

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