

SFX: RINGING

MARTIN: Police station 43, Sergeant Marting speaking.

AGNES: Police Department? This is Mrs. Stevenson. Mrs. Elbert Smythe Stevenson of fifty-three, 5 - 3 --North Sutton Place. I'm calling to report a murder ...

MARTIN: Ehh?

AGNES: I mean -- the murder hasn't been committed yet. I just overheard plans for it over the telephone. Over a wrong number that the operator gave me. I've been trying to trace down the call myself but everybody is so stupid and I guess in the end you're the only people who could do anything.

MARTIN: (PATRONIZING) Yes, m'am.

AGNES: It was a perfectly definite murder -- I heard their plans distinctly -- two men were talking -- and they were going to murder some woman at 11: 15 tonight. She lived in a house near a bridge ... Are you listening to me?

MARTIN: Ehh? Oh, yes, m'am...

AGNES: And there was a private patrolman on the street. He was going to go around for a beer on Second Avenue. And there was some third man -- a client -- who was paying to have this poor woman murdered. They were going to take her rings and bracelets -- and use a knife ... Well, -- it's unnerved me dreadfully -- and I'm not well...

MARTIN: Mmmm, yes, yes, I see. When was all this, m'am?A

AGNES: About 8 minutes ago. Oh, then you can do something! You do understand!

MARTIN: What's your name m'am?

AGNES: Mrs. Stevenson. Mrs. Elbert Stevenson.

MARTIN: And your address?

AGNES: Fifty-three...FIVE THREE North Sutton Place. That's near a bridge. The Queensborough Bridge -- you know -- And we have a private patrolman on our street...

MARTIN: Yeah...

AGNES: And Second Avenue is...

MARTIN: And, eh, what was that number you were calling?

AGNES: Murray Hill 4-0098 but -- that wasn't the number I over heard. I mean, Murray Hill 4-0098 is my husband's office.

MARTIN: MmmHm.

AGNES: He's working late tonight -- and I was trying to reach him to ask him to come home...

MARTIN: Yes...

AGNES: I'm an invalid, you know -- and it's the maid's night off and I hate to be alone even though he says...

MARTIN: Yeah, well...

AGNES: ...as long as I have the telephone here right beside my bed...

MARTIN: Well, we'll look into it, Mrs. Stevenson and see if we can check with the telephone company...

AGNES: The telephone company said they couldn't check the call! The parties have stopped talking! I've already taken care of that!

MARTIN: Oh, you have!

AGNES: Yes, and personally, I feel you ought to do something more immediate and drastic than just check the call. What good does checking the call do if they've stopped talking. By the time you track it down, they'll have already committed the murder!

MARTIN: Yeah, well, we'll take care of it. Don't you worry...

AGNES: I say the whole thing calls for a search! A complete and thorough search of the whole city. I'm very near the bridge and I'm not very far...

MARTIN: You said...

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AGNES: From Second Avenue and I know I'd feel a whole lot better if you sent around a radio car to this neighborhood at once.

**MARTIN:** Well, what makes you think the murder is going to be committed in your neighborhood, m'am?

AGNES: Well, I - I - I don't know, only the coincidence is so horrible: Second Avenue, the patrolman, the bridge...

**MARTIN:** Yeah, well, Second Avenue you know, is a very long street, m'am. And you know how many bridges there are in the city of New York alone. Not to mention Brooklyn, Staten Island and Queens and the Bronx...

AGNES: I know all that!!

**MARTIN:** How do you know it isn't some little house on Staten Island on some little Second Avenue you never heard about? How do you know they're even talking about New York at all?

AGNES: But I heard the call on the New York dialing system...

**MARTIN:** Well, maybe it was a long distance call you overheard.

AGNES: No!!

**MARTIN:** You know, telephones are funny things. Now, look, why don't you look at it this way: Supposing you hadn't broken in on that telephone call. Supposing you got your husband the way you always do. You wouldn't be so upset, would you?

AGNES: I - I - well I suppose not. But it sounded so inhuman, so cold blooded...

**MARTIN:** Well, a lot of murders are plotted in this city everyday, m'am. We manage to prevent almost all of them, but a clue of this kind is so vague, it isn't much more use to us than no clue at all...

AGNES: But surely you can...

**MARTIN:** Unless of course you have some reason for thinking this call was phony and somebody was planning to murder you.

AGNES: Me?! No! I hardly think so. I - I mean, why should anybody? I'm alone all day and night. I see nobody except my maid, Eloise. She's a big two-hundred-pounder.

**MARTIN:** Yeah.

AGNES: She's too lazy to bring up my breakfast tray...

**MARTIN:** MmmHmm.

AGNES: ...and the only other person is my husband, Elbert. He's crazy about me. He adores me. He waits on my hand and foot and...

**MARTIN:** MmmHmm.

AGNES: ...has scarcely left my side since I took sick twelve years ago...

**MARTIN:** Yeah, well, then there's nothing for you to worry about and you just leave the rest of this to us, we'll take care of it.

AGNES: Well, what will ya do? It's so late. It's nearly eleven now!

**MARTIN:** We'll take care of it, lady.

AGNES: Well, will ya, broadcast it all over the city? And send out squads. And warn your radio cars to watch out especially in suspicious neighborhoods like mine...

**MARTIN:** Lady, I said we'd take care of it...now, uh, I've got a couple other matters here on my desk that require immediate attention, so, uh, good night, m'am. Thank you.

AGNES: Oh, you! You idiot!

*SFX: SLAMS TELEPHONE*

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