

Suspense

Back Seat Driver

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Transcribed by Ben Dooley for "Those Thrilling Days of Yesteryear" old time radio recreations. www.ttdyradio.com

CAST:

ANNOUNCER:

MARVIN MILLER:

JOE:

ELLIE:

NEWS:

MATTRICK:

MIKE:

BILL: .

MIRANDA:

COP:

(MUSIC: BELL CHIMES)

ANNOUNCER: And now, tonight's presentation of radio's outstanding theater of thrills...

(MUSIC: CHORDS)

ANNOUNCER: ... SUSPENSE!

(SFX: BELL CHIMES)

ANNOUNCER: Tonight, the story of two people and the terror that rode with them in the city. We call it "Back Seat Driver." So now, starring Miss Vivi Janis and Mr. Parley Baer, here is tonight's Suspense play, "Back Seat Driver".

(MUSIC)

JOE: It can't happen to you. You read about stuff like that in the papers. Girls murdered and mutilated, drunks left dying in the gutter for the handful of change they had in their pockets. Lonesome old men tortured because some hoodlum gets the idea they're misers with a pot of gold hidden under the floorboards of the shack. Sure, you know it's real, but... it can't happen to you. Oh, you get your fair share of trouble. I've been a professional man her in Los Angeles for twenty years. I've met up with bums and grifters and petty sharpers, they're around in any business. But the viciousness, the real deep down dirt, that's for somebody else. You do your work and you go home to your family. And for a real bang up evening, to break the monotony, you take your wife out to a movie. That's what I did.

SFX:

Bell Chimes?

Traffic

Footsteps

Car door opens

Car door closes

Shuffling of getting in the car.

Car start up

Car running in traffic

Radio click

Car slow down

Car passing

Car slowing down to turn

Police siren

Motorcycle starting

Car slow down and stop

Opening car hood

Gas pump ding

Coins clinking

Crickets

gunshots

(SFX: Traffic)

JOE: (continues) ... that Saturday night.

(SFX: Footsteps)

JOE: We'd driven all the way in from the San Fernando Valley to Beverly Hills for a picture Ellie especially wanted to see.

ELLIE: Wasn't that a good movie, Joe?

JOE: Uh-huh.

ELLIE: Just the kind I like. Songs and dancing. Girls in pretty clothes. I get so tired of cops and robbers.

JOE: (Chuckles) What's wrong with cops and robbers?

ELLIE: Oh, you know what I mean. Murder movies. Honestly. All the policemen's stupid and all the crooks sneering out of the corners of their mouths...

JOE: Yeah. The stuff those Hollywood boys dream up. You'd think the streets were knee deep in blood and you couldn't hear yourself think for machine guns.

ELLIE: Yeah. (chuckles)

JOE: Well, here we are, honey.

(SFX: footsteps stops)

(SFX: car door opens).

ELLIE: You get in first, honey.

(SFX: getting in the car.)

JOE: All right.

(SFX: door closes)

JOE: Uh, I don't think your door's closed tight now.

ELLIE: Oh.

(SFX: Car door opens and closes)

(SFX: Car starts up)

ELLIE: Don't forget the gas.

JOE: Oh, I got plenty to take us out to the Valley. I'll fill up at Bills.

ELLIE: Hm.

(SFX: traffic and car running)

ELLIE: (starts humming tune. Gets as far as four notes and then chuckles) You remember how that song goes, Joe?

JOE: What song?

ELLIE: In the picture? You know, “Two on the moon?” The one the boy sang to the girl?

JOE: Oh, that one. Let’s see. (he starts humming, gets as far as four notes.) Ah, heck, I don’t know.

ELLIE: Oh well. We’ll hear it again on the radio.

JOE: How about turning it on?

(SFX: Click)

JOE: Set her to KMX. We ought to get some news in a few minutes. I’d like to hear whether they caught that fellow.

ELLIE: That murderer?

JOE: Mm, Hmm. They spotted him in LA this afternoon, but he got away.

(MUSIC: on the radio)

ELLIE: I know you told us at supper. It makes you shiver.

JOE: Don’t worry. He won’t get away with it.

(MUSIC: Scene change)

JOE: We left the lights of Beverly Hills behind and turned in to Coldwater Canyon. It’s as quick a way as any to get us across the Hollywood hills to the Valley. It’s dark in the canyon. Quiet. With mighty little traffic at night.

(SFX: Car engine driving)

NEWS: (talking)

JOE: I flipped my lights up full and we swept up the side of the ridge. The News program came on, but I didn’t pay much attention. The fellow talking about brush fires. They’d already put out one near my place, though they were still patrolling. We were over the ridge and sliding down to the Valley before the program got to the part I wanted to hear.

NEWS: And now the latest news on the New Hampshire Murderer.

ELLIE: Oh, there it is.

JOE: Yep. Put it up higher, Ellie.

NEWS: Two weeks ago, Lewis Mattrick wiped out an entire family in Greenleaf, New Hampshire. Today he was spotted, three thousand miles from the scene of his crime. At five-thirty this afternoon a patrolman saw and definitely identified Mattrick in downtown Los Angeles. However, by darting through heavy traffic at the risk of his life, the killer was again able

to make his escape. According to neighbors of the slaughtered family, Mattrick first appeared in Greenleaf about a year ago. From fingerprints in the Noland home, Lewis Mattrick has been identified as Lloyd Matthews, ex-convict. He is wanted for questioning in the robbery and murder of a New York store keeper a year ago. A crime that netted the killer less than twenty dollars. Mattrick, or Matthews, is Thirty-two years old, height, five feet nine inches, weight, 155 pounds. He has blue eyes, light brown hair, nose slanted to the left. When seen this afternoon, he was wearing a blue suit and a grey porkpie hat. He...

(SFX: radio clicks off.)

ELLIE: Awful. Just awful.

JOE: Not pretty, no.

ELLIE: Somewhere around LA this minute. Joe?

JOE: Hm?

ELLIE: You think it's right us leaving Annie and Bud all alone while we...

JOE: Now, Ellen, Annie's grown up, and Bud can take care of himself. You can't wrap kids in cotton wool.

ELLIE: I know. Heh, heh. Oh, I'm silly, I guess. Neighbors close all around. All they'd have to do was yell. Joe, what would make a young man do a dreadful thing like that?

JOE: Could be a lot of things. Maybe he's got a screw loose. Maybe he went nuts over a girl. Maybe he gets a kick out of killing, like some of them do...

MATTRICK: You know all the answers, don't you?

ELLIE: (screams startled) Joe!

JOE: Hey, what the...

(SFX: Car starts to slow down)

MATTRICK: Keep goin'. Go on, keep goin'. I've got a gun, Joe, and I'll use it.

(SFX: car returns to normal cruising)

MATTRICK: Now. Just keep goin; like this and no tricks. Otherwise I'm gonna blow a hole right through your wife's head. I've had experience in these things.

(MUSIC)

(SFX: car running)

ANNOUNCER: You are listening to "Back Seat Driver." Tonight's presentation in radio's outstanding theater of thrills... SUSPENSE!

(MUSIC)

MARVIN: Hello. This is Marvin Miller speaking. We'll return to our program in a moment, but first here's an important message. Someone once remarked that the government of the United States is sort of like an umpire in a baseball game—assuring fair and equal treatment to all the participants, and seeing that everybody plays according to the rulebook. That rulebook, in the case of our government, is the Constitution. It sets up the regulations under which we “play the game”—the way we live. For over a hundred and sixty years it has endured as the fundamental law of the land. Occasionally, it has been amended, just as rules are occasionally changed in a ball game. But the changes have been for the benefit of everybody. The rights it guarantees are the rights men have sought for centuries and still seek today. In adhering to the Constitution, the American citizen recognizes his two responsibilities. First, to know what his rights are, and second, to defend those rights.

(MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: And now, we bring back to our Hollywood soundstage, Miss Vivi Janis and Mr. Parley Baer, starring in tonight's production, “Back Seat Driver.” A tale well calculated to keep you in...

(MUSIC: chord)

ANNOUNCER: SUSPENSE!

JOE: I drove that car like we were skirting the rim of the Grand Canyon with nothing between us and the bottom but a mile of country air. This was it. This thing that happens to *other* people. To the ones that end up on slabs in the morgue. But not to me. Not to Ellie.

(SFX: Car passing)

JOE: First car we'd seen since we left traffic swooped down behind us. It passed, but not before the headlights caught out passenger clean in my rear view mirror. He was hunched forward sitting on the edge of the backseat so he could keep the gun rammed in the nape of Ellie's neck. He had light brown hair, pale eyes, and a nose that slanted. His mouth twitched, jittery. As the car went by, his eyes caught mine in the mirror and flickered.

MATTRICK: Keep your eyes on the road!

JOE: Sure, sure. Lose your hat?

MATTRICK: Bright boy. Like I said, you know all the answers. Naw, I didn't lose it, I stuffed it down a drain.

JOE: Still wearing the blue suit, though.

MATTRICK: I figure to change pretty quick, now. Think yours'll fit me?

ELLIE: You can have the suit. And the car. Just let us...

JOE: (calming) Ellen.

MATTRICK: Shaddup. Let's see if you can both be bright enough to keep your trap shut. Turn left on Ventura. Take the slow lane. And don't try playin' no tricks. I been here before.

JOE: OK by me.

MATTRICK: That's real wide eyed. Straight out to open country, Mac. Then I'll take the Missus up on the offer—the suit and car.

ELLIE: What happens to us?

MATTRICK: Why, you just walk home, what else? (with a smile in his voice) Play it safe, and you ain't got a thing to worry about.

(MUSIC: scene change)

JOE: Nothing to worry about. Once we got out into open country, we'd have a chance of walking away from the car. All a murderer can hope for is time. He doesn't leave witnesses around to get the law on his tail one second sooner than necessary.

(SFX: car driving)

JOE: All I could do was stall. And pray. And make what feeble gestures I could at Lady Luck. The thing that came into my mind was so risky it brought my hair up on end. But there was a chance. Provided that trigger finger didn't start jerking. In the bright lights of the boulevard, I didn't think *he'd* notice. But a traffic officer would.

(SFX: Car slows to turn)

(SFX: Traffic sounds)

JOE: I turned onto Ventura and took the far lane. Obedient as a whipped pup. Must have made two or three miles before I heard what I was hoping for.

(SFX: police siren)

MATTRICK: What's that?

JOE: Huh? Oh, the siren? An Ambulance, I guess. We hear a lot of them...

MATTRICK: That ain't no Ambulance. It's a motorcycle cop.

ELLIE: Joe. It's young Mike Kennedy. He patrols this stretch.

MATTRICK: Look, what are you up to? What you are trying to pull?!

JOE: Nothing. The kid's a friend of ours.

MATTRICK: Think you can get me, easy, huh? I warned you, I ain't goin' alone. You asked for it...

JOE: Listen! Listen, will you? The kid lives near us! Practically grew up under our feet. All he wants is to pass the time of day, or maybe send a message to our Annie!

MATTRICK: Yeah?

JOE: Yeah! You start popping now and we'll all be dead! Keep your shirt on and I'll get rid of him!

MATTRICK: OK. But, buddy, it better be good.

(MUSIC: scene change)

JOE: I pulled over to the curb and Mike came up alongside. He sat balancing the bike between his knees and the grin on his face was a mile wide. It had worked. At least we were still alive and Mike wasn't two feet away. But where do we go from here? I had to think, but my brain was wet wool. My tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth.

MIKE: Good evening, si...Well, what do you know. If it isn't Uncle Joe. (laughs)

JOE: Something... funny, kid?

MIKE: After all the times you read us the riot act about observing the letter of the law. Oh brother, wait till I tell Annie.

ELLIE: Mike Kennedy, what's the matter with you? I didn't notice anything wrong.

MIKE: Hi, Aunt Ellie. Oh, nothing much the matter. Just Uncle Joe, here, proceeding sedately out the boulevard with his headlights up full.

JOE: Headlights? By golly, that's right. I must've forgotten to dim them.

MIKE: You oughtn't to forget those things, Joe. Some day a big, bad cop might come along and haul you off to the sta... (notices Mattrick in the back seat.) Oh. Oh, hello.

ELLIE: Uh, this is our new neighbor, Mike. Mr., eh... Anderson.

MIKE: That right? Glad to meet you, sir.

MATTRICK: Hello.

MIKE: I didn't know there were any vacancies out our way.

JOE: Well, there weren't, until recently. Uh, Mr. Anderson has taken the Charles' Place.

MIKE: The Charles' Place? Are you kiddin'?

JOE: No. Looks like things got too much for Old Man Charles. He's clearing out for good.

MIKE: Uh, kinda sudden, wasn't it?

JOE: Yeah, I guess so.

MIKE: Well, that's too bad. For Old Man Charles, I mean. Mighty nice for Mr. Anderson, though. Good places are hard to find these days. All right, Uncle Joe. I'll let you off the hook this time. Give my love to Annie.

JOE: Mike!

MIKE: Yes, sir?

MATTRICK: (harsh whisper) Watch it!

JOE: Uh... nothing.

(SFX: motorcycle starting)

JOE: Come see us soon, boy. Always glad to have you.

MIKE: Thanks. I'll be round my next night off. Got a date with Annie. Well, so long.

(MUSIC)

JOE: That was that. Mike turned his bike and headed back down the boulevard. The chance had come and gone. But it felt to me like half my mind went off with the boy yelling at him. Must have been half a minute before I could pull myself together and ease back into traffic. Nobody said anything. I didn't dare to, and neither did Ellie. I couldn't see her, but I could feel her holding herself stiff as a ramrod. Scared even to turn her head. When two people have lived together as long as we have, each one knows what the other one is thinking. I went back to driving—and praying. That, and cutting my eyes up to the mirror. Just in case there might be a white motorcycle eye following us. There wasn't, of course. In the back, I knew he was watching, too—Those flickering eyes darting like lightning between us and the rear window. The way I figured it, we started out with just about enough gas to get us back to Bill's Station. When we hit that, the meter ought to show empty. The gas gauge was hidden from me by the rim of the steering wheel, but I was pretty sure I was right. I waited till I saw the red and green lights above Bill's pumps a block and a half away. And then very slow and easy, I slumped over for a peek at the gauge. I leaned just a little too far.

MATTRICK: (quickly) Sit up!

JOE: Sure.

MATTRICK: What now? What were you looking at?

JOE: I'm just easing the crick out of my neck.

MATTRICK: Yes you was. You were lookin' at the dash. You... oh, so *that's* it. Fresh outta gas.

JOE: Look, I just remembered that...

MATTRICK: Don't gimmie that, you knew it all along! From now on, you keep your hands on the wheel, Mac, but leave me do the drivin'! Turn in to that filling station. Get high test gas and fill 'er up.

(SFX: car slows down and stops.)

(SFX: Footsteps)

BILL: (calling) HI, Joe. Evening, Ellie.

JOE: Hi, Bill.

ELLIE: Evening, Bill.

BILL: Oh. Evenin', sir.

MATTRICK: Yeah, yeah.

BILL: Up to the top?

JOE: Yeah. Ethyl.

BILL: Ethyl it is. (from behind the car) Hear you been to the pictures?

(SFX: opening car hood)

JOE: Uh, yeah..

MATTRICK: (harsh whisper) You people know everybody in the whole Valley?

ELLIE: We've lived here twenty years-- back when this was just farmland—course we know lots of people.

MATTRICK: I don't like it. Get the five and get out of here.

JOE: Uh, make it five, Bill.

BILL: OK.

(SFX: pump dings)

BILL: Say, I was up to Miranda's for supper.

JOE: Is that right?

BILL: Boy, her chili gets better every time. Don't see how it can, but it does. She's savin' some for you, you know.. Said you'd be around after that show.

ELLIE: Oh my. I saw Miranda this afternoon and told her we'd be by for sure, Joe.

BILL: (coming back to car) Well, that'll be a dollar fifty on the nose.

(SFX: coins dropping)

JOE: Dollar and a half.

BILL: Hm.

JOE: Thanks, Bill.

BILL: Well, same t'you.

(SFX: Car starts and drives off)

MATTRICK: What was all that about? That Miranda stuff?

JOE: Nothing much.

MATTRICK: Come on, come on, I got to ask you everything twice?

JOE: Miranda runs a drive-in the road a ways. On show nights, we usually drop in for a carton of chili to take home.

ELLIE: I just hope she won't call home when we don't show up and get Annie all worried.

MATTRICK: Wait a minute. Drive-in you say?

JOE: Yeah.

MATTRICK: And this Miranda could start checkin' on ya?

ELLIE: I didn't mean it like that, it's just ...

MATTRICK: She could call your Annie, and between the two of them they'd have the cops on the lookout for you before midnight.

JOE: Ah, you're crazy.

MATTRICK: Yeah, like a fox! I ain't kept ahead of the buttons all this time by takin' chances. We'll just pick up that chili, mac.

JOE: You want to go to Miranda's?

MATTRICK: Why not? Leave Annie get her beauty sleep. I can cover a lot of ground before tomorrow mornin'. I ain't eatin' so good lately, I could use the food, too. And with you and the missus to front for me, what's to worry about?

(MUSIC: scene change)

JOE: He was right about that. I went back to driving... and praying. Miranda's place was one of those goldfish bowls—mostly glass with light pouring out across the space marked for outside service. She saw us pulling up. Grabbed a quart carton off the back shelf and hustled to the door.

(SFX: door open)

(SFX: Footsteps approaching)

MIRANDA: Here you are, Ellie. I was just sayin' to Betsy, "I better fix up that chili, Betsy. It's about time Ellie and Joe were showin' up" figurin' the distance from Beverly Hills. Oh, who's that in the back seat? I don't seem to recollect your face, young man. Though anybody'll tell ya, I never forget a face.

ELLIE: Eh, this is Mr. Anderson, Miranda. He just came out... from the east.

MIRANDA: Hm. That a fact? Say, Joe? You plannin' to go straight up Ventura home?

JOE: Why, sure.

MIRANDA: Well, don't you do it. Go the back way, even if it does take longer. Course, that brush fire between here and your place is out. But there's still fifty, sixty men patrollin' it.

MATTRICK: What's that?

MIRANDA: Oh, but that ain't nuthin' to what's goin' on further out the Valley. That new fire's clean out a control. Lickin' up hundreds a acres. They been sendin' truckloads of firefighters past here all evening. The road's blocked for miles, they tell me.

MATTRICK: The road's blocked?

MIRANDA: For *miles*, they tell me. All them poor ranchers loosin' their homes. Bein' from the East, you wouldn't understand. Brush fires is *awful* things once they get out a control...

MATTRICK: Yeah, yeah. Thanks. (to Joe) Hey, Joe. Suppose we start movin', huh? Let's take the back way to your house.

ELLIE: To our house?

MIRANDA: What say? Are you stayin' with Ellie and Joe?

MATTRICK: Uh, yeah. Until the road, er, until I can get into my own place. (to Joe) What are we waitin' for, Joe?

JOE: Uh, Goodnight, Miranda.

ELLIE: Goodnight.

MIRANDA: Well, goodbye.

(SFX: car start)

MIRANDA: Be sure you come see me, Mr. Anderson. I'll be looking for you.

(MUSIC: Scene change)

JOE: So there it was. We weren't going to the country. We weren't going to be left to rot at the foot of a cliff or buried deep in brush. No, we were going home. Home to the kids. And taking a murderer with us. I still couldn't see Ellie, but I could feel her tensing up, tight as a pulled drawstring.

(SFX: car running)

ELLIE: Mr. Mattrick, you... you didn't mean what you said, did you? Bout, eh, coming home with us?

MATTRICK: You know a better place I could hide out till the road's open?

ELLIE: It wouldn't be safe. We've got neighbors close all around and somebody'd see you...

MATTRICK: Nobody's gonna see me. Nobody better.

ELLIE: Joe, couldn't we go around the fire?

JOE: Yeah, that'd be better We could try. There are other roads through the Valley. Listen, Mattrick, we'll nose around and find a way through somehow...

MATTRICK: Cut it out! You heard the old biddy. Hundreds of acres burnin', firefighters, cops. Get off the highway, we're goin' home.

ELLIE: (starting to panic) No! No! I won't have it! Joe, you stop the car right here.

MATTRICK: Shaddup!

ELLIE: You heard me, Joe. I won't have him in my house, not with Annie and Bud...

MATTRICK: I SAID SHADDUP!

JOE: Ellie.

ELLIE: Stop it, I tell you. It doesn't matter about us. It's the kids, I won't let him touch them...

MATTRICK: ONE WORD OUT OF YOU AND I'M GONNA...

ELLIE: JOE, STOP!!!

JOE: ELLEN! SHUT UP!

ELLIE: (crying) Joe!

JOE: Don't say another thing! (she keeps crying) I'm sorry, honey. But, Mattrick's the boss. We gotta do like he says.

MATTRICK: Yeah, that's tellin' her. (smiling) Sure. Do like I say, and everything's gonna be rosy. You got no call to worry about the kids, I like kids. As long as nobody gives me the brush off. We'll wake 'em up soon as we get home. And you and this Annie can cook up a chili supper for us. We'll have us a picnic. And, soon as the fire's out, we'll all take a trip to the country. (chuckles) Another picnic, huh? (laughs)

(MUSIC: scene change)

JOE: It took a long time, but it had to come to an end. I saw the bulk of the house looming up. There was light sneaking around the edges of the blinds, up in Annie's room. She wasn't asleep, after all. She'd be sitting up in bed. Maybe plastering red stuff on her fingers and dreaming about the date with Mike. Bud's room was dark. He'd be wrapped in covers like a cocoon and dreaming... whatever boys dream—I couldn't remember. I pulled up to the

concrete walk I poured, with my own hands, before there was any Annie or Bud, and I cut the lights.

(SFX: crickets)

JOE: In a second or two, my eyes got used to the dark. I could make out the high hedge Ellie planted around the place, and our roof rising up beyond it.

MATTRICK: Out, Missus. Face the house.

(SFX: car door open & getting out)

MATTRICK: Now you, Mac. Slide out the same side, stand beside her.

(SFX: Sliding out of car, twice)

MATTRICK: All right. Walk to the door.

(SFX: footsteps)

MATTRICK: Slow, and no funny business. I'm right behind you.

(SFX: Footsteps continue to door)

MIKE: (in distance) LOOK OUT, JOE!

JOE: DOWN, ELLIE!

ELLIE: (screams)

MATTRICK: I'LL KILL YOU!

(SFX: gunshots)

MATTRICK: (groans)

MIKE: HOLD IT, BOYS!

(SFX: footsteps and scuffling)

COP: It's OK, Mike. I got him!

MIKE: You all right, Uncle Joe? Aunt Ellie?

JOE: Ellie! Ellie, you all right?

ELLIE: All right, indeed! Smack flat on my face on a concrete walk and you falling on me

(men laugh)

MIKE: Nothin' wrong with her.

JOE: Ah, ha! That's my girl.

ELLIE: Well, don't just stand there, help me up.

JOE: Here. There we are.

ELLIE: I've got to get in my before the kids come busting out here. I won't have them mixed up in this.

(she exits)

JOE: Well, how's he doing, boys?

COP: Got him through the gun hand and the right shoulder. See?

MATTRICK: A lucky shot, cop. If you weren't lucky, you'd be cold meat by now.

MIKE: Maybe. Mattrick, isn't it, Uncle Joe?

JOE: That's him. Miranda described him to you?

MIKE: Hm. The old girl doesn't miss a trick. She even knew you were taking the back way home. You left a clear trail, Uncle Joe. Slick work.

JOE: I had to get him out of the car before the fireworks started. Ellie didn't stand a chance. She helped, though. Ellie catches on quick.

MIKE: I'll bet.

JOE: A mean guy like Mattrick, make him think you don't want him to do something and he'll break his neck doing it. I let on I was trying to run out of gas. That got us to Bill's. Then we both made out there was no sense going to Miranda's, so we got bulled into going to Miranda's. It was a thousand to one she'd run off at the mouth about the brush fires and scare him into hiding out. After that, all Ellie had to do was turn on the hysterics. He was dead set on coming here.

MATTRICK: (chuckles) Yeah. Bright boy, like I said.

JOE: Bright enough. You did all right, too, Mike. I was watching the rear view mirror all the time you were tailing us, but you never showed.

MIKE: You knew I was there, though. When one officer starts double talking another officer, he wants to know why.

MATTRICK: What Officer? What double talk? You never said a thing to him except that I bought some place out here.

MIKE: Yeah. The Charles' Place.

JOE: Yeah, poor Old Man Charles. (chuckles) In a tough spot and moving out for good.

MATTRICK: What's wrong with that?

JOE: Mattrick, didn't anybody ever tell you it wasn't smart to take up with strangers? Maybe I'd better introduce myself. My name's Charles. Joe Charles. Detective. Homicide. Tonight I was off duty and was just taking my wife to a movie.

(MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: Suspense!

(MUSIC: chord)

ANNOUNCER: In which Mr. Parley Baer and Miss Vivi Janis started in tonight's presentation of "Back Seat Driver." Next week, the story of twin identities in crime. It is based upon fact. We call it, "The Greatest Thief in the World." Next week on...

(MUSIC: chord)

ANNOUNCER: SUSPENSE!

(MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: Suspense is produced and directed by Anthony Ellis. Tonight's script was written by Miss Sally Thorsen. The music was composed by Reny Garriagn and conducted by Wilbur Hatch. Featured in the cast were Larry Thore, Tony Barrett, Jack Edwards, Joe Panston and Helen Clebe.

ANNOUNCER: Suspense! Is another worldwide presentation of the United States Armed Forces Radio and Television Service.

(MUSIC: continues)