

Dick Tracy
Pat Hypnotized
Feb 21 1938

CAST:

RADIO VOICE

ANNOUNCER

DICK TRACY, the great detective

PAT PATTON, his partner

JUNIOR

THE MOGUL (PRONOUNCED mo-GULL), cultured villain

JOE, ambulance driver

PARTNER, Joe's partner

HOUMI BATIK, (PRONOUNCED bah-TEEK) Egyptian

SOUND: BOOM! OF GUN ... SHOWER OF EXPLODING WHEAT GRAINS ... BOOM! OF GUN ...
SHOWER OF EXPLODING RICE GRAINS

RADIO: (FILTER) Calling all adventure fans! Calling all Dick Tracy fans! Stand
by! Dick Tracy is on the air!

SOUND: MULTIPLE POLICE SIRENS

ANNOUNCER: The makers of Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice -- those
specially digestible, delicious cereals that are shot from guns -- now bring
you another gripping Dick Tracy adventure. And now listen. Today Dick Tracy
tells you how to get a genuine Dick Tracy Secret Ring free! Think of it! A
beautiful gold-plated ring with a special secret compartment just like the one
Houmi Batik gave Junior. Remember? Well, now you can wear one, too. And it
doesn't cost you a cent. So be sure you're listening in at the end of the
program to hear how to get your Secret Dick Tracy Ring free.

Dick's a great fellow, isn't he? Have you noticed how fast his mind works?
Like lightning! And what a great athlete he is -- just full of trigger-fast
energy. And I don't know of a better, more enjoyable way to get lots of the
same kind of food energy than to have a big bowl of delicious Quaker Puffed
Wheat or Quaker Puffed Rice for breakfast, the way thousands of active
athletic boys and girls and grown-ups do every day. Those two nourishing
delicious cereals are shot from guns.

SOUND: BOOM! OF GUN ... SHOWER OF EXPLODING WHEAT GRAINS ... BOOM! OF GUN ...
SHOWER OF EXPLODING RICE GRAINS

ANNOUNCER: Each grain is actually exploded to eight times its normal size.
That makes Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice specially easy to
digest, so that you get their trigger-fast food energy much more quickly and
easily. So for a real quick-energy breakfast that tastes extra-good, ask
Mother to get you some Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice at the
grocer's.

With the capture of the Mogul, an head of a society of art treasure thieves, it seemed that Dick Tracy had brought to a close another interesting case. The Mogul was behind bars and Tracy still had in his possession the Black Pearl of Osiris, sacred gem of an Egyptian cult dedicated to the worship of Osiris. But then the Mogul died in his cell. At least, an examination showed that he was dead. But while he was being taken to the office of the medical examiner, a strange thing happened--

SOUND: AMBULANCE BACKGROUND ... ENGINE HUMS, WARNING BELL RINGS

PARTNER: Hey, Joe! Did you hear somethin' move behind us?

JOE: Nah.

PARTNER: I was sure I did.

JOE: You mean back there?

PARTNER: Yeah.

JOE: Aw, relax, brother. There's no one back there 'cept a dead man!

MOGUL: Er, gentlemen, don't be alarmed.

PARTNER: (STARTLED) Joe! Joe! It's the guy what's dead! I mean the--

MOGUL: You mean the man you thought was dead. I'm very much alive, and so is this gun in my hand.

JOE: Hey, what are you gonna do to us?

MOGUL: If you follow orders, nothing. Now keep driving until we get out into the country.

JOE: Anything you say, buddy.

PARTNER: (DUMBFOUNDED) He was dead and now he's alive!

MOGUL: I have never been dead, my friend. I was merely in a cataleptic trance.

PARTNER: A cata--? A what?

MOGUL: A cataleptic trance. You see, I am able to hypnotize myself as well as others. It is a known fact that expert hypnotists can put a person or themselves into a trance which very much resembles death. The yogis and swamis of India make quite a practice of it.

PARTNER: But the whole prison was sure you was dead! There's somethin' funny about all this.

MOGUL: You do not believe me? Perhaps you'd like me to try it on you.

PARTNER: Oh, no. No, no. Don't do that. Don't do that. I - I believe you, all

right. I sure do, brother. I sure do.

SOUND: SCENE FADES OUT ... TRANSITIONAL PAUSE

PAT: Escaped? And after we all were sure he was dead.

DICK: Yep.

PAT: Dick, this Mogul fella must be a wizard to be able to fake an act like that.

DICK: Well, there's nothing so very unusual about auto-hypnotism. Unfortunately, I didn't think of it in connection with the Mogul. He's clever and well-informed, which should put us on our guard. Every man on the force has instructions to keep his eyes open for the Mogul.

PAT: Have you heard anything yet, Dick, from the Board of Inquiry?

DICK: You mean about Houmi Batik?

PAT: Yeah.

DICK: Yes, Pat, I've been kept posted. They're still going over the evidence in the case. I had a report this morning indicating that the board, from the evidence available, is coming to the conclusion that Dryden Small was definitely in the wrong. He was guilty of several criminal offenses.

PAT: Small is recovering from his wound, too, isn't he?

DICK: Yep. All of which seems to indicate that Batik will be released shortly.

PAT: Well, I'm glad of that. And I'm glad they feel the same ways we do about Dryden Small. Gosh, Dick, when we consented to escort that fella home from England, we never thought we'd get all mixed up in a thing like this -- the Black Pearl of Osiris, Egyptian high priests like Houmi Batik, art treasures, thieves like the Mogul and his gang, the Secret Ring of Osiris--

JUNIOR: Say, that reminds me. Did I show you mine, Pat?

PAT: Hey, quite a number of times, Junior. But I must admit it's worth showing, especially with that swell likeness of Dick on it. Hey, that'd make a swell ring for any boy or girl to have.

JUNIOR: Say, I can't wait to hear what the members of the Secret Service Patrol, who got rings like this, will say about it. And the special compartment! Gee, I - I know they're gonna think it's a beauty, Pat.

PAT: Oh, incidentally, Dick -- you still have that Black Pearl safely hidden in that ring you're wearing, haven't you?

DICK: I certainly have, Pat. It's gonna stay there until I can give it into the safe keeping of Houmi Batik or one of his agents. You know, Pat, this case of the Black Pearl of Osiris, and the gang that's after it, has opened up an entirely new field for investigation.

PAT: You mean the fake art treasures?

DICK: Yes, yes. The papers have been full of it. The manufacture of fake and imitation works of art which are sold as the genuine articles has become a problem. The moment we're finished with this Black Pearl business, we'll have another job on our hands, cleaning up this other racket.

PAT: It's a vicious racket, too, no question about it. These racketeers imitate pictures by the Old Masters and sell 'em for terrific amounts, the price you'd pay for an original.

DICK: Yep.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS ... RECEIVER UP

DICK: (INTO PHONE) Tracy speaking. -- Yes? -- Nothing yet, huh? -- All right, Brooks, but keep on it. Scatter your men and see that every inch of the ground is gone over thoroughly. -- Right.

SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN

DICK: Sergeant Brooks. Still nothing. Looks like the Mogul has really escaped us, Pat.

PAT: Yeah.

JUNIOR: Yeah, he's taken it on the lam, all right.

DICK: What did you say, Junior?

JUNIOR: I said he's taken it on the lam.

DICK: Now, where did you pick that up?

JUNIOR: What?

DICK: The phrase "take it on the lam."

JUNIOR: Oh, I don't know, Dick. I-- Oh, yes, I do. I heard Blackie Moran say it once.

DICK: I see. Well, I don't want you to say it again, Junior.

JUNIOR: Why not, Dick?

DICK: 'Cause it's slang, Junior. Slang of a kind that shouldn't be used by anyone -- especially a boy like yourself.

JUNIOR: Well, Dick, I - I don't see anything wrong with slang. I don't do anybody harm when I say it. "Take it on the lam--"

DICK: Oh, yes, you do; yes, you do, Junior. You do a great deal of harm to

yourself.

JUNIOR: I don't understand, Dick.

DICK: Well, I'll try to explain, Junior. Now - now, I'm not going to go into the technical definition of slang, but for our purposes, we might say that slang -- the kind of slang you just used -- is the language of the gutter. It's the language used by people who have no education, no - no background. Just like Blackie Moran and his gang. After all, until people get to know you well, they judge you by what you say and how you say it.

JUNIOR: Well, gee, I never thought of it that way, Dick.

DICK: Well, I wish you would, Junior, because it's very important. You see, slang is the mark of a lazy brain.

JUNIOR: Well, gee, Dick, I've heard other kids use slang words and things.

DICK: I know you have. And that's because they don't listen to their parents and their teachers. Parents and teachers object to slang because they know how great a handicap it is in life. 'Cause it's not only unpleasant to hear, but gives people the idea that a boy is a hoodlum, a roughneck. And that may not be true at all. Boys like you may have picked up a slang expression and failed to realize how wrong it was to use it.

JUNIOR: I see. Well, I'm sorry, Dick.

DICK: Don't be sorry, Junior. Just - just make a firm resolve not to use slang again. Whenever you're tempted to use slang, always stop and try to think of another way of expressing yourself. The truth of the matter is, you know, that as a member in good standing of the Dick Tracy Secret Service Patrol, you have to know how to express yourself clearly, concisely, and forcefully. There's only one way to do that -- by precise English, never by the use of slang.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

DICK: Excuse me a moment.

JUNIOR: Surely.

SOUND: RECEIVER UP

DICK: (INTO PHONE) Tracy speaking. -- Board of Inquiry? -- Yeah. Yeah, I see. -- Well, that's splendid. I'm glad they reached that decision. -- Thank you very much for calling.

SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN

PAT: Board of Inquiry, Dick?

DICK: Yes, Pat. I'm happy to say they've exonerated Houmi Batik, and have issued an order for the arrest of Dryden Small. Small is to be removed from the hospital into a prison cell the moment it can be done safely.

PAT: Ah, that's fine.

DICK: Batik will be anxious to know about their decision. I think I'll call at the prison now and let him know.

SOUND: SCENE FADES OUT ... TRANSITIONAL PAUSE

BATIK: Mr. Tracy, this is most wonderful news. Most wonderful. I - I don't know how to thank you, how to tell you how deeply grateful I am.

DICK: Oh, there's no reason for you to thank me, Batik. I had nothing to do with it. The law took its course. Since you weren't guilty of any willful wrongdoing, you were not found guilty. The law has decided that you don't deserve punishment.

BATIK: And you have the pearl, Mr. Tracy?

DICK: Yes. Yes, I have it with me -- safely concealed in the secret compartment of the ring you gave me. And I suggest that you let me keep it until you're free and ready to sail. At the moment, my chief concern is to get you and the Black Pearl out of this country safely.

BATIK: And, after that, what then?

DICK: After that, my problem will be to capture the Mogul and put him where he belongs.

SOUND: SCENE FADES OUT ... TRANSITIONAL PAUSE

SOUND: PHONE RINGS ... RECEIVER UP

PAT: (INTO PHONE) Hello? -- Oh, hello, Tess. -- No, Dick went down to the prison about an hour ago to see Houmi Batik. -- Uh huh. -- Oh, I'm just writing a few letters. -- No, no, not love letters. -- All right, Tess, I'll tell him you called.

SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN

PAT: (TO HIMSELF) Now, let's see. What was that address again?

MOGUL: Do not worry yourself unduly about the address, Mr. Patton. You will have no need for it.

PAT: What? The Mogul? You-- You--

MOGUL: Yes, the Mogul. Don't look so surprised, my friend.

PAT: What are ya doin' here?

MOGUL: I want the Black Pearl of Osiris. No doubt you've heard of the Black Pearl of Osiris.

PAT: I haven't got it!

MOGUL: I know you haven't. But you will get it for me.

PAT: Me?! How can I get it for you?

MOGUL: I know where the Black Pearl is, Mr. Patton. And I'm not so sure you don't. It is concealed in the ring which Tracy wears on his middle finger -- the ring given to him by Houmi Batik. I must have that pearl, Mr. Patton. And you will get it for me.

PAT: (STAMMERS) I - I - I don't know what you're talkin' about.

MOGUL: You will -- because I will explain to you very carefully. (SLOWLY) But, er, pardon me. Don't you feel just a trifle sleepy, Mr. Patton?

PAT: Why, I, er--

MOGUL: Of course you do. Sleep, Mr. Patton. Sleep. Sleep. Sleep. (BEAT) And now, Patton, you are completely under my influence. Do you understand that?

PAT: (ENTRANCED) I understand.

MOGUL: I will now give you certain commands, and you will carry them out. You will be unable to help yourself. You will find that you are forced to do what I command you to do while you are in this hypnotic trance. You understand?

PAT: (ENTRANCED) I will not be able to help myself. I must do as you command.

MOGUL: Mm hm. You will go about as if you were not hypnotized, but all the while you will be under my influence. (SLOWLY) And now, Patton, this is what I command you to do, so that I may be able to get my hands on -- the Black Pearl of Osiris.

SOUND: TRANSITIONAL PAUSE

ANNOUNCER: What devilish scheme has the Mogul thought of now? He has hypnotized Pat. Will he succeed in getting the Black Pearl of Osiris? Or will the great detective Dick Tracy outwit him again? We'll soon know. But now it's time for your Dick Tracy Secret Service Patrol meeting, brought to you by the makers of delicious, nourishing Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice. And here comes Dick Tracy himself, with Junior, to tell you how to get your Secret Dick Tracy Ring free.

SOUND: GAVEL BANGS THREE TIMES

DICK: Hello, there, boys and girls. Last Friday, we told you we were trying to get Secret Dick Tracy Rings for all of you, just like the one Houmi Batik gave to Junior. Well, we've succeeded.

JUNIOR: Gosh! Three cheers, Dick!

DICK: And we've arranged with the jeweler to make the rings for you.

JUNIOR: Say, will they be gold-plated just like mine with your picture on

them, Dick, and all those lucky signs?

DICK: Of course, Junior. Here, but you can see for yourself. Here's one of the rings now.

JUNIOR: Boy! It's exactly like mine! Here, ya see, Mr. Quaker Man?

ANNOUNCER: Say, isn't that a beauty? And look here. It's adjustable. You can make it fit any size finger.

JUNIOR: Gee, that's a great idea. Because this is one ring you'll always want to wear.

ANNOUNCER: Well, mine's got a secret compartment just like yours, too, Junior. Listen, boys and girls, here's the best news of all. To get one of these beautiful gold-plated Dick Tracy Secret Rings free, you just mail five Quaker Puffed Wheat or five Quaker Puffed Rice box tops, or some of each, with your name and address printed on a plain piece of paper, to Dick Tracy, Box L, Chicago.

JUNIOR: And you get your Dick Tracy Secret Ring free. Isn't that great?

DICK: And that's not all. Tess Trueheart went to the jewelers with us and she fell in love with a very good looking gold-plated bangle bracelet.

ANNOUNCER: The charms show Dick Tracy, Junior, and lucky four-leaf clover. Listen, girls, be the first in your crowd to wear a smart gold-plated Dick Tracy bracelet as well as a beautiful Dick Tracy Secret Ring. It's free, too. You just send five Quaker Puffed Wheat or Quaker Puffed Rice box tops for your Dick Tracy bracelet to Dick Tracy, Box L, Chicago. Be sure to write whether you want the Dick Tracy Secret Ring or the Dick Tracy bangle bracelet, or both -- and remember, send five Quaker Puffed Wheat or Quaker Puffed Rice box tops for each one to Dick Tracy, Box L, Chicago. Now, don't wait -- because those secret rings will go like hot cakes. As soon as a package of Quaker Puffed Wheat or Quaker Puffed Rice is empty, tear off the top and save it. And be sure to ask Mother to get you some Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice at the grocer's, so you can get your Dick Tracy Secret Ring soon.

SOUND: BOOM! OF GUN ... SHOWER OF EXPLODING WHEAT GRAINS ... BOOM! OF GUN ... SHOWER OF EXPLODING RICE GRAINS

RADIO: (FILTER) Calling all adventure fans! Calling all Dick Tracy fans! Stand by for another exciting Dick Tracy adventure tomorrow at this same time! That is all.

SOUND: MULTIPLE POLICE CARS AND SIRENS ... THEN FADE OUT