

Candy Matson, Yukon 2-8209
The Egyptian Amulet
Oct 23 1950

CAST:

ANNOUNCER
CANDY MATSON, private detective
REMBRANDT WATSON, the artsy type
RAY MALLARD, police lieutenant
INSPECTOR
OFFICER
TESSMAN, Middle Eastern accent
ZOMA, insane cult leader

MUSIC: ORGAN FWAH ... OUT WITH--

SOUND: PHONE RINGS ONCE ... RECEIVER UP

CANDY: Hello, Yukon Two Eight-Two-Oh-Nine. (BEAT) Yes, this is Candy Matson.

MUSIC: THEME ... THE 1944 SONG "CANDY" ... THEN OUT

SOUND: CANDY'S FOOTSTEPS IN HALLWAY ... IN AGREEMENT WITH FOLLOWING--

INSPECTOR: Well, hello there, Candy! How's the "one-woman Scotland Yard"?

CANDY: Okay, Inspector. If business was any better, you fellows could all retire on your big fat pensions. Is Mallard in his office?

INSPECTOR: Oh, sure. I just left him there. He's working on a deal, but it's all right.

CANDY: A deal? Oh, I won't bother him, then.

INSPECTOR: It's all right. When last observed, he was perched neatly on the horns of a dilemma.

CANDY: Ouch. (CHUCKLES) Well, in that case I'd better go in, Inspector.

INSPECTOR: Righto. Drop around any time. (MOVING OFF) High heels sound so much nicer than flat feet.

CANDY: Thank you, sir.

SOUND: CANDY'S FOOTSTEPS TO OFFICE DOOR WHICH OPENS

CANDY: Good morning, Lieutenant Mallard.

MALLARD: Candy! For Pete's sake, I wish you'd knock when you come in here.

CANDY: Why?

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

MALLARD: Well, I might have been, uh--

CANDY: What, Mallard, dear?

MALLARD: Asleep! Or something.

CANDY: (CHUCKLES)

MALLARD: Well, now that you're in, pull up a chair and set a spell.

CANDY: I heard you were busy.

MALLARD: You heard I was busy, so you barge right in?

CANDY: I can always barge right out again, you know.

MALLARD: No, no, no. Stick around. I've done all I can for now.

CANDY: What have you got, a murder?

MALLARD: In homicide, I'd be working on a purse snatching? Here, take a look.

SOUND: SMALL METAL OBJECT CLATTERS ON TABLE

MALLARD: Ever see anything like that before?

CANDY: Nope. Looks like a small medallion of some kind.

MALLARD: I don't think so. Near as I can figure, it's the symbol of an order or a cult. You recognize the characters on it?

CANDY: They seem to have an Egyptian flavor.

MALLARD: That was my thinking, too. However, I'm not an Egyptologist.

CANDY: You can always take it over to the University of California.

MALLARD: (MOCK GASP) University of California?!

CANDY: What's wrong with that?

MALLARD: Well, it'd be like cutting off my own nose. I've got Stanford and six points on the big game.

CANDY: After what UCLA did to them?

MALLARD: Oh, no, sorry.

CANDY: From now on, I will knock before I come in here -- and if I get an

answer, I'm going to leave.

MALLARD: You've got a point there.

CANDY: I know I have.

MALLARD: I mean about taking this over to the university.

CANDY: Hey, wait a minute! Why didn't I think of it before?

MALLARD: What?

CANDY: Rembrandt! He has a brushing acquaintance with the Egyptian language, and writing.

MALLARD: Rembrandt? Rembrandt Watson? Oh, you're kidding.

CANDY: No, I'm not. He spent quite a bit of time in Egypt before the war. Come on, get in the car and we'll drive over to his place. I've got to see him anyway.

MALLARD: I'm sorry, Candy, no can do. I gotta be in Judge Wallach's court in ten minutes.

CANDY: Well, let me have it, and I'll take it over to him. If Rembrandt comes up with anything, I'll report right back.

MALLARD: Okay. Just don't lose it, that's all.

CANDY: Why? Can't you get another one?

MALLARD: Not this particular one, we can't. We took it off the body of a woman they found floating last night in Stowe Lake.

CANDY: Stowe Lake, in Golden Gate Park?

MALLARD: (YES) Mm hm.

CANDY: What a charming place to take your last bath. Oh, I almost forgot what I came here for to begin with. Here's the book I borrowed from you, Mallard dear.

MALLARD: Book? Which book is that?

CANDY: "Latest Facts and Figures on the Rise and Fall of Crime Throughout the Western Hemisphere, Plus a Comprehensive Digest on Criminal Trends in the United States, As Compiled By Police Departments of Major Cities Throughout the Country."

MALLARD: Ohhhh, thanks. Did you get anything out of it?

CANDY: The book? Heck no, I just barely managed to get through the title.

MUSIC: THEME AND UNDER

ANNOUNCER: The National Broadcasting Company presents "Candy Matson, Yukon Two Eight-Two-Oh-Nine"!

MUSIC: UP BRIEFLY ... THEN BEHIND CANDY, PUNCTUATING HER WORDS AT [X]

CANDY: I slipped the medallion into my coin purse, [X] slipped the coin purse into my handbag, [X] slipped Mallard a peck on the cheek, [X] and slipped out of the Hall of Justice. [X] I climbed into my car and drove over to California Street, opposite old Saint Mary's Cathedral, almost bordering a little alley facing Saint Mary's Square. It is there that a very old friend of mine lives - - Rembrandt Watson, the eminent Pacific Coast photographer.

REMBRANDT: I'm so glad you came by, dove. Today of all days, I need the firm stanchion of your friendship upon which to brace meself.

CANDY: Rembrandt, what on earth are you talking about?

REMBRANDT: Never has the weight of gloom rested so heavily on me shoulders. Never has the mantle of depression hung o'er me head as it does now.

CANDY: Oh, put the ham back in the icebox! What gives here, ducky?

REMBRANDT: You are gazing upon a man about to be bereft of a home.

CANDY: You mean you're being evicted?

REMBRANDT: Not yet, but one must face eventualities.

CANDY: Can't you pay your rent? Is that it?

REMBRANDT: Oh, don't be silly, Candy, I have plenty of money.

CANDY: Well, then, in heaven's name, why the Hamlet routine? What do you mean, you're going to be evicted?

REMBRANDT: Well, simply this, girl. A bunch of uncouth varlets are going to build an underground garage in the square next door.

CANDY: (LAUGHS)

REMBRANDT: May I ask what is so funny?

CANDY: Well, you probably won't have to move. Chances are, they'll never touch this building.

REMBRANDT: But think, Candy -- the dirt, the noise.

CANDY: Well, I've never known either one to affect you before, Rembrandt.

REMBRANDT: It's not meself I'm thinking about; it's Henry, me Great Dane. All those steam shovels, and riveting machines. They're apt to give Henry a nervous stomach.

CANDY: And on a Great Dane, that's something.

REMBRANDT: Yes, isn't it? And here's something that'll prove I'll be evicted. Look, this morning's paper.

CANDY: Mm hm?

REMBRANDT: Right down here.

SOUND: NEWSPAPER RUSTLES ... TAP-TAP OF FINGER ON PAGE

CANDY: (READS) "--preliminary to construction of the garage beneath Saint Mary's Square was approved yesterday by the Board of Supervisors' finance committee. The project, recommended by the San Francisco Parking Authority, involves use of Saint Mary's Park subsurface area, and seven adjacent parcels of privately owned property in the area bounded by Kearny, Pine, California, and St. Anne Streets."

REMBRANDT: There, do you see what I mean?

CANDY: Well, I'd hardly call this hovel a parcel, but, yes, I do see what you mean. Well, what are you going to do about it?

REMBRANDT: What can I do about it? Look for a new place to live, that's all.

CANDY: Laddie boy, I'm glad you said that. I've been meaning to have a word with you for quite some time. Now, you're doing a whale of a good business. More and more, you're catering to an extremely fashionable clientele.

REMBRANDT: That's true.

CANDY: It's about time you lived the part. Your photographs are becoming known throughout the country. You couldn't have stayed here much longer anyway.

REMBRANDT: But it has such "atmosphere," Candy.

CANDY: Ehh, that it does. Especially when the wind's from the east. Tell you what -- you help me on a little deal right now, and I'll spend the rest of the day looking at places with you.

REMBRANDT: Oh, Candy, will you? I was hoping you'd say that! You're a lamb.

CANDY: In the spring, I am.

REMBRANDT: Oh, I get it -- spring lamb!

CANDY: (CHUCKLES) Yes.

REMBRANDT: (CHUCKLES) Oh, la! I feel ever so much better already.

CANDY: Attaboy. But before you bound completely out of your skin, ducky, take a look at this.

SOUND: CANDY UNZIPS PURSE ... THEN TAKES OUT AMULET BEHIND--

CANDY: Wait a minute. There.

REMBRANDT: Hmmm. Fascinating. What is it? An amulet of some kind?

CANDY: I don't know. That's why I came to see you. What does it say on there?

REMBRANDT: It's in Arabic. Awfully fine print. What did I do with me glasses?

CANDY: On your forehead.

REMBRANDT: Oh. (READS, WITH DIFFICULTY) "El madji, el hader, el mostac bal, hoom"-- There's one I can't seem to translate. Wait a moment. Oh, of course -- "myelki."

CANDY: What does it mean, Rembrandt?

REMBRANDT: Well, I'm not exactly sure of my translation, but I'd take it to read, "The past, the present, the future, are mine."

CANDY: That sounds good enough to me. Let me make a phone call, dear, and I'll be right with you.

SOUND: CANDY'S FOOTSTEPS TO PHONE ... RECEIVER UP ... ROTARY DIAL ... ALL BEHIND--

CANDY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Tell me, ducky, does that expression mean anything to you? Have you ever heard it before?

REMBRANDT: No. There are literally thousands of such sayings in Arabic. It could refer to almost anything.

CANDY: That's what I was wondering about.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS AND IS ANSWERED (CALLER'S PERSPECTIVE)

OFFICER: (FILTERED, BORED) Headquarters, DeLucci speaking.

CANDY: Oh, hello, DeLucci. This is Candy Matson. Is Lieutenant Mallard there?

OFFICER: (FILTERED) Lieutenant Mallard? No, Miss Matson. He left with Judge Wallach and the jury on that Happy Dan supermarket killing. Out at Lake Merced. Probably be there the rest of the afternoon.

CANDY: Oh, okay. Would you write this down for me?

OFFICER: (FILTERED) Okay.

CANDY: "El madji, el hader, el mostac bal, hoom myelki."

OFFICER: (FILTERED, PUZZLED) Eh, Miss Matson, this is a phone conversation?

CANDY: It's legit.

OFFICER: (FILTERED) Oh, well, in that case, gesundheit.

CANDY: Thank you. Now, have you got that?

OFFICER: (FILTERED) I guess so.

CANDY: Good. Just sign my name to it and put it on Mallard's desk, will you?

OFFICER: (FILTERED) Uh, sure. If you say so. (MUMBLES TO HIMSELF) "El madji"--

CANDY: Thanks, DeLucci. Goodbye.

SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN

REMBRANDT: Candy, are you crazy? Mallard won't understand that.

CANDY: Crazy? (NO) Mm mm. Just the other way around. This is one night I know I'm going to get Mallard to call me.

REMBRANDT: Candy, you fool. But you're a nice fool. Just having you assure me that moving from here is the right thing to do has removed all me troubled thoughts -- transformed me into a - a blithe spirit.

CANDY: A blithe spirit? Well, come on, blithe spirit, let's go haunt for houses.

MUSIC: BRIDGE ... THEN BEHIND CANDY--

CANDY: (NARRATES) Knowing Rembrandt as I do, he's the sort of a man who would open a doll factory across the street from a boy's school. But in this case, I was going to make sure he'd fit the locale to the business, and vice versa. But what was the locale to be? Suddenly, I had it! It was a barn type of building out on Octavia Street, just off Pacific. Used to be a dance studio. Somehow or other, I seemed to recall a "For Rent" sign on the place. And that's where we went.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

REMBRANDT: What is it, Candy? Looks like the place might have been a stable.

CANDY: I imagine it was, at one time. I do know it was a dance studio for a while.

REMBRANDT: It's for rent, all right. There's the sign.

CANDY: (YES) Mm hm. I hope we can get in. You'll like it, I'm sure. It's just ideal for a photography studio. And it has plenty of room upstairs for living quarters, and a fine big backyard out in back, for Henry.

REMBRANDT: Sounds ideal. If I could only see it.

CANDY: Let's walk around to that little wooden bridge at the side. Maybe there's a window we can peek through. If not, we'll run down to the real estate office.

REMBRANDT: Let's see.

SOUND: THEIR FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD PLANKING

CANDY: The outside needs fixing up, but not too much.

REMBRANDT: No, as a matter of fact, if the place is in any kind of shape at all, and the owner is willing to talk business, I might be interested in buying the place.

CANDY: What?

REMBRANDT: Well, why not? Now that I'm in the mood, and I've saved a fair amount of money in the past year or two--

CANDY: Oh, here's a window. Pretty dirty. Wait a minute.

SOUND: WIPES WINDOW SQUEAKILY

REMBRANDT: Can you see anything, Candy?

CANDY: Mm, a little. Enough to give you an idea of how much space you have in the studio itself. Here, take a look.

REMBRANDT: Hm. Oh. Oh, it's wonderful. Just perfect. I could do all the portrait work up in front there, and put all the equipment back in the-- (STARTLED) Oh!

CANDY: Ducky, what is it?

REMBRANDT: I saw a man in there.

CANDY: Let's see. (BEAT) He's motioning to us. I don't understand what-- Is there a door down that way, Rembrandt?

REMBRANDT: Wait till I take a look. Yes, I see one.

CANDY: Oh, that's what he wants. Come on.

SOUND: THEIR FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD PLANKING

REMBRANDT: Who do you suppose he is, dear?

CANDY: Caretaker, maybe. We'll find out.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR ... DOOR OPENS

TESSMAN: Was there something you wanted?

CANDY: We're just looking around. We saw the sign out in front. Are you the caretaker?

TESSMAN: No, no. I am the owner.

REMBRANDT: Oh, then you live here?

TESSMAN: Again, no. There was a fire here last night. I - I came over to investigate.

CANDY: A fire?

TESSMAN: Yes. There wasn't much damage done. One of the neighbors saw it and the fire department arrived almost immediately.

REMBRANDT: Lucky for you. Ah, how much rent are you asking?

TESSMAN: I'm afraid you'll have to take that up with the real estate people. I let them handle all my transactions.

CANDY: Would you be willing to sell?

TESSMAN: I might. But that's something you'll have to discuss with them, too. That sounds odd, does it not? But, heh, much better off if I don't transact my own business.

CANDY: Sure, sure. Would you mind if we looked around? Mr. Watson here is rather interested.

TESSMAN: I'm afraid that is out of the question. You see, the electricity have been turn off. You would have to use matches.

REMBRANDT: We'll be very careful, sir.

CANDY: I've got matches, right here in my purse.

SOUND: PURSE UNZIPS

TESSMAN: No, no, no. It is impossible. After what happen last night, I'm afraid things might be misunderstood, I should be accused of-- (STOPS SHORT)

CANDY: (BEAT) Accused? Accused of what, Mister, uh--?

TESSMAN: (NERVOUS) And, uh, what did you say your name was?

CANDY: I didn't. And neither did you. We, uh-- We have a quaint custom here in the United States--

TESSMAN: (CURT) I am not interested in custom. I'm only interested in keeping my appointment.

CANDY: You'll keep your appointment, I assure you. (BRIGHTLY) Do you remember Hi-Lo, Rembrandt?

REMBRANDT: Oh, yes. Quaint little device, used with a great deal of success on the gridiron.

CANDY: Yes. Would you like to take Hi? And I'll take Lo.

REMBRANDT: A pleasure, really. Now?

CANDY: Now!

SOUND: SCUFFLE ... CONTINUES IN BG ... ALL THREE GRUNT AND GROAN WITH EFFORT

CANDY: Get his arms, if you can, Rembrandt!

REMBRANDT: I'm trying. The beggar's like an eel!

CANDY: I think he needs a little persuasion. On the head. Like so!

SOUND: SCUFFLE ENDS WITH CRACK ON SKULL

TESSMAN: (FALLS UNCONSCIOUS) Oh--

SOUND: BODY THUD TO FLOOR

REMBRANDT: Oh, dear. I hope you didn't tap him too hard.

CANDY: No. He just went sleepy-bye for a little while.

REMBRANDT: May I ask the reason for this unwomanly outburst on your part, dove?

CANDY: You certainly may, slugger. Look. Up there on that beam, above us.

REMBRANDT: Oh, dear. Where're me glasses?

CANDY: (CHUCKLES) Back up on your forehead.

REMBRANDT: Oh. Now, what did you want me to see?

CANDY: Up there. A sign on that beam. Just barely visible, but you can make it out.

REMBRANDT: (DISBELIEF) Candy, no. (READS) "El madji, el hader, el mostac bal, hoom myelki."

CANDY: Sure. I saw it when we first came in. When the boy on the floor mentioned matches, it gave me a perfectly natural chance to open my purse and flash the medallion. He saw it, all right. He stopped like he'd been sapped.

REMBRANDT: He was.

CANDY: Twice, yes. Once by the medallion, once by me. I think we've got something, Rembrandt. Come on, let's get to a phone and call Mallard, quick! And may I say something, ducky?

REMBRANDT: Certainly, dear.

CANDY: Well, I shouldn't say it, but that was the prettiest Hi-Lo I've ever seen!

MUSIC: THEME ... FOR FIRST ACT CURTAIN ... THEN BEHIND--

ANNOUNCER: From San Francisco, the National Broadcasting Company is presenting "Candy Matson, Yukon Two Eight-Two-Oh-Nine."

MUSIC: UP ... THEN BEHIND CANDY--

CANDY: (NARRATES) I left my gun with Rembrandt, who by this time was sitting on our little friend. I took off, found a grocery store about three blocks down, and placed a call to Mallard. Fortunately, he was in, and after I told him what was happening, he was out again -- this time, headed for the former dance studio. I ran back to the place and sleeping beauty was showing signs of coming to -- with Rembrandt still riding a choppy sea on the guy's twisting chest.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

REMBRANDT: I'm so glad you're back, girl. Me steed is beginning to buck a bit, and I did so want to avoid smacking him on the noggin again.

CANDY: Yeah, I don't blame you. After a while, it begins to hurt. Here, give me the gun, Rembrandt. Thanks. Now, stand back. If the joker tries anything, there's going to be badminton with bullets for birds.

REMBRANDT: Did you get Mallard?

CANDY: Yes, he'll be here in a moment or two.

REMBRANDT: From the Hall of Justice? That'll be forever!

CANDY: You don't know Mallard when he has a chance to play with that siren.

TESSMAN: (WAKES, GROANS)

CANDY: Tessman's snapping out of it.

TESSMAN: (GROANS) Oh, I think, miss, you will regret exceedingly what you have done.

CANDY: Maybe so, maybe no. Now, uh, care to tell us about this "Past, present, and future are mine" stuff?

TESSMAN: I'm - not saying a word.

CANDY: Does it surprise you I know the translation? You might as well tell us. You'll have to, in the long run.

TESSMAN: I have nothing to say. And I mean that.

CANDY: I'll bet you do. Wait a minute.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS APPROACH ON WOOD PLANKING

CANDY: See who it is, Rembrandt.

REMBRANDT: It's Mallard, and his platoon system.

CANDY: Good. Open the door for them.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS ... MALLARD'S FOOTSTEPS IN

MALLARD: Well! This is cozy. All you need is a fourth for bridge. Can I kibbitz?

CANDY: He's all yours, footflat.

MALLARD: Okay. Get him, boys. Let's go.

SOUND: OFFICERS' FOOTSTEPS IN ... THEY PICK UP TESSMAN BEHIND--

CANDY: Hey, wait a minute. You haven't seen the building.

MALLARD: The building can wait. This cookie's hot, and I want to keep him that way. Like I said, boys, take him away. Give him that big "Hall of Justice."

MUSIC: BRIEF TRANSITION ... THEN BEHIND CANDY--

CANDY: (NARRATES) One two three O'Leary, and we were at the jailhouse on Washington Street. Four five six O'Leary, and our lad was whisked away into the Inner Sanctums for a pleasant little game called Information Please. Seven eight nine O'Leary, and Mallard was back in his office snorting fire at me. And when he snorts fire, sister Susie, it's frightening!

MUSIC: UP FOR AN ACCENT AND OUT

MALLARD: What are you trying to do? Have the whole city administration down on my neck?

CANDY: Why, Mallard, what do you mean?

MALLARD: I'll tell you what I mean. We've arrested a man who's completely in the clear. He can shoot the works at us, sue us for false arrest!

CANDY: Wait a minute, something's off the beam here. What's his name?

MALLARD: Tessman. Al Tessman.

CANDY: How do you know he's in the clear?

MALLARD: Because we checked just now. He's been a respectable citizen of San Francisco for over twenty years. Owns a lot of real estate around town. Fine reputation, excellent credit, the works! And you have to stir up a hornet's nest.

CANDY: I - I don't know what to say.

MALLARD: I do. Go home! And stay there. I have a hunch the guy's going to press an assault and battery charge against you and Rembrandt. And he's got every legal right to do it, too.

CANDY: Yipes. I wonder how I'll look in stripes.

MUSIC: BRIEF TRANSITION ("THE PRISONER'S SONG") ... THEN BEHIND CANDY--

CANDY: (NARRATES) Mallard was just plain out-and-out sore. Judging the mess on its face value, he was entitled to be sore. But I'm not the gal to take things on face value. That sign on the beam out at the old studio definitely had a link with the inscription on the amulet. I was sure of it! And I was sure that Tessman was a link, too. So I fell back on the private eye's first lesson -- "How to Shadow a Suspect." The use of doorways, trees, buildings, shrubs, fences, and et cetera. So, hiding behind an et cetera, I waited outside the Hall of Justice until I saw Tessman leave the building. All he did was snag a cab and disappear into an apartment house on the top of Clay Street. I checked the ground floor and found there were only three outlets -- the main entrance, the service entrance along the side, and the garage around the corner. I parked across the street, where I could see all three, and waited. And waited. 'Bout 2 a. m., I figured Tessman had holed up for the night, so I went home and got myself a nice little jolt.

MUSIC: UP FOR AN ACCENT ... THEN BEHIND CANDY--

CANDY: (NARRATES) My penthouse was a mess. It looked like a senior grade monsoon had ripped through the place. It stacked up that Tessman couldn't have done it, so there must be somebody else who wanted in on the act. As far as I could tell, nothing was missing, so I straightened up as best I could and hit the sack. The alarm went off at five o'clock the next morning, and I struggled into my clothes, drove over to Rembrandt's place, rustled him into my car, and we took off.

SOUND: RUNNING AUTO INTERIOR BACKGROUND

REMBRANDT: You're mad, Candy. Positively mad. What's the idea of waking me up in the middle of the night?

CANDY: It's not the middle of the night, ducky, it's morning. Remember, the early birds get the worms.

REMBRANDT: For a change, I'd like to see the early worm get the bird.

CANDY: (SIGHS)

REMBRANDT: What are we doing gallivanting about like this?

CANDY: We're putting the shadow on Tessman.

REMBRANDT: Is he the worm?

CANDY: One of them, in spite of the fact that Mallard whitewashed him. Here we are.

REMBRANDT: How lush! The Blake Essex.

SOUND: AUTO ENGINE OUT

CANDY: We'll just park here. Hunch down in your seat, ducky. I hardly imagine our worm has departed yet.

MUSIC: BRIEF TRANSITION ... THEN BEHIND CANDY--

CANDY: (NARRATES) A half hour passed by. Just as the sun peeked over the East Bay hills and scattered its own bright rays on the water of the bay, a car backed out of the Blake Essex garage. It was Tessman, all right. He wheeled the car down Clay Street, and we followed. He turned left on Taylor, and again when he reached Pacific. I had a hunch where he was going. He crossed Van Ness Avenue, and we did likewise. That was when Rembrandt spoke up.

SOUND: RUNNING AUTO INTERIOR BACKGROUND

REMBRANDT: I hate to mention it, dear, but I think the shadowers are being shadowed.

CANDY: How do you mean?

REMBRANDT: I've looked behind several times. There seems to be a car following us.

CANDY: Ah, just a coincidence. I wouldn't worry about it. Look! Our boy's turning off onto Octavia. Just as I thought, he's returning to the studio.

REMBRANDT: What do we do now?

CANDY: Go as slowly as we can, give him time to park the car, get inside the building, and then go in after him.

REMBRANDT: Are you sure you know what you're doing, Candy?

CANDY: Nope.

REMBRANDT: Oh. Well, then, it's all right.

CANDY: We'll go past Octavia and Laguna, and down to Broadway, and come back from that direction. (LONG PAUSE) That should do it. Now to double back along Broadway.

REMBRANDT: I dislike being repetitious, girl, but the car is still following us.

CANDY: Well, there's nothing like a showdown. Here we are at Octavia. Let's find out.

SOUND: AUTO ENGINE OUT

CANDY: Look! Across the street, at the studio. Out in front there. Bags of cement, sand, and a pile of bricks.

REMBRANDT: That wasn't there when we left yesterday.

CANDY: No.

SOUND: DURING ABOVE, THE OTHER AUTO PULLS UP NEAR CANDY'S AND KILLS ITS ENGINE ... CAR DOOR OPENS AND ZOMA CLIMBS OUT ... ZOMA'S FOOTSTEPS TO CANDY BEHIND--

REMBRANDT: Here's our friend, Candy. If he is.

CANDY: Well, I'm going to find out about this right now.

ZOMA: Please, Miss Matson, remain seated in your car.

REMBRANDT: He has a gun, Candy.

CANDY: That's a naïve observation, Rembrandt. Looks more to me like a cannon.

ZOMA: I assure you, I won't hesitate using it. Now, if you and Mr. Watson will get out in an orderly manner and walk across the street into the studio, there will be no trouble.

CANDY: Looks like we have no choice. (TO REMBRANDT) Come on, ducky, this should be great sport.

MUSIC: BRIEF TRANSITION ... THEN BEHIND CANDY--

CANDY: (NARRATES) When you have a gun that size poking into your nose, it's easy to be convinced. We walked across the street and into the studio. Even with the brilliant morning sunshine outside, the place was dark and grim. And Tessman lad was waiting to meet us, wearing the very latest in smirks.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

TESSMAN: Just as you planned, master.

ZOMA: It was so easy. They fell into our trap beautifully. And now they shall feel no pain. To work, Tessman! There can be no further delay.

TESSMAN: Yes, master. It shall be done.

ZOMA: He calls me master. And that is as it should be. Now, Miss Matson. Now that you've so conveniently returned to our shrine -- the amulet, please!

CANDY: I, um, haven't got it. I left it at home, in another purse.

ZOMA: It wasn't in your place last night!

CANDY: Ah, so you're the character who wrecked my apartment.

ZOMA: That is right! And now, if you will be so kind as to empty your purse on the table, there.

REMBRANDT: You'd better do it, Candy.

CANDY: Yes. There seems to be no alternative.

SOUND: PURSE UNZIPS ... CONTENTS DUMPED OUT ON TABLE

ZOMA: Ah. Now the coin purse, please.

SOUND: COIN PURSE OPENED AND COINS DUMPED

ZOMA: (SATISFIED) Ah, yes, the amulet. Thank you.

CANDY: There's a streetcar token, too. You can have that, if you want it.

ZOMA: "The past, the present, the future are mine." Mine, Miss Matson! An old saying of one of the ancient pharaohs. I adopted it for myself. Rather brilliant, wouldn't you say?

CANDY: I'd say you need a new script writer.

ZOMA: Now I shall tell you about your future. This building, being on a hill, was built on solid rock foundations. My faithful servant, Tess-mon, is an expert stonemason. You see that chamberlike affair, hewn into the rock? Tess-mon is going to build a brick wall across it. You are going to be sealed inside, also like the ancient pharaohs. Only it will take more than a Howard Carter or a Lord Carnarvan to discover you!

MUSIC: ACCENT / TRANSITION ... THEN BEHIND CANDY--

SOUND: BRICKLAYING, IN BG

CANDY: (NARRATES) The guy was a madman. And a madman usually keeps his word. Tess-mon went to work. Little by little, the sealing wall of bricks took shape. Once, I pressed my hand against the bricks. They must have been using a fast-hardening mortar mix of some kind -- the wall was as firm as the ages. Zoma smiled. Finally, there was an opening just large enough to crawl through. That's when Zoma spoke up.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

ZOMA: Enough, Tess-mon! I will complete the work.

TESSMAN: As you will, master.

ZOMA: My mission here is finished. You three are the only ones who know about me. And so, I shall destroy all evidence and move on to newer fields. Tess-mon -- in you go!

TESSMAN: (SURPRISED) What? Master! No. No! I have served you faithfully.

ZOMA: I said get in!

TESSMAN: No! I won't die! I won't! (MOVING OFF) Not even for you!

SOUND: TESSMAN'S RUNNING FOOTSTEPS AWAY

ZOMA: What?!

SOUND: GUNSHOT! TESSMAN TAKES A FEW MORE STEPS, THEN BODY THUD

ZOMA: That fool! The future belongs to me! (TO CANDY AND REMBRANDT) You two, get him!

CANDY: What?

ZOMA: Shove him into the tomb! Now!

SOUND: CANDY AND REMBRANDT'S FOOTSTEPS OFF TO TESSMAN'S BODY WHICH THEY STRUGGLE TO DRAG BACK TO THE TOMB, GRUNTING AND GROANING WITH EFFORT BEHIND--

ZOMA: I trust you won't be quite so idiotic. Suffocation isn't too unbearable. (SHORT LAUGH) I think I shall call this the Tomb of the Wayward Three. Heh heh, yes! That will be good. Is he in?

CANDY: (SIGHS, LOW) Yes.

ZOMA: Very well! You may follow.

CANDY: Go ahead, Rembrandt. I'm sorry I got you into this.

REMBRANDT: That's all right.

SOUND: CANDY AND REMBRANDT ENTER TOMB ... ZOMA'S BRICKLAYING, IN BG, IN AGREEMENT WITH FOLLOWING--

ZOMA: Now, for the final act. The complete obliteration. Ah, yes. People all over the world have lost their way. They struggle in darkness. It is up to me to bring them the truth. For after all, "El madji, el hader, el mostac bal, hoom myelki." All mine.

CANDY: What about that woman you dumped into Stowe Lake, Zoma?

ZOMA: A very generous lady. She contributed over fifteen thousand dollars to the cause. But then, the poor thing began to doubt me. Said something about going to the authorities. Most unfortunate. It was then that even I, Zoma, made a mistake. I forgot about the amulet I had given her. She was still wearing it about her neck. I will not make that error again. And now, like the final toast to life, the last brick! Sleep well, foolish ones! Forever.

MALLARD: (OFF) Get your hands straight up in the air, mac!

ZOMA: What?! You - you desecrator!

MALLARD: I said get your hands up!

ZOMA: Yes, I will! Like this!

SOUND: SIX GUNSHOTS ... BEAT ... THEN BODY THUD

MALLARD: (OFF) Candy! Where are you?!

CANDY: (MUFFLED) Over here, Mallard! Behind this brick wall!

SOUND: MALLARD'S HURRIED FOOTSTEPS TO WALL

MALLARD: A fine thing, that's all I've got to say -- running around and messing things up. Boy, he's really got you tucked away, hasn't he?

CANDY: (MUFFLED) Come on, Mallard, get us out of here. We can hardly breathe!

MALLARD: We?

CANDY: (MUFFLED) Rembrandt and I.

MALLARD: Oh, no.

CANDY: (MUFFLED) Your pal, Tess-mon, is past breathing.

MALLARD: Boy, you can sure do it, can't you, Candy? I think I ought to leave you in there. You almost messed this whole thing up.

CANDY: (MUFFLED) I did? How?!

MALLARD: Why did you think we released Tessman?

CANDY: (MUFFLED, CORRECTS HIM) Tess-mon.

MALLARD: Yeah, I know, Ali Tess-mon. I'll call him Tessman. Because it was the first lead we got on this joker Zoma! We've been after him for months.

CANDY: (MUFFLED) Why?

MALLARD: Playing on the superstitious people with a yen for the occult. We had nothing to go on until we fished that woman out of Stowe Lake with the amulet around her neck. Then you have to go and stick your pretty nose into the picture.

CANDY: (MUFFLED) What about Tess-mon?

MALLARD: Up until he met Zoma, he was okay. Doing quite well in real estate. Then along came the master. Tessman turned over the studio for Zoma to use as a temple. But after he dumped the tomato into Stowe Lake, Zoma realized he'd have to, er, liquidate his affairs, and get the bejabbers to other parts of the country. With you and Rembrandt making like cops and robbers, he knew he had three people to get out of the way. He almost got away with it.

CANDY: (MUFFLED) But how did you get here when you did?

MALLARD: Sheer luck, cupcake. I was only returning to make a routine check-up on this joint. Sister, are you lucky!

CANDY: (MUFFLED) You can say that again.

MALLARD: All right. Sister, are you--

CANDY: (MUFFLED, AGGRAVATED) Ohhhh!

MALLARD: On second thought, maybe you aren't.

CANDY: (MUFFLED) What do you mean, Mallard dear?

MALLARD: If there's one thing I can't stand, it's an interfering woman. I think I'll just leave you in there.

CANDY: (MUFFLED) Mallard, no!

MALLARD: (SINGS) Irene, good night--

CANDY: (MUFFLED, AGGRAVATED) Ohhhh!

MALLARD: (SINGS) Irene, good night--

CANDY: (MUFFLED) Mallard, you can't do this!

MALLARD: (SINGS) Irene, good night--

CANDY: (MUFFLED) Get us out of here!

MALLARD: Eh? Okay, on one condition.

CANDY: (MUFFLED) Sure, sure! What is it?

MALLARD: Promise you'll go to a Roy Acuff movie with me tonight.

CANDY: (MUFFLED) Roy Acuff movie? What do you think, Rembrandt?

REMBRANDT: (MUFFLED) A fate worse than death.

CANDY: (MUFFLED) That's what I thought, too. So long, Mallard. On your way out, just seal in that last brick, will ya?

MUSIC: THEME ... THEN IN BG

ANNOUNCER: Listen again next week at this same time. For excitement and adventure, just dial--

CANDY: (DRY) Candy Matson, Yukon Two Eight-Two-Oh-Nine.

MUSIC: THEME ... THEN IN BG

ANNOUNCER: The part of Tessman was played by John Grover. Zoma was Lou Tobin. Henry Leff is heard as Lieutenant Ray Mallard and Jack Thomas is Rembrandt Watson. The program stars Natalie Masters and is written and directed by Monte Masters. Bill Brownell creates the sound effects and Eloise Rowan is heard at the organ. Our engineer was Frank Baron. Any resemblance to actual people is purely coincidental; the characters in the story were entirely fictitious. The program came to you from San Francisco. Dudley Manlove speaking.

MUSIC: THEME UP ... AND TO A FINISH

SOUND: APPLAUSE

ANNOUNCER: This is NBC, the National Broadcasting Company.

MUSIC: NBC CHIMES