

Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar
The Matter of the Medium, Well Done

Part 4

Episode 396

Air Date May 17, 1956

Announcer: From Hollywood, its time now for:

FX (Phone Rings)

Johnny: Johnny Dollar.

Carol: This is Carol, Johnny.

Johnny: Oh, hello, Carol.

Carol: I've made the arrangements for us to go to the séance tonight with Madam Morgana Morgana.

Johnny: Good, what time?

Carol: Eight o'clock. Only it's across the river, in New Jersey.

Johnny: Will you have dinner with me?

Carol: I'd love to, but we'd better make it pretty early.

Johnny: Pick you up in your penthouse at six?

Carol: I'll be waiting, Johnny.

Music up

Announcer: Tonight – and every weekday night – Bob Bailey in the transcribed adventures of the man with the action-packed expense account – America's fabulous free-lance insurance investigator...

Johnny: Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar!

Theme music up

Johnny: Expense account, submitted by special investigator Johnny Dollar, location New York City, to the Universal Adjustment Bureau, Hartford Connecticut. The following is an accounting of expenditures during my investigation of the Matter of the Medium, Well Done. Some pretty strong pressure was being put on Carol Sharp to change the beneficiaries of her \$110,000 life policy. And she was very much under the influence of a psychic medium, who insisted that she be named as one of the two new beneficiaries. The other was to be a Tony Riccardo, who's father made quite a racket for himself in the bootlegging gangster days of the roaring twenties. I met him at Susan Palmer's Oyster

Bar over in Radio City. I must admit I was surprised at the sort of fellow he turned out to be.

Riccardo: I guess it was a little, well, extreme, to threaten you that way Mr. Dollar.

Johnny: That's putting it mildly.

Riccardo: But this whole spiritualism business, and the hold it has on Carol, well, it has me terribly concerned.

Johnny: You don't like spiritualism?

Riccardo: I didn't say that. You know just as well as I do there are a great many fine, honest, spiritualists in this city. But, as in any other field there are frauds, racketeers.

Johnny: So I've heard.

Riccardo: It's not only true of religions, but businesses, professions, anything, you know.

Johnny: Sure, sure. But now look here, Tony...

Riccardo: Dollar, I will not have you or anyone else leading Carol on, like this medium, who already has such a hold on her. You understand?

Johnny: Pardon me, Tony, your background is showing.

Riccardo: What?

Johnny: I'd say come off it, this kind of act won't work.

Riccardo: What are you talking about?

Johnny: You think I don't know you're one of the two Carol wants to name as beneficiaries of her policy? You and that medium?

Riccardo: That's not my doing!

Johnny: Who's doing is it?

Riccardo: That medium, Morgana Morgana. She's been taking Carol's money by the hundreds, week after week. Now you've come along to encourage her, and Dollar, I tell you to stop it!

Johnny: Tony...

Riccardo: Maybe that story you gave her about dreaming of her over and over when you were a kid and couldn't even have known about her was true, but I don't believe it.

Johnny: Tony, that was made up out of whole cloth...

Riccardo: I still...What?

Johnny: This funny decision to switch her policy around is a case I'm assigned to.

Riccardo: Wait a minute, you mean that...

Johnny: Yes. I had to meet her somehow, so I used that device, knowing she might fall for it because of her implicit belief in such things.

Riccardo: Yes, but now you're encouraging this whole thing. You're even gonna see Morgana Morgana with her tonight.

Johnny: Because if she is a phony, it's the only way I can show this to Carol. Well?

Riccardo: I hope and pray that you can, Mr. Dollar. Some of the best psychic investigators in the country have been stumped by her. How you gonna go about it?

Johnny: I won't know until I've seen her operate. Even then, I may not know. Or, maybe this medium isn't a fraud.

Riccardo: Oh, come on, of course she is.

Johnny: But you can't prove it.

Johnny: But you or somebody must. Or Carol will change her policy, and...and..

Johnny: And then turn up dead.

Riccardo: It won't be easy, Mr. Dollar. I've attended these seances with Carol, many of them. There's been times, when I'm almost been convinced myself.

Johnny: Waiter, waiter, some more coffee, please.

Riccardo: No, no. No more for me, thank you.

Johnny: You're gonna need it, Tony, because I'm gonna keep you here until you tell me every detail you can remember of this Madam Morgana Morgana's séance procedure.

Riccardo: Alright, I'll help you all I can.

Johnny: You'd better. I'm still not forgetting that if I fall down on this job, you'll cut into Carol's insurance for a neat \$30,000. In spite of your sweet talk.

Music up

Johnny: I'll say this for Tony Riccardo— he was thorough, and I began to believe that he was serious in his concern for Carol. Item 12 – ten cents. One phone call to Tommy Green.

Green: No, no, Johnny, no trouble at all in getting the rundown on Carol's family that you asked for.

Johnny: Keep talking.

Green: Apparently they're doing all right there in Marchand, PA. Neither the mother or the two brothers will ever have to really get out and dig for a living.

Johnny: Their old man left them well set up, huh?

Green: Yeah. Yeah, one of the boys, Harold's turned out pretty well. Works in some office over there, even though he doesn't really need to.

Johnny: What about the other boy?

Green: That'd be Dave, the black sheep of the family. Travels with a fast crowd, tears around the country in a sports car, that sort of thing.

Johnny: Oh...

Green: Right now he's somewhere here in New York, just playing around. But, Johnny, are you getting anywhere on this case?

Green: Yeah, Tommy, I think I am. Especially after what you just told me.

Green: Huh?

FX (Hangs up phone)

Music up

Johnny: Item 13 – another phone call, this time to Sergeant Singer at Eighteenth Precinct Headquarters.

Sarge: Yeah, Johnny?

Johnny: Got a real easy one for ya.

Sarge: What's that?

Johnny: Find a man. Name is David Sharp. Home address, Marchand, Pennsylvania.

Sarge: Marchand, Pennsylvania. Got it. Description?

Johnny: None. Though he's probably in his twenties.

Sarge: Well, that's not enough...

Johnny: He's probably staying in a hotel here in the city.

Sarge: Yeah, but where? What part of the city?

Johnny: Let me know when you find out, will ya?

Sarge: Yeah, now wait a minute!

FX (Hangs up phone)

Music up

Johnny: Expense account item 14 -- \$106.80, and it includes cabs to several camera

shops, one miniature camera with an F-2 lens, a couple of rolls of special film, some very special flashbulbs, and a tiny flash holder. Item 15, a taxi back to the Towers to clean up and dress for my date with Carol. Then the phone rang.

Johnny: Johnny Dollar.

Sarge: We located David Sharp for you, Johnny. Just dumb luck.

Johnny: Now, who knows, Randy, maybe you're a psychic.

Sarge: Now leave us not have that stuff.

Johnny: Where is he?

Sarge: Found him staying at the third hotel we called, the Amerand, over on East 53rd Street, not two blocks from that palatial joint where you're staying.

Johnny: Is he there now?

Sarge: No, but he always comes in just before dinnertime. Hey, you still haven't told me why you're interested in him.

Johnny: I'm not sure myself, but do me a favor, will ya?

Sarge: Like what?

Johnny: When he shows up, put a tail on him. I want to know where he goes, how long he stays, and when he comes back.

Sarge: But you won't say why?

Johnny: Not until I'm sure I know why. Thanks, Randy.

Sarge: But I haven't said I would...

Johnny: Thanks, boy!

FX (Hangs up phone)

Music up

Johnny: Dinner with Carol could have been one of the pleasantest things in years. But I'm afraid I was preoccupied with matters at hand, and she with anticipation.

Carol: She promised, Johnny. I so want to speak to him again.

Johnny: Finally I signed a check, we hopped into a taxi and headed across the river to the Jersey side. We ended up at a rather plain, but nice home somewhere on the outskirts of, I guess it's Union City. We were met at the door by a matron of about 45, I should say, who looked like an ordinary respectable housewife, except, perhaps, for her quick, discerning eyes.

Morgana: Good evening, Carol, my dear. Oh, and you must be Mr. Johnny Dollar.

Johnny: Yes, ah, Madam Morgana Morgana?

Morgana: Yes. Do come in and meet the others who are here to form the circle tonight.

Johnny: Thank you. Carol?

Carol: Thank you.

Morgana: Carol told me nothing about you, except your veritable dreams, I've heard. An amazing experience, isn't it? Perhaps you're really psychic.

Johnny: Oh, I doubt that. But all our friends thought my kid brother Richard was. Before he died a couple of years ago.

Morgana: Richard. Richard. That name has been haunting me ever since Carol telephoned. You don't suppose...

Carol: What, Madame?

Morgana: Oh, no, of course not. Now, um, here in the parlor are the others who will be with us tonight. Ah, may I present Mr. Johnny Dollar, Mrs. Dorothy Jessup.

Johnny: How do you do?

Morgana: Mr. John Pride.

Johnny: Hello.

Morgana: Mr. Samuel Folnick. And of course, you all know Carol Sharp.

Carol: Good evening.

Morgana: I see no reason why we shouldn't start. The atmosphere has seemed almost electric tonight. Very conducive to good contact with the, shall we say, the nether world.

FX (Johnny is flicking his lighter)

Morgana: Hmm? Oh, oh, yes, you may smoke, if you like, Mr. Dollar, we're very informal.

Johnny: Huh? Oh, I'm sorry. Just sort of a nervous habit, I guess – flicking this lighter.

Morgana: Oh, um, incidentally, I...I hope you'll tell these people of your dreams after we're finished with...(sighs) Oh, dear! The atmosphere is tense. We should begin right away. Well... Yes, um, um, I'll turn on some low music.

Johnny: The six of us sat down in a small circle. On the floor were three long, slender trumpets, like Halloween horns, but made of thin metal, spaced about the center of the circle. In the subdued conversation of the next few minutes I learned that it was through these that the spirit voices would come to us. That they would rise in the air, and that the

voices would issue from them. From time to time there in the pitch-black room I snapped the cap of my lighter, as a reminder of what it was.

Carol: You musn't light it Johnny, you know.

Johnny: No danger. This one hasn't even got a flint in it.

Folnick: I hope we get some messages tonight.

Morgana: I think we will, Mr. Folnick. I have a... a feeling that we will.

Johnny: I have that feeling, too. Very strongly.

Folnick: From what Madam told us, you must have definite psychic powers, Mr. Dollar. That should be helpful.

Morgana: Wait...wait. The power is here. I feel it.

Johnny: Almost as though she was suffering physical pain...

Morgana: Come to us. We are ready...

Johnny: The medium sighed and gasped. And we waited and waited. It's hard to describe the tension that comes of waiting that way, in a completely darkened room. And it's easy to see how well the imagination will work. The powers of suggestion. There was a slight sound.

Morgana: mmmmm....

Carol: One of the trumpets. I heard it move.

Folnick: Yeah. So did I. That means that "they" are with us. It seemed to move towards you, Carol.

Carol: I...I hope so. Yes...yes, I can feel it in the air, near me.

Morgana: hmmm.....

Carol: Father? Father?

Trumpet: Carol. Carol.

Carol: Oh, father, can you speak to me? There's so many things I wish to ask you.

Trumpet: Yes, dear. Yes. Yes.

Johnny: It may not sound like much to tell, but believe me, this was impressive. The death-like silence broken only by the faint voice of the trumpet. The whispered questions from Carol. An occasional sigh from the medium. And the shutter from my specialty camera, which I hope sounded enough like my lighter had sounded.

Trumpet: Yes, Carol. Always do the things I tell you to. You're a good girl, my darling.

And you give me great happiness...in this lonely...in... this...

Carol: Father? Father?

Trumpet: Goodbye, my... Goodbye...

Morgana: Moans...

Carol: Johnny, do you see? Do you see? Because only he and I know the things we talked about...Wait! I feel the trumpet is still near us.

Trumpet: John... John...

Folnick: Mr. Dollar, it's for you!

Johnny: Yes? Richard?

Trumpet: Yes, John.

Johnny: Dick!

Trumpet: I've waited so long to speak to you.

Johnny: Dick! My brother. The brief conversation I carried on with my dead brother, Richard, was amazing. Of things in my childhood I thought nobody else even knew about. Personal, intimate things that could only be known to a brother. Somebody pretty close. It was fantastic! Amazing! Awe-inspiring! Except for one thing: I never had a brother. I didn't tell this to anyone. I played it straight, and even stayed around and discussed my trumped-up dreams after the séance. But I needed proof, and I couldn't wait to get back to New York, to the Police Lab where I could develop the infra-red film in my little camera.

Music up

Announcer: Now, here's our star to tell you about the final intriguing episode of this week's story.

Johnny: Tomorrow – The wind-up. And a bit of heartbreak for a very chastened girl. Join us, won't you?

--Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar.

Music up

Announcer: Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar, starring Bob Bailey, is transcribed in Hollywood. It is produced and directed by Jack Johnstone, who also wrote tonight's story. Be sure to join us tomorrow night, same time and station, for the next exciting episode of Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar. Roy Rowan Speaking.

Music up