

The Man Who Thought He Was Edward G. Robinson

KEN NILES: And now, Roma Wines, R-O-M-A, made in California for enjoyment throughout the world, Roma Wines presents...

MUSIC: Bernard Herrmann's Suspense Theme

ANNOUNCER: Suspense! Tonight Roma Wines bring you "The Man Who Thought He Was Edward G. Robinson," a Suspense play produced, edited, and directed for Roma Wines by William Spier.

MUSIC OUT

KEN NILES: Suspense! Radio's Outstanding Theater of Thrills is presented for your enjoyment by Roma Wines. That's R-O-M-A, Roma Wines, those excellent California wines that can add so much pleasantness to the way you live, to your happiness in entertaining guests, to your enjoyment of everyday meals. Yes, right now, a glassful would be very pleasant as Roma Wines bring you Edward G. Robinson -- as both himself and as a certain Mr. Homer J. Hubbard, a man who thought he was Edward G. Robinson -- in this remarkable tale of ... Suspense!

TYPEWRITER KEYS TAPPING, A PAGE OF PAPER IS PULLED FROM THE TYPEWRITER

HOMER (reads and narrates): Uh huh ... yeah ... well, I'm making this statement in accordance with a promise to a very dear friend. It is a complete statement, in every detail, even including those matters which are to me personally incriminating, because my trust in my friend is such that I haven't the slightest concern on that score or any other. What follows concerns primarily two persons. Myself, Homer J. Hubbard and my wife, Ada Samsee Hubbard. Even when I was courting Ada, I was aware that hers was a strong and domineering personality, to say the least, and after we were married, well, at first I put up with Ada's constant nagging and petty persecutions as best I could. I put up with them for five long years. It wasn't until a memorable evening in 1930 that the first dim outlines of an escape and finally a plan began to take shape in my mind. Ada and I had gone to the movies to see a picture called "Little Caesar" with an actor in it whom I had never heard of before...

MUSIC from the film "Little Caesar"

EDWARD G. ROBINSON (onscreen, tough, savage): Ah, so you thought you'd rat on me, huh? Well, get this! Nobody rats on Little Caesar, see?!

MACHINE GUN FIRE over MUSIC

HOMER (narrates over the film soundtrack): The moment I saw that face on the screen, the minute I heard that voice, the world of reality around me simply ceased to exist. I lived that picture. I was Little Caesar. I was Edward G. Robinson. I was dimly conscious that my voice was like his, that even my face without my spectacles and with my hair parted differently might have been mistaken for his -- but it was more than that. It was his personality that fascinated me -- and THAT I assumed. Calm, assured -- tough! (Homer's voice gets deeper, more assured, more Little Caesarish) The kind of a man who made people do what he wanted done and the way he wanted it done. Walking out of the movie theater, I knew something had happened that was going to change my whole life.

MUSIC OUT - STREET NOISES

ADA (cold, sharp voice): Well, there's a man! Little Caesar they call him, and well they may! What's his name? Edwin G. Robertson?

HOMER (timidly): Er, er, Edward G. Robinson ...

ADA: Oh, Edward G. Robinson. Well, I wager we'll be hearing plenty about him from now on. He's no Caspar Milquetoast!

HOMER (wimpily): Yes, dear.

ADA (contemptuous): Is that all you have to say? (mimics him) "Yes, dear"?

HOMER: Well... uh ...

ADA (extremely contemptuous): What does it take to arouse a little enthusiasm in you, anyway? Here you've seen a fine performance, a picture that would get anybody in the world excited and all you can say is (mimics him) "Yes dear..."

HOMER (exactly as before): Yes, dear.

ADA (disgusted): Oh, I wish you were half the man that Robinson is!

MUSICAL BRIDGE

HOMER (narrates): But, from that moment, I no longer really cared what Ada wished or thought. I'd begun my escape into a dream world of my own making. A world in which I was Edward G. Robinson. As the weeks went by, I began to identify myself with him more and more. I imagined myself in countless dangerous situations and, when no one was looking, I imitated him and I affected his mannerisms. I would start daydreaming at my desk, wondering what the other people in the office would think if I suddenly exposed this hidden side of my personality ...

VOICES OF OFFICE WORKERS: What's the matter with him? Has he suddenly gone crazy? What's the matter with him?

A terrified crowd MURMURS under Homer's voice as he mimics Edward G. Robinson:

HOMER: Okay, okay, everybody! Now, stay where y'are! Hold your hands over your heads! I don't want any monkey business, see?! Now, stand back there, Ryan!

RYAN: Why--!

HOMER: Any funny stuff from you and I'll let you have it!

RYAN: Hubbard! This is preposterous! What do you mean by such behavior? Is this your idea of a joke?

HOMER: You'll see whether it's a joke or not if you make one false move! Now, this isn't a water pistol I'm holding here, ya know!

RYAN (desperate): Hubbard, you're fired! Leave this office immediately!

HOMER: Fired? I'm getting out all right, but I'm not fired, see? I'm leaving well-heeled and that's where you come in, Mr. Ryan!

RYAN: Oh, b-but-- Please, please, Hubbard! Now, now, be reasonable.

HOMER: Ah, shut up and do what I tell ya! Keep your hands up in the air! Walk over to that safe!

OFFICE WORKER: You'd better do it.

The OFFICE WORKERS murmur in fear.

HOMER: C'mon, open it up! Get all the money out of it and put it right here
on the desk in front of me! Now, get going!

RYAN: All right.

HOMER: I don't want to have any trouble with you, Ryan! I'm gonna count three
and if you're not movin' when I finish, you'll never move again, see?
One... !

RYAN: Hubbard!

HOMER: Two... !

RYAN: Hubbard! Hubbard!

MUSIC OUT

RYAN: Hubbard! What are you doing, daydreaming like that? You better get busy
or I-I shall be forced to report you to Mr. Pemberton again.

HOMER (in his normal soft voice): Uh? Oh, oh, oh. I'm sorry, Mr. Ryan. I'm
terribly sorry. I can't understand what could have come over me.

MUSICAL BRIDGE

HOMER (narrates): Well, that's the way it went -- at the office, walking down
the street, riding home on the bus. My life -- outwardly calm and well ordered, possibly even dull -- was actually twenty four hours of harrowing
adventure with myself as the central figure. I saw every Edward G. Robinson
picture that came out. It was the day after seeing "Brother Orchid" for the
third time that Ada finally caught me. I was shaving that morning and
...
talking to myself ... (mimics Edward G. Robinson) ... Okay, okay, rats, you
asked for it! Now, you don't come out, we're comin' in and get ya, see?
And
we're coming in shootin'! What's that? Oh, yeah? Only a dirty yellow
rat
would say that! Okay, boys, let 'em have it!

DOOR OPENS, A FOOTSTEP OR TWO

ADA: Well, of all the fool performances I ever heard of, this beats all! What
in the world are you jabbering about in here?

HOMER (embarrassed): Huh? Oh. Well, i-i-i-it's really n-n-nothing, dear. I was just sort of trying to imitate Edward G. Robinson. Heh heh heh.

ADA: You were what?!

HOMER: Yes, uh ...

ADA: Edward G. Robinson?!

HOMER: That's right.

ADA (laughs cruelly): That's rich. Oh, I can't stand it! You trying to imitate Edward G. Robinson?!

HOMER: Yeah, that's right, dear.

ADA (laughs): I can't stand it! But don't stop! Don't let me interrupt the performance, Mr. Movie Star.

HOMER: Oh, please ...

ADA (mockingly applauds): Come on, do your act for me! Ha ha ha!

HOMER (hurt): W-w-well, dear, I-I don't see anything so funny about it...

ADA (savagely): Well, maybe you don't -- but you're the only person in the world who wouldn't! (mocking him cruelly) Well, I'll leave you to your rehearsing. But why don't you imitate Donald Meek or Shirley Temple? I think you'll find it easier!

DOOR SLAMS SHUT, OMINOUS MUSIC IN

HOMER (narrates, darkly): It was right then ... that I decided to kill her.

MUSIC UP AND DOWN

ANNOUNCER: For Suspense, Roma Wines are bringing you "The Man Who Thought He was Edward G. Robinson" a radio play by Leslie Raddatz. Roma Wines presentation tonight in Radio's Outstanding Theater of Thrills, Suspense.

MUSIC OUT

KEN NILES: Between the acts of Suspense, this is Ken Niles with a friendly suggestion. When friends make you feel perfectly at home no matter how unexpected your visit, that's hospitality! Such is the hospitality of millions of Americans who always keep Roma Wines on hand. For there's a Roma

California wine to please any guest on every occasion. For friendly entertaining, serve Roma sherry or muscatel. For gracious dining, enjoy Roma burgundy haute sauterne. Whichever Roma Wine you choose, you're sure of finer taste every time. For to bring you better tasting wines, Roma master vintners, with America's finest wine making resources, guide California's choicest grapes to tempting taste perfection. Then, along with Roma Wines of years before, this rich taste treasure awaits selection from the world's greatest wine reserves for your pleasure. That's why Roma Wines are always better tasting! Proof? More Americans enjoy Roma than any other wine. So, insist on Roma, R-O-M-A, Roma Wines -- largest selling wines in all history!

MUSIC: Suspense theme

ANNOUNCER: And now, Roma Wines bring back to our Hollywood soundstage Edward G. Robinson, appearing as both himself and as Homer J. Hubbard, "The Man Who Thought He Was Edward G. Robinson" in a tale well calculated to keep you in ... suspense!

MUSIC UP

HOMER (narrates): I might have decided to have mercy on her if she'd only let me alone. But Ada could never leave anyone alone. She ridiculed me at home and in front of our friends. Sometimes she would let a few weeks go by without saying anything and I would think that perhaps she had forgotten. But Ada never forgot. She would wait until we were in a group of people and then she would come out with it.

ADA: Well, my dear, you mean I haven't told you about Homer's dream world? He thinks he's Edward G. Robinson!

A GROUP OF PEOPLE LAUGH

ADA: Tell us, Mr. Homer G. Robinson, when do you think you'll be getting your next contract from Hollywood?

MORE LAUGHTER

ADA: Oh, you folks have got Homer all wrong! He's a killer at heart! Just a

cold blooded killer!

STILL MORE LAUGHTER

MUSIC OUT - A DOOR WITH A BELL ATTACHED OPENS - FOOTSTEPS WALK AND THEN STOP

HOMER: I, uh, I-I want to buy a gun.

CLERK: Sure, bud. What kind of a gun?

HOMER: Er ... Well, I - I don't know much about guns but, er, that one looks all right.

CLERK: Oh, yeah, here's a nice little gun.

GUN CABINET OPENS

CLERK: Twenty-eight fifty.

HOMER: Do I, uh, have to have a license?

CLERK: No. Not unless you're going to carry it on your person. Otherwise, we just register it for the police records under your name. What's the name?

HOMER: Um ... er, Edward G. Robinson.

CLERK: Huh?

HOMER (in a tough voice): You heard me, mug! Edward G. Robinson! See!?

MUSICAL BRIDGE

HOMER (narrates): Oh, I had made my plans very carefully. My plan was that her murder would look like suicide. It would be a night when the moon was full so that I could see her head on the pillow and aim carefully. I would fire the shot, quickly wipe my fingerprints from the handle of the gun, then push it into her hand. Then, as the shocked and bereaved husband, I would call Dr. Wallace. The police wouldn't come until later and when they did, I would be ready for them. I was so busy laying my plans that I hadn't been reading the papers and had to be told the big news.

MUSIC OUT - DINNER TABLE SOUNDS

ADA: Uh, Homer, uh-- Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Robinson...

GUESTS' LAUGHTER

ADA: Would you mind passing the spinach? That is, if you're not too preoccupied in planning your next murder.

MALE GUEST (laughs): Yes, yes, you, uh, held up any banks lately, Homer?

MORE LAUGHTER

HOMER: Uh, here-here-here you are, dear.

MALE GUEST (laughs): Oh, say - say, that reminds me.

ADA: Yes?

MALE GUEST: All kidding, too, on the side, as a fella says. Did you know that he's going to be here in town next week?

HOMER: Who? What?

ADA (contemptuously, to Homer): Edward G. Robinson! He's going to address the hobbyists' convention.

HOMER: Is that so?

MALE GUEST: Yes.

HOMER: Well, my. I-I'd like to hear him.

ADA: I would, too. I'd like to see what a real he-man is like. Not just a poor imitation.

MUSICAL BRIDGE

HOMER (narrates): We went, and at first it was the most terrible disappointment of my life. Because he wasn't tough, or hard-boiled, or anything like it. He seemed to be a mild mannered man, a little shy. Almost like me. And he talked about, uh, orchids and modern art. They were his hobbies, he said, raising orchids and collecting paintings. Modern paintings. But as the lecture went on, I began to understand and by the time it was over, I knew!

MUSIC OUT

EDWARD G. ROBINSON (at microphone): And so, ladies and gentlemen, I consider myself twice blessed. Every man is blessed who has a hobby but I am among the fortunate few who has two hobbies. And as the fellow said whose fiance had a twin sister ...

AUDIENCE LAUGHTER

EDWARD G. ROBINSON: Oh, I see you already know it -- "I love them both!"
Thank you!

LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE - MUSIC IN

HOMER (narrates): Later that evening, I made an excuse to get away from Ada
and went down to the hotel where I knew Mr. Robinson was staying. I
bribed the
bellboy a dollar and seventy five cents to tell me which was his room.
I went
down the hall and knocked at the door of seven-oh-eight.

KNOCK AT DOOR

EDWARD G. ROBINSON: Yeah?

HOMER (pointlessly disguising his voice): Western Union!

EDWARD G. ROBINSON: C'mon in.

DOOR OPENS - FOOTSTEPS

EDWARD G. ROBINSON: Just put it on the.... well, say, Western Union
dresses
their boys up pretty snappy in this town, don't they? Ha ha!

HOMER (a prepared speech): I-I-I must apologize for adopting the
subterfuge,
Mr. Robinson, but I have something of the utmost importance to discuss
with
you and I was afraid that you might not see me since we have never been
formally introduced.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON (laughs): Formally introduced? Why, that's all
right. What
is it? An autograph?

HOMER: Well, I'm-I'm afraid it's something a good deal more serious
than that,
Mr. Robinson.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON: Yeah? Well, you've caught me right in the middle of
shaving, as you see. But if you don't mind my finishing the job while
you
talk, why, uh, come right along inside, tell me all about it.

HOMER: Thank you.

TWO SETS OF FOOTSTEPS - WATER IN SINK

EDWARD G. ROBINSON: Well, now what's on your mind?

HOMER: Uh, Mr. Robinson, I have a problem. I've followed your career since its earliest fame. That is why I feel that you'll be able to tell me what to do.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON: Uh huh. Well, what is the problem?

HOMER: Mr. Robinson, suppose -- this is purely hypothetical, of course -- but suppose you were going to kill somebody.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON: Kill somebody?!

HOMER: Yes, yes. In your own home. Somebody who was, shall we say, related to you.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON: Here, now, hold on a minute, Mr...

HOMER: Er, Hubbard. Homer J. Hubbard.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON: Mr. Hubbard. Well, I may look like a bad guy on the screen but when I'm not working I'm just a plain peace loving citizen just like anybody else.

HOMER (chuckles): Oh, you-you-you can fool people like that audience tonight with all that talk about orchids and modern art, and, heh -- it was very good and I quite understand why you do it -- a man in your position must have a "front" of course, uh, heh, yes, heh, but you, you-you didn't fool me, heh. I know -- rather, I knew that I could come to you and and-and be perfectly frank.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON: Yeah? What about?

HOMER: Why, uh, about the murder.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON (drops his razor): About the what?!

HOMER: Well, look at me, Mr. Robinson. I'm a shy, inhibited, weak, utterly ineffectual person. I've none of your assurance, your hardness, your ability to cope with any situation the direct, the ruthless way... (sighs) How many times I wish I had, because for twenty years my life has been made horribly unbearably miserable by one person. My wife!

EDWARD G. ROBINSON (understanding): Ohhh ... so that's the way it is.

HOMER: Yes. For years, I bore it as best I could, and then one day I

thought:
how would you have coped with it? And, of course, I knew at once. You
would
kill her!

EDWARD G. ROBINSON: Here, now, wait a minute, wait a minute! Say, are
you
kidding me?

HOMER: Oh, no, no, Mr. Robinson, I wouldn't think of such a thing. Uh,
look
here, look here, I-I've even secured a gun to do it with.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON: Uh -- ?! Here! You better give me that! No, no, no!
Don't
point it! Hand it to me by the barrel.

FOOTSTEPS

EDWARD G. ROBINSON: Now, we'll put it over here. Safer, you know.

HOMER: Yes, I - I must admit I-I know very little about firearms and
they're
quite distasteful to me.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON: Yes, you and me both! I mean, uh, small arms, like
that.
Of course, a tommy gun, that's different. That's the only thing to use.

HOMER: Yeah, yes, I suppose you're right. But I didn't know where to
get a
tommy gun. And I was afraid even if I did, I'd never master the art of
using
it.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON: Yes, well, now, you want to kill your wife, is that
it?
You want me to help you.

HOMER: If you would, Mr. Robinson. If you could - If you could spare
the time.
I can't tell you how grateful I'd be.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON (after a pause): Well, you know, Mr. Hubbard, you
look like
a pretty nice little guy. Your wife must really be an old battle-axe to
have
got you in a frame of mind like this. All right, I'll tell you what
I'll do. I
will help you.

HOMER (delighted): Oh, Mr. Robinson!

EDWARD G. ROBINSON (playing the tough guy): Yes, but its got to be done
my
way, see?! It's got to be done right! You've gotta plan these things!
Now, uh,

take this gat, for instance. That's no kind of a rod to kill your wife with.
Why, the, uh, uh, caliber is all wrong! The ballistics would be all wrong! The
dicks would be on your tail just like that! Now, I got a gat home that's
perfect for this job, get me? I've knocked off Humphrey Bogart, Orson Welles,
Jimmy Cagney, oh, I don't know how many guys with it. Now the first thing when
I get home I'll send it to you parcel post.

HOMER: Would you, Mr. Robinson?

EDWARD G. ROBINSON: Oh, sure, sure. Now, when you get it, you just lay low,
see? Now, don't do a thing till you hear from me. I'll lay this thing out with
some of my boys and then I'll get in touch with you. Okay?

HOMER: Oh, Mr. Robinson, I don't know how to thank you.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON (slaps Homer on the back a few times): Ah, forget it, pal!
Forget it! (jovially) What's a little murder between friends?

MUSICAL BRIDGE

HOMER (narrates): I could scarcely maintain my composure in the two days that
followed. The second day, sure enough, the gun arrived. It was a great heavy
thing, the - the kind that is referred to, I think, uh, let me-- as an automatic. Yes, that's it. Remembering its history, I handled it with the
utmost care and reverence. I hid it in the garage where I keep my pipe that
Ada won't let me smoke. It was the next afternoon, Saturday, that the
phone rang.

PHONE RINGS - FOOTSTEPS - MUSIC OUT

HOMER (narrates): I rushed into the bedroom to answer it and closed the door
after me so Ada wouldn't hear in case it was...

EDWARD G. ROBINSON (filtered): Hello, uh ... Homer?

HOMER: Yes?

EDWARD G. ROBINSON: Well, this is Eddie.

HOMER: Eddie?

EDWARD G. ROBINSON: Yeah, yeah, Eddie Robinson.

HOMER: Oh, yes, Mister, uh ... uh, Eddie.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON: Uh, did you get the package I sent you?

HOMER: Yes, I got it.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON: Okay, now, but, uh, don't fool around with it, see, until
the time comes -- it's kind of tricky.

HOMER: Oh, no, no, no, I won't.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON: Now, listen. If we're gonna do this, the sooner the better. The deadline is tomorrow night. Midnight. Now, here's the layout. You
go to bed, just the same as you always do, but have that gat handy, and leave
the front door open. Oh, say, I meant to ask you, is it, uh, is it safe to
talk where you are?

HOMER: Oh, yes, yes, the phone is in the bedroom and the door is closed.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON: The bedroom, eh? Well, that's swell. Now, listen, a little
before midnight, now, you get up. She's asleep, of course. Now, you take a
spot just outside the bedroom door where you can keep an eye on her and on the
front door, too, see?

HOMER: Yes?

EDWARD G. ROBINSON: At midnight, I'll contact you. We'll do the job and make a
quick getaway and you can hole up in the hideout I got until the heat's off.
Get it? Tomorrow night! Midnight!

HOMER: I'll do everything just as you say ... Eddie.

MUSICAL BRIDGE

HOMER (narrates): I followed his instructions to the letter.

ADA mumbles in her sleep.

HOMER (narrates): It seemed hours before Ada went to sleep that night. Seemed
days until my watch finally crept around towards midnight. But, at last, the
time had come. I crept out of bed, got the gun out of my coat pocket and took
my position on the landing outside the bedroom door as he had told me to.

PHONE RINGS

HOMER (narrates): And then suddenly the stillness was shattered by the ringing of the phone. Oh, I-I was in utter panic. This was one of those unforeseen things that can ruin even the best of plans. Even plans made by Edward G. Robinson.

HOMER'S FOOTSTEPS

HOMER (narrates): I rushed back into the bedroom, hoping against hope that I could catch it before Ada woke up. But she already had the light on!

ADA: Homer!

HOMER: Hmm?

ADA: What in the world are you doing prowling around at this time of night with a gun in your hand?

HOMER: Why, I-I-I thought I heard a burglar.

ADA: Burglar?

HOMER: Yes.

ADA: When I've answered this phone I want to talk to you, Homer Jeremiah Hubbard!

PICKS UP PHONE

HOMER: Yes, dear.

ADA: Hello? Eh - ! What? (panics) Ohhh!

HANGS UP PHONE

ADA (whispers in fear): Homer! There is a burglar!

HOMER: Hm?

ADA (whispers): Someone just saw him trying to get into the house.

HOMER: Are-are you sure?

ADA (more fearful than autocratic): Of course, I am! Somebody just phoned that they saw him! Well, don't stand there. You've got a gun. Go down there and stop him.

HOMER: Oh, but, Ada...

ADA (whispers): Go on! Do you want us to be killed in our beds? Go on, I say!

HOMER (disappointed): Ohhhh, Ada, why do you have to spoil everything?

MUSICAL BRIDGE

ADA (whispers): Go on! Go on! Go on!

HOMER'S FOOTSTEPS DOWN THE STAIRS

HOMER (narrates): She pushed me out. There was nothing to do but go. I crept down the stairs in the darkness. I knew what Edward G. Robinson would have done. He would have gone down and captured the burglar without the slightest trouble and turn him over to the police after giving him the beating he deserved. But, somehow I didn't feel much like Edward G. Robinson just then. It was at that moment that the terrible thought occurred to me that maybe it wasn't a burglar. Maybe this was Edward G. Robinson. I had no time to pursue the thought further.

MUSIC OUT

MALE VOICE: There he is! Let him have it!

GUNFIRE - MEN YELLING

MUSIC IN

HOMER (narrates): Suddenly, suddenly there was a barrage of shots and a confused yelling of voices! In my terror I suppose I must have squeezed the trigger of my own gun because it began jumping and flaming in my hand! I tripped on something --

HOMER FALLING DOWN THE STAIRS

HOMER (narrates): -- and the next thing I knew I was tumbling headlong down the stairs, and that was the last I remembered!

MUSIC indicates Homer losing consciousness.

MUSIC OUT

HOMER (narrates): When I woke up, Ada was holding my head in her arms -
- (surprised) -- and she was crying! They made me stay in bed for a couple of days, but I really didn't mind. Heh! There were reporters to see me and take

my picture for the paper, and all kinds of people, even Mr. Ryan, Mr. Pemberton came to see me. And Ada? Well, heh, Ada was simply a changed person.

Nothing was too good for me. My slightest wish was literally her command. If

the whole thing hadn't been an accident, if I'd planned it that way, it couldn't have turned out better.

MUSIC - PHONE RINGS

HOMER (narrates): And then as the final climax that afternoon, when the phone rang by my bed...

MUSIC OUT - PICKS UP PHONE

HOMER: Yes? ... Oh, oh, yes, Mister-- Eddie. ... You did, eh?

ADA (whose voice has mellowed considerably): Who is it?

HOMER (to Ada): Quiet. (into phone) Oh, it's nothing really. ... Yeah?

...
Well, about that -- things have changed.

ADA: Who is it?

HOMER (viciously, to Ada): Quiet now. Will you be quiet while I'm talking to somebody else?!

ADA: Yes.

HOMER (yells at Ada): Now, don't get me all excited! (into phone) Excuse me, Mister-- Eddie, yes, they've changed quite a lot. I-I don't think we'll have to, uh, go through with it... That's right... Oh, sure, sure, she's right here, j-just a minute, uh... (whispers) Eddie wants to talk to you, Ada.

ADA: Eh, Eddie?

HOMER: Yeah, sure, uh, Eddie Robinson, uh, quite a pal of mine.

ADA (astonished): You mean Edward G. Robinson?

HOMER: Oh, yes, the Robi -- you-you know, we had quite a little chat that night he was in town, after I left you. We ... got pretty chummy. Yeah, here ... (into phone) She's gonna talk to you, Eddie.

ADA (into phone): Yes? Yes? Hello? ... Oh, oh, yes. ... Yes, Mr. Robinson. ...
(lovingly) Oh, I know he is. ... Oh, I-I certainly will, Mr. Robinson. ... Oh, I know I'm lucky. ... All right, Mr. Robinson. Goodbye.

HANGS UP PHONE

ADA: Oh, Homer! He knew all about it! He'd seen it in the papers!

HOMER: Yeah, yeah, so he said.

ADA: And he said you were a hero! A real hero! Bigger than any movie hero that ever was!

HOMER: He did, huh?

ADA (lovingly): Oh, Homer!

HOMER: Well, if Eddie Robinson says I'm a hero ... I guess maybe I am.

MUSICAL BRIDGE

HOMER (narrates): It couldn't have turned out better, Eddie and you know how grateful I am. I'm a regular Little Caesar around town, now. And my married life is all I've ever wanted it to be.

MUSIC OUT

HOMER (narrates): Of course, there are some things about the whole thing that confuse me a little. It has even occurred to me, I will confess, that you might have had more of a hand in it than was generally known. That the gun you sent me might have contained, uh, um, uh, blanks, I believe you call them, don't you? Yeah, because in spite of all the shooting there wasn't one bullet hole anywhere in the house, and the gun had disappeared which confused the police somewhat, too. And that the burglars might have been some of your boys playing a little joke. Yes, but I-I don't think you would do a thing like that to a pal, Eddie, would you? No, I-I don't even think you would use this statement that you asked me to send you to hold over my head as a guarantee that I wouldn't try to kill Ada again. Not that I ever would.

MUSIC IN

HOMER (narrates): But even if you did all that, Eddie, I don't really mind. Because as you might say yourself: what's a little joke between pals?

MUSIC UP AND OUT

ANNOUNCER: Suspense!

MUSIC: Suspense Theme

ANNOUNCER: Presented by Roma Wines, R-O-M-A, made in California for enjoyment throughout the world.

MUSIC OUT

KEN NILES: And now this is Ken Niles with a double helping of compliments for you, Mr. Robinson, for your excellent performances in both the roles you played tonight. And here's a note from the control room. Bill Spier, our producer-director says you sounded remarkably authentic as Edward G. Robinson.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON chuckles.

KEN NILES: And very sincere as the little man who wanted to be.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON: Well, thank you very much, Mr. Niles. And a bow to you, Bill.

KEN NILES: And, Eddie, since you're one of Hollywood's most celebrated hosts, we know you'll enjoy this gift basket of Roma California wines.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON: Well, a handsome gift, Ken, and many thanks. Hm, here's the bottle of Roma burgundy Bill Spier suggested we serve tomorrow night at Mrs. Robinson's [...] get any meat.

KEN NILES: Well, Eddie, during these shortage days, when you rarely find the porterhouse steak or juicy roast you want, Roma burgundy rescues many a meal. For robust Roma burgundy with its tempting taste harmonies for hearty meals makes ordinary pot roast as flavorful as roast beef. Yes, the finer taste of Roma Burgundy brings out all the subtle hidden flavors in food. Adds richly to mealtime pleasure.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON: Sounds mighty good.

KEN NILES: Roma Burgundy is mighty good -- because only Roma, America's greatest vintner, selects only from the world's greatest reserves of fine wines. Only Roma possesses so vast a treasure. That's why every Roma wine is better tasting every time. No wonder more Americans enjoy Roma than any other

wine.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON: Well, you've convinced me, Ken. And, uh, now tell me, who stars on Suspense next Thursday?

KEN NILES: It's that very lovely and very talented actress, Miss Susan Hayward ...

EDWARD G. ROBINSON: Well, well ...

KEN NILES: ... in a play about a wife, a husband, a blackmailer, and a remarkably ingenious murder plot. I think you'll want to listen, Eddie.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON: Well, why should I want to be different from everybody else in the country, Ken? I certainly will listen. Good night!

KEN NILES: Good night, Eddie, and we're looking forward to seeing you in your new Thalia production "The Red House" ...

ANNOUNCER: Next Thursday, same time, you will hear Miss Susan Hayward as star of ...

MUSIC: Suspense Theme

ANNOUNCER: ... Suspense!

KEN NILES: Produced and directed by William Spier for the Roma Wine company of Fresno, California.

MUSIC OUT

ANNOUNCER: In the coming weeks, Suspense will present such stars as Judy Garland, Jack Carson, Brian Donlevy, Cary Grant, Roddy McDowall, and others. Make it a point to listen each Thursday to Suspense, Radio's Outstanding Theater of Thrills!

MUSIC: Suspense Theme

KEN NILES: This is CBS, the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Originally broadcast: October 17, 1946

