

CBS

"THE TEXACO STAR THEATRE"

FRED ALLEN

9:30 - 10:00 P.M., EWT JUNE 4, 1944

SUNDAY

REVISED

CUE: (COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)
 (.....30 seconds.....)

ORCHESTRA: OPENING HORNS & FANFARE UP TO FINISH

JIMMY: It's ~~Texaco Time~~ with Fred Allen! ~~Time!~~

"THIS IS THE ARMY" ... (FADE) ORCHESTRA

JIMMY: ~~Texaco Dealers from Coast to Coast present The Texaco Star~~
~~Theatre, starring Fred Allen--with Fred's guest--the Warner~~
~~Brothers' Star -- Peter Lorre; Portland Hoffa; Alan Reed as~~
Fallstaff Openshaw; Minerva Pious as Mrs. Nussbaum; the
Texaco Workshop Players; Hi, Low, Jack and the Dame; and Al
Goodman and his Orchestra. And this is Jimmy Wallington

~~reminding you that while it's still Spring-- Summer is
almost here! So get your car ready now for the hot Summer
days ahead...change over to the right seasonal grade of
Texaco's Insulated Havoline Motor Oil, the oil that helps
prevent excessive wear. Help your motor stand up to the
punishment heat can inflict. And don't forget Marfak
40-point chassis lubrication. Drive in for a complete Texaco
warm weather change-over first chance you get!~~

(MUSIC UP TO FINISH)

JIMMY: Last week, Ladies and Gentlemen, Professor Einstein called
on the intellectuals of the world to organize and form a
union of thinkers. Tonight, we bring you one thinker
Professor Einstein forgot to mention-- he's Fred Allen!

(APPLAUSE) (MUSIC)

ALLEN: Thank you. Thank you. And good evening Ladies and Gentlemen. And Jimmy, I want to thank you for referring to me as a thinker. You did say thinker, didn't you, Jimmy?

JIMMY: Yes, Fred.

ALLEN: You weren't lisping.

JIMMY: No.

ALLEN: Good. I don't see how Professor Einstein's Union of Thinkers can work.

JIMMY: Why not, Fred?

ALLEN: Well, after the war, if you get delegates from every country in the world sitting around. And they all start thinking out loud. If the delegate from Germany hears what the delegate from Russia is thinking. The war will be on again.

JIMMY: What else is in the news this week, Fred?

ALLEN: Well - Mayor LaGuardia greeted 250 men who joined the Sanitation Department. It was the first time in the history of the Sanitation Department that new members were welcomed and given the brush at the same time.

JIMMY: Did you read that one of the broadcasting companies and Columbia University are going to train students to be radio writers and announcers?

ALIEN: Yes, Jimmy and it's going to be pretty embarrassing.

JIMMY: How do you mean, Fred?

ALLEN: Imagine a fellow studying for four years to be an announcer. He finally leaves college and gets his big chance. It's the Rinso White program. He rehearses all day. The show goes on the air. After another announcer reads the Rinso White commercial the college man steps up to the microphone and says--And don't forget (WHISTLES) backwards is (WHISTLE: It's going to be--

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ALLEN: Thank you. Thank you. And good evening Ladies and Gentlemen. And Jimmy, I want to thank you for referring to me as a thinker. You did say thinker, didn't you, Jimmy?

JIMMY: Yes, Fred.

ALLEN: You weren't lisping.

JIMMY: No.

ALLEN: Good. Jimmy, it looks as though our days in radio are numbered.

JIMMY: How do you mean, Fred?

ALLEN: I read in the papers this week that one of the broadcasting companies and Columbia University are going to train students to be radio writers and announcers.

JIMMY: You think college boys are going to take our jobs?

ALLEN: Yes, Jimmy and it's going to be pretty embarrassing.

JIMMY: How, Fred?

ALLEN: Imagine a fellow studying for four years to be an announcer, He finally leaves college and gets his big chance. It's the Rinso White program. He rehearses all day. The show goes on the air. After another announcer reads the Rinso White commercial the college man steps up to the microphone and says -- And don't forget (WHISTLES) spelled backwards is (WHISTLE). It's going to be --

PORT: Mr. Allen!

ALLEN: Portland!

(APPLAUSE)

ALLEN: You're just in time, Portland. Jimmy and I are hashing over the news.

PORT: I read the Dionne Quintuplets were ten years old last week.

ALLEN: I saw that.

PORT: Mr. Dionne gave them a pony for their birthday.

ALLEN: It won't be much fun - five little girls on one pony.

PORT: Yes it will - they all have whips.

ALLEN: They should cross the pony with a dachshund. They'll get a horse that is long enough. What else is hot, Portland?

PORT: Mr. Adams from Information Please - is running for State Representative in Connecticut.

ALLEN: F.P.A. is in politics, eh?

PORT: He'd better not use his initials on the ballot.

ALLEN: Why not?

PORT: People will think F.P.A. is a branch of the O.P.A.

ALLEN: If you vote for F.P.A. you'll probably get an Encyclopedia Britannica. I hope he gets in. Is anything else new?

PORT: The Supreme Court let the Hudson Tube raise the fare from Jersey City to New York?

ALLEN: Yes. It used to be eight cents now it's ten. I wonder why?

PORT: People will pay anything to get out of Jersey City.

ALLEN: As Shakespeare said - to B.M.T. or not to B.M.T. that is the question.

PORT: That used to be the question.

ALLEN: What is the question today?

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PORT: Does your cigarette taste different lately?

ALLEN: That does it. I'm off for Allen's Alley. Raleigh I am.

PORT: What is your question tonight?

ALLEN: Well, this past week we had the hottest weather we've had so far this season. It is always interesting to compare the current hot spells with the heat of yesteryear. And so our question is - What is the hottest day you ever remember?

PORT: Shall we go?

ALLEN: As the shoestring said to the fingers - why knot?

"EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE".....(FADE).... ORCHESTRA...

ALLEN: Ah, Portland. Here we are back in Allen's Alley. There's a light in Senator Bloat's window. I guess he's in.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

(DOOR OPENS)

SMART: Yes?

ALLEN: Senator Bloat, what is the hottest day you ever remember?

SMART: July 8th, 1929.

ALLEN: The heat was bad?

SMART: It was so hot the Hoboken Ferry took off its slip.

ALLEN: Really?

SMART: At the Public Library you could hear sizzling two blocks away.

ALLEN: Sizzling at the library?

SMART: The complete works of Bacon were frying.

ALLEN: What about this week's heat wave, Senator? Are you taking action?

SMART: Yes. If my Bill, the Bloat Bill, goes through -

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ALLEN: Yes.

SMART: The Government will give every tax-payer one package of cigarettes.

ALLEN: What cigarette can give people relief from the heat?

SMART: Kools.

ALLEN: But how -

SMART: My idea of comfort is -

ALLEN: Yes?

SMART: Puffing a Kool with short draws. I thank you!

(DOOR SLAMS)

ALLEN: The Senator has something there and it won't hurt if he loses 80 pounds of it. Well, let's try next door.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

(DOOR OPENS)

PATSY: Hello, Mr. Shmallen! How is everything - hunky dooly?

ALLEN: Fine, Mr. Itthepitches. Tell me, what is the hottest day you remember?

PATSY: It could be last summer, June 19th.

ALLEN: How hot was it?

PATSY: The hot is so bad -

ALLEN: Yes?

PATSY: My brother, a 32nd degree Mason, is going up ten degrees.

ALLEN: It must have been terrible.

PATSY: It is so hot I am closing my restaurant. Formerly Coffee Pot Number Two, now Coffee Pot, number seven, and going home.

ALLEN: Did you get any relief at home?

PATSY: Who needs relief - I am working?

ALLEN: I mean from the heat.

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PATSY: I am starting to play a rubber of bridge.

ALLEN: Yes.

PATSY: The rubber is vulcanizing.

ALLEN: It was hot in the house, eh?

(MORE)

PATSY: Outside the air is scorching.

ALLEN: Gosh!

PATSY: I am opening the window. Poof! is coming in a hot blast,
the canary is fainting.

ALLEN: Wow!

PATSY: I am turning on the radio. I am fainting

ALLEN: The radio made it worse? What was on?

PATSY: Gabriel Heatter! So long, Kid!

(DOOR SLAMS)

ALLEN: I should give up but I'll try one more door.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

(DOOR OPENS)

MIN: Nu?

ALLEN: Ah, Mrs. Nussbaum. What is the hottest day you recall?

MIN: When I am a little goil the year I couldn't remember.

ALLEN: How hot was it?

MIN: I am playink with mine little dog, a puppy.

ALLEN: Yes.

MIN: I am settink mine puppy on the sidewalk.

ALLEN: Yes.

MIN: Presto! He is a clinker.

ALLEN: You dog was barbacued so fast.

MIN: The clinker is barkink.

ALLEN: You lost your dog? What did you do?

MIN: To mine puppy I am dedicatink a poem.

ALLEN: What is it called?

MIN: A Puppy On a Hot Day I wouldn't Want To Be.

ALLEN: How does it go?

MIN: A puppy, on a hot day
I shouldn't want to be
A puppy on a hot day
Could be someone else, not me.

A stoigoin on a hot day
I would be, likewise a guppy
But one thing I would hate to be
On a hot day - is a puppy.

A puppy on a hot day
Can wag his tail a minute
This will stir a brizz behind
But the puppy isn't in it.

I feel sorry for a puppy
On a hot day he will pant
I can take my coat of
But a little puppy can't. Dank you!

(DOOR SLAM)

ALLEN: That brings us to the lavender-colored lean-to -- at the
end of the Alley.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

(DOOR OPENS)

REED: Onions are white. I odine is brown. Fallstaff's here,
let's go to town!

ALLEN: Ah, Troubadour Openshaw. You have more poems tonight?

REED: Have you heard - Though The Fairy Was Quite Hairy He Didn't
Frighten Mary.

ALLEN: No.

REED: I Knew My Victory Garden Was Haunted When That Tomato Spoke
To Me.

ALLEN: No.

REED: She Laughed And Said "You're One In A Million". T'was The First Time She'd Ever Seen A Civilian.

ALLEN: Look, Fallstaff. Thanks to you this program is constantly being mistaken for Dr. No. I.Q. Tonight, we have been discussing excessive heat.

REED: Why I am here. I'll skip the precisely.

ALLEN: If you've written a poem what is it called?

REED: In Rebuttal.

ALLEN: How does it go?

REED: In answer to Mrs. Nussbaum
And her puppy who clinkered his hocks
I'll recite a very short poem tonight
I call it - A Paradox.

What is a paradox
Without ado
I'll try and define
The word for you.

A paradox is
The baby bear
With his heavy coat
Of thick brown hair
He's hot in the sun
He's hot in his lair
How can he be hot
When he's a little bear!

(APPLAUSE)

ALLEN: Thank you, Fallstaff. And as Fallstaff leaves he nudges Al Goodman who jumps up to conduct a number for Hi, Low, Jack and the Dame. Their song is Let's Sing A Song About Susie.

"LET'S SING A SONG ABOUT SUSIE" ...

GROUP & ORCHESTRA ...

(APPLAUSE)

ALLEN: Thank you, Hi, Low, Jack and the Dame. Now, Jimmy Wallington has a word or two.

JIMMY: Not a word, Fred. A song. Yippee!

ALLEN: Himmy, not another song.

JIMMY: Yes, Fred.

ALLEN: What's the title of this vocal monstrosity?

JIMMY: My title is, "Last Call, ~~o~~ The Spring Change-over Season At Your Texaco Dealer's will Soon Be Over So You'd Better Hurry And Get Some Insulated Havoline Motor Oil To Help Prevent Excessive Wear On Hard To Replace Engine Parts".

ALLEN: Is that all?

JIMMY: No. My subtitle is, "And Don't Forget Marfak Chassis Lubrication, Especially With Summer Ahead."

ALLEN: It's short and snappy.

JIMMY: Right. And now we'll sing the song. Let's go, Mr. Goodman!

(MUSIC INTRO. STARTS)

"OLD OAKEN BUCKET" ...

ORCHESTRA ...

BOTH: One mawnin as I was out drivin' my auto, I saw a big sign with a star and a "T",

JIMMY: My crankcase was dirty,

ALLEN: My chassis wasn't purty,

BOTH: An oil change, A Marfak, I knew were for me. Tex-AC-o, Tex-AC-o! Git along, little auto,

ALLEN: You're gittin' old but you're able to roam,

BOTH: Tex-AC-o, Tex-AC-o! Git along, little auto,

ALLEN: I know that the junkyard won't be yore new home,

BOTH: (A LA "GOOD EVENING FRIENDS") Last call for Spring Change-over.

(APPLAUSE)

"POINCIANA" ... (FADE)

ORCHESTRA ...

ALLEN: That was "Poinciana". This song was played as it was published recently in Readers' Digest. And now Portland we'd better get things ready for our guest.

PORT: Who's coming tonight.

ALLEN: Peter Lorre.

PORT: I'll see you later.

ALLEN: Come back here, Portland. What are you running for?

PORT: In the movies Mr. Lorre's always killing people. I'm frightened.

ALLEN: Look, who is Peter Lorre? He's Annie Laurie's brother. What is there to be afraid -

(KNOCK AT DOOR)

ALLEN: Come in!

REED: Has Mr. Lorre appeared yet?

ALLEN: No.

REED: Good. (ANNOUNCES) Ladies and Gentlemen, any knives, daggers, stilettos, dirks or other cutlery found sticking in peoples' backs after Mr. Lorre leaves tonight must be wiped off and returned to the Keen-Kut Kutlery Company at once.. These utensils have merely been loaned to Mr. Lorre. Remember - Just because it's in you, it doesn't mean it's yours -

(SHADOW LAUGH)

(DOOR SLAM)

ALLEN: That guy sounds like the Shadow's Brother-in-law.

PORT: Mr. Allen, I'm trembling.

ALLEN: You're trembling? I'm shaking like a crapshooter's hangnails. We've got to be brave, Portland.

PETER: (FADES IN) Pardon me, is this Fred Allen's program?

ALLEN: Yes. What do you want, little boy? Are you from the Western Union.

PETER: I'm Peter Lorre.

ALLEN: You're Peter Lorre.

(APPLAUSE)

ALLEN: So you're Peter Lorre. Well, Portland, Mr. Lorre isn't anything like we expected, is he?

PORT: No. He's smaller than Mayor La Guardia.

ALLEN: Yes. You sure are a let-down, Peter.

PETER: Do I disappoint you, Fred?

ALLEN: Yes. I thought you'd come crawling in on all fours drolling arsenic with a buzzard on a leash. You're supposed to be a brutal killer. You couldn't take a comquat away from a Chinese baby.

PETER: That's what I keep telling them down at the morgue.

ALLEN: Oh, you- er -- spend a lot of time at the morgue.

PETER: Yes. It's so nice and cool and peaceful at the morgue.

ALLEN: I wouldn't know, Mr. Lorre.

PETER: If it wasn't for me a lot of people wouldn't know about the morgue.

ALLEN: Please. Quit talking about the morgue. You sound as though you're slab-happy.

PETER: It's so nice and cool and peaceful.

ALLEN: I know. You said that. You are an odious little runt, aren't you?

PETER: Fred, why do people think I'm such a monster? I'm just a lovable little guy trying to get ahead.

ALLEN: I know--but---you're not getting mine.

PETER: If people knew the story of my life they'd see that I'm not a mad twisted creature. They'd feel sorry for me.

ALLEN: You're so short...Peter...You must have grown up with a weight on your mind.

PETER: I did, Fred. When I was two years old, I was an orphan, no father -- no mother.

ALLEN: You poor kid. What happened to your Father and Mother?

PETER: I strangled them with a yo-yo string.

ALLEN: Oh, you unfortunate child. Who brought you up?

PETER: An uncle took me in.

ALLEN: Good.

PETER: My uncle had three heads. One of the heads took a violent dislike to me.

ALLEN: The other two heads were friendly?

PETER: Very friendly. One night this bad head ordered me out of the house --I left.

ALLEN: You poor tot. Where did you go?

PETER: Nights I would climb a big oak tree and sleep in a Vulture's nest.

ALLEN: You slept with Vultures?

PETER: It was a large nest. There was plenty of room.

ALLEN: How did you live?

PETER: For a while, I worked for Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

ALLEN: Doing what?

PETER: When Dr. Jekyll would turn into Mr. Hyde, I had to remind him to put his money in his other pants.

ALLEN: Well, your lean days are over....Peter...Now that you are a big success in pictures, you must have many friends in Hollywood.

PETER: No, Fred. I'm not popular. I have a big swimming pool. I change the carbolic acid in it every day. People come once I invite them to swim. I never see them again.

ALLEN: You have no social life at all?

PETER: No. I just hang around with Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi and Dracula.

ALLEN: What do you boys do for excitement?

PETER: Every day, we give blood to the Red Cross.

ALLEN: Doesn't giving blood every day weaken you?

PETER: It isn't our blood.

ALLEN: Well, Peter, I'm sure that now you've opened your heart people will understand you.

PETER: I hope so, Fred. I want to thank you for letting me tell my side of the story.

ALLEN: From now on, the public will know that you weren't always a master of Mayhem.

PETER: No, Fred, once I was a detective.

ALLEN: You know this month I'm a detective, Peter. In the July issue of The American Magazine there is a story called Murder On The Fred Allen Program.

PETER: Murder on The Fred Allen Program?

ALLEN: It's a great mystery in the new American Magazine.
In this story I solve the crime.

PETER: I could probably solve it, too. As Mr. Moto I was the
world's greatest Oriental detective.

ALLEN: No, Mr. Lorre. Mr. Moto was the second greatest
Oriental detective. The world's greatest Oriental
detective is One Long Pan.

PETER: One Long Pan is an amateur. A Bungler.

ALLEN: Look, Peter. Tonight we can settle that question once
and for all.

PETER: How?

ALLEN: The American Magazine case isn't the only murder that
was committed on this program. There was another
unsolved murder. Mr. Moto and One Lone Pan can work
on it together. The one who solves this mystery will
be the world's greatest Oriental detective. Right?

PETER: Right.

ALLEN: Music, Maestro.

"HEAVY DRAMATIC MUSIC".....(FADES).....ORCHESTRA.....

SMART: And now the battle all crime-lovers have been waiting
for. Mr. Moto versus One Long Pan!

(CHINESE GONG)

REED: Tonight's super-sequel to The American Magazine's
mystery is called More Murder On The Fred Allen Program!

"HEAVY DRAMATIC MUSIC".....(FADES).....ORCHESTRA.....

ALLEN: The scene-- Allen's Alley. In the distance we hear the faint tinkle of bells.

(ICE CREAM MAN'S BELLS)

ALLEN: As the bells grow louder--

(BELLS LOUDER)

ALLEN: We see a good humor truck turn into Allen's Alley. The doors of four houses open simultaneously and four voices call-

SMART: (CALLS) GOOD HUMOR MAN!

PATSY: (CALLS) GOOD HUMOR MAN!

REED: (CALLS) GOOD HUMOR MAN!

MIN: (CALLS) GOOD HUMOR MAN!

ALLEN: The Good Humor Man goes from house to house. As he leaves the last house.

(3 SHOTS FIRED)

ALLEN: Three shots are heard! The Good Humor Man slumps to the ground...The Alley is suddenly alive with people. Excited voices shouting -

REED: (EXCITEDLY) I heard three shots!

PATSY: (EXCITEDLY) What happened?

SMART: (EXCITEDLY) The Good Humor Man's been shot!

REED: (EXCITEDLY) It's murder!

MIN: (SHRIEKS)...

"CHASE MUSIC"...(UP AND FADES)...ORCHESTRA...

REED: (FILTER) Calling All Cars! If you haven't got a car see The Smiling Irishman. Calling All Cars! Murder in Allen's Alley! Good Humor Man killed! Calling Mr. Moto! Calling One Long Pan! (FADE) Proceed at once--

"CHASE MUSIC"...(UP AND FADES)ORCHESTRA..

ALL: (HUM OF VOICES)

SMART: Stand back everybody! The Police!

ALLEN: Ah gleetings and hubber hubber, Kiddies! Detective One Long Pan, Chinee Superman, on job. Mystery solve no time -- (SINGS) When your heart goes lumpity bump. It may be indigestion.

SMART: Listen, you wet-wash Sinatra. There's been a murder committed here.

ALLEN: Who are you people. You first Misser Jelly Belly?

SMART: I am Senator Bloat.

PATSY: I am Pablo Itthe pitches!

MIN: I am Mrs, Nussbaum.

REED: I am Fallstaff Openshaw, the poet.

ALLEN: Very good. And you, little man with sneaky face, who are you?

PETER: If you are a detective---you tell me who I am.

ALLEN: Ho! Ho! Don't make monkey business, Small Fry. I am One Long Pan!

PETER: You are One Big Jerk.

ALLEN: Long Pan mebbe one big jerk. You, one little punk. Who are you? Come clean.

PETER: I am, Mr. Moto!

ALLEN: Ho! Ho! Misser Moto, poor man One Long Pan. Misser Moto oriental sad sack. (SINGS) I'm a Yangste Doodle Dandy. I'm a Yangste Doodle Boy.

PETER: Oh, so?

SMART: Listen, will you two guys get going?

MIN: Exactly. Stop chewink on the fat.

PATSY: Yes. Why don't you both try to solve the crime?

REED: Precisely. I'll make you each a proposition. Why not solve it in competition.

ALLEN: Very good. Long Pan make Misser Moto look silly. Misser Moto smalltime flat-foot.

PETER: Oh, so? We shall see One Long Pan.

ALLEN: Oh, so! You bet we shall see. Oh, so. You Senator Float Explain. What is crime?

SMART: This Good Humor Man drove into Allen's Alley.

PETER: Oh, so?

SMART: He came into my house. I ordered a pint of chocolate ice cream. I can only eat chocolate ice cream. I'm in mourning...

PETER: Oh, so?

SMART: He put a carton on the table. Then he left and went along to the other houses in Allen's Alley.

PETER: Oh, so?

ALLEN: Oh, so so.

SMART: I opened my ice cream instead of chocolate the fool had left me vanilla. I could have killed that Good Humor Man.

PETER: Did you go after him?

SMART: Yes. As I opened my doct--

PETER: Yes.

SMART: I heard three shots! The Good Humor Man fell here on the sidewalk.

PATSY: This I am also to be seeing.

PETER: Oh so? Where, were you, Mr. Itthepitches?

PATSY: I am sitting in my window licking a popsicle.
The Senator is running out. Is coming three shots.
The Good Humor Man is falling on his frozen pudding.

ALLEN: Very good...You two have alibi air-tight.

PETER: I am not so sure.

ALLEN: Long Pan take over. One side, Misser Moto, pay attention, mebbe learn something. You Missy, who are you?

MIN: The full name is Pansy Bubbles Nussbaum.

ALLEN: You come clean Missy Goosebaum. Long Pan, catchem clue? You fess up.

MIN: Talk English. You are speakink with a dialect.

ALLEN: Long Pan speak pidgin English.

MIN: Maybe a pigeon could understand you. I couldn't. What are you askink?

PETER: The foreigner wants to know where you were when the murder was committed, Mrs. Nussbaum?

MIN: You I can understand, a pleasure.

ALLEN: Ho! Ho! Misser Moto speak mebbe basic English. Missy Goosebaum. Where were you when clime committed?

(MORE)

MIN: I was in mine house. I was listenink to the radio--
Myer's other Wife.

PETER: Did you see the Good Humor Man.

MIN: Not today...Every other day I am takink a quart,
Pistakio.

ALLEN: Very good. Only one more suspect. You, Pudgy.

REED: I am Fallstaff Openshaw.

ALLEN: Long Pan allest you Mr. Tallstaff Opendoor for Murder
Good Humor Man.

(MORE)

REED: You're nuts, Long Pan. Why are you arresting me?
ALLEN: Everybody else innocent. You must be guilty. Obvious.
REED: I defy to prove it.
ALLEN: Long Pan whiz into action
PETER: Three shots were fired, Long Pan. If you are a detective why don't you find the gun.
ALLEN: You bet, Long Pan find gun. Long Pan friss everybody. You first, Misser Opendrawer.
REED: Very well.

(SOUND OF PATTING POCKETS)

ALLEN: No gun here. Ho! Ho! Lump in back.
REED: That's my unionsuit. It's - double breasted in the back.
ALLEN: You next, Senator Boat. You lift up cutaway.
SMART: Who do you think you are, Martin Dies?
ALLEN: You hush up, Long Pan friss.

(SOUND OF PATTING)

ALLEN: Ho! Ho! In back pocket-- you see!
REED: What is it, Long Pan?
ALLEN: A lewolower!
ALL: A lewolower!
ALLEN: A lewolwer! Mystery solve!
PETER: Oh, So?
ALLEN: You bet oh so, Misser Moto...You fess up, Senator Gloat.
SMART: That's not a gun. It's a water-pistol. Look, I'll shoot it at you.

(SOUND SELTZER SQUIRT)

ALLEN: (SPUTTERS) Holy smoke. Long Pan wetter than bottom of Goldfish bowl.

PETER: Why do you carry a water pistol, Senator?

SMART: I have to. I'm short-winded. I can't blow out a match.

PETER: Oh, So.

SMART: When I light a match, I squirt it out with my water pistol.

PETER: It looks as though you're stuck, Long Pan.

ALLEN: Long Pan up a tree. But not for long. Mebbe body have clue.

PETER: I have examined the body - there are no bulletholes.

ALLEN: Jeepers Creepers! Very confusing! Three shots fire. No bullethole in body.. Maybe Good Humor man killed by radar. Long Pan examine body. (SINGS) Would you like swine on a bar or would you rather be a pig. Body Laughing - Good Humor man die as he live in Good Humer.

REED: Well, Long Pan. What's your deduction?

ALLEN: No bullethole. Solution obvious. Good Humor Man die all of a sudder, natural causes.

REED: That is my theory exactly.

PETER: I say it is murder.

REED: How can it be murder? Senator Bloat's revolver is a water pistol. There are no bulletholes in The Good Humor Man. Long Pan has the solution. Let's go!

PETER: Not so fast, Fallstaff Openshaw. I, Mr. Moto, am arresting you for murder.

REED: Murder? That's ridiculous.

ALLEN: Misser Moto get my goato. Shoot the goato to me, Moto.

PETER: I will prove that the body is not dead.

ALLEN: Misser Moto prove mebbe Death Take A Holiday. How?

PETER: I simply light this natch.

(MATCH SCRATCHES)

PETER: And now.

ALLEN: Holy smoke! Moto give body-a hot foot.

ALL: A hotfoot!

ALLEN: A hotfoot!

MIN: So look. The body is movink.

PATSY: Something is coming out of his mouth.

PETER: The substance coming out of his mouth is Mercury. Will you confess, Fallstaff Openshaw?

REED: Yes. I did it! I'd do it again.

ALLEN: Why you try to kill Good Humor Man, Fallstaff Opendoor?

REED: It was those bells. Every time I'd try to write a poem, the Good Humor Man would ring those bells. Bells! Bells! I couldn't eat, I couldn't sleep. I couldn't write my poems. I vowed if he ever rang those bells again I'd kill him. Today, he rang his bells, I went beserk.

PETER: You hit him on the head with a thermometer.

REED: Yes, Mr. Moto. But how did you know?

PETER: This lump on the back of his head gave me my clue. That broken thermometer on your front lawn told me the rest.

REED: But how -

PETER: You knocked him unconscious with the thermometer.

REED: Yes.

PETER: The thermometer broke. You took the mercury and forced it into his mouth.

REED: Yes.

PETER: Then you took two pieces of dry ice out of the Good Humor Man's pocket and put them in his shoes.

REED: Yes.

PETER: The dry ice froze his feet. As his body got colder the mercury had to go down. When the mercury got to his stomach, The Good Humor man collapsed.

REED: Uncanny.

PETER: I gave the body a hot foot, the heat caused the mercury to rise and come out of his mouth. The mystery was solved.

ALLEN: Very good, Misser Showoff Moto. You so clever, who fired three shots?

(TWO MORE SHOTS)

PETER: What was that?

(MORE)

MIN: Highty tighty. The shots are comink from my house.

ALLEN: You Missy Goose-Baum, fire shots.

MIN: I am makink homemade rootbeer and forgettink to put in the icebox.

PETER: Oh, so.

MIN: Mine bottles is explodink!

SMART: That explains the shots all right.

PETER: Well, Long Pan? Will you admit you have met your master?

ALLEN: Moto pull fass one. Misser Moto make Long Pan look like stumble bum.

PETER: This proves Mr. Moto is the better detective, Long Pan. There is no murder that Mr. Moto cannot solve.

ALLEN: Oh no, Misser Moto?

PETER: Long Pan! Put down that gun!

ALLEN: Oh, yes? Here is one murder Misser Moto never solve.

(ONE SHOT FIRED)

PETER: (GROANS OH!)

(BODY FALLS)

ALLEN: Now, Misser Moto. Who kill Misser Moto? (PAUSE) NO answer, you bet. Only Long Pan know who kill Misser Moto. One Long Pan still World's Gleatest Oriental Detective. Oh so!

(APPLAUSE)

"DON'T SWEETHEART ME" (BUMPER) ORCHESTRA

ALLEN: Before we close the ~~Texaco Star Theatre~~ I want to thank Peter Lorre for his visit tonight. Next week our guest will be the popular songwriter, Frank Loesser. Now Jimmy Wallington says happy birthday to a great organization...the YMCA, which was founded 100 years ago this month.

JIMMY: From a membership of 12 young men meeting in one small room in London in 1844, the Young Men's Christian Association has spread to 68 countries. 10,000 YMCA's have opened their doors to serve the physical, intellectual and spiritual well-being of youth in North and South America, in India, China, almost everywhere. Today, the "Y" helps defend freedom by providing knowledge and skill, as well as health. The armed forces, for their training programs, are making wide use of the YMCA's 21 colleges, 137 schools and thousands of educational groups in the United States. Learn more about the YMCA in your community. Do everything you can to support it. For when you do, you serve young America --- the America of today as well as the America of tomorrow.

ALLEN: Thank you, Jimmy! This is Fred Allen speaking for Texaco Dealers from Coast to Coast and reminding you that gasoline powers the attack.....don't waste a drop!

(MUSIC UP TO FINISH)

ANNCR: This is CBS - THE COLUMBIA ... BROADCASTING SYSTEM

fade theme 20 seconds-

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