

Screen Guild Players
November 25, 1946
"Arsenic and Old Lace"
Transcribed by B. J. George

Cast:

Jonathan Brewster Boris Karloff
Mortimer Brewster Eddie Alberts
Abby Brewster Verna Felton
Martha Brewster Jane Morgan
Announcer/Narrator Truman Bradley

ANNOUNCER: Tonight, Lady Esther has the pleasure of bringing you one of the famous hits of our generation, Joseph Kesselring's *Arsenic and Old Lace*. Originally produced on Broadway by Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay. It stars Boris Karloff from the original cast. And one of Hollywood's most popular young actors, Eddie Alberts. And here they are, appearing with the Lady Esther Screen Guild Players in *Arsenic and Old Lace*.

[Musical introduction]



NARRATOR: You can ask anybody in that section of Brooklyn and they will all tell you the very same thing... the neighbors, the minister, Dr. Harper, even O'Hara, the cop on the beat...

O'HARA: You mean those two old Brewster sisters? Why there ain't two sweeter little ladies in the *world*! Too bad though about that nephew of their's. Too bad... he should a~

[Bugle blares]

TEDDY: Charge! Follow me men. Up San Juan Hill after Teddy Roosevelt.

O'HARA: See what I mean?

[Musical bridge]

NARRATOR: But the Brewster sisters have another nephew... Mortimer. He's dramatic critic on a New York paper. And he's always considered himself quite sane... until tonight.

MORTIMER: Aunt Abby, Aunt Martha, I have news for you. I'm going to marry Elaine Harper!

ABBY: Oh, Mortimer, how nice. Our minister's daughter.

MARTHA: Really, Mortimer? We ought to celebrate.

MORTIMER: Not tonight, darlings. I've gotta pick up Elaine and get back to town. I have to cover a play tonight.

ABBY: Well, I do hope it's something you like for once. What's the name of it, dear?

MORTIMER: Murder Will Out. I bet I can write the review without even seeing it.

MARTHA: I always said you were talented, dear.

MORTIMER: Same old tripe, when the curtain goes up, first thing you see is a dead body. Well, maybe you won't actually see it. It'll be hidden somewhere, like in this window seat. Then someone will come on, walk in sort of casually, lift the cover of the window seat like this [*Slow creaking as Mortimer opens the lid to the window seat*] Uh-ohhhh! [*He slams the cover shut*]

ABBY: Why, Mortimer dear, what's the matter?

MORTIMER: (*Surprised and confused*) Aunt Abby, Aunt Martha. There's a d-d-dead man in there.

[*Musical bridge*]

MORTIMER: Now look, Aunties, let me say it again, slowly. There's a *body* in the window seat.

ABBY: (*Calmly*) Yes, dear, we know.

MORTIMER: (*Surprised*) You know?



MARTHA: Well, of course.

MORTIMER: Oh, honestly. I never thought Teddy would ever get... Listen, you were planning on sending him to that-that sanitarium... Happy Dale?

ABBY: Yes, dear. It's all arranged. Elaine's father brought the papers over this afternoon. Here they are, all ready for Teddy to sign.

MORTIMER: Well, he's got to sign them right away. Tonight! If they ever found out he's killed a man, they'll~

MARTHA: Oh, Teddy did do that.

MORTIMER: He did... He didn't?

ABBY: Now, Mortimer, just forget about it. Just forget you even saw the gentleman.

MORTIMER: Forget?

ABBY: We never *dreamed* you'd peak.

MORTIMER: But... but who is he?

ABBY: His name is Hoskins. Adam Hoskins. That's all I really know about him. Except that he's a Methodist.

MORTIMER: Yes, but... wh-what's he doing here? What happened to him?

MARTHA: He died.

MORTIMER: Aunt Martha, men just don't get into window seats and die.

ABBY: No, Mortimer, he died first.

MORTIMER: But how?

ABBY: Oh, Mortimer, don't be so inquisitive. The gentleman died because he drank some wine with poison in it.

MARTHA: Elderberry wine.

MORTIMER: How did the poison get in the wine?

MARTHA: Oh, we put it in the wine cause it's less noticeable. When it's in tea it has a distinct odor.

MORTIMER: *You* put it in the wine?

ABBY: Yes. And we put Mr. Hoskins in the window seat, because Elaine's father was coming for tea.

MORTIMER: Then you knew what you've done? You didn't want Dr. Harper to see the body.

MARTHA: Well not at tea. That wouldn't have been very nice. Now, Mortimer dear, you... you can forget all about it. Teddy's down in Panama right now.

MORTIMER: Panama?

ABBY: You know, the cellar. He always calls the cellar Panama.

MARTHA: And the steps over there are San Juan Hill.

ABBY: He's down in Panama now, digging the locks.

MORTIMER: You mean... you're gonna bury Mr. Hoskins in the cellar?

MARTHA: Of course, dear. That's what we did with the others.

MORTIMER: Well I don't think you should... Others?

ABBY: The other gentlemen.

MORTIMER: Wait, wait, wait. Wait a minute. Let me get this straight. When you say *others*... you mean... *others*? More than one?

MARTHA: Oh, yes, ah... This is eleven, isn't it, Abby?

ABBY: No dear, this makes twelve.

MARTHA: Well, y-you really shouldn't count the first one. After all, he just died.

MORTIMER: Just died?

ABBY: Well, Martha means without any help from us. Mr. Midgely was his name. *(Disapproving)* He was a Baptist. And he came here looking for a room.

MARTHA: It was right after you moved to New York, Mortimer.

ABBY: It didn't seem right to leave that lovely room empty with so many people needing it, so we advertised and Mr. Midgely applied.

MARTHA: He was so lonely. No kith or kin. We felt so sorry for him.

ABBY: And then when his heart attack came and he sat there dead in that chair. Remember, Martha?

MARTHA: It was like old times.

ABBY: Yes.

MARTHA: Grandfather was a doctor you know. He always had a cadaver of two around the house.

ABBY: Only Teddy insisted that Mr. Midgely was a yellow fever victim and had to be buried at once. Sooo, we buried him in Panama.

MARTHA: Yes. He looked so peaceful. Didn't he, Abby?

ABBY: Oh, so serene. And we made up our minds right then and there. That if we could help other lonely old men find that same peace, we would.

MORTIMER: So that's... that's how it all started? That man walking in and dropping dead?

ABBY: Oh, well of course we realized we couldn't depend on that...

MARTHA: *(Interrupting)* Mortimer?

ABBY: *(Continuing)* always happening so...

MARTHA: *(Interrupting)* Mortimer? You know those jars of poison that had been up in grandfather's laboratory all these years?



ABBY: And your Aunt Martha has such a knack for mixing things.

MARTHA: Well, dear... for a gallon of Elderberry wine, I take one teaspoon full of arsenic, and a half a teaspoon full of strychnine and just a *pinch* of cyanide.

MORTIMER: It should have quite a kick.

ABBY: Oh yes, yes. As a matter of fact, one of our gentlemen found time to say, “How delicious.”

MORTIMER: Look, look, Aunties, I-I don’t know how to explain it to you, but you can’t do things like this... It’s against the law... It’s not a nice thing to do... W-well, I mean, well... This has developed into a very bad habit.

ABBY: (*Firmly*) Mortimer, we don’t stop you from doing things you like to do. Why should you interfere with us?

MORTIMER: Because, a... Listen, I’ve got to rush into town and cover that play... Do a lot of things. There’s not a minute to spare.

MARTHA: Are you sure you haven’t time for dinner? I’m going to try a new recipe.

MORTIMER: A-ah, thanks. I-I couldn’t eat a thing.

[Musical bridge plays as the front door slowly creaks open]

JONATHAN: This is it, Doctor. Yes, I remember this door. Even when I was a child it always sounded like Inner Sanctum. Come in. *[Closes the door]*

DOCTOR: Oh, Jonny, it is dark in here.

JONATHAN: That means the family still lives here. The Brewster's were always sparing with lights.

ABBY: Is that so? *[Aunt Abby clicks on the light switch]*

DOCTOR: Hey. Who turned on the lights?

ABBY: I did. Who are you?

MARTHA: Yes, what are you gentlemen doing here?

JONATHAN: Why, Aunt Abby, Aunt Martha, it’s Jonathan.

MARTHA: You get out of here!

JONATHAN: But I’m Jonathan. Your nephew Jonathan.

ABBY: Oh no your not. You’re nothing like Jonathan, so don’t pretend you are.



JONATHAN: But I am. I am Jonathan. And this is Doctor Einstein.

MARTHA: (*Softly to Abby*) His voice does sound like Jonathan. But his face.

ABBY: Have you been in an accident?

JONATHAN: No. My face... Doctor Einstein is responsible for that. He changes

people's faces. I ought to~

DOCTOR: Now easy, Jonny, easy. Ah-ha-ha. Don't worry, ladies. The last five years I gave Jonny three new faces. I give him another one right away.

JONATHAN: You'd better. When my own *family* doesn't even~

DOCTOR: Oh, Jonny, I'm sorry. I saw that horror picture just before I operated. I was a little drunk. Ah, well ah, anyway, now you are home. Ladies, how often he tells me about Brooklyn, about this house, about his Aunts that he loves so much. Oh please, you-you-you must know him. A-ah speak to him. Ah, tell him so.

ABBY: Well... it's Jonathan... It's been a long time since you ran away from us.

MARTHA: Yes. Where have you been all these years?

JONATHAN: Oh, England, South Africa, Australia. The last five years, Doctor Einstein and I have been in Chicago.

ABBY: Really? We were in Chicago for the World's Fair.

MARTHA: We didn't like it. We found Chicago awfully warm.

DOCTOR: Yeah, it got too hot for us, too.

ABBY: Well, Jonathan, it was nice to see you again. I-I mean, if you're in a hurry to get somewhere~

JONATHAN: Not at all, Aunt Abby.

MARTHA: But, ah~

ABBY: (*Interrupting*) Martha, dear, Martha we mustn't let the soup boil over. Ah, Jonathan, if you'll excuse us for a minute?

JONATHAN: Of course.

ABBY: Come along, Martha. [*The Aunts go into the kitchen and close the door behind them*]

DOCTOR: Jonny, we have got to work fast. The police... the police have got pictures of your face... I've got to find a place to operate... And we've got to find a place for Mr. *Spentalzo*, too.

JONATHAN: Don't waist any worry on that rat.

DOCTOR: But, ah-ah, we can't leave a dead body in the rumble seat. Ohh, ohh, you shouldn't have killed him, Jonny. He was a nice fellow. He gives us a lift and what happened?

JONATHAN: He said I looked like Boris Karloff.

DOCTOR: Don't worry, Jonny. As soon as I operate and change your face again~

JONATHAN: Wait a minute! I know just the place.

DOCTOR: You do?

JONATHAN: Look, if this family hasn't changed, and I'm sure it hasn't, I'll bet my grandfather's old laboratory is just the... just the way he left it.

DOCTOR: Ah, good.

JONATHAN: And when you've done with me, why we could make a fortune here.

DOCTOR: In Brooklyn?

JONATHAN: Of course. Practically everybody in Brooklyn needs a new face.

DOCTOR: But, Jonny, your Aunts. I-I don't think they want us here.

JONATHAN: You leave that to me, doctor. I'll handle it. Why this house will be our headquarters for years.

DOCTOR: Ahh, that would be beautiful, Jonny. This nice quiet house and those sweet old ladies. I love them already. I'll get the bags, ja?

JONATHAN: Doctor! We must wait till we're invited.

DOCTOR: But you just said~

JONATHAN: We'll be invited.

DOCTOR: And if they say no?

JONATHAN: Doctor... Two helpless old women? Ha. Sit down and make yourself comfortable.

DOCTOR: Ahh. It's like comes true a beautiful dream. It's so nice and peaceful here.



JONATHAN: That's what makes this house so perfect for us. It's sooo peace-full.

[A loud thump is followed by a bugle blasting]

TEDDY: Charge! You men charge! Charge!

JONATHAN: What? What the... what-what~

[Musical bridge]

JONATHAN: Why I must say my dear Aunts, it was very kind of you to invite myself and the doctor for dinner.

MARTHA: We didn't really invite you, Jonathan. You invited yourselves.

JONATHAN: Well it just shows you, I feel at home already. I'm sure I'm going to like it here.

ABBY: Like it here? Y-you mean you're going to stay?

JONATHAN: Oh, haven't I told you?

ABBY: Now, Jonathan, you needn't think you're going to~

MARTHA: Ah, Abby, ah... the dinner dishes. Shouldn't we get started on them, dear?

ABBY: Huh? Ah-ah, oh yes, yes, yes, of course. Jonathan, we'll speak to you later. *[The Aunts go into the kitchen and close the door]*

JONATHAN: *(Evil laugh)*

[The cellar door opens]

DOCTOR: Jonny! Jonny! Just now that Teddy takes down the cellar, and what do you think I found?

JONATHAN: What?

DOCTOR: The Panama Cannel!

JONATHAN: The Panama Cannel?

DOCTOR: Ah, listen, listen. He digs a hole down there. Just the right size for Mr. Spenalzo.

JONATHAN: H-hey, that's an idea! What a joke on my Aunts. To bury a body in *their* cellar.

DOCTOR: But, how we gonna get him in?

JONATHAN: Get him in through those French windows. We can hide him in the window seat.

DOCTOR: Window seat?

JONATHAN: It's perfect for a corpse! Why, when I was a youngster I used to hide there myself. Then a little later on when my Aunts have gone ta bed, we'll take him down and bury him.

DOCTOR: But-but-but, suppose they come in here and find us?

JONATHAN: My dear doctor, you don't understand. My Aunts are doing the dinner dishes. They'll be in the kitchen for quite some time.

DOCTOR: Oh, they will?

JONATHAN: Yes, they've always kept a very *neat* home. *(Pauses)* Shall we go?

[Musical bridge]

MARTHA: But, Abby, are you sure they've gone out?

ABBY: Yes. They're out there at their car. Besides, we've got to get Mr. Hoskins out of this window seat.

MARTHA: Yes, poor dear. He can't be very comfortable.

ABBY: And when Mortimer gets back, *he'll* take care of Jonathan.

MARTHA: There'll be an awful rouge. They've never liked each other.

ABBY: Martha, I will not invite Jonathan to Mr. Hoskins' services!

MARTHA: Abby dear, we better hurry.

[They walk across the room]

ABBY: Yes. Let's see if Teddy's still in the cellar. *(Calling out)* Teddy? Are you down there in Panama?

TEDDY: *(Yells back up)* Who dares call the President by his first name?

MARTHA: *(Calling down)* Mr. President, we've got another gentleman.

TEDDY: *(Calling up)* Is he dead?

ABBY: A yellow fever victim. Teddy, I'm afraid you'll have to hurry!

[Musical bridge]

JONATHAN: Ah, that's good, doctor. *(Grunts)* That's fine. See how nicely he fits?

DOCTOR: Just like this window seat was made to order.

JONATHAN: No we'll go upstairs. And when my Aunts have gone to sleep, we'll come down and put him away. And after that~

DOCTOR: I-I know, Jonny, I know. I operate.

[Musical bridge]

[Door slowly creaks open then closes. Footsteps walk carefully into the room]

MORTIMER: *(Softly)* Well, everything seems quiet enough. They must be sleeping I guess. Might as well have a little light down here. *[Clicks on the light switch]* There, that's better. Now, let me see... first I've got to get Hoskins out of the window seat. It's not very pleasant, but it's got to be done. *[Mortimer slowly creaks open the window seat lid]* Come on old man, I'm sorry to disturb yo~ *(Mortimer gasps loudly)* Another one!

MARTHA: *[The Aunts walk into the room]* Mortimer.

ABBY: Darling you're back just in time for the services.

MORTIMER: Aunt Abby, Aunt Martha! There's another body in the window seat! [*Mortimer creeks open the lid*] Look!

MARTHA: (*Calmly*) Now, who can that be?

ABBY: (*Surprised*) Why, it's a stranger.

MARTHA: My goodness. How did *he* get in there?

MORTIMER: Now wait a minute you two. You can't get out of this. That's another one of your gentlemen.

ABBY: Mortimer, how can you say such a thing? That man's an *imposter*!

MORTIMER: But you admitted... you admitted you put Mr. Hoskins in the window seat.



ABBY: Well... yes, I-I did. But I~

MORTIMER: Well, this man couldn't have just got the idea from Mr. Hoskins. By the way... where is Mr. Hoskins?

ABBY: Teddy took him down to Panama.

MARTHA: Yes. He's down there waiting for the services... (*Suggesting*) Abby, dear, we've always wanted to hold a double funeral.

ABBY: (*Sternly*) No, Martha. I will not read services over a total stranger!

MORTIMER: Stranger? Aunt Abby there are twelve men buried down there in the cellar. You admit you poisoned them. Now you're telling me this one is a stranger?

ABBY: Well, of course. (*Pleading*) Darling, you don't think I'd stoop to telling a *fib*?

MORTIMER: Ohh!

[*Musical bridge*]

ANNOUNCER: The second act of the *Lady Esther Screen Guild Play* will follow in a moment. Now, a word from Lady Esther.

LADY Esther: When was the last time you really saw another woman give your skin one of those admiring looks? A little envious, because it was so fresh and clear and young looking. When your skin does *not* have that clear, fresh, young look, skin specialists tell me it's usually because of an oily, stubborn film. It clouds your skin, makes it look tired and older. The thing to do is just this... smooth on Lady Esther Four-Purpose Cream and then wipe it off. Then, the *important* part, at least once a day repeat this treatment immediately. Again smooth on Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream and again wipe it off. The first time removes surface makeup and dirt. But it's the important second time that gets after that clinging, clouding, oily film.

And immediately your skin looks cleaner, fresher, clearer and *far* younger than you can possibly expect. Yes immediately you will see and feel a big difference. Because each time you use it, Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream does four things your skin needs most for beauty. And it's so gentle and soft. You don't have to massage and rub at your skin. My cream itself does the work, *not* your fingers. And it needs no help from any other cream. Try this with Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream. As sure you do, someone will say to you, "Why, I've never seen you look so rested, so fresh and young. You know, you look like a young girl in love."

[Musical bridge]

ANNOUNCER: And now, Lady Esther presents the second act of *Arsenic and Old Lace*, starring Eddie Albert and Boris Karloff. With Verna Felton and Jane Morgan.

[Musical bridge]

NARRATOR: Well, Mortimer thinks he's going crazy. Until his brother Jonathan walks in. That makes the answer fairly apparent. And Mortimer shifts right into high. He tells him, he's going to call the police and show them the *very dead* Mr. Spenalzo. And it looks like his bluff is going to work, when Dr. Einstein comes rushing in.

DOCTOR: *[Hurrying into the room]* Jonny, Jonny!

JONATHAN: Come along, Dr. Einstein, it seems that we are leaving.

DOCTOR: *(A little out of breath)* No, Jonny, wait. Just now that Teddy takes me down to Panama again, and guess what?

JONATHAN: What?

DOCTOR: *(Happily)* Jonny, we're saved! We've got an ace in the hole.

[Musical bridge]

NARRATOR: Now Jonathan discovers poor, dead Mr. Hoskins, and that changes things all around again. Especially since Mortimer has to leave, to finish some very urgent business. And now, while they're awaiting Mortimer's return, the two old ladies are quite upset.

ABBY: Jonathan, will you please tell us what you plan on doing with *your* Mr. Spenalzo?

JONATHAN: We plan to bury him with *your* Mr. Hoskins, I suppose.

ABBY: Oh no, you won't! We won't have any strangers buried in our cellar.

MARTHA: And besides, the cellar's crowded already.

ABBY: Yes, there are twelve graves down there right now.

JONATHAN: *(Surprised)* Twelve graves?

MARTHA: As you can see, that leaves us very little room. And we're going to need it.

DOCTOR: Y-y-you mean you two ladies have murdered all those~

ABBY: (*Shocked*) Murdered? (*Correcting the doctor*) Certainly not. It's one of our charities.

MARTHA: Why, what we've been doing is a mercy.

JONATHAN: You've done that? Here in this house? And... you've buried them... down there?

DOCTOR: Jonny, we have been chasing all over the world. They stay right here at home and do just as good as you do!

JONATHAN: What?

DOCTOR: You've got twelve, they got twelve.

JONATHAN: (*Matter of fact*) I've got thirteen!

DOCTOR: No, Jonny, twelve.

JONATHAN: Thirteen!

DOCTOR: No, Jonny, you can't count the one in South Bend. He died of pneumonia.

JONATHAN: He wouldn't have got pneumonia if I hadn't shot him.

DOCTOR: No, Jonny, he don't count. He don't count. Y-you've got twelve and they got twelve. The old ladies are just as good as you are.

JONATHAN: Oh... they are, are they? Well, that's easily taken care of. All I need is one more. That's all. Just one more~

[*Front door opens as Mortimer walks in*]

MORTIMER: Well, here I am!

[*Musical bridge*]

DOCTOR: (*Pleading*) Oh, *please* young man, take my advice. Go away from this house. Go away now while Jonny is still busy in the cellar with Mr. Spenalzo.

MORTIMER: I'm sorry, doctor, I'm expecting someone. Someone very important. Besides, I've still got to write my review.

DOCTOR: I tell you, Jonny's in a bad mood. And when he's like this, he is a *madman*.

MORTIMER: Don't worry, I'll take care of Jonathan, too.

DOCTOR: (*Frustrated*) Ach, don't you got no sense? A-ah, don't you learn nothing from those plays you see?

MORTIMER: Are you kidding? You think people in plays act intelligently? You should've seen the one I had to cover tonight. There's a fellow in this play. Knows he's in the house with murderers. He's even been warned. But does get out? Nooo... he *stays* there. Now, I ask you, doctor, is that intelligent?

DOCTOR: (*Surprised*) You are asking me?

MORTIMER: He didn't even have sense enough to be on guard. For instance, the murderer invites him to sit down.

DOCTOR: Oh, you mean, "Won't you sit down?"

MORTIMER: Believe it or not, that was in there too. So, what happens? He *sits* down. Just like this. What do you think they tie him with? What... The curtain cord.

DOCTOR: Hm. That's very convenient.

MORTIMER: A little *too* convenient. When are these playwrights gonna use some imagination? *So* he sits there, the big dope. This fellow who's supposed to be bright. He sits there, just like I'm sitting here, letting a *murderer* walk up behind him, *just* waiting to be truss up and gagged~ (*Mortimer mumbles as he's being gagged and tied up*)

JONATHAN: You're quite right, my dear brother. That fellow wasn't very smart.

[*Musical bridge*]



JONATHAN: Well, he seems to be gagged and tied quite well. Alright, doctor... we go to work.

DOCTOR: (*Pleading*) Ah... please, Jonny, first I need a drink. Oh, there's some wine here.

JONATHAN: Oh yes, the elderberry wine. By all means...

DOCTOR: I pour you one too. Ach, how I need this~

JONATHAN: Please! Doctor, your manners. Not without a toast. To dear dead brother~

TEDDY: Charge! [*Shouting and rustling about in the background as Teddy sounds the attack on his bugle*] Charge!

DOCTOR: [*Drops his wine glass as Teddy slams his door shut*] Ach!

JONATHAN: That idiot. He goes next, you here me? He's next!

DOCTOR: No... Oh, no, Jonny. Not Teddy!

JONATHAN: We'll get to him later. Come on, we've gotta work fast.

[Front door opens]

O'HARA: Hey! What's this?

DOCTOR: It's the cops!

O'HARA: Listen, that Teddy's gotta stop blowing his horn. We promised the neighbors~

JONATHAN: Alright, officer, we'll speak to him.

O'HARA: I better talk to him myself. Where's the light? *[O'Hara clicks on the light switch]* Ah... that's better. I'll go up to his room and... Hey... ain't that Mr.. Mortimer?

JONATHAN: Ah-h... yes, it is.



O'HARA: What's he doing tied up like that?

JONATHAN: Well...

DOCTOR: Ah. H-he was explaining the play he saw tonight. *(Forced chuckle)* That's what happened to the fella in the play.

O'HARA: No kiddin'? Well... I wouldn't want ta interfere~

BROPHY: *(Approaching from outside the house)* Hey, O'Hara!

O'HARA: Oh, hi ya Brophy. How's the prowl car business?

BROPHY: It got kinda warm. Lieutenant Stevenson.

O'HARA: Did he get you on the radio?

BROPHY: Yeah, he said he got so many complaints from the neighbors you'd think they dropped an atom bomb on Flatbush Avenue. He says we gotta take Teddy and, ah-ah... *(Pauses)* Hey, what's that guy trussed up like that?

O'HARA: Ohh, that's Mr.. Mortimer. He's playing.

BROPHY: Well, get him untied. He looks like he's chocking.

O'HARA: Oh, sure. Won't take me but a second.

JONATHAN: *(Steeping in)* Officer, perhaps you better let me~

BROPHY: Hey, who is this guy?

MORTIMER: *(Gasping for air)* Ah... ah, that's my brother. And you better stick around because he~

JONATHAN: Don't listen to him, officer, he's *dangerous*.

O'HARA: Huh?

JONATHAN: That's why we had to tie him up. He's the lowest kind of person in the whole world.

O'HARA: A *dramatic critic*?

JONATHAN: My two Aunts. Huh. You think they're sweet, charming old ladies do you? Well, there are thirteen bodies buried in their cellar.

O'HARA: Listen, you better be careful what you say about your Aunts. They happen to be friends of ours. Hey, Brophy, can you imagine with a puss like his? Why, he looks just like Boris Karloff!

JONATHAN: Why you! [*Jonathan leaps on the officer*]

O'HARA: (*Pleading*) Wait a minute... Lay off... (*Coughing*) He's choking... Help me... Choking...



BROPHY: Let go, you. What's the idea? You hear me? I said let go! [*Brophy clubs Jonathan over the head and he falls to the floor*] There, that'll take care of him for a while.

O'HARA: (*Gasping*) What was biting him? Choking me like that.

BROPHY: I don't know. When you said he looked like... Hey, wait a minute. This guy is wanted.

O'HARA: You sure?

BROPHY: Sure, don't you ever read True Detective? He escaped from an asylum. W-why that's the way he was described. He looked like Karloff.

O'HARA: I-is there a reward?

BROPHY: Yeah-yeah. Help me lug him out to the car.

O'HARA: B-but how about the bodies in the cellar?

BROPHY: Bodies in the cellar? Ain't that enough to show you he's nuts?

O'HARA: H-hey, what about the other one? Y-you know who I mean Mr. Mortimer.

MORTIMER: The doctor!

O'HARA: Yeah, h-he mustta walked out.

BROPHY: Oh, don't worry, we'll pick 'em up. Come on.

O'HARA: Ah, Mr. Mortimer, you'll excuse us, huh? I-I mean seeing as how there's a reward.

MORTIMER: I understand.

O'HARA: *(Calling out as the two officers lug Jonathan out of the house)* But you will take care of Teddy though?

MORTIMER: Absolutely. Tonight.

[Musical bridge]

MORTIMER: Aunt Martha, Aunt Abby, I know it's very late. But you see, Mr. Witherspoon came all the way over here. He's the superintendent of Happy Dale, you know.

ABBY: He is?

MARTHA: How nice.

MORTIMER: Yes, and all the papers have been signed. And he's going to take Teddy with him tonight.

MARTHA: Really, Mr. Witherspoon?

WITHERSPOON: Well, that was my understanding.

ABBY: Mortimer, does Teddy know?

MORTIMER: Ah, not exactly. He thinks he's going on a safari to Africa.

MARTHA: Abby, dear, we'll miss Teddy, won't we? We love him so.

MORTIMER: Oh, I fixed all that too, Aunt Martha. You and Aunt Abby are going along. Just so you can be close to Teddy.

ABBY: *(Delighted)* Why, Mortimer, how thoughtful of you!

MARTHA: Yes, isn't that nice? And, Mortimer, you can have the house.

MORTIMER: The house?

ABBY: Of course, you'll need it if you're going to marry Elaine.

MORTIMER: *(Forgetting)* Elaine? Holy, Toledo! She must still be waiting. Excuse me, I've got to go and call her. *[Mortimer runs out the door closing it behind him]*



MARTHA: He's such a good boy, Mr. Witherspoon.

WITHERSPOON: Yes, yes, I'm sure.

ABBY: You know, ah, since we're all going together, I-I think we ought to celebrate. Have a party.

WITHERSPOON: I'm sorry, but I'm here in an official capacity.

MARTHA: Oh, that's too bad. Tell me, does your family live at Happy Dale, too?

WITHERSPOON: I'm afraid I haven't any family.

ABBY: *(Pauses. Then sweetly)* You're all alone? Aw, isn't that *too* bad? You know, Martha, if Mr. Witherspoon won't, ah, let us give him a party... at least we might offer him a glass of *wine*.

MARTHA: Of course. The elderberry wine.

WITHERSPOON: *(Interested)* Elderberry wine?

MARTHA: We make it ourselves.

WITHERSPOON: Well *(Pauses)* Oh, of course, at Happy Dale our relationship will be much more formal. But here~

MARTHA: Oh, we're very informal.

ABBY: Yes. Ah, go ahead, Martha. Ah, pour him a glass.

[Martha removes the top from the decanter and pours some wine into a glass]

[Musical bridge]

ANNOUNCER: On behalf of the Motion Picture Relief Fund, thank you Boris Karloff, Eddie Alberts, Jane Morgan and Verna Felton for your delightful performances. And now, before we tell you about next week's show, here's a word from one of America's best known beauty authorities... Lady Esther.

LADY ESTHER: Have you ever had this tragic little experience? You're going someplace feeling wonderfully well and gay and happy. And then you see yourself in a mirror and you suddenly realize your skin looks tired. And you... look older than you are. This happens *far* too often to many women who never quite get rid of a clinging, oily film which clouds their skin and makes it look *tired*. When you remove that clouding film you see a *tremendous* difference. Once each day smooth on Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream and then wipe it off. Now, the *important* part, immediately repeat this treatment. The first time removes only surface soil and make-up. The second application gets after that clinging, clouding film. *Immediately* your skin feels smoother and softer. And your own eyes see a new tone and color. The fresh, clear, younger look. Because Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream by itself not only thoroughly cleanses your skin, it also softens your skin. Helps nature refine the pores. And leaves a *perfect* face for powder. It needs no help from any other cream. Do try Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream the way I suggested a moment ago. Look carefully at your skin before you do. And then look at it *after* the treatment. I'm certain the difference you see will make you *very* happy.

[Musical bridge]

ANNOUNCER: Next week, the Lady Esther Screen Guild Player's will present *Love Letters*. It will star Loretta Young and Rex Harrison. Be sure to listen. *Arsenic and Old Lace* was produced and directed for Lady Esther by Bill Lawrence. Adapted by Harry Kronman. And was presented through the courtesy of

Warner Brothers, producers of *Deception* starring Bette Davis. Boris Karloff will soon be seen in Cecil B. DeMille Paramount Production *Unconquered*. Eddie Alberts can now be seen in Republic Picture *Ronde view With Annie*. Music on tonight's program was arranged and conducted by Wilbur Hatch. This is Truman Bradley speaking for Lady Esther. Thank you and goodnight. This is CBS, the Columbia Broadcasting System.

The End

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