

## **BOGART AND BACALL TRIBUTE**

Part 2: Bold Venture

Written and produced by

John F. Barber

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International

Re-Imagined Radio  
Season 13, Episode 08

Final draft

## **BOGART AND BACALL TRIBUTE**

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Season 13, Episode 08  
Final Draft

Premier broadcast: August 18, 2025

Written, Produced, Hosted by John F. Barber

Sound design, Music composition, Post-production by Marc Rose

Graphics by Holly Slocum with Evan Leyden

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### **Synopsis**

Re-Imagined Radio presents "Bogart and Bacall Tribute, Part 2" focusing on the radio series *Bold Venture*. Harry Morgan (Bogart) and Gail "Sailor" Duval (Bacall) are in Havana, Cuba. Their hotel and charter boat attract adventurers and pirates of all stripes. We sample the first two episodes released for this syndicated series. "Bogart and Bacall Tribute, Part 1" focuses on the 1946 *Lux Radio Theatre* adaptation of *To Have and Have Not*, a 1943 motion picture by Howard Hawks starring Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall.

### **Credits**

Both episodes of the *Bold Venture* radio series used in this program are in the Public Domain. Available at Internet Archive ([https://archive.org/details/OTRR\\_Bold\\_Venture\\_Singles](https://archive.org/details/OTRR_Bold_Venture_Singles)).

### **Color Code**

**Yellow highlighted text** = sound effect(s), either pre-recorded or created for episode.

**MUSIC** = pre-recorded

**MUSIC** = bespoke, created for this episode

COLD OPEN

SFX: SAMPLES FROM BOLD VENTURE

SAILOR You talk about Havana like it was a woman.

SLATE Heh-Heh. Do I?

SAILOR How do you talk about me behind my back?

SLATE Walk ahead of me and I'll think of something.

MUSIC: THEME MUSIC UP

SERIES NARRATOR BOOOOLD VENTURE!

MUSIC: MUSIC SWELLS

NARRATOR Adventure! Intrigue! Mystery! Romance! Starring Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall, together in the sultry setting of tropical Havana and the mysterious islands of the Caribbean. BOOOOLD VENTURE!

MUSIC: UP FOR FINAL FLOURISH

THEME AND ANNOUNCER

MUSIC: RIR THEME

ANNOUNCER Welcome to Re-Imagined Radio, a program about sound-based storytelling. With each episode we explore how dialogue, sound effects, and music can engage your listening imagination and promote storytelling. Here to tell you about

**THIS episode is John Barber, producer and host.**

HOST OPEN

HOST Thanks Rylan. Hello everyone. Welcome to Re-Imagined Radio and our two-part "Bogart and Bacall Tribute."

Part 1 focuses on the adaptation of the motion picture *To Have and Have Not* starring Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall for *Lux Radio Theatre* in 1946.

In this episode, Part 2, we focus on the syndicated radio adventure series *Bold Venture* starring Bogart and Bacall.

It's a curtain call of sorts, following their earlier performance. We sample the first two episodes released of *Bold Venture*.

For more information, and the episode script, visit our website, reimagedradio dot fm.

Thank you for listening as Re-Imagined Radio presents "Bogart and Bacall Tribute, Part 2: Bold Venture."

**MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION. SAMPLE FROM BOLD VENTURE PROGRAM.**

HOST Following their successful motion picture *To Have and Have Not*, directed by Howard Hawks and released in 1943, Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall are

hounded with pitches for more of the sizzle they brought to their first collaboration.

The pitch from Frederic W. Ziv Company attracts their attention. A syndicated weekly radio series called *Bold Venture*, building on the framework of Bogart's *Casablanca* motion picture and *To Have and Have Not*, Bogart and Bacall's earlier collaboration.

"You just record your lines," Ziv writes, "we'll do the rest."

Source: Ramsburg, Jim. "Bogart and Bacall's Bold Venture." *Jim Ramsburg's Goldtime Radio*.  
<http://www.jimramsburg.com/bogart--bacalls-bold-venture-audio.html>

HOST

Bogart and Bacall record seventy eight episodes over winter 1950 to 1951 in Hollywood, using their production company, Santana Productions. Morton Fine and David Friedkin, noted for their work on *Suspense*, *Escape*, and *Yours Truly*, *Johnny Dollar*, are the writers. Henry Heyward the director. Music by David Rose.

Ziv transcribes and syndicates episodes well into 1952. By then Bogart and Bacall are onto other projects, and they step away from *Bold Venture*.

To get a sense of the *Bold Venture* series, let's listen to "Deadly Merchandise," the first released episode, March 26, 1951, starring

Humphrey Bogart as Slate Shannon and  
Lauren Bacall as Gail "Sailor" Duval.

ACT #1, DEADLY MERCHANDISE

MUSIC: UPBEAT SERIES THEME

CROSSFADE TO . . .

SFX: EXTERIOR. NIGHT. CREAKING

RIGGINGS AS BOATS LAY TIED TO WHARF  
IN HAVANA, CUBA.

SLATE SHANNON All right, sailor, Havana, Cuba, where  
we started from, where we get off. Out.

SAILOR How long can you keep it up, Slate?

SLATE Come on, come on. Off the boat.

SAILOR I said, how long can you keep it up?  
You've been sore ever since we left Key  
West. So we didn't meet him. So we  
didn't pick up his cargo.

SLATE Look, sailor, a guy named Scarn sends us  
a wire. He says, "Meet him in Key West.  
Move his cargo." I didn't want to go.  
You wanted to go.

SAILOR All right, and Mr. Scarn and whatever he  
wanted us to bring to Havana weren't  
there. Oh, we had a boat ride to Key  
West and back. You and me. That's  
nothing, huh?

SLATE Come on, sailor. Let's get off the boat.  
Here, I'll help you.

SAILOR I don't need any help. What are you angry about? The money we didn't make?

SLATE No, it was time away from Havana, but I didn't have to be away from her.

SAILOR You talk about Havana like it was a woman.

SLATE Heh-Heh. Do I?

SAILOR How do you talk about me behind my back?

SLATE Walk ahead of me and I'll think of something.

SFX: CROWD WALLAH

SAILOR There's your Havana, a cockfight.

SFX: SCREAMS OF FIGHTING COCKS

SLATE Consider it, Sailor, two birds with steel spurs slashing each other to pieces. Let's pause and cheer.

SAILOR Come on.

SLATE All right. Okay, let's go.

SAILOR You get a bang out of watching that?

SLATE Well, it gives me a chance to get bitter. Makes me an honest man.

MARIO Por favor, señor, señorita.

SLATE Huh?

MARIO                   The cockfight disgusts you, eh? Si. Your tastes are too delicate, or perhaps . . .

SAILOR                   What's this Slate? A new way to catch the Yankee dollar?

MARIO                   Or perhaps the Yankee merchandise?

SLATE                    The lady asks you what this is, amigo. Who are you?

MARIO                   Permit me to tell you the story of my life. I am a poet.

SAILOR                   I guess that's worth a dollar. Give him a dollar, Slate.

SLATE                    What are we, patrons of the arts?

MARIO                   Permit me to refuse the money. Permit me to return to the matter of the Yankee merchandise you have brought from Key West.

SLATE                    This is a man with a problem, Slate.

MARIO                   You are the people from the boat, *The Bold Venture*.

SAILOR                   We're the people from the boat, *The Bold Venture*.

SLATE                    Now it rhymes. Nice going, Sailor.

MARIO                   Then it is a simple matter. Since you are the people from the boat, it is simple. We will make arrangements for the removal of the merchandise.

SLATE Now look, Shelly

MARIO Mario. My name. Permit me. That is my name.

SLATE Mario, sure. I forgot. My memory's a little shaky.

SAILOR Mine, too.

SLATE Hers, too. So we're having a tough time remembering what this is all about. Slower reading, huh?

MARIO Are you trying to be clever, mi amigo? Or perhaps you have pleasure in tweaking my patience. The merchandise. Permit me, but the merchandise. It is a matter of life and death. When shall we remove it from your boat?

SAILOR The poet only knows one poem, Slate.

SLATE Yeah. Wave him goodbye.

SAILOR A fond farewell, Mario.

MARIO But it is a matter of . . . You cannot . . . the merchandise . . . It can mean life. It can mean death. You cannot refuse about the merchandise! The merchandise!

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION

SFX: FOOTSTEPS INTO SHANNON'S PLACE

KING MOSES (PLAYING GUITAR AND SINGING) If you want to be happy and lead a king's life □ □

never make the pretty woman your wife. □  
□ Therefore from a logical point of  
view □ □ marry a woman uglier than you.  
□ □ A pretty woman makes a husband look  
small □ □ And then he very often falls  
his downfall □ □ Therefore from a  
logical point of view □ □ Marry a woman  
uglier than you □ □

Oh, Lady Sailor, Mr. Slade, why you come  
back so soon to King Moses? Because you  
love me?

SLATE Why else, King Moses?

KING MOSES I tell why else. Because on trip to Key  
West, something sour must have turned  
more sour.

SLATE (LAUGHS)

KING MOSES Am I inevitably correct?

SAILOR You are inevitably correct, King Moses.

KING MOSES You come back to make King Moses sloppy  
with happiness, Mr. Slade. Therefore,  
order me about.

SLATE Bring us something to eat, King.

KING MOSES Oh, an ecstasy, a joy, a frenzy, a kick.

SLATE Just ahh bring us something to eat.

KING MOSES Right now, Mr. Slade.

SFX: INTERIOR. PLATES AND FOOD PREP

SAILOR You really do love him, don't you, Slate?

SLATE Uh-huh. Like he was my own.

SAILOR How long does it take for someone to be your own?

SLATE Ah that depends . . . Ready with the food King.

KING MOSES Ready. Yours Mr. Slate. Yours Lady Sailor. You talk I smile inside myself. I get my guitar. I got song for you.

SLATE Sing it King

KING MOSES A lady approach who wait for Slate □ □ a lady so handsome no one can hate. □ □ A lady who in hotel did register. □ □ A lady who bring joy, maybe despair.

SFX: INTERIOR. FOOTSTEPS APPROACH.

BIBI Perdone, Senor Shannon, but I think perhaps you were looking for me, for Bibi. No, Senor?

SLATE Oh, I don't know you, but I think perhaps I was looking for you. For BiBi.

SAILOR Slate!?.

SLATE I want to explain something to you about the hotel business sailor. I am what is known as a mine host. That comes in two parts. Mine and host. Sit down Bibi.

BIBI Still you have not answered my question, Senor Shannon. You look for me?

SLATE I look for a lot of things. Why, particularly for you?

BIBI Because you are the man who brought his boat into port only a little while ago.

SAILOR Oh, the lady wants a boat ride. Why don't you try the nearest tunnel of love, Miss Bibi?

BIBI This is included in the price we must pay for the merchandise?

SAILOR No, Bibi. I'd throw that in for free.

SLATE Now, wait a minute. You said merchandise, Bibi. Isn't that what you said?

BIBI Yes.

SAILOR Bibi, the gentleman posed a question. Will you answer the gentleman's question?

BIBI You know very well what it is we want.

SLATE Sure, sure, but, uh, let's hear it from your own red lips.

BIBI Huh. Now I understand. It's a matter of more money, huh? Well, we expected it, and we despise you for it. But we will pay it. I have room 6A. I will wait for you there. But give me ten minutes to arrange for more money. When I pay your

price, there will be no more delay. Is it final? It is final.

MUSIC: DRAMATIC TRANSITION

SFX: INTERIOR. FOOTSTEPS.

SLATE Now let's see, 6A, she said.

SAILOR That's what she said, Slate. That's just what she said.

SLATE You know, Sailor, I think I can handle this alone. Why don't you wait for me downstairs, huh?

SAILOR Because I'm afraid of the dark. I cry in it.

SLATE That's what I thought.

SAILOR Now you know.

SFX: INTERIOR. SCREAM OF FIGHTING GAMECOCK.

SAILOR Slate, that noise . . . It's already happened to us once today.

SLATE Maybe the little lady's a bookie for Gamecock fights.

SFX: INTERIOR. WOMAN SCREAMS.

SLATE Hey, Let's go!

MUSIC: DRAMATIC TRANSITION

SFX: INTERIOR. DOOR OPENS.

FOOTSTEPS ENTER ROOM.

SAILOR Slate! Look! Look! Her face. Her body.

SLATE Yeah. Slashed to ribbons, slashed to death by a gamecock.

SAILOR Slate. Oh, Slate.

SLATE Now, how do you like Havana, Sailor?

MUSIC: DRAMATIC TRANSITION

SFX: INTERIOR. FOOTSTEPS PACING ON HOTEL FLOOR. DUCK AND CONTINUE UNDER THE FOLLOWING.

KING MOSES Mr. Slate. Mr. Slate.

SAILOR Mr. Slate is wearing out his office floor, King Moses. Tell me. I'll tell him.

KING MOSES The police have made a fair thee well to the front door, Lady Sailor. They are five minutes gone.

SAILOR Thanks. I'll tell Mr. Slate.

KING MOSES You want anything I can do for the after-the-police occasion, Lady Sailor? You, Mr. Slate?

SAILOR No, I'll call if we want anything.

KING MOSES Might get down me in hammock outside. You open the window and whistle for King Moses, if you want something.

SFX: INTERIOR. FOOTSTEPS PACING ON  
HOTEL FLOOR.

SAILOR Slate? Slate? What are you trying to build? All right, I don't blame you, Slate. I know, it's hard to believe.

SLATE What's hard to believe? A beautiful woman killed by a fighting bird, a bird with steel spurs on it . . .

SAILOR Oh, Slate

SLATE and in my hotel, a girl locked in a room in my hotel with a bird bred to slash for blood. I don't like cops in my place. Cops are for the tourist trade, not . . .

SAILOR Is that all that bothers you? The fact that the police were here?

SLATE What's it to you what bothers me. I didn't ask for your questions. I didn't ask for you.

SLATE All right Slate, all right.

SLATE What kind of a jerk am I anyhow? A man tells me to take care of his daughter, so I take care of his daughter. You. What am I? Out of my mind? I don't need you hanging around here, Sailor. I don't need anything about you. I got along great before . . .

SAILOR Before my father died? What do you want me to do, Slate? Leave?

SLATE Well . . .

SAILOR Sit down, Slate. You're sweating.

SLATE Trick, I know. It's hot, so I sweat.

SAILOR You want me to fan you? I'll fan you.  
You like me to fan you, Slate? Like  
this?

SLATE Uh-huh. Look at you, the way you're  
dressed, jeans, the way your hair is. A  
man has to walk towards you to know  
you're a woman. Why don't you do  
something about your hair, Sailor?

SAILOR What's the matter with it?

SLATE Other women with hair like that, they'd  
. . .

SLATE With hair like what? Like this? You can  
touch it, Slade. Touch it. Go ahead.  
Touch it.

SFX: INTERIOR. KNOCK ON DOOR.

SLATE Answer the door.

SAILOR You answer it.

SLATE Yeah.

SFX: INTERIOR. FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR.

DOOR OPENS.

MARIO Permit me.

SLATE Hey, it's the poet.

SAILOR Tell him to come in. He can wave the fan.

MARIO An explanation for the events of this afternoon are in order. Si?

SLATE Hey, don't make it tough this time, Mario. What are you trying to tell us?

MARIO A tragedy. The killing of the girl Bibi was a tragedy.

SLATE What do you know about Bibi?

MARIO Bibi was the sister of my wife. She . . . Please, what time is it?

SLATE Hey, look, if you don't . . .

SAILOR It's almost 2:30, Mario.

MARIO Gracias. Now, permit me. It is very wrong that Bibi is dead. A wrong that is part of an even greater wrong.

SLATE So help me . . .

SAILOR What kind of wrong?

MARIO Like so. The merchandise you have brought. Those of us on an island you know here in the Caribbean, those of us who wait for the guns.

SLATE Guns? So that's it. That's the merchandise. Guns.



him towards his stay. □ □ Mr. Slate, he turned to Lady Sailor, he says, "You know . . ."

SLATE That's enough, King.

KING MOSES Did I call the police again, Mr. Slate?

SLATE No. Two people die in my place. That makes it personal. I like that poet.

SAILOR You're not always a real tough man, are you, Slate?

SLATE I said I like that poet.

SAILOR And that girl, Bibi?

SLATE And that girl, Bibi. What about her?

SAILOR Did you like her, too?

SLATE She had a problem. She came to me for help. She died.

SAILOR My father said you'd be a man like that.

SLATE Why don't you get out of here, Sailor?  
Why don't you go back to the States?  
Look at the mess. I'm in it, you're in it. Why don't you leave, Sailor?

SAILOR You don't know, do you?

KING MOSES Mr. Slate.

SLATE Yeah, what do you want, King?

KING MOSES            Here are the dead gentleman's papers  
                                 from his pocket.

SLATE                    Well, let's have a look. Mario Pavana,  
                                 64 Avenida Lorca.

SAILOR                  We're going calling, huh Slate.

SLATE                    When a man like Mario dies, somebody's  
                                 got to tell somebody, because somebody  
                                 might want to know.

SAILOR                  I would. I'd want to know.

SLATE                    Let's go to Avenida Lorca, Sailor.

MUSIC: EXTERIOR. KNOCKING ON DOOR.  
REPEATS. PAUSE. DOOR OPENS.

CELESTINA              Yes, what is it you want, senor,  
                                 senorita?

SLATE                    Ahh we, uh, we come to . . .

CELESTINA              Is it about Bibi? My sister Bibi? You  
                                 have come to tell me of her death. It  
                                 has already been revealed to me.

SLATE                    Oh, just a minute, senora.

CELESTINE              I am called Celestine. Will it not be  
                                 easier for you, so?

SLATE                    Yeah, easier. If you're Bibi's sister,  
                                 then the poet Mario . . . ahh . . .  
                                 Mario.

CELESTINE He's my husband, yes. A poet and a husband. I'm fortunate, am I not? You are friends of Mario's?

SLATE Yes, friends. Um, Sailor, I can't do it. You tell her.

SAILOR Thanks loads. Uh, Senoria Celestine, uh, your husband . . .

CELESTINE What?

SAILOR He . . .

CELESTINE What is it of my husband? What is it?

SLATE He's dead. Okay, okay, Sailor. How long can you take to tell a woman her husband's dead?

CELESTINE He said he was going to the waterfront to write me a verse, a little verse. Who are you? Are you of the police?

SLATE We're Mario . . . Mario's friends. We want to find his murderer.

CELESTINE It will not bring him back.

SAILOR Mario was telling us something before he died about a revolution, about guns.

CELESTINE Mario was to me a man who loved me, who wrote little verses for me. Of this other Mario that you speak, I know nothing.

SLATE Who would?

CELESTINE Signoretta Etienne Parada, maybe.  
Signoretta Etienne spoke often with Mario, late into the night, while I slept. I would bring them food, and then leave them to talk among men.

SAILOR Where would we find Senor Etienne?

CELESTINE He has a villa. 17 Avenida de los Cuarteles. I think there is nothing more for us to say to each other. Adios, friends of Mario.

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION

BUTLER Come right in, senor, senorita.

SFX: INTERIOR. FOOTSTEPS ON FLOOR.

SLATE Is your name Etienne?

BUTLER No, senor. I am the, uh, butler.

SLATE Where's Etienne?

BUTLER In the auditorium with the rest of the guests. There is a concert. This way.

MUSIC: PROVOCATIVE, EXPERIMENTAL, JAZZ.

BUTLER In here. I will leave you . . . adios.

SLATE Some concert.

SAILOR That girl, the way she's dancing, Slate. She's wonderful.

SLATE Yeah, real authentic.

ETIENNE Am I being rude?

SAILOR Yes, yes you are. Can't you see that girl's trying to express herself?

ETIENNE I'm your host. My name is Etienne. Eh, this way please.

SLATE Yeah, yeah, sure.

ETIENNE Celestine called. She told me to expect you.

SAILOR Did she tell you about her husband?

ETIENNE About Mario? Yes, yes. Did you two kill him?

SLATE How's your record, Etienne?

ETIENNE Not flawless, senor. Uh, in here, por favor. This room.

SFX: INTERIOR. DOOR OPENS, QUICKLY CLOSSES.

ETIENNE Pepe!

SLATE Hey, what is this? Who is this guy?

ETIENNE These are the ones, Pepe. The man and woman we have been waiting for. Now, senor, you will tell us why have you come to Etienne?

SLATE Because I don't like my hotel to be loused up with dead bodies. First a girl was killed, then a poet. Would you know why?

ETIENNE Yes, yes. I would know why.

SLATE Who are you, Etienne? Why should you know so much?

ETIENNE It does not embarrass me to say that I am a patriot. You see, Bibi and Mario were revolutionaries. They were killed by our enemies.

SLATE This we know.

ETIENNE They were killed to prevent them from taking guns across the Caribbean to our islands. The guns, they thought, were on your boat. We shall proceed without Bibi and Mario.

SAILOR The man is talking like he's got the guns anyhow, Slate.

ETIENNE Si, we have them. They came on another boat, not yours.

SLATE Well, use them in good health. Let's go, Sailor.

SFX: INTERIOR. FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR.

DOOR OPENS.

ETIENNE Eh, wait, senor.

SAILOR I knew it. Peek over your shoulder, Slate.

SLATE I just did. Question, what's the caliber of the gun Papi has in his hand, a 32 or a 38?

SAILOR Looks like a 32.

ETIENNE It's a 38. You will help us, then?

SLATE Help you do what?

ETIENNE We have the guns, you have a boat. It's necessary to have both to get the guns to my island.

MUSIC: UP FOR DRAMATIC TENSION.

DUCK UNDER THE FOLLOWING.

ETIENNE Besides, I prefer not to have you roaming the streets of Havana until we have disposed of the weapons.

SLATE Who wants to roam the streets?

SAILOR Me, Daddy.

ETIENNE Et, pour favor, seigneur, move quickly. There is a great need to hurry.

MUSIC: UP FOR EMPHASIS AND  
TRANSITION.

CROSSFADE TO . . .

SFX: EXTERIOR. OCEAN SIDE. HIGH ON  
A CLIFF. BIRDS IN BACKGROUND.

ETIENNE (LAUGHS) You admire the view, senor, eh? This cliff that screams down into the sea or perhaps senor is afraid of such height but the view is magnificent no?

SLATE The guns are nice too.

ETIENNE                    You have exquisite taste senor . . . in  
guns, in boats and in . . .

SAILOR                    In me?

ETIENNE                    Precisely senorita.

SAILOR                    See how wrong you can be Slate? The man  
said that you had . . .

SLATE                    Get off it, Etienne! What do we play  
now?

ETIENNE                    Oh, no play, senor, I assure you. Hard  
work. Pepe is below in your boat waiting  
for the guns. You will see that he gets  
them. Then you will take us to our  
destination on your exquisite boat.

SLATE                    You mean I'll lug them all away from  
this cliff down to the boat?

ETIENNE                    Eh, not quite so hard, senor. You see,  
we are prepared. A cargo net, winch . .  
.

SFX: EXTERIOR. WINCH IS  
DEMONSTRATED.

ETIENNE                    . . . You place the guns in the net then  
load them to Pepe. Quick, simple.

SAILOR                    Like pie. It'll be like pie, won't it,  
Slate? I'll help.

ETIENNE                    No, senorita, no, no. You will simply  
stand there because you will inspire the  
senor to magnificent effort. You may  
begin, senor.

SLATE What happens when we're through here?

ETIENNE You will be killed.

SLATE Ask a silly question.

ETIENNE But it's so easy for you. You have but to die. Me, I have to commit a murder.

SAILOR My heart bleeds for you.

ETIENNE Thank you, senorita. That's enough, senior, for one load. Lower the winch.

SFX: EXTERIOR. WINCH IS LOWERED.

CELESTINE Aqui, Juan. Aqui.

JUAN Si.

SFX: EXTERIOR. MULTIPLE GUNSHOTS.

ETIENNE Ahh, grr, augh.

CELESTINE (LAUGHING)

SAILOR We're glad you're happy, Celestine.

SLATE Yeah, we're glad. Thanks for saving our lives. It was messy, but thanks.

CELESTINE My heart is filled with kindness for you both.

SLATE We'll drink to your heart filled with kindness in Havana. Tell your boy to take that gun away, and we'll go.

CELESTINE                    You were so kind to come and tell me of my husband's death. I want to do something gracious for you

SAILOR                        In Shannon's Place. Do something gracious for us in Shannon's Place.

CELESTINE                    I will not permit Juan to kill you. You will die as suicides.

SLATE                         I wouldn't have it any other way. Tell us about killing people, Celestine. Were you born that way or did it come on you all of a sudden?

CELESTINE                    We tried to make a revolution. You were foolish enough to stumble into it. It is a pity you stumbled into the wrong side.

SLATE                         You and Juan here are the right ones.

CELESTINE                    You are all alike. Poets, revolutionaries, adventurers. All with the intellect of trained fleas. Bibi, Mario, at the end, Pepe. Oh, yes . . . Pepe is dead also. Juan took care of it.

SAILOR                        Bibi was your sister, and Mario . . .

CELESTINE                    They were fools! They're happier dead. Now walk. To the edge of the cliff, walk.

SFX: EXTERIOR. FOOTSTEPS ON GRASS.

SLATE                         You happy now, sailor? You real happy?

SAILOR                        What?

SLATE                    You came to Havana, you got what you came for, huh? Excitement, romance, a tropic moon, people killed.

SAILOR                    You gone crazy? What are you talking about?

SLATE                    What you wanted, isn't it, Sailor? That's why you came to me, because it was empty for a girl like you back there from wherever you came from, real empty.

SAILOR                    Why, why you . . .

SLATE                    Don't slap me, Sailor, or I'll break you in two.

CELESTINE                No Jaun, no, do not put your hands on him. Leave them alone. Just keep the gun in his back. They will kill each other. (LAUGHS)

SLATE                    Sailor, watch it.

SAILOR                    You watch it, he's got a gun in your back.

SLATE                    Had a gun in my back!

SFX: EXTERIOR. STRUGGLE.

CELESTINE                Juan! Careful, Juan. Careful!

SFX: EXTERIOR. GUN FALLS TO THE GROUND.

SAILOR                    The gun!

SLATE Get it, Sailor. Pick it up. Now you, Celestine.

CELESTINE You let me go.

SLATE Don't struggle, Celestine. Relax. Enjoy yourself. I'm a tender guy. I'm taking you back to Havana.

CELESTINE You take your hands off me. Let me go.

SLATE Uh-huh, Celestine. I'm holding you real tight till the Havana police take you away from me.

SAILOR You hold her that tight, she's not going to be in any condition for the police. So what about Juan?

SLATE Got a gun in your hand, haven't you, Sailor?

SAILOR Oh, sure. Sorry. I forgot for a moment.

SLATE Oh, get with it, Sailor. Keep that gun pointed at Juan till we get back to Havana.

SAILOR Then what?

SLATE Then Shannon's Place. Better back there. I want you with me.

MUSIC: DANCE MUSIC

SAILOR How do you like it, Slate?

SLATE Like what?

SLATE Dancing with me.

SLATE Oh, it's all right.

SAILOR I'm wearing a dress now.

SLATE Yeah, I noticed . . .

SAILOR . . . and my hair. Do you like it this way? Do you like my hair this way, Slate?

SLATE Let's get out of here.

SAILOR I like it here.

SLATE Come on, let's go.

SAILOR Go ahead. I'll find somebody who likes to dance.

SLATE I said come on.

SAILOR Why?

SLATE Well, there's a breeze outside.

SAILOR What's a breeze got to do with it?

SLATE I want to see what it does to your hair.

MUSIC: THEME. LONG FADE TO CLOSE

THE FUSEBOX BREAK

HOST This is John Barber. Before we listen to Act 2, I'd like to tell you about "The Fusebox Show." It's a program for everyone, but not everyone will like it.

I believe you will appreciate what the Fusebox crew is doing, and recommend it to you.

Produced by Marc Rose, Milt Kanen, Jeff Pollard, and Regina Carol, each episode features unique conversation and commentary about cock ups in our contemporary culture. Here's a sample.

**SFX: THE FUSEBOX SHOW TEASER**

HOST "The Fusebox Show" is also available as podcasts. Learn more at their website, thefuseboxshow dot com.

**MUSIC: FUSEBOX THEME, FADE UNDER  
AND OUT FOR THE FOLLOWING**

ACT #2, KUAN YIN STATUE

HOST You're listening to Re-Imagined Radio. Our episode is "Bogart and Bacall Tribute, Part 2."

We just listened to "Deadly Merchandise," the first released episode of *Bold Venture*, a syndicated adventure radio series starring Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall.

We meet the main characters, Humphrey Bogart as Slate Shannon. Lauren Bacall as Gail "Sailor" Duval. And Jester Hairston as King Moses. We learn about their unique relationships, and get a sense of the series setup. Shannon owns a hotel in Havana, Cuba, Shannon's

Place, and a charter boat *The Bold Venture*. He agrees to take care of a friend's daughter, nicknamed "Sailor," for her ability to pilot boats, after the father's death. Their changing relationship is surrounded by colorful characters, adventurers, and pirates.

Let's listen now to "Kuan Yin Statue" starring Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall, the second released episode from their adventure radio series, *Bold Venture*.

SFX: EXTERIOR. NIGHT. WIND AT THE WHARF IN HAVANA, CUBA.

SLATE SHANNON You can't tell much about Havana from a boat tied up at the waterfront, Mi Long, especially at night. But you'll like Havana.

MI LONG It is a strange place. But to one who has lived her life in China, all other places are strange.

SLATE It won't be that way for long. There's a little bit of all the other places in Havana.

MI LONG Mr. Shannon . . .

SLATE All right, I'll get your suitcase, Mi Long.

MI LONG Oh, no, that is not it, Mr. Shannon. It is the other thing. Why did Sam Chiu have me brought here to Havana?

SLATE You mean you don't know?

MI LONG I know only in Shanghai a letter came to me from Sam Chiu. A letter with money, with instructions. Then a man came with more instructions and took me away from Shanghai. Why, Mr. Shannon?

SLATE If I'd known you were in Shanghai, I might have brought you here myself.

MI LONG What manner of man are you, Mr. Shannon?

SLATE I run a hotel. I own a boat. I meet freighters somewhere in the Caribbean. 'Cause I have a client named Sam Chiu who's in a hurry to see a girl named Mi Long.

SFX: EXTERIOR. FOOTSTEPS APPROACH.

JEFFREY ZENDER Hello! Anyone aboard?

SLATE Yeah.

ZENDER Is your name, Slate Shannon, sir.

SLATE That's right.

ZENDER (COMING UP FROM THE DOCK. MICKEY MUMBLES, MAKES UNINTELLIGIBLE SOUNDS UNDERNEATH THE FOLLOWING) Good. Excellent. Come aboard, Mickey. We'll talk to Slate Shannon. How do you do, Mr. Shannon?

SLATE Say, what is this? What do you guys want on my boat?

ZENDER Let me hold the gun, Mickey so Mr. Shannon can see it better. Good. You did that very well, Mickey, and you, young lady, how do you do?

MI LONG Mr. Shannon, who are these men?

SLATE The lady asked a question.

ZENDER We're friends of yours, Mr. Shannon, and hers. The closest friends you have in the world. Don't you think so, Mickey? Mickey can't talk. He just agrees with me. Don't you, Mickey? You see what did I tell you.

SLATE Now that I know who you are, off the boat.

ZENDER You hear that Mickey? He wants us to get off the boat To pick up the thread of the conversation. Mr. Shannon, what we want is the statue, the Kuan Yin the lady brought with her from China.

SLATE You know what they're talking about Mi Long.

MI LONG I have brought nothing from China. A suitcase. That is all I brought from China?

SLATE Does that end our conversation, close friends of mine?

ZENDER Mickey and I think the Kuan Yin is on this boat, Mr. Shannon. Don't we think that, Mickey?

SLATE Well, then ask Mickey where it is.

ZENDER With my holding a gun on you, you say that?

SLATE Say, look, now.

ZENDER Go ahead, Mickey.

SFX: EXTERIOR. SLATE SHANNON STRUCK  
AND KNOCKED TO THE BOAT DECK.

ZENDER Well done, Mickey. Easy, easy. There'll be other times, Mickey. Mr. Shannon will not disturb us for quite a while. So, young lady, where is the Kuan Yin?

MI LONG I do not know what it is you want.

ZENDER Search the boat, Mickey. Start with the suitcase. Now, let us assume, dear young lady, that the Kuan Yin is not aboard. Where did Mr. Shannon stop this boat and hide it?

MI LONG Do not touch me with your hand.

ZENDER It offends you, my dear?

MI LONG Yes.

SFX: EXTERIOR. MI LONG SLAPS  
ZENDER.

MI LONG Yes.

ZENDER You slapped Zender. You slapped Jeffrey Zender. That's most unfortunate.

SFX: EXTERIOR. GUNSHOT.

MI LONG (CRIES OUT AS SHE IS SHOT. HER BODY FALLS TO THE BOAT DECK.)

ZENDER Most unfortunate. I detest killing. Now I'm afraid, dear young lady, your body will be washed up upon some shore and someone will wonder why.

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION

SAILOR DUVAL King Moses

KING MOSES Yes, Lady Sailor?

SAILOR What's that you're playing?

KING MOSES Waiting type song. Waiting for Mr. Shannon type song. You admire? King Moses will have melody written in stone so it never dies.

SAILOR Thanks. How long have you known Slate?

KING MOSES Longer than you. Longer than anybody, anywhere.

SAILOR How long?

KING MOSES Since many years. In Port-au-Prince, I see man walking on waterfront, a man. I sing song. He asks my name. I ask his. We attach ourselves each to the other.

SAILOR And it's been good?

KING MOSES With Mr. Slate Shannon, it's the better than anything.

SAILOR That's how it is, King Moses.

MUSIC: KING MOSES BEGINS A NEW,  
CHINESE INFLUENCED MELODY

SAILOR What's that kind of music for? Chinese girls Slate's bringing back?

KING MOSES No, Lady Sailor. We're about to be honored with the celestial presence of Mr. Sam Chiu.

SAILOR It looks like he's just stepped out of a Chinese finger painting. Looking for me, Sam?

SAM CHIU Oh, Princess, your exquisite face brings tears of delight to the unworthy eyes of Sam Chu.

SAILOR Hi, Sam.

SAM I bow to the fragrance of your beauty, Miss Gail Duval. Your presence lends enchantment to Shannon's Place. Where is Mr. Shannon?

SAILOR He hasn't come back yet.

SAM Mr. Shannon told me he would have my cargo here at precisely this hour. In a matter of this nature, Mr. Shannon has been a man of the precise second.

SAILOR Oh, don't worry about it, Sam. But what is the nature of this matter? Slate never told me.

SAM It is a matter of bringing a girl from Shanghai.

SAILOR Oh, this I already know. But does your wife know?

SAM Unfortunately, I am not blessed with a wife. However, of the girl from Shanghai . . . she brings with her, the fabulous Kuan Yin.

SAILOR Kuan Yin?

SAM A statue, an idol.

SAILOR That's more important than a girl from Shanghai?

SAM Far more. Kuan Yin is a goddess, priceless, wondrous. I have made a girl suffer the ravages of a journey from China, the terrors of clandestine flight to bring Kuan Yin to me. When Mr. Shannon returns, have him bring the Kuan Yin and the girl to me immediately, to the house of Sam Chiu. Thus, I end the delight of your presence.

SAILOR Likewise, I'm sure. Bye, Sam. King Moses?

KING MOSES Yes, Lady Sailor.

SAILOR That waiting for Mr. Slate Shannon song. Play it some more.

KING MOSES All right, Lady Sailor.

SAILOR Uh-uh. That doesn't do it.

KING MOSES            You go to dock to wait for boat. To see what that does, Lady Sailor.

SAILOR                To see what that does, King Moses.

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION

SLATE                 Uh . . .

SAILOR                Lie still, Slate. Won't hurt so much if you lie still, your head in my lap.

SLATE                 He was good, wasn't he? He went over me real good.

SAILOR                Who?

SLATE                 A man who was owned by another man who owned a gun. He . . . Ahh.

SAILOR                I told you it would hurt if you tried to move. If you want anything, I'll get it for you. All you have to do is touch my hand.

SLATE                 You know about pain, huh, sailor?

SAILOR                Not like yours. Other kinds I know about.

SLATE                 Like what?

SAILOR                If I ever tell you, throw me away. What happened to you, Slate? Why did somebody try to make you over?

SLATE                 They thought we had something called the Kuan Yin, me and the girl.

SAILOR                   Where is she?

SAILOR                   There's no one else on the boat.

SLATE                    Sailor, they'll . . . wherever they've  
got her, they'll . . .

SAILOR                   Don't think about it. They've bruised  
your mouth.

SLATE                    Give me a day and I'll have it like new.

SAILOR                   There's another remedy, Slate.

SLATE                    Ehh . . . Wasn't bad. Remind me to get  
some.

SAILOR                   I'll remind you.

SLATE                    Help me up.

SAILOR                   You must be out of your mind.

SLATE                    When am I going to get another chance  
like this?

SLATE                    Help me up.

SFX: EXTERIOR. SLATE STANDS WITH  
EFFORT, AND HELP.

SLATE                    Ahh . . . Thanks.

SAILOR                   You're welcome. Good-bye, Slate. Ask for  
me at Shannon's Place. Maybe I'll be  
there.

SLATE                    Come back here. You're crazy, like your  
father.

SAILOR My father was crazy to will me to you when he died? What else could he have done with me?

SLATE He could have turned you over to decent people, to safe people. People who don't get beaten up, who go on Sunday picnics, walk in a park.

SAILOR Hmm. You're stuck with me, Slate. You hate it? You didn't answer me. Do you hate it?

SLATE I'll think about it.

SAILOR Come on. Put your arm around my shoulder and I'll take you back to the hotel.

SLATE Uh-uh. We call on Sam Chiu.

SAILOR But, Slate, you're hurt. You can't go.

SLATE We call on Sam Chiu. Tell him I messed up his mission, and to ask him why I did.

SAILOR Anything you want, Slate.

SLATE To ask him why he hired me to pick up Mi Long. Why she disappeared. Why a man beat me up for a statue I didn't have.

SAILOR I can steer a fine course to the house of Sam Chiu. Just keep the arm around my shoulder.

SFX: EXTERIOR. DOORBELL. THEN, DOOR OPENS.

TAMAR You have come about Sam Chiu?

SLATE That's right.

TAMAR Both of you?

SAILOR The two of us.

TAMAR That is strange.

SLATE Where is Sam?

TAMAR Please come in.

SFX: INTERIOR. FOOTSTEPS INTO HOUSE

TAMAR Your face has been hurt.

SAILOR His face has been hurt. But he still wants to see Sam Chiu.

TAMAR You may call me Tamar.

SLATE Slate Shannon. This is Sailor . . .

SAILOR Miss Duval.

TAMAR You are strangers to the house of Chiu?

SLATE I've never been here before. I know Sam pretty well. He never mentions . . .

TAMAR Me? There is no reason why he should. I am in his employ because of my knowledge of antiques.

SAILOR What about your knowledge of a girl named Mi Long?

TAMAR Mi Long? A Chinese girl?

SLATE Girl I picked up from a freighter and brought to Havana. A girl who's disappeared.

TAMAR On the radio as I was driving here to Sam Chiu's, I heard of a Chinese girl.

SLATE And what about her?

TAMAR Only that she was found in Havana Harbor, freshly dead from a bullet wound. Could this be your Mi Long?

SAILOR I got a feeling this could be our Mi Long, Slate.

SLATE Yeah . . . take us to Sam Chiu.

TAMAR You must understand when I returned here a half hour ago, I disturbed my employer not at all.

SAILOR This is a lady with a message Slate. Do you get the message?

SLATE No, I don't.

TAMAR Then you are not of the police. I called them.

SLATE (SURPRISED) Police!?

TAMAR Please.

SFX: INTERIOR. DOOR OPENS.

FOOTSTEPS ON FLOOR.

TAMAR In this room. There. There on the floor.

SLATE Sam.

SAILOR I know what. You're going to tell us he's dead, aren't you, Tamar?

TAMAR Precisely.

MUSIC: BEGINS TO SNEAK IN BEHIND.

TAMAR If you can bear to look, there is a silk cord about his throat. Isn't that unfortunate, Miss Duval?

MUSIC: TRANSITIONS TO CHINESE MUSIC

SLATE Quite a sight, huh, sailor?

SAILOR I've never seen a Chinese funeral before. Sam Chiu and Mi Long.

SLATE Sam Chiu and Mi Long. It's one of the toughest things I ever had to do, Sailor, identifying Mi Long.

SAILOR She was that lovely?

SLATE That lovely. Light some more firecrackers, Sailor.

SFX: INTERIOR. FIRECRACKERS  
EXPLODE.

SLATE Firecrackers to keep away whatever spirit she wants kept away. Money thrown in her coffin to pay her way into whatever paradise she wants.

SAILOR A paradise that's watched over by Kuan Yin?

SLATE Yeah. What's there about a Chinese goddess? What's there about a statue that makes people dead? Sailor? Sailor!

SAILOR Look at 'er.

SLATE Yeah. Tamar. Tamar in a Mandarin robe like . . .

SAILOR Go ahead say it, Slate. I'll agree with you.

SLATE Like an enchanted princess. I'll see you, Sailor.

SAILOR Where are you going?

SLATE To join the funeral. Get a princess to tell me a story.

SAILOR Slate! Hey, wait for me! Slate!

ZENDER (COMING UP) A fascinating and pathetic spectacle, don't you think?

SAILOR What? That's right. Fascinating and pathetic. Who are you?

ZENDER If you don't mind, I'm Jeffrey Zender.

SAILOR I don't mind, that's your problem.

ZENDER And you're Miss Duval.

SAILOR And I'm Miss Duval. How did you know?

ZENDER Merely because the late Sam Chiu pointed you out to me one day at Shannon's Place and I have never forgotten.

SAILOR Oh? You knew Sam Chiu?

ZENDER Quite intimately. He was my business associate. Would you care to join me in my own private manner of expressing grief over Sam's death?

SAILOR All right. Yes, I would.

ZENDER Sam's shop is just a few doors down.

SAILOR I'd like to see how you grieve when a friend dies, Mr. Zender.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS.

ZENDER I noticed . . . it was difficult for Mr. Shannon to tear his eyes away from the lovely and exotic Tamar.

SAILOR Do you know her?

ZENDER Only slightly. Here we are.

SFX: INTERIOR. DOOR OPENS. BELL ON DOOR RINGS AS DOOR OPENS, AND THEN CLOSES.

SAILOR This place looks as if Sam collected all the loot in China.

ZENDER Spurious loot. It's all fake. Will you sit down?

SAILOR Thanks. Now, grieve, Mr. Zender. I want to watch.

ZENDER These statuettes you see on the shelves, all plaster. Mass-produced for the tourist trade. In all this rubbish, nothing so delicate or so desirable as a Kuan Yin.

SAILOR Tell me more about this Kuan Yin, Mr. Zender.

ZENDER About it? About it is that it's worth perhaps a quarter of a million dollars.

SAILOR Oh, and there's nothing so delicate and desirable . . . as a quarter of a million dollars, is there?

ZENDER Quite. What is your theory as to where the Kuan Yin is?

SAILOR Why should I have a theory?

ZENDER I'll tell you why. A Chinese girl sails half around the world with a fabulous idol. Mr. Shannon is to deliver her to Sam Chiu. She's killed. But suddenly, she doesn't have the idol. Why doesn't she have it?

SAILOR How do you know all this?

ZENDER For a reason. I killed the girl from China.

SAILOR I see.

ZENDER Of course you do not see. Else you would tell me where the Kuan Yin is. Where is it?

SAILOR I don't know.

ZENDER Will you tell me, Miss Duval?

SAILOR I can't tell you. I don't know.

ZENDER As you wish it.

SFX: INTERIOR. ZENDER RISES FROM CHAIR, WALKS ACROSS FLOOR TO DOOR, OPENS IT, AND CALLS OUT.

ZENDER Mickey. Mickey, come in here.

SFX: INTERIOR. MICKEY ENTERS. MUTTERING. HIS FOOTSTEPS SOUND ON THE FLOOR.

ZENDER Ask her where the Kuan Yin is, Mickey. Be gentle, but firm.

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION

TAMAR I knew you would come back to me, Slate Shannon.

SLATE And we both knew it, didn't we, Tamar?

TAMAR I saw you when you were watching the funeral procession. It was a very long funeral, and all the time your eyes were on me, as they are now. You find me desirable?

SLATE An understatement, Tamar. Guy wants a lot of things. Some of the best, uh, are marked "Don't Touch."

TAMAR I am not fragile, Slate. I will not break. You may touch me.

SLATE Anything you say.

TAMAR You see, I am not an illusion. Here, I will show you.

SLATE Yeah. I see what you mean.

TAMAR It is said the goddess Kuan Yin could kiss a wound and make it vanish. The image of her is believed to be just as miraculous by some. It is a pity she has been lost, is it not?

SLATE Yeah. Maybe if Kuan Yin weren't so miraculous the girl I picked up at sea, Mi Long, would still be alive, and Sam too. This Kuan Yin, does it kiss away dying tomorrow?

TAMAR If you gave her to me, you gave me the Kuan Yin.

SLATE What makes you think I've got it?

TAMAR Because a man like you, it would have been simple to steal from Mi Long.

SLATE It would have been, but I didn't think of it. Also, she didn't have it. Now it's your turn again.

TAMAR I don't believe you! I don't believe . . .  
.

SLATE Besides the miracles, how much will the  
Kuan Yin bring in Yankee dollars  
tomorrow?

SLATE The Kuan Yin image is a symbol of the  
tears of Mother China. Your having her  
is a desecration!

SLATE Oh, where did all the gentle go Tamar?  
Look, if I had the Kuan Yin maybe I'd  
give it to you. That would make us pals  
again, wouldn't it? You and me and . . .  
and Mother China.

TAMAR Get out. Get out of this house. Your  
presence is insulting to the memory of  
the dead.

SLATE Yeah. Yeah, we almost forgot about that,  
didn't we, Tamar?

TAMAR Get out!

SLATE All right. Some other time, huh?

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION

KING MOSES Mr. Shannon, he'd taken his boat on ride  
[] [] Two fellas on deck, in shadows  
they hide [] [] No beefsteak or lotion  
can't start to erase [] [] The bruises  
they bump on Mr. Shannon's face. [] [] Mr.  
Shannon, he was . . .

SLATE What time is it, King?

KING MOSES Miss Sailor is not back for five hours already.

SLATE I didn't ask you that.

KING MOSES No, you didn't ask me that.

SLATE Where could she be for five hours?

KING MOSES In Havana. In five hours, in this Havana, you'll get borned again. And live again.

SLATE Ah, she's . . . She's never been away from me this long, as long as she's been here.

KING MOSES Lucky fellow, you, Mr. Slate. So beautiful is Miss Sailor. She . . . Look, Mr. Slate.

SLATE Yeah, I see him.

SFX: INTERIOR. FOOTSTEPS APPROACH

SLATE You want something, Chico?

CHICO Por favor, yo quiero, Senor Shannon?

SLATE My name's Shannon.

CHICO Bueno, un hombre . . . A man. He say to come here to this place and find Senor Shannon.

SLATE All right, all right. What man? What did he want?

CHICO No sabe what, man. He say go to here, this place, and tell Senor Shannon like this: Kuan Yin.

SLATE Kuan Yin?

CHICO Si, si, Kuan Yin. He say also bring it. He say bring it to shop of Sam Chiu. He say senorita Duval . . .

SLATE What did he say about the senorita?

CHICO Nada. The senorita will be there, that is all.

SLATE What man told you all this, Chico?

CHICO I do not know.

SLATE What man? What man told you this?

CHICO I do not know. I do not know. I swear it by my mother. I do not, senor. Un hombre on the street, he tell me to . . .

SLATE Okay. Okay. You did all right, Chico.

SFX: EXTERIOR. RATTLING AND SHAKING OF LOCKED DOOR

SLATE Open up! Open up!

ZENDER Mr. Shannon.

SLATE Where is she? Where's Miss Duval?

ZENDER Come in. Come in. You're very prompt, Mr. Shannon.

SLATE I asked you something. I asked you,  
"Where is she?"

ZENDER Ask politely, Mr. Shannon. This gun at  
your stomach says, "Ask politely." Come.  
Miss Duval is in the back room.

SFX: INTERIOR. FOOTSTEPS ON SHOP'S  
FLOOR.

ZENDER Through this litter of Sam Chiu's vulgar  
tourist art. Through beaded curtains.

SFX: INTERIOR. BEADED CURTAINS  
PULLED ASIDE. FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE

ZENDER Also vulgar. Miss Duval. Mr. Shannon.

SFX: INTERIOR. FOOTSTEPS STOP.

SLATE You all right?

SAILOR Just untie me Slate. These ropes keep  
doing things to my wrists.

SLATE Umm . . . They're bleeding. They're . .  
.

SAILOR No comments. Just untie me.

SLATE Sure.

ZENDER Not quite so fast, Mr. Shannon. Not  
quite. You forget two things. One, this  
ugly little beast in my hand. Two, the  
exquisite Kuan Yin.

SLATE Oh, we barter, huh? I give you the Kuan  
Yin, you give me Miss Duval.

ZENDER                   Precisely.

SAILOR                   The man strikes a hard bargain, Slate.

SLATE                    Yeah, yeah, I remember. He's got a hammer named Mickey.

ZENDER                   Mickey will trouble no one anymore.

SLATE                    Oh, he'll be washed up on the beach like Mi Long.

ZENDER                   Exactly. As flotsam or as a jetsam?

SAILOR                   Jetsam.

ZENDER                   I never can remember the difference. And now, Mr. Shannon, now that we've touched gloves, the Kuan Yin, please.

SLATE                    Now, you, uh, you just don't understand how it's gonna be. First I release Miss Duval. Then I take her home. Then you get the Kuan Yin.

ZENDER                   You didn't bring it with you?

SLATE                    I left it at the hotel.

ZENDER                   Why, I . . .

SAILOR                   No, you won't. You kill Slate, no Kuan Yin. You hurt a hair on my head, no Kuan Yin. Isn't that how it is, Slate, if he hurts a hair on my head?

SLATE                    Maybe you need time to think it out, huh, Zender?

ZENDER Tamar and I have waited this long. We will wait an hour longer.

SLATE Oh, you and Tamar. Who wound the silk around Sam Chiu's throat, Zender? You? Tamar? I only asked because it was so professional.

TAMAR Thank you. I did. It was necessary, so I did.

SLATE Sure, sure. Just as a matter of curiosity, how much is the Kuan Yin worth?

SAILOR Quarter of a million dollars.

SLATE (WHISTLES) Hey, you come expensive Sailor. Real expensive. Almost as expensive as . . . as this.

ZENDER Fool! Take your hands off me. I'll kill you. I'll kill you.

SLATE Try me.

SFX: INTERIOR. FIGHT NOISES. A GUNSHOT.

ZENDER Araghh!

SFX: INTERIOR. ZENDER'S BODY FALLS, BREAKING SEVERAL PLASTER STATUES.

SAILOR Now you can untie me, Slate.

SLATE Yeah.

SAILOR You did good.



MUSIC: CODA

CROSS FADE TO . . .

SFX: BOAT MOTOR RUNNING SLOWLY

SAILOR Take the wheel, Slate.

SLATE All right.

SAILOR I like this. Night. Moon. Trade winds.  
Boat.

SLATE You ought to like it. This boat cost me  
a lot of money.

SAILOR I paid half, remember?

SLATE Yeah, yeah, that's what I said. You, you  
paid half. Take the wheel, Sailor.

SAILOR What's the matter with you?

SLATE I'm in pain. My mouth hurts. Take the  
wheel.

SAILOR All right. It's bad, huh?

SLATE Awful.

SAILOR Take the wheel.

SLATE All right.

SAILOR Slate.

SLATE Yeah, sailor? (PAUSE) Hey! Hey, who's  
got the wheel?

SAILOR

Be still, Slate. What can we run into in the middle of the Gulf Stream?

MUSIC: SERIES THEME TO CLOSE

HOST

That was "Kuan Yin Statue," the second episode released for the syndicated radio adventure series, *Bold Venture* starring Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall. I invite you to continue listening to this radio series as the adventure, mystery, and intrigue continues to grow and develop, along with the interaction between Bogart and Bacall.

THE RIR BREAK

MUSIC: RIR THEME FOR BREAK

HOST

You're listening to Re-Imagined Radio, a program about sound-based storytelling. Each episode explores how Voice, Music, and Sound Effects can engage your listening imagination and promote storytelling.

SFX: RE-IMAGINED RADIO AUDIO

TRAILER

HOST

More information is available at our website--reimaginedradio DOT fm.

MUSIC: RIR THEME, ESTABLISH, THEN

DUCK UNDER THE FOLLOWING

HOST CREDITS

HOST

This is Re-Imagined Radio. Our episode is "Bogart and Bacall Tribute, Part 2." Our focus is the adventure radio series *Bold Venture*, starring Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall. We listened to the first two released episodes from this syndicated series, "Deadly Merchandise" and "Kuan Yin Statue."

Support for Re-Imagined Radio comes from KXRW-FM (Vancouver, Washington), KXRY-FM (Portland, Oregon), KMWV-FM (Salem, Oregon), and the Electronic Literature Lab at Washington State University Vancouver.

Visit our website, reimagedradio DOT FM, where we keep information about all our episodes, as well as lots of interesting EXTRA information about radio storytelling.

Re-Imagined Radio podcasts are available from many distribution platforms. Subscribe and never miss an episode.

Original music composition, sound design, and post-production by Marc Rose.

Graphic design by Holly Slocum and Evan Leyden.

Announcing and social media by Rylan Eisenhauer.

Follow Re-Imagined Radio on social media -- Instagram, TikTok, Facebook, X, Blue Sky, LinkedIn -- and especially our

YouTube channel . . . at sign  
reimaginedradio.

Re-Imagined Radio acknowledges the debt  
we owe to previous and contemporary  
radio artists and we hope our curation  
and stewardship of their artifacts and  
efforts demonstrates our sincerity.

This is John Barber. Thank you for  
listening.

MUSIC: RIR THEME UP, THEN DUCK  
UNDER THE FOLLOWING

ANNOUNCER CLOSE

ANNOUNCER

This is a production of Re-Imagined  
Radio. To learn more, visit our website,  
reimaginedradio (all one word, no  
punctuation) DOT fm.

Please join us for another episode of  
Re-Imagined Radio as we continue our  
exploration of sound-based storytelling.

MUSIC: RIR THEME UP, AND TO END.