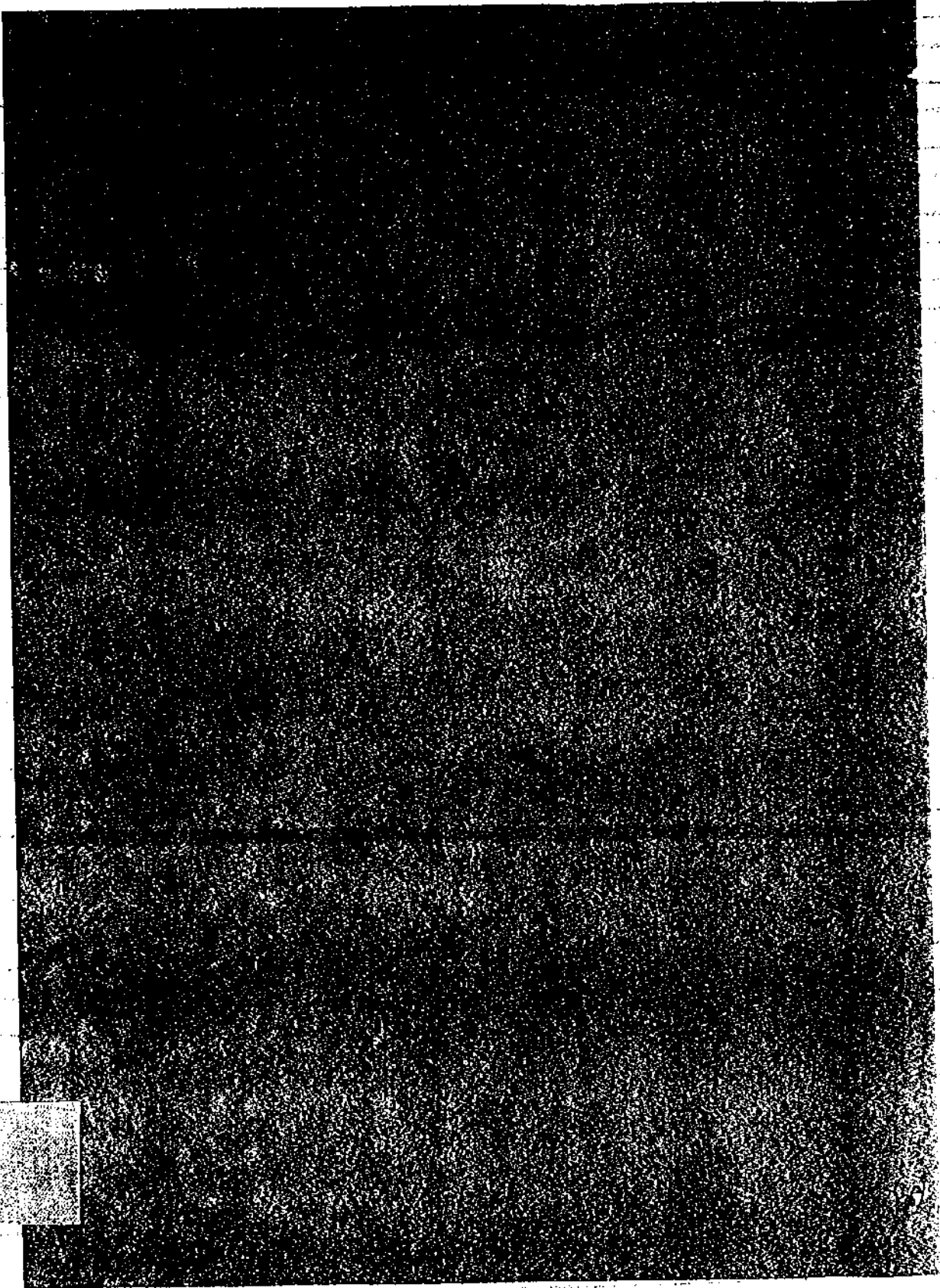


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JANUARY

FINAL

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #41

*A Broadcast*

"MANHUNT IN MANHATTAN"

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1948

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
JOEY	WHIT VERNON
MOOSE	FRANCIS DE SALES
TED PRAGER	WILLIAM QUINN
SANDY	EVERETT SLOANE
THUG	JERRY LEWIS
MILLIE	EILEEN HECKART
GAINES	EVERETT SLOANE
DOC	STEPHEN CHASE
MAE	EILEEN HECKART
WAITRESS	EVELYN JUSTER
MAX	WILL KULUVA
CHICK	FRANCIS DE SALES
CHIEF	BOB SLOANE
GIRL	EVELYN JUSTER
DENNIS	STEPHEN CHASE
CLERK	JERRY LEWIS
JUDGE	WILL KULUVA
ATTORNEY	WHIT VERNON

ATX01 0060207

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

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR ... REPEATED.

JOEY: (HUSHED TONE) Okay, that's Moose. Now, y'all know what to do. Let him in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS. SHUTS UNDER:

MOOSE: (GRUFF. NOW PLEASANT) Hiya. Hiya, Joey.

JOEY: (DEAD SERIOUS) Sidown!

MOOSE: (ALARMED) What's a matter? Put that gun down, Joey!

JOEY: "What's a matter?" huh. Nothing. Not a thing. Just ratted ... You just went and sang to the cops.

MOOSE: I didn't.

JOEY: Shut up. Shut up and start to die. Because, here it comes ...

MOOSE: Don't, Joey, don't ...

SOUND: A LOUD CLICK OF AN UNLOADED REVOLVER

BUSINESS: HAUCOUS LAUGHTER. ESPECIALLY FROM JOEY

JOEY: Just a <sup>pe</sup> ~~sake~~, Moose! It wasn't loaded. I was getting bored, so I thought I'd have a laugh. (PAUSE) Okay, now let's get to work ... I got a nice job all lined up!

MUSIC: HARSH UP. THEN UNDER FOR:

~~ANNOUNCER:~~  
*Chappell:* THE BIG STORY, another in the thrilling series based on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight, to Ted Prager of the New York Daily News goes the PELL MELL Award for <sup>pe</sup> ~~his~~ 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, there's one cigarette that's really different -  
really "Outstanding!" - PELL MELL. 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: \_\_\_\_\_ THEME - SOMBER AND OMINOUS, UP AND UNDER FOR

CHAPPELL: Now, the authentic and exciting story of ... "Manhunt  
in Manhattan."

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

NARRATOR: You are Ted Prager, night reporter for the New York  
Daily News, and murder is almost old hat to you.  
You've covered the doings of Vincent (Mad Dog) Coll,  
Dutch Schultz, Owney Madden and Murder, Inc. for your  
paper. You know your underworld, you know robbery,  
arson, burglary and homicide almost inside out ... the  
way an insurance man knows statistics. You know your  
business. You're even a little blase' about crime,  
until one night about one in the morning ...

SOUND: \_\_\_\_\_ FADE IN GENERAL CROWD SOUNDS IN A BAR

NARRATOR: You're in a friendly bar on East Seventh Street and the  
conversation is small talk with Sandy, the bartender . .

TED: Ah, football's not football any more. Too professional,  
Sandy. Give me those college teams.

SANDY: I agree with you, Mr. Prager; you take that old Notre  
Dame team ... I'd rather watch them than ... (STOPS,  
TENSE) Hey, Mr. Prager, see that?

TED: What? .

SANDY: That guy just walked in.

TED: The one with his hair all slicked down?

SANDY: Yeah, looks like there's four or five with him and ...

TED: Say, I know that face <sup>piece</sup> somewhere. (MUSING) Some small  
time mug or other.

SANDY: What are they spreading out like that for?

TED: I don't know ... (LOW) Sandy, it looks like a  
stickup.

JOEY: (LAUGHS AS BEFORE) There's a smart man, cute, too ...  
give that man a cigar. That's just what it is ... (UP)  
All right, everybody, quiet!

BUSINESS: - - - THERE IS QUIET

JOEY: Any you people haven't figured it out yet ... this is  
what we call a holdup. Get your wallets out, rings,  
jewelry from the ladies ... my boys'll pass among you. -  
Barkeep - you!

SANDY: Me?

JOEY: Open up that register and empty it on the bar. Now!

SOUND: - - - - REGISTER OPENED ... MONEY ONTO BAR

JOEY: Make the rounds, boys - and you don't have to leave  
none of these good people carfare. Let them walk. (HE  
LAUGHS ... TO TED) What are you looking at, cute guy?

TED: Nothing.

JOEY: Let's see what you got.

TED: Here's my money.

JOEY: (WITH CONTEMPT) Forty dollars. I'll take your pen  
too and your wallet and that ring.

TED: Okay.

JOEY: What do you think you're looking at ... my face? Don't  
you like what you see? Or maybe you want to remember  
me, is that it?

TED: Here ...

JOEY: Moose!

MOOSE: Yeah?

JOEY: Give me your blackjack. This cute fellow here is  
giving me the once over ...

THUG: (COMING ON FAST) Chief, we're all set. We got

(MORE)

THUG: everything. Cleaned it out good. Let's go.  
(CCNTD)  
JOEY: Okay, we go. Too bad, cute guy. And I was just going  
to give you something to remember me by. So long dopes!

MUSIC: - - - - IN WITH NARRATION

NARRATOR: (IN VERY CLOSE) Then something incredible happens.  
Five crooks walked in - but only 3 leave. Two of them  
are still standing in the bar looking bewildered, not  
knowing what to do. Then you realize that they're not  
armed. Maybe you can stop them. You move and  
pandemonium breaks loose!

MUSIC: - - - - SHARPLY OUT

VOICES: THEY HAVEN'T GOT GUNS! GET THEM!

MILLIE: Hit them with a bottle!

VOICES: STOP THEM. THEY'RE RUNNING AWAY.

MILLIE: Police, Police! Help ...

VOICE: Here comes a cop.

MILLIE: The cop will get them.

GAINES: (BREATHLESS) Stand back there. You two stop or I ...  
Okay.

SOUND: - - - - TWO DISTINCT SHOTS  
MILLIE: (SCREAM)  
VOICES: HE GOT THEM! ... HEY, THE COP GOT THEM BOTH!

TED: Good shooting, there, officer.

GAINES: (OUT OF BREATH) Thanks.

TED: Well, you couldn't get 'em all, but at least you got  
two of them.

GAINES: Yeah.

TED: They dead, officer?

GAINES: I don't think so. Say who are you? You look familiar.

TED: Ted Prager of the News.



MOCSE: (LAUGHING) They dead, Joey?

JOEY: Nah, only one - here listen. (READS) "One of the drivers, George Beaver, aged 51, died instantly; the other, Edgar Benadetto, 34, is in City Hospital where his condition is listed as 'critical'". I ast you, ain't that the best scream you ever heard?!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ TERRIBLE. UP AND SEQUE TO HOSPITAL THEME

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ WALKING STEPS ON STONE CORRIDOR

TED: (GENTLY THROUGHOUT) Sit down, Gaines. Why don't you sit down?

GAINES: If he dies, Mr. Prager, I ... I don't know what I'll do.

TED: Why blame yourself? You made a mistake. Any cop might have.

GAINES: A mistake!

TED: That's right ... anyone could have done it. No one blames you.

GAINES: I killed a man, an innocent man and there's another one inside there in the operating room ... and he may die, too. I murdered two men.

TED: You didn't murder anyone. You accidently shot two men in the line of duty. Look, I saw the face of the man who really murdered Beaver, the leader of that gang. It was a cruel face and a vicious one; he's the murderer, if anyone is.

GAINES: I tell you, if Benadetto dies, Mr. Prager, I ...

TED: Gaines, I'll make you a promise, I'll find that man. I know his face from somewhere. I don't care how long it takes, or what I have to do, but I'll find him.

GAINES: That man, Benadetto, in the operating room - I checked up on him. He's 34, been driving a cab since he was 21. He's got a wife and two kids - a girl seven and a little baby 21 months. I killed their father, I made a widow out of his wife.

TED: Stop it. Gaines, you've got to stop it. In the first place, Benadetto's not dead ...

GAINES: No only one of them's dead. Only Beaver's dead. Only a 51 year old man's dead. That's not so bad, is it?

TED: Why do you torture yourself?

GAINES: Yeah, maybe I ought to just go outside and ...

TED: (GENTLY AS HE CAN) Sit down and just wait, Matt. Try it. Maybe it won't be so bad.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ DOOR\_OPENS\_

TED: (ALMOST A WHISPER) What is it, doctor?

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ THERE ARE SLOW STEPS COMING ON MIKE. THEY STOP

DOC: I'm sorry, gentlemen. Mr. Benadetto died on the operating table.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ QUICK STAB, BRIDGE AND OUT INTO

TED: Gaines, are these all the pictures in your rogue's gallery?

GAINES: (LOW THROUGHOUT) That's right, Mr. Prager.

TED: Well, let's get started. That batch there'll do. I'll know that face when I see it. You turn them Gaines, I'll call if I see anything.

GAINES: Awright.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ PICTURES BEING TURNED AND PILED. KEEP UNDER

TED: Nope, none of those. Let's see some more.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ MORE PICTURES BEING TURNED

GAINES: You aren't going to find him.

TED: Keep going, Gaines, just keep going.

~~SOUND: A FEW MORE. THEN THEY ARE THROWN TO THE FLOOR VIOLENTLY.~~

TED: What did you want to do that for? Why'd you throw them down?

GAINES: Ah, what's the use? We won't find him. What's the use of anything?

TED: Look, I told you before - you've got to get that crazy idea out of your head that you're responsible for the death of those drivers.

GAINES: I killed them, didn't I? ~~I made widows out of their wives, I made orphans out of their...~~

TED: ~~Now stop it, just stop it. You heard what the Inspector said. He said the investigation cleared you. No one has a thing against you.~~

GAINES: ~~I'm "clear". Yeah. Talk to Benadetto's wife, talk to his kids.~~

TED: (GENTLY) Gaines, try to listen to me. I'm going after the man who led that holdup, the man who's really responsible for the death of those drivers, ~~even if a murder rap wouldn't stick against him.~~

GAINES: ~~Why are you sticking your neck out?~~

TED: ~~Maybe I'm just after a story; maybe I want to get back the money he got from me in the bar; maybe I don't like it that two innocent men were killed.~~

GAINES: ~~Oh, yes, yes.~~

TED: ~~I've got a lot of contacts in the underworld, I've covered crime in this town for 15 years and I know that face from somewhere. I'll stick with this till I find him.~~

GAINES: That's going to be dangerous, Mr. Prager. If it gets around you're hunting a crook, you'll lose all your contacts - you won't be able to get the inside on anything.

TED: I'll take that chance. I can take care of myself.

GAINES: You won't even be able to get a byline on these stories. You won't dare let anyone know who's doing the job.

TED: That's not the most important thing in the world.

GAINES: And you get too close to this guy, there's no telling what might happen to you.

TED: I can still take care of myself. Now pick up those pictures and let's finish looking at them. And get rid of the idea you killed anyone.

GAINES: Yeah, okay - sure. I'll just forget the whole thing - like it never happened. Only what do I do when I see a kid on the street and he reminds me of Benadetto's kids? What do I do at night to make me forget - so I can go to sleep? Tell me that.

MUSIC: IN WITH NARRATOR

NARRATOR: And you, Ted Prager, of the Daily News, you look at his eyes as he says these words and you realize that this is a lot more than a story for your paper, important as that is. Yes, you want to help catch that crook with the patent leather hair and the steely eyes, but a man's sanity is at stake as well. The sanity of a nice Irish patrolman named Matt Gaines - that's also at stake. And you watch his big, open face as he listlessly turns the pictures in front of him and you know you've got a job on your hands ... a big one.

THE BIG STORY #41

- 11 -

1-7-48

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

CHAPPELL: We'll be back in just a moment with tonight's BIG STORY,  
but first a word from Cy Harrice.

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0060217

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

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, there's one cigarette that's really different - really "Outstanding!" - PELL MELL!

HARRICE: When you pick up a PELL MELL, you can see the difference - you can feel the difference. And when you smoke a PELL MELL, you can taste the difference.

CHAPPELL: 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!

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!

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

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

NARRATOR: You, Ted Prager, night reporter for the New York Daily News get moving on your search for a smooth-haired bandit who held up a bar and caused the accidental death of two taxi drivers. And though you know what you're doing is dangerous and may cost you your job (or maybe even your life); and even if you get anything you won't be able to write it with your byline -- you start making the rounds. You start combing through those smoke-filled bars where crimes are hatched ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ FADE IN LOW UNDERTONE OF VOICES

NARRATOR: ... and dips meet to talk over their successes ...

MAE: And you know what she did? She went right up to him and scratched her initials in his cheek.

BUSINESS: \_ \_ \_ \_ LAUGHTER

THUG: And what did he do to her, Mae? Tell them that.

MAE: Ah, drink your beer.

BUSINESS: \_ \_ \_ \_ MORE LAUGHTER

THUG: Hold it, Mae. (UP) What do you want, Bud?

TED: Nothing, just looking.

THUG: Well, we don't allow looking in here. Scram!

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

TED: Hello, Matt? Ted calling ... nothing yet - but don't give up, fellow. I've only been to about a dozen places. I'll find him.

GAINES: Did she talk?  
TED: No. Somebody stopped her.  
GAINES: What did you come here for, to tell me that?  
TED: No, I came because ... Matt, why do you keep holding onto it. You had a bad accident, you ...  
GAINES: Look out that window.  
TED: Yeah?  
GAINES: See those two people walking across the street?  
TED: Well ... ?  
GAINES: Take my gun, go downstairs and shoot them. Kill them, then come back and tell me how you feel.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ IN MOOD ... FULL BRIDGE INTO

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ JOEY'S RAUCOUS LAUGHTER

JOEY: Well, boys, like I always say: another day another eight grand, ha ha!  
MOOSE: Joey, you're really in there.  
JOEY: We been quiet now a month. I think it's time we stopped being quiet. I even hear people stopped talking about me, that job I pulled with the taxi drivers ... so ...  
MOOSE: What's the caper, Joey?  
JOEY: You'll like this one, Moose, you'll like this special. Because this one is more my style. Listen ...

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ EXPECTANTLY INTO

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ PHONE RINGING IT'S ANSWERED

TED: Prager, speaking.  
CHIEF: (FILTER) Ted, this is Benson on the City Desk. Can you get down to the East Side Hall.  
TED: Sure, what's up?



CHIEF: Just got word of a big holdup. Some girl was being confirmed - a big party and all that - three men did the job.

TED: Who can I see?

CHIEF: You can see the girl herself. She was only a kid, too. Fourteen.

TED: Right. Gimme the address. I'm on my way.

MUSIC: QUICK BRIDGE INTO SCENE

GIRL: (UPSET) They came in, Mr. Prager, and they just took everything.

TED: I see. What did the leader of the gang look like?

GIRL: He was terrible. He had his hair all smoothed down and oily and a smile on his face.

TED: Did he laugh, out loud I mean?

GIRL: Yes, sir, especially when he ... when he came after me ...

TED: What did he do to you?

GIRL: (SHUDDERS) I had my ring, my father just gave it to me - for my confirmation. It was a ring with diamonds, Mr. Prager, so I - to keep him from getting it, I put it in my mouth.

TED: Yes ...

GIRL: He came up to me with that smile on his face and he put his thumb on one side of my cheek and his fingers on the other ...

TED: He didn't!

GIRL: ... and he squeezed until I couldn't stand it any more. (SHE SOBS)

TED: He's back. So he's back on the job. Don't you worry.  
 I'll find that man. ~~I'll find him ... don't you~~  
~~worry.~~

MUSIC: BRIDGE INTO

SOUND: AUTO COMES TO A STOP ... TRAFFIC SOUNDS

GAINES: You can't park that car here, Mister.

TED: (PROJECTING) Matt. Matt!

GAINES: Oh, it's you.

TED: I've been driving around looking for you. Can you get  
in?

GAINES: What for?

TED: He's back at it again ... the guy we're looking for ...  
he's around town. Can you come with me?

GAINES: Yeah, I'm off duty ... but what for?

TED: Because I'm going hunting for him ... for that patent  
leather hair and the smile and ... I want company.  
Hop in.

SOUND: THE CAR STARTS

MUSIC: WIPE CAR ... REPEAT THE THEME OF MOVEMENT, LOOKING INTO  
CAR UNDER

GAINES: We been driving around three hours. Where do you  
expect to find this crook ... just standing on a  
corner?

TED: *Maybe, you never can tell, He ... (Cuts)*  
Matt!

SOUND: CAR STOPS

GAINES: What's a matter?

TED: Right there ..

GAINES: Where?

TED: On the corner. Wouldn't he be ... right on the corner of Essex and Hester in broad daylight?

GAINES: That one?

TED: The one talking to the girl <sup>as if he didn't find</sup> ~~without~~ a care in the world.

GAINES: You mean it, Ted?

TED: Take him, Matt. He's yours.

*GAINES: ... will I take him.*  
MUSIC: FULL UP INTO

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

GAINES: Ted, I just saw Mr. Dennis.

TED: The ~~D.A.~~ <sup>prosecuting attorney?</sup>

GAINES: Yeah ... he says he needs a positive witness.

TED: Our friend denies everything?

GAINES: Of course ... Never was in the Seventh Street bar, never held up anybody. Used taxi drivers as shields...? What .. him? Joey Rice do a thing like that?

TED: So that's his name - Joey Rice.

GAINES: Slick as they come, smooth. Going to be tough to pin it on him.

TED: (SLOWLY) Okay, Matt. I'll go in and see Mr. Dennis.

GAINES: Oh, no. You can't identify Rice.

TED: Why not?

GAINES: Because it would finish you as a police reporter. Cut off all your contacts. And that's not all it might cut off.

TED: I'll take a chance.

GAINES: No, no, Ted - don't.

TED: Tell you what I'll do. Get Rice before me on a one-way screen. I'll identify him. Then let Mr. Dennis prepare his case. If he needs me in court, I'll testify.

GAINES: Now you're talking sense.

TED: (PAUSE) ~~Okay~~. So are you, Matt ... ~~so are you~~.

MUSIC: QUICK BRIDGE INTO

DENNIS: (LITTLE OFF) All right, Rice ... that way ... walk that way.

JOEY: What is this?

DENNIS: Just a little matter of identification, Rice. As <sup>Prosecution</sup> District Attorney I thought it might be a good idea to identify you. (STRONG) Get over to those chalk marks now and just stand still. (SOTTO) Light on him okay for you, Mr Prager?

TED: Fine, Mr. Dennis.

BUSINESS: PAUSE

DENNIS: Well?

TED: That's the man held up the Seventh Street Bar.

DENNIS: Sure?

TED: Yes, Mr. Dennis ... absolutely sure.

DENNIS: (UP) Okay, Sergeant ... take him away. (TO PRAGER) Thanks for the identification. I needed that. Next time you see him, he'll be in court on trial for robbery and criminal assault.

MUSIC: BRIDGES INTO

SOUND: BABBLE AND STIR, EXCITEMENT OF VOICES IN B.G.

TED: Look at him - look at Joe Rice smiling, Matt.

GAINES: Yeah - but what are we going to do?

TED: I don't know. Maybe Mr. Dennis has an idea.

GAINES: He looks plenty worried.

TED: Here comes the judge.

SOUND: THE BATTLE DIES DOWN

CLERK: (OFF) Hear ye, hear ye - the Honorable Judge Bernard Smith presiding. Court is in session.

SOUND: GAVEL

TED: (SOTTO) There goes Dennis.

DENNIS: Your honor ...

JUDGE: Mr. Dennis, yes?

DENNIS: Your honor - as <sup>prosecution</sup> ~~District~~ Attorney - I must protest the appearance of the defendant. If it please the Court, it is obvious that the reason the defendant, Joseph Rice, came into this court room today wearing a full beard is to make absolute identification of himself impossible.

BUSINESS: CROWD REACTION

SOUND: GAVEL

DENNIS: Your honor, we allege the defendant committed the crimes he's charged with - with a clean-shaven face -- and consequently, he must, in the interest of justice and equity, be ordered to shave off the beard he has grown, which is a patent dodge and a ruse.---

BUSINESS: CROWD REACTION

SOUND: GAVEL

ATTORNEY: (ANOTHER PERSPECTIVE) Your honor, your honor ...

JUDGE: The attorney for the defendant.

MILLIE: That little trick he pulled on the girl being confirmed, remember?

TED: Sure, I remember.

MILLIE: That little girl <sup>is</sup> ~~was~~ my kid cousin.

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: And she testifies that, beard or no beard, it was Joey Rice held up that bar. You look over at Patrolman Matt Gaines as the trial winds up - and for the first time in months the man's smiling, he's a human being again. And you've got your Big Story -- yes. But nobody knows it. Nobody knows it until now -- this very night. ~~Not on a radio program called The Big Story, but~~ until now can you say: Well, this is the job I did -- this is the role I played, Ted Prager, night reporter of the New York Daily News.

MUSIC: UP FOR CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Ted Prager of the New York Daily News with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

MUSIC: FANFARE

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: The cigarette that's really different - the longer,  
finer cigarette that's really "Outstanding!" - PELL MELL  
FAMOUS CIGARETTES! 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 Ted Prager of the New York Daily News:

TED: Hold-up man in tonight's BIG STORY was quickly convicted by jury. But, while awaiting sentence, he became violent and was officially declared to be insane. He was, therefore, transferred to the asylum at Matteawan, where he is still confined. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

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

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY -- A BIG STORY from the pages of the Pittsburgh Press, by-line -- William A. White. A BIG STORY that began when a taxi meter ticked off moments of waiting ...

SOUND: METER

HARRICE: ... for a man who didn't return.

SOUND: METER

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 Arnold Perl. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and William Quinn played the part of Ted Prager. All names in tonight's story except that of Mr. Prager were fictitious; but  
(MORE)



THE BIG STORY #41

- 26 -

1-7-48

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.

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

ATX01 0060229

THE BIG STORY

1st REVISION

PROGRAM #42

Pages 6, 8, 15 & 26.  
Pages 28 & 29 added.

"THE CASE OF THE SOLID CITIZEN"

*As Broadcast*

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1948

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
GALLECHER	JULIAN NOA
PRATT	GEORGE PETRIE
MAXWELL	JULIAN NOA
DRIVER	FRANK MAXWELL
WHITE	ALAN HEWITT
NORTON	RICHARD KEITH
DAVE	FRANK MAXWELL
MIKE	GEORGE PETRIE
MARIA	HESTER SONDERGAARD
ROSS	BOB SLOANE
MRS. CRANE	HESTER SONDERGAARD

ATX01 0060230

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

SOUND: \_\_\_\_\_ FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL, COMING ON, "IN TUNE" WITH \_\_\_\_\_

GALLEGHER: (SINGING, BIT DRUNK) While strolling in the park one day ... in the merry, merry month of May ... I was taken by sur-- ...

SOUND: \_\_\_\_\_ SCUFFLE -- CHOKING OFF "SONG"

GALLEGHER: (LOUD) Hey, what the ...

PRATT: (DOWN, SAVAGE) Quiet, you fool!

GALLEGHER: Oh, it's you! (BRIGHTLY) What you want, pal? You just name it, and I'll ...

PRATT: All I want's a little favor. Take this valise of mine home with you ...

GALLEGHER: Sure thing, pal.

PRATT: (CONTINUING) And bury it.

GALLEGHER: Bury it? You mean it's hot? Now wait a minute, pal ...

PRATT: Take it.

GALLEGHER: But I don't ...

PRATT: I said, take it -- or maybe I'll have to bury something else!

MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ HIT AND GO UNDER FOR \_\_\_\_\_

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY ... another in a thrilling series based on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight, to William A. White of the Pittsburgh 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 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, there's one cigarette that's really different -  
really "Outstanding!" - PELL MELL. 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 authentic and exciting story of ... "The Case of the Solid Citizen."

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

NARRATOR: You are William A. White ... city editor of the Pittsburgh Press. As such, you don't usually cover stories yourself -- you send a staff man. But, one Friday afternoon, along comes a tip from Captain Frank Norton of the Pittsburgh Police, and you decide to check it yourself. You don't know what's up -- but you have a hunch it's pretty big. It is. So big that when you get the story down on paper ... it rates an Extra!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ ACCENT

NARRATOR: It began like this ...

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

MAXWELL: (AFFABLE. OFF SLIGHTLY) Hello, Pratt. Come in, come in.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ DOOR CLOSE

PRATT: Nice to see you again, Maxwell.

MAXWELL: (ON) Sit down, sit down. I haven't had a chance to thank you yet.

PRATT: What for?

MAXWELL: Steering me onto those Income Debentures. They're working out better than I dared hope.

PRATT: Oh, that!

MAXWELL: Don't make light of it. You could have made those securities available to anyone, and you picked me. That makes you my favorite stockbroker.

MAXWELL: At fifty? Nonsense! Who'd sell a legitimate bond at a fifteen-point loss?

PRATT: A man who needed cash in a hurry.

MAXWELL: He can get cash fast enough at any large brokerage house.

PRATT: Yes -- and a great deal of publicity, too. My client can't afford that. One word --- one whisper -- that he's in a jam for money ... and his whole trading position would collapse.

MAXWELL: Oh.

PRATT: Maxwell, I know this surprises you. I know you can't answer directly -- you have to check with your associates. I know the whole thing sounds a little peculiar, but I'll stake my reputation that it's a legitimate deal.

MAXWELL: ~~How~~ ... half a million dollars' worth?

PRATT: Yes. Or any large part of it. You've trusted me in the past, Maxwell. Do it again. I'd like to see your depositors get the benefit of this offer.

MAXWELL: I'm grateful, Pratt -- really I am. But I don't know. I don't know. I'll have to think it over.

MUSIC: ----- BRIDGE

PRATT: I'm sorry, Maxwell. But this is your last chance. You've had plenty of time to think it over. It's today or never.

MAXWELL: Now, now, Pratt -- the bonds will still be there tomorrow.

PRATT: They won't. If my client can't sell them in Pittsburgh this afternoon, he's offering them in New York on Saturday.

MAXWELL: Same price? Fifteen points below quotation?

PRATT: That's right. He's simply got to have cash -- lots of it -- fast. Well -- how about it?

MAXWELL: Pratt -- I still don't know who "he" is. Can't you tell me?

PRATT: No. He has to keep under cover. ~~Look, Maxwell, if finding out the name of my client is that important to you --~~

~~MAXWELL: I'm afraid it is.~~

~~PRATT: Then I'm afraid we'd better call the whole deal off. My client can't take chances. And he can't waste any more time. I'm sorry, Maxwell.~~

~~MAXWELL: Just a minute, Pratt.~~

PRATT: (SMILE) There's no use discussing it further. Either you trust me that it's a thoroughly legitimate transaction, or you don't. And it's rather clear that you don't.

MAXWELL: Pratt, the directors of the Friendship Bank voted to trust my judgment in this matter. I can't make any mistakes. Our entire cash reserve is involved -- three hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

PRATT: Well?

MAXWELL: (BEAT) It's in the vault. Wait here for me, Pratt.

PRATT: I'll get it.

MUSIC: BRIDGE INTO

SOUND: CAR IN MOTION. TRAFFIC B.G.

PRATT: You won't be sorry, Maxwell -- I promise you. Inside of ten minutes that valise of yours is going to be rather crowded with Amalgamated Light and Power - Series A.

MAXWELL: Four hundred and sixteen thousand dollars' worth! It's almost too good to be true.

PRATT: You should be able to raise your interest ~~on deposits,~~ top ... (BREAKS OFF) Hey, driver! Driver, where are you taking us?

DRIVER: (OFF) Mercantile Trust Building -- like you said.

PRATT: But you're passing the entrance.

DRIVER: Oh, you want this one, on Thirteenth Street?

PRATT: Yes.

DRIVER: Okay -- I usually go around to Fourteenth.

SOUND: CAR STOPS ... TAXI METER LOW

DRIVER: Here y' are, Chief.

PRATT: Fine.

SOUND: TAXI DOOR OPENING

PRATT: The valise, please, Maxwell.

MAXWELL: But -- but I'm coming with you.

PRATT: (SMILE) Please, Maxwell -- I told you my client had to protect his identity. Do you want this deal to go through, or don't you?

MAXWELL: Well, I -- all right, Pratt. Here's the bag. But for Heaven's sake, be careful -- and hurry back!

SOUND: BRING TAXI METER UP

PRATT: Relax. Be with you in ten-minutes. Hold your meter, driver.



SOUND: \_\_\_\_\_ METER IN CLEAR

MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ WIPE, INTO MONTAGE AND GO UNDER

SOUND: \_\_\_\_\_ METER

DRIVER: Say, Boss -- your buddy's been gone ten minutes.

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

SOUND: \_\_\_\_\_ METER

MAXWELL: He's been gone twenty minutes.

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

SOUND: \_\_\_\_\_ METER

DRIVER: The elevator starter didn't see him.

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

SOUND: \_\_\_\_\_ METER

MAXWELL: The girl at the lunch counter didn't see him.

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

SOUND: \_\_\_\_\_ METER

DRIVER: Nobody saw him!

MAXWELL: Nobody saw him!

MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ UP AND OUT

MAXWELL: (BEAT, LOW) Nobody saw him. So then I came back here and called the police. Mr. White -- does this have to be in the paper?

WHITE: I'm afraid so, Mr. Maxwell - it's news.

MAXWELL: Yes, of course. I understand.

WHITE: But I'll try to turn it into good news for you and your depositors, Mr. Maxwell. I'll try to give it the kind of publicity that will help the police to catch Pratt.

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

WHITE: Hello, Captain Norton. Got any news on the whereabouts of <sup>Henry</sup> ~~stockbroker~~ Pratt?

NORTON: Not a thing. Incidentally, that was quite a story you wrote, Bill. Really special.

DAVE: Hey, Boss -- I bet the Captain doesn't know the best part of it.

NORTON: Oh, hello, Dave. Didn't see you. What's the best part of White's story?

DAVE: He believes it. He really thinks Maxwell is on the level.

WHITE: Sure I do. Why not?

DAVE: You see, Captain? He actually believes Maxwell, a bank president, could have been dope enough to trust somebody with all that cash.

~~WHITE:~~  
NORTON: A man he'd had dealings with -- a man he knew. *White's story?*

DAVE: It doesn't add up.

WHITE: It does to me. Maxwell's always been a solid citizen. That's how I see the story, and that's how I wrote it.

NORTON: Yes, Bill. You certainly did. Made Maxwell come out looking white as snow. And Pratt, as black as the ace of spades. How come?

WHITE: Because it checks with the facts.

NORTON: Does it? Listen, Bill. You may be a first-class city editor ...

DAVE: (SLIGHTLY OFF) No doubt about it, Cap'n!

NORTON: (IGNORING DAVE) But you're a punk detective. Henry Pratt hasn't got one black mark on his whole record.

WHITE: No?

NORTON: Listen to what my boys dug up on him ... Business reputation - perfect. Social life - ditto. No bad habits, no bad debts, no close friends, no ...

WHITE: No nothing! Whom did your boys check with?

NORTON: Everybody in Pittsburgh, just about.

WHITE: Everybody ... except the right people.

NORTON: Bill, you name one guy we missed -- and I'll go check on him myself!

WHITE: Oh, no, you won't! I will!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE INTO JUKE BOX, HOLD UNDER)

MIKE: Skip it, Bill -- this ain't a police station. It's a saloon.

WHITE: Sure, Mike. The favorite saloon of every mobster in town. And one of them's bound to spill something about a smart operator like Pratt. Sooner or later.

MIKE: Look -- I don't want any trouble.

WHITE: You can't get into trouble just keeping your ears open.

MIKE: No -- so long as I keep my mouth shut.

WHITE: But, Mike...

MIKE: Skip it. So this fella Pratt takes a bank for three hundred gees. So what? Nothing to me.

MARIA: (COMING ON) Can you tell me where to find Mr. Larsen?

MIKE: ~~Yeah!~~ Who wants him?

MARIA: You Mike Larsen?

MIKE: Yeah, sure -- what can I do for you?

MARIA: You know my husband?

MIKE: Who is he?

MARIA: Pete Davis. Tall fella . Dark hair....

MIKE: I don't know him. He ain't a regular here.

MARIA: No. He's no drinker. But now -- I dunno. He ain't feelin' so good.

MIKE: I don't know him.

MARIA: (FADING) Okay. Thanks.

WHITE: Wait a minute, ma'am. What's the matter with your husband?

MARIA: The bank.

WHITE: What about the bank?

MARIA: Pete's been savin' his dough there for a long time. Never went to no pitcher shows, no parties, nothin'. There's a little farm for sale out around Perryville. We wanted it. We wanted it bad. And we had near enough money to get it.

WHITE: And then the bank closed.

MARIA: That's right mister. We almost had enough. Two weeks more would of done it. But the bank closed, and now -- well, the bank closed. I guess we're gonna stay in Pittsburg. That's why I figgered maybe Pete dropped in here. If he does tell him I went home to wait, will ya?

WHITE: Sure, Mrs. Davis -- we'll tell him.

MARIA: (OFF) Thanks.

MIKE: (BEAT) Bill --

WHITE: Yes?

MIKE: Is that what you were yapping about? This grifter Pratt <sup>did he take</sup> look that kind of dough?

WHITE: From <sup>Dave's</sup> ~~Patsy~~ and <sup>thousands of</sup> ~~three-thousand~~ other poor people. Mike, if we don't get it back, fast, they'll go to pieces. They'll ...

MIKE: (HARD) Skip it.

WHITE: But, Mike....

MIKE: I said, skip it. How you expect me to hear anything about this fella Pratt, if you keep talkin'?

MUSIC: BRIDGE TO

SOUND: BACKGROUND CLATTER OF NEWSROOM

DAVE: (COMING ON) Hey, boss -- how's about this, for today's banner? "PRATT MISSING FOR SEVENTH DAY --

WHITE: <sup>Police baffled!</sup> ~~Who isn't?~~ Kill the last two words.

DAVE: Okay.

WHITE: And give Pratt's picture another column.

DAVE: Still think somebody's gonna spot him?

WHITE: Nope. But I'm still hoping.

DAVE: You're the boss. But for my money, this story is so dead.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS --- QUICK PICK-UP

WHITE: (ON PHONE) City desk. White speaking.

MIKE: (FILTER -- THICK) Bill White?

WHITE: Yes. Who's this?

MIKE: <sup>Mike Harrison</sup> ~~Never mind.~~ Listen: take Route 27 to Etnaville, just this side of the Maryland border -- turn right on the dirt road till you get to the schoolhouse, then left -- and you'll see <sup>a cottage</sup> ~~an old shanty~~. He's in there -- your boy. Slug him one for me!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: MAN PACING FLOOR EXCITEDLY

WHITE: Please, Mr. Maxwell -- do me a favor.

MAXWELL: Yes?

WHITE: Sit down! You'll be dead on your feet by the time the boys get back! May be hours yet before they show up -- with Mr. Pratt.

NORTON: If they ever do. I was shorthanded tonight. I had to send Ross and Foley.

WHITE: But, Captain <sup>Sgt.</sup> Ross is a good man.

NORTON: To his mother, maybe. Not around here.

MAXWELL: Captain, you're fooling, aren't you? Your men will find Henry Pratt, won't they?

NORTON: Maybe.

WHITE: And I'm betting they'll find the money, too.

MAXWELL: So am I. That's why we've been waiting so long -- Pratt wouldn't tell <sup>the police</sup> them where he hid it, so they had to hunt around. That's logical, isn't it?

WHITE: It is, by my book, but we'll talk about that later. Right now, why don't you just lie down on the sofa and --

SOUND: - - - - DOOR BANGING OPEN

ROSS: (COMING ON, CHEERILY) Greetings, Captain! Evening, Mr. White -- Mr. Maxwell.

NORTON: Ross, do you have to come into a room as if your pants were on fire?

ROSS: No, sir.

NORTON: Then don't. Did you find Pratt?

ROSS: Yes, sir.

NORTON: And where is he?

ROSS: Right outside in the hall, sir.

NORTON: (ROARING) Well, bring him in here.

ROSS: Yes, sir.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

MAXWELL: They found Pratt? They really found him?

WHITE: Yes, Mr. Maxwell.

MAXWELL: I'll be able to pay back my depositors. I'll be able to give them their money back. ~~I'll be able to walk the streets again without feeling ashamed.~~ I'll ...

WHITE: Slow down, Mr. Maxwell. We're not out of the woods yet.

SOUND: DOOR BANGS OPEN AGAIN

ROSS: (COMING ON) Here he is, Captain. Forward march, Mister. Right up to the --

NORTON: Ross, shut up!

ROSS:

Yes, sir.

MAXWELL:

(PAUSE) Hello, Pratt.

PRATT: Hello, Maxwell.

MAXWELL: Well?

PRATT: I'm terribly sorry. I guess I just lost my head.

MAXWELL: (INCREDULOUS) What did you say?

PRATT: (PRECISE) I lost my head. I gave the money to a messenger from my client's office, and when he failed to come back with the bonds, I lost my head.

MAXWELL: What -- what -- (TURNING TO OTHERS) I don't understand.

ROSS: (HELPFUL) Neither did I, for a while. Seems somebody pulled the same swindle on him, that he pulled on you. Only, where you went and called the police, he took a powder.

PRATT: That's right. I went home, got my car, and drove straight to the ~~shanty.~~ <sup>College.</sup>

WHITE: Sergeant Ross.

ROSS: Yes, Mr. White?

WHITE: Did you find any of the money?

ROSS: Nope. Not a nickel.

PRATT: (SOFTLY ... HE KNOWS THE REAL STORY) Of course not!  
The money wasn't there!

WHITE: You searched thoroughly, Ross?

ROSS: Couldn't do no better with radar. Believe me!

NORTON: All right, Pratt. You can go.

WHITE: Wait a minute, Captain. Mr Pratt hasn't proved anything.  
He hasn't....

NORTON: Take it easy, Bill. Pratt, you can go. But don't try to  
disappear again.

PRATT: I won't. Thank you.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ DOOR CLOSE

WHITE: Mr. Maxwell, I'm sorry. It looks like my hunch just  
didn't stand up.

MAXWELL: (BRACING HIMSELF) Well -- can't be helped, Mr. White.  
(PAUSE) Good night, gentlemen.

WHITE: 'Night, Mr. Maxwell. Get a good rest.

MAXWELL: Thank you. I shall certainly try. (MOVING OFF) Good  
night, Captain ... Sergeant Ross ...

ROSS &  
NORTON: Goodnight.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

WHITE: Think I'll push off, too, Captain.

NORTON: Good idea. You've got a lot of work to do, now. Have  
to switch your whole angle on the story.

WHITE: Why?

NORTON: On account of the way President Maxwell of the  
Friendship Bank took this news.

WHITE: What do you mean? He took it like a man.



NORTON: No. Like an actor. Get wise, Bill. Switch your story -- fast.

WHITE: Sorry, Captain. Don't see why I should.

NORTON: Okay, then -- keep plugging for Maxwell. And one of these days you'll wake up to find you've been plugging for the man who robbed the Friendship Bank!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's BIG STORY! But first, here is a word from Cy Harrice.

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

HARRICE: Ladies and gentlemen, have you noticed how many of your friends have changed to PELL MELL? 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, there's one cigarette that's really different - really "Outstanding!" - PELL MELL!

HARRICE: When you pick up a PELL MELL, you can see the difference - you can feel the difference. And when you smoke a PELL MELL, you can taste the difference.

CHAPPELL: 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!

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!

MUSIC:     INTRODUCTION AND UNDER

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

NARRATOR:    You, William A. White of the Pittsburgh Press, have dark black circles under your eyes next morning. You've been up all night, wondering if you've been painting Horace Maxwell as an innocent victim of a confidence trick, when he's really the guilty man. For eight grim hours you work your brain like a phonograph, making it play back, over and over, the record of everything you've heard and seen since you started on the story. No dice. And then suddenly you remember something. In your mind's ear you hear Henry Pratt saying something important ... very important. And when you get to the office you grab Dave by the arm <sup>and tell him about it</sup> ~~intending to advance a whole new theory of the case.~~

WHITE:       Dave, look -- stay with me on this one for a minute. I think we overlooked one possibility. I think maybe Pratt didn't go straight to his <sup>charity</sup> ~~charity~~ after he sneaked out of the Mercantile Trust. Maybe he stopped off some place on the way.

DAVE:        He did.

WHITE:       That's the way I figure it. He ... (TAKE) What did you say?

DAVE:        Pratt did stop off some place on the way.

WHITE:       He did?

DAVE:        Yes.

WHITE: Dave, is this a nice, new theory .. or do you know what you're talking about?

DAVE: I know what I'm talking about. Boss, I've got to hand it to you. You did some very fancy deducting. Or is it deducing?

WHITE: I don't care which it is! Have you got any facts?

DAVE: I've got facts. Jennie was in here earlier this morning.

WHITE: (BEAT - THEN) Who's Jenny?

DAVE: Al's girl friend.

WHITE: And who's Al?

DAVE: Al Green, the photographer.

WHITE: All right -- go on. Jenny was in this morning and ...?

DAVE: And she'd come all the way from her home in Vandergrift. You remember that cut of Henry Pratt you kept running in the paper? "If anyone sees a man resembling this picture, they should immediately ..."

WHITE: Yeah, yeah, I remember.

DAVE: Well, Jenny came in to report that she'd spotted Henry Pratt.

WHITE: Where?

DAVE: In Vandergrift. She saw him going into the house next door to her's. The place belongs to a Mrs. Crane. Here's the address.

WHITE: Mrs. Crane. When was this? What day?

DAVE: Friday -- the day the money was stolen. Jenny says she meant to get in touch with us sooner, but her mother had a cold, and...

WHITE: Look, Dave - I'm going over to headquarters and pick up a cop. After that, if anything happens, you can reach me at Mrs. Crane's in Vandergrift.

MUSIC: ----- BRIDGE

WHITE: Let's try it once more, Mrs. Crane.

MRS. CRANE: (STUBBORN, NERVOUS) But I've told you all I know, Mr. White. Don't you believe me?

WHITE: Of course, but ...

MRS. CRANE: Just because Henry Pratt is a distant relative of mine -- that doesn't mean I've done anything wrong.

ROSS: Hey! She's right!

WHITE: Yes, Sergeant Ross. Look, Mrs. Crane, let's go over it just once more, and if nothing comes up, we'll call it a day. All right?

MRS. CRANE: Oh, all right!

WHITE: Good. Now you say Mr. Pratt came to see you a week ago Friday.

MRS. CRANE: For the first time in ten years. Don't forget that. I didn't know a thing about that bank business until you told me!

WHITE: We understand that.

ROSS: Yeah, we understand.

MRS. CRANE: He just drove up to the door -- like you did. Like a bolt from the blue.

WHITE: Uh-huh. And what time did he get here?

MRS. CRANE: Around three o'clock.

ROSS: About an hour after Pratt vamooseed outa Pittsburgh.

WHITE: I know, Sergeant. And how long did Mr. Pratt stay here, Mrs. Crane?

MRS. CRANE: Till midnight, about.

WHITE: Right in the house? He didn't go out for a while -- maybe visit around the town?

MRS. CRANE: Visit? Henry doesn't know a soul in Vandergrift but me. No, he stayed shut up in this room, chewing on his fingernails.

WHITE: Like something on his mind?

MRS. CRANE: Yes.

WHITE: Any idea what might have been bothering him?

MRS. CRANE: I told you before -- no. Henry doesn't like anyone to ask him questions.

WHITE: I see.

MRS. CRANE: He's like me that way.

WHITE: I'm sorry. I'm not here just out of idle curiosity.

MRS. CRANE: That's all right. I don't get mad about it the way he does.

WHITE: He didn't get mad when he was here, did he?

MRS. CRANE: Yes, he did.

WHITE: You didn't tell us that before!

ROSS: Yeah, why didn't you tell us that before?

MRS. CRANE: You didn't ask me. And, besides, I was afraid.

ROSS: Why?

WHITE: Never mind. Tell us about it now. From the top -- from the beginning. Who were you afraid of -- Pratt?

MRS. CRANE: Yes. You see, I went out to do some shopping before supper, and when I came back, I noticed that the door to this room, the living-room, was closed. I walked over -- and ... (FADING) ... then I heard him talking to someone, angry-like ...

PRATT: (MUFFLED BY DOOR) Tonight. It's got to be tonight. Understand? (PAUSE) I don't care -- you've got to meet me in that Park tonight. (PAUSE) Good. Two o'clock. And ... (BREAKS OFF)

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ KNOCKING ON DOOR

PRATT: Two o'clock. Goodbye!

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ HANG UP PHONE - DOOR OPEN

MRS. CRANE: Henry. Who are you talking ...? Oh, you were on the phone.

PRATT: No, I wasn't.

MRS. CRANE: But I heard you saying ...!

PRATT: You are mistaken. You did not hear me making a phone call.

MRS. CRANE: Now, Henry, you know that you ...

PRATT: (QUIETLY - FIERCE) I did not use the telephone. Remember that, please. Because if you ever tell anybody that I did -- something very unpleasant may happen to you.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE

WHITE: And then, Captain Norton, Pratt warned Mrs. Crane not to talk.

NORTON: According to Mrs. Crane.

WHITE: All right, all right -- but I went further. I figured that since Pratt didn't know anybody in Vandergrift, the call he made must have been long distance. So I checked the phone company to see if they had a record of it, and they did. A call was made from Vandergrift 336 -- that Mrs. Crane's number -- to Perryville 824.

NORTON: You can't hang a man for making a long distance phone call.

WHITE: Not even if that phone call is made to a cheap bookmaker of very unsavory reputation?

NORTON: Not even then -- but you interest me.

WHITE: I thought maybe I would. The bookmaker's name is Gallegher. Ever hear of him?

NORTON: I've heard of him.

WHITE: And do you think maybe we ought to investigate?

NORTON: Maybe.

WHITE: Good. One thing more, Captain -- I have a hunch we're going to find that missing money in Gallegher's house or somewhere near it.

NORTON: Your hunches have been wrong before, Bill - remember?

WHITE: Sure, I remember. But just in case I should happen to be right this time -- just in case the money should happen to be there -- I'd like Mr. Maxwell to be there, too. I'd like to see his face when we recover his depositors' money. Can we bring him along, Captain? Can I call him?

NORTON: Okay, Bill - call him.

MUSIC: - - - - BRIDGE

WHITE: Come on, Gallegher -- come on!

GALLEGHER: Don't know what you're talking about. Money? No money inside this little old house.

NORTON: And none outside, Bill. Ross and ~~Mr.~~ Maxwell haven't found a dime and they've been looking for hours. It's another wild-goose chase.



WHITE: Please, Captain, give me a break! (BEAT) - (SHARP)  
Gallegher! Listen to me! Pratt gave you a lot of  
money and you hid it, isn't that so?

GALLEGHER: No.

WHITE: He gave the money to you the night he telephoned,  
didn't he?

GALLEGHER: ~~Huh?~~ Never did.

WHITE: Never telephoned?

GALLEGHER: Never gave it to me.

WHITE: But he did call you here!

GALLEGHER: I guess so.

WHITE: What for?

GALLEGHER: Can't remember.

WHITE: Oh, yes, you can! He told you to meet him and --

GALLEGHER: Wait a minute. Now I remember. (PAUSE) Wanted me  
to lay a little bet for him on the first race at  
Jamaica. That's what it was!

WHITE: Now, look here, Gallegher ...!

NORTON: (BREAKING IN) That's enough, Bill. We're not getting  
anywhere. We'll take him back to town and maybe  
have a go at him again later.

WHITE: But, Captain -- he knows where the money is! He's  
got to know!

NORTON: Only according to your hunch, Bill. And it's not  
good enough. I'll call Ross in to get Gallegher,  
and we'll ~~call it a day.~~<sup>call it a day.</sup>

SOUND: DOOR OPENS - PEEPERS

NORTON: Beautiful spring evening, isn't it? Listen to those  
peepers.

(*Steps on Ground*)

WHITE: You listen to them.

NORTON: Cheer up, Bill. You did your best.

WHITE: ~~Only~~ it wasn't good enough. Okay, if we're going to  
~~get out of here, let's get~~

NORTON: Right. (CALLING) Ross! Oh, Ross.

ROSS: (OFF) You call me, Captain?

NORTON: Break it up. <sup>(for the love of Mike)</sup> We're going home.

MAXWELL: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Do we have to go right away, Captain?  
We still have another half hour of daylight.

ROSS: And we haven't found any of the money yet.

NORTON: That's why we're going home. I'm sorry, Mr. Maxwell,  
but we've been over the house and grounds pretty  
carefully. I'm afraid there's no money here. (UP)  
Come on, Ross, get a move on.

ROSS: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Right away, Captain. I ... I ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ BODY THUD

NORTON: For the love of Mike, Ross, will you look where you're  
going? Pick up your feet. What did you trip over, a  
blade of grass?

ROSS: No. A rock in the driveway here. It was lying over  
a hold in the ground. It ...

NORTON: It what?

ROSS: Hey!

MAXWELL: What is it, Sergeant Ross?

ROSS: Hey!

WHITE: What's the matter with you?

ROSS: Hey, hey, hey, hey! There's a milk bottle at the  
bottom of the hole!

NORTON: Great work, Ross.

ROSS: Thanks, Captain. Do you want me to keep looking?

NORTON: For milk bottles?

ROSS: Sure. Maybe they're all full of money.

MAXWELL: What was that? What did you say?

ROSS: Money. Look - a quart of it!

WHITE: And here's some more under ~~another loose stone!~~ It's  
~~the~~ money, Mr. Maxwell, -- It's the depositors' money.

MAXWELL: (~~BEAT~~) Yes. Well, all I can say is ... Thank you,  
gentlemen. ~~Thank you very much.~~ Thank you  
especially, Mr. White.

WHITE: Believe me, Mr. Maxwell, the pleasure is all mine.

MAXWELL: Beautiful evening, isn't it?

WHITE: Beautiful.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ PEEPERS IN CLEAR

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ WIPE SOFTLY AND GO TO CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from  
William A. White of the Pittsburgh Press with the final  
outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ FANFARE

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: The cigarette that's really different - the longer,  
finer cigarette that's really "Outstanding!" - PELL  
MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! 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 William A. White of the Pittsburgh Press.

WHITE: Total of two hundred and ninety thousand dollars was recovered and, although bank was forced to close, depositors were paid back 98 percent of their money. Swindler and his accomplice were found guilty but received sentences of only eighteen months. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. White. 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 Daily News; by-line -- Martha Strayer. A BIG STORY that began when a lady reporter watched a game of solitaire ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ CARDS

HARRICE: ... being played in a death cell.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ CARDS

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 Stanley Silverman. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Alan Hewitt played the part of William A. White. All names

(MORE)

THE BIG STORY #42

- 29 -

(ADDED)

1-14-48

CHAPPELL:           in tonight's story except that of Mr. White 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.

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

ATX01 0060258

THE BIG STORY

1st REVISION  
Pages 15, 16,  
22, 26, and  
27 added.

PROGRAM #43\*

"LADY LUCK AND THE LADY REPORTER"

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 21, 1948

REVISED

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
JEN	EILEEN HECKART
MARTHA STRAYER	EILEEN HECKART
DAVE	LES TREMAYNE
SAM	GEORGE PETRIE
POP	TED OSBORN
SHERIFF	BOB SLOANE
HELEN	ELEANOR SHERMAN
DETECTIVE	TED OSBORN
JIM	GEORGE PETRIE
MRS. HEDLUND	ETHEL OWEN
MRS. WATSON	ETHEL OWEN
CLERK	LES TREMAYNE

\*Please note:

This should be Program #43  
throughout.

ATX01 0060259

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

SOUND: ----- THREE SHARP SHOTS IN A ROW

JEN: (BARKER STYLE) And the little lady wins a brand new cane for knocking down the ducks. Better watch her, mister. She's a sharpshooter.

CROWD: ----- LAUGHTER

JEN: All right now. Anybody else want to try a shot? How about it, sailor? Don't be bashful. Try your luck. How about you, Big Boy?

DAVE: No, thanks.

JEN: Aw, whaddaya got to lose for a dime?

DAVE: I can lose the dime.

JEN: Listen to the guy. A heavy spender.

CROWD: ----- LAUGHS

JEN: Come on up, Big Boy, and try your luck.

DAVE: I told you - no.

JEN: What's eating you? Don't you feel lucky tonight?

DAVE: Listen, sister ... the only kind of luck I've ever had is bad.

MUSIC: ----- HIT AND FADE UNDER FOR

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY! Another in a thrilling series based on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight ... to Martha Strayer of the Washington Daily News ... goes the PELL MELL Award for ... THE BIG STORY.

MUSIC: ----- FANFARE

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)



OPENING COMMERCIAL.

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

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!" - the 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, there's one cigarette that's really different -  
really "Outstanding!" - PELL MELL. 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 exciting and authentic story of ... "Lady Luck and the Lady Reporter."

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

NARRATOR: You are Martha Strayer, capable, feminine, and an old hand at the reporting game. You hang your frivolous hat in the same city room where you started as a cub ... that of the Washington Daily News. Spring comes early to the nation's capitol, and right now, though it's only April, it's one of those days that makes Washingtonians wonder why they didn't build the capitol in the North woods. You, Martha Strayer, try to ignore the growing humidity as you go about your business, covering a routine assignment ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ FOOTSTEPS ON CONCRETE. A WOMAN'S HIGH HEELS. AS THEY STOP, WE HEAR ALSO THE METHODICAL SLAP-SLAP OF PLAYING CARDS AS THEY WOULD SOUND IF THEY WERE BEING LAID OUT FOR SOLITAIRE

MARTHA: Excuse me ... I'm Martha Strayer of the Washington Daily News. ~~A reporter.~~

DAVE: I see.

MARTHA: I'd like to interview you for a special feature we're running in ..

DAVE: The news I got won't be ready for a month yet. Then you can put it in a small box in the obituary column.

MARTHA: You're a pretty bitter guy.

DAVE: (SHORT LAUGH) Excuse me. I suppose it would be better for newspaper circulation if I laughed and did a jig around the chair. Or maybe carried a rose in my teeth.

BUSINESS: \_ \_ \_ \_ PAUSE ... WE HEAR THE CARDS SLAPPING DOWN

MARTHA: That solitaire you're playing?

DAVE: Yeah. You know something funny? I've been playing solitaire ever since I was a kid. But I've never made it work. Not even once.

MARTHA: By the law of averages, luck should be with you - at least a couple of times.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ CARDS STOP

DAVE: Lady, listen. The law of averages was repealed the day I was born. (HARD) You really want a story for your rag?

MARTHA: That's what I'm here for.

DAVE: Okay. I'll give you a story. (~~BITTER~~) Some people got a touch. They can fall into a garbage heap and come up smelling of perfume. Me, it's the other way around. Everything I touch explodes in my face. Ever since I was a kid. When I was just eighteen years old, I was walking down the main street of my home town in Minnesota ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ SNEAK SMALL TOWN TRAFFIC B.G. ... FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK

DAVE: (WHISTLES AS HE WALKS. THEN BREAKS OFF WITH) Holy smoke! Hey! Hey, you!

SAM: (FADING A BIT) Yes? Did you call me, mister?

DAVE: (A LITTLE DAZED) Yeah. I thought for a minute there I recognized you and then ...

SAM: (SLOWLY) Well, for the love of Pete.

DAVE: We sure look alike, don't we?

SAM: We sure do. You haven't got a long lost brother, have you?

DAVE: Nope. Have you?

SAM: Not even a short lost one.

BOTH: LAUGH

SAM: Look, this is too good to pass up.

DAVE: What do you mean?

SAM: Come on across the street with me and have a cup of coffee. We'll give those beer-addled mugs in Tony's the shock of their lives. They'll think they're seeing double!

MUSIC: - - - - - BRIEF ACCENT AND OUT

DAVE: That was all there was to it. Two guys who look alike go and have a cup of coffee together. To anyone else, it would be just something to remember to tell the folks at supper. But not me. Oh, no. A week later, I'm sitting in the kitchen reading the paper when Pop comes in, looking kinda funny ...

POP: Dave ...

DAVE: Yeah, Pop?

POP: The sheriff here wants to talk to you.

DAVE: To me?

POP: Yeah. To you, Dave.

~~DAVE: What's the matter, Pop? You look funny.~~

POP: Why didn't you think what this'd do to your Ma, Dave?

DAVE: What what'll do to her? What are you talking about?

What are you trying to say, Pop?

SHERIFF: Suppose you let me explain, Dave. ~~You're wanted by the police.~~

DAVE: ~~The police want me?~~ Are you crazy? ~~What do the police want me for?"~~

SHERIFF: A robbery job.

DAVE: Look, I'm going nuts. Everybody here is going nuts. I'm sitting here reading the paper and everybody starts going nuts. All of a sudden you walk in and you tell me I'm a robber. What are you trying to do to me?

SHERIFF: I'm sorry, Dave. Several witnesses have identified you as the man who pulled the bank robbery yesterday at the Second National.

DAVE: Look, there's been a mistake ...

SHERIFF: No mistake, Dave. Those people saw you. They know what you look like. You can't make a mistake about a thing like that.

MUSIC: VERY BRIEF ACCENT AND OUT

DAVE: So I spent ten years in jail. Ten years. You know why? Because there was a guy who looked like me who robbed a bank. So I was in jail ten years. Pop used to come and see me in jail. He'd look at me through the screen with his eyes watering a little, and he'd try to puzzle out how he and Ma could have a son that was a jailbird. Ma would come visit me, too --

(MORE)

DAVE: in the beginning. Then, after a while, she didn't  
(CONTD) come any more, and Pop said the trip was too much  
for her. And then, after ten years, they pardoned  
me. They said I was innocent. I can still remember  
the way it was, the day I got out.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ SNEAK DRIZZLE OF RAIN

DAVE: I remember I got off the bus at the corner near home  
and it was raining.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ SLOW FOOTSTEPS ON WET PAVEMENT

DAVE: I didn't care about the rain, though. I was going  
home. I whistled for Duke, my dog, when I walked up  
the steps to the porch and rang the bell.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ BELL RING

DAVE: Duke 'd sure be glad to see me, the crazy mutt, if he  
wasn't too old now to remember. Then ... the door  
opened ...

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

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

DAVE: (UNEASILY) Hello, Pop.

POP: (SOFTLY) Dave! Hello, boy.

DAVE: Well, can I come in?

POP: Of course, Dave. Come in.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ DOOR CLOSES

POP: It's good to have you home again, son.

DAVE: Gee, it's swell to be back, Pop. Where's Ma? Cooking  
a welcome home dinner?

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

POP: You got out too late, Dave. Your Ma died yesterday  
afternoon.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ SHORT STING

DAVE: Twenty four hours too late. If the pardon had been signed one day earlier ... if the appeal had been made one day earlier ... if the evidence had been collected one day earlier ... if I'd gone to jail one day earlier! But it didn't work out that way. Just tough luck. And that was only the beginning.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ STAB AND HOLD

DAVE: It was a lousy break. A piece of ice on a step where a piece of ice just shouldn't have been. The doc says I'll be lame for a year.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ STAB AND HOLD

DAVE: Okay, okay. Prices are going up, profits are going down. You had to let a third of the boys go and I just happened to be in that third. Okay. No hard feelings.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ STAB AND HOLD

DAVE: Sergeant, I want to report a loss. It's my wallet. It had my identification in it, and my license and ... (HIS VOICE BREAKS A LITTLE) ... all the money I'd saved for Christmas presents.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ STAB AND HOLD

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ SCREECH OF BRAKES AND SHORT YELP OF ANIMAL

DAVE: (SHOUTING) You crazy fool! Why didn't you look where you were going. (IN TEARS NOW) You killed my dog. (DOWN) Duke, Duke ... (UP) Aw, you lousy fool, you killed my dog.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ UP TO FINISH MONTAGE

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ SLAP SLAP OF SOLITAIRE CARDS

DAVE: That's the way it was, all the time. One thing after another. One lousy break after another. And at night, I'd play solitaire. Just daring it to work once ... waiting to win just once. But I didn't. And then ... there was Helen ...

SOUND: CRICKETS

DAVE: Helen ...

HELEN: Listen to the crickets, Dave.

DAVE: Yeah.

HELEN: Hot day tomorrow.

DAVE: I guess so.

HELEN: (WITH A COMFORTABLE SIGH) Nice out here on the front porch, isn't it?

DAVE: Sure is. Helen ...

HELEN: Yes, Dave?

DAVE: (IN A RUSH) Aw, I don't know how to say it ... I'm no good with words, but you know what I want to ask you.

HELEN: (TENSE) No. No, I don't, Dave. I don't know what you're talking about.

DAVE: Aw, Helen, don't play with me. I can't fool about this. I know I haven't known you long, but it seems it's been for all my life. I love you, Helen.

HELEN: Dave ...

DAVE: I love you. I can't say it so it sounds good, but ... well, just being with you makes me feel right. You're the first good luck I've ever had.

HELEN: Dave, please ...



DAVE: Helen ... will you marry me?

BUSINESS: - - - SILENCE EXCEPT FOR CRICKETS

DAVE: Will you? Well, say something. Please.

HELEN: Oh, Dave ...

DAVE: Do you love me?

HELEN: Yes, Dave.

DAVE: Well then, will you marry me?

HELEN: I can't. You see, I'm already married.

DAVE: (DULLY) Already married?

HELEN: (DESPERATELY) I tried to tell you, Dave, a dozen times I tried to tell you. But being with you was so wonderful, and I was so lonely ... I didn't have the heart.

DAVE: But if you love me, what difference does that make? You can get a divorce.

HELEN: (SOFTLY) He was good to me, Dave ... and now he's sick. You don't just walk out on a guy that's been good to you and who's sick. Do you?

DAVE: (DEAD) No ... I guess not.

HELEN: Dave, don't look like that, please. Don't look like that.

DAVE: (SLOWLY) It was all coming out right this time. I didn't see how my luck could go wrong this time.

HELEN: Dave, please, I ...

DAVE: (FIGHTING HEARTBREAK) Don't say anything more, Helen, please. It's not your fault. It's okay. But don't say anything more, please. (HIS VOICE BREAKS) Just leave me alone.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ CRICKETS ARE HEARD ALONE FOR A MINUTE AND THEN THEY  
FADE OUT TO SILENCE

DAVE: That's it, Miss Strayer. It just didn't work out.  
Any more than the solitaire ever works out.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ SWEEPS UP CARDS AND SHUFFLES AGAIN

DAVE: You want to print that story?

MARTHA: Maybe. If you finish it for me.

DAVE: The rest they already printed.

MARTHA: Tell me anyhow.

DAVE: I went to Philly after I heard about Helen being  
married. I thought if I broke loose and moved fast  
enough, I could shake the jinx. Then, one day, a guy  
with a badge on his shirt walked up to me and tapped  
me on the shoulder ...

DETECTIVE: Is your name Dave Crouch?

DAVE: Yeah. That's my name.

DETECTIVE: Come along with me, Crouch.

DAVE: What for?

DETECTIVE: You're wanted in Washington, D.C.

DAVE: Washington? What for?

DETECTIVE: Murder.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT FOR 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? 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, there's one cigarette that's really different - really "Outstanding!" - PELL MELL!

HARRICE: When you pick up a PELL MELL, you can see the difference - you can feel the difference. And when you smoke a PELL MELL, you can taste the difference.

CHAPPELL: 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!

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!

MUSIC:        INTRODUCTION AND UNDER

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

NARRATOR:        You, Martha Strayer, reporter for the Washington Daily News and no pushover for a sob story, sit in the death cell of Washington City Jail, and listen to the story of a man called Dave. And, as you listen, you think that it could be the story of a man called Job, on whom all the plagues of the world were inflicted. The sudden "mistiness" around your eyes doesn't seem to be just the Washington humidity, and you ask him ...

MARTHA:        What happened after they picked you up in Philadelphia, Dave?

NARRATOR:        And he pauses, carefully puts a red jack on a black queen before he answers you and says ...

DAVE:            They told me I was being held for the murder of Woody Benson.

MARTHA:        Was he the big time gambler?

DAVE:            That's right. He was found shot to death in his car. ~~It was supposed to be a gang killing and everyone in Washington seems to think they saw me running to the getaway car after the shooting. Except I was in New York when he was shot.~~

MARTHA:        Couldn't you prove that?

DAVE:            I was in New York with Helen. She was the person who could alibi for me. ~~But I couldn't get her mixed up in a scandal and a murder case on top of it.~~ Besides, <sup>B.A.</sup> my lawyer said it'd hurt me to drag another man's wife into the case.

MARTHA: Wasn't there anybody else who could testify for you?

DAVE: It takes money to import witnesses, Miss Strayer.  
And I didn't have any.

MARTHA: I see

DAVE: ~~Just tough luck again.~~ A woman identified me as the  
killer ~~from~~ a police lineup. She lived in a house  
across the way from where Benson was killed. She  
said she saw me from the window.

MARTHA: Was she the only witness?

DAVE: No. ~~They had the whole thing pinned on me, neat as~~  
~~a winter overcoat.~~ They traced the murder car to a  
dealer in New Jersey. He and his cashier said I  
bought it from them. So ... I get the chair next  
month.

MARTHA: Have you asked for a stay of sentence?

DAVE: What do you think? Sure I asked for one. ~~I want to~~  
~~keep on with this cockeyed business of breathing and~~  
~~eating and sleeping.~~ But they won't let me ~~see?~~  
It's not in the cards. I got a month more of playing  
solitaire and waiting for it to come out right, just  
once, and then they'll come get me and they'll say -  
"Tough luck, feller" and they'll stick me in the  
chair and turn on the juice and then I'll be dead  
and they'll say - "Tough luck. He had tough luck."  
(HE BREAKS AND SOBS)

MARTHA: Dave ...

DAVE: (GETTING CONTROL) Yeah?

MARTHA: I'm going to try a little juggling with the law of  
averages.

DAVE: What do you mean?

MARTHA: I'm going to see my city editor. Maybe, between us,  
we can prove that my talking to you today was the  
darnedest piece of luck for both of us. ~~The darnedest  
piece of good luck.~~

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: DOOR BANG

JIM: Well, if it isn't my favorite lady reporter, coming  
out of the editor's office with fire in her eye.  
Hello, gorgeous!

MARTHA: What's on your mind, lover boy?

JIM: Nothing.

MARTHA: I know. Jim, why don't you get up off your spine and  
at least try to look like a reporter?

JIM: Under that hat, do you think you look like a reporter?

MARTHA: I don't have to. I write like one.

JIM: Martha, it pains me to say this, but something has  
happened to your sweet nature.

MARTHA: It sure has. If anyone wants me, I'm off to pay a call  
on one Mrs. Olesia Hedlund.

JIM: Egad. A leg man! What's up? A senatorial squabble?  
~~A congressional contretemps?~~

MARTHA: Jim - ~~seriously~~ - listen. There's a guy over in the  
city jail who's going to be executed in about a month.  
I'm sure he's innocent and I want to spring him. If  
I can work fast enough to beat the execution date.

JIM: (GROAN) Oh, Martha, no!

MARTHA: What's the matter?

JIM: You've found some seasoned wire beater who says -  
"Miss Strayer, I don't belong in jail. I just got  
here by mistake ..."

MARTHA: I did not ...

JIM: (MIMICKING) "I'm innocent, Miss Strayer. So help  
me. All I had wa's tough luck."

MARTHA: (FLARING) That's it exactly. He had tough luck.

JIM: Oh, now, Martha ...

MARTHA: (MAD) Don't "Oh, now, Martha" me! I've been talking  
to the editor and he sees the story, too. And I'm  
going after it. And when I get it, we'll see who's  
laughing at who!

SOUND: ~~\_\_\_~~ ~~MAL FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR AND DOOR OPEN~~

JIM: At whom, Miss Strayer.

SOUND: ~~\_\_\_~~ ~~VIOLENT SLAM OF DOOR~~

JIM: LAUGHS WHICH IS CARRIED AWAY BY

MUSIC: ~~\_\_\_~~ ~~BRIDGE~~

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

MRS. HEDLUND: (LADY WITH TONGUE HINGED IN THE MIDDLE) The laundry's  
all tied up in a sheet and there were three shirts  
missing from ... Oh. Excuse me. I thought you were  
the laundryman.

MARTHA: No. Not quite. I'm from the Washington Daily News,  
Mrs. Hedlund. May I come in?

HEDLUND: Well, yes, of course.

SOUND: ~~\_\_\_~~ ~~DOOR CLOSE~~

MARTHA: I've come to ask you about the Benson case,  
Mrs. Hedlund.

HEDLUND: Oh. OH. (DELIGHTED WITH CHANCE) Well, as you  
probably know, I was one of the witnesses that saw  
that man shoot that nice gambler ~~and then drive off~~  
~~down the alley. It was a terrible thing.~~ And in  
such a <sup>fine</sup> ~~nice~~ neighborhood too. I told my landlord -  
"Mr. Daniels," I said, "What with apartments so hard  
to get I don't plan on moving, but shooting people  
under your very window certainly runs down the  
neighborhood." And he said ...

MARTHA: (INTERRUPTING) <sup>you Hedlund</sup> You actually saw the face of the  
murderer?

HEDLUND: Certainly. I was sitting by the window looking out.  
It was very early in the morning, about six o'clock.  
I'm an early riser -- my sister says it's because I'm  
the highstrung kind -- and there ~~I was by the~~  
~~window and I saw him.~~

MARTHA: Is this the window you mean, Mrs. Hedlund?

HEDLUND: That's right. It looks out past that maple tree.

MARTHA: (HARD) You say this is the window you saw the killer  
from?

HEDLUND: Yes, that's what I just said.

MARTHA: You're sure?

HEDLUND: (RUFFLED) Well, I ought to know what window I saw  
him from.



MARTHA: Mrs. Hedlund ... I'm standing here in the same window ... and I can't see the face of a single passerby below, because the leaves of this tree screen my view. You couldn't have accurately identified Dave Crouch or anyone else if you saw the crime from this window.

MUSIC: BRIDGE AND INTO

SOUND: TYPEWRITER GOING AT FULL SPEED

JIM: Well, well, how's the two-fingered wonder?

SOUND: TYPEWRITER STOPS. RIP SHEET FROM MACHINE

MARTHA: Busy, lover boy. Go away.

JIM: Sprung that guy yet, Martha?

MARTHA: Not yet.

JIM: Well, the execution is scheduled for a couple of weeks from now, isn't it?

MARTHA: Fifteen days.

JIM: You better get moving.

MARTHA: I'm writing a series of stories, Jimmy, rehashing the trial; publicizing the case, so that at least the public will <sup>start</sup> ~~re-try~~ Dave Crouch. ~~a chance.~~

JIM: Look, baby, all kidding aside. What makes you fall for this sob story? None of the other papers took up your lead. It's a dead pigeon.

MARTHA: Dave Crouch didn't commit this crime. I'm not just going to sit around and toss off gay witticisms while they execute him!

JIM: As we say in Ashtabula, touchd. Look, kid, let me in on the facts. What have you got in his favor?

MARTHA: Well, one: The identification of Crouch as the killer by Mrs. Hedlund <sup>is inaccurate</sup> ~~is inaccurate~~. She couldn't have seen anyone through that tree by the window. The crime was committed in late spring and the leaves must have been even denser than they are now.

JIM: Number two?

MARTHA: Two: Woody Benson was supposedly killed by a paid gangster to wipe out a gambling debt. That's the only motive. So there was money in it for the killer. But Crouch didn't have enough money to bring in witnesses ~~for the defense~~.

JIM: Three?

MARTHA: Three: The automobile dealer who identified Crouch as the owner of the murder car refused to back up that identification in court.

JIM: Uh-huh. And four?

MARTHA: No four. Yet. But I'm still looking.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ PHONE RINGS

MARTHA: Hold everything.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ PHONE UP

MARTHA: Martha Strayer speaking. Mrs. Who? Watson? Okay. Tell her to come in.

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

MARTHA: Some dame to see me.

JIM: Well, happy hunting, kid.

MARTHA: Thanks, Jimmy. *So long*

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

MRS. WATSON: Miss Strayer?

MARTHA: Yes.

MRS. WATSON: I'm Mrs. Watson. I came to talk to you about those stories you've been writing about the man who's going to be put to death.

MARTHA: Have you any information on the case, Mrs. Watson?

MRS. WATSON: ~~(UNEASY) Are they really going to execute that man?~~

MARTHA: ~~Unless we can collect enough evidence to prove him innocent. And prove it in time.~~

MRS. WATSON: ~~I see.~~ ~~(WITH RESOLVE)~~ Well, ~~then,~~ I don't like to get mixed up with killings and things like that. I keep to myself and don't bother nobody and nobody bothers me. But if a man's going to be put to death for my keeping silent, I reckon it's my duty to come forward.

MARTHA: About what?

MRS. WATSON: Well, it's like this. I saw the man who killed that gangster.

MARTHA: You did! Where?

MRS. WATSON: From my home. I live in the house across the way from where they shot that man. I was looking out the winder when it happened. And, there ain't no tree in front of my winder, neither, case you're wondering. ~~Lucky thing for that Mr. Grouch that there ain't, too.~~

MARTHA: ~~Lucky for him? Why?~~

MRS. WATSON: ~~Lucky as kin be.~~ Course I saw the killer, plain as day. And it wasn't the man they got locked up in jail neither!

MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER FOR

NARRATOR: Now. Now you have it. Enough evidence to clear Dave Crouch. If there's time. You cross your fingers for luck and take your evidence to the Department of Justice. And then ... you wait. And worry. It's like Dave Crouch's game of solitaire. You keep wondering how the cards are stacked this time. The precious days slip by, one after another, and you start getting panicky. You stop in at the Justice Department, day after day ...

MARTHA: (STRIVING FOR PATIENCE) Look. All I want to know is ... have they read the evidence on the Crouch case yet?

CLERK: I'm sorry, Miss Strayer. I have no information on that.

MARTHA: But time's getting short. A man may be unjustly put to death unless there's action.

CLERK: I'm sorry, Miss Strayer.

MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ STING

MARTHA: (CONTROLLING HERSELF) It's all here on paper. She couldn't have seen Crouch from her window because you can't see the street through the leaves. And this other woman says it wasn't Crouch. He was in New York at the time. Now -- what are you going to do about it?

CLERK: I'm sorry, Miss Strayer. I can't tell you a thing. I have no information at present.

MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ STING

MARTHA: (A SLOW BURN) I know. You're sorry. You have no information. But an innocent man is going to be electrocuted in a week unless you get some information!

CLERK: I'm sorry, Miss Strayer.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ STING

MARTHA: (A REAL BURN NOW ... STARTING LOW) Listen. I've been coming to this -- this place you call the Department of Justice day after day. I'm trying to save an innocent man from the chair. And you tell me you have no information. All right. You have no information. (BUILDING) All I want is for someone to read this evidence and grant a stay of sentence. That's all. See? NOW WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO TO GET THAT DONE? GO TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES?

CLERK: (CALMLY) I believe, Miss Strayer, that the evidence to which you refer has already been sent to him.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT AND UNDER FOR

NARRATOR: In Washington, a man sits in the death cell, doggedly laying out the cards for endless games of solitaire. In Wisconsin, a governor is sworn in. A senator from Nevada introduces a pay restoration bill to Congress. The steamship Normandie sails for New York on her maiden voyage, and a baby is found abandoned on a doorstep in Georgetown. And, on his private yacht, at anchor somewhere in the Potomac, the President of the United States reads carefully and judiciously, a document about an American citizen named Dave Crouch.

(MORE)

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NARRATOR: And when he finishes reading, he picks up his pen  
(CONTD) and signs his name in a careful hand ... Franklin D.  
Roosevelt.

MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ UP AND OUT FOR

SOUND: \_\_\_\_\_ SLAP-SLAP OF SOLITAIRE CARDS \_\_\_\_\_

MARTHA: Hello, Dave.

DAVE: (DULLY) Hello, Miss Strayer.

MARTHA: Still at the solitaire, I see.

DAVE: Still at it.

MARTHA: I've brought you news, ~~Dave~~.

DAVE: The execution's the day after tomorrow.

MARTHA: Don't you want to hear my news?

DAVE: No.

MARTHA: Why not?

DAVE: Black five on a red six ... and a red three on a  
black four.

MARTHA: (PERSISTING) Why don't you want to hear my news,  
Dave?

DAVE: I told you. The execution's the day after tomorrow.  
What good is news to me now?

MARTHA: The execution won't be the day after tomorrow, ~~Dave~~.

SOUND: \_\_\_\_\_ CARDS STOP \_\_\_\_\_

DAVE: What do you mean?

MARTHA: President Roosevelt has commuted sentence. There  
won't be any execution. Ever. You're in luck this  
time, Dave.

DAVE: (REVERENTLY) Oh, dear God!

BUSINESS: \_\_\_\_\_ PAUSE \_\_\_\_\_

MARTHA: (GENTLY) The red two goes on the black three, Dave.

DAVE: (REMEMBERING) Huh? Oh, yeah. Yeah. And if I move these over to the six and --- (HOLDS - THEN SOFTLY) Well, what do you know! (RISING EXCITEMENT) Hey, whaddaya know. It worked! It came out right for me.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT FOR CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from Martha Strayer of the Washington Daily News, with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

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

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: The cigarette that's really different - the longer,  
finer cigarette that's really "Outstanding!" - PELL MELL  
FAMOUS CIGARETTES! 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 Martha Strayer of the Washington Daily News.

MARTHA: After President Roosevelt commuted his sentence from execution to life imprisonment, prisoner in tonight's BIG STORY was transferred to Federal Penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. With a committee of prominent citizens, I continued to work on the case and our goal was finally achieved when President Truman granted him a full pardon. ~~Real killer has never been found,~~ many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Miss Strayer. 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 Columbia, South Carolina Record; by-line -- George A. Buchanan. A BIG STORY that reached its climax when a car moved along a small town street ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ CAR IN MOTION

HARRICE: ... And crashed off a bridge.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ CRASH

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 Gail Ingram. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and

(MORE)

CHAPPELL: Eileen Heckart played the part of Martha Strayer. All  
(CONTD) names in tonight's story except those of Miss Strayer,  
Franklin D. Roosevelt and President Truman 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.

THE BIG STORY

1st REVISION

Pages 29 & 30 added.

PROGRAM #44

"THE CASE OF THE IMPATIENT PARTNER"

*As Broadcast*

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1948

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
WALLY	JOHN SYLVESTER
FRED	WILL KULUVA
ALICE MILLER	AGNES YOUNG
SHERIFF	RAY JOHNSON
GEORGE BUCHANAN	WHIT VERNON
ROY MILLER	RAY JOHNSON
JED	<del>RAY JOHNSON</del> <del>JOHN SYLVESTER</del>

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

SOUND: PHONE RINGING

WALLY: I'll take it.

FRED: Okay.

SOUND: PHONE LIFTED FROM CRADLE

WALLY: Crossroads Filling Station ...

ALICE: (FILTER ... WARM, MOTHERLY) Hello, Wally ... how's  
the junior partner?

WALLY: Swell ... swell ...

ALICE: You've been too much of a stranger. We want you to  
come to dinner Saturday night.

WALLY: Well ...

ALICE: Say you'll come ... please ...

WALLY: Well ... okay, *dinner on Saturday night*

SOUND: HANGING UP

FRED: I hear your partner's wife is quite a cook, Wally.

WALLY: She is. Too bad I'll have to pass up that meal. She  
won't feel much like cookin' ... right after her  
husband's funeral!

MUSIC: UP HARSHLY ... THEN UNDER FOR

~~ANNOUNCER:~~

*Chappell:*

THE BIG STORY, another in the thrilling series based  
on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight,  
to George A. Buchanan Jr. of the Columbia, South  
Carolina State, goes the PELL MELL Award for his ~~his~~ *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, there's one cigarette that's really different -  
really "Outstanding!" - PELL MELL. 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: THEME ... SOMBER AND OMINOUS ... UP AND UNDER FOR

CHAPPELL: Now, the authentic and exciting story of ... "The Case of the Impatient Partner."

MUSIC: IMMEDIATELY HITS FOR UNDERSCORING, THEN GOES UNDER RESTLESS AND FOREBODING

NARRATOR: Your name is George A. Buchanan Jr., and you write those cops and robbers stories people read in the Columbia, South Carolina State. <sup>newspaper</sup> But, this evening, there's not much doing in your particular line of work, so you decide to sit in for a few hands of poker with the boys. You pick up your cards, flip in a few colored chips ... and begin losing your wages. Yeah, things are strictly routine until ...

MUSIC: OUT

SOUND: SHARP SUDDEN RINGING OF PHONE ... RECEIVER LIFTED FROM CRADLE

NARRATOR: ... a familiar, quiet voice suddenly goes crazy in your ear!

SHERIFF: (WORDS TUMBLING OUT) Sheriff calling. Car went off the Bay Creek Bridge. ~~There's 4 guys dead in it and it doesn't~~ <sup>doesn't</sup> look like an accident. Pick you up in five minutes!

MUSIC: HITS HARD THEN GOES OUT TO

SOUND: FAST WALKING ON GRAVEL DOWNHILL

SHERIFF: <sup>(Cries out)</sup> There's the car. Watch your step, Buchanan ... big rock over here.

BUCHANAN: Right.

SOUND: A FEW MORE STEPS ... THEN

1-28-48

BUCHANAN: Okay, Sheriff ... shine that flashlight into the front seat, will you?

SHERIFF: (SLIGHT BEAT. THEN GRIMLY) Sometimes I don't like my job.

BUCHANAN: No car wreck did that. He was slugged. ~~Your deputy guessed right.~~

SHERIFF: Ever see him before, Buchanan?

BUCHANAN: (SEARCHING) No ... no, I don't know the poor guy.

SHERIFF: (SLIGHT STRAIN) Don't seem to be any papers on him.

BUCHANAN: Here's something else. The ignition's turned off. See?

SHERIFF: Uhuh. Car musta been rolled down the embankment.

BUCHANAN: Hardly any blood on the seat. If he'd been killed in the car, it'd be soaked. This has to be murder, Sheriff. He was killed someplace else and then dumped down here.

SHERIFF: ~~It adds up!~~

BUCHANAN: ~~Every bit of it. The beating he took. The locked ignition ...~~

~~SHERIFF: I agree with you. It's murder. Only who did it ... and where?~~

MUSIC: IN AND BEHIND

NARRATOR: You're a police reporter and you've seen a lot of dirty, ugly <sup>Sights</sup> ~~sights~~ like this one. You oughta be used to it ... but you're not. It's an old story that turns brand new, every time you try to write it. You know what murder does to everyone around it ... the lives it rips apart. The victim, his killer ... their families. So many lives touched by murder. And you wonder how all

(MORE)

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NARRATOR: this started. What happened to bring you here ... to a wrecked car beneath the Bay Creek Bridge. You wonder about the man, dead behind the wheel. Who is he? Was he married? What was there in his life that brings you here tonight? What was there? What was there? (Sighing) Roy

SOUND: COFFEE\_POURED

ALICE: Ready for your second cup of coffee, Roy?

MILLER: No.

ALICE: But you always ...

MILLER: I know. I always have two cups of coffee for breakfast. Only this morning I don't want two cups of coffee for breakfast. Is that legal?

ALICE: (WORRIED) Roy, please ... I don't want to argue. I'm just worried. Can I help that?

MILLER: (SORRY) No ... 'course you can't. I'll try to stop carryin' my business troubles home, Alice. ~~I'll try to do something about them, I promise.~~

ALICE: I can't understand it. You and Wally used to get along so well <sup>at the gas station.</sup> Perfect partners, they called you.

MILLER: Wally's suddenly begun to realize that he's sixteen years younger 'n me. I'm an old man who's holding him back from big things. Real big things ... like three gasoline pumps instead of two.

ALICE: Talk to the boy! Set things right again. No good'll come out of all this fighting.

MILLER: ~~You know what he did Tuesday, Alice? Went to his lawyer. Maybe there was some way to break the partnership. I wasn't supposed to know about it. But it looks like I've got more friends than he has.~~



~~ALICE: Roy, I knew that boy better than anyone else. Remember how I used to look after him when he was only a youngster?~~

~~MILLER: Sure, Alice. I remember. He was a nice kid, too.~~

~~ALICE: He's still nice. It's just a question of you two talking things out straight and honest. Promise you'll talk to Wally. Please, Roy?~~

MILLER: Do you think I like arguin' with him? I want to get along.

ALICE: So does he! Just the both of you tell what's botherin' the other and things'll be like they used to.

MILLER: (SIGHS) All right, Alice. I'll do what I can.

ALICE: (SOFTLY) Maybe soon, Roy, we'll take that trip you've been talkin' about for so long.

MILLER: (NICE TO THINK ABOUT) Yeah ... I'd like that.

ALICE: Wally could run the station. He's got Fred to help him.

MILLEY: They could do it easy.

ALICE: 'Course they could. But remember! It all depends on how you make out with Wally.

MILLER: I've been promisin' us a honeymoon for twenty-five years. About time I made good.

~~ALICE: (CONTRITE) Roy, I'm sorry.~~

~~MILLER: What'd you do now?~~

~~ALICE: Something mean. I just brought up the trip to make sure you'd talk to Wally.~~

~~MILLER: That's nothin'. I'm meaner than you.~~

~~ALICE: You're not going back on your word?~~

~~MILLER: (LAUGHING) No, it's just that I know what you were aimin' at.~~

ALICE: ~~(LAUGHING)~~ Roy Miller, I hate you.

MILLER: Matter of fact, Wally's been asking me to sell out to him. Guess this'd be as good a time as any to do it.

ALICE: You mean it?

MILLER: Uhuh.

ALICE: (HAPPY) <sup>Roy Miller!</sup> ~~Oh, Roy!~~ Here I am, forty-five, and I'm going on a honeymoon!

MILLER: Soon, too, Alice ... soon as we can make it. I'll tell Wally I'll sell out to him. I'll tell him tonight tonight.

MUSIC: HAPPY INTO OMINOUS

SOUND: TRAFFIC B.G.

WALLY: And this is where we shove old man Miller and his car off the bridge ... tonight.

FRED: Wally, you dead certain he won't sell you his half of the gas station?

WALLY: I asked him, didn't I? Half a dozen times.

FRED: Ask him again. Maybe he'll change his mind.

WALLY: Not a chance. Look, Fred, I've known that old coot for years. His wife used to take care of me when I was a kid. I used to eat dinner at their house two, three nights a week. I know Roy Miller. He's never changed his mind'....not once. Make up your own mind, Fred....do you want to be in on the deal or don't you?

FRED: Take it slow, kid. Sure I want to be in. I just like to do things the easy way.

WALLY: (EXCITED) There is no easy way, Fred. Now, get this straight. We polish off Miller back at the filling station, then we drive him out here and crash his car

(MORE)

WALLY:  
(CONTD) off the Main Street Bridge. There's a thirty foot drop. That'll smash the car up good ... make the whole thing look like an accident.

FRED: Okay, okay ... don't get so excited. ~~Have a cigarette ... still calm you down.~~

~~WALLY: I'm calm enough.~~

FRED: ~~Sure.~~ I just wouldn't like to see you lose your nerve tonight, Wally.

WALLY: Don't worry about tonight! It'll go off just the way we planned.

FRED: And what about tomorrow?

WALLY: Well, what about it?

FRED: That two grand policy you've got on Miller gets split two ways, right?

WALLY: We've been over that!

FRED: (SHARPLY) Then let's go over it again!

~~WALLY: Keep your voice down. There're people goin' by.~~

~~FRED: I'm waitin', Wally.~~

WALLY: (MOLLIFYING) Now, relax, Fred. The dough goes two ways and you come into the business.

~~FRED: Now, I feel better.~~

~~WALLY:~~ You been working for Miller and me long enough to know the trade. We'll do okay as partners.

FRED: I still wish old man Miller'd sell out to you. Anything goes wrong tonight, you and me will wind up in the pen ... if not worse.. I been in the pen, Kid. It ain't good. Why won't Miller sell out to ya?

WALLY: ~~(IRRITABLY) Because he won't that's all! Now, let's finish up here and get back to the station.~~

WALLY: Because he won't, that's all! Now, I've fixed it for you to work the late shift with Miller tonight. When he goes outside to lock the pumps at eleven, you open the side door and we'll both hide in the back repair shop. When he walks in... we'll get him.

FRED: You'll do nothing tonight if you don't get off the trolley tracks now.

SOUND: TROLLEY CLANGS JUST OFF AND GOES BY

WALLY: Cut the comedy, Fred. Let's go get a drink!

FRED: For luck?

WALLY: Sure. Besides, it's good for what worries ya!

MUSIC: UP AND SEGUE TO

SOUND: A LITTLE EERIE WIND. RESTRAINED RAPPING ON DOOR

WALLY: (SOTTO) Fred! Fred!

BUSINESS: PAUSE

SOUND: RAP ON DOOR

WALLY: Fred!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

FRED: Come on in... fast.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE. B.G. OUT

WALLY: What took you so long?

FRED: Miller wanted to count up the day's receipts.

WALLY: Well, you could've unlocked the repair shop door earlier! Suppose he'd seen me hanging around out there?

FRED: Take it slow, kid, take it slow. Don't lose your nerve.

WALLY: I ain't losin' my nerve! What're you tryin' to do ... put the whammy on me, always talkin' about losin' nerve?!

~~FRED: I'm sorry.~~

~~WALLY: Don't be sorry ... just watch it, that's all. (BEAT)~~

Where's Miller now?

FRED: Outside lockin' up. He oughta be back here in a few minutes.

WALLY: We'll wait.

FRED: Sure we'll wait.

SOUND: SNEAK TICKING OF CLOCK

FRED: Better get behind this roadster, so's Miller won't see you first thing he comes in.

WALLY: Okay.

SOUND: A FEW STEPS, CLOCK LOUDER

WALLY: What's that?

FRED: What's what?

WALLY: That ticking sound. Don't you hear it?

FRED: (BEAT) Oh, that. Yeah. It's the dashboard clock.

WALLY: (BEAT) Loud ... it's awful loud.

FRED: Then shut up and listen to it.

WALLY: I wish he'd come in. (BEAT) I wish Miller'd come in.

SOUND: TICKING IN CLEAR

MUSIC: WIPE AND FADE INTO

SOUND: TICKING

WALLY: Fred, can you bust that clock? Can you bust it? It's giving me the creeps.

FRED: Slow, Wally. Take it slow.

WALLY: Miller's takin' it slow enough for all of us. What's he up to? What's keepin' him?

FRED: How do I know?

~~WALLY: Well, I'm going to find out. I can't just wait here and...~~

~~FRED: Wally, No! You ain't supposed to be around now. If there's any findin' out to be done, I'll do it. You wait here.~~

~~WALLY: Okay... but don't be long.~~

~~FRED: I won't.~~

~~SOUND: STEPS FADE OFF. CLOCK ALONE FOR AS LONG AS WE CAN STAND IT. THEN, STEPS BACK ON.~~

~~WALLY: (LOW, ALMOST HYSTERICAL) Fred? That you Fred?~~

~~FRED: Yeah.~~

~~WALLY: Fred, what happened?~~

~~FRED: Keep your voice down.~~

~~WALLY: Where's Miller?~~

~~FRED: It don't look like he's comin' back here tonight. We~~ ~~have to call it off.~~

WALLY: (BEWAILING) Call it off?

FRED: Yeah ... 'til tomorrow night.

WALLY: No! I'm sick of waitin'. I'm not going to wait anymore!

FRED: (LOW ANGER) You're gonna wait as long as I say. You'd be crazy to try and finish off Miller out there now.

WALLY: That's the only way we can take this place here.

FRED: That's the way we can wind up in the death house, too.

(ALARM) Watch out!

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ DOOR OPENING OFF

MILLER: (OFF) Fred what are you doin' back there?

FRED: (RECOVERING FAST) I lost my gloves. Oughta be around here someplace.

MILLER: Well, hope you find 'em. I'm going home now.  
See you tomorrow.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ THE DOOR SLAMS

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ HITS HARD AND BRIDGES TO

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ CASH REGISTER RINGING OPEN

MILLER: Not a bad day, Wally.

WALLY: Could've been better.

MILLER: Son, I want to have a little talk with you.

WALLY: Not tonight, Mr. Miller, I'm tired. Right now, I'm just looking for sleep.

MILLER: (SIGHS) All right. Tomorrow will do just as well, I guess. Our business can wait.

WALLY: Business? Whatta ya mean?

MILLER: Well, Alice and I had a little talk yesterday morning and we sort of came to a decision.

FRED: (OFF) Wally, can you drop me off at my house?

WALLY: (PROJECTING SLIGHTLY) Sure, Fred ... I'm leavin' now.

MILLER: I'd like to finish what I was saying, Wally.

WALLY: Tomorrow, Mr. Miller. I've had a tough day.

MILLER: ~~All right, son I've got a little more work. Think I'll~~  
~~stay for a while. You go on home!~~

WALLY: So long.

SOUND: WALKING

ROY: (OFF) Goodbye, Wally.

SOUND: WALKING QUICKENS AND GOES FOR SEVERAL FEET ... THEN  
DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

FRED: (LOW) Where's Miller?

WALLY: Still up front, Fred. Call him!

FRED: Get that wrench handy!

WALLY: Go on, call him!

FRED: (PROJECTING) Mr. Miller! Hey, Mr. Miller!

MILLER: (PROJECTING OFF) Whatta you want?

FRED: This car's got a broken axle.

MILLER: Just a second ...

WALLY: (LOW) He's comin' ... he's coming!

FRED: (TENSE) Shut up! Get behind this car!

SOUND: DOOR OPENING OFF

MILLER: (OFF) What did you say, Fred?

FRED: This axle's broken. The chassis' shot to pieces.

MILLER: (COMING ON) That can't be, I looked at it myself just  
the ... (ALARM) Wally ... you gone crazy? ... Wally  
... what are you doin', boy ... Fred, Wally, don't do  
it ... don't do it ... don't ...

MUSIC: HAS BEEN SNEAKING IN UNDER AND NOW HITS ON A NOTE OF  
FEAR ... BRIDGES AND THEN GOES OUT INTO



SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ CAR IN MOTION

WALLY: ~~Left, Fred, left. Remember, we want to take the~~  
~~same route he always did.~~ (BEAT) Not so fast. <sup>Wally</sup> Not so  
fast.

FRED: Whatta you wanna do? Enjoy the ride?

WALLY: No. I just don't want us to get a ticket for speeding.

FRED: That'd be great with a corpse in the car.

WALLY: (ALARM) Hey, Fred.

FRED: What's the matter?

WALLY: ~~We're coming to~~ the Main Street Bridge.

~~FRED:~~ ~~That's right. So...?~~

WALLY: ~~Something wrong with your eyesight?~~ Look. A trolley  
stuck in the middle of it.

FRED: Yeah, yeah ... I see.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ CAR TO STOP

WALLY: A trolley half full of people. We can't crash this  
car off the bridge in front of a trolley half full of  
people.

FRED: Something we didn't figure on.

WALLY: Nothin's goin' right. Everything's goin' wrong. First,  
we hadda change the night, and now this. What're we  
gonna do, Fred.

FRED: I'm not sure yet.

WALLY: Well, I'm gettin' outa here.

FRED: Oh, no, your not!

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ GEARS. CAR IN MOTION

FRED: Just you take it slow, Wally ... take it nice and slow.  
There <sup>s</sup> must another bridge in this town.

WALLY: Huh?

FRED: There ~~must be~~ another bridge we can crash this jalopy  
off of, and we're gonna find it.

MUSIC: HITS HARD THEN DIPS FOR

SOUND: CAR GOING OVER CLIFF AND SMASHING

MUSIC: UP 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? 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, there's one cigarette that's really different - really "Outstanding!" - PELL MELL!

HARRICE: When you pick up a PELL MELL, you can see the difference - you can feel the difference. And when you smoke a PELL MELL, you can taste the difference.

CHAPPELL: 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!

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!

MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER

HARRICE: Now we return you to our narrator, Bob Sloane, and tonight's BIG STORY!

NARRATOR: You, George <sup>A.</sup> Buchanan, <sup>Jr.</sup> of the Columbia, South Carolina State, suddenly find yourself daydreaming in the middle of the night. You're looking at a murder scene ... a wrecked car with a dead man in it ... under the Bay Creek Bridge. How did it all happen, you've been wondering ... and when the Sheriff walks over to you and asks ...

SHERIFF: Hey, Buchanan, any ideas?

NARRATOR: ... you decide to try and find out.

SOUND: COUNTRY SOUNDS OF NIGHT B.G.

BUCHANAN: ~~Well, we know he wasn't killed here.~~

SHERIFF: ~~Maybe some hitchhikers did it.~~

BUCHANAN: ~~Then they would've taken the car, too.~~ No, <sup>Sheriff,</sup> this has all the earmarks of a planned job, And a bad one at that. Main Street Bridge would've given 'em a much bigger drop.

SHERIFF: Yeah, the whole thing would've looked more legitimate off the Main Street Bridge.

BUCHANAN: Let's try to spot the direction the car came from. These tire tracks are pretty easy to see.

SHERIFF: Good idea!

BUCHANAN: Let's have the flashlight over here.

SOUND: GRAVEL WALKING WITH BELOW

BUCHANAN: The car must have rolled down the embankment from that place up there. You can see where the bushes are knocked down.

SHERIFF: Then it musta come down Main Street.

BUCHANAN: Right. Now if we ...

JED: (OFF) Hey!

SHERIFF: (LOW) Who's that?

BUCHANAN: (LOW) Quiet!

JED: Hey, anybody down there?

SOUND: - - - - - FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL APPROACH UNDER FOLLOWING

SHERIFF: (LOW) Might be the killer comin' back to cover up some evidence, eh?

BUCHANAN: Might be ... but it isn't. (UP) Over here, Jed.

JED: (COMING ON) Oh, hello, Mr. Buchanan. The managing editor told me I'd find you out here.

BUCHANAN: That was nice of the managing editor. Oh, Sheriff ... this is Jed Wasser, copy boy down at the State office.

JED: Hello, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: Hi.

BUCHANAN: And what did the managing editor want, Jed?

JED: He told me to tell you he wants to know where the story is and ... hey!

BUCHANAN: Hey what?

JED: Hey, isn't that Mr. Miller's car all smashed up?

BUCHANAN: Mr. who?

JED: Roy Miller. He owns the Crossroads Filling Station at the corner of Elmwood and Main and ... hey!

BUCHANAN: What, Jed?

JED: I just drove past it. I drove past it not five minutes ago, and ... hey!

BUCHANAN: Look, Jed ... this has gone far enough. What are you "hey-ing" about?

JED: That is Mr. Miller's car and now his gas station is on fire, too! Everything happening on the same night!

BUCHANAN: (QUIETLY) ~~Well, well, well, well, well.~~ *Well, what a coincidence?*

SHERIFF: Yeah! Are you thinking what I'm thinking, Buchanan?

BUCHANAN: (LOW AND EXCITED) I don't know. It adds up this way to me. Mr. What's-his-name -- Miller -- is murdered. Next he gets crashed off a bridge in his car to make it look like an accident. Not much later, that same Mr. Miller's gas station is set on fire. To me, that means Miller was killed at the gas station.

SHERIFF: Right! Why?

BUCHANAN: Where there's murder, there's <sup>such things as</sup> no coincidence. Someone set that gas station on fire because they're getting panicky.

SHERIFF: I'm sold. Let's go.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ CAR TO STOP

BUCHANAN: This is it. "Crossroads Filling Station. Miller and Benson, Proprietors."

SHERIFF: Don't see any signs of a fire.

BUCHANAN: Let's get out and look around.

SHERIFF: Right.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ IGNITION OFF. CAR DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE. STEPS ON GRAVEL.

BUCHANAN: There's a smell of smoke, alright.

SHERIFF: Sure is.

WALLY: (BEAT) Can I help you?

SHERIFF: Huh? Who're you?

WALLY: Wally Benson.

SHERIFF: Oh. One of the owners of this gas station, huh?

WALLY: That's right.

SHERIFF: You just have a fire around here?

WALLY: Who wants to know?

SHERIFF: I do. Sheriff Tarney.

WALLY: Oh.

SHERIFF: And this here's George Buchanan of the State.

BUCHANAN: Hello, Wally.

WALLY: Hello. (BEAT) Look -- a sheriff, a newspaper reporter, coming around this time of night. I don't get it.

SHERIFF: We'll ask the questions. You just have fire here?

WALLY: Small one in the back shop -- yes.

BUCHANAN: Put it out yourself?

WALLY: No. I was home. Somebody saw it and called the fire department. They came and put it out, and then called me.

BUCHANAN: You and Roy Miller ~~were~~ in partnership here?

WALLY: (BEAT) Yes.

BUCHANAN: How come they let you know about the fire instead of Miller?

WALLY: Why, I ... I guess maybe they did let him know.

BUCHANAN: What makes you guess that?

WALLY: I don't know. I just guess maybe they did.

BUCHANAN: (FAST) They couldn't have. Roy Miller's dead.

~~WALLY: What?~~

~~BUCHANAN: Surprised?~~

WALLY: <sup>1064</sup> He couldn't be dead. You're lying. I left him here at the station only a couple of hours ago.

BUCHANAN: His car crashed off the Bay Creek Bridge between then and now. He's dead.

WALLY: (PAUSE. LOW) Does his wife know?

BUCHANAN: She does by now. I sent one of the boys from the office over to tell her.

WALLY: I better go there right away, myself.

BUCHANAN: In a minute. Show us where the fire was first.

WALLY: All right.

SOUND: STEPS ON GRAVEL

WALLY: He was an awful nice guy, Mr. Miller. Awful nice.

SHERIFF: You look kind of bowled over.

WALLY: I am.

SOUND: STEPS IN CLEAR TO STOP

WALLY: Here's the shop.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

WALLY: Wait a minute ... I'll get the light.

SOUND: CLICK OF SWITCH

SHERIFF: Uhuh ... can't have been a very big fire.

WALLY: No, they got it out pretty fast.

BUCHANAN: This little door. Where's it lead to?

WALLY: Closet.

SOUND: TRY DOOR

BUCHANAN: Where's the key?

WALLY: Here ... I've got it.

SOUND: KEY IN LOCK. DOOR OPEN

BUCHANAN: (LOW) Well, <sup>what'd you expect?</sup> ~~well, well, well, well~~

SHERIFF: This must be where Miller was beaten to death.



WALLY: You mean ... you mean somebody killed him here and then crashed his car off the bridge to make it look like an accident?

BUCHANAN: That's what we mean ... yeah. ~~Lucky thing for you, you weren't on the late shift tonight, eh, Wally?~~

~~WALLY: I don't know. Maybe I coulda handled things better than Mr. Miller did. He wasn't any youngster.~~

~~BUCHANAN: No, he wasn't. Couldn't have been a nice boy who did this. Must have been someone who was real rotten inside. What do you think, Wally?~~

WALLY: Yeah, yeah ... rotten as they come.

BUCHANAN: Yeah ... rotten as they come.

WALLY: (BEAT) Can we get out of here now? Can we go out now.

BUCHANAN: Yeah, I guess so. Go on. I'll get the light.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ CLICK OF SWITCH

SHERIFF: Look at that.

BUCHANAN: What?

SHERIFF: Outside. Crowd gathering already.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ SNEAK CROWD MURMUR

SHERIFF: News travels fast. No matter what time it is, there's always an audience for a murder.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ DOOR CLOSE. CROWD MURMUR UP, THEN STOP ABRUPTLY.

BUCHANAN: That's funny. What'd they stop talking so suddenly for?

WALLY: (BEAT) It's her! It's Mrs. Miller, my partner's wife! She's coming here!

BUCHANAN: (SHARPLY) Don't go away, Wally. (QUIETLY) We'll wait here for her.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ STEPS COME SLOWLY ON .

ALICE: (SLIGHT BEAT THEN SHE SPEAKS TOO CALMLY, TOO QUIETLY  
... IT FRIGHTENS YOU) Hello, Wally.

WALLY: Hello, Mrs. Miller. (SLIGHT BEAT) They called you?

ALICE: Yes. They called me.

~~WALLY: This ... this to the Sheriff.~~

~~SHERIFF: I'm terribly sorry, Ma'am.~~

~~ALICE: You all right, Wally?~~

WALLY: Yeah, I'm all right.

ALICE: Where did they take him?

~~SHERIFF: He's at ... at headquarters, Mrs. Miller.~~

WALLY: (SLIGHT BEAT ... UNCOMFORTABLY) Don't you wanna come  
in and sit down.

ALICE: No.

WALLY: You'll feel better.

ALICE: I want to go see my husband.

WALLY: You can't do that. Come inside! Please!

ALICE: No. I guess he died without telling you, Wally. He  
was going to sell you the station, and ...

WALLY: What?

ALICE: He was gonna sell you the station, and Roy and I were  
going off on a honeymoon.

~~SHERIFF: Isn't there something <sup>I</sup> ~~we~~ can do for you, <sup>Mrs. Miller</sup> ~~Ma'am~~?~~

ALICE: (NOW THE TEARS COME) No ... what can you do for me?  
What can anyone do for me? (BREAKS) He's dead,  
Wally ... Roy's dead.

BUCHANAN: Wally, I think the sheriff would like to see you inside for a minute.

WALLY: Inside the shop?

SHERIFF: Inside the shop. Come on.

WALLY: Okay. Be right back, Mrs. Miller

SOUND: - - - STEPS FADE OFF

BUCHANAN: Mrs. Miller, I'm a reporter. Buchanan of the State. I want to find the man who killed your husband. Will you help?

ALICE: (GETTING CONTROL) I'll try.

BUCHANAN: Thanks. I wouldn't bother you now except that time is so important.

ALICE: It's all right.

BUCHANAN: Your husband and Wally Benson were partners. Is that right?

ALICE: Yes.

BUCHANAN: They have anyone working for them?

ALICE: A man by the name of Fred Martin.

~~BUCHANAN: Martin? Don't I remember him? An ex-convict?~~

~~ALICE: Yes, but that doesn't mean anything. Mr. Miller gave him a job because he said when a man's serve his time, he deserves another chance. Fred was always real grateful.~~

BUCHANAN: I see. ~~Now, I've just one more question.~~ Who handled your husband's insurance?

~~ALICE: Why do you have to know that?~~

~~BUCHANAN: I do. Please believe me. I just want the man's name.~~

ALICE: Bob Saxton. But he can't tell you anything. Roy's insurance was practically nothing. We never had enough money for it.

~~BUCHANAN: It was just a routine question. Don't be upset.~~

ALICE: Why would anyone kill him? He liked everyone.. I know.

BUCHANAN: Would you like us to take you home now?

ALICE: No, no, I'm ~~not going there~~ *surely want to go back there*

BUCHANAN: All right.

ALICE: I don't want to be alone tonight. I'm going with Wally.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ ACCENT AND GO UNDER

BUCHANAN: Chief -- George Buchanan calling. Look, I know you're late already, but if you can hold the edition for another half hour, I think I can give you a pretty big story -- murder, complete with confession.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ UP SHARPLY, EXPECTANTLY

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ STEPS ON STAIRS INTO

SHERIFF: (LOW) This is the room, Buchanan.

BUCHANAN: (LOW) Where's the key you got from the landlady?

SHERIFF: Here ...

BUCHANAN: Chances are he's asleep.

SHERIFF: You ought to have a gun. ...

BUCHANAN: Make yours work for both of us ... if it has to.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ KEY IN LOCK SOFTLY AND DOOR OPENS

BUCHANAN: (WHISPER) Come on ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ DOOR CLOSES SOFTLY

~~BUCHANAN: (WHISPER) The light ...~~

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ SNAP SWITCH

FRED: (JUST OFF ... FOGGY WAKING UP) ... aah, the light ...  
put it out! (SUDDENLY ALERT) Hey ... who're you?

SHERIFF: Stay on your back, Fred! It's more comfortable.

FRED: What's this ... a hold up?

SHERIFF: That's just what it is! Costs a lot to live today ...  
even for a sheriff!

FRED: Whatta ya want with me?

SHERIFF: This is Buchanan of the State. He's got questions.

BUCHANAN: Like this one, Fred. 'How'd this shirt on the chair get soaked with blood?

SHERIFF: (SLIGHT BEAT) Answer him!

FRED: I was in a fight.

SHERIFF: We can check that.

BUCHANAN: Come clean, Fred! We know you killed Roy Miller.

FRED: (SURPRISE) You mean he's dead?

BUCHANAN: (TIRED) Change the record. It's scratched!

FRED: I know from nothin'.

BUCHANAN: Then I'll tell you what we know, Fred. It'll take good listening ... so get nice and comfortable and we'll tell you a story.

FRED: Suit yourself.

BUCHANA: Miller was killed in the repair shop closet at the gas station. It must have been an inside job since there was no money missing from the cash register and all the doors were locked when the firemen got there.

FRED: Look, you're wastin' ...

SHERIFF: Shut up and listen. It's a good story.

BUCHANAN: Now, when I asked your pal, Wally, for the key to the closet where Miller was killed, he fished it right out of his pocket. He had the key to the closet where Miller was killed.

FRED: That fingers Wally, but not me.

BUCHANAN: Yeah, but there is one thing you're going to miss out on now.

FRED: Sure ... my job!

BUCHANAN: And the ~~four thousand dollars~~ insurance on Miller that  
Wally was going to split with you. — *That four thousand*

FRED: Four thousand! He said it was two! He ... (CAUGHT)  
I mean ...

BUCHANAN: You mean you just did me a big favor, Fred! I was  
really caught short for an ending for my story.

SHERIFF: You ready to talk now, Fred?

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ SNEAKS IN BEHIND

NARRATOR: It's a small dirty room with a single, naked lamp  
throwing shadows on the wall. You watch the man in  
the bed twisting uncomfortably as he remembers the  
past few days. You had wondered how it all started ...  
what it was that sent a car spinning off the Bay  
Creek Bridge. Now, you're listening hard because the  
words you hear are turning out to be your BIG STORY!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ BUILDS TO CURTAIN

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

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ FANFARE

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: The cigarette that's really different - the longer,  
finer cigarette that's really "Outstanding!" - PELL  
MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! 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 George A. Buchanan, Jr., of the Columbia, South Carolina, State.

BUCHANAN: Both killers in tonight's BIG STORY were indicted, brought to trial and found guilty of murder in the first degree. They died in the electric chair at the South Carolina State Penitentiary. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Buchanan. 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 Boston Traveler; by-line -- Virginia Bohlin. A BIG STORY that reached its climax when an eleven year old boy hit a home run ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ CRACK OF BAT

HARRICE: ... that made the headlines.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ ROAR OF CROWD

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 Alvin Boretz. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Whit Vernon played the part of George A. Buchanan, Jr.

(MORE)

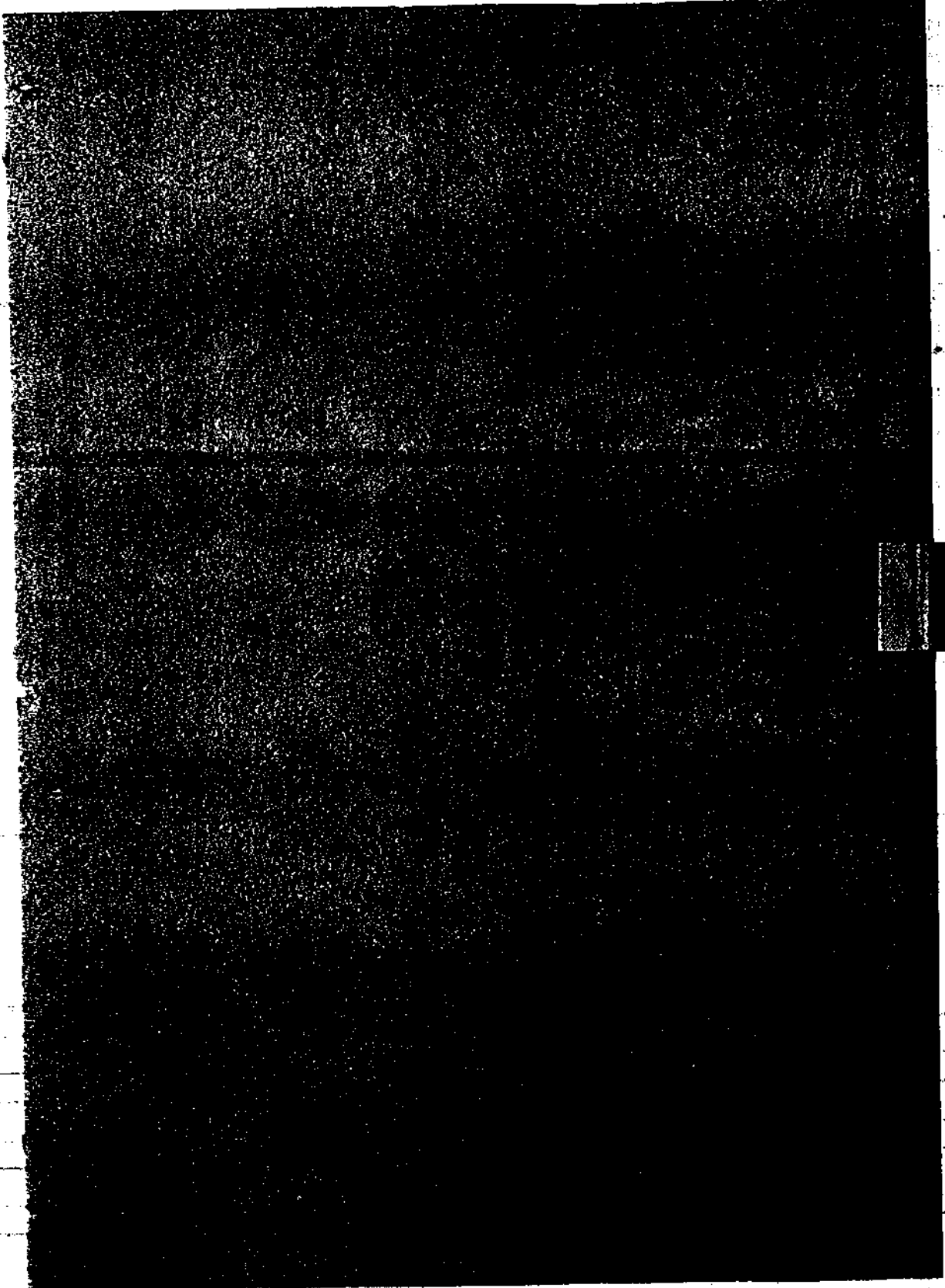


CHAPPELL: All names in tonight's story except that of  
(CONTD) Mr. Buchanan were fictitious; but the dramatization  
was based on a true and authentic case.

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.



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THE BIG STORY

1st REVISION

Page 27.

PROGRAM #45

"THE KID NAMED MICKEY"

AS BROADCAST

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1948

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
RECEPTIONIST	DOROTHY STEELE
VIRGINIA BOHLIN	ALICE REINHEART
NURSE	ANNE SEYMOUR
FATHER	ALAN HEWITT
MICKEY	MICHAEL ARTIST
JOE DOBSON	FRANCIS DE SALES
ANNOUNCER	ART CARNEY
MAN 1	BOB SLOANE
WOMAN 1	DOROTHY STEELE
MAN 2	ALAN HEWITT
WOMAN 2	ANNE SEYMOUR
BOY	MICHAEL ARTIST
MAN 3	FRANCIS DE SALES
EDDIE CANTOR	ART CARNEY

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

SOUND: HEARTY LAUGHTER

FATHER: (CHUCKLING) That's pretty good, Jack. ~~But, of course,~~  
My boy Mickey's the same way. Can't keep up with that  
kid for a minute.

MAN 1: Ah, boys are headaches all right. But, like they say,  
I wouldn't take a million dollars for my son, but I  
wouldn't ~~take a million dollars~~ <sup>give a nickel</sup> for another one like  
him, either!

FATHER: Suppose you know they elected my boy captain of the  
baseball team?

MAN 1: Yeah? Well, not meaning to top you, but ...

SOUND: RINGING OF PHONE

FATHER: I'll take it. (STILL WITH CHUCKLE IN VOICE)

SOUND: PHONE UP

FATHER: Hello. Yeah, speaking. (LONG PAUSE - DEAD VOICED)  
I see. I'll be right over.

SOUND: PHONE UP ON HOOK

MAN 1: What's the matter? Bad news?

FATHER: It's Mickey. It's my son. They took him to the  
hospital. He's hurt -- hurt bad.

MUSIC: HIT AND TAKE AWAY FOR

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY! Another in a thrilling series based on  
true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight ...  
to Virginia Bohlin of the Boston Traveler ... 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, there's one cigarette that's really different -  
really "Outstanding!" - PELL MELL. 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 - WITH A STRONG SUGGESTION OF "TAKE ME  
OUT TO THE BALL GAME." - UNDER

CHAPPELL: Now, the ~~exciting~~ and authentic story of "The Kid  
Named Mickey."

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You are Virginia Bohlin, lady reporter for the Boston  
Traveler -- pert, bright as a new penny. Only, on  
this quiet afternoon, there isn't anything to be bright  
about. It's Patriot's Day, a local holiday, and  
downtown Boston is so quiet you can hear the pigeons  
flapping their wings across the way from the city room,  
on the Commons. No fires, no murders, just one of  
those days when a reporter has time to sit and think.  
So -- you think. You think you'll go after a story  
that every reporter in Boston has tried to get ...  
without any luck ...

BOHLIN: Pardon me, Miss, I'm ...

SOUND: BUZZ OF SWITCHBOARD

RECEPTIONIST: Just a minute, please. (INTO PHONE) Winthrop General  
Hospital. No, I'm sorry. He's not taking any calls.  
You're welcome. (TO VIRGINIA) Now ... you were saying,  
Miss?

BOHLIN: My name's Virginia Bohlin. I'm a reporter with the  
Traveler.

RECEPTIONIST: (WEARILY) Then you must be here to see Mickey Prentiss.

BOHLIN: That's the little boy who lost his legs in the fire  
accident?

RECEPTIONIST: That's the one.

BOHLIN: Yes, please. I'd like to see him.

RECEPTIONIST: (BY ROTE. THIS IS AN OLD STORY TO HER) I'm sorry.  
No one is allowed to see him but his father and  
mother.

BOHLIN: Then let me talk to his father.

RECEPTIONIST: I'm sorry. His father is seeing no one.

BOHLIN: Then I'll talk to his mother.

RECEPTIONIST: I'm sorry. She's not here.

BOHLIN: Where is she?

RECEPTIONIST: You can't talk to her.

BOHLIN: Where is she?

RECEPTIONIST: At the County Hospital. She just had a daughter. But  
you might as well save your energy. They won't let  
you in over there either.

MUSIC: - - - - BRIDGE

BOHLIN: Look, nurse. I've got to see Mrs. Prentiss. It's  
terribly important.

NURSE: (FIRM) I'm sorry, Miss Bohlin. I just spoke to her.  
She doesn't want to see anyone.

BOHLIN: Please. If you could only ...

NURSE: (SUDDENLY MAD) Miss Bohlin. Why don't you go home  
and stop bothering that poor woman?

BOHLIN: Why, I ...

NURSE: There's been a stream of reporters trying to get in  
and see Mrs. Prentiss ever since her son's accident.  
And it makes me sick. The whole lot of you are just a  
glorified bunch of ambulance chasers. You can smell  
a story a mile away and you come around prying and  
sniffing without the common decency to let people  
alone with their troubles.

BOHLIN: That's not so. We ...

NURSE: (INTERRUPTING AGAIN) What do you want to bother Mrs. Prentiss for?

BOHLIN: I want a story about Mickey Prentiss. About a little boy who's lost his legs ... and about his family ... who haven't got the money to pay his hospital expenses.

NURSE: Why?

BOHLIN: So I can raise money to help them. That boy needs nurses, operations, artificial limbs, care, education ... and he won't get those things unless people know he needs them. That's why I want that story and that's why I have to see Mrs. Prentiss. I can't get in to see Mickey. His father is locked up in the hospital room with him and won't see any reporters. My only hope is to talk to Mrs. Prentiss.

NURSE: I told her you were here. She doesn't want to see you.

BOHLIN: Don't you see how important it is? Ask her again.

NURSE: (AFTER A PAUSE) Wait here. I'll see what I can do.

BRIDGE: UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: It works. The Head Nurse comes back with a reluctant "All right" from Mrs. Prentiss. You talk to her, and get her promise that she will speak to her husband about you. And that is how you, Virginia Bohlin, end up talking to the boy's father ... the first and only reporter to make the grade ...

BOHLIN: Mr. Prentiss, I know how upset you must be about Mickey. I don't want to disturb you but, I'd like to help.



FATHER: (DULLY) How can you help? He's crippled. Maybe he's dying. Can you make him get well? Can you make him walk?

BOHLIN: I can help.

FATHER: How? Can you tell me what to do when your kid looks at you and says, "Pop, please make it stop hurting" -- and you can't make it stop?

BOHLIN: I know how terrible it is.

FATHER: It's his legs. He keeps saying they hurt him. And I haven't got the guts to tell him they can't hurt because he doesn't have any legs any more. ~~How can I tell him that? Tell me, how can I tell him that?~~

(HESSOBS)

BOHLIN: Mr. Prentiss ... ~~that isn't going to do Mr. Prentiss any good.~~

~~FATHER: (FIGHTING FOR CONTROL) I know, I know.~~

BOHLIN: Your son needs help badly. If the people of Boston realized the seriousness of his condition they'd send help. Financial help.

FATHER: (STERN) Are you asking me to accept charity?

BOHLIN: Well, it's not that but ...

FATHER: We don't take charity.

BOHLIN: But, Mr. Prentiss ...

FATHER: (FIRMLY) We don't take charity. That's final. If that's what you came to talk about, you can go now.

BOHLIN: Lock, Mr. Prentiss ...

FATHER: I don't want to talk about it. Please go.

BOHLIN: But ...

FATHER: Please go.

BOHLIN: (FLARING) No. I won't go.

FATHER: (AMAZED) What?

BOHLIN: I won't go. What do you mean, you won't take charity?

FATHER: That's what I said.

BOHLIN: Why not?

FATHER: A man's got pride.

BOHLIN: (FURIOUS) Pride. Pride! Is pride going to give Mickey medical care? Is it going to teach him how to walk again?

FATHER: (ANGUISHED) Please ...

BOHLIN: I won't please. You can't afford not to take charity. You have no right to deny Mickey the things he needs or to stop people from helping him if they want to.

FATHER: But I ..

BOHLIN: You say you want to help him and then you turn away an offer of help. Well, I won't let you. I'm going to help him whether you like it or not, do you hear? And you can't stop me. I ... (HOLDS AND THEN GASPS AS SHE REALIZES WHAT SHE HAS SAID) Golly. Oh golly; Mr. Prentiss. I got so mad I didn't realize what I was saying. (THEN) I'm sorry.

FATHER: (LOW) You're right.)

~~BOHLIN: I didn't mean to be so hard.~~

~~FATHER: Well, maybe you were right about you're right. But I can't go taking anything you do to help Mickey.~~

~~BOHLIN: Well,~~

FATHER: Would you like to go in and see Mickey now?

BOHLIN: May I?

FATHER: I'll go open the door for you.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

FATHER: Remember ... Mickey don't know about his legs. They have him pretty doped up, and he don't know. So, don't say anything that ... well ... you know.

BOHLIN: I know.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

FATHER: (LOW) Go in. I'll wait here.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

BOHLIN: Hello ...

MICKEY: (WEAKLY) Hullo.

BOHLIN: My name's Virginia Bohlin.

MICKEY: Mine's Michael Prentiss.

BOHLIN: I know.

MICKEY: Most people call me Mickey.

~~BOHLIN: You can call me Virginia.~~

~~MICKEY: Yes, you can call me Mickey by my first name.~~

~~BOHLIN: No, you're grown up. You're a doctor. You're a grown up.~~

~~exp.~~

~~MICKEY: How do you do?~~

~~BOHLIN: How do you do?~~

~~MICKEY: Oh, that's all right.~~

~~BOHLIN: (RUSSIAN) Hello.~~

~~MICKEY: (RUSSIAN) Hello. You're young. You're young.~~

BOHLIN: Well, I'm a reporter.

MICKEY: For a newspaper?

BOHLIN: That's right.

MICKEY: Gee. Do you get passes to all the ball games?

BOHLIN: I suppose I could.

MICKEY: Golly. Do you write those stories about the Red Sox?

BOHLIN: No. (HOPEFULLY) But I know the man who does.

MICKEY: (EAGERLY) Do you know Joe Dobson?

BOHLIN: Dobson? Is he a friend of yours?

MICKEY: (PROFOUND DISGUST AT HER) He's the Red Sox pitcher.

BOHLIN: (ABASHED) Oh, yes.

MICKEY: He's terrific. There was a kid lived on our block who knew Joe Dobson. But he was awful stuck up.

BOHLIN: Who? Joe Dobson?

MICKEY: No. The kid. Say, you don't know very much, do you? I mean, about baseball?

BOHLIN: I guess not.

MICKEY: I'm a shortstop. That's cause I'm so fast on my feet. You gotta be fast on your feet to be a shortstop.

BOHLIN: I see.

MICKEY: They made me a pinch runner, too, before I got my legs burned. I hope it doesn't slow me up.

BOHLIN: I hope not.

MICKEY: See, I'm gonna be a professional baseball player when I grow up.

BOHLIN: (HOLDING BACK TEARS) I see.

MICKEY: Have you got a cold?

BOHLIN: (BLUFFING) No, why?

MICKEY: 'Cause your eyes are all funny and your nose is red.

BOHLIN: Is it? Well, I guess maybe I do have a little cold, Mickey.

MICKEY: You oughta take care of that.

BOHLIN: I will. Mickey ... is there anything you want?

MICKEY: No.

BOHLIN: You're sure? Nothing I can bring you?

MICKEY: No. I got everything I want. (THEN) I guess.

BOHLIN: Goodbye, Mickey.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ DOOR\_OPEN

MICKEY: So long. Tell that feller on the paper to say hello to Joe Dobson for me, huh?

BOHLIN: Sure thing, Mickey.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ DOOR\_CLOSE\_GENTLY

FATHER: Well, Miss Bohlin?

BOHLIN: (HINT OF TEARS) Mr. Prentiss. I'm going back to the paper and write a story about Mickey to start raising a fund for him. And if I can't get enough money that way, I'll go out and beg it from door to door.

FATHER: I hope Mickey can use it.

BOHLIN: What do you mean?

FATHER: You can't buy health. Mickey won't eat. He doesn't want to get well.

BOHLIN: I know something that can fix that, Mr. Prentiss.

FATHER: What?

BOHLIN: A guy named Joe.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ DOOR\_OPEN

BOHLIN: Mickey. Oh. I didn't know you were eating lunch.

MICKEY: I'm not. It's just here.

BOHLIN: But you should eat, Mickey.

MICKEY: I don't want to.

BOHLIN: Mickey, I brought a friend to see you ..

JOE: Hello, Mickey. Remember me?

MICKEY: (BEAT) Gee.

JOE: How are you, kid?

MICKEY: Gee. Joe Dobson.

JOE: That's right.

MICKEY: (EXCITED) Hey, it's Joe Dobson, Miss Bohlin. It's Joe Dobson.

BOHLIN: (LAUGHING) I know.

JOE: I came to see you, Mickey.

MICKEY: To see me?

JOE: Why not?

MICKEY: (DISBELIEVING) Well, shouldn't you be out practicing -- or something?

JOE: Later. I wanted to see you first.

MICKEY: Gee. Wait'll I tell Walter.

JOE: Who's Walter?

MICKEY: The kid on my block. He's got an autographed picture of you.

JOE: Well, I didn't bring a picture, but I brought this bat and glove for you.

MICKEY: Oh boy. Oh boy. Will I ever send them over the wall' with this bat! Wait'll you see me play with this. Hey, Mr. Dobson, will you come and see me play with this, huh, will ya?

JOE: (UNEASILY) Well ...

BOHLIN: How about your lunch, Mickey? It's getting cold.

MICKEY: Who cares about lunch? Gee, look at this glove. It's hand sewed.

JOE: I can't stay unless you eat your lunch, Mickey.

MICKEY: Aw. Chicken and noodles.

JOE: Looks good to me.

MICKEY: Swell. You eat it.

JOE: Uh, no. (INSPIRATION) Say, how many men on a baseball team?

MICKEY: Nine. Everybody knows that.

JOE: Well, I bet you there are nine mouthfuls on that plate. Pick up your fork and let's see.

MICKEY: (DOUBTFULLY) Well, okay, Mr. Dobson.

JOE: Hey, what's with this "Mr. Dobson" stuff? Call me Joe.

MICKEY: (IN HEAVEN) Gee! Okay ... Joe.

JOE: Now. One bite. That's the pitcher.

SOUND: SILVER CUP ON TA

MICKEY: (MOUTH FULL) That's you. You're pitching.

JOE: That's me. Now, bite number two, that's first base.

MICKEY: (CHEWING VALIANTLY) Uh-huh.

JOE: So, bite number three better be second base ...

MICKEY: (FULL OF CHICKEN) Mffff ...

JOE: And bite number four is third base ...

MUSIC: SNEAKS IN AND COVERS ... THEN DIPS UNDER FOR

JOE: (A TRIFLE WEARY) Bite number sixteen for the second string catcher ...

MUSIC: SWIRLS UP AND UNDER FOR

JOE: (READY FOR THE SHOWERS) Bite twenty-two for the third pinch hitter ...

MUSIC: SWIRLS UP AND UNDER FOR

MICKEY: Gol-le, Joe. That sure was the longest game you ever pitched. Seven extra innings. Oh, boy!

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

SOUND: DOOR BEING CLOSED GENTLY

FATHER: He's dropped off to sleep.

JOE: Swell.

FATHER: Mr. Dobson, I don't know how to thank you for coming to see Mickey.

JOE: Forget it, Mr. Prentiss. I was glad to.

FATHER: It helped a lot. That's the first food he's taken in days. And he's brighter.

JOE: He's a spunky kid.

FATHER: With Mickey perking up and the fund that Miss Bohlin's started, things are beginning to look better.

JOE: Well, say, that's fine, Mr. Prentiss.

FATHER: Yeah. Isn't that fine? Now, everything's fine. Except that in a couple of days, I got to tell that kid that he can't use the bat and glove you brought him, Mr. Dobson. I got to tell him he can't ride his bike anymore, or play baseball with the other kids, or go swimming. I got to tell him that they took away his legs. And I don't know how I'm going to do it.

MUSIC: HIT FOR 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? 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, there's one cigarette that's really different - really "Outstanding!" - PELL MELL!

HARRICE: When you pick up a PELL MELL, you can see the difference - you can feel the difference. And when you smoke a PELL MELL, you can taste the difference.

CHAPPELL: 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!

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!

MUSIC: - - - - INTRODUCTION AND UNDER

HARRICE: Now we return you to your narrator, Bob Sloane, and tonight's BIG STORY.

NARRATOR: You, Virginia Bohlin of the Boston Traveler, are busy now. You are tapping out story after story on the courage of an eleven year old boy named Mickey Prentiss. And, as you watch the long columns of copy roll from your typewriter, you know that this is good stuff ... human interest stuff. But you know, too, that this is more than just a story ... it's a small boy's life. And because you know this, you leave your typewriter whenever you can, and spend time uneasily haunting a hospital corridor, waiting for that moment when a father will tell his son that he'll never be a shortstop ... because shortstops have to have legs to stand on.

MUSIC: - - - - STAB UP AND OUT SHARP

MICKEY: Pop ...

FATHER: Mickey ... I thought you were asleep.

MICKEY: Did you see him, Pop?

FATHER: See who?

MICKEY: Joe Dobson.

FATHER: Yeah, kid. I saw him. Go to sleep.

MICKEY: He's big.

FATHER: Sure. Go to sleep, son.

MICKEY: (DROWSILY) He gave me a bat and a glove ...

FATHER: Sleep ...

MICKEY: I'm gonna get well ... (ALMOST ASLEEP) I'm gonna bat that ball right over the center field fence and I'm (TRAILING OFF) gonna bat that ball, bat that ball ... bat ... that ... ball ...

MUSIC: DREAM MUSIC HAS SNEAKED IN UNDER THIS LAST AND NOW SWELLS UP AND OUT FOR

SOUND: CROWD NOISES ON SLIGHT ECHO WHICH DIMINISHES

ANNCR: (ALA BILL STERN) What a moment, ladies and gentlemen, what a moment. Let me give you the picture. We're here in Fenwick<sup>way</sup> Park, Boston, for the final World Series game between the Boston Red Sox and their National League rivals. The games are tied up three and three ... the Red Sox are trailing now by three runs, and it's the last half of the ninth inning. Three men on base ... the tying run's on base, ladies and gentlemen ... and at the plate ... that sensational new rookie, Michael Prentiss, pinch-hitting for Joe Dobson. The count is three and two on Prentiss. A full count. Now, the pitcher's winding up ... here's the toss ...

SOUND: CRACK OF BAT. CROWD ROARS

ANNCR: (EXCITED) It's a high fly ball going out to center ... the center fielder's going back ... back ... back ... up against the center field wall. He's reaching for it ...

SOUND: VIOLENT ROAR OF CROWD

ANNCR: ... And he can't get it! It's over the fence for a home run, ladies and gentlemen ... a home run by Mickey Prentiss, to win the World Series for the Red

(MORE)

ANNCR:  
(CONTD)

Sox ... and listen to that crowd roar, ladies and gentlemen ... just listen to them roar!

SOUND: ----- CROWD ROAR SWELLS AND BLENDS INTO DREAM MUSIC WHICH THEN FADES

MUSIC: ----- DOWN AND OUT FOR

JOE: Please do sit down, Mr. Prentiss.

MICKEY: Thank you, Mr. Dobson.

JOE: I know how tired you must be from winning that game singlehanded, this afternoon.

MICKEY: It was nothing, really. If it wasn't that I played a sixty-minute football game at quarterback this morning, I wouldn't feel it at all.

JOE: Oh, I understand. Now, our manager has asked me to make you this offer. We'd like to sign you up with the Red Sox on a straight ten year contract. Your salary would be ... fifty thousand dollars a year.

MICKEY: Well ...

JOE: Now don't be hasty, Mr. Prentiss. Let's make it a hundred thousand.

MICKEY: Well, you see, it's just that ...

JOE: Very well, Mr. Prentiss. Don't be offended, please. Two hundred thousand. But we can't go a penny higher.

MICKEY: Well, you see, it's not the money. It's that I can't play for the Red Sox on Mondays or Saturdays.

JOE: Oh, well, that's perfectly all right, Mr. Prentiss. Some previous commitment?

MICKEY: Yes. Those are the days when I have to take care of my baby sister.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ DREAM MUSIC SWELLS UP AND THEN SEGUES INTO MELODY  
HIGHLY REMINISCENT OF "HAIL TO THE CHIEF"

ANNCR: (OVER MUSIC) This is a thrilling moment, ladies and gentlemen. The President of the United States has just pinned the medal on the distinguished guest of honor, Mr. Michael Prentiss. And now, Mr. Prentiss is stepping up to the microphone to say a few words ...

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ OUT

MICKEY: Mr. President ... ladies and gentlemen. I am very grateful for the honor you have bestowed on me, in presenting me with the Congressional Medal of Honor for being the only man to hit four hundred and twenty-six<sup>home</sup> runs in one year. It was nothing, of course, but I thank you for the medal very much. I am deeply touched and honored.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ CROWD CHEERS

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ BAND STRIKES UP A STIRRING TUNE AND THEN SEGUES INTO  
DREAM MUSIC WHICH FADES OUT FOR

MICKEY: (WAKING SLOWLY) ... deeply touched and honored. So I thank you very much Mr. President and you can just call me Mickey ... call me Mickey ...

FATHER: Mickey!

MICKEY: (NOT AWAKE YET) Yes, your honor ... I mean sir ... president ... Dobson ...

FATHER: Mickey, wake up!

MICKEY: Huh? Oh Pop. Hey, I thought I was in Washington.

FATHER: Washington?

MICKEY: Yeah. Gee, I guess it was a dream. I hit a homer in the World Series and the President gave me the Congressional Medal for it and ...

FATHER: Mickey, I got to talk to you ...

MICKEY: Sure Pop. And the Red Sox offered me two hundred thousand dollars to play shortstop for them ...

FATHER: Mickey ...

MICKEY: Because I'm so fast on my feet, I guess. And I ...

FATHER: Mickey ...

MICKEY: Listen, Pop. After I hit the home run I ...

FATHER: (HE CAN'T TAKE IT ANY LONGER) Shut up, Mickey!

MICKEY: What?

FATHER: You heard me. Shut up.

MICKEY: Well, sure, Pop.

FATHER: (SOFT) I'm sorry kid. It's just that ... I gotta talk to you.

MICKEY: Okay, Pop.

FATHER: I gotta tell you something, kid.

MICKEY: About baseball?

FATHER: No. Well, yes. In a way. Mickey, how would you feel if you couldn't play baseball anymore?

MICKEY: Couldn't play baseball anymore! Are you kidding? I gotta play baseball, Pop.

FATHER: You can't, Mickey.

MICKEY: Aw, Pop. That's not fair. It's not fair to punish me like that just cause I got burned. It wasn't my fault. I know I'm spending a lot of money being in the hospital that we can't afford but ...

FATHER: (ANGUISHED) It's not that, Mickey.

MICKEY: Well, why can't I then, Pop?

FATHER: Mickey ... you're going to have to be awful brave. I gotta tell you something that's gonna hurt. It's gonna hurt a lot.

MICKEY: Go ahead.

FATHER: (WILDLY) Aw, I shouldn't have to tell this to a little boy ...

MICKEY: I'm not a little boy, Pop. You can tell me.

FATHER: (HE GETS IT OUT SAVAGELY) You can't play baseball anymore, Mickey. Because ... they had to take away your legs.

MICKEY: (SMALL VOICE) My legs?

FATHER: Yeah.

(PAUSE ... THEN)

MICKEY: Pop ...

FATHER: Yeah, son?

MICKEY: When Mom comes, don't tell her, huh? It might ... make her cry.

MUSIC: - - - - BRIDGE

BOHLIN: Rewrite? This is Virginia Bohlin. Here's today's lead on the Michael Prentiss feature. Ready? Quote. "Eleven-year old Mickey Prentiss, who knows now that his legs are gone, has proved that he can take it." What? Yes, his father told him a few minutes ago. How do you think he took it? The kid's a fighter. Now get those stories rolling.

MUSIC: - - - - STING

MAN 1: I don't have much money, miss. But I wondered if you'd take this dollar bill for that little boy in the hospital.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ STING

WOMAN 1: My little girl raffled off her favorite Raggedy Ann doll and made fifteen dollars. She asked me to send the money to Mickey Prentiss.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ STING

BOHLIN: Rewrite? Here's the Prentiss lead today, Fund hits two thousand dollars.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ STING

MAN 2: Hey Sam, pretty good seats for the main bout, huh? And, incidentally, if you mugs can afford ten dollars for a ringside seat, you can each give me five dollars for that kid in the hospital.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ STING

BOY: Come on, fellers. Let's go. I collected and sold three cans of grease already. And I got seventy-five cents for Mickey Prentiss.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ STING

BOHLIN: Here's the lead for today, Pete. "Mickey Prentiss Fund Reaches Five Thousand Dollars."

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ STING

WOMAN 2: (SLIGHT ECHO) I know that all the members of our audience will be happy to know that the proceeds of tonight's performance by the Dramatic Society are being sent to the Michael Prentiss Fund.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ STING



MAN 3: (WRITING) Just a line to tell you that a group of us pilots here on Guam have named our plane the "Michael Prentiss." ~~We hope to become through the fight as well as Mickey.~~ Enclosed please find check for four hundred dollars.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ STING

CANTOR: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen ... this is Eddie Cantor, and I'd like to dedicate my first song tonight to one of the spunkiest kids I know ... Mickey Prentiss. All right, fellers, take it away!

HE SINGS FIRST TWO BARS OF "THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS" AND

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ CUT OFF ON CUE FOR

MICKEY: (WRITING) Dear Sir: Thank you for saying you hope I am better soon. I hope you will be better soon, too. And thank you for the baseball with your autograph on it. I have always wanted a baseball that is autographed Babe Ruth.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ STING

BOHLIN: Here it is, Pete. "Michael Prentiss Fund tops Eight Thousand Dollars."

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ STING

BOHLIN: ~~Prentiss Fund tops~~ Ten Thousand dollars.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ STING

BOHLIN: ~~Prentiss Fund tops~~ Eleven Thousand dollars.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ STING

BOHLIN: ~~Prentiss Fund tops~~ Thirteen Thousand dollars.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ STING AND UNDER FOR

BOHLIN: ... and this morning, we counted it all up, and there was thirteen thousand and five hundred dollars. And it's all for you, Mickey.

MICKEY: Gee whiz! Hey Pop. You know what?

FATHER: What, Mickey?

MICKEY: I made more money just lying in bed than you do!

MUSIC: STING AND UNDER

NARRATOR: And then the day comes when it's time for Mickey to go home from the hospital. You, Virginia Bohlin, turn to the little boy who wanted to be a shortstop because he was fast on his feet and you say...

BOHLIN: Goodbye, Mickey. Don't forget we have a date next summer to take in the Red Sox games.

MICKEY: You bet, Miss Bohlin. Oh, hey, Miss Bohlin. I forgot ...

BOHLIN: Yes?

MICKEY: I got something to tell you.

BOHLIN: What's that?

MICKEY: Well, I talked it over with Joe Dobson. About not being able to be a shortstop when I grow up on account of my legs. And you know what?

BOHLIN: What?

MICKEY: When I grow up, I'm gonna be a baseball coach. You gotta have brains for that!

MUSIC: HIT FOR CURTAIN

THE BIG STORY #45

- 25 -

2-4-48

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from  
Virginia Bohlin of the Boston Traveler, with the final  
outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

MUSIC: FANFARE

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0060343

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: The cigarette that's really different - the longer,  
finer cigarette that's really "Outstanding!" - PELL  
MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! 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!

VIBAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!" - the 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 Virginia Bohlin of the Boston Traveler.

BOHLIN:         Funds continued to pour into the Traveler office, and enough money was raised to pay all medical expenses for boy in tonight's BIG STORY. When I visited him this Christmas he was coasting with other children, and he expects to ride a bicycle next spring. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL:       Thank you, Miss Bohlin. 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 Memphis, Tennessee, Commercial Appeal; by-line -- Eugene Travis. A BIG STORY that reached its climax when a newspaper editor ordered the presses to roll on a story ...

SOUND:        PRESSES

HARRICE:        ... that hadn't happened yet.

SOUND:        PRESSES

MUSIC:        THEME WIPE 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 Gail Ingram. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Alice Reinheart played the part of Virginia Bohlin. All

(MORE)

X  
CHAPPELL: names in tonight's story except those of Miss Bohlin,  
(CONTD) Joe Dobson, Eddie Cantor and Babe Ruth 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

Cast page, pages 1,  
5, 9 and 15.

PROGRAM #46

(Pages 26 and 27  
added.)

"THE CRIME THAT HAD TO HAPPEN"

**AS BROADCAST**

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1948

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
NED	GEORGE PETRIE
PETE	JIM BOLES
MIKE	BARNET FRANKS
TRAVIS	TED OSBORN
GEORGE	HOUSE JAMESON
WILLIE	RONNY LISS
HENRI	GEORGE PETRIE
MAE	LEE BRODY
INSPECTOR	BOB SLOANE
EDITOR	HOUSE JAMESON
GIRL	LEE BRODY
SHORTY	CAMERON ANDREWS
BERNIE	BARNET FRANKS
NEWSIE	RONNY LISS
DAILEY	JIM BOLES
OLD GUY	CAMERON ANDREWS

ATX01 0060347

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

SOUND: POOL ROOM. CUE BALL HITS BALL. DROPS IN POCKET

NED: (GANGSTER - A KIDDER) Hey, nice shot, Pete - nice.

PETE: (HIS MIND ELSEWHERE) Mmm. Yeah.

NED: Let's see you make the 6-ball. ~~(PAUSE) You can make it. Go ahead. (NO ANSWER FROM PETE) Pete ...~~

PETE: (MUSING) I'm gonna do a lot with that money - one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. ~~A lot. (BITTER GRIM)~~ And I'll get it as sure as -- ~~watch that ball --~~ as sure as that 6-ball drops.

SOUND: HE SHOOTS. MAKES THE BALL

PETE: (REALLY HARD) Just as sure as that. Might have to kill to get it - but just as sure as that.

NED: (KIDDING) Hey, your ancestor'd be proud to hear you talk like that.

PETE: (SUDDEN FURY) Shut up! Don't kid about my ancestors.

NED: (SCARED) Pete, I didn't mean it. I - lemme go ---

PETE: (FIERCELY PROUD) My grandfather's brother was one of the Jesse James gang. One of the greatest men ever lived - a real killer ... Now, rack 'em up and I'll tell you about the hundred and fifty thousand. (IRON) But don't fool around.

MUSIC: STARK. UNDER FOR:

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Another in the thrilling series based on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight, to Eugene Travis of the Memphis, Tennessee, Commercial Appeal, 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, there's one cigarette that's really different -  
really "Outstanding!" - PELL MELL. 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 - LIGHT, BUT SOMETHING SERIOUS WITHIN  
IT. UNDER:

CHAPPELL: Now, the authentic,--although almost incredible, story  
of ... "The Crime that HAD to Happen."

MUSIC: BRIEFLY UP AND UNDER:

NARRATOR: You are a gentleman of the press, a real one. You  
wear glasses, your hair is a little grey at the  
temples, you're careful about clean fingernails,  
precise about punctuation - and, above all, a stickler  
for facts and accuracy and logic. And in your line  
you have to be. You've done it for 25 years and, if  
you're careful and accurate and logical, you'll be  
alive to do it for 25 more. Your name is Eugene  
Travis; you're the veteran crime reporter on the  
Memphis, Tennessee, Commercial Appeal. Everybody in  
Memphis knows you. Everybody -- including the  
proprietor of the Fourth Avenue Club and Pool Parlor.

MIKE: (FRIENDLY) Hello, Mr. Travis - long time no see.

TRAVIS: (GENIAL. PRECISE. NEVER IN A HURRY) Hello, Mike.  
Have a cigar?

~~MIKE: No thanks, Mr. Travis, I ...~~

~~TRAVIS: Keep it for after dinner. It's a twenty cent cigar.~~

MIKE: Thanks.

TRAVIS: (JUST AS EASILY) Who's in town, Mike?

MIKE: (EVASIVE) Hunh?

TRAVIS: I heard some people came into town recently. One,  
especially, hasn't been around in a long time.

MIKE: Search me, Mr. Travis.

TRAVIS: Here's a picture of the person I'm talking about.  
Name's Pete Coulton.

MIKE: Look, Mr. Travis, I -- (HE'S SCARED) Leave me alone,  
will you, please?

TRAVIS: (PLEASED) Then you have seen him. Maybe he's  
actually here now -- in the back room. Think I'll  
walk back there and have a look.

MIKE: Don't. No!

TRAVIS: When did he get in town? Now tell me. I'll sweat it  
out of you if I have to. (GENTLY) When, Mike?

MIKE: (LOW) Yesterday.

TRAVIS: I never did have a very close look at the ... what-is-he...  
a descendant of one of the Jesse James gang? I'll see  
if the bad man will play me a game of pool. (CHUCKLES)  
I know what you're thinking, Mike - ~~but don't say it.~~  
~~It's a very bad joke.~~ I might wind up behind that  
eight ball -- right, Mike? (LAUGHS) Don't say it.  
It's a bad joke.

MUSIC: --- BRIDGE INTO:

SOUND: --- BALLS BEING HIT. BEHIND DIALOGUE DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

NED: Pass me the chalk, Pete.

PETE: Sure, Ned - an easy shot. You ought... (STOPS ON  
THE DOOR'S OPENING)

SOUND: --- STEPS IN

TRAVIS: This a private game? I'm looking for a ...

PETE: This is a private game. Do what you just did with  
the door, only the other way ... out, Mr. Travis.

TRAVIS: Do I know you?

PETE: No, but I know you. (SERIOUS) Now go close the door  
behind you and keep out where you don't belong. You  
hear me? Keep out.

MUSIC: --- SHARPLY UP, THEN BRIDGE INTO:

*Sound*  
TRAVIS: (GENIALLY) Let's see. Lemme guess now. The doorman  
of a hotel like the Sheridan must see a lot of things,  
right?

GEORGE: (LIKES TRAVIS) What do you want, Mr. Travis?

TRAVIS: ~~Now don't crowd me, George. Must see a lot of~~  
~~strangers from out of town - like - say - (well, I~~  
~~mean if I mentioned five dollars) - like a certain -~~  
 (QUIETLY) Pete Coulton.

GEORGE: (FLUSTERED) No, sir, Mr. Travis - he's not at the  
 Sheridan.

TRAVIS: ~~Ten? Come on, George, ten dollars and the absolute~~  
~~assurance of quiet on my part. (PAUSE NAIVELY)~~  
 Don't you need ten dollars, George?

GEORGE: I didn't tell you, Mr. Travis. Just remember -- I  
 didn't have a thing to do with it. (SOTTO) Room 605.

TRAVIS: (KIDDING) ~~What name should I ask for, George?~~

GEORGE: ~~(SCARED) Gee, I don't know.~~

TRAVIS: George.

GEORGE: Winston.

TRAVIS: ~~I won't forget it.~~ (UP) <sup>Thank you</sup> And how are those four  
 scrapping kids, George - those three girls and that  
 boy who looks like you?

MUSIC: UP BRISKLY INTO:

TRAVIS: Tell me, Willie - what did the smartest bellhop in  
 the Hotel Sheridan learn today?

WILLIE: (EIGHTEEN) Not much, Mr. Travis. No kidding.

TRAVIS: I'm a patient man, Willie. I <sup>can</sup> been here three days -  
 I can wait. What'd you find out?

WILLIE: (SOTTO) Him and this Ned fellow, his sidekick, they  
 had me get them all the train schedules, you know -  
 time tables and all that - all the trains from  
 Frisco to Chicago.

TRAVIS: Is that so?

WILLIE: And he asked me especially .. (SOTTO) .. Coulton did .. (UP AGAIN) .. for any changes in schedules for three weeks from now.

TRAVIS: Three weeks? That'd be - July 4th. ~~What do you know? Train schedules, time tables, Frisco to Chi, three weeks.~~ (GENIALLY) Willie, I said <sup>the</sup> the smartest bellhop at the Sheridan. Make it in all Memphis.

MUSIC: SAME THEME UP AND INTO:

SOUND: EATING, KNIVES, FORKS, ETC.

TRAVIS: And what else did they say, Henri?

HENRI: Well, Mr. Travis - naturally I missed some of the conversation. I was serving the food and I had to ..

TRAVIS: Of course, of course. And?

HENRI: Well, they had a list they were reading - on (SOTTO) Coulton's bed. A list of all the big firms' payrolls in Chicago.

TRAVIS: (PLEASED) Payrolls.

HENRI: ~~And about five of them had checks next to them.~~

TRAVIS: ~~(IN EAST) Did you see any of the names checked?~~

HENRI: ~~I could not, Mr. Travis; I ...~~

TRAVIS: ~~(GENIAL AGAIN) That's all right. I just asked. Payrolls. Payrolls of big firms in Chicago.~~ Mind if I leave you a - a sizable tip today, Henri?

MUSIC: UP INTO

SOUND: SWITCHBOARD RINGS. IS ANSWERED.

MAE: Good evening. Hotel Sheridan. Room 201? Just a moment.

TRAVIS: Hello, Mae.

MAE: (PLEASED) Why, hello, Mr. Travis.

TRAVIS: How's my favorite switchboard operator, and what does she know?

MAE: The craziest thing, Mr. Travis .. I wasn't listening in, I really wasn't ... just that the mechanism got mixed up or something.

TRAVIS: (KIDDING) Mae -- would you ~~ever~~ listen into a conversation?

MAE: Course not.

SOUND: ----- SWITCHBOARD RINGS. IS ANSWERED WITH A PLUG

MAE: Evening - Sheridan. Just a second - that line is busy. (BACK TO TRAVIS) No, Mr. Travis, I just happened to hear what he said.

TRAVIS: (WHISPER) Coulton?

MAE: Not so loud. He was talking to a man about coupling and uncoupling cars on a train. What's that about, Mr. Travis?

TRAVIS: I don't know for sure, Mae. What else?

MAE: That's all. Oh, yes -- he said -- no, he asked this other man, was he sure (the other man) that the mail car was always right behind the locomotive and the tender.

TRAVIS: The mail car. Mmmm. Hmmm.

MAE: Can I do anything else for you, Mr. Travis?

TRAVIS: Mae, you can. You can put through a call to Inspector Burns. Postal Police Department and make it snappy.

MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ QUICKLY INTO: '

SOUND: \_\_\_\_\_ DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

TRAVIS: Inspector, I'm Gene Travis.

INSPECTOR: . What can I do for you, Mr. Travis?

TRAVIS: It's the other way around, Inspector - I think I can do something for you.

INSPECTOR: Oh?

TRAVIS: (AT BUSINESS NOW. SERIOUS. TO THE POINT) Pete Coulton is in town. He's at the Sheridan - room 605. This is what he plans. He's going to hold up the mail train coming from Frisco to Chicago carrying the payroll for Cox and Company - \$150,000. He's planning to do it the night of July 5<sup>th</sup>.

INSPECTOR: (INCREDULOUS) What? *all that stuff?*

TRAVIS: This man is a descendant of a member of the Jesse James gang, Inspector. He has delusions of grandeur. Those are his exact plans and he'll carry them out.

INSPECTOR: How did you - ~~how did you~~ get this information?

TRAVIS: I know people. People confide in me. But -- I don't know everything. I don't know where the holdup is to take place. But I figured you'd better know what I know. I'm not much good at stopping train robberies.

INSPECTOR: *See well,* We do know where the holdup is going to take place, Mr. Travis.

TRAVIS: You do?

INSPECTOR: Yes. We've had Coulton's hotel room wired for weeks.

TRAVIS: Oh. Then you knew all about it?



INSPECTOR: Not quite all. You've just given me some very vital information. We didn't know the date of the holdup.

TRAVIS: July fourth or early morning of the fifth. Well, at least I helped you to that extent.

INSPECTOR: You've helped a lot. You've kept your mouth shut instead of writing newspaper stories.

TRAVIS: Well, naturally. The trick is not to let Coulton know we know. If he thinks he's in the clear he'll go through with it. Otherwise ... fsssst, he's gone.

INSPECTOR: We'll handle it.

TRAVIS: Swell. Then I'll go back to my paper and write the story.

INSPECTOR: You'll what? This isn't going to happen for three weeks. You just said.

TRAVIS: That's right. But I know just how it is going to happen - just precisely - and, why waste all the time? I'll write it and we'll be all set when it happens.

(MUSIC: UP QUICKLY INTO:

SOUND: TYPewriter

EDITOR: Travis, what is this?

TRAVIS: Just one second, Boss.

SOUND: MORE TYPING

TRAVIS: There.

SOUND: PULLS THE PAPER OUT OF THE MACHINE

TRAVIS: My story. Read it.

EDITOR: Look - I'm supposed to edit a newspaper. You call me out for something special. Okay, I like you - I come. I wait while you finish and then you tell me it's a story. My friend, you have written stories before -- this is not news. I got work to do.

TRAVIS: Read it, Bill. Just read the lead.

EDITOR: Gimme it. (PAPER IN HAND) TWO BANDITS KILLED IN HOLDUP OF FRISCO TRAIN BOUND FOR CHICAGO. So?

TRAVIS: Read on, MacDuff.

EDITOR: "Two robbers were shot to death <sup>at 12:30</sup> at 12:30 o'clock this morning when special agents and postal authorities frustrated an attempt to hold up the Chicago Bound ..."  
What is this? When did this happen?

TRAVIS: Don't you see the dateline?

EDITOR: July 5th! You crazy, Gene?

TRAVIS: Never have been.

EDITOR: ~~Man, this is~~ -- What is today?

TRAVIS: June 12th.

EDITOR: ~~Who are you H. G. Wells? "The Shape of Things to Come?"~~

TRAVIS: ~~Nope but that's the story.~~

EDITOR: Look, I'm busy.

TRAVIS: Bill, ever play pool?

EDITOR: What's pool got to do with it?

TRAVIS: Everything. Listen. Say the 6 ball is right in front of the pocket. And say the cue ball is in the clear. Now if I strike the cue ball just right and it hits the 6 ball - what happens? It flops in the pocket, Bill.

EDITOR: Who's the cue ball? Who's the 6 ball and who's behind the ...?

TRAVIS: (INTERRUPTING) Everybody makes bad jokes about pool. But I see you get the point.

EDITOR: Go away. Tear it up. Try crystal gazing.

TRAVIS: (DEAD SERIOUS) Bill ... ~~Gene Travis~~ <sup>Bill</sup> is a funny man, right?

EDITOR: Funny is no word for it.

TRAVIS: How many errors in spelling did you ever catch on my copy? None. How many mistakes of fact? Not one in 25 years. Okay. I tell you - this crime, this holdup has to happen, it must. And those criminals must get killed - just as I wrote it. Just that way. Just remember that story about the six ball and watch. (THEN GENIALLY AS HE CAN) Bill - let's you and I go over and shoot a game of pool. I'll demonstrate the point. Just watch the 6 ball.

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? 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, there's one cigarette that's really different - really "Outstanding!" - PELL MELL!

HARRICE: When you pick up a PELL MELL, you can see the difference - you can feel the difference. And when you smoke a PELL MELL, you can taste the difference.

CHAPPELL: 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.

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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 sit there at your desk on the night of July Fourth, Independence Day, in the office of the Memphis Commercial Appeal - and you, Gene Travis, have a pleasant smile on your face as you look at the clock. 10:20 P.M. - two hours and two minutes, exactly, before the time of the robbery. You've already written your story - you wrote it three weeks ago. Two armed men tried to hold up the Frisco to Chicago train, tried to get one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, a payroll - and were stopped by the Postal Police. You've already written it although it's not going to happen yet for two hours and two minutes. You're smiling, but Editor Bill Jackson is biting his nails.

EDITOR: (NERVOUS THROUGHOUT) What have you got to smile about?

TRAVIS: (NON COMMITAL) It's a nice night.

EDITOR: If I didn't know you 35 years - if I didn't - I ought to boot you out of here and have my head examined.

TRAVIS: (LEADING HIM ON) Why, Bill?

EDITOR: Stop it. Stop it for good. Stop kidding.

TRAVIS: Okay.

EDITOR: That story is in type downstairs, ready to run when we get the signal. I've got a call in to Chicago. Soon as they get word of it, we roll.

~~TRAVIS: Sorry, Bill.~~

~~EDITOR: What?~~

TRAVIS: ~~I said "sorry."~~ You won't get that word.

EDITOR: Then I don't run the story. I'm not that crazy. Why won't I get the word?

TRAVIS: (EASILY) Because, Bill, that crime is going to take place at 12:22 - not before, not after. And Coulton and his boy are going to be killed about 5 minutes later. "

EDITOR: The more I listen to you the crazier I think ...

TRAVIS: Just a second. We've got to roll our presses at 11:45 ... in an hour and - uh - 23 minutes. We can't wait for the crime to happen, we've got to roll before it happens.

EDITOR: ~~I know, I know.~~

TRAVIS: ~~Because you want a scoop, Bill. Because it's~~ unfortunate, but we're a morning paper and we go to ~~press at 11:45.~~ They aren't going to hold up that train till ~~12:00~~ ... 37 minutes after we go to press.

EDITOR: Then we just aren't going to carry the story, that's all.

TRAVIS: It's a beaut of a story. <sup>Maybe</sup> Pulitzer Prize stuff for you, ~~maybe~~, Bill. Be a shame to be scooped by the afternoon papers when we had the story three weeks.

EDITOR: If I could only hold the press for an hour or so.

TRAVIS: Wouldn't work. They're going to pull this job two hundred miles outside Chicago ... the train stops to take on mail at Turnout 76 ... a little town, nothing there. News of it won't hit Chicago before three, four in the morning. We run it at 11:45 tonight or not at all.

EDITOR: You're crazy, Gene. How can you run a story about a holdup, the death of two men, all those details before the thing happens?

TRAVIS: Don't run it then.

EDITOR: If we don't run it, we get scooped on our own story. If we do run it, we may be dead <sup>ducked</sup> ~~beats~~ in the morning.

TRAVIS: Or big shots. See, my philosophy is - if you know your man, he's got to do what he's supposed to do. I know Coulton. I studied up on him. He's just like a six ball waiting to be dropped in the corner pocket.

EDITOR: Will you lay off that 6-ball line?

TRAVIS: Okay, have it your way. (SATAN OFFERING THE UNIVERSE) Only think of it, Bill ... you'd be called the "most far-sighted editor that ever touched newsprint and ink."

EDITOR: ~~Leave me alone!~~ (THEN) What time is it? ~~what-time is-it?~~

TRAVIS: (EASILY) 10:27.

EDITOR: I got an hour and ...

TRAVIS: An hour and eighteen minutes, Bill, to decide.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ UP\_TENSELY\_INTO

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ CRICKETS\_

PETE: The car okay, Ned?

NED: (NERVOUS) The car's okay, sure, Pete - ready any time you are.

PETE: What are you, Ned - getting scared?

NED: (HE IS) Scared? No. What d'you mean?

PETE: The train is due in an hour - you want to pull out now, <sup>?</sup> ~~pull out.~~

NED: It's only - look, Pete, we stayed in that hotel in Memphis too long. Suppose somebody tailed us. Suppose they got a line on what we're doing.

PETE: Who?

NED: I don't know. I'm just saying suppose. You got this thing worked out, I know ... but ... a mail train ...

PETE: Mail trains have been held up before.

NED: But a hundred and fifty grand! They'd have a whole bunch of cops on the line.

PETE: They send mail trains through the same as any other train. (IRON NOW) Look - this job needs two men. If you turn yellow now - now, an hour before it happens - after all I prepared for - all I done ... I'll kill you.

NED: Look, Pete, I'm only saying ...

PETE: I counted on a man in this job. You got work cut out for you. If I can't depend on you, maybe I better - (HE STOPS AS)

SOUND: A WAY OFF TRAIN WHISTLE IS HEARD

PETE: That's the 11:20 - one hour to go - and then a hundred and fifty grand. Listen to her - that's the way ours'll sound in one hour. (GRIM) Hear it?

NED: Yeah, sure - Pete - only - you think maybe we ought to - uh - wait another week? Huh?

MUSIC: UP SHARPLY IN THE TRAIN MOVEMENT AND INTO

SOUND: TYPEWRITING GOING ON

EDITOR: (FURIOUS) Stop ~~that noise, quit~~ that typing. *Stop it, stop it*

GIRL: (SURPRISED) Yes, Mr. Jackson. I was only ...

TRAVIS: Don't take it out on her, Bill - that's her job. Hit me if you want to.



EDITOR: I'm sorry. This wait is driving me crazy.

GIRL: That's all right, Mr. Jackson. I understand.

EDITOR: Eleven-thirty. We roll the presses in fifteen minutes or we're finished.

TRAVIS: What are you going to do, Bill?

EDITOR: Go lose yourself. Go for a walk. Leave me alone. No, don't. Stay here. Tell me why you're so sure again. Just tell me slowly and ... oh, what's the use.

GIRL: ~~Some coffee, Mr. Jackson?~~

EDITOR: ~~(TGO LOUD) No, no, no. (SORRY) Sorry, no thanks. Look, put a call thru to Chicago. Keep the line open. Maybe they'll do the job an hour early. Maybe they'll ... Just give me something to hang onto. (THEN)~~

Travis ...

TRAVIS: (SWEET) Yes, Bill?

EDITOR: Why did I ever hire you? ~~Why did I ever meet you?~~ Why did I get in the newspaper game? Why didn't I become a schoolteacher, or a miner or a soda jerk, ~~or anything?~~ What I wouldn't give to be on that train, right now - to know. To know. To be sure!

MUSIC: FURIOUSLY UP INTO

SOUND: TRAIN IN MOVEMENT. FADE TO INSIDE OF CAR

SHORTY: My father told me not to be a mail clerk. I should've listened to him.

BERNIE: Go on, Shorty, deal another hand of gin.

SHORTY: Gee, you're a cold fish, Bernie.

BERNIE: Me?

SHORTY: There's one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in that compartment there, right?

BERNIE: Mmm hm. Deal.

SOUND: DEALING OF CARDS UNDER

SHORTY: This is the hot train - this one - the one we're sitting in.

BERNIE: Mmm hm. Three more cards.

SHORTY: And this car is going to be held up in - in 45 minutes.

BERNIE: What makes you so sure? Because the Postal Police are riding with us? Relax. Nice hand you dealt me - for bridge.

SHORTY: Lock, they said there might be a stickup - this car, tonight, in 45 minutes.

BERNIE: Now, Shorty - look. I heard about two hundred mail robberies that were gonna take place. You know how many took place. (Here's a king for you.) None.

SHORTY: Still and all, Bernie - suppose it happens?

BERNIE: They'll stop the train, take the money, maybe a little shooting - maybe somebody gets killed - it'll be interesting. You want that king or not? Draw.

SHORTY: ~~You don't think they'll try it?~~

BERNIE: ~~Don't be silly. Play cards.~~

SHORTY: What time you got?

BERNIE: Why? You going somewheres? 11:40.

MUSIC: UP AND QUICKLY INTO

EDITOR: You got that line open to Turnout 76?

GIRL: Yes, Mr. Jackson.

EDITOR: How much time is left?

TRAVIS: Three minutes, Bill.

EDITOR: What's the town there?

TRAVIS: Fleetwood, Bill. But why get yourself so ....?

EDITOR: Shut up - just shut up. Get Fleetwood - tell them the moment there's anything - flash us.

GIRL: I did that twice, Mr. Jackson.

EDITOR: Well, do it again.

TRAVIS: Take it easy, Bill. We only have a couple of minutes to go.

EDITOR: Yeah, yeah -- I know. That's what bothers me. I can just hear our esteemed publisher if anything goes wrong on this one.

TRAVIS: Mr. Dailey's observations are always interesting. He...

SOUND: PHONE VERY SHRILLY RINGS

EDITOR: That's it....give it to me.

SOUND: PHONE GRABBED UP

EDITOR: Hello. Hello -- this is Memphis. What have you got, Fleetwood? (LONG PAUSE, THEN DISGUST) Oh, stop it!

SOUND: PHONE UP

TRAVIS: What's the matter?

EDITOR: (IMITATING) Fleetwood special flash to Memphis. The Fleetwood Chamber of Commerce Just Announced an Annual Baby Parade.

TRAVIS: (AMUSED) Relax, Bill. Run my story.

EDITOR: Not without confirmation.

TRAVIS: Roll the presses.

EDITOR: No.

TRAVIS: Remember the sags of the 6-ball, Bill

EDITOR: No. Gimme that phone.

SOUND: PHONE UP

EDITOR: Press? Editor Jackson. <sup>I want you to --</sup> Roll it. It may be running right over my body but roll it.

MUSIC: HTH AND GO UNDER FOR: (Cue)

NEWSIE: EXTRA! EXTRA! Read all about it -- TWO MEN KILLED IN  
ATTEMPTED HOLDUP CHICAGO MAIL TRAIN. READ ALL ABOUT IT!

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

EDITOR: (WEAK) Well, we're on the streets.

TRAVIS: Yes, we're on the streets. Congratulations, Bill.

EDITOR: For what? We still have no confirmation. We're on the  
streets, but we don't know if there's a story.

TRAVIS: There's a story.

EDITOR: Sure, sure. My funeral is a story.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS - SHUTS UNDER:

DAILEY: (PUBLISHER - POMPOUS) Jackson, what's going on here?

JACKSON: Oh -- hello, Mr. Dailey.

DAILEY: What am I publishing, Jackson? A forecast of the future  
or a newspaper?

JACKSON: I don't know, Mr. Dailey.

DAILEY: You don't know that a holdup was attempted, you don't know  
that two men were killed. But my paper says it happened  
- there, out on the streets.

TRAVIS: We're selling thousands of copies an hour, Mr. Dailey.

DAILEY: Fine. Tomorrow we may have to sell thousands of  
retractions an hour. Have you both gone off your heads?

EDITOR: No, sir.

DAILEY: Then how do you know?

EDITOR: The confirmation will be here in an hour, Mr. Dailey.

DAILEY: How do you know?

EDITOR: (WEAKLY) You explain it to him, <sup>Travis</sup> Gene -- and if you  
mention that 6-ball again, I'll bounce a cue off your  
head.

DAILEY: Never mind explanations. ~~If that confirmation comes through and the story is verified, you'll get the biggest bonus either of you have ever seen. If not ...~~

EDITOR: ~~Don't say it, Mr. Dailey...~~

DAILEY: Okay. Get me a chair. I'm gonna sweat this one out, too.

MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER

NARRATOR: Time passes. A lot of time. So much time that even you, Gene Travis, begin to get a little nervous. And, of course, you have no way of knowing about the old man who wanders slowly into the outer office of the Commercial Appeal ...

OLD GUY: (SLOW) This the Commercial Appeal?

GIRL: (PREOCCUPIED) That's right.

OLD GUY: You have the time, Miss?

GIRL: 3:05 A.M.

OLD GUY: Working kind of late, aren't you?

GIRL: Yeah - everybody is - tonight.

OLD GUY: Mmm-hmm. Nice place. (PAUSE) Uh - is the editor in .. or Mr. Travis?

GIRL: They're very busy in conference now.

OLD GUY: That's all right. I'll wait.

GIRL: Well, if you tell me what it is, maybe I ...

OLD GUY: No, I got to see them personal. Got a message. Don't mind waiting. You got a water cooler here? I'm mighty thirsty.

GIRL: Through that door there, to the right. But they're very busy inside and ...

OLD GUY: Oh, I won't disturb them. Thank you. I just get very thiraty these days.

SOUND: SLOW STEPS. DOOR OPENS. OFF MIKE WE HEAR DAILEY, TRAVIS AND JACKSON STILL AT IT.

EDITOR: (OFF) I can't take it any more.

DAILEY: (OFF) This is bad, Travis, bad.

TRAVIS: (SAME) It's getting me, too. Three hours, we ought to hear.

OLD GUY: 'Scuse me.

TRAVIS: (STILL OFF) Who's that? (PROJECTS A LITTLE) What do you want, Pop?

OLD GUY: Uh - looking for a - just a second - got it here in my pocket. Man name of - two men, as a matter of fact - Gene Travis and Editor Jackson.

TRAVIS: (ON, GETTING EXCITED) Who are you?

OLD GUY: Oh, you see, my uniform's being cleaned and so I had to wear my reg'lar clothes. I'm the telegraph ~~messenger~~ messenger.

TRAVIS: Telegram! Let me see it!

OLD GUY: You Mr. Travis?

TRAVIS: Sure, I'm Travis. Give it to me.

OLD GUY: Sure, Mister, but just a minute now. You got to sign first, Mr. Travis.

TRAVIS: Okay. Give me the slip. Here, Mr. Dailey -- open this!

SOUND: PAPER BEING TORN

Travis: well?  
Editor: well?

DAILEY: (READS) Travis-Jackson: Commercial Appeal. Train held up at turnout 76 at 12:22. Coulton and henchmen killed trying to escape. Everything happened according to schedule. Good luck on your story. Postal Inspector Burns.

MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ HIT AND GO UNDER

NARRATOR: That's it. That's the end of it. You guessed right in one of the biggest gambles a newspaperman ever took. You risked a reputation it had taken you twenty-five years to build, and you got your BIG STORY.

MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Eugene Travis of the Memphis Commercial Appeal with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

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

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: The cigarette that's really different - the longer,  
finer cigarette that's really "Outstanding!" - PELL  
MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! 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 Eugene Travis of the Memphis Commercial Appeal.

TRAVIS: As a result of tonight's BIG STORY, both managing editor and I got a good deal of gratifying praise, but I don't think I'd take that chance again under any circumstances. If holdup hadn't gone off according to schedule, both of us would have been laughed out of the business. To this day, I wonder where we got the nerve to run the story. However, it was my biggest story and biggest thrill in forty years of newspaper reporting. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Travis. 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 Miami Daily News; by-line -- Cecil Warren. A BIG STORY that reached its climax when a wind that was born off the Florida Coast ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ WIND. SNEAK AND BUILD

HARRICE: ... moved inland bringing ... death.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ WIND INTO HURRICANE

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 Arnold Perl. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Ted Osborn played the part of Eugene Travis. All names in tonight's story except that of Mr. Travis 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

Cast page - Pages 11,  
17, 18, 19, 20, 21  
& 22.

PROGRAM #47

(Pages 24 and 25  
added.)

"THE HURRICANE"

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1948

**AS BROADCAST**

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
WARREN	CARL EASTMAN
EDITOR	BOB SLOANE
FRED	TED OSBORN
MA	AGNES YOUNG
VOICE I	FRANCIS DE SALES
VOICE II	AGNES YOUNG
TRENT	STEPHEN CHASE
JOE	FRANCIS DE SALES
FARMER	TED OSBORN
COP	STEPHEN CHASE

ATX01 0060375

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

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS .. PAUSE .. IT RINGS AGAIN .. PHONE UP ..

WARREN: (SLEEPY) Hello?

EDITOR: (FILTER MIKE) Warren? City desk. You wide awake?

WARREN: Not quite yet. I ...

EDITOR: Well, get wide awake. It's here.

WARREN: Where?

EDITOR: Palm Beach, Belle Glade, Lake Okeechobee. I'm sending Joe around to pick you up in a truck. Be ready when he gets there and get me a story. This is the biggest hurricane that ever struck Florida, and I want you in the middle of it if it tears you to shreds!

MUSIC: HIT AND FADE FOR

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Another in a thrilling series based on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight ... to Cecil Warren of the Miami Daily News ... goes the PELL MELL Award for ... THE BIG STORY.

MUSIC: FANFARE

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

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

DONALDSON: 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 ...

DONALDSON: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

DONALDSON: And good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: Yes, there's one cigarette that's really different -  
really "Outstanding!" - PELL MELL. 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!

DONALDSON: 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!"

DONALDSON: And - they are mild!

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

CHAPPELL: Now, the exciting and authentic story of ... "The Hurricane."

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

NARRATOR: You are Cecil Warren, a working reporter for the Miami Daily News. You've written your share of stories about five-legged calves. You've written obituaries, you've gone out as a leg-man and telephoned in stories to be written by someone else, with someone else's by-line. You've served your apprenticeship. And now, after getting your teeth and your typewriter keys into some political stuff, the old man tells you you're going to be the hurricane editor.

WARREN: (AGHAST) Hurricane editor!

NARRATOR: That's right, hurricane editor. All you have to do is sit around and wait for a hurricane to blow in from the south ... That's all you have to do. But you're Cecil Warren, working newspaper guy, and you don't wait for a hurricane to happen.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ BRING IN SOUND OF RATTLETRAP AUTO POKING ALONG

NARRATOR: (OVER SOUND WITHOUT STOPPING) You ~~chase~~<sup>start</sup> on down to Belle Glade in the Lake Okeechobee region, and take a look around ...

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ OUT

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ BRING THE AUTO SOUND UP, THEN COME GRADUALLY TO A STOP, WITH THE MOTOR IDLING ...

WARREN: Hey, Mister!

FRED: (OFF) Talking to me?

WARREN: That's right. Got a minute?

FRED: Don't want to buy nothin'.

WARREN: I'm not selling anything. Wait a sec ...

SOUND: THE MOTOR IS TURNED OFF. CAR DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.  
A FEW FOOTSTEPS

WARREN: Nice little farm you've got here.

FRED: I like it.

WARREN: Intend to stay here?

FRED: Been here twelve years. Guess I'll stay, yeah.

WARREN: Aren't you afraid of hurricanes?

FRED: Mister, I got all the insurance I need.

WARREN: I'm not selling insurance. I'm a reporter.

FRED: Reporter?

WARREN: Yes. Miami Daily News.

FRED: I see. Well, don't know what you want with me, but just so's you can save your breath, may as well let you know I don't need a subscription, I ain't committed a murder, and I won't answer any questions for the Inquiring Busybody Column.

WARREN: (LAUGHS) You don't have to worry about me. I'm the hurricane editor.

FRED: So?

WARREN: You live in a hurricane <sup>area</sup> region, so I want to chat with you.

FRED: Don't care to have my name in the paper, thanks.

WARREN: I'm not going to put your name in the paper. If you're not willing to talk to me, why, I'll just ask you for a cool glass of water and be on my way. My interest

(MORE)

WARREN: isn't in putting anybody's name in the paper; it's in  
(CONTD) finding out what precautions have been taken around  
here to prevent damage in case of a hurricane.

FRED: I see. Mister, come on up on the porch and rest  
yourself. I'll give you that glass of water.

WARREN: Thanks.

SOUND: THEIR FOOTSTEPS, FIRST ON EARTH, THEN UP WOODEN  
STAIRS. UNDER FOLLOWING

FRED: (PROJECTS) ~~Ma~~, I got company.

MA: (OFF) Yes?

FRED: Here's a newspaper feller. This is my wife, Mister.

WARREN: How do you do? My name is Cecil Warren.

MA: (ON) Pleased to meet you. Sit down.

FRED: This feller wants to find out, ~~Ma~~, what precautions  
have been taken in case of hurricane.

MA: (LAUGHS) Mr. Warren, you must be quite a feller if  
you got ~~Pa~~ here to invite you up on the porch.

WARREN: He wan't very communicative.

FRED: Mr. Warren says he ain't gonna use my name in the paper,  
~~Ma~~. Think it's all right to talk to him?

MA: (LAUGHS) Sure enough. What of it if he did use your  
name, anyway? ... You know, Mr. Warren, my husband is  
the most suspicious man in the whole county.

FRED: Well, I don't want my name in the papers. They never  
get things right, these newspaper fellers. My name  
was in the paper once. They spelled it wrong.

MA: Well, Mr. Warren here don't want to hear about that.  
Tell me, Mr. Warren, why are you asking about  
hurricane precautions?



WARREN: I've looked over the whole area between Miami and here, and it seems to me that right here is where a hurricane might cause the most damage.

FRED: That's the smartest thing I ever heard a well-dressed man say.

WARREN: I wanted to have the point of view of the farmers around here.

FRED: Will I talk, Ma?

MA: (WITH AMUSEMENT) Mr. Warren, what I'm gonna do now I'm gonna do just to help you out, so you'll forgive me for doing it public-like.

SOUND: HER FOOTSTEPS ACROSS THE PORCH.

MA: Pucker up, Pa.

SOUND: A KISS ... A REAL SMACKER

MA: There! You know, Mr. Warren, the only reason Pa is so suspicious is cause he's so timid. And when he's being specially timid the only way he can get courage is if I kiss him. That's why I done it.

WARREN: Not because you like it?

MA: Me? I love it. Go ahead, Pa ... or do you need some more courage?

FRED: Oh, go along with you.

MA: He'll talk to you now, Mr. Warren.

WARREN: I'm listening. *What's been done in the way of hurricane precautions?*

FRED: *Well,* Well, Mister, what's been done in the way of hurricane precautions is just this ... every farmer with any sense has his fences stout and thick and deep in the earth. And everyone puts extra cots all made up way up in the attic, in case there's a flood.

~~WARREN:~~ ~~That's not exactly what I wanted to~~

~~MA:~~ ~~That's all there is to know.~~

WARREN: That's what I was afraid of. Look he  
people in this region realize that th  
only a tremendous destruction of prop  
whopping loss of life?

FRED: We realize it.

WARREN: Well, I want to tell you something.  
Lake Okeechobee today before I came  
I looked over the sea-front, too. I  
hurricane, you people might be not j  
but trapped. It might be that a-hub  
in this area would drown as the lake  
tidal wave swept over you.

FRED: What do you care?

WARREN: Don't you want me to care?

FRED: Course I do. But it ain't a good ne  
until people are drowned.

WARREN: Look, Mister ... I haven't got your

MA: Barrows. Where's your manners, Pa,  
gentleman your name?

WARREN: It's all right. Well, look, Mr. an  
newspaper is a public service. A r  
man would rather not have a big sto  
being killed, if there was anything  
prevent its happening. That's why D

FRED: You're the gentlest-talking stranger

WARREN: Did you ever think of putting up dil

FRED: Plenty.

WARREN: And?

FRED: The County ain't got the money for it.

WARREN: The State?

FRED: They ain't interested in us.

WARREN: How do you know?

FRED: We wrote letters. Musta been seven or eight of us altogether, wrote letters. Nothing come of it.

WARREN: That's no way to get things done.

MA: That's what I told 'em.

WARREN: Look, do you really want dikes put up here.

FRED: Mister, look down at the timbers your chair's resting on. I sawed them timbers myself and nailed them where they are now. I built this house. And you see the land out there? See that vegetable garden? See that melon patch? See my little orange grove out back? What was there when we come here, Ma?

MA: Mud.

FRED: There's your answer, Mister. I've clawed out a home and a garden here. I've made a place ~~in the world~~ for <sup>me</sup> Ma and me, and you ask me if I want dikes to protect it.

MA: Mr. Warren, you said writing letters wasn't the way to go about it. What is the way?

WARREN: Use the power of the press.

MA: What do you mean?

WARREN: I'm going to print a story about this situation.

FRED: Don't use my name!

WARREN: I won't use any names. But if we're lucky we can get the people of the whole state aroused about this situation. We can get you your dikes. We can save your farms. We can save lives. (PAUSE, THEN QUIETLY) I hope we won't be too late.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE, THEN UNDER FOR

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ TYPING SOUND

WARREN: (SLOWLY, AS HE TYPES IT WORD BY WORD) " ... and ... residents ... of ... the ... region ... around ... Lake ... Okeechobee ... are ... alarmed ... by ... the ... possibility ... of ... wide ... spread ... destruction."

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ UP, THEN UNDER FOR

VOICE I: Want the paper?

VOICE II: Anything in it?

VOICE I: Nah. Article here says the citizens down around Okeechobee want the rest of us to pay for some new-fangled dikes or something. Fat chance we'll let that go through!

VOICE II: No crimes or anything like that in the paper?

VOICE I: Nah, there's nothing here.

VOICE II: Well, throw it in the wastebasket then.

VOICE I: Okay.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ UP TO FINISH

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

TRENT: You may come in now, Mr. Warren.

WARREN: Thank you, Mr. Trent.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ DOOR CLOSES

TRENT: Sit down.

WARREN: Thank you. I wanted to see you, Mr. Trent, more as a citizen than as a newspaper reporter.

TRENT: Well, as a legislator, I'm obliged to speak to you in either capacity. And happy to. Go ahead.

WARREN: You've read my stories in the News about building dikes at Lake Okeechobee?

TRENT: I have.

WARREN: Did you like them?

TRENT: Very much.

WARREN: Well?

TRENT: Well what?

WARREN: I wrote those stories aiming at legislation.

TRENT: I'm well aware of that.

WARREN: Well?

TRENT: Well what?

WARREN: Well, you're a legislator.

TRENT: Mr. Warren, I'm going to help you.

WARREN: I'm glad to hear it.

TRENT: I don't think you will be glad. I'm going to help you by pointing out to you that you've failed.

WARREN: Failed? How?

TRENT: You wrote the first of those stories about Lake Okeechobee two weeks ago. You've had follow-up stories since. How many letters has your paper received about those stories?

WARREN: Several.

TRENT: Several. Ten, perhaps?

WARREN: I don't know. About that.

TRENT: Ten letters. Your stories pointed out a shocking situation, a situation that ought to be remedied, and your paper gets ten letters, most of them from the Okeechobee area, I'll bet.

WARREN: I'm not sure. I suppose so.

TRENT: Want to know how many letters I've received? I've received thirteen letters. Two of them from Okeechobee, saying "give us dikes," and eleven from my own constituents, saying "don't spend any of our money to put up dikes for other people."

WARREN: I see.

TRENT: That's what I mean when I say you've failed.

WARREN: Of course, dikes are expensive.

TRENT: They are.

WARREN: What about going to the Federal Government for funds?

TRENT: When the people of the whole state want the funds spent, we'll do just that.

WARREN: But, Mr. Trent, this is important! And urgent! The people down in Belle Glade, ~~the people all around~~ Okeechobee stand to lose everything they own. I've been down there, and I know! A good many of them won't survive a big hurricane.

TRENT: Convince the people of that and you'll get action.

WARREN: I wrote those stories.

TRENT: They didn't do any good.

WARREN: Obviously. But what will do some good? The hurricane season is coming. What do people need to convince them that this danger is real?

TRENT: I don't know, Mr. Warren. I'm not sure. Maybe they need a hurricane.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE, THEN UNDER FOR  
SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ TELEPHONE RINGS. PAUSE ... IT RINGS AGAIN. PHONE UP.  
WARREN: (SLEEPY) Hello?  
EDITOR: (FILTER MIKE) Warren? City Desk. The hurricane's struck.  
WARREN: The hurricane? Where?  
EDITOR: Palm Beach, Belle Glade, Lake Okeechobee. I'm sending Joe around to pick you up in a truck. Be ready when he gets there.  
WARREN: I'll be ready.  
SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ PHONE UP  
MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ UP TO FINISH  
SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ WIND AND RAIN SOUND. THE WIND SOUND IS TERRIFIC, BUT OVER IT WE CAN HEAR THE TRUCK GRINDING ALONG  
JOE: (HIS VOICE RAISED) Okay, Mr. Warren?  
WARREN: I'm wet through Joe but I'm okay.  
JOE: Wish I could see this road.  
WARREN: How far from Belle Glade are we?  
JOE: No idea ... Hey, look out!  
SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ SCREAM OF BRAKES AS TRUCK COMES TO STOP.  
WARREN: ~~My gosh~~, what happened?  
JOE: We're off the road.  
WARREN: We've got to get on the road. We've got to get to Belle Glade.  
JOE: I don't think we're going to be able to make it.  
WARREN: Joe, is <sup>that</sup> ~~this~~ a house?  
JOE: Where?  
WARREN: That bulk right there.  
JOE: I guess so. ~~My gosh~~, we're practically on a feller's front steps.

WARREN: Well, let's get out of here.

JOE: Look, Mr. Warren, I don't even know which way to turn. I don't know where we are. I don't know which way is Belle Glade. We're stuck!

WARREN: I said we have to get to Belle Glade, and we're going to get there. You wait here. I'll find out which way to go.

SOUND: TRUCK DOOR OPENS AND BANGS SHUT. WIND UP. WARREN'S RUNNING FOOTSTEPS. WE CAN HEAR HIM GASPING AS HE RUNS. THE FOOTSTEPS GO UP PORCH STAIRS AND ACROSS PORCH. THERE IS A FOUNDING AT THE DOOR. FINALLY THE DOOR OPENS

FARMER: My gosh, Mister, out in this? Come in, come in.

WARREN: I'm not coming in. I want to know how to get to Belle Glade.

FARMER: Belle Glade! Ain't you listened to a radio? You keep away from Belle Glade, son. It's practically under water!

MUSIC: CURTAIN

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

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)



MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

DONALDSON: 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 ...

DONALDSON: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

DONALDSON: And good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: Yes, there's one cigarette that's really different - really "Outstanding!" - PELL MELL!

DONALDSON: When you pick up a PELL MELL, you can see the difference - you can feel the difference. And when you smoke a PELL MELL, you can taste the difference.

CHAPPELL: 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!

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DONALDSON: And - they are mild!

MUSIC: OPENING MUSIC. ESTABLISH, THEN UNDER FOR:

DONALDSON: Now we return you to our narrator, Bob Sloane, and tonight's BIG STORY.

SOUND: WIND

NARRATOR: (OVER WIND) You're Cecil Warren, and you're on the way to Belle Glade in the midst of a hurricane. You've had to get out of the truck, stand on one power line and raise another as high as you could so that Joe could drive the truck through. You've had to raise the curtains to keep the truck from blowing over.

SOUND: WIND SOUND DOWN A LITTLE

NARRATOR: (GOING RIGHT ON) Now it's morning, and the storm has let up a bit. And you're in Belle Glade ...

MUSIC: OUT

JOE: Gee, look at that, Mr. Warren!

WARREN: This is terrible, Joe.

JOE: There's a pond right in the center of town!

WARREN: Awful ... awful!

JOE: Those people lying on the canal banks ... they're ... they're ...

WARREN: Yes, Joe, they're dead. Drowned ... Come on, we'd better get out and help.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... GRADUALLY AS THEY WALK WE FADE IN A CROWD MURMUR.

WARREN: Mr. Barrows!

FRED: (A LITTLE DAZED) What? Oh. Oh, hello.

WARREN: I'm the newspaper man who talked to you and your wife, that day, remember?

FRED: It don't matter now.

WARREN: Were you in town when the hurricane struck?

FRED: Yes.

WARREN: Shopping, I suppose.

FRED: Huh? Oh, yes. Yes, shopping.

WARREN: Your wife, too?

FRED: My wife. Yes. My wife was with me, shopping.

WARREN: Where is your wife now?

FRED: She's ~~she's~~ over that way.

WARREN: Can you tell me what happened?

FRED: Leave me alone, can't you? You didn't go through this. Leave me alone.

WARREN: I'm sorry, Mr. Barrows. I was only trying to help. I wasn't going to put your name in the paper.

FRED: You didn't go through this. You wasn't out there all night in a boat, pulling people in. You didn't watch 'em drown. But you can see that, can't you?

WARREN: What?

FRED: Over there! Look sharp, Mister ... way over there. See it? See that truck? See that load on the truck? Them's bodies, Mister. Bodies of people.

WARREN: Is there anything I can do?

FRED: There ain't nothing anyone can do...

WARREN: I came here on a truck. Will that help?

FRED: A truck? Yes. Where is it?

WARREN: Back this way. Come on. (THEN RAISING HIS VOICE)  
Joe! Joe! Come on, they need the truck!

MUSIC: BRIDGE, THEN UNDER FOR:

(Cue)

WARREN: Come on, Joe, lend a hand here.

JOE: Gee, I can't, Mr. Warren. I can't.

WARREN: You've got to.

FRED: Yes, come on, come on. Somebody has to do this dirty work, and I'm glad somebody from another section of the State is gonna take part in this.

MUSIC: UP, THEN UNDER FOR:

SOUND: TRUCK CHUGGING ALONG

JOE: This is the worst thing I've ever seen.

WARREN: Can you tell me what happened, Mr. Barrows? Can you tell me what it was like?

FRED: The wind spilled the water over the banks of the lake and it swept over us like a big wall.

~~MUSIC: UP, THEN UNDER FOR~~

~~WARREN: I'm glad you've decided to tell me about the storm, Mr. Barrows. Wait till I get the tail gate of the truck down. I'll take it all down in pencil here.~~

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

WARREN: All right, Mr. Barrows, thank you. *for taking me*

FRED: Got enough?

WARREN: Yes.

FRED: That a camera you've got slung over your shoulder there?

WARREN: Yes.

FRED: Good. Get a lot of pictures.

WARREN: The town's under martial law. I'd better get permission from a National Guardsman or the Sheriff.

FRED: Let's go.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS IN MUD

NARRATOR: You go. You go looking for a National Guardsman. And as you walk through the mud, you notice little things: someone's forgotten wash on a clothes line, a drenched kitten, the stillness, an old man hunting through an overturned barn, one half-buried roller skate, and the stillness. And then ...

SOUND: STEPS OUT...

WARREN: Sheriff ...

COP: What is it?

WARREN: I'm a newspaperman. Here's my card. Miami Daily News.

COP: Well, what do you want?

WARREN: I want permission to take pictures.

COP: No you don't.

WARREN: But, officer, I'm an accredited newspaperman.

COP: No pictures.

FRED: Why not; officer?

COP: Who are you?

FRED: Never mind who I am. Why can't this <sup>guy</sup> take pictures?

COP: Because no pictures can go out of this area, that's why.

FRED: Look, Mister, this man's gonna take pictures. He's gonna take all the pictures he wants. And you're not gonna stop him.

COP: Look, do you want me to run you in?

FRED: (WEARILY) Mister, you don't have no idea how little difference it makes to me whether you run me in, or not.

COP: All right. I know you're tired. I know you people here have been through a lot. I know you didn't mean it.

FRED: I meant it.

COP: What?

FRED: I meant it. Look, Mister -- this feller's a newspaper guy, down from Miami. He wants to take pictures. I say he should take pictures.

COP: Why?

FRED: Because that's how other folks are going to know what it's like here. That's the only way they're going to know. I want pictures, and I know my neighbors want pictures. Mister, are you going to let this newspaper feller take pictures, or not?

COP: I ... I ... All right. All right, you win. ~~I'm a~~  
~~public servant and you're the public.~~ Go ahead and take your pictures, Mister.

WARREN: Thank you, officer.

FRED: Come on.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

FRED: We want a lot of pictures took.

WARREN: I think I'd like to get a shot of that house that was blown into the field back there.

FRED: What for?

WARREN: I want to get as many pictures of the destruction of property around here as possible.

SOUND: STEPS OUT

FRED: Property! Who cares about property? Aren't you going to take pictures of the dead?

WARREN: No.

FRED: Why not?

WARREN: That's sensationalism. People don't want to be harrowed with pictures like that.

FRED: You're the guy who was gonna get them to build dikes for us.

WARREN: People weren't interested.

FRED: They weren't, eh? Well, you come with me. I want to show you something they'd better be interested in.

WARREN: Where?

FRED: Over here.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

FRED: I've been keeping away from here all day.

WARREN: Why?

SOUND: STEPS OUT

FRED: That's why.

WARREN: (SHARP INTAKE. LONG PAUSE. THEN A SLOW EXHALATION OF HORROR)

FRED: Yes. My wife. That's the only thing I didn't tell you when I told you what happened here last night. She's dead. I want you to take a picture of her, Mr. Warren.

WARREN: Why, Mr. Barrows, I ... I ...

FRED: Go ahead. Take a picture of her. Print it in your paper, and then take a lot of other pictures, too, Mr. Warren, of a lot of other people, and print them in your paper. I won't go with you. I'm going to stay here -- now -- for a while. But I want you to go and take the pictures, and print them and let people know. And this time you can use my name, Mister.

MUSIC: BRIDGE, THEN UNDER FOR:

(*cut*)

VOICE I: This is terrible! These pictures in the paper.

VOICE II: Something ought to be done.

VOICE I: Why don't they build dikes down there and stop this kind of thing!

VOICE II: I don't know. Isn't there anything we can do to help?

VOICE I: We can write to our Congressmen.

MUSIC: UP, THEN UNDER FOR:

SOUND: GAVEL RAP THREE TIMES

TRENT: And you have voted, Gentlemen of the Legislature, to ask the Congress of the United States for funds for the building of dikes at Lake Okeechobee!

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

TRENT: Please come in, Mr. Warren.

WARREN: Thank you.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

TRENT: Sit down.

WARREN: Thank you.

TRENT: I just wanted to tell you, Mr. Warren how grateful I am to you for giving us the ammunition we needed to push this legislation through. Those pictures you took clinched it. I told you that we of the legislature could only act when you had succeeded with your stories. Well, you certainly did succeed. My congratulations.

WARREN: Mr. Trent ...

TRENT: Yes?

WARREN: Mr. Trent -- an awful lot of people died around Lake Okeechobee. Are you congratulating me on that?

TRENT: Why, I ...



WARREN: Because I don't feel like being congratulated. I'm not very proud of myself. I saw danger, I wrote about it, I told you about it -- and nothing happened. Not a thing happened. Why? Why did thousands of people have to die first? Why did the hurricane have to come, and the tidal wave, and men and women have to die? Why do people wait until it's too late? Why wasn't the warning I wrote warning enough? But it wasn't. It didn't do any good. The power of the press wasn't very powerful.

TRENT: Warren, you're wrong.

WARREN: No, I'm not.

TRENT: You're wrong. You saved a lot of lives -- all the lives that would have been lost in other hurricanes -- two, five, ten years from now. Those people will live out their full spans because of you and your work. Don't make light of the power of the press to me, Mr. Warren. I'm a politician. I know.

MUSIC: CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Cecil Warren of the Miami Daily News with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

MUSIC: FANFARE

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: The cigarette that's really different - the longer,  
finer cigarette that's really "Outstanding!" - PELL  
MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! Good to look at ...

DONALDSON: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

DONALDSON: 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!"

DONALDSON: And - they are mild!

ORCHESTRA: \_ \_ \_ T.G.

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Cecil Warren of the Miami Daily News.

WARREN: Approximately two thousand five hundred people lost their lives in hurricane, but since then the government has constructed a high dike about Lake Okeechobee and provided other safeguards to prevent the recurrence of any such disaster. Millions of dollars have been spent in protection of the area, now recognized as probably the most fertile in the world, and thousands of people live there in safety. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Warren. 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.

SLOANE: 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 Cincinnati Times Star; by-line -- W. F. Carmichael. A BIG STORY that began when the engineer of an express train ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ TRAIN IN MOTION

SLOANE: ... slammed on his brakes ... too late.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ SCREAM OF TRAIN BRAKES

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ THEME WIPE AND FADE TO E.C. 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

(MCRE)

CHAPPELL: Robert Cenedella. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and  
(CONTD) Carl Eastman played the part of Cecil Warren. All  
names in tonight's story except that of Mr. Warren  
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.

THE BIG STORY

2nd REVISION  
Pages 1, 2, 13, 14, 15,  
24, 26 and 27

PROGRAM #48

"PAID IN FULL"

**AS BROADCAST**

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1948

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
RED	BOB SLOANE
NICK	FRANCIS DE SALES
COP	HUMPHREY DAVIS
BILL	FRANCIS DE SALES
HUDSON	JOE BOLAND
MAN A	LARRY HAINES
EDITOR	PAUL MANN
NORA	KAY LORING
CHIEF	JOE BOLAND
SCULLY	HUMPHREY DAVIS
BURNS	PAUL MANN
SID	LARRY HAINES
FAY	KAY LORING

ATX01 0060401

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

SOUND: IN QUICK WITH LOCOMOTIVE RACING AT FULL SPEED.

SCREECH OF WHISTLE

RED: We're making good time, Nick ... We'll be in Cincinnati in thirty minutes if we get the right of way.

NICK: Well, I always said you were the best engineer on-the road.

SOUND: TWO BLASTS OF WHISTLE. HARSH

NICK: What's the matter? Something up ahead?

RED: Can't see till we straighten out ... The headlight doesn't hit the ... Wait a minute, Nick ...

SOUND: TWO SHORT BLASTS

NICK: What is it? What's wrong?

RED: Shut up a second, will you?!

SOUND: SLAM ON BRAKES. SLOW, SHUDDERING STOP UNDER

NICK: Hey ... what are you doing ... ? (PAUSE) What are you stopping for ... ? (PAUSE) Red ... what's the trouble?! ... Answer me!

SOUND: TRAIN GRIND TO STOP

RED: (SHAKEN) I ... I was too late, Nick ... There was a man ... on the track.

MUSIC: IN SHARPLY FOR INTRODUCTION

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Another in the thrilling series based on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight, to W. F. Carmichael of the Cincinnati Times Star, goes the PELL MELL Award for THE BIG STORY.

MUSIC: FANFARE

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

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, there's one cigarette that's really different -  
really "Outstanding!" - PELL MELL. 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, PONG, BONG ... BONG!

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

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

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

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

CHAPPELL: Now the exciting and authentic story of ... "Paid in Full."

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ UP, THEN DOWN AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You, Bill Carmichael, are a veteran police reporter for the Cincinnati Times Star ... And among your friends in the newspaper business, you're known as a soft touch ... a guy who never refuses a bum or a panhandler the price of a cup of coffee ... How you got that way ... you don't know ... unless it's because you were given a hand-out yourself once ... not in money, perhaps ... but in something that was a lot more important to you in those days ... You were just a kid reporter then ... trying to make the grade ... And on your first assignment, you wandered into the press room at Police Headquarters and found the place deserted ...

COP: What you looking for, kid?

BILL: (ABOUT 25) Well ... where is everybody, Officer? I was supposed to come down here and wait for developments on the Gleason case ... but nobody seems to be around ...

COP: You a reporter?

BILL: Yeah ... Times Star ... Where are the other reporters? I mean ... from the other newspapers?

COP: They lit out of here about twenty minutes ago.

BILL: Lit out of here? Where'd they go? What happened?

COP: I couldn't say, son. I've got orders to keep my mouth shut.



2-25-48

BILL: About what? Did something break on the Gleason Case?  
Aw ... come on ... tell me, will you? I'll be scooped if you don't.

COP: And I'll be crowned if I do. ~~The Chief does all the talking to reporters around here.~~

~~BILL: Well, where is he? Can't you even tell me that?~~

~~COP: Nope. He's out on business.~~

~~BILL: Aw ... for Pete's sake ... give me a chance, will you?  
This is my first story. I'll be out on my ear if I miss it.~~

~~COP: Orders is orders, son.~~

BILL: But nobody'll know you told me. It isn't as if you were giving me an exclusive. I just want to catch up with the other reporters.

COP: I'm afraid it's too late for that, kid ... but I'll tell you what I'll do. Get your paper on the phone and I'll give you the whole story.

BILL: You will?

COP: The phone, kid ... quick ... before somebody comes in and hears me ...!

BILL: Gee ... I'll never forget you for this, Officer ... not in a million years!

MUSIC: BRIDGE, THEN DOWN AND UNDER

NARRATOR: Only twenty years of those million years have gone by since then ... but you still remember your first story ... the one that was handed to you by a big hearted cop who took a chance on losing his job so you wouldn't lose yours ... Yes ... twenty years have  
(MORE)

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NARRATOR: gone by ... and hundreds of stories later you find  
(CONTD) yourself in that same press room ... waiting for  
another ... Only this time, the other reporters are  
waiting with you ...

HUDSON: How about a game of rummy, Carmichael?

BILL: No, thanks ... I save my quarters for charity.

HUDSON: Well, I'm charity. With the salary I get, I'm  
practically on relief.

BILL: Nothing doing, Hudson. You're too sharp.

HUDSON: How do you like that? He's got a quarter for every  
tramp and stumble bum in America ... but when it comes  
to a starving reporter, he tightens up.

SOUND: ~~PHONE RINGS~~

BILL: Quiet a second. That's the chief's office.

SOUND: ~~RECEIVER UP~~

BILL: Hello? ... Yes, Chief ... this is Carmichael ... How's  
that? ... The body of a ... Oh ... Thanks for the tip,  
Chief.

SOUND: ~~RECEIVER DOWN~~

HUDSON: What's up, Car? Anything exciting?

BILL: Man's body found on the railroad tracks ... just  
outside of the yards.

HUDSON: Who was it?

BILL: Don't know yet ... They figure it's a vagrant from the  
looks of his clothes.

MAN A: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Probably some hobo slipped off a train  
and got himself run over. It isn't worth a paragraph  
on my sheet.

HUDSON: Mine neither.

BILL: Well, I'll take a look ... It's better than loafing around with a cross word puzzle.

HUDSON: Sit down, will you? You can't make a story out of a lead like that ... even if you do have a soft spot for hoboes.

BILL: Maybe the guy had a mother.

MAN A: It still isn't worth a paragraph ... not unless she's a fan dancer.

BILL: Well, I'll never find out from here ... So long, fellers ... If I come up with a story, you can read about it in The Times Star.

MUSIC: BRIDGE AND UNDER

BILL: Hello, Boss? This is Carmichael ... Look ... it's a dull day down at Headquarters so I'm going out to the railroad yard and see if I can't drum up a story about a hobo ... Yeah ... a dead one ... Okay? ... Okay.

MUSIC: UP AND INTO

SOUND: RAILROAD YARD. SWITCHING ENGINES, ETC. FEW VOICES

COP: All right, all right ... stand back please ... Give 'em room to remove the body ...

BILL: (FADING IN) Hello, Sergeant ...

COP: Well, well ... if it isn't my old friend, Mr. Carmichael. What are you doing out here, Bill?

BILL: Looking for a story ... The Home Edition is screaming for a headline ... and I could use a yarn like the one you handed me twenty years ago.

COP: Well, there's none here, boy ... Just an old tramp run over by a train ... You could have stayed in the press room and gotten all the facts by phone in a little while.

BILL: What are the facts? The body been identified yet?

COP: Just about ... We think it's a man by the name of Moore ... Ernie Moore ... Used to work in the railroad camp ... as a cook for the construction gang ...

BILL: And he got run over by a train? That's kind of weird, isn't it?

COP: Why?

BILL: Well, anybody who knows his way around a railroad yard isn't going to step in front of a train. Couldn't he see it coming?

COP: Not if he was blinded by the headlight. The engineer was doing close to sixty when it happened.

BILL: Even so ... It doesn't take very long to get off a railroad track ...

COP: You think the old guy might have committed suicide, Bill?

BILL: That's a possibility, Sergeant ... only I'm thinking of another possibility.

COP: What?

BILL: Murder.

MUSIC: - - - - BRIDGE AND UNDER

NARRATOR: Your hunch about a murder is just a blind one, of course ... but long after the police and the train crew have left the scene of the accident, you remain behind ... combing the grounds for a clue or hint of evidence to justify your feeling ... Finally, your eyes focus on an object in the weeds ... about thirty feet off the tracks ... You pick it up ... and examine it closely

(MORE)

NARRATOR: ... And then you head for a telephone ... just as fast  
(CONTD) as your legs'll carry you ...

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS. RECEIVER UP

EDITOR: City Desk ...

BILL: (~~FILTER~~) Hello, Boss ... this is Carmichael ...

EDITOR: Well, it's about time we heard from you. Are you still  
on that railroad yarn?

BILL: I'll say I'm on it.

EDITOR: Well, stop wasting your time. We just got a statement  
from Police Headquarters. The death was accidental.

BILL: Accidental, my eye. Moore was murdered! And we're the  
only paper in town with the story!

EDITOR: What are you talking about?

BILL: Hold page one for a re-plate, Boss. And give me the  
fastest dictation girl in the office. We've still got  
ten minutes for the Home Edition.

EDITOR: Nora ...

NORA: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Yes, Mr. Johnson?

EDITOR: Pick up the other line, Nora ... and get this down.  
Carmichael's on a rampage.

NORA: (OFF) Yes, sir.

SOUND: FILTER CLICK

NORA: (FILTER) I'm on, Mr. Carmichael.

BILL: Now look, Nora ... no interruptions. I'll give it to  
you loud and clear but you've got to get it the first  
time

NORA: (FILTER) Right.

BILL: Here's your start ... The body of Ernest L. Moore ... former construction camp cook for the J. and R. Railroad ... was found today on the yard tracks just outside of Logantown ... Police announced that Moore was the victim of a foul murder ...

EDITOR: Foul murder? Police announced that the death was accidental.

BILL: Johnson ... do you want to make the Home Edition or don't you? ~~This is a scoop!~~

~~EDITOR: On the police?~~

~~BILL: On everybody!~~ Now get the rest of this, Nora ... Moore was brutally beaten by an unknown assailant ... and his body was deliberately placed on the rails to cover up the fact that a murder had been committed ... Robbery is said to be the motive ... but police are without clues.

EDITOR: I'll say they're without clues. They haven't even heard about this yet.

BILL: Well, they will ... as soon as I get down to Headquarters. Run the story, Johnson ... I'll clear it with the Chief of Police when we're on the streets.

EDITOR: Okay, sweetheart ... you've never given me a bum steer before ... but if this is the first one ... you'd better stay away from The Chief of Police!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

CHIEF: Confound it, Carmichael ... you had no right to print a story like this ... !

BILL: Now don't get excited, Chief ...

CHIEF: Victim of a foul murder ... ! Police are without clues ... ! How do you know what the police are without?

BILL: Well, I figured you couldn't have any clues if ...

CHIEF: You didn't figure at all. You just invented a murder mystery so your paper would have a story!

BILL: I didn't invent it, Chief ... Moore was murdered ... and his body was left on the tracks to ...

CHIEF: Now look, Carmichael ... no one likes to see you get a scoop more than I do ... But why manufacture one at my expense? Aren't there enough unsolved crimes on the books ... without your cooking up a murder for me?

BILL: Okay, okay ... I should have called you before I phoned in the story ... but that still doesn't take away from the evidence I found.

CHIEF: What evidence?

BILL: This ...

SOUND: THUMP OF HEAVY METAL ON DESK ... UNWRAP PAPER UNDER

BILL: This is a coupling pin, Chief ... and it's covered with bloodstains ... fresh bloodstains ...

CHIEF: Where did you find it?

BILL: About thirty feet from where the so-called accident took place ... It was in the weeds next to the tracks ...

CHIEF: Well, what makes you think it was used on old man Moore?

BILL: It was used on somebody, Chief ... and if you look closely, you'll see some fine strands of gray hair.

CHIEF: I'll have this examined right away, Carmichael. Where can I get in touch with you?

BILL: Well ... I thought I'd run up to the construction camp and have a chat with some of the boys ... Maybe I can find out who used this pin.

CHIEF: Better watch your step, Bill. That's a rough gang.

BILL: Don't worry about me, Chief. I lead a charmed life.

MUSIC: BRIDGE AND UNDER

~~NARRATOR: It's a rough gang ... up there in the railroad camp ... a tough crew of spike maulers who seem to resent the idea of a reporter looking for a story ... And as you sit beside a hot stove in an old, remodeled caboose, you can feel their tension mounting ...~~

SCULLY: What's the idea of asking so many questions, Mister?

BILL: Well, I told you ... I'm a reporter for The Times Star ... and I thought you fellows might give me some information for a feature yarn ...

BURNS: We don't know nothin' about Ernie Moore, Mister ... He used to keep to himself ...

BILL: Well ... didn't he take this job here because he'd lost all his money in a grocery store? I think one of you men said he was trying to get back on his feet again.

SCULLY: That's right. I said it.

BILL: Well ... what about the money he made while he was working here? Didn't he save any of it?

BURNS: Sure he saved it ... He always carried it on him, too ... on account of he didn't trust banks.



BILL: He carried the money on him?

BURNS: Yeah ... in his pocket. He always ...

SCULLY: Burns ... you talk too much for your own good. Why should we tell this guy anything? He thinks one of us killed Ernie Moore.

BILL: I didn't say that ... but it certainly looks as if Moore was murdered for his money ... Not a cent was found on the body.

SCULLY: So what? We always knew he'd get it some night ... walkin' along the tracks the way he did ... I don't think he was murdered at all ... I think he was picked off by that train ...

BILL: You weren't around when it happened, were you?

SCULLY: No.

BILL: Well ... thanks a lot, fellows ... I've got to be getting back to work ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ FEW FOOTSTEPS. DOOR OPENS.

BILL: If you hear of anything interesting, you can always reach me at the Press Room down at Headquarters.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ DOOR CLOSES. FEW FOOTSTEPS DOWN STAIRS. DOOR OPENS.  
OFF

SCULLY: (OFF) Hey, Mister.

BILL: Yes?

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ DOOR CLOSES, OFF. FEW APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS DOWN STAIRS

SCULLY: (FADING IN) Mind if I talk to you a second, Mister?

BILL: Why, no ... what is it?

SCULLY: You're gonna get yourself into a lot of trouble if you keep asking questions about Ernie Moore.

THE BIG STORY #48

- 13 -

(REVISED) 2-25-48

*(Distinct sound)*

BILL: Why?

SCULLY: Because the guy that killed him might not like it. He committed one murder already, Mister ... and if anybody tries to pin it on him ... he might commit one more!

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)

ATX01 0060414

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

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, there's one cigarette that's really different - really "Outstanding!" - PELL MELL!

HARRICE: When you pick up a PELL MELL, you can see the difference - you can feel the difference. And when you smoke a PELL MELL, you can taste the difference.

CHAPPELL: 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, PONG, 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!

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

HARRICE: Now we return you to your narrator, Bob Sloane, and tonight's Big Story.

NARRATOR: You, Bill Carmichael of the Cincinnati Times Star -- a veteran crime reporter with a soft spot in your heart for bums and panhandlers -- are investigating the murder of Ernest L. Moore -- an old man who worked as a cook in a railroad camp ... From what you've learned so far, Moore was carrying ~~several~~ <sup>four</sup> hundred dollars on the night he was robbed and brutally murdered -- but who killed him is still a mystery ... a mystery that keeps you running down to Police Headquarters -- in search of clues ... And while you're there, you bump into Sergeant Maloney -- the grand old cop who gave you your first big story -- some twenty years ago ...

COP: Somebody was in here looking for you, Bill. You just missed him.

BILL: Who?

COP: Well, he wouldn't give me his name -- but he said it was important.

BILL: That's nice. How am I going to find him if I don't know who he is?

COP: Well ... he left a message for you ... Here ... I've got the envelope right here ...

BILL: Let me see that ...

SOUND: \_\_\_\_\_ TEAR OPEN ENVELOPE

BILL: (READING) "Dear Mr. Carmichael -- I've got a tip for you -- on the Moore case ... If you want to hear it -- meet me at the corner of 12th and Winter Street about six o'clock tonight ..." Who is this bird, Maloney?

COP: I never saw him before in my life ... ~~But it might be one of your friends, Bill.~~ He looked like a panhandler.

~~BILL: Well, gh my friends don't look like panhandlers ...  
I wonder why he came here.~~

~~COP: Probably thought he could get a hand-out ... This stuff about the murder sounds like a lot of blarney to me.~~

BILL: ~~Maybe not, Maloney~~ ... I'll have to see him and find out.

COP: You mean you're going down to 12th and Winter Street at six o'clock?

BILL: Why not? The most I can lose is a dime for a cup of coffee!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: STREET NOISES

BURNS: Say, Mister -- would you mind stakin' a guy to the price of a bed for tonight? I ain't got no place to sleep.

BILL: Well, I ... I guess I can spare a quarter if that's ...

BURNS: (LOW) Don't reach for it now, Mr. Carmichael.

BILL: Huh?

BURNS: Just step into this first doorway with me -- and keep out of sight ... I don't want nobody to see us together.

BILL: Wait a minute. Who are you?

BURNS: It's okay, I tell you. I'm the guy that left you the note at Police Headquarters. Don't you want to hear the tip I've got?

BILL: Well ... sure ...

BURNS: All right then ... step inside ...

SOUND: - - - - DOOR OPENS

BURNS: It ain't safe to do much talkin' on the streets. You can't tell who's around.

SOUND: - - - - DOOR CLOSES

BURNS: You don't remember me -- do you, Mr. Carmichael.

BILL: No ... not exactly ...

BURNS: Well, I remember you ... You were up to the railroad camp the other night -- asking a lot of questions about who could have killed Ernie Moore ...

BILL: Oh -- are you the man who warned me to lay off?

BURNS: No ... ~~That was Scully~~ ... But I was sittin' right next to him ... My name is Burns.

BILL: Well ... what's the tip you were going to give me, Mr. Burns?

BURNS: I'm going to tell you who committed the murder.

BILL: Who?

BURNS: A guy by the name of Hughson -- Sid Hughson ...

BILL: That doesn't tell me much ... Who's Sid Hughson?

BURNS: A spike mauler ... on the construction crew ... and a mighty tough hombre ... That's why everybody is afraid to talk about him.

BILL: I see.

BURNS: Hughson was always broke, Mr. Carmichael ... and he tried to borrow money from Ernie Moore on the night of the murder ...

BILL: Well, what makes you think he killed him?

BURNS: Moore turned him down ... and the next morning he was found dead ...

BILL: That still doesn't pin it on this Hughson man!

BURNS: Doesn't it? Hughson hasn't been back on the job ever since. He's been stayin' in town -- flashing a big bankroll -- and spendin' money high, wide and handsome!

BILL: Look, Burns -- why are you telling me all this?

BURNS: 'Cause I want to do you a favor ...

BILL: Oh, really?

BURNS: You once done me one ... and I want to pay you back ...

BILL: What sort of a favor did I ever do you?

BURNS: You found me a place to sleep one night -- about ~~five winters ago ... I blew into the chink and asked the Sarge to let me sleep on the floor ... but if it wasn't for what you said to him, he never would have let me...~~

~~BILL: Say ... that's right ... I remember your face now ...~~

BURNS: Sure ... You bought me rolls and coffee the next morning ... and I swore I'd never forget you, Mister ...

BILL: Well, if this tip of yours works out -- you've paid me back -- in full ... only -- where can I locate Sid Hughson?

BURNS: Well, I don't know for sure -- but you ought to find him in one of them waterfront cafes ... He's been hittin' the bottle pretty steady ...

BILL: Okay, Burns -- thanks a million for giving me the tip ... You want to come with me and help me look for ...?

BURNS: No, sir! If you're going to tangle with Sid Hughson, I'm going to be far, far away!

MUSIC: BRIDGE, SEGUE TO TINNY PIANOLA EFFECT IN B.G.

SOUND: JOINT ATMOSPHERE. GLASSES, ETC.

SID: (SINGING) For I'm a jolly good fellow ...  
I'm a jolly good fellow ...

FAY: Sid -- you're makin' too much noise.

SID: What do you mean -- I'm makin' too much noise? I got a right to sing, ain't I? I'm payin' for the drinks, ain't I?

FAY: Sure, but ...

SID: Then what are you kickin' about? If anybody says anything I'll break his arm.

FAY: Ow! ... Sid -- Look out ...

SID: What's the matter?

FAY: You hurt my arm, you big lug.

SID: Go on -- I didn't hardly touch you.

FAY: No? I'll be black and blue in the morning.

SID: That's cause you ain't got no strength, Fay ... You ought to work on the railroad for a while ... Makes you tough -- like me ...

FAY: Yeah ... I know ...

SID: You ought to see the grip I got ... I can pick up a bottle of hooch with ~~one hand~~ and ...

SOUND: BOTTLE BREAKS



SID: You see? I can break it with my fingers.

FAY: Sid ... you cut yourself ...

SID: Not bad ... Just a little scratch ...

FAY: Well, go wash it off -- it looks terrible.

SID: Okay, okay -- don't be such a killjoy ... (THEN FADING  
AS HE SINGS) I'm a jolly good fellow ...  
I'm a jolly good fellow ...

~~FAY: (TO SELF) Well, at least he thinks so ...~~

BILL: (FADING IN) Uh ... excuse me, Miss ...

FAY: Yes?

BILL: I'm Bill Carmichael ... of the Times Star ... I  
~~thought you might know the name, perhaps.~~

~~FAY: Why should I? --~~

~~BILL: Well ... most of the people around here do ... I've  
staked at least half of these men to a decent meal  
at one time or another ... and ...~~

FAY: ~~Oh, that's right ... I've heard about you ...~~ Whatcha  
doin' here? Looking for a story?

BILL: Well ... kind of ... I'm doing a feature yarn on  
railroad workers ... and I thought you might give me  
a little information about your drinking partner.

FAY: Sid Hughson?

BILL: Yeah ... He's a big spender, isn't he?

FAY: Who -- Sid? He's a big bull thrower.

BILL: What do you mean?

FAY: He never used to spend any money till a couple of days  
ago ... Then he came down here loaded with fifty  
dollar bills and started blowin' everybody to drinks ...

BILL: Just a couple of days ago, huh? Did he say where he got the money?

FAY: No ... he gives you a different answer every time you ask him ... Say what kind of a story are you writing, Mister?

BILL: A big story ... And if you'll excuse me, <sup>Bill</sup> Pay -- I'll call up the boss and let him know where ...

SID: (FADING IN) Hey, you ... What are you up to, wise guy?

BILL: Look out, will you? Let go of my coat.

FAY: Sid ...

SID: Are you trying to steal my girl?

BILL: No ... of course not ...

SID: 'Cause if you are, I'll bust your teeth in.

FAY: Leave him alone, Sid ... He's a reporter ...

BILL: That's right ... Bill Carmichael -- Times Star ...

SID: What do you want? I don't trust reporters ...

BILL: Well, you can trust me ... All I do is write stories.

SID: Okay, Carmichael ... Sit down and have a drink ...

BILL: Well, I have to be getting back to the office, Sid ...

SID: Sit down, I said ... I'm gonna buy you a drink!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE AND UNDER

BILL: No kidding, Hughson ... I appreciate your hospitality ... but I really have to get back to the office ...

SID: Stop the noise ... We're gonna have another drink!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ UP, THEN DOWN AND UNDER

(Cue)

NARRATOR: You sit there with a big giant of a man who holds your arm in a vise-like grip ... and insists on plying you with drinks .... You don't know yet if he's just being sociable ... or if he really suspects what you're on to ... so you sit there ... waiting ... watching ... hoping for an opening that'll let you break away ... At last it comes ... Hughson leans his sleepy head against the wall ... and drops off into slumber ... A moment later, you're on the phone ... talking to the Chief of Police ...

BILL: Hughson is the murderer, Chief ... He was dead broke only a few days ago -- and now he's tossing money around as if he were made of it! He's still got some of it on him!

CHIEF: (FILTER) All right, all right ... I'll have a warrant sworn out for his arrest right away! Where can we pick him up?

BILL: Just where I left him -- across the street in a waterfront cafe ... But you'll have to move fast! He may wake up any minute!

CHIEF: Okay -- I'll send down the best man I've got ... Jerry Stokes ...

BILL: Wait a second, Chief -- don't send Stokes ... send me Sergeant Maloney.

CHIEF: Are you crazy? He's an old man. He's going to be retired in four days.

BILL: That's just why I want him. If he makes this pinch, he can retire in a blaze of glory ... He can have all the credit for solving the case ... I won't claim any part of it ...

CHIEF: Carmichael ... are you giving away charity again?

BILL: No ... this is an old debt, Chief ... Maloney did me a big turn about twenty years ago ... and this is the last chance I'll have to pay him back ... Will you send him down?

CHIEF: Okay, Bill -- Sergeant Maloney it is!

MUSIC: ----- BRIDGE AND UNDER  
(A ...)

BILL: There's your man, Sergeant ... Wake him up and get him into the wagon ...

COP: Hey -- Hughson ... Is that your name -- Sid Hughson?

SID: (GROGGY) Yeah ...'

COP: Well, come with me. You're under arrest.

MUSIC: ----- STING AND UNDER

CHIEF: (DRIVING) Now tell the truth, Hughson ... You killed Ernie Moore and robbed him of three hundred dollars.

SID: No!

COP: Then where did you get all the money you've been spending lately? Come on -- answer me! Where did you get it!

SID: I ... I found it ...

COP: Found it in a dead man's pocket! Come on, Hughson -- we want the truth! And we'll get it if we have to dig it out of you!

MUSIC: ----- STING AND UNDER

(Cue)

COP: You killed him didn't you? He wouldn't lend you the money you wanted -- so you hit him over the head with a coupling pin and left his body on the railroad tracks ... You killed him in cold blood -- didn't you? For three hundred bucks.

SID: All right, all right -- I killed him! For ten bucks! He wouldn't lend me ten bucks, so I killed him and took every cent he had.

CHIEF: Okay, Maloney ... take him away ... !

MUSIC: UP, THEN DOWN AND UNDER

NARRATOR: Sid Hughson confesses to the murder of Ernie Moore and your big story is complete ... only you can't take any credit for solving the case because you want Sergeant Maloney to retire from the force in a blaze of glory ... You can't even tell your City Editor about it because he'd want you to write up the story with your name in the by-line ... All you can do is go back to the office and write your big story as if it were a little one ... And as the pages start rolling from your typewriter, the City Editor locks over your shoulder and says ...

EDITOR: Can't understand it, Carmichael ... You've been on this case for five days solid ... and you didn't even have a look-in on the final solution.

BILL: Well, I got the story, Boss.

EDITOR: I know you got the story ... but look who made it for you.

BILL: Sergeant Maloney? He's a good man, Boss.

EDITOR: Well, you're a pretty hep character yourself,  
Carmichael ... and this was your baby ... How did  
you ever let one of the oldest has-beens on the  
police force beat you to the solution?

BILL: Oh, I don't know ... That's the way it goes sometimes  
... One day it's your turn -- and the next it's  
somebody else's.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from  
W. F. Carmichael of the Cincinnati Times Star, with  
the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

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

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: The cigarette that's really different - the longer,  
finer cigarette that's really "Outstanding!" - PELL  
MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! 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 W. F. Carmichael of the Cincinnati Times Star.

BILL: Killer in tonight's BIG STORY was indicted, brought to trial, convicted of murder and sentenced to life imprisonment in the Ohio State Penitentiary, where he has since died. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Carmichael. 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 Tulsa, Oklahoma, World; by-line -- Peter Dixon. A BIG STORY about a boy ... and a girl ... and a romance ... and ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ EXPLOSION

HARRICE: ... an explosion

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 your narrator, Bob Sloane, and Francis De Sales played the part of W. F. Carmichael. All names in tonight's story except that of Mr. Carmichael were fictitious; but the dramatization was based on a true and authentic case.



THE BIG STORY #48

- 28 - (ADDED)

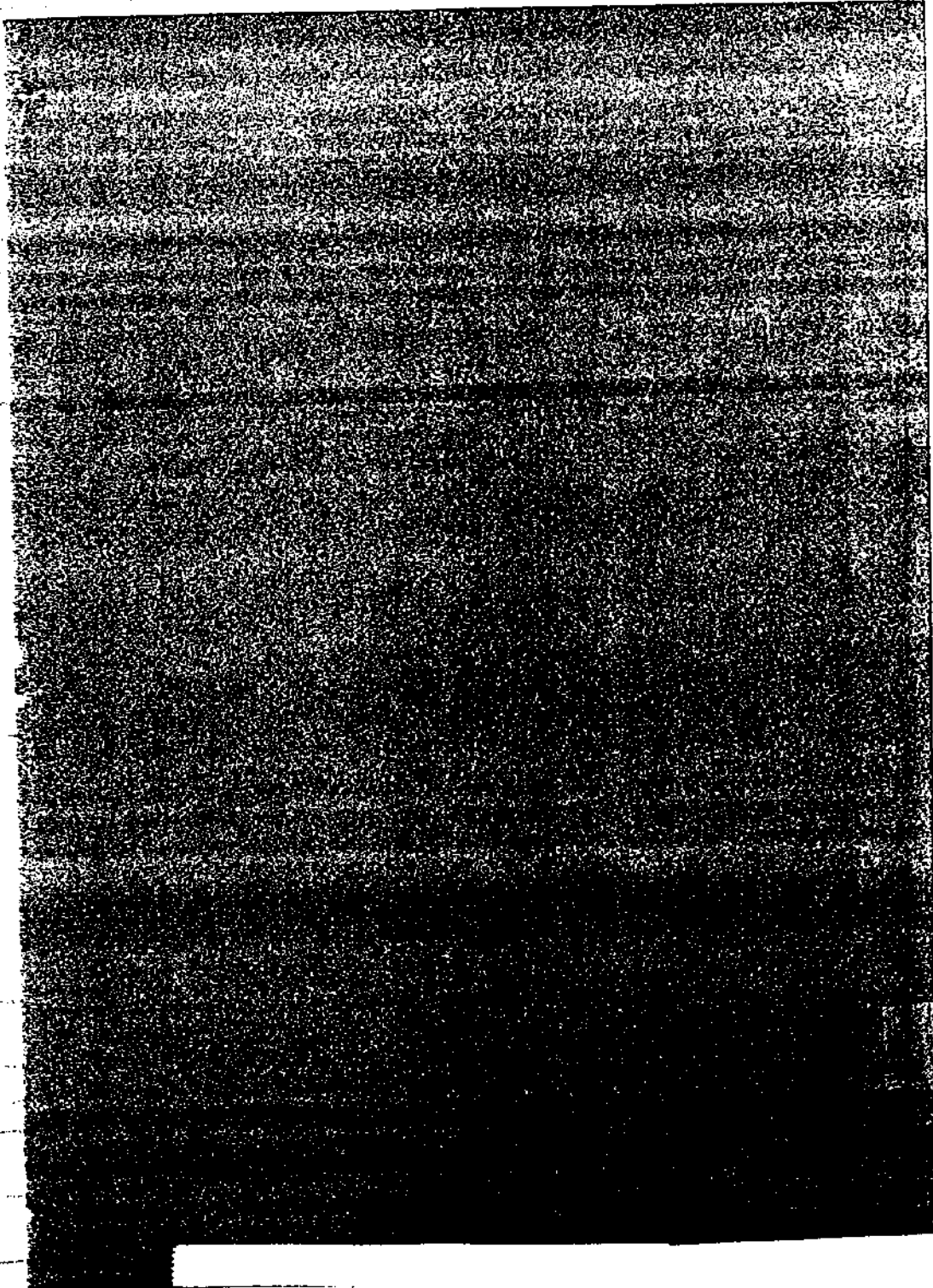
2-25-48

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

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of  
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, and reminding you that  
this week is American Brotherhood Week. Practice  
Democracy! Practice Brotherhood! Enjoy its benefits!

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

ATX01 0060429



ATX01 0060430

1st REVISION

THE BIG STORY

Pages 1, 3, 4, 7, 11,  
12, 15, 16, 22, 26, 27  
and 28.

PROGRAM #49

(Pages 29 and 30 added.)

"THE STORY BEHIND A STORY"

AS BROADCAST

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3, 1948

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
PETER DIXON	JAMES McCALLION
ALINE	MARY SHIPP
JIM	FRANCIS DE SALES
EDITOR	BOB SLOANE
CONDUCTOR	JUANO HERNANDEZ
BILL	WILLIAM KEENE
BUD	FRANCIS DE SALES
SAM	<del>WILLIAM KEENE</del> Juano Hernandez
BERNIE	<del>JUANO HERNANDEZ</del> William Keene

ATX01 0060431

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

SOUND: RATTLE OF NEWSPAPER

PETER: Finished with that newspaper yet, huh, Jim?

JIM: (OLDER) Sure, kid. Here you are.

SOUND: PAPER BEING HANDED OVER

JIM: How come you're staying home tonight, instead of going out on the town?

PETER: I'm broke. If only that reporter's job would come through.

JIM: Any news on it?

PETER: The editor says he'll keep me in mind. (WITH LONGING)  
Oh, brother! Wouldn't it be something to be sitting here some evening and all of a sudden to have the phone ring ...

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

PETER: Hey. Hey! The phone!

JIM: (SMILING) Take it easy, kid.

SOUND: PHONE UP

PETER: Hello. Yeah. This is him -- I mean me. What? I am! Oh, brother! Well, thank you, sir. Thank you.

SOUND: PHONE UP

PETER: Well, whadda ya know? Whadda ya know! I'm a reporter.

MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER FOR

(Cue)

THE BIG STORY #49

- 2 -

3-3-48

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY! Another in a thrilling series based on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight ... to Peter Dixon of the Tulsa, Oklahoma, World ... goes the PELL MELL Award for ... THE BIG STORY.

MUSIC: ----- FANFARE

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0060433

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, there's one cigarette that's really different -  
really "Outstanding!" - PELL MELL. 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 exciting and authentic case of ... "The Story Behind A Story."

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

NARRATOR: You are Peter Dixon, reporter for the Tulsa, Oklahoma, World -- young, ambitious and eager for that day when your Big Story will walk up to you and say, "Howdy." So far, you've covered some world shaking events, like the time Franklin Peabody got a ticket for parking overtime on Main Street, and Mrs. Brackett over on the West side of town had triplets. But your day will come, you say to yourself. Only right now, you aren't saying anything to yourself. You're saying it out loud to a very pretty blonde, named Aline ...

PETER: ... Furthermore, Aline, I think you're taking a ridiculous attitude about the whole thing.

ALINE: I'm taking a ridiculous attitude! Well, I like that! I haven't said anything except...

PETER: Except you won't marry me, and that's ridiculous!

ALINE: Oh, is it? I suppose marrying you wouldn't be ridiculous!

PETER: You didn't think it would be when you took my ring.

ALINE: Oh! So that's what you're worrying about! Well, here, Mr. Dixon, is your ring back. Now you won't have to finish up paying the installments on it.

PETER: (WITH DIGNITY) Thank you very much. Am I to presume that this signifies our engagement is terminated?

ALINE: It means we're finished, if that's what you mean.

PETER: Precisely to what I was referring.

ALINE: (EXASPERATED) Oh, Peter, why don't you come off it!

PETER: (RESERVED) Come off what?

ALINE: Your high and mighty attitude. Honestly, being with you is like spending an evening with the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

PETER: (HURT) Thank you.

ALINE: That's what I mean! Why do you have to be so -- so -- so what you are?

PETER: Aline, I am a reporter.

ALINE: That's no excuse.

PETER: I lead a very busy life. I like to spend a quiet evening with my fiancee, serenely discussing our future. I don't care to go out to a night club and get stepped on and pushed about. I lead a hazardous enough life as a reporter.

ALINE: Oh, yes. Terribly hazardous. Why, I heard of a reporter once who caught his hand in the typewriter carriage and mangled it dreadfully.

PETER: A reporter --

ALINE: (MAD) A reporter reports. And you report multiple births and Better Businessmen lunches at the Mitchell Hotel. Well, no, thank you. Not for me. I want to marry a man who does something ... who likes a little life and excitement once in a while.

PETER: Very well, Aline. That's that.

ALINE: You're so right. That is that.

MUSIC: ----- BRIDGE\_ (Cue)



PETER: ... So then I said to her, "Aline, you're taking a ridiculous attitude about the whole matter." Oh, I was pretty forceful, Jim. I didn't pull any punches.

JIM: Mmmmm. And what did she say?

PETER: (RUEFULLY) She turned me down cold.

JIM: (AMUSED) Oh, I see. Well, that's what comes of being pretty forceful.

PETER: Well, at least I told her off. I didn't let her get the last word.

JIM: Good, good.

PETER: At least, I don't think so. She was shouting something when I walked down the porch steps.

JIM: (LAUGHS HEARTILY) Pete. Sit down. Relax. Listen to some words of wisdom from your understanding room-mate.

PETER: Like what?

JIM: A woman is going to do what she wants to do, and nothing or nobody can stop her. The sooner you face that, the happier you'll be.

~~PETER: But she wants me to be a hero!~~

~~JIM: Forget her then. There are plenty of fish in the sea.~~

~~PETER: But they're not like Aline.~~

~~JIM: Then be a HERO.~~

PETER: (SORE) She wants me to get a big story. She thinks you're not a reporter unless you get at least one Big Story a week.

JIM: Not customary, ~~is it?~~ *huh?*

PETER: Not customary? Not customary?! (CONTROLLING HIMSELF WITH DIFFICULTY) Listen, Jim. Last week a reporter upstate got a tip on a holdup car and traced it down. He found it in the garage, complete with evidence against a suspect. So he cracks the case. So he gets his picture in the paper. He's been a reporter for twenty-seven years, and this is the first time he's ever had a by-line. Twenty-seven years! And Aline thinks I should have six Big Stories under my belt already.

JIM: Like I said, kid, there are other fish in the sea.

PETER: (NOT LISTENING) I'll show that gal. I'll get a Big Story if it's the last thing I do. (WORKING UP TO IT) Maybe I'll get a call, see? Maybe a -- a holdup downtown. Let's say -- uh -- three masked men seen departing from the scene of the crime. The police go after them. I follow. I catch sight of the bandits at a lonely roadhouse. The police are cold on the trail. I'm there alone with three armed bandits on a barren stretch of marshland ...

JIM: (DRYLY) What happened to the lonely roadhouse?

PETER: The bandits pull their guns ... I'm looking down the barrel of a steely revolver. They identify me as a reporter ... a trigger finger tightens.

JIM: Thank you - and goodnight, Peter Dixon.

PETER: (OBLIVIOUS) <sup>speaks,</sup> That'd fix her good. Or I could trace down some counterfeiting ring in Tulsa. I'm tracking this man, see, waiting for him in a cheap hotel room, when suddenly ...

SOUND: PHONE RINGS ...

JIM: The phone rings.

PETER: Yeah, the phone rings, and I ...

SOUND: PHONE RINGS AGAIN

PETER: Hey, that is the phone!

JIM: Right again, Sherlock.

PETER: I'll get it ...

SOUND: PHONE UP

PETER: Hello, Dixon speaking.

EDITOR: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Dixon, this is Burgess down at the World.

PETER: Yes, sir.

EDITOR: ~~Get a story for you to cover now~~

PETER: ~~What's up?~~

EDITOR: <sup>There's</sup> Mine explosion over in Wilburton. <sup>Want you to cover it.</sup> ~~About a hundred miners down there, all believed dead. The fire's still raging. Can you get over in a hurry?~~

PETER: Me? Why don't you send Johnson? Or Murphy?

EDITOR: They're busy. Best bet's a train to McAlester, and a taxi to Wilburton.

PETER: Right, Chief. Any instructions?

EDITOR: Nope. It's all yours. Pretty important assignment for a kid, but you're the only man I can spare. ~~It's~~

(MORE)

EDITOR:  
(CONTD)

*Wilburton's*  
~~a big explosion~~, right in our circulation center, so  
make it good. If you can get an exclusive angle on  
it, it may turn out to be a Big Story.

PETER: Okay. So long.

EDITOR: Right.

SOUND: PHONE UP

JIM: So the eager beaver goes to work, eh?

PETER: Yeah. Fire in a mine in Wilburton. He said it might  
turn out to be a big story, and I ... (TAKE) A Big  
Story! Hey, hand me that phone.

JIM: What for?

PETER: I'm going to call Aline and tell her to come down to  
the station and see me off. This is dangerous work.  
Oh, brother -- I can just hear her telling me to take  
care of myself.

MUSIC: SHORT BRIDGE

SOUND: PUFFING OF TRAIN UNDER

ALINE: (MOCKING) Now, take care of yourself, Peter. Think  
of Columbus, think of Boone, think of Marco Polo!

PETER: Ah, now, look, Aline ...

ALINE: This is hazardous work, Pete. Keep calm.

PETER: (SORE) All right, all right -- have it your own way.

ALINE: (NEEDLING HIM) Now, Peter. Keep calm. Remember,  
every nerve must be alert, every muscle tensed ...

PETER: (DESPERATELY) Listen, Aline, I ...

CONDUCTOR: (SHOUTING) All aboard!

SOUND: TRAIN STARTS CHUGGING

PETER: Aline, I ...

CONDUCTOR: All aboard!

PETER: Aw, nuts. Goodbye, Aline.

ALINE: (CALLING FROM OFF) Goodbye; Peter. Remember ... the eyes of a nation are upon you!

MUSIC: WIPE STATION B.G. AND GO OUT UNDER

SOUND: AD LIBS

PETER: (CALLING) Hey, Eastman! Bill Eastman!

BILL: (FADING IN) Oh, hello, Dixon.

PETER: Gee, this is awful, isn't it? I've never been around a mine disaster before.

BILL: It's not pretty. You just get here?

PETER: Yeah. I came up from Tulsa by train. When did you get here?

BILL: I work for a progressive paper, Dixon. They flew me up from Oklahoma City.

PETER: (DISMAY) Flew?

BILL: Yeah. Flew. As in plane.

PETER: (STUNNED) Well, then, you must have covered this and written your story already.

BILL: You are so right.

PETER: (TRAGIC) Then -- then I've been scooped.

BILL: Well, let's just say I have my story in ... and you don't.

PETER: Then what are you doing around here?

BILL: Looking for some follow-up angles. Exclusive stuff. You know.

PETER: I see. Well, I guess I can look for that, too.

BILL: I guess you can.

PETER: Bring me up to date, huh, Eastman?

BILL: Okay, kid. There was a blast in mine twenty-one. Cause, unknown. Ninety-one miners still down there. All believed dead. Fire raging in the fourteen west level. The rescue parties have left the mine because they're afraid of another explosion on account of the fire.

PETER: I see. Anything else?

BILL: That's all. They're trying to get men to volunteer to go down and fight the fire but nobody wants to. ~~You can't blame them. It's practically suicide to go down, and they're almost positive that none of the miners trapped down there are still alive.~~

PETER: I see. Well, thanks for the dope, Eastman. All I need now is a story!

MUSIC: - - - - BRIDGE

PETER: Mind if I warm myself at your bonfire for a minute, bud?

BUD: Come ahead.

PETER: Thanks. Smoke?

BUD: Thanks. Don't mind if I do.

PETER: Cold out here.

BUD: Yep. You from the city?

PETER: Tulsa. I'm a reporter for the World.

BUD: Oh.

PETER: And you?

BUD: I'm assigned to guard the entrance to the air shaft here. (WARNINGLY) Nobody allowed to go any closer than this, see?

PETER: I see.

BUD: Good.

PETER: But I'd like to have a look ~~below~~, just the same.

~~BUD: Crazy type feller, huh?~~

~~PETER: A reporter.~~

~~BUD: (UNDERSTANDING) Oh yeah. Well.~~

PETER: Any chance of my going below?

BUD: Not a one. Unless ...

PETER: Unless what?

BUD: You really want a looksse down there?

PETER: You heard me.

BUD: You're sure now?

PETER: Sure, I'm sure.

BUD: Well, see those men over there? Walking with flashlights?

PETER: Yeah. What about them?

BUD: They'll pass the air shaft here, see? And when they do, you just slip in line behind the last one.

PETER: I get you. And just follow them to the mine shaft, huh?

BUD: That's the ticket. (LOW) Watch it now. Here they come.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ SCRUNCH OF MANY FEET ON SAND AND GRAVEL COMING  
NEARER AND NEARER

BUD: (WHISPER) Okay. Now. Fall in.

PETER: (LOW) Right. Thanks a lot, feller.

BUD: So long. Good luck.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ SCRUNCH OF FEET AGAIN - WE GO WITH THEM NOW UNTIL

SAM: All right, men. Stop here a minute.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ FEET STOP

SAM: Now, we'll take it easy, see? Don't dislodge anything  
... and don't worry about anything but the fire on  
this trip, see?

ALL: MURMUR OF ASSENT

SAM: Okay, then. We'll just ... (STOPS) Wait a minute.  
You over there!

PETER: Me?

SAM: Yeah. You a visiting miner?

PETER: (GLIBLY) That's right.

SAM: How much experience underground?

PETER: Uh -- three years.

SAM: Well, okay. I guess you'll do. Lemme get your  
record. Name?

PETER: Peter Dixon. D-I-X-O-N.

SAM: Address?

PETER: 491 Euclid Street, Tulsa.

SAM: Name and address of your nearest living relative?

PETER: My nearest living relative! What do you want that  
for?

SAM: What do you think? This <sup>ain't tiddle-winks</sup> ~~isn't parades~~ we're  
playing, you know.



PETER: Oh. No. I guess not.

SAM: (SUSPICIOUSLY) Hey, do you know what you volunteered for?

PETER: (CAUGHT) Well, yes. That is ... well, no. I mean ... I'm not sure.

SAM: Out of a hundred men, we six volunteered to risk it and go down into the mine and see if we can put out the fire. There's poison gases down there, carbon monoxide and black damp ... maybe a cave-in ... chances are, another explosion. That's what you volunteered for.

PETER: (WEAKLY) I did?

SAM: Yes. Now, do you want to go through with it?

PETER: (UNHAPPILY) Well, I don't think ... I mean ... that's a little out of my line of work. That is, I ... (HOLD)

MUSIC: SLIGHT STING AND HOLD UNDER

ALINE: (~~BENE~~ - MOCKING) Oh yes! A reporter's work is terribly hazardous. I heard of a reporter once who caught his hand in a typewriter carriage. Well, not for me, thank you. I want to marry a man who does something.

MUSIC: STING AGAIN AND OUT

SAM: (IMPATIENTLY) Well, come on! Do you want to go down or don't you?

PETER: (PAUSE - THEN) I'm with you. Lead the way.

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? 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, there's one cigarette that's really different - really "Outstanding!" - PELL MELL!

HARRICE: When you pick up a PELL MELL, you can see the difference - you can feel the difference. And when you smoke a PELL MELL, you can taste the difference.

CHAPPELL: 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!

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!

MUSIC: - - - - INTRODUCTION AND UNDER

HARRICE: Now we return you to your narrator, Bob Sloane, and tonight's BIG STORY.

NARRATOR: You, Peter Dixon, reporter for the Tulsa World, are up to your ears in what is shaping up to be your Big Story. You volunteer to go down into a mine shaft with six other men to fight a raging fire, and now, you begin to wonder why. It may be a story, but it's not fun. The shaft is inky black, and you climb down almost perpendicular ladders covered with slime. The only light is from the electric cap lights of the miners. You have a flashlight, but you don't dare use it. You need both hands for that ladder. The condensing moisture drips down on you, as you feel your torturous way down two hundred feet below the surface of the earth. And then, the head miner says...

SAM: Hold it, boys. Here we are.

BERNIE: (WHISTLES SOFTLY) Look at that, will ya?

SAM: Timbers gave way.

BERNIE: Where do we go from here?

SAM: To the fire. Between these slabs of rock. We have to squeeze through lying down. Ready?

BERNIE: Where's the bird?

PETER: The bird?

BERNIE: The canary.

~~DOWN~~  
PETER: (break)  
Canary? Are you going nuts? Here we are in a mine, water up to our ankles and fire, and you bring company along. You have to have your pets with you!

BERNIE: That's right. Pretty important net, too.

SAM: It's this way. Carbon monoxide ain't got no color ...  
and it ain't got no smell. Also, it's here. In the  
mine.

BERNIE: And the only way we can tell how bad it is is by the  
bird. It conks out quicker from gas than a man does.  
So -- when that bird stops breathing ... we scream  
out of here.

PETER: (ANXIOUSLY) How -- how's it feeling now?

BERNIE: Fine. Here, <sup>mine</sup> ~~You carry the cage.~~

PETER: ~~Sure. Sure. (TO BIRD) Hello there. How are you?~~

~~SOUND: CHIRRP~~

~~PETER: Oh, brother! He's fine.~~

~~SAM: Okay. Keep watching him. And let us know when he's  
not.~~

PETER: Sure.

SAM: Now, everybody hoist one of those fire extinguishers  
and let's go.

SOUND: SLOSHING FOOTSTEPS IN WATER START AND ARE

MUSIC: PICKED UP FOR A SECOND BY MUSIC TO INDICATE PASSAGE  
OF TIME

SOUND: SLOSHING FOOTSTEPS IN WATER

PETER: How -- how far do we have to go?

SAM: Long way yet. Watch these rocks overhead. They've  
been shaken loose. Those timbers, too.

PETER: Yeah ... sure.

SAM: After we empty these extinguishers, some of you men  
can go back along this path to the shaft and pick  
up some more.

BERNIE: Okay. We got the route marked.  
SAM: How's that bird?  
PETER: Huh? Oh! (~~MAKES CHIRPING NOISES AT BIRD~~) He's O.K.  
SAM: Good. Keep watching.  
SOUND: SLOSHING FOOTSTEPS IN WATER ALONE  
MUSIC: PICKED UP BY MUSIC TO INDICATE PASSAGE OF TIME  
SOUND: SLOSHING OF FOOTSTEPS

PETER: How far do we have to go now?  
SAM: Guess the fire's about a mile from the shaft!  
PETER: A mile! Feels like we've gone ten miles already!  
SAM: We're almost there. Smell the smoke?  
BERNIE: Yeah.  
SAM: Hey, what are you doing!  
PETER: (EFFORT) Just picking this piece of shale off the roof of the mine. It could fall and conk somebody.  
SAM: Don't touch that. If a cave-in starts, that'll go first and might give us enough warning to get clear.  
PETER: (ANXIOUSLY) Might?  
SAM: (FIRMLY) Might.  
PETER: (TO THE BIRD) "Might," the man says!  
SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ALONE FOR A BIT. THEN

SAM: (SUDDENLY) There it is.  
*Sound: Steps out*  
PETER: What?

SAM: The fire.  
PETER: You mean that glow up ahead? That doesn't look so big.

SAM: That's coal burning. It may not look big -- but it'll do. ~~Just wait.~~ I'll go up ahead and have a look. Bernie, you come with me. The rest of you stay here. If we don't come back ... use your own judgment.

SOUND: ----- STEPS START

PETER: (EXCITED) Wait a minute!

SAM: (SHARPLY) What is it?

PETER: The bird! Look at the bird.

BERNIE: What's the matter with him?

PETER: (WORRIED) He -- he doesn't look so good. He's drooping. Look at his feathers. I -- I think he's sick. Hadn't we better get out of here?

~~BERNIE:~~ He's all right. Just the heat that's got him. He'll be all right when he gets back to the surface.

PETER: Yeah. Sure. So will I.

MUSIC: ----- UP AND UNDER FOR

NARRATOR: Well, you asked for it. You stay down in the mine, bringing extinguishers to the fire fighters. At the bottom of the main shaft, the blasts of icy air freeze your clothes stiff on your back. Near the fire, you drip perspiration. Back and forth ... back and forth ... fighting a fire that doesn't go out. You wait for the relief party ... but no relief comes. No one else wants to share your ~~sweaty~~<sup>Cozy</sup> inferno. So ... down you stay. You think of your gal, and how sorry she'll be when she sees your name on the casualty lists. And then ... the fire is under control ... and you're free again. Free to go up

(MORE)

NARRATOR:  
(CONTD)

*And then you're outside*  
those slimy ladders, ~~into~~ the cold fresh air of dawn ...  
free to take a long grateful pull on a cigarette and  
a deep gulp of hot coffee. Then ... you write your  
story ... and a good one it is, too, and after you  
send it off, you fall into bed ... and sleep ...

PETER: LOUD SNORING

SOUND: THUMPING ON DOOR

BILL: Dixon!

PETER: SNORING CONTINUES

SOUND: THUMPING AGAIN

PETER: (DROWSILY) Go away.

BILL: Dixon. Open up.

PETER: Go away.

BILL: It's me, Dixon. Bill Eastman.

PETER: I'm asleep.

BILL: Let me in.

PETER: (DISGUST) Oh, for the love of heaven ...

SOUND: BED SQUEAK ... PADDING BARE FEET ON FLOOR

PETER: (MUTTERING) People coming in a man's room in the  
middle of the day ...

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

PETER: Can't you see I'm asleep?

BILL: Sorry to bother you, boy, but I hear tell you got  
yourself quite a story.

PETER: Hear tell it tomorrow. I'm getting back into bed.

SOUND: PADDING FOOTSTEPS BACK AND BED SQUEAK

BILL: Go ahead.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

BILL: Just came over to offer my congratulations.

PETER: Thanks. Tomorrow, huh?

BILL: And ... to swap a little information with you.

PETER: What do you mean?

BILL: Well, when you landed here at the mine, who briefed you on the set-up? Bill Eastman, that's who.

PETER: (DROWSILY) Tomorrow, Bill. I'll thank you ~~then. I'll thank you~~.

BILL: How's about telling me about your mine experience?

PETER: (SLEEPY) It was cold.

BILL: I see. How long were you down?

PETER: (~~ALMOST ASLEEP~~) ~~Too long. Go away, Eastman.~~

BILL: ~~Fire almost under control when you came up?~~

PETER: ~~No ... or maybe yes.~~

BILL: ~~Any gases? Hot air?~~

PETER: ~~Not as much as there is in this room.~~ Look, Eastman, give a guy a break. I wanna go back to sleep.

BILL: <sup>how - wait a minute</sup> You give me a break. You come out here ... just a kid, and pull a crazy stunt like this and get an exclusive right under the noses of guys like me who have been in the racket for years. You scoop the news services, all the papers. You can't just go to sleep on a big story like this. You've got the only exclusive angle on the thing.

PETER: That's why I can sleep.

BILL: I'm not leaving this room until I get some info out of you.

PETER: But I ... (HOLD) Okay. Look. I telegraphed the story from the office downtown. ~~My copy of the story is down there.~~ Ask the telegraph girl to show it to you. Read it ... and leave me alone.



BILL: (AMAZED) You mean it?

PETER: Sure, sure. Do anything. I just wanna -- go -- to --  
sleep --

BILL: (ELATED) Okay. Thanks very much. Thanks very much  
indeed!

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ DOOR\_BANGS\_

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ SNORE PEACEFULLY TAKEN AWAY BY MUSIC\_

JIM: Well, well, well, well. Local boy makes good.  
Welcome back to Tulsa, Pete.

PETER: Thanks, Jim.

JIM: Just saw the paper. By-line Peter Dixon! You really  
got your Big Story, huh, boy?

PETER: Yeah. Sure.

JIM: Well, what's the matter, kid? Why the long face?

PETER: I just found out something, Jim -- about big stories.

JIM: What's that?

PETER: They're more than just headlines printed in ink.  
Sometimes, somebody's got to pay for them -- and this  
time 91 guys paid for my byline with their lives. I  
hope it's the last big story like that I cover for a  
long time.

JIM: ~~I know what you mean, kid --~~ but do you think one big  
story will satisfy Aline?

PETER: (LAUGHS) It better. (EAGERLY) I called her when I  
hit town. She ought to be over here any minute.

JIM: Better than that. She's on her way up the front steps  
now. I can see her from the window.

PETER: (EXCITED) She is!

SOUND: DOOR FLUNG OPEN

PETER: (CALLING) Aline!

ALINE: (COMING ON BREATHLESSLY) Oh, darling! Peter. Oh, darling, I was so worried!

PETER: Aline. (BLISSFULLY) Oh, brother!

BUSINESS: PAUSE

JIM: (POINTEDLY) If you two will just excuse me, I'll leave you alone.

BUSINESS: NO ANSWER

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

JIM: Goodbye.

BUSINESS: NO ANSWER

JIM: (CHUCKLES AS HE GOES OUT AND

SOUND: CLOSES DOOR

PETER: Aline! Oh, brother! Are we .. engaged again?

ALINE: Of course. Oh, Pete. It was just terrible.

PETER: Were you ... worried about me?

ALINE: Worried! I nearly lost my mind. I went out Wednesday night and heard the newsboys shouting "World Reporter Trapped In Burning Mine" ... and I thought ... well ... I thought ... (IN A RUSH) Oh, Pete, I love you!

PETER: Oh, brother! ~~You must have been nearly as worried as I was!~~

~~ALINE: (LAUGHING) Oh, Pete. you idiot!~~

~~PETER: No, really. I was so mad at you the night you gave me back my ring. I sat here and dreamed up all kinds of Big Stories where I was the hero and where you ended up in my arms and well here you are!~~

PETER: I got a raise, you know.

ALINE: You did! Pete, how wonderful.

PETER: Yeah. (A TRIFLE SELF-CONSCIOUSLY) The editor was pretty pleased. He said it was a fine story, well handled. And -- he gave me a raise.

ALINE: Darling, I'm so proud of you.

PETER: Uh ... now that I've got the raise ... and a Big Story ... do you think maybe we could ... well ... we could get married ... soon?

ALINE: I think that could be arranged.

PETER: Well, would you ... arrange it?

ALINE: I would.

PETER: Oh, brother! And to think ... just two days ago, you jilted me. And then while I was sitting here -- the phone rang and ...

SOUND: -- PHONE RINGS

PETER: Hey! That's it again!

SOUND: -- PHONE UP

PETER: Hello. Dixon speaking.

EDITOR: (FILTER THROUGHOUT - WITH SARCASM) Oh. So it's Dixon speaking, is it? This is Burgess, down at the World.

PETER: Say, that's funny. We were just talking about you, Mr. Burgess.

EDITOR: Well, that is a coincidence. Because we were just talking about you.

PETER: Really?

EDITOR: Really. We were wondering how anybody with the normal amount of heads could be such an addlepated, half-witted, stumblefooted, imbecilic species of unmentionable animal.

PETER: Huh? What do you mean?

EDITOR: We were wondering how anybody could be so feeble-minded as to risk his worthless neck to go into a mine fire after an exclusive, and then, drag his poor befuddled self out of that mine ... write a thrilling story of that disaster ... and then hand it over to the opposition papers.

PETER: (PUZZLED) Who did that?

EDITOR: You did.

PETER: Me!

EDITOR: Yes, you. Have you looked at the Oklahoma City Banner today, Dixon?

PETER: No.

EDITOR: It's carrying a thrilling story by Peter Dixon. You should read his stuff. Very interesting.

PETER: (HELPLESSLY) But, Mr. Burgess. I just told Bill Eastman of the Banner he could get some facts from my story down at the telegraph office.

EDITOR: (EXPLODING) Well, he got the whole story, you furtrimmed idiot. By-lined Peter Dixon. Only Peter Dixon works for the World ... remember. Or did!

PETER: (THE AWFUL TRUTH DAWNS) What do you mean, did?

EDITOR: What do you think I mean? You're fired.

SOUND: CLICK OF RECEIVER UP

PETER: (DESPERATE) Aw now, wait a minute, Mr. Burgess. You can't do this to me.

SOUND: JIGGLE OF HOOK

PETER: Listen, Mr. Burgess ...

SOUND: JIGGLE

PETER: Mr. Burgess, I ... (GIVES UP) Aw, what's the use?

SOUND: PHONE HUNG UP

ALINE: What's the matter, darling?

PETER: Oh, nothing. Nothing at all. They just fired me, that's all.

ALINE: Fired you!

PETER: Yup.

ALINE: (~~DISGUST~~) ~~Peter Dixon, can't you ever~~ do anything right?

PETER: Ah, now look, honey ...

ALINE: Every time you do something right, you turn around and mess it up!

PETER: Now, Aline, you're taking a ridiculous attitude ...

ALINE: (FURIOUS) I'm taking a ridiculous attitude! Well! I like that! I haven't said anything except ...

PETER: Except that you've said plenty. Why you just ...

ALINE: Listen to me, Peter Dixon ...

PETER: Why should I?

ALINE: Because I want to tell you.

PETER: You've told me enough already.

ALING: I never heard of anything  
like this in my life. Now  
you've gone and lost your  
job, too. It's not enough  
that you spend ~~three days~~<sup>four</sup>  
crawling around in a mine  
and ...

PETER: I never can do  
anything right as far  
as you're concerned.  
All I get is a lot of  
complaints. After  
all I've been through,  
you'd think a man was  
entitled to a ...

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ WIPES THEIR WORDS AND GOES UNDER FOR

NARRATOR: (CHUCKLING) You, Peter Dixon, had a busy two days.  
You lost your gal -- and got her back ... you got a  
raise ... and lost your job ... and you got your  
BIG STORY ... all in two days.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT FOR CURTAIN

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

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ FANFARE

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: The cigarette that's really different - the longer,  
finer cigarette that's really "Outstanding!" - PELL  
MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES: 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 Peter Dixon of the Tulsa, Oklahoma, World.

PETER: I had committed the cardinal sin of a newspaperman in failing to protect my exclusive story. However, the World eventually gave me back my job, and as for the girl -- I married her. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Dixon. 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 Springfield Union; by-lines Roy Dykstra and James Gavagan. A BIG STORY that began when the gentle current of the Connecticut River ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ RUNNING WATER

HARRICE: ... carried ashore ... a corpse.

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 James McCallion played the part of Peter Dixon. All names in tonight's story except those of Peter and Aline Dixon were fictitious; but the dramatization was based on a true and authentic case.



THE BIG STORY #49

- 30 - (ADDED)

3-3-48

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 0060461

THE BIG STORY

1ST REVISION  
(Pages 1,5,6,10,  
15,16,17,18,24,25)

PROGRAM #50

"CONCRETE EVIDENCE"

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 10, 1948

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
DANNY	STEPHEN CHASE
MAC	JERRY LEWIS
ROY	SIDNEY SMITH
JIM	JOHN SYLVESTER
JOHN	PAUL POTTER
HARRY	DON APPELL
DENTIST	BOB SLOANE
VOICE I	STEPHEN CHASE
BARTENDER	DON APPELL
VOICE II	JERRY LEWIS
PATIENT	PAUL POTTER

RTX01 0060462

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

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ PHONE RINGS. PHONE UP

DANNY: Police Headquarters ... Yeah ... (VERY EXCITED) What?

MAC: What is it?

DANNY: Where? Give me that again.

MAC: Danny, what is it?

DANNY: Yeah, yeah, yeah. I see. Okay, we'll be right out.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ PHONE UP

DANNY: Come on, Mac -- get moving.

MAC: (GREAT PATIENCE) Danny -- what has happened?

DANNY: There's a body just floated to the surface of the  
Connecticut River just above the falls, and it looks  
~~as-if~~ <sup>as if</sup> it's been there for years!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT AND GO UNDER FOR

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY! Another in a thrilling series based on  
true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight ...  
to Roy W. Dykstra and James Gavagan of the Springfield,  
Massachusetts, Union 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, there's one cigarette that's really different -  
really "Outstanding!" - PELL MELL. 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 exciting and authentic story of ... "Concrete Evidence."

MUSIC: - - - - UP THEN UNDER FOR

NARRATOR: You are Roy W. Dykstra, reporter on the Springfield Union. Your beat has been police headquarters for years now, and you are offering some of the fruits of your experience to the young reporter who calls you every day from the Holyoke branch office ...

ROY: Yes, Jim, yes, I know you want to get in on something big. But you don't do that until you have a lot of reporting experience under your belt.

JIM: (FILTER) Well, I have a lot of reporting experience.

ROY: Don't be impatient, kid; you'll get a big story. When you get it, you'll probably wish you never had it. It's not as much fun as you think.

JIM: Well, I'd like to have a chance at one.

ROY: You'll have a chance at one. You just keep on doing your job and who knows? Maybe a big story will break right up there in Holyoke.

MUSIC: - - - - A CHORD OR TWO TO PUNCTUATE, THEN UNDER FOR

NARRATOR: Or maybe you're James Gavagan, the young man who is ~~calling~~ Roy from Holyoke. You explain your point of view to him ...

JIM: Hah! Fat chance anything would happen up here in Holyoke.

ROY: (FILTER) You've got to be patient, Jim.

JIM: I'm patient. I'm willing to wait half an hour or so for promotion to the city staff. Listen, do you know what I do out here in this branch office? I keep a notebook full of the names of the officers of all the chowder and marching societies and Boy Scout troops, and I check them all once a day to find out if maybe they're going to have a whist party. Now, don't tell me that's the limit of my ability.

ROY: No, I don't think it is, Jim, but I had to go through that, and I can tell you it's good training.

JIM: Well, okay. Don't speak to the old man about me then. Let me die in this branch office.

MUSIC: ----- A CHORD OR TWO TO PUNCTUATE, THEN UNDER FOR

NARRATOR: So you sit in the Holyoke branch office, and you write about the parties given by the women's clubs, and you wait for a big story to come along. You don't know that for a long, long time now, a big story has been waiting for you. It started two years ago, in a cottage on the bank of the Connecticut River. Two men sat in the living-room, talking ...

JOHN: It's a nice little hideout you have here, Harry.

HARRY: It'll do.

JOHN: I should think so. A mile of woods stretching back to the road ... the river out here in front ...

HARRY: Yeah, it's okay, I guess.

JOHN: Nobody'll ever find you here, Harry.

HARRY: You found me.

JOHN: ~~Well, I'm your pal.~~

HARRY: ~~Sure you're my pal.~~

JOHN: You don't sound convinced.

HARRY: Look, kid: ~~all right, we've made book together. We've~~  
~~sold phony tips on the races together, and we've fixed~~  
a couple of races together -- or tried to. All right.  
But you're one breed of cat and I'm another.

JOHN: ~~Meaning?~~

HARRY: ~~Meaning you got a nice home, respectable parents ...~~  
~~nobody's gonna suspect you of anything. What'd you~~  
hunt me up for, anyway?

JOHN: That dough we picked up in Florida.

HARRY: You're not satisfied with what you got?

JOHN: No.

HARRY: ~~You got one-third. Like we agreed.~~

JOHN: ~~I'm not satisfied with it.~~

HARRY: Okay. Got a deal in mind?

JOHN: Sure. You don't seem to want me around, Harry.  
Suppose I leave you alone? For good?

HARRY: Tell you the truth, kid, that ain't much of a deal.  
You're going to have to leave me alone anyway.

JOHN: Well ... yes and no. You see, Harry, you think I won't  
cry copper because I'd only be hurting myself. That's  
true as far as, say, the work we did in Florida is  
concerned. But you owe me money.

HARRY: What for?

JOHN: That cellar I built for you.

HARRY: Cellar you built for me? What're you talking about?

JOHN: Last summer. Your place out on the other side of town. I didn't want people to think I was friendly with a guy like you, so I told everybody I was building a cellar for you. That's why I always drove out in my old man's dump truck with the cement in it. I still do. I used that truck today.

HARRY: I don't get it, pal. You never built me any cellar.

JOHN: Of course not. But I told people I did, and people believed me, Harry, and at this late date they'd still believe me, because it would be very easy to prove that you are an unreliable character. I built you a cellar. You owe me money for the job.

HARRY: ~~(AFTER A PAUSE STARTS LAUGHING) "I gotta hand it to you, kid. A law suit! That's a new one!~~

JOHN: ~~I saw my old man's lawyer before I came out here, Harry. He's going to file suit.~~

HARRY: Kid, I want to admit something. I'm afraid of you. You'll do anything to get it. You're a natural born crook.

JOHN: You can say that?

HARRY: Sure I can say that. I'm a made crook. Made by circumstances. But you're a crazy kid. You just want a thrill. I want a nice quiet life with plenty of money. You want excitement. I'm afraid of you.

JOHN: Well, let's make it a fifty-fifty split on the Florida thing and I'll call the law suit off.



HARRY: All right, kid. But you'd better call the law suit off.  
I'm a dangerous guy to monkey with, too, you know.

JOHN: Where's the money?

HARRY: I'll get it ...

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPENS ...

HARRY: Down the cellar here ... I won't be a minute ...

JOHN: I'll come along.

HARRY: No, you won't.

JOHN: This is a gun, Harry. I'll come along.

HARRY: (A BEAT) I guess you will.

SOUND: THEIR FOOTSTEPS DOWNSTAIRS

HARRY: I've got the money in this safe here ...

JOHN: Okay, get it out ...

HARRY: Look, kid ...

JOHN: Get it out.

HARRY: Okay.

SOUND: DIAL OF SAFE IS TWIRLED. SAFE DOOR OPENS

HARRY: Now I'll take out half of it for you. That'll be ...

JOHN: You'll take out all of it.

HARRY: Listen, kid ...

JOHN: Don't close the door of that safe.

HARRY: All right. (THEN, SUDDENLY, AS HE LEAPS -- WITH THE STRAIN OF THE EFFORT OF LEAPING IN HIS VOICE) Not till you drop that gun!

SOUND: SCUFFLE SOUND. THEN A GUNSHOT. PAUSE. THEN A BODY FALL. ANOTHER PAUSE. THEN:

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: PHONE RINGS ON FILTER. PHONE UP.

ROY: (FILTER) Springfield Union. Dykstra speaking.

JIM: Roy? This is Jim Gavagan at Holyoke. I've got a story for you, Roy ... a big story.

ROY: Shoot.

JIM: The body of an unknown man floated to the surface of the Connecticut River at three p.m. today. Picknicking children who discovered it promptly reported it to the police. Got that?

ROY: I've got it.

JIM: That's all I have. I'm going out there now. Stick around. I'll call.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ CROWD SOUND IN THE BACKGROUND

MAC: (IN BACKGROUND) All right, all right ... stay back there! You're not gonna see the body, so you may as well stay back! Why don't you go home anyways?

DANNY: (OVER MAC'S SPEECH ... STARTS AT "YOU'RE NOT":)  
Look, Jim, I like to co-operate with the press and all that, but don't you think you've had enough time to examine this body?

JIM: I suppose so, Danny ... Think you'll ever identify him?

DANNY: Him? Never. Even his fingerprints are no good to us.

JIM: Say, did you notice this stuff?

DANNY: What stuff?

JIM: These particles. See? How does that look to a policeman's eye? Doesn't that look like cement?

DANNY: It might be.

JIM: Willing to state it is?

DANNY: I'm not willing to state anything positively.

JIM: You're willing to state it was murder aren't you?

DANNY: You'd better say, "Foul play is suspected."

JIM: Suspected! With that evidence of cement?

DANNY: We don't know whether it's cement yet.

JIM: Okay. Foul play is suspected. Now did you notice the initials on the dead man's belt buckle?

DANNY: Can't say.

JIM: H.B. Do the police have a record on anybody with the initials H.B.?

DANNY: Listen, Jim ... don't push so hard. We haven't been back to the ~~office~~ yet, we haven't had a chance to examine records yet ... and anyway, when we do, we'll find two dozen H.B.'s.

JIM: I suppose you're right.

DANNY: Sure, I'm right.

JIM: Okay. Thanks, Danny. I'm going back and telephone the paper.

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

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ FOOTSTEPS RUN UPSTAIRS THEN ALONG A SHORT CORRIDOR.  
DOOR OPENS\_

JIM: (WHISTLES AS HE WALKS, THEN STOPS ABRUPTLY A BEAT AFTER THE DOOR OPENS) Oh.

ROY: Hello, kid.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ DOOR CLOSES\_

JIM: Paper sent you here, huh, Roy?

ROY: That's right, kid.

JIM: I see. Well ... well, that's swell.

ROY: Disappointed?

JIM: No. (PAUSE) Sure, I am ... a little.

ROY: Look, Jim: I'm an experienced crime reporter, and the old man is running a newspaper, not a school of journalism. This thing is murder, ~~there's no question about that, is there?~~

JIM: ~~No question at all.~~

ROY: Okay. It's a big important story. And I'm experienced and you're not. What would you do if you were the old man? Put yourself in his shoes: what would you do?

JIM: I guess I'd send you here and have you take over the story.

ROY: Well, the old man didn't do that. He sent me here to work with you.

JIM: Saaay ... that's great!

ROY: I hope you'll continue to think it's great, working on a story like this.

JIM: Cynic, huh?

ROY: No, I'm not a cynic, Jim. I like reporting. It's just crime I don't like.

JIM: I don't know what you mean.

ROY: I don't expect you to know ... for a day or two. Well, what kind of a story have you got for us?

JIM: Just what I told you ... plus the fact that the body must have been there about two years. Also there's what looks like cement particles adhering to the body. And the corpse had on a belt with the initials H.B.

ROY: That's your story?

JIM: That's it. Oh, I've got names of the kids who discovered it, names of the cops, all that stuff ... but that's the story, yes.

ROY: Okay, that'll do for now. But what about tomorrow's story?

JIM: Tomorrow's? Why, I suppose tomorrow we ... we report any new developments.

ROY: No good. The police will say either that there are no new developments or that they are expecting to make an arrest shortly. That sound like a story to you?

JIM: No, but what can we do?

ROY: Well, personally, I'm going to police headquarters and nose around. But you can do something better than that.

JIM: What?

ROY: Comb through all the telephone directories for South Hadley and Holyoke <sup>and</sup> oh, the whole area ... for years back.

JIM: I don't get this.

ROY: When you find a man whose initials are H. B. and whose name does not appear in later directories ... maybe then, Jim, we'll have tomorrow's story!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

ROY: Is that all the police have got on this case, Danny?

DANNY: That's all. We've got <sup>for</sup> a murdered man (and we don't know who he is. The odds are we'll never know who he is.

ROY: This dental report here might help

DANNY: It might.

ROY: Mind if I copy some stuff from it?

DANNY: Go ahead. But man-oh-man, I think we're going to have a terrible time finding out who H.B. is.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ DOOR\_OPENS\_AND\_CLOSES

JIM: (BREATHLESS) Hello, Roy. Danny. Well, I've got something for you.

ROY: You look as if you'd run a hundred yards for a touchdown.

JIM: That's just about what I've done. Hold on to your hats and listen. What would you say if I told you there's a guy who disappeared two years ago from a cottage right on the Connecticut River ... and whose initials are H.B.?

DANNY: Who is he?

JIM: A fellow named Harry Beaumont.

ROY: Are you sure of your facts, Jim?

JIM: Positive. Beaumont's name was in a phone directory two years ago, but was not there last year.

DANNY: That's nothing.

JIM: Of course it's nothing. But go talk to his landlord. Fellow named Graham. I just came from Graham. He says he always wondered why Beaumont suddenly disappeared when he had three months rent paid up in advance.

ROY: You may have something there, Jim.

DANNY: Yeah. I'll have to run out and see this Graham fellow.

JIM: Here's his address ... Well, Joe, I guess you'll have to thank the newspaper boys. We've really cracked this thing for you.

DANNY: Oh, yeah? Look, mister: aside from the fact that we don't know who killed the man, there's also the fact that everything you say can be true and still we don't know that the corpse that was found in the river is the remains of this Harry Beaumont.

JIM: Now, wait a minute, common sense will tell you...

ROY: No, Jim, no. Danny is right. We can't be sure ... not from what you've just told us ... that the murdered man was Beaumont.

JIM: I'm positive it was.

ROY: Okay. I'm inclined to feel that way myself. And what you've found out is good enough for today's story. But tomorrow's story ... put on your hat, Jim, and let's get going.

JIM: Where?

ROY: Out. Around. Let's try to prove that it was Beaumont who was killed. That'll be tomorrow's story.

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? 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, there's one cigarette that's really different - really "Outstanding!" - PELL MELL!

HARRICE: When you pick up a PELL MELL, you can see the difference - you can feel the difference. And when you smoke a PELL MELL, you can taste the difference.

CHAPPELL: 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!

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!



MUSIC: - - - - INTRODUCTION AND UNDER

HARRICE: Now we return you to your narrator, Bob Sloane, and tonight's BIG STORY.

NARRATOR: You leave police headquarters -- you, Roy Dykstra, and you, Jim Cavagan -- and after you've telephone your story to the Springfield Union, you sit reviewing all the facts. Your problem is to establish that the corpse found in the river was definitely that of Harry Beaumont ...

ROY: The cops are right. This is going to be tough.

JIM: Yeah. Roy, I know now what you meant.

ROY: What I meant? When?

JIM: At the start of this case, when you said that you didn't like crime. You see, I talked to Beaumont's landlord about him. He wasn't a very savory character, this Harry Beaumont. He was a race track tout. He was a gambler. Maybe, in a kind of way, he was a gangster. I'm sure he was. But I found out other things about him. He used to tell jokes. He gave money to the church, and poked fun at himself for doing it. He liked salt water taffy. He was a human being, like you and me -- and I think he's the corpse that was found in the river, and I'm ashamed of myself because I kept thinking of him as a big story, when he was really a human being.

ROY: We all get around to feeling that way sooner or later, Jim. And we go on working just the same.

JIM: If that's a hint, okay. I'm ready to go to work. But what do we do?

ROY: I don't know... Of course, I've got this dental report here.

JIM: ~~How many dentists do you suppose there are in Massachusetts?~~

ROY: ~~Well, now, wait a minute.~~ Did Beaumont have an office, a hideout -- some place where he did business, perhaps? Or some place where he stayed often?

JIM: Yes, he had an office in the Fairfax Building.

ROY: Any dentists in that building?

JIM: I suppose there must be seven or eight.

ROY: Okay. Tomorrow we take this dental report around to the Fairfax Building.

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

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ DENTIST'S DRILL. PRESENTLY: \_

PATIENT: (TRIES TO TALK)

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ DRILL STOPS

DENTIST: Now, now -- don't try to talk. If you just keep your mouth open I'll finish sooner.

PATIENT: Uh-rurrr ...

DENTIST: No, no, keep your mouth open! I'm sorry, but we've got to take care of this oral condition ... Now, gentlemen, what is it you wanted to see me about?

ROY: We'd rather see you in the outer office, Doctor.

JIM: Yeah -- I'm allergic to seeing dentists work on other people.

DENTIST: Sorry. You'll have to talk to me in here. I've got a full schedule today, and I don't know whether you understand what that means, but ... Open wide, please ... There ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ THE DRILL

DENTIST: You can go ahead and talk, gentlemen.

ROY: Did you treat a man named Harry Beaumont a few years ago?

DENTIST: Beaumont?

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ THE DRILL STOPS

DENTIST: Harry Beaumont ... Open wider, please ...

PATIENT: (HELPLESS) Ugh ... gluck ...

DENTIST: ~~Can't help it. Have to take care of this oral condition. Open wide. Fine.~~

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ THE DRILL STARTS

DENTIST: Yes, I treated a fellow named Harry Beaumont. Gambler. He gave me a tip on the races once.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ THE DRILL STOPS

DENTIST: The horse came in second.

JIM: We've got a dental chart here. Could this be the chart of Harry Beaumont's dental work?

DENTIST: Let's see ...

ROY: You could compare it with your records ...

DENTIST: Hmmm ... Bridge there, and gold there ... Hmmm ...  
Yes. Yes. This is a chart of Harry Beaumont's mouth.  
I worked on that molar -- see? Okay, sir -- open wide.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ THE DRILL STARTS

ROY: Are you positive, Doctor?

DENTIST: Of course, I'm positive.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ DRILL STOPS

DENTIST: I worked on that molar. And see all the gold that chart shows? I remember that. I remember I used to say to him: "There's gold in them thar hills." (HE STARTS TO LAUGH LOUD, BUT NOBODY JOINS IN, SO HE STOPS) ... You can take my word for it. This is Beaumont's chart.

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

JIM: ... and the dentist says he'll swear, Danny, that this is Harry Beaumont's chart.

DANNY: I see. Anything else?

JIM: All we know about Beaumont is that he was always being sued for some vague reason.

ROY: Guys like that are always being sued.

JIM: (LAUGHS) Beaumont was sued even after his death. Some guy claimed he'd built a cellar for him. Of course, they didn't know he was dead, and the plaintiff got a judgment by default.

DANNY: I see. Well, you fellows did a neat little job identifying the corpse as Beaumont. For that I owe you something.

JIM: Have you got something?

DANNY: We'll find out. They've brought in a guy named John Kirkland, who rented the same cottage that Beaumont lived in -- and rented it less than a month after Beaumont disappeared. He's been in the back room thinking over his sins for a half hour now. I'm going in and question him.

JIM: You going to take us with you?

DANNY: Not a chance. But I'll let you know what happens.  
Wait here.

SOUND: HIS FOOTSTEPS. DOOR OPENS, AND CLOSES

DANNY: Hello, Kirkland.

JOHN: What's this all about, officer?

DANNY: Didn't they tell you?

JOHN: They told me. I didn't believe them.

DANNY: You rented the cottage that Harry Beaumont disappeared from. Why?

JOHN: I wanted a cottage and this one was vacant.

DANNY: Did you know when you rented it that Beaumont had lived there?

JOHN: I don't think so. No.

DANNY: Your father's a building contractor, isn't he?

JOHN: Sure. What of it?

DANNY: If there was a body hidden in that cottage ...

JOHN: If there was a body hidden in that cottage, I didn't find it.

DANNY: If there was a body hidden in that cottage, and you wanted to get rid of it, you might have rented the cottage. And with your father in the contracting business, you might have been able to get hold of some cement.

JOHN: ~~Anybody could get hold of some cement.~~

DANNY: ~~Anybody else would have to buy the cement, and the purchase could be traced.~~

JOHN: ~~Have you traced all the purchases of cement that were made a couple of years ago?~~

DANNY: I'm asking the questions, Mister.

JOHN: They don't make sense. I didn't kill Beaumont. I did rent a cottage where I threw a few private parties. That's why I wanted to rent the cottage. I never swiped any cement from my father, and I don't know anything about any bodies in the Connecticut River. Now, what other questions have you got?

DANNY: Did you ever bet on the races?

JOHN: Sure. They giving the electric chair for that this year?

DANNY: You're a pretty fresh guy, aren't you, Kirkland?

JOHN: I don't like being accused of murder.

DANNY: Okay. I haven't accused you. Will you wait here, please?

JOHN: Give me one good reason why I can't leave?

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

DANNY: One good reason is that I've asked you to wait here.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES. FOOTSTEPS.

ROY: Well, Joe?

DANNY: False alarm, boys. That Kirkland is a fresh kid, but we haven't got one thing on him.

MUSIC: BRIDGE, ENDING IN A PATTERN OF NOTES WHICH WILL BE REPEATED AFTER EACH OF THE FOLLOWING SHORT SCENES:

SOUND: TYPING, FINALLY THE PAPER IS TAKEN FROM THE MACHINE

ROY: Okay -- there's our story, Jim.

JIM: Not such a hot one this time, Roy.

ROY: No -- but there's tomorrow's story.

JIM: There's always tomorrow's story.

ROY: Look: What's our problem now? We've established that it was Beaumont who was killed. What next?

JIM: Find out who killed him.

ROY: Right. Now, I've been thinking, Jim. Beaumont didn't live in a vacuum. He must have had friends, he must have had enemies, he must have had possessions. Maybe the guy drove a car. Let's find out what became of it. Was it registered after Beaumont was killed? All these things. Let's collect facts now, Jim, facts, facts, facts ...

MUSIC: THE PATTERN OF NOTES

VOICE I: (FILTER MIKE) Yes, Mr. Dykstra, thanks for holding the wire. I have the record now. Two years ago Beaumont registered a Buick sedan, serial number 34-X-26589.

MUSIC: THE PATTERN OF NOTES

BARTENDER: What'll it be, sir?

JIM: I'll have a Scotch. But, bartender ...

BARTENDER: Yes, sir?

JIM: I understand that Harry Beaumont used to do his drinking in here.

BARTENDER: You mean the guy they fished out of the river? Yeah, he did.

JIM: Well, I'm from the Springfield Union. Here's my press card. What I want to know is, who were Beaumont's pals? Who came in here to drink with him?

BARTENDER: There was just one fellow. A young thin fellow. He used to be with Beaumont all the time. ~~Johnny Hoffman~~, this name was... *Johnny Hoffmen.*

MUSIC: THE PATTERN OF NOTES

VOICE I: (FILTER MIKE) All right, Mr. Dykstra, I have it for you now. Buick sedan serial number 34-X-26589 was registered one year ago in the name of one Johnny Hoffman.

MUSIC: THE PATTERN OF NOTES

JIM: Johnny Hoffman killed him, Roy.

ROY: I think so, Jim. Question: Who is Johnny Hoffman?  
Question: Where is Johnny Hoffman.

JIM: Answer: He's never heard of except in connection with Beaumont, and as to where he is: he's vanished.

ROY: That makes everything very clear.

JIM: Sure, it's clear. But until we find Johnny Hoffman --

ROY: You're never going to find Johnny Hoffman. ~~That's just the point. That's the thing that's clear.~~

JIM: ~~You mean Hoffman's killed, too?~~

ROY: ~~No! This isn't a twenty-five-cent detective novel, Jim. We're not going to find Hoffman because there isn't any Hoffman any longer. Hoffman is a guy named Smith or Jones or Robinson who for some reason used the name Hoffman only when he was dealing with Harry Beaumont. That's why we can't trace him. We'll never find him by looking for him as Hoffman.~~

JIM: Then whom will we look for?

ROY: I don't know. There aren't many people in this case... Wait a minute! You said somebody got a judgment against Beaumont after he was dead. Who was it?



JIM: I don't know. Does it matter?

ROY: Maybe it does. Suppose Beaumont had a bank account. Suppose the murderer knew that. Suppose he wanted to get hold of it. He could trump up some suit against Beaumont, knowing that he'd win by default, and then collect from the bank.

JIM: Roy, you've got something! Let's go over to the County Courthouse.

MUSIC: - - - - BRIDGE:

VOICE II: All right, gentlemen, here we are. I have the records on the case you asked about.

ROY: The important thing, first, is this: Did the plaintiff collect any money?

VOICE II: He got a judgment of \$2,000 and collected \$740 of it from a bank account left behind when the defendant disappeared.

JIM: You were right, Roy. He knew that bank account was there, and he knew Beaumont was dead.

ROY: Maybe ... Tell us, sir: Who was the plaintiff?

VOICE II: The plaintiff was one John Kirkland.

MUSIC: - - - - BRIDGE, THEN UNDER FOR:

JOHN: All right, officer, I'm prepared to answer any questions you ask. But we've been through it all before, you know.

DANNY: No. There's one thing we didn't touch on. What about that law-suit you brought against Beaumont after he was dead?

JOHN: I did bring a law-suit against Beaumont. But I certainly didn't know he was dead. I think you'd better release me, officer.

MUSIC: - - - - UP, THEN UNDER FOR

BARTENDER: What'll ~~it~~<sup>you want</sup> be, gents ... Oh, hello, there.

JIM: Hello. I'm back again, and this is my partner.

ROY: I've got a picture here of a fellow named John Kirkland. Can you identify him?

BARTENDER: I don't know any Kirkland.

ROY: Take a look at the picture.

BARTENDER: Kirkland! You're crazy! That ain't any Kirkland. That's Johnny Hoffman.

MUSIC: - - - - UP, THEN UNDER FOR

JOHN: Any more questions before you let me go?

DANNY: Yes, just one question, Mr. Kirkland: How long since you stopped calling yourself Johnny Hoffman?

JOHN: Hoffman? I never heard that name.

DANNY: We've got witnesses.

JOHN: Well, what of it? What if I did use the name Hoffman?

DANNY: Nothing, Mister. ~~Nothing~~<sup>Nothing</sup>. It just gets you indicted for murder, that's all.

MUSIC: - - - - UP, THEN UNDER FOR

NARRATOR: And so that's it. You, Roy Dykstra, go back to the Springfield Union -- and you, Jim Gavagan, stay at the Holyoke Branch. You've buttoned up a big story. Your first big story. You know what it's like now, and you're glad to go back to reporting that ...

SOUND: - - - - TYPING

JIM: (SLOWLY AS HE TYPES) The ... South Hadley ... Ladies' Aid ... will hold ... a New England ... bean supper ... tonight in the ... basement ... of the Methodist Church ...

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ UP TO CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Roy W. Dykstra and James Gavagan of the Springfield, Massachusetts, Union, with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ FANFARE

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: The cigarette that's really different - the longer,  
finer cigarette that's really "Outstanding!" - PELL  
MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! 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 Roy W. Dykstra and James Gavagan of the Springfield, Massachusetts, Union.

SLOANE:          Killer in tonight's BIG STORY pleaded guilty to a charge of second degree murder, and was sentenced to life imprisonment at the Charlestown Penitentiary. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL:        Thank you, Mr. Dykstra and Mr. Gavagan. 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 Kansas City Star; by-line -- Paul W. Fisher. A BIG STORY that reached its climax when a newspaper reporter got a sock in the jaw ...

SOUND:         SOCK

HARRICE:         ... and answered in kind.

SOUND:         SOCK, BODY FALL

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 Robert Cenedella. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, Sidney Smith played the part of Roy W. Dykstra, and John Sylvester was James Gavagan. All names in tonight's

(MORE)

CHAPPELL: story except those of Mr. Dykstra and Mr. Gavagan  
(CONTD) were fictitious; but the dramatization was based on  
a true and authentic case.

MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of  
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, and reminding you that  
this is Girl Scout Birthday Week - a week in which  
more than a million Girl Scouts from Maine to  
California celebrate thirty-six years of service  
to the community, the nation and the world.

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

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #51

3rd REVISION

Pages 12, 13, 15, 18,  
19, 20 and 24.

"HUSH HUSH OPERATION"

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17, 1948

AS BROADCAST

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
ELLEN	GRACE MATTHEWS
BILL	JOHN SYLVESTER
HOOK FISHER	LES TREMAYNE
JEFF	GUY SOREL
RICK	LARRY HAINES
EDDIE	ARNOLD MOSS
BUD	GUY SOREL
AL	LARRY HAINES
SUTCLIFFE	ARNOLD MOSS
BARTENDER	JOHN SYLVESTER
BUTLER	BOB SLOANE
MRS. SUTCLIFFE	GRACE MATTHEWS

ATX01 0060491

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

ELLEN: (VERY PLEASANTLY. SLIGHT PROJECTING) Bill, Bill honey, did you see my earrings? (PAUSE) Bill, where are you? Bill ... (PAUSE) You <sup>WIZING</sup> in the bedroom? What did you shut the door for?

BILL: (THRU DOOR. HARD) Stay out, Ellen. Stay out!

SOUND: ~~HAND THINGS THE DOOR SHUTS~~

ELLEN: (SAME) What are you doing in the bedroom with the door closed? Well, ready or not here I come ...

BILL: (WILD) Stay out, Ellen. Stay out!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ELLEN: Honey, what's the matter? What are you - (SHE STOPS THEN IN HORROR) Bill - no. Don't. Stop! Bill - what are you doing!!

BILL: I told you to stay out, I told you - but no you had to come in. You had to see! (BEATEN) Well now you saw. Now you know. You satisfied?

ELLEN: (BUILDING) No. No. It can't be - it - Bill! Not you. BILL! Dear God in heaven, it can't be true!!

MUSIC: IN SHEER TERROR UP THRN UNDER FOR

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Another in the thrilling series based on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight to Paul W. Fisher of the Kansas City 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, there's one cigarette that's really different -  
really "Outstanding!" - PELL MELL. 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... UNDER

CHAPPELL: Now the authentic and gripping story of ... "Hush Hush Operation."

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ PLEASANT. UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You are Paul Fisher, reporter for the Kansas City Star. At your university, you were a ~~varsity~~ star in two sports: football and baseball. That's where you lost the name "Paul" and got the monicker "Hook." You were a left handed forward passer and pitcher, you <sup>hook</sup> throw a mean hook, and you pack about 200 pounds behind it. You bring all that and more to your work -- you bring a good, clean, honest mind, the ability to ferret out facts and an easy style of writing, so that when you say something, it hits with the impact of a left hook. You've got energy, and that's why you're a top reporter on the Kansas City Star. But right now you're using that energy in talking to your good friend, Bill Cole ... a man who's somehow hit the skids. He sits in the restaurant, listening to you, with a plate of roast beef in front of him that's getting cold ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ RESTAURANT B.G.

HOOK: (A MOUTHFULL) You're such a jerk, Bill - such a jerk. Now will you eat? That's the best roast beef in Kansas City.

BILL: (FLAT) I told you I'm not hungry.

HOOK: Okay, you're not hungry. Now what's a matter?

BILL: Nothing. Why don't you leave me alone?

HOOK: (FAST) Because I like you, because I'm a butinski, because I think Ellen is a terrific girl. (GENTLY) Look, guy, you're one of the best architects in the state ...

BILL: Just leave me alone, will you?

HOOK: You've been sliding down a chute for months. A guy with your talent, your ability - when are you gonna get wise and snap out of it?

BILL: Why don't you stick to news reporting?

JEFF: (FADING IN) My sentiments exactly.

HOOK: (PLEASED) Jeff! Bill this is Ed Jeffers, my editor. Ed, Bill Cole.

BUSINESS: - - - EXCHANGE OF HIYAS

JEFF: Can I sit down?

HOOK: Looks like a man with a purpose, doesn't he?

JEFF: Just a story, Hook - just want you to do a story.

HOOK: Couldn't it wait till I got back from lunch?

JEFF: Nope.

BILL: Look, if I'm in the way ...

HOOK: No, stick around. Okay, Jeff?

JEFF: Sure. This is big, Hook, maybe hot, maybe roasting hot. Something's been going on in this town for a long time, but most people don't believe it. Maybe you won't - nor you, Bill ...

HOOK: Come on, give.

JEFF: My information is - it nets twelve million dollars a year in KC.; It's foul and vicious and hideous.

HOOK: (KIDDING) He's going pretty far, isn't he?

JEFF: ~~Hook~~, there's a syndicate that has this town blanketed, the most hush-hush operation there is: kills people, corrodes them, ruins them - and most people don't even believe it exists.

HOOK: Hey, you're serious, aren't you?

JEFF: One word, Hook - ~~the drug~~, heroin.

HOOK: In KC? Twelve million a year? You're crazy, Jeff.

JEFF: I want the story.

HOOK: I don't believe it. Here in Kansas City?

JEFF: Find it, Hook, get it, break it.

HOOK: If it exists.

JEFF: Okay, "if it exists". (FADING) Lemme know when you get somewhere. Good to meet you, Bill.

BILL: (DULLY) So long.

HOOK: What do you think of that? He doesn't usually have pipe dreams, not so early in the day. Well, there's always got to be a first time. (PAUSE) Now, Bill, let's get back to something serious. You, you big jerk.

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

NARRATOR: But you don't get far with Bill because your mind's elsewhere. Your mind's focussed on a word that defiles the clean sidewalks of Kansas City, makes filthy the fine buildings around Grand and 12th Street, makes foul the lovely landscape in Blue Valley on the outskirts of town. Dope, twelve million dollars worth a year in KC!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ RISES AND DIPS AGAIN

NARRATOR: You start moving after it, because Jeff could be right.  
You move into a few dives you know, talk to a few men  
at the bottom of the heap ...

~~SOUND: DOOR OPENS. FEET STEPS DOWN FEW STAIRS~~

BUSINESS: AD LIBS

HOOK: ~~Want a drink, Rickey?~~

RICK: (HUNGRY FOR IT) Oh, yeah. Hey, would you, Mr. Fisher?

HOCK: Sure thing. Give him a drink. Bourbon, Rickey? One  
bourbon. (PAUSE ... HARD) Who's bringing dope into  
town, Rickey?

RICK: Dope! You're kidding, Mr. Fisher? I don't know  
nothing about dope.

HOOK: This is your old friend Hook talking, Rickey.

RICK: Not a thing. I don't know a thing. Honest, Mr. Fisher.

SOUND: GLASS ON BAR

HOOK: Here's your bourbon.

RICK: Thanks, Mr. Fisher -- thanks very much. But I don't  
know nothing about no dope. Not a thing, I don't know.  
Not a thing.

MUSIC: QUICK BRIDGE INTO

SOUND: AUTO DOOR SHUTS. MOTOR STARTS. UNDER

EDDIE: Where to, Mister?

HOOK: Just drive around, Eddie.

EDDIE: Do I know you? Oh, Mr. Fisher. Just seen you in the  
mirror. Hi.

HOOK: Hiya? Eddie, tell me - is there anything in this burg  
you don't know?

EDDIE: (SMILING) Not much, Mr. Fisher, not much. Or it ain't worth knowing. What are you after?

HOOK: The drug, heroin, Eddie.

EDDIE: (EARNESTLY) Um mmm. No dice. Not in 21 years of driving.

HOOK: Not even a little, Eddie?

EDDIE: Not a smidgin.

HOOK: The three monkeys, hunh, ~~Eddie?~~ See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil.

EDDIE: Not me, Mr. Fisher - I see plenty, I hear plenty and I talk sometimes. You know that. But that stuff? No, siree. Not in Kansas City.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE

HOOK: Jeff, if this dope traffic exists, it's going to take time to find it.

JEFF: You think it's worth staying on?

HOOK: Not as a full time assignment.

JEFF: You mean you're going to have to bump into a lead?

HOOK: A lead or a break.

JEFF: Okay, but we want that story. (HARD) So when the break comes, be there, Hook ... just be there.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ HITS INTO

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ PHONE RINGS. IS ANSWERED

HOOK: Fisher speaking ... Who? (PLEASED) Ellen. Where are you? What are you doing in the lobby? Come on in.  
 (PAUSE) ~~Well, sure I can come out, but...~~ ~~SHAY...~~ I'll be right there.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ PHONE UP WALKS THRU NEWS ROOM. AD LIB HIYAS. DOOR OPENS

HOOK: John, I had a caller, a lady ... Oh, there you are.  
(PLEASED) Why didn't you come in and ... (STOPS AS HE  
SEES HER FACE) Ellen, what happened to your face?

ELLEN: (TONELESS) Can you leave and come with me?

HOOK: Sure, ~~Ellen~~ What's the matter?

ELLEN: I'm sick, Hook, sick until I - I just want to die.

HOOK: Ellen, what is it? Did you fall <sup>AND</sup> ~~or~~ hurt yourself or  
what?

ELLEN: (LOW) It's Bill. He hit me. ~~He beat me.~~

HOOK: What?! Has he gone crazy. Ellen tell me what happened?

ELLEN: I can't. I can't. He's home now. You come with me.  
If he knew I was going to bring you, he'd - I don't  
know what he'd do. (TRAGEDY) Hook, you've got to  
help me, you've got to.

MUSIC: - - - - BRIDGE

BILL: (BEATEN) She told you. Ellen told you.

HOOK: Told me what? She didn't tell me anything, Bill. She  
just said you hit her, she said you ...

BILL: But she told you.

HOOK: Told me what?

BILL: Where is she?

HOOK: She's downstairs in my car. Man, what's going on here?  
Bill - this is Hook, this is me. Talk.

BILL: Take her away somewhere. She's better off without me.

HOOK: Will you stop talking crazy and tell me what this is  
'about!

BILL: You want to know - really?

HOOK: Bill, I swear I'll -- (BRAKES HIMSELF. GENTLY) What is it, guy?

BILL: One word, Hook - that one word your friend Jeff said.

HOOK: What one word? You mean ... dope? Heroin?

BILL: That's right.

HOOK: You?

BILL: Me.

HOOK: Why? Bill - why? A guy like you ... what are you doing with stuff like that?

BILL: What's the difference? I did it. I'm still doing it. And I'll keep on doing it.

HOOK: Why, Bill, why?

BILL: What's the difference why? I can't stop that's why. Because once you start ... (LOW) you don't stop. You go from bad to worse. First you get fired, then you - then you start hitting your wife and then ... then there's no stopping you.

HOOK: Then it's true, what Jeff said. It's here in Kansas City isn't it?

BILL: It's here.

HOOK: It's all around. Lots of it?

BILL: <sup>LOTS OF IT,</sup>  
HOOK: Then I was just blind, I just couldn't find it.

BILL: Yeah, there's a story. Go get your story. Only leave me alone, Hook, leave me alone. Take Ellen and help her, let her forget me and ... only leave me alone. Just leave me alone.

HOOK: Bill ...

BILL: Yeah?



HOCK: Where?

BILL: Where what?

HOCK: Where do you get it?

BILL: None of your business.

HOCK: Where do you get it, Bill?

BILL: You're a reporter -- find out.

HOCK: I'm going to find out. Now. From you. Where do you get it. (BEAT) I'll sweat it out of you if it takes all night. I'll sweat it out of you. (HIGH. HARD) Where do you get it?

BILL: (TOP HIM) Allright, allright, allright. (SOBS) I get it at a place called Hubert's. Now leave me alone, will you? Leave me alone.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE AND UNDER

NARRATOR: Now you know, Hook Fisher, now you know. You know the meaning of the dope traffic in terms of human beings ... and you move. You go to the place where Bill Cole made his first contact to get the stuff, a little honky-tonk place where they peddle music and beer and horror. You know the name of the place and the name of a man ...

PIANO: \_ \_ \_ \_ HONKY TONK B.G.

HOCK: Hey, bud, where's Hubert?

BUD: Got the wrong place, mister. No Hubert here.

HOCK: Is that why they call the place Hubert's?

BUD: I ain't much on jokes, mister.

HOCK: (LOW) I want some <sup>thing</sup> ~~stuff~~, bud. S-t-u-f-f.

BUD: I don't know what you're talking about.

HOCK: I'm talking about dope.

PIANO: \_ \_ \_ \_ IN CLEAR FOR A MOMENT

BUD: And you want to see Hubert?

HOOK: That's right.

BUD: Come on back here - with me. Right back here.

HOOK: I'm right behind you.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ SOME STEPS. THEY STOP.

BUD: All right, wise guy ... you asked for this!

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ SOCK.

HOOK: (HEFTIER SOCK) You asked for this.

BUD: GROANS

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ BODY FALL

AL: (UNDERCOVER MAN PLAYING A PART) Nice left you got there, friend.

HOOK: / Another one?

AL: Oh, no. I'm on your side. Any guy with a left like that, I'm on your side. Sidown, have a beer on me.

HOOK: No thanks.

AL: I got something might interest you. Concerning s-t-u-f-f.

HOOK: You like the rest of them in here?

AL: I was, not now. Sidown. Take a load off your feet.

HOOK: Okay - talk.

AL: Your name is Fisher, you're a reporter, you're after the drug, heroin.

HOOK: Go on.

AL: My name is Al. I was once a collector in this racket - but they crossed me. Follow me?

HOOK: What's a collector?

AL: I picked up dough from the joints that sold the stuff for us. Used to take up <sup>to</sup> two grand a week. But they crossed me. So now I'm gonna cross them, talk to you.

~~See what I mean? TO EVERYBODY ELSE I'M GOING TO PUT IT ALL RIGHT IN THE FRONT~~  
 HOOK: I'm listening. LEARN. SEE WHAT I HEAR?

AL: You want to know who Hubert is? Hubert's nobody. There's 25 Huberts in this town. You want Hubert's boss. That's the one you want.

HOOK: I'm still listening.

AL: Here's the address of a place where they're gonna show some stamp collections -- philately, they call it -- at the home of Mr. Roger Sutcliffe ... tonight. Be there. The boss of the whole thing -- he'll be there, too.

HOOK: At a stamp collectors meeting? You been seeing too many movies.

AL: Never go to the movies, friend. Never touch the stuff either. But I get interested in stamp collecting once in a while. Take a tip. Be there.

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

BUSINESS: \_ \_ \_ \_ AD LIBS

VOICES: Priceless collection ... The original issue was without perforations ... Oh, there's Mr. Sutcliffe with another album.

SUTCLIFFE: (COMPLETELY CULTURED. OFF SLIGHTLY) Ladies and gentlemen, now I should like to call your attention to this collection which came into my ... (FADE BEHIND) hands by chance ...

(MORE)

AL: Hello, Mr. Fisher.

HOOK: Al.

AL: That's right. Glad to see you got here.

HOOK: What is this?

AL: Wanted you to get a good look. Now take a good look. That distinguished gentleman, our host ...

SUTCLIFFE: last fall. It was originally the property of Sir Arthur Winfree of the Philatelic Society of London, who spent over fifty years in accumulating domestic and foreign issues. Sir Arthur's collection is notable principally for the exceedingly careful classification by watermarks.

SUTCLIFFE: (IN CLEAR, STILL OFF) I call your attention especially to the watermarks in this British ~~two~~ one penny issue of 1874.

HOOK: Well?

AL: That's the boss, the number one man. Mr. Roger Sutcliffe, expert on watermarks, lover of rare stamps and dealer in fine dope.

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? 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, there's one cigarette that's really different -  
really "Outstanding!" - PELL MELL!

HARRICE: When you pick up a PELL MELL, you can see the  
difference - you can feel the difference. And when  
you smoke a PELL MELL, you can taste the difference.

CHAPPELL: For PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine,  
mellow tobaccos filters the smoke of this longer, finer  
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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, Hook Fisher, reporter for the Kansas City Star go very slowly from here in. You're after the story of dope in your home town, and you think you know who's the head of the racket - a gentleman named Roger Sutcliffe, stamp collector extraordinary. But you're not sure, you have no proof, you have nothing but the word of a man you only half trust, a former money collector in the dope racket who's been double-crossed. So -- you go slow.

SOUND: \_\_\_\_\_ TRAFFIC B.G. \_\_\_\_\_

AL: Now there's how the stuff comes into town, Fisher.

HOOK: How?

AL: Automobiles.

HOOK: Like that one?

AL: Like that one. Automobiles and trucks.

HOOK: How can you prove it?

AL: It's hard. One car looks pretty much like another. You have to be sure you spot the right one. They make deliveries to a honky-tonk on the North side. We'll follow and you make notes. You keep your eyes open.

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

SOUND: \_\_\_\_\_ DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS \_\_\_\_\_

AL: We'll go up to the bar, Hook. Come on.

HOOK: Okay, Al.

BARTENDER: Yes sir, gentlemen. What'll it be?

AL: Rye and gingerale. You, Hook?

HOOK: Nothing, thanks.

BARTENDER: One rye and gingerale. Right ho.

AL: (SOTTO) This is a main collection station.

HOOK: How do they do it?

AL: The hop heads come in, make their contact, hand over the dough, and it's all theirs. They pay a lot for it -- sure. But they get it. Right here.

HOOK: Then what?

AL: Then the dough goes to Mr. Roger Sutcliffe.

HOOK: Can we prove it?

AL: That's your job, friend. That's where you come in.

HOOK: I see. I see. (PAUSE) Okay. Okay, Al, I just got me - an idea.

MUSIC: AGITATO AND UNDER

HOOK: Bill, just listen and don't say a word. I'm giving you five hundred dollars and I'm going with you to that honky-tonk. You're going to buy five hundred dollars worth of dope and then -- you're going to see this thing through with me.

MUSIC: RISES A LITTLE HIGHER

BILL: (LOW) I've got five hundred dollars here. I want some ~~stuff~~ <sup>THING</sup>. I want five hundred dollars worth of s-t-u-f-f, and I want it now.

MUSIC: HIGHER AND OUT

HOOK: You get it?

BILL: Yes, I got it. I paid the five hundred, and I got the stuff.

HOOK: Now I'm gonna tell you what you've done, Bill. You passed five hundred dollars in marked bills. We're gonna trace those bills and they're gonna show up somewhere and then we'll have the man we're after.

BILL: (NO ENTHUSIASM) Fine. Good.

HOOK: But that's only half of it. The other half is this. Where's the stuff?

BILL: I have it.

HOOK: Put it on the table.

BILL: What for?

HOOK: Put it on the table.

SOUND: BOX ON THE TABLE.

HOOK: Okay - now take it and throw it into that fire.

BILL: No.

HOOK: Do it, Bill. Do it.

BILL: I won't.

HOOK: Why do you think I went into this whole thing? Why do you think I got mixed up with rats and lice and collectors? For a story? Okay, I did it for a story - but I did it for you, too. When you asked me to take Ellen away, I did. But I don't like to see the two of you separated. I want to see you back together again. And for that to happen you have to take the step and throw that - that garbage into the fire.

BILL: I can't.

HOOK: You can. You can and you will. This doesn't cure you, but it's the first step. Now do it.

BILL: (LOW) Okay, okay. (EFFORT OF THROWING) There.



HOOK: Good boy, Bill.

BILL: That's what you asked. It's in the fire ... (SOBS)  
Now will you leave me alone? Leave me alone!

MUSIC: BRIDGE AND UNDER *YOU WERE / ...*

AL: Hook, this is Al. / Those bills turned up at the Second  
National and guess who made the deposit? Our boy -  
Mr. Roger Sutcliffe. How's about you and I pay him a  
visit?

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

BUTLER: I'm sorry, gentlemen, you cannot go in.

HOOK: Then you tell Mr. Sutcliffe to come out here.

BUTLER: I'm sorry. Mr. Sutcliffe is examining a stamp  
collection for possible reimpresions. He can't ...

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

SUTCLIFFE: Gentlemen, gentlemen - please.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

SUTCLIFFE: I find it difficult to concentrate with people babbling  
in the next room. Now what seems to be the trouble?

HOOK: Mr. Sutcliffe, I want to talk to you.

SUTCLIFFE: I'm afraid, sir, you have the advantage over me. I -- uh

HOOK: Hook Fisher's my name ... This is ...

AL: Hello, Mr. Sutcliffe.

SUTCLIFFE: I'm sorry, I don't know this gentleman, either, and I ..

HOOK: Suppose we tell you why we came. These bills,  
Mr. Sutcliffe, were deposited in your account today.

SUTCLIFFE: Indeed?

HOOK: This money was used to purchase the drug, heroin,  
Mr. Sutcliffe.

SUTCLIFFE: Heroin? Really? What has that to do with me?

HOOK: How did this money get into your hands?

SUTCLIFFE: Well, really, my friend. I deposit large sums of money every day. I have many interests. If, as you suggest, some of the money which my clerks deposit happens to have come from unfortunate people who are addicted to -- heroin, did you say? -- you really don't think I'm responsible.

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

MRS.SUTCLIFFE: Roger, my dear ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ DOOR CLOSE

SUTCLIFFE: Yes, dear. I'm sorry - these gentlemen --

MRS.SUTCLIFFE: Mr. Grayson is most anxious to know about that issue of 1898. He wants your opinion at once.

SUTCLIFFE: Gentlemen, my wife. My dear, Mr. -- Fisher -- and -- I didn't get your name.

AL: Benson. Al Benson.

SUTCLIFFE: And Mr. Benson. They were just leaving.

AL: I'm afraid we weren't. I'm afraid that Mr. Grayson will have to get along without your opinion, Mr. Sutcliffe.

SUTCLIFFE: Indeed?

AL: You see, I happen to have affidavits that say "~~no~~ YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GIVE ANY opinion," Mr. Sutcliffe.

SUTCLIFFE: Affidavits?

AL: One from the man who ~~paid the money~~ <sup>BOUGHT THE DOPE</sup> over at the bar and grille, saying that he paid it for dope. The second from the contact at the grille, who sold the dope, ~~saying that he turned the money over to a collector.~~ The third is from the collector, who turned the money over to you.

SUTCLIFFE: This is fantastic.

AL: Not at all. There's a fourth affidavit. It's from your clerk, Mr. Sutcliffe -- the man who made the deposit for you at the bank. He swears that you personally gave him the money ~~which he brought to the bank,~~ the same money that ~~initially~~ bought the dope. The same marked money.

MRS. SUTCLIFFE: Roger ...

AL: So unless you want to upset everybody, Mr. Sutcliffe, suppose you just skip this philately and come along with us.

MUSIC: - - - - BRIDGE

HOOK: Al ...

AL: Yes, Hook?

HOOK: When did you get all the evidence you pulled on Sutcliffe?

AL: Picked it up as we went along.

HOOK: Then you're a narcotics agent.

AL: Yes, I am.

HOOK: Then what'd you need me for? You didn't need me for anything!

AL: Take it easy, chum. They'd never go after you. The syndicate would never go after a reporter as well known as you are in this town. They'd go after me all right (if they could find out who I was) because they know I have to operate alone - but they'd never tangle with a reporter. Too risky.

HOOK: So I was just a ...

AL: You ran interference, if you like - but the things you found out and the things you're going to write now - that's the most important part of this campaign. You see, Hook, you know this thing inside out, you can make it come to life for people, make it real.

HOOK: <sup>OKAY</sup>  
~~Forget it, Al -- I was just peeved for a minute there, but anything I can do, any little thing to get rid of this -- that's worth everything.~~ But one thing you got to do for me.

AL: What?

HOOK: My friend Bill Cole.

AL: What do you want me to do?

HOOK: There must be cures. You know them. I want you to talk to Bill, I want you to ---

AL: That's where you come in again. What you did for him already, getting him to burn that stuff - that was the beginning. Go back. See him. Talk to him. You can do it. And when you've done it - you can write the best story of your life.

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

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ OUTDOOR B.G. BIRDS. FOOTSTEPS

HOOK: Take it easy, Bill.

BILL: I feel good.

HOOK: Well, it still isn't a smart idea to walk this fast, especially after the size of that lunch you just packed away. Stop here a minute.

BILL: Okay.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ STEPS OUT

HOOK: How long's it been?

BILL: Four months, Hook. Four months since I touched the stuff. Thanks to you.

HOOK: Never mind that. See that car parked in the lane off the road up ahead?

BILL: Yeah.

HOOK: She's waiting for you there. Ellen's waiting for you.  
(BEAT) Go give your wife a kiss, you big jerk.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from Paul W. Fisher of the Kansas City Star with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ FANFARE

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: The cigarette that's really different - the longer,  
finer cigarette that's really "Outstanding!" - PELL  
MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! 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 Paul W. Fisher of the Kansas City Star.

HOOK: As a result of expose' , fifteen members of vice racket in Kansas City were indicted, and sent to prison for long terms. I'm glad I had a chance to help clean up this heroin traffic, put my friend back on his feet, and get my big story all at the same time. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Fisher. 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 South Los Angeles Bulletin; by-line -- Aaron Dudley. A BIG STORY that reached its climax when a telephone rang and rang and rang ...

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

HARRICE: ... but no one answered.

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

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

(MORE)

CHAPPELL:  
(CONTD)

Arnold Perl. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and  
Les Tremayne played the part of Paul W. Fisher.  
All names in tonight's story except that of  
Mr. Fisher 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

Cast page, pages  
9 and 17.

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #52

"IN LINE OF DUTY"

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24, 1948

AS BROADCAST

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
LES	WILLIAM KEENE
BILL	JAMES McCALLION
AARON DUDLEY	FRANCIS DE SALES
JANET	AMZIE STRICKLAND
CASHIER	JOHN GIBSON
CHIEF	JOSEPH BOLAND
SHERIFF	JOHN GIBSON

ATX01 0060517

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

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ON PAVEMENT. OPEN CAR DOOR.

BILL: Step on it, Les ... I've been in a bad beef!

SOUND: SLAM CAR DOOR

LES: What happened, kid?

BILL: Step on it, will you? I'll talk later!

SOUND: CAR STARTS OUT FAST. GEARS UNDER

LES: You better do some talkin' now, Bill ... while there's still time ... You killed him, didn't you?

BILL: How do I know what I did? It all happened so quick I ...

LES: Answer my question! Did you kill him or didn't you?

BILL: Les -- please! I don't know if he's dead ... I didn't stop to look at him!

LES: ~~Well, quit feeling sorry for yourself!~~ (THEN LOW)  
If he's dead, we're in for it -- good!

MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Another in the thrilling series based on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight, to Aaron Dudley of the South Los Angeles Bulletin 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, there's one cigarette that's really different -  
really "Outstanding!" - PELL MELL. 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 exciting and authentic story of ... "IN LINE OF DUTY!"

MUSIC: UP, THEN DOWN AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You are Aaron Dudley of the South Los Angeles Bulletin and -- like most newspapermen -- you are a reporter because <sup>THAT'S YOUR FAVORITE</sup> ~~you know of no better~~ way to make a living. Of course, you can't afford a yacht on your salary, and the chances are you'll never wear a pair of striped trousers -- but you're not crazy about yachts anyway ... and as far as the trousers are concerned -- well ... you'd rather have a good story ... Right now -- you wish you did have one ... because things are pretty quiet on this particular afternoon ... And as you sit at your desk in the office, a man who used to run the elevator in your building stops in to ask you a favor ...

SOUND: SOME NEWSPAPER BACKGROUND

DUDLEY: What's on your mind, Nelson?

LES: Well ... I wanted to ask you a favor, Mr. Dudley ... only I don't know if I got a right to or not.

DUDLEY: Go ahead -- ask.

LES: Well ... it ain't for me exactly. It's for my kid brother.

DUDLEY: Don't tell me he wants to be a newspaperman.

LES: No ... but he does need a job ... any kind of a job. And I thought you might know somebody who could help him out.

DUDLEY: Well ... I might be able to help him myself. Why don't you bring him down here and let me have a talk with him?

LES: Uh ... he can't come down, Mr. Dudley.

DUDLEY: Why not?

LES: Well ... he's serving time ... in a penitentiary.

DUDLEY: Oh ...

LES: But ... he'll need a job to go to when he comes out.

DUDLEY: I see ...

LES: He ain't a bad kid, Mr. Dudley. Honest. I wouldn'ta come here if he was a bad kid. He just didn't have a chance.

DUDLEY: You mean -- he's innocent?

LES: Uh ... no ... I just meant he got a bum break ... Started out wrong ... Got mixed up with the wrong bunch of kids ... and the first thing you know -- he pulled a hold-up.

DUDLEY: Well ... I don't know what I can do, Nelson.

LES: Give him a chance -- will you, Mr. Dudley? He's learned his lesson now ... and he's dyin' to go straight -- if he can get a job. Only it's kind of tough for an ex-con to get a job anywhere.

DUDLEY: Yeah ... I know.

LES: What do you say, Mr. Dudley? Will you help him?

DUDLEY: When can I see him, Nelson?

LES: Well, you can't. I just told you -- he's in the pen.

DUDLEY: Don't they have visiting days? <sup>THE PEN?</sup>

LES: Well, sure, but ~~you wouldn't go all the way up~~  
~~there to see him, would you?~~

DUDLEY: Wouldn't I? -- If I'm going to recommend him for a job,  
I want to know what he's like.

MUSIC: ~~BRIDGE~~

DUDLEY: Don't get me wrong, kid -- I didn't come all the way  
out here to put you through the third degree ... but  
there are a few questions that ...

BILL: Sure, I understand. Ask me all the questions you  
like, Mr. Dudley. You can't afford to take a chance  
on a guy you never saw before.

DUDLEY: You think I would be taking a chance -- if I  
recommended you for a job?

BILL: Does it make any difference what I think?

DUDLEY: It does to me.

BILL: Well ... I'm no saint, you know ... If I was, I  
wouldn't be in here.

DUDLEY: You haven't answered my question yet.

BILL: Well ... what do you expect me to say, Mr. Dudley?  
That I'm a good boy -- and I'll never sin again? You  
wouldn't believe that kind of a line if I swore it  
on a stack of Bibles.

DUDLEY: That's a bum answer, Bill.

BILL: It's an honest answer, Mr. Dudley. I could have given  
you a song and a dance if you wanted it ... but I  
thought you expected me to tell you the truth.

DUDLEY: What is the truth?

BILL: Can't you see it written all over my face? Didn't the  
warden tell you what kind of a prisoner I was?

DUDLEY: Some of it.

BILL: For seven years now I've been a boy scout around here. There isn't a black mark on my record. And you know why?

DUDLEY: Why?

BILL: Because I want to get out of here when my time's up. I want to get out and stay out -- as long as I live!

DUDLEY: Well, what are you sore at, kid?

BILL: I'm sore at myself, Mr. Dudley ... Sore because I've been sitting here for seven years -- watching the time go by. Watching and waiting and kicking myself all over the lot because I didn't have sense enough to go straight in the beginning.

DUDLEY: We all make mistakes sometimes.

BILL: Not like this one ... Not for seven years. That's something you never get back. Time ... Time ...! Why, if I hadn't been such a stupid punk, I might have been a lawyer by now ... or a doctor ... or a reporter on a newspaper ...

DUDLEY: Is it too late to start all over again?

BILL: I started all over again the day I came in here. Right then and there I made up my mind I was going to study and learn how to become somebody. And when I get out, I'm going to make up for lost time.

DUDLEY: I think you've got a good chance, kid. I like the way you talk.

BILL: Thanks for the encouragement, Mr. Dudley.

DUDLEY: Encouragement? ~~not enough.~~ I'm going to get you a job.

MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ BRIDGE AND UNDER

NARRATOR: So ... you get him a job -- as a repair man in ~~a local~~ ~~store~~.... and pretty soon you find yourself taking an interest in that job ... going over to see him on Saturday afternoons ... talking to him ... making sure he's on the right track ...

DUDLEY: How are you doing, Bill?

BILL: Pretty good, I guess -- thanks to you, Mr. Dudley.

DUDLEY: I thought I told you to call me Aaron?

BILL: Well ... Aaron then ... only I feel kind of funny calling you Aaron.

DUDLEY: Why?

BILL: I don't know ... It just don't feel right ... Maybe it's because you've done so much for me.

DUDLEY: What have I done? Gotten you a job with old man Schumacher? He's lucky to have you.

BILL: It isn't only that. All along -- you've treated me like a regular guy.

DUDLEY: Don't other people?

BILL: Other people don't know about me ... except the ones I knew when I was a kid. And they don't care if I make the grade or fall on my face.

DUDLEY: How about you? You care, don't you?

BILL: Are you kiddin'? I'm working like a horse. Up to nine and ten o'clock every night.

DUDLEY: Good for you.

BILL: Got to make up for lost time. ~~You see~~ -- there's lots of kids sixteen years old making more than I am. I've got to catch up with them.



DUDLEY: Well, don't rush it, Bill. Just take everything in your stride.

BILL: I know.

DUDLEY: What are you doing tomorrow, kid?

BILL: Sunday? Nothing.

DUDLEY: How would you like to come over and meet some of the boys on the paper?

BILL: Aw -- you don't want me over at your office, do you?

DUDLEY: Don't be silly. I like you, kid. Come on over in the afternoon ... And when I knock off ... we'll go bowling!

MUSIC: HIT FOR MONTAGE, THEN DOWN AND UNDER

BILL: Say -- this is fun, Aaron. I never bowled before in my life.

DUDLEY: Well, if you like it that much -- let's go again --  
*Stage Day*  
next week.

MUSIC: UP, THEN DOWN AND UNDER

DUDLEY: How about a ball game, Bill? The Seals are in town -- and it looks like a swell day.

BILL: Okay with me -- only I'd like to make it a threesome, if you don't mind. I want you to meet my girl!

MUSIC: UP, THEN DOWN AND UNDER

DUDLEY: I'm glad to know you, Janet.

JANET: Well ... I'm very glad to know you, Mr. Dudley ... Bill says you're the swellest guy in the world.

DUDLEY: Well, I think he's pretty swell, too.

MUSIC: UP, THEN DOWN AND UNDER

NARRATOR: That's the way it went ... You gave a kid a job ... helped him straighten himself out ... and while you were doing it, he became one of your best friends ... And the longer you knew Bill Nelson, the better you liked him ... the closer you got to him ... Time and again he'd open up his heart to you ... tell you things about his childhood ... or his life in prison ... And you were sure he'd never go wrong again -- except for one fact ... He was still pressing for time ... And one night, after he'd been to a picture show with his brother Les, the two men stopped off at a Super Market for a pack of gum ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ SLIGHT STORE BACKGROUND ... CASH REGISTER ON

CASHIER: Here's your change, sir.

BILL: Hmmm?

CASHIER: Your change.

BILL: Oh ... thanks ...

LES: Come on, kid ... What are you starin' at?

BILL: Nothin' ...

LES: Well come on.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ FOOTSTEPS UNDER

BILL: Okay ...

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

LES: What were you lookin' at back there? Your tongue was hangin' out.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ DOOR CLOSES - FEW STREET NOISES

BILL: Did you see the roll of bills that was in that cash register, Les?

LES: No ...

BILL: Must have been five or six hundred dollars.

LES: What about it?

BILL: Nothin' ... I was just thinking it would take us years to save up that kind of dough ... and he had it all there ... right in his mitt.

LES: Bill -- are you gettin' ideas?

BILL: No ... of course not ... Only it would be kind of nice to have a bankroll like that ... We could start a business of our own with five or six hundred bucks.

LES: Yeah?

BILL: Don't say yeah ... Things'ud go a lot faster if we had a business of our own ... We could make some real money ... and have enough for a car maybe ... or enough so Janet and I could get married ...

LES: Stop it, will you?

BILL: No kiddin' ... It'ud be a cinch to knock off a place like that. All you'd have to do is stick a gun in that cashier's ribs and walk out with the dough.

LES: Walk out with the cops, too.

BILL: Where do you see any cops?

LES: Bill! You're serious.

BILL: Well, it's an idea, Les. All we'd have to do is pull one job and we'd have enough dough to go into business!

MUSIC: BRIDGE AND UNDER

BILL: ~~Holy mackerel~~, Les -- did you see that cash register tonight? It's loaded with <sup>Dough</sup>~~cash~~ again!

MUSIC: STING AND UNDER

BILL: What do you think, Les? We can buy/er store on ~~King's~~ Street for eight hundred bucks. And if you'd go in on this job with me -- I'd do it in a minute.

MUSIC: STING AND UNDER

LES: You think it's that easy, kid? ~~UP THE STAIRS~~

BILL: Sure -- it's a cinch, I tell you. We'll never get a better chance than this.

LES: Okay, kid ... You figure out how to do it -- and it's a deal!

MUSIC: UP AND FINISH

SOUND: TYPEWRITER. ~~NEWSPEER BACKGROUND~~

JANET: (OFF) Aaron ...

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING FAST

DUDLEY: Oh, hello, Janet. What brings you down here?

JANET: (FADING IN) Aaron ... can I talk to you for a minute? It's about Bill.

DUDLEY: What's the trouble?

JANET: I don't know for sure -- but something's wrong. Bill quit his job this afternoon!

DUDLEY: Quit his job?

JANET: Walked right out on it ... without any warning! And he won't tell me why. He won't even see me..

DUDLEY: That's funny.

JANET: There's something the matter, Aaron. For over a week now he's been jumpy and hard to get along with. Fights with me all the time.

DUDLEY: About what?

JANET: Everything. He and Les have got some kind of a secret and they won't tell me what it is ...

DUDLEY: Now, now -- take it easy, Janet ...

JANET: (FIGHTING TEARS) Oh, Aaron -- I'm so terribly afraid he's heading for trouble again. Won't you have a talk with him?

DUDLEY: I'll talk to him, all right -- like a Dutch Uncle. I'm supposed to call him tonight at seven o'clock. I'll tell him I want to see him.

JANET: Will you, Aaron?

DUDLEY: You bet I will. That kid's come a long way, Janet ... I'm not going to let anything happen to him now!

MUSIC: BRIDGE AND INTO

SOUND: SMALL CLOCK STRIKING SEVEN. ESTABLISH, THEN UNDER

BILL: (JUMPY) Les -- for crying out loud -- will you stop reading that paper and get a tie on. I want to get out of here.

LES: Take it easy, kid. It's early yet.

BILL: I know it's early. I just don't want to stick around the house any more.

LES: Ain't you expectin' a phone call from Aaron Dudley?

BILL: That's why I don't want to stick around. I don't feel like talking to him ... Not tonight ...

LES: Hey ... you better calm down, kid -- you're awful jumpy.

BILL: I've got a reason to be, ain't I?

LES: Sure, but ... Look -- if you're losin' your nerve ... we don't have to do this job tonight. It was your idea -- not mine.

BILL: Will you shut up? It's still my idea.

LES: But if it's eatin' your insides out ...

BILL: Stop talkin' about it, will you?

LES: Look, Bill --- I've been with you a hundred percent ---  
ever since you got out of the pen...

BILL: I know, I know...

LES: ~~Listen a minute, will you? You're a lot smarter than I~~  
~~am, kid --- and I know it. That's why I'll stick with~~  
~~you --- wherever you want to go ... But once you told~~  
~~me you were through with this hold-up stuff ...~~

BILL: I'm still through with it! It's just this one job I  
want... We won't do any more.

LES: ~~Look ---~~ But we don't need the money, Bill. We could save it up  
if you went back to work again.

BILL: It's too slow, Les -- too slow ... Time! Time! For  
three years now we've worked like dogs and what did it  
get us? Not even a hundred dollars in the bank. We  
gotta have a business of our own ...

LES: Well, we'll get it -- sooner or later ...

BILL: I can't afford to wait. I've wasted too much of my  
life already.

LES: Okay, kid ... Anything you say.

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS

LES: I'll get it.

BILL: Wait a minute. Don't answer that.

SOUND: RING AGAIN AND CONTINUE RHYTHMICALLY

LES: But it might be somethin' we ...

BILL: It's Aaron ... I know it is. *IF I HAD A BROTHER, I'D LOVE HIM.*

LES: Well -- *NO, THEN MAYBE WE OUGHT TO?*  
~~don't you want me to ...?~~

BILL: No! Just let it ring.

LES: Okay ... You're the doctor.

BILL: Come on -- get your tie on. We've got a job to do!

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ RING IN CLEAR FOR A MOMENT

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ WIPE FOR 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? 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, there's one cigarette that's really different - really "Outstanding!" - PELL MELL!

HARRICE: When you pick up a PELL MELL, you can see the difference - you can feel the difference. And when you smoke a PELL MELL, you can taste the difference.

CHAPPELL: 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.

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HARRICE: And - they are mild!



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

HARRICE: Now we return you to your narrator, Bob Sloane, and tonight's Big Story ...

NARRATOR: You, Aaron Dudley, of the South Los Angeles Bulletin, aren't looking for a story just now. You're trying to reach Bill Nelson on the telephone and the number doesn't seem to answer. You're a little worried about Bill -- not only because he's one of your best friends -- but because you helped him when he needed help ... and you're proud of the way he straightened himself out ... The only trouble is -- you can't help Bill Nelson now ... While you're home -- dialing his number from time to time -- Bill and his brother, Les, are in a car on the other side of town ... and they're getting ready for a hold-up ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ CAR PULLING UP TO A STOP

BILL: Wait right here, Les ...

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

BILL: And keep the motor running. I'll be back here in less than two minutes ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ CAR DOOR CLOSES

LES: Wait a second, kid. Are you sure you ... ?

BILL: It's gonna be easy, I tell you ... at this time of night. There's nobody in that market but the cashier.

LES: Where is he? I can't see him.

BILL: He's there, all right ... counting up the day's receipts.

LES: Oh ... yeah ...

BILL: I better go in ... before he closes ...

LES: Yeah ... Good luck, kid.

BILL: Thanks ... I need it ...

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON PAVEMENT. OPEN DOOR

CASHIER: (OFF) Evenin'.

BILL: Say -- can I get a pack of gum in here.

CASHIER: (OFF) Sure thing.

BILL: Good ...

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES ... FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD UNDER

BILL: I was afraid you might be closed for the night.

CASHIER: (FADING IN) Well, I will be in a few minutes. Store closes at ... (STOPS)

BILL: Keep your hands on the counter, Mister. This is a stick-up.

CASHIER: Put that gun down, you fool. You can't get away with this.

BILL: Don't make trouble for me, <sup>please,</sup> ~~wise~~ guy. I want that dough.

CASHIER: Well, you're not going to get it. There's over seven hundred dollars here!

BILL: Keep your voice down!

CASHIER: Help! Police!

BILL: Shut up, will you? Don't be a chump about that dough.

CASHIER: Help! Help!

BILL: Please! For the love of heaven -- keep your mouth shut!

CASHIER: Help!

SOUND: SHOT

CASHIER: Ohhhhh ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ SHOT ... BODY FALLS

BILL: (TEARS) You crazy fool! Why didn't you keep your mouth shut!?

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

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ CAR RACING UNDER

BILL: Step on it, Les! There's a car behind us! Coming fast!

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ SIREN WHINING, OFF

BILL: Holy smoke! It's a patrol car! What are we going to do!

LES: What do you think we're going to do? Try to get away from 'em.

BILL: We haven't got a chance, Les.

LES: Keep quiet! You shot a guy, didn't you? If he dies, we'll be wanted for murder!

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ SHOTS, OFF

BILL: But they're shootin' at us!

LES: Get down, kid! Down! I'll try to run 'em off the road!

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ MORE SHOTS. ONE RICOCHETS ON

LES: Ohhhh ...

BILL: Les ... What happened?

LES: (EFFORT) Got me in the hip ... I can't drive no more!

BILL: I'll hold the wheel!

LES: No! No! Get ready to run for it. I'll pull up on this side.

BILL: Watch it! We're going to crash!

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ SQUEAL OF BRAKES, THEN CRASH

LES: Kid ... are you all right ... ?

BILL: (BREATHLESS) Yeah ...

LES: Well, beat it -- while there's still time!

BILL: Les ... I can't leave you here and run away.

LES: Beat it, you dope! ~~Get out!~~ You can still make it!

MUSIC: BRIDGE AND HOLD TENSE UNDER

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS. RECEIVER UP

DUDLEY: Hello? ... Oh, hello, Boss -- what's up ...? Where? ...

Uh-huh ... Two thugs ... I see. Okay -- I'll get right out to Hillside and see the Chief of Police!

MUSIC: UP AND FINISH

CHIEF: Well, that's the story, Dudley. Two thugs. Cashier got shot. We caught one crook, but the other one got away. And as soon as we ~~find out~~ who he is, we'll catch him, too.

DUDLEY: That shouldn't be too hard, Chief. If you've got one, I'm sure your men can "persuade" him to tell who his partner is.

CHIEF: I don't know ... This guy has been giving us some pretty good double talk... But we'll dig it out of him ...

DUDLEY: Good luck. (GRIMLY) You know, Chief, I'll never get used to things like this -- never! There's this guy -- this cashier -- he's a law-abiding citizen, minding his own business, and some dirty rat comes in and -- just shoots him. (BEAT) Is he seriously wounded?

CHIEF: They don't expect him to live.

DUDLEY: Poor guy ... He must have had plenty of nerve to talk back to that thug ... I hope you get <sup>THE OTHER PUNK</sup> ~~both punks~~ and give it to them <sup>both</sup> good.

CHIEF: Don't worry ... we will.

DUDLEY: Oh ... incidentally ... What's the name of the man you've got upstairs. The one you caught.

CHIEF: Uh ... Nelson ... Les Nelson ...

DUDLEY: What did you say?

CHIEF: Les Nelson ...

DUDLEY: Oh ...

CHIEF: What's the matter, Dudley? You look white as a sheet.

DUDLEY: Well ... I ... I just had a funny feeling ...

CHIEF: You mean you're sick?

DUDLEY: Oh ... I'm all right ... I just ... Tell me something, Chief ...

CHIEF: Yes?

DUDLEY: Have you ... any idea who Les Nelson's partner is?

CHIEF: It's open and shut, Dudley ... He's protecting his brother.

MUSIC: - - - - BRIDGE AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You're sick ... the inside of you feels as if it were weighted down ... but you're afraid to talk any more ... So you get up and drive back to the office ... and when you get there, you're numb from thinking about it ... Bill Nelson ... shot a man ... in cold blood ... robbed ... shot ... Pulled the trigger of a gun ... and fired a bullet into a man's chest ... Bill Nelson -- your friend ... your best friend ... How can you write a story like that about a kid who feels like your own brother ... How can you put the words on paper? How? You don't know how ... but you do it just the same ...

(MORE)

NARRATOR: And when you look up from your finished story, a deputy  
(CONTD.) sheriff is standing at your desk ...

SHERIFF: Want to have a talk with you, Dudley.

DUDLEY: Talk? What about?

SHERIFF: About a man we're looking for. A friend of yours --  
named Nelson ...

DUDLEY: Oh ...

SHERIFF: He is a friend of yours, isn't he?

DUDLEY: Yeah ...

SHERIFF: That's what I thought.

DUDLEY: (WEARY) What do you want, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: I want to know where he's hiding.

DUDLEY: Who?

SHERIFF: Bill Nelson.

DUDLEY: Well, how would I know? I haven't seen him in over a  
week. Leave me alone, will you, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: Look, Dudley -- I came here to get some information  
out of you -- and I'm not kidding.

DUDLEY: Well, I'm not kidding either ... I'm tired and I feel  
like the devil ... and I don't know anything about  
Bill Nelson.

SHERIFF: You wouldn't say that to protect a friend, would you?

DUDLEY: Are you crazy?

SHERIFF: Come off it, Dudley. I know how you feel about that  
kid. You've helped him all along -- and you'd help him  
now if you had the chance. (NEEDLING) Wouldn't you?

DUDLEY: Don't be a sap.

SHERIFF: I'd help my best friend if he were in trouble ... only I wouldn't protect him from the law. And you better not either.

DUDLEY: You're barking up the wrong tree, Sheriff... All I know about Bill Nelson is right here in this story ...

*SOUND:*  
SHERIFF: *FA-FA-FA*  
Um hum.

DUDLEY: I thought I knew a lot about that kid ... till this happened ... Now I guess I don't know him at all.

SHERIFF: Okay, Dudley ... I won't make a pest of myself ... Only *GET A NEW LEAD FOR*  
~~you better change~~ this story ...

DUDLEY: What do you mean?

SHERIFF: ~~Your friend Nelson is wanted for more than robbery, I'm~~  
~~afraid.~~ That cashier died about an hour ago. Bill Nelson is wanted for murder.

MUSIC: BRIDGE AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You fix the story and send it through ... only you haven't got the heart to see it in print ... so you go home ... And on the way, you notice that you're being followed ... The Deputy Sheriff is shadowing you -- but you don't care anymore ... You let yourself into your apartment and hang your hat in the hall ... And then ...

BILL: (SOFTLY) Hello, Aaron ...

DUDLEY: Bill! ... Bill! What are you doing here?

BILL: (LIKE A CHILD) I ... I had to come here, Aaron ... There wasn't any other place I could go ...

DUDLEY: How could you do it, Bill? How could you kill a man in cold blood?

BILL: Aw ... don't get mad at me, Aaron -- please ... You're the only friend I've got.

DUDLEY: I'm not your friend any more, kid. Not after this.

BILL: Don't ... please ... ~~I've had too much already ... I'll go out of my mind if you don't stop scolding me.~~

~~DUDLEY: Well, what do you expect me to do? Give you sympathy?~~

~~BILL: No ... I know you can't stomach me any more ... I don't blame you ... Only ... I need you now ... more than I ever needed you before ... Give me a break -- will you, Aaron?~~

DUDLEY: What can I do?

BILL: Help me get out of town ... Get me a car or something ... Let me take yours ... just till I get out of town ... I'll give you all the money I've got ... Seven hundred dollars!

DUDLEY: The money you stole? You want me to take that money?

BILL: But I ... I gotta get out of town.

DUDLEY: What good will it do? If you get out of this town, what are you going to do about the next -- and the one after that? Are you going to keep running away for the rest of your life, Bill?

BILL: I gotta.

DUDLEY: They'll look for you -- wherever you go ... As long as you live, they'll be after you -- chasing you ... tracking you down ...

BILL: I gotta live, don't I? I got time left to live.

DUDLEY: You call that living, kid? Hiding from the police? Jumping from town to town? Afraid to show your face -- no matter where you go?



BILL: What else can I do?

DUDLEY: You can give yourself up.

BILL: What are you talking about?

DUDLEY: There's a sheriff right downstairs in the street, kid.  
All you have to do is ...

BILL: No! I'll get the rope if I give myself up.

DUDLEY: And if you don't -- you'll get worse than the rope.

BILL: Don't be a chump, Aaron! You can afford to talk like that because it isn't your life. This is just a story to you. But it's happening to me! Really happening!

DUDLEY: That's why I'm asking you to give yourself up. If you try to get out of town, they'll shoot you full of holes.

BILL: Don't give me that baloney! I didn't come here for a sermon!

DUDLEY: What did you come for?

BILL: The keys to your car! Are you going to give 'em to me or aren't you?

DUDLEY: If you want them that bad ... you can have them, kid.

BILL: You mean -- you'll give 'em to me?

DUDLEY: <sup>KEYS</sup> Here ... Take them.

BILL: Aaron ... Aaron ... don't look at me like that ... You're the last guy in the world I'll be able to talk to ... The last guy, Aaron ... Don't look at me like that ... or I can't go.

DUDLEY: I don't want you to go ... You'll have to shoot your way out of here, kid ... And you may have to kill another man ...

BILL: No ... I won't ...

DUDLEY: Give yourself up, Bill ... while there's still time ..

BILL: Time ...?

DUDLEY: Time, kid ... For once -- you've got enough time to do it right ... What do you say, Bill?

BILL: Come on, Aaron ... Let's go together ...

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You take him down the stairs ... and out into the street ... And you wave to him as he walks to the Sheriff alone ... This time he knows he's done it right ... and he smiles back at you ... a thin, grateful smile .. that you'll never forget as long as you live.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ UP AND FINISH

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Aaron Dudley of the South Los Angeles Bulletin with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ FANFARE

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: The cigarette that's really different - the longer,  
finer cigarette that's really "Outstanding!" - PELL  
MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! 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 Aaron Dudley of the South Los Angeles Bulletin.

DUDLEY: Brother of killer in tonight's BIG STORY was sentenced to life imprisonment, but my friend was convicted of murder and hanged at San Quentin Prison. My paper wanted me to cover the execution, but I managed to get out of that assignment. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Dudley. 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, D.C., Evening Star; by-line -- William Chance, Jr. A BIG STORY that began when some people went rowing on a summer afternoon ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ OARS

HARRICE: ... and the canoe turned over.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ SPLASH

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 your narrator, Bob Sloane, and Francis De Sales played the part of Aaron Dudley. All names in tonight's

(MORE)

CHAPPELL: story except that of Mr. Dudley were fictitious; but  
(CONTD) 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.

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #53

2nd Revision  
(Cast Page, 1,3,4,5,  
6,7,19,20 & 23)

"THE OTHER GUY'S SHOES"

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31, 1948

AS BROADCAST

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
BILL CHANCE	LES TREMAYNE
JEFFRIES	FRANCIS DE SALES
LARRY	JUANO HERNANDEZ
JIM	JOHN SYLVESTER
SALLY	GRACE MATTHEWS
JANIE	ANNE SARGENT
JANITRESS	ETHEL OWEN
MRS. MADDEN	ETHEL OWEN

ATX01 0060546

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

JEFFRIES: LAUGHS

BILL: What're you laughing at?

JEFFRIES: You. You're talking like a crazy man.

BILL: It's the only chance.

JEFFRIES: You want me to make a fool of myself?

BILL: I want you to arrest a criminal.

JEFFRIES: That's your idea.

BILL: You have a better one?

JEFFRIES: Yeah. Stick to reporting. I'll take care of the police department.

BILL: (RESIGNED TONE) Okay. Mess up the whole works. Let a criminal go free. Let -- (BREAKS AND HOLDS) No, don't. Lock, give me a chance. Give me time to get some facts.

JEFFRIES: (SUDDENLY) Okay. You asked for it, reporter. But if you're giving the police a bum steer ...

BILL: Yeah?

JEFFRIES: The police are going to steer you right out of the newspaper game.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT AND UNDER FOR

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY ... another in a thrilling series based on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight, to William W. Chance, Jr. of the Washington D.C. Evening Star goes the PELL MELL Award for ... THE BIG STORY!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ FANFARE

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0060547

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, there's one cigarette that's really different -  
really "Outstanding!" - PELL MELL. 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 exciting and authentic story of ... "The Other Guy's Shoes!"

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

NARRATOR: You are Bill Chance, reporter for the Washington, D.C. Evening Star. At this moment, you are standing on the bank of a gently moving stream.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ SUGGESTS BIRDS AND WATER MURMURING

NARRATOR: It's a beautiful summer afternoon. The golden rays of the warm sun slant downward, turning the water into a million dancing lights. The ~~slender~~ trees sigh with a faint rustling sound as the breeze touches them, ~~and the water murmurs a soft consoling murmur.~~ You, Bill Chance, stand in the glorious sunshine and look down at the woman lying on the green summer grass. Lying there dead.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ UGLY ACCENT AND OUT SHARP

~~JIM:~~ \_ \_ \_ \_ ~~SOUND OF MAN'S GORS~~

JEFFRIES: All right. Step aside, Bill. Reporters later.

BILL: Aw, have a heart, Jeffries ...

JEFFRIES: Later, Bill. Police questioning comes first. You know that. Now. How did it happen, Mr. <sup>TRAINOR</sup> ~~Trainor~~

JIM: (~~TRAINOR DOES~~) I don't know. I don't know.

JEFFRIES: You the husband of the dead woman?

JIM: Yes.

JEFFRIES: What about this guy? Who are you?

LARRY: Larry Aiken. I'm Jim's best friend.

JEFFRIES: How do you fit in this picture?

LARRY: It was me that had Janie out in the canoe when it ... tipped over.

JEFFRIES: I see. It tipped over, eh?

JIM: (DULLY) Yes. It tipped over and she fell in the water and we dove and dove but we couldn't find her and when we found her it was too late and she was dead.

JEFFRIES: I see.

BILL: Aw, leave the poor guy alone, can't you?

JEFFRIES: (LOW) Shut up, reporter. (UP) Go on, <sup>Mr. T...</sup>

JIM: It was her birthday and she wanted to go fishing so I brought her fishing ... and then the canoe tipped over, and now ... (HIS VOICE CATCHES)

BILL: Jeffries, have a heart ...

JEFFRIES: (LOW) Shut up, reporter! (UP) Go on, <sup>Mr. T...</sup>

JIM: I had a birthday cake for her. With her name on it. ~~It~~ ~~pink-icing.~~ ~~Janie liked pink-icing.~~ It looked real good, ~~on the cake.~~ But she ... (HE BREAKS AGAIN)

BILL: Come on, Jeffries. leave him alone.

JEFFRIES: For the last time, reporter, shut up.

BILL: But, Jeffries, the guy just lost his wife. Put yourself in his shoes, can't you?

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

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ DOOR CLOSES

SALLY: (OFF A BIT) That you, Bill?

BILL: (LOW) Yeah. It's me.

SALLY: (FADING IN) You're late.

BILL: Huh? (DISTRACTED) Oh, Sorry, Sally.

SALLY: What's the matter?

BILL: What do you mean?

SALLY: I haven't been married to you all these years for nothing, Bill Chance. I can tell when something's the matter.

BILL: (SMILES) All right. You win. Just covered a bad accident. Man and wife picnicking. Canoe they were in tipped over. She couldn't swim. That's all. Just -- got me down, I guess. (PAUSE) It was her birthday.

SALLY: Stop it, Bill.

BILL: Hmmm. Stop what?

SALLY: You know what I mean.

BILL: But ...

SALLY: (INTERRUPTING HIM) You've been in the newspaper business long enough to know better.

BILL: But ~~W~~...

SALLY: But nothing. You're such an emotional acrobat you get yourself into the dumps over every tale of woe you hear.

BILL: I can't help it, Sally. Whenever I try to get an angle on a story, I have to get inside a guy's mind to do it. I have to say to myself...

SALLY & BILL: "Put yourself in his shoes!"

BILL: How did you know I was going to say that?

SALLY: (SMILING) You always do!

BILL: Oh. (THEN) Well, today I kept thinking how I'd feel ... ~~how I'd feel~~ if you ... well ... if we were canoeing and the boat tipped over and ...

SALLY: Nothing would happen. I can swim.

BILL: (SALLY: WHAT?)  
I learned to swim myself right in that same canal. Not good swimming, though. <sup>SALLY: WHAT?</sup> Too shallow. Deepest spot is about eight feet and near shore it's only about two feet. I used to ... (TAKES) Sally!

SALLY: What?

BILL: That canoe turned over right near the shore line.

SALLY: So?

BILL: How can a grown woman drown in two feet of water?

SALLY: (AT A LOSS) Well she could ... she could be ...

BILL: She could be murdered ... that's what she could be!

SALLY: Do you think she was?

BILL: (SLOWLY) Yeah ... I think she was.

SALLY: Well, what are you going to do?

BILL: (MAKING PLANS) Phone Jeffries down at headquarters to hold the men as suspects. That friend -- the one in the canoe with the wife.

SALLY: Think he's the guilty one?

BILL: Makes sense doesn't it? I'll phone Jeffries now and ... (HOLDS) No.

SALLY: Hmmm?

BILL: I'll go question the husband first.

SALLY: Why can't you phone Jeffries?

BILL: I can't call <sup>THE CHIEF IS POLICE</sup> with a crazy hunch and tell him to arrest two men. No facts. No evidence. No, I hate to bother <sup>TRAVIS</sup> Travis, but ... I have to get some information first.

MUSIC: - - - - BRIDGE

BILL: Mr. <sup>TRAVIS</sup> Travis, would you tell me, in your own words, what happened at the canal this afternoon?

JIM: (WEARILY) Do I have to go into it again?

BILL: I'm afraid you do.

JIM: (UPSET) But I told the police everything once.

BILL: (SYMPATHETICALLY) I know how you feel, Mr. ~~Smith~~.  
I don't like bothering you any more than you like  
being bothered. But this is important.

BUSINESS: \_ \_ \_ A PAUSE ... THEN

JIM: All right. (DEEP BREATH) We went on an outing. Larry  
Aiken, my wife and me. It was to celebrate Janie's  
birthday. We rented a canoe in Georgetown and paddled  
north to fish. Before we reached the falls, we  
decided to stop and have lunch. (FADE) I went ashore  
to open the lunch basket ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ TWITTERING OF BIRDS. CANOE PADDLE DIPPING IN WATER

JANIE: (CALLING) Hurry up with that lunch, slowpoke. We're  
starved.

JIM: (OFF, CALLING) You just paddle your canoe. I'll tend  
to the grub.

LARRY: No snitching allowed either, bub. I counted those  
sandwiches, just so's I could keep tabs on you.

JANIE: I made three apiece. And two liverwurst for you,  
Larry. (CALLS AGAIN) Don't forget the eggs, Jim.  
They're in the bottom in the paper napkin.

JIM: (CALLING) Got 'em. Why don't you catch a fish for  
us?

LARRY: I tried. But your ugly puss scared them all away.

BUSINESS: \_ \_ \_ THEY ALL LAUGH

JANIE: (NORMAL TONE AGAIN) Wonderful out here, isn't it,  
Larry?

LARRY: Sure is.

JANIE: So nice and quiet.

LARRY: Happy birthday, Janie!

JANIE: (CONTENTEDLY) Happy birthday. Wonderful birthday.  
Gee, but it's hot though. I'm cooked on this side.  
(STRETCHING) Think I'll turn over and bake on ...

LARRY: (SHARPLY) Janie, look out!

JANIE: What's the matter?

LARRY: Don't lean over like that ...

JANIE: Why, I just ... (SCREAMS) Larry!

LARRY: Look out!

JANIE: SCREAMS

SOUND: - - - - - LOUD SPLASH, THEN THRASHING ABOUT IN WATER

LARRY: Janie!

JIM: (FROM OFF) Larry! Janie! Are you all right? Larry.  
Answer me.

LARRY: (GASPING) Jim!

JIM: Are you all right?

LARRY: (GASPING) Jim ... I can't find Janie! Do you hear  
me, Jim? The mud's all stirred up here. I can't  
find her. (DESPERATELY) I can't find her!

MUSIC: - - - - - SHORT ACCENT AND OUT FAST

JIM: (DULLY) We never found her ... until -- after. When  
we got to her body, it was too late.

BILL: About how far from shore was the canoe when it tipped  
over?

JIM: Almost there. No more than four or five feet away.

BILL: Mr. ~~TRAYNOR~~ <sup>TRAYNOR</sup> It's only a few feet deep that near  
shore. Your wife could have waded to the bank.

JIM: No, no - it was deep.

BILL: (REPEATS) It's only two feet deep there.

JIM: Then it was further out.

BILL: How much further out?

JIM: Twenty feet maybe.

BILL: (IMPATIENT) Well, now, which was it? Four feet or twenty?

JIM: (WEARILY) I don't know. I tell you, I don't know.

BILL: Why don't you?

JIM: I don't remember.

BILL: (SHARP) It happened only this afternoon! Surely you can think back that far!

JIM: Are you married, Mr. Chance?

BILL: Yes ...

JIM: If your wife ... if it was your wife, would you want to think back?

BILL: (AFTER A PAUSE) I'm sorry.

JIM: Oh, I've been thinking back, all right. I've been sitting here thinking how Janie used to get so mad when I'd ~~mess~~ mess up her hair with my hands ... and how she looked in that red coat I bought her ... and how she loved kids ... how she was just a kid herself.

(SHARPER) But I haven't been thinking about whether she drowned in four feet of water or forty or whether the canoe was red or green or blue or anything about this afternoon. And I don't want to think about it ... ever.

BILL: I know how you feel, Mr. ~~Chance~~ Chance. But I have to try to find out the facts.



JIM: (UP) Why? Why can't you forget it, too?

BILL: Because your wife was murdered.

JIM: (LOW) Murdered?

BILL: Yes. What can you tell me about this friend that was with you?

JIM: Larry?

BILL: Yes. He was alone in the canoe with your wife. He could easily have tipped the boat with, say, his knee.

JIM: Larry's my friend.

BILL: I know but ...

JIM: (WARNINGLY) He's my friend, Mr. Chance.

BILL: Look, I know how you feel. But he ...

JIM: Shut up!

BILL: You don't ...

JIM: Shut up. I don't want to listen, understand? I don't want to hear what you've got to say.

BILL: All right, ~~I'm sorry~~: Then I'll have to say it to the chief of police.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

JEFFRIES: Bill Chance, if I didn't know you better, I'd say you were nuts. (THEN) And, on second thought, maybe I don't know you so well.

BILL: I know it sounds cockeyed.

JEFFRIES: Cockeyed! Just because you used to swim in the canal when you were a youngster and didn't drown, you decide this is murder and want me to hold two citizens for questioning.

BILL: I know it's only a hunch so far, but if you don't pull them in, Aiken may fly the coop and you'll never be able to put your hands on him.

JEFFRIES: The police can't pull in two innocent guys on your sayso.

BILL: But they're not innocent!

JEFFRIES: And why aren't they?

BILL: (WITH GREAT PATIENCE) Because a woman doesn't drown naturally in two feet of water.

JEFFRIES: Women have drowned naturally in bathtubs. Why, just the other day, I got a call from down at ...

BILL: Okay. Okay. Have it your own way. Let a murderer go free. Let a criminal escape. Let ... (HOLDS) No ... don't. Bring Aiken in for further questioning. Bring ~~him~~ <sup>THE MAN</sup> in, too if you want to make it look routine.

JEFFRIES: But ...

BILL: Aw, I know, Jeffries. You have to be careful. But I just want enough time to dig up some evidence.

JEFFRIES: Bill, a man is innocent until he's proved otherwise.

BILL: Well, I'll prove him otherwise.

JEFFRIES: (SIGHS) Okay. I don't know why, but I'll give you a break. I'll pull these guys in for questioning. But, so help me, Bill, if this is just some wild dream of yours, you're through. You won't be able to get the inside dope on a catfight from me. Understand?

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ BANGING ON DOOR, SHORT PAUSE, REPEAT MORE VIOLENTLY

JANITRESS: (OFF) All right, all right, I'm coming.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ DOOR YANKED OPEN

JANITRESS: Well, what is it?

BILL: Uh, I'm looking for a Larry Aiken.

JANITRESS: Hey? Speak up, boy.

BILL: (LOUDER) I'm looking for a man called Larry Aiken.

JANITRESS: Can't abide folk who mumble. Aiken, you say?

BILL: Yes.

JANITRESS: Police came and took him away this morning.

BILL: I'd like to look at his rooms.

JANITRESS: Don't want any brooms. Thought you wanted to see Aiken.

BILL: Look. I said (SHOUTS) I WANT TO GO UP TO HIS ROOMS.

ROOMS. ROOMS.

JANITRESS: Oh, rooms. Sure. Got one vacant on the third floor.

BILL: Look ...

JANITRESS: Right between Mr. Aiken and Mr. Traynor.

BILL: Traynor! He's got a house in Northeast. Does he live here, too?

JANITRESS: That's what I just said. What's the matter with you, boy? You a little deaf? Hey there! Hey, come back, you! Where do you think you're going up those stairs?

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: DRAWERS BEING PULLED OUT. THROUGH THIS SCENE THERE IS AD LIB SOUND OF BUMPING AND THUMPING AS ROOM IS SEARCHED.

JANITRESS: Still think it's might funny for a friend of his to be going through this Traynor feller's duds like you are.

BILL: I'm looking for some papers of his.

JANITRESS: Well, you won't find nothing in them drawers there. He cleaned them out a week ago.

SOUND: CLOSET DOOR OPENS

BILL: So I see.

SOUND: HANGERS BEING PUSHED BACK

JANITRESS: Didn't find what you wanted in Aiken's room neither, did you?

BILL: Nope.

JANITRESS: Hey? Speak up, boy.

BILL: (LOUD) I said I --

JANITRESS: (CUTTING IN) Didn't think you did. Way you're all hot and bothered, you'd think it was some of this here ~~new~~ Uranium 2-3-5 he's got hid. Was reading just the other day ...

BILL: Wait a minute!

JANITRESS: Hey?

BILL: I've got it!

JANITRESS: Uranium? ~~2-3-5?~~

BILL: No. But it's dynamite just the same!

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? 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, there's one cigarette that's really different - really "Outstanding!" - PELL MELL!

HARRICE: When you pick up a PELL MELL, you can see the difference - you can feel the difference. And when you smoke a PELL MELL, you can taste the difference.

CHAPPELL: 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!

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!

## MUSIC: - - - - INTRODUCTION AND UNDER

HARRICE: Now we return you to your narrator, Bob Sloane, and tonight's BIG STORY.

NARRATOR: You, Bill Chance, reporter for the Washington Evening Star, are having trouble. You got an idea that what looked like an accident was really murder -- and now you have to prove it. So you do. You pick up some very interesting proof, indeed, and you take it to the Chief of Police, and you say ...

BILL: Here it is, Jeffries.

JEFFRIES: What?

BILL: The proof. An insurance policy on Mrs. <sup>Travis</sup>~~Travis~~. It was taken out by Mr. <sup>Travis</sup>~~Travis~~.

JEFFRIES: Bill, let me ask you a question. Do you have <sup>any</sup> ~~a~~ policy on your wife?

BILL: (HAPPY) I knew you'd ask that. Yes, <sup>Travis</sup>~~Chief~~, I do -- but it's a life insurance policy. <sup>Travis</sup>~~Travis~~ took out an accident insurance policy.

JEFFRIES: So?

BILL: So it looks as though he expected his wife to have an accident. A fatal accident. It looks like <sup>Travis</sup>~~Travis~~ planned to murder and collect.

JEFFRIES: Circumstantial evidence, Bill.

BILL: But this policy was taken out only fourteen days before Mrs. <sup>Travis</sup>~~Travis~~ died!

JEFFRIES: Circumstantial evidence.

BILL: But ...

JEFFRIES: Circumstantial evidence. The fact that a man takes out an accident policy doesn't make him guilty of murder. You can't get a conviction on evidence like that. You have to dig up proof, Bill -- proof.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE

BILL: And then he said, "You have to dig up proof, Bill -- proof." But where am I going to dig, Sally? Can't question ~~him~~ again. I'd get nothing more out of him. Or Aiken either.

SALLY: Well, who else is there?

BILL: That's the jackpot question. Who would know why a woman was killed -- if she was killed? How can I get an angle on her?

SALLY: How do you always get angles? Put yourself in her shoes, ~~dealing~~.

BILL: Hmmm? (LIGHT DAWNS) Oh, yeah. Put myself in her shoes. Okay, I'm a woman.

SALLY: Go on.



BILL: A woman. Twenty three. Married? Yes. Friends?  
Who knows. Family? -- Hey! Hey, that's it! Family!  
Where's that accident policy?

SALLY: On the table there.

BILL: (EXCITED AND HAPPY) Sally, you're wonderful. You  
are really wonderful.

SALLY: Who, me?

BILL: Put yourself in her shoes, the woman says!

SALLY: It was nothing, really. It just came to me.

BILL: Nothing! It was -- Here it is. Name, name, name.  
Here ... Name of parents ... "Elvira S. Madden and  
James E. Madden. Residence, Hopewell, Virginia."

SALLY: Are you going to Hopewell?

BILL: You bet I am. Right now.

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

MRS. MADDEN: SOBS ...

BILL: Can I do anything to help, Mrs. Madden?

MRS. MADDEN: (TEARFUL) No, that's all right, Mr. Chance. I'll  
be all right again in a minute.

BILL: I'm terribly sorry. I had no idea you/~~had~~<sup>didn't know</sup>  
about your daughter's death.

MRS. MADDEN: ~~(THROUGH TEARS) How~~ (WITH AN EFFORT) ~~There~~  
I'm all right now. 'Twas just the shock.

BILL: Of course.

MRS. MADDEN: You say it was murder?

BILL: I'm afraid so.

MRS. MADDEN: Just like you read about in the papers. (PAUSE) ~~Who~~  
-- <sup>Who</sup> did it?

BILL: They don't know for sure. But I have a feeling it  
might be --- her husband.

MRS. MADDEN: Jim?

BILL: Uh-huh. Can you help me, Mrs. Madden? Tell me  
about him, and your daughter?

MRS. MADDEN: Janie was a good girl, Mr. Chance. I brought her up  
real good. I saw she got schooling and taught her to  
mind her manners. She was a good daughter. I reckon  
she was a good wife, too.

BILL: Tell me about Jim ~~Chance~~ <sup>Chance</sup>.

MRS. MADDEN: He come courtin' her two summers ago. Used to sit  
right there on the divan -- and pa and me, we'd go  
upstairs and let the young folk alone.

BILL: Did you know ~~Chance~~ <sup>Chance</sup> well?

MRS. MADDEN: No. He come from out of town and they didn't come  
here much after they was married. Came once last  
year. Brought me a box of store candy. Nuts and  
fruits it was, chocolate on top. Still keep the box  
for my sewing.

BILL: Was that the only visit?

MRS. MADDEN: Yup. 'Cept when they came down last week.

BILL: They were here last week?

MRS. MADDEN: That's right. With some other feller.

BILL: Was his name Larry Aiken?

MRS. MADDEN: Aiken? Yes. That's it.

BILL: Can you tell me anything about him?

MRS. MADDEN: Nothing to tell. City feller.

BILL: Can't you tell me anything about ~~him~~ or Aiken, Mrs. Madden? Did they act strangely?

MRS. MADDEN: <sup>COME TO THINK OF IT</sup> No. Well, now / you might say this Aiken feller ~~was~~ was scared of Jim.

BILL: How scared?

MRS. MADDEN: ~~When he was here,~~ he had a five gallon can of gasoline in the back of the car. I asked him what for, and he just kinda looked up at Jim like a rabbit in a trap.

BILL: Gasoline. Funny. What would they be carrying that around for?

MRS. MADDEN: Jim said the car ate up a lot so they carried extra. I told them what with carrying that stuff and throwing matches about, they'd have themselves an accident.

BILL: Speaking of accidents, did you ever see this insurance policy, Mrs. Madden?

MRS. MADDEN: What's this now?

BILL: The accident policy <sup>TRAYNOR</sup> ~~took~~ took out on your daughter -- just two weeks before she died. Here are your names see -- you and your husband ...

MRS. MADDEN: Yes -- that's my name.

BILL: And here is your daughter's ~~SIGNATURE~~ SIGNATURE,

MRS. MADDEN: (SUDDENLY): No, it ain't.

BILL: ~~(SHE SAID) "What's your daughter's name?"~~ <sup>WHAT?</sup> ~~(SHE SAID) "What's your daughter's name?"~~

MRS. MADDEN: ~~Oh, that's her-called name all right, but that ain't~~  
the way she made it.

BILL: ~~What do you mean?~~

MRS. MADDEN: They taught Janie to write real good, up at the school, Mister. Not like them little scrunched-up letters you got there. ~~No, ain't.~~ That ~~those~~ ain't my Janie's writing.

MUSIC: - - - - BRIDGE

JEFFRIES: Well, good morning, supersleuth. What's the news from Hopewell?

BILL: (ELABORATELY CASUAL) Oh, nothing much, Jeffries. I just found out that the signature on the "circumstantial" accident policy which you dismissed as being of no consequence is not the signature of the woman who was "circumstantially" found drowned by "circumstantial" accident.

JEFFRIES: (LAUGHS) Good work, Bill.

BILL: (BURNED) Good work! Here I come in with the hottest tip since ... since the Chicago fire and all you can say is "good work!"

JEFFRIES: What do you want? The congressional Medal? Or would you maybe like to hear what the hard-working police have dug up?

BILL: What?

JEFFRIES: A record which shows that James <sup>TRAVIS</sup> ~~Travis~~ served time in jail a few years ago.

BILL: What for?

JEFFRIES: Forgery?

BILL: Forgery! (TRIUMPH) What did I tell you!

JEFFRIES: If you ever want a job as a cop, come round and see me.

BILL: Well, what do we do now?

JEFFRIES: <sup>WE DON'T DO NOTHING, THIS IS IT</sup> I confront ~~Travis~~ and Aiken with the evidence and see if I can crack them wide open.

BILL: Well, what are you waiting for?

MUSIC: BRIDGE WITH FEELING OF PASSING TIME IN IT. HIT AND HOLD UNDER FOR

JEFFRIES: What about this accident insurance, <sup>TRAVIS</sup> ~~Travis~~?

JIM: There's no law against insurance policies.

JEFFRIES: Didn't you plan for your wife to have an accident?

JIM: I told you before. No. No! NO!

MUSIC: HIT AND HOLD UNDER

JEFFRIES: All right. We'll start over again, Aiken. Didn't <sup>TRAVIS</sup> ~~Travis~~ tell you he planned to murder his wife?

LARRY: I told you before. No.

JEFFRIES: Didn't he promise to split the insurance money with you?

LARRY: You've asked me a million times. No. No! NO!

MUSIC: UP AND HOLD UNDER

BILL: Four hours and not a break from either one of them. I just don't get it, Jeffries.

JEFFRIES: How do you mean?

BILL: I'd have spilled the works long ago if I was in their shoes.

MUSIC: UP AND HOLD UNDER

JEFFRIES: All right, ~~there's~~. We've got the goods on your partner. Suppose you come clean, too?

JIM: You haven't got the goods on anyone. Who do you think you're fooling?

MUSIC: UP AND HOLD UNDER

JEFFRIES: We've got the stuff on your partner, Aiken. Now suppose you start talking.

LARRY: Lay off it, will ya? Who do you think you're kidding?

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

BILL: Any luck?

JEFFRIES: (TIRED) Nope. I've tried every trick in the book, and they just sit there with their mouths closed. (SIGHS) I'm bushed.

BILL: Well, I guess that's that.

JEFFRIES: Yup.

BILL: (EXPLODES) Blast it, this burns me up. Here are two guys, they've committed a murder. You know it, I know it, they know it, but we can't get them to admit it, so they might just as well be innocent as new born lambs for all it gets us.

JEFFRIES: Oh, we'll break them.

BILL: (SUNK) How? They're the screwiest guys I ever bumped into. ~~Everything they do smells phony but~~ <sup>EVEN IN THE LITTLE THINGS</sup> you can't pin them down. When I was in Hopewell, the girl's mother told me they were toting around a five gallon can of gasoline, and what they were doing with THAT...

JEFFRIES: (ALERT) Gasoline?

BILL: Yeah. In the back of the car.

JEFFRIES: You sure?

BILL: Of course I am. You'd think I --- Hey! Where are you going?

JEFFRIES: Back to see Aiken. You just gave me an idea.

MUSIC: VERY SHORT ACCENT

LARRY: Listen, copper, not again.

JEFFRIES: Yes, again. We've got the goods on you now, Aiken.

LARRY: I've heard that song before.

JEFFRIES: But I've got new lyrics for it now, kid.

LARRY: Like what?

JEFFRIES: Like all about two guys and a can of gasoline.

LARRY: What are you talking about?

JEFFRIES: (NEEDLING) Gasoline. You know -- gasoline. You use it in cars and sometimes to clean clothes -- and sometimes to set fires.

LARRY: (STARTLED) Shut up!

JEFFRIES: (SWEETLY NEEDLING) Did you set a nice big fire with that gasoline, Aiken?

LARRY: (RATTLED) We didn't set any fire I tell you.

JEFFRIES: (SHARP) Why didn't you?

LARRY: (OFF GUARD) Because Jim lost his nerve. Because he decided drowning was safer. Because --- (HE STOPS)

BUSINESS: LONG PAUSE

JEFFRIES: (WITH A GENTLE SIGH) All right, Aiken. Suppose you tell me the whole story. From the beginning.

MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER FOR

LARRY: I tell you, I don't know what you're talking about!

JEFFRIES: I'm talking about gasoline.

LARRY: What gasoline?

JEFFRIES: The gasoline you had in the back of your car. The gasoline you got to set that fire.

LARRY: What fire?

JEFFRIES: Didn't you try to trap his wife in a burning house?

LARRY: No, no.

JEFFRIES: Why not?

LARRY: (OFF GUARD) Because Jim lost his nerve. Because drowning her was safer, and we -- (HE STOPS)

BIZ: (LONG PAUSE)

JEFFRIES: (WITH A GENTLE SIGH) All right, Aiken, Suppose you tell us the whole story, now?

MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER FOR



NARRATOR: Funny -- how it's the little things that count. Little things ... like a can of gasoline that was never used. They had a perfect story cooked up -- Traynor and Aiken-- to hide the murder they committed, but they never got together on a story about the murder they didn't commit. Just a little thing ... a little oversight ... but it was enough to give you, Bill Chance, the biggest story you ever had. You tap it out, write thirty---and then head wearily for home and Sally ...

SALLY: Tired, darling?

BILL: And how. But, I'm feeling very, very happy, thank you.

SALLY: Good. Bill, will it make any difference that they claim the canoe was upset by accident, even though they did plan to drown her?

BILL: Nope.

SALLY: Can't a good defense lawyer get Traynor off?

BILL: Not with the evidence against him.

SALLY: Are you sure?

BILL: Honey ... I've been in the newspaper game too long to be sure of anything; but I'll tell you this much ... With all the stuff they have lined up against that cookie ...

SALLY &  
BILL:

(TOGETHER) I wouldn't like to be in his shoes!

THE BIG STORY #53

- 28 -

3-31-48

BILL: Now how/did you know I was going to say that?

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT FOR CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from  
William W. Chance, Jr., of the Washington, D.C.  
Evening Star, with final details on tonight's  
BIG STORY.

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

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0060574

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: The cigarette that's really different - the longer,  
finer cigarette that's really "Outstanding!" - PELL  
MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! 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 William W. Chance, Jr. of the Washington, D.C., Evening Star.

BILL: Although both husband and friend in tonight's BIG STORY continued to deny their guilt, both were found guilty of second degree murder. I testified at trial. Husband was sentenced to life imprisonment and friend got 30 years. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Chance. 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 Reutlinger. A BIG STORY about a newspaper reporter and a little man who loved flowers and two people who died unnatural deaths.

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 Les Tremayne played the part of William Chance. All names in tonight's story except that of Mr. Chance

(MORE)

CHAPPELL: were fictitious; but the dramatization was based on  
(CONTD) 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.