

WABC & NETWORK

STRANGE

( ) ( )  
7:30-7:45 PM EDT

OCTOBER 14, 1955

FRIDAY

(40 SECOND DELAY)

(A GONG)

**PERMANENT**

ANNCR: The story you are about to hear is true, but ---

(ECHO) STRAAAAANGE!

(MUSIC: . . . BIG, WEIRD, SUSPEND OUT FOR. . .)

(WIND HOWLING BG)

BLAIR: Hark to that wind, Mister Gregg! And it'll be worse  
(DBLE tomorrow.... And you takin' the express back to London.  
ANGUS)

GREGG: I wish it were tonight instead of tomorrow. I've had my  
fill of Edinborough, thank you.... But here, Blair.

Worse tomorrow? How do you know that?

BLAIR: It's right here in the paper, Gregg. The headline is all  
about a storm that happened tomorrow.

GREGG: A storm that happened --- Blair, are you out of your mind?  
If it's not going to take place until tomorrow, how can you  
read about it today?

(MUSIC: . . . HIT THEME. . .)

ANNCR: ABC RADIO NETWORK presents STRANGE! ... True stories of the  
supernatural, with your narrator -- famous author, lecturer  
and expert on strange and weird events, Walter Gibson...

(MUSIC: . . . OUT. . .)

GIBSON: Thank you, \_\_\_\_\_ .... Tonight I want to tell you about  
a man whose daily newspaper was often one day ahead - a man  
who had the uncanny ability to know tomorrow's headlines!

(MUSIC: . . . SET UNDER. . .)

GIBSON: The Edinburgh Express was a famous crack train that ran between London and Edinburgh, Scotland...And each day, as the famous actor, Richard Gregg, walked from the King Charles Hotel to the theatre where he was appearing, he would hear the distant sound of the express ---

(MUSIC: . . . . OUT . . .)

(OFF BRITISH TRAIN WHISTLE. AGAIN, LOSE IT IN A LITTLE HORSE DRAWN TRAFFIC BG.)

GREGG: (SIGH) There it goes - back to London again. And here I am - Richard Gregg, actor - at the Dundee Theatre...

(OVERLAP STEP IN)

B. AIR: (FADE IN) Hello, Mister Gregg.

GREGG: Oh, Blair.

BLAIR: You must like trains, Mister Gregg.

GREGG: I don't. Detest them... Why do you ask?

BLAIR: I've noticed the way you stop outside the theatre each evening and listen to the London express.

GREGG: I do indeed.

BLAIR: But you don't like trains?

GREGG: A nuisance... Dirty, hot, never any decent food, all sorts of people ... But in this case, Blair - in this particular case that train means London. If I were on it I'd be going to London.

BLAIR: (DOESN'T) Oh. I see...

GREGG: No, you don't... Escape, Blair! That's what that train means - escape from this pesthold.

BLAIR: Edinburgh? A pest hold? ... Mr. Gregg, it's a fine city.

GREGG: You were born here?

BLAIR: Yes!

GREGG: Well, each to his own, I always say... But to me, Blair, it's a torture.... Although actually I don't mean the town itself. I mean that!

BLAIR: The theatre?

GREGG: Theatre! ... A rundown, ramshackle mausoleum populated by idiots!

BLAIR: We have very good audiences.

GREGG: Good? They just sit there! Don't even applaud!

BLAIR: They enjoy your performance, Mister Gregg.

GREGG: They don't enjoy -- (BREAK) Do they? Do you really think so?

BLAIR: They've been coming to see you for six weeks now.

GREGG: To see me, eh? ... (CHANGE) Well, and why shouldn't they? I'm very well known - I'm an excellent actor! ... But why don't they applaud?

BLAIR: They do, sir.

GREGG: Not the way people do in London.... Ah, now there's a city for you - London. An actor is recognized in London...No, no, Blair - you're a good fellow for a theatre manager, but you can have your Edinburgh audiences...I'm leaving at the end of the week.

BLAIR: The end of the week? You can't!

GREGG: Why can't I?

BLAIR: You have a contract! Mister McTavish won't ---

GREGG: McTavish! Don't mention his name!

BLAIR: But he owns the theatre! He pays your salary.

GREGG: Hah! Salary! ... A dole - a pittance! ... I'll see him tonight - contract or no contract, I'm going back to London! ...

(MORE)

GREGG: The London Express will take me along its glittering rails  
(CONT) and -- (BREAK) Blair. You ill?

BLAIR: Ill, sir?

GREGG: Your face. It suddenly turned white.

BLAIR: Did it?

GREGG: Yes -- the moment I mentioned the train.

BLAIR: It's nothing, sir... It's just that I had a - a kind of  
premonition.

GREGG: Premonition?

BLAIR: Yes, a kind of feeling that --

GREGG: That what? ... That something might happen?

BLAIR: Yes.

GREGG: To me?

BLAIR: Well, yes... Nothing definite, of course, but just a feeling  
that something might happen to the train -- and if you  
were on it --

GREGG: (LAUGHS)

BLAIR: I don't think it's funny.

GREGG: Well, I do. . . Oh, Blair, you're so transparent.

BLAIR: Transparent?

GREGG: Pretending to have a premonition -- just to keep me here for  
your precious Mister McTavish.

BLAIR: Sir, I'm not pretending at all --

GREGG: You are! And doing it very badly. You're not a good actor  
at all! ... (LAUGH) I must tell McTavish about this - very  
amusing!

(MUSIC: . . . HIT AND UNDER. . .)

GIBSON: Richard Gregg's resolve to leave the Dundee Company at the end of the week was strengthened by that evening's performance. He told himself he couldn't possibly stand Edinburgh for another week.... And he was annoyed too at what Andrew Blair had told him - that premonition he had mentioned... Somehow, though Gregg scoffed at it, it stayed with him -- so much so that he found himself getting almost emotional about it with the theatre owner, Angus McTavish...

(MUSIC: . . . OUT FOR . . .)

ANGUS: Now, now, Man, dinna fash yersel' ... There's no need tae be provoked - in especial as ye're not goin' tae take that train.

GREGG: Eh? What's that, Mister McTavish?

ANGUS: What's what? Dinna ye understand English, mon?

GREGG: I certainly do! If you'll be good enough to speak it!

ANGUS: Good enough to -- weel them, I shall try to make myself clear. Which is more than I can say you do on my stage!

GREGG: What! What's that!

ANGUS: Ah! .... That ye had no trouble understanding, eh?

GREGG: I won't stand for insults in any language!

ANGUS: In any language! ... Mister Gregg, if that's your tone --

(BREAKS OFF) No... No, no, you're a clever one. But I see your drift... I'll not allow you to make me that mad I'll tear up your contract.... Now - where aboots were we?

GREGG: You said I couldn't take the train.

ANGUS: Ah, yes. Ye won't, Mister Gregg. Because ye do have a contract.

GREGG: I'm an artist, Mister McTavish! I tell you I can't stand the audiences here!

ANGUS: And vice versa, Mister Gregg. Perhaps they cannot stand you.

GREGG: What! What's that now --

ANGUS: Never mind, I shouldna have said it... But about the train. As I started to say at the very first, another reason I cannot allow you is because of Andrew Blair.

GREGG: That premonition of his?

ANGUS: It so happens it might be true!

GREGG: He was pretending!

ANGUS: No, no. He has the gift.

GREGG: Gift?

ANGUS: Aye - of foreseeing the future... And if he said somethin' would happen to the train, it might very well!

GREGG: But that's nonsense.

ANGUS: Mister Gregg, have ye never heard of a taisher?

GREGG: A taisher?

ANGUS: Aye. Andy Blair had a grandfather named Wallace who was a taisher.

GREGG: I'm not interested in his grandfather's education --

ANGUS: Education? Gregg, not teacher. Taisher... A taish is Scottish for a ghost.

GREGG: What does that have to do with premonitions?

ANGUS: MMMMM, there's a similarity. They are both manifestations of the supernatural... And I say to you that Andy Blair has inherited his grandfather's knack.

GREGG: (BEAT) Now what can happen to a train?

ANGUS: You're not takin' it, Mister Gregg - that's understood...  
As fer wha can happen, who knows - unless it's Andrew  
Blair himself!

(MUSIC: . . . HIT AND UNDER . . .)

GIBSON: Richard Gregg left the theatre owner's office in a towering  
rage - unable to tell whether McTavish had been serious or  
not... For the rest of the week he suppressed his desire to  
get away from Edinburgh. But on Thursday and again on  
Friday as he walked to the theatre he now detested --

(MUSIC: . . . OUT . . .)

(OFF TRAIN WHISTLE)

GREGG: (TO HIMSELF) I can't - I can't stay here... Contract or no  
contract I'll --

BLAIR: Hello, Mister Gregg... Again?

GREGG: Eh? ... Oh, Blair... Yes, again! I'm telling you this in  
strict confidence, Blair - I don't want you to mention it  
to McTavish. But I'm leaving Sunday.

BLAIR: Sunday?

GREGG: On the train, you young idiot! I can hold out until then--  
but contract or no contract, I'm going!

(MUSIC: . . . ACCENT AND UNDER . . .)

GIBSON: Now that his mind was made up, Richard Gregg felt much  
better -- as if a tremendous load had lifted from his mind.  
And he was gratified to notice that Andrew Blair kept his  
secret... He found himself counting the performances til  
Sunday -- Friday night. Saturday matinee. Saturday night.  
And then, on the way back to the King Charles hotel after  
that last performance --

(MUSIC: . . . UP AND OUT FOR. . .)

(GUSTY WIND . . . LIGHT OUTDOOR BG)

GREGG: (EFFORT) This blasted wind - a man can't walk straight! . . .

BLAIR: (OFF) My hat! Get my hat!

GREGG: What -- oh. Oh, your hat! . . . (UP) I've got it!

(EFFORT AND SCRAMBLE OF STEPS)

GREGG: (UP) Here - you!

(STEPS RUN IN)

BLAIR: (PANTING) Thank you -- thank you so much, all the way down the street I - oh. Mister Gregg.

GREGG: You, eh, Blair?

BLAIR: Yes . . . I stopped to buy this newspaper and the wind --

(FLAP OF NEWSPAPER)

GREGG: Well, don't read it here, man! . . . Here - here's your hat.

BLAIR: Thank you . . . This is quite a storm. I understand it's all up and down the coast.

GREGG: As long as I get back to my hotel . . . Well, are you coming, Blair? We stand here any longer we'll both be blown away!

(GUST OF WIND)

(MUSIC: . . . IN AND UNDER. . .)

GIBSON: The cold wind chilled them - and by the time they got back to the hotel both men were grateful for the warmth. They had a drink together, Blair reading his paper, and then --

(MUSIC: . . . OUT FOR. . .)

(OFF GUST OF WIND. RUSTLE OF PAPER)

BLAIR: Hark to that wind. And it'll be worse tomorrow . . . And you takin' the express back to London.



GREGG: I wish it were tonight instead of tomorrow. I've had my fill of Edinburgh, thank you... But here, Blair. Worse tomorrow? How do you know that?

BLAIR: It's right here in the paper. The headline is all about a storm that happened tomorrow.

GREGG: A storm that happened -- Blair, are you out of your mind? If it's not going to take place until tomorrow, how can you read about it today?.... Oh!

BLAIR: I - I shouldn't have mentioned it.

GREGG: What headline? Let me see!

(YANK OF PAPER)

GREGG: There's nothing here! Only about today!

BLAIR: Don't take that train, Mister Gregg.

GREGG: I won't listen --

BLAIR: Don't take it! It crosses the bridge at the River Tay.

GREGG: The bridge?

BLAIR: A bridge that's two miles long... with a center span... It'll be weak. The storm will weaken it...

GREGG: What are you saying?

BLAIR: I can see it now. What will happen.

GREGG: Here --

(SHOVE PAPER)

GREGG: Here, take your paper! And stop that - stop it, do you hear!

BLAIR: Can't you see it?... Can't you see the headline: Tay Bridge collapses. London Express crashes -- all on board lost.

(A BEAT. TEAR PAPER)

GREGG: Stop that! Stop it! ... That's a lie - it won't happen!...  
I'm taking that train!

(MUSIC: . . . HIT FULL AND UNDER . . .)

GIBSON: Except for the wind. Sunday was quiet in Edinburgh... In  
Edinburgh on Sunday, not many people travel.... But  
Richard Gregg did. He went to the station --

(SNEAK IN STATION BG. TRAIN BELLS. TRAIN STARTS  
BEHIND)

GIBSON: He got on board the London Express. He was on board when  
it pulled out.

(TRAIN PULLS OUT)

(MUSIC: . . . COVER AND UNDER . . .)

(TRAIN MOVING. WHISTLE TAKE TO BG.)

GIBSON: (CUE) The train made good time across country -- in spite  
of the wind, in spite of uprooted trees and high tides...  
And then -- the River Tay. The two-mile bridge.

(MUSIC: . . . OUT . . .)

(CUT IN TRAIN ON BRIDGE, CLACK OF RAILS, ETC. WIND..  
BUILD TRAIN. THEN FRANTIC WHISTLE, SCREECH OF  
BRAKES, A TERRIFIC CRASH INTO WATER)

(MUSIC: . . . STAB, THEN FULL AND SLIDE OUT BEHIND . . .)

BLAIR: Here -- it's right here in the papers, Mister McTavish...  
Just the way I knew it would be --

(RUSTLE OF PAPER)

BLAIR: Tay Bridge Collapses. London Express Crashes -- all on  
Board -

(OVERLAP DOOR CLOSING HALF OFF)

BLAIR: (GASP)

(STEPS APPROACH SLOWLY)

BLAIR: M-Mister Gregg!

GREGG: Hello, Blair. McTavish...

BLAIR: But you - you're...

GREGG: No. Don't stare at me as if I were one of your taishes.  
I'm not a ghost.

BLAIR: But the train. You were on it.

GREGG: I was... But I got off at Dundee, just before the crash --  
I got off because of your warning... Mister McTavish, I'm  
not interested in leaving. I'll be glad to stay in  
Edinburgh and act in your theatre - as long as you want  
me!

(MUSIC:...CURTAIN, UNDER...)

GIBSON: A man's life saved - because of a premonition that gave  
advance warning of a disaster, before it happened! And  
this story can be verified by the theatre records  
themselves and the written memoirs of the theatre manager,  
Andrew Blair!

(MUSIC:...STING...)

STANDARD CLOSING

-12-

GIBSON: Monday, I'll bring you another story of the supernatural!  
A story true, but strange!

(MUSIC: . . . THEME AND UNDER. . .)

ANNCR: Tune in tomorrow and every weekday evening over most of  
these stations at this same time for Walter Gibson, your  
expert on the supernatural. Stories of ghosts - of spirits,  
werewolves and voodoo! And each story you hear is true,  
but --

(MUSIC: . . . OUT. . .)

ANNCR: (ECHO) STRAAAANGE!

(MUSIC: . . . TAG. . .)

ANNCR? STRANGE, with Walter Gibson as your expert, was directed  
by \_\_\_\_\_  
In the cast were \_\_\_\_\_  
and \_\_\_\_\_  
This is \_\_\_\_\_  
STRANGE is an ABC presentation and came to you from New  
York.

(TWO SECOND PAUSE)

THIS IS ABC...RADIO NETWORK.

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10/10/55  
6:35 pm