

ANNCR And now, Roma Wines, R-O-M-A, Roma Wines presents... Suspense! Tonight Roma Wines brings The House in Cypress Canyon, a Suspense play produced, edited, and directed by William Spier. Suspense! Radio's Outstanding Theater of Thrills is presented for your enjoyment by Roma Wines. That's R-O-M-A, Roma Wines, those better-tasting California wines enjoyed by more Americans than any other wine. For friendly entertaining, for delightful dining. Yes, right now, a glassful would be very pleasant as Roma Wines bring you remarkable tale of... Suspense!

MUSIC+FX **Cue #1 (Theme, then Thunder ROARS.) LIVE FX: (A door OPENS.)**

SAM Merry Christmas, Jerry!

SOUND **(DOOR CLOSES at end of thunder.)**

SAM How's the real estate business?

JERRY *(laughs)* Kind o' early with your greetin', aren't ya, Sam?

SAM Well, I gotta get 'em in sometime. I may not see ya again until next Christmas.

JERRY This real estate racket gets any crazier; I'll be dead by next Christmas.

SAM *(laughs)*

JERRY I'm glad you could get up here, though, Sam.

SAM What's on your mind, Jerry?

JERRY Aw, you-- You'll probably shoot me when you hear it, Sam, because I'm probably nuts. But-but doggone it, you're a detective and you're my pal and - I just had to tell somebody.

SAM Well, you sound like it's serious.

JERRY That's just it. I-I don't know what it is, Sam, but... Now, listen, you-you know we're agents for a group of houses up in Cypress Canyon?

SAM Mm hmm.

JERRY Those places that were started before the war, never got finished?

SAM Oh, yeah...

JERRY All they got in were the foundations, just concrete and a couple of beams. Well, they've been finished now. In fact, I'm puttin' up the For Rent on the last of 'em today.

SAM Well, what do you want? Police protection from the mob?

JERRY Listen, Sam. This house that I'm talkin' about, it's got a number now, uh, 2256. But before, when the men went back to work on it, about three months ago, well, they just started when the foreman on the job brought me a shoe box that he'd found up on a beam. And this box had a -- a what do you call it? -- a-a manuscript in it. A story, kind of. All written out.

SAM Yeah.

JERRY Well, he gave me the thing. I read it. I didn't think much about it. I put it in my desk but-- The other day as I happened to drive by there, I saw the number on the house and what the house looked like, I thought of this manuscript. It-- Well, I don't like it, that's all. There's something funny about it.

SAM Well, what's funny about it?

JERRY Well... Mind you, this thing was found in an unfinished house in Cypress Canyon, house was only just started building—

SAM All right.

JERRY Well... Listen, Sam, I wanna read it to ya, if you've got the time. Then you'll see what I mean.

SAM All right, shoot.

JERRY Well, here's how it begins... Uh... (reads) To Whom It May Concern: My reasons for setting down on paper what follows here will be abundantly clear...

MUSIC Cue #2 Bridge as Jerry's voice CROSSFADES to Jim's.)

JIM *(narrates)* ... will be abundantly clear to anyone in to whose possession it may fall. First, let me say that I'm a very ordinary person. My name is James A. Woods. I'm thirty-five years old. By profession, a chemical engineer. My wife, Ellen, was a schoolteacher when I met and married her in Indiana seven years ago. There's nothing in the past life of either one of us to suggest remotely any cause or reason for the dreadful thing that has invaded our lives. Our married life has been in no way different from that of millions of other average, reasonably happy, and congenial families. Three months ago, I was ordered by my firm to take charge of a rather minor project in Los Angeles, er, Hollywood to be exact. The order was a sudden one. There'd been no time to secure accommodations and, conditions being what they are, the inevitable result was that, until day before yesterday, we'd been living in the cramped quarters of one of those characteristic California motels. Needless to say, most of our spare time had been devoted to a search for something more permanent and comfortable but the fruits of these efforts had been financially, and in every other way, a geometrical progression of discouragement. Until last Saturday afternoon. Only four days before Christmas. We were driving into town, on our way to a movie, when Ellen saw it.

SOUND Cue #3 A car engine HUMS.

ELLEN Jim, look!

JIM What?

ELLEN That sign. In front of that real estate office.

JIM Oh, yeah, yeah.

ELLEN Don't you see what it says? "For rent, furnished, two-bedroom house, close in, immediate occupancy."

JIM Yeah, uh huh.

ELLEN Aren't you gonna stop?

JIM Oh, Ellen, you know what a sign like that'd mean right out in plain sight in front of a real estate office.

ELLEN Oh, yeah, but, Jim--

JIM [Probably?] they want six hundred dollars a month--

ELLEN We'll never know until we ask.

JIM If it's any good at all, there're probably fifty people fighting for it right back there now.

ELLEN Well, honey, there's no harm in trying, now is there?

JIM You really wanna go back

ELLEN Aw, it's probably foolish, but what can we lose?

JIM Okay.

SOUND *Cue #4 (BRAKES and TURNS the car around.)*

ELLEN Oh, darling, come on, cheer up. How do you know? Maybe our luck's changed. Maybe Fate's gonna give us a nice new house for a Christmas present.

MUSIC **Cue #5 (BRIDGE)**

SOUND *(A KNOCK on a door.)*

AGENT Come in.

SOUND *(door OPENS and CLOSES.)*

JIM Oh, uh, we're sorry to bother you but we just happened to see that For Rent sign outside and, uh—

AGENT Oh, yeah. I hung it outside just this minute.

ELLEN Is... Is the house available?

AGENT Why, sure, sure it is.

JIM Uh, let me introduce myself. My name is James A. Woods. And this is my wife Ellen.

AGENT How do you do?

SOUND *Cue #6 (An extremely loud CLAP of thunder.)*

AGENT Wow. Looks like it's fixin' to rain.

JIM Yes. So it does, doesn't it?

MUSIC Cue #7 BRIDGE

JIM *(narrates)* Well, it was one of those things. The real estate agent had just been authorized to rent the place by mail that morning and he'd hardly had time to look at it himself and put up his sign when we drove up. It was... just an ordinary little California house about halfway up Cypress Canyon. Number 2256. Just an ordinary, undistinguished little house. The agent didn't know much about it. Construction on it had been stopped by the war and it had just been completed and furnished lately. Been vacant while somebody's estate was being settled and now, it was owned by a bank in Sacramento. Of course, we didn't care about that...

AGENT Got this key in the mail along with the authorization to rent. Only one there is. Of course, you can have duplicates made.

SOUND *(Key JIGGLES in the lock.)*

AGENT Seems to stick a little.

SOUND *(The door UNLOCKS.)*

AGENT Oh, well, there it is.

SOUND *Cue #8 (The hinges of the door CREAK noisily as it opens.)*

ELLEN Doesn't sound as though that door had ever been opened.

AGENT Well, a little oil on the hinges'll fix that all right.

ELLEN Oh, sure.

SOUND *(Jim, Ellen and the agent WALK around the house.)*

AGENT Well. Now, here's your living room. Furniture's a little dusty, of course. You gotta expect that. It's good furniture though, you see? Benson Brothers.

ELLEN Yes. Uh huh.

AGENT Now, over here's a little den. Paneled, you see? Radio, fireplace. Really a very attractive little room. Particularly for a man.

JIM Uh huh. Yup.

AGENT Now, the-the bedroom's off the living room here. Everything's all on one floor, ya understand?

ELLEN Uh huh.

SOUND *(DOOR OPENS.)*

AGENT It's, uh, quite nice, I think.

ELLEN Yes. Uh huh.

AGENT You can see you get the morning sun here. There's a view of the canyon through these front windows. You got cross-ventilation...

JIM (*narrates*) That's about all there was to it. Wasn't the best place in the world. It was small and badly built but -- what would you have done? We took it, with as little inspection as that. It was the Saturday before Christmas. And the very same evening, we were struggling up the steps from the road with suitcases and boxes and armloads of clothes and all the endless bric-a-brac that people collect and never know they have until they move. Ellen began unpacking and I began moving things around and taking the worst of the pictures off the wall. Doing all the little things that everybody does when they move into a new place and try to give it something of their own personality.

ELLEN Don't be such a sourpuss. You know, it's a roof over our heads for Christmas. That's more than we ever thought we'd get, isn't it? Now. What in the world are we gonna do with those two pictures?

JIM (*tired*) Well, why don't we just leave 'em where they are?

ELLEN Jim, we can't! They're too awful.

JIM Uh, all right. Put 'em in the closet, then.

ELLEN I can't. Both the closets are jammed full.

JIM No, I mean the other one in the little alcove off the den. Least, there's a door there. I suppose it's a closet, I don't know.

ELLEN (*laughs*) If that isn't a commentary on the housing problem, huh? A woman moving into a house without even knowing where all the closets are. Take the pictures down, will ya, honey? Bring 'em in here.

JIM Okay, okay.

ELLEN Guess you'll have to help me with this door. I can't get it open.

JIM Let me see it.

SOUND (**DOORKNOB RATTLES.**)

JIM Well, of course you can't, silly, it's locked. Where're those keys we found in the desk?

ELLEN Here they are.

SOUND (**INSERTS several keys.**)

JIM Nope... not this one. Sure this one won't work. (**INSERTS another key**) Nope. Feels like an awful solid door for a closet.

ELLEN Hmm... that's one solid door in the house.

JIM (*tries one last key*) Nope, this one won't do it either. Well, we'll just have to get a locksmith up here on Monday. I'll put the pictures behind the desk, okay?

ELLEN Yeah, yeah, all right. Jim, if you could just help me move this armchair, huh?

JIM Oh, Ellen, will you let it go until tomorrow? You know what time it is?

ELLEN Aw, but, honey, I'd like to get the place looking just a little bit--

JIM Yeah, but it's almost midnight. In fact, i-it's exactly--

SOUND (*weird CRY of what sounds like an animal, some distance away.*)

ELLEN What was that?

JIM (chuckles) Tomcat, I guess. Out in the brush somewhere.

ELLEN Sounded near. (*laughs nervously*) Hope that doesn't go on all night.

JIM Oh, there isn't much we can do about it. Come on, Ellen, I'm dead tired.

ELLEN All right, Jim.

SOUND (*Jim and Ellen WALK off. Jim RUNS water in the bathroom.*)

JIM Where'd you put the toothpaste, honey?

ELLEN It's right in the medicine cabinet.

SOUND (*OPENS medicine cabinet.*)

JIM Oh, yeah.

SOUND (*SHUTS medicine cabinet.*)

ELLEN Jim, we ought to get some firewood tomorrow. You know, a fire in that living room would make all the difference in the world.

JIM (*brushes his teeth*) We can't. It's Sunday.

ELLEN Well, Monday, then. Jim, I think red curtains are what we need, don't you?

JIM (*bored*) Mm hmm. Mm.

ELLEN You know, just at least for the living room. Anyway, the ones in there now have just got to come down.

JIM Yeah, I suppose they do.

ELLEN What do you think of red?

JIM Well, I guess it's all—

SOUND (*Another weird CRY, louder, nearer. Less animal, more human.*)

ELLEN *(uneasily)* Jim.

JIM Some tomcat.

ELLEN Jim, it... sounded... in the house.

JIM Aw, now, how could it be in the house, Ellen? We've been over every inch of the house.

ELLEN Except... that closet.

JIM Now, how could a cat or anything else be in a closet that's been locked up for over a year?

ELLEN I don't know.

JIM Yeah. Probably under the house. A wildcat or mountain lion or something. I hear they have 'em in California.

ELLEN Jim, I don't like it.

JIM Well, neither do I like it but there's nothin' we can do about it tonight.

ELLEN Oh, maybe we ought to call somebody, the police or some neighbor.

JIM Aw, don't be silly, Ellen. You act like a kid. Come on, let's go to bed, huh?

ELLEN Oh, all right. I suppose it is silly.

SOUND *(DROPS her shoes to the floor.)*

ELLEN Jimmy, did you lock the door?

JIM (yawns) Yeah, yeah, yeah. Can I turn out the lights now?

ELLEN Yeah. All right.

SOUND *(SNAPS off lights.)*

JIM Good night, Ellen. Sleep tight.

ELLEN Good night, Jim.

MUSIC **Cue #9 BRIDGE**

JIM *(narrates)* I don't know what time it was. Perhaps an hour. Perhaps only a half hour later. My mind was in that hazy borderland between sleep and a dream that's still part of consciousness.

SOUND *(A lengthy, horrific ear-splitting CRY, all too human.)*

JIM *(narrates)* Then I was awake.

SOUND *(The cry becomes a WAIL and fades away.)*

JIM Ellen? Are you all right?

ELLEN Yes.

JIM Did you have a nightmare or something?

ELLEN No. I heard it, too.

JIM Well, that didn't sound like any cat.

ELLEN Put on the light.

JIM Yeah.

SOUND (*SNAPS on the light.*)

ELLEN It... it seemed to be... out there, Jim... i-in the house somewhere.

JIM I'm going to look into this.

ELLEN Jim, you be careful.

JIM Come on.

SOUND (*DOOR OPENS.*)

JIM Where-where's my shotgun?

ELLEN In the den, I think.

SOUND (*RAPID FOOTSTEPS*)

ELLEN Jim!

JIM What?

ELLEN (*in a trance*) There's... there's something... wet...

SOUND (*FOOTSTEPS*)

JIM What? Wet?

ELLEN ... running from under the closet door... sticky...

JIM Ellen, don't. Don't touch it.

ELLEN I had to... Jim, it's... It's blood.

MUSIC **Cue #10 BRIDGE**

JIM (*narrates*) It cannot be too difficult to understand from the foregoing why I have taken the pains to set down in writing the events related here. To find in one's newly rented house a closet which cannot be opened is in itself certainly no great cause for alarm. But to be awakened in the stillness of the night by unearthly cries within that house, to find oozing from under that closet door something that is unquestionably blood... that's another matter. Perhaps others might have been braver than we. Suffice it only to say that we got out of the house in something very close to a panic -- and only returned when we had the moral support of two stalwart Los Angeles policemen.

1st OFF You, uh, just moved in here, you say?

JIM That's right, Officer. You can-you can see we're still unpacking.

1st OFF And the place has been empty right along before that?

JIM Yeah, I-I don't know much about that part of it. You could check all that with the real estate agent, though

2nd OFF Well... *(clears his throat)* Where is this closet?

ELLEN Oh, it-it's right in here, Officer.

SOUND *(Everyone WALKS to the closet.)*

ELLEN And-and the blood - the blood is--

1st OFF Where? Where's the blood?

ELLEN Jim?

JIM Officer, I-I swear to you, there was blood on the floor less than an hour ago. I-I saw it.

1st OFF *(skeptical)* Uh huh.

JIM It was running out from under that door. We heard that noise and we got up and then we saw it. Th-the door was locked.

1st OFF Locked, huh?

SOUND *(The officer STEPS over to the door -- and easily OPENS it.)*

ELLEN Oh, no, I--

1st OFF Well, it seems to be all right now.

2nd OFF Hey, uh... you folks aren't trying to be funny, are ya?

ELLEN I-isn't there anything in it?

1st OFF Inside the closet? No, ma'am. There is not.

JIM Look, Officer, we're reputable people. You can call my firm. They'll tell you all about me.

SOUND *BANGS on the closet walls.)*

1st OFF There's nothing wrong with this closet. Walls are solid. No trap doors.

JIM If you think I'm lying, you--

1st OFF *(quietly)* I didn't say that, Mister. *(WALKS out of the closet)* Oh, you probably did hear some sort of a noise and you got a little panicky and, uh—

ELLEN What about the blood? It-it got on my hands.

2nd OFF It isn't there now, is it?

ELLEN *(surprised)* Yes.

2nd OFF Where?

ELLEN I... I feel it.

1st OFF (chuckles) Now, you folks just take it easy. You know, you're liable to hear all kinds of noises up in these canyons at night. You're, uh, from the East, you say?

JIM Uh, yeah. I-I-I'm sorry, Officer.

1st OFF Aw, that's all right, that's all right. If you have any real trouble, call on us anytime.

SOUND *(The officers WALK to the front door.)*

JIM All right.

2nd OFF Well, good night.

JIM Good night.

1st OFF Good night.

SOUND *(officers OPEN the front door which CREAKS noisily, as before.)*

2nd OFF Hey! Ha, ha, ha! You ought to have this door fixed. That's enough to scare ya!

JIM Yeah, we're, uh, we're going to have it fixed.

MUSIC **Cue #11 Mournful MUSICAL BRIDGE**

JIM *(narrates)* We didn't say much about it after that. There wasn't much that could be said. The next day, I went down to a lot and bought a little Christmas tree and some trimmings and we tried to pretend we were cheerful but there was an uneasiness between us that had never been there before. Ellen seemed tired and listless. Several times during the day I noticed her washing her hands with a... with a brush. Scrubbing the one that had touched the blood. That night, we each took a sleeping pill and went to bed.

MUSIC **Cue #12 Brief MUSICAL BRIDGE**

JIM *(narrates)* It was sometime after midnight when I was suddenly wide awake, staring into the darkness. In some way, I-I knew at once and instinctively what had awakened me. Ellen was not in her bed, nor in the room. The nameless thing I had feared gripped at my heart until I could scarcely breathe.

SOUND *(DOOR OPENS.)*

JIM *(narrates)* I opened the bedroom door and started through the house, putting on every light that I could find. There was not much to search but I searched thoroughly, the-the living room, the kitchen, bathroom, den, even the garage... And, all the time, the dread of looking where I knew at last I must look. For I think I knew from the very first time where I'd find her. ... It must have been a full minute that I stood before that closet door. Then...

SOUND

(DOOR OPENS.)

JIM

(narrates) I opened it. She stood there, rigid. Her arms at her sides. Her fingers, extended like claws. Her hair was over face. Her eyes stared out of it. Her lips were drawn back in a grin like an animal at bay. For a moment, I was frozen with the horror of it. I stretched out my hand.

ELLEN

(grunts)

JIM

(narrates) Very deliberately, she turned her head and sunk her teeth, until they met, into the flesh of my forearm. I'd raised my hand to strike at her but... already she'd relaxed her hold and gone utterly limp.

ELLEN

(cries quietly)

JIM

(narrates) She would've fallen unless I'd caught her. Carried her into the bedroom and laid her on the bed. Strangely, at that moment, my only thought was how I might revive her. Until I saw that it was... it was not a faint but a sleep that she'd fallen into. A sleep as deep and heavy as though she'd been drugged.

SOUND

(DOOR CLOSES)

JIM

(narrates) And so I left her. But for me, that night... there was no sleep.

MUSIC

Cue #13 BRIDGE

SOUND

(DOOR OPENS -- FOOTSTEPS.)

ELLEN

Jim?

JIM

Yes, Ellen

ELLEN

(lengthy yawn) What are you doing up so early?

JIM

Oh, I-I got a little restless, went out to make some coffee.

ELLEN

Oh. *(more yawns)* I had the most wonderful sleep. *(sighs)* And I feel so rested.

JIM

Do you?

ELLEN

Mm hmm. *(suddenly concerned)* Jim!

JIM

What?

ELLEN

What's the matter with your arm?

JIM

Oh, I-I just hurt it.

ELLEN

Well, honey, it-it's terribly swollen. Let-let me see it.

JIM

No, i-it's all right, Ellen.

ELLEN

Aw, it isn't all right. You've got to see Doctor Westleaf right away.

JIM

Sure, I-I will.

ELLEN No, now you promise me, Jim, that you'll go the first thing this morning.
How'd it happen

JIM Oh, I, uh... Th-th-there was a dog.

ELLEN Dog?

JIM Yeah. I-I heard him trying to chew through the screen door. I went out to
chase him away and he... bit me.

ELLEN Well... You mean, with all that racket and I didn't even wake up?

JIM No, Ellen. You - you didn't even wake up.

MUSIC Cue #14 Brief bridge

JIM *(narrates)* It was clear to me that Ellen knew nothing of what had transpired
the night before. I went to my office that morning and made a pretense of
going over routine business, if only to restore my mind to some semblance of
calm by the sight and sound of common, familiar things. The pain in my arm
had become a persistent, dull throbbing. I made a late appointment with Dr.
Westleaf. He treated my arm with something of an arched eyebrow and he
said:

WEST- Well, I've never seen anything quite like it before. That is, such a rapid onset
LEAF of infection.

MUSIC Cue #15 Brief bridge

JIM *(narrates)* It was dark when I left his office. I hadn't realized it was so late.

SOUND Cue #16 (Jim's car ROARS homeward.)

JIM *(narrates)* Driving home, my car seemed... seemed sluggish until I saw the
needle on the dashboard...

SOUND Cue #17 (Tires SQUEAL as he hits each curve in the road.)

JIM *(narrates)* ... and realized that I was pushing it to the utmost of its speed. I
was racing home to prevent... prevent something, before it was too late.
Before the darkness conspired against me. For somehow I already knew with
certainty that it *was* the darkness and the night that I had to fear. The curves
of the canyon seemed endless. Then the cold fear reached up inside me. My
house, too, was dark.

**SOUND Cue #18 (Jim STOPS the car, CLIMBS out, and WALKS up the front
steps.)**

JIM *(narrates)* I went slowly up the stone steps from the road, looking, praying,
for some sign of light or life. There was none.

SOUND Cue#19 (The front door CREAKS open noisily.)

JIM *(narrates)* The house was empty.

SOUND (Jim SHUTS the door behind him.)

JIM *(narrates)* Ellen was gone.

SOUND *(Jim WALKS through the house.)*

JIM *(narrates)* I-I looked with the same self-torturing thoroughness -- and in that closet first of all.

SOUND *closet door OPENS.)*

JIM *(narrates)* Knowing as I did so, it was hopeless. And so, alone in that empty house, I waited. Powerless. Helpless, now. Deadened in thought and will, empty as the house itself, save only for the overwhelming sense of a terrible foreboding. Sometime in the early hours of the morning..

SOUND *(SNAPS on the radio.)*

JIM *(narrates)* ... I snapped on the radio. Short wave. Why? Surely, a minor question now. I only know that I did.

SOUND *(Radio STATIC.)*

JIM *(narrates)* And then I heard it.

RADIO
DISP Car fifty-eight. Car Five-Eight. Go to Laurel (or Cyprus) Canyon. The 4000 block. A report that a man has been injured or attacked. Condition thought to be critical. Ambulance will follow. That is all.

SOUND *(STATIC fades. A police siren WAILS.)*

JIM *(narrates)* I was there almost before the police, edging my way through the little crowd, staring down at the man lying there in his white uniform under the streetlight.

MAN Yeah, the milkman, poor guy.

2nd MAN I heard him scream but when I got here, he was just like this.

2nd OFF All right. Stand back. Stand back. Please, please stand back.

1st OFF Well, you again.

JIM I-I heard it on the radio. I-I live just down the road.

1st OFF Yeah, yeah, I remember.

JIM Wh-what happened?

1st OFF Well, take a look. Maybe you can tell us.

JIM *(narrates)* He was dead. And he was lying on his back. And his throat had been torn out as though by the fangs of some wild animal.

MUSIC **Cue #20 Brief BRIDGE**

JIM *(narrates)* It is now Christmas Eve. Or rather Christmas morning, for its a little after midnight. I've been waiting here, here in the stillness of this empty house for nearly twenty-four hours. Waiting for the end. Already once tonight, I've heard that dreadful wailing cry somewhere in the hills. I've

nailed up the closet door but that I-I know was childish. Useless. My arm is horribly swollen and turning black but... that's nothing. It's another end that I foresee, as - as surely as other men foresee the rising of the sun.

SOUND *(The weird unearthly CRY, some distance away.)*

JIM *(narrates)* I hear the cry again. It's nearer now... I shall leave these notes in a sealed envelope and put it in a shoe box in the hope that someone will give credence to these dark and terrible events -- if, indeed, such nameless horrors can ever yield to mortal understanding.

SOUND *(The weird unearthly CRY, closer now.)*

JIM *(narrates)* As for myself, I feel no longer any fear or even sorrow. Only a desire that the end and the thing I must do may come soon. And it will be soon. I know.

SOUND *(front door OPENS and CREAKS noisily open.)*

JIM *(narrates)* Yes, for there is someone at the door.

SOUND *weird unearthly CRY -- loud and long and inside the House*

MUSIC **Cue #21 Brief intense BRIDGE then low, ROLLING thunder.**

JERRY *(reads)* ...someone at the door. *(stops reading)* Huh. What do you make of it, Sam?

SAM It's quite a yarn. Well, what of it?

JERRY That's what I thought. Now, listen, that's not quite of all of it.

SAM Oh?

JERRY Clipped to it's a newspaper clipping. Listen. *(reads)* "Hollywood, December the 26th. Police reported what was apparently a case of murder and suicide in Cypress Canyon sometime in the early hours of the morning. The victims were James A. Woods, a chemical engineer, and his wife, Ellen. Preliminary investigation indicates that Mrs. Woods was killed by the blast of a shotgun in the hands of her husband who then turned the weapon upon himself. That she fought desperately for her life, however, was evident by the disorder of the room and the severe lacerations inflicted upon her husband about the neck and arms. This is the second tragedy to be reported in Cypress Canyon within twenty-four hours, the other being the unexplained death of Frank Polanski, a milkman."

SAM Well, no such murders, or whatever they were, ever occurred, if that's what's worrying you. The clipping, well... you can have those things printed up, you know.

JERRY Oh, no, it's not that, Sam. That story was found in an unfinished house in Cypress Canyon. No number, no nothing. Just a framework.

SAM Uh huh.

JERRY Now that house is finished. When I drove by it today-- But that's what stopped me, Sam. Because it all fits! -- now that it's finished. It *is* the house in the story, the same construction, the same vines and creepers on the lawn, even the same number.

SAM So what? A guy who knows roughly what this house is gonna be like writes a yarn and loses it or something.

JERRY Did he know the place was gonna be listed for rental today, the Saturday before Christmas?

SAM (*amused*) Jerry. Coincidence. Two bits you find the guy next door is a ghost story writer or something and he's been wondering for a year what happened to that thing he wrote.

JERRY Okay. Okay. Coincidence. *LAUGHS, self-consciously as he WALKS with Sam to the door.*)

JERRY I-I'm sorry I bothered you, Sam.

SAM Don't be silly. I liked it. It's a good yarn. Uh, that the For Rent sign you were talkin' about?

JERRY Oh, yeah, yeah. I'm gonna put it up outside now.

SOUND (*Jerry OPENS the real estate office door and Sam WALKS out.*)

SAM Uh huh. Well, so long, Jerry, and Merry Christmas again.

JERRY Yeah, well, thanks, Sam. (*laughs, self-consciously*) I guess I was kind of silly, all right.

SAM Listen, when a guy named, er, whatever-it-is, Woods, with a wife named Ellen, comes in to rent that place from you, then you can start worrying.

JERRY (*chuckles*) Yeah. Well, so long, Sam.

SAM So long, Jerry.

SOUND (*Jerry SHUTS the real estate office door. After long pause, there is a KNOCK on the real estate office door.*)

JERRY Come in.

SOUND (*The door OPENS and CLOSES.*)

MALE VOICE Oh, we're sorry to bother you but we just happened to see that For Rent sign outside.

JERRY Yeah. I hung it out just this minute.

FEMALE VOICE Is... Is the house available?

JERRY Why, sure, sure it is.

MALE VOICE Let me introduce myself. My name is James A. Woods. And this is my wife Ellen.

SOUND *Cue #22 An extremely loud CLAP of thunder.*

JERRY How do? Wow. Looks like it's fixin' to r--

JIM Yes, it does, doesn't it?

SOUND *Cue #23 A low ROLL of thunder over an ominous MUSICAL BRIDGE.*

ANNCR Suspense!

* *Suggestion: Skip commercial and go to ANNCR on next page **

KEN NILES Presented by Roma Wines, R-O-M-A, Roma Wines, selected for your pleasure from the world's greatest reserves of fine wines. Tonight's show marks the third birthday of Suspense on the air and this is Ken Niles, asking our star of the evening, Robert Taylor, to help us celebrate.

TAYLOR Why didn't you tell me before, Ken? If I'd've only known, I'd've baked a cake.

KEN NILES Well, Bob, all Suspense parties are surprise parties. As an old hand on Suspense, uh, you know that in our plays the tables are usually turned on the star, so tonight, although it's our birthday, we're going to give you a present. Here it is. A gift basket of Grand Estate California Wines from Roma, America's greatest vintner, to our distinguished anniversary guest, Robert Taylor.

TAYLOR Thanks, Ken. You turn a nice table.

KEN NILES And you can set a nice table with Grand Estate burgundy in your basket, Bob. For Grand Estate burgundy means rare dining pleasure. Adds memorable distinction to holiday dinners. Even everyday meals are outstanding in taste when Grand Estate burgundy is served. Yes, all Grand Estate wines, presented by Roma, are limited bottlings of outstanding taste excellence.

TAYLOR That I know about Grand Estate wines, Ken.

KEN NILES But did you know that for Grand Estate wines, Roma selects only the choicest grapes? Then the ancient skill of Roma master vintners, necessary time, and America's finest wine-making resources, guide the [que vay?] of this great treasure to rich taste luxury. That's why discriminating wine users everywhere look to Grand Estate wines as the crowning achievement of vintner skill.

TAYLOR Reason enough. And now, Ken, who all's set to star on Suspense next Thursday?

KEN NILES It's that very wonderful actress and wonderful girl, Miss Susan Peters. Susan will appear as a young lady in straitened circumstances who finds herself mistaken for a very rich young lady and who is forced into continuing the deception with murder as a result.

TAYLOR Well, I'll certainly make it a point to listen and, uh, before I go, I'd like to thank this really great company of actors who've played with me tonight and particularly Cathy Lewis who played Ellen.

LEWIS Thank you, Bob.

* ANNCR Tonight's original Suspense play was written by Robert L. Richards. Next Thursday, same time, you will hear Miss Susan Peters as star of... Suspense!

KEN NILES Produced by William Spier for the Roma Wine Company of Fresno, California. This is CBS, the Columbia Broadcasting System.

MUSIC *Cue #24 closing theme*

CAST

1. Announcer AKA Ken Niles
2. Sam - the detective
3. Jerry - the real estate agent
4. Jim Woods also male voice
5. Ellen Woods also female voice and Cathy Lewis
6. 1st police officer
7. 2nd police officer
8. Westleaf - the doctor (one occurrence)
9. Radio dispatcher voice (one occurrence)
10. Man (one occurrence)
11. Man 2 (one occurrence)
12. Sound of Werewolf