

WABC & NETWORK

STRANGE

**PERMANENT**  
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THURSDAY

(40 SECOND DELAY)

(CHINESE GONG)

ANNCR: The story you are about to hear is true, but ---

(ECHO) STRAAAAANGE!

(MUSIC: . . . BIG, WEIRD, SUSPEND OUT FOR . . .)

(BG OF ORIENTAL BAZAAR, HORSES. TINKLE OF DOORBELL.)

SIDI: (DBLE PHIL) Blessed be the name of the prophet...Welcome, Memsahib Hadley, to the poor shop of Sidi Mustapha.

LEONA: (DBLE JANET, CRUSTY) Poor, my foot. If you got one-tenth of the outrageous prices you charge, this shop would be the richest in all Cairo.

SIDI: Memsahib is pleased to jest. I am but a poor dealer in gifts....Would Mesahib do me the honor of sharing a cup of coffee?

LEONA: Sidi, let's dispense with the formalities, shall we? My daughter, Janet, has just gotten married and gone back to England --

SIDI: Congratulations! May her life be full and happy-and crowded with men children.

LEONA: (DRY) Yes.. At any rate, I want a gift for her, something to remind her of Cairo and -- (BREAK)

(FEW STEPS)

LEONA: Why, what a gorgeous scarf!

SIDI: (IN QUICKLY) Memsahib, no!

LEONA: Good heavens. When I picked it up -- the strangest feeling. I seemed to hear things. The sound of horses' hoofs, a woman -- a woman screaming.

(MUSIC: . . . HIT THEME AND UNDER . . .)

ANNCR: ABC RADIO NETWORK presents STRANGE!.....True stories of the supernatural, with your narrator.....Famous author, lecturer, and expert on strange and weird events, Walter Gibson.

(MUSIC: . . . OUT . . .)

GIBSON: Thank you, \_\_\_\_\_.....Cairo, Egypt, at the turn of the century was still a place of lawlessness and Oriental intrigue....And the fabulous crowded bazaars held many mementos of a life as different and strange as any that can be imagined.

(MUSIC: . . . STAB AND SLIDE OUT UNDER . . .)

SIDI: A - a woman screaming?.....(UNEASY LAUGH) I heard no one, Memsahib Hadley.

LEONA: I could have sworn, when I picked up this scarf --- No. No, I must have been mistaken.

SIDI: Yes, of a certainty.

LEONA: Yet why did you say no?

SIDI: No?

LEONA: When I picked it up.....Sidi, is there anything wrong with this scarf?

SIDI: Wrong?

LEONA: Of course I don't believe this rubbish, but -- a, a curse? Some kind of oriental --

SIDI: (LAUGH) No, no.

(MORE)

SIDI: It -- it is only that the scarf is so beautiful that the  
(CONT) thought of parting with it brought a wrench to my heart...  
However, if it is the will of Allah, I am prepared to sell  
it.

LEONA: (DRY) For a good price, I've no doubt.

SIDI: Memsahib, how can you say this? Sidi Mustapha is an  
honest merchant. I hold you in great respect -- I will  
sell it to you at a ridiculous price!

(MUSIC: . . . HIT AND UNDER . . .)

GIBSON: The sale was finally made. The scarf was bought, wrapped  
up and mailed --- and three weeks later the new bride,  
Janet Lang, unwrapped it before her husband, Philip.

(MUSIC: . . . OUT FOR . . .)

(FINAL UNWRAPPING)

JANET: Oh, Phil, look at it! Did you ever see anything so  
gorgeous!

PHIL: Mmmmm, I dunno. I've seen something a lot more gorgeous.

JANET: What?

PHIL: You, darling.

JANET: Oh, Phil.

PHIL: Mmm, I thought it wasn't bad. A new husband's got to come  
up with these compliments once in a while, doesn't --

JANET: (A GASP)

PHIL: Here! Darling, what's the matter?

JANET: I - I don't know...I touched the scarf and, and.....

PHIL: Touched it?.....Here, let me see.

(RUSTLE OF PAPER, PICK UP SCARF)

PHIL: Reels all right to me.

JANET: It felt cold. And yet - yet hot as the desert.

PHIL: Darling, have you got a fever?

JANET: And I seemed to hear all sorts of things. Horses - a woman screaming. I had a strange strangling sensation -- and the smell, the heavy smell of musk. Like an Oriental Harem!

PHIL: (LAUGH) Now, what do you know about harems, eh?.....Is there really something wrong with this thing?

JANET: I don't know.....Oh, it's so beautiful!

PHIL: Yes - no doubt of that.

JANET: I'm being silly, I suppose.

PHIL: It's up to you, darling. It's yours to wear or throw away.

JANET: Oh, I couldn't do that. After all, mother sent it all the way from Cairo.....Let me have it, Philip.

PHIL: Course. Here you are.

JANET: (BEAT) (LITTLE LAUGH) I'm a silly goose. There's nothing. Absolutely nothing.

(MUSIC: . . . HIT AND UNDER . . .)

GIBSON: That same evening, Janet and Philip Lang went to a formal party at a nearby estate. They had a fine time and the oriental scarf, which Janet wore, was the hit of the evening. They returned home - and when they retired, the scarf rested on Janet Lang's dressing table.

(MUSIC: . . . UP AND SLIDE OUT BEHIND, . . .)

JANET: (MOANING IN HER SLEEP)

PHIL: Janet!.....Janet, wake up!

JANET: (WAKING) No, no -- Oh. Phil.

PHIL: Whom did you expect, darling - you haven't any other secret passion beside your lawful wedded husband, have you?

JANET: Phil, I - I had the strangest dream.

PHIL: That's why I woke you.

JANET: I dreamed I was out in the desert.

PHIL: Desert? Darling, this is England, there's no desert!

JANET: There was in my dream. I was at an oasis - something like that. I wasn't English at all, I was Arabian... I remember I had gone to the waterhole with an urn to get some water. And suddenly...

PHIL: Yes?

JANET: I heard hoofs. Coming over the sand dunes was a band of slavers.

PHIL: Slavers? Oh, now, darling, how could you know what they were?

JANET: In the dream I did. They were about to attack the oasis -- I even knew the leader's name. Ramazan Pasha.

PHIL: (LAUGH) Now, darling, don't look so frightened. It must have been that scarf.

JANET: The scarf?

PHIL: That plus your lively imagination... Certainly, that scarf was something new, it reminded you of Egypt. The last thing you did when we got home was --

JANET: Phil! I left it on my dressing table.

PHIL: Huh?

JANET: Now it's here - right here on the pillow! How'd it get here!

(MUSIC: . . . HIT AND UNDER. . .)

GIBSON: With the warm light of morning, Janet Lang was sure it had been nothing but a bad dream.

(CONT)

GIBSON: And just as sure that she had been mistaken about where she  
(CONT) had left the scarf the night before.... But she made sure,  
each time she wore the scarf, to lock it safely in her  
dresser drawer.... Then, a week later, Janet had another  
dream ---

(MUSIC: . . . SWELL AND UNDER FOR. . . .)

JANET: (STRUGGLING) Let me go! Let me go!

PHIL: (EFFORT) Janet, it's me! Janet!

JANET: (EFFORT) You have desecrated my tribe, burned the tents!  
You cannot take me, you --

(MUSIC: . . . STAB OUT. . . .)

JANET: Phil?

PHIL: Thank heaven. For a while there you were calling me  
everything else.

JANET: What?

PHIL: In your dream, darling. Including Ramazan something.

JANET: Oh... Ramazan Pasha.

PHIL: Feeling better now?

JANET: It was the same dream.

PHIL: What?

JANET: The same as last week. Only I was no longer in the desert.  
I was in Cairo --I had been abducted from my tribe and  
taken to Cairo! I was being held captive and couldn't  
escape --- (HARD BREAK) Phil? ... Phil!

PHIL: Yeah, honey. You're wearing the scarf again.

JANET: It was in the drawer!

PHIL: You must have walked in your sleep. Taken it out...

JANET: It's wrapped around my throat. So tight!

PHIL: Here - take it easy... I'll get it - easy...

(TAKE OFF SCARF. OFF BED, BARE FOOTSTEPS)

JANET: (FADE BACK) Where are you taking it?

(OPEN WALL SAFE)

PHIL: I'm putting it in here --

JANET: (FADE ON) The wall safe?

PHIL: Unless you'd rather I burned it.

JANET: Oh, no - it was a gift from my mother.

PHIL: Right. So - in it goes.

(CLOSE SAFE, SPIN COMBINATION)

PHIL: Janet. Do me a favor.

JANET: Yes?

PHIL: Write to your mother. Tell her about these dreams, about the scarf. Ask her to find out what she can.

(MUSIC: . . . BRIDGE INTO . . .)

(BG OF BAZAAR)

SIDI: What is this you say, Memsahib? Your daughter blames her dreams of the scarf? But this is ridiculous!

LEONA: She's inclined to say so in her letter. But her husband also wrote me - without telling her. He's quite concerned.

SIDI: What kind of dream, Mesahib?

LEONA: Sidi, is there such a person as Ramazan Pasha?

SIDI: (GASP) May Allah have compassion.

LEONA: There is?

SIDI: Speak his name softly, Memsahib. A notorious slave-trader, a thief and a defiler of the temple... And yet -- it is the truth, your daughter dreams of - of him?

LEONA: I have the letter here...

(RUSTLE OF PAPER)

LEONA: I dreamt I was taken from a desert oasis by Ramazan Pasha.  
I dreamt I was brought to Cairo, held prisoner in his harem.  
I dreamt I tried to escape and --

SIDI: And was killed!

LEONA: What?

SIDI: Who could believe that a scarf could carry such a nurse!

LEONA: Curse? What are you talking about?

SIDI: The scarf which you sent to your daughter, Memsahib. It  
once belonged to just such an unfortunate as your daughter  
describes in her dreams!

LEONA: A girl who was kidnapped --

SIDI: Even so. Kidnapped from the desert - by Ramazan Pasha.  
Brought to Cairo. And then --

LEONA: How did she die, Sidi?

SIDI: She was found on the street, below the scroll window of his  
harem.

LEONA: The scarf! Was the scarf --

SIDI: Memsahib, I am a poor, unfortunate man who is not worthy  
to touch your feet! That by selling the scarf I should be  
the instrument of --

LEONA: Will you stop these long-winded speeches and tell me!

SIDI: Memsahib, I suggest you send your daughter's husband a  
telegram at once. At once!

(MUSIC: . . . STAB AND UNDER. . .)

GIBSON: When Leona Hadley heard of the part the scarf had played,  
she sent the telegram. It arrived late the next evening -  
by which time Janet Lang had already gone upstairs to bed...  
The telegram arrived, and Philip Lang ripped it open and  
read it --



(OPEN TELEGRAM)

PHIL: (READING) The scarf is a murder weapon. It was used ---  
Good Heavens! ... And Janet's already asleep!

(FAST STEPS)

PHIL: Janet! ... Janet!

(MUSIC: . . . UP SHARPLY, ABRUPTLY UNDER. HOLD SUSPENSE UNDER. . .)

(OPENING SAFE)

JANET: (DREAMY WHISPER) Yes.... yes, the scarf....I've got it...  
I've ---

(OPEN SAFE)

JANET: I've got it... Yes, around my neck...Around my neck tight..  
And then -- the window? .... I'm to be strangled and thrown  
from the window? .... Oh, no, no!

(DOOR SLAMS OPEN, STEPS IN)

(MUSIC: . . . OUT. . .)

PHIL: (IN FAST) Janet!

JANET: Let go of me - the window! (EFFORT)

(RUNNING STEPS, STRUGGLE)

PHIL: Janet, no! ... Wake up - wake up!

(MUSIC: . . . STAB, UNDER. . .)

JANET: (WAKING) Phil! .... Oh, Phil!

PHIL: Here, darling. Give me that scarf.

JANET: Scarf? Oh - it's aroind my neck... Phil, it's so tight it  
almost strangled me. It almost strangled me!

(MUSIC: . . . HIT FOR CURTAIN. . .)

GIBSON: An oriental scarf that almost recreated the same crime in which it had once played a part - the strangling of a beautiful woman.... But it would strangle no more. That very night Philip Lang burned it.

(MUSIC: . . . STAB. . . .)

GIBSON: Tomorrow I'll bring you another story of the supernatural!

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A story, true, but strange!

(MUSIC: . . . THEME AND UNDER. . .)

ANNCR: Tune in tomorrow and every weekday over most of these stations at this same time for Walter Gibson, your expert on the supernatural. Stories of ghosts - of spirits, werewolves and voodoo. And each story you hear is true, but ---

(MUSIC: . . . OUT. . .)

ANNCR: (ECHO) STRAAAAANGE!

(MUSIC: . . . TAG. . .)

ANNCR: STRANGE, with Walter Gibson as your expert, was directed by \_\_\_\_\_.

In the cast were \_\_\_\_\_.

This is \_\_\_\_\_.

STRANGE came to you from New York.

(TWO SECOND PAUSE)

THIS IS ABC...RADIO NETWORK.

ec/aek  
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5:40 pm