

THE LIVES OF HARRY LIME

Imaginative crimes and misadventures

Written by

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Re-Imagined Radio

Final draft

Season 13, Episode 01, January 20, 2025

The Lives of Harry Lime

Imaginative crimes and misadventures

Re-Imagined Radio
Season 13, Episode 1
Final Draft

Premier broadcast: January 20, 2025

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Synopsis

Re-Imagined Radio presents the first and last episodes of *The Lives of Harry Lime* (1951-1952), starring Orson Welles as both Harry Lime and the narrator, to showcase their tight construction, playful concepts, and excellent narratives. In "Too Many Crooks" Harry gets mixed up with a bank robbery attempt in Budapest where each member of the gang tries to out double cross the other. In "Greek Meets Greek," Harry, while in Greece, contends with the measles, a dead body, and a mysterious woman with a gun claiming someone is trying to kill her. Her story, however, doesn't make sense. An episode from our OTR (Old Time Radio) series.

Credits

"Too Many Crooks." *The Lives of Harry Lime*. Episode 01, 3 August 1951.

"Greek Meets Greek." *The Lives of Harry Lime*. Episode 52, 25 July 1952.

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.

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

MUSIC = pre-recorded

MUSIC = bespoke, created for this episode

COLD OPEN

MUSIC: ZITHER RENDITION OF "THE
THIRD MAN" THEME. DUCKS UNDER FOR
THE FOLLOWING.

ANNOUNCER

The Lives of Harry Lime. The fabulous stories of the immortal character originally created in the motion picture *The Third Man*, with zither music by Anton Karas.

MUSIC: ZITHER MUSIC

SFX: A GUNSHOT INTERRUPTS THE MUSIC

HARRY LIME

That was the shot that killed Harry Lime. He died in a sewer beneath Vienna, as those of you know who saw the movie *The Third Man*. Yes, that was the end of Harry Lime. But it was not the beginning. Harry Lime had many lives. And I can recount all of them. How do I know? Very simple . . . because my name is Harry Lime.

THEME AND ANNOUNCER

MUSIC: RIR THEME

ANNOUNCER

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

HOST OPEN

HOST

Hello everyone. In this episode of Re-Imagined Radio we present *The Lives of Harry Lime* starring Orson Welles, who reprises his role as con artist Harry Lime from the 1949 British noir film *The Third Man*. It's an episode from our Old Time Radio series.

We present the first and last episodes to showcase their tight construction, playful concepts, and excellent narratives.

For more information, and the episode script, visit our website, reimagedradio dot fm.

Thank you for listening as Re-Imagined Radio presents *The Lives of Harry Lime* starring Orson Welles.

MUSIC: ZITHER MUSIC FOR TRANSITION

ACT #1, "TOO MANY CROOKS"

HOST INTRODUCTION

HOST

In episode #1, "Too Many Crooks," Harry Lime, mixed up with a bank robbery attempt in Budapest, discovers all the would be robbers are trying to double-cross each other. The high-spirited, fast-paced action and dialogue are compelling. Let's listen.

SFX: "TOO MANY CROOKS," EPISODE #1
OF THE ADVENTURES OF HARRY LIME.
BEGINS WITH MUSIC.

ANNOUNCER Presenting Orson Welles as The Third
Man.

MUSIC: ZITHER MUSIC

ANNOUNCER The Lives of Harry Lyme. The fabulous
stories of the immortal character,
originally created in the motion picture
The Third Man, with... Zither Music by
Anton Karas.

MUSIC: ZITHER MUSIC

SFX: GUNSHOT

WELLES (NARRATING) That was the shot that
killed Harry Lime. He died in a sewer
beneath Vienna. As those of you know who
saw the movie The Third Man. Yes, that
was the end of Harry Lyme. But it was
not the beginning. Harry Lyme had many
lives, and I can recount all of them.
How do I know? Very simple. Because my
name is Harry Lime.

MUSIC: DRAMATIC STINGER

WELLES (NARRATING) Don't get me wrong, I love
Budapest. From Budapest come goulashes
and Csárdáses (SHAR-dashes). Csárdáses
being something you dance and goulash
being something you eat if you go for
all that paprika. Me, I love it. So,
when I got that telegram, I took the
first train to Hungary. Maybe I'd better

tell you about the telegram first. "Dear Mr. Lime," it said, "My bank is going to be robbed and I need your help." It was signed "Fekete"(FECK-e-tee), evidently a man's name, nobody I knew. I knew all about bank robberies, however, and I was dying to help. Besides, as I say, I love paprika. So I started packing right away.

MUSIC: ZITHER MUSIC FOR TRANSITION

ANNOUNCER And now Orson Welles as Harry Lyme, the third man in today's story, "Too Many Crooks."

MUSIC

WELLES (Narrating) Before calling at the bank, I stopped at a cute little flower shop I happened to notice across the way.

LIME Ah, Good morning. Would you give me something for my buttonhole? (SURPRISED) Why Lily. Lily, what are you doing here?

LILY We have some very pretty pink gardenias.

LIME Oh, come on, Lily. Don't tell me you don't remember me, and how are all the Corellis?

LILY The who?

LIME Don't give me that, Lily.

LILY My name is Lulu.

LIME You used to be Lily, and you used to be a blonde and the Corellis, as you know perfectly well, because you used to work for some of the best bank robbers in Central Europe. - Well, what about it, honey?

LILY Here are your gardenias, Harry. Now get out of here.

LIME Okay, honey, okay. No need to get in a hassle.

LILY I'm telling you, Harry, get out.

WELLES (Narrating) I never was one to argue. So I took my gardenias across the street and walked into the bank.

FIRST SECRETARY Mr. Fekete will see Mr. Harry Lyme.

SECOND SECRETARY You can go in now, Mr. Lime.

LIME Oh, thank you.

SECOND SECRETARY Mr. Fekete will see you.

LIME Yes, that's what I gathered.

SECOND SECRETARY This way, please.

LIME Thank you.

SECOND
SECRETARY Oh, Mr. Lyme, will you please extinguish your cigarette? Mr. Fekete does not approve of smoking.

LIME Thanks, I'll bear that in mind.

FEKETE Mr. Lyme . . . Come in! Come in and shut the door, there's a breeze.

LIME Mind if I sit down, Mr. Fekete? Is there a rule against that?

FEKETE Sit down, sit down. You're a very impertinent young man, but I don't mind that. I'm an impertinent old man. We ought to get along together very nicely.

LIME What's your proposition, Mr. Fekete?

FEKETE Yeah, what do you mean?

LIME That's what I said. What's your proposition?

FEKETE Listen to me, Lime. I don't make propositions. I consider them.

LIME Have it your own way, Fekete. I'm a big boy now. I'm not so easily impressed.

FEKETE What do you mean, impressed?

LIME All this big desk, double-secretary, Mr. Fekete, he'll see you now. Mr. Fekete, he doesn't approve of smoking, busy executive. Hupphla. It may go down very well with the bumpkins who give you their money to invest. It doesn't mean a thing to me. You sent for me, didn't

you? I crossed three national borders to get here and lost a lot of time, so don't ask me what's my proposition. What's yours, Mr. Fekete?

FEKETE (LAUGHING) Very good, very good. Indeed. You're just the man I hoped you were. Have a cigar.

LIME Wouldn't that be breaking the rules?

FEKETE I make the rules, Mr. Lime, and I don't like cheap tobacco smoke. Not if I enjoy being forced to distribute these very costly, custom-made Havana's to everybody, or what is it you call them, bumpkin, who comes into my office. I think you'll enjoy these.

LIME Thanks.

FEKETE Like?

LIME Thanks.

FEKETE Good. Now that we're a little more at ease, I suppose you're telling me something about yourself.

LIME Why?

FEKETE What do you mean, why? I wish you'd start asking me what I mean by everything I say, Fekete.

I said why, and I meant why.

You put private detectives on my trail. You found me. You made me a very substantial down payment on services to be rendered, and now, when I get here, you want me to tell you about myself. That's just plain silly, old man. It's obvious. If you went to all that trouble and expense to get me here, you knew about me already. I'm the one to ask the questions, not you.

FEKETE Better and better. Mr. Lime, if you were just a little less notorious as a crook, I'd offer you a vice presidency in my bank.

LIME I forgive the insult, Mr. Fekete.

FEKETE What do you mean, insult?

LIME There you go asking what I mean again, I meant insult.

FEKETE Now don't you get pompous on me, Lime. You are a crook, a well-famous one. You don't want to deny that.

LIME What I don't want is very simple, Mr. Fekete. I don't want to be a vice president of your bank.

FEKETE Oh? Oh, I follow you now. Don't worry Lime, I promised you \$20,000 . . .

LIME That's right.

FEKETE Or its equivalent in Hungarian papers . . .

LIME Oh, wait a minute . . .

FEKETE . . . and you'll get it without having to serve as an officer in this bank.

LIME You promised me \$20,000, old man. There weren't any gimmicks in the agreement about the joke money you folks pass off on each other locally. I know. I carry my own microscope for reading the fine type.

FEKETE Very well, very well. \$20,000 it is. Ah, hemm, Don't you want to know what I expect you to do for it?

LIME Mr. Fekete, you keep making me repeat myself. I told you before that I'm a big boy now. If you're giving me 20,000 bucks, I can relax, not worry about asking you silly questions. You're gonna get around eventually to telling me what you expect me to do for it.

FEKETE Hmm. Did you ever hear of a bank giving a reward?

LIME Yes, but only after a bank robbery.

FEKETE Exactly. Exactly. Only after a bank has been robbed. I'm reversing the procedure Lime. I'm giving the reward first.

LIME Ah, so that's the little caper, is it? You want me to rob your bank for you?

FEKETE Not at all. Not at all. A reward is usually given for apprehending the thieves who have robbed the bank. What I

want you to do, Harry . . . I may call you Harry, maybe?

LIME Certainly. Old man, call me Harry, if it gives you any fun.

FEKETE Well Harry. What I want you to do is to apprehend the robbers before the robbery is committed. (LAUGHS: Ha ha ha ha.) Very clever, don't you think so? Have another cigar.

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION

WELLES (NARRATING) In my business, I may get in the way of an awful lot of screwy deals, but I can tell you that never in a long career have I been offered in complete seriousness a loopier proposition than Mr. Fekete's. It seems the key to the whole affair was Mr. Fekete's junior officer in the bank, a certain Mr. Fodor.

FEKETE Lodislos Fodor is the full name, Henry.

LIME Hmmm.

FEKETE He's one of our vice presidents.

LIME I see.

FEKETE I tell you this right now, the man is an unprincipled criminal.

LIME Oh?

FEKETE Come here, and I'll show him to you.
Come this way. You can see him through
the glass panel.

SFX: TYPEWRITERS AT WORK

LIME Oh, yes.

FEKETE There he is.

LIME Oh, that one.

FEKETE Second desk to the right. With all those
silly hairs pasted over his bald head.
That's the man.

LIME He doesn't look very dangerous to me.

FEKETE Fodor? Dangerous? He has the brain of a
Beckwith, but the charm of a worm. Now
that I look back on it, I can't imagine
how I ever persuaded myself to be
jealous.

LIME Jealous? I don't follow you, old man.

FEKETE If I have a fault, Harry, it is this. I
do tend to be jealous. Lulu often chides
me about it. I have promised to curb the
instinct, but there is a part of my . .
.

LIME Lulu, you mean the girl in the flower
shop across the way? That Lulu?

FEKETE She is the only Lulu I know, Mr. Lime.
How does it happen that you are
acquainted with her?

LIME You see this carnation?

FEKETE I see it, yes.

LIME Lulu sold it to me, overcharged me, scandalous, as a matter of fact.

FEKETE Poor Lulu is a working girl. She must live. How does it happen you know her?

LIME What makes you think I do?

FEKETE You know her name.

LIME One of the other customers called her that while I was still in the shop. It happens it was this little fellow you just pointed out to me over there, the vice president, Fodor.

FEKETE God, the vice president.

LIME I hate to keep harping on these commercial matters, but just how does my \$20,000 reward come into the picture?

FEKETE Let us speak to my inner office, Harry, and I will tell Come

LIME Okay, old man.

SFX: DOOR CREAKS OPEN, THEN CLOSES.

FEKETE Sit down, please, Harry. Have another cigar.

LIME My pockets are bulging with cigars now, old man. Let's concentrate on the \$20,000.

FEKETE Certainly, certainly.

SFX: INTERCOM SWITCH ENGAGED.

FEKETE (SPEAKING INTO INTERCOM) Oh, Miss Tava.
Miss Tava!

SECRETARY Yes, Mr. Fekete?

FEKETE (SPEAKING INTO INTERCOM) No matter who
calls, don't disturb me, not on any
account. I'm having an important
conference.

SECRETARY Yes, Mr. Fekete.

FEKETE Oh, jealousy, Harry. Jealousy is a
terrible thing.

LIME Yes, it certainly is. Now, about this
reward.

FEKETE Jealousy is the green-eyed monster who
doth mock the meat it feeds on. That's
how the poor Shakespeare expresses it.

LIME The poet Shakespeare said a mouthful,
(Changing subject) now . . .

FEKETE But still, if it had not been for
jealousy, I would never have followed
this Fodor into Lulu's shop, and if I
hadn't done that, I would never have
discovered the digging.

LIME Digging? What digging?

FEKETE What would you say, Harry, if I were to
tell you that running under the street

from Lulu's flower shop to this bank . .
. there is a tunnel.

LIME A tunnel?

FEKETE What would you say if I told you that?

LIME Well, I'd say, "Well, well, well, what do you know?" That's what I'd say.

FEKETE That's what I said when I found out about it. And that's why I say now that I mustn't ever forget to be grateful to jealousy. Particularly since I've discovered that there's nothing between Lulu and Fodor. Or, nothing serious, I guess.

LIME And do you know what I'd say to that?

FEKETE No.

LIME A couple of rude words.

FEKETE But why?

LIME Why? You find them scrambling away together like a couple of chubby moles, digging away in the general direction of your bank vault and you say there's nothing serious between them.

FEKETE Tell yourself I'm sure of that. I have a Lulus word. And besides, what could she possibly see in a fat little non-identity like Fodor? No, the only one who thinks it's serious is Fodor. That's

the whole point. Fodor is a dupe, a mere catch point in the conspiracy.

LIME Oh, yes? And who's the mastermind?

FEKETE I am.

LIME Uh-huh, and what does Fodor think about that?

FEKETE He languishes in ignorance. He knows nothing. I do think that he aspires. He dares to aspire to my position in the bank.

LIME How does Lulu fit in?

FEKETE I must tell you that Lulu has given me some reason to hope that she will someday make me the happiest man in the world.

LIME And how would she do that? By giving up Fodor or sending you a big bouquet of roses. Let's get down to cases, old man. Wedding bells can ring out from Buda to Pest and back again, but I won't be there to throw any rice unless I get paid. What is it exactly you want from me? Lessons on how to help Fodor and Lulu rob your bank?

FEKETE Fodor's going to do the robbing, and besides, it isn't my bank. I'm only a salaried officer.

LIME And then Fodor gives you the money to give to Lulu. Is that it?

FEKETE Certainly not. Certainly not. That would be silly.

LIME That's just what I was thinking.

FEKETE No, no. Everyday Fodor is supposed to take the paper money from the various cages and place it in the vault.

LIME Yes . . .

FEKETE This is his responsibility.

LIME Ehh . . .

FEKETE Tonight, however, he will not do this. He will leave the money outside the vault hidden in a large filing cabinet.

LIME Oh, yeah.

FEKETE Oh, the entire plan has been carefully worked out, I can assure you.

LIME All I can say is this Fodor of yours is a very cooperative type of cat's burgler.

FEKETE Don't call him "this Fodor of yours." He isn't. He's no Fodor of mine.

LIME Have it your own way, old man, and what comes next? You, I suppose, huh? You come a half hour later with a dark lantern and a gunny sack. You wrap up the money, join Lula, who's been waiting for you across the street in the flower shop, and the two of you, hand in hand, move off down the road into the sunrise

and also into the very choicest
Hungarian hoosegow, hmm?

FEKETE What is a hoosegow?

LIME A jail or prison. A place of forcible
incarceration. A lock-up for bad little
bank robbers.

FEKETE Not at all! Not at all! It is Fodor who
goes to prison.

LIME Oh, yes? And how do you work that?

FEKETE That is one of the things I want you to
arrange.

LIME Oh I see I'm going to have to earn that
20,000. I think we'll start by having it
deposited in my name and in somebody
else's bank.

FEKETE Why now? And why another bank?

LIME Every bank in Budapest isn't going to be
robbed tonight. So I think I'd prefer
one of the others. I'll take it now
because I know you wouldn't want me to
go to the police with what is, after
all, a fairly sordid little...

FEKETE But that's blackmail.

LIME Oh watch your language. Blackmail's a
nasty word. You know I'll I want is
protection from my poor little 20,000.
I'll give you service for it too, but I

want to be positive that you're ready to meet your payroll.

FEKETE Very well. You'll have your money, but you will help me.

LIME I'm going to need a few more solid facts, old man.

FEKETE Well, it all began with this insane jealousy of mine for Fodor. I took to following him. He used to go into Lulu's flower shop at night long after it was closed. And one time he left the shutter unfastened and I went in. There were no lights in the shop itself, but I could hear voices from the basement below. I opened the trapdoor very carefully so as not to be heard. And what do you think I saw?

LIME You saw Lulu, Fodor and three men all hard at work digging a tunnel.

FEKETE Yes. How did you know?

LIME I didn't, I guess. After all, you told me there was a tunnel.

FEKETE But the three men, how did you know about them?

LIME I'm still guessing. It's pretty obvious Mr. Fodor and Lulu couldn't dig much of a hole without getting some help. Tell me this, it was Lulu who persuaded you to call me in on this deal, wasn't it?

FEKETE How did you know that?

LIME Still just guessing, old man, just guessing. Now let me guess on for a minute and stop me when I'm wrong. When you saw what Lulu and Fodor were doing, you went home and brooded for a while, and then a few days afterwards, you confronted her.

FEKETE It was the next day.

LIME Okay, it was the next day. Lulu admitted she was planning to rob the bank but said she was just using Fodor, and you were the only one she really cared about, and if you joined the party, it's you she'd run off with, leaving Mr. Fodor holding the bag, an empty bag. How am I doing?

FEKETE You're a clever man.

LIME Sure I am. That's why Lulu had you send for me. You see, the idea is that Fodor will hide the money outside the vault and leave. Then, according to the arrangement, as he understands it, Lulu will come through the tunnel at night with her helpers and take the money back under the street through the tunnel.

Who did she tell Fodor these helpers were?

FEKETE She said one of them is her brother and the other two are cousins.

LIME And what did she tell you?

FEKETE That's what she told me. Why?

LIME Nothing, nothing old man, I don't know. Give me one more guess, hmm? After Fodor leaves the money, what you do is crawl back through the tunnel with a sack of currency clenched in your teeth, but no, that wouldn't make any sense. What if you'd run into a couple of brothers crawling in the opposite direction.

FEKETE I'm not to have anything to do with the tunnel.

LIME Oh.

FEKETE You see, Fodor leaves the money out just before closing time. That way, he's implicated, and we have his scapegoat. So there's nothing to stop me from letting myself in with my key at night and walking away with the money. Who could suspect me? It's a perfect crime, Harry. Wouldn't you say so?

LIME Yes, yes, it's quite a crime, if you look at it in one way. But tell me about the brothers. What are they supposed to think about all this?

FEKETE They don't know about it. Lulu hasn't told them.

LIME But the news will reach them eventually, and what then?

FEKETE They must be implicated somehow, along with Fodor. But I must be protected, and

Lulu. That's what you're here for,
Harry. Have another cigar.

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION

ANNOUNCER Orson Welles returns in just a moment as
the third man.

MUSIC

ANNOUNCER And now, Orson Welles, as the third man,
continues with today's story, Too Many
Crooks.

WELLES (Narrating) Naturally, the first thing I
did after making my farewells to Mr.
Fekete was to go across the street and
pay a call on Lulu.

LULU Harry, listen to me carefully.

LIME I'm listening, honey.

LULU There's a little cafe on the hill above
the old city. Do you know the place?
There's a gold rooster on the roof.

HARRY What about it?

LULU Go there and wait for me. You never can
tell when Fodor or Fecate will be
bursting in here. They keep jumping
across the street to check up on each
other and buying geraniums. Go to the
cafe and I'll be with you as soon as I
can close up here.

HARRY What about the boys below?

LULU What do you mean?

HARRY The construction crew, the Corellis.

LULU Fekete told you about the Corellis?

LIME Who would have found out anyway, Lily?

LULU Lulu.

LIME Okay.

LULU What happens to them if you shut up the store?

LIME Isn't there a way out?

LULU No, but they won't be finished before I'm back, and besides, what they don't know won't hurt them.

LIME Lily, or rather Lulu, it looks to me as though just about everybody around here is due to be hurt by what they don't know.

MUSIC: OMINOUS TRANSITION

WELLES (NARRATING) I found the gold rooster and sat down on the terrace of the restaurant to wait for Mr. Fekete's fiancée.

MUSIC: ZITHER STINGER.

WELLES Over a glass of Tokai, I tried to add up the situation as of then. As far as I could see, the whole setup was like a Picasso painting. No matter how you

looked at it, it was cock-eyed and upside down.

LULU (COMING CLOSER) Hello Harry, don't order anything for me, I haven't time...

LIME Don't worry, Lily. I'm not here to celebrate. We can have our party after I know who's going to pay the check.

LULU I wish you'd call me Lulu.

LIME Okay, Lulu. Now, here's all the sense I can make out of this caper. You came here with the Corelli gang, right?

LULU No, they came first. Then they sent for me to work in the flower shop up front. That tunnel was their idea.

LIME Then you sent for me. That was your idea.

LULU You're right.

LIME Um humm. And Fodor thinks he's going to divvy up with the Corellis, and marry you on the proceeds.

LULU Something like.

LIME Fekete thinks something like the same something. The president thinks he's going to put it over the vice president. What about the construction crew?

LULU You mean Walter and the others?

LIME Yes, the Corellis, the original burglars. What are they going to get out of this? According to Fekete, it's going to be the old double cross. But if I know you, Fekete's in for the same gentle treatment.

LULU Harry, why should anybody get anything out of this except . . .

LIME Okay, Lily, okay. Book a couple of spaces for us on the first milk train out of Budapest. But be sure to get reservations on the bulletproof car.

LULU I wish you'd call me Lulu.

MUSIC: UP FOR TRANSITION

WELLES (NARRATING) Time marches on. A lot of trusting Hungarian depositors line up at the bank, leave their hard-earned pengos at the impressive-looking gilt cages for what they fondly believe is safekeeping, and hurry home to have their evening plate of goulash.

SFX: CLOCK CHIMES

WELLES (NARRATING) Closing time comes and goes, Fekete doesn't leave, he just pretends to, and stays skulking in his office. Meanwhile Fodor takes the big packages of pengos, which as you know is Hungarian for money, dutifully to the door of the vault. He slams the vault loudly . . .

SFX: VAULT DOOR CLOSING

WELLES

(NARRATING) . . . this being for the benefit of the janitor, who is deaf anyway, and doesn't hear, and quickly stows the loot in the empty filing cabinet which he has thoughtfully left nearby for just this purpose. He then goes home and passes a very restless night.

MUSIC: ROMANTIC ZITHER MUSIC

WELLES

(NARRATING) The moon rises over the city and winks at its own reflection in the Danube. A lot of good Hungarians are in their beds. The others are all in a nightclub called the Arizona, dancing the Csárdás. They do not come into this story, so we'll leave them dancing.

SFX: SMALL CLOCK CHIMES

WELLES

(NARRATING) Down under the street, the Corellis, those adept bank robbers, continue to dig. They are putting the finishing touches on their tunnel, and we will not listen in on them, because their conversation is very vulgar indeed.

MUSIC: (UPBEAT ZITHER MUSIC)

WELLS

(NARRATING) In his luxurious office, Mr. Fekete sits biting his nails and dreaming of a long West Indian cruise with Lulu in an adjoining deck chair.

MUSIC: (ZITHER MUSIC)

SFX: METRONOME-LIKE REGULAR TICKING
OF CLOCK

WELLES

(NARRATING) As the gang in the tunnel understand it, when the clock strikes twelve, they are to open the secret trap door which they have previously prepared inside the bank, a section of tiling near the vault, go to the filing cabinet and take out the money which Fodor has left there, thus eliminating the noise and inconvenience of breaking into the vault and, first closing the loose tile after themselves, scuttle back with the loot under the street into the flower shop, out into the night and as far away from Hungary as possible. As I say, that's the way the gang in the tunnel understand it. This is also the arrangement as Mr. Fodor understands it, with a trifling difference. But he expects Lulu to stop by for him with his share of the profits. Like Mr. Fekete, he is biting his nails and dreaming of tropical cruises.)

MUSIC: (UPBEAT ZITHER MUSIC)

WELLES

(NARRATING) And what of Lulu? Now, what of Lulu, indeed? It is Lulu's little plan to foozle everybody. Corelli, Fodor, and Fekete. She's led them all on to just this point. It is the point of departure. Lulu's departure. Lulu and all those neatly wrapped packages of pengos. The trouble is, it's all just a little bit too much for one little girl to handle alone, so Harry Lime's been sent for. Harry is supposed to assist at

the general foosling of one and all, and then, in due time, of course, he's to be foosled as well. Lulu will send Harry off to mail a postcard, and when he gets back, Lulu will have continued her travels alone, with nothing to keep her company but the loot. That, as I say, is the way Lulu understands it. The clock high in the steeple of San Stefano strikes 12.

SFX: CLOCK IN CHURCH STEEPLE BEGINS CHIMING, CONTINUES UNDER THE FOLLOWING

WELLS

(NARRATING) This is the signal. Mr. Corelli, that celebrated expert, with his two able assistants, starts toward the bank. The tunnel was not built for comfort, and the going on hands and feet is a trifle rough. There's a bit of genteel cursing, but hearts are high.

At the sound of the clock, Mr. Fekete removes the bound bundles of money from their place of safety, and checks with them once again the bolts and fastenings which keep the loose tile in its place. In the darkness, Mr. Fekete smiles. He is satisfied that, contrary to the Corelli's expectations, the bank end of the tunnel is firmly and irrevocably closed.

Still smiling, he starts toting the money toward the side door for which he, Mr. Fekete, is the perfectly legal possessor of a key. On the outside Lulu

with a high-speed car is supposed to be waiting for him.

Unfortunately, however, a moment earlier, Harry Lime, on the flower shop end of the tunnel, has persuaded Lulu to go down for a moment and tell the boys not to try lifting that trick tile for at least a half hour. Lulu hates herself now for not having analyzed the merits of this suggestion. She has plenty of time now to think this over because foxy old Harry in the flower shop has bolted down the trap door.

The clock has stopped striking, of course, and Mr. Fekete pops out of his bank looking for all the world like a jolly Christmas shopper with his arms loaded with bundles. There is a high-speed car waiting for Mr. Fekete, all right, but it is full of strange gentlemen, and they are all dressed in uniforms.

POLICE OFFICER Put up your hands, Fekete. Put up your hands. You're under arrest.

FEKETE But . . . but there's some mistake.

LIME Oh, not at all, old man. No mistake at all. You see, gentlemen, just as you were told, there he is, and there's the money.

FEKETE No, no, no.

POLICE OFFICER Come along now, Fekete, we are taking you in.

FEKETE You Harry? A police informant?

LIME Not a bit of it, old man. I wouldn't dream of telling on you. No, the cops got the tip-off from an anonymous letter, and you know how you spell anonymous? L-U-L-U.

FEKETE Lulu. She did it. Lulu.

LIME Yessss . . .

POLICE OFFICER That wouldn't be Lulu Hartz, would it, alias Lili the Twister?

LIME Yes, officer, I believe so. There's a reward offered for her capture, isn't there?

POLICE OFFICER I should say there is . . .

LIME What about the Corelli gang?

POLICE OFFICER They've got the biggest prize on their heads in Central Europe.

LIME Oh, that's lovely. It's all beginning to add up when you throw in the generous reward Mr. Feckete posted in the name of his bank this afternoon.

FEKETE You're not going to collect that, are you?

LIME Why not, old man? After all, you put up the money for me to collect before the

bank was robbed, didn't you? You also wanted me to thwart the Corellis, and if you yourself are foolish enough to go breaking the law, you'll just have to tell it to the judge!

FEKETE

I'll tell him plenty! I'll tell him about you!

LIME

Go ahead, I haven't broken any laws, if ever, and you'll only help me collect my various rewards.

POLICE OFFICER

As a matter of fact, Lime, just what is your connection with this affair? What have you done?

Lime

Officer, all I did was turn a bolt on a trapdoor. Nothing at all, really, just a twist of the wrist. And now, if you've got some spare handcuffs ready, I think we'd better open it up again. The folks down below may be getting a little fretful, and I think they'll appreciate a change of scene. If you'll come with me, officer, I'll show you the place.

POLICE OFFICER

Really, Mr. Lime, I can't tell you how grateful I am.

LIME

Please, please, old man, don't mention it. Pleasure, I assure you. Won't you have a cigar?

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION

WELLES

(NARRATING) You know friends I had thought of substituting those fat

packages of pengos for the same weight of old newspapers. But . . . The rate of exchange wasn't so good on the pengo just then so . . . I resisted the temptation. After all, as Mother always said, "Too many crooks spoil the goulash.")

MUSIC: TO CONCLUSION

HOST CONCLUSION (ACT #1)

HOST

This is Re-Imagined Radio. Our episode is *The Lives of Harry Lime*, starring Orson Welles.

We just listened to "Too Many Crooks," the first in the 52-episode radio series produced by Harry Allen Towers, an independent radio producer based in London.

When Towers and Welles met in London, the American movie director and former radio star was looking for money to finance his independent film ventures. Towers wanted star power for an upcoming production. Both saw opportunity. And agreed to produce the Harry Lime radio series as a prequel to the 1949 movie, *The Third Man*, in which Welles played the character Harry Lime. The radio series prequel would depict Lime's misadventures throughout Europe during World War II, before his death in Vienna which ended the movie.

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

MUSIC: RIR THEME FOR BREAK

THE FUSEBOX BREAK

HOST

If you like misadventures, and appreciate satirical commentary, let me suggest "The Fusebox Show," produced by and often starring Marc Rose.

Each episode features unique conversation and quirky commentary about current events and news. Here's a sample.

SFX: THE FUSEBOX SHOW TEASER

HOST

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

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

ACT #2, "GREEK TO GREEK"

HOST INTRODUCTION

HOST

This is Re-Imagined Radio. Our episode is *The Lives of Harry Lime*. We've listened to the first episode of the series. Let's listen now to the last. Episode number 52, titled "Greek Meets Greek."

In it, Lime, while in Greece, contends with the measles, a dead body, and a mysterious woman with a gun claiming someone is trying to kill her. Her story, however, doesn't make sense.

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION

WELLES

(NARRATING) A short while ago I decided to pay a visit to Greece. I've always been interested in art objects. Preferably the expensive, easily portable sort, and that's why sculpture isn't normally my line. This time, however, I was making an exception. I had my eye on something, and I wanted to have my hands on it, too, so I went to Greece. Unfortunately, art wasn't the only bug that bit me there. Stick around, I'll tell you about it.

MUSIC: MUSIC FOR TRANSITION

HOTEL DOCTOR

Say ahh.

LIME

Ahh

HOTEL DOCTOR

Again

LIME

Ahh

HOTEL DOCTOR

Say twenty-two.

LIME

Nonsense. Okay. Twenty-two.

HOTEL DOCTOR

What you have, you have measles.

LIME Ridiculous! I can't have measles. I've already had measles. Measles are what kids have. I don't have measles.

HOTEL DOCTOR You have measles. I must inform the public health authorities. Fortunately, down in my office here in the hotel, I have a quarantine sign. I'll have to put the sign up. You're in quarantine.

LIME Now listen doctor . . .

HOTEL DOCTOR (EMPHATIC) You are in quarantine. Do we want a measles epidemic all over the entire Port of Tiras? We do not. You are in quarantine.)

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION

WELLES (NARRATING) Let's start again. In Room 34 on the second floor of the Hotel Olympus. In the port of Piraeus just outside of Athens and Greece. Shouldn't happen to a dog, but it was happening to me, Harry Lime. After the hotel doctor had left the room, I was in an absolute fury.

WELLES (NARRATING) I even kicked a small stool . . .

SFX: FURNITURE CRASHING ABOUT.

WELLES (NARRATING) . . . all the way from the couch to the window. It was too much. Measles. The doctor had said something about a public health officer. I intended to tell that public health officer . . . plenty. Why don't you keep

your measles germs under control? What's the idea of letting a fairly respectable individual get some confounded kid's disease and be clapped into . . .

SFX: KNOCKING ON HOTEL ROOM DOOR

LIME Come in.

WELLES (NARRATING) . . . and furthermore, if you'd only use a little DDP around this stinking port we could . . . ahh . . .

LIME I beg your pardon?

ANDREA I may come in?

LIME What?

ANDREA Please.

LIME Well, certainly not. You may not come in. This room is quarantined.

ANDREA Oh, wonderful! Quarantine. How absolutely splendid. Why is there no sign on the door?

LIME Well, there hasn't been time, and you aren't allowed to come in.

ANDREA What have you got?

LIME Measles. Go on. Go on.

ANDREA Oh, you mustn't touch me. I've never had measles.

LIME Well, go on. Get out of here.

ANDREA No. You cannot send me out.

LIME Now, listen.

ANDREA No, no. Please listen to me. If you send me out there in that hall again, I'll never get out. I'll be killed.

LIME Oh, come on. I'm not feeling so good, and I don't want any of these, oh, whatever it is, South Balkan romanticisms. Excuse me. Just run along. That's a good girl. Please.

ANDREA You want proof?

LIME Proof? Proof of what? Now beat it. A public health officer is on his way here. And in a minute . . .

ANDREA Will you come next door? Will you?

LIME Why should I come next door?

ANDREA To look at the proof that you must give me sanctuary here behind your quarantine sign.

LIME Are you kidding?

ANDREA Quick, quick before the doctor comes. Follow me. Now . . . make sure there's no one in the . . .

LIME Oh come on now, cut it out.

ANDREA You see? Right next door to your suite.
There, look.

MUSIC: WHIMSICAL MUSIC

WELLES (NARRATING) Spread eagle, in the middle
of the room on the floor... lay a man.
His head had nearly been cut off.

ANDREA You see? Now believe me? Yes, you will
take me in behind your quarantine sign?

LIME Quick, let's get out of here.

MUSIC: ZITHER MUSIC FOR TRANSITION

WELLES (NARRATING) Back in my room, she sat
tense in her chair, but only her eyes
showed her fear. She couldn't have been
more than twenty-five or six. Her hair
was reddish-gold, her face was . . . I
couldn't think about how lovely she
looked. She might even have been the one
who cut that man's throat.

LIME Okay, names are a good place to start.
It's all right. Mine is Harry Lyme.
What's yours?

ANDREA I'm called Andrea.

LIME Andrea. Okay, Andrea, did you do it?

ANDREA That? In there? Oh, no!

LIME Why don't I call the police?

ANDREA Oh, no, no. You can't do that.

LIME Well tell me what's all about then I'll judge whether or not I should call the police.

ANDREA You're an American, not a tourist.

LIME No, no. I'm an art lover. Never mind that. Now, now, now, tell me . . .

ANDREA An art lover?

LIME Yes, that's right.

ANDREA Oh tell me, Mr. Lime. What do you know about Greek politics?

LIME Greek politics? Nothing, honey. Why?

ANDREA Ohh . . . well let me tell you.

LIME Well go ahead.

ANDREA That man in there . . .

LIME Yes.

ANDREA . . . he was called Gregor.

LIME Well?

ANDREA I was to give him certain papers . . .

LIME Uhhh.

ANDREA . . . documents proving that Greece was to be attacked . . .

LIME What!

ANDREA You may well be astonished. Well, it was announced yesterday on the radio ***that US military aid was to cut off.***

LIME I, I, I . . . I never knew that and . . .

SFX: KNOCK ON HOTEL ROOM DOOR

ANDREA Where can I hide?

LIME Hide? Umm . . . the bathroom. That . . . come on, bathroom, get in that door, quick. (TO DOOR) Coming!

SFX: DOOR OPENING

PORTER Porter, sir.

LIME Oh, Porter, good.

PORTER Here's the sign you have asked to go on the door.

LIME Oh, the sign for the door, yes.

PORTER The doctor asked me to bring it to you.

LIME Yes, thanks. Just hang it there. You didn't need to knock.

PORTER No, sir. No. I'm sorry if I disturbed you.

LIME No, not at all. As a matter of fact, I... well

PORTER Oh, I see you have a lady visitor, sir.

LIME Who? A lady visitor? Well nonsense. How could I? I'm in quarantine.

PORTER Well, Yes, sir.

LIME What gives you an idea like that, that I have a lady visitor?

PORTER A lady's handbag on the mantel.

LIME A lady's handbag on the mantel.

PORTER Good day, sir. I will attend to the sign on the door.

SFX: DOOR CLOSES

LIME Heh, heh. Thank you. (TO ANDREA) Okay, he's gone.

ANDREA Who was it?

LIME Oh, just some kind of a hotel porter with a quarantine sign.

ANDREA He didn't need to come in for that.

LIME I know, but he did.

ANDREA Why did he come in? If all he wanted was to . . .

LIME Ahh . . .

ANDREA . . . He wanted to see if I was here.

LIME Oh, stop it. He's just the hotel porter. I tell you . . .

ANDREA I don't understand. Oh!

LIME Now what?

ANDREA I left my purse on the mantel.

LIME Sure and he saw it.

ANDREA Please, Mr. Lime. I've got to think. Now they must know I'm here. By now they must know. For if only I knew which . . . Oh!

WELLES (NARRATING) She sat her head in her hands, thinking. Things were coming a little fast for me. That man next door. That at least was a fact. But her story . . . what was going on? Why couldn't she go straight to the cops with it?"

LIME (Hey, Andrea.)

ANDREA Hmm?

LIME What's wrong with taking your papers to the police?

ANDREA Please, please, I'm trying to think.

LIME Okay.

SFX: KNOCK AT HOTEL DOOR.

ANDREA Oh, my goodness.

LIME This time take your pocketbook will ya. (TO DOOR) One minute. Yes?

PAPANICKELOF I am the public health officer.

LIME Oh.

PAPANICKELOF (Good afternoon . . .)

LIME Ah, eh.

PAPANICKELOF . . . almost evening. Good evening. Am I coming in?

LIME Yes, please do.

PAPANICKELOF I am being Dr. Papanickelof.

LIME Dr. Papanickelof . . .

PAPANICKELOF My name.

LIME Yes.

PAPANICKELOF Good evening.

LIME Good evening.

PAPANICKELOF Please to take your coat, your tie, your shirt, all off.

LIME Well, all right, I'll... Hey, here we go. Well, all I'm supposed to have his measles, you know.

PAPANICKELOF A contagion disease.

LIME Yes, yes.

PAPANICKELOF Very. Please, sir.

SFX: PAPANICKELOF SNIFFING

LIME What's the matter? Why the sniffing, old man?

PAPANICKELOF You use perfume. I smell perfume.

LIME Well, maybe I like to smell perfume, old man. What's that got to do with my measles? Are you a public health officer or no?

PAPANICKELOF Yes.

LIME Yes, and your job is, uh...

PAPANICKELOF To prevent the spread of a epidemic.

LIME To prevent, and, uh, he cracks about perfume.

PAPANICKELOF I'm sorry. Every man has mistakes. Say "ah."

LIME I've already said "ah." Just tell me how long do I have to be in quarantine, all right?

PAPANICKELOF Leaving me, look. Cough?

LIME No.

PAPANICKELOF Bright light bothering you?

LIME No.

PAPANICKELOF Feeling like a cold?

LIME No.

PAPANICKELOF Thermal?

LIME Good.

PAPANICKELOF Good.

LIME Good.

PAPANICKELOF May clear up. When you noticing first the rash?

LIME When I'm noticing the rash? I noticed that before yesterday. I noticed that.

PAPANICKELOF May clear up tomorrow.

LIME May clear up tomorrow.

PAPANICKELOF Make quarantine. My card. Call me.

LIME Ah . . .That's all?

PAPANICKELOF What is else?

LIME What is else? Well, I could leave tomorrow?

PAPANICKELOF Could be. Possibly.

LIME Well. How about that? Good though.

PAPANICKELOF I presume.

LIME Oh. You presume . . . Well, I know, I suppose, being Greek, you hate all Americans now, don't you, ever since the . . .

PAPANICKELOF Please, hate Americans? Why?

LIME Since we stopped sending you military aid yesterday.

PAPANICKELOF Who's telling you a story like this? Stopping sending military?

LIME You may want to . . .

PAPANICKELOF Never! The Americans are ridiculous!

LIME No, wait just a second.

PAPANICKELOF Goodbye.

LIME (WHISPERING Oh, you're sure? Magnificent.

PAPANICKELOF What's the secret, why do you speak so in a whispering?

LIME (WHISPERING) Thank you, old man. You're quite sure the Americans have not said they will stop sending arms to Greece?

PAPANICKELOF Never, never. Ridiculous. Goodbye.

SFX: CLOSING DOOR, THEN FOOTSTEPS
ON WOODEN FLOOR OF HOTEL ROOM,
BATHROOM DOOR OPENING

LIME Andrea . . .

ANDREA Who was it?

LIME A man who told me that you lied when you said the Americans had stopped sending military aid to Greece. Yes, it was a public health officer, my dear Andrea. I'd like you to know that I always

suspected your story. I never believed it, and I am now going to...

ANDREA What? What are you going to do?

LIME Call the cops and tell them about this Gregor if that's his name, which I doubt. Let go. I want to get the phone.

ANDREA Oh, no, please, Harry. You mustn't. Please. Please.

SFX: BREAKING GLASS

LIME What was that?

ANDREA Get back. Get back. Back from the windows.

LIME Hey, what is this?

ANDREA They're shooting from the room across the street, see? The window curtain third floor.

LIME But . . . they can't . . . get down. Get down.

ANDREA Oh, the curtains now that it's getting dark. See, Harry? Now then you were saying.

LIME Those two bullets. And the plaster over here.

ANDREA I believe you said you were going to call the cops.

LIME Oh, not now. No now I'm calling the room service. I want a drink.

ANDREA Also food. I'm hungry.

LIME Yeah, food.

ANDREA What is it? Oh, I keep forgetting, you're sick, measles (LAUGHS).

LIME What's the joke.

ANDREA (LAUGHS) You should be in bed. What's the matter?

LIME I think you did cut that man's throats. Oh, you lied to me. Who is he? Who killed him and why?

ANDREA You don't believe me. All right, you really didn't give me time to think of a proper story. Now I guess I'll have to tell you the truth, and I did so want not to.

LIME Go on.

ANDREA First the dinner.

LIME Why should I give you more time? Because when I look at you, I can't believe that you could be involved in anything evil, not even when bullets come in through my window.

ANDREA You're very sweet, Harry.

LIME Now I'm going to call room service. I'm very hungry. Eat enough for two, we'll talk about Gregor after we've eaten.

MUSIC: CLIMATIC CONCLUSION

ANNOUNCER Harry Lime will return in just a moment.

MUSIC: BRIEF INTRODUCTION

WELLES (NARRATING) Was it my fever and the measles? Was it the cocktails, was it Andrea, the looks she'd give me every now and then, or was it all three? I don't know. By the time we put the tray and the empty dishes back in the hall, I was getting to the point where I could forget every now and then that man in the room next door. Those two pockmarks in the plaster where bullets had been buried.

ANDREA No!

LIME No.

ANDREA What were the questions, you . . . Oh, I'm so sleepy.

LIME Question number one, who was Gregor? Question number two, who killed him? Three, why? Now, come on.

ANDREA One, he was my lover's valet.

LIME (DISAPPOINTED) Oh.

ANDREA Two, my husband killed him, I think. Three, he killed him, because he knew

that Gregor was helping me to run away to join my lover.

LIME Oh.

ANDREA What's the matter.

LIME Well, I'm thinking. You mean, so then he bribed the hotel porter to find out where you were, decided you were here, hired a room across the street, took a look over here, and then decided that I was your lover, is that it?

ANDREA Alexander's near sighted.

LIME And fired two shots at me?

ANDREA And a poor shot.

LIME You must be very jealous.

ANDREA Morbid. Pathological.

LIME Hmm. This is another lie, isn't it? Isn't it? For the truth, that's to prevent it from coming right in here and shooting me point-blank, and you, too. Hey, listen, will you? Andrea! You're treating it like a joke, my gosh. I'm going to go . . .

ANDREA Now what?

LIME I'm going to go next door. I'm beginning to think this Gregor is a vaudeville prop, but no one's been killed. The way you act about it, I can't even . . .

ANDREA Hey, come back here. Are you crazy?
Listen to me. So long as that sign . . .

LIME The quarantine sign?

ANDREA . . . is on your door, they won't enter.

LIME They won't? Who won't?

ANDREA And if they do . . .

LIME Hey! Put that away. Where did you get that?

ANDREA It has six cartridges in the chamber,
and I have thirty or so more in this
little box. They won't come in tonight.
Go to bed. Go to sleep.

LIME You mean you're going to sit up here all
night?

ANDREA I'll have plenty of time to catch up on
my sleep tomorrow.

LIME Oh, what happens tomorrow?

ANDREA A ship comes into the port. To the dock,
which you can see from your window, if
you want to give my husband another shot
at you. When the signal comes from that
ship, I will leave.

LIME Are you serious about that story of a
lover and a jealous husband?

ANDREA (LAUGHING) What's wrong with it?

LIME It's incredible. Of course, it's a lie. I can believe it before I can believe the others.

ANDREA So?

LIME But it would be mixed up with red agents and secret documents and espionage, right? Not you. You're no femme fatale. I can tell.

ANDREA I said you were sick. Hmm. Harry.

LIME Eh.

ANDREA Go to bed. Go to sleep. You are sick. Don't worry anymore. It'll be all right, and I'm sorry that I've put all my troubles in your lap.

MUSIC: ZITHER MUSIC

LIME I could sleep here. The fever. And the cocktails.

ANDREA Sure. You sleep. I'll be awake. Nothing more will happen to you. Good night.

HARRY Wake me. Wake me up if anything starts to happen.

ANDREA I promise.

LIME (YAWNS)

MUSIC: UP FOR TRANSITION

LIME Andrea? Andrea?

WELLES (Narrating) Still dark. I looked at my watch. It's five in the morning . . .

SFX: FOOTSTEPS ON HOTEL ROOM FLOOR

LIME Andrea? Andrea? Who's that?

ANDREA Oh, Harry, I frightened you. I'm sorry.

LIME Where were you?

ANDREA Down at the dock. The ship I was . . .

LIME You mean your lover's arrived? Is that it?

ANDREA You don't believe me yet, do you? Five o'clock.

LIME Gimme that gun. You take your nap. I'll sit up for a while.

ANDREA I might take you up on that, Harry.

LIME Good.

MUSIC: TRANSITION, DUCK UNDER THE FOLLOWING

WELLES (NARRATING) She gave me the gun. She was asleep almost immediately. Almost before I turned the light off. In sleep she was even lovelier. I stared out of the window into the dawn. I could see the ship, some crates on the pier next to her. Around seven, some longshoremen started loading the crates into the ship. 7.30 or so.

ANDREA Oh, you startled me. What are you looking at?

LIME I'm trying to figure out which one is your dollboy down there. Oh, come on out there. What's it all about? Level with me. Why was Gregor killed?

ANDREA I don't know, maybe, maybe he talked too much.

LIME Talked about what?

ANDREA I wish I knew, Harry.

MUSIC: STINGER

ANDREA What time is it?

LIME Nine o'clock. Those curtains . . .

ANDREA Ehh?

LIME . . . across the way. They moved just a minute ago and now they're . . .

SFX: KNOCKING ON HOTEL ROOM DOOR

LIME Into the bathroom. (TO DOOR) Yes, who is it?

SFX: A VOICE HEARD FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR

LIME Oh, it's Dr. Papanickelof (TO ANDREA) Are you okay?

ANDREA I'm okay.

LIME Come in. Hey, you're not Dr. Papanapolis, or whatever his name is.

ASSISTANT Assistant. He sent me over instead. He'll give you medicine.

LIME Medicine?

ASSISTANT Penicillin. If you would roll up your sleeves. Penicillin for measles. Penicillin?

ASSISTANT We cannot lift the quarantine unless you get this injection, Mr. Lime.

LIME Oh. Mm-hmm. Okay. What's that?

ASSISTANT Just alcohol to wash.

ANDREA Just toss the needle on the bed, there.

ASSISTANT Why I . . . I

ANDREA Quickly! Wasn't a bad idea, pretending to be a doctor. But on the other hand...

LIME I'm not sure that you're making any sense.

ANDREA Take a seat. Harry, tie his hands.

ASSISTANT Countess, you'll never be able to . . .

ANDREA Shut up, or I'll shoot the teeth in. This gun has a silencer, too, you see. Tie him good, Harry. The pillowcase for a gag.

ASSISTANT Listen to me, Lime. You know what she says to you. You'll be a dead man before another hour is out.

ANDREA One more word and I'll shoot, and I mean that.

LIME If I knew why I was doing this, is he your husband?

ANDREA Him? Ha. Now the pillowcase quick. It's getting later than . . . quick. The signal's gone up. On the ship, Harry. If you're worried as to why you're doing this, just remember what would have happened to you if I hadn't come in this room. Smell that.

LIME What is this?

ANDREA Morphine. Enough to kill. Okay. He's quiet for a while. Is your bag packed, Harry?

LIME All set, but I . . .

ANDREA What?

LIME What about the man across the way when you came out on the street?

ANDREA It's all figured out. What did you think I was doing at five this morning? Come on.

MUSIC: SUSPENSEFUL MUSIC

WELLES (NARRATING) She led the way to the freight elevator, to the cellar, out a

delivery entrance into an alley, down the alley, through a gate in a wooden fence, through two back yards, out through another fence, to the corner . . .

ANDREA Harry, you hear?

SFX: DOCK AND SHIP SOUNDS,
CONTINUES UNDER THE FOLLOWING.

WELLES (NARRATING) . . . through a shed and there we were. A gangplank right in front of us. We scrambled up, a man in a dirty blue uniform stood waiting.

CAPTAIN Oh, Countess you are prompt. Is this Mr. Gregor?

ANDREA Captain, you'll never know how glad I was to hear you say that. Everything's ready?

CAPTAIN Your crates are aboard, yes. And the envelope for you.

WELLES (NARRATING) He started to hand her an envelope. Then he paused.

CAPTAIN Perhaps, just to make sure, we should first make sure that the, um, consignment is as ordered.

ANDREA Most certainly.

CAPTAIN You there! Crowbar! Break this open! One should be enough.

WELLES (NARRATING) A rascally looking seaman, pried a plank from a big crate. Inside . . .

ANDREA Satisfactory?

CAPTAIN Seems to be.

WELLES (NARRATING) I could see the dull gleam of gun metal. They look like machine guns.

ANDREA The envelope.

CAPTAIN Here you are.

ANDREA Thank you, Captain. You can go drop us off at Trita's as agreed. Gregor, you'll wake me just before we land in Greece.

LIME Hmm?

ANDREA Captain, if I don't see you . . .

CAPTAIN Always a pleasure to do business with you, Countess.

MUSIC: THREE COMICAL LAUGHS OF MUSIC

LIME Gregor?

ANDREA Gregor.

LIME Yeah.

ANDREA Do you mind if I call you Gregor, Harry?

LIME But why?

ANDREA For a few minutes more, 'til we land in Crete. What's the matter, Harry?

LIME Oh, I hope this boat's safe.

ANDREA The guns, you mean?

LIME And you too, and me, and your blood money. I suppose that's what was in the envelope. The pay off, huh?

ANDREA Yes. Half yours, of course. Unless it's counterfeit. The last installment always is, when they can get away with it.

LIME Why don't you register your complaint with the captain? With your six shooter, enuh.

ANDREA I don't think it would be a good idea for me to complain, Harry. He might decide to examine my crates more carefully if I complain about his money.

LIME What?

ANDREA He might find out the ammunition I sold him doesn't fit his gun. I'm a woman, Harry. I don't like killings. This time I could tell. You're speaking the truth, aren't you.

ANDREA It's always a pleasure to double-cross killers.

LIME Oh.

ANDREA Oh, poor Gregor.

LIME Gregor? Is that me this time?

ANDREA No, Gregor.

LIME Oh, the real one.

ANDREA He always cost a lot. You know, I was never sure until the last moment whether he'd been killed by the people who didn't want us to sell these worthless guns or by our employers who discovered they were worthless.

LIME What . . . ah . . . when he came out of the boat this morning?

ANDREA There was always a possibility. But when the captain greeted you with Gregor, it was quite a load off.

LIME Oh my goodness.

ANDREA Yes. I've become quite cynical because of all the treachery and double dealing I've seen. Even you. You were double crossed.

LIME Me? When?

ANDREA But quite honestly. I always try to make up for it. For example, to make up for it this time, I think I shall present you with the Order of the Cross of Rubeola.

LIME What's that?

ANDREA Rubeola. Something that's common to both of us. We've both had it. Although I told you I hadn't.

LIME Rubeola, Rubeola. It's all riddles. Still riddles.

ANDREA No. Measles.

LIME Measles?

ANDREA If you'd lean down just a little bit, I'll confer the Order on you.

LIME Hmm. Very nice. Now, ahh, let's try that once more.

MUSIC: FOR CONCLUSION

WELLES (NARRATING) Until we wound up in Crete, I felt the time had come to let Andrea know that my love for art wasn't entirely, uh, platonic. We decided that as we had too much in common, we might try a business partnership. Andre had, I felt, a great natural talent which needed developing on the right lines. Unfortunately, the art of the partnership didn't last long. In fact, just long enough for one big deal. I found out that Andre had just a little too much in common with me. He believed in a hundred percent of everything including the prophets. Still looking for Andrea, and the prophets. Maybe the Greeks had a word for her, too. So long now.

MUSIC: ZITHER MUSIC

HOST CONCLUSION (ACT #2)

HOST

That was "Greek Meets Greek," the last episode of *The Lives of Harry Lime* radio series, starring Orson Welles.

Produced by Harry Allen Towers, an independent radio producer based in London, the series was the first privately produced radio series to be broadcast by BBC radio, where it was titled *The Adventures of Harry Lime*. When broadcast in the United States, the series was called *The Lives of Harry Lime*.

As you heard, each episode in the series followed a similar formula, beginning with "The Third Man Theme," performed on a zither by Anton Karos, who also provided music for scene transitions. Each episode was a compact adventure. No time for detours in 30-minute episodes. Not a lot of action, or sound effects, but plenty of fast-paced dialogue between Lime and other characters. Most notable, however, might be the range of believable emotions expressed by Welles, as the narrator, and the character Harry Lime. Welles played Harry Lime as a complex con-man with his own sense of right and wrong, avoiding the constant double crosses of his world, while seeking any opportunity to make fast money.

For more information, visit the episode page at our website, [reimaginedradio dot FM](http://reimaginedradio.fm).

MUSIC: RIR THEME FOR BREAK

THE RIR BREAK

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

HOST This is Re-Imagined Radio. Each episode combines Voice, Music, and Sound Effects to provide immersive listening experiences. Like this . . .

SFX: RE-IMAGINED RADIO AUDIO

TRAILER

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

MUSIC: RIR THEME, ESTABLISH, THEN
DUCK UNDER THE FOLLOWING

HOST CREDITS/CLOSE

HOST This episode was written by John Barber.

Sound Design, original music composition, and post-production by Marc Rose.

Graphic design by Holly Slocum and Evan Leyden.

Social media by Rylan Eisenhauer.

We offer Re-Imagined Radio with support from KXRW-FM (Vancouver, Washington), KXRY-FM (Portland, Oregon), and KMWV-FM (Salem, Oregon).

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This is John Barber, producer and host. Thanks 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, reimagedradio (all one word, no punctuation) DOT fm.

Please join us again for another episode of Re-Imagined Radio where we will continue our exploration of radio storytelling.

See you again. Thanks for listening.

MUSIC: RIR THEME UP, AND TO END.