

FRANK LOVEJOY TRIBUTE

Written and produced by

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Re-Imagined Radio
Season 13, Episode 05

Final draft

Frank Lovejoy Tribute

A productive, dependable voice actor

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Season 13, Episode 05
Final Draft

Premier broadcast: May 19, 2025

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Synopsis

Re-Imagined Radio samples from *This Is Your FBI*, *The Blue Beetle*, *Murder and Mr. Malone*, and *Night Beat* radio programs to showcase Frank Lovejoy as a productive and dependable voice actor. From our Tribute series.

Credits

This Is Your FBI, "Espionage," Episode #1, April 6, 1945

The Blue Beetle, "Origin Story" and "Smashing the Dope Ring," Episodes #1 and #2, May 15 and 17, 1945

Murder and Mr. Malone, "The Paul Davis Case," Episode #20, May 24, 1947

Night Beat, "Elevator Caper," Audition and Episode #14, May 8, 1950

Color Code

Yellow highlighted text = sound effect(s), either pre-recorded or created for episode. Pre-recorded audio is used as content in this episode.

MUSIC = pre-recorded

MUSIC = bespoke, created for this episode

COLD OPEN

SFX: COLD OPEN, SAMPLES FROM "THIS IS YOUR FBI," "ESPIONAGE," EPISODE #01, FRANK LOVEJOY, NARRATOR, BEGINS WITH MUSIC

FRANK LOVEJOY

Early in February, three letters were brought to the attention of the FBI. Three pleasant letters, type written in English. Three innocent letters, intercepted on their way to Switzerland. Three friendly letters containing, among other bits of information, a report and description of the newest battleship launched by our Navy.

At 2:30 p.m. on the 5th of May, Willie Sebring left his house, walked to the corner and waited for a bus. He never caught that bus because two special agents from the FBI came up, identified themselves, and asked him to go with them to their New York office to answer some questions. At 3:15 that afternoon, he sat in Conference Room C on the Sixth Floor of the FBI office in New York.

[MUSIC]

ANNOUNCER

The incidents used in tonight's broadcast are taken from the files of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The music for tonight's performance was under the direction of Van Cleave. The author was Lawrence McCarthur, and your narrator was Frank Lovejoy.

THEME AND ANNOUNCER

MUSIC: RIR OPENING THEME

ANNOUNCER

Welcome to Re-Imagined Radio, a program about sound-based storytelling. With each episode we explore how dialogue, sound effects, and music can engage your listening imagination and promote storytelling. Here to tell you about THIS episode is John Barber, producer and host.

MUSIC: RIR OPENING THEME OUT

HOST OPEN

HOST

Hello everyone. This is our "Frank Lovejoy Tribute."

Frank Lovejoy is not well known today, despite his appearances in MANY radio programs from the 1930s to the 1950s.

With this tribute, we sample from four programs in which Frank Lovejoy had continuing or starring roles: *This Is Your FBI*, *The Blue Beetle*, *Murder and Mr. Malone*, and *Night Beat*.

We hope to elevate awareness of Frank Lovejoy and his many contributions to radio storytelling. For more information, and the episode script, visit our website, reimaginedradio dot fm.

Thank you for listening as Re-Imagined Radio presents "Frank Lovejoy Tribute."

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION

HOST INTRODUCTION

HOST

Frank Lovejoy's distinctive voice and acting skills were heard on several pioneering radio serials during the 1930s as well as several of radio's top dramas and anthologies during the 1940s and the 1950s.

For example, we heard him earlier as the narrator of the first episode of *This Is Your FBI*, April 6, 1945.

With *The Blue Beetle*, Lovejoy stepped up, from narrator to star, as Police rookie Dan Garrett who pursued criminals as a costumed vigilante known only as The Blue Beetle.

Let's listen to samples from the first two episodes of the series, May 15 and 17, 1945, to learn how Garrett becomes The Blue Beetle and how he single-handedly smashes a drug ring in The Great City.

ACT 1: THE BLUE BEETLE

SFX: SAMPLES FROM "THE BLUE BEETLE," EPISODE #01, FRANK LOVEJOY, STARS AS THE BLUE BEETLE, BEGINS WITH BLUE BEETLE SOUND EFFECTS.

ANNOUNCER

The Blue Beetle! In reality Dan Garrett, a rookie patrolman loved by everyone but

suspected by none of being The Blue Beetle

MUSIC: STINGER

ANNOUNCER As The Blue Beetle he hides behind a strange mask and a suit of impenetrable blue-chain armor. Flexible as silk but stronger than steel.

MUSIC: SUSPENSEFUL

NARRATOR As our story opens, patrolman Dan Garrett, Mike Mannigan, and Charlie Stahl, ace reporter of the York City Sun, are standing on the corner, watching a hotel suspected of being the dope-ring headquarters.

GARRETT Hey look!

MANNIGAN What?

GARRETT That shabbily dressed man. He just came out of that side entrance and gave a cigarette to that kid standing there.

MANNIGAN So what?

GARRETT Looks like the kid gave him some money for it.

MANNIGAN He's a dope peddler. He's selling dope cigarettes. Marijuana!

GARRETT Marijuana! Boy, here's where I make a pinch. Hey, you there. I want to talk to you.

MAN Come and get me copper.

GARRETT Oh, yeah? You got to travel fast to get away from me, brother.

STAHL Hey, look. That car there. There's a machine gun! Look out, Danny!

SFX: CAR MOTOR, MACHINE GUN FIRE.

MUSIC: TENSE, SUSPENSEFUL

NARRATOR Later, Danny was operated upon and a machine gun bullet removed from his abdomen. For days he hovered between life and death. And one night when all was quiet, a strange man slipped by the nurse and stood beside Dan's bed.

DR. FRANZ Dan? Dan Garrett?

GARRETT Who is it? Who's calling, Dan Garrett?

DR. FRANZ It is I, Dr. Franz, your friend. I've got something for you.

GARRETT Hello Doc.

DR. FRANZ Now listen, Danny. I want you to take this capsule. It's my secret 2X formula. My formula will save your life, restore you to health in 24 hours. It will also give you greater vitality, keener eyesight, almost superhuman mentality, and will give you abnormal strength.

GARRETT Give it to me. Got to get out of here. There's important work to be done, and I've got to do it.

NARRATOR

The next morning, to the surprise of everyone, Dan Garrett was completely recovered. Dan insisted on being released from the hospital and restored to duty. By mid-afternoon, he's back on his beat, fully recovered to health and strength by Dr. Franz's magic formula.

Out into the night went Dan Garrett. But a changed Dan Garrett. No longer is he in the blue uniform of the city's finest. He wears blue, but it's the blue chain armor of The Blue Beetle.

SFX: BLUE BEETLE SIREN

CRIMINAL

The Blue Beetle!

SFX: GUNSHOTS

BLUE BEETLE

It's no use. Your bullets can't pierce this chain armor I'm wearing.

SFX: SOUNDS OF A STRUGGLE

BLUE BEETLE

It's no use to struggle. The Blue Beetle is stronger than you are. I see you recognize my little calling card. The sound of my magic ray machine and the Little Beetle always signifies the presence of the Blue Beetle.

NARRATOR

Like a bloodhound on the trail once he gets the scent, The Blue Beetle sped on his mission. And like the bloodhound, he'll never let up till he runs his quarry to earth.

Through the silent night, down by the waterfront, two powerful cars are speeding along. The first car is full of men. Hard-looking men. Desperate men. Killers all.

But who is this lone occupant of the second car? Ah, yes. It is The Blue Beetle.

SFX: AUTOMOBILE SPEEDING ALONG
HIGHWAY

BLUE BEETLE They're slowing down. They're turning into that warehouse. That's my gang all right. Just the spot I was headed for. Closing the iron door to the warehouse. I'll soon blast them open the special bombs Dr. Franz made for me.

SFX: EXTERIOR, CAR STOPS, CAR DOOR
CLOSES

BLUE BEETLE All right, you mugs! Don't close that door or I'll blow you all to kingdom come.

CRIMINAL 1 That's The Blue Beetle. What's he got in his hands?

CRIMINAL 2 That's a bomb.

CRIMINAL 3 Go on and drill him!

BLUE BEETLE Go ahead and shoot. Your bullets can't hurt The Blue Beetle.

SFX: MULTIPLE GUNSHOTS

Ah, ha, ha what did I tell you? Now it's my turn. Here goes your door. Here I come. You better drop your guns, or I'll let you have another bomb.

CRIMINAL

OK, Blue Beetle. You win.

BLUE BEETLE

That's a nice collection of dope you've got in these cans.

SFX: POLICE SIRENS HEARD IN THE DISTANCE, APPROACHING.

BLUE BEETLE

Here comes the law. Wait until the DA gets through with you, there'll be a few less criminals in this world.

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION, FROM THE BLUE BEETLE.

HOST

You're listening to Re-Imagined Radio. Our episode is "Frank Lovejoy Tribute." For more information, visit the episode page at our website, reimagedradio dot FM.

MUSIC: RIR FUSEBOX THEME FOR INTRO

THE FUSEBOX BREAK

HOST

This is John Barber, producer and host of Re-Imagined Radio. If you're concerned with the state of current events and news, "The Fusebox Show" podcast is definitely for you.

Produced by Marc Rose, Milt Kanen, Jeff Pollard, and Regina Carol, each episode

features unique conversation and commentary. Here's a sample.

SFX: THE FUSEBOX SHOW TEASER

MUSIC: FUSEBOX THEME, FADE UNDER
AND OUT FOR THE FOLLOWING

HOST Learn more, and subscribe to the podcast at *The Fusebox Show* website, thefuseboxshow dot com.

MUSIC: FUSEBOX THEME, FADE UNDER
AND OUT FOR THE FOLLOWING

ACT #2: MURDER AND MR. MALONE

HOST INTRODUCTION

HOST You're listening to Re-Imagined Radio. Our episode is a tribute to Frank Lovejoy, who appeared in several radio serials, dramas, and anthologies from the 1930s to the 1950s.

We're sampling from those in which he had recurring or starring roles.

Our next sample is taken from *Murder and Mr. Malone*, a crime drama in which Lovejoy stars as John J. Malone, who has a reputation as the best criminal defense lawyer in Chicago.

Episodes of *Murder and Mr. Malone* follow a formula. The beginning introduces the characters and a crime. The middle follows Malone as he turns detective and

questions everyone, using any tactic short of violence. The ending is Malone's recounting of how he determined the guilty party.

You'll hear this formula at work as we sample from "The Paul Davis Case," an episode of *Murder and Mr. Malone*, May 24, 1947.

SFX: SAMPLES FROM "THE PAUL DAVIS CASE," EPISODE #20, FRANK LOVEJOY STARS AS JOHN J. MALONE.

SFX: TWO GUNSHOTS . . . JIGGLING TELEPHONE RECEIVER. SOME ONE SAYS, "OPERATOR, OPERATOR, GET ME THE OFFICE OF JOHN J. MALONE."

MUSIC: SUSPENSEFUL

MALONE

Malone is the name. John J. Malone, attorney and counselor at law. They say one of the qualifications of a good lawyer is a sense of humor. I wouldn't know about that. For example, I never could appreciate the humor of a certain Mr. Charles Morgan. Morgan was a big-time gambler in Chicago, whose practical jokes I found a little too strong for my tastes, and on this Saturday afternoon, Morgan and a beautiful blonde model named Linda Stevens were planning one of his best in a car parked in front of the Club 86 on Chicago's South Side.

MORGAN

Now, you understand what you're supposed to do, Linda?

LINDA STEVENS I'm not too sure, Mr. Morgan.

MORGAN Just want to make a sucker out of Davis.

LINDA STEVENS Davis?

MORGAN Yeah, his name's Paul Davis. A thin little guy with red hair and pop eyes. You won't have any trouble spotting him. He owns the joint. He'll be in the corner booth.

LINDA STEVENS But, uh, suppose your friend doesn't show any interest in me?

MORGAN I'm not at all worried. When Davis sees you, he'll start baying at the moon.

LINDA STEVENS But at the beginning, you want me to act insulted.

MORGAN Right. That's so he shouldn't become suspicious. Then thaw out and let him buy you a couple of drinks.

LINDA STEVENS And after that?

MORGAN Well, he'll probably want to take you out for the evening. You tell him first you have to make a stop at your apartment.

LINDA STEVENS I don't think I like that, Mr. Morgan.

MORGAN What's there not to like? Perfectly on the up-and-up. When you get to your place, I'll be waitin' for you.

LINDA STEVENS And that's where you're gonna tell Mr. Davis it's just a joke?

MORGAN Yeah. I can hardly wait to see him when he learns it's a gag. Why, I'll bet he'll practically die laughing.

SFX: KEY UNLOCKS APARTMENT DOOR,
DOOR OPENS

LINDA STEVENS Well, come in.

PAUL DAVIS Thanks. Hey, nice layout you got here, Linda. I, uh, think I'm gonna like this.

MORGAN I wouldn't bet on that, Davis.

PAUL DAVIS Morgan!?

LINDA STEVENS Oh, then you do know each other.

DAVIS [TO LINDA] You dirty little double-crosser.

LINDA STEVEN Oh, no. He told me it was a joke.

MORGAN Oh, the joke's over now, honey, so you can beat it.

LINDA STEVENS Now see here Mr. Morgan . . .

MORGAN I said beat it. If you're a smart girl, you keep your trap closed. Now, go on.

DAVIS I . . . Listen, Morgan . . .

MORGAN Shut up. I don't want any conversation with you, Davis. I just want my dough. Sixty grand, you owe me.

DAVIS Look, Morgan . . . suppose I pay you a little at a time.

MORGAN What do you call a little?

DAVIS I can give you a ten grand now. And the balance . . .

MORGAN Take your hands down.

DAVIS I was just gonna get my wallet.

MORGAN You got that dough on you?

DAVIS Oh, yeah, yeah.

MORGAN Okay, let's have it.

DAVIS Oh, sure, sure. I was gonna give it to you all the time. All right, Morgan, get 'em up.

MORGAN Put away that gun, Davis.

DAVIS Well, Mr. Morgan, who's the joke on now?

MORGAN I guess it's me.

DAVIS And you're not kidding.

SFX: DOOR OPENS

MORGAN That's okay, Davis. I'll see you again. And I'll lay you odds. Next time, you won't be this lucky.

JOE HUDSON [FADING IN] Get this, Mr. Lyons, 'cause you'll enjoy it. After Morgan goes to all that trouble, Davis pulls a gun on

him and leaves him with his tongue hanging out.

RAYMOND LYONS That's very amusing, Hudson. What happened after that?

JOE HUDSON Oh, Morgan started looking for him again.

RAYMOND LYONS What do you think will happen if he finds him this time?

JOE HUDSON The same thing, Mr. Lyons.

RAYMOND LYONS You don't believe Morgan will kill him?

JOE HUDSON Naaah. Morgan's all talk.

RAYMOND LYONS You think so?

JOE HUDSON I know so. Take it from me, Mr. Lyons. It's all a bluff.

RAYMOND LYONS That's too bad, Hudson. It would be worth a lot of money to me if it weren't.

JOE HUDSON Uh, what have you, uh . . . What have you got against Davis, anyway?

RAYMOND LYONS That is none of your business. Either you want the job, or you don't.

JOE HUDSON Well, as long as you put it on that basis, Mr. Lyons, let me think it over.

SFX: COINS INSERTED INTO PAY TELEPHONE. DIALING, RINGING.

PIERRE (FILTERED BY TELEPHONE) Club 86. Good evening.

DAVIS (ECHO FROM TELEPHONE BOOTH) Hello Victor? This is Mr. Davis.

PIERRE Oh, yes, Mr. Davis.

DAVIS I'm in a phone booth at the corner of State and 46th. Ahh . . . Anybody been around the joint asking for me?

PIERRE Several gentlemen.

DAVIS What did you tell 'em?

PIERRE That I hadn't heard from you all day.

DAVIS Oh, good. Good. Is Norma there?

PIERRE Who?

PIERRE My wife.

PIERRE No. Mrs. Davis has not been in all evening.

DAVIS Well, when she gets there, tell her that . . .

SFX: TAPPING ON TELEPHONE BOOTH

DAVIS Hey, cut that out!

PIERRE What's the problem, Mr. Davis?

DAVIS Ah, some character wants to use the phone. Hold it a second, Victor, 'til I take care of this pest.

SFX: TELEPHONE BOOTH DOOR OPENS

DAVIS Listen, you, how would you like a good punch in the nose, eh?

SFX: TWO GUNSHOTS. DAVIS CRIES OUT, FALLS TO FLOOR OF TELEPHONE BOOTH

MUSIC: DRAMATIC TRANSITION

MALONE Well, as you've probably guessed, Paul Davis never did complete that phone call. Thirty-five minutes later, he was on a slab in the Morgue and the cops in Chicago were out looking for Charles Morgan.

But apparently they weren't looking in the right places, for when I came home that afternoon, I found my door unlocked. No sooner had I opened the door I was challenged with . . .

MORGAN That you, Malone?

MALONE What the devil?

MORGAN Shut the door.

MALONE Now listen, Morgan.

MORGAN Shut it. Just keep your hands right where they are.

MALONE What are you doing here?

MORGAN I'm hot. Or haven't you heard?

MALONE That still doesn't answer my question.

MORGAN I don't see why not. I'm wanted for murder. You're the best lawyer in Chicago. Doesn't that add up?

MALONE Not to my liking, Morgan. You'd better get somebody else.

MORGAN Listen, Malone. Maybe I haven't handled it right, but I didn't kill Davis.

MALONE Why don't you tell that to the police?

MORGAN I don't think for a minute they'd believe me.

MALONE Suppose I told you that I don't either.

MORGAN Listen, Malone. I know you don't like me. But give me credit for a little intelligence. If I was gonna knock off Davis would I shoot my mouth off all over town.

MALONE So?

MORGAN I tell you I didn't kill him.

MALONE And who did?

MORGAN I have no idea.

MALONE Okay Morgan I'll see what I can do for you but first I want you to surrender to the cops . . .

MORGAN Oh, no . . .

MALONE Then it's no deal.

MORGAN Now wait a minute Malone, I'll make your proposition.

MALONE I'm not interested.

MORGAN Oh for Pete's sake give me a chance will ya? Thought a man is presumed innocent until . . . You lawyers just say that 'cause it sounds good.

MALONE Well, we haven't...

MORGAN I'm convinced with any luck, you can clean this up in a couple of hours. If you haven't by then, I'll give myself up.

MALONE What'll you do in the meantime?

MORGAN Stay right here.

MALONE And what's to prevent me from walking out and calling the police?

MORGAN Nothing.

MALONE Oh, you, uh . . . Just trust me, huh?

MORGAN That's right.

MALONE Well, this is against my better judgment, Morgan. But you've got yourself a lawyer.

MUSIC: TRANSITION

SFX: EXTERIOR, STREET NOISE, DOOR BUZZER, DOOR OPENS

NORMA DAVIS

Yes?

MALONE

Mrs. Norma Davis?

NORMA DAVIS

That's right.

MALONE

My name is John J. Malone. I'm sorry to bother you at a time like this, but I'd like to ask you some questions about your husband.

NORMA DAVIS

I've told the police everything I know.

MALONE

I'm, uh, working on a different angle.

NORMA DAVIS

(EXASPERATED) Come in.

MALONE

Thank you.

SFX: INTERIOR, DOOR CLOSSES, TRAFFIC NOISE OUT

NORMA DAVIS

Now, what is it you want to know?

MALONE

Do you have any ideas who might have killed your husband.

NORMA DAVIS

Yes. Charles Morgan.

MALONE

I mean, besides Morgan.

NORMA DAVIS

No. Paul didn't have an enemy in the world.

MALONE

Well, that's not true, Mrs. Davis. Your husband wasn't exactly the most popular citizen in Chicago.

NORMA DAVIS

How dare you say that to me?

MALONE Well, I only meant . . .

NORMA DAVIS I won't have you talk that way about him. I'm tired of these insinuations. What do you know of the kind of man Paul was?

MALONE I'm sorry.

NORMA DAVIS You're sorry. Go on and get out.

SFX: INTERIOR, DOOR OPENS

MALONE Mrs. Davis, I . . .

NORMA DAVIS I don't want to hear any more about it. Leave me alone.

SFX: INTERIOR, DOOR SLAMS SHUT

SFX: INTERIOR, POLITE HAND CLAPPING FROM ANOTHER ROOM

RAYMOND LYONS Permit me to congratulate you, Norma. That was a marvelous performance.

NORMA DAVIS Thank you, Raymond. You think I convinced Mr. Malone that I was a heartbroken widow?

RAYMOND LYONS How could you help it when you practically convinced me? Come here, darling. Let me console you.

MUSIC: TRANSITION

SFX: INTERIOR, KNOCK ON DOOR

HUDSON Just a second.

SFX: INTERIOR, DOOR OPENS

HUDSON Yeah?

MORGAN I'm looking for a guy named Hudson.

HUDSON Well, look no further, Mr. Morgan.

SFX: DOOR CLOSES

MORGAN You Hudson?

HUDSON That's right.

MALONE One of my friends told me you wanted to see me.

HUDSON He told you right. Care for a drink?

MALONE Yeah, I could stand one.

HUDSON Help yourself. The bar's in the corner. Pour me one while you're at it.

MORGAN All right.

HUDSON You're in a bad spot, Morgan.

MORGAN You bring me up here to tell me that?

HUDSON Yeah. You see, I know who killed Paul Davis.

MORGAN What?

HUDSON You heard me. That one mine?

MORGAN Yeah.

HUDSON How, uh . . . how you fixed for cash?

MORGAN What do you mean?

HUDSON I got a lot of information to sell and it's going to the highest bidder.

MORGAN You mean you can clear me?

HUDSON I'm not doing any more talking until I see the color of, ahh . . . the color of your dough.

MORGAN How do I know you got merchandise?

HUDSON Oh, I'll give you a sample. Did you know that Davis's wife was two-timing him?

MORGAN With whom?

HUDSON (LAUGHING) That's, that's all you get for free. But, uh, you can use that kind of stuff, can't you?

MORGAN Listen, Hudson, I want you to talk to Malone.

HUDSON Who?

MORGAN John Jay. He's representin' me.

HUDSON Are you kidding?

MORGAN No. Can you talk to him?

HUDSON Oh, sure. Providin', I can make a buck.

MORGAN Don't worry. I'll take care of you. I'm going back to Malone's apartment. I want

you to call him there in about 45 minutes. Tell him what you told me about Mrs. Davis.

HUDSON Ahh, no good, no good. Get the dough up first.

MORGAN Now, look, Hudson, I only got a grand on me. I'll give you another four the next time I see you.

HUDSON Okay, Morgan, you got yourself a deal.

SFX: INTERIOR, APARTMENT DOOR CLOSSES

MALONE Morgan?

SFX: INTERIOR, DOOR CLOSSES

MALONE Morgan? Oh, great.

SFX: INTERIOR, JIGGLING TELEPHONE RECEIVER

VINCENT Yes, sir?

MALONE Vincent, this is Mr. Malone. There was a man waiting in my apartment . . .

SFX: INTERIOR, DOOR BUZZER

MALONE By any chance . . .

SFX: INTERIOR, DOOR BUZZER

MALONE never mind. Come in . . .

MORGAN Hello, Malone.

MALONE I was just asking for you, Morgan. Where the devil have you been?

MORGAN Out.

MALONE That tells me a lot. I thought you agreed to stay right here.

MORGAN I know, but I had to see somebody.

MALONE Who?

MORGAN Suppose you tell me what you found out first.

MALONE Well, not very much. Every lead I explored came back to you.

MORGAN Did you see Mrs. Davis?

MALONE Yeah, just for a few minutes.

MORGAN What did you think of her?

MALONE She seemed all broken up over her husband's murder.

MORGAN She was kidding you, Malone.

MALONE What makes you think so?

MORGAN Because I've been doing a little checking up on my own. She's been holding hands with some guy who wasn't her husband.

MALONE Where did you get that from?

MORGAN Private Dick, named Joe Hudson.

MALONE Oh, that lyin' thief . . .

MORGAN I don't care what he is, Malone. He's got the evidence to clear me.

MALONE Who did he say killed Davis?

MORGAN He wouldn't tell me. But I made him promise to talk to you. Should be callin' you any minute.

MALONE Morgan, I wouldn't trust that guy on a stack of Bibles. What did you give him?

MORGAN Give?

MALONE Yeah, a guy like Hudson doesn't talk for free. What did you promise him?

MORGAN Five grand.

MALONE Well, you better save your money.

MORGAN I tell you, you can clear me, Malone.

SFX: INTERIOR, TELEPHONE RINGS

MORGAN Probably him, now.

MALONE Hello?

HUDSON (FILTERED ON TELEPHONE) That you, Malone?

MALONE Yeah, that's right, Hudson.

HUDSON (FILTERED) I take it that you've talked to Morgan.

MALONE Yeah?

HUDSON (FILTERED) Well, what do you think?

MALONE What I think is unimportant. Morgan tells me you can clear him.

HUDSON (FILTERED) Sure, for a price.

MALONE Oh, well, I'm not interested.

MORGAN You gotta talk to him, Morgan.

MALONE I don't like it, Morgan.

MORGAN Neither do I, but if this guy can save me . . .

HUDSON Well, make up your minds, boys.

MALONE Okay, Hudson. We'll be over in an hour.

SFX: INTERIOR, FOOTSTEPS IN HOTEL HALLWAY

MALONE Four A, Four B . . .

MORGAN It must be down the hall.

MALONE No, no, here it is.

SFX: INTERIOR, DOOR BUZZER

MALONE I want you to let me handle Hudson, Morgan, and keep your mouth shut.

MORGAN Ahh . . . You're the doctor.

SFX: INTERIOR, DOOR BUZZER

MORGAN What's keeping him?

MALONE I don't know.

MORGAN Maybe went out.

MALONE Oh, I doubt that.

MORGAN How can you tell?

MALONE Take a peek at that keyhole.

MORGAN Can't see a thing.

MALONE Yeah, because the key's still in the lock. That means Hudson's gotta be in there.

SFX: INTERIOR, LOUD, FORCEFUL
KNOCKING ON DOOR

MALONE Hey Hudson, open up.

SFX: INTERIOR, REPEATED LOUD,
FORCEFUL KNOCKING ON DOOR

MALONE Hudson!

SFX: INTERIOR, EVEN MORE FORCEFUL
KNOCKING ON DOOR

MALONE All right, Morgan, give me a hand.

MORGAN What do you got to do?

MALONE Break it down. Shouldn't take too much effort either. Let's go.

SFX: INTERIOR, TWO MEN PUSH AGAINST DOOR

MALONE One more should do it. Okay. Hudson! Hudson! Where the devil is that light switch?

MORGAN Oh, it's somewhere around the door.

MALONE Watch yourself, Morgan. Wait till I strike a match.

SFX: INTERIOR, MATCH STRIKE

MALONE I got it.

SFX: INTERIOR, LIGHT SWITCH

MALONE There we are.

MORGAN (CRIES OUT) Malone!

MALONE Uh, yeah.

MORGAN Is he . . . dead?

MALONE He's either that or asleep. With that knife in his back, what do you think?

(NARRATING) Twenty minutes after we found the body of Joe Hudson, Lieutenant McGraw of Cook County Homicide arrived.

You should have seen his face light up when he spied Morgan. He acted like a

man who was prospecting for silver and found gold.

MCGRAW There's a nice piece of work, Malone, a very nice piece of work. All right, Morgan, let's go.

MALONE Hold it, Lieutenant, he's not the reason I called you.

MCGRAW No, I know, but I'm not complaining.

MORGAN Told you not to call him Malone.

MALONE I'm beginning to think you're right, Morgan. For the same nickel, I could've phoned somebody with brains.

MCGRAW Now what kind of a crack's that?

MALONE Well, in case you haven't noticed, Lieutenant, there's a body lying on that sofa.

MCGRAW Yeah, it'll keep. But as long as you raise the point, why did you kill him, Morgan?

MORGAN Are you crazy? I just got here with Malone.

MCGRAW Don't hand me that.

MALONE It's the truth, McGraw.

MCGRAW So you're gonna be his alibi.

MALONE Yes, and you better listen unless you wanna look like a jerk when we go to trial.

MCGRAW Oh, yes.

MALONE How long would you say Hudson was dead?

MCGRAW Not too long. The body's still warm. Could've been anywhere from fifteen minutes to three quarters of an hour.

MALONE Well, that lets Morgan out.

MCGRAW But I don't see how.

MALONE Because he was with me every minute from the time I got Hudson's call . . . to the time we broke down the door. The whole business took at least an hour.

MCGRAW Your word's not good enough, Malone.

MALONE Okay, if you don't believe me, you can check with the switchboard at my place in the doorman downstairs.

MCGRAW Yeah, I'll do just that.

MALONE If that's not enough, I'll dig up the hackie who drove us over.

MCGRAW Well, that still doesn't mean Morgan couldn't have killed Davis.

MALONE Oh, use your head, Lieutenant. You know both these murders were committed by the same party. Hudson knew who it was, that's why he was killed.

MCGRAW I still say it was Morgan.

MORGAN You crazy, Hudson was going to clear me!

MALONE Keep quiet, Morgan! All right, Lieutenant, I'll advise him to confess IF you can show me one thing.

MCGRAW What's that?

MALONE How did he get in here? You can see the only door was locked from the inside.

MCGRAW So what? He could have used the window.

MALONE Oh, yeah? Well, take a look.

MCGRAW Yeah, there's bars on it.

MALONE That's right, and nobody but a midget could fit through the opening.

MCGRAW Then there must be another door.

MALONE Forget it, there isn't.

MCGRAW Well, then it was a physical impossibility for anybody to have killed Hudson.

MALONE Yet it was done.

MCGRAW How?

MALONE I can't tell you, but maybe I can take you to the little lady who can.

SFX: EXTERIOR, STREET NOISE AND TRAFFIC

MCGRAW All right, now listen, Malone. If the D.A. ever finds out I let Morgan go, he'll have my . . . Wait a minute. Isn't this the house where Paul Davis lived?

MALONE That's right, Lieutenant.

SFX: EXTERIOR, DOOR BUZZER

MCGRAW Well, you can't bother his wife now.

MALONE Why not?

MCGRAW Because her husband was just murdered

MALONE Oh. Well, she may surprise you with what she knows about it.

SFX: EXTERIOR, DOOR BUZZER

MALONE Morgan told me she was being romanced by some character.

MCGRAW Who's that?

MALONE I don't know. Apparently neither did Davis. If you ask me, McGraw . . .

LINDA DAVIS Yes?

MALONE Hello, Mrs. Davis. Remember me?

LINDA DAVIS Not too pleasantly.

MALONE Well, may we come in?

LINDA DAVIS I'm sorry, Mr. Malone. I'm busy.

MALONE This gentleman would like to ask you a couple of questions.

LINDA DAVIS This gentleman means nothing in my young life.

MALONE You never can tell. He's a Lieutenant in the Cook County police.

LINDA DAVIS Oh. Well, it's just that the house is in such a mess.

MALONE Well, we promise not to stare.

RAYMOND LYONS Who was it, Norma? Norma!

MALONE I, uh, I think you're being paged, baby.

LINDA DAVIS It's nothing, Raymond.

LYONS For a moment, darling, I was . . .

MALONE Hello, Lyons.

LYONS Malone.

LINDA DAVIS Lieutenant, I can explain everything.

MCGRAW Sure you can, but suppose we do it downtown, huh?

LINDA DAVIS Downtown?

MALONE It's customary, Mrs. Davis, when the police are questioning suspects.

LINDA DAVIS But we've done absolutely nothing.

MALONE Nothing but murder your husband and a man named Joe Hudson.

LINDA DAVIS That's a lie.

MALONE Do you deny that you and Lyons were busy in the Romance Department behind your husband's back?

LINDA DAVIS Yes!

MALONE And what's Lyons doing here now?

LINDA DAVIS He's just helping me.

MALONE Like he helped you murder Joe Hudson?

LINDA DAVIS No!

LYONS Just a moment, Mr. Malone. I thought this gentleman was the officer of the law.

MCGRAW Yeah, you're right, Lyons, but if you think my questions are going to be any less embarrassing, you're in for a bad shock. Joe Hudson was murdered at 10:45 tonight. Now, where were you at that time?

LYONS With Norma, here.

LINDA DAVIS That's right.

MALONE Oh, now that's what I call a wonderful alibi, Lieutenant. Too bad there wasn't anyone else around to substantiate it.

LYONS Oh, but there was, Mr. Malone. A justice of the peace in Cicero. I think he may remember us.

MALONE Why should he?

LYONS Because I gave him a hundred dollars to perform the marriage ceremony that made Norma here, Mrs. Lyons.

SFX: INTERIOR OF TRAVELING
AUTOMOBILE AS IT SWERVES

MALONE It doesn't make sense, McGraw.

MCGRAW Hey, will you watch where you're driving.

MALONE I tell you, there's something screwy about that marriage.

MCGRAW You saw the license.

MALONE Doesn't it strike you as strange that within twelve hours after her husband is murdered, Mrs. Davis marries another man?

MCGRAW Of course it does, but there's no law against it. As an attorney, you ought to know that better than anybody else.

MALONE Yeah, but an alibi like that must have a hole in it.

MCGRAW Yeah, well, you show me where. And after you do that show me how either Mrs. Davis or Lyons could have murdered Hudson. If it was a physical

impossibility for Morgan to kill him, it applies to them too.

MALONE Hold everything!

SFX: INTERIOR OF AUTOMOBILE, TIRES
SQUEAL AS IT BRAKES TO A STOPE

MALONE Oh, what a chump I've been.

MCGRAW Well, I say confession's good for the soul.

MALONE I tell you, I've got the answer to all of it, Lieutenant.

MCGRAW On the level, Malone?

MALONE Yeah. I know who killed Hudson, and with the help of Morgan, I'm going to prove it.

MORGAN I don't see what you're driving at, Malone. I don't know anything about Mrs. Davis, except what I told you before.

MALONE Well, how did you discover she was seeing Lyons?

MORGAN I didn't know it was Lyons. All Hudson told me it was with some man.

MALONE Uh-huh. How well did you know Hudson?

MORGAN I met him for the first time today. He got in touch with one of my friends and said he wanted to see me.

MALONE Oh. Well, that, uh, puts us right back where we started.

MORGAN Now look, why don't we drop the whole business, Malone?

MALONE Yeah, you'd like that, wouldn't you?

MORGAN Sure. Cops know now, I couldn't have killed Hudson.

MALONE That's where you're wrong, Morgan.

MORGAN You mean they still . . .

MALONE No, no. But I do.

MORGAN What are you babbling about?

MALONE I know how you managed it.

MORGAN Do you?

MALONE Yeah, I was pretty clever. I can't blame myself for not seeing it sooner. No wonder you insisted I go and see Hudson.

MORGAN Still waitin' to hear you explain how I killed him.

MALONE I'm saving that for the cops.

MORGAN Don't kid yourself, Malone. You've done all the talking you're going to.

MALONE Oh, put away that gun, Morgan. You don't think I'd be fool enough to come up here alone?

SFX: INTERIOR, DOOR OPENS

MORGAN Funny, I don't see anybody around.

MCGRAW You're not looking in the right place.

MORGAN What! . . .

SFX: INTERIOR, GUN SHOT

MCGRAW Get down, Malone.

SFX: INTERIOR, GUN SHOT

MCGRAW I'm warning you, Morgan. You better throw your gun in the middle of the room.

MORGAN You want it, Lieutenant . . .

SFX: INTERIOR, GUN SHOT, BODY FALLS TO FLOOR

MCGRAW Watch it, Malone. He may be acting.

MALONE Well, with that hole in his forehead, Lieutenant, it doesn't call for much ability.

SFX: INTERIOR OF AUTOMOBILE

MALONE You can drop me off at the corner, Lieutenant.

SFX: INTERIOR OF AUTOMOBILE, ITS SLOWS, THEN STOPS

MALONE Well, it's, uh, been grand.

MCGRAW Hold it just a minute, Malone. Aren't you forgetting something? I got a report to make.

MALONE Well, who's stopping you?

MCGRAW You are.

MALONE Well, you know that Morgan killed Davis.

MCGRAW Oh, sure. I was the first one to say so.

MALONE (SOFTLY LAUGHS) You should have stuck to your guns.

MCGRAW Well, when you tossed in all that razzle-dazzle about Hudson's murder, you kind of threw me.

MALONE Don't feel too badly, Lieutenant. I was right with you. Of course, I'm reconstructing now, but this is what must have happened. Lyons tried to hire Hudson to bump Davis. Hudson said he'd think it over. When Davis was killed, Hudson knew immediately that if he didn't do it, Morgan must have.

MCGRAW Well, I don't see how that follows. It could have been Lyons.

MALONE No, if Lyons were willing to do the job . . . why did he approach Hudson in the first place? Oh, no, it had to be Morgan. When Hudson realized that, he tried to shake down Morgan. He even told Morgan if the price were right, he might be induced to frame Davis' wife. So

Morgan played along with him. Asked him to get in touch with me.

MCGRAW Now we're coming to the part I want to hear.

MALONE Well, when Morgan went to meet Hudson, he knew it would be the first of many such meetings unless he took steps. So he, uh, slipped a mickey into Hudson's drink.

MCGRAW Well, why didn't he kill him then and there and be done with it, huh?

MALONE Well, because he needed an alibi, and I was it.

MCGRAW Well, I don't get it.

MALONE It's, uh, pretty simple. He needed someone with him while he murdered Hudson.

MCGRAW What?

MALONE Yeah. Remember you said it was a physical impossibility for anyone to get into that room and kill Hudson before Morgan and I broke down the door?

MCGRAW Yeah, I remember.

MALONE Well, you hit the nail right on the head. It WAS a physical impossibility. So that means Hudson was killed while I was in the room.

MCGRAW All right, now let me get this straight, Malone. You mean while you were hunting for that light switch . . .

MALONE . . . Morgan was hunting for a place to plant his knife.

MCGRAW Wasn't he taking quite a chance there?

MALONE How? Hudson was drugged, he couldn't make an outcry. A knife doesn't make any noise at all.

MCGRAW Yeah. Well, that'll learn you. Now the next time I say something, you'll listen. I told you Morgan was the killer all along, didn't I?

MALONE Yeah, well, you'll have to forgive me, Lieutenant. I've been hearing so many radio shows, I forgot it wasn't unconstitutional for a cop to be right. Let's hope this establishes some sort of a precedent.

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION

HOST That was "The Paul Davis Case," a 1947 episode of *Murder and Mr. Malone* starring Frank Lovejoy, and a part of Re-Imagined Radio's "Frank Lovejoy Tribute."

For more information, visit the episode page at our website, reimagedradio dot FM.

MUSIC: RIR THEME FOR BREAK

THE RIR BREAK

HOST Re-Imagined Radio is a program about sound-based storytelling. Each episode explores how Voice, Music, and Sounds can engage your listening imagination and promote storytelling. Like this.

SFX: RE-IMAGINED RADIO AUDIO TRAILER . . . ENDS WITH "RE-IMAGINED RADIO. NOTHING TO SEE, EVERYTHING TO HEAR."

HOST More information is available at our website--reimaginedradio DOT fm.

MUSIC: RIR THEME, ESTABLISH, THEN FADE OUT UNDER THE FOLLOWING

HOST You're listening to "Frank Lovejoy Tribute," an episode of Re-Imagined Radio. Frank Lovejoy appeared in many radio programs from the 1930s to the 1950s. His most noted role is that of Randy Stone, the night reporter for a Chicago newspaper.

Every night, while most other people are sleeping, Lovejoy, as Stone, prowls the streets of Chicago looking for interesting characters and stories. Crime stories. Tender stories. Stories about everyday people. Some of them in trouble. Stories about races against time (Dunning 1998, p.507).

This next sample is a good example. Recorded in January 1950 as an audition for Lovejoy, it wasn't broadcast until

May. Let's listen to "Elevator Caper," the May 8, 1950 episode of "Night Beat," starring Frank Lovejoy.

ACT #3: NIGHT BEAT

SFX: SHOW OPENING, DRUMS AND ANNOUNCER'S VOICE SAYS, "NIGHT BEAT

LUCKY STONE

(NARRATING) "Lucky Stone" is the name. I'm the guy that writes that column that's buried somewhere in the middle of your *Examiner* called "Night Beat."

They call me "Lucky" for the same reason they call a fat man "Slim." Because the best you can hope for in a job like this is chronic bronchitis, rings under your eyes, and the fact that you're awake when regular folk are asleep.

Sometimes the worst happens to you. A story grabs your heart and shakes it until it hollers uncle.

A corpse in a dark alley is the business at hand. It was early morning when I walked into the County Morgue. It was that same familiar ammonia smell stinging my nostrils, that gleaming tile, that cold, empty feeling you get, the way the Morgue always swipes across your face like the tail end of a nightmare.

The police lieutenant was waiting for me. He nodded for the attendant to pull back the white sheet.

POLICE

Well?

STONE

Yes that's him. That's Ted Carter.

POLICE

Okay that does it, we had to get positive identification, you were the only one we could reach. Sorry I had to get you out of bed.

STONE

That's alright.

POLICE

I guess that winds it up. Be seeing you, thanks for the trouble.

STONE

Wait a minute, wait a minute!

POLICE

Ehh?

STONE

What do you mean be seeing you and thanks? Who did it, who killed him?

POLICE

Lucky, go in any book joint, any gym, look in any back alley, any flop house, whoever you find there could have done it, take your pick.

STONE

Take my pick?

POLICE

Nobody talks, nobody remembers anything. In my book, it's murder by person or persons unknown.

STONE

Just like that?

POLICE

Just like that.

STONE

Maybe for you it's that way, but not for me, Lieutenant. I've known that guy since we were kids. I was lucky and he

wasn't. I talked him into going straight and now he's dead for it and if I don't find out who it is, I'm going to start having some lousy dreams, Lieutenant. And I'm a guy that likes to sleep some.

STONE

(NARRATING) When I hit the street, it was raining. The sky was gray, and there was a cold chill in the air. When a cab showed up, I went over to see Ted's girl, Joan.

Soon as she opened the door, I knew she'd found out. Her face looked pinched, and pale, and her eyes were red like she'd squeezed out the last tear.

JOAN

Lucky, why did it have to happen like that?

STONE

I'm sorry, Joan, you didn't go down to see . . .

JOAN

No. No, I couldn't.

STONE

I understand. Who do you think did it?

JOAN

I don't know. He told me he was all through with the rackets.

STONE

Well, what was he doing? Who'd he been mixed up with?

JOAN

He never told me anything. I never asked him. I believed him when he told me he was going straight.

STONE I'm going to find out who killed him, Joan.

JOAN Look, Lucky, you and Ted lived in different worlds. He wouldn't want you to get hurt because of him. This is for the police, Lucky.

STONE I'm sorry, the police aren't interested.

JOAN Then why should you . . . ?

STONE Because he followed my advice, and now he's dead. Now, who was the last guy he worked for, Joan? Who got sore when Ted decided to go straight?

JOAN I don't know, Lucky. I don't know.

STONE (NARRATING) I went around to the old haunts. His former friends. They didn't know. The district attorney didn't know. The cops didn't know. Ted had kicked around in this city among all these people for twenty-eight years, and now suddenly it was like he'd never lived at all.

Then I remembered a little item from his old life. A little item with baby blue eyes and red hair. Laverne Clare. He'd gone with her before he met Joan, and even after he'd met Joan. I know he kept sneaking back to Laverne like a drunk trying to decide whether to spend his last coin calling Alcoholics Anonymous or buying a glass of Muscatel. I went looking for Laverne.

STONE Now, Ted, uh . . . He spent a lot of time telling me how crazy he was about you, Laverne.

LAVERNE (DRUNK) Yeah? He was a sweet guy. Ted was all right.

STONE He liked to tell me about the way you looked when you danced.

LAVERNE Yeah, sure. Look, Mr. Stone. You're a nice guy. So why don't you go back to your office and write your column? About pretty things, Mr. Stone. Nice harmless things. You donna want to get mixed up with Bailey or with that guy Jerry.

STONE Bailey?

LAVERNE I didn't say Bailey.

STONE Oh, so it's Bailey. The character that parlays pin balls into diamond stickpins number rackets Bailey, so Ted knew something in here.

LAVERNE Oh, I didn't say that. I didn't say anything. Get out of here. Right away. You understand?

STONE Oh, yes. Yes, I'm beginning to understand.

STONE (NARRATING) So I had myself a lead, George Bailey. Only it was like going fishing with the hope that you'll be lucky enough to catch a trout, and all of a sudden, look who's eating your worm. Moby Dick, the whale.

Before I told anyone else, I thought I'd go back and see Joan.

STONE I think I know who killed him, Joan.

JOAN You do?

STONE I'm not positive, but it's a beginning.

JOAN Who?

STONE George Bailey. Know him?

JOAN Bailey? Who told you it was Bailey?

STONE You're getting pale, Joan, so you think it was Bailey, too.

JOAN Listen, Lucky, stay away from Bailey. He's trouble.

STONE Yeah? I'll let you know exactly how much trouble. I'll see you later.

JOAN Lucky! It's dangerous. Please be careful.

STONE The lieutenant told me anyone could have killed Ted. He invited me to take my pick. I'm going over and see that cop. I've taken my pick. George Bailey.

POLICE Lucky you surprise me. You really expect me to arrest George Bailey? On what charge?

STONE He's mixed up with Ted's killing. You know it and I know it.

POLICE Outside of this Laverne girl I got nothing to go on. You have one shred of evidence pointing to Bailey?

STONE Arrest him on suspicion. Sweat it out of him.

POLICE And wouldn't I look fine against Bailey's high-powered sheister lawyers, trying to make an arrest stick because some drunkard dame shot her mouth off? Even then she'd deny it if I put her up on the witness stand.

STONE So you don't want to touch Bailey?

POLICE Look, get me one witness who saw 'em together. Find me one scrap of evidence, even circumstantial evidence. I'll arrest Bailey in a minute. You won't find anything. I know. I've tried. All you'll find is frightened people and blank walls. Bailey's had this town by the throat for 10 years. No, I'm sorry, Lucky. I can't help you.

STONE (NARRATING) I was like a snowball somebody started rolling down a hill. I didn't know where I was going or what would happen when I got there, but I had to keep rolling. They've got a name for that. It's called a guilt complex, and I had it in Technicolor. Ted was dead because he believed in me. I couldn't forget that any more than I could forget my name.

Then I remembered my column. Sure, why not? The little poems to the first

robin, the jokes about the smog, the stories of the happy winos, they'd have to move over. I was going to work on Bailey in the only way I knew, and keep my fingers crossed that something would happen.

MUSIC: STINGER

STONE What big shot racketeer sends for his aspirin every time someone mentions the back alley murder of Ted Carter?

MUSIC: STINGER

STONE When is the district attorney going to get wise and change the address of Mr. B from a downtown penthouse to an upstate death house?

JERRY Listen to this, boss.

BAILEY Huh?

JERRY Stone's latest little offer. (READING) When are the police gonna bring in the Carter killer?

BAILEY Let me see it. (READING) If they don't know who it is, I'll give 'em a hint. Think of "Daily" and reach for the letter "B."

JERRY How long's he gonna get away with that?

BAILEY Hand me the phone.

JERRY Sure.

SFX: TELEPHONE DIALING, RINGING

STONE Hello?

BAILEY (FILTERED BY TELEPHONE) I want Lucky Stone.

STONE You got him.

BAILEY I'll say it only once, Mr. Stone.

STONE Hmm?

BAILEY I don't like this kind of publicity.

STONE Oh, you must be Bailey.

BAILEY I'm asking you to lay off.

STONE Real polite like, huh?

BAILEY That's right. REAL POLITE. Ehh, What's the good word, Mr. Stone?

STONE This Good word, I got a whole sack full. You'll get a copy of *The Examiner* the first thing tomorrow and you'll see 'em right under my byline.

BAILEY Now listen, Stone, I . . .

STONE It'll be something like this . . . One of the local gendarmes gonna knock on Mr. Bailey's door with a warrant for his arrest . . .

SFX: BUZZING OF DISCONNECTED TELEPHONE LINE

STONE (NARRATING) Okay, he doesn't want a preview. So let him pay seven cents.

So Bailey was beginning to squirm. Well, well, well, on him it looked just fine. I worked late on the column that night, giving Bailey enough needles to sew a circus tent. I was feeling pretty good. That guilt complex about Ted Carter wasn't hurting quite so much.

SFX: INTERIOR, DOOR BEING UNLOCKED,
FOOTSTEPS INTO APARTMENT

STONE I unlocked my door and stepped inside. I didn't have to shut the door, it was shut for me.

JERRY I've been waitin' for you, Mr. Stone.

STONE Well, as long as you're here, make yourself at home.

JERRY You're a wise cracker, ain't you? Like your friend, Ted Carter.

JERRY What do you know about Ted Carter?

JERRY Oh, he was a regular card.

STONE Okay, what do you want?

JERRY My boss sent me over to take a look at you.

STONE Your boss?

JERRY Mr. Bailey.

STONE And you, you're a Little Boy Blue, huh?

JERRY (SNICKERS) Yeah, wise cracker alright?

STONE Well, tell that boss of yours I'll be dropping around to see him for an interview.

JERRY Uh-uh.

STONE Huh?

JERRY He don't want it that way. He sent me to see you instead.

STONE Yeah?

JERRY He don't like people who don't pay attention to his telephone messages. He thinks you're very nasty yappin' all the time that he had somethin' to do with the Ted Carter killin'.

STONE So?

JERRY So, like I said. Mr. Bailey don't like it.

STONE Okay, Buster, now get out of here.

JERRY Not right now. Mr. Bailey wants me to teach you a lesson . . . with this blackjack.

SFX: BLACKJACK HITS STONE'S BODY

SFX: STONE GROANS

JERRY Mr. Bailey don't like smart guys.

SFX: STONE HIT AGAIN WITH BLACKJACK

JERRY (Chuckles) Wisecracker.

STONE (NARRATING) I woke up with a nice view of my ceiling. All of a sudden I wanted to feel a gun in my hands. I washed up, changed clothes, and found a cab. It was a quarter to eleven when I reached Joan's apartment. I had to knock a long time before she came to the door. She was rubbing the sleep out of her eyes.

SFX: INTERIOR, APARTMENT DOOR OPENS

JOAN Lucky? Come on in.

STONE Thanks, honey.

SFX: INTERIOR OF APARTMENT, DOOR CLOSSES

STONE When Ted quit the rackets, what did he do with his gun?

JOAN He asked me to keep it. He said then I'd know he was on the up-and-up. Why?

STONE I want Ted's gun.

JOAN (ALARMED) What are you gonna do with it?

STONE Never mind. Just get me the gun.

JOAN No, Lucky. You'll only get the . . .

STONE The gun. The gun.

JOAN

It's in the bottom drawer of the dresser. I'll get it.

SFX: INTERIOR, FOOTSTEPS WALK INTO ANOTHER ROOM, DRAWER OPENS, FOOTSTEPS RETURN

STONE

Think you're, crazy. Here.

STONE

Thank you.

JOAN

Where are you going?

STONE

Wentworth Towers. Bailey has an office there.

JOAN

Lucky you are, crazy. You're walking right into a trap. They'll kill you like they killed Ted.

STONE

Well, if I don't go, Jerry will be coming around again. You see, either way, it's no good. At least this way, I say when. Wish me luck.

JOAN

Luck? Oh, you fool, you poor fool. You'll end up like Ted with five bullet holes in your back.

STONE

(NARRATING) When I got to the Wentworth Towers it was almost midnight. The streets were deserted. The only sounds were distant traffic. The front door was locked, and the only light in the lobby came from the night elevator. An old man sat inside the elevator dozing. I pounded on the window.

SFX: EXTERIOR, FIST KNOCKING ON
GLASS WINDOW

STONE He reluctantly got to his feet and started walking toward me. He snapped the lock and pushed open the front door.

SFX: DOOR OPENS

POP Nobody in this building now. All the offices are closed.

STONE I'm not all of them, Pop. I have an appointment with Mr. Bailey.

POP Ya has?

STONE Yeah.

POP Okay. I'll take you up. Thirty-fourth floor. Come on.

SFX: INTERIOR OF ELEVATOR, DOOR
CLOSES, ENGINE ENGAGES AND IT RISES
UP THROUGH THE BUILDING.

STONE (NARRATING) as the elevator rose I dipped my hand in my coat pocket. The cold touch of the gun had the comforting sensation of a boy holding his father's hand. The elevator came to a stop on the 34th floor.

SFX: INTERIOR OF ELEVATOR. ENGINES
STOPS, DOOR OPENS

STONE (NARRATING) The doors opened and Little Boy Blue stepped out of the darkness. He had a gun too. Only his was in his fist.

JERRY Take us downstairs pop.

POP Sure thing, Jerry.

STONE I wanna see Bailey.

JERRY We know but Bailey don't want to see you. Hey, keep your hands out of your pockets. Let me see what you got there.

(SARCASTIC) A gun. Pretty nice. Thanks.

STONE Don't mention it. I'm always handing out souvenirs.

SFX: INTERIOR OF ELEVATOR, DOOR CLOSSES

SFX: INTERIOR OF ELEVATOR, "DING" OF ELEVATOR FLOOR INDICATOR, DOOR OPENS

JERRY You go out first, Pop, and open the street door.

POP All right, Jerry. I'll get it open for ya.

SFX: INTERIOR OF BUILDING LOBBY, FOOTSTEPS FROM THE ELEVATOR TO THE FRONT DOOR, DOOR OPENS

JERRY Is everything all right, Pop? Is it all clear?

STONE Why don't you go out there and see? Here, I'll help you.

SFX: INTERIOR OF ELEVATOR, JERRY GRUNTS AS HE IS PUSHED OUT, ELEVATOR DOOR CLOSES, MOTOR ENGAGES, ELEVATOR BEGINS RISING, DUCKS UNDER THE FOLLOWING

STONE

(NARRATING) I shoved the kid out. I pushed the lever that slammed the door shut and started the elevator going up. I could see little lights blink on the instrument panel as I passed each floor. Bailey was on the thirty-fourth floor and I was getting closer. Closer . . . Closer.

SFX: INTERIOR OF ELEVATOR, AS IT STOPS

STONE

(NARRATING) All of a sudden the elevator stopped. I was stuck between the eleventh and twelfth floors. I didn't have to be a mastermind to figure out what had happened. Little Boy Blue and the old man had gone to the basement and switched off the power on my elevator. They'd bring up one of the other elevators and come after me. I began to feel like an animal trapped in a cage.

Then I noticed a little door on top of the elevator. I climbed up on the old man's stool. I pushed the door upward and grabbed the sides of the opening, and I started pulling myself out.

SFX: INTERIOR OF ELEVATOR, LUCKY STRUGGLES TO CLIMB THROUGH THE ELEVATORS SMALL ROOF DOOR

STONE

(NARRATING) And now I was standing on top of the elevator, hanging on to a greasy cable that ran down from the roof of the building.

Far below, I heard the other elevator with Jerry and the old man start climbing. I leaned forward to reach the door to the twelfth floor. I couldn't reach it.

The other elevator was coming up fast. As I lunged for it again, their elevator stopped at the eleventh floor.

JERRY

(BELOW AND UNDERNEATH) How we gonna get that elevator door open?

STONE

I was trapped good, but as long as I was between floors, they couldn't get to me either.

Little Boy Blue figured it that way, too.

JERRY

How are we going to get his elevator down here so we can get on him?

POP

You wait here. I'll go down to the basement and get him down to the eleventh floor with the emergency brake.

JERRY

All right, but hurry.

STONE

(NARRATING) In a couple of minutes, I could feel my elevator inching down toward the eleventh floor and me going right along with it perched on the roof.

JERRY How coulda he got out of here?

POP Jerry, look there. The hatch door is open. He's on top of the elevator

JERRY How many floors in this building, Pop.

POP Thirty-five. Why?

JERRY I've always wanted to run an elevator. Let's see how fast we can get to the roof.

POP Ahh . . . Jerry . . .

JERRY Shut up! Hold on to your hat, Stone.

SFX: INTERIOR, ELEVATOR SHAFT,
ELEVATOR BEGINS RISING TO THE ROOF,
DUCK AND CONTINUE UNDER THE
FOLLOWING

STONE (NARRATING) We were rising a mile a minute. All I could do was sprawl down and watch the roof of the building coming at me, faster and faster. The top pulleys singing around and around, louder and louder. The roof was rushing to meet me like we were lovers from way back. Faster and faster, almost to the top, almost!

SFX: INTERIOR OF ELEVATOR SHAFT,
METAL HITS METAL AS THE ELEVATOR
STOPS AGAINST THE GIANT SPRINGS AT
THE TOP OF THE SHAFT, CROSS FADE TO
. . .

MUSIC: DRAMATIC EMPHASIS

STONE (NARRATING) The shock of the elevator smacking against the huge top spring shook me up like a bag of cement in a concrete mixer.

JERRY You must be the original Indian rubber man, Stone. (LAUGHS) Come on, climb out here.

STONE Well, how can I refuse such a nice invitation? Especially when you're holding a gun.

JERRY Come on, back up, Pop.

SFX: INTERIOR OF ELEVATOR SHAFT, AN ELEVATOR RISES TO THE TOP OF THE BUILDING

CLEANING LADY Elevator! Wait! Wait a minute, will you please?

JERRY (WHISPERING) Who's that?

POP (WHISPERING) One of the cleaning women. Better put your gun away.

CLEANING LADY (OUT OF BREATH FROM RUNNING) Well, this is for a break. I thought you'd be taking a snooze.

POP All right, all right.

STONE Yeah, let's all get in. It's hard to get an elevator this time of night.

SFX: INTERIOR OF ELEVATOR, DOOR CLOSES, MOTOR ENGAGED, BEGINS TO DESCEND

STONE (NARRATING) We rode down, the four of us. No one said anything. The cleaning woman was half dead on her feet, her head bobbing, half asleep. Oh, that lovely, innocent, tired old gal was saving my life. So long as she was with us.

CLEANING LADY I'll get out on the third floor, Pop. I'm going to the dressing room.

POP Three it is.

SFX: INTERIOR OF ELEVATOR, BEGINS TO SLOW AS APPROACHING THIRD FLOOR, STOPS, DOOR OPENS.

POP Here you are, number three.

CLEANING LADY Thank you. Good night, Pop.

STONE Good night, Pop. I get off here, too.

JERRY No, you don't. This ain't the main floor.

STONE For me, this is the main floor.

JERRY Stone! Come back here, Stone!

STONE (NARRATING) I raced down the dark hall, past the cleaning woman who stared at me with her mouth wide open. In the distance, I saw what I was looking for, a little red sign that said "Stairway." My little pal was right after me.

SFX: INTERIOR OF BUILDING HALLWAY, FOOTSTEPS RUNNING

STONE (NARRATING) I got to the stairs, darted down four at a time. He's right on my tail.

JERRY (SHOUTING) You're not gettin' away, Stone!

SFX: INTERIOR OF STAIRWAY, GUNSHOT, ECHOES AND RICOCHETS IN STAIRCASE

STONE (NARRATING) I got out of here fast.

SFX: INTERIOR OF STAIRWAY, ANOTHER GUNSHOT

STONE (NARRATING) This party was getting rough.

SFX: INTERIOR OF STAIRWAY, ANOTHER GUNSHOT

STONE (NARRATING) I reached the main floor. Instead of going through the lobby and into the street, I ducked behind a cigar cart.

SFX: INTERIOR OF BUILDING LOBBY, FOOTSTEPS RUNNING ACROSS THE LOBBY FLOOR, HEADING FOR THE DOOR

STONE (NARRATING) The kid raced by. He went out through the front door looking for me on the street outside.

MUSIC: SUSPENSEFUL

STONE (NARRATING) Right then I started thinking of Joan . . .

JOAN (FILTERED TO SOUND LIKE A MEMORY) You'll end up like Ted, with five bullet holes in your back.

STONE (NARRATING) Five bullet holes in my back, his back. I went to the stairs again and down into the basement. I was beginning to feel those bullets tearing into my back.

JOAN (FILTERED TO SOUND LIKE A MEMORY) You'll end up like Ted, with five bullet holes in your back.

STONE (NARRATING) I didn't want to kill Bailey anymore. I only wanted to get to Joan.

MUSIC: SUSPENSEFUL

STONE (NARRATING) Joan was waiting for me when I got to her apartment. She wanted the whole story, everything that happened. When I'd finished, I watched her relax a little.

JOAN Then you didn't kill Bailey.

STONE No, Joan, I didn't kill Bailey.

SFX: POLICE SIREN IN BACKGROUND,
GETTING CLOSER

JOAN Police siren. It sounds like it's stopping in front of the house.

STONE Yeah. They came here sooner than I expected.

JOAN Sooner than you . . . Lucky you've been lying to me. You did kill him. They've come to arrest you. You lied.

STONE I haven't lied, John. They haven't come to arrest me. They've come to arrest you, for the murder of Ted Carter.

JOAN What are you talking about? I didn't . . .

STONE Oh, but you did. You said the wrong thing tonight when I went out to get Bailey.

JOAN What do you mean?

STONE You said I'd end up like Ted with five bullet holes in my back. How would you know about that?

JOAN I . . . I . . .

STONE It wasn't in any of the newspaper stories. You never went to the morgue. There was no way on earth you could have known unless you killed him.

SFX: INTERIOR OF APARTMENT, KNOCK ON DOOR FROM OUTSIDE

STONE Be right with ya. That's the Police, Joan, any more questions?

JOAN Yes. Don't you know what it's like to love somebody? I was willing to do anything for him. Scrub his floor, wash his clothes, give him a good home,

anything. But he always kept going back to Laverne.

(CRIES BRIEFLY)

The way I loved him do you think I could let any other woman . . .

SFX: INTERIOR OF APARTMENT, KNOCK ON DOOR FROM OUTSIDE

STONE (TO POLICE OFFICERS ON OTHER SIDE OF DOOR) All right boys, all right I'll let you in.

(TO JOAN) I want you to know one thing, Joan. No matter what you thought, Ted really loved YOU. You see, Laverne represented his OLD world. But with you, he was going to have a new life. You remember that, will you?

SFX: INTERIOR, FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR, DOOR OPENS

STONE (TO POLICE OFFICERS) Okay, boys, she's all yours.

MUSIC: "NIGHT BEAT" THEME

STONE (NARRATING) Yeah, that's the story of Ted Carter. Murdered in the name of love. Okay, if that's what love does to you, I'll string along with Penuchle.

(LAUGHS) Ahh . . .I'm just feeling low tonight. Because murder is only a symptom of what we're suffering from.

The disease is selfishness and jealousy and greed. Too many of us have decided that the golden rule may have been all right for Grandpa, but nowadays the fashionable thing is dog eat dog.

But then I think, how can that be? How can any of us hurt or hate or even be indifferent to those around us when in this whole crazy world all any of us ever really have is each other.

Well, that does it for the night. I called Bailey, and I told him I'd made a mistake, but then he'd made 'em too, so it was a Mexican standoff.

It's a nice job. You finish up, you yell for the copy boy, you grab for a second-ham sandwich and a third cup of coffee, and then you start all over again. Because tomorrow you've got another night beat. You don't know where the story's coming from or where it's going to take you, but you know it's somewhere out there in the dark waiting for you. I'll tell you all about it next week.

MUSIC: FROM "NIGHT BEAT" TO CLOSE

HOST CREDITS/CLOSE

HOST

Well, that's it. Re-Imagined Radio's "Frank Lovejoy Tribute." It was our way of offering a tip of the microphone to a solid radio actor from the 1930s to the 1950s.

We sampled from four radio programs of which Lovejoy was either the narrator or the star: *This Is Your FBI*, *The Blue Beetle*, *Murder and Mr. Malone*, and *Night Beat*. We hope you enjoyed listening.

This episode was written and produced by John Barber.

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Episodes are archived and streamed on demand at our website, reimaginedradio DOT fm. Podcasts are available from the major distribution platforms.

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Re-Imagined Radio acknowledges the debt we owe to previous and contemporary radio artists and we hope our curation and stewardship of their artifacts and efforts demonstrates our sincerity.

This is John Barber, producer and host.
Thank you for listening.

MUSIC: RIR THEME UP, THEN DUCK
UNDER THE FOLLOWING

ANNOUNCER CLOSE

ANNOUNCER

This is a production of Re-Imagined
Radio. To learn more, visit our website,
reimaginedradio (all one word, no
punctuation) DOT fm.

Please join us for another episode of
Re-Imagined Radio as we continue our
exploration of sound-based storytelling.

MUSIC: RIR THEME UP, AND TO END.