

## MR. & MRS. NORTH

*(Music: Intro suspense, ending with a sting that continues under: )*

ANNOUNCER: Unlike most people, Pam and Jerry North don't consider it a crime to be mixed up in a murder. And in some cases, the mixup takes place before the murder even happens. For example, let's take a look into a theatrical office in midtown Manhattan, and find out why a popular baritone like Victor Stefano is seeking the advice of his manager, Gilbert 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. . .

SPIRE: Now wait a minute, Victor . . .

VICTOR: No, no! I can't afford to wait any longer. It may be too late. I'll invite them to my house tonight.

SPIRE: All right, all right, if you want to bring in a couple of amateur detectives, go ahead and invite them. But if I were you . . . I'd get the police!

*(Skirling musical bridge)*

PAM : Are you sure this is the right apartment, Jerry?

JERRY: Darling, there's only one Victor Stefano in this building. Although I must say I can't understand why he insisted on inviting us over here. I hardly know the man.

PAM : Well, aren't you going to publish his memoirs or something?

JERRY: I will if he'll write them. But the last time I broached the subject, he . . .

*(SFX: Door opens)*

WOMAN: *(timid, hesitant)* Yes?

JERRY: Oh. Good evening.

WOMAN : How do you do?

JERRY: I don't believe we've ever had the pleasure of meeting you, Mr. Stefano. I'm Jerry North.

WOMAN: Who?

JERRY: Jerry North. And this is Mrs. North.

PAM : How do you do, Mrs. Stefano?

WOMAN: Hello.

JERRY: Well, shall we . . . go in?

WOMAN: (*alarmed*) In where?

JERRY: Inside. I mean . . .we're Mr. and Mrs. North. Weren't you expecting us?

WOMAN: Er, no. Mr. Stefano didn't say a thing.

PAM : Oh, now isn't that just like a man. He invites people over for an evening and then forgets to tell you about it. Jerry does it all the time.

WOMAN: Oh, no . . . wait, Mrs. North.

PAM : Wait?

WOMAN: Yes, ah, ah . . . I'd rather you wouldn't go in just now. . . The place is a mess. . . . Can't we make it some other time?

PAM : (*odd little quizzical laugh*) Mr. Stefano insisted on our coming tonight.

WOMAN: That's strange. . . . He's not home.

JERRY: Well, for Pete's sake!

WOMAN: I'd . . . I'd ask you to come in, but . . . I'm late for an engagement downtown, and . . . and I still have to dress . . .

PAM : Oh, that's perfectly all right. Well dear, just forget about the whole thing.

WOMAN: Well . . . I'm terribly embarrassed . . .

PAM: Oh, don't be silly. We don't mind. Come along, Jerry.

JERRY: Oh, uh, yes.

WOMAN: Goodnight, Mr. North

JERRY: (*archly*) Goodnight, Mrs. Stefano. Nice to have met you.

(*Musical bridge*)

(*SFX: Under the next few lines, they leisurely get to their own apartment door, unlock and open it, enter and close the door behind them.*)

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. I don't. . .

*(SFX: Phone rings)*

I'll get it, dear.     [continues]

*(Phone picks up)*

JERRY: [continued] Hello.

BILL *(on phone)*: It's Lieutenant Weigland.

JERRY: Hi, Bill! How are you?

BILL *(on phone)*: Oh, pretty good.

JERRY: Something on your mind?

BILL *(on phone)*: Well, it isn't exactly a blank. Say, how soon can you and Pam get up to the Lorno Apartments?

JERRY: Lorno Apartments? Why, we were just up there to see Victor Stefano.

BILL *(on phone)*: That's why I'm calling you, Jerry. Victor Stefano is dead.

JERRY: Wha. . .???

BILL *(on phone)*: He was murdered less than an hour ago.

*(Musical bridge w/ sting)*

*(SFX: Door opening)*

JERRY: What's the story, Bill? How'd it happen?

BILL: That's exactly what I'm trying to find out.

PAM: What are you acting so mysterious about?  
*(whispering)* Is he still there?

BILL: No, no, the body's been removed. He was murdered in this apartment.

PAM: Oh, Bill, when? Who killed him? Have you got any leads?

JERRY: Now, Pam . . .

PAM: But we have to know, Bill. We were here before, and we . . . Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't know anybody else was here.

BILL: Mr. and Mrs. North, this is Gilbert Spire, Mr. Stefano's manager.

JERRY: Oh, how do you do?

PAM (*overlapping*) How do you do?

SPIRE: How do you do? Glad you were able to get here, Mr. North. Although I don't understand why you weren't here before.

PAM: But we were.

BILL: When?

JERRY: I told you on the phone, we were here just before you called up.

SPIRE: Are you sure you were in *this* apartment, Mr. North?

PAM: Why, of course, Mrs. Stefano answered the door.

BILL: Oh, she did, did she? What'd she say to you?

JERRY: Well, she acted very peculiar, Bill. She wouldn't let us in.

BILL: Did she say why?

PAM: Well, she . . . What is this? Why are you cross-examining us? Don't you believe we were here?

*(SFX: a woman's rapid footsteps enter the room)*

YVONNE: Of course they weren't, Lieutenant! I told you they were lying.

JERRY: What?

YVONNE: I don't know what they're trying to do. But it's a good thing you had me wait in the other room to hear their story.

PAM: What story?

YVONNE: This lie you're telling about being here, talking to Mrs. Stefano!

BILL: Yes, why are you lying, Mr. North?

JERRY: Who's lying? If you don't think we're telling the truth, just get Mrs. Stefano, and we'll prove it!

YVONNE: Mrs. Stefano? Are you crazy?! *I am Mrs. Stefano!*

JERRY: Now wait a minute! If this woman is Mrs. Stefano, Who's the one who answered the door for us?

YVONNE: That is what I would like to know. How did she get into this apartment? And what was she doing here?

BILL: Well, it's beginning to look as if she was here to murder your husband, Mrs. Stefano.

PAM: Oh now, Bill – don't jump to conclusions. I'm sure that sweet little girl had nothing to do with it. She couldn't have.

SPIRE: Why not, Mrs. North?

PAM: (*hesitantly*) Well, this may sound silly to a man who manages business affairs, but there was something about her, Mr. Spire – Something very soft . . . and frightened. Like Little Red Riding Hood.

BILL: (*weary*) Oh, for cryin' out loud!

PAM: Well, there was, Bill! She had such a gentle expression, and such big, open eyes.

BILL: Anything like the ones in this picture, Pam?

PAM: Oh? What picture?

BILL: Well, the one I found this locket. Here, take a look.

PAM: (*brief pause as she looks*) Why, Bill, that's her! Whose locket is this?

BILL: Hers, I imagine. We found it right here in the apartment.

YVONNE: Just a minute, Lieutenant! I know who this woman is!

BILL: Who?

YVONNE: Mr. Spire's secretary – Sally Ford.

JERRY: What?!!

YVONNE: Well, that's her picture locket. And if she was in the apartment tonight, she must have killed my husband.

BILL: Why do say that, Mrs. Stefano? What do you know about Sally Ford?

YVONNE: (*muttering*) A great deal more than I want to know!

SPIRE: Now, Mrs. Stefano, please!

YVONNE: Well, why conceal it, Gilbert? Everybody knows what has been going on!

BILL: Everybody but me! All I've heard is her name.

YVONNE: Well, I wish I had never heard it. She did everything she could to come between Mr. Stefano and me.

SPIRE: Oh, it wasn't as bad as all that, Yvonne.

YVONNE: Wasn't it? Are you going to stand there and deny there wasn't anything between them?

SPIRE: Well, there might have been a harmless flirtation, perhaps, but certainly nothing more.

YVONNE: Ooh, how can you say that, Gilbert? I told him I would leave him if he didn't give her up. This morning he said he was going to.

BILL: Well, that's how it happened. She came over here tonight, and he told her he was through, so she killed him.

PAM: No! I won't believe it! Just because you found her locket in this apartment, doesn't mean . . .

BILL: I didn't find it in the apartment, Pam, I found it in Mr. Stefano's hand when I examined the body.

PAM (*gasps*) Well, that doesn't mean that she killed him!

BILL: Doesn't it? Now, look at the way this chain's broken. It was torn from her neck during the struggle. Stefano reached out and grabbed this locket in an effort to protect himself – and that's the last thing he ever did!

*(Musical bridge)*

*(SFX: Door buzzer)*

PAM: (*in hushed tones*) Bill, are you sure you won't reconsider before Miss Ford answers the doorbell? After all, arresting an innocent woman . . .

BILL: She's not an innocent woman, Pam. And it won't do any good to tell me about Red Riding Hood.

PAM: But if you make a false arrest . . .

JERRY: Pam, will you let the poor man alone.

*(Door opens)*

SALLY (WOMAN): Yes?

BILL: Miss Ford?

SALLY: Yes?

PAM: Don't be afraid, Miss Ford. You remember us, don't you?

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.

PAM: There! You see, Bill?

BILL: See what?

PAM: A good murderess would have one.

BILL: Who said she *was* a good murderess?

SALLY: I'm not one at all.

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 . . .

PAM: Was that us?

SALLY: Yes . . . I didn't know who you were and I was afraid you'd think I had something to do with the murder. So I didn't let you in.

JERRY: But you could have told us you *weren't* Mrs. Stefano.

SALLY: Well, I . . . I didn't want to get involved with the police!

BILL: Then you should have picked up this locket before you left the apartment.

SALLY: (*breathless*) Where did you get that?

BILL: I found it in Mr. Stephano's hand. He tore it from your neck just before you killed him.

SALLY: No! Somebody put it there – somebody's trying to frame me!

BILL: Now, take it easy, Miss Ford – you're in this deep enough already.

(*SFX: Approaching male footsteps*)

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.

*(Musical bridge)*

*(SFX: 2 sets of footprints casually walking down street)*

JERRY: It's no use, Pam. Bill's got an airtight case against her, and there's nothing you can do about it.

PAM: Well, I'm not going to let her spend the night in jail, just because he arrested her. I just know she's innocent.

JERRY: Well, I don't! That brother of hers looks like a cutthroat, and it probably runs in the family.

PAM: Don't be silly, Jerry. She isn't anything like her brother.

JERRY: All right, all right, I'm sorry I mentioned it. Now let's go home and get some sleep. We've been walking all over the city of New York.

PAM: Aw, but it's so nice out, Jerry. Let's just walk a little while longer.

JERRY: But hold on, where are you taking me to?

PAM: Oh, no place.

JERRY: No place, huh? Isn't *that* Mr. Stephano's apartment house on the corner?

PAM: (*so innocent*) Hmmm? . . . Oh, is it?

JERRY: As if you didn't know. What's the idea of dragging me back here? What are up to now?

PAM: Well, so much has been left undone, Jerry. I mean, there's no actual proof that Sally's the one who – (*breaks off suddenly*)

JERRY: What's the matter?

PAM: (*whispering*) Over there, by the sign next to the building . . . Isn't that Mrs. Stefano?

JERRY: It is, at that. Wonder what she's doing there?

PAM: Let's ask her. (*full voice*) Uh, Mrs. Stefano! Oh, just a minute, Mrs. Stefano, don't run away!!

JERRY: That's funny. She ducked into that alley as soon as you called her.

PAM: (*whispering*) You think she heard me?

JERRY: Of course she did. Quick, let's follow her.

(*SFX: footsteps down a street*)

PAM: Oh, into that dark alley?

JERRY: It probably leads to the basement of the building. Come on, dear, we'll lose her if you don't hurry.

*(SFX: two sets of feet running down an alley, male and female)*

Easy now. . . she must be around here somewhere.

*(SFX: footsteps slow, tentatively)*

PAM: Jerry . . . it's very creepy in here. . . . Dark walls, look at them.

JERRY: Don't look at the walls. Just look for Mrs. Stefano.

PAM: She could be lurking behind any one of them.

*(SFX: Echoing clatter)*

Oh, golly! What's that?

JERRY: I'm sorry. I bumped into an ashcan.

PAM: *(really rattled)* I wish you'd tell me when you're going to do things like that. I thought I was dead.

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!

*(Musical bridge, then sustained suspense notes under scene)*

*(SFX: Stealthy footsteps, and a door slowly opens)*

PAM: *(all of them whispering)* Quiet, Jerry.

JERRY: Shhh! I don't see anybody.

PAM: Well, he did get her out.

*(SFX: a clatter, off mic) (Music stops)*

Sounds like there's somebody in the kitchen.

JERRY: Wait. I'll go see.

YVONNE: This way, Mr. North. The pantry door's right over here.

PAM: Can you see through the glass?

JERRY: Just about. There's a man in there. Fiddling around in the refrigerator.

PAM: What's he doing?

JERRY: Holy mackerel! It's Dick Ford! The girl's brother!

PAM: Open the door! Quick!

JERRY: All right. Just let me get my hand on something solid, and I will.

*(SFX: slight rattle as he picks up chair)*

Now stand back. [continues]

(SFX: Knob turns and door flings open)

JERRY: [continued] Stay where you are, Mr. Ford!

DICK: (*startled*) Wha . . .?!

JERRY: Stay where you are, I said, or I'll hit you over the head with this chair!

DICK: I . . . I wasn't doing anything!

JERRY: No? What did you come here for? And why did you call up Mrs. Stefano and threaten her to kill her?

DICK: Because I . . . I wanted to search this apartment.

PAM: Search it for what?

DICK: Evidence. Somebody's trying to frame my sister – and I've got to prove she didn't do it.

YVONNE: But that's no excuse for threatening my life!

DICK: Maybe it isn't. But I'm glad I came here just the same. Look what I found behind the stove, Mr. North.

JERRY: What?

DICK: The murder weapon. All wrapped up in some newspapers. . . . With a pair of blood-stained gloves!

(SFX: Newspaper rustling)

YVONNE: Let me see those gloves.

JERRY: Just a minute, Mrs. Stefano, I'll take those gloves.

YVONNE: But they're mine!

DICK: You bet your life, they're yours! They've got your initials on them!

PAM: Mrs. Stefano, what . . .

YVONNE: Oh, no, I didn't . . .

JERRY: We'll see about that, Mrs. Stefano . . . at Police Headquarters.

*(Musical bridge)*

*(SFX: Intercom buzzer, then intercom button click)*

BILL: Yes?

DESK: *(over intercom)* Mr. and Mrs. North are here to see you, Lieutenant.

BILL: Okay, send them in. *(Click)*

SPIRE: You want me to go, Lieutenant?

BILL: Oh, no no no, stay where you are, Mr. Spire. They'll also be interested to know what you've been telling me about Mrs. Stefano, and her husband's suspicions about her. At least it explains why . . .

*(SFX: Door opening)*

JERRY: *(overlapping SFX)* Bill? I've got to talk to you, Bill.

BILL: Oh, well, what's all the excitement about, Jerry?

JERRY: We've got the murderer!

BILL: Oh, really?

PAM: We have, Bill. She's right outside.

BILL: You mean she's downstairs in a nice little cell. I've got Miss Sally Ford under lock and key.

PAM: Aw . . . well, you just better let her out . . . because she didn't commit the murder! It was Mrs. Stefano!

BILL: Wh. . . ? Mrs. Stefano?

JERRY: That's right, Bill. We've got the murder weapon and the gloves she wore when she used it. Here, look.

*(SFX: Newspaper packet hits table, and is opened by Lt.)*

BILL: Hey, what kind of gag is this?

JERRY: No gag. Dick Ford found this package behind the stove, in Mrs. Stefano's apartment.

BILL: Well, he must have planted it there himself, that crazy fool. This isn't the murder weapon.

PAM: How do you know?

BILL: (*smugly*) Because I've got the murder weapon right here in my desk, and I've had it there for some time.

PAM: Are you sure it's the right one?

BILL: Well, of course, I'm sure! I found it myself, didn't I?

PAM: Where? How do you know it's the one that killed Mr. Stefano?

BILL: Oh, I know, all right. Because I found it in Mr. Stefano's body!

PAM: . . . I don't understand it. I . . . I just don't understand it, Bill.

BILL: Well, you would, if you'd stop trying to defend the wrong person. You see, Pam, the murder weapon isn't a knife.

(*SFX: Drawer opens, object taken out*)

It's a letter opener with a steel blade five inches long. And now that I've had time to make a few inquiries, I've found out who it belongs to.

JERRY: Who?

BILL: Mr. Spire's secretary, Sally Ford. That right, Mr. Spire?

SPIRE: Now just a moment, Lieutenant. I never made any such statement. I told you Miss Ford had a letter opener like the one you've got there. But, uh, I didn't say that one was hers.

BILL: Well, it is just the same. Her fingerprints were all over it.

PAM: (*puzzled*) But . . . what about the knife? And the blood-stained clothes?

JERRY: They were just plants, dear. Dick Ford was trying to frame Mrs. Stefano for the sake of his sister.

BILL: Exactly.

PAM: Well, I still don't believe that Sally did it.

BILL: Well, if you need personal proof, I think I can give it to you. You'll see in just a moment. *(SFX: Intercom click)*  
Tom?

DESK: *(over intercom)* Yes, sir?

BILL: Send Miss Sally Ford in here, will you? I'd like to speak to her.

DESK: *(over intercom)* Yes, sir. *(Click)*

PAM: Bill, what are you up to?

BILL: Well, I don't usually do things like this, Pam, but just to convince you and Mr. Spire that Sally's guilty, I'm going to confront her with the murder weapon, and let you watch her reaction.

JERRY: I don't get it, Bill. What will her reaction prove?

BILL: Plenty, I think. If she's innocent, she should have no reaction at all.

SPIRE: And if she's guilty?

BILL: If she's guilty, Mr. Spire, this letter opener will make her very uncomfortable. In fact, it might even drive her into a confession.

PAM: *(smugly)* Oh, she won't react to that letter opener at all.

BILL: Won't she?

PAM: No! Because it isn't hers. And she didn't kill Mr. Stefano.

BILL: Shh! She's at the door.

*(SFX: Door opens)*

SALLY: You wanted to see me, Lieutenant?

BILL: Yes, come in, Miss Ford. How do you feel?

SALLY: All right. . . . I guess.

*(SFX: Door shuts behind her)*

*(hopefully)* You're letting me go?

BILL: Why, no, no, I just wanted to ask you a few more questions.

SALLY: (*suspicious*) About what?

BILL: About this letter opener, Miss Ford.

SALLY: (*gasps*) Good heavens!

BILL: Do you happen to know who it belongs to?

SALLY: Where did you get that?

BILL: Answer my question, Miss Ford. Do you know who it belongs to?

SALLY: Yes! It belongs to me!

BILL: I thought so.

SALLY: But what's it doing here? How did you get hold of it?

BILL: I got hold of it when the medical examiner removed it from Mr. Stefano's body.

SALLY: No!

BILL: Don't say no, Miss Ford. It's the weapon that was used to commit murder. And you were the one who used it.

SALLY: No! I didn't! I haven't seen that letter opener for over a week! It's been missing from my desk!

BILL: Can you prove that?

SALLY: Well . . . I . . . can't actually prove that it was missing, but it was! . . . Don't you see I'm being framed by the one who stole it!

BILL: I don't see anything of the kind! And if you can't prove what you say, you'll go to the chair for the murder of Victor Stefano!

SALLY: I won't, I won't! I can't!

JERRY: Look out! She's got the letter opener!

BILL: Here, you – put that down.

SALLY: Stay where you are!

BILL: Put that down, I said! (*they struggle*)

SALLY: Oh! . . . I can't!

(SFX: *a scuffle, finally the letter opener drops*)

BILL: That's better. Now sit down and behave yourself. . . . Well, Pam? Are you satisfied?

PAM: Completely, Bill. Now I *know* she didn't do it!

BILL: What?!

PAM: You proved it yourself! . . . By what you just did.

BILL: I don't follow you.

PAM: It's simple, Bill; when she came at you with that letter opener, what did you do?

BILL: Reached out for her hand, of course.

PAM: Exactly! And that's what any man would have done . . . including Mr. Stefano!

BILL: I still don't follow you.

PAM: Well, let's figure it out, Bill! Your whole case against Sally is based on the fact that her locket was found in the dead man's hand. And according to *your* theory, Mr. Stefano ripped it from her neck when she came at him with a letter opener.

BILL: Well, what about it?

PAM: Don't you understand, Bill? When somebody rushes at you with a knife, or a letter opener, you don't reach for any lockets. You reach for the hand that's about to kill you!

JERRY: (*following her train of thought*) And the locket was planted in Mr. Stefano's hand after he was murdered!

PAM: Of course it was! It was planted there by the *real* murderer!

BILL: And the real murderer invited Miss Ford to Stefano's apartment so she could take the blame for it!

SALLY: Then I *was* framed, every step of the way.

PAM: By the only one who *could* frame you.

SPIRE: Who?

PAM: Oh, don't you know, Mr. Spire? Or were you too busy noticing Miss Ford's reactions to the letter opener? Too busy to notice your own?

SPIRE: I beg your pardon?

PAM: Your little trap worked, Bill. Only it worked on Mr. Spire instead of Miss Ford. He was scared to death she wouldn't react properly.

SPIRE: That's a lie! You can't prove anything against me! I had no reason for killing Stefano! He was my best client!

SALLY: And you took him for plenty, Mr. Spire. As his business manager, you were in charge of all his financial affairs, and you could use his money whatever way you pleased.

SPIRE: Don't be a fool!

SALLY: Don't *you* be one. What I'm saying is the truth. Mr. Stefano suspected you of misusing his money, and he told me so. He told me he was going to ask you for an exact accounting. And you were afraid to face that accounting. So you killed him and framed your own secretary.

JERRY: Watch him, Bill! (*they struggle with a spluttering Spire*)

BILL: Oh no, you don't! You're not getting out of here yet, Mr. Spire!

SPIRE: (*overlapping*) Stop it! Let me go!

BILL: Not for a long time, Mr. Spire. Not until we've had a chance to take your fingerprints and see that they match the ones on the inside of this locket. Come with me, Mr. Spire – you're going to have your picture taken!

(*Musical bridge*)

BILL: Well, Pam, your hunch about Miss Ford was absolutely right. Spire is the guilty man, and his account books furnish the motive. He swindled Stefano out of almost half his property.

PAM (*starts to protest*) Oh. . .

JERRY: (*proudly interrupting*) Well, Pam's hunches are *always* right, Bill.

PAM: (*modest*) Oh, not always, Jerry.

BILL: Almost. You know, I don't know why I bother about clues and things when you're around. I should just blindfold you and let you point to the murderer.

PAM: Oh, I don't think I'd have pointed to Mr. Spire, Bill. Not until you twisted that letter opener out of Sally's hand. . . . Now that's another reason I knew she was innocent from the very beginning.

BILL: (*incredulous*) What?!

PAM: Her hands. They were so soft and attractive.

JERRY: (*chuckling*) Yeah, they were sort of pretty, weren't they?

PAM: Hmm?

JERRY: They were so small and dainty, like a little girl's.

PAM: Oh, is that so? . . . I didn't know that you'd taken to noticing other women's hands, Jerry.

JERRY (*backpeddling*) Well, heh heh, I didn't really notice them, darling . . . I was just following one of your hunches.

(*Music exit*)

ANNOUNCER: (*under music*) The adventures of Mr. and Mrs. North are brought to you through the facilities of the United States Armed Forces Radio Service.

#### CHARACTERS:

Pam North

Jerry North

Lt. Bill Weigland

Victor Stefano

Gilbert Spire

Yvonne Stefano

Sally Ford

Dick Ford

Tom (Police Desk on intercom) can be doubled w/ Announcer

Announcer