

The Saint

"No Hiding Place"
(aka "Everyone Wants to Kill Tommy")

based on characters by
Leslie Charteris
(Originally broadcast November 19, 1950)

*(edits and corrections courtesy
ra Peterson)*

CAST

Announcer
Simon Templar
The Warden
Newsboy
Louie, cab driver (Daymon Runyon type)
The Landlady (feeble and old but still wisecracking)
Frank, gangster/bartender (Sheldon Leonard)
Nancy (Tommy's sister)
Sam (cheerful detective who knows everything about everybody)
Tommy Patchek
Charlie Ferrelli (big crime boss)

F/X: FOUR SLOW FOOTSTEPS on concrete/echo

F/X: The Saint Theme whistled (2 bars)

MUSIC UP (The Saint Theme — drums out)

ANNOUNCER: The adventures of The Saint, starring Vincent Price.

MUSIC UP and UNDER

ANNOUNCER: The Saint! Based on characters created by Leslie Charteris and known to millions from books, magazines and motion pictures! The Robin Hood of modern crime, now comes transcribed to radio, starring Hollywood's brilliant and talented actor, Vincent Price as...

MUSIC UP (violin)

ANNOUNCER: ...The Saint!

F/X: Two sets of FOOTSTEPS on TILE floor

PRISON SECURITY DOOR OPENS and CLOSES

More FOOTSTEPS on TILE floor

Another SECURITY DOOR OPENS and CLOSES

More FOOTSTEPS on TILE floor

OFFICE DOOR OPENS

GUARD: Right in here.

TEMPLAR: Thank you.

F/X: OFFICE DOOR CLOSES

WARDEN: Come in Mr. Templar.

TEMPLAR: Well, Warden, how are you?

WARDEN: Oh, just as gloomy as ever. Sit down. I haven't seen you for a long time.

TEMPLAR: I do my best to keep *out* of jail.

WARDEN: And you do your best to get a lot of people *in*. (small laugh) What can I do for you?

TEMPLAR: I wanted permission to see one of your prisoners.

WARDEN: Oh?

TEMPLAR: Yes, Tommy Patchek.

WARDEN: Can't be done, even for you. Patchek's in the prison hospital. No visitors allowed there.

TEMPLAR: Oh, I see.

WARDEN: You know Tommy?

TEMPLAR: He did some work for me years ago, Warden, that's all. I didn't even know he was here in prison until I got his letter.

WARDEN: Letter? Well, I wonder how he got a letter out of here?

TEMPLAR: Well, I don't know. He couldn't very well have put it in the mailbox at the corner.

WARDEN: Hmm. Mind if I take a look at it?

TEMPLAR: Oh, of course not. Here it is.

F/X: LETTER RUSTLING

WARDEN: (reading) "Dear Mr. Templar. Maybe I got no right asking your help, but I need it bad. They're trying to kill me but I don't know why. Tommy Patchek." Hum.

TEMPLAR: You know, I've got a hunch Tommy's telling the truth. Am I right, Warden?

WARDEN: Yes you are. Patchek's been here three years. He's due out next spring. In three years there've been five attempts on his life by other prisoners. The latest was just a day or so ago.

TEMPLAR: Was he hurt seriously?

WARDEN: Knifed. But not seriously. We don't know who did it, and Patchek's too scared to tell. Most likely we'll never know.

TEMPLAR: Warden, haven't you any way of protecting this man?

WARDEN: Protect him? Look Templar, this prison was built for 1200 men. I've got 4000. The guards are over worked and underpaid. The food's bad, there's no recreation facility, and every year society sends me a thousand more men and says "Keep them in your crowded cage for a few years and send them back good citizens." Protect Patchek? Why I can't even...

F/X: PRISON ALARM

TEMPLAR: Hey, what's that?

WARDEN: There's been a break!

F/X: PHONE OFF CRADLE

WARDEN: Hello! Evans? Where is it? How many? I see. Be right over.

TEMPLAR: What is it, Warden?

WARDEN: Your friend Patchek, Templar! He couldn't wait for you. He's gone!

F/X: CROSSFADE — ALARM OUT with MUSIC UP and OUT

NEWSBOY: Read all about the prison break! Patchek still at large! Read all about it! Extra!

TEMPLAR: Taxi! Hey, taxi!

F/X: CAR COMING TO STOP

TEMPLAR: Well, good afternoon, Louie.

LOUIE: Afternoon, Mr. Templar. Ain't it a heavenly day?

TEMPLAR: Yes, Louie, it is.

LOUIE: Where to Mr. Templar?

TEMPLAR: 312 Main Street, Louie.

LOUIE: Gotcha.

F/X: CAR DRIVES OFF and CAR UNDER

LOUIE: Ya read about that prison break last night, Mr. Templar? They say this Patchek rode out in a laundry truck. Ya think they'll catch 'im?

TEMPLAR: Oh, sooner or later Louie, they always do...

LOUIE: Ya know somethin' — I kinda hope they don't. In a...in my sub-unconscious that is. Why is that Mr. Templar?

TEMPLAR: The universal guilt feeling, Louie. Whenever there's a man in hiding. That man might be you or me

LOUIE: Yeah. Yeah, Frood, huh?

TEMPLAR: Louie, it's Freud.

LOUIE: That's what I said, Sigfreid Frood. Ya know somethin' more, Mr. Templar? I kinda felt this way when that leopard escaped last spring, remember? Then he come back to his cage all by himself. It was kinda sad.

TEMPLAR: An allegory, Louie.

LOUIE: No, no, no, it was a leopard. You think Patchek will come back to the cage, Mr. Templar?

TEMPLAR: Well, I'm afraid for him that there is no hiding place. Hey, isn't this Main Street, Louie?

LOUIE: Hum? Oh, yeah, sure. Yeah.

F/X: CAR TO A STOP

LOUIE: 312. Anybody we know?

TEMPLAR: Got a tip that Tommy Patchek used to live here. Perhaps if I can help him -- then you and I won't feel so guilty. Wait for me, Louie, huh?

LOUIE: Sure.

F/X: CAR DOOR OPENS and CLOSES

TEMPLAR: I'll be darned.

LOUIE: What's the matter?

TEMPLAR: I've been to this house before.

LOUIE: You got friends in the strangest places.

TEMPLAR: Yeah. As I remember the landlady was one of the most charming, cultivated... (thinking of the right word) "damsels" I ever had the pleasure of meeting.

LOUIE: Yeah, some guys got all the luck. Eh, you sure you don't want me to come with ya?

TEMPLAR: No thanks, Louie. I want her all to myself.

F/X: FOOTSTEPS — KNOCK ON DOOR — DOOR OPENS

LANDLADY: Yeah, what do you want?

TEMPLAR: Dear heart and gentle-person, don't you remember me?

LANDLADY: I got a very poor memory.

TEMPLAR: Well, I'm a friend of Tommy Patchek's.

LANDLADY: Oh, you are? Know who I am? Shirley Temple. You're a cop, that's what! Cops have been thicker 'n flies around here. Last night and today both. Thicker'n flies.

TEMPLAR: Well, for here that's pretty thick.

LANDLADY: I run a respectable roomin' house and every time a cop comes to the front door, five more roomers go out the back.

TEMPLAR: Oh, roomers are flying.

LANDLADY: Worse fer business than Bubonic Plague. I hate cops. Whadya want, cop?

TEMPLAR: I'm not a policeman, really. I'm trying to help Tommy, if I can. If you know anything....

LANDLADY: I got a very poor memory.

TEMPLAR: Well, now, here...would a treasury note refresh it any?

LANDLADY: I got a memory like an elephant. Come on in.

TEMPLAR: Thank you.

F/X: DOOR CLOSSES

TEMPLAR: Now, about Tommy Patchek...

LANDLADY: Well... (pause) Say, you sure your not a cop?

TEMPLAR: Quite sure.

LANDLADY: Well, I ain't lookin' fer Tommy to come here but he's got a sister...Nancy.

TEMPLAR: I didn't know that.

LANDLADY: Eh, cops don't either. They were raised separate and Tommy didn't want her brought into his trouble.

TEMPLAR: Any idea where I could find her?

LANDLADY: I got a very poor memory.

TEMPLAR: Oh, well...here we are.

LANDLADY: Thanks. She works in the Voodoo Room. Cigarette girl.

TEMPLAR: Voodoo Room? That's Charlie Ferrelli's place isn't it?

LANDLADY: Yeah sure. Say, you positive you're not a cop?

TEMPLAR: Madam, I might as well confess. I am a personal emissary of J. Edgar Hoover.

LANDLADY: You are, huh? Well that's good enough for me — finest president we ever had.

TEMPLAR: Eh, thank you and goodbye Barbara Frietche! *(NB: According to legend, Barbara Frietche is the woman who stood up to Stonewall Jackson's soldiers during the Civil War)*

MUSIC UP

F/X: BAR NOISES and JUKEBOX in B/G

TEMPLAR: Bartender?

FRANK: Who do you think yer talkin' too?

TEMPLAR: Well, you're standing behind the bar. I presumed you were the bartender.

FRANK: Well, I'm not. Joe is. I'm a big shot around here.

TEMPLAR: Oh. I beg your pardon. I'll wait for Joe, the small shot.

FRANK: Yeah, you'll have a long wait. He went out to get a drink which means he won't be back for several drinks. What'll it be?

TEMPLAR: Eh, Scotch over ice, please.

FRANK: Comin' up.

F/X: POURING DRINK over ICE

FRANK: Yeah ya'are

TEMPLAR: Thank you. Nancy around?

FRANK: Nancy around? Who wants to know? A guy wears a necktie, drinks scotch in the afternoon, thinks all the girls should fall down dying dead when he waves his little pinky.

TEMPLAR: Look, all I asked was "Is Nancy aro..."

FRANK: Big man, drinks scotch in the afternoon, thinks he's got a right to...

NANCY: Alright, go on away, Frank.

FRANK: Real big operator here, drinks scotch in the afternoon, thinks...

NANCY: I said, go away please! Ya talk to much and ya don't say anything. Just go polish your glasses.

FRANK: Okay, okay. Real big pin-stripe, white-shirt necktie-type operator.

NANCY: Well? You wanted to see me? What about?

TEMPLAR: I was down at the state prison last night. I had a letter from a man who wanted to see me. But he couldn't wait.

NANCY: Tommy.

TEMPLAR: Yes. I'm Simon Templar. I used to know your brother.

NANCY: What do you want?

TEMPLAR: I want to help if I can.

NANCY: You're the Saint, aren't you?

TEMPLAR: Yes.

NANCY: I remember Tommy talked about you. Could you come to my place later? I live at the Sheldon. It's the back apartment on the second floor.

TEMPLAR: What time?

NANCY: Around eleven. I'll take off early tonight.

TEMPLAR: I'll be there, Nancy. Do you think there's any chance Tommy might come?

NANCY: I don't...

F/X: FOOTSTEPS

FRANK: 'Scuse me, but I got a message to deliver, Mack.

TEMPLAR: Well, what is it, Jack.

FRANK: Mr. Ferrelli just said that he wants to see ya. In his office.

NANCY: Keep out of this, Frank. Ferrelli doesn't even know he's here.

FRANK: I *said* that Mr. Ferrelli wants to see Mr. "Man-Of-Distinction" here and if I have to persuade 'im then I'll persuade 'im.

TEMPLAR: Stop flexing your muscles, Frank. You'll need your strength for the cocktail hour.

FRANK: I *said* that Mr. Ferrelli wants to see ya.

TEMPLAR: What an unattractive gun. Matches your face.

FRANK: Listen, Mack...

NANCY: Please Mr. Templar.

TEMPLAR: Lead on, Jack.

FRANK: Nahh, you lead. I'll be right behind ya just to make sure dat ya get there. Just stay here, Nancy.

F/X: FOOTSTEPS

FRANK: Some big deal, this guy. Scotch in the afternoon. Huh, thinks right away all the girls should fall down dying dead when he....

F/X: DOOR OPENS

FRANK: A guy to see ya Mr. Ferrelli. He was bashful, so I brought 'im.

FERRELLI: Oh, come in Mr...ahhh...

TEMPLAR: Simon Templar.

FERRELLI: Yeah, ah, welcome to the Voodoo Room, Mr. Templar. Let's us see more of you. Cigar.

TEMPLAR: Hum, thank you.

FERRELLI: That's our own brand. And a vial of perfume for the lady of your choice. "Voodoo from the Voodoo Room." Heh, that's a little trick I picked up from Sherman Billingsley. *(NB: Sherman Billingsley was the proprietor of the famous night club, The Stork Club)*

TEMPLAR: Hum, thank you. And where did you pick up this little trick, Mr. Ferrelli?

FERRELLI: Who, Frank?

TEMPLAR: Yes.

FERRELLI: Well, he's rather "class conscious," but a hard worker.

FRANK: He was askin' about Tommy Patchek, Mr. Ferrelli. I hoid 'im.

FERRELLI: Indeed? Well, are you a friend of Tommy's, Mr. Templar?

TEMPLAR: Possibly.

FERRELLI: Possibly? Uh-hum, and you might "possibly" be in touch with him soon?

TEMPLAR: I couldn't say.

FERRELLI: You couldn't say. But you could tell us the basis of your interest in Tommy?

TEMPLAR: I *could* but I see no reason to.

FERRELLI: You see no reason to. Mr. Templar, showing interest in other people's affairs is not always healthy, and some people know this instinctively and others have to be taught. Teach him, Frank!

FRANK: Yeah, sure.

F/X: HIT TO THE FACE,

TEMPLAR: Oooohhhh.

F/X: Templar FALLS ON DESK then FLOOR

F/X: PHONE hitting floor

FRANK: Not such a big operator now, huh?

F/X: FRANK continues to HIT Templar.

FERRLLI: That's enough, Frank, that's enough. Throw him out the back way.

FRANK: Well, okay, Mr. Ferrelli. (laughing) Hey, Mr. Ferrelli, I think I broke the bottle of poifume you gave 'im. I hoid somethin' crack.

FERRELLI: (laughing) Well, let's look on the bright side, Frank. Might have been a rib.

FRANK: (laughing) Yeah, mighta, yeah, soives 'im right. Drinkin' scotch in the afternoon. With a necktie.

MUSIC UP and OUT

F/X: CITY STREET

TEMPLAR: (in pain) Louie.

LOUIE: Hey, hey Mr. Templar! What happened! Here, wait, I'll help ya into the cab.

F/X: CAR DOOR OPENS

TEMPLAR: (moans in pain) Thanks, Louie.

LOUIE: Oh, gee what happened, Mr. Templar? You look horrible. You sure smell pretty,

but...

TEMPLAR: That's a doubtful consolation. I ... I tangled with a Mr. Charlie Ferrelli.

LOUIE: Yeah, huh? How does *he* look, huh?

TEMPLAR: Not a scratch.

LOUIE: Ahhh, that Ferrelli is bad medicine. Stay away from him, Mr. Templar. The less you know about his business the better.

TEMPLAR: Maybe. But after you take me home for repairs you can take me to the morgue.

LOUIE: The morgue?

TEMPLAR: Yeah.

LOUIE: I hope and trust a *round trip*?

TEMPLAR: The *newspaper* morgue.

LOUIE: Oh.

TEMPLAR: I'm gonna do some checking on Ferrelli. I begin to detect quite an odor about this whole business.

LOUIE: Yeah, yeah (laughing) So do I. Heh, I hardly trust myself in the same cab with ya. (laughing) You got it, Mr. Templar? You said "you detect an odor," so I said I....

TEMPLAR: Louie, Louie...home.

LOUIE: Yes, sir.

MUSIC UP and OUT

F/X: TYPEWRITER

TEMPLAR: Hello, Sam.

SAM: Well, Simon Templar, the Robin Hood of Modern Crime. How are things in Sherwood Forest?

TEMPLAR: Hmm. Everybody's getting ready for television.

SAM: Come on in, come on in.

F/X: DOOR CLOSES

SAM: Sit down and let's chew the fat. You know anything bad about anybody?

TEMPLAR: Yes, that's why I'm here. I wonder if I could look at your files on Charlie Ferrelli.

SAM: Oh, no need to get dusty -- I'll tell you all you want to know. Ferrelli came to this country around 25 years ago. Probably from Sicily, nobody knows for sure. Made big dough in Prohibition days — liquor. Bought a night club. Might be leveling now and might not. Big connections, underworld and otherwise. Police never pinned anything on him, and if you ask me they never will. He's a class operator.

TEMPLAR: Thanks, Sam. How's your memory on Tommy Patchek?

SAM: Oh, had to pull the file on him after his break last night.

TEMPLAR: Yeah?

SAM: Sent up three years ago for attempted robbery. He and his buddy tried to hold up a liquor store. His partner was killed. Nick Pantella. Yeah, Pantella, think that was his name. Tommy was shot but recovered. He claimed that it was a frame.

TEMPLAR: Now why would anyone want to frame him?

SAM: Well, he didn't know. I guess that's why nobody believed him?

TEMPLAR: I see. Well, thanks, Sam.

SAM: Oh, anytime, Saint. (laughs) That's an interesting egg on your forehead. (knowing better) You walk into a door?

TEMPLAR: No, someone slugged me.

SAM: (friendly sarcasm) Oh, now why would anybody want to slug you?

TEMPLAR: I don't know, I guess that's why nobody believes me.

SAM: Yeah. (laughs) Well, stuff happens.

TEMPLAR: Yeah, stuff happens. Good night, Sam.

MUSIC UP

F/X: FOOTSTEPS

F/X: DOOR KNOCK

NANCY: (she sounds scared) Who is it?

TEMPLAR: Simon Templar, Nancy.

F/X: DOOR OPENS

NANCY: Come in quickly.

F/X: DOOR CLOSES and SHE LOCKS IT

TEMPLAR: Is anybody watching the house?

NANCY: I don't know. I don't think so but I'm not sure. Oh, Mr. Templar, your face...

SIMON: You should see the rest of me. (Then, embarrassed) I mean...

NANCY: What happened -- did Frank beat you up?

TEMPLAR: Well, he beat me up some, but I'm the durable type — pre-war construction.

NANCY: Oh, I despise him. He's always hanging around as if he owns me. I hate him! I guess I'm afraid of him, too.

TEMPLAR: What about Ferrelli?

NANCY: I don't know. I get the feeling he's watching me all the time. I almost feel sometimes like that's why he's hired me — so he could watch me.

TEMPLAR: Does he know Tommy Patchek's your brother?

NANCY: I don't know, but he knows everything. Maybe he does. (starting to get scared) What's Tommy done? Why is somebody trying to have him killed? What's he done?

TEMPLAR: Now, now, come on Nancy. Here's a shoulder to cry on.

NANCY: I'm sorry. I'm not the crying type. It's just that knowing that kid's out there somewhere cold and scared, hunted and alone....

TEMPLAR: Well, maybe he won't be alone if we can reach him or if he can reach us. Does he know where you live?

NANCY: Yeah. But how can he get to...

TEMPLAR: Shhh. There's someone outside the door.

NANCY: Who?

TEMPLAR: We'll soon find out.

F/X: DOOR OPENS QUICKLY

NANCY: Frank!

TEMPLAR: Well, you're quite an accomplished man, Frank. You tend bar, beat up the customers, listen at keyholes. What else do you do?

FRANK: I take guys I find in my goirl's room and I trow 'em down stairs.

NANCY: Frank, get out!

TEMPLAR: Did you forget your blackjack, Frank? You might need it.

FRANK: Big lady-killin' operator, eh? Well come on let's see how you bounce.

F/X: THEY SCUFFLE

FRANK: Hey, stand still, Templar!

F/X: SCUFFLE CONTINUES

TEMPLAR: This is for the egg on the head, Frankie.

F/X: HIT IN THE FACE

TEMPLAR: And this is just because I don't like you.

F/X: ANOTHER SMACK TO THE FACE.

F/X: FRANK FALLS TO THE FLOOR then leaves with a SLAM OF THE DOOR

NANCY: Oh, Mr. Templar!

TEMPLAR: I hope your neighbors don't object to noisy parties, Nancy.

NANCY: Come here, Mr. Templar. You hurt?

TEMPLAR: No. I'm not hurt. But I don't think I'll have Frankie mix me any more drinks.

NANCY: You were pretty terrific.

TEMPLAR: Was I? No, I...well, you know best. Good night, Nancy.

NANCY: You're leaving?

TEMPLAR: Oh, no indeed. Frankie might be back. I'll sit up and you take the bedroom. Now get some rest. Did you sleep at all last night?

NANCY: No. I kept waiting for Tommy.

TEMPLAR: Yeah. Get some rest. I'll stretch out on the couch.

NANCY: But if he...

TEMPLAR: If Tommy comes, I'll awaken you.

NANCY: All right, Mr. Templar.

TEMPLAR: Nancy?

NANCY: Yes, Mr. Templar?

TEMPLAR: If I'm going to spend the night on your couch, you'd better call me Simon.

MUSIC UP and OUT

TEMPLAR: (yawning then calling out) Hey, Nancy.

NANCY: (off mic) Yes, Simon?

TEMPLAR: Do I smell coffee and bacon?

NANCY: You do.

TEMPLAR: Nancy, men have married for such an aroma.

NANCY: Breakfast will be ready in a minute

TEMPLAR: Did you get any sleep?

NANCY: Yeah, I did finally.

F/X: COFFEE CUPS IN B/G

NANCY: Simon, I wonder if they've picked up Tommy yet?

TEMPLAR: No, they didn't. I went out this morning around six and bought a paper. Here.

NANCY: Oh, lemme see. (reading) "Police narrow trap around Patchek. Escaped bandit still at large" Oh, Simon...

F/X: TAPPING AT WINDOW

NANCY: What's that?

TEMPLAR: It's your brother. He's on the fire escape.

NANCY: Oh, Tommy!

F/X: WINDOW OPENS and BODY FALLS THROUGH

TOMMY: Ugh! (tired and breathing hard throughout scene)

F/X: FOOTSTEPS TO BODY

NANCY: Tommy!

TEMPLAR: (helping him up) Come on now. Let me help you, Tommy. Here you go.

TOMMY: I made it, Sis.

TEMPLAR: Come on now, take it easy.

NANCY: Tommy, come here. Sit down over here.

TEMPLAR: Yeah. Come on that's it.

NANCY: Don't talk. I'll get you breakfast then put you to bed. You're alright now, Tommy.

TEMPLAR: Did anyone see you come in?

TOMMY: (still out of breath) I don't know. I had to break out, Saint. They'd kill me. They...

TEMPLAR: I know, I know, now pull yourself together -- we haven't got much time. Who's trying to kill you?

TOMMY: I think Ferrelli.

TEMPLAR: Why? Why?

TOMMY: I don't know. I don't know?

TEMPLAR: But you must!

NANCY: Can't you let him alone?

TEMPLAR: I can't! Frank, Ferrelli, the police -- some of them, or all of them will be here at any minute.

TOMMY: Don't let 'em take me back. They'll kill me!

TEMPLAR: Look, we've got to find out why, Tommy. Nancy, hand him some coffee.

NANCY: Alright, right away.

F/X: COFFEE POURING

TOMMY: Thanks.

TEMPLAR: Now, you say Ferrelli is trying to have you killed. That means you know something, or he thinks you do. What is it?

TOMMY: I don't know. Don't ya think I been trying to figure it out for three years?

NANCY: Please let him alone.

TEMPLAR: I can't! You say the holdup was a frame, right?

TOMMY: We didn't even have guns. Nick and I just went in for some beer and the owner started shootin' at us. He got Nick and he meant to get me, too. When I came to there was a gun planted on me. One on Nick, too.

TEMPLAR: Did Nick know Ferrelli?

TOMMY: But can't I... rest for awhile?

TEMPLAR: No! You've got to answer me!

TOMMY: Yeah. Yeah, Nick knew Ferrelli. I think he knew him in Sicily. But he never said. He was lazy, but he was a good guy.

TEMPLAR: He didn't work. How did he get along?

TOMMY: I...I got the idea Ferrelli gave him money. I don't know why.

TEMPLAR: You were his friend?

TOMMY: Yeah, we lived in the same roomin' house on Third.

TEMPLAR: I know where it is, yeah. I was there yesterday and met your charming landlady. Did Nick ever tell you anything about Ferrelli? About anything at all?

NANCY: Oh, can't you see he's exhausted?

TEMPLAR: Look, would you rather see him exhausted or dead? Tell me, Tommy, did Nick ever tell you anything about Ferrelli?

TOMMY: Just...just that...

TEMPLAR: Go on!

TOMMY: ...just that if anything ever happened to him...to Nick...I was to look for...the "ace in the hole."

TEMPLAR: Did you? No, no, you couldn't. You were shot and railroaded into prison. What happened to Nick's things, do you know?

TOMMY: Naw, they were sold, I guess. He kept everything he had in an old trunk.

TEMPLAR: An old trunk. Any chance it might still be at the rooming house?

TOMMY: Maybe.

TEMPLAR: Tommy, look, is there any way we can get into that house without being seen? The police are watching it.

TOMMY: I don't know...

TEMPLAR: Oh, you've got to know!

TOMMY: Yeah, yeah, I do. Through the back yard...next door...then through the garage.

TEMPLAR: Come on, Nancy, we're taking him out of here.

NANCY: You can't move him now, Simon!

TEMPLAR: We'll move him if we have to carry him! If we leave him here, Ferrelli will kill him. Come on, if that trunk is still there, we've got a chance!

MUSIC UP and OUT

TEMPLAR: Louie, listen very carefully...

LOUIE: (on filter) Yeah, go ahead Mr. Templar, it's your nickel.

TEMPLAR: Are you feeling particularly reckless today?

LOUIE: Wha, whadya mean?

TEMPLAR: How would you like to take somebody for a ride?

LOUIE: Whoa, whoa, whoa, Mr. Templar, there ain't nothin' I wouldn't do fer you, you know dat. But, but, take somebody for a ...my wife wouldn't like that!

TEMPLAR: You haven't got a wife.

LOUIE: Yeah, but if I had one she wouldn't like it. No, honest, Mr. Templar, I never bumped off nobody in my whole life.

TEMPLAR: I know that, and I wouldn't expect you to start now. I just want you to take somebody for a ride in your cab.

LOUIE: Oh, ohhoho.

TEMPLAR: Yeah. That somebody is somebody the police want. I don't want them to find him just yet.

LOUIE: Gotcha.

TEMPLAR: Well, look, don't hit any bumps -- he's in pretty bad condition.

LOUIE: Don't worry, Mr. Templar, he'll think he's in a baby buggy.

TEMPLAR: Louie, I like you...

LOUIE: Ah, Mr. Templar, I bet you say dat to all da cab drivers.

MUSIC UP and OUT

TEMPLAR: Stand right behind this door, Nancy, until I...

LANDLADY: 'Ey! What are you doin' sneakin' in the back way! This is a respectable roomin' house! Errh... it would be, if I had respectable roomers!

TEMPLAR: Look, Mother, I haven't much time. Do you remember Nick Pantel?

LANDLADY: Nick? Sure I do. Was shot three years ago. Dead now.

TEMPLAR: Yes I know. Did he leave a trunk here?

LANDLADY: Um, um, I...got a...very bad memory.

TEMPLAR: Uh, here.

LANDLADY: Well, I sold the trunk.

TEMPLAR: What?

LANDLADY: Least the stuff in it. I had a perfect right! He didn't gimme my two weeks notice 'fore leavin.'

TEMPLAR: Is the trunk still here?

LANDLADY: It's down in the cellar. This door here.

TEMPLAR: Ah, thank you.

LANDLADY: That's okay. I won't mention it to anybody. Won't even mention that Tommy Patchek's sister is standin' right in my hall behind the door. 'Course the cops'd be kinda interested cuz they're lookin' fer her brother. Just the same...

TEMPLAR: You've got a perfect right to call the police if you want to.

LANDLADY: Oh, not me. I hate cops. 'Course if they was to ask me...I got such a good memory.

TEMPLAR: Here.

LANDLADY: Thanks...it's going back on me again.

MUSIC UP and OUT

F/X: SLOW FOOTSTEPS

TEMPLAR: What a minute, Nancy, 'til I get the light.

NANCY: Yeah.

F/X: LIGHT SWITCH

TEMPLAR: You see it?

NANCY: I think so. There's only one trunk here.

TEMPLAR: Oh, looks like Ferrelli covered this angle years ago, huh? Lining's ripped up. So's the bottom.

NANCY: It's no use, then.

TEMPLAR: Perhaps. But perhaps Nick Patel read Poe's "The Purloined Letter." You see this waybill on the trunk?

TEMPLAR: Yeah

TEMPLAR: I'm gonna see if it comes off.

F/X: TEARING OF TRUNK STICKER

NANCY: What's that prove?

TEMPLAR: That the best hiding place is sometimes the most obvious. (Pause) Look. There's a newspaper clipping on the other side. Hmm... it's in Italian.

NANCY: Can you translate it?

TEMPLAR: No, but I'll find someone who can, and when I do...

FERRELLI: Save yourself the trouble, Mr. Templar.

NANCY: Simon!

TEMPLAR: Hello, Ferrelli.

FRANK: Hi, Mack.

TEMPLAR: Hi.

FERRELLI: I'll take that clipping. Keep him covered, Frank.

F/X: PAPER RUSTLE

FERRELLI: Thank you.

TEMPLAR: Well, what do you propose to do now?

FERRELLI: What do I propose to do know? Hmm...what would you do?

TEMPLAR: Nothing. You're licked, Ferrelli. You can destroy that clipping, but I can guess what it says. You committed a crime in Sicily years ago and had to flee the country. Probably you killed a man. Nick Pantel knew it and was blackmailing you. You had him killed. Then you tried to have Tommy killed at the same time just because he might know.

FERRELLI: Just because he might know? And if I committed this crime, Mr. Templar, why didn't they extradite me?

TEMPLAR: Because Mussolini was making the trains run on time and accepting bribes whenever they came along. Since then, you haven't been too sure, Ferrelli.

FERRELLI: Everything is for sale, Mr. Templar, if you've got the money. Where's Tommy, Nancy?

TEMPLAR: She doesn't know, Ferrelli.

FERRELLI: Do *you*?

TEMPLAR: I think I'll just let you brood about that one.

FERRELLI: Uh huh. What do you think we should do, Frank?

FRANK: Well, it looks like him or you, Mr. Ferrelli.

FERRELLI: How 'bout the girl, Frank?

FRANK: I don't know her.

NANCY: Frank!

FERRELLI: You heard what he said, kid. Well, Frank?

TEMPLAR: It won't work, Ferrelli.

FERRELLI: It won't work? Well, difference of opinion is what makes horse races.

F/X: DOOR OPENS

FRANK: Hey, get back, you!

LANDLADY: Drop the gun! There's enough holes in the floor already. There's cops all over the house and outside!

FERRELLI: Who called 'em?

LANDLADY: I did.

TEMPLAR: Mother! And you hated cop!

LANDLADY: I did. But I remembered there was a reward out for Tommy and I figured Nancy knew where he was. Hurt me to go back on my principles. But I forced myself.

FRANK: Hey, what do we do boss?

TEMPLAR: Mr. Ferrelli's a sensible man, Frank. He'll go back to the old country. That's better than facing a murder rap here isn't it?

FERRELLI: Yes, yes, much better. Put up the gun, Frank.

FRANK: Not before I...

F/X: STRUGGLE then GUNSHOT

NANCY: (Screams)

F/X: 2 MORE GUNSHOTS

F/X: STRUGGLE

TEMPLAR: Give me that! Give me that, Frankie, before I break your martini arm!

F/X: HIT TO FACE and FALL TO FLOOR

TEMPLAR: There.

FERRELLI: Very impetuous young man, Frank.

NANCY: Oh, he might have killed you!

TEMPLAR: Yeah, but he didn't. Shall we go, Ferrelli?

FERRELLI: Yes, we'll go. But it's only a question of time for me, Mr. Templar. I'll be back. In any sensible society money can buy anything. And when we return to, ah, shall I say, a sensible basis, I'll be back.

TEMPLAR: And if you come back, I won't be here.

FERRELLI: No. (laughs) In the meantime, I'll read up on Poe. He mighta saved me a lot of trouble.

MUSIC UP and OUT

F/X: CAR DRIVING

LOUIE: That Tommy Patchek got a full pardon, Mr. Templar? Gee, that's swell.

TEMPLAR: Tommy deserved a few good breaks, Louie.

LOUIE: Yeah. (pause) There's just two things about the case that bother me, Mr. Templar?

TEMPLAR: Oh? What are they, Louie?

LOUIE: You think a guy like Ferrelli could ever come back to this country like you said?

TEMPLAR: He'll be trying, Louie. So it's up to you and me.

LOUIE: Yeah, yeah.

TEMPLAR: So what's the other thing?

LOUIE: You know that day you had me drive Tommy Patchek all over town in this cab when the cops was lookin' for him?

TEMPLAR: Yeah...

LOUIE: Well, all he talked about was his sister. What a wonderful girl she was and, ah, how pretty.

TEMPLAR: Yes...

LOUIE: He was sayin' how hard she worked all her life, how regular she was, and how pretty.

TEMPLAR: Yes...

LOUIE: And I just wondered, that's all, you know, if a girl was that, ah, pretty?

TEMPLAR: Louie?

LOUIE: Uh?

TEMPLAR: The Voodoo Club is under new management. New owner, new bartender, but the, ah, *same* cigarette girl.

LOUIE: Yeah?

TEMPLAR: Well, let's drive over there. You seem to be out of cigarettes!

MUSIC UP and END

ANNOUNCER: You have been listening to another transcribed adventure of THE SAINT...The Robin Hood of Modern Crime!