

Nobody Loves Me

ANNOUNCER: The Roma Wine Company of Fresno, California presents ...

MUSIC: SUSPENSE THEME ... THEN, IN BG

VOICE OF "SUSPENSE": Suspense! Tonight, Roma Wines bring you Mr. Peter Lorre as star of "Nobody Loves Me," a Suspense play produced, edited, and directed for Roma Wines by William Spier.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

ANNOUNCER: Suspense, Radio's Outstanding Theater of Thrills, is presented for your enjoyment by Roma Wines. That's R-O-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 everyday meals. Yes, right now, a glassful would be very pleasant as Roma Wines bring you Peter Lorre in a remarkable tale of ...

MUSIC: SUSPENSE ACCENT

VOICE OF "SUSPENSE": Suspense!

MUSIC: FADES OUT

SOUND: REEZE'S FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR, WHICH OPENS ... FOOTSTEPS IN

REEZE: Hello.

SOUND: DOOR SHUTS, FOOTSTEPS IN

REEZE: Are you guys in charge of this precinct?

CAPTAIN: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Well, hello, bright eyes.

REEZE: Who's in charge here?

SERGEANT: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Ah, just a minute. How did you get in?

REEZE: I walked in. Who's the top man here?

SERGEANT: (CLOSER) This is the squad room, son. If you have a complaint, give it to the desk sergeant.

REEZE: No, I don't want to bother him. He's sleeping.

SERGEANT: Jenkins sleeping! Wait'll I tell that--

REEZE: (SAVAGE) You better sit down!

CAPTAIN: Okay, Costello, he's got a gun!

REEZE: Yeah, I got a gun. Sit down.

SERGEANT: Hey, hey, son. You - you-you must be crazy.

REEZE: Maybe. But I think I know what I'm doing.

CAPTAIN: Well, you - you can't hold up a police station, Mister.

REEZE: No?

CAPTAIN: There's no dough here.

SERGEANT: Now, now, now, look, son. Look--

REEZE: (SAVAGE) Keep your hands up!

SERGEANT: (UNNERVED) I - I didn't move.

REEZE: Hey, you. Shove that chair over for me.

CAPTAIN: Yeah, yeah. Okay, Mister.

SOUND: CHAIR SHOVED OVER ... REEZE SITS

REEZE: Yeah, I - I have a lot to talk about and I - I want to be comfortable. Come to tell you cops a story.

CAPTAIN: Look, Mister. This isn't funny.

REEZE: Just tell you a story and - and give you a present. How's that?

SERGEANT: Oh. Oh, what do you mean, a - a present?

REEZE: Why, I'm a regular Santa Claus. (CHUCKLES) Going to give you ten thousand dollars.

CAPTAIN: Now - now look--

REEZE: There is ten thousand dollars reward for the kidnapper of Peggy Stewart. Am I right?

SOUND: CAPTAIN RISES FROM HIS CHAIR

CAPTAIN: You - you did that?

SERGEANT: Well, where is she? Where is the girl?

REEZE: (WARNING) Uh-uh-uh. You forget this gun. You also forget I said I was going to tell you a story first. Sit down, Captain.

CAPTAIN: (AS HE SITS) You - you mean you're confessing?

REEZE: Yeah, story of my life. You'll get plenty of thrills. You know why?

SERGEANT: Now, look, son. Look--

REEZE: Plenty of thrills. (SLIGHT PAUSE) 'Cause my name is Reeze.

CAPTAIN: (WHISPERS) Joe Reeze.

SERGEANT: (WHISPERS) Joe Reeze.

CAPTAIN: (STAMMERS) Then you killed her. You killed the girl?

REEZE: Oh, so you have heard about me. Yes. Killer Reeze. Killer Reeze, Captain. Then you admit I got a story? (CHUCKLES) I'm going to tell it in my own way. First things first, last things last. And Peggy Stewart comes last.

SERGEANT: Uh, look, just tell us, uh-- Did you kill her, Joe?

REEZE: I start at the beginning. The beginning, when I - when I was born and - and don't interrupt!

CAPTAIN: Okay. Okay. We won't interrupt.

REEZE: 'Cause, you see, I - I think a lot about when I was born.

MUSIC: MOURNFUL ... SNEAKS IN UNDER TO BACKGROUND

REEZE: Mm. Maybe somebody loved me then. Maybe when I - when I sucked in my first breath of air and let out a yell. Maybe my mother loved me. Or maybe she wished I was dead. She didn't live long enough for me to find out.

But after she died, it was like I was just shoved clean out of the world. Shoved off to an aunt and an uncle who had the meanest, grimmest, stinkiest little souls even you fellas could hope to meet.

Yeah, Aunt Ella and Uncle Walter. Oh, they were a pair. (CHUCKLES) Why, they even looked alike: faces like rotting cabbages, and their mean little mouths yapping away in the middle of 'em. Those two would have eaten the heart out of saint.

Oh, but I was so little when I went there, I - I didn't even know what I was missing -- until one day, when I was about nine, I - I found a kitten. A dirty, sick little kitten.

SOUND: KITTEN MEOWS

MUSIC: OUT

ELLA: (SHARP) Joe! Joe Reeze! What you got there?

JOE: (AS A CHILD, MEEK) Just a little cat.

SOUND: SLAP

ELLA: How do you speak to me?

JOE: I mean, "ma'am."

ALEX: (CHILD) We found it down the alley, Mother. Back o' the fish store.

ELLA: Well, you get it out o' here, Joe. You get it out quick!

ALEX: I told you, Joe.

JOE: Please, ma'am, it--

ELLA: You hear me?!

JOE: It won't eat much. Please.

SOUND: SLAP

JOE: Oh!

ELLA: Do you hear me?! You get it out o' here -- dirty thing! And if I see it again, Uncle Walt'll beat the stuffing out o' you.

JOE: Yes ... ma'am.

SOUND: JOE AND ALEX'S FOOTSTEPS START OFF ... DOOR OPENS

ELLA: Ought to kill it. Would, too, but it'd turn my stomach. Now, git! Both of ya!

ALEX: Yes, Mother.

SOUND: JOE AND ALEX'S FOOTSTEPS AWAY ... DOOR SHUTS ... FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE IN BG

ALEX: Whatcha gonna do with it, Joe?

JOE: I don't know. Nothing.

ALEX: We could have some fun, I bet. Tie something to its tail.

JOE: No. I don't want to.

ALEX: Might as well. We could have some fun.

JOE: No, I said! (PAUSE) Say ... feel!

ALEX: Yeah? What about it?

JOE: It's buzzing inside -- like machinery.

ALEX: Oh, that's purring.

JOE: Purring?

ALEX: Sure. Cats do that when they're glad.

JOE: It's glad? About what?

ALEX: Bet it thinks you're gonna feed it.

JOE: Oh, yes. (PAUSE) What do cats eat, Cousin Alex?

SOUND: KITTEN MEOWS

ALEX: You ain't gonna keep it?!

JOE: Sure I'm goin' to keep it. I'm gonna keep it somewheres she don't know.

ALEX: You're crazy.

JOE: I'm not. I'm goin' to keep it. It likes me -- that's why.

ALEX: _Likes_ you? A _cat_?

JOE: Then why is it buzzing, purring? Sure it likes me.

ALEX: Aw, it doesn't. It's hungry. I'll stop it purring. Look!

SOUND: KITTEN MEOWS

JOE: What you doing, Alex?

ALEX: Watch when I twist its tail.

JOE: No, don't--!

SOUND: KITTEN SCREECHES

JOE: Hey! Hey, now look what you done!

ALEX: See? Now it _ain't_ purring.

JOE: (EXHALES SHARPLY)

ALEX: Joe! Joe! What you doing to it?

JOE: It clawed me! It clawed me, and now it's scared. It clawed me!

MUSIC: HITS ... SWELLS ... THEN TO BACKGROUND

REEZE: You ever feel a kitten ... what it's really like? A skinny little kitten? Why, it's nothing but fur ... soft ... and - and a head ... and its backbone is like a thin string of beads ... curled just so. When it's scared, its eyes stare ... all one color ... and its neck is thin ... thinner than a match ... like a string of beads ... just nothing between your fingers ... (SEMI-WHISPER) Just nothing!

MUSIC: SWEEPS IN ... SWELLS FOR A FINALE ... THEN FADES FOR

VOICE OF "SUSPENSE": For "Suspense," Roma Wines are bringing you as star, Mr. Peter Lorre in "Nobody Loves Me" by Herbert Clyde Lewis and Sylvia Richards. Roma Wines' presentation tonight in Radio's Outstanding Theater of Thrills, "Suspense!"

MUSIC: TO A FINISH ... OUT

ANNOUNCER: Between the acts of "Suspense," this is Truman Bradley for Roma Wines. This holiday weekend, millions of Americans will return to the traditional way of observing Labor Day by having friends in for dinner. That's why Elsa Maxwell makes the most appropriate suggestion. She says:

"We have good reason to celebrate Labor Day this year. So make your holiday entertaining really festive by enjoying good Roma Wines. At dinner, serve Roma

California Burgundy cool. This splendid wine -- so delightful, delicious, distinguished -- lends charm and flavor magic to any meal."

Yes, as Elsa Maxwell says, you'll enjoy the delicate piquancy and fruity robust taste of Roma Burgundy. Only Roma gives you the goodness of luscious grapes from California's choicest vineyards, gathered at peak of flavor, gently pressed, then unhurriedly guided to flavor perfection by Roma's ancient wine-making skill. And, finally, bottled right at the winery. Roma Wines are always unvaryingly good - 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.

MUSIC: THEME, IN BG

VOICE OF "SUSPENSE": And now, Roma Wines bring back to our Hollywood soundstage Peter Lorre in "Nobody Loves Me," a narrative well-calculated to keep you in ... Suspense!

MUSIC: UP, FOR A GRIM INTRODUCTION, THEN OUT

REEZE: (DISMISSIVE) Heh! Never turned my stomach. It's always easy. Very easy.

SERGEANT: Yes, but, Joe, er, er-- Where did you leave the girl, Peggy?

REEZE: Didn't I tell you not to interrupt?! I'm telling you what I have to tell. Cats first and girls last.

MUSIC: MOURNFUL ... SNEAKS IN UNDER TO BACKGROUND

REEZE: I - I sat in the backyard holding the dead kitten and it was soft for a long time. Next day, it was stiff and hard under its fur. Funny a - a kid nine years old even knew about killing but - but I knew! 'Cause when I was more than four, I - I saw Uncle Walter kill a chicken. I saw his mean, stringy shoulders jump when he brought the ax down! You know? That's how I knew. Because - 'cause watching Uncle Walter, I - I could tell he - he liked to kill! Liked it, way down - inside of him. And I hated him -- so whenever I killed anything, or anybody, after that, I - I was killing Uncle Walter, and everybody like him. I hated him! I hated him till he died!

MUSIC: OUT

ELLA: (SYMPATHETIC) Joe, come here.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

ELLA: Your poor Uncle Walter's passing on and I want you to see him before he goes. Joe?

REEZE: Yes, ma'am?

ELLA: Don't say a word unless he speaks to ya.

REEZE: I won't.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS, FOOTSTEPS IN

ELLA: (WHISPERS) Go stand on the other side of the bed.

WALTER: (LABORED BREATHING)

ELLA: Oh, listen to the blessed man fighting for his life. Just listen to him.

MUSIC: SNEAKS IN UNDER TO BACKGROUND

REEZE: Yes, I listened. Oh, did I listen. And I only wished he knew he was dying. I wanted to tell him. I wanted to say, "You are dying, Uncle Walter. And I am wishing you dead. That's why I'm strangling the wind out of your turkey neck. I am burying a knife in your filthy heart. I am doing it. Me. Joe."

MUSIC: OUT

WALTER: (LABORED BREATHING)

ELLA: Oh, look at him. I - I think he's going to speak.

REEZE: (WHISPERS, IN AWE) Oh, no. No. No, he's not.

WALTER: (LONG EXHALE, STOPS BREATHING)

ELLA: Oh! Oh, he's dead! He's gone! (STARTS TO CRY)

WALTER: Yeah, he's gone.

ELLA: (TEARFUL) Oh, that blessed, saintly man! Joe, you'll never know how much he did for you. You'll never be able to thank him. He's - he's in Heaven now.

REEZE: Yeah? I bet.

ELLA: Don't you understand, Joe? Your poor Uncle Walter's dead.

REEZE: Sure, I understand.

ELLA: Then can't you say something?

REEZE: Sure. Uncle Walter's dead. (SAVAGE) Fifteen years too late for me!

MUSIC: FOR AN ACCENT, THEN IN BG

REEZE: One day after that, I mashed a toad under a rock. And there was a white dog I caught in a fence in a corner and threw stones at it, dozens of stones. Each day I killed one thing; and some things died quick and - some died slow. But I - I always felt the same. I felt good.

MUSIC: FOR AN ACCENT, THEN IN BG

REEZE: I found there was room in the world for a bright young fellow like me. There was work to spare for a man who didn't mind killing. Hundred bucks a job, I could get. Sometimes more. Hey, pick up that pencil, Fatty. Yeah, you, Sergeant. I'll give you a list.

SERGEANT: Yeah.

MUSIC: OUT

REEZE: Well, there - there was the Bresco brothers -- all three of 'em.
(CHUCKLES) A guy named Lyons who was two-timing somebody's wife. Oh, and that chorus babe, Daisy Mae Marks.

SERGEANT: (TAKING NOTES) Yeah, yeah. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

REEZE: She got her fingers in the wrong pie.

SERGEANT: Yeah.

REEZE: Izzie Turnbull --- The Weasel.

SERGEANT: Yeah.

REEZE: An old codger named Haskett; we called him The Ear.

SERGEANT: Yeah, yeah. That's enough of them, Joe. Now, please -- where'd you leave the girl?

REEZE: I'll get around to her.

CAPTAIN: Where'd you kill her, Joe?

REEZE: I am telling this. It's my story!

CAPTAIN: Yeah, yeah, yeah. Sure, sure, Joe, sure.

REEZE: 'Cause it all happened - different with Peggy Stewart!

MUSIC: SNEAKS IN UNDER TO BACKGROUND

REEZE: See, I - I wasn't supposed to kill her. The boys sent me around to case the Stewart house for the kidnapping. That was all I was supposed to do; find out who was in the house and when the girl was alone. Oh, it was a big job. Why, with her father owning half the state, holding a mortgage on the rest-- Oh, we expected it to pay off plenty.

MUSIC: OUT

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

HORACE: Yes, sir?

REEZE: I'm looking for work.

HORACE: There's nothin' here.

REEZE: Oh, I thought maybe raking the yard. Or - or I can drive.

HORACE: No. There isn't anything.

REEZE: Is there anyone else here I could ask?

PEGGY: (CALLS, FROM OFF) Horace? Horace? Who are you talking to?

SOUND: PEGGY'S FOOTSTEPS APPROACH

HORACE: It's a young fellow, Miss Peggy. Lookin' for work.

PEGGY: (APPROACHES) Oh? What kind of work?

REEZE: Oh, anything, ma'am. Anything at all. You see, I'm - I'm going to college and I - I just want some work for the summer; and I have a bad back so I - I can't do anything heavy.

PEGGY: Oh, I see. Well, maybe we have something. I'll ask my father.

HORACE: (PROTESTS) Miss Peggy!

PEGGY: Father isn't home right now, but if you want to wait--

REEZE: Oh, sure. Sure, I'll wait.

PEGGY: You can come inside, Mister, uh--?

REEZE: Sanders. Joe Sanders.

PEGGY: Well, come in, Joe.

SOUND: JOE'S FOOTSTEPS IN ... DOOR SHUTS

PEGGY: Horace was about to give me my lunch. Maybe you'd like to eat with me.

MUSIC: SHORT BRIDGE ... THEN TO BACKGROUND

REEZE: So for more than an hour I was on the inside -- looking out. Just for once. It did things to me. That room -- all sunshiney -- where we ate. Blue dishes. The food cooked in little dabs, and so good. I was just boiling with hate. I couldn't look at her, at the girl. Or talk. But she didn't seem to notice what was happening to me. That's what really got me. She didn't once look scared.

Hey, you. You ever see Miss Peggy? She's little. All curved and little and bright and soft and-- Even her voice is soft. I'd never known anybody like her except people in books I read. In the - in the Modern Library, you know. I - I couldn't take it. I - I wanted to make her like the other girls I'd known -- make her get that look in her eyes.

MUSIC: OUT

SOUND: OCCASIONAL PLATES AND UTENSILS, IN BG

PEGGY: You're not eating, Joe.

REEZE: Huh? Oh, er-- Heh! Oh, I've been thinking.

PEGGY: Oh?

REEZE: Aren't you scared?

PEGGY: Scared?

REEZE: Being alone like this with a - with a fellow you don't even know.

PEGGY: (AMUSED) Scared of you?

REEZE: Lots of girls are.

PEGGY: (LIGHTLY) Why? Are you dangerous?

REEZE: I don't know. Lots of girls think I am. There must be something in it.

PEGGY: You - you mean you're a wolf.

REEZE: No. No, I - I don't mean it that way.

PEGGY: Well, if you are, I think you're a nice wolf. The nicest I know.

REEZE: That's not what I mean. Anyway -- you - you just don't know me.

PEGGY: It's funny. I feel like I do. I feel I've known you for a long time.

SOUND: DROP FORK ON DISH

PEGGY: Wha - what's the matter, Joe?

REEZE: (STAMMERS, UNNERVED) Nothing. Nothing is the matter. Guess I'd better be going.

PEGGY: Well, aren't you going to wait for father? He'll be here pretty soon.

REEZE: No, I - I guess I better not wait.

PEGGY: But - but you said you were--

REEZE: You see, I - I just remembered, I - I got to be some place - at two o'clock.

PEGGY: (DISAPPOINTED) Oh. Well, if you come back tomorrow, I--

REEZE: That's it. I-- Yes. I - I'll come back tomorrow.

PEGGY: Maybe that'll be even better. I can talk to father tonight about you. Then I'm sure he'll give you a job.

REEZE: Sure. You - you do that. That'll be swell.

PEGGY: But you will come back? Promise?

REEZE: Oh sure, sure. I'll - I'll come back.

MUSIC: HITS OMINOUS ... THEN TO BACKGROUND

REEZE: I couldn't figure it out. How a girl like her could be with me and not be scared. And after I practically warned her, too. You - you can see how I tried to warn her. But - but she - she - she just looked at me, at my eyes-- My eyes. And hers stayed just the same. Blue and soft, like she was looking at anyone. Hey, there - there is killing in my eyes. Lots of killing! Anyone can see that! But then - then, it hit me. I had to make her scared. I had to get her to look at me in that beautiful, naked way from back deep in her

head. Her blue eyes all glazed, all over, all one color.

MUSIC: FOR AN ACCENT, THEN IN BG

REEZE: Well, I - I got my car out and drove back to her house. It was night already and - there were lights on and windows were open. This time I went right to the front door.

MUSIC: OUT

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... DOORBELL BUZZES

PEGGY: (CALLS, OFF) I'll go, father. (HUMS CHEERFULLY)

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

PEGGY: Why - why, Joe!

REEZE: Hello, Miss Peggy.

PEGGY: Well, did - did you come to see father tonight? I - I haven't talked to him yet.

REEZE: No, I - I came to see you.

PEGGY: Well, that's nice, Joe. I - I--

REEZE: I came to _get_ you.

PEGGY: Get me?

REEZE: Sure. Don't you remember? I came back like you said. Going to take you away.

PEGGY: Like _I_ said?

REEZE: Yeah. Yes. See? (PLEASED) _Now_ you're getting that look. Now you're beginning to look at me the - the _right_ way.

PEGGY: Don't, Joe! You're hurting me.

REEZE: No, no, I'm not hurting you, Peggy. Not much yet. Just enough so you look up at me like something in a trap. And it won't hurt much more when I kill you.

PEGGY: When you--? Joe! Joe, please.

REEZE: That's what I said. When I kill you.

PEGGY: Oh, no! (SCREAMS) Father! Help! Father!

MUSIC: FOR AN ACCENT, THEN IN BG

REEZE: I dumped her in the front seat, and after I got the car in high she didn't move any more. She sat there with her big eyes staring at the road. I didn't talk any more. I - I thought fast and I drove fast. I - I thought how it was going to be - killing her. And I was still thinking when we got to the

hideout.

Huh? Where it is? Oh, uh, heh, it's up in the mountains and - I like it there. It's nothing but a shed but - someone had a house there once and, well, there are still lilac bushes -- and roses -- lots of roses. When I lifted her out of the car to carry her into the shed, I could smell the lilacs. There was just enough moon to see her face.

MUSIC: OUT

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON PATH

PEGGY: (WITHOUT ENTHUSIASM) You don't have to carry me. I can walk.

REEZE: Just the same, I - I carry you. That's - that's part of the fun for me. You don't want to spoil my fun.

PEGGY: Where are we?

REEZE: What difference does it make?

PEGGY: No difference.

REEZE: Then - then don't ask so many questions. You - you won't see much of it anyway.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD ... DOOR HANDLE TURNED ... WOODEN DOOR CREAKS OPEN ... FOOTSTEPS IN AGREEMENT WITH THE FOLLOWING:

REEZE: Okay. Inside. Walk straight ahead and stand still.

PEGGY: It's - it's dark.

REEZE: I got a candle.

SOUND: MATCH STRIKES

REEZE: There. Now, get over there and sit down.

PEGGY: On the floor?

REEZE: (VICIOUS) Yes, on the floor. What do you want? All the comforts of home? Of your beautiful, clean, bright, wonderful home? (NO ANSWER) Well, why don't you tell me what you want?

PEGGY: Joe, what's the matter? What did I do to you?

REEZE: Nothing. You did nothing to me.

PEGGY: Then - then why are you--? _Why_, Joe?

REEZE: Go on, say it. Why am I going to kill you?

PEGGY: Yes.

REEZE: That's a very foolish question. I _got_ to kill you.

PEGGY: But why?

REEZE: I got to talk to you, watch your eyes, and tell you a lot of things. I got to hold you.

PEGGY: Please, Joe.

REEZE: I got to know how - how you feel before you die. Hold you like this. Do you love me, Peggy? Do you?

PEGGY: Love you?

REEZE: Sure. That's what I asked.

PEGGY: Of course not. Of course I don't love you.

REEZE: You see? Nobody loves me. Nobody ever loved me. Maybe a cat once. Everyone hates me, Peggy.

PEGGY: But I don't hate you, either.

REEZE: Say - say, that's funny. I - I just thought of something. You know what?

PEGGY: Joe, how can you--?

REEZE: No, this is important. Listen. It's - it's this way. I - I used to live here in this shack, weeks sometimes, and I'd read books. Oh, good books. Modern Library. Do you know about 'em?

PEGGY: Yes. I know.

REEZE: Well, you - you can get any book - and - and it's only a buck; it's less than a buck. The best, see?

PEGGY: Yes.

REEZE: So I read something by a man-- Oh, yes, called - Oscar Wilde. And he says ... "each man kills the thing he loves." It's in the Modern Library. "Each man kills the thing he loves." Maybe that's what I am doing.

PEGGY: No, Joe. You don't love me.

REEZE: You don't get it. Like I said, nobody loves me -- but I get love anyway. I get something like love. Because when I start to kill you, Peggy, there - there won't be anyone else in the world for you -- but me. No one else will matter. And then - then your eyes, they'll get shiny. Oh, so shiny. And they'll blaze -- and - and the blue will spread out. That's why I'm going to kill you, Peggy. Oh, it'll be - it'll be so easy.

MUSIC: SNEAKS IN UNDER AND BACKGROUND

REEZE: There won't be anything in them but me. All I got to do is - is take your neck in my hands -- like this.

MUSIC: SWELLS OMINOUSLY ... THEN OUT

REEZE: (CONFUSED) Hey, Peggy, I'm going to kill you! You heard me say it. I - I'm going to kill you now. Why don't your eyes--?

PEGGY: (GENTLE, SYMPATHETIC, AFTER A PAUSE) Poor Joe.

REEZE: What? What did you say?

PEGGY: You've been hurt. You've been terribly hurt. Poor Joe. I'm sorry.

MUSIC: SYMPATHETIC BRIDGE , BUILDS TO A CLIMAX, THEN SLOWLY FADES OUT DURING THE FOLLOWING:

REEZE: (DISMISSIVE) Oh, well. That's it.

CAPTAIN: But, uh, where did you leave the body, Joe?

REEZE: What are you talking about?

CAPTAIN: After you killed her.

REEZE: Who said I killed her?

CAPTAIN: Why, you said that you--

REEZE: Listen, you bonehead! (INCREASINGLY EMOTIONAL) That's what it's all about. That's why I came in here; to give myself up. See? See, nobody ever loved me, except - except that cat. And when it got scared it clawed me and - and I had to kill it. But Miss Peggy, she - she wasn't scared.

CAPTAIN: I - I don't get it.

REEZE: Miss Peggy looked at me and - and into me. And through me, and - she knew what I was. Rotten. But she said -- "Poor Joe." (DISBELIEF) Huh! To me. Joe Reeze. I figured that was as close as I'd ever get to love and-- (DISMISSIVE AGAIN) Oh, I figured it was enough.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

REEZE: (WEARY) Go ahead answer it, Sergeant. Guess that's her father, saying she's home. (YAWNS) And then you can lock me up, Captain. I need sleep. I'm dead for sleep.

MUSIC: FOR A FINISH ... THEN OUT

VOICE OF "SUSPENSE": Roma Wines have brought you Peter Lorre as star of "Nobody Loves Me," tonight's study in ...

MUSIC: SUSPENSE ACCENT

VOICE OF "SUSPENSE": Suspense!

MUSIC: OUT

ANNOUNCER: This is Truman Bradley for Roma Wines, the sponsor of "Suspense." Visiting friends in the family car is once again a popular American custom. And, as Elsa Maxwell said just last week, "Be prepared when people drop in unexpectedly. A smart way to entertain, a sure way to cool off and delight

your guests, is to serve refreshing Roma Wine and soda. A frosty cold iced drink that really quenches thirst."

Yes, and Roma Wine and soda, made with distinguished Roma California burgundy or sauterne is quick and easy to make. Just half-fill tall glasses with good Roma burgundy or sauterne. Add ice cubes, sparkling water, and a bit of sugar. And, for a decorative touch, garnish with cherries or fruit.

Here's another delightfully different taste treat. Try Roma sweet vermouth, well-chilled, a delicious aperitif. Zestful, full-flavored Roma vermouth is blended and developed with all the traditional wine-making skill of Roma wineries. It's made and bottled in the heart of California's famous vineyards, yet surprisingly low-priced. Try Roma vermouth soon, won't you?

LORRE: This is Peter Lorre. I want to remind you to be sure not to miss next Thursday's "Suspense" show. It will be a repeat performance by popular demand: "Sorry, Wrong Number." That's the famous radio play about the woman on the telephone, in which Miss Agnes Moorehead gives such an overwhelming performance.

VOICE OF "SUSPENSE": Peter Lorre appeared through the courtesy of Warner Brothers and will soon be seen in their production, "Three Strangers."

ANNOUNCER: A word from our government. Despite the lifting of some restrictions, travel is still tight in many parts of the country and over many railroads used for the armed forces. Play safe by staying off crowded trains during the coming Labor Day holiday.

VOICE OF "SUSPENSE": Next Thursday, you will hear Agnes Moorehead as star of ...

MUSIC: SUSPENSE ACCENT

VOICE OF "SUSPENSE": Suspense! Radio's Outstanding Theater of Thrills!

MUSIC: OUT

ANNOUNCER: Presented by Roma Wines. R-O-M-A. Made in California for Enjoyment Throughout the World.

MUSIC: THEME

ANNOUNCER: This is CBS, the Columbia Broadcasting System.

MUSIC: FADES OUT

Originally broadcast: 30 August 1945

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