

Men are big and tall. Dolls are very small. When men begin to fall, the dolls will rule them all.



Pyrigi's Wonderful Dolls was written by George Lefferts for Dimension X and first aired on August 4, 1950. It was later produced for X Minus One, June 5, 1955, and rebroadcast on X Minus One, January 18, 1956.

The internet has perverted the spelling of Pyrigi. From primary documents, that is, radio guides in the newspapers at the time of broadcast, we can discern the original spelling. A quick Google search gets you Pirigi or even Pirigee, but a deeper dive into the primary documents or commentary on the work will validate the spelling PYRIGI.

Commentary on the work by horror genre scholars point to this episode as one of the nascent stories in the sub-genre of "killer doll stories". Told and re-told, the idea that there is something sinister in a harmless child's toy has stuck in the collective unconscious and whether or not Lefferts was the first to tap into this horror fodder may be debatable, but he blends it well with the fear of aliens, incarceration in a psychiatric hospital, and even fear of one's own children. This creepy story may seem innocuous upon first listening to it, but it will haunt your dreams for a long time afterwards!

DIMENSION X
Pyrigi's Wonderful Dolls
Aug 4, 1950

NBC ANNOUNCER: Wheaties presents Dimension X.

FX: drum roll

HOST NORMAN ROSE: Adventures in time and space transcribed in future tense (cymbal crash) Dimension X - x - x - x - x... (trails off and blends with sound of theremin.)

NBC ANNOUNCER: On stage tonight Dimension X. Another in the Wheaties big parade of exciting half hour presentations.

PSA ANNOUNCER: I'm thinking of a girl, very pleasant person, very attractive too. She has cool hands, a nice voice and a gentle manner. She's crisp and efficient, but she needs help badly. She's the American nurse and her problem is this: there just aren't enough like her to go around. Not enough nurses for the hundreds of important nursing careers now open in hospitals, industry, research, the armed forces and private duty. Now you may not know the girl I mentioned, but perhaps you know someone very much like her. A young girl with at least a high school diploma, of good health and character. If you do, tell her this: America needs 50,000 student nurses this year. Tell her you think she might be one of them. If she agrees, have her stop in at the hospital nearest to her. She'll never regret it and neither will you.

repeated gong blend into theremin

NB ANNOUNCER: Now tonight's adventure into the world of the unknown. The world of Dimension X.

musical transition organ and theremin

HOST NORMAN ROSE: The doll shop stood on a quiet Washington side street, not too far from the sprawling Pentagon building. A woman and a child waited outside, a little girl peering eagerly through the window at the dolls inside, and the woman glancing impatiently at her wristwatch as if expecting someone who was late for an appointment. And there was nothing about the doll shop to warn them that they were waiting to keep an appointment with doom.

musical transition suspenseful

CINDY: Oh, mommy, look!

ALMA: Yes, what is it, dear?

CINDY: In the window of the shop, the tiny dolls. Oh, mommy, do you think daddy will buy me one?

ALMA: Well, we'll ask him when he comes, dear. He said three o'clock on this corner.

CINDY: I see him, mommy. There he is. See?

ALMA: Oh, Henry, here we are.

HENRY: Hello, dear.

FX: heavy footsteps

ALMA: Hi.

HENRY: Sorry I'm late.

ALMA: Well, we've been waiting for you. Cindy's been so--

HENRY: Yes, I'm afraid I'll have to call off the shopping, Alma.

ALMA: Oh, Henry, we promised.

HENRY: Yes, I know. I'm sorry. It's just one of those things. You've been the wife of an army colonel long enough to know his life isn't his own.

ALMA: What is it this time?

HENRY: Oh, it's more of that flying sphere nonsense. The pilot who says he sighted it last month crashed and was killed today so the general wants a full report.

ALMA: Oh, dear, what next?

CINDY: Daddy!

HENRY: Well, I have a staff meeting at the Pentagon at 3:50.

CINDY: Daddy, look in this window.

HENRY: I haven't time, dear.

CINDY: Just for a minute, daddy, please.

HENRY: Cindy, I haven't time to stop and watch a bunch of six inch dolls parading around the shop-- (CHUCKLE) What? Say they are lifelike, aren't they? Just look at that, Alma. Dolls are marching around like a regular review. Huh. They've even got their own little band.

ALMA: Henry, your staff meeting.

HENRY: Hm? Oh, yeah, yeah. Guess, I'd better run. Now, look, don't go spending a lot of money on that nonsense, Alma.

ALMA: No, dear.

HENRY: Bye.

ALMA: Bye, dear.

HENRY: Bye, Cindy.

CINDY: (TO HENRY) Bye, daddy. (TO ALMA) Oh, mommy, look. Look, the band's going to play.

FX: tinkling band music

ALMA: (LAUGH) Aren't they wonderful, honey? You know, it's funny, I must have stood on this corner a thousand times and I've never even noticed this shop before.

FX: door opens with bell chime

PYRIGI: Good evening, children.

ALMA: Oh, well, good evening.

CINDY: Mommy, he talks awful funny.

ALMA: Hush Cindy.

PYRIGI: Would you like to step inside the shop of Santor Pyrigi?

ALMA: Well, yes, we would.

PYRIGI: This way.

FX: door shuts with bell chime, tinkling band music gets louder

CINDY: Oh, mommy, it's like-- it's like fairyland.

PYRIGI: Here in the shop of Santor Pyrigi, creator of Pyrigi's Universal Wonderful Dolls, the world of adult reality is blended with the world of child's fantasy.

ALMA: This is a new shop, isn't it, Mr. Pyrigi?

PYRIGI: What is new and what is old? Come. This way. Would you like to meet one of my little ones?

CINDY: Oh, yes.

PYRIGI: This one in the red jacket is Toto. Speak, little one.

TOTO: How do you do? How do you do? How do you do?

ALMA: Isn't that wonderful?

CINDY: Mommy, he talks. The doll talks!

ALMA: Amazing. It's absolutely amazing.

PYRIGI: That is nothing for Pyrigi's Wonderful Dolls. Listen. (TO TOTO) Sing, Toto. Sing for the little girl.

TOTO: My name is Toto. (CRAZED LAUGH)

ALMA: Cindy, listen.

PYRIGI: Sing, Toto.

TOTO: (singing) Men are big and tall. Dolls are very small. When men begin to fall, the dolls will rule them all.

CINDY: (CLAPPING) Oh, more, Mr. Toto, more!

ALMA: How do they work, Mr. Pyrigi?

PYRIGI: How do they work? Ahh. That is the secret of the Great Pyrigi, greatest of all doll masters. To make an ordinary doll is nothing. To make a perfect replica, that is something. But to make a doll with intelligence, that is the work of an artist. Eh?

ALMA: Well, yes. Well, they must be very expensive.

PYRIGI: Madam, when I construct a doll like Toto, I cannot bear to be parted from him permanently. So instead of selling, I rent my little people.

ALMA: You rent dolls?

PYRIGI: Precisely. Ten dollar. I have but one request. When you grow tired of my dolls, you must return them to me in good condition.

CINDY: Mommy, could we take him home?

TOTO: Take him home. Take him home. Take him home. (CRAZED LAUGH)

CINDY: Oh, look, Mommy, look. He's bowing and dancing.

ALMA: (LAUGH)

CINDY: Oh, Mommy, he wants to come. Please, I'll take such good care of it. Please.

ALMA: Well, honey, we'll—we'll have to deal with your father later, but...well...

CINDY: Oh, Mommy!

ALMA: All right, wrap him up, Mr. Pyrigi. Oh, dear, I have a feeling when your father comes home, we'll be sorry.

TOTO: Be sorry. Be sorry. Be sorry. Be sorry. (CRAZED LAUGH)

ALMA: (LAUGHS)

musical transition happy

CINDY: Now, Toto, this is my room, and you're going to sleep right here next to my pillow.

TOTO: (CRAZED LAUGH)

CINDY: Oh, Toto, don't laugh like that. I'm going to have to teach you some manners.

TOTO: (CRAZED LAUGH)

CINDY: You be quiet, because my daddy will be home soon, and he's a colonel in the army, and he'll bust you to private if you don't behave. Now, you wait here. I'm going to introduce you to my puppy dog, Mr. Blister. You be good now.

FX: door opens

CINDY: Here, Blister! Here, Blister! Come on, Blister!

MR BLISTER: dog barks and yips

CINDY: Mr. Blister, now, this is Toto.

MR BLISTER: growls

CINDY: Oh, dear, I don't think Mr. Blister likes you, Toto. Stop it, Mr. Blister. Come over here and shake hands with Toto, Mr. Blister. Come on, now.

MR BLISTER: growls

TOTO: (SCREAM)

CINDY: Blister! let him go! Let go! Let go!

TOTO: Kill him! Kill him! Kill him! Kill him! Kill him!

ALMA: Cindy! Mr. Blister, come over here. Why, what happened, dear?

MR BLISTER: growls

CINDY: Mr. Blister tried to bite my doll. Look how frightened Toto is.

ALMA: Dolls don't get frightened, Cindy.

CINDY: But he is, Mommy. He screamed.

ALMA: You just imagined it, honey.

CINDY: But he did. He did.

ALMA: Well, Mr. Blister didn't mean it. You know he's the gentlest little pup alive.

CINDY: He isn't. He's nasty, and I hate him.

MR BLISTER: whimper

ALMA: Cindy, you've hurt his feelings.

CINDY: I don't care. He tried to bite my new doll, and I don't ever want to see him again, ever!

ALMA: Oh, dear. All right, Mr. Blister. You come downstairs with me. Come on, now. Cindy's angry at you tonight.

MR BLISTER: whimper

CINDY: I'll kill him.

ALMA: Why, Cindy, why did you-- Where did you hear a thing like that?

CINDY: Toto said it.

ALMA: Well, you-- I see-- Well, you've had an exciting day, honey. You brush your teeth now and go to bed. Daddy's coming home late, so we'll see you in the morning. Hm? Good night, darling. (KISSY) Sleep well.

FX: door shuts

TOTO: (CRAZED LAUGH)

CINDY: I hate him, Mr. Toto. I hate him.

TOTO: Hate him. Hate him. Hate him. Hate him. (CRAZED LAUGH)

musical transition

FX: door opens and shuts

HENRY: Good morning, Alma. Breakfast ready?

ALMA: Just a minute. (pause) How was the staff meeting last night, dear?

FX: light footsteps, clinking dishes

HENRY: Oh, horrible bore, as usual. Where's the little one?

ALMA: Up in her room. She'll be down in a minute.

HENRY: Oh, say, remind me to take some papers back to the War Department, will you? I left them in my strongbox.

ALMA: Henry? You told me it was against regulations to bring secret papers home.

HENRY: Well, I had to finish some work for the old man. Nobody will ever know the difference.

FX: footsteps, clinking dishes

ALMA: Well, I suppose not. (pause) Oh, dear, would you feed the puppy before we sit down? His bowl's under the sink.

HENRY: Where is he? (pause) That's funny. Here's his supper from last night, only half eaten.

ALMA: Getting fussy.

HENRY: Blister! Here Blister! Blister! Where the dickens is that mutt? (WHISTLES)

ALMA: Maybe he's on the back porch.

HENRY: Maybe.

FX: screen door creaks open

HENRY: Here, Blister! Here, Blis— Alma.

FX: footsteps

ALMA: What is it, dear?

HENRY: Alma, look.

ALMA: Henry! Is he...?

HENRY: Yes, he's dead.

ALMA: But how? What happened?

HENRY: From the looks of it, he might have been poisoned.

ALMA: Poisoned? Who on earth would do a thing like that to an innocent little pup?

HENRY: I don't know. Let's see his dish.

FX: screen door creaks shut

ALMA: Oh, Henry.

HENRY: I don't understand this at all. (pause) Say, what's this?

ALMA: What's what?

HENRY: Look, there are pieces of broken glass in his food. Blue glass.

ALMA: Glass? Glass. Henry.

HENRY: Huh?

ALMA: Well, I-I just remembered something.

HENRY: What?

ALMA: It may just be coincidence, but in the bathroom this morning...

HENRY: What about the bathroom?

ALMA: Cindy's blue glass, you know the one with the Mickey Mouse on it? It was broken, Henry. I found pieces in the wastebasket. I meant to ask her about it.

HENRY: Oh, Alma, for heaven's sake, you aren't suggesting that our little girl...Why, she loved Blister more than anyone.

ALMA: Not last night, she didn't.

HENRY: Why not?

ALMA: Well, he—he, well, he went after Toto.

HENRY: Well who's Toto?

ALMA: Her new doll.

HENRY: You bought her one of those dolls?

ALMA: Well, I just rented it.

HENRY: Rented it?

ALMA: Yes

HENRY: Look, Alma.

ALMA: Uh, now...

HENRY: Well, all right. What's this got to do with Blister?

ALMA: He went for the doll, and Cindy-- Well--well, Cindy said-- Henry, she said she'd kill him.

HENRY: What? Well, that's ridiculous. Good heavens. A nine-year-old child putting ground glass in dog food. She'd have to be a monster.

FX: door opens

CINDY: Mommy!

HENRY: Now, don't say anything, I'll talk to her.

ALMA: Good morning, dear.

CINDY: Morning, Mommy. Morning, Daddy.

HENRY: Hello.

CINDY: What's the matter?

HENRY: Nothing, Cindy. Sit down, dear.

CINDY: Yes, sir.

FX: sliding chair

HENRY: Cindy, uh, your mother tells me you broke your blue drinking glass.

CINDY: Oh, no, I didn't break it.

ALMA: Now, Cindy...

CINDY: I didn't.

HENRY: Well, now somebody broke it. It wasn't your mother and it wasn't me.

CINDY: Well, then it must have been Toto.

ALMA: Cynthia!

HENRY: Cindy, you know Toto is only a doll. Now a doll couldn't have broken your glass, could he? Well?

CINDY: But he must have done it, Daddy.

HENRY: Cindy, you know how Daddy feels about little girls who tell untruths. Now, did you break your glass and maybe accidentally get some pieces into Mr. Blister's dish? To sort of punish him for biting your doll?

CINDY: Oh, no, Daddy.

HENRY: I'd hate to think you'd done something you knew was wrong and you were blaming it on a doll.

CINDY: What's the matter with Mr. Blister? Is he sick?

HENRY: He's dead, Cindy.

CINDY: Oh, no, he can't be dead. He isn't dead, Daddy. No, he isn't. He isn't. Mommy...

ALMA: Yes, dear?

CINDY: But he'll come back. He has to come back.

ALMA: No, he won't come back, honey.

CINDY: Not ever? (SOBBING)

ALMA: No, Cindy, not ever.

CINDY:(SOBBING)

HENRY: Now that we've told you, Cindy, do you want to change your mind about the glass?

CINDY:(SOBBING)

ALMA: Let her alone.

CINDY: Daddy, you think I killed-- (SOBBING)

ALMA: Now see what you've done. The child feels guilty now, Henry.

HENRY: Oh, dear, this is no time for feelings to interfere.

ALMA: (TO HENRY) Feelings don't know any time. When they come, they just come. (TO CINDY) You go up to your room, honey. Daddy and I'll be up in just a minute.

CINDY: I don't want to. (SOBBING)

ALMA: Please, Cindy. We'll be right up. Please? There, that's a good girl. Close the kitchen door behind you.

musical transition

FX: footsteps up stairs

CINDY: (SOBBING) Mr. Blister's dead. He isn't coming back. Ever. Ever. Daddy thinks it was me, but...

FX: door shuts

CINDY: ...it was you. It was you!

TOTO: (CRAZED LAUGH)

FX: cymbal crashes

musical transition

NBC ANNOUNCER: Dimension X will continue in just a moment.

FRANK MARTIN: You know, friends, 'Breakfast of Champions' is a whole lot more than a phrase written across a package of Wheaties. There's one thing I could tell you. I could tell you that it means champions in the world of sports eat Wheaties. And it's so true. You bet it is. But I've got a better idea. One I think you'll like. I think perhaps you'd rather get the story from a champion himself. So, here is a champion. Will you introduce him, Ed Prentiss?

ED PRENTISS: Now, young man, will you tell us what you do for a living?

BOB FELLER: I pitch.

ED PRENTISS: You what?

BOB FELLER: Pitch, pitch. You know, baseball. When you have a baseball team, you have to have a pitcher. I'm a pitcher. I pitch.

ED PRENTISS: Oh, yes. Yes, I see. And are you on a team?

BOB FELLER: Yes, sir. I'm on the Cleveland Indians.

ED PRENTISS: Cleveland Indians, hmmm? What is your name, young man?

BOB FELLER: I'm Bob Feller. And you know it as well as I do, Ed.

ED PRENTISS: Sure I do, Bob. It's good to see you. This makes your 14th season playing with the Indians, doesn't it?

BOB FELLER: Yup, Ed. 14 years.

ED PRENTISS: Well, tell me, Bob, how long have you been eating Wheaties?

BOB FELLER: Oh, about 20 years, give or take a couple.

ED PRENTISS: You mean you started eating Wheaties before you started playing ball?

BOB FELLER: Why, of course. What's so strange about that? Most people start eating Wheaties before they get to playing ball. In fact, most people never start playing baseball. You don't have to be a ball player to enjoy the lift you get from Wheaties with milk and fruit.

FRANK MARTIN: You're right as rain, Bob. No champ ever said a truer word about Wheaties, Breakfast of Champions.

musical transition tense

FX: clinking dishes and silverware

ALMA: Eat your supper, dear.

CINDY: I'm not hungry.

ALMA: Cindy, you scarcely touched your lunch.

CINDY: I don't feel like eating.

ALMA: Is it Mr. Blister?

CINDY: Oh, Mommy. (SOBBING)

HENRY: Cindy, answer your mother.

ALMA: Now, Henry, she'll work it out in her own way, dear.

HENRY: Oh, I don't know. When I was a boy, there was such a thing as discipline. The way this child is being brought up...

ALMA: Henry!

HENRY: Well, it's true. There's no respect. Lying.

FX: frustrated tap on the table, dishes clink

HENRY: Oh, I don't know. Alma, what's happened to us? We were a nice, peaceful, happy family until you bought that cursed doll.

ALMA: Now who's blaming things on the doll?

HENRY: Well, it's true!

ALMA: Henry! (pause) You wanted to get some papers from your strongbox.

HENRY: What? Oh, yes, excuse me.

FX: footsteps

ALMA: Will you try to eat something, Cindy? Now, darling.

CINDY: Yes, Ma'am. (SNIFFLES)

HENRY: Alma! Alma!

FX: hurried footsteps

ALMA: Yes, Henry, what is it?

HENRY: Alma, it's gone.

ALMA: What's gone?

HENRY: The box, the strongbox is gone.

ALMA: Well, it can't be. The door to your study is always locked, and you and I have the only keys.

HENRY: I know all that, but I tell you, it isn't there.

ALMA: Well, who would take...

HENRY: I don't know, Alma. Those confidential reports, if they ever get into the wrong hands--

ALMA: Oh, I warned you about keeping them here.

HENRY: Oh, what if it ever came out in the open? Can't you see the papers? "Army Colonel derelict in duty."

ALMA: Call the police, Henry.

HENRY: What, and throw my career in the wastebasket after 17 years? No, we've got to find it ourselves.

ALMA: But it was there when I went into clean this morning.

HENRY: Well, what about your key?

ALMA: It's right here. I always keep it right with me.

FX: keys jingle

ALMA: That's funny.

HENRY: Oh, no.

ALMA: But my other keys are all on the ring.

HENRY: You've lost it.

ALMA: I don't see how.

HENRY: Alma, how could you do it?

ALMA: Henry, please.

HENRY: Come on, we'll search the house. I can't think of anything else to do.

ALMA: Oh, dear, you're going to miss your staff meeting.

HENRY: Well, all right, never mind the meeting. My whole career goes up in smoke if we don't find those reports. Somebody got hold of your key and opened that room. I know: Cindy.

ALMA: Oh, let the child alone. She's been through enough. You know she wouldn't do a thing like that.

HENRY: I don't know anything anymore. I don't know my own child. I don't even know you.

ALMA: Henry!

HENRY: All I know is that strongbox is gone with papers that are dynamite if the wrong person gets them. The question being who?

TOTO: (CRAZED LAUGH)

HENRY: What's that?

ALMA: It's coming from upstairs.

HENRY: It's that blasted doll again.

ALMA: Something must have set it off. I-I don't know how the mechanism works.

HENRY: Well, for heaven's sake, let's go up and shut it off!

ALMA: Alright.

FX: multiple footsteps upstairs

TOTO: (CRAZED LAUGH) Toto. Toto. Toto. Toto. Kill him. Kill him. Kill him. (CRAZED LAUGH) How do you do? How do you do? How do you do?

HENRY: Stop it! Blasted little imp.

FX: grunt and thudding clunk

HENRY: There.

ALMA: Henry.

HENRY: Since we got this thing--

ALMA: Henry.

HENRY: What?

ALMA: Look.

HENRY: Where? What?

ALMA: Around the doll's neck. The key. The key to your study.

HENRY: It was Cindy after all.

ALMA: I don't believe it.

HENRY: Ever since she got this fool doll, she's been acting half insane. First the dog, now this. (pause) I think she hates us, Alma.

ALMA: Henry. Cindy is my child and I know her. I know she's a good, sensitive little person with-with no malice in her.

HENRY: You're just simply refusing to face the facts, dear.

ALMA: What are you going to do?

HENRY: I'm going downstairs and have a talk with that young lady.

musical transition

HENRY: Cindy, you're not telling me the truth.

CINDY: Oh, yes I am, daddy.

HENRY: Now all I'm asking is that you tell me the truth. Now where is it?

CINDY: I didn't take it, daddy. Honest, I didn't take it.

HENRY: (QUIET EXHALE) I suppose you're going to tell me now that a little six inch doll took my strongbox and hid it. Well? (pause) Cindy, I'm speaking to you.

CINDY: I didn't take it, daddy. You don't understand. Toto did it. Oh, he's terrible awful. He says things. He says he's going to kill everybody.

HENRY: Cindy, you're inventing things.

CINDY: It's true. At night when I'm sleeping he stands next to my pillow and whispers things to me. Awful things. He told me he'd kill me too if I told you.

HENRY: Alma, I think this child is sick. I think she needs a doctor.

ALMA: She's frightened, Henry. She's trembling like a leaf. Come on, darling, we'll go up to your room.

CINDY: I don't want to go up there.

ALMA: Now, honey, mommy, will stay with you.

CINDY: I'm afraid...he's up there.

ALMA: Who, Cindy?

CINDY: Toto.

HENRY: Well, he won't be up there for long. Mr. Toto is going right back to Pyrigi's Wonderful Doll Shop before I lose my sanity. Which means right now.

musical transition

FX: door opens with bell chime

PYRIGI: Ah, Colonel Grayson. Welcome to the home of Pyrigi's Wonderful Dolls.

HENRY: Are you Pyrigi?

PYRIGI: Santor Pyrigi, creator of the Universal Doll. The doll with a mind. The doll with—

HENRY: Yes, well, I'm returning one of your masterpieces.

PYRIGI: Oh? If you will you step into the rear of my shop.

FX: footsteps, light tinkling band music

PYRIGI: Now, what is the complaint?

HENRY: There's no complaint. Here's your doll. Good riddance.

PYRIGI: My little Toto, rejected. You found the world of men too filled with hate.

TOTO: Hate. Hate. Hate. Hate.

PYRIGI: We will change all that later on. Return to your comrades in the window, little one.

FX: tiny footsteps

PYRIGI: And now, Colonel Grayson?

HENRY: I think we have no further business, sir.

PYRIGI: Ah, but we do, Colonel.

FX: footsteps, shuffling

PYRIGI: Let me see. Ah yes, here it is. Do you recognize this, Colonel?

HENRY: That's my strongbox. Where—

PYRIGI: My little Toto is very clever, sir.

HENRY: Are you trying to tell me your doll stole that from me?

PYRIGI: Let us not say stole. I'm merely keeping it in custody.

HENRY: What's your game, Pyrigi?

PYRIGI: Blackmail. You give me what I want, I do not ruin your career.

HENRY: What do you want?

PYRIGI: Information. We already know something from the reports of the War Department concerning a certain strange looking sphere reported by one of your pilots.

HENRY: What government do you represent?

PYRIGI: I represent Pyrigi's Wonderful Dolls, none other.

HENRY: I'm not so naive, sir.

PYRIGI: Perhaps I should explain. Each man hides something from the world. Each man loves something more than life. With the help of my Wonderful Dolls, I obtain personal information which enables me to control the men who control the world. Men like you.

HENRY: Hand over that strongbox.

PYRIGI: I warn you, I have a gun.

HENRY: Give it to me.

PYRIGI: You are being foolish. Put down that walking stick.

HENRY: Now.

PYRIGI: No closer!

HENRY: Now.

FX: bang, thump, thud, repeated click of phone receiver

HENRY: (TO OPERATOR) Hello. Give me the police. (TO POLICE) Hello. This is Colonel Henry Grayson. I've just killed a man. (pause) Pyrigi's Doll Shop, corner of 4th and Lexington. The body is in the rear. I'll wait for you.

TOTO: (CRAZED LAUGH)

HENRY: Shut up.

TOTO: (CRAZED LAUGH)

HENRY: Shut up, you little fiend!

TOTO: Colonel Grayson.

HENRY: Did I hear you speak?

TOTO: Colonel Henry Grayson. (CRAZED LAUGH)

HENRY: It can't be. I must be going out of my mind. A six inch doll...ah.

TOTO: (CRAZED LAUGH)

HENRY: Shut up. Your master's dead.

TOTO: You are mistaken, Colonel. I, Toto, am the master.

HENRY: What do you mean?

TOTO: If you will examine the body of Santor Pyrigi, you will see that he does not bleed. And he does not bleed, Colonel, because Santor Pyrigi never lived.

HENRY: Never lived?

TOTO: Santor Pyrigi is a doll.

HENRY: A doll? But, ah. He's a man. He talks. He walks!

TOTO: The people of Meritryx are skillful doll builders.

HENRY: Meritryx? Doll builders? Who are you?

TOTO: I am Zanthis Senpirator, commander of the Legions of the Third Planetoid, Meritryx.

HENRY: Legions? Planetoid?

TOTO: My people and I, whom you regard as dolls, come from a tiny planet beyond the moon.

HENRY: What?

TOTO: So small that it cannot support our population.

HENRY: Then it's true?

TOTO: We landed one of our space spheres on Earth three months ago with the intention of colonizing. Unfortunately, one of your pilots intercepted us.

HENRY: So that's why you wanted our information?

TOTO: Precisely.

HENRY: And you...are human?

TOTO: Quite human. Of course, in order to deal with Earth people without suspicion, we were forced to construct Pyrigi, a man-sized doll.

HENRY: No, it can't be. I can't believe this. I'm having hallucinations. I've got to get out of here.

TOTO: That will be impossible. We have weapons of destruction quite unknown to Earth people.

HENRY: I phoned the police. They'll be here soon.

TOTO: By the time they arrive, my people will have prepared something quite shocking. (CRAZED LAUGH)

musical transition

FX: police sirens, car squeals to a halt, door slams, heavy footsteps

SERGEANT: Keep me covered, Brian.

OFFICER BRIAN: Okay, Sarge.

FX: door opens

SERGEANT: All right. You the guy who turned in the call?

HENRY: Yes, that's right, Sergeant.

OFFICER BRIAN: Where's the body?

HENRY: Well, you see, it-it isn't exactly a body.

SERGEANT: What do you mean?

HENRY: It's a doll.

SERGEANT: What?

HENRY: Now, wait, you've got to let me explain. I know this sounds fantastic, but I've stumbled on to an unbelievable plot.

SERGEANT: Yeah? Keep talking.

HENRY: You see, these little dolls, they aren't really dolls. They're—they're tiny people. Now, there's a big doll named Santor Pyrigi. They're using him as a front to run the shop.

OFFICER BRIAN: He's off his trolley, Sarge.

HENRY: Now look here--

SERGEANT: Now listen mister, we got a call that there was a murder here. Now, if there was one, where is the body?

HENRY: Well, it's behind the curtains in the back. Only, you see, it isn't really a body. It's a big wax dummy. It's all part of their plot to gain control of the world!

OFFICER BRIAN: Holy smoke, he's really off his rocker.

HENRY: Now, look, if you don't believe me, I'll prove it to you. Come here.

FX: footsteps

HENRY: Look behind this curtain, you'll see the dummy lying on the floor.

FX: clink of curtain rings

PYRIGI: Welcome, gentlemen. Are you looking for something?

HENRY: Pyrigi! This is impossible. I smashed his skull.

SERGEANT: Do you know this guy?

HENRY: That's the one! The doll.

SERGEANT: What's your name, mister?

PYRIGI: Pyrigi, Santor Pyrigi, creator of the Universal Doll.

SERGEANT: Uh-huh. You ever see this man?

PYRIGI: Never, until just now.

HENRY: That's not true. He's lying. I tell you, he's nothing but a big doll. The real masters of the little dolls.

SERGEANT: Brian, are you getting this?

OFFICER BRIAN: He's wacko, Sarge.

HENRY: No, I--

OFFICER BRIAN: Nutty as a fruitcake.

HENRY: I'm not crazy, I tell you. I can prove it. They must have fixed up his head where I smashed it in. Touch him and you'll see.

SERGEANT: Mr. Pyrigi, you know what this guy is talking about?

PYRIGI: The man is demented, obviously.

HENRY: No, that's not true. I tell you, there's a plot to control the Earth. I've got to call the War Department. They want to know about the flying sphere.

SERGEANT: Holy Mackerel, this gets worse every minute. Brian.

OFFICER BRIAN: Take him to headquarters?

SERGEANT: No. save some time, take him down to Psycho Ward.

OFFICER BRIAN: Okay, all right, Buck Rogers. Come along nice and quiet.

HENRY: No, don't you see? He's nothing but a man-sized doll!

FX: scuffling footsteps

OFFICER BRIAN: I heard you, the little ones are going to take over the Earth and you're going away to cut out some nice paper dolls.

HENRY: Please, listen to me. You've got to listen to me. You've got to!

FX: police car door slams

SERGEANT: Sorry you had all this trouble, Mr. Pyrigi.

PYRIGI: Poor chap. He is obviously suffering from delusions.

SERGEANT: Well, he's not the only one in Washington today. (SIGH) You know, we've been getting a whole string of crack-ups lately. Big wigs blowing their tops under pressure. If you could see some of the names in our confidential files.

PYRIGI: You keep confidential files on cases like these?

SERGEANT: Certainly. Believe me, they'd be dynamite if they ever got in the wrong hands. Well, I'd better be running along.

TOTO: (CRAZED LAUGH)

SERGEANT: Hey, is that a talkin' doll?

PYRIGI: Yes, Sergeant.

TOTO: My name is Toto. I dance and sing.

SERGEANT: Well, I'll be. Heh-heh. My little girl would be nuts for that.

PYRIGI: So? Then please accept the doll for saving my life. That madman might have killed me.

SERGEANT: Yes, but I--

PYRIGI: Take Toto home with you, as a gift.

SEGEANT: Well, I don't know, Mr. Pyrigi. It's against regulations for us to accept favors.

PYRIGI: But this is not for you. It is for your little daughter. And if you will only take the doll and give him a good home, you will be doing me a great favor.

SERGEANT: Well, then, if you insist, and--and thanks very much. Heh--heh--heh. When my kid sees this, will she be surprised!

PYRIGI: Yes, Toto will come as a great surprise. A very great surprise. Eh? Toto?

TOTO: (CRAZED LAUGH)

cymbal crash, musical conclusion, repeated gong

NBC ANNOUNCER: Tonight, Dimension X has transcribed Pyrigi's Wonderful Dolls, an original radio drama written by George Lefferts. Les Damon appeared as Colonel Grayson and Joan Alexander as Alma, with Denise Alexander as Cindy. Joe De Santis played Santor Pyrigi, and Leon Janney was Toto, the talking doll. Engineer Bill Chambers, your narrator was Norman Rose. Music by Albert Buhrman. Dimension X is produced by Van Woodward and directed by Edward King. In a moment, we'll tell you about next week's show. And now, here is your Wheaties man, Frank Martin.

FRANK MARTIN: Look at your Wheaties in a cereal bowl, and, well, they look pretty innocent, don't they? They're crisp, alright, and golden brown. And you know they've got that wonderful Wheaties nut-like taste. But where does all that energy come from? What is it about Wheaties that give you all those vitamins and minerals and proteins? I'll tell you what it is. There's a whole kernel of wheat in every Wheaties flake. Not just a portion of a kernel, mind you, but a whole kernel of wheat. Now, that begins to explain things, doesn't it? Tells you why Wheaties energy helps you feel good all morning long, like I keep saying. No wonder they're America's favorite whole wheat

flakes. 'Breakfast of Champions' and all that. Now you know why Wheaties at seven can help at eleven. Wheaties.

musical transition

HOST NORMAN ROSE: Next week, the strange story of a curse that came true. It's the story of the Castaways, another adventure into the unknown world of tomorrow. The word of (cymbal crash) Dimension X - x - x - x - x...(trails off)

FRANK MARTIN: And this is the Wheaties man, Frank Martin, inviting you to listen Saturday, that's tomorrow night, to Joel McCray in Tales of the Texas Rangers on the Wheaties Big Parade. See you then!

repeated gong