

The Adventures of Philip Marlowe
The Medium Was Rare
Sep 08 1951

CAST:

ANNOUNCER
PHILIP MARLOWE
MARY, hash slinger
COOKIE, not-too-bright tough guy
LILLIAN COLLINS, dizzy rich dame
PAT, friendly taxi driver
SYLVIA JENNINGS, attractive wealthy widow
BRUNO, feminine, creepy Peter Lorre type
MADAME, imperious fortune teller
OFFICER (3 lines)
CHEZANO, ominous

ANNOUNCER: Most Saturdays at this time we spend an exciting half-hour of adventure and action with America's Public Hero Number One, Hopalong Cassidy. Well, even two-fisted cowboys take summer vacations when they can, and Hoppy is no exception. But Hopalong and Topper will be back with us riding the CBS air trails again two weeks from tonight -- September 22nd.

MARLOWE: Get this and get it straight. Crime is a sucker's road -- and those who travel it wind up in the gutter, the prison, or the grave. There's no other end. But they never learn.

MUSIC: ACCENT ... THEN IN BG

ANNOUNCER: From the pen of Raymond Chandler, outstanding author of crime fiction, comes his most famous character in--

MUSIC: DRUM ROLL

ANNOUNCER: The Adventures of Philip Marlowe!

MUSIC: TAG ... AND OUT

ANNOUNCER: Now, with Gerald Mohr starred as Philip Marlowe, we bring you tonight's transcribed story, "The Medium Was Rare."

MUSIC: FOR AN INTRODUCTION ... THEN BEHIND MARLOWE--

MARLOWE: (OVERLY GRIM) Let me outta here! I've got to get away! This is the time. The time when all I can think of is trout streams, trails through tall mountains -- where every man is Hopalong Cassidy. (CHUCKLES, LIGHTLY) I was sitting in my favorite restaurant telling Mary, my favorite hash-slinger, all about it.

MARY: Oh, it all sounds so wonderful, Phil.

MARLOWE: Yeah, but that's not the half of it. There are waterfalls so high, it seems the cascade comes from heaven itself.

MARY: (SEDUCTIVE) Going - alone, Phil?

MARLOWE: You bet your sweet life I'm going alone. In the words of the poet, I'm gonna commune with nature.

MARY: (VERY SEDUCTIVE) I'm the most natural thing you ever saw.

MARLOWE: Darling, you're beautiful, your charms are many, but you want me to be honest?

MARY: Yeah.

MARLOWE: You don't compare to a trout.

MARY: (UPSET) Why, you worm!

MARLOWE: (LAUGHS) Don't get mad, baby. It's the season.

MARY: Season or not, I don't like being compared to a fish.

MARLOWE: Not a fish, baby. The queen of them all -- a mountain trout. Did you ever hear of the Feather River country, Mary?

MARY: If it's out of Los Angeles County, I never been there.

MARLOWE: It's in northern California -- northern fringe of the Mother Lode.

MARY: Here's your coffee. Mother who?

SOUND: OFF IN THE BACKGROUND, THE DINER DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS ... CITY TRAFFIC HEARD BRIEFLY ... COOKIE'S STEPS IN

MARLOWE: (TO MARY) Er-- Hey, you know something? If I started right now I could make it before morning.

COOKIE: (TO MARY) A quick cup of coffee, huh, doll?

MARY: (DRY) I'll drop everything.

SOUND: MARY'S STEPS AWAY

COOKIE: (LIGHTLY) Well, if it ain't the clean-livin' type. Hi, Marlowe.

MARLOWE: Hiya, Cookie. I thought they had you stashed away.

COOKIE: Not no more. Got paroled last week.

MARLOWE: No kiddin'?

COOKIE: Yeah, no kiddin'. It was a bum rap.

MARLOWE: It sure was, if you're out this soon.

SOUND: MARY'S STEPS RETURN .. COFFEE CUP SET DOWN ON COUNTER

MARY: Anything else?

COOKIE: Yeah. (INEPTLY SEDUCTIVE) When do you get off?

MARY: (SOURLY) A lot later than you do, 'cuz you're gettin' off now.

MARLOWE: (QUIETLY AMUSED) Touché, girl.

MARY: Yeah? What kind of a crack is that?

MARLOWE: That's French for "I'm on your team."

MARY: (DISMISSIVE) Ahh.

SOUND: MARY'S STEPS AWAY

MARLOWE: (CHUCKLES)

COOKIE: (UNHAPPY) Ahh, dames. You try to say somethin' nice to 'em and where does it get you?

MARLOWE: Yeah. Well, I gotta go, Cookie. I'm sorry to see ya.

COOKIE: Yeah, wait-wait-wait, I'll go with ya.

SOUND: COOKIE QUICKLY GULPS COFFEE, BELCHES, SETS DOWN CUP ... MARLOWE AND COOKIE RISE, PUT COINS ON COUNTER ... THEN MARLOWE AND COOKIE'S STEPS TO DINER DOOR, IN BG

MARLOWE: (CALLS) Thanks, Mary!

MARY: (OFF) Yeah, you bet, Phil. Give my regards to the fish!

MARLOWE: (CHUCKLES)

COOKIE: (CALLS) I leave ya nickel, doll!

MARY: (APPROACHES) Better keep it; the other buffalo'll miss ya.

COOKIE: (MUMBLES SOMETHING SARCASTIC)

SOUND: DINER DOOR OPENS ... CITY TRAFFIC BACKGROUND ... MARLOWE AND COOKIE'S STEPS ONTO SIDEWALK

MARLOWE: You gotta face it, Cookie, she's crazy about you.

COOKIE: Ya think so?

MARLOWE: No.

SOUND: DINER DOOR SHUTS ... MARLOWE AND COOKIE'S STEPS IN AGREEMENT WITH FOLLOWING--

MARLOWE: Well, my car's in the lot here. I'm in a hurry, so--

COOKIE: Yeah, well, mine's in the lot, too. (CONFIDENTIALLY) Uh, listen, Marlowe, I was just wonderin'. You get around. Er, you got any idea where Chezano is?

MARLOWE: Chezano?

COOKIE: Yeah.

MARLOWE: Don't you know any decent people?

COOKIE: Wha--? Hey, Chezano's my pal. He's as decent as I am.

MARLOWE: You made the point, Cookie.

COOKIE: Wha--?

MARLOWE: Seems to me there was talk he had something to do with you taking that rap in the first place, huh?

COOKIE: Wha--? Listen, you don't think I'm tryin' to find him to knock him off or anything like that?

MARLOWE: Could be. You're about that bright. But it doesn't really matter. I don't know where he is, I don't care. I don't want to know where you are, either.

COOKIE: Well, that suits me good--

MARLOWE: Good.

COOKIE: --only I don't know what you're so kissed off about. I - I done nothin' to you. Neither has Chezano.

MARLOWE: You make my taxes higher.

COOKIE: (MUMBLES SOMETHING SARCASTIC)

MARLOWE: Never mind.

COOKIE: Oh, you kill me, Marlowe. You talk about taxes. How'd you like to pay taxes on this job?

SOUND: DURING ABOVE, THEIR STEPS SLOW TO A STOP

MARLOWE: This your heap?

COOKIE: Yeah. One of them foreign things. Right-hand drive.

MARLOWE: Baby blue yet.

COOKIE: (CHUCKLES) Matches my eyes.

MARLOWE: Hmm.

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS AND COOKIE CLIMBS IN

MARLOWE: What'd you do at San Quentin, learn a trade?

COOKIE: Sure. And a good one.

SOUND: DURING ABOVE, CAR DOOR CLOSSES ... THEN ENGINE STARTS

COOKIE: You decent people go right on payin' taxes, Marlowe. Us third-rate punks'll get along.

SOUND: CAR IN GEAR ... PULLS INTO TRAFFIC

MUSIC: BEHIND MARLOWE--

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) I watched Cookie's baby blue convertible cut out into the traffic, got in my own car and drove away in the opposite direction. Yeah, Cookie cinched it. I was gonna knock off for a while, head for the Feather River country. Well, by the time I reached my apartment I could almost smell the pine trees, and while I tossed a few things into a bag, I saw myself every inch a modern Izaak Walton.

SOUND: BRIEF KNOCK ON DOOR

MARLOWE: (DISAPPOINTED) Oh--

SOUND: MARLOWE'S STEPS TO APARTMENT DOOR, WHICH OPENS

LILLIAN: (EXHALES IN RELIEF) You're Philip Marlowe?

MARLOWE: That's right.

LILLIAN: Oh, I'm so glad you're here. I've been calling you-- Oh, I'm Lillian Collins.

MARLOWE: Are you? Well, uh--

LILLIAN: I told Pat not to wait.

MARLOWE: Who's Pat?

LILLIAN: The taxi driver.

MARLOWE: Oh, him.

LILLIAN: May I come in?

MARLOWE: Well, yeah, I guess so.

LILLIAN: Thank you.

MARLOWE: (SURE) Mm hm.

SOUND: LILLIAN'S STEPS IN ... APARTMENT DOOR CLOSSES

LILLIAN: Oh, you're - you're packing. Or are you unpacking?

MARLOWE: I'm packing. I'm going to the Feather River country--

LILLIAN: (INTERRUPTS) Oh, but you can't!

MARLOWE: What?

LILLIAN: You can't be going anywhere! I - I need your help, Mr. Marlowe. I really do, desperately.

MARLOWE: Yeah, well, I just thought I'd take a few days off--

LILLIAN: (INTERRUPTS) Of course I'll - I'll pay you -- whatever's customary. I just don't know where to turn and somehow we've got to locate them quickly. Leonard should be home within a week--

MARLOWE: (INTERRUPTS) Now, wait a minute, wait a minute. Sit down, Mrs., er, Collins, is it?

LILLIAN: Yes. Lillian.

MARLOWE: Oh.

LILLIAN: Leonard's my husband. He's back east on business.

MARLOWE: Well, just what do we have to locate quickly?

LILLIAN: My jewelry. It was stolen -- last night.

MARLOWE: Oh, well, stolen jewelry's out of my line, Mrs. Collins. That's a police job.

LILLIAN: Oh, no! Well, that is, it - it can't be.

MARLOWE: Why?

LILLIAN: I thought about the police right away, of course, but I can't call them in. Leonard would hear about it, I know, and it would be in the papers and-- You understand, don't you?

MARLOWE: No. I don't understand.

LILLIAN: Well, I just couldn't, that's all.

MARLOWE: Mrs. Collins, right now I like fishing poles better than I do people.

LILLIAN: Oh, but you can't go! I mean, you can, of course, but I do need your help so much!

MARLOWE: (BEAT, CHUCKLE) Why can't I resist dames? All right, but you have to level with me. What jewelry, when did it happen, who knew you had it, everything.

LILLIAN: Well, it was a necklace -- diamonds.

MARLOWE: Yeah.

LILLIAN: And a diamond bracelet. I had them in my jewel box last night. I'd only just taken them from our safe deposit box in the afternoon.

MARLOWE: Who knew you took them out?

LILLIAN: Why, no one. No one knew.

MARLOWE: Mm hm. Well, how'd it happen? The robbery I mean.

LILLIAN: Well, I was in my bedroom. That's where the jewel box was.

MARLOWE: Yeah.

LILLIAN: I was dressing for dinner. The doorbell rang. I had to answer it. Letty's on vacation now that Mr. Collins is in the East. It was Sylvia, a friend of mine. We were to have dinner together. I fixed a drink for us, then went back to my bedroom for my wrap. That's when I noticed the jewelry was missing.

MARLOWE: You hadn't heard anything? Anyone in the house?

LILLIAN: No!

MARLOWE: Hmm.

LILLIAN: Of course the radio was on -- music, you know.

MARLOWE: Mm hm. How would anyone get into the bedroom?

LILLIAN: Well, the French doors open onto a little terrace right by the bedroom. I rather presumed whoever it was came in that way.

MARLOWE: Well, how much would you say this jewelry's worth?

LILLIAN: Ten thousand dollars.

MARLOWE: Hmm.

LILLIAN: Oh, that's what it's insured for.

MARLOWE: Anything else taken?

LILLIAN: No, not a thing!

MARLOWE: Do you wear this necklace and bracelet often?

LILLIAN: Oh, no, not really. (LIGHTLY) When Leonard gave them to me, he said they were for "state occasions."

MARLOWE: Last night was a state occasion?

LILLIAN: Oh, my goodness, no. (UNEASY) Well, that is, I--

MARLOWE: (BEAT) If you didn't intend to wear them last night, why did you take them out of the safe deposit box?

LILLIAN: I - I suppose you'll have to know. I needed the money, Mr. Marlowe. I have a debt Leonard knows nothing about. If I wrote a check for ten thousand dollars, he'd ask questions.

MARLOWE: I don't blame him.

LILLIAN: Well, there's just no need worrying him with it, that's all.

MARLOWE: He doesn't know you gamble, huh?

LILLIAN: (SHOCKED) I didn't say--

MARLOWE: (CHUCKLES) You didn't have to. Have you ever pawned anything before, Mrs. Collins?

LILLIAN: (EMBARRASSED) No. No, I haven't.

MARLOWE: Well, I got news for ya. You probably couldn't get ten grand for 'em.

LILLIAN: Oh, but if they're insured--?

MARLOWE: Doesn't matter -- unless you made a deal to have them stolen so you could get the insurance money.

LILLIAN: (OFFENDED) Oh, really, Mr. Marlowe.

MARLOWE: (QUIETLY POINTED) Really, Mrs. Collins. (CHUCKLE) Okay. Let's drive to your place and look around.

MUSIC: TRANSITION

SOUND: SLIGHT RATTLE OF FRENCH DOORS ... THEN DOORS CLOSE BEHIND--

MARLOWE: Yeah, these doors have been jimmed, all right. Didn't it bother you to stay here last night after it happened?

LILLIAN: Oh, I didn't. I stayed with Sylvia in Westwood.

MARLOWE: Told her about the robbery, huh?

LILLIAN: Well, no. No, I didn't. I started to, but then I - I was afraid I'd have to tell her too much.

MARLOWE: Mm hm. Did you stay there last night? And then come over to my apartment by cab this morning?

LILLIAN: Well, I came here first, then to your apartment. I wanted to be sure nothing else was missing. And then I decided to get in touch with you and had Pat drive me over.

MARLOWE: That's the taxi driver?

LILLIAN: (CHUCKLES) He's practically my chauffeur. His stand is right out in front of our building here. I'm one of those native-born New Yorkers who never learned to drive.

MARLOWE: Mrs. Collins?

LILLIAN: Hm?

MARLOWE: Are you sure that you're telling me everything you know about this?

LILLIAN: Oh, believe me, I am, Mr. Marlowe. Why, it would be so stupid of me not to.

MARLOWE: (POINTEDLY) Yes, it would.

LILLIAN: I've got to have that jewelry back before Leonard comes. (SLOWLY, SADLY) He - he'll just never understand. The gambling and all. I-- Well, he's gone so much and we have no children. There - there just wasn't anything else to do. Can you understand that, Mr. Marlowe?

MARLOWE: No. But I'll try, Mrs. Collins.

MUSIC: TRANSITION

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) There was something tragic about her -- a woman of means and advantage who was husbandless part of the time and childless all of the time. I suppose that isn't an easy life, but surely there must be other ways to fill the emptiness, huh? Well, Lillian packed a small bag and asked me to drive her to Sylvia's. As we walked toward my car, a grinning taxi driver leaned out of his cab.

SOUND: MARLOWE AND LILLIAN'S STEPS ON SIDEWALK TO MARLOWE'S CAR, IN BG

PAT: Take you somewhere, Mrs. Collins?

LILLIAN: Not this time, thanks, Pat. I'm freeloading. (CHUCKLES)

PAT: (CHUCKLES) Okay, but don't make it a habit. I gotta make a living, you

know.

LILLIAN: I know. See you later, Pat.

SOUND: CAR DOORS OPEN AND SHUT AS MARLOWE AND LILLIAN CLIMB INTO MARLOWE'S CAR

LILLIAN: He's awfully nice, Mr. Marlowe.

MARLOWE: Yeah, he seems to be.

SOUND: ENGINE STARTS ... THEN CAR IN GEAR, RUNNING AUTO INTERIOR BACKGROUND

MARLOWE: Tell me about your friend Sylvia.

LILLIAN: Oh, well, there isn't much to tell. She's a nice person -- a widow. Oh, she just lives a block or so from here. Turn on Wilshire to your left.

MARLOWE: Okay. Tell me, does Sylvia have money?

LILLIAN: I guess so. She seems to, anyway. Has a lovely apartment, a nice car -- all the symbols, anyway. Why?

MARLOWE: I just wondered. Oh, er, by the way, if you don't want her to know you've hired me, maybe you better tell her I'm a business friend of your husband's, huh? Just dropped by as you were leaving the house, something like that.

LILLIAN: Oh. Oh, yes, that's a good idea.

MARLOWE: Yeah.

LILLIAN: Uh, it's in this block -- the big green apartment building on the right.

MARLOWE: Okay. (SEES SOMETHING) Hm -- that's funny.

LILLIAN: Is it?

MARLOWE: Yeah. Oh, here's a parking place.

SOUND: CAR PULLS TO A STOP ... ENGINE OUT BEHIND--

MARLOWE: (MUSES) Wonder what Cookie's doing around here.

LILLIAN: A friend of yours?

MARLOWE: No. No, not possibly. That car parked there -- foreign job, baby blue. It's Cookie's, all right.

LILLIAN: Oh.

SOUND: CAR DOORS OPEN AND CLOSE AS MARLOWE AND LILLIAN CLIMB OUT ... THEIR STEPS INTO APARTMENT BUILDING, IN BG

LILLIAN: Sylvia's apartment is the first one on this side. You really don't have to come in, Mr. Marlowe.

MARLOWE: The name's Murphy, remember? Old friend of your husband's.

LILLIAN: Yes, yes -- that's right.

MARLOWE: I'll come in to carry your bag, and to meet Sylvia. (CHUCKLES) I'm very partial to wealthy widows.

SOUND: MARLOWE AND LILLIAN'S STEPS UP STAIRS ... THEN TO SYLVIA'S DOOR, IN BG

LILLIAN: Really, Mr. Marlowe, do you think you will find my jewelry?

MARLOWE: Well, I've got one idea so far, Mrs. Collins. If that doesn't work-- Well, you leave it up to me, huh?

LILLIAN: Yes, yes -- of course. Oh. Oh, here we are.

SOUND: THEIR STEPS STOP ... DOORBELL BUZZES ... SYLVIA'S DOOR OPENS

SYLVIA: Oh, Lil darling! I'm so glad you're back.

LILLIAN: (CHUCKLES)

SYLVIA: (SEES MARLOWE, IMPRESSED) Oh. Hello.

MARLOWE: (LIKEWISE) Hello.

LILLIAN: Ah, Sylvia, this is Mister--

MARLOWE: (INTERRUPTS) Murphy.

LILLIAN: Oh, yes, of course. Mr. Murphy. (TO MARLOWE) Sylvia Jennings.

SYLVIA: How do you do, Mr. Murphy?

MARLOWE: How are you?

SYLVIA: Well, come in, come in, both of you. I was just getting ready for a swim.

LILLIAN: Oh, sounds wonderful.

SOUND: DURING ABOVE, THEIR STEPS IN ... DOOR CLOSES

SYLVIA: Maybe I could scare up a pair of trunks for you, Mr. Murphy.

MARLOWE: Oh, thanks, no. I've got to run along. I just stopped by Mrs. Collins' looking for her husband.

LILLIAN: (UNCONVINCING) Uh, Mr. Murphy's from out of town. Known Leonard for years. I was all packed, ready to come over here--

MARLOWE: So I brought her.

SYLVIA: (CHUCKLES, WISELY) Well, you know, you don't have to explain anything to me. As a matter of fact, I can go down to the pool alone and you two can stay here and, er, talk about old times.

LILLIAN: (SHOCKED AT THE INNUENDO) Why, Sylvia!

SYLVIA: (CHUCKLES) Relax, Lil. And forgive me, Mr. Murphy. I've told stories like that myself so many times I know them by heart.

MARLOWE: (QUIETLY IMPRESSED) I'll bet you do, at that.

SYLVIA: (POINTEDLY) You know I do. (CHUCKLES)

MARLOWE: (CHUCKLES)

LILLIAN: (INDIGNANT) What? Now I just won't have you thinking that, Syl.

SYLVIA: Oh, now don't be silly, darling. It's not important.

LILLIAN: Oh, but it is! I just--

MARLOWE: (INTERRUPTS) Hey, wait a minute. Hold it, hold it. Let's you both go down to the pool and talk it all over. I really have business to tend to.

SYLVIA: (QUIETLY AMOROUS) Oh, I'm sorry. I'm really sorry.

MARLOWE: (QUIETLY RECEPTIVE) Yeah, well, just keep it that way.

SYLVIA: (AGREEABLE) Mmm.

LILLIAN: (AWKWARD, TO MARLOWE) Will - will we be hearing from you about - anything? Or anything--? Er, you know.

MARLOWE: (LIGHTLY) Oh, sure, sure. Sure you will. About anything.

MUSIC: TRANSITION ... THEN BEHIND MARLOWE--

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) About that Sylvia: Well, the case was beginning to have its compensations. But I didn't figure Lillian Collins at all. Sometimes I thought she lied in her teeth and sometimes I knew that she was just a bewildered dame who'd had her jewels lifted. I passed Cookie's car again as I left and still no sign of him. I had told Lillian I had one idea. He was still at the taxi stand in front of her apartment.

SOUND: CITY TRAFFIC BACKGROUND

PAT: You really Philip Marlowe?

MARLOWE: Yeah, I really am. Need proof?

PAT: No. No, that's okay. Mrs. Collins wouldn't have been with you if you

weren't a right guy. You say I can help, huh?

MARLOWE: Yeah, maybe so. Now look, you drive her almost everywhere she goes. Now, how 'bout telling me just where she goes, huh?

PAT: (SHRUGS) Regulation places: Saks's, Magnin's, places for lunch, stuff like that.

MARLOWE: Mm hmm.

PAT: This morning I took her over to a Hollywood address.

MARLOWE: Ah, that was me.

PAT: (LAUGHS) Well-- Oh! Hey, there is one place she goes.

MARLOWE: Oh?

PAT: A couple of times a week, for the last three or four weeks. A place on top of one of the hills up off of Coldwater Canyon.

MARLOWE: Friend of hers?

PAT: Well, maybe. She usually asks me to wait, though -- between fifteen minutes and a half hour. That's all the longer she stays.

MARLOWE: When was the last time you took her there?

PAT: Lemme see, uh-- Day before yesterday, I think. Yeah. Yeah, it was day before yesterday.

MUSIC: TRANSITION ... THEN BEHIND MARLOWE--

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) I followed Pat's instructions through every devious curve to the top of Coldwater Canyon. The thing that interested me most was not what was ahead, but what or who was behind me in the big expensive car. The sun was hitting the windshield just right to obscure the driver. I slowed at the isolated address; noticed another big car parked in front. When I stopped, the car behind me stopped. A well-dressed woman got out and went into the house. As she did, she passed another well-dressed woman coming out; it looked like a change of shifts. As she drove away, I got out of the car and went up to the door. Someone somewhere was watching me. I could feel it.

SOUND: PASTORAL BACKGROUND (BIRDS CHIRP, ET CETERA) ... EXPENSIVE DOORBELL CHIMES ... FRONT DOOR OPENS

BRUNO: Yes?

MARLOWE: Oh, hello. I, er--

BRUNO: (INTERRUPTS) I, er, do not believe you have an appointment, sir.

MARLOWE: Oh, no. I - I didn't think to make one.

SOUND: CHIME

BRUNO: (MOVING OFF) Excuse me, please. One moment.

SOUND: BRUNO'S STEPS AWAY

MARLOWE: (TO HIMSELF) What a creep. And what a joint.

SOUND: PAUSE ... BRUNO'S STEPS RETURN

BRUNO: (APPROACHES) You, er, will come in, please?

MARLOWE: Yeah. Thanks.

SOUND: MARLOWE'S STEPS IN ... FRONT DOOR CLOSES

BRUNO: May I inquire, sir, who referred you here?

MARLOWE: I have to have a reference?

BRUNO: Madame must insist on references, sir.

MARLOWE: Oh, she insists? Yeah, well, I'm a friend of Mrs. Collins. Lillian Collins?

BRUNO: Oh, yes, yes, Mrs. Collins.

MARLOWE: Yeah.

BRUNO: You will follow me then. Madame will see you now.

MARLOWE: More to the point, I will see Madame.

MUSIC: BEHIND MARLOWE--

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) I followed the Peter Lorre character down a darkened hallway. As far as I could tell, there was no door ahead; it look like a blind alley. Even in the darkness I sensed that someone could see me. I didn't have long to think about it. Just when we reached what looked like an impasse, the little man ahead of me pulled some heavy drapes aside and nodded for me to enter. I walked into a room that was heavily draped on all sides, pungent with the smell of incense. And studying me from across the room, a Grecian-robed woman seated beside -- so help me -- a crystal ball.

MADAME: (IMPRESSIVELY) You will come in, please, and be seated.

MARLOWE: (UNIMPRESSED) Yeah, I will. (CLEARS THROAT) You see, I--

MADAME: (INTERRUPTS) Hush!

MARLOWE: Hm?

MADAME: You will remain silent. It is so necessary, your silence. Bruno? You will go.

BRUNO: Yes, Madame.

SOUND: DRAPES DRAWN AS BRUNO EXITS

MARLOWE: Hey-- They're very clever, those drapes. (CHUCKLES) When they're closed, you can't tell where the door is.

MADAME: I must insist. Your silence is very important.

MARLOWE: Ah.

MADAME: You're in need of help -- much help -- or you would not be here.

MARLOWE: (DRY) Yeah, well, you could say that, yeah.

MADAME: You make it very difficult for me to see what is in store for you. The crystal is cloudy. Very cloudy.

MARLOWE: Ah, quit breathing on it.

MADAME: (INDIGNANT) Please!

MARLOWE: Oh, excuse me.

MADAME: Now-- You are seeking something -- probing, searching out -- and this is not a good thing. Some things one must not pursue. I regret to say, for you, I see much trouble. Great trouble and -- death.

SOUND: SPONGE FORCEFULLY CLAMPED TO MARLOWE'S MOUTH ... MARLOWE MURMURS AND STRUGGLES VIOLENTLY, TO NO AVAIL, IN BG

MADAME: (CALMLY) You are in need of rest, my friend. Rest and sleep. A long sleep. Bruno will help you. Bruno will help you to sleep.

SOUND: DURING ABOVE, MARLOWE CEASES HIS STRUGGLE AND BREATHES HEAVILY AS THE ETHER TAKES EFFECT ... THEN MARLOWE'S BODY SLUMPS TO FLOOR

MUSIC: CURTAIN

ANNOUNCER: In just a moment we will return to the second act of "Philip Marlowe," but first--

Through the years, Red Cross has helped the victims of disaster, brought comfort to servicemen in camps and hospitals, and to their families. Today with the country rising to meet the challenge of aggression, the Red Cross has been asked by the government to undertake tremendous tasks. By giving generously to the Red Cross, you will help mobilize for the defense of your families, your community, and the nation. Give as much as you can.

MUSIC: ACCENT ... THEN IN BG

ANNOUNCER: And now, with our star Gerald Mohr, the second act of "Philip Marlowe" and tonight's story, "The Medium Was Rare"!

MUSIC: ACCENT ... THEN BEHIND MARLOWE--

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) The madame's prediction was suffocatingly accurate. Bruno helped me sleep, all right, with a strong assist from a spongeful of ether. My watch said it was two hours later when I came out of the anesthetic a long way from the house on the top of Coldwater Canyon. I was in my own car, parked on a strand of beach north of Santa Monica.

MUSIC: ACCENT ... THEN BEHIND MARLOWE--

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) Ten minutes and a blast of bourbon later, I entered Sylvia Jennings' apartment again. This time, there was no sign of Cookie's baby blue car.

SYLVIA: I don't think Lillian will be long. She remembered some shopping she had to do.

MARLOWE: Did she?

SYLVIA: You don't look as if you felt very well, Mr. Marlowe.

MARLOWE: Oh, I feel just fine. I just woke up from a long sleep. (CHUCKLE) And, by the way, Mrs. Jennings, you really shouldn't call me Mr. Marlowe.

SYLVIA: Oh. Oh, yes. Now where on earth do you suppose I got the name Marlowe?

MARLOWE: I really wouldn't know. (BUSINESSLIKE) Okay, where's Lillian, huh?

SYLVIA: I told you. She went shopping.

MARLOWE: Without her purse?

SYLVIA: Well, what do you--?

MARLOWE: That blue bag there. She was carrying it when I brought her here.

SYLVIA: Now, isn't that odd?

MARLOWE: Yes, isn't it?

SOUND: DOORBELL BUZZES

SYLVIA: Oh, er, the door. Will you excuse me?

MARLOWE: Sure.

SOUND: SYLVIA'S STEPS TO HER DOOR, WHICH OPENS

SYLVIA: (OFF) Yes?

COOKIE: (OFF) Oh, uh, I want to see Chezano.

SYLVIA: (OFF) Chez--? Why, you must be mistaken. There's no one here by that name.

COOKIE: (OFF) He was here, doll. I seen him.

SYLVIA: (OFF) Wait--!

COOKIE: (COMING ON) So I'll just wait for him.

SYLVIA: (OFF) No, you can't come in here!

MARLOWE: (CHEERFUL) Well, Cookie! Hello!

COOKIE: (TAKEN ABACK) Hey, what is this, Marlowe?

MARLOWE: Well, it's one of those happy coincidences, Cookie. For the first time in my life I'm glad to see you. (TO SYLVIA) Oh, close the door, Mrs. Jennings. Heh! Make yourself at home.

SOUND: SYLVIA'S DOOR CLOSES

SYLVIA: (APPROACHES) I - I'm afraid I don't understand this, Mr. Marlowe.

MARLOWE: Yeah, well, I was afraid I wouldn't for a while, but stick around; I think things are gonna clear up in a hurry.

COOKIE: Listen, Marlowe, what's the pitch here? Do you know this dame?

MARLOWE: Not as well as I'm going to. You sure you saw Chezano here, Cookie?

COOKIE: I'm sure. He leave here about an hour ago with another dame.

SYLVIA: Listen, you -- keep quiet!

MARLOWE: Brunette, Cookie? Blue and white dress?

COOKIE: Yeah! And she didn't seem too happy about goin' with Chezano.

MARLOWE: Did you tail 'em?

COOKIE: Sure. To a house up at the top of Coldwater Canyon.

MARLOWE: That's fine, Cookie. Then what happened?

COOKIE: (CHUCKLES) You wouldn't believe it. I'm all set to move in, talk to Chezano, when some jerk jumps me and stuffs my face full of a sponge thing. It was loaded!

MARLOWE: You passed out?

COOKIE: Yeah, for a while. And when I wake up, I'm sittin' in my car, big as you please, down at the bottom of the canyon. I figured Chezano started from here, he'd be comin' back. So I come back. (CHUCKLES) And here you are.

MARLOWE: Interesting story, isn't it, Mrs. Jennings?

SYLVIA: None of it's true!

MARLOWE: Course not. How'd you get a line on Chezano, Cookie?

COOKIE: Oh, there's talk in town he's got a new racket. Got somethin' to do with a rich doll. Do you know who this dame is?

MARLOWE: Tell me.

COOKIE: She's right out o' the Blue Book, that's who. I don't figure her with Chezano. 'Cept I - I gotta believe what I see.

MARLOWE: Yeah, Cookie. Me, too.

SYLVIA: (SUDDENLY HARDBOILED) Then maybe you two will believe this gun if you see it.

MARLOWE: What?

SYLVIA: Stay where you are and keep the hands up.

MARLOWE: I knew I'd get to know you better, Mrs. Jennings. Stop me if I'm wrong. You set up suckers -- wealthy females -- con 'em into visiting Madame who tells fortunes based on what you've told her.

SYLVIA: You're crazy. And you're in no position to talk.

MARLOWE: Maybe then the madame predicts some trouble for 'em, huh? Warns 'em of dangers ahead?

SYLVIA: Shut up!

MARLOWE: Like maybe your jewelry isn't safe where it is, take it out of the bank, keep it at home where you can watch it, Lillian? And when the poor stupe does that, you come in the front door and Chezano goes in the back to cop the jewels.

SYLVIA: I said shut up!

COOKIE: Hey, Marlowe, you think that's the deal?

MARLOWE: I think that's the-- (WITH SUDDEN EFFORT) --deal, Cookie. (GRUNTS WITH EFFORT BEHIND--)

SOUND: SCUFFLE AS MARLOWE GRABS SYLVIA'S ARM

SYLVIA: (IN PAIN) Don't--! Please! You're breaking my arm! (GRUNTS AND SOBS,

IN BG)

MARLOWE: Only if I have to, baby. (GRUNTS WITH EFFORT)

SOUND: GUN DROPS TO FLOOR

MARLOWE: (TO COOKIE) Get the gun.

COOKIE: Yeah, sure.

SOUND: COOKIE BENDS AND PICKS UP GUN

MARLOWE: And bring Mrs. Jennings along, Cookie. The three of us are gonna have our fortunes told!

MUSIC: TRANSITION

SOUND: RUNNING AUTO INTERIOR BACKGROUND ... THE CAR MOVES AT A MODERATELY SLOW SPEED THROUGH CITY TRAFFIC

COOKIE: (ADMIRING) How about that Chezano? What a sweet deal he's got. I didn't figure him for so smart.

MARLOWE: He's a big brain, all right.

COOKIE: And wait till he hears we're cuttin' in on him; sharin' the take.

MARLOWE: Huh?

COOKIE: This way, everybody makes dough -- me, you, Chezano, even the little doll here, huh? (CHUCKLES)

SYLVIA: (SOURLY) Leave me alone.

MARLOWE: Easy does it, Cookie. Heh. You're pretty smart yourself. How'd you figure I was gonna make a business deal with Chezano?

COOKIE: You're no chump, Marlowe. I got every shamus figured. You're all lookin' for that one big sweet deal, like Chezano's got, to move in on. Ah, it's a natural.

MARLOWE: Yeah, you're right.

SYLVIA: Chezano'll never go for it.

COOKIE: He's got no choice, doll. Oh, hey! Watch it, Marlowe. There's a geek in a prowl car ahead of you.

MARLOWE: Yeah, I've been watching him. Where's Mrs. Jennings' gun, Cookie?

COOKIE: (UNEASY) Right here. Why?

MARLOWE: Give it to me a minute, huh?

COOKIE: Er, you ain't gonna plug him?

MARLOWE: Come on, come on, give it to me.

COOKIE: Well, okay. But I don't get you.

MARLOWE: Thanks. (GRUNTS WITH EFFORT AS--)

SOUND: MARLOWE HITS COOKIE ON HEAD WITH GUN

COOKIE: (GRUNTS AS HE PASSES OUT)

SOUND: TIRES SQUEAL AS CAR SWERVES SLIGHTLY

SYLVIA: (SHOCKED) Wha--? You hit him!

MARLOWE: Yeah, and that's not all.

SOUND: TIRES SQUEAL AS CAR BRAKES AND CRASHES INTO POLICE CAR FOR A FENDER BENDER ... ENGINE OUT

SYLVIA: (QUIETLY HORRIFIED) What are you doing? You ran right into that police car.

MARLOWE: That's the way I played it, honey.

SOUND: POLICE CAR DOOR OPENS, OFF ... OFFICER'S STEPS APPROACH

OFFICER: (APPROACHES) Hey, that wasn't very bright. (CLOSE, SURPRISED RECOGNITION) Oh. Mr. Marlowe.

MARLOWE: Got a couple of customers for you, officer. I had to move quick.

OFFICER: Why, sure, sure, but--

SOUND: SLIGHT SCUFFLE, IN BG

SYLVIA: Oh, no, you don't! (GRUNTS WITH EFFORT AS SHE TRIES TO FLEE)

MARLOWE: (GRUNTS WITH EFFORT AS HE GRABS SYLVIA) Oh, yes, we do. (TO OFFICER) The lively one's got a great racket; I'll tell you about it later.

SYLVIA: (STRUGGLES) You--!

SOUND: SCUFFLE ENDS BEHIND--

MARLOWE: Cookie over there wants to see his parole officer.

OFFICER: You, er--? You want me to take them in?

MARLOWE: I sure do, and tell your brethren to come to Sixty-Nine Fifty-Six Canyon Rim, top of Coldwater Canyon, right away -- with their muskets loaded!

MUSIC: TRANSITION ... THEN BEHIND MARLOWE--

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) The house at the top of the canyon had the empty look that only occupied houses can have. Cookie had tipped his hand just in time; I was better off traveling light. I knew I'd have no trouble getting in; Chezano was probably expecting me. I was so right.

CHEZANO: You're late, Marlowe.

MARLOWE: (LIGHTLY) Well, some days it takes me longer to come out of ether than others.

CHEZANO: (CHUCKLES) You must have done a good job, Bruno.

BRUNO: I always try, Mr. Chezano.

MARLOWE: Oh, believe me, Chezano, he's earned a promotion.

MADAME: Get the business over with.

MARLOWE: Well, Madame! I didn't recognize you without your crystal ball.

CHEZANO: Never mind that, Marlowe.

MARLOWE: Okay, I won't. Where's Lillian?

CHEZANO: Er, she's, er-- She's resting.

MARLOWE: Ah. Look, er, Chezano. Your nasty little racket here is one thing, but kidnapping is another, huh?

CHEZANO: Yeah. Yeah. And murder is something else again.

MADAME: You forced us, Mr. Marlowe. I warned you not to probe.

MARLOWE: Chezano, listen. I'm not kiddin'. If you've done anything to Lillian, I'll take you--

MADAME: (INTERRUPTS) She's perfectly safe. She's not been harmed -- yet.

CHEZANO: That's right. Not yet.

MARLOWE: She better not be. She-- (SEES SOMETHING, CHUCKLES) Oh, there you are, Lillian.

MADAME: (SURPRISED) What?

CHEZANO: (SURPRISED) She can't be--

SOUND: OF FEET AS EVERYONE TURNS TO LOOK ... AND OF MARLOWE PULLING OUT HIS GUN

CHEZANO: There's no one there!

MARLOWE: (QUICKLY) It's an old gag, Chezano. Gives me a chance at my gun. Now the three of you stand over there by the windows.

CHEZANO: Now, look, Marlowe--

MARLOWE: (SHARPLY) No, you look! You and Bruno and Madame take a good look out the window and let me know when the law arrives. (CHUCKLES, LIGHTLY) You know, Madame, even without your crystal ball, I can see trouble for you. Much trouble.

MUSIC: TRANSITION ... THEN BEHIND MARLOWE--

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) Lillian had been given the ether treatment, too. We found her when the police arrived. She was okay, just thoroughly frightened. She wasn't all we found when we searched the place. Chezano hadn't fenced the jewelry as fast as he stole it, and the parade of women who came to claim it all later read like the Social Register. (SLOW, DISMISSIVE) Eh, Social Register, the Elite, the Four Hundred. (WITH QUIET ENTHUSIASM) Yeah, well, I know a place where the Four Hundred give way to four thousand luscious lovely mountain trouts. Oh, ho! The forest primeval! The murmuring pines and the--

MUSIC: OUT GENTLY

MARLOWE: (NARRATES, SADLY AMUSED) Yeah. You know what? I don't think I'm gonna make it.

MUSIC: CURTAIN

ANNOUNCER: "The Adventures of Philip Marlowe," bringing you Raymond Chandler's most famous character, starred Gerald Mohr, was produced and transcribed tonight by Cliff Howell, and written for radio by Kathleen Hite. The cast included Gloria Blondell, Ed Max, Jeanne Bates, Harry Bartel, Betty Lou Gerson, Lou Krugman, Eda Reiss Merin, and Jay Novello. Gerald Mohr may currently be seen in the Santana production "Sirocco." The special music for "Philip Marlowe" is composed by Pierre Garriguenc and conducted by Wilbur Hatch.

MUSIC: TAG ... THEN BEHIND ANNOUNCER--

ANNOUNCER: Be sure to listen again next week at this same time when Philip Marlowe says--

MUSIC: OUT SHARPLY

MARLOWE: This time, strange sounds came from a bungalow court. Or did they? An old woman thought so, but she had quite an imagination. A crack in the wall held a secret, a couple of guys held guns, and a nice guy held on -- for dear life.

MUSIC: TAG

ANNOUNCER: Just as systematic exercise builds a strong body, so does systematic saving build a strong future. Save systematically for your future, and for your country's future, with United States Defense Bonds. Defense bonds are Series E Bonds: safe, sure, profitable. The systematic, easy way to buy

defense bonds is through the Payroll Savings Plan where you work. So for the defense of your future, for the defense of your country's future, buy your full share -- regularly, systematically -- of United States Defense Bonds.

MUSIC: FOR CLOSING ... THEN IN BG, UNTIL END

ANNOUNCER: Roy Rowan speaking. This is the CBS Radio Network.