

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 Hattie 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