

X Minus One

“Perigi’s Wonderful Dolls”

Originally aired June 5, 1955

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

CAST:

Announcer
Cindy
Elma
Henry
Perigi
Toto
Sarge
Ryan

SFX:

Electronic tone
Rocket Engines
Door
Bell over door
Whistle
Traffic
Footsteps
Dog collar jingle
Dishes & silverware
Chair pulled out
Keys clinking
Music Box
Wooden footsteps
Gunshot
Body fall
Pick up phone and dial
Hang up phone
Police siren
Car skid to halt
Car doors open & close
Curtain open

(SFX: ELECTRONIC TONE)

ANNOUNCER: Countdown to blastoff. X
minus 5... minus 4... minus 3... minus
2... X Minus One. Fire!

(SFX: ROCKET ENGINES BLAST OFF)

(MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: From the far horizons of the
unknown comes the come transcribed
tales of new dimensions in time and
space. These are stories of the future.
Adventures in which you’ll live in a million “could be” years on a
thousand “may be” worlds. The National Broadcasting Company
presents,

(SFX: Add echo)

X! MINUS! ONE!

(MUSIC)

Tonight, X Minus One presents, “Perigi’s Wonderful Dolls”

(MUSIC)

The doll shop stood on a quiet Washington side street. Not too far
from the sprawling pentagon building. A woman and child waited
outside, the little girl peering eagerly through the window at the dolls
inside, and the woman glancing impatiently at her wristwatch, as if
expecting someone that was late for an appointment. There was
nothing about the doll shop to warn them, but they were waiting to
keep an appointment... with doom.

(MUSIC)

(SFX: WHISTLE)

(SFX: TRAFFIC SOUNDS)

CINDY: Mommy, look.

ELMA: Hm? What, dear?

CINDY: In the window of the shop, the tiny dolls. Oh mommy, do you think daddy will buy me one?

ELMA: We'll ask him when he comes, dear. Should be here soon. He said three O'clock on this corner.

CINDY: I see him, mommy. See?

ELMA: Oh. Henry! Over here!

HENRY: (fade in) Hello, dear. Uh. sorry I'm late.

ELMA: Well, we're all ready to go shopping. Cindy's been rea...

HENRY: Yes, well, I'm afraid we'll have to call off the shopping, Evelyn

ELMA: Oh, Henry, we promised Cindy.

HENRY: I'm sorry, but it's just one of those things, you've been the wife of an army colonel long enough to know its' like this in the zone.

ELMA: (slightly impatient) What is it this time?

HENRY: It's more of that flying sphere nonsense. The pilot who says he sighted it last month crashed and was killed today and the General wants a full report.

ELMA: (disappointed) Oh, dear. What next.

HENRY: Well, I got a staff meeting at the Pentagon at 3:15.

CINDY: Daddy, look in this window.

HENRY: Yes, well, I haven't time, dear. Elma, I...

CINDY: Just for a minute, daddy. Please?

HENRY: Now, Cindy, I haven't time to stop and watch a bunch of six inch dolls parading in the shop window. (they catch his eye) Say, they are lifelike aren't they? (delighted) Look at that, Elma. Dolls are marching around like a regular review. They've even got their own little band.

ELMA: (laughs)

CINDY: See the one in the red jacket, daddy?

HENRY: Yes.

CINDY: (delighted) He's the leader, he's bowing to us.

HENRY: Well, if they don't look human.

ELMA: Henry, your staff meeting.

HENRY: Huh, Oh, yes, yes, I gotta run.

CINDY: Can we buy one, daddy?

HENRY: Not now, dear, now run along. Now don't go spending a lot of money on that nonsense.

ELMA: No, dear.

HENRY: Bye, Cindy.

CINDY: Bye, daddy.

ELMA: Bye.

CINDY: Oh, look mommy, the band's going to play.

(MUSIC)

ELMA: Aren't they wonderful, honey? Honey, I must have stood on this corner a thousand times, I've never noticed this shop before.

CINDY: Look at the man inside, mommy. Who's he?

ELMA: That's the proprietor, dear.

CINDY: He does look funny with those red cheeks and white mustache.

ELMA: It's easy to see who he models his dolls after.

CINDY: Look he's coming to the door. He's coming.

(SFX: DOOR OPENS)

(SFX: BELL OVER DOOR RINGS)

PERIGI: (indistinct European accent) Good evening, children.

ELMA: Uh... Good evening.

CINDY: How funny he talks.

ELMA: Sh, Cindy.

PERIGI: Would you like to step inside the shop of Santo Perigi?

ELMA: Why, yes, we would, but...

PERIGI: This way.

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS)

(SFX: BELL RING)

(SFX: DOOR CLOSE)

CINDY: Mommy. It's like... like... Fairyland.

PERIGI: Here in the shop of Santo Perigi, creator of Perigi's universal wonderful dolls, the world of adult reality is blended with the world of child's fantasy.

ELMA: this is a new shop, isn't it, Mr. Perigi?

PERIGI: What is new... and what is old? Come. This way. Would you like to meet one of my little ones?

CINDY: Oh, yes!

PERIGI: Now, this one, in the red jacket, is Toto. He is the leader. (Picks him up) Handle him ever so gently. See? I will set him on the table. Speak, little one.

TOTO: How do you do? How do you do? How do you do?

(CINDY AND ELMA REACT IN AMAZEMENT)

CINDY: Oh, mother, he talks! The doll talks!

ELMA: Amazing. Absolutely amazing.

PERIGI: that is nothing for Perigi's wonderful dolls. Listen. Sing. Sing, Toto. Ding for the little girl.

TOTO: My name is Toto. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.

CINDY: Oh.

(CINDY AND ELMA GASP IN AMAZEMENT)

PERIGI: Sing, Toto.

TOTO: Men are big and tall.

Dolls are very small.

When men begin to fall,

The dolls will rule them all.

(laughs)

CINDY: Oh, more! More!

ELMA: How do they work, Mr. Perigi?

PERIGI: How do they work? Ah, that is the secret of the great Perigi, greatest of all doll makers. To make an ordinary doll is nothing. To

make a perfect replica, that is something. But to make a doll with intelligence, that is the work of an artist, eh?

ELMA: I suppose that they're very expensive to buy.

PERIGI: Perigi does not sell his dolls, madam.

ELMA: You don't sell them?

PERIGI: When I construct a doll like Toto, I cannot bear to be permanently separated from him. So instead of selling, I *rent* my little people.

ELMA: you do? You rent dolls?

PERIGI: Precisely. Ten dollars.

ELMA: For how long?

PERIGI: For a long as they are cherished. My only request is that when you grow tired of my dolls, you return them to me in good condition.

CINDY: Oh, mommy, could we take him home?

TOTO: Take him home. Take him home. Take him home. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.

CINDY: Oh, look, he's bowing and dancing. He wants to come.

ELMA: But honey, your father said we shouldn't spend a lot of mo...

CINDY: Oh, please? I'll take such good care of it. Please?

ELMA: Well honey, we'll have to deal with your father later, but... well.

CINDY: Oh, mommy!

ELMA: All right. Wrap him up, Mr. Perigi. But I have a feeling that when your father comes home, we'll be sorry.

TOTO: Be sorry. Be sorry. Be sorry. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.

(MUSIC)

CINDY: Now, Toto, this is my room. And you're gonna sleep right here next to my pillow.

TOTO: (laughs)

CINDY: I wish you wouldn't laugh like that. I'm going to have to teach you some manners.

TOTO: (laughs)

CINDY: And you be quiet because my daddy will be home soon. And he is a Colonel in the Air Force staff. And he'll bust you to private if you

don't behave. Come along now. I'm going to introduce you to my puppy dog, Mr. Blisters, so be good.

(SFX: DOOR OPENS)

Here, Mr. Blister! Here, Blister! Come on!

(SFX: DOOR CLOSE)

BLISTERS: (barks)

(SFX: DOG COLLAR RATTLES AS HE GETS CLOSER)

BLISTERS: (makes curious sounds)

CINDY: Mr. Blister, this is Toto.

BLISTERS: (growls)

CINDY: Oh dear, I don't think Mr. Blister likes you, Toto. Come over her and shake hands with Toto, Mr. Blister. Come on, now.

BLISTERS: (growls and then attacks)

TOTO: (screams)

CINDY: Mr. BLISTER!

TOTO: Kill him! Kill him! Kill him! Kill him!

CINDY: Go! Get out!

TOTO: Kill him! Kill him! Kill him! Kill him!

BLISTERS: (continues growling)

ELMA: Cindy! Mr. Blister! Come over here! Come over here! Cindy, what happened?

CINDY: Mr. Blister tried to bite my doll. Look how frightened he is.

ELMA: Oh honey, dolls don't get frightened.

CINDY: But he *was* frightened, mommy. He screamed!

ELMA: You imagined it, dear. It's only a doll.

CINDY: He did! He did!

ELMA: Well... Mr. Blister didn't mean it. Now you know he's the gentlest pup alive.

CINDY: He isn't! He's nasty and I hate him.

BLISTERS: (whimpers)

ELMA: Aw. See? Now you've hurt his feelings.

CINDY: I don't care. Her tried to bit my new doll and I don't ever want to see him again! Ever!

BLISTERS: (whimpers)

ELMA: Oh dear. All right, Mr. Blister. You come downstairs with me.

BLISTERS: (barks)

ELMA: Cindy's angry with you tonight.

CINDY: I'll *kill* him!

ELMA: Cindy! Where did you learn a thing like that?

CINDY: I... (catching herself, then continuing) Toto said it.

ELMA: Honey... You've had a very exciting day. Now, brush your teeth and go to bed, hm? Daddy's coming home late so he'll see you in the morning. Good night, dear. Sleep well.

(SFX: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

CINDY: I *hate* him!

TOTO: (laughs) Hate him. Hate him. Hate him. Hate him! Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.

(MUSIC)

(SFX: DOOR OPENS)

HENRY: Morning, Elma. Breakfast ready?

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING)

ELMA: In a minute, dear.

HENRY: Hm.

ELMA: How was the staff meeting last night?

HENRY: Oh. Horrible bore, as usual. I don't know what's got into the old man. Just because a few farmers corroborated the pilot's report he thinks some strange aircraft has penetrated our radar zone. Where's the little one?

ELMA: Up in her room.

HENRY: Huh. Now, that's funny. She's usually down here before me.

ELMA: Well, she's probably up to something. Sit down, dear.

HENRY: Say, remind me to take some papers back to the war department, will you? I left them in my strongbox.

ELMA: You haven't been bringing your reports home, have you?

HENRY: Well, it's safe enough.

ELMA: Well, you told me it's against regulations to bring secret papers home.

HENRY: Well, I had to finish some work for the old man and nobody'll ever know the difference.

ELMA: Well, I don't know. Oh, would you feed the puppy before we sit down, Henry?

HENRY: Hm, yes.

ELMA: His bowl's under the sink.

HENRY: Where is he? Say, that's funny. Here's his supper from last night only half eaten.

ELMA: (lightly) He's getting fussy. Doesn't like canned dog food anymore.

HENRY: No. Here, Blister! Here, Blister, Blister, Blister! Now, where the dickens is that mutt?

ELMA: Maybe he's on the back porch.

HENRY: (Whistling) Here, Blister! He... Elma.

ELMA: (off mike) What is it, dear?

HENRY: Elma, look!

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING)

ELMA: (gasps) Henry! Is he...?

HENRY: He's dead.

ELMA: But how? What hap...

HENRY: By the looks of it, he might have been poisoned.

ELMA: But who would do a thing like that to an innocent little puppy.

HENRY: I don't know.

(SFX: GOING BACK INSIDE. SCREEN DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS)

(SFX: FONDLING DISH)

HENRY: I don't understand this at all. Not at all.

ELMA: What dear, what is it?

HENRY: there are pieces of broken glass in this food. Blue glass, you see?

ELMA: How...? Henry.

HENRY: What?

ELMA: I just remembered something.

HENRY: What?

ELMA: It may be coincidence, but... in the bathroom this morning.

HENRY: What about the bathroom?

ELMA: Cindy's blue glass, the one with the Mickey Mouse on it, was broken. I found pieces in the wastebasket. I meant to ask her about it.

HENRY: Oh, now Elma, for heaven's sakes. You aren't suggesting that our little girl... Well she loved Blister more than anyone.

ELMA: Not last night, she didn't

HENRY: Why not?

ELMA: He went after Toto.

HENRY: Now who is Toto?

ELMA: That's her new doll.

HENRY: Her what?

ELMA: I was meaning to tell you.

HENRY: You bought her one of those dolls, huh?

ELMA: I... I just rented it.

HENRY: Rented it. Now look here, Elma. You know we haven't got the kind of money to throw away on...

ELMA: But she had her heart set on it, dear. I used my dividend.

HENRY: (signs) All right. But what happened with Blister?

ELMA: He went for the doll, and Cindy said she hated him.

HENRY: Oh. Well, a child...

ELMA: She said she'd *kill* him.

HENRY: Where'd she get a thought like that?

ELMA: I don't know.

HENRY: Has she been watching those chillers on television?

ELMA: I don't know.

HENRY: Well it's too ridiculous. Good heavens, a nine year old child putting ground glass in dog food, she's have to be a monster.

(SFX: DOOR CLOSE)

CINDY: Mommy!

ELMA: (whispered) She's coming.

HENRY: Hm. Well don't say anything, I'll talk to her.

ELMA: Morning, dear.

CINDY: Morning, Mommy. Morning, Daddy. What's the matter?

HENRY: Eh, sit down, dear.

CINDY: Yes, sir.

(SFX: CHAIR PULLED OUT)

HENRY: Now. Your mother tells me you broke your blue drinking glass.

CINDY: Oh, no, I didn't break it.

ELMA: Cindy.

CINDY: I didn't.

HENRY: Well now, somebody broke it. It wasn't your mother and it wasn't me.

CINDY: It must have been Toto.

ELMA: Cinthia!

HENRY: Cindy, you know Toto is only a doll. Now a doll couldn't have broken your glass, could he? Well?

CINDY: (softly) I guess not.

HENRY: So we can't very well blame it on a doll then, can we?

CINDY: But he must have done it, daddy

HENRY: Cindy, you know how daddy feels about little girls who tell fibs. (getting stern) Now, did you break your glass and maybe accidentally get some pieces in Mr. Blister's dish, to sort of... punish him for biting your doll?

CINDY: No, Daddy.

HENRY: Well, I hate to think you did something you knew was wrong and were blaming it on a doll.

CINDY: Something wrong with Mr. Blister? Is he sick?

HENRY: Worse than that.

ELMA: Henry.

HENRY: The child has to face reality, Elma.

CINDY: What's the matter with Mr. Blister?

HENRY: He's dead, Cindy.

CINDY: Oh, no. He can't be dead. He isn't dead, Daddy. No, he isn't! He isn't! Mommy!

ELMA: Oh. He *is* dead, Cindy.

CINDY: He'll come back. He *has* to come back.

ELMA: Darling. He won't come back.

CINDY: Ever?

ELMA: Not ever.

HENRY: Yes. Well... now that we've told you, Cindy, you want to change your mind about the glass?

ELMA: Henry, leave her alone. Please!

CINDY: (crying) You think I killed him!

HENRY: Now look what you've done. The child feels guilty enough, Henry.

HENRY: My dear, this is no time for feelings to interfere.

ELMA: You go up to your room, honey. Daddy and I will be up in a minute.

CINDY: I don't want to.

ELMA: Please, Cindy. Now we'll be right up. Please.

(SFX: DOOR OPENS)

ELMA: (off mike) That's a good girl. Close the kitchen door behind you.

(SFX: DOOR CLOSES)

(MUSIC)

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS)

CINDY: (crying) Mr. Blister's dead. He isn't coming back. Ever. Ever. Daddy thinks it was me but...

(SFX: DOOR OPENS)

CINDY: It was you! IT WAS YOU!!

TOTO: Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!

(MUSIC)

(SFX: SILVERWARE ON PLATES)

ELMA: Eat your supper, dear.

CINDY: I'm not hungry.

ELMA: You've scarcely touched your lunch.

CINDY: I don't feel like eating.

ELMA: Is it Mister Blister?

CINDY: (starts crying)

HENRY: Now, answer you mother.

ELMA: She'll work it out her own way, Henry.

HENRY: But I don't know, Elma. When I was a boy, there was such a thing as discipline. Now the way this child is being brought up...

ELMA: Henry!

HENRY: Well, it's true! There's no respect. Lying and...

CINDY: (starts crying again.)

ELMA: Oh, there, there, Honey. Now, your father's upset. He doesn't mean it.

HENRY: Well, what's happened to us? We were a nice, peaceful, happy family until you bought that cursed doll.

ELMA: Now whose blaming things on the doll?

HENRY: Well, it's true!

(SFX: DISHES CLATTER)

HENRY: (calming down) Now I've spilled my coffee.

ELMA: I'll get you another cup.

HENRY: Never mind. I'm late now. I'd better be going.

ELMA: Oh you, um... wanted to get some papers from the strong box.

HENRY: Oh, yes.

(SFX: CHAIR SLIDING)

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS)

ELMA: Cindy, please. Try to eat something.

CINDY: Yes, mom.

HENRY: (calling from other room) Elma!

(SFX: chair sliding away from table)

HENRY: ELMA!

ELMA: What is it?

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS RUNNING IN)

HENRY: (entering room) Elma! It's gone!

ELMA: What's gone?

HENRY: The box. The strong box is gone.

ELMA: It can't be. The door to your study's always locked. You and I have the only keys.

HENRY: I know all that and I tell you, it isn't there.

ELMA: Well, who would go...

HENRY: I don't know. Elma those confidential reports, if they ever got into the wrong hands...

ELMA: I warned you about keeping them there!

HENRY: What if it ever came out in the open? Can't you see the papers?

ELMA: Call the police, Henry.

HENRY: And throw my Army career in the wastebasket after seventeen years? No. We've got to find it ourselves.

ELMA: It was there when I went in to clean this morning.

HENRY: What about your key?

ELMA: It's right here, I always keep it with me...

(SFX: KEYS CLINKING)

HENRY: Oh, no.

ELMA: My other keys are on the ring.

HENRY: Oh, you've lost it.

ELMA: I don't see how.

HENRY: Elma, Elma, how could you do...

ELMA: Oh, Henry, please!

HENRY: We'll search the house! I can't think of anything else to do.

ELMA: Well you'll miss the staff meeting.

HENRY: Meeting? My whole career goes up in smoke if we don't find those reports! Somebody got hold of your key and opened that room and... (suddenly calm) I know. Cindy.

ELMA: You leave the child alone. She's been through enough. You know she wouldn't do a thing like that.

HENRY: I don't know anything anymore. I don't even know my own child. I don't even know *you*. All I know is that strongbox is gone and contains papers that are dynamite if the wrong person gets them. The question being, who?

TOTO: (laughing)

ELMA: Oh.

HENRY: What's that?

ELMA: Coming from upstairs. It must be Cindy's doll.

HENRY: Oh, that blasted doll again.

ELMA: Something must have set it off. I don't know how the mechanism works.

HENRY: for heaven's sake, let's go up and shut it off.

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS RUNNING)

(SFX: DOOR OPENS)

TOTO: Toto! Toto! Toto! Kill him! Kill him! Kill him! (continues laughing) How do you do? How do you do?

HENRY: Stop it!

TOTO: (Stops laughing)

HENRY: (to himself) Blasted little imp

ELMA: Henry.

HENRY: Ever since you...

ELMA: Henry!

HENRY: What?

ELMA: Look.

HENRY: Where? What?

ELMA: Around the dolls neck. The key. The key to your study.

HENRY: You see, Elma. It was Cindy after all.

ELMA: I don't believe it!

HENRY: Well good heavens, do you have to have it spelled out for you? Here's her doll with the key around it's neck.

ELMA: She wouldn't, Henry, you know she wouldn't.

HENRY: Oh ever since you got this fool doll, she's been acting half insane. First the dog and now this. I think she hates us, Elma.

ELMA: Henry, Cindy is my child. I know her. I know she's a good sensitive person with no malice in her

HENRY: You're simply refusing to face the facts, my dear.

ELMA: What are you going to do?

HENRY: I'm going to go downstairs and have a talk with that young lady.

(MUSIC)

HENRY: You're *not* telling the truth, Cindy.

CINDY: I am, I *am*!

HENRY: Cindy. Now you know that strongbox is very important to me. Now I can understand that you might have been angry with me, because I scolded you, and so you took it and hid it, just to spite me. Now all I ask is for you to tell me the truth. Now where is it?

CINDY: I didn't take it, Daddy. Honest, I didn't take it.

HENRY: (sighs) I suppose you're going to tell me now that a little six inch doll took it and hid it. Well? I'm speaking to you young lady?

CINDY: But I didn't take it, Daddy. You don't understand. Toto did it. He's terrible. Awful. He syas things. He's gonna *kill* everybody.

HENRY: Cindy, you're inventing things.

CINDY: It's true. At night, when I'm sleeping, he stands next to my pillow and whispers things to me. Awful things. He told me he'd kill me to if I told you.

HENRY: Elma, I think this child is sick. I think she needs a doctor.

ELMA: She's frightened, Henry. She's trembling like a leaf. Come on, dear. We'll go up to your room.

CINDY: I don't want to go up there.

ELMA: Honey, Mommy will stay with you.

CINDY: I'm afraid. *He's* up there.

ELMA: Who?

CINDY: Toto!

HENRY: Well, he won't be up there for long. Mister Toto is going right back to Perigi's Wonderful Doll shop before I lose my sanity, which means right now!

(MUSIC)

(SFX: DOOR OPEN)

(SFX: BELL RING)

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS)

(MUSIC: MUSIC BOX MUSIC)

PERIGI: Ah, Colonel Grayson. Welcome to the home of Perigi's Wonderful Dolls

HENRY: Are you Perigi?

PERIGI: Santo Perigi, creator of the Universal Doll. The doll with a mind. The doll which...

HENRY: I'm returning one of your masterpieces.

PERIGI: Oh? You will step into the rear of my shop.

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS)

(MUSIC FADES OUT)

PERIGI: Now, the complaint?

HENRY: No complaint. Here's your doll. And good riddance.

PERIGI: (softly to doll) My little Toto. Rejected. You found the world of men too full of hate.

TOTO: Hate! Hate! Hate! Hate!

PERIGI: We will change all that. Later on. Return to your comrades in the window, little one.

(SFX: WOODEN FOOTSTEPS)

PERIGI: And now, Colonel Grayson...

HENRY: I think we have no further business.

PERIGI: Ah, but we do, Colonel. Let me see. Ah, yes. Here it is. Do you recognize this strongbox, Colonel?

HENRY: My... strongbox. But where?

PERIGI: My little Toto is very clever, sir.

HENRY: Are you trying to tell me your doll stole that from me?

PERIGI: Let us not say "stole". I am merely keeping it in custody.

HENRY: What's the game, Perigi?

PERIGI: the “game”, as you call it, is blackmail. You give me what I want and I do not ruin your career/

HENRY: What *do* you want?

PERIGI: Information. We already know something from the reports of the war department concerning a certain strange looking sphere reported by one of your pilots.

HENRY: What government do you represent?

PERIGI: I represent Perigi’s Wonderful Dolls. None other.

HENRY: I am... *not* so naïve, sir.

PERIGI: Perhaps I should explain. Each man hides something from the world. Each man loves something more than life. With the help of my wonderful dolls I obtain personal information which enables me to control the men who control the world.

HENRY: You’re a madman.

PERIGI: A genius. You would be surprised at the list of men who have become the confidants from my dolls.

HENRY: Do you think you can blackmail me into betraying my country?

PERIGI: If the price is right. And in this case, sir, the price is your career and the lives of your wife and child.

HENRY: Why are you so interested in the flying sphere?

PERIGI: Let us say for reasons of my own. Well, Colonel?

HENRY: Hand over the strongbox!

PERIGI: I warn you, I have a gun.

HENRY: Give it to me!

PERIGI: You are being foolish. Put down that walking stick.

HENRY: Now!

PERIGI: No closer.

HENRY: NOW!

(SFX: GUN SHOT)

(SFX: BODY FALLS)

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS)

(SFX: PICK UP PHONE AND DIAL.)

HENRY: Hello? Give me the police. Hello? This is Colonel Grayson. I've, eh...I've just killed a man. Yes, Perigi's Doll Shop, corner of Fourth and Lexington. The body's in the back room. Yes, I'll wait for you.

(SFX: PHONE HANG UP)

TOTO: (laughing)

HENRY: Shut up!

TOTO: (continues laughing)

HENRY: Shut up, you little fiend!

TOTO: Colonel Grayson.

HENRY: Did... did I hear it speak?

TOTO: Colonel Henry Grayson. (laughs)

HENRY: I must be going out of my mind. A six inch doll... SHUT UP!
Your master's dead!

TOTO: You are mistaken, Colonel. I, Toto, am the master.

HENRY: What do you mean?

TOTO: If you will examine the body of Santo Perigi, you will see that he does not bleed. And he does not bleed, Colonel, because... Santo Perigi never lived.

HENRY: Never lived?

TOTO: Santo Perigi... is a *doll*.

HENRY: A DOLL! But that's impossible. He's a man, he talks, he walks, he...

TOTO: The people of Meritrix are skillful doll builders.

HENRY: People of Meritrix? Doll builders? Look, who are you?

TOTO: I am Xantu Sampiritor. Commander of the legions of the third planetoid, Meritrix.

HENRY: Legions? Planatiod?

TOTO: My people and I, whom you regard as dolls, come from a tiny planet beyond the moon. So small that it cannot support our population. We landed one of our space spheres on earth three months ago. With the intention of colonizing. Unfortunately, one of your pilots intercepted us.

HENRY: So that's why you wanted our information.

TOTO: Precisely.

HENRY: Are you... are you a...human?

TOTO: Oh, quite human. Of course, in order to deal with Earth people without suspicion, we were forced to construct Perigi—a... man-sized doll

HENRY: Well, I can't believe this. I'm having hallucinations. I'm going to get out of here.

TOTO: Oh, that would be impossible. We have weapons of destruction.

(MUSIC)

TOTO: Quite unknown to Earth people.

HENRY: I've phoned the police and they'll be here soon.

TOTO: By the time they arrive, my people will have prepared something... quite... shocking. (laughs)

(MUSIC TAKES OVER)

(SFX: POLICE SIREN)

(SFX: POLICE CAR ARRIVING. SKID TO A STOP)

(SFX: CAR DOORS OPEN & CLOSE)

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS RUNNING)

SARGE: Cover him, Ryan.

RYAN: O.K., Sarge.

(SFX: DOOR OPEN)

(SFX: BELL OVER DOOR RINGS)

SARGE: You the guy that turned in the call? Where's the body?

HENRY: Well, it... isn't exactly a body.

SARGE: What do you mean?

HENRY: It's a doll.

SARGE: A what?

HENRY: All right. You've got to let me explain. It sounds fantastic, but I've stumbled on an unbelievable plot to control the world.

SARGE: Keep talking.

HENRY: Now, these *little* dolls...they aren't really dolls. They're tiny people. There's a big doll named Santo Perigi—he runs the shop.

SARGE: (to himself) Holy smokes.

RYAN: He's off his trolley, Sarge.

SARGE: Now listen, mister, we got a call that there was a murder here.
Now if there was one, where is the body?

HENRY: Behind those curtains, in the back. Only it isn't really a body, you see?

SARGE: What?

RYAN: I here something back there, Sarge.

SARGE: All right. Cover those curtains. (CALLING) Yo! If there's anyone back there, come on out! Come out, or we'll come in and get you.

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS)

RYAN: Somethin's comin'.

HENRY: The curtain's opening.

(SFX: CURTAIN OPENING)

PERIGI: Good evening, gentlemen.

HENRY: Perigi! But this is impossible, I smashed his skull. I...

SARGE: You know this guy?

HENRY: Yes, that, that... that's the one. That's the doll!

SARGE: What's your name, mister?

PERIGI: Perigi. Santo Perigi, creator of the Universal Doll.

SARGE: You ever see this man?

PERIGI: Never until just now.

HENRY: Wha... But he's lying! I tell you, he's nothing but a life-sized doll. The *real* master are these little dolls.

SARGE: Ryan, are you getting this?

RYAN: He's wacko, Sarge. Nutty as a fruitcake.

HENRY: Look, look. I'm not crazy, I tell you. I can prove it. They... they must have fixed up his head when I smashed it in. Touch hem, you'll see.

SARGE: Mr. Perigi, you know what the guy's talking about?

PERIGI: The man is demented, obviously.

HENRY: Come on... look. I tell you, there's a... there's a plot to control the Earth. Listen. You've got to let me call the War Department. They'll want to know about the flying sphere.

SARGE: Holy mackerel, this guy's worse every minute. Ryan!

RYAN: Take him to headquarters?

SARGE: Save some time, take him down to the Psycho ward.

RYAN: O.K., Buck Rodgers. Come along nice and quiet now.

HENRY: Now... Now... you got to listen to me! Don't you see? The future of Mankind is at stake!

RYAN: Sure. Sure, I know how it is.

HENRY: Look, he's nothing but a man-sized doll! Touch him!

RYAN: And the little ones are going to take over the Earth. I know. I had the D.T's once. O.K. Sarge. We'll see you later.

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS WALKING AWAY)

HENRY: Please! PLEASE!

RYAN: Come along, now.

HENRY: (fading off) YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO ME. PLEASE!

(SFX: DOOR CLOSES)

(SFX: BELL OVER DOOR)

SARGE: Sorry to cause all this trouble, Mr. Perigi.

PERIGI: Not at all, sir. Not at all.

(MUSIC: MUSICBOX)

TOTO: (laughing)

SARGE: Well, I'll be. (chuckles) That ain't the cutest little doll. Say, my little girl'd be nuts for that.

PERIGI: Well, perhaps you will accept is as a gift.

SARGE: Well, I...

PERIGI: For saving my life. That madman might have... killed me. No home's really complete without one of Perigi's Wonderful Dolls, Sergeant. Is that right, Toto?

TOTO: (laughs)

SARGE: Yes, but I... I... I...

PERIGI: I would like, in some way, to show my gratitude. You will be doing me a favor if you would take the doll home to your little daughter.

SARGE: (chuckles) Say, this ought to make her the happiest little girl in the world.

PERIGI: Yes, Toto will come as a great surprise.

TOTO: (laughs)

PERIGI: A *very* great surprise. Won't it, Toto?

TOTO: (laughing)

(MUSIC SWELLS AND ENDS)

ANNOUNCER: Tonight, by transcription, X-Minus One has brought you, "Perigi's Wonderful Dolls." Written by George Lefferts

(MUSIC)

Heard in the cast were Janet Alexander as Cindy, Ann Pitoniak as Alma, Nelson Olmsted as Henry, Joe DeSantis as Perigi, Michael O'Day as Toto, Ken Lynch as the Sergeant and Frank Milano as Ryan. This is Fred Collins speaking. X Minus One was directed by Fred Way and is an NBC Radio Network Production.

(MUSIC: X MINUS ONE THEME ENDS)

ANNOUNCER: Tonight's story concludes the present series of stories of "The World of the Future" If you'd like to hear X Minus One return to the air at some later date, please drop us a postcard or letter addressed to: X MINUS ONE, care of the National Broadcasting Company, RCA Building, New York.