

MR & MRS NORTH SIDES/ PAM & JERRY

JERRY: I don't get it, Pam. I don't get it at all.

PAM : What, dear? The fact that Mr. Stefano wasn't in?

JERRY: No. The fact that you insisted on coming back home.

PAM : Oh . . .

JERRY: Any other night, you'd have tried to make a fake mystery out of something like this.

PAM : Well, it is a mystery, in a way. But it seems so personal; I didn't think we had a right to investigate it. Besides, I just know that Mrs. Stefano is innocent.

JERRY: Innocent of what?

PAM : Anything!

JERRY: Well, I don't know who's responsible for the mixup, but I had a feeling she was lying to us all the time we were at the door.

PAM : That's why I believed in her. She lied so badly.

JERRY: Hmmm?

PAM : Well, isn't it true, Jerry? Bad liars are usually nice people.

JERRY: Sorry, but I don't follow that one. And if I -- Uh oh, there's a telegram on the floor.

PAM : Oh, who's it from?

JERRY: Wait a second, and I'll see.

(SFX: Telegram ripping open and unfolding)

Well, here's the answer to the mystery. "Please cancel engagement for tonight. Wife has theater date and can't be home. Will call you tomorrow morning." Signed, Victor Stefano.

PAM : I knew it'd be something like that. Only Mr. Stefano should have called up instead of sending us a telegram.

JERRY: Maybe he did while we were out to dinner.

MR & MRS NORTH SIDES / VICTOR & SPIRE

VICTOR: I tell you, I'm going out of my mind, Gilbert. I can't sleep. I can't eat. I can't even sing any more.

SPIRE: Now, now, calm down a minute.

VICTOR: Calm down, he says. How can I be calm when this hangs over my head like a sword?

SPIRE: Well, uh, just what is the trouble, Victor? What makes you think your wife is trying to murder ya, huh?

VICTOR: I told you before – it's the little things. Like her staring at me. Like waking up in the middle of the night, finding her . . . hovering over my bed. I'm afraid to let her out of my sight.

SPIRE: But what has she actually done, eh?

VICTOR: That's just it – nothing. Nothing I can put my finger on. If I could only catch her at something, my worries would be over. If I could only fathom what is going on in her mind.

SPIRE: Now, look Victor -- you've been working too hard. Too many appearances at the opera; too many concerts.

VICTOR: What has that to do with it? You think I'm imagining all this?

SPIRE: Well, if you seriously think your wife is trying to kill you, why don't you go to the police, eh?

VICTOR: Because there's nothing to tell! There is no evidence. That is why I thought of the Norths. They might be able to help me.

SPIRE: Mr. and Mrs. North?

VICTOR: Why not? They have had experience in murder cases. Perhaps they can prevent one from taking place.

SPIRE: But you hardly know them. . . and they've never met your wife.

VICTOR: All the more reason for calling them in. He is a publisher. And I can introduce them to Yvonne without arousing suspicion. . .

SALLY (*terrified*) Oh, no! (*she utters little cries throughout the next few lines*)

BILL: I wouldn't try that if I were you. Trying to slam the door won't help your case any, Miss Ford. I'm Lt. Weigand, homicide.

SALLY: What do you want of me?

BILL: I want you to come down to headquarters for questioning. I'm taking you in on suspicion of murder.

SALLY: But I didn't kill him, I swear I didn't. He was dead when I got there.

BILL: Who? How'd you know who I was talking about?

SALLY: Well. . . I knew he was dead! I admit that much.

BILL: Then you'd better come with me and admit the rest of it.

SALLY: No! Wait! I. . . I had no reason to kill Mr. Stefano. I was very close to him.

BILL: Perhaps a little *too* close. Now get your things, Miss Ford. You're going to be gone for some time.

SALLY: But you're not even listening to me! Won't you give me a chance to explain?

BILL: (*Patronizing*) Sure, go ahead. What's your alibi?

SALLY: Well. . . I haven't got an alibi.

BILL: Then what were you doing in Mr. Stefano's apartment tonight? How'd you happen to be there just about the time of the murder?

SALLY: He sent for me. . . . I mean. . . he left a message for me to. . . come there. . . . But he was dead when I opened the door!

BILL: Is that why you didn't call the police?

SALLY: Well. . . I, I. . . I was so frightened I didn't know what to do and then. . . the doorbell rang. . .

MR & MRS NORTH SIDES / DICK, SALLY & BILL

DICK: Say, what's going on here?

SALLY: Dick! You keep out of this, please!

BILL: Now wait a minute. Who are you?

DICK: Dick Ford.

SALLY: (*Quickly*) He's my brother. . . . But he doesn't know anything about it.

DICK: The heck I don't! . . . You're on the wrong track, copper. Sally didn't murder Mr. Stefano.

BILL: How do you know?

DICK: Because I did. Myself.

SALLY: Dick!! What are you saying?

DICK: I killed him. I did it to get even with him for the way he was treatin' you.

SALLY: Dick!

DICK: I know it was a crazy thing to do . . . But I couldn't help myself. I didn't want to kill him. I just wanted to beat him up.

BILL: Go ahead.

DICK: He reached for a gun, and I grabbed hold of his arm. We fought for a minute but he pulled the trigger before I could get the gun out of his hand. The bullet went right through him.

BILL: Well, I'm sorry, Mr. Ford, but you can't protect your sister with a story like that.

DICK: What do you mean? I killed him in self-defense!!

BILL: Sure, sure, you . . .

DICK: I shot him with his own gun!

BILL: Only he wasn't shot, Mr. Ford. He was stabbed.

MR & MRS NORTH SIDES/ YVONNE, PAM & JERRY

YVONNE: (*Hushed, urgently*) Mrs. North!

PAM: (*gasps*) Oh! What's that???

YVONNE: It's me, Mrs. North. Mrs. Stefano.

JERRY: What are you trying to do? Scare the life out of us?

YVONNE: Oh, I'm sorry. I did not mean to frighten you.

PAM: What did you *mean* to do? Why did you run away from us just now?

YVONNE: I got a call to come downstairs. Just now. A man with a mysterious voice called up and told me to meet him here.

PAM: Just now?

YVONNE: Yes! He said he'd kill me if I told anyone about it. So I was afraid to speak to you.

PAM: Where is this man?

YVONNE: I don't know!

JERRY: Sounds awfully phony to me.

PAM: Me too. Bet that phone call probably was a trick to get you out of the house. Somebody wanted to be in your apartment while you weren't there!

YVONNE: What for?

JERRY: I don't know. But we'd better get right upstairs and find out!