

The Adventures of Philip Marlowe
Trouble Is My Business
Aug 05 1947

CAST:

ANNOUNCER
WOMAN

PHILIP MARLOWE, detective
WADSWORTH JEETER
HAWKINS
HARRIET HUNTRESS
GROVER JEETER
WAX NOSE
WALDO, chauffeur
MARTY ESTEL

ANNOUNCER: For the safety of your smile, use Pepsodent twice a day, see your dentist twice a year.

MUSIC: OPENING ... THEN IN BG

ANNOUNCER: Lever Brothers Company presents the Pepsodent program, "The Adventures of Philip Marlowe," starring Van Heflin.

MUSIC: ACCENT, THEN IN BG

ANNOUNCER: Philip Marlowe, the screen's most famous private detective, created by Raymond Chandler, brought to you on the air by Pepsodent! And starring M-G-M's brilliant and dynamic young actor Van Heflin!

MUSIC: ACCENT, THEN OUT

ANNOUNCER: Now families all over America have named their favorite toothpaste: New Pepsodent with Irium! New fresh-tasting Pepsodent with a new cool minty flavor. Yes, in a recent test, New Pepsodent was preferred three-to-one over any other toothpaste.

WOMAN: It's true! With families all over America, New Pepsodent is the favorite, three-to-one!

ANNOUNCER: Families from coast to coast recently compared New Pepsodent with a toothpaste they were using at home. They preferred New Pepsodent by an overwhelming average of three to one over any other brand they tried. These families, three-to-one, said New Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner, makes teeth brighter.

WOMAN: Yes, in a recent survey, families three-to-one said New Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner, makes teeth brighter.

ANNOUNCER: Get New Pepsodent Toothpaste for your family right away. Now "The Adventures of Philip Marlowe," starring Van Heflin.

MUSIC: INTRODUCTION ... THEN BEHIND MARLOWE--

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) The moment old man Jeeter came into my office I made up my mind not to vote for him if he ever ran for president. He was tall and thin with straight, compressed white lips. He wore a neat pinstriped flannel suit with a small rosebud in the lapel. He carried an ebony cane, and he wore spats. He looked a smart sixty, and unless his ulcers got nasty, I gave him another fifteen years, which was pretty big of me. He sat down, speared me with those barbed gray eyes and came right down to business.

JEETER: Mr. Philip Marlowe, I believe.

MARLOWE: That's right.

JEETER: My name is Wadsworth Jeeter.

MARLOWE: How do you do, Mr. Jeeter?

JEETER: You're a private detective?

MARLOWE: Well, why not?

JEETER: Frankly, sir, I expected a Hollywood detective's office to be somewhat more glamorous -- or rather more elegant, shall we say?

MARLOWE: Well, Philo Vance has a branch office here on the fourth floor, if you're shopping around--

JEETER: (INTERRUPTS) Oh, no, no, no, no. You'll do, I'm sure.

MARLOWE: Well, my rate is twenty-five bucks a day, plus expenses.

JEETER: Money is no object.

MARLOWE: Except when you don't have much of it.

JEETER: That seems to be the motivating philosophy where Miss Harriet Huntress is concerned.

MARLOWE: Who or whom is Miss Harriet Huntress?

JEETER: A rather standard, rather obvious gold digger who wishes to marry Grover.

MARLOWE: Hm. You want to tell me who Grover is?

JEETER: Grover is my adopted stepson; my late wife's son.

MARLOWE: Go on.

JEETER: Next year he will inherit a million dollars left him by his mother.

MARLOWE: Which explains Miss Huntress' interest in Grover.

JEETER: Precisely.

MARLOWE: Look, Mr. Jeeter, am I being hired to smear Miss Harriet Huntress?

JEETER: Not at all. Merely to disillusion Grover about her.

MARLOWE: Yeah, well, that's the same thing. I think you'd better find yourself another boy.

JEETER: Now, wait, wait! There's more.

MARLOWE: Okay, let's hear it.

JEETER: Do you know a man named Marty Estel?

MARLOWE: Yeah, sure. He's a big time gambler out on Sunset Strip. Why?

JEETER: Mr. Estel claims my son Grover owes him fifty thousand dollars.

MARLOWE: Well, then Grover'd better pay up, if I know Marty Estel.

JEETER: But suppose my son doesn't really owe Estel the money.

MARLOWE: Well, does he or doesn't he?

JEETER: Mr. Estel supplied photostat copies of Grover's notes with Grover's signatures. I thought they might be forged, so without Grover's knowledge I took them to a handwriting expert named John Arbogast, a sort of detective.

MARLOWE: Yeah?

JEETER: He's not sure. He wants more time. I - I'd like you to take over the case.

MARLOWE: Harriet Huntress and all, huh?

JEETER: Miss Huntress, as you may know, is associated with Mr. Estel.

MARLOWE: Well, that's incidental. I'll handle the forgery case, but not the slander job. Now, where does this Arbogast have his office?

JEETER: On Sunset near Ivar.

MARLOWE: Okay, I'll look it up. Miss Huntress?

JEETER: She lives at the El Milano on North Sycamore.

MARLOWE: All right, I'll look her up, too. Arbogast and Huntress, in the order named.

MUSIC: BRIDGE ... THEN BEHIND MARLOWE--

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) There was no snooty secretary to prevent me from walking right into John D. Arbogast's extremely fat presence on Sunset near Ivar. He was an enormously fleshy gent with a thick neck that was in folds like a concertina. He wore a wrinkled dark suit that needed cleaning and some reweaving where it had some small holes in it. Arbogast just sat and stared at me with the whites of his eyes -- because those three holes that needed reweaving were bullet holes, and John D. Arbogast was dead; very recently dead. I left in a hurry and, as far as I could tell, nobody saw me come, nobody saw me go. My next stop was the swank El Milano Hotel on North Sycamore.

SOUND: HOTEL LOBBY BACKGROUND ... MARLOWE'S FOOTSTEPS APPROACH

HAWKINS: Just a second, mister. Somethin' you want?

MARLOWE: Yeah, yeah. Who are you?

HAWKINS: I'm the house detective.

MARLOWE: Well, I'm looking for a Miss Harriet Huntress.

HAWKINS: Miss Huntress ain't seein' anyone.

MARLOWE: You can tell her it's Marty Estel.

HAWKINS: (SKEPTICAL) Are you Marty Estel?

MARLOWE: I'm from him.

HAWKINS: That's different, ain't it?

MARLOWE: That's none of your business, is it?

HAWKINS: Well, whatever you're up to, you're not playin' it very smooth.

MARLOWE: Well, some days I feel like playin' it smooth and some days I feel like playin' it like a waffle iron. If you must know, I'm one of the boys. Philip Marlowe, private eye. Here. It's my card.

HAWKINS: Well, now -- that's another story. I'll phone up to Miss Huntress.

MARLOWE: Yeah. Say I'm from Marty Estel and make it convincing, huh?

HAWKINS: Eh, how much convincing?

MARLOWE: Oh. Well, how much do those cigars you're smoking cost you?

HAWKINS: Twenty-two fifty; box of fifty.

MARLOWE: That much convincing.

HAWKINS: Well, that's cute. You and me are gonna get along. I'll phone Miss Huntress, but you go right on up. Room Eight-One-Four. I just know it'll be all right.

MUSIC: SULTRY BRIDGE ... THEN BEHIND MARLOWE--

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) Harriet Huntress was too tall to be cute and too beautiful to be really cheap. Her green eyes were wide set and there was plenty of thinking room between 'em. Her hair was a dusky red, like fire seen through a haze. Her green eyes were that much green ice, as she sized me up in the doorway.

HUNTRESS: Well? What's the big message, sonny?

MARLOWE: I'd have to come in. I never could speak very well in public.

HUNTRESS: Come in.

SOUND: MARLOWE'S STEPS IN ... ROOM DOOR CLOSSES

MARLOWE: Never could speak very well on a dry throat, either.

HUNTRESS: There's the scotch. Help yourself.

MARLOWE: Thank you.

SOUND: MARLOWE'S STEPS TO SCOTCH ... TONGS ON ICE, ICE INTO GLASS, DURING FOLLOWING--

HUNTRESS: So, you're from Marty Estel?

MARLOWE: No, not, er, strictly. Not even loosely.

SOUND: SQUEAK AND POP! OF BOTTLE UNCORKED

MARLOWE: Not at all, in fact.

HUNTRESS: What's your racket?

MARLOWE: No racket.

SOUND: LIQUOR INTO GLASS ... BOTTLE SET DOWN

HUNTRESS: Marty'll love to know you used his name.

MARLOWE: I'm shaking in my shoes.

HUNTRESS: You're some kind of - detective, aren't you?

SOUND: MARLOWE'S STEPS TO HUNTRESS AS HE DRINKS

MARLOWE: Yeah, private. Philip Marlowe. Hey, it's good scotch here.

HUNTRESS: I'm glad you like it. Now, what's your business?

MARLOWE: All right. How much will you take to give up Grover?

HUNTRESS: You look smart, but you talk stupid.

MARLOWE: Old man Jeeter's pretty tough. His idea is that you get nothing. You get smeared. I don't see it that way. (DRINKS, EXHALES) How much?

HUNTRESS: How about fifty thousand dollars?

MARLOWE: How about five hundred dollars?

HUNTRESS: How about talking about the effect of the rain on the rhubarb?

MARLOWE: Now look, sister! Suppose we skip the footwork, considering the sobering fact that a man named John D. Arbogast has already been murdered in this little case.

HUNTRESS: (BEAT) Does - that have anything to do with me?

MARLOWE: I don't know. He was hired to analyze some notes Grover gave Marty Estel. He was killed just after I took over the case.

HUNTRESS: Do you think Marty Estel works that way?

MARLOWE: You know him better than I do. Does he?

HUNTRESS: Have you told the police yet?

MARLOWE: No, I thought I'd see if I could make a deal with you first.

HUNTRESS: (INCREASINGLY INTENSE) I'm - gonna tell you something. My people - were nice people - who never got involved in murders. Old Jeeter ruined my father. My dad shot himself and my mother died of the shock. I'm gonna fix Jeeter for that some day! Even if I have to marry his son to do it.

MARLOWE: An adopted stepson really is no relation at all.

HUNTRESS: It'll hurt Jeeter just as hard. (COOL AGAIN) And -- the kid'll have a million dollars next year. I could do worse, even if he does drink too much.

MARLOWE: You wouldn't want Grover to hear that, now would you?

HUNTRESS: No? Turn around and have a look, gumshoe.

MUSIC: STING!

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) I turned fast. He stood about four feet from me -- big, blond, powerful -- whiskey in his brain and blood in his eye.

MUSIC: STING!

HUNTRESS: (SARDONIC LAUGHTER) I can say anything I want around Grover. It's all right with him. Isn't it, Grover?

GROVER: (VERY DRUNK) That's right, Harry.

HUNTRESS: He's trying to break us up, Grover. What do you think of that?

SOUND: GROVER'S STEPS TO MARLOWE BEHIND--

GROVER: I think maybe I better break him up, that's what I think of that.

HUNTRESS: (CRUEL LAUGHTER)

MUSIC: IN BG

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) She laughed and that made me mad. I turned to gow at her. It was a dirty look, it was the look of the month. That was a mistake. The big guy hit me--

SOUND: PUNCH!

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) --and I went over sideways.

SOUND: CRACK! OF HEAD ON WOODEN DESK

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) It wasn't a hard punch, but my head hit a desk going down and the desk got the decision. It gets dark fast in Southern California, but seldom that fast.

MUSIC: ACCENT ... THEN FOR A SWIRLING TRANSITION INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS ... THEN FOR COMING TO ... THEN IN BG

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) When I came out of it, Grover -- the blond sucker puncher -- and Harriet Huntress were gone. But the bottle of scotch was still there, so I took that for a souvenir and stuffed it in my pocket and floated down the elevator into the street. It was dark by the time I got back to my apartment on Hobart Avenue in Hollywood.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) I turned on the light--

SOUND: CLICK! OF LIGHT SWITCH

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) --and there stood a big guy. Another big guy. This was National Big Guy Week. This one had a big nose, the dead color of wax, and he had a twenty-two caliber Colt Woodsman pointed straight at me.

WAX NOSE: Close the door and reach! Come on!

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) I turned a little to close the door. I'd gotten my hand under my coat.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) Then I turned back to Wax Nose fast. I had my luger out. We stood there facing each other. Wax Nose didn't seem at all impressed with my automatic.

MUSIC: OUT

WAX NOSE: (CALMLY) I, uh, just came to tell you to be smart.

MARLOWE: You're looking at a luger, mister.

WAX NOSE: I know. Men of distinction carry lugers. Me, I pack this small bore because I can shoot. If you think you can take me, go to it.

MARLOWE: Now look, what's the game?

WAX NOSE: Maybe you can take a hint and maybe you can't.

MARLOWE: Maybe, maybe not. What is it?

WAX NOSE: Lay off old Jeeter's boy.

MARLOWE: Oh, now, I wouldn't think of contradicting. Anyone who uses a Colt Woodsman twenty-two with the front sight filed off must think he's pretty good.

WAX NOSE: I am good.

MARLOWE: Yeah. And that's why I say, "Okay, pal."

WAX NOSE: We'll see.

MARLOWE: Speaking of twenty-twos, do you know anybody named John Arbogast?

WAX NOSE: (WRY) I meet such a lot of people.

MARLOWE: Well, this one was fat, and shot three times with a twenty-two.

WAX NOSE: (BEAT) I don't remember shootin' no fat guys today. (MOVING OFF) So long, chum. 'Member what I told ya. Lay off Grover.

SOUND: DURING ABOVE, WAX NOSE'S STEPS TO THE DOOR WHICH OPENS

WAX NOSE: So long, chum.

MARLOWE: Yeah.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES AS WAX NOSE EXITS

MARLOWE: (IRONIC) Swell!

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

MARLOWE: (TO PHONE) Aw, shut up!

SOUND: PHONE RINGS TWICE MORE ... RECEIVER UP

MARLOWE: (INTO PHONE) Yeah?

JEETER: (FILTER) Mr. Marlowe?

MARLOWE: Oh, Mr. Jeeter! Well, your son, or your adopted son, or your stepson, or whatever he is, poked me in the jaw today.

JEETER: (FILTER) He is both my stepson and my adopted son.

MARLOWE: Well, both of 'em poked me in the jaw.

JEETER: (FILTER) My word! Where?

MARLOWE: In Miss Huntress's apartment.

JEETER: (FILTER) You spoke to her? What did she say?

MARLOWE: She wants fifty grand or no dice. I offered her five hundred. Just as a gag.

JEETER: (FILTER, OFFENDED) Just as a gag? Mr. Marlowe, perhaps you underestimate the importance of this matter to me!

MARLOWE: Listen, Mr. Jeeter, there's some very unusual angles to this case. For example, a gunman just stuck me up in my own apartment and told me to stay off o' this case.

JEETER: (FILTER) What?

MARLOWE: I don't see why this case should get so tough.

JEETER: (FILTER) Good heavens! Listen, Mr. Marlowe. My chauffeur Waldo will pick you up in my limousine. I want to talk to you.

MARLOWE: All right. Well, tell Waldo to park on Hobart facing Franklin.

JEETER: (FILTER) He'll be around for you in twenty minutes.

MARLOWE: Good. It'll just give me time to drink my dinner. Bye-bye.

SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN

MUSIC: BRIDGE ... THEN IN BG

SOUND: CAR SOUNDS, TRAFFIC, ETC.

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) I sat next to Waldo, the chauffeur, as he tooted the big Jeeter limousine through Hollywood, along the glitter of the Sunset Strip, out

past Beverly Hills, toward Bel Air. At Calvello Drive, we swung left for a couple o' hundred yards, then left again, aiming for a driveway flanked by twelve-foot wrought iron gates. Then something happened.

MUSIC: ACCENT ... THEN IN BG

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) Someone was standing in the glare of our headlights. Waldo swore and slammed on the brakes, yelling:

SOUND: TIRES SQUEAL AS CAR SWERVES, BRAKES TO A STOP

WALDO: You stupid goon! Get out of the driveway!

SOUND: CRUNCH OF FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) A man stepped toward us--

MUSIC: ACCENT ... THEN BEHIND MARLOWE--

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) --and the next minute, there was that same Colt twenty-two staring into my face again.

WAX NOSE: All right, this is a heist. Get out of the car, both of ya.

MARLOWE: Look, Wax Nose, haven't you had enough fun for one night?

WALDO: (TO WAX NOSE) Buzz off, bum!

WAX NOSE: Shut up and get out.

MARLOWE: I'd have to think some more on that, buster.

WAX NOSE: I'm warnin' ya. I'll let you have it.

MARLOWE: Don't be a goon, you goon!

WAX NOSE: All right! You asked for it.

MARLOWE: Hey!

SOUND: TWO GUNSHOTS!

WAX NOSE: (GRUNT ... THEN DEATH GROAN)

SOUND: WAX NOSE'S BODY FALLS TO GRAVEL

MARLOWE: (QUIETLY STUNNED) Holy--! You shot the guy.

WALDO: (SLOWLY, CALMLY) Yeah. I shot him. With this. All in fun.

MARLOWE: Yeah. Some fun.

WALDO: (CASUAL) It did the work. Er, Jeeter's house is right ahead there.

MARLOWE: (OFFENDED) You sound as if you've just shot a nickel in a pinball machine instead of a man! Now, listen, turn off those lights and let's get out of here, but fast!

SOUND: CAR IN GEAR AND DRIVES OFF FAST

MUSIC: FIRST ACT CURTAIN

ANNOUNCER: You are listening to "The Adventures of Philip Marlowe," starring Van Heflin.

Yes, families all over America have named their favorite toothpaste: New Pepsodent with invigorating Irium foam. New fresh-tasting Pepsodent with a new cool minty flavor. In a recent test, New Pepsodent was preferred three-to-one over any other toothpaste.

WOMAN: It's true! Families all over America say New Pepsodent is their favorite, three to one!

ANNOUNCER: The William Kilpatrick family, Two-Twelve South Missouri, Claremore, Oklahoma preferred New Pepsodent on every single count. The Kilpatricks say, "New Pepsodent tastes best of all, makes breath cleaner, makes teeth brighter." On all these counts, by an overwhelming average of three to one, families prefer New Pepsodent over any other toothpaste they tried.

WOMAN: It's a fact! Families, three to one, say New Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner, and makes teeth brighter.

ANNOUNCER: Remember, this is not just our opinion, it's the honest conviction of the Kilpatricks and other families who were asked to compare New Pepsodent with the toothpaste they were using at home. Get New Pepsodent, the only toothpaste containing Irium. Get it for your family without delay.

MUSIC: TAG ... THEN BEHIND ANNOUNCER--

ANNOUNCER: We continue with "The Adventures of Philip Marlowe," starring Van Heflin who appears by arrangement with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, producers of "The Romance of Rosy Ridge," starring Van Johnson.

MUSIC: SECOND ACT INTRODUCTION ... THEN BEHIND MARLOWE--

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) Waldo and I drove back to my apartment again, leaving Wax Nose lying dead in the Jeeter driveway. We went back to my place to start all over again, over what was left of my purloined scotch.

WALDO: Ah, this is good scotch you've got here, Marlowe.

MARLOWE: Pinched bottle.

WALDO: Not this?

MARLOWE: Sure. Pinched it from the apartment of Harriet Huntress.

WALDO: Hm. Well, bottoms up.

MARLOWE: Waldo, do you think that gunman was there to scare young Grover into realizing Marty still means business?

WALDO: Could be. I always drove Grover home around that time.

MARLOWE: It just doesn't sound like Marty Estel to pick that sort of a helper.

WALDO: (AS IF IT WERE OBVIOUS) Well, sure. Maybe that's why he picked him. Because it didn't seem like Marty Estel.

MARLOWE: (IMPRESSED) Yeah. That's good thinking, Waldo.

WALDO: (DRY) Dartmouth, '37. Rah-rah-rah.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS ... MARLOWE'S STEPS TO PHONE

MARLOWE: That would be either the cops or Mr. Jeeter.

SOUND: RECEIVER UP

MARLOWE: (INTO PHONE) Hello?

JEETER: (FILTER) Mr. Marlowe?

MARLOWE: Yes, Mr. Jeeter, and the reason we're not in your study now is lying outside of your front gate.

JEETER: (FILTER) What's that you're saying?

MARLOWE: Somebody jumped us outside your gate and Waldo shot him dead.

JEETER: (FILTER) Good lord!

MARLOWE: Yeah.

JEETER: (FILTER) Listen, Marlowe, come here at once, do you hear? At once!

MARLOWE: I'll send Waldo, Mr. Jeeter.

JEETER: (FILTER) I want to see you. You!

MARLOWE: Waldo will tell you all about it, Mr. Jeeter.

JEETER: (FILTER) Marlowe!

MARLOWE: Good night, Mr. Jeeter.

SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN

MUSIC: TRANSITION ... THEN IN BG--

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) After Waldo the chauffeur had left, I went back to the El Milano Hotel. Hawkins, the house dick, was all smiles and open palms. I placed no confidence in his smile and a twenty-dollar bill in his pocket.

HAWKINS: (CHUCKLES) Harriet Huntress again? Er, what's the matter?

MARLOWE: Just take me up to her apartment, that's all, huh?

HAWKINS: Yeah, sure. Right this way, fella.

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) Hawkins took me to the eighth floor, Room Eight-One-Four, and opened the door.

SOUND: ROOM DOOR OPENS ... STEPS INTO ROOM

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) There was someone in the room, waiting.

MUSIC: OUT

HAWKINS: (LIGHTLY) Here's company for ya, Mr. Estel.

ESTEL: (OFF) Beat it, Hawkins.

HAWKINS: Yeah, this is the guy I was tellin' you about, Mr. Estel -- come in earlier today; said he was from you.

ESTEL: (OFF) Beat it, I said.

HAWKINS: Oh, sure, sure.

SOUND: HAWKINS' STEPS THROUGH DOOR, WHICH CLOSES AS HE EXITS

ESTEL: (OFF) Come on in, Marlowe.

SOUND: MARLOWE'S STEPS TO ESTEL

MARLOWE: I came to see Miss Huntress, not you, Estel.

ESTEL: Well, first of all, Harriet's not home. I came to tell her what happened outside of Jeeter's gate.

MARLOWE: Mm. I see you keep informed.

ESTEL: I can't wait for her any longer. Gotta get back to the casino. Now then, what did you come back for, Marlowe?

MARLOWE: I'm looking for the Jeeter boy. After what happened to him tonight, he needs somebody to walk behind him.

ESTEL: Do you think I play games like that?

MARLOWE: All I know is we were shot at.

ESTEL: I asked you a question!

MARLOWE: I answered it to the best of my knowledge!

ESTEL: What "knowledge," for example?

MARLOWE: Well, for example, you hold fifty thousand dollars worth of Grover's notes for gambling debts.

ESTEL: I've got fifty thousand dollars invested in the kid. Would I be likely to bump him off?

MARLOWE: (BEAT, THOUGHTFUL) No. That makes sense, all right.

ESTEL: I always make sense.

MARLOWE: Bully for you.

ESTEL: And when I have fifty grand invested in a guy, I'm apt to find out all about him. Like about old Jeeter hiring a man named Arbogast to work for him.

MARLOWE: Uh huh.

ESTEL: Arbogast was shot today.

MARLOWE: You know it.

ESTEL: I know because I had you followed. You didn't tell the law, Marlowe. That could be very hard on you.

MARLOWE: (SLOWLY) Well-- It could.

ESTEL: (BEAT) Does that make you and me friends?

MARLOWE: A little blackmail, huh?

ESTEL: Not much.

MARLOWE: Well, call it, uh, "tattle-tale gray mail."

ESTEL: (CHUCKLES, THEN SERIOUS) From now on, do you stop bothering Miss Huntress?

MARLOWE: Yeah, you win, Marty.

ESTEL: Swell. That's all. I've got to go.

MARLOWE: Well, I'll just wait around for a bit, okay?

ESTEL: Well, Harriet's scotch is in that cabinet there.

MARLOWE: Thanks. I'll roll up my pants and go wading in it.

ESTEL: (CHUCKLES) Do you know, Marlowe? I like you. You're cute.

SOUND: DURING ABOVE, ESTEL'S STEPS TO ROOM DOOR ... THEN DOOR OPENS

ESTEL: (CHUCKLES) So long, shamus.

SOUND: ROOM DOOR CLOSES AS ESTEL EXITS

MUSIC: LIGHT TRANSITION ... THEN IN BG--

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) Marty Estel was right. He wouldn't kill anybody who owed him money and was soon to come into a lot of it. Now I was in bad with the police for not reporting Arbogast's murder.

SOUND: MARLOWE'S STEPS WALK AROUND APARTMENT

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) Well, I looked around Harriet's apartment vaguely -- walked into the bedroom -- and stopped--

SOUND: MARLOWE'S STEPS STOP

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) --because mixed with the fragrance of good perfume and good cosmetics was the plain, ordinary, homespun odor of gunpowder.

MUSIC: ACCENT ... THEN IN BG--

SOUND: MARLOWE'S STEPS TO CLOSET

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) I walked across the room and yanked open the closet door--

SOUND: CLOSET DOOR OPENS

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) --and stepped back.

SOUND: BODY SLUMPS OUT OF CLOSET ONTO FLOOR

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) There -- just as big as life, but as dead as they ever come -- was young Grover Jeeter. And at Grover's feet, among the graceful shoes in Harriet's closet, was a tiny pearl-handled automatic. I felt bad about that, because I guessed that the bullets from that dainty gun would fit the two dainty holes over Grover's heart.

MUSIC: ACCENT ... THEN IN BG--

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) I put the neat little pistol in my pocket. I, er-- I thought old man Jeeter ought to know about his son, I thought.

MUSIC: BRIEF TRANSITION ... THEN BEHIND MARLOWE--

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) I didn't expect to find Waldo the chauffeur and Harriet Huntress with old Jeeter in Jeeter's big study, but there they were.

JEETER: Why, Mr. Marlowe! I'd about given up hoping to see you tonight.

MARLOWE: Well, I changed my mind about coming out again, Mr. Jeeter. Hello, Waldo.

WALDO: Hi, Marlowe.

MARLOWE: Didn't expect to see you here, Miss Huntress.

HUNTRESS: Didn't you?

MARLOWE: Did you expect to see me here?

JEETER: Never mind that, Marlowe! I want to know where my son is.

MARLOWE: What do you mean, Mr. Jeeter?

JEETER: He's missing, that's what I mean!

MARLOWE: Oh. Hm.

JEETER: He's missing and no one knows where he is!

MARLOWE: I know.

JEETER: (QUICKLY) Eh?

HUNTRESS: (SURPRISED) What's that?

WALDO: Where, Marlowe?

MARLOWE: Miss Huntress, where did you and Grover go after Grover took that sucker punch at me in your apartment?

HUNTRESS: We went out together in a taxi. During the ride, I had a change of heart. I didn't want Grover or Grover's money. I told Grover to find another playmate and I got out in Beverly Hills. Grover went on in the taxi.

MARLOWE: Where did you go?

HUNTRESS: Back to my apartment. Later I got out my car to come down here and tell Mr. Jeeter I decided to forget the whole thing and for him to call off his dime-novel sleuth.

MARLOWE: A dime will no longer buy a novel of any description, but that is beside the point.

JEETER: You said you knew where Grover is. That's not beside the point, is it, Mr. Marlowe?

MARLOWE: He's back in Harriet's apartment.

HUNTRESS: I didn't let him in. How on earth could he be?

MARLOWE: Hawkins, your house detective, let him in. The last I saw of Grover, he was dead.

HUNTRESS: (GASPS)

JEETER: What?! What's that?

MARLOWE: Dead! Dead -- shot with a small-caliber gun.

JEETER: I can't believe it! I - I can't! It's - it's--

HUNTRESS: (DISBELIEF) Grover's dead?

MARLOWE: Miss Huntress, this twenty-five caliber pistol was on the floor at Grover's feet. Here, take it. Look it over, will ya?

HUNTRESS: (BEAT, THEN MISERABLY) It's mine.

JEETER: You murderess! You--!

HUNTRESS: I'm not.

JEETER: You - you cold-blooded murderess!

HUNTRESS: (SAVAGELY) Oh, stop that!

MARLOWE: Stop it, both of you! It could have been suicide.

JEETER: (INTRIGUED, QUICKLY) Suicide? Well, yes -- that's a possibility, of course.

MARLOWE: I see you like that idea, Jeeter. But it wasn't suicide.

JEETER: Then she did it! The murderess! The scheming, contemptible--!

MARLOWE: It was murder, and it's fairly obvious who did it, Jeeter.

JEETER: Eh?

WALDO: Marty Estel is my guess.

MARLOWE: Well, guess again, Waldo. Estel had fifty thousand dollars invested in Grover. He wouldn't kill a golden goose like that. And Wax Nose didn't do it because he was dead, thanks to Waldo here.

JEETER: That leaves her! She did it!

MARLOWE: There had to be a motive and an opportunity.

WALDO: Well, it was her apartment, after all.

MARLOWE: Correct, Waldo, but Grover was Jeeter's adopted stepson.

JEETER: (SADLY) Oh, like a real son he was to me! A real son--

MARLOWE: (INTERRUPTS, UNMOVED) Yeah, yeah, yeah. But did you lovely people know that in the state of California, a man can inherit from an adopted son who has money and who gets dead? Did you know that, Mr. Jeeter?

JEETER: Why, what do you mean?

MARLOWE: Your inheriting Grover's million dollars would be a motive for killing him, wouldn't it?

JEETER: (OFFENDED) Mr. Marlowe!

MARLOWE: That was the motive, Jeeter, and it was Waldo's job to find the opportunity to murder Grover for you!

WALDO: (SHARPLY) All right, Marlowe! That'll be all for you!

MARLOWE: (SURPRISED, DRY) Well, Waldo -- the Dartmouth gun fanner, huh?

HUNTRESS: Drop that gun, Waldo!

WALDO: Shut up!

HUNTRESS: I said drop it! Drop it!

SOUND: GUNSHOT!

WALDO: (GROANS)

SOUND: GUN DROPS TO FLOOR

MARLOWE: (IMPRESSED, CHEERFUL) Hey, that's nice shooting, Harriet.

WALDO: (IN PAIN) My hand, my hand!

MARLOWE: (DRY) Well, Papa'll put a little Band-Aid on for you, Waldo.

HUNTRESS: Waldo, you could've got into my apartment wearing that chauffeur's uniform. You could have gone in through the garage entrance and up the back way.

MARLOWE: Sure, and when Grover let him in, he backed Grover into the room with his gun, but he shot him with yours. How much was Jeeter gonna pay you for this job, Waldo?

JEETER: Don't talk, Waldo! He's bluffing!

WALDO: You're telling me he's bluffing!

MARLOWE: Nice kids, these college boys. Tell me, was it Dartmouth or Dannemora, Waldo?

WALDO: Shut up, copper!

MARLOWE: You killed John Arbogast to throw suspicion on Marty Estel. Then you hired Wax Nose to fake a holdup on Grover. Why? Again, to throw suspicion on Marty Estel -- to make it look as though Estel was trying to scare Grover into paying his gambling debts.

WALDO: If I hired Wax Nose, why would I have shot him tonight?

MARLOWE: Because you like to kill people, Waldo! When I was brought out here tonight, Wax Nose thought I was Grover in the car. He began to fake his holdup. But you just couldn't resist taking one of your snappy snapshots at Wax Nose, could you, Waldo?

WALDO: Shut up!

MARLOWE: Could you?! Next! Mr. Wadsworth Jeeter--

JEETER: (AGITATED) Look here, Marlowe! You - you can't accuse me of - of--!
(STOPS SHORT, WHISPERS) Doctor--

WALDO: He's sick.

JEETER: (WEAKLY) Call a doctor! (GROANS)

SOUND: JEETER'S BODY FALLS TO FLOOR

WALDO: It's his heart. If Jeeter dies, it's your fault, Marlowe.

MARLOWE: Okay, Waldo. Tell you what I'll do, Waldo. If Jeeter dies, he doesn't have to pay me my fee. We're even. Okay, Waldo? Harriet, angel, listen, go call a doctor, and, uh, while you're there, call the law, huh?

MUSIC: BRIDGE ... THEN BEHIND MARLOWE--

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) Jeeter didn't die. His heart was as good as mine --- if you want to make anything out of that. The law had Jeeter and Waldo cold, and I mean cold. Me? Well, I went out a couple of times with Harriet. That is, I sat home with her a couple of times drinking her scotch. It was nice all right, but I didn't have the money or the clothes or the manners. Still, I was sorry when she went to New York to live. She had absolutely the best scotch I ever tasted. Maybe because it was free, I don't know.

MUSIC: UP, FOR CURTAIN

ANNOUNCER: You have just heard Van Heflin starring in the mystery series "Raymond Chandler's The Adventures of Philip Marlowe," brought to you by the Lever Brothers Company, makers of Pepsodent. Van Heflin will return in just a moment.

Have you tried--? Have you tasted the new Pepsodent Toothpaste? Its lingering minty flavor is so fresh and inviting, families prefer it by an overwhelming average of three to one over any other toothpaste they tried. In a recent

nationwide test, these families said New Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner, and makes teeth brighter. Remember, New Pepsodent gives you more invigorating Irium foam. It sweeps dulling film away. No wonder it's the three-to-one favorite with families all over America. Get New Pepsodent with Irium for your family right away.

MUSIC: MELANCHOLY TAG ... THEN IN BG, GENTLY OUT BEHIND HEFLIN--

ANNOUNCER: Now here is our star, Van Heflin.

HEFLIN: The need for food in Europe tonight is desperate. Starvation faces a multitude of our fellow men. There's a way you can help. For ten dollars, a package containing twenty-one and a half pounds of food will be sent for you - - to a friend or a relative or any member of an organization you designate in Europe. Or simply, say, to a little French girl or to a Belgian war widow. Your order will be strictly respected and you will receive a signed receipt from the person who received your gift. Send ten dollars now -- send all you can -- send your ten dollars to CARE, C-A-R-E, CARE, New York. Help keep America the hope of the world.

MUSIC: TAG ... THEN IN BG

ANNOUNCER: Tonight's story was adapted by Milton Geiger from the story "Trouble Is My Business" by Raymond Chandler, creator of Philip Marlowe, the screen's most famous private detective. The original music was composed and conducted by Lyn Murray. This is Wendell Niles inviting you to listen again next week at this same time to another exciting mystery on "The Adventures of Philip Marlowe," starring Van Heflin with a distinguished cast.

MUSIC: UP, TO FILL PAUSE, AND OUT

ANNOUNCER: This is NBC, the National Broadcasting Company.

MUSIC: NBC CHIMES