FURY AND SOUND

by

Robert E. Lee and Irving Reis
SUSPENSE

PRESENTED BY ROMA WINES

"FURY AND SOUND"

STARRING

MR. NORMAN LLOYD

AND

MR. MARK HUMBOLDT

THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1945

5:00-5:30 PM PWT

9:00-9:30 PM PWT

BRADLEY: Now...(PAUSE) The Roma Wine Company of Fresno, California presents...

MUSIC: (THEME...TO WOODWIND CHORD)

NARR: SUSPENSE

MUSIC: (KNIFE CHORD...HOLD UNDER)

NARR: Tonight Roma Wines bring you...an all-star radio cast headed by Norman Lloyd and Mark Humboldt...in "Fury and Sound"...a Suspense play - produced, edited and directed for Roma Wines by William Spier.

MUSIC: (UP TO CUT OFF)

BRADLEY: Suspense ...radio's outstanding Theatre of Thrills...is presented for your enjoyment by Roma Wines. That's R-U-M-A......Roma Wines, those excellent California Wines that can add so much pleasantness to the way you live....to your happiness in entertaining guests...to your enjoyment of every day meals...Yes...right now a glassful would be very pleasant...As Roma Wines brings you....a remarkable tale of Suspense.

MUSIC: (THEME UNDER)
And with "Fury and Sound", a drama of broadcasting backstage.....and with the performances of Norman Lloyd as the late great Kingsley Roachler, and of Mark Humboldt as his assistant producer, Charles Fowler who narrates these events to us...Roma Wines hope indeed to keep you in (KNIFE CHORD) SUSPENSE!
You helped murder Kingsley Roachler! You, sitting there by your radio -- you were guilty. Your contribution to the crimo was unintentional, but it was murder nevertheless. Because you fed his ego until it destroyed him. You all remember the name -- Kingsley Roachler. He was famous for his radio plays. They were on the air once a week for years. He was a small, ugly man, who affected a beard. During the last few months of his life, I was closer to Kingsley Roachler than any other man. I knew every twist of his warped intelligence -- for I assisted him in producing his radio broadcasts. It was I who stood in the center of the radio studio and relayed Mr. Roachler's instructions to the actors, the musicians, and sound technicians. Roachler would sit in the glass-enclosed control booth; his harsh voice, picked up by the rehearsal microphone, and amplified to the proportion of a god's, would thunder at the cast in the studio, lashing them to his will!!!

Roachler: (On P.A. - HOPPED HIGH AND BLATANT) Let's take it again from the top of page seven! This is the final time Roachler will explain what he wants! He asked the extras for tender ad libs -- not the Circus Maximus. Roachler would also like to remind the sound-effects man, for the seventh time, he might add, that he wishes the rain effect to sneak in after the music bridge, not crash in. And would the maestro please explain to his musicians that (CONTINUED)

anyone's more important pi us, av Roachler proceed with his rehearsal? Ad libis plea-u
pianissimo means softly. Now unless it interferes with anyone’s more important plans, may Roachler proceed with his rehearsal? Ad libs please -- then music-- then rain-- then "Dear Diary" --

BIZ: CROWD AD LIBS - "GOODBYE" - "DON'T FORGET TO WRITE" - "SEND ME A CARD FROM GERMANY" ETC.

MUSIC: (SALUD D'AMOUR - LAPSE INTO)

SOUND: RAIN

MERLE: (FROM HUNGER) Dear Diary....how can I tell you what my heart cannot say?......it's raining now, as though the heavens too are crying...and he's been gone a day....ah, how many years are there in a day of loneliness.....

SOUND: THE SUDDEN SHARP CRACK OF A MUSIC STAND SLIPPING IN ITS SLEEVE.

ROACHLER: (UN P. A. FURIOUSLY) Stop the rehearsal! (BIZ: DOOR, THEN APPROACHING) Roachler has worked with insensitive asses in many places and under many conditions, but he is forced to yield top honors to the radio artists of California! (HIS HYSTERIA MOUNTING) How can this girl perform these sensitive thoughts against your noise and indifference! How can these fragile dreams achieved by nights of creative sweat, compete with your gum-chewing, chair-creaking, walking-talking thick skinned detachment! How can the Thematic milk --

FOWLER: (INTERRUPTING) I'm sorry King, but it was my fault. I tried to adjust the music stand and give the cues at the same time and --
ROACHLER: (LIVID) The assistant producer Mister Fowler honorably confesses. Roachler has employed him for three years. His principal function is to relay my signals to you. He watches Roachler carefully and when Roachler moves his arm like this -- he moves his similarly to you. In its highest sense he is an extension of Roachler's arm. He---

FOWLER: Look, King, can't you hold that up until the cast is out?

ROACHLER: Well! Roachler seems at long last to have found a sensitive zone in Mister Fowler. We'll break for dinner now -- and anybody who feels that Roachler's work, which seems to interest a mere fourteen million listeners -- is too dull to warrant his or her entire attention, can be paid off now! Thank you.

BIZ: AD LIBS AS CAST AND MUSICIANS MOVE OUT

FOWLER: (NARRATING) That was the pattern of my life for three years. I was "Fowler the Stooge." A carbon-copy of a self-styled genius. No one could have much respect for me. Least of all, myself...Or my wife....

MERLE: (FAST FADE-IN) How did my performance sound, Charley?

FOWLER: All right, I guess.

MERLE: You guess?

FOWLER: Well, it seems a little corny to me.

MERLE: It didn't seem corny to King, but he only gets two thousand a week for running the show.

FOWLER: If you want apples polished, don't send 'em to me.

MERLE: You're getting more impossible to live with every day!

FOWLER: Let's not start another one of those cycles again, dear.

If Roachler thinks you're the greatest actress in the world, just stick to his judgement and everything will be peaceful.
MERLE: In the five years I've been married to you, I've seen every facet in your fine art of being disagreeable. But I must say jealousy is a new wrinkle!

FOWLER: Fine. Let it go at that.

MERLE: Oh, no. I wouldn't think of depriving you of some fuel to feed it. Would it make you more jealous to know that I'm having dinner with Kingsley to discuss my performance?

(FADING) See you later, dear....

MUSIC: (SNEAKS, GNAWING, UNER HER FADE LINE; HOLDS BEHIND...)

FOWLER: I closed my eyes, trying to think of some way to escape. To get away from Roachler's screaming, the taunts of my loving wife, my own self-contempt. There was no way out. In three weeks, we would move back to New York and the same deadly routine. Until then, Merle and Roachler and I would go on living together in that barn-like house in Benedict Canyon. Roachler had rented it as soon as he came to California -- then insisted that Merle and I come to live with him. For the good of the show, so that we could talk things over together at night.... Very cozy. There was never any hope of getting away from him, even in my sleep....(MUSIC OUT) I opened my eyes. The studio seemed to be empty, and almost dark. The entire cast had gone to dinner...except Van, the sound effects man.

VAN: Aren't you going out to eat, Charley?

FOWLER: No, thanks, Van -- I've got to mark up these scripts.

VAN: (FADING IN) You can't live without eating. (SOUND: LUNCH PAIL OPENS) Here, I'll split a sandwich with you.
Fowler: Well, thanks. I've sort of given up food since I've been working for Roachler.

Van: (Eating) (Chuckles) Did you notice how I fixed him on the rain effect?

Fowler: Rain effect? How?

Van: Well, after he bawled me out for the fifth time about the effect being too loud -- I just let one bridge go by and I didn't even put the needle down on the record. He yelled it was still too loud!

Fowler: That sounds impossible.

Van: Ah -- I've watched a lot of these boy wonders. He's got the occupational affliction of radio genius. Newspapermen get the shakes, movie producers get ulcers, bank presidents have nervous breakdowns. The kilocycle wonder boys get open nerves in their ear drums.

Fowler: What do you mean? Hearing things that aren't there?

Van: Yeah! If you hang around this racket long enough, I read somewhere once that if our hearing sensitivity was increased just ten percent, we'd all go nuts. Hey, look! Take this studio. They say it's sound-proof. Listen for a second. (Silence) Hear anything?

Fowler: No!

Van: Now see what happens.

Fowler: What's the gimmick?

Van: This? Haven't you ever seen one? "Contact mike." It's the most sensitive electrical "ear" that science has invented. Practically a "sound microscope" you might say.

Fowler: It isn't very big.
VAN: But it packs a wallop. Look. I'll press this little contact mike against the wall of the studio... Like so. (OFF a LITTLE) Now turn up the volume on that amplifier, will you, Charley?

FOWLER: This one?

VAN: (OFF) Yeah. A little more...,

SOUND: (MUFFLED NOISE OF TRAFFIC IN STREET, BOOMY TALKING IN HALL, AIR HISSES, BASSY FOOTSTEPS CLUMPING, ALL ON ECHO EFFECT, SWELLED TO POINT FOR DISCOMFITURE).

FOWLER: Hey! Cut it! (CUT SOUND)
NARR: For Suspense, Roma Wines are bringing you "Fury and Sound" by Irving Reis and Robert E. Lee. It is a tale of taut nerves and driving emotional conflict among the people inside radio, which is Roma Wines presentation tonight of Suspense.

MUSIC:  (RESOLVES WITH THREE CHORD PHRASE)

ANNCR: Here's a suggestion from the internationally-renowned hostess ... Elsa Maxwell who says this about smart and gracious hospitality ... (PAUSE) ... Next time you entertain, flatter your guests by serving glorious, golden-amber ROMA California Sherry ... perfect before dinner ... perfect at any time ... a most delightful wine of light, nutlike taste. Serve cool. (PAUSE) From California's choicest vineyards come the carefully selected wine grapes for distinguished ROMA Sherry ... and all fine ROMA Wines. Remember ... good ROMA Wines never vary in fine quality ... are always pleasing ... the happy result of selected grapes ... carefully picked at their peak of flavor goodness ... gently pressed ... then, unhurriedly ... guided to perfection by the ancient skill of ROMA'S famed wineries. Yes ... good ROMA Wines are always delicious, yet cost only pennies a glass. Remember ... because of uniformly fine quality at reasonable cost ... MORE AMERICANS ENJOY ROMA THAN ANY OTHER WINE ... R - O - M - A ROMA WINES!
and now Roma Wines resume the extraordinary story of radio producer Kingsley Roachler, enacted for us tonight by Norman Lloyd, as told to us by Mark Humboldt in the character of Roachler's colleague and assistant.
FOWLER: Interesting oh? Now guys like Roachler live in a world of sound. It's their bread and butter. Mr. R. gets two-grand a week for sitting in that glass fish-bowl and just listening. Weighing sounds. His ears are his stock in trade. The nerve-ends in his ear drums get more and more sensitive. When his hearing becomes as acute as this contact mike, he can't stand it. And in come four men wearing white coats. For a gibbering idiot.

FOWLER: Where do you get one of these things? A contact mike?
VAN: I built this rig myself. See? That's the works.
FOWLER: Yeah.....Pretty neat....!

MUSIC: (SNEAKS)

FOWLER: I stood in the vacant studio staring at that tiny black contact microphone in the palm of my hand. And a little Shakespeare flashed into my mind..."A Tale told by an Idiot, full of Sound and Fury."

MUSIC: WALLOPS IN SPREADS AND TO B.G.

MUSIC: (SECOND OVERTURE, WHICH IS THEME MUSIC FOR BROADCAST)

MERLE: So goodnight, good night my love. Good night across the latitudes and longitudes of space and time. Farewell across the hours and days, the mountain peaks and the plains between, the darkness and the sun. You are with me here because Love is.

MUSIC: (CURTAIN THEN TERRIFIC APPLAUSE)

ANNCR: You have just heard another original by Roachler in the series "Roachler presents". It was produced, written and directed by Mister Roachler, who also suggested the musical theme. Next week Mr. Roachler acclaimed as the most imaginative dramatist in radio will—but let radio's foremost producer tell you about it. KINGSLEY ROACHLER.
ROACHLER: Roachler speaking. Next week Roachler fans will hear vivid contrast to tonight's romantic theme. It is a drama fraught with social significance titled "Farewell to Apes". It poses a subtle political problem -- what would happen if an Ape proclaimed himself dictator of a nation. Those who listen very attentively will recognize certain modern historical parallels -- Until next week then, Roachler says Goodnight -- and Roachler will be pleased if you return to hear another "Roachler Presents"!

MUSIC: (GRANDIOSE CURTAIN AND BOARD FADE)

PEOPLE: (AD LIB) "Another Great One, Kingsley!" "Terrific!" "May I have your autograph Mr. Roachler?" "I'd like to have the opportunity of working with you again Mr. Roachler!"

ROACHLER: Thank you thank you... It was one of the most impressive shows of the series, in my opinion -- don't you think so, Charley?

FOWLER: You should know.

ROACHLER: It would have been a much more polished production if you hadn't botched up the music cues. In three places they were distinctly sluggish. I told you a thousand times if you watch me ----

FOWLER: Save it, I'm through.

ROACHLER: Through what?

FOWLER: I'm through being your whipping post. Better find yourself a newer model.

ROACHLER: Charley! I can't believe it! You didn't say it. No, I've erased it from my mind.

FOWLER: Well scribble it right back. I'm finished.
ROACHLER: The artist in me is shocked!! The realist says, "It's possible." Anything is possible in this great distortion called Life. You and Merle have been brother and sister to me. I have labored to groom You to be a great producer, too--I have brought Merle to the verge of a great acting career---

FOWLER: If it hadn't been for Merle, I'd have walked out two years ago.

ROACHLER: Charley! I bleed! I can understand when these dolts---actors---sound men--fiddlers--mistake the tension of my sensitivity -- these little moods brought on by the lashing of creative fire---! But you -- an artist almost in your right, how can you let a little turbulence....

MERLE: (WALKING IN) Sorry I kept you two waiting...(PAUSE) What's all this glaring about?

ROACHLER: Charley wants to quit the show.

MERLE: He's just tired. Don't mind him. He'll forget it in the morning. Come on, King - let's get some coffee!

MUSIC: HITS IN DECISIVELY, THEN DOWN

FOWLER: (NARRATING) I watched the great Roachler walk out of the studio, arm- in- arm with my wife. And then suddenly, I had decided. There was no longer any question, any hesitation. I had tested the mechanics of the thing----and it worked. The rest lay entirely within me -- my own courage and patience. And above all, the slowness with which I could do the work. Slowness was all important...slowness.....

MUSIC: (PIANO MIKE AFFECT)

SOUND: DOOR SWINGS OPEN

MERLE: (LAUGHING THEN BREAKS OFF ABRUPTLY) Oh -- hello, Charley. I didn't hear you come in.......
FOowler: Didn't you?

Roachler: Welcome home, Charles my boy. I always say a husband's place is in the home....

Foowler: Having a good time?

Merle: Kingsley was just reading me some of his script for next week. I was helping him edit it.

Roachler: She has some very decent ideas, Charley.

Foowler: Well, I'm glad to know that.

Roachler: (Fading, yawning) Goodnight. Goodnight. Parting is such sweet sorrow.

Merle: Goodnight, King.

Foowler: Come oh, Merle. Let's get to bed. We both need some sleep.

Merle: Of course you know, darling, it's impossible to sleep with you. You twist and turn like a gyroscope.....

Foowler: I saw a doctor tonight. He gave me some sleeping powders. Can I give you some, in a glass of hot water?

Merle: All right...

Sound: Footsteps... Water poured into glasses

Foowler: (Narrating) I filled two glasses with hot water. Into one of them I dissolved a heavy dosage of the sleeping powders -- not fatal, but enough to ensure deep sleep.....

Sound: Footsteps. The tap continues to leak

Foowler: Drink up.

Merle: Here's to.

Music: Atmospheric, hold behind

Foowler: I was pleased to see that she drank the entire glass. Then we got ready for bed, and I snapped off the light.

Music: Cut as

Sound: Click of toggle switch... (Tap continues to drip)
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MERLE: Charley?

FOWLER: Yes?

MERLE: Why don't we face things? Realistically? Let's wash it up...
...like adults.

FOWLER: (CAIMLY) I've been expecting this.

MERLE: We can go on, just as we have, except that we agree between ourselves, it's all over. Then when we get back to New York, we can separate quietly and file for a divorce.

FOWLER: Yeah. Maybe you're right.

MERLE: Now you're behaving like an adult. (SLEEPILY) As soon as we get back to New York we can break clean.

FOWLER: That'll be nice. To break clean.

MERLE: (AS FAUCET DRIPS ANNOYINGLY) Can't you learn to turn off a faucet?

FOWLER: The tap leaks. It won't turn off.

MERLE: (VERY SLEEPILY) Oh...the devil with it....!

FOWLER: From her breathing, I thought that she had fallen asleep. But I had to be sure...(PAUSE) (UP) Merle.....?

There was no answer. I arose and went into the bath-room taking with me the contact microphone which I had borrowed from Van at the studio. Carefully

(APPROPRIATE SOUND HERE - WITH) I fastened this "sound-microscope" to the water tap, then adjusted the amplifier so that the sound grew in volume slowly..... very, very slowly........

SOUND: DRIPPING OF WATER TAP SWELLS GRADUALLY.....AFTER ABOUT TWENTY SECONDS, DOOR OPENS SHARPLY--OFF.

ROACHIER: (OFF, ALARMED) Charlie! Merle!!

SOUND: KILL AMPLIFIED SPIGOT. ONLY NORMAL PICK-UP
FOWLER: What's the matter, King?

ROACHLER: (FADE IN) Did you hear that noise?

FOWLER: What noise?

ROACHLER: You must've heard it! That dripping sound!!

FOWLER: Maybe a leaky faucet in one of the bathrooms.

ROACHLER: But it sounded almost like explosions! The sound filled the whole house!

FOWLER: I didn't hear anything. (PAUSE) Merle's still asleep. I didn't wake her.

ROACHLER: But I heard it! As loud as if------

FOWLER: There wasn't any noise.

ROACHLER: Don't tell me what I heard and what I don't hear! I say there was a noise.

FOWLER: Call your own shots. But I didn't hear anything.

ROACHLER: Maybe I was dreaming. (REASSURING HIMSELF) That must be what it was. A dream.

FOWLER: Good-night, King.

ROACHLER: (FADE, UNCERTAINLY)

MUSIC: (MONOTONY THEME, AS BEFORE...IAP DISSOLVE TO:)

SOUND: DRONING OF INSECTS SWELLS GRADUALLY TO SOUND LIKE CAVORTING P-38's

DOOR SUDDENLY FLASHED OPEN

ROACHLER: (ON, VERY ALARMED) Charlie! Come here! (THE NOISE CUTS OUT)

FOWLER: (OFF) FEIGNING SLEEPINESS) What's the matter...?

ROACHLER: (ON) Come here! Into my room!

FOWLER: Okay...I'm coming. (CONVERSATIONAL) I suppose you've got another brainstorm for the show. Let's have it.

ROACHLER: It's the same thing I had trouble with a few nights ago. You heard the noise, of course.
FOwLER: Are you hearing noises again?

ROACHLER: Don't tell me you slept through that!

FOwLER: I don't know what you're talking about. I'm going back to bed (FADING A TRIFLE)

ROACHLER: Don't leave! (TENSE) Roachler demands that you remain here.

FOwLER: (A LITTLE OFF, ASKANCE) He does....?

ROACHLER: (HUMBLY) Please, Charley—I don't mean to shout at you.
I--I must be getting a little nervous, a little bit jumpy.
(HOPEFULLY) Tell me, Charley, didn't you hear a buzzing sound—something like a mosquito, only louder? Enormously louder?

FOwLER: You'd better switch your brand, King.

ROACHLER: You didn't hear it?

FOwLER: Not a tinkle.

ROACHLER: You're deaf! Merle -- she must've heard it!

FOwLER: She's sleeping like a baby.

ROACHLER: But I heard it! I was standing here in this room. Wide awake. It vibrated the walls of the house!!!!
(DROPS SUDDENLY, AFTER A PAUSE) Get dressed and back the car out, Charley. I'm going to see a doctor.

FOwLER: You think that's wise....?

ROACHLER: A doctor ought to be able to do something.

FOwLER: Sure. He'll do something. I wonder if you'll like what he does.

ROACHLER: What do you mean?

FOwLER: I've wondered sometimes what would happen to a man if his hearing became too sensitive? If he heard too much.... I don't suppose he'd ever be able to find rest, or quiet. Eventually he'd blow his top.
ROACHLER: Are there records of such cases?

FOWLER: How should I know? I'm no medic.

ROACHLER: I do have very sensitive hearing. I must have—to achieve perfect sound balance on the broadcasts.

FOWLER: Sure. (PAUSE) You're even hearing things that aren't there. (PAUSE) I wonder how long you'd have a sponsor if the lads who pay your salary knew the shape you're in....

ROACHLER: I'm in perfect shape. I've been working too hard, that's all. I just need a little rest.

FOWLER: I'll get the car and drive you out to the hospital.

ROACHLER: (HASTILY) No! No, I think I'll be all right, now, Charley. Go on back to bed.

FOWLER: Whatever you say...you're the doctor.

MUSIC: (BAR PUNCTUATION)

FOWLER: (NARRATING) The next night I did a little production with traffic sounds. For the benefit of the great Roachler. (SNEAK SOUND OF TRAFFIC VERY FAINTLY) I sat in my room, turning the volume knob slowly...ever so slowly.....

SOUND: TRAFFIC NOISE SWELLS CONSIDERABLY...TO FULL LEVEL...

DOOR OPENS,

ROACHLER: (WITH CONSUMMATE RESTRAINT) Charley...(HALF-OFF)

SOUND: CUT TRAFFIC

FOWLER: What is it, King...?

ROACHLER: Would you come into my room a second? I'd like to talk to you.....

FOWLER: Okay. (SOUND: PAD OF SLIPPED FOOTSTEPS) What's on your mind?
I—-I've got a terrific idea for next week's show, Charley. See if it tweaks you.

FOWLER: Shoot.

ROACHLER: There's this girl---French---she's escaped from the Nazis and---Charley, how far are we from a main thoroughfare...?

FOWLER: Sunset Boulevard? That's about five miles down the hill, I guess.

ROACHLER: We couldn't hear traffic from that distance, could we?

FOWLER: (PAUSE) I couldn't.
ROACHLER: Yeah. Well, this girl is a painter and she falls in love with -- y'know, Charley, I -- I get these ideas in the middle of the night like this, and I like to talk 'em out before I forget 'em. Why -- why don't you bunk in here with me for awhile......?

FOWLER: Seems sort of silly.

ROACHLER: Stay with me -- please, Charley! (TENSELY) It's terribly important! Roachler needs you! (PAUSE, HUMBLY) I need you......!

MUSIC: (SWELLS UP, INTO BRIDGE, THEN DOWN FOR BACKGROUND OF )

FOWLER: (NARRATING) I knew that the breaking point was near. I knew that it was only a matter of a few more nights, or perhaps only a few more hours before the great Roachler would crack completely. As I watched him at rehearsals, I could see the psychosis gradually engulfing him....(MUSIC OUT)

ROACHLER: (BIARING ON TALK-BACK) No, no, no, no, no, NO. I have told you at least eleven times Mr. Giuskin, to mute the brass! Mutes, in case you have forgotten, maestro, are the mechanisms placed in the bells of the trumpets to dim the sound! Roachler will hold up the rehearsal while the musicians go about this complicated process....!

BIZ: SMALL ACTIVITY - A SUPRESSED COUGH IN THE STUDIO

ROACHLER: (TALK-BACK) Who is the asthmatic invalid who insists on coughing directly into the microphone?

BIZ: A MURMER OF REACTION, A SCUFFLING .
Roachler insists on quiet! Complete quiet! Will you please stop your insufferable scuffling and scraping and babbling until called upon to make the required sounds!

(SOTTO) Maybe he'd like to have us quit breathing.

(TALK-BACK, VERY TENSE) The actor who made that statement is herewith discharged from the cast without pay! Roachler will not tolerate insubordination.

King, you can't let Lewis go. You have to have him for the operating room scene.

(TALK-BACK) May I remind you that Roachler is directing????? No one artist or performer is indispensable. We can replace anyone -----! Any ----

(HIS THROAT TIES UP)

SUDDEN REACTION, ALARM: "What's the matter with him? What happened? He's sick, he's had an attack of some kind! No wonder!

There's a cot in Merle's dressing room. Van, help him in there (UP) Don't worry about the show, King ---- I'll take over.....!

MUSIC: (DYNAMIC BRIDGE....IAP DISSOLVE INTO)

I've got to hand it to you, Charley. You didn't lose up the broadcast as much as I thought you would!

Thanks.

How is he?

Resting. In his room.

What does the doctor say?

He doesn't want a doctor.
MERLE: That's insane! I'm going to call a doc -----

FOWLER: (FIRMLY) He doesn't want a doctor...! Understand?

MERLE: (PUZZLED) Charley, are you all right?

FOWLER: (CALM AGAIN) Just a little on edge. It's been a rough day. How about a sleeping powder, just to make sure we get our rest. The usual...?

MERLE: I don't think so. I've been waking up a little bit foggy......

FOWLER: (FIRMLY) You will take the usual sleeping powder tonight. It's very important to me!

MERLE: Charley, I don't understand you when you act this way!

FOWLER: You will drink the usual sleeping powder!!!!

MUSIC: (HIT BRIDGE, FADE TO MONOTONY BACKGROUND)

FOWLER: (NARRATING OVER MUSIC) I forced her to take the sleeping powder. I had to make certain that she was thoroughly drugged this night, the climax of all my "experiments". For tonight Merle was to be a part of the plan. When she was deep in sleep, I carefully slipped the contact microphone underneath her body, so that the metal lay within a few inches of heart.....

SOUND: FADE IN HEART-BEAT OUT OF DWINDLING MUSIC.....

ROACHLER: (ON CUE, SCREAMS, OFF) Charley!!!!!

FOWLER: What is it, King?

ROACHLER: (HYSTERICAL) Come in my room, Charley! (FAADING IN)

PRODUCTION: Please... Make it stop!!!!

SOUND: CONTINUES BUILDING

FOWLER: I'm here, King. I'm right beside you. Make what stop?
ROACHLER: That throbbing! You hear it?? It’s heart-beats! and breathing! You must hear it!

FOWLER: Your imagination’s working over-time....

ROACHLER: I can't stand it! (SHOUTING OVER THE GROWING SOUND) Charley! Make it stop, Charley!

FOWLER: What can I do....?

ROACHLER: I've got to get away from it! I've got to have quiet! Peace!

SOUND; FOOTSTEPS FADING AWAY FROM MIKE.

ROACHLER: I can't stand it any longer....!

MUSIC: (SNEAK IN ATMOSPHERIC HIGH STRINGS)

FOWLER: I watched him stagger out of the bed-room...down the stairs to his study. Heard a drawer pulled open.....

SOUND: HEART-BEATS CONTINUE, CHEAT DOWN SLIGHTLY. THEN TWO SHOTS

MUSIC: (SHARP SHOCK)

SOUND: HEART-BEATS CONTINUE

FOWLER: (LAUGHS LOUDLY) Goodnight, Mr. Roachler....! From here on, Fowler produces....!

MERLE: (FADE IN) (FOGGY) Mmmmmm....what was that.....?

FOWLER: (QUIETLY) Nothing, darling....

MERLE: (SLEEPILY) I can hear noise in the room.....like drum beats....

FOWLER: I'll turn it off, dear....so you won't hear it any longer. (NARRATOR AGAIN) I stepped to the amplifier to shut off the heart beats from the contact microphone. I flipped the switch.....

SOUND: CLICK.......BUT HEART-BEATS CONTINUE....!

MUSIC: (SHARP STING, HIGH REGISTER, NOT CLOUDING THE THROES)
FOWLER: (ALARMED) . . . . . but the sound continued. . . ! It kept on going. . . ! I turned the switch again. . . and again!
(SOUND: FLIPPING OF SWITCH: SOUND OF HEART CONTINUES)
Still I heard the heart-beats . . . louder than before!!!!!

MUSIC: (SHADES OFF FOR A SEC)
MERLE: Thank you, dear. That's better.
FOWLER: (ALARMED) What do you mean, "that's better"????? It's still going on!!!!!

MUSIC: (RESUMES, SHIMMERING, TENSE. . . .)
FOWLER: (NARRATING) I beat the sides of the amplifier. . . !
Still the heart-beats continued! I tore the wires from their connections, I smashed the contact microphone, with a book-end I battered the amplifier box. . . .

(SOUND AS INDICATED) Still the heart beats went on!
Merle's heart-beats!!!!

MUSIC: (OUT)
MERLE: (EXCITED) Charley, what's wrong with you?
FOWLER: You know what's wrong! You can hear it!
MERLE: I can't hear anything!
FOWLER: You're lying!!!
MERLE: I Charley --- you're acting crazy!!!!
FOWLER: I'm not crazy! I know what's going on! You have another contact microphone hidden somewhere! You're trying to work the same thing on me.
MERLE: (BEWILDERED) Charley.!
FOWLER: All the time you were pretending to be asleep! You planned all this, didn't you! Well, I'm not Roachler! You can't drive me crazy with noises. . . !
MERLE: Charley, there isn’t any noise... (MUSIC: SNEAK, OMINOUS) (PAUSE---VERY CLOSE) Charley. Stay away from me. Stay away. (PAUSE) (SCREAMS) Charley!

SOUND: HEART-BEATS INCREASE IN TEMPO AND VOLUME....THEN BECOME SOMEWHAT IRREGULAR...FAIL...AND STOP

MUSIC: COMES TO STOP, SILENCE)

FOWLER: (QUIETLY) I am free now. Of course, the so-called forces of justice never overtook me. Fowler was too clever for them...! I now enjoy a position in the radio profession very much like that of Mr. Roachler before his death. Would you care to come in my control room with me, while I rehearse my orchestra and my actors...? (RAISING HIS VOICE) ALL ready, cast? Fowler will now begin his rehearsal! Fowler insists on absolute attention to his directions! (GETTING FURIOUS) Maestro, how many times must Fowler demand that you "artists" stop whispering during dramatic scenes????? Fowler cannot tolerate ----

WOMAN’S VOICE: (FIRM) Mr. Fowler.

FOWLER: ......this indifference to the creative urge of ----

WOMAN’S VOICE: (STRONG, WITH GREAT PATIENCE) Mr. Fowler, if you don’t stop this shouting, the doctor will lock you up in that little room again. You know that all this noise is very disturbing to the other patients!

MUSIC: (OFF-COLOR WHACK, INTO CURTAIN.....)

NARR: And so closes "Fury and Sound"..., in which Roma Wines have brought you a cast of Hollywood radio players as stars of tonight’s study in (KNIFE CHORD) SUSPENSE.

MUSIC: (RESOLVES WITH HARP CHORD)
BRADLEY: The producer of Suspense has a word for us, but before we hear from him... this is Truman Bradley for Roma Wines... the sponsor of Suspense.

ANNOR: As the temperature goes up, so does the popularity of tall, frosty, thirst-quenching drinks. And, as Elsa Maxwell recently said...(PAUSE) ....One of my favorite iced drinks...and one everybody enjoys... is the delightful to look at....delicious to sip Roma Wine and Soda,... made with distinguished ROMA California Wines...(PAUSE) And... Miss Maxwell might have added... made so easily, too. Half fill tall glasses with ROMA California Burgundy... or Sauterne.... add ice cubes and sparkling water and a bit of sugar... and for a decorative touch, garnish with fruit ... or cherries... (PAUSE) Good ROMA Wine is unvaryingly delicious....always pleasing....yet costs only pennies a glass. (PAUSE) And ... next time you use Vermouth choose ROMA Vermouth --- sweet or dry. Zestful, full-flavored ROMA Vermouth is blended and developed with all the traditional winemaking skill of ROMA Wineries..... is made and bottled in the heart of California's famous vineyards. Yet surprisingly low priced. Try ROMA Vermouth soon, won't you?
MR. SPIER: This is William Spier. Spier wants you to know that he hopes you have enjoyed tonight's little expose of backstage radio. I want to thank all our cast.... Norman Lloyd, Mark Humboldt, Miss Lurene Tuttle, Clifton Cromwell. And thanks as always to Lud Giuskin, our conductor, Lucian Maroweck for his score, Berne Surrey for sound effects, and Ted Denton, our engineer. I should like you to know, of course, that tonight's story was all in the spirit of fun, and was completely fictional. There are no such characters among us producers as Kingsley Roachier and any resemblance to actual persons etc. ...so Spier says Goodnight...oh...and you....

NARR: Me? Yes, sir.

SPIER: When you say Suspense is produced, edited, and directed by William Spier...I want a great deal more importance there. Those are the most vital words in the show.

NARR: Yes, sir. Next Thursday, same time, Joan Lorrin will be your star of (KNIFE CHORD) SUSPENSE:

MUSIC: (FIARE UP CHORD)

BRADLEY: Presented by Roma Wines....R O M A...made in California for enjoyment throughout the world.

MUSIC: (FADE UP THEME)

BRADLEY: This is CBS...THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.