

ANNOUNCER And now in honor of Snoqualmie native and Hollywood star

Ella Raines, Leisure Time with Leisure Time presents
tonight's feature presentation, the film noir thriller "The
Lady Was Dangerous."

MUSIC ESTABLISHING THEME (FEATURES HEP)

WALT [NARRATING] Another day had called it quits in the
Emerald City. Rain drifted over the dark streets like wet
drifty stuff. And I was keeping a glass of bourbon company
at the Coho Club while listening to Hep play the trumpet.

[SPEAKING] What do ya call that tune there, Hep?

HEP The blues, man.

WALT What's it about?

HEP The blues, man.

WALT Why you playing that song?

HEP 'Cause I got—

WALT The blues?

HEP Ah, you know the blues?

WALT I live the blues, Hep.

SFX WOMEN'S FOOTSTEPS

CARLA Mr. Dinsey?

WALT Who's asking.

CARLA I'm Carla. Carla Providence.

WALT [NARRATING] Carla Providence was that special kind of dame who manages to look cheap and expensive all at the same time. Her dress flowed around her like it was happy to have the gig. I know I would have been.

[SPEAKING] What can I do for you, Miss Providence?

CARLA Mrs. Providence.

WALT Sorry, my mistake.

CARLA No, mine. I think my husband's cheating on me, Mr. Dinsey. I want proof.

WALT A peeper job, eh? What makes you think I'm the kind of private investigator willing to take that kind of work?

CARLA Let's not kid ourselves, Mr. Dinsey. Here you sit, wearing a cheap suit, drinking cheap scotch, in a cheap dive.

HEP Hey!

CARLA Music's good, though.

HEP Well, okay, then.

WALT You got me there, lady. Guess I am the man for the job. So, what makes you think your husband's got a little number on the side?

CARLA He's been working late. A lot. And I found this matchbook
in his coat pocket. Here, take a look.

WALT It's from the Olympic Hotel. Swanky place.

CARLA There's something written inside.

WALT "Suite 116." In purple ink.

CARLA No man would use that kind of ink.

WALT You have a point there. But I've never liked domestic cases.
Too messy.

CARLA Please, Mr. Dinsey. For me?

WALT [NARRATING] She pressed up against me. She was a good
presser.

[SPEAKING] All right, Mrs. Providence, I guess I'll head
over to the Olympic and see if your hubby's "working late"
tonight. Good thing I wore my best cheap suit.

MUSIC TRANSITION UP AND UNDER

WALT [NARRATING] The Olympic Hotel was built back in the
twenties to show that Seattle could keep up with the big
boys back east. Swanky digs. There was a guy standing right
there behind the counter, but I rang the bell anyway

MUSIC TRANSITION OUT

SFX BELL

WALT [NARRATING] I love ringing the bell.

BELL CLERK May I help you, sir?

WALT Yeah, I, uh, I'm here to see someone. Henry Providence.
Suite 116. He in?

BELL CLERK Ooo, don't rightly know, sir. I'm just the Bell Clerk. Let me
see if the Desk Clerk knows.

WALT You could just check and see if he took his room key out of
the mail slot.

BELL CLERK One moment, sir.
(CALLING) Mrs. Evers?

DESK CLERK (OFF) Yes, Mr. Tinker?

BELL CLERK This gentleman wants to know if the gentleman in Suite 116
is in.

DESK CLERK (CLOSE) Ooo, couldn't say, I've been in the back,
reconciling accounts.

WALT Well, is his room key still in the mail slot?

DESK CLERK If your friend has checked in recently, the night clerk would
know.

WALT No need to bother him. Just look behind you and see—

DESK CLERK (CALLING) Mr. Chance?

NIGHT CLERK (OFF) Yes, Mrs. Evers?

DESK CLERK Is Suite 116 occupied?

NIGHT CLERK (CLOSE) I can't say as I know.

WALT That's okay, just look in the mail slot—

NIGHT CLERK We could check with the Bell Clerk, and see if any bags
have been brought up to the room. Mr. Tinker?

WALT Key in mail slot? Yes or no?

BELL CLERK Yes, Mr. Chance?

WALT The mail slots are right there. Right behind you!

DESK CLERK Has anyone requested bell hop service for room 116?

WALT Just look! Somebody, please!

BELL CLERK I don't rightly remember. I might have been helping another
customer. Maybe the Desk Clerk knows.

WALT No, not the Desk Clerk, please!

BELL CLERK Mrs. Evers?

WALT [WEAKENING] Why won't anyone listen to me?

DESK CLERK Yes, Mr. Tinker?

WALT This is like an episode of "Lights Out."

BELL CLERK Have any bags been delivered to room 116?

WALT I'm never getting out of here...

SFX FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING

HENRY My key, Chance.

NIGHT CLERK Yes, sir. It's right here, in your mailslot.

SFX KEY CLINKS

WALT Providence?

HENRY Yes...

WALT Henry Providence?

HENRY Yes. Who's asking?

WALT Oh, I am so glad to see you!

HENRY Let go of my lapels, you vagabond! Do I know you?

WALT Not as such.

HENRY Good! Let's keep it that way.

MUSIC TRANSITION UP AND UNDER

WALT [NARRATING] Providence headed up to his room, and I skedaddled out of there before those clerks turned me into a candidate for the giggle factory.

I left the hotel, ducked into the alley, and worked my way up the fire escape. The curtains to the Providence's suite were closed. But I could hear him talking to somebody in his room.

MUSIC TRANSITION OUT

HENRY (FILTERED) I don't see why you are so upset. This is business. Nothing personal. Why, if you were in my

position, I'm sure you would—wait, what are you doing?

Put down that comb! AAARGH!

WALT That didn't sound good. I quietly opened the window—

SFX GLASS BREAKING

WALT —and slipped into the room.

SFX HUGE CRASH

WALT Providence was alone. He was on the floor in a pool of blood. I rushed to his side. A comb had been plunged into his heart—a black American Amalgamated Comb Works Model #73J. A sixty-four toother, just like I carry.

Providence grabbed my arm with his last ounce of strength.

HENRY *Le Fromage! Le Grande Fromage! (DIES)*

WALT —He was dead. As he slumped back, a small lapel pin rolled out of his fist. It was a rubber chicken, set in gold, with twin rubies for the eyes.

SFX POLICE SIREN

SFX POUNDING ON DOOR

MILLER (THROUGH DOOR THROUGHOUT) Open up in there!

This is the police!

WALT Um, uh...(CLEARS THROAT, THEN IN FALSETTO)

Who is it?

MILLER It's the police...ma'am. We received a tip that someone had been murdered in there.

WALT (FALSETTO) No, no, everything's fine. Just hunky-dory.

MILLER Can we come in there and look around?

WALT (FALSETTO) Not right now. I'm not decent!

MILLER Ma'am, please, we were told that a Mr. Walter Dinsey was seen forcing his way into this room. He's a two-bit private eye, who—

WALT (NORMAL VOICE) Hey, who you calling "two-bit?"

MILLER Dinsey?

WALT Miller?

MILLER Dinsey, open this door!

WALT (FALSETTO) Just a minute, let me put a robe on!

MILLER That's it, boys, knock down the door!

SFX DOOR BEING RAMMED

WALT I vamoosed out the fire escape with the little gold chicken and a belly full of questions. Who killed Providence? What was *Le Grand Fromage*? How did Detective Miller and the cops get to the scene so fast? And how did they get that squad car into the second floor corridor?

End of sample...