

The Crime Cafe with Philip Marlowe in “The Black Halo”

Presented By:



Marlowe (01:17): Somewhere in the cold, persistent rain that made the city itself seem a thing of evil, a girl had disappeared and it was my job to find her, but before I did, I found death and a devil.

Narrator (01:31): From the pen of Raymond Chandler, outstanding author of crime fiction, comes his most famous character as CBS presents *The Adventures of Philip Marlowe*, and now with Gerald Mohr starred as Philip Marlowe, we bring you tonight's exciting story, "The Black Halo".

Marlowe (02:10): For three days, an ugly storm had lashed at the west coast from northern Oregon to the tip of lower California, and although it was only noon when I drove up to the sprawling red brick house just south of Santa Barbara to meet a new client of mine, the black that was in the sky and the driving rain that was everywhere left the day bleak and wet and cold. Left it the kind of day that made you feel that logs blazing in a fireplace and a warm dry robe were the only things that could matter to anyone. But when I got inside the house, Felix Drum, 350 uncomfortable pounds of executive in a wheelchair, who made his living importing perfumes, was very worried and not about the weather outside.

Felix Drum (02:52): Marlowe. Julia Perry is gone. I want you to find her and bring her back, and the sooner you do that, the better.

Marlowe (02:58): And the more I know, Mr. Drum, the easier it'll be. Exactly who is Julia Perry?

Felix Drum (03:02): My assistant, very capable girl who in the past six months has practically taken over my entire business. She handles most of the work from her cottage here on the grounds where she lives. She also has some little cubbyhole in Los Angeles where she keeps her files and some sample stock.

Marlowe (03:19): Do you have the address of that cubbyhole?

Felix Drum (03:20): If I knew the answer to everything, I wouldn't have hired you and anyway, it isn't important. Hand me that little bottle.

Marlowe (03:29): This one?

Felix Drum (03:31): Yes. Thank you.

Marlowe (03:43): When did you last see Julia, Mr. Drum?

Felix Drum (03:45): Three days ago. It was three days ago when she left on one of her regular weekly trips down to Los Angeles to bid on perfumes. Usually she stayed away overnight at the Beachwood Plaza Hotel most of the time, and she was back here by noon the next day.

Marlowe (04:02): I suppose you've already checked the Beachwood Plaza?

Felix Drum (04:04): Yes, of course. My man, Ruby, the one who showed you in has called the place a dozen times, but they only know that Julia registered there three days ago and hasn't been seen since.

Marlowe (04:14): Well, what about the girl herself, Mr. Drum? I mean her background, friends, family, that sort of thing?

Felix Drum (04:18): Yeah, as far as I know Marlowe, Julia has no friends, no family either. She's just a sweet but smart little girl from someplace in Kansas.

Marlowe (04:26): No beaus, not even nice ones, huh?

Felix Drum (04:28): I don't think she had the time. You see, when Julia first came to work for me, she wanted to get ahead and I gave her the chance. She made good. Today, she's as much my right arm as Ruby is my leg.

Marlowe (04:39): Mr. Drum, did you notice anything unusual about Julia's behavior lately?

Felix Drum (04:42): Yes, and that's the reason I'm worried. About two weeks ago I saw changes in the girl, Marlowe. She seemed less spry, more preoccupied. I figured it was overwork myself. Since the end of the year always means detailed annual reports, so I made no comment at the time.

Marlowe (05:00): I see. Tell me, Mr. Drum, what does she look like?

Felix Drum (05:03): Well, I have no pictures, but she's a blonde of medium height and was wearing a plaid raincoat and little circle of a hat when she left. Altogether, she's sweet and simple, if that's what you mean.

Marlowe (05:14): Yeah. Do you mind if I stop into the cottage on my way out?

Felix Drum (05:18): Marlowe, you turn the place inside out if it'll help any. Only since I'm certain that Julia's in some kind of bad trouble, you be quick and find her.

Marlowe (05:37): Julia Perry's cottage was strictly the 50-50 arrangement the Drum had mentioned with one room office and the other living quarters. In the office. I found everything in its proper place, so I moved to the other room. The moment I stepped over the threshold, the white fluff, the trim, the quilted bedspread, and the splash of color in the drapes said that Julia Perry had to be something soft and warm, and the half a dozen quietly tailored suits that were lined up in the closet like a squad of soldiers facing right, told me that she was also simple and neat. I ran through the pockets of her clothes and all the drawers and closets in the room trying to find something that would give me a lead that I was sure I had to have. After 20 minutes, I had found only a leather cigarette case, a package of peppermint lifesavers and a maroon and gold monogrammed book of matches, the cover of which was half torn off so that I could only be certain that the middle initial was a V and that an E or an F were on either end. But since the name and address of

an LA novelty company was on the inside, I bought the matches as a starting point, dropped them in my pocket and headed for the door. When I opened it, I was surprised to find Ruby, Drum's right-hand man, purple scar and all standing in the rain. He was staring at me like my ears were spinning.

Ruby (06:49): You seemed to be a very thorough man, Mr. Private Detective,

Marlowe (06:52): And you seem to be a very nosy one. What do you want?

Ruby (06:54): To help Julia? Nothing else. Here's a postcard that came for her this morning. It was mailed in LA yesterday.

Marlowe (07:01): Yeah? Dear Julia, tried to reach you at Santa Barbara-1-1-8-1 both yesterday and today, but got no answer. I'm leaving. I'm leaving town tomorrow. As one little girl who fled life in Haven, Kansas to another, I would've enjoyed seeing you again for a bit before I moved on to who knows where. Anne. Santa Barbara-1-1-8-1. That the number here?

Ruby (07:28): Yeah, it's Julia's private business phone. What do you think of the postcard? Any help?

Marlowe (07:34): Possibly. Tell me, Ruby. Why didn't you show this to Mr. Drum?

Ruby (07:38): I forgot about it until just now.

Marlowe (07:40): You're a liar.

Ruby (07:42): Well, it's on account of the postcard was delivered here to the cottage.

Marlowe (07:45): Which is no man's land for you?

Ruby (07:47): Yeah, sort of. Mr. Drum doesn't like people who work for him mixing socially with each other.

Marlowe (07:53): Or maybe a sweet kid like Julia hasn't got any use for the passes you've been making at her.

Ruby (07:57): Hold it. I like Julia and even if she don't go for me, anything I can do to help her, I still do. Understand?

Marlowe (08:01): Yeah, I understand. I'm not so sure I believe. Goodbye, Ruby.

(08:11): It was pushing five o'clock and still raining by the time I got back to LA and over to the novelty company. Once there I presented the torn book of matches that I had found in Julia's cottage to a bald man with horizontal question marks for eyebrows and who at the crinkle of a \$5 bill tore himself away from his racing form long enough to check the files for a set of maroon and gold initials that had a V in the middle and it was six o'clock before I had the answer, which was EVE and they weren't initials, but the front name of

Mrs. Eve Bentley, who lived in a villa at the swank Sunset Terrace apartments. And according to the gentleman who said he knew his oats was a very classy filly. An hour later I was at Mrs. Bentley's front door, and while I made with the chimes and waited, I wondered just how much a guy who loves the ponies could know about women. But when the door opened, I had my answer.

Eve Bentley (09:00): Yes. What is it?

Marlowe (09:02): Mrs. Eve Bentley wasn't beautiful, but she was everything else, including a shimmering yard of gold hair piled high on her head and held in place by a knot of pearls that no Boy Scout ever tied. Her face was wide blue eyes and open red lips on a backdrop of soft, bare skin. She wore a black silk jersey dress that must have been sprayed on. She smiled when I said my name was Philip Marlowe and that I wanted to talk.

Eve Bentley (09:31): About what Mr. Marlowe?

Marlowe (09:33): Julia Perry. Ever hear of her?

Eve Bentley (09:35): No, I haven't.

Marlowe (09:37): So I'll try again. What do you know about Anne Somebody from Haven, Kansas.

Eve Bentley (09:41): Absolutely nothing.

Marlowe (09:43): This torn book of matches says otherwise. I found them in Julia Perry's cottage. Julia Perry is missing. I'm a private detective who was hired to find her and the matches turned out to be yours. Now, may I come in?

Eve Bentley (09:56): Why, yes.

Marlowe (09:56): Thank you. Well, Mrs. Bentley, maybe we ought to start all over.

Eve Bentley (10:00): No, wait just a minute. Mr. Marlowe. I may be able to help you. Did this Julia Perry deal in perfumes?

Marlowe (10:08): That's right. Now how did you know that?

Eve Bentley (10:10): Because I just remembered something and now I'm sure I can explain why my matches showed up where they did.

Marlowe (10:15): Just a minute. Just a minute. You know, whenever I'm talking to a beautiful woman, somebody's always creeping around in the kitchen. Who is it this time?

Eve Bentley (10:24): Really? Mr. Marlowe. There's a storm outside and there are windows and trees. If you put those three things together, that noise could have been a branch scratching on a glass pane.

Marlowe (10:34): Or somebody with squeaky shoes and a lot of curiosity. Somebody like Mr. Bentley, for instance.

Eve Bentley (10:39): I doubt that Mr. Marlowe. You see, Mr. Bentley's been dead now for three long years.

Marlowe (10:46): Oh yes. Well, you were saying something about the matches.

Eve Bentley (10:50): Oh yes. Julia Perry must somehow or other have gotten hold of them through my fiance, Marvin Whitaker.

Marlowe (10:57): How does that figure?

Eve Bentley (10:58): Like two and two. Marvin is in the perfume business. Ditto Julia. Also, I think he mentioned her name once, said she was very clever for a girl who looked like somebody's kid sister.

Marlowe (11:09): That fits, all right. Where will I find said fiance?

Eve Bentley (11:12): At his favorite bar and grill. But won't you have a drink first, Mr. Marlowe?

Marlowe (11:18): No thanks Eve. There ... there isn't time. Now the bar and grill.

Eve Bentley (11:23): The Blue Boar.

Marlowe (11:25): Blue which?

Eve Bentley (11:26): Boar, Mr. Marlowe. It's a very English spot over on Wilshire opposite Arthur Murray studio. But before you dash, do you at least have a match?

Marlowe (11:37): Yeah. A whole book of them honey, torn cover and all, and I want you to keep them. After all, they brought us together, didn't they?

(11:54): When I got outside, I postponed my run between the raindrops over to Wilshire Boulevard long enough to take a look behind the villa and there in a newly planted strip of clover lawn below Mrs. Bentley's kitchen window, I found something which was no surprise. Two clear prints of a man's shoe. But from there on out, I got nothing more than a lot of rain down the back of my neck. So 10 minutes later I dripped into my car and headed for The Blue Boar and Eve Bentley's gentleman friend. I located Marvin Whitaker, handsome hale fellow well met, in a white turtleneck sweater and riding britches behind a hot rum toddy in a corner booth that was pictures of steeplechase mounts against newly antique mahogany. And when I told him that I was looking for Julia Perry, he flashed a lot of glistening teeth at me, insisted that I join him in a warming glass of spirits and started to talk gesturing all the time with a riding crop.

Marvin Whitaker (12:48): Why, yes, old man. I know Julia Perry. In fact, almost did some business with her today.

Marlowe (12:53): You mean you were supposed to meet Julia someplace?

Marvin Whitaker (12:55): That's right. At 1881 Selma Avenue to be precise. But she called me this morning and postponed the whole transaction indefinitely.

Marlowe (13:03): Could you stop projecting long enough to tell me why?

Marvin Whitaker (13:06): She didn't say? Of course. It's of no bother to me on a day like this. No sane man should be any father away from a toddy than we are right now. So drink up all boy. It'll do you a world of good.

Marlowe (13:18): Yeah. Yeah, I bet it will. Look Mr. Whitaker. One more question. Did Julia ever speak of a girlfriend named Anne, someone she knew years ago in Kansas?

Marvin Whitaker (13:26): No, I don't believe she did. Marlowe. Matter of fact, Julia never talked if anything, but perfumes. Now, drink your drink fellow before it's chilled through.

Marlowe (13:34): Thanks, but no thanks, old bean. I do have to run. Really!

(13:43): It was a 20 minute drive to the address on Selma and the rain had stopped by the time I got there. The place was one of those once upon a time rooming houses that had been partitioned off into a couple of dozen, two by four cubbyholes, just big enough for a very small businessman to fill his fountain pen in. When I got to the door and asked the scrubwoman, who was a lot of wild red hair around two pop eyes for Julia Perry, I knew I was moving in the right direction because the lady standing in front of me was anything but calm and more important, she had just heard a pistol shot from the back of the house.

Scrubwoman (14:12): Yes, that's right. A pistol shot. Not over two minutes ago. I'm sure that Perry girl had something to do with it because when I come from inside, I saw her rush out down these steps.

Marlowe (14:21): Did she say anything?

Scrubwoman (14:22): I don't know. She was gone out of sight before I could open my mouth, but I know it was her on account of that plaid coat and little hat she wears.

Marlowe (14:28): Yeah, yeah. Now which room is hers? Come on.

Scrubwoman (14:30): That one there with the light showing under the door, but it's locked. You won't be able to get in. I just tried.

Marlowe (14:34): We'll try again for luck. It's not the best lumber, believe me.

Scrubwoman (14:40): This is terrible. Nothing like this has ever happened to me before. [pause] [gasp] It's a man.

Marlowe (14:49): Yeah, a dead one at that, granny.

Scrubwoman (14:54): You know who did it?

Marlowe (14:56): On the mud and clove of grass on the bottom of his shoes, I tag him as a guy who was looking in a lady's kitchen window about an hour ago. From that purple scar in his chin, I can do even better than that. The name granny is Ruby. A guy I thought was still in Santa Barbara.

Narrator (15:23): In just a moment, we will return to the second act of the adventures of Philip Marlowe. But first ... a brief advert ...

Sam McRae (15:36): I've never been a morning person and the last thing I need before my first cup of coffee is a visit from the cops. But at 8 45 on Friday morning, two cops were waiting for me outside my office. It was about one of my clients, Melanie Hayes.

Detective Derry (15:53): She seems to have disappeared and her ex-boyfriend was found shot to death. The FBI will have an interest in this.

FBI Special Agent Carl Jergins (16:01): It's extremely important that we get in touch with Ms. Hayes as soon as possible. The life may be at risk.

Sam McRae (16:07): So I tried to find a client who didn't want to be found. She wasn't home. I asked questions but got no answers. Then I discovered she might've tried to steal my identity. Things took a really ugly turn when the mob caught up with me.

Stavos (16:25): Where's Melanie Hayes?

Sam McRae (16:26): I don't know, I swear, I don't know. They let me go, but not before putting the fear of God in me. So I went looking for the client, finally found her. And what do you know? She says she's running from the mob too. And as for identity theft, she hasn't got a clue.

Melanie Hayes (16:44): Do you think I tried to rip you off? I dunno anything.

Sam McRae (16:50): Trying to find out what's going on has taken me to some strange places. So what do you do when you think your client has tried to steal your identity and the mob comes after you trying to find her and more people start dying? Do your best to find the answers and stay alive.

Debbi (17:16): *Identity Crisis*. A novel by Debbi Mack.

Narrator (17:22): And now with our star Gerald Mohr, we return to the second act of Philip Marlowe and tonight's story, "The Black Halo".

Marlowe (17:37): Ruby's body sprawled on the floor and the girl in the plaid raincoat running away from it meant one thing, Julia Perry's trouble was important like life, but more like death. A half sneer was congealed on Ruby's face and his eyes, turned waxy, still held a look of mild surprise. I wasted some breath telling the scrub woman not to

touch anything. And then I put in a call to my overweight client in Santa Barbara. He was glad to hear from me at first,

Felix Drum (18:04): Marlowe. Well, now, I didn't expect a call from you this soon. You sure work fast, don't you, lad? Have you found her? Have you located Julia?

Marlowe (18:11): Not quite. She's about five minutes ahead of me. Incidentally, Mr. Drum, she works fast, too.

Felix Drum (18:16): What do you mean by that?

Marlowe (18:16): Let me ask the questions, huh? Number one, what was your leg man, Ruby doing in LA tonight?

Felix Drum (18:22): Ruby? Why, I sent him in to pick up some medicine for me. Why?

Marlowe (18:26): Come on, Drum. You can talk straighter than that and you better. I just found Ruby dead.

Felix Drum (18:30): Dead? Ruby's dead? What happened to him, Marlowe?

Marlowe (18:34): He was shot. So forget the gags and tell me why he was snooping around.

Felix Drum (18:38): All right. I didn't trust you. It's my policy to trust nobody until he proves himself. I sent Ruby in to follow you and check on your progress.

Marlowe (18:46): That was brilliant. You only made three mistakes. First. I don't need to be checked on. Second, you got your man killed. And third, you forced Julia's hand because it was Miss Perry herself who pulled the trigger on Ruby.

Felix Drum (18:57): Julia. Marlo. I don't believe that,

Marlowe (19:00): Which proves nothing, Mr. Drum, but skip it. Tell me, do you know a man named Marvin Whitaker?

Felix Drum (19:04): Whitaker?

Marlowe (19:05): Yeah.

Felix Drum (19:05): No, should I?

Marlowe (19:06): Well, he says he's in the perfume business.

Felix Drum (19:08): Well, I know everybody on the coast who bought more than two bottles of perfume at one time in the last 40 years, and I don't recall that name. I think the man must be a liar.

Marlowe ([19:18](#)): So do I. Thanks for the help and Drum, if you've got any more expendable flunkies around, keep 'em out of my hair. I'll call you when I've got something.

([19:30](#)): I called homicide next and told detective Lieutenant Ybarra where to find the body and who was responsible for it being in that dead condition. When the question of why came up, I admitted I was still shooting blanks. I told him about the razzle dazzle. Whitaker had handed me and named The Blue Boar on Wilshire as my next stop. Ybarra said he'd call me there. And when I got to the entrance of the place, I saw Whitaker draped in a trench coat that involved enough cloth to rig a four-masted schooner standing in the anteroom, impatiently smacking his leg with that riding crop. He looked positively dashing. Question was, which way?

Marvin Whitaker ([20:02](#)): Hi there, Marlo. Hey, old boy. You look upset. Anything wrong?

Marlowe ([20:07](#)): I maybe upset, Whitaker, but you're the one that's going to spill. First, are you leaving or coming back?

Marvin Whitaker ([20:11](#)): I'm just leaving.

Marlowe ([20:12](#)): Been here all the time since I talked to you?

Marvin Whitaker ([20:14](#)): That's right. You see my coat is perfectly dry.

Marlowe ([20:17](#)): It stopped raining half an hour ago.

Marvin Whitaker ([20:19](#)): Well, well you see, if I'd been outside, I would've known that. But why this third degree, Marlowe? What's up?

Marlowe ([20:25](#)): It's a long story. Maybe we better sit down and talk it all over from the beginning.

Marvin Whitaker ([20:29](#)): Oh, I'm afraid I can't, not just now. I've got a date.

Marlowe ([20:32](#)): She'll keep

Marvin Whitaker ([20:33](#)): Not this one. It's something rather special.

Marlowe ([20:37](#)): Special, huh? Like Eve Bentley?

Marvin Whitaker ([20:40](#)): Now look here, old boy. You're prying into my personal affairs.

Marlowe ([20:42](#)): Whitaker, I'll rip the lid clear off your personal affairs if necessary to get a clean answer out of you. What do you really know about Julia Perry?

Marvin Whitaker ([20:49](#)): I told you once. Are you implying that I'm a liar?

Marlowe (20:52): At least that. For instance, who puts out Amir? Come on, Whitacker. It's a well-known fragrance.

Marvin Whitaker (20:59): I ... I don't recall offhand.

Marlowe (21:01): That's strange because any woman knows Amir is a Dana perfume.

Marvin Whitaker (21:04): Just what are you trying to prove by all this?

Marlowe (21:05): That as a perfume dealer, you stink. And try this for size. When I got to that address you gave me, I found a fresh corpse there with a bullet hole in it.

Marvin Whitaker (21:13): A murder?

Marlowe (21:14): Yeah. And your routine was pat, brother. So before homicide starts combing out the snags in your story, you better untangle it yourself right now. You lied to me and why'd you do it, Whitacker? Why the double talk?

Marvin Whitaker (21:25): All right, Marlowe. I'll tell you. I'll tell you this.

(21:28): [quick fistfight]

Marlowe (21:33): He was as quick as a wounded cat. The riding crop slashed across my face even before I'd realized it moved. And by the time the red light stopped dancing in my eyes, Marvin Whitaker was gone. I turned as the head waiter walked up to me. He studied the hot red welt rising on my face for a moment, and then murmured discreetly that if my name was Marlowe, I was wanted on the phone. It was Lieutenant Ybarra.

Lieutenant Ybarra (21:59): Marlowe, you can stop beating the brush for Julia Perry. We found her.

Marlowe (22:03): You did? Where is she, Ybarra?.

Lieutenant Ybarra (22:04): She's out in the alley here behind the Beachwood Plaza Hotel, Marlowe. Exactly eight floors down from the window of her room. She fell through the glass roof above the rear entrance.

Marlowe (22:14): Oh,

Lieutenant Ybarra (22:15): It's not pretty. She explained the whole thing, including that Ruby guy's murder in a note we found in our room.

Marlowe (22:23): I'll be right over, Ybarra.

Lieutenant Ybarra (22:24): Okay? Don't hurry.

(22:37): The old story, Marlowe. When Drum finally got around to trusting her, he practically gave her his business. It was too much temptation. She'd been stealing from him in a big way for almost a year. Her note says.

Marlowe (22:49): And she decided to run for it when she knew she couldn't hide the thefts any longer, huh?

Lieutenant Ybarra (22:52): That's right. That Ruby caught on some way and she killed him. But I guess murder was too rich for her blood. So she came back here, thought it over and checked out.

Marlowe (23:02): Yeah. All she left behind was a little plaid raincoat and a purse over there. And she was wearing a dinky hat, too, Ybarra. Did you find that?

Lieutenant Ybarra (23:12): Mmm-hmm. Come over here to the window, Phil. See down there on that canopy, that little black circle? That's her hat. I sent Mooney down to get it. Can't leave any loose ends around, you know?

Marlowe (23:22): Yeah. Got a light, lieutenant?

Lieutenant Ybarra (23:25): Oh sure. Here you are.

Marlowe (23:25): Thanks.

Lieutenant Ybarra (23:27): Hey, what happened to you? That welt on your face, Phil.

Marlowe (23:32): I backed that horsey liar named Whitaker into a corner, and he slapped his way out with a riding crap. And speaking of loose ends, if I ever catch up with that---mmm---Ybarra, where did that stuff on the dresser come from?

Lieutenant Ybarra (23:43): Well, this, out of the pockets of Julia's plaid coat. Why?

Marlowe (23:47): That's impossible unless ... holy smoke. That's why Whitaker lied to me.

Lieutenant Ybarra (23:52): Hey, where are you going with that, Phil? Come back here.

Marlowe (23:54): I got to check on something, Ybarra, and keep your notebook handy. If I'm right, this deal is still wide open

(24:05): All the way from the suicide's room in the Beachwood Plaza out to the widow's villa in the Sunset Terrace, my mind juggled a jumble of facts, trying to beat them into a brand new pattern. A pattern that had to include an object Ybarra had found in the pocket of that plaid raincoat. It almost made sense. I needed just a little more. When I turned into the parking lot at the Sunset Terrace, rain began to fall again. Thin, cold rain. I walked to Eve Bentley's door and pressed the bell. Just as I expected, it was Marvin Whitaker, unsmiling and nervous, who answered the door. I didn't give him a chance to think I just swung high.

(24:39): [brief altercation]

(24:42): Okay, horseman. That squares us up. Come on, heavy. Roll over. Let's see if you're carrying a gun. Okay, no gun. Now, be a good boy, Whitaker, and you'll make out all right. But one funny wiggle out of you, and I'll crack your skull. It's a promise. Do you hear me?

Marvin Whitaker (24:56): Yeah. Yeah, I heard you.

Marlowe (24:57): All right. Where's Eve? Is she here?

Marvin Whitaker (25:01): Find out for yourself, Marlowe. I'm through.

Marlowe (25:04): Fair enough. Just so I'm not talking through my hat, I'll take a look in her closet first.

Marvin Whitaker (25:08): She won't be in there, I guarantee.

Marlowe (25:09): No, but her future might be. Let's see, it's got to be in here someplace. Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah. This is probably it. Brown cloth coat as chic as a pair of hob nail boots and still damp. And the label says the BH Company, Haven, Kansas. That does it. I've got it all now and my chivalry just died. Where is she, Whitaker? Where's Eve?

Eve Bentley (25:29): Right here, Marlowe. Oh, don't try that. I guess you really do have it figured out, haven't you?

Marlowe (25:34): Yes. Eve, I have. Sorry, it turned out this way because you had your points as Eve and as Julia.

Eve Bentley (25:41): Don't put it in the past tense. Marlowe. As Eve Bentley, my life is just beginning and now I've got everything I ever wanted as Julia Perry.

Marvin Whitaker (25:48): Then you're Julia Perry.

Eve Bentley (25:50): I was Marvin.

Marlowe (25:51): She still is Whitaker. At least that's what the bailiff will call it in court.

Eve Bentley (25:55): There won't be any court. Marlowe.

Marlowe (25:56): Well, I'm afraid there will, baby. You're twice a killer now. And both for the same reason. Remember? First, Ruby, because he saw you as Eve and the girl you pushed out of the hotel window, who was no doubt. Anne, your old chum from the hometown. She must've seen you posing as Eve too.

Eve Bentley (26:11): Alright, Marlowe. Anne ran into me by accident and ruined everything. I had no choice. I promised her money and then told her to go to my room at the Beachwood Plaza and wait for me.

Marvin Whitaker (26:20): I can't believe this. It can't be true.

Eve Bentley (26:21): Yes, Marvin. It is true. Darling, I didn't want this mess. I'd have left town this morning as I intended if sweet sly little Anne hadn't seen me. I tried to get rid of you the easy way, Marlowe. When I sent you to Marvin, the Selma Street address he gave you should have led you to the end of Julia Perry.

Marvin Whitaker (26:38): Is that why you phoned me and told me to lie to Marlowe?

Eve Bentley (26:39): Yes, Marvin. I was going there to write my suicide note and use the stock room for my disappearing act. But Ruby caught me. And after that I had to work fast. But it's all right now. It all worked out perfectly. They were the only two who knew besides you, Marlowe,

Marlowe (26:59): Aren't you forgetting little Marvin here?

Eve Bentley (27:01): Forgetting him? Oh no, Mr. Marlowe. Marvin's the one person I can count on.

Marvin Whitaker (27:07): That's what you think. You don't get me mixed up in this.

Eve Bentley (27:10): Marvin!

Marvin Whitaker (27:10): I bargained for an heiress, not a murderess.

Eve Bentley (27:13): Why you dirty little! Alright then, I'll use this gun on you too, because I'm getting out of here and no one's going to stop me.

Marvin Whitaker (27:20): But you're right between us, see? You can't get us both.

Marlowe (27:22): He's right, baby. You're not good enough to get us both. And killing just one of us isn't going to solve anything. What do you say?

(27:26): [He socks her in the jaw.]

(27:30): It's been a long night, baby. You just couldn't tell when you were licked.

(27:34): [Eve sobs uncontrollably.]

Lieutenant Ybarra (27:47): Do you want any more of this coffee, Marlowe?

Marlowe (27:49): No. It's sludge, Lieutenant. I wonder what Julia Perry uses for a heart.

Lieutenant Ybarra (27:54): You know, she planned to think for six months when she first set herself up as Eve Bentley, and it probably would've---

Server (27:59): You want your check now?

Marlowe (27:59): Oh, oh yes.

Lieutenant Ybarra (28:02): Probably would've worked if everything hadn't closed in on her.

Marlowe (28:05): Yeah. A friend Anne from Kansas. Ruby, the leg man.

Lieutenant Ybarra (28:08): And you with that torn book of matches. Incidentally, that was pretty fast figuring up in the hotel room there, Marlowe.

Marlowe (28:14): Oh, not so fast, Ybarra. I knew Eve had those matches because I left them with her. So when you found the same matches in the pocket of Julia's plaid coat, it figured. Julia almost had to be Eve.

Lieutenant Ybarra (28:24): And that left Anne to furnish the body for the suicide.

Marlowe (28:27): Yeah, I wasn't so sure about that until I found the brown coat with a Haven Kansas label in Eve's apartment.

Lieutenant Ybarra (28:33): Yeah. Well, I'd better wade on back to the office, Phil. Look at that rain come down. Think it'll ever stop.

Marlowe (28:40): I dunno. I doubt it.

Lieutenant Ybarra (28:42): Oh, by the way, here. It's her hat. Mooney finally got it down off that hotel canopy. Maybe you'd like it for a souvenir.

Marlowe (28:49): Yeah.

Lieutenant Ybarra (28:50): The military people call a halo hat. Goodnight. Marlowe.

Marlowe (29:07): I sat there a while after Ybarra left looking at the rain in the street and the cold coffee in front of me and Julia's little round halo on the table. And finally I got up and went outside. Dirty waters, scattered along the gutter and gurgled thickly into the sewer drain at the corner. For a minute, I caught a glimpse again of the girl I'd figured Julia Perry to be when I went through a cottage in Santa Barbara. Yeah, that girl was an angel. When I finally caught up with her, a halo turned out to be black, jet black inside and out. I dropped the little hat into the gutter and watched it go as far as the drain at the corner. And then I went home.

Narrator (30:18): *The Adventures of Philip Marlowe*, created by Raymond Chandler stars Gerald Mohr, and is produced and directed by Norman Macdonnell. Script is by Mel Dinelli, Robert Mitchell, and Gene Levitt. Featured in the cast were Joan Banks, Paul Frees, Peter Leeds, Jack Kruschen, and Lois Corbett. Lieutenant Detective Ybarra is played by Jeff Corey. The special music was by Richard Aurandt. Be sure and be with us again next week when Philip Marlowe says,

Marlowe (30:50): A startled corpse, a blue-eyed woman, and a cryptic message scrawled by a dingy man with the pieces of a Chinese puzzle that wouldn't fit together until I found out what was deadly about the orange dog.