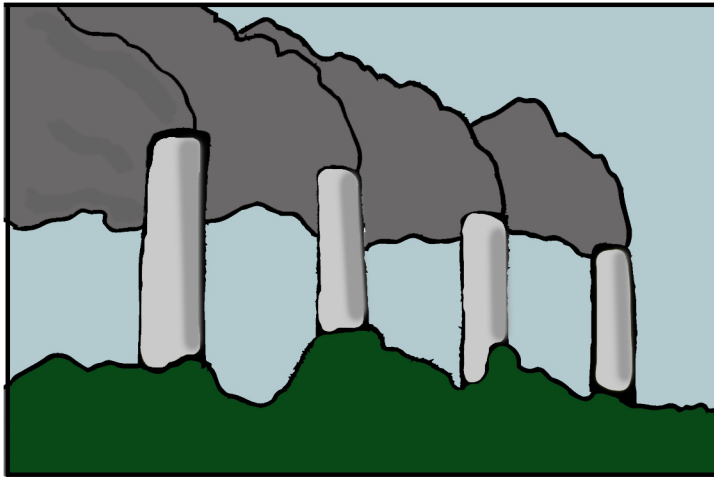


DEER IN THE WORKS (1955)

INTERPRETED BY TERRY ALBEA



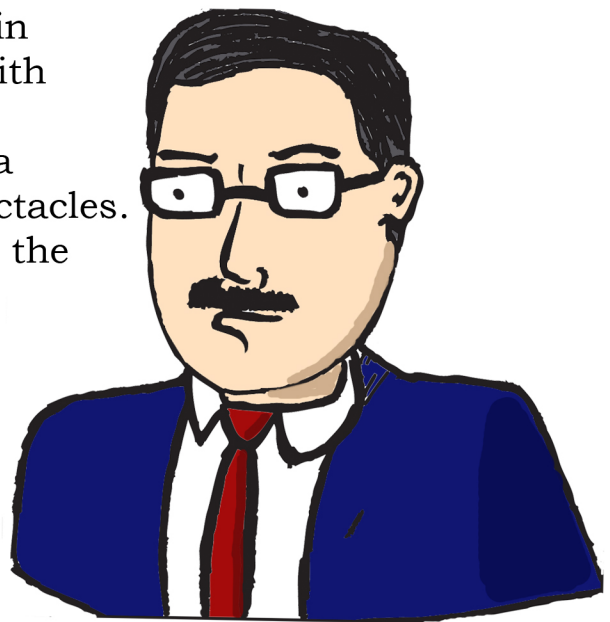
The black stacks of the Ilium Works of Federal Apparatus Corporation spewed acid fumes and soot. Ilium Works was the second-largest industrial plant in America and was

increasing its staff by one third in order to meet armament contracts.

David Potter was a middle-sized man in his late twenties with a young face camouflaged with a mustache and spectacles. He went up to face the receptionist.



“Skill?” she asked.



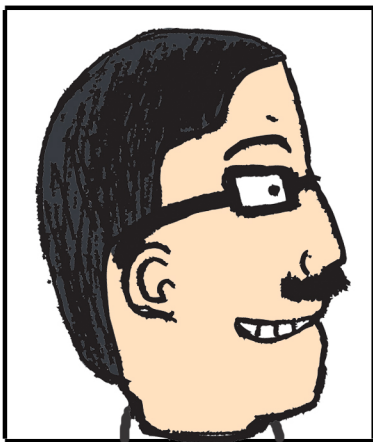
“Writing, any kind of writing,” he said.

He walked into booth twenty-six and extended his hand to Mr. Dilling.

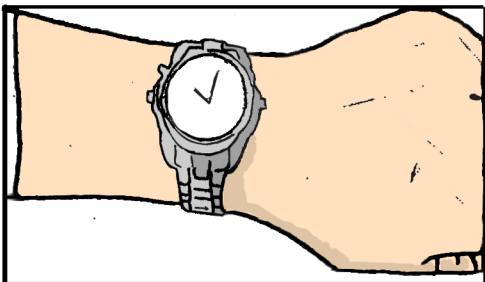
“Well, you came at a bad time I’m afraid, Mr. Potter. There isn’t much of anything open.

Do you have a family?” asked Mr. Dilling.

“Yes, my wife, and two boys and two girls,” David responded.



“A nice big well-balanced family, eh? The sky is the limit for a man with drive and creative ambition,” said Dilling. “If you’re good as a journalist, I’ve got just the job.”



Mr. Dilling assigned him to a supervisor, Mr. Flammer. Before leaving the office, David checked his watch and saw that he had spare time to call his wife with the good news.



“Guess what, Nan?” David said to his wife.
“You’ll be coming home to a solid citizen who pulls down \$110 a week. It’s a shaky living now that we have kids.”

“It won’t be a very happy big family if you’re not doing what you love,” she said.

“I know, Nan. But, it’s what I’ve got to do.”



David said goodbye and left to look for Building 31. Four busy streets stretched seemingly to infinity. He stopped a passerby, asking for directions.

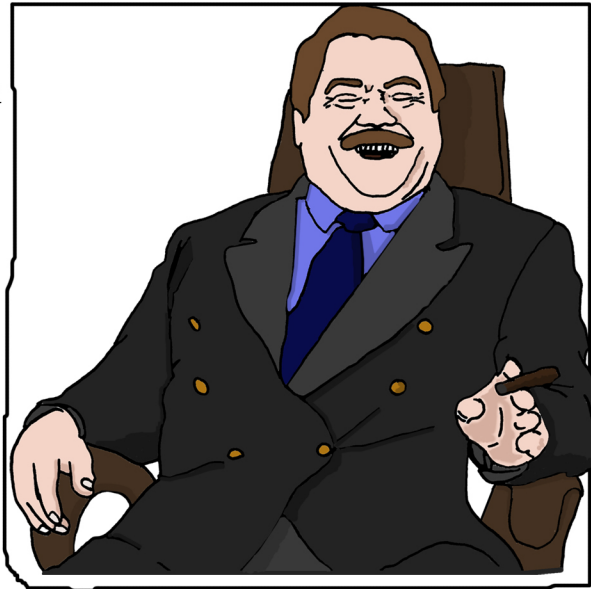


“Could you tell me, please, how to find Building 31, Mr. Flammer’s office?”

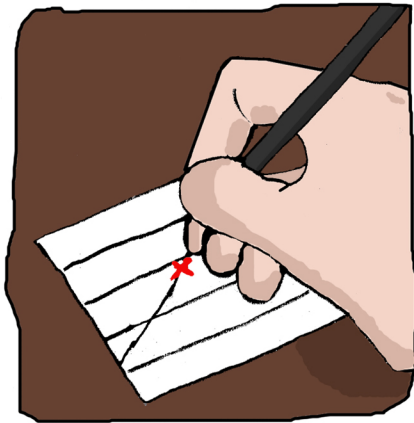


The man looked at David’s badge and saw he was new. “Just starting out are you?” He pointed at his button with the number “50” representing his years in the company. “Can’t be a 50 year man no more.” The old man pointed at a door. “There’s Flammer’s office.”

David walked to the door and knocked. Lou Flammer was a short, fat man in his early thirties. He beamed at David. "I'm David Potter, Mr. Flammer." Flammer's Santa-Claus-like demeanor decayed. He leaned back, propped his feet on his desk top, and stuffed a cigar into his large mouth.

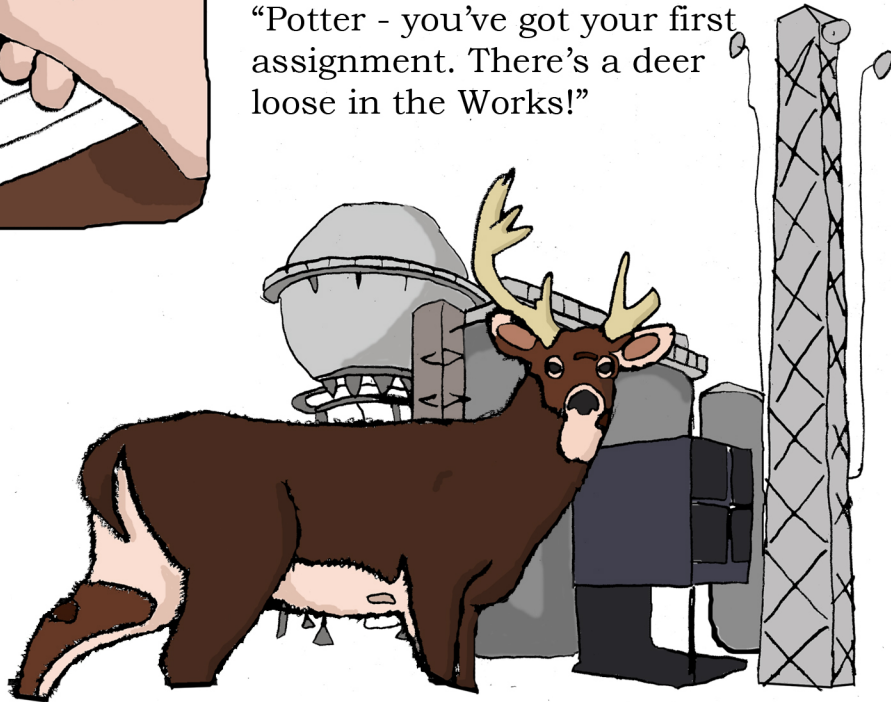


"Now before I tell you where your desk is, I'm supposed to explain the rating-sheet."



Before Flammer could move out of his chair, the telephone rang. Flammer picked it up and listened intently before looking at David.

"Potter - you've got your first assignment. There's a deer loose in the Works!"





“Don’t know how he got in, but he’s in. The story will go all over the country, Potter! All right - I’ll call up a photographer and get him to meet you by the metallurgy lab. You get the story and see that he gets the right shots. Okay? You’re in the big time now, Potter. We’ll all be watching,” said Flammer.

David walked outside to the bustling streets. He stopped a man and asked if he’d heard anything about a deer in the Works. The man shook his head and looked at David oddly, making David aware of how frantic he must look.



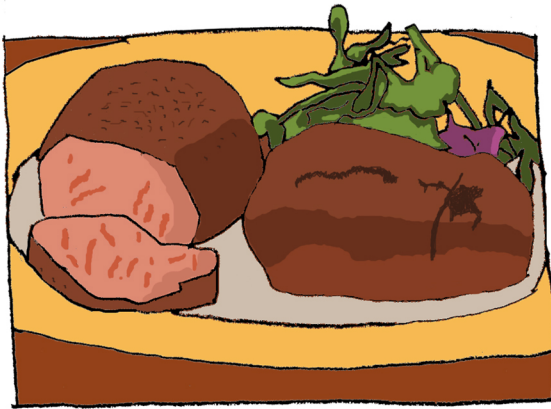
He chose a building at random and walked inside and was deafened by the clangor of steel sheets being cut and punched.



David was lost in the Works.

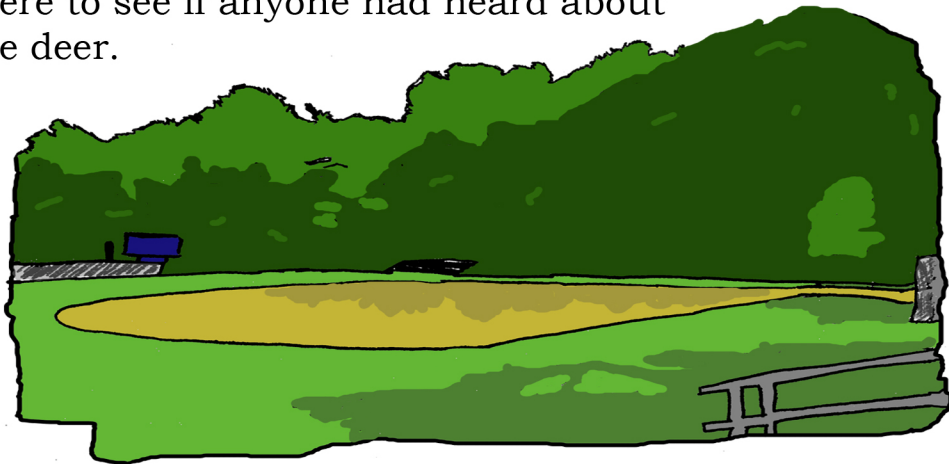
He found a phone booth and walked inside. He desperately tried to remember the name of his supervisor.

It miraculously returned to his consciousness: *Flammer!* He found the number to his office and dialed.

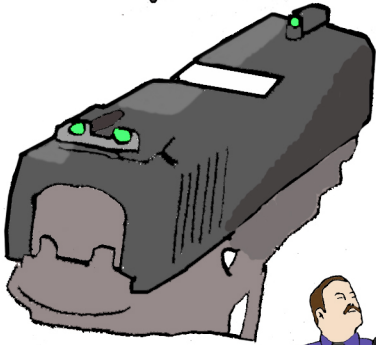
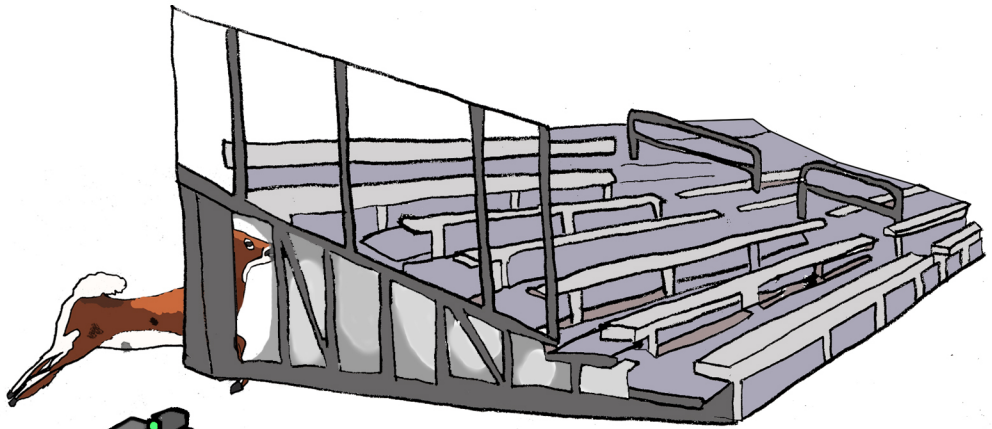


“Oh - Mr. Potter. Well, Mr. Flammer is out in the Works , but he left a message for you. He said When they catch the deer, the venison is going to be used at the Quarter-Century Club picnic,” said Flammer’s secretary.

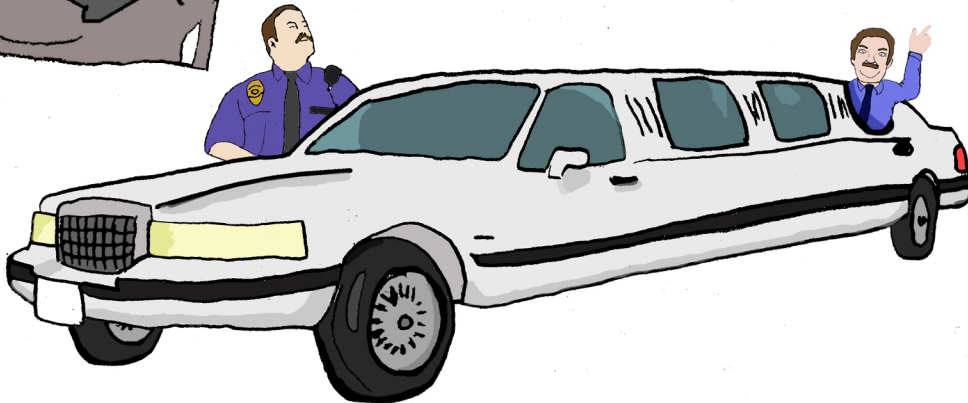
David resumed his search but was still lost and confused. Across the street was a softball diamond. David headed there to see if anyone had heard about the deer.



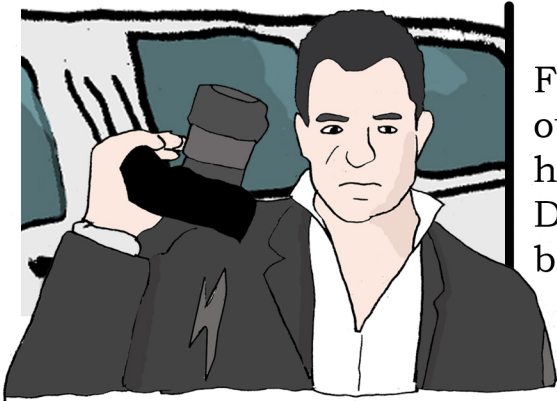
“There he goes!” cried somebody. A deer frantically ran behind the metal bleachers of the field.



A dozen company policemen drew their pistols and closed in. “Easy now! Don’t rush him! Just keep him there. Shoot into the woods, not the Works.”

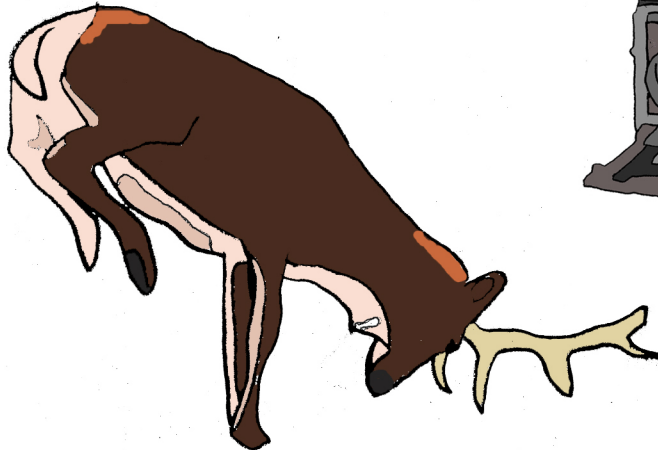


“Hold it!” shouted a familiar voice. A company limousine rumbled across the softball diamond to the back of the crowd. Leaning out of a window was Lou Flammer, “Don’t shoot until we get a picture of him alive!”

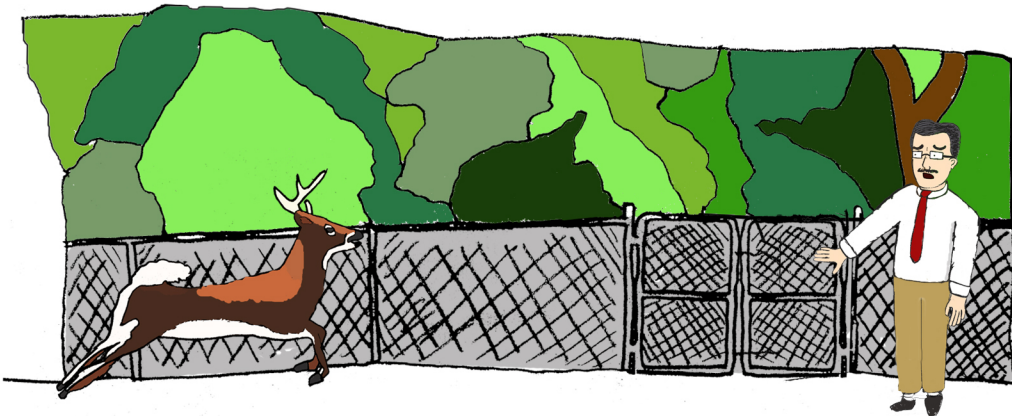


Flammer pulled a photographer out of the limousine, and pushed him to the front. Flammer saw David standing alone. “Good boy, Potter!” called Flammer. “Right on the ball!”

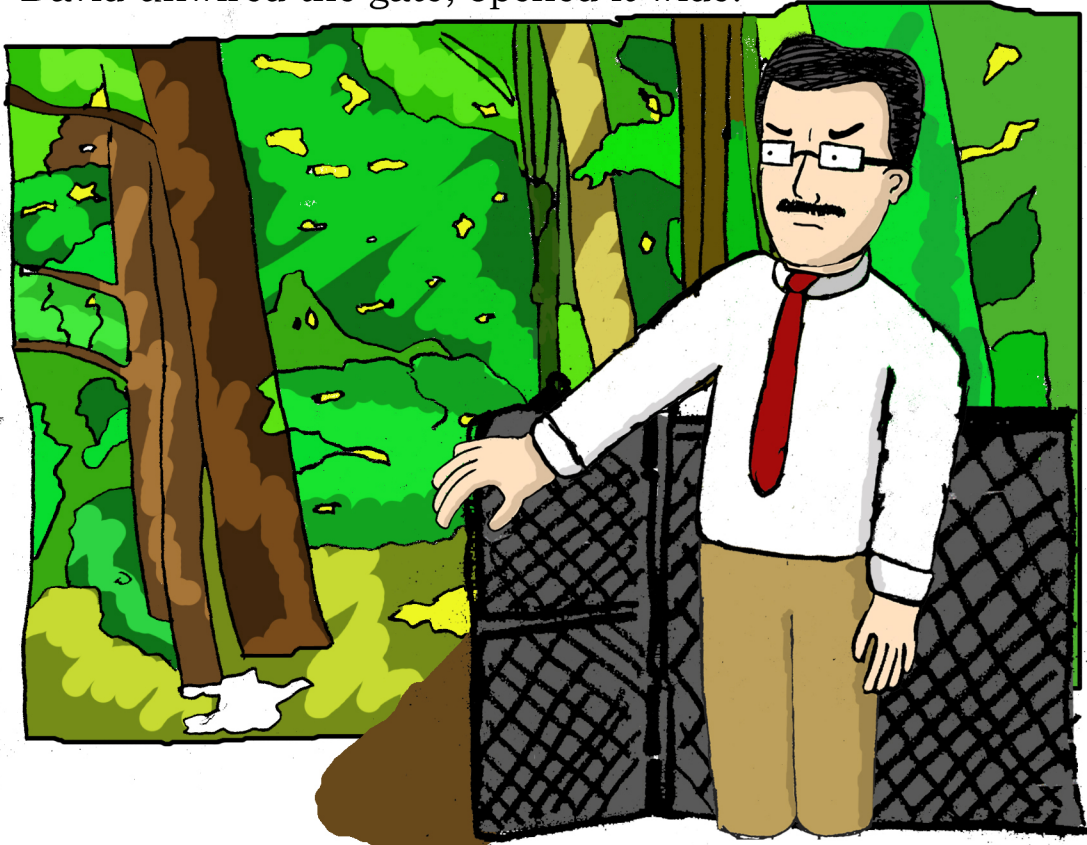
The photographer fired his flash bulbs.



The deer bucked and sprinted along the fence and came at David amidst the confusion.



David unwired the gate, opened it wide.



The deer was gone, now a distant flash of its white tail.
David stepped into the woods. He didn't look back...

