

WJZ

INNER SANCTUM

"THE CUPS OF DEATH"

file
7/4/43

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8:30 - 9:00 PM

SUNDAY

July 4
~~June 27~~

(MUSIC:..... OPENING SIGNATURE)

ANNOUNCER: Inner Sanctum Mysteries, brought to you by Carter's
Little Liver Pills.

(MUSIC:..... THEME FEW BARS AND FADE UNDER)

(DOOR SQUEAKS OPEN)

HOST: Good evening, friends. This is your host Raymond,
greeting you as always with a smile on my lips -- and
a few choice murders up my sleeves. Do you like to
hear the wind in the evening, whistling softly through
the branches of the trees? Then how would you like to
hear the wind as it whistles through the ribs of
several dangling skeletons? Remember - a good murder
never harmed a soul -- it's what it does to the body
that you have to look out for! (CHUCKLE)

ANNOUNCER: Tonight's Inner Sanctum story "The Cups of Death" is
an original radio drama by David Warner, and stars
_____ in the role of _____. It is
directed by Himan Brown.

(CUE FOR ARRID CUT-IN)

(COMMERCIAL)

HOST: And now for our itsy-bitsy hunk of terror.....

(FADE UP VERY FAINTLY A HOWLING WIND UNDER)

HOST: Deep in the great passes that wind between the Himalaya mountains, Captain and Mrs. Clark and their native guide Ghazi are striving against a raging snowstorm to make their way into mysterious Tibet-----the great, sky-touching mountains frown down upon them silently--- and forbidding--

(FADE UP WIND EFFECT STRONGLY ..OVER...ABOVE)

MABEL: (GASPING..CALLING) George --GEORGE!

CLARK: (FADING IN) Hard going, hey?

MABEL: (GASPING) I'm terribly sorry -- I -- I'm about petered out.

CLARK: (CLOSE-UP: CONCERNED) Let's get behind this rock here-- quickly--(SHOUTING) Ghazi--Ghazi!

(FADE DOWN WIND SLIGHTLY)

CLARK: Here we are! Better isn't it? (BUSY) Here-- take a sip or two of brandy--

MABEL: (SWALLOWING)

CLARK: Ah, Ghazi--there you are. Get the mules behind here too. (WORRIED) Just take it easy, darling--you'll come a-round----

MABEL: (A LITTLE STRONGER-DEEPLY PERTURBED) George---

CLARK: (EMBARRASSED-ANTICIPATING) Yes, dear?

MABEL: We're hopelessly, desperately lost. Aren't we?

(WIND HOWLING IN BACKGROUND)

CLARK: (LOW) Yes.

MABEL: (AS IT SINKS IN) Of course. (BUCKING UP) Well -- our expedition into Tibet was advertised as dangerous--

CLARK: (BITTERLY) Death-defying was the word--

MABEL: Well--I'm all ready for a little defying --as long as you're here.

CLARK: These valleys wind so much, a compass is practically useless. We've been heading east generally for the past hour--

MABEL: Instead of north--

CLARK: Ghazi--

GHAZI: (ASIATIC-GUTTURAL) Me listen.

CLARK: You don't know any more about where we are--than I do, do you?

GHAZI: Ghazi know.

CLARK: We're staying here for the night--or longer, until this storm blows over. Understand. Storm. Stay here. You---lost.

MABEL: (SUDDENLY-INFRIGHT) George--there's no chance, is there?--that we've wandered over the boundary of one of those forbidden places -- like Bohtatan- ?

CLARK: (SWALLOWING QUICKLY) I---I hope not. I sincerely hope not.

(MUSIC:OMINOUS, WILD)

(WIND MODERATE. WAILING OCCASIONALLY. FADE UP MANY VOICES - NO ENGLISH SOUNDS)

GHAZI: (IN TERROR) Muh-ta-ta! Gah--sa-ba-ba-chin-o-ti-pah-lev-ah!

VOICE: (STERN, COMMANDING) Ghas! Ghas--

GHAZI: (WHIMPERS)

MABEL: (TENSE) George---

CLARK: Easy, Mabel, easy -- get your revolver ready---

MABEL: (QUICKLY) No, George--they're all armed--

CLARK: You're right. Of course. (CALLING OUT) Here you-- let him go. Make those men let him go. (AS THOUGH GESTICULATING) He's my guide--

VOICE: Ghas---! (AS A COMMAND) Pah-tas-ta--vah-duh--minila-gad-hah!

GHAZI: (SCREAMING) Cap'n--Cap'n! Dey kill me!

CLARK: (SHOUTING) Here-here---let that man go---!

MABEL: George! Don't move! They'll shoot -look! Behind us! George! Please-please!

GHAZI: No keel! No keel!

VOICE: Bah-la-my!

GHAZI: Muh-ta-ta-Muh-ta---

MABEL: (FRANTIC) No-no-no! (AS THOUGH COVERING HER EYES)

GHAZI: (GIVES A TERRIBLE SCREAM)

CLARK: (TERRIBLY SHAKEN) Good Lord! (WEAKLY) Oh, Ghazi-Ghazi-- you poor devil--! (WHISPERING) Don't look, Mabel--I-- here, darling--here--lean against me--

VOICE: You--woman--carry--

CLARK: They want you to get into that **litter** there, Mabel-- I'm to walk beside you--don't--don't lose hope--

VOICE: Give--

CLARK: (IRRITABLY) Yes, yes, all right. It's the revolver he wants, dear. Here you are--that's all.

VOICE: Go. (AS THOUGH GIVING A COMMAND TO A GREAT GROUP)
Mah-ni-vah-da-dah!

(MUSIC: SWELL UP QUICKLY. CHANGE THIS GRADUALLY INTO EASTERN WAILING, RHYTHMIC EFFECT)

(HORSES AND AD LIB VOICES IN B.G. - SOME WIND)

MABEL: (MOANS) I--I've been asleep.

CLARK: (GENTLY - WORN) That's a good thing, darling. I wouldn't mind some extra sleep myself. They've had us on the march three days now---

MABEL: Three days!

CLARK: Yes. Maybe this will be a bigger adventure than we ever dreamed of having. We're clean out of the high mountains now--and they haven't been behaving badly at all since--since---

MABEL: Please don't speak of it, George--

CLARK: Filthy, criminal wretches--

VOICE: (IN EXULTATION - SOMEWHAT OFF-MIKE) Pas-ka-ri-vah!

MABEL: What is he shouting about?

CLARK: He's pointing! Oh--I see - a kind of castle a mile or so ahead of us---tremendous place--it-it must be our destination--

MABEL: (SUDDENLY) George! I'm frightened.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE INTO THE RHYTHMIC WAILING EFFECT)

CLARK: (RATHER RESTED: EASILY) See, Mabel--things aren't too bad--we have a balcony outside this window here - looking right down on a courtyard - I--I suppose you might call this room luxurious--it certainly isn't the kind of place where you'd expect them to put condemned criminals. Outside of those two evil-looking wretches guarding the door, you'd never know we weren't invited guests.

MABEL: (TRYING TO CONCEAL HER DEPRESSION) I hope it's so.

CLARK: And -- there's every single bit of baggage we toted along with us. Even the first-aid kit. Not a pin stolen. You'll see -- they'll send for some high-muck-a-muck who'll understand English a little, we'll explain things to him, and after a week or so, while they make up their minds, we'll be escorted right to the spot where these fellows found us --

MABEL: (SHUDDERING) Where Ghazi is --

(A DOOR CROSSBAR REMOVED. DOOR CREAKS OPEN)

CLARK: (TENSE) Just a minute, dear --

(DOOR CREAKS CLOSED)

CLARK: (FIRMLY) How do you do? Do you speak English?

VOICE: As a matter of fact, I do. Rather perfect English, don't you think? My respects, madam. You must forgive these somewhat barbarous surroundings -- I've tried to make matters as comfortable as my poor country's deplorable backwardness permits. Please be seated.

MABEL: (WHISPERING) George, the way he looks at me!

CLARK: Who are you, sir?

VOICE: (LAUGHINGLY) Odd, isn't it? Precisely the question I was going to ask you --

CLARK: I am Captain George Clark of His Majesty's Indian Army. This is my wife. And I'd be obliged to you if you can have us released from here as quickly as possible and escorted back to ~~where~~ we were attacked.

VOICE: A perfectly natural wish. I quite sympathize with it. I hope my countrymen have treated you with all courtesy? They will be severely punished on your slightest complaint.

CLARK: Our guide was brutally murdered by your men when we were taken prisoner. Strangled right before my wife's eyes.

VOICE: Tsh-tsh-tsh. Ghastly. My apologies, madam. Unfortunately the act was perfectly legal.

CLARK: Legal! It was outrageous!

VOICE: From your point of view, no doubt. You see you are in Bhotatan --

MABEL: (GIVES A QUICK GASP OF FRIGHT)

VOICE: British law doesn't operate here. Any native discovered on our territory is liable to immediate execution as a warning. No foreigners are permitted in this holy country. Not even, captain, you and your charming wife. More's the pity, of course.

CLARK: Who are you, sir?

VOICE: I am the Beloved of Vishrata, the Child of the God-Mountains, the Eternal Revelation of the Gods and Divine Ruler of Bhotatan, Kramsataras the Twenty-third or - fourth. I was never born and I will never die. (WITH A QUICK CHANGE OF PACE) Silly, isn't it?

CLARK: You are English!

VOICE: Well, of course, it would never do to admit it to these poor people in the neighborhood. To them, I am a God. It is a not too uncomfortable way of spending a life and so -- why undeceive them? What would I be in England? A teacher in a girl's school probably -- no offense, Mrs. Clark.

CLARK: What do you propose doing with us? Surely, you mean to help us?

VOICE: I'd like very much to. It is awkward though.

MABEL: What is awkward?

VOICE: This is the holy season of Vishrata, you see -- when I drink the poison of the sacred sahko tree. Nonsense, naturally, but when in Bhotatan, do as the Bhotatanians do.

CLARK: (IMPATIENTLY) What has that got to do with us?

VOICE: (APOLOGETICALLY) A whole lot I'm afraid.

MABEL: What do you mean?

VOICE: Why, you see, madam, your husband, Captain Clark, will have to drink the poison of the sacred Sahko tree too. And as he is a mere mortal while I am -- absurd, I admit -- I am, so to speak, divine -- naturally the poison won't have the same effect on him as it has on me.

CLARK: George!

CLARK: Now, look here -- I'm perfectly willing to respect you as the ruler of this country and all that -- but I must say this kind of nonsensical talk is hardly appropriate. I'm an English citizen and --

VOICE: There are strict regulations, captain, governing the relations between your country and mine. One of those regulations absolutely prohibits you from entering our territory --

CLARK: But this was a mistake -- an error of our guide and heavens knows, he's paid for it -- Now I insist --

VOICE: (VERY GENTLY) Captain, captain -- you are becoming rude. I am not your servant, remember, but the Beloved of Vishrata, Kramsatara the Twenty-third -- at least, I think I'm the Twenty-third. You cannot insist to a God, old chap --

CLARK: You are an Englishman --

VOICE: Was, dear captain, was. But that's neither here nor there anymore. The priests of Vishrata found me over ten years ago wandering among their mountains. They were looking for their God. They examined me and discovered that I had all the characteristics Vishrata told them their God was supposed to have. Who am I to set my opinion against such holy men as the priests of Vishrata? I'm sure they know what they're about.

MABEL: Do you mean to say you intend to kill my husband?

VOICE: What an ugly word!

CLARK: You wouldn't dare!

VOICE: (A NOTE OF UGLINESS CREEPING INTO THE VOICE) You doubt my authority, I see. (RAISING HIS VOICE) Venta-ka-tah-mi!

(DOOR OPENS CREAKING)

MABEL: George -- What is he going to do?

CLARK: I don't know.

MABEL: (WHISPERING FRANTICALLY) He is an evil man, George -- you can see that he is evil!

VOICE: (STERNLY) Ka-dah-da-ta-mi - (TO CLARK) These two men are brothers -- officers of my personal guard. Do you mind asking Mrs. Clark to go out on that balcony?

CLARK: What for?

VOICE: Like all Englishmen -- very stubborn. I am going to order one of these men to kill his brother.

MABEL: No-no-no -- please -- I beg you --

CLARK: He's trying to frighten us, Mabel. Don't show him that you believe him --

VOICE: (STERNLY) Ma-gah-la das!

GUARD: (STRONG VOICE - PITEOUSLY) Vishrata!

KRAMSATARA: Ghas!

(A SWORD DRAWN FROM SHEATH)

MABEL: George -- please -- please -- beg him to stop!

GUARD: (MOANING)

CLARK: (SHAKEN) All right, man -- all right -- I believe you! Tell him, in heaven's name -- to put down his sword.

KRAMSATARA: (QUIETLY) Thank you very much. They are both fine men.
(STERNLY) Na-mana-de-kah

GUARD: (SOBBING IN GRATITUDE) Vishrata -- pah-tah--Vishrata - pa-tah --

KRAMSATARA: Mah-lah!

(DOOR CLOSES CREAKING)

KRAMSATARA: Tomorrow as the sun goes down -- the great ceremony of the sacred sahko tree begins. It is held in the courtyard below. There as the sun touches the tips of the mountains, I display my godlike nature by drinking a cup of sahko -- once a year. Deadly poison, sahko. We prove it by giving some to condemned prisoners. Rather ugly watching them die. Then the cup is given to the beloved of Vishrata. (APOLOGETICALLY) In other words, myself. It never has the slightest effect on me. Odd, isn't it?

CLARK: Sahko?

KRAMSATARA: Yes -- the leaf juice. Looks like strong tea -- well, somewhat darker. (SARDONICALLY) But, on the whole, very much like strong tea. (AS THOUGH GOING) However, I am a kindly man. I shall leave you and your wife together until noon tomorrow.

MABEL: Please, please.

CLARK: What of my wife?

KRAMSATARA: Need we -- ah -- go into that -- now? The wife of the God is well taken care of. You see there is nothing else that I can do. (STERNLY) Lah-bas-ti --

(DOOR OPEN)

MABEL: (TIGHTLY - CHOKINGLY) George - George - this - this is impossible -- it --

(DOOR CLOSES - BOLTED - THE DRUMS BEGIN)

CLARK: Don't give up courage, dear. That's the one thing we can't afford to do -- the one thing. This -- this devil means what he says -- He -- he wants to kill me.!

(THE DRUMS RISE IN A KIND OF EXULTANT AGREEMENT
AND)

(MUSIC: FADE UNDER MUSIC WHICH COMES UP FOR CURTAIN)

(CUE FOR ANNOUNCEMENT CUT-IN)

(COMMERCIAL)

(MUSIC:)

HOST: Now let's see, George and Mabel are killing time while Krimsatara gets ready to kill them. Remember? Krimsatara seems to have had a very fine education except that he's not learning anything about the value of human life. Maybe he's high strung -- the trouble is he's not strung high enough -- not by a tree length.

(FADE UP THE DRUMS IN BACKGROUND)

MABEL: (DESPERATELY) If they would only stop those drums -- it-it's terrible!

CLARK: (DEEP GLOOM) That courtyard is filled with people now. Banners -- torches -- it's like a forest down there -- a flaming forest!

MABEL: Is that going to keep up all night!

CLARK: I suppose so. There's some sort of ceremony going on now -- but I can't make out what it is. Not pleasant -- watching them prepare your own execution.

MABEL: (FRANTIC) George--George--please don't talk like that!

CLARK: (BITTER SARCASM) Like strong tea! How I'd like to get my hands on that murderous devil's throat!

MABEL: George -- it's impossible! This is all some fantastic nightmare -- nothing -- nothing is going to happen to you -- I -- (STOPPING SUDDENLY) Please don't look at me that way.

CLARK: (TENDERLY) No use fooling ourselves, Mabel. We're in for it -- both of us. The wall above the window is absolutely sheer -- down below, there's a mob of wild fanatics who'd probably tear us to pieces if we ever got down there. And outside that bolted door -- are the guards. There's nothing we can do -- except wait.

MABEL: Wait? Wait for what?

CLARK: You poor darling---!

(CROSS PIECE OFF DOOR)

MABEL: (TENSE WHISPER) George -- listen!

CLARK: (LOW) The door! Some one's coming in. There may be a chance here of, nonsense -- why am I trying to fool myself!

(DOOR CREAKS OPEN)

MABEL: Women!

(DOOR CLOSES)

MABEL: What are they carrying George?

CLARK: (LAUGHING BITTERLY) Don't you see, Mabel -- these servants are bringing us food! Food! Imagine that!

MABEL: (AS THOUGH SPEAKING TO A NATIVE) No -- no want! Take away --

CLARK: I wouldn't dare touch it anyway. Kramsatara or whatever his name is certainly plays his little comedy right to the end doesn't he? (AS THOUGH TO NATIVE - NOT UNKINDLY) No -- no food.

WOMAN: (GIVING A SUDDEN SHORT SCREAM OF RAGE)

MABEL: George! The woman! She has a dagger! Ah! (GIVING A SCREAM) No -- no, no!

CLARK: Mabel! You devil!

(A BLOW - SOMETHING METALLIC DROPS)

CLARK: Mabel - Mabel -- darling! Are you hurt!

MABEL: (QUICKLY) Nothing -- get the knife quickly -- there -- on the floor -- a scratch -- my hand!

CLARK: I have it -- let me see your hand, Mabel --

MABEL: It's cut the flesh there deeply -- but it's nothing -- she meant to drive it into my neck.

CLARK: (IN A RAGE) You fool...

WOMAN: (WHO HAS BEEN ANGRILY BREATHING DURING ALL THIS: NOW SPEAKS IN A SURPRISINGLY COMMANDING TONE - A YOUNG WOMAN) Stand still. If you move, I call guards.

MABEL: Get me the first-aid kit, George -- who are you?

CLARK: English! You speak English! Why have you done a treacherous thing like that?

WOMAN: (EVENLY) I am wife of God --

MABEL: Kramsataras wife! The -- the queen!

CLARK: (RAPIDLY) Here, Mabel -- pour some of that iodone over it first.

MABEL: (DRAWING IN HER BREATH BETWEEN HER TEETH) Oh, George. That burns dreadfully!

CLARK: Hold your hand out now -- let me keep my eye on the woman. (AS THOUGH ADDRESSING HER) I am going to die anyhow -- I warn you, if you move from where you are, I'll kill you with your own dagger. It makes no difference to me, you know.

MABEL: George...This woman -- this queen. It -- it's jealousy!

CLARK: Good lord! You mean....?

MABEL: Listen to me (AS THOUGH ADDRESSING WOMAN) You -- you want to kill me, because Kramsataras wants me for his wife -- after -- after they kill my husband?

WOMAN: Yes.

CLARK: Who is that woman with you?

WOMAN: Servant. She is loyal to me.

MABEL: (QUICKLY) You -- you sneaked in here, didn't you?

CLARK: (IMPATIENTLY) Mabel -- what diff ----

MABEL: Hush, George -- if we called to the guards and you were discovered here, your husband, would punish you, wouldn't he -- punish you severely, eh?

WOMAN: I am queen --

MABEL: Perhaps you are -- but you're also frightened -- very much frightened, aren't you?

CLARK: Mabel -- this is no time for a hair-pulling contest. Don't you see that --

MABEL: We can make this woman help us, George. She threw that scarf about her face so that the guards wouldn't recognize her when she came in here --

CLARK: Say! You are right, aren't you?

MABEL: (SPEAKING SWIFTLY TO THE WOMAN) This is my husband. I want him as much as you want Kramsatarra. Why don't you help me to escape with him?

CLARK: (OM ADMIRATION) Mabel!

WOMAN: I will kill you.

CLARK: (SWIFTLY) What good would that do you? Suppose you did kill my wife, and her body was found here when they came to take me away? Kramsatarra would be very angry -- you know that. Help my wife to escape --

MABEL: Help us both to escape --

WOMAN: I cannot --

CLARK: (DECISIVELY) Very well. (STERNLY) When they lead me out to execution, I am going to tell-- the God -- that you came here to kill his -- (CHOKING ON THE WORDS) his new wife...

MABEL: (HORRIFIED) Don't speak that way!

WOMAN: (FEARFULLY) I -- I help you.

CLARK: (EXULTANT) There! Now you're being very sensible. If I can get away from here, with my wife, you have nothing to fear from her -- and we will be eternally grateful to you. That -- that's a fair bargain. Now come -- let's figure out a plan. It won't be easy, you know.

WOMAN: (FRANTIC--TRYING TO SPEAK QUICKLY) Listen. This woman here --

MABEL: The servant?

WOMAN: Yes -- she is devoted to me. She will help. Tonight -- tonight -- when the moon goes down -- they will sleep those people in the courtyard. Call for food --

CLARK: (DESPERATELY) How -- to whom?

WOMAN: The guards at the door. Because you are to die, they will not refuse you. This woman will bring food. Are -- are you -- brave?

CLARK: You needn't worry about that. I'm a dead man either way. What am I to do?

WOMAN: When the door is opened, you must attack the guards -- you have my dagger. It is your only -- chance.

(MABEL: (GIVE A HORRIFIED EXCLAMATION)

CLARK: It's a chance, Mabel -- what else can we hope for?
(TO WOMAN) And then -- if I kill them -- what?

WOMAN: You go to end of hall. There is window. There will
be rope on window. When you reach ground, there will
be -- I swear it by Vishrata -- a horse --

CLARK: We need two--

WOMAN: That will be impossible --

MABEL: I'll ride behind you, George --

WOMAN: Ride always toward where sun sets. Ride in night.
In day hide--hide wherever you can. Five days --
you will be safe --

CLARK: You won't fail us?

WOMAN: I have spoken.

MABEL: Yes, yes -- we will do just as you say - we --

WOMAN: (WITH TERRIBLE COLDNESS) I speak not to you, woman --
I speak to man --

CLARK: (IN A DESPERATE WHISPER) We will be ready.

WOMAN: Vishrata will guide you.

(DOOR SUDDENLY OPENS. THE WOMAN GASPS IN SURPRISE)

CLARK: (IN HORROR) Kramsatarata --

MABEL: Oh, George -- George!

KRAMSATARA: (EVENLY) Pardon my intrusion, my dear captain.
Mrs. Clark -- my apologies. Jealousy -- woman's
jealousy particularly -- a most embarrassing emotion,
isn't it? And inconvenient.

WOMAN: (TREMBLING) Have mercy, Kramsatarata!

KRAMSATARA: Did she wish to kill you, Mrs. Clark?

MABEL: (QUICKLY) No, no.

KRAMSATARA: That dagger your husband is trying to conceal under his shirt -- that bandage on your hand, madam -- they convict you, of a perfectly understandable untruth.

MABEL: Let me explain --

KRAMSATARA: Not now -- if you don't mind. Later -- perhaps -- when we're better acquainted --

CLARK: You murderous fool! Don't you dare speak that way --

KRAMSATARA: Perfectly noble sentiment on your part, captain. I applaud you. My humor at time is rather vulgar. Your pardon. Dashti, my delight, you wanted to kill this woman, didn't you?

DASHTI: Mercy, Kramsatara, mercy!

KRAMSATARA: (SOFTLY) Disobedience, my dear -- a serious offense. Besides your jealousy is getting to be a confounded nuisance. (IN A TONE OF STERN COMMAND) Mah-ni-vah-da-dah--!

DASHTI: (SCREAMING) No--no--no! (FAINTER) Kramsatara!
(HER VOICE FADES OFF MIKE GRADUALLY, SCREAMING)

CLARK: Look here -- she -- she's just a child -- she --

MABEL: What are you going to do to her?

KRAMSATARA: Kill her, my dear. You will have no rivals. And now captain -- will you be good enough to give that dagger to the guard. Thank you. Pleasant dreams, captain. We shall be seeing each other tomorrow.

MABEL: (HORRIFIED) George -- George!

(THE DOOR CREAKS TO SLOWLY. THE BOLTS ARE HEARD
DROPPING INTO PLACE)

(MUSIC: . . . THE DRUMS SWELL)

MABEL: (SOBBING) George!

(MUSIC:)

(FADE UP DRUMS SOMEWHAT LOUDER)

MABEL: (SOFTLY) George!

CLARK: (WEARILY, EVEN DESPERATION GONE) Yes, darling.

MABEL: Were -- were you asleep?

CLARK: No. (TAKING A DEEP BREATH) I was just thinking --
oh -- of lots of things - of you - of what a lucky
man I've been to have you -- of --

MABEL: (HER VOICE TREMBLING) Darling -- oh, darling!

CLARK: This is going to be a tough show, dear. An awfully
tough show -- but we've got to go through with it --
it was going to happen sooner or later anyhow --
it happens to all of us. We've got to remember who
we are -- we've got to show that murderous villain
how -- how decent people can die -- are you listening?

MABEL: (WHISPERING) He'll never have me, George.

CLARK: (BREAKING OUT SUDDENLY) It can't be true -- it-it --
(GETTING CONTROL OF HIMSELF)

MABEL: If you die -- I'll die - somehow -- (TENSELY) Look,
George -- look at the shadow --!

CLARK: If we could only stop that shadow -- but -- it's
impossible to do that - ever! When the sun touches
the tips of the mountains -- that will be very soon --

(DISTANT THE HIGH SCREAM OF A WOMAN'S VOICE)

MABEL: What's that!

CLARK: In the courtyard -- could it be! (FADING)

MABEL: Can you see anything, George?

CLARK: (OFF MIKE) Don't come here, dear. (FADING IN)
Pull yourself together --

MABEL: Was it -- was it -- Dashti -- the queen?

CLARK: (LOW) Yes.

MABEL: Oh!

(THE BARS OF DOOR REMOVED. IT BEGINS TO CREAK
OPEN)

MABEL: (IN TERROR) George! George! They're -- coming!

CLARK: (WHISPERING WITH GREAT FIRMNESS) Steady, dear --
steady -- remember who you are!

MABEL: Ropes! They're carrying ropes! They're going to --
bind us...

CLARK: (BETWEEN HIS TEETH) Steady -- my darling! Steady --

(MUSIC:)

(THE DRUMS UP STRONGLY AS BACKGROUND)

KRAMSATARA: (EASILY) The ceremony will begin in a very short
time, captain. I'm terribly sorry about the ropes.
The cups are filled with sahko juice -- one for the
native prisoner standing beside you, captain, one for
you, one for Mrs. Clark --

MABEL: (TRYING TO KEEP HER VOICE STEADY) That is the kindest
thing you've done for me yet --

KRAMSATARA: Oh, come now, Mrs. Clark. Really! You don't think you're going to drink sahko, do you? Your cup is filled with strong tea -- that will prove that you are fit to be the wife of the God. They think you have sahko in the cup, naturally. (SHORT LAUGH) But you and I know differently --

CLARK: (STEADILY) And you -- my friend -- you have sahko in your cup?

KRAMSATARA: You mustn't pry into mysteries, captain.

MABEL: Can't you do anything to save my husband. This is cold, deliberate murder! Like the murder of your wife.

KRAMSATARA: A man has to do many things he'd prefer not to -- you must learn to be generous, madam -- and forgive.

VOICE: (A CRY)

CLARK: The sun!

KRAMSATARA: (DRYING OUT) Vishrata! Vishrata!

(DRUMS UP)

MABEL: (BURSTING OUT) George! George! That man --!

CLARK: They're going to give the cup to the native first --

MABEL: I can't -- I can't look!

A MAN'S VOICE: (CRYING OUT IN FEAR)

MABEL: (MOANING) George! George! It's dreadful!

MAN'S VOICE: (MOANS) (DIES)

CLARK: (SHAKEN) Good heavens!

KRAMSATARA: I'm sorry you have to witness this, madam. There is no other way. And now -- captain, it is your turn...

MABEL: (CRYING OUT) No-no!

CLARK: Steady, Mabel -----remember!

MABEL: (MOANING) George--George--darling!

CLARK: I love you----- (IN A STRONG VOICE) Here -- give me the cup.

MABEL: (WHIMPERING) Oh---

CLARK: (AS THOUGH DRINKING -- HE GIVES AN EXCLAMATION OF SURPRISE-CUTS IT SHORT -- THEN GIVES A LOUD CRY.)
(HIS BODY FALLS)

KRIMSATARA: And now, madam --- you will drink! (HIS VOICE HAS A NOTE OF EVIL TRIUMPH THAT HE CANNOT CONCEAL)

MABEL: (SICK, MOANING) Give it to me -----(AS THOUGH DRINKING)

KRIMSATARA: (SHARPLY) Dah-nah-di-pala-mas-ta-ta!

MABEL: (LOW: IN ANGUISH) George --- Oh, George.....

CLARK: (WHISPERING) Darling--darling----- courage!

MABEL: (GIVES A BROKEN EXCLAMATION)
(DRUMS SWELL LOUDER. THEN STOP ABRUPTLY)

KRIMSATARA: (TO MABEL AND GEORGE) Now - I shall drink. (TO CROWD) Vishnata! Vishnata! Pad-ahsta -- lah-yahsta ---- soo-noo-mas! (HE GULPS -- AND THEN GIVES OUT A HORRIBLE SCREAM. HE PROCEEDS TO DIE AS NATIVE PRISONER DID)

CLARK: (SPEAKING QUICKLY IN A WHISPER) Darling -- something -- something's happened --Krimساتارا has drunk the poison instead of me -- he is dying --

KRIMSATARA: (GIVES HIS LAST FAINT SCREAM)
(CUP AND BODY FALL HEAVILY)

CLARK: We're saved!

MABEL: He--he's dead --- But, George - how did he get the cup of poison? He was supposed to drink tea!

WOMAN'S VOICE: (WHISPERING) Me -- Me Dahsti's woman. Me change-cup ---
You--you Vishrata now ----

CLARK: Mabel ----! This woman -- the servant -- the servant
who came to our room with Dashti last night --- for her
mistress she changed the cups!! Look -- look how the
natives back away from me --- ! See them --- see them--!
They think---I'm the god. This woman has saved us!

MABEL: (WEAKLY) Oh -- George! George!

(MUSIC:)

HOST: Boy -- they sure do make the tea strong in Bohtatan!
Well friends, let's hope George and Mabel got safely
back into that snowstorm. They need a little cooling
off after what they went through. And how are you, my
friends ---- come to see your old host Raymond some
evening around midnight --- I'll be glad to serve you
a cup of strong tea --- the tea with the skull and
crossbones label. Here's looking at you. Oh, by the
way, don't forget to read this month's Inner Sanctum
Mystery novel _____, on sale at
all bookshops.

(MUSIC: CURTAIN.)

(ARRID CUT-IN)

(COMMERCIAL)

(MUSIC:)

RAYMOND: Now it's time to close the squeaking door until next
week..... Goodnight!

(DOOR SQUEAKS SHUT)

(SYSTEM)

nw-dd-kt
6/26/43
3:34 pm