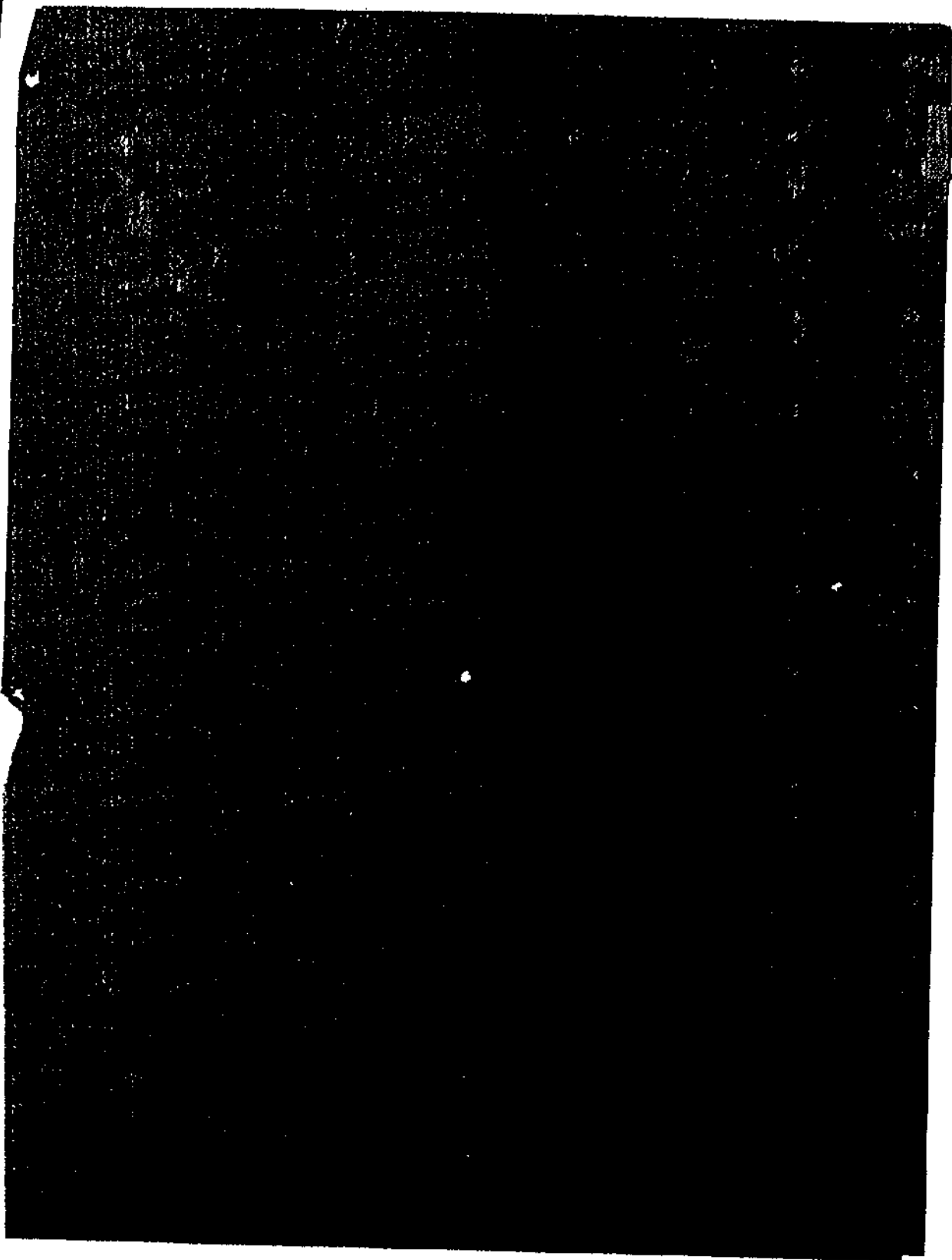


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THE BIG STORY

FINAL

PROGRAM NO. 14

"MUTINY IN THE BIG HOUSE"

WEDNESDAY, JULY 2, 1947

CAST

NARRATOR	BERRY KROEGER
ROOSEVELT	ARTHUR CARNEY
SENATOR	FRANK RICHARDS
BLAKE	NED WEVER
EDITOR	JULIAN NOA
MIKE	ARTHUR CARNEY
JOHNNY	ROBERT READICK
MUSCLES	FRANK RICHARDS
WHITEY	BERRY KROEGER
NAZI	NED WEVER
JUG	ROBERT READICK
ROBBIE	JIM BOLES
STEWARD	JIM BOLES
WARDEN	JULIAN NOA

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present --- THE BIG STORY!

SOUND: --- DOOR OPENS

ROOSEVELT: (PROJECTING SLIGHTLY) Good day, Senator. Thank you for dropping in.

SENATOR: (OFF) Thank you ... and good day, Mr. President.

SOUND: --- DOOR CLOSES

ROOSEVELT: (TO SELF OVER RUSTLE OF PAPERS) Let me see, now. (UP) ~~These letters are signed and ready to go. I'll take care of this pile later in the day and --- oh, yes.~~ Here's one more letter I want to have go out this morning. Will you take it now, please? It goes to ... Morgan Blake ... B-L-A-K-E ... Esquire, The Atlanta Journal, Atlanta, Georgia. (DICTATING) My dear Mr. Blake: The Attorney General has just written me of the grand job you did for the government (STARTING TO YIELD TO MUSIC) during the recent outbreak at the Atlanta ...

MUSIC: --- UP AND WIPE. FADE FOR

CHAPPELL: The Big Story! Another in a thrilling series based on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight ... to Morgan Blake of the Atlanta Journal, goes the PELL MELL Award for THE BIG STORY!

MUSIC: --- FANFARE

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!" - the cigarette in the  
distinctive red package - PELL MELL.

HARRICE: Ladies and gentlemen, PELL MELL'S distinguished  
length is the outward sign of a basic superiority.  
Here's the reason ...

CHAPPELL: Nature's best filter for a fine smoke is ... fine,  
mellow tobacco! And PELL MELL'S greater length  
filters the smoke through the greater distance of  
PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos ...  
"Distance lends enchantment" ... and the greater  
distance PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the  
enchantment of greater smoothness, mellowness,  
mildness ...

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

HARRICE: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!"

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC: - - - - INTRODUCTION AND FADE

CHAPPELL: Now -- the exciting and authentic story of -- "MUTINY  
IN THE BIG HOUSE!"

NARRATOR: Your name is Morgan Blake. In front of you, in the  
office of the Atlanta Journal, is your battered,  
beloved typewriter. Behind you is not only the city  
room -- but twenty-five years in this inky-fingered  
profession. ~~Retired now from the foot-weary round of~~  
~~the legman~~ you, Morgan Blake, no youngster now, are  
familiar to many of Atlanta's citizens, variously as  
a writer of editorials, a Sunday school teacher,  
(SNEAK SOUND OF TYPEWRITER) and the author of a  
widely-read column, *which*

SOUND: - - - - TYPEWRITER UP AND BIT AND BACK FOR

NARRATOR: Sports... politics... economics... religion...  
stuff and things about things and stuff. This  
particular column you are working on, you wind up  
with ---

BLAKE: (OVER TYPING) There's so much good in the worst of  
us --- and so much bad -- in the best of us -- that  
it ill-behooves any one of us --- to criticize --- the  
rest of us.

SOUND: - - - - PAPER RIPPED OUT

NARRATOR: So concluding, you carry the copy to the city editor  
-- who interrupts a conference with a reporter to  
accept it.

EDITOR: Thanks, Morgan. (PAUSE) What's this -- poetry?

BLAKE: Just a little jingle.

EDITOR: (MUSING) So much good in the worst of us. (PAUSE)  
You honestly believe that, don't you, Morgan?

BLAKE: If I didn't -- I wouldn't write it.

EDITOR: I know that. But what's just come out of Mike, here,  
story-wise -- it might change your opinion.

BLAKE: What's up, Mike?

MIKE: Trouble over at the Federal Pen. A few of the inmates  
in the segregation building are causing it.

BLAKE: Got time to tell me about it?

MIKE: Sure. My story's in. Maybe you can get a column out  
of it, Morgan. Seems the convicts are trying --

BLAKE: (QUIETLY) I hate that word, I call them -- men.

MIKE: That's right -- you do go over there and talk to them,  
Sundays. Well, anyhow -- it seems they were sitting  
down to chow -- midday yesterday -- (CROSS FADE UNDER  
FOLLOWING INDICATION -- when the guard came up with  
a new prisoner ...

SOUND: DISHERS, ETC. UP AND UNDER

JOHNNY: (A GUARD) Okay boys -- here's a new man for your  
table. Muscles --

MUSCLES: Yeah?

JOHNNY: Teach him the ropes.

MUSCLES: What is he -- a special case or something?

JOHNNY: You read about the Nazi saboteurs they caught a while  
back?

MUSCLES: Yeah.

JOHNNY: Well -- this is one of them. (PAUSE) Okay, Hitler --  
fill up. It's better than one of us'd get in Germany.

SOUND: \_\_\_\_\_ DISHES UP A WHILE, THEN FADE FOR

MUSCLES: Okay, Heinie. The word is show you the ropes -- so -- here goes. I'm sort of chief o' this table ... these are my boys. This is Whitey -- (A REACTION) -- this here is Jug -- (DITTO) -- this is Robbie -- (REACTION) -- and my handle is Muscles. (PAUSE) Whaddaya say?

BUSINESS: \_\_\_\_\_ SILENCE

WHITEY: Mebbe he don't speak English?

NAZI: (COLD) I <sup>do</sup> speak English.

MUSCLES: Well -- whaddaya say?

NAZI: (COLD) Pass the beans.

BUSINESS: \_\_\_\_\_ SILENCE

JUG: Get a load o' that!

MUSCLES: (QUIET) Look. Being in stir is no picnic, Heinie. You get along in stir the same way you do on the outside -- by playin' ball. You gonna play nice? Or you gonna be trouble?

BUSINESS: \_\_\_\_\_ SILENCE

MUSCLES: Talk, Fritzie.

NAZI: (COLD) I do not wish to talk to you scum.

MUSCLES: Better watch your mouth, big boy ... you're in here like the rest of us.

NAZI: I am a political prisoner. I see no reason why I should be made to associate with common gangsters.

WHITEY: Watch it, brother. You've been warned.

MUSCLES: Anything else, Nazi?

NAZI: You should all be hung. It would save the state money.



MUSCLES: (FAST) You dirty stinkin' traitorous rat!

SOUND: A HEAVY BLOW AND IMMEDIATE HUBBUB OF VOICES AD LIB AS  
FOLLOWS. ALL SIMULTANEOUS

WHITEY: Look out, Muscles!

JUG: Lemme get a crack at him!

MUSCLES: How do ya like the Heinie givin' us that!

ROBBIE: Him they shoulda hung -- twice!

SOUND: RUNNING FEET, GUARDS' WHISTLES

VOICES: YELLS OF "BREAK IT UP - BREAK IT UP!"

SOUND: ALARM BELL, ALSO BANGING ON TIN PLATES. IN OTHER WORDS  
AS MUCH HELL AS POSSIBLE IS RAISED, AND IT IS ALL  
WIPED BY

MUSIC: BRIDGE UP AND UNDER

MIKE: That, I gathered, is one of the reasons it all started.

*apart from Blake,*  
Muscles didn't want to be in the same cell block with  
a Nazi --

BLAKE: (GENTLE) I can well understand that. Stop to think  
of it, men in prison have given their blood, bought  
war bonds, turned out material -- even volunteered as  
human guinea pigs -- all for the war effort. And now  
it looks like a few trouble makers are going to spoil  
that record.

MIKE: Anyhow, that was just part of the tee-off. Muscles had  
a clique in his block. Whitey Whitehead -- Jug Wilks  
and Robbie Durfee. And later in the day .. (FADE) ..  
during the recreation hour ...

BUSINESS: AD LIBS

MUSCLES: (QUIET) Whitey.

WHITEY: (SAME) Yeah, Muscles? What's on your mind?

MUSCLES: I'm not gonna take that from a kraut. I don't have to take that.

WHITEY: I don't want to take it, either.

MUSCLES: I got a kid brother in the war.

WHITEY: Sure, Muscles, sure.

MUSCLES: I don't have to take that from a lousy Nazi spy!

WHITEY: I know, I know.

MUSCLES: So-what?

WHITEY: So-what?

MUSCLES: We put up with plenty. We got beefs. We kept quiet. But this is it. This does it. I don't have to take this on top of all the rest.

WHITEY: What are you gonna do about it?

MUSCLES: Circulate, Whitey. Round up Jug and Robbie.

WHITEY: (WHISPER) The big try, Muscles?

MUSCLES: (FIERCE) Shut up. Round 'em up, I said.

MUSIC:     A STING    

MUSCLES: (WHISPER) You got it now? I'm goin' over it once again -- now get it! Whitey -- you pull one o' your phoney faints. I yell for the guard. Jug -- you lift Whitey and carry him inside -- and Robbie -- you just tag along. Just keep together -- that's all!

WHITEY: And what happens when we get inside?

MUSCLES: We're outa range o' the tower guns. Just leave the rest to Robbie and me. But when you wake up -- I'm tellin' you there's gonna be some action -- and I don't mean maybe.

MUSIC:    BRIDGE

MIKE:            It was a wild try -- but it worked. Almost before anybody knew what had happened -- Muscles and his gang had four guards overpowered -- and locked up -- with them -- in the segregation block.

EDITOR:          And is that a story? *Blah!*

BLAKE:          Were the guards hurt?

MIKE:            That's the funny part of it. This is not a break for freedom.

BLAKE:          It's not?

MIKE:            That's right. They're still locked in the cell block. But they haven't injured the guards ... yet. I was there when the chief steward went out to talk to them.

BLAKE:          Who?

MIKE:            ~~The chief steward.~~ He's one of the officials the prisoners trust. They feel they can talk to that guy. He went out to the prison yard. Alone. All alone .. (BEGIN FADE) .. he walked out into the yard, to talk to the prisoners in the window ...

SOUND:    WIND UP AND UNDER. FEET ON CONCRETE, DELIBERATE WALKING

STEWARD:        (HE CALLS) Muscles! *My god!*

MUSCLES:        (UP AND HIGHER) ~~I can't hear you, Steward. The wind's taking your words!~~

STEWARD:        ~~Wait a minute.~~

SOUND:    CLICK OF SWITCH ... SOUND MADE BY FINGER FLICKED ON P.A. MICROPHONE

STEWARD: (PUBLIC-ADDRESS-FILTER) Testing -- one -- two --  
three. (PAUSE) Can you hear me now?

MUSCLES: I hear you good, Steward.

STEWARD: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Muscles -- they're turning off the  
heat. It'll be freezing in that block in an hour.  
This is December.

MUSCLES: (SARCASTIC) I don't count time by months, Steward. I  
got fifty years on my mind!

STEWARD: And I'm cutting off your food until you release those  
guards. Let them go, Muscles. You'll have to, sooner  
or later.

MUSCLES: It'll be later, Steward. Unless you make them give us  
a break!

STEWARD: They won't make any deals with you!

MUSCLES: They've got to, Steward. (PAUSE) These guards are all  
married -- with kids!

STEWARD: (AFTER A PAUSE) What kind of a break? *how long?*

MUSCLES: There's too many things wrong with this stir! They've  
got to give us the ear, they've got to straighten  
things out before we'll let the guards go!

STEWARD: You're only making things worse for all the other  
prisoners!

MUSCLES: Yeah? Well -- things are gonna have to be better for  
us first! I tell you what, Steward --

STEWARD: Yeah?

MUSCLES: We like you. You're okay. But it won't do us any good  
to make our beefs to the prison boys. You don't have  
your choice of what team you play on. We gotta find  
someone to play ball with us.

STEWARD: Who will you talk to?

MUSCLES: We're gonna decide who we can trust to tell our squawks to ... come back in an hour and we'll let ya know who.  
(PAUSE) And tell the rest of them this much for me.  
Don't try nothing. Like I said ... these guards got families!

MUSIC: HIT AND OUT

~~MIKE: And that's the way things stood when I left, Morgan.  
The Warden promised to call if anything broke ... so ...~~

~~EDITOR: So you still think Morgan, that there's good in the  
worst of us?~~

~~BLAKE: (SOFTLY) When I go into prison to talk to the men, as  
I do whenever I can, I never fail to pray -- for them.  
And to say -- there, but for the grace of God, go I.~~

~~EDITOR: You still think after having heard this story they're  
no worse -- at heart -- than the rest of us?~~

~~BLAKE: (SMILE) I guess you think I'm soft in the head,  
because, as a teacher of religion, I try to help these  
unfortunates.~~

~~EDITOR: I respect you, Morgan, and you know it. But I still  
say --~~

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP

EDITOR: City desk. (PAUSE) Yes. (PAUSE) I see. (LONG, LONG  
PAUSE) Hold the wire. (PAUSE) It's the Warden.

MIKE: Anything break?

EDITOR: It sure did. Morgan -- would you like a chance to put  
your faith in humanity to practical test?

BLAKE: I would.

EDITOR: Do you think you can go in and talk those thugs into letting the guards go free?

BLAKE: I'll try.

EDITOR: They might kill you.

BLAKE: Yes. They might.

EDITOR: ~~And you'll still try? (PAUSE) Just a minute, Warden. Blake, this isn't a wild idea of mine. Nor the Warden's.~~

BLAKE: ~~I don't understand you.~~

EDITOR: <sup>7/2/47</sup> There's a serious prison break-attempt in the making ... bloodshed, violence, revolt against Federal law here in America, while we're fighting a major war. And you are the only one who can stop it, Blake. The prisoners have decided they will talk only to you. It's a big job. Will you take it on?

BLAKE: (QUIETLY) I said yes once. I don't go back on my word. I'll talk to the prisoners.

EDITOR: (QUIET) I knew you would. (PAUSE) Warden, he's on his way over.

MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER FOR

NARRATOR: You leave the editor's office, and as you walk to the door, you feel him watching. And you realize others are watching, too. The papers have carried the story, and the people of America have read it -- and they are watching. Watching -- and wondering. The shirt-sleeved truck driver wonders as he sends his wheels singing along the asphalt stretches on the run from Milwaukee to St. Paul. The clerk wonders as he bends over his

(MORE)

NARRATOR: endless rows of figures in a shabby office off Chicago's  
(CONTD) Loop. From his Washington study, lined with books and  
ship models, a man turns in his chair to <sup>just</sup> stroke his  
scotty dog -- and wonders. Amid the hum of the  
lunchtime crowd, a soda jerk in Wichita slides a  
glass of milk towards a school teacher, and they  
wonder; and a housewife in Tucson shakes her mop on the  
back porch and then turns away, wondering. The eyes  
of a nation are fixed -- wondering -- on the gloomy  
gray pile that is the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary --  
and on you as you walk slowly towards it, wondering.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ UP FOR CURTAIN

HARRICE: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's BIG  
STORY.

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

NOVACHORD: (MUSIC UP - THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

MARTIN: (OVER MUSIC) "Distance lends enchantment" ... and,  
when you light a PELL MELL, distance lends  
enchantment to smoking, too. For the greater distance  
the smoke travels in PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES is  
so important to the complete and satisfying enjoyment  
of fine, mellow tobacco ... (MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: Ladies and gentlemen, Nature's best filter for a fine  
smoke is fine, mellow tobacco. Because of PELL MELL'S  
greater length, the smoke is drawn through a much  
greater distance of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,  
mellow tobaccos. You have only to smoke a PELL MELL  
to realize the outstanding advantages that result:  
greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness ...

NOVACHORD: (SNEAK IN MUSIC)

MARTIN: "Distance lends enchantment" ... and the greater  
distance PELL MELL travels the smoke, lends real  
enchantment to the simple act of enjoying a  
cigarette. (MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES; ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!



MUSIC: - - - - INTRODUCTION AND UNDER

HARRICE: Now we return you to our narrator, Berry Kroeger, and tonight's BIG STORY.

NARRATOR: Atlanta Federal Penitentiary is not in Atlanta. It is ten miles outside the peachtree city. You have made the trip countless times in twenty-five years, but each time you draw-up-in-front-of-the gigantic stone-pile-with-the-letters-U.S.P.-below-a-grim, granite-eagle, it is as if you were leaving life.

(FADE) The Warden greets you --

WARDEN:

(QUIET) *Morgan Morgan*  
Morgan.

BLAKE:

How are you, Warden? How can I help you?

WARDEN:

I want to save the lives of those men. They're in your hands, Blake.

BLAKE:

I'm ready any time you are.

WARDEN:

Let me warn you of one thing. It was the prisoners' idea to talk to you. In agreeing -- you may be running a personal risk.

BLAKE:

If they trust me -- I trust them. Now -- will you promise me one thing?

WARDEN:

What?

BLAKE:

I am here as a newspaperman, too. Will you let me use any information they give me as I see fit?

WARDEN:

I will.

BLAKE:

All right. (AFTER A PAUSE) I'm ready to go.

MUSIC: - - - - HIT AND FADE UNDER

SOUND:    FOOTSTEPS SLOW ON ECHO

MUSCLES:        (A LITTLE OFF) Who's that?

BLAKE:           Morgan Blake. Are you Muscles?

MUSCLES:        Yeah. (PAUSE) You wanna come in and talk?

BLAKE:           (SMILE) No. I'm quite comfortable out here.

MUSCLES:        (HE LAUGHS) You're okay, Blake.

WHITEY:         (WHISPER) Mister Blake.

MUSCLES:        Mister Blake. (PAUSE) You know why we sent for you?

BLAKE:           No.

MUSCLES:        Remember an inmate here named Eddie Koski?

BLAKE:           No. I've met hundreds of you.

MUSCLES:        Well -- when he got out, you got him a job. He remembers you. And the grapevine says you're okay.

BLAKE:           Thank you.

MUSCLES:        (PAUSE) All right. Let's talk.

BLAKE:           Go ahead.

MUSCLES:        Okay, Mr. Blake. Wait a minute. (LOW) Listen, you guys. Mr. Blake's a Sunday school teacher in his off-time. So watch your language.

BUSINESS:    MUTTERED ASSENTS

MUSCLES:        Okay. Now --

BLAKE:           Just a second, Muscles. What about your hostages?

MUSCLES:        How do you mean -- hostages?

BLAKE:           The guards you're holding.

MUSCLES:        What about them?

BLAKE: Muscles, listen to me for a minute. You've got some men in there -- men whose lives you are placing in jeopardy. I know you've got grievances, and you have a right to voice them. But you don't have a right to place the lives of other men in danger just for your own ends.

MUSCLES: We got our methods, Blake.

BLAKE: Your methods aren't the right ones. You can't get something for yourselves by taking it away from somebody else.

MUSCLES: Look, Blake, we didn't ask you --

BLAKE: You asked me to come in here and talk to you. You trusted me. Well, I want to trust you, too. But I won't, if anything happens to those guards.

MUSCLES: I thought you were on the right side --

BLAKE: I am on the right side, Muscles. Maybe it's your side. Maybe it isn't. That's why I'm asking you to be careful of what you plan with those hostages.

MUSCLES: What's your pitch?

BLAKE: Just this. You've got a right to live. You're fighting for that right. And that's good. But those guards have rights, too. And they've got wives and homes and kids.

MUSCLES: Listen to me, Blake --

BLAKE: (OVERRIDING) No -- you listen to me first, Muscles. Is Johnny Sisko one of your hostages?

MUSCLES: Yeah --

BLAKE: I know Johnny. I went to school with him a long time ago. And I know his family. His boy's going to graduate from high school in June. A nice looking kid with a big friendly grin. Johnny's proud of him. He wants to see him graduate. Are you going to let him? Or are you going to rub him out because you've got some beefs that you want to get off your mind? Listen, Muscles ... and listen carefully. You may get those beefs off your mind by killing Johnny -- but then you'll never get Johnny off your mind. (PAUSE) That's all. You go ahead and talk now.

MUSCLES: (AFTER A PAUSE) Whitey. Bring the stiff down here.

BLAKE: (SHOCKED) Stiff!

MUSCLES: ~~Don't worry. Stiff don't mean corpse here;~~ It means guard *here*.

BLAKE: Oh.

WHITEY: Here he is, Muscles.

BLAKE: Hello, Johnny.

JOHNNY: (SCARED) Hello, Mr. Blake.

MUSCLES: Okay, stiff. Talk. Say your piece.

JOHNNY: (NERVOUS) Mr. Blake -- we're all right.

BLAKE: Have you got food, Johnny?

JOHNNY: Sure. In fact the men haven't touched any of the food that's been sent to us. The other guards are okay, too, Mr. Blake.

MUSCLES: Satisfied, Mr. Blake?

BLAKE: Are you going to keep holding these men as hostages?

MUSCLES: Yes.

BLAKE: Muscles, a hostage is a man who is held as security while certain demands are being considered. If those demands are satisfied, the man is freed. If not, the man is killed. Now think carefully. You're being watched. I'm watching you. The whole country is watching you -- waiting to see what you are going to do with those guards. This is your chance to show you're acting in good faith. What's your answer?

MUSCLES: We got a series of gripes. We want them straightened out. That's square. We're square, too. That's all. If that's not enough -- you can go now. If it's enough, we're ready to talk.

BLAKE: That's enough. Go ahead and talk.

MUSCLES: Okay. One. They got a Nazi saboteur in here with us. We don't like that. ~~Either they take him out of here -- or we dress him up in his German uniform and throw him off the top of the building.~~

BLAKE: What good would that do?

MUSCLES: He's got it coming. He don't appreciate the freedom in this country. (PAUSE) Sounds funny to hear a jailbird talk about freedom, don't it?

BLAKE: No. A man's freedom is in his heart. I believe that when you pay your penalty for what you've done -- you're as good as I am.

MUSCLES: ~~(HUSKY) You're not just sayin' that?~~

BLAKE: ~~Would I be here if I were just sayin' that?~~

MUSCLES: (BEAT) Okay. We want that Nazi out of here. Two -- we want better doctorin'. Whitey's got an itch or somethin' -- and he can't get a break from the medicos.

BLAKE: What else?

MUSCLES: Jug -- you tell him yours.

JUG: Because we're in the rough block, we don't get the same rate of pay as the other prisoners. Equal-work for equal pay, that's what we want. Me, I turn out as many knots on a landin' net as the next guy -- I want the same pay.

BLAKE: That's three. What's next?

MUSCLES: Tell him, Robbie.

ROBBIE: We're goin' nuts in this block 'cause they cut down our recreation privileges. We want as much use of the ball field as the other blocks.

BLAKE: That's four. Any more?

ROBBIE: Yeah.

BLAKE: What is it?

ROBBIE: Come closer. I got to whisper this one.

BLAKE: All right.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

BLAKE: What's it?

ROBBIE: Closer.

SOUND: ANOTHER FOOTSTEP

ROBBIE: (WHISPER) <sup>Closer</sup> Bend down.

BLAKE: Now ~~tell me~~ <sup>What's it</sup>.

ROBBIE: Aaaaaaah. Gotcha. I got him, Muscles. I got him!

BLAKE: (QUIET) Let my arm go.

ROBBIE: Oh, no, I won't. Think I'm crazy? Muscles -- I got him. Open up, Muscles. They can have their lousy guards. ~~They can have him and keep him. We've got the boy now.~~ they ain't gonna take no risks when we've got this baby. Now they gotta give in!

BLAKE: (QUIET) Muscles. Tell him to let go.

ROBBIE: (NEAR MAD) Go on, Muscles. Grab him! We've got the right baby now. It worked, it worked -- the sucker. We're in now. Give it to him, Muscles -- ~~this is our~~ chance -- drag him in! Come on, Muscles -- that's the boy, let him have it!

SOUND: SMASH OF FIST ON FACE AND GROAN AND THUD

MUSCLES: (QUIET) You got to excuse him, Mr. Blake. (PAUSE) He's stir crazy.

BLAKE: (QUIET) It's all right. Now what do you want me to do?

MUSCLES: Just print our story. Tell it right.

BLAKE: Then?

MUSCLES: Then we'll see. But you get that story in your sheet.

BLAKE: I can only try.

MUSCLES: Then give it all you got.

BLAKE: I'll give it my best. All right?

MUSCLES: Word of honor? (SNEER) Or don't you give your word of honor to a con?

BLAKE: Word of honor.

MUSCLES: Okay, Doc. Take off.

MUSIC: HIT AND FADE

WARDEN: You got the story printed? *blatant?*

BLAKE: Every word of it *blatant* -- including your explanation of the charges.

WARDEN: Fair enough. What now?

BLAKE: I'm going back there -- with the papers. Ten copies. And wait till the prisoners see them!

WARDEN: Why?

BLAKE: Look for yourself. Page one!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

WHITEY: Look, fellas -- he did like he promised. He got the word out and on the front page.

MUSCLES: All right, all right -- whadda we do now?

WHITEY: I got an idea.

MUSCLES: What is it, Whitey?

WHITEY: Listen. If it's on the front page, it must be pretty big. That right?

MUSCLES: Sure. So --

WHITEY: So a lotta people musta read it. So it went out on the wires, like they say, for all the papers to copy.

MUSCLES: That's right.

WHITEY: So the whole country is watching us.

MUSCLES: Sure. What d'ya know about that? The whole country's watching us -- a bunch of cons!

WHITEY: Yeah. So what we do is important. Right?

MUSCLES: Right.

WHITEY: So let's show 'em how to run things.

MUSCLES: Like how?



WHITEY: They think maybe we'll do the wrong thing. A bunch of cons who don't know nothing. Let's show 'em we can do it right.

MUSCLES: How?

WHITEY: Take a vote, ~~chump~~. That's the way to do it ... in jail like any place else. We'll show 'em. They're watching, so we'll give 'em something to see. We'll take a vote of the whole block. Not just us four -- the whole block. What d'ya say?

MUSCLES: Whitey, you've got an idea. Okay -- go make a count!

MUSIC: STING AND OUT

MUSCLES: What's the score, Whitey? How's it going?

WHITEY: It's gone. And you ain't gonna like this. It's 39 for letting the stiffs go and 39 for sticking it out.

MUSCLES: Yeah ... but that don't include me.

WHITEY: That's what I mean. It don't include you. You started it -- and you got the deciding vote.

MUSCLES: That kind of makes it hard.

WHITEY: Yeah.

MUSCLES: (MUSING) That kind of makes it hard. The worst of it is -- I'm gonna take the rap for this. ~~(PAUSE)~~  
*(writes up your own mind)*  
~~Only~~ <sup>Black</sup> d'ja see what ~~he~~ wrote in that story? How he felt kind of bad a couple of cons should let the whole place down, ruinin' the war record? And with the whole country watchin' us?

~~WHITEY?~~ ~~Make-up your own mind.~~ Muscles:

JUG:  
(CONTD) get heard, huh? Maybe we done it the wrong way -- but maybe it'll come out okay. (PAUSE) Sounds funny comin' from me, but I ain't tryin' to influence your vote. Just the same, I noticed something in the paper.

MUSCLES: What?

JUG: The date.

MUSCLES: What about it?

JUG: Maybe this is the right day to make like an American and do right by the law for the first time in our lousy lives, hopin' it'll do right by us. (PAUSE) The date is December 7, Muscles. Pearl Harbor Day. (PAUSE) Whaddaya say?

MUSCLES: Well -- (PAUSE) Okay. (HE YELLS) Okay, you stiff -- you're free! Go tell the Warden it's all over! (PAUSE - QUIETER) And tell Morgan Blake he's okay.

MUSIC: - - - - HIT AND FADE FOR

ROOSEVELT: (CROSS FADE WITH MUSIC) ... "The Attorney General has just written me of the grand job you did for the government during the recent outbreak at the Atlanta Penitentiary. He assures me that your tact and wisdom, in collaboration with prison officials, was largely responsible for avoiding violence. I want, therefore, to take this opportunity to express my thanks to you and the Atlanta Journal for your splendid public service ... Very sincerely yours ... Franklin D. Roosevelt."

ORCHESTRA: - - - MUSIC UP FOR CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Morgan Blake, giving the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

NOVACHORD: (SNEAK IN MUSIC, THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

MARTIN: "Distance lends enchantment" - and the greater distance PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the enchantment of greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness to the simple act of enjoying a cigarette.  
(SLIGHT PAUSE)

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is "Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes, one is "Outstanding!" PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ORCHESTRA: TAG

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Morgan Blake of the Atlanta Journal.

BLAKE: Greatly appreciate PELL MELL Award. Ring leaders received additional sentences. It should be emphasized though that during the period of disturbance, thousands of other prison inmates continued doing important war work. And I would like to point out that much of my success in avoiding serious trouble was due to the splendid cooperation of enlightened prison officials, especially the prison steward who stood by my side to the last.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Blake. The makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to have named you the winner of the PELL MELL \$500 Award for notable service in the field of journalism.

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY -- A BIG STORY from the pages of the La Crosse, Wisconsin, Tribune; by-line -- Robert C. Dunn. A BIG STORY that reached its climax in the wilds of Minnesota, when a newspaper reporter captured a murderer ... with the aid of ... bloodhounds.

SOUND: BLOODHOUNDS

MUSIC: THEME. WIPE AND FADE TO B.G. ON CUE

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter, written by Allan E. Sloane and directed by Harry Ingram, with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Your narrator was Berry Kroeger, and Ned Wever played the part of Morgan Blake. All names in tonight's story except <sup>those of Franklin F. Robinson and Morgan</sup> ~~that of Mr. Blake~~ were fictitious; but the dramatization was based on a true and authentic case.

MUSIC: - - - - THEME UP FULL AND FADE

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of  
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

HARRICE: Don't forget, friends, to listen to the new comedy  
hit - the Jack Paar Program - heard every Sunday night  
over most of these same stations in the Jack Benny  
time spot. Stay tuned to this station for the Summer  
Theatre, which follows immediately.

ANNOUNCER: THIS IS NBC -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

THE BIG STORY

*A Broadcast*

PROGRAM 15

"THE REPORTER AND THE BLOODHOUND"

WEDNESDAY, JULY 9, 1947

CAST

NARRATOR:	BERRY KROEGER
OLSEN	TED OSBORN
BRICE	JOE LATHAM
JAKE	ALAN HEWITT
LARS	JAMES MCCALLION
MOTHER	ALICE YOURMAN
AXEL	JOHN GIBSON
IVIN	BERRY KROEGER
MRS. BRICE	ALICE YOURMAN
VOICE	JAMES MC CALLION
SHERIFF	JOE LATHAM
DUNN	ALAN HEWITT
SMILEY	TED OSBORN
BIG RED	BRAD BARKER
LACEY	BRAD BARKER
ANNIE	HAZEL LOGAN
CARL	JOHN GIBSON

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present -- THE BIG STORY!

SOUND: PATTERN OF A BARROOM WITH CLINKING GLASSES

ALL: LAUGH

OLSEN: Another round, boys?

BRICE: No more, no -- no more. My boys got to get back to the fields.

JAKE: Aw, one more, Pop. Just one.

BRICE: All right, Jake. One more. But then -- no more.

SOUND: DOOR-OPENS

JAKE: (MOCKING) Well! Look who ~~just come in!~~ (CALLS) Lars! Lars Larssen!

BRICE: (LOW) Leave him alone, Jake. Don't mess with him.

JAKE: Ah, he's harmless. (CALLS) Come on, Lars. Have a beer.

LARS: FOOT STEPS  
(COMING ON - SHY) Gosh. Don't mind if I do.

JAKE: Sure. Have this beer ... Right in your face!

SOUND: A SPLASH AND A GASP

BUSINESS: BIG RAUCOUS LAUGHTER FROM JAKE, JOINED BY OTHERS

MUSIC: WIPE AND FADE FOR

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Another in a thrilling series based on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight, to Robert C. Dunn of the La Crosse, Wisconsin, Tribune, goes the PELL MELL Award for -- THE BIG STORY!

MUSIC: FANFARE

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)



OPENING COMMERCIAL

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!" - the cigarette in the  
distinctive red package - PELL MELL.

HARRICE: Ladies and gentlemen, PELL MELL'S distinguished  
length is the outward sign of a basic superiority.  
Here's the reason ...

CHAPPELL: Nature's best filter for a fine smoke is ... fine,  
mellow tobacco! And PELL MELL'S greater length  
filters the smoke through the greater distance of  
PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos ...  
"Distance lends enchantment" ... and the greater  
distance PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the  
enchantment of greater smoothness, mellowness,  
mildness ...

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

HARRICE: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!"

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ INTRODUCTION AND DOWN UNDER

NARRATOR: Now -- the exciting and authentic story of -- "The Reporter and the Bloodhound."

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT AND FADE FOR

NARRATOR: You are the reporter -- Bob Dunn, covering police for the La Crosse Tribune. The paper's out to get some circulation across the state line in Minnesota, over in the wheat and dairy counties ... and you are soon to meet some of the people of that area the way reporters usually get to meet people -- when they're in trouble. And -- though you don't know it yet, .. (FADE) .. that trouble began -- this way.

MOTHER: (GOOD NORWEGIAN STOCK) Lars.

BUSINESS: \_ \_ \_ \_ SILENCE

MOTHER: (SHE CALLS A BIT) Lars! I call you!

BUSINESS: \_ \_ \_ \_ SILENCE

MOTHER: (REAL SORE) Lars Larssen!

LARS: (SNAPPING OUT OF IT) Yeah, mamma, yeah!

MOTHER: (SCOFFING) Yeah, momma, yeah! Three times I got to call you -- Mister nose in the book!

LARS: All right, momma -- all right! What you want now?

MOTHER: The cows want watering, the cream wants separating, the cans want cooling -- and all you want is read, read, read. Those books didn't do your father no good, and they're gonna do you no good either, you'll see.

LARS: Ma -- don't start ridin' me again, please --

MOTHER: Ridin' you! Should of taken a strap to you before you got too grownup big, knock them silly readin' ideas outa you! Go on -- go help earn the vittles you put away around here!

LARS: Where's Axel? Can't he go do for the cows?

MOTHER: (FAIRLY SCREAMING) Your brother Axel is out tryin' to fix up the harrow you run over the rock yesterday! If it wasn't for him, this farm place'd be all weeds and thistles! If it wasn't for your brother --

LARS: All right, ma. Don't throw Axel in my face all the time.

SOUND: --- DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

AXEL: (COMING ON) What's the fuss about, ma?

MOTHER: Your brother, just like always. Wastin' the day away, him and the book, always with the book!

AXEL: That's all right, ma. Somebody in this family's got to learn something. (GENTLY) It's all right, Lars. You keep your readin' up.

LARS: Aw, Axel.

MOTHER: Aw, Axel, aw, Axel. You spoil him like his father did! How about the cream? This a dairy farm or a fool liberry?

LARS: I'm going, Ma. I'm going.

SOUND: --- DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

AXEL: I'll help you, Lars.

LARS: Aw, Axel. You had to work the whole day on account of me. You rest up.

AXEL: (GENTLE) No. I'll help you. (SMILE) Before you get recitin' poetry to the cows and spoilin' the milk!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ UP AND UNDER SOFTLY

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ COWS MOOING SOFTLY IN B.G. CLOSE ON MILK SQUIRTING  
INTO PAIL

LARS: (MOODY) I hate hayin', I hate plowin', I hate milkin' cows. Axel -- you got faith in me. You think I'll ever get off this farm?

AXEL: Sure. All we have to do is get some money together and send you to get some school.

LARS: School.

AXEL: Sure. You got to go to school for me and for pop. Like he wanted.

LARS: They're gonna laugh me out, if I ever get there. A big dumb Norskie with buck teeth and red hands. (OUTBURST) Why do we have to be so hard up? How do the Brice's get so rich and us so poor?

AXEL: (SHARP) Lars -- don't start goin' off like that! What you get, you got to get on your own without envyin' other folks! Carl Brice done some good farming -- and the three Brice boys are hard workers. What they got they deserved -- and you're gonna get some place too -- with no envyin' others!

LARS: You believe that?

AXEL: Sure I believe it. (GENTLE) I got faith in you, boy.

LARS: Aw, Axel.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ MILK BUCKET BEING KICKED OVER

LARS: (NEAR SOB) Now look what I done! I kicked over the milk bucket!

AXEL: (SMILE) It's all right, boy. You just wasn't cut out for a farmer. Go ahead. Take the pickup into town with the cream. I'll finish up here.

LARS: Why're you always fixin' up after me, Axel?

AXEL: Because somebody in this family's got to amount to somethin' -- and it ain't gonna be me. Go on -- get to town. (PAUSE) And stay away from the Brice boys!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT AND FADE AND UNDER

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ A BAR WITH GLASSES CLINKING AND UNDER

BRICE: Olsen.

OLSEN: Oh. Good afternoon, Farmer Brice. What's the celebration?

BRICE: Today my Carl is 21. Today I give him a farm of his own.

OLSEN: No!

BRICE: Yop! The back forty-acre. Carl gonna come in a soon with Jake and Ivin. My three boys -- three men. Today they drink with me like men.

OLSEN: (CHUCKLE) Three fine boys. The first beens on the house.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ DOOR OPENS

BUSINESS: AD LIBS FROM THREE MEN:

CARL: Hello, Poppa.

IVIN: Howdy, Pop.

JAKE: Afternoon, Poppa.

OLSEN: All right, boys -- what'll you have?

JAKE: Beer all around, I guess. Okay, Poppa?

BRICE: Sure. Beer all around. (PAUSE) And today -- keep it rolling! Today is a day -- my youngest boy today is a man.

CARL: Aw, pop.

MUSIC: --- HIT AND UNDER AND INTO

SOUND: --- SAME BAR B.G. BUT LOTS OF LAUGHTER AND CONVERSATION...  
DOOR OPENS

LARS: (COMING ON) Mr. Olsen?

OLSEN: What you want, Lars?

LARS: I'm in town with the pickup, Mr. Olsen. You need any eggs or something?

OLSEN: Nope. Not today, boy. (WHISPER) ~~You want a drink, free?~~

LARS: ~~Huh?~~

OLSEN: ~~(SAME) Old man Brice is buying.~~

LARS: ~~Oh Him.~~

OLSEN: ~~(SAME) Sure. His boy just come to 21. Give him a farm of his town. Have a beer on him.~~

LARS: ~~Well...~~

OLSEN: ~~Just a minute. You stand right here. (CALLS) Another round, boys?~~

BRICE: ~~(COMING ON) No more, no -- no more. My boys got to get back to the fields.~~

JAKE: ~~(A LITTLE DRUNK) Aw, one more, Pop. Just one.~~

BRICE: ~~All right, Jake. One more. But then -- no more.~~

JAKE: Well! Look who just come in! (CALLS) Lars! Lars Larssen!

BRICE: (LOW) Leave him alone, Jake. Don't mess with him.

JAKE: Ah, he's harmless. (CALLS) Come on, Lars. Have a beer.

LARS: (COMING ON -- SHY) Gosh, Don't mind if I do.

JAKE: Sure. Have this beer -- right in your face!

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ A SPLASH AND A GASP

BUSINESS: \_ \_ \_ \_ COMPLETE SILENCE FOR A SECOND, THEN ... BIG RAUCOUS LAUGHTER FROM JAKE, JOINED BY ALL OTHERS. WHEN IT QUIETS DOWN SLIGHTLY ...

BRICE: Just ~~a~~<sup>foolish</sup> joke, sonny. My Jake didn't mean nothing. Here. Take this half a buck -- forget it.

LARS: (QUIET) You think you can pay me for shamin' me, Mr. Brice? (PAUSE) I'll never forget what you Brices done to me.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT AND GO INTO

LARS: SOBS

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ DOOR CREAKS OPEN

AXEL: (SOFTLY) Lars ... (PAUSE) Aw, Lars ... don't take on like that.

LARS: I can't help it. Everybody picks on me.

AXEL: (SOFT) I don't pick on you. I heard what happened in town, Lars. Forget it.

LARS: No. ~~Never.~~ *Never. I don't want you to forget it.*

AXEL: Forget it, boy. Somebody's always got to be the one picked on. But someday -- you can climb way high above it.

LARS: No. Always pickin' on me ...

AXEL: Don't take it hard, boy. You want me to stay ~~in your~~ *in your* room tonight, huh?

LARS: No. Just leave me alone.

AXEL: (QUIET) Me too?

LARS: Yeah. You too. *Handwritten scribbles*

MUSIC: HIT AND FADE AND UNDER INTO

~~SOUND: FORD IDLING IN B.G. SOUND OF MILK CANS LOADED.~~

AXEL: All right, Lars. That's a load. You take them milk cans to the depot -- and don't get into trouble.

LARS: I won't.

AXEL: That's for promise now?

LARS: I promise.

AXEL: Good boy. (PAUSE) Wait.

LARS: You got your rifle under the seat, like always?

LARS: Like always.

AXEL: Give it to me.

LARS: No.

AXEL: You better.

LARS: Why?

AXEL: You might hurt somebody.

LARS: Somebody named Brice, you worryin'?

AXEL: Uh-huh.

LARS: You think I'm crazy?

SOUND: FORD ENGINE UP AND TAKE OFF INTO MUSIC.

~~MUSIC: HIT AND FADE INTO~~

SOUND: FORD DOWN AND STOP, IDLING

LARS: Mrs. Brice?

MRS. BRICE: *Handwritten scribbles*  
What is it, Lars?

LARS: Where's Mr. Brice?

MRS. BRICE: Out walkin' the orchards, scoutin' for bugs. Why?

LARS: Nothin'. Where's the boys?



MRS. BRICE: Well, Carl, he's lookin' over his new place in the back forty, and Jake and Ivin, they're mowin' over the rise.

LARS: Thanks.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ CAR TAKES OFF

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ WIPE AND FADE INTO

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ CAR UNDER, IDLING

LARS: (ON. HE CALLS) Carl!

CARL: (OFF) Hey? (PAUSE) Oh. (COMING ON) What's the trouble, Lars?

LARS: (QUIET) Nothing.

CARL: You ain't mad at my brother for yesterday, are you? He was just feelin' the beer.

LARS: No. I ain't mad at Jake. Nor on you, either.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ A SHOT

CARL: (A GURGLE) Lars -- I -- I -- (~~AWHED~~)

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ ANOTHER SHOT

LARS: Not much -- I ain't mad!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE INTO

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ INSECTS

IVIN: Too hot a day for hayin'. Jake -- reach me the water bottle.

JAKE: Sure.

IVIN: Thanks.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ GURGLE OF WATER BEING DRUNK . . . CAR COMING NEARER

JAKE: Whose pickup is that, comin' over the rise?

IVIN: (AFTER GURGLE) Huh?

JAKE: Looks like Lars Larssen.

IVIN: Don't you start nothin' with him.

JAKE: Nah. First off, I'll tell him I'm sorry. I don't know what got into me. (HE CALLS, AS CAR STOPS) Lars!

LARS: (OFF) Yeah?

JAKE: I wanna make it up to you, what I done yesterday. I can give you some work around here, if you want it.

LARS: No thanks.

JAKE: Aw, you still ain't mad at me are you?

LARS: No. I ain't mad.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ A SHOT. ~~ANOTHER SHOT.~~

IVIN: (A YELL) Jake! JAKE! (PAUSE) You -- you killed him -- just for a joke like yesterday -- you killed him!

LARS: I know. I aimed to.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ ~~THREE SHOTS~~

LARS: And I don't miss. (WHISPER) That'll teach you. That'll teach the whole pack of ya!

SOUND  
MUSIC: ~~2 GUNNETS~~ \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ CURTAIN

HARRICE: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's BIG STORY!

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

NOVACHORD: (MUSIC UP - THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

MARTIN: (OVER MUSIC) "Distance lends enchantment" ... and,  
when you light a PELL MELL, distance lends  
enchantment to smoking, too. For the greater distance  
the smoke travels in PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES is  
so important to the complete and satisfying enjoyment  
of fine, mellow tobacco ... (MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: Ladies and gentlemen, Nature's best filter for a fine  
smoke is fine, mellow tobacco. Because of PELL MELL'S  
greater length, the smoke is drawn through a much  
greater distance of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,  
mellow tobaccos. You have only to smoke a PELL MELL  
to realize the outstanding advantages that result:  
greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness ...

NOVACHORD: (SNEAK IN MUSIC)

MARTIN: "Distance lends enchantment" ... and the greater  
distance PELL MELL travels the smoke, lends real  
enchantment to the simple act of enjoying a  
cigarette. (MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC: - - - - INTRODUCTION AND UNDER:

HARRICE: Now we return you to your narrator, Berry Kroeger, and tonight's BIG STORY!

NARRATOR: You, Bob Dunn, police reporter in La Crosse, learn the pathetic background of Lars Larssen, when the paper sends you over the state line into Houston County to cover what the local law, Sheriff Roy Squires, describes to you as the biggest manhunt in that area since Jesse James robbed the Northfield Bank. The police radio echoes his story.

VOICE: (FILTER) All citizens of this area are warned to be on the lookout for Lars Larssen, wanted for the triple murder of Ivin, Jake and Carl Brice. Larssen is six feet tall, nineteen years old, has straw-colored hair, very prominent buck-teeth, and is armed. Farmers are especially warned that he may raid their kitchens for food. Keep your doors and windows -- locked! We repeat this message. All citizens of this area are warned --

SOUND: - - - - A CLICK OF SWITCH CUTS IT OFF

SHERIFF: There you are, Bob. That'll give you the general idea how he looks.

DUNN: (VERY GENTLE FELLOW) Uh-hm. I suppose you've passed around pictures of him?

SHERIFF: Well, no. You see -- we all know him. It's a case of neighbor hunting neighbor. Like me -- I was one of his dad's best friends ...

DUNN: That makes it kind of tough.

SHERIFF: Sure. But it's like something got into him and drove him mad, suddenly. And when a dog goes mad -- well ...

DUNN: Uh-hm. Think you'll catch him?

SHERIFF: We'll catch him. ~~Sooner or later we'll starve him out of the woods. The thing is, he's got that rifle with him -- and he's a crack shot.~~

DUNN: ~~So I heard. His brother Axel told me he could shoot a twig out from under a songbird -- and then kill the bird before it could fly away.~~

SHERIFF: ~~That's stretching it -- but the picture is this. There's a madman back in the woods with a rifle. Hiding out by day, skittering by night. I've got twenty-five men in a posse tracking him, closing in -- but what worries me is that he'll likely see my men before they see him. I fear there's more going to be killed before we get him.~~

DUNN: How many men in the posse?

SHERIFF: Twenty-five special deputies.

DUNN: Will you make that twenty-six, Sheriff? I'd like to help.

SHERIFF: (ACUTELY EMBARRASSED) ~~Weid~~, I don't know about that, Bob.

DUNN: (QUIETLY) Don't look at me like that, Sheriff. If you want to come out with what you're thinking -- say it.

SHERIFF: I'll say it. I think you're a darn fool. (PAUSE) But I guess I can use a darned fool with guts. (PAUSE) Can you use <sup>me</sup> ... ~~I mean~~, here's a gun.

DUNN: Thanks. I've got an idea, too.

SHERIFF: I knew it! Let a newspaperman in on your work -- and right away he's running the show! What's the idea?

DUNN: A couple of months ago, I wrote a feature story about a fellow in my town with a curious hobby. I'd like to send for that fellow -- and his hobby.

SHERIFF: What is it -- something helpful like castin' spells for water?

DUNN: No. (PAUSE) Raising bloodhounds.

MUSIC: HIT HOWLISHLY AND GO UNDER DOGS WHINING AND SNUFFLING

DUNN: Sheriff -- I'd like you to meet Smiley Cannon ... fellow I wrote about.

SHERIFF: Glad to know you, Smiley. Glad you brought the dogs.

SMILEY: Glad to oblige, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: They ready?

SMILEY: Any time you are. Wait. The big one's Big Red.

SOUND: A BARK

SMILEY: And the littler one's Lacey. They're the best pair I've got. Big Red, he's a wonder dog on a hot trail -- and Lacey, he's a whiz at picking up a cold one.

SHERIFF: They sure look sad. And sleepy. Look at them jowls and flop ears.

SMILEY: Wait till you see them work, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: Will they holler?

SMILEY: ~~Only once.~~ ~~And that'll be~~ when they hit a hot trail. And all they need is something to get started on.

SHERIFF: Is this good enough?

SMILEY: What is it?

SHERIFF: A neckerchief the boy dropped in the field, after he killed the Brice boys.

SMILEY: Good enough. (TO DOGS) Red! Lacy! Come here!

SOUND: DOGS WHINE, SNUFFLE, ETC.

SMILEY: All right, boy. Down! Down! Get this, boy. Get this now. Go on -- sniff it good. Sniff it real good.

SOUND: MUCH SNIFFING

SMILEY: You got that, Red? You got that?

SOUND: MUCH EAGER WHINING

SMILEY: You got it, Lacey? You had enough, baby? Come on -- smell it up good! Get that, now! Get that!

SOUND: A DIFFERENT BUT STILL EAGER WHINING

SHERIFF: Man! They act real human!

SMILEY: All right -- they got it. Now we can load 'em in the truck and get them started. 'Cept for one thing.

SHERIFF: Anything you say, Smiley.

SMILEY: These dogs will run with their noses practically on the ground. We haven't had rain for seven weeks, and that fine clay dust in the fields will stop them up. So let's fetch along plenty water to wash their mouth and nostrils. 'Cause from here on out -- it's up to their noses!

MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER

NARRATOR: For six days, you follow the dogs over the hills and gulleys of Houston County ... through farm and cornfield ... hazel brush, briar patch -- without respite under the brutal sun. By day -- you run with the dogs ... by night, you drive back to your paper

(MORE)

NARRATOR: and write the running story of the manhunt -- as it rolls  
(CONTD) over Peacock Ridge, Crystal Valley, Looney Valley ...  
and each day the trail grows colder. And then, on the  
morning of the seventh day --

SHERIFF: That's West Hokah ridge. Last one between here and the  
Mississippi.

DUNN: You think he's back in there?

SHERIFF: I dunno. Ask the dogs.

SMILEY: They're tryin', Sheriff. They're tryin'.

SHERIFF: Looks like they're leadin' into that farmyard. That  
mean he's in there?

SMILEY: I dunno. We can always ask!

SOUND: ~~DOOR OPENS~~ DOOR OPENS OFF

ANNIE: (VERY OLD WOMAN .. A LITTLE OFF) Is that you, young  
man?

SHERIFF: (ON) Shh. Mebbe she'll give him away!

SOUND: A CANE, TAP TAPPING TOWARD MIKE

ANNIE: Is that you?

DUNN: (LOW) She's blind!

ANNIE: (AFRAID) Who is it? Who are you?

DUNN: Don't be afraid, Grandma. We're part of the posse.

ANNIE: What posse?

DUNN: There's a killer hereabouts.

ANNIE: Them dogs I hear?

DUNN: Yes.

ANNIE: I'm just an old widow woman. I don't know anything.  
I ain't seen the sun for forty years --

DUNN: But when we came into the yard, you called --  
something about a young man --



ANNIE: Oh -- that. Fellow come by this morning and I fed him breakfast.

DUNN: What was he like? Did he -- (PAUSE) I'm sorry. You couldn't have seen him.

ANNIE: Spoke awful kind to me. Kind of a gentle voice, he had. (QUIET) One thing he done, he read me out of my Bible. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, whence my help cometh ~~from the~~ --

DUNN: Grandma, before you fed him -- before he read to you from the Bible -- did he wash up?

SHERIFF: (LOW) What're you wastin time for, Bob? If she couldn't see him, she ~~is no help~~ --

DUNN: Wait. Did he wash up, Grandma?

ANNIE: Course he did. Drew me fresh water from the well afterwards, and hung the towel I give him over the porch rail to dry.

DUNN: Thank you. (QUIET) Smiley -- this towel must be the one he handled -- if it was him. Can the dogs pick up a trail from this?

SMILEY: If he handled it -- they can. (PAUSE) Red! Lacey!

BUSINESS: -- BARKS AND WHINES OF ASSENT FROM CANINES

SMILEY: Easy now -- quiet now!

BUSINESS: -- DOGS QUIET BUT SNUFFLY

SMILEY: Now, down! Down! Red -- you get this. Get it, Red! Snuff it good! You too, Lacey -- you hear me?

ANNIE: (ALARMED) What're you doing, ~~what're you doing?~~

SMILEY: I'm lettin' the dogs smell of the towel, ma'am.

SOUND: A SUDDEN BRUTAL, LOUD HOWL .. ANOTHER

SMILEY: You remember I said they only howl and-holler on a hot trail? Well -- they howled and-hollered!

SOUND: A SUDDEN BRUTAL, LOUD HOWL .. ANOTHER

DUNN: (QUIET) Here's your towel back, Grandma.

SMILEY: You mean that fellow who read to me was the killer?

DUNN: I'm afraid so, Grandma.

ANNIE: (QUIET) And he was so kind and nice. (PAUSE) Which way are the dogs a-headin'?

DUNN: (VERY QUIET) Like it says in the psalm he read you, Grandma. (PAUSE) To the hills.

SOUND: HOUNDS UP

MUSIC: WIPE AND FADE INTO

SOUND: CRASH OF UNDERBRUSH

SHERIFF: Bob --

DUNN: Yes?

SHERIFF: I sent half the posse 'round back of West Hokah Ridge -- and the other half down to the river, to cover, case he swims for it.

DUNN: Yes. I saw that.

SHERIFF: Well ...

DUNN: Well what, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: I wish you'd lay back here till it's over. He's armed.

DUNN: Well?

SHERIFF: Aw, Bob. You know what I'm askin'.

DUNN: I know what you're saying. Only you don't come right out with it. (PAUSE) Why don't you say it?

SHERIFF: Please, Bob -- he's a killer.

DUNN: (QUIET BUT SORE) I know. He's armed -- and -- and I'm one-armed. Is that it?

SHERIFF: (BLOWS TOP) Yes! I don't want to be responsible for trouble!

DUNN: (QUIET) Sheriff -- I appreciate your solicitude. But having one arm hasn't prevented me from doing a man's job any place -- and I'm not going to let it now.  
Smiley --

SMILEY: Yeah?

DUNN: You take Lacey -- I'll take Red.

SMILEY: Okay -- but hang onto that leash! This close on the trail -- they drag powerful!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ HIT AND UNDER

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ BRUSH CRUMPLING ... HOT AND HEAVY PANTING OF DOG

DUNN: Take it easy, Red -- take it -- easy.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ PANTING, PANTING, WHINING

DUNN: I said take it easy! You'll last longer! (PAUSE)  
Smiley! Hey -- Smiley!

BUSINESS: \_ \_ HUFFING AND PANTING

DUNN: Now look what you've done. Dragged me off all by myself. Suppose I -- (SORE) Doggone it, hound -- take it easy, I said! You got my hand all bound up in the leash! (YELLS) Smiley! Where are you! SMILEY!

BUSINESS: \_ \_ MORE PANTING, EAGER EXCITED WHINING

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ CRUNCH OF BRUSH

BUSINESS: \_ \_ A LOUD, SUDDEN HOWL AND PANTING IS OUT COLD

DUNN: (FURIOUS) Blast you, you mongrel -- you pulled me right off my feet! What're you howling about, you no-good, mangy, flop-eared, bug-eyed -- (SUDDEN STOP - PAUSE - QUIET) Who are you?

BUSINESS: -- DOG BAYS INTERMITTENTLY UNDER FOLLOWING

LARS: Mister, you darned near fell on me.

DUNN: Who -- are you?

LARS: That a bloodhound? I never did see a bloodhound before.

DUNN: (QUIET) Yes. That's a bloodhound.

LARS: Between you and him, you woke me up. I was sleepin'.

DUNN: You picked a fine place to fall asleep. There's a manhunt going on. Seen a lanky fellow around with a ten day beard?

LARS: (VERY SLOWLY) No. I haven't seen him. (PAUSE) Myself. I'm clean shaven.

DUNN: So I see. But as I said, there's a manhunt going on, and if you --

LARS: (QUIET) I'm clean shaven, mister. See -- I carry a razor. Look. It was my dad's. Always swore by an oldfashioned razor.

DUNN: (QUIET) I -- see.

LARS: And I know there's a manhunt going on.

DUNN: You do? Are you part of the posse, maybe?

LARS: You only got one hand - and you got that hand tangled in the leash, ain't you?

DUNN: Sort of. I said -- are you part of the posse? (PAUSE) I asked you a question.

LARS: I know. And the answer is --

DUNN: (FAST) I don't need your help with that razor! Back away --

LARS: (VERY CLOSE TO MICROPHONE. A WHISPER) I was just gonna cut you loose from the leash. (PAUSE) As for being part of the posse ... no. Don't you know who I am?

DUNN: No. I don't.

LARS: Well -- that dog does. (PAUSE) I -- I give up. My name is -- Lars. (BREAK) Mister -- I'm so -- thirsty!

MUSIC: --- HIT AND FADE FOR

NARRATOR: And the story you write for ~~your~~ <sup>the</sup> paper has the by-line -- By Robert C. Dunn. It says, simply --

DUNN: Lars Larssen, slayer of three brothers, was captured this afternoon by Robert C. Dunn. (PAUSE) That's the way it really happened.

MUSIC: --- CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Bob Dunn with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY!

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

NOVACHORD: (SNEAK IN MUSIC, THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

MARTIN: "Distance lends enchantment" - and the greater distance PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the enchantment of greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness to the simple act of enjoying a cigarette.  
(SLIGHT PAUSE)

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is "Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes, one is "Outstanding!" PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ORCHESTRA: TAG

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Robert C. Dunn of the La Crosse Tribune.

DUNN: Killer in tonight's BIG STORY showed no remorse for crime - said he'd do it again if it meant electric chair waited in next room. His only regret was that he failed to shoot father of the three murdered men. As there is no capital punishment in Minnesota, killer was sentenced to life imprisonment on three individual murder counts. My sincere thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Dunn. The makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to have named you the winner of the PELL MELL \$500 Award for notable service in the field of journalism.

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY -- A BIG STORY from the pages of the St. Paul Dispatch and Pioneer Press; by-line -- Johnny Johnson. A BIG STORY that began aboard a storm tossed British galleon in the sixteenth century, and ended in the black headlines that rolled from a clanking twentieth century press in St. Paul, Minnesota.

SOUND: CLANKING OF PRESS

MUSIC: THEME. WIPE AND FADE TO B.G. ON CUE

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Proctor, written by Allan E. Sloane and directed by Harry Ingram, with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Your narrator was Berry Kroeger, and Alan Hewitt played the part of Robert Dunn. All names in tonight's story except that of Mr. Dunn were fictitious; but the

CHAPPELL: dramatization was based on a true and authentic case.  
(CONT)

MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of  
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

HARRICE: Don't forget, friends, to listen to the new comedy  
hit - the Jack Paar Program - heard every Sunday night  
over most of these same stations in the Jack Benny  
time spot. ~~Stay tuned to this station for the Summer  
Theatre which follows immediately.~~

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY



As B...

THE BIG STORY

FINAL

PROGRAM #16

"A THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR ONE"

WEDNESDAY, JULY 16, 1947

CAST

NARRATOR	BERRY KROEGER
DRAKE	HORACE BRAHAM
CAPTAIN	BERRY KROEGER
SAILOR	JOSEPH BOLAND
VOICE	LES TREMAYNE
WALTER	RICHARD COOGAN
CROUPIER	FRANCOIS GRIMARD
SIR FRANCIS	HORACE BRAHAM
FRAN	CATHLEEN CORDELL
EDITOR	WARD WILSON
JOHNNY	LES TREMAYNE
RILEY	WARD WILSON
FARMER	JOSEPH BOLAND
DOCTOR	RICHARD COOGAN

ATX01 0058919

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present -- THE BIG STORY!

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ SHIP'S BELL RINGS SOFTLY AND UNDER

DRAKE: (WEAK) Captain ... my good Captain ...

CAPTAIN: Aye, my lord admiral ...

DRAKE: Take thy quill and log me this. (PAUSE)

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ QUILL SCRATCHING

DRAKE: On this ... the twenty-eighth day of January, in the year of our Lord fifteen hundred and ninety-five ... did die, in the New World ... in the service of his Queen, the lady Elizabeth, Sir --

CAPTAIN: Sir Francis. (BEAT) Good, my lord -- (LONG HOLD)

Did die -- Sir Francis Drake, Admiral.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ THE BELL TOLLS SOFTLY AND AWAY INTO

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ WIPE AND GO UNDER

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Another in a thrilling series based on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight, to Johnny Johnston of the St. Paul Dispatch and Pioneer Press, goes the PELL MELL Award for THE BIG STORY!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ FANFARE

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!" - the cigarette in the  
distinctive red package - PELL MELL.

HARRICE: Ladies and gentlemen, PELL MELL'S distinguished  
length is the outward sign of a basic superiority.  
Here's the reason ...

CHAPPELL: Nature's best filter for a fine smoke is ... fine,  
mellow tobacco! And PELL MELL'S greater length  
filters the smoke through the greater distance of  
PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos ...  
"Distance lends enchantment" ... and the greater  
distance PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the  
enchantment of greater smoothness, mellowness,  
mildness ...

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

HARRICE: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes  
one is "Outstanding!"

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ INTRODUCTION AND UNDER

CHAPPELL: Now, the exciting and authentic story of --  
"A Thousand Dollars for One."

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ UP AND FADE UNDER

NARRATOR: It has been nearly three and a half centuries since  
Sir Francis Drake died aboard his galleon off  
Nombre de Dios Island ... and now, by night ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ A STEAMER'S TOOT

NARRATOR: ... another ship, a squat and rusty freighter ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ HARBOR NOISE

NARRATOR: ... is tugged to her berth at a London dock ... in  
that same River Thames Sir Francis sailed so long  
ago. But Elizabeth's Admiral is far from the minds  
of the men in the freighter's foc'sle as she warps  
in ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ FAST RIFFLE OF A DECK OF CARDS

SAILOR: Cards, anybody? Little poker before we get shore  
leave?

VOICE: Cards! Who's got money?

SAILOR: The Farmer's got dough. Where's the Farmer? Anybody  
seen Walter Cornell?

VOICE: Down by his bunk, puttin' slickum on his hair.

SAILOR: Thanks. (CALLS) Hey, Farmer -- wanna play some  
cards?

WALTER: (COMING ON) Nope. I'm going ashore soon as we  
dock, and I'm taking what I won off you guys to the  
swankiest gambling joint in London. And I'm gonna  
take the Limeys.

SAILOR: Yeah, sure, swanky joint. Whaddaya gonna wear -- white tie and dungarees?

WALTER: No. White tie and tails. And when I get into that monkey suit -- presto chango alakazam -- Walter Cornell, Ioway farm boy, U.S. merchant seaman becomes Mister Walter Cornell, Ee Ess Cue. Esquire.

MUSIC: HIT AND MERGE WITH

SOUND: PATTERN OF ROULETTE WHEELS IN B.G., LIGHT SALON ORCHESTRA PLAYING IN B.G. THROUGHOUT AND UNDER... WHEEL GOES AROUND, BALL BOUNCES

CROUPIER: Sur le rouge!

SOUND: CROWD REACTION AND APPLAUSE

SIR FRANCIS: I say! That's the seventh consecutive win! Good luck, old man!

WALTER: (VERY GRACIOUS) Thank you, sir.

CROUPIER: Faites vos jeux, mesdames et messieurs, faites vos jeux, sur le rouge, m'sieu?

WALTER: No. I think I'll try -- thirteen.

FRAN: Do you mind if I play along with you, sir?

WALTER: Well, I'm sort of riding my luck and I -- (PAUSE IN WHICH HE SEES SHE IS A KNOCKOUT) Madame -- I'd be delighted!

FRAN: (SEXY) Thank you, sir. <sup>Real</sup> And it isn't madame. It's -- (FULL TREATMENT) Mademoiselle.

SOUND: WHEEL GOES ROUND, BALL CLICKS, BIG REACTION FROM CROWD, POLITE APPLAUSE

WALTER: Look! We won!

FRAN: And now -- we're going to stop.

WALTER: Why?

FRAN: Because you've been "riding your luck" long enough.

WALTER: I'll stop on one condition.

FRAN: What's that?

WALTER: I'll stop if you tell me your name. Mine is  
Walter Cornell.

CROUPIER: (FADING) Eh bien, faites vos jeux, faites vos jeux.

SOUND: - - - - - FADE B.G.

FRAN: Mine is -- Frances Drake.

WALTER: Frances Drake. Like the old Admiral?

FRAN: Yes. He was my great-great-great-great --

SIR FRANCIS: Twelve generations, daughter, twelve generations.

FRAN: Oh -- Father dear. This is the young American who's  
been winning so much at roulette. Mr. Cornell --  
my father. (PAUSE) Sir Francis.

WALTER: I -- I'm awfully proud to meet you, sir.

SIR FRANCIS: Quite all right, young man, quite all right. Join  
us for a whiskey and soda -- what?

WALTER: Well, I -- I ought to be getting back to my boat --

SIR FRANCIS: (QUICKLY) Boat, lad?

WALTER: Yes, sir. (PAUSE) Course, it isn't much of a yacht,  
but -- well --

SIR FRANCIS: Yachtsman, eh? Can't let a yachtsman get away,  
not with Drake blood in my veins, what? Come along,  
lad. We'll drive on to our digs.

WALTER: I -- I haven't got my car over here, sir --

SIR FRANCIS: Quite all right, lad. Quite all right. We'll take  
you for a ride. Good, what? Taking a jolly  
American for a ride!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT AND FADE UNDER .

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ FIZZ OF SODA WATER INTO GLASS

SIR FRANCIS: Say when, Walter.

WALTER: That does it, Sir Francis.

SIR FRANCIS: Good. Now. Tell us all about yourself. Rich young playboy and all that rot, eh?

FRAN: Father, you embarrass me!

SIR FRANCIS: Tommyrot. Brass tacks. That's the motto. Right down to brass tacks. Been looking for a smart young lad like this one.

WALTER: Something I can do for you, sir?

SIR FRANCIS: (CONSPIRATORIAL) There is, lad. But first -- what did my daughter tell you about old Sir Francis?

WALTER: Why -- nothing, sir.

SIR FRANCIS: Good. Goin' to make a confession to you. You see before you, lad, the last remaining bearers of a noble name. Last of the line and all that. And we're penniless, what's more.

FRAN: Father, please. Walter, you'll have to forgive him. I've never been so embarrassed in my life.

SIR FRANCIS: Balderdash. A fact's a fact. Penniless. Penniless. Car we had tonight? Rented. Rooms here? Haven't the brass to pay for 'em. Club dues? Monstrous debt. Brass tacks, m' boy -- brass tacks.

WALTER: Sir, I'm afraid I don't understand you.

SIR FRANCIS: Put it in a nutshell. Last of the Drakes, and not a farthing to my noble name. Why? Confounded British courts've held up our rightful share of the Drake estate --

FRAN: Old Sir Francis, that is --

SIR FRANCIS: Righto. Scourge of the Spanish Armada, saviour of England -- (HEROICS) and his own flesh and blood starving. (WHISH OF SODA AND GULP) Lit'rilly starving.

WALTER: You really mean that, sir?

SIR FRANCIS: Papers to prove it. Documents. Family tree and all that rot. (EAGER) Listen, lad. D'ye know what the Drake Estate tots up to? Billions. Billions of pounds sterling. Lands, gold, wealth of the Indies, islands, counties, the very land Buckingham Palace is built on -- billions! And d'ye know why I'm telling you all this, lad?

WALTER: Well -- no.

SIR FRANCIS: Money. Takes money to make money. In a nutshell, Walter lad, I -- need -- money. To fight the flamin' case through the courts. Claim's solid as Gibraltar -- but I've spent every penny I have pushin' it through. And now -- and now -- on the eve of victory -- what? Have to stop for lack of funds. Swallowed my pride and made up my mind I'd find some wealthy blighter and split with him -- even-stephen, lad, even-stephen -- he put up the ready -- and I to put up the family name and claim. (PAUSE) There it is, lad -- what d'ye say?

WALTER: Well ...



SIR FRANCIS: No need to answer now, lad. Trust you with all the papers in the case. Read 'em and give me your answer in the morning, what? Daughter -- fetch the briefs for --

WALTER: Wait. No need of that, sir. I've got a confession to make.

SIR FRANCIS: Eh? Confession?

WALTER: Yep. I'm not a rich blighter. Just a smart farm boy who knows it takes money to make money. But of all the corny, phoned-up skin games I ever heard, this is it. Sir Francis Drake. Billions of pounds. Noble blood -- noble blood, my royal elbow. You're just a couple of high class gyp artists.

SIR FRANCIS: (FURIOUS) What! What! I'll horsewhip you within an inch of your life!

FRAN: (STRAIGHT COCKNEY) Oh, come off of it, Frank. Your mistake, my error. I can't pick the right bloke every time, can I? (SHE CHUCKLES) It is a bit of a lark, though -- everybody after swindling everybody else. (LAUGHTER)

SIR FRANCIS: It's not funny. Now we've got to start the ruddy routine all over again. Show the bloke out, Fanny, and get your forty winks.

WALTER: Oh no you don't.

SIR FRANCIS: 'Ow's that now?

WALTER: Not me you don't turn out, Pop. I'm dealing myself in on your game. I know a good thing when it kicks me in the teeth. You were wrong, Fanny. You did pick up the right guy. All my life I've been  
(MORE)

WALTER:  
(CONTD) looking for a scheme like the one you two've  
schemed -- and this one -- I buy. From now on --  
there's three of us. Only we're not working this  
on sucker rich.

FRAN: That's where the heavy money lies, Walter.

WALTER: Oh no. You're wrong. You know where the heavy  
money is? The farm belt -- where I come from. Out  
there there's a sucker born every minute. All we  
need is the right front and we can clean up millions.

SIR FRANCIS: (SARCASTIC) Might I ask a question?

WALTER: Shoot.

SIR FRANCIS: Where is this confederate in the States coming from?

WALTER: My home town, Pop. A little town called Cummings,  
Iowa. I've got an old friend back there -- dumb  
and honest. Wait till I con him into dangling a  
thousand dollars for one in front of those suckers.

SIR FRANCIS: A thousand for one?

WALTER: Sure. We don't intend to pay. All I have to do is  
sell it to Doc on the basis of our old-time  
friendship -- and we're in.

SIR FRANCIS: Let's write to this Doc chap.

WALTER: Not on your English accent, Pop. From now on we  
do things big -- Fanny --

FRAN: Yes, Walter?

WALTER: Take a cable!

MUSIC: STING

WALTER: This is it, kiddies. Here's the answer to our cable  
to Doctor <sup>Quicker</sup> Creeker. Here's where we learn whether  
we're in or out.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ PAPER UNFOLDED

WALTER: Dear Walter. Your scheme an outright swindle, refuse to -- (BEAT) We're out. It was a good scheme as good schemes go -- and like all good schemes go -- it went. Sorry, kids. Thanks for the use of the hall.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS INTO

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT AND HOLD UNDER

WALTER: (CHUCKLE) Why split it three ways if you can have it all? Where's that cable? Dear Walter. Sending thousand dollars your name. Have started collecting, farmers rallying around. Money rolling in and will remit same. Your old friend, Doc. (LAUGHS) At's my boy! There's one born every minute, Doc -- and you're it. (HE CLAPS HIS HANDS AND RUBS THEM TOGETHER) Money, money, money, mon-ey!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ UP AND UNDER FOR

NARRATOR: Later, five thousand miles to the west, in St. Paul, Minnesota, U.S.A., a city editor reads his morning mail and mutters ...

EDITOR: Money, money, money -- the swindles people won't try for money! (HE CALLS) Johnny! Johnny Johnston.

JOHNNY: (OFF) Comin' up! (ON) What's the trouble, Deag?  
(GRIN) What's botherin' ye olde city editor?

EDITOR: Ye olde crank letter. The kind that turn out to be something when you don't check into them -- and turn out to be nothing if you do. Some guy in the sticks writes in .. complains the farmers are being swindled out of their shirts. Here. Hit the road and check into it.

JOHNNY: Sure. What's his name?

EDITOR: James Riley. It's postmarked Cummings, Iowa ... out where the tall corn grows.

JOHNNY: Okay. But speaking of money --

EDITOR: Go ahead -- draw an advance. But remember -- you're on an expense account -- not a swindle sheet. Money, money, money -- ah, go see Riley!

MUSIC: ----- CURTAIN

HARRICE: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's BIG STORY.

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

NOVACHORD: (MUSIC UP - THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

HARRICE: (OVER MUSIC) "Distance lends enchantment" ... and,  
when you light a PELL MELL, distance lends  
enchantment to smoking, too. For the greater distance  
the smoke travels in PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES is  
so important to the complete and satisfying enjoyment  
of fine, mellow tobacco ... (MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: Ladies and gentlemen, Nature's best filter for a fine  
smoke is fine, mellow tobacco. Because of PELL MELL'S  
greater length, the smoke is drawn through a much  
greater distance of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,  
mellow tobaccos. You have only to smoke a PELL MELL  
to realize the outstanding advantages that result:  
greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness ...

NOVACHORD: (SNEAK IN MUSIC)

HARRICE: "Distance lends enchantment" ... and the greater  
distance PELL MELL travels the smoke, lends real  
enchantment to the simple act of enjoying a  
cigarette. (MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC: - - - - INTRODUCTION AND UNDER

HARRICE: Now we return you to our narrator, Berry Kroeger, and tonight's BIG STORY.

NARRATOR: To you, Johnny Johnston, the tank town of Cummings, Iowa, is just a whistle-stop on the road from St. Paul, whose paper, the Dispatch, you represent. But, per instructions from the city editor, you make it your destination, and, on hitting town, you start looking for one James Riley, author of the crank letter that brings you out to the corn country. You find Riley in his small, shabby insurance office on Cummings' Main Street ...

JOHNNY: Mr. Riley, my name's Johnny Johnston ... I'm from the St. Paul Dispatch --

RILEY: (SCARED) A reporter?

JOHNNY: That's right. We got your letter about this swindle business and I came down to see what it was all about.

RILEY: (WHISPERING, SCARED) I can't tell you any more than what I wrote in that letter ...

JOHNNY: Why the secrecy?

RILEY: Mr. Johnston -- there are things going on in this town that you wouldn't believe. It's like a fever. They're milking hundreds of thousands of dollars from the farmers for a fund that's supposed to recover the estate of Sir Francis Drake ... They've worked up mass hysteria -- they've --

JOHNNY: Wait a minute. Who is "they" ...

RILEY: That Walter Cornell over in England and his agent here, Doctor Crocker. They've promised everybody a thousand dollars for one.

JOHNNY: Sounds like hokum to me.

RILEY: Please, Mr. Johnston -- don't say that!

JOHNNY: Why not? Do you believe this scheme?

RILEY: No!

JOHNNY: Well then?

RILEY: Mr. Johnston, believe me -- this is an epidemic out of control ... a case of mob mania. Those of us who are anti-Drake don't dare admit it ---

JOHNNY: Why not?

RILEY: We'd be run out of town.

JOHNNY: That's unbelievable.

RILEY: Unbelievable things are happening.

JOHNNY: I wish you'd tell me about them, Mr. Riley.

RILEY: I can't. I can't let anyone see me talking to you. I've said too much already. The only thing I can suggest is that you go out on your own if you want to and talk to some of the farmers here -- find out the facts for yourself.

JOHNNY: All right. Will do.

RILEY: Wait a minute --

JOHNNY: Yes?

RILEY: Don't say you're a reporter. If they find out you're trying to expose this swindle ... that's all you need. Now please -- get out of my office before something happens to me.

MUSIC: ----- HIT AND FADE INTO -----

SOUND: - - - - HOGS ROOTING AND GRUNTING IN B.G. COUPLE OF LITTLE  
PIGS SQUEALING

JOHNNY: Nice farrow of pigs you've got there, neighbor.

FARMER: They ain't bad.

JOHNNY: Poland China, aren't they?

FARMER: Yep.

JOHNNY: They ought to fetch a good price, grown.

FARMER: They ain't gonna grow. Not here, anyways.

JOHNNY: That doesn't make sense to me. If you keep them a little longer, they ought to fetch fifteen dollars -- a piece.

FARMER: I just sold 'em for five -- a piece.

JOHNNY: Why, man?

FARMER: You say you were a salesman?

JOHNNY: Yes. Just passing on through.

FARMER: Hard way to make a dollar.

JOHNNY: So is farming. Harder.

FARMER: (BITTER) Hardest life in the world. Work 365 days in the year -- 366 in leap year. Sun-come-up to sun-go-down. Never see real money in your life. (PAUSE) Yeah. I see ye lookin' around at my place. I know what ye're thinkin' ...

JOHNNY: Honest, friend, I --

FARMER: I know. Run down, ain't it? Harrow disc tongue's been hand-spliced ... harness all patched ... go on -- look around. Truck's broke down -- can't get my stuff to market --

JOHNNY: Man, how do you live!



FARMER: On hope. Every cent of money I got, I put into the Drake Estate -- chicken money, cow money, hay money, hawg money -- yeah, bank and mortgage money, too. Why? Cause I want a little something out of life, that's why.

JOHNNY: Listen, listen to me --

FARMER: (RIGHT ON) You wait. There's a great day comin'. The Drake estate's goin' to pay off right soon. For every dollar I put in -- a thousand back! Man! Know what that means? Lectricity for the farm ... washin' machine and cookstove for the wife ... clothes and schoolin' for the kids --

JOHNNY: Will you listen to me?

FARMER: Sure.

JOHNNY: Do you actually trust Doctor ~~Grocker~~ and this Walter Cornell to pay you a cent back?

FARMER: Don't you?

JOHNNY: No! I think you and all the other farmers I've talked to have fallen for a prize swindle. I'm a reporter -- not a salesman, like I said --

FARMER: Reporter!

JOHNNY: Yes! And I want to expose this swindle! I want to do something to help you!

FARMER: Know what ye can do for me?

JOHNNY: A lot. Maybe get your money back, maybe--

FARMER: (QUIET) Ye can get off my place, reporter. Fast. If ye don't -- I got a shotgun loaded with rock salt that'll help ye.

MUSIC: HIT AND FADE FOR

NARRATOR: All right. The swindled don't want your help. So you go to the swindler -- Doctor Crocker -- and you pose as a patient -- because you never can tell ... There ...

DOCTOR: All right, son. What's your ailment?

JOHNNY: I'm sick.

DOCTOR: Where does it hurt ye?

JOHNNY: I have a rotten taste in my mouth. I've seen farmers letting their places go to ruin ... selling their souls out for (SNEER) a thousand dollars for one. I'm heartsick at what's being done -- and I'm looking straight at the man who's doing it.

DOCTOR: (QUIET) Who are ye, son?

JOHNNY: Fair enough question. I'm a reporter ... Johnny Johnston, from the St. Paul papers.

DOCTOR: Reporter.

JOHNNY: Does that worry you?

DOCTOR: What would I be worried about, son?

JOHNNY: The Drake swindle. Can you sleep with that on your conscience?

DOCTOR: Swindle is hard words.

JOHNNY: Swindle is the word, Doctor. Is there a Drake Estate in England, ~~or any place besides your own fertile imagination?~~

DOCTOR: ~~Sure there is! Sure as houses!~~

JOHNNY: ~~Says who -- Walter Cornell?~~ Is there a Walter Cornell?

DOCTOR: ~~Is there! He's my oldest friend! How d'ye think I got trusted to carry on his cause back home here?~~

JOHNNY: ~~Cause!~~

DOCTOR: ~~Sure: Wally and I were kids together. Went broke, going partners in livestock, and I switched over to medicine. Stuck here, like a stick in the mud. But Walter -- no stoppin' him. Went over there and made pals with the only livin' heir of the whole Drake Estate -- and it's Walter, an old Iowa boy, Walter, who's going to get us farmers and plain people all that money.~~

JOHNNY: And you're doing the dirty work -- collecting for him.

DOCTOR: (QUIET) I'm proud to help Walter help us. Look here. Records. Records of every cent I collected -- and from who. Over a million dollars -- hard cash.

JOHNNY: You actually have sent him a million?

DOCTOR: And more -- including every cent I've got. That sound like a swindle to you?

JOHNNY: Doctor -- I'll play fair and square with you. By me -- it's a swindle. But I can be wrong --

DOCTOR: That ye can.

JOHNNY: If I am wrong, and it's not a swindle -- I can write stories in the paper, help you collect more money -- publicity. But if I'm right -- and it is a swindle -- you can make up for helping take other people's money by stopping Walter in his tracks.

DOCTOR: ~~I don't know, son --~~ I trust Walter. <sup>He's</sup> My friend -- my oldest friend, --

JOHNNY: You remember what Judas did for thirty pieces of silver.

DOCTOR: (AFTER A PAUSE) What do ye want from me?

JOHNNY: Those records. Every letter you have on this Drake Estate.

DOCTOR: Haven't got a letter. Walter always gets in touch with me by cable.

JOHNNY: All right, then -- let me have the cables.

MUSIC: ----- HIT AND FADE

JOHNNY: All right, Doug. Another cable. Quote. Hearing postponed. Lawyers fear ruin of high political personages. End quote.

MUSIC: ----- STING

JOHNNY: And another. Quote. Have just learned immediate payment will bankrupt Bank of England. Fear worldwide economic disaster. End quote.

MUSIC: ----- STING

JOHNNY: And another. Quote. Claim successfully prosecuted and irrevocably established. However -- get this, Doug, for sheer invention -- however, Buckingham Palace rests on property belonging to Estate. Must proceed cautiously to prevent U.S.-British crisis! End quote!

MUSIC: ----- STING

JOHNNY: Just one more, Doug. Quote. Settlement soon. Have already received huge portion gold, jewels, art works. However -- always a however, Doug -- however -- not enough oceangoing vessels in all England to transport mammoth tonnage. End quote!

MUSIC: - - - - HIT AND OUT FOR

EDITOR: Johnny -- I've got some bad news for you. You did a swell job on the Drake swindle -- but there's no sense writing another line on it.

JOHNNY: What? I've got some more dope on it -- seventy thousand people swindled --

EDITOR: And not a thing the law can do about it.

JOHNNY: And not a thing the law can ~~(TAKE)~~ WHAT?

EDITOR: You heard me, Johnny. Your own stories helped to prove it.

JOHNNY: No!

EDITOR: Yes. Walter was too clever, Johnny. One -- Walter never used the mails -- just cablegrams. Two -- he sold no stocks -- just took "donations." Your own stories proved that, kid. There was never a written promise to pay.

JOHNNY: Then Walter can't be prosecuted?

EDITOR: Johnny -- he can't even be extradited. Your story was good -- but your luck was bad.

MUSIC: - - - - HIT AND RUN

JOHNNY: Doctor Crocker -- here are your papers and sucker lists back. I'm still convinced it's a swindle -- but that's between you and your conscience. Heard anything new from Walter?

DOCTOR: Yep. Just got a long letter from him today.

JOHNNY: A -- a letter.

DOCTOR: Yep. Walter says the case is practically won. And he promises to pay up afore the snow flies. So I'm mighty glad you returned my lists. Now I can send out another appeal.

JOHNNY: What? More money?

DOCTOR: Sure. Walter needs some more for the final court papers.

JOHNNY: Doc -- can I save you some trouble?

DOCTOR: How's that?

JOHNNY: If you let me have Walter's letter -- I'll print it in the paper. That may do two things. It will certainly save you the trouble of mimeographing -- and it might send Walter Cornell to jail.

MUSIC: HIT AND MERGE WITH

SOUND: PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP

EDITOR: City desk.

JOHNNY: (FILTER) <sup>Bye</sup> Doug. Johnny Johnston. <sup>From</sup> Doug -- I got it, -- I got it!

~~EDITOR: What hives?~~

JOHNNY: ~~(FILTER) NO!~~ The thing that'll break the Drake swindle! A letter from Walter Cornell -- with a promise to pay!

EDITOR: The story's dead. Who wants a letter from that swindler?

JOHNNY: (FILTER) A letter from England? A letter that's gone through the British and American mails? Who wants a letter from Walter Cornell? THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE AND THE INSPECTOR OF MAILS, THAT'S WHO! Now they can extradite -- and prosecute!

MUSIC: HIT AND HOLD UNDER

NARRATOR: And that -- as you say when you take your seat in the courtroom for the trial of Walter Cornell -- is that.

(MORE)

NARRATOR:  
(CONTD)

Except for one piece of documentary evidence you did not turn up. It was written aboard a <sup>galleon</sup> ~~galleon~~ on the ~~twenty-eighth day of January~~, in the year of fifteen hundred and ninety-five. That document, said --

DRAKE:

I do bequeath my wealth and my lands to my brother Thomas and my dear wife Elizabeth. This will is drawn to the intent no contraversie or discussion shall after my decease arise or grow, touching any of my lands or properties.

NARRATOR:

It was signed ... Sir Francis Drake, Admiral, in the service of her gracious majesty, of England, Elizabeth Queen. And what that document proves is that there ~~never was any~~ Drake Estate. It had <sup>already</sup> ~~been~~ already gone to its rightful owners. (PERIOD)

That you remember every time somebody offers you a lot ~~for a little~~. *A shaman - Delt - 10*

MUSIC: --- CURTAIN

CHAPPELL:

In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Johnny Johnston, giving final details on tonight's BIG STORY.

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

NOVACHORD: (SNEAK IN MUSIC, THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

HARRICE: "Distance lends enchantment" - and the greater distance PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the enchantment of greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness to the simple act of enjoying a cigarette.  
(SLIGHT PAUSE)

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is "Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes, one is "Outstanding!" PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!



ORCHESTRA: \_ \_ \_ TAG

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Johnny Johnston of the St. Paul Dispatch and Pioneer Press.

JOHNNY: Hope broadcast of this story will serve as public warning against all swindlers. Arch swindler in Drake case was sentenced to Leavenworth Prison where he has since died. Doctor who was proved innocent dupe in this nefarious scheme was exonerated of all blame. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Johnston. The makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to have named you the winner of the PELL MELL \$500 Award for notable service in the field of journalism.

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY -- A BIG STORY from the pages of the Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph; by-line -- Frank Shenkel. A BIG STORY that began on a hot, airless summer night in the bottomlands of Pittsburgh -- began like this!

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ SHOT. THEN TWO MORE SHOTS IN QUICK SUCCESSION

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ THEME. HIT AND FADE TO B.G. ON CUE

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Procktor, written by Allan E. Sloane and directed by Harry Ingran with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Your narrator was Berry Kroeger, and Les Tremayne played the part of Johnny Johnston. All names in tonight's story except <sup>those of the St. Paul Dispatch</sup> that of Mr. Johnston were fictitious; but the dramatization was based on a true and authentic case.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ THEME UP FULL AND FADE

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of  
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

HARRICE: Don't forget, friends, to listen to the new comedy  
hit - the Jack Paar Program - heard every Sunday night  
over most of these same stations in the Jack Benny  
time spot.

ANNOR: THIS IS NBC -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present ... THE BIG STORY!

STELLA: What is matter, Steve?

STEVE: It be hot, Stella. All night long, I can't sleep. Maybe if I open window from bottom ...

SOUND: WINDOW OPENING

STEVE: ... we get little breeze from the alley ...

SOUND: SHOT. PAUSE. THEN TWO MORE SHOTS IN QUICK SUCCESSION

STELLA: Steve! Someone shoot gun ... in alley!

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS COMING UP FAST, THEN FADING FAST

STELLA: Who ... who was it ... running up alley?

STEVE: Go back to bed, Stella.

STELLA: Who was it?

STEVE: Ask no questions, Stella. Go back to bed.

STELLA: But Steve, you were at window, and the <sup>someone</sup> man ran right by. ~~Did not see~~ You must have seen ...

STEVE: (STERN) I see nothing, do you understand, Stella? I hear nothing. I know nothing. I never saw man run up alley. Now, Stella ... go back to bed!

MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER FOR

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY ... another in a thrilling series based on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight ... to Frank Shenkel of the Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph goes the PELL MELL Award for THE BIG STORY.

MUSIC: FANFARE

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!" - the cigarette in the  
distinctive red package - PELL MELL.

HARRICE: Ladies and gentlemen, PELL MELL'S distinguished  
length is the outward sign of a basic superiority.  
Here's the reason ...

CHAPPELL: Nature's best filter for a fine smoke is ... fine,  
mellow tobacco! And PELL MELL'S greater length  
filters the smoke through the greater distance of  
PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos ...  
"Distance lends enchantment" ... and the greater  
distance PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the  
enchantment of greater smoothness, mellowness,  
mildness ...

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

HARRICE: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!".

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC:     INTRODUCTION AND UNDER FOR

CHAPPELL:     Now, the exciting and authentic story of ... "The Case of the Iron Boss."

NARRATOR:     You are Frank Shenkel, a crime reporter for the Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph. For thirty years of your life, you've worked every major crime story around the Smoke City, and now you're fifty, and your feet hurt a little and your stomach isn't what it used to be. ~~To you, covering crime is not very romantic..... just a hard and sometimes sordid job.~~ Then, along comes this particular July morning. Your city editor, Sam Baker, is just going over the daily routine with you ... (FADE) ... when his phone rings ...

SOUND:     PHONE RINGS ... RECEIVER OFF HOOK

BAKER:         Baker. Yes. (SUDDENLY ALERT) What! Listen! Listen, Joe! Hang around and pick up all the details you can! Then phone rewrite. And don't leave until Shenkel gets there. I'm sending him down right away!

SOUND:     RECEIVER ON HOOK

BAKER:         (DAZED) Holy smoke!

FRANK:         Something big, Sam?

BAKER:         Big? Hang onto something and listen, Frank. That was Joe Grady, just calling in from the police station down at the Bottoms section of McKees Rocks.

FRANK:         Well?

BAKER:         You know Mike Brand?

FRANK:         The big boss? Sure. Who doesn't?

BAKER:         His wife was found murdered in her bed early this morning!

FRANK: What!

BAKER: Yeah. Someone poked a gun through her window from the alley back of her house and put three slugs in her.

FRANK: Where was Brand?

BAKER: According to Joe, he was out making merry with some other women at a roadhouse ...

FRANK: That sounds typical of Big Mike. Anything else?

BAKER: No. Everyone down in the Bottoms has clammed up on the thing. Joe says they're all afraid to talk:

FRANK: Afraid of Brand, huh?

BAKER: Naturally. Now listen, Frank. I want you to hop down to the Bottoms right away. Talk to everyone. Spend anything you need. ~~The sky's the limit on this expense account!~~

FRANK: ~~Okay. (FADING A LITTLE) I'm on my way....~~

BAKER: ~~(CALLS) And Frank...~~

FRANK: ~~(OFF A LITTLE) Yeah?~~

BAKER: ~~Don't come back without the dope... all of it... right down to the last detail. Get me? This is the biggest story to hit town in a hundred years!~~

MUSIC: ~~STING AND UNDER~~

NARRATOR: You grab a cab, ride four miles out of Pittsburgh, and into the personal empire of Big Mike Brand ... a square mile of the roughest and toughest territory on earth. This is the Bottoms. You check with the Sun-Tel's reporter. Then you drop in at the police station and ... (FADE) ... meet Chief Morse...

MORSE: So you're from the Sun-Telegraph - eh, Shenkel?

7-23-47

FRANK: That's right. I'm down here to cover that Brand homicide. Anything new on the whereabouts of Mabel Lewis?

MORSE: Mabel Lewis?

FRANK: The girl who was at the roadhouse with Mike Brand this morning, when his wife was shot ...

MORSE: (HOSTILE) We don't know where she is, Shenkel. And if we did, we wouldn't tell you ...

FRANK: Look, Chief, I ...

MORSE: And we're not giving out any statements at this time.

FRANK: But I've got to know ...

MORSE: (INTERRUPTS) All you've got to know is that we're conducting an investigation.

FRANK: I see. (PAUSE) In that case, I've only got one more question on my mind.

MORSE: Yes? What's that?

FRANK: Whether you're conducting an honest investigation.

MORSE: (AFTER PAUSE, COLD AND HARD) What do you mean by that, Shenkel?

FRANK: ~~I mean that this is for blood. It's Big Mike Brand's wife who was murdered. And for reasons of his own ... he might not want an on-the-level investigation.~~

MORSE: ~~In other words ...~~

FRANK: ~~In other words, you worked yourself up from a steel mill into this job, the hard way. It's a good job, and on the record so far, you deserve it. But Big Mike Brand controls every job in the Bottoms.~~

MORSE: ~~And I might want to protect mine. Is that it?~~

FRANK: ~~That could be it.~~



MORSE: I see. (SLOW AND HARD) Shenkel ... there's only one thing I have to say to you right now.

FRANK: Yes?

MORSE: If you ever make a crack like that again, where I can hear it ... I'll break your arm! Now -- get out of here!

FRANK: I'll get. I think I'll call on Mike Brand if you don't mind ... or even if you do.

MUSIC: STING

FRANK: Mr. Brand -- you were at the Blue Moon roadhouse with a Mabel Lewis the night your wife was murdered. Is that right?

BRAND: That's right, Shenkel.

FRANK: This ... er ... Mabel Lewis seems to have disappeared all of a sudden. Would you know where she is, Mr. Brand?

BRAND: No. I wouldn't know.

FRANK: Funny thing about that roadhouse. It's only a ten minute drive from your house on <sup>BRICK</sup> Clay Alley ... twenty minutes both ways.

BRAND: Meaning what, Shenkel?

FRANK: Oh, nothing. Nothing at all. But there's one more thing I'd like to check.

BRAND: Yes?

FRANK: There's a rumor around that your wife inherited a considerable sum of money from her parents a couple of months ago. Is that true?

BRAND: (AFTER PAUSE; SOFTLY) Shenkel, you look to me to be a sensible guy.



FRANK: Thanks. But what does that mean?

BRAND: It means that I'm going to give you a piece of advice ... and I hope you follow it.

FRANK: What advice?

BRAND: Keep your nose out of this territory ... and go back to Pittsburgh ... where you belong!

MUSIC: STING AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You go out to the Blue Moon Roadhouse ... check Big Mike's alibi. The waiters, bartenders, musicians all swear that he didn't leave the place that night. You go back to the Bottoms, and day after day, you try to get a lead ... talk to hundreds of people ... on the street, in the saloons, in ... (FADE) ... juke box joints ...

SOUND: JUKE BOX, TINNY, PLAYING A POPULAR NUMBER, IN B.G.

FRANK: Another cocktail, Ethel?

ETHEL: (A LITTLE DRUNK) Sure. I'll have 'nother. You're a swell sport, Frank. Honesh! you are. The rest of those cheapskates in thish crummy joint buy me nothin' but cheap rotgut.

FRANK: You're worth it, baby. You're worth the best. We all set on that date tonight?

ETHEL: I'll say we are, Handsome! You've got class!

FRANK: As much class as Big Mike Brand?

ETHEL: (FREEZES SUDDENLY) Who?

FRANK: Why ... Mike Brand. I understand you used to go out with him?

ETHEL: (NOW COLD SOBER) What about it?

FRANK: Nothing. Only I thought you might know.

FRANK: Why, yes. (SUDDENLY) Hey, wait a minute. Where are you going?

MARGE: I just remembered, honey. (FADING) I've gotta go and powder my nose!

MUSIC: UP IN STING AND INTO

SOUND: PHONE RING ON FILTER. PICK UP.

BAKER: (FILTER) Baker.

FRANK: Frank Shenkel. Baker, look. I'm fed up ... through. Pull me off this case.

BAKER: Are you crazy? You stay down there in the Bottoms until something breaks, Frank.

FRANK: But I've been living here for weeks. I've talked to a thousand people. I've spent the paper's money like water.

~~BAKER: Keep spending it until someone talks.~~

FRANK: ~~You don't seem to get the point, Sam. The minute you mention Mike Brand's name down here, they all clam up.~~

BAKER: ~~You've got to keep plugging, Frank. The break will come some day ...~~

FRANK: (WEARILY) Oh, sure, sure. Meanwhile, what about me? There's no hotel down here ... not even a rooming house. I've been sleeping on a vermin-ridden cot down at the jail, and on the seat of the hook-and-ladder at the fire station. I've been drinking cheap rotgut with steel workers and assorted characters, until my stomach's raw. I've lived on stale hamburgers and warmed-over coffee, worn the same shirt and never taken off my shoes for days on end.

BAKER: Sure, sure, Frank. I know it's tough. But someone killed Mike Brand's wife, and you've got to stay down there and find out who. Understand, Frank? I don't want you to come back here to the office ... until you come back with the story!

MUSIC: STING UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: So ... you stay down in the Bottoms. And the days pass into-weeks. And wherever you go, the Fear follows you like a shadow; covers you like a shroud. No one will talk ... no one. You know what fear could do to <sup>OTHER</sup> big countries ... Germany ... Russia ... and now you see it happen ... right here in the U.S.A. ... in a little dictatorship a mile long and a mile wide ... ~~in the Bottoms of McKees-Rocks, near Pittsburgh ...~~ And then ... then one day, you're swapping drinks with a big steel mangler, a Ukrainian named Pete Rybe. And suddenly ... (FADE) ... he says ...

PETE: Frank, you good fellow. Pay for drinks all the time. I like you.

FRANK: Thanks, Pete.

PETE: Sure. I like you. And I tell you something.

FRANK: Yes?

PETE: I know Mrs. Brand. She's a good woman. <sup>WIFE</sup> Go to church every Sunday. Give money to me, when I'm out of work and my kids are sick. Now ... she's dead. Now I tell you something, Frank.

FRANK: (QUICK, ALERT) Yes? What is it, Pete?

PETE: I was afraid to talk before. Everybody in the Bottoms afraid to talk. But now ... I am going away. My wife and I are going to the old country ... to see my mother. The old country is a long way from Big Mike. I like you. You good fellow, Frank. I take chance.

FRANK: What is it, Pete?

PETE: You know a man by name of Steve Dombas?

FRANK: No.

PETE: Steve Dombas work next machine to me at steel mill. Lives on Clay Alley with wife, Stella.

FRANK: <sup>FRANK</sup> Clay Alley. That's where Big Mike Brand lives.

PETE: Yes. One night Steve and me get drunk. He say something.

FRANK: What did he say?

PETE: On night Mrs. Brand was murdered, he see a man run up alley ...

FRANK: Pete! Who was it? Who'd he see?

PETE: You don't ask me, Frank. This is all I tell you. You ask ... Steve Dombas!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

MORSE: (MUFFLED) Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

FRANK: Hello, Chief Morse.

MORSE: Oh: So it's you, Shenkel. What do you want?

FRANK: I'd like to make a deal with you ... with the police.

MORSE: What kind of a deal?

*As Broadcast*

FINAL

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #17

"THE IRON BOSS"

WEDNESDAY, JULY 23, 1947

CAST

NARRATOR	BERRY KROEGER
FRANK SHENKEL	ED BEOLEY
SAM BAKER	JACKSON BECK
MORSE	EVERETT SLOANE
BRAND	ROGER DE KOVEN
PETE	JACKSON BECK
STEVE	ROGER DE KOVEN
BARTENDER	EVERETT SLOANE
STELLA	ADELAIDE KLEIN
ETHEL	BARBARA WEEKS
MAROE	GRACE KEDDY
JOSIE	ADELAIDE KLEIN
MARY	GRACE KEDDY
MABEL	BARBARA WEEKS
VOICE	ED BEOLEY

FF  
PE

ATX01 0058955

MORSE: You haven't said anything yet, Shenkel.

FRANK: I've just got a tip that may lead to the man who murdered Mrs. Brand.

MORSE: I see.

FRANK: Interested?

MORSE: NATURALLY. (PAUSE) What makes you think I wouldn't be?

FRANK: Well.....

MORSE: Look, Shenkel. You came in here from Pittsburgh and you had me labeled as Big Mike's boy.

FRANK: Well, I.....

MORSE: And it's true that I could play it safe. But whatever you think, Shenkel.....I'm a cop first .... and a politician second. (PAUSE) Is that clear?

FRANK: (QUIETLY) All right, Chief. It's good enough for me.

MORSE: Okay. What's your proposition, Shenkel?

FRANK: If the break comes, the Sun-Telegraph gets first exclusive.

MORSE: It's a deal.

FRANK: All right. Now, here's the lead. I've just been tipped off that a man named Steve Dombas, over on Clay Alley, saw the killer make a getaway right after the murder.

MORSE: Okay, Shenkel. Put on your hat ... and let's go!

MUSIC: CURTAIN

HARRICE: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's BIG STORY.

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

NOVACHORD: (MUSIC UP - THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

HARRICE: (OVER MUSIC) "Distance lends enchantment" ... and,  
when you light a PELL MELL, distance lends  
enchantment to smoking, too. For the greater distance  
the smoke travels in PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES is  
so important to the complete and satisfying enjoyment  
of fine, mellow tobacco ... (MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: Ladies and gentlemen, Nature's best filter for a fine  
smoke is fine, mellow tobacco. Because of PELL MELL'S  
greater length, the smoke is drawn through a much  
greater distance of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,  
mellow tobaccos. You have only to smoke a PELL MELL  
to realize the outstanding advantages that result:  
greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness ...

NOVACHORD: (SNEAK IN MUSIC)

HARRICE: "Distance lends enchantment" ... and the greater  
distance PELL MELL travels the smoke, lends real  
enchantment to the simple act of enjoying a  
cigarette. (MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!



MUSIC: - - - - INTRODUCTION AND UNDER

HARRICE: Now we return you to our narrator, Berry Kroeger, and tonight's BIG STORY.

NARRATOR: Now ... you've got your first lead ... your first lead after many weary and fruitless weeks in the Bottoms. But it's just a lead ... not a break. You know how thick and opaque that wall of fear is. You know the sudden fear in people's eyes when you even mention Mike Brand's name, the way their mouths shut tight. And as you turn into <sup>FRANK</sup> Clay Alley with Chief Morse, you worry ... maybe Dombas won't talk ... maybe he won't talk ... (FADE) You knock at the door and a woman answers ...

MORSE: Are you Mrs. Dombas?

STELLA: Yes. I be Mrs. Dombas.

MORSE: I'm Chief Morse of the police. This is Mr. Shenkel, a reporter ...

STELLA: So you have finally come.

FRANK: Is your husband in, Mrs. Dombas?

STELLA: He is in. (CALLS) Steve.

STEVE: (COMING IN) What is it, Stella?

STELLA: The police are here to see you.

STEVE: (STUPIDLY) The police?

MORSE: Yes. We understand that you saw Mrs. Brand's killer run up the alley the night ...

STEVE: I know nothing ... nothing.

FRANK: Look, Steve. You knew Mrs. Brand. You knew that she was a good woman ...

STEVE: She was a good woman. But I see nothing ... I know nothing. (RISING) Please, mister, go away. I-tell-  
~~you-I see nothing ... I know nothing.~~

STELLA: (QUIET) You know, Steve. Tell them.

STEVE: Stella!

STELLA: Tell them now. It is not good to be afraid like this, tell them ...

STEVE: Stella! Be quiet!

STELLA: No, Steve. I be quiet before ... but not now. You are a sick man. It is the fear inside. Since that night, you don't eat, you don't sleep, you don't work, you don't go to church. A man is a man only when he is not afraid ...

STEVE: Stella, I ... I ...

STELLA: Tell them, Steve.

STEVE: But ... if I tell ... I will die. I will be killed. Stella ...

STELLA: Tell them, Steve. Be a man again ...

MORSE: Who was it, Steve? Who did you see in the alley that night?

STEVE: All right. I will tell. I cannot stand it any more. It be driving me crazy ...

FRANK: Who was it, Steve.

STEVE: It be ... the big boss.

FRANK: You mean ...

STEVE: Yes. YES. It be him. Big Mike Brand!

MUSIC: UP IN HARD STING AND UNDER

NARRATOR: There it is! Your break! The first break in the wall of Fear. And then the whole wall begins to crumble, as the news that someone has talked spreads through the Bottoms and McKees Rocks. And you discover that courage, like fear, is contagious ...

SOUND: JUKE BOX, TINNY, PLAYING A POP TUNE IN B.G.

FRANK: Another drink, Ethel?

ETHEL: (A LITTLE DRUNK) Sure, sure. You're a swell sport, Frank. And believe me, I gotta hand it to you ... about comin' down here to the Bottoms and trying to pin down Big Mike Brand. That took nerve. (LAUGHS) Nerve! Maybe we could all use a little more of the stuff around here ... beginning with me. Er ... what do you want me to tell you about Brand?

FRANK: Everything you know, Ethel.

ETHEL: Well, I ain't gonna stick my neck out too far ... but I'll tell you this much. Mike Brand is strictly no good ... everybody knows he hated his wife ... and he threatened to kill her more than once ...

MUSIC: UP AND SEGUE INTO FULL ORCHESTRA B.G.

SOUND: TINKLE OF GLASS

BARTENDER: Another of the same, Mr. Shenkel?

FRANK: Oh. Yes, thanks, Bartender.

BARTENDER: By the way, I heard a barfly talking about the Brand case. He seemed to have some inside information, (FADE) and I thought I might as well pass it on to you, for what it was worth ...

MUSIC: UP AND SEGUE INTO PIANO, SOMETHING BLUE AND SULTRY

FRANK: You called me about something, Marge?

MARGE: I sure did, honey. I sure did. Heard a little something on the Brand case. Want to hear about it?

FRANK: Naturally, baby.

MARGE: Okay. Lean your arm on the piano, honey, and bend real close. I wouldn't want this to get around.

FRANK: Well?

MARGE: I got a friend ... a cop ... he says police have some information on a dame named Josie Kallicki. That might be of some interest to you. Although they say she keeps changing her story all the time.

FRANK: (BEAT) Thanks, Marge.

SOUND: --- A BEAT AS PIANO COMES UP JUST A LITTLE

FRANK: By the way ...

MARGE: Yes?

FRANK: That's a sweet number you're beating out. I thought you only played lowdown stuff.

MARGE: I used to, honey. But I don't feel lowdown any more!

MUSIC: --- PIANO CONTINUES FOR A MOMENT AND THEN INTO BRIDGE

FRANK: Chief ... when are you taking Mike Brand in?

MORSE: The fact is, Shenkel, we just haven't got enough on him yet to make a pinch.

FRANK: But what about Steve Dombas?

MORSE: Sure. Sure, I know. We've got a witness ... but only one. And that's all we've got!

FRANK: Isn't that enough, Chief?

MORSE: No. Figure out what one of Big Mike's smart lawyers would do to Steve Dombas in a cross-examination. First, Dombas is scared to death of Brand. Second,  
(MORE)

MORSE: and by his own admission, he was half-asleep when he  
(CONTD) opened his window. Third, the alley was only dimly-lit  
by a lamp out in the street ....

FRANK: You don't have to go any further, Chief. I see what  
you mean. In the end, the man running up the alley  
would turn out to be some other guy.

MORSE: That's it. Especially when Big Mike has rigged up what  
seems to be a perfect alibi. He was at the Blue Moon  
roadhouse that night with a girl named Mabel Lewis.  
That's his story, and he'll stick to it.

FRANK: Unless we can find Mabel Lewis.

MORSE: Right. But we haven't found her yet. Prob. ly scared  
to death. And so, even if we've got a witness ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ PHONE RING

MORSE: Oh ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ RECEIVER OFF HOOK

MORSE: Chief Morse speaking. Yes, Al. What! WHAT! But how?  
(PAUSE) Oh ... I see. No. Nothing. There's nothing  
we can do now ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ RECEIVER BACK ON HOOK

MORSE: Shenkel, did you say we had a witness?

FRANK: Why, yes.

MORSE: (HEAVILY) Well, we haven't ... not any more.

FRANK: What ... what do you mean?

MORSE: Steve Dombas was accidentally killed at the steel mill,  
a few minutes ago.

FRANK: (DAZED) Accidentally.

MORSE: Yes. He had his head in the jaws of a power press, cleaning it out. Someone accidentally came along ... and accidentally released the safety catch ... and accidentally yanked the power switch!

MUSIC: STING AND UNDER

NARRATOR: So ... you're back where you started from, and sick of the whole thing. And then, you remember that tip about the other possible witness, Josie Kallicki ... (FADE) in Clay Alley ...

FRANK: Mrs. Kallicki ... I've been told you know something about the murder of Mrs. Brand.

JOSIE: I do.

FRANK: Will you tell me what you know ... (PAUSE) or are you afraid ...

JOSIE: Afraid? Why should I be afraid?

FRANK: Well, I thought ... after what happened to Steve Dombas.

JOSIE: You do not understand, Mr. Shenkel. I do not fear death. I am an old woman, and I have not many years. I have gone to mass every Sunday, since I was a little girl ... and confessed my sins. No ... I am not afraid.

FRANK: Then tell me, Mrs. Kallicki ... what do you know?

JOSIE: The night Mrs. Brand was killed, I was awake. You see, Mr. Shenkel, my little grand-daughter Mary lives with me, and (FADE) she had the fever ...

MARY: (CRYING FEVERISHLY) Nana! Nana!

JOSIE: What is it, little one?

MARY: I'm so hot ... so hot! Please bring me a drink of water, Nana!

JOSIE: All right, Mary. But first, I'll open the window. It is so hot in here....

SOUND:-----WINDOW RAISED

JOSIE: And now ... I'll get you that glass of nice, cold water. And perhaps after that you'll sleep a little....

SOUND:-----SHOT OFF

MARY: Nana! What ... !

SOUND:-----TWO SHOTS OFF, IN RAPID SUCCESSION

MARY: Nana!

JOSIE: Shhh, little one!

SOUND:-----STEPS RUNNING UP AND THEN FADING OFF

MARY: Nana! I heard someone ... running up the alley. Did you see him?

JOSIE: Yes, Child. I saw him.

MARY: Nana! Where ... where are you going?

JOSIE: Upstairs, Mary. (FADING) Upstairs ... to get my bible.

MARY: But why do you want your bible?

JOSIE: Because I must write something in it. For, you see, Child ... everything that is written in the bible ... is written in truth!

(PAUSE)

FRANK: And what did you write in the Bible, Mrs. Kallicki?

JOSIE: The truth. Here is my bible, Mr. Shenkel. Read what is written in it ...

FRANK: (READS SLOWLY) "If anything happens to me, Josie Kallicki ... I saw a man shoot a gun three times ... and then run down the alley. This man was Mike Brand!"

MUSIC:-----BRIDGE

FRANK: Chief, Mike Brand shot his wife. There's no doubt about it.

MORSE: Of course he did, Shenkel. But we still haven't got enough proof.

FRANK: Mrs. Kallicki swears she couldn't be mistaken. She's known Big Mike for twenty years. She wrote what she saw in her bible. Unless she was positive, she wouldn't have done that.

MORSE: (WEARILY) I know, I know. But we need more, Shenkel. More. What we need to do is break Brand's roadhouse alibi...

FRANK: What about the bartenders ... the waiters out at the roadhouse. Do they still swear Brand was there the whole time?

MORSE: They swear it up and down. After all, why shouldn't they? They're Big Mike's boys.

MUSIC: \_ \_ BRIDGE ... WIPED OUT BY \_

SOUND: \_ \_ TELEPHONE

MORSE: Chief Morse speaking.

SHENKEL: Chief, this is Shenkel. I'm going quietly crazy. A rival paper got an interview with Mabel Lewis. What do you know about it?

MORSE: Take it easy, Frank. It's only in the movies that one reporter gets all the scoops, and anyway we've caught up with her and she's here now ... scared to death like I said ... and won't talk.

SHENKEL: Hold her there, Chief. I'll be right over.

MUSIC: \_ \_ BRIDGE \_

SOUND: \_ \_ DOOR OPENS

MORSE: Come in, Frank, and don't look so worried. (PROJECTS) Okay, Clancy, bring in Mabel Lewis .. Now listen, Frank .. she keeps sticking to Big Mike's story that he never left the night club .. but I've got a hunch she's about ready to talk.



SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ DOOR OPENS

MORSE: Come in, Mabel.

MABEL: (JITTERY) I'm scared, Chief ... I'm scared ... but I can't go on any longer like this. I've got to talk ... I've got to talk ... What do you want to know, Chief?

MORSE: Only one question.

MABEL: Yes?

MORSE: Mrs. Brand was shot to death about two o'clock in the morning. Did Mike Brand leave the roadhouse at any time before that?

MABEL: Yes. Just before that, he claimed he felt sick ... and left me to go out to the car.

FRANK: And how long was he gone?

MABEL: A half hour.

FRANK: A half hour. And Brand could have made it from the roadhouse and back ... in twenty minutes.

MORSE: Yes. Come on, Shenkel. Get your hat and let's go.

FRANK: Go where?

MORSE: Where do you think? I'm going to make a pinch!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ STING AND UNDER

NARRATOR: So ... Chief Morse makes his pinch. And you ... you look forward to going back to Pittsburgh again ... and a clean bed ... and a square meal. And just before you leave, Chief Morse stretches out a big, ham-like hand ... (FADE) ... and says ...

MORSE: I want to thank you, Shenkel. If it hadn't been for you ... plugging away down here until you got someone to talk ... starting the break in the wall ...

FRANK: You don't have to thank me, Chief. I've got what I want ... my big story ... the biggest story of my career

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

NOVACHORD: (SNEAK IN MUSIC, THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

HARRICE: "Distance lends enchantment" - and the greater distance PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the enchantment of greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness to the simple act of enjoying a cigarette.  
(SLIGHT PAUSE)

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is "Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes, one is "Outstanding!" PELL ME! FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ORCHESTRA:      TAG  

CHAPPELL:        Now we read you that telegram from Frank Shenkel of the Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph.

FRANK:            Would like to take this opportunity to pay tribute to police, without whose courage and untiring efforts the killer would not have been brought to justice. Big Boss now serving life sentence in Western Penitentiary -- just across the river from the Bottoms, where he once reigned as Czar. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL:        Thank you, Mr. Shenkel. The makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to have named you the winner of the PELL MELL \$500. Award for notable service in the field of journalism.

HARRICE:         Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY -- A BIG STORY from the pages of the Long Island Daily Star, by-line -- Andrew Viglietta. A BIG STORY about a glamorous movie actress and a sinister telephone call that began with: --

VOICE:            (FILTER) (HAPPY MANIACAL LAUGH)

MUSIC:        THEME. HIT AND FADE TO B.G. ON CUE

CHAPPELL:        The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Procktor with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was directed by Robert Sloane and written by Max Erlich. Your narrator was Berry Kroeger, and Edward Begley played the part of Frank Shenkel. All names in tonight's story except that of Frank Shenkel were fictitious; but the dramatization was based on a true and authentic case.

MUSIC:        THEME UP FULL AND FADE

CHAPPELL:       This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of  
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

HARRICE:       Don't forget, friends, to listen to the new comedy  
hit - the Jack Paar Program - heard every Sunday night  
over most of these same stations in the Jack Benny  
time spot.

ANNCR:         THIS IS NBC -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

*As Broadcast*

THE BIG STORY

FINAL

PROGRAM #18

THE LOVELORN EXTORTIONER

WEDNESDAY, JULY 30, 1947

CAST

NARRATOR	BERRY KROEGER
ANDY VIGLIETTA	JOHN SYLVESTER
COP	GEORGE PETRIE
DICK	JOHN GIBSON
DAVE	GEORGE PETRIE
LENORE	LOUISE FITCH
BARRY	EVERETT SLOANE
BRESLIN	<i>Walt Whitman</i> JACKSON-BECK
PRENTISS	EVERETT SLOANE
WOMAN	LOUISE FITCH
MAN	<i>Walt Whitman</i> JACKSON-BECK

ATX01 0058971

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present -- THE BIG STORY!

LENORE: Operator ...

SOUND: JIGGLING OF TELEPHONE RECEIVER

LENORE: Operator -- why don't you hurry that call? I want the police!

BARRY: Now don't go to pieces, darling. It takes a little time to ...

LENORE: Will you be quiet, Barry? If anything like this happened to you ...

SOUND: FILTER CLICK

LENORE: Hello?

COP: (FILTER) Police Headquarters.

LENORE: Hello -- Police! This is Miss Logan! Lenore Logan -- the movie actress!

COP: (FILTER) Yes, Miss Logan.

LENORE: You've got to come over here right away! Someone has threatened to kill me!

MUSIC: UP FOR FAST CLIMAX AND FADE

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY! Another in a thrilling series based on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight ... to Andrew J. Viglietta of the Long Island ~~Daily~~ Star, <sup>Journal</sup> goes the PELL MELL Award for THE BIG STORY.

MUSIC: FANFARE

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!" - the cigarette in the  
distinctive red package - PELL MELL.

HARRICE: Ladies and gentlemen, PELL MELL'S distinguished  
length is the outward sign of a basic superiority.  
Here's the reason...

CHAPPELL: Nature's best filter for a fine smoke is ... fine,  
mellow tobacco! And PELL MELL'S greater length  
filters the smoke through the greater distance of  
PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos ...  
"Distance lends enchantment" ... and the greater  
distance PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the  
enchantment of greater smoothness, mellowness,  
mildness ...

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

HARRICE: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!"

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC: \_ \_ HIT OMINOUSLY AND FADE FOR

CHAPPELL: Now, the exciting and authentic story of ... "The Lovelorn Extortioner."

MUSIC: \_ \_ UP - THEN DOWN AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You are Andy Viglietta, a reporter on the Long Island Daily Star, before it became the Star-Journal. <sup>Andy</sup> Anyway, on this particular September day, it happens to be pretty dull for news, and right now you're sitting over a cold typewriter and dreaming. You're dreaming of becoming a foreign correspondent maybe, or a big columnist for one of the syndicates, or maybe writing that book. Then Dave-~~Stone~~, your city editor, comes in and interrupts your reverie ...

DAVE: (COMING IN) ~~Postcard-for-you, Andy~~ -- take a look at it. <sup>Sup. postcard</sup>  
Just came in the mail this morning.

ANDY: Who's it from? <sup>Chief</sup>

DAVE: Someone named 'Dick.'

ANDY: 'Dick?'

DAVE: Read it.

ANDY: (READS) "The FBI is wrong. They arrested an innocent man. Steve Gibbons didn't send those threatening letters to Lenore Logan. I did..."

DAVE: Go ahead. Finish it.

ANDY: (READS ON) .... "Lenore Logan is a great movie star, and she is my ideal, and I love her very much. Wire her in Hollywood she had better send me ten thousand dollars in cash... or else! (PAUSE) Dick.

DAVE: Well, Andy?

ANDY: Nothing to it. This guy's a nut. The FBI already nailed the man who's been sending those extortion notes to Miss Logan out in Hollywood.



DAVE: Yeah, I know. He's a janitor over here in Astoria ---  
guy named Gibbons.

ANDY: That's right. They traced him through the postmark and  
matched his handwriting with the one on the letters.  
They've got him in jail now.

DAVE: Not quite. He was just released on bail. Only I can't  
figure this other guy ... this Dick character.

ANDY: Well, it's funny about a Page One crime like this, Dave.  
There's always a crackpot around ready to swear that he  
did it. And this crank, Dick, sounds like just the type.

DAVE: ~~But he says he loves Lenore Logan.~~

ANDY: ~~And to prove it, he wants her to come across with ten  
thousand bucks! (CHUCKLES) How do you like that?~~

DAVE: ~~Pretty weird.~~ What are you going to do about the ~~postcard,~~  
postcard, Andy?

ANDY: Simple. ~~This is~~ one of those things I just file ... and  
forget!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: DOORBELL RINGS ..... (PAUSE) ..... DOOR OPENS

LENORE: (LIGHT AND BRIGHT) Oh. Hello, Barry.

BARRY: Hiyah, Lenore. How's my gorgeous picture star this  
morning?

LENORE: Gorgeous.

BARRY: Well, as your agent and fondest admirer, I'm very happy  
to say that everybody at the front office shares my  
modest opinion of you. Here's your mail, dear. Picked  
it up on the way in.

LENORE: Oh, thanks.

BARRY: Have a good night's sleep?

LENORE: Oh, lovely, Barry. You don't know what a relief it is to know they've caught that crazy fool who's been sending me those extortion notes. Why, it ... it's like being able to breathe again.

SOUND: ENVELOPE TEARING, LETTER UNFOLDING UNDER

BARRY: You took it like a champ, Lenore.

LENORE: Well, when I think of what I went through -- it just makes my flesh crawl ... I couldn't eat ... couldn't sleep ... And you know what happened down at the studio ... I fluffed every line ...

BARRY: Well, it's all over now, Baby. The FBI's got this janitor guy on the East Coast and ...

LENORE: (GASPS) Barry!

BARRY: What is it? What's the matter, Lenore?

LENORE: (DAZED) This ... this letter you brought in ... with the others! I ... I ... Read it.

BARRY: (READS) I love you, Lenore. Send me ten thousand dollars, you know where. It's for your own good ... or else! Did I ever tell you ... I wear your picture next to my heart?

LENORE: (FRANTIC) It's another letter ... another one of those awful letters ... from him, Barry! They didn't catch the right man. He's still at large. And now ... now it's starting all over again ...

~~BARRY: The crazy whack didn't even sign his name! Just ...~~

~~LENORE: Barry, I ... I can't go through it again! I ... I can't. He'll drive me out of my mind! He's dangerous ... I know he is .... He'll kill me if I ...~~

BARRY: Now, now, don't get excited, dear. I'll get in touch with the FBI right away ... and they'll make sure you get ample protection!

MUSIC: ----- BRIDGE

SOUND: ----- TYPEWRITER

DAVE: Say, Andy ... Can I take you away from that typewriter a minute?

ANDY: Sure thing ... *Andy*

SOUND: ----- STOP TYPEWRITER

ANDY: What's on your mind, Dave?

DAVE: A funny call just came in on the switchboard downstairs. I want you to take it for me.

ANDY: A funny call?

DAVE: Yeah ... Myrtle's got someone on the line who wants to talk to a reporter ... any reporter.

ANDY: Who is it?

DAVE: I don't know. He won't give his name. But she says he sounds awful weird.

ANDY: What do you mean?

DAVE: Kind of scary, according to her ... Pick up the phone and see if you can find out what it's all about. I had her put the call on your line.

ANDY: Okay.

SOUND: ----- RECEIVER UP

ANDY: Hello?

DICK: (FILTER) Are you a movie fan?

ANDY: What?

DICK: I mean, do you like movies?

ANDY: Well, I ...

DICK: I'm crazy about them. I go to the movies all the time. I'm going tonight.

ANDY: That's fine. Have a good time. Who is this?

DICK: I'm going to see Lenore Logan in her picture "Singing Along." It's playing ~~in all the neighborhood theatres.~~ Miss Logan's a wonderful actress ... just wonderful. I'm crazy about her. Aren't you?

ANDY: Sure. I'm just nuts about her. But who is this?

DICK: Why, you know me. (WEIRD GIGGLE) This is Dick.

ANDY: Dick?

DICK: Yes. I sent you a postcard a month ago.

ANDY: Oh ... yes.

DICK: You didn't print it, and frankly I'm a little upset. But you sound like a nice, friendly fellow, ~~Mr. Wiggle~~ ~~Wiggle~~. I think I like you. What's your ~~first~~ name?

ANDY: Uh ... just call me Andy.

DICK: Andy. All right, Andy. Now ... how would you like a big story ... ~~a true confession?~~

~~ANDY: Why ... I ...~~

~~DICK: But you've got to promise to print my confession in your paper, Andy. That's why I called you. I did it. I did it.~~

~~ANDY: You did what?~~

DICK: I sent those letters to Lenore, because I'm crazy about her. Will you print that, Andy?

ANDY: I ... uh, yes. Sure I will. Will you hold on a moment, Dick, till I get a pencil and paper?

DICK: (WEIRD GIGGLE) Of course, Andy.

ANDY: (LOW AND URGENT) Dave! *10:30*

DAVE: Yes?

ANDY: It's the nut who sent us that postcard on the extortion case. He wants to give me a confession. Maybe you'd better call the FBI and tell 'em to get in on this line!

DAVE: Right. Keep stalling him, Andy. (FADING SLIGHTLY WITH FOOTSTEPS) I'll use the phone in my office.

ANDY: Okay. Close the door.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSED, OFF

ANDY: Hello. Hello, Dick.

DICK: Yes, Andy. I'm right here. Are you ready?

ANDY: I'm ready. But before I take notes, Dick ... how long have you been an admirer of Lenore Logan?

DICK: Lenore? I've loved her forever. She's my life. I sent her orchids on her birthday. I wear her picture next to my heart. I go to all her movies. Lenore is my dream girl. She's wonderful! Don't you think so, Andy?

ANDY: Why ... why, yes. I think she's great.

DICK: (SUDDENLY INDIGNANT) Of course she is! But those fools ... those Hollywood producers ... they haven't given her half a chance. Why ... she could be a great star ... the greatest of them all ... if they gave her a chance. But I'm going to give her a chance, Andy! I'm going to make a great star out of Lenore!

ANDY: You are? How?

DICK: Publicity! That's it! Publicity. I'm going to get her name in the papers. That's why I'm giving you my confession, Andy ...

ANDY: I see ...

SOUND: DOOR OPENS, OFF

ANDY: Oh ... Hold on just a second, will you, Dick?

DICK: All right, Andy.

ANDY: (LOW TO DAVE) What's the story, <sup>Chief</sup> Dave?

DAVE: (LOW, FADING IN) All set. You'll probably hear a click when the FBI <sup>cut</sup> switches in <sup>on the line to Lenore</sup>.

ANDY: (LOW) I hope they hurry. I can't stall this nut forever ...

SOUND: SLOW, CAREFUL DOUBLE CLICK ON FILTER

ANDY: There they are, <sup>Dave</sup> Dave! They're on. (TO DICK)  
Hello, Dick ... !

DICK: Yes, Andy?

ANDY: Exactly what do you want me to print in your confession?

DICK: Just that I sent Lenore Logan those money notes ... not that <sup>Wendy</sup> janitor. ~~He is innocent. He doesn't know a thing about it.~~ They're just trying to take the credit away from me, for getting Lenore publicity. Now, is that fair, Andy?

ANDY: No. No, it isn't, Dick. But I'd like to talk to you about this some more. Where are you? Where are you calling from?

DICK: Why, I'm calling from ... (CUTS SHARP, THEN CRAZY GIGGLE)

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ CLICK ON FILTER

ANDY: Dick! Dick!

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ JIGGLING OF RECEIVER

ANDY: Dick!

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ RECEIVER ON HOOK

ANDY: No use. He hung up, *Dave.*

DAVE: What did he sound like?

ANDY: Weird. Crazy as a loon. *Dave*, I tell you this guy is the crackpot to end all crackpots!

DAVE: What'd he say, Andy?

ANDY: You won't believe me when I tell you. I ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ PHONE RING

ANDY: Wait a minute. That may be my friend Dick again ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ RECEIVER OFF HOOK

ANDY: Hello?

BRESLIN: (FILTER) Mr. Viglietta?

ANDY: Yes. Who ... ?

BRESLIN: This is John Breslin, Special Agent of the FBI.

ANDY: Oh. Did you trace his call, Mr. Breslin?

BRESLIN: No. He hung up before we could check through. But you'd better drop down to our office this afternoon, Viglietta. We want to talk to you!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ JIGGLING OF RECEIVER

LENORE: Operator! Operator! This is Miss Logan. You said someone was calling long distance from New York ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ CLICK ON FILTER

ANDY: (FILTER) Hello? Hello? Is this Miss Lenore Logan?

LENORE: (NERVOUSLY) Yes. Yes ... who ... is this?

ANDY: My name's Viglietta. Andy Viglietta. I'm a reporter on the Long Island Daily Star.

LENORE: Yes?

ANDY: We just got a flash over the wire that you received another extortion note.

LENORE: Yes. Yes, I did. But ...

ANDY: Mind telling me what the note said?

LENORE: Why, I ... I ... I don't know whether ...

ANDY: It's all right. I've been in touch with the FBI already -- and I'm seeing them this afternoon on your case. You see, I have reason to believe that I've got a lead on this crackpot.

LENORE: Oh. Yes ... yes, I'll tell you, Mr. Viglietta. The note said ... "I love you, Lenore. Send me ten thousand dollars, you know where. It's for your own good ... or else! Did I ever tell you ... I wear your picture close to my heart?"

ANDY: He said ... "I wear your picture close to my heart?"

LENORE: Yes.

ANDY: And there was no signature?

LENORE: No.

ANDY: Hmmm. Then it must be Dick.

LENORE: Dick?



ANDY: That's right, Miss Logan. A very strange man who seems to have only one name -- Dick!

MUSIC: --- BRIDGE

PRENTISS: Now let me get this straight, Viglietta -- for our FBI records. The phrasing this man Dick used on the phone matched a phrase on the note Miss Logan received?

ANDY: That's right, Mr. Prentiss.

BRESLIN: Well, it seems to me you've established this man Dick as the actual extortionist, Viglietta ... and that's a good start.

ANDY: Thanks, Mr. Breslin.

~~BRESLIN: Apparently, you've got this man's confidence, and we'll want you to work with us closely, down here at the FBI.~~

ANDY: Of ~~course~~. Any instructions, Mr. ~~Breslin~~?

BRESLIN: Yes. First of all ... don't print Dick's confession:

ANDY: Don't use the story? But why ...?

PRENTISS: We figure it this way, Viglietta. Dick apparently wants to get his story in your paper pretty badly. If he doesn't see it ... he may call again to find out what happened.

ANDY: Oh. Okay, Mr. Prentiss. I won't use the story.

BRESLIN: And one more thing, Viglietta.

ANDY: Yes?

BRESLIN: We'll have a permanent tap on your telephone wire. And you'll be able to tell we're listening in as soon as you hear a click on the line. Now, if Dick does call, try to arrange a meeting with him ...

PRENTISS: And in any event, stall him on the phone as long as possible. Maybe next time, we'll be able to locate him!

MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ BRIDGE

SOUND: \_\_\_\_\_ PHONE RING . . . . . RECEIVER OFF HOOK

ANDY: Hello?

DICK: (FILTER) Andy, I'm very angry with you. Here I gave you my confession, and you didn't even print it. ~~I~~ looked all through your paper . . . every page . . . And not a word about Lenore!

ANDY: (STALLS A LITTLE) Is this . . . Dick?

DICK: Of course it's Dick!

ANDY: Oh.

SOUND: \_\_\_\_\_ SLOW, CAREFUL DOUBLE CLICK ON FILTER

ANDY: I . . . I'm sorry, Dick.

DICK: You promised me. You said you'd get the name of my dream girl in your paper, if I confessed.

ANDY: I know. But you see, Dick . . . I didn't have enough facts. And anyway, I want to write a real story about you and Lenore . . . a big story, with plenty of human interest.

~~DICK: You mean . . . what they call "heart-throb?"~~

~~ANDY: Yes. That's it, Dick. Heart-throb.~~

DICK: I wear Lenore's picture close to my heart. Did you know that, Andy? (CRAZY GIGGLE)

ANDY: Yes. You told me yesterday. But look, Dick, in order to write this story, I've got to meet you somewhere.

DICK: Why, I'll be very glad to meet you, Andy.

ANDY: (A LITTLE DAZED) You will?

DICK: Of course. You sound nice and friendly. By the way, do you know Lenore's in a new picture? It's called "Singing Along." ~~They say she steals the show right away from the star. I'm going to see it when it comes to my neighborhood theatre...~~

ANDY: Dick, look ...

DICK: Yes, Andy?

ANDY: What time do you want to meet me?

DICK: I think about eight-thirty tomorrow night would be convenient.

ANDY: Fine. Now where shall we meet?

DICK: Why, anywhere you say, Andy.

ANDY: How about the information booth at Grand Central Station?

DICK: Grand Central Station?

ANDY: That's right.

DICK: (MUSING) No. No, I don't think I'd like to meet you there, Andy. I hate railroad stations. They ~~always remind me that I haven't got enough money to buy a train ticket to Hollywood and meet my dream girl.~~ Pick another place, Andy.

ANDY: Sure, Dick. How about ... well, how about meeting on the steps of the Forty Second Street Library?

DICK: The library? (MUSING) Hmmm. The forty-second Street library. No ... no, Andy. I don't think I'd care for that either.

ANDY: (DESPERATELY) Well, how about somewhere ... well somewhere on Times Square!

DICK: (ENTHUSIASTICALLY) Times Square! Oh, I like Times Square, Andy. All the big movies are around there. And there's a newsstand where they sell out-of-town papers. I always buy the Hollywood papers there so I can read about Lenore ...

SOUND: CLICK OF RECEIVER ON FILTER

ANDY: Dick! Dick!

SOUND: JIGGLING OF RECEIVER

ANDY: Dick!

BRESLIN: (ON FILTER - SUDDENLY) It's no use, Viglietta. He's hung up.

ANDY: Oh. Who ...?

BRESLIN: This is Breslin, down at the FBI. We've got a two way tap on this wire.

ANDY: Oh. Mr. Breslin. I was sure I had him on the hook and then ...

BRESLIN: Yes. I know. We've got a check on where he called from. We think it's a public phone booth somewhere around John Street ...

ANDY: Mr. Breslin ... I ... I was just thinking.

BRESLIN: Yes?

ANDY: Do you think this crackpot Dick ... could be the <sup>handyman</sup> janitor Steve Gibbons? He's out on bail and maybe he's trying to switch suspicion.

BRESLIN: No, Viglietta. It couldn't be the <sup>handyman</sup> janitor. You see, we've got Gibbons down at our office right now.

ANDY: Oh.

BRESLIN: Get in touch with you later. Got to go to work on this John Street lead. So long, Viglietta.

ANDY: So long ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ RECEIVER DOWN

DAVE: \_ \_ \_ \_ (COMING IN) Andy, Myrtle tells me you just had Dick  
on the phone, again.

ANDY: \_ \_ \_ \_ (HEAVILY) That's right, Dave.

DAVE: \_ \_ \_ \_ Any luck?

ANDY: \_ \_ \_ \_ No. And if this keeps up, I'm going to see a  
psychiatrist!

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ PHONE RINGS

ANDY: \_ \_ \_ \_ Here we go again!

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ RECEIVER OFF HOOK

ANDY: \_ \_ \_ \_ Hello?

DICK: \_ \_ \_ \_ Andy, it's Dick again. How'll I know you if I meet  
you?

ANDY: \_ \_ \_ \_ Oh. I ... tell you what, Dick. I'll be reading a copy  
of the Long Island Daily Star.

DICK: \_ \_ \_ \_ Good. I'll meet you at the out-of-town newsstand  
on Times Square ... tomorrow night at eight-thirty.  
And then we'll have a nice long talk about Lenore.

ANDY: \_ \_ \_ \_ (EAGERLY) Okay, Dick. It's a date!

DICK: \_ \_ \_ \_ Oh. And one thing more, Andy.

ANDY: \_ \_ \_ \_ Yes?

DICK: \_ \_ \_ \_ (SUDDENLY HARD AND SINISTER) Don't try anything funny!  
Because if you do -- it'll be just too bad. (THEN  
CRAZY GIGGLE UP, AND INTO)

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ WIPE FOR CURTAIN

HARRICE: \_ \_ \_ \_ We will be back in just a moment with tonight's  
BIG STORY.

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

NOVACHORD: (MUSIC - THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

HARRICE: (OVER MUSIC) "Distance lends enchantment" ... and,  
when you light a PELL MELL, distance lends enchantment  
to smoking, too. For the greater distance the smoke  
travels in PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES is so important  
to the complete and satisfying enjoyment of fine,  
mellow tobacco ... (MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: Ladies and gentlemen, Nature's best filter for a fine  
smoke is fine, mellow tobacco. Because of PELL MELL'S  
greater length, the smoke is drawn through a much  
greater distance of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,  
mellow tobaccos. You have only to smoke a PELL MELL  
to realize the outstanding advantages that result:  
greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness ...

NOVACHORD: (MUSIC - THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

HARRICE: "Distance lends enchantment" ... and the greater  
distance PELL MELL travels the smoke, lends real  
enchantment to the simple act of enjoying a cigarette.  
(MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC: - - - - INTRODUCTION AND UNDER

HARRICE: Now we return you to our narrator, Berry Kroeger, and tonight's BIG STORY.

NARRATOR: Now ... you're scared ... you weren't before when you talked to Dick -- but this last time there was something about his voice that made you realize you were dealing with a man who might commit a more violent crime than extortion. There's no telling what this bird might do. And you have a date with him. You -- Andy Viglietta -- have a date with a maniac! So you're hoping and praying that maybe the FBI closed in on Dick, on that telephone lead ... But when you get down to their offices -- Breslin tells you ...

BRESLIN: No luck on that, Viglietta. We got down to the phone booth on John Street pretty fast, but your friend slipped away.

ANDY: Oh. In other words ...

PRENTISS: In other words, Viglietta, you've got a date with Dick tomorrow night ... if you want to keep it.

(~~PAUSE~~)

ANDY: (SLOWLY) Look, Mr. Breslin ... Mr. Prentiss ... I'm going to admit something.

BRESLIN: Yes?

ANDY: I'm scared. I'm scared ... to death.

BRESLIN: (QUIETLY) No one can blame you for that, Viglietta.

PRENTISS: I'd be scared, too. We're dealing with an unpredictable madman here. So you'll have to be very careful. He might be a killer.

ANDY: Well ... even if he is ... he'd have better sense than to ... I mean ... I'm going to meet him right in the middle of Times Square.

BRESLIN: What about it?

ANDY: Well, there'll be thousands of people around. Wouldn't that make it pretty safe? I mean, he wouldn't try anything in a crowd, would he?

PRENTISS: I'm afraid you're wrong, Viglietta. It makes this man Dick twice as dangerous to meet him in a crowd.

ANDY: Why?

BRESLIN: Well, a smart killer likes crowds. He can shoot his victim close up, and melt away in the mob before anyone knows the difference.

ANDY: Oh. He can.

~~PRENTISS: We'd feel a lot better if Dick was meeting you on a dark street somewhere, instead of Times Square. It sort of puts us in a spot.~~

~~ANDY: It does?~~

~~PRENTISS: Well, any shooting we'd do would have to be pretty tricky. Too much risk of hitting bystanders. See what we mean?~~

~~ANDY: Yes, I see what you mean. And as far as I'm concerned ... well, I'm no hero. I've never faced any weapon more dangerous than a beat up typewriter. But ... Why couldn't one of your FBI men impersonate me?~~

PRENTISS: We'd give anything in the world to be able to do that, Viglietta -- but I'm afraid it might spoil everything.



ANDY: How? Dick doesn't know me.

PRENTISS: I'm not so sure about that. These crackpots are pretty cagey. He might have watched you come out of your office, when you didn't know it ... just to be sure.

ANDY: Oh.

~~BRESLIN: In other words, Viglietta ... it's your baby ... if you want to tackle it.~~

~~ANDY: I see.~~

~~PRENTISS: (QUICKLY) Understand, we're not pressing you ... on forcing you. You don't have to meet Dick. But ..~~

~~ANDY: But if I do ...~~

~~BRESLIN: If you do, we'll nail this maniac, and close the Logan case once and for all.~~

PRENTISS: (QUIETLY) Well, Viglietta? How about it? Will you take the chance?

ANDY: (AFTER PAUSE) Okay. Okay ... I'll keep the date.

BRESLIN: Swell.

PRENTISS: (QUIET) Good boy ... Andy.

ANDY: One thing, though.

BRESLIN: Yes?

ANDY: If I'm going to meet this nut close up ... face to face ... shouldn't I carry a gun?

BRESLIN: Ever fire a gun, Andy?

ANDY: No.

PRENTISS: Then just leave the guns to us. We'll be keeping that date ... with you!

MUSIC: STING AND HOLD UNDER

NARRATOR: The next day, you walk around in a kind of shakey daze. And that night, shortly before eight o'clock, you go down to the FBI. Breslin and Prentiss lead you to a big black car. It's a rolling arsenal ... armored with bullet proof glass ... and loaded down to the hubs with Tommy guns, machine guns, hand grenades, tear gas and what not. You sit between them, as the FBI chauffeur takes you uptown, feeling like a guy who's going on his last ride.

SOUND: - - - - MOTOR UNDER

ANDY: I ... I wonder if he'll really show up?

BRESLIN: We think so, Andy.

PRENTISS: He wants that story printed, and he'll take any risk to get it done. Now don't forget to buy a copy of the Long Island Daily Star so he can identify you.

ANDY: I won't ... but ... er ... just what do I do when I meet Dick?

BRESLIN: Try not to tip your hand, Andy. Act natural ... casual ... as though he were really your friend. Then take your hat off ...

PRENTISS: That'll be our signal. We'll know you've made contact then.

ANDY: And after that?

PRENTISS: After that, try to get him in the Times Annex Building for a moment. Tell him you want to buy some chewing gum, or something ....

ANDY: Anything else?

BRESLIN: No. We'll take care of the rest ...

SOUND: - - - - - MOTOR SLOWS TO STOP. CAR DOOR OPENS. PERHAPS LIGHT TRAFFIC B.G. COMING ON

BRESLIN: All right, Andy. You get off here ... at 34th Street ... and take a subway to Times Square.

ANDY: Okay. But ... where'll you be?

BRESLIN: Oh. We'll be around!

MUSIC: - - - - - STING AND HOLD UNDER

NARRATOR: You go down into the subway ... take the local ... one stop ... to Times Square. You're wet with perspiration ... shaking like a reed. You're scared ... scared. You go up the subway stairs and out into Times Square ...

SOUND: - - - - - LIGHT TRAFFIC SOUNDS IN

NARRATOR: You walk toward the newsstand. You look around, out of the corner of your eyes ... for Dick ... for the FBI men. You don't see anyone in particular ... just people ... And then ...

SOUND: - - - - - LIGHT TRAFFIC B.G. UNDER

WOMAN: Paper, Mister?

ANDY: Yeah ... yeah ...

WOMAN: What d' yuh read?

ANDY: Long Island Daily Star.

WOMAN: The Star? Yes sir. Here you are ...

ANDY: Thanks ...

WOMAN: (FADING OFF A LITTLE) Hey, Mister! Wait a minute!

ANDY: Yes? Wh ... what ...

WOMAN: You <sup>a million</sup> John W. Getrocks, or something?

ANDY: I ... no. But ...

WOMAN: You just gave me a dollar. Don't you want your change?

ANDY: Oh.

WOMAN: (FADE) Mister, you certainly must have something on your mind!

ANDY: (NERVOUS LAUGH. NERVOUS, TUNELESS WHISTLE)

MAN: Hey, Buddy.

ANDY: Y-yeah?

MAN: Got a match?

ANDY: (JITTERY). A match? Oh ... a match ... sure. No. No ... I got a lighter. Here ... I'll give you a light ...

SOUND: TRIES LIGHTER. AGAIN. AGAIN.

MAN: Something wrong, Buddy?

ANDY: Wrong?

MAN: That lighter's shaking in your hand. No wonder you can't make it work. Nervous about your date?

ANDY: Date?

MAN: Yeah. Did she stand you up or something? Oh. Thanks for the light.

ANDY: Oh. Wait a minute, Mister.

MAN: Yeah?

ANDY: Is your name ... would your name ... be Dick?

MAN: Dick? Are you kidding, Buddy? What are you trying to pull?

ANDY: Nothing.

MAN: Well, don't "Dick" me. My name's Rudolph!

MUSIC: STING AND OUT

~~SOUND: CONTINUE TRAFFIC B.G.~~

NARRATOR: He glares at you for a second, then turns his back and walks across the street ... into the Paramount Theatre. You open your paper again, and then, suddenly, you feel a hand on your back ...

DICK: Hello, Andy. (CRAZY GIGGLE)

ANDY: (AFTER PAUSE) Hello, Dick.

DICK: Look up there ... look up there, will you!

ANDY: Wh-where?

DICK: At the marquee ... ~~on the Paramount Theatre.~~ See it ... "Singing Along" ... with Lenore Logan! With Lenore Logan! There she is, Andy! My dream girl ... in big electric lights!

ANDY: Yes.

DICK: Look, Andy ... I've got Lenore's picture on me. I'll open my shirt. See? It's pinned on my underwear right next to my heart.

ANDY: Yes. Yes, I ... I see. But Dick ... let's go somewhere and talk.

DICK: Oh, yes. Talk. About the story ... my confession .. publicity for Lenore. We'll go somewhere where we can be alone. Eh, Andy?

ANDY: Yes. Sure, Dick. Only first I'd like to go in to that building there ... the Times Annex ... and buy some chewing gum. If you'll just come with me until ...

DICK: All right, Andy. I've got time ... plenty of time. I've got all night to talk about Lenore ...

ANDY: I'll try to write you a good story, Dick.

DICK: Yes. Yes. They're sending the wrong man to jail for those money notes. That janitor in Astoria is innocent. I wrote them, Andy ... I did it for Lenore. But they're trying to take the credit away from me...

ANDY: Oh. Here we are ...

SOUND: ~~TRAFFIC B.G. OUT.~~ <sup>DOOR CLOSSES</sup> ~~BUILDING LOBBY EFFECTS~~

DICK: (PAUSE) What are you waiting for, Andy? The candy counter's over there ...

ANDY: Oh. Yes ... Uh ... Well ...

DICK: Andy! You're not up to something, are you? Because if you are, I'll ...

ANDY: No! I'm crazy about Lenore, too. I don't carry her picture but ...

DICK: Wait!

ANDY: What's the matter?

DICK: Look! Those two men ... stepping out of the phone booths ... they're coming toward us.

ANDY: So I see.

BRESLIN: (COMING IN) All right, Dick.

DICK: What ...?

BRESLIN: Get the bracelets on him, Prentiss.

PRENTISS: Right.

DICK: Hey! Wait a minute! What's the idea of those handcuffs? Who do you think you ...?

BRESLIN: FBI. Nice work, Andy.

PRENTISS: Yes. Good going, kid. You kept your nerve.

ANDY: Oh, brother! When I saw you two step out of those phone booths ... well, am I glad to see you!

DICK: Andy ... then you led me into a trap. Now ... I'll go to jail for this!

ANDY: Yes, Dick. You'll go to jail. But you'll get your story, too. And it'll be a big story.

DICK: Yes. Yes ... that's right. I didn't think of that. That's ~~all~~ I wanted ... the story. I don't ~~really~~ care about ~~myself~~. You'll mention Lenore's name, Andy?

ANDY: I'll do better than that, Dick. I'll run a picture of her.

DICK: (DREAMILY) A picture. A picture of my dream girl. Now, ~~she'll know what I tried to do for her.~~ Now, she'll know how much I loved her. Won't she, Andy?  
(GIGGLE)

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT AND UNDER

NARRATOR: So ... you've got your Big Story at last. But you feel a kind of pity, rather than triumph. You feel that someone ought to do something for Dick, that he's sick, needs help. It's something that should have been fixed way back, way back when he was a kid, maybe. You don't know. All you know is ... you're glad it's over! You've ~~had enough excitement, Little Man!~~

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Andy Viglietta of the Long Island Star Journal revealing the curious coincidence in tonight's BIG STORY!

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

NOVACHORD: (MUSIC - THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

HARRICE: "Distance lends enchantment" - and the greater distance  
PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the enchantment of  
greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness to the simple  
act of enjoying a cigarette. (SLIGHT PAUSE)

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!" PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -  
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!



ORCHESTRA: TAG

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Andrew J. Viglietta of the Long Island ~~Daily~~ Star.

ANDY: Curious thing about case was that suspected extortioner and real extortioner lived in same apartment building. Writing on extortion notes resembled handwriting of both men. With real extortioner captured, and committed to an institution, innocent suspect was cleared of all blame. Greatest thrill concerning story was letter containing commendation from J. Edgar Hoover, Chief of FBI. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Viglietta. The makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to have named you the winner of the PELL MELL \$500 Award for notable service in the field of journalism.

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice reminding you to listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY -- A BIG STORY from the pages of the New York Daily News, by-line -- David Charnay. A BIG STORY about a man who --

SOUND: ALARM BELL. ESTABLISH AND QUICK FADE

HARRICE: *Amman* ... Escaped from prison -- but could never escape from himself.

MUSIC: THEME. HIT AND FADE TO B.G. ON CUE

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was directed by Robert Sloane and written by Max Erlich. Your narrator was Berry Kroeger, and John Sylvester played the part of Andrew J. Viglietta. All names  
(MORE)

CHAPPELL: in tonight's story except that of Andrew J. Viglietta  
(CONTD) were fictitious; but the dramatization was based on a  
true and authentic case.

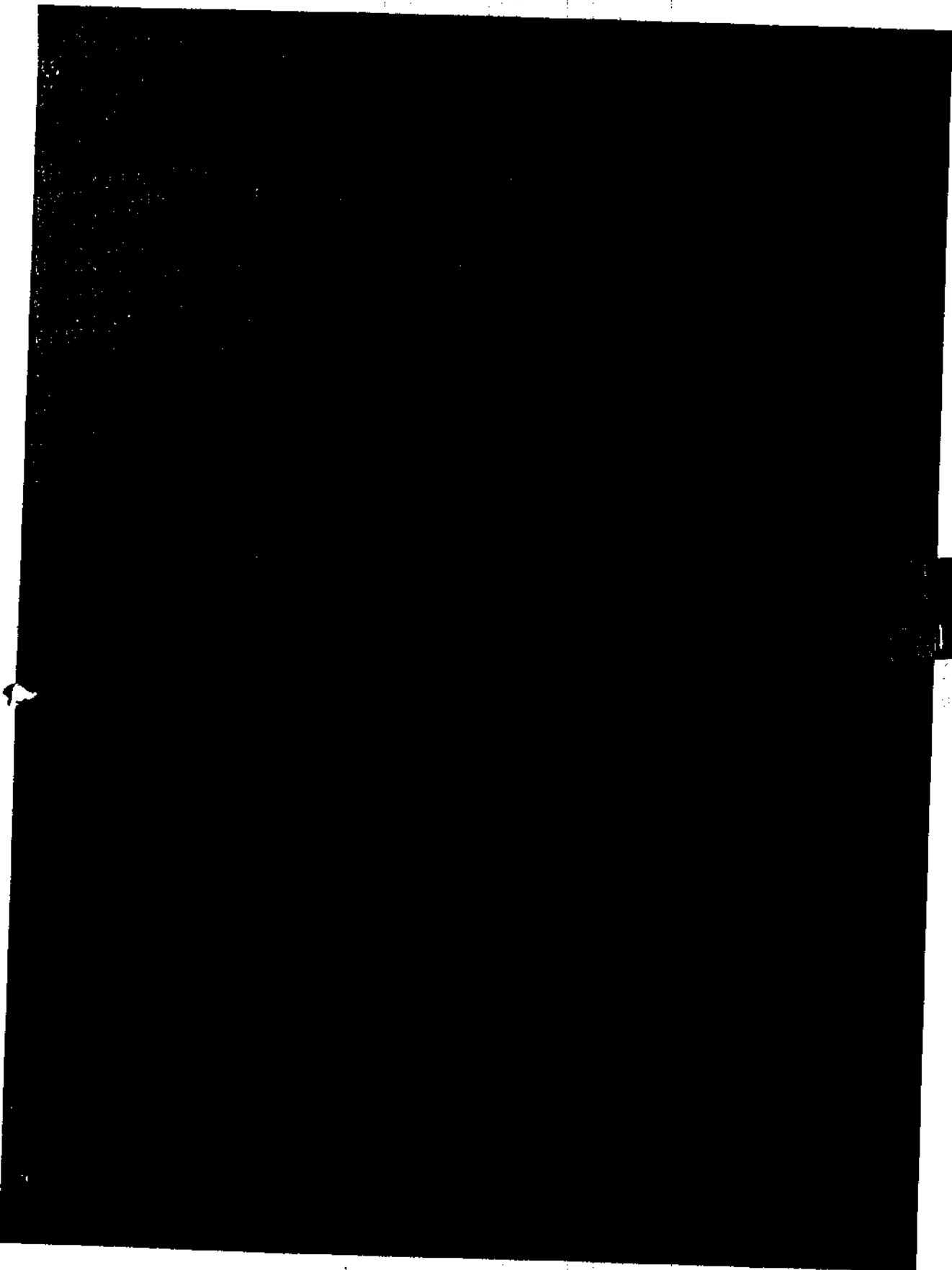
MUSIC: - - - - - THEME UP FULL AND FADE

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of  
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

HARRICE: Don't forget, friends, to listen to the new comedy  
hit - the Jack Paar Program - heard every Sunday night  
over most of these same stations in the Jack Benny  
time spot.

CHAPPELL: Friday is AIR FORCE DAY! ... Yes, this Friday -  
August 1st - your Army Air Force celebrates its  
fortieth birthday ... a day dedicated to you! Look  
to the skies for thrilling displays of air power all  
over the country ... see why air power is peace power!  
And remember: the AAF offers many well-paid career  
opportunities - investigate tomorrow!

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.



ATX01 0059001

THE BIG STORY

FINAL

PROGRAM #19

*As Broadcast*

"THE LITTLE MAN WHO CHANGED HIS NAME"

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1947

CAST

NARRATOR	BERRY KROEGER
PALEMO	ARNOLD MOSS
VOICE	" "
EDDIE	JIM BOLES
GOVERNOR	" "
JOE	JACKSON BECK
DOCTOR	<i>Frank Dehrens</i>
GUARD	<del>FRANK DEHRENS</del> <i>Jackson Beck</i>
D. A.	<i>Frank Dehrens</i>
CHARNAY	RICHARD WIDMARK
SHERIFF	" "
NELLIE	AMZIE STRICKLAND
WIFE	" "
WOMAN #1	<del>ADELAIDE KLEIN</del> <i>Barbara Weeks</i>
MOTHER	<i>Adelaide Klein</i>
WOMAN #2	<del>BARBARA WEEKS</del> <i>Adelaide Klein</i>
SECRETARY	<i>Barbara Weeks</i>

ATX01 0059002

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present -- THE BIG STORY!

SOUND: ----- DOOR OPENS .. FOOTSTEPS

PALERMO: Is this where I get job?

WOMAN #1: Yes. Sit down <sup>here</sup> ~~there~~. I'll fill out a form.

SOUND: ----- A CHAIR MOVES *Pages*

WOMAN #1: Now. What is your name?

PALERMO: (FILTER) Don't tell! Don't tell the real name!

WOMAN #1: I said -- what is your name?

PALERMO: Oh. Uh .. Patsy. Patsy Palermo.

WOMAN #1: This is just a formality, but have you ever been arrested or convicted?

PALERMO: (FILTER) Say no! Say no!

WOMAN #1: Mr. Palermo, I asked you if you've ever been ...

PALERMO: No ... never. Never!

MUSIC: ----- HIT DARKLY AND FADE FOR

CHAPPELL: The Big Story! Another in a thrilling series based on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight -- to David Charnay, of the New York Daily News, goes the PELL MELL Award for THE BIG STORY!

MUSIC: ----- FANFARE

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!" - the cigarette in the  
distinctive red package - PELL MELL.

HARRICE: Ladies and gentlemen, PELL MELL'S distinguished length  
is the outward sign of a basic superiority. Here's  
the reason ...

CHAPPELL: Nature's best filter for a fine smoke is ... fine,  
mellow tobacco! And PELL MELL'S greater length filters  
the smoke through the greater distance of PELL MELL'S  
traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos ... "Distance  
lends enchantment" ... and the greater distance  
PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the enchantment of  
greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness ...

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

HARRICE: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!"

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC: - - - - - INTRODUCTION AND FADE

CHAPPELL: Now -- the exciting and authentic story of -- "THE LITTLE MAN WHO CHANGED HIS NAME."

NARRATOR: Your name is David Charnay, and your job, on this, the 26th day of December, 1940, is to stick around the News office just in case a certain kind of story turns up. For this is a deadline day -- the last day on which aliens can register with the United States Government. ~~(What strange life-stories will turn-up, what hidden tragedies will be -- as the headline writers put it -- "bared," you do not know.)~~ Presently, the city room door opens ... and a copy girl points you out to somebody -- a little man -- scarcely five feet tall -- poorly clothed -- and obviously dazed and upset ... When he reaches your desk, you notice he is wearing a discharge button from the first World War ... He speaks ...

PALERMO: Mr. Charnay?

CHARNAY: Yes. What's on your mind?

PALERMO: I -- I got a story to tell you.

CHARNAY: Story? What kind of a story?

PALERMO: ~~(PLEADING) Please -- you help me, huh? I have no other place to go....~~

~~CHARNAY: Well ... er ... sit down ...~~

PALERMO: ~~Thank you, Mister Charnay -- my story -- I --~~  
(A SOB) The police are after me ... the police!  
You got to help me!

CHARNAY: Take it easy, Mister -- Mister --

PALERMO: (SOBBING) My name is Palermo -- only -- that's not my name ... Not my real name ...

CHARNAY: What?

PALERMO: Morelli is my real name - Pete Morelli ... I change him!

CHARNAY: Wait a minute now. Let me get this straight. ~~Your name is Pete Morelli, and you're in some kind of trouble with the police.~~

PALERMO: ~~Is true, is true!~~

CHARNAY: ~~Well~~ -- why are the police after you?

PALERMO: Because I am alien -- I got to register. And if I register -- police find out everything.

CHARNAY: Everything? I don't understand. You better begin at the beginning. Where does this all start, Mr. ... Morelli?

PALERMO: It begin in Colorado. Back in 1915. But I no do anything. I work in Colorado on railroad. (MUSIC BEGINS TO WIPE) We have foreman named Joe and Joe is funny guy. One day he is work hammer with Eddie and ~~and~~ (OUT) *while they work.*

MUSIC: UP AND ESTABLISH BRIDGE - THEN FADE INTO

SOUND: ALTERNATE CLANGING OF A HEAVY HAMMER ON A RAILSPIKE, WITH ASSORTED MACHINERY CHUGGING IN B.G. BUT THE TWO HAMMERS ARE CLOSE ON

EDDIE: Goin' into town tonight, Joe?

JOE: Yep.

EDDIE: You takin' anybody?

JOE: Nope.

EDDIE: Then d' ya mind if I take Nellie?



JOE: Yep. I mind.

EDDIE: But you just said you weren't takin' anybody.

JOE: That's what I said. ~~You take my gal to town tonight and this hammer comes down on your conk tomorrow, instead of the spike.~~

~~EDDIE: Don't get sore, don't get sore. But if you're not takin' her --~~

JOE: ~~I'm meetin' her. The idea is~~ her father is gunnin' for me. Says she's too young to go out with rough roadworkers, and he's gonna get the cops after me.

EDDIE: Well -- she is too young, ain't she?

JOE: Yeah! *But*

~~EDDIE: So?~~

JOE: So I found a fall guy. Nellie's pop don't know me from Adam, so I had to get somebody to take her to town where I could pick her up -- (GRIN) somebody who the cops could pick up, in case her pop was to do like he said he would.

EDDIE: Who fell for it? *What's the fall guy?*

JOE: The new <sup>man</sup> ~~guy~~. Pete Morelli.

EDDIE: Oh -- the little guy.

JOE: Yeah. He's anxious to make pals with somebody. So he agreed to pick Nellie up down the line and take her to town on the train.

EDDIE: But what if her father gets wise?

JOE: It's no skin off my teeth. (PAUSE) So he gets into trouble -- who cares what happens to a furriner. (HE SPITS) Come on -- hit that iron!

MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ BRIDGE

SOUND: \_\_\_\_\_ TRAIN PULLS INTO STATION

NELLIE: (YOUNGISH) Well .. here we are, Pete. Isn't this where we get off?

PALERMO: (YOUNGISH) Yes. I have nice trip with you, Nellie.

NELLIE: (SHY) I had a nice trip with you, too, Pete. I -- I kinda wish you'd take me to the dance, instead of --

PALERMO: Oh no. I make promise, I keep promise.

NELLIE: Just the same -- you're nice.

PALERMO: (AS TRAIN PULLS TO FULL STOP) Come. We get off train ... and wait for you friend, Joe, in station.

SOUND: \_\_\_\_\_ FOOTSTEPS DOWN IRON STEPS

PALERMO: This way, Nellie. Watch you step coming down the...

SHERIFF: (FADING IN) Wait a minute, Mister. I want to talk to your girl. You Nellie Kraus?

NELLIE: (SCARED) Yes, sir.

SHERIFF: Your father phoned I was to stop you and pick up any man with you.

PALERMO: Who you, Mister?

SHERIFF: The law. (PAUSE) Are-you-gonna-come-quiet,-little man?- Takin' an under-age girl away from her family is rough lines in the state of Colorado -- so -- come quiet.

MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ HIT POIGNANTLY AND UNDER

VOICE: This court finds Peter Morelli guilty as charged and sentences him to five years at the State Penitentiary.

MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ UP AND FINISH

(MUSIC: \_ \_ HIT AND GO INTO)

(HAMMER ON SPIKES -- VOICES UNDER)

GUARD: (PROJECT) Come on, you loafers! Get to work, or I'll have you put back in your cells! (THEY GRUMBLE) Come on! Lay into those hammers! Do you want to be jailbirds all your life?! (THEY SUBSIDE) How you doing, Pete?

PALERMO: Pretty good, guard. When I work outside ... under sky ... I feel good, yes. But when I go back in cage -- is no good. No. No good.

GUARD: Well -- you do good and maybe you'll get out in less than five years. From what I hear you got a bum rap.

PALERMO: Yeah --- bum rap...When I come to this country I thought I be good citizen one day.

GUARD: Don't let it get you down, Morelli. You'll be okay. Tell you what, little guy. The work's goin' good today. Next time you go for water -- take it easy...

PALERMO: What you say?

GUARD: Lie down by that rock and -- aw, be by yourself. Watch the sky. Forget you're a prisoner.

PALERMO: (LOW) You good man.

GUARD: Aw, forget it. Do like I say. Go lie down. When the whistle blows -- I'll call you.

MUSIC: HIT AND MERGE WITH

SOUND: WHISTLE BLOWS

GUARD: (CALLS) Okay, fellas! Get in the trucks --

SOUND: THEY ARE HEARD STARTING IN B.G.

GUARD: ... and don't forget your tools! (PAUSE) Morelli!  
Pete Morelli!

SOUND: A BIRD WHISTLES

GUARD: Boy -- that little fella can sleep through anything.  
(A REAL YELL) Hey, PETE! (PAUSE)

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS THROUGH BRUSH THEN TO STOP

GUARD: Here's his hammer. (PAUSE) Son of a gun! Johnson!  
Williams - get hold of the Warden right away.  
Morelli's gone and flown the coop!

BUSINESS: FIRING OF GUN AND MUCH BLOWING OF WHISTLES INTO

MUSIC: BRIDGE AND FADE UNDER

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR, VERY CAUTIOUS. IT IS OPENED

MOTHER: Chief

PALERMO: It's me, Mamma -- Pete. Shhhh --

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES QUIETLY

MOTHER: Pete! Pete! Bambino! What you do in New York?  
I thought you out West in ...

PALERMO: No -- I just got back ...

MOTHER: But why you look so bad, Pete? You sick!

PALERMO: No, Mamma. I'm all right. I been travel a lot ...  
All the way across the country in freight car. Just  
lemme get some sleep -- then -- Mamma -- when I wake  
up --

MOTHER: S1, s1 --

PALERMO: I'm not gonna be Pete Morelli. I gotta change my name. ~~(I'm-gonna-be-Patsy-Patsy-Palermo. Don't forget. I'm-not-your-son. I'm-just-a-boarder. Patsy Palermo.~~

~~MOTHER: Why, Pete, why you talk so crazy? You my bambino, Pete -- you not somebody else!~~

PALERMO: ~~Yes, I am, Mamma.~~ I can't tell you why -- but from now on -- I'm Patsy Palermo.

MUSIC: HIT POIGNANTLY AND UNDER

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

PALERMO: Is this where I get job?

WOMAN #1: Yes. Sit down there. I'll fill out a form.

SOUND: A CHAIR MOVES

WOMAN #1: Now -- what is your name?

~~PALERMO: (FILTER) Don't tell! Don't tell the real name!~~

WOMAN #1: I said -- what is your name?

PALERMO: Oh. Uh -- Patsy. Patsy Palermo.

~~WOMAN #1: This is just a formality, but have you ever been arrested or convicted?~~

~~PALERMO: (FILTER) Say no! Say no!~~

~~WOMAN #1: Mr. Palermo, I asked you --~~

~~PALERMO: I hear you. No -- never. Never!~~

MUSIC: HIT AND FADE BUT HOLD STING-LIKE UNDER

PALERMO: (WHISPER) Mamma -- I got a job. Good job! But remember -- I am Patsy Palermo -- not Pete!

MUSIC: STING BUT LESS DARK IN MOOD

PALERMO: (LESS TENSE) Mamma -- I'm doin' fine. In fact,  
I'm doin' so good -- I'm gonna get married. (PAUSE)  
Aw, Mamma -- don't look at me like that. It's got  
to be Mr. and Mrs. Patsy Palermo -- It's got to be.

MUSIC: ----- STING, BUT STILL LESS DARK

PALERMO: (SOFT) Baby --

WIFE: (WEAK) Patsy -- Patsy --

PALERMO: Shhh, <sup>Mamma</sup> ~~honey~~. Shhh.

WIFE: Did you see the baby?

PALERMO: Sure, <sup>Mamma</sup> ~~honey~~, sure. I seen him. Aw, he's wonderful.  
And <sup>Mamma</sup> ~~honey~~ --

WIFE: Yeah?

PALERMO: I -- I got news for you.

WIFE: What is it, Patsy?

PALERMO: Well, I think man with children, he needs better  
place for live, better job --

WIFE: Aw, Patsy --

PALERMO: So I get better job. When you come home <sup>from hospital</sup> -- is  
new home. Swell job -- superintendent, great big  
apartment house. A wonderful apartment for us --  
nice folks to work for -- I work hard!

WIFE: Aw, Patsy, that's wonderful. Superintendent --

(EAGER) With -- with your name on the door?

PALERMO: (QUIET) Yeah. With -- with the name on door.

MUSIC: ----- BRIDGE

PALERMO: That'sa my story, Mr. Charnay. I'm good man all time since I escape from prison -- Aska my wife -- ask the tenants of the building where I am superintendent ... They tell you I am good man ...

CHARNAY: Well, I don't doubt it, Mr. Palermo.

PALERMO: But I am in trouble again. I am crazy trying to figure out what to do. Your newspaper get me into trouble!

CHARNAY: My newspaper? How do you figure this newspaper got you into trouble?

PALERMO: Look what she says: -- Deadline for Alien Registration Nears. (PAUSE) All aliens must register -- be fingerprinted -- photographed. (PAUSE) Now -- now everybody's gonna know. Everybody!

MUSIC: ----- HIT AGONIZINGLY AND FADE FOR  
(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

*Harvick: For just a moment we will continue with transcript Big Story.*

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

NOVACHORD: (MUSIC - THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

HARRICE: (OVER MUSIC) "Distance lends enchantment" ... and, when you light a PELL MELL, distance lends enchantment to smoking, too. For the greater distance the smoke travels in PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES is so important to the complete and satisfying enjoyment of fine, mellow tobacco ... (MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: Ladies and gentlemen, Nature's best filter for a fine smoke is fine, mellow tobacco. Because of PELL MELL'S greater length, the smoke is drawn through a much greater distance of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos. You have only to smoke a PELL MELL to realize the outstanding advantages that result: greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness ...

NOVACHORD: (MUSIC - THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

HARRICE: "Distance lends enchantment" ... and the greater distance PELL MELL travels the smoke, lends real enchantment to the simple act of enjoying a cigarette. (MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!



MUSIC: ----- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER

HARRICE: Now we return you to our narrator, Berry Kroeger, and tonight's Big Story.

NARRATOR: You, Dave Charnay, are sitting at your reporter's desk -- listening to the end of a story told by a worried little man named Pete Morelli -- alias Patsy Palermo ... the little man who changed his name after escaping from the penitentiary -- is shaking now as he shows you the newspaper which carries the reminder for all aliens to register by December 26, 1940.

CHARNAY: I see what you're driving at, Mr. Palermo. This alien registration act is going to put you in a spot.

PALERMO: That's right. If I register -- everybody find out I am escaped. Colorado find out -- maybe I go back to jail.

CHARNAY: Tell me -- I noticed the discharge button ... you were in the first World War?

PALERMO: Sure. Got honorable discharge. I think army service makes me citizen. I find I wrong.

CHARNAY: Look -- Palermo -- or Morelli -- whatever your name is -- I believe your story. But there's one thing I want to know.

~~PALERMO: Anything -- I tell you anything.~~

CHARNAY: ~~That is the one thing I want to know~~ why you came to me -- of all people?

~~PALERMO: Why I come to you?~~

~~CHARNAY: Yeah.~~

PALERMO: Because I read your paper. <sup>Charnay</sup> I don't know anybody on any paper -- but I see your name on stories.

CHARNAY: Go on.

PALERMO: Stories about -- little guys. Like me. You no write about president ... about war ... night clubs. Little guys. I think -- if you write about little guys -- maybe you understand me. And help me.

CHARNAY: (QUIET) You mean -- all you know about me is my byline?

PALERMO: What is byline?

CHARNAY: (GENTLE) Never mind, little guy. I'll do what I can. I'm not promising the moon -- but I'll do whatever I can. First thing you're going to do is dictate your story to me -- then -- (PAUSE) Palermo -- are you going to trust me?

PALERMO: Anything you say. Anything.

~~CHARNAY: Okay. Do you know what you're going to do?~~

~~PALERMO: Anything -- anything --~~

CHARNAY: Good. I'm going to hold you to that promise. Because the first thing you're going to do when we leave here is -- register. Then, we go and tell your family the truth.

PALERMO: (QUIET) Mr. Charnay --

CHARNAY: What's the matter?

PALERMO: I think maybe I don't register --

CHARNAY: (MAD SUDDENLY) I thought you trusted me.

PALERMO: (QUIET) I do -- but I think maybe I tell family first -- then we go register.

MUSIC: HIT POIGNANTLY AND COME OUT WITH

PALERMO: ... so you see, Maria -- your husband is not Patsy Palermo. For truth, I am Pete Morelli. Bad man. Escaped convict. (PAUSE) What you think now?

WIFE: (~~VERY-VERY-QUIET~~) I think you are still my dear husband.

PALERMO: Man who run away from prison.

WIFE: But you said you did nothing to the girl. ~~Mr. Charnay said....~~

~~PALERMO: God's honest truth, Maria... I do nothing....~~

WIFE: <sup>✓</sup> I believe you.

CHARNAY: I do, too, Mrs. Palermo.

PALERMO: But tomorrow. Tomorrow, Maria -- will be story in papers. People point at you, say "Lookit. She marry runaway prisoner."

WIFE: You think I care what people say? ~~Oh no, Patsy. Patsy, you are my husband, my dear husband who cares about people? Only you, only you I care!~~

PALERMO: (LOW) Maybe they send me back to jail. What you think, Mr. Charnay?

CHARNAY: I don't know. Can't say. We'll have to find out.

PALERMO: Suppose they take me back to jail, Maria?

WIFE: I be right here when you come back!

PALERMO: (QUIET) All right, Mr. Charnay --

CHARNAY: Huh?

PALERMO: Now we go register. (PAUSE) Maybe I don't come back maybe I go to jail, give myself up. (SMILE, WARM) But for the first time in very long time -- I walk without look back over my shoulder. (~~WHISPER~~) Very first time!

MUSIC: - - - - HIT AND UNDER

WOMAN #2: Your name is --

PALERMO: Morelli. Pete Morelli.

CHARNAY: Alias --

WOMAN #2: I beg your pardon?

CHARNAY: That's right. Alias --

PALERMO: Patsy Palermo.

WOMAN #2: Born at --

PALERMO: Napoli.

CHARNAY: Naples, Italy.

WOMAN #2: Have you ever been arrested or convicted of a crime?

PALERMO: (AFTER A LONG PAUSE) Yes, Colorado. 1915.

WOMAN #2: The charge?

PALERMO: (WHISPER) Technical assault.

WOMAN #2: The sentence?

PALERMO: Five year.

WOMAN #2: Completed when and how -- that is, parole, or  
service of full term, time off for good behavior?

PALERMO: No. (LONG PAUSE) I <sup>was complete</sup> -- (PAUSE) (FLAT) I escaped  
from prison.

MUSIC: - - - - HIT AGONIZINGLY AND GO UNDER

PALERMO: Where we go now, Mr. Charney? Home?

CHARNAY: Remember you said you'd trust me -- do anything  
I said?

PALERMO: Anything.

CHARNAY: Well - the next step is -- the office of the  
District Attorney.

MUSIC: - - - - HIT AND RUN

D.A.: All right, Mr. Morelli -- sign your statement -- here.

PALERMO: Yes, sir.

SOUND: SCRATCH OF PEN WHICH SUDDENLY STOPS

CHARNAY: What's the matter?

PALERMO: (MOVED. IT HAS JUST HIT HIM) I -- I make mistake. I start to sign. Patsy Palermo. I'm sorry. I write it good now. (SCRATCH SCRATCH) Pete Morelli.

CHARNAY: All right, Pete. Wait over there a minute.

PALERMO: Sure.

CHARNAY: (WHISPER) What now, D.A.?

D.A.: (WHISPER) I'll let him go in your custody. Have him in court tomorrow morning for arraignment as a fugitive.

CHARNAY: (WHISPER) And then?

D.A.: (WHISPER) My office will have him placed in your custody again.

CHARNAY: (WHISPER) And then?

D.A.: (WHISPER) We'll have his photo and prints forwarded to Colorado. If they want him -- they'll ask for extradition. Will you produce him?

CHARNAY: I'll produce him.

D.A.: Good. Sometimes you reporters will do anything for a story, but --

CHARNAY: Who's after a story? (LONG PAUSE) Come on, Patsy. (PAUSE) Pete.

PALERMO: (A LITTLE OFF) Where I go now?

CHARNAY: Home. To wait.

PALERMO: Where you go?

CHARNAY: To my office. I'm going to wait, too, <sup>Patsy</sup> ~~Patsy~~ --  
for a very important call from Colorado!

MUSIC: ----- HIT AND MERGE WITH

SOUND: ----- PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP

CHARNAY: Dave Charnay speaking ... No Patsy ... that Colorado  
call hasn't come in yet ... No, Patsy -- not yet.

MUSIC: ----- RISE AND GO INTO

SOUND: ----- PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP

CHARNAY: Dave Charnay ... No, Mrs. Morelli. Not yet.

MUSIC: ----- HIT HARD AND INTO

SOUND: ----- PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP

CHARNAY: Dave Charnay ... Colorado calling? The Warden of ...  
Colorado State Prison? ... Yes, ma'am! Put him on!

MUSIC: ----- BRIDGE AND INTO SOUND

SOUND: ----- DOORBELL BUZZES. DOOR IS OPENED

CHARNAY: Mrs. Palermo -- I mean -- Mrs. Morelli ...

WIFE: Come in, Mister Charnay.

SOUND: ----- DOOR CLOSES

WIFE: (CALLS) <sup>Patsy</sup> Patsy! Mr. Charnay.

PALERMO: JUST THE SOUND OF HIS FOOTSTEPS

CHARNAY: <sup>Patsy</sup> Patsy, I just heard from Colorado.

BUSINESS: ----- SILENCE

CHARNAY: The Warden called me specially.

BUSINESS: ----- SILENCE

CHARNAY: I --

PALERMO: You don't have to tell me, Mister Charnay. I see  
answer in your face. (PAUSE) I got to go back?

CHARNAY: You got to go back.

BUSINESS: ----- LONG SILENCE, AT END OF WHICH WIFE BEGINS TO SOB

CHARNAY: Aw, <sup>Patsy</sup> Patsy -- don't just stare at me. Say something.

PALERMO: (VERY QUIET) I thought you would help me. (PAUSE)  
Was wrong.

CHARNAY: Look, <sup>Patsy</sup> Patsy -- I've done everything I can -- so  
has the paper. This doesn't mean you have to get  
on a train and go to jail tomorrow!

PALERMO: Means what, then?

CHARNAY: It just means they want you back. It means the  
State of New York has to decide whether to send you  
back, to extradite you. And you know what my  
paper's done? It's appealed to the Governor of  
Colorado to pardon you -- on the basis of your good  
behavior and your war record.

PALERMO: Pardon?

CHARNAY: Yes, pardon. The Governor can pardon you on the  
basis of your record -- if he wants to!

SOUND: <sup>Furniture</sup> ~~-----~~ DOOR OPENS

CHARNAY: <sup>Patsy</sup> Patsy -- where you going?

PALERMO: (A LITTLE OFF) Church. I go to pray!

MUSIC: ~~-----~~ HIT RELIGIOUSLY AND FADE UNDER

SOUND: ~~-----~~ SNAP SWITCH

GOVERNOR: Miss Strong ---

SECRETARY: (OFFICE INTERCOM FILTER) Yes, Governor?

GOVERNOR: Will you come into my office? Bring me the records  
on that fugitive-from-justice case -- and your pad.

SECRETARY: (INTERCOM FILTER) Yes, Governor.

SOUND: ~~-----~~ SNAP SWITCH

SOUND: ~~-----~~ DOOR OPENS

GOVERNOR: Will you take a letter, Miss Strong?

8-6-47

SECRETARY: Ready, sir. *Am...*

GOVERNOR: To -- Mr. David Charnay, New York Daily News.  
Dear Mr. Charnay. I have thoroughly studied the case of Pete Morelli, alias Patsy Palermo, and have taken into consideration the facts you set forth concerning his <sup>your</sup> record of good citizenship and war service. However ...

MUSIC: ----- HIT SUDDENLY AND WEAVE UNDER

CHARNAY: I can't understand why we haven't heard from the Governor, Patsy. He should have answered my letter by this time.

PALERMO: Maybe she is in the mail ...

CHARNAY: Maybe ... maybe he's been thinking it over ... the way I've been doing. You know, <sup>Patsy</sup> Patsy ... the important thing in your case isn't whether you were guilty or not.

~~PALERMO: I did nothing, Mr. Charnay, nothing.~~

CHARNAY: ~~Let me finish, Patsy. Whether or not you are -- or were -- guilty is unimportant. What counts is what you are now -- <sup>the kind of person you are</sup> do you understand me?~~

~~PALERMO: No.~~

~~CHARNAY: I mean -- what kind of a person you are now --~~

PALERMO: (LOW) I feel like I am really Patsy Palermo. I live good life, being Palermo. Pete Morelli -- he is like dead. And if I go back to be Pete Morelli -- I will die.



CHARNAY: ~~You see -- you do understand. That's what I mean. You are Patsy Palermo -- a good man, a respected man -- and if there were some way of making the Governor realize that. Some way I could get him to see you and understand you...~~

PALERMO: That is what I say to Governor in my letter.

CHARNAY: Well, letters can't do as much as -- (TAKE) What letter!

PALERMO: Letter I write to Governor of Colorado.

CHARNAY: When did you write to him?

PALERMO: When I come back from church that day. I pray -- something tell me to tell my story to Governor, my own way.

CHARNAY: (LOW) Your own way. Your own way. Maybe -- *Patsy - maybe*  
(PAUSE) *All we can do is wait* Patsy -- wait right here. I've got to get to a telephone.

~~MUSIC: HIT AND FADE AND MERGE WITH TELEPHONE RINGING AND PICKED UP~~

~~SECRETARY: Governor Carr's office.~~

~~CHARNAY: (FILTER) Hello! This is Dave Charnay in New York. Can you put me through to the Governor? I've got to speak to him right away!~~

~~SECRETARY: I'm sorry. The Governor has been out all day.~~

~~CHARNAY: (FILTER) Then you'll have to listen to me. Will you check your mail and see if there's a letter from Pete Morelli?~~

~~SECRETARY: The fugitive?~~

CHARNAY: (FILTER) Yes. Check. See if it's arrived. If it hasn't ...

SECRETARY: Just a moment. (PAUSE) Yes, Mr. Charnay -- it came in yesterday, but ...

CHARNAY: (FILTER) Look, if the Governor hasn't seen that letter -- you've got to get it to him. I don't care how you do it -- but see that he reads it before he makes his decision.

SECRETARY: Mr. Charnay ...

CHARNAY: (FILTER) Listen -- I know this fugitive, as you regard him. I know that in that letter - a good little man's heart and soul will shine through -- through painful words. It's his confession, if you want to call it that, and only the Governor can hear that confession -- and grant pardon. (PAUSE) Will you see that the Governor gets that letter before he makes up his mind?

SECRETARY: But Mr. Charnay -- I've been trying to tell you -- the Governor has already made up his mind. You'll have his letter by tomorrow morning.

MUSIC: HIT HARD AND FADE UNDER

SOUND: DISHES

WIFE: Mr. Charnay -- you want another cup of coffee?

CHARNAY: No thanks, Mrs. Palermo. I'm all right.

WIFE: How long can you stay up, no sleep? Even Patsy -- look. Fast asleep on the couch.

CHARNAY: Let him sleep. He needs it. If waiting for word from the Governor can get me like this -- I can imagine what he --

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ DOORBELL

WIFE: I go.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ FEW FADING FOOTSTEPS. DOOR OPEN, OFF

WIFE: (OFF - PROJECTING) Special delivery letter for you,  
Mr. Charnay.

CHARNAY: What?

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ DOOR CLOSES, OFF

WIFE: (FADING IN WITH FOOTSTEPS) Your office sent it here.

CHARNAY: Oh, thanks ... It's ... from Colorado ... The  
Governor's office.

WIFE: I -- I wake Patsy up --

CHARNAY: Wait. Not yet. I want to see what it says.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ LETTER RIPPED OPEN

CHARNAY: Dear Mr. Charnay. I have thoroughly studied the  
case of Pete Morelli, alias Patsy Palermo, and have  
taken into consideration the facts you have set  
forth concerning his <sup>record</sup> ~~of good citizenship~~ and  
war service. However -- (HE STOPS)

WIFE: (AGONIZED) What does he mean -- however --

CHARNAY: (QUIET) However -- the letter from Mr. Morelli --  
himself -- was even more instrumental in my decision  
than your own admirable efforts in his behalf.  
Accordingly, I am underscoring my belief in the  
simple honesty of this man, as illustrated by that  
letter -- by forwarding to him -- and to the  
District Attorney of the State of New York -- my  
absolute -- and unconditional -- pardon.

BUSINESS: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ SILENCE

CHARNAY: Well ... I guess there's no point in sticking around any longer ... I'm very happy it worked out this ...

WIFE: No -- wait -- I wake Patsy -- He -- (SHE BEGINS TO WEEP)

~~CHARNAY: Aw, Mrs. Palermo. Don't do that. Let him sleep..  
He~~

PALERMO: (QUIET) I no sleep. I wake up.

CHARNAY: You heard the letter?

PALERMO: I hear one word. Pardon. (LONG PAUSE) I don't know what to say, how to say -- but I know -- ~~I know~~

~~CHARNAY: (SMILE) Careful, Patsy. From now on -- I'm gonna quote you.~~

~~PALERMO: I do not know what you mean, "quote." All I know -- all I know -- when I am in trouble -- I come to you. I come to right guy.~~

CHARNAY: Aw, cut it out, will you? This was my Big Story!

MUSIC: HIT HARD AND GO AWAY FOR

NARRATOR: When you leave Patsy <sup>Palermo's</sup> Palermo's house, there is a wind blowing dust up from the streets of New York. At least -- there must be. Because you kind of got something in your eye -- you know?

MUSIC: HIT HARD AND GO AWAY FOR

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from David Charnay, of the New York Daily News, giving you further details on tonight's BIG STORY!

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

NOVACHORD: (MUSIC - THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

HARRICE: "Distance lends enchantment" - and the greater distance  
PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the enchantment of  
greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness ... to the  
simple act of enjoying a cigarette. (SLIGHT PAUSE)

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "utstanding!" PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -  
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of  
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

HARRICE: Don't forget, friends, to listen to the new comedy hit -  
The Jack Paar Program - heard every Sunday night over  
most of these same stations in the Jack Benny time spot.

ANCHOR: THIS IS NBC -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

*A Broadcast*

FINAL

THE BIG STORY

"THE CLUBBER AND THE LADY"

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1947

CAST

NARRATOR	BERRY KROEGER
EDITOR	ED BEGLEY
VOICE #1 <i>from Binkley</i>	ED BEGLEY
WHALEY	LARRY HAINES
WALKER	LARRY HAINES
MARGRETE DANAY	LOUISE FITCH
RICKEY	WALTER GREAZA
WOMAN	EMILY KIPP
RUTHIE	EMILY KIPP
NORTON	LARRY DOBKIN
PSYCHIATRIST	LARRY DOBKIN
MAN	GILBERT MACK
NEWSBOY	GILBERT MACK

ATX01 0059029

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present .. THE BIG STORY!

SOUND: STEPS ECHOING ON PAVEMENT. A WOMAN'S HIGH HEELS

WHALEY: (~~OFF-A-LITTLE~~) Hey, lady!

SOUND: STEPS STOP

WOMAN: What?

WHALEY: (FADING IN) Don't get frightened, lady. I just wanted to see if you were pretty -- like the others ...

WOMAN: Let me go! Let me go!

WHALEY: What's your hurry?

WOMAN: What ... what do you want? Who ... are you?

WHALEY: Don't you know?

WOMAN: You mean ... you're ...

WHALEY: (TRIUMPHANT) Yeah. You guessed it, lady ... The Clubber.

WOMAN: No! No. Don't!

SOUND: A PIERCING SCREAM

MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER FOR

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY ... another in a thrilling series based on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight, to Margrete Daney, formerly of the Toledo Blade goes the PELL MELL Award for ... THE BIG STORY!

MUSIC: FANFARE

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)



OPENING COMMERCIAL

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!" - the cigarette in the  
distinctive red package - PELL MELL.

HARRICE: Ladies and gentlemen, PELL MELL'S distinguished length  
is the outward sign of a basic superiority. Here's  
the reason ...

CHAPPELL: Nature's best filter for a fine smoke is ... fine,  
mellow tobacco! And PELL MELL'S greater length  
filters the smoke through the greater distance of  
PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos ...  
"Distance lends enchantment" ... and the greater  
distance PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the  
enchantment of greater smoothness, mellowness,  
mildness ...

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

HARRICE: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!"

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ INTRODUCTION AND UNDER FOR

CHAPPELL: Now, the exciting and authentic story of ... "The Clubber and the Lady."

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ UP, THEN DOWN AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You are Margrete Daney, married, and a woman reporter on the Toledo Blade. On this particular morning, you're down at the fire station, interviewing an old smoke-eater who's about to retire from active service. You ask him all the questions as to why firemen wear red suspenders, and ~~what was his most exciting fire,~~ ~~and what advice he'd give to young rookies just starting out.~~ And finally, after you get your interview, you put in a routine call to the office ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ FILTER RING ... FILTER CLICK

EDITOR: (FILTER) City desk.

MARGRETE: Hello, Chief. Maggie. I ...

EDITOR: (YELLS) Maggie! For the love of Pete, where are you!

MARGRETE: At the fire station ... I just had an interview with ...

EDITOR: Well, save it. Something big just popped. How soon can you get down to Police Headquarters?

MARGRETE: Right away! Why? What's up, Chief?

EDITOR: The Clubber killed another woman early this morning.

MARGRETE: The Clubber?

EDITOR: Yeah. Victim Number Three. Slugged a young school teacher this time. Dragged her behind Washington School, and murdered her.

MARGRETE: Any clues?

EDITOR: No. But the routine's the same. Hit, kill, and run ...

MARGRETE: And all three in the same neighborhood?

EDITOR: Same one all right -- only <sup>to...</sup> ~~this is~~ no time to chatter,  
Baby! Get down to headquarters!

MARGRETE: Okay, Chief. I'm on my way!

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: The Clubber. When you think of the name, it makes you  
shudder. ~~The~~ Clubber. He operates at night, on dark  
and deserted streets. His prey ... women. First, it  
was a middle-aged woman, found dying in an alley.  
Next, a young mother. And now ... the Clubber's  
<sup>Struck down</sup> ~~taken~~ a third victim. You take a taxi to police  
headquarters -- but there are no leads -- so you go back  
to the office ... and your city editor says ...

EDITOR: What's the story, Maggie?

MARGRETE: Nothing new ... it's like trying to put your finger on  
a shadow.

EDITOR: Well, there must be some way to nail this bird ...  
what are the police doing about it?

MARGRETE: Sending out more prowl cars ... doubling up on the night shift ... ~~why~~ ... they're even dressing cops up as women and sending them out as bait ...

EDITOR: For the clubber?

MARGRETE: That's the idea ... but so far, it hasn't worked. ~~The Clubber hasn't risen to the bait.~~

EDITOR: Of course not. ~~He~~ never will. *Big husky cop*

MARGRETE: ~~Why not?~~

EDITOR: ~~Because the Clubber isn't that crazy. Police headquarters sends out big husky cops in fancy hats and dresses. And the Clubber spots them in a minute. All he has to do is stay away from tall woman ... all tall women. Just to be sure. See what I mean?~~

MARGRETE: ~~Yes ... I see what you mean ...~~

EDITOR: ~~Now, if someone really looked like a woman ... someone who was short enough to ... (CUTS SUDDENLY, THEN) Look, Baby ...~~

MARGRETE: Huh?

EDITOR: (THOUGHTFULLY) How tall are you?

MARGRETE: Why?

EDITOR: Just curious.

MARGRETE: Five feet two ... in high heels.

EDITOR: (REFLECTIVELY) Um. Five feet two ... in high heels.

MARGRETE: *Wait* Wait a minute, Chief. Wa-ait a minute!

EDITOR: Yeah?

MARGRETE: I know what you're thinking.

EDITOR: You do?

MARGRETE: I do. And the answer is .. No.

EDITOR: No?

MARGRETE: (EMPHATIC) No, thank you! I am not going to set myself up as sucker bait for the Clubber!

EDITOR: (HEAVY SIGH) Well ... it was a good idea, but I don't blame you.

MARGRETE: Good Lord! I've got goose-flesh just thinking about it!

EDITOR: If you caught the Clubber, though, I could wangle a nice bonus from the Boss. And maybe there'd be a reward.

MARGRETE: I wouldn't get caught dead in that neighborhood alone.....Not for a million dollars.

EDITOR: Sure. I said I didn't blame you. But what a story it'd make. What a story!

MARGRETE: Look, Chief ...

EDITOR: A streamer headline ... Page One ... in big, bold-face type ...

MARGRETE: I ...

EDITOR: One of the biggest stories the Blade ever ran ...

MARGRETE: *You*, I know. But ...

EDITOR: Your Big Story, Maggie. And under your own by-line ... Margrete Daney!

MARGRETE: (DESPERATELY) Chief, for Heaven's sake, stop it!

EDITOR: I don't want to force you into it. I was only saying ...

MARGRETE: I know what you were saying. And only a fool would do it! (PAUSE) The only trouble is -- I'm just that kind of a fool!

MUSIC: ----- STING AND UNDER

NARRATOR: And so, the next night, you walk into the Clubber's territory. You're not quite alone though ... there's a Police car following you with lights out, a block away. And you're wearing a G.I. helmet covered with velvet and some flowers stuck in it, just in case the Clubber gets to you first, before the car. But you're scared ... you're plenty scared ... only you go on ... You walk along the dark streets, with the ~~big black trees~~ and for a while you hear nothing but the echo of your high heels. And then ...

SOUND: WOMAN IN HIGH HEELS WALKING ON PAVEMENT

MAN: (OFF) Hey, lady!

SOUND: WOMAN'S STEPS STOP ABRUPTLY ... MAN'S FOOTSTEPS COMING UP

MAN: Wait a minute, lady! I want to talk to you.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP

MARGRETE: What ... what is it? What do you want?

MAN: You shouldn't be walking these streets alone at night.

MARGRETE: Well, I ...

MAN: It's dangerous ... very dangerous. You're liable to run into ... the Clubber.

MARGRETE: ~~She~~ ... the Clubber?

MAN: You heard me. You ought to have your head examined for coming down here alone. For all you know ... I could be the Clubber ... and you could be my fourth victim.

MARGRETE: I ... I ...

MAN: ~~It gets darker and darker up this street, as you go.~~

I'd better walk you home.

MARGRETE: ~~No, thanks. I... I...~~

MAN: ~~I insist on it.~~

MARGRETE: ~~I... No. I can manage ... alone.~~

MAN: Look, lady. ~~Don't give me any argument. I'm going to see that you get home... safely ...~~

MARGRETE: ~~I... I... (SCREAMS SUDDENLY) Help! HELP!~~

SOUND: WOMAN'S FOOTSTEPS RUNNING

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: PHONE RING ... RECEIVER OFF HOOK

EDITOR: City desk.

MARGRETE: (FILTER) Chief, I ... (BREATHLESS) This is Maggie. .

EDITOR: Maggie! Where are you?

MARGRETE: I'm calling from an all-night drug store. Chief, a man stopped me ... up on Parkwood Street. I ran away from him. I don't know ... he scared me half to death ... and he might have been the Clubber!

EDITOR: Take it easy, Baby. Take it easy! He wasn't the Clubber!

MARGRETE: He ... he wasn't?

EDITOR: No. Our boys in the car heard you yell and drove up to give him the once-over. He was only a night-shift worker trying to be of help.

MARGRETE: Oh.

EDITOR: Go home and get some sleep, Baby. Maybe you'll have better luck ... tomorrow night!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: IN WITH WOMAN WALKING

RICKEY: (SUDDENLY) <sup>Up</sup> Going somewhere, lady?

SOUND: ~~-----~~ GASP, AND STEPS STOP ABRUPTLY

MARGRETE: Where ... where did you come from?

RICKEY: From behind that tree.

MARGRETE: ~~What~~ ... What do you want?

RICKEY: I want to talk to you.

MARGRETE: I'm sorry. But I don't want to talk to you! ...  
Take your hand off my arm. Let me go!

RICKEY: What are you doing in this neighborhood ... alone?  
(PAUSE, THEN ROUGHLY) ~~Come on! Spill it!~~ What  
~~are you doing here~~ ... this time of night?

MARGRETE: (BORDERING ON HYSTERIA) ~~Let me alone! Let me go!~~

RICKEY: ~~Maybe~~ you and I had better take a little walk.

MARGRETE: I won't go with you. Do you hear? I won't <sup>sf</sup>.

RICKEY: (ROUGHLY) You'll go with me and like it. This is  
a pinch, lady.

MARGRETE: A ... a pinch? ~~Wait a minute. You mean you~~ ...  
you're ...

RICKEY: ~~A cop?~~ Yeah. The name's Rickey ... Detective  
Lieutenant Rickey, <sup>Homicide</sup>.

MARGRETE: (RELIEF) Detective Rickey. Of course. You've just  
been transferred to Homicide! I thought you were ...  
(CUTS) ... Detective Rickey, I love you.

RICKEY: <sup>14</sup> Wait a minute. What kind of a gag is this?

MARGRETE: My name's Daney ... Margrete Daney. Toledo Blade.  
Here ... here's my press card to prove it. I ...  
I thought you were the Clubber.

RICKEY: ~~So you're a reporter!~~

MARGRETE: Yes.



RICKEY: Looks as though we both made a mistake. I thought you might have been the kidnapper.

MARGRETE: (SUDDENLY ALERT) Kidnapper? What kidnapper?

RICKEY: Maybe you don't know it ... but there's a seven-year-old girl missing from her home just a couple of blocks up the street ...

MARGRETE: Missing?

RICKEY: Yeah ... kid named Alice Norton ... was snatched from her bed an hour ago!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ DOOR CLOSES

MARGRETE: Chief -- I just heard about that Norton kidnapping ... I got here as fast as I could.

EDITOR: Well, I'm glad you did, because I want you to drop the Clubber case for a while, Maggie, and get on this abduction right away.

MARGRETE: That suits me. *finish*

EDITOR: Better go right up to the Norton house. Talk to the father of the kid. Find out what happened. We're hazy on details right here.

MARGRETE: Okay. ~~But one thing.~~ Chief.

EDITOR: ~~Yeah?~~

MARGRETE: *hell*, Give me a <sup>*chance*</sup> second to catch my breath, will you? I've still got the Clubber on the brain.

EDITOR: Well, shake him out and get to work. This case comes first.

MARGRETE: Okay, Chief, <sup>*okay*</sup> I'll see what I can get on this Norton story ... and call you right back!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE

MARGRETE: You have two daughters, Mr. Norton?

NORTON: (A BROKEN MAN) Yes, Mrs. Daney ... They both sleep in this room ... Ruthie over here ... and Alice ... (CHOKES UP) ... near the window ...

MARGRETE: Well ... when Alice was ... "taken away" ... was there a ladder found outside ... or ... any other evidence that the kidnapper ...

NORTON: No ... nothing ... The police think he came through a cellar window ... and made his way up the stairs ...

MARGRETE: Through-the-house?

NORTON: ~~Yes ... that's what they think ...~~ It must have happened that way ... All the other windows were locked ... and ... there's no other way of getting up here ...

MARGRETE: I see ... You heard nothing?

NORTON: No ... nothing ... I was asleep in my room ... till Ruthie woke me up with her screams ... ~~She kept saying ... "Alice is gone ... Somebody took her away ..."~~

MARGRETE: Did Ruthie see the kidnapper?

NORTON: Yes ... ~~Yes, she did~~ ... But she won't tell the police or anybody what he looked like.

MARGRETE: Why not?

NORTON: She's so frightened, Mrs. Daney ... the poor kid is afraid to talk ...

MARGRETE: But if she did talk -- she might give the police a better description of the man ... It might help them find him ...

NORTON: I know ... but she's <sup>only</sup> just a little girl ... she doesn't understand.

MARGRETE: Can't you make her, Mr. Norton? Can't you make her understand how terribly important it is?

NORTON: I've tried, Mrs. Daney ... Everybody's tried ... but I don't blame her for not wanting to talk ... I can't talk about it either ... (CHOKING) Ever-since I lost my wife ... I've tried to keep my eye on the children ...

MARGRETE: Mr. Norton ... would you mind if I talked to Ruthie?

NORTON: What good will it do?

MARGRETE: I don't know ... but it certainly is worth taking a chance ... Perhaps I can win her confidence ... Won't you let me try?

NORTON: If you want to ... Shall I call her in here ...

MARGRETE: Will you?

NORTON: Ruthie ... Ruthie ... Come <sup>in</sup> in here, darling ... I want you to meet a nice lady!

MUSIC: BRIDGE AND UNDER

NARRATOR: A timid little girl steps slowly into the room ... a rag doll in her hand ... and a frightened look in her eye ... She says nothing for a long, long while ... and in the silence -- your heart reaches out to her ... It is slow at first -- talking about everything under the sun -- except what you want to know ... You handle her carefully ... tenderly ... never hurrying ... never pushing ... until a faint smile steals over her face ... Then she talks ... in great rushes she tells you the kidnapper was a small dark man -- whose eyes she couldn't see -- but whose manner she'd never forget ... Painfully, you <sup>extract</sup> fit together the facts ... <sup>and</sup> hurry out of the house ... The place for facts is police headquarters -- so you go to Lieutenant Rickey ...

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

NOVACHORD: \_ \_ (MUSIC - THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

HARRICE: (OVER MUSIC) "Distance lends enchantment" ... and,  
when you light a PELL MELL, distance lends enchantment  
to smoking, too. For the greater distance the smoke  
travels in PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES is so important  
to the complete and satisfying enjoyment of fine,  
mellow tobacco ... (MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: Ladies and gentlemen, Nature's best filter for a fine  
smoke is fine, mellow tobacco. Because of PELL MELL'S  
greater length, the smoke is drawn through a much  
greater distance of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,  
mellow tobaccos. You have only to smoke a PELL MELL  
to realize the outstanding advantages that result:  
greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness ...

NOVACHORD: \_ \_ (MUSIC - THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

HARRICE: "Distance lends enchantment" ... and the greater  
distance PELL MELL travels the smoke, lends real  
enchantment to the simple act of enjoying a  
cigarette. (MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC: -- -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER

HARRICE: Now we return you to our narrator Berry Kroeger and tonight's BIG STORY.

NARRATOR: Up until now, this kidnap case has been a job for you -- a story -- that makes little black words on a typewriter -- and big bold headlines in the paper the next day...But after you've seen Ruthie and Mr. Norton -- it isn't a story any more ... it's too personal...it's a struggle...a grim, desperate struggle to find that little girl who was taken from her home.

SOUND: NEWSROOM EFFECTS. TYPEWRITER.

EDITOR: Maggie...Oh, Maggie -- hold it a second, will you?  
(TYPEWRITER STOPS)

MARGRETE: What's up, chief?

EDITOR: Maggie, we just got a call from the Eighth Ward that a small dark man was seen up around Collingwood Avenue again.

MARGRETE: What! Another one?

EDITOR: Yeah. I know that last tip you ran down was a phony. But maybe this one'll turn into something...

MARGRETE: (WEARILY) All right, Chief. I'll go. But you want to know something?

EDITOR: What?

MARGRETE: There are more small dark men in Toledo than there are hairs on my head!

MUSIC: -- -- UP AND UNDER --

(TELEPHONE RINGS. RECEIVER UP)

EDITOR: Yeah...City desk...

MARGRETE: (FILTER) Chief. This is Maggie. I'm calling from the Eighth Ward. This tip was even phonier than the others...

EDITOR: Forget it, Maggie. Come on back to the office. There's been a break! A big one.

MARGRETE: You mean...they've found the kidnapper?

EDITOR: No. But they found the little girl...on the porch of a relative's house.

MARGRETE: The porch...Chief, you mean she's safe?

EDITOR: No, Maggie. She's dead!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: ...Alice Norton is dead. And the killer...is still at large ...But, -- you have a job to do...a very unpleasant job that takes you to the city morgue -- where you meet Lt. *Rickey* and discuss the case.

MARGRETE: What do you think, Lieutenant ...?

RICKEY: I don't know...The medical examiner's turned in a complete report on the cause of death...but none of us can understand the reason for those little marks...

<sup>Up on...</sup>  
MARGRETE: On the child's hands?

RICKEY: Yes...You saw them...? They may not mean anything, of course  
...but with so little to go on...it might be an important  
clue...

MARGRETE: Marks...little...marks...They seemed to be the same in both  
places...the same pattern, I mean...

RICKEY: If you can call it a pattern...<sup>Recall</sup>They're so irregular...

MARGRETE: Lieutenant!...It's just a wild idea but...could those  
marks be tooth marks...

RICKEY: Teeth <sup>marks?</sup>

MARGRETE: ...If there was any kind of struggle...she could have hit  
her hand against the kidnapper's mouth and...it left  
those little bruises...

RICKEY: Well...it could be that...

MARGRETE: Remember...the marks were regularly spaced...~~and~~ the wide  
gap between them could easily have been a missing front  
tooth... The gap was the same in both places...

RICKEY: <sup>I recall</sup> I know...but...it didn't look like a bruise...not quite  
like a bruise...

MARGRETE: Well...Could it have been...a bite?

RICKEY: A bite? <sup>Yes,</sup> Of course! That's what it was! A bite! There  
was a struggle and...You better keep this quiet, Mrs.  
Dancy. Don't print a word about it in your paper...

MARGRETE: Wait a minute. Where are you going?

RICKEY: To a dentist, first -- and if your idea is right -- I'm going to send out an alarm for a killer with a missing front tooth!

MUSIC: BRIDGE AND UNDER

DENTIST: Yes, Lieutenant -- I believe they are tooth marks. <sup>hurry</sup> And if you'll give me a little time, I think I can reconstruct a cast of the killer's mouth from these surface impressions.

RICKEY: Well, do it, Doctor! <sup>hurry</sup> Do it right away! And the minute you have that cast -- get it over to my office!

MUSIC: UP AND FINISH

SOUND: LIGHT TRAFFIC B.G.

NEWSBOY: (HAWKING) Extra! Extra! Read all about it! Police comb city for kidnap killer! ~~Police find bloodstains in relative's car!~~ Read all about it! (CUTS AND CONVERSATIONALLY) H' ya, Mrs. Daney.

MARGRETE: Hi ya, Timmy. Give me a Blade!

NEWSBOY: Sure. Here you are. They've got your story right on the front page. You sure are giving that kidnapper guy plenty. Are you really hot on his trail like it says in the paper?

MARGRETE: Well, I can't print the details -- but we'll catch up with him one of these days.

NEWSBOY: Gee -- the whole town's talking about what you done. Ain't you scared?

MARGRETE: Scared? Of what?

NEWSBOY: Of the guy that snatched <sup>the</sup> ~~this~~ Norton kid. He reads the papers too, and he knows what you're saying about him ... and doing, too ...



EDITOR: Forget it, Maggie.

MARGRETE: I'm trying to, Chief... but after all I've said about him... this kidnapper might have taken a notion to start gunning for me.

EDITOR: Well... it's a sure bet he isn't now.

MARGRETE: What do you mean?

EDITOR: The cops just picked a man up -- a small, dark man with an upper front tooth missing ...

MARGRETE: They ... they did?

EDITOR: You bet they did. And get this, Maggie. The guy's name is <sup>Tom Whaley</sup> Art Whaley. He's a relative of the Nortons!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE AND UNDER

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ PHONE RING. PAUSE. PHONE RING AGAIN... RECEIVER OFF HOOK.

MARGRETE: (SLEEPY) Hello?

RICKEY: <sup>Hello</sup> This is Lieutenant Rickey, Mrs. Daney. Hate to wake you up so early in the morning, but I'd like to invite you to a little shindig.

MARGRETE: Shindig?

RICKEY: Yes. A little cross examination ... <sup>Tom Whaley</sup> Art Whaley -- the man we picked up -- is going to be grilled in a few minutes. How would you like to sit in on the session?

MARGRETE: (SUDDENLY ALERT) How would I like ...?

8-13-47

RICKEY: Well, we don't usually allow a reporter to sit in on a session like this -- but in view of all you've done on this case -- that tip on the tooth marks and everything ... well, we feel you deserve it.

MARGRETE: Say no more, Lieutenant! I'm coming right down!

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: So, you sit in on the session ... in a bare room -- with a couple of detectives ... and a man sitting in a chair ... A small, dark, sullen man with an upper front tooth missing. And the questions beating at him, like surf against rocks.

RICKEY: ~~Why didn't you tell us that before?~~

WHALEY: ~~I told you, I told you.~~

RICKEY: ~~Okay, Whaley.~~ Let's start all over again. According to Ruthie Norton the kidnapper was a small, dark man. Mrs. Daney here, found that out for us.

BUCKLEY:  
WHALEY: I don't care what she found. What right has a newspaper reporter got to mess in my business?

VOICE #1: So this is your business, Whaley?

BUCKLEY:  
WHALEY: No! It isn't! And it isn't hers, either! What's she doing here, anyway?

RICKEY: We invited her here, Whaley, but we're asking the questions. You said you went to a wedding on the night of the kidnapping?

BUCKLEY:  
WHALEY: That's what I said.

VOICE #1: Have anything to drink there?

BUCKLEY: Beer.

VOICE #1: Just beer?

BUCKLEY: Just beer.

RICKEY: But you drank enough to get loaded, eh, Buckley?

BUCKLEY: I told you I was cold sober.

VOICE #1: Sober enough to steal a car, hey?

BUCKLEY: Well, maybe I was a little high. Anyway, it was my father-in-law's car. Look, you guys -- this reporter here is giving you a bum steer.

VOICE #1: Then why were there bloodstains in the car?

BUCKLEY: I told you that once.

RICKEY: Tell us again.

BUCKLEY: I had a fight with a guy at the wedding. We settled it outside...near the car.

VOICE #1: And you got some blood on your suit.

BUCKLEY: No.

RICKEY: You didn't get any blood on your suit...

BUCKLEY: (RISING) You just heard me say so, didn't you?

RICKEY: Wait a minute...Look at this blood stained suit, Buckley. Recognize it?

BUCKLEY: No.

RICKEY: It isn't your suit?

BUCKLEY: No.

RICKEY: That's funny, Whaley. <sup>BUCKLEY</sup> It's just about your size. And we found it buried under the porch of your house.

(PAUSE) Now ... are you ready to talk?

WHALEY: There's nothing to talk about.

RICKEY: (AFTER A PAUSE) Okay, Whaley. <sup>BUCKLEY</sup> Let's start at the beginning. You said you went to a wedding. What time did you get home?

MUSIC: - - - UP AND UNDER

MARGHETE: You look on, hypnotized. ~~The detectives hardly raise their voices. But~~ the questions keep coming, they keep coming all the time, without pause, on a regular beat, like the throb-throb of a heart. Hour after hour, you look on, expecting ~~Art Whaley~~ <sup>Tom Buckley</sup> to crack. But he doesn't. He's hard, he's tough ... he's got an answer for everything ... And the evidence so far ... is circumstantial ...

RICKEY: <sup>how looks</sup> Is this the suit you wore at the wedding, Whaley? <sup>Buckley</sup>

WHALEY: Okay, okay. It's the suit I wore.

VOICE #1: You said before that it wasn't.

WHALEY: Okay, I said before it wasn't.

RICKEY: Why?

WHALEY: I don't know. ~~After a few hours of this, I'd say anything.~~ A guy as tired as I am would say anything. Why don't you guys leave me alone? Haven't you done enough to me already?

RICKEY: We haven't done anything yet.

WHALEY: Well, what's that dame doing here? What's she got to do with it? Ain't it bad enough to go through this without her hanging around?

VOICE #1 How did the blood get on this suit, Whaley?

WHALEY: I had a fight at the wedding. He hit me in the nose and I bled.

RICKEY: Then it's your blood?

WHALEY: Yes.

VOICE #1: You said before that you didn't get any blood on your suit.

WHALEY: Did I?

RICKEY: Yeah.

WHALEY: Then I must have been tired. Or maybe I didn't hear you right.

RICKEY: Why did you bury this suit under your house?

VOICE #1: Who were you hiding it from?

RICKEY: The police, Whaley?

VOICE #1: Why didn't you want us to find it, Whaley?

WHALEY: I wasn't hiding it from the police. When I dug that hole ...

RICKEY: Then you did dig that hole and bury it?

WHALEY: Yeah. Yeah, I did.

VOICE #1: If you weren't hiding it from the police, Whaley ... then who were you hiding it from?

WHALEY: I was hiding it from my wife.

RICKEY: Your wife ...

WHALEY: (RISING) Yes. My wife, my wife, my WIFE!

RICKEY: Why?

WHALEY: ~~I thought she'd be burned up if she knew I'd been drunk ... and fighting.~~

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

WHALEY: Yeah.

RICKEY: Okay. Let's go back to the beginning. Now on the night of the wedding ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ DOOR OPENS OFF

VOICE #1: Oh ... Here's that package you were expecting Rickey.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ FADING FOOTSTEPS

RICKEY: Okay, I'll take it. (FADE BACK) ... (TO WHALEY) Now then, Whaley, I've got something in this box I want you to see.

WHALEY: Yeah? What?

RICKEY: The clincher ...

WHALEY: You're bluffing!

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ PAPER UNWRAPPING

RICKEY: Am I? Take a look.

WHALEY: Why, it's ...

RICKEY: Yeah. It's a cast of some teeth Whaley. See? Your teeth. The upper front one is missing, just like yours.

WHALEY: You're lying. This is a put-up job!

RICKEY: Is it? Guess again, Whaley. This cast was made from some marks on that kid's hand. All we have to do now, is to take a cast of the teeth in your mouth and compare them ...

VOICE #1: And if they match ...

RICKEY: There isn't any if about it. They'll match all right -- and you'll go to the chair -- thanks to a very smart bit of police work by a woman reporter.

WHALEY: I'll get you for this, Mrs. Daney! I'll kill you for this!

RICKEY: (YELLS) Look out, Maggie!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ STAB UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: He makes a lunge at you, and you stand there paralyzed. His eyes are wild ... but before he can reach you, the detectives pin him down. You know now that it's over ... that's the clincher, the proof ... the cast the dentist made. And finally, ~~Art Whaley~~ confesses. But the end of your Big Story isn't quite yet. At the trial, Whaley's lawyer enters a plea of insanity ... and one of the psychiatrists who are brought in to testify in court -- makes this astounding statement:

PSYCHIATRIST: (SLIGHT ECHO) Your Honor, when I questioned the defendant last night, he showed me a fountain pen that belonged to a woman who was murdered some time ago ... and he admitted killing her. The defendant also admitted to me that on previous occasions -- he had attacked and beaten other women in the same neighborhood. / By his own admission, this kidnapper and killer has murdered before. And there is no question in my mind but what this man is the Clubber!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ UP BIG AND UNDER

NARRATOR: Yes ... he was the Clubber all right -- this same man ... And so, your Big Story, in a way, turns out to be two Big Stories, rolled into one. Now you know that the streets of Toledo are safe again. You go to the office and write your story. And then, you go home and sleep the clock around ... the first untroubled sleep you've had, in a long, long time!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ CURTAIN

HARRICE:-  
*clipped*  
In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from Margrete Daney - giving you the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

NOVACHORD:     (MUSIC - THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

HARRICE:        "Distance lends enchantment" - and the greater distance  
PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the enchantment of  
greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness ... to the  
simple act of enjoying a cigarette. (SLIGHT PAUSE)

VIBRAPHONE:   BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL:       Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!" PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -  
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE:        And - they are mild!



ORCHESTRA: \_ \_ \_ TAG

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Margrete Daney formerly of the Toledo Blade.

MARGRETE: Strange part of case was that none of us associated the child's murderer with the clubber. His confession came as great shock. Killer died in electric chair seven months after his last brutal crime. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mrs. Daney. The makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to have named you the winner of the PELL MELL \$500 Award for notable service in the field of journalism.

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice reminding you to listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY -- A BIG STORY from pages of the Waterbury Republican-American - Publisher - William J. Pape. A BIG STORY about a crusading newspaper publisher whose fight against corruption led him to a mysterious door ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ (KNOCK)

HARRICE: Did it mean Victory ... or a rendezvous with death?

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ THEME HIT AND FADE TO B.G. ON CUE

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was directed by Robert Sloane and written by Allan E. Sloane and Max Ehrlich. Your narrator was Berry Kroeger, and Louise Fitch played the part of Margrete Daney. All names in tonight's story except that of Mrs. Daney  
(MORE)

CHAPPELL: . were fictitious; but the dramatization was based on a  
(CONTD) true and authentic case.

MUSIC: . . . . . THEME UP FULL AND FADE

CHAPPELL: . This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of  
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

HARRICE: Don't forget, friends, to listen to the new comedy hit -  
The Jack Paar Program - heard every Sunday night over  
most of these same stations in the Jack Benny time spot.

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

THE BIG STORY

*A Broadcast*

PROGRAM #21

FINAL

"THE CLEAN SWEEP"

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1947

CAST

NARRATOR	BERRY KROEGER
SERGEANT	JIM BOLES
MAID	ELEANOR AUDLEY
MAYOR	WARD WILSON
COMPROLLER	ED BEGLEY
BARTENDER	GEORGE PETRIE
COP	JOHN SYLVESTER
VOICE	JIM BOLES
MAN	JOHN SYLVESTER
TONY	BERRY KROEGER
NUMBERS MAN	JAMES McCALLION
JIMMY	RONNY LISS
WOMAN	ELEANOR AUDLEY
PAPE	ARNOLD MOSS
RALPH	GEORGE PETRIE
MAN #2	WARD WILSON
JUDGE	ED BEGLEY
ALDERMAN	ARNOLD MOSS
MAN #3	RONNY LISS
SHAW	JAMES McCALLION

RIX01 0059057

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - present -- THE BIG  
STORY!

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ DOORBELL CHIMES. DOOR OPENS

SERGEANT: I'd like to speak to Mayor Henry R. Frayser, please.

MAID: I'll see if he's in.

MAYOR: (OFF. HEARTY) Of course I'm in. (FADING IN) I'm  
always in to one of the boys. How are you, Sergeant?

SERGEANT: Mayor Henry R. Frayser?

MAYOR: (LAUGHS) What's the joke, Sergeant? You know me as  
well as you know your own name.

SERGEANT: Mayor Henry R. Frayser?

MAYOR: What do you want?

SERGEANT: Are you Mayor Henry R. Frayser?

MAYOR: Yes, yes.

SERGEANT: Mayor -- I have a warrant for your arrest.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT AND GO UNDER

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Another in a thrilling series based on  
true experiences of newspapermen. Tonight, to William  
J. Pape of the Waterbury, Connecticut, Republican-  
American, goes the PELL MELL AWARD for THE BIG STORY!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ FANFARE

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!" - the cigarette in the  
distinctive red package - PELL MELL.

HARRICE: Ladies and gentlemen, PELL MELL'S distinguished length  
is the outward sign of a basic superiority. Here's  
the reason ...

CHAPPELL: Nature's best filter for a fine smoke is ... fine,  
mellow tobacco! And PELL MELL'S greater length filters  
the smoke through the greater distance of PELL MELL'S  
traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos ... "Distance  
lends enchantment" ... and the greater distance  
PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the enchantment  
of greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness ...

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

HARRICE: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!"

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER

CHAPPELL: Now, the exciting and authentic story of -- The Clean Sweep!

MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR

NARRATOR: *John Henry*  
From ~~where~~ you -- William J. Pape, publisher of the Republican-American -- stand, ~~feet~~ <sup>and</sup> straddle at the window of your office, ~~you can~~ see the window of the Mayor's office over in the million dollar city hall. Mayor Henry R. Frayser. He's just the front for the corrupt political regime that is now fighting to stay in office. Behind him stands Jay Howard -- the City Comptroller - and you can imagine what's going on in the Mayor's office right now ...

SOUND: LIQUOR BEING POURED INTO GLASS. THEN --

MAYOR: Say when, Jay.

SOUND: POURING CONTINUES

COMPTROLLER: (A SOFT SPOKEN CHARACTER) That'll do. Well, Hank -- happy days.

MAYOR: Happy days, Jay.

~~SOUND: THE GLASSES CLINK, THERE IS THE SIMULTANEOUS SOUND OF~~  
~~CRASHING SURFING DRINKS AND THEN~~

COMPTROLLER: And prosperous, ~~Mayor~~ -- and prosperous.

~~BUSINESS: BOTH MEN LAUGH~~

COMPTROLLER: I told you the first day you walked in here <sup>to</sup> and put your feet on the desk - I told you it was a lifetime job, Hank.

MAYOR: That you did, Jay -- that you did.

COMPTROLLER: And it'll stay permanent if you play it smart.

COMPROLLER: to stay wide open -- we'll still revise a contract  
(CONTD) here, a contract there -- pay off the faithful in the  
campaign -- and then ...

MAYOR: Then what?

COMPROLLER: Then we sit back and watch editor Bill Pape sizzle.  
We've got the city in the palm of our hand, Hank --  
and we're going to squeeze!

MUSIC: STING AND INTO

SOUND: CASH REGISTER AND COINS ON BAR

BARTENDER: There you are, copper. Forty out of a dollar.

COP: ~~Right~~ Right. (PAUSE) Hey -- when did you put that  
slot machine in?

BARTENDER: Oh, the boss thought it would liven things up around  
the bar.

COP: <sup>Oh</sup> Yeah? Well, here goes nothing.

SOUND: NICKLE IN SLOT AND ONE ARMED BANDIT IN OPERATION PO  
STOP

COP: (AGAINST) My brother-in-law once hit a jack pot over  
in Smitty's place and ... Wait a minute. <sup>(Lemon)</sup> One lemon.  
<sup>(Lemon)</sup> Two lemons. And a <sup>(Cherry)</sup> cherry. That's another nickle.  
for the one armed bandit. (PAUSE) Say -- gimme  
another dollar's worth of change.

MUSIC: STING AND GO OUT UNDER FOLLOWING

VOICE: (FILTER) ... paid twelve fifty to win, five eighty to place, three eighty to show. Tick Tock, second,

MAN: Tony, how's about a quick haircut, once over lightly, and a --

paid seven fifty to place, four sixty to show.

TONY: In a minute ...

MAN: Tony -- I don't want it in a minute -- I want it now!

Dusty Road, third, paid five forty. In\*just\*a moment\*we\*will\*bring\*you the\*results\*of\*the\*third\*at\*Narragansett\*...

VOICE: (FILTER) In the third at Narragansett, it was Lady Slipper, paying fifteen to win, five ten to place,

TONY: ~~Later, later!~~

and three fifty to show.

MAN: What is this -- a barber shop or a horse race parlor? (PAUSE) I said - what is this - a barber shop or a horse parlor?

Marry Me, second, two ninety to place, two fifty to show. Uncle Jack, third, three ninety to show. Stand by for the results of the fourth at Havre de Grace.

TONY: What's a matta -- don't you wanna place a bet?

MUSIC: STING AND OUT

NUMBERS MAN: (SNIDE) It's easy, kid. Today you give me a penny, a nickel. You tell me what you think the number's gonna be tomorrow - and if it comes out your number -- I pay off.



JIMMY: How much?

NUMBERS MAN: Four hundred to one. For a nickel, you get twenty bucks. Okay?

JIMMY: OKAY. A nickel on -- ~~oh~~ 371.

NUMBERS MAN: Three seventy one for a jit. (CONFIDENTIAL) And uh -- you might tell your pals the numbers man is right down the street from the high school, hey?

MUSIC: HIT AND OUT

WOMAN: Mr. Pape ...

PAPE: Yes?

WOMAN: My name is Mrs. Jason. I know you're terribly busy running your paper, but -- ~~well~~, I can't seem to get help from anyone else.

PAPE: What's on your mind, Mrs. Jason?

WOMAN: It's about this gambling -- ~~at school~~, I mean. *the children*

PAPE: What about it?

WOMAN: Jimmy -- <sup>you</sup> tell Mr. Pape what you told me. This is my son, Mr. Pape.

PAPE: Hello, Jimmy. Tell me about the gambling.

JIMMY: Well, things are pretty wide open down ~~at~~ the high school, Mr. Pape. I was telling mother -- the numbers man takes your pennies at the gate -- the slot machine in the candy store takes your nickles during the lunch period.

PAPE: Thank you, Jimmy. And thank you, Mrs. Jason, Thank you both for telling me about this.

WOMAN: <sup>A</sup> *Well* Can you do anything about it, Mr. Pape? Can you put a stop to it?

PAPE: I don't know. There are a lot of things happening in this town that I'd like to put a stop to, but -- I don't know. The only weapon I have to work with is the paper, but I'm certainly going to use that for all it's worth.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ STING

MAYOR: I told you to keep the gambling away from the schools. *Listen*  
Jay -- I begged you! Look -- stories in the papers!  
I told you to take it easy!

COMPTROLLER: Calm yourself, Mayor, calm yourself. It won't happen again. Everything's under control.

MAYOR: I'm telling you Pape's after us for sure!

COMPTROLLER: I tell you it won't happen again! That time -- he caught us by surprise. No more. Never again.

MAYOR: What're you going to do -- read his mind?

COMPTROLLER: You said a fistful, ~~Mayor~~. Listen. *Mayor: That's Pape's  
Comptroller: Listen*

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ CLICK OF SWITCH

PAPE: (FILTER) ... out on the turnpike. It's a pretty nice looking roadhouse, but the back room is the worst gambling dive in the state. I want you to take a look at it and write me a column on what you see.

RALPH: (FILTER) Okay, boss. Shall I use the concealed camera again?

PAPE: (FILTER) If you can, Ralph. Don't stick your neck out just for a picture, though. Just be sure of your

~~COMPTROLLER: That's friend Pape.~~

~~He's talking to one of his reporters.~~

MAYOR: How in --

COMPTROLLER: Easy. I had the boys wire his office last night. The microphone's in the fireplace behind his desk. From now on --

we'll know everything he's going to do before he does it.

faces. And another thing. I have an idea there's something phoney about the registration lists. <sup>you</sup> Go over to City Hall and demand the figures. I'll hire a crew of college kids ~~to go over them with a fine-tooth comb.~~ I think they're ~~concealing~~ the ~~cometeries~~ ~~out of the fifth ward,~~ and

SOUND: - - - - IT IS CLICKED OFF SHARPLY

COMPTROLLER: So all we have to do is pick up the phone and tell the boys to clean up the roadhouse. When his reporter gets there -- nothing. As for the registration lists -- that's where you come in.

MAYOR: Me! I can't refuse registration records to the press!

COMPTROLLER: No. But the lists can be gone when they come looking for them. There's a furnace in City Hall, isn't there?

MAYOR: But that's <sup>too dangerous. Pape will have me</sup>

COMPTROLLER: ~~Don't worry.~~ <sup>stop worrying</sup> I'll give the orders.

MAYOR: (CRUSHED) All right, Jay. All right.

COMPTROLLER: As for Pape -- I think maybe I'll put somebody on the payroll to keep an eye on him. Yeah. I think that might be a very smart idea. A very smart idea.

MUSIC: HIT AND FADE FOR

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGING. PICKED UP

PAPE: Hello.

MAN: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Mister Pape?

PAPE: Yes. <sup>Telephone</sup> Pape speaking.

MAN: I been reading what you write in the paper.

PAPE: Go on.

MAN: I gotta talk to you.

PAPE: All right. Go ahead.

MAN: No. Not on the phone. You gotta come see me.

PAPE: Why?

MAN: You gotta.

PAPE: If you've got something to tell me, why don't you come over here? I've got an office. I'll see you any time. <sup>you want to</sup>

MAN: No. I can't. If you wanna hear what I've got to say, you'll have to come to me. Just one thing --

PAPE: Yes --

MAN: The trip'll be worth your while, Mister Pape. (~~PAPE~~)  
It's a story. A big one. The one you've been looking for. Whaddya say?

PAPE: (AFTER A BEAT) When and where?

MAN: Tonight. You know the old warehouse behind the city yards?

PAPE: Yes.

MAN: There. Okay?

PAPE: (PAUSE) Okay. I'll meet you at nine o'clock.

MAN: All right Mister Pape. I'll be waiting.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ PHONE HUNG UP

PAPE: Did you hear that, Ralph?

RALPH: Only your end of it. Who are you meeting?

PAPE: That's just it. I don't know.

RALPH: What do you mean?

PAPE: Some guy who's got something to say and who's allergic to phones and offices. He wants me to meet him outside the city warehouse tonight.

RALPH: That doesn't sound good.

PAPE: It isn't good. But it may be a story.

RALPH: Are you going?

PAPE: I guess so.

RALPH: It's not smart.

PAPE: Maybe not...

RALPH: You might come home in one piece ...

PAPE: And I might not come home. I know. But ~~maybe it's~~  
~~just a drunk...~~

~~RALPH: You mean for Howard's sake...~~

~~PAPE: I don't know.~~ I said I'd go -- and I'm going. I know Howard's after me, but I'm not just locking myself in my office. If he wants me he can get me anywhere -- through a window ... in a car ... on the street ... or in a warehouse at night.

RALPH: But why take unnecessary risks?

PAPE: It's not so much of a risk. I'll play safe. I'll let the police know where I'm going and ... (HOLD)

RALPH: (QUIETLY) You'll what, Bill?

PAPE: (HEAVILY) Yeah. That's right. I forgot. That's not such a good idea. You get so in the habit of thinking you can call on the cops when the going gets tough that you kind of forget ...

RALPH: I know.

PAPE: (LOW) Ralph ... I'm scared. Good and scared. Not just for myself, but because of what's happened here. This is a great city we live in. A so-called democratic, free, American city run by a bunch of political crooks that have the town so tied up in rotten snarls that a man can't even call on the police for protection. ~~And why not?~~ Because the police department's sewed up by the same chiselling bunch that's bleeding the rest of the town white. There's no law any more -- there's no safety -- not for me, ~~not~~ for you ~~or~~ for our kids, or for any guy that's out to do the decent thing. <sup>And I'm</sup> ~~And~~ I'm scared.

RALPH: <sup>Now</sup> are you going to meet that guy at the warehouse tonight?

PAPE: (PAUSE) (LOW AND MAD) <sup>You bet</sup> ~~Yeah~~. I'm going.

MUSIC: - - - - - HIT FOR CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's BIG STORY.

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

NOVACHORD: (MUSIC - THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

HARRICE: (OVER MUSIC) "Distance lends enchantment" ... and,  
when you light a PELL MELL, distance lends enchantment  
to smoking, too. For the greater distance the smoke  
travels in PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES is so important  
to the complete and satisfying enjoyment of fine,  
mellow tobacco ... (MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: Ladies and gentlemen, Nature's best filter for a fine  
smoke is fine, mellow tobacco. Because of PELL MELL'S  
greater length, the smoke is drawn through a much  
greater distance of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,  
mellow tobaccos. You have only to smoke a PELL MELL  
to realize the outstanding advantages that result:  
greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness ...

NOVACHORD: (MUSIC - THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

HARRICE: "Distance lends enchantment" ... and the greater  
distance PELL MELL travels the smoke, lends real  
enchantment to the simple act of enjoying a  
cigarette. (MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC: - - - - INTRODUCTION AND UNDER

HARRICE: Now we return you to our narrator, Berry Kroeger,  
and tonight's BIG STORY!

NARRATOR: You, William J. Pape, publisher of the Waterbury  
Republican-American, are neck-deep in a campaign  
to clean up your town and clean out its political  
corrupters -- and right now, you're sticking that  
neck out.

SOUND: - - - - SNEAK FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL

NARRATOR: You've agreed to meet an unknown man attached to  
an unknown telephone voice -- and you're walking  
toward that rendezvous now. It's a pretty black  
night, and a pretty lonely place ... pretty lonely ...

SOUND: - - - - STEPS ON GRAVEL IN CLEAR

MAN: (LOW) Pape --

PAPE: (GASP) Who're you?

MAN #2: Are you William Pape?

PAPE: Yes.

MAN: In here.

SOUND: - - - - DOOR OPENS

PAPE: All right.

SOUND: - - - - DOOR CLOSES

MAN #2: Is it him?

MAN: Light a match.

SOUND: - - - - SOMEBODY DOES

MAN: <sup>Yeah</sup> It's Pape all right. Okay. Switch on the lights.

SOUND: - - - - SOMEBODY DOES

PAPE: I wasn't expecting two of you.



MAN #2: We weren't sure you'd come alone.

PAPE: Which one of you talked to me on the phone?

MAN: Does that make any difference?

PAPE: No ... I guess not ... but I'd like to know what I've walked into here. (THERE IS SILENCE) Well -- isn't anybody going to say anything?

MAN: All right. I'll start, Mr. Pape -- ~~you're not~~ kidding about exposing the chiselers down at City Hall. It's ~~not a phoney -- just paper talk?~~ ~~What do you think?~~

PAPE: ~~On my honor -- it's not a phoney -- would I walk into a setup like this if I weren't dead serious?~~

MAN #2: I guess you ~~wouldn't~~. If you'd sent a reporter, maybe we wouldn't talk. But if you're really out to clean up City Hall -- we can give you a lead.

PAPE: I could use one. First, though, who are you?

MAN: Oh no. Oh no. No names.

PAPE: All right -- ~~what do you do?~~ ~~what is your story?~~

MAN #2: Mr. Pape -- we're just little guys behind desks at City Hall. I've got a wife and three kids -- he's got a wife and two kids. Just plain ordinary guys who like to come home and put food on the table and live -- right. You might want to know what all that's got to do with sneaking out at night to tell stories to a newspaper publisher. Well -- this is why we're sticking our necks out. We're auditors. We just went over the books for the city appropriation department. (PAUSE) Mr. Pape -- they don't balance -- and they never will.

PAPE:

*I have*  
I've suspected that for a long time. This is the first straight tip-off I've had from <sup>you</sup> inside. But why have ~~you~~ <sup>you</sup> ~~come~~ <sup>come</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~me~~?

MAN:

Because some day those books are going to come out in the open -- and when they do -- who's going to take the rap for the phoney figures? Not the men who run the departments -- not even the men who run the men who run the departments -- but us! Mr. Pape -- we've talked long enough. If you're any kind of a newspaper man -- that ought to be enough to go on. And just in case you don't believe us -- we'll give you a figure. Between us, going over all the books, we've discovered exactly how much the city's been chiseled out of in the budget department alone and it's big enough to blow the roof right off city hall. *The budget*  
In ~~our~~ department alone -- the city's been robbed of -- four hundred and eighty-five thousand one hundred and forty five dollars ...

MAN #2:

~~And twenty-one cents.~~ (HARD) And it didn't go for postage stamps. Mr. Pape -- the rest is up to you. Things are as bad in the other departments -- and all you have to do is look. Maybe we were followed here, and maybe we'll get fired for breaking this -- but still we hope you print it!

MUSIC: ----- HIT AND GO UNDER

NARRATOR: You verify -- with the aid of an outside auditor -- and you print story after story, editorial after editorial - right up to the eve of election. That happy day sees Jay Howard run out of the Comptroller's office, <sup>with a</sup> ~~though~~ the rest of the regime manages to get back in. But with the help of the new comptroller -- you really get the dirt!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ OUT

PAPE: Ralph -- get a load of this! The city's paid \$75,000. in the last six years for truck hire to a man who doesn't own a truck! Here's the dope -- give me two columns on it.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ SHORT STING AND HOLD UNDER

PAPE: (OVER IT) Lawyer Gets \$100,000. for Survey; Administration Gets \$85,000. Kickback!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ STING AND UNDER

PAPE: Lobbyist in State House Pushing Law for Special Plumbing on Municipal Buildings. (PAUSE) Howard Gang Runs Plumbing Agency!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ STING AND UNDER

PAPE: Election Frauds Bared -- Administration Voted Non-residents and Dead Men!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ STING AND UNDER

PAPE: Mayor's party at <sup>Country</sup> ~~Harford~~ Club Paid for by City Check!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ STING AND UNDER

PAPE: State Attorney Calls Probe of Local Political Machine.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ GO TO CLIMAX THEN UNDER

NARRATOR: A full six months later, the State's Attorney turns in his report -- it calls for a blue ribbon Grand Jury ... Warrants ~~were~~ issued for twenty-seven persons as a result of the municipal investigation ... and at the trial ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ GAVEL UP AND BEHIND

JUDGE: The prisoners will step before the bar.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ A MIGHTY SHUFFLING OF FEET

JUDGE: You, having one and severally been found guilty of conspiracy to defraud the city of Waterbury in the sum of approximately three million dollars, I now sentence you as follows ... (PAUSE) Henry R. Frayser, Mayor -- no less than ten nor more than fifteen years. Jay Howard, former Comptroller, no less than ten nor more than fifteen years. Peter W. Blensheimer, commissioner of police, no less than one nor more than five. Charles E. Underwood, Alderman, no less than seven nor more than twelve years. (FADE) Donald J. Murton, Superintendent of Streets, Sewer and Water, no less than one nor more than three years.

NARRATOR: One after another, the corrupt and their henchmen, as well as their tools and fee-splitters -- in and out of the city government, fall from their positions of abused power to the status of condemned criminals -- all but a few frightened, minor city hall hangers-on, on whom judgment is suspended. It is a clean sweep.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ STING AND UNDER

NARRATOR: They appeal -- and the appeal is denied. Finally, there arrives the day their bail bonds run out - and what you worked for for ten years -- happens!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ UP AND UNDER

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ DOORBELL CHIMES - THE DOOR OPENS

SERGEANT: Mayor Henry R. Frayser. I have a *warrant*

MAYOR: All right. I'll be with you in a minute. Let me say goodbye to my ~~my~~ family.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ UP AND UNDER

SERGEANT: Alderman Underwood.

ALDERMAN: Sure. Just do me one favor. Let me drive my own car. Not inside the police wagon.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ UP AND UNDER *Three*

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ A DOORBELL RINGS AND THE DOOR IS ANSWERED AND OPENED

SERGEANT: Afternoon. Will you tell the comptroller -- I mean will you tell Mr. Howard --

MAN #3: He's not here.

SERGEANT: What? Not here! He knows his bond expires today! When did he leave?

MAN #3: I don't know.

SERGEANT: Where did he go?

MAN #3: I don't know.

SERGEANT: In other words, he's taken a powder -- scrambled?

MAN #3: I don't know.

SERGEANT: Well, he won't get away with it!

MAN #3: Oh, I don't know.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT AND MERGE WITH

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ TRAFFIC

SERGEANT: There he is. There's Howard walking past the grocery store. Pull over.

COP: Okay.

SERGEANT: And get your gun ready. He may be armed.

COP: Okay.

SOUND: CAR BEGINS TO SLOW DOWN

COP: But don't make any trouble. Remember - he used to be the boss of this town.

SERGEANT: Wake up, wake up! The town's clean -- you don't have to worry about your job any more! (PAUSE) Okay.

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS, TRAFFIC B.G.

SERGEANT: Hurry up -- I think he's seen us. Howard, stay where you are! Howard!

COMPTROLLER: Oh, hello, Sergeant. Am I late?

SERGEANT: You know your bond expires today.

COMPTROLLER: Well, it's still today, isn't it?

COP: Yes, sir. Well ... any time you're ready, sir.

COMPTROLLER: Uh-hm. Have a cigar?

SERGEANT: No, thanks.

COP: ~~(SAMBASTIME)~~ Aw, thanks.

COMPTROLLER: Look, boys ..

SERGEANT: What is it?

COMPTROLLER: Let me go up the way Jay Howard ought to go.

COP: How's that, sir?

COMPTROLLER: (SMILE) The way I always go. When did you ever see Jay Howard without a fresh flower in his buttonhole?

SERGEANT: Well, I don't know, we --

COP: It's all right. Your flower shop's right up the street, isn't it?

COMPTROLLER: I'm just heading for there.

COP: Well -- you just keep heading there. We'll follow you --

SERGEANT: Yeah. Right behind you -- in the patrol car!

~~SOUND: CAR UP AND UNDER~~

MUSIC: WALKING MUSIC UP AND UNDER

~~SOUND: CAR SLOWS DOWN~~

COP: (MAD) So I let him get a posy. What are ya -- vindictive?

SERGEANT: No. Careful. I don't want anything to go wrong.

COP: Well, he'll be out any minute now. How long does it take to pick out a flower for your buttonhole anyhow?

SERGEANT: Yeah. (QUIET) That's what I was just thinking.

~~SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS~~

COP: Where are you going?

SERGEANT: ~~In there~~ to hurry him up.

~~SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ACROSS PAVEMENT. DOOR IS TRIED. IT IS SHAKEN~~

SERGEANT: (HE CALLS) Howard! Open up! (PAUSE) Howard!

COP: (OFF) What's the matter?

SERGEANT: (YELLS) He's locked the door behind him!

~~SOUND: WINDOW SMASHED, DOOR OPENED~~

SERGEANT: (YELLS) Howard! Howard! (PAUSE - LOW) All right, stupid, you call the station. He's skipped out the back door.

MUSIC: ANGRY ACCENT AND FADE INTO

~~SOUND: CITY ROOM NOISE IN B.G.~~

PAPE: Macy -- take Sam on six. Copy! This goes right down. Now get this. Lead All Convictions. "Clean Sweep as Jury Sentences Crooks." Cliff, I want you to take this down and ...

RALPH: (OFF) Bill!

PAPE: Hold it, Ralph -- I want to set up these leads ..

RALPH: (ON) Bill, listen ...

PAPE: It can wait, boy, it can wait. I want to get this story set.

RALPH: Bill -- I got a fresh angle on that story.

PAPE: Sit down and dictate it to Macy --

RALPH: (QUIET) I think you'll want to hear it first, Bill.

PAPE: (SHARP) What's up?

RALPH: They didn't get Howard.

PAPE: What do you mean? Who didn't?

RALPH: The cops.

PAPE: But they went over to take him in.

RALPH: He skipped. Right through a florist shop and into thin air.

PAPE: (SLOWLY) I see. So it's not a clean sweep after all.

RALPH: Nope.

PAPE: (SLOW BURN) They didn't get the big one. The man who corrupted the town of Waterbury. They didn't get Howard. They let him get away.

RALPH: Well, that's that.



PAPE: (MAD) No, it's not. Maybe the police can't pick him up, but ~~someone~~ <sup>somebody</sup> will. The whole country's not ~~a~~ big enough ~~place~~ for him to hide in. He'll show, and when he does, there'll be ~~someone~~ <sup>somebody</sup> -- somewhere -- who'll nab him. Maybe a guy who read our stories, maybe one of my boys who'll have an eye peeled for him. Tomorrow, maybe a week from now, or a month ... but some day ~~someone~~ <sup>somebody</sup> will spot him.

RALPH: They've sent out the police alarm ...

PAPE: All right. <sup>and</sup> We've got our own work to do. Set up the headline ... hit them where it hurts. Make it read -- POLICE LOSE JAY HOWARD.

MUSIC: - - - - - ACCENT AND UNDER

NARRATOR: The police don't find Jay Howard. And the day or week or month of waiting you talked about stretches into a year -- two -- four -- five -- and then one day, you're sitting in your office when ...

SOUND: - - - - - TELEPHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP

SHAW: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Mr. Pape?

PAPE: Yes? *What is it?*

~~SHAW: ... from Chicago~~

~~PAPE: ... what do you want?~~

SHAW: Do you remember Jay Howard?

PAPE: (VERY EXCITED) ~~Do you remember~~ Jay Howard? Where are you? <sup>*Where are you coming from?*</sup> Have you decided to give yourself up?

SHAW: Easy, easy -- I'm not Howard. I've just seen him. <sup>*his in Chicago.*</sup>

PAPE: (SUNK) You've just seen him! They've seen him in Mexico and Canada and ten other places -- only it was never Jay Howard. There must be more guys in the world who look like Jay Howard ...

SHAW: Mr. Pape, this isn't another case of mistaken identity. I know Jay Howard. I used to live two blocks away from him in Waterbury. I used to work for you. My name's Cliff Shaw.

PAPE: Cliff! Why didn't you say so? <sup>And</sup> You're sure it's Howard.

SHAW: I'm sure.

PAPE: Have the police hold him. I'm sending a man out on the first plane. <sup>now</sup> You -- (PAUSE) <sup>or minute</sup> Wait. How much do you want for this tip?

SHAW: Mr. Pape, I remember when you were covering the Waterbury story -- I remember the work you did --

PAPE: What do you want for your tip?

SHAW: Just this. The satisfaction of knowing you got your clean sweep.

MUSIC: --- UP JOYFULLY AND UNDER FOR ---

NARRATOR: And when the police <sup>get to</sup> return Jay Howard to Waterbury you dictate the headline that you've wanted to write for five years --- HOWARD CAUGHT. So you get your clean sweep --- and a clean city --- and later --- a Pulitzer Prize.

MUSIC: --- CURTAIN ---

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from William J. Pape of the Waterbury Republican-American with the final details on tonight's BIG STORY.

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

ORCHESTRA: \_ \_ TAG

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from William J. Pape of the Waterbury Republican-American.

PAPE: Conviction of corrupt officials marked end of an unhappy era in Waterbury. Shocking revelations at the conspiracy trial damaged our city pride and stirred up much public indignation. But now Waterbury has a business-like municipal government. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Pape. The makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to have named you the winner of the PELL MELL \$500. Award for notable service in the field of journalism.

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice reminding you to listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY -- A BIG STORY from the pages of the Omaha World-Herald, by-line -- Allen Dowling. A BIG STORY that reached its climax behind grim prison walls when a bare human back felt the sting of ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ A LASH

HARRICE: ... lashes.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ MORE LASHES

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ THEME HIT AND FADE TO B.G. ON CUE

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter, written by Allan E. Sloane and directed by Harry Ingram, with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Your narrator was Berry Kroeger, and Arnold Moss played the part of William Pape. All names in tonight's story except

CHAPPELL: that of Mr. Pape were fictitious; but the dramatization  
(CONTD) was based on a true and authentic case.

MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ THEME UP FULL AND FADE

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of  
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

HARRICE: Don't forget, friends, to listen to the new comedy  
hit - The Jack Paar Program - heard every Sunday night  
over most of these same stations in the Jack Benny  
time spot.

ANNOUNCER: THIS IS NBC -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

THE BIG STORY

*As Broadcast*

PROGRAM #22

FINAL

"THE MAN WHO LIKED THE KANGAROO"

REVISED

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1947

CAST

NARRATOR	BERRY KROEGER
DOWLING	JAMES McCALLION
CHICK	JOHN SYLVESTER
BRUCKER	JOHN SYLVESTER
MIKE	WILLIAM KEENE
JUDGE	ALAN HEWITT
TRUSTY	JUANO HERNANDEZ
BULL	ALAN HEWITT
CITY EDITOR	JAMES McCALLION
NAILS	JUANO HERNANDEZ
SHERIFF	WILLIAM KEENE

RTX01 0059083

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present -- THE BIG STORY!

BUSINESS: \_ \_ \_ LOW ANGRY SINGING OF "VOLGA BOATMAN" WITH DA-DA  
SYLLABLES, AND UNDER, WITH BANGING NOISES

DOWLING: (LOW) Hey -- what's that racket?

CHICK: The Volga Boatman? Huh. You'll hear that a lot in  
this jail.

DOWLING: What's the main idea?

CHICK: So's to drown out the hollering, when they beat up a  
prisoner.

DOWLING: I get it. Somebody going to get the works tonight?

CHICK: Yep.

DOWLING: Who?

CHICK: You.

BUSINESS: \_ \_ \_ VOLGA BOATMAN RISES AND SINKS UNDER

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ AWAY FOR OPENING

CHAPPELL: The Big Story! Another in a thrilling series based  
on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight --  
to Allen Dowling, of the Omaha World-Herald, goes the  
PELL MELL Award for THE BIG STORY!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ FANFARE

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

VIBRAPHONE: -- BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!" - the cigarette in the  
distinctive red package - PELL MELL.

HARRICE: Ladies and gentlemen, PELL MELL'S distinguished length  
is the outward sign of a basic superiority. Here's  
the reason ...

CHAPPELL: Nature's best filter for a fine smoke is ... fine,  
mellow tobacco! And PELL MELL'S greater length filters  
the smoke through the greater distance of PELL MELL'S  
traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos ... "Distance  
lends enchantment" ... and the greater distance  
PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the enchantment of  
greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness ...

VIBRAPHONE: -- BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

HARRICE: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!"

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ INTRODUCTION AND FADE

CHAPPELL: Now -- the exciting and authentic story of -- THE MAN WHO LICKED THE KANGAROO!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ A FAINT ACCENT AND UNDER

NARRATOR: It's one of those sticky, shirtsleeve September days in Omaha, one of those dog days when summer just won't admit it's over. Indian Summer, they call it -- and you, Allen Dowling, up in the city room of the World-Herald, wish they'd give it back to the Indians. You'd give your right arm for a cool breeze -- or a short beer -- or a nice assignment in Alaska. Yeah. That'd be the ticket. A nice story about fifty miles inside the Arctic. Which pleasant reverie is suddenly interrupted by the sweetest question in the world.

BRUCKER: (YOUNG) Mr. Dowling -- do you want a story?

DOWLING: Have you got one?

BRUCKER: I sure have. The fellow at the desk said to tell it to you.

DOWLING: (SMILE) The "fellow at the desk," my friend, happens to be the city editor. What he says -- goes. So -- let's go. First -- what's your name?

BRUCKER: Do you have to have that?

DOWLING: (AFTER A PAUSE) Oh. It's that kind of a story. I'm sorry, kid. Whether or not I use your name, I have to have it. You still want to talk?

BRUCKER: I guess so. My name is Eldon Brucker.

DOWLING: Brucker, Brucker .. Eldon Brucker. Heard it some place.



8-27-47

BRUCKER: I guess you did. They arrested me for speeding ~~the~~  
the other day and --

DOWLING: Oh, sure. Instead of paying the fine -- you took the  
ten days. Frankly, I don't blame you. Weather like  
this, I'd take a nice cool cell.

BRUCKER: I don't think you want a story, Mr. Dowling. You want  
to make jokes.

DOWLING: Say, you're pretty touchy for a jailbird!

BRUCKER: Why, you ...!

DOWLING: Wait. I'm sorry. I take that back. The heat's got  
me down, I guess. ~~I take back the jailbird crack.~~  
Forget I said it.

BRUCKER: I don't think I can forget that crack. I came in here  
to give somebody a story -- and you call me a  
jailbird. Okay, Mr. Dowling -- find out for yourself!

DOWLING: Look -- I apologized, didn't I?

BRUCKER: Just the same, I think maybe I'd better not talk.  
I think maybe you'd better go over to the jail and  
find out for yourself.

DOWLING: Find out what?

BRUCKER: What it's like to be kangarooed.

DOWLING: Come again? Kangaroo -- like in zoo?

BRUCKER: Kangaroo -- like in the county jail. Do you know  
what a kangaroo court is?

DOWLING: You got me.

BRUCKER: Well, that's what I came in to tip you off about.

DOWLING: Well -- tip.

BRUCKER: Take it easy. I walked up and down outside a long time before I got up the nerve to come in here.

DOWLING: Well, you're here now. What's the story? Come on, kid -- are you going to talk or aren't you?

BRUCKER: I'll talk. I'll tell you this much. This much and no more. The rest, you've got to find out for yourself. The rest is up to you.

DOWLING: Look, kid -- is this some kind of a gag? What're you stalling around for -- you want me to slip you a favor?

BRUCKER: There you go again -- making cheap cracks. I don't want anything but for you to listen. Mr. Dowling, all I'm saying is that there's a pretty rough deal going on in the County Jail -- behind the bars -- something nobody outside knows about, and those that do, don't talk.

DOWLING: Okay -- don't talk. No talk -- no story. What's the matter? <sup>well, for</sup> Didn't they make your eggs the way you like them in the pokey? So you got a little pushing around. Well, I think you just can't take it.

BRUCKER: (ANGUISHED) Who's asking what you think? I'm just asking you to go take a look for yourself! The kangaroo's <sup>CRACKS</sup> a dirty racket that ought to be written up and cleaned up. If I'm wrong -- okay. You don't lose anything. But if I'm right--

DOWLING: It's a story --

BRUCKER: (QUIET) A story. Sometimes I wonder what you newspaper reporters would do for a story.

DOWLING: Anything, kid. Even go to jail!

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER:)

NARRATOR: First -- you get the next two days off -- telling the city editor what you intend to do. Then -- you hide your razor, and let the stubble grow on your face. Along with that, you work up a good beer breath, a pair of bleary eyes, and a convincing case of the shakes. And you go to your good friend in the Mayor's office.

DOWLING: (HOARSE) H' ya, Mike?

MIKE: Allen Dowling.

DOWLING: How do I look?

MIKE: Like death warmed over. What are you made up for -- the lead in father dear father come home with me now?

DOWLING: Something like that. Mike -- there's a story I want to go after in the county jail --

MIKE: The way you look, they'll pick you up and send you there on general suspicion.

DOWLING: Kidding aside, Mike, I want to get inside that jail -- and I don't want to use my press pass to do it. I want to be sent there by the judge.

MIKE: Where do I come in?

DOWLING: I want you to swear out a warrant against me for public drunkenness -- under the name of Jim Jensen.

MIKE: Yes --

DOWLING: And the story will be, <sup>that</sup> you're a dear friend of the family. My wife came to you in tears, see -- I'm a good man, a fine man, but I've been hitting the bottle --

MIKE: And what he needs, your honor - is a good three or four days to sober up and think things over. And Mrs. Jensen has agreed, your honor, that a good place for that would be the county jail. That is all, your honor.

DOWLING: That's it, Mike.

MIKE: Why pick on me?

DOWLING: Because I might want to get out of that jail fast -- and you can get me out. As a matter of fact, what you'd better do is this. The minute I get sentenced -- you get the mayor to start working on a pardon for me.

TRUSTY: Just a trusty, Jensen, just a trusty. But you better wise up.

DOWLING: Like how?

TRUSTY: Like being a good guy and telling me how much dough you got.

DOWLING: Suppose I don't?

TRUSTY: So you don't. So I find out anyhow. I got the dough. I can count.

DOWLING: Oh -- a college man. You win.

TRUSTY: (CALLS) Okay, guard. Here's his valuables.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO)

TRUSTY: Okay, Jensen. Shed your clothes and get in that there shower.

SOUND: SHOWER TURNED ON AND UNDER

DOWLING: Yeah -- and what happens to my classy kut kollege klothos while I'm in the pokey, little friend?

TRUSTY: They go in that there disinfecting machine. <sup>But</sup> For a buck -- I'll take care of 'em <sup>for you</sup> though.

DOWLING: How do you get the buck?

TRUSTY: Just sign this order slip.

DOWLING: It goes to the jailer, huh?

TRUSTY: So what if it does? Whaddayou care?

DOWLING: What do I care? It's only money.

MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER

SOUND: JAIL DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

TRUSTY: This one goes to cell tier three.

BULL: Okay, Trusty. (WHISPER) How much has he got?

TRUSTY: (SAME) Twenty.

BULL: Okay. (PAUSE) (HE CALLS) New fish, new fish!

BUSINESS: HUBBUB OF "CALL THE COURT, CALL THE COURT!"  
*What?*  
 DOWLING: *all right, you want?* -- *Quiet! Quiet!*  
 What goes on?

BULL: Kangaroo court.

DOWLING: I get it. You're the judge.

BULL: Smart guy.

DOWLING: Okay. Let's get it over with. What's the charge?

BULL: Breaking and entering jail.

DOWLING: Very funny. I suppose I'm automatically guilty.

BULL: You can plead not guilty if you want. (PAUSE) But it won't do you no good.

DOWLING: I suppose you've got my fine figured out in advance?

BULL: Yeah.

DOWLING: How much?

BULL: Nineteen bucks.

DOWLING: Just what I thought. It happens to be all I got. I was saving it for a big bust when I got out of the cooler.

BULL: All right, forget the talk. You gonna pay?

DOWLING: What happens to me if I don't?

BULL: The boys'll work you over with a strap. You'll have to clean out the cell cans. You'll get shorted on your chow, everything comes in here for you -- cigarettes, food, stuff like that -- you won't see none of it.

DOWLING: And if I do pay?

BULL: Why, then you're just one of the boys. You get your privileges like the rest of us. And everybody'll be one big happy family --

DOWLING: Until you pick on some other poor sucker --

BULL: Look -- are you gonna stop beatin' your gums and pay up?

DOWLING: No. And what're you gonna do about it, fat boy?

BULL: (QUIET) You'll see. (PAUSE) (YELLS) Trusty!

TRUSTY: (A LITTLE OFF) Yeah?

BULL: Go get Esmeralda.

TRUSTY: Okay.

DOWLING: Who's Esmeralda?

BULL: She's our gal. Guys who don't pay up get to meet her.

TRUSTY: (COMING ON) Here y' are, Bull.

BULL: Thanks, trusty. Okay, wise guy -- this is Esmeralda.

SOUND: WHISTLE OF HEAVY WHIP THROUGH THE AIR

DOWLING: (QUIET) Cat o' nine tails.

BULL: Ten. One for good measure.

SOUND: WHOOSH AGAIN

BULL: (QUIET) You gonna pay?

DOWLING: (AFTER A PAUSE) No. I think you're bluffing. And I'm calling your bluff.

BULL: Okay. (PAUSE) Eddie -- Nails -- tie him up. And rip his shirt off. Esmeralda's thirsty.

SOUND: SHIRT RIPPED OFF

BULL: All right, kid. You asked for this.

SOUND: A LOUD BELL RINGS

DOWLING: What's that?

BULL: (DISGUSTED) Chow. You're lucky. Saved by the bell. But after you eat -- Esmeralda drinks.

DOWLING: Oh yeah?

BULL: Yeah.

MUSIC: CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's BIG STORY.

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)



MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

NOVACHORD: \_ \_ \_ (MUSIC - THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

HARRICE: (OVER MUSIC) "Distance lends enchantment" ... and,  
when you light a PELL MELL, distance lends enchantment  
to smoking, too. For the greater distance the smoke  
travels in PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES is so important  
to the complete and satisfying enjoyment of fine,  
mellow tobacco ... (MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: Ladies and gentlemen, Nature's best filter for a fine  
smoke is fine, mellow tobacco. Because of PELL MELL'S  
greater length, the smoke is drawn through a much  
greater distance of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,  
mellow tobaccos. You have only to smoke a PELL MELL  
to realize the outstanding advantages that result:  
greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness ...

NOVACHORD: \_ \_ \_ (MUSIC - THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

HARRICE: "Distance lends enchantment" ... and the greater  
distance PELL MELL travels the smoke, lends real  
enchantment to the simple act of enjoying a  
cigarette. (MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC: - - - - INTRODUCTION AND UNDER

HARRICE: Now we return you to our narrator, Berry Kroeger, and tonight's BIG STORY.

NARRATOR: You, Allen Dowling, having alias-ed yourself into the county jail to see what is with this Kangaroo Court -- have been saved by the lunch bell from an introduction to Esmeralda -- The cat o' nine tails. Now, after lunch -- wondering whether you'll ever get the greasy taste of <sup>fish</sup> prison grub out of your mouth --

SOUND: - - - - SNEAK SOUND OF MARCHING FEET Footsteps

NARRATOR: ... you're on your way back to -- the Kangaroo Court!

SOUND: - - - - FEET UP AND UNDER

DOWLING: Brother. They call that food?

BULL: Shut up.

DOWLING: Okay -- you're the judge.

SOUND: - - - - PRISON DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS BEHIND ... A SINGLE PAIR OF FOOTSTEPS STARTS TO WALK

BULL: You, Jensen! Where you think you're going?

DOWLING: Up to my cell. I need some sleep.

BULL: Your trial's still on!

DOWLING: Aw, are you gonna go on with that stuff?

BULL: (GROWL) Listen, you fish. I'm still the boss of this tier. Now are you gonna pay up or what?

DOWLING: I'm gonna keep my money.

BULL: (QUIET) Okay. The sentence of this court is -- the works.

DOWLING: Meaning what?

BULL: Forty lashes.

DOWLING: Oh no. Oh no you don't.

BULL: Oh yes we do. (YELL) Grab him!

BUSINESS: A MELEE, THEN CLOSE PANTING IN FRONT OF MIKE

BULL: For the last time -- you gonna pay?

DOWLING: For the last time -- no!

BULL: Okay. You asked for it. (PAUSE) George -- gimme  
Esmeralda.

SOUND: WHISH OF STRAP THROUGH THE AIR

BULL: Ah. She's thirsty. Ain't tasted blood for weeks.

DOWLING: Listen, you can't --

BULL: Shut up! (HE CALLS) All right, you guys! Let's have  
some music!

SOUND: RATTLING OF CELL DOORS AND INCREASING SINGING WITH  
DA-DA-DA INSTEAD OF WORDS, THE VOLGA BOATMAN.

BULL: That's what I like to hear! That's so nobody can  
hear you, punk! (SNARL) Take his shirt off again.

SOUND: RIP OF CLOTH

BULL: Okay -- forty it is. And you're gonna do the counting.

SOUND: A LASH

BULL: Count, I said -- count!

SOUND: ANOTHER LASH. THESE LASHES COME ON THE ACCENTS OF THE  
BOATMAN SONG

BULL: I SAID COUNT!

SOUND: ANOTHER LASH, WITH ~~RUSTLE~~

DOWLING: (GRITTED TEETH, WITH LASH) Three!

SOUND: LASH

DOWLING (under) Four!

SOUND: (under) LASH

DOWLING (under) Five!

BUSINESS: LASHES AND COUNTING CONTINUE UNDER

NARRATOR: Now you know. Now you know they're not kidding --  
now you have found out for yourself that this terror  
does exist -- and you can't take any more!

DOWLING: I'll pay -- stop it, stop it -- I'll pay --

SOUND: ONE MORE LASH AND

DOWLING: (SOBBING) I'll pay, I'll pay --

BULL: (BREATHING HARD) All right. All right. Sign this.

DOWLING: Sure, sure -- I'll sign it. (PAUSE) There. What  
happens to the dough?

BULL: If you'd of come across like a regular, you'd of got  
butts and candy like the rest of us -- but you can go  
to your cell now and sweat for the rest of your time,  
you punk!

~~SOUND: WHISTLE OF LASH~~

BULL: (CALLS) Okay, guard -- lock up!

SOUND: CELL DOORS CLANK

BULL: (CALLS) Trusty!

TRUSTY: Yeah.

BULL: Take this slip to the jailer. Get the dough.

TRUSTY: Yeah, yeah.

BULL: And when you bring it back -- I wanna see it all  
there, see?

TRUSTY: Sure, sure.

MUSIC: ACCENT AND RAPIDLY UNDER

TRUSTY: (LOW) Listen, Bull --

BULL: The dough, Trusty -- where's the dough?

TRUSTY: It's comin', it's comin'. They're waitin' for the sheriff to come open the safe. But listen -- the guy you kangarooed --

BULL: Never mind him. The dough's all I want.

TRUSTY: Will ya listen to me? When I went in the sheriff's office, the phone rang. One of the guards took it -- and he told me it was for the new fish. Bull -- he's no drunk. He's a reporter.

BULL: A what?

TRUSTY: A reporter -- for the papers! And if he goes writin' stories -- there's gonna be changes made around here.

BULL: There's gonna be changes made, all right. In his face.

MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ STING

BULL: (WHISPER) The new fish -- he's a reporter. Pass the word along -- he gets the works -- tonight.

MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ STING 5

NAILS: (WHISPER) The new fish -- he's a reporter. He gets the works tonight.

MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ STING 4

BULL: (WHISPER) He's a reporter. He gets the works tonight.

MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ STING 3

NAILS: He gets the works -- tonight.

MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ STING 2

BULL: He gets the works tonight.

MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ STING 1

NAILS: The works -- tonight!

MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ HIT AND GO OUT

SOUND: \_\_\_\_\_ TELEPHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP

CITY EDITOR: (FILTER) City desk.

MIKE: Hello, Bill. This is Mike -- over at the Mayor's office.

CITY ED: Hya, boy? What's on your mind?

MIKE: I just tried to reach your reporter in jail. They wouldn't let me talk to him. I think maybe I better spring him. Okay with you?

CITY ED: Okay with me. He ought to have his story by now. How long will it take to get him out?

MIKE: I don't know. Any hurry?

CITY ED: Not by me. The final's gone to press already.

MIKE: Okay. Depends on how soon I can get a deputy sheriff to take the pardon over to the jail. Maybe tonight - maybe tomorrow.

CITY ED: There's no rush. Say, Mike --

MIKE: Yeah?

CITY ED: We're getting up a little game over at Andy's tomorrow night. Think the Mrs. will let you out?

MIKE: Sure, sure. Who all's going to be there?

CITY ED: Oh, Ev and Jerry and the Martin boys.

MIKE: Sounds great. Count me in.

CITY ED: Fine, Mike -- and thanks for taking care of that Dowling thing.

MIKE: A pleasure, Bill. Like I say, I'll have him out maybe tonight -- maybe tomorrow. No hurry, huh?

CITY ED: No hurry.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER FOR:)

BULL: (WHISPER) The new fish -- he's a reporter. Pass the word along the tier. He gets the works -- tonight.

(MUSIC: -- STING AND UNDER:)

NARRATOR: In your cell, which you share with a young convict, you -- Allen Dowling -- are thinking of two things. One is the accumulation of facts you have stored in your head -- and along the still-raw nerves and muscles of your back. The other is -- that pardon. You're wondering if Mike has started to move -- but evening comes, and there's no word. Then as darkness falls on the cell tier, your cellmate crawls over to your cot...

CHICK: (WHISPER) Jensen. Listen -- Jensen.

DOWLING: What's the matter?

CHICK: (ALL IN WHISPERS) The grapevine says you're a reporter --

DOWLING: No -- no --

CHICK: It's all right -- you can trust me. I guess Brucker got to you.

DOWLING: All right. I'm a reporter. I got tipped off to the Kangaroo court by Brucker. You know him?

CHICK: Yeah. We got to be pals while he was in. Listen -- you got to get out of here. They're gonna give it to you but good after lights-out.

DOWLING: Not yet. I haven't got enough for a story.

CHICK: I can give it to you -- anything you want! But first -- you got to try to get out. (PAUSE) I seen them fix a stool pigeon once.

DOWLING: Who was he? When was it? What did he do?

CHICK: Name was Ben Van Vranken. They found out he had a rich sister. They told him to write to her for dough --

DOWLING: Van Vranken. Go on.

CHICK: He wouldn't. Said he didn't want her to know he'd sunk so low, like. A jailbird, her brother. So he wouldn't write. They kangarooed him --

BUSINESS: \_ \_ \_ THE VOLGA BOATMAN SNEAKS IN BEHIND -

CHICK: ... and sentenced him to a hundred lashes --

DOWLING: A hundred!

CHICK: Yeah. And they -- (PAUSE) Listen! It's startin'!

DOWLING: Forget it! Tell me the story!

CHICK: But they're comin' after you!

DOWLING: The hundred lashes -- tell me the story!

CHICK: That's all. <sup>That's all</sup> A hundred lashes. (PAUSE) You know that tall, skinny bum in town -- the one that goes stumbling along the street, talkin' to himself, pickin' up cigarette butts and hearing bells in his head, shakin' and quakin' all the time?



DOWLING: Sure. *Sure*

CHICK: That's him. That's what a hundred lashes'll do. That bum doesn't even remember his right name! Listen, you'd better --

DOWLING: Tell me -- how do they find out things like who's got money and how much?

CHICK: *finds a pardon out from the Sheriff's office*  
~~The sheriff tells the jailer and the jailer~~ tips the trusty off --

DOWLING: And the trusty tips off Bull -- the judge --?

CHICK: Sure as shooting!

DOWLING: That's what I wanted to know. Now I have my story.

CHICK: Yeah. Now you got your story. But how are you gonna get out of here to write it alive?

DOWLING: There's a pardon on its way here.

CHICK: *VOLGA A U P*  
 "On its way" is no good. Bull and his pals are after you right now.

DOWLING: I'm safe here until it comes. We're locked in ... and so are they.

CHICK: Shows how smart you are. You dope, the trusty'll throw the cell block open and let Bull in on you -- with Esmeralda.

DOWLING: (Dawning Horror) In here!

CHICK: *VOLGA A U P*  
 In here. And you think you're gonna get out of here to write a story? That other guy they beat up don't even remember his right name no more.

DOWLING: I've got to stall them until that pardon comes through!

CHICK: *Better*  
 Make it good, brother.

BULL: None at all, punk. None at all. Cause the finding of this court is -- you're a stool. A lousy reporter. And my sentence is -- a hundred and fifty lashes.

*Dowling*

(HE BELLOWS) All right -- gimme some music!

DOWLING: (SCREAMS) ~~NOT NOT~~

BUSINESS: VOIGA BOATMAN RISES MENACINGLY AND THROATILY BUT OVER IT IS HEARD

SHERIFF: (BELLOWING) Put that lash down!

BUSINESS: SINGING DIES DOWN

SHERIFF: (SAME) Let that man go!

BULL: ~~But~~ he's a reporter, Sheriff -- a stool.

SHERIFF: What do you want to do, Bull? Get your name in the paper? Let go of him.

DOWLING: Well! Nice little place you run here, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: ~~Shut up!~~ You, Bull -- bring him in here.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS

SHERIFF: All right, Jensen. Who are you? What's your real name?

DOWLING: Like it says on the pardon in your pocket, Sheriff. Dowling. Allen with an E. Dowling.

SHERIFF: Can you prove that?

DOWLING: *Yes,* I can prove it. The mayor can identify me. I can prove everything, Sheriff -- including what goes on in this jail.

BULL: (LOW) Look, Dowling -- how much is it worth to you to forget all about it? How much is it --

DOWLING: That's the biggest mistake you ever made in your life, jailbird. Not chiseling on the petty crooks in here -- not beating them half crazy with a cat o' nine tails -- not being judge of the kangaroo court -- no! The biggest mistake you ever made, my friend, is trying to buy a reporter. Reporters don't buy. Now get out of my way!

BULL: Lemme stop him, Sheriff -- me and Esmeralda,

DOWLING: (QUIET) That'd be a mistake, Sheriff. That'd be <sup>Bull</sup> ~~premeditated assault.~~ <sup>that's</sup>

BUSINESS: SILENCE

SHERIFF: Let him go, Bull.

BULL: Get out of my jail, Dowling.

DOWLING: (SMILE) With the greatest of pleasure. Only -- when I get through with you -- it won't be your jail any more!

MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER

NARRATOR: And it wasn't. Your report on the Kangaroo Court broke up that vile institution -- and gave you your BIG STORY!

MUSIC: CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Allen Dowling of the Omaha World-Herald with the final details on tonight's BIG STORY.

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

NOVACHORD:      (MUSIC - THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

HARRICE:        "Distance lends enchantment" - and the greater distance  
PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the enchantment of  
greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness ... to the  
simple act of enjoying a cigarette. (SLIGHT PAUSE)

VIBRAPHONE:      BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG... BONG!

CHAPPELL:       Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!"   And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!"   PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -  
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE:        And - they are mild!

ORCHESTRA: \_ \_ \_ TAG

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Allen Dowling of the Omaha World-Herald.

DOWLING: As direct result of World-Herald expose, Board of Nebraska district judges and representatives of Director of Federal Prisons visited county jail, issued new rules, and ordered dissolution of Kangaroo Court. Conditions in prison are greatly improved today. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Dowling. The makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to have named you the winner of the PELL MELL \$500. Award for notable service in the field of journalism.

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice reminding you to listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY -- A BIG STORY from the pages of the Pittsburgh Press, by-line -- Edward P. Kasun. A BIG STORY that reached its climax when a shriveled old fortune teller shuffled a deck of cards...

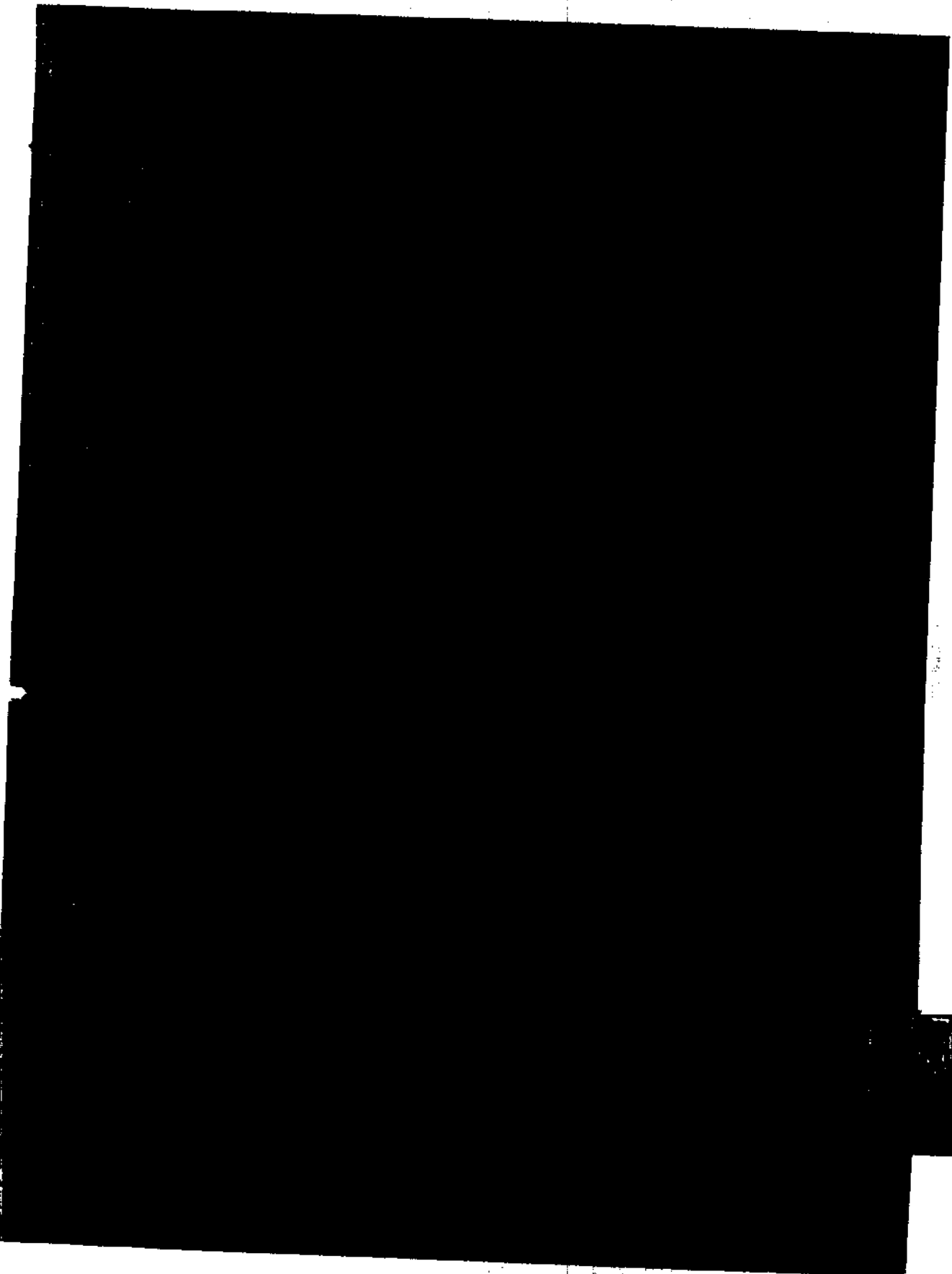
SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ SHUFFLE

HARRICE: ... and dealt out a hand that spelled ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ FIVE CARD DEAL

HARRICE: ... death.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ THEME HIT AND FADE TO B.G. ON CUE



ATX01 0059108

1ST REVISION

THE BIG STORY

Pages 1, 3, 4, 5, 9,  
17, 18 and 21.

Pages 24 & 25 added.

PROGRAM #23

"THE LETHAL LADIES OF MUNHALL"

*As Broadcast*

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1947

CAST

NARRATOR	BERRY KROEGER
ED KASUN	ALAN HEWITT
MIKE DOBRAS	ALAN HEWITT
ELSA DOBRAS	HESTER SONDERGAARD
ANASTASIA	ADELAIDE KLEIN
PETER KACHENKO	DONALD BUKA
TOM	GEORGE PETRIE
MARY KACHENKO	MITZI GOULD
MRS. RENESH	MITZI GOULD
STEVE	GEORGE PETRIE
JOE	DONALD BUKA

ATX01 0059109

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present ... THE BIG STORY!

ANASTASIA: (AN OLD CRONE, AND HOSTILE) What you want,  
Mr. Reporter? Why you come to see me?

KASUN: The people around here tell me you're quite a  
fortune teller, Mrs. Rojak. They say when you  
foretell something, it usually happens.

*Sounded*  
ANASTASIA: *Shuffle*  
They speak truth. (A PAUSE) Shall I tell your  
fortune in the cards, Mr. Reporter?

KASUN: Go ahead.

ANASTASIA: See, I turn the cards ... one ... two ... three ...  
four ... five ... (PAUSE) And now, they speak ...  
They say, go away ... go on long trip ... now.

KASUN: And if I don't?

ANASTASIA: They say death, Mr. Reporter.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT AND UNDER FOR

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY ... another in a thrilling series based  
on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight  
... to Edward Kasun of the Pittsburgh Press ... goes  
the PELL MELL Award for THE BIG STORY.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ FANFARE

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)



OPENING COMMERCIAL

VIBAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!" - the cigarette in the  
distinctive red package - PELL MELL.

HARRICE: Ladies and gentlemen, PELL MELL'S distinguished length  
is the outward sign of a basic superiority. Here's  
the reason ...

CHAPPELL: Nature's best filter for a fine smoke is ... fine,  
mellow tobacco! And PELL MELL'S greater length filters  
the smoke through the greater distance of PELL MELL'S  
traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos ... "Distance  
lends enchantment" ... and the greater distance  
PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the enchantment of  
greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness ...

VIBAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

HARRICE: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!"

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC: - - - - - INTRODUCTION AND UNDER FOR

CHAPPELL: Now, the exciting and authentic story of ... "The Lethal Ladies of Munhall."

NARRATOR: You are Edward Kasun, a reporter for the Pittsburgh Press. And over the years, you've been through the whole mill ... copy boy, cub, city hall and police beats, copy desk, roto editor, crime reporter. You've written big front page yarns and little back-page obituaries. You didn't know it then, of course, but your Big Story was born out of one of those little obituaries you wrote in such boredom a few years ago. You didn't know then that the biggest story you ever wrote was beginning in the home of Mike and Elsa Dobras, in the steel-mill town of Munhall, not far from Pittsburgh ...

SOUND: - - - - - DOOR CLOSE OFF

MIKE: (CALLS) Elsa. Is you Elsa?

ELSA: (COMING IN) Yes, Mike. Is me.

MIKE: (IRRITABLE) Here I come home from steel mill, and no dinner is on table. And where is my wife? Gone! Where you go, Elsa, eh?

ELSA: I see old Anastasia.

MIKE: Anastasia Rojak? The fortune teller?

ELSA: Mike, she tell me wonderful thing. I am going to be rich woman, with automobile, and money in bank, and a Sunday dress of silk, for every day in the week, and a golden bracelet.

MIKE: You believe all this, Elsa?

ELSA: Is truth, Mike. All the neighbors say that what old Anastasia read in the cards is truth. (PAUSE) Mike ...

MIKE: Yes?

ELSA: Why not go see fortune teller yourself?

MIKE: Bah, Elsa. I have better things to do.

ELSA: I tell her you will come see her, Mike. Go tonight, Mike.

MIKE: But, Elsa ...

ELSA: Go tonight. Maybe the cards will say you will be rich man, too.

MIKE: (PAUSE) HMMMMM. You think so, Elsa?

ELSA: Old Anastasia tell me I will be rich woman. Maybe is because you will be rich man.

MIKE: (THOUGHTFULLY) Sure. Makes good sense, Elsa. You are my wife. If you be rich, then I be rich, eh?

ELSA: Must be.

MIKE: Sure. (SAVORING WORDS) Mike Dobras ... rich man ... millionaire, maybe. Hmmm. How rich you think I be Elsa?

ELSA: Only old Anastasia will know. Go see her tonight, Mike.

MIKE: All right, Elsa. I will go. I will go ... tonight.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE \_

ANASTASIA: (SOMBERLY, ALMOST HYPNOTIC) I see your future in the cards, Mike Dobras. Their faces speak to me.

MIKE: (EAGERLY) What ... what do they say?

ANASTASIA: They speak the truth ... only the truth.

MIKE: Tell me, Anastasia. Will I be rich like my wife?

ANASTASIA: No. She will live to be rich, but you ...

MIKE: Well? Well?

ANASTASIA: Five cards I turned, and all of them spades ... ~~black-~~  
~~black-spades~~ ...

MIKE: (SUDDENLY ALARMED) Why you look at me like that,  
old woman? What does it mean?

ANASTASIA: Black ... the color of death.

MIKE: Death?

ANASTASIA: And the spade ... the sign of the grave. Black for  
the inside of the coffin ... and the spade to dig the  
grave.

MIKE: No! NO! Is not true! Is not true!

ANASTASIA: Death will come to you, Mike Dobras ... and soon. This  
is what the cards say ... and the cards speak truth.

MIKE: You lie! (HYSTERICALLY) You lie, you old crone!  
You lie, you LIE!

MUSIC: HIT IN BRIDGE AND THEN SEGUE INTO CAFE OR BEER JOINT  
B.G. HUNGARIAN DANCE NUMBER OR FOLK SONG IN B.G.

SOUND: CLINK OF GLASSES UNDER

MIKE: (DRUNK) Another drink, Peter! Pour me 'nother drink.

PETER: No, Mike. You drink enough.

SOUND: CRASH OF RIST ON TABLE RATTLE OF GLASSES

MIKE: (SHOUTS) More, you hear me, Peter? Give me bottle,  
you hear?

PETER: Mike, what is matter? You act like crazy man. You--  
~~quit job at steel mill--~~ stay in saloon here all  
day... drink, drink, drink, all time. Never go home  
to wife. Mike, I am your friend. I marry your  
cousin Mary. Tell me what is matter?

MIKE: (BREAKS) She say I will die, Peter. She say I will  
die.

PETER: What kind talk is this, Mike? Who say you will die?

MIKE: Old Anastasia.

PETER: (STUNNED) Old Anastasia-Rojak? The fortune teller?

MIKE: (AGITATED) Yes, yes, the fortune teller. Give me  
drink, Peter ... drink to forget!

PETER: (DAZED) The curse! Mother in Heaven! She has told  
you the curse!

MUSIC: --- BRIDGE

MIKE: (DRUNK, MUMBLING) She said I was going to die, Elsa.  
She said I was going to die ...

ELSA: Poor Mike! My poor husband! You drink too much at  
the saloon ... worry too much.

MIKE: Black, she said, Elsa. Black for the color of death  
... and the spade to dig the grave.

ELSA: You must not believe this, Mike.

MIKE: She said it, Elsa. She said it.

ELSA: It is lie. Old Anastasia is old fool. She tells  
witches tales ...

MIKE: No. She speaks truth. You say so yourself, Elsa.  
I must have drink ... more drink ... drink to forget  
... to sleep.

ELSA: Sleep? Yes. Sleep is what you need, Mike. A long sleep.

MIKE: Where is wine, Elsa? This bottle on kitchen shelf is empty. Where is more wine?

ELSA: I put it in cellar,

MIKE: (THICKLY) Cellar. In cellar. I go down there ... get more wine ...

SOUND: SLOW STEPS ... THEN PERHAPS CLATTER OF POTS AND PANS

ELSA: Wait, Mike. You do not walk straight. You are drunk. I go down with you ... help you down stairs ...

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

ELSA: Come, Mike ...

MIKE: Where is light, Elsa? Put on light for cellar.

ELSA: Light is broken.

MIKE: But is dark in cellar. I cannot see ...

ELSA: No afraid, Mike. I go downstairs with you ...

SOUND: A HESITANT STEP DOWN STAIRS, THEN ANOTHER

MIKE: (YELLS SUDDENLY) Elsa! Elsa! Help!

SOUND: CLATTER OF BODY DOWN STAIRS AND CRASH

MUSIC: HIT HARD UP AND THEN UNDER

NARRATOR: You, Ed Kasun of the Pittsburgh Press, wrote the obituary. It was one among hundreds of others, yet somehow it stuck to a little corner of your mind, a fragment of memory. Then a couple of years later, things began to happen. They began to happen in the same place, in Munhall. And some of the names were the same. It began with a phone call ...

SOUND: PHONE RING - (PAUSE) - RECEIVER OFF HOOK

MARY: Hello?

ELSA: (FILTER) Is Mary?

MARY: Yes.

ELSA: Mary, this is your cousin, Elsa Dobras.

MARY: Oh. Hello, Elsa.

ELSA: If you not busy this afternoon, come with me.

MARY: All right. But where ...?

ELSA: First I go to buy some things in Homestead. Then go through woods to visit Aunt Sophia in Buttermilk Hollow. You will come with me, Mary?

MARY: Yes. I'll go with you.

ELSA: You are good girl to spend day with old-country woman like me. We will have a nice afternoon together, eh?

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ STEPS ON PATH. WOODLAND B.G. CHIRPING OF BIRDS

MARY: I never liked these woods on the way to Aunt Sophia's, Elsa. They always seem so lonely.

ELSA: Don't be afraid, Mary. We be there soon ...

MARY: ~~Afraid?~~ Oh, I'm not afraid. It's just that ... (CUTS)  
Elsa!

ELSA: Yes?

MARY: Someone's coming along the path ... a woman. (PAUSE)  
Look, it's that gypsy woman ... that fortune teller ...

ELSA: Ah. Yes. Is old Anastasia.

MARY: (UNEASY) Elsa. I ... let's pass her by. I don't like her ...

ELSA: She is good woman ... and harmless. I know her well.  
She comes from same place as I do ... in Hungary.  
(CALLS) Good day to you, Anastasia.

ANASTASIA: (COMING IN) Elsa Dobras! Is good to see you ...

ELSA: This is my cousin ... Mary Kachenko.

ANASTASIA: Ah! It does an old woman's eyes good to see pretty young American girl like you. Have you had fortune told, child?

MARY: No. And I'm not interested.

ELSA: (LAUGHS) Why not, Mary? We have had long walk, and we are tired. <sup>Let</sup> us rest under this tree, while Anastasia tells your fortune with the cards.

MARY: Elsa, I'd rather not.

ELSA: Hush, child. Is nothing to be afraid of. Is no harm in it ...

ANASTASIA: ~~Aye. And my cards tell truth. Is not so, Elsa? Cards said you would be rich woman. And not two weeks later your husband fell down the stairs and left his insurance...~~

ELSA: ~~(SNAPS) Quiet, you old crones! You have gossip's tongue.~~

ANASTASIA: ~~(MUMBLES) I meant nothing. I meant nothing, Elsa ...~~

ELSA: Tell the girl's fortune, <sup>and do not chatter so much!</sup>

MARY: Elsa, please, I ...

ANASTASIA: Five cards. (HYPNOTICALLY) One ... two ... three ... four ... five. (PAUSE) Ah! (SOMBERLY) A pity, ~~a pity!~~

MARY: What is it?

ANASTASIA: I better not tell you, child.

MARY: No, Anastasia. Now that you've begun ... tell me. How does my fortune read?



ANASTASIA: Five cards there are, and all with the black spades. Black is the color of death ... and the spade the sign of death.

MARY: Death?

ANASTASIA: (INCANTATION) Black for the inside of the coffin ... and the spade to dig the grave ...

MARY: Elsa ... I ... tell her to stop. She frightens me. I ... (GASP)

ELSA: (COLD AND HARD) Does she, child?

MARY: Elsa, what ... what's that you're taking from your handbag ...

ELSA: She said death, Mary. And her cards never lie ...

MARY: (TERROR) Elsa, what ... why, it ... it's a blackjack. You ... you've been carrying it in your purse. Elsa, what are you going to do ... what ... (CUTS, AND SCREAMS) No! NO!

ELSA: (HARSH) Hold her arms, Anastasia. Do not let her get away!

ANASTASIA: Aye!

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ SCUFFLE

MARY: (SCREAMING) Let me go! Let me go!

ELSA: (YELLS) Hold on to her, you old fool! How can I strike if ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ RUNNING UP, SUDDENLY

MARY: (OFF, SCREAMING) Help! Help! ~~They're trying to kill me!~~

ANASTASIA: ~~Elsa! She got away! She's running!~~

ELSA:           Quick, Anastasia... Run after her! We must... catch  
                  her... before she gets out... of the woods!

MUSIC:       CURTAIN

CHAPPELL:       We will be back in just a moment with tonight's  
                  BIG STORY.

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

NOVACHORD: \_ \_ \_ (MUSIC - THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

HARRICE: (OVER MUSIC) "Distance lends enchantment" ... and, when you light a PELL MELL, distance lends enchantment to smoking, too. For the greater distance the smoke travels in PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES is so important to the complete and satisfying enjoyment of fine, mellow tobacco ... (MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: Ladies and gentlemen, Nature's best filter for a fine smoke is fine, mellow tobacco. Because of PELL MELL'S greater length, the smoke is drawn through a much greater distance of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos. You have only to smoke a PELL MELL to realize the outstanding advantages that result: greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness ...

NOVACHORD: \_ \_ \_ (MUSIC - THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

HARRICE: "Distance lends enchantment" ... and the greater distance PELL MELL travels the smoke, lends real enchantment to the simple act of enjoying a cigarette. (MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC: - - - - INTRODUCTION AND UNDER

HARRIGE: Now we return you to our narrator, Berry Kroeger,  
and tonight's BIG STORY.

NARRATOR: You're in the city room when the story comes in. A  
girl named Mary Kachenko is found staggering along a  
road, bruised and battered. She claims that two women  
tried to beat her to death, and that she barely managed  
to escape them. The next day the police pick up the  
two women, and then release them for lack of evidence.  
So far, nothing to get excited about. But somewhere  
in the back of your mind, a name rings a bell. Elsa  
Dobras. Elsa Dobras. You remember the obituary ...  
and that the insurance company had conducted an  
investigation into Mike Dobras' death, and you kick  
the story around with another reporter ...

TOM: Story? What story? There isn't any story there, Ed.

KASUN: Maybe you're right, Tom -- but the Chief wants me to  
look into it -- and so do I. It's just a crazy idea,  
inside. Keeps nagging me, following me around ...  
just won't go away.

TOM: In other words, just a pure hunch.

KASUN: Call it that.

TOM: Look, Ed, let's add this up. The husband ... this Mike  
Dobras ... fell down the steps and broke his neck a  
couple of years ago. Right?

KASUN: Right.

TOM: And this alleged attack in the woods happened just  
yesterday.

KASUN: Check.

TOM: Then where's the connection? What ties up the two?

KASUN: Nothing much. Except that this same woman, this Elsa Dobras, was involved both times. (APOLOGETIC LAUGH)  
Sure, Tom, I know it's vague, but ...

TOM: I'll say it is. In the first place, the insurance company investigated the husband's death and paid off, didn't they?

KASUN: Yes.

TOM: In other words, they were satisfied that the accident was legitimate.

KASUN: Sure, sure, I know. You've got all the logic on your side, Tom ...

TOM: But you've got a hunch on yours. Is that it?

KASUN: That's it. And I'm going to play it.

MUSIC: - - - - UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: So ... you drive out to Munhall to see the victim, Mary Kachenko. ~~She is hysterical as~~ She tells you the story ... the whole story ... the fortune teller ... the blackjack ... everything. It sounds like something out of a dime novel ... but somehow, you believe her. And then just as you're ready to leave, the door opens ...

SOUND: - - - - DOOR OPENS

PETER: (OFF) Mary, I ... (CUTS) Oh. (COMING ON) Who is this man?

MARY: This is Mr. Kasun, a reporter from the Pittsburgh Press. Mr. Kasun, this is Peter, my husband ...

PETER: (BELIGGERENT) What you doing here? What you want?

KASUN: Why, I was just checking on your wife's story, and ...

PETER: (INTERRUPTS) Mary... what did you tell this man?

MARY: Why, I told him everything, Peter. About Anastasia and Elsa and ...

PETER: (ANGRILY) Mary, you fool!

MARY: Peter, wait ...

PETER: (RISING) Do you want them to bury our clothes in the graveyard at midnight, and put the witch's curse upon us, as they did in Hungary? Do you want them to put our handkerchiefs under their pillows, to bring the Red Devils and choke us to death?

MARY: Peter, this is America, not the old country ...

PETER: What does it matter? The witches carry on their black work anywhere. And you, Mary, you have told this man from the newspaper everything ... about Anastasia and Elsa Dobras and the insurance ... everything!

KASUN: (ALERT) Insurance? What insurance?

MARY: Why, Elsa took out an insurance policy on me about two years ago, Mr. Kasun. She ...

PETER: Mary! Quiet!

KASUN: Wait a minute, Mr. Kachenko. If you'd only tell me...

PETER: I have already told you too much.

KASUN: But ...

PETER: (AGITATED) Please, Mister. Go away. Leave my house. ~~We do not want to talk more. We have spoken too much already.~~ Go away ... before the black curse falls upon us!

MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: So ... you go see Elsa Dobras. She denies everything, and slams the door in your face. Then, you take a walk in the woods where Mary Kachenko was assaulted, on the off-chance that you might be lucky. You are. And back again you come, knocking on Elsa Dobras'

*Sounds*  
ELSA: <sup>door ...</sup> ~~knock~~ ~~open~~ (HOSTILE) Oh. Is you again. I tell you once ...

KASUN: Wait a minute! Wait a minute, Mrs. Dobras. I wouldn't slam that door again. Not after what I found!

ELSA: What you mean, Mister Reporter.

KASUN: I've just been out in the woods, near Buttermilk Hollow ...

ELSA: I tell you ...

KASUN: And I found this. Recognize it, Mrs. Dobras? (PAUSE) All right. I'll tell you. It's your handbag.

ELSA: That is lie.

KASUN: Sure. But your initials are on the clasp. And the police might be interested ... very much interested. (PAUSE) Well, Mrs. Dobras?

ELSA: All right. All right. I was there, with fortune teller. We give Mary Kachenko beating.

KASUN: I know that, Mrs. Dobras. But why?

ELSA: She ... well, she was no-good woman. She was making eyes at all the husbands on the street.

KASUN: Your husband too, Mrs. Dobras?

ELSA: (A BEAT) I ... yes. That is why I beat her up ...

KASUN: You're lying.

ELSA: Eh?

KASUN: If she was flirting with your husband, she must have been doing it in the graveyard. He died falling down the cellar steps. Remember? It was an accident.  
(A BEAT) Or was it?

ELSA: What you mean?

KASUN: I mean, there are accidents ... and accidents!

ELSA: (COLD AND HARD) Speak plain, Mister Reporter. What you mean?

KASUN: He might have fallen down those stairs ... or he might have been shoved!

ELSA: That is lie!

KASUN: Is it, Mrs. Dobras?

ELSA: It is lie! (HARD) And I warn you this, Mister Reporter!

KASUN: Yes?

ELSA: Is not safe for you, here in Munhall. Go away.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ SLAM OF DOOR

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ UP AND UNDER

ANASTASIA: (HOSTILE) What you want with me, Mr. Reporter?

KASUN: I'd like to ask you a few questions about a certain beating, Mrs. Rojak.

ANASTASIA: I know nothing ...

KASUN: You were there, weren't you?

ANASTASIA: I know nothing.

KASUN: I see. They tell me you're quite a fortune teller, Mrs. Rojak. They say that when you foretell something, it usually happens.



ANASTASIA: They speak truth. (A BEAT) Shall I tell your fortune in the cards, Mr. Reporter?

KASUN: Go ahead.

ANASTASIA: See ... here are the cards. I turn them over ... one, two, three, four, five ... (PAUSE) And now, they speak. They say, go away ... go on long trip ... now!

KASUN: And if I don't?

ANASTASIA: They say death, Mr. Reporter. *of your story*

KASUN: That's too bad, Mrs. Rojak, because I'm staying.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE ... UP IN MONTAGE AND UNDER

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ KNOCK ON DOOR ... DOOR OPENS

KASUN: Mrs. Renesh?

MRS. RENESH: I am Mrs. Renesh.

KASUN: I understand you're a relative of Elsa Dobras.

MRS. RENESH: Yes. Who are you?

KASUN: My name is Ed Kasun. I'm a reporter on the Pittsburgh Press and ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ SLAM OF DOOR HARD

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ MONTAGE UP AND SEGUE TO SMALL ORCHESTRA PLAYING HUNGARIAN FOLK SONG B.G.

KASUN: Your name Steve Borgas?

STEVE: That's me.

KASUN: You're a neighbor of Elsa Dobras, aren't you?

STEVE: That's right. Why?

KASUN: Before we talk, let me buy you a drink.

STEVE: Sure. Why not? But who are you?

KASUN: I'm a reporter on the Pittsburgh Press, working on the Dobras case, and I thought ...

STEVE: (FREEZES) Wait a minute, Mister! What are you trying to do? Put the hex on me?

KASUN: Look, I ...

STEVE: When I feel like endin' up in a graveyard, I'll let you know. See you later, Mister!

KASUN: Borgas! Wait! What about that drink?

STEVE: (MOVING AWAY) You drink it! I ain't thirsty any more!

MUSIC: ----- MONTAGE AND OUT UNDER

SOUND: ----- ~~STEEL FOUNDRY B.G. HISS OF MOLTEN METAL HUM OF POWER CLANG OF STEEL OFF~~ ...

KASUN: I understand you and Mike Dobras puddled steel together here in the foundry.

JOE: Yah. Me and Mike work together. Why you ask?

KASUN: I've got reason to believe that his death was murder, not an accident and ...

JOE: (SUDDEN TERROR) No say any more!

KASUN: What ...?

JOE: No talk of these things more. Do you think I want curse on me? I no want the witches to come for me, like Mike Dobras and the others.

KASUN: The others? What others? Like what others?

JOE: Go away, Mister.

KASUN: There were others besides Mike Dobras?

JOE: Go away! Please ... go away!

KASUN: There were others besides Mike Dobras who were murdered?

JOE: (SCREAMS IN TERROR) I know nothing ... nothing!  
Go away! Go away! Go away!

MUSIC: WIPE AND GO UNDER

TOM: There were others, Ed... you were right. We checked the insurance companies to find out whether Elsa Dobras collected on any other accidental deaths besides her husband's. And brother, you sure hit the jackpot. There were three others she cashed in policies on ... all men, and all relatives. Two of 'em died of violent stomach disorders ... and the third by what was diagnosed as peritonitis!

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You're sure, now. You're even surer when you go back to the office and recheck the insurance companies on another angle. It seems that Elsa Dobras isn't satisfied yet. She's applied for even more insurance on other relatives. But it's still not enough. You need proof ... proof! And then, suddenly, you get a call from Mary Kachenko's husband, Peter, to come down and see him. You rush down to Munhall and he <sup>feels you know</sup> ~~says~~ ...

PETER: Mr. Kasun ... before I would not talk. I was afraid for my life. But now ... I tell you what I know.

KASUN: Yes?

PETER: I ... first I tell you why I talk, I marry American girl, Mary. I want to be good American. She tell me, "Peter, in America they are not afraid of things like this" ... what you call this ...?

KASUN: Witchcraft?

PETER: Ah, yes. Witchcraft. That is for Old Country. She say to me, "Peter, you come to America because you were afraid in Hungary. This is good country, and be not afraid." You understand, Mr. Kasun?

KASUN: Yes, Mr. ~~Kachenko~~. I understand.

PETER: Good. Now I tell you story. In my village of Nagyrev, in Hungary, many husbands died. And their wives, who did not want them, killed them.

KASUN: Killed them? How?

PETER: First, they sent the men to the fortune teller of Nagyrev for the curse. Then, if this did not work, they poisoned the men. Finally, the police found out and hung six of the women. The rest escaped from Nagyrev. Mr. Kasun, both Elsa Dobras and old Anastasie, the fortune teller, come from the village of Nagyrev!

KASUN: (PAUSE) Mr. ~~Kachenko~~, I think you and I had better go call a cop.

MUSIC: --- HIT AND GO UNDER

NARRATOR: You do, and the police arrest Elsa Dobras and you get your BIG STORY. But you still don't believe it. Sometimes you have to read it in the Pittsburgh Press just to make sure it wasn't a nightmare in the first place.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ UP TO CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from  
Ed Kasun of the Pittsburgh Press with the final  
details on tonight's BIG STORY.

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

NOVACHORD: \_ \_ \_ (MUSIC - THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

HARRICE:        "Distance lends enchantment" - and the greater distance  
PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the enchantment of  
greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness ... to the  
simple act of enjoying a cigarette. (SLIGHT PAUSE)

VIBRAPHONE: \_ \_ BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG... BONG!

CHAPPELL:       Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!"   And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!"   PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -  
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE:        And - they are mild!

ORCHESTRA: -- TAG

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Edward Kasun of the Pittsburgh Press.

KASUN: Of the two lethal ladies in tonight's BIG STORY, one was found guilty of murder and sentenced to life imprisonment. The old gypsy fortune teller, however, turned State's evidence and never came to trial. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Kasun. The makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to have named you the winner of the PELL MELL \$500. Award for notable service in the field of journalism.

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice reminding you to listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY -- a BIG STORY from the pages of the Denver Post, by-line -- Robert W. Fenwick. A BIG STORY about a Christmas present that was delivered in April.

MUSIC: -- THEME HIT AND FADE TO B.G. ON CUE

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter, ~~written by Max Klich and directed by Harry Ingram,~~ *with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Your narrator was Berry Kroeger, and Alan Hewitt played the part of Edward Kasun. All names in tonight's story except that of Mr. Kasun were fictitious; but the dramatization was based on a true and authentic case.*

MUSIC: -- THEME UP FULL AND FADE

THE BIG STORY #23

- 25 -

(ADDED)

9-3-47

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of  
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

HARRICE: Don't forget, friends, to listen to the new comedy  
hit - The Jack Pear Program - heard every Sunday night  
over most of these same stations in the Jack Benny  
time spot.

ANNOUNCER: THIS IS NBC -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

ATX01 0059134



*As Broadcast*

THE BIG STORY

FINAL

PROGRAM #24

"CHRISTMAS IN APRIL"

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1947

CAST

NARRATOR	BERRY KROEGER
BOBBY	RONNY LISS
RED FENWICK	LES TREMAYNE
EDITOR	BILL ADAMS
HELEN	LUISE BARCLAY
BUCK	JOE BOLAND
WARDEN	BILL ADAMS
DOCTOR	MICHAEL FITZMAURICE
MANEY	BOB BURR
CHARLIE	JOE BOLAND
GOVERNOR	MICHAEL FITZMAURICE
RUTH	LUISE BARCLAY
BILL	BOB BURR

ATK01 0059135

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present .. THE BIG STORY!

MUSIC: FAMILIAR CHRISTMAS CAROL PLAYING SOFTLY OVER RADIO

BOBBY: Come on, Pop. Why doncha open the Christmas present  
I gave you?

RED: (LAUGHS) Give me time, son. I have to wrestle with  
all this ribbon and stuff you have on it.

BOBBY: It's not as swell as the catcher's mitt you gave me,  
but ...

RED: Oh, boy!

BOBBY: Like it, Pop?

RED: It's the most ... unusual tie I've ever seen in my  
life.

BOBBY: Wait'll you see it at night. It lights up.

RED: Just what I need, son.

BOBBY: Aren't you going to open this package. I don't know  
who it's from.

RED: There's a good way to find out. (EFFORT) Just rip  
the cord off ...

SOUND: PAPER TEARING

RED: ... and take a look. Probably some purple suspenders  
from your Aunt Mar--- (LONG HOLD)

BOBBY: What is it, Pop?

BUSINESS: SILENCE

BOBBY: What's the matter, Pop? (PAUSE - AFRAID) Why don't  
you answer? Pop!

MUSIC: CHRISTMAS CAROL SWELLS UP INTO UGLY SNARL AND UNDER  
FOR

THE BIG STORY #24

- 2 -

9-10-47

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY ... another in a thrilling series  
based on true experiences of newspaper reporters.  
Tonight ... to Robert W. Fenwick of the Denver Post,  
goes the PELL MELL Award for THE BIG STORY.

MUSIC: FANFARE

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0059137

OPENING COMMERCIAL

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!" - the cigarette in the  
distinctive red package - PELL MELL.

HARRICE: Ladies and gentlemen, PELL MELL'S distinguished length  
is the outward sign of a basic superiority. Here's  
the reason ...

CHAPPELL: Nature's best filter for a fine smoke is ... fine,  
mellow tobacco! And PELL MELL'S greater length filters  
the smoke through the greater distance of PELL MELL'S  
traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos ... "Distance  
lends enchantment" ... and the greater distance  
PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the enchantment of  
greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness ...

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

HARRICE: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!"

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ INTRODUCTION AND UNDER

CHAPPELL: Now, the exciting and authentic story of ...  
"CHRISTMAS IN APRIL."

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ UP AND FADE UNDER

NARRATOR: You are Robert W. Fenwick -- better known to your  
co-workers on the Denver Post as Red, and you are  
driving your youngster to school one morning ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ SNEAK CAR

NARRATOR: ... when the kid comes out with this gem *of a remark*

BOBBY: Pop -- are you an ace reporter?

RED: Too busy just being a reporter. No time to be an  
ace, Bobby.

BOBBY: Don't you want to be one?

RED: I guess every reporter does, son. But why the sudden  
interest in my career?

BOBBY: I was figuring. If you were an ace, you'd get a  
raise.

RED: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ LAUGHS

BOBBY: And if you got a raise -- well ... you know.

RED: So help me, son, I don't know.

BOBBY: Don't you remember?

RED: Remember what?

BOBBY: My catcher's mitt.

RED: Your catcher's mitt? (PAUSE) Oh -- your catcher's  
mitt.

BOBBY: Uh-huh. The one you promised me.

RED: A fine old man you picked to have. I did promise  
you one, didn't I? And I forgot. (SMILE) And you  
think it's a matter of not affording it? Son --

BOBBY: It isn't only the catcher's mitt, Pop -- I just want you to be an ace reporter. You know what?

RED: No -- what?

BOBBY: I'd rather see you get to be a real ace reporter than have a million catchers' mitts -- that's what.

RED: Well -- you know what?

BOBBY: No -- what?

RED: I'd like to be an ace reporter, too -- that's what! And you're going to get that catcher's mitt -- I promise!

MUSIC: - - - - PUNCTUATE AND GO UNDER

NARRATOR: That's you all over ... promising things. Just a guy who makes promises! And promises are still on your mind when the managing editor calls you in to lay out a story. And, says he -- you'll like this one ...

EDITOR: Yeah, you'll like this one, Red. I'm taking you off State House to work on it. Remember that killing in the gas station down in Walsenberg?

RED: Vaguely. Wasn't the killer named Rainey or Laney or something like that?

EDITOR: Close. Maney. Harry Maney. He's in jail for life for killing Maury Drew, the station attendant. That was eight years ago. Now we've got a tip that he's trying to get some kind of a writ to get his case reviewed.

RED: Didn't he have a sister?

EDITOR: He still does. She's trying to spring him from prison. Go over to this address and see what you can get out of her.

RED: Okay ... but don't expect me to help get anybody out of a life rap. Interviews I can promise. Miracles -- no soap!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT AND GO OUT

RED: Now, I want you to understand, Miss Maney -- I'm not making any promises for myself -- or for the paper. Do you understand that?

HELEN: I'm afraid I don't, Mr. Fenwick. If you'd only read this testimony ...

RED: Miss Maney, let me explain what I mean. My business is -- a story. Not getting your brother out of jail.

HELEN: My brother is more than a story. He's an innocent boy in prison.

RED: To every sister -- her brother is innocent.

HELEN: That's a terrible thing to say.

RED: Miss Maney -- I didn't come here to pick a fight with you! I just came for the story of your efforts to get him out of jail. Please credit me with the decency to be honest!

HELEN: I do appreciate that, but --

RED: You know -- there are reporters in the business who'll promise you the moon for a story. They'll say they can get your brother out of jail single-handed. That's not how I operate.

HELEN: Can you tell me what you are going to write about my brother?

RED: Again in all honesty -- not much. You're the story here. How you've been convinced of your brother's innocence -- how you've spent every penny you've earned, every penny you've saved, every penny you have, to get him a new hearing.

HELEN: (BREAKING) But I'm not the story -- Harry's innocence is the story! Can't you write about this? This testimony, these statements?

RED: I'm sorry. As I see it -- you're the story, right now. To write up this testimony -- well, in the first place, it's old stuff, and in the second place -- the place to try cases is in court. So -- there you have it.

HELEN: Mr. Fenwick! You say every sister believes her brother's innocent --

RED: It's only human nature.

HELEN: Is it human nature for a chief of police to believe in the innocence of a convicted criminal?

RED: Now there you have something.

HELEN: Do you mean by that you'd be -- impressed by such a story from the chief of police?

RED: Miss Maney -- impressed would be an understatement.

HELEN: (OUTBURST) Then why don't you go and ask Buck Barton what he thinks about my brother's case?

RED: Buck Barton -- who's he?

HELEN: Just the man who was chief of police when Harry was convicted, that's all. Go and ask him what he thinks -- go and ask him!



MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT AND GO UNDER

RED: Mr. Barton --

BUCK: (A REAL OLD WHISKERY CHARACTER) Buck to everybody.  
Buck to you.

RED: Okay ... Buck it is. You can understand my  
reluctance to put too much stock in the girl's story  
--- it being all in the family. But what you've told  
me changes the color of the horse. Just let me go  
through my notes again and check these salient  
points. Do you mind?

BUCK: Not at all.

RED: One -- Benny Sanchez, the principal witness against  
Harry Maney -- lied on the stand.

BUCK: Right. Here's his criminal record before that case --  
and after. He's doing time right now for larceny.  
Maney had a clean record. It's the word of a  
repeater against a first-timer.

RED: All right. As for the <sup>Seccuk</sup> ~~other~~ witness, he contradicted  
himself several times and later retracted his story.

BUCK: Right. This witness testified that he had seen  
Maney coming toward the pool hall at the time of the  
murder.

RED: Well?

BUCK: (QUIET) How did he know what time the murder had  
been committed in the gas station if he had been  
in the pool hall all the while?

RED: You mean -- somebody told him later -- and he  
remembered conveniently?

BUCK: *Yes, and the truck witness couldn't even hear  
or write*  
Right. Any more questions?

RED: Yeah. And this one lands right in your lap, Buck.

BUCK: Let's have it.

RED: (SORE AS HELL) Why in the name of Jehosephat have you been sitting on all this? Why haven't you given this information out, instead of keeping it under your hat? What do you think newspapers are for anyway-- wrapping garbage?

BUCK: Mister -- if anybody was to talk like that to me twenty years ago, he'd be picking fists out of his teeth for a week. I got a good reason for not breaking this information right away.

RED: Whether or not you want it broken -- I'm breaking it.

BUCK: Oh, no, you're not. The fact that the witnesses lied about Maney is only one side of the story. The other side of the picture is -- was Maney telling the truth?

RED: Oh fine. How're you going to prove that?

BUCK: Like to stick around and find out?

RED: What do you mean?

BUCK: This afternoon, there's three people going to come through that door you come through. One of them's going to be the warden of the State Penitentiary. The other's going to be young Harry Maney. The third is going to be -- a psychologist with a lie detector. (PAUSE) You willing to stick?

RED: Yeah. I'll stick.

MUSIC: ----- HIT AND FADE INTO

SOUND: ----- DOOR OPENS ... THEN CLOSES

BUCK: Well -- right on time, Doctor.

DOCTOR: A little early. I want to get my apparatus set up.  
(PAUSE) Is this the convicted man?

BUCK: (WITH A LAUGH) No. Just a reporter. Red Fenwick  
of the Post.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ KNOCK ON DOOR

BUCK: That'll be Maney and the warden. (CALLS) Come on in!

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ DOOR OPENS ... THEN CLOSES UNDER

BUCK: Howdy, Warden.

WARDEN: Hello, Buck.

BUCK: (GENTLE) Hello, son. How you makin' it?

MANEY: (YOUNG AND FRIGHTENED) I don't know yet, Mr. Barton  
-- I don't know ...

BUCK: Son, you just take it easy and sit down a while.  
The Doc'll be ready with his gadget in a minute.

MANEY: (PAUSE) Who's he?

BUCK: Red Fenwick. Reporter -- Denver Post.

MANEY: Hello, Mr. Fenwick.

RED: Hello, kid. How do you feel?

MANEY: (QUIETLY) Scared.

DOCTOR: May we proceed, Warden?

WARDEN: It's all yours, Doctor. Harry --

MANEY: Yes, sir?

WARDEN: From now on -- you're to do as the doctor says.

MANEY: Yes, sir.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT AND GO UNDER

NARRATOR: (QUIET) You watch as the psychologist fixes a pneumatic tube about the boy's chest, and one to each arm. These he connects to an automatic stylograph, which will <sup>write a</sup> ~~make an inked~~ record of the boy's reactions to his questions ...

SOUND: SNEAK HEARTBEAT AS MUSIC GOES OUT

NARRATOR: ... And as he adjusts the needle, you can hear the boy's heartbeat, the room is so quiet ... or is it your own heartbeat -- pulling for him, though your mind hasn't made itself up yet?

SOUND: HEARTBEAT UP AND UNDER

DOCTOR: <sup>Maney</sup> ~~Son~~ -- when you tell the truth, the needle will write a steady track. When you lie -- it'll jump.

MANEY: It won't jump, sir.

DOCTOR: Are you ready?

MANEY: I'm ready.

DOCTOR: Good. (PAUSE) Is your name Harry Maney?

MANEY: Yes, sir.

DOCTOR: How old are you?

MANEY: Twenty-five.

DOCTOR: Are you in jail, <sup>Maney</sup> ~~Harry?~~

SOUND: HEARTBEAT RISES AND GOES UNDER

MANEY: Yes, sir.

DOCTOR: What for?

SOUND: HEARTBEAT RISES

MANEY: The murder of Maury Drew.

DOCTOR: Did you kill Maury Drew?

SOUND: HEARTBEAT RISES AND MOUNTS AND MERGES WITH

MUSIC: CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's  
BIG STORY.

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

NOVACHORD: (MUSIC - THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

HARRICE: (OVER MUSIC) "Distance lends enchantment" ... and, when you light a PELL MELL, distance lends enchantment to smoking, too. For the greater distance the smoke travels in PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES is so important to the complete and satisfying enjoyment of fine, mellow tobacco ... (MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: Ladies and gentlemen, Nature's best filter for a fine smoke is fine, mellow tobacco. Because of PELL MELL'S greater length, the smoke is drawn through a much greater distance of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos. You have only to smoke a PELL MELL to realize the outstanding advantages that result: greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness ...

NOVACHORD: (MUSIC - THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

HARRICE: "Distance lends enchantment" ... the the greater distance PELL MELL travels the smoke, lends real enchantment to the simple act of enjoying a cigarette. (MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ INTRODUCTION AND UNDER

HARRICE: Now we return you to our narrator, Berry Kroeger, and tonight's BIG STORY.

NARRATOR: Over and over the psychologist with his lie detector asks Harry Maney questions.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ SNEAK THE HEARTBEAT HERE

NARRATOR: Foolish questions, canny questions, innocent-sounding questions, deadly, tricky questions -- and over and over again that one big question you hear above the heartbeats -- ever that big question ...

DOCTOR: Did you kill Maury Drew?

MANEY: No sir. I did not.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ AN ASCENT AND UNDER

NARRATOR: Then the questioning is over, and you're all waiting for the analysis of the chart. Buck Barton takes you aside ...

BUCK: How does he sound to you, Red?

RED: I dunno. Let's wait for the Doc.

BUCK: The thing is, Red -- with this test, I've done all I can. I've done the detecting -- but I'm just a cop. From here on out -- somebody else has got to carry the ball. Somebody else has got to get the people or the courts or the government het up about it.

RED: Meaning me?

BUCK: Meaning you.

RED: Well ---

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ DOOR OPENS

BUCK: Save it. There's the Doc. (A LITTLE UP) Finished, Doc?

DOCTOR: (COMING ON) I have a preliminary reading. *uh*

MANEY: Can you tell me, sir -- did it say I was telling the truth?

DOCTOR: Well -- I want to give you two more corroboratory tests, ~~can~~ -- but as far as the lie detector is concerned -- you're innocent.

MANEY: (DEVOUTLY) Thank God! ~~Oh, thank God!~~

BUCK: What do you say now, Red?

RED: About carrying the ball for you, Buck?

BUCK: Yeah ...

RED: I'm sticking my neck out. What's today?

BUCK: First of September.

RED: First of Septembor, huh? Okay. Here's my promise. Harry Maney -- I'm gonna have you out of prison by Christmas! And that's a promise!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT AND GO UNDER

NARRATOR: A promise. There goes Fearless Fenwick -- making promises again. The question is, can you keep it? Not without the paper behind you. And that depends on the managing editor.

RED: Boss -- I've gone and put myself on the spot. I promised to get Maney out of jail. By Christmas.

EDITOR: H'ya, Santa Claus?

RED: No kidding, Boss. I've promised -- and I don't know where to go from here.

EDITOR: What do you want me to do?

RED: Just leave me on the story.

EDITOR: Okay -- but give me some action on it. Who's going to cover the Governor's press conference today?



RED: Me. Anything particular you've got on your mind you want to ask him?

EDITOR: N-no ...

RED: Good.

EDITOR: Why?

RED: 'Cause I'm going to <sup>put</sup> lay the Harry Maney case right in His Excellency's lap!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT AND GO UNDER

CHARLIE: And your plans, Governor, for the school survey -- have you made any headway on that?

GOVERNOR: No comment, Charlie. That's still in the hands of the Board of Education.

RED: Now, Governor, could you --

GOVERNOR: Just a moment, ~~Red~~. You might say, Charlie, that my office is "keeping in touch."

RED: Governor, I wanted to ask you --

RUTH: Governor, can you give me any information on the railroad investigation? From the woman's angle, that is.

GOVERNOR: (SMILING) Ruth -- you tell your editor the railroad mixup is a man's job for anybody.

BUSINESS: \_ \_ \_ \_ GENERAL LAUGHTER OVER WHICH IS HEARD

RED: Governor -- Governor --

GOVERNOR: (NO ATTENTION TO HIM) However, my secretary has a letter or two from women in the state expressing the views of various women's groups, and you might --

RED: Look, Governor -- I'd like to ask you --

GOVERNOR: (SMILING) All right, Red -- what's the burr under your saddle?

BUSINESS: -- LAUGHTER

RED: The Maney case.

BUSINESS: -- LAUGHTER

GOVERNOR: What about it, Red?

RED: Have you seen the evidence we submitted?

GOVERNOR: No comment.

RED: Do you intend to study it?

GOVERNOR: No comment.

RED: Did you know, Governor, that a lie detector test has proved --

GOVERNOR: (OVER HIM) No comment. By the way, Ruth, about that railroad investigation - you might check up on the Board of Transportation while you're in the State House. They might --

RED: (SORE OVER THE PREVIOUS) Governor! An innocent man in jail is more important than a railroad investigation to the people of the state of Colorado.

CHARLIE: Pipe down, Red!

BILL: Skip it, will you?

RUTH: Some on -- take off your armor, Galahad!

CHARLIE: Don't mind him, Governor. He thinks he's a crusader.

RED: (TOPPING ABOVE) This lie detector test proved to the absolute certainty of a competent psychologist that Harry Maney did not kill Maury Drew! Are you going to say "no comment" to that, Governor? The chief of police ...

BUSINESS: -- BEGIN LAUGHTER OF OTHER REPORTERS AT THIS POINT

(Ad Libs)

RED: ... of his town believes in his innocence -- so do I -- and my paper is prepared to back 's up. Governor, if you'd only give me a break on this -- you're the only one who ...

MUSIC: COMES FROM UNDER RED'S PROTESTING AND WIPES UNDER

BOBBY: Pop --

RED: What do you want, Bobby?

BOBBY: How you doing on the Maney story, Pop? That's an ace reporter's case, isn't it?

RED: Yeah. The only thing it hasn't got is an ace reporter to work on it.

BOBBY: You're not doing so good, are you, Pop?

RED: No. I'm not. Sound and fury signifying nothing.

BOBBY: What's that mean?

RED: Translated from Shakespeare, it means -- I'm getting no place fast. (GENTLER) It's all right, Bobby. Your old man's gonna be an ace just to satisfy you -- if nobody else! That's a promise. (BEAT) There I go again.

MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER

GOVERNOR: All right, Red. You've got five minutes -- it's all the time I can spare.

RED: I appreciate that, Governor. There's nobody else I can work on.

GOVERNOR: Work on! You mean work over! ~~You've got to realize where I stand on cases of this nature. Don't you know that the families of every man in jail appeal to me to let their boy out?~~

~~RED: I can well appreciate that, Governor -- but --~~

GOVERNOR: Well, <sup>115</sup> what am I supposed to do? Empty the prisons the minute I get elected - just because some crackpot reporter promised to get a guy out of jail by Christmas? ~~No. I have a responsibility to the law-abiding citizenry.~~

~~RED: Then just how do you feel about this case, Governor?~~

GOVERNOR: ~~The same way I feel about the others.~~ I feel that the man's had a fair trial in our courts -- and I simply cannot see why the decision of the law and twelve good men and true on the jury should be questioned. It's as simple as that. My function as governor is executive -- not as a board of review over the conclusions of our courts.

RED: What was that you said -- a board of review?

GOVERNOR: In a way of speaking, yes.

RED: A board of review. Governor -- I understand you a little better now. You're conscientiously opposed to interference with the findings of our courts. Is that right?

GOVERNOR: Yes. That's a fair way to put it.

RED: You speak of twelve good men and true. You've been a lawyer -- you know it isn't the jury that judges a man -- it's the testimony against him that influences the jury.

GOVERNOR: I grant you that, too. But --

RED: Governor -- this case hangs on testimony of three witnesses. <sup>the witness tests that Maney is that Maney all right</sup> An investigation by Buck Barton -- whom you know and respect -- (GOVERNOR SAYS "YES.") -- has proved to MY satisfaction that two of these witnesses are confirmed criminals and perjurers -- and the third is a hopeless illiterate who can't read or write, who has the intelligence of a five-year-old child. The kind of a poor hopeless fool who'll say black is white and white is black if you tell him often enough! (QUIET) Those are the men who <sup>sent</sup> Harry Maney to <sup>jailed</sup> ~~spend the rest of his life~~ ~~behind walls and bars~~ -- not twelve good men and true. How about that, Governor?

GOVERNOR: (LOW) I don't know, Red -- I don't know.

RED: Well -- I do. And this is my suggestion: If your conscience is against interference with the courts, will you appoint a commission to review the case of Harry Maney?

GOVERNOR: Appoint a commission ...?

RED: Pick out prominent citizens -- churchmen, businessmen, social leaders -- the best we've got in the state -- let them study the evidence -- let them go talk to the kid in jail -- let them constitute the good men and true that a poor bewildered guy, trapped in the toils of law, has the right to expect from the rest of us who don't get into trouble! (PAUSE) Sorry for the speechmaking, Governor.

GOVERNOR: (AFTER A PAUSE) Got your pencil?

RED: You mean -- from here on out it's on the record?

GOVERNOR: It's on the record. Say that I have given careful attention to the case of Harry Maney -- and have decided to appoint -- in the near future -- a commission to make recommendations concerning him. (PAUSE) And thanks for seeing my side of it, Red.

RED: Thank you, Governor -- this is what newspapermen don't call a scoop -- but an exclusive!

MUSIC: HIT JUBILANTLY AND GO UNDER

NARRATOR: An exclusive -- fine, fine. But what happens after that? You wait for the Governor to appoint his commission -- and you wait. December is getting nearer, and the promise you made to have Harry Maney out of jail by Christmas is heavy on your mind. You haunt the Governor's office, heckle politicians and bigwigs, putting bugs in their ears for suggestions to the governor - and finally a commission is appointed. Now your work really begins. You keep the case alive on page one, knocking yourself out on interviews, stories about Harry in jail --

MUSIC: OUT

NARRATOR: ... but all of a sudden, practically before you know it ... it's Christmas.

MUSIC: CHRISTMAS CAROL PLAYING SOFTLY OVER RADIO

SOUND: RUSTLE OF PAPER

BOBBY: Come on, Pop. Why doncha open the Christmas present I gave you?

RED: (LAUGHS) Give me time, son. I have to wrestle with all this ribbon and stuff you have on it.

BOBBY: It's not as swell as the catcher's mitt you gave me,  
but ...

RED: Oh boy!

BOBBY: Like it, Pop?

RED: It's the most --- unusual tie I've ever seen in my  
life.

BOBBY: Wait'll you see it at night. It lights up.

RED: (LAMELY BUT BRAVELY) Just exactly what I need, son.

BOBBY: Pop ---

RED: What's up?

BOBBY: Merry Christmas.

RED: Merry Christmas, Bobby.

BOBBY: (SOFT) I --- I liked the catcher's mitt, Pop.

RED: That's all right, kid. It was overdue.

BOBBY: But you kept your promise.

RED: Yeah. Well, at least I kept one promise.

BOBBY: You're thinking about that feller you promised to  
get out of jail, aren't you?

RED: Yeah. I'm thinking about that feller I promised to  
get out of jail.

BOBBY: Aren't you going to open this package? I don't know  
who it's from.

RED: (ROUSING HIMSELF) Well, there's a good way to find  
out. (EFFORT) Just rip the cord off --- (PAPER  
TEARING) --- and take a look. Probably some purple  
suspenders from your Aunt Mar--- (LONG HOLD)

BOBBY: What is it, Pop?

BUSINESS: SILENCE

BOBBY: What's the matter, Pop?

BUSINESS: SILENCE

BOBBY: Why don't you answer? Pop!

RED: (LOW, QUIET) It's a wallet.

BOBBY: Say ... that's like the ones I used to make in school.

RED: This one was made in prison, Bobby. Here's a card.  
It says ... "Merry Christmas. Harry Maney."

MUSIC: CHRISTMAS CAROL UP IRONICALLY AND UNDER FOR MONTAGE

RED: Governor -- you appointed the commission -- can't  
you get after them for some action? Please!

MUSIC: UP AND BACK

RED: Boss -- can't you write an editorial needling the  
commission? Just one more -- please! Please!

MUSIC: UP AND BACK

RED: Joe -- you helped put the governor in the state house  
-- light a match under him on this for me -- will  
you -- please! Please! Please!

MUSIC: SWEEPS UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: Christmas fades into the New Year ... February into  
March ... March into Easter ... time rattles by like  
a fast express from which are thrown bundles of  
newspapers whose headlines you write ...

SOUND: SNEAK TYPEWRITER

NARRATOR: ... whose stories you write -- <sup>and</sup> with all about Harry  
Maney ... and then ...

SOUND: PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP

RED: This is Fenwick.

GOVERNOR: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Hello, Red.



RED: Governor?

GOVERNOR: That's right. Red -- the commission's made its recommendation.

RED: What's the story, Governor?

GOVERNOR: I've just pardoned ~~him~~ Harry Maney.

RED: Swell, swell, swell! When will he get it?

GOVERNOR: As soon as you can deliver it.

RED: Me?

GOVERNOR: Sure. Who else deserves to? (CHUCKLE) Why, you ought to sign it! Come on over and pick it up, you darned hot-head!

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER AND INTO)

NARRATOR: You pick up the precious paper and drive towards the main highway leading to the pen. Then -- you change your mind and head for home. Bobby's playing on the sidewalk as you drive up -- with the catcher's mitt you gave him. You call him --- he hops in.

(SLAM CAR DOOR. CAR TAKES OFF)

BOBBY: Where we goin', Pop?

RED: Three guesses.

BOBBY: Ball game?

RED: Strike one.

BOBBY: Fishin'?

RED: Strike two.

BOBBY: (AFTER A PAUSE) Oh-oh. The jail.

RED: Home run, kid. Yep. We're going to the jail to deliver a pardon.

BOBBY: Gosh. You know what?

RED: No -- what?

BOBBY: You're an ace reporter -- that's what!

RED: (PAUSE, LOW) Thanks kid. (UP) Tell you a secret. I'm really Santa Claus. It's Christmas, Bobby -- Christmas in April. Merry Christmas, son.

MUSIC: ----- CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Robert W. Fenwick of the Denver Post with final details on tonight's BIG STORY.

MUSIC: ----- FANFARE

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

NOVACHORD: (MUSIC - THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

HARRICE: "Distance lends enchantment" - and the greater distance  
PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the enchantment of  
greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness ... to the  
simple act of enjoying a cigarette. (SLIGHT PAUSE)

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!" PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -  
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ORCHESTRA: \_ \_ TAG

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Robert W. Fenwick of the Denver Post.

RED: Pardoned man in tonight's BIG STORY is now happily married. State of Colorado awarded him ten thousand dollars, which he turned over to his family, who had incurred large debt in fight for freedom. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Fenwick. The makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to have named you the winner of the PELL MELL \$500 Award for notable service in the field of journalism.

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice reminding you to listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY -- a BIG STORY from the pages of the New York Mirror -- ~~a BIG STORY~~ that reached its climax when New York's public enemy No. 1 was brought to justice -- by-line, Walter Winchell.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ THEME HIT AND FADE TO B.G. ON CUE

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter, and directed by Harry Ingram, with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was written by Allen E. Sloan. Your narrator was Berry Kroeger, and Les Tremayne played the part of Robert W. Fenwick. All names in tonight's story except that of Mr. Fenwick were fictitious; but the dramatization was based on a true and authentic case.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ THEME UP FULL AND FADE

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of  
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

HARRICE: Don't forget, friends, to listen to the new comedy hit -  
The Jack Paar Program - heard every Sunday night over  
most of these same stations in the Jack Benny time spot.

ANNOUNCER: THIS IS NBC -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

*As Broadcast*

THE BIG STORY

1st REVISION

Pages 22 & 23.

PROGRAM #25

"THE CASE OF THE CORNERED CAT"

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1947

CAST

NARRATOR	BERRY KROEGER
HOOD	DON APPELL
WINCHELL	WARD WILSON
MARGE	MILDRED CLINTON
HOOVER	ED BEGLEY
THE CAT	ALAN HEWITT
WAITER	ED BEGLEY
WOMAN	MILDRED CLINTON
DRIVER	ALAN HEWITT
EDITOR	DON APPELL

ATX01 0059164

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present ... THE BIG STORY!

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ MOTOR UNDER

HOOD: All right, Reporter. Turn left here.

WINCHELL: But --

HOOD: Keep your trap shut and turn left, I said!

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ SLIGHT REACTION OF TIRES

HOOD: All right. Stop the car there, under that tree, where it's nice and dark.

WINCHELL: Look, I ...

HOOD: (HARSH) Do as I say!

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ MOTOR TO STOP

HOOD: Now ... turn off the ignition ... and your headlights, too.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ MOTOR OUT

WINCHELL: What are you going to do now?

HOOD: Just make sure you don't double-cross us, Walter Winchell.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT AND UNDER FOR

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY ... another in a thrilling series based on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight ... to Walter Winchell of the New York Daily Mirror ... goes the PELL MELL Award for THE BIG STORY.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ PANFARE

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!" - the cigarette in the distinctive  
red package - PELL MELL.

HARRICE: Ladies and gentlemen, have you noticed how many of your  
friends have changed to PELL MELL? There's a reason --  
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ...

MAN #1: Good to look at ...

MAN #2: Good to feel ...

MAN #3: Good to taste ...

MAN #4: And good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: Yes, good - good - good - and good! When you change to  
PELL MELL you get smoking advantages that are  
"Outstanding!" For PELL MELL'S greater length filters  
the smoke through a much greater distance of PELL MELL'S  
traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos ... the result is  
a smoother, mellow, more satisfying smoke.

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

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"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!"

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!



MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ INTRODUCTION AND UNDER FOR

CHAPPELL: Now, the exciting and authentic story of ... "The Case of the Cornered Cat."

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You are Walter Winchell. Your beat is Broadway. You know its flora and fauna ... the big shots and bums, champs and chumps, con men and chiselers, cops and chorus girls -- the characters who work and play in the neon night. You've had your share of big stories, but there's one big story you'd give your right arm to get. So would every other newspaperman in the land. So would the New York Police. So would the F.B.I. And one night back in the summer of thirty-nine, you're setting up your regular Sunday evening broadcast when your girl Friday asks ...

MARGE: Anything in that tip we got from Ontario, Mr. Winchell?

WINCHELL: No. It's a phony, like the others.

MARGE: (SIGHS) It seems that everybody thinks he's seen that guy lately.

WINCHELL: Well, it's the biggest manhunt since the Lindbergh case. What they really see is that fifty-thousand dollar reward.

MARGE: (SHUDDER) They can have it, Mr. Winchell. Personally, I wouldn't want to come within ten miles of that racketeer.

WINCHELL: If you ever do, he'll be dead.

MARGE: Dead?

WINCHELL: Very dead. Take this item, Marge.

MARGE: Yes, Mr. Winchell.

WINCHELL: (DICTATES) The underworld character, known to his associates as The Cat, and to the decent citizens of the United States as Public Enemy Number One, is still in hiding. For two years, this king of the racketeers has managed to elude both the New York Police and the F.B.I. You will remember that one after another, by a reign of terror, extortion, violence and murder, The Cat took over the leather, fur, garment and trucking rackets, and later muscled in on the narcotics racket, a Federal offense. (PAUSE) Got that, Marge?

MARGE: Yes, Mr. Winchell ...

WINCHELL: Now, an aside from this reporter to The Cat. Here's a little tip for you, Cat. The cops have orders to bring you in dead or alive. Got that? Dead or alive. So, take a tip from me, Cat. Come in and give up quietly ... if you can. Because if you don't use your head first ... you'll come in feet first!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: A few nights later, in the early hours of the ayem, you're sitting alone at a corner table in one of your favorite spots. And then you see a character come in, look around, and finally head for your table. You don't know him, but you know his breed, and you tab him as a high-class thug ...

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ SEGUE TO INTIMATE CLUB PIANO, SOPHISTICATED NUMBER

HOOD: (COMING IN) I'd like to talk to you, Winchell.

WINCHELL: I didn't get the name.

HOOD: I didn't give it to you.

WINCHELL: (AFTER PAUSE) I see.

HOOD: Mind if I sit down?

WINCHELL: Yes.

HOOD: Thanks. I'll sit down anyway.

MUSIC: FOR A MOMENT OR TWO WE HEAR JUST THE PIANO

WINCHELL: (FINALLY) It's a little crowded here. What's on your mind?

HOOD: I've been reading your column in the Mirror.

WINCHELL: Well?

HOOD: So has a friend of mine. He finds it very interesting.

WINCHELL: Thanks. So what?

HOOD: So - this certain friend of mine, Winchell, would like to meet a certain friend of yours.

WINCHELL: Which one? I've got a lot of friends.

HOOD: The one I'm talking about ... works for the Government.

WINCHELL: You wouldn't mean ... J. Edgar Hoover?

HOOD: I might.

BUSINESS: THEY PAUSE FOR A MOMENT, AS PIANO PLAYS

WINCHELL: Go on.

HOOD: Do I interest you?

WINCHELL: You interest me.

HOOD: I thought I would.

WINCHELL: Okay. Where do we go from here?

HOOD: Winchell, my friend is very anxious to meet your friend. You see, a lot of people around town don't like my friend. They might hurt him, if they ever met him. That's why he's lying low.

WINCHELL: So I gathered.

HOOD: But he's had enough, Winchell. He's ready to come out now. Only he wouldn't want to get hurt. The cops are after him on a murder rap. They got their guns ready. The F.B.I. only wants him for a narcotics job. That's why he wants to give up to the F.B.I. and not to the cops. You follow me?

WINCHELL: I follow you.

HOOD: Okay. Now, here's the proposition. If you could get your friend to guarantee that he wouldn't hurt my friend, we might arrange a formal introduction ... through you.

WINCHELL: In other words, you want me to act as go-between. Is that it?

HOOD: That's it. We produce the merchandise, you deliver it!

WINCHELL: What do I do next?

HOOD: If you get that guarantee from J. Edgar Hoover, put it on the air on your radio program tomorrow night. We'll be listening, and we'll get in touch with you later. (PAUSE) And - oh, one more thing, Winchell.

WINCHELL: Yes?

HOOD: I wouldn't try to double-cross my friend, if I was you.

WINCHELL: Don't worry. I haven't any more use for your friend than I have for a snake. But I want the story! I'll put <sup>in</sup> a call for J. Edgar Hoover in the morning.

MUSIC:

HOOPER:

BRIDGE

*He'll, that's how it shapes up, John.*  
(PHONE FILTER) So The Cat wants to come in, does

he', Walter?

WINCHELL: That's right, John. The heat's beginning to get him. But he wants to come in alive, and he wants me to broadcast your guarantee that he will.

HOOVER: And you're to deliver him to me?

WINCHELL: That's the deal.

HOOVER: Walter, it's only fair to warn you ...

WINCHELL: About what?

HOOVER: The Cat is a dangerous criminal, and hard to figure. You sure you want to act as delivery boy?

WINCHELL: Sure. It's my story, and I'll stick to it. <sup>How</sup> But how about that guarantee, John?

HOOVER: All right. You can tell The Cat on the air tonight that if he comes in unarmed and quietly, the F.B.I. will guarantee him a safe reception.

WINCHELL: Thanks, John. Turn on your radio in Washington and listen in tonight.

HOOVER: I won't need any radio, Walter.

WINCHELL: What do you mean?

HOOVER: I'll be in the studio with you in New York when you go on the air tonight!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ TELEGRAPHIC BUZZER THAT WINCHELL USES ON PROGRAM

WINCHELL: (FILTER -- RAPID FIRE BROADCASTING) To The Cat ... To The Cat ... wherever you are ... this reporter has a personal message. The F.B.I. will guarantee your safe delivery ... if you come in unarmed, and peacefully. I repeat ... you have this reporter's word that the F.B.I. will guarantee your safe delivery ... if you come in, unarmed and peacefully.

WINCHELL: And to America's Public Enemy Number One ...<sup>a</sup> word of  
(CONTD) advice from your New York reporter. Better take this  
offer while it's hot. Later ... may be too late!

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ TELEGRAPHIC BUZZER AGAIN

WINCHELL: An item from Hollywood! It seems that a famous movie  
star, whose recent escapades have made headlines  
everywhere, is being sued ...

CAT: All right, Joe. Turn it off.

HOOD: Okay, Cat.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ CLICK OF RADIO .. CUTTING OFF ABOVE PATTERN

CAT: (AFTER PAUSE) Cigarette.

HOOD: Sure. Here you are, Boss.

CAT: Light.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ SCRATCH OF MATCH

CAT: (AFTER PAUSE) What do you think, Joe?

HOOD: I trust him.

CAT: The Cat doesn't.

HOOD: But, Boss ...

CAT: The Cat doesn't trust anybody. I never did. It pays  
off. Always has. What makes you think he's on the  
level, Joe?

HOOD: That's his reputation around town. You know Winchell  
as well as I do. Anyway, he's a newspaperman, and  
you know these guys. Anything for a story.

CAT: Hmmm.

HOOD: Figure the odds, Boss. Every cop in town has got his  
gun loaded for you. The minute he spots you ...

CAT: You don't have to tell me I'm hot, Joe.

HOOD: (HASTILY) I didn't mean anything by it, Boss. But you heard Winchell just now. And Hoover's in town, waiting for you to come in on that narcotics rap. Any way you look at it, you're taking a chance...

CAT: (SOFTLY) So is Winchell ... if he double-crosses The Cat. Did you tell him that, Joe?

HOOD: I told him.

CAT: (AFTER PAUSE) All right, Joe. Make contact. Meanwhile, I'll think it over.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT AND FADE INTO

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ STEPS ON SIDEWALK

HOOD: (SUDDENLY) Hold it, Mister.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ STEPS STOP ABRUPTLY

WINCHELL: Wait a minute. Where'd you come from?

HOOD: Outa that doorway. ~~You ~~Waiter~~-Winchell!~~

WINCHELL: ~~Yes.~~

HOOD: ✓ I got a message for you from a certain party.

WINCHELL: What certain party?

HOOD: This certain party heard your broadcast last night. He's thinkin' the deal over, an' we'll got to you later ...

WINCHELL: Wait a minute. What ...?

HOOD: See you later, Winchell.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ STEPS AWAY RAPIDLY AND INTO

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ NIGHT CLUB .. ORCHESTRA B.G.

WAITER: Telephone for you, Mr. Winchell. You can take it right here at the table.

WINCHELL: Oh. Thanks, Waiter.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ RECEIVER OFF HOOK

WINCHELL: Hello?

WOMAN: (FILTER, A BROADWAY DAME) Mr. Winchell?

WINCHELL: Yes. But who ...?

WOMAN: I've got a message for you from a certain party. He's still thinking of coming in through you, but he may change his mind. We'll get in touch with you later ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ CLICK ON FILTER

WINCHELL: Wait a minute. Who is this?

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ JIGGLING OF RECEIVER

WINCHELL: Hello? Hello? Hello?

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ ORCHESTRA NUMBER UP TO BRIDGE AND FADE INTO

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ CAR DOOR OPENS .. LIGHT TRAFFIC SOUNDS

DRIVER: Here you are, Mr. Winchell. Stork Club.

WINCHELL: Thanks, Driver. Here ... keep the change.

DRIVER: Oh, Mr. Winchell.

WINCHELL: Yes?

DRIVER: I've got a message for you from a certain party, he still ain't made up his mind, but he'll contact you tomorrow night.

WINCHELL: ~~Hold it, Driver. I want to talk...~~

DRIVER: And if you wanna stay healthy, forget my face and the license number of this cab.

WINCHELL: Hey! Hold it! Wait a minute!

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ CAR UP HIGH .. GEAR SHIFT FAST AND INTO

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ WIPE AND FADE INTO

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ PHONE RING .. RECEIVER OFF HOOK

WINCHELL: Hello?



HOOD: (FILTER) Is this Walter Winchell?  
WINCHELL: Yes.  
HOOD: I've got a message from a certain party ...  
WINCHELL: (INTERRUPTS) Before you go any further, I've got a message from a certain party.  
HOOD: Yeah. Who?  
WINCHELL: A party named J. Edgar Hoover.  
HOOD: What's the message?  
WINCHELL: We're tired of this stalling around. It's been three weeks now. If The Cat doesn't come in by tomorrow night, the deal is off. Remember -- the cops have been told to bring him in ... dead or alive. (PAUSE) Well? (~~A BUNCH OF~~ PAUSE)  
HOOD: (FINALLY) Hold the phone, Winchell. Just a minute.  
CAT: (PAUSE .. FILTER) Winchell. This is The Cat.  
WINCHELL: Oh!  
CAT: You know where the R.K.O. Theater is in Yonkers?  
WINCHELL: Yes.  
CAT: Be there at seven tonight.  
WINCHELL: At seven.  
CAT: Drive there in your wife's car ... the one with the foglights and come alone.  
WINCHELL: I'll be there.  
CAT: And Winchell...  
WINCHELL: Yes?  
CAT: (SOFTLY) Don't try anything funny!  
MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ CURTAIN

THE BIG STORY #25

- 12 -

9-17-47

CHAPPELL: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's  
BIG STORY! But first, here is a word from Cy Harriee.

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0059176

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

HARRICE: Ladies and gentlemen, have you noticed how many of your friends have changed to PELL MELL?

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is - "Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes, one is "Outstanding!" - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!

MAN #1: Good to look at ...

MAN #2: Good to feel ...

MAN #3: Good to taste ...

MAN #4: And good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELL'S are good - good - good - and good! For PELL MELL'S greater length gives you smoking advantages that are "Outstanding!" You see, the greater distance the smoke travels through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos filters it naturally, giving you a smoother, mellower, more satisfying smoke.

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

HARRICE: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is - "Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes, one is "Outstanding!"

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC: - - - - INTRODUCTION AND UNDER

HARRICE: Now we return you to our narrator, Berry Kroeger, and tonight's BIG STORY.

NARRATOR: You, Walter Winchell, have a date. You've got a date with Public Enemy Number One at a theater in Yonkers, at seven tonight. And this may be the end of the nation's biggest manhunt since the Lindbergh case. Or ... it may be just the end of your New York reporter, Walter Winchell. You could very well end up looking like a human sieve in some gutter ... or at the bottom of the East River, wearing concrete shoes. You don't know. Anyway, before you go, you have another talk with J. Edgar Hoover ...

HOOVER: Walter, this looks like the showdown ... one way or the other.

WINCHELL: I'm sure of it, John.

HOOVER: And I wouldn't try to kid you. The Cat is dangerous ... a killer. You're taking a chance driving up to Yonkers alone.

WINCHELL: I know. I keep telling myself that. But then, I keep telling myself ... what a story, what a story!

HOOVER: What if you don't meet The Cat tonight?

WINCHELL: Why, I ...

HOOVER: What if you meet a carload of his thugs, instead? He might figure you're trying to double-cross him, and this may be a trap to beat you to the punch.

WINCHELL: You know, John, I think you're trying to talk me out of this. (PAUSE) Are you?

HOOVER: Let me put it this way, Walter. We want The Cat ... and we want him badly. If you were an officer of the law, or an agent of the F.B.I., we wouldn't even discuss it. You'd keep that appointment, as a matter of duty.

WINCHELL: But I'm just a newspaperman.

HOOVER: More than that, Walter. You're a friend of mine. And even more than that, you're a private citizen with certain constitutional rights. You don't have to go ...

WINCHELL: (QUIETLY) Thanks for the out, John. But I'm still in.

HOOVER: All right. But there's something you've got to understand.

WINCHELL: Yes?

HOOVER: You'll have to go alone, as arranged. I can't send any of my boys to help you. In the first place, if any of The Cat's gunmen spot any of my agents around, you won't live five minutes.

WINCHELL: I see. And in the second place?

HOOVER: In the second place, that theater in Yonkers is in a busy neighborhood. A lot of innocent people will be on the streets up there. If there's gunplay ... some of 'em might be killed.

WINCHELL: All right, John. I'll still take the chance ... alone.

HOOVER: I'll wait for your phone call. Good luck, Walter.

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You get into the car and you head uptown. Butterflies are flapping their wings in your stomach, as you drive past Van Cortlandt Park and into Yonkers. And when you stop for a red light, a big black car drives up beside you. It's filled with hard-faced gangsters, and they're looking right at you. One of them jumps out and gets into your car ...

SOUND: MOTOR RACES UP A LITTLE

HOOD: (SNAPS) Hold it, Winchell! Don't try to beat that red light!

WINCHELL: Sorry. I ... I was just nervous.

HOOD: And don't try to go through any other red light. We don't want to talk to any cops now. Get me?

WINCHELL: I get you.

HOOD: Okay, Winchell. The light's just changed. Step on it.

SOUND: MOTOR UP .. SHIFT GEARS .. AND UNDER FOR A MOMENT OR TWO

WINCHELL: Where shall I go?

HOOD: Just drive and keep your mouth shut.

WINCHELL: Yes, but if you could just tell me ...

HOOD: All right, Winchell. You asked for it, and I'll tell you. We're going for a little ride!

MUSIC: HIT AND FADE INTO

SOUND: MOTOR UNDER

HOOD: Stop the car here, under that tree.

WINCHELL: Look, I ...

HOOD: (HARSH) Do as I say!

SOUND: MOTOR SLOWS TO STOP

HOOD: Now ... turn off the ignition ... and your headlights, too.

SOUND: - - - - MOTOR OUT

WINCHELL: What are you going to do now?

HOOD: Just make sure you don't double-cross us, Walter Winchell.

WINCHELL: But I ...

HOOD: Shut up! I want to hear if there's any car coming.

SOUND: - - - - IT IS QUIET ... NOTHING BUT NIGHT SOUNDS ... CHIRP OF CRICKETS

HOOD: (FINALLY) No car coming. We're alone, all right.

(PAUSE) Okay, Winchell ...

WINCHELL: (JITTERY) Wait a minute, look, I ...

HOOD: Take it easy, Relax. No one's going to drill you. Just making sure no cops were tailin' us. ~~Start the motor and drive~~ <sup>Start the</sup> back to town.

WINCHELL: To ... to town?

HOOD: Yeah. Remember? You got a date to meet a certain party! I want you to go into a phone booth. I'll wait for you in the car. Call J. Edgar Hoover. Tell him to be at Twenty-Eighth Street and Fifth Avenue, southeast side, at ten-fifteen tonight. Got it?

WINCHELL: I got it.

HOOD: And one more thing, Winchell.

WINCHELL: Yes?

HOOD: Tell Hoover to be there alone. And tell him not to pack a rod!

MUSIC: - - - - BRIDGE

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ MOTOR IDLING CAR DOOR OPENS

HOOD: Did you get Hoover?

WINCHELL: Yes. He'll be there.

HOOD: All right. I'll be leaving you here, Winchell. You go to Madison Square Park and stop at Twenty-Fourth Street. Then wait there. Got it?

WINCHELL: I've got it.

HOOD: Okay. But before I go ... here. Take this.

WINCHELL: What is it?

HOOD: A rabbit's foot. Give it to The Cat. Maybe he'll need it. (A BEAT) Or maybe ... you will!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You drive away and cruise downtown. And finally, a couple of minutes before ten, you come to Madison Square. You see the light burning on the top of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Building, and you wonder if you've paid all your premiums up to date. Then ... Madison and Twenty-Fourth Street. And just as you roll to a stop ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ FOOTSTEPS ON WIDEWALK

NARRATOR: You see a man <sup>hurrying</sup> toward your car. He's wearing a mustache, long sideburns, dark glasses, and a topcoat ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ STEPS TO STOP

CAT: Hello, Walter.

WINCHELL: Hello, Cat. *Here is your rabbit's foot.*

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ CAR DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

CAT: Let's go meet your friend.

WINCHELL: All right. He's at ...



CAT: I know where he is. I just passed him. Get going!

MUSIC: - - - - UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You swing the car around and point it uptown. The man in disguise beside you, your Big Story, sitting there beside you, says nothing. But you know this is The Cat, a very careless man with a gun. For all you know, he may have one on him now, in his pocket and pointing it at your ribs. And anything can happen between here and Twenty-Eighth Street. And then ... it does. You stop for the light at Twenty-Seventh. And just as you do, a police cruiser from the 14th Precinct stops beside you, and the two cops in it look you over. Your heart twangs like a violin string. You know that 18,000 cops in New York City are looking for The Cat, with their guns ready. The man next to you knows it, too.

SOUND: - - - - MOTOR IDLING UNDER

CAT: (QUIET) I see we have a few friends here, Walter.

WINCHELL: I ...

CAT: They're giving us the once-over now. (PAUSE) You didn't invite them to our little party, did you, Walter?

WINCHELL: No. It ... it's a coincidence. They just happen to be here ...

CAT: (SOFTLY) I hope you're right, Walter. I hope they just drive on and don't bother us. I hope so ... for your sake.

WINCHELL: Look, I *didn't know there was going to be...*

CAT: You're in a very bad position, Walter. Very bad. You see ... you're at the wheel ... between those cops and me. If they take an interest ...

WINCHELL: I had nothing ... (CUTS) Wait a minute. The light's changing ...

SOUND: MOTORS UP UNDER. GEARS SHIFTING AS TRAFFIC MOVES

WINCHELL: (WITH RELIEF) They ... that police car. It's going ahead ... it's not going to stop us.

CAT: I'm glad of that, Walter. I'm very glad of that ...

WINCHELL: (SWEATING) You're glad! How do you think I feel!

CAT: Don't be nervous, Walter -- slow down. We stop at this next corner.

WINCHELL: Yeah, yeah.

SOUND: CAR SLOWS TO STOP ... MOTOR OUT

WINCHELL: Well, ~~Get~~, here we are. And there's J. Edgar Hoover in that car.

CAT: Let's go and say hello, Walter.

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES. STEPS ON STREET. THEN STOP

HOOVER: Hello, Cat.

CAT: Hello, Mr. Hoover.

WINCHELL: (WEAKLY - A PAUSE) I ... I see you two know each other.

HOOVER: I've been waiting to meet this gentleman for a long time.

CAT: The pleasure's all mine.

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS

HOOVER: Get in, sir. You too, Walter.

SOUND: CAR DOOR CLOSES

HOOVER: All right, Cat. Suppose we take you for a little ride!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE INTO

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ MOTOR IDLING. CAR DOOR OPENS

HOOVER: All right, Walter. Get out.

WINCHELL: (STUNNED) Get out? But, John, this is only Thirteenth Street. The F.B.I. Headquarters is down at Foley Square ...

HOOVER: I know. But I'm dropping you here.

WINCHELL: Wait a minute, John. You can't do this to me! What about my story?

HOOVER: That's just the point, I'm protecting your story!

WINCHELL: I don't get ...

HOOVER: Figure it out, Walter. If the newshawks around Headquarters see me coming in with you and The Cat here, they'll beat you to your own story. Then ... goodbye, exclusive!

WINCHELL: Thanks, John. I didn't think of that.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ CAR DOOR SLAMS

HOOVER: Better start looking for a phone, Walter. I'll see you later ...

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: Now, you find yourself in a deserted ~~business~~ section ... nothing but dark warehouses and stores. And no phone. You go over one street ... and then another ... and still no phone. You begin to think that by now J. Edgar Hoover has reached F.B.I. Headquarters with The Cat. You start to sweat as you imagine the reporters down there, taking one look, then diving for their phones to relay the Big Story ...

NARRATOR: YOUR Big Story. You start to run. You run for what  
(CONTD) seems to be blocks. And then you see an open bar  
and grill. You rush in and there's a pay phone,  
and you dial the office and then ...

EDITOR: (FILTER) New York Mirror. Night desk ...

WINCHELL: (RAPIDLY) Ed! Walter Winchell! Listen, give me  
Rewrite. I just got an exclusive ... Page One.

EDITOR: Yeah? What?

WINCHELL: I just turned The Cat over to J. Edgar Hoover! Hurry  
up and give me Rewrite!

EDITOR: Take it easy, Walter. It's a big story ... but not  
big enough for Page One ... not tonight, anyway.

WINCHELL: What do you mean?

EDITOR: Stalin just signed a pact with Hitler!

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: This was your Big Story. You worried off six pounds  
in getting it, you effected the surrender of America's  
Public Enemy Number One, and thereby saved the  
Government and the State fifty thousand dollars in  
reward money that would have been paid for his capture.  
And though you didn't make the scream headlines -- you,  
Walter Winchell, made this story -- and it was a  
Big Story after all.

MUSIC: CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from  
Walter Winchell of the New York Daily Mirror with the  
final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY!

MUSIC: PANFARE

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!

MAN #1: Good to look at ...

MAN #2: Good to feel ...

MAN #3: Good to taste ...

MAN #4: And good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: Yes, good - good - good - and good! That's why so many of your friends are changing to ... PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is - "Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes, one is "Outstanding!" PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ORCHESTRA: \_ \_ \_ TAG

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Walter Winchell of the New York Daily Mirror.

WINCHELL: After serving one year in the Federal Penitentiary on a narcotics charge, criminal in tonight's BIG STORY was turned over to New York State to stand trial for murder. He was found guilty and died in the electric chair at Sing Sing. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Winchell. The makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to have named you the winner of the PELL MELL \$500. Award for notable service in the field of journalism.

HARRICE: ~~This is Guy Harrice reminding you to~~ listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY -- a BIG STORY from the pages of the Chicago Daily News, by-line -- Guy Housely. A BIG STORY that began when a reporter walked up the path to a suburban home and rang a doorbell ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ DOORBELL RINGING

HARRICE: ... a ring that was never answered.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ DOORBELL RINGING

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ THEME WIFE AND FADE TO B.G. ON CUE

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter, and directed by Harry Ingram, with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was written by Max Erlich. Your narrator was Berry Kroeger and Ward Wilson played the part of Walter Winchell. All names

CHAPPELL: in tonight's story except those of Mr. Winchell and  
(CONTD) Mr. Hoover were fictitious; but the dramatization was  
based on a true and authentic case.

MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND PADE

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of  
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

HARRICE: Don't forget, friends, to listen to the new comedy  
hit -- The Jack Paar Program - heard every Sunday  
night over most of these same stations in the Jack  
Benny time spot.

ANNOUNCER: THIS IS NBC -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

FINAL

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #26

*As Broadcast*

"THE CASE OF THE LONELY HEART"

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1947

CAST

NARRATOR	BERRY KROEGER
GUY HOUSELY	GEORGE PETRIE
MRS. RAND	GRACE KEDDY
MARTHA	AGNES YOUNG
WELDON CHANCE	LES TREMAYNE
RUTH	GRACE KEDDY
MRS. BIEMILLER	AGNES YOUNG
SERGEANT	WILLIAM KEENE
CHIEF	WILLIAM KEENE
COP	JERRY LEWIS
VOICE	LES TREMAYNE

ATX01 0059190



CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present ... THE BIG STORY!

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ FEW STEPS ON WOOD FLOOR ... KEY TURNS IN LOCK ... DOOR  
OPENS

MARTHA: (SCARED) Who's that? (PAUSE) Oh ... it's you.

CHANCE: (CHUCKLE) Yes. It's me.

MARTHA: (MAD) When are you going to stop this foolishness?

CHANCE: (SOFT) I don't know what you're referring to, my dear.

MARTHA: You know good and well what I'm referring to. When  
are you going to let me go?

CHANCE: When you sign the papers I asked you to sign.

MARTHA: You'll never talk me into it!

CHANCE: Then I'm afraid I'll have to use other methods besides  
talking.

MARTHA: What do you mean?

CHANCE: I mean I'll have to finish this deal a quicker way.

MARTHA: No! No! Don't.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ SCREAM UP HIGH

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ TAKE IT AWAY AND INTO

CHAPPELL: The Big Story! Another in a thrilling series based  
on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight  
... to Guy Housely of the Chicago Daily News goes the  
PELL MELL Award for THE BIG STORY.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ FANFARE

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!" - the cigarette in the  
distinguished red package - PELL MELL.

HARRICE: Ladies and gentlemen, have you noticed how many of your  
friends have changed to PELL MELL? There's a reason --  
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ...

MAN #1: Good to look at ...

MAN #2: Good to feel ...

MAN #3: Good to taste ...

MAN #4: And good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELL'S are good to look at - good to feel -  
good to taste - and good to smoke! For PELL MELL'S  
greater length filters the smoke naturally through the  
much greater distance of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,  
mellow tobaccos, giving you a smoother, mellow, more  
satisfying smoke.

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

HARRICE: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!"

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC: - - - - INTRODUCTION AND FADE

CHAPPELL: Now ... the exciting and authentic story of ... "THE CASE OF THE LONELY HEART!"

NARRATOR: You are Guy Housely, of the Chicago Daily News. As you head your roadster toward the nearby town of Park Ridge, you wish the story you were after was as hot as you are, right now. But ... it isn't. The tip is that a widow named Mrs. Martha Wickley and her three children have mysteriously disappeared. Probably visiting their Aunt Susie, you-reflect, and just forgot to write. You ring a neighbor's doorbell, a Mrs. Rand, and ask her a few questions ...

GUY: How long ago did you say Mrs. Wickley and her children left home, Mrs. Rand?

MRS. RAND: They've been gone for days, Mr. Housely. And I haven't seen hide nor hair of them since.

GUY: Maybe they just went to visit a relative.

MRS. RAND: But why would the house be empty?

GUY: The house is empty?

MRS. RAND: Nothing left in there but the wallpaper and the fixtures.

GUY: Then she must have moved somewhere.

MRS. RAND: If she did, she moved in the garage. Because that's where her furniture is ... every stick of it.

GUY: (THOUGHTFULLY) I see. Uh ... Mrs. Rand.

MRS. RAND: Yes?

GUY: As Mrs. Wickley's next door neighbor, you were pretty friendly?

MRS. RAND: More than just friendly, Mr. Housely. Martha and me were like sisters. She was the kindest, sweetest, loveliest person you'd ever hope to meet. Poor woman, I was afraid she'd get in trouble on account of him.

GUY: Him?

MRS. RAND: Yes. That man.

GUY: What man?

MRS. RAND: Why, her Lonely Heart.

GUY: Her what?

MRS. RAND: Chance was his name. Weldon Chance. The minute he started writing her them letters, I knew he was up to no good. If you ask me ...

GUY: (INTERRUPTS) Mrs. Rand, I am going to ask you ... I'm going to ask you to start at the beginning. How did Mrs. Wickley come to meet this Weldon Chance?

MRS. RAND: Well now, Mr. Housely, if confession's good for the soul, then I'm partly to blame. You might say I introduced her to Mr. Chance.

GUY: How?

MRS. RAND: Well, there Martha was, living alone in that big, gloomy house, and takin' care of her three children. I kept telling her that what she needed was a man around the house. But she was the shy sort, Mr. Housely .. (FADE) ... and she always said ...

MARTHA: I don't know if I could get used to any other man, Agatha. Frank was so wonderful, I ...

MRS. RAND: Fiddlesticks, Martha. There are plenty of good men left in this world. I know you loved Frank, but well .. he's gone. You've got to look to the future ...

MARTHA: (LAUGHS) You seem to think I can get a man, Agatha.

MRS. RAND: Of course you can.

MARTHA: But I'm forty.

MRS. RAND: You don't look a day over thirty.

MARTHA: But ...

MRS. RAND: And you've got the insurance and bank account that Frank left you. And you own this house.

MARTHA: But, Agatha, what man in his right mind would want a widow with three children?

MRS. RAND: I read of a man who married a widow with six children. She wrote a letter to the Lonely Hearts Club, saying she was lonely, and she'd like to meet some gentleman ...

MARTHA: Yes?

MRS. RAND: And the first thing you know, she got a letter and a picture from a farmer down south ... a widower. And the next thing you know they were married.

MARTHA: Agatha, you're not suggesting that I write ...

MRS. RAND: Why not?

MARTHA: The Lonely Hearts Club. Oh, no. Agatha ... I couldn't.

MRS. RAND: Fiddlesticks!

MARTHA: I wouldn't want any man to think I was running after him.

MRS. RAND: Look here, Martha. I like pride in a woman. But you ... well, this is no time to be proud. You need companionship ... someone to take the place of Frank.

MARTHA: Agatha, do you really think I should write?

MRS. RAND: You'll never know if you don't try, Martha. And the most it can cost you is a three cent stamp.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE AND UNDER

MARTHA: Dear Lonely Hearts Club .... I am a widow of forty and the mother of three children. I live in a ten room house and am comfortable financially. My friends tell me I am ... (FADE) ... reasonably attractive and youthful looking for my age ...

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ SWELL UP AND DOWN FOR

CHANCE: I am a bachelor of considerable means. I live in a large ranch house in Colorado, where several of my oil wells are located. I am very anxious to communicate with a woman of good breeding such as the tone of your letter indicates that ... (FADE) ... you must be. I am enclosing my picture and hope that...

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ WIPE

MRS. RAND: That's all I know, Mr. Housely. Martha wrote to the Lonely Hearts Club and got back this letter from a man who had these here oil wells out in Colorado, and pretty soon they were writing real regular to each other.

GUY: Why do you think this man is responsible for her disappearance?

MRS. RAND: Why, I figure he came and took her away.

GUY: Did you see them go?

MRS. RAND: No. I went out of town for a few days. When I got back, the house was empty and she'd gone.

GUY: And that's all you know?

MRS. RAND: Yes, Mr. Housely, that's all I know.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ STING AND UNDER

NARRATOR: And that's all you, Guy Housely, know right now -- about the mysterious disappearance of Martha Wickley and her family. But there's a lot you don't know. There's a story unrolling itself quietly, ominously. A story that started in Clarksburg, West Virginia, where a man, surrounded by hastily packed suitcases, picked up a letter and read --

CHANCE: Dearest Weldon ... It is such a comfort to be able to pour out my soul on paper to you, Weldon. I have been so lonely since my husband died, and although I have no financial worries, I have been a woman alone and afraid. (~~STARTS TRIUMPHANT~~ AND ~~AMUSED~~ CHUCKLE) Poor lonely woman. Poor little lonely woman. I think she needs a little cheering up ... Weldon Chance style. (MUTTERING) Let's see ... everything's packed now ... shirts ... socks ... ties ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ DOOR OPENS OFF

RUTH: (OFF A LITTLE) Al ...

CHANCE: Oh. Hello, Ruth.

RUTH: Al, you're packing. Where are you going?

CHANCE: Just a business trip, honey. Just a little business trip.

RUTH: Another? First it was Detroit, then New York, and now ... well, where is it this time?

CHANCE: Got a little deal in Chicago.

RUTH: But that's miles from Clarksburg here.

CHANCE: Sure.

RUTH: Al, I'm just your wife, and I don't know much about business. But there's something I don't understand.

CHANGE: Yes?

RUTH: You're a vacuum cleaner salesman. Why do you have to go all the way to Chicago to sell vacuum cleaners?

CHANGE: Now, look, Ruthie, it's just a matter of business. You wouldn't understand. Will you miss me while I'm in Chicago?

RUTH: You know I will, darling.

CHANGE: Come here, my little one. (PAUSE) That's it. (PAUSE) Now put your arms around me. (PAUSE, WITH SATISFACTION) That's it! I was pretty good to you when I came back from all those other trips, wasn't I, honey? Bought you a lot of nice things with the money I made, didn't I?

RUTH: Yes, Al.

CHANGE: Well, you haven't seen anything yet. When I get back from this trip, I'm going to buy you a mink coat!

RUTH: Al. (THRILLED) Oh, but Al, where on earth will you get all that money?

CHANGE: In Chicago, honey. I expect to make a big killing ... in Chicago!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR ... A PAUSE AND THEN DOOR OPENS

CHANGE: Mrs. Wickley?

MARTHA: Yes.

CHANGE: Martha! Martha, don't you know me? Don't you recognize me by my photograph?

MARTHA: Why, it ... it's ...



CHANCE: Yes. Weldon Chance. The gentleman you've been corresponding with these many weeks...

MARTHA: Weldon Chance!

CHANCE: (BREATHES) You're lovely ... lovely. Your photograph doesn't do justice to you. Of course, I was prepared to be disappointed. You know how photographs flatter. But now that I've come all the way from Colorado to see for myself ... well! I'm overwhelmed!

MARTHA: (FLUSTERED) Mr. Chance ... I ... I didn't expect you to come here personally.

CHANCE: I had to come ... to see for myself ... to meet you.

MARTHA: I ... I don't know what to say.

CHANCE: Won't you ask me in?

MARTHA: Of course ... I ... do come in, Mr. Chance.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

CHANCE: Please, Martha. Not Mr. Chance. Weldon.

MARTHA: (DAZED) Weldon.

CHANCE: So this is the house you wrote me about. Hmmm. Very substantial!

MARTHA: I ... yes. But Mr. ... Weldon ... you can't stay here. I mean ...

CHANCE: Of course not. I've taken a room at a hotel. I have no ulterior motive in coming here ... just the honest motive of a gentleman who seeks the woman he has always dreamed of.

MARTHA: And you came all the way from Colorado just to ... see me?

CHANCE: Yes. I left my oil wells, Martha. I left my great, empty ranch house just to come here and see you. And on the train, I thought of that ranch house ... how good it would be, how comforting to have that huge, empty place transformed into a domestic paradise by a gentlewoman of breeding ...

MARTHA: Mr. Chance ... I ... you must go now. I ... I'm terribly confused. I need time ... to think.

CHANCE: Of course. But I'll be back tomorrow. And until then, think of me, Martha.

MUSIC: BRIDGE AND SEGUE INTO NIGHT CLUB, DANCE ORCHESTRA B.G. OFF AND UNDER

CHANCE: More champagne, Martha?

MARTHA: Please, Weldon, no ...

CHANCE: Come, come. This is the wine of life ...

SOUND: LIQUID POURING INTO GLASS

CHANCE: A new life ... for both of us. Don't you like it, Martha? Don't you like getting out of that big house ... dancing to beautiful music ... dining with ... er ... congenial company?

MARTHA: (UNEASY) Why ... why, yes, Weldon. It's very nice. But ...

CHANCE: Martha. Listen. I've been here a week. We've spent every evening together. I never knew what real happiness could be ... until I met you.

MARTHA: Weldon ...

CHANCE: Why do you draw your hand away from mine, Martha?

MARTHA: I ... I ...

CHANCE: You're timid ... shy. Perhaps I am too impetuous.  
But I need you, Martha. And you need me ...

MARTHA: Weldon, I ... I don't know what to think.

CHANCE: You need me, Martha. You need a man to shield you  
from the world. You need a husband to take care of  
your practical matters ... to administer your financial  
affairs ... to be a father to your children ...

MARTHA: Weldon!

CHANCE: Yes, my dear?

MARTHA: I ... please take me home.

CHANCE: Home?

MARTHA: Yes. This whole thing ... is wrong. We've made a  
terrible mistake.

CHANCE: Mistake? Martha, my dear, you don't know what you're  
saying.

MARTHA: I'm sorry, Weldon. But I do know what I'm saying.  
Please take me home!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ KEY TURNS IN LOCK. DOOR OPENS

MARTHA: (QUIETLY) Goodnight, Weldon. And goodbye ...

CHANCE: No, Martha. No ... You're not going to turn me away  
like this ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ DOOR CLOSE

MARTHA: Weldon ...

CHANCE: Look into my eyes, Martha.

MARTHA: I ...

CHANCE: (ALMOST HYPNOTIC) Look into my eyes. Now ... tell  
me to go away ...

MARTHA: I ... I ...

CHANCE: You don't want to stay in this big, gloomy house all alone any more, do you, Martha? It's a long time since you felt a man's arms around you, like this ... isn't it, my dear? And a long time since you felt a kiss ... like this ...

MARTHA: (MUFFLED, STRUGGLING A LITTLE) Weldon! Wel ...  
(SIGHS)

CHANCE: (INSIDIOUSLY) Now, Martha ... tell me what I want to hear. Tell me you'll marry me.

MARTHA: I ... I ...

CHANCE: Tell me, Martha ...

MARTHA: (WHISPER) I ... I ... yes. Yes, Weldon. I'll marry you. (FLOOD OF TEARS) Oh, Weldon! Weldon!

CHANCE: There, there, my dear. We'll begin a new life... go away on a long trip ... you and I and the children. (SIGNIFICANTLY) From now on, I'll take care of you!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ UP AND INTO

CHAPPELL: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's BIG STORY! But first, here is a word from Cy Harrice.

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

HARRICE: Ladies and gentlemen, have you noticed how many of your friends have changed to PELL MELL?

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is - "Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes, one is "Outstanding!" - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!

MAN #1: Good to look at ...

MAN #2: Good to feel ...

MAN #3: Good to taste ...

MAN #4: And good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELL'S are - good - good - good - and good! Good to look at - good to feel - good to taste - and good to smoke! For PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke naturally through the much greater distance of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos, giving you a smoother, mellower, more satisfying smoke.

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

HARRICE: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is - "Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes, one is "Outstanding!"

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ INTRODUCTION AND UNDER

HARRICE: Now we return you to our narrator, Berry Kroeger, and tonight's BIG STORY.

NARRATOR: You, Guy Housely, of the Chicago Daily News, have come to Park Ridge following a tip that the widow, Martha Wickley and her three children have disappeared. You don't know the 'behind the scenes' story yet --- you don't know anything except what Mrs. Rand has told you -- that Mrs. Wickley, before her disappearance, corresponded with a mysterious stranger who called himself Weldon Chance. But right now you would like very much to meet this lovelorn Lothario of the Lonely Hearts if you knew where to find him. But you don't. So you do the next best thing. You try to find out more about him by asking questions of some other neighbors on Mrs. Wickley's street ...

GUY: Now, Mrs. Biemiller, you say you saw this Mr. Chance four days after Mrs. Wickley left town?

MRS. BIEMILLER: Yes, Mr. Housely. I did. I was sittin' on my porch, trying to get a breath of air, when I saw him come out of the Wickley driveway and start to get into his car.

GUY: Then what happened?

MRS. BIEMILLER: Well, he saw me looking at him, and he kind of hesitated a little. Then he came over to talk ...

(FADE) ... to me ...

CHANCE: You're Mrs. Biemiller, aren't you?

MRS. BIEMILLER: Why, yes.

CHANCE: My name is Chance ... Weldon Chance. I ... (LAUGHS)

Well ... I happen to be Mrs. Wickley's new husband.

MRS. BIEMILLER: Good land! You mean to say ...

CHANCE: Yes. We were married four days ago.

MRS. BIEMILLER: Well! Congratulations.

CHANCE: Thank you.

MRS. BIEMILLER: I wondered why Martha and the children moved out all of a sudden. I saw the furniture van come and move the furniture in the garage, and well ...

CHANCE: (SMILING) Just neighborly curiosity, eh?

MRS. BIEMILLER: (SMILING, TOO) Neighborly curiosity, yes.

CHANCE: Well, in case anybody gets really curious, Madam ...  
(HIS MANNER CHANGES SUBTLY TO KIND OF A CRUEL NOTE)  
... this paper here is an authorization from her to me to sell the house...

MRS. BIEMILLER: Oh! What about the children? I wondered ...

CHANCE: Yes. Our dear children. You see, they've been staying with a nurse, while Mrs. Wickley and myself enjoyed a brief ... ah ... honeymoon. But I'm going to pick them up today.

MRS. BIEMILLER: Oh. I see.

CHANCE: My wife, of course, will want to have the children with her, wherever she goes.

MRS. BIEMILLER: Naturally.

CHANCE: Naturally.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ STING

GUY: I'm very grateful to you for what you've told me, Mrs. Biemiller.

MRS.BIEMILLER: Oh, that's all right, Mr. Housely. Naturally, I was worried about the children. They were such good friends of my own children. As a matter of fact, my Eleanor just got a letter from Mrs. Wickley's Winnie.

GUY: May I see it?

MRS.BIEMILLER: Certainly. It's around here ... (FADING) ... some place ... (SIGH) Children, children ... (COMING ON) I don't know where they put things ... (CUTS) Oh. Here it is.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ ENVELOPE OPENS, LETTER UNFOLDS

GUY: (SOBERLY) Dear Eleanor ... We are having fun in the mountains. We saw the animals and our new Daddy says these are the Rockies. I will see you and tell you more when I see you. Winnie. (PAUSE) The Rockies. Colorado. Hmmm.

MRS.BIEMILLER: What's the matter, Mr. Housely. You look ... well, disappointed.

GUY: I ... well, maybe I am. You see, I thought I had a story, but well ... you've cleared up the mystery of Mrs. Wickley's disappearance.

MRS.BIEMILLER: That's perfectly all right, sir. If I was of any help ...

GUY: You were. By the way, what was the date on that postmark?

MRS.BIEMILLER: It's rather faint. I ...

GUY: Let me look. These old-fashioned postoffice handstamps they use out in parts of Colorado are ... (CUTS AND PAUSE, THEN) Wait a minute! Wa-ait a minute!



MRS. BIEMILLER: What is it, Mr. Housely?

GUY: This postmark says Clarksburg, West Virginia. I ask you. How long has West Virginia been in Colorado?

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You phone your City Editor for an O.K. and then you rush down to Police Headquarters and get the sergeant at the teletype desk to send a request through to the Chief of Police in Clarksburg. Then you hang around at the teletype, biting your nails. Finally ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ TELETYPE AND UNDER

SERGEANT: Guy ...

GUY: Yes, Sergeant?

SERGEANT: This is Clarksburg coming in ...

GUY: Clarksburg? What's it say?

SERGEANT: (READING OVER TELETYPE) Park Ridge ... from Clarksburg ... re ... your ... request to ... pick ... up ... Weldon ... Chance ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ TELETYPE GOES A BIT, STOPS, STARTS AGAIN

SERGEANT: No ... such ... person ... here.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ TELETYPE OUT

GUY: Well, this is where I came in. (PAUSE) And this is where I go out.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You're dead tired, bleary-eyed for lack of sleep, and you head for home. But then, you pass the turn to your house and somehow stay right on the highway to Clarksburg, West Virginia. You're crazy as a loon, you ought to be in bed, but you know your Big Story

(MORE)

NARRATOR: is somewhere in Clarksburg. But what you don't know  
(CONTD) about, as you drive through the long night, is a telephone call made by the man who called himself Weldon Chance ...

CHANCE: Ruth. This is Al.

RUTH: (FILTER) Al! Al, why haven't you come home? What are you doing in Chicago so long?

CHANCE: Chicago? I haven't been in Chicago.

RUTH: But Al, you said ...

CHANCE: I never went to Chicago. Do you understand, Ruth?

RUTH: I ...

CHANCE: If anybody asks you, I haven't been in Chicago for over a year now. Is that clear?

RUTH: (A LITTLE FRIGHTENED) All ... all right, dear. But where are you now?

CHANCE: I can't tell you where. But I'm still working on that vacuum cleaner deal.

RUTH: You mean ... it hasn't come through?

CHANCE: Not yet. I'm having trouble with it. I'm going to try to close it right now.

RUTH: Al, why can't you tell me where you are? What ...?

CHANCE: Goodbye, honey!

SOUND: RECEIVER ON HOOK

CHANCE: (MUTTERS; WITH VENOM) Now ... Mrs. Wickley!

SOUND: FEW STEPS ACROSS WOOD FLOOR ... KEY TURNS IN LOCK ... DOOR OPENS

MARTHA: (SCARED) Who's that? (PAUSE) Oh. It's you.

CHANCE: (CHUCKLE) Yes, <sup>HASTY</sup> it's me.

MARTHA: ~~When are you going to stop this foolishness?~~

CHANCE: (SOFT) I don't know what you mean, my dear.

MARTHA: You know perfectly well what I mean. You've kept me locked up here for five days now. When are you going to let me go?

CHANCE: When you sign the papers turning your money over to me.

MARTHA: You talked me into going away with you ... you talked me out of my house ... but you're not going to fool me any more with your talk -- talk -- talk.

CHANCE: Then I'm afraid I'll have to use another method beside talking.

MARTHA: What do you mean?

CHANCE: I mean, I'll have to finish this deal a quicker way, my foolish, stubborn little Lonely Heart.

MARTHA: No .. No ... don't!

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ SCREAM UP HIGH

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ WIPE AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You, Guy Housely, couldn't know this at the time. No one knew it. But half-way to Clarksburg, you stop at a diner to coffee up. And just for luck, you put in a phone call to the Police Chief in Clarksburg. And he tells you ...

CHIEF: (FILTER) Well, Housely, we've identified your man and we expect to pick him up at any minute.

GUY: Chief, what ... who is he?

CHIEF: Name's Hartschorn. Al Hartschorn. A vacuum cleaner salesman.

GUY: How'd you find him?

CHIEF: Checked the post office boxes and found out there's one belonging to a Weldon Chance. And Hartschorn's been

(MORE)

CHIEF: taking mail out of it ... stacks of letters, from women  
(CONTD) all over the country! A Mail Order Romeo, no less!

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: When you get to Clarksburg, <sup>THE CHIEF LIES</sup> ~~they~~ let you sit in ...  
at headquarters/ <sup>WHILE HE AND A SECRETARY WERE EYEWITNESSES</sup> ~~for cross-examination~~ ... <sup>AT HARTSCHORN</sup>

CHIEF: So you've been right here at your summer cottage  
all along. That right, Hartschorn?

CHANCE: That's right, Chief.

COP: And you haven't left town?

CHANCE: No.

CHIEF: And your wife didn't know you were staying at the  
summer cottage ...?

CHANCE: No.

COP: Why?

CHIEF: Why didn't you tell her?

CHANCE: Because we had a quarrel. I wanted to get away by  
myself ... to do a little fishing.

COP: And so you didn't leave town ...?

CHANCE: I told you ten times ...

CHIEF: (~~SUDDENLY ROARS~~) You're a liar, Hartschorn!

COP: (YELLS) Who are you trying to fool?

CHIEF: You were in Chicago all the time!

CHANCE: Chicago?

CHIEF: Chicago, Illinois.

CHANCE: (FLARES) That's a lie.

CHIEF: This reporter here, Mr. Housely, claims you were in  
Chicago.

CHANCE: It's a lie, it's a lie, ~~it's a lie!~~

BUSINESS: (PAUSE)

CHIEF: (SUDDENLY SOFT AGAIN) Then how was it you didn't pick up your mail at the Clarksburg post office for weeks?

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: They keep after him, hour after hour, hammer and tongs. But he doesn't break ... he's got an answer for everything. And you ... you say nothing. You just keep watching ...

CHIEF: Ever hear of a man named Weldon Chance, Hartschorn?

CHANCE: No.

COP: You're sure?

CHANCE: I told you I never heard of him!

CHIEF: (SUDDENLY HARSH) Don't try to give us that, Hartschorn!

COP: We know that you're Chance.

CHIEF: And that you were in Chicago.

COP: And that you met a certain Mrs. Wickley through the Lonely Hearts Club?

CHIEF: Where is she, Hartschorn?

COP: Where's Mrs. Wickley and her three children.

CHANCE: (RISING) I don't know, I don't know, I don't know. I never heard of her.

GUY: Oh, yes you did, Hartschorn.

CHANCE: You stay out of this, Reporter.

GUY: Or maybe you'd rather I called you Weldon Chance?

CHANCE: I am not Weldon Chance.

GUY: Take a look at this letter, Chance. A letter from you, to Martha Wickley.

CHANCE: I didn't write it.

GUY: Oh, yes you did. It was written by you just before you killed her. You wrote this letter, Weldon Chance.

CHANCE: (UP) I did not. I did not.

GUY: Aren't you sorry you killed them?

CHANCE: (GOADED) Yes, yes, I'm sorry I killed them, but I ~~didn't know she~~ ... (CUTS) ~~AND GAGS~~

BUSINESS: \_ \_ \_ \_ PAUSE

CHIEF: Nice work, Housely. That did it.

CHANCE: I ... look, Chief. I didn't mean ... he ...

CHIEF: (QUIETLY) Suppose you tell us where you hid the bodies, Hartschorn?

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You know things like this don't happen. You just don't break down a killer in a half-a-minute ... not even in a Hollywood movie. But truth must be stranger than fiction, because you did it. That's the way it actually happened ... that's the way you got your BIG STORY.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Guy Housely of the Chicago Daily News, with the final details on tonight's BIG STORY.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ FANFARE

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!

MAN #1: Good to look at ...

MAN #2: Good to feel ...

MAN #3: Good to taste ...

MAN #4: And good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELLs are good - good - good - and good!  
That's why so many of your friends are changing to ...  
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!" PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -  
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ORCHESTRA: \_ \_ \_ TAG

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Guy Housely of the Chicago Daily News.

GUY: Further investigation proved that killer in tonight's BIG STORY had previously made love to and murdered another woman. Infuriated Clarksburg mob tried to lynch him, but attempt was thwarted. He was tried, found guilty and died on the gallows. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Housely. The makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to have named you the winner of the PELL MELL \$500. Award for notable service in the field of journalism.

HARRICE: Listen again next week, ~~same story, same station,~~ when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY -- A BIG STORY from the pages of the Los Angeles Examiner; by-line, Jack Adams. A BIG STORY that reached its climax when the pre-dawn quiet of a Los Angeles flop house was shattered by ...

VOICE: \_ \_ \_ \_ SCREAM

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ THEME HIT AND FADE TO B.G. ON CUE

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter, and directed by Harry Ingram, with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was written by Max Erlich. Your narrator was Berry Kroeger, and George Petrie played the part of Guy Housely. All names in tonight's story except that of Mr. Housely were fictitious; but the dramatization was based on a true and authentic case.



MUSIC:     THEME UP FULL AND FADE

CHAPPELL:     This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL  
MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

HARRICE:     Don't forget, friends, to listen to the new comedy hit  
-- The Jack Paar Program -- which may be heard Sunday  
night over most of these same stations in the Jack Benny  
time spot.

MUSIC:     THEME UP AND UNDER

BUSINESS:   COAST CUT AWAY HERE

CHAPPELL:     Daylight Saving Time ends this Sunday and the entire  
country will be on Standard Time. So don't forget to  
consult your local newspaper for the correct time to  
hear The BIG STORY next Wednesday night.

MUSIC:     THEME

ANNOUNCER:    THIS IS NBC -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(AT CUT AWAY SPOT)

COAST  
ANNOUNCER:    Beginning Monday, October 6th, the BIG STORY will be  
heard over this station every Monday at 9:30 P.M.  
Remember - Monday, October 6th, for "THE BIG STORY."  
THIS IS NBC -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

INSTRUCTIONS: DO NOT CUT AWAY - BUT FADE OUT ON THEME - ON WHICH WE  
WILL TAKE A MINIMUM OF 5 SECONDS.