

"Blonde Mink"

Theme music

Announcer: ***The Damon Runyon Theater***

Theme music continues.

Announcer: Once again ***The Damon Runyon Theater*** brings you another story by the master storyteller, Damon Runyon! And this one, "Blonde Mink". And, to tell it to you, here is Broadway...

Broadway: Thanks. Well, one night I was sitting in Mindy's enjoying a late snack after a hard day trying to make some Bobs when who sits down besides me but Julie the Starker. He looks at me for a minute and then says...

Restaurant noise with the chatter of customers in background

Julie: Broadway, I see Slats Slavin today.

The sound of a shattered coffee cup

Broadway (Starled): You...you what?

Julie: I see Slats today.

Broadway: Julie, you are crazy! That is something you can not do!

Julie: Nevertheless, I do! Well, see you later.

Broadway: And with that, Julie gets up and walks away. He leaves me with a dill pickle stuck in my throat. Now why his words would give me a cold chill and make me lose my appetite is something I will tell you about in a minute!

Incidental music closes the scene.

Reprise of theme music

Announcer: And now back to ***The Damon Runyon Theater*** and the famous story, "Blonde Mink".

Incidental music

Broadway: Like I say Julie gets up and walks away, but I catch my breath and start after him. I grab him right before he gets out the door and the scene is as follows...

Restaurant noise with the chatter of customers continues

Julie: There is something wrong, Broadway?

Broadway: I don't know yet, but, Julie, you are kidding me, huh?

Julie: No! I tell you I see Slats today.

Broadway: Julie, Slats is dead. I know because I go to his funeral a week ago.

Julie (Matter-of-fact): Oh, sure. I know he is dead.

Broadway: But you see him today?

Julie: Yeah. Look, today I go to the cemetery, maybe to put a few posies in his grave, you know. There is nobody around. Only me. I am there maybe five minutes and thinking what a great pal Slats is...

Broadway (Interrupts): I know all that, Julie. He is a great guy and we are all sorry he is no more, but that is neither here or anyplace. What I want to know is...

Julie (Interrupts): Like I say I am there maybe five minutes when I hear him talk to me.

Broadway: Slats?

Julie: Sure! Who else knows me in the cemetery?

Broadway: Go on. Talk some more.

Julie: So he says hello. I say hello and we talk.

Broadway: What about?

Julie: Oh, about this and that, but mostly how cold he is.

Broadway: Julie, you are making me almost believe this!

Julie: Why not? It is true. Well, I leave the cemetery and I am not able to think about anything, but poor Slats.

Broadway: I can understand this!

Julie: Broadway, I love that guy like he is my brother. He is the only citizen who gives me a break while I am down and out.

Broadway: I know, but he...

Julie (Interrupts): The time I got knocked out in the ring by the Tiger, remember? I am in the hospital?

Broadway: Sure, but...

Julie (Interrupts): Slats pays all the bills and lets me live in his big apartment! I love the guy.

Broadway: Julie...

Julie: I am practically a stranger to him then, but he does it because he wants to help me. Broadway, I love that guy.

Broadway: You talk like he is still alive!

Julie: Oh, no. He is dead, but he is very cold. Well, I better go now. I got a lot of thinking to do.

Incidental music

Broadway: With that, Julie leaves me again and this time I stay put because it being night and more than somewhat dark I have no wish to listen to more of that talk! Naturally I figure that Julie has some loose boards and I feel sorry for him. Well, I do not see him for about a week. Then one night I am getting ready to leave my hotel room when I hear...

A knock at the door

Broadway: Come in!

The door opens

Julie: Hello, Broadway!

Broadway: Oh, Julie! Come on in!

The door closes

Julie: If you are going out, I will not bother you.

Broadway: Sit down! I wonder what becomes of you after..uh, that talk we had in Mindy's.

Julie: Oh, I am here and abouts. Mostly at the cemetery.

Broadway: Julie, look you should not spend so much time there. It is coming on winter...

Julie (Interrupts): Yeah, yeah, coming on winter! He is cold, Broadway! Awful cold! He tells me that all the time. I got to do something for poor Slats. I just gotta!

Broadway: Julie, does anybody else see Slats?

Julie: Oh, no. No, I go there alone.

Broadway: I see.

Julie: Broadway, I got to get some advice on what to do.

Broadway: About Slats?

Julie: Yeah! And Beatrice!

Broadway: Beatrice? Oh, his girlfriend!

Julie: Yeah, only she ain't a friend, Broadway! She ain't a friend!

Broadway: Maybe you better sit down and start talking.

Julie: Yeah, I will!

A wooden chair is dragged on the floor

Broadway: Now go ahead. If it will make you feel better, I will listen.

Julie: Thanks! Slats will appreciate it, too!

Broadway: I would just as soon he thank me through you!

Julie: I will tell him!

Broadway: Thanks!

Julie: Well, it is hard to know where to start, but I think I will go back to the day that he first introduces me to Beatrice. Yeah, I am not in the apartment when he brings her there, but I get there a very short while after they do and I am about to open the door when I hear a doll laughing...

Bea laughs. Slats laughs as well.

Slats: Go on! Laugh some more, Bea! I like to hear it!

Bea: Why?

Slats: I don't know! Maybe because I...

A door opens

Julie: Hiya, Slats! I...oh, I didn't know you got company!

Slats: Come on in, Julie! Come on.

Julie: I ain't going to stay only a minute...

Slats: I was waiting for you! Julie, meet Bea. Bea, this is Julie. I told you about him.

Bea: Oh, yeah. The ex-prize fighter.

Julie: Hi.

Bea: Fine. And you?

Julie: Making out. Just making out.

Bea: Slats, I got to go now. I got a rehearsal in an hour.

Slats: Oh, sure! What about after the show tonight?

Bea: What about it?

Slats: Supper? Dancing?

Bea: All right. The two of us.

Slats: Huh? Sure, the two of us!

Bea: Good!

Slats: I'll get a cab for you!

Bea: No, I can do it. See you after the show. (Starts to leave) Nice to meet you, Julie.

Julie: Yeah. You, too.

Slats: Back in a second, Julie.

The door opens and closes. Bea and Slats laugh.

The door opens and Slats enters laughing.

Slats: Some doll, huh, Julie!

Julie: Oh, yeah a looker! Quite a good looking Judy!

Slats: You like her?

Julie: Uh, sure.

Slats: You're a liar.

Julie: Yeah.

Slats: Maybe this one is different, Julie.

Julie: Could be. Sooner or later you got to hit a winner.

Skats: I got a hunch this is it!

Julie: Sure. Oh, by the way you win ten grand on the day!

Slats: I can pick them, huh?

Julie: You're awful good at picking horses.

Slats: Just horses, huh?

Julie: Sore?

Slats: No, I am used to it.

Julie: Sure.

Slats: Okay, let's get to work and handicap a few GG's for tomorrow.

Julie: Well, that is the way it starts, Broadway. You know something about it?

Broadway: Not much. All I know is that this Bea is a very fancy doll. And very expensive!

Julie: Yeah! Yeah, she is! And I guess you remember that Slats and Bea make it a very close twosome!

Broadway: Sure!

Julie: Yeah, it goes on for maybe six, eight months. He's a good guy, Broadway. There ain't anything he does not do for her!

Broadway: I remember! In fact there are several dolls around The Stem here who give their ever loving husbands a bad time when they point out how good Slats is to Bea!

Julie: Yeah, but he is good to everybody!

Broadway: What about the rest of the story?

Julie: Oh, sure! I almost forgot! Let's see...I am telling you I meet Bea that night and for six, eight months there is nothing too good for her! Nothing is too expensive. Then one night about two or three in the morning, I am in my room when I hear Bea and Slats come in. You see they often come back to the apartment after the show she is in. I make scrambled eggs and bacon for them, but this night I'm in bed with a cold. They come in. I don't want to listen, but I cannot help...

Slats: Now, Bea, be reasonable, honey! I told you why I cannot do it!

Bea (Upset): Sure! Sure, you told me why! Sure!

Slats (Slight laugh): Now come on! Laugh for me!

Bea: What at? Is there anything funny?

Slats: Mad?

Bea: Leave me alone!

Slats: Ah, Bea!

Bea (Mocking Slats): Ah, Bea! Bea! Bea!

Slats: You're even prettier when you are sore.

Bea (Purrs): Slats honey, please? Please get it for me!

Slats: I cannot, Bea. I really cannot.

Bea: Please? Pretty please? It's the one thing I really want real bad!

Slats: You have got five fur coats already! What's the difference if you don't get one more?

Bea: But this is different. It is a blonde mink!

Slats: Blonde, brunette, redhead,,,what's the difference?

Bea: It's the only one I've seen like it! Oh, would the eyes pop out if I walk in with that coat on some night! Think of it, Slats! You and me walking into a nightclub!

Slats: You're going to have to wait to take that walk, honey.

Bea: Why?

Slats: You told me how much the coat costs...

Bea: Only twenty-three thousand!

Slats: That's every cent I got. (Beat) Look, Bea, I haven't been hitting them too well the last couple of weeks...

Bea: But you will!

Slats: Oh, sure, but until I get back into the win, I got obligations!

Bea: Obligations?

Slats: Yeah! The twenty=three grand I got will see me through...just.

Bea: Obligations? You said "obligations"...

Slats: That's right.

Bea: Like what?

Slats: Different things...

Bea: Sure! Obligations! Like that punch drunk tramp you got living here sopping up your money! And every wobbly on Broadway knows he can hit you for a touch anytime!

Slats: Bea, for the love of money!

Bea: Sure, go to Slats! He'll give you a hundred or a thousand! He won't even put it on the books! I can't even ask you for a measly fur coat!

Slats: Measly?

Bea (Snarls): Yeah! If you had back half or even a third of the money you throw away on panhandlers and down-and-outers, I could have that coat!

Slats: You don't understand, Bea!

Bea: You're so right! I don't understand! And I ain't going to try until you got better reasons for putting me back for a lot of has-beens and punch drunk fighters!

Bea storms off

Slats: Bea, wait a minute!

The door opens and slams shut

Slats: Bea, for the love of...(Begins to violently cough) Bea! (Gasps for air) Bea! (Gasps) Julie? Julie, you here? (Weakly) Julie, help me!

Julie (From a slight distance): Slats? Slats, what's the matter?

Slats (Out of breath): I don't know...I got...I got an awful funny feeling in my chest!

Julie: Your face is all white!

Slats (Weakly): I got...I got to sit down.

Julie: Yeah! Sure! Sit!

Slats: I never had anything like this before...

Julie: Gee, I better call a doc!

Slats: No, no...I'll be alright. (Trying to breathe regularly, but having trouble) I didn't know you were here.

Julie: I...I was sleeping! You woke me up when you yelled for me.

Slats: Sleeping?

Julie: Yeah, I do not hear you come in, Slats.

Slats (Chuckles): You are a liar!

Julie: Yeah.

Slats: Bea don't mean anything, Julie. She's a good kid. Only spoiled.

Julie: Hey, sure! That's all! Spoiled rotten.

Slats: Yeah...(Gasps) I never had nothing like this before...Julie, I...I am scared. Scared stiff!

Incidental music

Broadway: Well, that is the story that Julie tells me up to that point. But it is not the end! Not by far. What happens after I'll tell you about in a minute!

Incidental music concludes as the first act ends

Reprise of theme music

Announcer: And now back to ***The Damon Runyon Theater*** and the famous story, "Blonde Mink"!

Incidental music

Broadway: Like I say, Julie is telling me about Slats and Bea. I listen to him go on about the story as follows...

Julie: I get Doc Brennan over real fast! Doc looks at Slats. Then he takes me aside and tells me Slats is about ready for the long ride. I do not believe it.

Broadway: I understand why you do not! There is never anything wrong with Slats.

Julie: Doc Brennan says it is sudden excitement. Besides I remember that Slats does a lot of worrying for a couple weeks. Anyhow the doc tells me and when he goes Slats calls me over to him. And he tells me to get Beatrice there real fast. I call her. She comes in maybe a half hour later. She goes into him, but I stand right outside the door.

Broadway: Oh?

Julie: I do not do it to listen, but I figure if she gets him excited again I would kill her.

Broadway: Yeah. Yeah, I see. What happens then?

Julie: Like I say, I stand right outside the door and I hear what goes on. It is like this...

Bea: I came as soon as I could get away, Slats. What...What happened?

Slats (Weakly): The ticker. It took a nosedive. It won't come back up.

Bea: You ain't gonna...

Slats: Yeah.

Bea starts to cry

Slats: You're crying.

Bea (Sobs): Slats...Slats, don't! Please don't...

Slats: This is something I can't get for you, honey. This is something I cannot fix.

Bea: What will I do, Slats? What do I do? (Sobs)

Slats: I can't tell you that. Now listen to me. Get everything I say.

Bea: All right.

Slats: There is an envelope under my pillow. Get it out.

Bea: Raise your head.

Slats: Yeah. (He lifts his head from the pillow) You got it?

Bea: This?

Slats: Uh huh. There is twenty-three grand in there.

Bea (Surprised): Slats!

Slats: Give Julie two grand...

Bea: Julie? Give him...

Slats: Do it. Then go to Bury Brothers over in Brooklyn.

Bea: Who are they?

Slats: Bea, they got a stone made for me. A big fancy one. Only thing I ever bought for myself. I got to be in style when they come out to...

Bea (Interrupts): Slats, stop talking like that!

Slats: Keep the rest of the dough for yourself. It'll come up to about nineteen grand.

Bea: Nineteen thousand? But...

Slats: It is a pretty fancy stone. Close to a grand. I didn't want to pay for it before because I figure that would be coaxing what's here. (Beat) That's all, baby. You better go now.

Bea (Tearful): Slats, please!

Slats: Get out of here, Bea. Get out of here fast!

Bea (Sobs): Please!

Slats (Raising his voice): I said get out of here now!

Bea: Yeah. Yeah, Slats.

Slats: Hurry it up, Bea, and don't look around.

Door opens

Bea: Julie? Julie, you better go in there!

Julie: Yeah, I am. You going?

Bea: Yeah, I'm going.

Julie: He tell you anything?

Bea: No, nothing.

Julie (Knows she's lying): Uh huh.

Bea: What are you staring at, you tramp?

Julie: Nothing. Just absolutely nothing.

Bea: Then go in there! Go on in and stop staring at me!

Bea leaves as she opens and shuts the door

Julie: So long.

Julie's footsteps as he walks into Slats's room

Julie: Slats? (Silence) Slats? (Tearfully) Slats!

Incidental music

Slats: That is the way he dies, Broadway.

Broadway: Yeah. Yeah, I see. But about the dough he gives Bea, what do you do about it?

Julie: I go to see Bea one day. Right after Slats's...well, the day after the funeral. I go to her place. It is a pretty ritzy apartment. At first she does not want to see me, but after I bust in anyway...

Bea (Annoyed); All right, you're in! Now what do you want? I got rehearsal in twenty minutes!

Julie: I will not take up too much time, Bea!

Bea: I know you won't! Go on! Make it fast will ya?

Julie: Sure! I want to know about the dough!

Bea: Dough? What dough?

Julie: Twenty-three grand.

Bea (Laughs): You're on a long big dream, Julie!

Julie: I hear Slats give it to you!

Bea: So you can hear through those cauliflowers?

Julie: All I want is to know about the dough!

Bea: There ain't any!

Julie: You are lying!

Bea slaps Julie

Bea: If you're not out of here in ten seconds, I'll have you tossed out!

Julie: I hear Slats tell you to pay for his marker!

Bea: You're crazy! You've taken too many punches!

Julie: I can also still give them!

Bea: You wouldn't try it!

Julie: No. No, I guess I wouldn't. Slats would not like it. I would never do what Slats does not like.

Bea: Get out of here!

Julie: I am telling you I do not care about the two grand he gives you for me!

Bea laughs

Julie: I do not care for it! All I want is for you to buy that marker for Slats! He is expecting it.

Bea: You talk like he is alive!

Julie: I see him.

Bea: You? (Laughs) You...(Laughs harder)

Julie: It is not funny!

Bea: Did you tell anyone else you saw Slats? (Laughs)

Julie: Yeah, why?

Bea (Still laughing): Did you tell anybody else about the money?

Julie: No! Why?

Bea (Laughs): Tell everybody! See if they listen to you! Tell them you saw Slats and about the money! Do you think they will believe you? (Laughs harder)

Julie: I am warning you, Bea, if you don't get that marker for Slats, I will do something about it! (Beat) But first I will ask Slats.

Incidental music

Julie: That is what happens when I go and see her.

Broadway: Julie, you are sure Slats gives her the money?

Julie (Taken aback): You do not believe me?

Broadway: Well...

Julie: I see! Maybe she is right about people thinking I am crazy!

Broadway: No! No, I do not think that! Only...

Julie: Only what?

Broadway: Nothing. Just nothing.

Julie: Uh huh. Well, I will go now because I promise Slats I will see him again tonight. So long, Broadway.

Broadway: So long, Julie.

Julie: Do you wish for me to say hello to him for you?

Broadway: Please do.

Julie: He always likes you. Maybe he will come to see you!

Broadway: I'm thinking of moving from here!

Julie: Oh? Well, you will give me your new address and I will tell him, So long!

Door opens and shuts

Incidental music

Broadway: Well, I do not see Julie for maybe another week. I almost forget about the whole thing. Until one night I am sitting in Mindy's when I'm joined by Johnny Brannigan who is a plain clothes copper. And the scene is as follows...

Restaurant noise with the chatter of customers in the background

Brannigan: Hello, Broadway!

Broadway: How are you, Johnny?

Brannigan: Pretty good! Mind if I sit down?

Broadway (Slightly hesitant): Well...

Brannigan (Chuckles): I know! It wouldn't look good for you to be seen with a cop!

Broadway: No, it is not like that!

Brannigan: It is that! But I will sit down!

Wooden chair pulled across the floor and Brannigan sits

Broadway: You have something on your mind?

Brannigan: Uh huh! What are you eating?

Broadway: Blintzes.

Brannigan: Too rich for me late at night!

Broadway: Is this to be a discussion of foods?

Brannigan: Not all together, Broadway. Do you know a girl named Beatrice Jordan?

Broadway: I know of her.

Brannigan: Slat's Slavin's girl wasn't she?

Broadway: I believe they have an understanding.

Brannigan: What else do you know about her?

Broadway: Nothing. Nothing at all, Johnny.

Brannigan: I see. You like sour cream on blintzes?

Broadway: And jelly!

Brannigan: Sure! Well, it seems this Beatrice is running around lately with a young fella from Colorado...

Broadway: Oh, she gets around!

Brannigan: And it seems his family carries more weight than Pike's Peak! So I get a call from Colorado to keep an eye on the boy and Beatrice!

Broadway: I never have anything to do with her! I know nothing about her! Except that she is one Slats's girlfriend.

Brannigan: Okay. I thought maybe because you get around a lot you can tell whether she's on the level or not! I got to turn in a report, you know?

Broadway: Oh, sure!

A wooden chair is pushed back on the floor as Brannigan stands

Brannigan: Those blintzes sure look good!

Broadway: Oh, they are! Uh, Johnny?

Brannigan: Yeah?

Broadway: I can not tell you if Bea is on the level with this citizen from Colorado...

Brannigan: Oh? So?

Broadway: But I do know that her idea of a level is more than somewhat uneven!

Brannigan: Uh huh. Well, thanks, Broadway.

Broadway: That is all right, Johnny!

Brannigan: Drop around the house some night, Broadway. My wife makes wonderful blintzes!

Incidental music

Broadway: Now all this talk makes me more than somewhat curious! However, it is none of my business except for Julie. But I do not see him for some time. In fact it is two days later before I even hear anything. Then it is Johnny Brannigan who comes to see me in my hotel room and the scene is as follows...

Brannigan: Broadway, two days ago I asked you for a line on Beatrice Jordan.

Broadway: I remember!

Brannigan: I had the feeling then you could tell me a few things about her that you were holding back!

Broadway: I am not a stoolie, Johnny! Anyhow I tell you all that I know which adds up to zero!

Brannigan: Sure. Broadway, I have worries! Lots of them!

Broadway: What brings them on?

Brannigan: Where's Julie?

Broadway: Julie? I do not see him for a few days!

Brannigan: Uh huh. Broadway, I got to find him and ask him a few questions.

Broadway: I do not think he will talk, Johnny!

Brannigan: I got to ask them anyway. Know where he is?

Broadway: What if I tell you?

Brannigan: I told you! Just a few questions!

Broadway: That's all?

Brannigan: What else?

Broadway: Hmm. You look for him where he lives?

Brannigan: Uh huh! Landlady said he didn't come home at all last night.

Broadway: Oh.

Brannigan: Well, I know he comes here to see you so I figure you might know where he is now.

Broadway: At the cemetery.

Brannigan: What?

Broadway: He goes there to see Slats.

Brannigan: What?

Broadway: That is what he tells me!

Brannigan: I see. Well, how would you like to go with me?

Broadway: What for?

Brannigan: Maybe he would rather talk to you than to a cop.

Broadway: About what, Johnny?

Brannigan: About Bea. She was killed last night.

Incidental music

Broadway: I stare at Johnny. He just looks back at me. There is a big hole that is once my stomach. And I feel like a first class heel for telling where Julie might be, but I cannot do nothing. Johnny is very gentle when he insists I go with him so I do. And what happens when we get to the cemetery I will not forget if I live long enough to see Harry the Horse shake hands with the police commissioner! And I will tell you about it in a minute!

Incidental music concludes as the second act ends

Incidental music

Broadway: We get to the cemetery and it is coming on a very dark night. And it is cold with snow on the ground. I do not mind telling you that I have a hard time keeping my hair from pushing my hat off from my head! Then I hear Johnny talking to me...

A cold wind blows in the background

Brannigan: Are we near the place now, Broadway?

Broadway (Slightly nervous): Yeah, yeah! Just up ahead, but look, Johnny...

Brannigan (Interrupts): It is all right, Broadway! I won't hurt him! I just want to ask him some questions. If he is like you say he will be alright!

Broadway (Uncertain): I hope so. I hope so,

Brannigan: Shhh! Look here!

Broadway: That is Julie.

Brannigan: Who is he talking to?

Bradway: Slats!

Brannigan: Cut it out!

Julie (From a slight distance): Who is that?

Brannigan: Answer him, Broadway!

Broadway: Me!?!

Brannigan: Go on!

Julie: Who is that?

Broadway: Julie, it is Broadway!

Julie: Oh, swell! Slats is here, Broadway! He will be glad to see you!

Broadway: Julie, it is very cold out here. Maybe you better come back to town with me!

Julie: Come on and say hello to Slats! Then I will go with you.

Brannigan: Go ahead!

Broadway: Okay, Julie!

Julie: There is someone with you!

Broadway: Huh?

Julie: I see someone's shadow!

Brannigan: That's right, Julie! It's me Johnny Brannigan!

Broadway: Johnny!

Julie: A cop! A cop! Broadway, you bring a cop!

Brannigan: It is all right, Julie! We're coming over to talk to you!

Julie: Please do not do that, Johnny! Broadway, ask him please not to!

Broadway: Johnny, do not go over there!

Brannigan: I've got to! I want to talk to Slats, too, Julie!

Julie: Please do not come closer, Johnny! I know what you are here for!

Brannigan: Just ask a few questions!

Julie: No! No!

Broadway (Frightened): Julie, take it easy! Everything is alright!

Julie: Stay away!

Brannigan: Julie, drop that gun! Drop it!

Julie: No! I do what is right! I do what Slats tells me to!

Brannigan: Julie, drop that gun!

Gunshot

Brannigan: Broadway, drop back down!

Julie: I will hit you next time, Johnny!

Brannigan: Julie, please! I will forget you fired at me if you will only drop that gun!

Julie: No!

Gunshot

Johnny is shot and reacts accordingly

Broadway: Johnny! You hit?

Johnny (In pain): Arm! (Slight pause) Julie, even now I won't say anything about the gun! Please!

Broadway (Petrified): Julie, everything is alright!

Julie: I know! I make it alright, but I am not going with you!

Gunshot and then another gunshot

Broadway (Puzzled): Johnny, what happens?

Brannigan (Uncertain): I..I think I winged him. Come on.

Footsteps walking in the snow

Broadway (Sadly): Johnny, you shoot awful good.

Brannigan: This is one time I did not mean to. He moved fast to one side.

Broadway: Sure. I know, Johnny.

Brannigan: I better put in a call and find him...(Beat) Broadway, look!

Broadway: Huh? At what?

Brannigan: What is that spread over Slats's grave?

Broadway: It looks like something to keep Slats warm. I think they call it... blonde mink.

Incidental music draws the ending to a close

Announcer: And so ends the famous Damon Runyon story, "Blonde Mink"! Listen again next week for...

Reprise of the theme music

Announcer: ***The Damon Runyon Theater!***

Theme music continues

Announcer: ***The Damon Runyon Theater*** with John Brown as Broadway is directed by Richard Sanville and the stories adapted for radio by Russell Hughes. Vern Carstensen is in charge of production. This is a Mayfair Production.

Theme music concludes as the episode ends