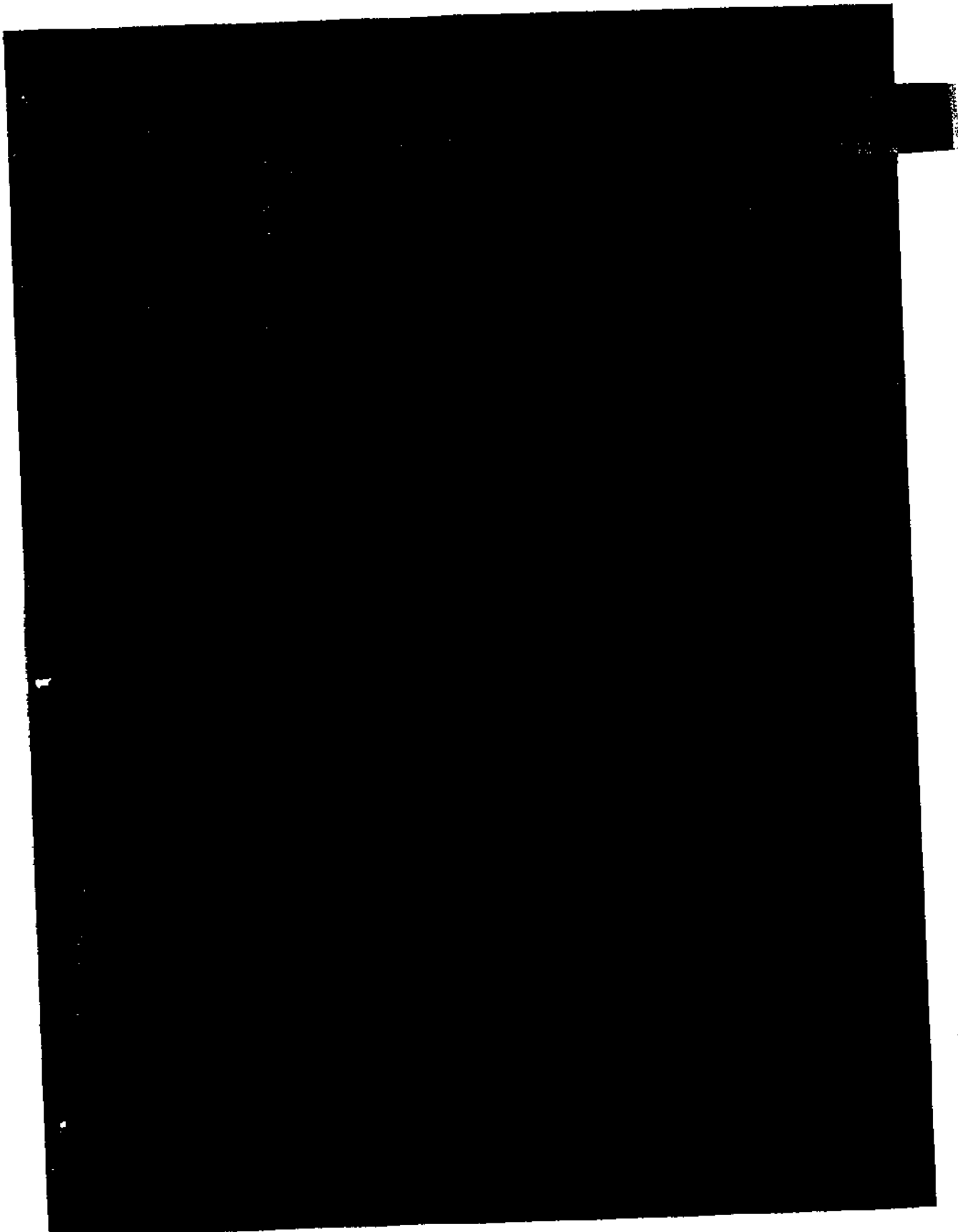


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The Broadcast

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #27

FINAL

"THE CASE OF THE COUNTERFEIT COINS"

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1947

CAST

NARRATOR	BERRY KROEGER
JACK ADAMS	DWIGHT WEIST
EDDIE	MASON ADAMS
SNUFFY	LARRY HAINES
MILLER	RICHARD KEITH
BABY	EILEEN HECKART
KNUCKLES	JAMES BOLES
AGENT	MASON ADAMS
JOE	RICHARD KEITH
BOSS	JACKSON BECK
VOICE	JAMES BOLES
MAN	JACKSON BECK
WOMAN	EILEEN HECKART
BARTENDER	LARRY HAINES

ATX01 0059814

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

SOUND: LUNCHROOM B.G. CLANG OF CASH REGISTER. STEPS UP AND STOP

JACK: Hey, Bud.

AGENT: Yeah?

JACK: Got a match?

AGENT: Sure. Here you are.

JACK: Thanks.

SOUND: SCRATCH OF MATCH AND FLARE OF FLAME

JACK: Here are your matches back. (FADING) Much obliged.

AGENT: Don't mention it.

(PAUSE)

SOUND: STEPS AND STOP. PHONE BOOTH DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS. RECEIVER OFF HOOK. COIN DROP IN SLOT. ONE DIAL FOR OPERATOR.

AGENT: Hello, operator. Operator. Get me the Secret Service!

MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER FOR

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY ... another in a thrilling series based on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight ... to Jack Adams of the Los Angeles Examiner ... 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! ...

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: 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, 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 FOR

CHAPPELL: Now, the exciting and authentic story of ... "The Case of the Counterfeit Coins."

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You are Jack Adams of the Los Angeles Examiner. For weeks you've been running down leads on a big counterfeiting ring in town ... and for weeks you've always come back to the same place ... nowhere. And at the moment, thousands of phony half-dollar coins are floating around in L.A., and nobody knows where the phony money mill is, or who's behind it. Then, one afternoon, one of the copy boys opens your office

Sound:
EDDIE: door ...
(*Open Door*)
Say, Mr. Adams.

JACK: Yeah, kid? What is it?

EDDIE: Guy outside wants to see you.

JACK: What about?

EDDIE: He claims he's got a big story on the counterfeiting ring.

JACK: (WEARILY) What! Another one?

EDDIE: Yeah. Another one. Only I've never seen a character like this in all my life.

JACK: What do you mean, Eddie?

EDDIE: I cased him for an ex-con. Then I said to myself, "maybe I'm wrong." Maybe he's just a refugee from a flophouse. He looks like a scarecrow wearing a suit made out of burlap.

JACK: Could be some tramp after a handout. Does he look hungry?

EDDIE: Yeah. But not for vitamins. More for a cork or a needle, if you ask me.

JACK: Hmmm.

EDDIE: Shall I send him in, or throw him out?

JACK: You're a pretty cynical kid, Eddie, and you'll probably turn out to be a great reporter. But just to prove that the milk of human kindness doesn't always turn sour ... send the gentleman in.

EDDIE: Okay. (FADING A LITTLE) Okay, you! Go ahead in ...

SNUFFY: (OFF A LITTLE) T'anks. T'anks a lot, kid.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

SNUFFY: Are you Jack Adams, are you?

JACK: Yeah. I'm Adams. Who are you?

SNUFFY: My name's Snuffy, it's Snuffy.

JACK: I heard you the first time. Snuffy what?

SNUFFY: Just Snuffy.

JACK: Okay. Just Snuffy. Now ... what's on your mind?

SNUFFY: I seen by the papers you been writin' a lotta stories on the phony dough racket, you been writin'. An' I says to myself, I says, maybe you'd be interested.

JACK: Interested in what?

SNUFFY: In a little info. Inside stuff if you know what I mean. The McCoy on the phony four-bit slugs that are floatin' around town. So I tells myself, I'll make the approach, and see what I can see. See?

JACK: Vaguely. So?

SNUFFY: So ... if I lead you to the info, do I get a payoff?

JACK: If your information is legitimate ... yes.

SNUFFY: Okay. You look koppasettick to me, Adams, you look.
I'll take a chanct.

JACK: I knew one of us was taking a chance. What's your
proposition, Snuffy?

SNUFFY: I can get you on the inside with the counterfeitin'
mob.

JACK: What?

SNUFFY: You heard me, Bub. I know every agent in the racket ...
~~in the racket.~~

JACK: ~~How do I know you're on the level?~~

SNUFFY: ~~(INSULTED) Me? I wouldn't double-cross a pal! What
kind of a stool do you think I am?~~

JACK: (THOUGHTFULLY) If you could really get me on the
inside ...

SNUFFY: I said I would, didn't I, Bub? An' I'm gonna prove
it. Meet me here at the Examiner tomorra night.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ DOOR OPENS

SNUFFY: At nine bells. Come dressed in the oldest duds you
can find, an' don't shave! So long.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ DOOR CLOSES

JACK: Wait a minute. I ~~should say~~

SOUND: _ _ _ _ DOOR OPENS

EDDIE: Are you going, Mr. Adams?

JACK: Eddie! What the ...?

EDDIE: I was listening outside the door. Are you going?

JACK: Look, Eddie -- it's only in the movies that reporters
listen at keyholes.

EDDIE: Are you going to keep that date with Snuffy tomorrow night?

JACK: I don't know.

EDDIE: If you don't keep it, can I?

JACK: No.

EDDIE: Why not?

JACK: Because it's too dangerous.

EDDIE: A good reporter isn't afraid of danger.

JACK: Everybody's afraid of danger.

EDDIE: Then what are you going to do about tomorrow night?

JACK: *I don't know. I don't know.*
Before I decide anything, I think I'll run over and have a little chat with George Miller at the local Secret Service office.

MUSIC: - - - - BRIDGE

JACK: Well, George, what do you think? Should I keep this date with this Snuffy character, or shouldn't I?

MILLER: *That's up to you. Like that.*
~~That's up to you. Like that.~~

JACK: What do you mean?

MILLER: You'll be taking a chance if you go through with it. This counterfeiting ring is dangerous, Jack. The crooks who are running it wouldn't hesitate to kill, if they thought their racket was threatened.

JACK: I see. That's the way it is, eh?

MILLER: That's the way it is. (PAUSE) Well?

JACK: George, you know me. I'm no hero.

MILLER: Who is?

JACK: But I feel a big story coming on. And in that case ...

MILLER: In that case, you'll take the chance.

JACK: Yes.

MILLER: All right, Jack. Go ahead and meet your unsanitary little friend. But don't say I didn't warn you.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ BRIDGE

SNUFFY: Hi'yah, pal. Here I am.

JACK: Hello, Snuffy. How do I look?

SNUFFY: You look okay, Bub. But can ya talk, can ya?

JACK: I don't get you.

SNUFFY: Old duds ain't enough. You got to make with the lingo, see? Like I do, get me? Otherwise, dey'll take you for a ^{phony} ~~shill~~, dey'll take you.

JACK: Thanks, Snuffy. ~~I'll remember.~~

SNUFFY: Not thanks, pal. ^{see you buy cheap} T'anks. Lay off that English accent. Speak American, see what I mean?

JACK: Okay, Bub. Let's scam. (CUTS) That better?

SNUFFY: Perfect. Yeh, perfect. Did yuh bring any dough with ya, did yuh?

JACK: A hundred bucks.

SNUFFY: It ain't much, but it'll have to do.

JACK: What's the angle?

SNUFFY: Got it cased perfect, I got it cased. You're a buyer.

JACK: A buyer?

-- F. L. S.

SNUFFY: Sure. You got the real lettuce, that Uncle Sammy publishes. And with it, you buy the phony four-bit pieces. Five half-dollars for a legit buck, see what I mean? Five for one. That's the deal.

JACK: Kopassetick. I see what you mean.

SNUFFY: Okay. Then let's ~~powder~~ ^{outfit} an' contact some of my pals, let's contact.

JACK: Sure. But before we go, one question, Snuffy.

SNUFFY: Yeah. What?

JACK: You're going to double-cross your pals. Right?

SNUFFY: You got the answer. I don't owe them nuttin', not a thing. So what?

JACK: So how do I know you won't double-cross me?

SNUFFY: (INDIGNANTLY) Double-cross you? (INJURED) How can you say a t'ing like dat, pal? What kind of a stool-pigeon do you take me for? Come on -- I got some pals waitin' for me in a bar.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ BRIDGE SEQUE TO JUKE BOX B.G.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ CLINK OF BEER GLASSES. RAUCOUS LAUGHTER B.G.

SNUFFY: Hi yah, Baby.

BABY: (BLOWSY) Don't Baby me, you ratty squirt. Who's your pal?

SNUFFY: The name's Jack, the name is. He's a right guy. Pal,
 dis is ~~Myrtle~~. *Ruby*

JACK: Pleased to meet you, ~~Myrtle~~. *Ruby*

BABY: Same to you, Handsome. But I ain't sure Knuckles is
 gonna be so happy about this Snuffy. We was supposed
 to meetcha here alone.

SNUFFY: Take it easy, Baby, take it. This boy's a right gee ...
 Now ...

BABY: He better be right, Dream Boy. Because here comes
 Knuckles now ...

BUSINESS: --- THERE IS A PAUSE

SNUFFY: (FALSE ENTHUSIASM) Hi yah, Knuckles. (THEN WEAKLY)
 Hi yah, Knuckles.

KNUCKLES: (COLD AND HARD) Who's the guy?

SNUFFY: The name's Jack.

KNUCKLES: Jack, eh?

JACK: *Ruby*: That's right. *He's a friend of Snuffy's.*

KNUCKLES: (SNARLS) Shut up! (TO SNUFFY) Snuffy, you lame-
 brained dope, I oughta beat your brains in!

SNUFFY: (SCARED) Listen, Knuckles, I ...

KNUCKLES: Why'd you bring him here, Stupid? Come on, make with
 da talk!

SNUFFY: Listen, Knuckles, Jack here's a right guy, he's right.
 He's an old pal of mine, see what I mean?

KNUCKLES: A pal of yours, eh?

BABY: And not a bad lookin' one, huh, Knuckles?

KNUCKLES: *Ruby* 1 Shut your fat mouth, ~~you crummy tub of fat.~~ *Snuffy's*
 you meet this mug, ~~Snuffy?~~ 2

SNUFFY: Geez, Knuckles, don't go off your rocker! He used to
 shill for me, he used to shill, when I was runnin'
 that carnival game in San Diego.

Baby
 KNUCKLES:-- ~~Yeah? Well, what's his racket now?~~

SNUFFY: He's a buyer, ~~Knuckles~~.

JACK: That's right. I might be interested in a little
Baby
~~merchandise.~~

KNUCKLES: *Remember that you think of?*
 Who said we had anythin' to sell?

JACK: If you ~~don't~~, say so. I got other ccontacts.

KNUCKLES: You stay here, Bub. I'll be back in a minute!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

~~SOUND: IN B.C. SOUND OF A SMALL PUNCH PRESS~~

BOSS: Joe.

JOE: Yeah, Boss?

BOSS: This batch of half-dollars is no good ...

SOUND: COINS FLUNG ACROSS TABLE

BOSS: Discard them.

JOE: But, Boss ...

BOSS: I said discard them.

JOE: Okay.

BOSS: I don't make any merchandise unless it's perfect,
 understand? Next time, watch your alloys. And be
 careful of those molds. If there's anything I won't
 stand for it's inefficiency ...

SOUND: PHONE RING ... RECEIVER OFF HOOK

BOSS: Yes?

KNUCKLES: (FILTER) Boss, this is Knuckles.

BOSS: Well?

KNUCKLES: Snuffy just brought in a guy from the outside.

BOSS: Snuffy did?

KNUCKLES: Yeah.

BOSS: Knuckles, I don't like that.

KNUCKLES: Snuffy claims he's a buyer.

BOSS: Knuckles, I don't regard Snuffy as the soul of honor.
His friend could be a cop.

KNUCKLES: Gee, Boss, I don't think so. Snuffy claims he's a
buyer.

BOSS: You said that. Do you think he's a buyer, Knuckles?

KNUCKLES: I dunno. He could be.

BOSS: Big?

KNUCKLES: No way of telling, Boss.

BOSS: Well, I'm not interested in small fry. Check him, and
keep your eyes open.

KNUCKLES: Okay.

BOSS: Play along with him for a little while. See what you
can find out. I'll have a look at him later.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ BRIDGE A SEGUE TO JUKE BOX

SOUND: _ _ _ _ BAR B.G.

BABY: Hi ya, Knuckles ... back so soon?

KNUCKLES: Yeah ... I'm back.

BABY: Gee, that's too bad. I was just having a very
interesting chat with Handsome, here.

KNUCKLES: I'll do the chatting, Baby ...

BABY: But Knuckles, I just ...

KNUCKLES: (HARD) You heard me.

JACK: What do you want to talk about, Knuckles?

KNUCKLES: You.
Baby: That's just what we were talking about,

Knuckles
JACK:

KNUCKLES:

So?
We like to find out a few things about our -- uh -- customers. Where you from, Jack?

JACK:

Well, I was born in a small town just six miles outside of ...

KNUCKLES:

Never mind the obituary. Where do you operate?

JACK:

(EVASIVE) All over.

Knuckles
KNUCKLES:

Like where, all over?

JACK:

Oh ... Chicago ... New York ... Detroit ...

KNUCKLES:

Detroit, eh?

JACK:

Sure. Why not?

KNUCKLES:

Know a guy from Detroit called Joe Staviski?

JACK:

(Knuck) Joe Staviski.
(TRAPPED) Yeah ... I think so.

KNUCKLES:

What d' ya mean ... you think so?

JACK:

(DESPERATE) Isn't he the guy they call ... Speckles?

KNUCKLES:

No.

JACK:

Oh.

KNUCKLES:

Detroit, eh?

JACK:

Yeah. Detroit.

KNUCKLES:

Funny you never heard of Joe Staviski. Everybody that ever worked Detroit knows Joe.

JACK:

Not me.

KNUCKLES:

So I see. ~~(MUSING) So I see.~~

BABY:

Aw, lay off the guy, Knuckles. He's a level. Ask

KNUCKLES:

Baby.
You keep out of this, blue eyes.

JACK:

I always worked solo. That's why I never knew too many of the mob. Safer that way. No one to squeal on me.

KNUCKLES: Didn't have to worry about no stoolie, eh?

JACK: That's right.

KNUCKLES: Mmmm. That's a good idea. How about that, Snuffy?
Doncha think that's a good idea?

SNUFFY: Huh. Oh, sure ... a good idea. That's a good idea,
that is.

KNUCKLES: (MENACE) Never have to worry if some little squirt is
gonna turn stool pigeon on you.

SNUFFY: (UNEASY) Uh -- how about another beer, huh, Knuckles
... another beer?

KNUCKLES: Shut up. Yeah, that's a good idea you got there. Jack.

BABY: Oh, he's a slick one, this Jack fellow. Full of ideas,
ain't you honey?

KNUCKLES: Baby -- will you dry up?

BABY: Now wait a minute, Knuckles, you ain't the only ...

KNUCKLES: Shut up, I said. Come on -- we're getting out of here.

BABY: Aw, Knuckles, I didn't mean ...

KNUCKLES: Come on. See you later, Jack. And, Snuffy ...

SNUFFY: Yeah, yeah?

KNUCKLES: (FADING) I'll be keeping an eye on you.

SNUFFY: Yeah, yeah. (PROJECTING) Goodbye, Knuckles, goodbye.

JACK: (BEAT) Snuffy, who is this Knuckles. What's he in
this counterfeiting gang?

SNUFFY: (HORRIFIED WHISPER) Not so loud, Jack! Not so loud!
You wanna put us both in a couple of wooden boxes,
you wanna?

JACK: (LOW) I'm sorry.

SNUFFY: For your info, pal, an' strictly from the horse's mouth, Knuckles is the Boss's strong arm man.

JACK: And who's the boss?

SNUFFY: I dunno.

JACK: What do you mean?

SNUFFY: Never seen him. The boss is a big operator. Onct you get by Knuckles, once you get by, maybe you'll meet him. But come on, Jack ... it's gettin' late, and ...

JACK: (LOW) Wait a minute.

SNUFFY: Huh?

JACK: That guy over there ... sitting alone at the corner table ... do you know him?

SNUFFY: Guy with his hat pulled over his eyes?

JACK: Yes.

SNUFFY: Never seen him before.

JACK: I have. He followed us here.

SNUFFY: Huh?

JACK: He was in a car that followed us here from the Examiner.

SNUFFY: Pal, you're gettin' the jitters, you're gettin'. Nobody's followin' us! (BEAT) Are they?

JACK: That guy is.

SNUFFY: Then let's get outa here.

JACK: Where'll we go?

SNUFFY: To get some shuteye at my hotel.

JACK: Your hotel?

SNUFFY: That's right pal. I got a suite at the Superba.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ BRIDGE INTO _

SOUND: _ _ _ _ RAUCOUS SNORES

SNUFFY: Mike says to take cots 30 and 31.

JACK: So this is the suite you were talking about, huh,
Snuffy?

SOUND: _ _ _ _ FOOTSTEPS

SNUFFY: Sure, sure. Semi-private, like.

JACK: Semi-private! I'd like to see what you call public.
Dirt, vermin, and a smell you could cut with a knife.

SNUFFY: The price recommends it.

JACK: Look, Snuffy. Do we have to stay here? Why don't we
go back to my place and sneak a bath ... get cleaned
up and then go back to meet Knuckles in the morning?

SNUFFY: Whatcha wanna do, commit suicide? You said there was
a mug tailing you, didn't ya?

JACK: Yes, but ...

SNUFFY: Well, he'll tail you to your high class places, too,
you know. And then what ... the whole game goes up ...
phfft! You gotta play it through, chum ... play it
through.

JACK: O.K., Snuffy. But this ain't play.

SNUFFY: Here's de cots.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ GETTING INTO BED - CREAKS

SNUFFY: Well, goodnight, Jack.

JACK: Goodnight, Snuffy. (SARDONICALLY) Pleasant dreams.

SNUFFY: Yeah, Pleasant dreams.

BUSINESS: _ _ _ _ SILENCE BROKEN ONLY BY_SNORES

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ SNEAK SLOWLY AND SNORINGLY

NARRATOR: You lie there ... watching, listening ... and finally you see the first streaks of dawn come trickling through the high narrow windows. And then -- you see a man get up from a far bed and walk toward you. You strain your eyes in the dim light, and you see that this is the mug who's been trailing you. He comes closer .. You wait ... your whole body prickling with gooseflesh ...

BUSINESS: _ _ _ SNORES IN B.G.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ STEPS COMING UP. THEN STOP

JACK: (SCARED WHISPER) Who are you? What do you want?

AGENT: ~~Shhh!~~ You wanna wake up the whole joint?

JACK: What do you want?

AGENT: You.

JACK: Now, look I' ...

AGENT: Your name Adams?

JACK: Wait a minute ... I ...

AGENT: Take it easy. ~~Shhh!~~

~~JACK: Who are you?~~

~~AGENT:~~ Secret Service. George Miller assigned me to tail you.

JACK: Whew. I've watched you ~~tail~~ me into every dive and I thought you were after me with a gun for sure.

AGENT: Sorry. You were never alone ... I couldn't tip you off.

Even now, I wasn't wure it was you in this light.

Learn anything yet, Adams?

JACK: Why, I ...

VOICE: _ _ _ _ OFF - A PIERCING SCREAM

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ TAKE IT AWAY AND INTO CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: We will be back in just a minute with tonight's Big Story. But first, 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!

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: 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.

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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 Jack Adams, of the Los Angeles Examiner, have been talking in whispers with a Secret Service Agent, when the early morning silence of the flop house is suddenly shattered by ...

VOICE: _ _ _ _ (OFF) A PIERCING SCREAM

SOUND: _ _ _ _ RUNNING STEPS

JACK: What was that?

AGENT: (FADING) Contact you later, Adams.

BUSINESS: _ _ (IN B.G. EXCITED AD LIBS. "WHAT IS IT?" "WHAT'S WRONG?" "WHAT HAPPENED?")

SNUFFY: Jack! Hey Jack! Where are you ... where ...?

JACK: Right beside you, Snuffy. What happened?

SNUFFY: (JITTERY) I don't like it, I tell you, I don't like it no how. Guy by the name of Red Davis was just knifed.

JACK: Knifed!

SNUFFY: And how. I don't like this, Jack.

JACK: Was he a friend of yours?

SNUFFY: Listen. No guy is a friend of mine that goes around getting himself knifed and pulling in the cops so they can ask embarrassing questions. Come on. We're getting out of here, but fast.

JACK: Where'll we go?

SNUFFY: We'll go up and see Knuckles!

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ BRIDGE INTO

SOUND: _ _ _ _ KNOCKING ON DOOR

SNUFFY: Come on, Knuckles. Open up!

KNUCKLES: (MUFFLED) Who's that?

SNUFFY: Me ... Snuffy. And Jack.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

KNUCKLES: (SLEEPY) Listen, you little squirt -- what're you doing barging in here this time of the morning? Ain't your suite of rooms at the flophouse good enough?

SNUFFY: Look, Knuckles, it ain't funny, it ain't. A guy just got knifed over there.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

SNUFFY: It ain't safe, I tell you.

KNUCKLES: ~~Sit down.~~ Afraid of getting yours, Snuffy.

SNUFFY: I don't like being where they start asking questions, where they start asking.

KNUCKLES: Well, you walked into the same setup here, Snuffy. I got a few questions more I want to ask your ~~sidekick~~ ^{sidekick} here.

JACK: Shoot.

KNUCKLES: You said you were a buyer. That right, Jack?

JACK: That's right.

SNUFFY: It's like I told you, Knuckles.

KNUCKLES: (SHARP) Pipe down, you runt. I'll do all the talkin'.

SNUFFY: (WHINING) Okay, Knuckles, okay. I didn't mean nothin'. I didn't mean ...

KNUCKLES: Gettin' back to the point, Jack, how much merchandise you want to buy?

JACK: That depends on the price. What's the market?

KNUCKLES: Five for one. ~~one~~ ^{five} ~~one~~.

JACK: Not so good.

KNUCKLES: Take it or leave it.
JACK: All right. I'm in.
KNUCKLES: For how much?
JACK: A hundred bucks now.
KNUCKLES: Chicken feed.
JACK: And a lot more later if ...
KNUCKLES: If what, pal?
JACK: If your merchandise is good.
KNUCKLES: You don't think it's good?
JACK: I always like to be shown.
KNUCKLES: Okay. I got a few samples with me. Take these four-bit pieces we make ... and try 'em out yourself!

MUSIC: - - - BRIDGE

MAN: What'll it be, Mister?

JACK: Give me an Examiner.

MAN: Here you are.

JACK: Change a half?

MAN: Sure ...

SOUND: - - - RING OF COIN ON COUNTER

MAN: Always check these half-dollar pieces now. There's a lot of phony stuff floatin' around. This one's the McCoy all right ...

~~SOUND: - - - CASH REGISTER RING, DRAWER OPENS~~

~~MAN:~~ → Here's your change, Mister!

MUSIC: - - - BRIDGE

WOMAN: What'll it be, Mister?

JACK: Cup of coffee.

WOMAN: One java ... comin' up.

JACK: Here you are.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ RING OF HALF-DOLLAR ON GLASS

WOMAN: (PAUSE) Where'd you get this half-dollar, Mister?

JACK: Why, I ... I don't know. What's wrong with it?

WOMAN: Nothing. Looks good to me. And I ain't been stuck
with a bad one yet!

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ BRIDGE

BARTENDER: What'll ya have, Bud?

JACK: A beer.

BARTENDER: Draw one ...

SOUND: _ _ _ _ BEER FROM TAP INTO GLASS

JACK: Here you are, Bartender.

BARTENDER: Hm-mm-mm. Another one of these things, huh?

JACK: You mean, this half-dollar is phony?

BARTENDER: No. it's okay. Anybody with a good eye can see that.
Besides, this is dated 1937.

JACK: What's that got to do with it?

BARTENDER: I was tipped off that all the phony four-bit pieces
were dated 1934 or 1936.

JACK: Who told you that?

BARTENDER: A guy who claimed he was in the know. A guy named ...
Snuffy!

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ BRIDGE

KNUCKLES: Well, Jack, you satisfied?

JACK: I'm satisfied. It's good merchandise. Let's talk
business.

KNUCKLES: How much business, pal?

JACK: Big business.

KNUCKLES: Okay, Jack. Let's step into this here restaurant.

JACK: Why?

KNUCKLES: I want to make a telephone call.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

~~SOUND: STAMPING OF DIE IN D.C. AS BEFORE~~

BOSS: Let's see that new steel die, Joe.

JOE: Here it is, Boss.

BOSS: Hmmm. Not bad. That's good art work. *Very good indeed*

JOE: Yeah. And with a good power press, Boss, we can turn out about fifty-grand in four-bit pieces ...

SOUND: PHONE RING

JOE: I'd better ...

BOSS: Never mind, Joe. I'll take it.

SOUND: RECEIVER OFF HOOK

BOSS: Hello?

KNUCKLES: (FILTER) Boss, ^{Joe is} Knuckles.

BOSS: Yes?

KNUCKLES: This new buyer Snuffy found is talking big.

BOSS: You think he's legitimate, Knuckles?

KNUCKLES: As far as I can make out, he's level.

BOSS: Hmmm. We could use a good customer.

KNUCKLES: Shall I bring him up, Boss?

BOSS: All right. I'll look him over. And, incidentally, Knuckles ...

KNUCKLES: Yeah?

BOSS: When you bring him up ... stick around. I may find that I don't like his face!

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You, Jack Adams, were listening when Knuckles dialled the number. And now you get the number down fast on a clip of matches you're carrying. You're sure the Boss himself is at that number. But you haven't got a chance to get it to Secret Service. And then, you see a man walk in ... the agent that George Miller assigned to tell you. And you get a fast and desperate idea ...

SOUND: _ _ _ _ LUNCH ROOM B.G.

KNUCKLES: All right, Jack. Let's go.

JACK: Go where?

KNUCKLES: I'll tip you off when we get there. Come on.

JACK: Okay.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ STEPS ON FLOOR. THEN STOP

JACK: Hold it, Knuckles. I need a light. Hey, Bud.

AGENT: Yeah?

JACK: Got a match?

AGENT: Sure. Here you are.

JACK: Thanks.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ SCRATCH OF MATCH AND FLARE OF FLAME

JACK: Here are your matches back. Much obliged.

AGENT: Don't mention it.

KNUCKLES: (IRRITATED) Come on, Jack! Quit stallin' around and let's go!

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND UNDER

SOUND: _ _ _ _ RAP ON DOOR

BOSS: (MUFFLED) Who is it?

KNUCKLES: Me. Knuckles. I've got a friend with me.

BOSS: All right.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ KEY TURNS IN LOCK ... BOLT SLIDES FROM DOOR ... DOOR
OPENS ... ~~IN WITH SOUND OF DIE STAMP IN D.C.~~

BOSS: Come in, *knuckles*

SOUND: _ _ _ _ DOOR CLOSES

BOSS: So you're a friend of Snuffy's, are you?

JACK: That's right.

BOSS: And you're a buyer.

JACK: I'm a buyer.

BOSS: You don't look the part.

JACK: Don't let my clothes fool you. Incidentally, this is a nice layout you've got around here.

BOSS: It's adequate. I hope to expand soon. How much of my merchandise would you like to buy?

JACK: Five thousand to begin with. More later.

BOSS: You have the money with you?

JACK: No. Not with me, but I'll bring the cash tomorrow.

BOSS: That would be all right. If I were sure you were legitimate.

JACK: But you know I'm a pal of Snuffy's.

BOSS: Snuffy is very unreliable.

JACK: How else can I prove that I'm on the level?

BOSS: You might like to show me the press card you've got in your wallet?

KNUCKLES: Huh?

BOSS: Knuckles, I'd like you to meet Jack Adams, a reporter for the Los Angeles Examiner.

JACK: I -- I think there must be some mistake. I ...

BOSS: There is a mistake, Mr. Adams -- and you made it. You should have known that I make it a point to recognize people who write unpleasant things about my -- uh -- business venture. Now, let's not waste time with useless lies. You are Jack Adams, aren't you? (PAUSE) Aren't you?

JACK: Yes.

BOSS: Thank you/^{for}not shilly-shallying. ~~I dislike killing people.~~ I'll try to make this as painless as possible.

JACK: ~~I wouldn't if I were you.~~

BOSS: Really? Why not?

JACK: Because an Agent of the Secret Service is going to be here any minute now.

BOSS: That's unlikely.

JACK: That's positive. When Knuckles dialled your phone number a few minutes ago, I took it down on a book of matches and passed it to the Secret Service man who's been covering me since yesterday.

(PAUSE) *Knuckles, you fool, you've been*

KNUCKLES: (BLURTING) He's lyin', Boss -- he's lyin'! I ...

BOSS: Shut up! (LOW) ~~Knuckles, you fool. You've been tricked!~~

KNUCKLES: Honest, Boss, I didn't see anyone ...

SOUND: POUNING ON DOOR

MILLER: (MUFFLED) Open the door! Open the door! This is the Secret Service!

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: And good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELL'S are good - good - good - and good!

HARRICE: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!

CHAPPELL: Good to look at - good to feel - good to taste -
and good to smoke!

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 Jack Adams of the Los Angeles Examiner.

JACK: Leaders in counterfeiting ring were brought to trial, found guilty and sentenced to Federal Penitentiary. All their equipment was confiscated and the circulation of counterfeit coins has ended. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Adams. 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 Nashville Tennessean, by-line, Jack Setters. A BIG STORY that reached its climax when a newspaper published in Tennessee helped capture a murderer in Ohio.

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

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Frockter, and directed by Harry Ingram, with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was written by Max Erlich. Your narrator was Berry Kroeger, and Dwight Weist played the part of Jack Adams. All names in tonight's story except that of Mr. Adams 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.

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

A Broadcast

1st REVISION

THE BIG STORY

Pages 3, 9, 10, 12,
13, 16, 18, 20,
21, 22, 23, 25
and 27.

PROGRAM #28

"THE CASE OF THE LEERY LIBRARIAN"

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1947

CAST

NARRATOR	BERRY KROEGER
BUM	JOHN GIBSON
EDNA	AGNES YOUNG
ABBY	PATSY CAMPBELL
CHARLIE	JAMES McCALLION
ROGER	TED OSBORN
JACK SETTERS	JOHN GIBSON
EDITOR	RAY MORGAN
PARKER	JOSEPH BOLAND
EMILY	AGNES YOUNG
SHERIFF	TED OSBORN
DAHLSTROM	RAY MORGAN

ATX01 0059842

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

SOUND: AUTO MOTOR UNDER

ABBY: Roger, stop the car here, in front of the library!

ROGER: Sure, honey.

SOUND: CAR TO STOP AND MOTOR IDLES UNDER

ROGER: What's the matter? Something wrong?

ABBY: Yes. The basement light's on. The librarian who works with me must have forgotten to turn it off before she closed up.

ROGER: Oh.

ABBY: You wait here in the car, Roger. I'll unlock the basement door and turn it off. I won't be but a minute.

ROGER: Okay, honey ...

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES. STEPS UP ON SIDEWALK, AS
~~IDLING MOTOR FADES.~~ STEPS STOP. KEY TURNS IN LOCK.
DOOR OPENS

ABBY: 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 Jack Setters of the Nashville Tennessean, goes the PELL MELL Award for THE BIG STORY!

MUSIC: FANFARE

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0059843

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! ...

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: 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 UNDER FOR

CHAPPELL: Now, the exciting and authentic story of ... "The Case of the Leery Librarian."

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You are Jack Setters, a reporter on the Nashville Tennessean. And on this particular September, like every other month since you began as a cub, you dream of that Big Story ... the yarn that comes once in a lifetime. But what you don't know is that your big story is already beginning ... in a little town you never heard of, a long way from Nashville ... in the public library of a place called Bryan, Ohio ...

EDNA: (~~COMING IN~~) ^{menace} Just a moment, please!

BUM: Yeah? What is it, Lady?

EDNA: Do you have a library card?

BUM: No.

EDNA: Then I'm sorry, but you can't take that book out.

BUM: Don't worry about it, Lady. I'll bring it back.

EDNA: I'm sorry but it's against the library rules. You'll have to put that book back in the stacks...

BUM: (FEEL OF MENACE UNDERNEATH) Look, Lady, don't try to tell me what to do. I said I'd bring this here book back ...

EDNA: (CALLS) Miss Blake! Miss Blake!

ABBY: (COMING IN) What is it, Miss Rhymer?

EDNA: This man's trying to walk out of the library with a book ...

BUM: Yeah. And who's going to stop me?

ABBY: If we can't, the sheriff will.

BUM: The sheriff?

ABBY: Yes. And if you don't leave that book and get right out of here I'll phone him now. There have been entirely too many vagrants like yourself coming into our Bryan library here and ...

BUM: Okay, Lady. Okay. Forget the sheriff. I'm going. (MENACE) But don't think you can push me around and get away with it. I may be back to see you laterX

SOUND: - - - - - A COUPLE OF STEPS. - THEN DOOR SLAM OFF

EDNA: (A LITTLE FAINT) Miss Blake, I ... I ...

ABBY: (REASSURING) There's nothing to be afraid of, Miss Rhymer. I'm sure the man wouldn't dare ...

EDNA: Oh, I'm not afraid. It's just that I'm new here and ...

ABBY: Of course. But after you've been here a month or two, you'll be able to pick out the strangers from the Bryan people. These tramps come and go, and we can't legally close the library doors to them.

EDNA: Miss Blake ... that man with the beard who was here this afternoon. Was he a Bryan resident?

ABBY: No. He was a stranger.

EDNA: And the dark man wearing a sweater?

ABBY: Another stranger.

EDNA: And the young fellow who comes in here now and then ...
the one with the strange eyes?

ABBY: (LAUGHS) Oh. ^{That's Charlie Parker} You don't have to worry about him,
Miss Rhymer. He's a home town boy ... I've known him
all my life. In fact, he just came back from the
service and ...

SOUND: CHIME OF CLOCK OFF

ABBY: Good Heavens! Eight o'clock. And I've got a date
to go to the movies with Roger. (LAUGHS APOLOGETICALLY)
He's my beau.

EDNA: Oh. Go right ahead, Miss Blake. It's my turn to close
up tonight, anyway.

ABBY: You're sure you won't be afraid to stay here alone?

EDNA: Of course not.

ABBY: I'm sure everything'll be all right. And there's only
an hour to closing time. (HESITATES) But just in
case some vagrant or stranger comes in, Miss Rhymer.

EDNA: Yes?

ABBY: Well, I know it sounds silly. But whenever I'm in the
library here alone ... I always carry around a pair
of scissors. (LAUGHS) Not that anything's ever
happened or ever will ... but you never know!

MUSIC: BRIDGE
Charlie Parker
SOUND: DOOR CLOSE OFF. STEPS UP AND STOP

EDNA: Oh. Good evening.

CHARLIE: *Good evening, Miss Rhymer.*

EDNA: (A BEAT) Is there ... is there something I can do
for you?

CHARLIE: I'd like to talk to Miss Blake.

EDNA: Oh. Miss Blake's gone for the evening.

CHARLIE: Then you're here all alone?

EDNA: Yes.

CHARLIE: A KIND OF CHUCKLE

EDNA: What's the matter? What ...?

CHARLIE: Nothing. Nothing's the matter. Only it's funny. It's very funny. I've never seen anyone like you before ...

EDNA: ~~I~~... What do you mean?

CHARLIE: That's just it. I don't know. Lots of times I get ideas ... and I don't know what they mean. I go along for a while, and I see people's faces ... lots of faces ... lots and lots of 'em ... and nothing happens. And then ... then, all of a sudden, I see a face, and it's different, and ... (STOPS)

EDNA: I ... I don't think I understand.

CHARLIE: Neither do I. Lots of times, things happen and I never know what they mean ...

EDNA: (AFTER PAUSE) If there's nothing else, why ...

CHARLIE: Oh. But there is. I'd like to go through some of the old newspaper files.

EDNA: (HESITATES) I see. Is there anything special you're looking for?

CHARLIE: I want to read up on Dillinger.

EDNA: Dillinger?

CHARLIE: John Dillinger. He was Public Enemy Number One, years ago. He was in all the newspapers.

(ECHO EFFECT ON VOICES AGAIN)

SOUND: _ _ _ _ DOOR OPENS

SOUND: _ _ _ _ STEPS DOWN STAIRS. THEN STEPS STOP ABRUPTLY, AS WE
HEAR A KIND OF CRAZY GIGGLE. THEN A STEP OR TWO MORE,
HESITANTLY

EDNA: I'm sorry. But it's closing time now.

CHARLIE: Oh, it's you. Funny, isn't it? I've been watching
you.

EDNA: Watching me? But I've been ... upstairs ...

CHARLIE: Yes, I know. But I've been looking at these
books down here, and all I could see was your face.
Funny how a face can get in your head. And how it
follows you around ... and won't let go ... and spins
around till it gets you dizzy, kind of ... and gives
you goose bumps all over ...

EDNA: I ...

CHARLIE: All the time you were upstairs, I kept thinking ...
I can't stand it any more. I can't stand it any more.
I've got to do something, do something. And then ...
then I got an idea.

EDNA: (JITTERY) Please, I ... please go. It's late ...
it's ...

~~SOUND:~~ _ _ _ _ ~~A COUPLE OF STEPS~~

CHARLIE: Yes. I know. The library's closing, and it's late.
But what I'm going to do now ... won't take very long!

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ HIT IN BRIDGE AND INTO

~~SOUND:~~ _ _ _ _ ~~AUTO MOTOR UNDER~~ (cue)

~~ABBY:~~ ~~Roger, stop the car here, in front of the library.~~

~~ROGER:~~ ~~Sure, Abby ...~~

SOUND: CAR TO STOP AND MOTOR IDLES UNDER

ROGER: What's the matter, honey? Something wrong?

ABBY: Yes. The basement light's on. Edna Rhymer, our new librarian must have forgotten to turn it off before she closed up.

ROGER: Oh.

ABBY: You wait here in the car, Roger. I'll unlock the basement door and turn it off. I won't be but a minute.

ROGER: Okay, honey ...

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES. STEPS UP ON SIDEWALK, AS IDLING MOTOR FADES. STEPS STOP. KEY TURNS IN LOCK, DOOR OPENS.

ABBY: A PIERCING SCREAM

ROGER: (OFF) Abby -- what is it?

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS COMING ON

ABBY: (SOBBING) It's Edna -- she's been murdered!

MUSIC: UP HARD AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You, Jack Setters, way down south on the Nashville Tennessean, knew nothing of what happened then. But on one fine September Saturday, and incidentally, your day off, you get a hurry call from your managing editor to drop in at the office. So ... you do. And the first thing he says is ...

EDITOR: Jack, how would you like to take a little trip up north to Bryan, Ohio?

JACK: What for?

EDITOR: A girl named Edna Rhymer was knifed to death in the basement of the library up there a couple of days ago. She's originally from Pulaski, ~~south of here~~, but she took her librarian training right here in Nashville.

JACK: And?

EDITOR: And something funny's going on up there, in Bryan. When we got a clip of the story, we sent a couple of wires to the sheriff of the town, asking for information.

JACK: Did you get an answer, Ed?

EDITOR: I'll say we did. The police up there aren't getting anywhere. They've practically washed their hands of the whole case.

JACK: But that doesn't make sense. The girl was murdered only a couple of days ago. They should be pressing the investigation.

EDITOR: That's just what I think, Jack. And that's why you're taking the next plane ... for Bryan, Ohio!

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: Bryan turns out to be what you'd imagine almost any American small town to be ... clean and quiet, with wide, shady streets, and the main street itself as the through highway. The sheriff happens to be out, and won't be back for a couple of hours. So ... you drop into one of the local stores, and talk to the proprietor and his family, just to get an idea of what the local citizens are thinking ...

JACK: So you think a hobo killed Edna Rhymer, do you, Mr. Parker?

PARKER: Yes, I do, *Mr. Sutter. And so on my wife* it was one of those shiftless, no-good, dirty tramps all right. *Heck, I'm not* ~~You agree with me,~~ Emily?

EMILY: Couldn't be anyone else, Tom.

CHARLIE: *My father's* ~~Dad's~~ right, Mister. Before I went into the navy, this town wasn't bothered much with hobos. But now that I've come back, seems like the town is overrun with 'em. They hang around down by the freight yards ...

EMILY: It's gettin' so a body can't walk on the streets at night.

PARKER: That's right. And the people of this town, ~~Mister~~ ~~Reporter~~, are kind of fed up. I was just talkin' to some of the boys down at the lodge, we're thinkin' of formin' a vigilante committee to run 'em out of town.

CHARLIE: Yessir, we ought to clean these bums right out of town!

JACK: Isn't it possible that the killer might have been someone living right here in Bryan?

CHARLIE: Someone here in town? Mister, you don't know what you're saying. No one in town could have done a thing like that, could they, Dad?

PARKER: Nope, son. They couldn't.

JACK: Still, we can't rule out the possibility ...

PARKER: Not a chance, Mr. ~~Reporter~~. You're barking up the wrong tree. Why, I know everyone living here in Bryan, as well as I know my own son here ...

EMILY: And they're all decent, law-abiding people, every one of them. A tramp did that poor woman in, and no mistake. We haven't had a killing here in forty years.

CHARLIE: Yeah. And the chances are that hobo's a thousand miles away from here by now. ^{Back to Nat} ~~(WITH COLD FURY)~~
I wish I knew who he was. I'd track him down and kill him ... with my bare hands!

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: While waiting for the sheriff, you talk to some more people and the whole town seems to be sold on this idea that a tramp was the killer. But you ... you're not so sure. It's too complacent, too easy, too pat. And when you finally see the Sheriff, you ask him ...

JACK: What makes everybody so sure someone right here in your own town didn't kill Edna Rhymer, Sheriff? ~~Somebody here might have been crazy enough to ...~~

SHERIFF: We haven't got any ^{maniacs} ~~maniacs~~ in this town, or ~~killers~~ either.

JACK: You never can tell. Maybe if you asked the people who knew her a few questions ...

SHERIFF: Setters, these people are my friends and neighbors. I can't go around asking them if they're killers!

JACK: It's your duty.

SHERIFF: Don't tell me what my duty is. You may be someone in Nashville, Setters, but you don't mean a thing here. What right have you got to ...?

JACK: Look, Sheriff, don't get me wrong. Edna Rhymer was a Tennessee girl ... and she trained for her career in Nashville. That's why my paper is interested, and that's why I'm here. As for your participation, I didn't say you're laying down on the job.

SHERIFF: Sounded mighty like it to me.

JACK: If it did, I'm sorry. All I'm trying to say is that you're not going far enough, on the basis of the facts.

SHERIFF: What facts?

JACK: Immediately after the body was discovered, you did what any competent officer of the law would do. You blocked all the highways leading out of town and sent men to watch the railroad. Right?

SHERIFF: That's right.

JACK: And you didn't catch any tramps in your net.

SHERIFF: No.

JACK: You wired neighboring towns to be on the lookout, and sent a posse scouring the woods and fields. And still you didn't pick up any vagrants, or any other suspicious characters. Check?

SHERIFF: Check.

JACK: Furthermore, Edna Rhymer was murdered about closing time at the library.

SHERIFF: What does that prove?

JACK: Don't you see, Sheriff? There were quite a few people around the library at the time. ^{But} No one reported seeing any tramp or any other suspicious character around the place at the time.

SHERIFF: ⁶⁰ Meanin' if someone from Bryan did the job, nobody would have given him a second look?

JACK: Meaning just that.

SHERIFF: Hmamm...

JACK: ~~Well, Sheriff, what about it?~~ Doesn't that indicate that someone from Bryan might have killed the librarian?

SHERIFF: (AFTER PAUSE) ^{I dunno} I dunno, Setters. I dunno but as you're right. The way you just put it up to me ... it could be someone from Bryan, at that. Never figured it that way, somehow.

JACK: What are you going to do about it now, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: ~~Do about it?~~

~~JACK: Yes.~~ How are you going to begin your investigation?

SHERIFF: (AFTER PAUSE) Setters, I'm going to be frank with you ... lay my cards right on the table.

JACK: Yes?

SHERIFF: Conducting a murder investigation is a little out of my line. I'm only the sheriff of a small town and we haven't had a homicide here in years. I can catch chicken thieves, but a killer ... well, I wouldn't rightly know how to go about it.

JACK: I see. You're an honest man, Sheriff, and I appreciate your telling me this.

SHERIFF: Want to see justice done. Maybe we could import a detective from out-of-town to work ^{on the case} ~~with you~~.

JACK: ^{Great!} ~~Great!~~ That's ^{new} ~~a fine~~ idea.

SHERIFF: 'Course, I don't know whether the people here would be interested, Setters. It takes money to bring in another man. And the folks here are pretty cold on the case.

JACK: Then someone is going to have to build a bonfire
under them to warm them up.

SHERIFF: Maybe. But who's going to do it, Setters?

JACK: You're looking right at him, Sheriff!

MUSIC: - - - - CURTAIN

CHAPPEL: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's BIG
STORY. But first, 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!

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: 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, 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 UNDER

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

NARRATOR: You, Jack Setters, are off your home-grounds in Nashville, and up in Bryan, Ohio, trying to break a story. But you've run head on into a wall ... a wall of lethargy. Everyone wants to believe that a vagrant murdered the local librarian. But you ... you've got a hunch that someone in town did this job. But you can't prove it ... not yet. First you've got to get some action. And that's going to take some doing. But finally, you get an idea. And you put in a long distance call to your managing editor at the Nashville Tennessean ...

JACK: Ed. Jack Setters.

EDITOR: (FILTER) Yes, Jack?

JACK: How much would it cost to print up five hundred copies of a special issue of the Tennessean, and fly 'em up here to Bryan?

EDITOR: Have you gone out of your mind? It'd cost a fortune. What are you going to do with five hundred papers?

JACK: Build a bonfire with them.

EDITOR: ~~What?~~

~~JACK: You heard me. Now ... do I get those papers up here or don't I?~~

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: The managing editor finally okays ^{your} the idea, and turns you over to rewrite. You dictate a front-page piece on

(MORE)

NARRATOR: your angle in the case, pointing up the circumstantial
(CONTD) evidence that someone in Bryan stabbed the librarian,
Edna Rhymer. At ten o'clock the next morning, the
papers are at the airport. At ten fifteen, they hit
Bryan's Main Street. At ten twenty they're all sold
out ... five hundred of them. And the bonfire you
hoped for begins to blaze ...

SOUND: ~~RUNNING OF WATER FROM FAUCET. CLINK OF DISHES.~~

CHARLIE: What's the matter, Mom? You're nervous as a cat
tonight.

EMILY: You just keep wiping those dishes there, and don't
talk so much, Charlie Parker. Of course I'm nervous
Who wouldn't be, what with a killer loose around the
town!

CHARLIE: Aw. Mom, that reporter's crazy ... printing all that
stuff. Trying to tell everybody someone from town
killed that librarian.

EMILY: I don't know, Charlie. Seems to me he's right.
Everybody in town thinks he is, now.

CHARLIE: ~~(With sudden vehemence)~~ He's not right. He's a liar,
Mom. It was one of those hobos who did that job. I
know it was. Why, we ought to ride that smart-aleck
reporter from Nashville out of town on a rail,
scaring everybody in town half-to-death.

EMILY: (JITTERY) I don't know, I don't know, son. You and
your father aren't going anywhere tonight, that's all
I can say. You're going to stay right here to home,
with me ...

CHARLIE: But, Mom, like I was saying, it was one of those
bums ...

EMILY: All I know is, a body isn't safe in Bryan any
more. I told your father to lock ...

SOUND: _ _ _ _ DOOR OPENS

CHARLIE: Oh. Hello, Dad.

PARKER: (COMING IN, EXCITED) Well, that reporter from
Nashville did it, Emily. He did it!

EMILY: Did what, Tom?

PARKER: He got the town in an uproar with those newspaper
stories. They're hiring a private detective from
Toledo to track down the killer here in Bryan ...

CHARLIE: Did you say ... a private detective, Dad?

PARKER: That's right, son. A real go-getter. And they
say he's sure to find the killer ...

SOUND: _ _ _ _ CRASH OF DISHES TO FLOOR

EMILY: (CRIES) Charlie! Oh, dear! You've dropped half my dishes on the floor. And my best bone china, too!

MUSIC: - - - - UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You meet the private eye from Toledo ... a detective named Dahlstrom. He's good and he knows his business. You work together as a team, questioning the local citizens, and after a couple of days you meet at the sheriff's office ...

JACK: How does all this add up to you, Dahlstrom?

DAHLSTROM: I think you had the right hunch, Setters.

JACK: You mean that the killer might be right here in

DAHLSTROM: ^{Bryan?}
Shm ...
Yes. The whole trouble is that we're working on a cold trail. Take that report I had to pry from the coroner, for instance ... A bloody handprint on the basement floor, only no one ever thought to photograph it.

JACK: Yeah, yeah, I know. So, where do we go from here?

DAHLSTROM: Frankly, Setters, I don't know. All we have are bits and pieces of evidence. What we need now is a key.

JACK: (THOUGHTFULLY) You know, Dahlstrom, I've got another hunch.

DAHLSTROM: Yes?

JACK: That key may be somewhere in the Bryan Public Library. I'm going down there ... and not because I want to borrow a book!

MUSIC: ----- BRIDGE -----

JACK: Think, Miss Blake. Think! You're ³chief librarian here. You ~~hired~~ ^{worried about} Edna Rhymer. Was there anyone she was afraid of?

ABBY: Why, she seemed afraid of the vagrants who'd come here to the library, now and then ...

JACK: I don't mean tramps. Was there anyone else ... from Bryan.

ABBY: From Bryan?

JACK: Yes, yes. From town here. Was there anyone she seemed afraid of ...

ABBY: Why now that I recall, there was someone she mentioned ... Edna thought he had strange eyes, but ... (CUTS)
Oh, no! That's ridiculous. It couldn't be him!

JACK: Who?

ABBY: (~~RUNNING ON, HALF-TO HERSELF~~) It ~~just~~ couldn't be him. I've known him all my life. He's perfectly harmless. Of course, his being in the service like he was might have done something but ...

JACK: Miss Blake.

ABBY: Yes, Mr. Setters?

JACK: You said this man ... this man with the strange eyes ... was in the service?

ABBY: (~~CLAMMING UP~~) I'm not going to answer another question, Mr. ~~Setters~~.

JACK: Who is this man? What's his name?

ABBY: (STUBBORNLY) I'm not going to tell you. I don't want to get anyone into trouble.

JACK: But Miss Blake ...

ABBY: No!

JACK: Tell me his name.

ABBY: (HYSTERICALLY) No, no, no! I don't want to get anyone in trouble, and I won't give you his name! Now, will you ~~stop hounding me and~~ get out of my library?

JACK: Miss Blake ...

ABBY: Get out, do you hear? Get out, get out!

MUSIC: - - - - BRIDGE

JACK: Have any luck with Miss Blake at the library, Dahlstrom?

DAHLSTROM: No better luck than you did, Setters. She's really clammed up for sure.

JACK: Yes. All we know is that there was some ex-service-man ... (CUTS) Wait a minute. Wait a minute, Dahlstrom.

DAHLSTROM: Yes?

JACK: There was a bloody handprint on the basement floor, according to the coroner. Right?

DAHLSTROM: Right. So what?

JACK: So all ex-servicemen have their fingerprints filed in Washington.

DAHLSTROM: Sure. Only there's one hitch. ~~We don't have~~ that print on the basement floor. ~~It~~ was washed up days ago. *Very faint handprint in basement.*

JACK: We can say we have, can't we?

DAHLSTROM: What do you mean?

JACK: (~~SUDDENLY~~) Dahlstrom, if it worked once, it might work again.

DAHLSTROM: What are you talking about?

JACK: The power of the press.

DAHLSTROM: The what?

JACK: The power of the press. The last time I was lucky enough to start a bonfire.

DAHLSTROM: ~~Setters, the more you talk, the more confused I get.~~
What are you driving at?

JACK: A new fire this time, Dahlstrom. A different kind of fire, with plenty of smoke ... enough to smoke the killer himself right out of hiding!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: DOOR OPEN. TINKLE OF ONE OF THOSE OVERHEAD BELLS, SOMETIMES FOUND IN RURAL STORES ... DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

PARKER: (EXCITED) Emily! Charlie!

EMILY: What is it, Tom?

CHARLIE: Yeah, Dad. ~~The way you came rushing into the store here...~~ well, you sure looked excited.

PARKER: Excited? You bet I'm excited, son. And do you know why?

CHARLIE: Well, why?

PARKER: They're goin' to arrest the man who killed the librarian.

CHARLIE: (DAZED) They're ... going to ... arrest him?

EMILY: Tom! How do you know?

PARKER: By this paper, here, the Tennessean. That reporter from Nashville flew in a special batch again this morning. I was down near the depot when they came in the truck. They went like hotcakes ...

EMILY: Tom, how do they know who the killer is?

PARKER: They don't know ... yet. But they will inside of a couple of hours ...

EMILY: Read it to us. What does it say?

CHARLIE: (HIS VOICE HERE BEGINS TO TAKE ON THE DREAMY, ALMOST ZANY QUALITY IT HAD IN THE LIBRARY) Yes, Dad ... read what ... it says ...

PARKER: Wait'll I ^{find it Ok, Dad,} ~~get-my-glasses-on~~ ...

SOUND: RUSTLE OF NEWSPAPER

PARKER: Now... (READS) The sensational knife murder of a Tennessee girl, Edna Rhymer, in the quiet little town of Bryan, Ohio, is close to solution. Special police authorities in the Ohio town, in conjunction with this reporter, have unearthed a positive clue that the killer was a Bryan ex-service man. The coroner's photographic record of the bloody handprints found on the library floor is being flown to Washington tonight.

(MORE)

PARKER:
(CONTD)

There it will be matched with the fingerprints of ex-servicemen kept on file in a special bureau, and the killer will be named, and arrested ...

Charlie
EMILY:

Dad
Thank heaven for that. Now we'll all be able to sleep-again. Go on, Tom ...

Charlie
PARKER:

Dad
The name of the man ~~is being kept a secret until~~ ...

CHARLIE:

Charlie will be known until the day Mommy - just Mommy, it's just Mommy!
Dad!

PARKER:

Yes? What is it, son?

CHARLIE:

Don't read any more!

PARKER:

What?

CHARLIE:

Please ... don't read any more.

EMILY:

Charlie ... what's the matter with you? You're as pale as a ghost.

CHARLIE:

I want to talk to the priest.

PARKER:

The priest?

CHARLIE:

(BREAKING) I want to tell the priest. I want to tell him everything. (SOBBING) I couldn't help it. I couldn't help it! Every time I saw her face, it did something to me ... inside. I went back again and again ... and then ...

EMILY:

Charlie! Charlie, in the name of Heaven ...

CHARLIE:

I couldn't help it, Mom! I just went crazy, I guess! I didn't realize what I was doing!

PARKER: Son, what are you talking about! (RISING HYSTERICALLY)
What are you trying to say?

CHARLIE: (SOBBING) Don't you understand, Dad? I killed that
librarian!
(A BIG BEAT)

EMILY: (BEGINS TO SOB)

PARKER: (QUIETLY) Come on, son. Put on your coat.

CHARLIE: Where are we going?

PARKER: Down to the sheriff's office.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ BRIDGE

JACK: (QUIETLY) Mr. Parker, I want to take my hat off to
you. It took a lot of courage to bring in your own
son ... like this.

PARKER: Mister Setters ... I ... I love that boy. He's my
own flesh and blood. I held him in my arms when he
was a baby ... took him fishing ... sent him to school
... dreamed of his future. Now ... that's all gone.
He's taken life ... he's killed. Not just that
librarian. Not just one life. But two others ...
his mother's and mine. In a little while, ~~Mister~~
~~Setters~~, my boy will be sentenced ... and he'll die.
But his mother and me ... well, we've already died ...
inside!

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND INTO CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Jack
Setters of The Nashville Tennessean reporting the
final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ FANFARE

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: And good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELL'S are good - good - good - and good!

HARRICE: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!

CHAPPELL: Good to look at - good to feel - good to taste -
and good to smoke!

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 Jack Setters of the Nashville Tennessean.

JACK: Further investigation disclosed that slayer in tonight's BIG STORY had marked five other persons for murder. Quickly brought to trial, he was found guilty of first degree murder. However, he escaped execution on a plea of temporary insanity and is now serving a life sentence. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award!

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Setters. 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 New York Evening Journal. A BIG STORY that reached its climax when a glamorous woman reporter got the facts on a murder from a Bobby-Sox kid. By-line ... Dorothy Kilgallen.

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 John Gibson played the part of Jack Setters. All names in tonight's story except that of Mr. Setters 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 maker
of FELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

ANNOUNCER: THIS IS NBC -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

A Broadcast

THE BIG STORY

FINAL

PROGRAM #29

"THE BOBBY-SOX KID FROM BAYONNE"

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1947

CAST

NARRATOR	BERRY KROEGER
DOROTHY KILGALLEN	JANET FOX
ANDY	BURT BRAZIER
MILLER	FRANCIS DE SALES
LIEUTENANT MORGAN	FRANCIS DE SALES
SERGEANT GILLIS .	JERRY LEWIS
JANET	MITZI GOULD
CHARLIE	BURT BRAZIER
MRS. GRAHAM	ELEANOR AUDLEY
MR. SCHMIDT	JERRY LEWIS
MRS. WALLACE	ELEANOR AUDLEY
SINGER	WILLARD YOUNG

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

MORGAN: (THOROUGHLY BEAT) Lock. For the last time, Janet ...
did you murder your mother?

JANET: No, Lieutenant Morgan. I didn't.

MORGAN: Then who did?

JANET: I don't know.

MORGAN: (IRRITATED) I don't know, I don't know, I don't know!
Is THAT all you can say?

JANET: I don't know.

MORGAN: (SIGHS) Beats me. I never did meet a stubborn kid
like you before. (SHRUGS - FADES A LITTLE) Oh, well
... I might as well send in the police matron.

JANET: Oh, Lieutenant Morgan. Will you ask the matron to
bring in some needle and thread?

MORGAN: (OFF A LITTLE) Needle and thread?

JANET: Yes. I've got a hole in one of my bobby-sox, and it
looks like the dickens!

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ _ ACCENT AND UNDER

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY! Another in a thrilling series based on
true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight ...
to Dorothy Kilgallen of the New York Journal-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
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! ...

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: 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.

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"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,
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CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

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

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: HIT OMINOUS AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: Now, the strange and authentic story of ... "THE BOBBY-SOX KID FROM BAYONNE!"

NARRATOR: You are Dorothy Kilgallen, covering the police beat for the New York Evening Journal, before it became the Journal-American, and before you became a Big By-line with a Broadway column. It's one of those sticky and sultry July evenings, just about midnight, when you finally get back to the office from Jersey ... You're so tired you see spots before your eyes, and so hot your clothes stick damply to your skin. You make a beeline for the water-cooler, and there you run into ~~Al Miller~~, the night editor.

(WATER RUNNING INTO PAPER CUP)

AL: Hey, Dorothy. Go easy on that ice water. You want to get a chill?

DOROTHY: I'll take that chill, Al...just as long as it's good and cold. What a session I just had in Jersey City!

AL: You sure look all in.

DOROTHY: I am. Two days and two nights without sleep ... waiting in a sizzling-hot room for a jury to make up its mind... Al, it was awful.

AL: Yeah. I'll bet it was, look, Dorothy, I ...

DOROTHY: Now, I've got just one big ambition in life. I'm going home, and stand under a cold shower for about an hour, and then fall into bed.

AL: Uh - Dorothy. I hate to be a killjoy but I've got to send you out on another assignment.

DOROTHY: You mean ... Now?

AL: Right away. Bayonne, N.J. We just got a flash that a woman was murdered out there. The cops think the woman's daughter and her boy friend did the job. They're grilling the kids at Headquarters now. Go out there and see what you can pick up. It's all yours.

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

DOROTHY: How was this Mrs. Graham murdered, Sergeant Gillis?

GILLIS: With a hatchet, Miss Kilgallen.

DOROTHY: But that sounds like the work of a maniac. You mean you suspect a couple of kids?

GILLIS: Yeah. I know. It doesn't seem possible. Especially kids like these ^{people} where's Mrs. Graham's daughter now? She's with Lieutenant Morgan, in that room over there. He's been grilling her for hours, but she won't talk. Neither will her boy friend ...

DOROTHY: Hmm. Where'd you pick up the kids, Sergeant?

GILLIS: In a beer joint, near the Somerville Circle ...

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE OFF)

GILLIS: Oh. Here comes Morgan now. Any luck, Lieutenant?

(MORGAN: (COMING IN, DISGUSTED) No. The more questions I ask her, the tighter she clams up. I've had some tough crooks on the grill but this kid beats 'em all...

(OUTS) Oh, hello, Miss Kilgallen.

DOROTHY: Hello, Lieutenant, got anything I can use for a story?

MORGAN: Not a thing, Miss Kilgallen, and that's the truth. Frankly, we're pretty well up against a stone wall. What can you do when a cute-looking seventeen year old kid just sits there and swings her legs and looks at you with a sweet face and says ... "I don't know."

DOROTHY: She won't say anything?

MORGAN: I've tried everything. Talked to her like a Dutch uncle, like a father, like a cop, like a mug ...but it's no go. "I don't know" she says. Just like that. "I don't know."

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DOROTHY: (THOUGHTFULLY) Lieutenant Morgan ...

MORGAN: Yeah.

DOROTHY: Mind if I go into that room and talk to Janet Graham alone?

MORGAN: What good will that do?

DOROTHY: I don't know that it'll do any good. But -- I just might come up with something ... you know ... just between us girls. How about it?

MORGAN: Look, Miss Kilgallen. All the other reporters have gone home. Why don't you go, too? She won't crack. Believe me. I know all the tricks and I've used them all. She just won't crack.

DOROTHY: (QUIETLY) Let me talk to her.

MORGAN: (SHRUGS) It's too hot to argue. Go ahead. But believe me, you're wasting your time. We've had our best men working on that kid. She just won't talk.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ STING AND UNDER

SOUND: _ _ _ _ DOOR OPENS SLOWLY AND CLOSES

DOROTHY: (SOFTLY) Hi, Janet.

JANET: (HOSTILE) Who are you?

DOROTHY: My name's Dorothy ... Dorothy Kilgallen. I'm a reporter.

JANET: A reporter? Honest?

DOROTHY: Honest. I thought I'd just drop in for a chat ...

JANET: Oh. Well, you're not going to find anything out from me. I don't know anything.

DOROTHY: Maybe you don't. But I do.

JANET: You do? What?

DOROTHY: You look a sight. Your hair's every which-way ... and your nose is shiny.

JANET: Well, gosh, Miss Kilgallen, what can I do? I left my compact in Charlie's jalopy when they picked us up ...

DOROTHY: Well, he wouldn't like to ~~see you~~ the way you look now...

JANET: Gee. Is - is it that bad?

DOROTHY: Here. Take my compact.

JANET: Oh. Thanks, Miss Kilgallen. ~~May I use the lipstick, too?~~

DOROTHY: Uh-huh.

JANET: This is a nice compact ... just super. Is it real gold?

DOROTHY: Yes.

JANET: I've got one in silver. It's shaped like a heart. And it's got initials on it ... C. M.

DOROTHY: C. M.? Who's that?

JANET: Charlie Mason. He gave it to me for my birthday. He's my boy friend. We've been going steady for a year.

DOROTHY: Is he nice?

JANET: He's just super, Miss Kilgallen.

DOROTHY: Tell me about him.

JANET: Gee. Do you really want me to?

DOROTHY: Of course.

JANET: Well, he's star athlete at Bayonne High, and -- he's a whiz at tennis! Beats me six-love every time, and I'm supposed to be pretty good for a girl. -- Oh... here's your compact back.

DOROTHY: Thanks. Feel better?

JANET: Oh, yes. Lots.

DOROTHY: (AFTER SHORT PAUSE) Janet ...

JANET: Yes, Miss-Kilgallen?

DOROTHY: I suppose you know you and Charlie are in a mess of trouble.

JANET: I guess we are.

DOROTHY: Why don't you tell them what they want to know?

JANET: I won't. I won't tell them a thing. I hate them!

DOROTHY: Then maybe you'd tell me.

JANET: YOU?

DOROTHY: Yes. It's different when you tell everything to a woman. ~~A woman~~ well - a woman sort of understands.

JANET: That's -- that's it. They don't understand, Miss Kilgallen. I -- I just can't talk to them. I can't talk to anyone.

DOROTHY: ~~You can talk to me.~~

JANET: Gee, you're nice, Miss Kilgallen, but ...

DOROTHY: But what, Janet?

BUSINESS: --- SILENCE

DOROTHY: You love Charlie, don't you?

JANET: You -- you know that?

DOROTHY: Of course. Why shouldn't you?

JANET: Golly. You do understand, don't you?

DOROTHY: I think so.

JANET: That's the trouble with them ... the police, I mean. They don't know how it was with Charlie and me. Mother didn't either. She ... (STOPS)

DOROTHY: She what?

JANET: Nothing.

DOROTHY: (GENTLY) If you don't want to tell me anything, Janet ... I guess I'll have to go.

JANET: No, I ... (TAKES BREATH) Please stay.

DOROTHY: What about your mother?

JANET: She hated Charlie. She wouldn't even let him come into the house.

DOROTHY: I see. Did she know you loved him?

JANET: I kept telling her that. Honest, Miss Kilgallen, I kept telling her. That's why we argued.

DOROTHY: Argued about what?

JANET: It was this afternoon. Mother wanted me to do some work around the house but I skipped out to meet Charlie.

DOROTHY: Where'd you meet him, Janet?

JANET: At the church. He's in the choir, you know, and they were having choir practice. The door was open and I went in. Charlie was singing a solo, and I listened. Oh, Miss Kilgallen, you don't know what an adorable voice he has. Some day he'll make a million dollars on the radio--honest he will. Anyway, I sat there and listened and I got goose pimples all over ...

MUSIC: SNEAK IN ORGAN BACKGROUND - HYMNAL - VOICE, TENOR,
SINGING SACRED HYMN

JANET: (DREAMY) It was wonderful, Miss Kilgallen. Listening to Charlie was like going to Heaven. I ... well, I was just thrilled. I wanted to reach up and touch him. But I didn't. I just sat there and listened.

VOICE: _ _ _ _ UP IN HYMN - CONTINUES AND

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ TAKES IT AWAY

JANET: After that, well ... I guess I kind of walked on air. I met Charlie outside of the church. We had a tennis date at six o'clock, but before that I had to go to the delicatessen and buy some cold cuts for supper. On the way to the delicatessen, I kind of took Charlie's hand ... and held it. I ... just holding his hand like that thrilled me. But Charlie ... well, you know how boys are, Miss Kilgallen. He was kind of bashful ...

SOUND: _ _ _ _ STEPS UNDER-ON-SEDEWALK

CHARLIE: Hey, Janet.

JANET: Yes, Charlie?

CHARLIE: Quit holding my hand. Everybody on the street's lookin' at us.

JANET: Don't you love me, Charlie?

CHARLIE: Well, sure I do, Cookie. You know that ... But ...

JANET: How about coming to my house for supper tonight?

CHARLIE: Gee, I can't do that, Janet. What would your mother say?

JANET: I don't care what Mother says. She's not going to boss me around any more.

CHARLIE: Yeah, ~~but~~....

JANET: We'll just tell her we're in love, and that we're going to get married, just as soon as you can get a job singing on the radio.

CHARLIE: Well, I dunno ...

JANET: Don't you love me, Charlie?

CHARLIE: Sure, Cookie. I told you I did. But ...

JANET: Well, then ... we don't have to be afraid of Mother, or anyone else. Oh ... here's the delicatessen ...

SOUND: _ _ _ _ _ DOOR OPENS. DELICATESSEN BACKGROUND

MR. SCHMIDT: (COMING IN) Well! Good afternoon, Miss-Graham.

JANET: Hello, Mr. Schmidt.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ _ DOOR CLOSES

MR. SCHMIDT: And what'll it be today?

JANET: I'll have a quarter of a pound of ham ... a quarter of a pound of liverwurst ... twenty cents worth of potato salad. And, oh ... Mr. Schmidt.

MR. SCHMIDT: Ya?

JANET: Mother will kill me for this, but I don't care. I want a jar of mayonnaise.

MR. SCHMIDT: Mayonnaise?

JANET: Yes. I'm just wacky about mayonnaise. And this time I don't give a darn what my mother says!

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ _ UP IN ACCENT AND OUT

DOROTHY: So you left the delicatessen store and went right home. Is that it, Janet?

JANET: Well, no. Not exactly, Miss Kilgallen. You know how hot it was today. Well, anyway, Charlie and I stopped in a tavern, and we had two glasses of beer each ... and some pretzels. The beer was super, it being so hot outside and all. After that, we went to my house. Funny how I felt then ...

DOROTHY: How did you feel?

JANET: Well, it -- gee, I don't know why I'm telling you all this.

DOROTHY: ~~Because I want to know.~~ How did you feel, Janet?

JANET: Well, it was so hot, and I was kind of dizzy, and thrilled because Charlie was going with me, and we were going to stand up to Mother. You know, Miss Kilgallen, how it is when you're all thrilled and excited.

DOROTHY: Yes. And what happened when you got home?

JANET: Well, Mother was out ...

DOROTHY: I see. What did you and Charlie do then?

JANET: ~~(EVASIVELY) Well...~~ things.

DOROTHY: ~~What~~ things?

JANET: (EVASIVE) Oh. Just things. Charlie read a magazine, and I ... I kind of did a little housework.

DOROTHY: Janet.

JANET: Yes, Miss Kilgallen?

DOROTHY: ~~Look at me.~~

JANET: ~~Yes?~~

DOROTHY: You're not telling the truth. Not now. What's the use of talking to me if you don't tell the truth? What really happened when you and Charlie came home to find your mother out ...?

~~JANET:~~ Well...

DOROTHY: Don't be afraid, Janet. I'll understand. But you've got to tell me the truth.

JANET: All right. All ... All right, I will. We ... we were both a little dizzy and excited, I guess. You know, we kept saying things to each other. Then all of a sudden, I felt like dancing. So I put on a record of our song ...

DOROTHY: Your song?

JANET: Yes. "Temptation." It's my favorite, and Charlie's, too. We ... well, we call it our song. Anyway, I felt like dancing. So I put the record on the victrola. And then ...

MUSIC: ----- IN WITH "TEMPTATION" -----

JANET: Charlie ...

CHARLIE: Yeah?

JANET: Let's dance.

CHARLIE: (STUPIDLY) Dance?

JANET: Yes. Take me in your arms, Charlie.

CHARLIE: But what if your mother comes in and sees us?

JANET: I don't care. Do you?

CHARLIE: No. I guess not.

MUSIC: ----- PLAYS ON FOR A WHILE - SEDUCTIVELY -----

JANET: Oh, Charlie, Charlie ... let's stop dancing now ...
Let's ... sit down!

CHARLIE: Sit ... down?

JANET: Yes. Now ... kiss me, Charlie. Please.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ PLAYS ON FOR A MOMENT OR TWO

CHARLIE: Janet, Janet ... gee, Janet ...!

JANET: Oh, Charlie ... Again.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ DOOR OPENS

MRS. GRAHAM: (SHARP AND STERN) Janet Graham!

JANET: Mother!

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ SLAMS UP HARD INTO CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's BIG
STORY. But first, 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!

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: 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, 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 UNDER

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

NARRATOR: The bobby-sox kid from Bayonne keeps talking, there in
that sweltering, dingy police room. The words spill
from her faster, and faster. You can see that she
wants to talk now, she's glad to get it off her chest,
it's been simmering and ~~broying~~ and boiling inside.
Finally, she stops to catch her breath and you ask
her ...

DOROTHY: When your mother walked into the parlor and found you
and Charlie there ... well, what happened then, Janet?

JANET: ~~I~~... Mother just stood there, Miss Kilgallen. She
stood there looking as though she'd like to kill the
both of us, ~~I~~... ~~I never saw her look like that~~
~~before~~... ~~She just stood there and looked at us, like I~~
said, and the victrola kept on playing ...
"Temptation" ...

MUSIC: - - - - SNEAK "TEMPTATION"

JANET: I ... I don't remember who spoke first. I think it
was Charlie ...

CHARLIE: (FINALLY, SCARED) Mrs. Graham, I ...

MRS. GRAHAM: (ICY) Turn off the victrola, Janet.

JANET: Mother. Mother, we ... we were just ...

MRS. GRAHAM: Turn off the victrola, I said!

JANET: (MUMBLES) Yes, Mother ...

MUSIC: - - - - OUT SHARP

MRS. GRAHAM: Now, Janet, go into the kitchen. I want to talk to you alone.

CHARLIE: But, Mrs. Graham, she didn't do anything...

MRS. GRAHAM: I'll thank you to keep still. I'll have something to say to you later! Janet ... you march right into the kitchen!

MUSIC: --- LIGHT STING

DOROTHY: (QUIETLY) And what happened after you got into the kitchen, Janet? (PAUSE) Janet. What happened?

JANET: (AFTER A BEAT) Well, Miss Kilgallen, Mother didn't say anything for a long time. She just started to get the dishes out for supper. I ... I was nervous and scared ... and well, there was the heat, too ... it was so hot ... it did funny things to me. I thought maybe if I did something ... something with my hands ... instead of just standing there waiting for mother to say something, it'd be better ... I could think better. And then I saw the hatchet on the window-sill.

DOROTHY: The hatchet?

JANET: Yes. I had brought it up from the cellar.

DOROTHY: Why did you bring it up?

JANET: Because Mother had asked me to nail down some loose linoleum on the kitchen floor. ~~It was the housework I was supposed to do before I skipped out and met Charlie at the church.~~

~~DOROTHY: I see.~~

JANET: Anyway, I got some tasks and started to hammer down ~~the linoleum~~ ...

SOUND: - - - - THUDDING BLOWS OF HAMMER ON FLOOR

JANET: And then ... then Mother started to talk ...

MUSIC: - - - - STING INTO

SOUND: - - - - HAMMERING

MRS. GRAHAM: I don't know. I just don't know. What did I ever do to deserve a daughter like you? A common, cheap little flirt.

JANET: Mother, don't say things like that. All Charlie did was kiss me.

MRS. GRAHAM: (VOICE RISING) I don't want to hear another word from you, Janet Graham. Not another single, solitary word. When your father comes home, I'll see that he takes the strap to you, you little good-for-nothing!

JANET: Mother, please, I ...

MRS. GRAHAM: Seventeen years old ... a mere baby ... and sitting on the couch ... hugging and kissing a nasty boy like Charlie Mason!

JANET: I'm ... no ... baby. Do you hear, Mother? I'm seventeen, I'm grown up. And I love Charlie Mason.

MRS. GRAHAM: You? ~~Why-you-young-whippersnappers,~~ what do you know about love? You're just boy crazy, that's all. Boy crazy.

JANET: Mother ... don't. Don't say things like that.

MRS. GRAHAM: Boy Crazy - Boy Crazy - Boy Crazy.

JANET: Please, Mother, don't.

MRS. GRAHAM: I forbid you to ever see him again. I positively forbid you to see him again. Did you hear me, Janet? You're not to see him again.

JANET: You can't stop me. You can't stop me! I'll see Charlie all I please. I love him. I love him. I love him.

MRS. GRAHAM: Don't you dare talk back to me! Don't you dare!

JANET: Mother, please, let's not quarrel any more. It's so hot ... so hot ... and I've got such a terrible headache .. and I'm so mixed up ...

MRS. GRAHAM: I warn you, Janet, if I ever catch that awful boy around here again, I'll have your father horsewhip him.

JANET: Mother, don't ... don't say things like that! Please ... stop!

MRS. GRAHAM: I don't like him, and I never did. He's no good, and he'll never be any good.

JANET: (BEGINS TO SOB, HYSTERICALLY) Mother, stop!

MRS. GRAHAM: (ANGRILY) Don't you yell at me, you young good-for-nothing ...

JANET: (HYSTERICALLY) Stop! Stop! STOP!

MRS. GRAHAM: How dare you! How dare you talk back to your own mother like that? Why, I'll ... (CUTS SUDDENLY, AS THUDDING OF HATCHET STOPS ABRUPTLY. THEN ... NOTE OF FEAR) Janet!

JANET: (QUIET, NOW, LEVEL, DEADLY) I asked you to stop, Mother. I asked you to stop nagging me.

MRS. GRAHAM: Janet! Janet, I ... put down that hatchet! Put down that ... *(handwritten scribble)*

JANET: You're not going to stand between Charlie and me. You're not going to ... *(handwritten scribble)*

MRS. GRAHAM: Janet! Don't! No! Keep away from me. (SOBBING)
Please. No, Janet! (SCREAMS) No!

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP HARD IN STING AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You listen in horror, as Janet Graham tells you what happened then. You listen, and there's an all-gone feeling in the pit of your stomach, as you watch this sweet faced kid in the bobby-sox, dangling her tanned legs under the bench and calmly telling you ...

JANET: I hit Mother then, Miss Kilgallen. She screamed and fell down. That's all.

DOROTHY: (FAINT) I ... I see. What did you do then, Janet?

JANET: Well, then we thought we'd better talk things over.

DOROTHY: You and Charlie?

JANET: Yes. Charlie's jalopy was outside, and we decided we'd better drive to Canada, they'd be looking for us pretty soon. We didn't have much money, so we started to make up sandwiches in the kitchen for our trip. Then all of a sudden the doorbell rang.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ DOORBELL

CHARLIE: Janet ... someone ... someone's at the front door.

JANET: Yes! You keep making up those chicken and ham sandwiches here in the kitchen, Charlie. I'll see who it is...

SOUND: _ _ _ _ STEPS UNDER

CHARLIE: All right. (FADING) But, gee ... I hope it isn't the police or someone ...

SOUND: _ _ _ _ DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN ... DOOR OPENS

MRS. WALLACE: Janet! Janet ... is anything wrong?

JANET: Wrong? Why no, Mrs. Wallace. What makes you think so?

MRS. WALLACE: Why, I ... I was sitting on my front porch next door, and I thought I heard your mother ... scream.

JANET: Oh. That! Mother just cut her finger - that's all, Mrs. Wallace.

MRS. WALLACE: Oh. For a moment I thought ... nothing serious is it, Janet?

JANET: Oh, no, Mrs. Wallace. Just a nick. Nothing to worry about ...

MRS. WALLACE: Thank Heaven for that! That scream certainly gave me a fright. Well, I'll be getting back, Janet.

JANET: Thanks for looking in, Mrs. Wallace.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ DOOR CLOSE. _ STEPS UNDER

CHARLIE: (FADING ON) Who ... who was it, Janet?

JANET: Nobody. Just a neighbor. (PAUSES, THEN IN REPROACH)
Oh, Charlie!

CHARLIE: Yeah? What ... what's the matter?

JANET: You forgot something.

CHARLIE: Forgot something?

JANET: Yes. On those chicken sandwiches you're making. The mayonnaise. You know I just love mayonnaise!

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ ACCENT AND OUT

DOROTHY: Is that all, Janet?

JANET: Well, Miss Kilgallen, I guess so... except that we started out for Canada.

DOROTHY: And you got as far as the Somerville Circle?

JANET: Yes. It was awful hot driving this evening ... and well, we stopped at a tavern for a couple of glasses of beer, *and by the time the beer was just*

DOROTHY: ~~How did you feel then ... about your mother, I mean?~~

JANET: Well, I was kind of sorry for what we did. Yet, I felt free. I knew Mother couldn't interfere between Charlie and me any more. But Charlie ... well, he was pretty worried ...

CHARLIE: Gosh, Janet ... We're in an awful jam now.

SOUND: CLINK OF GLASSES

JANET: I don't care. I don't care about anything. I love you, Charlie.

CHARLIE: We ... we'll never be able to make Canada. Why, all I've got is a dollar and forty cents.

JANET: You're awful cute, Charlie. Awful cute.

CHARLIE: ~~Maybe~~ ... Janet, maybe we oughta give ourselves up.

JANET: I love your hair, Charlie. It's so thick and nice. I always feel like running my fingers through it...

CHARLIE: Janet, we gotta decide what to do ...

JANET: (INTERRUPTS) Charlie.

CHARLIE: Yeah?

JANET: Play Number Seven in the juke box.

CHARLIE: But look, Cookie, we ...

JANET: (DREAMILY) Play Number Seven. It's our song, Charlie ... "Temptation" ...

CHARLIE: Okay ...

SOUND: NICKEL DOWN SLOT. WHIR OF RECORD. THEN ON WITH

MUSIC: "TEMPTATION"

JANET: (SIGHS) Oh, Charlie! Our song! Isn't it wonderful! Isn't it just super?

CHARLIE: Yeah. But listen, Janet. About your mother. About what we did ...

JANET: (DREAMY) Don't talk about that now. Don't let's talk about anything now. Let's just sit here and listen and dream ...

SOUND: _ _ _ _ _ DOOR CLOSE OFF

CHARLIE: (AGHAST) Janet ... a cop ... he just came in ...

SOUND: _ _ _ _ _ STEPS OFF ON HARD FLOOR, COMING UP

CHARLIE: (SCARED) He's seen us, Janet. He's coming over to our booth.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ _ STEPS UP AND STOP

MORGAN: Is that your tan coupe outside, son?

CHARLIE: Y ... Yes, sir.

MORGAN: Your name Charlie Mason?

CHARLIE: Yes, sir.

MORGAN: And you're Janet Graham?

JANET: Yes, sir.

MORGAN: Okay, you kids. You'd better come along with me.

JANET: All right, Officer. We'll go with you. Only ...

MORGAN: Yeah?

JANET: Do you mind if we wait until the music's over?

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ _ TAKE AWAY AND THEN OUT SHARP

DOROTHY: And that's all, Janet?

JANET: Yes, Miss Kilgallen ... that's all there is. Now ... now, you know everything. Funny I didn't mind telling you. I knew you'd understand ... You do, don't you?

DOROTHY: (QUIETLY) Yes, I understand, Janet. But now ... will you tell the others what you told me?

JANET: I ... I don't want to.

DOROTHY: (HEAVILY) I know. But I ... I think you'd better.

JANET: All right, Miss Kilgallen. If you say so ... I'll tell them.

DOROTHY: Well ... I ... I have to go now.

JANET: You can't stay with me any longer?

DOROTHY: No. I ... I can't.

JANET: Oh. Well ... goodbye, Miss Kilgallen.

DOROTHY: Goodbye, Janet.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS SOFTLY AND CLOSES QUIETLY.

~~MORGAN: Well? How did you make out. So soap, huh?~~

~~DOROTHY: I ... I ...~~

^{Gills}
MORGAN: Didn't get anything out of the kid, huh?

DOROTHY: (HEAVILY) Yes: Yes, I did, Lieutenant.

MORGAN: (GREAT SURPRISE) You did! (WHISTLES) That really puts me in my place. All of us trying and not getting a glimmer. What's the lead?

DOROTHY: She ... she told me everything.

MORGAN: Everything! Are you serious?

GILLIS: You mean you got that kid to crack when all of us were ...

DOROTHY: (OVERRIDES THEM) She told me everything.

MORGAN: Who did it? She or the boy? Did she kill the old lady?

DOROTHY: Yes. She did it. But it didn't have to happen. It shouldn't have happened. If her mother had only shown a little more understanding ... just a little more sympathy and love ... (CUTS) Oh, what's the use? What difference does it make now?

MORGAN: I know. Take it easy, Miss Kilgallen. You're pretty well used up. You did a big job in there, and it kinda gets you down.

DOROTHY: I ... I guess so.

MORGAN: Look at the exclusive you got ... it's a Big Story if there ever was one. And all due to you.

DOROTHY: Yes. It's a Big Story, Lieutenant. But ... you want to know something?

MORGAN: What?

DOROTHY: I wish I'd never heard it. I wish I never had to write it. I wish ... it had never happened.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ _ "TEMPTATION" THEME UP INTO CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Dorothy Kilgallen with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ _ FANFARE

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: And good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELLs are good - good - good - and good!

HARRICE: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!

CHAPPELL: Good to look at - good to feel - good to taste -
and good to smoke!

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 Dorothy Kilgallen of the New York Journal American.

DOROTHY: Boy and girl in tonight's BIG STORY were found guilty of murder but received relatively light sentences of ~~29 to 30~~ years on account of their youth. Boy was later paroled from State Prison on condition that he join some branch of armed forces. Girl was paroled from Reformatory after serving 6 and 1/2 years. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award!

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Miss Kilgallen. 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 Buffalo Evening News; byline -- Eddie de Castro. A BIG STORY that began when a woman was told that her husband had been murdered and laughed.

WOMAN: (LAUGHS)

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 Janet Fox played the part of Dorothy Kilgallen. All names in tonight's story except that of Miss Kilgallen 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.

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

1st REVISION

THE BIG STORY

Flyleaf -
Pages 27 & 28
added.

PROGRAM #30

"THE EAGER BEAVER OF BUFFALO!"

As Broadcast

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1947

CAST

NARRATOR	BERRY KROEGER
EDDIE DeCASTRO	JAMES McCALLION
SMITTY	JACKIE GRIMES
LYNCH	ALAN HEWITT
GORDON	BARRY KELLEY
WILKS	ARNOLD MOSS
DRIVER	WARD WILSON
MRS. LEONARD	GRACE KEDDY
JOE	BARRY KELLEY
STEVE	WARD WILSON
PHILLIPS	ARNOLD MOSS

ATX01 0059903

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

SOUND: STEPS ON SIDEWALK .. CHANGE QUALITY GOING UP STAIRS
AND ONTO PORCH .. STEPS STOP .. KNOCK ON DOOR ..
PAUSE .. DOOR OPENS

MRS. LEONARD: Yes?

EDDIE: Are you ... are you Mrs. Ralph Leonard?

MRS. LEONARD: Yes, I'm Mrs. Leonard.

EDDIE: Well, I ... I'm a reporter for the Buffalo Evening News and .. well .. I'm afraid I've got some bad news for you.

~~MRS. LEONARD: Bad news?~~

EDDIE: Yes. It ... it's about your husband.

~~MRS. LEONARD: My husband? Ralph? What about him?~~

EDDIE: He ... he's dead. He was found murdered ... yesterday.

MRS. LEONARD: Murdered? Are you sure?

EDDIE: (QUIETLY) Yes. And believe me, Madam, I'm sorry ...

MRS. LEONARD: Well, that's funny! That's very funny! (SHE BEGINS TO LAUGH, THEN INTO GALE OF LAUGHTER)

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER FOR

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY ... another in a thrilling series based on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight ... to Eddie de Castro of the Buffalo Evening 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! ...

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: 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
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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 Eager Beaver of Buffalo!"

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: Your name is Eddie de Castro, but right now you feel like Arthur Brisbane, Heywood Broun, and Walter Winchell all rolled up into one. You've just landed your first job as a newspaper reporter with the Buffalo Evening News. And at ten this morning, ^{THE FIRST DAY OF THE} you're reporting to the managing editor for your first assignment. Your first assignment! You're excited and a little scared and there's an all-gone feeling in the pit of your stomach ... naturally. And you show up on the job a half hour early ... naturally. And while you wait for ten o'clock, you wander around the News, ^{PLAN} walking on air like a bride with a beautiful dream, ^{LISTENING AT} ~~listening to~~ the rumble of the big presses ... ^{LISTENING TO} the clacking of typewriters ^{ADD} ... the hum of the linotypes. And then ...

SMITTY: (OFF A LITTLE) Hey, you!

EDDIE: Me?

SMITTY: (COMING ON) Yeh, you! Lookin' for someone? I'm Smitty, the Copy boy around here.

EDDIE: Copy boy?

SMITTY: Chief Copy boy?

EDDIE: Oh.

SMITTY: What's your business, chum? Who do ya want to see?

EDDIE: My name's de Castro. Eddie de Castro. I'm a new reporter here ...

SMITTY: Oh, Brother! So the Buffalo Evening News has done it again!

EDDIE: Done what again?

SMITTY: Hired itself a new hotshot reporter. What high-school paper did you work for, Brisbane?

EDDIE: (AFTER PAUSE) Pretty fresh kid, aren't you, Smitty?

SMITTY: Aw now, chum, don't get sore. I was only kiddin'. You gonna see the managing editor soon?

EDDIE: Yes. At ten.

SMITTY: Ever meet him before?

EDDIE: ~~No. The night editor hired me.~~

SMITTY: ~~Hummm. Well, de-Castro, I hope you stick as long as the last cub reporter we hired here.~~

EDDIE: Uh... how long did he stick?

SMITTY: ~~Three months. Of course, he was pretty hep. The one before him lasted only five weeks.~~

EDDIE: Thanks for telling me, Smitty.

SMITTY: It's nuttin', chum, nuttin'. (PAUSE) You know, ~~de-Castro, I kind of like you. You look like a right guy to me.~~

EDDIE: Thanks.

SMITTY: ~~And that bein' the case, I'm gonna tip you off to a couple of things, so you won't get off on the wrong foot.~~

EDDIE: I'd appreciate that, Smitty. As I said, it's my first day ...

SMITTY: Sure, sure. I know. Now you take the managing editor, Al Lynch.

EDDIE: Yes?

SMITTY: He's a funny guy. Whatever you do, don't call him Mister Lynch. He don't like bein' formal. Just call him Al.

EDDIE: I see.

SMITTY: And in the second place, don't bother to knock on his door. Just walk right in. Get me, de Castro?

EDDIE: I get you. And thanks for setting me right, Smitty.

SMITTY: That's okay, chum, that's okay. I always like to give a new reporter a break!

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ BRIDGE

SOUND: _ _ _ _ DOOR OPENS

EDDIE: (BRIGHTLY) Hello, Al. (PAUSE, THEN WEAKLY) Uh ... hello, Al. I ... I didn't know you had anyone else in here.

LYNCH: (BARKS) Who are you?

EDDIE: I ... I'm Eddie de Castro ... the new reporter the night editor hired. I ...

LYNCH: Do you usually come barging in like this, without knocking?

EDDIE: Why, I ... I ...

LYNCH: And since when am I 'AL' to a green reporter, instead of Mister Lynch.

EDDIE: Why ... I ... I thought ...

LYNCH: Never mind what you thought. Just watch it from here in ...

EDDIE: Yes, sir. ~~Yes, sir!~~

LYNCH: All right, de Castro. Sit down. Oh ... this is our ace reporter, Dick Gordon.

EDDIE: (IMPRESSED) Dick Gordon! Gee! I've read a lot of your stuff, Mister Gordon!

GORDON: (WARM AND FRIENDLY) Thanks, kid. Glad you're going to work with us here on the News. Hope you make good ...

EDDIE: Well, I'm sure going to try, Mr. Gordon.

LYNCH: Look, de Castro. I'm a busy man right now. What do you want?

EDDIE: Why, I ... gee, I came in for an assignment, Mr. Lynch.

LYNCH: Assignment? Didn't the night editor give you one?

EDDIE: No, sir. He said I was to talk to you.

LYNCH: Hmmm. All right, de Castro. I have got a story I want you to handle. Here ... take this telegram. It's from our special correspondent in Olean.

EDDIE: Telegram?

LYNCH: Sure. Go ahead and read it.

EDDIE: (READS) "Unidentified Man Found Stabbed to Death in Ditch here. No Identifying Marks or Papers on Body. Only Clue is Laundry Mark, Initials 'R.L.' on Collar of Shirt. Wearing Blue Serge Suit, Purchased From Buffalo Concern, According to Label .." (CUTS) Gee, Mr. Lynch, this is a murder!

LYNCH: It certainly is.

EDDIE: What ... what do you want me to do with it?

LYNCH: You're a reporter, de Castro. Solve it.

EDDIE: S-solve it?

LYNCH: You heard me. And I want the story in time for tonight's edition.

EDDIE: By tonight? But gosh, Mr. Lynch, isn't that a little soon? I mean ...

LYNCH: Not too soon for a good reporter. Now beat it, de Castro!

EDDIE: Yes, sir! (FADING A LITTLE) Yes, sir! I'll do my best!

LYNCH: (CALLS) Oh, de Castro!

EDDIE: (OFF) Yes, sir?

LYNCH: Haven't you forgotten something?

EDDIE: (OFF) Oh. You're right. (COMING BACK, LAUGHS WEAKLY) I forgot my hat! (FADING OFF AGAIN) Gosh, I was in so much of a hurry I ...

LYNCH: De Castro!

EDDIE: (OFF A LITTLE) Yes, Mr. Lynch?

LYNCH: You forgot something else.

EDDIE: (OFF A LITTLE) I ... I did?

LYNCH: You sure did. The telegram.

EDDIE: (OFF) The telegram? (COMING BACK, ABASHED) Oh. Sure. The telegram. I can't get the story without the telegram. I ... I guess I'm a little mixed up, Mr. Lynch. I ... (FADING) Well, I'll be seeing you ...

SOUND: _ _ _ _ DOOR CLOSE OFF

BUSINESS: _ _ _ GORDON AND LYNCH BEGIN TO CHUCKLE, THEN BURST OUT LAUGHING

GORDON: (LAUGHING) Al, you ought to be hung for pulling a gag like that. You scared that kid half to death!

LYNCH: (LAUGHING) I just couldn't resist it, Dick. Did you see his face when I gave him that telegram?

GORDON: I sure did. Giving him this big murder for his first assignment. And asking him to have it in for tonight's edition! For tonight, mind you!

BUSINESS: -- -- THEY LAUGH UPROARIOUSLY, AND FINALLY SOBER A LITTLE

GORDON: I dunno, Al. (NOSTALGIC) It's funny to me, now. But that kid reminded me of myself, when I got my first assignment. I was the same eager beaver. /Remember?

LYNCH: Sure. ~~I~~remember. But now, let's get back to business, Dick. About that murder in Olean ...

GORDON: I'll get on it tomorrow, Al. Meanwhile, let the kid do a little leg work on it. It'll do him good!

MUSIC: -- -- UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You, Eddie de Castro, are off on your first assignment, and it's a big story ... a murder story. It makes you a little dizzy just to think of it. First, you phone every laundry in Buffalo, to check those initials 'R.L.' on the dead man's shirt collar. But-~~news~~oap. None of the laundries ever heard of it. Then you get another idea. You call the News correspondent in Olean, and he gives you the name of the store where the dead man bought his suit. You rush down and ask for the proprietor ...

WILKS: Good morning, sir. I'm Mr. Wilks. Something in a suit?

EDDIE: No. I just want ...

WILKS: We've got an excellent Fall line. Snappy drape models, single or double-breasted ... flannels, tweeds, worsteds ...

EDDIE: I didn't come here to buy a suit. I just ...

WILKS: Of course, of course. You just came in to look around. But while you're here, why not try a suit on anyway, just for size? Now right here on this rack ...

EDDIE: (INTERRUPTS) Look, ^{look} Mr. Wilks. I told you I didn't want to buy a suit!

WILKS: No?

EDDIE: No. My name's de Castro. I'm a reporter for the Evening News and I'm looking for some information.

WILKS: What information?

EDDIE: A man was stabbed to death over in Olean. He was wearing a blue serge suit he bought here. Would you remember him, by any chance?

WILKS: Remember him? Oh no, Mr. de Castro. I hardly think so. ~~You see~~, we sell hundreds of blue serge suits every year!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: CITY ROOM IN B.G. TYPEWRITERS OFF, ETC.

SMITTY: (OFF) Hey! Hey, Eddie! (COMING IN) You solve that murder yet, chum? Or should I say ... chump!

EDDIE: (LOW IN SPIRITS) Oh. It's you, Smitty.

SMITTY: Yeh, yeh. How you comin' with that big story, Brisbane? You got a beat yet ...?

EDDIE: If you don't get out of here in one second, you little pest, I'll beat you over the head with a typewriter ...

SMITTY: Okay, okay, hotshot, don't get sore! (FADING A LITTLE) Whatsa matter, can't you take a little ribbing ...?

EDDIE: The next time I catch you anywhere near my desk ...

SOUND: PHONE RING

EDDIE: Oh.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ RECEIVER OFF HOOK

EDDIE: Hello?

WILKS: (FILTER) Mr. de Castro?

EDDIE: Yes.

WILKS: This is Mr. Wilks, down at the clothing store. Right after you left, I spoke to a few of my clerks.

EDDIE: Yes?

WILKS: One of them remembers selling a blue serge suit to a Buffalo man who said he was going to Olean.

EDDIE: (JUMPS) Yes? Who was the man, Mr. Wilks? Did your clerk remember the name?

WILKS: We checked back on the sales slips. The man's name was Ralph Leonard.

EDDIE: ~~(HAPPY TO HIMSELF)~~ Ralph Leonard! R.L.

WILKS: What was that, Mr. de Castro?

EDDIE: Nothing, Mr. Wilks. Nothing. Only the next time I come down to your store ... ~~I'm going to buy a suit!~~ ^{the boy says}

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: Now, you're out of the dumps, you're on your way again. Quickly, you check Ralph Leonard's address in the city directory. Then you rush downstairs, and out on the sidewalk, with the idea of hailing a cab. For ten minutes, you wave your arms till they're tired, but every cab has a customer. And then, you see a truck roll out of the alley from the circulation department. It's a Buffalo Evening News delivery truck, and as it rolls out, you jump on the running board ...

SOUND: _ _ _ _ TRUCK UNDER SLOW

DRIVER: Hey! Hey, Mack! What's the idea! Get off my running-board!

EDDIE: Listen, Driver. My name's Eddie de Castro. I'm a reporter on the paper ...

SOUND: TRUCK TO STOP AND MOTOR IDLES UNDER

DRIVER: Glad to know you, Mack. But you got the wrong department. I work for circulation ...

EDDIE: Listen! Listen, Driver. I got to get to an address fast. I can't get a cab. Drive me there, will you?

DRIVER: Are you nuts? You want the circulation manager to nail me to the wall? I got three thousand papers to deliver ...

EDDIE: (DESPERATE) You don't understand. I'm on a hot story. I'm running down a murder!

DRIVER: A moider?

EDDIE: Yes.

DRIVER: Geez! Me, Joe Dolan, helpin' to track down a moider!

EDDIE: How about it, Driver! What do you say?

DRIVER: Hop ~~into the truck, Mack~~ ... and let's go!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: THE SOUND OF STEADY TYPING ... THEN MARGINAL BELL ON TYPEWRITER RINGS .. STEADY TYPING AGAIN .. BELL RINGS AGAIN ...

LYNCH: (COMING IN) Hello, Dick. What are you beating that typewriter about?

SOUND: TYPEWRITER STOPS

GORDON: Oh. Just knocking out a preliminary lead on that Olean killing, Al. And speaking of that ... heard anything from that new kid, Eddie de Castro?

LYNCH: No. Not a thing.

GORDON: (CHUCKLE) Probably out in Olean now, turning the town upside down to nail the killer before tonight's edition.

LYNCH: I've seen a lot of green kids in my day, but this ...

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

GORDON: Oh. Hold it a second, Al ...

SOUND: RECEIVER OFF HOOK

GORDON: Dick Gordon talking. Who? Al Lynch? Yes, he's here. Just a moment ... (TO LYNCH) It's for you, Al. Here ...

LYNCH: ~~you can grab the phone right over my typewriter~~ (INTO PHONE) Lynch talking. What! ^{YOU SAW HIM OUT THE WINDOW} What? WHAT!

(DAZED) Well, I'll be ..

SOUND: RECEIVER SLAMMED ON HOOK

GORDON: What's the matter, Al?

LYNCH: Dick, that was the circulation manager. And is he burned up!

GORDON: He is? Why?

LYNCH: (SIMMERING) You know what that kid Eddie de Castro just did?

GORDON: No. What?

LYNCH: (BOILING) Why, the young ... (~~BANG OF TYPEWRITER BELL~~).. just stole one of our delivery trucks!

MUSIC: HARD BRIDGE

SOUND: TRUCK UNDER

DRIVER: This the house, ^{KID?} ~~Mark?~~

EDDIE: That's right, ^{DRIVER} ~~Driver~~.

DRIVER: Okay.

SOUND: TRUCK SLOWS TO STOP. MOTOR IDLES

EDDIE: You wait here. I won't be long.

DRIVER: Okay, Kid. But remember one thing...I got three thousand papers to deliver...molder or no molder!

EDDIE: Okay. I won't be long. (HE WHISTLES NERVOUSLY UNDER FOLLOWING SOUND PATTERN)

SOUND: TRUCK DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS SHUT .. STEPS ON SIDEWALK...
THEN CHANGE QUALITY ... STEPS UP STAIRS AND ONTO PORCH...
STEPS STOP .. KNOCK ON DOOR .. PAUSE ... DOOR OPENS ...

EDDIE: Good afternoon. Are you ... Mrs. Ralph Leonard?

MRS.LEONARD: Yes.

EDDIE: My name is de Castro ... Eddie de Castro. I'm a reporter on the Evening News, and well ... I'm afraid I have some bad news for you.

MRS.LEONARD: Bad news?

EDDIE: It...it's about your husband, Mrs. Leonard.

MRS.LEONARD: My husband? What about him?

EDDIE: He...he's dead. He was found murdered yesterday.

MRS.LEONARD: Murdered?

EDDIE: Yes. And believe me, Madam, I'm sorry.

MRS.LEONARD: Well, that's funny. That's very funny. (SHE STARTS TO LAUGH)

EDDIE: I don't get it! What's the joke?

MRS.LEONARD: Maybe my husband was murdered yesterday. But he just walked out of this house ... a minute ago!

MUSIC: CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's BIG STORY. But first, 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!

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: 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, 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 UNDER

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

NARRATOR: You, Eddie de Castro, on your first day as a cub reporter for the Buffalo Evening News, have just received some very peculiar information. The man you thought was murdered turns out to be very much alive, and his wife isn't a widow after all. You tell Mrs. Leonard of the dead man lying in a ditch at Olean with ~~a knife in his throat~~, and the blue serge suit he was wearing. And at that, she perks up ...

MRS. LEONARD: (INDIGNANT) So that's what happened to Ralph's blue serge suit! ^{LIFE'S MISSED IT} I might have known!

EDDIE: You might have known what, Mrs. Leonard?

MRS. LEONARD: Why, I had an awful fight with the cleaners about that suit. They claimed they delivered it here at the house, but I never got it. And then I began to think, maybe one of them stole it!

EDDIE: One of who?

MRS. LEONARD: Why, one of my two roomers, Mr. de Castro.

EDDIE: You have two roomers living here at the house?

MRS. LEONARD: Yes. Two men named Joe Petras and Steve Budekno. They both work at the shipyards, and I never trusted either one of them!

EDDIE: Have you been missing any of your husband's shirts, Mrs. Leonard?

MRS. LEONARD: Why, yes. Come to think of it, Mr. de Castro, I have. Somebody stole 'em right off my clothesline. Two of Ralph's best broadcloth shirts they were, too! I'll be glad when one of these men leaves next week.

EDDIE: You're losing one of your roomers?

MRS. LEONARD: Yes. Mr. Budenko's going to move to Chicago in a few days. And good riddance, I say ...!

SOUND: _ _ _ _ HORN HONKS OUTSIDE. _ AGAIN. _

MRS. LEONARD: Who's that honking the horn outside?

EDDIE: Oh. It's ... er ... my chauffeur.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ HORN HONKS TWICE AGAIN

MRS. LEONARD: My goodness, he's in an awful hurry, isn't he?

EDDIE: Yes. He's got some newspapers to deliver ...

MRS. LEONARD: Your chauffeur has a paper route? *W...*

EDDIE: (INTERRUPTS) It's a long story, Mrs. Leonard. Right now, I'm interested in a little matter of murder. About those two roomers of yours ...

MRS. LEONARD: Yes?

EDDIE: Did either of them ever go to Olean?

MRS. LEONARD: Why, yes. Mr. Petras used to work there, I believe. In fact, they both went to Olean this weekend, right after the argument.

EDDIE: Argument? They had an argument?

MRS. LEONARD: Well now, Mr. de Castro, I don't know as you could rightly call it that. But I was in the hall on Saturday morning, cleaning up, and I happened to hear 'em both talking ...

JOE: (BIG AND RUGGED) You comin' to Olean with me for over Sunday, Steve?

STEVE: No. I'll stay here, in Buffalo, Joe.

JOE: Stay here? What for?

STEVE: I got to pack my trunk, get my ticket for Chicago ...
Too much to do before I leave.

JOE: Don't be a fool, Steve. You've got plenty of time for
that. Have some fun before you go!

STEVE: Sure. And spend all my money buying drinks for you.
I know you, Joe!

JOE: ~~Aaaaah! What kind of talk is that?~~

STEVE: ~~Look at all the money you owe me, you never paid back.
Fifty bucks.~~

JOE: ~~I'll give it to you out of my next week's pay. But~~
come on over to Olean with me.

STEVE: No.

JOE: I used to work in a road gang for the railroad there.
Know a lot of people.

STEVE: No.

JOE: Know a girl, too, Steve.

STEVE: A girl?

JOE: Sure. A beautiful girl. She works as a cook in camp
there. And, Steve ... she's just right for you.

STEVE: Well, Joe, I ...

JOE: ^{Blue eyes} / Blue eyes ... always laughing and having a good time.
And pretty? Mmmm. I told her I'd bring a friend.
She said okay. Her name is Margie ...

STEVE: Margie, eh?

JOE: Sure. And she's waiting for you. You coming with
me now?

STEVE: (SLIGHT PAUSE) Okay, I'll come.

JOE: Good!

STEVE: Only one thing, Joe ...

JOE: What's the matter now?

STEVE: I got to go to the bank first. I got some money I want to deposit. Three hundred dollars cash.

JOE: Bank? Don't be a fool! ~~Why go to the bank? Take the money with you. We'll catch the train right away ...~~

STEVE: ~~But I'll be taking a chance.~~

JOE: Chance? What are you afraid of, Steve? You're with me, your old pal, Joe Petras. No one'll try to take away your money when you're with me. Come on, hurry up and catch the train!

MUSIC: ACCENT AND OUT

MRS. LEONARD: Well, that's all I heard Mr. de Castro. After that, the both of them hurried out.

EDDIE: I see. (THOUGHTFULLY) Mrs. Leonard ...

MRS. LEONARD: Yes?

EDDIE: Did they both come back from Olean?

MRS. LEONARD: Why, no. As a matter of fact, only one of them returned.

EDDIE: Which one?

MRS. LEONARD: Joe Petras.

EDDIE: I see. Mrs. Leonard, do you mind if I have a look ^{around} at his room?

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: (UNDER-DIALOGUE) RUMMAGING. CLOSET DOORS OPENING AND CLOSING, ETC.

EDDIE: ^{within this closet} Are these pictures of the two men there on the bureau, Mrs. Leonard?

MRS. LEONARD: Yes.

EDDIE: Which is which?

MRS. LEONARD: The big, dark man is Joe Petras. The short one is Steve Budenko. But, Mr. de Castro, I don't know as I ought to let you search the room like this ...

EDDIE: I'm looking for a killer, Mrs. Leonard. And believe it or not, I've got to find him tonight.

MRS. LEONARD: Yes. Well, you newspaper reporters do funny things sometime. I was only reading the other day ...

SOUND: _ _ _ _ _ HORN HONKS OFF AND OUTSIDE ... AGAIN - URGENTLY

MRS. LEONARD: Oh. There's your chauffeur again.

EDDIE: Yes ...

SOUND: _ _ _ _ _ BUREAU DOOR CLOSES

EDDIE: (MUTTERING) Nothing in that drawer...

MRS. LEONARD: He's ~~been~~ honking that horn ~~every minute now~~. Must be in an awful hurry to deliver his papers. Although I must say I never heard of a chauffeur working as a newsboy in his spare time ...

SOUND: _ _ _ _ _ DRAWER OPENS

MRS. LEONARD: Of course, with prices the way they are now ...

EDDIE: (INTERRUPTS) Mrs. Leonard!

MRS. LEONARD: Yes?

EDDIE: (GRIM) Come here and look what I found in this drawer.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ _ COUPLE OF STEPS UNDER

MRS. LEONARD: What is it, Mr. de Castro? I ... (SLIGHT SCREAM) Why, it ... it's a ...

EDDIE: Yes. A bloody knife, wrapped in a handkerchief. The murder knife!

MRS. LEONARD: Merciful Heavens!

EDDIE: (AFTER PAUSE) You said this Joe Petras works in a Buffalo shipyard, Mrs. Leonard?

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ BRIDGE

SOUND: _ _ _ _ STEPS ON SIDEWALK .. PERHAPS LIGHT TRAFFIC B.G.

DRIVER: Hey, Maek! What kept you in there?

SOUND: _ _ _ _ TRUCK MOTOR STARTS UNDER AND IDLES

DRIVER: I been beatin' this here horn till my thumb's worn out.

EDDIE: Driver, I've got another stop to make.

DRIVER: ~~You've got another stop to make! What about me, Maek? I got a hundred stops to make... candy stores, newspapers everywhere... Here I am sitting here, with three thousand Newses in my truck and ...~~

EDDIE: ~~Look, be a sport...~~

DRIVER: Kid, I just can't. I gotta blow. I'm so late already with these papers, it ain't funny ...

EDDIE: But I told you this was a murder case.

DRIVER: Sure. But if I don't drop these bundles, the circulation manager'll molder me...! Anyway, how do I know you're on the level ...?

EDDIE: Take a look at this knife.

DRIVER: I ... (SUCKS IN BREATH) Geez! Is that blood?

EDDIE: That's right. It's the murder knife.

DRIVER: (IN AWE) You ain't kiddin', Maek? It ... it's the McCoy?

EDDIE: It certainly is. And if you give me a break, I may have the killer in an hour. (PAUSE) Well?

DRIVER: Okay. Hop in. I'll chauffeur you around.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ CAR DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS SHUT

DRIVER: Where to, Maek?

EDDIE: (WITH A SIGH) To the shipyards ... James!

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: At the shipyard you talk to the superintendent, a man named Phillips. He sends for Joe Petras. And as you wait there in the office, you watch the big grandfather clock in the corner go-tick-tock, tick-tock. You've got an hour until press time, an hour to make the night edition ... no more. And then the door opens, and a huge giant of a man walks in, a dark scowling man, carrying a shipbuilder's hammer. And when he stares at you, you feel the hackles rise on the back of your neck ...

JOE: (COMING-~~IN~~) You sent for me, Mr. Phillips?

PHILLIPS: Yes, Joe. This is Mr. de Castro, a reporter for the Evening News. He wants to talk to you.

JOE: Reporter? What have I got to do with a reporter! What do you want, Mister?

PHILLIPS: I ... I've just got a couple of questions to ask you, Petras. That's all ...

JOE: I don't know nothing. I don't know nothing, Reporter. Not even about Steve Budenko?

PHILLIPS: Steve Budenko? (PAUSE) What do you mean? Something happen to Steve?

EDDIE: Yes. He was found in a ditch at Olean, Joe. Someone stuck a knife in his throat.

JOE: A knife?

EDDIE: Your knife!

JOE: (FLASHES) That's a lie! That's a lie, Mister!

PHILLIPS: Better tell the truth, Joe. This is a serious charge.

JOE: (INFLAMED) This reporter is lying, Mr. Phillips. I don't know nothing about this. I got no knife!

EDDIE: No? ... (CLINK OF KNIFE ON DESK) Take a look at this, Joe.

JOE: I ... I ...

EDDIE: It's your knife. I found it in your drawer. It's got bloodstains on it ... Steve Budenko's blood. All they have to do is analyze it in the police laboratory and ...

JOE: (AFTER PAUSE, SLOWLY) So! You know. (COLD AND GRIM) All right, Reporter. You got a knife ... but I got a hammer.

PHILLIPS: Joe! Drop that hammer!

JOE: (BLAZING) I'll kill you, Reporter!

PHILLIPS: (YELLS) De Castro! Look out! He's going to throw it!

SOUND: _ _ _ _ GRUNT ... THUD OF HAMMER AGAINST WALL

EDDIE: Missed me, Joe! But I'm not going to ... (GRUNT) ... miss!

SOUND: _ _ _ _ BLOW OF FIST ON JAW. GROAN. BODY THUD ...

PHILLIPS: (SHAKEN) Nice punch, de Castro! You laid him out ... cold!

EDDIE: (SHAKEN HIMSELF) Did I? Gosh, I did, didn't I? Well, what do you know?

PHILLIPS: All I can say is, you're lucky you ducked when he threw that hammer. This would have been your last assignment.

EDDIE: Assignment! Assignment! Hey! That's right! Mr. Phillips, mind if I use your phone?

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ BRIDGE

LYNCH: (FILTER) Editor's desk. Lynch talking.

EDDIE: Mr. Lynch, this is your new reporter, Eddie de Castro.

LYNCH: (INTERRUPTS SAVAGELY) De Castro! You crazy kid, where are you?

EDDIE: Why, I ...

LYNCH: We've been looking all over Buffalo for you, you young fool! What's the idea, stealing that delivery truck! Where is it? What'd you do with it?

EDDIE: Why, I just ...

LYNCH: I'll have your scalp for this when you get back! The circulation manager's here in my office, raising the roof!

EDDIE: But, Mr. Lynch ... I ..

LYNCH: And not only that! Every candy store owner and news dealer in town's been blowing his top, waiting for papers! Where've you been ...?

EDDIE: Well, gee, I've been trying to tell you ...

LYNCH: I don't care where you've been. You bring that truck down to the office here right away!

EDDIE: But Mr. Lynch ...

LYNCH: And I mean right away, understand?

EDDIE: But, Mr. Lynch, if you'll only listen ...

LYNCH: I don't want to listen ...!

EDDIE: All I'm trying to say is that I've solved that murder you sent me out on. I've got the killer right here.

LYNCH: Are you nuts? You've solved the murder!

EDDIE: But I ...

LYNCH: Don't try to give me an argument, de Castro! If you're not back here with that truck in fifteen minutes, I'll murder you!

SOUND: RECEIVER HARD ON HOOK, OVER FILTER ---- JIGGLING OF RECEIVER ON MIKE

EDDIE: Mr. Lynch! Mr. Lynch!

SOUND: RECEIVER ON HOOK

EDDIE: (DAZED) My gosh! What do you know? They don't even believe me!

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You call the police...and after that, they believe you. And when you get down to the office, the place is in an uproar. You take off your hat and sit down at the typewriter and start to work against time...edition time. And finally ...

SOUND: WE HEAR A TYPEWRITER WORKING FURIOUSLY. ONE LINE. MARGINAL BELL RINGS. ANOTHER LINE. THEN SOUND OF SHEET OF PAPER RIPPED FROM TYPEWRITER

EDDIE: (SIGH) That's it! That's it, all right ...

SOUND: DOOR OPENS OFF

LYNCH: (COMING IN) Got that story done, Eddie?

EDDIE: Oh. Yes, Mr. Lynch. Just finished it.

LYNCH: Good. The composing room foreman's hollering for your copy now. And, Eddie...

EDDIE: Yes, Sir?

LYNCH: Just for the record...our cub reporters don't usually go around solving murder cases for the edition dead line. It started out as a routine gag, kid, but it looks like the joke is on us.

EDDIE: Well, gee! Thanks, Mr. Lynch.

LYNCH: And, Eddie.

EDDIE: Yes, sir?

LYNCH: Forget that Mr. Lynch stuff. And never mind the 'sir.'
Just call me ... Al.

EDDIE: (GULP) Sure ... Al.

LYNCH: I suppose you've got the pictures to go with this copy?

EDDIE: Pictures! Pictures? Holy smoke!

LYNCH: What's the matter, kid?

EDDIE: What a dope I am! I forgot to bring the pictures. And they were right on the killer's bureau! (MOVING OFF A LITTLE) I'll go and get them right away.

LYNCH: Hold it, Eddie!

EDDIE: (OFF A LITTLE) Yes, Mr ... Uh ... Al?

LYNCH: You don't have to waste your time running after those pictures!

EDDIE: I ... I don't?

LYNCH: No. You're a reporter now. I'll send Smitty, the copy boy!

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Eddie de Castro with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ FANFARE

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: And good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELLs are good - good - good - and good!

HARRICE: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!

CHAPPELL: Good to look at - good to feel - good to taste -
and good to smoke!

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!" PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ORCHESTRA: _ _ _ TAG

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Eddie de Castro of the Buffalo Evening News.

EDDIE: Slayer in tonight's BIG STORY was indicted by Grand Jury for first degree murder. Robbery was held as motive for killing. He was tried, found guilty and died in the electric chair at Sing Sing. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award!

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. de Castro. 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 Albany Knickerbocker News; bylines -- Charles Mooney and Mary Fuller. A BIG STORY that began when a woman entered a beauty parlor to inquire about ... a murder.

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 James McCallion played the part of Eddie de Castro. All names in tonight's story except that of Mr. de Castro 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, and reminding you to give generously to your local Community Chest. If everyone gives ---- everyone benefits. Yes, everyone in town benefits from the Red Feather Services.

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

1st REVISION

THE BIG STORY

Flyleaf, page 17,
(page 17A added) &
page 24.

ONE:

PROGRAM #31

L:

THE CASE OF THE BAFFLING BEAUTICIAN

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1947

As Broadcast

S:

CAST

NARRATOR	BERRY KROEGER
CHARLIE MOONEY	JOSEPH BOLAND
MARY FULLER	LUISE BARCLAY
JOE	FRANCIS DE SALES
MARIAN	MITZI GOULD
CELIA	LUISE BARCLAY
EDITOR	FRANCIS DE SALES
DOTTIE	MILDRED CLINTON
AGNES	MITZI GOULD
MRS. HENSHAW	MILDRED CLINTON

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ATX01 0059932

MUSIC: _____ INTRODUCTION AND UNDER

CHAPPELL: Now, the exciting and authentic story of ... "The Case of the Baffling Beautician."

MUSIC: _____ UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: Your name is Charles Mooney. Your town: Albany, New York. Your occupation: For twenty-one years, police reporter for the Knickerbocker News. You handled the Legs Diamond murder in Albany in thirty-one ... the famous O'Connell kidnapping in thirty-three ... and you broke the first surrender of Dutch Schultz, back in thirty-four. But right now, on your desk in front of you, there's a morgue picture and a newspaper clipping. And something in that clipping and picture bothers you. You don't know what, and you don't know why. Just one of those crazy hunches that somewhere between those printed lines is a lead ... a lead to a Big Story. And then, suddenly, you hear a feminine voice ...

MARY: Well, Mr. Mooney! Why the brown study?

CHARLIE: Oh, it's you, Miss Fuller! How'd you get out of that perfumed glass cage you call your office?

MARY: Just came out to see how the other half lives.

CHARLIE: Okay. So you've crossed the railroad tracks. Now, why don't you crawl back on the women's page where you belong?

MARY: You're so crude, Mr. Mooney!

CHARLIE: (MOCKS) I'm so busy, Miss Fuller.

MARY: Tsk, tsk. I'm terribly impressed. Hard life you lead out here in the ~~blood-and-hatchet~~ department ... reading newspaper clippings, and looking at pictures.

CHARLIE: Yeah. Well, it so happens that there may be a story in this clipping.

MARY: Really? Do you mind if I read it over your shoulder?

CHARLIE: I mind.

MARY: Thank you, Mr. Mooney. You're so sweet. ~~Hmmmmmm~~.
(READS) The body of an unidentified woman was found in a clump of brush off the highway at Canastota near Syracuse today. The woman, badly beaten about the face and head, has presented the police, with a baffling puzzle. For four days the body has been held in the morgue, and up to today authorities have been unable to identify her. The only clue to her identity may be a pin she was wearing marked I.I.C.A..... (CUTS) Hmmmpf! So you see a story in this clipping!

CHARLIE: I said there may be a story ... it's that pin marked I.I.C.A. ...

MARY: One of your famous hunches, I suppose.

CHARLIE: (BURNING) Now, look Miss Fuller ...

MARY: A woman is murdered. They don't know her name offhand. So what? Happens every day.

CHARLIE: Very brilliant ... you seem to know a lot about crime reporting.

MARY: Oh. I read detective stories, too. Well, ta, ta, Mr. Mooney. Got a date with the Governor's lady at three. Got to get my nails manicured, my hair done and put on a new face.

CHARLIE: Wait a minute! Wa-ait a minute!

MARY: What?

CHARLIE: Nails manicured, hair done, a new face ... that's it! That's it!

MARY: That's what?

CHARLIE: My story, you beautiful doll! That's my story!

MARY: Are you crazy?

CHARLIE: Stark, raving nuts! Gangway ... I gotta see the Managing Editor.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ _ BRIDGE

SOUND: _ _ _ _ _ DOOR SLAMS SHUT

CHARLIE: (COMING IN, EXCITED) Chief, chief, listen! Mary Fuller just gave me an idea! She's going out to get a manicure, and a new hairdo!

EDITOR: Great, Charlie! Great! What do you want me to do ... replat the front page?

CHARLIE: Chief, listen. You don't get it. That's the tipoff on that woman murdered up near Syracuse.

EDITOR: What are you talking about?

CHARLIE: I. I. C. A.

EDITOR: What's that ... a password? Or just your favorite lodge?

CHARLIE: No. I remember seeing it in an ad somewhere. I.I.C.A. stands for International Institute of Cosmetic Appreciation.

EDITOR: What?

CHARLIE: It's a beauty school. This dead woman was wearing a pin representing the school.

EDITOR: That's fine. But we publish in Albany, not Syracuse.

CHARLIE: Yeah. But this beauty school's in Albany, Chief. That dead woman may be an Albany woman. And this beauty school may be a lead to her identity.

EDITOR: Oh.

CHARLIE: Give me the green light on this?

EDITOR: Okay ... You've got it.

CHARLIE: I'll need a leg man.

EDITOR: Okay. I'll assign Mary Fuller to help you.

CHARLIE: (GROANS) Mary Fuller? Chief! No! What would I be doing with a dumb dame like that? Give me anyone else ... a copy boy ... anybody ... but not ...

EDITOR: Don't let it throw you, Charlie. Leg work is leg work. And besides, this needs a woman's touch.

CHARLIE: A woman's touch?

EDITOR: Sure. After all, Charlie, what would you be doing in a beauty school!

MUSIC: _____ BRIDGE

SOUND: _____ DOOR CLOSE

MARY: (COMING IN - BRIGHTLY) Well, Mr. Mooney, this is an honor!

CHARLIE: (SOURLY) Oh. It's you.

MARY: I knew you'd be glad to work with me.

CHARLIE: I'm delirious. And let's get it straight. You're working with me!

MARY: That should be something for my memory book. Just think, poor little Miss Me, working with the great Charlie Mooney, conqueror of Legs Diamond and Dutch Schultz. (MOCKING) I'm thrilled ... really I am!

CHARLIE: Look, Miss Fuller. Save that chi-chi stuff for the ladies of the Tuesday Morning Literary Circle. This isn't a pink tea. It's murder.

MARY: You know something, Mr. Mooney?

CHARLIE: What, Miss Fuller?

MARY: You're as uncouth as one of your precious corpses.

CHARLIE: Maybe. My business is a little sordid, compared to yours. But as long as you're coming into it, throw away your Emily Post, my dear. You can't look down at a corpse with an upturned nose.

MARY: As we say in society, Mr. Mooney ... touche. What do you want me to do?

CHARLIE: Take this. It's a morgue picture of a homicide currently lying on a slab in Syracuse.

MARY: And?

CHARLIE: And we think she's a graduate of the International Institute of Cosmetic Appreciation here in Albany.

MARY: The School for Beauticians?

CHARLIE: That's it. I want an identification of this morgue picture ... if you can get it!

MARY: Oh. So you think I can't?

CHARLIE: I have certain reservations.

MARY: Well, you'd better get your reservations changed, Mr. Mooney. If I don't come back with a label for that corpse, I'll quit reporting, and take in washing!

MUSIC: - - - - BRIDGE

MARY: I'd like a little information.

DOTTIE: Oh. I'm Miss Langtry. You want to know about the complete course, Madame?

MARY: The what?

DOTTIE: (AS IF BY MEMORY, SING-SONG) The International Institute of Cosmetic Appreciation has a complete curriculum of beauty techniques.

MARY: Look, I ...

DOTTIE: This includes manicuring, pedicuring, facial massage, clay pack, mud pack, permanent wave, bleaching and dyeing ...

MARY: Miss, I ...

DOTTIE: Seductive makeup, marcelle, tinting, finger wave, skin care ...

MARY: But I'm not ...

DOTTIE: We guarantee that in one year you will become a skilled beauty operator. Our rates are nominal. We give you the works for three hundred dollars ~~and~~

MARY: (INTERRUPTS) Look. I didn't come here to get the works.

DOTTIE: No?

MARY: No. I'm a Reporter for the News, and I came here to find out about a murder.

DOTTIE: A ... a what?

MARY: A murder.

DOTTIE: (A BEAT) Pardon me, Madame, you've got the wrong place. What you want is a police station!

MARY: Later. But first, do you recognize the woman in this picture?

DOTTIE: I ... (FAINT) Oh.

MARY: (GENTLY) I know. It isn't pretty. But ... do you know her?

DOTTIE: (SOBERLY) Gee. Yes, I do. I remember her. She ... she's one of our girls. Graduated from the institute about five years ago.

MARY: What's her name?

DOTTIE: Why ... it's ... it was Smith.

MARY: Smith? That's enlightening. What was her first name?

DOTTIE: I think it was ... Celia.

MARY: Celia. Celia Smith. You're sure?

DOTTIE: Well, it was. Only it ain't any more.

MARY: What do you mean?

DOTTIE: She got married right after she got her diploma.

MARY: Then what's her married name?

DOTTIE: I don't know.

MARY: And you don't know where she lives? You don't know where I can find her?

DOTTIE: Well, we have an index of our graduate operators here in this desk file.

SOUND: - - - - - SMALL WOODEN DRAWER PULLED OUT

DOTTIE: Let's see. Smith.... Smith ... here it is. Amy ... Bertha ... Charlotte ... Nope. No Celia Smith. She didn't leave any forwarding address with us.

MARY: That's fine. That's just fine. Now I'm right back where I started from. (CUTS) Wait a minute, Miss Langtry.

DOTTIE: Yes?

MARY: Do you happen to have a picture of Celia Smith's graduating class?

DOTTIE: Why, yes. Got all the pictures right here in this file ...

SOUND: _ _ _ _ _ FILE DRAWER OPENS

DOTTIE: (OFF A LITTLE) Now, let's see ... what year did she graduate in? Oh, yes ... (PAUSE)

SOUND: _ _ _ _ _ FILE DRAWER CLOSES

DOTTIE: (BACK ON) Here's the picture.

MARY: Hmzzzzzz.

DOTTIE: And there's Celia ... third from the left in the front row. See her?

MARY: Yes. But right now, I'm interested in one of the girls standing next to her.

DOTTIE: You are? Why?

MARY: Because she may know something about Celia Smith. You know how it is when you pose for graduation pictures ... you usually stand next to a friend or room-mate.

DOTTIE: Oh.

MARY: Would you know this girl on the right of Celia, for instance?

DOTTIE: Yeah. I remember her. Her name's Agnes Healey.

MARY: Agnes Healey. Know where I could find her, Miss Langtry?

DOTTIE: Well, I'll look her up in the index.

SOUND: - - - - - SMALL WOODEN DRAWER PULLED OUT

DOTTIE: Let's see ... this is the right year ... now, H ...
H ... Harris ... Hayward ... here it is ... Agnes
Healey. She works at a beauty parlor called
Andre's!

MUSIC: - - - - - BRIDGE

AGNES: Poor Celia. Poor kid. And they don't know who
killed her, Miss Fuller?

MARY: No. The police in Syracuse don't even know who she
is, at this moment.

AGNES: And to think that she dropped in here only about a
month ago to say 'hello.'

MARY: She did?

AGNES: Yes. It was only for a minute, though. We didn't
have time to talk much ...

MARY: Miss Healey, did she tell you what her married name
was?

AGNES: Why, yes. Now that I recall, she did mention it.

MARY: What was it?

AGNES: I don't know as I remember exactly. You see, I'd
always known her by the name of Smith, and I didn't
pay much attention.

MARY: Think, Miss Healey. Try to remember.

AGNES: But I can't, Miss Fuller. Honest I can't ...

MARY: You've got to. It's terribly important. It may
help us get the killer. What was it now? Celia
what ...?

MARY: ~~Think back, Miss Healey. She might have mentioned it while she was talking to you.~~

AGNES: ~~Well now that I really concentrate on it, I guess she did tell me, but as I say, -- it just didn't seem important at the time. Of course I didn't know this would come up.~~

MARY: ~~What was the name, Miss Healey.~~

AGNES: ~~I don't know, I remember exactly.~~

MARY: ~~Please, Miss Healey. Think. Try to remember.~~

AGNES: ~~Well, I -- (SIGHS) It's no use, Miss Fuller. Honest I just can't ...~~

MARY: ~~You've got to. It's terribly important. It may help us to get the killer. What was it now? Celia what?~~

AGNES: ~~(UNHAPPY) I just can't think. I remember it was something funny though.~~

MARY: ~~How do you mean, funny.~~

AGNES: ~~It had a peculiar sound. Something like Schlagel, or Weigel.~~

MARY: ~~Schlagel? Weigel? Were either of those the names?~~

AGNES: ~~No...but like them. Gosh, isn't it awful Miss Fuller! Here I have a chance to solve a murder case and ---~~

~~(GUTS) Hey!~~

MARY: ~~Yes?~~

AGNES: ~~I've got it! I remember now. Isn't it funny how a thing can just come back to you just like that when you...~~

MARY: ~~(BURNING) Miss Healey.~~

AGNES: ~~Yes.~~

MARY: ~~(FORCING CALM) What was it?~~

AGNES: ~~Vogel.~~

MARY: ~~Vogel! You're sure now?~~

BIGSTORY

-12-A-

10/29/47 (REVISED)

AGNES: Yes, Mrs. Frank Vogel. And like I said, her husband's a truck driver.

MARY: And they live up in Watervliet?

AGNES: That's right.

MARY: Do you know their address?

AGNES: No. All she said was that she lived on the main street, near the turn whatever that means.

MARY: (MUSING) The main street, near the turn?

AGNES: Yeah. ~~I don't know what the means though, do you?~~

MARY: ~~No. But I'm going to try and find out.~~ Thanks Miss Healey. I'll take it from there!

(MUSIC) -- CURTAIN

~~HARRICE:~~ We will be back in just a moment with tonight's BIGSTORY.

Supple
But first, a word from Cy Harrice.

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

RTX01 0059943

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!

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: 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, Mary Fuller of the Knickerbocker News, get back to the office with what you've found. And there sitting at his desk is Charlie Mooney, and he greets you with a skeptical eye. You give him the details, and finally, he says ...

CHARLIE: So that corpse in Syracuse is Mrs. Joe Vogel, eh?

MARY: That's right. And as I told you, she lives a few miles up the river in Watervliet.

CHARLIE: (SLOWLY) ~~Humus:~~ Miss Fuller ...

MARY: Yes?

CHARLIE: May I indulge in a little grudging admiration?

MARY: If you wish.

CHARLIE: I herein take off my hat to you.

MARY: As a gentleman to a lady?

CHARLIE: No. As one reporter to another.

MARY: That's a very fine compliment, Mr. Mooney.

CHARLIE: You're a very fine reporter, Miss Fuller. I had you pegged wrong in the first place.

MARY: Thanks. And while we're about it, I've got a true confession, too.

CHARLIE: Yes?

MARY: I always knew you were a great reporter. But now, it turns out you're a nice guy, too.

CHARLIE: Thanks. Want to keep right on playing in my backyard ... Mary?

MARY: By all means ... Charlie.

CHARLIE: Now we're in business.

MARY: Swell. What do we do next?

CHARLIE: Find the killer. Go to Watervliet, and check the dead woman's address ...

MARY: Oh. About that.

CHARLIE: Yes?

MARY: I did check the directory for ~~Joe~~ Vogel's address in Watervliet.

~~CHARLIE:~~ ~~Yes?~~

~~MARY:~~ ~~And it isn't listed.~~

CHARLIE: Hmm. That means the Vogels just moved there recently.

MARY: Fine thing. Looks like we may be in for a needle-in-the-haystack routine.

CHARLIE: Not necessarily. Didn't that beauty parlor operator tell you the Vogels lived near what she called "the turn".

MARY: Yes. But it's Greek to me. I never worked a story in Watervliet.

CHARLIE: I have. And what they call the 'turn' is the place where Broadway and First Avenue come together. (PAUSE)
Mary ...

MARY: Yes?

CHARLIE: Ever had any experience working your way through college?

MARY: No.

CHARLIE: Well, you're going to.

MARY: What do you mean?

CHARLIE: Tomorrow we're going out ringing doorbells.

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: In Watervliet the next morning, the two of you work opposite sides of the street. Hour after hour, you both punch doorbells, till your feet hurt and your spirits sag, looking for someone who knows the address of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Vogel. And then, half of the firm of Mooney and Fuller hits pay dirt ...

MRS. HENSHAW: Vogel? Joe Vogel?

CHARLIE: Yes. You know him, Mrs. Henshaw?

MRS. HENSHAW: Of course I know him. Truck driver and his wife. They're neighbors of mine ... just moved in a little while ago. They live upstairs.

CHARLIE: Upstairs here?

MRS. HENSHAW: Yes. Only you won't find 'em in now ...

CHARLIE: How do you know?

MRS. HENSHAW: Because I saw 'em leave in their car a few nights ago. And they haven't been back since.

CHARLIE: I see. Would you have an idea where they went?

MRS. HENSHAW: I know where they went. Mrs. Vogel told me. They went to visit his folks.

CHARLIE: Where do his folks live?

MRS. HENSHAW: Up near Syracuse ... place called Canistota!

CHARLIE: (SLOW) Did you say ... Canistota?

MRS. HENSHAW: What's the matter, Mister? Are you deaf? Of course I did. (SUDDENLY, PROJECTS) Just a minute. What's this all about?

CHARLIE: ~~(MOVING OFF)~~ Read about it in the Knickerbocker News, Mrs. Henshaw!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

CHARLIE: Look, Chief. I'll go over it again. Mr. and Mrs. Joe Vogel leave Watervliet one fine evening to visit his relative in Canistota.

MARY: Shortly thereafter, Mrs. Joe Vogel is found beside the highway into Canistota, very dead indeed.

CHARLIE: Mr. Joe Vogel disappears ... (SNAPS FINGERS) ... like so. Conclusion?

MARY: The accusing finger points to Mr. Joe Vogel.

EDITOR: You mean you two are convinced that Mr. Vogel is a murderer?

CHARLIE: In a nutshell, yes.

MARY: And, I wouldn't be at all surprised if we dug down a little further and found that Mr. Vogel was spurred on to commit this killing by the female of the species.

CHARLIE: Or, cherchez la femme. Which we plan to do.

EDITOR: I see. Well, that's very interesting ... but I don't think you'd better cherchez anyone.

MARY & CHARLIE: }
What!

EDITOR: Just that. You've done your work, and very good work it was too, but --

CHARLIE: Now wait a minute, chief. We're willing to bet a week's salary each that the killer is Joe Vogel.

MARY: And if we can just locate him we'll ...

EDITOR: That's out, Mary.

CHARLIE: Chief ... it wouldn't take much time. If you'll just give us the go-ahead for ...

EDITOR: No soap. You two are on the payroll as reporters, not policemen.

CHARLIE: Lock, chief ... I get what you mean. Leave Mary out of this. It's no job for a woman, but let me have a couple of days to track this guy down and ...

MARY: Charlie Mooney! You double-crossing snake in the grass. I ought to ...

CHARLIE: Mary, keep out of this. This is a man's ...

MARY: A man's what? Who found that woman's address? Who ...?

EDITOR: Quiet down, both of you. You sound like a pack of seals.

~~MARY: I'm sorry, Charlie.~~

CHARLIE: Me, ~~what~~ kid. But look, Chief. This is our story. You can't just ask us to quit on it.

EDITOR: I have to ask you to. You've done your job ... and a good one. But when it comes to picking up killers ... that's not a woman's job or a man's. It's a job for the police.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ _ RECEIVER OFF HOOK

EDITOR: They can do it a lot better and faster than we can ... (INTO PHONE) ... Oh. Miss Anderson. Get me the Inspector, New York State Police Bureau of Criminal Inspection!

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ _ UP AND UNDER:

NARRATOR: You've got to hand it to the State Police. Inside of an hour they pick ²⁰Joe Vogel up. And with him is a certain Marian Weeks, who seems to be his girl friend. And although Vogel clams up, she talks and talks plenty. She starts from the beginning, and tells a shocking story that began one night at a roadhouse where she and ²¹Joe Vogel were dancing ...

MUSIC: ----- SEGUE TO ORCHESTRA B.G., PLAYING SEDUCTIVE DANCE
NUMBER

JOE: Baby ...

MARIAN: (SEDUCTIVE, DREAMY) Yes, Joe?

JOE: Love me?

MARIAN: You know I do.

JOE: Marian ...

MARIAN: (DREAMY) Don't say anything for a second, Joe; Just
dance ... and hold me close.

JOE: Like this, Baby?

MARIAN: Like this.

MUSIC: ----- IN CLEAR FOR A MOMENT OR TWO

JOE: I dunno, Marian. I dunno. Dancing with you is like
... well, like ...

MARIAN: Like what, honey?

JOE: Like walking on air.

MARIAN: (PLEASED) Why, Joe! You say the sweetest things!
For a truck driver, that was real poetic ...

JOE: I ain't goin' to be a truck driver all my life, Baby.
Some day I'm gonna operate a business of my own and
then ...

MARIAN: Yes, Joe?

JOE: Then it'll be ... us.

MARIAN: Us?

JOE: Just us.

MUSIC: ----- IN CLEAR

MARIAN: Just us. It sounds wonderful, honey. But you
forgot something.

JOE: What?

MARIAN: (A BEAT) Her.

JOE: Marian, look ...

MARIAN: It's no use. We can't go on like this ... not while she's around. (A PAUSE) ~~Joe.~~

JOE: Yeah?

MARIAN: I made up my mind to something tonight.

JOE: What?

MARIAN: This has got to be our last date together.

JOE: No!

MARIAN: But ...

JOE: I'm not gonna just stand by and lose you! Get me, Baby?

MARIAN: But, honey ... the way we feel about each other ... we can't go on like this!

JOE: We're not going to.

MARIAN: What do you mean?

JOE: I mean ... we're going to get rid of her.

MARIAN: You mean we're going to get together and talk like I asked you, Joe? You mean you're gonna tell her you want a divorce?

JOE: Don't let's talk about it, Baby! Let's just ... dance!

MUSIC: ----- IN CLEAR!

MARIAN: Oh, Joe! Hold me close ... close!

MUSIC: ----- UP AND INTO BRIDGE

SOUND: ----- DOOR OPENS

JOE: (CALLS) Celia! Celia!

CELIA: (COMING IN) Oh. Hello, darling. Supper'll be ready in a minute.

JOE: Celia, I just got a swell idea.

CELIA: Yes, Joe?

JOE: Tomorrow's Sunday. How about you and me driving to Canastota to visit my folks?

CELIA: Oh, it's such a long trip, Joe, and we haven't a heater in the car.

JOE: What's a little cold, Celia. We haven't seen the folks for months. (A BEAT) How about it?

CELIA: All right, Joe.

JOE: Oh. And Celia ...

CELIA: Yes?

JOE: Mind if we take along a passenger?

CELIA: Who?

JOE: A girl. You wouldn't know her. She's a checker down at the garage. She's got relatives near Canistota, and ... well, I thought ...

CELIA: Of course, darling. Bring her along! The more the merrier!

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ BRIDGE

SOUND _ _ _ _ CAR IN MOTION SLOWS TO STOP

CELIA: Joe, why are we stopping?

MARIAN: Something wrong, Mr. Vogel?

JOE: I've got to hammer that hub cap down on my right rear wheel. Sounds loose ...

SOUND: _ _ _ _ IGNITION OFF. CAR MOTOR DIES.

CELIA: (ANNOYED) Joe, do you have to fix it now? It's pitch black on this road.

JOE: I'd better. Come on, Celia. Grab the flashlight and come with me. I'll need a light while I work ...

CELIA: All right.

JOE: Come on, Celia. We won't be long, Miss Weeks.

MARIAN: That's all right ...

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES UNDER ... STEPS ON ROAD AND STOP

CELIA: All right, Joe. There's the light. Go ahead and hammer ... (CUTS, THEN UNEASILY) Joe ... why are you looking at me like that? Why don't you start working on that wheel. I thought ...

JOE: Did you, Celia?

CELIA: (BEGINNING TO SCARE) Joe! What are you up to? Why did you bring me out here like this?

JOE: Don't you know, darling?

CELIA: Joe, I ... No! No! (SCREAMS) Don't Joe. Don't ...

SOUND: GRUNT AND BLOW ... BODY THUD

JOE: (BREATHES HEAVILY)

SOUND: DOOR OPENS OFF. /STEPS COME ON

MARIAN: (SCARED) Joe! What have you done? What ...

JOE: (THICKLY) What do you think?

MARIAN: You ... you killed her!

JOE: Yeah.

MARIAN: But I didn't know. I thought we were just going to talk this out. Joe ...!

JOE: This was a lot quicker, Baby. A lot quicker ...

MARIAN: But they'll find her! They'll find her. And then ...

JOE: Stop worrying, Marian. Now ... it's just us. (A BEAT)
Come here, Baby ...

MARIAN: Joe...

JOE: I said ... come here!

MARIAN: Joe! Don't! Stop it! Don't touch me!

JOE: (A PAUSE, THEN HARD) What's the matter, Baby? Getting cold feet?

MARIAN: No, no. Honest, Joe, it isn't that!

JOE: Then what is it?

MARIAN: It's just that if you touch me now, you'll get my coat dirty. You've got blood all over your hands!

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: That's it. That's the story Marian Week's tells, and it's your Big Story. And the ingredients ... a morgue picture, a clipping, Mary Fuller's new hairdo ... and Charles Mooney's hunch. Who said truth wasn't stranger than fiction?

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Charles Mooney and Mary Fuller with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ FANFARE

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.
CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...
HARRICE: Good to feel ...
CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...
HARRICE: And good to smoke.
CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELLs are good - good - good - and good!
HARRICE: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!
CHAPPELL: Good to look at - good to feel - good to taste - and
good to smoke!
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 Charles Mooney and Mary Fuller of the Albany Knickerbocker News.

HARRICE: Truck driver in tonight's BIG STORY was found guilty of murder in the first degree and died in the electric chair at Sing Sing. His conviction rested on testimony of girl who turned State's evidence and never came to trial. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award!

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Miss Fuller and Mr. Mooney. The makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to have named you the winners 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 Houston Press; byline -- Paul Hochuli. A BIG STORY that reached its climax when a murderer stepped on an automobile starter ...

SOUND: _ _ _ _ STARTER

HARRICE: ... that didn't work.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ STARTER

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

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Frockter, and directed by Harry Ingram, with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was written by Max Erlich. Your narrator was Berry Kroeger. Joseph Boland played the part of Charles Mooney

(MORE)

CHAPPELL:
(CONTD)

and Luise Barclay was Mary Fuller. All names in tonight's story except those of Miss Fuller and Mr. Mooney were fictitious; but the dramatization was based on a true and authentic case.

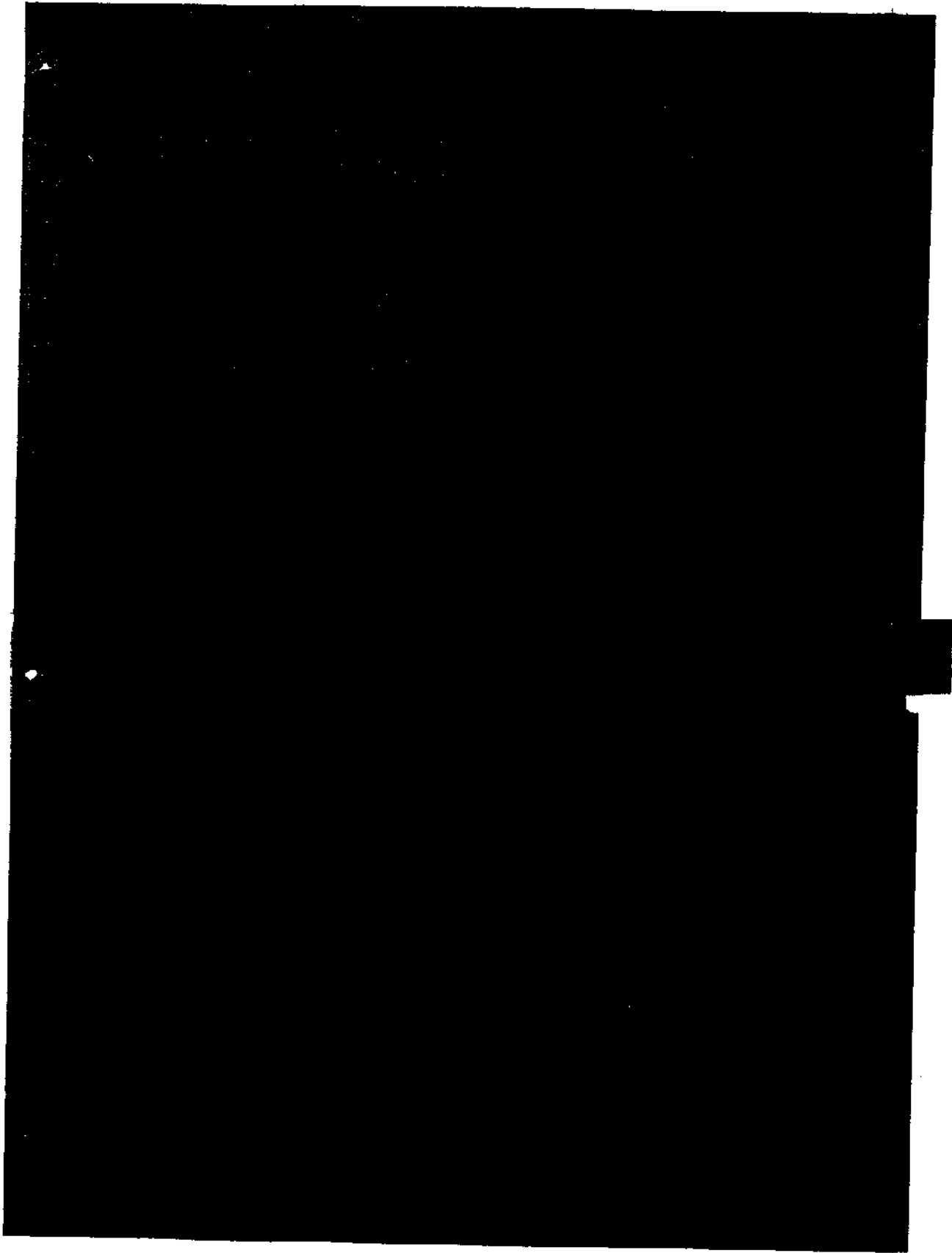
MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE

CHAPPELL:

This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, and reminding you that to men between the ages of 17 and 35, the National Guard offers new skills and interests, extra income in their spare time. To the nation it offers the strength and preparedness that are our best insurance against war. Join the new National Guard and help guard the peace!

ANNOUNCER:

THIS IS NBC -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.



ATX01 0059958

2nd REVISION

THE BIG STORY

Page 27.

PROGRAM #32

A Broadcast

"THE CASE OF THE PECULIAR PAPERHANGER"

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1947

CAST

NARRATOR	BERRY KROEGER
BRAD	ALAN HEWITT
EDITH	ALICE REINHEART
DAVE	ED BEGLEY
PAUL HOCHULI	LES TREMAYNE
HERB	JERRY LEWIS
ANDY	ALAN HEWITT
CHEF	LES TREMAYNE
MRS. POOLE	<i>Alice Reinhart</i> GRACE KEDDY
ED	JERRY LEWIS
BOBBY	GRACE KEDDY
GLORIA	<i>Grace Keddy</i> ALICE REINHEART

ATX01 0059959

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

~~EDITH: (OFF, CALLS) --Brad, come in to supper!~~

~~BRAD: In a minute, Edith.~~

~~SOUND: A COUPLE OF SHOTS IN FAST SUCCESSION - SCREEN DOOR
OPENS AND SLAMS SHUT~~

~~EDITH: (UP) Brad, what on earth are you doing out here in the
backyard with that gun?~~

~~BRAD: Oh. Just practicing up on my marksmanship.~~

~~SOUND: CHIRPING OF BIRDS COMES IN~~

~~BRAD: Edith! Look! See those two birds who just landed on
that fence?~~

~~EDITH: Yes, but ...~~

~~BRAD: Well, watch this, *shooting*~~

~~EDITH: Brad, please! Don't ...!~~

~~SOUND: A COUPLE OF SHOTS IN FAST SUCCESSION. CHIRPING OF
BIRDS STOPS ABRUPTLY~~

~~EDITH: (FAINT) Oh! You killed the poor things ... both of
them!~~

~~BRAD: (TRIUMPHANT) Yeah. Nice shooting, eh, Edith?~~

~~EDITH: But you never even ... gave them a chance.~~

~~BRAD: What do you think I am ... crazy? Why should I give
'em a chance?~~

~~MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER FOR~~

~~CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY ... another in a thrilling series based
on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight ..
to Paul Hochuli of The Houston 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
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! ...

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: 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 UNDER FOR

CHAPPELL: Now, the exciting and authentic story of ... "The Case of the Peculiar Paperhanger!"

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You are Paul Hochuli, a Texas boy by way of Illinois. You went to Rice Institute, played football, got All-Conference mention ... and incidentally, married your college sweetheart. You and your beautiful bride decided that a newspaper career was no good for a married man ... so you got a job as reporter for the Houston Press. And your Big Story starts one September, with a series of baffling holdups in town. First a sandwich shop ... then a furniture store ... and now a cafe over on Caroline Street, with a shooting to go with it. Naturally, you drop down to headquarters and talk to your old friend, ~~Police~~ Captain Dave Butler.

DAVE: Oh. So it's you again, Paul.

PAUL: Morning, Dave..

DAVE: For the 'nth time, I don't know whether one man or an organized gang are pulling all these holdup jobs..

PAUL: How did you know I was going to ask you that?

DAVE: Weren't you?

PAUL: No. How's that kid who was shot in the legs running after the getaway car?

DAVE: The doctors hope he won't be crippled. Right now, the kid's in plenty of pain..

PAUL: ...I see. ...Not much fun catching a couple of bullets that way. ...The kid had plenty of nerve running up close enough to get a good look at the car.

DAVE: Yeah. It was a tan coupe with ... (CUTS, THEN BELLIGERENT) ...Hey! Who told you he got a description of the car?

PAUL: (CHUCKLES) You just did, Captain Butler.

DAVE: Oh. Listen, Paul, don't print the fact we've got a lead on the holdup car.

PAUL: You mean...why should the bandit or bandits read about it in the Houston Press?

DAVE: Right. I've got every motorcycle cop, every prowler car, and every man on the force looking all over town for that stolen car.

PAUL: Okay. You've suppressed the Press. So ... that's that. I come to you empty-handed ... I go back to the office empty-handed. Unless you give me something to pacify the managing editor with. After all, Dave, for the sake of our long association and mutual friendship...

DAVE: (LAUGHS) Okay, okay, Paul. I give up. There is a little something you can print.

PAUL: Yes?

DAVE: The man who shot that kid was a combination of Buffalo Bill and Annie Oakley.

PAUL: You mean, an expert marksman?

DAVE: I'll say he was. He didn't think it was necessary to kill the kid ... just fired to stop him from getting any nearer.

PAUL: So?

DAVE: So he put one bullet through the left leg, and one through the right. And each in the exact same place, just below the knee!

PAUL: Brother, that's shooting!

DAVE: (GRIMLY) Yeah. That's shooting. And when we finally catch up to him ... we ~~may be in for a little~~ trouble!

MUSIC: ----- BRIDGE

EDITH: Brad ...

BRAD: Oh. I didn't know you were awake, Edith.

EDITH: Why did you get out of bed? Why are you all dressed up?

BRAD: Can't sleep. Just feel like going out, that's all.

EDITH: Out? At two o'clock in the morning? Where?

BRAD: Down at the joint on the corner. I feel like a few beers.

EDITH: But there's some beer in the refrigerator ...

BRAD: I need the air ...

EDITH: (AFTER A PAUSE) Brad, what's the matter?

BRAD: What do you mean?

EDITH: You've been acting ^{so} strangely, lately.

BRAD: Have I?

EDITH: All day long you hang around the house here. You haven't done a job of paperhanging in a month. And almost every night, you're out late, like this ...

BRAD: So what?

EDITH: It just doesn't make sense.

BRAD: Don't talk so much and go back to sleep, Edith.

EDITH: But ...

BRAD: I said ... go back to sleep!

EDITH: Brad, please stop raising your voice. The neighbors'll hear. All I want to know is ...

BRAD: You want to know too much. Talk, talk, talk ... that's all you can do. What's the matter, do I have to write you a letter every time I want to go out for a glass of beer?

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ BRIDGE INTO

SOUND: _ _ _ _ DINER B.G. CLANG OF CASH REGISTER OFF ... SOUND OF PLATES.

GLORIA: (CALLS) One ham an'. One blue plate special ...!

CHEF: (OFF) One ham an'. One blue plate ...!

SOUND: _ _ _ _ DOOR OF DINER SLIDES OPEN AND SHUT

GLORIA: Well! If it ain't my two dream men! Andy Hendryx and Herb Morris!

ANDY: Evening, Gloria!

HERB: Hiyah, Beautiful!

GLORIA: Park right here at the counter ... next to the sugar doughnuts. How are the two handsomest motorcycle cops in Houston?

ANDY: Hungry.

HERB: Starved.

GLORIA: Okay! What'll it be, gents?

HERB: Beef stew.

ANDY: Hamburg ... rare.

GLORIA: One stew ... one hamburger, rare. ~~Right ...~~

CHEF: *One stew ... one hamburger, rare.*

SOUND: - - - - SLAP OF MEAT ON GRILL - SIZZLE OF HAMBURG

GLORIA: Gee. I'm glad you two cops dropped in.

HERB: Why?

GLORIA: Well, with all these holdups and everything, I get the jumping willies every time a stranger comes in ...

HERB: (SHARP) Hey, Andy!

ANDY: What is it?

HERB: Look there.

ANDY: What's the matter?

HERB: (LOW) Take a look at that tan coupe ~~just pulling in~~ across the street.

ANDY: Wait a minute, Herb. Tan coupe ... left fender bent in a little ... white wall tires ...

HERB: (QUIET) Looks like it, Andy.

ANDY: (LOW) Yeah. The getaway car.

HERB: Let's go. But take it easy on the guns. We're not sure yet ...

SOUND: - - - - A COUPLE OF STEPS

GLORIA: (OFF) Herb ... Andy! Where you going? How about that hamburg rare, Andy?

ANDY: Make it well done, Gloria. Be back in a minute ...

SOUND: - - - - DINER DOOR ~~SHUTS~~ OPEN ... SHUTS ... OFF, MOTOR TRYING TO START ... BUZZ OF STARTER

HERB: (LOW) Looks like he can't start the car.

ANDY: Let's go get him.

SOUND: - - - - STEPS HURRYING ACROSS THE STREET

HERB: (YELLS) Hey, you! You in the ...

SOUND: - - - - SHOT. GRUNT.

ANDY: Herb!

HERB: (GASP) Andy, he ...

SOUND: _ _ _ _ _ BODY THUD

ANDY: Herb! (BREAK) Aw, Herb. (UP) Why, you dirty murderer .. come out of that car and ...

SOUND: _ _ _ _ _ STEPS BEGIN TO RUN UNDER ... A SHOT ... STEPS CUT ABRUPTLY ...

ANDY: (EXCLAMATION OF PAIN)

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ _ PUNCTUATE AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You, Paul Hochuli, of the Houston Press, get down there a few minutes after the flash comes in. They already have a blanket over the still form of Motorcycle Officer Herb Morris when you arrive. And they are loading Andy Hendryx, critically wounded, into an ambulance ... And then you see Captain Dave Butler. His eyes are icy cold, his face white, and he's shaking in a kind of awful anger. And you go up to him and say ...

PAUL: Dave. Dave, I ...

DAVE: (IN A COLD QUIET FURY) Two shots. One for each in the same place, Paul. He never gave either of them a chance.

PAUL: Do you think Andy Hendryx will pull through, Dave?

DAVE: No. He'll ~~linger a little, and suffer, and die.~~ He's got a wife and a ... a five year old kid. The sweetest wife and the nicest kid you ever saw!

PAUL: Gee, Dave, that ... that's tough.

DAVE: (RISING) He never gave them a chance. That's what I can't forget, what I'll never forget. He dropped them like a couple of birds on a fence. ~~Sometimes ...~~ sometimes I hate this uniform I wear.

PAUL: What do you mean?

DAVE: (WITH COLD FURY) It puts a fence around me. When I wear it, I represent law and order. I swore an oath when I put it on ... to uphold justice. The justice of the courts, juries, legal processes. But now ...

PAUL: Dave ...

DAVE: (RISING) Now, I feel like a different kind of justice. Now I feel like ripping this uniform off, going after that killer with these hands of mine. I want to tear him apart, to hear him beg for mercy, to scream for it, before I ...

PAUL: (SHARP) Dave, get hold of yourself!

DAVE: (AFTER A PAUSE, LOW) I'm sorry, Paul.

PAUL: (AWKWARDLY) ~~That's all right, Dave.~~ (A BEAT) Look, I'm going into the diner across the street and phone in the story. After that ... how about some coffee?

DAVE: (HEAVILY) No, thanks, Paul. Thanks just the same. There's someone I've got to see ... right away.

PAUL: Yes? Who?

DAVE: Mrs. Hendryx. I've got to tell her that her husband's ... ~~dying!~~

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ BRIDGE _

SOUND: _ _ _ _ LIGHT DINER B.G. _ PERHAPS ONLY CLANK OF DISHES _

GLORIA: (~~HINTS SHE HEARS~~) ... And that's the way it was, Mr. Hochuli. Andy had ordered a hamburg, rare. And when he went out, he said, make it well-done, I'll be back in a minute.

PAUL: And he never came back.

GLORIA: No. And Herb Morris, either. Oh, Mr. Hochuli ...
it's terrible ... terrible.

PAUL: (AFTER PAUSE, HEAVILY) Better give me a cup of coffee,
Gloria.

GLORIA: ~~Mr. Hochuli~~, don't ask me to give you any coffee now.
I ... I'm so nervous, I'll spill it all over you.

PAUL: You've got to pull yourself together, kid. Sure, I
know those cops'll never come in here again, but...

GLORIA: It ain't just that, ~~Mr. Hochuli~~. There's something
else. It ... it's this wallet. I ... I found it.

PAUL: You found it?

GLORIA: Yes. I ... the minute I saw Andy and Herb fall, I
ran outside. The killer well, he was running
away ... and he dropped this. I ... I picked it up.

PAUL: This is the killer's wallet?

GLORIA: Yes. I ... I ain't even looked in it. I'm afraid
to. I was going to call a cop. And then ... you came
in. I knew you did a lot of work with the police,
and you'd know what to do and ...

PAUL: Wait a minute, Gloria. Give me that wallet. Let me
see ...

GLORIA: Is ... is there anything in it?

PAUL: A few dollars ... some papers ... no identification ...
no name, or ... (CUTS) ... What's this?

GLORIA: What's what?

PAUL: There's an address scribbled on a piece of paper here.

GLORIA: An address? .. (FADING .. CALLS) .. Wait a minute,
Mr. Hochuli. Where are you going?

PAUL: I'm going to call on a killer, Gloria!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: RING OF DOORBELL ... THEN AGAIN ... PAUSE ... DOOR
OPENS ...

MRS. POOLE: Well? What is it, young man? What's the idea of ringing my doorbell so early in the morning?

PAUL: I'm looking for ...

MRS. POOLE: (INTERRUPTS, A CROCHETY CHARACTER) If it's a room you want, I haven't any left.

PAUL: But, Madam ...

~~MRS. POOLE: My name is Mrs. Poole, and I'm the landlady here and I tell you I haven't got a thing in a room ...~~

PAUL: I'm not looking for a room, ~~Mrs. Poole.~~

MRS. POOLE: No? Then what are you looking for?

PAUL: A roomer.

MRS. POOLE: What's his name?

PAUL: I don't know. ~~All I know is that he lives here.~~

~~MRS. POOLE: Now, look here, young man, I'm too old for this kind of nonsense ...~~

PAUL: ~~Mrs. Poole. Wait a minute.~~ I'm a reporter for the Houston Press. I've got a tip that a man lives here ... someone in trouble with the police.

MRS. POOLE: I'll have you know I run a respectable boarding house, young man. What's more, I have only two tenants ... and both of 'em are women. And so far as I know, neither of 'em are in trouble with the police.

PAUL: Think back. What about your old roomers? Was there a man among them ... someone who stayed out late nights, maybe ... ?

MRS. POOLE: ~~Wait a minute.~~ There was that paperhanger and his wife ... people by the name of Cheney.

PAUL: Yes? What about them?

MRS. POOLE: Well now, he was a peculiar kind of paperhanger. Never seemed to work at it. And he stayed out many a night, like you said.

PAUL: ...Do you know where I could find them? Did they leave any forwarding address?

MRS. POOLE: Yes; they did. And it's somewhere in my desk. What do you want it for?

PAUL: What do I want it for? Lady, I'm a newspaperman.

(MUSIC: ~~UP AND UNDER~~)

PAUL: Dave ...

DAVE: Oh. Hello, Paul.

PAUL: How ... how's Andy Hendryx?

DAVE: They're giving him transfusions. But he's just barely hanging on. They know he's through.

PAUL: I see.

DAVE: His wife's with him ... at the hospital. And do you know who's down here at headquarters ... in the other room?

PAUL: Who, Dave?

DAVE: Andy Hendryx's kid. His five year old boy. And ~~when it happens~~ ... when Andy goes ... ~~I'll have to tell his father.~~ I'll have to tell...that kid, *Paul*

PAUL: ~~Is~~see. Dave, I ... I've got some news for you.

DAVE: Yes?

PAUL: I know the killer's address.

DAVE: What!

PAUL: You heard me.

DAVE: Great! I suppose you've phoned in the story to your paper, I suppose in an hour everybody in Houston will know about it -- including the killer himself.

PAUL: No, Dave -- nobody knows about it except us.

DAVE: Oh. Thanks, Paul. Thanks for thinking of me... instead of keeping this to yourself.

PAUL: That's all right, Dave. I know how you feel.

DAVE: Sure. (HARDENS) Now ... let's go and find this
cop-killer!

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's BIG
STORY. But first, 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!

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: 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, Paul Hochuli, of the Houston Press, and your friend, Captain Dave Butler of police headquarters, set out for the home of a dangerous killer. You find he lives in an apartment, and Butler, with gun drawn, rings the bell. No answer. So you let yourself in with a pass key, and the two of you start to search the apartment. And finally ...

DAVE: Well, Paul. Everything seems to be in order here. Nothing's disturbed.

PAUL: That's right, Dave.

DAVE: I guess the killer won't be back here any more.

PAUL: I think you're wrong, Dave. I think he will.

DAVE: Why?

PAUL: He left all his clothes here ... and a wad of money in the top drawer of his bureau.

DAVE: Well?

PAUL: He ran away in a hurry ... in a kind of panic, probably. But when he cools off, he's going to figure that nobody knows who he is, even now. And he's going to need his clothes and this money.

DAVE: And you think he'll come back for them, eh?

PAUL: Sooner or later, he'll come back. I'd bet a week's pay on it.

DAVE: Maybe you're right, Paul. I think maybe we'll play your hunch, and wait right here.

PAUL: It may be a long time before we play welcoming committee to our guest.

DAVE: It may be. But we'll wait.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE)

PAUL: When did we get here, Dave?

DAVE: At eleven this morning. And it's three now.

Paul ...

PAUL: Yes, Dave?

DAVE: Why don't you go home? You don't have to wait here. And if the killer does come, it might be dangerous.

PAUL: Oh no. Not me. Why don't you put a couple of men in here and go home yourself?

DAVE: I could. But I'm not going to. I want to meet this killer ... myself. Maybe I sound a little crazy but... I broke in those two cops to the Force. Trained them as rookies ... congratulated them when they got their motorcycle details ... been up to their houses... met their families ...

(KEY TURNS IN LOCK, OFF)

PAUL: (SHARP WHISPER) Dave! Listen! Someone's turning a key in the outside door.

DAVE: It's the killer ... he's come back!

(DOOR OPENS OFF, SLOWLY)

DAVE: (PAUSE - LOW) Playing it cagey. Looking around in the front room ... before he comes in ...

(DOOR CLOSE OFF ... STEPS IN OTHER ROOM ...

BUREAU DRAWER OPENS)

PAUL: (WHISPER) Getting the money he left in the bureau.

DAVE: Yes.

SOUND: - - - - - STEPS AGAIN ... CLINK OF METAL SHOULDER HANGERS

PAUL: Those are clothes hangers banging around. Must be picking up his clothes now ...

DAVE: That's right ... He ...

SOUND: - - - - - STEPS STOP ... SILENCE FOR A MOMENT.

DAVE: Paul! Get away from the line of that door!

PAUL: But Dave ...

DAVE: Move to one side, I tell you! He's coming into this room!

~~DAVE:~~ Yeah...

SOUND: - - - - - STEPS STOP ... DOOR OPENS SLOWLY

DAVE: (YELLS) Get your hands up!

EDITH: (SCREAMS)

MUSIC: - - - - - UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You and Captain Butler stare at the white-faced woman in the doorway. It's not the killer, but his wife ... Mrs. Cheney. And the moment she sees Dave's police uniform, she shuts up tight ...

DAVE: Where's your husband, Mrs. Cheney?

EDITH: I don't know.

DAVE: You'd better tell us. He killed one policeman, Mrs. Cheney. The other's dying right now ...

BUSINESS: - - - - - NO ANSWER

DAVE: Where is he hiding?

EDITH: I tell you I don't know!

PAUL: You're lying, Mrs. Cheney. He sent you back to the apartment here to pick up his clothes and some money. Well?

DAVE: (QUIETLY) Your husband committed one of the most brutal murders in Houston, ~~Mrs. Cheney~~. He'll have another on his hands soon. And there may be more. Now, where is he hiding?

EDITH: I told you I don't know, I don't know, I don't know.

DAVE: (A BEAT) All right, Mrs. Cheney. Let's go down to headquarters!

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ BRIDGE

NARRATOR: You go down to Headquarters and watch Dave Butler question her, relentlessly. Now he's the cop, on police business. He never raises his voice, never tries to shout her down, just keeps on and on ...

DAVE: Where is he, Mrs. Cheney?

EDITH: (WEARY) I don't know! (THEN HYSTERICALLY) I don't know! How many times do I have to tell you ... I don't know!

DAVE: Look, ~~Mrs. Cheney~~. I know he's your husband. I know you're in love with him. It's human to shield him. But Brad Cheney doesn't belong to you, any more. He belongs to society ... to the law ... to justice now.

EDITH: (MOANING) I don't know where he is! I told you a hundred times ... I don't know.

DAVE: You love your husband, Mrs. Cheney. So did the wife of the police officer who was killed. So does the wife and the child of the officer who's dying in the hospital right now. What about them? How do you think they feel?

EDITH: Please! Please, Captain Butler. Stop! Stop'.

DAVE: (A BEAT) Where's your husband?

EDITH: I don't know.

DAVE: (QUIETLY) I see. You don't know ...

(PHONE RING ... RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

DAVE: Captain Butler speaking. Yes, Sergeant. How's Andy?
... (CUTS, THEN QUIET) ... Oh. I see. All right,
Sergeant. See that Mrs. Hendryx gets home safely.
I'll be up to see her ... later.

(RECEIVER ON HOOK)

DAVE: (QUIET) That phone call came from the hospital,
Mrs. Cheney. I know it won't interest you much, but
Motorcycle Officer Andrew Hendryx just died ... with
your husband's bullet near his heart.

(CLICK SWITCH)

DAVE: Ed.

ED: (FILTER) Yes, Captain?

DAVE: Send the Hendryx kid in now.

ED: Okay.

(CLICK OFF)

DAVE: Excuse me a moment, Mrs. Cheney. I have some
unpleasant business to tend to.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

DAVE: Come in Bobby.

(DOOR OPENS)

BOBBY: (COMING IN) Hello, Captain Butler.

DAVE: Hello, Bobby.

BOBBY: Did you hear from my Daddy yet?

DAVE: I ... I heard from him, Bobby.

BOBBY: Is he still ... away?

DAVE: He's ... still ... away.

BOBBY: Will he come back soon?

DAVE: I ... no, Bobby. Not for a long time.

BOBBY: Oh. Then I guess I better not wait here any more. ~~I~~
~~guess I better go home and wait for Daddy there.~~

DAVE: ^{Yes} Yes, Bobby ... I guess you'd better. But before you
go ...

BOBBY: Yes?

SOUND: ----- DRAWER OPENS

DAVE: (BREAK) Take this ...

BOBBY: Gee! It's my Daddy's police badge! How did you get
it, Captain Butler?

DAVE: He gave it to me ... just before he went away, Bobby.
He said that I was to give it to you ... to hold for
him ... until he got back.

~~BOBBY: Oh~~

DAVE: Goodbye, Bobby.

BOBBY: Goodbye, Captain Butler.

SOUND: ----- DOOR CLOSE

BUSINESS: ----- PAUSE

EDITH: (IN TEARS) ~~Captain!~~ Captain Butler!

DAVE: (QUIETLY) Yes, Mrs. Cheney?

EDITH: I'll talk now! I ... I'll tell you everything! ~~not!~~
(CRYING) ~~I'll tell you everything you want to know!~~

MUSIC: ----- UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: She talks and you listen ... you and Dave Butler. And as she talks, she adds paragraph after paragraph to your Big Story, she writes it orally for you, in words you'll never forget, till the day you die. She begins from the beginning, and goes on from there ...

EDITH: My husband, Brad, came back from the war a short time ago ... he was a sharpshooter in the infantry. He seemed to like nothing better than to practice shooting in the back yard. He never went to work during the day, went out only late at night. I knew something was happening to him inside, something was wrong, and I spoke to him about it ... but he paid no attention. Then the night before last, while I was asleep, he came home.

SOUND: - - - - DOOR SLAM.

BRAD: Edith! Edith!

EDITH: (AWAKENING) Brad! What ... what is it? What's wrong?

BRAD: Come on! Get up and get your clothes on. We've got to get out of here!

EDITH: What? Why?

BRAD: I'm in trouble with the police!

EDITH: Brad! What trouble?

BRAD: Will you stop asking questions and get dressed?
Didn't you hear me the first time! We've got to get out of here fast!

EDITH: After that, Captain Butler ... we left the apartment. We didn't even wait long enough to get together some things. Brad was frightened ... his face was white as a sheet ... I tried to get him to tell me what was wrong. But he wouldn't. All that night, until dawn came we walked ~~the streets~~ ... along McGowen Street ... up past Dowling Street ... for miles. And then, later, we came to a church. There was a sign on it that said: "Enter ... Rest ... Pray." And my husband stopped ...

BRAD: (NERVOUS) Let's go in here, Edith. Let's go into this church.

EDITH: Brad ...

BRAD: It'll be safe in there ... no one will think of looking for us in a church!

MUSIC: SNEAK CHURCH ORGAN B.G.

EDITH: We went into the church. It was in semi-darkness - and we were alone - except for the organist. Brad stood there, looking at the altar for a while ... Then he looked at me, and I could see that the church had affected him ... done something to him, that he wanted to talk ...

BRAD: Edith.

EDITH: Yes, Brad?

BRAD: I'm a murderer.

EDITH: (GASP) Brad! ~~What?~~ How....?

BRAD: Tonight ... two cops came running at me ... I had my gun ... it was easy ... so easy ... I couldn't miss ... like picking off two birds on a fence. I felt ... well, kind of drunk with that gun in my hand ... and then, I saw them fall ...

EDITH: But, Brad, why ... why!

BRAD: I'd pulled off some holdups, ~~Edith~~ ... those nights I went out. (BREAKING) But I did it for you, Edith! I wanted to buy you nice things ... the things I couldn't get on a paperhanger's wage ...

EDITH: Brad ...

BRAD: Don't look at me like that, ~~Edith~~. Don't. Don't you understand? I did it for you ... because I loved you. (A BEAT) Edith! Edith, you'll stick by me, won't you? You ... you'll help me to get away?

~~EDITH: (AFTER PAUSE, DOLLY) All right, Brad. I'll do what I can't.~~

EDITH: Well, that's it, Mr. Hochuli ... Captain Butler. Brad sent me to the apartment for his clothes and the money. We made a date to meet at Evergreen Cemetery later.

PAUL: Evergreen Cemetery?

DAVE: Why there?

EDITH: Because Brad thought no one would think to look for him in a cemetery.

DAVE: And he's there now, eh?

EDITH: Yes.

DAVE: All right, Paul. Let's go!

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You and Captain Butler drive to Evergreen Cemetery, near Bray's Bayou, and it's almost the end of your Big Story. Mrs. Cheney has given you a full description of her husband, and as you ~~bring the car to a stop on~~ the cemetery road, you spot him ...

PAUL: Dave ... there he is ... there's Cheney.

DAVE: Where?

PAUL: Standing over there, watching that young couple put flowers on a grave.

DAVE: Hmmm. He doesn't see us. Let's go ...

SOUND: _ _ _ _ _ FOOTSTEPS UNDER

DAVE: And don't attract his attention. Remember he's a dead shot.

PAUL: (LOW) How are we going to take him, Dave?

DAVE: (LOW) In close. Crowd him before he can go for his gun. Otherwise, someone might get killed ...

SOUND: _ _ _ _ _ STEPS

DAVE: All right. Get 'em up, Cheney!

BRAD: What! Who...?

DAVE: And don't reach for that gun! Otherwise, they'll have to dig a nice fresh grave ... just for you!

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ _ CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Paul Hochuli with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ _ FANFARE

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: And good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELLs are good - good - good - and good!

HARRICE: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!

CHAPPELL: Good to look at - good to feel - good to taste - and good to smoke!

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 Paul Hochuli of the Houston Press.

PAUL: Paperhanger in tonight's BIG STORY finally showed remorse when captured because he hadn't given victims a chance. However, he was quickly bound over to Grand Jury, indicted, tried, found guilty and executed in the electric chair at Huntsville. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Hochuli. 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 Chicago Herald-American; by-line -- Harry Romanoff. A BIG STORY that reached its climax when a soldier back from the wars met action in Chicago.

SOUND: TWO GUN SHOTS

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 Les Tremayne played the part of Paul Hochuli. All names in tonight's story except that of Mr. Hochuli 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 and reminding our
listeners that the President of the United States has
asked for the cooperation of all Americans in the
present World Food Crisis. Follow these four rules:
No meat on Tuesdays ... No poultry or eggs on Thursdays
... Save a slice of bread every day ... Waste nothing!
Remember: Save Wheat -- Save Meat -- Save the Peace.

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

(2nd REVISION)

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THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #33

A Broadcast

"THE CASE OF THE SINISTER STRANGER"

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1947

CAST

NARRATOR	BERRY KROEGER
GIRL	MARY SHIPP
HARRY ROMANOFF	FRANCIS DE SALES
LEO	BURT BRAZIER
DAD	LARRY DOBKIN
ADELE	MARY SHIPP
STRANGER	FRANCIS DE SALES
ED	ROBERT SLOANE
CLERK	ROBERT SLOANE
CLARKSON	BURT BRAZIER
MAJOR	LARRY DOBKIN

ATX01 0059988

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

SOUND: _ _ _ _ PHONE RING ... RECEIVER OFF HOOK

HARRY: Yeah? Who wants to see me? Why won't she give her name? Well ... tell her to wait.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ RECEIVER ON HOOK

HARRY: Now, then, sir ... you were saying ...

SOUND: _ _ _ _ DOOR OPENS

GIRL: (COMING ON) I will not wait! Are you the reporter who wrote that story?

HARRY: Who are you?

GIRL: Never mind who I am. But there are thousands of people like me, all over Chicago.

HARRY: What do you want?

GIRL: I've got something for you.

HARRY: What?

GIRL: A slap in the face!

SOUND: _ _ _ _ HARD SLAP IN FACE

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ HIT AND UNDER FOR

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY ... another in a thrilling series based on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight ... to Harry Romanoff of the Chicago Herald 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
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! ...

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: 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 UNDER FOR

CHAPPELL: Now, the exciting and authentic story of ... "The Case of the Sinister Stranger."

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You are Harry Romanoff, a police reporter for the Chicago Herald American, formerly the Herald and Examiner. You've moved in fast company, with many of Chicago's immortal newspapermen. Arthur Brisbane, Ben Recht, a Charles MacArthur, and the rest. You've been in the big time a long time, and you've broken your share of stories. But of them all, there's one that you always think of as the Big Story. And it began one day in Chicago's Union Station ...

SOUND: TRAIN PUFFING TOWARD STOP. CHUG OF STEAM. CROWD B.G.

ADELE: (EXCITED) Dad! There he is. There's Leo.

DAD: Where? So many soldiers around I can't tell one from the other.

ADELE: Over there, standing in the train doorway. (CALLS) Leo! Darling!

DAD: Oh, yeah. I see him now. Sure looks good in his uniform.

ADELE: Come on, Dad. Don't just stand there. (CALLS) Leo. Leo, darling.

LEO: (OFF) Adele. Aw, honey.

ADELE: Oh, Leo. It's so wonderful to see you.

LEO: ~~You're not hard on the eyes either, sweetheart.~~

ADELE: Leo, I just can't ~~talk~~ ^{talk}

LEO: (INTERRUPTS) Don't ~~talk~~ ^{talk}. Just let me look at you.

ADELE: (BREATHES IT) Oh, darling.

LEO: I've been dreaming of this for a long, long time.
(PAUSE)

DAD: (CLEARS THROAT) I know I'm only your father-in-law,
Leo, but if you two would come out of that clinch for
a second ...

LEO: Dad! Dad, how are you? I'm sorry. But you know how
it is. When you have such a good-looking wife and
you've been overseas for a year, well -- How are you,
Dad?

DAD: Fine. Just fine.

ADELE: Leo. What's that medal you're wearing?

DAD: Looks like the Croix-de-Guerre to me. Am I right, son?

LEO: Well, yes, Dad. I guess you are.

DAD: Well, congratulations!

LEO: Well ...

ADELE: Darling, you never wrote me about getting any
decorations.

LEO: Well, you know how it is, honey ...

ADELE: But you never said a word about it!

LEO: Nothing to brag about ... just a piece of ribbon ...

DAD: Mighty important piece of ribbon if you ask me, son.

ADELE: The most important piece of ribbon in the whole world
if you ask me! Oh, darling, I'm so proud of you.
I'm so proud and happy I feel like crying.

LEO: Don't do that, honey. Just powder up that cute little
nose of yours. You know what you and I are going to
do? We're gonna paint the town red ... white and blue.

MUSIC: ----- BRIDGE INTO HONKEYTONK. CAFE B.G. CHEAP BRASSY
ORCHESTRA PLAYING SOMETHING TYPICAL

LEO: Dance, Adele?

ADELE: No, thanks, Leo. I'd just rather sit here ... with you.

LEO: Suits me. Happy?

ADELE: You know I am.

LEO: I hope you don't mind this honkeytonk. It's not exactly the Ritz.

ADELE: It's wonderful, so long as you're here.

LEO: It's a kind of a dream for me, Adele. Being back here in Chicago with you.

ADELE: Was it very bad over there, darling? Or would you rather just not talk about it.

LEO: I'd rather just not talk about it. I'd rather talk about us.

ADELE: All right.

LEO: It's been a long time.

ADELE: Too long, darling.

LEO: Still love me?

ADELE: Silly.

LEO: Even when I take off this uniform and go back being Civilian Payne?

ADELE: Of course.

LEO: (SUDDENLY) Adele, let's get out of this joint. Let's go somewhere where we can be alone ...

ADELE: All right, darling. I ... (CUTS) Leo ...

LEO: Yes?

ADELE: Isn't that man coming toward our table?

LEO: Where? Oh!

ADELE: Leo. He's awful looking ... dirty and ragged. I ...

LEO: Nothing to get upset about, Adele. Just a bum looking for a handout. I'll take care of him.

STRANGER: (COMING IN, BUM, BEERY) Say, Jack, you look like a right guy ...

LEO: Sorry, bud.

STRANGER: Look, Mister, I ain't had a bite to eat in three days. If you could just slip a guy who's down on his luck ...

LEO: I said sorry - no.

STRANGER: Lady, maybe you got a heart. Maybe you don't remember me ... but I remember you. We was good friends once. And for old time's sake ...

ADELE: (FRIGHTENED) Leo, I ... I ... please make him go away.

STRANGER: Lady, look ...

LEO: You heard the lady! Leave us alone.

STRANGER: Okay, okay ... I'm going. (FADING) But I'll remember this, see. I'll remember it...

LEO: (AFTER PAUSE) Adele.

ADELE: Yes?

LEO: That bum said he knew you.

ADELE: That's ridiculous. I never saw him before in my life.

LEO: You're sure?

ADELE: Of course I'm sure.

LEO: You're trembling, Adele. You're shaking like a leaf.

ADELE: Am I?

LEO: Yes. Why?

ADELE: (BREAKING) Because he scared me half to death, that's why. Please, darling, take me home. Don't ask any more questions. Just take me home.

MUSIC: _____ BRIDGE

SOUND: _____ PHONE RING, PAUSE, RECEIVER OFF HOOK

ADELE: Hello?

LEO: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Adele? Leo.

ADELE: Hello, darling. What's new?

LEO: I thought maybe you'd like to take in a movie tonight.

ADELE: Wonderful! We'll sit and hold hands.

LEO: Well, you don't sound like an old married woman who's had her husband back for a whole two months.

ADELE: I'm in ~~love~~.

LEO: ~~So am I~~. Listen honey ... if it's a nice night, how's about ~~a~~ walk home through the park, hmmm?

MUSIC: _____ BRIDGE

SOUND: _____ STEPS ON PAVEMENT. THEN STEPS STOP ABRUPTLY

ADELE: Leo ...

LEO: Yes, Adele?

ADELE: Did you notice anyone following us?

LEO: Following us?

ADELE: Yes. I ... I'm sure I saw someone in the shadows.

LEO: (LAUGHS) Now wait a minute, honey ...

ADELE: (JITTERY) I know it sounds silly, Leo. But all the way through the park, I had a feeling that someone was behind us. And then, when I turned I saw a man dodge behind a tree ...

LEO: Adele ~~Look~~. What you saw was one mystery picture too many. I should have taken you to a musical comedy tonight, instead.

ADELE: Leo, I tell you ...

LEO: (SMILE) All right, all right, honey. You saw someone follow us.

ADELE: You think it was just my imagination.

LEO: I think you need a good night's sleep. Anyway, we're home now. You run upstairs to the apartment and I'll be with you in a minute.

ADELE: Why? Where are you going?

LEO: Just around the corner for a package of cigarettes.

ADELE: But, Leo ...

LEO: Now, look, honey. I'll be right back.

ADELE: But ...

LEO: Sweetheart, relax will you? Didn't your mother ever tell you that there isn't any bogeyman?

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: WOMAN'S FOOTSTEPS COMING UP CORRIDOR, RAPIDLY, THEN STOP ... KEY TURNS IN LOCK

STRANGER: (SUDDEN, SHARP) Hold it, lady!

ADELE: A GASPING SCREAM

STRANGER: I wouldn't go in yet, if I was you.

ADELE: You!

STRANGER: Yeah. Just an old friend.

ADELE: What do you want?

STRANGER: That handbag you're carrying.

ADELE: No! No, I ...

STRANGER: (SHARP) Hand it over, and make it snappy! Otherwise, this gun in my pocket might go off. (PAUSE) Are you going to give it to me ... (GRUNT) ... or do I have to take it!

ADELE: (HYSTERICALLY) Don't you dare! Don't you ... (SCREAMS)
Help! Help!

STRANGER: (ANGRILY) Come on ... hand it over!

ADELE: Help!

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS OFF, RUNNING UP, UNDER

LEO: (OFF) Adele! Adele! What is it?

ADELE: Leo! Oh, Leo. He ...

LEO: Let go! Let go of her, you bum!

STRANGER: Oh, yeah?

SOUND: SHOT

ADELE: SCREAMS

SOUND: ANOTHER SHOT

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You, Harry Romanoff, of the Chicago Herald American, catch the flash at the office. Homicide, North Campbell Avenue. Not much later, you're at the scene. So is your old friend, Captain Ed Haggerty of Homicide. And what you both find there is double trouble. Not one homicide, but two. Two corpses on the floor, each with a bullet through the head. One, a ~~nagged~~ stranger ... unidentified. The other, Mrs. Leo Payne, wife of former lieutenant Leo Payne. Ed Haggerty examines the ~~white~~ and shaken war hero ...

ED: What happened when you came upstairs, Mr. Payne?

LEO: (WITH DIFFICULTY) I heard my wife scream. I ran up the corridor and ... (CUTS, THEN) Do I have to go through with this now, Captain? Can't it wait?

ED: I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Payne. I know what a strain you're under, with this ~~terrible~~ tragedy coming on top of ~~the strain~~ of your war experiences. But I must have certain information immediately. I'll try to make the questions as brief as possible. (BEAT) Now, when you ran up the corridor, what did you see?

LEO: I saw this holdup man. He was struggling with my wife. And when he saw me coming, he ...

ED: Yes, Mr. Payne? He did what?

LEO: He pushed Adele away, whipped out a gun from his pocket ... and shot her. Then he tried to get me ... but I beat him to it ... with my gun.

ED: I see.

LEO: (HYSTERICALLY) ~~Why did he have to kill her? I could have saved her. If I'd been a few seconds earlier, I could have saved her. (CUTS, THEN DULLY) Now ... she's gone ... Adele's gone.~~

ED: (AFTER PAUSE) I'm sorry, Mr. Payne. I've still got a few questions to ask you. Here are two guns we picked up ... beside the bodies. A shot has been fired from each.

LEO: Yes.

ED: Which one is yours.

LEO: This one.

ED: The small service revolver?

LEO: Yes. That's it.

ED: Then this heavy service revolver ... the new one ... belonged to the ragged stranger.

LEO: I ... I guess so. I'm so upset that I ...

ED: Naturally. This must be a terrible shock to you, Mr. Payne. I can't tell you how sorry I am that this had to happen ... especially to a war hero ...

LEO: (BITTERLY) War hero? Oh, sure. I'm a war hero all right. A big brave hero with ribbons and decorations and citations. Adele was so proud of me. Thought I was so brave. Only I wasn't enough of a hero to save her life!

MUSIC: BRIDGE INTO BAND PLAYING PATRIOTIC NUMBER B.G.

SOUND: CROWD B.G.

HARRY: I beg your pardon, sir ...

DAD: Yes?

HARRY: Are you Leo Payne's father-in-law?

DAD: Yes.

HARRY: Well, I'm sorry to trouble you right now but I'd like to get a statement for my paper. How do you feel about this celebration Chicago's ~~giving~~ in honor of Lieutenant Payne so soon after your daughter's death?

DAD: Sir, my wife and I are naturally heartbroken about Adele, but we're proud of our hero son.

MUSIC: TAKE AWAY BAND WITH BRIDGE AND GO OUT

HARRY: H'ya, Ed? Anything new on the Payne murder?

ED: Not a thing, Harry.

HARRY: What about the Ragged Stranger?

ED: What about him?

HARRY: Have you found out who he is?

ED: No.

HARRY: Fine cop you turned out to be.

ED: What's the matter with you, Harry?

HARRY: (ABSENTLY) Matter?

ED: Why are you so interested in the Ragged-Stranger?

HARRY: Because, Ed, something doesn't quite add up.

ED: What do you mean?

HARRY: Well, this holdup man didn't look like a real thug. He looked more like a refugee from some sewer. He had a week's growth of beard, his clothes hung from him in tatters, and he smelled of bad booze.

ED: What are you getting at?

HARRY: How come a bum like that could afford a new, high-class service revolver ... one of the finest and most expensive kind made.

ED: Well ... he might have stolen it.

HARRY: Maybe ... and maybe not.

ED: Either way ... what's the difference? What's so important about it?

HARRY: I don't know.

ED: Then why worry[?] ~~about-it?~~

HARRY: I'm a worrying guy, Ed. Things like this bother me. And until I get the answer, I can't sleep nights.

ED: What are you going to do about it?

HARRY: Find out where a ragged stranger got a brand new gun.

MUSIC: ----- CURTAIN

THE BIG STORY #33

- 13 -

(REVISED)

11-12-47

CHAPPELL: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's
BIG STORY. But first, a word from Cy Harrice.

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0060001

MUSIC: - - - - INTRODUCTION AND UNDER

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

NARRATOR: You, Harry Romanoff of the Chicago Herald American, are conducting a quiet investigation, trying to find out who sold a gun to a ragged stranger nobody knows. You try one gun shop after another, one pawn shop after another, checking the factory number, C-2282. But none of your leg work pays off. And then, when you're just about ready to give up and call it quits, you try a pawnshop in the loop ...

CLERK: What was the factory number of that gun again, Mr. Romanoff -- C-2282?

HARRY: (WEARILY) That's it. Just tell me you never handled the gun, and I'll go away.

CLERK: But we have handled that gun, Mr. Romanoff. It's right here in my books.

HARRY: What!

CLERK: We sold it to a man about a year ago.

HARRY: (EXCITED) Who? What man?

CLERK: A man by the name of Walter Clarkson.

HARRY: Walter Clarkson? Do you know where I can find him?

CLERK: Got his address right here in the book. Lives over on the North side.

MUSIC: - - - - BRIDGE

HARRY: Mr. Clarkson. My name's Romanoff. I'm a reporter for the Herald American.

CLARKSON: Yes ...

HARRY: (SUDDENLY) Ever see this gun, Mr. Clarkson?

CLARKSON: (TAKEN ABACK) Why ... why, yes. It's my gun. I bought it about a year ago. (A BEAT) How did you get it?

HARRY: Mind if I put a question to you, first?

CLARKSON: Why, er ... no.

HARRY: Who'd you sell this gun to?

CLARKSON: I didn't sell it. I lent it to someone.

HARRY: Who?

CLARKSON: Why, my cousin. A man named Payne.

HARRY: Who did you say?

CLARKSON: I said, Payne. Look here, Mr. Romanoff, ~~what~~ ... ?

HARRY: Leo Payne?

CLARKSON: Yes. He knows a lot about guns, and he offered to clean it for me. But I'd still like to know ...

HARRY: (IMPATIENT) Later, Mr. Clarkson, later. But tell me ... when did you lend Leo Payne this gun?

CLARKSON: Why, a couple of weeks ago. *Approximately*

HARRY: Do you know the exact date?

CLARKSON: I can't remember offhand.

HARRY: Think, Mr. Clarkson. It's important. When did you give your cousin this gun?

CLARKSON: Why, I ... let's see. I remember it was the day before I left town and I was gone exactly two weeks. Just got back this morning. So let's see -- it'd be the twenty-first of June I gave Leo the gun.

HARRY: (STUNNED) The twenty-first of June!

CLARKSON: (A LITTLE ANNOYED) Look here, Mr. Romanoff. What's all this about? And why is the date so important?

HARRY: I guess you haven't been reading the Chicago papers.

CLARKSON: No, I've been out of town.

HARRY: Mr. Clarkson, on the night of the twenty-first of June, Adele Payne and a holdup man called the Ragged Stranger were shot to death. And one of them was killed with your gun!

MUSIC: - - - - BRIDGE

ED: Let me have that again slowly, Harry. You think Leo Payne shot his own wife, as well as the ragged-stranger?

HARRY: That's right, Ed. Here's how I've got it figured. The Ragged-Stranger was unarmed. Leo Payne walked into that apartment building carrying two guns.

ED: His own and his cousin's, eh?

HARRY: Right. He shot the Ragged Stranger with his own gun ... and ~~his wife~~ with his cousin's gun. There was one shot fired from each, remember? Then he dropped both guns on the floor and called the police. (PAUSE) Does all this make sense?

ED: It makes sense, Harry. But I hate to believe it. I don't want to believe it ...

HARRY: I know. The guy's a war hero.

ED: What are you going to do about it, Harry?

HARRY: Print it.

ED: (AFTER PAUSE) If you do, you're sticking your neck out. You'll be the most unpopular man in town.

HARRY: I know I will, Ed.

ED: Leo Payne's a kind of god to every man, woman and child in Chicago. He's been exonerated by a coroner's jury, and the case is officially closed. If you print this story and you're wrong, they'll ride you out of town on a rail.

HARRY: I know. But I'm a reporter, and this is news. I've got to print it!

ED: Okay. It's up to you. But we may both find this very unpleasant.

HARRY: We?

ED: Sure. I'll take my chances with you, Harry. If they run you out of town on a rail, I might as well go along ... just for the ride.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: PHONE RING ... PHONE OFF HOOK

HARRY: Romanoff speaking. Who? Major Wellman? All right. Send him in.

SOUND: RECEIVER ON HOOK ... PAUSE ... THEN DOOR OPEN

MAJOR: (COMING IN) Mr. Romanoff?

HARRY: Yes, Major. What can I do for you?

MAJOR: I've just read your story about Lieutenant Leo Payne, Mr. Romanoff, and I dropped in here because I have some pertinent information.

HARRY: I see.

MAJOR: Your story about Leo Payne does the men serving in the armed forces a very grave injustice, Mr. Romanoff.

HARRY: I'm sorry, Major. But I only write what the facts lead me to believe.

MAJOR: Then either you or the facts are mistaken.

HARRY: What brings you to that conclusion?

MAJOR: Simply that I happen to ...

SOUND: _ _ _ _ _ PHONE RING

HARRY: Excuse me just a moment, Major.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ _ RECEIVER OFF HOOK

HARRY: Romanoff speaking. Who wants to see me? Why won't she give her name? Well, tell her to wait.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ _ RECEIVER ON HOOK

HARRY: Now, Major Wellman, you were saying ...?

SOUND: _ _ _ _ _ DOOR OPENS OFF

GIRL: (OFF) I will not wait. (COMING ON) Are you Harry Romanoff? The reporter who wrote that story about the war hero?

HARRY: Yes. Who are you?

GIRL: Never mind who I am. But there are thousands of people just like me all over Chicago. And we've got something for you.

HARRY: What?

GIRL: A slap in the face!

SOUND: _ _ _ _ _ HARD SLAP IN THE FACE

HARRY: Why, you little ...

GIRL: That'll teach you to write filthy things about a war hero!

HARRY: Now you just wait a minute, young lady!

GIRL: Don't you tell me what to do!

MAJOR: Excuse me for interrupting this little scene, but I think I can help clarify the picture somewhat, Mr. Romanoff.

HARRY: Sheet. *Go ahead, Major.*

MAJOR: What I came here to tell you, and what I was about to tell you before this interruption was that everyone seems to be laboring under a misapprehension.

GIRL: What are you talking about?

MAJOR: I was Lieutenant Leo Payne's commanding officer.

GIRL: So ...

MAJOR: So, I can tell you on complete authority that he's no hero.

GIRL: What!

HARRY: What about his Croix-de-Guerre, Major?

MAJOR: I assure you that no recommendation for any decoration was ever made for Lieutenant Payne. If he is wearing a Croix-de-Guerre he either bought it or stole it. He certainly never got it for valor on the field of battle.

HARRY: Well. That's very interesting.

MAJOR: It's sickening. Mr. Romanoff, there were a lot of real heroes in this war and it makes me sick to see a phoney like Payne get credit for the job they did.

HARRY: Yeah. I see what you mean, Major. And thanks for setting me right.

GIRL: (DISTRESSED) Gee. I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Romanoff. I don't know what you must think of me.

HARRY: Oh, that's quite all right. Think nothing of it. After all, what's a little slap in the face?

MUSIC: HIT AND HOLD UNDER

HARRY: That's the story, Ed -- Lieutenant Leo Payne is a phoney. Suppose we both take a run out to his place and see what we can see.

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

HARRY: They were in Payne's bureau ... three pictures of a dame -- not his wife -- and these scraps of a torn-up letter.

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

HARRY: There's the letter, Ed. The name of Leo Payne's dead wife was Adele. But this letter is addressed to a girl named Rhoda. Come on. Let's go find Leo Payne.

MUSIC: _____ BRIDGE

ED: Payne, I've got a simple question to ask you. Did you or did you not carry two guns into the apartment building the night your wife and the ~~ragged~~ stranger were murdered?

LEO: (BEAT) Yes, I did.

HARRY: Why didn't you tell us, then?

LEO: One gun belonged to my cousin, Walter Clarkson. I didn't want to get him in trouble.

HARRY: Mr. Payne ...

LEO: Yes, Mr. Romanoff?

HARRY: You shot your wife, didn't you?

LEO: (STUNNED) Shot my wife! I ... Mr. Romanoff, you don't know what you're saying.

ED: You had the gun that killed her, Payne. You walked in with it.

LEO: Yes, yes, I know. But you don't understand, Captain. When I saw the ~~Ragged~~ Stranger and my wife, we grappled. I reached for a gun ... Walter's gun ... but the holdup man pulled it out of my hand and shot Adele. Then I managed to get my gun out.

HARRY: And you shot the ~~Ragged~~ Stranger.

LEO: Yes. Yes ... that's it. (A PAUSE) What's the matter? Why are you two ... staring at me like that? (CUTS) You don't believe me. I can see it in your eyes ... neither of you believe me. You've got to believe me! Why should I want to kill Adele. I loved her. She was the finest, loveliest, sweetest wife a man could ever have. We planned to build a new house ... have a baby ... everything ... (PAUSE, THEN PATHETICALLY) Don't you believe me?

HARRY: (AFTER PAUSE) You killed her because of another woman, Payne.

LEO: Another woman? There's never been any woman ever except Adele. And now that she's gone you're torturing me with these lies ...

ED: (QUIET) Harry. Read Mr. Payne the patched-up letter we found in his bedroom.

HARRY: "Sweetheart, I am very lonesome tonight. I am thinking of you ... longing to have you close to me. Please, Rhoda, think of me, dream of me, love me always. Good night, little love, and happy, happy dreams to you ... from Leo. (PAUSE) Well, Leo?

LEO: (AFTER PAUSE) All right. All right. I did it. I killed her ... I killed Adele. There was this girl ... this Rhoda. We started to go around together, and then ...

ED: Never mind, Payne. We can fill in the rest.

HARRY: Wait a minute, Ed. I'd like to ask Payne here one question.

ED: Go ahead.

HARRY: What about this ragged stranger, Payne? Who is he?

LEO: I never knew his name.

HARRY: How'd he get into this picture, in the first place?

LEO: I picked him up down in the flophouse district. Hired him to stage a phoney holdup for a dollar and fifty cents. I told him I wanted to show off to my wife about how brave I was. He was supposed to hold her up and I was going to get there in the nick of time.

HARRY: And instead you killed him.

LEO: Yes.

HARRY: Instead of a dollar fifty, you paid him off with a bullet through the head.

LEO: (LOW) Yes.

HARRY: I see. (SLOWLY) You know what, Payne? You're not only a lowdown, double-crossing, ~~cold-blooded~~ ~~skunk~~... you're the cheapest phoney hero I ever met.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Harry Romanoff with the final details on tonight's BIG STORY.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ FANFARE

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: And good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELLs are good - good - good - and good!

HARRICE: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!

CHAPPELL: Good to look at - good to feel - good to taste - and
good to smoke!

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 Harry Romanoff of the Chicago Herald American.

HARRY: Phoney war hero in tonight's BIG STORY first went on trial for the murder of his wife. He was found guilty and strange as it may seem, was sentenced to only twenty-five years in prison. Then, brought to trial for slaying of Sinister Stranger, he drew the full penalty and was executed at Cook County Jail. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Romanoff. 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 Chattanooga News; by-line -- Nellie Kenyon. A BIG STORY that reached its climax when a gentleman wearing a mask entered a bank ... through a broken skylight.

SOUND: -- CRASH OF GLASS BREAKING

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 Francis de Sales played the part of Harry Romanoff. All names in tonight's story except that of Mr. Romanoff were

(MORE)

THE BIG STORY #33

- 26 -

(ADDED)

11-12-47

CHAPPELL: fictitious; but the dramatization was based on a true
(CONTD) and authentic case.

MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE

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

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

ATX01 0060013

1st REVISION

Pages 3, 7 and 24.

THE BIG STORY

Commercials - Pages 2,
16 and 25 - inserted.

PROGRAM #34

Pages 26 and 27 added.

"THE CASE OF THE LITERARY LODGER"

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1947

A Broadcast

CAST

NARRATOR	BERRY KROEGER
NELLIE KENYON	MITZI GOULD
ANN LAWRENCE	ETHEL OWEN
WALTERS	ROD HENDRICKSON
MORGAN	LARRY HAINES
EDITOR	GEOFFREY BRYANT
MAC	LARRY HAINES
MOTHER	HESTER SONDERGAARD
MRS. HIGGINS	ETHEL OWEN
CHIEF	ROD HENDRICKSON
CLERK	GEOFFREY BRYANT
MRS. ROOSEVELT	HESTER SONDERGAARD

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

SOUND: STEPS UP ON HARD FLOOR AND STOP

MORGAN: Is this where you call for general delivery packages,
Clerk?

CLERK: That's right, sir.

MORGAN: I'm expecting a certain package from Chattanooga,
Tennessee ...

CLERK: Yes, sir. If you'll identify yourself ...

~~SOUND: STEPS UP QUICK AND STOP~~

CHIEF: That won't be necessary, Clerk.

MORGAN: Hey! Wait a minute, Buddy! Take your hand off my
shoulder! Who do you think you are?

CHIEF: Chief of Police ... Chattanooga, Tennessee. And this
is a pinch.

MORGAN: A pinch?

CHIEF: That's right. (CHUCKLES, STARTS TO LAUGH)

MORGAN: What's so funny, Copper?

CHIEF: I feel a little silly ... just like a character in a
detective story. Don't you? (LAUGHS AGAIN)

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER FOR

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY ... another in a thrilling series based
on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight
... to Nellie Kenyon of the Chattanooga 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! ...

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: 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 UNDER FOR

CHAPPELL: Now, the exciting and authentic story of ... "The Case of the Literary Lodger."

MUSIC: ----- UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You are Nellie Kenyon, five feet two with eyes of blue. You're a lady reporter with the Nashville Tennessean now, and it's Miss Kenyon, if you please. But reams of copy paper ago, you were just a bright-eyed kid everyone called Nellie, and you worked for the Chattanooga News. It was on the News that you got your Big Story, and naturally you'll never forget it. You'll never forget it as long as you live. Although you weren't ^{NOT} on the scene at the time, your story began early one morning, when the president of the Ridgewood Branch of the First National Bank received a phone call at home from his secretary.

SOUND: ----- ^{RING AND PICK UP} ~~DISSING OF PHONE~~ ~~CLICK~~

WALTERS: (FILTER) Hello?

ANN: Mr. Walters, this is Ann Lawrence.

WALTERS: Yes, Miss Lawrence?

ANN: I came into the bank early to go over those mortgages, just as you asked me to. And when I got here I found something funny.

WALTERS: What do you mean?

ANN: The skylight was broken.

WALTERS: The skylight?

ANN: Yes. A whole pane of glass has been smashed right through. ^{NOBODY ELSE IS HERE SO} I thought I'd better call you right away.

11-19-47

MORGAN: (HARD AND COLD, A LITTLE OFF) Put down that phone, girlie!

ANN: SCREAMS

WALTERS: Miss Lawrence! What is it? What's the matter?

SOUND: - - - - STEPS COME ON

MORGAN: Hang up the phone, Beautiful.

ANN: I ... I ...

MORGAN: (SHARP) Hang it up before I blow your face off!

WALTERS: Miss Lawrence! What's wrong? Why don't ~~you~~ answer?
~~Miss Law~~ ...

SOUND: - - - - RECEIVER ON HOOK

ANN: (SCARED) What do you want?

MORGAN: Just dropped in at the bank to make a little withdrawal, Blondie.

ANN: I don't know what you're talking about.

MORGAN: The key to the cash drawer. And make it snappy!

ANN: I don't know where it is.

MORGAN: (SHARP) The key to the cash drawer, and no stalling, understand? If I don't get it in five seconds, why I'll ...

ANN: (TERROR) No! No, don't. I'll get it for you. I'll get it for you right away!

MUSIC: - - - - HIT AND GO OUT

EDITOR: ~~THE BIG LEAD STORY FOR TODAY~~
The bandit was masked and he made a clean getaway with seven grand. Now, I want you boys to hop down there fast, get the story, pictures ... everything. I've got Joe on rewrite and I'll hold the edition for you. Now beat it.

MAC: Okay, ~~Chief~~ ^{Chief}. We'll hurry it up. ^{Nellie: C.O.} (GRUNT) Outa my way, Nellie.

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SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

NELLIE: Frank ...

EDITOR: (ABSENTLY) Uh -- what?

NELLIE: (SWEETLY) Frank -- do you remember me?

EDITOR: Remember you?

NELLIE: Remember me. That's what I said. My name's Nellie Kenyon. I'm a newspaper reporter. I work for the Chattanooga News. You hired me. Remember? I sit at the smallest desk in the darkest corner of the City Room and I write dismal little stories about dismal little people doing dismal little things.

EDITOR: Nellie, what's the matter with you?

NELLIE: I'm sick of it. A woman's club luncheon at one, a flower show at three, a wedding at four -- that's my schedule for today, and I'm sick of it.

EDITOR: Now, Nellie ...

NELLIE: I'm sick of the woman's point of view. I don't want to write any more stories about the younger set or the married set or any other set. I'm a newspaper reporter and I want to report news. I want to be sent out on that bank robbery.

EDITOR: Wait a minute, kid. Wait a minute.

NELLIE: You didn't even look at me when that flash came in. You sent out Mac and Artie ... you put Joe on rewrite ... and you didn't even look at me. You didn't even know I was around. Frank, how about giving me a chance to work on that bank robbery?

EDITOR: You?

NELLIE: Me. (BEAT) Please?

EDITOR: Nellie, listen -- I don't want to be mean, but this kind of thing is way out of your league. I can't send a woman out to do a man's job. If there was a woman's angle ...

NELLIE: Frank, I don't want to cover it as a woman. I want to handle it as a reporter.

EDITOR: Sorry, kid.

NELLIE: You mean, it's ... no?

EDITOR: No.

NELLIE: But, Frank ...

EDITOR: No, Nellie. I put Mac and Artie on the job because Mac and Artie have been around for a long time, and that's what makes a reporter -- being around. Reporters aren't born, kid. They're made. You've got to know what it's like to stay on top of a story for thirty, forty, fifty hours without sleep. You've got to know what it's like to run down bad leads and keep trying. You've got to learn to make nothing sound like news on a dull day, and you've got to know how it feels to kill a big story because it would hurt innocent people. You've got to know when to go after a thing and when to lay off. You've got to know people. And, Nellie, you've got to be patient. Stick to your knitting. After all, this bank robbery is a ...

NELLIE: I know, I know -- it's a man's job. But is it my fault I was born a woman?

SOUND: FAST, FEMALE STEPS. DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS

NELLIE: (MUTTERING) Man's job, man's job, man's job -- I hate men. Mostly.

SOUND: MORE STEPS. KEEP UNDER

NELLIE: (MIMICKING) "You've got to know what it's like to run down bad leads and keep trying." Yaaaaah! What bad leads? In Mrs. Van Astorbilt's souffle? "You've got to know when to go after a thing and when to ..."
(CUTS) Hey!

SOUND: STEPS OUT

NELLIE: (SLOWLY) "You've got to know when to go after a thing."
Okay, brother! You asked for it!

SOUND: FAST, FEMALE STEPS

MUSIC: WIPE FOR BRIDGE THEN FADE INTO

SOUND: FAST, FEMALE STEPS

MAC: Hey, Nellie. Where do you think you're going?

SOUND: STEPS OUT

NELLIE: To the Ridgewood Branch of the First National Bank.

MAC: But this ^{RIDGE} is the /... (CUTS) ... Look, were you assigned to cover the robbery?

NELLIE: No.

MAC: Then what're you doing here?

NELLIE: Covering the robbery. You can tag along if you want to.

MAC: I can tag along if ... I can ... (SPLUTTERS)

NELLIE: Take it easy, Mac, take it easy -- you'll blow a fuse.
Oh, look -- there's the Chief of Police.

MAC: Yes, I know. And just for your information, he's in no mood for tete-a-tetes with society reporters.

NELLIE: Look. You'd say this was an expensive suit of clothes, wouldn't you?

CHIEF: It's a good make, yes.

NELLIE: And if it belonged to you, and you left it in a ^{ROOMING HOUSE} hotel, you'd write back for it, wouldn't you?

CHIEF: Yes.

NELLIE: Well, I'm willing to bet that this man Morgan won't write back for this suit of his.

CHIEF: In other words, your theory is that if he doesn't write back for it, he isn't on the level?

NELLIE: Yes.

CHIEF: Well, it could be, but it's pretty thin.

NELLIE: (AFTER PAUSE) I see I haven't impressed you much.

CHIEF: Frankly, Miss Kenyon ... no. What you've given me is an interesting theory ...

NELLIE: But what you want is solid evidence.

CHIEF: It's the only justification we have for an arrest.

NELLIE: All right. Let's skip Point Number One ... the suit of clothes. Let's go to Point Number Two ... the fact that Morgan was a detective story fan. He read 'em by the bushel.

CHIEF: Doesn't mean a thing ...

NELLIE: Now, look, Chief. Let me finish ...

CHIEF: If I went around putting the pinch on everyone who read detective stories, they'd send me to a booby hatch. Thousands of people read detective stories. Why, I read 'em myself. Here ... take a look in this drawer ...

SOUND: _ _ _ _ DRAWER OPENS

CHIEF: See? Thrilling Racketbusters ... True Terror Tales ...
Ten-Story Homicide Yarns ...

NELLIE: Quite a hobby you have there, Chief. Sort of like a
busman's holiday.

CHIEF: (LAUGHS) Well, you know how it is, Miss Kenyon. I'm no
different than anyone else. I read 'em for relaxation.

NELLIE: Well, read this story for relaxation. Here it is, in
one of Mr. Morgan's magazines ... right here on page
forty-two, of Dazzling Detective Stories!

CHIEF: Hmm. The Case of the Broken Skylight.

NELLIE: Go on, Chief. Read the blurb right under the title ...

CHIEF: (READS) An exciting tale of a bankrobber, who cut his
way through a skylight, handcuffed a bank employee, and
made a clean getaway ... (CUTS) Miss Kenyon, are you
suggesting that Morgan actually pulled this bank job by
following the plot of this story?

NELLIE: What do you think?

CHIEF: (~~AWHILE-LONG-PAUSE~~) Miss Kenyon, I take off my hat to
you.

NELLIE: Thank you, Chief. I appreciate your ... er ... southern
chivalry.

CHIEF: Not chivalry. Respect.

NELLIE: And you're interested?

CHIEF: I'm interested.

NELLIE: All right. Where do we go from here?

CHIEF: Nowhere. Not for awhile, anyway. We'll just wait.

NELLIE: Wait? Wait for what?

CHIEF: To see if your literary lodger writes back for his
clothes.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ HIT AND HOLD UNDER FOR

MRS. HIGGINS: Nellie? This here's Mrs. Higgins speaking. Like to come on over/to my place? I just latched onto a hunk of hot info.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND OUT

SOUND: _ _ _ _ IMPATIENT POUNDING ON DOOR. DOOR OPENS

MRS. HIGGINS: Heavenly days, Nellie Kenyon -- what's biting you?

NELLIE: I got here as fast as I could. What's your news?

MRS. HIGGINS: Come in and close the door.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ DOOR CLOSE

NELLIE: What's your news?

MRS. HIGGINS: Now, just you set a bit and catch your breath. I'll fix you a nice cup of tea.

NELLIE: Mrs. Higgins! What is your news?

MRS. HIGGINS: It came.

NELLIE: What came?

MRS. HIGGINS: The letter from my old lodger, Mr. Morgan.

NELLIE: Oh. (DOWN) Then he is on the level after all.

MRS. HIGGINS: Yep. Looks like the boy is kopasetic.

NELLIE: Well, as long as I'm here, may I see the letter Mrs. Higgins?

MRS. HIGGINS: Sure thing. Got it right here in my apron pocket.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ CRACKLE OF PAPER

MRS. HIGGINS: Here y'are.

NELLIE: Hmmm. (READS) Dear Mrs. Higgins: I'm sorry I had to leave so suddenly. I had urgent business here in Detroit. Meanwhile, I forgot to take some stuff along with me. There's a suit of mine in the closet, and also

(MORE)

NELLIE:
(CONTD)

a couple of keys. Will you send these things to me, General Delivery, Detroit? You can keep all my detective magazines. Thanking you in advance I am... Sincerely, John Morgan. (BEAT) Mrs. Higgins, what's this about keys? What keys does he mean?

MRS HIGGINS:

Why, he must be talking about those keys there... hanging on a string on the side board. Brought 'em downstairs here when I re-rented his room.

NELLIE:

Let me see them...(TINKLE OF KEYS) Yes! They must be! They must be!

MRS HIGGINS:

They must be what? My goodness, Child, why are you so hopped up about a couple of little old keys?

NELLIE:

Mrs. Higgins, where's your phone?

MRS HIGGINS:

Cross the hall in the front parlor. You want to call your mother?

NELLIE:

No, Mrs. Higgins. Not my mother. The Chief of Police!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE)

CLANG
(DOOR OPENS)

NELLIE:

(COMING IN EXCITED) Chief, ~~have you got~~ those handcuffs that bank robber used?

CHIEF:

Sure. Had 'em sent in here right after you called...

(CLANK OF HANDCUFFS ON DESK)

CHIEF:

Here they are. But what's this all about, Miss Kenyon?

NELLIE:

Take a look at these keys, Chief.

(LIGHT CLINK OF KEYS ON DESK)

CHIEF:

Keys? What are they for?

CLERK: Why, yes. We do have a package for you, Mr. Morgan...

(STEPS COMING UP)

CLERK: And now that you've identified yourself...

CHIEF: (COMING IN) You can come along with me, Morgan.

MORGAN: Hey! Wait a minute. Take your hand off my shoulder, Buddy! Who do you think you are?

CHIEF: The chief of police...Chattanooga.

MORGAN: Chief...of...Police?

CHIEF: That's right.

MORGAN: You mean this is...a pinch?

CHIEF: Uh-huh. Just like you read in detective stories, Morgan!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER:)

NARRATOR: And that's your Big Story. And suddenly, around the Chattanooga News, your city editor is calling you Miss Kenyon, instead of just Nellie, and sending you out to do a man's job. There's a reward, and a mention in Walter Winchell's column. But although you've got your Big Story, your Big Moment is yet to come. You're called to New York to receive a prize award as the reporter of the year from a nationally famous detective magazine. The award is presented by a celebrity, a very famous celebrity, at a dinner in your honor. And like any poor, weak woman, you cried when she said:

NELLIE: Thanks for the tip. (UP) Oh, Chief!

CHIEF: (OFF) What?

NELLIE: I'm Nellie Kenyon of the News.

CHIEF: So?

NELLIE: So can you tell me anything about this robbery for my paper?

CHIEF: (BEAT ... BURNING) Miss Fenton ...

NELLIE: Kenyon ...

CHIEF: Miss Kenyon. Sorry. Miss Kenyon, I've already said all I have to say at this moment to the -- uh -- gentlemen of the press. I'm very busy, so if you'll excuse me ...

NELLIE: What'd the bandit look like?

CHIEF: He was masked. Now will you please ...?

NELLIE: How masked?

CHIEF: He wore a woman's stocking around his face. (UP) Mac, this girl's from your paper, isn't she?

MAC: (OFF SLIGHTLY) Yes, Chief.

CHIEF: Well, bring her up to date, will you? I've got other things to do.

NELLIE: Thanks, Chief.

CHIEF: (FADING) Don't mention it.

NELLIE: Well, Mac -- what's the story?

MAC: (LAUGHS)

NELLIE: You mean you're not going to tell me what he told you to tell me? (BEAT) Okay, Mac. (UP) Oh, Chief, Mac Malloy's afraid to give me any information because he thinks I might write a better story about the ...

MAC: (LOW, INSISTENT) All right, all right, all right --
I'll give you the story.

NELLIE: (SWEETLY) You're a dear, kind man, Mr. Malloy and
I'm very fond of you. Does the Chief think this
robbery was done by a professional?

MAC: Yes.

NELLIE: Yes, what?

MAC: Yes, Miss Kenyon.

NELLIE: Mac, are you going to give me details, or am I going
to have to get nasty?

MAC: Since I know how nasty you can get, here's the story.
It sounds like something out of a detective magazine.
The crook came down through the skylight, smeared up
his fingerprints, tied up the girl who was here and
handcuffed her before he made his getaway. The police
haven't been able to unlock the handcuffs yet, although
they've tried every key they've got, so they're going
to saw 'em off. That's all I've got. Satisfied,
Miss Kenyon?

NELLIE: For the moment, Mr. Malloy.

MUSIC: BRIDGE AND UNDER

NARRATOR: The bank offers a thousand dollar reward ... but no
one catches the brass ring. The bandit makes a clean
haul. But for ^{days} ~~weeks~~, after every other reporter quits,
you look around, ask questions, exhaust one lead after
another. The result ... zero. And to add to your tale
of woe, your mother gets sick, and you have to hire a
practical nurse to take care of her. And then one
night you come home, very tired and very discouraged ...

MOTHER: Anything new, Nellie?

NELLIE: (WEARY) No, Mother. Nothing new. As a big-time reporter, I guess I'm an awful bust.

MRS. HIGGINS: (A GOSSIPY TYPE, BUT WARM) Lands sake, child, you shouldn't take it so to heart, now you shouldn't. If you ask me, you look all in. Seems to me you ought to crawl in bed beside your mother, and I ought to nurse the two of you, so it does.

NELLIE: I'm all right, Mrs. Higgins. Just a little tired, that's all.

MOTHER: Nellie, you're running yourself ragged worrying about this bank robber. Don't you think you ought to forget it?

MRS. HIGGINS: Natch. Your mother's giving you the right steer, child.

NELLIE: (DAZED) What?

MRS. HIGGINS: Figure it out, Nellie. This guy cased the joint, jimmed the skylight, picked up the lettuce and took it on the lam.

MOTHER: Mrs. Higgins, what on earth are you talking about?

MRS. HIGGINS: Why, about that bank heist, Mrs. Kenyon, natch. As I see it, the flatfeet haven't got a chance to put this character on ice. He's probably laying low ...

MOTHER: Laying low?

MRS. HIGGINS: Yeah. In a hideout in St. Louis, or maybe Chi. But personally, if I were doing this bank job, I'd have blown the boxes with soup, and tried to snatch the G-notes.

NELLIE: (FIRMLY) Mrs. Higgins!

MRS. HIGGINS: Yes, Nellie?

NELLIE: Where did you learn all this cops-and-robbers lingo?

MRS. HIGGINS: Oh. That. I got it from detective story magazines.

MOTHER: (BREATHLESS) Dear me, dear me, Mrs. Higgins. You sounded just like a gangster's mole.

NELLIE: Not mole, Mother. Moll. But I didn't know you were a detective story fan, Mrs. Higgins.

MRS. HIGGINS: Well, I never used to be, Nellie. But then, I had a roomer at home. A very nice gentleman he was, but he had a couple of screws loose.

NELLIE: Screws loose?

MRS. HIGGINS: Yes. A Mr. Morgan, his name was. Used to stay in his room all day, readin' mystery and detective books ... stacks and stacks of 'em. And he'd go out only at night.

MOTHER: My goodness, I wouldn't trust a man like that.

MRS. HIGGINS: Oh, don't get the wrong idea, Mrs. Kenyon. He was a little screwy, to be sure, but a real fine gentleman. Used to read me one of his mystery books now and then, before he left.

NELLIE: Then he isn't rooming at your house any more?

MRS. HIGGINS: No. He lammed out two weeks ago, Thursday. Never even took all those magazines along ... left them right in the room.

NELLIE: You mean he left suddenly, Mrs. Higgins?

MRS. HIGGINS: Well now, Nellie, as I said he had a couple of screws loose. Take the morning he left. He came into the house in high gear and slammed the door.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MRS. HIGGINS: Morning, Mr. Morgan.

MORGAN: (NERVOUS) Oh. Hello, Mrs. Higgins.

MRS. HIGGINS: I saw you drive your car into the backyard.

MORGAN: (SHARP) What of it?

MRS. HIGGINS: (TAKEN ABACK) Why ... why, nothing, Mr. Morgan. Only you always park it in front of the house.

MORGAN: Oh. Well, I thought I'd leave it in the backyard for a change.

SOUND: ----- STEPS MOVING AWAY, WALKING WITH LIMP

MRS. HIGGINS: (HORRIFIED) Mr. Morgan!

SOUND: ----- STEPS STOP ABRUPTLY

MORGAN: Yes?

MRS. HIGGINS: Good Heavens, what's happened to your foot?

MORGAN: Foot?

MRS. HIGGINS: Yes. It's all bloody. And you're walking with a limp. What happened?

MORGAN: Nothing.

MRS. HIGGINS: But ...

MORGAN: (FLARING) I said nothing, Mrs. Higgins. Just a little scratch. Cut my foot getting out of the car just now. And if you'd try minding your own business ...

MRS. HIGGINS: (WITH DIGNITY) Mr. Morgan!

MORGAN: Oh. I'm sorry, Mrs. Higgins. On edge this morning, I'm afraid. Believe me, I'm sorry.

MRS. HIGGINS: (MOLLIFIED) Oh, that's all right, Mr. Morgan. But maybe you'd better let me bandage that foot for you ...

MORGAN: Yes, yes. Of course, Mrs. Higgins. That's very kind of you. But before you do, would you go down to the corner and buy me the latest copy of the Phantom Clues Mystery Magazine?

MRS. HIGGINS: That foot needs tending to now.

MORGAN: (FIRMLY) You're very kind, Mrs. Higgins, but I'll be in my room when you come back with the magazine.

MUSIC: - - - - ACCENT

NELLIE: Well, Mrs. Higgins? What happened when you came back?

MRS. HIGGINS: That's the screw part of it, Nellie. Mr. Morgan was gone.

NELLIE: Gone?

MRS. HIGGINS: Lammed out. Left nothing but his detective magazines and a suit of clothes.

MOTHER: Good Heavens! What a strange man!

NELLIE: Mrs. Higgins ...

MRS. HIGGINS: Yes, child?

NELLIE: When did you say this man ... this Mr. Morgan left?

MRS. HIGGINS: Why, just two weeks ago this Thursday.

NELLIE: Two weeks ago this Thursday is the day the bank was robbed. That's very interesting.

MRS. HIGGINS: Is it?

NELLIE: Mrs. Higgins ... can we go over to your house?

MRS. HIGGINS: My house? But why?

NELLIE: I'd like to have a look at Mr. Morgan's room!

MUSIC: - - - - BRIDGE

MRS. HIGGINS: I still don't see why you was so set at seeing Mr. Morgan's room here, Nellie.

NELLIE: Just call it a hunch, Mrs. Higgins. A crazy hunch. I suppose this is the suit he left behind?

MRS. HIGGINS: That's it. And these are his magazines. I've got them wrapped nice and neat in case he writes back.

NELLIE: Mrs. Higgins, would you mind if I took this suit and these magazines with me for a few days?

MRS. HIGGINS: (DUBIOUS) Well, I don't know, Nellie. It's not my property. And that's a good suit. I'm sure Mr. Morgan will write back for it when he gets located.

NELLIE: If he does, Mrs. Higgins, I promise to return it to you.

MRS. HIGGINS: You're levelling with me, Sister?

NELLIE: Cross my heart and hope to die!

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You, Nellie Kenyon, are out of your mind. You're crazy, Nellie, crazy, you tell yourself. You, and your women's intuition. But there's that idea nagging you, and it won't let go. This Mr. Morgan is a detective story fan. That bank job reads like a detective story. He leaves suddenly the day the bank was robbed, and his foot was cut. And there was that broken, jagged skylight. Two and two make four ... maybe. And you ... you start to read. You read day and night. You read yourself blind. And your mother says ...

MOTHER: Nellie, for goodness sakes, will you ever stop reading those magazines?

NELLIE: (TIRED) One of these days, Mother.

MOTHER: I don't see what you hope to find.

NELLIE: To tell you the truth, Mother, I'm not sure myself.

MOTHER: How anyone can read that trash ...!

NELLIE: I wouldn't call it trash, Mother. A lot of people read detective stories. Bankers, presidents, college profess ... (CUTS) ... Hey!

MOTHER: What is it, Nellie? ~~What's the matter?~~

NELLIE: I've found it!

MOTHER: You've found what!

NELLIE: My Big Story! Right here on Page Forty-Two ... of
Dazzling Detective Stories!

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's
BIG STORY. But first 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!

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: 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, 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 UNDER

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

NARRATOR: You, Nellie Kenyon of the Chattanooga News, are working on a big bank robbery story, and even your own city editor doesn't know about it. And you've hit upon a fantastic clue. You're sure now that the bank robber is really Mrs. Higgins' literary lodger. You take the evidence you have down to the chief of Police and tell your story, saving your ace for the end ...

NELLIE: First of all, Chief, this man Morgan left this suit of clothes behind.

CHIEF: Hmmm.

NELLIE: You can see the rip on the trousers leg, and the blood-stain. Probably cut it on that broken skylight. And don't forget, he left town suddenly on the morning the bank was robbed.

CHIEF: But that doesn't prove a thing, Miss Kenyon.

NELLIE: Why doesn't it?

CHIEF: This suit of clothes was made for a small man.

NELLIE: Well?

CHIEF: But that bank robber was a big man.

NELLIE: Who says so?

CHIEF: Miss Lawrence. The bank employee the robber handcuffed.

NELLIE: Oh, but look. She was hysterical. She was probably so scared that the man looked like a giant seven feet tall.

CHIEF: Maybe. But that's her story. And she was the only eye-witness.

NELLIE: Look. You'd say this was an expensive suit of clothes, wouldn't you?

CHIEF: It's a good make, yes.

NELLIE: And if it belonged to you, and you left it in a ^{ROOMING HOUSE} hotel, you'd write back for it, wouldn't you?

CHIEF: Yes.

NELLIE: Well, I'm willing to bet that this man Morgan won't write back for this suit of his.

CHIEF: In other words, your theory is that if he doesn't write back for it, he isn't on the level?

NELLIE: Yes.

CHIEF: Well, it could be, but it's pretty thin.

NELLIE: (AFTER PAUSE) I see I haven't impressed you much.

CHIEF: Frankly, Miss Kenyon ... no. What you've given me is an interesting theory ...

NELLIE: But what you want is solid evidence.

CHIEF: It's the only justification we have for an arrest.

NELLIE: All right. Let's skip Point Number One ... the suit of clothes. Let's go to Point Number Two ... the fact that Morgan was a detective story fan. He read 'em by the bushel.

CHIEF: Doesn't mean a thing ...

NELLIE: Now, look, Chief. Let me finish ...

CHIEF: If I went around putting the pinch on everyone who read detective stories, they'd send me to a booby hatch. Thousands of people read detective stories. Why, I read 'em myself. Here ... take a look in this drawer ...

SOUND: DRAWER OPENS

MRS. ROOSEVELT: It is an especial pleasure for me, as a woman, to make this award to a woman. I have a great respect for our women reporters who are doing difficult jobs remarkably well. I am especially interested in Miss Kenyon's success because it goes again to prove a favorite point of mine ... that women are as much interested in detective stories as men ... and given the opportunity can solve a detective case. Congratulations, Miss Kenyon!

(A PAUSE)

NELLIE: (THROUGH TEARS) Thank you ... Mrs. Roosevelt!

BUSINESS: THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE UP AND INTO

MUSIC: CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Nellie Kenyon with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

MUSIC: FANFARE

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: And good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELL'S are good - good - good - and good!

HARRICE: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!

CHAPPELL: Good to look at - good to feel - good to taste - and good to smoke!

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 Nellie Kenyon of the Chattanooga News.

NELLIE: Literary lodger in tonight's Big Story later found to be member of ^{A NOTORIOUS} ~~large~~ running gang. Bank robbing was one of his sidelines. Convicted of Chattanooga robbery, he was given 20-year sentence. After serving three years he was turned over to Alabama authorities, where he was convicted on another robbery charge. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Miss Kenyon. 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 Cleveland News; by-line -- Howard Beaufait. A BIG STORY that began when a reporter walked down the corridor of a State Prison ...

VIOLIN: SNEAK "NIGHT AND DAY"

HARRICE: ... and heard a love song.

VIOLIN: UP

MUSIC: THEME WIPE VIOLIN 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 Mitzi Gould.

(MORE)

CHAPPELL: played the part of Nellie Kenyon. All names in
(CONTD) tonight's story except that of Miss Kenyon 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.

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

1st REVISION

Flyleaf - pages 2,
12, 13 and 25.

Pages 26 & 27 added.

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #35

"THE CASE OF THE UNFINISHED LOVE SONG"

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1947

As Broadcast

CAST

NARRATOR	ROBERT SLOANE
DANDO	JOHN SYLVESTER
HORVAD	FRANCIS DE SALES
LOUISE	EILEEN HECKART
JOAN	LUISE BARCLAY
HOWARD BEAUFAIT	CRAIG McDONNELL
NURSE	EILEEN HECKART
NICK	JOHN SYLVESTER
DETECTIVE	CRAIG McDONNELL
HEAD WAITER	FRANCIS DE SALES

ATK01 0060042

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

SOUND: - - - - FOOTSTEPS RUNNING ON SIDEWALK

DANDO: Hey you! Where do you think you're going?

HORVAD: Get out of my way.

DANDO: Oh, no, you don't. I saw you hold up that store. Give me that gun.

HORVAD: Get out of my way.

DANDO: (STRUGGLING) Give it to me.

HORVAD: Okay. You asked for it. Here.

SOUND: - - - - TWO GUN SHOTS

DANDO: GROANS

SOUND: - - - - RUNNING FOOTSTEPS AND THEN SOUND OF IMPACT

LOUISE: Hey! Why don't you look where you're going?

HORVAD: Get out of my way, sister ... and get out of it fast!

LOUISE: Why, *YIC!*

HORVAD: And remember something for your health. You didn't see nothing. Get it?

MUSIC: - - - - HIT AND GO UNDER FOR

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY! Another in a thrilling series based on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight ... to Howard Beaufait of the Cleveland 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 longer, finer 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! ...

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: 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 of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos
filters the smoke of this longer, finer cigarette -
gives you that smoothness, mildness and satisfaction
that no other cigarette offers you.

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 Unfinished Love Song."

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You are Howard Beaufait ... columnist and roving editor
for the Cleveland News. As such, you have the rare
privilege of covering any story that strikes your
fancy. And, on this warm spring evening, you are
going to jail. You are going to pay a visit to a
murderer, ~~named Nick Verras.~~

MUSIC: OUT

NARRATOR: So, You pass through the prison gate, and walk slowly down
the long prison corridor ...

SOUND: SNEAK FOOTSTEPS

NARRATOR: ... hearing the light echo of your footsteps on the
stone floor. And then ... you hear something else ...

VIOLIN: SNEAK "NIGHT AND DAY"

NARRATOR: ... A violin ... playing a sad, haunting melody ...

SOUND: VIOLIN UP

NARRATOR: ... The music swells ...

VIOLIN: SWELLS

NARRATOR: ... You follow it until you find yourself standing in
front of a prison cell, watching a dark-haired man
coax music from a battered violin. Nick Verras.
Murderer.

BEAUFAIT: Hello, Verras.

VIOLIN: BREAKS OFF IN MID NOTE

BEAUFAIT: Go on playing.

NICK: (HE IS GENTLE, SOFTSPOKEN) No. I just do it to pass the time away. The air here snaps the strings.

BEAUFAIT: Mind if I talk to you?

NICK: Got all the time in the world. Life.

BEAUFAIT: My name's Beaufait. I'm a reporter from the Cleveland News.

NICK: What brings you here to see me, Mr. Beaufait?

BEAUFAIT: I was at your trial, Mick.

NICK: ~~Yes?~~

BEAUFAIT: ~~I'm playing a hunch.~~

NICK: ~~What kind of a hunch?~~

BEAUFAIT: I think it's possible that you're not guilty.

NICK: (WITH A SMILE) Thank you.

BEAUFAIT: (TAKEN ABACK A BIT) Doesn't it interest you to know that someone thinks you didn't do it?

NICK: A lot of people think I didn't do it, Mr. Beaufait. ^{I'VE BEEN IN JAIL TWO YEARS.}
~~But, I'm still in jail.~~

BEAUFAIT: ~~What do you mean a lot of people?~~

NICK: ~~This was my second trial. The first jury was dismissed because they couldn't agree on the verdict. And the second time, they talked about what they called "reasonable doubt."~~

BEAUFAIT: I'd like to work on the case, Mick. ~~I've got a couple of reasonable doubts myself.~~

NICK: It's all yours.

BEAUFAIT: Any leads for me to follow up?

NICK: You ... you might go and see Joanie.

BEAUFAIT: Joanie?

NICK: My wife. Maybe she can help you. Or maybe, you can help her. Not that she needs anything. She got herself a job as chief hostess at the best restaurant in town. The Belle Paris.

BEAUFAIT: All right. I'll look her up.

NICK: Swell. And, Mr. Beaufait ... say hello to her for me, will you?

MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER FOR

HEAD WAITER: (STUFFY) Joan Verras? A hostess here? Oh, no, Monsieur. We don't employ any hostesses at ^{the} Belle Paris Restaurant, Monsieur.

MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER AGAIN

NARRATOR: That, you, Howard Beaufait, say to yourself, is a funny state of affairs. So, you go into conference with a phone and the ~~city~~ ^{city} classified. And after an hour or so, you end up in a dingy restaurant on the shabby side of town.

MUSIC: SEGUE TO STRING TRIO

NARRATOR: An uninspired string trio is sawing away in a corner. You slump down at a table and wait until a pretty waitress heads your way and asks...

JOAN: May I have your order, sir?

BEAUFAIT: Is your name Joan Verras?

JOAN: Why yes, but ...

BEAUFAIT: I'd like to talk to you. Your husband told me to see you. *In a separate room from the Paris.*

JOAN: Nicey!

BEAUFAIT: Yes.

JOAN: But Nicky doesn't know I work here! I told him I had a job at --

BEAUFAIT: I know. He sent me there to find you.

JOAN: He'd be upset if he knew I was working in a place like this.

BEAUFAIT: I won't tell him, Joan.

JOAN: Thanks. It's not that I mind. It's just that Nicky would.

BEAUFAIT: Tell me about him.

JOAN: Why?

~~BEAUFAIT: I'm a reporter and it might help if you told me your side of the story.~~

JOAN: I wouldn't know what to tell you. ~~Everything's happened so quickly.~~

BEAUFAIT: ~~Try to tell me how it started.~~

JOAN: Well, the whole thing really started when Nick was in the hospital recuperating from a pretty serious operation. I went to visit him -- as soon as he was out of danger --

SOUND: _ _ _ _ DOOR CLOSE

JOAN: (SOFTLY) Nick ...

NICK: Hello, Joan ...

JOAN: How are you?

NICK: Wonderful, now that you're here.

JOAN: Oh ... darling ... I've been so worried about you.

NICK: Don't you know only the good die young?

JOAN: You're so thin ...

NICK: I need care and love. I think you'd better make it a full time job.

JOAN: (GAY) What about the hours ... and the pay?

NICK: Incomparable. When will you start?

JOAN: Right now. I ... (BREAKS) Oh, Nicky ... I never realized how much I loved you until --- I nearly didn't have you.

NICK: Darling ...

JOAN: Nicky, I brought you your violin.

SOUND: OPENING OF VIOLIN CASE

JOAN: Here.

NICK: Think I still remember how to use it?

JOAN: (SMILES) Why not try?

MUSIC: RUN ON STRINGS

NICK: What'll I play, Joanie?

JOAN: (SOFTLY) Guess.

VIOLIN: SOFTLY STARTS TO PLAY "NIGHT AND DAY"

JOAN: Of course. Our song, Nicky.

VIOLIN: UP A BIT ... JOAN HUMS THE LAST FEW BARS OF THE MEASURE WITH VIOLIN TILL MUSIC STOPS ... THEN

JOAN: Oh, Nicky, Nicky, I'm so happy. Now that you're well again, nothing can hurt me ever.

NICK: I'm glad, darling.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

NURSE: (FLUSTERED) I beg your pardon ...

NICK: What is it, nurse?

NURSE: There's a man here who insists on -- I mean he just walked up and ... that is ...

DETECTIVE: (BREAKING IN) I'll explain the situation myself.

(4) Nicholas Verras ... You're wanted in Cleveland for murder.

MUSIC: HIT AND SEGUE TO STRING TRIO

JOAN: It happened so quickly, Mr. Beaufait. One minute we were alone ... Nick was playing our song to me ... and the next thing I knew he ... he ...

BEAUFAIT: He was sentenced to life imprisonment for the ^{14 YEAR} murder of a man named Frank Dando who was supposed to have stopped him as he ran out of a grocery store he was supposed to have robbed. Right?

JOAN: Yes ... and Nick wasn't even in Cleveland then.

BEAUFAIT: Were you married to him at that time?

JOAN: No.

BEAUFAIT: Then how do you know he wasn't in Cleveland?

JOAN: He told me he wasn't.

BEAUFAIT: And you just take his word for it?

JOAN: Of course.

BEAUFAIT: You love him that much?

JOAN: I know him that well.

~~BEAUFAIT: Two witnesses said they recognized your husband as the man who killed Frank Dando. They were standing on the corner and they saw him as he ran by.~~

JOAN: ~~How can they remember a face from fourteen years ago?~~

BEAUFAIT: ~~Mmmm. That's the trouble with a case like this.~~

There's only one thing to do. All the evidence is old stuff, buried for ¹⁴ years. We've got to dig it up. Now I'm willing to try. Are you?

JOAN: You mean you'll help me?

BEAUFAIT: I don't know if you'd call it help, exactly. I'm not completely convinced of your husband's innocence but the only way to find out is to look into the facts.

JOAN: (SOFTLY) Thank you for being honest, Mr. Beaufait.
What do we do first?

MUSIC: TRIO GOES INTO "NIGHT AND DAY"

BEAUFAIT: Our first step is the police records. Suppose I meet
you tomorrow morning and we'll start looking?

JOAN: All right. I'll meet you at ... (BREAKS AND HOLDS)

MUSIC: COMBO COMES UP WITH "NIGHT AND DAY" LOUD AND
INSISTENT NOW

BEAUFAIT: What's the matter?

JOAN: Nothing. It's just that ... that's our song ... the
tune the orchestra is playing ... Nicky's and mine.
Every time I hear it I ... (DEEP BREATH) Mr. Beaufait
... Could we start looking tonight?

BEAUFAIT: Tonight? Look, it's almost eleven o'clock.

JOAN: I know but ...

MUSIC: UP A BEAT WITH TUNE

JOAN: Don't you understand?

BEAUFAIT: Yeah ... I understand. Come on ... get your coat.

MUSIC: "NIGHT AND DAY" COMES UP FOR A BEAT AND SWELLS INTO
BRIDGE THEN INTO

SOUND: CHURCH CLOCK SLOWLY TOLLS ~~THREE O'CLOCK~~ ^{SOUND} RUSTLE OF
PAPER

JOAN: (SIGH) Found anything else, Mr. Beaufait?

BEAUFAIT: (WEARILY) Not yet. Same stuff. Two witnesses said
it was Nick Verras ... three said it wasn't, but they
couldn't point a finger at anyone else.

JOAN: That's all I can find. I'll go on checking these papers
here.

SOUND: RUSTLE OF PAPER

BEAUFAIT: Joan ...

JOAN: Yes?

BEAUFAIT: ~~Did you have any dinner?~~

JOAN: ~~No ... I ...~~

SOUND: ~~RUSTLE OF PAPER~~

BEAUFAIT: ~~Or any lunch ...~~

JOAN: I forgot?

BEAUFAIT: ~~Or any breakfast?~~

JOAN: I ... Mr. Beaufait!

BEAUFAIT: ~~Mmmm?~~

~~JOAN: Mr. Beaufait.~~

BEAUFAIT: ~~What is it?~~

JOAN: I ... I ... Maybe I'm just seeing what I want to see.

BEAUFAIT: What is it?

JOAN: "Police Report of Frank Dando Killing, 1924. Testimony of Louise Relick."

BEAUFAIT: I don't remember that name from the trial.

JOAN: She wasn't called at the trial! But ... the testimony of this girl is that she was waiting for a street car when a man with a gun ran out of the grocery store that was just robbed and she saw his face clearly.

BEAUFAIT: Give me that paper. (READING) The gunman was identified as James Horvad, notorious gangster from the "Flats" area of Cleveland.

JOAN: (BREAKS) It wasn't Nicky ... she said it wasn't Nicky ... (BREAK)

BEAUFAIT: Go on home, Joan. I'll call you in the morning.

JOAN: What are you going to do?

BEAUFAIT: A little investigating on my own. I'd like to check this report and find out why that girl was never called to testify.

MUSIC: _____ BRIDGE

SOUND: _____ DOOR*OPEN.

BEAUFAIT: Hello, ~~Joan,~~

JOAN: Come in.

SOUND: _____ DOOR_CLOSE

JOAN: I've been waiting ~~...~~ all morning.

BEAUFAIT: ~~I've been down at Police Headquarters.~~ The girl, Louise Relick, was taken before the Grand Jury in 1924 but refused to talk any further.

JOAN: Why ~~not?~~

BEAUFAIT: She lived in the Flats area where Horvad was boss and she was evidently afraid of him and his gang. The deposition was no-billed.

JOAN: What does that mean?

BEAUFAIT: Dropped ... buried ... dead ... finished.

JOAN: Oh! What about Horvad? Where is he now?

BEAUFAIT: ~~Hold on to your hat.~~ Right now he happens to be locked up for murder in the Ohio Penitentiary.

JOAN: The Ohio prison!

BEAUFAIT: Yup. And in the same cell block with Nicholas Verras. You know, Joan, I think I ought to pay another visit to that cell block. ~~I think it might turn out to be very interesting.~~

MUSIC: _____ CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's BIG STORY. But first, 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!" - the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package - PELL MELL!

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: 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 of traditionally fine, mellow tobacco filters the smoke of this longer, finer cigarette - gives you that smoothness, mildness and satisfaction that no other cigarette offers you.

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!

NICK: (SLOWLY) She told me she got a job as hostess. I thought it was an easy job and it would make things nicer for her. I didn't know she'd have to sling food in a one-armed joint. (SORE) So that's the way they do it. ^{SUCK} Pile a guy away in a cell with a number pinned on his back and forget him. And then his wife ... ~~she's just something that gets dragged in along with the seum~~ ... something that just keeps living ... something that doesn't matter. Well, it matters to me. (BUILDING) It matters to me more than anything in the world and they can't do it. If I could break out of this place, I'd murder every one of them with my bare hands ... I'd really murder this time! (BREAKS AND SOBS) Oh, Joanie ... Joanie.

BEAUFAIT: Take it easy, Nick.

NICK: I'm sorry. But ... my wife ...

BEAUFAIT: I know. But she helped me dig up some news for you. We found the testimony of a girl who was standing on a street corner when the killer ran by in 1924. She identified him as James Horvad.

NICK: Why didn't the girl testify in court?

BEAUFAIT: She refused to appear. The record was just forgotten.

NICK: Horvad must have been the one, then. Can't anybody get him to admit it?

BEAUFAIT: I don't know.

NICK: Do you think he's the killer?

BEAUFAIT: I don't know, Nick.

NICK: Maybe they had a hunch about that girl when they offered me that deal.

BEAUFAIT: What deal?

NICK: They told me they'd accept a plea of guilty to a manslaughter charge.

BEAUFAIT: (EXCITED) What!

NICK: Sure. That way, they said, I could serve eight months and get paroled.

BEAUFAIT: (EXCITED) Why didn't you tell me this in the first place?

NICK: I figured it was all water over the dam.

BEAUFAIT: Look, Nick, I'll be frank with you. I've been following up this case because it's good human interest stuff. Up to now, I wasn't convinced that you were innocent, although I had a hunch you might be. But passing up a chance to get off with an eight months' sentence ... that rings the bell with me.
(PAUSE) I'm going to talk to Horvad.

NICK: Thanks, Mr. Beaufait. (BEAT) And look. When you see Joanie, don't tell her I know about her being a waitress in that place. You know how it is. I wouldn't want to upset her.

MUSIC: _____ BRIDGE

SOUND: _____ CLANG OF PRISON CELL DOOR BANGING SHUT

BEAUFAIT: Horvad?

HORVAD: Who're you?

BEAUFAIT: Howard Beaufait. Cleveland News.

HORVAD: I got no news for you, pencil happy.

BEAUFAIT: I just want to talk.

HORVAD: I got no talk for you either.

BEAUFAIT: I've just been visiting a prisonmate of yours, Horvad.

HORVAD: Whatcha trying to do, sell magazines?

BEAUFAIT: We talked.

HORVAD: So?

BEAUFAIT: We talked about a murder. The murder of Frank Dando back in 1924.

HORVAD: I ain't interested in ancient history.

BEAUFAIT: Horvad. You know and I know that you committed that crime, not Nick Verras. Why don't you do a decent thing for once in your life and clear him?

HORVAD: When I want to hire a halo I'll let you know.

BEAUFAIT: Horvad ... look ...

HORVAD: Don't "Horvad ... look" me, reporter.

~~BEAUFAIT: I'm trying to help a guy who doesn't know what to do or where to go.~~

~~HORVAD: I can tell him where to go. And I wouldn't mind if you went along with him ... reporter. Now get out. And stay out. I'm particular about what clutters up my cell floor.~~

MUSIC: BRIDGE

JOAN: Any luck, Mr. Beaufait?

BEAUFAIT: Not with Horvad.

JOAN: I see.

BEAUFAIT: Look, Joan. Maybe Horvad isn't the only cog in this machine. Maybe we could try and pin down that girl witness. Maybe.

JOAN: Why, that shouldn't be too hard.

BEAUFAIT: Oh, no. After all, we know that her name is Louise Relick ... or used to be ... and that she lives in Cleveland ... or used to live here ... and that she was waiting for a trolley car on a street corner in 1924. So ... all we have to do is find her in a city of a million and a quarter people ... if she's still in Cleveland.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ BRIDGE FOR MONTAGE UP AND HOLD FOR

BEAUFAIT: (BRISKLY) I'm looking for a girl called Louise Relick. Can you tell me where I can find her?

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND UNDER ANIMATEDLY

JOAN: (EAGERLY) I'm trying to locate a woman named Louise Relick who probably lived in this neighborhood. Have you any idea where she might be living now?

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND UNDER IN SAME BRISK TEMPO

BEAUFAIT: (NOT QUITE SO ENERGETICALLY) ^{I HEARD} ~~The man down the street~~ said she might be living in this section of town.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP A LITTLE SLOWER AND UNDER

JOAN: (TOUCH OF WEARINESS) I thought maybe the superintendent might have a list of tenants back as far as 1924.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP REFLECTING THE GROWING WEARINESS AND UNDER

BEAUFAIT: (TIRED NOW) The name's Louise Relick. I hear she used to live in this neighborhood.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP WEARILY AND UNDER

JOAN: (DISCOURAGED) She moved two years ago? I see. Thank you.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND UNDER TIREDLY

BEAUFAIT: No forwarding address? Thanks anyhow.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND UNDER REFLECTING EXHAUSTION

JOAN: Never mind, then. Thank you.

(MUSIC: UP AND SEGUE INTO JUMP TUNE (CIRCA 1938))

(RESTAURANT B.G. CLINK OF DISHES ... AD LIBS

JOAN: IF ONLY I COULD TURN OFF THAT JUKE BOX.
BEAUFAIT: Drink your coffee, Joan. It'll make you feel better.

JOAN: I'm sorry to be such a baby, but it's just that I'm so tired ... (SHE BREAKS) Do you ... do you have a handkerchief? I guess I left mine home.

BEAUFAIT: (WITH A SMILE) Here.

JOAN: Thank you. (SHE SNIFFLES)

BEAUFAIT: That's better.

(MUSIC: JUKE BOX OUT)

JOAN: You didn't find out anything about the Relick woman, did you, Mr. Beaufait?

BUSINESS: (PAUSE WHILE B.G. COMES UP ... THEN)

BEAUFAIT: Nope. Do you want to keep on plugging?

(MUSIC: START "NIGHT AND DAY" ON JUKE BOX)

JOAN: (DISCOURAGED) I don't know. I hate to give up but it seems like such a hopeless thing to keep on tramping the streets, knocking on doors, asking questions and not getting answers. I don't see how ... (BREAKS AND HOLDS)

(MUSIC: JUKE BOX UP FULL AND CLEAR WITH "NIGHT AND DAY")

JOAN: (AFTER A PAUSE) Mr. Beaufait. Is this the only way we can clear Nick?

BEAUFIT: I'm afraid so.

JOAN: (BEAT) All right, then. Let's go knock on some more doors.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: SET OF FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK ... FOG HORN IN B.G.

JOAN: According to the address that woman gave me, it should be this house here.

BEAUFIT: Look, Joan ... it's late and ...

JOAN: Let's try this house. It's the first definite address we've been able to find.

BEAUFIT: All right.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS FOR A BIT. THEN KNOCK ON DOOR ... DOOR OPENS

LOUISE: (BREEZY DAME ... TO BEAUFIT) Well, hell-o. (TO JOAN) Hello.

BEAUFIT: Are you Louise Relick?

LOUISE: Have been for some time, honey.

JOAN: We've been looking all over for you!

LOUISE: Very flattering. What for?

BEAUFIT: May we come in?

LOUISE: Sure.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

BEAUFIT: Miss Relick ...

LOUISE: Call me Weezie, honey.

BEAUFIT: Uh ... this is Mrs. ^{Relick} Verras ... ~~Nicks Verras's wife, and~~ my ...

LOUISE: (INTERRUPTS FREEZINGLY) I think you got the wrong apartment.

BEAUFIT: I don't think we do.

LOUISE: The door's behind you.

BEAUFAIT: Look, sister, Nick Verras is in jail for a murder he didn't commit. I know he didn't commit it, and what's more important, you can prove he didn't.

LOUISE: Never heard of him.

BEAUFAIT: Perhaps you've heard of a man named James Horvad?

LOUISE: Nope.

JOAN: Please, Miss Relick. You're the only chance I've got to free my husband.

LOUISE: Look, you two. Get out of here, and get out fast.

JOAN: Why? Why? Can't you see we've got to get the truth from you ... that you're the only one who can help us?

BEAUFAIT: She's afraid to tell us what she knows, Joan.

LOUISE: Afraid? Sure I'm afraid.

BEAUFAIT: But you do know something if you wanted to talk.

LOUISE: (TRAPPED) Get out of here!

BEAUFAIT: (POUNDING) Are you afraid of James Horvad?

LOUISE: I don't know what you mean!

BEAUFAIT: Are you afraid of James Horvad because he's the man you saw shoot Frank Dando back in 1924?

LOUISE: I don't know what you mean.

BEAUFAIT: (FAST) Are you afraid he and his gang will get you if you talk?

LOUISE: I don't know what ...

BEAUFAIT: (FASTER) Are you afraid that if you exonerate Nick Verras, Horvad and his boys will be laying for you? Is that what you're afraid of, Miss Relick? Is it?

LOUISE: (BREAKING) Yes. Yes. Yes!

BUSINESS: - - - PAUSE ... THEN

BEAUFAIT: James Horvad is in jail for another murder. He can't hurt you.

LOUISE: But he's not the only one. His gang'll get me if I talk.

BEAUFAIT: No one will ever know you talked except the parole board.

LOUISE: But they'll see my name in the newspapers, won't they?

BEAUFAIT: Your name won't be printed.

LOUISE: (LONG HOLD) Okay. I'll meet you at the parole board office in the morning.

MUSIC: BRIDGE AND UNDER FOR

NARRATOR: You spend the long hours of the night drinking black coffee and wondering if that frightened promise will hold. It does. The next morning, Louise Relick tells the parole board that the man she saw running from the scene of the robbery and murder was James Horvad. Then, one day, a little later, you pull your car up to a stop in front of the State Penitentiary.

SOUND: CAR SLOWING

BEAUFAIT: Now, Nick will come out of that door over there, Joan.

SOUND: KILL MOTOR

JOAN: At eleven o'clock?

BEAUFAIT: At eleven.

JOAN: What time is it now?

BEAUFAIT: (LAUGHING) For the tenth time in the last five minutes, it is now ... three minutes of eleven.

JOAN: Three minutes. In just three minutes, Nick will walk out of that door. (EAGERLY) Do I look all right?

BEAUFAIT: You look wonderful.

JOAN: Do we have to wait in the car? Couldn't we, well ...

BEAUFAIT: (GOOD HUMOREDLY) Come on. You'll wear me out. We'll walk over that way.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ CAR DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE UNDER

JOAN: Isn't it a perfectly wonderful day?

SOUND: _ _ _ _ FOOTSTEPS ON CONCRETE BEGIN UNDER

JOAN: I don't think the sky has ever been so blue, or the sun so bright, or anything so wonderful in all the world.

BEAUFAIT: I wonder why?

JOAN: What time is it now?

BEAUFAIT: Forty-five seconds to eleven. Precisely.

JOAN: Forty-five seconds ... why that's no time at all! Are my stocking seams straight?

BEAUFAIT: Absolutely.

JOAN: And I've got a clean handkerchief, too. Nicky gets so ...

SOUND: _ _ _ _ DOOR OPEN OFF

JOAN: ... mad at me when I forget my hanky but this time I put one in my ... (HOLD)

SOUND: _ _ _ _ FOOTSTEPS STOP ABRUPTLY. THEN WE HEAR ANOTHER SINGLE SET OF FOOTSTEPS COMING CLOSER AND CLOSER AND A MAN'S WHISTLING OF "NIGHT AND DAY" ALSO COMING CLOSER. SLOW AND DELIBERATE FOR AS LONG AS WE CAN STAND IT. THEN)

BUSINESS: _ _ _ _ SILENCE

JOAN: (SOFTLY) Nicky ...

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ SNEAK "NIGHT AND DAY" IN B.G.

NICK: (HUSKILY) Come on, honey. I'll take you home.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP MISTILY IN "NIGHT AND DAY" THEME AND UNDER FOR

NARRATOR: You, Howard Beaufait, had the rare privilege among newspapermen of being able to pick your own assignments. And this time, you really picked one. You helped two good people find each other again ... and you got your Big Story. And you'd been around the pencil game long enough to know which was the thing that really counted.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP TRIUMPHANTLY TO CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from Howard Beaufait, with the exciting details of tonight's BIG STORY.

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: And good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELL'S are good to look at - good to feel -
good to taste - and good to smoke!

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 longer, finer cigarette
in the distinguished red package. PELL MELL FAMOUS
CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ORCHESTRA: TAG

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Howard Beaufait of the Cleveland News.

BEAUFAIT: Following his release from Ohio State Penitentiary, innocent musician in tonight's BIG STORY accepted engagement with well-known orchestre and, with his wife, left Cleveland. No one else ever came to trial for fourteen year old murder. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Beaufait. 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 Washington Evening Star; By-line -- Jack Allen. A BIG STORY about a newspaper reporter and a prize fighter -- who didn't like newspaper reporters.

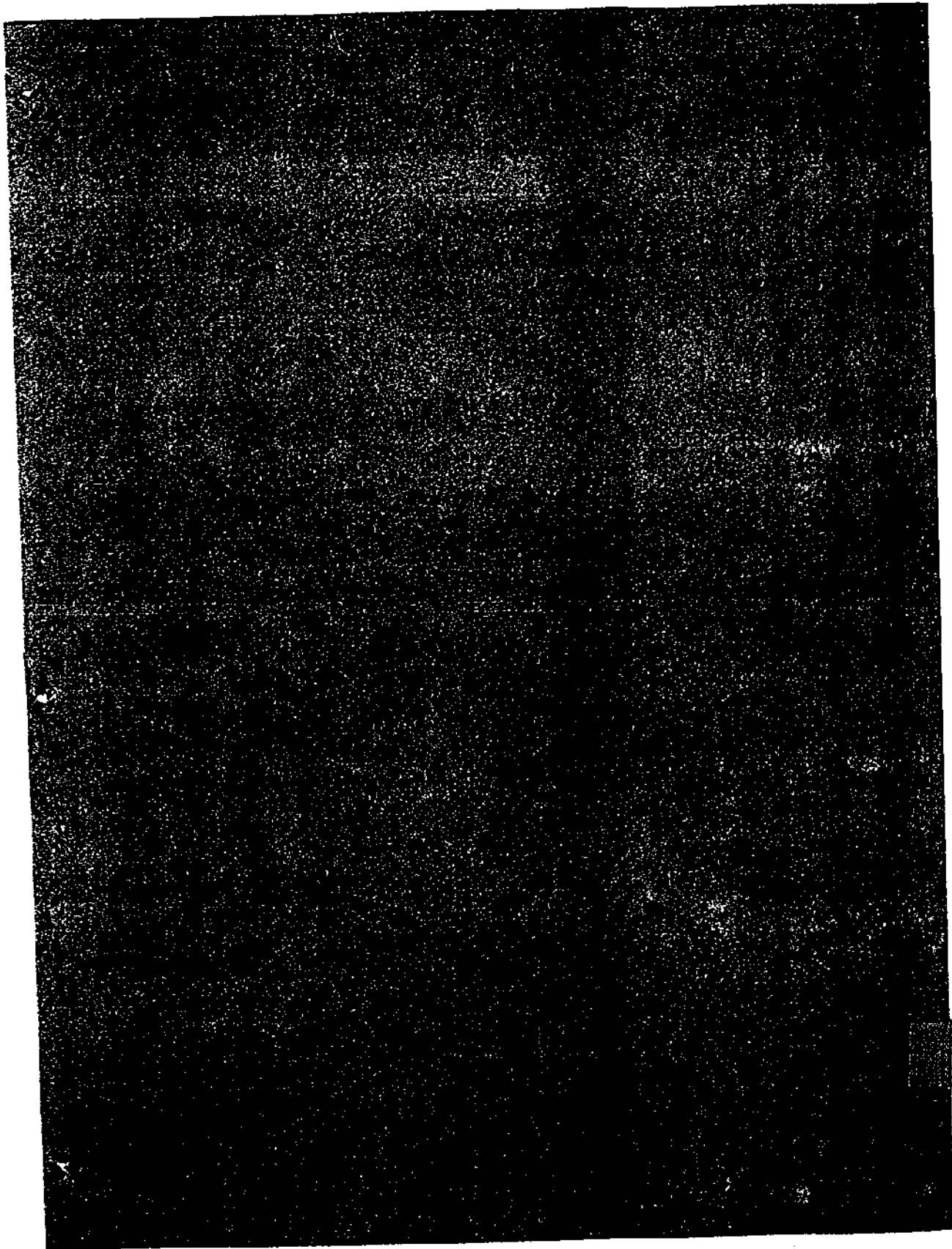
MUSIC: THEME HIT AND FADE TO B.G. ON CUE

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 Gail Ingram. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Craig McDonnell played the part of Howard Beaufait. All names in tonight's story except that of Mr. Beaufait 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. During the United Church Canvass, November 16 to December 7, reaffirm your allegiance to the faith that is the foundation of true happiness. Worship regularly -- give to your church or synagogue liberally.

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



ATX01 0060068

1st REVISION

THE BIG STORY

Cast page - Pages 2,
17 & 24.
Pages 26 and 27 added.

PROGRAM #36

"THE CASE OF THE CARDBOARD KILLER"

As Broadcast

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1947

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
REFEREE	JOE BOLAND
JACK ALLEN	FRANCIS DE SALES
HANK	BARRY KELLEY
KID WHALEY	JAMES McCALLION
FATHER	JOE BOLAND
SAM	TONY BURGER
MICKEY	FRANCIS DE SALES
BILL	BARRY KELLEY
MOTORIST	JAMES McCALLION
FARMER	TONY BURGER

ATK01 0060069

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

SOUND: CROWD UP. A BIG CROWD ... CLANGING OF RINGSIDE BELL...
AGAIN AND AGAIN ... CROWD NOISE DIES.

REFEREE: (PROJECTS) Ladies and gentlemen ... the winnah and new
heavyweight champion of the world ... the sensational
Washington killer ... Kid Whaley!

SOUND: CROWD ROAR UP

SAM: (HIS VOICE BEGINS FARAWAY IN THE CROWD, HAS AN UNREAL
QUALITY, AS IF COMING OUT OF A DREAM. AS IT COMES UP,
THE CROWD FADES DOWN) ~~Kid! Come on, Kid! Wake up!~~
~~Snap out of it, will ya?~~ (NOW CLEAR) Come on, Kid!
Kid Whaley! Wake up!

KID: (DAZED, SICK) Oh ... it's you, Sam.

SAM: Yeah. Remember me? I'm your manager.

KID: Where am I?

SAM: Where do you think you are, you punk? In your dressing
room!

KID: Dressing room?

SAM: Yeah. And you just got knocked cold again, you
stumble-bum!

MUSIC: TAKE IT AWAY AND INTO

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY ... another in a thrilling series based
on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight,
to Jack Allen of the Washington Evening Star, 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 longer, finer 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! ...

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: 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 of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos
filters the smoke of this longer, finer cigarette -
gives you that smoothness, mildness and satisfaction
no other cigarette offers you.

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 Cardboard Killer."

MUSIC:

NARRATOR:

UP AND UNDER,

You are Jack Allen, a reporter for the Washington Evening Star. You cover the "State Beat", which means two counties adjoining the District of Columbia, in Maryland and Virginia. Not very exciting, in fact, a little dull. But then one afternoon, you're approached by the Star Sports Reporter, Hank Maury ...

HANK: Jack, ~~old friend~~, old boy, old pal ... *HOW ARE YOU?*

JACK: How much, Hank?

HANK: How much what?

JACK: How much money do you need?

HANK: Who said anything about money?

JACK: Oh. With that old ^{FAN} ~~friend~~, old boy approach, I thought sure this was a touch.

HANK: Not a touch, Hank. Just a favor.

JACK: Such as what?

HANK: Such as covering the fights for me at the arena Thursday night. I've got to be in Baltimore.

JACK: Be glad to take over, Hank. Who's fighting the main event?

HANK: Well, Kid Whaley, for one.

JACK: That stumble-bum? Why, he can't fight his way out of a first edition.

HANK: Yeah. I know he's strictly a doughnuts and coffee pug. But he still figures to beat the boy they're putting in against him.

JACK: Who's that?

KID: Yeah, yeah, I know. But if I was the step father of the coming heavy weight champ, I'd read the sports page.

FATHER: I did, son.

KID: Did you see how the papers are full of my fight with Mickey Martin tomorrow night?

FATHER: Yes, I saw.

KID: What are you saying it like that for?

FATHER: Because of what they said, son. "Kid Whaley the horizontal wonder ... Kid Whaley the Stumblebum ... Kid Whaley the ..."

KID: Awright, awright, that'll do. I know what them reporters think of me but I'm gonna show 'em -- I'm gonna show 'em tomorrow night. (A BEAT) Here, Paw, this is for you, a ring-side ticket for the scrap, compliments of your little boy, Kid Whaley.

FATHER: I can't go, son.

KID: Why not? You'll have plenty of time to get in after you finish the milkin'.

FATHER: It's not that boy, and you know it. ~~Son, will you listen to me. Will you listen to me, please?~~

KID: ~~You gonna start preaching again?~~

FATHER: ~~I'm gonna try once more, yes. You're not a good fighter. You're all the time gettin' licked. You come home with your face all puffed out and bloody. ... people say things about you. They call you stumblebum. If you were good ... if you ever won a fight ... I'd be all for you. I'd go and watch you and I'd cheer for you and I'd hope someday you'd be the champ. But~~

(MORE)

FATHER:
(CONTD)

the way it is ... Son, when are you gonna stop trying to do something you can't do? When are you gonna settle down and help me on the farm?

KID:

The farm? (LAUGH) Are you kiddin'? ~~You think I want to hang around the rest of my life husking corn? Oh, no, not me. I don't care what the papers call me. I don't care what you say.~~ I'm gonna be the heavy weight champ some day, see? ~~A big shot,~~ not a little dirt farmer grubbing in the ground.

FATHER:

(UP A BIT) There's nothing the matter with farming. This farm supported you, son. I supported you.

KID:

That's right, rub it in. Just because I'm trying to get a start.

FATHER:

I'm not rubbing it in. It's just that fighting isn't the way for you to live. It isn't ...

KID:

Aaah, get off your soap box, will you?

FATHER:

(QUIETLY) ~~I'm only your step-father, son, but I've tried to look on you as my own flesh and blood. I've tried to bring you up as my own boy and when you get hurt, it hurt. When I think of you there in the ring, getting yourself all cut up and hurt bad, I...~~

KID:

~~Shut up, will you? If anybody gets cut up tomorrow night, it ain't gonna be me. It's gonna be the other guy.~~

FATHER:

~~Son, listen...~~

KID:

(CARRIED AWAY) Why, I'll murder that tramp, Mickey Martin, I'll beat his brains out. And when I finish, I'm gonna knock him right into the lap of those sports

(MORE)

KID:
(CONTD) writers in the front row. I'll show them who's a bum. I'll show them that I've got the killer instinct. Why, when I finish with this punk, Martin, they'll be calling me Killer Whaley see? Not kid, but Killer.

FATHER: (AFTER PAUSE) Son, listen to me. It still isn't too late to give up fighting and come back to the farm. Fighting don't even give you the money to live on.

KID: Oh, dry up, will you? ~~But~~ Speaking of money, ^{TID} Paw ... how about letting me have fifty bucks till after the fight?

FATHER: Fifty dollars?

KID: Sure, it ain't gonna hurt you. I know you got a couple of grand stashed away. All I need is fifty bucks for a new bathrobe.

FATHER: A new bathrobe?

KID: Yeah. When I step into the ring tomorrow night I want to look like a champ. I want to buy a silk bathrobe ... a red one ... with big green letters on the back ... ^{NOT KID, BUT KILLER} KILLER WHALEY. I look like a tramp in the one I got now. (A BEAT) How about it, Paw?

FATHER: I'm sorry, son.

KID: You mean you won't give me the dough.

FATHER: I've saved that money for the farm. It's for the farm equipment, new stock, all the things we need.

KID: So, you won't come across, eh?

FATHER: (PLEADING) I can't. Don't you see, boy? I can't. Without that money, the farm will be worthless and without the farm, we'd have no place to live.

KID: (FLARING) Alright, alright, you old skinflint. Keep your dirty dough. Why, if you wasn't my stepfather, I'd take it away from you and stuff it right down your throat.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: A VICIOUS PUNCH AT PUNCHING BAG. ^{FLOOR} THEN ANOTHER

SAM: (COMING IN) Hey! Hey, kid! Take it easy with that punching bag.

KID: (PUFFING) Don't get in an uproar, Sam. Just warmin' up a little. (GRUNT)

SOUND: WHACK AT PUNCHING BAG AGAIN

SAM: Sure. But you're fightin' Mickey Martin tonight and...

KID: Relax, Sam. You're my manager, not my old lady. I'm just playin' a little game, see? Every time I look at this here punching bag I make out it's the face of one of those wiseguy sports reporters ... (GRUNT)

SOUND: WHACK OF BAG

KID: See? That's a punch in the face for Hank Maury of the Evening Star. He's always callin' me a bum ... (GRUNT)

SOUND: WHACK OF BAG

KID: An' ~~this is~~ ^{THAT WAS} for Frank Loomis, the reporter who said I oughta be drivin' a truck. (GRUNT)

SOUND: WHACK OF BAG

KID: An' ~~this is~~ ^{THAT WAS} a bloody nose for that columnist Al Maloney.

SAM: That's enough, kid, that's enough. You're all sweated

SOUND: DOOR OPENS
KID: up. Okay, Sam. I'll take a rubdown and then ...

SOUND: DOOR OPENS STEPS

BILL: Hello, boys.

SAM: Well, if it ain't Big Bill Kane!

BILL: Hello, Sam ... Hiyah, kid? (A BEAT) Hmm. You look in good shape.

KID: Yeah. I am in good shape. You know what I'm goin' to do to your boy tonight, Bill, you know what I'm gonna do?

BILL: What, Kid?

KID: I'm gonna kayo him in four rounds.

BILL: (GENTLY) I wouldn't do that if I was you, Kid.

KID: Whatdya mean?

BILL: I wouldn't try too hard if I was you.

SAM: Wait a minute, Bill. What is this?

BILL: Shut up, Sam. I'm talkin' to the Kid now ...

SAM: But I'm his manager ...

BILL: (HARSH) I said shut up!

SAM: (FRIGHTENED) Okay, okay.

BILL: (SILKY AGAIN) That's a good boy, Sam. Now, Kid, about you fightin' my boy tonight.

KID: Yeah?

BILL: Like I said ... I wouldn't try too hard if I was you. I wouldn't even try to win, if I was you.

KID: Wait a minute, Bill. Why should I ... ?

BILL: Because I say so, Kid.

KID: Yeah. But ...

BILL: But nothing, Kid. You see, I got a thousand bucks down on my boy to win. I wouldn't want anything to happen to that grand. Because if it does ... something's going to happen to you.

KID: (BLUSTERS) Wait a minute, Bill. You can't bluff me!

NARRATOR: You, Jack Allen of the Washington Star, are sitting in a ringside seat. You see two doctors working over the beaten fighter and their faces are worried. You see the victor, Kid Whaley laughing as he swaggers out of the ring. Later, you follow Kid Whaley into his dressing room, and although you don't know it at the time - this is, in a way, the beginning of your Big Story.

KID: Which paper are you from Reporter?

JACK: Washington Star. My name's Jack Allen.

KID: Okay, Jack. What've you gotta say now, huh? Did ya see me cut him up? Who said I didn't have the killer instinct?

JACK: You beat him all right, Kid.

KID: Kid? I ain't Kid Whaley any more, see? I'm Killer Whaley! Put that in your paper. Killer Whaley! You know what the ref said when he stopped the fight, Reporter? You know what he said?

JACK: What?

KID: He said one more punch and I'd have killed Martin.

JACK: Maybe you did.

KID: What do you mean?

ACK: I talked to one of the doctors, before they took Mickey Martin to the hospital. (A BEAT) He may die.

Yeah? (CROWS) Well, what d'ya know, what d'ya know?

To the bum may die, huh?

Doesn't that bother you, Kid?

(S) No. Why should it? ~~Everybody~~

is FOREVER.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE. STEPS ECHO UP CORRIDOR.

BILL: (SOFTLY) Hello, Kid.

SOUND: STEPS STOP ABRUPTLY

KID: Bill!

BILL: That's right. Big Bill Kane. I've been waiting for you to come out of your dressing room, Kid. Me and you have got a little business to attend to.

KID: (SUDDENLY PANICKY) Listen, Bill ... I ... I lost my head. I went ... well, I went nuts, I guess.

BILL: (SOFTLY) You shouldn't have done it, Kid. You shouldn't have been so rough with my boy.

KID: Bill, you gotta understand. I just went haywire. Mickey was such an easy touch ... and I wanted to show them reporters I was a killer.

BILL: I'm a killer, too, Kid. Only ... a different kind of killer. (A BEAT) See what I mean, pal?

KID: Look. Gimme a break! Gimme a

BI I'll give you twenty-four hours to raise

thousand bucks I lost on the fight, Kid. *I DON'T WANT*

SEE MONEY ON MY INVESTMENTS.

ask return on my investments.

(DESPERATELY) Twenty-four hours? But where am I gonna get that kind of scratch? I only got two hundred bucks for my share of the purse.

Twenty-four hours, Kid. If you don't have the grand on the line by that time, my boys'll fit you out in a pair of concrete shoes and drop you in the Potomac.

See how? KID.

JACK:
KID:
(QUIETLY,
Bother me?
TAU
draw! Muffin! Muffin!

THE BIG STORY #36

- 14 -

12-3-47

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's BIG
STORY. But first, a word from Cy Harrice.

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

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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!" - the longer, finer cigarette
in the distinguished red package - PELL MELL!

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: 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 of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos
filters the smoke of this longer, finer cigarette -
gives you that smoothness, mildness and satisfaction
that no other cigarette offers you.

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, Bob Sloane, and tonight's BIG STORY.

NARRATOR: You, Jack Allen of the Washington Evening Star, turn in your story on the fight and go back to your regular news beat. But that fight seems to have changed your luck. You're driving your car along a country road about thirty-five miles outside of Washington, when suddenly an excited motorist steps from behind his parked car and flags you to a stop.

SOUND: IDLING MOTOR

JACK: What's the matter, bud? Out of gas?

MOTORIST: (COMING IN) No. No, I stopped you because ... well, somebody's got to do something?

JACK: About what?

MOTORIST: There's a dead body in the brush beside the road.

JACK: A dead body?

MOTORIST: Yes. Yes. And it's ... well, it made me sick to look at it. The face ... it's all bloody ... beaten in. I ...

SOUND: IDLING MOTOR CUT OFF

JACK: Let's have a look ...

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS ... STEPS ON ROAD UNDER

JACK: How'd you stumble on this corpse?

MOTORIST: (NERVOUSLY) Well, sir, I was headin' for Dawsonville, when I got motor trouble. Stopped my car ... and then I saw ... (CUTS) ... Oh. Here's the body.

SOUND: STEPS STOP

JACK: HMMMMMM.

MOTORIST: (SHUDDER) Sure isn't pretty, is it?

JACK: No. Face is battered in so no one could recognize it. Series of heavy blows, looks like. And what's this?

MOTORIST: What's what?

JACK: These rags underneath the body.

MOTORIST: Looks kind of like ... burlap.

JACK: It is burlap. And bloodstained, too. Probably means the body was carried here on some burlap bags.

MOTORIST: (NERVOUSLY) Look, Mister. What are we going to do? I ... what are we going to do?

JACK: Pull yourself together. My name's Allen. I'm a reporter.

MOTORIST: A reporter?

JACK: That's right. Evening Star. Mister, I think you'd better stay here while I drive on to Dickerson and notify the police!

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

SOUND: CAR IN FAST MOTION ... SUDDEN SCREECH OF BRAKES ... MOTOR OUT. CAK

JACK: What happened here, Mister?

FARMER: Some crazy, no-good skunk drove his car right through my pasture fence!

SOUND: ~~CAR DOOR OPEN~~ ... STEPS UNDER

JACK: Blowouts on both back tires, too. Whose car is it?

FARMER: I don't know. But I'd sure like to know. I'd ring his neck like he was a buzzard! Took me a week to put up that there fence and now ...

JACK: Mind if I have a look inside the car?

FARMER: Go ahead. It ain't my car. All I can say is they ought to do something about these here crazy drivers.

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS

FARMER: Why, just the other day a drunken galoot ran a calf of mine down and ...

JACK: Wait a minute!

FARMER: What's the matter, Mister?

JACK: There are some burlap bags in this car.

FARMER: What of it?

JACK: These burlap bags are bloody.

FARMER: Don't see nothin' to get excited about.

JACK: You don't, eh?

FARMER: Nope. Could have been some fresh-killed chickens this feller was bringin' to market.

JACK: I'd say he was carrying a fresh-killed pigeon.

FARMER: A pigeon?

JACK: A dead pigeon. Only this little pigeon didn't go to market. He just went for a ride.

FARMER: Young feller, I don't rightly understand all this talk. Don't make sense to me a-tall.

JACK: It's beginning to make sense to me. Where's the nearest phone?

FARMER: Why, I've got one up to the house.

JACK: Okay. Let's go!

FARMER: You goin' to call the police?

JACK: Later. First, I'm going to check the license on this car, and see the guy who owns it.

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR. PAUSE. DOOR OPENS

JACK: Hello. I'm looking for a car owner named George ...

(CUTS)

BUSINESS: --- A LONG PAUSE

KID: (HOSTILE) What do you want, Reporter?

JACK: Killer Whaley. What are you doing here?

KID: I live here. What do you want?

JACK: I'm looking for a man named George Willard.

KID: (A BEAT) George Willard?

JACK: That's right.

KID: Never heard of the guy. Now beat it!

JACK: But ...

KID: Beat it before I knock your block off!

JACK: (SHRUG) Okay, Killer. Suit yourself. The cops'll be here pretty soon anyway, asking about that car on the Dawsonville Road. Well ... be seeing you, Killer.

KID: Wait a minute, Reporter.

JACK: Yes?

KID: Come in.

JACK: Thanks.

SOUND: --- DOOR CLOSE

JACK: Hm... Nice little place you've got here, Killer. I see you had a fire burning in the fireplace.

KID: So what?

JACK: Oh, nothing. Nothing. Seems kind of warm today to have a fire, though. Personally, I think newspaper's much better than that burlap there for starting up kindlings. Now you take a newspaper like the Star.

KID: (INTERRUPTS, SHARP) Stop blabbin' about the fireplace. How'd you know about that car?

JACK: My beat's Montgomery County. Saw the car standing by the road, checked the license, and came here to find George Willard.

KID: (A BEAT) Why?

JACK: Just wanted to give him a friendly tip to get his car out of there before the cops come. He ran it through a farmer's fence, and the farmer's threatening a law suit.

KID: (WITH RELIEF) Oh. So that's it, huh?

JACK: That's it. Now about this George Willard

KID: He's my stepfather. He lives here with me.

JACK: Where can I find him?

KID: He ain't here. He's ... in Chicago. Been there for two weeks.

JACK: He has, eh? (PAUSE) Well ... it's nice work if you can get it.

KID: Wait a minute, wise guy! What do you mean?

JACK: Your stepfather's been in Chicago for a couple of weeks, yet a day or two ago he drove a car through a fence in Montgomery County, hundreds of miles away FROM THE
(A BEAT) Come clean, Killer. You drove that car, didn't you?

KID: Did I?

JACK: Sure. Not that I blame you for getting drunk and taking your stepfather's car out on a joyride. After beating Mickey Martin's ears off the way you did, you're entitled to a little fun.

KID: Yeah. That's right. Sure. I took my old man's car. Had a few drinks too many, and well ... you know. (LAUGHS) You know how it is, pal.

JACK: Sure. I know how it is. But you better get that car out of there, Killer, before the cops come along and ask you a lot of questions. (A BEAT) In fact, maybe I can do you a favor.

KID: What kind of favor?

JACK: Tell you what. I've got my car outside. I can drive you to Rockville. You can pick up a couple of new tires there to replace the ones you blew when you skidded off the road. Then we can go back, and get your stepfather's car out of there. (PAUSE) How does that sound?

KID: It sounds good, Reporter. (SUSPICIOUSLY) A little too good, maybe.

JACK: What do you mean?

KID: Why should you do all this for me? ~~Reporter?~~

JACK: Because I'm your pal from here in, Killer. Every reporter in Washington is. You're tops in my book, after what you did to Mickey Martin.

KID: (WITH PRIDE) I was pretty good, huh?

JACK: You looked great. The way I see it, if they put you in the same ring with the champ, you'd murder him, Killer.

KID: (PLEASED) You think so?

JACK: I know so. I'd bet on you any time. From now on, I'd like you to know that I'm your pal. That's why I'd just as soon do you a favor now. So, if you want to drive to Rockville with me and pick up those new tires ...

KID: Sure. Sure, Jack. Thanks. I'll be with you in a minute!

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

SOUND: AUTO UNDER

KID: Turn left, Jack.

JACK: But, Killer, Rockville's straight ahead.

KID: I said turn left. (HARSH) Come on, swing that wheel around.

JACK: Okay.

SOUND: SCREAM OF TIRES

JACK: Look, Killer ... why don't you want to go to Rockville?

KID: Too many cops there, wise guy.

JACK: I don't know what you mean.

KID: You had me tabbed for a chump at first. And I was. But now I'm wise to you, Reporter.

JACK: You're wrong about that, kid. All wrong. I was going to ...

KID: Stop the car.

JACK: But ... but look, I ...

KID: Stop the car, Reporter!

JACK: Sure. Okay. Anything you say.

SOUND: CAR TO STOP. IGNITION OFF

KID: Now get out of the car, wise guy.

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS ... A LITTLE WIND ... STEPS ON ROAD

JACK: (QUIET) What are you going to do now?

KID: Now I'm gonna beat your face in, see? I'm gonna murder you with my bare hands, reporter. When I get through with you, nobody'll recognize you, not even when they bury you.

JACK: You're going to give me the same going-over you gave your stepfather, eh?

KID: Yeah. The old man tried to stop me from takin' some dough I needed. So ... I hammered his face in, and dumped him from his car. He shouldn't have tried to stop me, Reporter. I'm a killer, see?

JACK: I see. (A BEAT) But there's something you don't know, kid. You're a phoney killer.

KID: Phoney? You saw what I did to Mickey Martin, didn't you, wise guy? You saw me practically murder him with my bare hands. I suppose I didn't put him in the hospital, so he almost died.

JACK: No, you didn't. The thing that sent him to the hospital was a bad heart, Kid. Not you.

KID: A bad heart?

JACK: Yes. You thought you almost beat him to death. But I talked to the doctors at the hospital, Kid. It was his heart that knocked him out, not you!

KID: (HOARSELY) You're lying!

JACK: Am I?

KID: I said you're lying.

JACK: Then read the Evening Star, Kid. Or the rest of the Washington papers.

KID: (BREAKING) But I thought ... I was sure ...

JACK: And you wanted to be called Killer Whaley! That's a laugh, Kid. You're only a cardboard killer! Why, for my money, you're still a punch-drunk mug ... a cakes-and-coffee fighter ... a stumblebum. And you'll always be a stumblebum.

KID: Shut up!

JACK: You think you have a punch, eh? Well, you still can't punch your way through a paper bag. You couldn't even knock over a man like Mickey Martin ~~with one punch~~ ... a man with a bad heart!

KID: (SCREAMS) Shut up, will ya? Shut up!

JACK: Killer! Some killer you are.

KID: I ... I ...

JACK: Well? What are you waiting for? Why don't you kill me with your bare hands now?

KID: I ... I can't. (BROKENLY) I ... I can't. I thought I was goin' to be a champ, maybe. But now ... now ...

JACK: Okay. That's that. Get into the car.

KID: No! No, I don't want to. I don't want to. Gimme a break, Reporter. I ...

JACK: Get into the car We're going to Rockville.

KID: But you'll give me up to the cops. And they ... they ... I'll be hung. They'll kill me ... I'll die.

JACK: Sure, Kid. You'll die. But what do you care? Remember what you told me when you thought you were a killer? ~~Everybody~~
~~dies!~~ *Everybody dies!*

MUSIC: CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a message from Jack Allen with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

MUSIC: FANFARE

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: And good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELLs are good to look at - good to feel -
good to taste - and good to smoke!

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 longer, finer cigarette
in the distinguished red package. PELL MELL FAMOUS
CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ORCHESTRA: _ _ _ TAG

CHAPPELL: Now we read you a cablegram from Jack Allen who is on leave of absence from the Washington Evening Star, serving with the United States Navy in England.

JACK: Killer in tonight's BIG STORY was convicted of first degree murder, but he did not die. His sentence was life imprisonment, and he is now serving that sentence in the Maryland State Penitentiary. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Allen. 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 Hartford Daily Courant; by-line -- Aubrey Maddock. A BIG STORY that reached its climax in the dead of night when a hoot owl broke the stillness ...

SOUND: _ _ _ _ OWL HOOT

HARRICE: ... and signaled death.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ OWL HOOTS TWICE

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ THEME WIPE 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 Bob Sloane, and Francis De Sales

(MORE)

CHAPPELL: played the part of Jack Allen. All names in
(CONTD) tonight's story except that of Mr. Allen 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.

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

2nd REVISION

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THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #37

As Broadcast

"THE CASE OF THE FINAL CURTAIN"

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1947

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MADDOCK	LES TREMAYNE
LUCY	ALICE REINHEART
DAD	TED OSBORN
MRS. TAYLOR	AGNES YOUNG
LUKE	WILL GEER
DRUGGIST	JOHN GIBSON
CLERK	TED OSBORN
POLICE CHIEF	JOHN GIBSON

BTX01 0060094

THE BIG STORY #37

- 1 -

(REVISED) 12-10-47

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

SOUND: DOOR WITH BELL ON IT OPENS AND CLOSES

MRS. TAYLOR: Morning, Mr. Wilson.

DRUGGIST: Morning, ma'am. What'll it be today?

MRS. TAYLOR: I'd like a tube of toothpaste.

DRUGGIST: Toothpaste, yup.

MRS. TAYLOR: A jar of cold cream ...

DRUGGIST: Uh-huh.

MRS. TAYLOR: And -- a pound of arsenic.

DRUGGIST: Arsenic?

MRS. TAYLOR: Yes.

DRUGGIST: I'm afraid I'll have to ask you what it's for, ma'am.

MRS. TAYLOR: Why, surely. It's for ... rats.

MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER FOR

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY! Another in a thrilling series based on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight ... to Aubrey Maddock of the Hartford Daily Courant ... goes the PELL MELL Award for ... THE BIG STORY.

MUSIC: FANFARE

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

RTX01 0060095

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 longer, finer 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! ...

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: 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 of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos
filters the smoke of this longer, finer cigarette -
gives you that smoothness, mildness and satisfaction
no other cigarette offers you.

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 UP AND UNDER FOR

CHAPPELL: Now, the exciting and authentic story of "The Case of the Final Curtain."

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You are Aubrey Maddock, assistant city editor of the Hartford Daily Courant. You are sitting at your desk one afternoon, idly tapping out a story, and reflecting that things are pretty quiet around the offices of the Courant, when suddenly ...

SOUND: _ _ _ _ DOOR OPENED VIOLENTLY & SLAMMED

LUCY: (HYSTERICALLY) Are you a reporter?

MADDOCK: Why, yes ... but ...

~~SOUND: _ _ _ _ DOOR SLAM~~

LUCY: I've just got to talk to you. I've got to tell you about it.

MADDOCK: Tell me ^{ABOUT} what?

LUCY: I did it. It's a if I did it with my own hands. But I didn't mean to. Honestly, I didn't. (SHE IS SOBBING)

MADDOCK: Didn't mean to do what? Hey, look. Take it easy.

LUCY: (STILL HYSTERICAL) I told the police but they didn't believe me. You've got to believe me. You've just got to. I've got to talk to someone.

MADDOCK: Now take it easy.

LUCY: If I'd known what I was doing it would have been different. But you don't know until after and then it's too late.

~~MADDOCK: Sit down.~~

~~LUCY: (SHE IS SOBBING) It's so horrible.~~

~~MADDOCK: You've got to get a hold on yourself.~~

~~LUCY: I ... I can't seem to ...~~

MADDOCK: Relax. Cigarette?

LUCY: Yes.

BUSINESS: _ _ _ PAUSE

SOUND: _ _ _ SCRATCH OF MATCH

LUCY: Thanks.

MADDOCK: Better now?

LUCY: I ... I guess so. ~~(BEAT) You must think I'm crazy.~~

~~(IN A BURST) But it's so terrible and it's my fault.~~

~~If only you could take back things that you say and do, then this wouldn't happen.~~

MADDOCK: Suppose you start from the beginning and tell me what's on your mind.

LUCY: Would you really listen?

MADDOCK: That's what I'm here for.

LUCY: (DEEP BREATH - STILL TEARFUL) I have a tiny apartment.

My father had been visiting me for a long time. I got back home one day, and I could hear him rehearsing

Shakespeare as I came down the hall. Maybe that's what started it. I hated it. He used to be an actor, and he never got over it. I opened the hall door ...

SOUND: _ _ _ DOOR OPENS

DAD: (OFF) " ... 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ... "

LUCY: Dad ... I'm home ...

SOUND: _ _ _ DOOR SLAM

DAD: "... or to take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing, end them." Hello, Lucy. Just brushing up on my ... (DEEP BREATH) ... diaphragm control. "To die, to sleep ... "

LUCY: Dad! Won't you ever forget you were an actor?

DAD: (OFFENDED) Were an actor? My dear, you forget yourself.

LUCY: (INDIFFERENTLY) Do I?

DAD: (MIPPED) Lucy, from your tone of voice, I judge that I have overstayed my visit with you.

LUCY: Dad ... (SHE FINDS THIS A LITTLE HARD) I don't mean to be cruel, but ... I guess you have. In a way. I can't ever have my friends up. You're always here, quoting things at them or telling them about the parts you played ... and it's just not fair.

DAD: I see.

LUCY: Oh, Dad, I don't mean to hurt you, it's the last thing I want to do, but ...

DAD: I am expecting a letter from my producer. He should have something for me this fall.

LUCY: (EXASPERATED) Oh, Dad. (THEN SOFTER) Daddy, look. When I was in Windsor last week, I stopped in to see that Mrs. Taylor for you.

DAD: And who, might I ask, is "that Mrs. Taylor?"

LUCY: She runs a home in Windsor for the Infirm.

DAD: Surely you don't pretend to put me in that class!

LUCY: That's just what she calls her Home. For a thousand dollars, she takes care of you completely, gives you room and board from the day you get there until ... well, until ... (SHE STOPS)

DAD: • Until they ring down the final curtain, is that it?

LUCY: Well, yes.

DAD: Are you suggesting that I go to this Home for the Infirm, Lucy?

LUCY: Dad, it would be nice for you. You'd have a place for yourself, ~~and I'd have a place for myself,~~ and I'd know that you had company and were being taken care of every minute.

DAD: Mmmmmmm.

LUCY: If you don't like it there, you don't have to stay. But you will like it, Dad.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ BRIDGE AND INTO

SOUND: _ _ _ _ DOOR BELL RINGS TWICE

DAD: So this is Mrs. Taylor's establishment, is it?

LUCY: Yes. Now remember, Dad, please be charming to her.

DAD: Lucy. I have played to packed crowds in a tent in Kansas. I have done my forty weeks at the Empire Theatre on Broadway. Presidents have watched me act. And you tell me I must captivate this elderly proprietress of a boarding establishment.

LUCY: Dad, please ... here comes someone.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ DOOR OPENS

MRS. TAYLOR: Yes?

LUCY: Mrs. Taylor, I'm Lucy Wellington ...

MRS. TAYLOR: (CORDIALLY) Of course. And this must be your father.

DAD: It is.

MRS. TAYLOR: Well! Won't you come in?

SOUND: _ _ _ _ DOOR CLOSES

DAD: Charming home you have here, Mrs. Taylor.

MRS. TAYLOR: Thank you. I hope you'll be happy here with us.

DAD: Uh, yes:

MRS. TAYLOR: Now I suppose you'll want to say goodbye to your daughter so I'll just leave you folks alone for a minute or two and then I'll be back to get you settled.

DAD: Thank you.

MRS. TAYLOR: (FADING OFF) Just make yourselves at home.

BUSINESS: _ _ _ _ PAUSE

LUCY: (UNEASILY) Well, Dad.

DAD: (NO LONGER THE ACTOR) Lucy ...

LUCY: Do you think you'll be happy here?

DAD: Don't worry about me.

LUCY: I want you to be happy, Dad.

DAD: (GENTLY) Lucy. I can be honest with myself ... at times. My life is over. I've taken all my bows and curtain calls, and I'm just sitting in an empty theatre waiting for my exit cue. This is as good a place as any to wait.

LUCY: (MOVED) If you don't like it here, let me know and I'll bring you back home.

DAD: (SMILES) Thank you.

LUCY: I ... I guess I'd better go.

DAD: (QUOTING SOFTLY) "Goodnight, goodnight. Parting is such sweet sorrow, that I would say goodnight till it be morrow." Oh, I forgot. You don't like to hear me emote.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ DOOR OPENS

DAD: Goodbye, Lucy.

LUCY: Goodbye, Dad.

DAD: God bless you.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ HER FOOTSTEPS OUT ON THE WALK AND SLOWLY FADE AWAY
DOOR CLOSED GENTLY

DAD: DEEP SOBBING BREATH

MRS. TAYLOR: Gracious, Mr. Wellington. You startled me, standing so still there by the door.

DAD: Oh, Mrs. Taylor. I ... I just said goodbye to my daughter.

MRS. TAYLOR: Well, saying goodbye to kinfolk is always a little hard on the heartstrings, Mr. Wellington. But you'll be happy here, I'm sure. Everybody is. Why, nobody ever leaves my home. Except, of course, when they die.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ BRIDGE AND INTO

SOUND: _ _ _ _ SOFT RAPPING ON DOOR

LUKE: Mr. Wellington ...

DAD: (MUFFLED) Who is it?

LUKE: Me. Luke Briggs. I come for our game of cribbage.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ DOOR OPENS

DAD: Come in, come in, my friend.

LUKE: Thank you kindly.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ DOOR CLOSES

LUKE: I see you got the cards out.

DAD: Yes. ~~I look forward to this nightly game of cribbage with you, Luke.~~ It's just the thing to make the time pass. Doesn't seem as if I've been here at Mrs. Taylor's for almost two months, does it?

SOUND: _ _ _ _ SHUFFLE OF CARDS

LUKE: Still like it here?

DAD: Of course.

LUKE: You're not looking so pert as you might.

DAD: Just a little indigestion.

LUKE: I see.

SOUND: - - - - - MORE SHUFFLE OF CARDS. PAUSE

LUKE: Mr. Wellington ... you got to git out of here.

DAD: What are you talking about?

LUKE: You paid your thousand dollars in advance. You got to git out of here.

DAD: What do you mean?

LUKE: Mrs. Grummond paid her thousand dollars in advance. She died last night. They took her away just before sunup.

DAD: Well, I'm sorry to ...

LUKE: And old Pete Dawes paid his thousand dollars in advance. He died last week. They took him away at midnight.

DAD: Death comes to everyone, Luke.

LUKE: Not like it does in this house. When it's natural, it comes in its time, and it comes soft. Death don't care whether you pay yer thousand dollars to Mrs. Taylor in advance or not.

DAD: What are you driving at?

LUKE: I'm safe. I pay my ^{PAM AND BOB'S BY THE} ~~twenty-five-dollars~~ every-week. It's no profit to Mrs. Taylor for me to die early. But with them that pays in advance ...

DAD: Luke, you're crazy!

LUKE: Listen. Late at night, I kin hear horses hoofs coming clop-clop-clop up the dirt road. I kin hear the creak of a wagon as they back it up against the porch ... and footsteps carrying somethin' heavy. I kin hear that

(MORE)

LUKE: somethin' heavy thud into the wagon ... and then the
(CONTD) horses hoofs start up the road again, softer, and
softer, till there's nothin' more to hear but the hoot
owl. And then I know somebody else has died, and
they're taking him away in the night.

DAD: (FRIGHTENED) Luke. Stop it!

LUKE: ~~You-listen-to-me. There's-too-much-death-in-this-house.~~
~~Even-for-a-place-where-old-folks-live. And-it-happens~~
~~to-them-that-pay-their-money-in-advance. Like-you.~~
You're next on Mrs. Taylor's list, I'm telling you.

DAD: W-what makes you say that?

LUKE: I've seen it happen. First, a special lemonade, or a
particular pie made special for someone. And then,
a mite of indigestion. And then ... I hear the horses
hoofs coming up the road again.

DAD: (TERRIFIED) Stop it! / Stop it, you fool!
(HOLD)

DAD: (ASHAMED) I'm sorry. I -- I seem to be a little
upset this evening. Suppose we leave our game until
tomorrow night?

LUKE: If that's the way you want it.

DAD: Yes. I think I'd like to lie down for a while. I
think I'd like to go to sleep.

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER INTO A SWIRLING DELIRIOUS BACKGROUND.
THIS IS NIGHTMARE MUSIC. WEIRD ... UNCANNY AND
THOROUGHLY FRIGHTENING. IT IS THIN ... MAKING USE OF
STRINGS AND WOODWINDS SPINNING IN A DIZZY TENUOUS
EFFECT. IT GOES UNDER SLIGHTLY FOR

LUCY: (ECHO ON ALL VOICES THROUGHOUT THIS SCENE) Daddy, if you don't like this place let me know. Let me know and I'll bring you home.

DAD: But it's just a touch of indigestion. Just indigestion. Just a touch.

LUKE: You got to git out of here. (FADING) You got to git out of here. Out of here.

MRS. TAYLOR: Nobody leaves my home. Nobody ever leaves my home. Except of course, when they die.

LUKE: You know how I kin tell when somebody has died? I kin hear the horses hoofs on the road ... clop-clop-clop ... (FADING) ... clop-clop-clop ...

MRS. TAYLOR: But they don't leave unless they die ...

LUCY: Dad ... come back ... come back ... come back ...

MRS. TAYLOR: Have a little of this drink, first ... just a little drink ...

LUCY: No, Dad. Don't. Don't. (~~FADING~~) Don't.

MRS. TAYLOR: Just a little sip. I made it special for you. Just for you.

DAD: (SHOUTING) No! No! No! No!

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ _ STOPS WITH A CRASH

SOUND: _ _ _ _ _ DOOR SLAMS SHUT

MRS. TAYLOR: Mr. Wellington. Wake up!

DAD: (WAKING) What? Oh. Oh, Mrs. Taylor. I ... I must have had a nightmare.

MRS. TAYLOR: I should say you must have.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ _ HOOT OWL HOOTS IN B.G.

DAD: (SCARED) What's that?

MRS. TAYLOR: Just a hoot owl outside the window.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ HOOT OWL AGAIN

MRS. TAYLOR: Here. Drink this.

DAD: (TERRIFIED) No. No!

MRS. TAYLOR: It's just a sedative. I fixed it special for you.

DAD: I ... I don't want it. Take it away.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ HOOT OWL AGAIN IN B.G.

MRS. TAYLOR: But, it will settle you. Here now. Take the glass.

DAD: But ...

MRS. TAYLOR: Drink it down.

DAD: I ...

MRS. TAYLOR: (PAUSE) That's it. That's it. Now then, Mr.
Wellington. You won't have to worry any more.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ HOOT OWL LOW AND MOURNFUL CALLS TWICE AND THEN

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ SNEAKS IN THE SAME MOOD AND TAKES IT AWAY INTO A
CRASHING CLIMAX WHICH GOES SWEETLY UNDER FOR

MRS. TAYLOR: Miss Wellington? This is Mrs. Taylor calling. I'm
sorry to bother you this time of night, but it looks
like your father's took bad. Oh, no. No need to come
tonight. But I think you better come visit him
tomorrow morning.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND INTO CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's BIG
STORY ... but first, 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!" - the longer, finer cigarette
in the distinguished red package - PELL MELL!

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: 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 of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos
filters the smoke of this longer, finer cigarette -
gives you that smoothness, mildness and satisfaction
that no other cigarette offers you.

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, Bob Sloane, and tonight's BIG STORY.

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You, Aubrey Maddock, assistant city editor, sit at your desk at the Hartford Daily Courant, and listen intently to the half-hysterical girl as she sobs out a weird and unbelievable story. Finally she says ...

LUCY: (FIGHTING TEARS) That's about the whole of it, Mr. Maddock. When I got to the Home the next morning, Dad was dead. He died just ten minutes after Mrs. Taylor called me.

MADDOCK: What did she give as the cause of death?

LUCY: Gastric ulcers. (BREAKING AGAIN) But he was poisoned. He never had a sign of any kind of ulcer. He was poisoned by that horrible woman. And I made him go there. (SHE SOBS)

MADDOCK: Let me ask you just one question, Miss Wellington. You've outlined a very complete story of just how your father died. How do you know all these things?

LUCY: ~~I just know. I just know that terrible things happened.~~
And the last time I saw Dad at the Home, he was so frightened, underneath. I should have known then ... I should have taken him away then. But I didn't. And now he's dead.

MADDOCK: *THAT DOESN'T ANSWER MY QUESTION. YOU TOLD ME HOW HE DIED.*
~~You seem very sure of the details of the story. How can you know all this?~~
YOU EVEN TOLD ME WHAT HE DREAMED, HOW CAN YOU POSSIBLY

LUCY: Well, I don't actually know it. ^{It's a guess} But it could have been something like that. It must have been something like that!

MADDOCK: ^{How... well} If so, it's the biggest, hottest lead on a story I've ever gotten. But if not ... it's the most malicious.

(MORE)

MADDOCK: evil piece of slander I've ever heard. And, as a
(CONTD) newspaperman, I guess it's up to me to find out which
it is.

LUCY: What are you going to do?

MADDOCK: I'm going up to Windsor to take a look around.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ BRIDGE AND INTO

SOUND: _ _ _ _ DOOR WITH A TINKLEY BELL ON IT OPEN AND CLOSE

DRUGGIST: Yes, sir. Something I can do for you?

MADDOCK: Do you own this drug store?

DRUGGIST: Yes, I do.

MADDOCK: Get most of the local trade, here in Windsor?

DRUGGIST: Sure do.

MADDOCK: Do you sell poison here?

DRUGGIST: (PAUSE) Why do you want to know?

MADDOCK: I'm very interested in the sale of poison in Windsor
during the past few years.

DRUGGIST: Well, I don't see how ...

MADDOCK: Doesn't the state require every druggist to keep a
poison register showing who bought what kind of poison
when and for what?

DRUGGIST: Yes, but ...

MADDOCK: Let's see it.

DRUGGIST: Who are you anyhow?

MADDOCK: Just a guy who's interested in poisons. Where's the
register?

SOUND: _ _ _ _ SLIDE OF HEAVY BOOK ALONG THE COUNTER

DRUGGIST: Right here,

MADDOCK: Thanks.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ TURNING OF A FEW PAGES

MADDOCK: Hmmm. August, September, October. October ... 21st.
Mrs. Beatrice Taylor. Six ounces of arsenic. Use:
for rats and mice.

DRUGGIST: That's Mrs. Taylor who runs the home out on Prospect.

MADDOCK: Uh-huh. February 17th. Mrs. Beatrice Taylor. 13
ounces of ~~corrosive sublimate of Potash~~. Use: for bugs
and mice. And again ... May 26. Mrs. Beatrice Taylor.
Ten ounces of arsenic acid. Use: for rats and mice.
(MUSING) Ten ounces on the 26th of May. Look here.
Isn't this quite a bit of poison for any one person
to buy?

DRUGGIST: No, can't say so. Most of the folks around here buy
arsenic poison for exterminating purposes.

MADDOCK: I see. Well, just the same, I think I'll go and have
a few words with Mrs. Taylor. Just for the record.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ BRIDGE

MRS. TAYLOR: Mr. Maddock, I can't tell you how glad I am that you
came.

MADDOCK: Why is that, Mrs. Taylor?

MRS. TAYLOR: Well, these rumors that one of my boarders was poisoned
have naturally upset me. It's nonsense of course,
but still, talk like that hurts the reputation of a
nursing home.

MADDOCK: (HARD) Did you think of that when you bought the
poison?

MRS. TAYLOR: (PUZZLED) What do you mean?

MADDOCK: I mean that I've been down at the local drug store and
find that you've purchased ~~about ten~~ pounds of arsenic.
Enough to poison a lot of boarders.

MRS. TAYLOR: (LAUGHING A LITTLE) Mercy! You don't think I bought that for anything except rats and mice, do you?

MADDOCK: What should I think? Maybe you used it for rats and mice. But Jay Wellington died of a "gastric ulcer" just four days after your last arsenic purchase.

MRS. TAYLOR: You're not serious about this?

MADDOCK: I'm very serious.

MRS. TAYLOR: Mr. Maddock. We're both intelligent folks. We can look at this whole nonsensical story intelligently. Now, if you were setting out to poison somebody, would you buy the poison at a local drug store? Would you buy it where everybody knows you by name, and where everybody knows everybody else's business?

MADDOCK: Well --

MRS. TAYLOR: Of course not. You'd steal it, or get it some underhanded way, if you were going to use it for murder. Now wouldn't you?

MADDOCK: I suppose so. Of course, I've only heard Miss Wellington's side of the story ...

MRS. TAYLOR: And that poor child is half out of her mind with grief, and guilt because she didn't get here in time to be with her father at the end.

MADDOCK: She was terribly upset.

MRS. TAYLOR: I gather she was a mite harsh with him from time to time and that preys on her mind now that he's gone. And I can understand how she feels, poor child. Lord knows I try to be forgiving.

MADDOCK: She's very bitter about you.

MRS. TAYLOR: *Mr. Maddock -- would you*
~~Does~~ you know why?

MADDOCK:

MRS. TAYLOR: ^{why? sec} / She claims her father had five hundred dollars when he came to the Home. And she thinks I've stolen it.

MADDOCK:

Why?

MRS. TAYLOR:

Because she can't find it in with her father's things. Fighting over that poor soul's grave for money, too. Why he didn't have a cent. And if he did, I'd never touch a thing that didn't belong to me.

MADDOCK:

You're being very fair, Mrs. Taylor.

MRS. TAYLOR:

Well, Heaven knows I try to be. (HER VOICE BREAKS A LITTLE) Although at times it does seem like I have more than my share of trouble.

MADDOCK:

Well, I'm sorry to have added to it, Mrs. Taylor.

MRS. TAYLOR:

Oh, that's quite all right, Mr. Maddock. Thank you for taking the bother to drop in here.

MADDOCK:

No bother at all, ma'am. I have another visit to pay in Windsor anyhow.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ BRIDGE

SOUND: _ _ _ _ DOOR SLAM

MADDOCK:

Is this the office of the Windsor county clerk?

CLERK:

Sure is.

MADDOCK:

Where's the clerk?

CLERK:

Right here.

MADDOCK:

You?

CLERK:

Me.

MADDOCK:

I'm Aubrey Maddock, of the Hartford Daily Courant...

CLERK:

Say, I've been meaning to talk to one of you newspaper people.

MADDOCK:

Yeah? Well, look, Pop ...

CLERK: Subscribed to your paper back last February. Paid up full, I was, too. Then, come last April, I was away fer, ~~let's see now~~... full two weeks and a bit. ~~Cancelled out the paper those days.~~ Now, seems to me I oughta git my money back fer those two weeks.

MADDOCK: Well, look, Pop. I'll take it up personally with the circulation manager, but right now ...

CLERK: That's right neighborly of you, young feller. Like the paper fine, I do.

MADDOCK: Glad to hear it. Look, Pop ...

CLERK: Specially them farm articles you got.

MADDOCK: Good. Look, I ...

CLERK: And the recipes. My wife always looks for them recipes.

MADDOCK: (HE HAS BEEN DOING A SLOW BURN) POP!

CLERK: Ayeh?

MADDOCK: (BETWEEN CLENCHED TEETH) Do you keep the death certificates for Windsor County here?

CLERK: Sure do.

MADDOCK: (SHOUTING) Well, then, for the love of Pete, can I see them?

CLERK: (MILDLY) What's all the shouting about? Sure you kin see them.

MUSIC: BRIDGE AND UNDER FOR

NARRATOR: You thumb through the endless certificates, and just on a chance, you make notes of all the deaths that took place at Mrs. Taylor's Home. Then, you do a little extra checking and what you find makes you sit up straight and whistle ...

MADDOCK: WHISTLES IN AMAZEMENT

CLERK: What's up, young feller?

MADDOCK: My hair, Pop. Up on end.

CLERK: Hey?

MADDOCK: Sorry. No time for chit-chat now.

CLERK: (FADING) Here! Where are you going with them certificates?

MADDOCK: To the Hartford Chief of Police!

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ HIT AND UNDER FOR

NARRATOR: You do take the certificates to the police chief ... later. First you do a little cheating with some of Mrs. Taylor's neighbors and former boarders. You visit the relatives of some of the deceased. And then, armed with explosive information, you take the death certificates, and your BIG STORY to the ^{HARTFORD CHIEF} ~~police chief~~...

MADDOCK: I didn't make too much of the arsenic purchases at first, chief. The poison might have been for rats, in spite of Jay Wellington's sudden death just four days after the last purchase.

CHIEF: Could be coincidence, sure.

MADDOCK: That's what I thought. Mrs. Taylor told a very convincing story. Maybe a little too convincing. So, just on a hunch, I dropped in at the county clerk's office, and ... well, take a look at these statistics.

CHIEF: What are they?

MADDOCK: The average number of deaths at the Taylor Home per year ~~year~~ ^{THE LAST FIVE YEARS}.

CHIEF: Forty-eight, eh?

MADDOCK: (EMPHASIS) Forty-eight.

CHIEF: Not surprising.

MADDOCK: What do you mean? That's an awful lot of deaths.

CHIEF: But, Maddock, it's a home for old people. The death rate's bound to be high.

MADDOCK: That's where you're wrong. I checked the figures on the Hartford Old People's Home, just to compare. Know how much bigger the Hartford Home is than Mrs. Taylor's?

CHIEF: About five times as big.

MADDOCK: Six times as big. And yet, the ~~average~~ number of deaths is the same in both homes. Forty eight ^{per year}. How about that?

CHIEF: Hmmmm. Doesn't look good.

MADDOCK: It isn't. And here's another interesting point. At least twenty of the deaths Mrs. Taylor reported look highly suspicious. And, each of those twenty boarders were of the class that paid one thousand dollars outright for board until death. I've checked the others and found out that the week-to-week boarders have held to a normal death rate. Now, does that or does that not look like mass murder?

CHIEF: It does.

MADDOCK: But ... no proof.

CHIEF: We'll take care of that.

MADDOCK: Autopsy?

CHIEF: Exactly. We'll get in touch with you.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ BRIDGE INTO

~~SOUND? _ _ _ _ PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP~~

MADDOCK: Maddock speaking.

CHIEF: ~~(FILTER THROUGHOUT) CHIEF of police, Maddock.~~

MADDOCK: ~~Yeah, chief? What's up?~~

CHIEF: ~~We've performed the autopsies on two of Mrs. Taylor's~~
former patients.

MADDOCK: ~~Jay Wellington and who else?~~

CHIEF: ~~No statement.~~

MADDOCK: ~~Okay. What about the results?~~

CHIEF: ~~Wellington died of severe arsenic poisoning.~~

MADDOCK: ~~And the other one?~~

CHIEF: ~~Death by poison other than arsenic.~~

MADDOCK: ~~What now?~~

CHIEF: ~~We're going to pick up Mrs. Taylor. Want to come along?~~

MADDOCK: ~~Hold everything, chief. I'll be there.~~

MUSIC: ~~BRIDGE~~

SOUND: ~~DOOR OPENS~~

MRS. TAYLOR: Why, Mr. Maddock?

MADDOCK: Yes, Mrs. Taylor. And this is the Hartford Chief of
Police with me.

CHIEF: We'd like to ask you some questions.

MRS. TAYLOR: Why ... why surely. Come in.

CHIEF: Thank you.

SOUND: ~~DOOR CLOSE~~

MRS. TAYLOR: If you'll just ... come into the parlor. I haven't
dusted yet ... Been making a special dessert for one
of my boarders.

SOUND: ~~FOOTSTEPS UNDER~~

MRS. TAYLOR: Sit down, won't you?

CHIEF: Mrs. Taylor. The daughter of one of your deceased
patients reported some suspicious facts about her
father's death.

MRS. TAYLOR: Oh, you mean that Wellington girl again.

CHIEF: What about it, Mrs. Taylor?

MRS. TAYLOR: Why, like I told Mr. Maddock, here, I'm anxious to clear up all these false rumors. So you just ask me any questions you want and I'll do my best to answer them.

CHIEF: All right, Mrs. Taylor. How do you account for the fact that you bought poison in large quantities?

MRS. TAYLOR: Like I said before, it was for rats and mice.

MADDOCK: What about the manner in which you removed human bodies from the home during the night? Miss Wellington and others have stated that bodies ~~of relatives~~ were gone before ^{THEIR RELATIVES} ~~they~~ arrived here.

MRS. TAYLOR: Well, I like to get the body out of the house as soon as death occurs. It disturbs the other boarders.

MADDOCK: And why was it that the ^{THESE DEATHS WERE NOT} ~~greatest number of dead were~~ those who paid you a thousand dollars outright for board?

MRS. TAYLOR: (SHE SEES A TRAP) I ... I can't imagine where you got such an idea. I ...

MADDOCK: (PRESSING NOW) Why were bodies shipped secretly out of the county without a permit?

MRS. TAYLOR: Why, I ...

CHIEF: Why did an autopsy on Jay Wellington and another one of your boarders show that both died of poison and not natural causes?

MRS. TAYLOR: An ... an autopsy! You did an autopsy? ~~I ... I ...~~

~~RESUME:~~ - - - ~~PAUSE~~

CHIEF: Come along, Mrs. Taylor. I have a warrant for your arrest.

MRS. TAYLOR: (AN INSANE QUALITY CREEPS INTO HER VOICE HERE) You can't prove anything. That girl talked too much but you can't prove anything. You can't really know. I was too careful. I had an answer for everything. You'll see. I'll hang before I admit I did it.

MADDOCK: You're probably right, Mrs. Taylor. You'll hang.

MUSIC: - - - - - HIT FOR CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from Aubrey Maddock of the Hartford Daily Courant with the final details of tonight's BIG STORY.

MUSIC: TAG (CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: And good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELLs are good to look at - good to feel -
good to taste - and good to smoke!

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 longer, finer cigarette
in the distinguished red package. PELL MELL FAMOUS
CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ORCHESTRA: _ _ _ TAG

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Aubrey Maddock of the Hartford Daily Courant.

MADDOCK: Poisoner in tonight's Big Story was convicted of first degree murder. However, an appeal was granted and the conviction was changed to second degree. Given a life prison sentence, she was subsequently transferred to the Hospital for the Insane at Middletown. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Maddock. 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 Des Moines Tribune; by-line -- Russell Wilson. A BIG STORY that reached its climax with an automobile ride ...

SOUND: _ _ _ _ CAR IN MOTION

HARRICE: ... that ended in death at dawn.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ CAR UP AND INTO CRASH

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ THEME. 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 Gail Ingram. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Les Tremayne played the part of Aubrey Maddock. All names in

(MORE)

ATX01 0060120

CHAPPELL: tonight's story except that of Mr. Maddock were
(CONTD) 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 and reminding you of the ideal
 Christmas gift - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES in their
 special Holiday carton.

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

2nd REVISION

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THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #38

As Broadcast

"THE CASE OF THE AMBITIOUS HOBO!"

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1947

CAST

NARRATOR:	BOB SLOANE
RUSS WILSON	GEORGE PETRIE
FREDDIE	LARRY ROBINSON
MOTHER	HESTER SONDERGAARD
IDAHO	HUMPHREY DAVIS
CARL	WILLIAM KEENE
HODGE	RALPH BELL
WHITEY	WILLIAM KEENE
MRS. HENSHAW	HESTER SONDERGAARD
DRIVER	BOB SLOANE

ATX01 0060122

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

SOUND: _ _ _ _ _ TRAIN WHISTLE OFF. AGAIN. TRAIN RHYTHM, WHEELS UNDER

FREDDIE: Say, Idaho ...

IDAHO: Yeah, kid?

FREDDIE: My back feels broken, ridin' on the floor of this empty box-car.

IDAHO: You'll get used to it, kid. You'll get used to it.

FREDDIE: Oh no, not me. Maybe you're gonna go on being a hobo all your life, but not me. I got big ideas.

IDAHO: What kind of big ideas?

FREDDIE: I'm gonna be a big shot some day, Idaho.

IDAHO: A big shot?

FREDDIE: Yeah. And when I do, I'm gonna ride the cushions in a Pullman car ... first-class!

SOUND: _ _ _ _ _ TRAIN WHISTE UP AND INTO

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ _ UP AND UNDER

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY! Another in a thrilling series based on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight ... to Russell Wilson of the Des Moines 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 longer, finer 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! ...

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: 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 of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos
filters the smoke of this longer, finer cigarette -
gives you that smoothness, mildness and satisfaction
no other cigarette offers you.

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 Ambitious Hobo."

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You are Russell Wilson, and right now you hang your hat in the city room of a California newspaper. But actually, you're from out where the tall corn grows in Iowa. For years, you worked ~~the police-beat~~ for the Des Moines Tribune, and it was with the Tribune that you finally nailed down your BIG STORY. It really began some two hundred and fifty miles south of Des Moines, in a little home in Kansas City.

MOTHER: Freddie, listen to me. Don't leave home again. Stay here.

FREDDIE: Sorry, Mom. But I'm through hanging around the house, being a burden to you. ~~I'm hitting the road tonight.~~

MOTHER: The last time you left home, you were gone two years. I never even knew where you were, or what you did. I worry about you, Son ... you're only a boy, and ...

FREDDIE: That's the trouble. That's what everybody thinks. Everyone around here still calls me Babyface ... Babyface Freddie Bell. But I'm no kid anymore, see, even if I look it. I'm twenty-one. And I can't just sit around here and watch you ~~break your back~~ ^{work} ~~takin' in~~ washing, just to support me.

MOTHER: But, son, if you stay home, there are plenty of jobs.

FREDDIE: ~~Sure, Sure, Mom. But what kind of jobs? Working on the railroad ... driving a truck? That's not for me.~~

(MORE)

FREDDIE: Not my kind of jobs. I want to be rich...famous...I want to own a big car, a big house, have ten suits of clothes. I want to make sure you never have to work again, Mom. I want people to turn around and look at me when I walk down the street an' hear 'em say: "There goes Freddie Bell, the big shot."

MOTHER: Freddie, I wish your father was alive. I wish he were here to advise you. I don't know what to do. I can only say that I think you're making a terrible mistake.

FREDDIE: No, I'm not. It's like in those stories you used to read me when I was a kid...I've got to go out and seek my fortune. You wouldn't stand in my way, would you, Mom?

MOTHER: (QUIETLY) No. No, son. If that's what you want, I won't try to stop you.

FREDDIE: Now you're talking. Uh -- Mom. I hate to ask you this, but I'm gonna need some money to get started on my trip. How about that twenty dollars you got saved up for that washing machine you were going to buy? I know it's all you have, and I feel like a heel asking you for it, honest but...

MOTHER: You don't have to ask me for it, Freddie. It's yours.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ BRIDGE

SOUND: _ _ _ _ SUBDUED BEAT OF WHEELS ON TRACK UNDER, WHISTLE OFF
OCCASIONAL INTERMITTENT

FREDDIE: It'll be daylight in an hour, Idaho. When does this here freight train get to Des Moines?

IDAHO: This is a highball freight, kid. She's been hitting high iron ever since we jumped aboard at Kansas City. We're in the outskirts of Des Moines now. And we've played in luck.

FREDDIE: Why, Idaho?

IDAHO: The brakeman hasn't been around to bother us the whole trip. Once we hit the yards, she'll slow ^{DOWN} and we'll drop off this boxcar.

FREDDIE: And after that?

IDAHO: After that, I'll take you to the hobo jungle, and introduce you to some of the other bo's ridin' this territory.

FREDDIE: Well, it can't come too soon for me. My back's broken, ridin' on this boxcar floor. Some day, when I get rich, Idaho, I'm gonna ride the cushions on the Pullman cars, first class.

IDAHO: Still think you're going to be a big shot, huh, kid?

FREDDIE: I got my mind set on it.

IDAHO: ~~Well, maybe you'll make it. You look like a nice, clean-cut kid. But take a piece of advice from an old-timer like me.~~

FREDDIE: Yeah?..

IDAHO: *The* Stay away from the road. Don't go gettin' cinders in your blood, and train whistles ringin' in your ears, like I did. It ain't a life for a kid like you.

FREDDIE: You expect to be a bum all your life, Idaho?

IDAHO: Not a bum, kid. A hobo.

FREDDIE: What's the difference?

IDAHO: Plenty. A bum's a tramp. He won't work, and he'll steal. A hobo's different. He'll work if he has to, an' he's got respect for the law and ... (CUTS) Hey, kid!

FREDDIE: Yeah?

IDAHO: There's trouble comin' up. The brakeman's comin'.

FREDDIE: Where?

IDAHO: He's on the catwalk, two cars ahead. Get away from the door, kid. That brakeman will be on the roof of this boxcar in a minute.

FREDDIE: What of it?

IDAHO: If he sees us, he'll throw us off this train.

FREDDIE: Oh, no, he won't, Idaho.

IDAHO: He won't?

FREDDIE: You heard me.

IDAHO: What do you mean, kid?

FREDDIE: I mean this, Idaho.

IDAHO: Where'd you get that knife?

FREDDIE: (LAUGHS) In K.C. A bowie knife, they call it. And if that brakie sticks his head through this car door, I'll cut it off for him!

IDAHO: Kid, wait a minute. What's come over you? Put that knife away

FREDDIE: (HARD) Shut up, Idaho. I'll take care of this!

~~SOUND: STEPS ON WOODEN ROOF OVERHEAD, COMING ON~~

FREDDIE: ~~Here comes the brakie now. He's on the roof of our car.~~

IDAHO: ~~You shut up the brakie's on the roof of this car now.~~

IDAHO: Yeah.

~~SOUND: STEPS STOP FOR A MOMENT~~

IDAHO: ~~He's stopped. Maybe he's gonna look in.~~

FREDDIE: (SOFTLY AND DEADLY) ~~I kind of hope he does, Idaho. I~~
~~kind of hope he does. I'll shove this knife right~~
~~through him if he does...~~

~~SOUND: STEPS MOVE ON AND FADE~~

FREDDIE: (DISAPPOINTED) Aw, he's gone.

IDAHO: Yeah. He's gone, kid. And now, you're going.

~~SOUND: CLANK OF METAL~~

FREDDIE: Hey, Idaho ... what's the idea? What're you think
 you're doing with that iron bar?

IDAHO: Get off this train, kid!

FREDDIE: Wait a minute ...

IDAHO: You had me fooled with that baby face of yours. Now,
 I know what kind of big shot you want to be. You want
 to be a big shot like Dillinger, or Legs Diamond.

FREDDIE: Yeah. What of it?

IDAHO: You're a killer, kid. And I don't want to be travelin'
 around with a killer. ~~I don't want any trouble with~~
~~the law. We're gonna part company, here an now.~~ (A
 BEAT) Get off this freight, kid.

FREDDIE: (FLASH OF FURY) Why, I ought to let you have this
 knife ...

IDAHO: (QUIETLY) You try anything, kid, and you'll get this
 iron bar across your face. (A BEAT) Go on! Jump!

FREDDIE: (HARD) Okay, Idaho. I'll jump. But I'll be seeing
 you!

~~SOUND: TRAIN UP AND SHRILL WHISTLE INTO~~

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ BRIDGE

SOUND: _ _ _ _ CAR UP AND THEN TO STOP. MOTOR IDLES... STEPS RUNNING
UP

FREDDIE: (COMING IN) Hey, Mister, would you gimme a lift?

CARL: Maybe. Let me get a good look at you first. Don't like to pick up strangers when it's dark like this unless ... (CUTS AND LAUGHS) Why, you're only a kid. Okay. Hop in.

FREDDIE: Gee. Thanks ...

SOUND: _ _ _ _ CAR DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE. MOTOR UP

CARL: What are you doing outside of Des Moines at five in the morning?

FREDDIE: Oh, just hitch-hiking around.

CARL: Got the itchy foot, eh?

FREDDIE: Guess so.

CARL: I had it too, before I got married. My name's Carl Andrews.

FREDDIE: I'm Freddie Bell.

CARL: Glad to know you, Freddie.

FREDDIE: This sure is a beautiful car.

CARL: Yep. Brand new, and it's got every gadget in the book. Custom-made, too.

FREDDIE: Is it your car?

CARL: Mine? (LAUGHS) No. What would I be doing owning a car like this? I work for a garage. Just delivering the car to the guy who owns it. He's a bank president in Des Moines.

FREDDIE: So it belongs to a big shot, huh?

CARL: That's right;

FREDDIE: This is the kind of car I'm gonna drive.

CARL: Well, I wish you luck, kid. I hope you do some day.

FREDDIE: (HARDENS) I'm not talking about some day, pal. I mean now. I'm gonna start right in being a big shot ... now!

CARL: What are you talking about?

FREDDIE: This!

CARL: (STARTLED) Well, I'll be ... (CUTS) Put that knife away, kid.

FREDDIE: Pull over to the side of the road, pal. I'm taking over.

CARL: Have you gone crazy?

SOUND: _ _ _ _ _ MOTOR UP HIGH

FREDDIE: Stop the car, and pull over to the side. Or do I have to carve you up?

CARL: (NERVOUS LAUGH) You wouldn't dare to use that knife. Not a kid like you.

FREDDIE: Oh, wouldn't I, pal? Wouldn't I? I've been waiting for a chance like this ...

CARL: You're bluffing, kid. There's a state police barracks down the highway and ... (IN SUDDEN PANIC) No! No, Kid, no!

FREDDIE: You asked for it. (GRUNT)

CARL: (A GROAN) You ... you ...

SOUND: _ _ _ _ _ SCREAM OF TIRES SKIDDING.

FREDDIE: Gimme that wheel. Gimme ... that ...

SOUND: _ _ _ _ _ CRASH

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ _ UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You, Russ Wilson of the Des Moines Tribune, get the murder flash shortly after dawn. You high-tail it to
(MORE)

NARRATOR: the scene, and when you get there, you find the usual
(CONTD) crowd ... radio patrolmen, detectives, deputy coroner,
just plain citizens, and officer James Hodge, of the
Iowa State Bureau of Investigation. You take a long
look at the body, and then you manage to get Officer
Hodge over to one side ...

RUSS: Any identification on the dead man yet, Hodge?

HODGE: Yes. He's a garage mechanic named Carl Andrews.

RUSS: Anything else?

HODGE: What do you mean?

RUSS: Any more information I can use for a story?

HODGE: Look, Wilson, according to everything I read, newspaper
reporters and private detectives are real bright guys.
They always capture the criminal single handed. A
professional cop is just a dope who wouldn't know a clue
if he saw one. So why don't you get your own
information?

RUSS: Frankly, I wouldn't know how. I've never captured a
criminal in my life.

HODGE: You probably think you could.

RUSS: I know very well I couldn't. (SMILE) What's the
matter, Hodge ... you got a big hate on reporters? One
of us spell your name wrong or something?

HODGE: All right, all right ... so I got out of bed on the
wrong side this morning. What do you want to know?

RUSS: Just the regular stuff. The motive for this murder,
for instance. Robbery, I suppose.

HODGE: You suppose wrong. Andrews had fifty bucks on him.
The killer didn't even touch it.

RUSS: That's funny. If the killer wasn't interested in money, what did he want?

HODGE: You figure that out, reporter, and let me know.

RUSS: How about revenge? Maybe Andrews was riding with someone he knew ... a personal enemy.

HODGE: Unlikely. I checked with the people at Andrews' garage. They said he didn't have an enemy in the world.

RUSS: Then you haven't got an awful lot to go on, have you?

HODGE: Enough to catch the killer.

RUSS: What?

HODGE: Fingerprints.

RUSS: Fingerprints?

HODGE: Yeah, yeah, I know ... just like in detective stories. Only sometimes killers really do leave fingerprints. This one did. He was smart enough to wipe them off the steering wheel, but in his hurry to make a getaway he forgot to wipe 'em off the doorhandle. We'll probably know who he is within a few hours.

MUSIC: - - - - BRIDGE AND HOLD UNDER

RUSS: City desk? Russ Wilson. I'm calling from Headquarters. Those fingerprints belong to a kid named Freddie Bell. He served a ^{TERM} ~~year~~ in jail out West for armed robbery. The police expect to pick him up any hour now.

MUSIC: - - - - UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: ^{THE POLICE DONT PICK HIM UP} But ~~they don't~~. A day passes ... two ... three. The manhunt hits high gear, goes out

(MORE)

ATK01 0060133

NARRATOR: of the state, and nationwide. You follow it close,
(CONTD) write story after story ... The Tribune is flooded
with tips. You track them down ... find them worthless.
And then, days later, when the authorities are just
about ready to concede a clean getaway, you get a phone
call ...

SOUND: _ _ _ _ _ RING OF PHONE ... RECEIVER OFF HOOK

RUSS: Hello?

IDAHO: (FILTER) Is this Russell Wilson?

RUSS: Yes?

IDAHO: I've been readin' those stories you wrote on the Carl
Andrews murder case. An' I got a tip on the killer.

RUSS: Who's this?

IDAHO: Never mind.

~~RUSS: But ...~~

IDAHO: Do you want that tip on the killer, or don't you?

RUSS: Yes. Yes, I do.

IDAHO: Okay. Meet me at the hobo's jungle near the freight
yards, at midnight tonight.

RUSS: The hobo's jungle?

IDAHO: That's right. (A BEAT) And Wilson ... just a word of
warning. Don't talk to the cops ... and come alone!

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ _ UP AND INTO

CHAPPELL: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's BIG
STORY. But first, 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!" - the longer, finer cigarette
in the distinguished red package - PELL MELL!

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: 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 of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos
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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

HARRICE: Now, back to our narrator, Bob Sloane, and tonight's
BIG STORY.

NARRATOR: You, Russ Wilson, of the Des Moines Tribune, have a
date with a mysterious voice on the telephone. Your
rendezvous ... a hobo jungle near the freight yards
at midnight. Your mission ... to find a killer. And
when you cross the tracks in the darkness, and head
for the clearing they call the "hobo's jungle,"
you're scared plenty.

MUSIC: PUNCTUATE WITH AN EERIE TRAIN WHISTLE, OFF.

NARRATOR: Somewhere in the distance, you hear a train. And
right now, you wish you were on that train ... you
wish you were anywhere but where you are. But you
keep on walking ...

SOUND: STEPS UNDER

NARRATOR: And finally you hit the jungle itself, where the
hobos camp. You see the ashes of the cooking fires,
bits of cast-off clothing and tin cans littered
about. And you keep on walking ...

SOUND: STEPS UNDER

IDAHO: Hello, Wilson.

SOUND: STEPS STOP ABRUPTLY

RUSS: (STARTLED) Oh. Hello. It's so dark I ...

IDAHO: You're right on time.

RUSS: Who are you?

IDAHO: The name's Jones ... Idaho Jones. I'm a hobo.

RUSS: Why did you want me to meet you out here?

IDAHO: I figured it was safer...for me. If I met you in town, it'd be too easy for you to turn me over to the cops, if you didn't believe my story.

RUSS: I see. (A BEAT) You said over the phone that you had a tip on the Carl Andrews murder. What's the tip?

IDAHO: I seen the killer about seven o'clock this evening.

RUSS: You saw Freddie Bell?

IDAHO: Yep -- baby face and all.

RUSS: Where?

IDAHO: Right here where you're standing.

RUSS: You mean he's right here in Des Moines?

IDAHO: He was.

RUSS: How'd you spot him?

IDAHO: Along about dark tonight, me and another 'bo started to burn some kindling to cook up some coffee and slum. I remember it had started to rain and my friend was tellin about other hobo jungles he'd seen...

SOUND: -- RAIN

WHITEY: Y'know, Idaho, the best one I ever seen was off the D. L. & W. near Scranton. It was built against a clay bank to keep out the wind and...

IDAHO: Whitey, hold it!

WHITEY: What's the matter, Idaho?

IDAHO: Someone's comin'.

WHITEY: Yeah.

FREDDIE: (COMING IN) I wonder if you two guys could deal me in on a little stew. I...(CUTS) Oh. It's you, Idaho.

IDAHO: (COLD) Yeah. It's me, Freddie.

WHITEY: Who's this baby-face, Idaho?

IDAHO: Freddie Bell. He knifed a guy to death near here a couple of weeks ago.

FREDDIE: Look, Idaho, I didn't do it.

IDAHO: That ain't what the Des Moines papers say, kid.

FREDDIE: They're lying. I tell you I didn't...

IDAHO: Don't lie to me, kid. I know you did it.

FREDDIE: How do you know. What makes you think...?

IDAHO: Carl Andrews was murdered at half past four, like this reporter Wilson in the Tribune says. And at four o'clock, you jumped the freight we was travelin', right about the place where Andrews was killed. You were carryin' a knife and you were in a killin' mood. (A BEAT) Well?

FREDDIE: Okay, okay. So I knifed him. So I'm on the lam. Look, guys, I'm taking the next freight south for Kansas City. All I want is a little stew.

IDAHO: Beat it, kid.

FREDDIE: But I'm a hobo like the two of you.

IDAHO: Oh, no, you're not, kid. You're a killer. Now beat it. And if you're goin' to K. C., don't try to go by freight.

FREDDIE: What do you mean?

WHITEY: He means not to ride the rods or boxcars. That's hobo law...jungle law. If you're going to Kansas City, you'll have to hit the highway -- hitch rides by car.

FREDDIE: Wait a minute, wise guys. You can't tell me how to travel.

IDAHO: Can't we, kid?

WHITEY: If any hobo catches you on a freight, he'll throw you off the train...that's the law. We don't want any killers ridin' the rails. Brings the cops down too quick...

IDAHO: The highway's about a mile east of here. Now, beat it, kid. Get going.

SOUND: -- TAKE RAIN OUT

IDAHO: That's the story, Mr. Wilson. That's the last I saw of Babyface Bell. But it looked to me like he was still carrying a knife...and still figurin' on usin' it.

RUSS: Did you call me right after he left?

IDAHO: Yes.

RUSS: Hmmm. That means he's got about a five hour start. You think he's heading for Kansas City?

IDAHO: Right.

RUSS: Why did you tip me off to this Idaho?

IDAHO: When the cops find out Freddie Bell's a hobo, they'll raid this jungle, close it up. I figured if I tipped them off, through you, they might let us hobos alone, maybe. See what I mean, Wilson?

RUSS: Sure, Idaho. I see what you mean. Come on -- I want you to tell this story to a friend of mine.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

RUSS: All set with those pictures, Hodge?

HODGE: Yep. Got seven different photographs here on my desk ... every one of 'em out of the Rogue's Gallery ... with the names blanked out.

RUSS: And Freddie Bell's picture is one of 'em?

HODGE: Right. If this hobo picks it, we'll know he's not talking through his hat. We'll know that he's seen the right man. (SMILE) Much as I hate to admit it, this was a good idea of yours, Reporter.

RUSS: Thanks. (FADES A LITTLE) I'll let him in now.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS OFF

RUSS: (OFF) Come on in, Idaho.

IDAHO: (COMING IN - WORRIED) What's this all about, Wilson?

RUSS: Take it easy. We just want to see whether you can pick Freddie Bell from these pictures.

HODGE: Go ahead, Idaho. Pick it out. Which one of these pictures is Freddie Bell?

IDAHO: (A BEAT) Why, this here one. This picture ... third from the left. That's Freddie Bell. I'd know him anywhere.

RUSS: (QUIETLY) Well, Jim?

HODGE: He's right, Reporter. That does it.

RUSS: What now?

HODGE: First, I'm going to send out a general alarm ... notify all road patrols and police between here and Kansas City.

RUSS: Fine ... That'll give me a chance to phone in a lead ... I can just make my Edition. After that ... where do we go from here?

HODGE: For a ride along the highway to Kansas City.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ _ BRIDGE AND SEGUE INTO MONTAGE B.G.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ _ DOOR OPENS

MRS. HENSHAW: Yes?

FREDDIE: Excuse me, Ma'am. I'm on my way to Kansas City ... hitch-hiking. And I'm hungry. I wonder if you could spare me a meal?

MRS. HENSHAW: Why, it's a shame ... a nice looking boy like you going hungry. Come in ... come in ...

FREDDIE: Gee ... thanks, Ma'am. You're swell. You remind me of my mother.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ _ MONTAGE UP AND DOWN

HODGE: Did you notify the police immediately after you heard that Freddie Bell was in this area, Mrs. Henshaw?

MRS. HENSHAW: Yes, Mr. Hodge. But I don't believe that this boy who had a meal right here in my house was the killer at all!

RUSS: Why don't you believe it, Mrs. Henshaw?

MRS. HENSHAW: Why, he seemed like a nice boy and he had such a kind face.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ MONTAGE UP AND UNDER

SOUND: _ _ _ _ TRUCK TO STOP

FREDDIE: How's chances on a ride in your truck, driver?

DRIVER: Well, I dunno. We're not supposed to take any riders. Where you going?

FREDDIE: Kansas City.

DRIVER: We-ell, you look like a nice kid, and you're a long way from home. Come ahead ... hop in!

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ MONTAGE UP AND UNDER

HODGE: Where did you pick up this kid in your truck, Driver?

DRIVER: Right outside of St. Joseph, Mr. Hodge. But when the state troopers ^{put up} ~~threw~~ that road block and stopped ~~all~~ ~~traffic~~ ... well, you know the rest. When the troopers looked into my truck, the kid was gone.

RUSS: Well, that's that. Let's go, Hodge.

DRIVER: If you ask me, Mr. Wilson, you two are barking up the wrong tree.

HODGE: Are we? Why?

DRIVER: Why, that kid was clean-cut ... a regular fellow. He didn't look anything like a killer to me!

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND UNDER

SOUND: _ _ _ _ POUNING ON DOOR

FREDDIE: (SHOUTING) Lemme in, Mom! Lemme in!

SOUND: _ _ _ _ DOOR OPENS

MOTHER: Freddie!

FREDDIE: Shut the door! Quick!

SOUND: SLAM OF DOOR

MOTHER: Freddie! The police were here. They told me about what you'd done. They...

FREDDIE: Look, I haven't got much time, Mom. Cook up something to eat for me...somethin' to take along...sandwiches... anything. I gotta get some clothes an' get outa here in a hurry.

MOTHER: Freddie, why did you do it? Why did you do it?

FREDDIE: Will you stop gabbin' an' get busy? I'm on the lam, see? They're after me...breathin' on my neck.

MOTHER: Freddie...Freddie, where are you going...where can you go?

FREDDIE: I'm gonna get me a job somewhere...some place where they won't look for me...with the railroad maybe working on a section gang...

MOTHER: No. Don't do it, son. Give yourself up.

FREDDIE: Have you gone nuts?

MOTHER: But you've got to give yourself up. You killed a man. ~~YOU'RE A MURDERER~~

FREDDIE: Yeah? Ain't that somethin', Mom? You're the mother of a big shot now. A big shot like Legs Diamond, Dillinger, the rest of them! I got my picture in the papers, reporters writin' stories about me, a real public enemy. Okay, now, Mom -- get me that grub. I gotta beat it.

MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER

NARRATOR: Still following the trail, you and Hodge check with the railroads, and find that they're hiring section gang labor at Liberty, Missouri, about twenty miles out of Kansas City. On a chance, you show up at the employment shack, and sure enough the timekeeper tells you he's hired a new man. And just as you walk out in the freight yard, you see Baby-face Freddie Bell ...

SOUND: TRAIN WHISTLE OFF. RUMBLE OF FREIGHT TRAIN OFF

NARRATOR: There's a hot shot freight train coming through, southbound, and Jim Hodge draws his gun and yells ...

HODGE: (OVER ROAD COMING UP) Hey! You! Bell! Come in with your hands up!

FREDDIE: (YELLS) Oh, yeah. Try and get me!

RUSS: (YELLS) Hodge! He's making a run for it. He's going to try and catch that freight!

HODGE: He's not going to make it.

SOUND: SHOT ... STEPS RUNNING UP AS TRAIN FADES)

HODGE: Okay, Bell. Try these bracelets on ... for size,

FREDDIE: (PANTING) I coulda made it. I coulda made it, see?

HODGE: Then why didn't you, Babyface? Afraid ^{HE} might have gotten you with a second shot?

FREDDIE: I ... Well, I ...

HODGE: A lot different when you're on the receiving end, isn't it? (A BEAT) Let's go, Wilson. We can get the Flyer back to Des Moines, if we hurry.

FREDDIE: The Flyer? Ain't that a Pullman?

RUSS: That's right, Babyface. Why?

FREDDIE: (LAUGHS) That's funny ... that's real funny.

RUSS: What's so funny?

FREDDIE: When I was ridin' the boxcars, I swore that some day I'd be a big shot and ride the Pullman, first class.
(LAUGHS) An' here I am ... a big shot with my picture in all the papers ... and ridin' a Pullman car first class ... just as I said I would!
(LAUGHTER UP HYSTERICALLY INTO)

MUSIC: ----- CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Russell Wilson with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

MUSIC: ----- FANFARE

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: And good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELL'S are good to look at - good to feel -
good to taste - and good to smoke!

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 longer, finer cigarette
in the distinguished red package. PELL MELL FAMOUS
CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ORCHESTRA: _ _ _ TAG

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Russell Wilson of the Des Moines Tribune.

RUSS: Youthful killer in tonight's BIG STORY was brought to trial, convicted of murder, and sentenced to life imprisonment in the Iowa State Penitentiary. Ten years later, he made a daring escape from prison, but after several weeks at liberty he voluntarily returned to jail and is now serving out his sentence. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Wilson. 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 Nashville Banner; by-line -- Marshall Morgan. A BIG STORY about two penniless parents, and a reporter who saw to it that two children got what they wanted for Christmas.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ "WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE" SEGUE TO THEME 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 Bob Sloane, and George Petrie played the part of Russell Wilson. All names in tonight's story except that of Mr. Wilson were fictitious; but

(MORE)

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

MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL
MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES. ~~and reminding you of the ideal~~
~~Christmas gift -- PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES in their~~
~~special Holiday carton.~~

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

1ST REVISION

Page 23 - (Pages 26
and 27 added).

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #39

As Broadcast

"MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM THE MAGI"

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1947.

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MARSHALL MORGAN	CARL EASTMAN
EDITOR	GENE LEONARD
SERGEANT	BOB SLOANE
SANTA CLAUS	GENE LEONARD
JIMMIE	EMILY KIPP
WOMAN	AGNES YOUNG
RUTH	JOAN LAZER
MULLER	ALAN HEWITT
ALICE	AGNES YOUNG
PAUL	ALAN HEWITT
SUSAN	JOAN LAZER
DONNIE	EMILY KIPP

BTX01 0060149

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

SOUND: _ _ _ _ KNOCK ON DOOR. DOOR OPENS IMMEDIATELY.

ALICE: (YOUNG AND EAGER) Darling!

PAUL: Hey! You must have been standing right at the door.

ALICE: I was. Did you get it?

PAUL: Yes.

ALICE: Let me see, let me see!

PAUL: It's not so much.

ALICE: Let me see!

PAUL: Here.

ALICE: (PAUSE. A BREATH) Oh, darling.

PAUL: I'm sorry I couldn't get you an engagement ring, too ...
but this does have a couple of little diamonds in it.
See?

ALICE: Oh, darling, darling, darling -- it's the most wonderful
wedding ring in the world. (BEAT) After we're
married, I'll never take it off, darling ... never as
long as I live.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP TENDERLY AND INTO SOMETHING FOREBODING. THEN UNDER
FOR

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY! Another in a thrilling series based on
true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight, to
Marshall Morgan of the Nashville Banner 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 longer, finer 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! ...

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: 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 of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos
filters the smoke of this longer, finer cigarette -
gives you that smoothness, mildness and satisfaction
no other cigarette offers you.

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 moving and authentic story of ... "Merry Christmas From The Magi."

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You are Marshall Morgan, a reporter for the Banner in Nashville, Tennessee. It's a bleak December morning ... cold and drab ... and there isn't much happening in the city room until, about ten o'clock, you get a call to see the managing editor. You go into his office expecting a routine assignment or a call-down on your expense account or almost anything but what you do get. He looks at you solemnly for a moment, and then he says ...

EDITOR: Sit down, Marsh.

MARSH: Sure.

EDITOR: Marsh, I've just been glancing over the front page of yesterday's Banner, and ... well, I'd like it to look different tomorrow.

MARSH: What do you mean?

EDITOR: It's ~~three~~ ^{two} days before Christmas. I'd like to see some happiness on the front page.

MARSH: Such as what?

EDITOR: Something simple and warm. Something about kindness and humanity.

~~MARSH:~~ For ~~the front page?~~

~~EDITOR:~~ A ~~three-column spread on the front page.~~

~~MARSH:~~ You mean it?

~~EDITOR:~~ A ~~special feature. A human interest story.~~

~~MARSH:~~ About ~~kindness and humanity? Three columns? Front page?~~

~~EDITOR:~~ That's right.

~~MARSH:~~ Three ~~thousand words of sweetness and light, and babies should love their mothers, and every cloud has a silver lining? Chief, you're kidding.~~

~~EDITOR:~~ I'm not.

MARSH: Well, if it's heart throb stuff you want, that's a little out of my line. I'm not a sob sister.

EDITOR: I don't want a sob sister, Marsh. I want an honest job of reporting about ... well, I don't quite know ... but something that'll show the real spirit of Christmas ... something with goodness in it. It ought to have warmth and color ... and a moral, maybe ... or maybe a twist.

MARSH: A twist?

EDITOR: (WARMING TO HIS SUBJECT) That's right ... that's the ticket. A real O. Henry twist. Ever read O. Henry, Marsh?

MARSH: A long time ago. Why?

EDITOR: Well, there's one story O. Henry wrote called "The Gift Of The Magi." It's about a young couple who were broke and couldn't buy Christmas presents for each other. All she had that was worth anything was her beautiful hair ... and all he had was a watch. Remember it?

MARSH: Yeah. Yeah, I think so. Didn't she cut off her hair and sell it to buy him a watch chain?

EDITOR: That's right. And he pawned his watch to buy her a comb for her hair. That's the kind of a story I want, Marsh.

MARSH: Oh, fine. Great. O. Henry was a genius who wrote this as a piece of fiction. And you want me to go out and dig up a true story just as good.

EDITOR: And write it.

MARSH: Look, Chief ... let's be reasonable. Where am I going to find a yarn like this?

EDITOR: Don't ask me, Marsh. You're a reporter, aren't you?

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ BRIDGE

MARSH: And then he said, "You're a reporter, aren't you?" So that's what I'm trying to find out ... am I?

SERGEANT: Why don't you give up and join the force? It's easier.

MARSH: I may have to. Look, Sergeant ... hasn't anything happened around police headquarters that might give me a lead on a story?

SERGEANT: Well, the Policeman's Benefit Association is serving a Christmas dinner to the old folks up at the Home for the Aged.

MARSH: We've already got that one set in type at the Banner, Sergeant. Anyway, it's not exactly what I'm looking for.

SERGEANT: Well, that's about all I've got. Why don't you check the boys down at the fire station?

MARSH: Already did. They're giving a Christmas party for the kids at the Orphanage. It's good stuff, but we did a
(MORE)

MARSH:
(CONTD) feature on it last year. What I've got to find is something more individual, more personal ... like that young couple in "The Gift Of The Magi."

SERGEANT: What's that mean, anyway ... Magi?

MARSH: The Magi were the Wise Men. They came bearing gifts for the Child in the manger in Bethlehem.

SERGEANT: Oh.

MARSH: I wish I knew ^{some} a Magi who would come bearing a gift for me ... a nice Christmas story. Or even an idea where I might get one.

SERGEANT: (CHUCKLE) Why not try Santa Claus?

MARSH: I haven't been a good boy this year. He ... (CUTS)
Sergeant, I think you just said something. I am going to see Santa Claus.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ A GAY BRIDGE THAT SEGUES INTO A MUSIC BOX B.G.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ THE TOY DEPARTMENT THREE DAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS

SANTA: (WARM AND HEARTY) All right, Jimmie ... if you'll promise not to bite your fingernails any more, I'll try to bring you a sled for Christmas. Will you promise?

JIMMIE: I promise, Santa Claus.

SANTA: All right, then.

WOMAN: Thank you, Santa Claus.

SANTA: You're welcome, ma'am.

JIMMIE: C'n I have an airplane, too?

WOMAN: Well, that depends on how good a boy you are during the next ^{two} ~~three~~ days, doesn't it, Santa?

SANTA: That's right, ma'am.

WOMAN: Say good-bye to Santa Claus now, Jimmie, and come along.

JIMMIE: (FADING) Good-bye, Santa Claus ... good-bye.

SANTA: Goodbye, Jimmie. (A HEARTY LAUGH)

MARSH: (COMING IN) Oh, Santa Claus ...

SANTA: Hello, Mister. You got a little boy or girl you want me to talk to?

MARSH: No, I ... I'd like to talk to you myself.

SANTA: (LAUGHS) Well, all right ... go ahead. What do you want for Christmas?

MARSH: A story. You see, I ...

RUTH: (INTERRUPTING) Santa Claus, can I get a ^{set of} ~~base ball bat~~ for Christmas?

SANTA: What's a nice little girl like you want with a ^{set of} ~~baseball~~ ^{bat?}

RUTH: ^{Maybe} ~~It's~~ for my ^{boy friend} ~~cousin~~. He's going to ask you to bring him a doll buggy for me.

SANTA: Well, I'll try to take care of that.

RUTH: Thank you, Santa Claus. (FADES) G'bye.

SANTA: (LAUGHS) You hear everything. Now, then, Mister ... what can I do for you?

MARSH: A story. I'm a reporter for the Banner, and my editor sent me out to get a true Christmas story. Something like O. Henry's "Gift Of The Magi." I thought perhaps you could help me.

SANTA: Noooo. No, I'm afraid not. But I think maybe O. Henry can.

MARSH: Huh?

SANTA: Why not follow his example?

MARSH: I don't get you.

SANTA: O. Henry found his Christmas story in a pawn shop. Why not try one yourself?

MARSH: Well, now that's an idea, Santa Claus ... that certainly is an idea. (FADING) Thanks, Santa ... thanks very much. And a Merry Christmas!

SANTA: Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! (LAUGHS)

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ _ WIPE LAUGH AND PLAY CHRISTMAS MUSIC INTO

SOUND: _ _ _ _ _ DOOR WITH A BELL ON IT OPENS AND CLOSES

MULLER: (A SLIGHT CONTINENTAL ACCENT) Yes, sir?

MARSH: I'd like to speak to the proprietor.

MULLER: I am the proprietor ... August Muller. (BEAT) You have something to pawn, young man?

MARSH: No, I ...

MULLER: Come, do not be embarrassed. I am a philosopher. I know that everyone comes upon hard times now and then.

MARSH: I'm a newspaper reporter ... I'm used to hard times. (LAUGHS)

MULLER: That is a joke, yes? (LAUGHS) I do not understand it.

MARSH: There are very few rich newspaper reporters.

MULLER: There are very few rich people. What can I do for you, young man?

MARSH: I know this sounds funny, Mr. Muller, but I'm looking for something in the line of O. Henry ...

MULLER: O. Henry? What is so funny about that?

MARSH: Well, I ...

MULLER: I have a very fine set of O. Henry here. Ten volumes only slightly used. And the price is reasonable ... ten dollars for the complete set.

MARSH: But I don't ...

MULLER: All right, young man, all right. It is Christmas. On Christmas, we can all afford to be a little charitable,
(MORE)

MULLER: is it not so? I will let the O. Henry go for nine
(CONTD) dollars.

MARSH: Mr. Muller, you don't understand. My name's Marshall
Morgan. I'm from the Banner. I don't want to buy
anything. I'm looking for a special kind of story ...
a Christmas story.

MULLER: I see. (SIGHS) Well, Mr. Morgan, I do not think I can
help you. I am a pawnbroker, not a story-teller.

MARSH: I know. All I want is to ... ~~well, hang-around-your~~
~~place here for awhile on the chance that someone with a~~
~~human interest story might come in.~~

~~MULLER: I see.~~

~~MARSH: That is, if you don't mind.~~

~~MULLER: Mind? (SHRUG) Why should I mind? I think you are a~~
~~little crazy, young man ... but you are welcome to~~
~~stay, just the same.~~

MARSH: Thank you. (PAUSE) It's quite cold out.

~~MULLER: Yes.~~

~~MARSH: Much colder than yesterday.~~

~~MULLER: Much colder. So, I say to myself, perhaps it will be~~
~~warmer tomorrow. You see, in a small way, I am a~~
~~philosopher.~~

~~MARSH: I see.~~

~~MULLER: In a small way.~~

~~MARSH: Yes. (PAUSE) Mr. Muller ...~~

MULLER: What?

MARSH: That woman ... do you know her?

MULLER: What woman?

MARSH: Outside your shop. I just noticed her this moment, pacing up and down the sidewalk.

MULLER: I do not see ... Oh, that one. Yes, I know her.

MARSH: She has an interesting face.

MULLER: Very.

MARSH: Must have been beautiful once.

MULLER: No doubt.

MARSH: What do you know about her?

MULLER: Mr. Morgan ... doctors, priests and pawnbrokers know things they do not tell.

MARSH: I see. Excuse me.

MULLER: You are excused.

MARSH: It's just that there's something about her ... I don't know what ... but it catches your interest right away.

MULLER: Yes.

MARSH: Will she come in here, do you think?

MULLER: She will come in. She will pace the sidewalk one time more, and then she will come in.

MARSH: That's good ... that's fine. You know, I've got the craziest idea that she's my story ... that O. Henry sent her here, or the Magi, or someone. Does she come here often? Oh, excuse me.

MULLER: You are excused. She comes here often.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ DOOR WITH A BELL ON IT OPENS AND CLOSES

MULLER: Good afternoon, good afternoon, Mrs. Grant.

ALICE: Mr. Muller. It's nice to see you again.

MULLER: No ... a pawnbroker is never nice to see. I know that. You have something to sell, Mrs. Grant?

ALICE: Yes.

MULLER: What is it this time?

ALICE: This.

MULLER: (PAUSE) Oh, no, Mrs. Grant ... no.

ALICE: (SIMPLE, DIRECT, UNEMOTIONAL) Please. How much is it worth? How much will you give me for ... ? (CUTS) Mr. Muller, you're not even looking at the ring.

MULLER: No, Mrs. Grant ... I am not looking at it.

ALICE: Well, please do ... and give me a price.

MULLER: The price is too dear. In my till, there is not enough money. In my safe, there is not enough money. In all of Nashville, there is not enough money to buy the wedding ring of a woman who loves her husband. You see, in a small way, I am a philosopher.

ALICE: (KEEPING CONTROL) Suppose ... suppose the woman did not love her husband. What would this ring be worth?

MULLER: Oh ... forty dollars.

ALICE: I'll take it.

MULLER: But I will not give it. I know you and Mr. Grant. I will not buy your wedding ring.

ALICE: ~~But, Mr. Muller, I need the money. I ...~~

MULLER: ~~I am an old man, Mrs. Grant. I have been here in business for many years. People come here into my shop ... every kind of people. They are in trouble ... they want to sell what they have. But this ... no, I cannot do it. I will not buy your ring.~~

ALICE: ~~Mr. Muller, Mr. Muller, I ...~~

MULLER: ~~Please, Mrs. Grant. Keep the ring on your finger. Take it home with you. We will all feel better.~~

(FADING) Now, if you will excuse me, I will lock up in the back room ...

ALICE: But ... but Mr. Muller, I ...

MARSH: (COMING IN) I beg your pardon, Mrs. Grant ...

ALICE: I ... who are you?

MARSH: I couldn't help overhearing. My name's Morgan. I'm a reporter for the Banner. If there's any way I can be of help ...

ALICE: No. I ... thank you, but I don't want any help. I'm not asking for help.

MARSH: But you are in trouble. No woman would come into a pawnshop a couple of days before Christmas and try to sell her wedding ring ... unless she were in trouble.

ALICE: (LOW) Please don't ask any more questions, Mr. Morgan ... please.

MARSH: Why don't you tell me about it? I know I'm a stranger. I know that I haven't any right to intrude into your personal affairs. But sometimes it helps a thing just to talk about it. After all, this is no time for unhappiness. This is the Christmas season.

ALICE: You know something, Mr. Morgan? I wish Christmas would never come. But it will. It'll be here in two days, and I'm broke and I have a little daughter who's asked for a doll, and my son wants a train that goes woo!

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ _ CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's BIG STORY. But first, 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!" - the longer, finer cigarette
in the distinguished red package - PELL MELL!

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: 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 of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos
filters the smoke of this longer, finer cigarette -
gives you that smoothness, mildness and satisfaction
no other cigarette offers you.

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, Bob Sloane, and tonight's BIG STORY.

NARRATOR: You, Marsh Morgan of the Nashville Banner, have been looking all over town for a Christmas story with an O. Henry twist. Now ... you're convinced that you're on the trail of one. A woman, poorly dressed and obviously desperate, has walked into a pawn shop to sell her wedding ring. It takes time, but you finally get her to tell her story ...

ALICE: Paul -- that's my husband -- he's a working man, Mr. Morgan. Or was. We never had much in the way of money, but we had an awful lot of good things. Books to read, a piano to play on -- and our youngsters, Susan and Donnie. Even as far back as last September, we were looking forward to Christmas. We didn't know then ... at least, the children and I didn't know -- that Christmas would be different this year. I remember the evening that everything changed. It started just like always. The children wanted to stay up past their bed time, and Susan ~~was~~ teasing her daddy to read another poem ...

SUSAN: Just one more, Daddy, please.

DONNIE: Please.

SUSAN: The one about The Night Before Christmas.

PAUL: The Night Before Christmas? Wait a minute, honey. You're a little early. What brought that up?

SUSAN: Because it's about Santa Claus.

DONNIE: When's Santa Claus coming?

SUSAN: At Christmas, silly. He'll bring us presents, won't he, Daddy?

PAUL: He will if you're bough good and go to bed when you're told.

SUSAN: But does Santa Claus know what we want for Christmas?

PAUL: You just tell me, and I'll write him a letter for both of you.

SUSAN: Oh, goody! I want a doll with yellow hair, and a sewing set, and a house with a light in it, and a box of crayons, and a puzzle, and a string of beads, and a hair ribbon and a picture book. But most of all I want a doll with yellow hair.

ALICE: How about you, Donnie -- what do you want?

DONNIE: A train that goes woo.

ALICE: What else?

DONNIE: Just a train that goes woo.

SUSAN: That's silly. Read us about The Night Before Christmas, Daddy.

PAUL: No more tonight, please, honey.

ALICE: Daddy's tired, Susan. Now on your way, both of you. Bed. Call when you're undressed and I'll come and tuck you in.

SUSAN: I'll be undressed first.

DONNIE: (FADING) I'll be! I'll be!

SUSAN: (OFF) Goodnight, Daddy.

PAUL: (~~OFF~~) Goodnight.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES OFF

PAUL: They're nice children, aren't they, Alice?

ALICE: Nice.

PAUL: Where's the evening paper?

ALICE: I don't know.

PAUL: Well, I want to look at the sport page. I ...

ALICE: Paul ...

PAUL: Yes?

ALICE: What is it?

PAUL: What is what?

ALICE: Ever since you got home, I've known you had something on your mind. What is it?

PAUL: (SMILE) Didn't I even fool you for a minute?

ALICE: Not even for a second. What is it, Paul -- hard day at the shop? (PAUSE) Well?

PAUL: I didn't go to the shop, Alice.

ALICE: Oh? No work today?

PAUL: Yes, there was work today, but -- I went to see a doctor. I haven't been feeling so good for a little while -- I did fool you about that -- so I went to see a doctor. (PAUSE) Alice, don't just sit there and look at me like that.

ALICE: Are you very ill?

PAUL: Yes, Alice.

ALICE: How ill?

PAUL: He says I mustn't work. He says I have to stay home. He says it will take a year.

ALICE: But then you'll be well?

PAUL: If I stay home for a year.

ALICE: Then you'll stay home.

PAUL: How can I? We haven't anything saved up!

ALICE: We'll work it out. We'll move to a smaller place,
and I'll get a little something to do part time,
and ... (LOW) Darling, darling, darling -- we'll work
it out.

SUSAN: (WAY OFF, YELLING) Mommie!

DONNIE: (WAY OFF, YELLING) Mommie!

ALICE: (CALLS) All right, children -- I'm coming. (LOW) We've
got everything important, Paul. We just have to be a
little careful, that's all. We'll work it out, darling.

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER FOR MONTAGE

ALICE: (HAPPILY) The less expensive cut, please. We're having
stew.

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

ALICE: See, Donnie, here's a new pair of pants for you made
out of Daddy's old jacket.

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

ALICE: I work at home so I can ^{take care of} ~~look after~~ the children --
sewing, light laundry. Or maybe you'd like a hand
knitted sweater.

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

ALICE: I'm sorry, Paul, but Susan just had to see the dentist,
so when the man said twenty dollars for the piano, I
took it.

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

ALICE: (TOO BRIGHTLY) We'll work it out, darling -- we'll
work it out. (WHISPER) Oh, God, please help us to
work it out.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

SUSAN: Daddy ...

PAUL: Yes, Susan?

SUSAN: How many more days until Christmas now?

PAUL: Only ... only two.

SUSAN: Did you write Santa Claus and tell him what Donnie and I wanted?

DONNIE: (BEAT) Did you, Daddy?

PAUL: Well, you see, kids ... Yes. Yes, I wrote him all right, but you see ...

SUSAN: You mean we can't have everything we asked for?

PAUL: Well, Santa's awfully busy this year. There are millions and millions of other little boys and girls ...

SUSAN: Then can I just have the doll with yellow hair?

DONNIE: Can I have a train that goes woo?

PAUL: I ... I .. No more questions now. It's still light. Go out and play.

SUSAN: But, Daddy ...

PAUL: (HARSH) I said no more questions! Can't you understand English?

SUSAN: But, Daddy, I was only going to ask if I could ^{write} ~~print~~ Santa a letter to bring a new bathrobe to you.

PAUL: (CRACKING) I said go out and play! Go out and play!

ALICE: (COMING IN) Paul! ^{Peace,} For heaven's sake, what are you shouting for?

PAUL: I want those kids to get outdoors now ... right now ... or I'll take a strap to 'em both!

ALICE: Go along, children.

SUSAN: (STARTING TO CRY) Yes, Mommie.

DONNIE: (FADING) Yes, Mommie.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS OFF

SUSAN &
DONNIE: (OFF) Goodbye, Daddy.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

PAUL: (PAUSE, LOW) Alice, I don't think I can take any more.

ALICE: You've got to try, darling. I know it's hard, but ...

PAUL: ~~They asked about Christmas again. They asked if I'd~~
~~written to Santa Claus. I don't want to see their faces~~
~~on Christmas morning.~~

~~ALICE: Paul, Paul, darling, don't torture yourself. You've~~
~~got to relax and get well so that you can go back to~~
~~work and give us the most wonderful Christmas ever~~
~~next year.~~

PAUL: (BREAKING) Next year? What about now? (SOBS) What
~~are we going to do, Alice? What are we going to do?~~
What are we going to say to Susan and Donnie on
Christmas morning? There won't be anything for them.
Not even a doll with yellow hair. Not even a train
that goes woo.

ALICE: (MURMURS) There, there, there, ~~my~~ darling.

PAUL: I'm sorry.

ALICE: It's all right. Now, I just want you to ^{lie} ~~let~~ down.

PAUL: ^{What for?} Where are you going?

ALICE: I've got an idea, Paul. You just wait here. We'll
work it out, darling. I promise you we'll work it
out.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

ALICE: (DULLY) Well, Mr. Morgan, that's it. That's why I
came down here to sell my wedding ring.

MARSH: I see.

ALICE: It's all I have left. It's important, of course, but ...

MARSH: But -- not as important as a doll with yellow hair or
a train that goes woo. Right?

ALICE: That's right, Mr. Morgan. You understand. And so I'm
going to sell the ring. I'm going to sell it and ...
(CUTS)

SOUND: _ _ _ _ DOOR OPEN. TINKLE OF OVERHEAD BELL

ALICE: (AGHAST) Paul!

PAUL: (QUIET) Hello, Alice.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ DOOR CLOSE

ALICE: But ... but I told you to ...

PAUL: I had a hunch you'd come here, Alice.

ALICE: Oh, Paul.

PAUL: You can't do it. It's your wedding ring. You promised
me you'd keep it always.

ALICE: But toys for the children ...

PAUL: I'd rather you had the ring, Alice.

MARSH: Forgive my butting in, but maybe I can do something.

PAUL: Who're you?

ALICE: Oh. Paul ... this is Mr. Morgan. (GREAT PRIDE)
Mr. Morgan, this is my husband.

MARSH: How do you do? Mr. Grant, I know that all this may be
a little bewildering, but I've been looking for you ...
for you, and Mrs. Grant, and your daughter, Susan, and
your son, Donnie.

PAUL: But ... but I don't understand.

MARSH: I'm a newspaper reporter, Mr. Grant, and I've been
looking for a true Christmas story. Your wife just told
me one. It's a beautiful story. But it needs a happy
ending.

PAUL: How are we going to arrange that?

MARSH: ~~Mr. Grant, I wouldn't want to see your youngsters miss Christmas for the world. I wouldn't want any kid to feel that Santa Claus has passed him by.~~ I've got twenty dollars with me. I'd like to give it to you ... as a well ... as a Christmas present ... for Susan and Donnie.

PAUL: Thank you, Mr. Morgan. But we can't take it.

MARSH: But it's only money. And it'll buy a lot of toys. Look, Mr. Grant, I ...

PAUL: No. Thanks just the same, Mr. Morgan. It's very kind of you but -- I think maybe when Susan and Donnie are grown up they'll forgive us this one bad Christmas. They might not forgive us for taking charity.

MARSH: (HELPLESSLY) Mrs, Grant, won't you ...?

ALICE: I feel the same way my husband does, Mr. Morgan. You're very kind, and we appreciate it, but we just can't take any money.

MARSH: ~~Then let me lend it to you. Let it be a loan.~~

PAUL: ~~We can't take your money, even as a loan, Mr. Morgan.~~
 You see ... ~~we're a pretty bad risk.~~

ALICE: ~~and we haven't any security we can give you.~~

MARSH: That's where you're wrong. You forgot the ring.

ALICE & PAUL: The ring?

MARSH: Sure. It's perfect security. If you won't take the money any other way, I'll hold your ring in pawn.
 (A BEAT) Well? How about it? *shall we find the money* ~~Is it a deal?~~ *Toy Shop?*

ALICE: Oh, yes, Mr. Morgan. Yes ... Yes!

~~PAUL:~~ ~~It... it's a dead.~~ ~~And Mr. Morgan, I...~~
(HELPLESSLY) ~~Well... what can I say?~~

MARSH: (GENTLY) ~~There's no need to say anything. The thing~~
~~to do now... is find the nearest toy shop!~~

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ BRIDGE

SOUND: _ _ _ _ CAR IN MOTION

ALICE: We live in the building ^{on the} corner, Mr. Morgan... ~~The~~

MARSH: Right.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ CAR TO STOP ... IGNITION OFF

MARSH: Before you go in, we'd better check the loot. Let's
see -- the doll house with the light inside, that's
this big package.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ PACKAGES

PAUL: And here's the doll with yellow hair.

MARSH: Check. And this package is the sewing set and the
puzzle and the box of crayons. The clerk put them all
together.

PAUL: And here's Donnie's stuff ... building blocks, a
policeman's badge, a bag of marbles.

ALICE: ... and a train that goes woo.

MARSH: That's it ... that takes care of everything. (PAUSE)
Well, I have to be shoving off.

ALICE: Mr. Morgan, won't you come in for a while?

MARSH: Sorry. I'm due back at the office.

PAUL: I've got an idea, Alice ... how about inviting Mr.
Morgan for breakfast on Christmas morning?

ALICE: Oh, wonderful! Could you come, Mr. Morgan? Would you?

MARSH: Thanks, Mrs. Grant.... I'd like to. I'd like to very
much. Good night.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ HIT WARMLY AND GO UNDER

NARRATOR: You, Marsh Morgan, drive back to the office through the hushed quiet of a December night. In your pocket there's a small wedding ring, and in the wintry sky a million stars. You let yourself in to the empty city room of the Nashville Banner, and you write your little story. That's all it is ... just a little story about two little people with two little kids ... but it turns out to be the biggest story of your young life. It lands on the front page ... a three column spread ... and readers begin to phone in and write in and send in. And before Christmas finally comes, the Banner has to send a circulation department truck out to the Grant family, full of everything from a Christmas dinner to a small piano. And then, on Christmas morning, you're lucky enough to be in on the Grant family celebration.

MUSIC: OUT WITH AN ACCENT

NARRATOR: Susan opens a big package and says ...

SUSAN: A doll with yellow hair!

NARRATOR: Donnie opens a middle size package and says ...

DONNIE: A train that goes woo!

SOUND: WOO~

NARRATOR: Alice Grant opens a tiny package and says ...

ALICE: The ring ... you sent back the ring!

NARRATOR: Which was only fair since she gave you a Christmas story. And then ... Paul Grant looks at you quietly and says ...

PAUL: We'll never be able to thank you enough, Mr. Morgan.

NARRATOR: And you're a little embarrassed, and you say ...

MARSH: Don't thank me. Thank O. Henry ... and the Magi that brought us together.

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: And good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELL'S are good to look at - good to feel -
good to taste - and good to smoke!

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 longer, finer cigarette
in the distinguished red package. PELL MELL FAMOUS
CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ORCHESTRA: TAG

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Marshall Morgan of the Nashville Banner.

MARSH: Public reaction to this case was the most heart-warming I have ever seen. It gave the little family in tonight's BIG STORY a chance to get back on its feet, and gave me the biggest thrill I have ever had as a reporter. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Morgan. 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 Chicago Daily Times; by-line -- Frank Winge. A BIG STORY that began at dusk with a ride along highway Seventy-Seven.

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 Bob Sloane, and Carl Eastman played the part of Marshall Morgan. All names in tonight's story except that of Mr. Morgan were fictitious; but the dramatization was based on a true and authentic case.

MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE

THE BIG STORY #39

- 27 -

(ADDED)

12-24-47

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES and the entire cast of
THE BIG STORY and wishing all our listeners a very
Merry Christmas.

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

ATX01 0060176

1st Revision
Pages 26 & 27 added

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #40

As Broadcast

"MURDER ON SEVENTY SEVEN"

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1947

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
GRAHAM	RAY JOHNSON
MRS. PERKINS	CONNIE LEMBCKE
FRANK WINGE	TED OSBORNE
REDDEN	GEORGE PETRIE
SHERIFF	JIM BOLES
ELLEN	CONNIE LEMCKE
McCABE	GEORGE PETRIE
BURNS	RAY JOHNSON

ATX01 0060177

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

SOUND: _____ AUTO UNDER, STEADY

MRS. PERKINS: (~~WHISTLES~~^{TRUM} AN AIMLESS TUNE. THEN SUDDENLY A SHOUT)

Look out, you fool!

SOUND: _____ BRAKES SCREECH. CAR TO STOP. MOTOR IDLES

GRAHAM: (COMING ON, BREATHLESS) Lady! Lady!

MRS. PERKINS: (ANGRY) You crazy fool! What's the idea, jumping in front of my car like that! I almost ran you down!

GRAHAM: (AGITATED) I ... I couldn't help it. It's dark out here. I had to stop you. I need your help. I ...

(BREAKS) I ...

MRS. PERKINS: (SHARPLY) Pull yourself together. What's the matter? What are you talking about?

GRAHAM: A ... a gunman!

MRS. PERKINS: A what?

GRAHAM: A gunman! He just murdered my wife!

MUSIC: _____ HIT UP AND INTO

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY ... another in a thrilling series based on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight, to Frank Winge of the Chicago Daily Times, 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 longer, finer 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! ...

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: 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 of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos
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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 FADE

CHAPPELL: Now, the exciting and authentic story of ... "Murder On Seventy-Seven."

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You are Frank Winge, police reporter for the Chicago Daily Times. But right now, you're ninety miles away from Chicago, in the sheriff's office in the town of Oregon, Illinois. Right now, you're staring at a rectangular black box standing on a table. And in that box, there's a Big Story ... your Big Story ... you hope! You, Frank Winge, were responsible for bringing that box with its mysterious dials and miraculous gadgets, all the way from Chicago. You sent for the expert to operate it, too. And soon, very soon now, you'll know whether or not it pays off in the biggest story of your career.

REDDEN: Where is this suspected killer, Mr. Winge?

FRANK: In the next room, Professor Redden. He's waiting in the outer office with the sheriff. (PAUSE) So this is the lie detector, eh?

REDDEN: Yes.

FRANK: ~~Looks like a portable radio to me. I had an idea it'd be more elaborate.~~

REDDEN: ~~It is elaborate inside, Mr. Winge.~~

FRANK: What does it do when you lie? Flash a light? Ring a bell?

~~REDDEN: No. You see this drum of white paper?~~

FRANK: Yes.

REDDEN: ~~Well, that's the indicator.~~ When the subject tells the truth, this automatic pen writes a steady track on the indicator.

FRANK: And when he lies?

REDDEN: Then the pen will jump, and write a jagged track.

FRANK: I see. But just how do you hook up the subject to this lie detector, Professor?

REDDEN: When he comes in, he'll sit in this chair. Then we'll attach this rubber tube to his chest to record his breathing, and this cloth cuff to his left arm to measure his blood pressure.

FRANK: And those are the two factors which determine whether he's lying or not?

REDDEN: Yes.

FRANK: Isn't it possible for a good liar to beat this box?

REDDEN: It's possible, yes. But the odds are heavily against it.

FRANK: (SIGHS) Well, Professor, I sure hope you're right. I'm responsible for this test, you know. I think the man in the next room is the killer, but I need proof. If this lie detector works out, I'll be a hero. If it doesn't, I'll be a bum.

REDDEN: (QUIETLY) I'm ready any time you are, Mr. Winge.

FRANK: Okay. Let's get started.

~~SOUND: --- RECEIVER OFF HOOK ---~~

FRANK: ~~Hello, Sheriff. This is Winge. You can bring our man in now.~~

~~SOUND: --- RECEIVER ON HOOK ---~~

BUSINESS: PAUSE

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES. FOOTSTEPS UP INTO ROOM AND
STOP.

REDDEN: (QUIETLY) ~~Please be seated, sir. We're ready to~~
begin.

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: As the test begins, you recall how you, Frank Winge,
got into this case in the first place. You'd caught
an out-of-town message in the city room of the Daily
Times. A car had been ambushed and a woman shot in
the presence of her husband. You'd gone up to check
the story and you talked to the sheriff first ...

FRANK: Sheriff, about the murder of this Graham woman ...

SHERIFF: What about it?

FRANK: You said you're looking for a tramp or hitch-hiker
that might have done the job. But I'm looking for a
little more information on ...

SHERIFF: I'm not givin' out any more information, Winge.

FRANK: But listen, Sheriff, I ...

SHERIFF: You listen to me, Reporter. I'm the law here in Ogle
County and I'm working on the case. That's enough.
You've got no call snooping around in these parts,
anyhow. Why don't you go back to Chicago, where you
belong?

FRANK: (AFTER PAUSE, QUIETLY) I wouldn't exactly call this
a cordial reception, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: Didn't mean it to be.

FRANK: Look, Sheriff, you don't mind if I talk to the dead
woman's husband, do you?

SHERIFF: Can't stop you from doin' that, Winge. ~~But you're~~
wastin' your time.

FRANK: Am I? Why?

SHERIFF: Everybody around here knows Albert Graham. He's been
a prominent and respectable citizen in these parts
for twenty years. I've already talked to him, an'
he's tellin' a straight story.

FRANK: Thanks for trying to save me the trouble, Sheriff.
But where can I find him anyway?

SHERIFF: Suit yourself, Reporter. It's your time you're
wastin'. You'll find him in Rockford, north of here.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

FRANK: Mr. Graham, I know how you must feel after what
happened last night. But my paper's interested in
your story and ...

GRAHAM: (DULLY) It doesn't matter, Mr. Winge. ~~Nothing matters~~
~~any more.~~ I'll tell you the story, ~~if you like.~~ When
a man's been married for fifteen years to a wonderful
woman like Ellen ...

FRANK: (QUIETLY) Believe me, Mr. Graham, I understand.

GRAHAM: Do you? That's strange, because I don't. I should
be feeling grief now, Mr. Winge. Maybe I will ...
later. (QUIETLY) But right now, all I want to do is
kill.

FRANK: Kill?

GRAHAM: (BUILDING) Kill the man who murdered my wife last night. I've always been a law-abiding citizen, Mr. Winge. I've always hated violence. (RISING WITH HATRED) But now ... I want to find that killer. I want to find him and choke the life out of him with my bare hands. (ALMOST HYSTERICALLY) He killed my wife, do you understand? Shot her down in bold blood, right before my eyes. Left her bleeding to death on the highway ...!

FRANK: (SHARPLY) Mr. Graham!

GRAHAM: (AFTER A PAUSE, THEN QUIETLY) I'm sorry.

FRANK: Sure. I don't blame you for feeling that way. But how did it all happen? What were you doing on Route Seventy-Seven?

GRAHAM: (DULLY) Yesterday was a special kind of a day, Mr. Winge. You see ... it was my wife's ~~fourth~~ birthday. And about six o'clock I came home from the office.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

GRAHAM: (PROJECTS) Ellen! Ellen!

ELLEN: (OFF) Yes, dear. I'm coming. (UP NOW) Just setting the table for ... (CUTS) Why, Albert! Roses! You brought me roses!

GRAHAM: Happy Birthday, Ellen.

ELLEN: A dozen American beauties! Oh, Albert, what a wonderful surprise!

GRAHAM: (CHUCKLES) Think so, Ellen? Wait'll you hear what else I got you for your birthday.

ELLEN: Albert, [✓] you darling! What?

GRAHAM: You remember that farm down near Oregon you've wanted for years?

ELLEN: Albert! You didn't!

GRAHAM: I did. Just bought it for you as a birthday gift. In fact, we're going to drive down there tonight and sign the papers.

ELLEN: (HINT OF TEARS) ~~Albert, Albert~~, I ... well, I just don't know what to say.

GRAHAM: Just don't say anything, Ellen. Let's rush through dinner, and get into the car. We've got a long drive ahead of us!

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ BRIEF BRIDGE

SOUND: _ _ _ _ CAR UNDER

ELLEN: Albert, are you sure of this short cut? It's so lonely and dark.

GRAHAM: Of course I'm sure, Ellen. This leads into Route Seventy-Seven. There's the traffic light to the main highway just ahead. And we're making good time ... it's only 8:15.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ CAR UP HIGH

ELLEN: Look out, Albert, the light just turned red.

GRAHAM: I see it.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ CAR SLOWS TO STOP, AND MOTOR IDLES UNDER

ELLEN: It seems so silly to stop for a red light here. There's no traffic at all.

GRAHAM: I know. But the law says you stop on red and ...

ELLEN: (SUDDENLY) Albert!

GRAHAM: What?

ELLEN: A man! He's just jumped out of the underbrush. He's running toward us ...

GRAHAM: (STARTLED) What the ...

ELLEN: Albert, he's got a gun!

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS

McCABE: Move over, lady, I'm gettin' in!

GRAHAM: Wait a minute. What is this?

SOUND: CAR DOOR SLAMS

McCABE: Shut up and back this car away from the highway.

GRAHAM: Look here ...

McCABE: (HARD) Listen, Jack! Back up this car before I blow your brains out, d' you hear?

ELLEN: (PARALYZED) Albert ... please ... do as he says.

SOUND: CAR BACKS UP. HOLD FOR A FEW MOMENTS

McCABE: Okay. This is far enough.

SOUND: CAR TO STOP. MOTOR STARTS.

McCABE: Now ~~turn off the ignition and~~ get outa the car ... both of you. I'm comin' out with you.

SOUND: ~~MOTOR STOP. CAR DOOR OPENS~~

McCABE: All right, Jack. I'll take your wallet.

GRAHAM: Just a minute. You can't do this.

McCABE: (SHARP) I'm doin' it. Stop gabbin', and gimme that wallet.

GRAHAM: Very well. (A BEAT) Here you are.

McCABE: Okay, lady. I'll take that ring an' bracelet you're wearing.

ELLEN: (SCARED) Albert, I ...

GRAHAM: (QUIETLY) Better do as he says, Ellen.

McCABE: Thanks, Lady. Now ... get in the car.

ELLEN: Get ... in ... the ... car?

McCABE: Yeah. You an' me are goin' for a ride. We'll leave the boy friend here.

ELLEN: No! No! I won't go with you. (FADE WITH STOPS)

GRAHAM: ~~Look here, I'm not going to let...~~

McCABE: ~~You try an' stop me, an' I'll blow your head off, Mister.~~

ELLEN: Albert, don't let him take me. (STEPS RUNNING AS ELLEN MOVES OFF) Don't let him take me ...

McCABE: (YELLS) Stop, sister! ~~Don't try to run away on-~~
LALL... (A BEAT) Okay, you asked for it.

SOUND: SHOT ... ~~A SCREAM OFF~~

GRAHAM: Ellen! (AGONIZED) ~~Ellen!~~

MUSIC: ACCENT

GRAHAM: (DULLY) Well, that's about all, Mr. Winge. The killer ran into the brush ... disappeared. And I ran over to Ellen. I ... she was lying on the highway ... shot through the head.

FRANK: I see. Was your wife dead when you reached her?

GRAHAM: Yes. She'd been killed instantly. I guess I must have gone out of my mind. I ran out on the main highway. A car came along, and I stopped it. Then ... then we picked Ellen up and took her to Oregon.

FRANK: What did this holdup man look like, Mr. Graham?

GRAHAM: There wasn't anything too unusual about him. I don't think I could describe him exactly. But I'd know him if I ever saw him again. You see, when he got into the car, I got a very good look at him.

SOUND: _____ PHONE RING

GRAHAM: Excuse me, Mr. Winge.

SOUND: _____ RECEIVER OFF HOOK

GRAHAM: Hello? Yes, ~~this is Albert Graham.~~ What? Yes.
Yes, ~~of course.~~ I'll drive right over!

SOUND: _____ RECEIVER ON HOOK

FRANK: What's up, Mr. Graham?

GRAHAM: The sheriff at Oregon's picked up a suspect ... a
paroled convict. He wants me to come down and
identify him. If you'll excuse me, Mr. Winge, I'll
get my car.

FRANK: Don't bother! I'll drive you to Oregon myself!

MUSIC: _____ BRIDGE

SHERIFF: Picked up this paroled convict about ten miles down
the highway from where your wife was killed, Mr. Graham.
He was sleepin' in the brush on the side of the road,
when we caught him.

GRAHAM: I see.

FRANK: What's this con's name, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: I don't see as it's any of your business, Winge, but
he calls himself McCabe ... John McCabe. ~~We're~~
~~checking his identity.~~ Now then, Mr. Graham ...

GRAHAM: Yes, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: You claim you can identify the man who killed your
wife, if you see him?

GRAHAM: I'm sure of it.

SHERIFF: All right. I'll give you a look at him now.

SOUND: _____ DOOR OPENS, A LITTLE OFF.

SHERIFF: (A LITTLE OFF) Okay, you! Step in here!

SOUND: STEPS UP AND STOP

SHERIFF: This the man, Graham?

GRAHAM: I ... I can't tell, Sheriff. You see, I'm far-sighted, and he's standing too close to me ... his face is a blur. If you'd ask him to move back ...

SHERIFF: All right, Buddy. Step back a little.

SOUND: A COUPLE OF STEPS BACK

SHERIFF: Well, Graham? Is this the man?

BUSINESS: A PAUSE

GRAHAM: Yes, Sheriff. *McCabe. He!* This is the man who killed my wife.

SHERIFF: You're sure? *McCabe. He!*

GRAHAM: Positive. / I'd recognize him anywhere.

McCABE: It's a lie! This is a frame! I never saw this guy before, nor his wife, either! He's lyin', he's lyin'!

MUSIC: CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's BIG STORY. But first, 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!" - the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package - PELL MELL!

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: 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 of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos filters the smoke of this longer, finer cigarette - gives you that smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

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, Bob Sloane, and tonight's BIG STORY.

NARRATOR: You, Frank Winge of the Chicago Daily Times, are doing your best to cover a murder story in Oregon, Illinois. So after the victim's husband definitely identifies an ex-convict as the killer, you go to jail and interview that ex-convict. His name is John McCabe, and he asks you to tell him the truth...

McCABE: Listen, Reporter. Give it to me straight. What kind of chance have I got?

FRANK: It looks bad for you, McCabe.

McCABE: But I didn't do it, I tell you. I didn't kill that woman. ~~Ask the sheriff to send for a lie detector.~~ I'll prove that I'm telling the truth.

FRANK: ~~The sheriff doesn't go for any such modern methods, McCabe. He's convinced that you're the killer. And the fact that you're a paroled convict isn't in your favor.~~

McCABE: ~~But I told him that I was hitch-hikin' the highway to see my folks in Peoria. He can check that. And just because I'm a con, ain't no proof I pulled a killin'.~~ I tell you he can't pin a murder rap on me!

FRANK: ~~McCabe, it's no use. The evidence~~
(QUIETLY) He's going to McCabe. He figures Albert Graham's identification of you as the killer is the clincher. ~~CLIMAX IT~~

McCABE: But I never saw Graham before, an' he never saw me. You've gotta believe that, Reporter! He lied ... he lied through his teeth when he said he knew me.
(A-PAUSE) You believe me, don't you?

FRANK: Well, I...

McCABE: (HOPELESSLY) Never mind. I can see it in your face. You don't.

FRANK: McCabe, I ... well, I'm a police reporter. I've met a lot of convicts in my day. There's one thing they all have in common. They're all innocent. They've all been framed ... just like you.

McCABE: (DULLY) Okay. So you believe I killed that woman. But there's something I want to ask you, Reporter. Suppose you went to jail ten years ago. Suppose you lived in a two-by-four cell, day in and day out, for all those years. Suppose you dreamed of the outside, wondered what it was like to be out again, praying that some day you'd get a break again, that you'd breathe the clean air, and see the blue sky, and walk like a man again? Then suppose one day a parole came, and they opened the gates and let you out. Suppose you'd been dead, and then had a chance to live again, like I did. Would you take a chance and throw your life away, just for a small time holdup on a highway? Would you, Reporter? (A BEAT) Would you?

FRANK: No. No, I wouldn't.

MCCABE: That's all. That's all I've got to say. Except this ... that as long as I live I'll never forget Graham squintin' at me, askin' me to step back so he could see me plain ...

FRANK: Wait a minute, McCabe! Wait a minute!

MCCABE: Yeah? What ... (FADING) Hey, Reporter, where are you going?

FRANK: I'll be seeing you, McCabe. I've got something special I want to ask the Sheriff!

MUSIC: _____ BRIDGE

FRANK: Sheriff, about that identification Albert Graham made.

SHERIFF: What about it, Winge?

FRANK: He could have been wrong.

SHERIFF: Could he? Why?

FRANK: Graham said he got a good look at the gunman when he sat next to him in the car. He based his whole identification of McCabe on that.

SHERIFF: Well?

FRANK: We know that Albert Graham is far-sighted. He can't make out ^a ~~the~~ ^{FACE IN FRONT OF HIM} ~~face of a friend three feet away~~, let alone a stranger. Then how could he say for sure the killer was McCabe?

SHERIFF: (SLOWLY) In other words, Winge, you're callin' Graham a liar.

FRANK: I didn't say that, Sheriff. I just said he could be mistaken. I'm going to try to find out whether he is or not.

MUSIC: _____ BRIDGE

WINGE: My name's Winge, Doctor Burns ... Frank Winge, of the Chicago Daily Times. I understand you're the medical examiner here.

BURNS: Yep. Medical Examiner, Health Officer, School Physician, President of the Hospital Board, an' General Practitioner, beside. What can I do for you?

WINGE: I'm interested in your findings on Ellen Graham's murder.

BURNS: Nothing much to tell, young man. Bullet entered behind left ear, came out through right eye.

WINGE: Behind left ear and through right eye, eh? Was she shot at close range?

BURNS: Yep. No more'n ten feet or so.

WINGE: And she was running with her back to the killer?

BURNS: No doubt about that. Al Graham testified to that himself. An' the path of the bullet shows it.

WINGE: Hmmm. Interesting. Very interesting.

BURNS: What's interesting?

WINGE: If Mrs. Graham had her back to the killer, and he shot her behind the left ear and through the right eye, that would mean the gunman would have to be lefthanded, wouldn't it?

BURNS: Hmmm. You've got something there, young man. ~~Don't see how it could be any other way.~~

WINGE: One more question, Doctor Burns.

BURNS: Yep?

WINGE: Do you happen to know the motorist ~~Albert~~ Graham stopped after the murder?

BURNS: Yep. Met her at the inquest. Lady by the name of Perkins ... Anne Perkins. Lives clear over in Dixon, in Lee County.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

FRANK: Which way were you heading when you saw Graham on the highway, Mrs. Perkins?

MRS. PERKINS: North. He jumped right in front of me. I almost ran him down.

FRANK: And then you went over to look at Mrs. Graham's body?

MRS. PERKINS: Yes. She was still breathing and I ...

FRANK: (INTERRUPTS) She was still breathing? You're sure?

MRS. PERKINS: Positive. She died right after we got her into my car.

FRANK: What time was this, Mrs. Perkins?

MRS. PERKINS: Nine o'clock.

FRANK: Nine o'clock.

MRS. PERKINS: That's right.

FRANK: You're sure of that? You're sure it wasn't ... say eight-fifteen?

MRS. PERKINS: It was nine o'clock. I know that for a fact. ~~She~~ ^{she} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~just~~ ^{was} ~~going~~ ^{just} ~~to~~ ^{going} ~~turn~~ ^{to} ~~up~~ ^{turn} ~~the~~ ^{the} nine o'clock news ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~just~~ ^{just} ~~beginning~~ ^{beginning} on my car radio when Graham stopped me. (PAUSE) Say, why all these questions? What's this all about, anyway?

FRANK: That's just what I hope to find out when I see Albert Graham again.

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

FRANK: Mr. Graham, didn't you tell me your wife was murdered at eight-fifteen?

GRAHAM: That's right. Why?

FRANK: Funny. I've just come from Dixon ... talked to Mrs. Perkins there.

GRAHAM: Mrs. Perkins?

FRANK: The driver of the car you flagged. She said you stopped her car at ~~exactly~~ nine o'clock.

GRAHAM: Did she?

FRANK: She did. And she said your wife was still breathing when she saw her.

GRAHAM: Just what are you driving at, Mr. Winge?

FRANK: How does it happen that it took you three quarters of an hour to flag a car on the highway?

GRAHAM: There wasn't any traffic. Mrs. Perkins was the first to come along. But it wasn't three quarters of an hour. Mrs. Perkins is mistaken about the time.

FRANK: Why didn't you bring your wife to the hospital in your own car?

GRAHAM: I was afraid. She was hurt ... wounded. I'd heard that it's dangerous to pick up a wounded person ... that it'd cause internal injuries.

FRANK: Your wife was shot through the head, Mr. Graham. Picking her up wouldn't have made any difference.

GRAHAM: Yes. I know that now. But I was excited, I guess. I wasn't thinking straight. (BEGINS TO BLUSTER) Anyway, what business is it of yours? Why should I answer your questions. The sheriff already has the man who killed Ellen. I saw him with my own eyes. I ... (CUTS) What are you looking at, Winge?

FRANK: (MUSING) Funny. I didn't notice it before.

GRAHAM: What?

FRANK: Your right hand. The thumb and first finger are missing!

MUSIC: ----- BRIDGE

FRANK: To recapitulate, Sheriff, here's the way I see it. Albert Graham has no trigger finger or thumb on his right hand. He'd have to fire a gun with his left. ^{WELL... MURKIN} ^{MURKIN} All evidence we have indicates that ~~Allen~~ Graham was killed by a left-handed gunman. This fact, along with other holes in Graham's story, makes me pretty sure it was Graham himself who committed the murder, and not McCabe.

SHERIFF: Hmmmm. Winge, I'll tell you something.

FRANK: Yes?

SHERIFF: I was wrong about you before. Now ... I take my hat off to you. I think you're on the right track. The question is ... how are we going to prove it?

FRANK: But all this evidence ...

SHERIFF: It's circumstantial, Winge. No witnesses. Won't hold in court. And I'm not going to take Graham in, till I'm sure we can convict.

FRANK: Wait a minute, Sheriff. I've got an idea!

SHERIFF: What is it?

FRANK: Why don't we put both Graham and McCabe under a lie detector test? We can bring down a lie detector from Chicago.

SHERIFF: It's a good idea, as far as it goes. Never saw one of the things work, but heard a lot about it. Trouble is ... the lie detector isn't primary evidence. And another thing ... ✓

FRANK:

Yes, Sheriff?

SHERIFF:

The suspect doesn't have to take the test if he doesn't want to. It's got to be voluntary.

FRANK:

I know McCabe would volunteer.

SHERIFF:

Maybe. But what about Graham?

FRANK:

Let's see him and find out, Sheriff.

MUSIC:

UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR:

To your surprise, Graham agrees to take the test. He even insists on it, saying he's glad of the opportunity to clear any suspicion ^{from} on his name. So ... you send for the lie detector. You decide to test Albert Graham first. And now he sits in the chair, with the apparatus hooked to his chest and arm, and answers Professor Redden's questions -- and a few of your own -- quite calmly. And so, you go through the first hour ~~AND START THE SECOND...~~

REDDEN:

Was it your wife's birthday the night she died, Mr. Graham?

GRAHAM:

Yes.

REDDEN:

Did you love your wife, Mr. Graham?

GRAHAM:

You asked me that twice before.

REDDEN:

I'm asking you again. Did you love your wife?

GRAHAM:

Yes! I told you that before. Yes!

FRANK:

Did you really see this man McCabe on the highway, Graham?

GRAHAM:

I answered that before.

REDDEN:

Answer it again.

GRAHAM:

~~Yes~~ Yes, I saw him.

REDDEN:

You saw him kill your wife?

GRAHAM: For the third time, yes, ~~yes~~ yes! (THEN) Look here, how long are you going to keep asking me these questions?

REDDEN: Until we're satisfied you're telling the truth, Mr. Graham. Let's get on with the questions. Are you far-sighted?

GRAHAM: Yes.

FRANK: You wear glasses because of it?

GRAHAM: Yes.

SOUND: ~~HEARTBEAT STEADY~~

REDDEN: Did you love your wife?

GRAHAM: I told you ten times! Why do you keep asking me that, over and over?

FRANK: Tell us again. Did you love your wife?

GRAHAM: Yes, yes, yes!

FRANK: You didn't love any other woman?

GRAHAM: I told you a dozen times ...

REDDEN: Tell us again ...

GRAHAM: No/ ~~no, no!~~ There isn't any other woman!

FRANK: And John McCabe was the gunman. You saw him kill your wife?

GRAHAM: Yes. I told you before ~~... yes!~~

REDDEN: You loved your wife?

GRAHAM: You've asked me that over, and over. The same question ...

REDDEN: Answer the question.

FRANK: Did you love your wife?

GRAHAM: Yes, yes, yes!

REDDEN: And there was no other woman?

GRAHAM: No, I told you, no, no!

FRANK: And you positively identify John McCabe as the killer?

GRAHAM: How many times are you going to ask me that? Why are you asking the same questions over and over?

REDDEN: Answer the question, Mr. Graham.

FRANK: Did John McCabe kill your wife?

GRAHAM: Yes, yes, yes!

REDDEN: Now then, Mr. Graham ...

GRAHAM: (SHRIEKS) Stop it, stop it, stop it!

FRANK: Stop what, Graham?

GRAHAM: That pounding sound. That heartbeat ...

REDDEN: You can't hear your heart beat on the lie detector, Mr. Graham.

GRAHAM: I tell you I hear it, I hear it! It's driving me out of my mind.

REDDEN: The lie detector makes no sound, Mr. Graham.

GRAHAM: (HYSTERICALLY) I hear it, I tell you. And I can't stand it, I can't stand it. This box ... it's driving me crazy ... I'm going to smash it to bits!

SOUND: - - - - A SPLINTERING CRASH

FRANK: (QUIETLY) Well, Graham?

GRAHAM: (SOBBING) All right, all right. I did it. I killed Ellen. There was another woman ... a woman in Moline. I never loved Ellen. I had to get rid of her ... so I shot her.

FRANK: Well, Professor Redden, I guess that's that.

GRAHAM: (SOBBING) Why did you do it? Why did you ask me those same questions, over and over and over? I was sure I was ~~feeling~~ ^{BEATING} the lie detector. But you kept asking me the same questions, over and over.

REDDEN: We had good reason, Mr. Graham. Take a look at this drum of paper. Those were the questions you answered with lies.

FRANK: And we broke you down with your own lies. Take him away, Sheriff, he's all yours.

MUSIC: - - - - CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Frank Winge of the Chicago Daily Times, with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY

MUSIC: - - - - PANFARE

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!

CHAPPELL: Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: And good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELL'S are good to look at - good to feel -
good to taste - and good to smoke!

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 longer, finer cigarette
in the distinguished red package. PELL MELL FAMOUS
CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ORCHESTRA: _ _ _ TAG

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Frank Winge of the Chicago Daily News, *Times*.

FRANK: Killer in tonight's BIG STORY was convicted of murder and sentenced to life imprisonment at the state penitentiary at Joliet, where he has since died. Would like to point out that District Attorney shared my suspicions of his guilt from the outset, and kept case alive. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award!

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Winge. 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 New York Daily News. A BIG STORY that will reach a climax next week on this program when reporter Ted Prager will reveal, for the first time, his part in a desperate manhunt in Manhattan.

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 Bob Sloane, and Ted Osborn played the part of Frank Winge. All names in tonight's story except that of Mr. Winge were fictitious; but the dramatization was based on a true and authentic case.

THE BIG STORY #40

- 27 -

(REVISED)

12-31-47

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES and the entire cast of THE BIG STORY and wishing all our listeners a very Happy New Year.

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

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