

[INTRODUCTION:] Announcer

[SFX: One or two opening tones, followed by cool sci-fi exciting theme, which decresc. throughout the following:]

ANNOUNCER: There are worlds out there, worlds you or I could never imagine. Whole universes with histories spanning millions upon millions of years share time and space with the microscopic atoms residing under your fingernails. Alien species with strange language and dress, sights unseen save only in your nightmares, miracles beyond measure...these are the things you are about to see, if you are brave enough to follow us Into The Unknown.

[SFX: Music shifts]

The Tin Roof Radio Players, in cooperation with the Frank DeLacy Company, is proud to give you, that scintillating scene, that marvelous murder mystery, that hardboiled whodunnit hit, *Detective Grafton and the Case of the Star-Struck Waitress*.

[Scene 1:] Detective Grafton's office, Chicago. Detective Grafton, Vivian Marcelo.

[SFX: smooth, relaxed jazz or swing music that sets the scene, which then decres. under:]

GRAFTON: July 17th, 1938. Summer. It was a hot one boy, I'll tell ya. I remember like it was yesterday...

[SFX: music shifts]

There's nothing quite like a warm Chicago breeze off Lake Michigan to take the edge off those chilly summer nights. Well, I suppose there might be one thing...

[SFX: music shifts again, signalling that we are now in a flashback]

[SFX: a knock at the door]

GRAFTON: We're closed.

[SFX: a more insistent knock]

GRAFTON: What, do you got blocks where your ears should be? I said we're closed.

[SFX: a door swinging open]

GRAFTON: That's when I saw her. She had "trouble" written all over her face, and several other parts of her body, too. Any good P.I. knows you get involved with a dame like that, and you're history, kiddo. I couldn't begin to imagine why this stunning pair of legs had walked into my office of all places, and at this time of night. And frankly, I didn't think I wanted to know. [shift] Miss.

[SFX: slow walking high heels, then stop]

VIVIAN: I suppose you're Detective Grafton.

GRAFTON: Depends on who's askin'. You got a name, duchess?

VIVIAN: Vivian Marcelo. I can't say as I'm pleased to meet you, detective.

GRAFTON: No one ever is, Miss. No one ever is. Have we met before? Your name rings a bell.

VIVIAN: No, we haven't. Not formally. But you've been to my diner outside the loop.

GRAFTON: Oh yeah. There we go. Marcelo's Famous. I been there once or twice after a long

shift, sure. Excellent biscuits you got there.

VIVIAN: We have other things on the menu, detective.

GRAFTON: Right, right. Here, have a seat.

[SFX: sound of a chair scraping the floor and walking heels]

Now, Miss Marcelo...

VIVIAN: Vivian, please. Let's not be too formal. I imagine we'll get to know each other real soon.

GRAFTON: Oh boy. Why don't we just cut to the chase then, shall we? What can I do for you that couldn't wait until tomorrow morning?

VIVIAN: What's your rush?

GRAFTON: I should be asking you the same thing, sweetheart. I didn't exactly plan on having company this time of night, is all.

VIVIAN: I see that. When's the last time your office has seen the business end of a broom?

GRAFTON: Thanks for the free assessment. Now tell me what you want.

VIVIAN: I need you to do a job for me.

GRAFTON: There we go. See? How hard was that? But I still don't see why it couldn't wait.

VIVIAN: I need you to investigate a murder.

GRAFTON: That's not my bag anymore.

VIVIAN: I know.

GRAFTON: Then why did you come?

VIVIAN: Because you're the best.

GRAFTON: You flatter me. But the answer is still no.

VIVIAN: Can't you just hear me out first? Don't you even want to know what happened?

GRAFTON: No. Don't let the door hit ya on the way out.

VIVIAN: Is it because of your old partner?

GRAFTON: Excuse me?

VIVIAN: It is, isn't it? You haven't investigated a murder since your partner was killed.

GRAFTON: Someone did her homework.

VIVIAN: But it's the truth, isn't it?

GRAFTON: Yeah, what of it? What's it to you?

VIVIAN: I can pay you.

GRAFTON: Not nearly enough, you can't.

[SFX: sound of something dropping on the table]

VIVIAN: 5 large down, another 5 after.

GRAFTON: This dirty money?

VIVIAN: What kind of woman do you think I am? This dough is squeaky clean. I took out a loan with the diner as collateral.

GRAFTON: Why are you doing this? Why are you, really?

VIVIAN: I need you. I don't care about your reservations or your fears. You're the best. And I need someone who can think outside the box. Think you can do that for me?

GRAFTON: Fine, I'll give you an ear, but I make no promises. Give me what you got.

VIVIAN: Alright. The long and short of it is, one of my girls kicked it about 3 weeks ago while she was on her smoke break. Name was Marilyn Robinson. The police came, checked her out, decided she'd died of natural causes, an asthma attack or something.

GRAFTON: That sounds fairly open-and-shut to me.

VIVIAN: Well, not to me. Before the police come by, I noticed some things that were a little off.

GRAFTON: You disturbed the crime scene? That's illegal, you know. I could have you arrested.

VIVIAN: I bet you'd like to cuff me, detective. But no, I didn't disturb the crime scene. I just looked. I'm the one who found her, and after I calmed down a little, I noticed that she had a lot

of bruises on her. Her throat was all swollen, like puffed up. And her head looked like it had been knocked around some.

GRAFTON: What did the boys in blue have to say about that?

VIVIAN: They say she got them from the fall. You know, 'cause she was standing when it hit, so she fell when she lost consciousness. But they were real funny, you know? They didn't come from no fall. They must have come from somewhere else. And her throat puffed up from asthma? I don't buy it. It's foul play. I know it.

GRAFTON: And where exactly does your infinite knowledge come from, Ms. Marcelo?

VIVIAN: How's that?

GRAFTON: Trained experts tell you these injuries come from natural causes, you say otherwise. Why should your opinion make any difference?

VIVIAN: I just...I just know. They were funny, I tell ya.

GRAFTON: Would anyone have a reason to want to hurt Marilyn?

VIVIAN: No, not in a million years. She was a sweetheart. Never did nothin' to nobody. Always smiling, too. An hour into the graveyard shift, anyone else'd be crabby as an apple, but she kept right on smiling. I don't know how she did it. She wanted to be a motion picture star. That's all she'd ever talk about. Said she was gonna be the next Ginger Rogers.

GRAFTON: It sounds like she really took to you.

VIVIAN: It's a terrible time we live in, detective. It's a dark, dirty city and it's full of dark, dirty people, so when you find someone like her, someone who's a little bit of light...it's a nice break from the scum you normally deal with around here. But some people are real quick to want to put that light out.

GRAFTON: Ms. Marcelo, I need to know if you're keeping something from me.

VIVIAN: I'm not.

GRAFTON: You sure could have fooled me.

VIVIAN: I'm not! I don't know nothin'. It's just that...we get lots of funny people in our joint, you know? You never know what someone might have a mind to do.

GRAFTON: Classy company you keep. Remind me never to grace your doorstep after dark

again.

VIVIAN: At least I keep company. That's more than can be said for you.

GRAFTON: Alright, Vivian. I'll take your case. Now, since this is an undercover operation, if you get me, I can't be working with the police to get their info. After all, they won't have any. They investigated a death, not a murder. So I need you to get me a list of all the regulars in your diner who you think might have something to do with this. I'll take it from there.

VIVIAN: Thank you. So much. You know, you're really something.

GRAFTON: You're really something yourself, doll.

VIVIAN: Easy, detective. Don't you know what they say about dames like me? You might hurt yourself.

[SFX: walking heels, opening door]

Good night.

[SFX: door closing]

GRAFTON: Oh boy. This better be worth it.

[SFX: Music shift, with finality]

[Scene 2:] Detective Grafton, Jim “Rummy” Jacobs, Jeremy McCarthy, Mickey Sharpe and Nora Knight, Vic Scolfield, Shoeshine Johnny, Honey Williams

[SFX: different music, fading under:]

GRAFTON: To this day, I don’t know how she did it. But somehow, the skirt got me to take on her case. She was right, of course. I hadn’t touched a murder case since my partner died 5 years before. I don’t know why. I knew it wouldn’t bring him back, and that it wouldn’t change what had been done...I’m still not even really sure what killed him. Maybe it was the stress? Who knows? But it always seemed a good idea not to tempt fate.

The next morning in my mailbox, there was a list of names for me, just like I asked. It seemed the lady moved quickly. And hey, would you look at that, I recognized all of them. Exact bunch of miscreants I might have expected to be in on something like this.

[SFX: change of music. Some sort of punctuation to accent each name, and maybe a “theme” for each character]

JIM: Name: Jim “Rummy” Jacobs

Age: 26

Last known address: 80 Falcon St. Boston, Massachusetts 02128

Current address: unknown

Height: 6 Foot

Weight: 260 lbs.

Hair: Blond

Eyes: Blue

Once a small time box man in Boston, he spent his youth in and out of the jug learning his trade. He started with small games of craps in the back alleys, but it was a thrill that Jim found he couldn’t let up. Soon he was up to cards, and by the end of his, he was said to be in five large from everything together. After that he kind of dropped off the world ‘til he showed up at a hock shop in town trading a couple of watches, a half-drunk bottle of rum in his hand. Saying something about an important meeting. “Jim Jacobs” also happens to be the name of a short-order cook who works nights at a small diner outside the loop called “Marcelo’s Famous.”

MCCARTHY: Jeremy McCarthy, the city treasurer and Alderman for Ward 5 on the city council. He's an upstanding member of the community; he has been known in the past to donate to homeless shelters, support the local meetings for women's suffrage, and is just an all-around great public speaker. He just seems to have too clean of a record, for a man as high as he is. His parents are off-the-boat Irish, and he himself seems to have many friends from Erin's Isle, which makes some of his East Coast connections a bit uneasy. But hey - at least he's not Italian.

GRAFTON: The next names on the list were obviously fake. "Jackson Pike and Maggie Taylor." Lucky for me, I've been around for longer than Vivian Marcelo. I knew exactly who they really were.

MICKEY AND NORA: Mickey Sharp and Nora Knight. *The Mickey Sharp and Nora Knight*. Career criminals and media sensations, the famous duo have been on the front page more times than the governor. Leading the Smoking Gun Gang off and on for near a decade, Mickey has been in and out of more pens than a pig. That's where he picked up bare-knuckle brawling and he's been known to do one over on men twice his size. Everyone's favorite femme fatale, they say the only thing longer than Nora's legs is her rap sheet. Nora is the sneaky one in the duo, known for her "quiet killings": poisoning, strangling, chloroform and the like. Knocking over banks, businesses, and even a few mobster's mansions, Sharp and Knight treat the world like an orchard where every apple is ripe for the picking. On the lam for months and yet somehow untouchable, their ability to captivate and terrorize the public at the same time has elevated them to the sort of celebrity status usually reserved for picture stars.

VIC: Victor "Vic" Scolfield, the matter-of-fact chief investigator for the renowned Paragon Hotel and Casino. He's good at his job, keeping tabs on his turf, brokering deals and "company" for his best guests, and beating the ever-living Hell out of any hoods that try to expand their operations in from the lobby. You play nice and have the cash to spend, he can get you anything. But don't break the rules...

JOHNNY: Shoeshine Johnny is everybody's best friend, if they know where to find him. Nobody is quite sure whether Johnny is a genius or a pathological liar. He claims to have held every job there is, despite having been earning his living as a shoeshine for the last few years. Johnny seems to have an answer to any and every question, even if he doesn't always get it exactly right (it has been some time since he's held particular jobs after all). Johnny is currently working at the local rail yard at his own shoeshine chair, but has been called in as a police informant with some frequency lately.

HONEY: Honey Williams. A mysterious new lady in town. She mostly keeps to herself except for when she's trying to rile up trouble down at the corner pub. Nothing serious, just her idea of a fun Saturday night. She's mostly known for paying a quick buck for dares from one or two brunos behind the eight ball. Some, not so bad. Others, though...After all, she's not the one who made the cats go goofy. She's just the one who's gonna watch.

[SFX: music changes back to the way it was]

GRAFTON: No wonder Vivian was so tight-lipped. With patrons like this bunch of hoodlums and knock-arounds, I'd keep my nose out of it, too. I found myself wondering why I agreed to do this in the first place. If I wanted to kick off, I could think of better ways of doing it, and much more pleasant. Looking down the list, I knew right away that I was starting out rustier than an old

fence, and I knew I'd need help. I figured I'd kill two birds with one stone and go visit Shoeshine Johnny. When time was, he and I were tight bo's down at the tracks. I could count on him for anything. I stopped coming around after the business with my partner. But I pulled him out of some hairy situations, and as far as I was concerned, he owed me. He'd give me the lay of the land, sure as the sun is fire. And if he gave me any trouble about it, I'd show him how to get off the track and fast. So that night, I went down to the rail yard to see my good friend Johnny. That was my first mistake.

[SFX: urgent music, followed by a few seconds of silence]

[Scene 3:] Rail yard. Detective Grafton, Vic Scolfield, Shoeshine Johnny, Jeremy McCarthy.

[SFX: wind blowing, overlaid with soft whispery music. Intermittently, walking footsteps on cement]

GRAFTON: The rail yard was farther west than I remembered. The walk down there didn't sit as well with my knees as it used to. And the brisk wind nipping at my hands and face made me wish I had remembered to bring my overcoat. I felt more like an old man then ever, so I stepped up my pace and started whistling to myself.

[SFX: whistling]

It wasn't long before I found the familiar turn that led down that old broken road that I used to know so well.

[SFX: walking on gravel]

Even though I hadn't been back in years, everything was just the way I remembered it. Lucky for me. But when I finally got to Johnny's station...

[SFX: Music stops]

He wasn't there. Hello? Johnny? That wasn't like him at all. He was always here, same time every night, regular as an almanac. Nothing else had changed, so I figured...In any case, I decided I would sit in his chair and wait until he came along. And that was my second mistake.

[SFX: thud and grunt, with maybe a little bit of scary or disturbing music. Shuffling.]

When I came to a second later, I realized three things right out of the gate: 1. My head ached. Someone must have hit me hard enough to knock me out. Based on the pain in my temple, I'd say he used a baton of some kind. 2. I couldn't move. My hands were tied behind my back, my ankles were bound to the footrest of Johnny's chair, and I couldn't see. There was something covering my eyes, and after a second, I realized it was covering my nose and mouth, too. I'd been black-sacked. And 3. [SFX: footsteps] I wasn't alone.

McCARTHY: Alright. Open him up.

VIC: Sure, boss.

[SFX: shuffling, the removing of the bag, throughout McCARTHY's following, until "...hold it!"]

McCARTHY: I want to see that nickel bastard's ugly mug...hold it! Hold up now. Hey Johnny, what's the grift?

JOHNNY: Whaddaya mean?!

McCARTHY: This ain't the guy!

JOHNNY: Yeah it's the guy, of course it's the guy! Look at him, it's...it's not the guy.

GRAFTON: I'm not the guy.

JOHNNY: Grafton! Why are you sittin' where our guy's supposed to be sittin'?

McCARTHY: Who is this? Who are you? Do you know who I am?

GRAFTON: Treasurer McCarthy?

JOHNNY: Hey now, hold your water. This here is Detective Grafton.

VIC: Gee whiz! Is that right? Can I have your autograph?

GRAFTON: You know who I am?

VIC: No. [SFX: gun cock] Give me a good reason to get to know you.

JOHNNY: Whoa, whoa, whoa. Cheese it, pal. I can vouch. We used to drink out of the same bottle, when he come around here most nights and...associate with us common folk, isn't that right?

GRAFTON: Tell this loogan to put his heat away before someone gets hurt.

McCARTHY: Close your head! Can he be trusted?

JOHNNY: Sure, sure. Like as not, he's wondering the same thing about you ginks. No worries, Grafty. You're safe here.

GRAFTON: Dandy. Be sure to let my throbbing head know that. It doesn't seem to have gotten the memo.

VIC: You keep your lip zipped or you'll get it again, wise guy.

McCARTHY: It's fine, Vic. Johnny says he's ok, so leave him be. For now.

GRAFTON: Good. Thank you. Now, if you'd be so good, tell me. 'Cause I gotta know. What

gives?

JOHNNY: "What gives"? What gives, yourself! We ain't seen you in 5 years, and then you just waltz in here and sit down like you own the joint?! No dice, my friend. Not good eats.

GRAFTON: Was hoping I could get a shine while I was in the area. Years ago, Johnny and I used to have a secret code we'd use when we were surrounded by skid rogues, people we weren't sure we could trust. I got so good at it after awhile that I could have whole conversations right under their noses. Like you said, it's been years since I seen ya, Johnny. I wanted to catch up with my old friend.

VIC: More like you wanted some information.

GRAFTON: Alright, maybe not as good as I thought. Yeah, that's right. Johnny knows what this is about.

McCARTHY: Is that right, Johnny? You knew he'd be coming?

JOHNNY: I didn't know nothing.

McCARTHY: Nothing, eh?

[SFX: sound of change dropping]

JOHNNY: Eh, well. Not strictly speaking, no...But word on the street said maybe he might float my way. I hear you're back on the murder beat.

GRAFTON: That's right.

JOHNNY: Well I'll be damned. I never thought I'd see the day! 'Bout time, too. Why, I remember back when I used to work vice, and there was this one pair of--

GRAFTON: I came to ask you about Marilyn Robinson.

VIC: I hope you brought a lot of change, Detective.

JOHNNY: The waitress down at the diner?

GRAFTON: That's the one.

JOHNNY: What about her?

GRAFTON: You know what. Don't crack wise.

VIC: Who do you think you're talking to? [SFX: slap]

McCARTHY: That's enough. Now, we're all friends here. So let's just calm down, and let the detective ask his questions. Just keep 'em quick. We've got business.

VIC: Don't try anything funny, punk. I'm never too far away.

McCARTHY: Oh, and untie him too. Won't do anyone any good if he goes into shock. Least of all, me.

GRAFTON: You're too kind, Treasurer McCarthy. I knew I didn't waste that vote.

JOHNNY: You didn't vote.

GRAFTON: You sure know how to ruin a moment. Now tell me about the girl.

JOHNNY: I don't know nothing.

[SFX: sound of change dropping]

What do you want to know?

GRAFTON: For starters, I want to know everything you know about her, and why someone would want her dead.

JOHNNY: Oh, is that all? Alright then. Here goes. Marcelo's Famous ain't that far from here, you know that. I head down there more nights than not, just like old times. Great biscuits.

GRAFTON: Absolutely.

JOHNNY: That girl Marilyn, she works there. Been there every time I go. She must put in more hours than I do. Word on the street is that she wants to be in pictures.

McCARTHY: The Ginger Rogers girl?

JOHNNY: That's her. You remember her?

McCARTHY: Now you mention her, yeah. She's not really worth remembering on her own. What about her? She go missing?

GRAFTON: She's dead.

VIC A shame. Truly a tragedy of our time.

McCARTHY: Death is always a cruel fate, but so much crueler when it happens to a child.

JOHNNY: Ok, he gets it. You're sad. You can put away your hankies now.

GRAFTON: You already knew.

JOHNNY: If you say so, boss.

GRAFTON: Who did it?

JOHNNY: How's that?

GRAFTON: You heard me. I asked you which of your no-good palookas killed that girl.

McCARTHY: Excuse me?

VIC: Why don't you say that again a little louder, punk?

JOHNNY: That's what I thought. See, I thought I heard you wrong because I was under the impression that that was your job, not mine.

GRAFTON: You know who did it.

JOHNNY: I might and I might not. What's it to you?

[SFX: sound of change dropping]

That ain't gonna cut it this time, gumshoes.

GRAFTON: Oh yeah? Well maybe this'll "cut it." Where were you the night she was killed?

JOHNNY: Grafty...

GRAFTON: Oh yes, Johnny. Now you see why I came to you. You ain't exactly off the hook neither. Don't think I forgot all about your little mishap last year with those bootleggers that would have been your third strike with the feds if it weren't for me. Talking big 'cause you've got your big dumb goons to back it up. Well, that ain't gonna work on me. Not tonight. We both know you're a scared little street canary who don't ruffle people's feathers if it don't pay. So why don't you sing me a pretty little song about whether or not you got what I need, because right now I'm deciding what tune I'll be singing to the federales.

JOHNNY: Hey now, don't be too hasty. We was just joshin' ya. Weren't we fellas? Joshin'? Anyway, what do you want to know?

GRAFTON: I got a list of suspects from the owner of the diner Marilyn worked at, and I want you to tell me anything you might have heard about them on the street. Anything you think might be incriminating

[SFX: handing over a paper, crumpling]

JOHNNY: Oh, is that all?

GRAFTON: The list I gave Johnny was the same list Vivian gave me. The one that had his own name on it, as well as the names of his two distasteful compatriots. This was the sort of escapade our secret code was made for. Johnny owed me, but he owed them too. He couldn't let them know he was helping me. They'd fill him full of daylight for sure. I couldn't let that happen. So I said to him...

Can you see it alright? The light isn't the best around here.

That's how it always started. Then he'd say...

JOHNNY: The ink is a little smudged, but I can make some of it out.

GRAFTON: ...and I'd know that meant that he was willing to go along with me, though we'd probably have to meet again in private to get all the information out. Then I'd say...

Maybe if you'd get your eyes checked.

...and he'd know that I understood. Then he'd say...

JOHNNY: Do you smell that? It smells like biscuits out here.

GRAFTON: And very carefully, very quietly so the others wouldn't notice, he extended his middle, ring, and little fingers on the hand holding the paper. And just like that, he had given me a time and a place. Yeah, I smell it too. Anyway, if you can't help me, I guess I'll be on my way.

VIC: Is that right?

GRAFTON: I do believe it is, yes.

McCARTHY: And that is where we must disagree, my friend.

JOHNNY: Boss--

VIC: You stay out of this, Shoeshine. If we wanted your useless opinion, we'd ask for it.

GRAFTON: You have 5 seconds to back away from me.

VIC: Isn't that cute? The little brown suit thinks he's one of the boys in blue. Or else a crook. You want to talk big, little man, you'd better walk big, too.

[SFX: Punch in the gut, grunt]

McCARTHY: It's nothing personal, my friend. It's just that we've all got reputations to uphold, and you being here in the wrong place at the wrong time has made it rather...inconvenient for everyone involved. We can't have you...what was it you said? "Singing songs to the federales"? I'm sure you understand the position I'm in. We're deeply sorry it had to end this way.

VIC: I'm sure we can spare the moisture to shed a tear for you when it's over.

GRAFTON: 5.

VIC: We tried to play nice, didn't we?

McCARTHY: We sure did.

GRAFTON: 4.

JOHNNY: Now listen fellas-- [SFX: thud, grunt of pain] Ohhh.

McCARTHY: Vic, show our guest the way out.

VIC: [SFX: gun cock] After you, detective.

GRAFTON: 3.

[SFX: gunfire, from multiple guns. Exciting music, decresc. under:]

GRAFTON: And just like that, through some miracle, I was saved by good old Chicago lightning. It looked like the guy they were waiting for had finally showed up, and he and some of his hombres didn't make the same mistake I did. They showed up squirting metal.

VIC: Get down! [SFX: more gunshots]

GRAFTON: He didn't have to tell me twice. I jumped behind the chair and stayed hid as best I could. I didn't care who was buncoing who anymore. I was done with the lot of them. Out of instinct, I reached down to my side to grab the piece that I had stopped wearing after my partner died. I swore like a sailor and had just enough time to wonder if that little vow of idiocy would be the death of me. Right here. Tonight. And then, just when I was sure I was done for, I looked up

and caught Johnny's eye. He was still reeling from the knee to the gut that Vic was kind enough to see him off with. Somehow, the spot where he was huddled on the ground was safe, at least partway.

JOHNNY: Graft!

GRAFTON: Johnny called for me through the lead and the sparks. He used the last of his breath to shout at me again.

JOHNNY: Go on! Breeze off! You ain't gonna get a better chance!

GRAFTON: So I did. [SFX: music shifts, and running footsteps] I turned on my heel and I gunned it for the gravel road. My whole world was a sea of sound and fear. I couldn't look back to make sure no one was chasing me. That would have made it real. I just ran. I ran and I ran and I pretended I wasn't the old man that I am and I ran some more. Then I could see it just ahead of me. Just two more old rusted boxcars and I'd take the sharp left that would be my ticket to safety. Then one more... I was there! I pivoted on the ball of my right foot and dove out of the way and into the waiting arms of safety. And then I got hit. [SFX: gunshot, thud, grunt of pain]

[Scene 4:] Marcelo's Famous. Detective Grafton, Vivian Marcelo, Jim "Rummy" Jacobs, Shoeshine Johnny.

[SFX: music]

GRAFTON: In my entire life, there might have been five times that I needed a drink so bad it hurt. This, I can safely say, took up at least three of those times.

VIVIAN: Hold still!

GRAFTON: Hold still yourself!

VIVIAN: Keep your voice down!

GRAFTON: I've never been a lucky man, so I can only guess that all my life I'd been saving it up for this. I did get hit, that's for sure. But somehow, the bullet only just grazed my left arm. "Grazed" here being a relative term. It almost ripped the arm off my suit jacket and my shirt was done for, and I was pretty sure my arm was on fire and falling off at the same time. But I was alive.

VIVIAN: Jim, would you boil some water?

GRAFTON: I got some distance from the rail yard as fast as I could. All I could see was the blood like warm rain on the pavement and all I could hear was my own ragged, panicked breathing in my ears. There was only one name playing in my head over and over, the place Johnny told me to meet him, the place I'd find Vivian. So it was there I had to go.

JIM: Don't soil your diapers, Detective. It's just a scratch.

VIVIAN: Are those grease traps empty?

JIM: No.

VIVIAN: Then go empty them and take your diapers with you.

JIM: Mouthy broad.

GRAFTON: Jim was right, though. It was just a scratch. If it were anything more serious, I would have gone to the hospital. I was glad it wasn't because, aside from the obvious, this way meant that there would be fewer people asking questions. God knows I could do without more

questions. Ahh! Easy with that!

VIVIAN: Do you want to bandage yourself up? I've got plenty on my plate without you, thank you very much. You should be on your knees begging me to help you.

GRAFTON: Nice imagery, duchess.

[SFX: door opening urgently]

JOHNNY: Do you got a leak in your attic or something? Do you know what could have happened to you? Or me?!

GRAFTON: You're late.

JOHNNY: I--no I'm not.

GRAFTON: Yes you are. You said you'd be here in three hours. I've been here all night.

JOHNNY: No, I said I'd be here at 3am.

GRAFTON: No, you said--

JOHNNY: Look, I know what I said! Clean the wax out of your ears and the gum off your shoes! You misread my signal, same as you misread every signal on the way downtown!

VIVIAN: Cool off, Johnny...

JOHNNY: "Cool off"? "Cool off"?! I'll tell you what to cool off! Why don't you go get us a pot of coffee? Dead man's coin. [SFX: change dropping on the table] Go on, scram.

VIVIAN: Who runs this joint? Me or you? Look, I know you're hard up, but treat me with some damn respect or I'm running you out. Now I'll go get your coffee. You just take a deep breath or two while I'm gone.

[SFX: walking heels]

GRAFTON and JOHNNY: [together] Nice biscuits.

GRAFTON: Listen, for whatever I did, I'm sorry Johnny...

JOHNNY: Yeah, sorry's not gonna cut it this time, pal. You're really behind the eightball now. We both are.

GRAFTON: Why? We've dealt with goons twice as dirty as those fools back in the day.

JOHNNY: Yeah, but the goons we dealt with were small time. More fuel than fire, if you know what I mean.

GRAFTON: I don't.

JOHNNY: Well listen, then! That's what you came down for, ain't it? That's what you blew my cover for? So can it and listen!

GRAFTON: Alright, Johnny. Alright. I'm listening.

JOHNNY: Well, good then.

GRAFTON: Did...did you have something to say?

JOHNNY: Yeah, I just lost my train of thought when I was yelling at you.

GRAFTON: Ok.

JOHNNY: Right. So listen.

GRAFTON: Alright.

JOHNNY: This list you gave me.

GRAFTON: Yes.

JOHNNY: Are you trying to get me killed?

GRAFTON: Of course not.

JOHNNY: Could have fooled me. Those people are a right bit more powerful than you are, you know. Any one of them could be listening.

GRAFTON: Not all of them are powerful. One of them works here.

JOHNNY: Oh, is that what you think? And why exactly would a Boston man be flipping flapjacks here in Chy-town?

GRAFTON: I figured him for one more vag [NOTE: pronounced "VAYG"] drifter.

JOHNNY: Not likely. Word on the street is that he's got himself involved with the mob. Everyone

knows that's how he lost his name in Beantown, but some things you just can't give up. They say he picked up the cards again and got in too deep with one of them families in the Outfit.

GRAFTON: Yikes.

JOHNNY: Yikes, indeed, my friend. That reminds me of that time I was a bookie, and--

GRAFTON: We've got a schedule to keep.

JOHNNY: Sure, sure. Right, right. So I hear tell that the fella is back on the wagon. Booze and debt at the same time? That's an easy recipe for easy favors, ain't it?

GRAFTON: Ok, so the mob was controlling him. What would the mob want with Marilyn?

JOHNNY: You miss the point, Grafty. The liquor, the debt...that would put the best of us on edge, and Jim Rummy ain't the best of us. You spend most of your waking hours with a bubbly little girl who just won't shut up when all you want's a shot and some butts and see if you don't want to bump her off. And from the way Jim talks about her...

JIM: From the way Jim talks about who? Why is my name in your mouth, Shoeshine?

GRAFTON: Marilyn Robinson.

JIM: She'd dead. Keep her that way.

GRAFTON: You worked together.

JIM: Why do you people do that? Asking questions you already know the answer to. Yeah, I worked with her. Would you like to also ask me if the sky is blue sometimes?

GRAFTON: How long did you work here?

JIM: About 6 months.

GRAFTON: Did you often work with Marilyn?

JIM: Only every damn night.

GRAFTON: I take it you didn't get along?

JIM: Gee, you think? Actually, I tried my best to keep out of her way and she tried her best to keep out of mine. With a two-bit dive like this, though, there's nowhere to go. She seemed nice enough, but I figured her for a talker right away. For three days, I wouldn't talk to her. Reckoned

she might give up after a few hours. That's how you train dogs, so ya know.

GRAFTON: She was a woman, not a dog.

JIM: Pretty much the same thing. Didn't work anyway. She wouldn't shut her yap for 5 damn minutes. Always asking me questions.

GRAFTON: What kind of questions?

JIM: What's my favorite talkie? How do I get my voice to sound funny? Do I know important people? Do I know a girl named Jenny Jacobs, and are we related?

GRAFTON: Do you?

JIM: Yeah, she's my little sister. They went to the same high school.

GRAFTON: I thought you were from Boston.

JIM: Did I say I wasn't? Jenny ain't me. Born and raised right here in Illinois, and went to high school with Marilyn. Oh, and she never stopped with the peanut butter.

GRAFTON: Peanut butter?

JIM: Oh, yeah. The little drama queen was allergic. She would bitch and bitch and bitch some more about how I needed to be very careful with the peanut butter, and how I needed to make sure to wipe everything down after I used it, and how I needed to wash my hands every few minutes just in case.

GRAFTON: Were you careful?

JIM: The hell with that. Ain't my responsibility. That's on her.

GRAFTON: So you're saying you knowingly endangered a coworker's life because you didn't feel like washing your hands?

JOHNNY: Hoo boy, it's heating up in here.

JIM: Hey now, it ain't like that.

GRAFTON: What is it like, then?

JIM: It's like...it's her health. She should do better to take care of it. It's not my job. And anyway, that was just one more thing to worry about.

GRAFTON: She did her job to take care of it when she made you aware of what could happen. You maliciously chose to ignore her. And now she's dead.

JIM: Whoa, you're not saying I did this.

GRAFTON: Looks pretty suspicious to me. Your own boss said that the girl's throat was swollen from here to Sunday. Where do you think that might have come from?

JIM: I--I don't know. I don't know nothing.

GRAFTON: Why don't you tell us what you do know.

JIM: That night, the night she died. That was three weeks ago. A Saturday, I think. It was a slow night. We only had a handful of customers. Around 1 am, the girl came into the back where I work and asked Viv if she could take her smoke break. Viv said yes, but to not take too long because people were gonna want more coffee. She said she wouldn't be long. She went back out into the dining room, went out through the side door, and never came back.

GRAFTON: Did you see anyone go with her?

JIM: If I did, would this still be a mystery? Anyway, I work in the back. The window ain't for looking through.

GRAFTON: If no one was watching, how do we know you didn't sneak out there and do her one yourself?

JIM: Marilyn kept all the receipts, but when she took her breaks, I would do them for her. My name is signed next to the time for each one. Viv can vouch.

VIVIAN: What can Viv do?

JIM: Wasn't I in the back when Marilyn took her break?

{SFX: intermittent pouring of coffee}

VIVIAN: Yeah, you were. The poor girl. I thought she was never gonna get better.

GRAFTON: What do you mean?

VIVIAN: She had an awful cough that night. I almost told her not to go on her break. Cigarettes were the last thing she needed.

GRAFTON: You didn't mention she was coughing.

JIM: Slipped my mind.

GRAFTON: If she had been having an allergic reaction, you wouldn't need to have gone out back with her. You could have done it from in here.

VIVIAN: Jim, what is all this about?

JIM: I didn't! I just forgot! Honest Injun!

GRAFTON: Well, I'm not buying. You were sick and tired of her talking in your ear when you were hung over in the back and you got no other control in your life, do ya? What with the mob on your tail, and that rap sheet you got following you around. So what do you do? You take it out on an innocent young actress. Admit it.

JIM: No, I didn't! Wait, hang on. I got information. You want information, right? You want it, I got it. Just stop saying I did it.

GRAFTON: This better be worth my time.

JIM: There's a woman comes in here from time to time. They call her Honey Williams. Tries to act real mysterious. Sits in the corner and just watches people.

GRAFTON: Yeah. She's on the list. I've heard all about her.

JIM: Well I'll tell you something you don't know. She's putting it on. She tells everyone she's from out of town, but I know better. Her real name is Ginger McKinley, she's from Hanover Ave and she went to the same high school as Marilyn.

GRAFTON: How do you know that?

JIM: Because Jenny went to that school like I said, and she was two years behind them. I came up to see some of her theater club plays back in the day, and all three of them were in it.

GRAFTON: Are you sure? How can you recognize her after all these years?

JIM: I don't know. Something about her voice, maybe? Oh, and she's got a mole right here, on her cheek. I don't know why, but that's what stuck out to me. Not her acting, that's for sure.

GRAFTON: Ok, so she's putting it on. So what?

JIM: Listen, quit it with the questions, alright? I just want to be done with this, so let's just lay it all down. Ginger was never as good as Marilyn. Even Jenny was better, and I'm not just saying

that. You could tell just by looking at her that she thought she was Queen of Sheba, but she just didn't have the goods to back it up. Marilyn was different. I knew it, the audience knew it, and Ginger knew it. Jenny always used to talk about how that girl would trail after them like a little lost puppy dog, but no one ever gave her the time of day. Then all of a sudden, she disappeared for a few years. Poof. Gone. Then this broad shows up a little after I do trying to play pretend and hoping no one notices. No, that's not right. Hoping Marilyn would notice. Of course, she didn't. Well, I noticed! And if I were a dame who dropped off the world because no one noticed her, I'd probably be in the market for revenge, don't you think? I'd be out for blood.

GRAFTON: Was she in the diner the night Marilyn was killed?

JIM: Sure was. Over at that corner table, same as always.

JOHNNY: You really think some high school grudge is worth taking her to the cleaners?

GRAFTON: It's certainly worth some thought...

JOHNNY: I don't know. I mean, don't get me wrong, I've overheard much worse things when I was a janitor at the middle school...

GRAFTON: Like?

JOHNNY: Oh. Um. That's usually where I get cut off. I wasn't really prepared that time.

GRAFTON: Alright. Anyway, it sounds legit, but I still don't quite buy it. So if you don't have anything else for me...

JIM: Did I say I was done? Sit down, fellas. You too, Viv. Drink your coffee. You're in for a long night.

[SFX: Music]

[Scene 5:] Marcelo's Famous. Detective Grafton, Jim "Rummy" Jacobs, Shoeshine Johnny, Vivian Marcelo

[SFX: music, throughout]

GRAFTON: Jim must have really wanted to prove his innocence, because he had us sitting at that corner table in the diner for 6 hours. Even Vivian, who told us that she usually uses the small hours to sleep before the morning rush, stayed right there with us. None of us were objecting, though. It turned out Jim Rummy was chock full of information even Johnny didn't fully know.

He started with Marilyn. Apparently, her bubbly persona was just that. She was putting it on to cover for the fact that she was horribly depressed, particularly because her acting career was going nowhere. After weeks and months of being just one more pretty face in a sea of auditions and casting calls, she decided to take to the business the way the best of them do: on her back. On this particular subject, it looked like everyone had a little something to say.

JIM: I gotta say, though. I gotta say, I don't blame her. If I was a dame, I'd use every advantage I got, if you know what I mean.

JOHNNY: Being honest, I did know that part. I didn't want to speak ill of the dead or nothing but...word passes through the boxcars quick enough and it's easy to find out who's easy, you know?

GRAFTON: So we talked some more about who else had heard Marilyn was an open door. It seemed the poor girl took to whatever Joe said he had connections that night, only no one ever did. And then the big info came: Jeremy McCarthy was on that list.

VIVIAN: That no-good, dirty piece of scum!

GRAFTON: Jim said that Vic Scolfield had something to do with that. Powerful men like Treasurer McCarthy would come to stay at the Paragon and when they did, they would want some arm candy and a little bit more than that. Vic did whatever he could to make his clients happy.

JIM: She came in the back one day and said that someone named Vic told her he'd set her up with a director. I figured I ought to tell her that she got set up alright, but I figured I'd best keep my business to myself.

GRAFTON: Scolfield and McCarthy being a gang of clouts was appalling, but not a surprise. But that wasn't the end of the good Treasurer's transgressions.

JIM: Oh yeah, he's been selling shells and barrels to the IRA back home for years. I'd go so far as to say that a good third of the munitions in Ireland right now are his make. See? You can't trust those semi-Americans.

GRAFTON: That certainly made him a dirty politician, but it wasn't very incriminating. Unless...unless Marilyn knew about it? There was a thought. What if Marilyn somehow found out about his secret goings-on while she was spending time at his hotel room? That had some merit to it. Out of curiosity, I asked who else Marilyn had helped warm up that Jim and Johnny could remember.

JOHNNY: Oh hey! I just remembered! You know who made an appearance? Someone by the name of Jackson Pike. Ring a bell to you?

GRAFTON: And then there was that. So Mickey Sharpe got in on the action, huh? I bet that didn't sit too well with Nora. If she even knew about it...and then, suddenly, I knew.

Fellas! I got it! I know who killed Marilyn!

[SFX: Music]

[Scene 6:] Marcelo's Famous. Everyone.

[SFX: music]

GRAFTON: The trap was set. Now I just had to hope I didn't get caught in it. The plan was simple. I would stake out Marcelo's Famous from the inside and wait for the regs to show up. Vivian and Jim would play along, and Johnny was heading over after work, same as always, so as not to arouse suspicion. It didn't take very long at all.

[SFX: door opening]

HONEY: Hey, y'all! I hope you kept the coffee on for me. You know how I love my coffee.

JIM: Pot of coffee.

HONEY: Oh Jimmy, Jimmy, Jimmy. Why don't you smile for me, huh?

JIM: You gonna sit down or what?

HONEY: That's ok. That's just fine. I'll get you to smile before the end of the night. Bet you 10 cents. Oh, wait...

JIM: The usual? Biscuits and gravy and a side of sit down and leave me the hell alone?

HONEY: So rude.

VIVIAN: Bacon and eggs, Mr. Pike?

MICKEY: And don't burn 'em.

NORA: Nothing for me.

GRAFTON: Every so often, Vivian would pass by my booth to refill my coffee and let me know what was happening. After about an hour, everyone was in place. Showtime.

[SFX: heavy lock bolting, general dissent and commotion among the patrons]

McCARTHY: Miss Marcelo! What is the meaning of this?

GRAFTON: Alright, none of you bozos is leaving here until someone confesses to the murder of Marilyn Robinson.

VIC: You can't hold us in here.

GRAFTON: Try me.

[SFX: beating on the door]

HONEY: Help! Let me out! I'm a free citizen and I have rights!

VIVIAN: Do as the man says!

GRAFTON: Ooh. Nice chords, duchess.

NORA: I need to go to the bathroom.

VIVIAN: Too bad.

NORA: Fine then. Let's get this over with.

McCARTHY: Now wait just a minute. How do you know one of us...committed this vile act? You're holding us here illegally, you know.

VIVIAN: Don't you speak to me about illegal.

VIC: I'm about done with this. Let us out or I will make you wish you weren't locked in here with me.

[SFX: two guns cock]

VIVIAN: Sit down.

GRAFTON: Who's running this show here? Me or you?

VIVIAN: Get on with it then!

GRAFTON: I know what I'm doing!

JOHNNY: Jim, Mommy and Daddy are fighting.

GRAFTON: Everyone sit down. We're doing this. Starting with Johnny.

JOHNNY: Me? What did I do?

GRAFTON: Why don't you tell the class what you were doing on the night Marilyn was killed.

JOHNNY: We've been over this, Grafty...

GRAFTON: Just answer the question.

JOHNNY: I was in here, like always.

GRAFTON: Did you see Marilyn that night?

JOHNNY: Of course. But I didn't kill her! I barely knew her! And not even in the biblical sense!

GRAFTON: But you knew that she was involved in illicit activity.

JOHNNY: So are half the dames in Chicago. I can't rescue all of them, you know. I ain't no white knight. But I didn't have nothin' against her.

GRAFTON: Which is why you didn't do it. Right, Rummy?

JIM: Wait, what?

GRAFTON: Johnny didn't do it, did he Jim?

JIM: No, I don't think he did. And I didn't do it, neither.

GRAFTON: But you were here. You knew that she was allergic to peanut butter. And she arguably pissed you off more than anyone else.

JIM: That doesn't mean I did her in! She was like a little sister! Yeah she was annoying, but we were stuck in here every day together. I never liked her, but I would never let anyone hurt her.

GRAFTON: Except that you did.

JIM: Yeah. I know.

GRAFTON: But it's obvious that you cared for her. And anyway, it couldn't have been you. Your alibi checks out. Vivian vouched for you and so did your paperwork. Not to mention that you're too dumb to pull something like this off.

JIM: Hey!

GRAFTON: Not like Vic.

VIC: Excuse me?

GRAFTON: That was a compliment. Or at least half of one. You're very smart. You know how to turn a profit off young girls, don't you?

VIC: If you're so smart, why don't you tell me exactly what I did and didn't do. I'm not saying nothing.

GRAFTON: Tell you what, why don't you just let me know if I get something wrong. You find desperate girls and young women for your clients, girls who have nothing left to hang on to. They make money, you make money, everyone wins, ain't that right? So why would you bury one of your investments? You had nothing to gain from her death, but plenty to gain from her compliance.

VIC: Which logically tells you what?

GRAFTON: You didn't do it. But not because you're innocent. You didn't do it because she was of more use to you alive than dead. And she certainly was useful, wasn't she? After you hooked her up with Jeremy McCarthy, she was a regular cash cow.

McCARTHY: That's slander, sir, and I won't have my name smeared by the likes of you.

VIVIAN: This is not the end of what will happen to your name, Jeremy. Trust me on that.

GRAFTON: But it's true, isn't it? Marilyn kept you company in your hotel room while you were on business, and she found out all about how you're trafficking with terrorists. And that's a much bigger charge than murder. That could be called treason.

McCARTHY: It's true. She did. She was so nosy, always talking and asking questions. It's like no one ever taught her how to be discreet. It was obvious that she was looking for professional connections and, in truth, I felt sorry for her. I considered helping her get a few auditions, but then I caught her looking through my briefcase and I...well...

GRAFTON: Yes?

McCARTHY: Well, I struck her. In the face. I didn't mean to do it, I was just overwhelmed. My life's work and this two-bit girl just helped herself to it. I never meant to be a criminal, you know. It was never about that. It was all about my home. I needed to help fix it...

GRAFTON: And then what happened?

McCARTHY: I paid her off. I told her to never tell anyone and then I sent her away.

GRAFTON: But you could never be sure if she told anyone.

McCARTHY: Exactly. As far as I knew, she had kept her word, but it haunted me for some time. But I swear, I never saw her again!

GRAFTON: Not until that night in the diner, of course.

McCARTHY: Oh yes, I forgot about that.

VIVIAN: You forgot?

McCARTHY: I did. I'm sorry. I was in the middle of a campaign when I was in here last, so I spent that whole evening writing my next speech. I couldn't have told you who else was in the room with me at all that night. I know it looks bad, but that's the God's honest truth! I swear on my mother's life!

GRAFTON: You don't have to convince me, Jeremy. I know you didn't do it. You're a dirty crook and a terrorist, but you're not a murderer. At least not one who gets his hands wet while he does it.

HONEY: You're letting him off, just like that? You actually bought that load of baloney?

GRAFTON: How's that?

HONEY: Listen to the man! He all but confessed! And you're letting him off because you have a hunch? That ain't right!

GRAFTON: No, that's not why I'm letting him off. I'm letting him off because I know who really did it.

HONEY: Who did it, then?

GRAFTON: Don't you know?

HONEY: What's that supposed to mean?

GRAFTON: Do you know who did it, Ginger?

HONEY: How dare you. How dare you call me that.

GRAFTON: We all know, sweetheart. How you're really a childhood rival of Marilyn's, and how

you were so jealous that she was getting all the attention, even after you went away and reinvented yourself.

HONEY: No.

GRAFTON: We all know about how you created this whole persona of Honey Williams to make Marilyn just as jealous as you have been all these years. Only...it didn't work out that way.

HONEY: No, it didn't. It didn't at all! After all that work I did, after everything she put me through, she didn't recognize me. She didn't even remember me. My whole life was built around her, and I meant nothing to her. Do you have any idea what that's like? And that's why I had to kill her.

[SFX: general dissent]

HONEY: I don't know what happened. I just went off my rocker! That night, I was over in that corner like I usually am. She hadn't shown any sign of recognizing me at all since I'd been back in town and I was getting anxious. She came over and served my coffee, and I looked her right in the eye and asked her if she knew who I was, and do you know what she said? She said "Am I supposed to?" I don't know what happened after that. I must have blacked out. But when I came to, the cops had come and Viv was shoving me out the front door.

GRAFTON: So you don't remember doing it at all?

HONEY: No, but I must have done it. I was there, I had a motive, and I really don't think I have an alibi or anything. It must have been me.

GRAFTON: Too bad it wasn't. Was it, Maggie?

McCARTHY: Where did they go?

VIC: Over there, by the door!

[SFX: two guns cock]

NORA: You couldn't have kept running your mouth for one more lousy minute, could you, dollface?

MICKEY: Everyone put your hands up. Put 'em up!

HONEY: So it was you two all this time? And you was just gonna let me confess?

MICKEY: Well, you was singing such a pretty song we didn't want to cut you off early.

NORA: This one too, Mickey? Did you touch my man, you hussie?!

VIC: Wait, Mickey? Then that means you guys are...

MICKEY: That's right. You know exactly who we are. You want an autograph?

NORA: Or maybe a piercing.

GRAFTON: Tell them why you did it, Nora.

MICKEY: Wait, you want her to tell you why I did it? She didn't have nothing to do with that.

NORA: No, you idiot. I did it. I killed that little floozy, and I did it right in front of you.

MICKEY: But you couldn't have done it, because I did it.

VIVIAN: What's going on?

GRAFTON: Exactly what I thought was going to happen.

NORA: What in the hell do you mean you did it?

GRAFTON: Tell us all what happened, Mickey.

MICKEY: She told me she was pregnant and said it was mine. She was head over! She was gonna rat me out unless I stuck around to take care of it. Nothing I said was gonna change her mind. I was gonna jump town, but I needed to tie up that loose end. So I did what I had to do. I told her to come meet me outside and when she came out, I cracked her over the head with my pistol.

VIVIAN: You're a monster.

MICKEY: Don't give me that, baby. I've seen the way you pour my coffee.

VIVIAN: Pig.

GRAFTON: But that's not all.

NORA: Oh, I'm sorry. Did you want me to give an emotional speech all about how I know what I did was wrong and how I'm sorry about it and please forgive me? Well, you're out of luck, pal. You're damn right I killed her, and I'm not sorry. And I'll tell you why. Because I knew she was meeting up with Mickey and I didn't appreciate it. I knew he was lying to me about where he was going nights, so I followed him. There's a reason why I'm the one who does all the stealth. I saw them together, and don't no one put their mitts on my man.

HONEY: How did you do it?

NORA: Easiest thing I've ever done. I heard her telling the short-order that she was allergic to peanut butter. She really ought to be more careful with her private information in the future. Then one day, I managed to get her to take a sip of my coffee because I told her it was too cold. She didn't know that I put peanut oil on the rim of my mug. And some in the coffee, just to be safe. That's when she started to cough. I told her I thought she should go get some air and she thanked me. She actually thanked me. If it's wrong to get a kick out of the girl you've just killed thanking you for your great advice, then I don't want to be right.

VIVIAN: I'm calling the cops. They're gonna lock you up faster than you can blink.

MICKEY: About that. See, we can't have you do that, doll.

NORA: Any of you. We're leavin'. And no one is gonna stop us.

[SX: Gunshots; Two pairs of feet running]

MICKEY AND NORA: [general bickering on the way out, a la "And 'your sister' from Des Moines? I called your mother! You have no sister, you pervert!" and "Listen, what I do ain't none of your business, woman!"]

[SFX: music]

[Scene 7:] Epilogue

[SFX: music]

GRAFTON: No one was hurt, thank God. They shot into the ceiling and dashed as we all ducked under tables and each others' arms. And just like that, they were off, on their way to terrorizing another city. But the case was solved.

VIVIAN: You're really something, Detective.

GRAFTON: I know.

VIVIAN: You're welcome to grace my threshold anytime you like. Don't forget.

GRAFTON: I won't. I think you've given me plenty of reasons to drop by more often.

VIVIAN: Easy now, Detective. Don't you know what they say about dames like me?

GRAFTON: So, my first murder case without my partner was a success. Something tells me he was looking out for me the entire time. Something told me that this was the start of a new era in my career. I was going to have to get used to a lot more cases like this one. I supposed I would have to start naming them just to tell them apart, so I named this mystery the Case of the Star-Struck Waitress.

[SFX: music]

[Conclusion:] Announcer

[SFX: theme music]

ANNOUNCER: You've just heard a live studio broadcast of *Detective Grafton and the Case of the Star-Struck Waitress*. In tonight's broadcast, courtesy of the Tin Roof Players in cooperation with the Frank DeLacy company, you were just treated to a performance by [name] as Honey Williams, [name] as Vic Scolfield, [name] as Jeremy McCarthy, [name] as Jim "Rummy" Jacobs, [name] as Shoeshine Johnny, [name] and [name] as Micky Sharp and Nora Knight, [name] and Vivian Marcelo, and last but not least, [name] as Detective Grafton. And of course, this production couldn't have run by itself! In our live sound department, you have had the privilege of hearing [name], [name], and [name], under the sound direction of [name]. This production was run under the direction of [name] with assistance from [name].

As always, thank you for tuning in! Be sure to keep your dial right where it's at, and we'll be back on the air after a fantastic performance by the Frank DeLacy Orchestra! And don't forget, anything can happen when you let yourself journey Into The Unknown.

[SFX: transition into big band music, may fade out as the actors curtain call and leave.]