

PALMER THOMPSON
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THE PENITENT PROFESSOR
by
Palmer Thompson

CAST

MARK TRAIL

CHERRY DAVIS

PROFESSOR CARDAVON

NARRATOR
STEVE LATIMER

WAGNER

NARRATOR: As the sun climbs high in the sky and dispels the morning shadows, a car winds it's way along the hardpacked dirt road that leads past Mark Trail's lodge in Lost Forest.

(CAR MOTOR IN BG)

It stops for a moment at the RFD mail ~~#####~~ box with Mark's name on it.

(CAR IDLING)

Then, waving a greeting at Cherry Davis who has emerged from the lodge, the mailman continues on his rounds.

(CAR START AND FADE OFF)

Cherry picks up the mail and starts back to the lodge with it.

CHERRY: (UP) Mark! Mailman came.

MARK: (OFF) Tell him to go. Probably nothing but bills.

CHERRY: (UP) Letter for me from Dad.

MARK: (FADING ON) And what's for me?

CHERRY: Here.

(RUSTLE OF ENVELOPES)

MARK: Advertisement, advertisement, bill, bill, bill. See. Told you. Should have sent him away without.....oh.

CHERRY: What, something that isn't a bill?

MARK: I don't know. Get this name on the envelope. Calkins, Wilder, Fremont and Framingham.

CHERRY: Sounds like a law firm.

MARK: Uh, oh. I'm always afraid of letters from lawyers.

CHERRY: Well open# it.

MARK: Yeah.

(ENVELOPE TORN)

(RUSSLE OF PAPER)

(PAUSE)

CHERRY: Well, what do Calkins, Wilder, Fremont, and Framingham say?

MARK: Holy mackerel!

CHERRY: You being sued by someone.

MARK: No. It may be worse. Listen to this. "Dear sir; As executors for the estate of the late Mr. Clarence Streger it is our duty to inform you that you have been named in his will.

CHERRY: Clarence Streger? Do you know him.

MARK: Yes, I mean no. I've never met him, but I've heard of him. A# fairly wealthy man, prominent in naturalist circles.

CHERRY: What did he leave you.

MARK: His collection of stuffed animals.

CHERRY: What?

MARK: That's what it says.

CHERRY: But why?

MARK: It says here "To dispose of, or utilize in any manner that will be most beneficial to the conservation of nature's wonders."

CHERRY: That's quite an order.

MARK: And quite a collection. Look at this. Three typewritten pages listing the stuffed animals.

CHERRY: Three pages!

MARK: And they're on their way here. Quote; "Your legacy has been crated and shipped to you by freight, and should

MARK: (CONTINUED) reach you a day or two after receipt of this letter." Unquote.

CHERRY: Where are you going to put them? What are you going to do with them?

MARK: That, Cherry is something I'll worry about when they arrive.

MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE

(PHONE RING)

(PICKUP)

CHERRY: Hello? Oh, yes Mr. Holden. He's here. Just a minute. For you, Mark.

MARK: Who is it?

CHERRY: The freight agent down at the railroad station. He sounds pretty upset. I think your legacy has arrived.

MARK: Uh oh. Hello, Mr. Holden. Yes. What? Twenty crates! Oh, no! All right, Mr. Holden. I'll be right down.

MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE

MARK: Look at that Cherry. Twnety crates of stuffed animals.

CHERRY: And big crates too. They practically hide the railroad station.

MARK: What am I going to do with them, Cherry.

CHERRY: You said you'd worry about them when they arrived. Start worrying.

(OFF RR TRAIN FADING ON AND COMING TO A STOP BEHIND DIALOGUE)

MARK: You're a big help!

CHERRY: The first thing you'll have to do is get them away from the station. Mr. Holden was very explicit about

CHERRY: (CONTINUED) that.

MARK: I' can't take them out to the lodge. I've got no place for them there.

CHERRY: You'll have to rent some place to store them.

MARK: Swell legacy. Costing me money already. Well I suppose the first thing to do is take an inventory and make sure that everything's here.

CHERRY: Each crate's got# it's contents listed on the outside.

(RR TRAIN STARTS UP AND FADES OFF)

MARK: Then with your help, Cherry, we'll check those lists with the list I got in the mail.

CHERRY: All right, Mark.

(FOOTSTEPS FADE ON)

CHERRY: Let's get started.

PROFESSOR: (FADING ON) Do my orbs decieve me, or can it be.....

MARK: Professor Cardavon.

PROFESSOR: Mr. Mark Trail.

MARK: Cherry, you remember the professor, the man with the flea circus the time that conservation carnival was held up.

CHERRY: Why of course. Hello, Professor.

PROFESSOR: You are more charming, gracious and beautiful than ever, Miss Davis.

MARK: You still throw a mean line professor.

CHERRY: I like it, even if it is a lie.

PROFESSOR: The professor speaks only the truth, Miss Davis. But tell me, what are you two doing in this forsaken hamlet.

MARK: I live near this forsaken hamlet professor.

PROFESSOR: Oh.

MARK: I've got a lodge about twenty miles outside of town.

PROFESSOR: Well this reunion is certainly an occasion for celebration. I insist that you be my guests for dinner.

MARK: That's nice of you professor.

CHERRY: But we have to inventory these crates right now.

PROFESSOR: Excellent, I have a minor business transaction to conclude. Should take an hour, possibly less. We could meet and dine then.

MARK: ALL right.

CHERRY: It'll be fun.

PROFESSOR: Then tell me what hostelry in town serves the most ~~###~~ tasteful viands, and I'll meet you there in an hour.

CHERRY: Eh?

MARK: You mean the best place to eat?

PROFESSOR: Precisely.

MARK: The Traynor House restaurant. You can't miss it. it's the tallest building in town.

PROFESSOR: Very well Mr. Trail, Miss Davis. I'll meet you there at exactly eight P.M. Adieu.

MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE

CHERRY: (DIP IN) Two owls, one racoon, a coyote, and three diamond backed rattlesnakes. All stuffed. And that's the last crate, Mark.

MARK: Thank heaven for that.

CHERRY: Well how many stuffed animals are you the proud possessor of, Mark?

MARK: One hundred and sixty-three.

CHERRY: Wow!

MARK: Yeah.

CHERRY: Mark, just what....

MARK: Cherry, if you ask me once more what I'm going to do with them.....

CHERRY: All right. Forget it. Let's meet the professor for dinner. Maybe he can talk them out of existence.

MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE _

(FOOTSTEPS ON PAVEMENT)

CHERRY: I think we'll be a little early, Mark.

MARK: Looks that way.

(OFF ANGRY MOB)

(OFF RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

MARK: We'll just wait for him in the lobby and....

CHERRY: Mark. What's that!

MARK: Sounds like a riot.

(MOB AND RUNNING FOOTSTEPS FADE ON)

CHERRY: A mob.

MARK: They're running this way.

CHERRY: Chasing some man. Look they've got him cornered.

MARK: Yeah...and that guy leading the mob. He's got a club. He's going after that other guy.

CHERRY: Mark. Look. The man who's cornered, it's the Professor.

MARK: Come on, Cherry. I'm taking a hand in this. I don't like mob action, no matter who the victim is.

MUSIC: _ _ _ TO COMMERCIAL _

NARRATOR: Well, Mark's friend the Professor, at the mercy of an angry mob. Why are they chasing him? Will Mark get there in time to save him from the attack by the club weilding leader? We'll learn in a moment when we return to Mark Trail.

(COMMERCIAL)

NARRATOR: Now back to Mark Trail. Mark and Cherry on their way to a dinner engagement with a gentleman known as Professor Cardavon, were distracted by the sight of an angry mob chasing a man. As the mob cornered the man Cherry recognized him as Professor Cardavon. Now Mark and Cherry run to his assistance.

(SLIGHTLY OFF SOUND OF MOB)

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

CHERRY: Hurry, Mark. That man with the club is closing in on the Professor.

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

WAGNER: (PADING) Swindle us, will you. You smooth talking slicker!

MARK: Drop that club Wagner!

WAGNER: You stay out of this Trail!

PROFESSOR: My dear, sir.....

WAGNER: I'll dear sir you with this!

MARK: Duck, Professor!

WAGNER: No you don't!

MARK: I said drop that club!

(TWO SOCKS ON JAW)

WAGNER: (REACT)

(BODY FALL)

(MOB REACTS)

MARK: Cherry, get that club before Wagner does something foolish with ~~###~~ it.

CHERRY: Right, Mark.

PROFESSOR: I am eternally grateful to you Mr. Trail.

MARK: Now what is this all about. Come on, Wagner, stand up.

WAGNER: Boy, you sure pack a punch!

MARK: I'm sorry. I didn't want to hit you.

WAGNER: It's not like you to protect a swindling scoundrel like him, Mr. Trail.

MARK: Wagner, I'd protect any man from a mob, no matter what he was guilty of.

WAGNER: I'm sorry, Mr. Trail. I guess we all lost our heads.

(MOB AGREES)

MARK: I'll say you did. Most of you are my neighbors. You're all law abiding citizens, you know better than to take the law in your own hands.

CHERRY: Just what did the professor do.

WAGNER: Professor? Him?

PROFESSOR: I, Miss Davis, am as innocent as a new born babe.

WAGNER: He swindled us that's what.

PROFESSOR: A base canard, Mr. Trail, a lie.

WAGNER: Cherry colored cat!

MARK: What about a cat?

WAGNER: This feller. He rented that empty store on Main Street. He wired Tom Dolan the sign painter to put up a sign in the window. "See one of nature's phenomena, one dollar. the cherry colored cat, Only/#####"

MARK: Is that right, Professor?

PROFESSOR: It is?

WAGNER: Well all of us here paid a dollar to see it. We went inside. There was a curtain strung in the back of the store. He said the cherry colored cat was behind it.

CHERRY: Professor.

WAGNER: He told one of us to pull the curtains while he closed the doors to the store. Well I pulled the curtain, and what do you think was there sitting on top of an old kitchen table....nothing but a plain ordinary black cat. Well by the time we realized we'd been taken, he'd locked the doors on us and was a block away.

MARK: Is this true professor?

PROFESSOR: Emphatically not, Mr. Trail. I promised these peasants a cherry colored feline, and a cherry colored feline is what they saw.

WAGNER: It was a black cat!

(MOB AGREES)

PROFESSOR: True, My horticultural ignoramus, but have you never heard of black cherries.

WAGNER: Blake cherries?

CHERRY: Professor!

MARK: This is your idea of a cherry colored cat?

PROFESSOR: Certainly, Mr. Trail, it's no misstatement.

MARK: Perhaps not, but I think it's stretching things a bit.

WAGNER: Of all the swindling ideas.

MARK: Professor, I suggest you return the money you took in from these people.

PROFESSOR: Return it?

MARK: Yes, professor?

PROFESSOR: All of it, Mr. Trail?

MARK: Every cent, or dollars I should say.

PROFESSOR: Why, eh...

MARK: Hand it over.

PROFESSOR: Well, it's against my principles Mr. Trail, but I'm unquestionably indebted to you for the preservation of my well being, so....here it is.

MARK: Thank you. Wagner. You take the money. See that everyone who paid admission gets back his dollar.

WAGNER: Right, Mr. Trail, I knew you wouldn't be standing up for a swindler.

MARK: Now professor, let's have our dinner engagement, and a little talk.

MUSIC: --- BRIDGE ---

(RESTAURANT NOISES)

(CLATTER OF DISHES)

PROFESSOR: Truly a sumptuous repast, Mr. Trail. My only regret is that I will be unable to pick up the check.

MARK: A business reverse no doubt.

PROFESSOR: Yes, Mr. Trail, you were present at the incident.

CERRY: You didn't really expect to get away with that, did you professor.

PROFESSOR: Frankly Miss Davis, I had entertained that expectation, but I proved to be some what out of condition for running.

MARK: And you're broke now?

PROFESSOR: Stony. I haven't a farthing.

CERRY: It doesn't seem to bother you.

PROFESSOR: The world will provide.

CERRY: Another black cat?

PROFESSOR: Please, Miss Davis. For the nonce I am allergic to

PROFESSOR: (CONTINUED) That color. Would you excuse me?

MARK: Where are you going.

PROFESSOR: I always enjoy a cigarette with my coffee and I see a machine over there where I may obtain a pack.

MARK: Okay, Professor. But come back.

(CHAIR SCRAPE)

(FOOTSTEPS FADE OFF)

CERRY: What a character.

MARK: Yeah. I wonder.....

CERRY: Wonder what, Mark.

MARK: I'm getting the germ of an idea.

CERRY: Concerning the professor?

MARK: Yes.

CERRY: Then forget it. He's charming, but incorrigible.

MARK: I don't know...there might be....

CERRY: Mark, didn't he say he had no money.

MARK: Yes, why?

CERRY: Well that's the fourth pack of cigarettes, he's gotten from that machine.

MARK: The fourth pack.

CERRY: Yes, he seemed to be fishing quarters out of his jacketpocket.

MARK: Well.

(FOOTSTEPS FADE BACK ON)

PROFESSOR: (FADING ON) Now, Mr. Trail, would you join me in an after dinner cigarette.

MARK: Thank you, no, and I don't like to be lied to, Professor.

PROFESSOR: Lied to?

MARK: Yes. How much money do you have in that pocket of yours.

PROFESSOR: Oh, ~~my~~ believe me, Mr. Trail. I haven't a cent.

CHERRY: Then how'd you get those cigarettes?

PROFESSOR: Why, eh....with those.

(JINGLE OF METAL)

MARK: Slugs!

PROFESSOR: Please, Mr. Trail! Don't use such an ugle word for this lovely piece of metal, this key, this open sesame to the wealth of Mechanized civilization.

CHERRY: Is that all you had, Professor?

PROFESSOR: Miss Davis, that's all I want. Omar Kahyam can have his load of bread and his jug of wine. With this little bit of metal I have all thise and more. The pleasures of tobacco? They are mine you see. A sweet tooth I would indulge? There are candy machines. A thirse I would slake? There are soft drink machines. And only yesterday I dispatched a letter to the winneries of America suggesting they vend their products in this manner.

CHERRY: Wow!

~~MARK:####~~ You sure can spiel it professor.

PROFESSOR: A modest accomplishment of mine.

CHERRY: But professor, slugs are illegal.

PROFESSOR: I avoid details, Miss Davis.

MARK: Well one things sure, Professor.

PROFESSOR: What?

MARK: With that gift of gab, I can't let you lose on an unwary public again. At least not without a check rein on you.

PROFESSOR: Check rein? Me?

CHERRY: What are you getting at, Mark?

MARK: An idea that's been brewing in my mind for the last hour.

CHERRY: About what?

MARK: My stuffed animals.

PROFESSOR: Stuffed animals!

MARK: Yes, Professor, I have a hundred and sixty three of them.

CHERRY: I don't see the connection, Mark. Which the professor I mean.

MARK: It's simple, Cherry. A traveling museum of natural history. The animals on exhibit, the professor lecturing, a small fee charged and all the profits go to conservation societies.

CHERRY: That's a wonderful idea, Mark. The animals would be no expense to you, and you'd be fulfilling the terms of Mr. Streger's will.

MARK: I thought you'd like it, Cherry.

CHERRY: But not with the, Professor.

PROFESSOR: My dear Miss Davis, you cut me to the quick, I was under the impression we were friends.

CHERRY: Nothing personal, Professor.

MARK: Why not him, Cherry.

CHERRY: Well...he...he.....doesn't know anything about nature.

PROFESSOR: I assure you, Miss Davis, I am most eloquent on subjects of which I am in complete ignorance.

MARK: You're going to learn about, Nature, Professor. Because I'll travel with you until you know what you're talking about. After all my name will be on the exhibit.

CHERRY: That's the point, Mark. Your name, and the professor, well he's...~~not~~ not entirely... well his conception of honesty is slightly different from ours, as witness the black cat.

PROFESSOR: Miss Davis, you pain me, I find it quite difficult# too.....

MARK: Forget it, Professor. I've thought of that also Cherry, but since we'll be traveling with him, I think we can take the chance.

CHERRY: I hope you're right, Mark. Only time will tell.

MUSIC _ _ _ _ BRIDGE

MARK: Well, Cherry, has time convinced you yet?

CHERRY: I don't know, Mark.

MARK: This is the fourth city we've been in, the professor's done nothing out of the way, and he takes to lecturing like a duck to water. In fact when he talks about that stuffed bear, it seems to come alive.

CHERRY: I know, Mark, but still I can't help waiting for someone in the crowd to scream his pockets been picked.

MARK: That's pretty heard on the professor, Cherry, he's never.....

CHERRY: Shh....he's comeing over here....we'd better change the subject.

PROFESSOR: (FADING ON) Weâl, Mr. Trail, Miss Davis, I thought that was a splendid crowd we had tonight.

MARK: Not bad. Everything locked up professor.

PROFESSOR: Securly, sir. I was going out for a cup of coffee. Would you join me?

MARK: We've already eaten, Professor. You just go on.

CHERRY: And no slugs.

PROFESSOR: Miss Davis, I assure you my old mode of life and my associations are behind me forever. Thanks to your charming influence. Good night.

MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE

(CAFETERIA NOISES)

(FOOTSTEPS FADE ON)

STEVE: Mind sharing the table, bud.

PROFESSOR: Not at all sir, I.....(STOP)

STEVE: Hello, Professor.

PROFESSOR: Steve Latimer.

STEVE: Got a good memory, Professor. Nice surprise bumping into you in this town.

PROFESSOR: Is# it?

STEVE: Aw come on professor. You're not going to be cold to an old friend are you.

PROFESSOR: I never looked upon us as intimates.

STEVE: Still making with the words, eh Professor.

PROFESSOR: And what are you making with, Steven?

STEVE: Nothing, Professor. Got a gander at that layout of

STEVE: (CONTINUED) yours that Mark Trail Nature Museum.
Nice set up.

PROFESSOR: It does all right.

STEVE: So good that you wouldn't listen to a proposition?

PROFESSOR: A proposition from you Steven?

STEVE: What's wrong with that?

PROFESSOR: Well knowing you Steven, I can only remind you that
I've never broken the law.

STEVE: Maybe, but you've bent it in an awful lot of places.

PROFESSOR: That's sir is beside the point.

STEVE: It is the point, Professor. My proposition doesn't
involve anything more than you being a little careless.

PROFESSOR: Oh?

STEVE: That show of yours, all those stuffed animals. Nice
way for a guy to ship hot stuff from one town to
another.

PROFESSOR: Hot stuff?

STEVE: Of course you never heard that, but suppose you was
to drop your key to the joint, and some one was to
pick it up, steal in and stuff those animals with
more than straw. Now you wouldn't be responsible
would you professor?

PROFESSOR: Well....

STEVE: You couldn't help losing your key, could you.

PROFESSOR: Steven.....

STEVE: Now say you was to drop it on the floor there, and
you reach down to find it, and you can't find it.
Instead you find a hundred dollar bill.

PROFESSOR: A hundred dollars.

STEVE: Now there's nothing illegal about that, is there professor? Not as far as you're concerned.

PROFESSOR: True, a fine point, but true.

STEVE: And nobody get's hurt and I get helped moving some stuff I want to move.

PROFESSOR: I see your point, Steven.

(GLINK OF KEY ON FLOOR)

STEVE: Did I hear you drop a key, Professor?

PROFESSOR: Did you?

STEVE: You'd better look for it.

PROFESSOR: Yes, I had. Let's see....ah...well, look what I found

STEVE: A hundred dollar bill. You're lucky, Professor.

PROFESSOR: So it seems. Well good night, Steven. Pleasant dreams and....eh success.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ BRIDGE _

(FOOTSTEPS ON PAVEMENT)

(FOOTSTEPS STOP)

MARK: Well, Professor!

PROFESSOR: Eh...oh, Mr. Trail.

MARK: What are you doing down here at the museum at this time of night.

PROFESSOR: Wh....why...I couldn't sleep.

MARK: At a loss for words. You professor?

PROFESSOR: The night air. Whay are you here, Mr. Trail.

MARK: I left a book inside. I was going to get it to read myself to sleep at the hotel.

PROFESSOR: Inside?

MARK: Yes, come on in with me. We'll have a cup of coffee after and.....

(WAY OFF MIKE, DULL THUD)

MARK: What was that?

PROFESSOR: What?

MARK: That thud, crash. Didn't you hear it?

PROFESSOR: Why, eh...no.

MARK: Listen.

(WAY OFF SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS)

PROFESSOR: To what?

MARK: There's someone in the museum.

PROFESSOR: There's nothing worth stealing there, I'm sure.

MARK: No. There it is again. Come on, Professor we'd better see what this is all about. Quiet now.

(KEY IN DOOR)

(DOOR OPENS SOFTLY)

(FOOTSTEPS)

MARK: (LOW) ~~SEE~~ anything, Professor?

PROFESSOR: (LOW) No, Mr. Trail.

MARK: (LOW) Look, Over there in the shadows. Something moved.

PROFESSOR: (LOW) I'm sure.....

(OFF SUDDEN RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

MARK: It's a burglar. Stop! You won't get out of here without.....

PROFESSOR: Look~~##~~ out, Mr. Trail. He's got a gun.

(THREE SHOTS)

MUSIC: _ _ _ TO COMMERCIAL

NARRATOR: Mark Trail facing an armed burglar in the dark of the night, and at his side the Professor who unknown to Mark has betrayed his trust. What will happen. We'll learn in a# moment when we return to Mark Trail.

COMMERCIAL

NARRATOR: Now back to Mark Trail. In the darkened interior of the traveling museum Mark has been operating with Professor Cardavon, lurks an armed bandit. Cornered by Mark and the Professor he starts shooting.

(TWO MORE SHOTS)

PROFESSOR: I'm hit!

MARK: Get down, Professor.

PROFESSOR: Mr. Trail...He's heading for the door!

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

MARK: Now you don't!

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

(CLICK OF EMPTY PISTOL)

MARK: No more bullets, eh! Well here's something for you

(SOCK ON JAW)

(BIG FIGHT SOUNDS)

(STUFFED ANIMALS CRASHING TO FLOOR)

MARK: Ah! Illl.....Here's one to hold you.

(BIG SOCK)

(BODY FALL)

MARK: Professor....

PROFESSOR: What about.....

MARK: He's out cold. You said you were hit.

PROFESSOR: Just creased, I think.

MARK: Wait'll I switch on the lights.

(CLICK OF SWITCH)

MARK: Now, let's see who our visitor is.

PROFESSOR: Lefty Dolan!

MARK: You know him?

PROFESSOR: Why....yes.

MARK: A crook?

PROFESSOR: Not exactly, a dope peddler.

MARK: Dope. Narcotics?

PROFESSOR: That's right. My cricle of old acquaintances
wasn't very select.

MARK: But what would a narcotics peddler want hear.

PROFESSOR: I'm afraid I know, Mr. Trail. In fact you'd better
call the police. I've got a confession to make.

MARK: You're connected with him?

PROFESSOR: In a manner of speaking, though not with narcotics.
I didn't ~~###~~ know about them. You'd better call the
police.

MARK: Don't tell me who to call, Professor.

PROFESSOR: But....

MARK: First I'm going to get cherry down here to help me
take care of that bullet crease you've got. Then
we'll listen to your confession and see what we'll
do about the police.

MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE _

PROFESSOR: (DIP IN) And that's the story, Mr. Trail. I deliberately
let Steve Latimer have the key, though I had no idea
the hot stuff he meant was narcotics.

MARK: So this guy on the floor came around to stuff the
narcot~~ics~~ in our animals.

PROFESSOR: You found some of the dope on him. Oh.

CHERRY: Easy, Professor. I just want to make this bandage
a little more secure.

PROFESSOR: Thank you, Miss Davis, the prison doctor will take
care of that.

CHERRY: What prison doctor?

PROFESSOR: Well....

MARK: Look professor, I am going to call the police.

PROFESSOR: Naturally.

MARK: I want to make sure they get this Latimer.

PROFESSOR: I'll testify against him, even if it means jail.
I've done a lot of shady things in my life, but
nothing ever connected with narcotics before.

MARK: Then I'm going to do everything in my power to see
that you don't suffer for your testimony.

PROFESSOR: Huh?

CHERRY: Now just keep still, Professor. Everything's going
to be all right.

PROFESSOR: You'll both go to bat for me after this.

MARK: BECAsue of this, I don't know how Cherry feels
but....

CHERRY: I feel that you should see that the professor is
put in your probation, and then let him run this
travëling museum all by himself.

MARK: There's your answer Professor.

PROFESSOR: But me, I'm not....look.....I'm an old dog at
larceny....

MARK: All the more reason for me to back you up professor.
I never did believe that adage you can't teach an old
dog new tricks, and you're going to be the one who
proves it wrong. Right, Professor.

PROFESSOR: Right, Mr. Trail. I won't betray your faith.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ TO CURTAIN _ _