

## **CANDY MATSON TRIBUTE**

Written and produced by

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Re-Imagined Radio  
Season 09, Episode 11

Final draft

## **CANDY MATSON TRIBUTE**

Best of the popular female detective programs

Re-Imagined Radio  
Season 09, Episode 11  
Final Draft

Premier broadcast: November 15, 2021

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### **Synopsis**

Re-Imagined Radio samples from the first and last series  
episodes for this tribute to *Candy Matson*, the best of  
the popular female detective programs

### **Color Code**

**Yellow highlighted text** = sound effect(s), either pre-  
recorded or live.

~~**Magenta highlighted text with strike through**~~ = text  
deleted for episode timing

**MUSIC** = pre-recorded

**MUSIC** = bespoke, created for this episode

COLD OPEN

MUSIC: RE-IMAGINED RADIO THEME,  
CROSSFADE TO

SFX: PICKUP TELEPHONE RECEIVER

MATSON Hello, Candy Matson.

MAN'S VOICE ON TELEPHONE I understand you've been hired to find out who knocked off Donna Dunham.

MATSON Abrupt and right to the point. That's my business old man who talks like a ghost.

MAN'S VOICE Take care of your health, Little Lady. Donna Dunham is dead. Let her stay like that.

MATSON You take care of your Qs and I'll shell my Ps, understood?

MAN'S VOICE Not quite. Listen to this . . .

SFX: GUNSHOT, BREAKING GLASS IN  
WINDOW

MATSON Oh, goody goody. Bullets now delivered by phone. Thanks for the slug. I'll have it identified later.

MAN'S VOICE Maybe you'll be identified later. Remember what I said Candy Matson. Forget about Donna Dunham.

MUSIC: FADE UP RE-IMAGINED RADIO  
THEME, THEN OUT

HOST INTRO

HOST

Hello and welcome to Re-Imagined Radio. I'm John Barber. Thank you so much for listening.

Re-Imagined Radio explores radio storytelling from a variety of perspectives. This episode pays tribute to the popular female detective series *Candy Matson*.

Crime and detective radio series were popular from the 1940s to the 1950s, perhaps due to rising concerns for emerging criminal activities at all levels. A number of detective radio series responded to this interest. *Candy Matson* was a compelling alternative to the popular male detective radio genre, and was the best of the female detective programs.

Candy Matson was an intelligent, no nonsense detective. She was driven, relentless, and disarming. Rather than a seedy office, she ran her business from a Telegraph Hill penthouse in San Francisco, California.

She worked with Rembrandt Watson, an eccentric photographer, and sparred with Lieutenant Ray Mallard, a San Francisco police detective, and her love interest. San Francisco actors, musicians, and colorful locales often played supporting roles.

HOST

Ninety-one episodes of Candy Matson were broadcast from 1949 to 1951, when the series was cancelled. For this Re-Imagined Radio "Candy Matson Tribute," we'll listen to the first and last episodes.

The first episode is known as "The Donna Dunham Case" and was first broadcast 30 June 1949. In this episode, Candy investigates a jealous lover murder and nearly falls victim herself.

Let's listen to Candy Matson in "The Donna Dunham Case."

MUSIC: ORGAN, DRAMATIC INTRODUCTION

MATSON

~~My name is Candy Matson. I like money, lots of it. That's why I became a private eye. And true, you meet such interesting people, mostly dead. But getting back to the cash angle, that's why I took on the Donna Dunham case: I knew it was full of dynamite. But, a girl has to eat now and then maintain a penthouse on Telegraph Hill and keep the moths out of a few mink coats, doesn't she? Sure. And a shot fired into your room from across the street at 3:00 in the morning is just one of those occupational hazards. So I took the job and the 500 [dollars] and went to work. Like to hear how the whole thing started? Well, leave us proceed to act one.~~

MUSIC: ORGAN, TRANSITION, FADE IN  
BAR WALLAH

ACT 1

SFX: INTERIOR, HOTEL BAR, MUSIC IN  
BACKGROUND, CONVERSATIONS

MATSON (NARRATING) I had a hard day at the office . . . sleeping all day, and I needed a bit of a tonic to pick me up. So the natural thing to do is to ground loop into the Marigold Room and see what could be done.

As I sank down on one of the padded stools, the dispenser approached.  
(SPEAKING) Make it a martini, My good man, very dry so dry it comes out like a blotter.

BARTENDER Look lady, nothing would give me more pleasure, but I can't serve you here unless you have an escort.

MATSON What? Oh, I'm, I'm, I'm waiting for someone.

BARTENDER That's what they say.

MATSON But he'll be here very soon.

BARTENDER I know. I know it never fails.

MATSON Why you low minded frog, for two cents .  
. . .

WARREN ROBERTS (STEPPING ON MATSON'S LINE) I see I have arrived just in time. Save your two cents my dear.

MATSON Hmmm?

ROBERTS (TO BARTENDER) You heard what the lady said, a martini. Make it two.

~~BARTENDER (SARCASTICALLY) Yeah, sure . . . I thought it was just another one of those . . . Yeah. Two martinis.~~

ROBERTS Well, saved from a fate worse than death, Miss Madsen.

MATSON Who are you?

ROBERTS A natural question.

MATSON And I'd like a natural answer.

ROBERTS Roberts is my name. Warren Roberts. I own a few steamships hither and yon about the world.

MATSON Oh yes, I know. I took a trip on one of your scows once. The food was a nightmare's nightmare.

ROBERTS How do you think I came to be a millionaire?

MATSON Uh-Huh. I see your point. How did you know my name and what do you want?

ROBERTS I have a business proposition to make to you, Miss Matson.

MATSON You're sure it's business, Mr. Roberts.

ROBERTS Strictly business, Miss Matson.

MATSON Call me Candy. You tell me the details and I'll tell you what it'll cost you.

ROBERTS Fair enough.

MATSON But don't think you can always make it back on your food.

ROBERTS Well, I can hardly tell you here. Suppose we drop over to my place.

MATSON But I want that martini.

ROBERTS My man will make us a batch over there.

MATSON The things I do to make a living. Okay, let's go.

BARTENDER Hey, how about these drinks?

ROBERTS Here you are my man, and save the martinis for some poor, wayward soul who hasn't the wherewithal to make the purchase.

MUSIC: ORGAN, TRANSITION

SFX: DOOR OPENING.

MONTGOMERY Oh, good evening, Mr. Roberts. Ah, I didn't know you were expecting company so soon after . . .

ROBERTS (STEPPING ON MONTGOMERY'S LINE) Take Miss Matson's things Montgomery and bring us a martini.

MONTGOMERY They're all made, sir.

ROBERTS Good. Let's go into the drawing room, shall we?

MATSON Um, hummmm. Modest little mousetrap, isn't it? And I'll bet it's had a good path beaten to its door too.

ROBERTS (SUBTLE LAUGH) Quite a sense of humor you have Candy.

MATSON Well, I need help now and then.

~~ROBERTS Here. Sit down here. That's it.~~

MATSON ~~I, uh, I can't quite see you, ah, it's like being behind a retaining wall. Oh well, I'll just listen.~~ What's the topic of conversation.

ROBERTS A young lady named Donna Dunham.

MATSON Ah, ha, the female element. What . . . is your connection?

ROBERTS Well . . . It's strictly that of a patron.

MATSON Oh . . . ?

ROBERTS Miss Dunham was a hat check girl over at the Scarlet Dawn. I heard her sing one night. I decided right then and there that I was going to sponsor her career.

MATSON Was . . . ?

ROBERTS Yes. . . Donna Dunham was murdered early this morning.

~~MATSON By you?~~

~~ROBERTS What? Are you out of your head?~~

~~MATSON Yes, when I think of the fee I'm going to get from you.~~

~~MONTGOMERY I beg your pardon, sir. The martinis.~~

~~ROBERTS What? Oh, oh yes. Put them down there, Montgomery.~~

~~MONTGOMERY Very good, sir.~~

~~ROBERTS Very good, Montgomery. I won't need anything else tonight.~~

~~MONTGOMERY Thank you, sir. Good night, miss.~~

~~MATSON Good night. (Imploring, perhaps for her personal safety) Ah, don't sleep too tight.~~

~~ROBERTS May I?~~

~~MATSON You certainly may. I have been waiting far too long for one of these.~~

~~ROBERTS There you are.~~

MATSON Mm . . . hmm. Thanks. Well, as a sponsor you didn't pick a protege with great lasting qualities, did you?

ROBERTS No, I didn't. (INTROSPECTIVE, AS IF TALKING TO HIMSELF) She was so young. So very lovely. (TO MATSON) Will you take the case Miss Matson?

MATSON What do I have to go on?

ROBERTS Well . . . very little. My suspicions point to a musician who worked at the

Scarlet Dawn. He seemed to resent very strongly my stepping into the picture.

MATSON Were they going together?

ROBERTS Off and on . . . until I started to back Donna's career.

MATSON A very interesting triangle. What did the police have to say?

ROBERTS The police, Miss Matson, have not yet been notified.

MATSON What?

ROBERTS I went over there this morning I discovered the body lying on the floor. I became confused. I locked the door and called The Scarlet Dawn. I told the manager that Miss Dunham was quite ill and wouldn't be able to appear tonight.

MATSON Extremely ill, I'd say. Well . . . this is fine. You realize you are in trouble, don't you?

ROBERTS Yes, I do.

MATSON And that if I take this case, I'm sticking my neck out too?

ROBERTS Exactly.

MATSON My fee is five hundred.

ROBERTS That's a fair price.

MATSON (WITH EMPHASIS) In advance . . .

ROBERTS Well, I'll make out a check immediately.  
(PAUSE) ~~Oh! Won't you have another martini?~~

~~MATSON I . . . ah . . . I don't think so.~~

ROBERTS (VERY SUAVE) You know . . . you ARE very beautiful.

~~MATSON (SIGHS) Thank you, but I already have a sponsor.~~

~~ROBERTS And your lips are very kissable.~~

~~MATSON The best you can buy from Max Factor.~~

~~ROBERTS Are you sure you don't want another martini?~~

MATSON Look, Roberts, let's get this straight. You're in the middle of a jackpot. Make that check out right now so I can join you. Then it's up to me to spring the both of us. In the meantime, heh . . . get that glint out of your eye, the one that's wired for wolf calls. Understood?

ROBERTS (SIGHS) Very well.

MATSON I'll get started right away. Where does the late Miss Dunham live?

ROBERTS Just on the edge of Chinatown. 27 B Gresham Alley. It's the only three flat house on the block.

MATSON I'll find it. And you . . . You just stick right here and don't poke your face out of the door. (SEDUCTIVELY) Now . . . the check . . . if you will.

MUSIC: ORGAN, TRANSITION

SFX: FOOTSTEPS, FOLLOWED BY OTHERS.  
WHEN THE FIRST STOPS, SO DOES THE  
SECOND.

MATSON Now listen you. If you think you're going to get . . . Well . . . send me back to the last line in the chorus if it isn't Old Hawkshaw himself.

RAY MALLARD Yeah . . . that's right. Hire a cabbie?

MATSON Now how you ever got to be a police detective I'll never know. I heard you trailing me for the last two blocks.

MALLARD Maybe I wanted you to hear me. What are you doing over in Chinatown, Candy?

MATSON I like tomato chow yut.

MALLARD (DISBELIEVING) Ah, huh! Something up?

MATSON Not with you around, there isn't.

MALLARD Look, Candy. Just a little word of caution . . . we're laying for you.

MATSON Oh?

MALLARD The Chief isn't very happy about you bustin' up that Newton case last month.

MATSON                   Somebody had to. The score was still tied in the 27th inning.

MALLARD                 Stop gagin' Candy. What you doing around here? You don't like tomato chow yut that much.

MATSON                   Well maybe that Oriental music sends me. By the way, where's the Scarlet Dawn Mallard?

MALLARD                 Huh? Well, right down there on the corner.

MATSON                   Come on, I'll buy ya a double mickey.

MALLARD                 Eh? Ah, no thanks. I just had one. Listen Candy, take a tip . . . don't interfere with the work of the police.

MATSON                   Don't worry about me, Mallard. And you take a tip too. Next time you trail somebody, get yourself a pair of tennis shoes.

MUSIC: ORGAN, TRANSITION

ORIENTAL WAITER        Yes, miss. You like a table?

MATSON                   No thanks. Ah . . . No.

WAITER                  Something I can do?

MATSON                   Hmmm? Oh, oh yes, I'm . . . I'm a friend of Donna Dunham. She wanted me to come over and tell you that she's feeling better. She'll be back at work tomorrow night.

WAITER Well, that's good. Business at the Hat  
Check Stand no good without her.

MATSON Yeah. Yes, she's a great girl. By the  
way, I, I don't see her boyfriend  
tonight.

WAITER Boyfriend?

MATSON You know, the fellow who plays in the  
band.

WAITER Oh. . . . Danny Andrene. No . . . he got  
night off.

MATSON Oh . . . too bad. She wanted me to tell  
him too.

WAITER Yup. Too bad. Oh . . . maybe you find  
him at the Lotus Hotel. He live there.

MATSON Oh, sure! The Lotus. Yes, I'll check  
there and thank you very much.

MUSIC: ORGAN, TRANSITION

SFX: TELEPHONE RINGING

REMBRANDT Rembrandt Watson speaking . . .  
WATSON

MATSON (INTERRUPTING WATSON) Yes, I know. Now  
look . . .

WATSON (CONTINUING HIS THOUGHT) . . .  
photographs taken at reasonable prices

MATSON (CONTINUING HER THOUGHT) . . . I know  
Rembrandt . . .

WATSON (CONTINUING HIS THOUGHT) . . . family groups and portraits especially, also . . .

MATSON (MORE INSISTENT) . . . Rembrandt . . . this is I, Candy Matson . . .

WATSON (CONTINUING) . . . fine colored pictures . . . (AWARENESS) What? Candy Matson?

MATSON That's right.

WATSON By all the furies of Zeus. Why did you have to call just now? I was wooing the muse that only Bacchus can create, probing the infinitesimal heights a soul can reach from the tear of the grape and you have to call and spoil it all.

MATSON Look, Rembrandt, uncross your eyes and listen to me.

WATSON I shall listen my lily but undoubtedly, I won't like it. What skullduggery, are you up to now?

MATSON I'm knee deep in something that smells as high as the open mudflat.

WATSON A towering comparison. What is it?

MATSON I can't tell you now, but I want you to do me a favor. Get your finest camera and go over to 27 B Gresham Alley. Get inside and take all the pictures you can at the place.

WATSON Won't I be intruding?

MATSON No. There's a very attractive young lady there.

WATSON Ahhhh . . . delightful

MATSON (CUTTING HIM OFF) She's dead.

WATSON How dull! I dislike intensely one sided conversation? (RESIGNEDLY) All right. What do I do then?

MATSON Go back to your place and get me some prints fast as you can.

WATSON I go, but not willingly Only for you would I forsake the mood I have achieved the prodigious application.

MATSON Bully for you laddie buck. I'll see you at your place in about an hour.

MUSIC: ORGAN, TRANSITION

MATSON Pardon me. Are you the night clerk?

CLERK I ain't Sittin' Bull and yes, we have no rooms.

MATSON (SEDUCTIVELY) I'm not here for a room . . .

CLERK (NOW INTERESTED) Oh . . .well, maybe there's something I can do for you?

MATSON Ahhh . . . yes, could you tell me if Mr. Danny Andrene is in?

CLERK No he isn't. Matter of fact, I haven't seen him all day.

MATSON Ahhh . . . yes, I, I know. There's a reason. We had to take him to the hospital this morning.

CLERK What?

MATSON Yes. He's under observation for appendicitis.

CLERK Oh, I'm sorry to hear that.

MATSON So . . . I was wondering if you'd let me have his key. He wants me to bring him his portable radio.

CLERK Eh, heh . . . Does he have one?

MATSON Why sir, ever heard of a musician who didn't own a portable radio?

CLERK (CHUCKLES) I know . . . come to think of it. Yeah, yeah. Here's the key. It's room 418.

MATSON You're very kind.

CLERK Not at all. (Chuckles, then emphasizing each word) Not. At. All.

MUSIC: ORGAN, TRANSITION

SFX: DOOR OPENING, FOOTSTEPS INTO HOTEL ROOM.

MATSON All right Candy Matson, start making like a private eye. Letters. Letters. Yes! Over here.

SFX: DRAWER OPENING

MATSON Promising! A whole pile of 'em. Well . . .  
. Let's try this one. (WHISTLES, THEN  
READING FROM LETTER) "Dear Danny . . . I  
don't know how to start this, but your  
accusations last night need some sort of  
answering. I'm not in love with Warren  
Roberts and never will be. He has proven  
to be a very kind and gracious friend.  
You must realize that I have placed my  
singing career above everything else and  
I want . . .

SFX: RAPID KNOCKING AT DOOR. AGAIN.

~~MATSON Well . . . leave us confront the issue  
Candy . . .~~

SFX: DOOR OPENING

MATSON (SIGHING) Ahhh . . . Oh, hello, you.

CLERK (TRYING TO ACT SAUVE) Hello. I was  
wondering if I could be of any  
assistance.

MATSON No . . . it seems that Mr. Andrene was  
was either seeing . . . I mean it  
doesn't seem to have a portable radio.  
I'll be on my way now.

CLERK Oh.

MATSON I'll . . . ah . . . I'll just be on my  
way.

CLERK Ah, now. What's the rush? You don't have  
to leave right away. (Insinuating)  
Wouldn't you like a drink . . . or  
something?

MATSON Ah . . . No, not right now. I am pressed for time . . .

CLERK (DISAPPOINTED) Ahhhhh . . .

MATSON (WHISPERING, CONSPIRATORIAL) Tell you what though . . .

CLERK Eh . . .?

MATSON (STILL WHISPERING) I'll be back later. How's that?

CLERK (WHISPERING) Sure. Fine. When?

MATSON (SPEAKING ALOUD) Let's make it next wishing time. Goodbye.

MUSIC: ORGAN, TRANSITION

SFX: RAPID AND URGENT KNOCKING ON A DOOR

REMBRANDT On my soul, I'd like to have that  
WATSON popcorn concession here tonight. Come in  
. . . come in . . .

SFX: DOOR OPENING

MATSON Rembrandt, you're a double crosser

WATSON I double crosser my dear?

MATSON Yes.

WATSON You are mistaken.

MATSON Oh.

WATSON                   The only time I double crossed was out in the country. I passed over a bridge, then I had to double cross back.

MATSON                   Oh no.

WATSON                   I found I left my knapsack with some rare vintage in it on the other side.

MATSON                   What are you doing here? You haven't had time to get the pictures I wanted.

WATSON                   That's just the point. To elucidate I arrived at 27 B Gresham Alley and found it to be a most loathsome location.

MATSON                   That's beside the point. What happened?

WATSON                   I couldn't get in.

MATSON                   Oh, Rembrandt . . . I . . . I've done you a grave injustice. Of course you couldn't get in. Warren Roberts has the key.

WATSON                   Who's this minion Roberts?

MATSON                   I'll tell you later. We've gotta work fast. Mallard says something in the wrong key and the police will be in on the deal before long.

WATSON                   Mallard the gumshoe?

MATSON                   That's right. I've just got to get pictures of the layout so I can study them.

WATSON In my own fumbling fashion Candy my love  
I've given birth to an idea.

MATSON Even from you, Rembrandt, I'll take it.  
I'm grabbing at straws.

~~WATSON Straws. Very effective with a tall cool  
Collins.~~

~~MATSON Never mind now.~~ What's your idea?

WATSON Let us high ourselves to a locksmith,  
present ourselves as man and wife, and  
the peasant will make us a key. Viola!  
Entre to the meteries apartment.

MATSON No, Rembrandt. That'll never work. Oh,  
wait a minute. Three flats to the house.  
I used to live in just that kind of a  
house that out on Fulton Street when I  
was a kid.

WATSON A nauseating thought.

MATSON Rembrandt, those flats are identical. If  
we can get into the flat above, we can  
get what we want.

WATSON I think I fathom your reasoning, Candy.  
In other words, the living room is just  
the same.

MATSON That's right.

WATSON The dining room likewise and the same  
goes for the bedroom, the kitchen, and  
even the . . .

MATSON That's right. Even in there.

WATSON Well, what are we waiting for. Let's go slumming in Gresham Alley.

MUSIC: TRANSITION, ORGAN

~~MATSON Go ahead Rembrandt. Ring the bell.~~

~~WATSON Always I must do the labor.~~

~~MATSON Oh, pooh. . . .~~

~~WATSON Well, I hope we don't disturb the dead in the middle flat.~~

~~MATSON You won't. From what I hear, he was done in sort of permanently.~~

~~WATSON Hmmm . . . . It appears there is no one home. Come on Candy, let's return and see what Bacchus has to offer.~~

~~MATSON Wait! I thought I heard something.~~

SFX: DOOR BUZZER.

~~MATSON There! You see? Got all your flashbulbs?~~

WATSON As they say in the old country: "Have I lost my marbles?" Open the door.

SFX: DOOR OPENS WITH A CLICK FROM THE AUTOMATED LOCKING MECHANISM.

WATSON Beauty before age my dear.

MATSON Thank you, Rembrandt.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS CLIMBING STAIRS

MATSON Hmmm . . . It's kinda dark in here.

WATSON Peculiar aroma. Definitely smacks of the Far East.

SFX: DOOR OPENS ABOVE, HIGHER UP THE STAIRCASE.

MATSON Yes . . s . .s . . .

DANNY ANDRENE (FROM LANDING OF FLAT ABOVE) Something you folks wanted?

WATSON Talk up, Candy. That's your cue.

MATSON Why . . . ah . . . yes . . . Yes. May we come up?

ANDRENE What'a you want?

MATSON Well . . . we're with a magazine . . . The House Lovely. We wanna take a few photographs of your place.

ANDRENE (DISBELIEVING) At this hour?

WATSON The working press is never shackled by the hands on the clock, sir.

ANDRENE Sounds phony to me but come on up.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS ENTERING ROOM.

ANDRENE (NOW IN SAME SPACE AS MATSON AND WATSON) What do you want to take pictures of this beat up joint for?

MATSON Well . . . you see . . . it's comparison . . . the old and the new. We've already

taken pictures of a flat similar to this only it's been remodeled. This . . . well . . . this is perfect for the content.

ANDRENE Ummm . . . well, I . . . ah . . . guess it's alright. Go ahead.

MATSON Ah . . . start with the hall Rembrandt.

WATSON Roger my pretty. Let's see . . . this should be just about right.

SFX: CLICK OF CAMERA SHUTTER

MATSON Um hmm. Now the bedroom. That should be off the hall here. Ah, yes! Shoot from the door Rembrandt.

SFX: CLICK OF CAMERA SHUTTER

MATSON Did you get the entire room?

WATSON Not quite, but most of it.

MATSON That'll do.

WATSON Just a moment.

SFX: CLICK OF CAMERA SHUTTER

WATSON Ah . . . there we are.

ANDRENE You cats work fast.

MATSON Ahhh . . . What was that?

ANDRENE I said you work fast.

MATSON Yes . . . Now, in the bathroom . . . do you have a tub or a shower?

ANDRENE (SINISTER) Why . . . Why don't you see for yourself?

MATSON No. On second thought, I think that's about all we need.

WATSON But Candy . . . you said that we need . . .

MATSON (CUTTING HIM OFF) Come along Rembrandt . . . and, umm . . . Thank you very much.

ANDRENE That's okay. And don't slam the door. The lady downstairs is sound asleep.

MUSIC: TRANSITION, ORGAN

SFX: FOOTSTEPS OF MATSON AND WATSON

MATSON Rembrandt . . . I think I've got this thing licked.

WATSON Are you referring to this case or my desire to return to the arms of Bacchus?

MATSON That I could never lick. I'm talking about the case. But . . . I need help Rembrandt.

~~WATSON I am here.~~

MATSON ~~No, that's not enough.~~ I need the big, strong arm of the law.

WATSON Oh . . . No . . . Candy you traitor . .  
.

MATSON (CUTTING HIM OFF) I hate to admit it but  
. . . I need somebody like Mallard.

MALLARD Am I being paged?

MATSON Huh . . . Oh, no . . . it's the wicked  
genie.

WATSON Yikes! It's the gumshoe.

MALLARD Yep! In person.

MATSON Mallard . . . how did you get here?

MALLARD I took you advice and bought some tennis  
shoes.

MATSON (SHORT CHUCKLE)

MALLARD All right . . . spill. What goes on?  
Been following you around until I'm  
punchy. Start talking Candy.

MATSON Okay . . . so you heard me. I DO need  
your help, Mallard . . . badly. It was a  
young girl murdered yesterday at 27 B  
Gresham Alley.

MALLARD That the place you just came from?

MATSON That's right.

MALLARD Why don't we ever hear of these things?

MATSON Oh . . . I get exclusive rights. Anyway  
. . . I think I have the whole deal

figured out. You can have full credit  
Mallard but . . . you've got to take my  
advice.

MALLARD Ehh . . h . . h . . . It hurts but go  
ahead.

MATSON Now go back to 27 C Gresham Alley.  
That's the top flat.

MALLARD Um . . hum . . .

MATSON You'll find a character there named  
Danny Andrene.

MALLARD Ah . . h . . h

MATSON Take him. Then get out to 5711 Pacific  
as fast as you can.

MALLARD Well . . . all right, I'll do it. But  
Candy so help me if this is a foul up .  
. . on you the new look with stripes is  
gonna be very fashionable.

WATSON She knows what's she's doing Mallard.  
When you get back to Gresham Alley just  
tell Mr. Andrene that you are from House  
Lovely . . .

MATSON (SHORT LAUGH)

WATSON He'll adore you.

MUSIC: TRANSITION, ORGAN

MATSON This is it, Rembrandt. I just hope my  
man Montgomery hasn't retired yet.

SFX: DOOR BUZZER

WATSON                   What are we doing out here on Pacific,  
Candy? This is out of our league.

MATSON                   All of a sudden I've become socially  
conscious. ~~Come on Montgomery . . .  
answer the door.~~

SFX: DOOR OPENING

MATSON                   Ahhh . . . right on cue.

~~MONTGOMERY           (OBSEQUIOUS) I beg your pardon. Did you  
ring?~~

~~MATSON                 No, Montgomery . . . We . . . we crossed  
the moat and used a battering ram.~~

MONTGOMERY             I'm sorry young lady . . . Mr. Roberts  
doesn't wish to be disturbed.

MATSON                   Look Montgomery . . . remember me? I was  
here earlier this evening. ~~Mr. Roberts  
and I had a martini together.~~

~~WATSON                 Martinis? Well . . . it was worth the  
safari out here after all.~~

~~MATSON                 Ah . . . Ha.~~

MONTGOMERY             (SUDDENLY MORE FRIENDLY) Oh, I am sorry  
miss. I didn't recognize you at first.  
Yes, do come in won't you?

MATSON                   And the light dawns . . .

MONTGOMERY If you'll just wait in the drawing room miss. I'll inform Mr. Roberts of your presence.

~~MATSON I used to know a chap like that in the British Army. By continual groveling and studied objectiveness, he worked his way up to the rank of a private.~~

~~WATSON (SHORT LAUGH)~~

~~MATSON Thanks, Rembrandt. That's the first laugh I've had tonight.~~

WATSON What's the pitch, Candy? I don't get it.

MATSON You will in a minute . . . Ah shhh? I hear the patter of little feet.

ROBERTS Miss Matson! What's the idea. I thought you were going to check with me by phone.

MATSON Mr. Roberts, this thing is bigger than either of us. I just couldn't wait.

WATSON (CLEARS THROAT) Ah . . . Is there a martini in the house?

ROBERTS I'll have Montgomery serve in just a moment.

MATSON I don't think there'll be time, Mr. Roberts. Well . . . where is she?

ROBERTS Upstairs.

MATSON You really loved her didn't you?

ROBERTS Madly.

MATSON That just about describes it . . .  
madly. While you were . . . umm . . .  
shall we say "sponsoring her career" . .  
. you thought she was playing around  
with Danny Andrene as well . . .

ROBERTS (INTERRUPTING) Yes! She was . . .

MATSON (INTERRUPTING) You're wrong, Roberts. I  
have a letter from Donna Dunham to Danny  
Andrene. In effect she told him to blow,  
skedaddle, vamoose.

ROBERTS What?

MATSON That's right. So it seems we have a  
slight case of mistaken murder on our  
hands doesn't it.

ROBERTS Yes. On one hand. On the other I have  
two in mind that will be deliberate. You  
asked for it Miss Matson. Too bad you  
had to bring your friend along.

MATSON I wouldn't if I were you Roberts.

WATSON That blackguard has a pistol. I thought  
you said he served martinis.

ROBERTS This isn't exactly a social moment. I  
know how you private eyes work. You're  
lone wolves. You confide in no one. So  
with the pull of a finger I erase all  
evidence, just like this.

SFX: TWO GUNSHOTS

ROBERTS (GROANS AS HE IS SHOT)

(PAUSE)

MATSON He's dead. I'm really grateful to you but where on Earth did you come from?

MALLARD Like I say, Candy, you just can't beat these tennis shoes.

WATSON Well . . . that clears everything up except for one thing . . . where do we go now for the martinis?

MUSIC: TRANSITION, ORGAN

MATSON (NRRTING) And that's how it happened. My phone rings and I'm into the darnedest mess you ever heard of. Sure, Roberts killed her. He was jealous. And I knew I was on the right track when Rembrandt said the apartment above Donna Dunham smelled like the Far East. It was tobacco odor. The same Turkish aroma I had smelled in Robert's home out on Pacific Street. Danny Andrene? Well, he was waiting for Roberts to return. He was going to kill him. He knew that Roberts had rented the flat above Dunham for . . . ahhh . . . sponsoring purposes. Donna was a nice kid. She was just caught in the middle . . . flat.

MUSIC: ORGAN TO END, CROSSFADE TO RE-IMAGINED RADIO THEME, UP BRIEFLY, THEN OUT

HOST This is Re-Imagined Radio with a tribute to *Candy Matson*, the very popular female

detective program. You just listened to "The Donna Dunham Case." I'm John Barber. We'll listen to the final episode of Candy Matson in just a moment.

SPONSOR BREAK #1: THREE SPONSOR MESSAGE HERE

HOST

This is Re-Imagined Radio, paying tribute to Candy Matson as the best of female detective programs. You just listened to the first episode of the series, "The Donna Dunham Case."

Candy Mattson was developed by husband and wife, Monty and Natalie Masters. Monty wrote, produced and directed each episode. Natalie voiced the leading role as Candy Matson.

The writing and acting, along with its local focus quickly made *Candy Matson* a favorite of listeners.

Despite its popularity, Candy Matson was canceled after ninety-one episodes in May 1951.

The final episode of Candy Matson features a double murder and a missing diamond. Both lead indirectly to Mallard proposing marriage to Candy. Let's listen to "Candy's Last Case," also known as "The Cape Hatteras Diamond."

MUSIC

(~~Single, sustained note on piano.~~  
~~Crossfade to . . . .~~)

~~SFX (Telephone ringing. Receiver is picked up)~~

~~MATSON Hello. Yukon 2-8-2-Oh-9~~

~~(PAUSE)~~

~~MATSON Yes . . . this is Candy Matson.~~

~~MUSIC: ORGAN SWELLS FOR  
INTRODUCTION, THEN CONCLUDES.  
CROSSFADE TO . . .~~

ACT 2

SFX: CAR SPEEDING DOWN ROADWAY.  
DUCK UNDER THE FOLLOWING . . .

REMBRANDT I do declare Candy, this is a madder dash than the one made by Paul Revere.  
~~(EXCLAIMS) Look out for that man!~~

~~MATSON I see him, Rembrandt.~~

REMBRANDT ~~I know it. You know it. But does he?~~  
What's the reason for this wild scramble girl?

MATSON I started to explain that ducky . . .  
look at that car up ahead about a block.

REMBRANDT Yes . . . it's a police car.

MATSON That's right. And you know who's driving? Lieutenant Ray Millard that's who . . . oh, whom.

REMBRANDT So Mallard is driving. There's no reason to get yourself in such a snit ~~girl~~. I imagine the lad has driven before.

MATSON I'm not worried about the mechanical aspects of placing a car in motion and guiding it to a predetermined terminal. It's the reason behind it that bothers me.

REMBRANDT That reason being what?

MATSON I don't know what the reason is, and that's the rub. For days now, he's been avoiding me like the plague. I call him on the phone. All I get are muffled sentences. Nothing makes sense. Last night, I waited in front of the Hall of Justice and followed him when he left.

REMBRANDT And where did you lead you dear? ~~To a pool room or some such thing?~~

~~MATSON~~ ~~No . . . pool room I wouldn't have minded. I shoot a pretty good stick of snooker, you know.~~

~~REMBRANDT~~ ~~You know that's beside the point, Candy. Come now, concentrate. Where did Mallard lead you?~~

MATSON To a small hotel on Ellen Street. He met a man in the lobby who was wearing dark glasses. They huddled in a corner and talked for a while. Then Millard left. I didn't duck that fast enough and Mallard saw me. Oh brother what a balling out I got.

REMBRANDT How strange.

MATSON With that he got in his car and drove away, like frantic.

REMBRANDT                    That certainly doesn't sound like  
Mallard.

MATSON                        I called to apologize this morning and  
he wouldn't even talk to me. And now  
this! He never drives a squad car unless  
it's absolutely necessary.

REMBRANDT                    Now you've got me curious. Something  
must be up.

MATSON                        You're darn tootin'. And I want in on  
it.

REMBRANDT                    Yes . . . Who does Mallard think he is,  
keeping things from US like this?

MATSON                        Oh, he's stopping. I better hold it up  
right here.

SFX: CAR COMES TO A STOP

REMBRANDT                    He's getting out Candy.

MATSON                        So I see . . . Look . . . he's . . .  
he's waving up at the middle flat. Do  
you seen anyone in the window up there  
ducky?

REMBRANDT                    Yes . . . a man. I can't quite make out  
his features, though.

MATSON                        Yes . . . yes, he's waving back.

REMBRANDT                    Well . . . what's Mallard doing now?

MATSON                        Going up the stairs, and in. How do you  
like that?

REMBRANDT            Rather delicious, isn't it? Oh, I squirm with intrigue!

MATSON                Well . . . I SQUIRM too. Come on, Rembrandt, squirm out of the car. This is one time I don't mind doing a shadow job strictly for free.

MUSIC: CONCLUDES ACT WITH SWELL

~~ANNOUNCER            From San Francisco, the national  
broadcasting company presents another  
yarn in the adventures of that  
attractive private eye Candy Madison  
YUkon 2-8-2-oh-9~~

ACT 3

MUSIC: FADE UP, THEN DUCK UNDER

MATSON                (NARRATING) I knew there was something wrong, three days before. Whenever I walk into Mallard's office in the Hall of Justice, where he lieutenants for the San Francisco homicide and all I get out of the big guy is an UG, something's foul in Dixie.

MUSIC: STING

MATSON                (RESPONDING TO THE MUSIC) You can play that in any key you like.

(NARRATING) And the UGs kept up, mentally and verbally. Add that situation with Mallard's mysterious friend in the dark glasses and you've got something, especially when Lieutenant Boy stops off at an old flat

waves to a gent, the gent waves back,  
and Mallard goes inside.

(Pause)

Ah . . . now we're all tidy and up to  
date.

MUSIC: BRIEF TRANSITION

MATSON (Narrating) We waited for about 20  
minutes outside by my car. Two or three  
other people came and went. Finally,  
Mallard came out carrying a very small  
box in his hand. He put it inside his  
coat pocket. The bulge wouldn't show any  
more than usual. That's where he keeps  
his police gun. Then he got in his car  
and drove off. Rembrandt and I  
immediately went to work. Object: a  
social call and our unknown friend in  
the second floor window.

MUSIC: ANOTHER TRANSITION

SFX: INTERIOR. FOOTSTEPS ASCENDING  
STAIRCASE.

REMBRANDT I must say Candy. This is most  
mystifying.

MATSON That it is ducky. In all the years I've  
known Mallard, I have never seen him act  
like this before.

REMBRANDT What are we up to now, doll?

MATSON We're going to take a look at the guy Mallard went to see. Find out what he looks like . . . what sort of racket he's in.

REMBRANDT Supposing Mallard hears about it. Won't we be even further into the doghouse?

MATSON Indubitably faithful old friend. But that's the chance I'll have to take.

(PAUSE)

SFX: EXTERIOR. FOOTSTEPS STOP

MATSON Hmm . . . here we are. Middle flat. This must be one of those babies built before the fire and 'quake.

REMBRANDT Yes . . . All nineteen oh six conveniences, including a door knocker.

MATSON Oh, give it blast ducky.

REMBRANDT As you say . . .

SFX: EXTERIOR. DOOR KNOCKER, SIX  
TIMES

REMBRANDT This sort of place gives me a galloping case of depression.

MATSON Yeah . . . I know what you mean. All the ghosts of the past half century. Try it again.

~~REMBRANDT Any harder and the building will slide off its foundation.~~

SFX: EXTERIOR. DOOR KNOCKER, FOUR  
MORE TIMES. HARDER.

MATSON                   What is it? You could have heard that last knock up in the Farallon [an upscale Union Square restaurant noted for its seafood].

REMBRANDT               Maybe he didn't hear you.

MATSON                   Anyone in the neighborhood would have heard that knock. I'm going to try the door.

SFX                       (Door knob manipulated. Door opens.)

MATSON                   AH! Voila . . . but it only moves about two inches.

REMBRANDT               Shove on it dear!

MATSON                   My thoughts exactly. (STRUGGLES WITH DOOR) It gives a little. Help me Rembrandt.

REMBRANDT               Very well.

SFX: INTERIOR. BOTH MATSON AND  
REMBRANDT STRUGGLE WITH THE EFFORT  
TO MOVE THE DOOR.

MATSON                   Hey look . . . under the door . . . that's blood.

REMBRANDT               I wouldn't call it ketchup.

MATSON                   Come on. Once again, and harder.

SFX: INTERIOR DOOR IS FORCED OPEN

REMBRANDT (SHOCKED WITH WHAT HE SEES) Oh my word!

MATSON That's the polite term. This guy's as dead as they come . . . look . . .

REMBRANDT What?

MATSON This is the Joe Mallard was talking to in the hotel lobby . . . even in the dark glasses.

REMBRANDT I wonder what Mallard will say about this.

MATSON I was wondering the same thing. Come on, Rembrandt. I don't think I feel very well.

MUSIC: TRANSITION TO NEXT SCENE

MATSON (NARRATING) That was an understatement. I felt worse than that, but I had to follow through now. Our next step took us down to the Hall of Justice for a little visit with Mallard. He was in . . . just beat his back by about ten minutes and he was still wearing the same scowl he had on the last time I'd spoken to him.

MUSIC: STINGER

MATSON You still mad at me, Mallard.

MALLARD No. I'm mad at myself.

REMBRANDT Did you stub your toe somewhere along the line, minion? Is that it?

MALLARD No, but I am about to.

MATSON What do you mean by that foot flat.

MALLARD You'll find out. And it's all your fault too.

MATSON You mean about last night, my following you?

MALLARD No . . . that was a dirty trick, but I forgive you. It isn't that.

MATSON Then what is it?

REMBRANDT For goodness sake . . . stop sounding like a Froppny Frill book.

MALLARD I'll say what I have to say my own good time, and nobody can force me to do otherwise.

MATSON I've got news for you, Junior. The police can make you talk.

MALLARD The Police? What kind of triple talk is this?

MATSON We followed you out to that flat just now. We saw everything.

MALLARD Whaaa . . . all the underhanded . . .  
(WITH RESIGNATION) So. You know.

MATSON Yes. But why did you do it, Mallard?

MALLARD Because I'm a fool. Just a plain fool. And I ought to have my head examined.

REMBRANDT                   And also the poor fellow you left out there. He needs HIS head examined too.

MATSON                        Sure does. Got a hole in it about the size of 45 slug would make.

MALLARD                     Wait a minute! What are you talking about?

MATSON                        Don't you know?

MALLARD                     I thought I did. Now I don't think so. Now come on quick . . . what's this hole in the head routine?

REMBRANDT                   He's serious, Candy.

MATSON                        I really think he is.

MALLARD                     Darn right I'm serious. Come on . . . spill.

MATSON                        OK OK I'll tell it to you like you don't know. We followed you out there. You wave up to the second story. Man looks out the window and waves back.

MALLARD                     Check.

MATSON                        You go inside. We wait 20 minutes, fritter away. You come out with a small object in your hands. You put said object in the inside coat pocket.

MALLARD                     Good report. Most efficient.

MATSON                        You drive off. We go up to pay a visit. The host wasn't willing. He'd been shot to death.

MALLARD                   What? Oh brother. And you thought I'd done it?

MATSON                    Well . . . .?

MALLARD                   (BEGINS LAUGHING)

MATSON                    Well, really Mallard . . . I don't see anything to laugh about.

MALLARD                   That's because you're not sitting where I am. Oh ho Sister Susie did you get your clues all fouled up! Let's get out of here. We got work to do.

MUSIC: SCENE TRANSITION

MATSON                    (NARRATING) My mental reflexes climbed on a merry-go-round and whirled gaily for several moments. I was REALLY confused. I didn't have time to do much about it because Mallard whisked us back to the flat. An hour later, the joint had been carefully gone over, photographed and the body of the poor guy removed to the coroner's office for an autopsy report. It didn't take long to find out that I was right. It HAD been a 45 that did the dirty work. Rembrandt had to leave, so I went back with Mallard to his office.

MUSIC: SCENE TRANSITION

MATSON                    Still think I had something to do with this thing, cupcake?

MATSON                    Oh, in my heart of hearts, no. Of course not. But jeepers look at the facts now

you come out, we go up, the guy's stiff as a starched shirt. What would you think?

MALLARD Same thing you thought.

MATSON Time element is what gets me. Not more than three minutes had elapsed between the time you left in the time we got up there.

MALLARD I know. I can account for that, I think, but I'm not going to. As a matter of fact, there are several things I could account for, but I'm not going to.

MATSON Now, who's doing the triple talk?

MALLARD I am . . . deliberately, I'm going to tell you something, Candy. Listen carefully. You're a cute little old snoop. You snooped your way into the middle of this thing, and I'm going to toss it right into your lap and let your snoop your way out. And when you come up with the right answers, you're going to get the shock of your life.

MATSON I am?

MALLARD I think so. At least it was quite a shock to me.

MATSON You mean you've got the solution to this deal already?

MALLARD Part of it.

MATSON You're a much smarter foot flat than I thought you were.

MALLARD I don't know who killed the guy, if that's what you mean.

MATSON I take it back then. And now you . . . you REALLY got me all topsy turvy.

MALLARD (LAUGHING) No . . . this is working out even better than I thought it would. Okay tootsie, you've got the ball. It's all yours. Take it from here.

MATSON You mean you actually want ME to HELP you on this deal?

MALLARD Sure. Who knows? You might come up with something. No beat it will ya? I've gotta find me a killer.

MUSIC: SCENE TRANSITION, CONTINUES  
UNDER THE FOLLOWING . . .

MATSON (NARRATING) I was so puzzled by then that I wanted to rap the guy over his head. I fought off the impulse and left. If he gave me carte blanche on the killing, I was going to take advantage of it, if for no other reason than to prove I was right, and Millard wasn't the joker who did it. There's only one place to start: back at the flat where the guy had been done in. The cops had gone. So I did some question work. The landlady lived in the flat below. No, she didn't know the man. A gal named Jennifer Shirley, had leased the middle flat for the past five years. I ah . . .

swung a deal with the landlady, got the key to same, Ahh, not the landlady, the flat and moved in. ~~I had a good night's sleep and waited all the next day. Nothing. The odd thing about the deal was the fact that the cops hadn't been back. They usually returned for a double check. So the next night I hit the sack again.~~ About midnight, my dreams of a vine covered cottage in the country with Mallard were rudely shattered by a sound, the sound of a key in the lock of the door.

SFX: INTERIOR. KEY IN LOCK, DOOR OPENING, FOOTSTEPS INTO APARTMENT, LUGGAGE PLACED ON FLOOR, LIGHT SWITCH IS FLIPPED ON

SHIRLEY (GASPS AT SIGHT OF MATSON IN APARTMENT)

MATSON Right . . . ah . . . Jennifer. Take it easy. Everything will be okay.

SHIRLEY (SURPRISED) Who . . . who . . . are you?

MATSON (YAWNING, COMING AWAKE) I'm coming to that. Excuse me. And you ARE Jennifer Shirley, aren't you?

SHIRLEY That's right.

MATSON Excuse my nightie. If I'd a knowed you was comin' I would have gone formal.

SHIRLEY Just what is all this? What are you doing in my flat?

MATSON Where have you been, Jennifer?

SHIRLEY Seattle. Why?

MATSON Didn't you read the papers up that way?

SHIRLEY I was too busy.

MATSON Know a man named Everett Stone?

SHIRLEY Of course I do. He's a very good friend of mine who was out from Los Angeles on business, and I let him use my flat. And now you're here. I don't understand this at all.

MATSON Look over there at your front door. Everett Stone was shot to death right on that spot.

SHIRLEY Everett? Dead? I can't believe it!

MATSON I'm sorry . . . It's true. You can prove you were in Seattle, Jennifer?

SHIRLEY Yes. Here . . .

SFX: TICKETS AND RECEIPTS SLAPPED  
DOWN ON COUNTER OR TABLE TOP

SHIRLEY . . . my plane ticket receipt and the stubs on my luggage. I just got in at the airport less than an hour ago.

MATSON Just for the record, where did you stay in Seattle?

SHIRLEY At the Olympic Hotel.

MATSON We can prove that too, can we?

SHIRLEY Of course. Now wait just a moment. The shock of all this slowed me down for a second or two. Just who are you and what are you doing here?

MATSON Simmer down, Jennifer. My name's Matson, Candy Matson. I'm a private investigator.

SHIRLEY Oh yes, I've heard of you.

MATSON I'm trying to find out who knocked off your friend Stone. You got any ideas?

SHIRLEY Several.

MATSON So have I, one being this: Does everyone around here wear dark glasses? You've got a pair on too. Same kind Everett Stone was wearing.

SHIRLEY Here . . . have a cigarette . . .

SFX: CRUMPLING OF CIGARETTE PACKAGE

MATSON Thanks. (PAUSE) Got something you want to tell, Jennifer?

SHIRLEY Yes, I do. The dark glasses are standard equipment for the type of work we're in.

MATSON And what would that be?

SHIRLEY We're gem dealers. Precious stones. Whenever we have a valuable piece of property in our possession, where

required by bond to wear these dark glasses.

MATSON A disguise so to speak?

SHIRLEY That's right. When Everett arrived from Los Angeles, he had with him the Cape Hatteras diamond. You've heard of it?

MATSON Who hasn't? Worth about a half a million.

SHIRLEY That's right. He was on his way to Seattle to show it to a prospective buyer. The first night here Everett appeared on a television show to display the diamond. As he left, he knew he was being followed. He called me and asked me if we could make a switch. Wanted to know if I'D take the diamond on up to Seattle and try to make the sale.

MATSON And he'd stay here, is that right?

SHIRLEY Right.

MATSON Hmm. It was a good switch, except that Everett got himself knocked off for his trouble. Have you got the diamond with you?

SHIRLEY Right here . . . in my purse. Look.

MATSON (SIGHING) What a little beauty! And not so little at that.

SHIRLEY No.

MATSON Oh . . . the most gorgeous thing I've ever seen. And you just carry it around in your purse like that?

SHIRLEY Certainly. Who'd think to look in a woman's purse?

MATSON You've got a point. Lipstick, mascara, streetcar tokens, loose change, but not a half a million dollar rock. (CHANGING TONE, BECOMES ALL BUSINESS AGAIN) Did Everett say what the men looked like Jennifer, the one who was following him?

SHIRLEY Yes. He wrote a complete description for me.

MATSON Have you got it?

SHIRLEY Also in my purse. Here.

SFX: PAPER NOTE BEING REMOVED FROM PURSE AND HANDED TO MATSON, WHO UNFOLDS IT

MATSON Yikes!

SHIRLEY Miss Matson! You're white as a sheet. What's wrong?

MATSON Plenty's wrong. This describes a certain Lieutenant Ray Mallard to a T.

MUSIC: SWELLS UP TO CONCLUDE THE ACT, FADES UNDER THE FOLLOWING ...

ANNOUNCER From San Francisco, you are listening to a national broadcasting company

~~presentation, Candy Matson Yukon two  
eight two oh nine.~~

ACT 4

MUSIC Fades up, the ducks under the following  
. . .

MATSON (NARRATING) I slipped out of my nightie,  
slipped into my street clothes, slipped  
Jennifer a wet fish handshake, slipped  
out the door, slipped into my car, and  
slipped home to my penthouse on  
Telegraph Hill and from there I kept  
right on slipping.

That description was Mallard's beyond  
all doubt. What made it worse was the  
fact that Rembrandt and I had seen  
Mallard coming out of the flat with a  
small package that COULD have been a  
jewel box.

I didn't sleep much that night, and  
that's for sure.

In the morning, I put myself together as  
best I could and once again made the  
dismal journey down to the Hall of  
Justice and into Mallard's office.

MUSIC: UP AND END

MALLARD How are you doing, cupcake?

MATSON Not too well. I have some rather  
unpleasant news.

MALLARD                   Such as like what?

MATSON                    Mallard . . . Everett Stone was a gem broker.

MALLARD                   Good for you. You've got clue number one.

MATSON                    You knew that?

MALLARD                   Don't be ridiculous, Candy, it came out of McGuffey's Reader.

MATSON                    Number two. He had the Cape Hatteras diamond with him when he arrived from Los Angeles.

MALLARD                   Atta girl, you're getting warm.

MATSON                    He switched the rock to a girl named Jennifer Shirley. She took the diamond on up to Seattle because Everett thought he was being tailed.

MALLARD                   Hey, you're getting better and better. What's next?

MATSON                    You mean none of this is new to you?

MALLARD                   No. Old hat so far.

MATSON                    Well, maybe this won't be old hat. Everett wrote a description of the guy he thought was following him. He gave it to Jennifer. It's you right on the nose Mallard boy.

MALLARD                   Whaaaat?

MATSON It's you, including the little mole you have behind your right ear. You don't look so good Mallard, do you. Don't you think you ought to tell me what it's all about?

MALLARD Maybe I better. I can't for the life of me figure out . . . Wait a minute! Sure! Of course . . . (BEGINS LAUGHING) You had me worried there for a minute cupcake!

MATSON Dog gone. What is it Mallard? I'm getting mad.

MALLARD (LAUGHING) You'll find out.

SFX: TELEPHONE RINGS

MATSON Oh, I'll find out. But when will I find out?

SFX: TELEPHONE RINGS

MALLARD Wooooo We. Saved by the bell. Excuse me a minute . . . (SARCASTICALLY) DETECTIVE Matson.

MATSON Oh, sure.

MALLARD (ANSWERING TELEPHONE) Lieutenant Mallard, Homicide.

SGT. O'FLAHERTY (VOICE FILTERED BY TELEPHONE) Lieutenant . . . This is Sgt. O'Flaherty down in radio. We just got a report from a prowl car 36 . . .

MALLARD Yeah, O'Flaherty



MATSON Well . . . ahh . . . I . . . I'm sorry I had to do that, Montgomery.

MONTGOMERY Oh, I ain't. Hanging would be too good for that crumb bum. Oh, little second-story work ain't too far out of line. I can even swallow a well-executed stickup. But when it comes to kidnapping and murder, uh uhh, us honest characters draw the line.

MATSON That's why I'm here. Montgomery . . .

MONTGOMERY Yeah.

MATSON . . . there have been two killings in the last four days.

MONTGOMERY Hmm . . . The grapevine must be slipping. I don't hear nothing about no rub outs.

MATSON They've been kept quiet for a reason. Just what the reason is, I don't know. Have you heard about any out of town ice men dropping in the last few days?

MONTGOMERY Nah . . . nah. Not a one.

MATSON Now lets . . . ah . . . here's a twenty Montgomery. It's all I've got. I'll send you twenty more first thing in the morning. Memory improving?

MONTGOMERY Oh, oh . . . just like I never lost it.

MATSON Well . . . is there a jewel boy in town.

MONTGOMERY Look right ahead of ya up at the bar.

MATSON Yeah?

MONTGOMERY That's him. If he ain't a hot ice juggler my name ain't Montgomery. Got in just about four days ago. Calls himself "Finch."

MATSON Oh, Montgomery, I loves you.

MONTGOMERY Ha.

MATSON I'm moving over there. Do me a favor . . .  
. Tip the bartender off. Tell him to keep my drinks well watered.

MUSIC: SCENE TRANSITION

MATSON (NARRATING) It didn't take long. A guy from out of town gets lonesome. I was sitting at the bar no more than three minutes and we were OLD friends. He kept the drinks coming in by closing time he really had a snootful. He offered to drive me home and oh, naturally, I accepted.

We got out on the sidewalk and suddenly he darted back into the tavern. When he returned, he was carrying something in a paper bag. We found his car and climbed in.

SFX: CAR MOTOR IS STARTED

MATSON (SLURRING HER WORDS AS IF DRUNK) Don't you think you ought to let me drive Mr Finch?

FINCH (SLURRING HIS WORDS. DEFINITELY DRUNK)

Ah . . . nah . . . nah . . . nah

MATSON You've had quite a few.

FINCH Nah . . . I can handle this little ole car. Heh . . . I'm sort of a stranger here. You'll have to tell me which way to go.

MATSON Oh, sure. You go straight up Leavenworth here, and then you turn right on Bush. I'll direct you after that.

FINCH Okey doke.

SFX: CAR ENGAGES AND DRIVES AWAY

MATSON Ah . . . when'd you say you got to town, Mr. Finch?

FINCH Oh, about four days ago. Let's see. Yeah, that's right.

MATSON Ah . . . what sort of business are you in?

FINCH Business? Heh . . . I'm in no business. I'm retired, sort a . . . (LAUGHS) Got lots of money.

MATSON Oh . . .

FINCH Get lots more, too. (SUDDENLY AGITATED)  
Hey, look out for that bag!

SFX: HANDBAG DROPPING TO FLOOR OF  
CAR

MATSON Oh, oh, I'm sorry. How clumsy of me.  
There. Why it's a purse. Why Mr. Finch .  
. . .

FINCH Heh . . . heh . . . put it back. It's a  
present for my sister in Riverside.

MATSON Oh, how thoughtful. Oh . . . ehh . . .  
turn left on Kearny Street will you?

FINCH Sure.

MATSON And then when you get to Washington,  
turn right one block to Montgomery. It's  
right on the corner. Would you care to  
come up for a nightcap?

FINCH Hey now that sounds like a very good  
idea. Sure. Hah hah . . . nightcap huh?

MUSIC: SCENE TRANSITION

MATSON (NARRATING) The corner of Washington and  
Montgomery is just half a block from  
Mallard's office in the Hall of Justice.  
With any luck, I could do a bloodless  
turn over to Lieutenant Boy. I reached  
down by my side, got my 32 out of my  
purse and held it under my coat.

We arrived at our destination and Finch  
helped me get out of the car.

It was only one pale light to illuminate  
the street, which was just what I  
wanted.

SFX: INTERIOR. CAR DOOR OPENING

FINCH Ah . . . there you are.

MATSON You go ahead, Mr. Finch. There seems to be something wrong with one of my heels.

FINCH Oh, sure.

SFX: EXTERIOR. FOOTSTEPS ON  
SIDEWALK, MALE FIRST WALKING AWAY,  
FEMALE FOLLOWS

MATSON Don't turn around, Mr Finch. Not if you value your life. This is a gun I've got stuck in your back and believe me, I know how to use it.

FINCH Say, what goes on here. I'm almost broke, if that's what you're after.

MATSON This isn't a stickup. See that door up the street in that big building?

FINCH Hmm . . .

MATSON Just keep walking right on into that door.

MUSIC: SCENE TRANSITION

MATSON (NARRATION) He started walking and I hung back a few paces. I didn't want to lose this baby. He was too good because that purse he had in the paper bag was the one owned by Jennifer Shirley.

I'd never be able to get forget that purse contained the Cape Hatteras diamond.

I marched him into Mallard's office and Millard was in. I gave him the full scoop, and in less than half an hour, we had one sad Finch behind locked bars with the promise of a full written confession of two killings and one diamond theft.

I had never seen anything fall into place so easily.

A few minutes after we returned to Mallard's office from putting Finch into his ungilded cage, there was a knock on Mallard's door.

SFX: KNOCKING ON WOODEN OFFICE DOOR

MALLARD (CALMLY) Come in.

REMBRANDT It is I gumshoe. What on Earth did you call me for at this hour of the night, or morning.

MALLARD Oh, come on in Rembrandt. This ought to be fun.

REMBRANDT (SEEING CANDY) Oh . . . you too?

MATSON Yes.

REMBRANDT Why aren't you home getting your beauty rest?

MATSON Oh, we just wound up a couple of killings dear . . . those of Everett Stone and Jennifer Shirley.

REMBRANDT Well bully for you.

MALLARD                   And I had nothing to do with it. Candy did it all. I left her strictly alone and she came through like a trooper. There's only one little thing she's overlooked. When she comes up with that, she'll have solved her best and last case.

MATSON                    Last case? What are you talking about, Mallard?

RILEY                     (FILTERED THROUGH THE OFFICE INTERCOM UNIT ON MALLARD'S DESK) Captain Mallard, this is Riley on the top deck . .

MATSON                    Captain Mallard! What is this?

SFX: INTERIOR. MALLARD SNAPS ON THE "TALK BUTTON" OF THE INTERCOM

MALLARD                   Yeah, Riley, what is it?

RILEY                     We got this . . . ahh . . . Finch joker all booked and fingerprinted. He's in the Lysol dip now and then we'll tuck him into "beddy bye" for the night.

MALLARD                   Good.

RILEY                     We're changing shifts now. Anything else you want from me?

MALLARD                   No, Riley. You can knock off.

RILEY                     Fine, Captain. Ohhh . . . and all the boys up here send down congratulations.

MALLARD                   Oh, ahh . . . thanks Riley. See ya tomorrow.



Shirley. She shows me the Cape Hatteras diamond, but she also shows me something else. A description written by Stone. A description fitting you exactly.

MALLARD                   Hmmp. . . Yeah. Look what was in Jennifer's purse along with the diamond.

MATSON                    What?

MALLARD                   ANOTHER description. ONE that fits Finch. Everett Stone accidentally gave Jennifer the wrong slip of paper, the one that described me.

MATSON                    Oh, for Pete's sake, that sure had me worried Mallard dear.

MALLARD                   Isn't there something else that worries you, cupcake?

MATSON                    Yes, there is, darn it. But I can't put my finger on . . . Wait a minute! That's it. The package, the one you carried down the stairs from that flat.

MALLARD                   At last . . . at last you finally did it, Candy. Here it is right here. Open it. See for yourself.

MATSON                    OK.

SFX: PAPER WRAPPING BEING REMOVED  
FROM A SMALL BOX.

MATSON                    Oh, it's beautiful. What a lovely ring. You steal this from Everett Stone?

MALLARD Sure did. The price he gave me made it a first class steal. Ahh . . . why don't you try it on?

MATSON Ohhhh . . . I love to.

MALLARD Oh, I . . . I . . . don't think you're putting it on the right finger, Candy.

MATSON (STUNNED) Which . . . Which finger do you mean?

MALLARD Third finger, left hand.

MATSON (DISBELIEF) Oh, you you don't mean that.  
(STARTING TO CRY) Mallard, tell me!

MALLARD I . . . want you to be my wife, Candy dear.

MUSIC: SWELLS, THEN FADES OUT UNDER  
THE FOLLOWING

MATSON Oh . . . say it again will you Mallard dear? This is only another one of those fool dreams of mine, I'm sure.

MALLARD I'm sure it's not a dream cupcake. I mean it, more than I have ever meant anything in my life. Will you marry me, Candy?

~~REMBRANDT You big idiot. You don't need the answer to that.~~

~~MALLARD I wasn't asking you.~~

MATSON Oh yes, I'll marry you. Captain dear . . . for ever and ever.

~~MALLARD You see now what I meant about this being your best and last case?~~

~~MATSON Oh, yes, but you're wrong. I have another and a bigger case coming up.~~

~~MALLARD Heh . . . what's that you little monkey?~~

~~MATSON Just trying to be an awfully good wife to you.~~

~~REMBRANDT My word. I was wondering . . .~~

~~MATSON Hemm . . . what Rembrandt?~~

~~REMBRANDT . . . when you're married . . . how shall I address you?~~

~~MATSON Oh, that's easy. Just Mrs. Captain Mallard. Well, I won't even have to change my initials.~~

~~ANNOUNCER For excitement, and adventure, and romance just dial . . .~~

~~MATSON Candy Matson . . . (LAUGHS) . . . Mallard . . . ahh . . . Mrs. Captain Ray . . . hmm . . . Yukon 2-8-2 oh . . . that won't be my phone number . . . well, gee, I'm so confused I don't know what I am saying.~~

MUSIC: ORGAN UP FOR A SWIRLING  
FINISH

MUSIC: RE-IMAGINED RADIO THEME  
MUSIC, UP AND OUT

HOST You are listening to Re-Imagined Radio, paying tribute to *Candy Matson*, the best of the popular female detective radio programs. I'm John Barber. I'll be back in a moment.

SPONSOR BREAK #2: THREE SPONSOR BREAKS

MUSIC: RIR THEME, UP AND THEN OUT.

HOST CLOSE

HOST For this Re-Imagined Radio tribute to the popular detective series *Candy Matson*, we listened to the first and last episodes. "The Donna Dunham Case" and "Candy's Last Case."

Both showcase *Candy Matson* as a groundbreaking female detective series with a strong lead character, local references, and a cast of characters representing diversity and inclusivity.

Both demonstrate the appeal and power of sound-based storytelling and how it engages listeners' imaginations.

Sound design for this episode by John Barber.

Post-production by Mark Rose of Fuse Audio Design.

Social media by Regina Carroll, Social Media Management and Photography.

Graphic design by Holly Slocum Design.

This has been a production of Re-Imagined Radio. Our live performances, web streaming and radio broadcasts of sound-based storytelling are heard on local, regional, and international community radio stations.

A big thanks to listeners whose contributions support programs like Re-Imagined Radio. If you would like to help support radio storytelling, please visit your community radio station's website and engage with the "donate" button.

For more information about Re-Imagined Radio, all our episodes past and future, and to subscribe to our snappy program guide, please visit our website, [www.reimaginedradio.net](http://www.reimaginedradio.net). That's [www.reimaginedradio](http://www.reimaginedradio), all one word, no punctuation [DOT] net.

MUSIC: RE-IMAGINED RADIO THEME  
FADES UP UNDER THE FOLLOWING

This is John Barber, producer and host, thank you so much for listening and please join us again for another episode of Re-Imagined Radio, where we will continue our exploration of radio storytelling.

MUSIC: RE-IMAGINED RADIO THEME UP  
FULL AND TO FINISH.