?

NOVAK: About ten words if you're Dixie Gillian.

UNDERWOOD: Go ahead.

NOVAK: You'd better look up a timetable.

UNDERWOOD: What makes you that tough?

NOVAK: This.

UNDERWOOD: Ohh. Well, you look tougher with a gun. Does it make you talk faster?

NOVAK: Now look, I'm gonna say it slow, Mister. Pack up your rompers and get out.

UNDERWOOD: Is that you talkin', or somebody else?

NOVAK: I'm just the guy with the gun. Adrian does the talking.

UNDERWOOD: And he says, "Get Out."

NOVAK: That's right. You got the whole message now.

UNDERWOOD: Alright. You told me, so wander off and spend your dough.

NOVAK: I will.

UNDERWOOD: You'll need part of it, though. `Cause I'm gonna give you an answer. I'm gonna take that gun away from you, mister. You can pick the pieces out of your head on the way home.

NOVAK: You'd better stand back or I'll share it with you.

UNDERWOOD: You've got your offer, mister, now let's see you make good--

SOUND: STRUGGLE

NOVAK: Save your muscle, fella.

UNDERWOOD: Drop that gun.

NOVAK: Save your muscle, fella, the gun's empty.

SOUND: GUNSHOT. STRUGGLE STOPS.

UNDERWOOD: (Gasps) (Weakly) Somebody--fooled us--mister.

SOUND: BODY DROPS TO FLOOR

NOVAK: Sometimes you can get a home run with a half swing. That's the way it was this time. He couldn't have made it with a prayer book in both hands. He slid down on the floor, trembled for a minute, and then flattened out like a leaf in a pool of water. Just before he died he grabbed his side as if he didn't like the way it hurt. And then he didn't care. I rolled him on his back and let him look at the ceiling. His eyes were open and he looked surprised, like a guy who didn't figure on a change in the weather. There was a scar that ran across his forehead and dug deep into his hairline. And he was lying there with a bunch of pink gum showing as if he was trying to pick up a few bucks with a toothpaste ad. Well, I didn't have time to tell him how sorry I was because if homicide caught me here I'd have about as much chance as a canary in a basement full of cats. I started for the door, but right then I knew I could start ordering bird seed. It was Helleman, and he walked over to look at the body.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

HELLEMAN: Hello, Novak. The guy looks embarrassed.

NOVAK: Yeah. I guess he is, Helleman.

HELLEMAN: What's he doin' dead?

NOVAK: Putting in a beef somewhere, I guess. He rates it.

HELLEMAN: He'll like you for that, Novak. How did it happen?

NOVAK: A team play. We worked it out together.

HELLEMAN: But you've got the gun.

NOVAK: That's right. I got the gun.

HELLEMAN: Yeah. You feel like a bet?

NOVAK: No. Just keep stealing the old way.

HELLEMAN: You know how I feel, Novak?

NOVAK: You feel flabby to anybody else, but to yourself I suppose you feel good. Look,

I walked in here with a gun. There was some quick fight talk and I killed him but its still not a good rap.

HELLEMAN: I can get a long price on it for ya, Novak.

NOVAK: I'll bet you can Helleman. You can give me a bad deal, but part of the time it'll be from the other side of the deck.

HELLEMAN: Worse than that, Novak. It'll be all the time. And I want to watch you, because I think you'll be a cry baby.

NOVAK: I'm gonna scream, if that's what you mean, Helleman. I'm gonna scream about a gal who sent me in here with an empty gun.

HELLEMAN: That's a big hole for a cap pistol, Novak.

NOVAK: I got a last minute curve. It was empty once.

HELLEMAN: Yeah--that's the only way they make a gun. I don't want you for an hour ago. I want you for this dead guy on the floor.

NOVAK: Alright, alright. I told you I didn't come in here to kill the guy. I don't know him. He may even be a good guy. I'm sorry he's dead.

HELLEMAN: Alright, Novak. Just wait a few weeks. You can tell him personally.

MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE TO NEXT SCENE.

NOVAK: Helleman had me up against the rail and he knew it. When we left there he was wearing a big, toothy smile that was big enough to sew on his ears. He called the coroner and told him to pick up the stiff and then we went downtown. He dropped the gun into ballistics and hauled me into his office. The reporters were there; he gave them the whole story and told `em how to spell Helleman. After that we wound up at the desk and he booked me on suspicion of murder. The next hour-and-a-half was the kind of stuff they don't write about in the paper. They call it interrogation and when you're finished you've been through a lot of tight spots like an atom up at Cal Tech. About eleven o'clock Helleman brought me into his office. From there on, it happened kind of fast.

HELLEMAN: I just talked to the D.A. He's gonna streamline things for you.

NOVAK: Well, he's gonna look funny going to trial on a guy you can't identify.

HELLEMAN: We'll find out all about the dead guy.

NOVAK: You can't count his fingers without making a mistake. If you want to know who he is, talk to that girl. Her name's Leigh Underwood.

HELLEMAN: We've been through all that, Novak. Now suppose you tell me who Dixie Gillian is.

NOVAK: I don't know, Helleman. The girl said his name was Dixie Gillian.

HELLEMAN: I won't press you. I don't have to, Novak. I've got the only parlay I need-- you, the dead guy and a big fat murder gun.

SOUND: Phone rings at end of last line

NOVAK: Sure.

SOUND: Phone is picked up

HELLEMAN: Yeah-Helleman talkin'. ... Yeah, I know it was a .38. ... Their crazy down in ballistics. I saw him standing over the dead guy. ... They must have made a mistake, that's all. ... No, no, I don't want him in here.

SOUND: Clicking switch hook on phone several times.

HELLEMAN: I don't want him in here!

SOUND: More phone switch hook clicks continuing into next line

HELLEMAN: Hey, Tony. ...Tony, I don't -- ahh.

SOUND: Phone slammed down.

NOVAK: You're getting pale. You need some more rouge, Helleman.

SOUND: Door opens, footsteps come into room

POLICEMAN: I got some bad news, inspector.

HELLEMAN: Well, keep it, or you'll take more home to your wife. I'll talk to you later.

NOVAK: No, talk to him now, Helleman. If that bullet doesn't match the gun, talk to him now.

POLICEMAN: That's right, inspector. It's a .38 bullet, but it won't match the gun you brought in.

HELLEMAN: It's gotta match. I came in and founding him standing there. He's already admitted it.

POLICEMAN: Its a neat trick, then. If he fired the bullet out of that gun he must have re-tooled it in mid-air.

NOVAK: I'm not that fast, Helleman. Come on, get out of that chair so you'll have room to squirm.

HELLEMAN: You keep still, Novak.

NOVAK: I won't bother you. I'm going home.

HELLEMAN: Huh?

NOVAK: I'm walking out of your jail, Helleman. You got a broken down .38 that won't

fit anything but your thumbs. You can't hold me on that.

HELLEMAN: I found you over the body. I can hold you on suspicion of murder.

NOVAK: It'll hurt tomorrow morning, Helleman. The papers will be down for a follow-up and you'll have to tell them what it looks like out in left field.

HELLEMAN: I'll handle 'em.

NOVAK: You can't afford to let them start laughing at you. People will get the idea it's your face.

HELLEMAN: You can save car fare if you stay right here because I'll have you back by noon tomorrow.

NOVAK: You're not that good, Helleman. You couldn't hold a moth with a search light. The town oughtta thank you.

HELLEMAN: What?

NOVAK: Oh, you've got a nice jail, Helleman. With you around it'll last for years.

MUSIC: Up and bridge to next scene.

NOVAK: When I walked out of headquarters I had a nice mess to juggle. It was like trying to walk the baby on a floor full of marbles. If things didn't add up for Helleman, they weren't gonna do any better for me. I knew that gun I had went off. If it did, what happened to the bullet? And where did the other one come from. And why weren't there two shots? Well, I couldn't put my finger on a thing and nothing added up. It was like trying to follow a grain of rice in a Shanghai suburb. So I looked up Leigh Underwood's address and I went by her apartment. The girl downstairs told me that she worked at a night club out on the Bay Shore Highway. Well, I had to hit a couple of places, so I looked up the only honest guy I know, an ex-doctor and a boozier by the name of Jocko Madigan. A good man until he figured that last drink in the bottle is just as easy to get at as the first. I found him in a little leather-trimmed sink on Powell Street. It was a grimy little hole where they wash the glasses once a week and served stale beer. But Jocko was more at home than a vulture in Calcutta.

SOUND: Fade in on bar ambiance--continue through next scene.

JOCKO: (Irish brogue) Ahh--Patsy! You're just in time to celebrate my return to health. Something mild for Mr. Novak. A double Stinger, perhaps.

NOVAK: No, forget it, Jocko. I've gotta talk to ya.

JOCKO: Patsy, I've passed through a crisis. A few minutes ago they set before me a glass with a woman's lipstick all around the rim.

NOVAK: Alright, Jocko.

JOCKO: It took one gulp and looked at the glass and in this dim light I thought I was

bleeding to death. It took them 10 minutes and three mirrors to calm me down.

NOVAK: I'm in trouble and you've gotta help me.

JOCKO: They washed the glass for me, in ammonia. They must have left a little ammonia in the glass because the next drink had a very odd tang about it. I've had three more just like it. A sort of Ammonia Collins.

NOVAK: Alright. Alright.

JOCKO: So far they've been using domestic ammonia. When the imported stuff comes in I may give up whiskey all together.

NOVAK: Calm down will you, Jocko. I got a bum shake tonight.

JOCKO: Yes?

NOVAK: I killed a guy--or thought I did.

JOCKO: That uses up the alternatives. What are you doing now, taking a vote?

NOVAK: I got hired to scare a guy down on Folsom Street. Ten minutes later the guy was dead.

JOCKO: Patsy, you take your work too seriously. Couldn't you have just scared him into a lingering illness instead of killing him?

NOVAK: One of the problems is that when the fight came it grew bullets. Helleman walked in right after on a telephone tip.

JOCKO: What are you doing out of the gas chamber?

NOVAK: The whole thing backfired down at headquarters. The bullet and the phony gun wouldn't match. Oh, it doesn't add up, Jocko. That call to Helleman is the tip-off. I was framed. But why wasn't I framed all the way?

JOCKO: Who is the dead man?

NOVAK: Just a guy with a falling blood count. His name was supposed to be Dixie Gillian but there's no identification and no record on him.

JOCKO: You shouldn't have hired out as a gungel.

NOVAK: I told you, I didn't hire out as a gungel. It was somebody else's idea.

JOCKO: You have no conscience, Patsy. It's just a sort of soap opera rule of thumb you put into practice now and then. But no real conscience. You'd let a dying woman lie in the middle of the highway unless her head was resting on a pile of savings bonds.

NOVAK: Alright, Jocko, I'll cry with you later. I need help now.

JOCKO: What sort of help?

NOVAK: I want you to break into a girl's apartment.

JOCKO: Yes?

NOVAK: Don't worry. She won't be home.

JOCKO: Ah--is that supposed to be an incentive?

NOVAK: It's at this address, here. Up on O'Farrell. Her name is Leigh Underwood. She's the one who hired me.

JOCKO: If the girl's not there, what I am supposed to find?

NOVAK: Anything that will connect her with the dead man. He's a big guy with a scar.

JOCKO: Well, that doesn't help much.

NOVAK: You can't miss. Go through the desk and drawers... Pick up everything you can, will ya? Leave a message at my place.

JOCKO: As soon as I finish this drink.

NOVAK: Oh, hurry up, Jocko. Leave the glass alone and get going.

JOCKO: Don't rush me.

NOVAK: Hurry up, will, ya. The glass is empty anyway.

JOCKO: Yes. That's what you thought about that gun. But that fellow got an awful jolt out of it. Good night, lover.

MUSIC: Up and bridge to next scene. SOUND: Fade out bar ambiance

NOVAK: I went by a horse parlor on O'Farrell Street and borrowed a car from a guy. It was after midnight when I started down the Bay Shore Highway. And about a half-hour later I pulled up in front of the Cat's Paw. It was a long, rambling place on the left side of the road. There was no plan. It just followed the erosion line until they ran out of material. There was enough neon to light up a main intersection in Heaven. In the lobby I saw a picture of Leigh Underwood. One of those shadowy things that was supposed to make you think that she'd die in a cold climate. She was sitting at a piano with a little microphone in front of her and you got the idea right away. She didn't have much of a voice but plenty of songs that made your wife lean over and ask you to explain. I asked a 50-year old bus boy and he said she was back in her dressing room getting ready for the one-o'clock show. When I walked in she was sitting in front of a mirror working on an up-swept hair-do. If she swept it up any more it was gonna leave her head. I stood behind her looking at the pink, flesh part of her neck that didn't show when her hair was down.

LEIGH: You seem fascinated, Patsy.

NOVAK: No, I just want to know where to break it.

LEIGH: Oh? Sit down on the footstool next to me.

NOVAK: Mmm.

LEIGH: That's it. I like to look down on people. Hmm-let me brush that strand of hair back. Or, do you like it your eyes?

NOVAK: No, brush it back so I can see your answers. Who's Dixie Gillian?

LEIGH: What difference does it make?

NOVAK: None to him and some to me. He's dead.

LEIGH: No. No, he couldn't be dead.

NOVAK: He'd like to believe that, too. I couldn't sell him that story about an empty gun.

LEIGH: He couldn't have been killed with that gun.

NOVAK: No?

LEIGH: No. I put in a blank, Patsy.

NOVAK: Somebody used a hard-working bullet because Dixie's dead.

LEIGH: There's no reason to kill him. I don't understand.

NOVAK: Yeah. Well, that makes you even with homicide. But they got a bigger team. Now look, I made a diagram, Angel. Up at my place I ran over murder with you. I don't like it. If you kill people you don't get invited out enough. So if it's you or me on this one, I'm gonna push you all the way.

LEIGH: I don't understand it, Patsy.

NOVAK: Who's Dixie Gillian?

LEIGH: He was after some microfilm. I thought I could scare him away.

NOVAK: You better be ready to identify him because homicide's stumped. Even that scar didn't help.

LEIGH: What scar, Patsy?

NOVAK: The scar across his face. There's no record on him.

LEIGH: No. No, Patsy. Everything goes wrong. Everything you touch goes wrong. That's the wrong man, Patsy.

NOVAK: Yeah. Well it's too late for a recount.

LEIGH: You've got to get to that body, Patsy. I don't know how, but somehow you've got to get to him.

SOUND: Approaching footsteps.

DIXIE: You look good, Leigh. You make a nice picture.

LEIGH: Wait a minute, Dixie.

DIXIE: You don't need your coat. Com' on.

LEIGH: I don't know what happened, Dixie. I didn't mean it that way.

DIXIE: You like it that way, alright. Bring your boyfriend, too.

LEIGH: No, don't let him, Patsy.

NOVAK: The gun's too big. I'm goin' with him.

MUSIC: Up and bridge to next scene. NOVAK: It was a short trip. He led us out of the dressing and down a thin hall to the back door. On the way past the kitchen you could smell onions and used grease and that's about all you noticed except the sound of a juke box somewhere out in front. And somebody laughing in a loud, mirthless way. When we got to the door...

SOUND: Door opening and then closing a few seconds later.

NOVAK: ... it was raining outside.

SOUND: Footsteps crunching on gravel

NOVAK: We walked about forty feet over near some trees, where the dark was working overtime. And the gungsel made her stop.

DIXIE: Pick your spot, Leigh.

LEIGH: You can't be that crazy, Dixie.

SOUND: Three gunshots

SOUND: Body falling to ground

NOVAK: She's gonna get wet, Mister.

DIXIE: You'll have a little trouble yourself.

SOUND: Fist hitting someone

NOVAK: (Grunt)

MUSIC: Up and bridge to next scene.

NOVAK: When I woke up it was still raining. I was lying on top of the mud like a stubborn seed. My wallet was gone, and the gungsel had ripped open my pockets. I stood up and walked over for a last look at Leigh. The rain had washed the make-up off her face, and she looked small and tired as she lay there like a broken doll that had been

tossed out in the rain. I guess she was. Well, I got to my car and I drove back to town. I checked my place and there was no word from Jocko so I went up to Leigh's apartment. When I opened the door the room was dark but I knew somebody was on the rug, either that or they'd varnished the floor with bourbon. I flipped on the light and bent over Jocko.

SOUND: Turning body over, and slapping face.

NOVAK: Hey, hey, Jocko.

JOCKO: Groans.

NOVAK: Jocko. Jocko. Com` on, wake up. Wake up.

JOCKO: Oh, oh (groggily, like in a dream) A little ammonia. A little ammonia I think would bring me around.

NOVAK: What happened?

JOCKO: I was -- sapped -- I guess.

NOVAK: Yeah--everybody's got the same act tonight.

JOCKO: (Groaning) Eh--help me up.

SOUND: Helping lift body up from floor

JOCKO: Where have you been?

NOVAK: I went down to meet the girl.

JOCKO: Where'd you meet her, in a swimming pool?

NOVAK: I've been in the rain all night. She's gonna stay longer. What did you find out?

JOCKO: The fella with the scar is her husband.

NOVAK: Yeah?

JOCKO: There's a picture in the desk.

NOVAK: Are there any more pictures?

JOCKO: Yes. A few. Take a look.

SOUND: Footsteps

NOVAK: Where--in here?

JOCKO: Yeah.

SOUND: Shuffling through pictures.

NOVAK: Well, well.

JOCKO: Who's he?

NOVAK: Must be Dixie Gillian. He was down to pay off a debt tonight. She called him Dixie once.

JOCKO: There's a note with that name and an address in the other drawer.

NOVAK: He's our boy. We'd better get up there.

JOCKO: Not if he's already killed two other people.

NOVAK: We can't wait for Helleman. If he gets away I'm all through. I won't have a leg to stand on.

JOCKO: That's my point. When the other fellow gets through with us we won't have much standing to do.

MUSIC: Up and bridge to next scene.

NOVAK: I felt better now. Gillian was the only guy left in the picture so I dragged Jocko up to his place. It was an apartment up on Post Street. The elevator operator took us up to the eighth floor and said that Gillian had come in a few minutes before. There was no answer so we tried the door and it was open.

SOUND: Door opening and a few footsteps

NOVAK: Jocko didn't like the idea.

SOUND: Door closing, footsteps continue for about two lines

JOCKO: Patsy, this is folly. Risking my life is one of the bravest things you do.

NOVAK: Keep still, Jocko. What are we supposed to do? The door was open, wasn't it?

JOCKO: So are a lot of graves, but I've never been tempted...

NOVAK: Hey--look at the furniture. There's been a fight in here. I'll look in here and you check in the bedroom.

SOUND: Footsteps walking away

JOCKO: (Moving away) Well, if I'm not right back, don't expect me at all.

NOVAK: Alright.

JOCKO: (From next room) Patsy. Patsy.

NOVAK: Yeah.

JOCKO: Patsy, come here.

NOVAK: Alright.

SOUND: Footsteps and sounds of moving around for next several lines.

JOCKO: There's somebody on the fire escape.

NOVAK: Come here. Stand back here.

JOCKO: He's not moving. He was leaning that way when I first saw him.

NOVAK: Alright, I'll get on this side. You raise the window. Now go easy, Jocko.

SOUND: Window sash raised up.

NOVAK: Can you see him from there?

JOCKO: Raise it a little more.

NOVAK: Alright.

SOUND: More window noise

NOVAK: (Grunting from the effort.)

JOCKO: He's still leaning there. I can reach out.

SOUND: Shuffling noise through next several lines.

NOVAK: Alright, watch yourself. If he's kidding you'll lose an arm.

JOCKO: (Straining) I've got it. Good. Raise the window more.

SOUND: More window

JOCKO: Patsy, he's falling. Give me a hand. (Straining noises)

NOVAK: Let me through there.

JOCKO: Too late. I can't hold him.

NOVAK: Hang on, Jocko.

JOCKO: He's falling. Oh, I'm sorry.

NOVAK: Well, he was probably dead, anyway.

JOCKO: If he wasn't, that was a step in the right direction.

MUSIC: Up and bridge to next scene

NOVAK: Well, it was an easy night to die. Three of them had already checked out and there was still time to look for more. Jocko went downstairs to see the guy. He was lying face down in the alley and as you looked at him you got the funny feeling he belonged there. He didn't disturb the scene. He just fitted in like a dirty, wet newspaper under a grandstand. There was a gun in his pocket; probably the same one that killed the girl, but

there was no way of knowing. Jocko and I watched him for a minute but your eyes begin to hurt as you see your only warm lead in a deep freeze.

It was past two when I got down to headquarters and looked up Helleman. I briefed him on the girl and the guy in the alley and then I asked him if any microfilm had turned up on the first guy in the morgue. That was a waste of time. Helleman couldn't find a brass ring in a dead man's nose. But we went over to the morgue for another look. So, far it was working out like a crossword puzzle torn in half.

SOUND: Echo on. Footsteps approaching.

HELLEMAN: It's your time, Novak. I've got more after tomorrow, you haven't.

NOVAK: The film must be on the guy. Three people have been killed for it and I got roughed up just for laughs.

HELLEMAN: We searched the guy once. Here it is.

SOUND: Footsteps stop.

HELLEMAN: Help me roll it out.

NOVAK: Yeah.

SOUND: Rolling out morgue slab

NOVAK: Well, well. He sure got thin under that sheet didn't he.

HELLEMAN: Wait a minute.

NOVAK: Oh, you run a good morgue, Helleman. What'll the papers say when they hear that stiff got up and walked out.

HELLEMAN: They got him in the wrong place, or something. He didn't walk out.

NOVAK: Well, he's gone, Helleman. You got an answer?

HELLEMAN: He's been moved, I tell you. The guy was dead and I saw him put in here. Couldn't be walking around with a hole in the middle of his back.

NOVAK: I don't know, Helleman, you do it with one in your head. Don't sell the guy short.

SOUND: Echo off

MUSIC: Up and bridge to next scene.

NOVAK: When Helleman found out that the body was gone he stood there and stared at the empty slab. Then he began looking around in a nervous way like a man trying to find the sugar bowl at a restaurant counter. A few minutes later he turned and walked out of the morgue. We were half-way downtown when it happened. It must have hit us at the same time--it was sharp and quick like a piece of candy on a bad tooth. The guy back in

the alley had come off that slab in the morgue. We got out to Dixie's place and we began to check. There was a phone operator downstairs and she said that Dixie had put through a call about two hours ago. Helleman checked the number and it was the ticket office of a railroad. We got downtown and ran through the timetable. There was a train leaving the Oakland Mole in about forty minutes. Well, it was an outside chance, but tonight that was the only kind for sale. We got down in time to slide onto the last ferry over to the mole.

SOUND: Faint sounds of ferry boat and harbor.

NOVAK: But over toward the Berkeley hills it was beginning to get light. The sky was the color of a bruise spot on a man's arm.

HELLEMAN: We'll get up to the pilot house and tell them not to dock until we've gone through all the passengers.

NOVAK: He doesn't have to be on this one.

HELLEMAN: We'll check the train when we get there.

NOVAK: Wait a minute. You don't have to check. There's your boy.

HELLEMAN: Where?

NOVAK: Up there on the rail. See? You better go easy, Helleman. He's not a scale model.

HELLEMAN: Yeah. Just walk quietly until we're behind him.

SOUND: Slow footsteps

NOVAK: Alright.

HELLEMAN: Turn around, mister. You'll get a better view.

DIXIE: Hello, Novak. How was the wind and the rain in your hair?

NOVAK: Meet Inspector Helleman. You'd better turn in your ticket.

DIXIE: I hope you brought your muscle.

SOUND: Struggle begins

NOVAK: Grab him, Helleman.

HELLEMAN: That's what I'm tryin' to do.

DIXIE: Alright, copper.

HELLEMAN: I'm being pushed over on the rail.

NOVAK: I'm worried, Helleman.

HELLEMAN: Watch it, Novak, I'm going over. (Yell as he falls over the side.)

SOUND: Body hitting the water.

DIXIE: That's one down, Mister. Now for you.

SOUND: Punch in the jaw.

NOVAK: (Grunt). I landed on the deck and watched him disappear into the dark. Half way down the guy turned in. I got up and followed him down the ladder and along the main deck. He ducked into one of the engine spaces and I started in to look for him. It didn't take long because he turned out to be real helpful.

SOUND: Gunshot--and engine noises

DIXIE: Ya got the idea, yet, Novak?

NOVAK: I'll come closer. Tell me then.

DIXIE: Suit yourself. But I'll knock ya down hard when you show.

SOUND: Two gunshots.

NOVAK: Watch that platform! You're backin' into trouble.

DIXIE: Stay back there, Novak.

NOVAK: Watch out for that platform, will you? You're backing into the engine.

DIXIE: (Long scream--then silence)

SOUND: Running footsteps

DIXIE: (Weak) I -- kinda wanted a blast --

NOVAK: Yeah. That's the way it looks. (Pause) Did you get the microfilm?

DIXIE: Yeah. Oh--I got a big hurt. Does it show?

NOVAK: A little.

DIXIE: Yeah. It's been a long night, Novak. Huh?

NOVAK: Yeah. But your worries are over. It's almost dawn.

DIXIE: I don't know if I can use it, but I'll give it to you.

MUSIC: Up and out to big finish.

MUSIC: New theme begins and then fades as dialog starts.

SOUND: Harbor ambiance

NOVAK: They fished Helleman out of an oil slick a few minutes later. It was the first time his hair ever looked good. Dixie Gillian lasted long enough to piece the story

together for homicide. Leigh Underwood knew her husband was carrying microfilm. She was worried, so she hired me to scare off Gillian. Well, it might have worked, too. But the first slip came when Leigh's husband went by to make a deal with Dixie without telling her. When I jumped him, Dixie was outside and figured it was a double cross so he killed him with a silencer when that phony gun that Leigh gave me went off. Dixie knew that the microfilm was still on the dead man. But the only way he could be sure was to get the body out of the morgue. He took it up to his apartment and when he got the film he planted the gun and put the body on the fire escape. He was a little safer that way. It was a 50/50 chance the police would miss it the first time around and he'd have a fair lead. It almost worked out for him except for that phone call. The microfilm was in a capsule next to the roof of the guy's mouth. So old it was new again. Helleman asked only one question -- In that fight did I have anything to do with pushing him against the rail? I told him, sometimes those ferry boats roll as much as forty-five degrees.

MUSIC: Up and lower and play under following.

ANNOUNCER: The American Broadcasting Company has just brought the tenth of a new series, PAT NOVAK, FOR HIRE, starring Jack Webb. PAT NOVAK is produced and directed by William P. Rousseau. Jocko Madigan is played by Tudor Owen. Inspector Helleman is played by Raymond Burr. Music was composed and conducted by Basil Adlam. Be with us again next week when most of these same ABC stations will bring you PAT NOVAK, FOR HIRE. This program came to you transcribed from Hollywood.

MUSIC: Up briefly, then down for the following.

ANNOUNCER: This is ABC, The American Broadcasting Company.

MUSIC: Up and finish.