

Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar

The Matter of the Medium, Well Done

Part 1

Episode 393

Air Date May 14, 1956

FX (Phone Rings)

Johnny: (answering phone) Johnny Dollar.
McCrackin: Hi, Johnny! Pat McCrackin at Universal Adjustment Bureau.
Johnny: Hiya, Patsy, what's on your mind?
McCrackin: Had your fortune told lately?
Johnny: Nope, and I don't think I want to. The last time it came true!
McCrackin: Oh, what was it?
Johnny: Well, this Madam Gaga went into a transom or whatever you call it...
McCrackin: That's trance, boy, as if you didn't know.
Johnny: Yeah, anyhow, she told me I was gonna become an insurance investigator, and I've been stuck with it ever since.
McCrackin: Heh, heh, heh, heh. Sad, sad. So, now, how'd you like to try your hand as a psychic investigator?
Johnny: Sure, what do I do?
McCrackin: Ah, drop over, will you?
Johnny: I'm on my way.

Theme 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, 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*.

Theme music up

Expense account item one - \$1.15, Taxi to the offices of Pat McCrackin, of Universal. I hadn't seen Pat since he'd ruined my Southern California vacation by insisting that I tie it in with the Jolly Roger Matter in the Lamar Case, where my expense account for some, ah, strange reason came out to a right nice figure. I'd even included the case of VO I'd sent him for having handed me those investigations. So I didn't know whether he was gonna be nice to me, or to rub my nose in the dirt. As it turns out, he didn't know either.

McCrackin: Now I don't quite know whether this is going to be another soft touch for that expense account of yours, or a completely crazy one, or real rough.

Johnny: Heh, heh.

McCrackin: Tommy Green seems to think the latter, Though I don't see why, particularly.

Johnny: Yeah, who's Tommy Green?

McCrackin: Mid-Eastern Life, down in New York. Oh, but just bill me, as usual.

Johnny: Sure, okay

McCrackin: Tommy says he's run into this sort of thing before, but not on so big a scale, that's why he's worried about it.

Johnny: Pat, you still haven't told me what!

McCrackin: Oh. Well, one of this clients happens to be a sweet young thing named Carol Sharp, twenty six or seven, beautiful, badly spoiled,

Johnny: Huh, I Love 'em that way!

McCrackin: What?

Johnny: Nothing, go on, go on..

McCrackin: Ah, yes, yes. She lives alone, in a swank penthouse in the East 50's, down there in New York, playgirl. Tommy holds a \$110,000 policy on her, straight life.

Johnny: Beneficiary?

McCrackin: Her family, mother, a couple of kid brothers..

Johnny: No father?

McCrackin: No, no. The others live over in Marchand, PA. That's where her father made the dough that keeps her in the penthouse, and keeps the others living well in the old family manse.

Johnny: So, what's the problem? Somebody threatening her life?

McCrackin: I don't know, Johnny, depends on what you mean by threatening. She just requested Tommy to change beneficiaries.

Johnny: What's so unusual about that?

McCrackin: Well, one of them's to be a man named Tony Riccardo for \$30,000...

Johnny: Oh ho, so she's fallen for the guy who's making the, ah, "nice gesture"

McCrackin: Maybe, we don't know yet. The other is a so-called medium, Madam Celia something.

Johnny: Oh-oh. I've heard it before. Turn the family fortune over to me and I'll get in touch with dear, departed papa.

McCrackin: That's what it looks like from here. She's being took!

Johnny: Well, how can it be any of our business?

McCrackin: Well, last time Tommy was requested to change a beneficiary to a medium, his hale and hearty young client suddenly turned up dead.

Johnny: And they pinned it on the medium?

McCrackin: mmm hmm. Apparently this sort of thing goes on quite a bit. So, it has Tommy worried, so he asked for you.

Johnny: Alright, just what do you want me to do?

McCrackin: What do you want to do?

Johnny: Break out the old crystal ball, Pat, and we'll see.

Music up

Johnny: Expense item 2 – Transportation, Hartford to New York and the offices of Mid-Eastern, where Tommy Green turned out to be a mild-mannered, thoroughly likeable, successful insurance broker.

FX (Door opens, then closes. Chair scrapes floor.)

Green: Come in, Mr. Dollar. Glad you could make it.

Johnny: How do, Mr. Green.

Green: Sit down, won't you?

Johnny: Thanks.

Green: I suppose Pat McCrackin has told you what's on my mind.

Johnny: Only that you think one of your clients is being taken for the proverbial sleigh ride by some spiritualist.

Green: As you no doubt know, Mr. Dollar, spiritualism is a recognized, well established religion.

Johnny: Sure, of course.

Green: However, as in any other, there are charlatans and some of these "mediums", as they call themselves, take literally millions of dollars every year from people

by trickery, by producing weird manifestations that appear to be genuinely supernatural.

Johnny: Tommy, I know what you mean.

Green: My own mother took a beating from one of those phonies, when I was just a kid. You know, promised messages from father after he died, and at twenty-five bucks a try.

Johnny: Wow. No wonder you're suspicious of them.

Green: And especially of one Madam Celia Morgana Morgana.

Johnny: Have you seen this, ah, madam?

Green: No, but I believe you'd better.

Johnny: Hmmm. Have you changed, what's her name, Carol Sharp's policy yet?

Green: No, but I'm afraid I can't stall her much longer.

Johnny: And you're afraid that once you do change it, Carol ain't gonna be long for this world, huh?

Green: It's happened before, Dollar.

Johnny: Yeah. Well, I can't just barge in on this madam Morgana Morgana, announce that I'm an insurance investigator, and that another.... Hey wait a minute, what's the name of this other beneficiary?

Green: Tony Riccardo.

Johnny: Yeah, who is he?

Green: All I know is what Carol's told me

Johnny: Love affair?

Green: Yeah, he sounds like a playboy. They do a lot of nightclubbing together.

Johnny: Money?

Green: I don't know.

Johnny: Family?

Green: I don't know that either.

Johnny: But he's in for thirty of \$110,000 if anything happens to her.

Green: If we change the policy. How are you gonna start?

Johnny: Well, if this Carol Sharp is all Pat McCrackin says she is, this case could have a very pleasant beginning.

Music up

Johnny: I stuck around with Tommy Green long enough to listen to him verify what Pat had said about Carol's family wealth, etcetera, take a look at a snap shot of her and get her address. Item 3- \$1.80 – Taxi to the Bell Towers at 614 East 52nd Street, a magnificent modern apartment hotel at the edge of the East River. Real swank. The place even had it's own private docks, with several well-kept cruisers tied up and even a small sea plane. Pat, I warn ya – this expense account ain't gonna be small!

Manager: Yes, may I help you sir?

Johnny: Yes, you can. I'd like a small apartment for a few days.

Manager: Are you alone, sir?

Johnny: Yes.

Manager: Well, we still have a small five room penthouse suite for \$1500 a month.

Johnny: Huh?

Manager: With complete maid service, of course...

Johnny: Oh, of course.

Manager: And on a minimum one year lease, of course.

Johnny: Look, all I want is a bedroom/living room type of thing. I may be here only a week or so.

Manager: Oh, well in that case I'm afraid there's nothing we can do for you, unless...tell me sir, do you have any recommendations from any of our tenants?

Johnny: Look, I'm an insurance investigator. Here - my card. And I want something as close as possible to Miss Carol Sharp's apartment, but I don't wanna have to rob Fort Knox...

Manager: Private Investigator, did you say?

Johnny: Yeah, that'll do.
Manager: Oh, dear! Surely Miss Sharp can't be in any kind of...Why, think what it would mean to our reputation, ah, Mister, oh, Mr. Dollar.
Johnny: Stop worrying, will ya? She isn't in any kinda trouble – yet. But for reasons, they, ah, well they don't particularly concern you, I need to be as close to her as I can.
Manager: Ah, what a pleasant thought. If only I...
Johnny: For the same reason I don't want her to know what my business here is.
Manager: Of course, believe me, Mr. Dollar, I'm the very soul of discretion.
Johnny: Good, see that you stay that way. Now, have you got a room or two for me?
Manager: Ah, let me see... Now she's in Penthouse A on Floor 12. Hmmm. There is a two room on Ten – very nice at \$325 a week, with, ah, complete service, of course.
Johnny: Okay, I'll take it.
Manager: Very well, just sign this card, please. And, oh, dear, I'm afraid I must have a week in advance.
Johnny: Oh, sure, sure, what's a measly three hundred and twenty five bucks?

Music up

Johnny: When the two bellboys, who carried up my two bags at a buck apiece settled me into room 1013, I must admit the place looked almost worth the tab. Tastefully furnished, spit and polish clean, with a plate glass panorama view of the bustling East River. Yeah, I wished for a moment that I could afford this sort of lodging. First thing I did was telephoned an old pal.
Sarge: Detective division, Sergeant Singer.
Johnny: Hey, look, Sarge, I need a rundown on a dirty crook.
Sarge: Who's speaking, please?
Johnny: He's going around acting like an insurance dick, but he's a crook.
Sarge: Oh, what's his name?
Johnny: Dollar, Johnny Dollar. I tell you that punk is as crooked as they come.
Sarge: Don't go any further, we know all about him. We got word here in New York, and we'll put a stakeout on him the minute we spot his hideout.
Johnny: That, copper, I can give you.
Sarge: Good, Johnny, just where you staying?
Johnny: Hi, you old reprobate, I'm at the Towers, East 52nd.
Sarge: The tow...Eh, expense account, huh?
Johnny: How'd you guess. I want to see you.
Sarge: In exactly 21 minutes I'll punch the time clock and be over.
Johnny: Room 1013.
Sarge: Right, oh, and, ah, be sure it's with soda...
Johnny: Easy, boy, give you any encouragement, and you'll want to name the brand of scotch!

Music up

Johnny: Item 4- \$12.20. One bottle of scotch, and setups for two.
Sarge: Sure, Johnny. Knew her from when I was doing the nightclub beat.
Johnny: Then she's lived in town for quite a while, huh?
Sarge: Yeah, couple of years at least.
Johnny: How much do you know about her, Randy?
Sarge: Hmmm, not much. She's loaded, throws her money around like it's confetti.
Johnny: Yeah, I figured that – when I found her staying here. Father left it to her.
Sarge: Eh, coal miner, wasn't he?
Johnny: Owned a big quarry in Frankville, Pennsylvania, somewhere near Marchand.
Sarge: Well, it must have paid off good in the old days. Uh, but tell me, what's – ah, you wanna give me a refill?
Johnny: Yeah, sure. Ever hear of a Madam Celia Morgan Morgana?

Sarge: Huh! I've chased that blousy old phony from one end of the island to the other. (imitating Morgana) "I look into zee crystal ball and I see into zee past, zee present, zee future and into your pocketbook."

Johnny: Yeah, and, man, she could.

Sarge: I think she's operating somewhere over on the Jersey side now.

Johnny: Here.

Sarge: Thanks.

Johnny: But she's still operating.

Sarge: Operating with real class, the last time we picked her up and kicked her out.

Johnny: How do you mean?

Sarge: Nice apartment, over here on the East Side. Classy clientele.

Johnny: Hmm.

Sarge: Say, is Carol Sharp hooked by her?

Johnny: Appears so. Just how does she work?

Sarge: Well, the usual way the phonies do. Goes into a trance, writhes around like a sea-sick rattlesnake, and then gives with the voices.

Johnny: Voices?

Sarge: You know, speaks with the tongues of the departed.

Johnny: Hey, look, where's the money angle in this?

Sarge: Well, she makes like the trances cause her great agony of body and mind, starts with the pitch about doctor bills. And, the more clients can afford, the more they pay.

Johnny: And they don't get wise?

Sarge: Ah, she's smart. Works it like a serial story, you know, continued next week.

Johnny: No. I don't know. Brief me.

Sarge: Well, at each séance she tells them just enough to whet their appetite for more. Leads right up to the next hot bit of information, has 'em hanging on every word, then "bingo" the trance is over.

Johnny: Ah...

Sarge: (imitating Morgana) "However, eef you come back next week when I recover my strength..."

Johnny: Heh, heh.

Sarge: So, they pay her off, and they're back a week later to play games with her again.

Johnny: I don't know. It seems pretty obvious to me.

Sarge: Well, that's because you've never attended a séance run by an artist at it. Hey, why don't ya?

Johnny: I think I will.

Sarge: I'll see what I can dig up for ya.

Johnny: You mean there are still some going on around town?

Sarge: Dozens, hundreds, probably. Kick them out of one place, they move to another, unless you can tie a serious rap on them.

Johnny: Which reminds me, Tommy Green told me...

Sarge: Yeah, Yeah, handled that one myself. A Madam Gabor Charnowsky. Got a sweet old man to sign over his fortune, and had him knocked off. Oh, it's a dirty racket.

Johnny: Yeah, religion, science, the professions, they all leave an open door to the racketeers, I guess. Okay, set up a seance for me, Randy, and meantime run me a make on Tony Riccardo, will ya?

Sarge: Riccardo?

Johnny: Yeah, he's the other one Carol Sharp wants to name as a beneficiary.

Sarge: Besides the medium?

Johnny: Yeah. Beneficiary of a whopping big life policy.

Sarge: Okay, good, Johnny. I'll call you later.

Music up

Johnny: While I took my time showering and changing clothes, I racked my brain trying to cook up a smooth way to meet Carol Sharp. Under no circumstances did I

want her to suspect the reason behind my interest in her, at least not for the present. Requisite number one, then, meet the gal. I was just tying my tie when the phone rang.

Johnny: Johnny Dollar.

Sarge: Randy, Johnny.

Johnny: Oh, Hi, Ran. Set up a date with a medium?

Sarge: Yeah, for tonight, but that's not what I'm calling about. Johnny, I could write a book for you.

Johnny: Huh?

Sarge: On Tony Riccardo. And I don't think you'd like it. You seen him yet?

Johnny: No, but I will, soon as I can locate him.

Sarge: Well, if he finds out what you're working on, he'll locate you.

Johnny: Fine.

Sarge: Yeah, just be sure you see him first. And that you're carrying a gun.

Johnny: Thanks, Randy.

Music up

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

Johnny: Tomorrow – well, sometimes the best laid plans can take a terrible beating when a lovely girl steps into the picture. 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

Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar

The Matter of the Medium, Well Done

Part 2

Episode 394

Air Date May 15, 1956

Announcer: From Hollywood, its time now for:

FX (Phone Rings)

Johnny: Johnny Dollar.

Sarge: Randy Singer at Headquarters, Johnny.

Johnny: Oh, hi! More information on Tony Riccardo?

Sarge: Only what I told you before. Look out for him!

Johnny: Randy, that doesn't sound like anybody that a gal like Carol Sharp would be associated with.

Sarge: Who knows? For a cut of her money, most anybody'd be willing to act like a nice old coot. Till he got his hands on it.

Johnny: Yeah, I know what you mean. But now, I thought you were going to set up a seance for me. Or couldn't you find a crystal ball?

Sarge: I'm working on it. I'll call ya.

Johnny: Yeah, do that.

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. Three people to look up immediately. First, Carol Sharp, wealthy heiress, who insisted on a funny change in the beneficiaries of a whopping big life insurance policy. Second, a questionable character named Tony Riccardo, who was scheduled to be one of those beneficiaries. Third, in the same category as Tony, one Madam Celia Morgana Morgana, a self-styled psychic medium. Instead, I huddled with Tommy Green, the broker who handled Carol Sharp's policy.

Green: But you haven't even seen Carol yet?

Johnny: Nope.

Green: Johnny, I can't stall off changing the beneficiaries of her policy much longer. You've got to do something about this.

Johnny: Because you don't like mediums?

Green: This one is a fake, and..

Johnny: Or you don't like playboys with foreign names.

Green: Listen, Johnny, I'm afraid that once she names them in her policy, her body'll suddenly turn up floating around somewhere in the East River.

Johnny: But what if I find her okay? In spite of the opinion of Sergeant Singer of the NYPD.

Green: What did he say?
Johnny: Oh, not much. But he hinted that when I meet Riccardo, I'd better be carrying a gun.
Green: Well, don't you see? That's exactly what I'm driving at.
Johnny: As for the medium, well, Tommy, you know as well as I do there are a lot of perfectly legitimate, honest spiritualist churches all over the count...
Green: Believe me, Johnny, If this one ever saw the inside of a church it would be a miracle! She's a fraud!
Johnny: How do you know? Ever met her?
Green: I know how these phonies operate.
Johnny: Ever met her?
Green: No, no I haven't. I haven't the least idea where to look for her. That's why I sent for you. But you haven't even seen Carol yet. Now look...
Johnny: Tommy, I've taken a place in her apartment hotel, the Bell Towers.
Green: Oh, you expense account boys...
Johnny: And, I'll meet her as soon as I can, in my own way. Meanwhile, I want you to do something for me.
Green: If it'll help to get things moving, anything.
Johnny: Find out something about the beneficiaries she wants to cut off...
Green: Her mother, and two brothers out in Marchand, Pennsylvania.
Johnny: Find out how they're doing financially, among other things.
Green: How, Johnny, hire another investigator? I take it that you don't want them to know about it.
Johnny: Well, uh, Why don't you cook up some kind of a news item about Carol, "the local girl in the big city". And phone it into the local newspaper editor. Those small town papers love that sort of stuff, and the editor will probably talk his head off about the family if you encourage him a bit.
Green: Hmmm... What kind of a news item?
Johnny: Oh, anything that's harmless.
Green: Sounds like something that you'd be better at than I am.
Johnny: Tommy, I've got other things to do. Plenty!

Music up

Johnny: Armed with a snapshot of Carol, I took a cab to the Bell Towers. And I hoped that somehow, and without making it too corny or obvious, I could figure out a way to get next to Carol Sharp. As it turned out, it was both corny, and successful. You see, the automatic elevator in the Towers is a slow one.
Carol: Will you push the button for twelve, please?
Johnny: Oh, surely, miss. I'm only going to the....
Carol: What, what's the matter?
Johnny: Huh, mmm? Oh.
Carol: Here, I'll push it.
Johnny: No, no...
Carol: I beg your pardon!
Johnny: I...well, I'm sorry but I...well I can't believe this! Unless I'm psychic.
Carol: Now, look, mister, the city is too big and too sophisticated for... Is something wrong with you? You did want to get off on the tenth floor, didn't you?
Johnny: Yes, yes I did.
Carol: Well, we're here. Floor ten, so... Mister, did somebody hypnotize you?
Johnny: Hypno...? Yes. Ah, no. Oh, oh, please, miss, excuse me, its, well its just that I can't believe... Oh, I'm terrible sorry. Oh, when I was a kid, I used to have a dream, over and over again, about a beautiful girl, and her name was Carol...
Carol: What?
Johnny: The same dream, over and over, and then...well it startled me just now because...well, because you look just like she did! Oh, but its all nonsense, and I know it, and I apologize...
Carol: Carol, did you say?

Johnny: Yes, but it was just a dream, and probably I just imagine that you resemble her, and... I'm terribly sorry, and I, I ..I know what this must look like to you.
Carol: Yes. Like a Veritable Dream.
Johnny: What?
Carol: A Truth Dream. It's a psychic phenomenon.
Johnny: Oh, that. Well, I'm sorry, but I don't believe in that sort of stuff.
Carol: Oh? Well, it just happens that there are thousands of cases on record, and by people of reputation and responsibility.
Johnny: Oh, sure, sure. Now, excuse me, and, ah, again, I want to apologize for this...well, this embarrassing moment. Bye.

Music up

Johnny: I could see over my shoulder that she left the elevator door open until I had gone into my suite across the hall. I sat down next to the broad window overlooking the East River, crossed my fingers and waited. Ten minutes. Fifteen.

FX (phone rings)

Johnny: Uh, Hello?
Carol: Mr. Dollar?
Johnny: Yes, who's there?
Carol: This is Carol.
Johnny: Wha...What?
Carol: Your Dream Girl? Hello?
Johnny: Oh, hello. I get it. I made a fool of myself in the elevator, and now you're rubbing it in.
Carol: No. I didn't mean it that way. I hope you don't think I'm being forward, but I'd like to talk with you. About your dream, I mean.
Johnny: Heh, heh, heh, heh.
Carol: What's that mean?
Johnny: And I was afraid you'd thought I was trying to pull a fast one in the elevator. But, uh, how did you know who I am?
Carol: I just asked the desk clerk who was in 1013. My name is Carol Sharp.
Johnny: Then it really is Carol. Well, that's amazing!
Carol: That's why I want to talk to you.
Johnny: Well, there, uh, there's a nice cocktail lounge downstairs...
Carol: In half an hour?
Johnny: In half an hour.
Carol: Bye. (Carol hangs up)
Johnny: Ah, Dollar, you are a fast one. Now let me see...

FX (phone rings)

Johnny: Johnny Dollar.
Sarge: Randy Singer.
Johnny: Yep, I ought to have known.
Sarge: Why, what's the matter?
Johnny: After what I've been talking to, this is a comedown.
Sarge: Now what're you do.....Ah, hah, hah, hah... you met Carol Sharp, huh?
Johnny: Sure did.
Sarge: Uh-huh...Oh, look, I've set up the séance I promised you. Still want it, after you've met the girl?
Johnny: Sure. I want to find out what this stuff is all about, and how those people operate and so on. Wanna pick me up here at the Towers?
Sarge: Why don't you meet me here at headquarters. Then you can look over the file on Tony Riccardo.

Johnny: Good idea.
Sarge: I'll be clear anytime after six.
Johnny: Ah...Better make it around seven. I've got a date for cocktails.
Sarge: Are you in town on a case, or, ah...?
Johnny: With Carol Sharp.
Sarge: You lucky dog. See ya later.

Lounge music up

Johnny: To say that Carol looked like a vision when she swept into the cocktail lounge would have been a gross understatement. Her light blue cocktail gown was probably from Heddy Carnegie, but it's lines were simple in the extreme, and only served to accentuate the fresh, live figure and the natural beauty of the girl. Her blonde hair was drawn back tightly and a silver blue mink stole was draped carelessly over her shoulder. If I'd put on an act when I stared at her in the elevator, believe me this was no act now.

Carol: I hope you don't think me too brazen for having called you the way I did.
Johnny: You have no idea how glad I am. Uh, will this be alright?
Carol: Oh, fine. Thank you.
Johnny: I, ah...I was afraid after that episode in the elevator, you might have thought I was just some lonely bachelor trying to find a date.

Carol: Are you a bachelor?
Johnny: Aye, confirmed.
Carol: You just haven't met the right girl.
Johnny: Well, there are times, like this, when I think perhaps...
Waiter: Your order, sir?
Johnny: Eh? Oh, sure. Carol?
Carol: Sherry and bitters, please.
Johnny: Sherry and bitters and VO over ice.
Waiter: Thanks.
Carol: Be honest with me. Do I really look like the girl you used to dream about when you were a little boy? Or did you dream about a little girl your own age, who just happened to bear some resemblance to me?

Johnny: Well, no. No, you see...
Carol: That's very important. You see, if it really was a veritable dream, well, you see, the phenomenon of precognition would be involved too, so to speak.

Johnny: Pre-cog...
Carol: Yes. You're now knowing me psychically, before you could possibly know me by any natural means. Where have you lived most of your life?
Johnny: Oh, all over. Here in New York, Hartford, Connecticut.
Carol: Eastern Pennsylvania?
Johnny: No, never, except for an occasional trip to Philadelphia. But that wasn't until I was grown up.

Carol: Then you couldn't possibly have ever actually seen me, because all of my life, I've lived in Pennsylvania in, well, in the coal mining district.

Johnny: Well, uh...
Carol: So your dreams of me must have been due to some supernatural cause...
Johnny: Ah, Carol...
Carol: There's no other explanation. Well, is there?
Johnny: Carol, I...
Waiter: Sherry and bitters for the lady, and...
Johnny: Yeah, ah, thanks, I'll sign that...

Music up

Johnny: Saved by the bell, or rather by the waiter. I'm afraid I came awfully close to admitting to Carol that I'd trumped up the whole dream business just to meet her and talk with her. She was certainly hep on the subject of things psychic, and

I'm afraid a natural sucker for anyone who wanted to capitalize on her gullibility. Beautiful, intelligent, well educated, but, well, you'll see what I mean.

- Carol:** And although it's a terrible strain on her, these deep trances, I mean, I've received messages through her, Johnny, from my father!
- Johnny:** Through this medium.
- Carol:** Yes, Madam Morgana Morgana.
- Johnny:** And your father's dead?
- Carol:** He died three years ago.
- Johnny:** Carol, are you sure? About those messages?
- Carol:** Yes, Johnny, I'm sure. That's why I want you to go, and see. See these things for yourself, will you? Will you go to her with me?
- Johnny:** Heh, heh...Now don't swing at me, but at this point I think I'd go anywhere with you.
- Carol:** Oh, Johnny, I'm serious!. I want to tell her about you anyway, and the veritable dream.
- Johnny:** Well...alright. When?
- Carol:** I'll call her. Tonight. And perhaps we can see her tomorrow night, alright?
- Johnny:** Yep. Carol, I don't want to seem suspicious, but, uh,
- Carol:** Yes?
- Johnny:** Don't tell her anything about me, except that you're bringing me along.
- Carol:** Oh, no. Well, of course not. She wouldn't let me, anyway. That's the way the fraudulent mediums work.
- Johnny:** Oh? There are frauds among them?
- Carol:** Plenty of them. You know, they get the information from some mutual friend, then pretend they're getting it from a supernatural source.
- Johnny:** And she doesn't?
- Carol:** I'm sure of it.

Music up

- Johnny:** So far, so good. I'd met Carol Sharp. I'd convinced her in a snide sort of a way that I was intrigued with this psychic phenomenon business. I was well on the way to meeting the medium who had sparked this whole case. And later tonight, thanks to Sergeant Randy Singer of the NYPD, I'd attend a seance, calculated to be my first step in finding out how the phonies in the racket impress their customers. There was just one more person to meet. Tony Riccardo, whom Carol wanted to name, along with the medium, as beneficiary of her big insurance policy. By the time Carol and I finished cocktails, I was sorry I'd made any plans for the evening. But I was already late for my meeting with Randy at Headquarters. I took Carol back to her penthouse, then dropped into my own suite to pick up a topcoat. Somebody had shoved a note under my door.

Note reads: "Mr. Johnny Dollar: If you value your life, you'll stay away from Carol Sharp"

- Johnny:** It was unsigned.

Music up

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

- Johnny:** Tomorrow – I find out a thing or two about a killer – and about a medium, not so well done. 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

Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar

The Matter of the Medium, Well Done

Part 3

Episode 395

Air Date May 16, 1956

Announcer: From Hollywood, its time now for:

FX (Phone Rings)

Johnny: Johnny Dollar.
Riccardo: This is Tony Riccardo
Johnny: Oh, I've been hoping to get in touch with you.
Riccardo: Did you receive my note?
Johnny: Was that your polite threat to kill me if I don't leave Carol Sharp alone? Yeah, I received it. And I have a sneaking suspicion the police department might be interested in it.
Riccardo: No. No, please, I...I guess I acted a bit hastily. Perhaps you'll let me talk to you.
Johnny: You want to take the threat back?
Riccardo: That still stands.
Johnny: Then you don't leave me much choice.
Riccardo: Talk to me first. Believe me, you won't be sorry.
Johnny: But I might be dead. Is that it?
Riccardo: I want to see you.
Johnny: Can't do it now, but where can I reach you?
Riccardo: Sunrise 3-9970
Johnny: Okay. Meantime, don't get trigger-happy.

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. Expense Account item 7...85 cents, cab fare from the Bell Towers to the Eighteenth Precinct Station, and Sergeant Randy Singer.

Sarge: So, You met Carol Sharp, huh?
Johnny: Yep. I put on an act that would have done credit to the Theater Guild.
Sarge: Heh, heh.
Johnny: Told her she looked exactly like a girl I dreamed about as a kid. A girl named Carol.
Sarge: Oh, no. She swallowed it?
Johnny: Not only that, but she gave me a lecture on Veritable Dreams, and allied psychic phenomenon.
Sarge: You deserve an Oscar.
Johnny: Also, she wants me to go with her and see this Madam Morgana Morgana.
Sarge: Oh, good, when?
Johnny: Tomorrow night.
Sarge: You're not figuring on skipping out on tonight's seance, are you?
Johnny: No, not a bit. I want to find out what this stuff is all about, so I'll be prepared for tomorrow. Uh, this dame you have lined up pretty good?
Sarge: She's got a big following. You ready to go?
Johnny: Wait a minute. You said you have the file on Tony Riccardo.
Sarge: Oh, yeah, yeah, here it is waiting for you. Here, Anthony Riccardo, alias Ricky Moreno, alias Tony the Tip. Here's his picture. Height 5'9", weight 172, Eyes brown, hair...
Johnny: Hey, wait a minute....
Sarge: ..sparse gray, suspected member of the Duchy Sperling outfit, 12 arrests...
Johnny: Randy....
Sarge: no convictions, started as a rum runner back...
Johnny: Hey, is this, this Tony Riccardo?
Sarge: That's the guy.
Johnny: I would have sworn the guy I talked to on the phone was in his twenties...late twenties, at most.
Sarge: You talked to him?
Johnny: After leaving an unpleasant little note under my door at the Towers, he called me on the phone.
Sarge: What kind of note?
Johnny: Oh, nothing particular. Just a gentle suggestion I lay off Carol Sharp.
Sarge: Threat, huh? Still got it?
Johnny: But I'm sure that voice couldn't have come from this old geezer.
Sarge: Yeah, well, frankly, I kinda wondered about the Sharp girl being interested in him, even though the file does show he's always surrounded himself with a bunch of young ones. You know, he's probably handed out more mink coats....Oh! Johnny, wait a minute. Old Tony's got a couple of kids. Here, Angela. Goes under the name of Angela Richards. At least she used that name at Bryn Mawr.
Johnny: Bryn Mawr?
Sarge: Yeah, and Sarah Lawrence College at Bronxville. The old boy has tried to keep the stigma of his past away from her, I guess. You see, married to a doctor over in Hackensack. Respectable housewife.
Johnny: Um hmm. What about the others?
Sarge: Anthony Junior. Age 26. That was, ah, last year. Let's see, that makes him 27 now. Rutgers University, class...not much on him. Unless I miss my guess, he's a chip off the old block. You know where I can find him?
Johnny: All I have is his phone number.
Sarge: What is it?
Johnny: Wait till I see and talk to him.
Sarge: Ah, that may be too late, if he's what I think he is.
Johnny: Why not ask this medium about him tonight?

Sarge: Yeah, that's...Hey! Come on, we're late, let's go.

Music Up

Johnny: Item 8 -- \$1.20 -- Cab to an old brownstone house, somewhere over in the West 40's -- way west -- in a district that had seen better days. We were greeted at the door by a tall, grey-haired old gentleman, dressed in black, except for his white gloves, that somehow reminded me of a pallbearer.

Hemingway: Come in, Mr. Singer, Mr. Dollar. Clara Bell is about to begin. Psychometry is the mood this evening. Follow, please.

Johnny: How'd he know our names?

Sarge: I had to give 'em to him when I made the appointment.

Johnny: What's this, ah, Psychometry business?

Sarge: You'll see.

Johnny: Wow. The music gives me the creeps.

Sarge: Yeah...

Hemingway: Into the temple, please, and be seated.

Johnny: The temple turns out to be an old dining room. Bare wooden floor, heavy drapes over the windows. And as nearly as I could see, a bunch of chairs around in a circle, filled with people. The sockets in the ancient chandelier that hung from the ceiling had red bulbs in them, that barely glowed. We could hardly see a thing, although I'm sure the light went up very slightly when we made our entrance, and then down again, as though somebody was controlling it with a rheostat. Our eyes were almost used to the semi-darkness by the time we seated ourselves in the circle. Nobody spoke, and the weird music from that scratchy record was beginning to get on my nerves, or put me to sleep, or something. I'm not quite sure what. Then, suddenly, there was a flash of light and a puff of smoke, and so help me....

FX (gong sounds)

Johnny: What the Sam...

Sarge: Quiet, it's all part of the act.

Clarabelle: Greetings!

All: Greetings, Greetings

Clarabelle: Greetings, friends of the unknown, friends of the mystics, of Photan, the Indian boy, and the seventh son of the seventh son of Harry Schlew the Mighty.

Johnny: And there she stood, in the center of the circle where the flash had gone off.

Clarabelle: Are we all in the mood?

Johnny: She stood there draped in what looked, even in the dim light, what looked like a slightly soiled bed sheet pulled in around her ample middle with a hunk of coarse rope. She wore a sort-of turban, or maybe it was just an old dish towel wrapped around her head. The faint odor of gin pervaded the room. I guess her feet were bare, 'cause she made no noise as she walked slowly around the circle holding out a shallow metal tray. Taking a collection so soon, I wondered?

Clarabelle: Each of you, place upon the tray some object, very close to you. Something you have had a long, long time, that has become a part of you.

Johnny: Huh?

Sarge: Shhh. You'll get it back.

Clarabelle: And if the spirits are with us, and there are no dissenting minds among us, if Photan, the Indian boy from the world beyond is willing to work at our control, we shall learn many strange things this night. Place something close to you upon the tray.

Johnny: Uh, will this watch do?

Clarabelle: Must not speak, but keep the mood. Keep the mood. Are we all in the mood? And, now, dear friends, while I meditate and establish contact with the spirit

world, Hemingway will pass among you, for the tiny assurance that you join us in all sincerity. Now join hands to create the flux, that will join our thoughts and minds and hearts and open the doors to enlightenment for all of us.

Hemingway: Five dollars from you...

Clarabelle: Photan? Are you with us tonight? Photan? Will you answer us? Are you with us now?

Hemingway: Five dollars, please

FX (Ghostly Knocking)

Clarabelle: Is that Photan that answers our call, or the little sister, Hyacinth.

FX (more knocking)

Clarabelle: Oh... It is Photan. We may begin. I hold this ring. I feel the para-magnetic forces arising from it. This belongs to a businessman south of here. I seem to see clothing, hanging in a large warehouse...

Businessman: Yes...yes...

Clarabelle: And the sound of many machines...sewing machines

Businessman: Yes, yes that's right!

Clarabelle: And many young girls working at the machines..

Johnny: One by one, she picked the objects off the tray, and gave a kind of character reading of the owners. Occasionally, somebody in the circle would respond in a way that made it sound like she'd guessed right. Other times, she'd just make with a lot of generalities that could apply to anyone. Finally, she picked up my watch.

Clarabelle: This watch. I see tall buildings of stone. And strange signs on them. I don't know what they mean. Tri-Mutual, Mutual Universal Adjustment...

Johnny: Huh? Randy!

Sarge: Shhh!

Clarabelle: And I see great sheaves of papers, carefully folded, and on each one it says, "Policy... policy..." I don't understand, unless...Insurance! Yes.

Johnny: This is fantastic!

Sarge: Wait till she gets to what I put there.

Clarabelle: The watch is from a young man. Clever, energetic. I will have many things to tell him at another time. But he must see me again, often. And now, this other object that lay beneath the watch. I see a Police badge! The cops! We're being raided! You get out of here! Get away! Get away!

FX (furniture overturns, general bedlam)

Sarge: Come on Johnny, I may need a hand. Just a minute there, Clarabelle.

Clarabelle: Take your filthy hands off me. Let me outta here!

Sarge: You're not going anywhere until I have a talk with you.

Clarabelle: Hemingway! Ran out on me. I might have known he would in a pinch.

Sarge: There isn't going to be a pinch if you'll just shut up and stand still a minute.

Clarabelle: I wasn't doing no harm, honest officer, And all the money goes to charity.

Sarge: All right, all right, settle down, where's the light switch?

Johnny: Got it, Randy.

Clarabelle: I'll never live this down. Now look, officer...

Sarge: You look, Clarabelle, all we want is some answers to some questions.

Clarabelle: And you won't pinch me?

Sarge: Not if you tell the truth. Johnny?

Johnny: Yeah. Just how did you know so much about me? It certainly wasn't from holding that watch.

Clarabelle: Okay, so it wasn't. Though, some there are that can do it that way. That I've heard.

Johnny: Well? Go on.

Clarabelle: No pinch?
Sarge: No pinch.
Clarabelle: Well...When your friend called to arrange you being here tonight, Hemingway, that bum, he would walk out on me!
Johnny: Go on, will ya?
Clarabelle: Well, Hemingway asked, "Where ya come from?" so we'd know if the spirits was propitious there. That's what we always say.
Johnny: And I told him, Hartford.
Clarabelle: That's right. So what's Hartford? Insurance. If a client's in insurance, he responds like you done. So I keep pushing it. And if he ain't, well at least he thinks I done pretty good by describing the place he comes from.
Johnny: Yeah, what about he clothing maker, right at the beginning?
Clarabelle: He called from a hotel, so we calls the hotel back and gets his address.
Johnny: You told him he was from the south of here.
Clarabelle: Sure. Woodbine, New Jersey. Only business down there of any account is clothing and small farms.
Johnny: And where'd you find that out?
Clarabelle: State directory, any library. And anybody could see he was a businessman, not a farmer.
Johnny: Well, I'll be.
Sarge: And hooking him that way tonight, you could have had him coming back as long as he could afford it, huh?
Clarabelle: If it hadn't been for you, you double-crossing...
Johnny: Okay, okay...now what about the others?
Clarabelle: Some we get the dope on, and some we guess at. But there's always enough good ones to keep going.

Music up

Johnny: So easy! And yet, I must confess, she'd had me stumped for a while. We talked with her a bit longer. Randy warned her to watch her step, and we left. Took a taxi back to my hotel.
Sarge: Well. Did you learn anything?
Johnny: I should hope to tell ya. What do the church-going spiritualists think of her kind?
Sarge: They hate 'em. And I don't blame them.
Johnny: Hmmm....
Sarge: Are you still gonna see Madam Morgana Morgana tomorrow night?
Johnny: Hmmm...yeah.
Sarge: Well, Mister, that one won't be so easy to expose. IF you can expose her.

Music up

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

Johnny: Tomorrow – The Medium, Well Done appears. 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

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 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

Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar

The Matter of the Medium, Well Done

Part 5

Episode 397

Air Date May 18, 1956

Announcer: From Hollywood, its time now for:

FX (Phone Rings)

Johnny: Johnny Dollar.

Carol: Good morning, Johnny. This is Carol.

Johnny: Oh, hi, Carol. Sleep well?

Carol: Johnny, you were so quiet on the way back from the séance last night. I hope its because Madam Morgana Morgana convinced you of her powers as a medium.

Johnny: Uh... How much did you pay her for that séance, Carol?

Carol: A hundred dollars.

Johnny: A hundred...! Wanna meet me in the coffee shop downstairs for breakfast?

Carol: I'd love to. Fifteen minutes?

Johnny: Fifteen minutes. Goodbye.

Carol: Oh, and weren't you thrilled to hear the voice of your dead brother again?

Johnny: Yeah. Bye.

FX (Hangs up phone)

Johnny: Except that I never had a brother.

Theme 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 expenses during my investigation of the Matter of the Medium, Well Done. Expense account Item Eighteen - 10 cents. Phone call to Carol Sharp. Item Nineteen – 10 cents. Phone call to Sergeant Randy Singer.

Sarge: Hey... I thought you were coming down here to headquarters this AM? Its nearly 10 o'clock.

Johnny: Soon as I've had some breakfast. Your lab get those films developed for me?

Sarge: They're working on 'em right now.

Johnny: And did you put a tail on David Sharp?

Sarge: Carol's brother? Yeah. I suppose you know he was over there in the neighborhood of that séance over in Jersey last night.
Johnny: I would have bet on it.
Sarge: Didn't you see him there?
Johnny: No.
Sarge: Well, that's funny.
Johnny: Just keep that tail on him. See ya later.

Music up

Johnny: Item twenty – \$10.70. Long Distance call to the city editor of the Marchand, Pennsylvania *Herald Express*. For a full half-hour I asked him questions about the Sharp family. About one member of the family in particular. Then – item twenty-one – \$5.85. Breakfast for Carol and myself in the coffee shop at the swank Bell Towers.
Carol: You must have been impressed, Johnny; you're so quiet. Would you like to see Madam Morgana Morgana again tonight? Johnny?
Johnny: Carol, I think we'll see her today.
Carol: Oh, but she couldn't. She always says it takes a full day to recover from the shock and the strain of a séance. She goes into a deep trance, you know, in order to make the spirits move those little trumpets about and speak through them.
Johnny: Listen, Carol.
Carol: Yes?
Johnny: You have a brother, David.
Carol: Oh. David.
Johnny: Why do you say it that way?
Carol: He's not really a brother. He was just sort of taken in by Mother when his parents died. I... I'd rather not speak of him, Johnny.
Johnny: The black sheep of the family, huh?
Carol: Mother... mother insisted on taking care of him. He was only twelve or thirteen, I've forgotten. Father didn't want to, but he permitted it.
Johnny: Why didn't he want to?
Carol: Because David's father had been a criminal, and his father before him. Even David's mother was... And my father was afraid...
Johnny: Yeah. That blood would tell.
Carol: Yes.
Johnny: Your father left money to him, along with the rest of you.
Carol: Yes, he did. But not as much. And David has resented that. But no matter how much he had, he wouldn't have enough – the sports cars, the fast company. Johnny, how did you know about that?
Johnny: Listen, Carol. I'm an insurance investigator.
Carol: What?
Johnny: I came down here to look into this matter of you're wanting to change the beneficiaries of your policy to cut off your mother and brothers in favor of this medium and Tony Riccardo.
Carol: Johnny, I hate you for this! Why didn't you...
Johnny: I didn't dare let you know, until I found out a few things.
Carol: This is the most...
Johnny: And I think I have. Including the fact that Madam Morgana Morgana, who persuaded you to make the change is nothing but a clever fraud.
Carol: No! That isn't true. She...
Johnny: And I'll prove it to you, if you'll call your boyfriend, Tony Riccardo.
Carol: Tony...
Johnny: Take him down to the Eighteenth Precinct police station where I'll be waiting for you.
Carol: But Tony hasn't... You think that because his father was a kind of gangster, years ago...

Johnny: In Tony's case, I hope blood won't tell. Eighteenth Precinct, both of you.
Carol: All right, Johnny, we *will* be there.

Music up

Sarge: Here ya are, Johnny. The pics you took last night.
Johnny: Oh, thanks, Randy. Hmm...Uh-huh.
Sarge: Hey, where'd you ever get the idea of using infra-red light and infra-red film?
Johnny: Anything else, anything that let them know I was taking pictures would have busted up the séance. Hey, look at this one!
Sarge: I'd like to publish those. Scare a lot of those phony psychics out of business and out of town.
Johnny: Now, here's the one that I like...
Carol: Well, Mr. Dollar, we're here.
Riccardo: Hi, Dollar.
Johnny: Oh, hello, Tony. Miss Sharp, Mr. Riccardo, this is Sergeant Singer.
Carol: How do you do?
Sarge: Hi.
Carol: Now, will you please show us this proof you were talking about?
Riccardo: Yes, Dollar, how did you make out?
Johnny: Made out very well, Tony, thanks to a miniature flash camera I had tucked into my pocket last night. I guess you wondered, too, how madam Morgana Morgana worked her racket.
Carol: He did not! Tony knows as well as I do that she's completely honest. Like any normal person, he may have questioned the almost miraculous powers of this woman in the beginning, but no trumped-up tricks that you....(looks at picture)...where... where did you get this picture?
Johnny: And look at this one.
Carol: She's moving that trumpet herself, with a kind of a long, extended handle.
Johnny: Extension grip, they call it. She probably hid it in the front of her dress.
Carol: No...
Riccardo: But... These pictures in that dark room. I... I...
Johnny: Infra-red photography.
Carol: Maybe she did use one trick. But the voices came from trumpets floating about in the air, above our heads!
Johnny: Then look at this one...taken when your father was supposed to be speaking to you.
Carol: Oh, no. That little trumpet has a long tube on it.
Johnny: Yep. Extending into that curtained doorway at the end of the room, where somebody could whisper through it.
Carol: Oh, this is terrible. And the hundreds, the thousands of dollars I gave her... Believing in her...
Johnny: Yeah. I'm afraid you were really took!. Here. Here's where my "dead brother" Richard spoke to me.
Riccardo: The hanging trumpet is over your head.
Johnny: Yep.
Carol: But how could she know? I didn't tell her. Oh, yes, you mentioned your brother.
Johnny: A completely non-existent brother, Carol.
Carol: Oh...
Johnny: Made up. Like the dream of you I told you about.
Carol: And I believed you, too. But how could she find out all those things about me?
Sarge: Miss Sharp, a couple of nights ago I took Mr. Dollar to a medium that was a bum compared to this one. And she told him all about himself.
Johnny: Have you forgotten what I've found out about you and your brothers just in the last 24 hours?
Carol: Oh, I... I don't know what to say.
Johnny: Don't try. We've still got to pin this whole thing down. I'm sure this Madam Morgana Morgana wasn't working alone.

Carol: But who could be...
Johnny: How about it, Tony?
Carol: No! No! Not Tony. Just because his father was... Oh, no! Please!
Sarge: Oh, thanks fella. We got a report here, Johnny. Apparently they've moved again. You guessed right.
Johnny: Yeah. We'd better get going. Can we use a prowler car?
Sarge: No, but we can get a escort as far as the city line.
Johnny: Then come on. All of you!

Music up

Johnny: The cabby, with his accelerator on the floor, had a ball trailing our escort across town. And we had to hold him down when we finally reached the Jersey side. Randy Singer obviously had no authority over there, but as it turned out, I'm glad he came. When we pulled up to the home of Madam Morgana Morgan, I couldn't help noticing the Studebaker Golden Hawk sticking out from behind the house, with a Pennsylvania license. I wasn't the only one to notice.

Carol: Johnny, that looks like David's car.
Johnny: I think it is. Come on.
Sarge: Eh, Johnny, I'm out of my jurisdiction.
Johnny: Oh, yeah... Maybe you'd better wait.
Sarge: Yeah, yeah.
Carol: Oh, Johnny, I knew David was bad, but, oh, I still can't believe that...
Johnny: I know how you feel, Carol, and I'm sorry.
Riccardo: Mr. Dollar...
Johnny: Wait a minute...
Carol: Johnny... Johnny, if he'd do a thing like this...
Johnny: I'm ready for anything, Carol. (knocking on door)
Riccardo: look, Mr. Dollar, why don't just you and I go in. If anything ever happened to Carol, I'd never forgi...

Morgana: Oh, Carol, dear! And Mr. Riccardo, and Mr. Dollar.
Carol: Hello Madam Morgana Mor....
Johnny: Do you mind if we come in?
Morgana: Why, no I... But not for another meeting, of course. The strain of last night's convocation is still with me, I'm afraid.
Johnny: Yeah, maybe you ought to up the price for your next séance. But there ain't gonna be no more.
Morgana: Mr. Dollar! I don't understand...
Johnny: Come on, Carol, Tony, we're gonna look over that séance room in broad daylight.
Morgana: No! You can't! I... I won't let you destroy the sanctity of that room.
Johnny: Oh, yes, you will. I'll lay it on the line to you Madam...Whatever your name really is. This monkey business of yours has gone far enough. So this is the room.
Morgana: What terrible things you're saying!
Johnny: You take a thing like spiritualism that a lot of honest people believe in, and make a dirty racket out of it.
Morgana: Carol, this man is mad. Make him leave this sacred place at once. Carol? What right have you to make such horrible implications?
Johnny: Implications!? Those were accusations! Would you like to see how those spirits of yours move trumpets around in the dark?
Morgana: They couldn't be seen.
Johnny: And how those spirit voices suddenly appear out of thin air? Look at these pictures.
Morgana: Oh! How did you get these.
Johnny: I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little camera. Well?

Morgana: All right. All right. You've exposed me. But there was nothing malicious about it. If you knew the solace, the comfort of mind and spirit these things have brought to the people who come to me...

Johnny: At a hundred bucks a crack? Sometimes more?

Morgana: Why not! Carol has money. So have the others who come to me.

Johnny: Did you plan to make them all turn their insurance policies over to you? And then contrive to have them suddenly and unexpectedly join their immortal ancestors in the great beyond?

Morgana: No! No, that wasn't my idea. Oh...Oh, I knew something like this might happen...

Johnny: It has happened. Now where is he?

Morgana: He's...No! No, I...I...I don't know what you're talking about.

Johnny: Your assistant, or colleague in crime would be a better word, who stood inside the curtain of the séance room and made with the phony voices of the dead. Who gave you all the information on Carol. Who's probably done a nice little research job on me, since my visit last night.

David: Yes, Mr. Dollar!

Carol: David!

David: I know all about your activity as an insurance investigator, and why you're here, but its not going to do you any good.

Johnny: Oh, put that thing down and give yourself up, David.

Riccardo: So you're the one who arranged for me to be a beneficiary of Carol's policy, huh?

David: Stand back!

Riccardo: So the suspicion would fall on me when something happened to her?

David: Of course! And give us a chance to clear out! But now it's to late. And now that you've found us out...Well?

Carol: David, no! The lights! Somebody turned them off!

Riccardo: Look out, Dollar! Look out!!

FX (gunshots ring out, glass breaking, sounds of a violent scuffle)

Johnny: Why you dirty...! Pull a gun on me, will you!

Sarge: Easy, easy Johnny! Control yourself!

Johnny: I'll knock you... Randy!

Sarge: Get up off my chest!

Riccardo: Here, here's the light.

Johnny: David!

Riccardo: When I flicked off the light, Tony here made a dive for 'em. There he is, wrapped up in the corner there.

Sarge: I've got his gun. Oh, you've got a mean left, there, Johnny!

Johnny: Oh, I'm sorry, Randy, but... Say, I thought this was out of your jurisdiction.

Sarge: Heh heh. I got curious about comparing your lousy photography with the room itself, Johnny, so I sneaked in the back door. When I saw what was going on, I well, I lost my head, I guess. Al right, Dave, up on your feet.

Carol: Oh, Johnny...

Johnny: Easy, Carol... Better get her out of here, Tony.

Riccardo: Oh, sure.

Johnny: And, remember that crack about "Blood will tell?" Well, I think you can prove to her, that in your case, at least, whoever said it was all wet.

Music up

Johnny: Well, what happens to David Sharp and Madam Morgana Morgana will be up to the courts. It's a cinch she's out of the ghost racket for awhile – a long while. And, of course, Carol did make a change in her policy, to cut off David. Expense account, Item Twenty-Something, cab back to New York, hotel bill, and fare back to Hartford. \$ 417.35. Expenses account total \$ 892.90. Oh,

and if you don't mind, I'll hang on to that tricky little camera and stuff, in case I run into another "Medium, Well Done." Yours truly, Johnny Dollar.

Music up

Announcer: Now, here's our star to tell you about next week's intriguing story.

Johnny: Next week – The Tears of Night Matter. A fabulous necklace...and a fabulous 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 this week's story. Heard in our cast were Virginia Gregg, Lawrence Dobkin, Lurene Tuttle, Harry Bartell, Eleanor Audley, Joseph Kearns, Herb Vigran, Junius Matthews, Tony Barrett, and Sam Edwards. Musical supervision by Amerigo Marino. Be sure to join us on Monday night, same time and station, for another exciting story of ***Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar***. Roy Rowan Speaking.

Music up

Audio file transcribed into written form June, 2000 by Dan Hannah

*Ed Note: The hardest part about transcribing this show was understanding these actor's names in the final credits. My thanks to **Jim Bennie**, who helped figure it all out. Some of these actors crossed over into television and the names are familiar from the black-and-white days such as Lawrence Dobkin. Larry Dobkin played the title role in Ellery Queen at one point, and like many others, had roles in radio's version of Gunsmoke. He also was in The Saint on radio. Joe Kearns (Mr. Wilson on Dennis the Menace), Herb Vigran and Lurene Tuttle also acted in early television. Virginia Gregg played in a Perry Mason episode. Eleanor Audley appeared in the soap 'By Kathleen Norris' and was a regular on the radio version of Father Knows Best. Harry Bartell appears in radio's Gunsmoke and on the Charlotte Greenwood Show. Tony Barrett was on a number of shows, including Young Doctor Malone, and radio's versions of Topper and Boston Blackie, amongst others. Sam Edwards was also in radio's Gunsmoke, and radio versions of Father Knows Best, and The Guiding Light, among others. Junius Matthews worked for producer Jack Johnstone previously in Buck Rogers in a child role. He appeared as Grandpa in the soap David Harum, a Chinese waiter in Gasoline Alley and a fish in the title role of ABC radio's Red Lantern.*