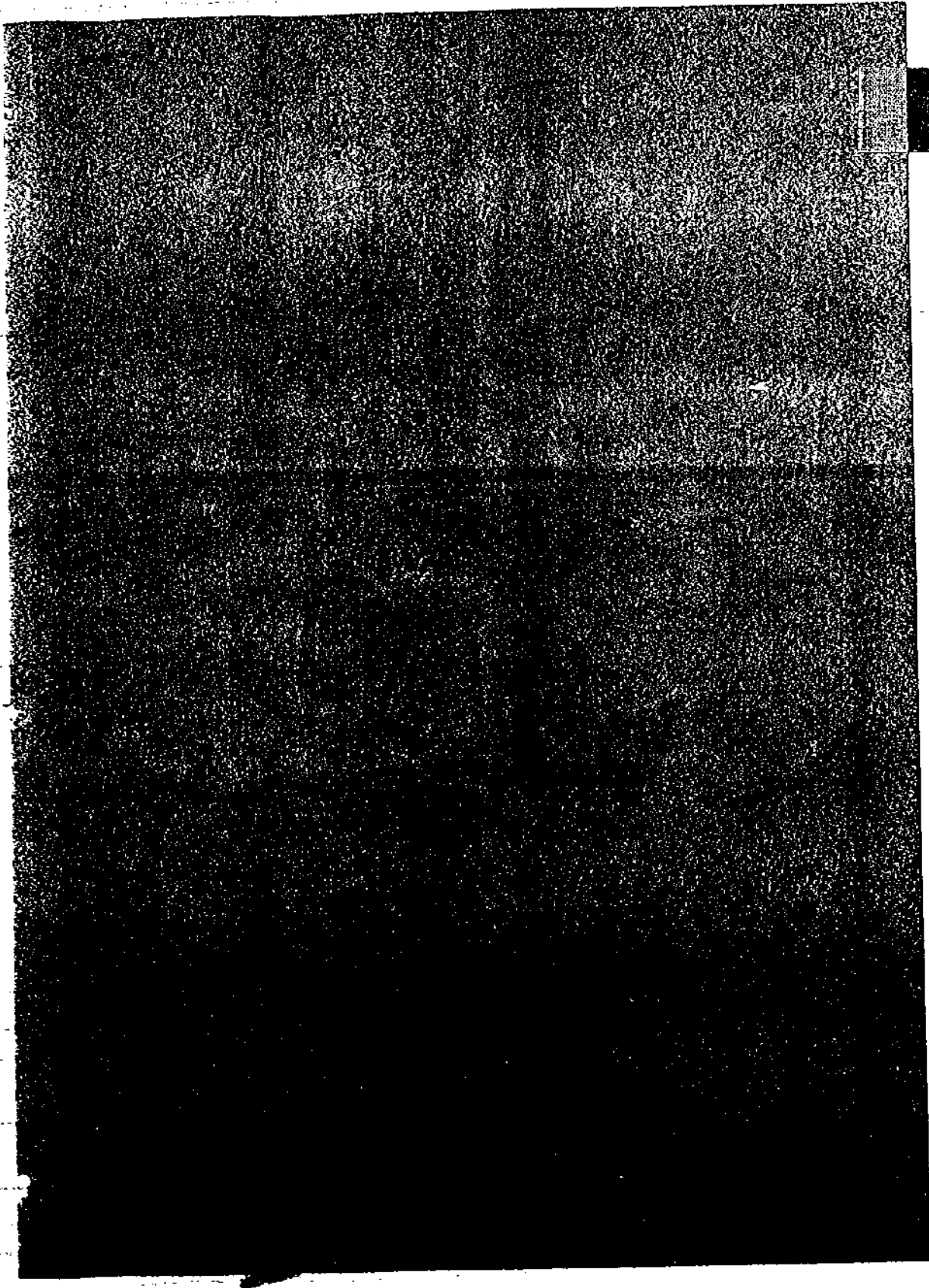


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THE BIG STORY

FINAL

PROGRAM #54

"A CASE FOR EDGAR ALLEN POE"

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
GREEN	TED OSBORN
HARRY	ALAN HEWITT
SHAW	JOHN GIBSON
SUSAN	ELEANOR SHERMAN
EDDIE	TED OSBORN

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7, 1948

ATX01 0060580

WNBC

THE BIG STORY

#54

"A CASE FOR EDGAR ALLEN POE"

FINAL

() ()
10:00-10:30 P.M.

APRIL 7, 1948

WEDNESDAY

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

(~~SCISSORS SNIPPING FLOWERS~~)

GREEN: (~~TO HIMSELF AS HE ACTS~~) I think for this occasion six giant garden zinnias would be just right. Mam, six. Five and one (~~HE CHUTS~~) make six. Now back to the house...

(~~STEPS...DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS...MORE STEPS...THEY STOP~~)

GREEN: You're dead, aren't you? ~~Both of you? You, Irms, and you, Ivan, both quite dead. I really don't see how I could have done anything else but kill you, do you? Of course not. So let me set the flowers here for you. So. (SOUND FOR VASE) They are lovely. Zinnias and death do go so well together. Mother would have liked this scene - the two of you dead and the flowers in this vase. A shame she can't see it. And now (one must be discreet) I'll just pull the blinds down....~~

(SHADES BEING DRAWN)

GREEN:so the neighbors can't see in and - and I think I'll sit down and have some breakfast. (PAUSE) Those zinnias are lovely.

(MUSIC: REAL HORROR...A STORY OUT OF POE. UP THEN DOWN FOR)

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY, another in the thrilling series based on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight, to Harry Reutlinger of the Chicago Herald-American goes the PELL MELL Award for the BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: FANFARE) (OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0060581

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...MACABRE AND UNWORLDLY...UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Now, the authentic and almost unbelievable story of ... "A Case for Edgar Allen Poe."

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You are Harry Reutlinger, reporter for the Chicago Herald-American, ^{Reporter and Amateur Photographer} This is your story. It began the way all truly hideous things begin. It began on a sunny day, in a greenhouse where luxuriant flowers spread a delightful aroma. An ordinary day -- and then (the way all truly hideous things begin) into this normal, pleasant naturalness, a stain appeared - corruption burst through, murder and horror and crawling ugliness split the atmosphere. ~~Then the thing was laid bare in all its unbelievable horror. Only Poe could have done justice to it, but it hit you, Harry Reutlinger, reporter of the Chicago Herald American, it hit you and turned your insides, because this was not a Poe story, this had happened, this was life.~~

(MUSIC: -- BRIEFLY ACCENTUATES...THEN UNDER AGAIN)

NARR: It began in an ordinary way. You had just gotten up from a good night's sleep when the phone rang. It was your friend Detective Lieutenant Dan Shaw ^{calling from a} ~~calling from a~~ ^{suburb} ~~suburb.~~ ^{It began when you heard something in} ~~Shaw's voice you had never heard before...~~

~~SHAW: (RILDER, WE IS HORRIFIED) Harry, you up?~~

~~HARRY: Sure, I'm up, Danny. What is it?~~

~~SHAW: I'm at 337 Elm. Get out here fast as you can. Just - I can't talk about it - just - just get here.~~

~~HARRY: Okay, Danny. Okay.~~

(MUSIC: ~~THE THEME QUICKLY BRIDGES INTO~~)

SHAW: (LOW) Take a good look, Harry.

HARRY: Wow.

SHAW: (LOW) Yeah - "wow".

HARRY: This room looks as if a cyclone had hit it.

SHAW: The next room the same thing. Even some of the wallpaper torn off. Every sign of murder.

HARRY: ^{And} Upstairs?

SHAW: Bannister torn out, furniture's a shambles - like a bull ran wild - a mad bull.

HARRY: And no body.

SHAW: (SLOWLY) And no body. Outside in the back is a greenhouse - flowers growing there.

HARRY: Yeah?

SHAW: That's where it happened - whatever happened - the climax - the murder. There's a big crop of - I don't know - some kind of flowers - zinnias or something - blood all over them. (A LITTLE WILD) There's no sign of a body, Harry.
(PAUSE)

HARRY: Whose house ~~is~~ ^{is} it?

SHAW: Man named Elmo Green.

HARRY: Green? Green? Oh, sure! He's a very famous what-you-call-it? - horticulturist - flower lover. Won first prize in the flower show last week. Sure. What do you know about him?

SHAW: Married. Wife's name is Irma. Brother-in-law lived here too, Irma's brother - name of Ivan. Ivan and Irma and Elmo - but no body anywhere.

HARRY: That's all you know?

SHAW: No, there's a girl inside - in the pantry -- the only room in the house that isn't torn up. Very nice little girl. Their housekeeper. She called me.

HARRY: Anything else?

SHAW: ~~No, I guess that's it. Oh, yeah one other thing. See this card?~~

HARRY: ~~Ireland, Private Investigator. Who's he?~~

SHAW: ~~I don't know, but I found 52 cards like this scattered all over the house.~~

HARRY: ~~What's going on here?~~

SHAW: ~~I don't know. You want to talk to the girl?~~

HARRY: ~~I'd like to.~~

SHAW: Her name is Susan. Susan Meredith. She's still frightened. ^{let her be} Go easy.

HARRY: Okay.

(STEPS...DOOR OPENS...SHUTS UNDER)

SHAW: Susan this is a friend of mine. Mr. Reutlinger. He's ^{a reporter from The Times American} ~~from one of the papers.~~

HARRY: Hello, Susan.

SUSAN: (VERY FRIGHTENED) Yes, sir.

HARRY: Do you feel like talking a little bit?

SUSAN: If I can help, sir.

HARRY: Good girl. Just this, Susan: who do you think is dead?

SUSAN: Oh, it's Mister Elmo, sir. He's the one they killed.

HARRY: Oh, why do you say that?

SUSAN: Well, he was a - such a kind and quiet man, a good sort of man. He loved his flowers - the one's out in the back, they're all his. She wasn't even interested in the flowers. Sometimes when he told me to water them and he was away she'd stop me.

HARRY: Mrs. Green?

SUSAN: Yes, sir, (Mrs. Irma I called her) - she'd stop me and so would he - Mr. Ivan, her brother. They hated him.

HARRY: Who hated him, Susan?

SUSAN: Mrs. Irma and Mr. Ivan - they hated Mr. Elmo. He wasn't much to look at, some called him "mousy", but he was nice and fine, and he was going to divorce her, too.

HARRY: He was?

SUSAN: Yes, sir. He filed a divorce against her last week, I think, and he sued Mr. Ivan, too, for ten thousand dollars.

HARRY: Why was that - I mean, suing his brother-in-law?

SUSAN: He beat up Mr. Elmo. Mr. Ivan was big and a brutal man, Mr. Reutlinger, very brutal and vulgar, if you know what I mean - and he beat up Mr. Elmo.

HARRY: And Mr. Elmo sued him?

SUSAN: Yes, sir. They killed him. I know they did. And putting his blood onto his beautiful flowers....(BREAKING)...it's a terrible, terrible thing....

HARRY: Susan! Don't that won't help. Try to tell me this. What do you think happened to Mr. Elmo's body?

SUSAN: They took it, I know they took it - they took it away. They must have.

HARRY: I see. All right. Thanks, Susan.

SUSAN: Can I go? Can I go home now?

SHAW: I think so. Just stay there so I can reach you.

SUSAN: Yes, sir. (FADING) Catch them, please, will you? They're terrible people.

SHAW: We'll try.

(DOOR OPENS OFF AND SHUTS)

~~HARRY: As I said before, "wow".~~

~~SHAW: Harry I called you because you're a student of psychology, right?~~

~~HARRY: I taya little new and then, Danny.~~

~~SHAW: I think we'll need all you've got. But don't you print a word, you understand that?~~

~~HARRY: Mmm-hmm. What are you going to do?~~

~~SHAW: Check the detective first, those cards. Then I'm going to look for a body. Then I'm going to send out a dragnet alarm for Mrs. Irma and Mr. Ivan but before I do any of it (and I'm sure you'll join me, even if it is ten in the morning)...I'm gonna have a stiff drink.~~

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Harry Reutlinger, reporter and psychologist, and your friend Detective Dan Shaw check things. You search the house thoroughly. ~~You check the cards of detective "I. Toland" and you find...~~

SHAW: ~~There is no such guy, Harry pure phony. A little dust for somebody's eyes.~~

NARR: ~~You hunt for a body. You go out into the beautiful greenhouse and look there. Into the flowers, into the shrubs, into the ashes of the greenhouse stove.~~

SHAW: ~~Nothing, Harry - not a thing.~~

NARR: ~~You find evidence, plenty of it, of a state of war, almost, between Elmo Green and his wife and her brother. All the neighbors verify that overwhelmingly. You check the divorce story - it's true. You check the ten thousand dollar suit against Ivan by Elmo - true. It's all true - except that there's no body. There's blood on the zinnias. But there's still no body.~~

SHAW: ~~It's impossible, Harry. The whole thing's impossible.~~

HARRY: ~~No, Danny - it's not impossible, it's only unbelievable. It's only unbelievable and mad. And in the very madness of this whole thing, Danny, there lies the answer.~~

(MUSIC: - UP AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~you pick up a magnet - but it~~
~~Dan Shaw's magnet brings in nothing. Not one single sign.~~
~~And a month goes by, before the next mad thing happens. You~~
~~and Dan Shaw are eating supper and a policeman comes into~~
~~the restaurant...~~

(RESTAURANT BG)

EDDIE: Lieut. Shaw....

SHAW: Yes, Eddie.

EDDIE: Letter for you, sir. It just came into headquarters, and the sergeant said to go out and find you and give it to you.

SHAW: Okay. Thanks.

EDDIE: Funny green typing on that, isn't it, Lieut.?

SHAW: (DISMISSING HIM) I said thanks, Eddie. I'll tell you what it says some other time.

EDDIE: (FADES) Yes, sir.

(OPENING OF LETTER)

HARRY: It is funny green typing.

SHAW: Just a second.

(LETTER IS TAKEN OUT)

SHAW: (TENSE) Get this. "Inspector of Police. Elmo Green killed himself here (Where's "here"? Here is (PUZZLED) Los Angeles). Elmo Green killed himself here by jumping into the Pacific. His body will never be recovered." It's signed "Reformed and Penitent Criminal."

HARRY: Wow. Elmo killed himself. But Elmo's the...

SHAW: Elmo's the one who's supposed to be dead.

HARRY: Then who wrote it? Unless...Danny, do you remember those letters we found in the house in Elmo's desk? They were written on a typewriter with green ribbon. I'll bet the same green ribbon, same typewriter..

SHAW: That typewriter was Elmo's.

HARRY: Then....

SHAW: Then what....?

HARRY: I don't know. Could they have written it on Elmo's typewriter? Could Elmo have written it?

SHAW: (ANNOYED) Maybe Susan wrote it. Maybe you wrote it.

HARRY: Wait a second, something coming to me, Danny.

SHAW: That's what this case needs - a good visitation.

HARRY: Look - all that's been printed in the papers is that the three of them are missing. Elmo, Irma and Ivan are missing, and the police believe someone was killed.

SHAW: So?

HARRY: Okay - we release two stories. One that a note concerning the suicide of Elmo Green has been received. Wait a day, then say that you believe the suicide a hoax and that the police have no further interest in the case.

SHAW: Why? What'll that get me.

HARRY: Whoever did it, whoever killed whoever it was they killed - the killer's nuts, mad - strange, wierd...

SHAW: Okay, that's enough adjectives....

HARRY: Don't get sore at me. I'm only trying to....

SHAW: Okay - go ahead.

HARRY: I think they're interested in seeing their names in the papers. This case broke big, headlines - now, it's nothing.

SHAW: So?

HARRY: So, say you're not interested in the case any more. My belief, based on what's happened, and now this letter... my belief is that somebody will show up.

SHAW: And if they don't?

HARRY: What have you lost? I'll bet you two chrysanthemums against a daisy. Try it, Dan.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE INTO)

(TYPEWRITING GOING. PHONE TOPS IT..IS ANSWERED)

HARRY: Reutlinger speaking...

SHAW: (FILTER) Harry, this is Dan Shaw....

HARRY: What have you got, Danny?

SHAW: You're idea worked. Guess who's sitting in my office?

HARRY: Ivan? (PAUSE) The two of them - Ivan and Irma. (PAUSE)
Tell me!

SHAW: Don't tell me you can surprise a student of psychology.
Elmo's here. Yep, ^{Elmo} Little Elmo Green. Alive and in person.

HARRY: I'll be right there.

(MUSIC: -- SHORT BRIDGE)

ELMO: (GENTLY TELLING A STORY) I should never have married Irma,
never...especially with the way she disliked flowers. She
actually disliked them, gentlemen. Do you gentlemen like
flowers?

SHAW: Yeah, we do, Mr. Green. Go ahead tell us what happened.

GREEN: I'm glad you do. It makes a lot of difference. Well, when
Ivan came to live with us - it was worse. Irma was bad,
but the two of them - well, you know about the divorce.
Well, that morning - Irma woke me by hitting me - with a
stick or something. You can still see the mark. See?

HARRY: Yes, Mr. Green.

GREEN: Then Ivan took the stick. I tried to fight back. The
furniture got broken; he threw me down the stairs against
the bannister and...I'm not a strong man, you know.

HARRY: There's blood on some of the flowers.

GREEN: You mean in the greenhouse?

HARRY: That's right. Is that your blood?

GREEN: It must be. I was bleeding, I remember and...

HARRY: What happened then - after they beat you?

GREEN: They forced me into the back of the car (maybe it was the trunk compartment, I don't know) and they drove me to - about 100 miles. That's when I escaped.

HARRY: Where are they now?

GREEN: I don't know, for a certainty, I mean - but somewhere West.

HARRY: Los Angeles?

GREEN: They might be. Why do you say that?

HARRY: Just an idea. You know, we heard you were dead.

GREEN: They wrote that. They must have. Because they wanted you to stop looking for me. They wanted you to think I was gone and to forget the case - that's why they wrote that. Did you say there was blood on the zinnias?

(PHONE RINGS..IS ANSWERED)

SHAW: Excuse me. (PHONE) Shaw speaking...Mmm. You're sure?... Okay. Fine. Bye.

(PHONE UP)

SHAW: Yeah, there's blood in the greenhouse.

GREEN: Oh, that's dreadful. On the flowers, too?

SHAW: All over. Lemme tell you about this phone call. That was one of my men at your hotel.

GREEN: Really?

SHAW: He says you have a typewriter with green ribbon in it. It checks with the note you wrote to us.

GREEN: What note?

SHAW: The one that said you were dead. Aren't you the "Reformed and Penitent Criminal" Mr. Green?

GREEN: You're joking. He's joking, isn't he?

HARRY: I don't think so. I think, Mr. Green, the Lieut. is about to tell you you're under arrest for the murder of your wife and brother-in-law.

GREEN: (REALLY IRATE) Would I put blood on the flowers in my greenhouse? Would I?

HARRY: I don't know, Mr. Green....would you?

(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)

THE BIG STORY 4/7/48
PELL MELL

-14-

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!

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(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

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

NARR: Stories by Edgar Allen Poe have more than a macabre and mysterious quality about them. They have sudden shifts and twists also that make the breath go out of a person reading them and make him question the fine line between sanity and madness. And this case before you, Harry Reutlinger, reporter for the Chicago Herald American, is a case ^{which if it were true could be} out of Poe - and so it has its twists and sudden stabs. The first of these comes as you sit in a darkened room, while Lieutenant Danny Shaw questions a mousy-looking timid man named Elmo Green who's been arrested for a double murder, but who isn't answering questions just now.

SHAW: What did you do with the bodies? (SLOWLY WITH VIOLENCE UNDERNEATH) Green, what did you do with the bodies?

GREEN: (BLANDLY) I will not be addressed in that tone of voice.

SHAW: What did you do after you killed them? Why did you write that crazy letter to us?

GREEN: You are not a man who likes flowers, I can tell that. You are a man who would pull the petals off flowers.

SHAW: Look, Green - I've talked to you nicely for six hours. I've taken everything you've said - about the beating you suffered, about the kidnapping - about the way Ivan and Irma treated you - and I've shown you where you've lied - every time you've lied...now when are you going to tell me the truth.

GREEN: I have said everything I'm going to say. They tried to kill me, and they didn't succeed. I am not going to waste my time with a man like you who is quite capable of stamping on a dahlia with his heel. Or possibly even a zinnia.

HARRY: The zinnia's a beautiful flower, Danny. You shouldn't step on a zinnia.

SHAW: Aw, shut up.

GREEN: You see, Mr. Reutlinger - my point exactly. A man who says "shut up" to his friends, such a man would indeed take pleasure in crushing a zinnia.

HARRY: Zinnia's are beautiful.

GREEN: Do you really think so?

HARRY: I think your collection is as good as anything I've ever seen.

GREEN: Do you? Really?

HARRY: I covered the flower show this year for my paper. You walked away with that prize.

GREEN: Well, thank you. I don't even think Lieutenant Shaw knows what a zinnia looks like.

SHAW: Harry, I appreciate it - but get out of here. This is no good.

GREEN: And you expect me to talk to you?

HARRY: Wait a second, Danny. Mr. Green, would you talk to me? I mean, if Lieutenant Shaw went out for a while and ... ?

GREEN: Oh, no. Now I see it. You're worse than he is. You don't like flowers any better than he does. You just said that to get me to talk. You think I'm a fool, don't you?

HARRY: Even if you don't believe it, Mr. Green, I like zinnias.
I can't even cut a zinnia off its stem. I really can't.

GREEN: (DOUBTFUL BUT INVOLVED) Is that true?

HARRY: Yes.

GREEN: I think you mean that.

HARRY: Why did you kill your wife and her brother?

GREEN: (SINCERELY NOW) I didn't. I really didn't. They tried
to kill me.

SHAW: It's no use, Harry.

GREEN: You see what neither of you understand is that I happen
to know something about law, too. And in the absence
of a corpus delicti - a body to be exact - you can't
prove murder. Am I wrong? (PAUSE) You gentlemen seem
to think that just because a person is a horticulturist,
he doesn't know about things like corpus delicti ... but
you see, you're wrong.

~~(MUSIC: UP AND QUICKLY UNDER)~~

~~NARR: First a blank wall and then ...~~

~~(MUSIC: SNEAK)~~

~~NARR: a twist, just as Poe would have done it ...~~

(MUSIC: UP IN A SCREECH WHICH BECOMES)

(PHONE RINGING. IT'S ANSWERED)

HARRY: Reutlinger speaking.

SHAW: (FILTER) Harry, Dan. A letter came in today. Just now.

HARRY: Yeah.

SHAW: Signed by Irma.

HARRY: What?!

SHAW: That's right, Irma. The dead Irma. It's a letter to a cousin. The cousin brought it in. Listen. "We are in desperate need of money. Ivan and I have nothing to live on. Please mail us one hundred dollars, or more if possible, to Post Office Box 21, City." It's signed "Hurriedly, Irma." A woman's handwriting, no doubt about it.

HARRY: What's going on here? (SUDDENLY) Wait a minute - wait - a minute. Danny, answer the letter. Send them a note or just blank paper to that post office box. We'll be there when the party comes to pick it up.

SHAW: You think that'll work?

HARRY: The only other thing I can think of doing is - going quietly nuts.

SHAW: Okay, we'll try the note ... and if that doesn't work - I'll go with you.

HARRY: Where?

SHAW: Quietly nuts.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE. AGITATO INTO:)

(GENERAL MILLING IN THE POST OFFICE. UNDER:)

SHAW: What's the number of that box again?

HARRY: Oh, stop it, Dan. Somebody'll come. 21.

SHAW: I'm sorry. Jumpy. (SUDDENLY) Hey ...

HARRY: Nope. Box 22. Just hang on a little longer.

SHAW: Suppose Irma's alive.

HARRY: Yeah, suppose she is.

SHAW: And suppose Ivan's dead. Suppose the two of them killed Ivan.

HARRY: So?

SHAW: Or suppose Ivan did it, killed both of them.

HARRY: Suppose nobody's dead.

SHAW: Aw, shut up.

HARRY: Then where'd all that blood come from?

SHAW: Will you please ... hey, look ... a woman! It's - it's *for!*

21.

HARRY: Did you see her face?

SHAW: No.

HARRY: (SMILES) Well, come and have a look.

(STEPS TO STOP)

HARRY: Hello, Susan.

SUSAN: I ... ohhhhhh.

HARRY: Better come along with us ... hunh, Susan ... would you?

(MUSIC: BRIDGE INTO:)

SHAW: You admit you wrote this letter, asking for one hundred dollars?

SUSAN: (LOW) Yes, sir.

SHAW: Why did you write it?

SUSAN: I can't tell, sir. I can't. Please don't ask me.

SHAW: Susan, unless you talk, you're going to go to jail for 20 years - you're involved in a murder. Now why did you write it?

SUSAN: (LOW) He asked me please to.

SHAW: Who?

SUSAN: I can't tell.

(PAUSE)

HARRY: It was Mr. Elmo's idea wasn't it, Susan? You didn't want to do it - but you liked him and you thought why shouldn't I do a little thing like that if it will help Mr. Elmo? Isn't that right, Susan?

SUSAN: (ALMOST INAUDIBLE) Yes, sir.

HARRY: You see, Susan, Mr. Elmo is a nice man - in some ways. He's gentle and kind and he's always treated you nicely. But he's a murderer, too, Susan. Do you understand that?

SUSAN: No, sir. I don't. He's such a kind man. I remember when his mother was still alive - he was so nice to her. He'd cut her flowers every day ... he'd take up a tea tray to her room with flowers on it.

HARRY: Zinnias?

SUSAN: That's right. Zinnias. She loved zinnias. And he was so sweet to her and everything. That was before he married Mrs. Irma. And right then, just before the wedding, his mother died.

HARRY: Okay, Susan. You go pack home and just forget about it. Okay, Dan?

SHAW: Yeah, okay.

SUSAN: You mean I can go?

SHAW: Yeah.

(STEPS AND DOOR OPENS AND QUIETLY SHUTS)

HARRY: I think now I've got an idea - the first good idea in weeks.

SHAW: Psychology?

HARRY: You got another suggestion?

SHAW: What do you want to do?

HARRY: Get me a tray and a vase and about a dozen cut zinnias from Elmo's greenhouse.

(MUSIC: IN PUZZLEMENT UP AND BRIDGE INTO)

(SLOW STEPS. THEY STOP)

HARRY: Open it, will you sergeant?

(JAIL DOOR OPENS. SHUTS UNDER:)

HARRY: Thanks. I don't think I'll be long. (UP) Hello Elmo.

GREEN: I don't wish to be disturbed (INTERESTED) Oh, where did you get them?

HARRY: They're beautiful, aren't they?

GREEN: Exquisite. They're not ...?

HARRY: Yes, they are. They're zinnias cut from your own greenhouse.

GREEN: Oh, thank you - thank you so much.

HARRY: You see, you've been in prison now - six weeks - right? Well, I was over to your house this morning, and frankly, some of your flowers were in a state of ... well, they weren't the way you'd want them to be. So I got a gardener in and we straightened it out.

GREEN: Oh, that was very kind of you.

HARRY: And then I thought - I'd bring you some of the zinnias.

GREEN: Oh, they're just ... they even make this cell attractive. You know these are the giant garden variety - very hard to grow.

HARRY: Yes, I know. They're the kind you used to bring your mother, aren't they, Elmo?

GREEN: Yes, they are.

HARRY: They're the kind your grey-haired mother liked so much.

GREEN: (IN A DREAM ALMOST) Yes, they are. She used to look at them and touch them and ... she was like a zinnia almost.

HARRY: (GENTLY AS HE CAN) Elmo - what would your little old grey-haired mother say if she knew about what you did?

(PAUSE)

GREEN: She wouldn't like it. No. She wouldn't like what I did ... she wouldn't like it at all.

HARRY: Do you want to tell me what it was you did, Elmo?

GREEN: I don't mind. I'd like to tell you. I'd really like to tell it to somebody. (VERY SIMPLE STORY. NO EMOTION)

They were such bad people, really they were - Irma and Ivan. The both of them, I saw them, ^{they} crushed zinnias with their shoes ... and they didn't like me. And I didn't like them. That morning I woke up and they were asleep and I said, it's such a lovely morning, I'll look at the zinnias. And I did. They were beautiful. And that made me angry - how beautiful they were and those two asleep inside. So first I went to her room, Irma's, and I killed her and then I ^{very quietly} went to his room and started to kill him. But he fought me. He threw things at me, everything - chairs - furniture, anything he could take hold of - (and some of that furniture was very nice, very carefully selected) - but finally I ^{clashed} ~~struck~~ him, too. Well, I thought, what will I do with the bodies? I took them into the greenhouse to burn them in the stove, but the stove wasn't large enough and besides the draft wasn't working very well - and I guess that's how some of the blood got onto the zinnias. It was accidental, you understand. I wouldn't put blood on the flowers on purpose, you know that.

HARRY: Sure, I understand.

GREEN: Well, what was I going to do? And then I remembered I was fixing the greenhouse foundation - with cement, and so I mixed it up and I put them, the two of them, into the foundation of the greenhouse - in the cement. And that's where they are.

HARRY: I see.

GREEN: Then, after it was over, I cut six zinnias. They're my favorite flowers, the same as they were mother's, and I put them in a vase in the living room, and then ~~oh, the cards. I forgot about the cards with the detective's name on them. I read in a book that a murderer did a thing like that to fool the detectives, but that kind of thing doesn't really work -- does it? The funny part was the name I used ... I. Toland. Do you know who Mr. Toland is? You probably don't. But last year in the flower show I only won second prize for my zinnias. The man who won the first prize was named Toland. I thought that was funny. Well, that was all really - except that - after it was all done (you know it's hard work to put two bodies in ^{concrete} and make a good foundation) - well after that I realized how hungry I was. (I hadn't had anything to eat.) So I sat down in the kitchen and ate my breakfast and then I left.~~

(MUSIC: UP FULL AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~You wait until he's finished--all finished; this
mousy man with the weird eyes and then you and Police Lt.
Shaw go out to the greenhouse with hammer and chisel ...
and you hack away for awhile and you find out that
everything the little mousy horticulturist told you is
true. You find two bodies in the concrete.
(PAUSE) So you pick a zinnia and you hold it up and your
turn to Danny Shaw and you say ...~~

HARRY: You know, I don't think I'll plant any zinnias in my garden
next season.

(MUSIC: _ _ CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Harry
Reutlinger of the Chicago Herald American 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!

Lily/mtf
4/1/48pm.

ORCHESTRA: _ _ TAG

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Harry Reutlinger, now City Editor of the Chicago Herald-American.

REUTLINGER: Because of his mental state, killer in tonight's Big Story was not executed, but was sentenced instead to Joliet Prison, where he has since died. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Reutlinger. 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 ^{original New York Herald Tribune} ~~Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch~~; by-line ~~Edward Steffen~~ ^{Kathryn Steffan}. A BIG STORY ~~that reached its~~ climax when a girl reporter was sentenced to prison just in time for an attempted ~~prison break.~~

SOUND: _ _ _

~~PRISON SIREN~~

HARRICE: ~~prison break.~~

SOUND: _ _ _

~~PRISON SIREN~~

MUSIC: _ _ _

THEME WIPE AND FADE TO B.G. ON CUE _

THE BIG STORY

- 27 -

4-7-48

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter, with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was written by Arnold Perl. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Alan Hewitt played the part of Harry Reutlinger. All names in tonight's story except that of Mr. Reutlinger 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 FANCUS CIGARETTES.

ANNOUNCER: THIS IS NBC -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

ATX01 0060607

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #55

"MURDER MAKES A PRETTY PICTURE"

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
FOLEY	SANTOS ORTEGA
COLLINS	BILL ZUCKET
EIDTOR	HOUSE JAMESON
GRIFFIN	JIMMY McCALLION
MIKE	JIMMY McCALLION
SANDY	HOUSE JAMESON
BENNETT	ART CARNEY
DORIS	CHARLOTTE KEANE
TAYLOR	SANTOS ORTEGA
HARRISON	ART CARNEY
COP	BOB SLOANE
WOMAN	CHARLOTTE KEANE

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14, 1948

ATX01 0060608

WRBC

THE BIG STORY

#55

"MURDER MAKES A PRETTY PICTURE"

() ()
10:00 - 10:30 P.M.

APRIL 14, 1948

WEDNESDAY

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

(LOW INSISTENT KNOCKING ON DOOR)

FOLEY: Mr. Collins...

(KNOCKING ON DOOR, LOUDER)

Wake up, Mr. Collins.

COLLINS: (OFF) What's that? Who's there?

FOLEY: Lieutenant Foley -- New York State Police.

(DOOR OPEN)

COLLINS: What's the meaning of this, Lieutenant? Do you realize it's almost four o'clock in the morning?

FOLEY: Sorry to disturb you, Mr. Collins. This is an emergency.

COLLINS: Well... what do you want of me?

FOLEY: Don't be alarmed, sir. I just want you to look at a photograph...

(HANDLE PHOTOGRAPH)

Have you ever seen this man before?

COLLINS: Good heavens! That's him! ~~That's him!~~ *That's* The murderer!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _)

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY, another in the thrilling series based on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight, to Edward Griffin of the Syracuse New York ^{*Sherald*} Journal goes the PELL MELL Award for the BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ FANFARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0060609

THE BIG STORY 4/14/48
PELL MELL

-2-

#55

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!

ATX01 0060610

(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Now the exciting and authentic story of... Murder
Makes A Pretty Picture.

(MUSIC: HIT FOR MONTAGE, THEN DOWN AND UNDER)

EDITOR: Griffin! Got an assignment for you, Griffin. Grab
your camera and a pair of heavy boots. This is the
biggest snowstorm Syracuse has ever had -- and I want
pictures of it -- from every section of town.

GRIFFIN: Aw -- have a heart, boss. It's ten below zero out.

EDITOR: Never mind the alibis. I want those pictures.

(MUSIC: UP, THEN DOWN AND UNDER)

EDITOR: Griffin! Hey -- Griffin! Just got a call from the
police department. A goat fell into a man hole ^{up on the hill} --

and they can't get the darn thing out of our sewer
system. Ought to make a nice spread -- if you get
pictures of the fool thing sloshing around down there.

GRIFFIN: In the sewer? Boss -- you know I can't get down in that
water. My arthritis murders me when I'm in damp
places.

EDITOR: Never mind the alibis, Griffin. I want those pictures.

(MUSIC: UP, THEN DOWN AND UNDER)

EDITOR: This one of for the front page, Griffin. I've got it
all arranged for you and the professor to go up in
the balloon alone. Now if anything goes wrong -- you'll
just have to bail out. But what can go wrong in a balloon?

GRIFFIN: Nothing... as long as you're not in it.

EDITOR: Now look, Griffin...

GRIFFIN: I know... You want those pictures.

(MUSIC: UP FOR CLIMAX, THEN DOWN AND UNDER)

NARRATOR:

You are Edward Griffin -- a news photographer ^{and part time reporter} on the staff of The Syracuse ^{Herald} Journal... For years now, you've lugged your camera through every mud hole, snake pit and rat race within a hundred miles of Syracuse... and always on days when it's either ten below zero -- or a hundred above... What's more-- you have a touch of arthritis in your hands-- and even though you'd never shirk a job because of it -- you long to be a ^{full-fledged} reporter... You long for the hours of a reporter... the less fantastic assignments.. and the thrill of being in on a story -- instead of just photographing it... Yes-- you long for these things -- but you never get a chance to prove your worth at them... And as you sit in your office one morning -- wondering what mountain top you'll have to scale for your next assignment ^{35 miles north of Syracuse} -- a big story is in the making...

(STREET NOISES)

MIKE: Okay, Sandy... The coast is clear.
SANDY: Are you sure there's nobody in the bank?
MIKE: Nobody but that one teller.
SANDY: What about the guard?
MIKE: Out to lunch.
SANDY: Okay... Come on...

(FEW FOOTSTEPS ON PAVEMENT. OPEN DOOR)

(LOW) Keep me covered till I get to the teller's window.

MIKE: (LOW) Go ahead. I'm right behind you.

(DOOR CLOSSES. FEW FOOTSTEPS. STOP)

COLLINS: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Yes, sir? Can I help you?

Stop what you're doing and
SANDY: ^ Hold up your hands. This is a stick-up.

COLLINS: Stick-up?

SANDY: Don't say nothing. Just do like I tell you! Come out from behind there and take us to the cashier's office.

COLLINS: Yes, sir...

(FEW FOOTSTEPS)

- It's right over here.. Just inside this door.

MIKE: Wait a minute. Who's in there?

COLLINS: Why, I... I don't know... I believe Mr. Bennett might have stopped in to...

SANDY: Never mind the long story. Open the door.

COLLINS: Yes, sir...

(DOOR OPENS)

MIKE: Watch it, Sandy! The guy's in there!

SANDY: Get 'em up, you!

BENNETT: (OFF ^{sh?}) How's that?

SANDY: Get 'em up or I'll blow your head off!

BENNETT: (APPROACHING) I'm afraid I didn't quite...

MIKE: Get back there!

BENNETT: Collins -- did you...

(A SHOT)

Ohhh....

(ANOTHER SHOT)

Collins, I...

(BODY FALLS)

COLLINS: Mr. Bennett...

SANDY: Quick, Mike -- we gotta run for it. He's a goner!

MIKE: (FADING) Come on, come on!

ATX01 0060613

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS UNDER AND FADING)

COLLINS: Mr. Bennett!... Mr. Bennett!... (THEN UP INTO MUSIC)
Help....! Police....! Help....! *Help!*

(MUSIC: BRIDGE AND UNDER)

(TELEPHONE RINGS. RECEIVER UP)

GRIFFIN: Griffin speaking... Yeah, boss -- I'm ready... Murder?
... Where?... I see... Robbed a bank in Lacona...
and killed the board chairman... Okay... I'll grab
my camera and hop right up there!

(MUSIC: UP AND FINISH)

(CAMERA SHUTTER CLICKING. FEW VOICES IN B.G.)

GRIFFIN: There... that's a good one... Now if I can get
one of you, Mr. Collins...

COLLINS: For heaven's sake -- must you take all these pictures
in here?

GRIFFIN: Well, I just...

COLLINS: Isn't it bad enough to have gone through this once --
without having to go over it again -- ~~with detectives~~
~~and reporters and cameramen?~~

GRIFFIN: I'm sorry, Mr. Collins. I know you're upset but...

COLLINS: I've got a reason to be upset! Mr. Bennett was
an old man. He was murdered in cold blood. Murdered --
do you hear? By a couple of gunmen who may never
be found! And all you care about is a picture for
your paper.

GRIFFIN: Well... I don't like this job any more than you do--
but sometimes a newspaper can help in a case like
this.

COLLINS: Help? How? The police haven't a single clue.

GRIFFIN: That's just it. A newspaper can give the story publicity. And if everybody reads about it -- there's a better chance of spotting the killers.

COLLINS: (RESIGNED) All right, all right -- you can take your pictures of you want to... It's just that...(STOPS)

GRIFFIN: What is it, Mr. Collins?

COLLINS: Well, I... I feel so bad for Mr. Bennett... and his family... He'd still be alive if he'd put up his hands and done what those men told him to do.

GRIFFIN: Why didn't he? Why did he resist them?

COLLINS: He didn't resist them. He just couldn't understand what they were saying. You see -- Mr. Bennett was hard of hearing.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

(SINK AND TRAYS. WATER SLOSHING)

DORIS: Working late tonight, aren't you, Griffin?

GRIFFIN: As usual. The boss is running a big spread tomorrow -- on that bank murder up in Lacona -- so I've got to develop these pictures before I leave...What are you doing here?

DORIS: Catching up on some correspondence. That's the worst part of being a society editor -- you've got to write letters.

GRIFFIN: Well, I'll swap with you -- any time.

DORIS: What's the matter? Getting tired of bathing in developing solution?

GRIFFIN: Yeah... I'm getting dishpan hands.

(TRAY DROPS)

DORIS: Coops... You dropped something, Mister.

GRIFFIN: You're not kidding. One hour of this cold water and my fingers turn into claws.

DORIS: That arthritis still bother you, Griffin? You ought to do something about it.

GRIFFIN: Sure... I ought to keep my hands out of cold water.. I ought to stay away from sewers and balloons and some of the other circus stunts they cook up for me around here. Have you ever tried to shinny up a telegraph pole with a tri-pod on your back?

DORIS: Not recently.

GRIFFIN: Well, I have -- and it's no cure for arthritis.

DORIS: Won't the boss ^{let you give it up and become a full-time} ~~give you a track at being a reporter,~~ Eddie?

GRIFFIN: Not a chance. He doesn't think I ^{can handle it full-time} ~~can handle it full-time~~

DORIS: Well, there must be some way to ^{convince} ~~convince~~ him. Can't you get hold of a big story or something?

GRIFFIN: Why, of course... I can go out and find those killers that robbed the bank in Lacona this afternoon... The only trouble is -- I'm a little short on clues...

(TELEPHONE RINGS, OFF) (CONTINUE UNDER)

The police are a little short, too. They haven't the faintest idea who the killers are.

DORIS: I'd better get that phone, Eddie. There's nobody out there.

GRIFFIN: Take it easy, honey. I'll get it.

(FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD, UNDER. RINGING FADES IN)

Probably my wife -- wanting to know why I'm working so late.

(RECEIVER UP)

Griffin speaking.

TAYLOR: (FILTER) (STRANGE) Oh... Eddie Griffin? ~~The~~
~~photographer?~~

GRIFFIN: That's right.

TAYLOR: Well, I... I'm glad I reached you, Mr. Griffin... I
have a feeling you're someone I can trust.

GRIFFIN: Huh? Who is this?

TAYLOR: Please... let's not bother about my identity just
now...I have some information on the Lacona bank murder
and I want to speak to you about it. My conscience
bothers me.

GRIFFIN: Conscience? What do you know about that murder?

TAYLOR: Don't ask any questions now. I can't talk to you on
the phone. I want to see you in person.

GRIFFIN: Well... come on up here.

TAYLOR: No, no -- you'll have to come over to my place. I
want to see you -- but I don't want to be seen *with you*

GRIFFIN: For crying out loud -- what is this?

TAYLOR: Come over, will you? I live at 141 King Street --
in the rear apartment upstairs... but you mustn't
use the front entrance... Come through the alley behind
the house and walk up the back stairs. Do you understand?

GRIFFIN: No... not exactly... but if you know something about
that bank murder -- I want to hear it.

TAYLOR: Then you'd better come alone, Mr. Griffin. I don't
want you to bring anyone with you.

GRIFFIN: Okay... I'll be over there in fifteen minutes... alone.

TAYLOR: I'll be waiting.

GRIFFIN: Right.

(RECEIVER DOWN)

DORIS: (FADING IN) Anything important, Eddie? Who was it?

GRIFFIN: I don't know -- but it might be very important...
Listen, honey -- I'm going over to 141 King Street --
the rear apartment upstairs.. And from the sound of
that telephone call, I've got a good chance of getting
my head bashed in.

DORIS: What?

GRIFFIN: Now don't get excited. It might not be anything at all.
But if I'm not back here in one hour flat -- you call
the police!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You put on your hat, ~~drop a couple of mints into your~~
~~mouth~~ and drive out to the address of your mysterious
caller. The alley behind the house is like a graveyard
on a moonless night -- but there are signs of life
in the upstairs apartment... so you pick your way
through the darkness and slip inside the back door...
It's a dreary place... and as you climb the stairs,
you wonder if you're going to meet a murderer, a
maniac, or just a plain ordinary stool-pigeon...
Your answer is waiting for you at the top of the
stairs...

TAYLOR: Come in, Mr. Griffin...

GRIFFIN: Oh, thanks...

(FOOTSTEPS THROUGH. DOOR CLOSES)

TAYLOR: Will you have a chair?

GRIFFIN: Well, maybe I'd better find out what this is all
about before I start taking root here. Why did you call
me?

TAYLOR: Because I...I'd rather not go to the police. That is...
I don't want to be involve in this any more than I have t

GRIFFIN: So you call up a perfect stranger.

TAYLOR: You're not exactly a stranger, Mr. Griffin. ~~I've seen you~~
~~taking pictures at the fights and ball games...~~ and I've
read your name in the paper many times.

GRIFFIN: ^{oh see} ~~See on?~~ What is it you know about that bank murder up
in Lacona?

TAYLOR: I know who committed it.

GRIFFIN: Who?

TAYLOR: Will you promise not to say anything about me if I tell
you?

GRIFFIN: I won't promise anything till I know how you're mixed up
in it.

TARYLOR: Oh, I'm not mixed up in it. I just know who the killers
are. At least I think I do.

GRIFFIN: What makes you think so?

TAYLOR: I saw them last night....Heard them making plans to rob
the bank.

GRIFFIN: You mean -- you were in on it?

TAYLOR: Oh, no...I just happened to be in ~~the~~ ^{at} restaurant ^{on Salima} where
they were eating...I overheard what they said.

GRIFFIN: Are you on the level?

TAYLOR: Why, of course. I've been wrestling with my conscience
all evening -- wondering whether I should come forward
with this information or not.

GRIFFIN: Well, if you can help the police find those killers --
you'd better come forward with it.

TAYLOR: You don't understand. I'm not positive these boys are the killers...I didn't see them do any wrong...and I wouldn't want to accuse anyone of murder without being absolutely sure. Expecially when it's someone I know.

GRIFFIN: You know them? You know these boys?

TAYLOR: I know one. Sandy Dobson. I recognized him in the restaurant.

GRIFFIN: And you heard him making plans to rob the bank in Lacona?

TAYLOR: Well, I thought it was a joke at the time. I never dreamed they'd go through with it...but when I saw the evening paper and read the description of the killer

GRIFFIN: Mister -- ~~you better get on the phone and call the police~~ *you and I are going to*

TAYLOR: No, please -- I wouldn't want those boys to know where this information came from. You'll have to keep my name out of it.

GRIFFIN: Okay -- if that's the way you want it, I'll go to the police myself. And if what you're telling me is the truth, I've got the biggest story any reporter ever had!

(MUSIC: UP AND FINISH FOR END OF ACT ONE)

CHAPPELL: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's BIG STORY. But first, a word from Cy Harrice.....
(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 4/14/48
PELL MELL

-13-

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!

ATK01 0060621

MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER

HARRICE: Now back to your narrator, Bob Sloane, and tonight's BIG STORY...

NARRATOR: You -- Eddie Griffin, news photographer and part-time reporter on the Syracuse Herald Journal have a touch of arthritis in your hands... and a strong yearning in your heart to become a full-time reporter... Just now, you've stumbled onto a tip that would make any reporter's mouth water -- and you're plenty excited about it. An anonymous caller has given you the name of one of the killers who robbed a bank in Lacona -- and if the information is correct -- you've got the makings of a big story -- and a beat on all the other papers. But first -- you phone your city editor...

GRIFFIN: (EXCITED) The killer's name is Dobson, Boss! Sandy Dobson. At least he's one of them! And if we can locate...

EDITOR: (FILTER) Wait a minute, Griffin -- don't go off in all directions. ~~This is~~ ^{this} just a tip -- ~~or~~ ^{or} a fact.

GRIFFIN: Well, it will be a fact when we catch up with Sandy Dobson!

EDITOR: Take it easy, will you? Catching up with Dobson and his pal is a police job. We'll have to work with them.

GRIFFIN: All right -- let's work with them! My brother's a State trooper and...

- 14A -

EDITOR: Griffin -- will you shut up a minute and let me think?
We've got to keep this exclusive.

GRIFFIN: Well, what is there to think about? I'll call up the
State Police and have them send somebody out here.
Lieutenant Foley's a good man!

EDITOR: Who's Lieutenant Foley?

GRIFFIN: A pal of my brother's. He'll break his neck for us
on this case -- if we let him have the tip..! And
he won't go blabbing about it to all the other papers!

ATX01 0060623

EDITOR: Okay, okay -- how can we reach him? It's almost midnight.

GRIFFIN: I'll call him right now and set up a meeting ^{if anything breaks} ~~and~~ I'll phone you the story.

EDITOR: ~~Phone me the story?! You crazy galoot -- who do you think you are -- a reporter? I want to be in on that meeting!~~

GRIFFIN: ~~All right, Boss. You can be in on it. Just give me a chance to set it up!~~

(MUSIC: UP, THEN DOWN AND UNDER)

GRIFFIN: The barracks, Operator. State Police Barracks -- Troop D; And hurry, will you? It's urgent!

(MUSIC: UP, THEN DOWN AND UNDER)

GRIFFIN: Hello, Foley? Lieutenant Foley? This is Eddie Griffin.. Look, Foley -- I've got a tip for you on the Lacona murder. How soon can you get down here?....Okay....

(MUSIC: STARTS UP UNDER)

GRIFFIN: I'll meet you in the back room of Joe's Grill on ~~Central~~ ^{State} ~~Street~~ and we'll....(FADES OUT)

(MUSIC: FROM UNDER, UP TO CLIMAX, THEN DOWN AND UNDER AGAIN)

GRIFFIN: It's all set, Boss. ~~Let's~~ meeting him at a quarter to one in the back room of Joe's Grill -- and he's bringing a squad!

(MUSIC: UP AND FINISH)

FOLEY: Now let me get this straight, Griffin. The man who called you up at the paper said he overheard Sandy Dobson making plans to rob the bank in Lacona this afternoon? Sandy Dobson?

GRIFFIN: That's right, Foley.

~~FOLEY:~~ Have you ever heard of this Dobson kid, ~~L. Dobson?~~
FOLEY: I've heard of him, all right. For a boy of nineteen he's got a pretty nasty record. If I'm not mistaken he's on probation right now -- for grand larceny.
GRIFFIN: Well, if he's got a record -- you must have a picture of him.
FOLEY: We have -- in the files. I'll send for it right away -- and have it rushed up to that bank teller in Lacona -- for positive identification.

Griffin:
~~FOLEY:~~ *OK* Make a copy of it when it gets here, ~~4-1-33~~. We can run the plate tomorrow.

~~GRIFFIN:~~ Right.

FOLEY: (CALLING) Harrison!

HARRISON: (QUICK IN) Yes, sir.

FOLEY: Hop down to headquarters and bring me the file on Sandy Dobson. Be sure you bring back his picture...and vital statistics.

HARRISON: Yes, sir.

FOLEY: Denman, ~~Carney~~, Williams. Get Dobson's address from Headquarters and cover the house. If the kid's there -- bring him in.

(AD LIBS OF MEN. "YES, SIR" ETC.)

Madden -- get me Captain Brown on the phone. We'll need the local police to help us organize a drag net. And contact the County Sheriff's Office...

(MUSIC: START UP UNDER)

I'm going to set up a series of roadblocks on every highway and Canal System ~~...~~ (OUT FOR MUSIC)

(MUSIC: FROM UNDER, UP TO CLIMAX, THEN DOWN AND UNDER)

Law watch as
NARRATOR: The long arm of the law reaches out into the night for a 19 year old gunman and his criminal assistant. Like a many fingered machine it operates swiftly...smoothly...relentlessly...A photograph of Dobson is rushed to the bank teller in Lacona -- and he recognizes the killer's features...

COLLINS: That's him! That's the one who killed Mr. Bennett!!

~~NARRATOR: A search is made of Dobson's house and a report is relayed to Lieutenant Foley.~~

~~HARRISON: Dobson's boat it, Lieutenant. Took his clothes and cleaned out before our men got there.~~

NARRATOR: Foley organizes posses...studies maps of surrounding areas makes countless phone calls to local and county police...and the long, terrible job of tracking down ^{the} killers is about to begin....

~~FOLEY:~~ The way I figure it, *Griffin* they'll head for the Canadian border And if they've got any sense, they'll keep off the roads and go cross country -- along the power line...

EDITOR: Which means you'll have to cover this entire area in through here.

FOLEY: Right.

GRIFFIN: That's quite a job, isn't it, Foley?

~~FOLEY:~~ If you don't pick up their trail somewhere along the line, you may be in there for days.

FOLEY: Oh, I shouldn't think it would take that long..if we're on the right track...In any case, I'd better get started right away.

GRIFFIN: Wait a minute. What about the story?

FOLEY: I'll keep you posted, Eddie. Soon as we get anything,
I'll give you a ring.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS RECEIVER UP

EDITOR: City Desk...

GRIFFIN: (FILTER) Hello, boss -- this is Griffin.

EDITOR: Yeah? What's up?

GRIFFIN: Plenty! That tip I got was right. *That guy that called me was on the level.* Dobson is one of the
killers. ^{What?} The bank teller identified his picture!

EDITOR: When? Why didn't you tell me about it? Have the
police got a lead on Dobson yet?

GRIFFIN: Now take it easy, Boss! The search is just starting!
And if you'll give me a chance to cover it ... I'll
stay with this manhunt all the way.

EDITOR: Not a chance, Griffin. This story's too big for you.
I'll send Jonesy up to relieve you.

GRIFFIN: Aw, now wait a minute, boss. I've been doing all right
so far, haven't I? Why don't you let me handle the
story from here in?

EDITOR: For pete's sake, Griffin -- you haven't had enough
experience to cover a yarn like this. You'll be out
with one posse -- and the story'll break with another --
ten or fifteen miles away. The first thing you know --

- 18A -

EDITOR: (CONT'D) we'll lose our exclusive.

GRIFFIN: Not if I keep moving. I'll stick with Foley most of the time -- and he'll know what's going on. I tell you, I'll be right in on the kill! What do you say, Boss? This is my big chance to prove I'm a reporter!

EDITOR: But you can't...

GRIFFIN: I can, Boss -- if you give me a chance! How about it?

EDITOR: Okay, Griffin -- the story's yours. But if you miss it -- you're through as a reporter and a cameraman, too!

MUSIC: HIT FOR MONTAGE AND UNDER

ATX01 0060628

GRIFFEN: Hey, Foley -- wait for me. Where are you going now?

FOLEY: Up to the railroad yard. Just got a tip that a stolen car was left up there -- and two men were seen walking the tracks.

GRIFFEN: Well, don't lose me, will you? I want to be in on the kill.

(MUSIC: -- UP, THEN DOWN AND UNDER)

GRIFFEN: Hey, Harrison -- where's Lieutenant Foley? Where did he go?

HARRISON: Just left the railroad yards, Mr. Griffen, Got a tip on a farmhouse about three miles up the road.

GRIFFIN: Well, I better catch up with him or I'll lose my story.

(MUSIC: -- UP, THEN DOWN AND UNDER)

GRIFFEN: Gone? Holy mackerel! When did he go? Where? How? There's a road block at ever intersection -- and if I miss him now -- I may never find him again.

WOMAN: I'm sorry, sir. Lieutenant Foley left here about ten minutes ago -- and he didn't tell me where he was going.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND FINISH INTO:)

(NIGHT SOUNDS. WALKING ON BRUSH)

HARRISON: See anything over there, Lieutenant?

FOLEY: Watch it, Harrison ... Keep your flashlight down There's some fresh footprints right over here in the gully ...

HARRISON: Where do they lead?

FOLEY: Due North ... Right along the power line .. and from the looks of these prints ... they can't be far ahead...

HARRISON: You think it's Dobson and his sidekick?

FOLEY: I don't know .. but we can't afford to take a chance... Better have Miller and Johnson circle around in back. You and I can follow the trail ...

HARRISON: What about Mr. Griffin, Lieutenant?

FOLEY: What about him?

HARRISON: Well .. he wanted to be with you when you made the pinch --

FOLEY: Well, where is he?

HARRISON: I haven't see him, sir - not since the railroad yard. He went off looking for you and never came back. That's why he wasn't around when you sent for us.

FOLEY: Well, we can't wait for him now, Harrison. It'll be light in a few minutes -- and catching Dobson is a lot more important than a newspaper story.

HARRISON: Yes, sir.

FOLEY: If Griffin misses it, he's just out of luck!

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE) --

(CAR COMING TO QUICK STOP. HORN BLOWS)

GRIFFIN: (UP) Hey -- Officer! What's the idea of blocking the road?

COP: (FADING IN) Take your hand off that horn, Mister. This road is closed until further notice.

GRIFFIN: But I've got to get through here! I'm looking for Lieutenant Foley!

COP: Lieutenant Foley is the one who ordered the road closed.

GRIFFIN: You mean -- he's up ahead? How far? Have they found Dobson yet?

COP: (SUSPICIOUS) What do you know about Dobson?

GRIFFIN: Nothing .. I mean ... Look Officer ... I'm a newspaperman. I've got to get through here! Or I'll miss my story.

COP: Let me see your license.

GRIFFIN: Oh, for crying out loud -- here!

COP: Whose car is this?

GRIFFIN: My car! I'm a reporter for the ^{Herald} Journal. Look -- here's my equipment.

COP: Get your hands away from those boxes! Another move like that and I'll ~~clear your head off!~~ ^{let you hear it --}

GRIFFIN: But there's nothing in here except my ...

COP: Come on, you -- out of the car ..

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

GRIFFIN: Officer, please. Every second counts! If I'm not around when they catch Dobson -- I'll be going up in balloons again -- in rainy weather -- and my hands'll drop off in developing solution!

COP: Quiet, quiet ...

GRIFFIN: Look -- here's my press card -- and two tickets to the fights on Friday night. Keep 'em. Keep the baseball tickets, too -- but for Pete's sake let me through!

COP: Eddie Griffin, huh? Ain't you got a brother ^{with the State Police} ~~.....~~?

GRIFFIN: That's right. His name is Mike.

COP: Well, why didn't you say so in the first place? Go on through, Griffin! Lieutenant Foley is about two hundred yards up the road!

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE) --

(OUTDOORS. FOOTSTEPS ON BRUSH, RUNNING)

GRIFFIN: Hey, Foley -- wait for me! I'm right behind you!

FOLEY: (OFF) Shut up, you crazy fool.

GRIFFIN: (LOW) What's the matter?

FOLEY: (LOW) Do you want to get knocked off, Griffin? They're right up ahead -- in the gulley.

GRIFFIN: (LOW) Oh ... I didn't know you were that close.

HARRISON: (FADING IN) (LOW) We can move in, Lieutenant. Miller and Johnson have circled around behind.

FOLEY: (LOW) Okay -- I'll make one pitch before we start shooting.

FOLEY: (UP) All right -- Dobson. The jig's up! You and your pal come out of there with your hands up or we go in after you.

(PAUSE)

You hear me, Dobson? We've got you surrounded. Come out with your hands up or we go in after you.

(PAUSE)

Okay -- boys ... Let's go!

SANDY: (OFF) No, wait -- we'll come out.

FOLEY: Watch 'em, Miller! It may be a trick.

HARRISON: I've got 'em covered, Lieutenant!

FOLEY: Okay .. Take 'em, Miller! Put the cuffs on 'em and bring 'em up here.

GRIFFIN: Out of the way, Foley -- this shot is for the ^{Journal} Journal!

(CAMERA SHUTTER CLICKS)

(MUSIC: BRIDGE AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You stand there in the cold morning light ... ~~taking~~
~~picture after picture~~ .. as the two youthful killers
are disarmed and handcuffed together .. and even though
your hands are aching in the damp, early air -- you can
hardly feel the pain... It wouldn't matter anyway ...
because you've got your big story -- covered it on the
spot -- like a veteran reporter ... And all that remains
now is to phone it in to the city desk .. and let the boss
take it down ..

EDITOR: (FILTER) Nice work, Griffin .. That'll make a swell
yarn for page one -- when you get the pictures in.

GRIFFIN: I'll get 'em in, Boss. By the time you ^{come over my} ~~get the~~
story ~~written~~ -- they'll be lying on your desk.

EDITOR: Good .. How's your arthritis?

GRIFFIN: ~~Fine. How's yours?~~ *Arthritis, what arthritis?*

EDITOR: Come on, come on -- get in here with those pictures. And
after you've had a night's rest - drop into my office,
Griffin. I want to talk to you about a ^{full time reporter's} ~~new~~ job!

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND FINISH)

CHAPPEL In just a moment we will read you a telegram from
Edward Griffin of the Syracuse New York ^{Herald} Journal 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 Edward Griffin of the
Syracuse ~~New York~~ ^{Herald} Journal ^{which along with rest of Syracuse is}
^{now celebrating that city's Centennial.}

GRIFFIN: Sentenced to electric chair and awaiting execution in
Death House, the two killers in tonight's Big Story
became known as the "Whimpering Boy Bandits." At
last moment Governor commuted sentence to life
imprisonment. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you Mr. Griffin. 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 Erie, Pennsylvania
Times; by-line -- Charles Wells. A BIG STORY about a
wedding ring, a honeymoon in Niagara Falls, and ..

(CLICK OF PAIR OF HANDCUFFS)

HARRICE: --- a pair of handcuffs.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME WIPE AND FADE TO BG ON CUE)

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter, with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was written and narrated by Bob Sloane and Jimmy McCallion played the part of Edward Griffin. All names in tonight's story except that of Mr. Griffin 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.

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

joy/jp/rh
4-7-48 RM

ATX01 0060636

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM # 56

"FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE"

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MARY FULLER	PATSY CAMPBELL
DOUG FULLER	LES TREMAYNE
CHARLIE WELLS	GEORGE PETRIE
BILL BLAKE	JOE BOLAND
PHIL LOMBARD	MANNY KRAMER
SHERIFF	JOE BOLAND
ANNOUNCER	MANNY KRAMER
Minister	Bob Sloane

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21, 1948

ATX01 0060637

WNBC

THE BIG STORY

#56

"FOR BETTER. FOR WORSE"

FINAL

10:00 - 10:30 P.M.

APRIL 21, 1948

WEDNESDAY

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

MUSIC: SOFT STRAINS OF WEDDING MARCH. UNDER FOR

DOUG: Mary?

MARY: (STARTLED) Oh Doug!

DOUG: Steady now.

MARY: (AGITATED) Wait, Doug. Is it all right? I mean..to go through with it?

DOUG: Of course it is.

MARY: It's all right? Nothing else matters?

DOUG: You know that, Mary.

MARY: But I--

DOUG: (INTERRUPTING) Shh.

~~MUSIC: OVER~~

MINISTER: Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God and in the face of this company to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony. If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace.

MARY: (WHISPERING URGENTLY) Doug, tell me please..quick. Is it really all right? Is it?

MUSIC: HIT OMINOUSLY AND UNDER FOR

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY! Another in a thrilling series based on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight, to Charles Wells of the Erie Pennsylvania ^{Daily} Times goes the PELL MELL Award for...THE BIG STORY.

MUSIC: FANFARE

ATX01 0060638

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)

~~NARRATOR:~~ *Chappell* Now, the exciting and authentic case of... "For Better, For Worse."

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You are Charlie Wells, reporter for the Erie (Pennsylvania) *Daily* Times... young and ambitious. Because you are young, you're assigned to cover the slow movement of news in the Erie Courthouse. Because you're ambitious--you don't like it. You're itching for a crack at the big story that will show them what kind of a news-hound you are. So, when the teletype clacks out, "Two masked men hold up and rob ~~Farmer's Bank at Lyndonville, New York~~ *safe in Martin's Warehouse at Painesville, Ohio* you wonder, just a little wistfully, why things have to happen across the state line in ~~Lyndonville, New York~~ *Painesville, Ohio* instead of in Erie. Just your luck. But, for lack of anything better to do, you saunter into the courtroom and there----

(COURTROOM NOISES)

WELLS: Well, for the love of---(SURPRISED) Philip Lombard!

PHIL: (GLUM) Hello, Charlie.

WELLS: And what brings you to our model courthouse, Phil? Those ties you wear been causing a civic disturbance by being too loud?

PHIL: They--these men here say I've robbed a ~~bank~~ *warehouse*.

WELLS: (TAKEN ABACK) You---you robbed a ~~bank~~ *warehouse*!

PHIL: ~~What kind of a story is that?~~

WELLS: ~~(A LITTLE ABB) Did you?~~

PHIL: ~~Of course I didn't. But these guys--~~

BLAKE: (INTERRUPTING SHARPLY) You know this man, reporter?

WELLS: (SUSPICIOUSLY) Who are you?

BLAKE: (EASILY) Bill Blake, son. Burns man, assigned to the warehouse robbery. Know this man, you say?

WELLS: Lombard? Well, sure.

BLAKE: I see, listen - I wanna have a talk with you.

(TO LOMBARD) Stay here, Lombard. Watch him Sheriff.

(TO WELLS) Come on, son.

(PAIR OF FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD FLOOR FOR A BIT)

If this Lombard feller is a friend of yours, maybe you can do the police and me a good turn.

WELLS: How?

BLAKE: (CONFIDENTIALLY) The crime was committed in ^{Ohio}~~New York~~. We gotta get this guy back there before we can try him. But that means extradition and a peck of trouble. Unless some one can talk him into going back of his own free will.

WELLS: And that someone is me?

BLAKE: That someone maybe is you. Want to try?

WELLS: (EAGERLY) If I do, is this story mine?

BLAKE: (AMUSED) How long have you been a reporter, son?

WELLS: A year and a half.

BLAKE: (CHUCKLES) Year and a half, eh?

WELLS: (DEFENSIVELY) What's so funny about that?

BLAKE: Son, I predict that in another year, you're gonna put Pulitzer himself to shame.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE AND UNDER FOR)

NARRATOR: This is it. This is the chance you've been waiting for. You go back to Lombard with your heart in your mouth, ready to fight for your story. To your surprise, he listens carefully to you, agrees finally to waive extradition and cross the line into ~~New York State~~ ^{Ohio}. And then the story---your story--begins to roll.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING AND UNDER FOR)

BLAKE: Good work, son. Now stick around and help me pick up the other guy.

WELLS: Other guy?

BLAKE: Sure. This stick-up was a two-man job.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING AND UNDER FOR)

WELLS: I found out this, sir. The other bandit was driving a tan Chevy bought with a hundred dollar cash deposit at the Erie Automobile Show.

BLAKE: Good work, Charlie. Now, let's trace the license.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING AND UNDER FOR)

BLAKE: Okay, Sam, I'm listening. The holder of license number 4-3-1-6-Y is -- Douglas F-U-L-L-E-R..Fuller, huh? Okay. I've got it. Thanks.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING AND UNDER)

WELLS: I checked the courthouse records, Mr. Blake. A man named Douglas Fuller was married yesterday afternoon to a Mary Johnston ^{Johnston} with a "t".

BLAKE: A bridegroom, huh? Well, off we go.

WELLS: Where?

BLAKE: Niagra Falls, son. Bet you a handful of old rice that's where we'll find Douglas Fuller!

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT INTO)

ANNOR: (FILTER) -- ~~bringing you~~ ^{and now here's} the latest news of the day.

MARY: ^{On} ~~(OFF)~~ Doug, what are you ANNOR: Erie, Pennsylvania...

doing?

Police have arrested

DOUG: Just ^{tuning in} ~~tuning~~ the news.

one of the bandits

MARY: Turn it off.

involved in the

DOUG: Just a minute.

sensational ^{warehouse} robbery at ^{Pittsburgh,} ~~Chicago,~~ last Saturday.

Philip Lombard,

prominent dealer of

Erie has already been

brought in for

questioning and police

say the second man will

be arrested some time

today. Lombard was

MARY: (ON) Turn that thing off

implicated by a black

and talk to me, honey.

suitcase found at the

DOUG: ^{Wait a minute} ~~Just listening to the news.~~

scene of the crime,

Fellow from my home town

bearing his name. A cap

was picked up for robbing

with his initials in

a ^{warehouse} ~~bank.~~

the hatband was also

MARY: Robbery! Where's your romance?

discovered. Police say

DOUG: (LAUGHING) I'll get some music.

that seventeen thousand

MARY: Wonderful.

dollars were taken-(CUT)

(MUSIC: SNEAKS AND GAINS VOLUME AS STATION IS TUNED IN)

DOUG: There? How's that? Romantic enough for you?

MARY: (SMILING) Perfect.

DOUG: How are you, Mrs. Fuller?

MARY: Wonderful, Mr. Fuller.

DOUG: Used to the new name yet?

MARY: Of course. After all, I'm an old married woman now.

DOUG: Say, that's right! Let's see. It's been...mmmm...six hours we're married!

MARY: ~~(SMILING) Standing next to me for six hours.~~

DOUG: ~~Hey, if you're going to keep track of the minutes, you're going to have a pretty full married life, young lady!~~

MARY: ~~(TENDERLY) I'm going to have that myself, (SMILING)~~ Oh, Doug.

I love you so. Don't ever leave me, please.

DOUG: (ALMOST WHISPERING) Mary...Mary...

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

MARY: Who's that?

DOUG: Only one way to find out.

MARY: How?

DOUG: Open the door.

MARY: (LAUGHING) Silly!

DOUG: You ~~turn off the music~~ *turn off the music*, like a dutiful wife and I'll just tell the nice people that--

(HE OPENS DOOR)

BLAKE: You Douglas Fuller?

DOUG: Yes..

BLAKE: My name's Bill Blake. Burns man. And this is a reporter from the Erie ^{Daily} Times.

DOUG: What do you want?

BLAKE: You, For questioning about that ~~bank~~ ^{warehouse} robbery in ~~Lyndenville.~~ ^{Painerville}

DOUG: (PUZZLED) I'm awfully sorry, but you've got the wrong man.

BLAKE: I'm awfully sorry, but I don't think we do.

DOUG: ~~But, look, I don't know anything about a bank robbery.~~

WELLS: ~~We'll find out who did it.~~

MARY: (CALLING FROM WITHIN) What is it, darling?

DOUG: (CALLING BACK) Nothing, Mary. Just some people have the wrong room. Be with you in a minute.

BLAKE: No you won't. You'll come with us.

DOUG: I tell you -- you've got me mixed up with someone else.

BLAKE: Save the talk for police headquarters.

DOUG: Look, I'm on my honeymoon. My wife is right here --

WELLS: You should have thought of that sooner --

DOUG: But I tell you --

BLAKE: (INTERRUPTING) Sorry, Fuller. You'll have to come along for questioning.

DOUG: But I -- (HOLDS) (THEN GIVES IN) Okay. I'll be with you in a minute. Can I -- have a moment alone to say goodbye to my wife?

BLAKE: (UNDERSTANDING) Sure. I'll wait with the cuffs out here so she won't have to see them.

DOUG: (LOW) You can put them on now if you want to.

WELLS: (ANGRILY) Don't you care if she sees you like that?

DOUG: She can't. She's blind.

(MUSIC: ACCENT & UNDER FOR:)

NARR: Blind. The word hits you in the pit of the stomach, and for a moment you feel sick -- physically sick. And, in that fraction of time, you grow up. You're not a young reporter looking for that big story any more. You're a man, who knows that stories -- big or little -- are made by people, real people, who live and die, who hope and doubt -- who love and hate. Bill Blake takes the bridegroom away, but you find yourself staying in the hotel room, with a girl named Mary Fuller ...

MARY: (SOFTLY. PLEADINGLY) Why did they take him away? Doug didn't rob a warehouse. If you only knew him ...

WELLS: Suppose you tell me about him.

MARY: (MAKING A DECISION) All right. I will. I'll tell you about him, and then you'll know. The way I know. (PAUSE) (THEN GENTLY) The first time I met Doug. I'd been to the grocery store for some things, and, as I was leaving the store ...

(DOOR CLOSES)

(FOOTSTEP OR TWO. THEN:)

DOUG: (CALLING) Hey, lady, look out!

MARY: I -- (IN FRIGHT) Oh!
(FALL OF BODY)
(GREAT CLATTER OF CANS ON PAVEMENT)

DOUG: Hey. Hey, are you all right?

MARY: (STUNNED) Why... yes. I'm all right. I must have tripped...

DOUG: (ANGRILY) That kid shouldn't have left his skates there in front of the door like that. ~~I saw you tripping over them.~~ Here, let me help you up.

MARY: Thank you. I -- I'm afraid I'm awfully clumsy.

DOUG: There you are. No damage done. Now, ~~how about the~~ *your* groceries?

MARY: ~~Oh, yes.~~

DOUG: ~~Beans, macaroni, tomato soup, peaches~~ Hey! ~~LOOKS good.~~ Hand me that can over there, huh.

MARY: Where?

DOUG: (IMPATIENTLY) Right there. Where I'm pointing.

MARY: I -- I can't see.

DOUG: (SAME) Why right over there where -- (TAKE AND HOLD)
(THEN) I'm sorry. I wondered why you didn't step over those skates. (PAUSE) Look...could I walk you home?

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE)

MARY: Doug walked me home a lot after that. We started to have dates. One night, he took me to a dance. I'd never been to a dance before. We were standing out on the terrace listening to the music..

(MUSIC: _ _ _ SNEAK DANCE BAND _ _ OFF)

DOUG: You know, your hair looks nice in the moonlight, Mary.

MARY: Does it?

DOUG: Yeah.

(THERE IS AN AWKWARD PAUSE)

MARY: (SOFTLY) What's the matter?

DOUG: Nothing. (THERE IS SOMETHING) Well, I -- I want to say something to you -- but I can't.

MARY: Why not?

DOUG: (UNCOMFORTABLE) I -- well -- golly, Mary. You know.

MARY: Know what?

DOUG: Know what I mean.

MARY: What do you mean?

DOUG: (EXPLODING) Aw, you little devil, you know what I want to say. You're just trying to make it hard for me.

MARY: (LAUGHS) I guess maybe I do know. But, I'd like to hear you say it just the same.

DOUG: Well then -- (DEEP BREATH) I love you, Mary.
You're beautiful.

MARY: (WONDER) Am I?

DOUG: Yes, you are.

MARY: I don't know what I look like. I've never seen myself.
I've never seen you either Doug. But -- I love the way you look to me.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

MARY: We didn't get married for a long time after that. Doug didn't have enough money. But after a while he'd saved enough, and then, this afternoon ...

(MUSIC: SNEAK ORGAN SOFTLY)

MARY: I, Mary, take thee, Douglas, to my wedded husband ... to have and to hold ... from this day forward .. for better, for worse ... for richer, for poorer ... (BREAKS) in sickness and in health ... to love and to cherish ... till death us do part.

(MUSIC: ORGAN SWELLS TO CLIMAX OF RECESSIONAL & UP TO CURTAIN)

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

(MID 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 & UNDER FOR:)

CHAPPELL: Now, we return you to your narrator, Bob Sloane, and tonight's Big Story.

NARRATOR: You, Charlie Wells, sit in a ~~(name?)~~ hotel room ^{in Niagara Falls} and listen to a love story -- a love story told by a blind bride whose husband is being held for robbery. It's their story, but it's yours too ... your big story ... the first one you ever had -- only you don't like the ending. You don't like the idea that this girl's husband ^{must be} a criminal... you don't like the idea of her as a criminal's wife. She turns towards you...

MARY: Don't you see he couldn't have done it, Mr. Wells? Don't you see?

WELLS: ~~And she told before, Mrs. Mary, she never was with~~
who didn't think her husband was innocent.

MARY: But I --

WELLS: (TOPPING HER) On the other hand, there's a first time for everything.

MARY: ~~Then -- then you do think he's innocent?~~

WELLS: I don't ~~think~~ ^{see} anything... yet. But I'll tell you this much -- I hope he ~~is~~ ^{didn't}. And, if he ~~is~~ ^{didn't}... I'll find out about it. Okay?

MARY: That's wonderful, Mr. Wells. Just wonderful. I don't know how to thank you. You're the only person who can help us now.

(MUSIC: -- -- BRIDGE)

BIG STORY 4/21/48

-15-

REVISED

BLAKE: I know how you feel, Charlie. Sending people to jail is no picnic. The worst part of crime is what it does to the families.

WELLS: Do you think Fuller is guilty, Mr. Blake?

BLAKE: That's what I'm trying to prove.

WELLS: Does that mean we start going our own ways now?

BLAKE: Don't see why. Both got the same job to do. Both need facts to prove a point. For my money, we're still working on the same team. Okay?

WELLS: (PLEASED) Okay. I'm with you.

BLAKE: (WRYLY) If you're with me, maybe you can tell me where we are.

WELLS: How do you mean?

BLAKE: I'm stuck, Charlie. Got two suspects locked up but no good solid evidence to clinch the case.

WELLS: Grilling no good?

ATX01 0060652

BLAKE: (DISGUSTEDLY) Those guys take to grilling like a couple of cheese sandwiches.

WELLS: Mmmmm. (THOUGHTFULLY) Are they in the same cell?

BLAKE: Yup.

WELLS: Can they talk to each other whenever they want?

BLAKE: Yup. And would I like to know what they talk about!

WELLS: (INSINUATINGLY) Well...

BLAKE: Well, what?

WELLS: Well, what's to stop you?

BLAKE: ~~Kid, my wife ain't much, but damn as it is, it's mine. It wouldn't look good squeezed under a prison bunk.~~

WELLS: Ever hear of a dictaphone, Mr. Blake?

BLAKE: (PUZZLED) Dictaphone? (LIGHT DAWNS SLOWLY) Yeah.. a dictaphone. (THEN) Charlie, what was it I said to you before? Another year and you'd put Pulitzer to shame?

WELLS: That's what you said.

BLAKE: Make it six months!

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

BLAKE: All set, Charlie?

WELLS: Everything's under control. The sheriff put the microphone under the bunk mattress while the men were ~~in~~ ^{eating} ~~the~~ ~~cell~~.

BLAKE: ~~He~~ ~~is~~ ~~going~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~heard~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~rest~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~year~~.

WELLS: ~~He~~ ~~is~~ ~~going~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~heard~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~rest~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~year~~.

BLAKE: ~~He~~ ~~is~~ ~~going~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~heard~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~rest~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~year~~. I've got a girl with a dictation pad in the sheriff's office. It'll be heard in there too.

WELLS: ~~Think this is the story, Mr. Blake?~~

BLAKE: ~~Wouldn't be surprised. We might~~

WELLS: ~~(INTERRUPTING SHARPLY) Wait a minute! What's he said?~~

BLAKE: ~~What?~~

WELLS: Did you hear a noise in the loudspeaker?

BLAKE: No. I didn't hear anything. Take it easy, son.

WELLS: ~~Okay, okay.~~

BLAKE: ~~Nervous?~~

WELLS: ~~No, I (BREATHES) Well, sure, wouldn't you be?~~

BLAKE: ~~Oh,~~ if this doesn't work, we'll try something else.

WELLS: I don't mean if this doesn't work. I mean, if it does.

BLAKE: And you find out that Fuller's guilty?

WELLS: Yeah.

BLAKE: Well, then he's guilty.

WELLS: ~~I should just out kill his wife...~~

BLAKE: ~~Well, you gotta harden up, kid. Crime involves families.~~
~~You learn that you stay in the newspaper game. It's~~
no fun, but you just gotta face it.

WELLS: I suppose so. It's just that...

(CLANG OF IRON DOOR OPENING ON FILTER)

BLAKE: Listen!

(ECHOING FOOTSTEPS ON FILTER)

WELLS: That them?

BLAKE: Yeah. Coming back from the yard.

(MORE FOOTSTEPS)

BLAKE: The guard's bringing them in.

(INDISTINCT MURMUR OF VOICES ECHOING ON FILTER)

WELLS: What are they saying?

BLAKE: Can't catch it, yet. Just talking to the guard, I think. Give them a minute alone.

WELLS: Yeah.

(CLANG OF DOOR AGAIN ECHOING ON FILTER)

BLAKE: There. The guard left the cell.

WELLS: How can you tell?

BLAKE: Heard the door close.

WELLS: Do you think --

BLAKE: (SHARPLY) Shut up.

(A LONG SILENCE)

WELLS: (WORRIED) Well, what are they waiting for?

BLAKE: (DUBIOUS) I don't know. Maybe they...

(ON FILTER & COMPLETELY DISTORTED BY ECHO COME TWO VOICES. WE CATCH ONLY AN OCCASIONAL WORD HERE & THERE, SO GARBLED IS THE SOUND BY FILTRATION & ECHO. THE VOICES CONTINUE THROUGHOUT THE SCENE EITHER WITH AD LIB MUMBLING OR WITH THE FOLLOWING DIALOGUE:)

DOUG: Got a cigarette, Phil?

PHIL: Sure. Here you are, kid.

DOUG: Thanks. When do you think they'll let us out of here?

PHIL: I don't know.

WELLS: What's the matter with the thing?

DOUG: How much evidence they got?

PHIL: They know about the Chevy.

BLAKE: It's the ~~echo~~ ^{static}.

DOUG: What Chevy?

WELLS: Wait a minute!

PHIL: ~~Don't know about it.~~ You know ~~good and well~~ what Chevy.

DOUG: No, I don't.

BLAKE: Catch anything?

WELLS: I'm trying.

BLAKE: Did he say something
about a Chevy?

WELLS: I think so. "Chevy"
or "heavy"...

BLAKE: Hold it...

BLAKE: Aw, it's no use...

WELLS: Can't you turn the
speaker up?

BLAKE: Naw, It's the ~~echo~~
interference
~~from the stereo floor.~~

WELLS: Too much distortion?

BLAKE: Yup. Turn the speaker
off, Charlie. We're
wasting our time.

WELLS: Yeah. I guess so.
Well, that's one bright
little idea that laid a
nice fresh egg.

BLAKE: Don't let it get you down, son. It was a good scheme.

WELLS: Yeah. As schemes go. And that one sure went. I guess
Pulitzer can relax now.

BLAKE: ~~I'll get hell the sheriff he can take the~~

WELLS: ~~I'm sorry...~~

PHIL: Oh, gonna be smart, eh?

DOUG: About what?

PHIL: Lay off it, Where's your
roll?

DOUG: What roll?

PHIL: Look, sucker. You're in
this just as much as I am.

DOUG: What are you talking about?

PHIL: You know plenty well.

DOUG: You're lying.

PHIL: What about that roll of
bills you were flashing?

DOUG: You're crazy.

PHIL: Like a fox. That innocent
look don't fool anybody.

DOUG: I'm not trying to fool
anybody. You know that.

PHIL: Think you're pretty cute?

DOUG: Why don't you lay off?

PHIL: And take all the-- (CUT OUT)

BLAKE: Forget it, Charlie. You gotta try every angle.

WELLS: (LOW) Sure.

BLAKE: I'll go get the sheriff.

WELLS: Okay. (BRIGHTENS A LITTLE) I'd sure like to see Lombard's face when he sees them lift out that microphone. I'd give a -- (BREAKS & HOLDS) Mr. Blake! That's it!

BLAKE: What's what?

WELLS: That's the angle.

BLAKE: (PUZZLED) What are you talking about?

WELLS: What difference does it make if we could hear what they said or not? We'll just walk into the cell and tell Lombard we heard all we wanted to hear -- and see what happens.

BLAKE: (SLOWLY) I think you've got something there, son.

WELLS: (EXCITED) You're darned right I have. What can we lose? That's the angle we need to trip Lombard right on his face!

BLAKE: And Fuller?

WELLS: If he didn't have anything to say about the robbery, he won't care if we listened.

BLAKE: If he didn't have anything to say about it.

WELLS: That's what I said. If.

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

(FOOTSTEPS ON CONCRETE. SLIGHT ECHO)

(KEY IN LOCK. IRON DOOR SWINGS OPEN)

BLAKE: Hello Lombard... Fuller.

(CLANG OF DOOR SHUT)

PHIL: Look, how much longer is this ~~stuff~~ ^{questioning} going to go on, Blake?

WELLS: ~~What's the problem?~~

PHIL: ~~I mean I waived extradition for some trumped up rot and--~~

BLAKE: ~~Trumped up?~~

PHIL: ~~You heard me.~~

WELLS: ~~What do you say about that, Fuller?~~

DOUG: ~~(WEARY) I don't say anything. I just want to get back to my wife. She's alone. The city's strange to her.~~

BLAKE: ~~Should have thought of that before you held up a bank.~~

DOUG: ~~I didn't hold up a bank. How many times do I have to tell you!~~

BLAKE: ~~You don't have to tell us anything any more.~~ *We're finished now*

PHIL: What do you mean by that?

WELLS: He means we have what we want, now.

PHIL: What are you talking about?

WELLS: This. Under the mattress of the bunk.

(THUMP OF MATTRESS BEING THROWN BACK)

PHIL: (SHARP INTAKE OF BREATH)

WELLS: That's right. Nice shiny new microphone. Very sensitive. Connected to a dictaphone in the sheriff's office. The reception was splendid.

(SILENCE)

What? No comment? Well, never mind. We got enough bright patter from you already to turn the trick. Didn't we, Mr. Blake?

BLAKE: Yeah. We heard you telling Fuller something about a Chevvy, didn't we? (THUNDERS AT THEM) Well, didn't we?

PHIL: No.

BLAKE: Didn't we hear you tell Fuller what you did with the roll?

LOMBARD: *No!*
BLAKE: Oh come on Lombard, come on. Didn't we?

PHIL All right, you win. I --

DOUG: (SUDDENLY) Shut up, Phil. ~~Don't say anything.~~ He's ^{He} trying to trap you. We didn't let anything slip. ~~He~~
~~Don't let anything slip.~~ (HOLDS)

(SILENCE. THEN:)

WELLS: (GENTLY) You too, Fuller? That's a -- surprise.

DOUG: Surprise! Then it was a trick.

WELLS: (HEAVILY) Yes, it was a trick. But, I was hoping we wouldn't catch you, too. (PAUSE) Why did you do it?

DOUG: (LOW) It was Mary. I wanted to marry her. I needed dough.

WELLS: So you stole it.

DOUG: Yeah. (BREAKS OUT) And now where does it get me? Doesn't anything ever turn out right in this cockeyed world?

BLAKE: Not if you do cockeyed things, son.

DOUG: Aw, lay off the preaching!

WELLS: Listen Fuller...

DOUG: You too, reporter. You got your confession. What do you want now. A sob story on top of it!

WELLS: I want to know what to tell your wife. She's waiting to hear from me.

DOUG: To hear from you?

WELLS: Yes. I told her about the dictaphone. I was trying to help her prove you were innocent.

DOUG: Innocent!

WELLS: Yes. She was sure you couldn't have done it, Fuller. She told me no one as good and kind and gentle as you could be a criminal. She said you --

DOUG: Stop it, stop it, for the love of heaven!
WELLS: (GENTLY) What shall I tell her now, Fuller?
DOUG: (BROKEN) Tell her... I'm no good. Tell her I'm a con.
(BURSTING OUT) Tell her to get a divorce, to get rid of
me. I don't want to see her. Tell her to leave me alone!

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

(DOOR OPEN)

MARY: Who is it? *please?*
WELLS: It's me, Mrs. Fuller.
MARY: Oh, Mr. Wells. I've been waiting. I'm so excited that
I -- oh please come in.

(DOOR CLOSE)

I've been just... What happened? Did it work?

WELLS: (HEAVILY) It worked.
MARY: (DELIGHTED) I knew it would. I knew Doug would be cleared.
Didn't I tell you that --
WELLS: Mrs. Fuller...
MARY: Oh I know you've got a million things to tell me but I'm
just so happy and relieved that...
WELLS: (TRYING TO STOP HER) Mrs. Fuller...
MARY: (EAGERLY) When will Doug be able to come home?
WELLS: I don't know.
MARY: (PUZZLED) You don't know?
WELLS: No.
MARY: (BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND) What's the matter?
WELLS: Mrs. Fuller, I -- (BREAKS) I don't quite know how to tell
you this.

MARY: Didn't the trick work?

WELLS: Yes, it worked. We confronted Lombard and your husband with the evidence and --

MARY: Didn't Lombard confess to the robbery?

WELLS: He confessed.

MARY: (AT A LOSS) Well, then...

WELLS: (LOW) So did your husband.
(LONG PAUSE)

MARY: (DEAD) I see. What will happen to him?

WELLS: Prison. ~~Ten to fifteen years, probably~~

MARY: I see.

WELLS: Look -- if I can do anything...

MARY: Thank you. There's nothing ^{you can do} ~~to do. I'll~~ ~~and you're the~~

(MUSIC: BRIDGE & UNDER FOR:)

NARRATOR: That's all. Days later, you, Charlie Wells, discover part of the money hidden in Lombard's house. You trace another sum that Fuller used to buy his wife a wedding ring. You're able to turn almost all the stolen booty over to Bill Blake. Your editor tells you you're a great guy, and newspaper circulation jumps five thousand. You get a raise. And then, one day, they send you to cover the trial of Douglas Fuller. You sit there with pencil and paper but you can't take notes. You just sit there, listening to the judge sentence Douglas Fuller from seven to fifteen years in the penitentiary. And then...

(AD LIB MURMUR OF CROWD. SCRAPING OF CHAIRS, ETC.)

NARRATOR: You see the girl. She ~~pushes~~^{held} her way past you towards the sheriff and his prisoner. You're standing right there and you can't help hearing her as she calls..

MARY: Doug!

DOUG: Mary, what are you doing here?

MARY: I had to come.

SHERIFF: All right, keep moving.

MARY: Just a minute, please, sheriff.

SHERIFF: Sorry, miss.

DOUG: Mary, leave me alone, will you!

MARY: But Doug...

DOUG: Just forget me. I'm dead. I'm buried... Leave me alone. Come on, sheriff, let's get out of here.

SHERIFF: Step aside...

MARY: Wait, please. Doug, listen. I waited for you so long already. I don't care how much longer it is now. I -- I'll be waiting. No matter how long it is. I'll be waiting, Doug.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT & UNDER FOR:)

NARR: That's how it was. And you couldn't help hearing. ~~you~~
~~couldn't even hear what.~~ Tagline...thirty... to ~~you~~
~~Big Story.~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP FOR CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Charlie Wells, 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 Charles W. Wells of the Erie, ~~Times~~ ^{Call} Times.

WELLS: Though only married six hours - true to her trust, bride in tonight's Big Story waited seven years for the release of her husband. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you Mr. Wells. 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 front pages of the Norfolk-Ledger Dispatch; by-line -- Kathryn Steffan. A BIG STORY that reached its climax when a girl reporter was sentenced to prison just in time for an attempted...

(PRISON SIREN)

..... prison break!

(PRISON SIREN)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME WIPE & FADE TO BG ON CUE)

"BIG STORY", 4/21/48

-28-

(REVISED)

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter, with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was written by Gail Ingram. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and George Petrie played the part of Charles Wells.

In order to protect the names of people actually involved in tonight's authentic "Big Story," the names of all characters in the dramatization were changed with the exception of the reporter, Mr. Wells.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL & FADE)

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

ANNCR: This is NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

rh-fh-el
4/21/48 pm

ATX01 0060665

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #57

"GUILTY WITH AN EXPLANATION"

CAST:

NARRATOR BOB SLOANE
MAME ELSPETH ERIC
KATHRYN EILEEN HECKART
DORIS EMILY KIPP
MAN JIM BOLES
ANDY FRANCIS DE SALES
JUDGE BOB SLOANE
MATRON BETTY GARDE
EDITOR JIM BOLES
MAN SUPERINTENDENT FRANCIS DE SALES

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 28, 1948

ATX01 0060666

WNBC & NET

"THE BIG STORY"

PROGRAM #57

"GUILTY WITH AN EXPLANATION"

() ()
10:00 - 10:30 PM

APRIL 28, 1948

WEDNESDAY

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

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ BRIDGE

NAME: The matron watching?

KATHRYN: No.

NAME: The guards gone?

KATHRYN: Yes.

NAME: We're going to make a break for it.

DORIS: (HYSTERICAL) I don't wanna have anything to do with
it! ~~I don't wanna have anything to do with it!~~

NAME: Shut up, Doris!

(SLAP)

DORIS: (EXCLAMATION OF PAIN)

NAME: Ready, Kathryn?

KATHRYN: Yes.

NAME: Okay. Let's get out of this jail.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ SUSPENSE UP THEN OUT SHARPLY FOR:

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY -- Here is America -- its sound and its
fury - its joy and its sorrow -- as faithfully re-
ported by the men and women of the great American
newspapers. (PAUSE) (COLD AND FLAT) Norfolk,
Virginia: From the pages of the Norfolk Ledger-Dis-
patch, the authentic story of a woman reporter who was
sentenced to prison. Tonight, to Kathryn Steffan of

1-a

CHAPPELL: (CONT'D) the Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch goes the PELL
MELL Award for the BIG STORY.

MUSIC - - - - FANFARE

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0060668

THE BIG STORY 4/28/48
PELL MELL

- 2 -

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 exciting~~ story ~~of Kathryn Steffan~~ *as it actually happened - Kathryn Steffan's story as she lived it - Norfolk, Virginia*

(MUSIC: OPENING MUSIC... ESTABLISH, THEN UNDER FOR:)

NARR:

You are Kathryn Steffan. You're a pretty girl, only twenty years old, but you're a reporter for the Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch. When the Navy took your husband off to war, you felt you should get some work. You chose reporting because you were a quiet girl who had always liked to read, and you had often wondered whether you could be a writer.

~~(MUSIC: THE ORCHESTRA HAS DELETED AND NOW WE GET A TIMELY MECHANICAL BEING EFFECT WHICH CONTINUES THROUGHOUT THE SCENE)~~

(ROUGH CROWD SOUNDS IN BACKGROUND. WE'RE IN A VERY TOUGH BAR)

NARR:

~~Right-ee~~ A quiet girl who liked to read? What is such a girl doing in this barroom on Bermuda Street? And what sort of talk is this from such a girl...

KATHRYN:

Okay! It's all very well for you to say I should shut my trap. But I'm tellin' ya, this bar-keep up the street wouldn't give me no more to drink. Said I'd had enough. How do you like that?

MAN:

Tough, sister, tough.

KATHRYN:

Do I look pie-eyed? Do I talk pie-eyed?

MAN: No, you don't. You're new around here, ain't ya?

KATHRYN: Yeah, I ain't never hit this burg before. And if that's the way they treat a gal in the bars around here. I'm blowin', fast!

MAN: Stick around, sister. Let me show you how they treat a dame around here. And I'll do the treatin'.

KATHRYN: Now, there's a guy that talks my language!

ANDY: (FADING IN) What did you say, Kathryn?

KATHRYN: I said, there's a guy..(SHE STOPS) Oh.

ANDY: You'd better let me take you home, Kathryn.

KATHRYN: Yes, Andy. All right.

MAN: Hey, wait a minute. You and me just made a date, sister.

KATHRYN: Yeah, yeah. But this is my boy-friend. He's been away in the Navy, I didn't know he was home...

MAN: Boy friend or no boy friend, you're my date tonight.

ANDY: Mister, I'm taking her home, and that's that.

MAN: Sez who?

ANDY: Sez her husband.

MAN: Her husband? Is that right, kid?

KATHRYN: Yeah, he's my husband.

MAN: That's different.

ANDY: Come on, Kathryn.

KATHRYN: Yes, Andy.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES)

KATHRYN: Thank heaven we're home.

ANDY: Yes. Now, ~~now~~ sit down, Kathryn.

KATHRYN: Yes, Andy.

ANDY: Look, Kathryn, I know you. I know ~~that~~ you're not the kind of [^]girl you were pretending to be in that bar-room. The reason I love you is that you're ^{just} ~~so much~~ the opposite. ~~From that~~. But I'm hurt, Kathryn. I won't pretend I'm not ^{Kath: But Andy -} I'm hurt, coming home on leave and not finding you here, and getting a run-around when I called the newspaper and then having ^{the landlady} ~~Mr. Grayson~~ tell me she saw you going into that joint on Bermuda Street. I couldn't believe her. ^{still} I can't believe it, ~~now~~

KATHRYN: Andy, what I'm going to tell you, I don't want you to breathe to a soul.

ANDY: Go ahead.

KATHRYN: I've been going around to tough places like that ~~one~~ ~~you found me in~~ for three weeks now.

ANDY: Why? Why?

KATHRYN: I have to get to know the kind of people you meet in those places. And I have to learn ^{the way they talk} ~~to talk to them~~. ^{But why - why?}

ANDY: ~~See, if you're thinking of writing a book --~~

~~KATHRYN: I'm not thinking of writing a book. I'm doing it for the paper.~~

ANDY: ~~The paper? The paper? Kathryn, there's no need of your working on the paper at all.~~

~~KATHRYN: Doesn't it mean anything to you that I'm doing it?~~

ANDY: ~~Of course, of course -- but I wish you'd~~
~~think you're foolish, Kathryn.~~

KATHRYN: ~~Well, will you listen to my explanation?~~

ANDY: ~~Go ahead.~~

KATHRYN: ~~I'll tell you why~~ You know the Detention Home for Women?

ANDY: I know there's such a place.

KATHRYN: ~~You know~~ ^{Then you know} what it's like there?

ANDY: I've always heard that it's pretty bad. Rotten food.
Brutal treatment of the women ~~there~~. I've always heard
it ought to be cleaned up. ^{So what?}

KATHRYN: Why do you suppose it hasn't been?

ANDY: I don't know. Politics?

KATHRYN: Maybe, but the most important reason is lack of proof.
Nobody can prove that things are bad in the detention
home, because nobody but the prisoners themselves is
ever allowed to see how bad things are there.

ANDY: What has all the got to do with you?

KATHRYN: The Ledger-Dispatch wants ~~to get some~~ proof.

ANDY: And?

KATHRYN: And I'm elected to get it.

ANDY: ~~By going around to ~~convict~~ joints and finding former
inmates who are willing to talk?~~

KATHRYN: ~~No, I told you the ~~idea~~ that only ~~one~~ person
~~could do it~~ ✓ I have to be able to talk like the
^{the} inmates when I go to ~~the~~ detention home.~~

ANDY: When you what!

KATHRYN: That's right, Andy. We have it all fixed with a judge. He's going to sentence me next week.

ANDY: Kathryn!

KATHRYN: Just a short sentence.

ANDY: The paper has no right to make you do this, Kathryn.

KATHRYN: I volunteered.

ANDY: Well, you can just go down to the paper and tell them to get somebody else.

KATHRYN: Andy, don't you understand, there's a crying, shameful condition in that detention home.

ANDY: There's a crying, shameful condition in my home!

KATHRYN: Because I'm acting like a good reporter and good citizen?

ANDY: No, because you're putting yourself in danger. And I'm darned if I'll stand by and see you get hurt the way you're going to get hurt if you go through with this thing.

~~KATHRYN: I understand myself, Andy.~~

~~ANDY: I'm not going to let you do this, Kathryn.~~

KATHRYN: Well, I'm going to!

ANDY: You listen to me: when you wanted to be a reporter, I was against it, but I said alright, go ahead, if it's what you want, I'll forget my objections. But I thought you'd be reporting women's news...

KATHRYN: (QUICKLY) Isn't the women's news when the women's detention home needs cleaning up?

ANDY: (SHOUTING) Well, it's not up to my wife to clean it up!
(THEN MORE QUIETLY) Not when you're putting yourself

(Pause)
KATHRYN: Andy....

ANDY: Well?

no matter what

KATHRYN: I'm not going to talk about it any more. And ~~what~~
she it means to us. I'm going through with ~~this~~ assignment.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE THEN UNDER FOR:)

7 days

JUDGE: ~~I~~ I hereby sentence you, Kathryn Steffan, to ~~one week~~
in the Detention Home for Women!

(MUSIC: UP TO FINISH)

(FOOTSTEPS ON CONCRETE)

MATRON: Come on, walk faster, you!

KATHRYN: Will I get a cell all to myself, matron?

MATRON: Yeah..you'll be all alone with two other crooks. Come
on, here we are...

(FOOTSTEPS STOP. JINGLE OF KEYS)

MAME: Hey, Doris, here's the matron!

DORIS: (OFF MIKE SINGS A TWELVE-BAR BLUES SONG:)
You'll never miss the water till your well runs dry.
~~.....~~
Till your well runs dry.
~~.....~~
You'll never miss your man till he says goodbye.
~~.....~~
Till he says goodbye.

~~(NOTE: IT CAN BE SOME OTHER SONG FOR IT SHOULD BE SOME OTHER~~

~~PHRASE WITH PREVIOUS MICHIGAN WORDS. THE OTHERS GO RIGHT ON WITHOUT~~

WAITING FOR DORIS:)

MATRON: Okay, you two, I've got a new cell mate for you.

(OVER PRECEDING SPEECH, KEY IN LOCK AND CELL DOOR
OPENS)

MAME: Another one!! There ain't room here for us!

MATRON: All right, all right, pipe down! Get in there, you!

KATHRYN: Okay, don't shove!

(CELL DOOR CLOSES AND LOCKS)

MATRON: (FADING) Okay, Get acquainted, you jailbirds!

(PAUSE)

KATHRYN:

~~Well!~~

MAME:

Well! You're a young one!

KATHRYN:

So what?

MAME:

You a hep gal or a ~~spunky~~ punk like Doris here?

KATHRYN:

I'm hep, ~~That's~~

MAME:

Got any butts?

KATHRYN:

No. They took 'em away from me.

MAME:

What's your name?

KATHRYN:

Kathryn. What's yours?

MAME:

Mame. What you in here for?

KATHRYN:

(HESITATES) Disturbing the peace --

MAME:

Peanuts!

KATHRYN:

That one over on the bed don't talk much, does she?

MAME:

Oh, that's just Doris.

DORIS:

(SINGS AGAIN..SAME SONG:) ~~"You'll never miss the water till the~~

~~well runs dry - Till the well runs dry -~~

~~... You'll never miss your man till he says goodbye~~

~~Till he says goodbye.~~

~~"You'll never miss your man till he says goodbye~~

~~Till he says goodbye."~~

MAME:

(AT THE END OF THE FIRST LINE ABOVE:) That's Doris.

Always singing.

KATHRYN:

Which is my bunk?

MAME:

You take the top bunk there-over Doris.

KATHRYN:

There's no towel there. (SHE SAYS THIS IN A MORE REFINED FASHION THAN THE ONE SHE HAS BEEN USING)

MAME:

(MIMICKING HER WITH MINCING SPEECH) Oh! So there ain't no towel there! (THEN) Where do you think you're at?

There's one towel for ~~one~~³ of us.

KATHRYN:

This one? It's all full of lipstick.

MAME: What else you expect us to wipe our lipstick on?

KATHRYN: But.. We shouldn't have to use this towel.

MAME: Say! Are you a phoney? You talk like you came from some high class ~~man~~ joint.

KATHRYN: Oh, yeah? I'm as tough as you are, Mame. I say, let the matron and the superintendent and the guards know we want clean towels.

MAME: Well, we're due to get another towel day after tomorrow.

KATHRYN: Nice of 'em.... Say what you in here for?

MAME: Running a gambling joint.

KATHRYN: Hey, Doris..

DORIS: (OFF) Whattaya want?

KATHRYN: What you in here for?

DORIS: (COMING ON) For being a darned fool.

KATHRYN: What did you do, Doris?

DORIS: I ran away with a guy.

KATHRYN: What do you mean?

DORIS: There was this guy came to Memphis - that's where I live. He rushed me like crazy. I thought he was wonderful. He had money and a ~~man~~ ^{conscientious} and he could drink more beer than any boy I ever knew before, So --

(SHE SIGHS AND STOPS)

KATHRYN: So you ran away with him.

DORIS: He said he was going to marry me. Huh! Dumb Doris. When we got to this burg, the cops came one day. Guess he was wanted. I don't know what for. They took me in too.

KATHRYN: You shouldn't be here!

MAME: Well, she's here, ain't she?

KATHRYN: I mean she shouldn't be in here with you, Mame.

MAME: ~~Yeah?~~ ~~and~~ just what's wrong with me?

KATHRYN: Nothing, but you're old and experienced. Doris shouldn't be in here with you.

MAME: Say listen, Miss Wise-apple. Who do you think you are? Where do you get off at? Talking that way? Doris can learn a lot from me.

KATHRYN: That's just what I mean.

MAME: Say, I don't get you. One minute you sound like a hep gal and the next..(~~and~~)

KATHRYN: Look, I'm hungry. When do we get some grub around this joint?

MAME: It's an hour and a half overdue now.

KATHRYN: I could eat a bear.

MAME: Well you and me will share Doris's food.

KATHRYN: What's the idea? Don't Doris eat?

DORIS: I only eat every other meal.

MAME: She's just a crazy punk, ~~and~~.
Mame

KATHRYN: Hey/ how's about giving ~~me~~ that chair. I want to stand up on it and look out the window. There might be some guys going by. I ain't seen a guy for two whole hours.

MAME: You better not look out that window. They give you the sweat box for that.

KATHRYN: What's the sweat box?

MAME: You'll find out if you ever get it.

MATRON: ('WAY OFF..CALLING) Okay -- here's your grub!

MAME: Food!

KATHRYN: Boy, am I hungry!

(KEY IN LOCK AND DOOR OPENS...)

MATRON: Here it is...Come and get it....

MAME: Can I eat or nothin'!

MATRON: And hurry up with it because then you're going to the laundry to do some work....

(CELL DOOR CLOSES AND LOCKS...)

MAME: Come on, Kathryn. Here's yours.. Dig in.

KATHRYN: Is that what we get to eat?

MAME: Sure it is.

DORIS: That's why I eat only every other meal.

MAME: Come on, Kathryn -- you said you were hungry.

KATHRYN: No. No, thanks. I guess I don't want to eat after all.

MAME: Good! That makes more for me!

(THERE IS QUITE A PAUSE, THEN:)

DORIS: (OFF MIKE, STARTS SINGING MOURNFULLY AGAIN)

You'll never miss the water till you well runs dry
~~"The well runs dry and the water is gone"~~

Till your well runs dry.
~~"The well runs dry and the water is gone"~~

You'll never miss your man till he says goodbye
~~"The well runs dry and the water is gone"~~

till he says goodbye

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(SOUND OF MACHINERY AND SLOSHING OF WATER...)

PERHAPS OFF MIKE WOMEN TALK OCCASIONALLY)

KATHRYN: Oh, I'm tired!

MAME: You should have et.

KATHRYN: How did I know they were gonna keep us in this laundry 8 hours at a stretch?

MAME: You're in prison, kid.

MATRON: (COMING ON) Cut it out there! Talking, weren't you.
Cut it out! Get to work!

KATHRYN: Why do we have to rub these clothes on this washboard
by hand?

MATRON: Talking back to me, you?

KATHRYN: I just asked you --

MATRON: I heard what you asked me!

KATHRYN: Why can't you have decent wringers here?

MAME: (SOTTO VOICE) Kathryn, shut up!

MATRON: Listen you, do you want the sweat box?

KATHRYN: No.

MATRON: Well, then don't complain no more! Now; get any
complaints?

MAME: (SOTTO VOICE) Say no, ~~Kathryn~~...

KATHRYN: No. No complaints.

MATRON: Everything all right here? (NO ANSWER) I said, is
everything all right here?

KATHRYN: Yes.

MATRON: All right then, say it. Tell me everything's all right
here, or I'll give you the sweat box.

KATHRYN: (RELUCTANTLY) Everything's all right here.

MATRON: Okay. And everything is all right, too. We give you
exercise out in the yard after you're through work.
We treat you too easy, that's the trouble with you.
Say it again. Say everything's all right here.

KATHRYN: (DULLY) Everything's all right here.

MATRON: (LAUGHS RAUCOUSLY AS SHE MOVES OFF)

KATHRYN: I hate her.

MAME: Kathryn...

KATHRYN: Yeah?

MAME: You had enough of this place?

KATHRYN: I'll say so...

MAME: Want to get out?

KATHRYN: What!?

MAME: Listen: There's a loose bar on the window of our cell.

KATHRYN: NO?

MAME: Sssh...Yes...I loosened it. Took me a long time...Want to make a break for it, tonight?

KATHRYN: What about the guards?

MAME: They'll shoot if they catch us. But we won't let them catch us.

KATHRYN: Well, gee, I---I don't know, Mame..

MAME: Listen, you're a hep gal, ain't you? I know where we can hide out.

KATHRYN: I'll have to think it over..

MAME: Look -- are you hep, or are you a phony?

MATRON: (OFF) You two talking again?

MAME: Shut up for now. The matron... I'll see you in the yard, at exercise...

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE THEN UNDER FOR:)

NARR: You are glad the matron caught you talking this time. You don't know how to answer Mame. The success of your mission in this detention home depends on keeping women like Mame..fellow-prisoners -- thinking that you're all you pretend to be. (MORE)

Mame

MARR:
(CONT'D)

~~she~~ expects you to escape with her. She'll be suspicious of you if you don't. But there's danger. The guards might see you -- and they would not hesitate to shoot. And besides, you have to stay here in the detention home so that you can get your story. By the time you are let out into the exercise yard, you are confused..you don't know what to answer Mame.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ OUT)

(CROWD SOUNDS..CROWD OF WOMEN)

KATHRYN: Gee, Mame, it seems good to be out here in the air.

MAME: We can get out for good tonight. What do you say?

KATHRYN: I don't know what to say.

MAME: You'll come. You're regular, you are.

KATHRYN: (SPARRING FOR TIME) What about Doris?

MAME: She knows all about it. But she won't have any part of it.

KATHRYN: She might squeal.

MAME: Not Doris. She hates the matron worse than we do.

(A SERIES OF PIERCING BLASTS ON A BASKETBALL WHISTLE)

KATHRYN: What's that?

MAME: That's the end of our exercise period...

KATHRYN: But we've only been here ~~five~~¹⁵ minutes.

MAME: That's all we get.

KATHRYN: ~~five~~¹⁵ minutes in the air after eight hours in that stinking laundry?

MAME: That's all. See, Kathryn? You got to get out of this place.

KATHRYN: I'll do it! You can count me in, Mame!

(THE WHISTLE IS SHRILLING UNPLEASANTLY AS:)

(MUSIC: _____ CURTAIN MUSIC:)

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 back to your narrator, Bob Sloane, and ~~tonight~~ ^{the}
Big Story *of Kathryn Steffan as she lived it & wrote it*---

(MUSIC: OPENING MUSIC: ESTABLISH THEN UNDER FOR:)

MAME: Okay, let's make a break for it now. Here's the chair.

(CHAIR DRAGGED ACROSS THE FLOOR)

NARR: You, Kathryn Steffan, stand watching while Mame sets
the chair beneath the window. Your heart is pounding.
You don't want to make this escape with your cell-mate.
But you don't dare refuse. If you do get out the
window, the guards might shoot.

MAME: Come on, now, boost me, boost me!

NARR: You stand beside the chair and push Mame up toward the
window.

MAME: (SOUND OF EFFORT)

MATRON: (OFF MIKE) What are you doing in there?

MAME: ~~Give it,~~ It's the Matron.

MATRON: Well! So! Get down from that chair -- and both of
you come with me. You're going into the sweat-box!

(MUSIC: UP DRAMATICALLY FOR SEVERAL BARS, THEN UNDER AGAIN FOR)

~~NARR: The sweat box. It's a tiny, chilly, private, and you stand
in it because you could not lie down; it is less than
five by five. You wipe your face and tear at your own
clothes, and wipe your face again because the only
ventilation in this cell comes from a hole which leads
directly into the prison furnace. The sweat-box.~~

NARR: The sweat box. It's a tiny cell. It would be tiny even if you were in there alone: And you and Mame stand in it because ~~you can't~~ ^{there isn't room enough to} lie down. You wipe your face and tear at your clothes and wipe your face again. It's unbearable in here--but you have to bear it. The sweat box.....

(MUSIC: _ _ _ OUT)

KATHRYN: Move over, Mame...

MAME: There ain't no room.

KATHRYN: It's stifling...

MAMA: (PHILOSOPHICAL) It's the sweat box.

KATHRYN: Why is it so hot? I can't stand it. Why is it so hot?

MAME: Shut up!

KATHRYN: I can't stand it, Mame.

MAME: That's the way they want you to feel. Shut up!

KATHRYN: I want to lie down.

MAME: Course you do. So do I. So they fix it for us to stand up.

KATHRYN: I want air.....

MAME: You're getting air. There's a hole up there on the wall. You can't see it, 'cause it's black like the rest of this place. A black hole.....

KATHRYN: (SHE'S WORKING TOWARDS HYSTERIA) Oh, Mame, I'm stifling.....

MAME: Shut up! Don't let go! Don't let this place lick you. Listen to me. Keep your mind on what I'm sayin', see? Don't think about yourself. Just think of what I'm sayin'....

KATHRYN: (WEARILY) All right. All right, Mame. What are you sayin'?

BIG STORY 4/28/48

-18B-

REVISED

MAME: I'm just talkin'. Just talkin' about anything...I ain't thinkin', see? I'm too smart to think. You be smart. You listen...

KATHRYN: Okay, Mame...

MAME: What was I talkin' about now?.....Don't matter, but.....
Oh, yeah--the black hole on the wall. You know what that's there for? Ventilation!

KATHRYN: Mame, Mame, I'm stifling!

MAME: Keep listening to me! That hole. You know where that leads? Right into the prison furnace!

KATHRYN: (SHE IS MOANING AS MAME TALKS)

MAME: Don't yap so much! Just remember that hole leads to the furnace. Remember that all your life. Remember you was in this place. Remember who put you here. Don't never trust no cops or jail guards ever again in your life!

KATHRYN: (SHE IS CRYING) Mame, please, please move over! Scrunch yourself up against the wall. I gotta lie down!

MAME: Get control of yourself...

KATHRYN: Oh, Mame, Mame, I can't stand it.....

MAME: ~~Hey, lean on your own hands!~~

KATHRYN: (SUDDENLY SCREAMS) Help! Help! I've gotta get out of here! Help! Help! Matron! I can't stand it!

MAME: (STARTS ON THE WORD "GOTTA" ABOVE) Hey, cut that out! Stop it! Okay! You asked for it! ~~That~~... (EFFORT)

↓
(A BLOW SIMULTANEOUS WITH THE WORD "THAT")

(PAUSE)

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BIG STORY 4/28/48

-180-

REVISED

KATHRYN: Thank you. Thank you, Mame. I needed that. I'm
sorry.

MAME: Okay, kid. It's your first time. You gotta learn the
technique. Okay, listen to me talk. Pay attention
to what I say... This is the place the law put us....
(FADING) Don't never forget that, see. Always remember
that this is the place.... (BUT BY THIS TIME SHE'S TOO
FAINT FOR US TO HEAR, AND ANYHOW THE NARRATOR HAS
STARTED TALKING)

NARRATOR: (STARTS ON THE WORD "FORGET" ABOVE) All night long
and well into the following morning you stay in the
sweat box listening to Mame. Meanwhile, Andy, your
husband has gone to the office of the Ledger Dispatch
to talk to your city editor....

ATX01 0060688

KATHRYN: ~~(THROUGHOUT THE ABOVE NARRATION SHE HAS BEEN SHRIeking OFF MIKE) "Oh! Oh, dear!" "Oh my goodness!" "Help!" etc. (BUT NOW AS SHE NARRATOR GOES ON, SHE STOPS)~~

NARR: You stay in the sweat box all night long and well into the following morning. Meanwhile, Andy, your husband, ~~has gone to the office of the Ledger Dispatch to talk to your city editor...~~

(MUSIC: --- OUT)

(CITY ROOM SOUNDS IN BG...TYPEWRITERS, MURMUR OF VOICES, ETC.)

EDITOR: Well, Andy?

ANDY: I want you to get my wife out of that detention home.

EDITOR: She'll be discharged ~~tomorrow~~ *in a couple of days.*

ANDY: I want her to get out now.

EDITOR: Why?

ANDY: Because it's dangerous for her to be in there, that's why?

EDITOR: She took it on as a job, Andy.

ANDY: Well, she shouldn't have.

EDITOR: That's not for you or me to say.

ANDY: You could get her out, couldn't you?

EDITOR: I suppose the paper could, yes.

ANDY: Well, then get her out.

EDITOR: There isn't any good reason that I know of why I should.

ANDY: Listen, ~~the day after tomorrow~~ *3 days*, I'm leaving to go back to duty.

EDITOR: And?

ANDY: And I want my wife home with me for the rest of my leave.

EDITOR: ~~she'll be discharged tomorrow.~~

ANDY: Look, she's just a kid. She didn't know what she was getting into, and now that she's been there this long, I know right well that she's in there crying and scared, and wishing someone would come and let her out.

EDITOR: You sound, Andy, as if you knew what it was like in the women's detention home.

ANDY: Everybody knows what it's like. They've got dirty cells there, they've got guards who don't know how to treat the prisoners, ~~they've got brutal mistreatment,~~ the food is rotten. Everybody knows that.

EDITOR: Andy..

ANDY: Well?

EDITOR: Everybody knows that, but nobody can prove it, ~~Andy~~. Your wife is in there getting material at first hand. Maybe she'll be able to prove it, when she comes out. Wouldn't you say it was a good thing if the prison that you described was cleaned up?

ANDY: Well...

EDITOR: I think we'll leave here there, ~~Andy~~.

ANDY: Well, all I can say is there'd better be no harm come to her.

EDITOR: Don't worry, Andy. And she'll be out before you go back to duty.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE)

MAME: (YAWNS) Another day, another dollar.

DORIS: You mean another day, another twenty-four hours.

KATHRYN: Not for me. This is the day I get out. And, boy, am I ~~so~~ glad!

DORIS: I'm sorry you're going, Kathryn.

MAME: (CHORTLES) Haw! That's a good one! She likes you so much she wants you to stay in this hole.

DORIS: I didn't mean it that way.

KATHRYN: I know how you meant it, Doris. And thanks.

(KEY IN LOCK. CELL DOOR OPENS)

MATRON: Okay, you women. Here's your pail of water, and here's your clothes. Make this cell clean.

(FROM HERE ON WE HEAR SLOSHING OF WATER, BANGING OF PAIL, ETC., IN BG)

KATHRYN: Matron...

MATRON: Well?

KATHRYN: What time will I be going?

MATRON: This your day to leave?

KATHRYN: Yes.

MATRON: You can come with me right now, then.

KATHRYN: Wonderful!

MATRON: Did you have your medical examination?

KATHRYN: Medical examination? No.

MATRON: Well, that's different. You got to have a medical examination before you leave here.

KATHRYN: Oh, well that won't take long, will it?

MATRON: It won't take long, no. But you can't have it until noon-time, and by that time it's too late to discharge you.

KATHRYN: What do you mean? This is my day to be discharged.

MATRON: Can't help it. The police car will be gone before you finish your medical examination. You won't be discharged until tomorrow.

KATHRYN: Matron! I refuse to serve a longer time than I was sentenced to!

MATRON: You'll do what you're told and like it.

KATHRYN: It's not my fault that I didn't have a medical examination.

MAME: You bet it ain't her fault, ~~Matron~~. It's yours!

KATHRYN: I must get out of here today!

DORIS: You let her out!

MATRON: No.

MAME: Come on, girls, let's give her the business!

(THEN SHOUTING) Yah, Yah! Yah! Yah! (ETC.)

DORIS: (JOINING IN) Yah! Yah! Yah!

MATRON: (SHOUTING OVER THEIR YAMMERING) Stop it! Stop it!

I tell you I'll have you all in the sweat-box!

MAME: (SHOUTING) Hey, everybody! Everybody in all the other cells! Yammer! Yah! Yah! Yah! (ETC.)

~~FROM THE OTHER CELLS FROM~~

~~NO~~

~~CONTAINING UNCLE~~

MATRON: (CONTINUES) Stop this noise! I won't allow this to go on in my prison! Stop it!

SUPT: (SHOUTING FROM OFF MIKE) Matron, Matron! What's going on here?

MATRON: Superintendent Bates, these women are yammering because I won't let this girl out without a medical examination.

KATHRYN: (SHOUTING) Superintendent, I'm supposed to leave today and she's keeping me until tomorrow.

MATRON: (SHOUTING) She has to have her medical examination.

SUPT: Never mind the medical examination. Let her go! We can't have this uproar going on here! Let her go!

~~What are we going to do with her until she has a medical examination?~~

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE, ~~WHEN UNDERWAY~~)

(DOOR OPENS)

KATHRYN: Andy!

ANDY: Kathryn! You're ~~home~~ home!

KATHRYN: Oh, Andy, darling, it was awful! It was awful!

ANDY: Never mind, darling, you're here now. I'll take care of you, you're here now.

KATHRYN: Yes, But, oh, Andy, the first thing I want to do is telephone the paper.

ANDY: Oh!

KATHRYN: (LAUGHS) Don't worry, Andy, darling. I want to tell them that I refuse to write one line of my story until your leave is up tomorrow!

(MUSIC: UP TO FINISH)

~~NEWSBOY:~~ Ledger-Dispatch Reporter Gives Inside Story on Conditions in Detention Home for Women.

(MUSIC: FANFARE ~~AND OUT~~)

KATHRYN: The cells are crowded, and young ~~girls~~ girls who have somehow got into trouble are housed with hardened criminals.

(MUSIC: FANFARE ~~AND OUT~~)

KATHRYN: The food served to these prisoners is vile. I could not eat until it was a case of either that or starvation.

(MUSIC: FANFARE ~~AND OUT~~)

KATHRYN: The sweat box is used for such ^{minor} offenses as looking out the window...

(MUSIC: FANFARE AND OUT)

KATHRYN: The filth is indescribable, the sanitary conditions are abominable, the guards are untrained and underpaid, and they do not know how to handle the inmates. The hours of work are long and the exercise period ^{only 15} is ~~20~~ minutes a day.

(MORE)

KATHRYN: In short, the home is not so much a correction home as a
 (CONTD) concentration camp where vice and hatred are bred. And
 what are we going to do about it?

(MUSIC: FANFARE, THEN SEGUE TO NEUTRAL THEME AND UNDER FOR)

JUDGE: The citizens of Norfolk are aroused! I am proud to have
 been in on the original plan to send this courageous
 reporter to prison so that she might get the facts -- and I
 am proud to serve on the committee which will have charge
 of erecting and staffing our new modern Detention Home!

(MUSIC: UP THEN UNDER FOR:)

EDITOR: *Miss Stefan* Great news! The Virginia Press Association has
 awarded you the Certificate of Merit for your stories about
 the detention home.

(MUSIC: UP TO FINISH)

(KNOCK ON DOOR. DOOR OPENS)

ANDY: Darling! ~~Look who's back!~~

KATHRYN: Andy! You're *home again!*
~~back home!~~

ANDY: *Home for good*
~~Along with me,~~ Kathryn.

KATHRYN: Oh, Andy, Andy.....(THEY'RE KISSING NOW)

ANDY: (AFTER A BIT) Well, darling --what story are you going to
 work on ~~during~~ this ~~leave~~ time.

KATHRYN: I'm going to stay right with you every minute!

ANDY: Well, that's all right. But I'd like you to work. I'd
 like to go along with you when you cover stories.

KATHRYN: Andy -- is this you talking?

ANDY: It is, darling, I read your stories at sea and I was so
 proud --and when they decided to build a new Detention Home
 and I knew you were responsible, well, you should have heard
 me bragging all over the ship. Oh, you've made a convert,
 Kathryn. I won't stand in the way of any story from now on.
 In fact -- ~~well, sorry,~~

KATHRYN:

~~Now that~~ *Well darling?*

Now that

ANDY:

I've been learning photography. ~~When~~ *Now that* this war is over how about working together. I'll take the pictures and you'll write the stories....

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

CHAPPEL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Kathryn Steffan of the Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch with the final outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

- 27 -

#57

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!

ATX01 0060697

(ORCH: TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Kathryn Steffan of the Norfolk Ledger Dispatch.

STEFFAN: On leaving Detention House, I inwardly resolved never to complain again ~~about my bumps, bruises, and flash eyes~~ *Incidentally - happy to say that subsequent investigation confirming my stories resulted in appropriation for a new well-equipped detention home.*

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

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY -- A BIG STORY from the pages of the Cleveland Press; by-line -- William Miller. A BIG STORY about a nation-wide search for 12 honest people, that reached its climax in a hospital (PAUSE) at a deathbed.

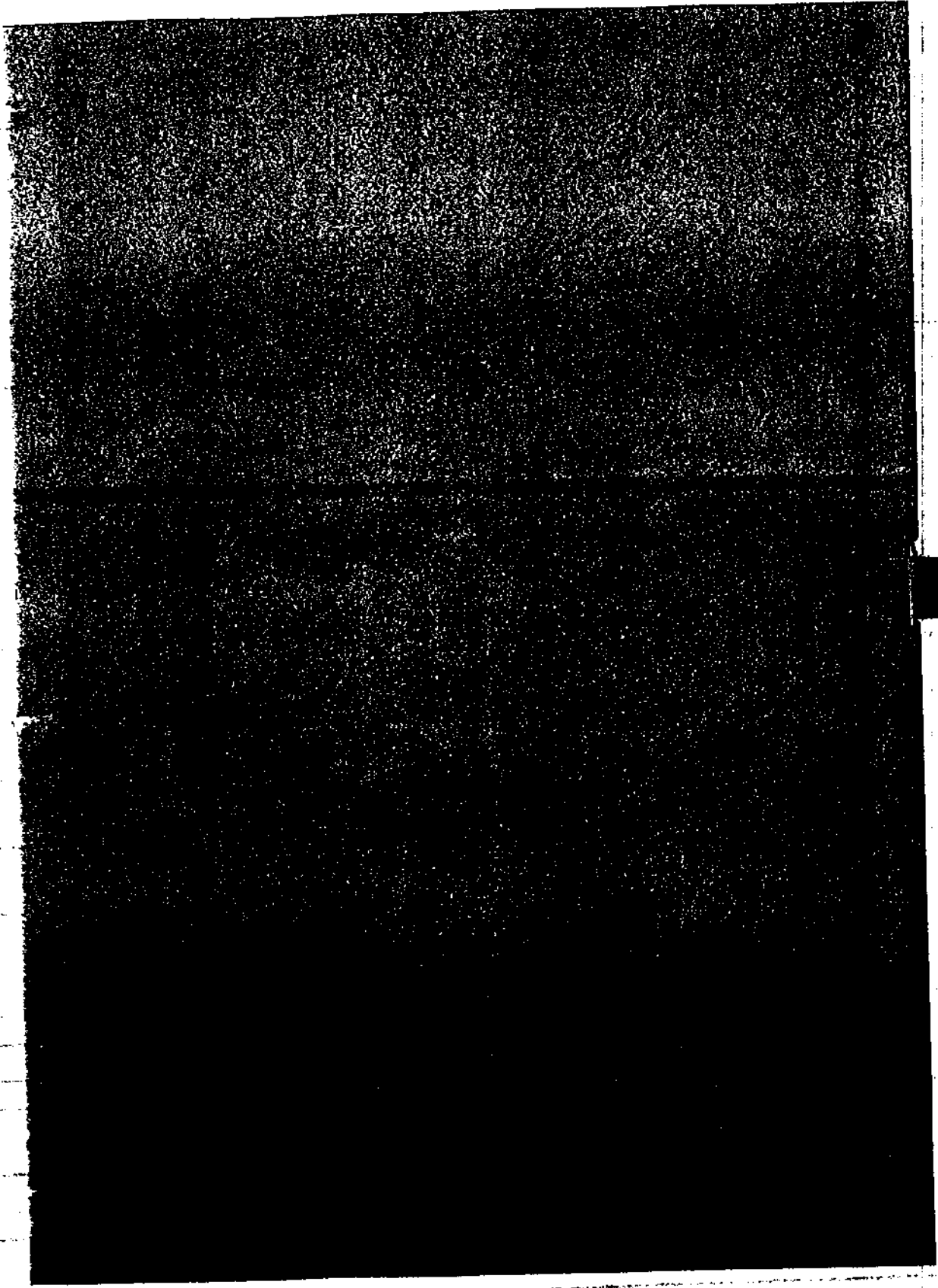
(MUSIC: THEME WIPE AND FADE TO BG ON CUE)

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was written by Robert Conodella. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Eileen Heckart played the part of Kathryn Steffan. In order to protect the names of people actually involved in tonight's authentic "BIG STORY," the names of all characters in the dramatization were changed, with the exception of the reporter, Kathryn Steffan.

(MUSIC _ _ _ _ _ THEME UP FULL AND FADE)

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

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC...THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY



ATX01 0060700

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #58

PILLARS OF SOCIETY

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MILLER	ARNOLD MOSS
RECEPTIONIST	BARBARA WEEKS
MRS. MANTELL	ADDY KLEIN
EDDIE	MICKEY O'DAY
COP	BOB SLOANE
SMITTY	MICKEY O'DAY
SERGEANT	ED JEROME
EUD	JACKIE GRIMES
JENKINS	SANTOS ORTEGA
<i>Commissioner</i> COMMISSIONER	SANTOS ORTEGA
DR. THOMPSON	ED JEROME
SOL	ARNOLD MOSS
SARA	ADDY KLEIN
INTERN	JACKIE GRIMES
MRS. RYDER	BARBARA WEEKS

WEDNESDAY, MAY 5, 1948

ATX01 0060701

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#58

(10:00 - 10:30 P.M.)

PILLARS OF SOCIETY

MAY 5, 1948

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: ----- BRIDGE ---)

SOL: (ABOUT FIFTY. SLIGHT ACCENT) You're ready, Mama?
Is the store locked?

SARA: (LITTLE OFF) Just closing the back door. You're
finished?

SOL: Yap - a busy week - a good week. ~~Everything's done.~~
~~The front door is locked, the awning is down, the~~
~~light in the back is lit and -~~

SARA: And the money?

SOL: (SMILING. PATTING A VALISE) In the valise - ready
for deposit first thing in the morning. ~~Sara, if~~
~~we have a year in the this is the store every week,~~
~~valise~~

(RAPPING ON THE GLASS OF THE DOOR)

SARA: A customer -- it's too late.

SOL: It's not so late. Maybe he needs something.
Wait -- I'll --

SARA: It's two customers - two men --

SOL: Two is better than one.

(STEPS. DOOR OPENS)

SOL: Come in gentlemen, come in - what can I --

BUD: (Pause)
(PLEASANTLY) You're an old guy, pop. I wouldn't
want to hurt you, but if I had to, I would.

SOL: You want --

ATX01 0060702

BUD: The valise, pop. The valise.
SOL: No, I -- It's all we -- we're not rich --
BUD: ^{Mark} ~~Joe~~, maybe he doesn't understand polite talk.
Gimme that valise! (THEN) ^{Mark} ~~Joe~~ - talk to the
man so he'll be sure and understand.

(HITS VERY HARD. THEN UNDER FOR)

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY -- Here is America -- its sound and its
fury - its joy and its sorrow -- as faithfully re-
ported by the men and women of the great American
newspapers (PAUSE) (COLD AND FLAT) Cleveland, Ohio:
From the pages of the Cleveland-Ohio Press, the
^{most} ~~authentic~~ story of a reporter who started a search for
~~twelve honest people.~~ ^{justice and a guy named Joe} Tonight, to William Miller of
the Cleveland-Ohio Press goes the PELL MELL Award for
the BIG STORY.

MUSIC: - - - FANFARE

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 5/5/48
PELL MELL

#58

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 _ _ _ A MORE CONTEMPLATIVE THEME. UNDER

CHAPPELL: Now the story as it actually happened; William Miller's story as he lived it --- Cleveland, Ohio --

(MUSIC _ _ _ THEME UNDER)

NARR: You sit at your desk, William Miller of the Cleveland Press, writing the story of a brutal hold-up: a man and woman, both in their sixties, owners of a small dry goods store on East 102nd Street have been beaten and robbed. The sum taken -- \$2,000 -- represents ten years' savings for their kind of people. Their attackers, ~~the robbers, you write~~, were kids (one 19, one 21) to whom money (~~however gotten~~) is the final goal and to whom a storekeeper and his wife are just two people in the way. You write that bitter news story and two months later you write, with satisfaction that one of the robbers ~~has been arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to 15~~ years in jail. The other robber was never picked up, but you're happy with the one they got. You enter his name in the back of your mind under the category "louse" ^{Bill} ~~Bill~~ Mantell, louse. That done, you forget about him until four months later the phone on your desk jogs you back into remembrance ...

(PHONE HAS BEEN RINGING UNDER. IS ANSWERED)

BILL: Miller speaking.

GIRL RECEPTION: (FILTER) Receptionist, Mr. Miller. There's an old woman out here to see you.

BILL: Who is she, what does she want?

GIRL: Wouldn't say.

BILL: Ask her name, I'm busy.

GIRL: Yes, sir. (PAUSE) Mrs. Mantell, Mr. Miller.

BILL: Mantell? I don't know any -- oh, ^{Joe} Mantell - she
anything to do with him?

GIRL: His mother, Mr. Miller.

BILL: What do you know. Yeah - send her in. I'd like to
hear what she's got to say - yeah, send her in.

(MUSIC: -- QUICK BRIDGE INTO)

MRS. M: (SPEAKING) You're very kind to see me, Mr. Miller.

BILL: (HE DOESN'T WANT TO BE INVOLVED. HE PLAYS HARD) You
read the stories I wrote on your son, didn't you, Mrs.
Mantell?

MRS. M: Yes, (LOW) I did.

BILL: Then you know just how I feel. I'm only sorry he didn't
get 25 years.

MRS. M: I'm not a proud woman, Mr. Miller. If to get to the
truth I have to - to ^{scrub} floors or take a little - uh -
insult or - a mother doesn't care, Mr. Miller.

BILL: (LITTLE AFFECTED) Look - uh - what have you got to say?

MRS. M: ^{Joey} didn't do it, any more than I did.

BILL: The jury thought otherwise.

MRS. M: ^{Joey} wasn't there. He wasn't near the store that night.

BILL: You said that in court. What do you want anyhow? A
man gets a trial, a fair trial, a jury of decent honest
people find him guilty - what more do you want?

(PAUSE)

MRS. M: Mr. Miller, I'm a reader of your paper 15 years. I like
the way you write. (BEFORE HE CAN INTERRUPT) No, not
flattery, - the truth. ~~I like the way you~~ - you remember
the Sullivan boy, 8 years ago?

(MORE)

MRS. M: He also was found guilty by a jury of honest people - but
(CONTD) you - you wrote and helped prove he was innocent. And
the Ginzburg girl - 4 years ago --

BILL: Look, ~~just because~~ -- I studied your son's case. The only
thing makes me sore was they didn't catch the other crook,
and your son only got 15 years. Those people were in
their 60's, Mrs. Mantell.

MRS. M: *(Pause)*
I'm 67, Mr. Miller. At 67 a woman doesn't lie. My boy
was home, in the garage fixing the car --

BILL: Why was he fixing up a car in the evening?

MRS. M: Because - ~~a funny thing~~ - when a boy wants to make a new
start, he doesn't care if it's afternoon or evening.

BILL: Meaning what?

MRS. M: *Joseph*
~~Edward~~ Mantell, my son, was bad - a mother says that.

~~(This was what the judge said to the jury once.)~~ When he was
16 he stole a car, at 18 he robbed a candy store - so any
jury would say that at 19, of course, he'd hold up
another store and steal 2,000 dollars.

BILL: And beat up the storekeeper and his wife - ~~something~~. *I'd say the same thing.*

MRS. M: You see ~~(this didn't come out in court)~~ - the night of the
robbery, he was going away. I got 300 dollars together -
all I could spare (my husband is dead) and we bought him
a second hand car and he was going away. I was sitting
that night ~~(PARDON)~~ on the steps and he was in the garage
fixing the car ...

(TOOLS IN AND OUT OF SCENE)

grl: (KIDDISH, NICE BUT TOUGH) Ma, what's California like?

MRS. M: It's nice ~~like~~ *like*. A boy could find himself there --

grl: You don't know me -- I got two strikes against me.

MRS. M: If he tries hard, he could find himself.

~~ED:~~ *Joe*: Ma, sometimes I think when they handed out luck, I was out for a beer

MRS. M: Don't make smart jokes.

~~ED:~~ *Joe*: Okay. They must have seen you coming when they sold you this jalopy --

MRS. M: It'll get you to California, that's all I want. (GENTLY) Look, people in California never heard of you --

~~ED:~~ *Joe*: Oh, no - it's not so easy. Cops heard of me, ma - and others kinds of people too -- don't kid yourself.

MRS. M: You got nothing to be ashamed of. You did your time for the wrong things you did. You'll go there, make a new start --

~~ED:~~ *Joe*: Sure, who knows - maybe I'll be the next Van Johnson. ~~Joe~~ Mantell in Home on the Range, playing at your - (STOPS)

MRS. M: What is it?

COP: (COMING ON) Okay, Mantell - come along --

MRS. M: What's the matter, what's - (SHE SEES) Officer - what happened?

COP: Didn't he tell you? You'll find out. Let's go. The sergeant is waiting for you, Mantell and the judge and a jury. And I think there'll be a nice comfortable cell too. (HARD) Come on.
(PAUSE)

MRS. M: That's the God's truth, Mr. Miller - he was going away to turn over a new leaf, too --

BILL: Okay, Mrs. Mantell - I heard you. Now if you'll excuse me I got a lot of work to do. Three witnessess saw him.

MRS. M: Maybe ~~Bill~~ *Bill* was right. Two strikes against you, he said chances are you strike out.

BILL: I'm sorry ~~I got no time~~.

~~SMITTY: Fifteen years I read your chronicle, I~~

BILL: (HARD) Take that door out, will you Mrs. Mantell?

I'm not a charitable institution, ~~you know~~ -- and -- I'm not a dope either.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: And that's all -- you close your mind to it. Happens every day, every crook with a mother is innocent. You go back to the real world of being an honest reporter and then something happens and you realize that you haven't shaken the Mantell case from your mind. Because --

BILL: You write this story, Smitty?

SMITTY: (REPORTER) Yeah, why?

BILL: About the two guys that held up the gas station?

SMITTY: I told you yeah - something the matter?

BILL: Nothing - just - you saw the crooks?

SMITTY: Sure, I saw them. What's eating you?

BILL: Just this - (READING) "the two criminals, Bud & ~~Frank~~ *Frank* Enright, 19 and 21, in addition to robbing the attendant beat him cruelly as well. The injuries may prove fatal, because the attendant was a man well in his 60's."

SMITTY: So?

BILL: Nothing - it just reminds me of another case. I just wonder if - nah - three witnessess couldn't be wrong. A jury couldn't be that wrong. Nah. (PAUSE) Or - or could they? Smitty - what jail are those two crooks in?

(MUSIC: QUICK BRIDGE INFO)

BILL: Sergeant, can I see this - Bud Enright?

SGT: Sure, it's a free country. What's the point, ~~the~~ Miller?

BILL: I just - just that I want to make sure I didn't insult an old lady.

SGT: I don't know what you're talking about, but - go ahead - go as far as you like - only leave him in the cooler, would you?

(MUSIC: QUICK BRIDGE INTO)

BILL: You look like him, you know that don't you?

BUD: Like who?

BILL: ~~the~~ Mantell.

BUD: Who's ~~the~~ ^{he} Mantell?

BILL: (EVENLY) The boy who was sent up for beating ~~the~~ and robbing a couple who ran a dry goods store on East 102nd Street -- six months ago.

BUD: So what? I look like him.

BILL: Did you do that job?

BUD: Don't be stupid.

BILL: Look, Bud - you're in a bad way - you may get life - you know that, don't you?

BUD: Look get out of here - I got a right to be alone.

BILL: You and your brother stuck up that couple, didn't you?

BUD: Yeah, we stuck them up and tipped the cops to pick up this Mantell.

BILL: What have you got to lose? Tell the truth. Maybe an innocent kid is up for 15 years for what you did.

BUD: My heart's bleeding. Now get out of here and leave me alone. What kind of jail is this anyhow? Anybody can come in here, say anything he wants. Leave me alone.

(MUSIC: -- DEAD_END_BRIDGE INTO)

BILL: Mr. Jenkins, you identified this man as the robber of the dry goods store?

JENKINS: (SOMEWHERE ELSE) Look young man, I testified to that effect in court, I don't see why -

BILL: And this is the man, isn't it - this is his picture?

JENK: That's right - now if you don't mind -

BILL: This is not ~~he~~ Mantell.

JENK: What?

BILL: That's right - this is Bud Enright - not ~~he~~ Mantell.

JENK: But I --

BILL: Then you're not sure it was Mantell who held up that store. It might have been this man?

JENK: Why, yes I --

BILL: Thanks, that's all I wanted to know.

(MUSIC: -- VERY_QUICK_BRIDGE)

BILL: Is this the man, Mrs. Smothers?

SARA: (PLEASANT) Oh yes, I'd know his face anywhere. He came into the store at --

BILL: Well, this is not the man your testimony convicted, Mrs. Smothers. This is another man.

SARA: Oh, dear. Oh, dear -- that's terrible. You're sure?

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE INTO)

BUD: I told you I didn't do it, Miller. When you gonna leave me alone?

BILL: Enright, I've got affidavits from three witnessess saying you were the man - not Mantell. From the storekeepers too. Why don't you stop it! You're going to get life anyhow --play ball and maybe something can be done --

BUD: I don't want any part of it --

BILL: Maybe it's a stupid thing to say, Enright, but how about a little thing like you conscience? How about a little thing like that fact that this kid's mother is sick to death because -- (HARD NOW) Enright, I swear I'm gonna haunt you till you tell me the truth - I'm going -

BUD: All right, all right. Shut up.

BILL: I got a statement right here. Read it. Read it carefully.

(PAUSE)

BUD: *OK* Lemme see it.

(MUSIC: UP IN SLIGHT TRIUMPH THEN INTO)

BILL: (PLEASED WITH HIMSELF) There it is, *Commissioner* ~~Governor~~ - the works: signed confession by Enright, affidavits of error by the witnesses and -- *now all we have to do is see the* ~~when does Mantell get a pardon?~~ *governor*

~~Comm:~~ *Comm:* (A DELICATE PART. HE'S A GOOD MAN, BUT HE IS A DEFENDER OF LAW AND ORDER TOO) Suppose we go slow, Miller.

BILL: What do you mean slow? Everything's right here in front of you, ~~Governor~~ *Commissioner*

~~Comm:~~ *Comm:* Sure - sure - what is the confession of a life-terminer worth What did you offer him to sign it -- sympathetic treatment in your paper? No - feed a little sentiment to most crooks they'll oblige you. What have they got to lose? That confession isn't worth the paper it's written on.

BILL: What about the affidavits of the witnesses? What about Mrs. Smothers - who owned the store?

GOV: What - that they made a mistake? That they said Enright
Comm: was Mantell? I could get them to say Mantell was Enright,
or maybe somebody else. Maybe instead of making one
mistake they're making two mistakes. What proof have
you got - real proof, absolute proof that would warrant
our reversing a jury?

BILL: This man is innocent, ~~Governor~~ *Commissioner*.
~~governor~~ ~~is the side of you to be judge and jury and~~
Comm: ~~governor all rolled up into one. (BILL PROTESTS)~~ I know,
I know - "an innocent man is in prison" - ~~nothing were~~
~~appending to that.~~ *But* "A great story". How does this one
strike you -- "a guilty man is pardoned"? How do you like
that story?

BILL: Mantell didn't do it - he was fixing his car, that night,
he was going to California.

Comm:
~~Comm:~~ A jury thought otherwise. 12 honest men and women - as
honest as you, ~~Miller~~ or I - they thought otherwise.
You think you've got enough to throw that decision away?

BILL: In the Sullivan case and the Ginsburg case --
Comm:
~~Comm:~~ Oh sure -- you batted 1000 there - only this time - you
might be batting zero. Nothing you've showed me would
make ~~me~~ *the governor* give Mantell a pardon - nothing. I want proof,
Miller - proof. Maybe this will sound high-handed to you,
but it happens to be my philosophy - and the philosophy
of the courts of this country; a jury has the last word -
trial by jury is the pillar of decency and law. You don't
throw that over for a whim or an idea or even because a
smart reporter comes in and presents you with something
that indicates maybe (just maybe) something is wrong.
(MORE)

~~Comm~~
(CONTD)

~~I have no personal feelings against Mantell Mr. Miller,~~
you know that, ~~But the people of OHIO elected me, and~~
~~I have a duty to them. That's why I can't run wild and~~
~~do what you think is right.~~ Think that over, Miller -
and any time you want to speak to me again - come right
in. I'm honest, but I'm hard-headed. You be the same.

(MUSIC: UP 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)

THE BIG STORY 5/5/48
PELL MELL

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

HARRIGE: Now back to your narrator, Bob Sloane, and the BIG STORY of William Miller, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: You walk out of the ~~Commissioner's~~ ^{Commissioner's} office slowly weighing his words - because you're ^{just} a reporter Bill Miller, a reporter for the Cleveland Press ~~and not the Governor's~~

~~side.~~ You think over what he's said - that courts and trial by jury are the pillars of our society - and you know he has a point, a big point. ~~You know there isn't~~

~~more honest man than your Governor and a more careful~~

~~one~~ and so, as you move ahead now - you look for proof, for proof that will be important enough to reverse a decision by a jury of twelve men and women, tried and true. Your first step is taken with a specialist, Dr.

Thompson, an expert with the lie detector. You two sit down with ^{Joe} Mantell and ^{as} while the Doctor gives him a test for truth, ~~you can hear his heart beat.~~

(SOME TYPE OF OSCILLATOR TO SUGGEST LIE DETECTOR.)

A BEATING WILL DO. IT SHOULD REGISTER.

DR: Now just relax, Mr. Mantell - if you please - and answer the questions, I'll ask you.

~~Joe:~~ (EXCITED) Yes, sir.

DR: ^(Pause) Are you innocent?

~~Joe:~~ Yes, sir, Doctor, I am --

(WE HEAR THE EVEN BEAT.)

DR: ^(Pause) Where were you on the night of the robbery?

(SAME EVEN BEAT AS:)

~~Joe:~~ Fixing my car.

DR: ^(Pause) What kind of car was it?

ED: *Joe:* A Chevy - convertible.

DR: How many times were you convicted, ~~convicted~~ before?

(BEATING UP)

~~ED:~~ *Joe:* (LOW) Twice: both times for robbery.

DR: But this time you're innocent?

~~ED:~~ *Joe:* (BEATING UP) Yes, sir - I'm innocent, I never -

DR: (SOOTHING) *Very well* -- Mrs. Smothers, the storekeeper says you hit her husband-on the head --

~~ED:~~ *Joe* (WILDLY BEATING) That's a lie, I never did, I - (LOW) I'd - I wouldn't hit a man old enough to be my father ~~lie~~

DR: *(Pause)* All right, Mr. Mantell, that will do --that will do very nicely.

(MUSIC: -- QUICK BRIDGE INTO)

BILL: Now just sit still Enright - this is ~~a~~ ~~you've heard of~~ ~~them~~ - a lie detector.

BUD: (ANNOYED AT THE OPERATION) I signed you a statement, didn't I? What you got to bother me with all this for?

BILL: Just answer the questions and -- nothing's gonna happen to you.

DR: All right, Mr. Miller, I'm ready.

(Pause)

(THE EVEN BEATING)

DR: *Now - Mr. Enright* Describe what happened when you went into the store.

BUD: (FLAT) I walked in, me and my brother and they wouldn't hand over the money - so I took it. They had it in a little valise.

(EVEN BEATING) *(Pause)*

DR: And then you hit him?

(EVEN BEATING)

GOV: *Comm:* Then they're not conclusive. He might have had the same reactions if he were lying --

DR: Well - uh -

BILL: *Commissioner* ~~Someone~~, Enright's chart shows he was not lying.

Comm: Not to me ~~it doesn't~~

BILL: Why?

Comm: Because - check me on this doctor - the lie detector breaks down when it comes to hardened criminals. I mean a man with a record, who ^{over a period of years has} built himself ~~over years~~ to lie evenly - such a man could fool a lie detector. Right?

DR: Well, there would be some difficulty in such a case --

GOV: Read Enright's record, Miller. Seven major crimes in six years - everything from smuggling to assault to arson to robbery. Such a man is constitutionally unable to distinguish between ~~truth and falsehood~~ ^{right wrong}

BILL: But for heaven's sake, ~~Commissioner~~ ^{Commissioner}

Comm: I still see a jury of 12 people deliberating in a closed room, settling the fate of a man -- I don't see this kind of half - evidence changing what went on in that room.

BILL: (HE'S HAD ENOUGH) What do you want?

Comm: (EVENLY) I want a reason - a better series of reasons than you've given me for reversing a jury.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP FULL THEN UNDER)

NARR: You write articles in your paper, Bill Miller, articles pointing out the validity of your case. You call upon outstanding citizens to rally around the innocence of ~~Joe~~ ^{Joe} Mantell - you bring support to your case in the person of the most respectable citizens of Cleveland and then you go to see the ~~Commissioner~~ ^{Commissioner} once more.

GOV: No, I won't change my mind,

BILL: ~~Governor~~, You're - this has gotten beyond the stage of reasonable doubt. Here are the names of 200 of the most prominent citizens of Cleveland --

Comm:
~~Gov:~~

I was just as impressed with the names of the witnesses and the storekeeper's wife, Size doesn't change this - ~~the~~ ^{the} importance of the people who signed doesn't change it they didn't sit on that jury, they didn't hear all the evidence.

BILL: Well, suppose I got the jurors themselves -- would that change your mind?

Comm: ~~Gov:~~ *Get the ---*

How could you do that? That jury was impanelled over a year ago -- a lot of those people are -- who knows? All over the state maybe some out of the state. How could you get them?

BILL: Suppose I did - what would you say then?

Comm:
~~Gov:~~

You really believe in this, don't you?

BILL: Just as much as you believe in the sanctity of the courts.

Comm:
~~Gov:~~

~~(Pause)~~ ^{it} If you get the jury, Miller ^{(Pause) I'll get you} -- ~~come back and see~~ *some attorney from the governor*
~~me come back and see no, for,~~

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Now you've said something, Bill Miller - you're going to get the jury to reverse themselves - and in saying it you've said a mouthful, Because just as the ~~Commissioner~~ ^{Commissioner} thought half the jurors can't be located easily. Some have moved to other cities, some to other states. But you go after them, You reach them, wherever they are, and present the testimony of the witness you show them the photos, you bring in the lie detector tests.

(MORE)

NARR:
(CONT'D)

And finally after a year of ^{hard} ~~hard~~ work - you've got 11
jurors agreeing that ^{he} ~~she~~ Mantell should be pardoned.
But 11 is not 12 and the 12th juror, Mrs. Anna Rider,
can't be found anywhere. And then your phone rings -

(PHONE IS ANSWERED)

BILL: Miller speaking.

MRS. M: (FILTER) Mr. Miller this is Mrs. Mantell --

BILL: Oh, hello, Mrs. Mantell - how are you?

MRS. M: Fine, I'm fine and -- I haven't had a chance to tell you
oh, how much I appreciate what you've done and -

BILL: Oh, that's all right, Mrs. Mantell, I wish I - you know
I haven't been able to finish what I started.

MRS. M: Yes, I know - Mrs. Rider, the 12th juror -

BILL: (INTERRUPTS) We can't find her anywhere -

MRS. M: That's what I called about. I found her.

BILL: You did - where?

MRS. M: That's just it. She's very sick and - she's in the
hospital --

BILL: Could we see her?

MRS. M: I don't know - the doctor says her condition is very
serious and

BILL: Give me ~~her name~~ the name of the hospital. Maybe
we can do it, Mrs. Mantell - maybe we can.

(MUSIC: ~~EXPLOSION UP INTO~~)

~~BILL: I understand doctor, but two minutes is all I want.~~

~~INTERN: There must be no excitement -- there must be no excitement
whatever.~~

~~BILL: Doctor, you come in with me. If I say anything, or
raise my voice or -- just two quiet minutes for the sake of
a other person's life, doctor.~~

~~INTERM: All right, Mr. Miller - two minutes.~~

(MUSIC: HUSHED INTO)

BILL: (VERY QUIETLY) And that's the story, Mrs. Rider.

MRS R: (SICK BUT ALERT) Thank you for coming - ~~and Dr. thank~~
~~you for letting this young man see me.~~ You see, I'm
dying, Mr. Miller -

BILL: Oh, no you're --

MRS. R: (SMILES WEAKLY) Oh yes - I know. But I thank you for
coming. Always, since I saw your first articles in the
paper (months ago) always there was a little cloud of
doubt in my mind - and if I died with such a thing on my
conscience I -

BILL: Shh, you mustn't -

MRS. R: (GOES ON) no, you see - his mother, this innocent boy's
mother, she might have been me and -- no, no, Mr. Miller,
I thank you for coming. You have a paper for me to sign?
Give me the paper, and bless you, bless you for coming.

(MUSIC: UP INTO)

(GAY NOISES. MAYBE MUSIC IN BG A PARTY)

MRS. M: I'm so glad you came, Mr. Miller, ^{Jerry}~~Edie~~ is so happy
since he was pardoned by the Governor.

BILL: I'm glad, Mrs. Mantell. It's a very nice party.

MRS. M: Yes, it's - it's a coming home party and a going away
party. Did you have some turkey?

BILL: Thanks, I did. ^{Want} do you mean going away!

MRS. M: You haven't seen ^{Jerry}~~Edie~~, have you?

BILL: No, I was beginning to wonder --

MRS. M: He's out in the back - in the garage - fixing up the car.
He said he ~~doesn't~~ want a party - he just wants to go.
^{don't}

MRS. M:

~~When there was an interruption in the interview~~
~~tion. But he's changed.~~ He's changed, Mr. Miller -
thanks to you. No chip on his shoulder now - no two
strikes against him. Go out, Mr. Miller - shake his
hand and wish him luck. *Good luck* ~~He's~~ like that better than any-
thing in the world.

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

(ORCHESTRA _ _ _ TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from William Miller of the Cleveland (Ohio) Press.

MILLER: Couldn't write story of my meeting that day with Mantell, a little too personal - a little too private. But could tell that by way he said "hi" useful life had been reclaimed. Feeling was justified when two years later received post card from Mantell in California. He was happy - had a good job - doing well. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you Mr. Miller. 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 front pages of the Indianapolis Star* about racing cars, *by line - about early* (CARS ON SPEEDWAY) *Big Story*

HARRICE: ...reckless men, and a driver who gambled and lost. (CAR CRASH)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME WIPE & FADE TO_BG ON_CUE)

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter, with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was written by Arnold Perl. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Arnold Moss played the part of William Miller. In order to protect the names of people actually involved in tonight's authentic BIG STORY the names of all characters in the dramatization were changed with the exception of the reporter, Mr. Miller.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL & FADE)

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

ANNCR: This is NBCTHE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

joan
4/21/48 pm

AS BROADCAST

MAX EHRLICH

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #59

"THE CASE OF THE LUCKY LONGSHOT"

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
BOB EARLY	JOHN SYLVESTER
CARL	LARRY HAINES
HIKER	CAMERON ANDREWS
JOE	ED BIGLEY
EDITOR	CAMERON ANDREWS
VOICE (P.A.)	LARRY HAINES
MARGE	MITZI GOULD
ETHEL	AGNES YOUNG
BROPHY	ED BIGLEY

WEDNESDAY, MAY 12, 1948

ATX01 0060726

WIBC 2.11.48

THE BIG STORY

#59

"THE CASE OF THE LUCKY LONGSHOT"

() ()
10:00 - 10:30 P.M.

MAY 12, 1948

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(CAR UP AND THEN SLOWS TO STOP. MOTOR IDLES)

(STEPS RUNNING UP ON HIGHWAY)

HIKER: (PANTING) Going to the auto races, Mister?

CARL: Sure. Hop in.

HIKER: Thanks...

(CAR DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS. AUTO MOTOR UP AGAIN)

CARL: How come you were hitching a ride at four o'clock in the morning kid?

HIKER: A farmer picked me up back a ways and dropped me off here. I thought I'd never get to the Indianapolis Speedway until you came along. It's going to be some race ~~what's your~~, Mister.

CARL: So I hear.

HIKER: They got these here racing cars hopped up so they'll do a hundred and twenty-five miles an hour this year. You know what I figure?

CARL: What?

HIKER: I figure someone's going to get killed, today, sure.

CARL: I know someone is.

HIKER: Yeah? Who?

(CAR BEGINS TO SLOW DOWN)

CARL: You.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER FOR)

ATX01 0060727

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY -- Here is America -- its sound and its
fury -- its joy and its sorrow -- as faithfully reported
by the men and women of the great American newspapers.
(PAUSE) (COLD AND FLAT) Indianapolis, Indiana! From the
pages of the Indianapolis Star, the authentic story of a
reporter who played a long-shot and received a double pay-
off. Tonight, to Robert Early of the Indianapolis Star
goes the PELL MELL Award for the BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE --)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

MORNING 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!

JOE: (CHUCKLE) Oh, brother, are you lucky!

BOB: What do you mean?

JOE: You just picked the longest long shot of the race, that's all. Benny Taylor's driving Number Ten, and he hasn't got a chance.

BOB: Benny Taylor? I heard he was a good man with a racing car.

JOE: Sure. But not the car he's driving at the Speedway today. They tell me it's put together with string and glue, and they expect it to fall apart at the end of the first lap. You know what he calls his racing car?

BOB: What?

JOE: He calls it the Rocket. The only trouble with it is that this rocket hasn't got any fuse. (LAUGHS) Well, so long, sucker. See you at the track!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

(RACING CARS OFF, ROAR OF CROWD)

BOB: (EXCITED) Joe! Joe, do you see what I see?

JOE: Yeah, Bob. I see it, but I don't believe it. Number Ten's out front!

BOB: (HOARSELY) That's right! That's my boy, Benny Taylor. He's in the lead, and he's holding it...

VOICE: (P.A., FILTER) They're coming in for the last lap. They're closely bunched, but Number Ten is in the lead...Number Fourteen second...Number Six third...

(CARS ROARING UP FAST. CROWD UP HIGH)

VOICE: And here they come for the last lap. There's the checkered flag!

(CARS ROAR UP HIGH AND BEGIN TO FLASH AWAY. CROWD ROAR.)

BOB: (HOARSELY) And there they go! Come on, Benny! Come on, Rocket! Show 'em your dust. Stay up there in front!

(SUSTAINED ROAR FROM CROWD. CARS OFF)

VOICE: (P.A.) It's still Number Ten...Benny Taylor, in the Rocket
...Number Fourteen, Al Kelly...Number Six, the favorite
...Red Rhodes...they're still closely bunched...on the
backstretch...now, they're rounding the far turn...

BOB: Come on, Benny Taylor! Bring that jalopy in!

~~BOB: (MUMBLING) I don't believe it. I don't believe it. I don't believe it.~~

VOICE: (P.A.) And here they come... Number Ten...Number Fourteen
...Number Six...Number One...

(CARS ROARING UP IN HIGH CRESCENDO)

BOB: (YELLING) Come on, Benny, Benny, Benny, Benny! Oh, you long shot, you beautiful fifty bucks...

(CARS UP TO PEAK)

VOICE: (P.A.) And they've crossed the finish line. The winner.. Benny Taylor, driving Number Ten!

(TREMENDOUS ROAR FROM CROWD UP)

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Bob Early of the Indianapolis Star, stood there, weak and exhausted and shaking with excitement, in that great roaring crowd. And then, you began to work your way through the mob to call your office. You didn't know then, that your real Big Story had started a few days before, and a long ways away, in a roadhouse in Mobile, Alabama...

(MUSIC: SNEAK DANCE ORCHESTRA UNDER, IN POP NUMBER, SOMETHING SLOW AND SULTRY)

MARGE: (DREAMY) Carl...

CARL: Yeah, Marge?

MARGE: Do you love me, Carl? Do you really love me?

CARL: (HUSKILY) What do you think, Baby?

MARGE: Oh, Carl, Carl, honey, hold me close...

~~(MUSIC FOR MOMENT OR TWO)~~ (Pause)

MARGE: (PASSIONATELY) Darling, darling, darling...I could just go on like this...dancing with you...forever!

CARL: This is the way it's got to be, Baby. This is the way it's gonna be. Just you...and me. If we could only go away together.

MARGE: Go away?

CARL: Yeah. South America, maybe. Always wanted to travel south. Think of it, Baby...just you and me.. travelin' first-class. Mexico City... Rio...Buenos Aires...away from everything!

MARGE: Away from her.

CARL: Yeah. Away from her.

MARGE: Carl, Carl, what are ^{you} ~~you~~ going to do about ^{Ethel} ~~her~~? What are we going to do about ~~her~~ your wife?

CARL: Marge, I...

MARGE: We can't go on like this, Carl. She'll never let you go, honey...and I'll never let you go! It can't be both of us any more...It's got to be one of us!

CARL: Yeah. Yeah, I know. If I could only raise some dough. If I only had a couple of thousand bucks..

MARGE: But you haven't, ~~you~~..

CARL: No. (BITTERLY) And on an auto mechanic's salary, I ain't gonna get it. There's got to be another way. There's got to be. If I only had some dough to start with, I could triple it overnight.

MARGE: How?

CARL: By betting on the Speedway auto race up in Indianapolis. I got a sure winner, Marge. A driver named Red Rhodes. He can't miss. (BITTERLY) But what's the use of talking! I couldn't raise a hundred bucks right now.

MARGE: (ALMOST SAVAGELY) Money, money, MONEY! ~~Why don't you figure out a way...!~~ *Why don't you*

CARL: There is a way, Marge, but it's plenty risky.

MARGE: What do you mean?

CARL: Insurance, baby. Ten thousand bucks worth of insurance. But it's dangerous, a hot deal. We'd be playing with fire -- playing with (CUTS) ... Wait a minute -- that's it. (LAUGHS HARSHLY)

MARGE: Carl, what are you talking about?

CARL: South America.

MARGE: South America?

CARL: That's right, Baby. Tomorrow morning you go down to the Travel Bureau and pick up all the folders you can on South America.

MARGE: Carl, you mean..

CARL: (SOFTLY) That's just what I mean, Baby. In just about a month.. we're going places!

(MUSIC: BRING DANCE MUSIC UP AND SEGUE INTO BRIDGE)

ETHEL: (DUBIOUS) Carl, I don't know..

CARL: You don't know what, Ethel?

ETHEL: Well, the idea of your driving alone all the way up to Indianapolis, just to see an auto race...

CARL: You don't begrudge me a little vacation, do you, baby?

ETHEL: Oh, Carl, Carl, no. You know I don't. You've been working so hard...working late so many nights at the garage. You're tired and you need a rest. Only...

CARL: Only what?

ETHEL: Only...well, I thought we might go away together, darling.. somewhere to a nice, quiet place...just the two of us. I haven't seen much of you lately, and..

CARL: Aw, now look, honey. You're making me feel like a heel.

ETHEL: Oh, I didn't mean to...

CARL: Sure, Ethel. Sure, I know. There isn't a selfish bone in your body. Maybe I ought to forget this trip, and stay home.

ETHEL: No, Carl. You go ahead, and have a good time. I know how much you love auto races. And as you say, if you go alone, it won't cost so much money.

CARL: You're sure you don't mind?

ETHEL: As long as you write me every day...I won't mind.

CARL: Ethel, you're...well, you're swell. Look...about this trip together. I think we can make it...later.

ETHEL: Carl! How?

CARL: I've got a sure winner at the Speedway race, honey..a driver who can't miss. I'm going to bet every dime I owe on him. I'm going to come back here to Mobile with a barrel of dough. And when I do..

ETHEL: Yes, Carl?

CARL: We'll go on a trip. A real trip.

ETHEL: Oh, darling. It sounds wonderful! Where would we go?

CARL: (SOFTLY) Oh, I dunno. How would you like to go to South America, baby?

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(AUTO MOTOR UNDER. THEN SLOWS TO STOP, MOTOR IDLES)

(STEPS RUNNING UP ON HIGHWAY)

HIKER: (COMING IN, PANTING) Going to the auto races, Mister?

CARL: Sure. Hop in.

HIKER: Thanks.

(CAR DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS. AUTO MOTOR UP AGAIN)

CARL: How come you were hitchin a ride at four o'clock in the morning, kid?

HIKER: A farmer picked me up back a ways and dropped me off here. I thought I'd never get to the Indianapolis speedway until you came along. It's going to be some race ~~thing~~, Mister.

CARL: So I hear.

HIKER: They got these here racing cars ^{hopped} ~~speeded~~ up so they'll do a hundred and twenty-five miles an hour this year. You know what I figure?

CARL: What?

HIKER: I figure some one's going to get killed today, sure.

CARL: (BEGINNING TO HARDEN) I know someone is.

HIKER: Yeah? Who?

(CAR BEGINS TO SLOW DOWN)

CARL: You.

(CAR SLOWS TO STOP. MOTOR ^{Stops} ~~IDLES~~)

HIKER: Mister, I...(GROWING FEAROR) you must be joking. Stopping the car.. and all. Yo don't mean you...

CARL: (GRIMLY) Don't I, kid? Take a look at this...

HIKER: Why...why, it's a knife ^(Struggle) Mister...no...please..don't...NO!

(A SCREAM...(SIGHS AND DIES)

CARL: (SOFTLY) Well, that's that. Now..(GRUNTS) we'll just move you over behind the wheel ~~and take the wheel~~ ~~and take the wheel~~

(CAR DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES)(COUPLE OF STEPS ON
HIGHWAY)(TRUNK OF CAR OPENING. WE HEAR CLINK OF
CANS.)

CARL: (BEGINS TO SING UNDER HIS BREATH) Brazil... (HE SINGS A COUPLE
OF MORE WORDS OF LYRIC AND THEN WHISTLES THE TUNE)
(WE HEAR THE SPLASH OF GASOLINE ON THE CAR)
(SCRATCH AND FLARE OF MATCH) (FLAMES UP, AND THEN
ROAR UP HIGH AND INTO)

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Bob Early of the Indianapolis Star, as you worked your
way through the roaring Speedway crowd, had no idea that your
Big Story was about to begin. All you knew was that your
long shot choice, Benny Taylor, had come home a winner and
made you richer by fifty dollars. Anyway, you finally
reached a phone and called your office, and crowed about your
luck to your editor, Dan Martin. And then, the editor said..

EDITOR: (PHONE FILTER) Congratulations, Bob. This seems to be your
lucky day, all around. Now..how about making a little money
the hard way?

BOB: What do you mean?

EDITOR: I mean your salary. I've got an assignment for you.

BOB: Yes? What?

EDITOR: The police have reported a burned-out car carrying Alabama
license plates. They found it on the high school road about
ten miles outside of town. It might be interesting.

BOB: What's so interesting about a burned car?

EDITOR: Ordinarily..nothing. But this car has a body in it!

(MUSIC: UP CURTAIN)

-12-

CHAPPELL: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's Big Story.

But first, a word from Cy Harrice.....

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0060738

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 the Big Story of Bob Early -- as he lived it -- and wrote it -

NARR: You, Bob Early of the Indianapolis Star, leave the Speedway and go out to the High School road where the burned-out car is located. You've been around, and you've seen a lot of things that aren't very pretty, but you can't help wincing when you see the charred corpse, silent in death, sitting behind the wheel. Your friend, Sheriff Frank Brophy, has been on the scene for some time and he gives you a quick opinion...

BROPHY: Nothing much left here but the chassis and corpse, Bob. Looks like one of those things.

BOB: You mean...accident?

BROPHY: Uh-huh. The poor devil hit this ditch, and his car probably exploded under him. Never had a chance to get out.

BOB: Know who the driver is, Frank?

BROPHY: Not yet. We're checking the license plates with the Alabama Bureau of Motor Vehicles. I expect a prowl car with the report from my office any minute now..

BOB: Well, all I can say is that this is one sweet mess. Must've been a hot fire while it.. (CUTS) Hey, Frank.

BROPHY: Yes?

BOB: Take a look at this. I found it on what used to be the back seat of this car.

BROPHY: Hmmm. Looks like a charred piece of yellow raincoat.

BOB: It is. We used to call 'em slickers, in the old days. And there's some art work on it. You can see a heart drawn on it, with an arrow going through. And a couple of Greek letters...delta, theta something..

BROPHY: All of which doesn't prove much....

(CAR COMING UP)

BROPHY: Oh. Here's that prowl car...

(CAR TO STOP. CAR DOOR OPENS)

BROPHY: Let's have that report, Sergeant? *Sloan: Yes, see --* Thanks. Now, let's take a look...

(RUSTLE OF PAPER)

BROPHY: Hmm. Name: Carl Kennedy. Residence, South Hamilton Street, Mobile, Alabama. Hair brown...Eyes Brown...Age, thirty-nine.. Height, five-ten..

BOB: (SHARP) Frank! Wait a minute?

BROPHY: Yes?

BOB: How old did you say this Carl Kennedy was?

BROPHY: Thirty-nine. (A BEAT) Why? Anything wrong?

BOB: There could be. There could be...plenty wrong.

BROPHY: What do you mean?

BOB: (SLOWLY) I mean that scrap of yellow raincoat, with the decorations on it.

BROPHY: Well? What about it?

BOB: Frank, how old are you?

BROPHY: If it makes any difference, I'm forty. But what...?

BOB: Would you wear a yellow raincoat decorated with stuff like hearts and arrows and Greek fraternity letters...

BROPHY: (SNORTS) Are you kidding? That's for high school kids, or college freshmen, maybe. But for a man my...(CUTS SHARPLY, AS HE GETS IT) Wait a minute! Wa-ait a minute!

BOB: (SOFTLY) See what I mean, Frank?

BROPHY: (SLOWLY) Yeah. Yeah! Carl Kennedy, the driver of this car, was about my age! He wouldn't have been wearing a raincoat like this.

BOB: Check.

BROPHY: And if he wasn't wearing it, someone else was...someone riding with him...

BOB: All of which proves one thing.

BROPHY: What's that?

BOB: This could have been just an accident. And then again... it could have been murder!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

BROPHY: Well, Bob, I just got an autopsy report from the Medical Examiner.

BOB: And?

BROPHY: And you had the right angle.

BOB: Then it was murder.

BROPHY: Yeah. Carl Kennedy was dead before his car was set on fire. The ^{Medical Examiner} ~~M-F~~ did a lung examination, and found one of 'em pierced. Whoever did Kennedy in, knifed him.

BOB: Not a very nice story, is it?

BROPHY: No.

BOB: Frank...

BROPHY: Yeah?

BOB: A question.

BROPHY: Shoot.

BOB: How do we know that charred corpse behind the wheel is Carl Kennedy.

BROPHY: We checked with his wife on the long distance phone to Mobile. He was headed for the races here, all right.

BOB: Still..it could have been someone else, sitting behind the wheel. We don't know for sure. Nobody could ever identify that corpse....

BIG STORY 5/12/48

-17 & 18-

REVISED

BROPHY: Mrs. Kennedy's statement is good enough for me. Why should it be anyone else?

BOB: I don't know. Just had a hunch on a long shot, that's all. Me. I'm going to talk to Dan Martin, my editor.

BROPHY: What about?

BOB: About a trip, way down south...to Mobile!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: So you talk to your city editor. You tell him you've been riding a lucky streak and that this trip is just a gamble. Sure. You're gambling. But you're a reporter, too, and you've got a nose for a story. And the smell of this story is already tickling your nostrils, and you know it can be big, BIG...if your hunch is right.

(MORE)

ATX01 0060743

NARR: (CONT'D) At the last moment, Sheriff Brophy decided to go south with you. And so, you travel together. In Mobile, you find that Mrs. Kennedy is out of town for a day or two. You also find, through a neighbor, that there's another woman. Her name is Marge Redman, and she lives in a cheap, slum neighborhood, and you and Brophy talk to her, for what it is worth...

BROPHY: How well did you know Carl Kennedy, Miss Redman?

MARGE: We were friends.

BOB: Good friends?

MARGE: Just...friends. (A BEAT) Well? What do you want me to do... cry in my beer? I was sorry to hear about Carl. He was a nice guy. What else can I say?

BROPHY: When did you see him last?

MARGE: Just before he left for the race in Indianapolis.

BROPHY: Did he seem nervous...upset about anything?

MARGE: No. He was just excited. He had a sure winner picked out, for the race.

BOB: What winner?

MARGE: I think the driver's name was Red Rhodes.

BOB: Uh-uh. The favorite. He lost. (FADES JUST A TRIFLE) Uh... Miss Redman.

MARGE: Yes?

BOB: Going on a trip somewhere?

MARGE: (A BEAT, THEN CAREFULLY) Why did you ask that?

BOB: Oh, nothing, nothing. Just noticed the pile of travel folders on your table here. They all seem to be about South America...

MARGE: Look, where I go is my business, isn't it?

BOB: Sure. Sure, but...

MARGE: (FLARES) And I'm tired of answering a lot of crazy questions! I don't know anything about this whole thing, and I don't care! Why come to me in the first place? Why don't you talk to Carl's wife?

BROPHY: We plan to do just that.

MARGE: Anything else you want to know?

BROPHY: No. Not at the moment.

MARGE: Then get out...both of you! - *(Door opens)* I got things to do.
(~~xxxxxxxx~~)

(SLAM OF DOOR)

BOB: (AFTER A MOMENT) *(Pause)* Well, Frank, what do you think?

BROPHY: Interesting...but a waste of time.

BOB: Was it? I wonder?

BROPHY: You wonder what?

BOB: I wonder how a woman living in a cheap, crummy boarding house like this could afford a trip to South America. And first-class, at that.

BROPHY: How do you know it was first-class?

BOB: She had the first-class rates ringed in pencil. And another thing, Frank...

BROPHY: Yeah?

BOB: They were the rates...for two!

(MUSIC: - BRIDGE)

NARR: Well it's nothing much. A straw in the wind, maybe. But a staw just big enough to tickle that nose of yours...that nose for a Big Story. So..you keep pushing your luck.

(MORE)

NARR:
(GENTLY)

Meanwhile, Sheriff Brophy checks the insurance companies, and he finds that Carl Kennedy's life is insured for ten thousand dollars...twenty thousand in case of accident. And that's interesting...although not conclusive. And finally, when Mrs. Kennedy returns, you both go up and talk to her...

ETHEL: Poor Carl. He was so excited when he left for Indianapolis. He was like a small boy. He went..well, it was a vacation for him. (A SLIGHT BREAK) And now...now he's dead.

BROPHY: (GENTLY) I'm sorry, Mrs. Kennedy. I know how you must feel. These questions are just routine...

ETHEL: Of course. I...I understand. The awful part of it was that I let him go alone. Carl would have been so happy if he had come back with all that money he would have won. We were planning a trip to South America.

BROPHY: To South America?

ETHEL: Yes.

BOB: Mrs. Kennedy...did you say your husband would have won a lot of money?

ETHEL: Why, yes. You see, Carl...well, he loved auto races. He followed them in the newspapers all the time. He knew just the drivers who were going to win.

BOB: He told you who the winners were going to be, before he left?

ETHEL: No. But he wrote me all about it. I have this letter right in this envelope here, here on my table.

BOB: (THOUGHTFULLY) I see. And he picked the winners before hand.

ETHEL: Why, yes. Here...I'll read you what he said:

(RUSTLE OF PAPER)

ETHEL: (READS) Dear Ethel: Am writing this letter from Louisville, Kentucky. In a few hours, I'll be in Indianapolis, just in time for the race. Keep your fingers crossed on that South American trip. I've got the winners all figured out, and they can't lose. I've picked Benny Taylor to come in first, Al Kelly second and Red Rhodes third...

(MUSIC: UP HIGH IN ACCENT AND UNDER)

NARR: You've heard enough. And now you know. So does Frank Brophy. And when you get outside..

BOB: Frank, that's it! My long shot came in! Carl Kennedy is alive!

BROPHY: It sure looks that way.

BOB: It's got to be that way! He wrote that letter after the Speedway Race. It's a thousand to one that nobody could have picked those two longshots, one-two, over Red Rhodes, the favorite, without being there or hearing about it afterward. And Marge Redman told us Kennedy had picked Rhodes to win beforehand.

BROPHY: Still, there is that thousand-to-one chance.

BOB: No, Frank. Not even that. I caught a look at the postmark on the envelope.

BROPHY: And?

BOB: And although it was supposed to have been mailed from Louisville, it was postmarked from Indianapolis at ten o'clock that night, hours after the race was over.

BROPHY: Hmmm. No wonder I couldn't find that hitch-hiker. He was the corpse behind the wheel, and Carl Kennedy was the killer. A nice little gimmick for collecting the insurance later.

BOB: Yes. Very pretty.

BROPHY: Bob, about this insurance. It's in his wife's name. Right?

BOB: Right.

BROPHY: And naturally, if Carl Kennedy is alive..and he is...he's going to come back and collect it.

BOB: Naturally.

BROPHY: (GRIMLY) And naturally, we'll just stick around here in Mobile ~~and~~ and welcome him home!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You and Sheriff Brophy begin a watch on the Kennedy house from a clump of weeds in the vacant lot next door. A night passes. Then another. And finally, on the third night, you're almost ready to call it quits, ~~with~~.

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND SNEAK UNDER IN OMINOUS MOOD, THEN BUILD)

(NIGHT SOUNDS UNDER)(FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALKS, OFF, SLOWLY MOVING UP)

NARR: ^{when} You see a man coming down the street, a black shadow against the night, moving toward the house...

(STEPS STOP ABRUPTLY)

NARR: He stops a moment, looks around.

(STEPS RESUME, MOVING UP)

NARR: And then he starts walking again, and turns in to the house itself...

(STEPS ON SIDEWALK. THEN CHANGE QUALITY TO STEPS GOING UP ON PORCH. STOP STEPS. JIGGLE OF DOORHANDLE. AGAIN. THEN KNOCK. AGAIN. AGAIN, LOUDER.)

(DOOR OPENS)

(MUSIC: HIT CRESCENDO AND OUT)

ETHEL: ~~(SORBING)~~ Carl!

CARL: (FIERCELY) Get inside!

ETHEL: (MOANING) Carl, Carl, I...I thought...

CARL: Shut up and get inside, Ethel!

(SLAM OF DOOR)

(MUSIC: HIT UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You and Sheriff Brophy crawl through the weeds and over to the open window. And you listen...

ETHEL:(FADING IN, AGHAST) Carl, I..I thought you were dead. I...how...?

CARL: (URGENT) Never mind that now. Did you get the money?

ETHEL: (DAZED) Money?

CARL: (IMPATIENT) Yeah, yeah. From the insurance company. Did you get it, Ethel?

ETHEL: Yes. Yes, I did. But..

CARL: Give it to me!

ETHEL: Carl...that man in the car.. the man who was burned. Who..?

CARL: Never mind him. Give me that money. I haven't much time!

ETHEL: (IN HORROR) Carl! You killed him! You killed him for the insurance money. (BREAKS) Oh, Carl, Carl, why did you do it, why did you do it?

CARL: Listen, Ethel. Stop whining and listen. Nobody knows I did it. You understand? Nobody knows. And you're to keep your mouth shut, understand?

ETHEL: Carl...

CARL: We'll split the money, fifty-fifty. Ten thousand for you... ten for me. I'll drop out of sight...go to South America. You just sit tight and keep quiet!

ETHEL: No. Carl, no! You can't do it. You..you killed a man... murdered him...burned him!

CARL: (FIERCELY) Are you going to give me that dough ...or aren't you!

ETHEL: Carl, no....

CARL: (HARDENING) Okay. I killed once...and I can do it all over again. You hear me, Ethel? I can do it all over again. In fact, maybe I will. Why not? Why should I split the dough with you? And who's going to suspect me as your killer. (LAUGHS, A TOUCH OF MADNESS) Yeah! ^(Steps) That's right. I can't kill anybody. I'm dead! I burned to death, remember?

(A STEP OR TWO)

ETHEL: (PETRIFIED) Carl! Carl, no, don't!

CARL: I'd better, Ethel. Now that you know..it's a little dangerous having you around. Yeah. It's a little too dangerous!

ETHEL: Carl! Please! No, Carl, NO!

BROPHY: (SUDDEN AND SHARP) Hold it, Kennedy!

CARL: (STARTLED) What? Who's that? ~~Who's that? Who's that?~~

BROPHY: I'll introduce myself later, Kennedy. But right now, I wouldn't make a move if I were you. Unless you want to argue with the business end of this gun!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~That's your big chance. It started with a long-shot at the Indiana State Penitentiary, and ended with the conviction of a killer. And sometimes...sometimes you wonder if Lady Luck will ever smile upon you again...and you another hard-fought long shot, like your last story.~~

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Bob
Barly of the Indianapolis 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 Robert P. Early of the Indianapolis Star.

EARLY: Killer in tonight's BIG STORY not only failed to collect insurance on his life, but because of his admissions couldn't even collect fire insurance on his car. Was convicted and sentenced to the Indiana State Prison. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Early. 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 front pages of the Minneapolis ^{Minny} Tribune; by-line Rolf K. Mills -- a BIG STORY that began late one night in an empty lot when a reporter found a pair of silk stockings-- (PAUSE) with legs in them.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ THEME WIPE AND FADE TO BG ON CUE)_

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter, with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was written by Max Ehrlich. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and John Sylvester played the part of Bob Early. In order to protect the names of people actually involved in tonight's authentic BIG STORY the names of all characters in the dramatization were changed with the exception of the reporter, Mr. Early.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL & FADE)

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

ANNCR: This is NBC...THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

sally
5/3/48 P.M.

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #60

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
COP	JOE BOLAND
MAN	ART CARNEY
BLONDE	JOAN ALEXANDER
HUSBAND	JOE DE SANTIS
BARMAN	RAY JOHNSON
PETERSON	RAY JOHNSON
MILLS	ART CARNEY
DOCTOR	BOB SLOANE
EDITOR	JOE DE SANTIS
MRS. STILES	GRACE KEDDY
WOMAN	JOAN ALEXANDER
LOPEZ	GRANT RICHARDS
CAPTAIN	JOE BOLAND
B-GIRL	GRACE KEDDY
CARSON	GRANT RICHARDS

AS BROADCAST

WEDNESDAY, MAY 19, 1948

ATX01 0060755

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#60

() ()
10:00 - 10:30 P.M.

MAY 19, 1948

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

(PHONE RINGS AND IS UNCRADLED)

COP: (CASUAL) Headquarters.

MAN: (FILTER) Police?

COP: Yeah.

MAN: (F) This is Walt Kremer -- the grain inspector -

COP: (SO WHAT) Yeah...

MAN: (F) I was just short-cuttin' back from Cedar Lake --
across the city dump --

COP: Yeah. So?

MAN: (F) Well, I just saw a pair of silk stockings stickin'
up out of the dump.

COP: Yeah?

MAN: (F) ~~Yeah~~ ^{Yeah} The thing is -- there was legs in them.
Woman's legs.

(MUSIC: --- HIT DRAMATIC AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY -- Here is America -- its sound and its
fury -- its joy and its sorrow -- as faithfully reported
by the men and women of the great American newspapers.

(PAUSE) (COLD AND FLAT) Minneapolis, Minnesota: From the
pages of the Minneapolis ^{morning} Tribune, the headline story of
a murder victim who was buried alive. Tonight, to Rolf
K. Mills of the Minneapolis ^{morning} Tribune goes the PELL MELL
Award for THE BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: --- FANFARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0060756

THE BIG STORY 5/19/48
PELL MELL

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: -- THE THEME: UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: And now the story as it actually happened! Rolf K. Mills' story as he lived it...Minneapolis, Minnesota...

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: Your name -- Rolf K. Mills. Your paper -- the Minneapolis Morning Tribune --- Your beat? That's your particular squawk, this particular night of April 29th. Because you're supposed to be working out of the city room -- and instead, you're on substitute duty down at police headquarters. You thought you had graduated from ~~here~~ long ago -- but no, here you are back in the cops and robbers department. As for your big story -- Well -- you don't know it but there's one cooking. It starts way back ...back before you even joined the paper ...like this.

(DOOR SLAMS VERY LOUDLY)

BLONDE: (A NAG & A BITCH) How many times do I have to tell you NOT to slam that door when you come in!

HUSBAND: (COMING ON) I'm sorry.

BLONDE: Sorry, sorry. That's all you every say -- then you go right ahead and do it all over again.

HUSBAND: I said I was sorry. It wasn't my fault. The springs busted.

BLONDE: Why don't you fix it?

HUSBAND: I will.

BLONDE: I will, I will. Promises, promises.

HUSBAND: Aw, lay off me, will you honey?

BLONDE: Don't you honey me,

-3a-

HUSBAND: I was only --

BLONDE: Oh, you make me sick. Let's go out and get something to eat.

HUSBAND: Go out? I just came in. Golly, I thought --

BLONDE: Now what? Now what've I done?

HUSBAND: We're always going "out to eat." Can't we ever stay home once in a while?

ATX01 0060759

BLONDE: Stay home? When do we ever go out? When do you ever take me out?

HUSBAND: Aw, that's not fair. Last week --

BLONDE: Never mind, never mind. Forget it. I'll ^{go out in the kitchen and} make your old supper.

(DOOR SLAMS, IS OPENED ON POTS BANGING ABOUT)

HUSBAND: Look, let's not keep squabbling, huh? Golly, everything used to be so nice, everything used to be --

BLONDE: Never mind, never mind. Just go inside. Take your shoes off -- dear. Read your paper -- dear. Yeah -- and when everything's ready -- you'll be fast asleep. I know.

(VICIOUS BANG OF POTS)

HUSBAND: Look -- it isn't as if you had other things to do all day. Is it asking too much for a guy to want dinner when he comes home?

(MORE POT-BANGING)

HUSBAND: Is that asking too much? Just a little peace and quiet around the place? Do you have to pick fights with me all the time? Aw, honey --

BLONDE: Hand me the canopener.

HUSBAND: Listen to me, willya?

BLONDE: What do you want -- beans with pork or without?

HUSBAND: Listen to me.

BLONDE: With or without. What do you want?

HUSBAND: Just a little peace and quiet around the house!

BLONDE: Go ahead. Get sore.

HUSBAND: Who's sore? I'm just trying to make some sense here!

BLONDE: Oh, I know that tone of voice. I can tell. You get so noble, so high and mighty! You make me sick, you make me just plain sick!

HUSBAND: You're no aspirin tablet yourself.

BLONDE: Very clever.

HUSBAND: You know -- some day I'm really gonna get sore --

BLONDE: That's right. Threaten me.'

HUSBAND: Good and sore, some day. And one of us is gonna be very sorry.

BLONDE: Are you trying to scare me?

HUSBAND: (QUIET) No. I'm just telling you. You keep this up, you keep nagging the daylights out of me, you keep yapping at me, yap yap yappity yap -- (PAUSE) You keep it up, and so help me, I'll --

BLONDE: You'll what? You'll what?

(DOOR SLAMS MADLY)

BLONDE: (YELLING) Do you HAVE to slam that door all the time?

(MUSIC: --- HIT HARD AND OUT FOR)

(DOOR OPENS QUIETLY) - *close quietly*

HUSBAND: (CALLS) Honey! You home? (PAUSE) (CALLS) Honey!

(PAUSE) (A YELL) HEY! (PAUSE) Aaaah ^{that's} women!

(MUSIC: --- STING)

(DOOR OPENS ~~QUICKLY~~)

HUSBAND: Bartender -- my wife been in here tonight?

BARMAN: Yep. Here and gone, friend -- here and gone.

HUSBAND: Aaaah -- nuts!

(MUSIC: --- STING)

(~~BARBECUE~~)

HUSBAND: (LOW) For the last time -- you coming home with me?

BLONDE: For the last time -- no. No no no no no!

HUSBAND: (DEADLY) Okay. Don't bother comin' home. Ever.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO AWAY UNDER)

NARR: Nothing of that can you know. You, Rolf K. Mills ^{police reporter}
^{for} the Minneapolis ^{morning} Tribune, do not have a backward-looking
crystal ball. All you know is that it's a pretty
average Friday night down at police headquarters.

And : (SOUND -PHONE RINGS, UP)

"average" means "dull". COP: Headquarters.

The desk sergeant's ^{got} a call. COP: Yeah.

Probably the same COP: Yeah?

old routine: COP: Yeah. So?

nothing.

COP: Yeah?

(RECEIVER SLAMMED DOWN. RUNNING FOOTSTEPS AND
DOOR SLAMS OPEN AND SHUT BEHIND NEXT)

NARR: Nothing, huh? Not the way he ^{rushed} ~~got~~ into the
other room ^{door opens - footsteps} And out comes your friend -- Detective
Peterson. With this.

PETERSON: You say you had a date tonight, Rolf?

MILLS: And a deadline. Why?

PETERSON: You've got another date now -- you and me.

MILLS: Where?

PETERSON: Down at the city dump.

MILLS: Very funny. Who with?

PETERSON: A corpse. In silk stockings. (PAUSE) You coming?

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER)

(SCRAPE OF SHOVELS)

PETERSON: Hold the shoveling! That does it.

MILLS: Mmm. What a beating she took.

PETERSON: Yeah.

MILLS: Any idea who she is, Peterson?

PETERSON: No identifying marks. (PAUSE) Labels torn off the clothes.

MILLS: Safe in calling it murder?

PETERSON: Sure.

MILLS:

~~She's somebody you'd know if you were
connected with the case at all that...~~

PETERSON:

MILLS:

~~Not~~ Doctor: *yeah* ---
Doctor can you add anything, can you give me anything more on the cause of death? Beyond the beating, that is?

DOCTOR: (A LITTLE OFF) Yes.

MILLS: What's that, sir?

DOCTOR:

~~Well...you recall that case last summer the man we thought had been killed -- until we found water in his lungs -- proving he was alive when he hit the water?~~

MILLS:

(RUEFUL) I remember it busted up a good story.

DOCTOR:

~~Well~~ this even's the score for you, Mills. This woman has dirt in her mouth....(AS IF LOOKING) and in her throat. Yes. (PAUSE) Proving...

MILLS: Uh-huh --

DOCTOR: Proving she was alive when she was put here.

MILLS:

Buried alive. (PAUSE) Where's the nearest phone? I've got to call the paper.

(MUSIC: --- HIT AND GO UNDER)

MILLS: That'll have to hold you for the fast mail edition, George.

EDITOR: (FILTER) Guess so, Rolf. You'll stick with it, huh?

MILLS: Oh, sure. But don't set your heart on an identification by the next deadline -- or a solution for the final edition -- complete with killer attached.

EDITOR: (FILTER) It could be done.

MILLS: Sure. By Sherlock Holmes, the FBI, the -- (TAKE) Hey! The man's serious! George, this one'll go down in the books marked "unsolved", believe me.

EDITOR: (FILTER) Never can tell. Just you stay with it. After all, you've got a whole hour till ^{the next} deadline.

MILLS: An hour. It might as well be a week. Remember, George -- what I've got is a press card -- not a crystal ball!

(MUSIC: --- HIT AND GO FOR)

(FILE DRAWER ~~WAS OPEN~~ ^{closed})

MILLS: Sarge -- I've gone through all the files. What've I found? Nothing.

COP: Dja try ~~missing person~~ ^{the Regus gallery, Mills?}

MILLS: Back to the year one. No soap. Petty crimes -- no soap. ^{Op: How about missing persons? Mills: Nothing there either --} ~~the picture gallery -- nothing~~ 'Cep, this.

You think this picture looks like the dead one?

COP: Nope.

MILLS: Neither did I, much. Aw, what do they want from a guy -- miracles? They sit in an office downtown, and -- hey. What time is it?

COP: Quarter to.

MILLS: Fifteen minutes till the page closes. And what've I got? Twice what I phoned in. Twice nothing is --

(DOOR OPENS)

MILLS: (LOW) Who's the woman just came in with Peterson?

COP: (SAME) I dunno.

MILLS: Think I'll see what goes on.

(FOOTSTEPS UP AND UNDER)

PETERSON: Right this way, lady. (PAUSE) It won't take long.

MILLS: (LOW) What's the story, Peterson?

PETERSON: (LOW) Looks like an identification, Rolf. She saw your story in the paper and told the cop on the beat she thought she knew the woman.

MILLS: (LOW) Who is she?

PETERSON: (LOW) A neighbor. (UP) Mrs. Stiles -- what was that woman's name again?

MRS. STILES: Mrs. Cressley, Mrs. Sadie Cressley.

MILLS: What makes you think the murdered woman is your neighbor, ma'am?

MRS. STILES: I -- I don't know. I just have a feeling...she hasn't been home for days...neither has her husband...they had a fight -- they're always fighting --

MILLS: I see.

(FOOTSTEPS STOP)

PETERSON: Right here, Mrs. Stiles. This door. (*door opens*)

MRS. STILES: Oh.

PETERSON: A word from you is all we need. (PAUSE) Are you all right?

MRS. STILES: (FAINTLY) Yes...yes...

PETERSON: Well...

(~~DOOR OPENS~~). THE FOLLOWING IS ON ECHO, THE FOOTSTEPS ARE ON STONE)

PETERSON: This way, ^{please}~~Mrs. Stiles~~ -
(FOOTSTEPS)

PETERSON: Ready, Mam?

MRS. STILES: (WEAKLY) Yes.
(A SLIGHT RUSTLE OF CLOTH)

MRS. STILES: (A QUICK LIGHT INTAKE OF BREATH. SILENCE)

PETERSON: Is that ^{your neighbor,} Mrs. Cressley?

MRS. STILES: I -- I --

PETERSON: Take your time. Be sure.

MRS. STILES: It --

PETERSON: Yes?

MRS. STILES: It -- looks ----- But the ----- (A BREATH) Her face, it's -- (WHISPER) She's so -- (PAUSE) No -- I mean, yes ...please --

PETERSON: (~~LOW~~) ~~All right, Eddie.~~ (~~PAUSE~~) Mrs. Stiles --

MRS. STILES: (WEAK) Yes. (PAUSE) Yes. That's her.

(MUSIC: --- HIT HARD AND GO UNDER) ^{knock} - (3)
(~~DOOR OPENS~~ RINGS INSISTENTLY)

PETERSON: When the door opens, Rolf--let me do the talking.

MILLS: Sure...sure...
(DOOR OPENS)

PETERSON: Peterson, from Police Headquarters. Does a Mr. Cressley live here?

WOMAN: Yes.

PETERSON: Is he home?

WOMAN: Not right now.

PETERSON: Expect him back?

WOMAN: Why -- yes. Would you like to come in and wait?

PETERSON: Yes. (PAUSE) Who are you?

WOMAN: Me?

PETERSON: Yes.

WOMAN: Why -- I'm Mrs. Cressley -- his wife.

(MUSIC: --- HIT AND GO)

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

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 5/19/48
PELL MELL.

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)

~~NARRATOR:~~
Stanice: Now we return you to our narrator, Bob Sloane, and the Big Story of Rolf K. Mills as he lived it and wrote it.

NARRATOR: A fine thing. Covering police headquarters for the Minneapolis ^{tribune} Tribune you, Rolf K. Mills have a blonde corpse turn up in time for the first edition -- a person unknown murdered by person or persons unknown -- and the city desk hopes for the who and the by whom for the ^{edition} final. And you have just followed a false trail to the bitter end. Just another case of mistaken identity. So what do you do? Step one -- you call the desk.

MILLS: A mistake, George. The woman who identified the corpse was wrong. I'm sorry.

EDITOR: (FILTER) It wasn't your fault, Rolf.

MILLS: Any ideas?

EDITOR: (FILTER) Didn't you say before you thought you'd found a picture of a missing woman who --

MILLS: Yeah, yeah. But the desk cop and I agreed it wasn't the dead one.

EDITOR: (FILTER) Just the same, the woman was wrong just now. Couldn't you be? What was the date she disappeared?

MILLS: 1935. The name was Ruth M. Corneau.

EDITOR: (FILTER) Well -- she could have changed ~~in~~ ^{in all these} years.

So -- backtrack. Everybody makes mistakes.

MILLS: I know. That's why they put erasers on lead pencils.

And tonight -- my pencil is all eraser!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO FOR)

(FILE DRAWER OPENED)

MILLS: Blackstone. . .Collins, Compton. . .Copley -- Corneau.
Ruth M. Corneau. Reported missing by husband -- oh-oh.

COP: Talking to yourself, Rolf?

MILLS: I dunno. Look, sarge. This ^{Corneau} woman we tossed out of the
running before. Anything else on her? Charges,
complaints?

COP: Corneau? Let's see.

(ANOTHER FILE DRAWER)

COP: Yeah. Here it is. Corneau. . .uh, no. This is a man.
Peter Corneau --

MILLS: Go on.

COP: Arrested on complaint of his wife, Ruth M.

MILLS: That's the one! For what? What for?

COP: You're going to love this, Rolf. (PAUSE) Assault!

(MUSIC: STING)

(TELEPHONE DIALING, PHONE BUZZ, PICKED UP ON
FILTER)

LOPEZ: (FILTER) Hello?

MILLS: Joe Lopez?

LOPEZ: (FILTER) Yessir.

MILLS: Mr. Lopez, this is Rolf Mills, down at headquarters --

LOPEZ: (FILTER) What's with headquarters? I'm in trouble?

MILLS: No sir. I'm from the ^{morning} Tribune, and I'm checking on
somebody who used to live in your boarding house. Can I
ask you three questions?

LOPEZ: (FILTER) I dunno.

MILLS: Just three simple yes and no questions. Okay?

LOPEZ: (FILTER) Okay. Three.

MILLS: Okay. Do you remember a couple named Corneau -- Peter and Ruth?

LOPEZ: (FILTER) Yes. That's one.

MILLS: Good. Do you know where they are now?

LOPEZ: (FILTER) Him -- no. Her -- she ran away from him, kicks around restaurants, clubs. . . you know.

MILLS: That's two. Three -- would you know her if you saw her?

LOPEZ: (FILTER) I guess so. They owe me back rent!

MILLS: Well -- would you come down to headquarters to --

LOPEZ: (FILTER) You say three questions. No.

PETERSON: This is Detective Peterson, Lopez. Will you come downtown to identify a body?

LOPEZ: (FILTER) Yes.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER)

(FOOTSTEPS ON ECHO. THEY STOP)

PETERSON: (LOW) All right, Mr. Lopez.

(SLIGHT SWISH OF CLOTH)

PETERSON: Take your time, Mr. Lopez. Be sure.

LOPEZ: ~~Hum~~ (Pause)

PETERSON: Well?

LOPEZ: (LOW) It don't look like I'm gonna get my back rent, I guess.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO AWAY FOR:)

NARRATOR: With the identification *you say goodbyes to Detective Peterson until later.* you make the 11:30 edition by a replat and a whisker. The murdered woman is Ruth M. Corneau -- it is definitely established that she has separated from her husband under conditions of mutual dislike -- to put it mildly.

(MORE)

NARRATOR: And so, you have the victim, the motive -- and the
(CONT'D) problem of finding the suspect number one -- the husband.
Then my only ally
You start checking all over town -- but while you walk
the juke-box and neon trail the husband is being
questioned down in Florida.

~~(KNOCKING ON DOOR AND OPENING HUSBAND)~~
HUSBAND: ~~(FROM MISSING SCENE)~~ Private First Class Peter ^{Corneau} reporting
to Captain Carroll as directed.

CAPTAIN: At ease, Corneau. (PAUSE) You're a Minneapolis boy,
~~what's private?~~

HUSBAND: Yes sir.

CAPTAIN: Ever in trouble with the police?

HUSBAND: ~~Nothing~~ *Nothing sir.*

CAPTAIN: I'm instructed by a Detective Peterson of the Minneapolis
Police to tell you that anything you tell me may be held
against you. He just called me.

HUSBAND: I see, sir.

CAPTAIN: You married, Corneau?

HUSBAND: Separated, sir. (PUZZLED) Sir --

CAPTAIN: Later. (PAUSE) Where were you last night?

HUSBAND: On pass, sir. I reported to duty at reveille today.

CAPTAIN: Where did you go?

HUSBAND: Fishing, sir.

CAPTAIN: Can you prove it?

HUSBAND: The men I was with can. . . sir.

CAPTAIN: You didn't leave the State of Florida?

HUSBAND: On an overnight pass - - - - sir?

CAPTAIN: All right. (PAUSE) You say you're separated from your wife?

HUSBAND: Yes sir.

CAPTAIN: Prepare yourself for a shock. Last night she was murdered

HUSBAND: (LOW) I see. (HE MUMBLES INDISTINGUISHABLY)

CAPTAIN: What's that, man?

HUSBAND: (LOW) I said -- I knew somebody would, some day.

CAPTAIN: Do you want another pass?

HUSBAND: Excuse me, sir?

CAPTAIN: I said, do you want me to write you a three day pass -- for her funeral?

HUSBAND: (QUIET) No. No thanks -- sir.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO)

NARRATOR: Suspect eliminated -- and there you ^{well} ~~are~~, looking for him (~~SNEAK SOUND IN B.G.~~) in the local bars. But at one, you learn about this tasteful little incident from a ^{Gal} ~~p~~-girl.

^{Gal}
p-GIRL:

We used to pal around, Ruthie and me. But she was -- well, she was kind of -- hard. You know -- everybody was just another sucker for her. What I mean, well, money, you know. So one night, we were in here, her and I, and all of a sudden she leaves me flat and goes outside. She goes tearing through the door (SNEAK TRAFFIC IN B.G., EXTERIOR PERSPECTIVE) and I follow her. Just in time to see her crash into somebody.

BLONDE: (SAME BITCH) Hey -- why don't you walk where you're looking!

CARSON: I'm sorry, lady.

BLONDE: You're sorry! Looka my stockings. You ruined my stockings. Sorry, ~~what~~ ^{I hate all of your teeth - sorry}! Ya knocked the lifts off my shoes.

CARSON: I said I was sorry. As for the shoes -- I'll drive you home, okay?

BLONDE: In what -- a bus? Hit the road.

CARSON: Okay. Have it your way. *(stupid again)*
(THE LATTER IS FADED AND A CAR DOOR IS OPENED,
A HEAVY POWERFUL ENGINE STARTED)

BLONDE: Hey -- wait!

CARSON: ~~Yeah?~~

BLONDE: Is ~~that~~ ^{his} your car -- or do you just drive it for somebody?

CARSON: It's my car -- and I drive it for myself.

BLONDE: (THE QUICK SWITCH) Well! ^{Why didn't you say so} (DOOR SLAMS) Home, James!

CARSON: ~~(AS CAR TAKES OFF)~~ The name is Carson, Wally Carson.
And talk nice, blondie. (PAUSE) Hm. You're not bad looking at all. Where'd you say you wanted to go?

BLONDE: (SHE SMELLS \$\$) You're not bad looking ^{either} for a guy who picks girls up by knocking them down.

CARSON: I said talk nice. Where to, sis? You still want a ride -- home?

BLONDE: No. I want a ride. (PAUSE) Let's go someplace and have some fun, huh?

Takes off
(CAR ~~UP AND AWAY~~)

NARRATOR: While the ~~B-Girl's~~ ^{Car} telling this, you check your watch. A half-hour to final deadline. You're coming closer.

MILLS: Very close. All you need now is -- ^{What did you say the name of that pick-up guy was?}
~~the name of the pick-up guy, Carson~~

B-GIRL: Wally Carson. She went with him steady after that.

MILLS: Thanks. Thanks a lot. I'm going to try another bar, but -- here. Buy yourself a drink -- with something in it to drink -- for a change!

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER INTO ANOTHER BAR B.G.)

BARMAN: (SAME AS BEFORE) Well, like I said, everything's going nice and quiet, when this blonde --

MILLS: Corneau --

BARMAN: Yeah. She comes in and takes over the end of the bar. Now -- I've seen her husband come and drag her out -- then I've seen him tell her not to come home -- and I don't want that kind of trade. This is a home-type bar --

MILLS: I know, I know.

BARMAN: Huh? Well -- she's feeling fine. No pain at all. Drinking up some guy's dough, I figure, wondering how I can get rid of her quiet -- when all of a sudden, somebody does it for me. The door opens (FADE) and in walks this guy Carson.

CARSON: Ruthie!

BLONDE: Somebody call me? (IT'S HIM) Oh. It's you.

CARSON: It's me all right. Where've you been the last two days?

BLONDE: Who wants to know?

CARSON: I want to know.

BLONDE: You want to know. You own me or something? Stop pushin' me aroun' . . .

CARSON: Who push who around? You make up to me, you take me for everything I've got -- and you call that me pushing you around! Come on, you're getting out of here. . .

BLONDE: Aaah, your meter's running.

CARSON: Come on.

BLONDE: I like it here.

CARSON: I said get out! Come on!

BLONDE: You cheap ^{square} ~~frat~~! Make me! (MORE AND MORE) Go on, hit the road. You get out of here. Let me -- let me go! (AND MORE) Take your hands off me! Who you think you're pushing around! (A YELL) Let go let go let go! (FADING SHARPLY FOR) Who do you think you are, pulling me around like --

BARMAN: (CASUAL) And that's it. Me -- it's none of my business. I would have paid him to take her away. Anybody. (PAUSE) That's all.

MILLS: Uh-huh. When did you say this was?

BARMAN: Dint I tell you? Only last night it was. Just last night!

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO)

NARRATOR: That -- is it. Motive and man. Wally Carson -- last man to see Ruth Corneau alive. A check on the city directory gives you his address. A call to Peterson, and you have a good cop with you. One short ride -- and you have ten minutes to go to ^{the final} ~~the~~ deadline -- with your story on the other side of this door.

(BELL RINGS)

NARRATOR: Peterson unbuttons the flap on his holster.

(BELL RINGS)

NARRATOR: You shift a little behind him. You never can tell. . .

(BELL RINGS)

MILLS: Nobody home, you think?

PETERSON: I don't know. Here. Take the gun. Cover me. And stand back. I'll force the door.

(A SMASH, ANOTHER, THE DOOR GIVES)

MILLS: Holy ----- (PAUSE) It's a shambles. (PAUSE)
Look. Blood on the walls.

PETERSON: (CALLS) Carson! (LOW) Watch it. The other room.

(A DOOR IS HURLED OPEN)

PETERSON: (CALLS) Carson! Come out with your --

MILLS: Pete. Look. (PAUSE) ^{that's a note} On the couch.

PETERSON: Oh-oh. Don't touch it.

MILLS: Okay to read it?

PETERSON: Go ahead.

MILLS: (READS) Dear Mother. (PAUSE) Dear Mother? Huh.

(GOES ON) I'm sorry. We had a terrific fight. I loved her and I couldn't stand to lose her. But I couldn't hold her. I guess nobody could. Money in watch pocket for rent. I'm going away. Hope we meet soon. (PAUSE) Flown the coop. (PAUSE) Can I use the phone?

PETERSON: Sure. You can read them the note, too.

MILLS: Thanks. (SOUND OF DIALING) (AND OVER IT) You know -- there's something about this note -- "money in watch pocket." Money in watch pocket. . . (SOUND OF PHONE SIAMMED DOWN SUDDENLY) Hey! He expects to be found! What's that door lead to?

(DOOR OPENED)

MILLS: Closet. What's this one.

(RATTLE OF DOOR)

PETERSON: Leads to the garage. Come on. The front way!

(MUSIC: UP AND RUN UNDER)

(FURIOUS RATTLING OF GARAGE-TYPE DOORS)

MILLS: Locked.

PETERSON: From the inside!

MILLS: Wait. Listen.

(LOW FAINT THROB OF ENGINE)

PETERSON: Engine's running.

NARRATOR: (LOW) He gets down on his knees. So do you. You sniff at the bottom of the door. You both say one word. No -- two.

BOTH OF THEM: Carbon monoxide.

(MUSIC: ~~SCENE AND UNDER~~)

NARRATOR: ~~And that -- is that. In time for the final edition.~~
The killer had escaped beyond the law. But you and the law had wrapped this up in a nice package for page one. You'd started blind at six p.m. and now, at three a.m. you're ending up blinded -- by the photogs' flashes, aimed inside that garage. Not a garage, really. A death ~~happened~~

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Rolf K. Mills of the Minneapolis ^{morning} Tribune 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 Rolf K. Mills of
the Minneapolis^{Springfield} Tribune.

MILLS: On entering garage we found that killer in tonight's
BIG STORY had escaped beyond the law by committing
suicide. Solution of case came at 3 AM, 9 hours after
start of investigation and in time for the final
edition. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Mills. 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 front pages of the
Mobile Alabama Press Register; by-line George Cox --
a **BIG STORY** about a murder, an escape, and ...

(RIFLE SHOT AND RICOCHET)

HARRICE: ... a man hunt.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ THEME WIPE & FADE TO BG ON CUE)

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #61

AS BROADCAST

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
WIFE	ETHEL OWEN
HUTCH	BILL SMITH
GEORGE	LES TREMAYNE
DANNY	ALAN HEWITT
PETE	LEON JANNEY
CHAIRMAN	MANDEL KRAMER
AGNES	AGNES YOUNG
DAVE	ALAN HEWITT
MOM	AGNES YOUNG
ORSINI	MANDEL KRAMER
BANKER	BILL SMITH
MRS. NELSON	ETHEL OWEN
YOUNG DAVE	LEON JANNEY

WEDNESDAY, MAY 26, 1948

ATX01 0060781

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#61

() ()
10:00-10:30 PM

MAY 26, 1948

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

~~(SCRAMBLING EGGS IN A FRYING PAN)~~

WIFE: (CHEERY) Morning, Hutch. Eggs'll be ready in a sec -
scrambled soft like you -- (SEES HIM. PUZZLED) What's
a matter?

HUTCH: (TERRIBLY UPSET) Skip the eggs. I got to go.

WIFE: (TRYING TO CHEER HIM) You are the sorriest looking
man ever held down the job of sheriff in this county.

HUTCH: Just skip it, Helen. (HARSH) Leave me alone.

WIFE: Take some coffee anyhow. (GENTLY) What is it, Hutch?

HUTCH: Nothing. Nothing. (THEN) Who's the nicest guy in
this town?

WIFE: You?

HUTCH: Talk serious. Is there a better guy than Dave Jenkins?
Is there a ^{nicer} ~~swabber~~ -- (CHOKING)

WIFE: Hutch, what is it?

HUTCH: Listen. Telegram from Alabama I just got. "Sheriff,
Ainsville County, Pa.: Pick up David T. Jenkins; age
34, height five feet ten..."

WIFE: (INCREDULOUS) Pick up Dave - for what! (SENSING IT)
Hutch for what?!

ATX01 0060782

HUTCH: Murder, Helen, murder. ~~Yeah, I'm the sheriff. Now go~~
~~pick up your best friend--the nicest guy in--he's~~
~~been wanted for murder for 12 years. And it's true;~~
~~there's no doubt about it--it's true.~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP IN A SERIOUS STING THEN OUT SHARPLY FOR:)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY -- Here is America -- its sound and its
fury -- its joy and its sorrow -- as faithfully
reported by the men and women of the great American
newspapers. (PAUSE) (COLD AND FLAT) Mobile, Alabama:
From the pages of the Mobile Press Register, the
authentic story of a bank robbery and murder, an
arrest and an escape and a man wanted for murder for
12 years. Tonight, to George Cox of the Mobile Press
Register goes the PELL MELL Award for the BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ FANFARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #61

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

CHAPPELL: Of all America's leading cigarettes only one is "Outstanding!" - only 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? They've discovered the longer, finer cigarette - PELL MELL -

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 "Outstanding!" - really mild - 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.

HARRICE: Remember - of all America's leading cigarettes, only one is "Outstanding!" - only one is "Outstanding!"

CHAPPELL: The longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ...

"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ THE THEME: A VERY SERIOUS PROBLEM. UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: And now the story as it actually happened: ^{The story of} George Cox ~~as he~~ as he lived it... Mobile, Alabama...

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ TAKE IT UP AND UNDER:)

NARRATOR: You are a young man with sandy hair and a slow, pleasant manner and you believe in words, in the power of words. You became a reporter because you think words and truth go together and you respect both. But this hot August night, you, George Cox, reporter for the Mobile Press Register, aren't thinking of words or typewriters or truth, because in front of you - on a hospital bed - your best friend is dying. Dan Nelson, a teller in the local bank, a guy you ~~was~~ bowled with and swam with and grew up with, is dying. An hour before, 3 men held up his bank and Dan Nelson tried to stop them. He didn't get very far -- a bullet in his chest cavity saw to that. ~~And you, George Cox, are supposed to get the story for your paper, to get the truth -- but that is very unimportant now, because this is your friend, Danny Nelson dying on a bed in front of you.~~

GEORGE: (HUSHED TONE THROUGHOUT) You stopped them, Danny. You did that.

DANNY: (WEAK, BUT WITH HUMOR) Mmm - but they stopped me, too. It's even-steven isn't it, George?

GEORGE: (GENTLY) Let me talk, Danny, just you ^{Take it easy!} (GESTURE FOR QUIET) ~~--- please~~ This is important; let me tell you. There were three of them. The bank cop shot one, he died on the sidewalk. (MORE)

GEORGE:
(CONT) Orsini, the big one - the one who shot you - they caught him. He'll burn, sure. And the little rat, Jenkins, the lookout - they got him, too. He'll get the chair or life at least. (GENTLY) You did that, kid. Without you they would have got away.

DANNY: (SAME) It's a good story for you, George.

GEORGE: Shh. Save your strength. They're going to give you a transfusion and - (~~SNAPS FINGER~~) hey I almost forgot I got you some licorice, you know that long kind you like. I got it right here and --

DANNY: You better eat it, Georgie. I don't feel like ---

GEORGE: Not now, okay - but save it - Here I'll leave it on the table and --

DANNY: Quit it, George. I don't fool that easy. How's my ma?

GEORGE: She's okay. She's sitting outside. You want me to --

DANNY: (INTERRUPTS) No. George, do me a favor will you?

GEORGE: Sure, kid.

DANNY: Don't let them put in an obituary - (GEO: ^{Oh!} ~~stop it!~~) or anything like that. Just a line if they got to print something - and - I don't want to make people unhappy by --

GEORGE: Danny, cut it out. What are you talking about - crazy words like - (STOPS) Danny. Danny. (HUSHED) Danny. ~~(DANNY) ~~She's sitting outside. You want me to --~~ he ant in heaven, he loved he. The name. She like something. She will be done.~~

(MUSIC: WIPES IN THE DEATH MOOD. THEN QUICK SEGUE TO HARSH UNDER:)

NARRATOR: He's dead, the kid you swam with and bowled with and loved like a brother and there is no obituary because you respect his last words. But there are other words to be written and you write them. There are the bitter words of condemnation for Orsini, the robber who shot and killed Dan Nelson - the demand for the death sentence. There are violent phrases that you write about the lookout, ^{Kid} Dave Jenkins - the one who stood outside and kept the getaway car ready. You blast with your typewriter, you say what is in your heart. And with great satisfaction six months later you write the words....

(HARD BITING TYPEWRITER FOR A FEW WORDS. THEN:)

GEORGE: The state today condemned to death in the electric chair Vincent Orsini, murderer of Daniel Nelson. The other accomplice in the murder, David Jenkins, was sentenced to life imprisonment.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ HARSH AND UNDER:)

NARRATOR: You, George Cox, close the bitter chapter because there isn't anything else you can do. Dan's dead, Orsini's dead, Jenkins in for life. There's no more to do -- and though you think you've buried the pain, six years later, you realize you haven't -- because six years later ...

(A TELETYPE MACHINE IN. THEN UNDER. AFTER FIRST SPEECH, OUT.)

PETE: Wow. Hey - what do you know! George...

GEORGE: (LITTLE OFF) Yea *Pete*

PETE: Come here -- this is -- this is for you -- on the tape --

GEORGE: (LEERY OF IT) What is it, Pete -

PETE: "David Jenkins, sentenced to life imprisonment for complicity in the murder of Daniel Nelson, escaped from the Alabama State Penitentiary."

GEORGE: Lemme see it. (PAUSE) "The escaped convict had served six years of his sentence. Authorities are in close pursuit, but have no clues as to Jenkins' whereabouts." (DISGUST) Close pursuit!

PETE: Where are you going?

GEORGE: (WILD) I'm going out. I'm gonna look, Pete -- I'm going to find Danny Nelson's murderer, ~~and God, six years ago. It feels like yesterday. I don't know what I'm going to do~~ --- but I'm going to find him. That much I swear. I'm going to find him.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: It's very easy to swear, it's very easy to be bitter. But it isn't so easy to do something about it. It is not a simple matter to track down an escaped convict. You find that out, George Cox, in the weeks and the months and finally in the years that follow. You learn the hollow sound of the words --

CHAIRMAN: Nothing new, George.

NARRATOR: (WITHOUT A STOP) -- in the mouths of ~~the sheriff and~~ state officials. You learn what the word dead in dead end means and you try to bury Danny Nelson in your memory. And after 12 years of "nothing new" you make your adjustment. You -- (INTERRUPTS HIMSELF) -- then...

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ A FINE LINE OF TERRIFYING THEME.)

NARRATOR: then something happens and what has been buried is
alive again, what has been closed is a gapping, open,
throbbing wound...

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ THE MUSIC GROWS INTO:)

(VERY SHRILL INSISTENT TELEPHONE RINGING.
ANSWERED)

GEORGE: (SLEEPY) Hello?

PETE: Geo - you sleeping?

GEORGE: Who is it?

PETE: Pete, at the paper. I had to call you.

GEORGE: What happened?

PETE: *That Jenkins*
The guy who escaped 12 years ago.

GEORGE: What *about him?*

PETE: They located ~~Jenkins~~ *him*.

GEORGE: Where?

PETE: Pennsylvania. Little town called Ainsville.

GEORGE: (VIOLENT) They got him - they got him. What time is
it?

PETE: Few minutes after three.

GEORGE: I'll get the three-thirty to Philly. (NOT A QUESTION)
Okay with you, Pete.

PETE: Sure. I called you cause I figured you might want to
handle this story yourself.

GEORGE: Thanks, Pete. Thanks a lot. (ENORMOUS EMOTION) You
know something? I been dead for twelve years. Now I
feel alive *again*.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND UNDER:)

NARRATOR: You've been living within yourself for 12 years, George Cox, nursing a bitter grudge and to you the name of David Jenkins is an evil word, a curse. But what you do not know, what you cannot know, is that life is more complicated than your simple hate. For in the town of Ainsville, Pennsylvania, there lives a man named David Jenkins - the accomplice at the murder, the escaped convict. And at this moment a sheriff is entering Jenkins' house to make an arrest, a sheriff with a problem as great as yours ... in some ways greater ...

(DOOR BELL. IT IS CHIMES. DOOR OPENS)

AGNES: Well, well, well, well, well -- good evening sheriff. I thought you were coming at eight.

HUTCH: (DOOR) I know, Aggie, I --

AGNES: Hey, what's a matter? Sheriff got a bellyache? Why don't you go down in the cellar. Dave won't like it because he's not ready for you, but go ahead anyhow.

HUTCH: Thanks, I will.

AGNES: How's the baby?

HUTCH: All right.

AGNES: Hey what's eating you, Hutch? No kidding.

HUTCH: I got to see Dave.

AGNES: Okay - but tell me later. (UP PLEASANTLY) Wait'll you see what he's got down there ---

HUTCH: Yeah.

(DOOR OPENS. STEPS DOWN TO A CELLAR)

DAVE: (A FAT JOVIAL LOVABLE GUY. AGE 34) Who's that? Hey you can't come down here. Hutch, go on upstairs - you can't come down yet. I ain't ready ---

HUTCH: I, uh --

DAVE: I told you be over here at eight o'clock and you would see a bowling alley that is a bowling alley -- my watch says 7:30 and -- now go wan upstairs and when I tell you come down.

HUTCH: (FLAT) Dave.

DAVE: Did you ever see such a dumb guy? No wonder they made you sheriff -- 7:30 - 8 o'clock, that's 30 minutes. Or can't you tell time ---

HUTCH: Dave, cut it out. (SHARP)

DAVE: (INSTANTLY UNDERSTANDING) You got something for me.

HUTCH: Yeah.

DAVE: Extradition papers.

HUTCH: Yeah.

DAVE: The Mobile robbery -- the killing -- and --

HUTCH: Yeah. Why? Why does it have to be a guy like you? Why does it have to be the ~~sweetest~~ ^{nicest} guy in town, the ---

DAVE: Thanks, Hutch, only keep it down. Aggie doesn't know about it. I should of told her, only I didn't. I'll tell her now. I guess I always kind of expected it, only after 12 years you, you get to forgetting that it's got to happen sooner or later. So -- let me go up and tell her my way and -- Gee, I guess we won't get to use this new bowling alley after all. And after all the fun I thought we were gonna have. A shame, Hutch, isn't it?

(MUSIC: UP GENTLY AND UNDER.. BACK TO COX: UNDER)

NARRATOR: You don't know Dave Jenkins, George Cox - he's only a name, an evil name in your vocabulary. And that same evening you drive up to his house in Ainsville, a neat house with flowers around it and you go in. You walk into a room where a lovely looking woman, his wife, is sitting - broken, and where a sheriff averts his eyes ^{to} as the three of you listen to Dave Jenkins saying goodbye to his son in the next room.

DAVE: ~~(LITTLE OFF: NOT CLEAR) Okay, Joey just one story - no more.~~

AGNES: It'll take about 5 minutes, sheriff.

HUTCH: Okay.

GEORGE: Cigarette? Sheriff? (NO ANSWER) Mrs. Jenkins?

AGNES: No thank you, Mr. Cox. *OK Joey, just one story, no more.*

DAVE: (SAME) (GREAT LOVE FOR THE KID) So you're in that cave, Joey and there's just you and the light and that little music - you remember? (SINGS: A SNATCH FROM "THREE BLIND MICE") And then - what? the light goes on and where are you? In a room and it's like nothing you ever saw before - because there's the three blind mice playing on the floor, and on the table Pinnocchio is sitting and his nose is oh, very, very, very long - and behind him is Robin Hood and he's got a bow and arrow and they all stop, the mice and Pinnocchio and Robin Hood and they say: "Hello Joey Jenkins - how are you?" And then - (because this has to be short, Joey) the light goes down and it becomes very tiny and there's just you and the little light left -- and there you are back from your trip - back in your own bed
(MORE)

NARRATOR:

And you look at this comfortable man, this large man who's name is Dave Jenkins and somehow it's not the same as you expected. He's not hateful. He's a man with warmth and a smile and -- an idea comes into your mind. Is it justice to take this man back? Are you so sure of your hate? Is it right for him to go back and spend the rest of his natural life for the crime he committed? Is it? Are you sure? And you find you are split in half, George Cox, because this man in front of you --- this murderer's accomplice - he's a nice guy, he's a fine, good guy --- and you want to help him. That's right: that hard bitter core is dissolving and instead you want to do something for the man who was an accomplice in the death of your best friend.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP TO TAG)

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

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #61

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

HARRICE: Ladies and gentlemen, have you noticed how many of your friends have changed to PELL MELL? They've discovered the longer, finer cigarette - PELL MELL -

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 "Outstanding!" - really mild - 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!

HARRICE: Of all America's leading cigarettes, only one is "Outstanding!" - only one is "Outstanding!"

CHAPPELL: The longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: - - - INTRODUCTION AND UNDER:)

HARRICE: And now back to your narrator Bob Sloane and the Big Story of George Cox as he lived it and wrote it....

NARRATOR: It's only a moment since that new feeling took possession of you, George Cox, reporter for the Mobile, Alabama Press Register - just a moment, but it's done something to your face and to your insides. What was a tight ball of hate and bitterness before has given way to a kind of understanding and sympathy. What did it? A lot of things - you're not sure - this neat house, this sweet wife, a kid in the bedroom, the sad face of the sheriff whose job it is to arrest Dave Jenkins - and the man himself, the man who escaped from prison 12 years ago; his big, easy, friendly body. So you ask

GEORGE: Sheriff, we got a few minutes?

HUTCH: Sure Mr. Cox.

GEORGE: Could we sit down and - could I hear Dave's version - how it happened and -- I mean if you want to talk, Mr. Jenkins.

~~DAVE: I don't mind. Hutch?~~

HUTCH: Sure, go ahead.

DAVE: Well -- I don't think I told this to anybody ever before - (Aggie, I hope you'll forgive me) - but - ~~as the man said: Here goes nothing. I was just going~~
~~and 16 then it happened...~~

NARRATOR: (OVER DAVE) You listen to the story from the beginning. How it started, how it developed, how it happened -- and ~~you feel like writing, you feel like telling people that~~ this is a good man and he's changed and if he did something wrong he's paid for it and it's wrong to make him pay for it again. You begin by nodding and you end by smiling and shaking his hand and saying....

~~GEORGE:~~ Dave, I'm going back and write that story -- okay?

~~DAVE:~~ Sure, Mr. Cox. ~~ANYWAY YOU SEE IT, YOU WRITE IT.~~

~~GEORGE:~~ George.

~~DAVE:~~ Thanks, George.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UNDER: _ . . .)

NARRATOR: You go back and you take out your typewriter and you take out your respect for words and for truth and you begin -- And it flows, the stories flow ... because instead of hate now and bitterness you've got something to write ... the story of a man that people ought to know. You begin ...

(TYPEWRITING IN WITH)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ A STATEMENT OF TYPING IN MUSIC. (USED LATER INSTEAD OF THE TYPING FOR BRIDGES AND UNDER NARRATIONS . . .)

GEORGE: I think David Jenkins should be pardoned. I think it is injustice to bring David Jenkins back to Alabama to serve the rest of his natural life in jail. He began life with two strikes against him ... (FADE) ... in a slum in Mobile ... with a mother and no father --

(DOOR SLAM)

MOM: (ANGRY) Dave, where you been?

DAVE: (15) Out.

MOM: Where you been? With that Orsini. I told you stay away from him.

DAVE: He gave me supper, ma. Did you give me supper? Well Orsini gave me supper.

MOM: You stay away from that crook or --

DAVE: Or what? He gave me supper! *I tell you he gave me supper.*

GEORGE: (AFTER PAUSE) Orsini gave Dave Jenkins more than supper. He gave him a chance. Vincent Orsini, crook, gave him his big chance...

ORSINI: Ritchie and I go in the bank. You stay outside. On the watch and keep the car going. Understand?

DAVE: (SAME AGE. HAZY NOW) Sure, Vince, I understand ---

ORSINI: And if a cop comes, you know what to do.

DAVE: (SAME HAZE) Sure, Vince. Ain't I got a gun?

ORSINI: Awright - shut up and keep your eyes open.

(A PAUSE)

GEORGE: Vincent Orsini gave Dave Jenkins more than his big chance, more even than supper -- he gave him drugs too so that his young mind would not know what was going on. And that was his ^{part} ~~complicity~~ in the robbery, that was his ^{part} ~~complicity~~ in the murder.

(MUSIC: --- THE TYPEWRITER THEME AND UNDER:)

NARRATOR: You write that story, George Cox, and get it out on the front page of the ^{Mobile Press Register} ~~paper~~. And it begins to bring people to your point of view. A few letters come into the Governor -- but you know that's not enough, so you write some more stories. You go into the later life of Dave Jenkins who after serving six years in prison escaped.

(THE TYPING IN. UNDER:)

GEORGE: David Jenkins, escaped convict, settled in Ainsville, Pennsylvania. And at the age of 22 he started a new life...

DAVE: (NICE, FRIENDLY, BIG) Morning, sir - like to get me a job.

BANKER: Mmm? What can you do?

DAVE: 'Bout anything there is. Clean up, maybe help sink a well - oil well or something like that. Got big hands. Got a lot of room on them to get dirty.

BANKER: (LAUGHS) You have at that. Okay son, you got a job.

(MUSIC: - - - TYPING THEME UNDER:)

GEORGE: They liked him there and he made out well -- got to running a good business, got to spending evenings at the Ainsville Bowling alley ...

(A BOWL THROWN. PINS SCATTER)

DAVE: Hey, strike! Look at her.

AGGIE: What's that?

DAVE: Nothing, I -- just admiring you, Miss -- if I could throw a strike like that I'd be -- I'd be a happy guy.

AGGIE: Big guy like you -- can't you bowl?

DAVE: Well, I bowl but -- not like that.

AGGIE: Take off your coat, get some shoes on and -- what's your name?

DAVE: Dave Jenkins.

AGGIE: Aggie's my name. Well, don't stand there looking -- get your shoes. I'll give you a lesson.

(PAUSE)

(MUSIC: --- TYPING MUSIC UNDER:)

GEORGE: She liked him too, Agnes Ringe - and a year later they were married and about the only thing that was wrong with their married life, as Dave said:

DAVE: Aggie, just once -- let me beat you bowling, will ya?
Just once -

(MUSIC: --- SWEET AND UNDER:)

NARRATOR: You keep writing those stories, George, the way Dave told them to you. About the birth of Joey and about the little house he bought and the flowers planted and about his friendship with Hutch, the local sheriff, and about what the local banker said....

BANKER: Dave? If Dave was to come in here now, Mister, ^{about the robbery} ~~right~~ after what you told me -- I'd lend him \$5000 on the strength of his word.

NARRATOR: You write that, too, on the front page and more letters come in to the Governor, more understanding is created, more people feel like you feel. And then you go to see the chairman of the Parole Board....

CHAIRMAN: Yes, we've read your pieces, Mr. Cox - good pieces.

GEORGE: Thanks, Mr. Borden.

CHAIR: But the law's the law. This man escaped from prison. David Jenkins was convicted and sentenced to life. The jury didn't do that lightly - no jury sends a man up for life lightly.

GEORGE: He was a kid - 15 - drugged and --

CHAIR: He was 22 when he escaped from jail.

~~GEORGE: I know -- suppose --~~

BIG STORY , 5/26/48

-20 & 21-

REVISED

GEORGE: Suppose I - if I went to - the Nelsons - Dan Nelson's family, the kid who was killed in the bank and explained and they -- I have no right to ask this - but if they said it was okay?

CHAIR: I can't promise anything. Not a thing. Speaking for myself, as one member of the Parole Board, a statement from Nelson's family would mean a good deal.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER.)

NARRATOR: You get the statement from the family of Dan Nelson and you print that in the paper too and you take the original to the Parole Board, and you listen as the chairman says....

CHAIR: That letter from Mrs. Nelson, I wouldn't be a human being, Cox, if I wasn't moved by it -- but -- there's a jury, there's the decision of a jury to consider.

(MUSIC: UNDER:)

NARRATOR: So you poll the jury -- 12 good men and women, tried and true and in each case they say the same words... I'm for parole. I'm for clemency. I'm for a full pardon. And you take it all - the stories, the life, the Nelson's words, the picture of Dave Jenkins' kid and the feelings you have about Dave Jenkins and you mould them into stories. Every day you write another human story and the letters to the governor grow, and the letters to the Parole Board mount until.....

(PHONE. IS ANSWERED)

GEORGE: Cox speaking ---

CHAIR: (F) This is Mr. Borden speaking -----

GEORGE: (TENSE) Yes, Mr. Borden -----

ATX01 0060800

CHAIR: ~~Cox~~ The Governor's recommended extradition of Jenkins,
~~Cox~~ - extradition and pardon.

GEORGE: Yes, sir ---

CHAIR: And the Board - well the Board agrees.

GEORGE: Thank you, sir.

CHAIR: We thought -- no one knows this yet, Cox - we thought -
you run up to the prison and -- you tell him, George.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND UNDER:)

NARRATOR: You call Jenkins' wife and his friend Hutch, the sheriff
and his son and the four of you go over to the prison
where Dave Jenkins is waiting. And words aren't
necessary - there's nothing to say. You find yourself
shaking hands with a man you like as much as you liked
Danny Nelson. And you find the bitterness is gone,
forever - and in its place a renewed belief in truth
and justice and the power of words and in the
friendship of human beings. And your friend Dave
Jenkins says ---

DAVE: George, you want to go bowling? Maybe between us - we
can lick my wife one game.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP TO TAG . . .)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from
George Cox of the Mobile Press Register with the final
outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ FANFARE . . .)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #61

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

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

CHAPPELL: Of all America's leading cigarettes, only one is
"Outstanding!" - only one is "Outstanding!" - the
longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package. PELL MELL! 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! Remember -
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(ORCHESTRA: _ TAG...)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from George Cox of the Mobile Press Register.

COX: Freed the day before Thanksgiving Jenkins expressed his thanks in a letter to the Press Register, which said in part, "It is impossible for me to express in words my appreciation for all the nice things you have said and done. This is my finest Thanksgiving." ~~Incidentally, I understand Jenkins is awaiting full pardon from the Governor.~~ Jenkins was welcomed back to his town and took his own place in the community. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you Mr. Cox. 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 front pages of the Washington Times Herald; by-line ---Ray Holgesen. A Big Story about a gangster who wouldn't talk and a newspaperman who ...

(MACHINE GUN)

HARRICE: ...couldn't talk.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME WIPE & FADE TO BG ON CUE)

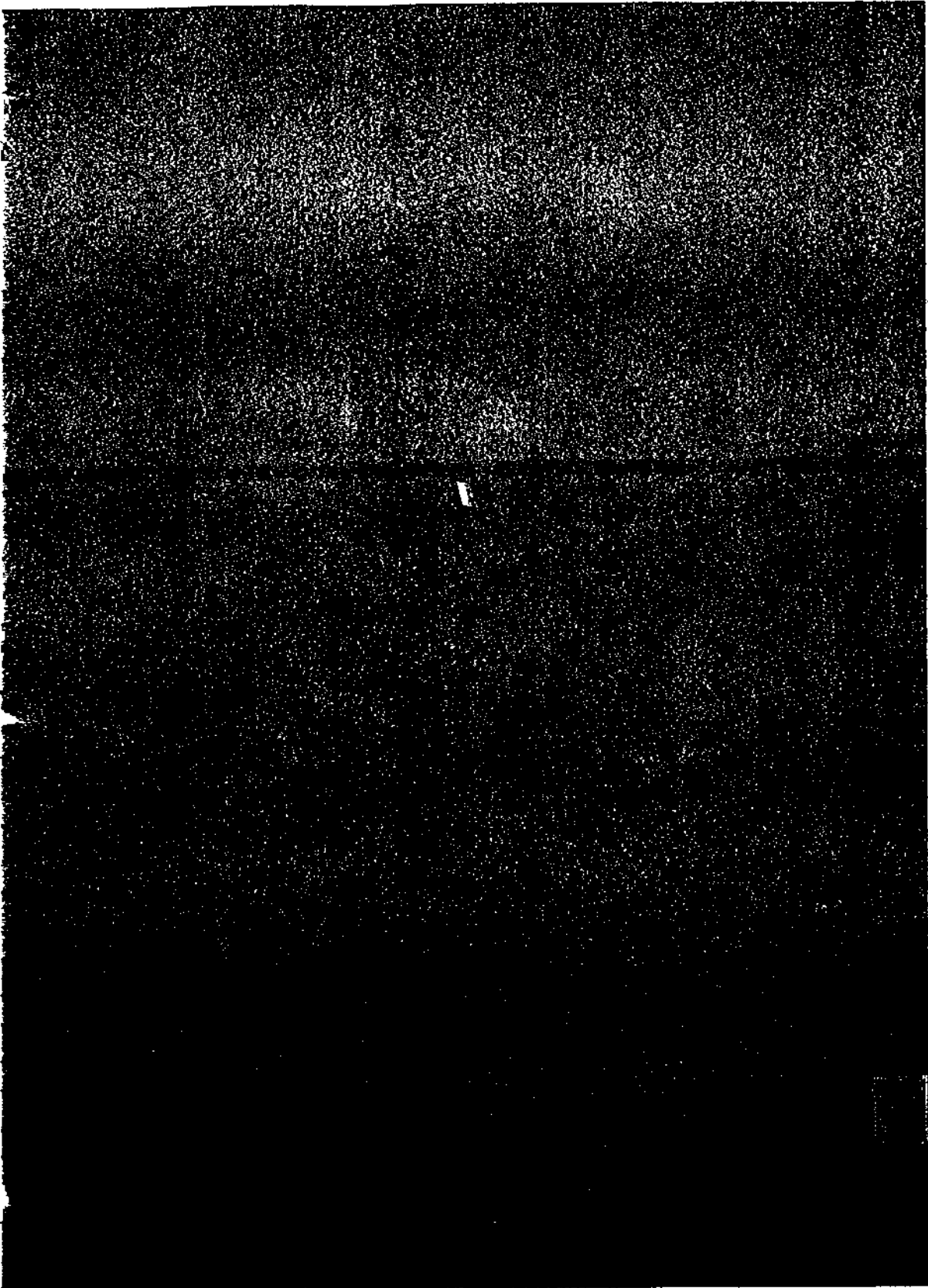
CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter, with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was written by Arnold Perl. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Les Tremayne played the part of George Cox. In order to protect the names of people actually involved in tonight's authentic BIG STORY the names of all characters in the dramatization were changed with the exception of the reporter, Mr. Cox.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ THEME UP FULL & FADE)

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

ANNCR: This is KRC... THE NATION BROADCASTING COMPANY.

Inge
5/10/48 am



ATX01 0060805

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #62

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
HELGESEN	TED DE CORSIA
WAITER	TED DE CORSIA
VIC	GEORGE PETRIE
GEORGE	GEORGE PETRIE
BOOKS	JAMES MONKS
COP	JAMES MONKS
KINSEY	GRANT RICHARDS
LOUIE	GRANT RICHARDS
OPERATOR	ALICE YOURMAN
PUBLISHER	ALICE YOURMAN
MRS. BROWN	JEAN TATUM
WOMAN	JEAN TATUM
CY	NAT POLEN
MECHANIC	NAT POLEN
CIRCULATION	BOB SLOANE

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2, 1948

ATX01 0060806

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#62

() ()
10:00 - 10:30 PM

JUNE 2, 1948

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(A CAR FROM OFF, COMES ON TOWARD)

LOUIE: (CLOSE, A THUG) Car coming, Vic!

VIC: (SAME) I got eyes, I got eyes!

LOUIE: Slowin' down ...

(CAR SLOWS TO IDLE, OFF)

VIC: Driver gettin' out --

LOUIE: Wait -- stay behind the tree.

VIC: He's lookin' in the mail box. (PAUSE) That him?

LOUIE: Yeah -- I think so.

VIC: You sure?

LOUIE: Yeah, yeah -- I'm sure. Give it to him.

VIC: Now?

LOUIE: Now!

(MACHINE GUN FIRE INTO)

(MUSIC: -- TAKE IT AWAY AND INTO)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY -- Here is America - it's sound and its
fury -- its joy and its sorrow -- as faithfully
reported by the men and women of the great American
newspapers. (PAUSE) (COLD AND FLAT) Washington, D.C.:
From the pages of the Washington Times-Herald, the
exciting story of a reporter who risked his life to
prove that murder is a big mistake. Tonight, to Ray
Helgesen of the Washington Times-Herald goes the PELL
MELL Award for the BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE:)
(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0060807

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #62

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

CHAPPELL: Of all America's leading cigarettes only one is "Outstanding!" - only 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? They've discovered the longer, finer cigarette. PELL MELL!

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 "Outstanding!" - really mild - 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.

HARRICE: Remember - of all America's leading cigarettes, only one is "Outstanding!" - only one is "Outstanding!"

CHAPPELL: The longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- INTRODUCTION AND DOWN UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Now, the story as it actually happened: Ray Helgesen's story as he lived it -- Washington, D.C.

(THE HIGH HUM OF A RADIO ON POLICE FREQUENCY,
MAINTAIN A BIT THEN FADE UNDER)

NARRATOR: The radio on the city desk of the Washington Times-Herald is tuned - as usual -- to the police frequency, and you, Ray Helgesen, city editor, have your feet on the desk... as usual, this time of the morning; three thirty a.m. The press is rolling on the final... it's the tag-end of a dull night, and a couple of the fellows are still hanging around, talking -- as usual -- shop. You call--

HELGESEN: Why don't you guys knock off?

GEORGIE: We're trying to work up some poker. Want in?

HELGESEN: Nah. Tonight I'm gonna get some sleep.

(POLICE RADIO HUM INTERRUPTED)

COP: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Attention, all cars. Attention, all cars.

GEORGIE: You think.

COP: A shooting has occurred -- over the Maryland line -- Takoma Park. That is all -- at present.

HELGESEN: Anybody going over that way like to check on that?

GEORGIE: Funny how deaf I get after three a.m.

COP: Correction. A homicide has occurred. That is all -- at present.

GEORGIE: Funny how I get my hearing back. Homicide.

HELGESEN: Okay, Georgie. Get started. Jimmy -- go with him. Takoma Park. How fast can you make it?

GEORGIE: Ray -- we're there!

(MUSIC: HIT AND MERGE WITH)

(PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP)

HELGESEN: City desk.

GEORGIE: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) George Waters, Ray.

HELGESEN: What've you got, Georgie?

GEORGIE: Well, you know how they yell "Stop the Press!" on the radio programs?

HELGESEN: Yeah. So what?

GEORGIE: You better clean your throat and give a yell.

HELGESEN: Why?

GEORGIE: Because the guy who just got bumped off was a newspaperman.

HELGESEN: What paper?

GEORGIE: Ours.

(MUSIC: HIT AND FADE FOR)

(A CAR PULLS UP, STOPS, ITS DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS)

HELGESEN: Okay, Georgie. I replated and made your story in 40,000 copies. Anything new out here?

GEORGIE: I kind of thought you'd be out here. Who's handling the desk?

HELGESEN: Where I am -- that's the desk. Come on. Give.

GEORGIE: It's this way. There weren't any witnesses, but the law makes it out like this, Ray. C'Mere.

(A FEW PAIRED FOOTSTEPS)

GEORGIE: See all the dead matches under this big tree. Some, new some old, some rotted?

HELGESEN: Gotcha.

GEORGIE: Two thugs. Waiting under this tree. Night after night. Tonight -- Garland W. Brown, Takoma Park distributor of our paper -- pulls up in his car. He gets out to put a paper in the mailbox -- (~~HE MAKES FURIOUS SOUND OF MACHINE GUN~~) Curtains.

HELGESEN: Whose house is that, all floodlighted?

GEORGIE: That's the angle, Ray. Know who lives there?

HELGESEN: President of the light and power company.

GEORGIE: Nope. Books Gallagher. Mobster, muscleman, gambler. Big-time. Know what I think?

HELGESEN: Yeah. I know what you think. You think the guy they intended to rub off the map was Gallagher. And you know what I think?

GEORGIE: No.

HELGESEN: I think you're right. And you know what else I think?

GEORGIE: No.

HELGESEN: (HARD) I think you're a lousy reporter. (SOFT) Where's the interview with Books? Why aren't you in there with a photographer?

GEORGIE: Because Books won't talk.

HELGESEN: Who says so?

GEORGIE: A gorilla with a forty-five, that's who.

HELGESEN: He'll talk. Wait for me.

(FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL THEN ON PORCH. KNOCKING ON DOOR. IT FINALLY OPENS)

CY: We don't want none.

HELGESEN: I want to talk to Books.

CY: He ain't talkin' to reporters.

HELGESEN: Tell him this isn't a reporter. Tell him this is the top man. It was one of our men who got killed. This is more important than any other job to my paper.
(PAUSE) Tell him the city editor of the Times-Herald is here. And smart people don't keep city editors waiting at the kitchen door.

CY: I said he ain't --

BOOKS: (OFF) Did the gentleman say city editor?

HELGESEN: The gentleman said city editor.

BOOKS: I apologize for my cohort's overenthusiastic guardianship. Come in, Mr. --

HELGESEN: Helgesen. Ray Helgesen.

BOOKS: In actuality, the city editor?

HELGESEN: I am.

(DOOR SHUTS)

BOOKS: Unfortunate accident, the -- obliterating of one of your co-journalists. You have my sympathies.

HELGESEN: I don't want your sympathy, Books. I want what you know. And you know it was an accident ~~it wasn't you~~ *they didn't get you* ~~they get~~. Come on, Books --who's trying to get you? Whose racket are you trying to muscle in on? Give.

BOOKS: Mr. Helgesen, are you familiar with the peculiar mores of what your journal is fond of referring to as gangdom?

HELGESEN: I know thugs, if that's what you mean.

BOOKS: Are you acquainted with our reluctance to reveal the intricacies of our intergroup rivalries?

HELGESEN: If you mean you don't squeal on each other--I'm not buying any of that, Books.

(MORE)

look
 HELGESEN: / We don't care how many of your own kind you kill --
 (CONTD) but you can't go around shooting down innocent people--
 especially when they're newspaper people. So -- give.
 I tell you -- give.

BOOKS: Mr. Helgesen -- do you like books?

HELGESEN: What's that got to do with the price of goldfish?

BOOKS: I am particularly fond of books, Mr. Helgesen. In my
 library -- inside -- I have many fine editions. One,
 in particular, you would enjoy. A limited edition of
 James Joyce's Ulysses, illustrated by Henry Matisse.

~~The Scorpion~~ --

HELGESEN: What are you pulling on me, Books?

BOOKS: (SOFT) Books. Another is --

HELGESEN: (SORE) All right, all right -- you collect first
 editions! So what?

BOOKS: I value my collection highly. So highly, I even protect
 them against -- insects.

HELGESEN: Insects. (PAUSE) ~~Books~~ *Insects*. (PAUSE) Bugs. *Bugs*

BOOKS: As witness the thick screening in this kitchen.

HELGESEN: (STILL WORKING ON IT) Bugs. Am I wrong -- or is that
 kind of screening called - bugging the windows --
 against bombs?

BOOKS: An admirable ~~circumstance~~ *deduction*, Mr. Helgesen. I did not,
 however, tell you. But shall we take a little look into
 my garage? Right here. Convenient.

(SLIDING DOOR OPENS)

BOOKS: (LIGHT ECHO) My limousine, Mr. Helgesen. What remains
 of it.

HELGESEN: Bomb?

BOOKS: As you see, it demolished the engine and the roof immediately above it.

HELGESEN: HE WHISTLES IN AMAZE.

BOOKS: My wife, Mr. Helgesen, and my child were seated beside me, when that infernal machine detonated. It was but a miracle they were saved.

HELGESEN: Mind if I look around?

BOOKS: You are perfectly welcome to use ^{any} room in my house to conduct your reportorial investigation. I, myself, have had a sufficiency.

(SLIDING DOOR OPENS)

BOOKS: Mr. Helgesen --

HELGESEN: (A LITTLE OFF) Yeah?

BOOKS: You wouldn't think an insect could have a sting that was dynamite -- or would you?

(SLIDING DOOR OPENS)

(MUSIC: SLIDES UP AND OUT)

HELGESEN: Georgie --

GEORGIE: Yeah?

HELGESEN: Go back to the paper. Tell the publisher I'm going to operate ^{here from Gallagher's house} ~~from here~~ and to throw everything behind this -- throw some weight around ^{at} the FBI. Get a dynamite specialist over here.

GEORGIE: Like you say, Ray.

HELGESEN: And the rest of the staff -- everybody outside -- except one guy to answer phones -- everybody on the street. ^{check the} Clubs, dives, bars, police, fences -- every source. ^{and} Check on whether Books Gallagher has tangled lately with Duggan.

GEORGIE: The guy who calls himself the Mayor of Washington?

HELGESEN: Yeah. Duggan.. Bugs Duggan!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND OUT)

KINSEY: (ON FILTER) Mr. Helgesen?

HELGESEN: Yeah?

KINSEY: This is the FBI.

HELGESEN: Good.

KINSEY: Your office told me you've been making your headquarters at Books Gallagher's house.

HELGESEN: Yeah. I've been living here since the killing. What've you found out?

KINSEY: Well -- it wasn't a miracle he wasn't blown up. Just sloppy bomb-planting.

HELGESEN: Make with the explanation.

KINSEY: Well - Books drove his car into the garage and turned the motor off, leaving the third cylinder in firing position.

HELGESEN: Gotcha. Cylinder three.

KINSEY: The bomb-fixers wired one stick of dynamite to that cylinder -- and another to cylinder number two. When he started the car, number three went off first -- and the blast tore out the wires attached to number two. That prevented the bomb under the seat from going off. All right. Mr. Helgesen?

HELGESEN: All right enough for Page One, next edition.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND FADE FOR)

(PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP)

HELGESEN: City desk.

MRS BROWN: (FILTER) Mr. Helgesen - this is Molly Brown - Garland Brown's wife.

HELGESEN: Yes, Mrs. Brown. The paper's doing all it can to find the men who murdered your husband. Personally, I --

MRS. BROWN: (FILTER) That's just it, Mr. Helgeisen. Could you come over here right away?

HELGESEN: Well, sure, but --

MRS BROWN: (FILTER) Please, Mr. Helgesen -- before you print another word.

HELGESEN: I'll be right over.

(PHONE HUNG UP)

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND FADE INTO SOUND OF CAR UP AND UNDER)

GEORGIE: Which way, Ray?

HELGESEN: Straight out Connecticut, then across the Taft Bridge.

GEORGIE: Okay. But don't look now, we're being tailed.

(CAR STEPS UP)

HELGESEN: We can't shake 'em. Look in the glove compartment.

GEORGIE: What for?

HELGESEN: My gun. And make it fast.

GEORGIE: (EFFORT) Ray, I can't get it open! The compartment's stuck!

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's BIG STORY. ~~But first a word from our sponsors.~~

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #62

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

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

CHAPPELL: Of all America's leading cigarettes only one is
"Outstanding!" - only one is "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: It's the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished
red package. PELL MELL!

CHAPPELL: Look at a PELL MELL!

HARRICE: It looks good!

CHAPPELL: Feel a PELL MELL!

HARRICE: It feels good!

CHAPPELL: Taste a PELL MELL!

HARRICE: It tastes good!

CHAPPELL: Smoke a PELL MELL!

HARRICE: It smokes good!

CHAPPELL: Now you've discovered why so many of your friends have
changed to PELL MELL. Yes, you've discovered the
longer, finer cigarette. PELL MELL! Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: And good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: 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.

HARRICE: Of all America's leading cigarettes only one is
"Outstanding!" - only one is "Outstanding!"

CHAPPELL: The longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

HARRICE: *This is by Harrice returning*
~~Now we go back~~ you to your narrator, Bob Sloane, and THE
BIG STORY of Ray Helgesen as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: You, Ray Helgesen of the Washington Times Herald, and your
reporter are on your way to the home of the murdered
newspaper's wife -- when a too big, too black, too fast
limousine herds you over to the curb on the Taft Street
Bridge. Two thugs get out and walk toward your car, hands
deep in pockets, as Georgie wrestles with the glove
compartment....

(RATTLE OF COMPARTMENT)

GEORGIE: Ray, I can't get it open. The compartment's stuck.

HELGESEN: It's too late anyway.

LOUIE: You're dern tootin' it's too late. Which one of you is
Helgesen?

HELGESEN: Me.

LOUIE: I got something to tell you.

(AUTO HORN OFF MIKE BLOWS A SIGNAL)

HELGESEN: Your pals are calling you. Say it fast.

LOUIE: It'll wait. I'll ~~wait~~ ^{see} you *later*.

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS AND CAR TAKES OFF FAST)

GEORGIE: How dy'e like that!

HELGESEN: I didn't. It looked like curtains.
That's why those guys beat it - police!
(ANOTHER CAR WITH SIREN PULLS UP AND STOPS)

COP: (CALLING FROM OFF) Havin' any trouble, Ray?

HELGESEN: Good thing you came when you did. It's all over now.

COP: (CALLING) Spotted your low ~~number~~ license plate. *Saw that car cut*
~~didn't look like that~~ *take you off.*
Anything I can do for you now?

HELGESEN: Yeah. Give us an escort. We need it!

(CARS START AND SIREN BUILDS UP INTO)

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE TO)

HELGESEN: All right, Mrs. Brown. What did you want to tell me?

MRS BROWN: Mr. Helgesen -- just before I called you, I had a phone call. It was a man I didn't know. He offered me ten thousand dollars --

HELGESEN: What for?

MRS BROWN: (LOW) Ten thousand dollars for myself and the children --

HELGESEN: For what?

MRS BROWN: (SAME) If I would get you to -- lay off.

~~HELGESEN: What did you tell him?~~

~~MRS BROWN: I -- I said I'd -- speak to you.~~

~~HELGESEN: What did he say?~~

~~MRS BROWN: He said --~~

~~(TELEPHONE RINGS)~~

~~HELGESEN: It'll hold. What did he say?~~

(PHONE RINGS AGAIN)

MRS BROWN: He said he'd call back. I'll --

HELGESEN: I'll answer it. And if it's him -- I'll tell him the same thing I was going to tell you.

(PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP IN MID-RING FAST)

HELGESEN: Hello!

LOUIE: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Miz. Brown?

HELGESEN: No. This is Ray Helgesen.

LOUIE: (F) Aha.

HELGESEN: Aha what?

LOUIE: She tell you the deal?

HELGESEN: She told me.

LOUIE: What do you say?

HELGESEN: I say no.

LOUIE: Hang on.

HELGESEN: He's probably talking to somebody. He --

LOUIE: Helgesen.

HELGESEN: Yeah?

LOUIE: I got the word there's ²⁰ ~~ten~~ grand in it for you if you lay off.

HELGESEN: The word from who?

LOUIE: Heh-heh.

HELGESEN: Okay, brother Heh-Heh. You tell your boss I'm not laying off. Tell him there's a guard going around this house beginning as of pretty soon. Tell him even if he did buy me off and I quit the paper -- somebody else would take up where I left off. And if he bought the whole staff -- a whole new staff would keep after him. Tell him that and tell him good.

(PHONE IS SLAMMED DOWN)

(MUSIC: HIT AND FADE UNDER)

(~~TYPING IN DO BPS~~, NEWSPAPER OFFICE PATTERN)

GEORGIE: Good to have you back in the office instead of at Books' place, Ray. Any ideas?

HELGESEN: I'm drained, Georgie. The publisher just had me over the coals. How are you doing, she says. Fine, I says. Lots of stories, I says. Stories, she says, I want the murderer -- she says.

GEORGIE: It's been three weeks, Ray.

HELGESEN: You're telling me. It's been three weeks! I can see the handwriting on the wall -- in the publisher's handwriting -- if we don't dig up a killer. I can see an ad in Editor & Publisher -- City Editor wanted -- must be one-third Philo Vance, one-third Superman, one-third bloodhound. You got any ideas?

GEORGIE: Nope. I've checked all the tips and stuff, and as far as I can prove it all adds up to Buggs Duggan -

HELGESEN: You can prove! On paper, you can prove! That's all! Go on, Georgie write me another rehash. I'll think of something -- before the snow flies. I hope.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND OUT INTO TELEPHONE PICKED UP)

CIRCULATION: (FILTER) Circulation department.

HELGESEN: Circ, this is Ray Helgesen. Can you send one of your grease monkeys over to my place? My car's been snowed in six days and she won't start.

CIRC: (F.) You want a mechanic, huh?

HELGESEN: But pronto.

CIRC: (F) On the way, Ray.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO FOR)

(TRAFFIC LIGHT IN BG EXT. PERSPECTIVE)

MECHANIC: Okay. Try it now.

HELGESEN: Start it?

MECHANIC: Yeah.

(GRINDING OF ENGINE. BUT NO START)

MECHANIC: Nuts. I was afraid of that. It's the ignition. How does this hood lift up?

HELGESEN: You have to know the combination.

(HOOD IS LIFTED)

HELGESEN: There y'are.

MECHANIC: Yeah. (PAUSE) What'd you do -- make this ignition setup yourself?

HELGESEN: Who -- me? What do you mean?

MECHANIC: What's all those wires? Looks like spaghetti. You got the number two cylinder hooked up with the ----

HELGESEN: (A YELL) DON'T TOUCH THAT!!!

MECHANIC: What's to yell?

HELGESEN: Follow that wire. Follow it -- but don't touch it.

MECHANIC: It goes through the -- hey. It goes through the dashboard and comes out ----

HELGESEN: Under the seat. (PAUSE) Brother, do you know a dynamite setup when you see one?

MECHANIC: No, siree!

HELGESEN: Well -- you do now. (PAUSE) Saved by a snowstorm! (PAUSE) And whaddya know! Instead of an obit -- I make a story!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO FOR)

GEORGIE: Any ideas, Ray. It's been six months since they tried to blow you up.

HELGESEN: And eight since the killing. And believe me -- the publisher's getting that "how would he look writing obits" eye.

GEORGIE: We've got Bugs fingered -- but no proof. No proof at all.

HELGESEN: (BOILS RIGHT OVER AND ROARS) I KNOW WE HAVE NO PROOF!
LAY OFF ME, GEORGIE -- LAY OFF!

(MUSIC: -- HIT ANGRILY AND FADE INTO)

(BUZZER RINGS)

HELGESEN: City desk.

OPERATOR: (F) Mr. Helgesen -- the publisher would like to see you.

HELGESEN: All right. As soon as --

OPERATOR: (F) Now, Mr. Helgesen.

(CLICK)

HELGESEN: Georgie!

GOERGIE: Yep?

HELGESEN: Take over. Here it comes.

GEORGIE: The boss?

HELGESEN: The boss. Nice knowing you.

(FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD - DOOR OPENS)

PUBLISHER: (A WOMAN) Mr. Helgesen, I sent for you because --

(DOOR CLOSES)

HELGESEN: (AT THE END OF TETHER) I know. Because it has been eight months since the murder of Garland Brown -- and I haven't found the killer.

PUBLISHER: That's correct.

HELGESEN: May I point out, before I pick up my pay check, that I'm a newspaperman, not a detective.

PUBLISHER: May I point out the fact that you haven't been discharged --

HELGESEN: Yet.

PUBLISHER: Seriously, Mr. Helgesen -- *isn't there any way to get someplace* ~~can't we get someplace~~ with this case?

~~HELGESEN: We've printed everything we can get. If you want to get into a good libel suit -- let me print the story on Bugs. But you won't get me to back us up.~~

PUBLISHER: In other words, we practically know who hired the killers

~~but we don't know their names.~~

~~HELGESEN: Yes, and I don't want to let it stand like that. I'd like to have the entire influence of this newspaper at my disposal. I want to do everything possible to help the police break this case. Give the go-ahead. Let me use the power of the press for all its worth.~~

~~PUBLISHER: You have some particular ideas?~~

HELGESEN: ^{Yeah} One.

PUBLISHER: What is it?

HELGESEN: Well --

PUBLISHER: And why haven't you suggested it before?

HELGESEN: (QUIET BURN) Because I was saving it as a last resort to protect -- you.

PUBLISHER: Me?

HELGESEN: Yes. (PAUSE) My idea is -- use the paper to pressure the cops into closing down every gambling house in the district.

PUBLISHER: What has that got to do with me?

~~HELGESEN: If we do that, we'll have to make sure we don't~~

~~PUBLISHER: Did you have a place in mind in the district. It's across the street.~~

HELGESEN: ~~In the same county as your home.~~ LaManna is one of Bugs Duggan's boys. You realize what that means. My idea is to make it clear its the paper that's responsible for closing down the joints. And my question is -- what will LaManna's boys do to your home with their firecrackers if we close them down?

PUBLISHER: (AFTER A PAUSE) You mean -- when we close them down.

HELGESEN: I'm sorry. I misjudged you.

PUBLISHER: Forget it. Now tell me what good ~~it~~ ^{it} will do to close down the joints?

HELGESEN: I figure it this way. LaManna's is the halfway house between New York and Miami -- for the mobs. Somebody who works at LaManna's -- a stickman, a dealer, a gorilla, a driver -- somebody knows something about every crime in the District -- ~~the District~~.

PUBLISHER: And so --

HELGESEN: It's the catch-all for the criminal info in these parts. I think somebody who works for LaManna knows who killed Brown. Somebody. Now -- if --

PUBLISHER: When.

HELGESEN: When we close it down -- that somebody is going to ^{be} out of work. He'll eat thick steaks for a month, two months. Then he'll slip down to ham and eggs. Then -- two three, maybe four months later -- he'll be down to coffee and...

PUBLISHER: Then what?

HELGESEN: Then -- when he realizes the heat is on -- that he won't get his job back until we get the name of the killer -- he'll sing. Somebody at LaManna's has a family. Hungry kids mean more than the gangsters code. Somebody'll sing!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND FADE:)

(MALE ADLIBS)

LOUIE: Okay, boys -- pipe down. Eddie LaManna's got bad news for us. He's closin' the place. The heat's on. He's got to let us go -- the paper's pressuring the law --and the law is pressurin' him. So he's closin' down. Just for a while--
(FAST) But don't any of you get any ideas about writin' your initials on ^{the} publisher's house with tommy-guns. Anybody else--okay ^{but} Newspaper publishers? Ixnay. You got it?

(AD LIB MURMURS OF ASSENT AND GRUMBLING)

LOUIE: Okay. LaManna says knock off. But stick around town. When the heat is off -- you're back on the job. Until he calls you back you got plenty of sugar for a while, so eat hearty.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

(DISHES IN BG)

LOUIE: Waiter -- I want the filet mignon -- rare -- and heavy on the mushrooms, eh?

WAITER: Yessir. The filet, rare. (WHISPER) I hear they closed LaManna's. You out of a job, huh?

LOUIE: (WHISPER) Yeah. It's all right, I got a bundle. (LOUD) Don't forget -- heavy on the mushrooms.

(MUSIC: -- RISE AND UNDER)

(DISHES IN BG)

LOUIE: Let me have the uh -- ham and eggs. The eggs over.

WAITER: Two eggs over. (WHISPER) LaManna's open yet?

LOUIE: Not yet. The heat's still on. (UP A BIT) French fries on the side.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND FADE UNDER ~~SPARRING~~)

LOUIE: Vic -- can you let me have a C for a while?

VIC: A C? Are you nuts? I ain't workin' either.

LOUIE: A fin, then, -- just a fin.

VIC: I can let you have a buck -- one fish!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND FADE UNDER)

~~WOMAN: Louie. (WHISPER) AND ALL THE WAY THROUGH HOLLOWS~~

WOMAN: Louie.

LOUIE: Yeah, yeah.

WOMAN: The ^{babys} ~~stars~~ hungry.

LOUIE: Feed 'em.

WOMAN: With what?

LOUIE: Shove at bottle of milk at 'im.

WOMAN: What milk? They cut off the delivery yesterday.

LOUIE: So go to the store. Buy some.

WOMAN: With what? (LONG PAUSE) Louie.

LOUIE: Lay off.

WOMAN: Louie -- we're flat. Stony flat. You realize that? You realize what that means?

LOUIE: Lay off, lay off.

WOMAN: We've hocked everything -- there's nothing left. (PAUSE)
Louie -- the kid's hungry. And there's nothing left to buy milk with. You can do anything you want with me, Louie -- but I'm not gonna sit here and let you starve the kid. (PAUSE) You know what I'm talking about. (PAUSE) Louie -- you got to talk. You got to go to the cops and talk.

LOUIE: Sing, you mean.

WOMAN: What's more important, Louie -- Bugs Duggan or my baby? (PAUSE) Louie -- if you don't go to the cops -- I will. So help me, if you don't -- I will!

(MUSIC: -- HIT ANGRY AND FADE FOR)

(BUZZER RINGS)

OPER: Yes?

HELGESEN: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) This is Helgesen.

OPER: Yes, Mr. Helgesen.

HELGESEN: (F) Let me talk to the Publisher.

OPER: Just a minute.

HELGESEN: (F) I can wait. I waited a year and a half. I can wait a little longer.

(CLICK)

PUBLISHER: Yes, Mr. Helgesen,

Just thought you'd like to know
HELGESEN: The Baltimore Police just talked to one Louis North.

(PAUSE) He sang.

PUBLISHER: He what?

HELGESEN: He sang. North sang a song of murder. Implicating a seven-man mob headed by Bugs Duggan. Duggan and his boys were out to murder Books Gallagher, because Books was trying to muscle in on Duggan's clubs. You can read the rest of the story in the first edition. Me -- if you don't mind --

PUBLISHER: Yes?

HELGESEN: Me -- I'm giving myself a vacation.

PUBLISHER: With pay, Mr. Helgesen -- with pay.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND FADED)

NARR: ~~It was a hard job, a hard job, a hard job, but~~

~~you got your BIG STORY~~

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Ray Helgesen of the Washington Times-Herald with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #62

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

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

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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! Remember - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

24-4

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #62

CHAPPELL: And now we present our guest of the evening, Beatrice Lubitz Cole, Editorial Director of Movieland and Screen Guide Magazines.

COLE: Thank you Mr. Chappell. It is a real pleasure for me to be here and to present Bernard J. Prockter, Producer of the BIG STORY, this special Screen Guide Award for his intelligent employment in radio of the documentary technique so successfully used in many motion pictures such as The House on 92nd Street, Boomerang and The Naked City. Ted De Corsia, who was featured as the villainous wrestler in the Naked City, and who starred ^{as the city editor} in tonight's presentation is one of the many fine movie actors to appear on this program. The use of this exciting technique in both motion pictures and radio increases the popularity of both media.

ATX01 0060830

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #63

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MRS. WALKER	ALICE FROST
RICKI	DAVID ANDERSON
JACK	ARNOLD MOSS
HELEN	CHARLOTTE KEANE
KALEN	ROGER DE KOVEN
MRS. BEASLEY	BARBARA WEEKS
JUDGE	BOB SLOANE
DR. JORGENSEN	ROGER DE KOVEN
JANITOR'S WIFE	BARBARA WEEKS
MRS. TURNER	ALICE FROST

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1948

ATX01 0060831

THE 'BIG STORY

THE
PICTURE

JUNE 9, 1948

WEDNESDAY

THE HELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present...THE BIG STORY!

THE BRIDES INTO)

THE (A FEMALE FAGIN, BUT SUBTLE. PLEASANT TO RICKY) Well, Ricky, that was very nice. Very nice indeed. You did fine.

THE (LOVES HER, BUT IS BEWILDERED) (HE IS SIX) Yes, mother Thank you.

THE Do you know what this is, Ricky?

THE Yes, mother, money.

THE Right. And do you know how much?

THE It's a lot, isn't it mother - a lot of money?

THE A thousand dollars, Ricky - that's - uh - 20,000 ice cream cones.

THE 20,000!

THE And all you have to do tomorrow is just what you did today. Understand?

THE (HE DOESN'T) Yes, mother. Only mother ---

THE Hum?

THE Why do you tell people I'm a movie actor, ~~mother~~, when I'm not ~~movie actor~~? Why do you tell them I was a star in all those pictures when I never was -- and why--

ATX01 0060832

MRS. W: (ANGRY..GROWING LOUDER) Shut up. People will hear you.
This is a hotel room. Just remember -- no matter what I
say, it's the truth. (THREAT) Don't you ever ever forget
that -- or so help me -- I'll --

RICKY: (QUAKING) Yes, mother, I understand, ~~mother~~ I won't.
Never. Never. Never!

(MUSIC: HITS GOOD AND HARD..THEN UNDER FOR:)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Here is America, its sound and its fury,
its joy and sorrow - as faithfully reported by the men and
women of the great American newspapers. (PAUSE..THEN COLD
AND FLAT) Denver, Colorado! From the pages of the Denver
Post, the moving story of a reporter who searched out and
found a boy who was lost to society. Tonight, to Jack
Frank of the Denver Colorado Post goes the PELL MELL AWARD
for the Big Story.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #63

OPENING COMMERCIAL

VIERAPHONE: BONG. BONG, BONG. BONG ... BONG!

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CHAPPELL: Look at a PELL MELL!

HARRICE: It looks good!

CHAPPELL: Feel a PELL MELL!

HARRICE: It feels good!

CHAPPELL: Taste a PELL MELL!

HARRICE: It tastes good!

CHAPPELL: Smoke a PELL MELL!

HARRICE: It smokes good!

CHAPPELL: Now you've discovered why so many of your friends have
changed to PELL MELL - the one cigarette that's really
"Outstanding!" - really mild. Yes, you've discovered the
longer, finer cigarette. PELL MELL! Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: And good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: 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.

HARRICE: Of all America's leading cigarettes only one is
"Outstanding!" - only one is "Outstanding!"

CHAPPELL: The longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild.

HELEN: Yeah ---

JACK: Had the job of convalescent nurse and Kalen, who had a lot of dough, was one of her patients. So after getting pretty close to him, one day (BEGIN FADE) she walks in with Ricky six year old Ricky.....

(FADE IN DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS)

MRS.W: (VERY WARM, VERY CHARMING) Well, Mr. Kalen and how are you *today?*

KALEN: (OLD COOT..SLIGHT ACCENT. LIKES HER) Just fine, Mrs. Walker. And who is this?

MRS.W: Surprise for you; in fact two surprises. First the doctor said we'll have you up in a matter of weeks, and second - this is my son -- Ricky.

KALEN: Well, what a fine boy. I never knew. Hello Ricky.

RICKY: (POLISHED FOR THE OCCASION) How do you do, sir. I have enjoyed your recordings and mother has spoken of you to me so often.

KALEN: (AMUSED AND AMAZED) Well, listen to the child talk. And how old are you, Ricky?

RICKY: Six, sir. I shall be 7 November 9th. Mother's ^{has} told me how well you ^{are} coming along, I ^{am} very glad.

KALEN: (IMPRESSED) I've never heard a boy talk like that in all my born days.

MRS.W: It's his stage training and his film work. Sometimes I wish Ricky were a little more like other boys.

KALEN: I didn't know you had a son on the stage.

MRS. W: Did you see SAVAGE HOLIDAY?

KALEN: No, I --

MRS. W: Ricky played the jungle boy in that. Of course you saw BRAVE TOMORROWS?

KALEN: Well, no I don't think I *have*.

MRS. W: ~~He was Kenneth, the boy whose mother is so ill - you know, she dies in the first reel and he's on, you must have seen that.~~

KALEN: ~~One of the boys in the picture~~ Are you in anything now, Ricky?

RICKY: I ^{am} between pictures just now, sir -- vacationing here with mother.

MRS. W: (CASUAL) As a matter of fact, I wish they wouldn't rush Ricky as they do. Darryl Zanuck sent me a wire yesterday saying Ricky had to come back - but I don't think he's looking so well - a little piqued. And besides, I'm thinking of independent production, you know - making the pictures ourselves. After all why let them make all the money.

KALEN: That's very true - if you can, I don't see why you shouldn't.

MRS. W: Well, Ricky's contract^s expired at MGM and 20th Century wants him now - but I think I'll hold out and --

KALEN: Mrs. Walker, I -- you know I -- tell me how much does a picture cost?

MRS. W: Oh, quite a lot of money, naturally --

KALEN: Well, what I was after was -- I mean -- I have, I wouldn't say a lot of money, but -- I've always wanted to try something in the theater or in a film --

MRS. W: (SHE'S SIZED HIM UP LONG AGO) Oh, have you, Mr. Kalen?

~~KALEN: You know musicians know a lot of show people and I must~~

~~say I had no idea you were a famous star.~~

~~MRS. W: (SOPHO) Listen you wouldn't see that in front of him.~~

~~KALEN: (SAME) I understand. Sorry. (UP) But I was thinking --~~

do you ever accept -- uh -- outside investments?

MRS.W: Frankly no, Mr. Kalen. I don't like that sort of thing,
First of all I could never take advantage of our
relationship - after all you're my patient and --

KALEN: Oh, nonsense, business is business and my money is as good
as the next man's. Ricky, do you agree, the son of a bitch
called it that shouldnt back you?

~~RICKY: Mother is handling all the business side. My task is to act.~~

~~KALEN: Oh, wonder what she would do to me and mine --~~

MRS.W: Well, I'll think it over, Mr. Kalen. I'll think it over.
After I've spoken to Darryl ~~Garrett~~ and the people at MGM,
I'll let you know.

(PAUSE)

JACK: She thought it over and let him know. She finally let him
know, he could invest to the tune of \$5000.

HELEN: And?

JACK: After he'd invested, he went to the police, because you see,
Helen, Mrs. Walker just sort of disappeared into thin air.

HELEN: The cops didn't find her?

JACK: Not then, they didn't. They caught up with her during
round two. Round two was the home of a very wealthy widow
Mrs. Charles Beasley - you remember the name?

HELEN: Sure - Beasley - coal wasn't it?

BIG STORY 6/9/48

-8-9-10-

REVISED

JACK: Steel honey - Beasley Steel - she was worth seven million.

HELEN: And?

JACK: She almost took Mrs. Beasley for a five grand -- same routine with a slight variation -

HELEN: Nice gal.

JACK: But this time they caught up with her. And the result ---

JUDGE: Let the defendant, rise and face the court. It is the finding of this court, Mrs. Walker, that you have used your son, Ricky, as a foil and a pawn in your obnoxious practises. This court wishes it had powers beyond mere sentencing. For I ask you, Mrs. Walker - what have you done to Ricky Walker, your son - who had no father and now - no mother either. By your deeds you have made an orphan of this boy.

(MUSIC: UP IN THE TRAGEDY THEN BACK TO JACK:)

JACK: Well, Helen, that was good enough for a story - but I went a step further.

HELEN: What did you do, Jack?

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JACK: I had a feeling about Ricky -- So I got permission from the court to speak to ~~her~~ ^{Mrs. Walker} but before I did, I did some checking up...Then I went (FADE) into the jail and talked to her...

MRS.W: The matron said you wanted to see me?

JACK: That's right, Mrs. Walker. Jack Frank's my name. It's about Ricky.

MRS.W: My son? Has something happened to him?

JACK: Look - can the act. I'm not a rich sucker. You can't take me for a cent. I'm a reporter. He's not your son.

MRS.W: How dare you say such a thing? He's my boy, he's my --

JACK: Mmm hmm. Born Hoisington, Indiana, June 2, 1942 that's the only thing true about it. He's six. But he's not your son.

MRS.W: He's mine, he's mine - you can't come in here and --

JACK: (SHARP) What hospital was he born in?

MRS.W: Why the --

JACK: You don't know. What was his father's name?

MRS.W: Why it was --

JACK: Can't remember, can you? When did he have the measles?

MRS.W: Why, he -- Mr. Frank, I'll tell you the truth.

JACK: About time.

MRS.W: I adopted him. His mother and father died and I adopted him. But he's mine - as if he were my own flesh and blood.

JACK: That's a lie too. I checked every adoption agency and --

MRS.W: It was a private adoption --

JACK: Who arranged it, what doctor, what judge, where?

MRS.W: I - uh - you're confusing me - I -

JACK: Lies, every word a lie - (SHARP) he's not your son, not by adoption or any other way, is he?

MRS.W: (LOW) No ---

JACK: At last. That's probably the first word of truth you've spoken in ten years. (PAUSE) And that's as far as she'd go, Helen.

HELEN: You didn't find out who Ricky really is?

JACK: No. I sweated her out for another hour - trick questions, I tried everything - but she wouldn't talk. Ricky wasn't hers, she admitted that, but she wouldn't say who he was.

HELEN: Did she say she loved him and he loved her?

JACK: (NOT UNDERSTANDING THE POINT OF THE QUESTION) Sure, what about it?

HELEN: Just asking - then what happened?

JACK: That brings us up to today. That's everything except for the next chapter which starts right now.

HELEN: What's that?

JACK: (CASUALLY) I'm gonna see Ricky (They've got him in the Detention home in the 12th Precinct) and try to find out who he is. Good reportering, Hunh?

(PAUSE)

HELEN: You're going to tell him she's not his mother?

JACK: Well, sure --

HELEN: Don't. Jack, don't.

JACK: What are you talking about?

HELEN: You're a good guy and I like you, but you're a little thick in the head.

JACK: Now, wait a minute --

HELEN: You wait a minute. You're going to tell a six-year-old boy that the woman he believes is his mother (he does believe she's his mother, doesn't he?) --

JACK: Well, yes, but--

HELEN: You're going to take that child and -- just simply and casually break his heart.

JACK: Hey, but --

HELEN: (GOING ON) *A boy needs his mother.* ~~Is there anything more in the world than a boy needs -- that's his mother?~~ Does ~~it~~ sound corny? Well, the truth sometimes happens to be corny. ~~A boy needs~~ ~~his mother~~. So, you Jack Frank, intrepid reporter, are going in and tell him that the woman he loves as his mother isn't his mother --

JACK: Well, it's the truth ---

HELEN: The truth! ~~And she is his mother? You don't know? -- But~~ you're going to take away the only security that boy has - Mrs. Walker -- ~~(badly she is corrupt and she)~~ - You're going to ~~take that boy and bring him loose on the world,~~ ~~and~~ say "Ricky, that woman's not your mother. I don't know who your real mother is and I don't care - but the truth demands that I tell you, you have no mother." (TENDERLY NOW) Jack --

JACK: What?

HELEN: Don't you see you can't do it? Don't you see that until you've got a replacement, an emotional replacement for that boy's mother, you have no right to tell him the truth?

JACK: I never thought of ~~that~~ *that*,

HELEN: You were so pleased with your story -- well maybe you can be -- really pleased. Go find that boy's mother - if he has one - go find him something that can take the place in his heart of Mrs. Walker -- and then you can write your story. Then, you've got a story, Jack, a big story you can really write.

NARR: You sit there, ~~toying with your empty glass~~, Jack Frank, reporter for the Denver Post and the cockiness has gone out of you. What you thought was great, was only half good - you realize that now. And you look at the serious, sweet girl opposite you ~~at the table~~ and you say...

JACK: (SOFTLY) Okay, Helen -- I catch on. I think I'll just go out and -- try to find that kid's mother.

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG)

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

~~Out of the scene and the scene is over....~~

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

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

CHAPPELL: Of all America's leading cigarettes only one is
"Outstanding!" - only one is "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: It's the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package - PELL MELL!

CHAPPELL: Look at a PELL MELL!

HARRICE: It looks good!

CHAPPELL: Feel a PELL MELL!

HARRICE: It feels good!

CHAPPELL: Taste a PELL MELL!

HARRICE: It tastes good!

CHAPPELL: Smoke a PELL MELL!

HARRICE: It smokes good!

CHAPPELL: Now you've discovered why so many of your friends have
changed to PELL MELL - the one cigarette that's really
"Outstanding!" - really mild. Yes, you've discovered the
longer, finer cigarette. PELL MELL! Good to look at ...

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package. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild.

(MUSIC: -- INTRO AND UNDER)

HARRICE: *And now back to your narrator Bob Sloane and THE BIG STORY*
of Jack Frank, as he lived it and wrote it...

NARR: There are news stories about people that when written merely tell other people what has happened: a birth, a death, a holdup. But there are others that have consequences - ~~sometimes for innocent people, some are~~ ~~six-year-old kids~~. And this story, the one you have now, Jack Frank, reporter for the Denver Colorado Post, is a story that affects other people. Because although you know that Mathilda Walker is a fraud and a cheat and not the mother of six-year-old Ricky, you also know you can't just print that. You've got to give that boy something he needs, something he found even in the person of the corrupt Mathilda Walker - you've got to give him (if you can) a mother. And so you go to the detention home where Ricky ~~Walker~~ *Mrs. Walker* is living since ~~his mother~~ was sent to prison two days ago. You go there with Helen Thomas, a girl you like a girl you tink maybe you'd like enough to think about marrying.

HELEN: Go ahead in, Jack, I'm right with you. Just take it easy.

JACK: I will.

(STEPS..A DOOR...IT'S OPENED)

RICKY: (MUCH MORE A KID NOW)(LITTLE OFF) I pray the lord my soul to keep. And God bless --

HELEN: Shh --

RICKY: (NO PAUSE) Mother and Daddy wherever he is and - (STOPS) Oh,
I was just saying my prayers.

JACK: Well, you finish, Ricky.

RICKY: I'm finished, I --

JACK: Ricky, I'm Jack Frank and this is Helen Thomas --

(DOOR CLOSES)

HELEN: Hello, Ricky.

RICKY: Hello.

JACK: Ricky, we -- you want to get in bed.

RICKY: I better. I'm kind of tired and --

(HE GETS IN BED)

JACK: Ricky, do you remember your - your mother when you were
very little?

RICKY: Oh, sure - we used to live in a little house with a big
garden. We had black-eyed susans in our back yard.

JACK: Black-eyed susans, huhh? They're nice. Where was that, do
you remember, Ricky?

RICKY: No. Some city I guess.

JACK: What was your father like, Ricky?

RICKY: I don't remember, Mr. Frank. Mother says I look like him.

JACK: I see and -- were you ever on the stage or in the movies?

RICKY: (SMILES) Oh, no -- that was a game mother and I used to
play. See, she used to make a story up about some picture
that I was in and then I played like I was. It was lots
of fun.

JACK: Do you ever remember going to any doctor's, Ricky?

RICKY: Lots of times.

JACK: Do you remember their names?

RICKY: ~~No. Wait.~~ One was Dr. Jorgenson, he was very nice. When I had the chicken pox, he fixed me. You know he said I had more chicken pox than any boy in the whole world.

JACK: Is that so? What city was that, do you remember?

RICKY: No - somewhere's in California, I think. (REMEMBERING FONDLY) You know I liked the chicken pox because mother used to stay with me all day then - ~~when I had the chicken pox~~ ~~play games and~~ ^{that} it was wonderful. ~~Now I don't know~~ ~~somebody says it's not true~~ ~~is it~~ ~~that my mother had to~~ ~~go away for a long time~~ ~~she had to go back~~ ~~she~~ --
(PAUSE)

HELEN: ~~I'm sure she will, Ricky.~~ I'm sure your mother will. Ricky, how would you like it if I put out the light and sat down on your bed and told you a story? Would you like that?

RICKY: Oh, yes.

HELEN: What story would like?

RICKY: My favorite.

HELEN: Mmm.

RICKY: Mother always used to tell me the one about Robin Hood. Would you tell me about Robin Hood, please?

HELEN: I'll be glad to, Ricky. Now just switch out the light, Jack. (SOUND: LIGHT CLICK) and you lie down and --(SOFTLY) now once upon a time, in Sherwood Forest, there lived a man and guess what his name was?

RICKY: (LOVING IT) Robin Hood.

(MUSIC: UP TENDERLY AND BRIDGE INTO)

JACK: (ON PHONE) Hello, FBI? ... I've checked all those missing children you gave me for the Eastern, Midwest and Southern regions. Nothing doing. How about that list for the Far West ~~area~~ ... Yes, I'm ready --- shoot.

(MUSIC: MONTAGE)

JACK: I don't care how many Dr. Jorgenson's there are in California, operator -- I want a call placed to every one of them.

(MUSIC: SAME)

(PHONE RINGS)

DR: ^(Falter) Dr. Jorgenson, speaking.

JACK: ~~Dr. Jorgenson~~ Dr. Richard Jorgenson of Los Angeles?

DR: That's right.

JACK: Doctor, this may be a wild goose chase (My name's Frank - reporter for the Denver Post) but can you recall -- ~~whether~~ ~~the last five years~~ - treating a boy named Ricky Walker - a case of chicken pox?

DR: ~~Dr. Jorgenson~~ Chicken pox -- Well that'd be ^{pretty difficult} -- let me check my records --

JACK: Dr. This might help. The boy says that you said he had the largest number of chicken pox you ever saw on a boy. A very cute, blond kid ---. I know that's crazy, but it might ---

DR: Wait a second - something's dawning. Yes -- sure I remember. A blond kid - sure - with a big smile. But the name wasn't Walker. It was - Duncan, Ricky Duncan.

JACK: You're sure?

DR: Certain. Why?

JACK: Do you know anything about his parents?

DR: No, his mother came with him - a large, rather handsome woman about 40 and --

JACK: Can you give me the address they lived at?

DR: Well yes, I can -- what's the matter?

JACK: Just that I'm -- I'm trying to find that boy's - (STOPS)
I'm trying to write a story, doctor, If you give me that address, it would help a lot.

(MUSIC: QUICK BRIDGE INTO:)

JANITOR'S WIFE: (OLD COOT) Now lemme think. They lived here, Mrs. Duncan did - and her son Ricky - uh - sure - 4 years at least.

JACK: Was the boy born here?

JANITOR'S WIFE: No, I'm only the janitor's wife and I don't know everything that goes on in this house - but - no he wasn't. Come here when he was about nine, ten months old. I remember my husband said the baby looked older and when I asked her, Mrs. Duncan, that is - she says the baby's only nine months.

JACK: Thanks, but - look - I'm trying to find out who Ricky's mother really is.

JAN'S WIFE: Well, ain't Mrs. Duncan?

JACK: No, she's not ----

JAN'S WIFE: Well, what do you know --- (PROJECTS) Horace, Horace!
- (TO JACK) I got to tell my husband that. Oh, I forgot, he's out. What do you know - not his mother!

JACK: Now think back - can you give me any clue as to where they came from? Any idea at all?

JAN'S WIFE: No. And she was so devoted to the boy too. Not his mother.

Shows you, you can't tell -- say you know something --

JACK: What?

JAN'S WIFE: They used to get a lot of mail - cause I never looked into no letters, but when a postcard came, now and then I'd you know -- have a peep ----

JACK: Yes ---

JAN'S WIFE: They got a lot of cards from a woman in San Diego, sure - San Diego -

JACK: What was her name?

JAN'S WIFE: Can't remember - never could remember names. (PROJECTS) Horace! Oh, I forgot. Nope, never can remember names. Wait a minute --- Turnip.

JACK: Turnip?

JAN'S WIFE: Yep, name was Turnip.

JACK: Never heard of a name Turnip.

JAN'S WIFE: That was the name. Mrs. Jesse Turnip - San Diego.

JACK: You sure?

JAN'S WIFE: Sure, I'm sure -- I never forget a name.

JACK: Well thank you and --

JAN'S WIFE: You ain't forgetting something now, are you?

JACK: What's that?

JAN'S WIFE: Well, I been pretty cooperative and - you going after a story and ---

JACK: Sure. Sure. Here - take this and - thanks. Turnip.

JAN'S WIFE: No question about it: Mrs. Jesse Turnip, San Diego.

(MUSIC: QUICK AGITATO BRIDGE INTO:)

JACK: (ON PHONE)(ANGRY) Well, check it again operator - there's got to be a Turnip San Diego - there's got to be...

HELEN: Wow, take it easy, Jack.

JACK: No Turnip in San Diego, Helen - I'll go nuts if that -- wait - (INTO PHONE) what's that? You're sure.

Absolutely sure?

(PHONE UP HARD)

JACK: No Turnip.

HELEN: Jack --

JACK: (WEARY) I give up.

HELEN: That Janitor's wife was - well maybe she had a bad memory. What sounds like Turnip, that she might have made a mistake on?

JACK: I don't know - Tulip -

HELEN: How about Turner - that's a good name and --

JACK: (STEAM ON AGAIN) Hey, Turner, Turner - of course - Jesse Turner.

(PHONE VIOLENTLY OFF THE HOOK)

JACK: ~~Baby, give me information and hurry.~~ (TO HELEN) Turner, Turner - oh, you're a darling! (TO PHONE) Operator look up San Diego again - Turner - Jesse Turner - how many are there?

HELEN: Slow down, it may only have been --

JACK: Shh. Yeah - five only. (TO HELEN) Five only! (TO PHONE) Okay start with the first and keep going till I tell you to stop.

(MUSIC: -- LONGER BRIDGE INTO)

JACK: And did you, Mrs. Turner, by any chance correspond with a woman who had a little boy named -

MRS. TURNER: (FILTER) Ricky, it's about Ricky. ^{you mean} You've found Ricky!

JACK: Mrs. Turner, stay right where you are. I'll get a plane and hop over there and -- yes, it's about Ricky all right.

(MUSIC: -- SWEETLY INTO)

MRS. TURNER: (FINISHING A STORY) ^{and so} You see, Mr. Frank, Mr. Turner and I wanted to adopt him. Oh, we wanted to so much.

JACK: I understand, Mrs. Turner.

MRS. TURNER: He was only 2 when we first saw him - we fell in love with him right away and he liked us. His real mother and father were dead. How Mrs. Walker got him we never found out. She claimed she adopted him, but that wasn't true --

JACK: I know.

MRS. TURNER: Well, we decided we wanted him and she said she'd make all the arrangements and that it would cost \$2000. Oh, we gladly paid it - you see, we had no children of our own.

JACK: And that was the last you saw of them?

MRS. TURNER: ~~No, she was gone when she was taken away with us for nearly a month before Mrs. Walker took him away. We were to meet in San Diego to make the final arrangements. She asked my husband for another thousand dollars and after he~~
~~gave it to her, she was gone. We searched everywhere. Mr. Turner notified the FBI and all the police. We searched for four years - but this is a large country and - she's a very wily woman. We couldn't find her.~~
^{yes} ~~she~~, we searched everywhere. Mr. Turner notified the FBI and all the police. We searched for four years - but this is a large country and - she's a very wily woman. We couldn't find her.

JACK: Is your husband well enough for you both to make this trip?

MRS. TURNER: No, I don't think so. I'll let my husband stay here while I go back to Denver with you, Mr. Frank. And then - after all the legal papers are drawn and we adopt Ricky properly -- I'll bring him back here.

JACK: Well, when can you leave?

MRS. TURNER: Mr. Frank, I'm halfway there already.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND INTO)

JACK: So long, Rick.

RICKY: Good bye, Mr. Frank. *Miss Thomas*

HELEN: ~~Ricky, don't eat too much when you get home and keep up the dancing and singing.~~

RICKY: ~~Well, Helen.~~

MRS. TURNER: ~~You've seen wonderful - Mr. Frank, Mrs. Thomas --~~

JACK: ~~Well, so long --~~

RICKY: ~~(AS THEY GO) Bye --~~ *ok* on, Mr. Frank - if you see my mother -- I mean, Mrs. Walker - tell her I'm very sorry and - tell her I'll write to her and not to worry about me.

JACK: I'll do that Rick. You better get going.

RICKY: Yeah. Bye. ~~Bye~~ *(Don't do)*

JACK: (TO HIMSELF) So long, kid ---

HELEN: Well --

JACK: Well, what --

HELEN: Why don't you go back to the office and write your story?

JACK: Isn't that funny. I sort of - forgot about that and --

HELEN: You know something?

JACK: What?

HELEN: I'm fonder of you than I used to be.

JACK: Yeah? Why?

HELEN: I don't know -- maybe it's because you write such nice stories. Now go on back to your typewriter and do it.

(MUSIC: UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Jack Frank of the Denver Colorado Post with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #63

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

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

CHAPPELL: Of all America's leading cigarettes, only one is
"Outstanding!" - only one is "Outstanding!" - the
longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package. PELL MELL! Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: And good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELLs give you that smoothness, mildness and
satisfaction no other cigarette offers you. Remember -
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(ORCHESTRA: TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now, we read you that telegram from Jack Frank of the Denver Post.

FRANK: Sentenced to the penitentiary at Canon City, self-styled mother in tonight's BIG STORY signed a statement waiving all claim to the boy. Shortly thereafter, Ricky and his new parents were reunited in California where the final adoption was completed. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Frank. 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 front pages of the New York Evening World by-line Jack Hoins -- a BIG STORY about a reporter with a purpose and a killer who whistled while he worked....

(SCREAM)

(MUSIC: -- THEME WIPE & FADE TO BG ON CUE)

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter, with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was written by Arnold Perl. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Arnold Moss played the part of Jack Frank. In order to protect the names of people actually involved in tonight's authentic BIG STORY the names of all characters in the dramatization were changed with the exception of the reporter, Mr. Frank.

(MUSIC: -- THEME UP FULL & FADE)

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

ANNCR: This is NBC...THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

Lily
5/20/48 PM

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AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #64

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
JACK HOINS	JAMES McCALLION
ED SHELLEY	PAUL MANN
HELEN	KATHLEEN CORDELL
MRS. FRANKLIN	JEAN TATUM
McLISTY (MAC)	WALTER KINSELLA
MR. FRANKLIN	BOB SLOANE <i>Ed Begley</i>
DAVIS	ED BEGLEY
SAM	WALTER KINSELLA <i>Bob Hoins</i>
MARY	KATHLEEN CORDELL
TRUDY ROBBINS	JEAN TATUM
<i>AC</i>	<i>Paul Mann</i>

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16, 1948

ATX01 0060857

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

(MUSIC: --- THEME. HIT AND OUT)

ED: (TUNELESS WHISTLE)

HELEN:

None stop following me will you? What do
(HYSTERICALLY) You're crazy, I tell you, crazy.
you think you're down temper after people like you do
Speaking up on people like you---, whistling that
crazy whistle.

ED: (SOFTLY WITH A LITTLE SMILE) What are you trying to
say? Come on, tell me. What are you trying to say?

HELEN: (TERRIFIED) Nothing.

ED: (PERSISTING SOFTLY) What's on your mind? What are you
thinking?

HELEN: I tell you, I don't----(GASPS) Stop looking at me like
that. Get away from me.

(DULL ROAR OF ELEVATED TRAIN SNEAKS IN B.G.)

HELEN: Listen, there's your ^{El} train coming. You'll miss it if
you don't let go of me.

ED: Tell me what you're thinking *Helen*

HELEN: (FRANTIC) Nothing, I tell you. *What are you doing with*
that wrench?
(TRAIN COMES IN LOUDLY NOW)

HELEN: Look, there's your train. Stay away from me. Don't--
(BREAKS)

(AND SCREAMS. SCREAM IS THEN WIPED BY)

(TRAIN ROARING INTO STATION AND IN TURN IT IS
WIPED BY)

(MUSIC: --- HIT AND UNDER FOR)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story --Here is America--its sound and its
fury-- its joy and its sorrow--as faithfully reported
by the men and women of the great American newspapers.
(PAUSE)

CHAPPELL: (COLD AND FLAT) New York City, New York. From the pages of the New York World--the authentic story of a kid who met a killer. Tonight, to Jack Hoins of the New York World, goes the PELL MELL Award for THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: FANFARE)
(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #64

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

CHAPPELL: Of all America's leading cigarettes only one is
"Outstanding!" - only one is "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: It's the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package - PELL MELL!

CHAPPELL: Look at a PELL MELL!

HARRICE: It looks good!

CHAPPELL: Feel a PELL MELL!

HARRICE: It feels good!

CHAPPELL: Taste a PELL MELL

HARRICE: It tastes good!

CHAPPELL: Smoke a PELL MELL!

HARRICE: It smokes good!

CHAPPELL: Now you've discovered why so many of your friends have
changed to PELL MELL, the longer, finer cigarette.

CHAPPELL: For PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your
throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

CHAPPELL: Yes - PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the
way to your throat - gives you that smoothness, mildness
and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Of all America's leading cigarettes only one is
"Outstanding - only one is "Outstanding!"

CHAPPELL: The longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ INTRODUCTION AND UNDER FOR)

CHAPPELL: And now, the story as it actually happened--Jack Hoins' story as he lived it. New York City, New York.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You are Jack Hoins, reporter for the New York World before it became part of the World-Telegram. Your story is the story of how reporters are made, yours is the climb from office boy to star reporter. That climb began when you left your job on a rural weekly where you'd done everything from operating the press to writing the editorials. You were ready to tackle the big town--New York--and the big paper--the fabulous New York World. Sure you were young, but you knew how to bluff. You had a card printed up with the biggest title you could prove you ever had..."Jack Hoins---Managing Editor!"

JACK: Yeah, that's right. Managing editor. And I want to see the City Editor of the World.

DAVID: (FADING ON) Looking for trouble, kid?

JACK: Huh? Oh, no. I was just telling the girl I wanted to see the city editor.

DAVID: (AGREEING) You're looking for trouble.

JACK: Are you going to feed me all that bunk they hand out about him?

DAVID: It's gospel truth, kid. When the City Editor is sick, the whole staff sits around hoping its nothing trivial.

JACK: Aw, don't hand me that.

DAVID: 'S true. Why, the one story every reporter here is just aching to cover is the City Editor's funeral.

JACK: No kidding? Are you a reporter here?

DAVIS: No. I'm the City Editor.

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: That's the way it starts--that's your introduction to the big town and the big paper. The City Editor looks you over and finally....

DAVID: I have a job for you, young man.

JACK: What's that, sir?

DAVID: We need a new office boy.

JACK: (EXPLODING) Office boy! Hey, look, I'm the former managing editor of the Home News and--

DAVID: Last month I hired the former city editor of the Pittsburg Post. He is now a reporter. His former job as office boy is now open. Report to work on Tuesday.

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You report to work on Tuesday. You sharpen pencils, you feed endless rolls of paper into Morkum machines, you learn the code at the World. You learn it from constant repetition. "Get the story--or don't come back". You remember that when, a month later, the City Editor calls you over and barks...

DAVID: All right Jack. Tomorrow you break in at Brooklyn Police Headquarters. ~~It will be covering the night shift for the paper. Report at the clock in the morning.~~

JACK: (ELATED) Yes sir!

DAVID: And remember--if a story breaks, get it, or don't come back!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

JACK: ~~(CLEARING THROAT) I beg your pardon...~~

MAC: ~~(OFF) What? What's that?~~

JACK: Are you in charge here at police headquarters?

MAC: Who're you?

JACK: Jack Hoins. I'm the new man for the New York World. Uh--have a cigar, Captain?

MAC: Not Captain, Lieutenant. Lieutenant Michael E. McListy. That's M-C-L-I-S-T-Y....no A. See that you spell it right. Yes.

JACK: Yes, what?

MAC: Yes, I'll have that cigar. Now get back across the hall to the press room, Junior, and try to act older than you look or---

(PHONE RINGS. RECEIVER UP)

MAC: McListy. All right, shoot....uhuh....uhuh...uhuh...
...right.

(PHONE UP)

MAC: Well, Junior, you're in luck first time around.

JACK: What do you mean?

MAC: Your paper will want to hear about this one!

(MUSIC: SHORT STING AND OUT)

~~DAVID~~ *al.* (BORED) (FILTER THROUGHOUT) ^{*Night*} City Desk.

JACK: (EXCITED) Hello Al? This is Jack Hoins. It's murder!

~~DAVID~~ *al.* What's murder?

JACK: Lucy Franklin her name was. Twenty years old. Lived out in Richmond Hill.

~~DAVID:~~ *al* Go on.

JACK: She was beaten over the head with a ~~an iron bar~~ ^{club}. They found her early this morning.

~~DAVID:~~ *al* Okay Jack. I've got it. Now go on over to Richmond Hill and cover it.

JACK: But I've already given you all anybody knows.

~~DAVID:~~ *al* It's not enough. Find out some more about her.

JACK: You mean, like what kind of a girl she was?

~~DAVID:~~ *al* Right. ~~And did she have a boy friend? Did she support her parents? Was she pretty?~~ Get some background on the family. Get a picture of the girl herself.

JACK: A picture? Aw, wait a minute Al. I can't just walk in and ask a murdered girl's family for her picture.

~~DAVID:~~ *al* Jack, look -- I don't know how you're going to get it. I don't care how you're going to get it. I'm just telling you this. Get it!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE AND INTO)

(KNOCK ON DOOR - PAUSE - DOOR OPENS)

JACK: (LOW) Is--is this the place where the murdered girl's parents live?

SAM: Yeah, this is the joint. Who're you?

JACK: Jack Hoins. Reporter for the World. I'm covering the murder.

SAM: Ain't we all. Come on in, and join the party.

(DOOR CLOSE & FOOTSTEPS)

(WOMAN SOBBING SOFTLY)

SAM: All right, Mrs. Franklin, face ~~this way~~ ^{the camera} please. Hold it.

(CLICK OF CAMERA)

MRS FRANKLIN: (THROUGH TEARS) Please...please. Leave me alone.

MR FRANKLIN: (GENTLY) Dora, try to get a hold of yourself.

MRS F: I--I can't. I just can't.

SAM: (CALLING FROM A LITTLE OFF) Just a few more questions,
Mr. Franklin. How old was your daughter?

MR FRANKLIN: (GETTING CONTROL) Twenty.

JACK: (AWKWARDLY) Any idea who might have killed her?

MR F: (STRAINED) No.

SAM: Was she out alone this evening?

MR F: Yes.

SAM: And you have no idea who could have hit her over the
head?

MR F: (WILDLY) No!

MRS F: (HYSTERICAL) Stop it! Stop it! Can't you stop it?

(SOBBING) Can't you leave us alone?

Picture

SAM: Just one more ~~shot~~; Mr. Franklin. Look over at your wife the way you did before. Hold it.

(CLICK OF CAMERA)

SAM: Okay. I've got enough. Thanks. So long!

(DOOR OPEN AND SLAM)

MRS. F: (~~SOBBING SOFTLY~~) "Oh Bill, Bill..."

MR. F: ~~Doesn't~~

JACK: (AWKWARDLY) Uh...excuse me..

MR. F: (WEARILY) What ~~more~~ do you want? ~~I've told you all there is to tell~~

JACK: ~~I know~~

MRS. F: (~~BREAKING~~) ~~Well then why don't you get out.~~

JACK: ~~I understand how you feel, Mrs. Franklin.~~ I'm sorry to have to bother you. But I need--that is--could I please have a picture of your daughter?

MR. F: (SLOWLY) A picture of Lucy?

JACK: That's right.

MRS. F: (DAWNING HORROR) For the paper? To print in the paper?

JACK: (SHAMED A LITTLE) Yes.

MRS. F: (A SOFT SOUND OF ANGUISH)

MR. F: (LOW) Look, reporter. You came into my house. You asked questions. You asked questions as if we were to blame for our girl being killed. You squeezed us dry with questions, questions, questions...who killed Lucy? ...Why?...what did she look like?....what did she think?...And now you want a picture of her for your ~~mother~~ paper. (LOSING CONTROL) Dear heaven, if you weren't just a kid, I'd break you in half. (IN PAIN) Get out of here, do you hear me? Get out, get out, get out!

JACK: (DESPERATE) But Mr. Franklin...

MR. F: Get out I said...

JACK: Look Mr. Franklin. If my paper prints your daughter's picture, someone may recognize her. (SEIZING ON THE IDEA)
Yeah..someone may be able to tell us something..they-- they may know who was responsible for her death. Don't you see.
(TRIUMPHANTLY) That's why I want her picture. (PAUSE)

MRS. F: Do you mean that?

JACK: (SEEING HIS ADVANTAGE AND PRESSING IT) Sure...Sure I do. I just want to help run down the killer. That's all. (PAUSE)

MRS. F: (SIMPLY) Give the young man a picture, Bill.

MR. F: But Dara---

MRS. F: (SAME) Give him the picture Lucy gave us for Easter. She's smiling a little in that one. Give it to the young man, Bill.

(MUSIC: - BRIDGE)

JACK: ---and then, *after you left* Sam she turned to her husband and said, "Give it to the young man". And I felt like a louse, just like a louse.

SAM: You mean you got a picture of that dame?

JACK: Yeah, I got a picture.

SAM: Brother that's a beat.

JACK: Sure but it still makes me a louse. I promised them I'd track down the killer, promised them something impossible, just to get a rotten photograph.

SAM: Look, Galahad, if you feel so bad, go on and trap the killer like you said. And while you're at it, do it before there's some more trouble.

JACK: What do you mean, more trouble?

~~DAVIS~~ *Jam*: Only one killing so far, isn't there? And you know what they say in detective stories about killings. They go in threes, don't they?

(MUSIC: HIT OMINOUSLY AND INTO)

(ROAR OF ELEVATED TRAINS FADING AWAY INTO SILENCE. THEN WE HEAR SOFT PADDED FOOTSTEPS LIMPING A LITTLE).

ED: (WHISTLES TUNELESSLY. EERIE.)

(HOLD THIS FOR A WHILE. THEN)

ED: (VERY SOFTLY) Hello, Helen.

HELEN: (GASPS) Oh!

ED: (SOFTLY WITH A SMILE) I didn't mean to frighten you, Helen.

HELEN: (JITTERY) What's the matter with you anyhow. The way you ^{*lump*} ~~saunter~~ around ~~the streets~~ late at night is enough to drive a person crazy.

ED: What do you mean by that, Helen?

HELEN: You---you act so funny. As if you---(SHE STOPS)

ED: (PROMPTING SOFTLY) As if I what?

HELEN: ~~Nothing.~~

ED: ~~What were you going to say, Helen?~~

HELEN: (SCARED) ~~Nothing.~~

ED: (MENACING) ~~What were you going to say, Helen?~~

HELEN: Nothing, I tell you. Quit pestering me. Why do you hang around here anyway? Why do you keep walking around in them rubbers so no one can hear you? Whistling that crazy whistle...

ED: (SLOWLY) What are you thinking, Helen? Come on, tell me. What are you thinking?

HELEN: (MAD NOW) Okay, you asked for it. I'm thinking where were you when that girl ^{Lucy Franklin} was killed near here. You didn't come around the El station here for three days after that killing and you---(STOPS AND GASPS)
Don't look at me that way.

(DULL ROAR OF EL TRAIN STARTS IN B.G.)

ED: So that's what you're thinking---

HELEN: Keep away from me. ^{What are you doing with that woman?} ~~Keep away from me.~~

(TRAIN MUCH LOUDER NOW)

HELEN: You did it. You killed her. That's why you---No!
(SCREAM. WIPED BY)

(ROAR OF TRAIN WHICH FADES SLOWLY IN B.G. THEN
LIMPING PADDED FOOTSTEPS MOVE ALOWLY AWAY)

ED: (WHISTLES TUNELESSLY FADING INTO)

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

MAC: What do you want, Hoins?

JACK: I want to give you a cigar, Lieutenant.

MAC: Thanks.

JACK: I also want to know about the Franklin case.

MAC: Nothing new for the past month.

JACK: How about that heel print you found at the scene of the murder?

MAC: ~~How about taking it easy, Janson? Relax. This isn't the only murder that ever happened.~~

JACK: ~~It's the only one I've ever covered, and on my~~
~~paper, you've got to get the story or you don't come~~
~~back. So, what about that footprint, huh?~~ Was it made
by a rubber heel or a leather heel?

MAC: (PATIENTLY) It was not made by a leather heel, from
a new shoe. It was not made by a leather heel put on by
a shoe maker. It was not made by an old rubber heel.
It was not made by a new rubber heel.

JACK: Then what was it?

MAC: The man was wearing overshoes, Sherlock.

JACK: Oh. (THEN TAKES) Overshoes? What for? It wasn't
raining the night of the murder. It wasn't---

(PHONE RINGS. RECEIVER UP)

MAC: McListy. Yeah...Where?...Uhuh...Yeah...How?...

Yeah...Okay, I got it.

(PHONE UP)

JACK: What's up?

MAC: Another dame's been bumped off.

JACK: What's the name?

MAC: Helen Dobson.

JACK: What did she do?

MAC: Ticket agent on the Fulton ~~Avenue~~ ^{Street} El Line.

JACK: Fulton ~~avenue~~ ^{Street}! Isn't that where Lucy Franklin was
found on the night she was killed?

MAC: So what? The murders are over a month apart. You
suggesting the two jobs hang together?

JACK: I dunno. How was Helen Dobson killed?

MAC: Head beaten in. ~~(FIRE)~~ ^{Fast} But that doesn't prove anything.

JACK: Oh no. Of course not. But, if you should find any overshoe ~~foot~~ prints around the Dobson job too--- well, keep me in mind, huh Lieutenant?

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ STING AND HOLD UNDER)

JACK: You wanted me, Lieutenant?

MAC: Junior, sometimes you show flashes of almost human intelligence.

JACK: Spill it.

MAC: The guy who bumped off Helen Dobson was wearing rubbers-- the same rubbers worn by the man who did Lucy Franklin in. And it wasn't raining this time, either.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND UNDER FAST)

JACK: McListy, I've been thinking...

MAC: (DISBELIEF) Naw...

JACK: What kind of a guy would wear rubbers even when it wasn't raining?

MAC: I'll bite.

JACK: How about guys who work around electricity? Guys who have to avoid third rails? Both these murders happened near the El line.

MAC: So?

JACK: So El lines have third rails.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND UNDER FAST)

MAC: Junior, you guessed right. I got a report here that a workman for the El line was missing for three days after the Franklin murder.

JACK: Swell. What's his name?

MAC: Edwin Shelley. But don't print it.

JACK: Didn't you pick him up yet?

MAC: We can't. He's been missing since the Dobson murder too.

(MUSIC: JAB UP AND OUT)

JACK: Find Shelley yet, Lieutenant?

MAC: We've only been looking for a couple of hours. Take it easy, kid.

JACK: I can't take it easy.

MAC: Why not?

JACK: Listen, Lieutenant. There's a murderer at large. He's killed twice. If anyone gets in his way, he'll kill again. There's no telling who'll get it next. There's no telling what'll happen if some innocent person says the wrong thing to him at the wrong time. I've got an awful hunch. Until Edwin Shelley is picked up, there's another murder...just waiting to be committed.

(MUSIC: HIT FOR CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's BIG STORY. ~~But first a word from Cy Harrier.~~
(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #64

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

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

CHAPPELL: Of all America's leading cigarettes only one is
"Outstanding!" - only one is "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: It's the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package - PELL MELL!

CHAPPELL: Look at a PELL MELL!

HARRICE: It looks good!

CHAPPELL: Feel a PELL MELL!

HARRICE: It feels good!

CHAPPELL: Taste a PELL MELL!

HARRICE: It tastes good!

CHAPPELL: Smoke a PELL MELL!

HARRICE: It smokes good!

CHAPPELL: Now you've discovered why so many of your friends have
changed to PELL MELL, the longer, finer cigarette.

PELL MELL! Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: And good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: For PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your
throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

CHAPPELL: Yes - PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the
way to your throat - gives you that smoothness, mildness
and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

ATX01 0060873

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #64

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL CONTINUED)

HARRICE: Of all America's leading cigarettes only one is
"Outstanding!" - only one is "Outstanding!"

CHAPPELL: The longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0060874

(MUSIC: --- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

HARRICE: *Thus is the ~~return~~ returning you to*
~~the return to~~ your narrator, ~~Bob Greene~~, and
the Big Story of Jack Hoins--as he lived it and wrote it.

NARRATOR: You, Jack Hoins, are out to find a killer, out to wrap
up a story. And you keep remembering, ~~something the city~~
~~editor said something that keeps churning around in your~~
brain!..

(MUSIC: --- HOLD)

~~Remember~~ what they say in detective stories, about
killings. They always go in threes.

(MUSIC: --- ACCENT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: In threes. So far, two murders...and the killer still
at large. You wonder. What will happen now? What will
be the spark that might set a killer's hand in motion
again? A tone of voice? A look? A gesture? Two
murders. And the thought running through your mind.
They always go in threes. In threes...in threes...

(MUSIC: --- ACCENT AND OUT)

(SOFT PADDING FOOTSTEPS)

ED: (TUNELESS WHISTLE)

(SUDDEN SHARP CRACK OF THUNDER)

MARY: (GASPS) Oh!

ED: (SOFTLY) What's the matter Mary? Did I scare you?

MARY: (YOUNG, COCKNEY) Oh Edwin. I didn't hear you come
in ^{the kitchen.} It's that thunder. Gave me a proper start, it
did. When did you get back from the Elevated?

ED: I haven't been there for a week. I gave up my job
there.

MARY: Oh? Why?

ED: Your missus gave me work to do here around the house.

(SHARP CRACK OF THUNDER AGAIN)

MARY: That thunder. Gives me such a start, it does.

ED: Don't they have thunderstorms where you came from in England?

~~(SHARP CRACK)~~

MARY: ~~Oh, listen to that.~~ I don't know what's gotten into me lately. I'm jumpy as a cat. (UNEASY) Sometimes I wake up at night and just start crying to myself, I'm that scared.

ED: What are you scared of?

MARY: (NERVOUSLY) That's the queer part. I don't know. It's just something in the air, I expect. Like something watching me all the time. (FORCED LITTLE LAUGH) Silly, ain't it?

ED: Maybe.

(CRACK OF THUNDER AGAIN)

MARY: ~~(MOANS IN TERROR) Oh that thunder. Why don't they stop?~~
Make me want to hide myself. (SHARPLY) What do ~~you want to do in the kitchen anyway?~~

ED: ^{in going} I ~~want~~ to sit and read the newspaper. Any objections?

MARY: Oh no. No objections I'm sure. I'm glad of the company.

(RUSTLE OF PAPER)

MARY: Terrible thing about that poor girl that was killed, isn't it now?

ED: (TENSE) What do you know about that?

(MUTTER OF THUNDER)

MARY: Nothing but wot I read in the papers. That terrible man sneaking up behind her without making a sound. Would give me a real turn for fair.

ED: (LEVELLY) You seem to know a lot about that murder.

MARY: Oh I keep up on my news. ~~And I do a lot of thinking.~~

ED: ~~(SHARPLY) Thinking about wot?~~

MARY: Wouldn't you like to know, now?

ED: ~~Thinking about wot?~~

(MUTTER OF THUNDER)

MARY: Look at it, raining like the fury. Lucky thing you got your rubbers on, Edwin.

ED: (AROUSSED) What do you mean by that crack?

MARY: (GASPS) Let go of me!

(DISH SHATTERS)

MARY: Now look wot you've made me do. The madam's best dish too---

ED: What was the crack about my rubbers?

MARY: ~~I don't know what you're referring to, I'm sure.~~

ED: You don't huh? You know too blasted much!

MARY: Here! Come off it, let go of my arm.

ED: ~~You know too much, Mary!~~

MARY: Let go of me. You're a crazy one, I must say. Crazy as a loon. Let go, you're hurting my arm---

(RUMBLE OF THUNDER)

ED: You know too much Mary...

MARY: Stop it! Stop it! No! Don't do that, I-----

MARY: (SCREAMS WILDLY)

(VIOLENT CRACK OF THUNDER WIPES SCREAM AND MUTTERS AWAY SOFT PADDING FOOTSTEPS LIMP AWAY)

ED: (WHISTLES TUNELESSLY INTO)

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE INTO)

JACK: I got your message, Lieutenant. What's up?

MAC: You guessed right again, kid. Murder number three was just reported.

JACK: Shelley again?

MAC: That's right.

JACK: Did you get him?

MAC: No.

JACK: Then how can you be sure it was Shelley?

MAC: Servant girl in the Midwood section got it this time.

* Handyman in the house where she worked was named Edwin Shelley.

JACK: That's it all right.

MAC: Also, the print of the heel from a pair of overshoes was found on the kitchen floor where she was bumped. That enough?

JACK: Too much. When's Shelley going to stop?

MAC: When we find him.

JACK: Lieutenant, did he have any criminal record before this killing spree?

MAC: Nothing remarkable. He was booked once for beating up his landlady--about three years ago that was. Dame called Trudy Robbins. She dropped the charges.

JACK: I see. Can you give me her address?

MAC: Sure.

JACK: Well then, give it to me.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

(STREET B.G.)

(KNOCK ON DOOR. REPEAT. DOOR OPEN)

TRUDY: (SULTRY BUT BLOWSY) Yeah?

JACK: Miss Trudy Robbins?

TRUDY: Who wants to know?

JACK: Jack Hoins. I'm a reporter for the Evening World.

TRUDY: What's on your mind, kid?

JACK: Are you Miss Robbins?

TRUDY: Suppose we make like I am.

JACK: Okay. Suppose I make like indoors.
(DOOR CLOSSES SUDDENLY. CUT STREET B.G.)

TRUDY: Say, what's the big idea? You can't come in here.

JACK: I'm in. And after you've answered a few simple questions, I'll get out.

TRUDY: You'll get out all right. I'll call a cop. I'll----

JACK: Where's Edwin Shelley?

TRUDY: (PAUSE) What?

JACK: I said, where's Edwin Shelley? And don't tell me you never heard of him because I know he used to live here.

TRUDY: (PAUSE. THEN SHE CHANGES HER TACTICS. LAUGHS)

JACK: Something funny?

TRUDY: You're cute. Trying to scare me. I like you.

JACK: Good. Now where's Edwin Shelley?

TRUDY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: When was the last time you saw him?

TRUDY: (LAUGHS AGAIN)

JACK: Can't you do anything but laugh?

TRUDY: (LAUGHS LOUDLY)

(MUSIC: --- WIPE AND INTO BRIDGE)

(PHONE RINGING ON FILTER. FILTER CLICK)

MAC: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) McListy.

JACK: Lieutenant. This is Jack Hoins. I'm in a telephone booth on the corner of twelfth and deKalb.

MAC: Are you having a nice time there?

JACK: No. I'm fresh from talking to Trudy Robbins. I didn't get a thing out of her.

MAC: I could have told you that. Dames like Trudy know how to clam up.

JACK: ~~But I know she knows where she lives.~~

MAC: ~~Maybe you can be helpful. But it does no good unless she is willing to talk.~~

JACK: But there must be a way to make her come across. Can't you---(BREAKS AND HOLDS)

MAC: (BEAT) Can't I what?

JACK: (TENSE, LOW) Lieutenant!

MAC: (CATCHING HIS MOOD) What is it?

JACK: Trudy Robbins. She just came into the store and she's heading right for this bank of phone booths.

MAC: Don't let her see you.

JACK: I got my face turned away. Wait.

(UNDER FOLLOWING WE HEAR PHONE BOOTH DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE, RECEIVER UP, COIN DEPOSIT, SINGLE DIAL)

MAC: What's she doing?

JACK: She just went into the phone booth next to me.

MAC: Can you hear through those tin walls?

JACK: I heard her dial.

MAC: Try to catch what she says.

JACK: I will, as soon as she starts saying anything.

MAC: (BEAT) Can you hear?

JACK: Nothing yet.

MAC: Maybe if you opened your booth door a little...

JACK: (AS TRUDY STARTS TO TALK) Shut up!

TRUDY: (OFF, MUFFLED A LITTLE BUT AUDIBLE) Hello. Hello, Chick?

JACK: (SUNK) Someone named Chick.

TRUDY: (OFF) Trudy. Is Ed there?

JACK: (EXCITED) She just asked for Ed!

MAC: (BEAT) Well?

JACK: She's waiting.

MAC: (BEAT) Well, is he there or isn't he? I---

JACK: (AS TRUDY SPEAKS AGAIN) *Shut up, you dumb f---!*

TRUDY: (OFF) Ed. Ed honey---it's me. A guy was at the place. Yeah. A reporter he said. Of course not. I just laughed. Look, I gotta see you. Wherever you say, honey. Okay. Sure I got it. Broad and Market Street, Newark. Hudson Terminal Tube at four o'clock today. Right. I'll meet you there.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You, Jack Hoins, are in Newark at 3:35. Lieutenant McListy takes you to the terminal, puts you into a suit of overalls and shoves a cigar into your mouth.

MAC: Here kid. I'll hand out the cigars for a change.

JACK: Look, McListy, why the fancy dress?

MAC: Get busy along this platform with that broom.

JACK: ~~Oh, no, I got a job with the World, thanks. I~~

MAC: ~~You heard, I got a job with the World, thanks. I~~ When you spot the Robbins dame, getting off the train, light that cigar.

(MORE)

MAC: Point the broom handle at her back. We'll take over
(CONT'D) from there. Now, git!

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You git. You shift the cigar to one side of your mouth and start sweeping. And then, you notice some other porters busy sweeping and you decide that they look strangely like the owners of faces that belong on cops. Then you get it. They are watching you, waiting for ^{your} ~~the~~ tip-off. Your tongue feels too big for your mouth, and your palms start sweating. 3:45. You duck your head and start sweeping again.

(MUSIC: ACCENT FOR A BRIEF BEAT THEN DOWN AGAIN FOR)

NARRATOR: Five minutes of four. Train after train rolls in, but no Trudy Robbins. You being to wonder. Those porters are giving you some funny looks. Was that phone call a fake to throw you off. ~~Have you stuck your neck out a mile? The New York and Jersey cops are watching you for a tip-off. Maybe there's nothing to tip them off about.~~ You swallow hard. You can hear the City Editor's voice rasping in your ears.

DAVIS: Get the story, or don't come back.

NARRATOR: You feel a small trickle of perspiration slide down your neck. If you don't get this story, you won't want to come back. And then...

(RUMBLE OF TRAIN TO STOP)

NARRATOR: Another train slides into the station.

(AD LIB CROWD B.G.)

NARRATOR: (OVER) A mob of passengers. Fifty, sixty, nearly a whole trainload streams out. And then---Trudy Robbins. She steps to the platform. Time to light that cigar. Time to point that broom.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING AND UNDER)_

TRUDY: Eddie, Eddie...Gee. thanks for meeting me.

ED: (TENSE) Shut up, Trudy. Listen, I---

MAC: Okay. That's all Shelley. ~~You can~~ come along with us ~~now~~.

*Ed: what the -
you're coming
respect.*

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND BRIDGE INTO)_

(TYPEWRITER CLACKING AT TOP SPEED)

DAVIS: For a guy who was just an office boy a couple of months ago, you manage to look pretty, busy, Hoins.

(TYPEWRITER STOPS SUDDENLY)

JACK: Oh! Excuse me sir. I---

DAVIS: Sit down, sit down. Nobody around here bothers to get up for me. I'm just the City Editor. Even got me delivering mail now. Here's a letter came for you.

JACK: Thank you sir.

DAVIS: Don't open it now. Want to check on the Shelley case with you. All cleared up?

JACK: Yes sir - just doing the windup now.

DAVIS: Clever thinking in that job, Hoins. Very clever.

JACK: (PLEASED) Why---thank you sir.

DAVIS: (SHARPLY) I don't mean you. I mean me. Putting you in at headquarters showed fine judgment on my part. Yes sir. I was the smart one in that story --- (SOFTER) reporter --

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ HIT FOR CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from
Jack Hoins of the New York World with the final out-
come of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ FANFARE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL) -

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #64

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

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

CHAPPELL: Of all America's leading cigarettes only one is
"Outstanding!" - only one is "Outstanding!" - the longer,
finer cigarette in the distinguished red package.

PELL MELL! Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: And good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: For PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your
throat - gives you that smoothness, mildness and
satisfaction no other cigarette offers you. Remember -
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Jack Hoins of the New York World.

HOINS: Letter ~~Editor David~~ ^{by Edita Davis} handed me ^{was} from Lt., now Captain McListy, inviting me to electrocution of Edwin Shelley at Sing Sing Prison in appreciation of my work on the case. In confessing to all three murders killer in to-night's Big Story admitted motive in first case was robbery and subsequent murders were committed because victims were becoming suspicious. ~~Many~~ ^{a lot} thanks for to-night's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Hoins. 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 front pages of the Pensacola News and Journal by-line -- William Pinney -- A BIG STORY about speeding trains, buried treasure and a reporter with a one track mind.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME WIPE AND FADE TO BG ON CUE)

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter, with music by Vladimir Solinsky. Tonight's program was written by Gail Ingram. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and James McCallion played the part of Jack Hoins. In order to protect the names of people actually involved in tonight's authentic BIG STORY the names of all characters in the dramatization were changed with the exception of the reporter, Mr. Hoins.

(MUSIC: -- -- THEME UP FULL & FADE)

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

ANNCR: This is NBC...THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

JOY
5/26/48 P.M.

THE BIG STORY

JUNE 23, 1948

NOT BROADCAST BECAUSE OF
REPUBLICAN CONVENTION

ATX01 0060888

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #66

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
HARRY	NAT POLEN
MAE	BETTY GARDE
EDDIE	JOHN GIBSON
FARMER	KLOCK RYDER
ABE	NAT POLEN
LIEUTENANT	SANTOS ORTEGA
JANITOR	JOHN GIBSON <i>Bob Sloane</i>
EMERSON	KLOCK RYDER
VOICE	BOB SLOANE <i>John Gibson</i>
AGGIE	ANN SUMMER

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30th, 1948

ATX01 0060889

YOUR HIT PARADE-TV

-27-

CLOSING (CONT'D)
GROWING AMERICA CAMPAIGN PLUG

VIDEO

ARTCARD: "YOUR GREAT
FUTURE IN A GROWING
AMERICA." BOX 1776
GRAND CENTRAL STATION,
N.Y.

AUDIO

SHARBUTT (V.O.)

What lies ahead for a brand-
new American? How does the
future look for the 11,000
new Americans born every day?
Well, it couldn't look better,
with more factories producing
more goods for our mushrooming
population. America is going
places! Send for a free
illustrated booklet, "Your
Great Future in a Growing
America." Drop a card to Box
1776, Grand Central Station,
New York, New York.

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#66

() ()
10:00 - 10:30 PM

JUNE 30, 1948

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: - - STING INTO: . . .)

(AUTO MOVING SLOWLY ALONG ROAD AT NIGHT. UNDER:)

HARRY: (NICE, GUY, QUITE DRUNK) Mae, hey Mae, how's about going
back home? It's getting late and -

MAE: (ABOUT 40. HARD. PLEASANT NOW) 'Smatter with you, Harry?
You're getting married tomorrow, right?

HARRY: (HAPPY) 'Sright, I'm getting married tomorrow --

MAE: So this is your last night a free man, right?

HARRY: Hey, that's good, my last night a free man - that's good,
hunh, Eddie?

EDDIE: (SCARED. GLUM) Yeah, very good. Look, Mae, shouldn't
we --

MAE: Just drive, Eddie, don't talk. (WHEELING) Harry, I'm
your big sister, right, your big sister Mae and this is
your last night on earth a free man - so have another
drink and let's make merry -

HARRY: Aw, Mae, I --

MAE: (HARD) Have a drink like I told you, Harry!

HARRY: Well, all right - (LAUGHS) hey, Mae - Mae - I'm passing
out -

MAE: (A PAUSE) (SHARP) He's out - out cold, the dope. All
right, Eddie. Now! Stop the car, I said "Now!"

(CAR STOPS)

ATK01 0060890

EDDIE: Gee, Mae, it's kind of in cold blood and --

MAE: You spineless little fool, gimme that gun.

EDDIE: Mae, he's your - he's your kid brother -

MAE: That's right. I'm his big sister, ain't I, and I got to take care of him, don't I? (PAUSE) Well, I am -

(TWO DISTINCT SHOTS)

EDDIE: (ON SECOND SHOT) Mae, stop, he's --

MAE: Why should I stop? I like what I'm doing!

(THREE MORE SHOTS. INTO:)

(MUSIC: -- UP IN HIDEOUS FURY. THEN OUT SHARPLY FOR)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY: Here is America, its sound and fury, its joy and sorrow - as faithfully reported by the men and women of the great American newspapers. (PAUSE. COLD) Belleville, Illinois, 20 miles across the Missouri border from St. Louis, a body found with five bullets in its head. From the pages of the St. Louis Globe Democrat, the terrifying story of hate between a brother and a sister. And tonight, to ^AAlbert B. Hendry of the St. Louis Missouri Globe Democrat, goes the PELL MELL AWARD for the BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE INTO)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #66

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

CHAPPELL: Of all America's leading cigarettes only one is
"Outstanding!" - only one is "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: It's the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package - PELL MELL!

CHAPPELL: Look at a PELL MELL!

HARRICE: It looks good!

CHAPPELL: Feel a PELL MELL!

HARRICE: It feels good!

CHAPPELL: Taste a PELL MELL!

HARRICE: It tastes good!

CHAPPELL: Smoke a PELL MELL!

HARRICE: It smokes good!

CHAPPELL: Now you've discovered why so many of your friends have
changed to PELL MELL, the longer, finer cigarette. For
PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine, mellow
tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

CHAPPELL: Yes - PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the
way to your throat - gives you that smoothness, mildness
and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Of all America's leading cigarettes only one is
"Outstanding!" - only one is "Outstanding!"

CHAPPELL: The longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- -- THEME. NOW QUIET AND UNDER FOR)

CHAPPELL: And now the story as it actually happened. A.B. Hendry's story, as he lived it...

NARR: Your name is ^{A.B.}~~Abe~~ Hendry, ^{(Abe to your friends) St. Louis} reporter for the ~~Globe Democrat~~ St. Louis and you think the world is a pretty good place this sunny July morning as you wheel your new ^{convertible}~~roadster~~ out of the smoke of St. Louis and drive up

(FADE IN CAR UNDER)

Through the corn fields of western Illinois that border your home town. You like things fine this morning: it's 9 AM., you're off on a week's vacation, you got a raise and a new car and the sun is beautiful on the Illinois fields. And then -

(MUSIC: -- -- OUT)

(THE CAR SLOWS DOWN AND STOPS UNDER:

--you see ^athe farmer waving at you wildly, standing in the middle of the road, signalling you to stop. You step on the brake and look at his face. One word is written on it: terror.

(PAUSE)

FARMER: (OLD) (FRANTIC) Son, get to a telephone and tell them! I got no phone at my place --

ABE: Hey, what's a matter, mister, you --

FARMER: In the field there - see -- 'bout 20 yards in -- it's a body and --

ABE: ~~What's?~~

FARMER: ~~(GOING RIGHT ON) he's dead and -- five bullets in his head -- my wife was going toward the hen-house and she seen him. She's still sick --~~

ABE: Let me look at him.

FARMER: There's nothing to look at, son -- just something to make you sick on. ~~Go on about two miles up the road -- farmer name of Sansome there. He's got a phone.~~

ABE: (QUIETLY) I'll just take a look if you don't mind.
(PAUSE)

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARRATOR)

NARR: You look, Abe Hendry, because you're a reporter and in the moment when you see the crushed head of a human being lying in the sunlight in a lovely cornfield in Illinois, your vacation's over, the sun seems to go out of the sky - because no death (it doesn't matter that you don't know anything about the dead man) no death like that can ever be accepted, no such violence can ever be normal. ^{So} You get the bare facts: unidentified man, found on a farm, discovered, 8 A.M. by farmer's wife, place Belleville, Illinois -- you drive to the next farm, placed two calls. One to your paper, one to the police. And in half an hour you and a very slight, very short and very cynical police Lieutenant named Keene are back at the scene of the crime, in a blood-stained cornfield --

(IT'S OUTDOORS)

LT: (TIRED OF ALL CRIME AND THIS CRIME IN PARTICULAR. BUT A MAN WHO KNOWS HIS BUSINESS) Pretty, ain't he? You say your wife found him, pop?

FARMER: That's right, Lt. (GARRULOUS) She was going out the henhouse --

LT: Yeah - I know. Why'd you have to call me on this case, Hendry?

ABE: Cause you're the best officer I know in St. Louis.

LT: I got enough unsolved cases on my hands. Why hand me another one?

ABE: Come on, come off it. I like to watch you work, Keene.

LT: Okay, get out your notebook.

ABE: Okay Lt.

LT: Put this down: victim, tall, thin man, red hair, freckles, face and forearm.

ABE: Weight 140?

LT: Weight 160. Car tracks through corn field leading to place where body was thrown.

LT: Now let's get a little closer --

FARMER: I wouldn't do that, Lt., if I was you - Patch of poison ivy there - see -

LT: That poison ivy -

ABE: (SUPERIOR) Don't you know poison ivy, Lt. Keene -- ?

LT: Okay - note: murderer may have poison ivy.- Why do they always assign me to these gang cases.

ABE: This is a gang job?

LT: What else? This poor guy was killed, taken for a ride and dumped. Period, end of report.

ABE: Since when do professional killers shoot 5 bullets into one man? They don't waste bullets.

LT: (THINKING) Mmm -- What's in his pockets, Abe?

ABE: I don't know. I waited for you --

LT: Nothing in the pants. Coat? Nope. Nope. Wait a minute- the breast pocket -

ABE: A notebook -

(SLOW RIFFLING THROUGH PAGES)

LT: Blank. Nothing here - blank -- wait a minute - hmmf - two names: Harry Catlon -

ABE: Harry Catlon.

LT: (GOING ON) -- Agnes Emerson.

ABE: Addresses too?

LT: Yeah - that's a surprise.

ABE: Lemme see.

LT: Sure. (TO HIMSELF) Funny. Funny.

ABE: What's funny?

LT: Nah, it's nothing. It's a professional job. A kill job and a dumping - pro all the way.

ABE: Except the five bullets and the notebook. Agnes Emerson doesn't sound like any mobster I ever heard of. Right, Lt? Hey - Keene - right?

LT: (KIDDING) Ah, why don't you shut up?

ABE: Let's go see Aggie, huh, Lieut? Can I come?

LT: No..

ABE: I'm giving up a vacation.

LT: No..

ABE: Remember I called you, not the Illinois police.

LT: I said no. (THEN) Pop, I ain't gonna catch poison ivy, am I?

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP INTO)

(PHONE RINGS. IS ANSWERED ON FILTER)

LT: Hello. Lt. Keene.

ABE: Keene, Hendry. Did you find Agnes Emerson?

LT: No.

ABE: Well, I did.

LT: Where?

ABE: Have a look in the Globe Democrat - my paper.

LT: Cut it out. What are you talking about?

ABE: Marriages. Page 29. Agnes Emerson to -- guess who?

LT: Catlon?

ABE: Catlon.

LT: When?

ABE: Today - in half an hour at St. Michael's.

LT: Thanks for the tip.

ABE: Oh no, you brushed me off in that cornfield -- this time I come or I don't tell all.

LT: What else is there?

ABE: That bride's going to be waiting at the church a long time.

LT: Why?

ABE: Because the guy with the bullets in his head was Harry.

LT: Sure?

ABE: Checked it with our pictures. Tall, skinny, red head -

LT: Freckles?

ABE: Freckles.

LT: You better come along, Hendry. I'm not much good at telling girls they were stood up at the altar by dead men.

ABE: See you at St. Michael's in five minutes. --

EMERSON: ~~Yes, something's very wrong. My daughter was to be~~
~~married an hour ago.~~

LT: ~~To a Mr. Harry Catlon --?~~

EMERSON: ~~That's right -- how did you know?~~

LT: ~~And he hasn't showed up yet?~~

EMERSON: ~~That's right -- who are you?~~

LT: ~~Tall thin fellow, Catlon - with red hair, lot of freckles?~~

EMERSON: ~~That's right - look if you know where he is - doing a thing~~
~~like this to my Aggie -- two hours late!~~

LT: ~~Take it easy, Mr. Emerson. You better tell him Henry --~~
~~I still got to much vinegar.~~

EMERSON: ~~Good heavens, man, what is this - what's happened?~~

ABE: ~~Mr. Emerson, I'm Hendry of the Globe-Democrat. This is~~
~~Detective Lt. Keene -- your son-in-law -- to be -- Harry --~~
~~(SOFTO) You better step over here -- he's dead Mr.~~
~~Emerson. He's not late -- he's not coming -- he's dead.~~

(MUSIC: -- UP INTO) --

AGGIE: (THROUGHOUT THIS BRIEF SCENE SHE CRIES SOFTLY OFF MIKE)

ABE: I'm sorry it had to be this way, Miss Emerson -- Mr.
Emerson -- but that's the way it is.

EMERSON: (HE'S NOT UPSET) Thank you. I -- thank you, ^{Aggie} ~~Aggie~~
please -- please, what good does it do to --

LT: WE'll leave you now, Mr. Emerson and -- we'll stop back
some other time. Couple of questions I have to ask you.

EMERSON: Yes, Lt. Aggie darling --

LT: Come on, Hendry. Sorry. Goodbye.

AGGIE: (CRIES SOFTLY AS)

(DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS IT OUT. STEPS BY THE TWO MEN)

LT: Well, I guess that's that, Hendry. She seemed like a nice kid, too.

ABE: So, it goes on the unsolved list, Lt.?

LT: Not right away. We'll track down the tires in the cornfield, if we can. And the shoe marks.-- I'll give it a Grade A No. One treatment -- but I think it's what I said: a gang dumped her boy friend.

ABE: (MOCKING) Period. End of report.

LT: You got other ideas?

ABE: A few. Look, Emerson told us Harry was a nice, quiet, steady sort of guy. Electrical engineer, right?

LT: So?

ABE: Does that sound like the kind of guy gets mixed up with a gang? A guy like that's earning \$75. maybe 100 a week -- he's gonna get married -- what's he doing handing around with a gang.

LT: Maybe he's a regular Jekyll and Hyde. Daytime a steady dependable guy, nighttime - a real low down killer --

ABE: Who's the writer, you or me?

LT: Look, Abe, you're a good fellow -- don't step over the line. I said I'd give it A-1 treatment, everything -- but from where I sit, it's an unsolved gang case. I've seen this kind going on 20 years. Four clues and a dead end. Period.

ABE: Maybe Emerson himself did it -- had something to do with it?

LT: Why Emerson? Why not Mussolini --

ABE: Did you see how grief-stricken he was? Never really
batted an eye. Emerson didn't like Harry Catlon --

LT: So what -- lots of father's in law don't like the guys
their daughters pick out -- that don't say he killed him.

ABE: I know. I'm only asking -- couldn't it have been someone
else -- not a gang after Harry?

LT: No.

ABE: No? -

LT: No.

ABE: Well I think it was.

LT? Why?

ABE: A lot of things.

LT: Why?

ABE: (SLOWLY AND CAREFULLY) First the 5 bullets. Hate was
involved there. Somebody who hated Harry pumped 5
bullets into his head. Then that notebook in his pocket
with the names in it. Then this - the day before a
wedding a guy is killed -- why would a gang pick a day
like that to kill somebody --?

LT: Coincidence, maybe --

ABE: (GOING RIGHT ON) They wouldn't -- but somebody who knew
Harry, intimately, who was close to him - he might do it --
or she might do it --

LT: Don't get romantic --

ABE: (SAME) and the job he had! the kind of guy he was. He
was no racketeer. I say no mob did it. I say it was a
crime of passion, I say --

LT: (CUTTING) Okay -- you said it -- now prove it.

ABE: (TAKEN ABACK A LITTLE) What?

LT: Prove it. I got eight unsolved robberies in town to work on. That and two other unsolved killings. I say this was a gang job and I'll give it the treatment for a gang job. You say no -- let's see you back up what you just said. Go out and prove it, Hendry -- go ahead and do it --
(PAUSE)

{MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARR.} --

NARR: There it is, Abe Hendry -- the challenge is thrown to you. The thin short, cynical, crackerjack police Lt. named Keene has taken you on your word. Go out and prove somebody killed Harry Catlon. Go out and find who it was who pumped five bitter bullets into the head of a man in an Illinois cornfield. Go ahead.

{MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG} --

CHAPPEL: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's BIG STORY.
(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #66

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

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

CHAPPELL: Of all America's leading cigarettes only one is
"Outstanding!" - only one is "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: It's the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished
red package - PELL MELL!

CHAPPELL: Look at a PELL MELL!

HARRICE: It looks good!

CHAPPELL: Feel a PELL MELL!

HARRICE: It feels good!

CHAPPELL: Taste a PELL MELL!

HARRICE: It tastes good!

CHAPPELL: Smoke a PELL MELL!

HARRICE: It smokes good!

CHAPPELL: Now you've discovered why so many of your friends have
changed to PELL MELL, the longer, finer cigarette.
PELL MELL! Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: And good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: For PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your
throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

CHAPPELL: Yes - PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on
the way to your throat - gives you that smoothness,
mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

ATX01 0060902

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #66

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL CONTINUED)

HARRICE: Of all America's leading cigarettes only one is
"Outstanding!" - only one is "Outstanding!"

CHAPPELL: The longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0060903

(MUSIC: INTRO AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator ~~Bob~~
~~Sloane~~ and the Big Story of Reporter ^{A.B.} ~~Abe~~ Hendry as he
lived it and wrote it ...

NARR: You watch the police Lt. as he leaves you with a challenge
and an unsolved crime on your hands and you wonder what
you're going to do. Because you, ^A ~~Albert~~ B. Hendry, (~~Abe~~
~~to your friends~~) reporter for the St. Louis Globe Democrat
have said you don't think a gang killed Harry Catlon, you've
said you think someone close to him did it -- that it was
a crime of passion. Okay -- now prove it -- that's your
assignment. Lt. Keene gave it to you and your city
editor, when you told him, he gave it to you too. "Sure
Abe," he said, "you find the murderer -- good story there."
And now you're at it. Where do you start? You try at the
Emerson house - Agnes Emerson, the girl left at the church
because a man was killed, and Agnes Emerson's father. You
start with them and you go slow because -- because that's
the situation --

ABE: I know this is -- not the best time -- a day after Harry's
^{been} found -- but is there anything you can tell me would help
us find -- who did it?

EMERSON: I told you all I know.

ABE: You didn't like Harry, did you, Mr. Emerson?

EMERSON: No, I didn't. But I told Aggie, if he was what she wanted
-- well -- I wouldn't stand in the way of their marriage.
Isn't that true, Aggie?

AGGIE: (SHE'S OVER THE WORST BUT STILL LITTLE WEAK) Nobody's accusing you, dad. I'm sure Mr. Hendry didn't mean anything like that at all.

ABE: No, of course not. Did he have any enemies you knew of?

AGGIE: None, Mr. Hendry -- believe me -- everybody liked Harry -- (SWEETLY) except Dad, a little, and he really didn't know Harry.

EMERSON: I knew Harry's family. I knew Harry's sister.

AGGIE: Now, why do you say a thing like that?

ABE: What about his family, Mr. Emerson?

EMERSON: Nothing. Just, if you want to know -- (CIAMS) Nothing.

ABE: What about his sister, Miss Emerson?

AGGIE: Harry and his sister, well -- they were different types. You know brothers and sisters.

ABE: What do you mean?

AGGIE: Harry was her kid brother and -- I guess she resented me a little.

EMERSON: She hated you, why don't you --

AGGIE: Dad! You see Mr. Hendry -- Harry's sister married and her husband died -- she and Harry were very close.

ABE: Your father said she hated you.

AGGIE: I met her once, just once -- she told me never to come into their house again.

ABE: Oh, did she and Harry live together?

AGGIE: Up until then, yes, they did -- but after that Harry moved out.

ABE: What's his sister's name?

AGGIE: I don't think there's any point in hounding her or -- it's just that Mae was different from Harry. She was --

ABE: (COAXING) What?

AGGIE: Well, a little coarse and -- but she's not really bad.
She's really very nice --

ABE: Mae What?

AGGIE: Mae Robbins is her married name; she uses that.

ABE: Where does she live?

AGGIE: Really, Mr. Hendry, I don't think --

EMERSON: Tell him about the insurance -- ~~why don't you tell him~~
~~about the insurance?~~

AGGIE: Dad!

ABE: I wish you would. What about the insurance? (PAUSE) Was
Harry insured, Mr. Emerson -- who was the beneficiary?

EMERSON: I got nothing to say.

AGGIE: We're very tired, Mr. Hendry and -- if you don't mind.
(PAUSE)

ABE: Sure. Okay. I understand. Mae Robbins. Just one thing;
her address and the name of the insurance company before I
go. (PAUSE) I can be a very stubborn guy -- and I can
wait a long time.

(MUSIC: -- AGITATED INTO --

(WALKING UP STEPS. DOOR BELL RUNG ONCE.

DOOR OPENS INTO)

(MUSIC: -- BLARING JAZZ AND NOISES OF A GOODTIME. FEW PEOPLE --

MAE: (LITTLE HIGH) (FRIENDLY) Oh, hello -- come on in.

ABE: Hello.

MAE: Have a drink. Don't I know you. Mae's my name.

ABE: Abe Hendry, you don't know me. What's the party for --
Harry?

MAE: Who are you?

ABE: Could we go where it's a little quieter?

MAE: Who are you mister?

ABE: I told you - a friend of Harry's.

MAE: I never met you. All right, step in here - I'll close the door and --

(CLOSES DOOR WITH SPEECH. NOISE OUT)

-- I never heard Harry mention your name.

ABE: Reporter.

MAE: Oh. Guess you think this -- all the noise and dancing is -- out of place or something - No. That's the way Harry would of wanted it. He wouldn't want no wake -- live and let live, that was his motto -- mine, too.

ABE: Got a couple of questions, if you don't mind.

MAE: About what?

ABE: Hear you run a grocery store -- is that true? Where is it? *Why is it only open from 1 to 3 in the afternoon.*

MAE: Say, what do you want?

ABE: Couple of answers: it's your store isn't it?

MAE: So what?

ABE: And it's on Hillside Avenue -- 2116 Hillside, right?

MAE: If you know, what are you asking for?

AVE: You know something, Mae -- I don't think you're gonna collect that insurance --

(Pause)
MAE: What are you talking about?

ABE: Harry's life was insured, Mae -- and you were the beneficiary Mae -- up to the time of his marriage, Mae. His marriage that never came off, Mae. (MAE: you got no right--) Wait a minute. Wasn't Harry gonna change the beneficiary from you to Agnes Emerson?

MAE: You got a dirty mind. I don't have to stand for no snotty reporters coming in here and making insults. Get out of here. Get out of here before I forget that my kid brother's dead two days -- and --

ABE: Just a bereaved big sister, is that it, Mae --

MAE: Get out of here! You got a dirty, filthy mind!

(MUSIC: -- STING INTO:)

LT: You have got a dirty mind, Hendry---

ABE: Why, Lt? You tell me.

LT: How much was the insurance for?

ABE: 1500 dollars.

LT: That's your answer. If it was 25 thousand or even 15 thousand, I'd listen to you -- but what sister's gonna kill her brother (a kid brother at that) for a measly 1500 bucks. If I'd a been Mae I'd have smacked you in the face. No. I don't swear out warrants for arrest on that kind of lead.

ABE: Okay, Keene. You're the law.

LT: Look, I ask you, Hendry. You're a writer: would an editor accept a plot where a dame kills her brother for that kind of money?

ABE: Okay, how about the grocery store?

LT: What about it?

ABE: I told you -- she runs a grocery store?
LT: Sure - but it's no crime.
ABE: And couldn't it be there's something fishy about that grocery store? *Only open from 1 to 3?*
LT: What do you want?
ABE: I want you and me to go visit that store. I want a search warrant and I want to have a look-see.
LT: I'm busy.
ABE: I tell you, Keene, if you saw this dame's face -- this Mae, you'd believe anything about her.
LT: Even killing her brother for a grand and a half?
ABE: She'd do it for 500 dollars.
LT: All right, Hendry -- my wife does all the shopping in the family. I haven't been in a grocery store in a long time. Let's go see what's in the grocery department.

(MUSIC: -- MOVEMENT INTO:)

knocking on
(~~BANGING ON GLASS DOOR.~~ AGAIN.)

LT: ~~This is getting boring. Everywhere I go with you~~
looks like
nobody's home.
ABE: There's got to be somebody there -- there's ~~all~~ ^{are} light on.
LT: Crumby looking place for a grocery, ain't it?
(BANGS AGAIN. PAUSE. AGAIN.)
LT: Let's go look around the back.
ABE: Don't tell me I got you interested, Lt.
LT: No. Just that -- in a place like this maybe I can pick up a sale on canned peaches. My wife likes canned peaches. Come on.

(THEY WALK, STOP AS INDICATED.)

ABE: There's a window.
LT: Yeah -- dark. Nothing there.

(MORE WALKING.)

ABE: Hey, Keene -- look.

LT: What do you know? A man sleeping in a bed. Maybe he lives there.

ABE: Maybe.

(BANGING ON WINDOW. MORE OF IT.)

EDDIE: (LITTLE OFF) (SLEEPY) What do you want?

LT: Open up the door, bud.

EDDIE: Go on away, mister. Store opens tomorrow at one o'clock.

LT: Better open it now, bud. Police.

EDDIE: Okay. Okay.

(PAUSE)

(SOME STEPS. A DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS UNDER:)

EDDIE: (SCARED) What's a matter, officer?

LT: ~~It's Bud, Lt.~~ Nothing -- just a visit. What happened to you?

EDDIE: Oh, this, I -- I broke my arm. Big castes they put on your arm these days, don't they?

LT: Oh, you broke your arm, huh?

EDDIE: Yeah, fell down a flight of stairs.

LT: What's your name?

EDDIE: Ed. Ed Burns.

LT: Friend of Mae's?

EDDIE: I work for her.

LT: Hours of one to three?

EDDIE: That's right.

LT: You got a pair of sharp scissors?

EDDIE: Scissors? Yeah. Why? What do you want?

LT: Just give them to me.

EDDIE: Sure. (FADE A LITTLE) Just a second.

LT: Stay in the room, no tricks. Just scissors.

ABE: (SOTTO) What are you doing, Keene?

LT: Just watch. Suddenly I got interested.

EDDIE: (BACK ON) Here you are, Lt.

LT: Now sit down. Hold out your arm. No -- the broken one.

EDDIE: Hey, wait a minute you ---

LT: That's right. I'm gonna cut the cast.

EDDIE: Leave it alone, the Doctor said ---

LT: The doc said it was poison ivy, didn't he? But you said he better make it look like a broken arm.

EDDIE: You're crazy, he ---

LT: Do I cut it or do you want to talk? Make up your mind---

EDDIE: Okay - it's -- well, suppose it is poison ivy.

LT: How'd you get it?

EDDIE: In the woods.

LT: On a picnic -- near Belleville, ~~Illinois~~, wasn't it? In a cornfield next to a dead man named Harry Catlon?

EDDIE: You're crazy, I never was ---

LT: Okay Eddie -- I'm booking you for the murder of Harry Catlon.

EDDIE: I never did it.

LT: No. Mae did it, I suppose.

EDDIE: I don't know what you're talking about.

LT: Okay. You just sit there Eddie, just sit and think it out. I'll have two squad men pick up Mae and we'll see what her version of the thing is. ABE --

ABE: Yes Keene?

LT: I got an idea there's more than groceries around this place. ~~While I'm calling (and keeping an eye on Eddie here) -- just you~~ look through some of those boxes in the back ~~and those big cases~~ -- maybe we'll find something interesting --

~~ABE: Keene, I admire you. May I say I admire you~~

LT: ~~Just do it. And thanks.~~ *And it's for you* (PAUSE) Eddie -- let me explain ~~you~~ a fine point of law: being an accessory to a murder is serious, doing the murder is more serious. If Mae did it, you'd be a fool to take the electric chair -- when you can settle for life.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND INTO:)

LT: Mae, sit down.

MAE: I'll stand, Lt.

LT: Mae, Hendry here (the writer) has a question for you. We know who did it, now. He wants to ask you why. Why, Mae? Why'd you kill him?

MAE: None of your business.

ABE: Mae, you liked Harry. Maybe you even loved him -- why'd you kill him?

MAE: I don't have to talk to you.

ABE: Mae, look. You ran a grocery store -- we know that. The grocery store was a blind for your fence game. What; you stole, or what your friends stole, you sold through the store. We know that. Was Harry gonna queer your game? Was he gonna snitch on you, Mae?

MAE: Why don't you shut up?

ABE: I'm getting close, hunh, Mae? Was it because he was your kid brother -- the one you had hopes for and believed in -- the one you sent thru school and worked and slaved for to make better than you----?

MAE: Shut up. Make him shut up.

LT: It's a free country, Mae. Free speech.

ABE: Was it because he didn't go along with you? He didn't like what you were doing? Because he broke with you and was going to marry a decent girl like Agnes Emerson? Was he gonna tell the cops on you, Mae?

(PAUSE)

MAE: What's the difference. I did it. What's the difference.

(LONG PAUSE) I gave him everything. Everything I knew. We had no father, no mother -- nothing. He was a -- he was a good electrician, a fine one. He could of been anything. Anything. And I gave him the chance. I made it for him. I did it all for him -- and what does he do? He ties up with a little fool, that Aggie. He's gonna throw everything over for a cottage with a waterfall when he could have had anything he wanted. Sure I killed him. He came to me -- two days before the wedding and says -- Mae, go straight. Mae, quit. (Quit -- after 20 years of doing everything for him -- quit! What did he know!) "Mae," he says, "If you don't quit I'm gonna go to the cops about you." My own brother, my own flesh and blood -- a dirty stool pigeon. So I shot him. I took him out in the car -- year, we had a celebration the night before the wedding -- and Eddie got scared, so I did it. I did it. Yeah. Five times. And I'd do it again. (PAUSE) That what you want to know?

AEE: (QUIETLY) Yeah, that's what we wanted, Mae.

MAE: And you had the nerve to insult me -- to come in and
accuse me of killing my own kid brother for a lousy
1500 dollars. What do you think I am anyhow?

(MUSIC: -- UP IN SOME BEWILDERMENT AND RESOLVE TO TAG:)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from ^{A.C.} Albert
Hendry of the St. Louis Globe Democrat with the final
outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #66

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

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

CHAPPELL: Of all America's leading cigarettes only one is
"Outstanding!" - only one is "Outstanding!" - the longer,
finer cigarette in the distinguished red package.

PELL MELL! Good to look at ...

HARRICE: Good to feel ...

CHAPPELL: Good to taste ...

HARRICE: And good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: For PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your
throat - gives you that smoothness, mildness and
satisfaction no other cigarette offers you. Remember -
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0060915

(MUSIC: TAG)

A.B.

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from ~~Albert~~ Hendry of the St. Louis Globe Democrat.

HENDRY: Tried in Illinois where the crime was committed, killer in tonight's Big Story was convicted of murder in the first degree. Because of the viciousness of the crime the Governor refused to intercede thereby making her the first woman to die in the electric chair in the State of Illinois. *The appreciators* ~~Many~~ thanks for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Hendry. 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 front pages of the Tulsa, Oklahoma Tribune by-line *George Land* -- ~~A~~ Cleve Bulliett A BIG STORY about a Boy Scout, a bull dog and a girl who walked in her sleep.

(MUSIC: THEME WIPE AND FADE TO BG ON CUE)

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter, with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was written by *Arnold Peil* ~~Carl~~. Your narrator was Boh Sloane, and *Nat Polan* ~~George~~ *A.B.* ~~Petrie~~ played the part of Albert Hendry. In order to protect the names of people actually involved in tonight's authentic BIG STORY the names of all characters in the dramatization were changed with the exception of the reporter, Mr. Hendry.