

# ***RICK LOWELL, PRIVATE EYE***

**"The Stuff That Dreams Are Made Of" (Part 1)**

A radio drama by

**Tony Palermo**

RuyaSonic Radio Dramas  
940 S. Windsor Blvd.  
Los Angeles, CA 90019  
(323) 938-0415  
Palermo@RuyaSonic.com  
www.RuyaSonic.com

**PRODUCTION SCRIPT**  
**May 6, 2002**

© 1997-2002 Anthony Edward Palermo  
All rights reserved.

RICK LOWELL, PRIVATE EYE

"The Stuff That Dreams Are Made Of" (Part 1)

Prod. #42-1

CAST

RICK LOWELL	Private detective (male)
ALICE REESE	Worried wife (female)
ANDY KING	Movie prop man (either)
INSPECTOR RUFFLETHORPE	British detective (either)
SERGEANT FRIMLY	Rufflethorpe's assistant (either)
LADY FARQUHAR-BENSINGTON	Upper class British widow
COLONEL FROTHINGHAM	Retired soldier/explorer (either)
ELSIE	British maid (female)
COUNTESS VALESKA	White Russian mystic (female)
CEDRIC CRUMPTON	British lawyer (male)
GRETCHEN LAYTHERLY	British ingénue (female)
MISS KIRKE-BAHN	Snooty art dealer (female)
ANNOUNCER	The announcer (either)
BIAGGO "BIG" GRIMALDI	Sneaky underworld fence (either)
DIRECTOR	Movie director (either)
DINO	Henchman (male)
MR. MYOSHI	Evil Japanese gardener (male)
ANSWERING SERVICE	Gum-cracking working girl (female)
LESTER	Gunman (either)
FRENCHY	Gunman (either)

NOTE: The above list is for a cast of 20. A smaller cast of 9 can be used if the following roles are combined for one actor each:

ALICE REESE/COUNTESS VALESKA/ELSIE  
GRETCHEN LAYTHERLY/ANSWERING SERVICE  
LADY FARQUHAR-BENSINGTON/MISS KIRKE-BAHN  
ANNOUNCER/DIRECTOR/DINO  
BIG GRIMALDI/FRIMLY/FRENCHY  
ANDY KING/COLONEL FROTHINGHAM  
DINO/CEDRIC CRUMPTON/LESTER

Four sound effects artists and two walla artists are also required.

SCRIPT NOTE: Asterisks besides a cue number (for example: 3\*) indicate that the performer of that cue wait for music or a sound effect to establish itself and in some cases, await a signal from the director to begin. It is recommended that the master script be marked with a hand-lettered "Q" to the left of these special cues, so they stand out.

Visit Tony Palermo's Radio Drama Resources web site: [www.RuyaSonic.com](http://www.RuyaSonic.com)

## Glossary of Slang for "The Stuff Dreams Are Made Of" (Part 1)

- baggage claim ticket ..... A numbered ticket used to retrieve items left at a train station.
- beat ..... An area or situation handled by a someone--often a policeman.
- bender..... A drinking binge.
- blighter ..... British derogatory term for a man.
- bloody ..... British expletive.
- Central Casting ..... A large casting agency used to select actors for small parts in films.
- chiseler..... A cheater.
- crack this case..... Solve this case.
- crooks ..... Criminals.
- double-cross ..... To betray or cheat.
- fence..... A criminal who buys and sells stolen goods.
- fishy ..... Out of place.
- five yards..... slang for five hundred dollars.
- flunkies ..... An insulting term for assistant or errand boy.
- fronting..... Secretly representing.
- grifter, bunco artist ..... A criminal who tricks people—similar to con-man.
- louse ..... A creep or unreliable person.
- Maltese Falcon ..... A foot high statue of a bird made of solid gold and covered with jewels. It was painted black to disguise it. Also, the name of a 1941 detective film starring Humphrey Bogart, from Dashiell Hammett's 1930 novel of the same name.
- Murphy bed ..... An apartment bed that folds down out of a wall closet..
- nose around..... Look around and ask questions.
- private eye ..... A private detective. Also called a keyhole peeper, peeper, private dick, shamus.
- prop ..... An article used by an actor, such as a gun, book, or treasure chest. Short for properties.
- prop house ..... A warehouse where props are stored and often made.
- prop man ..... A member of a movie crew who specializes in providing props.
- scram ..... "Get out of here!"
- shady deal..... A criminal enterprise.
- shamus..... (SHAW-muss) A private detective.

The Stuff That Dreams Are Made Of (Part 1)

1. MUSIC: [A-1] RICK LOWELL THEME (BED)--DUCK AS NEEDED.

2\* ANNOUNCER: [CUE] "Rick Lowell, Private Eye"--a tough Los Angeles private detective whose beat covers everything from the stars of the silver screen... to the gutter. (PAUSE) Tonight's story, "The Stuff That Dreams Are Made Of."

3. MUSIC: [B-2] DREAM FACTORY (BED)--DUCK AS NEEDED.

4\* RICK LOWELL: [CUE] (NARRATING) Hollywood isn't the movie capital of the world, it's the dream factory. A place where farm girls play princesses and glove salesmen become millionaire studio moguls. Meanwhile, yokels--nation-wide--lead fantasy lives--via the shadows on the movie screen. (PAUSE) Now, with America at war against the Nazis, Italy, and Japan, the dreamers in this town have gotten a little more desperate--and a lot more dangerous. Hollywood is dreamland, all right, but one man's dream is another man's nightmare. And that's where I come in... You see, trouble is my business.

SCENE ONE: INT. RICK'S OFFICE - DAY  
(RICK, ALICE)

1. MUSIC: [A-3] RICK'S OFFICE (BED)--LET IT FADE UNDER.

2\* RICK LOWELL: [CUE] (NARRATING) Alice Reese was just one of a million gals in Los Angeles--one of a million married to a skunk! These good girls somehow always wound up hitched to grifters, con artists, or worse. In her case, it was a movie prop-man named Lyndon Reese. But this skunk had disappeared. Alice would have been better off to let him go, but here she was pacing back and forth in my office, just begging me to find the louse...

3. SOUND: ALICE'S FOOTSTEPS PACING--CONTINUE UNDER.

4\* ALICE REESE: [CUE] ...So, you gotta help me, Mr. Lowell. This isn't like Lyndon. He's missed so much work at Warner Brothers, they let him go. And he's one of the best property masters they got. He does all those brief-cases, break-away chairs, magic wands--y'know. I'm sure you've seen some of his pictures. (BREAKS DOWN) I mean... he couldn't have just... left me, could he?

1. RICK LOWELL: (IN SCENE) I'm sorry, Mrs. Reese. Look, you said he likes to drink. Are you sure he's not just on a bender somewhere? (PAUSE) Or maybe he joined the Navy--to fight the Japanese.
2. SOUND: ALICE'S FOOTSTEP PACING STOPS.
3. ALICE: No. His prop-assistant, Andy King, can't find him either. I know Lyndon was seeing an actress on the side, but he's never been gone for a whole week! (SNIFFS) I'm worried, Mr. Lowell.
4. RICK LOWELL: Just file a missing persons report with the police. This is more of their kinda...
5. ALICE REESE: (DISTRAUGHT) The police? Heavens no! I'm afraid Lyndon's mixed up in some shady deal. The police could mean more trouble.
6. RICK LOWELL: Yeah, yeah... I suppose it's always like that. What kind of trouble, Mrs. Reese?
8. ALICE REESE: I'm scared. Just yesterday somebody called, asking for Lyndon. Then they got angry and demanded I turn over... "the item."

1. RICK LOWELL: The "item?" What item?
2. ALICE REESE: I don't know. The man just said "the item." He sounded dangerous.
3. RICK LOWELL: Hmm. Did he leave a name or phone number?
4. ALICE REESE: Just a number. Here.
5. SOUND: ALICE HANDS NOTE TO RICK. HE UNCRINKLES IT.
- 6\* RICK LOWELL: Well... (READS IT) It's a downtown exchange.
7. ALICE REESE: Please, Mr. Lowell.
8. RICK LOWELL: (SIGHS) OK, Mrs. Reese. I'll look into it. It'll be twenty bucks a day, plus expenses.
9. ALICE REESE: Oh, thank you, Mr. Lowell. Lyndon may not be much, but he's all I got. Find him. Please. But hurry, before these tough guys get to him first.
10. MUSIC: [B-4] TOUGH GUYS (BED)--ESTABLISH AND UNDER.

1\* RICK LOWELL: [CUE] (NARRATING) "Tough guys" was right. I tracked the phone number to a pawn shop downtown. It was just a front for an underworld fence, Biaggio "Big" Grimaldi--a dealer in the usual stolen goods. I guess a bit busier now, with the black market heating up due to the war. I figured I'd just nose around and ask about Lyndon Reese. Boy, was I wrong...

SCENE TWO: INT. BIG GRIMALDI'S BACK ROOM - DAY  
(BIG, RICK, DINO)

2. SOUND: RICK BEING BEATEN. BODY DROPS. CRASH.

3\* BIG GRIMALDI: [CUE] Whatsa matter wid you, Lowell? You gotta problem wid questions? I ain't gonna shoot ya. I just wants ya to talk!

4. SOUND: DINO PUNCHES RICK.

5\* RICK LOWELL: (IN SCENE) (PAINED) Maybe I just don't like the way your monkeys, here--ask, Big.

6. DINO: Ohhh! Ya don't? Well, "monkey" this, pal!

7. SOUND: DINO PUNCHES RICK.

8\* BIG GRIMALDI: Enough, Dino--for now. OK, Lowell, try it again.

1. RICK LOWELL: Name: Rick Lowell. Occupation: Boy scout.
2. BIG GRIMALDI: (ANGRY) Enough wisecracks! Now, where's Lyndon Reese? He stiffed me on a big ticket item... and nobody double-crosses Big Grimaldi!
3. RICK LOWELL: Why not? Everybody double-crosses me... Lyndon Reese owes me five-hundred bucks over a pony named "Dreamboat." There.
4. BIG GRIMALDI: Five yards on a horse race? Is that all? Hah! Dino, give him his gun back--without the bullets. Sorry, Lowell. It seems we're both out. Now, scram! But if you see that chiseler, you tell him...
5. RICK LOWELL: I know... "nobody double-crosses Big Grimaldi." Let me just pick up my teeth, here and toodle-oo.
6. SOUND: RICK'S FOOTSTEPS DEPART. DOOR CLOSES.
- 7\* DINO: Aww.. C'mon, Big! Ya don't buy this story about the nag, do ya? This guy knows somethin'.
8. BIG GRIMALDI: Quit your yappin', Dino. I gotta make me a urgent phone call. Gimmie that shamus' card...
9. SOUND: EXTERNAL PHONE DIALING--FADE UNDER.

1\* MUSIC: [A-5] WARNER LOT (BED)--ESTABLISH AND UNDER.

2\* RICK LOWELL: [CUE] (NARRATING) Sorer, but no wiser, I drove to the Warner Brothers' studio in Burbank. I was looking for Lyndon Reese's prop assistant, Andy King. I caught up with him on a movie set between takes. It was some British murder mystery--the kind where the butler did it.

SCENE THREE: INT. WARNER'S LOT SOUNDSTAGE - DAY  
(ANDY KING, RICK, DIRECTOR, COL. FROTHINGHAM, LADY BENSINGTON, GRETCHEN, COUNTESS VALESKA, ELSIE, RUFFLETHORPE, FRIMLY, MR. MYOSHI, CEDRIC)

3. SOUND: HAMMERING. WALLA-MOVIE CREW.

4\* ANDY KING: [CUE] So, it's like I told ya, Mr. Lowell, I covered for Lyndon Reese for years, but something changed after our last picture together. He got kinda... "strange."

5. RICK LOWELL: (IN SCENE) Strange? How so?

6. ANDY KING: It was "The Maltese Falcon," the Bogart picture that just closed at the movie houses.

7. RICK LOWELL: Yeah, not bad.

8. ANDY KING: Well, about a week ago, Lyndon just stopped showing up for work. So, I got promoted and...

1. DIRECTOR: (DISTANT) Quiet! Quiet on the set! Places, everybody!
2. ANDY KING: (WHISPERS) Wait a minute, Mr. Lowell! We gotta shoot this scene. Hey, you'll like this. There's a British detective...
3. RICK LOWELL: ...and a nice clean corpse, no doubt.
4. DIRECTOR: (DISTANT) OK! Speed! Camera! (PAUSE) Action!
5. SOUND: SLATE CLAP (1X) . THUNDER RUMBLES . PLATES & FORKS . WALLA--DINNER . WINE GLASS TAPS (3X) .
- 6\* COLONEL: I say! I propose a toast to our hostess...
7. ALL: (AD LIB) Here here! Bravo, Colonel. Yes.
8. LADY BENSINGTON: (GUILTILY) Wait! Colonel... Ladies and gentlemen... I have a confession to make. Lord Farquhar-Bensington was a deplorable cad-- though I loved him still. His murder pains me greatly--as it does you, Countess Valeska.
9. COUNTESS VALESKA: Your ladyship, I confess I was a bit "indiscreet" in confiding in Reginald Skelmsdale about Miss Laytherly's attempted...

1. GRETCHEN LAYTHERLY: My attempted what? Alright! I'll admit it. I...
2. SOUND: DOOR KNOCK (2X). DOOR OPENS.
- 3\* ELSIE: Ahem--Excuse me, Madam.
4. LADY BENSINGTON: What is it, Elsie?
5. ELSIE: Er... Inspector Rufflethorpe--and Sergeant Frimly, Madam... from Scotland Yard.
6. LADY BENSINGTON: Well, do show them in, Elsie.
7. SOUND: WALLA-HUBUB--"WHAT?" "AT THIS HOUR?"
8. COLONEL: Inspector Rufflethorpe, old boy! Why, I thought you'd be at Dorset-on-Devin by now...
9. RUFFLETHORPE: Wrong, Colonel Frothingham. Rather, Sergeant Frimly and myself have just returned from Kirkburton...
10. FRIMLY: ...with the results of the botanist's study of the prize-winning begonias. Most illuminating!

1. RUFFLETHORPE: Sergeant Frimly, here, is correct. We found those begonias entirely free of aphids. (PAUSE)  
A by-product of keeping a banded Egyptian Cobra. Which proves that the murderer is...
2. GRETCHEN LAYTHERLY: (GASPS) C-Cobra? W-Wait! There was a cobra in Lady Bensington's dresser-drawer! I could have been... killed.
3. FRIMLY: Come now, Miss Laytherly. Reginald Skelmsdale's too-handy rescue saved you from any harm.  
Inspector, should I?
4. RUFFLETHORPE: Yes, Frimly. Open that tea chest--carefully.
5. SOUND: CABINET OPENS. RATTLESNAKE. WALLA--GASPS.
- 6\* GRETCHEN LAYTHERLY: The cobra! It's... it's...
7. RUFFLETHORPE: A banded Egyptian cobra, Miss Laytherly.  
Species: Naja Baje Annulifera--I believe. But my question is: Did this cobra crawl here?
9. COLONEL: What? All the way from Egypt?

1. FRIMLY: No, Colonel! Did it crawl into Lady Bensington's tea chest! (PAUSE) If is there, it was placed there!
2. RUFFLETHORPE: Precisely, Frimly! Naja Baje Annulifera was the very species used to kill Lord Farquhar-Bensington before the cricket match!
3. SOUND: WALLA--(GASP) AD-LIB: "WHAT?" "OH MY!"
- 4\* COUNTESS VALESKA: I-I can explain about the cobra, Inspector...
5. RUFFLETHORPE: No need, Countess Valeska. My analysis of certain cigar ashes proves that Reginald Skelmsdale purchased that cobra... as a gift for Lady Farquhar-Bensington. But the reptilian assassin was merely a murderous tool--a tool employed by the one man here at Twitshyre Manor familiar with such tools--and prize-winning begonias!
6. LADY BENSINGTON: Prize-winning begonias? Inspector, you couldn't possibly mean...
7. RUFFLETHORPE: Yes! Lord Farquhar-Bensington was actually murdered by... Mr. Myoshi, your Japanese gardener!

1. MUSIC: [B-6] GARDENER GONG (STING)--LET IT FADE.
- 2\* SOUND: WALLA-- (GASPS) "JAPANESE?" "NOT THE BUTLER?"
- 3\* COUNTESS VALESKA: (PUZZLED) What's that you say, Inspector? You mean... the gardener did it?
4. CEDRIC CRUMPTON: I dare say, that's impossible! We all know the gardener had no motive!
5. GRETCHEN LAYTHERLY: But Cedric! With no motive, no one would suspect him!
6. COLONEL: The gardener? Mr. Myoshi? (PAUSE) Why... there's the blighter now! Behind the curtain! Get down, Elsie!
7. ELSIE: Excuse me, sir, but he's got Lord Farquhar-Bensington's dueling pistols!
8. RUFFLETHORPE: Aha! Surrender, Mr. Myoshi! I've uncovered your fiendish plot!
9. MR. MYOSHI: (JAPANESE ACCENT) Velly clever, Inspector-san! Nobody anticipate sneak attack from Japanese gardener! (PAUSE) Never! But now, you all must die! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!
10. SOUND: THUNDER RUMBLES. WALLA-FRIGHT.

- 1\* COLONEL: Wait! The storm's knocked the lights out! I can't see a "bloody" thing!
2. SOUND: FIST FIGHT. CRASHING. WALLA-COMMOTION--UNDER.
- 3\* FRIMLY: Grab him! (PAUSE) Inspector! Where are you?
4. RUFFLETHORPE: (STRUGGLING) Now, Frimly! Release the cobra!
5. SOUND: RATTLESNAKE.
- 6\* MR. MYOSHI: (SCREAMS) Ahhh! Cobra! Cobra! It is on me!  
Ayiii!
7. SOUND: GUNSHOT (1X).
- 8\* DIRECTOR: [CUE] Cut! Very good! That was excellent!  
(PAUSE) Umm... (SIGHS) but I think we can do it just a teensy trifle better. Back to your places...
9. SOUND: WALLA--"OH?" "OK." WALLA-MOVIE CREW--UNDER.
- 10\* ANDY KING: So, Mr. Lowell. What do you think?
11. RICK LOWELL: Well, that "Egyptian" cobra looked a lot like a rattlesnake, to me.

1. ANDY KING: (FLIPPANT) Cobra, rattlesnake--audiences don't know the difference. What about the whodunit?
2. RICK LOWELL: Hmmm. Well... I think that Lady Farquhar-Bensington really knocked off her husband.
3. ANDY KING: (AMAZED) Hey, you're right! In the original script, she was the murderer, (PAUSE) but after Pearl Harbor... they re-wrote it to make the Japanese gardener the killer.
4. RICK LOWELL: Yeah, but how many English estates have Japanese gardeners? (PAUSE) Who writes this junk? Cigar ashes... Egyptian cobras...
5. ANDY KING: Hey! This is one of the better scripts I've worked on lately. This and "The Maltese Falcon." Oooh! That reminds me. Our producer, Mr. Blankey... His prop of the Maltese Falcon disappeared just a week ago. (REALIZES) Hey, maybe Lyndon stole it. Awww--it don't matter, though. These props are just junk we find or make up.

1. RICK LOWELL: Well, can't you give me any other information about Reese? Like, how about the name of the actress he was seeing? Y'know, his wife is very upset.
2. ANDY KING: Alice would be even more upset if she knew about Lyndon and a blonde like Gladys George. Well... OK... Maybe you could check with Gladys. But don't tell Lyndon I sent ya. If he found out... he'd kill me.
3. MUSIC: [A-7]                      ART DEALER-(BRIDGE)--LET IT FADE UNDER.
- 

SCENE FOUR: INT. ART AUCTION HOUSE - HOURS LATER  
(RICK, MISS KIRKE-BAHN)

- 4\* RICK LOWELL: [CUE] (NARRATING) I had a friend at Central Casting checking on Gladys George's address. It seems Gladys played a small role in the "Maltese Falcon" picture that Lyndon had propped. There was that Falcon angle again! It was a pretty good picture... about a bunch of crooks trying to get their hands on a priceless antique statue. But it was only a movie... or was it?
- (MORE...)

1. RICK LOWELL: (CONT'D) On a hunch, I did some digging about the Maltese Falcon. A half-dozen antique dealers spit in my face. But one--at a Beverly Hills auction house--had a different take... she just laughed in my face...
2. SOUND: WALLA-ART AUCTION. "GOING ONCE, GOING TWICE, SOLD!" GAVEL (1X). WALLA-QUIET--CONTINUE UNDER.
- 3\* MISS KIRKE-BAHN: (HAUGHTY LAUGH) Ha! You can't be serious, Mr. Lowell! The Maltese Falcon is a myth! Who could possibly believe a solid gold statue of a falcon--encrusted with rare jewels? Ha-Ha!
4. RICK LOWELL: (IN SCENE - PLAYING ALONG) Yes. Who could believe that?
5. MISS KIRKE-BAHN: Or that it was stolen four-hundred years ago by pirates?
6. RICK LOWELL: (CHUCKLES) Yeah, pirates. They're a scream.
7. MISS KIRKE-BAHN: And then, (LAUGHS) painted black to disguise its true worth? You must be joking, of course!

1. RICK LOWELL: Of course! But, uh... what would something like this Maltese Falcon be worth today? I mean, if it did exist?
2. MISS KIRKE-BAHN: A real Maltese Falcon? Hmmm. Gold... jewels... I suppose... two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand, maybe more--even a million dollars. Rarity always drives up the price, you know.
3. RICK LOWELL: And what about the prop falcon from the Bogart picture? What would that be worth?
4. MISS KIRKE-BAHN: Ha! A prop? A fake Maltese Falcon? Oh, perhaps a few hundred dollars, but only as a curio. I saw that picture, but found it too far-fetched. Although that Humphrey Bogart made for a rather dashing detective.
5. RICK LOWELL: Well, we're not all that dashing.
6. MISS KIRKE-BAHN: You? (DOUBTFUL) You're a detective, Mr. Lowell? But you're not a rich, cultured... Ahem, I mean, you certainly don't look like a detective.
7. RICK LOWELL: Sorry. I left my magnifying glass and pipe back at the office.

1. MISS KIRKE-BAHN: I see... Well... I just love those puzzling crime plots. Inspector Rufflethorpe's my favorite! Such a brilliant mind and all those clues! Now, there's a real detective for you...

2. MUSIC: [B-8] REAL DETECTIVE (BED)--LET IT FADE UNDER.

3\* RICK LOWELL: [CUE] (NARRATING) I dropped by my office to pick up some messages--one was the address for Lyndon Reese's girlfriend, Gladys George. But I also picked up something else--a dusty sedan with two men was following me. I'd never seen them before, but it didn't take too long to shake'em. (PAUSE) Gladys George lived at the Gaylord Apartments on Wilshire--swanky digs for an actress. If Lyndon Reese was holed up there with her, this case would be a cinch. All I had to do was knock on the door...

SCENE FIVE: INT. GAYLORD ARMS APARTMENTS - DAY  
(RICK, LESTER, FRENCHY, ANSWERING SERVICE)

4. SOUND: RICK KNOCKS (3X). DOOR CREAKS OPEN.

1\* RICK LOWELL: [CUE] That was strange--the door was unlocked.  
I pushed it open. (IN SCENE - FUNNY VOICE) Miss  
George? Hello? Miss George? My name is...  
"Frimly." I represent the Acme vacuum cleaner  
company and... Hmmmm.

2. SOUND: DOOR CLOSES.

3\* RICK LOWELL: (NARRATING) I closed the door. No need for the  
phony salesman act. (PAUSE) Either Gladys  
George was a very poor housekeeper... or the  
place had been ransacked...

4. MUSIC: [A-9] RANSACKED (BED)--LET IT FADE UNDER.

5\* RICK LOWELL: [CUE] Her things were scattered all over. Maybe  
she and Lyndon Reese had a quarrel? And got  
carried away? Naw... This looked like a  
professional ransacking. Somebody was searching  
the place. (PAUSE) Then I saw it under the  
Murphy bed... an ankle.

6. MUSIC: [B-10] THE ANKLE (BED)--LET IT FADE.

7\* RICK LOWELL: [CUE] I lifted the bed up...

1. SOUND: MURPHY BED LIFTING.

2\* RICK LOWELL: ...and ...there was Gladys George; A shapely, blonde movie actress--shapely, but dead. Strangled with a drapery cord around her neck. (PAUSE) I went back and locked the door.

3. SOUND: RICK LOCKS DOOR.

4\* RICK LOWELL: [CUE] Hmmm. She'd only been dead a short while. Maybe she did have a quarrel with Lyndon. Maybe it did get out of control. Maybe Lyndon killed her. And that's why he disappeared. Hmmm. Maybe...

5. SOUND: THUGS KNOCK AT DOOR (3X).

6\* RICK LOWELL: [CUE] I froze. It seemed somebody else was looking for Gladys.

7. SOUND: THUGS KNOCK AT DOOR (4X).

8\* RICK LOWELL: [CUE] It might be Lyndon... and it might be the police... Either way, it wouldn't look good. Not for me. Not with Gladys freshly strangled.

1. SOUND: THUGS KNOCK AT DOOR (4X)
- 2\* RICK LOWELL: [CUE] I didn't make a sound. Maybe they'd give up and go away. Maybe they would...
3. SOUND: PHONE RINGS (2X)--CONTINUES UNDER.
- 4\* RICK LOWELL: [CUE] The phone! Just what I needed.
5. SOUND: THUGS KNOCK (4X). PHONE RINGS. KNOCKING STOPS.
- 6\* LESTER: [CUE] (BEYOND DOOR) See? Nobody's home. Let's go.
7. SOUND: THUGS WALK AWAY. PHONE RINGS UNDER.
- 8\* RICK LOWELL: [CUE] Whoever it was got tired of waiting and left. I gave them time to make the stairs and then answered the phone. Maybe it was Lyndon...
9. SOUND: PHONE RINGS--RICK PICKS UP HANDSET.
- 10\* RICK LOWELL: (IN SCENE) Hello, Miss George's residence.
11. ANSWERING SERVICE: (FILTERED) This is the Melrose Answering Service calling with an urgent message for Miss Gladys George.

1. RICK LOWELL: A message? Ummm. Miss George is... uh, "tied up" right now. I'll take the message and give it to her.
2. ANSWERING SERVICE: OK, it's pretty short. It says (READING) "Time to deal. Bring your half to Union Station--at nine p.m. tonight." That's all.
3. RICK LOWELL: And who's the message from?
4. ANSWERING SERVICE: She wouldn't say--only that it was urgent. Nowadays, they're all urgent.
5. RICK LOWELL: OK. Thank you. I'll see to it that Miss George gets the message...
6. SOUND: RICK HANGS UP HANDSET.
- 7\* RICK LOWELL: [CUE] (NARRATING)... Yeah, when I get to Heaven or wherever strangled Hollywood actresses wind up. Hmmm. "Bring your half..." Your half of what? I looked around the apartment quickly.
8. SOUND: DRAWER OPENING. SHUFFLING OBJECTS--UNDER.

1\* RICK LOWELL: Drawers were pulled out and dumped. The stuffed chairs were cut open. The murderer was definitely looking for something. Maybe he found it and maybe not. He probably threatened to kill Gladys unless she gave it to him. Maybe he applied a bit too much pressure and... Wait! Something in the fireplace looked fishy... the ashes!

2. MUSIC: [A-11] ASHES (STING)--LET IT FINISH.

3\* RICK LOWELL: [CUE] There weren't enough ashes to be from a fire. These were more like... scrapings. I leaned in... put my hand up the flue... and grabbed something.

4. SOUND: SCRAPING STONE (3X).

5\* RICK LOWELL: Bingo! There was a small package lodged in the chimney! I pulled it out. It was heavy--wrapped in brown paper. I tore off the wrapping.

6. SOUND: RICK UNWRAPS GIFT PAPER--UNDER.

1\* RICK LOWELL: Of course! It was a foot-high statue of a black bird---the Maltese Falcon!

2. MUSIC: [B-12] THE FALCON (BED)--LET IT FADE UNDER.

3\* RICK LOWELL: [CUE] It wasn't too big--for something worth a quarter of a million dollars--or Gladys' life. But amidst the wrapping paper was something that made real sense. It was a card. A baggage claim ticket--from Union Station--or rather, half a baggage claim ticket. Maybe the "half" that the phone message was referring to. Gladys' mystery partner wanted her to bring this half to Union Station at nine-p.m. Hmmm. It was seven-thirty now.

4. MUSIC: [A-13] HURRY (BED)--UP AND UNDER.

5\* RICK LOWELL: I re-wrapped the statue, pocketed the claim ticket, and then wiped off the doorknobs and anything else I'd touched. I grabbed the package, went out, locked the door, and left the building to walk down Wilshire to my car...

SCENE SIX: EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE GAYLORD APTS - MINUTES LATER  
(RICK, LESTER, FRENCHY, ANNOUNCER)

1. SOUND: RICK'S FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK--UNDER.

2\* RICK LOWELL: [CUE] Now, I had something: Lyndon was seeing Gladys. She had the Maltese Falcon. Somebody wanted to meet her at nine at Union Station. Only now, Gladys was dead and I had the Falcon-  
- And that half a baggage claim ticket. I'd like to see Inspector Rufflethorpe crack this case!

3. SOUND: QUIET CAR MOTOR--UNDER.

4. RICK LOWELL: I was too busy congratulating myself to notice that dusty sedan pulling up behind me. But out of the corner of my eye, I spied the glint of a gun-barrel sticking out the back window.

5. LESTER: (DISTANT) (YELLS) There he is. Get him!

6. FRENCHY: (DISTANT) Hey, Lowell! This is for you!

7. SOUND: THUGS FIRE GUNSHOTS (5X).

8\* MUSIC: [B-14] CLIFFHANGER THEME--UNDER.

1\* ANNOUNCER:

Tune in next time for Part Two of "The Stuff That Dreams Are Made Of", another thrilling adventure for "Rick Lowell, Private Eye".

(PAUSE) Today's program was written and scored and by Tony Palermo. ("PAW-LAIR-MO")

[CREDIT SEQUENCE FOLLOWS ON NEXT PAGE]

1\* ANNOUNCER:

(PAUSE) Our program starred:

\_\_\_\_\_ / \_\_\_\_\_ /  
 \_\_\_\_\_ / \_\_\_\_\_ /  
 \_\_\_\_\_ / \_\_\_\_\_ /  
 \_\_\_\_\_ / \_\_\_\_\_ /  
 \_\_\_\_\_ / \_\_\_\_\_ /  
 \_\_\_\_\_ / \_\_\_\_\_ /  
 \_\_\_\_\_ / \_\_\_\_\_ /  
 \_\_\_\_\_ / \_\_\_\_\_ /

Our sound effects artists were:

\_\_\_\_\_ / \_\_\_\_\_ /  
 \_\_\_\_\_ / \_\_\_\_\_ /  
 \_\_\_\_\_ / \_\_\_\_\_ /  
 \_\_\_\_\_ / \_\_\_\_\_ /

Engineering by \_\_\_\_\_.

Our director was \_\_\_\_\_,

I'm \_\_\_\_\_,

(PAUSE) "Rick Lowell, Private Eye" is a  
 production of the \_\_\_\_\_ Radio Network.

2. MUSIC: CLIFFHANGER THEME. LET FINISH.

THE END.



"The Stuff That Dreams Are Made Of" (Part 1)CASTING MONOLOGUES

Everyone in our radio workshop is asked to read a short monologue aloud, to audition. The director will cast the roles in our production based upon these readings. Please take a moment to read the lines below several times, both silently and aloud. These monologues can also provide some "back story," giving an idea of who the characters are and what kind of story we are producing. Since radio actors often play several parts, we encourage the use of different voices or accents when auditioning for the different roles.

**ANNOUNCER:** I'm the announcer. I introduce our World War Two-era radio program about Rick Lowell, a tough Los Angeles private detective. If you like hard-boiled mystery, you'll love "Rick Lowell - Private Eye!" Today, we're producing part one in a three-part series called, "The Stuff That Dreams Are Made Of." Stay tuned for action!

**RICK LOWELL:** I'm Rick Lowell--a private detective working in nineteen-forty-two Los Angeles. I'm handy with a gun, but even better with my mouth. It's not much of a living, but beats being a cop or a corpse. Y'see, trouble is my business. In this case, I've been hired to find the prop man from the movie, "The Maltese Falcon," but somebody thinks there's a real falcon floating around--one worth a million bucks. Fat chance.

**ALICE REESE:** I'm Alice Reese and I've hired Mr. Lowell to find my missing husband. Lyndon's a prop man at the Warner Brothers' Studio. A prop is anything an actor grabs in a movie--a gun, a book, even a million dollar statue of a black bird--and my Lyndon makes or gets those props. I've heard he's maybe seeing another woman. I'm worried that if he isn't already dead, he may end up that way! I hope Mr. Lowell can help!

**BIG GRIMALDI:** I'm Big Grimaldi, a gangster who also deals in stolen goods. I'm looking for Lyndon Reese, who promised me a Maltese Falcon--just like in the movies. But Lyndon's disappeared--with my money! And nobody double-crosses Big Grimaldi! And no puny detective is gonna get in my way!

**MISS KIRKE-BAHN:** I'm Elizabeth Kirke-Bahn and I am employed at an exclusive art auction house in Beverly Hills. Mr. Lowell is seeking information about the Maltese Falcon. I can't see how anybody would really believe the Falcon exists. If Mr. Lowell thinks it's real, I'll just laugh in his face. (LAUGHS) Ha-ha-ha!

## Radio Skills School

### Microphone Technique:

- 1) Sensitive and dead areas. Don't touch!
- 2) Proximity effect. (Boomy if too close.)
- 3) Proper distance for radio acting.
- 4) Dynamics and distance. (Back off to yell.)
- 5) Off mic use for distant sounds. Asides.
- 6) Popping "P"s and S-S-S-Sibilance.
- 7) Mic safety. (hitting, blowing, dropping)
- 8) Assume every mic is always ON.
- 9) Quiet script page turning.

### Radio Acting:

- 1) Quiet in the studio.
- 2) Don't cough, laugh, or talk during production.
- 3) Watch the director. Wait for your cue. (Q)
- 4) If your character is in a scene, stay at the mic.
- 5) Speed equals excitement. Don't bore audience.
- 6) Jump in if there's dead air.
- 7) Wait for director's signal at the end of the show.

### Radio Direction "Sign Language"

- 1) "Wait" - Open hand.
- 2) "5-4-3---" - Finger count down.
- 3) "Theme starting" - Form a "T" with hands.
- 4) "Watch for cue" - Point to person then eye.
- 5) "You're on" - Pointing finger.
- 6) "Cut" - Finger slits throat.
- 7) "Faster" - Move index finger clockwise.
- 8) "Stretch it out" - Pulling taffy.
- 9) "Come in/"Back off" microphone - Move hand towards/away from face.
- 10) "Louder" - Elevate the hand, palm up.
- 11) "Quieter" - Lower the hand, palm down.

## Director's introduction to the cast and crew:

We're producing a detective story set in the Los Angeles of 1942. These stories--of lonely private eyes fighting crime and corruption--were very popular as novels, short stories, films and radio shows. The detective and crime films of the 1940s and 1950s were often dark--with night-time settings and plenty of shadows, but also in that they showed the dark underside of human nature, with many betrayals, crooked characters and doomed heroes. The films were so dark that French movie critic, Nino Frank, called the genre "Film Noir," which literally means "black film."

Our program today is Tony Palermo's original radio series, *Rick Lowell, Private Eye*. Rick's a detective working out of an office on Highland Avenue in Hollywood. We are producing the first episode of a three-part series called "*The Stuff That Dreams Are Made Of*."

Besides being a line from Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, "*the stuff that dreams are made of*" was also the final line of the 1941 Humphrey Bogart picture, *The Maltese Falcon*. In that film, several crooks were conniving to possess an antique, foot-high statue of a falcon--made of solid gold and covered with rare jewels. Several characters were killed over this Maltese Falcon statue. The film version, directed by John Huston, is a Hollywood classic.

Our radio story is related to *The Maltese Falcon* film, but our detective here is trying to find the prop master who worked on the *Falcon* film. As it turns out, the prop falcon has disappeared and people are trying to get it, thinking it's the real Maltese Falcon, worth up to a million dollars. Our story opens in February 1942, just after the film has ended it's run in theaters and World War II has just begun.

## “The Stuff That Dreams Are Made Of”

### Plot synopsis for all three parts.

#### (Part 1)

It is early 1942. Alice Reese hires private detective, Rick Lowell, to find her missing husband, Lyndon Reese. Lyndon's an alcoholic prop man who's worked on some big pictures at Warner Brothers (*The Roaring Twenties*, *The Maltese Falcon*, *Across the Pacific*) but has been missing for a week. Alice won't go to the police because she thinks Lyndon may have stolen something and has run off with some floozy. Normally she wouldn't care, but Alice has been getting mysterious phone calls about the whereabouts of “the item.”

Lowell takes the case. He tracks down the threatening phone calls to an underworld fence named “Big” Grimaldi. The gangster's goons work over Lowell before setting him free--with a tail on him. Lowell goes to the Warner Brothers' lot in Burbank to talk to Andy King, Lyndon Reese's prop assistant. Lowell finds King working on the set of a movie, *Inspector Rufflethorpe to the Rescue*--an English drawing room mystery. Lowell watches a scene being filmed where Inspector Rufflethorpe solves a murder through ridiculous deduction. Andy explains that he has worked with Lyndon for years--and covered for his drinking binges plenty of times. He says Lyndon was well-liked, but became odd and secretive after their last picture, *The Maltese Falcon*. When Lyndon disappeared a week ago, Andy figured it was just another binge. When asked about the falcon, Andy says, “They're all props, just junk we find or make up.” When Lowell presses him as to the name of Lyndon's mistress, Andy says her name is Gladys George--an actress from the *Falcon* film--but jokes, “Don't stir up too much trouble or Lyndon'll kill me.”

Lowell calls a friend at Central Casting to track down Gladys George. His friend says to call back in an hour or two. Meanwhile, Lowell visits a snooty Beverly Hills art dealer to inquire about the real Maltese Falcon. He learns of the falcon's historical origins in the 16th century, but is told it disappeared and is probably in the hands of a private collector. The art dealer had seen the *Maltese Falcon* film, but found it too far-fetched. When asked of the real falcon's worth, the dealer replies that rarity drives the price up--it could be worth \$250,000 or even a million dollars. Lowell asks what a prop falcon would be worth and is told only a few hundred dollars, as a curio.

Lowell calls back his casting friend and learns that Gladys lives at the Gaylord Apartments in the Mid-Wilshire district. Lowell goes there looking for Lyndon, but finds Gladys' apartment unlocked. He goes in. The place has been ransacked. Looking around, he finds Gladys' dead body under the pull down bed--she's been strangled with a rope. Suddenly, there's a knock at the door. Lowell keeps quiet, but then the phone begins to ring. The door knockers leave and Lowell answers the phone. It's Gladys' answering service leaving the message: “Time to deal. Bring your half to Union Station at 9 p.m.” Puzzled, he searches the apartment, finally discovering a package stashed in the chimney. Lowell unwraps it to reveal a black statue of a bird--“The Maltese Falcon” from the movie--and an envelope containing half a baggage claim ticket from Union Station; The “half” referred to in the message. Grabbing the ticket and the falcon, he leaves the building, heading for Union Station. But suddenly, a car drives by and begins shooting.... for a cliffhanger ending.

## (Part 2)

Having escaped the mysterious ambush, Lowell is at the Union Station baggage claim desk--when he spots a leggy redhead nervously pacing nearby. He approaches her, explaining he is delivering half a claim ticket from "Gladys." The woman, named Myrna Stanton is, indeed, Gladys' mystery partner. She seizes the half a claim ticket, then calls a policeman on Lowell. She then claims the baggage and slips away.

While Myrna is crossing the parking lot with her newly claimed package, she's accosted by a thug demanding the Maltese Falcon. They argue and the man threatens her with a knife. Just then, Lowell runs up and subdues the thug. Upon searching him, Lowell discovers he is Otto Von Helm--a German national, maybe a Nazi spy, and perhaps the one who murdered Gladys. Myrna is shocked to find that Gladys is dead, but when Lowell suggests going to the police, Myrna pulls a gun on him. She orders Lowell to handcuff himself and turn around. Then she knocks him out with a blackjack.

Lowell wakes up to find Myrna gone and the Nazi lying there beside him—shot to death. He goes through the Nazi's pockets again and finds a ticket to a prizefight at Olympic Auditorium--a ringside seat. It's a slim lead, but he heads to the prizefight.

When Lowell sits in Otto's ringside seat, he's threatened by the bodyguard of Karl Hagen, a big time movie producer. Hagen and Lowell trade accusations, including Lowell's speculation that maybe Adolph Hitler wants a Maltese Falcon as a Hollywood souvenir. Hagen, a German expatriate, is outraged and has Lowell escorted out. Lowell knows his theories may be wild, but hopes they might smoke out the real crooks—and lead to Lyndon Reese.

Lowell returns to his office, when his client, Alice Reese phones, saying she's received a package containing a Maltese Falcon--along with a note from Lyndon saying, "Sell it." Lowell supposes Lyndon was running a con game, got found out, and had to disappear for a while. He asks Alice if she knows Karl Hagen or Myrna Stanton. She's heard of Hagen, but not Myrna. As Lowell hangs up, two thugs, Lester and Frenchy, walk in with guns drawn. They were the ones shooting at Lowell outside Gladys' apartment earlier. Now they want to take Lowell to meet their gangster boss, Johnny Valletta, at his nightclub in the Chiseltown part of the Sunset Strip.

At the Coronet club, Lowell runs into Myrna—apparently she's a friend of Johnny Valletta's. Lowell accuses Valletta of having Gladys killed. Valletta denies it and offers Lowell a drink—a drugged drink. Lowell passes out, waking later in a storage room. Myrna, thinking maybe Valletta *did* kill Gladys, visits Lowell. Always fishing for leads, he informs her that Karl Hagen wants the falcon badly. Myrna is excited hoping to pit bidders against each other. Lowell reveals there are several Maltese Falcons floating around, that Myrna is playing with fire, and may get herself killed. Myrna complains bitterly about life on Hollywood's low rungs and how selling the falcon would be "her ticket outta this side-show!"

Just then, Valletta comes in. He suspects Myrna is double-crossing him with Lowell. He orders his men to get the car ready for a "one-way trip" to Lake Arrowhead for the two. When he slaps her, Myrna pulls a gun on Valletta and asks Lowell's help to escape. Lowell agrees. They take Valletta hostage and make a run for the waiting car. There is a gunfight and a terrific crash... in another cliff-hanger ending.

### (Part 3)

Rick Lowell and Myrna Stanton have escaped in the car, with Johnny Valletta as hostage. When Valletta threatens them, Myrna blackjacks him. Lowell comes up with an idea that "...will keep Valletta, his lawyers, and his gang busy for a while."

They frame Valletta for Gladys' murder--dumping him at the apartment and making an anonymous tip. Lowell and Myrna then take a cab to Gladys' Hollywood Hills cottage. There, Myrna tries to seduce Lowell. They kiss, but Lowell wonders about Otto--the dead Nazi thug who accosted Myrna in the parking lot. She is denying killing Otto when they hear something--it's Lyndon Reese--the missing prop man--with a gun! The cottage was Lyndon's and Gladys' little love nest.

Lyndon trusts neither Myrna nor Lowell. Lyndon knows the Nazi killed Gladys because he watched while hiding on her fire escape. Myrna is shocked that Lyndon let Gladys be killed. Lowell remarks that Alice received a falcon in the mail today, then realizes he told her that Karl Hagen wanted a falcon--thus setting her up for a dangerous crooked deal.

Winking at Lowell, Myrna faints, distracting Lyndon. Lowell takes the cue, knocks Lyndon out and ties him up. Lowell calls Karl Hagen, who is indeed holding Alice hostage. Lowell talks Hagen into bringing Alice to the cottage to exchange for the "real" falcon. He then leaves Myrna guarding Lyndon and heads for his apartment to get the falcon.

While there, Lowell receives a phone call from Andy King, Lyndon's prop-assistant. Andy's calling from the Warner Brother's prop building, where he says he saw Lyndon and some redhead (Myrna) minutes ago. They were talking to Karl Hagen. Suddenly, the phone line goes dead. Lowell realizes he's been double-crossed by Myrna--who's joined forces with Lyndon and must be trying to cut her own falcon deal with Hagen.

Lowell drives to the Warners' lot, sneaks up to a window by the prop house and overhears Myrna, Lyndon and Valletta, arguing over the falcon. There--dead on the floor--lie Hagen and his bodyguard. Lowell backs away from the window and spots Alice, tied up in Hagen's car. He frees her, but they are caught by Valletta's gunman, Frenchy, who marches them into the prop house.

There, Valletta has Lowell beaten for framing him in Gladys' death. Alice pleads for Lyndon or Andy King--also a hostage--to help, but there's nothing they can do. Lowell explains that Lyndon had planned to sell *several* falcons to the bidders through Gladys, Myrna, and even Alice. They would take the risks, then he'd grab their money, leaving them to the revenge of the cheated buyers. Lowell seeks to anger Valletta to turn Valletta against Lyndon. However, Valletta wants a falcon because he is of Maltese origin--"It's a piece of my ancestors." When Lowell informs him that the falcon is fake, Valletta doesn't care--"the real thing would be too dangerous to own," he says, "like Myrna."

Just then, an air raid siren goes off--a possible Japanese air-attack. The lights are blacked out, allowing Lowell and the rest to escape Valletta and his gunmen. Lowell finds Andy and asks if there are any weapons around, then he remembers the Inspector Rufflethorpe scene where they threw an Egyptian cobra on the murderer. Lowell "surrenders" to Valletta's gunmen—as part of a trap.

When Valletta comes to finish him off, Lowell begins spouting nonsense about how Inspector Rufflethorpe would save the day by pulling out his trusty "Naja Baje Annulifera" (cobra). At his signal,

Andy throws the snake prop onto Valletta. Frenchy panics and--in the commotion--shoots Valletta by mistake. Lowell convinces the henchmen that for killing the Boss, they'll be rubbed out by Big Grimaldi and the other local gangsters. They surrender.

While searching for Alice, Lowell hears a gunshot. He arrives to find Lyndon has shot Myrna. Lowell races to her side as she dies. When Lowell condemns Lyndon for the mayhem his scheme has wrought, Lyndon claims that since the Falcon wasn't real, he's "clean." And once Lowell is out of the way, nobody will ever know of Lyndon's involvement in the deaths. As he's about to kill Lowell, Lyndon himself is shot--by Alice--using Myrna's gun. "That's for being a heel," she says. "Just one heel... in a *city* of heels," says Lowell. He plants the gun on the dead Myrna, thereby clearing Alice of murdering her skunk of a husband.

In closing, Lowell explains how the papers made a big deal of the story of gangsters, Nazi-sympathizers and movie types. He wonders how a bunch of Hollywood sharps could fall for the same dreams they peddle to the public. For his trouble, Lowell is keeping one of the phony Maltese Falcons--as an ironic monument to all the dopes out there who can't help but believe in "The Stuff That Dreams Are Made Of."

**SOUND EFFECT ROLES: "The Stuff Dreams Are Made Of" (Part 1)****SOUND EFFECTS ARTIST #1:**

ALICE'S FOOTSTEPS-PACING  
FOOTSTEPS, ON FLOORS, ON SIDEWALK  
DRAWER OPENING  
THUNDER RUMBLING

**SOUND EFFECTS ARTIST #2:**

UNCRINKLING PAPER NOTE  
CRASH  
PHONE DIALING (EXTERNAL)  
RATTLESNAKE  
PHONE RINGS  
PHONE HANDSET PICKED UP/HUNG UP

**SOUND EFFECTS ARTIST #3:**

SLATE CLAP  
DOOR CLOSING/OPENING  
DOOR CREAKS OPEN, CABINET OPENS  
DOOR KNOCKS  
DOOR LOCKING  
HAMMERING / GAVEL  
GUNSHOTS  
SCRAPING STONE

**SOUND EFFECTS ARTIST #4:**

RICK BEING BEATEN - PUNCHES, PUNCHING, FIST FIGHT  
BODY DROPS (TO GROUND)  
WINE GLASS TAPS / DINNER TABLE SOUNDS  
MURPHY BED LIFTING UP  
SHUFFLING OBJECTS  
QUIET CAR MOTOR

**WALLA WALLA ARTISTS/CAST MEMBERS:**

MOVIE CREW  
DINNER PARTY  
"WHAT?" "THE POLICE?" "AT THIS HOUR?"  
FRIGHT (LIGHTS OUT)  
COMMOTION  
ART AUCTION - "GOING, GOING, SOLD" AND QUIET AFTERWARDS

**SOUND EFFECT HOW TO: "The Stuff Dreams Are Made Of" (Part 1)****ALICE'S FOOTSTEPS-PACING:**

Shoes walking on walk-board (use heels). Or 9-volt battery.

**FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK:**

Shoes walking on walk-board (use whole foot).

**DRAWER OPENING:**

Roll metal wheeler, briefly.

**THUNDER RUMBLING:**

Shake Thunder Rumbler SFX device.

-

**UNCRINKLING PAPER NOTE / UNWRAPPING GIFT PAPER**

Unfold and handle pieces of paper. (small and large)

**CRASH:**

Shake crash box SFX device.

**EXTERNAL PHONE DIALING:**

Quickly dial 111-1212. (7 digits)

**RATTLESNAKE:**

Quickly shake tiny egg-shaker.

**PHONE RINGS:**

Phone ringer SFX device. (2 seconds ON, 4 seconds OFF).

**PHONE HANDSET PICKED UP/HUNG UP:**

Rattle telephone handset-exaggerate a bit.

-

**DOOR CLOSING/OPENING:**

Wooden SFX door.

**DOOR CREAKS OPEN.**

Twist door-creaker SFX device--slowly.

**CABINET OPENS:**

Twist small creaker SFX device.

**SOUND EFFECT HOW TO: "The Stuff Dreams Are Made Of" (Part 1)****SLATE CLAP:**

Clack a slap-stick--to mimic a movie slate clapper. (1X)

**DOOR KNOCKS:**

`Knock on door at various speeds. (Calm, anxious, etc.)

**DOOR LOCKING:**

Twist door knob on SFX door.

**HAMMERING / GAVEL:**

Pound gavel on table or wooden end.

**GUNSHOTS:**

Clap Slap-Shot SFX device.

**SCRAPING STONE:**

Rub two sharpening stones together.

-

**PUNCHES, PUNCHING, FIST FIGHT:**

Plastic clubs beating together or box or your shins.  
Grunt along with punches.

**BODY DROPS (TO GROUND):**

Plastic clubs falling on cardboard box.

**WINE GLASS TAPS / DINNER PARTY SOUNDS:**

Silverware tapping on glass or plates.

**MURPHY BED LIFTING UP:**

Open spring door SFX device.

**SHUFFLING OBJECTS:**

Move items around--boxes, paper, etc.

**QUIET CAR MOTOR:**

Crank car SFX device.

**WALLA WALLA:**

**MOVIE CREW:** "Over here." "Ready?" "Almost." "OK." Etc.

**DINNER PARTY:** "As I was saying..." Etc.

"WHAT?" "THE POLICE?" "AT THIS HOUR?"

**FRIGHT (LIGHTS OUT):** "The lights?" "The storm!" "Oh no."

**COMMOTION:** "Where is he?" "Dash it!" Etc.

**ART AUCTION:** "Going, Going, Sold" Quiet walla afterwards

**EQUIPMENT REQUIREMENTS:**

Three unidirectional dialogue mics for voices and two unidirectional SFX mics. Also, a dual CD player--to quickly switch between back-to-back music cues. A filter mic for telephone voice effects (see [www.ruyasonic.com/em\\_depot.htm](http://www.ruyasonic.com/em_depot.htm)) or have actors speak into a coffee mug at the mic.

**MUSICAL SCORE:**

Rick Lowell - Private Eye uses short bridges, beds and stings. Each cue begins immediately. The music cues are available as audio CDs or downloadable MP3s from [www.ruyasonic.com/em\\_depot.htm](http://www.ruyasonic.com/em_depot.htm)

**MUSIC CUES: "The Stuff Dreams Are Made Of" (Part 1)**

- 1) Rick Lowell theme (BED): (0:31) [A-1]
- 2) Dream Factory (BED): (0:53) [B-2]
- 3) Rick's Office (BED): (0:21) [A-3]
- 4) Tough Guys (BRIDGE): (0:18) [B-4]
- 5) Warner's Lot (BED): (0:32) [A-5]
- 6) Gardener Gong (STING): (0:14) [B-6]
- 7) Art Dealer (BED): (0:18) [A-7]
- 8) Real Detective (BED): (0:18) [B-8]
- 9) Ransacked (STING): (0:21) [A-9]
- 10) The Ankle (BED): (0:20) [B-10]
- 11) Ashes (STING): (0:14) [A-11]
- 12) The Falcon (BED): (0:20) [B-12]
- 13) Hurry (BED): (0:29) [A-13]
- 14) Cliffhanger #2 (BED): (0:29) [B-14]

Except where noted, all music composed by Anthony E. Palermo  
© 1997-2002 Twitshyre Tunes. (ASCAP) All rights reserved.

There are melodic quotes from the "Maltese Falcon" theme (Adolph Deutsch) and "Hurray for Hollywood" (R. Whitting/J. Mercer).

SPECIAL BACKGROUND TEXT:

[USE THIS TO INTRODUCE THE PROGRAM DURING THE PRE-SHOW]

1. ANNOUNCER: Welcome to Rick Lowell, Private Eye. Here is a little background on today's program.

The *Maltese Falcon* was first a novel by Dashiell ("da-SHEEL") Hammett, and later, a nineteen-forty-one film, starring Humphrey Bogart and Mary Astor. That story concerned the struggle to possess a priceless statue of a bird--solid gold, covered in rare jewels--but painted black to hide it's true value. In fiction, the Maltese Falcon was a historical treasure. However, in nineteen-forties Hollywood, it was just another movie prop... until it disappeared.

(PAUSE) Now, here's Rick Lowell, Private Eye, in... "The Stuff That Dreams Are Made Of," Part One...