

Cole

The Green Hornet

by Fran Striker

DEAD MAN'S TOPCOAT

Number: 838

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H.V. 21.5.  
L

(USUAL OPENING)

Anncr; It was Monday morning of Christmas week. With the big holiday just a few days distant, Britt Reid did some last minute shopping on his way to work, so it was after ten when he reached his office in the Daily Sentinal Building. A well-dressed, elderly lady was waiting for him --

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

Case; Oh, good morning, Mr. Reid.

Britt; Good morning, Miss Case. I -- (SURPRISED) Why Mrs. Thorndyke!

Mrs. T; Hello, Britt. So good to see you.

Britt; And it's certainly good to see you. How's the Christmas dinner coming?

Mrs. T; Oh, Britt, that's what I want to speak to you about.

Britt; Won't you come into my office, Mrs. Thorndyke --

(DOOR OPENS)

Britt; No calls for the next few minutes, Miss Case.

Case; (BACK) Very well.

(DOOR CLOSES)

Mrs. T; Britt, we're in a dilemma. We've planned a perfectly lovely Christmas dinner for over twelve hundred poor people with gifts for everyone - shoes, hats, coats, gloves, and toys for the children -

Britt; And the collections aren't going to pay the freight, is that it?

Mrs. T; Your contribution was very generous, Britt, but - -

Britt; I was glad to help a worthy cause. Do you need another contribution?

Mrs. T; Britt, let me tell you what happened. We were robbed last night.

Britt; Robbed?

Mrs. T. Our collections have been coming in splendidly. Some of the city's most prominent people have been collecting for us. Over the weekend, a lot of money came in. It was kept in the office because, of course, the banks were closed.

Britt; I see.

Mrs. T; Last night the office staff was working overtime. A thief came thru the back door and took over five thousand dollars in cash.

Britt; (LOW WHISTLE) Five thousand dollars! Didn't you notify the police?

Mrs. T; Oh yes indeed, but Commissioner Higgins agreed to keep things very quiet. You see, if the robbery became known it might affect our collections these last few days before Christmas. Moreover, it might cause a lot of kiddies to worry. You know how these poor little tykes look forward to their Christmas party.

Britt; They've got to have their party.

Mrs. T; That's why I came to you, Britt. My husband is going to give us thousand dollars, and several others will do the same. I want a thousand from you to help make up the loss.

Britt; Very well.

Mrs. T; You are sweet about it. We'll return the money if the stolen funds are recovered.

Britt; Do the police have any leads?

Mrs. T; Yes, they found the thief's hat and trench coat. He threw them into a rubbish barrel in the alley back of the office.

Britt; A trench coat?

Mrs. T; Um-him. Commissioner Higgins thought he wore it on top of his overcoat as a disguise.

Britt; Was he masked?

Mrs. T; Yes, but the people in the office identified the hat and coat.

Britt; Who was in the office?

Mrs. T; Just the four paid employees -- Mr. Beasley, Miss Bates, a young clerk named Jackson, and a girl named Larkin -- the poor thing.

Britt; Poor thing? Why do you say that?

Mrs. T; She was knocked down by the thief. She went into the back room to get her coat, and the man was hiding there. He struck her on the head -- knocked her unconscious. Then he came up behind Mr. Beasley -- held a gun to his back and threatened to shoot if anyone made a sound or motion while he took the money.

Britt; Any thief that's low enough to steal money that's been contributed for a Christmas Dinner for the poor should get the works. I hope the police are moving.

Mrs. T; The Commissioner is trying to find the criminal, but, of course, he's handicapped by the need of secrecy.

Britt; I think I'll call him up -

(DICTO CLICK)

- a little needling won't hurt him.

Case; (ON DICTO) Yes, Mr. Reid?

Britt; Miss Case, get Commissioner Higgins on the phone. I want to see if he's free to meet me for lunch.

MUSIC: BREAK

(RESTAURANT B.G.)

Higgins; (SOFT LAUGH) So you've been talking to Mrs. Thorndyke, eh, Britt?

Britt; She was in the office this morning.

- Mrs. T; Just the four paid employees -- Mr. Beasley, Miss Bates, a young clerk named Jackson, and a girl named Larkin -- the poor thing.
- Britt; Poor thing? Why do you say that?
- Mrs. T; She was knocked down by the thief. She went into the back room to get her coat, and the man was hiding there. He struck her on the head -- knocked her unconscious. Then he came up behind Mr. Beasley -- held a gun to his back and threatened to shoot if anyone made a sound or motion while he took the money.
- Britt; Any thief that's low enough to steal money that's been contributed for a Christmas Dinner for the poor should get the works. I hope the police are moving.
- Mrs. T; The Commissioner is trying to find the criminal, but, of course, he's handicapped by the need of secrecy.
- Britt; I think I'll call him up --
- (DICTO CLICK)
- a little needling won't hurt him.
- Case; (ON DICTO) Yes, Mr. Reid?
- Britt; Miss Case, get Commissioner Higgins on the phone. I want to see if he's free to meet me for lunch.
- ~~TRUNC. BREAK~~
- (RESTAURANT B.G.)
- Higgins; (SOFT LAUGH) So you've been talking to Mrs. Thorndyke, eh, Britt?
- Britt; She was in the office this morning.

*fade in  
Dinner Music*

~~REID~~

- Higgins; When you called and asked about luncheon, I had a hunch you wanted information about the robbery.
- Britt; Well, Higgins, now that you've confirmed your hunch, let's have the latest developments.
- Higgins; Frankly, our position is rather difficult. I promised Mrs. Thorndyke that the news of the robbery would be kept quiet.
- Britt; Where do you stand?
- Higgins; The four eye witnesses were of little help. They saw nothing but the coat, hat and mask.
- Britt; What about the man's voice, shoes and trousers?
- Higgins; He spoke in a hoarse whisper to disguise his voice. He was concealed from the hips down by a low partition across the rear of that office. He stayed behind the partition. You know of course, that we found the hat, and trench coat in a trash barrel?
- Britt; Yes. Is there any chance to trace the clothing?
- Higgins; We're working on it. There was a dry cleaner's mark in the trench coat.
- Britt; Think you can identify the owner from that?
- Higgins; It's possible, but I -- well, perhaps I had better say nothing.
- Britt; Go ahead.
- Higgins; Well -- I'd hate to have this repeated, Britt, but I'm wondering if the thief might not have had help from someone inside the office.

Britt; Why do you say that?

Higgins; Because he seemed to know so much about the place. He knew how to force the lock on the rear door, and he knew exactly where Beasley had the cash locked in a drawer.

Britt; Have you investigated the employees in the office?

Higgins; Not as much as I'd like to. I've gone as far as I can go. The story will leak out and reporters will get it if I take those four people to headquarters for a regular questioning, or conduct a search of their homes.

Britt; I suppose it is important to keep the thing secret.

Higgins; It is for the present, at least. I -- (BREAK OFF)  
yes, waiter; what is it?

Voice; A message for you, Commissioner Higgins. It was just left at the door by your secretary.

Higgins; Thank you.

(TEARING ENVELOPE)

Excuse me, Britt. This may be important.

Britt; Go right ahead.

(RUSTLE PAPER)

Higgins; Um-m. () Britt, ~~does~~ the name Lefty Driscoll mean anything to you?

Britt; (THINKING) Driscoll - Driscoll -- Lefty Driscoll -- wasn't there a crook by that name?

- Higgins; There was. He and his wife - a blonde babe named Mavis, were wanted for the murder of a gas station attendant.
- Britt; That's it. I remember the affair.
- Higgins; They were spotted leaving the city in a stolen car. They went off the road thru a guard rail, and dropped forty feet into a gully. Both Driscoll and his wife were killed.
- Britt; The Sentinel carried photographs of the wreck. The car caught fire. What about it, Commissioner?
- Higgins; This note says they've traced the trench coat. It belonged to Lefty Driscoll.
- Britt; Lefty Driscoll! But he's been dead for six months.
- Higgins; Exactly.
- Britt; There's a story in that coat. Look here, Higgins, Miss Case has been doing some special articles for the Sentinel. Let me send her over to headquarters to examine the Driscoll coat.
- Higgins; But there's to be no publicity on that robbery.
- Britt; It will break sooner or later, and when it does break, I want to be prepared.
- Higgins; Well, all right. Tell Miss Case to see me personally when she comes to headquarters. I'm holding the coat in my office. (BITTER LAUGH) A pack of good it is now. My only clue gone up in smoke!



Britt; Maybe I can return the favor.

Higgins; How?

Britt; You said you wanted to go further in your investigation of the four people in that office.

Higgins; I certainly do, but my hands are tied by the need for secrecy (MEANINGLY) and the restrictions of red tape. Did you have something in mind, Britt?

Britt; The Green Hornet can move without any such restrictions---

Higgins; Tell me more.

Britt; Perhaps you could each each of the four people to drop in at your office this evening for a little unofficial chat.

Higgins; I can do that, but they've already told me all they know -

Britt; If the thief had help from someone in the office, that individual is holding out on you.

Higgins; That's true.

Britt; Invite them to your office tonight, then sit tight and see what happens...

Higgins; What are you going to do?

Britt; Commissioner, if you knew the plans of the Green Hornet, you'd be an accessory before the fact -

*Cut M*  
Higgins; (CHUCKLE) All right, Britt, go ahead. I trust you.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

*Dong*  
#

Annex; That afternoon found Britt Reid's secretary, Lenore Case, accompanied by Michael Axford, in the private office of the police commissioner. The two examined a khaki colored trench coat --

Case; Michael, tell me what's unusual about this coat. Something I can use for a feature story -- if and when we're allowed to publish news of the robbery.

Axford; Well, golly, Casey, it was worn by a killer -- Lefty Driscoll.

Case; I know that, but that's not enough for a story. If I could just find something special about the coat -- something unusual ---

Higgins; I hope Mr. Reid was emphatic about keeping the robbery quiet.

Case; He was.

Higgins; If any word of it gets out I'll know who's to blame.

Case; Won't we all?

Axford; Why are yez lookin' at me? ( ) What are yuh doin', Casey?

Case; Lefty Driscoll seems to have liked perfume.

Axford; Lemme see the coat, will you?

Case; Help yourself.

Axford; (EFFORT) I've often thought I'd get me one o' these here trench coats. They got a certain kind o' swagger to 'em. They ---

Higgins; Axford! Don't try to put that coat on! It's too small for you!

Axford; (EFFORT) I'm only tryin' it —

(RIP)

Oh golly! It is small!

Case; You've ripped it!

Higgins; Now take it off and leave it on the table. ( ) Why didn't you leave him at the office?

Case; I tried to.

Axford; Now see here, Higgins, Casey is tryin' tuh make a name fer herself as a feature writer an' she needs someone like me tuh show her the ropes.

Case; (SIGHS) Michael, if only you weren't so darned eager to be helpful.

Axford; Casey, in this game, yuh never know what you're goin' tuh get intuh. Sometimes reporters get intuh plenty o' danger.

Case; I can imagine things a lot more hazardous than inspecting an old trench coat in the office of the police commissioner.

Axford; You never know, Casey, sometimes things start like nothin' at all, an' end up wit' all kinds o' fireworks!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE, FADE UNDER

Annex; Michael Axford's statement was more prophetic than he realized --

MUSIC: BURST TO FINISH

Annex; That evening Britt Reid prepared to move out as the Green Hornet. Kato had the mask and gun in readiness, and Britt had a list of four addresses --

Britt; Mr. Beasley -- Miss Bates -- Jackson and the girl who was knocked unconscious -- Alma Larkin. We're going to call at each of their homes, Kato.

Kato; Yes, Mr. Britt. You have addresses?

Britt; Yes. They'll all be with Police Commissioner Higgins for the next hour.

Kato; Perhaps you not need Hornet mask and weapon.

Britt; Maybe not, but if I am seen, I want to be seen as the Green Hornet.

Kato; Here are four messages you prepare.

Britt; We'll leave one of these at each of the places. Now, I guess we're ready. Come on, Kato..... # *sig*

Annex; *cut/st* Stepping thru a secret panel in the rear of a closet in the bedroom, Britt Reid and Kato went along a narrow passageway built within the walls of the apartment itself. This passage led to an adjoining building, which fronted on a dark side street. Though supposedly abandoned, this building served as the hiding place for the sleek, super-powered Black Beauty - streamlined car of the Green Hornet!

(STEPS INTO CAR, CAR STARTING, BACK)

Annrc; *H.C. start* Britt Reid pressed a button. The great car roared into life. A section of the wall in front raised automatically - then closed as the gleaming Black Beauty sped into the darkness!

MUSIC: BURST AND UNDER: *Sign #6*  
*3L*

*faint SN.* Annrc; The Hornet went first to the small house where the mouse-like Mr. Beasley lived as a widower. He forced an entry thru a window and left a sinister note where Beasley would surely see it.

(CAR DOOR SLAMS)

*H.C. starts* Britt; Miss Bates is next, Kato.

(CAR STARTER)

Kato; I know address.

*H.C. start* Britt; I think she's too old to have had a part in the robbery, but we can't overlook any bets.

(CAR STARTING FAST) *Sign #6*  
*Last*

MUSIC: BURST AND UNDER

Annrc; A message from the Green Hornet was left on the dresser in the bedroom of old Miss Bates - -

*H.C. start* (CAR STARTS)

*fade fast* Britt; Alma Larkin lives in a small two-room apartment. We can get in thru the fire escape.

(CAR FAMES FAST)

Annrc; The Green Hornet left a note for Alma Larkin and another for the fourth employee, a man in his early twenties whose name was Jackson --

Britt; That does it, Kato. Each of the four people who were working in that office last night has received a message from the Green Hornet. Now we'll see what happens!

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

# FIRE!  
MIDDLE

Annrc; We'll continue our story in just a moment - - -

(COMMERCIAL)

Annrc; After making four calls as the Green Hornet, and leaving four unsigned messages, Britt Reid returned to his apartment. He had been home for just about an hour when the police commissioner called in person.

Britt; Glad to see you, Higgins. Sit down, won't you?

Higgins; Look here, Reid, answer one question. Were you in the home of Miss Bates while she was in my office?

Britt; Was someone in her home?

Higgins; Someone forced the lock on the window, went in and left a note on her dresser.

Britt; Is that so?

Higgins; As if you didn't know it!

Britt; Tell me more -

Higgins; Miss Bates telephoned me. Here is what the note said - I wrote it down. Quote - you can't get away with it unless you cut me in. I'll telephone you and let you know where to send my share of the stolen cash. Unquote. Does that sound familiar, Britt?

Britt; Was the note signed?

- Higgins; No! But it might very well have been signed by the Green Hornet.
- Britt; People no longer look on the Green Hornet as a crook. Miss Bates was supposed to think a crook wants a cut of the stolen cash.
- Higgins; Britt, you're barking up the wrong tree. I've known Rose Bates for a good many years. She's least likely of any of those four to be guilty of having a hand in the theft of those charity contributions.
- Britt; The fact that she called you puts her in the clear. Did anyone else call?
- Higgins; No. Why?
- Britt; I left the same kind of note for each of the four who work in that office. I reasoned that an innocent person would report such a note to the police - - to you personally, because you've handled the case.
- Higgins; But Britt -
- Britt; If all four of the people register a complaint against a mysterious intruder, it will be pretty good evidence that the thief had no help from the inside.
- Higgins; Um-m. I see. And if one of those four makes no complaint - -
- Britt; That person should be - - interviewed at great length.
- Higgins; (SOFT CHUCKLE) All right, Britt. I'll go along with you.
- Britt; How did you make out with the four at your office?

Higgins; Well - there really was very little to discuss. I asked them there only because you wanted me to -

Britt; I know.

Higgins; They repeated the stories they'd told us previously.

Britt; Same facts?

Higgins; Yes. I did one thing --

Britt; What was that?

Higgins; I took their fingerprints.

Britt; With no objections?

Higgins; They didn't know it. I gave the usual signal and a tray of ice water was brought in. The glasses were highly polished. When the tray went out, it held four glasses and four sets of fingerprints. I don't expect anything will come of them, but I had them classified and sent to the FBI in Washington as a matter of course.

Britt; Our Washington correspondent is a live wire. ~~He has a pretty good "in" with the FBI.~~ I might ask him to follow thru and see if any of the prints are on record.

Higgins; If they are, I'll be notified in due time.

Britt; Perhaps Slade can speed up the report.

Higgins; Suit yourself. Now I've got to be going.

Britt; You'll let me know if and when you hear from Jackson, Beasley and Miss Larkin?

Higgins; Of course.



Britt; I'm particularly anxious to catch a crook that's mean enough to steal a Christmas Dinner from the poor. TAN 4

MUSIC: INTERLUDE #

Annor; Britt Reid spent most of the following day in his office, but heard nothing from the Police Commissioner. He left around five o'clock, but Miss Case and Michael Axford remained - -

(TYPING, STOP)

Case; Heally, Michael, there's no reason for you to stick around.

Axfor'; But Casey, I'm interested in seein' how yer story o' the top coat turns out.

Case; Oh please! I'm only on the second draft. I'll have to do this thing a dozen times before it's ready to submit to Mr. Reid.

---

Axford; Well, maybe I could help yez with it.

Case; I'll show it to you when it's finished.

Axford; By golly, I'd like tuh get a line on the spalpeen that stole that cash.

Case; Wouldn't we all? Now look, subside, so I can go to work, will you?

---

Axford; Go ahead. I'm not stoppin' yez.

(PHONE RINGS)

Case; Oh dear -

Axford; (QUICKLY) I'll get it!

Case; Hands off!

(PHONE HOOK)

Mr. Reid's office -

Higgins; (PHONE) Hello, Miss Case. Commissioner Higgins calling. Is Britt Reid there?

Case; No, he's left, Commissioner Higgins. I don't know whether you can reach him at his apartment or not. He didn't say whether he was going home to dinner.

Higgins; (PHONE) I'd like to reach him -- it's quite important.

Case; Would you care to leave a message?

Higgins; (PHONE) Yes, yes I will. Tell him that one of the people in that office for the Christmas Dinner Fund should be interviewed at great length.

Case; Oh?

Higgins; The girl called Alma Larkin.

Case; Just a minute -- I'm writing it down. Alma Larkin should be interviewed at great length.

Higgins; (PHONE) That's right.

Case; Very well. I'll see that he gets the message.

Higgins; (PHONE) Thank you. Good bye

Case; Good-bye.

(PHONE HOOK)

Axford; Hey, Casey, what was that about? Why should Alma Larkin be interviewed at great length? What else did the Commissioner say?

Case; Axford! Puh-lease!

Axford; Well look, Casey, if it's an interview that's called for--

Case; (CUT IN) That's it, Axford! An interview is called for! () I'll write a note for Mr. Reid.

Axford; But Casey -

Case; Here you are! Give this to Mr. Reid if he comes in!

Axford; Now hold on! Where you goin' ?

Case; (FADING BACK) The Commissioner said Alma Larkin should be interviewed....

(DOOR OPENS)

..at great length!

(DOOR CLOSES)

Axford; (SIGHS) Oh golly! Casey's been bit by the reporter bug!

(MUSIC BURST)

Annecr: It was a little later when Britt Reid found the police commissioner working overtime in his office -

Higgins; Come in! Come in, Britt. I called your office half an hour ago. Did you get my message?

Britt; No, I didn't.

(DOOR CLOSES)

I've been trying to cover a lot of ground today. May I use your phone to call the office?

*Handwritten:* Harry 4 1/2 T

Higgins; Sure thing!

(PHONE HOOK)

I'll have the operator get the connection for you.  
( ) Joe, call Mr. Britt Reid's office at the Sentinel.  
Buzz when you get the connection.

(HOOK)

Britt; Thanks. I called the apartment and checked with Kato,  
then came here - fast.

Higgins; Yeah?

Britt; There'd been a call from our man in Washington.  
One of the fingerprints you sent our last night has  
been identified.

Higgins; (TENSE) Yeah? You mean there's a record of one of  
the people who work in that office?

Britt; There is- and it's a criminal record.

Higgins; Give me one guess, I'll identify the criminal. It's  
Alma Larkin!

Britt; Why do you name her?

Higgins; Because I've heard from Beasley, Jackson and Miss  
Bates. Each of them reported the threatening note,  
but there's been no word from the Larkin girl. I  
left the information at your office. Gave it to Miss  
Case.

Britt; Well you're wrong about Alma Larkin.

Higgins; Wrong? Then who's prints are on record?

Britt; A murderess named Mavis Driscoll, the wife of Lefty Driscoll.

Higgins; But she was killed with Driscoll in that auto crash!

Britt; That car caught fire when it cracked up. The girl with Driscoll was pinned beneath it. She was beyond recognition. Identification was based on luggage and clothing that was thrown clear of the car.

Higgins; Then who - what -

Britt; Some other girl was killed with Driscoll. Mavis was in this office last night! And she- -

(PHONE BUZZ)

Higgins; That'll be your call. Take it.

(PHONE HOOK)

Britt; Hello?

Axford; (PHONE) Reid! Sufferin' snakes, I'm glad yez called! There was a message from Higgins-

Britt; I know about it, Axford. Is Miss Case there?

Axford; (PHONE) No! She went out tuh interview the Larkin girl.

Britt; Went to interview the Larkin girl!

Axford; (PHONE) / She left about a half an hour ago.

Britt; Great Scott!

(SLAM HOOK)

Higgins; What's up?

Britt; Higgins! Lenore Case went to interview Alma Larkin!

(PHONE HOOK)

Higgins; You mean Mavis Driscoll! Wanted for murder!

Britt; Yes. And if she's cornered, she'll kill!

Higgins; (TO PHONE) Joe, get a fast car and three men around to the front right away!

(PHONE HOOK)

Britt; Lenore left the office half an hour ago. She's just about reached the Larkin apartment!

(MUSIC SHARP BURST)

Alma; Now see here, Miss Case. In five minutes you've asked more pointed questions than the police commissioner asked in two hours.

Case; Do you mind, Miss Larkin?

Alma; Yes I do! I'm tired of answering questions! It was bad enough to be knocked unconscious by that thief-

Case; You said he struck you with his gun.

Alma; I guess so. I don't remember much. And what's the difference?

Case; Did you struggle with him?

Alma; There wasn't a chance.

Case; Strange - -

Alma; What is?

Case; The trenchcoat carried a distinct scent - perfume- or sachay - and this apartment is filled with the same aroma- -

Alma; Uh - what trenchcoat?

Case; Lefty Driscoll's.

Alma; (OFF GUARD)(EXPLOSIVELY) Who said it belonged to Lefty Dris- - (BREAK OFF)

Case; Oh! You knew Lefty Driscoll?

(PHONE RINGS IN OTHER ROOM)

Alma; I- uh- my phone's ringing... the other room.

Case; Go ahead. By all means, answer it.x(FADE BACK) I'll wait.

(DOOR OPENS. PHONE NORMAL. DOOR CLOSES)

(PHONE HOOK)

Alma; Hello.

Voice 2; (PHONE) American Airlines calling about a reservation for-

Alma; (CUT IN) I'll call you back.

(PHONE HOOK)

(MUTTER) That dame caught me off guard. She knows it too.

( ) Might make trouble.

(MUSIC, SNEAK IN TENSION BG)

Anner; The girl moved softly, taking a small gun from a table drawer. Then she stepped to the door, turned the knob silently and opened it just far enough to look into the other room. Her face went dark with anger!

(MUSIC ENDS WITH SNARL BURST)

Alma; What's the big idea!

Case; (BACK) Oh - short phone call, eh?

Alma; See here, Case, I don't like it when people snoop in clothes closets! I don't like it, See?

Case; (COMING IN) I shouldn't think you would. I've learned things!

Alma; Oh! You have eh?

Case; That Driscoll trenchcoat hung in this closet! So did a lot of other clothes, but they seem to be packed in suitcases. Planning a fast getaway, Miss Larkin?

Alma; Smart! Aren't you?

Case; You can't make it, Alma. The Commissioner's already suspicious of you. Now why don't you talk and tell me everything? Did you handle the job alone, or did you have an accomplice?

Alma; Case, I'm sorry for you. You've got to go bye bye.

Case; (GASP) A gun!

Alma; Right the first time. Too bad you wont see Christmas.

Case; Don't be a sap! If you return the money, a girl with your looks can get a light rap. Maybe suspended sentence if you tell the right kind of sob story.

Alma; (BRITTLE LAUGH) You think!

Case; Now put that gun down and-



Alma; (CUT IN) You don't know all the answers. There's a murder rap waiting for me.

Case; M-murder?

Alma; My name's not Larkin. It's Driscoll!

Case; (GASP) Driscoll.

Alma; Lefty's wife! I was with him on all his jobs while he piled up a bankroll. Then the louse left me flat. He took all the jewels he'd bought me, my mink, and most of my clothes and ran off with a dame from his home town. HER name was Larkin! Get the picture?

Case; I - I begin to-

Alma; She's the one that was killed. When I read about that, I decided to take her name. But I was flat broke. I didn't have the clothes for a front, and I couldn't get a job without some kind of background and references. I finally landed a temporary job in that charity dinner party office - figured to meet some big shots and make a few contacts.

Case; And you saw the chance to get a quick bankroll.

Alma; And took it! So that's it, Case. Now you see why I've got to give you the works!

Case; Then your story about a man coming thru the back door was phoney.

Alma; Sure it was. I had Driscoll's coat and hat - they were all he'd left with me - so I took them to the office on Sunday - used 'em for a disguise.

Case; How did you get by without being recognized as Mavis?

Alma; Easy. I just changed the color of my hair, wore low heels and horn-rimmed glasses. Wore clothes like- like this and left off the make-up.

Case; Didn't anyone miss Alma Larkin?

Alma; She came from out of town. Had no people. And what of it? Time's up, Case. Sorry.

Case; You can't get away with shooting me!

Alma; The radio'll cover the sound of a twenty five.

(RADIO SWITCH)

Case; But - b-but the body'll be found here -

Alma; Not for three days. That's when the cleaning woman comes- the day after Christmas -

Case; Alma- Mavis- don't be a fool!

Alma; Radio'll start in a second or so - I'll make it loud-

(FADING IN DANCE ORCHESTRA ON RADIO)

There it comes!

Case; Wait- Listen! Maybe I can help you!

Alma; Sorry!

Voice; (BACK) Drop it!

Alma; (CRY OF SURPRISE) What the-

(DOOR BURSTS OPEN)

Higgins; Come on in.

(FADE IN RADIO MUSIC)

Alma;           There's your swan song.

Case;           Wait! Listen! Maybe I can help you.

Alma            Sorry!

Voice;          (BACK) Drop the gun, sister!

Alma;          (CRY OF SURPRISE)

Voice;          (COMING IN) Come on in, Commissioner. I've got her covered!

(RATTLE DOOR)

I'll open the door for you -

(DOOR OPENS)

Higgins;        Come on in, Britt!

Alma; (FRENZIED) You -

Case; (EFFORT) I have her!

Alma; (STRUGGLING) L-let go- le-lemme go- I- I'll

Britt; (EFFORT) Give me that gun!

Case; Britt! Er- uh- Mr. Reid-

Higgins; Good work!

Voice; (COMING IN) Take it easy, girlie. We got you!

Alma; You- you - how'd you get into that other room.

Voice; Fire escape!

Higgins; Good thing he did!

Case; Mr. Reid- Commissioner- she's Mavis Driscoll. She's  
wanted for murder -

Britt; We know all about it, Miss Case! Are you all right?

Case; Y-yes - b-but another minute -

(MUSIC ON RADIO FINISHES)

Britt; Why did you come here?

Case; W- well - I - I wanted a story for the Sentinel -

Britt; You certainly got it!

Radio; And now, ladies and gentlemen, your Sentinel News cast-

Higgins; Turn that thing off.

(CUT SWITCH)

Case;

Mr. Reid! The Sentinel newscast! That reminds me!  
We have a story! And there's just time to make the  
next edition!

MUSIC BURST

*den*  
# S.N.

Boy;

Sentinel extry paper! Murderess found alive!  
Driscoll wife found living. Charity funds recovered.  
Read all about it. Sentinel reporter nabs killer!  
Sentinal, extry paper.

*den*  
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