

On a Country Road

MUSIC: SUSPENSE THEME

ANNOUNCER: Auto-Lite and its ninety-six thousand dealers present ...

MUSIC: SUSPENSE ACCENT

ANNOUNCER: Suspense! Tonight Auto-Lite brings you "On a Country Road," a "Suspense" play starring Mr. Cary Grant.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

SOUND: CAR ENGINE, THEN IN BG

DOROTHY: Relax, David. There's no hurry to get home.

DAVID: Hm-hm, who can relax in this mess of traffic? There must be a wreck or something up ahead.

DOROTHY: Mm. This keeps up, we'll get caught in the rain.

DAVID: Yeah, looks like a big storm building up, too. Hey! Remember that shortcut?

DOROTHY: Which one?

DAVID: Oh, the little tarred road that goes across through Center Moriches and comes out on the other highway.

DOROTHY: One we took last summer?

DAVID: Yeah. I'll turn off there and duck this pile-up. I'd like to get as far as possible before that storm hits.

SOUND: TIRES SQUEALING

DAVID: Oh. (YELLS AT OTHER DRIVER) Why don't you put out your hand?!

DOROTHY: David, don't get mad.

DAVID: Well ... he cut right in front of me, trying to turn into that gas station.

DOROTHY: Maybe he needed gas.

DAVID: Mm. Uh ... Turn on the radio, huh?

SOUND: SWITCH CLICKS, JUMBLE OF RADIO STATIONS, DIAL PASSES NEWS BROADCAST

DAVID: Now, there ... [X] sounds like news. ... Turn it up, dear.

DOROTHY: All right.

NEWSCASTER: (ON RADIO, OVERLAPS WITH ABOVE DIALOGUE AT X) ... police this afternoon issued new warnings to all residents of Long Island to be on the lookout for Nellie Galler, a middle-aged woman described as dangerous and insane. She escaped this morning from Restview Mental Hospital after fatally butchering a doctor, a nurse and a ward attendant with a meat cleaver. This is the same Nellie Galler who, a year ago, murdered three persons on a Brooklyn street. ...

DAVID: O ho ho! My mother-in-law! (CHUCKLES)

DOROTHY: (ADMONISHING) David!

DAVID: At least we aren't the only crazy people on Long Island.

NEWSCASTER: (ON RADIO, OVERLAPS WITH ABOVE DIALOGUE) ... This station will broadcast a full description on our regular newscast which follows in just a few moments.

SOUND: ABRUPT JUMBLE OF RADIO STATIONS, THEN MUSIC IN BG

DAVID: Why did you change it?

DOROTHY: (UNNERVED BUT TRYING TO HIDE IT) I - don't want to listen any more. (QUIET BUT FIRM) Let's get home quickly, David. I don't like being out here with that woman running loose.

SOUND: CLAP OF THUNDER

DAVID: Uh oh. Here's the storm. Roll up the windows.

MUSIC: AN ACCENT

ANNOUNCER: In just a moment, Mr. Cary Grant in the first act of "On a Country Road."

MUSIC: OUT

SENATOR: Amazing, Wilcox. Amazing.

HARLOW WILCOX: What's so amazing, Senator?

SENATOR: Your victory in the election.

HARLOW WILCOX: (CORRECTS HIM) Uh, my CANDIDATE'S victory, Senator. The famous Auto-Lite Stay-Full Battery -- the battery that needs water only three times a year in normal car use. Why, everybody voted for the Auto-Lite Stay-Full Battery!

SENATOR: You had plenty in reserve, Wilcox.

HARLOW WILCOX: Reserve? Why, the Auto-Lite Stay-Full battery has over three times the liquid reserve of batteries without Stay-Full features.

SENATOR: Didn't you campaign with fiberglass retaining mats?

HARLOW WILCOX: Sure did, Senator, because every positive plate of the Auto-Lite Stay-Full Battery is protected with a fiberglass retaining mat to prevent

shedding and flaking, and keep the power-producing materials in place.

SENATOR: Why, your candidate is in for life, Wilcox.

HARLOW WILCOX: Uh, LONGER life, Senator, because the Auto-Lite Stay-Full Battery gives seventy per cent longer life, as proved by tests conducted according to SAE minimum life cycle standards. So, friends, get acquainted with the Auto-Lite Stay-Full Battery -- the battery that needs water only three times a year in normal car use. See your neighborhood Auto-Lite battery dealer now. And remember, you're always right - with Auto-Lite.

MUSIC: SUSPENSE THEME

ANNOUNCER: And now, with "On a Country Road," and the performance of Mr. Cary Grant, Auto-Lite hopes once again to keep you in ...

MUSIC: SUSPENSE ACCENT

ANNOUNCER: Suspense!

MUSIC: STORMY INTRODUCTION, THEN OUT

SOUND: THUNDER ... THEN CAR ENGINE AND RADIO MUSIC, IN BG

DOROTHY: Why don't they put her to sleep instead of just locking her up where she can escape and kill more people?

DAVID: Hm? Put who to sleep?

DOROTHY: That - woman they were talking about on the radio.

DAVID: Ohhhh ... Well, she can't help what she does. She's sick.

DOROTHY: Yeah. What good does that do to people who get chopped up with a meat cleaver?

DAVID: Well, I don't know. The laws were made before the doctors knew very much about the human mind.

DOROTHY: (SIGHS) They still don't know much.

DAVID: Hm. Oh, I can see what it is. There's a roadblock up ahead.

DOROTHY: What's happened?

DAVID: I don't know. Cops all over the road.

SOUND: ENGINE SLOWS TO IDLE

DOROTHY: David, I'll bet they're looking for that crazy woman.

DAVID: Oh, I guess so.

OFFICER: (OFF) Ah, hold it a minute!

DAVID: What's up, officer?

OFFICER: (CLOSER) Ah, just a check-up, folks. Ah, anything in the back seat?

DAVID: Only the blanket and a lunch-box.

DOROTHY: We went on a picnic.

OFFICER: Yes, ma'am. Seen any hitch-hikers?

DAVID: (POINTEDLY) No. Just traffic.

OFFICER: Okay. Move right along, please.

DOROTHY: Are you looking for the crazy woman?

OFFICER: (HAS ALREADY MOVED OFF) Move it along! Let's go!

SOUND: CAR ENGINE IN GEAR, THEN IN BG

DOROTHY: He didn't answer.

DAVID: (IRONIC) Mm. He's busy.

SOUND: JUMBLE OF RADIO STATIONS AGAIN

DOROTHY: What are you doing?

DAVID: Listen.

NEWSCASTER: (ON RADIO) ... all residents and motorists on Long Island are warned to be on the alert for the escaped insane woman who is somewhere on the island. She is described as tall, broad-shouldered, gray-haired and rather heavy. She may still be armed with the cleaver. One hundred men are searching the area and they're prepared to shoot on sight. Here is another bulletin on the case which just came in. Just a few minutes ago, the decapitated bodies of an elderly man and woman were found [X] by police near Center Moriches on Long Island.

DAVID: (OVERLAPS WITH ABOVE DIALOGUE AT X) Why, here's the shortcut!

DOROTHY: (FOCUSED ON RADIO, DISAPPOINTED) They haven't found her yet.

DAVID: This'll get us out of that traffic.

SOUND: CAR TURNS OFF HIGHWAY

NEWSCASTER 2: (ON RADIO) I'll repeat that. The bodies of an elderly couple have just been found in their car near Center Moriches on a lonely, tarred road. Police are certain they were killed by Nellie Galler, the insane woman now at large. Residents of the area are warned not to open their doors to strangers. Motorists are cautioned to stay off lonely roads and not to pick up any hitch-hikers. All persons are asked to be on the lookout for this woman. [X] Here is her description again. She is tall, gray-haired, has broad shoulders, and long arms. She is believed to be armed with the meat cleaver--

DOROTHY: (OVERLAPS WITH ABOVE DIALOGUE AT X) (SIGHS) They haven't caught her yet.

DAVID: (SENSES HER UNEASE) Yeah. Better turn that off, Dorothy.

DOROTHY: I thought you wanted to hear it.

DAVID: Mm, that's enough of it.

DOROTHY: All right.

SOUND: SWITCH CLICKS, RADIO TURNED OFF ... CAR DRIVES DOWN TARRED ROAD, IN BG

DAVID: This shortcut'll save us a lot of time.

DOROTHY: (SUDDENLY REALIZES) You turned off the highway.

DAVID: Sure. I told you when I did it. We've come over a mile already. Save us a lot of time.

DOROTHY: But, David, didn't you hear what the radio said about staying off lonely roads?

DAVID: Oh, we only have to go across to the other highway. It won't take long.

DOROTHY: You sure?

DAVID: Of course. We go past Center Moriches, then take the left road and come out right by the highway bridge.

DOROTHY: (GLUM) Center Moriches is where she just killed those two people.

DAVID: Oh, now, now, now. What can happen to us while we're driving?

DOROTHY: (RELUCTANTLY AGREES) Mmm.

DAVID: Besides, the whole island is full of men looking for this lunatic. They'll catch her.

SOUND: SUDDEN SHARP CLAP OF THUNDER

DOROTHY: (STARTLED AT THE NOISE, GASPS)

DAVID: It's just a storm. Now, come on, quiet down; you're jumpy.

DOROTHY: (SIGHS) All right. I guess I'm silly. (AFTER A PAUSE, CONCERNED) David?

DAVID: What?

DOROTHY: The gas gauge says "Empty."

DAVID: (CHUCKLES) Well, there's still a couple o' gallons left when it points to "Empty."

DOROTHY: (WORRIED) How LONG has it said "Empty"?

DAVID: (UNCERTAIN) Don't know. (CONFIDENT) I'll get gas when we get across to the other highway.

SOUND: SUDDEN SHARP CLAP OF THUNDER ... THEN RAIN, IN BG

DOROTHY: David, I'm scared.

DAVID: Relax, honey. Rain and wind always make you nervous as a cat.

DOROTHY: (SIGHS) I wish we'd stayed on the highway.

DAVID: If I'd known you'd act like this, I would have.

DOROTHY: Well, it's not my fault.

DAVID: Well, it's not mine, either.

SOUND: WINDSHIELD WIPERS, IN BG

DAVID: I'm having trouble enough just trying to see through this storm.

DOROTHY: Mm, David -- let's not fight, hm?

DAVID: Driving through these burned out woods in this kind of weather is enough to give anyone the willies.

DOROTHY: Oh, goodness. It got dark so fast. (PAUSE) Can hardly see ahead, even in the headlights.

DAVID: There - there's something ahead.

DOROTHY: (NERVOUS) Don't stop, David.

DAVID: It's only a sign.

SOUND: ENGINE SLOWS DOWN AND IDLES, IN BG

DOROTHY: David, the crazy woman could be around here.

DAVID: I'm not picking up anyone. I just want to know where I am.

DOROTHY: Well, don't get out of the car!

DAVID: I'm not! Now, calm down. (STUDYING SIGN) Let's see. Center Moriches, that way. (DECISIVE) We'll take this road.

SOUND: ENGINE IN GEAR ... CAR CONTINUES DOWN ROAD, IN BG

DOROTHY: (GLUM) Center Moriches. This must be the road where she killed those people.

SOUND: SUDDEN SHARP CLAP OF THUNDER

DOROTHY: (STARTLED AT THE NOISE, GASPS)

DAVID: Dorothy, please.

DOROTHY: Sorry. Jumpy. Turn on the radio.

SOUND: SWITCH CLICKS ... MOODY CLASSICAL MUSIC ON RADIO, CONTINUES IN BG

DOROTHY: Mmm, this is a desolate place. We haven't even passed a house yet. Miles of woods on both sides of us.

DAVID: It's so dark, we couldn't've seen one if it were there. This rain seems to be getting worse.

SOUND: WINDSHIELD WIPERS BEAT FASTER

DOROTHY: (AFTER A PAUSE) David, I'm just sure this is the road where that woman killed those two people.

DAVID: Oh, now, stop that, Dorothy.

DOROTHY: That's why the police had a roadblock by this road. That crazy woman might be anyplace in these woods.

DAVID: But not necessarily where WE are.

SOUND: ENGINE SPUTTERS

DAVID: Oh.

DOROTHY: David, what's the matter?

SOUND: ENGINE SPUTTERS TO A STOP ... RAIN AND RADIO MUSIC CONTINUE IN BG

DAVID: Oh, that's fine. What a place to run out of gas.

SOUND: SUDDEN SHARP CLAP OF THUNDER ... WINDSHIELD WIPERS OUT

DOROTHY: Oh, no! David, you mean we're stuck here?

DAVID: I'm afraid so. For the time being, anyway. I'm sorry, dear.

DOROTHY: That crazy woman is in the woods! She'll kill us!

DAVID: She's nowhere near us.

DOROTHY: David, quick! Turn off the headlights!

DAVID: Why? Did you hear something?

DOROTHY: (WEEPS) David, I don't know! I don't know but I'm scared!

DAVID: Mm, I guess I shoulda got gas.

DOROTHY: Oh, turn off the headlights! Please!

DAVID: Why?

DOROTHY: She'll see us if you don't!

DAVID: We won't see HER, if I do.

DOROTHY: Please, David! Turn them off.

DAVID: Oh, now, listen, Dorothy, don't let this silly thing get the better of you.

DOROTHY: Ohhh. Oh, just look at the headlights -- poking into darkness and nothing but wet bushes and trees. Rain falling. Please, David!

SOUND: ROLL OF THUNDER

DAVID: Oh, all right.

SOUND: CLICKS OFF HEADLIGHTS

DAVID: There. Now they're off. You feel better sitting in the dark?

DOROTHY: (SIGHS) If only the thunder and lightning would stop. And this rain.

DAVID: Look, Dorothy, there's no sense sitting here all night. It's only a few minutes past ten o'clock. I'm gonna walk up the road a bit. There might be a house or something there.

DOROTHY: You're not going to leave me here! I won't let you go!

DAVID: Dorothy, we can't sit here in the middle of nowhere for the rest of the night!

DOROTHY: (INSISTENT) We're safer here than out there. David, she's probably hiding in the woods. She's just waiting for a chance to kill us.

DAVID: Oh, come on, Dorothy. Why should she be right where we run out of gas?

DOROTHY: Why CAN'T she be here? (PLEADS) Please stay in the car.

DAVID: (RELUCTANT) All right.

DOROTHY: (AFTER A BEAT, INTENSE) Lock the doors from the inside.

SOUND: DOROTHY LOCKS THE DOORS

DAVID: Why? What is it?

DOROTHY: Now, she can't get in here.

DAVID: She's nowhere near us!

DOROTHY: Well, don't be mad at me, David! I'm so scared.

DAVID: Well, if she's out there, she can easily smash the window.

DOROTHY: (DISTRAUGHT) Ohhh. Don't scare me any more. I know I'm acting silly. I can't help it. (WEEPS QUIETLY)

DAVID: I know, dear. Come here, let me put my arm around you. There.

DOROTHY: Oh, David.

DAVID: Okay. Put your head on my shoulder.

DOROTHY: (WEEPS) Forgive me, David.

DAVID: Sure. Go ahead and cry. Go on. It'll make you feel better.

DOROTHY: (AFTER A LITTLE CRYING) Isn't there some popular music?

SOUND: JUMBLE OF RADIO STATIONS

NEWSCASTER: ... search for the escaped insane woman who has killed five persons in fleeing from a Long Island mental hospital. Rain and darkness are hampering the search. Over one hundred police are combing the wooded area near Center Moriches. It was near there that an elderly couple were butchered on a lonely, tarred road. In making her escape this morning, the madwoman killed a doctor, nurse and--

SOUND: SWITCH CLICKS, RADIO OFF ... WIND, RAIN AND OCCASIONAL THUNDER CONTINUE IN BG

DAVID: Let's leave it off for a while, huh?

DOROTHY: Ohh, it's so quiet and lonely here. Wish it were morning.

DAVID: Look, Dorothy. I'll run up the road. There might be a--

DOROTHY: No! No, David, please. (AFTER A PAUSE, WHISPERS) David, listen -- did you hear that?

DAVID: (WHISPERS) What? I don't hear anything.

DOROTHY: Listen. There it is.

DAVID: No, I can't--

SOUND: DISTANT DOG BARKING, CONTINUES IN BG

DAVID: It's a dog. A little dog barking.

DOROTHY: (TERRIFIED) Oh, David!

DAVID: Well, I - I guess it's only a lost dog or - or maybe there's a house nearby.

DOROTHY: Or the crazy woman.

SOUND: BARKING FADES TO SILENCE ... THEN LOUD THUMP ON CAR

DOROTHY: Oh! David! She's out there!

DAVID: Something hit the back o' the car.

DOROTHY: It's her!

DAVID: Is the door locked on your side?

DOROTHY: Yes, yes. But what if she breaks a window? She's got a cleaver!

SOUND: THUNDER

DAVID: In that flash of lightning - I saw somebody!

DOROTHY: Is it the crazy woman?

DAVID: I can't tell. She's lying on the road.

DOROTHY: Can you see her? Is she still there?

DAVID: Too dark to see. Have to wait for the lightning.

SOUND: AFTER A TENSE PAUSE, THUNDER

DAVID: I saw her! She's getting up now.

DOROTHY: She'll kill us. She'll kill us!

DAVID: Now, calm down. Please.

DOROTHY: What is she doing?

DAVID: I don't know. She must've been running. She didn't see the car and ran right into it.

SOUND: THUNDER

DOROTHY: (HALF-SCREAM) She's at the window! Right next to you!

DAVID: Oh, my lord! Look at her! (YELLS AT WOMAN) Get away from that window!

DOROTHY: David, she's trying to get in the car!

DAVID: Look at that face! And her hair! (YELLS AT WOMAN) Go away!

SOUND: POUNDING ON CAR DOOR, CONTINUES IN BG

WOMAN: Let me in! I'm not crazy! The crazy woman is after me!

DOROTHY: David, don't let her in!

WOMAN: Let me in!

DAVID: (QUIETLY, TO DOROTHY) Maybe we can scare her. (YELLS AT WOMAN) Go away! Go away! We've got a gun! We'll shoot!

SOUND: POUNDING STOPS

DOROTHY: (QUIETLY, TO DAVID) It worked. She's staring at us.

DAVID: (YELLS AT WOMAN) I'm warning you! I'll shoot!

DOROTHY: David, she's coming back!

WOMAN: Please don't leave me out here! Please!

SOUND: POUNDING ON CAR AGAIN, IN BG

WOMAN: That woman'll kill me! Pleeeeeeease!

DOROTHY: (QUIETLY, TO DAVID) David, take your pipe. Hold it like a gun. It'll look like a gun.

DAVID: Where is it? Dorothy, in the glove compartment.

SOUND: GLOVE COMPARTMENT OPENS ... POUNDING STOPS

DOROTHY: (QUIETLY, TO DAVID) Here. Here it is. Here.

DAVID: (YELLS AT WOMAN) Look! I've got a gun! I'm gonna shoot!

DOROTHY: She's backing away.

DAVID: (YELLS AT WOMAN) Keep going -- before I start shooting!

DOROTHY: David - she's gone. She disappeared.

DAVID: Yeah. But we can't get out now. All we can do is sit here all night. And wait for help.

DOROTHY: Can you see her? Where'd she go?

DAVID: I don't know. She's out there, though. Probably planning on how to get in this car.

DOROTHY: David, what are we gonna do? She's the one; I know!

DAVID: But she didn't have a cleaver.

DOROTHY: She must've dropped it when she ran into the car. Face is all twisted and hair hanging down.

DAVID: Then she's back there looking for the cleaver now.

DOROTHY: She'll kill us! She'll kill us!

DAVID: Dorothy, stop it.

DOROTHY: She'll kill us! (BREAKS DOWN AND CRIES)

SOUND: CRUNCH! OF HEAVY OBJECT ON WINDOW

DOROTHY: David!

SOUND: CRUNCH!

DOROTHY: David!

SOUND: CRUNCH! GLASS SHATTERS

DOROTHY: DAVID!

SOUND: THUNDER ... RAIN LOUDER THROUGH BROKEN WINDOW

MUSIC: DRAMATIC ACCENT FOR A FINISH ... THEN IN BG

ANNOUNCER: Auto-Lite is bringing you Mr. Cary Grant, with Cathy Lewis and Jeanette Nolan, in "On a Country Road," tonight's production in Radio's Outstanding Theatre of Thrills, Suspense!

MUSIC: A SUSPENSE ACCENT ... THEN OUT

SENATOR: Say, Wilcox, what was YOUR platform?

HARLOW WILCOX: Why, the Auto-Lite Stay-Full Battery! The battery that needs water only three times a year in normal car use.

SENATOR: Go on, Wilcox.

HARLOW WILCOX: Well, we pointed out that the Auto-Lite Stay-Full has over three times the liquid reserve of batteries without Stay-Full features.

SENATOR: Amazing!

HARLOW WILCOX: Ah, but that's not all, Senator, because we pointed out, too, that the Auto-Lite Stay-Full gives longer life. Seventy per cent longer life, in fact, as proved by tests conducted according to SAE minimum life cycle standards.

SENATOR: Hear, hear!

HARLOW WILCOX: Then there's fiberglass retaining mats protecting every positive plate to prevent shedding and flaking, and to give the Auto-Lite Stay-Full scintillating superiority.

SENATOR: How was your plurality, Wilcox?

HARLOW WILCOX: Sensational, Senator! We got all but one vote.

SENATOR: Why, that's positively preposterous!

HARLOW WILCOX: Sure is, Senator, because everybody's heard of the Auto-Lite Stay-Full battery -- the battery that needs water only three times a year in normal car use. So see your neighborhood Auto-Lite battery dealer. And remember, you're always right - with Auto-Lite!

MUSIC: SUSPENSE THEME

ANNOUNCER: And now, Auto-Lite brings back to our Hollywood soundstage Mr. Cary Grant in Elliott Lewis' production of "On a Country Road," a tale well-calculated to keep you in ...

MUSIC: SUSPENSE ACCENT

ANNOUNCER: Suspense!

MUSIC: FOR A DRAMATIC INTRO

SOUND: THUNDER ... AND RAIN, IN BG

DOROTHY: The window! David, she broke the window!

DAVID: (YELLS AT WOMAN) Get away from there! Stay out of the car!

WOMAN: I'm comin' in! I can't stand it out here!

DAVID: (YELLS AT WOMAN) Now stay out of the car! I warn you! I've got a gun.

WOMAN: You wouldn't shoot me!

DOROTHY: (YELLS AT WOMAN) Go away! You're crazy! We know all about you!

WOMAN: I'm NOT the crazy woman! Believe me! Let me in!

DOROTHY: Don't do it, David. She's trying to trick us.

WOMAN: Listen to me, please! I've been runnin' in this awful storm! My car is stuck in the ditch back there!

DAVID: (YELLS AT WOMAN, SKEPTICAL) How far back?!

WOMAN: I don't know! It seems like miles! I heard about the crazy woman on the radio! I was afraid to stay in the car alone! Let me in!

DOROTHY: No, David.

DAVID: (YELLS AT WOMAN) Go back to your own car!

WOMAN: No! It's too dark! And so lonely - and this storm! I locked the doors but I was afraid; I could see things and hear things in the darkness! I couldn't stand it any more! I got out and I ran! It's the rain; that's why I look like this! I'm not the crazy woman! (WEEPS)

DAVID: (QUIETLY, TO DOROTHY) Dorothy, maybe she isn't the crazy woman. Maybe she's just scared and exhausted.

WOMAN: Let me in! Please, let me in!

DOROTHY: (QUIETLY, TO DAVID) No, David, no. She's the one. I know!

SOUND: THUNDER

WOMAN: The crazy woman had a cleaver! I'm not armed! The three of us'll be safer together!

DAVID: (QUIETLY, TO DOROTHY) You know, she makes sense to me, Dorothy. We would be safer with one more person.

DOROTHY: (QUIETLY, TO DAVID) Oh, David, I don't know.

WOMAN: Let me in, please! I'm wet to the skin!

DAVID: (QUIETLY, TO DOROTHY) I'm going to unlock the door, Dorothy.

DOROTHY: (ADMONISHING) David--!

SOUND: CAR DOOR UNLOCKS AND OPENS ... STORM NOISE A LITTLE LOUDER

WOMAN: (RELIEVED) Oh!

DAVID: All right. Now - get in here.

WOMAN: (RELIEVED) Ohh!

DAVID: But make one move and I'll shoot you.

WOMAN: (RELIEVED) Ohh!

SOUND: THUNDER DOOR SLAMS SHUT ... STORM NOISE A LITTLE QUIETER

WOMAN: (CATCHING HER BREATH, CALMING DOWN) Ohh! It's good to - sit down.

DAVID: All right. Now, there's a blanket on the floor back there. Try and dry yourself off with it.

WOMAN: Oh, this darkness and this rain - was enough to drive me out of my mind.

DAVID: Well, just take it easy, lady.

WOMAN: I ran and ran. All I could hear was feet chasing after me - huntin' me.

DAVID: Do you live near here?

WOMAN: Farther out. Near Restview. I used to live in Brooklyn.

DOROTHY: (FLAT) Restview is the mental hospital.

WOMAN: I know. I'm used to the crazy people. But not at night in a lonely place like this. Not the kind who kill people.

DAVID: You, uh, you live AT Restview?

WOMAN: No! Just near there.

DOROTHY: David, we can't sit here, not knowing. If we could get to a phone--

WOMAN: A phone?! Why?

DOROTHY: To call the police. Get some help.

WOMAN: No! Don't do that.

DAVID: Why not? Why don't you want the police?

WOMAN: Oh, I - I do! But you'd be killed!

DOROTHY: What do you mean?

WOMAN: The woman! She'll kill him if he goes away from this car!

SOUND: DISTANT DOG BARKS AGAIN

WOMAN: (STARTLED) Oh! There's that dog. You hear it? Somebody's out there!

DAVID: Well, there must be a house up ahead. Maybe it's barking to be let in.

WOMAN: No. It scented somebody. There's somebody out there. The crazy woman's creeping around out there! Quick! Let's get away!

DOROTHY: Look out, David!

DAVID: (TO THE WOMAN) Let go of me! What are you trying to do?

WOMAN: Start the car! Quick! We'll get away!

DAVID: We're out of gas!

WOMAN: (STUNNED) Out - out of gas?

DAVID: You don't think we parked here for the fun of it, do you?

WOMAN: Ohhh. Such a desolate place to run out o' gas.

SOUND: DOG STOPS BARKING DURING PREVIOUS LINE

WOMAN: It stopped barkin'. What does it mean?

SOUND: THUNDER

WOMAN: (COMPLETELY LOSES IT) You can't just sit here! We gotta get away!

DAVID: Oh -- I'm not a magician, lady. I can't make gasoline out of rain.

WOMAN: (SCREAMING) Oh! We can't stay HERE the whole night! Do you hear me?!

DAVID: Don't--! Let go of me! There's nothing I can do.

WOMAN: (SCREAMING) Try something! Anything! Don't just sit there!

DOROTHY: She's scaring me, David. Stop her.

DAVID: (TO THE WOMAN) Cut it out! Cut it out. You'll have us all in hysterics.

WOMAN: (CALMS DOWN) All right. All right, I'm sorry. Look, I got an idea! Give me your gun.

DAVID: What for?

WOMAN: What for?! I'll tell ya. I WANT it! Give it to me!

DOROTHY: (QUIETLY, WORRIED) David--!

WOMAN: Listen to me! I'm all right. But I can't sit here all night; I'd go crazy! Give me the gun. I'll go. I won't be afraid of the dark, the noises, the feet following me. I'll go. I promise you. But give me the GUN!

DAVID: No! Now, sit down!

WOMAN: Please! I'll go! I promise! (SCREECHING) I can't stand sitting in the dark like this!

DOROTHY: (UNNERVED) Can't you stop her, David?

DAVID: (YELLS AT WOMAN) I told you to shut up! If you don't, you'll have to get out of the car!

WOMAN: Not - into the woods again?! Oh, you're nice people, aren't ya?
(SUDDENLY SUSPICIOUS) Or do you want me to leave - so you can shoot me? Is that it?

DOROTHY: We're not going to shoot you. We don't have a gun. It's only a pipe.

DAVID: Dorothy!

WOMAN: A pipe! A smoking pipe?

DOROTHY: (WHISPERS) David, I'm sorry.

WOMAN: Then - then you're unarmed?

SOUND: THUNDER ... VERY SLOWLY, STORM SUBSIDES DURING FOLLOWING

DOROTHY: (WHISPERS) I'm sorry, David.

DAVID: Yeah, sure. It's all right.

WOMAN: Why didja tell me you had a gun?

DAVID: What difference would it make to you whether I'm armed or not?

WOMAN: I don't know you. Maybe you two are more dangerous than the crazy woman.

DOROTHY: I'll tell you what I think. I think YOU'RE the crazy woman. The way you grabbed David when you wanted him to start the car--

DAVID: Now, Dorothy, stop it. Don't excite her.

WOMAN: Don't excite me?! Why?! Do you think I'm dangerous? An old woman ya took into your car? Two of you, and you're afraid of me?

DAVID: We're not afraid of you. Now, sit back in the seat and don't try anything.

SOUND: BY NOW, ONLY WIND AND LIGHT RAIN, IN BG

DOROTHY: (SIGHS) David - storm is stopping. Maybe now is the time.

WOMAN: (SUSPICIOUS) The time for what?! What are you gonna do? You two are up to something!

DAVID: (YELLS AT WOMAN) OH, SHUT UP! My wife meant now is the time to go for help.

DOROTHY: I did not! I meant now is the time for us to escape. David, can't you see it? She's the one! She'll kill us!

WOMAN: (SAVAGE) YOU LITTLE--!

DAVID: (TO THE WOMAN) Oh, stop it! Sit back in that seat!

WOMAN: You haven't got a gun!

DAVID: No! But I've got a knife!

DOROTHY: David?!

DAVID: (TO DOROTHY) It's my jackknife. (TO WOMAN) But it's sharp and strong so DON'T TRY ANY TRICKS!

WOMAN: All right! Threaten me! Watch me -- while that woman is out there. (DISGUSTED) All you can do is sit and wait for her to make the first move.

SOUND: BY NOW, RAIN HAS STOPPED ... ONLY WIND, IN BG

DOROTHY: David, she can kill us, like that old man and woman. It must have been on this same road. They were in their car, too. They must have let her in.

WOMAN: We'll leave then! The three of us. We'll walk. We - we'll stay close together. We'll be quiet. Anyone hidin' in the woods won't hear us.

DOROTHY: Don't get out of the car, David.

DAVID: (DISMISSIVE, TO WOMAN) Oh, how would we find our way? It's too dark.

WOMAN: We'll find our way!

DAVID: Look out there. The road's full of shadows.

DOROTHY: Get her out of the car, David. She wants to kill us.

WOMAN: Kill you?!

DAVID: (SAVAGE, TO WOMAN) Now, look, if you want to go, why don't you leave?! WE'RE gonna stay here until some help comes!

WOMAN: Aw, I'd be helpless alone. If I had a gun or sumpin'-- (SHARP INTAKE OF BREATH) Your knife!

DOROTHY: (BREAKS DOWN IN TEARS) Oh, why doesn't somebody come? Where are the police? I can't stand this!

WOMAN: Nobody'll come! There's no one in these woods! They're burned out and deserted!

DOROTHY: (MORE WEEPING)

DAVID: (SOOTHING) Dorothy. Come on. Please.

DOROTHY: (ACCUSATORY) It was your idea to use this road.

DAVID: (GENTLY) I know it.

DOROTHY: (DELIRIOUS) You wouldn't listen to me and stop for gas!

DAVID: I couldn't help it. I got lost.

DOROTHY: (HYSTERICAL) Why don't you do something?! Not just sit here, waiting, waiting. Do something before we're murdered! Are you so helpless?!

DAVID: All right. I *am* gonna do something. I'll go for help.

WOMAN: That's it! Get help!

DOROTHY: (SUDDENLY QUIET, DELIBERATE) David. In her hand. I saw it in the moonlight. It glittered.

DAVID: What is it?

WOMAN: Your wife is hysterical!

DOROTHY: She - she was holding it. A long piece of - broken glass. Long and pointed. (PAUSE) See? She doesn't answer. She's just watching us. (PAUSE) What is she waiting for?

DAVID: It's from the broken window. That's where she got it.

WOMAN: So what if I have it? I'm not gonna sit here defenseless.

DOROTHY: She's going to attack us.

WOMAN: Don't be silly! It was all right for YOU to have a knife. Why can't I be armed for whatever may come?

DAVID: Give me that broken glass.

WOMAN: Give it to YOU? You think I'm crazy? You couldn't protect us from anything.

DAVID: Oh?

SOUND: DAVID STARTS TO CLIMB OVER SEAT

DOROTHY: David! What are you doing?

WOMAN: Why're ya climbin' over the seat? What're ya--?

SOUND: DAVID IN BACK SEAT

DAVID: I warn you, I'm through letting my wife be terrified. Give me that glass.

WOMAN: Stay away from me!

DAVID: Once I left the car, you were gonna butcher my wife! With that broken glass!

WOMAN: No!

SOUND: DAVID PUNCHES WOMAN, THEY STRUGGLE FIERCELY DURING FOLLOWING:

WOMAN: No! I--!

DOROTHY: David! David!

WOMAN: I--!

DAVID: Give me that glass.

WOMAN: I--! You're crazy! Let me alone!

DOROTHY: Hold her, David! Hold her! Don't let her free!

DAVID: (CLENCHED TEETH) She's strong. She's got my arm.

WOMAN: You'll - kill me!

DAVID: (WITH EFFORT) Drop - that - glass!

WOMAN: (GRUNTS) Have - you - both gone crazy?! Tryin' to kill me?!

DAVID: Like you were gonna murder us?!

WOMAN: No, I wasn't!

DOROTHY: Don't let her get free!

DAVID: I can't hold her! She's strong!

WOMAN: If you have a knife - then I'll have glass!

DOROTHY: Hold her, David. David, hold her!

DAVID: (TO DOROTHY) Can't - much longer!

DOROTHY: David--

WOMAN: I'm not crazy! Please believe me!

DAVID: (STRANGLED) She's got my throat! She's choking me!

DOROTHY: Your knife. David! Your knife!

DAVID: (STRANGLED GRUNT)

WOMAN: (SCREAM - CUT OFF ABRUPTLY)

SOUND: (STRUGGLING ENDS ... SILENCE)

DOROTHY: (AMAZED, QUIET) David. Oh. David, you - you killed her. David, you killed her.

DAVID: I couldn't help it. I didn't mean it.

DOROTHY: Ohhh, you're - covered with blood.

DAVID: She was gonna kill us.

DOROTHY: (SWOONS, WEEPS ... CONTINUES IN BG)

SOUND: POLICE CAR ENGINE APPROACHING

DAVID: Here's some lights. A car is coming. Help's coming.

SOUND: POLICE CAR STOPS, ENGINE OUT ... POLICE CAR DOOR OPENS

OFFICER: (OFF) Hey, there! You in the car! Why are you parked here?

DOROTHY: (RELIEVED) It's the police. At last.

DAVID: We ran out of gas! The crazy woman--

OFFICER: (CLOSER, AMUSED) What a night to run out o' gas! You couldn't've picked a better spot, what with that woman runnin' around loose!

DOROTHY: (WEAKLY) Officer, we want to tell you--

OFFICER: A farmer up the road called us, said his dog's been barkin' at somethin'.

DAVID: We caught her.

OFFICER: Oh? Who'd you catch?

DAVID: The crazy woman. She - she's in the back seat. Dead.

OFFICER: What?!

SOUND: OFFICER OPENS REAR DOOR

OFFICER: (EXAMINES BODY) Huh. No. No, she's alive. Hurt bad, though.

DAVID: She was tryin' to kill us.

OFFICER: Well, we'll get her to a hospital. You two had better come with me. We captured that crazy woman a half hour ago. I don't know WHO this lady is.

MUSIC: FOR A FINISH ... THEN OUT

ANNOUNCER: Suspense! Presented by Auto-Lite! Tonight's star, Mr. Cary Grant!

SENATOR: Wilcox, did your candidate's entire ticket get into office?

HARLOW WILCOX: Yes, sir, Senator! Along with the Auto-Lite Stay-Full Battery. The voters elected all of the four hundred products made by Auto-Lite for cars, trucks, planes and boats in twenty-eight plants coast-to-coast. These include complete electrical systems used as original factory equipment on many leading makes of America's finest cars. Generators, coils, distributors, voltage regulators, electric windshield wipers, wire and cable, starting motors. All engineered to fit together perfectly, work together perfectly, because they're a perfect team. So, friends, don't accept electrical parts supposed to be as good. Ask for and insist on Auto-Lite original factory parts at your neighborhood service station, car dealer, garage or repair shop. Remember, you're always right - with Auto-Lite.

MUSIC: A BRIEF BRIDGE, IN AND OUT

ANNOUNCER: Next week on "Suspense," for your Thanksgiving holiday listening, Mr. Ozzie Nelson and Miss Harriet Hilliard as stars of "Going, Going, Gone." And in the weeks to come you will hear such famous stars as Van Heflin, Alan Ladd and Cornel Wilde, all appearing in tales well-calculated to keep you in ...

MUSIC: SUSPENSE ACCENT

ANNOUNCER: Suspense!

MUSIC: CLOSING THEME, IN BG

ANNOUNCER: "Suspense" is produced and directed by Elliott Lewis, with music composed by Lucien Moraweck and conducted by Lud Gluskin. "On a Country Road" was written for "Suspense" by Walter Bazarr. And remember next week on "Suspense," Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard in "Going, Going, Gone."

MUSIC: FADES OUT

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