

RICHARD DIAMOND, PRIVATE DETECTIVE

THE NIGHT CLUB CASE

Sponsor: R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Recorded Thursday, November 22, 1951

Broadcast Friday, December 14, 1951

Director: Nat Wolff

Writer: Dick Carr

ABC Engineer: George Otte

Sound: Bob Conlon, Fred Cole

Cast

1st Announcer	George Barclay
2 nd Announcer	Ed Chandler
Richard Diamond	Dick Powell
Helen Asher	Virginia Gregg
Lt. Walt Levinson	Alan Reed
Nancy	Jeanne Bates
Mabel (dbl)	Virginia Gregg
Stan	Peter Leeds
Henry	Jack Kruschen
Churchman	Norman Field

MUSIC (HOW MILD CAMEL THEME, full four bars ... hold under for)

1st Ann cr The Makers of Camel Cigarettes present Dick Powell as “Richard Diamond, Private Detective.”

MUSIC (WHISTLING THEME with Powell ... modulating to)

1st Ann cr Camel is by far America’s most popular cigarette.

2nd Ann cr Yes, after all the mildness tests, Camel leads all other brands by billions.

1st Ann cr Make the one sensible, thorough test of cigarette mildness – smoke only Camels for thirty days. Enjoy the rich, full flavor, the cool, cool mildness ... see how well Camels agree with your throat, pack after pack. Then you’ll know why Camel – America’s most popular cigarette – is the cigarette for you.

MUSIC (HOW MILD THEME full)

1st Ann cr Here transcribed is “Richard Diamond, Private Detective,” starring Dick Powell.

MUSIC (Intro cue ending with sound)

Dick (on phone) I ... I ... aye-aye-aye. **(DOOR CLOSSES)**

Helen (on filter) Rick? Did someone come in?

Dick Helen ... don't set the table yet.

Helen (on filter) Client?

Dick Could be. And I refuse to describe her.

Helen (on filter) Her? Now, Rick, you ...

Dick I know, baby. Dignity. 'Bye.

Helen (on filter) 'Bye.

HANG UP AS STEPS APPROACH

Nan Mr. Diamond?

Dick Every eager inch of me. Won't you sit down?

Nan Thank you. **(CHAIR SCRAPE)** This is a very nice office you have here.

Dick Thanks for the polite lie. Now that you've opened the conversation, keep it rolling.

Nan I ... I'd like to hire you, Mr. Diamond.

Dick Well that fits. And just what's the name you'll be signing to a check ... Miss ...

Nan Nancy Churchman. It's about my father, Mr. Diamond. He's in trouble.

Dick What kind of trouble?

Nan That's what I want you to find out.

Dick I see ... I think.

Nan I'm not making much sense, am I?

Dick No, but then my clients never do.

- Nan I'd better start at the beginning. After my mother died, Dad sent me to live with relatives in California.
- Dick When was that?
- Nan Four years ago. Dad owned a little photography studio on Thirty-Second Street. But he sent me money every week.
- Dick For the past four years.
- Nan That's right. Then I graduated from Junior College and Dad sent me a letter. He told me he wanted me to go on with my studies and that he'd send twice as much each week as he had before.
- Dick Your father sounds like a nice man, Nancy.
- Nan He is ... but ... well, I didn't feel right about taking so much, when he worked so hard. I decided to come here to New York, get a job. I thought I could live with Dad.
- Dick Uh, huh, did you look him up?
- Nan Yes. I got in town yesterday. I went to the studio. It ... it was closed, Mr. Diamond. It had been closed for the past three months.
- Dick Go on.
- Nan I ... I didn't know what to think. The apartment upstairs was empty, too. It doesn't make sense. Dad wrote that the shop was doing great business. Why would he lie to me, Mr. Diamond? And where did he get the money he's been sending me? And where is he now?
- Dick I take it those three questions are why you're hiring me. To find the answers.
- Nan Exactly.
- Dick Well, I'll give it a try. Suppose you write down the address of your Father's former studio. Put down your own address, too.
- Nan Of course. Uh ... what about your fee, Mr. Diamond? I only have fifty dollars but ... I'll be getting a job soon.
- Dick Fee? Oh, yeah. Well ... I ... uh ... I always charge the standard price. Ten dollars a day and expenses.

Nan Ten Dol ... oh, thank goodness. I ... I'd always understood detectives were so expensive.

Dick Well I imagine there are some greedy ones in the business, but most of us are kind, justice seeking, unmercenary ... (coughs)

Nan Are you all right, Mr. Diamond?

Dick (strained) Just get me some water from the cooler there. It was the unmercenary line that got me.

MUSIC (WHINE and under)

Dick I drank the water while Nancy patted me on the back. It felt good. So I kept drinking water, she kept patting. Finally, after my floating rib was tickling my throat, we called it quits. I promised to meet her in the lobby of her hotel around midnight. I saw her to the door, then went to work. I got my car out of the garage and headed downtown to the fifth precinct and Lt. Walt Levinson. It seemed like a routine case. Find a missing person. And at ten dollars a day. I was hoping I found him in a hurry. Ten dollars. Oh, Diamond, what you won't do for a pretty face.

DOOR CLOSE ... STEPS

Walt Well, Mr. Diamond. All I need to make the confusion around this joint complete.

Dick What's the matter, Walt? Lose one of your garters?"

Walt Oh shut up. Rick, this is one of our busiest days. You know the Chamber's Jewelry Store on Forty-Ninth?

Dick On my income I just know of it. High class joint, isn't it?

Walt It is. Had a lot of expensive rocks in there until last night.

Dick All right, Fatty, stop being cozy. What happened late last night?

Walt Place was ransacked. Sharp job, too. Close to a hundred thousand in loot taken.

Dick To coin a phrase ... Wow!

Walt You can say that again.

Dick I can way what again?

Walt Wow!

- Dick Why should I say ‘wow’? You just said it.
- Walt I know. I said it because you said it.
- Dick And now you expect me to say it again? Walt, a word can be run in the ground, you know.
- Walt I know, but ... but ... ohhh. Get out of here, will ya? I got work to do. There were a couple witnesses to that robbery. They identified Benny Smith and Harry Burns from the mug files.
- Dick Benny and Harry, huh? You pick ‘em up?
- Walt Yeah. Patrol car’s bringing ‘em in for questioning now. This is the third time in four months I’ve picked up these guys. Alibi each time. Only I’m going to make this rap stick. I ... say, what are you doing down here anyway?
- Dick I was wondering when you’d get around to that. I’m looking for a missing person, Walt. Thought I’d look through your files of the past week and see if he’s had an accident or been picked up for something.
- Walt Well, help yourself to the files. I’m going downstairs and wait for Benny and Harry. I break this jewelry case quickly and I might get a promotion. Captain Levinson.
- Dick Captain, huh? Wow.
- Walt (laughs) Yeah, you can say ... oh, shut up!
- MUSIC (WHINE and under)**
- Dick I spent the next hour going through the files. I found nothing on Frank churchman, the little photographer. It was after five p.m. as I went back to my car and drove to Thirty-Second Street and the address of Churchman’s former studio. There was a big “For Rent” sign in the window and through the glass I could see a woman inside. Woman. This gas looked like Gravel Gertie after a bad night. But I mustered up courage and went in.
- DOOR OPEN ... FEW STEPS**
- Mabel Come on in, come on.
- Dick You’re sure it’s safe?

Mabel Best office in town. Good location, too. Let me show you around. I'm the agent for the property.

Dick Uh ... never mind, I didn't come here to rent.

Mabel Oh, too bad. You're cute, sonny. Might have knocked five bucks off the rent for you.

Dick Really?

Mabel And those blue eyes. Make it ten bucks.

Dick Hmmm. I'd take off my hat, but my curly hair might drive you to bankruptcy. Thanks for the flattery, though, dear.

Mabel Say it again.

Dick Say what again?

Mabel Dear. Oh, sonny, if I was fifteen years younger ...

Dick And I was fifteen years older ...

Mabel What a time we'd have.

Dick Uh ... Mother ...

Mabel Mabel.

Dick Mabel ... if you can put these mad, impetuous thoughts out of your head, I'd like some information.

Mabel Oh? You a cop, sonny?

Dick Private detective.

Mabel You don't say. Well you got the shoulders for it. Ah, them shoulders. If I was only fifteen ...

Dick Uh ... let's not go around again. I'd like to know about the former tenant. Man named Churchman.

Mabel Frank Churchman? Sure, rented here for years.

Dick Know why he quit?

Mabel Yep, no business. Couldn't make ends meet.

Dick I see. Mabel, you wouldn't happen to know where he's working now, would you?

Mabel Maybe. Frank Churchman and me was friends. Chatted every time I came for the rent.

Dick I'd like to get in touch with him, Mabel.

Mabel Frank in trouble?

Dick Do you know if he might have moved his shop to a new location?

Mabel Yep, I know, and no, he didn't. Frank Churchman got discouraged. Decided to stop tryin' his own business and go to work for someone else.

Dick Who'd he go to work for?

Mabel Couldn't say.

Dick Why'd he give up the apartment upstairs?

Mabel Sonny, you got more questions than them radio giveaway shows. Only don't 'pear to be givin' nothin' away.

Dick Mabel, you are a shy, subtle girl. Here.

Mabel Five?

Dick This is my cheap day.

Mabel Okay. Well, Churchman didn't say why he gave up the apartment. Uh-uh. Stop reachin' for the five bucks.

Dick I'd take it if you weren't bigger than me.

Mabel Now don't worry. You give me five, I'll give you some information. I ain't one to chisel. I happen to know where Frank Churchman is workin' now.

Dick I asked you who he went to work for, you said you couldn't say.

Mabel I'm a liar, sonny. This fiver made an honest woman of me.

Dick Just straighten your halo and tell me where Churchman's working.

Mabel Blue Bell Club.

Dick Come again?

Mabel Night club about three blocks from here. The Blue Bell. Opened up a few months ago.

Dick And you're sure Churchman's working there?

Mabel Yep. Still takin' pictures, too.

Dick Thanks, Mabel. Guess I'll take a run down there.

Mabel What's the hurry? Only six o'clock. Club don't open til seven. Stick around for an hour. Teach you some ju-jitsu holds.

Dick Tempting, but I'm the fragile type, Mabel. Besides, it wouldn't be a fair match. You're wearing tennis shoes.

MUSIC (up and under)

Dick I left God's gift to Halloween and walked the three blocks to the Blue Bell Club. Mabel was right, it didn't open for business until seven. So I spent the next hour in a sandwich shop drinking coffee and smoking Camels. Then at seven I went back to the club, checked my hat with a beautiful blonde and began looking around the room for a man with a camera.

MUSIC (segue into DANCE BAND)

Stan Hello, Diamond.

Dick Wha ... well, Stan Barker.

Stan Long time no see.

Dick Not long enough. When did they let you out of Quentin, Stan?

Stan That's all past, Rick. Don't like to talk about it anymore. You alone tonight?

Dick Yeah, but I see you're not. Who's the muscle boy?

Stan This is Henry. Henry's my bodyguard. Say hello, Henry.

Dick You mean he can talk?

Henry Who's the wise guy, Stan?

Stan Henry, meet Richard Diamond. Mr. Diamond's a private detective.

Dick Hmmm. Henry, doubling up your fist is no way to shake hands.

Stan I'm afraid Henry doesn't care for detectives, Rick.

Henry You said it.

Dick I'm crushed. What's the racket now, Stan?

Stan Racket? Why, Rick. I'm an honest business man these days.

Dick Oh sure, Stan, the day you get honest I get elected Mayor of New York. Honest men don't need bodyguards, or hadn't you heard?

Stan Henry's my pal. I like to keep him around.

Dick Just to swat flies, huh?

Henry Stan, I don't like this guy. I'd like to break him into little pieces. He's obnoxious.

Dick Now where's you dig up a word like obnoxious? Something you've been called?

Henry Why, you

Stan Easy, Henry.

Dick Yeah, Henry. The management might not like us playing soccer here.

Stan Oh, the management wouldn't mind, Rick. You see ... that's me.

Dick You're the management?

Stan The club here ... I own it. Like I said, I'm an honest business man now. Go on, find a table. Drinks are on the house.

MUSIC (up and under)

Dick Stan Barker had a record a mile long and all of it dirty. I began wondering what racket he was working now, and then gave it up. I hadn't come to worry about Stan. I'd come to find a photographer named Churchman. I sat down at one of the tables and half a floor show later I spotted a white haired man taking picture of the patrons. I signaled him over to my table.

NIGHT CLUB NOISES ... BAND IN BACKGROUND ... STEPS

Churchman Would you like your picture taken, sir?

Dick In a minute maybe.

Churchman Well, I'm sorry, but I'm pretty busy. Have to take it now or come back later. If ...

Dick Mr. Churchman.

Churchman I ... you know my name? Funny, I can't seem to place you.

Dick I was sent here to find you.

Churchman Find me? I'm afraid I don't understand.

Dick Sit down, Mr. Churchman. I have news for you. Your daughter is here in New York.

CHAIR SCRAPE

Churchman Why do you come here and tell me a lie?

Dick Why should I lie to you? Your daughter Nancy came here to New York yesterday. It seems you're the one who's been lying, Mr. Churchman. You told Nancy your business was fine. She found out you've been closed for three months.

Churchman Look, I can't talk too long. I can't see her.

Dick Nancy is afraid you're in trouble, Mr. Churchman. That why you don't want to see her?

Churchman What difference does it make?

Dick Nancy seems to be a nice girl. I hate to see nice girls hurt.

Churchman She'd be hurt a lot more if ... look ... she's my daughter. Would I hurt her if there was any other choice? I ...

Dick Go on.

Churchman Nothing. Just tell her to go back to California. Tell her ...

Henry (fade in) This a private chat?

Dick Well, Mr. Bodyguard. Henry, why don't you go jump in a bottle of bourbon?

Henry Shut up. Picture man, why ain't you workin'? We hire you to snap the shutter, not gab with the customers.

Churchman Well, I ...

Henry Beat it.

Dick Now that wasn't nice, Henry. I wanted my picture taken. Just because you get your free at the police station is no reason ...

Henry Come on, Diamond.

Dick Where we going?

Henry Stan wants to see you in his office. Back in the hall behind the bandstand. Get up.

Dick Hmmm. Henry, you are very persuasive. Personal charm, an engaging manner and that bulge in your coat pocket.

CHAIR SCRAPE ... STEPS

Henry You know, Diamond, we don't like guys botherin' our employees.

Dick Yeah, I noticed you seemed particular about who talks to your cameraman, Henry. Oh, well, suit yourself, I'll talk to him after he gets off work. Happen to know where he lives?

Henry Yeah. Here.

Dick Here?

Henry That's right. We take good care of our employees. Churchman lives in a room up over the club. We all get rooms here.

Dick Well, just one big fraternity, huh, Henry?

STEPS STOP

Henry Yeah. Here we are, Diamond.

Dick Well, doesn't look like Stan's office has a very nice door.

Henry This ain't his office. It's a rear door. Leads to an alley outside.

Dick I though Stan wanted to see me.

Henry Uh-uh. I just thought it'd be nicer to throw you out the back door instead of the front.

Dick Very considerate.

Henry Yeah. Now, wise guy ... **(DOOR OPENS)** I'm gonna enjoy throwin' a private eye out on his private ear.

MUSIC (short)

Dick That's what he thought. Throw me out of a night club? I've had bigger boys than him try to throw me around. And the back door, yet. Well, I'm one guy who doesn't like to be thrown around.

BODY HITS PAVEMENT ... SLIDES

Henry (off) And stay out!

DOOR SLAM

DICK Oh, well.

MUSIC (tag for middle curtain)

2nd Ann cr Before we continue with "Richard Diamond", here are a few words about smoking enjoyment.

1st Ann cr You and I and most people make up our minds in this way – we listen to the opinions of others ... then we use our own judgment.

2nd Ann cr To help you make up your mind about which cigarette you should smoke, you won't find better outside opinions than the findings of some of the nation's leading throat specialists. These specialists made weekly examinations of the throats of hundred of people who smoke only Camels for thirty days and they reported not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking Camels.

1st Ann cr No other cigarette offers you such conclusive proof of mildness. But naturally we expect you to exercise your own judgment. Weigh the findings of these specialists in your mind. Then try Camel for thirty days yourself. Enjoy the rich, full Camel flavor, a flavor no other cigarette has. See for yourself how mild Camels are ... how well they agree with your throat, week in and week out. You'll make Camels – America's most popular cigarette – your steady smoke.

Singers How mild,
 How mild,
 How mild can a cigarette be?
 Make the Camel thirty-day test and you'll see
 Smoke Camels and see.

MUSIC (and under)

1st Annrcr And now back to “Richard Diamond, Private Detective”, starring Dick Powell.

MUSIC (MIDDLE THEME up and under)

Dick Mother always wanted me to be a singer. But no ... I had to become a private detective. And because I did, I am one day hired to locate a photographer, which I do. I find him working in a night club run by a racketeer with a pet ape for a bodyguard. Said Ape tries to throw me out of the club. Said ape succeeds. Hmm. Wonder if it's too late to follow Momma's advice?

MUSIC (up slightly and under)

Dick I had promised to meet Nancy in her hotel lobby around midnight. It was nearing twelve so I went to the hotel and told Nancy what her father had said.

MUSIC (out)

Nan But why? I can't understand this, Mr. Diamond. I'm glad Dad is safe, but why wouldn't he want to see me?

Dick Well, Honey, I don't want to alarm you, but I have a few ideas.

Nan Yes?

Dick In the first place, it seems wrong that Stan Barker would hire your father as club photographer. Most clubs hire attractive blondes for the job, makes for good scenery. And another thing, your father is living at the club.

Nan What's wrong with that?

Dick Nothing. Except that Stan's muscle boy was a little too upset when he found me talking to your Dad.

Nan What's the matter with Dad? He's never done anything wrong.

Dick No, but the man he's working for has. Stan Barker owns the club and you can bet he's up to something. Now, look, you go on up to your room.

Nan Help him, Mr. Diamond ... please!

Dick Sure, Nancy. After all, I'm getting ten dollars a day, aren't I?

MUSIC (up and under)

Dick I watched her get into the elevator, then I went to my car and drove back downtown to the Fifth Precinct. Before I could help Nancy's father, I had to find out what kind of racket Stan Barker was working these days. And if anyone knew, it would be Walt Levinson. It was around two a.m. when I entered his office.

DOOR CLOSE ... FEW STEPS

Walt Well, why are you out so late, night owl?

Dick Business, Walter.

Walt I'm tired. If you had to work like I do, you'd be worn out, too.

Dick Walt, there is much too much of you to ever be worn out.

Walt Oh, cut the comedy, Rick. Seriously, ... I'm beat. You know that jewelry store robbery? Well, it's busted sky high. Benny Smith and Harry Burns got an alibi.

Dick You mean I can't call you Captain?

Walt Oh, shut up, Rick. Things like this make a guy wonder if it's worth bein' a copy. I know these guys did it. The witnesses described 'em to a T.

Dick Where are Benny and Harry now?

Walt In the lockup. Only they look so darn smug I'm afraid they've got an alibi that'll stick. Then I have to let 'em go. What a life!

Dick Yeah. Walt, I know you must feel low, but I have a rough case, too. I need some information.

Walt If I can give it to you without getting up, okay. What's on your mind?

Dick An old pay of ours. Stan Barker. Ran into him tonight.

Walt Stan, huh? Yeah, heard he got out a few months ago.

Dick Know what his racket is now?

Walt Not yet. But as soon as he tries something, we'll nab him. These guys never learn.

Dick I have a hunch he's up to something now. He owns a night club called The Blue Bell. Now, if he ...

Walt Rick. What was that?

Dick What was what?

Walt The Blue Bell night club. You sure Stan owns that?

Dick Positive. Why?

Walt Those punks I picked up - Benny Smith and Harry Burns. They say their alibi was The Blue Bell. That's where they claim they were the night of the robbery.

Dick What?

Walt Yeah. We can't check it til morning, but look at this. **(DRAWER OPEN)** These pictures were taken, they say, at the club the night of the heist. The data and time are stamped on the back.

Dick Well! So that's what Stan's up to now.

Walt Yeah. An alibi factory.

Dick You say you still have Benny and Harry locked up?

Walt Yeah. But unless we can break this alibi, I'll have to spring 'em in the morning.

Dick Unless you can break the alibi. Walt, these pictures are probably rigged up. But you can't prove it until the guy who took them confesses.

Walt Well, sure, but ... **(CHAIR SCRAPE)**. Hey, where are you going?

Dick To get a photographer.

MUSIC (up and under)

Dick I went back to The Blue Bell and took a table in one of the corners. It was almost closing time as I went a waiter to bring the photographer over. So far, so good. I hadn't been spotted by Stan or his bodyguard, Henry. Then Churchman approached my table carrying his camera.

NIGHT CLUB NOISES (BAND IN BACKGROUND)**STEPS IN**

- Churchman All right, sir. The waiter said you want your pic ... (breaks)
- Dick Hi there, Mr. Churchman.
- Churchman What are you doing back here?
- Dick Oh, I thought I'd have my picture taken. Need an alibi for my girl friend. You wouldn't mind putting a phony date on the back, would you?
- Churchman You'd better leave.
- Dick Without the picture? Uh-uh. Come on, try my left side. It's more photogenic.
- Churchman What do you want? You said earlier you were Nancy's friend. You'll only make trouble for me.
- Dick And trouble for you is trouble for Nancy, huh? That why you didn't want to see her? Afraid she's find out about this mess you're in?
- Churchman I don't know what you're talking about.
- Dick Come off it, Churchman. I'm talking about the phony pictures you've been taking of Stan's friends. How'd a nice guy like you get mixed up in this?
- Churchman I ... I'm not mixed up in anything.
- Dick Oh, yes you are, Pal. You're plenty mixed up. Mixed up enough to think you can keep this from your daughter. Only this racket is about over. You'll be hauled downtown with Stan and his boys and get the same jail terms they get.
- Churchman Jail?
- Dick That's right. Now, Churchman, I don't know how you got involved in this, but I do know how you can get out.
- Churchman I ... go on.
- Dick It won't be easy to prove Stan's been running this alibi racket unless you testify against him. But if you do, well, ... the court might go easy with you.
- Churchman I ... I don't know. When Nancy finds out what I've done ... I ... I just don't know.

Dick You can make it easier on her. Come with me now. You can help bust this racket wide open. Nancy would like that.

Churchman I ... all right. I'm tired. I'll go with you.

Henry (slightly off) I don't think so. **(STEPS COME IN)** No, I don't think you'll be goin' anywhere, cameraman.

Dick Well, Henry. You have a bad habit of sneaking up on people. Was your mother a mouse by any chance?

Henry Can the jokes and get on your feet. **(MOVEMENT)** That's it. Now both of you walk back toward Stan's office. **(STEPS)**

Dick Henry, don't tell me I'm going flying out the back door again. This is hard on pants, you know.

Henry Just keep walkin'. You ain't gonna be thrown out, you're gonna be carried out.

Churchman Henry, I have some more pictures to take. I'd better...

Henry Shut up! You're through takin' picture, Churchman. In here!

DOOR OPENS ... STEPS ... DOOR CLOSE ... NIGHT CLUB SOUNDS OUT

Stan Well, Henry, what's this?

Henry Churchman here was talkin' to Diamond again, Stan. Even agreed to leave with him and talk about some pictures he made.

Stan Oh. Well, that's too bad. Rick, what's your angle in this? Why are you interested in pictures?

Dick Don't be cagey, Stan. Your alibi racket's finished.

Stan You think so, huh? Frisk him, Henry.

Henry Right. **(STEPS ... PATTING BODY)** Thirty-eight.

Dick I carry it to scratch my back with.

Henry Churchman don't carry a gun, Stan. Only better put that camera down on the desk, Pop. **(MOVEMENT)** That's it.

- Stan All right, Henry ... I'll cover them. You go out and get the car. Bring it around to the back door. Then we'll all go for a ride in the country.
- Henry Right. **(STEPS ... DOOR OPEN ... CLOSE)**
- Dick Stan, you amaze me. You don't really think you can get away with this, do you?
- Stan Why not? Rick, I'm runnin' a profitable racket here. I don't want it interrupted. And you, Churchman, you're a sap. You could have made big money here if you hadn't yapped to Diamond.
- Churchman Mr. Barker, I'm not sure what you plan to do, but I guess I'm through bein' scared. You tricked me into takin' those phony pictures, then you frightened me into keepin' quiet. But no more. I'm tellin' everything I know.
- Stan That's a nice speech. Maybe you don't know what I plan to do, you haven't been around much. But Rickie here knows. We wait until Henry comes back, then you can start prayin'.
- MUSIC (HIT UNDER)**
- Dick Stan stood across from us with the gun. But my eyes were on Churchman's camera lying on the desk beside me. It was facing Stan. Ever have a flash go off in your face at close range? There's a second of blindness. And a lot can happen in a second. I slowly laid my hand on the camera and sent a finger searching for the trigger.
- MUSIC (OUT)**
- Stan What are you up to, Diamond?
- Dick Oh, nothing, Stan. Just admiring the camera. This little box fixed up some nice alibi's for your friends. Come to think of it, you'll need an alibi, too, when you're hauled into court.
- Stan If I'm hauled into court.
- Dick That's right. If. But why not be prepared? Watch the birdie, Stan?
- Stan Huh? **(TRIGGER ... FLASH)** Hey !!!
- QUICK MOVEMENT ... BODY CONTACT ... SCUFFLE ... HARD BLOW ... BODY FALL**
- Churchman Mr. Diamond!

Dick (Breathing hard) Hand me his gun, Churchman. Henry should be coming back soon.

Churchman Here. But maybe we should try and get out before ...

DOOR OPENS ... STEPS

Henry Okay, Stan, the car is ... hey!!

Dick Don't reach for it, Henry.

Henry Why you ... **(SHOT)** Owwww ... my arm!

Dick Some people just never learn. Churchman, get the police on the phone. Then you and I have a date with a young lady.

Churchman Nancy?

Dick Uh-huh. Your daughter paid me ten dollars to find you. And a guy has to earn his money, hasn't he?

MUSIC (SEMI-CURTAIN)

PIANO (NOODLING)

Helen Rick?

Dick Yes, Helen, dear?

Helen I don't mind your coming over at six in the morning.

Dick Sweet of you.

Helen And I don't mind fixing your breakfast.

Dick Bless you, dear.

Helen But couldn't you pay a little attention to me instead of that piano?

Dick Can't help it, baby. I'm in a romantic mood. Now, what's a good love song?

Helen Rick, how can you be romantic at six in the morning?

Dick Stick around, kid. You'll see.

MUSIC (SONG)

Helen Ummm, nice.

Dick Romantic enough?

Helen Uh-huh. Only I still think six a.m. is too early for ... Rick! Rick, stop it! Rick!

BIZ: **KISS**

Helen Oh, Rick.

Dick Now, what were you saying six a.m. is too early for?

Helen Too early for talk ... c'mere.

MUSIC **(TAGS)**