



DRAMATIZED READINGS.

Radio script.

Series: Adventures of Philip Marlowe

Show: Red Wind

Date: Jun 17 1947

CAST

ANNOUNCER, Wendell Niles
WOMAN, in commercial
PHILIP MARLOWE, private detective
BARTENDER, young
BALDY, sadistic
WALDO, sarcastic
LOLA BARSALY (pronounced BAR-suh-lee)
EUGENIE KOLCHENKO, Frank's Slavic mistress
FRANK BARSALY, Lola's husband, famous hydro-electric engineer
YBARRA, (pronounced ee-BARE-uh) soft-spoken Latino homicide detective
NBC ANNCR (1 line)

ANNOUNCER: For the safety of your smile, use Pepsodent twice a day; see your dentist twice a year!

MFx: OPENING THEME ... THEN IN BG

ANNOUNCER: Lever Brothers Company presents "The Pepsodent Program" -- THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP MARLOWE -- starring Van Heflin!

MFx: BUILDS TO A CLIMAX ... THEN IN BG

ANNOUNCER: Pepsodent presents Philip Marlowe, Hollywood's famous private detective, created by Raymond Chandler! Philip Marlowe -- tough, cynical private eye of "Murder, My Sweet"; the sardonic, case-hardened detective of "The Brasher Doubloon," "The Lady in The Lake" and "The Big Sleep." You've seen him in action in all of those top-flight mystery pictures. Now, in order that you may continue to enjoy this exciting mystery series, Pepsodent brings you THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP MARLOWE on the air, with a cast of noted radio players, and starring M-G-M's brilliant and dynamic young actor, Van Heflin!

MFx: TO A FINISH



ANNOUNCER: Now, families all over America have named their favorite toothpaste -- new Pepsodent with Irium! New fresh-tasting Pepsodent with the new cool minty flavor! It's the three-to-one favorite over all other toothpastes!

WOMAN: It's true! With families all over America, new Pepsodent is the favorite three-to-one!

ANNOUNCER: Families from coast to coast recently compared new Pepsodent with other toothpastes at home. They preferred new Pepsodent by an overwhelming average of three-to-one over all other brands they tried. These families, three-to-one, said new Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner, makes teeth brighter.

WOMAN: Yes, families, three-to-one, say new Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner, makes teeth brighter.

ANNOUNCER: Get new Pepsodent toothpaste for your family right away!

SFX: SANTA ANA WIND BLOWS FIERCELY ... THEN IN BG

MFx: SOMBER ... THEN IN BG

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) There was a rough desert wind blowing into Los Angeles that evening. It was one of those hot, dry Santa Ana's that come down through the mountain passes and curl your hair, make your nerves jump and your skin itch. On nights like that, every booze party ends up in a fight. And meek little housewives feel the edge of a carving knife and study their husband's necks. Anything can happen when the Santa Ana blows in from the desert.

SFX: SANTA ANA WIND UP ... FOR PUNCTUATION ... THEN IN BG

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) I closed up my office early. I got tired of reading "Philip Marlowe, Private Investigator" backwards on the ground glass of my office door. So I opened the door and closed it from the outside, and locked it, and went out to get a beer before I went up to my apartment.

SFX: SANTA ANA WIND FADES OUT

MFx: UP BRIEFLY FOR A TRANSITION ... THEN OUT

SFX: ICE CUBES IN A GLASS, BEHIND--



BARTENDER: Er, fill 'er up again, Mr. Marlin?

MARLOWE: (CORRECTION) Marlowe.

BARTENDER: Marlowe.

MARLOWE: Marlin is a fish.

BARTENDER: (CHUCKLES) Yeah, I know.

BALDY: (CALLS DRUNKENLY, FROM OFF) Hey! Hey, you bartender!
Gimme another rye!

BARTENDER: (LOW, TO MARLOWE) That drunk again.

MARLOWE: What'd you expect in this business, autograph hounds?

BALDY: (CALLS, FROM OFF) Make it snappy, y'hear?!

BARTENDER: (CALLS, TO BALDY) Be right with you, sport; I gotta draw
this man a beer. (LOW, TO MARLOWE) Fer cryin' out loud, these
stumblebums who come in here--

SFX: DOOR OPENS ... SANTA ANA WIND BLOWS BRIEFLY

MARLOWE: Ya got another customer, Bacchus.

SFX: DOOR CLOSSES, WIND OUT ... WALDO'S FOOTSTEPS APPROACH
BAR BEHIND--

WALDO: (SLOW) Hey, bud. You seen a lady in here lately?

BARTENDER: A lady?

WALDO: Tall, good-looking, brown hair, a print Bolero jacket and a blue silk
dress.

BARTENDER: No, sir.

WALDO: (MOCKINGLY) "No, sir."

BARTENDER: Nobody like that's been in.



WALDO: All right, straight Scotch, fast. I left my engine runnin' out there.

BARTENDER: Yes, sir.

WALDO: (MOCKINGLY) "Yes, sir."

MFx: SOMBER ... THEN IN BG, OUT ABRUPTLY AT [X]

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) This slick-looking, sarcastic guy stepped up to the bar and drank his Scotch, whole. Then he stopped. The drunk was grinning at him. And then, without changing his grin, the drunk swept a gun from somewhere so fast, it was just a blur coming out! Made a couple of hard snaps. And then a little smoke curled. Very little. [X]

SFX: TWO GUNSHOTS

WALDO: (GROANS)

SFX: WALDO'S BODY SLUMPS SLOWLY AGAINST THE BAR

BALDY: (SUDDENLY SOBER, COMMANDING) All right, you other guys -- don't move!

SFX: WALDO'S BODY FALLS TO FLOOR

BALDY: (GRIM, TO WALDO) So long, Waldo.

SFX: BALDY'S FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR

BALDY: (OFF) All right, don't move, you two!

SFX: DOOR OPENS ... SANTA ANA WIND BLOWS

BALDY: (OFF) Poor Waldo. Bet I made his nose bleed. So long, boys! Drink up!

SFX: SANTA ANA WIND OUT AS DOOR CLOSSES ... AUTO ENGINE (MUFFLED THROUGH CLOSED DOOR) ROARS AWAY ... MARLOWE'S RUNNING FOOTSTEPS BEHIND--

MARLOWE: (TO BARTENDER) All right, get on that phone, kid! I'll get his license number!



BARTENDER: (STUNNED) Holy smoke. Holy smoke.

SFX: DOOR OPENS ... SANTA ANA WIND BLOWS

MARLOWE: (OFF, FRUSTRATED) Ah, too late. Drove away with this dead guy's car.

SFX: DOOR CLOSSES, WIND OUT ... MARLOWE'S FOOTSTEPS TO BAR BEHIND--

BARTENDER: M-maybe he ain't dead.

MARLOWE: Ah, he's dead all right. Where's your phone? This is for the police.

MFX: BRIDGE ... THEN SOMBER, IN BG, OUT GENTLY AT [X]

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) The prowler boys were there in about five minutes. Waldo was out of business, all right. And nothing in his pockets told who he was. But he had about seven hundred dollars on him. I told the cops what I knew, including about Waldo's tall, brown-haired, pretty girl in the bolero jacket. It was about nine o'clock when I stepped out of the elevator in my apartment house and almost walked right into a tall, brown-haired, pretty girl in a bolero jacket, waiting for the elevator on my floor. [X]

LOLA: (STARTLED) Oh! Excuse me.

MARLOWE: Just a minute, lady.

LOLA: (IMPATIENT) I said "excuse me"; I'm in a hurry! Now if you'll be good enough to step out of--

MARLOWE: Look, you better not go outside in those clothes.

LOLA: Just what do you mean by telling me what--?

MARLOWE: This isn't a "make." You're in trouble.

LOLA: Trouble?

MARLOWE: Yeah, the cops are lookin' for you -- in those clothes.

LOLA: (SHAKEN) But I haven't done anything that--



MARLOWE: I'm in Room Forty-One, across the hall. Now, I never collected an etching in my life.

LOLA: All right, I'll go with you. I'll go.

MFX: BRIEF BRIDGE ... THEN SOMBER, IN BG, OUT GENTLY AT [X]

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) I got to my room and rustled up some Scotch and soda, and brought the girl her glass. She had a small automatic in her hand; it jumped up at me. And her eyes were full of panic. I put down both glasses on the table -- slowly, so that I wouldn't be misunderstood. [X] (TO LOLA) Look, sister, maybe this wind has got you crazy, too--

LOLA: (INTENSE) Don't move! Be careful, don't move!

MARLOWE: A man just got shot in a bar down the street. Before he got it, he'd been asking about a tall, pretty girl with a bolero jacket -- like yours.

LOLA: What'd he look like, this man?

MARLOWE: Tall, five-eleven, slim, dark, dark brown eyes with a lot of glitter, dark suit, white handkerchief in the breast pocket. And he must have seen you earlier tonight, to know how you were dressed. Am I getting anywhere?

LOLA: (BEAT) He used to be my chauffeur.

MARLOWE: You had an appointment with him, didn't you?

LOLA: (RELUCTANT) I--

MARLOWE: Listen, he asked for you, didn't he?

LOLA: Yes, I had an appointment with him! He'd stolen something from me when he left three days ago. I was going to buy it back from him.

MARLOWE: Why didn't you tell the police?

LOLA: I couldn't tell them.

MARLOWE: It was valuable, wasn't it? Valuable enough for Waldo to steal.

LOLA: Fifteen thousand dollars.



MARLOWE: (DISMISSIVE) Ah, that's peanuts.

LOLA: (EMOTIONAL) It wasn't the value. It meant something to me! The man I love gave it to me -- and now he's dead! He was a flyer, shot down over Germany. Now go back and tell my husband that. He probably hired you.

MARLOWE: (AMUSED) He did? Well, how much is he paying me? And, er, where is this husband of yours?

LOLA: He's at a meeting.

MARLOWE: (SKEPTICAL) This late at night?

LOLA: (DEFENSIVE) He's a very important man; he's a hydro-electric engineer! I'll have you know that my husband is one of--

MARLOWE: Aw, skip it. I'll take him out to lunch sometime and have him tell me himself. And about Waldo. Whatever he had on you is dead stock now. Like Waldo himself.

LOLA: (STUNNED, WHISPERS) You mean he's dead? Waldo is dead?

MARLOWE: Yes, sister, he's dead. Dead, dead, dead. Lady, he is dead.

LOLA: (A BIG GASP) Ohh--

MARLOWE: Scream and I'll give you two black eyes.

LOLA: (STEADIES HERSELF) I'm not going to scream.

SFX: KNOCK ON APARTMENT DOOR

LOLA: (LOW) Who would that be?

SFX: KNOCK ON APARTMENT DOOR

MARLOWE: (LOW) There's a dressing room behind that door. Hide there.

LOLA: (WHISPERS) But I don't want to.

SFX: KNOCK ON APARTMENT DOOR

MARLOWE (LOW, INTENSE) Now don't argue with me. Do it!



LOLA: (WHISPERS) All right, all right!

SFX: DRESSING ROOM DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES ... MORE KNOCKING ON DOOR

MFV: SOMBER, IN BG, OUT SHARPLY AT [X]

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) Then I went to the door making a loud, yawning sound. The backs of my hands were wet. I opened the door--

SFX: APARTMENT DOOR OPEN

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) Without a gun. That was a mistake. I certainly knew the gun I was looking into -- a twenty-two target automatic that had already killed one man that night. And I knew the bald head and the flat, shiny eyes and the face like a poisonous lizard. Baldy put the muzzle of his gun lightly against my throat. I - I backed into the room -- and Baldy kicked the door shut! [X]

SFX: APARTMENT DOOR SLAMS SHUT

BALDY: You alone?

MARLOWE: Look for yourself.

BALDY: I'm askin', not lookin'!

MARLOWE: I'm alone.

BALDY: You and that dumb bartender saw me dust off Waldo.

MARLOWE: What did Waldo do to you?

BALDY: Who's askin'?

MARLOWE: Just making conversation.

BALDY: He stooled on me on a bank job we did together. Got me four years in Michigan Pen. (BEAT) How is he?

MARLOWE: Dead.



BALDY: (CHUCKLES) I'm still good. Drunk or sober. Tell me why I came here, pal.

MARLOWE: You heard the barkeeper and me talking. I told him my name, where I lived.

BALDY: That's "how," pal. I said "why."

MARLOWE: Ah, skip it. The hangman won't ask you to guess why he's there.

BALDY: Ah, you're pretty tough at that, ain't ya? But you're slammin' off, pal.

MARLOWE: All right. But you could get that gun out of my neck and try somewhere else.

BALDY: (MOCK SOLICITOUS) Oh, yeah, sure. Is this better? This suit ya all right?

MARLOWE: Just so it isn't my neck.

BALDY: Say "when," pal. It's your party.

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) I leaned against the gun. The door of the dressing room showed a crack of darkness. The crack widened.

MF: SOMBER BUT INCREASINGLY INTENSE, IN BG, OUT SHARPLY AT [X]

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) I began to shake a little. The girl came quietly into the room but there was white all around her irises; she was scared. She had her gun in her hand, but I was sorry for her. Dead sorry. If she tried to make the door or scream -- either way, it'd be curtains for both of us.

BALDY: You scared, mister? You worried about any little thing?

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) I couldn't talk. The girl floated in the air somewhere behind Baldy and her horrified face was drifting toward us. My mouth was as cold and dry as yesterday's toast.

BALDY: Well, kid -- how's it feel? You ready yet? Go on, say the word.

MARLOWE: Well, don't take all night about it, if you're - if you're gonna do something about it--



BALDY: (AMUSED) Why not, pal? I like this.

MARLOWE: Well, suppose I yell?

BALDY: Go ahead, yell, go ahead.

LOLA: (LOUD) Put up your hands! [X]

MARLOWE: Hey, look!

SFX: PUNCH! TO THE HEAD

BALDY: (GROANS)

SFX: BALDY'S BODY FALLS TO FLOOR

LOLA: (WHIMPERS)

MARLOWE: (RELIEVED) Thanks, sister. Thanks. That - that buys me. Everything I have is yours, now and forever!

LOLA: (UNNERVED) Is he dead?

MARLOWE: You flatter me no end, lady. I only punched him. All right now, get out of here while I call the cops down on this killer.

LOLA: Yes. Yes, good night. Good night.

MARLOWE: Hey, wait. Wait! Leave that bolero jacket here. It marks you for the cops.

LOLA: Oh! (TAKING OFF JACKET) Yes, here.

MARLOWE: Okay. See ya again?

LOLA: Why?

MARLOWE: Oh, I don't know. (BEAT) Nah, I guess not. After all, who am I to be the rival of a dead flyer? I'll see that the police get Jesse James here. (BEAT) Good night, lady.

MFx: BRIEF BRIDGE ... OUT BEHIND--



SFX: SANTA ANA WIND BLOWS, CONTINUES IN BG ... MARLOWE'S FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT ... CAR HORN HONKS ... MARLOWE'S FOOTSTEPS STOP

MARLOWE: (CALLS) Yeah? You mean me?

LOLA: (OFF) Yes. Please.

SFX: MARLOWE'S FOOTSTEPS TO CAR

MARLOWE: (RECOGNIZES LOLA) Ohhh, you again, huh?

LOLA: Get in. I must talk to you.

SFX: CAR DOOR OPENS ... SANTA ANA WIND DOWN WHEN CAR DOOR CLOSES

MARLOWE: You want to know what happened at headquarters, huh?

LOLA: Yes.

MARLOWE: Well, I went down there with the law and gave 'em the story. I left you out of it.

LOLA: (RELIEVED SIGH) Thank you.

MARLOWE: You saved my life -- so, no one knows a thing about you. Oh, incidentally, neither do I.

LOLA: Well, my name is Mrs. Frank Barsaly. Two-twelve Fremont Place, Olympia two-four-five-nine-six. (BEAT) Is that what you wanted?

MARLOWE: I guess so.

LOLA: Well -- there it is.

MARLOWE: Now, why did you really come back?

LOLA: I wanted my pearls.

MARLOWE: Pearls?



LOLA: Yes.

MARLOWE: (SARCASTIC) Pearls, too, huh? All right. Tell me about the pearls. We've had a murder and a beautiful mystery woman and a sadistic killer and a heroic rescue. Now we will have pearls.

LOLA: I was to buy them back from the man called Waldo.

MARLOWE: Well, I saw everything that came out of his pockets and there weren't any pearls.

LOLA: Could they be hidden in his apartment?

MARLOWE: It's possible.

LOLA: Waldo lived on the same floor you do, in this apartment house.

MARLOWE: Then why didn't I know him? At least by sight?

LOLA: He moved in last week. He managed to get a sublet.

MARLOWE: Great. A sort of amateur magician on the side, huh?

LOLA: (SIGHS) It's getting rather late.

MARLOWE: Yeah. What about your husband, this hot mysterious night?

LOLA: (ANNOYED) He's still at his meeting.

MARLOWE: You could've brought him along. He could've sat in the backseat working out a problem in hydro-electrics, while--

LOLA: (BEAT) While what?

SFX: SANTA ANA WIND OUT

MFX: SOMBER, IN BG, OUT GENTLY AT [X]

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) Well, I didn't have any answers that wouldn't sound cheap or just ridiculous or from the sophomore class in repartee. (PRONOUNCED RAY-par-TEE) Had an unlit cigarette in my hand. I threw it out of the window. I took a hold of her and kissed her.



LOLA: (INHALES AFTER KISS)

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) She sat very still. I was shaking when I let go of her. Her voice trembled a little when she spoke. [X]

SFX: QUIET SANTA ANA WIND CONTINUES IN BG

LOLA: (SADLY) I meant you to do that. I wasn't always that way. Only since Johnny Dalmas was killed in the war. He gave me those pearls. Forty-one of them, perfectly matched, with a diamond propeller clasp. I'd have loved them if they'd been wooden beads because he gave them to me. I loved Johnny. The way you love just one time. You understand that?

MARLOWE: (AFFIRMATIVE) Mmm. What's your name?

LOLA: Lola.

MARLOWE: Lola, how did you explain a fifteen-thousand-dollar pearl necklace to your husband?

LOLA: I told him they were imitation and I bought them myself.

MARLOWE: How did Waldo latch onto 'em and what they stood for?

LOLA: When my husband was in Argentina, Waldo and I would go for long drives. (EMOTIONAL) I was restless and wretched because of Johnny. Sometimes Waldo and I had a little drink together. But that's all.

MARLOWE: But you confided in Waldo about those pearls.

LOLA: I was a fool.

MARLOWE: And when your husband came back, Waldo stole the pearls and offered to sell 'em back to you, or he'd tell Papa, huh?

LOLA: (LOW) I was a fool.

MARLOWE: And now you think the pearls are upstairs in Waldo's apartment.

LOLA: (LOW) I suppose it's a lot to ask.

MARLOWE: No, sweetheart, uh-uh. I been paid. I'll go look.



SFX: SANTA ANA WIND UP AS CAR DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

MARLOWE: Wait here, huh?

MFX: BRIDGE

SFX: SANTA ANA WIND BLOWS ... CAR DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES ...
WIND DOWN

MARLOWE: Was I gone long, Lola?

LOLA: (LOW) No. Well?

MARLOWE: (BEAT) No.

LOLA: No pearls?

MARLOWE: No pearls.

LOLA: (DISAPPOINTED) Ohhh.

MARLOWE: There was a man in Waldo's room.

LOLA: A man? Who?

MARLOWE: Do you know a man named Leon Valesanos? (PRONOUNCED
val-SAHN-ohs)

LOLA: Not by name, I don't know him.

MARLOWE: Mexican, South American, about forty-five, small, iron-gray hair,
very neat, faun-colored suit, wine-colored tie?

LOLA: No, I don't think I know such a man. Was he the one in Waldo's room?

MARLOWE: Yeah.

LOLA: What does he have to say?

MARLOWE: Very little. In fact, nothing. He's dead.

MFX: TO A FINISH



ANNOUNCER: You are listening to THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP MARLOWE -- starring Van Heflin, with music composed and conducted by Lyn Murray.

Yes, families all over America have named their favorite toothpaste -- new Pepsodent with invigorating Irium foam. New, fresh-tasting Pepsodent with the new cool minty flavor. It's the three-to-one favorite over all other toothpastes!

WOMAN: It's true. With families all over America, new Pepsodent is the favorite three-to-one.

ANNOUNCER: The Farrell family of Evergreen Park, Illinois, preferred new Pepsodent on every single count. The Farrells say, "New Pepsodent tastes best of all, makes breath cleaner, makes teeth brighter. On all these counts, by an overwhelming average of three-to-one, families prefer new Pepsodent over all other toothpastes they've tried.

WOMAN: It's a fact. Families, three-to-one, say new Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner, and makes teeth brighter.

ANNOUNCER: Remember, this is not just our opinion. It's the honest conviction of the Farrells and other families who compared new Pepsodent with other toothpastes they had at home. Get Pepsodent -- the only toothpaste containing Irium. Get it for your family without delay.

MXF: THEME ... THEN IN BG

ANNOUNCER: We continue with THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP MARLOWE -- created by Raymond Chandler and starring Van Heflin, who appears by arrangement with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, producers of the Technicolor musical "Fiesta," starring Esther Williams.

MXF: OUT BRIEFLY FOR--

SFX: SANTA ANA WIND BLOWS FIERCELY ... THEN DOWN, IN BG

MXF: SOMBER ... THEN IN BG, OUT GENTLY AT [X]

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) I sat with Lola Barsaly in her car listening to that jittery, infuriating desert wind gallop around in the midnight streets. I'd just told her about the Latin-looking man I'd found in Waldo's room in a very dead condition. I held her hands until they stopped trembling. Then I gave



her the few remaining details. [X] (TO LOLA) He had a gun in a shoulder holster, but someone had strangled him before he could use it.

LOLA: "Someone"? Waldo?

MARLOWE: Maybe. You see that convertible coupe two cars ahead of us?

LOLA: It's been there for hours. It was there before I parked here to wait for you.

MARLOWE: Leon, the man in Waldo's room, came in that car. But according to the key containers he carried, that isn't his car.

LOLA: Whose car is it? Does it matter?

MARLOWE: Well, it belongs to a lady, according to the tag on the keys.

LOLA: A lady?

MARLOWE: Well, anyway, a woman, if you're gonna split hairs. Eugenie Kolchenko, hm? In West Los Angeles?

LOLA: Never heard of her.

MARLOWE: Uh-huh. (BEAT) All right. Well, you go home now, huh?

LOLA: What are you going to do?

MARLOWE: (SARCASTIC) Drive that flossy convertible around, wave at my friends, impress people. You run along now. Me, I've got another date.

MFX: BRIDGE

SFX: DOORBELL RINGS TWICE ... DOOR OPENS WITH SANTA ANA WIND BLOWING

EUGENIE: (SLAVIC ACCENT) Yes? What is it, please?

MARLOWE: Miss, er, Eugenie Kolchenko?

EUGENIE: Yes? What is it?

MARLOWE: Did you lose or misplace a pigeon-gray convertible coupe?



EUGENIE: (ALARMED) What are you say--?!

MARLOWE: Now, don't be alarmed. I found it and I brought it home to you.

EUGENIE: Come in, please.

SFX: SANTA ANA WIND CUT OFF WITH DOOR CLOSE

EUGENIE: It is a reward you wish? Shall we say--?

MARLOWE: (CURT) Snap out of it, dragon lady. Who was he?

EUGENIE: Who was who?

MARLOWE: The little guy -- Leon -- you loaned your car to. He's dead. Who was he?

EUGENIE: (GASPS) Oh! (DISTRESSED) Oh, no, no.

MARLOWE: (MOCKING) Oh, yes, yes!

FRANK: (CALLS, FROM OFF) Eugenie?!

EUGENIE: (CALLS) Darling! Darling, come here, please!

FRANK: (APPROACHES) What's the matter, honey? Who is this man?

MARLOWE: I came about Miss Kolchenko's car.

FRANK: What about her car?

MARLOWE: The gentleman who borrowed it couldn't return it, on account of, he isn't alive.

EUGENIE: He's dead! Darling, he's dead!

MARLOWE: That's putting it more bluntly, of course.

FRANK: Dead, huh?

MARLOWE: Mm, completely.



FRANK: Who are you?

MARLOWE: Philip Marlowe, private investigator. My card.

FRANK: Mm-hmm. You told the police yet?

MARLOWE: (QUOTING) "Never do at once, what can be deferred -- pending negotiations." Aesop.

FRANK: I might negotiate.

MARLOWE: Oh. Peachy.

FRANK: What do know, Marlowe?

MARLOWE: A man, name of Waldo, was shot in a bar tonight. I happened to have the "inside" as to who he was, and when I visited his apartment tonight, I found this Leon Valesanos -- dead.

FRANK: He wouldn't have had five hundred dollars in twenties on him, would he?

MARLOWE: No, but this Waldo had over seven hundred dollars on him when he was killed at that cocktail bar -- mostly in twenties.

FRANK: Hmmm.

MARLOWE: Is there a basis there for negotiations yet?

FRANK: Very well, Marlowe. I'm a married man. There were certain unpaid bills for some stuff Miss Kolchenko here had charged to my account--

EUGENIE: But you told me I might charge to your account!

FRANK: All right, so I wasn't very bright.

MARLOWE: That might be the understatement of the decade, but go on.

FRANK: I had the unpaid bills safely in my briefcase. Somehow, this Waldo had a chance to steal the briefcase. I hired Leon and gave him five hundred dollars to buy back those bills from Waldo.



MARLOWE: Instead, Waldo took Leon's dough and was forced to kill Leon in the process. And then he went out to keep another date and accidentally walked into an old pal hostile enough to blow him down.

FRANK: And someone still has those bills. And I'm in for a divorce suit.

MARLOWE: The man who shot Waldo got away in Waldo's car -- with your briefcase in it.

FRANK: Yeah, that could be.

MARLOWE: The cops caught him.

FRANK: (DISAPPOINTED) Oh. Then the police have the briefcase.

MARLOWE: Maybe. But the police are interested in solving crime, not in tossing mud for the benefit of sensation-eaters. Look, I've got a friend or two at headquarters. Let me see what I can do.

FRANK: It's worth five hundred dollars to me.

MARLOWE: Well, then that's what it'll cost you.

FRANK: (AWKWARD) Well, good luck. And, um, thank you, Mister, uh--?

MARLOWE: Marlowe. Philip Marlowe, remember?

FRANK: My name is Frank Barsaly.

MARLOWE: Bars--? Barsaly? (REALIZES) Ohhh.

FRANK: What does that mean?

MARLOWE: The big hydro-electric engineer?

FRANK: Yeah. How did you know?

MARLOWE: (SARCASTIC BUT EVASIVE) My voices tell me.

FRANK: Who?

EUGENIE: Darling, this man is manifestly insane.



MARLOWE: It's the heat, Miss Kolchenko, it's the Santa Ana, it's the desert wind. May I use your telephone?

MFx: BRIDGE ... THEN IN BG, OUT GENTLY AT [X]

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) Someday I must tell you about Ybarra. Salt of the earth, Ybarra. Detective-lieutenant over at Central Homicide. I phoned Ybarra from Miss Kolchenko's house and told him where he could find a well-dressed cadaver named Leon and furnished a few small details. I gave Ybarra time to check my tip and then I went down to see the good lieutenant and told him why I'd been up in Waldo's room only to find Leon instead of a certain lady's string of pearls. [X]

YBARRA: Pearls, eh?

MARLOWE: Well, I thought Waldo might have 'em up there.

YBARRA: Hmm. Whose pearls were they?

MARLOWE: A lady's.

YBARRA: Go on.

MARLOWE: Or they might have been in Waldo's car, that Waldo's killer drove away in.

YBARRA: (CAGEY) Mmm, yeah.

MARLOWE: Well, what "yeah"?

YBARRA: They might have.

MARLOWE: Also a batch of unpaid bills charged to the account of a certain Frank Barsaly?

YBARRA: (NONCOMMITTAL) Yeah.

MARLOWE: Uh-huh. Well, now the police aren't interested in domestic scandal. They - they want to prevent or to solve crime, right?

YBARRA: So?



MARLOWE: So, I've got five hundred dollars for the police fund if those pearls and those bills are returned to their rightful owners.

YBARRA: (CHUCKLES) Quit your kidding.

MARLOWE: No, no, it's - it's a valuable necklace.

YBARRA: Yes?

SFX: DESK DRAWER OPENED AND CLOSED ... NECKLACE DROPS ON DESK

YBARRA: There's your necklace.

MARLOWE: That's it! Forty-one pearls, perfectly matched, diamond propeller clasp. That's it, that's the one!

YBARRA: Take it away, Marlowe.

MARLOWE: (SURPRISED) On the level?

YBARRA: Mm-hmm. Just tell me straight what it's all about, all I ask.

MARLOWE: Sure, sure. Well, this Waldo was blackmailing a wife with the pearls, and her husband with the bills. Guy by the name of Barsaly. Well, Barsaly sent Leon to get the bills from Waldo. Instead, Waldo killed Leon -- and then stepped out and happened to get shot by that guy at the bar. Now if Barsaly's name stays out of the paper, I get five hundred dollars. And that goes to the police fund.

YBARRA: We'll keep him out.

MARLOWE: Well, now, I'm not in this case for money. I just want to get back the bills and the pearls.

YBARRA: As you say, Marlowe, the police aren't in business to sling mud.

MARLOWE: Well, you can deliver the pearls to the lady yourself, if you like. She lives at--

YBARRA: Oh, no, no, no, no, no, Marlowe. You better take them to her. You see, except for the diamond propeller clasp on them, they're, uh-- They're phony.



MARLOWE: Phony! But--?!

YBARRA: All but the clasp, Marlowe. All but the clasp.

MFX: BRIDGE ... THEN IN BG, OUT GENTLY AT [X]

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) Well, I stared at Ybarra. So the flyer, Johnny Dalmas -- the great lover -- had given Lola a string of fake pearls. Well, I didn't know how to tell her, but I called her up and told her to meet me at "The Beachcomber's" at two. I was gonna slip her the bad news slowly. [X]

SFX: DRINKING CROWD MURMURS, IN BG

LOLA: I'm glad you asked me to meet you here, Mr. Marlowe. You see, I - I had to have someone to talk to.

MARLOWE: Go ahead. Go ahead, talk. I'm listening.

LOLA: Now, Mr. Marlowe. Now, more than ever, I must - I must have those pearls.

MARLOWE: Why? Money trouble?

LOLA: Oh, no, no. It's just that everything's gone wrong. This morning, my husband told me we're to separate.

MARLOWE: Oh, I'm sorry, Lola.

LOLA: But if I had Johnny's pearls, it would be a link with the past -- and with Johnny -- and all he meant to me. It's how a woman feels, Mr. Marlowe. I wouldn't blame you for not understanding.

MARLOWE: Maybe I do, though.

LOLA: So, please, Mr. Marlowe. Please. You'll try to find my pearls?

MARLOWE: Lola, look, I--

LOLA: Even if it isn't all of them. Any part of them, any - any single smallest one of them; it'll be Johnny's.



MARLOWE: (BEAT) Look, will you, uh, meet me here again around four o'clock?

LOLA: I'll be here.

MARLOWE: Okay, I'll see what I can do.

MFX: BRIEF BRIDGE ... THEN IN BG, OUT GENTLY AT [X]

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) There was only one earthly, decent thing I could do. I took Lola's glass pearls to a jeweler and I had him take off the diamond clasp and put it on one of those strings of so-called simulated pearls that they sell you for three bucks, tax included. Then I went back to keep my four o'clock date with Lola at "The Beachcomber's." [X]

SFX: DRINKING CROWD MURMURS, IN BG

LOLA: Well, Mr. Marlowe? Anything new?

MARLOWE: Yes. The, er, police found some pearls in Waldo's car.

LOLA: (HOPEFUL) They found my pearls?

MARLOWE: No. No, not exactly.

LOLA: Not exactly?

MARLOWE: Well, Waldo was getting set to gyp you, Lola. He had the diamond clasp of your necklace attached to a string of cheap imitations. And then he sold the real pearls.

LOLA: (WOUNDED) Ooh, how-- Oh.

SFX: STRING OF FAKE PEARLS DROPS ON TABLE

MARLOWE: These are the imitations here.

LOLA: Yes. (PASSIONATE) But it is my clasp. The clasp is real.

MARLOWE: Is that all right?

LOLA: (QUIETLY ECSTATIC) Yes. It's the clasp that Johnny Dalmás gave me. Of course! Of course it's all right!



MARLOWE: (RELIEVED) Oh, that's swell.

LOLA: And thank you so much, Mr. Marlowe.

MARLOWE: Forget it.

LOLA: I won't. Not ever. (BEAT) Well, is - is this "good-bye"?

MARLOWE: Yeah, I think so. You'll never get over Johnny Dalmas, Lola. If anybody ever bothers you again, though-- Well, let me know. Name's Philip Marlowe.

MF: BRIEF BRIDGE ... THEN IN BG, OUT GENTLY AT [X]

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) I drove almost to Malibu and then I parked and walked out on a rock cliff jetting into the Pacific Ocean. Then I reached in my pocket and dug out the string of bohemian glass pearls that Lieutenant Ybarra had found in Waldo's car. I cut the knot at one end and slipped the pearls off, one by one. One by one, I flipped 'em into the water. A gull swooped down on them -- and then flapped up again, screaming indignantly. The phony pearls had fooled Waldo and Lola Barsaly. But they couldn't fool a seagull. I said to myself, "To the memory of Johnny Dalmas -- just another four-flusher." [X]

SFX: LONELY BEACH BACKGROUND ... WAVES CRASH, SEAGULLS SQUEAL, NO HUMANS

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) I listened awhile to the wheeling seagulls. All at once, I realized that the wind had died; the Santa Ana had blown itself out. The red wind was done. It was over.

MF: MELANCHOLY, TO A FINISH

ANNOUNCER: You have just heard Van Heflin starring in the first of a new mystery series, Raymond Chandler's THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP MARLOWE, brought to you by the Lever Brothers Company, makers of Pepsodent.

Have you tried -- have you tasted -- the new Pepsodent toothpaste? It's lingering minty flavor is so fresh and inviting, families prefer it by an overwhelming average of three-to-one over all other toothpastes in a recent nationwide test. They said new Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner,



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MFX: FILLS A PAUSE ... THEN IN BG

ANNOUNCER: Tonight's story on THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP MARLOWE was based on "Red Wind," written by Raymond Chandler, creator of Philip Marlowe, the screen's most famous private detective, and was adapted for radio by Milton Geiger. Heard with Van Heflin was Lurene Tuttle as Lola Barsaly. And this is Wendell Niles inviting you to listen again next week at this same time to another exciting story on THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP MARLOWE, starring Van Heflin with a distinguished cast.

NBC ANNCR: This is NBC, the National Broadcasting Company.

MFX: OUT FOR NBC CHIMES