

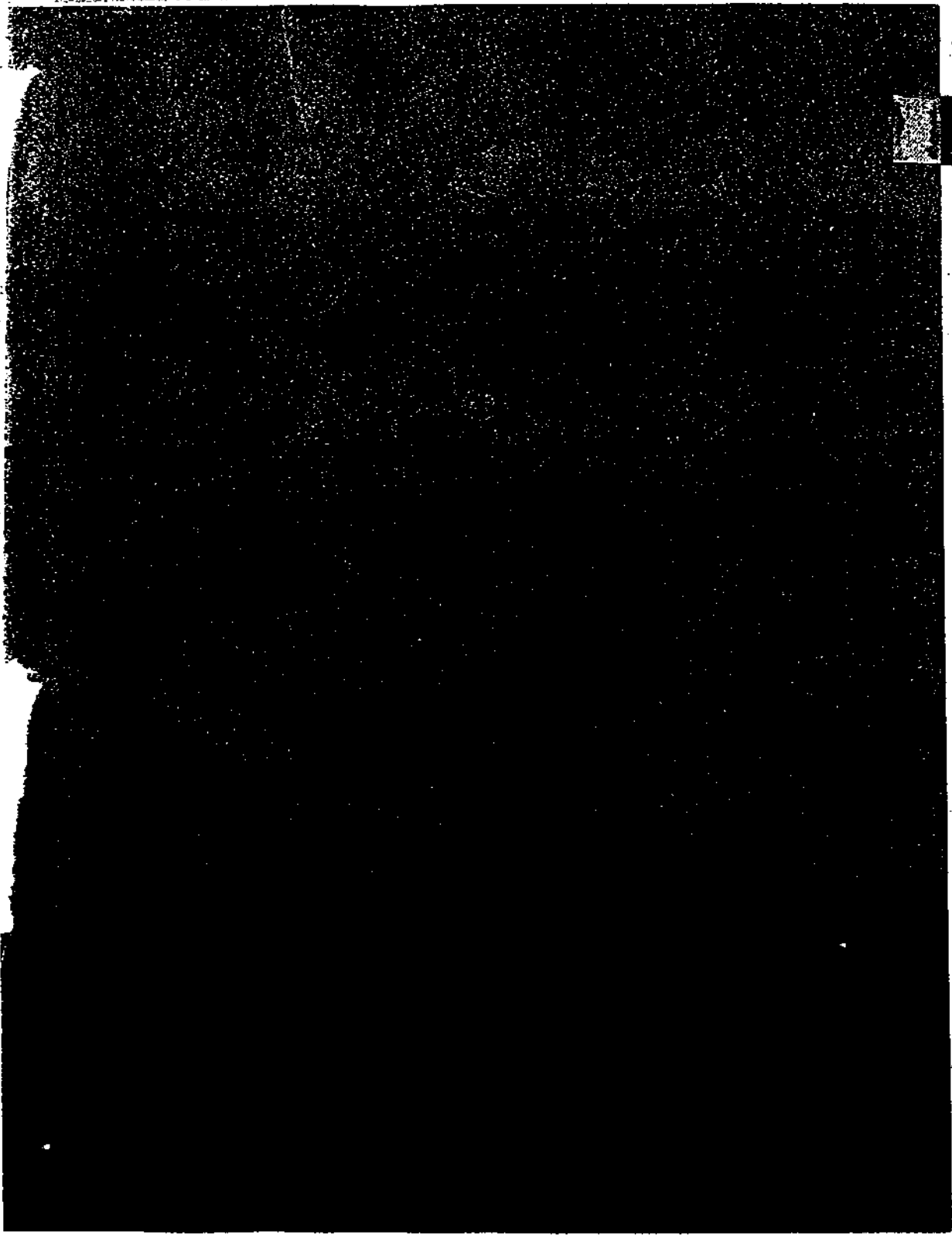
THE
KING

PART II

THE
KING

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ATX01 0061630

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #67

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
BULLETTE	JIM BOLES
JANETTA	MITZI GOULD
WITCH	AGNES YOUNG
KID	MICHAEL ARTIST
CAREY	RALPH BELL

WEDNESDAY, JULY 7, 1948

ATX01 0061631

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#67

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

JULY 7, 1948

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

BULLETTE: Now -- Janetta --

JANETTA: Yes?

BULLETTE: I want to help you. You know that.

JANETTA: I believe you.

BULLETTE: But you must be truthful with me. These things -- the things that woman did to you -- you ~~actually~~ ^{really} believe they happened?

JANETTA: I do, I do. They happened.

BULLETTE: That remains to be seen - and proved. But suppose they did, actually -- how do you suppose she was able to do them?

JANETTA: It's very simple, Mr. Bullette. (PAUSE) Now I know --

BULLETTE: Yes --

JANETTA: I know now -- she was a witch.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO)

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 & PIAT) Tulsa, Oklahoma: from the front page of the Tulsa Tribune, the headline story of -- the woman who was a witch. Tonight, to George Cleveland Bullette of the Tulsa Tribune, goes the PELL MELL Award for The BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0061632

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #67

OPENING COMMERCIAL

VIBRAPHONE: SINGLE, OUTSTANDING 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!

ATX01 0061633

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THE THEME: UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: And now, the story as it actually happened! Cleve Bullette's story as he lived it ... Tulsa, Oklahoma.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: (VERY QUITE, REMINISCENT) Looking back now, it seems eminently fitting that your big story should have started in -- the morgue. That is, the Tribune's clipping files. There, you, Cleve Bullette, are temporarily in charge of the files.. a dusty job ... a boring job ... and yet -- one aspect interests you strangely. And that is -- or, more exactly, she is -- your assistant.

BULLETTE: Janetta. . .

JANETTA: Yes, Mr. Bullette?

BULLETTE: Janetta -- don't be insulted at what I'm going to say, but -- (GENTLE) Have you had lunch?

JANETTA: I ate.

BULLETTE: What? What did you eat for lunch?

JANETTA: Bread.

BULLETTE: Is that all?

(SILENCE)

BULLETTE: I see. (PAUSE) Now -- this is none of my business, but I have the feeling you're in trouble -- and -- well, I hate to see anybody kicked around. So come on. Tell Uncle Cleve.

JANETTA: I -- I can't . . .

BULLETTE: Ah. You are in a jam!

JANETTA: No -- please. I -- I mustn't tell -- you mustn't ask me -- I -- I can't tell --

BULLETTE: Why -- you're scared stiff, you poor kid -- what --

JANETTA: No -- no. You mustn't ask me -- please -- I daren't tell.

BULLETTE: All right. I'll mind my own business. But remember, Janetta - if things get rough, really rough -- you've got somebody you can turn to. (PAUSE) Will you, Janetta?

JANETTA: If -- If I can --

BULLETTE: If you can. Good enough for me; (BEAT) Now -- do something for me.

JANETTA: If I --can.

BULLETTE: (GENTLE) Take this -- and get yourself something to eat. Right now.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO MYSTERIOUSLY UNDER)

NARRATOR: Janetta Warner ... funny, slender little mouse of a girl . . . half-starved, frightened ...she takes the money -- leaves ----- and never returns. (FAINT STING)
~~A day, two days -- and you begin to wonder. From the personnel office you get the address and phone number she gave when she was hired. . . and they both prove non-existent. So you give up. But you do not quite forget . . . you always wonder. (SNEAK SOUND OF TYPEWRITER)~~
Then, one day, a good two years later, you're banging out some fool yarn or other down at the press room in Police headquarters ;. .

(KNOCK ON DOOR TYPING CONTINUES UNTIL CUE . . . OUT)

BULLETTE: (YELLS) Come in,

(DOOR OPENS)

JANETTA: (WEAK) Mr. Bullette...

BULLETTE: Yeah, yeah. (TYPING A BIT, OUT) *Yeah? What can I do for you?*

JANETTA: It's me.

BULLETTE: Beg your pardon?

JANETTA: Don't you know me, Mr. Bullette? You said once, if I got into trouble, I'd know --

BULLETTE: (SURPRISED) Janetta! (WHISPER) Janetta! What's -- what's happened to you? Where'd you disappear to? What's the idea of -- (BREAK) I'm sorry. (VERY GENTLE) Here. Sit down.

JANETTA: I -- I didn't have anybody else to come to --

BULLETTE: It'll be all right, Janetta. Don't be afraid any more. You -- (PAUSE) What do you weigh?

JANETTA: Eighty pounds.

BULLETTE: (HARD) Who's been starving you?

JANETTA: (WHISPER) She has.

BULLETTE: Who's "she?"

JANETTA: A -- a bad woman.

BULLETTE: (GENTLY) Do you want to tell me about it?

JANETTA: I -- there isn't anybody else to help me .. You see, when I came to Tulsa, I didn't know anybody ... not a soul. I wasn't working, and my money was running out. (~~SNEAK CONVERSATION IN BG~~) Then, one day, I was in the A & G Store, and a woman came up to me. . .

WITCH: (SWEET) Excuse me --

JANETTA: Yes ma'am?

WITCH: I hope you'll forgive me for speaking to you like this, but -- I couldn't help noticing you shop just now ... Please understand that I only wish to help you ...

JANETTA: Oh --

WITCH: But I saw you count your pennies just now -- and my heart just went out to you --

JANETTA: I -- I don't understand you --

WITCH: This is very embarrassing, my dear -- but what I'm trying to say is -- (A REAL GUSH OF FALSE CHARITY) I just hate to see young people struggle so, when I have so much, when I could help so much --

JANETTA: That's very kind of you, but --

WITCH: I have such a large house -- ~~acrossed~~ -- and I'm so lonely -- so -- if you'd allow me -- won't you come and ^{visit} ~~visit~~ with me?

JANETTA: Why - why I don't know what to say -- *we're perfect strangers.*

WITCH: Now you just come along home with me and we'll have a nice cup of coffee and we'll just see. All right? (SMILE) After all -- do I look like a -- a bad woman?

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER)

JANETTA: Well -- I went along home with her -- and she was really nice to me ^{she asked me to come and live there} ~~'cept, I couldn't just make up my mind, a perfect stranger like that. And it was right then, the very first time, something funny happened. I'd made up my mind not to stay, I didn't want to put upon her ...~~ ^{well} but then...

WITCH: (JUST A LITTLE LESS SWEET) Put upon me? Nonsense. Why, you'd be doing me a favor. I'd just love to have you.

JANETTA: Oh, no, really, I couldn't.

WITCH: Yes. (PAUSE) You could. Don't you trust me?

JANETTA: Oh no, nothing like that.

WITCH: Look at me.

JANETTA: Huh?

WITCH: Look at me. (SORT OF A HYPNOTIC MONOTONE) ~~You mustn't think against me. Do you understand? You mustn't disagree.~~ You mustn't mistrust ^{me} Everything is good, everything is love ... ~~everything is very thrilling~~
(PURE HYPNOTIC) Now you're tired ... you're very tired.. ~~very~~ ve---ry sleepy, ve---ry sleepy... you want to
(SNEAK WIERDIE MUSIC) sleep...sleep...sleeeep...you want to stay here and sleep here... sleep...

(MUSIC: WIPES IT AND DIVES UNDER)

JANETTA: And the next morning -- well, I was still there, that's all. And it seemed like every time I had the will to do something, why she'd say ...

WITCH: Janetta...

JANETTA: Yes?

WITCH: Yes what?

JANETTA: Yes -- ma'am.

WITCH: That's better. Now -- where are you going?

JANETTA: Out.

WITCH: Where?

JANETTA: Just -- out.

WITCH: Why?

JANETTA: I -- I want to get some -- something to eat.

WITCH: Oh, Janetta! (PAUSE) Come here. (SWEETLY MENACING)
Come here. Now. Look at me. Looook into my eyes...

JANETTA: Please --

THE WITCH: LOOK -- at me. You don't want to go out. It's unfriendly out in the world. Do you understand?

(MORE)

WITCH:
(CONF'D)

There are evil people there ... it's evil out there ...
you don't want to go out. (SNEAK MUSIC) You want to
stay here. Right here, with me. You mustn't go out
into the evil world, dear. You must stay here ... you
must want to stay here ... you will stay here ... you
will!

JANETTA: (DAZE) Yes.

WITCH: And you will not think about (SCORN) being hungry. Don't
you know, Janetta, hunger is a sin of the flesh? It's
evil! It's indulgence!

JANETTA: Yes, ma'am.

WITCH: And we must be clean, and pure, and not think about the
flesh, mustn't we? We mustn't yearn for things of the
world, must we?

JANETTA: No, ma'am.

WITCH: And we mustn't hide money to go out into the evil world
and indulge ourselves, must we?

JANETTA: No, ma'am.

WITCH: So let me have the money, Janetta. (PAUSE) That's
a good girl. ~~Now -- we're very tired ... very tired ...~~
~~getting sleepy ... so sleepy ... so sleepy ...~~
~~so sleepy ... (PAUSE)~~

JANETTA: (~~DAZE~~) ~~So sleepy ...~~

WITCH: ~~Are you asleep, Janetta, are you asleep?~~

JANETTA: ~~Yes...~~

WITCH: Good. Now -- you will take your pen. You will write
to your father. (PAUSE) ~~Do you understand?~~

JANETTA: (~~PAINT~~) ~~Yes...~~

WITCH: And you will say you are sick ... and you need -- money!

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO)

JANETTA: And every time the money came -- she would -- make me give it to her. It was awful. When I was hungry, she wouldn't let me eat. She'd make me take jobs under different names -- and take my money ... she -- she just controlled me. She allowed me a dollar a week to live, took all my dresses and sold them, made me --

BULLETTE: Janetta -- let me ask you one thing.

JANETTA: Yes, Mr. Bullette?

BULLETTE: Did she ever beat you?

JANETTA: Yes.

BULLETTE: When? Why? What for?

JANETTA: When I was working for you, Mr. Bullette. That night, when I got home -- (SNEAK TICKING OF A BIG GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK) -- she was sitting in her big chair, next to the grandfather's clock ... ~~making, making~~ ... (SNEAK SOUND OF ~~ROOMS~~ CLOCK ~~BACK~~, BACK BEHIND)

WITCH:

(Pause)
Janetta?

JANETTA: Yes 'm.

WITCH: Come here.

JANETTA: Yes 'm.

(SILENCE. THEN)

WITCH: Tell me what happened today.

JANETTA: I worked.

WITCH: Yes.

JANETTA: I ate -- I mean --

WITCH: What? What's that?

JANETTA: Nothing. Nothing ma'am --

WITCH: (INTO THE HYPNO ROUTINE VOICE) Janetta ...

JANETTA: No -- please don't put me to sleep .. please --

WITCH: Jan-etta ... look at me. Look into my eyes ...

JANETTA: (WEAKLY) No .. please ...

WITCH: Deep ... deep into my eyes. You're sleepy (THE WIERDIE MUSIC AGAIN) .. so sleepy ...and you must be so tired, so, so tired, so very ti--red ... (PAUSE) Sleep ... sleeeep ... there ...

JANETTA: (HEAVY CLOSE BREATHING)

WITCH: Now. You said you ate. Did you eat?

JANETTA: Yes.

WITCH: Where?

JANETTA: (FARAWAY) A restaurant. A real restaurant. It was so good.

WITCH: Where did you get the money?

JANETTA: A man gave it to me. (PAUSE) A kind man,

WITCH: Who?

JANETTA: A reporter in the office. He was kind to me.

WITCH: (GROWING ANGRY AND INSANELY JEALOUS) We must not go back to the office. We must not go back to that place. (MORE AND MORE) Never! Never, never, we must not go back! (SOUND OF SIAP) That's what'll happen if you go back! (ANOTHER) That's what will happen if we (SNEER) ask for sympathy. (ANOTHER, AND ANOTHER) THAT'S what happens to girls who try to get away from those who have The Power! (WILDER) That (SIAP), that (SIAP) THAT! (SIAP)

(MUSIC: OUT OF IT AND UNDER AND AWAY)

BULLETTE: So she beat you because I tried to help you. And that's why you never came back.

JANETTA: ~~Yes~~

BULLETTE: ~~If those things really happened to you, they would be --~~

JANETTA: ~~Yes~~

BULLETTE: ~~I would like to help you, but I can't help you.~~

JANETTA: ~~I know, I know.~~

BULLETTE: ~~Are you must be certain of that? These things -- these things that women did to you -- you really believe they happened?~~

JANETTA: ~~I do, I do. They happened.~~

BULLETTE: ~~That remains to be seen -- and proved. But suppose they are, *Janette* -- how do you suppose she was able to do ~~these~~ *these things to you?*~~

JANETTE: It's very simple, Mr. Bullette. (PAUSE) Now I know --

BULLETTE: Yes --

JANETTA: I know now -- she was a witch.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO)

CHAPPELL: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's Big Story --

(MIDDIE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

VIBRAPHONE: SINGLE, OUTSTANDING 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.

(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!

(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator, and THE BIG STORY of Cleve Bullette as he lived it and wrote it.

NARRATOR: You, Cleve Bullette of the Tulsa Tribune, have found again a strange girl who disappeared when once you tried to help her ... Or, rather, ^{down at police} she has found you ^{and readjusted} and she's got ~~now~~. A strange story about a strange woman who has strangely influenced her, starved her, beaten her. Very, very strange. (DISGUST) Too strange, especially when the girl comes out with -- this:

JANETTA: I know now -- she was a witch.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO AWAY)

NARRATOR: ~~A~~ Witches. ~~In the modern day world of brotley cars, hot~~
~~age and and atom bombs? Oh no. No, you are not~~
buying -- quite. So you turn to the girl ...

BULETTE: Janetta -- you sit here like a good girl for a minute. I want to talk to somebody. All right?

JANETTA: Yes, Mr. Bullette.

BULETTE: That's a good girl. I'll be right back. Don't you run away.

JANETTA: ~~Oh, Mr. Bullette, I have no place to go.~~

(MUSIC: QUICK BRIDGE UNDER)

NARRATOR: ~~You didn't want to tell Janetta~~ ^{make} but that word "witch" ~~made you a little leery of handling this one yourself.~~
^{you tell Janetta to wait while you} So ~~the "somebody"~~ talk to ~~the~~ Carey, one of the detectives upstairs. You give it to him just as she told it. He listens. Then --

BULETTE: ~~Well, that do not~~

CAREY: A Witcher, huh?

BULLETTE: That's what she said. What do you think?

CAREY: I think she's a little nuts.

BULLETTE: I'm not sure about that. Witch or no witch, she's starving. (PAUSE) Carey -- a girl who used to weigh ~~100~~ -- and is down to 80, if she weighs that. Somebody did something to her, witch or no witch. And what's more, she's got nobody to turn to but me --

CAREY: And you have nobody to turn to but me, huh? Got anything in mind?

BULLETTE: Yep.

CAREY: What?

BULLETTE: Plain ordinary investigation. You and I are taking her for a ride -- face to face with -- the witch!

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER)

(DOORBELL RINGS FAROFF INTERIOR PERSPECTIVE)

JANETTA: Please, Mr. Bullette -- please don't make me go ~~back~~ ^{in there} please!

BULLETTE: Shh, Janetta. Nobody's going to hurt you.

JANETTA: (A MOAN) Please, please -- she'll put me in the cellar again --

BULLETTE: Shhh.

(DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN)

JANETTA: (A MOAN, WHISPERED) Please!

(DOOR OPENS) *(little way)*

WITCH: Yes? Can I -- (SURPRISE) Why, Janetta!

BULLETTE: You know this girl?

WITCH: (ALL SWEETNESS AND LIGHT) Why of course! But --

BULLETTE: My name is Cleve Bullette. I'm from the Tulsa Tribune.
This is Detective Carey from --

WITCH: Newspaper reporters? Policemen? Oh, Janetta, you poor
child! What have you done now?

Carey
~~BULLETTE:~~ I think we'd better discuss this inside.

JANETTA: Please, please, please --

BULLETTE: (GENTLE) Come on, Janetta. (PAUSE) Well, ma'am?

WITCH: Of course, gentlemen. (SO SO SWEET) Do come in.

(DOOR OPENS A BIT MORE, CLOSSES CREAKINGLY)

BULLETTE: I'll come right to the point, ma'am.

WITCH: Please do!

BULLETTE: Janetta here is a friend of mine. She has -- well,
she's made some serious charges concerning you, and --

WITCH: Excuse me, Mr...?

BULLETTE: Bullette.

WITCH: Forgive me. I'm not (CHARM CHARM) good on names. May
I interrupt for a moment?

BULLETTE: Well ... yes.

WITCH: Thank you. (GENTLE) Janetta dear. Won't you go to
your room while I talk with the gentlemen?

JANETTA: Please, Mr. Bullette -- please don't let her --

BULLETTE: It's all right, Janetta. You can go. You'll be all
right.

WITCH: Do as the man says, Janetta.

(FOOTSTEPS GOING OFF. DOOR OPENS)

WITCH: (CALLS) Close the door, dear!

(THE DOOR CLOSSES)

BULLETTE: Waiting, ma'am.

WITCH: (MOCK COMPASSION) Oh, gentlemen -- can't you see?

CAREY: See what, ma'am?

WITCH: Can't you see the poor child is -- deranged? She has a persecution complex!

BULLETTE: Then why isn't she in an institution? And why is she so thin, so bruised, so shabby, so frightened? Tell me -- why?

WITCH: My dear Mr. Bullette. She is in an institution. This is a private nursing home -- in a way. Her poor father didn't want to send her to a -- to the other place, so -- I'm taking care of her -- privately, you understand --

CAREY: That doesn't explain --

WITCH: Her thin-ness, and the other things? Can't you understand, -- she won't eat? She won't dress neatly; She won't realize all her fears are delusions! Her poor sick mind can't distinguish between the real world and the dream world. That's all. It's as simple as all that. Just the terrible, haunting delusions of a poor bewildered mind.

BULLETTE: Ma'am -- I guess we owe you an apology.

WITCH: Oh no, Mr. Bullette. I owe you thanks for bringing her home. I've been worried about her all day. And you did right in coming here. After all -- there are so many people who'd take advantage of a poor lost soul -- aren't there?

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: And that is that. And once again you chase the poor bewildered girl out of your mind. But about a week later-- Carey turns up at your house - in the middle of the night - with a boy scout - no less ---

CAREY: All right, sonny. Tell Mr. Bullette just what you told me.

THE KID: Yessir.

BULLETTE: ~~Wait a minute. What are you doing up so late?~~

CAREY: ~~Let the kid tell his story.~~

BULLETTE: ~~All night, all night.~~

KID: ~~All night.~~

BULLETTE: ~~All night!~~

KID: ~~Yessir.~~ You see, I'm a tenderfoot, I got to make second class. And one of the tests is, I got to camp out. Overnight. So I set up my pup tent in the empty lot down by my house, and I lit a fire --

BULLETTE: Go ahead, go ahead.

KID: And I sat up a while, like there was nobody around but me and the night time. Then I thought I'd do a little spyin' around, practicin' the silent walk. So I peeked over the wall next to the lot, like I was sneakin' up on an Indian Village --

BULLETTE: ~~(HE MAKES LIKE AN INDIAN) WOO-WOO-WOO-WOO~~ -- Look, kid -- get to the point, will you?

KID: (INJURED) Yes sir, Somebody was digging in the garden.

BULLETTE: At two a.m. Fine,

KID: Yep. I thought it was awful early to be ~~digging~~ ^{diggin in the} garden ~~so~~ so I kept on spyin', And when I seen --

BULLETTE: Saw.

KID: When I saw what they were doing, I came right to the police,

BULLETTE: (PATIENCE, PATIENCE) And what were they doing?

KID: Having a funeral, kind of. With a coffin and everything.
And she was sort of weaverin' around, and mumblin, and stretchin' her arms out and all that. Golly, it was the wierdest darn thing you ever --

BULLETTE: Wait a minute, sonny. Who was weaverin' around?

KID: She was.

BULLETTE: And who was -- is -- she?

KID: The witch.

(A LONG PAUSE)

BULLETTE: (QUIET) Say that again.

KID: The witch. Everybody calls her the witch.

BULLETTE: Why?

KID: Aw, you know. She's the meanest old lady on the block. Why, when a ball goes over the wall, you go after it and she'll sick a bulldog on you. Course, when Janetta's there --

BULLETTE: Janetta! You know Janetta?

KID: Sure, She throws the ball back. She's nice. But she's not there any more.

BULLETTE: She's not there any more.

KID: No sir.

BULLETTE: Since how long?

KID: About a week,

BULLETTE: Did I hear you say "funeral?" What do you mean, funeral?

KID: Well, she buried a coffin. A real coffin-lookin' coffin'. (PAUSE) With handles, even,

BULLETTE: ~~Oh, what a happy, merry, and joyful funeral!~~ Sonny --

KID: Yes sir?

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BULLETTE: How'd you like to have a ride in a real squad car
with me and Detective Carey?

KID: Where to?

BULLETTE: The house of the witch!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER INTO:)

(TRUDGING OF FOOTSTEPS)

KID: Right here mister. Right here is where she was diggin'.
Look, -- can I go home now? I'm scared.

BULLETTE: Sure, sonny. And you want to know a secret? So am I.

Carey: ^{Carey} ~~Carey~~ (PAUSE) Hand me a spade. -- *Let's dig.*

(MUSIC: *(Sound of digging)*)

THE KID: ~~(GRR) Nooooo~~

BULLETTE: ~~(SAME) You're a good agent. (PAUSE) Now I'm a kid!~~

~~(DISCOING UP AND INTO)~~

~~(MUSIC: ~~FOR THE USE OF THE...~~)~~

(COUPLE OF SCRAPES AND)

BULLETTE: That's it. Give me a hand.

(SCRUNCH SCRUNCH)

CAREY: It ~~isn't~~ *(Pause) doesn't weigh much.*

BULLETTE: (QUIET) ~~Neither did~~ *Neither did* Janetta.

(THUMP)

BULLETTE: You better do this part. You're the law.

CAREY: Yeah. (PAUSE) Hold the flashlight.

BULLETTE: Sure. Sure. (PAUSE) No. Wait.

CAREY: Huh?

BULLETTE: If - if this -- coffin - holds what we think --

I -- I -- (PAUSE) It's on my ~~mind~~ *conscience*. I was the one who wouldn't believe her, I was the one who brought her back to this -- place.

CAREY: Yeah. (PAUSE) Nothing you can do. Nobody's fault.

(PAUSE) Ready?

BULLETTE: Go ahead.

(SCRAPE, SCRUNCH, CREAK, CLUNK)

BULLETTE: (A WHISTLE OF AMAZEMENT, RELIEF, HORROR)

CAREY: You and me both!

BULLETTE: So that's what she was -- what did the kid call it? -- "weaverin' and mumblin'" over. ~~A dog~~. A dead, embalmed, be-ribboned, buried bulldog! Well!

CAREY: (QUIET) Well what?

BULLETTE: Well, a couple of wells. Well we know there's something funny going on around here -- ^{but} ~~and~~ we know Janetta's okay.

CAREY: (DEADLY) Do we?

BULLETTE: (QUIET) Yeah. Do we?

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER)

(DOOR KEY BEING TURNED)

BULLETTE: (WHISPER) How are you coming with that look?

CAREY: (SAME) Any minute now. Little trick I learned from a second story man. (SOUND) Ah.

(DOOR UNLOCKS. CREAKS SLOWLY OPEN)

CAREY: (WHISPER) This ought to be the kitchen. Risk a light?

BULLETTE: Go ahead.

Carey: (CLICK) *Here's the switch.*

BULLETTE: Oh-oh.

CAREY: Ma'am, we can explain everything. You see --

BULLETTE: Wait. Can't you see? Her eyes are wide open --

CAREY: Yeah --

BULLETTE: ~~And she's -- (HE SNAPS HIS FINGERS ONCE, TWICE)~~

Look at that! She's in a trance! Now we can really search this place!

CAREY: Oh no. I'm not leaving her alone.

BULLETTE: How're you going to bring her out of it?

CAREY: I don't know. But sometimes, this works.

(A LOUD SHARP SLAP)

CAREY: Pardon me, lady.

(ANOTHER SLAP)

BULLETTE: Look! (PAUSE) She's -- moving!

THE WITCH: A LOW, WIERD, PAINFUL, SIGHING MOAN. THEN --
Janetta?

BULLETTE: No. What have you done with her! What have you done
to Janetta? Where is she?

THE WITCH: Who are you? What are you -- (QUICK CHANGE) Why it's
the young gentleman from the paper!

CAREY: And the law.

THE WITCH: What are you doing in my house? This is an -- an outrage,
an absolute outrage! What right have you to invade my
privacy like this! By what right do you --

CAREY: Lady -- we ask the questions. Where's the girl? Where
is Janetta?

THE WITCH: Of all the! Asleep, in bed, you, you -- Oh! Well I've
never -- (HYSTERICAL) She's perfectly all right! I'll go
right downstairs and --

BULLETTE: ~~Where? Where?~~ Downstairs? ^{I'll} Watch her, Carey, ^{you go} ~~Watch~~
~~her!~~ ^{downstairs.}

Carey: O.K. (RAPID FOOTSTEPS AND DOOR SLAM)

THE WITCH: I'll go with --

BULLETTE: ^{you} Stay -- ^{here} ~~there.~~

THE WITCH: Young man, I assure you, this is all a -- a horrible
mistake, a nightmare. Do I look like the kind of woman
who would do -- the things you - suspect? Just look
at me! Look at me ..., my eyes.... (SNEAK THE HYPNOTIC MUSIC)
Look into my eyes ... deep ..., deeeeeeeep it's late...
it's so very ve-ry late, you must be ve-ry sleepy
so slee-----

(DOOR OPENS RAPIDLY)

CAREY: ~~Stay!~~ ^{Cleve - Cleve, snap out of it.}

Shit - what? (Pause) Why
BULLETTE: You missed something. The old witch tried to hypnotize me! That's the secret, Carey. That's the story! Just a cheap hypnotist.

CAREY: Not just a hypnotist, *Cleve* ~~Steve~~. Worse. (PAUSE) Go down those stairs, *Cleve* ~~Steve~~. Take the flashlight. I'll stay here. Go down those stairs and see what you find. ~~Down~~ at the bottom

(DOOR OPENS. FOOTSTEPS DOWN CREAKY STAIRS. ~~CREAKY DOOR OPENS SLOWLY~~)

BULLETTE: (SOFTLY) That -- old ---- witch. (PAUSE) (SOFTLY) Janetta ...

(JANGLE OF CHAINS)

BULLETTE: Janetta ... don't be afraid ... it's me.

JANETTA: (A GASP) Please -- please!

BULLETTE: (GENTLE AND VERY MOVED) It's all right, Janetta. It's going to be all right. (PAUSE) Nobody is ever going to chain you up in the cellar again. Never

(MUSIC: HIT TO CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Cleve Bullette of the Tulsa Tribune with the final outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #67

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

VIBRAPHONE: SINGLE, OUTSTANDING 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 0061656

(ORCHESTRA: TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now, we read you that telegram from Cleve Bullette of the Tulsa Tribune.

BULLETTE: Mystery woman in tonight's Big Story, headlined as the mistress of Hex House, was convicted and sentenced to the Oklahoma State Penitentiary. Removed from her evil influence; Janetta soon was restored to normal life. Let me express my appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Bullette. 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.

CHAPPELL: And now we present our guest of the evening, ~~Miss Betty Etter~~ ^{Miss} ~~Etter~~, Editor of Movie Life Magazine, *Miss Betty Etter.*

ETTER: Thank you Mr. Chappell. In behalf of Movie Life Magazine, I am proud to present this citation to Bernard J. Prockter, Producer of the BIG STORY, ~~and Miss Radio's~~ ^{Full Mel Family Cigarettes} outstanding dramatic ~~hit~~ ^{and to} ~~which~~ ^{program. This is the one radio program which} so successfully employs the fast-moving documentary style that marked many film hits such as, "Call Northside 777," "The Killers," "T Men" and others. *Congratulations.*

CHAPPELL: Thank you Miss Etter.

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 Charlotte North Carolina News - by-line C.A. Paul -- a BIG STORY that reached its climax as a murderer hid in a swamp surrounded by a mob gone mad with the heat.

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 Alan Sloane. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Jim Boles played the part of ^{Glove Hand} Clève Bullette. 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. Bullette.

(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.

jow/joan
6/18/48 pm

THE BIG STORY

JULY 14, 1948

NO BROADCAST BECAUSE
OF DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION

ATX01 0061659

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #69

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
DAN	JAMES VAN DYK
TINY	TED DE CORSIA
PETE	JAMES MONKS
MAC	GEORGE PETRIE
JEANNIE	MERCEDES McCAMBRIDGE
JOE	JOHN SYLVESTER
COP	JAMES VAN DYK
BLANCHE	MERCEDES McCAMBRIDGE

WEDNESDAY, JULY 21, 1948

RTX01 0061660

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#69

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

JULY 21, 1948

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: HIT THEME AND CUT OFF)

DAN: You're sure everything is all right, Tiny?

TINY: (A THUG) Sure, I'm sure. We phoned that reporter and told him there was a story waiting for him here so he'd -- (BREAKS)
(LOWER) Hey..

DAN: What is it?

TINY: There he is now. That's the reporter.

DAN: (SOFT) Wait until he comes closer. Wait until he turns into the walk. You don't want to miss him, do you Tiny?

TINY: Miss him? When I get through unloading this rod, that reporter's going to look like a swiss cheese.

~~DAN: JUST a few more steps, Tiny. Easy, just a couple more steps now. (THEN) All right Tiny, there's your target, ready...~~

(MUSIC: SMASHES INTO BRIDGE AND THEN INTO)

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) Atlanta, Georgia. From the pages of the Atlanta Constitution -- the authentic story of a reporter who set out to clean up a lottery -- by gambling with his life. Tonight, to Keeler McCartney of the Atlanta Constitution goes the PELL MELL Award for THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

RTX01 0061661

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 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.

(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: And now, the story as it actually happened--Keeler
McCartney's story, as he lived it. Atlanta, Georgia.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER FOR)

NARR: You are Keeler McCartney, police reporter for the Atlanta
Constitution. You are young, conscientious, and hot. ~~It is~~
~~Indian Summer on Peachtree Street and as far as you are~~
~~concerned, the Indians can have it. You stand in the~~ *your*
city editor's office, listening to his dry voice briefing
you on a new assignment. ~~Your eyes focus listlessly on the~~
~~lamp duty leaves hanging motionless on the trees outside,~~
~~the window and you wish you could dive headfirst into a~~
deep glass of beer. ~~You are sitting at the desk~~
~~the editor, the editor's desk is in front of you. When~~
the editor, ~~the editor's desk is in front of you. When~~
the voice stops, and you melt out of the office to your own
desk, your half-hearted notes clinging damply to your
fingers.

(RAGGED TYPING WHICH STOPS SUDDENLY)

PETE: Hiya Mac? Hot enough for you?

MAC: (COMING ON. BITTERLY) Pete, if one more guy asks if it's
hot enough for me, I'm going to pop him one. ~~Coming up in~~
~~the morning... "Hot enough for you?" walking down the hall,~~
~~"Hot enough for you?"~~ (SHOUTS) Yeah, its hot enough for me.
It's hot enough for a tamale.

PETE: Hey, what's the matter with you? Editor toss you a lousy
assignment?

MAC: (DISGUSTED) "Mac", he says...get this..."Mac, I want you to
see what you can do about cleaning up the lottery racket in
town".

~~PETE: The Bug.~~

MAC: Yeah. "~~Clean it up~~" he says. Everybody in town is ~~cleaning~~
~~up on it~~. Eighteen million dollars a year those racketeers
are making. enough to buy plenty of tommy guns to bump
off any reporter who's dope enough to stick his nose into
that set-up.

PETE: How do they operate the thing?

MAC: You lay a bet on the third, fourth and fifth digits of the
daily bond total in the paper. Pays off four hundred and
fifty to one but the odds are a thousand to one against you.

~~PETE: Well, there's one born every minute.~~

~~MAC: Sure. And why should I stop onem?~~

~~PETE: Don't you think you should stop onem.~~

MAC: You ~~got it right that's true~~. (THEN) How do you find out about
a lottery anyhow?

PETE: Place a bet.

~~MAC: How do you do that? For a fifty dollars?~~

PETE: Fellow down the street from me, Joe Sampson, he gambles a
lot on it. Ask him. He should be able to make contact for
you.

MAC: Okay. What can I lose?

PETE: Nothing but a buck. Or, who knows, you might even make a
killing!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(FOOTSTEPS GOING UP WOODEN PORCH STAIRS..KNOCK ON

MAC: *DOOR*
Hey is anybody home?
JEAN: (OFF. CALLING) I'm outside. In the garden.

MAC: Huh?

JEAN: ~~If you want me, I'm in the yard?~~

MAC: Oh. Didn't see you. You Mrs Sampson?

JEAN: That's right.

MAC: You picked a pretty rugged day for weeding, didn't you?

JEAN: I sure did. Hot enough for you?

MAC: (GRIMLY) It is. I'm looking for Mr. Sampson. Is he in?

JEAN: *Why* No...

MAC: I wanted to ask him about placing a lottery bet.

JEAN: (LOW, INTENSE) Get out of here.

~~MAC: (SURPRISE) What?~~

~~JEAN: (ALMOST IN TEARS) Go away, please. He doesn't want to see~~

~~you. He knows he doesn't.~~

MAC: Now wait a minute, you don't understand --

JEAN: I understand enough. You're a writer, aren't you?

MAC: Well, sure, I'm a reporter but --

JEAN: (ABACK) A--a reporter?

JAC: Yes..

JEAN: (RELIEF) Oh, I'm sorry. I thought you were one of those lottery writers that comes to see Joe all the time.

MAC: What have you got against them?

JEAN: (INTENSE, LOW) I wish they were all dead.

MAC: Hey, wait a minute. *The lottery is against the law* ~~lottery's trigger~~, sure, but what harm can it do?

JEAN: You really want to know that?

MAC: Well, sure.

JEAN: Come on up to the porch where it's cooler. I owe you a glass of buttermilk for biting your head off anyhow and after that -- I'd like to tell you a story. All right?

MAC: All right. It's a deal.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

JEAN: Maybe it's not much of a story. Mr. McCartney. It's the kind of thing that probably happens to a lot of people. Thing is, this time it happened to Joe and me. ^{We were} ~~It's been~~ ~~married about a year ago then when~~ ~~about a year we were deep married and he moved into house~~ ~~however he never had a job so it was the best he could manage~~ ~~for the time and to get up housekeeping.~~

JOE: ^{Mr Sampson} ~~Money~~ I gotta hand it to you. I married the best looking gal in the state and the best cook in the world!

JEAN: (FLUSTERED) Oh, Joe!

(CLATTER OF DISHES AND SILVER)

~~JOE: Oh my, baby.~~

JEAN: Joe, you haven't finished your dinner yet!

JOE: (FIRMLY) Come here.

JEAN: (LAUGHING) You won't get your dessert.

JOE: Who cares about dessert? (PAUSE) What is it?

JEAN: Green apple pie.

JOE: Green app--Well, bring it on, bring it on!

~~JEAN: (IN TRIUMPH) There you are.~~

JOE: (EATING) Mmm-mm. Now that am good apple pie. Sour as a banker's disposition.

JEAN: ^{Oh my} ~~That~~ that reminds me.. I put some money in our bank, today.

JOE: Our bank?

JEAN: Uh-huh. The blue teapot on the kitchen counter. I call that our bank.

JOE: The First National Sampson, huh?

JEAN: I put in another three dollars, Joe.

JOE: Saving so you can be independently wealthy?

JEAN: Joe, you haven't forgotten?

JOE: Forgotten what?

JEAN: The house out on Fifth Street? The white one with the blue shutters and the peach tree in the yard?

JOE: What about it?

JEAN: Why, it's going to be ours some day, that's what about it. Just as soon as we can fill that teapot ~~up~~ with enough three dollarses to buy it.

~~JOE: (SMILING) How soon you figger the house be?~~

~~JEAN: Oh, maybe five or six years.~~

JOE: You sure think in slow motion, Jeannie.

~~JEAN: That's what's wrong.~~

JOE: ~~That's for sure. You leave it to me, honey?~~ I'll figger out a way to make a pile of dough fast, and we'll move into that house next year.

JEAN: Oh no, Joe, no. If we just save a little bit each week we'll have it soon enough. It's better that way, Joe. Honest. ~~Things never be better if you wait for them to come in the house with time.~~

JOE: Okay, honey. Have it your way. You go ahead and save the pennies in the teapot. But I'm gonna see if I can throw in the dollars. Now..how about another piece of that apple pie?

(MUSIC: - BRIDGE)

JEAN: Joe's always like that, Mr. McCartney. Fast. He can't wait for things, ^{well} Like planting those flowers in the yard. Joe was swell about digging up the dirt for me, but he doesn't like the waiting for the flowers to come. ~~I like to take my time and think about the seeds, kinda getting ready.~~

(MORE)

JEAN: Anyhow, ~~about the money~~, Joe brought me the three dollars
(CONTD) I asked for from his check every payday and I'd go put it
in the blue teapot. Got so's I'd wait for him on the porch
steps every Friday....

JOE: (OFF) Hiya, Baby!

JEAN: (FIRM) Give it to me.

JOE: Give what to you?

JEAN: The three dollars for the teapot.

JOE: (ON) Uh...look honey..

~~JEAN: (DIRMLY) First, the three dollans. Then I'll take~~

JOE: But I haven't got it.

JEAN: You haven't got it! But Joe..

~~JOE: (FAST) Now listen, honey, don't get mad..~~

~~JEAN: But Joe..~~

JOE: Listen Jeannie..did you ever hear of the bug?

~~JEAN: The who?~~

JOE: ~~The bug~~ the lottery. You know..you bet on the numbers in
the bond total each day and if you win they pay you four
fifty to one. All we need is to hit it right just once and
we've got a down payment on the house.

JEAN: (UPSET) Oh Joe, no, no. Don't gamble, please. Give me the
money and let me put it away in the teapot.

JOE: Aw, come on baby...be a sport. Just a few bucks, that's
all. What harm can it do?

(MUSIC: _ SHORT STING AND OUT)_

~~JEAN: He said to, just like you, Mr. McCarthy, when he said that~~

~~and he's been in the same position one week and he's not~~

~~going to be in the same position the next and the next and~~

~~then~~

JOE: (TAKEN BY SURPRISE) Jeannie! What are you doing in here?
JEAN: What are you doing Joe? What do you want with that teapot?
JOE: Look, honey...I got a specially lucky feeling today see?
I just want to borrow a couple of bucks from the teapot see,
for the bug, I'll put it back tomorrow.

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

JOE: Look, Jeannie, how about sparing me a few bucks, huh?
JEAN: (LOW) The teapot's empty, Joe.
JOE: Yeah, yeah...from the housekeeping money I mean..
JEAN: (PLEADING) Oh Joe..
JOE: I got a hunch today on number ⁴¹⁹~~419~~. I figure all I have
to do is lay ten bucks on that and I can clean up and get
back all my loosings in one hit!

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

~~JEAN: Joe, I just gotta have the money for the groceries.~~
JOE: I'll have it for you tomorrow.
JEAN: But you got paid today.
JOE: (MAD) I know, I know. I got paid today. So I put the money
on the bug. So what? I'll have the dough for you tomorrow.

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

JEAN: Joe, it's not just loosing all the money in the teapot.
I can't pay the bills again this week and I cant get any
more credit.

~~JEAN: I'm not kidding on me, Joe!~~
JEAN: Joe, you've got to bring your check home next week. ^{I can't pay the bills} You've
got to stop gambling.
JOE: How can I stop? I got to make up my losses don't I?
JEAN: But....

JOE: But, but, but! There ain't no buts, I tell you..I got to make dough fast, and there ain't no faster way than the bug.
(SOFTER) Aw, look, Jeannie..don't be mad at me. I got a feeling, honey. I'm gonna be lucky tomorrow.

(MUSIC: STING AND OUT)

JEAN: I heard of people that couldn't stop drinking Mr. McCartney ---men who kept on drinking even when it made them sick. That's how gambling is with Joe now. Something rotten ... something he can't get away from, even though its like a poison and he's sick with it. Last night, I sat across the table in the kitchen, just looking at him..watching him kinda sit there and fall away into little pieces..just looking at him...

JOE: (SHARP) What the devil are you looking at?

JEAN: You.

JOE: Well, quit it.

JEAN: (GENTLY) I'm sorry.

JOE: (FLARING) Sorry, sorry -- do you always have to be sorry?

JEAN: I'm sorr---(CUTS. THEN SOFTLY) Why don't you give it up, Joe?

JOE: What are you talking about?

JEAN: ~~Joe know what I'm talking about!~~ The lottery. Give it up, Joe.

JOE: Why don't you give up picking on me?

~~JEAN: (PLEADING) Joe, it's no good for you, you're wrecking you~~
inside. You gamble and you loose, ~~so~~ you gamble some more and it gets inside you deeper and deeper and it makes you sick and --

~~JOE: (TOPPING HER) I can't stop, I can't stop, why you quit~~
--~~quitting?~~

JEAN: I'M not picking...

JOE: Yes you are! I don't bet because I want to...I bet because I'd be a dope to stop now. I've lost too much to quit now when my number's gonna come up.

JEAN: You know it won't.

JOE: It's gotta come up someday, ~~hasn't~~ ^{doesn't} it? And when it does, we'll be rich...

JEAN: Rich? What do we want to be rich for? We just want to save enough to put in our bank and --

JOE: (CUTTING IN) Yeah, sure. Lousy nickels and pennies to put in the bank so we can buy a house when we're eighty.

JEAN: That's not true...you know it isn't. We had lots of money in the bank before...(SHE CUTS)

JOE: Before what? Go ahead and say it. Before I robbed the bank to gamble, that's what you were going to say, huh?

JEAN: (BEGGING) No, Joe..

JOE: Before Joe robbed the bank...before Joe swiped the money...

JEAN: ~~Yes~~, I'm not blaming you.

JOE: You just think I robbed your lousy bank, that's all..

JEAN: No, Joe, I --

JOE: (GOING RIGHT ON) All right, all right...I did. I robbed this lousy little broken-down tea ~~pot~~ ^{Pot}. I swiped the money and I left it empty. (HYSTERICALLY) Lousy little tea ~~pot~~ ^{Pot} with a lousy little broken handle, all empty. Look at it! ...All empty...and I don't care..you hear me Jeannie, I don't care..I don't care a hoot about your lousy little tea ~~pot~~ ^{Pot}.

(LOUD CRASH AS TEA KETTLE IS SMASHED ON FLOOR)

(LONG SILENCE)

JOE: (THEN, WHIMPERING) Oh, Jeannie, Jeannie, for the love of heaven, help me.

JEAN: (SOFTLY) Joe..Joe..

JOE: (GASPING) I can't stop, Jeannie. It's like being drunk or crazy. Every week when I get my check I say, "This time I'll bring it home to Jeannie...this time I'll give it all to Jeannie"...and then that guy comes along with his lottery and--I can't stop.

JEAN: What are we going to do, ~~Joe~~ Honey.

JOE: (DULLY) I don't know.

JEAN: (WITH SUDDEN PAID) Oh Joe, I wish they were all dead!

JOE: (SIMPLY) So do I.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE AND UNDER FOR)

NARR: ~~It's not the scene on the porch...~~ You, Keeler McCartney ~~is not alone...~~ ~~the girls' voices stop.~~ And then you feel a slow burning anger that starts deep in your guts and rips its way up to the lump in your throat. ~~There's a~~ ~~habit to really test your own...~~ You're suddenly ashamed because you can still hear yourself saying carelessly...

MAC: The lottery? What harm can it do?

NARR: Now, you know.

JEAN: ~~(Softly) She's right, Joe. I thought you were cracked when you~~ ~~wanted you to get only Mr. McCartney's money...~~ ~~by keeping it away from him. But it doesn't work.~~

MAC: ~~Now, I'm not working...~~ ~~work all those other...~~ ~~them to get in the...~~

JEAN: Can't anybody do anything *to stop it, Mr. McCartney?*

-13-

MAG: I don't know. I sure don't know what one guy with a typewriter can do against thousands of guys with lottery sheets and tommy guns but -- I'm going to try.

(MUSIC: -- HIT FOR CURTAIN)

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

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0061673

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

(VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG...BONG!)

CHAPPELL: Of all America's leading cigarettes only one is - 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: Fell 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.

(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator, and the Big Story of Keeler McCartney, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: You, Keeler McCartney, are mad. Hot and mad. Hot because the late summer Georgia sun has made a furnace of Atlanta's streets -- mad because a lottery called The Bug is wrecking the lives of Atlanta's people. The bug. You've written stories about it, and you know it's an ugly crawling thing that takes the dimes and the dollars of Atlanta's poor -- ~~a squawking, willy thing that has~~
~~slithered up at the edge of your bed, the law, you're~~
~~remembering too many words....~~

~~JOE: I can't stop my hands -- but I'm drinking drunk or crazy...
that guy comes along with his hands and... I can't stop...
and it makes you feel like...~~

NARR: Now, you, Keeler McCartney, ^{do, you} take your temper and your thirst into a bar where you know the workers for the bug congregate. You walk out of the burning sun into the dimness and the coolness and you say...

MAC: One beer.

NARR: And then you wait. You wait while the eyes along the bar study you, and the eyes from the tables study you. ~~They~~
~~bleary with drink, eyes hard, eyes questioning.~~ You wait and you drink your beer and you feel the eyes upon you. And then....

TINY: Hi.

MAC: Hello.

TINY: Hot enough for you?

MAC: (PAUSE)(THEN) You bet.

TINY: You're new. I ain't seen you before.

MAC: I'm new.

TINY: None of the boys, they ain't seen you before.

MAC: Well.....I'm new.

TINY: Writer?

MAC: Uhuh.

TINY: Work for Claude?

MAC: Uhuh.

TINY: South side?

MAC: That's right.

TINY: (BEAT) Claude don't operate on the South Side.

MAC: (BEAT) He does now.

TINY: Whadda you mean?

MAC: He started this morning.

TINY: You mean he's gonna muscle in on Daniels?

MAC: Figure it out yourself.

TINY: Well, that's good news. Glad to hear it. They call me Tiny. Have a beer?

MAC: Sure. I'm Red.

TINY: Please to meetcha. ^{Red} (UP) Two beers, Freddie. (THEN) Reason I cased you first off, we gotta be careful.

MAC: Sure.

TINY: The newspapers are getting after us.

MAC: Sure.

TINY: This guy McCartney on the Constitution. -- there is one prize louse.

MAC: (BEAT) Sure.

TINY: He's gonna wake up some morning and find himself dead.

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

MAC: Have another beer, Tiny?

TINY: Sure, pal, sure.

MAC: How'd you make out this week?

TINY: Collected two thousand seven hundred and eighty four collars -- ~~with no other~~

~~MAC: Didn't have to pay out a cent.~~

TINY: Not a cent, ~~(MUSIC)~~ You know something, pal? People are awful suckers.

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

PETE: Congratulations, Mac.

MAC: On what, Pete?

PETE: Those stories of yours on the bug ^{all} ~~they're~~ beginning to pay off. The cops picked up three lottery bosses again yesterday.

MAC: So I hear -- but they're only the little guys. We have to get the big ones. The biggest one.

PETE: Well go to it.

MAC: Sure. Trouble is, I don't know who he is.

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

TINY: Look Pal, suppose I do get picked up? What of it? This ^{lawyer} ~~mouthpiece~~ the boss hired, he can get a charge buried for years. ~~By that time the cops have forgotten they're~~ ~~pick-up~~. Great guy, the boss.

MAC: I -- uh -- I never met him.

TINY: Great guy.

MAC: ~~Yeah, I guess~~ (PAUSE) Never comes around here,
does he?

TINY: The boss? In a crum-~~my~~ joint like this? Don't be funny.
Dan Hurlbert is a gentlemen.

(MUSIC: HIT AND OUT)

TINY: The word is to take it slow, pal.

MAC: What's up?

TINY: This lousy reporter -- this McCartney on the Constitution.
~~He is standing out there~~.

MAC: ~~What's the word?~~

He's found out
~~He's found out~~ Dan Hurlbert's the boss. Dan says we gotta --
(STOPS...LOW) Watch it, pal.

MAC: What?

TINY: A cop. Just come into the bar. Heading this way.

COP: (COMING ON. HURRIED) Mac! Oh Mac, listen...I just
happened to catch sight of you through the window. Break
for me. Look, drop off this accident report for me at the
station will you, Mac? (FADING) Got to hurry. Wife's
birthday -- you know how it is -- and I'm late. Thanks a
lot Mac.

(DOOR SLAM)

(DEAD SILENCE) (THEN)

TINY: Mac. Now ain't that a coincidence? This Keeler McCartney
over at the Constitution -- I hear they call him Mac, too.

(MUSIC: STING AND OUT SHARP)

NARR: (COLD) That's it. He knows. They all know. A sudden ugly silence falls over the bar, and all those eyes turn toward you again -- all those ugly pig-like eyes. You stand up.

(CHAIR PUSHED BACK)

NARR: You put a hand into your hip pocket. You back towards the door...

(FOOTSTEPS)

NARR:slowly...slowly....keeping a steady watch on Tiny and his pals.

(FEW FOOTSTEPS IN CLEAR)

NARR: And then...you push open the bar door...

(DOOR OPEN..FAINT STREET BG)

NARR:and you're outside in the street and you start to run.

(RUNNING STEPS ON PAVEMENT)

(MUSIC: SNEAK...RUNNING TEMPO)

NARR: (BUILDING) You take your hand out of your hip pocket, because you didn't have a gun anyway. You just run.

(MUSIC: UP TO COVER RUNNING STEPS AND INTO BRIDGE)

DAN: (A GENTLEMAN) Just how much do you think this McCartney person knows about us, Tiny?

TINY: ~~Too much, Mr. Hurlbert. He's been hanging around Freddie's bar a long time, and~~ ^{well,} you know how it is, Mr. Hurlbert -- some of the boys ain't careful like me. Some of the boys get a little likkered up and they talk too much.

DAN: In other words, Tiny, it might be advisable to -- uh -- liquidate this reporter?

TINY: (LAUGHS) Like you say, Mr. Hurlbert -- liquidate.
 DAN: Mmmmm. If we could figure out some way to entice him to the yellow house...Do you think we could entice McCartney to the yellow house, Tiny?
 TINY: Sure. I'll have Blanche call him with a phoney story. Just tell me when you want him, Mr. Hurlbert -- just tell me when.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE AND HOLD FOR)

~~BLANCHE: (PILFER) So, you see, Mr. McCartney, I thought my niece would make a good human interest story. She hasn't a penny and she has two kids to feed, and --~~

MAC: Where does she live?

BLANCHE: 224 Rockland Road.

~~MAC: All right. Thanks. I'll be there now.~~

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT)

(STEPS ON SIDEWALK, TRAFFIC BG)

TINY: (IN CLOSE) Hello, ~~and~~ *Sampson*
 JOE: Leave me alone, will you Tiny?
 TINY: How much you wanna place on the bug tonight, Joe?
~~JOE: I tell you, leave me alone! Just leave me alone!~~
 TINY: Look, Joe -- I know how you feel --
 JOE: You don't know anything about the way I feel. I got a brother-in-law drinks like a fish...a no good bum. But ~~he takes better care of his family than I do of mine.~~
~~Leave me alone, Tiny! ...~~

TINY: ~~How about that little house you and the wife were planning~~
~~on, Joe? All you gotta do is call the bug right just once~~
~~and it's yours.~~

JOE: Cut it out Tiny -- please cut it out. I'm taking my check
home tonight, you hear me?

TINY: Sure, sure, *but how about the little house and the*
wife was planning.
~~but you need a few hundred, Joe, and fifteen~~
~~bucks to pay for it -- enough for seven hundred and fifty if~~
~~you like it.~~

JOE: (DESPERATELY) I thought you guys were going to be stopped!

TINY: (WHEEDEING) ~~Six thousand seven hundred and fifty bucks,~~
~~Joe. There's your bug...~~

JOE: (FIGHTING HIM) That guy on the paper -- that Keeler
McCartney -- he'll get you guys -- the whole bunch of you--

TINY: I'll tell you a secret, Joe. McCartney's through, The
boys at the yellow house are gonna take care of him. Now,
whadda you say? Fifteen bucks, Joe?

JOE: (HIGH) Yes, yes, fifteen bucks on number ⁴¹⁹~~2476~~ and I hope
I never see you again as long as I live.

TINY: (QUIETLY...WRITING) Joe Sampson -- fifteen dollars on
number ⁴¹⁹~~2476~~.

(MUSIC! -- BRIDGE)

DAN: You're sure everything is all right, Tiny?

TINY: Sure, I'm sure, Mr. Hurlbert. Blanche telephoned
McCartney and told him there was some kind of a story here
~~and he said he'd be right there.~~ I -- (STOPS) (LOWER) Hey!

DAN: What is it?

TINY: Just turning the corner down there. ~~That's McCartney.~~
That's McCartney.

DAN: Wait until he turns into the walk. You don't want to miss.

TINY: Miss? When I get through unloading this rod, that reporter's gonna look like a swiss cheese, ~~Mr. Huribert~~

DAN: I sinterely hope so. (PAUSE) Now, wait, Tiny -- wait until he turns into the walk. Just another few steps, Tiny (CROSS FADE) Just a couple more steps now... (CROSS FADE)

(FOOTSTEPS ON PAVEMENT)

JEAN: (OFF) Mr. McCartney!

MAC: (SURPRISE) Jean! What are you doing here?

JEAN: (ON, BREATHLESSLY) I called your office and they told me *where you were going.* ~~you'd be off. Mr. McCartney, you have to be careful. The~~

~~lighter, you know, but that's not your~~
MAC: ~~That's old news to me now, Jean.~~

and
JEAN: ~~But~~ Joe just told me what the writer said to him and --

MAC: (CUTTING IN) What writer?

JEAN: The one called Tiny and --

MAC: Tiny! What did he say?

JEAN: ~~Joe said he told him they were out to get you.~~ He said "the boys in the yellow house will take care of him."

MAC: In the yellow house?

JEAN: Yes. Do you know what he meant?

MAC: (MUSING) In the yellow house...Nope. Rings no bells.

JEAN: (DISAPPOINTED) Oh...;

MAC: Well, thanks anyways Jean. ~~Somebody's gonna be looking for you~~
~~somebody~~, I'll go in here now and cover this story, then maybe I'll check on the yellow house business. *later*

JEAN: All right. But take care of yourself.

Do you see

MAC: Don't worry. I'll -- (SHARP) Jean! ~~What's~~ the number on this house right here?

JEAN: Uh -- it says 224 on the stoop.

~~MAC: And this is Rockland Road, isn't it?~~

~~JEAN: Yes, ..~~

MAC: ~~Back at the board.~~ I just got an anonymous phone call to cover a story at ~~the~~ *number 224.*

JEAN: ~~Well, the board says 224 Rockland Road~~ but what has that -- (STOPS) Oh! *(gasps)*

MAC: (SOFTLY) See what I mean? 224 Rockland Road is a yellow house.

(MUSIC: HIT AND HOLD UNDER)

TINY: Well can you tie that! He beat it!

DAN: Well, that's the second time you've failed me, Tiny --

TINY: Me, Mr. Hurlbert?

DAN: You Tiny *I found out* It was you who talked too much and started all this difficulty, and now you've bungled an opportunity to rectify your mistake. Tiny, much as I regret the necessity -- you are ~~stupid~~ *through*

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Keeler McCartney, ~~stare at your desk at the Constitution office and stare at your hands, trembling slightly on the sweat streaked copy paper in front of you. They're yours. get your hands they mean business. You know who's behind this plot to erase you -- Dan Hurlbert -- and you know that he'll get you too, unless you get him first. But how? That's the question. How?~~ *its*

MAC: How can you pin a guy down if nobody'll squeal on him, Pete?

PETE: What's with this Dan Hurlbert character? Is he made of solid gold?

MAC: Just about. He treats his writers well...gives them big percentages of the take, protects them when they get in trouble --

(PHONE RINGS)

MAC: Oh - oh, More trouble.

(RING AGAIN)

PETE: If it's another anonymous tip, hang up, Mac. It's too hot to go to a funeral.

(PHONE PICK UP)

MAC: McCartney speaking...

TINY: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) This the McCartney that's been writing them stories on the lottery?

MAC: Yeah. Who's this?

TINY: Nobody. Look, I used to be in the lottery business myself, see?

MAC: What business are you in now?

TINY: Giving tips to reporters.

MAC: No thanks...

TINY: You'll want to hear this, McCartney. A guy by the name of Dan Hurlbert has seventy cases of whiskey stored in a garage over on Melrose Avenue, see? And he ain't got no permit for them, see?

MAC: Yeah. I see.

TINY: Guys with no permits for storing whiskey can get arrested.
Suppose you take it from there, Mac.

MAC: Hey, wait a minute. Now I get your voice. Tiny!

(CLICK OF DISCONNECT ON FILTER)

MAC: Hello. Hello. Tiny. Hello. Nope. Hung up.

(RECEIVER UP)

PETE: Another tip?

MAC: From Tiny...the writer I got mixed up with. Just recognized the voice. He must have had a falling out with Hurlbert. He just squealed on him.

PETE: Something hot?

MAC: Hurlbert's got seventy cases of whiskey in a garage on Melrose. To coin a phrase, is that hot enough for you?

(MUSIC: BRIDGE AND UNDER FOR)

NARR: It's hot enough for anyone...including the police. Dan Hurlbert is arrested ^{for storing whiskey without a permit. Then the} ~~and~~ ^{begin} three page confession ^{which} wipes ^{up} what's left of the lottery racket in Atlanta. And then, ^{relentless} one afternoon, you take a stroll out to see your old ^{questioning} and ^{and finally} friends, the Sampsons!...

MAC: Hi Jeannie. Still at the weeding?

JEAN: Yup. Place is a mess. Want some buttermilk?

MAC: I could be persuaded. Joe home?

JEAN: Not yet. Stopped by to get his paycheck ^{I bought a new tea pot} And he'll ^{today} ~~be~~ ^{and}

MAC: Well, here's ^{the} chief depositor now. (CALLS) Hi, Joe.

JOE: (COMING ON CHEERFULLY) Hiya, Mac. Good to see you! Hello baby, how about a kiss, huh?

JEAN: Give it to me.

JOE: What?

JEAN: The three dollars ~~for the book~~

JOE: Settle for two?

JEAN: Joe Sampson, you --

JOE: Now, take it easy, honey. I -- I saw these flowers downtown and I thought they'd -- well -- kinda brighten up the place while those ones you planted take their own sweet time blooming.

JEAN: Oh Joe...you big lug!...

JOE: (NOT LISTENING TO HER) And then...well...I hadda stop and get Mac here a couple of cigars to say thanks...didn't I?

(MUSIC: -- HIT FOR CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Keeler McCartney of the Atlanta Constitution with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

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 give 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 Keeler McCartney of the Atlanta Constitution.

MCCARTNEY: Previously unable to get any evidence against lottery boss in tonight's Big Story, arresting him on a liquor charge was the only way to legally hold him. Once in custody he was persuaded to confess that he employed 1200 people in Atlanta's 7 million dollar lottery ring. A 15 count indictment was secured against him and he was sentenced to 6 years on the chain gang at Tattnal State Prison in Reedsville. My sincere appreciation for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. McCartney. 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 Los Angeles Herald Express by-line -- Pat Foley. A Big Story about a meek little man with a mania for Marriage And -- Murder.

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

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Frockter, 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 Keeler McCartney.

(MORE)

NARR: In order to protect the names of people actually involved
(CONTD) in tonight's authentic BIG STORY the names of all
characters in the dramatization were changed with the
exception of the reporter, Mr. McCartney.

(MUSIC: _ _)

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

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

SALLY/LILY
7/6/48 AM

ATX01 0061689

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

REVISED

PROGRAM #70

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
FREDA	KATHLEEN NIDDAY
LANDLADY	KATHLEEN NIDDAY
GLORIA	MITZI GOULD
PAT	BARRY KELLEY
WALTER	TED OSBORNE
GRIMSBY	TED OSBORNE
SHERIFF	JOE BOIAND
MAN	JOE BOIAND
NIXIE	HUMPHREY DAVIS
BILL	HUMPHREY DAVIS
MINISTER	BOB SLOANE

WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1948

ATX01 0061690

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#70

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

JULY 28, 1948

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: UP IN WEDDING MARCH AND BRING UNDER)

MINISTER: (SOLEMNLY) And now, repeat after me ... I, Walter, do
wed thee, Alice, till Death Do Us Part...

WALTER: I, Walter, do wed thee, Alice, till Death Do Us Part ...

(MUSIC: UP IN WEDDING MARCH AGAIN, AND UNDER)

WALTER: I, Walter, do wed thee, Barbara, till Death Do Us Part...

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

WALTER: I, Walter, do wed thee, Doris, till Death Do Us Part ...

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

WALTER: I, Walter, do wed thee, Freda ... till Death Do Us Part...

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT)

FREDA: (SOFTLY) Walter ...

WALTER: Yes, Freda?

FREDA: (SIGHS HAPPILY) Just think, darling. We're married now...
forever.

WALTER: That's right, honey. (A BEAT) Till Death Do Us Part!

(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, COLD
AND FIAT) Los Angeles, California! From the pages of the
Herald Express, the authentic and yet almost incredible
story of a reporter who put two and two together and got...
death. Tonight, to Pat Foley of the Los Angeles Herald
Express, goes the PELL MELL Award for the Big Story!

(MUSIC: PANFARE)
(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0061691

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

(VIBRAPHONE: SINGLE, OUTSTANDING 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: -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER FOR:)

CHAPPELL: Now, the story as it actually happened ... Pat Foley's story as he lived it ... Los Angeles, California....

NARR: You are Pat Foley of the Los Angeles Herald Express and you're known as a "veteran" reporter, quote unquote. You've hung your hat in many a city room from coast to coast, and you've cracked many a story. But to you, there'll never be another like your Big Story. Sometimes, you can't sleep, just thinking of it. Sometimes you wake up screaming, dreaming of it. And sometimes...you wish you never heard of it. It's that kind of a story.

Anyway, it's this August evening, and you're ~~at the~~ ^{sent out to} Verdugo Road in the La Canada section. A restaurant ~~something in particular, when your editor calls you in~~ ^{owns a wife, a Mrs. Bell, has been discovered drowned in} ~~her own back yard~~ ^{her own} ~~back yard~~ ^{lily pool.}

~~BILL: Pat, I want you to get up to Verdugo Road right away. Know where it is?~~

~~PAT: Sure. It's in the La Canada section. Why? What's up?~~

~~BILL: They found a woman named Bell drowned in a Lily pool in her own back yard.~~

~~PAT: Bell, eh?~~

~~BILL: Freda Bell. Her husband runs a restaurant downtown. The sheriff's up the house, now. Get up there fast, find out what it's all about, and call me back!~~

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

~~NARRATION: You go up to Verdugo Road and see the body. It's not very ~~far~~. The woman is wearing red pajamas, and she's lying face downward in the water, with all of her body submerged except her legs. You see the insect bites on her bare feet, and you turn away. And then, a few minutes later, you ~~sit in~~ ^{and} while the Sheriff questions the husband, Walter Bell...~~

SHERIFF: ~~Just how was your wife's body discovered, Mr. Bell?~~

WALTER: (AGITATED) I...we were having guests for dinner Sheriff. I came home from the restaurant, and our guests were already here, but Freda...(HE BREAKS)

SHERIFF: Yes? Go on, Mr. Bell.

WALTER: Well, she wasn't anywhere around. She wasn't even in the house to receive our guests. Very important people, too, I assure you. The Millers. Very important. Naturally, I was dumbfounded. I looked all through the house. Then, we all looked in the garden and...and there she was....
~~lying in the lily pond.~~

PAT: Got any idea how it happened, Mr. Bell?

WALTER: I don't know. I can't say. I have a theory. Just an idea, that's all...

SHERIFF: How do you think it happened?

WALTER: I...my wife was ill, Sheriff. She'd been ill for weeks... subject to fainting spells, you know. It was hot today, very hot. I...she might have come down to the pond to cool off. And then...

PAT: And you think she had a fainting spell, and fell into the water?

WALTER: Yes. Yes. I...I don't see how it could have happened any other way. Poor Freda. We'd only been married three months. Three months, mind you. And now...she's gone. She's gone...the nicest sweetest wife I've ever had...

SHERIFF: You've been married before, Mr. Bell?

WALTER: (HESITATES) Why...yes. *Sheriff.*

~~Some in case?~~

~~WALTER: (SLOWER) No. More than once.~~

SHERIFF: How many times?

WALTER: Look here, Sheriff, I don't see what difference it makes..

SHERIFF: I didn't say it made any difference. I'm just asking you a routine question. How many times have you been married, Mr. Bell?

WALTER: Freda was...my fourth wife. (A PAUSE) Now, then, Sheriff, are there any other questions? I've been under a terrible strain, you know, a very considerable strain, I assure you and...

SHERIFF: You can go now, Bell. We'll call you later if we need you....

WALTER: Thank you, Sheriff. I've had a very trying day. (FADING)
And naturally, I'll be at your disposal...

(DOOR CLOSE OFF)

PAT: Well, Sheriff, what do you think?

SHERIFF: What do you think? *Pat?*

FAT: I don't know. His story sounds straight enough. But there's something about him that gives me the creeps... something in his eyes...the way he talks. (A BEAT)
Sheriff, I just don't know.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: No, you don't know. You don't know, then, of the ~~story~~ *twisted mind* that lives and breathes in the mild-mannered little restaurant owner named Walter Bell. ~~You can't see the almost unbelievable evil that lurks deep behind the innocent facade of his watery blue eyes.~~ And it is not until later, much much later, that you, Pat Foley, uncover the true story, the Big Story, the story that will invade the uneasy realm of your sleep for the rest of your days.
(MORE)

NARR:
(CONT'D) It begins at Walter Bell's restaurant, late at night,
behind drawn curtains. And it begins with...

(PHONE RING)

(A COUPLE OF STEPS ON HARD FLOOR)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

WALTER: Hello?

FREDA: (FILTER, SHE SOUNDS DAZED, DULL) Walter, it's Freda.

WALTER: (A BEAT) Yes, Freda?

FREDA: Walter, don't stay late at the restaurant again. It's
hours after closing time. Please come home. Please...

WALTER: What's the matter, Freda?

FREDA: (WITH DIFFICULTY, GASPING A LITTLE) I...I don't know.
I feel...so strange.

WALTER: Strange? (A BEAT) You mean you're ill, my dear?

FREDA: Yes..yes. I....I've never felt this way before. Walter,
I feel so dizzy...faint...and my head aches so.

WALTER: Oh, I'm so sorry, my dear....

FREDA: Walter, please come home right away. I...I'm frightened.

WALTER: (SOOTHING) Now, now, Freda, there's no reason to get
panicky. It's probably nothing...nothing at all. I'm
down here with my accountant, going over the books, and
I'll be home as soon as I can. In the meantime...

FREDA: Yes, Walter?

WALTER: Did you drink the milk I prepared for you before I left?

FREDA: (DAZEDLY) Milk?

WALTER: (IMPATIENTLY, EAGERLY) Yes, yes. The hot milk I left in
the thermos bottle. Did you drink it, Freda?

FREDA: Yes. The hot milk in the thermos bottle...yes.

WALTER: How much did you drink?
FREDA: Only a little.
WALTER: (SOFTLY) Drink some more, darling. Drink it all.
FREDA: Drink it...all?
WALTER: Yes, Freda! Yes, all of it. ~~It's good for you, my dear.~~
~~It'll help you sleep. You'll sleep better, Freda,~~
~~And you'll have such a nice, long sleep.~~ And tomorrow
you'll feel better...much, much better. (A BEAT) You'll
do as I say, won't you, sweetheart?
FREDA: All right, Walter. I'll do as you say.
WALTER: That's my girl. That's my good, good girl. And I'll be
home, I promise, just as soon as I finish with my
accountant here. Goodnight, darling.
FREDA: Goodnight, Walter.

(RECEIVER ON HOOK)

(WALTER STARTS TO CHUCKLE. WE HEAR GLORIA JOINING IN)

GLORIA: *(Little laugh)*
~~(laughing)~~ You're pretty slick, Walter. You certainly
are!

WALTER: (PLEASED) Do you really think so, Gloria?

GLORIA: I'll say. You sure promoted me fast. From waitress to
accountant, in one easy lesson!

WALTER: Shall we go over the books now, Gloria?

GLORIA: *alright*
~~Yes,~~ Walter. Why not? Why not... ~~indeed!~~

(THERE IS A PAUSE, AS THEY KISS)

GLORIA: (SHAKILY) Walter, Walter, oh, Walter. ~~I don't know, I~~
~~can't figure it out,~~ I don't understand it.

~~(WALTER: You don't understand what, Gloria?)~~

GLORIA: The... the things you do to me. It doesn't make sense.

You're not young, and you're not even what I'd call

good looking, and ~~you~~ *I know you've got a wife*

~~WALTER: I know you've got a wife~~
~~let what?~~

~~GLORIA: I know you've got a wife waiting at home for you.~~
~~Ist... whenever I look at you, whenever you come near me.~~

~~I.... Well, my knees begin to shake, and I can't move and~~

~~I get that all-gone feeling. (HINT OF DESPERATION) I~~

~~know it's wrong, I know I'm crazy, but I can't help it,~~

~~Walter, I just can't help it. I keep telling myself~~

~~you've been married four times, you've got a wife waiting~~

~~for you at home now, but...~~

WALTER: (INTERRUPTS) I wouldn't worry about her, Gloria. Not now...

GLORIA: What do you mean?

WALTER: Oh, nothing. Nothing in particular!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(CAR UP AND TO A STOP. MOTOR IDLES)

(CAR DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS SHUT)

WALTER: Give the taxi driver your address, Gloria. He'll take you right home.

GLORIA: All right, Walter. Goodnight.

WALTER: Goodnight.

(CAR UP AND MOVES OFF)

WALTER: And pleasant dreams. (HE CHUCKLES A LITTLE, MADLY. THEN HE BEGINS TO WHISTLE THE WEDDING MARCH OVER)

(STEPS UNDER ON SIDEWALK. NIGHT SOUNDS BG PERHAPS.

THEN CHANGE QUALITY TO STEPS ON PORCH. THEN STOP)

(WALTER KEEPS WHISTLING)

(KEY IN LOCK)

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES)

(WALTER WHISTLES A MOMENT MORE, THEN)

FREDA: (SUDDENLY) Walter!

WALTER: (ALMOST A SCREAM) Freda!

FREDA: I'm sorry I startled you, darling. ~~I've been lying on~~
~~the couch here in the dark, waiting for you.~~

WALTER: (DAZED) Freda! Freda, for the love of heaven, I thought
you were... *I've been lying on the couch here in the*

FREDA: Asleep? No, Walter, I couldn't sleep. *dark, waiting for you.*

WALTER: But the milk...the hot milk in the thermos bottle....
it was supposed to ~~be~~...

FREDA: Oh. I didn't drink it.

WALTER: You didn't...drink it?

FREDA: No. I was going to, darling, really I was, just as you
told me. But I was faint, and my hand was shaking so,
and...

WALTER: Well, Freda? Well?

FREDA: I dropped the thermos bottle on the floor ... and it
smashed to bits!

~~WALTER: (AFTER A PAUSE) I see. (HEAVY SIGH) Well, that's that.
Better go to bed, Freda.~~

FREDA: Darling, please don't sound so upset. After all, it was
only a thermos bottle. And I'm beginning to feel much
better already.

WALTER: (FLARES) That's fine. I'm glad to know you're feeling
better! Now, Freda, will you stop chattering and go to
bed!

~~(MUSIC OF AND UNDER)~~

NARRATOR: All this, you, Pat Foley, of the Los Angeles Herald Express, discovered later. But it was only the beginning of your Big Story, one of the most fabulous newspaper stories of all time. For a few days later, at the Bell restaurant on West Eighth Street, a seedy-looking, down and outer came in to see Walter Bell....

NIXIE: Look, Mister, I'm stone broke. I don't know where my next meal is comin' from. I gotta have work...and uh - anything wrong, Mister?

WALTER: Wrong? Why, no. Whatever gave you that idea?

NIXIE: Why, the way you were lookin' at me, I...

WALTER: (LAUGHS) Oh. I was just looking at those tattoo pictures you have on your arm.

NIXIE: Oh, I had 'em done when I was in the Navy, years ago.

WALTER: That one near your elbow is very interesting.

NIXIE: Yeah. A tattoo artist right here in L.A. did that one. It's Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden.

WALTER: (FASCINATED) Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden.

NIXIE: You seem to like it.

WALTER: Yes. It's very artistic. (THOUGHTFULLY) Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, eh? (PAUSE) By the way, what's your name?

NIXIE: Nix. Charlie Nix.

WALTER: Nix, I may have a proposition that might interest you.

NIXIE: Yeah? What?

WALTER: How would you like to make some real money...all at once.

NIXIE: How much money?

WALTER: Oh. A hundred dollars. Maybe two hundred.

NIXIE: Mister, you've got a customer! I'd kill a man for that kind of money.

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

(MUSIC: _ _ UP, OMINOUS AND CHILLING, AND UNDER FOR BG)

~~(STEPS ON CONCRETE)~~

~~(GARAGE DOORS OPENING)~~

WALTER: (BUILDING IN A KIND OF MADNESS) Just make yourself comfortable, my friend -- I hope you don't mind waiting a few moments, after all, I didn't tell my wife I was bringing you home. But in a little while, she'll come downstairs and then I'll introduce you to her. I know you'll be glad to meet her. She's a beautiful woman, Freda, beautiful. You'll like her, I'm sure. Of course, as I said, she doesn't know you're here. Naturally... it's going to be a surprise. She doesn't expect you, you see. She doesn't expect you...at all! (A MANIACAL CHUCKLE) But don't you worry - Freda loves surprises and when she ---

FREDA: (OFF) Walter!

WALTER: (A PAUSE). Yes, Freda?

FREDA: Is there someone in the kitchen with you?

WALTER: No, dear. No one.

FREDA: That's funny. I could have sworn I heard you talking to someone.

WALTER: It's just your imagination, my dear. (TO COMPANION, LOW AND GLEEFUL) Did you hear that, my friend? She thought she heard us talking...

(STEPS ABOVE. BEGINNING TO COME DOWNSTAIRS)

WALTER: Ah! She's coming downstairs now. Here...my friend. Hide in the pantry. We don't want her to see you yet.

k We want this to be a real surprise!

(DOOR CLOSE)

(STEPS ON STAIRS COME IN, AND STOP)

FREDA: (UNEASY) Walter.

WALTER: Yes, Freda?

FREDA: You're sure you weren't talking to anyone?

WALTER: Of course not, dear. What's the matter with you?

FREDA: I...I don't know. Nerves, I guess. I haven't been feeling well, lately.

WALTER: Of course, darling. I understand. As you say...it's nerves. What you need is a good, hot cup of coffee.

FREDA: Yes. That would be very nice, Walter.

WALTER: Good. Tell you what, Freda. You go into the pantry and get the coffee. I'll get out the cups and saucers here...

(CLINK OF CROCKERY)

FREDA: All right, Walter...

(A COUPLE OF STEPS)

FREDA: Funny. The pantry door's closed...

(DOOR OPENS)

FREDA: I never leave it closed...

(DOOR SLAMS SHUT)

WALTER: (YELLS TRIUMPHANTLY) Well..it's closed now, Freda! ...

(QUICK KEY IN LOCK)

WALTER: And locked!

FREDA: Walter.....!

WALTER: There's a friend of mine in there I want you to meet, Freda!

(POUNING ON DOOR)

FREDA: (SLIGHTLY MUFFLED) Walter! Walter, why did you lock
me in here? For heaven's sake, Walter, open the door.
What's come over you, Wal.....(CUTS SHARP)
(A PAUSE)

(THEN A PIERCING SCREAM)

(THEN ANOTHER SCREAM)

(MUSIC: UP HARD INTO CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

(VIBRAPHONE: SINGLE, OUTSTANDING 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.

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!

(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator, and the Big Story of Pat Foley - as he lived it and wrote it.

NARRATOR: You, Pat Foley, of the Los Angeles Herald Express, follow the case of Freda Bell, the wife found face-downward in a lily pond. The authorities question Walter Bell, but they can't find a break in his story. And the coroner's jury closes the case with a verdict...accidental ~~suicide~~ ^{drowning}. But in your mind, the case isn't closed. You're not ~~Walter~~ ~~Bell~~, and you've got an idea about him, an idea that somewhere behind that innocent facade and those wavy blue eyes is something you wouldn't want to mention to a dark ally. And so you go to work. You start ~~digging~~ ~~back~~, and it's hard going. But finally, you go in and see your city editor...

(DOOR CLOSE)

~~BILL: Oh, hello, Pat. Thought this was your day off.~~

~~PAT: It is. Or it was. I've been fooling around on the Bell case and...~~

~~BILL: (INTERROPTS) Look, Pat, why don't you stop wasting your time. Forget it. The case is closed.~~

~~PAT: Is it?~~

~~BILL: It is as far as the police are concerned.~~

~~PAT: Maybe. But not as far as I'm concerned. Like to know why?~~

PAT: *Frank*, I've just spent a solid two weeks checking back on Walter Bell's love life. He married his four wives all over the country... Alabama, Colorado, Utah, California. And the second wife died under very peculiar circumstances.

~~BILL~~ ~~F~~ Yes, how?

PAT: By accidental drowning. In a tourist camp bath tub, in Colorado. (A BEAT) How does that strike you, ~~BILL~~ *Funk*,

~~BILL~~ ~~F~~ It strikes me cold.

PAT: Yes, but look....

~~BILL~~ ~~F~~ Take it easy, Pat. You're letting your imagination run away with you. (LAUGHS) What are you trying to give me.. a rewrite on a Grimm Fairy tale?

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Your editor is skeptical, but you keep on going. You drop down to Walter Bell's restaurant, and take a corner table, with the idea of talking to him again. Then, a waitress comes up, and starts taking your order. Her name, Gloria Devlin, is sewn on the pocket of her uniform, and she's so nervous she can hardly hold the pencil. You tell her who you are, figuring that it can't do any harm, and it might do some good...

(RESTAURANT BG)

GLORIA: You...you're a reporter on the Herald Express, Sir?

PAT: Yes.

GLORIA: I...then you must know all about the Bell case.

PAT: Not as much as I'd like to know. (A PAUSE) Hey, what's the matter?

GLORIA: (JITTERY) M-matter?

PAT: Yeah. What are you so jumpy...so jittery about?

GLORIA: I...it's him. He's looking at me. He's always looking at me.

PAT: Who?

GLORIA: Walter...uh, Mr. Bell. Ever since his wife died...I... well, I don't know. They said it was an accident....But I don't know.

PAT: What do you mean?

GLORIA: (JITTERY) Maybe I'd better not say anything more. I dunno...maybe I'd said too much already....

PAT: What's on your mind, Miss Devlin?

GLORIA: Nothing. Please forget it.

PAT: What did you want to tell me? What do you know?

GLORIA: I...I'm afraid. I'm afraid of him....Mr. Bell. But... but I can't keep it quiet, any more....I can't.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: She tells you about an ex-sailor with an Adam & Eve tattoo who had become a friend of Walter Bell's and who had suddenly disappeared the night of Mrs. Bell's death. Now you've got a lead, a tiny clue. It may be nothing... and then again, who knows? So...you go to work, right from there. You visit every place in and around L.A. where a man can get a tattoo. And finally, after a long search you hit a tattoo pitch at a carnival...run by an artist named Deacon Grimsby.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ B.G. CARNIVAL MUSIC)

~~MAN: An Adam and Eve picture? Garden of Eden?~~

PAT: That's right. You do that kind of work?

MAN: Nope. But I can tell you who does.

PAT: Who?

MAN: Only man I know of who does this kind of tattoo is an
artist named Deacon Grimsby. You'll find his pitch about
~~a hundred yards up the Midway!~~

(MUSIC: CARNIVAL MUSIC UP AND UNDER)

GRIMSBY: Yes, sir, Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, and the
Temptress with them. That's my finest work of art ...
copied it right out of a Sunday School book. Here...
here's a picture of it.

PAT: Hmmm. Pretty elaborate.

GRIMSBY: That's right. Idea of my own, Mr. Foley. Carry the Good
Book with you, wherever you go. Wake up with it, and go
to sleep with it, Might make a good feature for the
Herald Express, don't you think?

PAT: It might. Have you done many of these Garden of Eden jobs?

GRIMSBY: No. Matter of fact, I've done only one. I guess people
don't like to be reminded of sin and temptation.

PAT: Do you remember who the man was you tattooed with this
picture?

GRIMSBY: Sure do. Man by the name of Charlie Nix.

PAT: Charlie Nix, eh? Know where I can find him?

GRIMSBY: Maybe. I keep a list of all my clients. Hold on a
minute, I'll see.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

(PAUSE)

(DOOR OPENS)

LANDLADY: (A BIT OF A SHREW) Yes? What is it?

PAT: I'm looking for a man named Charlie Nix. I understand he lives in your rooming house...

LANDLADY: He did. But he ~~doesn't~~ ^{don't} any more. You a friend of his?

PAT: Well...yes.

LANDLADY: Fine friends you have. That no-good sailor went and skipped out on me, owin' a month's rent. (FADES A LITTLE) And what do you think he left me? Nothing. Not a cent, nothing...(COMING ON AGAIN) But this funny looking wooden box. *Blue take it out of my house!*

(THUD OF BOX ON FLOOR)

PAT: Do you know where I could find him?

LANDLADY: I heard he was working in a hamburger stand somewhere down at Hermosa Beach. And if you ever find him, you can give him this box. And I hope you break it over his head!

(DOOR SIAM)

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You pick up the box and look at it, out of idle curiosity. And then...you stare at it, stunned, and the sweat breaks out, and you draw in your breath. The whole, ghastly, monstrous scheme smashes you like a hammer between the eyes, as you connect up the strange looking box and the tattoo. Walter Bell, fiend, monster, madman. Walter Bell, Bluebeard. Only this Bluebeard would make the original look like a cheap wax ~~imitation~~ ^{imitation} in a penny arcade. And then you get on the phone...

SHERIFF: (FILTER) Sheriff Wheeler speaking.

PAT: Sheriff. Pat Foley. Listen, can you get the body of Freda Bell exhumed right away?

SHERIFF: What?

PAT: And then get the autopsy surgeon to do a job?

SHERIFF: Listen, Pat, have you gone crazy?

PAT: Crazy? Yeah, Sheriff. Maybe I have. Maybe you would, too, if you know what I know. Freda Bell didn't die by accident, she was murdered. And in a way that makes the Rue Morgue look as ordinary as Sunset Boulevard. Talk about the Borgias, Dracula, Jack the Ripper, Frankenstein..

Hayes a dime a dozen. I'll take this killer, for the rest of my dreams! *[See you later, Sheriff]*

~~SHERIFF: I still don't know what your...~~

~~PAT: Look, Sheriff, we've got to get Freda Bell's body exhumed. I'll tell you why, later. I'm on my way to tie up the threads, now.~~

SHERIFF: Pat, hold it! Wait a minute! Where are you going?

PAT: Me? I'm going over to Hermosa Beach and get a hamburger!

~~(MUSIC - BRIDGE INTO JURE BOX, POP TUNE BY)~~

~~NIXIE: What'll you have, Mister?~~

~~PAT: One hamburger, rare...~~

~~NIXIE: One rare...~~

~~(SLAP OF HAMBURGER ON GRIDDLE. FRYING SOUND)~~

~~PAT: Your name Charlie Nix?~~

~~NIXIE: Yeah,~~

~~PAT: I'm Pat Foley, Herald Express.~~

~~NIXIE: So?~~

~~PAT: Tell me about a man named Walter Bell.~~

~~NIXIE: (HESITATES) Walter....Bell? (A BEAT) why?~~

~~PAT: He's looking for you.~~

~~NIXIE: (A BEAT) I see.~~

~~PAT: So are the police.~~

~~NIXIE: The police?~~

~~PAT: Yeah. You can take your choice, Nix. You can wait for Walter Bell to find you...or you can come along to headquarters with me.~~

~~NIXIE: (AFTER A PAUSE, THEN QUIET) Okay, Foley. I'll get my~~

~~things~~

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER) *you finally find Charlie Jax and the police pick him up and ban him later*

NARR: The police pick up Walter Bell. And the following night, you watch Sheriff Wheeler, as he goes to work on the restaurant owner...

SHERIFF: Why did you murder your wife, Bell?

WALTER: (TOUCH OF HYSTERIA) I didn't. I've told you over and over, I didn't! She died by accident, I tell you! It was an accident, accident, ACCIDENT!

SHERIFF: Did your second wife die by accident, too, Bell?

WALTER: My...second wife?

SHERIFF: Yes. Remember? Her name was Barbara. She died of drowning in a bathtub. Was that an accident, too?

WALTER: Yes. Yes...it was.

SHERIFF: First, Barbara. Then Freda. You were tired of your fourth wife...and you wanted a fifth. So you killed her!

WALTER: That's a lie, Sheriff. I tell you, it's a lie!

SHERIFF: Is it, Bell? Then maybe you'll be interested to know we've exhumed your wife's body. We found certain marks around the feet...

WALTER: I don't know what you're talking about.

SHERIFF: Oh, you don't, eh?

WALTER: No, I don't...I don't...I DON'T!

SHERIFF: Take a look at this box, Bell.,.,.

(THUD OF WOODEN BOX ON TABLE)

SHERIFF: It's a peculiar type. Ever see it before?

WALTER: No.

SHERIFF: You never saw it before?

WALTER: No, I tell you, no, no!

SHERIFF: You don't know what kind of box it is? You don't know for what special purpose it was used? You don't know what was in it?

WALTER: No, no!

SHERIFF: (A BEAT, THEN QUIETLY) Pat...

PAT: Yes, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: You can open the door now.

PAT: Right.

(A PAUSE)

(DOOR OPENS)

PAT: (OFF A LITTLE) Come in, Nix.

NIXIE: (HUSHED) Yes, sir.

SHERIFF: (QUIETLY) Nix, is this the man who paid you for running an errand?

NIXIE: Yes, Sheriff. That's the man.

SHERIFF: Where did he send you?

NIXIE: To a farm in Lemanda Park.

SHERIFF: And you brought this box back to this man?

NIXIE: Yes, sir.

SHERIFF: What was in that box, Nix? (A PAUSE, NO ANSWER) What was in that box?

NIXIE: (SUDDENLY) I didn't know what he wanted to use it for, Sheriff. I swear I didn't know. I took it from the box I was carrying, and put it into ^{the} one he had ~~in his garage~~. But I didn't know what he wanted it for!

SHERIFF: (COLD, INEXORABLE) What did you bring him in this box, Nix?

NIXIE: (A BEAT) It was a rattlesnake, Sheriff!

(MUSIC: HIT UP HARD AND UNDER)

NARR: This is your story, your Big Story. This inhuman, cold-blooded fiend, this restaurant owner named Walter Bell had hit upon the ^{rattlesnake} idea from seeing the serpent in the Garden of Eden tattoo. And you, Pat Foley, had first hit upon the monstrous answer, when you found the strange-looking box, with the wire-gauze top. But sometimes, you wish you'd never found it. Because now, you don't sleep very well nights. And when you do, you have dreams.... and they're all...bad dreams!

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will ^{receive a report} ~~read you a telegram~~ from Pat Foley of the Los Angeles Herald Express with the final outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

(VIBRAPHONE; SINGLE, OUTSTANDING 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!

(ORCHESTRA: TAG. . . .)

CHAPPELL: Now, we read you that telegram from Pat Foley of the Los Angeles Herald Express.

FOLEY: Confronted with the evidence of ^{his} fiendish plot, killer in tonight's Big Story finally admitted that after locking his wife in the pantry with the snake, he had carried her lifeless body out to the lily pond to make it look like accidental drowning. Convicted of murder he was hung at San Quentin. As fitting climax to ^{the} the fantastic case, during the trial in a crowded courtroom, Exhibit A, the rattlesnake escaped from his cage and caused a panic. It was discovered trying to hide behind the judge's bench. My appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Foley. 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 Houston Texas Post - by-line W. H. Gardner -- a BIG STORY about a man who bet 50 years of his life on justice and the 13th juror.

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Frockter, with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was written by Max Ehrlich. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and ~~Barry~~ ^{Ward} ~~Kesley~~ played the part of Pat Foley. 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. Foley.

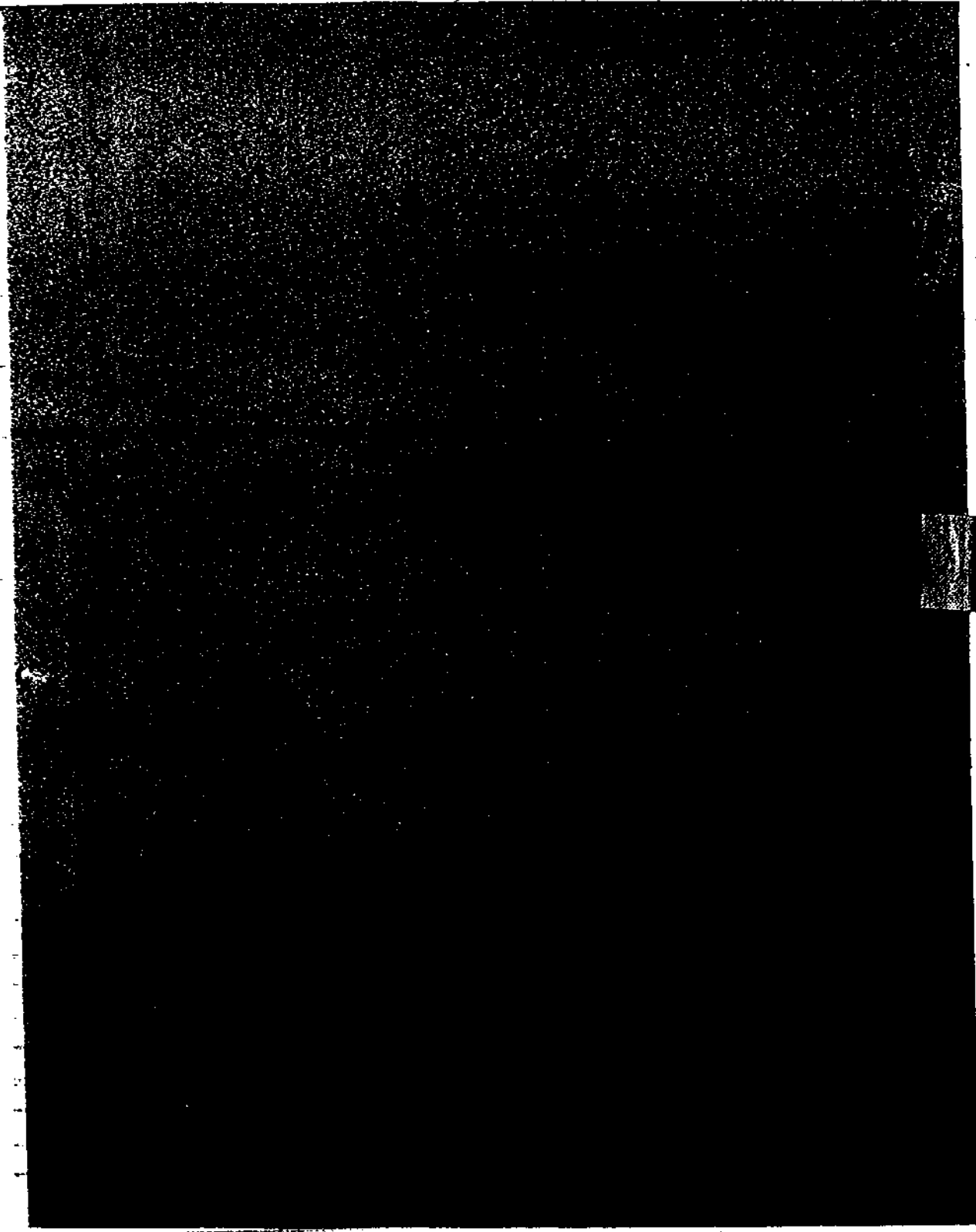
(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE)

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

ANNCR: This is NBC THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

JOW
7/9/48 p.m.

ATX01 0061717



AIKO1 0061748

AS BROADCAST

2nd REVISION

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #71

CAST:

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
GARDNER	FRANCIS DE SALES <i>Ralph Bell</i>
WHITMAN	FRANCIS DE SALES
STURGEON	JAMES VAN DYK
GUY	JAMES VAN DYK
D.A.	SANTOS ORTEGA
GROCERY CLERK	SANTOS ORTEGA
HOGAN	ROD HENDRICKSON
GUY II	ROD HENDRICKSON
CARPENTER	BOBBY READICK
MAN	BOBBY READICK
HARKINSON	RALPH BELL
BAILIFF	RALPH BELL <i>Francis De Sales</i>
HOLLISTER	MANDEL KRAMER
CHAIRMAN	MANDEL KRAMER
GUY III	BOB SLOANE

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4th, 1948

ATX01 0061719

WHITMAN: (IMPATIENTLY) The gas! The gas. That's no alarm.
Those are church bells.

CARPENTER: Church bells? (TAKE) Holy mackerel! Today is Good
Friday!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP) _

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Here is America: ^{its} sound and fury,
its joy and its sorrow, as faithfully reported by the
men and women of the great American newspapers. (PAUSE
...THEN FLAT) Houston, Texas, from the front pages of
the Houston Post the authentic story of justice and
the thirteenth juror. Tonight, to Bill Gardner of
the Houston Post goes the PELL MELL Award for the
BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ FANFARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #71

OPENING COMMERCIAL

VIBRAPHONE: SINGLE, OUTSTANDING BONG!

CHAPPELL: Of all America's leading cigarettes only one is
"Outstanding!" - only one is "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: It's the longer, finer cigarette - 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!

ATX01 0061721

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ THEME SUBDUED AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Now the story as it actually happened: Bill Gardner's
story as he lived it -- Houston, Texas --

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ THEME UNDER)

NARR: You sit at your desk, Bill Gardner, criminal court
reporter for the Houston Post, and you read with
quiet relish about the capture of the three gunmen in
the Good Friday holdup. And with a solemn sense of
justice done, you read how the police later raided an
apartment to pick up the three men charged with the
crime...(BEAT) Another day -- an earlier day -- you
might have covered this case yourself, but today you
only read about it because you, Bill Gardner are a
criminal court reporter, and this is still a case for
the boys on the police beat....(BEAT) (WITH SOBER
EMPHASIS) But what you have no way of knowing is that
it will soon evolve as your case -- your crusade!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP WITH OMINOUS BRIEFNESS AND OUT UNDER:)

(GAVEL, TWICE)

BAILIFF: The Court of the 4th District of the County of Harris in the State of Texas is now in session.....The State of Texas versus Donald Sturgeon!

(MUSIC: UP WITH BRIEF TENSENESS AND OUT UNDER)

NARR: (HUSHED. SOMEWHAT TENSE) The trial of Don Sturgeon, the second and pivotal defendant in the Good Friday holdup is convened. You sit in your customary front seat and you listen soberly to all the testimony. Carefully you study the tall, close-mouthed defendant as he advances to the dock. And you strain with the well-trained ear of the reporter to catch the shadings in his voice as he pleads.....

STURGEON: (QUIETLY) Not guilty.

NARR: With the same intelligent interest you listen as you hear the witnesses refute that plea one by one...

GROCERY CLERK: That's the fella. He was wearing adhesive plaster 'cross his mouth.

MAN: I'd recognize him anywhere -- even without that handkerchief that was covering his face.

NARR: All through the long testimony you sit and you listen and you weigh. And when the evidence is all recorded and debated, and the jury has filed in slowly, you sit tensely in your seat as the gavel sounds and the 12 jurors rise fatefully to return their verdict...
(PAUSE) "Guilty!"

(MUSIC: SLIGHT STARTLED RISE. THEN UNDER WITH AN "INNER THOUGHT" MOTIF)

NARR: ...And a small gavel sounds in your brain, Bill Gardner, 13th juror, and mentally you record your verdict.....

GARDNER: (PAUSE) Guilty!

(MUSIC: _____ UP DESCRIPTIVELY...AND OUT UNDER:)

NARR: You file the case in your mind under "finished business". But despite yourself the trial revolves in your brain, and though you are still convinced that Sturgeon is guilty and that he deserves the fifty year sentence he was given, small discrepancies in the testimony continue to make small revolutions in your mind...(FADING) and remembered voices persist...

GROCERY CLERK: (FILTER)..He was wearing adhesive plaster 'cross his mouth.

MAN: (FILTER) ..I'd recognize him even without that handkerchief that was covering his face.

NARR: But finally you are able to put down those revolutions -- "Unimportant mistakes - human error" -- that's what you tell yourself. And eventually you are - convinced that -- as far as you are concerned -- the Sturgeon case is past and forgotten...until...one afternoon several months after the trial...you go in to see your editor.

(DOOR CLOSING)

GARDNER: Hogan, here's an item I picked up -- about Baldwin -- J. T. Baldwin. Name mean anything to you?

HOGAN: He was the first guy to go to trial on that Good Friday job, wasn't he?

GARDNER: That's right. And he was convicted -- like Sturgeon.

HOGAN: So?

GARDNER: So, this item. Says he's getting a new trial -- on a technicality. You know what that means.

HOGAN: Yeah. Means he'll probably be out and acquitted in a year.

GARDNER: Exactly. But if Sturgeon is guilty -- and the court said he was -- And this guy was in it with Sturgeon, ^{then he's} ~~and he~~ -- Don't you see? It doesn't make sense.

HOGAN: I didn't realize you were still so hopped up about this case, (SLIGHT PAUSE AS THO MAKING DECISION)
Bill, what I'm going to tell you now can't be printed. It's closed circuit stuff and doesn't make sense either -- Remember that third guy in the case -- Matt Chaeffer?

GARDNER: Remember him? There isn't a day goes by I don't finger the D.A. and ask him when Shaeffer's coming to trial.

HOGAN: That's it...(PAUSE. SOFTLY) He isn't.

GARDNER: What?

HOGAN: I got a tip. He isn't coming to trial. Oh, I know the D. A. will deny it, but it's true alright. Matt Shaeffer will never come to trial.

GARDNER: (PUZZLES THIS OUT, HALF ALOUD) Matt Shaeffer will...
(TAKE. ANIMATED) Hogan, I've got places to go!

HOGAN: Bill. Where are you going?

GARDNER: Hogan don't stop me! I've got to see a man about a man!

(MUSIC: EXCITED AND MOTIVE...OUT UNDER)

D.A.: Listen, Gardner -- I'm a district attorney not a welfare agency. My job is evidence -- legal evidence. Sturgeon was convicted on evidence. Nothing circumstantial about it either. People saw him and they said they saw him.

GARDNER: From where I sat they seemed to have seen three other ~~guys~~, all of whom turned out conveniently to be Sturgeon. But that's not ~~now~~ what I'm arguing about. What I'm saying is that Baldwin is getting a new trial and Shaeffer looks like he'll never see the inside of a courtroom. Now we know they were both in on the same charge as Sturgeon. We know that. Alright, so how can they be innocent -- or at least free -- while Sturgeon is guilty and in jail?

D.A.: Their cases have nothing to do with Sturgeon's.

GARDNER: (FLARES) That's where I disagree with you! Their cases -- especially Shaeffer's -- Shaeffer's case has everything to do with Sturgeon's. And there's something funny about the fact that he still hasn't come to trial. I want to know what it is.

D.A.: (CALMLY) All I can say, Gardner, is what I've said before -- twelve jurors tried Sturgeon and twelve jurors were convinced he was guilty.

GARDNER: (HEATEDLY) Well I'm your 13th juror and I'm not convinced.

D.A.: (PUZZLED) 13th juror?

GARDNER: Yes, 13th juror. I'm a 13th juror in the sense that I'm a member of the press. In a way I represent the people just as surely as those men on the panel did. And what's more, I sat through every word of testimony the same as they did...(CHANGE OF TONE) Look, Griffiths -- I'm not saying I'm sure Sturgeon is innocent.

D. A.: (SURPRISED) You're not? Then what are you beefing about?

GARDNER: (RISING FEELING) What am I beefing about? This is what I'm beefing about. I'm beefing because I'm naive enough to think there's more at stake than just Sturgeon's guilt or innocence. I'm stupid enough to believe those birds knew what they were doing when they wrote that a man has to be proven guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. Enough doubt to warrant him a new trial.

D.A.: Out of the question. Gardner, I don't have the slightest doubt about Sturgeon's guilt.

GARDNER: (~~RESIGNED. SINGS~~) Okay, then I guess there's nothing left for us to talk about.

D.A.: My point exactly. And further...(SURPRISED) Where you going?

GARDNER: (SLIGHTLY OFF) I'm going down to the State Prison Farm.

D.A.: The State Prison Farm? But why?

GARDNER: Why? Because -- if you'll pardon a bad pun -- I smell something fishy -- and I do mean Sturgeon!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND OUT UNDER:)

NARR: So you head for the State Prison Farm, Bill Gardner -- angry, determined, confused. If you were smart -- you say to yourself -- if you were smart you'd forget about the whole thing. Who are you to be playing God? But you're not "smart", and that's probably your greatest wisdom..(BEAT) Nervously you walk the corridor to the cell of Don Sturgeon, the man you've blasted in the press from here to Land's End -- the man whose guilt you believe in, but whose rights you believe in more..Finally you arrive at the ~~portal~~ of his cell -- the warden pulls back the gate...and you enter..

(GATE SLAMS SHUT)

(SLIGHT ECHO)

GARDNER: (AFTER A PAUSE) Hello, Sturgeon.

STURGEON: (ABOUT 40. NOT A BROKEN MAN, AND THOUGH TOUGH STRANGELY NOT BITTER) Hello, Mr. Gardner.

GARDNER: Can the "mister". Then you know me...?

STURGEON: Saw you at the trial. Read your pieces on it, too.

GARDNER: They weren't very flattering to you.

STURGEON: You called 'em as you saw 'em.

GARDNER: Yeah. Only you struck out.

STURGEON: I'll get another chance at bat.

GARDNER: (SURPRISED) You really believe that?

STURGEON: Don't you?

GARDNER: (PAUSE) Sturgeon, I'm going to get right to the point..

STURGEON: (ANTICIPATING HIM) Did I pull the Good Friday job?

-- No.

GARDNER: I don't believe you.

STURGEON: Neither did the jury.'

GARDNER: Only...?

STURGEON: Only they didn't hear everything. Neither did you. For one thing they didn't hear I was offered a deal of five years if I pleaded guilty.

GARDNER: Why didn't you take it?

STURGEON: Because I'm not guilty.

GARDNER: Nobody here is -- if you listen to them.

STURGEON: I don't know about "them" -- All I know is I never got a chance to prove my...well, I guess you can call it my "alibi."

GARDNER: What was your alibi?

STURGEON: You heard it. You were at the trial.

GARDNER: Yeah. Only I'd like to hear it from you -- without coaching from the defense.

STURGEON: Okay...When that store was knocked over I was sitting in a car with Baldwin and his wife in front of the Stonewall Jackson Junior High School. We were waiting for their two kids to take them to Good Friday service.

GARDNER: (CYNICALLY) Pretty touching picture.

STURGEON: (IGNORING THE INTERRUPTION) Baldwin couldn't back up my story because he was in on the same rap with me. His wife -- she skipped. Ditched town when they picked us up, and later divorced Baldwin. I don't know where she is now.

GARDNER: Anyone see you in the car?

STURGEON: I don't know. Someone must have. I don't know.

GARDNER: (SLIGHT PAUSE) Wanna know something, Sturgeon -- my opinion?

STURGEON: Yeah. I think I would.

GARDNER: In my opinion, Sturgeon, you don't act much like a guy who's been done wrong by. ~~Here you've been in prison two -- no three years counting the time before the trial -- three years you've been in prison for a job you say you never pulled. Only for an innocent guy you don't seem very sore about it.~~ I don't

STURGEON: (PAUSE WITH QUIET FEELING) Gardner, I'm going to tell you something you probably won't believe -- You say I ~~haven't squawked~~ ^{the} about spending this time in stir. Well I'm not. That's right - I'm not. ^{been in here.} I've gotten away with a few things in my day and I figure I owe the State some time, and I'm willing to pay it. But not fifty years, Gardner. I don't owe them any fifty years!

GARDNER: (REPEATS, IMPRESSED) You owe the State time and you're willing to pay it? ...I never heard a convict talk like that before.

STURGEON: And I'll tell you another thing you won't believe -- If they were to come in here tomorrow and tell me -- "Sturgeon, you can walk out a free man if you plead guilty", I'd tell them to take a flying leap in a gopher hole. I'd go out of here with my toes pointing up before I'd say I did it---because I didn't

GARDNER: (QUIETLY AWED) You know, Sturgeon -- when I came in here I was sure you were guilty. Oh, I was going to help you get a new trial, alright -- but I was sure you were guilty.

STURGEON: And now?

GARDNER: Now? - Now I don't know. I don't know, Sturgeon. Only I'll tell you one thing -- I'm gonna find out. If I have to battle the District Attorney, the governor and the militia -- I'm gonna find out, ~~Sturgeon!~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP FOR CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's Big Story.
(Music)
(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #71

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

(VIBRAPHONE: SINGLE, OUTSTANDING BONG!)

CHAPPELL: Of all America's leading cigarettes only one is
"Outstanding!" - only one is "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: It's the longer, finer cigarette - 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.

(MORE)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL CONT'D:

HARRICE: Of all America's leading cigarettes only one of
"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 Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator, and the BIG STORY of Reporter Bill Gardner, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: You leave the cell of Don Sturgeon, and suddenly you are no longer only Bill Gardner, reporter on the Houston Post -- Suddenly you've become Bill Gardner, 13th juror in a case where the 12 other jurymen have already cast their ballots. And their verdict was guilty. But you want proof -- proof beyond a reasonable doubt -- before casting your vote. So you make visits, you ^{talk to} ~~meet~~ strangers, you ~~sell your pride for justice~~, you dig up enough evidence to place before the District Attorney.

GARDNER: There it is, Griffiths -- evidence - just like you asked for.

D.A.: (UNIMPRESSED) These?

GARDNER: Those. Sworn statements by reputable citizens that they saw Don Sturgeon in that automobile in front of the Stonewall Jackson School at the time of the robbery.

D.A.: And you really think these will turn the trick -- free Sturgeon?

GARDNER: (WARILY) Wait a minute, Griffiths. I don't like that tone.

D.A.: Gardner, these statements aren't worth the match it would take to burn them -- statements taken three years after the robbery in response to leading questions by a reporter looking for a story. Where were these people at the time of the trial? How do you think their testimony would stand up next to the positive identifications by reliable witnesses at the very scene of the crime?

GARDNER: Why don't you bring it to trial and find out?

D.A.: Sturgeon had his trial.

GARDNER: (FLARES) Sturgeon had his inquisition! - Griffiths, I came into this thing with my mind open. I didn't set out to prove Sturgeon innocent. Now, I happen to believe he is innocent, but I don't ask you to believe it. All I ask is that you give him another chance -- a chance he deserves -- to prove that innocence. And if you don't, I swear I'll explode this case so high in the papers the angels will be picking the pieces out of their wings!

D.A.: (SLIGHT PAUSE. QUIETLY) You're really serious about that, aren't you?

GARDNER: Try me and find out.

Phone up
(CLICK OF INTERCOM)

D.A.: Miss Hodges - is George Harkinson still waiting outside?

(PAUSE) Fine. Send him in. *(Phone down)*

GARDNER: (PUZZLED) What's this all about?

D.A.: You know Harkinson?

GARDNER: Sure I know Harkinson. Probably the best man on your staff -- but what's all this ..

D.A.: (OUTS IN) Gardner, I'm going to make a deal with you.

GARDNER: No deals.

D.A.: I think you'll go for this one...

(DOOR OPENS)

Oh, come in George. George, you know Gardner.

HARKINSON: Of course. Hello, Bill.

GARDNER: George.

D.A.: George, Gardner here seems to feel the same way you do about the Sturgeon case.

HARKINSON: } You do, Bill?...

GARDNER: } You mean...?

D.A.: (CUTS IN) So I'm going to give you both a chance to prove you're right.

GARDNER: What's the catch?

D.A.: Just this -- I'm going to ask you to keep all this out of the papers until the evidence you bring back is really conclusive....

GARDNER: (SKEPTICAL) I don't know...

HARKINSON: It's a fair deal, Bill....

GARDNER: (STILL A BIT LEERY) Okay, if you say so.

D.A.: Fine and now it's only fair for me to tell you what I consider to be conclusive evidence.

GARDNER: And that is...?

D.A.: That is...(BEAT) Bring the real criminals in here!

(MUSIC: -- IRONICALLY UP AND OUT UNDER:)

NARR: "Bring the real criminals in here." -- Just like that. An assignment that would tax the FBI and they hand it to you, Bill Gardner and to George Harkinson -- two guys armed with a copy pencil and a sense of justice ... But despite the odds you tackle the job with spirit ..(SLOW FADE,..MUSIC_IN) And you plough deep into the human slime of the Houston underworld

(MUSIC: -- HAS CROSS-FADED INTO A SALOON PIANO PLAYING "EYES OF TEXAS" ...ESTABLISH AND UNDER:)

GARDNER: The Good Friday job -- anything you know about it.
Anything. It'll earn you a case of what you're drinking.

GUY: (ALARMED) The Good Friday job? Go 'way 'way, Mister.
I don't want your hooch. Go 'way!

(MUSIC: ~~FADE IN ANOTHER SALOONEY PIANO VERSION OF "DEEP IN THE
HEART OF TEXAS"...~~ THEN UNDER:)

GUY II: The Good Friday stickup? Beat it, Mister. I don't
know nothing' about the Good Friday job. Nothing!

(MUSIC: ~~FADE IN ANOTHER SALOON - HONKEY TONK - THEN UNDER)~~

~~GUY III: Me! No sir! I don't know nothing!~~

(MUSIC: ~~OUT~~)

GARDNER: (SOFTLY. DEFLATED) Nothing...Three months -- and nothing.
George, it'd be easier to get my desk here to talk than
those monkeys. They're afraid. It was obviously a big
gang operation and they're..(TAKE) Hey, I'm talking to
you, George. Why do you keep staring at your watch like
that when I'm talking to you?

HARKINSON: (ROUSED) Huh?...Oh..Bill, I'm following one last slim
lead. I asked someone to call me here at one, and

(PHONE RINGS)

That's it! Right on the nose.

(PICKS UP RECEIVER)

Hello?...Yeah, this is Harkinson...Yeah..(EXCITED) He
is?...Give me that address again..Thanks a lot..No, I
won't. Thanks a lot!

(HANGS UP)

(JOYOUSLY) That's it, Bill! The lead I was waiting
for -- Hunk Hollister is out and he's drinking!

GARDNER: (UMIMPRESSED) Well, whadda you know -- who the devil is Hunk Hollister.

HARKINSON: Bill, Hunk Hollister is a safe cracker just out of stir. I'm sure he knows all about the Good Friday job, only he never tells what he knows unless he's drinking.

GARDNER: Then what are we waiting for? Come on!

(MUSIC: EXCITED AND MOTIVE, FADE DOWN TO ESTABLISH "BEER BARREL POLKA" ON SALOON PIANO, UNDER)

HOLLISTER: Sturgeon! (LAUGHS DRUNKENLY, CONTEMPTUOUSLY) -- that ~~punk~~ *louse*.

HARKINSON: (WITH RESTRAINT) You mean he didn't do it, Hunk?

HOLLISTER: He didn't do nothing. He's a ~~punk~~ *louse*.

GARDNER: Who did do it, Hunk?

HOLLISTER: (WITH SUDDEN DRUNKEN CUNNING) Whadda ya -- a cop?

GARDNER: Would a cop be this easy with his dough?

HOLLISTER: How easy?

GARDNER: George, give him another twenty -- after he answers our question.

HOLLISTER: (SUDDENLY SOBER. HE KNOWS HE'S ABOUT TO DO A BAD THING, BUT HE NEEDS THAT DRINK MONEY. PAUSE. FLATLY) Who did it? -- Love, Whitman and Carpenter did it.

GARDNER: (WITH GREAT RESTRAINT) Love, Whitman and Carpenter. Where are they now, Hunk?

HOLLISTER: (SAME DULL TONE) I'm not sure. I been out of touch. Last I heard - Mike Love and Joe Whitman were around town. I don't know what's happened to Tom Carpenter ..I (BREAKS. ANGRILY) Gimme that dough! I'm getting out of here!

GARDNER: (OVERJOYED) George, did you hear that? Love and Whitman! -- they're around town. Do you know where to dig them up?..(TAKE. SENSES SOMETHING IS WRONG. QUIETLY) What's the matter, George? I said Love and Whitman are around town. Do you know where to dig them up?

HARKINSON: (PAUSE. BITTERLY) Yeah -- I know where to dig them up -- in a cemetery. They're both dead!

(MUSIC: -- SHOCK MOTIF AND UNDER:)

GARDNER: (SADLY) And that's how it was, Sturgeon. I thought sure we had you sprung, and then the lock caught. (BITTERLY) It couldn't be just one of them dead. No -- it had to be both of them.. Bumped off.

STURGEON: Forget it, Gardner. You're taking it harder than I am. Something else will turn up.

GARDNER: What? How? I can't do anything for you in the paper. I gave the District Attorney my word I'd lay off until I brought in the guys who actually did it. But now -- with Love and Whitman dead, and Carpenter gone...

STURGEON: (SUDDENLY INTERESTED) Who?

GARDNER: Love and Whitman.

STURGEON: No - the third guy. Did you say Carpenter?

GARDNER: Yeah - only he's disappeared...

STURGEON: Tom Carpenter?

GARDNER: I think so. Yeah. Why? Do you know where he is?

STURGEON: Gardner, this is going to buckle your knees -- Tom Carpenter is doing a life stretch right here in this prison!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER:)

GARDNER: (TOUGH) It's open and shut, Carpenter. You did it and we know you did it. So, Carpenter -- I warn you -- if you don't sign this statement I'll hound you in the press till they have to put up barricades to keep the howling mobs from this jail. I'll...

CARPENTER: (INTERRUPTS. CALMLY) What you getting so excited about, fella? I didn't say I'd give you no hard time.

GARDNER: (SURPRISED) You mean you'll go along with us?

CARPENTER: Listen, Bud -- they can't give me no more than I got. And as for Sturgeon -- I don't get no kick outa Sturgeon rotting for something he didn't do. Sure, I'll sign it -- Why not?

(MUSIC: -- UP HAPPILY AND UNDER:)

NARR: So you've finally cracked the Good Friday case, Bill Gardner -- You think. All you've got to do now is present the evidence and collect the body -- you think!

GARDNER: There it is, Griffiths! -- the signed statement of the man who did it -- sealed and delivered.

D.A.: (PAUSE) Gardner -- this is going to be hard for you to understand but this statement -- this statement from a convicted crook contradicting the testimony of honest witnesses -- a crook who would give you anything he's got because he's got nothing to give -- Well, Gardner, I'll put it to you simply - (SLIGHT PAUSE. FIRMLY) I can't accept it.

(MUSIC: -- STING..VIBRATE UNDER:)

NARR: You freeze cold! But you start to thaw when the fever sets in. In your eyes the District Attorney has broken his pledge and freed you from your oath of silence. You're Bill Gardner, 13th juror again -- and you've got a ballot to cast!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND FADE FOR:)

(ESTABLISH FURIOUS TYPING..THEN UNDER:)

NARR: ...You cast that ballot in lead type and you fire it with all the passion and skill in your reporter's arsenal.

(TYPING UP BRIEFLY AND UNDER)

NARR: ...And because you shoot straight, Bill Gardner, you hit your target -- the hearts of the people -- Letters stream in, sentiment for Sturegon mounts. Reactions multiply, the District Attorney is moved to action... (PAUSE) and one day you are summoned to the State Capitol to appear before the parole board....

CHAIRMAN: (SO AND PHONY. TALKS DOWN) The parole board has read your articles, Mr. Gardner. Very interesting.

GARDNER: Thank you, Mr. Chairman.

CHAIRMAN: We appreciate your uh..sincerity in behalf of Sturegon - And in due course we ourselves intend to look into the case, but...

GARDNER: In due course? Why in "due course"? Why not now?

CHAIRMAN: That's the point I'm getting at. What's the rush? What's your hurry? After all -- (BEAT) Sturgeon isn't going anywhere!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER:)

NARR: But that's where he was wrong. Sturgeon was going somewhere. Angered at this official callousness, you return to your typewriter, Bill Gardner, and you step up your barrage of articles -- you increase your rate of fire -- you pound your point with words... (SLIGHT PAUSE) and finally, you walk into Don Sturgeon's cell and you are able to say...

GARDNER: (HAPPILY) Sturgeon, it's done! -- I've just come from the governor and he's signed your reprieve. In less than a week you'll be walking out of here a free man!

STURGEON: (IN LOW VOICE, EMOTIONALLY CONSTRICTED) I..Gardner, I'm not much of a talker..But what I was trying to say...I mean..Gardner, is there anything -- anything I can do for you -- on the outside?

GARDNER: For me? - Sure. Probably lots of things..Only I guess maybe not for a while. I've got another assignment.

STURGEON: Another assignment?

GARDNER: When I got back from the governor's I found a letter from the president waiting for me.

STURGEON: You mean you're gonna do a job for the president?

GARDNER: In a way, Sturgeon. In a way..you see, I'm going into the Army.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER:)

NARR: So you leave for the Army, Bill Gardner. You leave to help preserve on an international level the kind of liberty you fought for so successfully on a local scale. And though in the forces you were known successively as "Lieutenant" Gardner and "Captain" Gardner -- there is probably another designation you cherish just as much as either of those -- and that is -- Bill Gardner, 13th Juror!

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Bill Gardner of the Houston Post with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #71

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

(VIBRAPHONE: SINGLE, OUTSTANDING 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.

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. Remember
- PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Bill Gardner of the Houston Post.

GARDNER: After serving in the Army, I returned to the Houston Post as Sunday Magazine Editor. Wondering what had happened to pardoned man in tonight's Big Story, I was pleasantly surprised to learn that he ^{had a good job as} ~~was working at the~~

Circulation Manager or one of the country's finest District Circulation Managers. Every few weeks he sends newspapers. He is well liked and respected.

~~is to my office and we have coffee together and he keeps me posted about what the subscribers like and don't like~~

~~in the Post.~~ My sincere ^{thanks} appreciation for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Gardner. 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 San Diego Journal, by-line -- Paul McCarthy. A Big Story about a beautiful girl, a bottle of death and a heel worth 5 million dollars.

(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 Alan Surgal. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and ^{Ralph Bell} ~~Robert de Laes~~ played the part of Bill Gardner.

(MORE)

NARR: In order to protect the names of people actually involved
(CONT'D) in tonight's authentic BIG STORY the names of all
characters in the dramatization were changed with the
exception of the reporter, Mr. Gardner.

(MUSIC: _ _)

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

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

MILLY/MILLY
8/2/48am

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM 72

AS BROADCAST

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MARIA	MITZI GOULD
GIRL	MITZI GOULD
JUANO	GILBERT MACK
ALBA	JACKSON BECK
FARMER:	JACKSON BECK
SERGEANT	GRANT RICHARDS
MAN I	GRANT RICHARDS
ROCCO	SANTOS ORTEGA
MAN II	SANTOS ORTEGA
PAUL	GEORGE PETRIE

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11th, 1948

RTX01 0061746

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM 72

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

AUGUST 11th, 1948

WEDNESDAY

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

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES SHARPLY)

PAUL: There's nothing ~~here~~^{in here}, Juano, nothing.

JUANO: (POLITE, GENTLE)(SLIGHT MEXICAN ACCENT) In a manner of speaking, Senor McCarthy, nothing.

PAUL: Look, Juano - we come 20 miles through the desert and the heat and - we get here - and there's nothing here.

JUANO: You are reporter, Senor McCarthy for a fine American newspaper. (PAUL: So?) and I am merely a humble ~~assistant~~ detective lieutenant of the Mexican Police force ~~(PAUL: Stop it)~~ - yet I do not hesitate to contradict you.

PAUL: Come on, say what you're talking about.

JUANO: As you observed there is nothing here - nothing except this -

PAUL: An empty jar, so what?

JUANO: No - many empty jars - 20 or 25 empty jars.

PAUL: So?

JUANO: Would it surprise you - the fact they are empty proves somebody was murdered - wait - And if we pursue these jars, we shall uncover an operation yielding perhaps five million dollars a year - wait - and involving at least a dozen murders.

(MUSIC: -- STABS HARD INTO:)

ATX01 0061747

BIG STORY, 8/11/48

-2-

REVISED

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY - Here is America - its sound and it's
fury, its joy and its sorrow as faithfully reported by
the men and women of the great American newspapers.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ _)

(PAUSE)

Dateline San Diego, Calif. -- a story that began with an
editorial and ended with 25 empty coffee-jars and a
beautiful woman who could not be found. Tonight, to
Paul McCarthy reporter for the San Diego Journal goes
the PELL MELL AWARD for the BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ FANFARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0061748

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

(VIBRAPHONE: SINGLE, OUTSTANDING BONG!)

CHAPPELL: Of all America's leading cigarettes only one is
"Outstanding!" - only one is "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: It's the longer, finer cigarette - 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: -- INTRODUCTION: -- SOMETHING MEXICAN, . . . PLEASANT. . .
UNDER:)

CHAPPELL: Now the story, as it actually happened, Paul
McCarthy's story as he lived it . . . San Diego,
California ---

(MUSIC: -- UP, . . . MORE SERIOUS. . . UNDER. . .)

NARR: You don't like to be called it, to your face, Paul
McCarthy of tthe San Diego Journal, but secretly
you know it describes you accurately. The word
is "crusader". In these cynical times when a
reporter's supposed to know everything, be surprised by
nothing, somehow when you see injustice, you get sore
and do something about it. A crusader.
Like now, you just read that 3 Mexican reporters have
been jailed, and are being held incommunicado for
a story they wrote. *One of them, Jose Diaz, was met in Los Angeles*
So you tell your editor you're *supposed to go*
off and you set out for a flea-bitten town some 25
miles from your home base - ~~San Diego~~. The case
seems like one of suppression of free speech -- but as
you step off the train in Tia Juana, Mexico, you
realize it's a lot more than that, because you aren't
there two minutes when ~~a~~ *an* olive green coupe pulls
up and a smiling toothy guy leans out of the car
and calls...

ALBA: (OILY) You McCarthy ----?

PAUL: That's right. Who are you?

ALBA: Why don't you go back where you came from, McCarthy?
We don't need you in Tia Juana

PAUL: Who do you think you are?

ALBA: ---- Just a guy who likes to drive a green coupe
around -- now be smart guy and go wan home before
somebody gets hurt.

(PAUSE)

NARR: That's all. He drives away - a big toothy smile
on a big ugly face and as he goes you get a whiff
of perfume - strong and musky and a little dank.
You shudder a little, wonder a little and head
for the prison where the reporters are being held.

~~One of them, Jose Diaz, you met in LA two years~~
and he's the one who
~~ago~~ - At the jail you ask to see ~~him~~... The
sergeant smiles:

SGT: Sorry, Mr. Diaz was let out two hours ago.

PAUL: (FUZZLED) He was - ~~but~~ - well where is he now?

SGT: Sorry, that I couldn't say.

PAUL: Where's the police chief?

SGT: Lt. Santos? Sorry, he's no longer police chief.
He was removed from office - an hour ago.

PAUL: An hour ago, well, who's the new chief?

SGT: Sorry, he hasn't been appointed yet.

PAUL: Well where do I find out who he's going to be?
Who appoints him?

SGT: Sorry, I couldn't help.

PAUL: Well give me Diaz' address --

SGT: Sorry, I don't know it.

(PAUSE)

NARR: The whole thing's a little crazy. You stop in
at the Commissioner's office and the clerk there
says "Sorry, the commissioner can see no one."
You pull some wires and get to the ante-room
of the Vice President of Mexico and again
the polite brushoff "I'm so sorry, the Vice
President is out."
Fine, great - a perfect runaround - so you go back
to your hotel. Unexpectedly

(PHONE RINGS)

.... the phone rings, unexpectedly because you didn't
tell anybody you were checked in at the Hotel
Americano....

(PHONE'S ANSWERED)

PAUL: Paul McCarthy speaking.

JUANO: (FILTER)(NICE, EASY GUY) Senor McCarthy, ~~my name~~
is Juano.

PAUL: (ON GUARD) Yeah --

JUANO: I am the new assistant police chief of Tia Juana.

PAUL: Mmmm ---

JUANO: You are interested I understand, in the case of two reporters recently held incommunicado.

PAUL: TWO? It was three.

JUANO: I exclude the reporter Diaz from the number --
it is two.

PAUL: What are you talking about?

JUANO: Senor McCarthy, Diaz was killed an hour after his release from prison.

PAUL: What? Why? Who did it?

JUANO: That I do not know -- but if you would like to help me to perhaps discover why and what and who did it -- come to my office at the Department of Homicide.

NARR: You better go easy with this Juano, whoever he is. You get to his office, Homicide, and there'a beautiful girl tells you ---

MARIA: Lt. Juano says for you to go right in, sir.

NARR: An extraordinarily beautiful girl with a skin like porcelain -- and wearing a delicately scented perfume ---

JUANO: (SMILIN) She's very nice, Maria?

PAUL: Maria?

JUANO: My secretary --

PAUL: (EMBARRASSED) Yeah, sure -- well, I'm McCarthy.

JUANO: ~~precisely~~, you are McCarthy - reporter, I am Juano - ~~Assistant~~ Lieutenant of homicide. Now what?

Is that your question?

PAUL: Juano, what's going on here?

JUANO: Senor, I do not know - no one knows. You have ~~been~~ thus far been given a - blind alley - ~~yes?~~

PAUL: That's right.

JUANO: No one talks to you, no one will see you - and then you learn Diaz is killed.

PAUL: That's it...

JUANO: And you want to know why? So ^{do I} Senor McCarthy ~~is~~. You were threatened when you got into town?

PAUL: That's right, how did you know.

JUANO: My duty is to know such things - who threatened you?

PAUL: I don't know - some guy in a green coupe with a big smile.

JUANO: Alba.

PAUL: Who?

JUANO: A man, senor, whose name means terror for a thousand people. -- and who has killed at least four other men.

PAUL: Why don't you pick him up?

JUANO: *h* Proof, senor - proof is sometimes difficult. And to find him -- that too. But, we have ideas.

PAUL: Yeah -

JUANO: Tonight we make a raid on Alba's headquarters - a little restaurant -- ll Caliente - perhaps you will join us --

PAUL: Sure, can I?

JUANO: We should be honored to have you.

(RINGS OFFICE BUZZER)

- Maria -

MARIA: (FILTER) Yes, Senor Lieutenant?

JUANO: Issue search warrants for the premises of the Caliente restaurant. I want to pick up Alba and ~~two~~ *his* ~~two~~ three assistants, the gunmen?

MARIA: The brothers Mendez, *si* yes Senor.

JUANO: ~~Good night away - for 8:30 tonight.~~

(CLICK OF BUZZER)

JUANO: (SMILES) Tonight, 8:30 senor. The Caliente.

(MUSIC: -- MEXICAN UNDER:) --

NARR: Good Joe this Juano - seems so anyhow. And the
raid? - like clockwork. A net spread out around the
restaurant, everybody knowing just what to do and moving
in on the split second - Tia Juana's got a first-rate
man in Homicide Lt. Juano, except -

JUANO: (LAUGHS A LITTLE BITTERLY) Well, senior, we have been
outfoxed, taken as you say.

PAUL: What do you mean, Juano?

JUANO: The restaurant is closed - no one here?

PAUL: Closed?

JUANO: Closed. The only person - in the next room - the
cook Rocco -- everybody else -- whhffft - vanished.

PAUL: Tipped off?

JUANO: That would be my guess. Shall we talk to Rocco?

PAUL: Might as well --

NARR: Rocco, despite his name is half Chinese. His father
was Mexican, his mother Chinese. He is bland, soft-spoken
curiously intellectual for a cook - -

JUANO: Where's everybody Rocco?

ROCCO: (BLAND THROUGHOUT) The Restaurant is closed, Senior
Lt.

JUANO: Since when?

ROCCO: Since tonight, senior -- a new policy -- closed every
Tuesday night.

JUANO: Where's Alba?

ROCCO: A famous man like Senor Alba - he does not confide
in me, Senor Lt.

JUANO: (SUDDENLY) What's that? Half hidden on the shelf
there?

ROCCO: A jar of ^{coffee} ~~tea~~, Senor Lt. ~~Does it surprise you?~~

JUANO: Let me see it.

ROCCO: But of course, Senor.

PAUL: Anything in it?

JUANO: (DISAPPOINTED) Nothing. Let's get out of here.

ROCCO: ^(Forgets) But come tomorrow night, Lt - I cook the specialty
of the house: (IN SPANISH) Arroz con pollo -
^{You know} ~~that is to say~~ - chicken with rice.

JUANO: Let's get out of here.

(MUSIC: -- UNDER) -----

NARR: So Juano plans another raid for the next night -
on another hangout of Alba's. Warrants made out,
the raid organized like a clock and again --

JUANO: (LAUGHS) Mmmm. Tipped off again.

PAUL: Nothing here ^{either} Juano?

JUANO: Nothing, senor McCarthy. Nothing.

(MUSIC: -- CHORD) --

NARR: Two more raids and still nothing -- After two weeks of
raids and investigations neither you nor the pleasant
Lt. of Homicide of Tia Juana have anything to go on.
And then, having a drink with Juano in a little
out-of-the-way bar, you look out the window and call out..

PAUL: Juano. That green coupe there - Alba's --

JUANO: I see it.

PAUL: Look who's driving it.

JUANO: ~~Did~~ Maria --

PAUL: I knew it. That perfume of hers. I smelled it
before - when Alba first threatened me. ~~She's~~ *Maria's*
the tipoff.

JUANO: Tonight, my friend, we have a raid Maria doesn't know
about then maybe we find something.

(MUSIC: QUICK UNDER)

NARR: You do that: a raid is planned without Maria and
it comes off....

JUANO: All right, put them in the wagon: the brothers Mendez, Rocco, all of them -- get moving sergeant --

SGT: Si, señor --

PAUL: Where's Alba?

JUANO: I don't know. Suppose we go see Maria and let her tell us.

(MUSIC: -- VERY QUICK INTO:)

(DOOR OPENS. STOPS IN THE MIDDLE AS)

JUANO: (LAUGHS AS BEFORE, THEN) Tipped off, Señor --

PAUL: She's gone.

JUANO: She, her clothes, everything - gone.

PAUL: You can still smell her perfume.

JUANO: (BITTER) ~~Yes~~, you can still smell her perfume. Let's get back to the jail and find a few answers.

(MUSIC: -- VERY AGITATO UNDER:)

NARR: At the jail there's nothing polite about the polite Detective Lt. He ~~asks~~ ^{fires} questions, he threatens, he cajoles, he frightens, and finally it comes out of the terrified cook, Rocco - half Mexican, half Chinese....

ROCCO: He kills me if I --

JUANO: He doesn't kill anybody - not any more, Rocco. Where is he? Where is she?

ROCCO: If he finds out I said --

JUANO: Where, Rocco? Alba doesn't find out..

ROCCO: Headquarters is the ranch house near Rodriguez dam --

JUANO: On Tecate Road?

ROCCO: He doesn't find out?

JUANO: I told you once. He's finished.

ROCCO: On Tecate Road.

(MUSIC: -- QUICK UNDER)

NARR: 20 miles south of Tia Juano is the ranch house on Tecate Road -- big -- sprawling, dirty. You get there in half an hour - walk in and

PAUL: Mmmf. Looks like they've been tipped off again --

JUANO: Not so quick, Senor McCarthy. The tables and chairs are broken --

PAUL: Okay, so there's been a fight --

JUANO: And in the fireplace -- these ashes --

PAUL: So?

JUANO: And in the back -- almost buried - jars like this

one --
PAUL: ~~Tobacco~~ jars. Isn't that like the one --

JUANO: Exactly, like Rocco's - in the restaurant.

PAUL: What is this?

JUANO: Patience, my friend. Now over here -- what does that look like --?

PAUL: I don't know - hey, it's blood.

JUANO: ~~Patience~~ ^{Si Senor} A fight -- blood - ashes in the fireplace -- jars of tobacco - empty jars --

PAUL: Juano, what are you trying to say?

Paul: Mairis?
Juano: I do not know.

JUANO: ~~I don't know~~ but each of these jars - ~~two ounces~~
~~they weigh~~ when full - is worth 2,000 dollars.

PAUL: What?

JUANO: And there are more than 25 jars out in the back --
50,000 American dollars worth -

PAUL: Of what? What are you talking-about?

JUANO: The ash in the fireplace --- do you know what
it is?

PAUL: No. For heaven's sake, Juano, will you *tell me?*

JUANO: ~~Refrence~~. It goes by a lot of names - but one will do.
(PAUSE) Opium.

PAUL: ~~What?~~

JUANO: ~~5,000,000 dollars worth a year~~ and this is the
center of the ring.

PAUL: Opium?

JUANO: Nothing less. Only what have we to go on? A few jars,
a little ash, some blood. If we find whose blood this
is - and if the blood came from a man now dead - or
a woman --

PAUL: Maria?

JUANO: (GOING ON) - and if we find who killed him (or her) -
then my friend, we have something.

PAUL: Juano, this is crazy -- it's fantastic --

JUANO: With opium, my friend, nothing is crazy. With 5
~~million dollars a year at stake~~ - nothing is fantastic.

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's

BIG STORY.

(Music)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 8/11/48
PELL MELL

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

(VIBRAPHONE: SINGLE, OUTSTANDING BONG!)

CHAPPELL: Of all America's leading cigarettes only one is
"Outstanding!"- only one is "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: It's the longer, finer cigarette - 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.

(MORE)

THE BIG STORY 8/11/48
PELL MELL

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL CONT'D:

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!

BIG STORY, 8/11/48

-19-

REVISED

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and the Big Story of Reporter Paul McCarthy, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: You're a crusader, Paul McCarthy, of the San Diego Journal. This time it's an opium ring operating up and down Mexico, and with a take of \$5,000,000 a year, maybe into the United States also. Fantastic ---- unbelievable? But as Lt. Juano of the Mexican Police said - when you're dealing with opium - nothing is unbelievable - nothing is fantastic. But all you've got to go on, is a bit of blood you think may come from a girl who was a tip-off agent for the gang, operating right within the police department. If you find her, if she's dead, if you ~~can~~ find who killed her -- a lot of ifs....Lt. Juano knows it as he questions a nearby farmer.

JUANO: You heard nothing?

FARMER: Nothing, senior.

JUANO: Any gunshots?

FARMER: Oh, no senior.

JUANO: Did you see a green coupe --

FARMER: (FRIGHTENED) Alba's?

JUANO: That's right -- Alba's --

FARMER: Oh no, no, nothing, Senior.

(MUSIC: -- HARD UNDER:)

ATX01 0061765

NARR: You try other farmers, they know but they won't talk.
They've seen, but they're not saying. Two days of that
and then

GIRL: Si, senor, I heard gunshots.

JUANO: Good girl, when -- ?

GIRL: Three days ago, senor.

MAN I: She knows nothing. My daughter is a fool, senor Lt. She
heard nothing.

GIRL: But, papa, I --

MAN I: Get into the house --

PAUL: Just a second - you heard shots.

MAN I: I tell you she --

JUANO: Suppose you get in the house and let us talk to your
daughter.

MAN I: ~~Yes~~^{Si}, senor (GOING) Stupido.

PAUL: Now what happened?

GIRL: Three days ago, I heard the shots and later - an hour
after - the car went by --

PAUL: The green coupe -

GIRL: Si, like an olive - green. A man driving and, I think,
in the front seat - a lady.

PAUL: Then she must have been alive - must be alive, Juano.

JUANO: Maybe. That all?

GIRL: ~~Yes~~^{Si}, that's all -- except - the ~~odor~~ *small*

PAUL: The what?

GIRL: The car drove by - near the field I was working - ten
yards maybe, I smelt it --

PAUL: What, perfume?

GIRL: Perfume, there was perfume, but something else - -
something terrible like --

PAUL: Like what?

GIRL: Like it was ~~nothing~~ ^{nothing} or - - I don't know for sure - -

PAUL: Like a dead body?

GIRL: (DISCOVERING IT) ~~Yes~~ ^{Yes} -- that's what it was like -- like
dead.

JUANO: Where were they going?

GIRL: That way -- south -- to the desert.

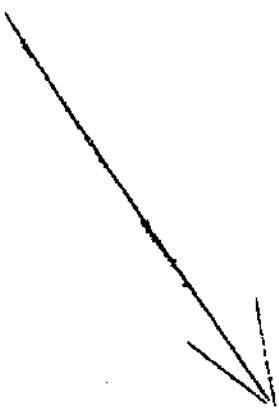
~~JUANO: Good girl. Thank you. Let's go. Paul.~~

~~PAUL: The desert?~~

~~JUANO: Where else?~~

(MUSIC: QUICK UNDER:)

NARR: You comb the desert, to find -- if it's there --- the
body of a girl with skin like porcelain ~~and extremely~~
But, after a week, the yield is -- what you expected --
nothing. And then, just as you're about to give up --
a hot afternoon --- 60 miles from Tia Juana



PAUL: We could walk and walk and walk and still - hey the wind's changing - we better get back or this sand'll be over everything --

JUANO: Yeah, okay. The car's about half a mile back and --

PAUL: Juano!

JUANO: What?

PAUL: *Do you* Smell anything -

JUANO: No, I - wait a minute --

PAUL: That's her. That perfume and -- the other odor, can you smell it?

JUANO: Let's go.

(MUSIC: -- FAST UNDER:)

NARR: In a ravine you find her, half buried by a sand drift you come on her: the beautiful Maria, the beautiful dead Maria --

JUANO: Look what they did to her.

PAUL: Yeah. Horrible. What's this? You can just see them? Marks on her wrists?

JUANO: I don't know - but look what they did.

PAUL: Yeah. See anything useful?

JUANO: Let's get out of here. I don't want to *look any more* ~~to~~ she wasn't a bad kid --

PAUL: She was a spy *in your office* Juano.

JUANO: I know, but -- even so, let's get out of here.

PAUL: Wait a second. Look at that heel of hers - on that shoe

JUANO: What is it?

PAUL: ~~Just a second~~ -- the heel's loose and -- look -- between
the shoe and the heel -- it swings out -- Juano! A
notebook!

JUANO: What?

PAUL: A little lavender notebook. Look at this -- names --
~~date~~ -- *this is*
transfers of money -- shipments made -- Juano ~~is a~~
fantastic.

(MUSIC: HARD UNDER:)

NARR: A lavender notebook -- in a hidden compartment in a shoe -
everything you've heard about in spy stories and in
smuggling it's here in a little book with a lavender cover
that measures one inch by one inch. Alba's name is there -
contacts all over Mexico, in America, the headquarters
described in detail -- the raids listed -- shipments --
payments due, shipments of stuff coming -- proof almost.

JUANO: Who killed her -- how can we prove who killed her?

PAUL: We know Alba did it.

JUANO: How can we prove it? If we can prove he did it --

PAUL: Let's get Alba.

JUANO: How?

PAUL: Listen: shipments due -- Thursday August 12 - 92 ~~same~~ *same*.

JUANO: So?

PAUL: Today's Tuesday the 10th -- that's 2 days off. Suppose
we make that delivery.

JUANO: Who?

PAUL: It says: Delivery Tia Juano from Guadalajara for U.S. --

JUANO: So?

PAUL: "By the American" --

JUANO: Who's the American ?

PAUL: I don't know - but suppose we supply the American.

JUANO: How can we, ^{for} ~~for pity's sake~~ --

PAUL: We know where delivery's made, we know when, we know the number of ~~lines~~ ^{lines}. All we need is an American to do it.

JUANO: Who?

PAUL: Me?

JUANO: Oh, don't be crazy.

PAUL: When you're dealing with this stuff ^{Juano} -- nothing's crazy, ^{Remember} ~~juano~~ -- nothing is fantastic.

JUANO: But how can you do it, Alba know's you.

PAUL: Alba won't show for a delivery - not when he knows we're looking for him. Let me do it. You pick up whoever shows up and - that'll get us to Alba.

JUANO: ~~How is that's possible -- which is crazy -- how can we prove Alba killed Marie?~~

PAUL: ~~Let's face that when we come to it.~~

JUANO: ~~You're crazy.~~

PAUL: ~~Not crazy - fantastic. -- Okay?~~

JUANO: ~~Okay.~~

(MUSIC: -- UNDER:)

NARR: Because the lavender notebook is very specific, you know just what to do; You go -- to a barber shop in a little used street and you lie back in a chair with a hot towel over your face - just as it says to do in the little lavender book. (MORE)

NARR: and in a little while a man walks in -- sits in
(CONT'D) the chair next to you ~~and sits~~

MAN II: Shave, haircut, shine and no shampoo!

NARR: That's just what he's supposed to say. So - -

PAUL: Where is he?

MAN II: The car's in the alley.

PAUL: Okay -- have a good shave, haircut, shine and no shampoo!

(MUSIC: UNDER:)

NARR: As per the lavender book -- you leave the shop, go to the
car ^{And, to give a picture of a green car,} Green as an olive and the big man with the big
teeth ^{is} waiting inside. As you come up to him on one side,
Lt. Juano of the Tia Juano police comes up on the other....

JUANO: Hello Alba.

ALEA: ~~What do you want?~~

JUANO: ~~Stick.~~ Just suppose you come along Alba, hmm?

PAUL: I think you better, Alba -- we've ^{all a bit} taken care of your men
~~already~~. Want to come?

(MUSIC: UNDER:)

NARR: But Alba's still smiling when he's taken to the police
station. The lavender book? He denies everything.
So some dame named Maria wrote his name down with a lot
of other things -- what's that to him?

PAUL: How did the blood stains get in your car, Alba?

ALBA: What blood stains?

PAUL: All over the front seat -- all over the floor board?

ALBA: There's no blood there.

PAUL: Rocco says he took those blood stains out, Alba.

ALBA: Rocco? Who's Rocco?

PAUL: Rocco's a cook, Alba, at the Caliente -- but also a chemist -- also a cook of the stuff they put in pipes -- also a man who knows how to remove blood stains.

ALBA: So he removed a blood stain. It was rabbits, I killed some rabbits and he took the stains out for me.

PAUL: Only the analysis shows he didn't take it all out, Alba and that it's not rabbit's -- but human blood. Whose? Four witnesses saw Maria in your car -- in the desert.

ALBA: Okay so it's hers. So she bled in the car -- so -- okay I shot her, so what -- it was self defense.

PAUL: Tell us about it. Tell me and the Lt. about it, Alba --

ALBA: She came out to the ranch - - she pulled out a gun and threatened me, said she was tired of taking orders, said she was gonna give the orders now -

PAUL: And you took the gun from her, in a struggle and it went off --- isn't that right Alba -- you killed her accidentally?

ALBA: That's right. I got witnesses too.

PAUL: Fine, self defense - - -

ALBA: That's right self defense. Four witnesses I got. Four farmers. Good as yours.

PAUL: Except for those marks on her wrists.

ALBA: What are you talking about?

PAUL: You tied her wrists up with wire, didn't you Alba -- before you killed her. (ALBA: No.) Otherwise there wouldn't have been any marks on her wrists -- deep cuts that wire made, Alba (ALBA: You're crazy) - - And you must have done it before you killed her, or it wouldn't have made a cut in her wrist. Because if you tie a wire to a dead woman's hands, it doesn't make cuts. So maybe it wasn't self defense, Alba -- maybe it was just plain simple murder.

NARR: He doesn't answer. He crumbles. The arrogance goes out of his face and the police Lt. Juano, locks him up. Afterward you both look a little pleased with yourselves, but underneath you're shaken -- because there's more information in that lavender book that has to be followed up -- Because some of the names in that book shock you, the extent of the traffic in drugs amazes you, - and the ring's plans for the future -- all of that leaves you, Paul McCarthy of the San Diego Journal -- a little sick to your stomach ... and although the whole thing has a nightmarish quality about it -- you know, unfortunately, this has all been done by men and women of flesh and blood some of them very nice people (seemingly). One of them quite beautiful with a delicate scent of perfume about her - and a skin the color and texture of porcelain.

(MUSIC: -- UP TO CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Paul
McCarthy of the San Diego Journal with the final outcome
of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

(VIBRAPHONE: _ _ _ SINGLE, OUTSTANDING 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.

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. Remember
- PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -

"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

{ORCHESTRA: _ _ _ TAG}

CHAPPELL: Now, we read you that telegram from Paul McCarthy of the San Digo Journal.

McCARTHY: Leader of Ring in tonight's Big Story was convicted and sentenced to thirty years. Armed with imformation in the lavender book, Mexican authorities made a total of nineteen arrests and announced that the traffic in dope had completely stopped. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL award.

CHAPPELL; Thank you, Mr. McCarthy...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 & 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 George Petrie played the part of Paul McCarthy. 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. McCarthy.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL & FADE)

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

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

MILLY/LIBBY
23/7/48/pm

ATX01 0061777

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM # 73

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
PETE	BOB SLOANE
BILL PINNEY	BILL QUINN
MIKE	BILL QUINN
SHIELA	CAROL SUMMERS
MATT	JOE BOLAND
CHARLIE	RAY JOHNSON
SUPERINTENDENT	RAY JOHNSON
AL	JOE DE SANTIS
SAVANNAH	JOE DE SANTIS
SHERIFF	MANDEL KRAMER
JOE	MANDEL KRAMER

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1948

ATX01 0061778

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

73

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

AUGUST 18, 1948

WEDNESDAY

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

SHEILA: *Can I buy you* (BAR, NOISES)
'Nother drink, boys?

SAVANNAH: Sure.

MIKE: Don't mind if we do.

(CLINK OF GLASS. POURING OF LIQUID)

SHEILA: You two look pretty smart. How would you like to make some money..some real money?

SAVANNAH: We're listening.

MIKE: What's the deal?

SHEILA: Ten thousand dollars for each of you.

SAVANNAH: (A BEAT) That's a lot of dough!

MIKE: Yeah. It's so much it sounds phony. Is this on the level?

SHEILA: Do you think I'd be wasting my time with you, if it weren't?

SAVANNAH: What do we have to do?

SHEILA: (A QUIET, MIRTHLESS LAUGH) Why nothing, boys. Practically nothing. All you have to do...is dig a hole in the ground!

(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)

(COLD AND FLAT)

(MORE)

ATX01 0061779

CHAPPELL:
(CONT'D)

Pensacola, Florida. From the pages of the Pensacola News and Journal, the authentic story of a reporter whose Big Story rode on a double track...with a single, dead: destination. Tonight, to Bill Pinney of the Pensacola News and Journal, goes the PELL MELL Award for the BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 8/18/48
PELL MELL

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

(VIBRAPHONE: .. SINGLE, OUTSTANDING BONG!)

CHAPPELL: Of all America's leading cigarettes only one is
"Outstanding!" - only one is "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: It's the longer, finer cigarette - 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: -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER FOR)

CHAPPELL: Now, the story as it actually happened...Bill Pinney story as he lived it...Pensacola, Florida...

(MUSIC: --)

NARRATOR: You are Bill Pinney, a police reporter with the Pensacola News and Journal, at the time your Big Story happens. It begins on this April day, and it is not only very warm for April, but very dull indeed. You sit around the office for awhile, and fiddle around with a few ideas that might make a story, and you come up with only one idea that it's hot. And finally, when the smash of the Florida smash begins to hit you like a red-hot hammer, you begin to think of a ~~long~~ tall, cold, foaming glass of beer. And so, you drop in at Charlie's bar, just off the Louisville and Nashville Railroad..and ask Charlie....

BILL: You wouldn't have an item for my paper, would you Charlie?

CHARLIE: Come to think of it, Bill, maybe I do.

BILL: Yes?

CHARLIE: Only you wouldn't print it.

BILL: I might. I'm pretty desperate for a story right now... any story. What's it all about?

CHARLIE: Well, you understand, this is strictly off my own cuff, and maybe there ain't anything in it. But there's a couple in town by the name of Sheila and Matt Morgan. They live down the road a ways, and that's how I happen to know them.

BILL: So?

CHARLIE: Well, Matt's an engineer on the Louisville and Nashville. Every night around ten, his train comes by near here, (FADE) on the south-bound run into Pensacola...

(RR TRAIN UNDER. INTERIOR OF LOCOMOTIVE, BUT
SUBDUED SO THAT WE CAN CLEARLY HEAR DIALOGUE)

PETE: I don't know how you get so much speed on this grade,
Matt. You've only got the throttle half down...

MATT: Well, now, Pete, you're new on firing this hog. She's
always been pretty snappy on high iron.

PETE: I was fireman on Number 53, but she never rolled like
this....

(CHANGE QUALITY OF WHEELS ON RAILS UNDER, PERHAPS
SLIGHT WHINE OF FRICTION)

PETE: Say, Matt, this is quite a curve.

MATT: Yep. This is Cottage Hill Curve. And you see that light
up there on the hill?

PETE: Yeah.

MATT: That's my house.

PETE: Is that so?

MATT: Yep. Pass it every night at this time. And you know,
Pete, it's kind of nice seeing that light up there on the
hill. I get a real kick out of it...

PETE: Kind of like a welcome home, huh?

MATT: Yep. That's it. A welcome home..knowing that Sheila's
there..where that light is..waiting for me.

PETE: Sheila?

MATT: Oh. That's my wife, Pete. And you never met a nicer,
sweeter, gentler woman..she's everything a man would want
his wife to be. And that reminds me...I'd better tell
Sheila I'm coming in.

PETE: Tell her? From here? How?

MATT: (LAUGHS) Oh. We've got a signal. I pull the whistle a couple of short ones, and she hears it up there, and then she knows I'm coming home. Like this...

(WHISTLE. AGAIN. (SHORT BLASTS)

(MUSIC: UP IN RR THEME WITH A KIND OF WHISTLE MOTIF THROUGHOUT THEN FADE INTO)

(B.G. TAVERN. CLINK OF GLASSES. ~~SLANG OF CASH REGISTER~~)

(DISTANTLY WE HEAR TWO BLASTS OF TRAIN WHISTLE)

SHEILA: (IMITATES TRAIN WHISTLE) Poop - poop - There goes that old fool again, Joe. There's Matt blowing that whistle again.

JOE: (WORRIED) Listen, Sheila, maybe you'd better go home before your husband...

SHEILA: Don't worry, darling. There's plenty of time. Plenty of time for another dance...another drink. (LAUGHS) What a sap that husband of mine is! Just because I left a light in the house, he thinks I'm there, waiting for him!

JOE: Yeah, but Sheila...

SHEILA: (THAT LOVE STUFF) Don't say any more, Joe. Put a nickle in the juke box. Let's dance..

JOE: Okay.

(NICKLE IN JUKE BOX)

(MUSIC: IN WITH SOMETHING SULTRY, MAYBE SOMETHING LIKE "NIGHT AND DAY" OR HOW ABOUT "TEMPTATION" ONCE AGAIN?)

SHEILA: (SULTRY) Honey...

JOE: Yeah, Baby?

SHEILA: Put your arms around me, tighter. (A PAUSE) Tighter, honey, tighter!

JOE: (A BEAT) Like this?

SHEILA: (A BEAT) Like that...

(MUSIC: CONTINUES FOR A MOMENT)

SHEILA: Joe....

JOE: Yeah?

SHEILA: (SULTRY) Do you love me?

JOE: I told you a hundred times...

SHEILA: Tell me again, honey, tell me again...

JOE: I love you, Baby. (HOARSELY) I love you, I love you,
I love you.

~~SHEILA: (IN A KIND OF PASSIONATE AGONY) Oh, darling, I can't
stand much more of this, I can't, Joe, I can't!~~

JOE: Sheila....

SHEILA: We'll go away, Joe, tonight. ~~We'd~~ dance out this number,
~~and go away, and get married...tonight. We'd go on our~~
~~honeymoon...~~

JOE: (HE CAN'T TAKE ANY MORE) Sheila, cut it out! Stop
talking about it!

(MUSIC: CONTINUES FOR A MOMENT)

SHEILA: Honey..

JOE: Yeah?

SHEILA: What are we going to do...about us?

JOE: (FLAT) Nothing. There's nothing we can do. You're
married.

SHEILA: (A QUIET BITTERNESS NOW) Yes. I'm married. Married to
Matt Morgan. What a fool I turned out to be...marrying
a man twenty years older than myself.

JOE: Why don't you leave him, Sheila...get rid of him?

SHEILA: I thought of that, Joe. Believe me, I thought of it. But I've given him ten years of my life...the best ten years of my life. He owes me something for that...pension money..insurance. I've got it coming to me. (BEAT)
~~(CHUCKLE)~~ Yeah..I got it coming to me...and I think I know...

JOE: Wait a minute, Sheila. What are you...?

SHEILA: Thinking about? (LIGHTLY) Oh, nothing. Nothing, Joe. Just wishing. Come on...let's sit down and have a drink!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP INTO BRIDGE)

CHARLIE: (FADING ON) Well, Bill, they sure were real chummy.

BILL: Okay. So a woman is two-timing her husband. There's no story in that, Charlie. At least, not for me. It might be all right for some gossip sheet, but...

CHARLIE: Wait a minute, Bill. I ain't finished.

BILL: There's more?

CHARLIE: Yeah. A couple of nights later, this Morgan dame came into my joint. Only this time, she wasn't with the boy friend. She was with two strangers...looked like a couple of tramps to me. I saw her talking to these two tough-looking characters, and then they all walked out.

BILL: ~~How~~ Where's the story in that, Charlie?

CHARLIE: I dunno. I thought maybe that seein' she was two-timing her husband, and then got together with these two mugs, I wouldn't put it past her to...

BILL: (SMILE) To kill her husband?

CHARLIE: (EXCITED) Why...yeah...yeah.

BILL: (CHUCKLE) Charlie, you should have been a detective story writer instead of a bartender. What an imagination you've got!

CHARLIE: Then you don't think there's nothing in it?

BILL: No. It's pretty thin. But thanks anyway for trying.
I'll see you later, Charlie!

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

NARRATOR: You, Bill Pinney, of the Pensacola News and Journal, leave Charlie's then, and drive back to the office in the sizzling heat. ~~And as you drive, you begin to wonder about what the bartender had told you. Sure, you laughed it off, Charlie was crazy with the heat, and yet... SUPPOSE there were something in it, suppose there were. But right then, you weren't in the mood to run after a crazy lead while the thermometer was hitting a hundred and ten.~~ You didn't know then, that on the same night, your Big Story was on its way...

(HAMMERING ON STEEL)

MIKE: Got that rail loose, Savannah?

SAVANNAH: Yeah. Just knocked the last spike out.

MIKE: Okay. Get your crowbar underneath and we'll pry that rail off. Ready?

SAVANNAH: Yeah, Mike. Ready...Oh brother, I can't wait to get my hands on the dough that dame said was buried here...

(STEEL AGAINST STEEL. GRUNTING)

(IN WITH DISTANT RUMBLE OF TRAIN, MOVED UP THRU SCENE)

MIKE: (SUDDENLY) Hey! Savannah! Listen!

SAVANNAH: (STUNNED) Yeah. It's a train, Mike...a train...coming around the curve!

MIKE: (BECOMING FRANTIC) Wait a minute. There ain't supposed to be any train! It's only ten o'clock. That dame told us there wouldn't be a train come along here till twelve!

SAVANNAH: She double-crossed us! That train's comin' down this track, Mike!..And it's gonna smash up sure! She framed us into wrecking it!

MIKE: (SCARED) Come on, Savannah! Drop those tools and let's get outa here!

(CLANK OF TOOLS. RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

(TRAIN COMING UP, FAST, BUT STILL OFF. THEN INTO)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ A QUICK BRIDGE INTO)

(TRAIN UNDER, INTERIOR LOCOMOTIVE)

PETE: Well, here we are again, Matt. Cottage Hill Curve..and there's your house.

MATT: Yeah. And green board right into Pensacola. Better tell Sheila I'm coming home...

(TWO BLASTS OF WHISTLE)

PETE: Look at that house of yours! It's lit up like a Christmas tree tonight.

MATT: (CHUCKLES) Yeah. It's our wedding anniversary tonight, Pete. Maybe Sheila turned on every light to remind me of it. Not that she had to. I never forgot our anniversary in all the years we were married.

PETE: Get her something special this year?

MATT: Yeah. A watch. One of those fancy kinds they call a cocktail watch. It cost me plenty, Pete, but the way I figure, a man's lucky or he's not. I am. I've got a wife like Sheila. And no matter what I give her, it isn't good enough...

(VIBRATION AND CLANGING OF WHEELS)

PETE: (YELLS) Mat! Something's wrong! We're gonna jump the track! Look out!

-11-

(SCREECH OF WHEELS UP HIGH. AIR BRAKE, HISSING
STEAM)

(MUSIC: HIT HIGH TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's Big Story.

~~(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)~~

music

ATX01 0061789

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #73

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

VIBRAPHONE: SINGLE, OUTSTANDING BONG!

CHAPPELL: Of all America's leading cigarettes only one is
"Outstanding!" - only one is "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: It's the longer, finer cigarette - 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 0061790

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #73

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

VIBRAPHONE: SINGLE, OUTSTANDING BONG!

CHAPPELL: Of all America's leading cigarettes only one is

"Outstanding!" - only one is "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: It's the longer, finer cigarette - PELL MELL!

CHAPPELL: Look at a PELL MELL!

HARRICE: It looks good!

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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 0061791

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #73

(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!

RTX01 0061792

(MUSIC: _ _ _ INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and the Big Story of Reporter Bill Pinney...as he lived it...and wrote it...

NARRATOR: You, Bill Pinney of the Pensacola News and Journal, are asleep when it happens at Cottage Hill Curve. You get the phone call from your office, and you race down to the Louisville and Nashville Terminal to get the facts from the road superintendent. And while you're on your way, your Big Story is beginning to build...elsewhere...

JOE: (WORRIED) Listen, Sheila, we shouldn't have come to your house. You shouldn't have brought me here. It's dangerous...

SHEILA: Stop worrying, Joe. Nobody's going to bother us.

JOE: But your husband...

SHEILA: Matt? (SHE LAUGHS) Don't worry about Matt, honey. He won't be home for a long time...a long, long time.

JOE: What do you mean?

SHEILA: I'm afraid he's been delayed, darling. (SHE LAUGHS AGAIN)
You know how trains are. (FADES A LITTLE) Sometimes they come in..pretty late.

(CLICK OF RADIO SWITCH)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FADES ON, RADIO, ORCHESTRA)

JOE: Sheila, why did you just turn on the radio.

SHEILA: (FADING ON) Oh..thought I might hear something interesting.

JOE: What, for instance?

SHEILA: Oh. The news.

JOE: I don't get it, Baby. For the last hour, you've been turning that radio on and off...

SHEILA: (INTERRUPTS, SILKY, SEXY) Joe...

JOE: Yeah?

SHEILA: (SULTRY) Come here.

JOE: (A BEAT) Okay, Baby.

(A COUPLE OF STEPS AND STOP)

SHEILA: Now..put your arms around me. (A BEAT) That's it, darling. Now..kiss me, Joe...

JOE: ~~(HEARD BY)~~ Sheila, Sheila, Baby...
(PAUSE)
(SUDDEN KNOCK ON DOOR)

JOE: (STARTLED) Sheila! Sheila, someone's at the door! Your husband...Matt...!

SHEILA: ~~(STILL GLASSY-EYED)~~ Forget about my husband...

JOE: (FRANTIC) Sheila, are you crazy? Your husband's at the door! If he finds us here..together...

SHEILA: Don't worry, darling. I happen to know..it isn't Matt.
(KNOCK ON DOOR AGAIN)

JOE: (SLOWLY..TENSE) Better...unlock..the door, Baby.

SHEILA: Of course, Joe. Just as soon as I turn off the radio.
(MUSIC: _ _ _ OUT)
(STEPS ACROSS FLOOR AND STOP)
(KEY TURNS IN LOCK)
(DOOR OPENS)

SHEILA: (SCREAM) Matt!

MATT: Hello, Sheila.

SHEILA: (UNBELIEVING) Matt...Matt, I thought you...

MATT: I suppose you heard the news on the radio...my train was nearly wrecked. I'm lucky to be....(CUTS) Who's this?

JOE: I..you see, Mr. Morgan, I...

SHEILA: (QUICKLY) Matt, I..this is Joe...er...Joe Reynolds. He's a cousin of mine. He was just driving through town...and he stopped in...

JOE: (NERVOUSLY) Yeah...yeah, that's it..driving through...

MATT: I didn't know you had a cousin named Joe, Sheila.

SHEILA: I...well, he's really a second cousin, Matt. I've got so many, you see, and well....I guess I never told you about him. Anyway, he's on his way to Tampa and...we were waiting...

MATT: Glad to meet you, Joe. Forgive me for acting this way. I...well, I've just had a pretty bad night. I hope you'll stay over..

JOE: Er...no thanks, Matt. I've got to be in Tampa this morning. Well...I...uh, it was nice seeing both of you. (FADING A LITTLE) I'd better be going now...Goodnight...

(DOOR CLOSE)

MATT: I wonder why he...?

SHEILA: (INTERRUPTS) Matt, Matt, let's not talk about Joe now. I..(CUTS) Why, you've been hurt! Matt, those bandages on your arm....I didn't even see them...

MATT: It's nothing, honey. It could have been a lot worse.

SHEILA: (BREAKING) Oh, darling, darling, when I heard the news, I was so afraid, so afraid, I...(CRYING) Oh, Matt, Matt, hold me close!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE)

SUPER: I've been railroading for thirty years, Mr. Pinney, and I tell you it's a miracle. It's a miracle that the three hundred and fifty passengers on that train are alive, instead of dead and dying tonight. Lucky for us, this job was done by amateurs.

BILL: Why lucky?

SUPER: Whoever pulled this job loosened the inside rail. That reduced the weight of the train, going around the curve. But if they'd known enough to loosen the outside rail (PAUSE SIGNIFICANTLY)

BILL: It would have been curtains, eh?

SUPER: Black curtains. I'm sure glad Matt Morgan the engineer wasn't pushing that hog ten miles faster

BILL: (A BEAT, THEN SLOWLY) What was that, Superintendent? What was the name of that engineer?

SUPER: Matt Morgan!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: Matt Morgan. The name hits you like a hammer between the eyes. Matt Morgan. Charlie's Bar. Sheila Morgan two-timing her husband. Sheila Morgan, huddling together with a couple of rough looking strangers. Why? What were they planning? Murder? It's crazy, fantastic, and yet ... was it? Was it? Was Charlie right? You talk to your editor...he won't even listen to you. So you go to the Sheriff---

BILL: I tell you, Sheriff, it's worth looking into. As I told you, this woman, Sheila Morgan.....

SHERIFF: (HOSTILE) Hold it a minute, Pinney.

BILL: Yes?

SHERIFF: You come in here and give me some crazy story about a two-timing wife willing to kill hundreds of people just to wreck her husband's train....

BILL: Sure, but

SHERIFF: All you have is a bartender's word for it. The bartender saw her with a couple of men. He didn't hear what they were saying, and he didn't even know the men. He makes up a story out of whole cloth, and you fall for it, and you come in here and waste my time with it.

BILL: But look, Sheriff.....

SHERIFF: You look, Pinney. You're a reporter. I'm sheriff of Escambia County. Your job is to report the news. My job is to combat crime. That right?

BILL: That's right.

SHERIFF: Okay. You stick to your job, and I'll stick to mine.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: That's that. The police won't listen to you. Your own editor won't listen to you. ~~You're the only one in Pensacola, outside of Charlie, the bartender, who believes that Sheila Morgan might have tried to kill her husband. And now....you're not sure that you believe it yourself. But if it's true...if it's true...it's a Big Story...a Big Big Story. Anyway, you decide to take the bull by the horns. You go up to see Sheila Morgan herself....~~
And so in desperation

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

(A PAUSE)

(DOOR OPENS)

BILL: Mrs. Morgan?

SHEILA: Yes?

(DOOR CLOSE)

BILL: My name is Pinney. I'm a reporter from the Journal....

SHEILA: (A BEAT, THEN NERVOUS) What do you want?

BILL: Just checking up on that near wreck at Cottage Hill curve... I thought you might....

SHEILA: (INTERRUPTS) You thought I might what?

BILL: I thought you might give me a lead.....

SHEILA: I don't know anything about it.

BILL: I understand you were talking to a couple of men at Charlie's bar and

SHEILA: (RISING) I said I don't know anything about it! Now get out!

BILL: Mrs. Morgan, wait a minute, I

SHEILA: (BEGINNING HYSTERIA) Get out! Get out, do you hear, or I'll call my husband. He's sleeping in the next room....

BILL: Mrs. Morgan, there's no need to get excited. I....

SHEILA: (SHRIEKS) Matt! Matt!

BILL: Look, for the love of...

SHEILA: (SCREAMS) Matt! Honey, come in here quick!

(DOOR OPENS OFF A LITTLE)

MATT: (OFF A LITTLE) What is it, Sheila? (COMING ON) Who's this?

SHEILA: (HYSTERICALLY) Darling this man is a reporter on the Journal. You know what he's trying to do, honey? You know what he's trying to do?

MATT: What, Sheila?

SHEILA: He's trying to say I wanted to kill you. He's trying to say I hired some men to wreck your train....

MATT: What?

BILL: Mr. Morgan, wait a minute...

SHEILA: (INTERRUPTS, SHRILLY) He just accused me of cheating on you, Matt! Did you hear that, honey? He's been trying to say I've got another man and I tried to wreck your train and get rid of you for this other man! (SHE LAUGHS HYSTERICALLY) Did you ever hear anything so crazy in all your life, Matt?

MATT: (LEVELLY, AFTER A BEAT) Sheila, go in the other room.

SHEILA: The dirty, sneaking, liar...!

MATT: (SHARP) Go into the other room, Sheila.

SHEILA: (SUDDENLY COWED) All right, Matt.

(DOOR CLOSE A LITTLE OFF)

(A PAUSE)

BILL: Mr. Morgan, believe me....

MATT: (INTERRUPTS, COLD AND HARD) What do you mean, coming in here and saying things like that about my wife?

BILL: But I tell you, I didn't.....

MATT: (BUILDING IN COLD FURY) I ought to kill you, you nosey busybody. I ought to smash your face in, and pull out your tongue, and make you eat it. My wife loves me, do you understand? She loves me, and there's never been any other man or any breath of scandal. And when a dirty, lying little skunk like you comes into my home and slanders a decent, loyal woman like Sheila.....

BILL: Look, Mr. Morgan, I know how you must feel. But if you'd let me explain....

MATT: Get out!

BILL: But....

MATT: Get out. Get out, do you hear? Before I throw you out!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: He stands there, a big hulk of a man, white and shaking. There's a kind of madness in his eyes, and you get out. But you're shaking, too. Because now you know! You know that Sheila Morgan risked the lives of three hundred and fifty passengers on that train, trying to murder her husband. She spilled it all in her hysteria, things you never accused her of. But what you need now is evidence...evidence! If you can only find one of the men she hired to pull up those rails...if. Anyway, you get back to the office and the editor wants to see you right away....

AL: (COLD AND HOSTILE) Bill, I just got a phone call.

BILL: Yes?

AL: The phone call was from this Matt Morgan. He's registered a complaint.

BILL: Oh!

AL: He tells me you were up at his house, annoying his wife.

BILL: (FLARES) Now wait a minute, Al. Let's get it straight..

AL: (INTERRUPTS, SNAPS) Okay. Let's get it straight....

You work for the Journal. This is a responsible newspaper, respected in the community. Our men just don't go barging in, on no evidence at all, and accuse a man's wife not only of disloyalty but murder. There are libel laws, and we have a reputation. (A BEAT, THEN QUIET) See what I mean, Bill?

BILL: (BURNING) I see what you mean. But I've been kicking around this case, and I know I'm right on it, and I'm going to find someone to listen to me, Al, if they lynch me for it! I'm only trying to tell you....

AL: (INTERRUPTS) And I'm trying to tell you to lay off the Morgans. Lay off the whole story.....

(MUSIC: -- UP_IN BRIDGE)

CHARLIE: Another beer, Bill?

BILL: (DEPRESSED) Yeah. Thanks, Charlie.

(BEER FROM TAP INTO GLASS)

CHARLIE: So nobody'll believe you, huh?

BILL: Nobody. I'm a voice in the wilderness, Charlie. My own mother wouldn't believe me.

CHARLIE: And you've been looking for these two guys she talked to?

BILL: That's all I've been doing for the last three weeks.

CHARLIE: And no luck?

BILL: No luck.

CHARLIE: Like I said, they were tall...and kind of tough-looking.

BILL: Sure. Sure, Charlie. But Pensacola's full of tall, tough-looking guys. Sailors, lumbermen, fishermen, dock-wallopers, every other man you meet in the street.

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE OFF)

CHARLIE: *Bill* Wait a minute, ~~Bill~~

BILL: Yes?

CHARLIE: You won't have to look any farther.

BILL: What do you mean?

CHARLIE: That big guy who just came in....

BILL: (A BEAT) Are you saying, he's one of the men Sheila Morgan?

CHARLIE: Yeah.

BILL: You're sure?

CHARLIE: I couldn't be wrong.

BILL: (A BEAT) Charlie, give me a nickel..... I'm going to call a cop!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: ~~You do. You call the Sheriff. You have to do a hard sell, but you finally get him to come down. The Sheriff grills the man, a worker at a local cooperage plant, who calls himself Savannah Jones. Finally he breaks.... and identifies Sheila Morgan, in the presence of her husband, Matt. Hour after hour, she denies everything, and her husband stands by her, refusing to believe that she is guilty. But the Sheriff, who is quite a man with a sharp question, never gives up. He keeps pounding away, mercilessly, relentlessly, and finally.....~~

NARR: You do. You call the Sheriff. You have to do a hard sell, but you finally get him to come down. The Sheriff grills the man, a worker at a local cooperage plant, who calls himself, Savannah Jones. Finally he breaks...and then you all go up to the Morgan house...

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

SHERIFF: You Matt Morgan?

MORGAN: Yes.

SHERIFF: We'd like to talk to your wife.

MORGAN: Get out!

SHERIFF: Now, Wait a minute...

MORGAN: I said, get out...before I kick you out...you and this low-down reporter. Pinney, I told you once that if you ever came back here...

PINNEY: Morgan, this time, it's official. This is Sheriff Daley of Escambia County...

SHERIFF: And I told you once. Morgan, I want to see your wife...

SOUND: ^{Opens} DOOR ~~CLOSE~~ OFF

~~SHERIFF:~~ *Sheila:* (COMING ON) Matt, who are you... (CUTS SHARP)

SHERIFF: Savannah! *Sheriff: Mrs Morgan?*

~~SHERIFF:~~ *Sheila: Yes*

SHERIFF: *Yes, Sheriff?* This the woman who got you to pull up those tracks?

SAVANNAH: (A BEAT) That's her, Sheriff.

MATT: (IN SUDDEN, RISING FURY) That's a lie! That's a lie, do you hear? Tell them, Sheila, Tell them they're lying.

SHEILA: *Pause* I never saw this man before, Matt. I don't know what they're talking about. Matt, make them go away! Make them stop persecuting me!

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

NARR: Hour after hour, the Sheriff hammers away at her, and hour after hour, Sheila Morgan denied everything, as her husband stands by her. But the Sheriff, who is quite a man with a sharp question never gives up. He keeps pounding away, mercilessly, relentlessly. And finally....

SHERIFF: You had a lover, didn't you, Mrs. Morgan. You met him at Charlie's Bar...

SHEILA: I didn't. I didn't. I didn't, I tell you,

SHERIFF: You were seen plotting this job with Savannah Jones and another man. Sheila Morgan. Try to deny that.

SHEILA: It's a lie!

SHERIFF: You promised these men money. You lied to them about the train schedule. You knew your husband's train would come along when the tracks were wrecked.

SHEILA: (GOADED BEYOND ENDURANCE) Stop it, Sheriff. Stop asking me any more questions! I can't stand it any more!

SHERIFF: (QUIET) Did you try to wreck that train, Mrs. Morgan?
(A BEAT) Did you?

SHEILA: (HYSTERIA) Yes! Yes, it's true. I tried to wreck Matt's train! ~~Now will you stop!~~

A PAUSE

SHERIFF: (HEAVILY) Well, that's that. Guess you were right all along, Pinney.

SHEILA: ~~(GOADED BEYOND ENDURANCE) Stop it, Sheriff! Stop asking me any more questions! I can't stand it any more.~~

SHERIFF: (QUIET) Did you try to wreck that train, Mrs. Morgan?
(A BEAT) Did you?

SHEILA: Yes! Yes, it's true! I tried to wreck Matt's train!
Now, will you stop?

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: That's it. Now, you've got your Big Story. But you almost wish you hadn't when you see Matt Morgan's face and hear what he has to say to his wife.

MATT: (QUIET) So there was another man, Sheila...

SHEILA: Yes.

MATT: There was another man. The light was on in the house and I blew the whistle telling you I was coming home, thinking you were there. But you weren't, were you, Sheila? You were out with this other man.

SHEILA: All right, all right, Matt. I was out with Joe. You were too old for me...too dull for me. You bored me!

MATT: You were all I had, Sheila. You were all I had and all I lived for. I believed you -- (BUILDING IN COLD ANGER)
All I can say now is...I wish we were alone. I wish we were alone now, Sheila, just you and me. I'd kill you, Sheila. I'd kill you now, with my bare hands, for the lies you told me, and the hurt you did me, and the empty life you've left me. (A PAUSE)(THEN QUIETLY)
~~Sheila...~~....

SHERIFF: ~~(QUEST) ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~xxxxxx?~~

MATT: I've said what I had to say. I....(BREAKS) I guess
you'd better take her away now!

(MUSIC: -- -- CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Bill
Pinney of the Pensacola News and Journal with the final
outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- -- FANFARE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 8/18/48
PELL MELL

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

(VIBRAPHONE: SINGLE, OUTSTANDING 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.

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.
Remember - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(ORCHESTRA TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now, we read you that telegram from Bill Pinney of the Pensacola News and Journal..

PINNEY: Charged with conspiring to wreck a train, probably the only case of its kind on criminal record, wife in tonight's Big Story was convicted and sentenced to 10 years at Raiford, the Florida State Prison. *my sincere*

Appreciation ~~thanks~~ for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Pinney. 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 Omaha World Herald. By-line, Ella Fleischman -- a BIG STORY that began when two mysterious passengers got off a railroad train and walked away -- with a million dollars!

(MUSIC: --- THEME WIFE & 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 ^{William}~~Bill~~ Quinn played the part of Bill Pinney. 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. Pinney.

(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.

renie/dd/7/29/48pm

ATX01 0061809

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #74

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
WILSON	BOB SLOANE
TONY	FRANK READICK
MARSHALL	FRANK READICK
JOE	JACKIE GRIMES
AL	SANDY BICKART
MAN I	SANDY BICKART
ELLA	AMZIE STRICKLAND
MRS. BRADLEY	BETTY GARDE
MRS. HODGES	AGNES YOUNG
WOMAN I	AGNES YOUNG

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25th, 1948

ATX01 0061810

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#74

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

AUGUST 25, 1948

WEDNESDAY

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

(TRAIN UNDER. THEN RHYTHM STARTS TO SLOW. WE
HEAR A LONG WARNING TRAIN WHISTLE OFF.)

TONY: That the mail car ~~just ahead~~ ^{in front of this one} kid?

JOE: (NERVOUS) Yeah. Yeah, that's it.

TONY: Okay. Let's go get it. The train's slowing down for that
signal crossing....

JOE: Look,....I.....I'm scared. Maybe we won't get away with
it. Maybe they'll....

TONY: (INTERRUPTS) Shut up and follow me...!

(TRAIN DOOR SLIDES OPENS. UP WITH WHEELS, HIGH.
DOOR SLIDES CLOSED. ^{Tony. Watch your step kid.} ANOTHER TRAIN DOOR SLIDES
OPEN. THEN SLIDES CLOSED. WHEELS DOWN TO INTERIOR
PERSPECTIVE AGAIN.)

TONY: All right, kid. Step to one side of this door.

JOE: What what are we going to do now?

TONY: (LAUGHS MIRTHLESSLY) Us? We're gonna make the biggest
headlines in the country, kid. Yeah, this is really
one for the books. ^(laugh) In a minute, you and me are going
to throw ^{out} a million dollars....right out of the window.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

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) Omaha, Nebraska.
(MORE)

ATX01 0061811

CHAPPELL:
(CONT'd)

From the pages of the Omaha World-Herald, the authentic story of a reporter whose Big Story paid off a million dollars. Tonight, to Ella Fleishman of the Omaha World-Herald, goes the PELL MELL Award for the BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0061812

BIG STORY 8/25/48
PELL MELL

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

(VIBRAPHONE SINGLE, OUTSTANDING BONG)

CHAPPELL: Of all America's leading cigarettes only one is
"Outstanding!" - only one is "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: It's the longer, finer cigarette - 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!

ATX01 0061813

(MUSIC: _ _ _ INTRODUCTION AND UNDER FOR)

CHAPPELL: Now the story as it actually happened...Ella Fleishman's story as she lived it...Omaha, Nebraska....

NARRATOR: You are Ella Fleishman, and you run a gossip column for the Omaha World-Herald. Social and personal, who's marrying who....stuff like that. And you are bored, so bored. ~~You are so bored~~, you can scream....and sometimes you do. And why? Because you want to be a police reporter. You've got an unladylike yen to work on murder and mayhem. But the City Editor, Al Kelley, just laughs at you. And then, one day, it happens. One of the biggest stories to hit the country. And the whole paper's in an uproar, as Al Kelly briefs his reporters...

(CITY ROOM B.G.)

AL: Look, you guys! This is a million dollar robbery! Get it? A million dollar haul just across the river in Iowa. These crooks just cracked open a ~~sealed~~ mail train near Council Bluffs ~~as it was slowing down for a crossing~~. They slugged the guard and threw the mail sacks out of the window, to a parked car along the right of way.....

(SOUND AD LIBS: "ANY TRACE OF 'EM? WHAT ABOUT THE COPS?")

They made a clean getaway with everything...registered mail, bonds, securities, and cash. You, Drake..... Maxwell.....

(AD LIBS: "YEAH, ^{al?} ARE?")

(MORE)

ATX01 0061814

AL: Take police headquarters. Devlin, Parrish....
(CONT'D)

(AD LIBS: "YEAH")

Cover the U.S. Marshal's office. And don't let me down understand? Come back with something....anything! This is a million dollar story!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: A couple of days pass. And nothing happens. And you, Ella Fleishman, peck away at your gossip column and are utterly, utterly miserable....

(TYPEWRITER UNDER)

ELLA: (MUMBLING) Mrs. Stephen Martin, president of the Omaha Garden Club, will give a membership tea tomorrow afternoon, followed by an exhibition of her prize dahlias.....

(TYPEWRITER STOPS. A SINGLE LOUD WHACK OF TYPEWRITER BELL)

ELLA: (DISTRAUGHT) No! Oh, no, no, NO! ~~Damn~~ Mrs. Stephen Martin! And ~~damn~~ her dahlias, ~~too!~~

(RIP OF PAPER FROM TYPEWRITER ROLLER)

ELLA: (MUTTERING) Don't you dare turn me down this time, Al Kelly! Don't you dare!

(DETERMINED STEPS. HOLD FOR FEW MOMENTS - FAIRLY LONG WALK. THEN DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS SHUT)

ELLA: Al.....

AL: What! You here again, Ella?

ELLA: Al, about that train robbery story.....

AL: No!

ELLA: If you'd only give me a chance.....

ATX01 0061815

AL: I told you....(HERE ELLA CHIMES IN WITH HIM, IMITATING HIM BITTERLY, AND THEY SAY THE LINE IN UNISON) . I can't send a girl to do a man's job....(THEN ELLA GOES RIGHT ON)

ELLA: Yes. I know. I'm only a gossip reporter. What do I know about police reporting? I'm only a woman. But I ask you, Al? What have the men done? What have they found out?

AL: Why....er...."

ELLA: ~~Let me take the words out of your mouth.~~ They've done nothing. They haven't dug up any clues and they haven't found any criminals. In short, they've all fallen flat on their...well, on their faces! I can't do any worse, and maybe I can do better!.....

ELLA: ~~(BRIDGE)~~ Give me a chance, Al. Let me try it. What can you lose?

AL: I can lose my mind. And right now...I probably am.
Ella: *But Al, if you'd only - (Pause)*
(A BEAT) Okay, Ella. You've got an assignment get down to the U.S. Marshall's office right away.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

NARRATOR: You're so excited, you forget to ask Al Kelly for an expense account. And then you think, maybe you'd better not anyway, or he's liable to take the whole thing back so....you shut your eyes to a taxi and take a street car to the Marshal's office, instead. And this, for you, Ella Fleishman, is the most thrilling ride you've ever had. Because it's your first assignment as a police reporter, and the beginning of your Big Story....a story which you later found out, began in a mean, broken-down shack near the railroad tracks.

(DOOR SLAM)

MRS. BRADLEY: (IN SURPRISE) Joe!

JOE: Hello Mom.

MRS. BRADLEY: Joe, what are you doing home so early?

JOE: I quit.

MRS. BRADLEY: (A BEAT, THEN AGHAST) You quit...your job?

JOE: Yeah. Got fed up. Couldn't take it any more. I....
(CUTS, THEN SHARPLY) Well, don't just stand there and look at me! Whatdya lookin' at me like that for? I aint committed a crime!

MRS. BRADLEY: It was a job, Joe...a good job. *on the railroad.*

JOE: (FLARES) Job, job! ~~Will you stop harpin' on it, Mom!~~
~~What was good about it, anyway? You like the~~
~~and how do you... (IN FRONT OF GENTLEMAN) Workin' for the~~
~~and how do you... my back for peanuts... thirty bucks~~
~~week? You think that's gonna get us out of this dirty~~
dump, this broken-down shack?

~~MRS. BRADLEY: It's more money than you ever earned in your life. I've~~
~~been taking in washing ever since your father died and~~
~~it's more than I've ever earned. It's not so easy to find~~
~~work now...~~

JOE: ~~Work?~~ Only suckers work.

~~MRS. BRADLEY: What'd you say?~~

~~JOE: Nobody. I got spooked. I can see. All I have to do is~~
~~look out the window. Look at those rows of crummy shacks~~
~~Mom. Tarpaper roofs... broken windows with old newspapers~~
~~stuffed in the holes...no point...places that ain't fit~~
~~for pigs. And who live in 'em? People like us who work~~
~~on dumps...they're stuck here and they'll never be out~~
~~here, like worms in the mud. That's not for me. I'm gonna~~
~~get out.....~~

MRS. BRADLEY: (INTERRUPTS SUDDENLY) Stop it, Joe.

JOE: I was only saying...

MRS. BRADLEY: (FLARES) I said stop it! Don't say any more! Do you hear me....stop it?

JOE: (FLABBERGASTED) Mom, what's come over you? what's the matter?.....

MRS. BRADLEY: I'll tell you what's the matter? You're talking just like your father...

JOE: Mom, I....

MRS. BRADLEY: (QUIET AND INTENSE) Your father talked this way, Joe. He talked this way, and he quit his job, just like you did. He wanted to get out, too. But he never did. He got in trouble and went to jail instead.....

JOE: Mom look.....

MRS. BRADLEY: He went to jail.....and rotted away for years, and died there in sorrow. He brought misery to himself, and disgrace to us. And I warn you, Joe, as long as I live, as long as there's a breath in my body, I'll never let the same thing happen to you!

JOE: (SULLENLY) Okay. Okay. Have it your own way. But there are some guys who left this shanty town, and made good. And they didn't go to jail, either!

MRS. BRADLEY: Yes? Who?

JOE: Why, I was talking to one only last night, down at the Junction bar. ~~He was here and brought up right here,~~
~~He's a real big shot. He's got twenty suits, and monogrammed shirts, and a big convertible, and the best room in the ~~Snake~~ Hotel.....~~
He's a real big shot. He's got twenty suits, and monogrammed shirts, and a big convertible, and the best room in the *Blackstone* Hotel.....

MRS. BRADLEY: Who is this man?

JOE: What difference does it make?

MRS. BRADLEY: What's his name?

JOE: Tony Morris. And like I was telling you....

MRS. BRADLEY: (INTERRUPTS) Did you say... Tony Morris?

JOE: (TAKEN ABACK) Why... yeah. (A PAUSE) Mom, wait a minute. Where are you going?

MRS. BRADLEY: (QUIETLY) You stay here, Joe. I'm going to the ^{Blackstone} ~~Globe~~ Hotel!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

(DOOR OPENS)

TONY: (WITH FALSE HEARTINESS) Well? What do you know? Martha Bradley. Why, I haven't seen you in....

MRS. BRADLEY: (COLD AND HARD) Why did you come back, Tony?

TONY: Now, wait a minute....

MRS. BRADLEY: Why did you come back to Shanty-town? Didn't you do enough? Didn't you do enough when my husband listened to your fine talk, years ago? You talked him into that holdup, and he went to jail, and he's dead now, because of you.

TONY: Look, Martha. What's past is past, ~~and no hard feelings.~~
~~Tom just got a bad break... it could happen to anybody...~~

MRS. BRADLEY: (WITH INTENSE HATRED) I hoped you were dead. I prayed that you were dead... you and your fine clothes, and your big cars, and your evil, dirty money. But no. You've come back. You ruined my husband and now you've come back to ruin my son!

TONY: Take it easy, Martha. Joe and I are friends....

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MRS. BRADLEY: I wish I ~~was~~^{was} a man now. I wish I ~~was~~^{was} a man, with a man's strong, hard hands. I'd beat you till the blood came, till you cried, till you squealed for mercy. (A BEAT, THEN QUIETLY) But I can't. I'm only a woman, ~~and an old woman~~. But I warn you, Tony Morris...

TONY: (SNEERING LAUGH) Okay. Go ahead. Warn me!

MRS. BRADLEY: Joe's all I have left. He's all I have, and all I love. And before I'd let you ruin him....I'd rather see him dead.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

(CAR COMING TO STOP. MOTOR IDLES)

TONY: Hello, Joe.

JOE: (UNENTHUSIASTIC) Oh. Hello, Tony.

TONY: ~~What are you doing here on the corner?~~

JOE: ~~Just hanging around.~~

TONY: ~~That's for the birds.~~

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

TONY: Come on, kid. Hop in. We'll go for a ride.

JOE: Tony, I was talking to my mother, and she said you and my.....

TONY: Sure. I know. About me and your old man. But believe me, kid, I didn't have a thing to do with him going to the clink....

JOE: You're sure?

TONY: That's the McCoy. Your mother got it all wrong. You know how women are...they get things all fouled up.. Come on, jump in....

JOE: Well....okay.

(CAR DOOR CLOSE)

TONY: Like to drive?

JOE: Me? Drive this convertible?

TONY: Sure. Why not? Here....I'll move over. (A PAUSE) Go ahead, kid. Grab the wheel, and give her the gas.

(CAR UP AND THEN OFF, SMOOTH)

TONY: Well? How do you like it?

JOE: (ENTHRALLED) It...it's swell. Handles like a baby. Gee....I never drove anything like this.

~~TONY: No reason why you shouldn't, kid. A car like this was made for you, Joe. You look right, just sitting behind the wheel.~~

JOE: All those gadgets....and this upholstery. It must have cost you plenty, Tony.

TONY: (CASUALLY) Oh. About four grand.

JOE: (BREATHES) Four thousand smackers.

TONY: ~~Beautiful. Easy, come, ready, go...if you know how.~~ (A PAUSE) Would you like to have a car like this, kid?

JOE: Me?

TONY: Sure. Why not? You're a smart kid. You've got the stuff to get out of Shanty town and be a big shot. I did it, and you can do it. ~~Think of it, Joe...you could have a whole apartment for sure for every day in the year.~~ You could live the life...go to the races, the night-clubs....drink champagne. (A BEAT) Ever drink champagne, Joe?

JOE: No.

TONY: There's nothing like it, kid. I's got a million bubbles, and in every bubble there's a beautiful dream. Why drink beer.

JOE: Yeah. But how am I going to get to be a big shot, Tony?

TONY: I'm your friend, Joe. I got a little deal in the back of my mind. (A PAUSE) You used to work around the railroad dispatcher's office, didn't you?

JOE: That's right.

TONY: And you've got friends down there who'd tip you off when special trains were running, and who the crews were?

JOE: Yeah. I guess so.

TONY: Okay, kid. (A BEAT, THEN SOFTLY) Here's the deal. How would you like to cut yourself in...on a million dollars!

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

(RR TRAIN UNDER, INTERIOR. OCCASIONAL WHISTLE OFF.)

TONY: ~~The train's slowing down, Joe. We're coming to the signal crossing...~~

JOE: ~~(NERVOUSLY) Yeah, Tony. That's right.~~

TONY: ~~Okay, Joe!~~

~~(LOOKS UP ALONG CORRIDOR. THEN STOP.)~~

TONY: That the mail car, ~~just ahead?~~ *in front of this one, kid?*

JOE: That's it. But like I told you, ~~this~~ *the mail compartment is* ~~is~~ *locked.* And they ~~looked~~ *looked* got a guard in it...a guy by the name of Ben Wilson...

TONY: Come on. Let's go...

(SLIDING DOOR OPEN. WHEELS UNDER UP HIGH. SLIDING DOOR CLOSE. *Tony: Watch your step, kid* ANOTHER DOOR SLIDES OPEN - THEN CLOSED RR INTERIOR AGAIN.)

TONY: (SOFTLY) Well, kid, this is it.

JOE: (SUDDENLY) Tony! Tony, I'm scared. Maybe we'd better back out....

TONY: Keep your nerve, Joe. This is going to be a pushover.

JOE: Tony, I....I....should never have....

(MORE)

TONY: (HARSH) Shut up, and do as I say. What's the conductor's name?

JOE: Meadows. Fred Meadows.

TONY: Okay, kid. Step to one side of this door.

(KNOCK ON DOOR.)

TONY: Hey! Ben! Ben Wilson!

WILSON: (MUFFLED) Yeah? Who's out there?

TONY: The conductor. Fred Meadows. I got a slow ^{down} order I want to talk to you about. Open up...

WILSON: (MUFFLED) Okay...

(DOOR UNLOCKED. DOOR OPENS. A THUD. A GROAN.)

TONY: (URGENT) That's that! Come on, kid. Get busy breaking these windows.....

(SOUND OF SMASHING OF WINDOWS)

TONY: There's the car outside. Come on, Joe. Quick! Help me lift these bags! (GRUNT) You and me are gonna throw a million dollars...right out of the window!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND INTO)

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

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE.)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PELL MELL
PROGRAM 74

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

(VIBRAPHONE: _ _ _ _ SINGLE, OUTSTANDING BONG!)

CHAPPELL: Of all America's leading cigarettes only one is
"Outstanding!" - only one is "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: It's the longer, finer cigarette - 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
the way to your throat - gives you that smoothness,
mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM 74

(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!

(MUSIC: -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator, and the Big story of Ella Fleishman..as she lived it..and wrote it.

NARRATOR: You, Ella Fleishman of the Omaha World-Herald, a gossip columnist by trade, are headed for the United States Marshal's office in Council Bluffs, a few days after a million dollar train robbery. And when you walk into the hall outside the Marshal's office, you find yourself the only woman in an army of men, and you fervently hope your slip isn't showing. They've picked up some suspects, and the reporters are crowded around the Marshal's door waiting to find out who they are. And, finally the Marshal comes out....

(AD LIBS UP SUDDENLY: "WHO'VE YOU ROUNDED UP, MARSHAL? GIVE US A LIST OF NAMES! WHO ARE THEY?")

MARSHAL: Quiet, everybody! Quiet!

(CROWD SUBSIDES)

MARSHAL: We're not giving out any names. You might as well all leave!

(A STORM OF PROTEST)

MARSHAL: You heard me! We're not releasing the names of anybody in the police lineup! And if you reporters want to hang around here and cool your heels till next year..that's all right with me!

(DOOR SLAM)

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: The Marshal slams the door, and finally, every reporter in the place walk out...every reporter but you. You don't, for the simple reason that you haven't the faintest idea what to do next. And then, you see a cleaning woman come out of the Marshal's office. And just as naturally as rolling off a log, you start to gossip..The first thing you know, you're old friends... she's even read your column...

MRS. HODGES: (WISTFUL) It must be wonderful, now, to meet all those rich people, and be at the church weddin's, an' garden parties.

ELIA: Not as wonderful as you think, Mrs. Hodges.

MRS. HODGES: The way all those high-and-mighty people live. Born with silver spoons in their mouths. Born right, live right, that's what I always say. You take me, now. I've been moppin' floors for twenty years, an' I never got MY name in any paper.

ELIA: (WITH SUDDEN PITY) Look, Mrs. Hodges. It's almost eight o'clock and you look awfully tired. Can't you go home and rest?

MRS. HODGES: *How can I?*
~~It's not of you to take pry on an old woman, Chief.
~~I'd~~ ~~been~~ ~~here~~ ~~an~~ ~~hour~~ ~~ago~~ ~~if~~ ~~it~~ ~~wasn't~~ ~~for~~ ~~all~~ ~~those~~ ~~reporters~~ ~~that~~ ~~are~~ ~~been~~ ~~hanging~~ ~~around~~ ~~here~~.~~

ELIA: ~~What~~ ~~have~~ ~~they~~ ~~got~~ ~~to~~ ~~do~~ ~~with~~ ~~that~~ ~~?~~

MRS. HODGES: Look at this floor now, just look at it. All littered up with old newspapers, an' chewing gum, and candy wrappers, and what not. Trust a pack of men to make extra work for a woman!

ELLA: It is a mess, isn't it?

MRS. HODGES: Think they're smart, those reporters do. But they're not so smart. Pesterin' the Marshal to give 'em the names in that police lineup. (LAUGHS VENGEFULLY) They'd never think to ask a poor cleanin' woman around the place...

ELLA: What do you mean?

MRS. HODGES: I mean them names, that's what, I mean!

ELLA: You know...the names of those suspects?

MRS. HODGES: (CACKLING LAUGH) Got a whole list of 'em, child.

ELLA: But Mrs. Hodges, how...where?

MRS. HODGES: (CHUCKLES) Right here in my wastebasket. The Marshal threw the list right in here, after he had it copied off. I wouldn't tell those smart-aleck men, ^{and please don't you tell the marshal.} but if you want it, Miss Fleishman, you're more than welcome.

ELLA: ~~(SLOWER) Mrs. Hodges...what's your middle initial?~~

MRS. HODGES: ~~My middle... (GUES) Now what would you want that for?~~

ELLA: ~~Because I'm going to get your name in the papers.~~

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: Feverishly, you rummage through the cleaning woman's wastebasket, come up with the list. And one thing hits you. The suspects all come from the same section... along the Missouri River bottoms...a slum called Shanty-town. So you decide to check on the names..ask a few questions. And when you get there, you never knew there could be such poverty.

(MORE)

NARRATOR:
(CONTD)

You walk past the broken down shacks, huddled together ^{and you} in mutual misery, dirty, gray, depressing, inhale the reek of stale garbage and the heavy odor of the sluggish river, and you wonder how can people live this way, how can they live this way? But you're a police reporter ^{now} and you've got work to do. So..you start ~~ringing~~ ^{knocking} ~~on~~ ^{doors} ~~doors~~..checking the families of the suspects...

WOMAN 1:

(HARSH AND STRIDENT) I ain't sayin' a thing, and I don't know a thing! Why don't you ask some of those rich people you write about! They'd be more likely to steal a million dollars than us. We may be poor, but we're honest folks..and you can put that in your column!

(DOOR SLAM)

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND DOWN)

MAN 1:

Look, Lady, mind your own business, see? We don't like people like you slummin' in Shanty-town. Why don't you ask your high-toned friends who pulled that robbery! They own the railroads...we only work on 'em!

(DOOR SLAM)

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND MUSIC)

NARRATOR:

You can't blame them for resenting you. Poverty does that. Poverty breeds misery, and suspicion, and hostility. Some day you'd like to write a social document about it. But now..you're trying to get a crime story. So you go on..checking name after name... picking up scraps of information, here and there...

ELLA:

You're Mrs. Bradley?

MRS. BRADLEY:Yes?

Ella Fleishman -20-

ELLA: I'm a reporter, from the World-Herald. Your son was picked up by the police for questioning ~~on that train robbery and...~~

MRS. BRADLEY: Joe? (A BEAT) The police picked up Joe?

ELLA: Yes. Just for questioning. I thought you knew...

MRS. BRADLEY: No. I didn't know...

ELLA: ~~Incidentally,~~ *Ms. Bradley* some of your neighbors saw him driving around in a big convertible and...

MRS. BRADLEY: (BLURTS OUT, IN A KIND OF ANGUISH) It's his car! Tony's car. He ruined my husband an... (CUTS)

ELLA: (ALERT) Tony? Who's Tony?

MRS. BRADLEY: I....no one...no one you'd be interested in, Miss Fleishman...

ELLA: But Mrs. Bradley...

MRS. BRADLEY: Please...please, don't ask me any more questions. Don't you understand? Joe...my boy..he's in trouble. He's always been a good, honest boy, and now...well, you're a woman, Miss Fleishman...You know how a mother feels...

ELLA: Of course. I'll be going now. (A PAUSE) Oh I see you've got a phone. ~~That's well enough for this~~
~~purpose.~~

MRS. BRADLEY: Yes. ~~Incidentally, I just have to have it~~ I just have to have it so my laundry customers can call me.

ELLA: ~~Will~~ *will* Mrs. Bradley

~~MRS. BRADLEY: Yes?~~

ELLA: ~~If~~ *call* If you ever need me...if there's anything I can do for you...you can ~~phone~~ *call* me at the World-Herald.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

AL: ~~So you think some guy named Tony might be involved, Ella.~~

ELLA: Maybe. This woman blurted out his name last night, in connection with her son. I could see right away, that something was wrong...

AL: I still make nothing of it.

ELLA: Neither do I..yet. But look, Al. This train robbery was shrewd..smart..well-planned..obviously done by a professional. Right?

AL: Right.

ELLA: In other words, it was probably too much for anyone in Shanty-town to pull off. Petty theft from freight cars... yes? A million dollar mail train robbery...no.

AL: And your theory is that this guy Tony was the pro.

ELLA: I don't know, Al, I don't know. But what's a well-heeled man with a big car, doing in Shanty-town? Why is he so friendly with an ex-railroad employee.

AL: Hmmm.

ELLA: Al, I'm going to talk to this boy, Joe Bradley.

AL: If you can..he may be miles out of town by now.

ELLA: What do you mean?

AL: ~~The police released the suspects an hour ago. Didn't have a thing on any of them!~~

~~(MUSIC...)~~

(NICKEL IN SLOT. DIAL ON PHONE FOUR TIMES.
PAUSE AND CLICK.)

TONY: (FILTER) Hello?

JOE: (LOW) Tony, this is Joe Bradley. I'm calling from the phone booth at the Junction cafe.

TONY: Oh. Hello, kid. So they finally sprung you, eh?

They sprung all of us -22-

JOE: Yeah. They didn't have a thing on me. (A BEAT. THEN LOW)
Tony, about those mail bags I buried in my back yard.
What'll we do about 'em?

TONY: You dig 'em up tonight, kid. I'll come along in the car,
and pick you up. Then we'll beat it. ~~The cops aren't~~
~~checking cars on the roads anymore, and we'll beat the~~
~~chances of getting caught?~~

JOE: ~~Get out.~~
And

TONY: ~~Oh~~ Before you hang up, Joe...a question.

JOE: Yeah?

TONY: Do you think your mother knows anything about *this?*
~~what we~~
~~got buried in your back yard?~~

JOE: I .. well, gee I dunno. I don't think so. She heard
us digging that night, but I told her it was me,
fixing the cesspool.

TONY: I see. You want to know something, kid?

JOE: What?

TONY: (NOTE OF MENACE) I wouldn't want to see anything happen
to all that money. ~~Yeah, I'd like to see something~~
~~happen to it.~~ And if I was you...I'd make sure it was
waiting for me, when I got there!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE)

(DOOR OPENS & Slams)

MRS.BRADLEY: Oh. Hello, son. I...what are you doing with that
shovel? (Pause)

JOE: (LOW AND DANGEROUS) I've just been digging in the back
yard, Mom. And I didn't find what I was digging for...

MRS.BRADLEY: Joe, I...

JOE: What'd you do with those mailbags, Mom? What'd you do with the money you dug up?

MRS. BRADLEY: Put down that shovel, son.

JOE: (RISES) Where's that money, Mom! Where'd you hide it?

MRS. BRADLEY: (QUIETLY) You won't get a word out of me, till you put down that shovel... (Pause)

(CLANK OF SHOVEL TO FLOOR)

MRS. BRADLEY: That's better...

JOE: You took it, didn't you? You dug it up, didn't you?

MRS. BRADLEY: Yes.

JOE: (FLARES) Where is it? You better tell me quick!

MRS. BRADLEY: Don't raise your voice to me, son. I'm your mother...

JOE: I don't care who you are! I gotta have that money, and I gotta have it quick! Now...where is it? (Pause)

MRS. BRADLEY: (QUIET) Look in the stove, Joe.

JOE: ~~I'm in the stove, Mom, you know...~~

MRS. BRADLEY: ~~Open the stove door, and look...~~

(COUPLE OF STEPS. STOVE DOOR OPENS)

JOE: (A PAUSE, THEN BROKENLY) Why..there's nothing here... ~~but ashes.~~ Nothing...but ashes....

MRS. BRADLEY: Yes, son. I emptied those mailbags and burned everything in them.

JOE: ~~(BREATHING TO HISSELF) Now, do you know what you've done? Do you know what you've done?~~

MRS. BRADLEY: ~~I know what you've done...~~

JOE: (ALMOST SOBBING IN FRUSTRATION) You've burned thousands and thousands of dollars in cash..and securities. More money than we ever had, or even saw in our lives! You've burned up our one chance to get out of this dump, get out of Shanty-town, live a new life. (GROANS) Why did you do it, Mom? Why'd you do it?

MRS.BRADLEY: I burned it so that you wouldn't go to jail. It was evidence...and they'd catch you sooner or later. You're all I have, Joe, and I did what any mother should do.. protect her son...even from himself.

JOE: I could have been a big shot. I could have lived high, gone places. I...

Joe: *Sony* (DOOR SLAM) *(Pause)*
TONY: Hello, Joe,

JOE: ~~(SCARED, IN TERROR) TONY:~~

TONY: ~~Where's the dough?~~
Money?

JOE: (SCARED) Tony, I...I....

TONY: (IN SUDDEN FURY) Come on, kid! What happened? Where's that ~~money?~~ *dough?*

MRS.BRADLEY: (CALM) You'll find it in the stove, Tony, I burned it.

TONY: You...burned...it?

MRS.BRADLEY: Yes. I saw my husband rot in jail because of you, Tony. You ruined Tom, but you're not going to ruin my boy.

TONY: (IN SUDDEN FURY) Why I ought to...

MRS.BRADLEY: (CALM) But you won't, Tony. Robbery is one thing.. murder is another! (THEN COLD AND QUIET) Now get out!

TONY: (AFTER PAUSE) Okay. Okay, Martha. (A SUDDEN MIRTHLESS LAUGH) You thought you double-crossed me, just now, didn't you? But maybe you're wrong, Martha. Maybe you double-crossed yourself, instead....

MRS. BRADLEY: Get out of my house!

TONY: Sure. Sure, why not? Out of your house...and out of Shanty-town. (A BEAT) Coming, Joe?

JOE: *To.... (Pause)*

MRS. BRADLEY: He's not going with you, Tony. He's staying here.

TONY: (SOFTLY) What about it, kid?

JOE: Well, I...

TONY: You want to stay here in Shanty-town for the rest of your life? Or do you want to come with me?

MRS. BRADLEY: Joe! (IN GROWING TERROR) Joe...don't listen to him. Stay here with me...

TONY: Don't be a sucker, kid. We can go places, you and me. Plenty of money, plenty of fun....

JOE: Yeah...yeah, that's right. I'll go with you, Tony.

MRS. BRADLEY: Son, no! Don't you see what he's trying to do...?

JOE: (HOTLY) I'm going with Tony, Mom.

MRS. BRADLEY: Joe, don't leave me...don't leave me...

JOE: I'll go where I please, I'll do as I please. I'm through with Shanty-town, see? I'm through with Shanty-town and I'm through with you.

TONY: (LAUGHS) You're playing it smart, kid. (A PAUSE) Well, so long, Martha.

MRS. BRADLEY: You're not going to take my son, Tony. I'm his mother, ~~and I've been his mother~~ I nursed him, and worked for him, and dreamed for him, ~~as any mother would~~. And before I'd see you ruin him, as you did his father, I'dI'd tell the police.

TONY: (LAUGHS) Tell the cops? On your own son? Don't make me laugh, Martha. Remember? You're his mother. No mother would turn her son in, now would she? (A BEAT) Let's get going, Joe.

JOE: Yeah. Let's get going!

MRS.BRADLEY: (IN ANGUISH) Joe! Son, no! Don't go...!

(DOOR SLAM)

MRS.BRADLEY: (BREAKS) Joe...Joe....

(A PAUSE) (SOBBING UNDER)

(A FEW STEPS AND STOP, PHONE RECEIVER OFF HOOK
DIALING OF PHONE FOUR TIMES)

(PAUSE)

MRS.BRADLEY: Hello? World-Herald? I...I'd like to talk to Miss Ella Fleishman!

(MUSIC: _ _ _UP AND UNDER)

NARR: She tells you the whole story over the phone, and the police pick up Tony Morris and Joe Bradley, and that's your BIG STORY...a million dollar story. But when you wrote it, you never saw the words...not really... because your eyes were full of tears!

(MUSIC: _ _ _CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Ella Fleishman of the Omaha World-Herald with the final outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: _ _ _FANFARE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

(VIBRAPHONE: SINGLE, OUTSTANDING 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.

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.
Remember - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(ORCHESTRA: TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now, we read you that telegram from Ella Fleishman of the Omaha World-Herald.

FLEISHMAN: Apprehended by police, son in tonight's Big Story *realizes his mistake and readily* confessed his part in robbery *and* was sentenced to *the* Leavenworth Penitentiary. Caught in his own trap Tony Morris became boastful and said, "I made the world's largest train robbery and I defy another robber to beat the mark I set." He was sentenced to fifteen years in Leavenworth. *Thanks a lot* ~~By sincere appreciation~~ for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, *Miss* ~~Mr.~~ Fleishman...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 Waterbury, *Conn.* Republican -American - by-line Dan Parker -- a BIG STORY about a strange friendship between a little guy called the brain and a big guy called Jack....the giant killer -

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

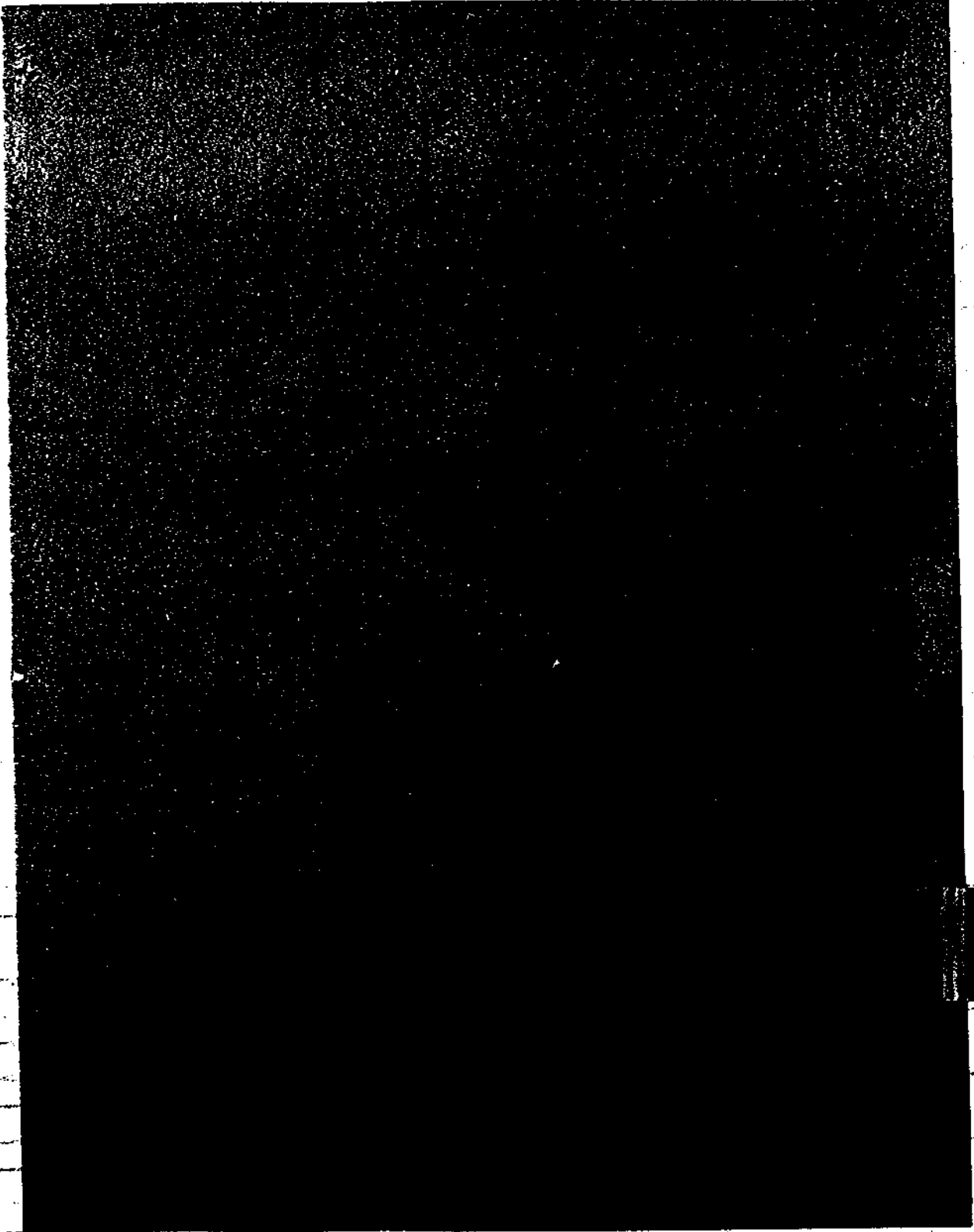
CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter, with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was written by Max Ehrlich. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and ~~Marjorie~~ ^{Amy} ~~Stickland~~ played the part of Ella Fleishman. In order to protect the names of people actually involved in tonight's authentic BIG STORY the names of all characters in the dramatization were changed with the exception of the reporter, ~~Mrs.~~ ^{Miss} Fleishman.

(MUSIC: -- -- THEME UP FULL & FADE)

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

ANNCH: THIS IS NBC THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

HB/EM/PB
8/4/48



ATX01 0061B40

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #75

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
FLEURETTE	PEGGY SANFORD
MADAME	PEGGY SANFORD
DUQUETTE	FRANCOIS BRINARD
PIERRE	FRANCOIS BRINARD
PARKER	SAM WANAMAKER
SERGEANT	BILL SMITH
BARKER	BILL SMITH
KID	LARRY ROBINSON
CA ILLLOUX	DANNY OCKO

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1948

ATX01 0061841

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#75

DAN PARKER

REVISED

WATERBURY REPUBLICAN-AMERICAN

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

SEPTEMBER 1, 1948

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE TO)

CAILLOUX: (STARTING FAR OFF, COMING ON HE IS ROARING DRUNK
THUNDERING OUT THE SONG) Alouette, gentil alouette.
Alouette, je te plumerai. Je te plumerai la bouche, je
~~te plumerai la bouche. Et te plumerai la bouche. Et la bouche. Et la bouche.~~

~~alouette, gentil alouette~~ -- (HE BREAKS) Hey, Duquette!
Why for you don't sing ~~with~~ ^{pin} wit' you ~~and~~ Cailloux, hey?

DUQUETTE: I don't want sing. I want you shut up. Now, right now.
Make quiet.

CAILLOUX: (WISTFUL) Cailloux can't make no more fun tonight?

DUQUETTE: No no more noise.

CAILLOUX: (PLEADING) You let me make fun tomorrow night?

DUQUETTE: Mebbe. You keep quiet now, we see.

~~CAILLOUX: (VERY SUBDUED) Eh-uh-uh-uh. I keep quiet. Anything~~

~~Duquette say. Cailloux do. Dig Cailloux, leattle~~

~~Duquette -- best pole. Anything you say. (PAUSE)~~

~~(VERY VERY SURELY AND SURELY PLEADING) Alouette, gentil~~

~~alouette. Alouette, je te plumerai...~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UPRISES OVER IT, AND DOWN 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) Waterbury, Connecticut. From
the pages of the Waterbury American, the headline story
of the giant and his sidekick -- the big guy and the
little guy. (MORE)

CHAPPELL:
(CONT'D)

^{now}
Tonight, to Dan Parker, sports columnist on the New
York Daily Mirror, goes the PELL MELL Award for THE
BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: PANFARE)
(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #75

OPENING COMMERCIAL

VIBRAPHONE: SINGLE. OUTSTANDING BONG!

CHAPPELL: Of all America's leading cigarettes only one is
"Outstanding!" - only one is "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: It's the longer, finer cigarette - 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!

ATX01 0061844

(MUSIC: THE THEME, UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: And now, the story as it actually happened! Dan Parker's
BIG STORY! As he lived it -- Waterbury, Connecticut.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You're Dan Parker...a name in the newspaper business..
a million people read your stuff in the ^{NY} Daily Mirror,
where you're Sports Editor. Champions call you by name
... and so do the managers of the worst stumblebums
at Stillman's Gym. In short -- you're in, you're
there -- the top. And right now, you're up -- meaning
translated from newspaper talk -- your last piece of
copy, the column, is done. So --

(RRRRRRRRRRIP OF PAPER FROM TYPEWRITER)

PARKER: CO-py!

KID: (FAST AS HELL) Yessir!

PARKER: Boy -- do you move fast!

KID: Yes sir!

PARKER: Jet propelled copyboys. What'll it be next!

~~NARR: You see, the KID is the one who pushed the copy to the chair.~~
Trying to make an impression. You smile. You used to
be like that -- more years ago than you care to admit.
Just a kid, starting out in the crazy Business, with
byline in your eyes instead of stars. Oh well....

~~That was a long time ago, but today -- and the kid's~~

~~Back~~

KID: Mr. Parker -- have you got a minute? I mean -- could
you talk to me, like?

PARKER: Tell you the truth, sonny, it's been a rough day. I
---(PAUSE) ---okay, what's on your mind?

KID: Well -- I -- I just got started here. This is my first day, and I want to do right. I want to get someplace So?

PARKER: I was wondering if you could tell me how a guy gets to be sports editor.

KID: I knew it.

PARKER: Huh?

KID: You and everybody else. *Deliver my column* Look, Come down to the Penn and Pencil for a -- Well, I'll have a beer -- and well look into it, okay?

PARKER: Yes sir!

KID: A copyboy who says sir. What's your name, kid?

PARKER: Pete, Mr. Parker.

PARKER: Dan to you, Pete. *is for* Mister Parker ~~to~~ the payroll department.

(MUSIC: --- HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: You find an empty corner in the Pen & Pencil Club -- the Mirror's corner hangout -- and order a cool one for you and a soft one for the kid. Pete's in seventh heaven...all around are the guys from the paper...the guys he wants to be some day. You wish you could look at it again through his eyes, but --

PARKER: Best thing I can do for you, Pete, is tell you how I made it, okay?

KID: That'd be swell, Dan.

PARKER: Well -- here goes. In the first place, like most of the boys, I started in ~~the sticks~~ -- a small town, small city...with me it was Waterbury...the kind of place where you cover everything..police..politics...weddings...funerals..fairs...(REMINISCENT) Pairs. Hmmm. That's where (SNEAK FAIR MUSIC IN B.G.) it all started..a fair up in the French district of Waterbury....

(MUSIC: FAIR MUSIC UP AND BEHIND)

PARKER: I used to pick up a lot of small features in the French district...full of mill workers... colorful folks...and this particular day, I was trailing one of 'em around at a fair. A great big woodsman, a giant of a man. Must have stood ^{nearly 7 ft.} ~~six feet six~~ in his lumberjack shirt. A real Canuck -- straight out of the North Woods...and when I first saw him....

BARKER: All right, folks -- you all heard the Frenchie challenge the killer. Remember now -- five dollars for every minute he stays in the ring with the killer, ten dollars for every round -- and a hundred dollars if he knocks the Killer out. You ready, big boy?

CAILLOUX: I, Cailloux? Shoo. You got your money ready, he?
(CROWD LAUGHS)

FEURETTE: Please, Cailloux -- don' do this. He's a professional boxer man. He hurt you.

CAILLOUX: Me? ^{Feurette} ~~Cailloux~~? Ha! (HE YELLS) Come on, what we waitin' for! I am ready. I, Cailloux!

BARKER: (LOUD) All right, big boy! (WHISPER) Listen, Killer -- finish him quick. Kill him. He can cost us dough!
(LOUD) All right - let's go!

(A PRIZE RING BELL. CROWD STARTS TO YELL AND THE
~~SOUND OF GLOVES IS HEARD DENTING~~)

PARKER: Peter, I watched that match carefully. I'd seen plenty of those things -- a yokel with muscles climbs into the ring -- and a trained pug tears him to bits -- or mercifully lays him out cold with a feint and a cross.

(MORE)

ATX01 0061847

PARKER:
(CONT'D)

The Killer tried it -- a feint, and a left -- and it bounced off the big guy's jaw like a feather off a mule -- the pug never saw that happen before -- and never (FAST) saw anything else after that because Cailloux (SNEAK CROWD YELLS) catches him with a round-house right that drops him into the waterbucket - out cold!

(CROWD YELLS UP AND OVER IT)

CAILLOUX: (ROARING WITH PRIDE) Dat's easy money, mister - plenty easy money!

BARKER:

How cute, skidoo!
~~(GEE, Yeah, Easy for you. Eighty, eighty five, ninety, ninety five, a hundred. (PROB) BRASS, what)~~

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER)

PARKER:

A hundred bucks was money back in those days, when all this happened, Pete. It was a lot to me, a cub on a small paper, trying to make the grade. I said to myself -- there goes a guy who needs a manager! Well -- I didn't know until much later -- but he had one!

(DOOR OPENS)

CAILLOUX: (SINGING) Alouette, gentil Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai! ~~Je te plumerai la bouche.~~

DUQUETTE: (WAKING UP) Hey, Cailloux!

CAILLOUX: Dat you, Duquette? I wake you up?

DUQUETTE: You wake me up, all right. Where you been, you?

CAILLOUX: Cailloux been to de fair.

DUQUETTE: Wit' Fleurette, hey?

CAILLOUX: Dat's right, Fleurette love me.

DUQUETTE: Yeah, sure. Dat's for laugh.

CAILLOUX: Sure she love me. When she see me knock out dat Killer, win wan hundred dollars -- she say "Cailloux, you biggest, strongest, ---"

DUQUETTE: You knock out Killer at de fair? You win the hundred dollar?

CAILLOUX: Sure.

DUQUETTE: Gimme dat money to tak care of for you. I don't got it.

CAILLOUX: What you do -- spend it on kewpie doll?

DUQUETTE: No. I give it to Fleurette. (PAUSE) Gimme my shoes. You give it to Fleurette.

CAILLOUX: Where you goin? To Fleurette -- get you money back, you big ox. What you got for brain -- sawdust? All she want is you money, you big ox.

DUQUETTE: (SAD) What's the matter wit' you, hey? Every time I let you alone, you do dumb thing like that! How many time I told you -- don't you never do nothing without ask you pal Duquette!

CAILLOUX: Cailloux sorry.

DUQUETTE: Yeah. You sorry. You don't have Duquette watch over you like mamam over bebe -- everybody put something over you and you sorry the time! Go to bed, you man wit' no brain!

(MUSIC: --- HIT AND GO UNDER)

PARKER: You see Pete -- the little guy was the guy's keeper. They were inseparable pals, I found out later. Damon and Pythias, like. And who was in the middle?

DUQUETTE: Fleurette.

Don Opene

FLEURETTE: Oui? (PAUSE) Oh. Dat's you, Duquette.

DUQUETTE: Oui. Dat's me, Duquette. I don' waste no word on you, Fleurette. I come to get Cailloux money.

FLEURETTE: Oho. Just lak dat, hey?

DUQUETTE: Jus' lak dat.. Come on. Gimme dat money.

FLEURETTE: You come take it.

DUQUETTE: Don' you play pretty game wit' me, Fleurette. You don' twisk me round you finger like you twisk big ox Cailloux.

FLEURETTE: (ACID) You jealous cause you little shrimp.

DUQUETTE: Mebbe I little shrimp, oui -- but I got brains, save my money. Don' spread it around on cheap babyface lak you. Come on. Gimme Cailloux money.

FLEURETTE: (POUT) ~~You be nice to Fleurette, mebbe you have some fun with you money.~~ ^{money} What you do wit' all dat ~~damn~~ you mek at factory -- let him rot in de bank? Don' you (SEXY) lak have some fun, hey?

DUQUETTE: Go 'way wit all dat sweet talk, Fleurette. Just gimme Cailloux money and dat's all de fun I want from you. (PAUSE) Or do I got to call de ~~police~~ *police*.

FLEURETTE: All right -- you take it. (PAUSE. SLINKY) I don' need Cailloux money, baby. I got you, now. (PURR) All de time I know Cailloux, I wonder why you, leetle Duquette never come see Fleurette. Come on, baby, why we don' go play wit some of you money?

DUQUETTE: (SNEER) Huh! Dat's some girl Cailloux got when he got you. (PRACTICALLY SPITS) You cheap. Bon soir!

(MUSIC: --- HIT AND GO UNDER)

FLEURETTE: (SOFTLY) Cailloux, bebe --

CAILLOUX: Oui, Fleurette?

FLEURETTE: (CARELESSLY) You get money back from Duquette?

CAILLOUX: Leetle by leetle he give me money. Five dollar here, two dollar there.

FLEURETTE: Why you let him treat you lak baby?

CAILLOUX: Dat's de only way. Mebbe I got big strength, but I don't got brains lak my pal Duquette.

FLEURETTE: (CYNICAL) You pal Duquette. How you know what he do wit' you money?

CAILLOUX: I trus' him.

FLEURETTE: You trus' him! Babee ---you pal Duquette ever tell you he ask me to play wit' him --- wit you money?

CAILLOUX: No he don't tell me dat. (PAUSE) Why he want to do dat?

FLEURETTE: Just because he jealous of you. He so small, you so big. You see -- he lak Fleurette. He try get me away from you. ~~You know how?~~

~~CAILLOUX: Fleurette --- you got me all mixed up. I don't know what you tell me all dis for ---~~

FLEURETTE: (WILY) I tell you so you know what your friend do behind you back, I tell you what to do, Cailloux. You don' need no Duquette to be your brains. I, Fleurette -- tell you what to do.

CAILLOUX: What I got to do?

~~FLEURETTE: Right now, you get all your money back.~~

~~CAILLOUX: What for?~~

FLEURETTE: ^{You} For ask him to give you all your money back so you and Fleurette have some fun. Oui --- you go right now.

CAILLOUX: Sure.

FLEURETTE: (SOFTLY, CLOSE) Cailloux, babee ----

CAILLOUX: Oui, oui?

FLEURETTE: You forgot something, you.

CAILLOUX: I forget something? What I forget?

FLEURETTE: You forget, mebbe, how sweet Fleurette kiss...like
-- so.

(A LONG SEXY SILENCE)

FLEURETTE: (BREATHY) An' if Duquette don' give you money back --
you remember dat kiss and lots more Fleurette got for
you. (PAUSE) You forget something else, ma cherie. This.

CAILLOUX: I mus' be really mix up, I forgot him.

FLEURETTE: Well -- you take him wit' you to Duquette. You, Cailloux,
strongest woodchopper of everybody -- you never want to
forget you axe ^{Cailloux: My axe!} never. (PAUSE) (WHISPER) And listen,
babe -- if anything happen, don' you worry. Fleurette
swear to everybody you never leave her tonight! Dat's
(Pause)
called -- alibi.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT HARD AND GO AWAY UNDER)

CHAPPELL: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's
BIG STORY --

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #75

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

VIBRAPHONE: SINGLE, OUTSTANDING BONG!

CHAPPELL: Of all America's leading cigarettes only one is
"Outstanding!" - only one is "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: It's the longer, finer cigarette - 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 0061853

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #75

(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 0061854

(MUSIC: --- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

ANNCR: *This is by Harvick*
Now we return you to your narrator, and THE BIG STORY
of -- Dan Parker, as he lived it and wrote it -

NARR: You, Dan Parker, sports editor of the New York Daily
Mirror have been spinning a yarn for Pete the copyboy
... a story that happened way back in Waterbury when you
weren't much older than the kid...About a Canuck giant
named Cailloux, his girl friend Fleurette, and Duquette
-- the giant's friend ... Fleurette, milking Cailloux
of his money, has sent the giant to get ~~some~~ *it back* from
Duquette, and at this point your Big Story begins.

PARKER: You see, Pete, because I'd gotten interested in the
French millworkers, the desk always let us handle the
news up in their bailiwick...and one day -- a story broke
right up my alley. It was one rotten March day (SNEAK
SORT OF A WIND) I'd gone out with the cops on a call...

(WIND UP, STAY BEHIND)

PARKER: Sergeant ~~Roberts~~ *Roberts* -- took me out beyond the old Slocum
School...and there, face down in a gully...my first
corpse

SGT: You don't have to look at him long, Dan...I can tell
you all you need to know.

PARKER: (YOUNG AGAIN) Who is he, Sergeant?

SGT: Well, his face is so cut up, we can't tell. As for the
laundry marks and the clothing labels --

PARKER: Gone?

SGT: Yup. It looks like murder with some sharp instrument.
That's all for now, Dan.

~~PARKER: It looks such.~~

SGT: ~~It isn't him. Let's see you find anything more, sub-~~
~~reporter.~~

(MUSIC: ~~HIT AND GO~~)

PARKER: ~~After Sergeant Cadoret's and corpse's~~ ~~left, Pete, I~~
stuck around. I went over the scene of the slaughter
foot by foot. Then -- ~~found~~ ~~something~~ over, in a
pile of last autumn's leaves. I picked it up -- and
~~looked at it after the sergeant with it. I asked him,~~

Parker: What do you make out of this ^{here}? *Parker:* Right here on the
Sgt: ~~where did you get that?~~ *ground.*
SGT: That! Why -- it looks like a factory pay check stub.
Will

PARKER: ~~But~~ the victim's trouser pockets were turned out --
proving robbery was the motive --

SGT: Right.

PARKER: So -- couldn't the stub have fallen out?

SGT: Sure, it could Dan. But do you know how many factories
there are that give out such stubs like that in this
town?

PARKER: ~~Score~~ *lots of 'em.*

SGT: Right. And by the time you've checked them all the
little stiff will have been buried under the name of
John Doe. Toss the stub away, kid. Toss it away to
the March winds.

(MUSIC: ~~---~~ HIT AND GO)

PARKER: Toss it away? Not me, Pete. The numbers on it haunted
me. A double thirteen -- 1313. There was more than
one way to skin this particular kind of cat, besides
checking the factories. I started out in a local
tavern to see if anybody knew of any recent ruckuses that
might have led to murder. So --

(DOOR OPENS)

PARKER: (YOUNG) A bad night, Pierre.

PIERRE: Oui.

PARKER: A good night for murder, huh?

PIERRE: ~~Probably~~. Maybe.

PARKER: Been pretty quiet lately around the neighborhood?

PIERRE: Oui.

PARKER: No fights, squabbles, arguments, ~~disturbances~~, brawls?

~~PIERRE: Non.~~

~~PARKER: ...~~

PIERRE: Look, my little journalist. It will never be said that I, Pierre, have loosened my tongue to anybody. Neither to police nor to press. Understood?

~~PARKER: ...~~

PIERRE: All right. ~~But I tell you this much, then --~~ No more.

There have been no fights. Once -- yes. Every night --- when the Big One got away from the Little One.

PARKER: What ^{does that mean} ~~does that mean~~ -- the big one, the little one?

PIERRE: The Big One -- Jacques Cailloux. The Little One -- Henri Duquette. ~~That was the case in the Big One of ...~~

~~PARKER: ...~~

PIERRE: ~~...~~ The big one, a veritable monster of a man, uncontrollable, except by the little one. When the little one is around -- the big one behaves.

PARKER: And when the little one is not around?

PIERRE: Ah. For that you must ask Fleurette. A no-good!
that one. One says -- and I have seen, myself --
that every penny the Big One has -- she takes of
him.

PARKER: Where does she work, this Fleurette?

PIERRE: Fleurette work? (A LAUGH) ~~Fleurette work? --~~
~~the little sister. And like the little flower, she~~
does not either toil nor spins as one says. But how
it is that she is arrayed! And who is it that pays?
~~the Big One with the beard of a unicorn.~~

PARKER: And the Little One ^{Duquette} -- where does he work?

PIERRE: The Walker Mill.

PARKER: ^{the Walker Mill.} Thanks. Anybody asks for me -- that's where I'll be.

PIERRE: That I have already gathered. May an old one give
a young one a word of advice? Cherchez La Femme.
When it is a matter of two men and money -- seek
the woman.

~~PARKER: ...?~~

~~PIERRE: ...!~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO_UNDER)

PARKER: Pete, when I walked into the Walker Mill, I had nothing but a hunch. But after I'd persuaded the night foreman to let me check the payroll -- I had - this.

(BUZZING OF TELEPHONE, THEN)

PARKER: (FILTER) Parker, out on that Slocum School killing. (PAUSE) What've I got? Nothing but the identification of the victim, that's -- (PAUSE) I know the cops haven't got it yet! I haven't given it to them. ~~Sure, I run the department in this neck of the woods~~ (PAUSE) His name was Henri Duquette. How did I get it? His payroll stub had an unlucky number, that's all. Thirteen, thirteen.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND OUT)

SGT: Dan, you played me a dirty trick. How does it look to the department --- you, a cub, ^{up for} turning in the identification. You wanna get me busted?

PARKER: That's all right. Stick with me, Sergeant, and you can bring in the murderer.

SGT: I suppose you've got him in your pocket.

PARKER: Practically. Just let me walk the beat with you tonight.

SGT: What are we lookin' for?

PARKER: La Femme.

SGT: You've been reading too many detective stories. What woman?

PARKER: One Fleurette. (PAUSE) Speaking of women -- who's that working in the store that's all lit up?

SGT: That? Madame Celine, laundress, ^a ~~poor~~ widow, ~~she~~ works night and day.

PARKER: She's gonna have visitors.

(DOOR OPENS WITH LITTLE TINKLE BELL)

MADAME: Oui, Messieurs?

SGT: Ma'am, this young fellow wants to talk to you. He's all right. He's a friend of mine.

MADAME: ~~Oui, Messieurs?~~ *Oui monsieur.*

PARKER: Ma'am -- I see you have a pile of shirts in the window, would you fetch me -- that one, please.

MADAME: Oui, M'sieu. (PAUSE) ~~Voilà.~~ *There you are.*

SGT: Why are you messing around with shirts, Dan, when -- (PAUSE)(AMAZE) By golly, I passed this shop a dozen times tonight and never noticed that!

MADAME: What is it that is wrong, sergeant?

PARKER: Nothing. Except that this shirt was made to fit a giant. The man who owns that must be ~~over six feet tall.~~ *nearly 7 feet.* Madame -- when this shirt was brought in -- what did they say ~~the~~ stain was?

MADAME: Why -- blood.

PARKER: Blood.

MADAME: Yes. The young lady who brought it in said her young man was in a bar-room disorder.

PARKER: And do you have the address of that young lady?

MADAME: On the ticket, oui. (PAUSE) Just a few doors up the street Her name is --

PARKER: Fleurette.

MADAME: But yes! How did you know?

PARKER: I didn't. I guessed. (PAUSE) Ma'am, the sergeant and I are taking this shirt with us.

MADAME: But what will Mamselle Fleurette say --

PARKER: That, Madame, is what I intend to find out. I'm going to deliver this laundry -- unwashed!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER)

PARKER: This is the house, Sergeant. Now - you go ring your box. Get a whole squad of cops. Give me --

SGT: Give you nothing. I'm going in with you.

PARKER: No, no. I want ten minutes alone up there. Just you get a squad of cops. Big ones. With clubs.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER)

(STEPS UP STAIRS, KNOCK ON DOOR)

FLEURETTE: (BEHIND DOOR) Oui? ~~Qui est-ce?~~ *who is there?*

PARKER: Open up, Fleurette!

(DOOR OPENS)

FLEUR: Who are you, with my name on your lips? I don't know you, mister.

PARKER: Makes no never-mind. Shut the door.

FLEUR: But --

(DOOR SLAMS)

PARKER: No buts, Fleurette. Just a couple of questions. (PAUSE) Whose shirt is this?

FLEUR: (WHISPER) Where you get that, you?

PARKER: That answers question one! you know the shirt. Come on -- whose?

FLEUR: I don't know.

PARKER: That your hobby -- taking bloody shirts to the laundry?

(SILENCE)

PARKER: All right. I'll tell you. Right from the beginning. The shirt belongs to Cailloux. The blood belongs to Duquette.

FLEURETTE: No, no!

PARKER: And that no is practically a "Yes -- I know Duquette."
The little one and the big one -- and you in the middle.

FLEURETTE: You so wrong! Cailloux is my man -- always get into
fights. He got thees shirt all bloody in barroom jus'
las' night. So I --

PARKER: What barroom?

FLEUR: Why -- why --- Pierre's. ~~Quis you see, he's jus' las'~~
~~big boy. He loves to make fights. And he talk to fight~~
~~in Pierre's barroom,~~

PARKER: ~~Please stop. You're in no way wrong. The matter is perfect,~~
~~except for the fighting. There haven't been any fights in~~
Pierre's place lately. What do you say to that?

FLEUR: (SILENCE)

PARKER: What's the matter with you? Do you know what an
accessory after the fact is? If Cailloux is caught,
and you've been helping him -- you'll go to jail!
(~~PARKER~~) ~~who's wrong with you?~~

(~~ROOMSTERS COMING UP STAIRS~~)

~~PARKER: It's not if it's these shoes pressing on the stairs
-- forget it. It's the police.~~

~~FLEUR: Oh, yes. But my Cailloux~~

PARKER: ~~Sorry, Fleurette. ~~Will you please~~~~ *Now look* *The cops know* They're on
their way over here. You've got one chance to
get out of trouble. Just tell me the whole story.

FLEUR: (SLINKY) You be nice to Fleurette if she tell you?

PARKER: Then you do know?

FLEUR: Sure. You see, everybody crazy about Fleurette...
but she don' want no want no wild Canuck..she don'
want no big ox Cailloux, she don't want no leetle shirmp
Duquette...(TURNING ON THE SEX) She like smart man,
like you. What's you name, anyhow? You pretty
handsome fella...I lak you already..(REAL HOT) You don't
want to get Fleurette all mix up wit' no police, hey?
You and me, we can have lots of good time, jus' you
and Fleurette, we --

(DOOR HURLED OPEN)

CAILLOUX: Fleurette!

FLEUR: Cailloux!

CAILL: Oui -- Cailloux. (DEADLY) Who's dat? Dat you new
boy fren', hah?

FLEUR: Non, non, non! Dat's nobody, Cailloux -- nobody!

CAILL: If dat's nobody -- why you twine you arms around him
-- nobody! Why you wrap yourself all around him --
nobody! Why you mak' up to a man de minute Cailloux
turn his back, hey? Nobody!

FLEURETTE: (SOBBING) Babee, babee--

CAILL: (BITTER) Babee, babee -- (BEWILDERED) Mon dieu -- what
kind of woman are you, what kind of woman, twisk a man
aroun' you little finger, mak' him do all kinds bad
t'ings --

FLEUR: (~~SOBBING~~) cherie, cherie, you talk -- no's gonna trap
y

CAILL:

CAILL:

~~(WILDLY) You t'ink I care? You t'ink I care what happen
to me? All night I t'ink about you sweet talk
jus' because I got no sense, talk for you sweet talk
... (BITTER) Baboo, baboo... (CHILD LIKE FURY) You
don' love me, you don' care about me. Just lak' little
Duquette say before I hit him wit' my ax...she gonna
betray you, Big Cailloux...you gonna be los' without
Duquette, he say -- he look at me wit' sad eyes --
and jus' because you mek me blind wit' you sweet talk --~~

FLEUR:

Cailloux, Cailloux, don' talk like dat --

CAILL:

(WILDLY ON) Jus' because of you, I 'got nobody lef'.
Just because of you. ~~(Sobbing)~~ Duquette, leetle Duquette
-- why I hit you? Who gonna help me now? Why I do
dat to you, Duquette, leave nobody to help me! (HE SOBS)
~~leetle one, leetle one, leetle one, leetle one, leetle one, leetle one~~
~~this is all about you~~ (AND OFF INTO RACKING SOBS)

PARKER:

(SOFTLY) Why you poor big galoot. You really don't
know what it's all about. (PAUSE) Cailloux.

CAILL:

What you want, you?

PARKER:

You better come with me, big fella.

CAILL:

Where?

PARKER:

To the police.

CAILL:

~~Now, now, you got to go to the police. You got brains. You'
know what to do. I don't mean to kill little Duquette.
You go tell cops I don' mean it. (CHILDLIKE) I
t'ink mebbe he's not really dead. Come on mister.
We go find Duquette. Mebbe --~~

PARKER:

~~CALL: (WILD) No! No! You don't help me? All night, okay!
 I go to him myself! I fin' Duquette my own self!
 (HE YELLS) Duquette! Leetle one -- leetle Duquette!
 Help me, help me! Big Carrioux need you! (RUSHING OFF)
 Help me!~~

~~(DOOR HURLED OPEN AND STEPS RUSH OUT INTO
 CONFUSED MURMUR OF SHOUTS AND SCUFFLES AND BELLS
 AND INTO)~~

(MUSIC: UP HARD AND DOWN QUICK FOR)

PARKER:

*and so we walked out. Pete Carrioux like a big hunk
 and right out into the hands of the cops, the
 whole squad of them, coming up the stairs. With clubs they
 didn't have to use.
 (PAUSE) Yeah. (PAUSE) He went to the gallows whispering*

~~-- for Duquette~~ (PAUSE) My first big story.

KID:

Dan...

PARKER:

Huh? What is it, Pete?

KID:

All I want to know is -- what's the story got to do
 with how to get to be a sports editor?

PARKER:

(WRYLY) Frankly, kid -- I dunno. All I know is -- they
 liked that story so much -- they called me in and gave
 me a better job. Sports editor. That's the way it
 goes. You do a swell police story and what do they do?
 They make you sports editor. (PAUSE) And I've been
 in sports ever since. (PAUSE) You figure it out, Pete
 -- you figure it out.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY FOR CLOSE)

CHAPPELL:

In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Dan
man of the N.Y. Daily Mirror, formerly
 Parker of the Waterbury American with the final outcome
 of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

(VIBRAPHONE: _ _ _ _ _ SINGLE, OUTSTANDING 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.

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. Remember - PELL MELL FAMOUS
CIGARETTES -

"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(ORCHESTRA: _ _ _ _ TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now, we read you that telegram from Dan Parker of
the ~~Waterbury American~~ *N.Y. Daily Mirror*.

PARKER: Unable to understand the enormity of his crime killer
in tonight's Big Story readily admitted the killing
of his friend to police and in accordance with the
laws of Connecticut he was tried and convicted of
murder in the first degree. Flanked by eight guards
he was led to the gallows and hung at Wethersfield
State Prison. Thank you very much for tonight's
PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Parker...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
Boston Traveler - by-line Harry Friedenberg -- A
BIG STORY about a lonely little man who made friends
with a stranger named --- Death!

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

-27-

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter, with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was written by Alan Sloane. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Sam Wanamaker played the part of Dan Parker. 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. Parker.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL & FADE)

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

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

mac/8/13/48pm

ATX01 006186B



AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #76

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
SALLY	JEANNE TATUM
WOMAN	JEANNE TATUM
CLERK	LEORA THATCHER
LANDLADY	LEORA THATCHER
HARRY	ALAN HEWITT
ANDREW	SANTOS ORTEGA
NEEDLES	SANTOS ORTEGA
ROBERT	MICKEY O'DAY
BILL	MICKEY O'DAY
CAPTAIN	BILL SMITH
LANDLORD	BILL SMITH
DAVE	MASON ADAMS

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1948

ATX01 0061869

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#76

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

SEPTEMBER 8, 1948

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: HIT THEME AND CUT OFF)

(COUNTRY B.G.)

ROBERT: Think this place is safe enough?

ANDREW: It's lonely enough, isn't it?

ROBERT: I guess so, but...

ANDREW: Stop guessing and start pouring that gasoline ~~around~~. *allow the car's*

~~(RATTLE OF GASOLINE CAN. CAR DOOR OPEN)~~

ROBERT: Okay, but if we get caught --

ANDREW: We're not going to get caught.

ROBERT: ~~Get --~~

ANDREW: ~~Quit stalling and pour.~~

ROBERT: ~~Okay.~~

(SPLASH OF GASOLINE BEING POURED)

ANDREW: *Yeah* Get more on the ~~back~~ *front* seat...

ROBERT: (NERVOUSLY) Okay, okay...

ANDREW: Now empty the rest of it on the floor of the car.

ROBERT: That's all there is.

ANDREW: All right -- stand back. I'm going to put a match to it.

ROBERT: ~~Be careful. That car is lousy with gas --~~

ANDREW: ~~I know.~~

(STRIKE OF MATCH. BEAT. THEN, SUDDEN WHOOSH OF FIRE)

ROBERT: There she goes! Look at her. That'll do the job all right!

ANDREWS: Yeah. It's burning that guy in the ~~back~~ *front* seat so his own mother wouldn't know him!

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER FOR)

ATX01 0061870

-2-

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) Boston, Massachusetts. From the pages
of the Boston Traveler -- the authentic story of a murder
case that broke all the rules. Tonight, to Harry
Friedenberg of the Boston Traveler goes the PELL MELL
Award for THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE) --

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0061871

THE BIG STORY
PELL MELL

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

(VIBRAPHONE: SINGLE, OUTSTANDING BONG!)

CHAPPELL: Of all America's leading cigarettes only one is
"Outstanding!" - only one is "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: It's the longer, finer cigarette - 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!

ATX01 0061872

(MUSIC: -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: And now, the story as it actually happened -- Harry Friedenbergs story, as he lived it. Boston Massachusetts.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER FOR)

NARR: You are Harry Friedenbergs of the Boston Traveler, and this is your Big Story. It started out as most routine stories do...nothing unusual...no special label tied to the end of it marked "urgent". Just another story. And you, Harry Friedenbergs, know how to take stories in your stride. You've been in the newspaper game a long time; you've worn down a lot of copy pencils. So, when you hear the phone on your desk jangle...

(PHONE JANGLE)

NARR: You swing around and pick it up.

HARRY: Hello. Friedenbergs talking.

CAPTAIN: Harry, this is Fred Turner at headquarters.

HARRY: What's on your mind, Captain?

CAPTAIN: (MATTER OF FACT) Just got a report on an automobile fire out Hudson way. Back on the mill road. Don't know if there's anything in it for you or not. I'm going out now.

HARRY: (UNEXCITED) Thanks, Captain. I'll meet you there.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

HARRY: Not much left of that buggy, is there, Captain?

CAPTAIN: (GRUNTS) Not enough.

HARRY: Not enough for what?

CAPTAIN: Not enough to identify the guy we found in the ^{front} ~~back~~ seat with his head bashed in.

HARRY: Murder?

CAPTAIN: They didn't set fire to him for his health.

HARRY: Any leads on who he might have been?

CAPTAIN: Just that he was a small guy -- about five foot six--who had a ring initialled A.M.R., a memo book -- and a key. Somebody wanted to see him dead.

HARRY: Can you check the plates on the car?

CAPTAIN: Sure we can. But, why should we?

HARRY: Stolen car?

CAPTAIN: Stolen car.

HARRY: Sure?

CAPTAIN: Bet you five bucks.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER FOR)

MARR: Five bucks? That's worth a routine check-up. Besides, a good reporter learns to find ~~out~~^{out} things for himself. So, stopping only for ~~a short beer in the bar across the street,~~^{your routine} you ~~scroll~~^{go} on down to the Bureau of Motor Vehicles..

SALLY: Massachusetts plate number 29473, Mr. Friedenberg?

HARRY: That's right, Sally. Who's name is it registered in?

SALLY: Um--I'll see.

(RIFFLE OF FILE CARDS)

SALLY: (EAGERLY) You tracking down another big story, Mr. Friedenberg?

HARRY: Thanks for making it sound like a big game hunt, Sally, but it's just a ~~simple~~^{routine} case of identification.

SALLY: (DISAPPOINTED) Oh, I thought maybe -- (BREAKS OFF) Here it is. Massachusetts plate number 29473 is registered in the name of -- Andrew M. Richards.

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

6-7-8

REVISED

HARRY: Andrew M. Richards. (TAKE) A.M.R! Sally, you're a genius!

SALLY: (DELIGHTED) I am? What did I do?

HARRY: You won me five bucks. Now, get me Andrew M. Richards' driver's license like a good girl, huh?

SALLY: It's right here. The duplicate, that is.

HARRY: Thanks. Let's see. (MUMBLING AS HE READS) Andrew M. Richards. Address..Date of birth: 1898...weight: 202...height: six foot one...(UP) Well, I don't see anything wrong here. I guess I...(TAKE) Hey! Height: six foot one!

SALLY: That's what it says, Mr. Friedenber.

ATX01 0061875

HARRY: But the corpse in the car -- the guy who was murdered --
the police said he was only five foot ^{six} ~~seven~~

SALLY: Well, the he couldn't have been this man!

HARRY: (EXCITED NOW) He certainly couldn't have, ~~Sally. But~~
~~Andrew M. Richards sure wanted us to think it was him.~~

SALLY: ~~He did? Why?~~

HARRY: ~~I don't know. I haven't the vaguest idea. All I know is~~
~~that this case isn't routine any more, Sally. This is news.~~

SALLY: (EXCITED TOO) What do you mean?

HARRY: I mean that we haven't got the name of a corpse anymore.
Andrew M. Richards is the killer!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Like a bullet crashing through a mirror -- like a rock
breaking the calm surface of a lake--the picture is
distorted into a thousand unrelated images. Andrew M.
Richards, victim, suddenly, unreasonably becomes Andrew
M. Richards, killer. Victim unknown. Only one fact
stands clear in the jumble of conflicting thoughts.
Andrew M. Richards wanted people to think he was dead.
That's it. Hang onto that. Ask questions about that fact.
Questions like -- why?

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

HARRY: Why does Andrew M. Richards want everyone to think he's
dead?

NARR: For love?

HARRY: Uhuh -- he's too old a man for the violent passions.

NARR: For money?

HARRY: How could seeming death profit a man in money?

NARR: That's it -- that's the question. And you, Harry Friedenber,
know the answer to that one. You move.

CLERK: (A WOMAN) What was that name again, Mr. Friedenber?

HARRY: Andrew M. Richards.

CLERK: Richards, Andrew M. Yes, here it is. He has a twenty
thousand dollar ^{insurance} policy with us.

HARRY: When did he take it out?

CLERK: April seventeenth of this year.

HARRY: Three weeks ago! How about beneficiaries?

CLERK: Just one. His son, Robert W. Richards.

HARRY: (QUIETLY) Thanks you, Miss. Thank you very much.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~Wise guy, aren't you, Friedenber? You know all the~~
~~answers. "Nice guys don't get killed. Murder always~~
~~follows a formula." Only this time it didn't. ^{your greed killed} ~~this time~~~~
a man got killed -- not for anything he was, not for
anything he did. This time a man got killed just because
a greedy father and his greedy son wanted a corpse. A
man got killed because they thought twenty thousand
dollars was more important than a human life. So, a man
got killed. And because you've been around a long time
and because you've stared face to face with greed and
rubbed elbows with men who were eaten by it, you know
this sordid plan must have started something like this....

(DOOR SLAM)

ROBERT: (CALLING) Hey, Pop, Bill just told me there's a ball game
down at the lot tonight. Wanna take it in?

ANDREW: (GENTLE. SOFT SPOKEN ALWAYS. AN INDULGENT FATHER) Not tonight, I'm afraid, sonny. We've got another game to play tonight.

ROBERT: What do you mean?

ANDREW: Feel like making ten thousand dollars tonight, sonny?

ROBERT: Oh. Isn't it kinda soon, Pop?

ANDREW: Why?

ROBERT: Well, you've only had that policy three weeks, Pop.

ANDREW: (GOOD-NATUREDLY) Is it my fault if I get killed just three weeks after I'm insured?

(THEY LAUGH TOGETHER)

~~ROBERT: No, I guess not. (WHEN) But, Pop, are you sure that~~

ANDREW: (STILL GENTLE) There's just one thing I'm ~~not~~ sure of, sonny. I'm not sure I was smart to go in on this with you. You have too many doubts. But I wanted to give my own son a crack at it. Now, if you don't trust me --

ROBERT: No, no. I trust you Pop.

ANDREW: Good. (LAUGHS) After all, who can you trust, if you can't ~~trust your own father?~~

ROBERT: Who are we gonna--bump off?

ANDREW: Someone the cops'll think is me?

ROBERT: How'll we find him?

ANDREW: Oh, I thought we'd just get in the car and - drive around until we find a likely looking victim. All right?

ROBERT: Okay. Let's go find ourselves a corpse.

(MUSIC: UGLY BRIDGE INTO)

(CAR IN MOTION TO STOP. SLIGHT TRAFFIC B.G.)

ANDREW: Stop here, sonny. This is as good a place as any.

ROBERT: Okay. Let's get out and look around.

(CAR DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE UNDER)

ANDREW: We'll just pick out some guy and strike up a conversation with him, and then -- we'll take him for a little ride in the country.

ROBERT: I get you. Well, what's wrong with that man over there by the curb?

ANDREW: (SOFTLY) Nothing. But don't rush me, sonny.

ROBERT: Why do you have to be choosy?

ANDREW: I don't. But it isn't every day I go shopping for a corpse. I want to take my time and make a good choice.

ROBERT: There's a whole bunch of guys in front of that newsstand there.

ANDREW: So I see. What do you think of the gentleman with the red hair?

ROBERT: Red hair! Are you nuts? You haven't got red hair. The cops'd never think it was you!

ANDREW: After we got through with him? You can't identify *a charred body* ~~sonny~~, sonny.

ROBERT: Oh, yeah. I forgot. Well, then, he'd be okay, I guess.

ANDREW: (STILL THE INDULGENT FATHER) I'll tell you what. You pick someone, sonny. I'll let you do the choosing. Pick anyone you want.

ROBERT: (~~SHORT LAUGH~~) Okay. (DECIDING) Let's see. (BREAKS OFF) Hey, you know something? Makes you feel funny, standing on a street corner, deciding who's gonna get killed and who's not gonna. Makes you feel like *god*.

ANDREW: (PLEASED) Go ahead and pick, sonny.

ROBERT: All right, all right. Lemme decide, Pop.

ANDREW: (MUSING SOFTLY) Remember how you used to pick out the toy you wanted when you were a little feller? You used to say, "Eenie, meenie, minie, mo..."

ROBERT: ~~(LAUGHS)~~ Yeah, that's right. Okay, I'll do it that way. Eenie, meenie, minie, mo, catch a beggar by the toe, if he hollers, let him go, eenie -- meenie -- minie -- no! Okay, that's the one, Pop. The kid in the blue shirt. I pick him.

ANDREW: All right sonny. Let's go invite him for a ride.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

ROBERT: Hey, buddy, got a match?

DAVE: Huh? Oh, a match? Why, sure. Here you are.

ROBERT: Thanks. Cigarette?

DAVE: No thank you. I--(THEN CHANGES MIND. SHYLY) Well, sure. That would be fine.

ANDREW: Nice evening, isn't it?

DAVE: (YOUNG, EAGER, SHY) It sure is. Makes me think of the evenings back home.

ANDREW: Oh, you're a stranger in town?

DAVE: That's right. ^{Yarnie Dave Vintay} I came here to take a job. It's a darn good job but -- well, I get kinda lonesome for home, sometimes.

ANDREW: I know how you feel, *Dave*.

DAVE: Sort of gets you down, you know, when nobody knows you and you don't know anybody.

ANDREW: Sure. I suppose you feel you could just drop out of sight and nobody would know the difference, *mmm?*

DAVE: That's it. And back home, well, there's the folks, and Pete., that's my dog, and well--you know. Home's home. Nice to talk to someone for a change though. Lucky for me you wanted a match.

ANDREW: It's lucky for us, too.

DAVE: I guess maybe you think it's silly for a man to say he's lonely alone in a strange town.

ANDREW: Not at all. - Perfectly natural. Uh, my son and I were just going for a drive in the country. We'd like to have you come along.

DAVE: Oh, no, I couldn't.

ROBERT: Why not?

DAVE: Well, it just doesn't seem right..

ANDREW: Oh, come along ^{Row} Do you good to get out ^{in the country} for a while?

DAVE: Well, I -- (THEN) All right, then. I'd -- I'd like to very much.

ANDREW: Good. My car's just across the street.

DAVE: Oh, there's just one thing. If you don't mind, I'd like to run down to the corner and mail this letter first. It's to my mother. (LITTLE LAUGH) You know how it is.. she worries about me alone in the city. I just want her to know I'm all right.

(MUSIC: HIT HARD AND HOLD UNDER FOR)

DAVE: This sure ~~has been~~ ^{is} nice ~~to~~ ^{live in the country - It's a} ~~be~~ ^{to} appreciate it

~~a lot.~~ ^{treat for me.}
ANDREW: Well, I'm glad ~~you did~~ ^{it is} Now, (EFFORT) Here's another

little treat for you!

DAVE: Hey! What are you doing!

ANDREW: I've got him. Go ahead Sonny!

DAVE: Look, I --

(CRUSHING BLOW)

ANDREW: Again, sonny.

(CRUSHING BLOW)

ANDREW: Again.

(BLOW)

ANDREW: That's it. That's a good boy, sonny.

(MUSIC: UP AND TO CURTAIN)

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 9/8/48
PELL MELL

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

(VIBRAPHONE: SINGLE, OUTSTANDING BONG!)

CHAPPELL: Of all America's leading cigarettes only one is
"Outstanding!" - only one is "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: It's the longer, finer cigarette - 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.

(MORE)

ATX01 0061883

THE BIG STORY 9/8/48
PELL MELL

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL: (CONT'D)

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: ~~Now we return~~ *This is by HARRICE returning* you to your narrator, and the Big Story of Harry Friedenberg, as he lived it, and wrote it.

NARRATOR: You, Harry Friedenberg, of the Boston Traveller, are sick. You are sick with a terrible anger. This isn't the first crime case you've covered. Not by a long shot. But it's the most vicious, inhuman case you've ever covered. A man is dead. You don't know his name. No one does. All you know is that he was a man who committed no crime, who did no evil, but who died because two men needed a corpse -- and it turned out to be him.

(MUSIC: STAB OF TRAGEDY OUT CLEAN)

HARRY: I didn't know I could get so worked up over a case, Captain. But I am.

~~CAPTAIN: We're all worked up over this case, Harry. But we're not getting anywhere and we won't get anywhere until we find out the name of the victim.~~

HARRY: What do we have to go on?

CAPTAIN: Just what we found in the burned car.

HARRY: A memo book and a key, huh?

CAPTAIN: That's right. There's just one other little thing.

~~HARRY: What's that?~~

Well, I've got some news that'll help
CAPTAIN: The boys finally picked up the father, Andrew M. Richards, this morning. He'd been missing since the killing.

HARRY: ~~And you call that a little thing! Why he's the killer!~~
Where is he? Can I talk to him? Where are you holding him?

CAPTAIN: Take it easy, Harry. You sound like a cub on your first assignment.

(CLICK OF SWITCH)

CAPTAIN: (INTO DICTAPHONE) Sergeant, send Richards and his son in now, please.

(CLICK OFF)

CAPTAIN: I had these two men brought in for questioning on the strength of that life insurance policy you dug up, Harry, so I'm going to let you sit in on this preliminary questioning.

HARRY: Thanks, Captain. I appreciate that.

CAPTAIN: Don't expect any newsbreak, though. They'll both deny all knowledge of the crime.

(DOOR OPENS)

HARRY: Deny it? They're guilty as sin!

CAPTAIN: Sure, but -- (BREAKS OFF) Oh, here we are. Thanks, sergeant. All right, Mr. Richards. You and your son come in and sit down, please. (PAUSE) I suppose you know why you're being held.

(PAUSE)

Did you hear me, Mr. Richards? I asked you a question.

ANDREW: (IGNORING HIM) I heard somebody say we were guilty as sin. Didn't you, sonny?

ROBERT: Yeah, Pop. I heard.

CAPTAIN: Well, I'm glad you did. Now, are you two going to make it easy for everybody and confess?

ANDREW: (IGNORING HIM) You know, it's a funny thing, sonny, the ~~and~~ questions a cop can ask.

ROBERT: Yeah. I just noticed, Pop.

CAPTAIN: You gonna make me sweat it out of you!

ANDREW: There's another funny thing, sonny. The dumb threats a cop can make.

ROBERT: Yeah. I noticed that, too.

CAPTAIN: (COLD) You're misleading the boy, Mr. Richards. I think maybe I'd better talk to him alone.

ANDREW: (STILL IGNORING HIM) Then, like I said, sonny, there's the dumb tricks a cop can pull -- like questioning us at separate times, and telling me you confessed, and telling you I confessed.

ROBERT: It won't work with us, Pop.

HARRY: (FLARING) Captain, make them sweat! Make them talk you you! Make them!

CAPTAIN: Easy, Harry. I don't have to make them sweat. I already have enough evidence to send Mr. Richards and his son to the chair.

ANDREW: And the lies. I tell you, sonny, the biggest liars in the world are cops.

CAPTAIN: (SNAPPING) All right, Richards -- that'll do. Take them away, Sergeant.

(DOOR OPEN)

ANDREW: So soon? Looks like the Captain is angry at us, huh, sonny?

ROBERT: Yeah, Pop. It looks that way.

BOTH: (LAUGH UNPLEASANTLY. CUT OFF BY)

(DOOR SLAM)

(TAUT SILENCE. THEN)

HARRY: (BREAKING OUT) Why, those rotten little --

CAPTAIN: (CONTROLLING HIMSELF) Forget it, Harry.

HARRY: (BURNING) Laughing at us. Laughing in our faces!

CAPTAIN: (RUEFULLY) They can afford to laugh. That's the trouble. The prosecuting attorney's going to have a hard time getting a conviction on those two babies. No jury is going to hand out a murder rap when we don't even know the victim's name!

HARRY: (SORE) Listen, Captain...I don't know about a jury, but those two guys deserve the chair. Now, how do I go about making good and sure they get it?

CAPTAIN: *There's only one way*
Find out ~~who~~ *the name of* the murder victim ~~was~~.

HARRY: How? Nothing to go on but that key and the memo book.

CAPTAIN: That's right. A memo book with just one page of notes.. only nobody can make head or tail out of that one page.

HARRY: Let's see it again.

CAPTAIN: Here you are. Your guess is as good as anyone else's.

HARRY: Mmmm. It says "Davis: two and a half. Chandler: one and a quarter. Temple: three and a half."

CAPTAIN: But three and a half what? Two and a half what? That's the question.

HARRY: Could be dollars.

CAPTAIN: Sure, sure. Or it could be watermelons. And what's "Davis" and "Chandler" and "Temple"?

HARRY: Search me.

CAPTAIN: (DISGUSTED) See? It's no good, Harry. It's like looking for a needle in a haystack.

HARRY: Unless you try my idea.

CAPTAIN: What's your idea?

HARRY: Publish a picture of that memo page in the Traveler. Maybe we'll get a bite. Who knows?

(MUSIC: BRIDGE AND HOLD UNDER FOR)

BILL: (FILTER) Mr. Friedenber, I'm calling about that picture of the memo book in the Traveler this morning ---

HARRY: Can you explain what it's all about?

BILL: (FILTER) Sure. It's plain as daylight. The names are the names of freight checkers down here at the railroad yards. The numbers are the number of hours some freight handler worked for each of them.

HARRY: Good man! What's your name, and where are you now?

BILL: (FILTER) Bill Hansen. I'm down at the freight yards.

HARRY: Hold everything, Bill. I'll be right there.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

BILL: See how it works, Mr. Friedenber? Take this notation here. "Davis: two and a half." That means this guy musta worked for Pete Davis for two and a half hours, loading freight. Then, here, where it says "Chandler: one and a quarter?" Well, Chandler's a checker, too. This guy musta worked for him for an hour and a quarter. See?

HARRY: (THOUGHTFULLY) Yeah, I see. O.K., Bill -- Now, we've got to check Davis' list, and Chandler's list and Temple's list for the names of the men who worked these number of hours for them. There shouldn't be too many who worked these shifts for these exact time periods.

BILL: I catch. Then you can boil them names down to the guy who made these notes.

HARRY: That's right.

BILL: Only, then whaddya got?

HARRY: Then, I've got the information that'll send two killers to the chair!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

HARRY: Well, I guess that does it, Bill. According to the way these lists counter-check, the man I want is either Chase, Findley or Vinton. Give me those addresses, huh?

BILL: What for?

HARRY: I'm going to pay a call on each of these three gentlemen. If we've figured right - one of them ain't going to be home. -

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER FOR MONTAGE...)

WOMAN: Mr. Chase? No sir. He ain't home.

HARRY: He's not eh? When did you see him last?

WOMAN: (ALOOF) I don't snoop on my boarders, mister.

HARRY: Listen, lady - this is important. Have you seen Thomas Chase in the last three days?

WOMAN: (WITH A SNIFF) Well, if you must pry - he stopped by the kitchen to borrow the evening paper just last night.

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER FOR)

LANDLORD: Joe Findley? Why, sure, Joe lives here, but he ain't home now.

HARRY: How long since he has been home?

LANDLORD: Coupla minutes. He just stepped down to the corner for a pack of cigarettes.

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER FOR)

LANDLADY: Dave Vinton? Why, yes. He moved in here about two weeks ago.

HARRY: Does he still live here?

LANDLADY: (LITTLE LAUGH) Well, now, you might say - yes, and no.

HARRY: What do you mean, "yes and no?"

LANDLADY: Well, he's all paid up on his rent for another week, so you might say yes. But then, he hasn't been here for three days, so you might say no.

(MUSIC: STING AND CUT OFF)

NARRATOR: Dave Vinton - who hasn't been home for three days - and a body, found three days ago - a body without a name. This, you tell yourself, this is getting close. You try to sound casual -

HARRY: (TRYING TO SOUND CASUAL) Uh - I'd like to have a look at Mr. Vinton's room, if you don't mind.

NARRATOR: She nods, and leads you up the narrow stairway ..

(TWO PAIRS OF FEET ON STAIRWAY)

LANDLADY: This way. Don't know how you'll get in, though. Door to his room's locked.

NARRATOR: Locked. Your hand reaches into your pocket for ^{dead man's} the key you borrowed from Captain Turner. This is it. This is where the trail ends. In front of a locked door. This is where you find out whether or not you have the evidence that will send a father and his son to the electric chair. The key is cold in your hand. You slide it into the lock. If it opens the door - if it works, then - you'll know. (TENSE) You turn the key in the lock.

(CLICK OF BOLT BACK) (Pause)

NARRATOR: It works. You know.

(MUSIC: STING AND CUT OFF SHARP)

(DOOR OPEN)

CAPTAIN: All right, Mr. Richards. You and your son sit down. Close the door, will you Harry?

HARRY: You bet, Captain.

(DOOR CLOSE UNDER)

CAPTAIN: All right, you two. We have the evidence we want now.

ANDREW: (SMILING) The Captain's not very original, is he, sonny?

ROBERT: Naw. He's still in the same old groove, Pop.

CAPTAIN: (ANGRY) Not quite the same old groove. Thanks to some smart reporting.

ANDREW: Smart reporting! Listen to that, sonny. Just like in the movies!

HARRY: (GOLD) That's right, Mr. Richards. Just like in the movies. Now, let me tell you the rest of the story. You know - what the reporter found out.

ANDREW: (LAUGHS) Get this, sonny.

HARRY: Yes, get this, sonny. I found out about a man. A young man. Let me tell you about him. He used to live in a small furnished room in a boarding house, and he was lonely. So lonely he used to go out for long walks in the evenings.

ROBERT: (FRIGHTENED) Pop - what's he talking about?

HARRY: (GOING ON) He used to go for walks in the evening because he wanted to talk to people so he wouldn't be so lonely. He didn't know anybody in the city.

ROBERT: Shut up! Make him shut up, Pop.

HARRY: And then, one night, he met two people - a father - and his son -

ROBERT: (UP) Make him shut up, Pop!

HARRY: (TOPPING HIM. FAST NOW) -- a father and his son who had a car and who asked him to go for a ride in the country -

~~25~~
26
REVISED

ROBERT: No!

~~(PAUSE)~~

HARRY: And he went. Only it turned out to be the last ride
Dave Vinton ever took.

ROBERT: (WHIMPERING) I told you, Pop. I told you they'd find
out his name. It's all your fault.

ANDREW: (QUIET. SNEERING) My fault! Why you yellow little
brat. What kind of a son are you, anyhow? What kind of
a son are you not to stick by your father?

HARRY: He'll stick by you, Mr. Richards. Don't worry. You'll
both be ~~going to the same place~~ together.

(MUSIC: HIT FOR CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from
Harry Friedenber~~g~~ of the Boston Traveler with the final
outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: FANFARE . . .)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0061893

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #76

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

VIBRAPHONE: SINGLE. OUTSTANDING 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.

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. Remember - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0061894

(ORCHESTRA: TAG...)

CHAPPELL: Now, we read you that telegram from Harry Friedenber~~g~~ of the Boston Traveler.

FRIEDENBERG: Sentenced to die in the electric chair, killers in tonight's Big Story became the first father and son in Massachusetts' 308 years of capital punishment to be executed ^{for the same crime.} ~~at the same time.~~ They both went to the chair on the same day. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Friedenber~~g~~ ... 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 Charlotte, North Carolina news - by-line C.A. Paul -- A BIG STORY that reached its climax as a murderer hid in a swamp surrounded by a mob gone mad with the heat.

(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 Gail Ingram. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Alan Hewitt played the part of Harry Friedenberg. 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. Friedenberg.

(MUSIC: - - - THEME UP FULL & FADE)

CHAPPELL: America is now celebrating National Youth Month... Safeguard the future of young Americans by giving them every opportunity to grow into happy, useful citizens. You help do your part - get to know your children - their teachers, their playmates! Remember - today's youngsters are America's future security! This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

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

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #77

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
ANNE	CONSUELA LEMBCKE
WOMAN	CONSUELA LEMBCKE
PAUL	BILL QUINN
OWNER	BILL QUINN
LEWIN	JOE DE SANTIS
MAN II	JOE DE SANTIS
BRAUN	BILL SMITH
TED	BILL SMITH
MUTT	JOHN GIBSON
MAN I	JOHN GIBSON

Canary

Henry Boyd

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1948

ATX01 0061897

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #77

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

SEPTEMBER 15, 1948

WEDNESDAY

CHAPPELL: PELL NELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present...THE BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE... QUICKLY INTO:)

(CRICKETS IN DISTANCE..RADIO SOFTLY PLAYING
LOWDOWN JAZZ..~~HAMMOCK SWAYING SLOWLY...~~...AND A
MAN WALKS SLOWLY AND HEAVILY ONTO THE PORCH..HE
SITS DOWN WITH A DULL THUD: HE IS HOT AND TIRED)

PAUL: (EXHALES) Hot enough night for you Annie?

ANNE: (IN SAME STATE..IRRITABLE - BUT SHE LIKES HER HUSBAND)

Let's don't talk about it - hunh Paul?
PAUL: *This porch is*
~~I'm~~ so hot I could die. (PAUSE) That radio annoy you?

ANNE: No.

PAUL: I can't stand it.

ANNE: Well, shut it off then.

PAUL: I'm too hot to move. Annie, you got to swing that hammock?

ANNIE: That annoy you too? (PAUL: Yeah) Too bad, I suppose the
crickets annoy you too.

PAUL: *Plus produce*
~~I'm~~ so hot I could die.

ANNE: You said that. Why don't you go to bed?

PAUL: It's hotter in there than out here. What a night. ~~Only~~
~~thing that is good for is~~ --

(TWO SHOTS FIRED WAY OFF MIKE)

ANNE: Paul!

PAUL: (CASUAL, TIRED) Ah - backfire - somewheres in the swamp.

ANNE: There's no road that near. That wasn't backfire.

PAUL: Look - I don't care if it was --

(TWO MORE SHOTS..NEARER. THEN A THIRD)

ATX01 0061898

ANNE: That's a gun. Paul, that's a gun!

(HE JUMPS UP)

~~PAUL: (TENSE) All of a sudden it's not hot anymore. All of a sudden I'm remembering I'm a reporter. All of a sudden - Annie, get the car and let's find out. Five shots in the swamp, Annie, that's murder.~~

(MUSIC: -- FULL UP, THEN OUT SHARPLY FOR:)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Here is America: its sound and fury, it's joy and its sorrow, as faithfully reported by the men and women of the great American newspapers. (PAUSE..THEN FLAT) Charlotte, North Carolina, from the front pages of the Charlotte News, the authentic story of murder and a mob and a reporter's race against time. Tonight, to C. A. Paul of the Charlotte News goes the PELL MELL Award for the BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 9/15/48
PELL MELL

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

(VIBRAPHONE: SINGLE, OUTSTANDING BONG!)

CHAPPELL: Of all America's leading cigarettes only one is
"Outstanding!" - only one is "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: It's the longer, finer cigarette - 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
tobaccoes 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!

ATX01 0061900

(MUSIC: THE THEME: HOT, NOT TOO SERIOUS, UP AND UNDER:)

CHAPPELL: And now the story as it actually happened: C.A. Paul's story as he lived it. Charlotte, North Carolina.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER FOR:)

NARR: It had never been hotter. The flat, sweaty hand of summer had pressed down on you and the whole city of Charlotte for six weeks without a letup. Nerves were tense and energies low. *And at this particular moment* ~~In a way you kind of liked it because when nerves were stretched tight as rubber bands, almost to the breaking point, you got to see what people were really like - and you enjoyed that~~ you, C. A. Paul, reporter for the Charlotte News, reporter and amateur psychologist, ~~you like knowing what made people tick. And yet we've ever called you by your first name~~ ~~this particular moment you receive a little human understanding (also a healthy stomach) for~~ you stand in the morgue with your friend Sgt. Joey Lewin, of Homicide, and look at the remains of a man picked up in the swamp with five bullets in his head -- the same five shots you heard just off the Old Gastonia Road, near the Catawba River. The morgue is a hotbox.

LEWIN: (DRYLY HUMOROUS..NOW USING THE CLICHE) Is it hot enough for you, Paul?

PAUL: (IRONIC) Ha, ha - sarge, very funny.

LEWIN: Gimme a cigarette.

PAUL: Help yourself.

LEWIN: Match. (PAUL: Here) Light it will you?

PAUL: You want me to smoke it for you, too?

LEWIN: You are hot.

PAUL: Yeah. Not a pretty sight.

LEWIN: Five bullets in the head'll disfigure any man. I suppose you want the facts, Paul?

PAUL: Yeah and gimme back my matches, sarge.

LEWIN: Name of Jeff Livingston: taxi driver. Drove one of them Blue Top cabs. You know, a quarter a ride anywheres in town.

PAUL: You figure it as a holdup and killing?

LEWIN: Mmm hm. Probably got all of ten dollars off him, the killer. They don't let those drivers carry too much loose change.

PAUL: Ten bucks. Amazing what people will do.

LEWIN: I'm only guessing ten, might have been five. I figure the killer made him drive out the Old Gastonia Road to the marsh and then in the peace and quiet did it.

PAUL: Got anything on him - the killer?

LEWIN: It would fit in your eye and wouldn't bother you.

PAUL: Like what, sergeant?

LEWIN: I figure the murder a little guy - five feet, five feet one.

PAUL: How do you figure that?

LEWIN: Footprints, angle the bullets entered the head - but nothing to go on really.

PAUL: There's maybe five thousand people in town that tall.

LEWIN: At least...(PAUL: So?) So I got a special box called File and Forget. Oh, we'll investigate sure, but brother in this heat and with that little to go on --

PAUL: I get you.

LEWIN: Gimme another cigarette, will you? (PAUL: Here.) And a match. Go ahead, light it.

PAUL: (ANNOYED) Want me to smoke it for you too?

LEWIN: (PLACATING) You better do what I'm gonna do, Paul. Get in a tub, turn on the fan and - file and forget.

(MUSIC: UP TIRED AND HOT, UNDER:)

NARR: You write your story - front page - (murder always is) - but the next day it's almost forgotten. Too hot to think about anything, even murder, Charlotte, North Carolina (including you) forgets about it, everybody does. They do until, early one morning---

(SHRILL PHONE - TWICE)

ANNE: (SLEEPY) Paul. Paul! Wake up!

PAUL: (SAME) What - what's a matter with you?

ANNE: The phone's ringing.

PAUL: I hear it. ~~He'll~~ ^{you} answer it.

ANNE: You answer it.

PAUL: What time is it? -- Two o'clock! and hot!

ANNE: Answer it!

(HE ANSWERS IT)

PAUL: ^{oh} Hello.

LEWIN: (FILTER, SLOW BUT URGENCY IN IT) Paul?

PAUL: Who is this?

LEWIN: Hot enough for you, Paul?

PAUL: (AWAKE) Sarge? That you Sgt. Lewin?

LEWIN: That's right. Hot, isn't it?

PAUL: What's the matter?

LEWIN: Thought you might like to know (you're still on the Blue Top killing, aren't you?)

PAUL: (IMPATIENT) Sarge, what happened?

LEWIN: Another one, get over to City Hospital, Emergency Ward 2.

And you better move, Paul. ~~I don't think the guy can hang on more than an hour.~~

PAUL: Thanks, sarge.

LEWIN: Oh, Paul --

PAUL: Yeah?

LEWIN: Bring along some cigarettes, will you?

(MUSIC: UP QUICKLY INTO:)

LEWIN: (QUIET SCENE) *This way, Paul: Paul: Ok Sarge (Pause)* Now just talk slowly, cable. Braun's your name?

BRAUN: (DYING BUT DOESN'T KNOW IT. HAS SOME VIGOR) That's right. Vic Braun. I drove him to the marsh, this fellow. He told me to get out and then he said "Gimme the money you got."

LEWIN: (~~SOTTO. OVER BRAUN~~) ~~Listen to this Paul: human nature~~

BRAUN: I gave him all I had. \$1.75. (I had a bad night.) He took it and swore at me and said I had more. (PAUL: Did you?) No. He searched me. That's all I had. A buck seventy five. So he said get back in the car.

LEWIN: (~~SAME SOTTO~~) ~~Listen, --~~

BRAUN: Then he made me drive him to a place, a shack, ~~I guess it~~ ~~was his place~~ in the woods --

PAUL: Where was it?

BRAUN: Bout a quarter mile from the marsh - right on the edge. Just a wooden shack. Nobody else was there but I seen clothes in the closet and a birdcage - there was no bird, just a cage in the kitchen.

PAUL: Oh, you went in the shack?

BRAUN: Yeah, he made me stand in the kitchen while he ate. He fixed some ham and made a sandwich --

PAUL: How do you like that?

BRAUN: Then he made me go back to the car and drive out to the marsh again and that's where he did it. He said "Start running" and I did. He fired 5, 6 times. (LOW) He hit me twice.

PAUL: ~~How'd you get to the hospital?~~

BRAUN: ~~I crawled onto the road and a car come by and it follow
picked me up. I'd a died out there on the road if --~~

LEWIN: ~~Take it easy, Sellow. But~~ you had a good look at him?

BRAUN: Yeah. I seen him in the house plain as you. He was a short guy and kind of big shoulders, had a squooshed-in face, like a piano fell on it or something. (FLARES) Sergeant, find him, will you. He tried to --

LEWIN: Just take it easy. Get some sleep, Braun. We'll take care of it.

(FEW STEPS TO MOVE FROM BRAUN)

LEWIN: You know this town, Paul. Who's 5 one, big shoulders, looks like a piano fell on his face?

PAUL: (THINKING) Gee, I don't know, Sarge, it could be anybody -- you got an idea?

LEWIN: There's a filling station out Wilkinson Blvd. Two months back - remember a little story you wrote -- mechanic got into a fight with --

PAUL: (EXCITED) Hey, wait a minute -- Could it be Mutt Sager!

LEWIN: That's the name. You think it and I think it. Mutt Sager.

PAUL: Did you check him?

LEWIN: I checked him. Nowhere's around. Last time he was seen was six days ago. Somebody saw him hail a cab on the Old Gastonia Road.

PAUL: And he's nowhere around. That's the guy then.

LEWIN: I think so. The only thing is -- trying to find a guy when he don't want to be found -- that's a big job.

PAUL: Yeah.

LEWIN: Specially when he killed two men.

PAUL: Two? You mean Braun's --

LEWIN: (CUTS IN) In 30 minutes Braun's a dead man.

PAUL: No chance?

LEWIN: Not one in ten million. Paul, I need help. A guy like you - knows people, knows where a guy might hide out. You see, if I don't find him in oh - two, three days - there's gonna be real trouble.

PAUL: What kind of trouble?

LEWIN: I wouldn't like to say. Only people have been known to take the law in their own hands when - when the police are too slow. Especially about murders.

PAUL: Ohhh.

LEWIN: Cigarette, Paul.

PAUL: (THINKING ABOUT WHAT LEWIN HAS SAID) Sure.

LEWIN: Match, Paul.

PAUL: Hey, that would be bad, that would be real bad, wouldn't it. sarge?

LEWIN: That's right. Hey, how about that match?

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: There are words you don't like to hear or think about: "people have been known to take the law into their own hands" -- but in the next few days, you, C. A. Paul of the Charlotte News have to think about them, because...

OWNER: (ANGRY) Sergeant --

LEWIN: Yes, Mr. Smathers --

OWNER: Look, sergeant. I own the Blue Top Taxi Company. In the past two days do you know how many people have ridden in my cabs after 6 p.m.? Not one. Do you know why?

LEWIN: (WEARY) Yes, I know why.

OWNER: Because the police of this city are incompetent, because two of my drivers have been killed and nothing's been done about it. What are you going to do?

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER:)

WOMAN: Emmy-Lou - now you get in the house and stay there. It's getting dark. Do you want to get yourself killed like those two men in the marsh?

(MUSIC: SEVERER STING AND UNDER:)

(AD LIBS - ANGRY)

MAN: Why don't we do something? Four days and the killer still loose. What are we waiting for?

(AD LIBS - ANGRY)

(MUSIC: STING AGAIN AND UNDER:)

NARR: And so you, C. A. Paul, a man who likes law and order and who likes to find out what makes people tick -- say to your wife on the very hot night, just 5 days after the second murder in the marsh off the Old Gastonia Road.

PAUL: Annie - something has come over this town - there's fear here in Charlotte and more than fear - Hate. Annie, I'm gonna see if I can't head off that ~~heat~~^{Hate} and that ~~heat~~^{fear}

ANNIE: Please Paul - please do it! It's the heat -- heat does things to people. Crazy things.

(MUSIC: UP FULL FOR CURTAIN)

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

(MUSIC: PANFARE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 9/15/48
PELL MELL

-11-

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

(VIBRAPHONE: SINGLE, OUTSTANDING BONG!)

CHAPPELL: Of all America's leading cigarettes only one is
"Outstanding!" - only one is "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: It's the longer, finer cigarette - 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.

HARRICE: Of all America's leading cigarettes only one is
"Outstanding!" - only one is "Outstanding!"

(MORE)

ATX01 0061908

THE BIG STORY 9/15/48
PELL MELL

-12-

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL (CONTD)

CHAPPELL: The longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES....

"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0061909

(MUSIC: INTRO AND UNDER)

ANNOR: *There is a Harry returning*
~~Now we return~~ you to your narrator and the BIG STORY of

C. A. Paul, as he lived it and wrote it...

NARR: It's hotter now, much hotter - because it isn't only the heat from the sun that you feel, C. A. Paul, reporter for the Charlotte News -- there's a human heat, animal heat, that's come over your town. There's fear in Charlotte and worse than fear - hate. And you've decided to try to track down a murderer the police can't find -- to head off that fear and that hate. So you go back to your old columns and find a story about Mutt Sager, the murderer who's hiding somewhere in Charlotte, you think, you go back to a piece you wrote about him. *and read it*

PAUL: (READING) Sager, a short, broad-shouldered man, formerly employed in a filling station, smashed his employers face with a fist the size of a cabbage. He got 60 days for it - but the only thing that bothered him during those 2 months in jail was the state of health of his canaries. Mutt Sager loves canaries. He owned 10, gotten from his brother's pet shop on Tryon Street."

(MUSIC: CURIOUS AND UNDER)

NARR: A killer, a brute of a man, who stops off before murder to eat a ham sandwich and who likes canaries. Human nature. So you decide to stop in on Mutt Sager's brother, who runs the pet shop on Tryon Street.

(A TINKLE BELL ON THE DOOR..CANARIES AND OTHER SOUNDS IN)

TED: Good day.

PAUL: Sager, I'm Paul of the News.

TED: Oh, yes, Mr. Paul. Oh, I like your pieces, Mr. Paul -- but you're not writing that nice column any more are you?

PAUL: No, just straight reporting now.

TED: Too bad, too bad. I always did enjoy --

PAUL: (LITTLE URGENT) Lock Sager, I --

TED: I know, I know. You want to buy a bird - a canary?

PAUL: No, not a bird. (PAUSE)(FLAT) Where's Mutt?

TED: (EASILY) You know he hasn't been in for over a week and - as a matter of fact I've been wondering what happened to him myself. Goldfish, it's goldfish, you want -- I have the most remarkable new strain --

PAUL: Not fish either. (PATIENTLY) Sager, where is Mutt?

TED: (REALLY HONEST NOW) I don't know, Mr. Paul. I honestly don't. Since this - this terrible thing happened and --

PAUL: Where is he hiding? If anybody'd know, you'd know. (PAUSE) Sager, who's taking care of his canaries?

TED: Believe me, Mr. Paul, I don't know. I don't know where he is.

PAUL: Look, Sager - you love your brother, I know you do. He killed two men. You know that too. Now just think -- if a posse is formed and they go out and find him -- they'll shoot him down like a dog.

TED: (LOW) I know.

PAUL: They may - I'm not saying they will, but they may - do something to you -- or your family --

TED: I know.

PAUL: When it's as hot as this and - people got guns in their hands -- you can't be sure what'll happen.

TED: I think he's in the marsh.

PAUL: Where?

TED: I don't know. If I know I'd talk to him, but - I don't think he'll give himself up, Mr. Paul.

PAUL: Look. If you see him -- if somehow you can get word to him -- tell him it would be better for everybody if he gave himself up.

TED: I'll try. But I don't think it'll work.

PAUL: They're gonna form that posse by noon tomorrow the latest.

TED: (THINKING) Noon tomorrow. Thanks. (PAUSE..THEN) You know, Mr. Paul -- those canaries Mutt had --

PAUL: Yes --

TED: They died. The canaries died. That's how I know he did it. Only something terrible like that would keep him away from his birds. Noon tomorrow you said. Thank you.

(MUSIC: UP IN SUSPENSE AND INTO)

LEWIN: Paul --

PAUL: Yes, sarge --

LEWIN: I'd give a thousand dollars and a couple of years of my life if -- if Mutt Segor'd turn himself in.

PAUL: The posse?

LEWIN: Yeah, the posse. Look out the window. How many out there - 90 men - shotguns and rifles and who knows what else they've got. -- once they get started nothing will stop them. Couldn't you get a thing out of his brother?

PAUL: You could put it in your eye and it wouldn't bother you -

(LARGE DOOR OPENS OFF)

MAN I: Sgt. Lewin! (LITTLE OFF)

LEWIN: Yeah -

MAN I: The posse's formed and ready.

LEWIN: That posse will leave when I tell it to. Not before.

MAN I: We won't wait much longer. ~~How long?~~ *When do we start?*

LEWIN: Uh - about two hours --

MAN I: All right - it's 12:15 now. 2 o'clock we start - with you
or without you.

LEWIN: All right. 2 o'clock. Close the door.

MAN I: All right, sergeant, I'll close the door.

(THE DOOR CLOSSES)

LEWIN: (A CURSE) That Posse, ^{Paul} What can we do in two hours?

PAUL: I don't know.

(PHONE RINGS. IT'S ANSWERED)

LEWIN: Police headquarters. Sgt. Lewin..just a second. It's for
you.

PAUL: Hello? Yes, this is Mr. Paul -- who? (TO LEWIN) Ted Sager.

(TENSE) Yes. Sager. Okay. Good. Thanks.

(PHONE UP)

LEWIN: Well -- ?

PAUL: He thinks he's got something. Says get over to his
store fast as we can

(MUSIC: SPEED INTO...)

(THE TINKLE OF THE DOOR OF TED'S STORE)

TED: Oh, Mr. Paul. I'm glad you got here so quickly.

PAUL: You know Sgt. Lewin.

TED: Yes. You know the shack in the woods.

PAUL: Yes.

TED: He may be out there. My mother was there and she -

PAUL: She what?

TED: She left some food there for Mutt and - he may be there
sating.

LEWIN: How do ^{we} you know? Paul, how do we know this isn't something fishy? ~~Something at?~~ ^{A name - like?}

PAUL: We haven't got time to find out. Will you take us to the shack?

TED: Yes - if you want to go - but - he can't go, the sergeant.

LEWIN: I can't go?

TED: Oh, no - if Mutt was to see a policeman - he might do anything. But if you were to talk to him, Mr. Paul, he might listen.

LEWIN: I can't let you take that chance --

PAUL: Sarge, let me take it. I think I know this man. Ted's right. If Mutt saw you - he'd either shoot the bunch of us - or - dive right back into the marsh. Then ~~there~~ ^{the} posse'd have a field day.

LEWIN: I won't stay behind and let you go in after him alone.

PAUL: Look. The three of us'll drive out toward the shack. We stop a couple of hundred yards away. You stay in the car, sarge - I'll go in and talk to Mutt. If anything happens, you'll be near enough. Okay?

LEWIN: I don't like it, but - okay.

PAUL: Sager --

TED: Yes, Mr. Paul.

PAUL: Take along a bird cage with a canary in it. I got an idea.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The car races out the Old Gastonia Road, races - but not fast enough - because in an hour the posse's going to move. Finally you all get there - You stop in the car as you see the shack and you get out. As you start for the little wooden building, Sgt. Lowin puts his hand on your shoulder and says --

LEWIN: Paul, I hope it's not too hot for you --

NARR: But it is hot -- it's so hot, the birdcage you're carrying almost burns your hand. But you forget that very quickly as you come to the shack - because inside you see a short, broad-shouldered man sitting quietly eating a ham sandwich--

(SHACKDOOR OPENS..A FEW STEPS ON..USE CANARY EFFECT WHERE EFFECTIVE)

PAUL: Hello, Mutt.

MUTT: (EATING) Huh? What do you want? Say, who are you? ^{kid?} (THEN PLEASANTLY) What you got there?

PAUL: A canary, Mutt.

MUTT: Bring it over, here. (PAUSE FOR MOVEMENT) Hey, he's nice. Yours?

PAUL: Nope.

MUTT: Whose is it?

PAUL: Yours.

MUTT: Hey, who are you?

PAUL: Paul's my name, C. A. Paul -- from the News, the paper.

MUTT: No kidding, for me -- the canary?

PAUL: If you want it. (PAUSE) You got a gun, Mutt?

MUTT: (CASUAL) No. I threw it in the marsh. What's his name?

PAUL: Call it anything you like. (THEN) Mutt, they're going to get you. There's a posse coming to get you.

MUTT: (DRY) I know. I heard.

PAUL: That can be a bad thing, Mutt. They'll put the dogs after you -- there's 90 men, Mutt. They're going to go through the marsh like a rake, like a hot rake. That can be bad.

MUTT: You think they'd do that?

PAUL: There's your mother to think about, Mutt - and your brother, too. Posse's sometimes do crazy things.

MUTT: I heard of that.

PAUL: Mutt - it's wot out there, in the marsh, at night - isn't it? Wet and lonely and -- I remember I spent one night in the marsh couple of years ago -- I near went out of my skin.

MUTT: (THINKING IT OVER HARD) The crickets are loud. You never know how loud till you spend a night in the middle of them. And the snakes.

PAUL: (GENTLE) The posse's coming with the dogs and shotguns -- they might get you by tonight. And if they don't, the crickets'll be there and the snakes, Mutt and it's lonely. It's you all alone. (THEN) He's a pretty fellow, isn't he Mutt -- the canary? He sings good, doesn't he?

(PAUSE)

MUTT: You know the county lockup, the jail there?

PAUL: Yeah.

MUTT: That's a wooden building. The cell's on the ground floor.

PAUL: I know.

MUTT: A posse could come in there easy as in the marsh. Could I get put in the Big Rock Jail - the new one? Where they couldn't get -- where the posse couldn't come?

PAUL: I could take care of that, Mutt.

MUTT: And could I - could I have the bird with me?

PAUL: You could keep the bird with you all the time. I guarantee it.

(PAUSE)

MUTT: I'll go with you. But don't forget what you said.

PAUL: I promise.

MUTT: I'm pretty tired hiding out and that's a nice bird -- well, let's go.

PAUL: Don't you want to finish your sandwich?

MUTT: Yeah, I'd like to. Can I?

PAUL: Sure, Mutt, sure. Go ahead. Finish your sandwich first.

(MUSIC: UP..SUSTAIN THEN INFO)

(CRICKETS..LAZY MUSIC..~~HANDS~~ SWINGING..UNDER)

LEWIN: And on the way back, Annie, your husband, that intrepid psychologist reporter got a full confession.

ANNIE: Not a bad day's work for a psychologist, huh sergeant?

LEWIN: Not bad at all.

ANNE: Paul --

PAUL: (BACK TO THE FIRST SCENE..TIRED...HOT) Hmm?

ANNE: Did he have a gun?

PAUL: He said he throw it in the marsh.

ANNE: Did you check to make sure?

PAUL: Did I --? No, I didn't -- (EXCITED) Hey, Sarge, do you realize that guy might have had a gun and -- I never thought he might be lying --

LEWIN: Calm down, Paul. The man's in the jail -- the big rock
one like you promised him -- with his canary. He can't
do anything now. Should I tell you something funny?

PAUL: What?

LEWIN: He did have a gun. He gave it to me in the car going back.

PAUL: No!

LEWIN: Yeah. Take it easy, Paul. Sit down and swing the hammock
some more and Paul -- have a cigarette on me.

PAUL: (THINKING ABOUT HIS ESCAPE) Yeah --

LEWIN: And a match -- here --

(STRIKES IT)

LEWIN: Here take a light. Do you want me to smoke it for you, too?

PAUL: (LAUGHS SELF-CONSCIOUSLY AND IN RELIEF) That's a joke,
Annie, between the sarge and me -- he's always asking me --

ANNE: Yes, I know -- Tell me, Paul (CLOSE) Paul is it hot enough
for you?

(MUSIC: _ UP TO CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from C. A.
Paul of the Charlotte News with the final outcom. of
tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: _ FANFARE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

(VIBRAPHONE: SINGLE, OUTSTANDING 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.

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. Remember -
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -

"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(ORCHESTRA: TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now, we read you that teletogram from C. A. Paul of the Charlotte News.

PAUL: As a witness to the confession of the killer in tonight's Big Story, I testified at his trial, which resulted in a death sentence. Killer was executed in the State's Gas Chamber. My sincere thanks for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Paul...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 Pittsburgh Post - Gazette - by-line Harry Kodinsky -- a BIG STORY about a reporter who was held up by a madman...in a police station.

(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 Bill Quinn played the part of C. A. Paul. 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. Paul.

(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
9/3/48 pm

ATX01 0061921

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #78

REVISED

AS BROADCAST

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
FRANK	BOB SLOANE
HARRY KODINSKY	JIMMY McCALLION
JOHN	JIMMY McCALLION
FRED MORIARTY	LARRY HAINES
WALSH	LARRY HAINES
LOUISE	RUTH SHAFER
MARILYN	RUTH SHAFER
MARY	RITA ASCOT
AGATHA	RITA ASCOT
WOMAN	JOAN ALEXANDER
LOLA	JOAN ALEXANDER
BAKER	BILL SMITH
BERT	BILL SMITH
STEVE	MANDEL KRAMER
WHALEN	MANDEL KRAMER

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1948

ATX01 0061922

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#78

MAX EHRLICH

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

SEPTEMBER 22, 1948

WEDNESDAY

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

(LIGHT TRAFFIC SOUNDS OFF)

WOMAN: (TICKET-TAKER) How many?

MARILYN: I'll have one, in the balcony please.

WOMAN: (A BEAT) Listen, ^{girlie} ~~honey~~, aren't you a little young to be going to a movie now?

MARILYN: Oh, I'm not so young. I'm twelve..going on thirteen.

WOMAN: Well, maybe you'd run along home anyway. You see, you won't get out until after dark, and anyway, you won't like the pictures we have. They're both ^{scary} ~~scary pictures~~

MARILYN: Oh, I don't mind.

WOMAN: You don't?

MARILYN: Oh no. That's why I came. I just love scary pictures!

(~~A STIFFED UP AND LING~~)

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER FOR)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Here in 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) Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. From the pages of the Post-Gazette, the authentic story of a reporter who got himself a blind date..with murder. Tonight, to Harry Kodinsky of the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette, goes the PELL MELL Award for the BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0061923

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #78

OPENING COMMERCIAL

VIBRAPHONE: SINGLE, OUTSTANDING BONG!

CHAPPELL: Of all America's leading cigarettes only one is
"Outstanding!" - only one is "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: It's the longer, finer cigarette - 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!

ATX01 0061924

(MUSIC: -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER FCR) --

CHAPPELL: Now, the story as it actually happened...Harry Kodinsky's story as he lived it...Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

NARR: You are Harry Kodinsky of the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette, and here it is, your night off. And what a night, what a night! As you leave the city room, you look out the window, and there's a full July moon tinting the smokestacks with eerie gold, and a warm and sensuous breeze eddying in through the window, and somehow, the next thing you know, you're on the phone.

you make a date with a certain blonde nurse at Braddock Gen. Hospital and a couple of hours later you're waiting for your date near the hospital switchboard when...

HARRY: ~~(HE HUMS A TUNE "THE NIGHT WAS YOUNG, AND YOU WERE BEAUTIFUL")~~

MARY: ~~(FILTER) Braddock General Hospital..Nurses' Home...~~

HARRY: ~~Hello, Mary. Let me talk to Louise Miller, will you?~~

MARY: ~~Oh. Just one moment, Mr. Kodinsky..(CLICK)~~

HARRY: ~~(HUMS A COUPLE OF MORE BARS)~~

LOUISE: ~~(FILTER) Hello.~~

HARRY: ~~Louise. Harry.~~

LOUISE: ~~Hello, Harry.~~

HARRY: ~~Busy?~~

LOUISE: ~~Well, I..~~

HARRY: ~~There's a beautiful moon shining over the Monongahela tonight.~~

LOUISE: ~~(SMILE) Is there?~~

HARRY: ~~Beautiful. Today was payday, and tonight I'm a millionaire.~~
Just say the word and the world is yours. How about it
Louise?

LOUISE: (LAUGHS) Harry, you fool!

HARRY: Date?

LOUISE: Well....

HARRY: Swell! Pick you up at nine!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You've spent a month promoting this particular dream, and
obviously, tonight's the night. So you put on that fresh
palm beach suit, those new two tone shoes, and that
expensive tie, and heigh-ho, heigh-ho, off you go, to
Braddock General Hospital. And then, just as you're
~~standing near the receptionist's switchboard waiting for~~
~~him to call...~~

(BUZZ ON SWITCHBOARD)

MARY: Braddock General Hospital. Who? Yes, sir, he's here.
One moment, please. (TO HARRY) For you, Mr. Kodinsky.

~~HARRY: For me?~~

MARY: ~~What?~~ I think it's your editor, Mr. Walsh.

~~HARRY: But nobody knows I'm here, Mary.~~

~~MARY: He does, and he sounds in an awful hurry. Better take...~~

HARRY: *Thanks Mary*
(INTO PHONE) Hello..

WALSH: (FILTER) Harry, Bill..

~~HARRY: How did you know I was here?~~

WALSH: ~~Where else would you be on a night like this? At the public~~
~~library? Anyway, I heard you call that nurse. Now, listen,~~
~~Harry, I've got an assignment for you..~~

HARRY: This is my night off, and I've got a date!

WALSH: (IRRITATED) Look, I ~~haven't time to discuss your love life~~
~~right now~~ I'm short-handed and you're in Braddock, ~~right~~
~~across the river from Duquesne.~~

HARRY: ~~Yeah, but...~~

WALSH: ~~Sure, but...~~ We've just got an anonymous phone tip. There's
across the river
been some shooting in Duquesne. ~~No address. They're short~~
~~handed on the river in Duquesne, and they're surrounding~~
~~the support police.~~ Now get over there right away, and
check...

HARRY: But Bill...

WALSH: And call me back the minute you have something!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: So...you stand up your beautiful blonde, and start to move.
As you ~~pass~~ *drive across* the Rankin bridge, turn left, and climb the
winding hillside to Duquesne, you curse your craft, the
Post-Gazette, and three times ~~over~~ *you editor* Bill Walsh. You roll
into a dark and dingy section of Duquesne and suddenly you
see a man walking along a deserted street. You can't see
his face in the darkness, but you figure you'll ask him
if he's heard anything about the shooting..

(CAR ROLLING TO STOP)

(STEPS COMING UP ON SIDEWALK)

HARRY: Hey, Mister!

(STEPS STOP)

FRED: (JUMPY) What is it? What do you want?

HARRY: I only wanted to ask you whether...

FRED: (INTERRUPTS) Get out of that car!

HARRY: What?

FRED: (HARSH) Get out of that car, and put your hands up!

HARRY: ~~What is this, a stickup...?~~

FRED: ~~Do as I say, or I'll blow your brains out!~~

HARRY: ~~Okay, okay!.~~

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

FRED: Now step closer, Buddy, so I can see you.

(A COUPLE OF STEPS)

HARRY: I don't know what this is about but..(CUTS) Moriarty!

Patrolman Fred Moriarty!

FRED: Oh. It's you, Kodinsky!

HARRY: (SIGH OF RELIEF) Yeah. And a fine sweat you gave me, too!

Here I am, a reporter, being held up by Duquesne's only

night cop! *Yeah and the guy they call the friendly cop.*

FRED: (NERVOUSLY) Sorry, Kodinsky.. ~~I'm on edge, I guess.~~

Didn't know it was you. I..

HARRY: What's the matter with you, Moriarty? What are you so

trigger happy about?

FRED: I..there's a hoodlum here in town. He's threatened to get

me...to go gunning for me..

HARRY: A hoodlum, eh? Who?

FRED: Name's Lester. Steve Lester..

HARRY: Wait a minute. We got a tip that there was some shooting

here in Duquesne. Know anything about it, Fred?

FRED: No. No, Kodinsky. Haven't heard anything. ~~But maybe~~

~~there's been some shooting here.~~

HARRY: Why not jump in the car and we'll have a look around...?

FRED: No. You go ahead. I've got some ~~business~~ business..

to take care of.
~~with a car.~~

(MUSIC: ~~UP AND~~ UP AND ~~WINDS~~ out)

NARR: ~~You know Patrolman Fred Moriarty slightly. He's been around for years, and they call him "The friendly cop." Anyway you watch him disappear down the dark street, and a little bewildered, you drive on. Three or four streets later, you see a crowd of people, standing before a house, staring at it. You get out, and talk to one of the onlookers..~~

(CROWD MURMUR UNDER)

ad lib

can slow - stop - door open

HARRY: (QUICK) My name's Kodinsky. Reporter, Post-Gazette. What's happened here?

BAKER: We heard some shots in that house.

HARRY: Shots?

BAKER: ~~Three~~ *two* of 'em. You see, I live next door. Name's Baker. Anyway, my little girl Marilyn and I heard ~~three~~ *two* shots and...

HARRY: Well? What happened? Who got shot?

BAKER: I don't know. Nobody's gone into the house to look...

HARRY: What!

BAKER: Don't look at me like that, Mister. I ain't taking any chances. What this town needs is more policemen. The killer may still be in there...

HARRY: You mean to say people may be dead in there...dying... needing help...and you're waiting...? (CUTS) Who live here?

BAKER: A widow named Agatha Norton.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You walk up to the front door. And strangely, Baker follows you. The gooseflesh jumps out all over you, your blood chills like jelly. You're scared..you're plenty scared.

(MORE)

NARR: Maybe Baker's right. Maybe the killer is still in there...
(CONTD) but you go ahead..you rub your sweaty palm on your ~~fore~~^{new}
~~palm beach~~ suit and open the door..

(DOOR OPENS)

(A PAUSE)

NARR: There's no sound..nothing, You ^{both} go ahead...

(STEPS ON FLOOR, THEN STEPS STOP ABRUPTLY. A

G/ GASP)

BAKER: Kodinsky!

HARRY: What is it, Baker?

BAKER: I...I just stepped on something.

HARRY: Switch on the light.

(CLICK)

BAKER: (BREATHES) Good Lord!

HARRY: Who's this?

BAKER: The widow...Mrs. Norton. Kodinsky, is she..

HARRY: Yeah. You can bet on it. One bullet through the head.
But there were ² three shots. (PAUSE) What's that room,
there?

BAKER: Kitchen...

HARRY: Let's go..

(STEPS AGAIN. STOP.)

(DOOR OPENS)

(GASP) Another body. A slug..through the head. Know him,
Baker?

BAKER: I....I...

HARRY: (SNAPS) Pull yourself together, Baker. Who is it?

BAKER: Mrs. Norton's son....John.

phototape

HARRY: (LOW) I see. A sweet mess. (RAPIDLY) Baker, listen.
I want you to do something for me. Where's the nearest
phone?

BAKER: Down at ~~Killer's~~ *the* grocery store, about a block from here.

HARRY: All right. Go there. Phone the Post-Gazette. Tell them
to send up a photographer. Tell 'em to call the District
Attorney's office and send some men out here. Got that?

BAKER: Yes. Yes, I guess so..

MARILYN: (OFF) Daddy! Daddy!

HARRY: Who's that?

BAKER: It's my daughter, Marilyn. She...

MARILYN: (COMING ON) Daddy, they told me you were in here with the
man from the newspaper. I got something to tell you,
Daddy..

BAKER: What is it, honey?

MARILYN: I heard another shot.

HARRY: Where?

MARILYN: *I think* It came from Mr. Lester's house.

HARRY: Steve Lester?

MARILYN: Yes.

HARRY: Marilyn, I have a car outside. Will you show me where
Mr. Lester lives?

MARILYN: Oh, I'll be glad to.

BAKER: Kodinsky...look...

HARRY: Don't worry, Baker. I won't take her right up to the house.
You go ahead, and make that phone call. Come on, Marilyn.

MARILYN: Isn't this exciting?

~~(A GIRL SCOOLES UP AND INTO)~~

(MUSIC: _ UP AND UNDER)_

NARR: You drive down Ervin Street, and you figure, Moriarty and this Steve Lester went gunning for each other..and one of them got it, but who? And meanwhile, this kid beside you, with curly golden hair and the wide blue eyes, chatters about, of all things...

(CAR UNDER)

MARILYN: The movies! Oh, I love them. I could go all the time if Daddy and Mother would give me the money. ~~Of course, I know they're all fake, but they seem so real, don't they? Now, you take that picture with Gary Grant and Myrna Loy..~~

HARRY: Where's the house the shot came from, Marilyn?

MARILYN: Oh. It's down that dirt road..the red house, see it?

(CAR SLOWS TO STOP. MOTOR OFF)

HARRY: You stay here, Marilyn. Don't leave this car, understand?

MARILYN: Oh, yes, sir!

(CAR DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS)

HARRY: And if I don't come back in a little while, you run and get someone to come over here.

MARILYN: All right, I will. My, isn't this thrilling? Just like

~~the movies~~
~~gangster pictures, isn't it?~~
(~~SOUND EFFECTS AND MUSIC~~)

(MUSIC: _ UP AND UNDER)_

NARR: You creep into the house, expecting to find another corpse. You do. It isn't Patrolman Moriarty, so it must be Steve Lester. You get out of there in a hurry, drop your movie-mad little friend, and look for a nearby phone. You find it in the empty police station in Duquesne City Hall. And just as you're about to call the office..

(DOOR OPENS OFF)

HARRY: Who's that? Who's there?

(FOOTSTEPS COME IN SLOWLY, THEN STOP)

HARRY: Oh. It's you, Moriarty. ^{the} ~~we've~~ been looking all over for you..

FRED: Have you?

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

HARRY: I was just going to call my office when..

FRED: Put down that phone.

HARRY: What?

FRED: (FLARES) Put down that phone, I said!

HARRY: (SLOWLY) All right, Moriarty..

(RECEIVER ON HOOK)

HARRY: But what are you pulling a gun on me for? I..

FRED: Now put out that desk light. (A BEAT, THEN FRED EXPLODES INTO JITTERY HYSTERIA) Put out that light, d'ya hear? You want me to blast your head off? ^{do you?} ~~to blast your brains out~~ ~~me?~~ I did it before, see? I did it three times, I'm a killer three times over, Kodinsky, ~~see~~ what's one more ~~or~~ ~~or~~? What difference does it make now?

HARRY: (SLOWLY, AGHAST) Wait a minute, Moriarty. You mean you killed Mrs. Norton..and her son, too?

FRED: Yeah..yeah..

HARRY: But why? Maybe Steve Lester was a hoodlum but the Nortons weren't criminals..

FRED: I had my personal reasons, see? They had it coming to them, Kodinsky, see? The whole rotten bunch, they had it coming. And I'm going to tell you why, Kodinsky. You and me are going to sit here in the dark and I'm going to tell you why.

(MORE)

FRED: I got to tell it to somebody, I got to get it off my chest.
(CONTD) You're a reporter, and you like a good story, and you're
going to get one. (A BEAT) Only...there happens to be a
hitch in this story, Kodinsky!

HARRY: (A BEAT) What's that?

FRED: You'll never live to print it!

(MUSIC: UP AND INTO CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

(VIBRAPHONE: SINGLE, OUTSTANDING BONG!)

CHAPPELL: Of all America's leading cigarettes only one is
"Outstanding!" - only one is "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: It's the longer, finer cigarette - 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.

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 Cy Harrice returning to your narrator, and the Big Story of Harry Kodinsky--as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: You, Harry Kodinsky, of the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette, started the evening on a date with a blond ^{but now} ~~Neanderthaline~~ ^{dejected} ~~facings a date with the undertaker.~~ You're sitting in the darkness of the Duquesne police station, opposite a killer. And you're scared. In the dark his eyes watch you with the fixed, glassy stare of a cat, and glow with a glaze of madness. You listen to Patrolman Moriarty and, the words gush out crazily, tumble one after the other, but the shadowy gun in his hand never wavers...

FRED: You know what they call me, Kodinsky? You know what they call me, here in Duquesne? They call me Moriarty, the friendly cop. ~~You heard me, that's it, the friendly cop, gentle for everyone, always polite. Take little kids by the hand, take 'em across the street, what a nice friendly cop. Everybody likes me. You hear that Kodinsky? Everybody likes me!~~

HARRY: ~~Sure. Sure, I know that Moriarty. Everybody likes you.~~

FRED: ~~Yeah. That's me, Fred Moriarty, the friendly cop. All right.~~ ^{Everybody likes me All right.} When I was a rookie, a young cop just starting out, I married my wife Lola. There was this other man who wanted her. Beautiful girl, Lola, pretty as a picture, and he wanted her. His name is Whalen. Paul Whalen, and he owns a bar and grill on my street. You hear me, Kodinsky?

HARRY: I hear you, Moriarty.

FRED: All right. Paul Whalen wanted her, but I married her. Then one day ^{last week} when I was off-duty, I stopped in at Whalen's bar and grill...

(MUSIC: -- JUKE BOX B.G.)

~~BERT: Hello, Fred. How's my favorite cop?~~

FRED: Hello, Bert. How's my favorite bartender?

BERT: Swell. Couldn't be better. What'll it be?

FRED: A beer.

(BEER FROM BERT)

BERT: By the way, Fred, your wife's here.

FRED: Lola? Here?

BERT: Yeah. She's sitting in the back booth with the boss..

~~(GASP SUDDEENLY) Fred: What's she better?~~

~~(FOOTSTEPS)~~

~~BERT: (FADING A LITTLE) Wait a minute, Fred. There's nothing wrong. She just came in.~~

(FOOTSTEPS UP AND STOP)

Fred:
LOLA: (STARTLED) Fred!
WHALEN: Oh. Hello, *Morality*

FRED: What are you doing here, Lola?

LOLA: Fred, I..

FRED: What are you doing back here with him..in this booth..alone.

LOLA: Well, what's wrong with that? (A PAUSE, THEN A KIND OF HYSTERIA) What's wrong with that? Will you stop staring at me like that, as though I were a common criminal! Can't I come in for a glass of beer, if I want? And if I meet Paul Whalen here, and we have a friendly glass of beer, is there anything wrong with that? (RISES) Is there?

FRED: (LEVEL) Let's go home. Lola.

LOLA: No! No, I won't.

FRED: You will. You hear me, Lola? You will. You'll go home with me...and you'll go now.

WHALEN: Now wait a minute, Fred. Take it easy. Sit down and have a drink with us. It's on the house..

FRED: You know what you can do with your drink, Whalen...Come on Lola let's go.

(MUSIC: BRING UP B.G. AND THEN OUT)

FRED: What would you have done, Kodinsky? What would you have done? Your own wife, sitting in a dark booth in a beer joint with another guy. Wouldn't you have been suspicious? (NO ANSWER FROM HARRY. THEN FRED FLARES) Wouldn't you now? Answer me! Don't just sit there and say nothing! Wouldn't you have done what I did?

HARRY: (QUICKLY) Sure, sure, Moriarty. You bet I would. Any man would!

FRED: Yeah. Yeah. You're right, there, Kodinsky. Because if you didn't say that, I'd have shot you dead, with this gun! ~~But like I said, with Lola and Paul, who from you never dream you never suspect, you just go along.~~ ^{Lola - 2} Anyway, ~~we~~ got home and then, we had a fight...

LOLA: Fred, will you stop it? Will you stop asking me questions about Paul.

FRED: How long have you been seeing him behind my back, Lola?

LOLA: I told you, I haven't been seeing him. I just went in for a beer, and saw Paul and we talked awhile over nothing in particular, and that's what happened!

FRED: Is it?

LOLA: That's what happened, that's all that happened, don't you understand? Can't you get it through your stupid, suspicious head? What more can I say, what more do you want?

FRED: The truth.

LOLA: Fred, for heaven's sake...

FRED: You'd like to get rid of me, wouldn't you, Lola? You'd like to take up with Paul Whalen. Just because he's got money, just because...

LOLA: (INTERRUPTS) I don't know, Fred. I don't know I give up. I married you for better or worse...and I got worse. (IN CONTEMPT) Fred Moriarty, the friendly cop. Fred Moriarty, the stupid cop!

FRED: ~~Lola!~~

LOLA: ~~It's right, it's right. I'm sorry, Fred. I'm sorry. But~~
you're driving me to it. I guess ~~that~~ the one that's stupid. I'm stupid because I married you, because I hang around and let you talk to me like this...because I didn't have the ~~brains to clean out and leave you a long time ago.~~

FRED: *Lola,* Lola...it's just that I'm so crazy about you...I --

LOLA: (WEARY, DISGUSTED) Oh, don't talk to me any more, Fred. If you feel that way, if you think I'd two time you, go ahead and think it. I don't care any more. I just can't take it any more, I can't talk about it any more, (FADING) I'm tired and I'm going to bed!

FRED: Lola....

(DOOR SLAM A LITTLE OFF) *ON*

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT)

FRED: I loved her, Kodinsky, ~~do you hear?~~ I was crazy about her, I felt terrible, terrible all broken up. You know what I mean? (PAUSE, THEN FLARES) Well, do you!

HARRY: (HASTILY) Sure, Fred, sure. I know how you must have felt.

FRED: Yeah. (A LITTLE FOGGY HERE) Funny. Everything's so funny. Inside my head, you know. It goes around, and around and around. Any way, when I left Lola. I had to go out on duty. I put on my uniform, and walked out of the house. And then I met a neighbor of mine...the widow Norton...

HARRY: Agatha...Norton?

FRED: Yeah. Yeah. Gossipy Norton, they called her in my neighborhood ~~Always talking, mile a minute, always~~ chattering about other people, nosy Agatha Norton. But I was Fred Moriarty, the friendly cop, and she never did me any harm, not a bit, we always said hello. But this ~~time, she was, indeed, not by the first...~~

AGATHA: Mr. Moriarty, I don't know as I ought to tell you. I don't know as I ought to tell you, seeing as you're always so nice, and friendly like. All I can say is it's a shame and a disgrace, a downright shame and disgrace that such a thing has to happen to a nice man like you...

FRED: Just a minute, Mrs. Norton. You're going a little too fast for me. What are you talking about?

AGATHA: That's the way it always is, that's the way it always happens. The husband is always the last one to know, and it's my duty as a decent woman to tell you --

FRED: Tell me what?

AGATHA: Your wife, Lola, and this other man, Paul Whalen, that's what! He's been coming to your home while you're on duty...

FRED: You lie! You snake tongued, chattering fish-wife, you lie.

AGATHA: (SHRILLY) Oh I do, do I? Well, we'll see about that. I happen to know it's the truth. Paul Whalen's green car has been in front of your house while you've been away. And it'll be there tomorrow night! He's been seein' your wife right under your nose, and you call me names just because I set you right. (PADING) That's what I get for tryin' to do you a favor---!-

(A PAUSE)

FRED: Lola...Lola...

MARILYN: (COMING ON) Oh, hello, Mr. Moriarty. My goodness you look awful scary. What's the matter?

FRED: (DULLY) Go home, Marilyn...

MARILYN: But I was only saying you look awful scary, ~~just like~~
~~before I met you!~~

FRED: (FLARES) Go home, do you hear? Go on home, Marilyn....!

MARILYN: All right, Mr. Moriarty. But gosh, what are you picking on me for? I didn't do anything?

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Harry Kodinsky, are sitting here, in danger of your life. The killer is sitting in the dark just opposite you, his hands are jittery on the gun, and he's promised to kill you after his story is over. But for the moment you almost forget your danger, as the story he unfolds grips you, hypnotizes you. Now, you lean on every word...

FRED: I got it right between the eyes, just like that, you see, Kodinsky. I guess I was walking around in a kind of fog. Then all of a sudden I run into this hoodlum, this Steve Lester on a corner. He laughed right in my face and said...

STEVE: They tell me your wife's been two timing you, Flatfoot!

FRED: Why, you dirty...

STEVE: (LAUGHS) Go ahead, chump. Go ahead. Call me names. But it's the truth, sucker, even if you don't know it yet...

FRED: It's a lie. You hear me, Lester, it's a rotten lie!

STEVE: Is it? Not the way I heard it. It's the McCoy, while you're out pounding the beat here, this guy Paul Whalen is at home, your home, making beautiful music with your ever-loving wife...

FRED: Keep your big mouth shut, do you hear, Lester? Keep your mouth shut or I'll --

STEVE: (LAUGHS) I got it wide open right now, Moriarty, and I'm gonna keep it wide open. You stuck a knife in me ^{and} sent me to the pen, an ^{now} I'm gonna stick a knife in you. Only I'm gonna turn this knife around and around. I'm going to spill this to every one I meet, and when I get through, the whole town's going to know about it. (FADING) So long, sucker!

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT)

FRED: I guess I went a little crazy after that, Kodinsky. I walked right off my beat, and went into Paul Whalen's place. I wanted to see if he was there, ^{and} ~~then~~, where he'd been last night.

(MORE)

FRED: I wanted to make sure. I sat down in a corner booth,
(CONT'D) waiting and watching. And I didn't see Paul Whalen around.
Then I saw a man come in, sit down at the bar and start to
talk to Bert, the bartender...

(BAR B.G.)

FRANK: Hiya, Bert.

BERT: Hello, Frank --

FRANK: Boss in tonight?

BERT: Paul? He's in the back room.

FRANK: Waiting for suckers like me again.

BERT: Yep. Got those poker cards shuffled and ready to go.
Didn't think you'd come back after the licking you took
last night.

FRANK: Don't remind me. I get a headache every time I think of it.
How do you like that? I come in last night just for a beer.
The next thing I know I'm playing poker with Paul. We
play all night and what happens. I lose fifty bucks and...

FRED: (COMING IN) You say you played poker all night with Paul
Whalen?

FRANK: (TAKEN ABACK) Why.. why, yeah. Yeah, Moriarty. But it
was just a friendly little game. I...

FRED: Bert!

BERT: Yeah, Fred?

FRED: You sure Paul is in the back room?

BERT: Sure, I'm sure. (A BEAT) What's the matter with you,
Fred? What's eating you? If you don't believe me, look
in the back room and see for yourself...

(SLOW STEPS. THEY STOP)

(DOOR OPENS)

WHALEN: Well. Hello, Moriarty. Just getting up a friendly little poker game. (WITH SLY SARCASM) Draw up a chair, Lieutenant, and I'll deal you a hand!

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT)

FRED: I knew it then, Kodinsky. I knew what a fool I'd been. Paul Whalen hadn't been at my house last night, and he wasn't there tonight, Yeah, I'd made a fool of myself, I'd said some rotten things to Lola, and I couldn't wait till I got home. But when I got home, she was gone...

HARRY: Your wife...was gone?

FRED: (BREAKS) Yeah, left me. Left a note. Said she was sick and tired, she was fed up, through with me. And then I thought...they did it ...they ruined my life, stole Lola from me. And then, things in my head started to spin round and round. All I wanted to do was kill, kill. So I went to the widow Norton's house first. She was in the living room, knitting, and I walked right in on her...

FRED: (SINISTER) Hello, Mrs. Norton...

AGATHA: Mr. Moriarty, Mr. Moriarty, what....?

FRED: (RISING) You know what you've done, Mrs. Norton, with your lying tongue? ~~For what you've done?~~ You've ruined my life. Lola's left me...she's left me because of you, and your gossiping, and your filthy lies...

AGATHA: Mr. Mor...(CUTS, THEN IN FRIGHT) Why, you...you've got a gun! You're...

FRED: That's right! I'm going to stop that tongue of yours from wagging any more, Mrs. Norton. I'm going to stop it for a long, long time. You'll never lie, and slander, and gossip again....

AGATHA: Mr. Moriarty! No...NO...No! (SCREAM)

(SHOT)

(BODY THUD)

(MUSIC: UP IN ACCENT AND UNDER)

FRED: After that I ran through the kitchen, You see, Kodinsky? I ran through the kitchen. I wanted to get ~~to~~ ^{to} Steve's ^{house} But just then, Mrs. Norton's son, John came through the kitchen door and...

JOHN: Moriarty, what are you doing with that gun....Moriarty!
No!

(SHOT)

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT)

~~NARRATOR: You didn't know then, did you? No. No, of course, you didn't know. You didn't know Steve's house.~~

FRED: I didn't really want to kill the boy. But he was a witness and what could I do. After that, Kodinsky, I started out to get Steve Lester. That's when I met you. You didn't know then, did you? No. No, of course, you didn't know. ~~You didn't know Steve's house.~~ I would have told you my story then, yes, yes, I would. But my work wasn't done not yet, not yet. There was still Steve Lester. I walked into his house. He looked at me ...scared, like a rabbit...his mouth hanging open...

STEVE: Fred...

FRED: You're going where I just sent Mrs. Norton, Steve.

STEVE: Fred! No!...

(SHOT)

(MUSIC: ACCENT)

FRED: That's all, Kodinsky, I came back here...to the police station. I don't know why.. I guess I didn't know what else to do, where to go...

HARRY: Listen, Moriarty, I....

FRED: (ALMOST TEARFULLY) You'd have done it, wouldn't you, Kodinsky? You'd have killed them all, wouldn't you? The way they gossiped about me, the things they said. They stole Lola from me. They're the reason my wife left me! Me, the friendly cop, Fred Moriarty, me!

(POLICE SIREN OFF)

What...what's that?

HARRY: (LEVELLY) Police cars, Moriarty...

FRED: (DAZED) Police...police...

HARRY: Yes.

FRED: (IN SUDDEN TERROR, BREAKING) Murder! The Chair! They'll take me there? I seen the chair, I seen it with my own eyes...Kodinsky...it's terrible, terrible! Kodinsky, Kodinsky, don't let them. Here...here's my gun.

~~(CRANK ON GUN)~~

I give up to you, Kodinsky. You know my story. Write it in the paper. Tell 'em how I've been wronged, cheated. Tell 'em how I was always a friendly cop.. you know, how I never harmed anyone in my life...took little children across the street...smiled at everybody. (CRYING)
Tell them, Kodinsky,..tell them!

(POLICE SIREN UP AND INTO)

(MUSIC: _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: They come in, the police from McKeesport, and the D.A.'s men. You tell your story quickly, and they handcuff Fred Moriarty, walk him out. And there, waiting on the sidewalk in front, is little Marilyn Baker... *Footsteps*

MARILYN: Hello, Mr. Moriarty. Gosh, I heard them talking all about what you did. And they've got you in handcuffs, and everything...

HARRY: You'd better run along home, Marilyn.

MARILYN: All right, Mr. Kodinsky, I will. But honest, Mr. Moriarty, I didn't mean to get you into trouble, or anything. I just made up that story I told to Mrs. Norton...

FRED: What story?

MARILYN: Why, about Mr. Whalen coming to your house when you were away, and all...

FRED: (A LONG BEAT, THEN DAZED) You made it all up...and told it to Mrs. Norton?

MARILYN: Gosh, yes. But it was just a little fib. I didn't mean any harm by it, honest I didn't...

FRED: Marilyn, Marilyn, why did you do it? Why did you tell Mrs. Norton that lie? WHY?

MARILYN: Well, my goodness, I didn't mean anything, Mr. Moriarty. I just wanted fifty cents to see that new scary picture at the Strand. So I told Mrs. Norton I'd tell her a secret if she gave me fifty cents, to go to the movies. And she did. (~~SECRET~~) I guess maybe I shouldn't have told that fib, but I did want to go to the movies so. You see...I just love scary pictures! (~~SECRET~~)

(MUSIC: UP HARD INTO CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Harry Kodinsky of the Pittsburgh Post Gazette with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

(VIBRAPHONE: SINGLE, OUTSTANDING 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.

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. Remember - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(ORCHESTRA: TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now, we read you that telegram from ^{*Harry*} ~~Harry~~ Kodinsky of the Pittsburgh Post Gazette.

HARRY: Completely broken killer in tonite's Big Story was unable to repeat his confession to police so I filled in the details for him. After many tests to determine his sanity, he was found guilty and sentenced to the electric chair at the State Penitentiary at Bellefonte. Following my Big Story to the end I was appointed ~~as~~ Deputy Sheriff and rode handcuffed to the killer on his ~~last~~ trip to the death house. My sincere appreciation for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Kodinsky...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 Lawton Oklahoma Constitution - by-lines Frank Hall and Lindsey Whitten -- ~~and~~ Big Story about two reporters who believed that the most famous bandit in American History was still alive... and dug him up to prove it...

(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 Max Ehrlich, your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Jimmy McMallion played the part of Harry Kodinsky. 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. Kodinsky.

(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

sally/rita
9/16/48 pm

ATX01 0061950

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

REVISED

PROGRAM #79

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
JESSE	MAURICE FRANKLIN
HALL	ARNOLD MOSS
MAN II	ARNOLD MOSS
WHITTEN	MICHAEL O'DAY
VOICE	MICHAEL O'DAY
BILL:	HUMPHREY DAVIS
MAN	HUMPHREY DAVIS
JIM	BOB DRYDEN
JOE	BOB DRYDEN
WOMAN	AGNES YOUNG
WOMAN II	AGNES YOUNG
MA	ETHEL REMY
WOMAN III	ETHEL REMY

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1948

ATX01 0061951

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

REVISED

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

"IS JESSE JAMES ALIVE?"

SEPTEMBER 29, 1948

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE. QUICKLY INTO:)

~~(PRESSURE ROLLING. BIG THEN SMOKE)~~

WHITTEN: (EXCITED) Bill, Bill! Hey, you, where's Bill?

Where's the press foreman? Bill.

HALL: (STEADY, SOFT SPOKEN) Take it easy, Whit, you'll last longer.

WHIT: Bill - those papers off the press yet?

BILL: Yeah - just come off.

WHIT: Gimme one.

(PAPER BEING PICKED UP: RUSTLED)

WHIT: (PAUSE) (AWED) Look at it Frank. Look at it. Our story in black and white.

BILL: Lemme have a look. I ain't seen it yet. (TAKE) Hey -- no kiddin'. (EXCITED) That true? That the truth, Mr. Whitten? What it says there---

ATX01 0061952

WHIT: The biggest story we ever broke.

HALL: (WRYLY) Yap, the biggest story -- or the biggest hoax

~~-----~~.

(MUSIC: UP QUIZZICALLY AND UNDER 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)
Dateline Lawton, Oklahoma, from the headlines of
the Lawton Constitution -- an incredible story, and for
the story to Frank Hall and Lindsey Whitten goes the
FELL MELL AWARD for the BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #79

OPENING COMMERCIAL

VIBRAPHONE: SINGLE. OUTSTANDING BONG!

CHAPPELL: Of all America's leading cigarettes only one is
"Outstanding!" - only one is "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: It's the longer, finer cigarette - PELL MELL!

CHAPPELL: Discover for yourself why so many of your friends have
changed to PELL MELL. PELL MELL'S greater length
filters the smoke on the way to your throat. Filters
the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: That's important!

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your
throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Thus PELL MELL gives you a smoothness, mildness and
satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: So enjoy the longer, finer cigarette in the
distinguished red package - PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Good to look at - good to feel - good to taste - and
good to smoke. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild.

ATX01 0061954

(MUSIC: THE THEME NOW. WESTERN. BASE IT ON "THE DIRTY LITTLE COWARD THAT SHOT MR. HOWARD" ... UP THEN UNDER FOR:)

CHAPPELL: And now the story as it actually happened, Hall and Whitten's story, as they lived it ~~and wrote it~~...
Lawton, Oklahoma.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: There are two of you on this story - and a good thing, because if it had been one man, he wouldn't have believed the evidence in front of him. One man would have shrugged his shoulders and said "ah" - and the story would never have been. But there were two of you and you're a team on the Lawton, Oklahoma Constitution. You compliment each other. One, Lindsey Whitten, young, eager, imagination^{ive}; and the other, Frank Hall - quiet, studious, ~~and a prospector~~, a man with his feet on the ground. There are two of you and this is how it began. The story goes men like the Dalton boys, the Jameses, bad men who lived 75 -- 100 years ago, brought Spanish gold, bullion, loot, hid it in the hills. Nobody found it, nobody till you came on old Jim Laythrop, prospector, man of the hills. Over one, two then four five beers you, Lin Whitten listened and it began to come out.

JIM: (OLD TIMER) Son, I like you, I like you fine. First man talked to me like a man should since 19 and 10.

WHIT: Go on, drink up, Jim. More where that came from.

JIM: Folks think I'm kind of daft. But I ain't---

WHIT: Course you ain't, Jim ---

JIM: Guess who 'twas talked to me 19 and 10. (WHISPER)
Go ahead, guess.

WHIT: (FALLING INTO IT) Teddy Roosevelt, I bet.

JIM: Nope, seen him in a parade once, but - nope. Guess.
You'd never guess - 'twas -- (STOPS) can't tell
you. Swore by the Book wouldn't tell a living soul.
Can't tell you. But I'd like to.

WHIT: Go ahead, Jim -- who?

JIM: Nope. Subject's closed. I'll show you something
instead.
(OPENING VALISE. RUSTLE OF OLD PARCHMENT. SPREAD
IT OUT.)

JIM: See that? Only one other living man seen that before-
that's the man I can't tell his name, besides you and
me.

WHIT: What is it? Map of some kind, isn't it?

JIM: Map of some kind, hmf. (LICKS LIPS) Mouth's getting
kind of dry.

WHIT: (PROJECTS) Two beers, Eddie ---Yeah--?

JIM: (WARMING UP) 2,000,000 dollars in bullion buried in
the Black Hills and I know where. I got a lot of use
for that 2,000,000. Aim to get it and use it.

JIM: Is the map uh - authentic - I mean - you sure of it?
(STEPS BEERS LAID ON TABLE.)

MAN: Two beers.

WHIT: Thanks, Eddie. Drink up.
(JIM DRINKS. DRINKS IT ALL UP.)

JIM: (FINISHED) Hey I was dry. ~~Still on a little dry.~~

WHIT: ~~Well, go ahead, there's another one.~~

JIM: ~~Thanks. (KNOCKS THAT ONE OFF TOO)~~

WHIT: ~~You are saying (PROJECT) Two more, Eddie --~~

JIM: Easier to talk. Now look here. (CONSPIRATORIAL)
Here's where it's buried - take a long time to get there - got to finance the trip - maybe \$200. You got \$200?

WHIT: Maybe, depends. What is it?

JIM: 2,000,000 dollars I told you. 2,000,000 in gold bullion.
Look at these marks. Ever seen them before?

WHIT: (LOOKING) Horse's head with a J brand in the mane,
And a rope, what are those initials?

JIM: ~~James~~ JJ and see this. Dot circle. Mean anything to you?

WHIT: Something I can't remember - I read somewhere's--

JIM: That's his code. The fellow I can't tell you about.
His. Only one like it in the world. Now look at this.
(PULLS OUT PAPER) A letter.

WHIT: Mmm hmm. Oh, same symbols as the map. Is that it?

JIM: That's it - you're a bright feller. Same symbols as the map. Writ in his handwriting. Same handwriting, right? On the map and in the letter.

WHIT: Yeah, I guess they are.

JIM: (TRIUMPHANTLY) Well---! Look at the date on this letter.

WHIT: June Sixth - that's yesterday.

JIM: See what I mean? He wrote that letter yesterday.

WHIT: Who?

JIM: Same fellow I was telling you about, Don't you get it -- he's alive.

WHIT: Who?

JIM: Sorry, young fellow, can't tell you.

WHIT: For pete's sake, Jim---

JIM: No, siree, I swore on oath. Swore it on the Bible. I won't tell.

WHIT: Who are you talking about. (GENTLY AND APPEALINGLY)
(You can't get me all worked up, Jim, you got to tell me.)

JIM: It's a fact - you're the first man talked to me nice, like a man should since him in 19 and 10.

WHIT: Who, Jim?

JIM: I'll give you his initials. J.J. Mean anything?
J.J. That's all I'm gonna say.

WHIT: (EXCITED) J.J.! Jim, can I have that letter and the map overnight? Just overnight. I'll get them back to you 9 in the morning. Just overnight?

Jim!

WHIT: *Free* Thanks, Jim. (PROJECT) Eddie, set 'em up as long as he can drink 'em.

(MUSIC: UP QUICKLY AND UNDER:)

NARR: *J.J.* ~~Q~~, it could be nothing. It could be the blathering of an old prospector and then again -- never mind, don't speculate. First stop is the Public Library: a book. You check his facts -

NARR: Then you call in the other half of the team. ~~Frank~~ ~~Frank~~, calm, collected Frank Hall. Frank wrote a book on the subject, Frank knows things - really knows them. So, despite the fact it's one in the morning and there's no light in the window, you go lean on the bell of your friend and co-worker...

(BELL BEING RUNG UNDER:)

NARR: ...Frank Hall, steady-going, level-headed, soft-spoken Frank Hall.

(DOOR OPENS ANGRILY.)

HALL: (~~BRASH AND BOLD~~) What's a matter with you? It's what time is it anyhow?

WHIT: (SHEEPISH) Only a little after one, Frank.

HALL: One fifteen! Why you --- oh, come on in. You woke me up anyhow.

WHIT: Thanks, Frank. It's important.

(DOOR SLAMS)

HALL: Gimme a cigarette. Bust into a man's sleep at one-thirty in the morning.

WHIT: Here you are. Look, Frank, I'm sorry, but this is the biggest thing I ever saw or---

HALL: I honestly don't care.

HALL: Get to bed once in my life early, he wakes me out of a sound sleep at two in the morning.

WHIT: You don't have to say a word. Can I just talk to you?

HALL: You can stand on your head. I'm getting in bed.

(~~WHIT:~~)

WHIT: Frank, you're the expert on the bad men of these parts, right? (HALL: So?) I mean you wrote a book and you know all the answers and ---

FRANK: Stop it -- what are you talking about?

WHIT: Frank, could a man who's dead be alive? (HALL: WHAT!)
I mean, suppose people think a man's dead - I mean
after all these years, 60, 70 years, people think
he's dead and buried but -- but he's alive.

HALL: You woke me up for that, Get out of here---

WHIT: I got proof. Absolute proof. I got something so big
it'll blow the roof off not only Lawton, not only
Oklahoma, but the whole U.S.A.

HALL: Do me a favor, ~~make a favor~~^{go} somewhere ~~else~~ else.

WHIT: (SMALL VOICE. CONVINCING.) Frank. Listen. I think
Jesse James is alive. (QUICKLY) Don't say anything
-- I checked it. An absolute code nobody knows. Nobody
could know about it but Jesse James. He wrote it in
a letter - yesterday, Frank, Jesse James is alive.

HALL: And I am the Queen of Sheba.

WHIT: (GROPING TO PROVE HE MEANS IT) (LOW) Take a look at
these: this map, this letter - these books. And if you
still don't believe me - do anything you like to me:
choke me, kick me..

HALL: Hey, you mean this, don't you kid? Okay, you're crazy,
but not this crazy. Pass me those things and turn the
big light on. Take your coat off, Whit. Make yourself
to home. Even if it is 2:30 in the morning.

(MUSIC: - - - UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Frank Hall frowns deeply - and you go exploring
together. ^{The next day} A little more friendly beer and friendly
conversation and Old Jim ^{Lyttle} gives both of you the man's
name: Colonel F.J. Dalton. His address: a little
off the track trailer camp a few miles from Lawton.

(MORE)

NARR:
(CONT'D)

Frank Hall gets his old notes, studies them, bones up on the story of Jesse James and then the two of you pay a call. An inauspicious beginning - an ordinary trailer...and as you walk up, ~~you hear a song...~~

JESSE: (BRIGHT, BUT 100 YEARS OLD -- SINGING) And the dirty little coward, who shot Mr. Howard - has laid Jesse James in his grave...

HALL: ~~That's the song about Jesse.~~

JESSE: ~~Jesse left a wife, to mourn all her life, two children and they were brave -- but the dirty little coward who shot Mr. Howard, has laid Jesse James in his grave.~~

HALL: ~~Let's go.~~

(~~THAT'S~~ KNOCK ON DOOR.)

JAMES: (WITHIN) Just push her in, she ain't locked.

(DOOR OPENS. IN. CLOSES.)

HALL: Col. Dalton...

JESSE: That's me---you the reporter?

HALL: How'd you know?

JESSE: Don't fool me much. Got ways of knowing. Sit down. Didn't expect but one of you -- which is Whit?

WHIT: I'm Whit, this is Frank Hall.

JESSE: Sit down, the both of you. Chaw?

HALL: No thanks.

JESSE: Come cause you didn't believe it, hunh? Come because your senses are flying around in your head at sixes and sevens -- all right, I'll talk, you listen -- or ast me questions if you want to.

HALL: Col. this is most unusual, I know, but - let me get your full name, sir.

JESSE: Well, right now it's Colonel F. J. Dalton. Used to be a lot of other things. Guess I changed my name's often as I changed my shirt.

WHIT: Are you a colonel, sir?

JESSE: Three times a colonel, four if you count the honorary colonel of Kentucky. Once in Brazil, once in Canada and once in England. ~~Yap, three times a Colonel.~~

HALL: I see -- Col, now you won't mind a few questions?

JESSE: ~~Nope, thrive on 'em. Ride 'em.~~

HALL: ~~Y~~About these symbols on the map and in the letter -- that's where gold's buried, isn't it?

JESSE: Yap. Bullion. Loot. Gold. Some silver, too.

HALL: Well, how come you buried it ---

JESSE: Well now, I'm a strong fellow, was anyways -- but did you ever tote bullion worth two million. Mighty heavy. Sides, what did I need that much cash for. Buried it so's I could come on back to it.

WHIT: Two million, you say?

JESSE: 'Bout that. More or less. Never did keep books, y'know.

HALL: 'Course, of course. Colonel could you give me an idea-- just a rough idea -- what jobs it was yielded all that money?

JESSE: Well now, my memory's a little dimmer'n it used to be 30 years ago, but- (RATTLES THEM OFF) February 1866, Clay County Savings Bank, Liberty, Mo., \$70,000; October, same year, Mitchel & Co. Bank, Lexington, Mo., \$2000; Judge McLain's Bank, March 2, 1867, Savannah, Mo., 14,000: ~~Then '69 there was a lot: Gallatin Bank, Conyden, Columbus, St. Genevieve Bank and in '74 we begun on the trains: -- oh, it added up.~~

WHIT: (IMPRESSED) I see. ~~We understand~~. Now, Colonel that song you were singing. You were killed, the story goes, 1882, wasn't it?

JESSE: Yep, killed deader'n a mackerel - 1882. Bob Ford done it, only it wasn't me---

HALL: It wasn't you?

JESSE: How could it of been? Would I be here talking to you now if I was dead?

HALL: Ford didn't kill you?

JESSE: Heck no -- killed another fellow - figured I'd say 'twas me. (Things were getting a little hot.) Worked, too. Tell you both that another time - ast me what I done since my "death" ---haha, that's a joke. My "death".

WHIT: What did you do, Colonel?

JESSE: Quite a bit, good bit. Got a hankering for war. Went to the Amazon, ~~fought the Javira Indians~~. Then went a spell to Africa, fought the British ~~on the side of the Dutch~~. Back to South America. Liked SA: paid well and had a new revolution every month. ~~World War come. Enlisted in Canadian Army, got to be a Sgt. flew a plane - shot down 9 Germans.~~ Took up the study of medicine at Ann Arbor, but ~~was~~ ~~to give it up~~: couldn't stand the sight of blood - got me a law degree instead. Graduated with honors. Can still shoot a mud hen at 125 feet. Getting rusty though - used to be able to throw a can into the air, put 12 slugs into her. Like to see me do that?

(PAUSE)

NARR: A hundred-year-old man with the vigor of a man 60 and the eyes of a boy 30. You both nod weakly. He asks one of you to throw a can into the air. You do it...

(FOUR RAPID SHOTS.)

HALL: Four dead shots.

JESSE: Yap, getting old. Used to be able to do 12 of them.

(MUSIC: --- UNDER)

NARR: No. It's mad. It's insane. Jesse James is dead. Died in 1882 - that's more than 65 years ago. He's dead. But he's standing in front of you. And the thing that you can't escape is that all of his facts are correct, every one of them. You look at each other, Lin Whitten and Frank Hall, and you shake your heads...

HALL: Either the biggest story of ^{our lives} ~~my life~~ -- or the biggest hoax.

(MUSIC: --- UP FOR CURTAIN)

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

(MUSIC: --- FANFARE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #79

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

VIBRAPHONE: SINGLE, OUTSTANDING BONG!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

CHAPPELL: For PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to your throat. Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: That's important!

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your throat - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Your eyes can see PELL MELL'S greater length. Yes, your eyes can see the difference - your throat can tell you what it means.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos means a longer, natural filter to screen and cool the smoke. Thus, PELL MELL gives you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Enjoy the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package - PELL MELL.

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

HARRICE: Remember, PELL MELL'S greater length of fine tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your throat - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild.

ATX01 0061965

(MUSIC: - - - INTRO AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator,
and the BIG STORY of Lindsey Whitten and Frank Hall ^{as they find it and} _{wrote it}

NARR: The two of you, reporters for the Lawton Okla.
Constitution don't believe your senses. You can't.
A man who's dead 65 years, a bad man named Jesse
James - Is he alive? You start after proof. Absolutely,
unequivocal, uncontroverted proof, there are living
relatives to see. The closest Joe Stanley - only
living great-grandson of Jesse James, You bring them
together. It's quite a meeting: Col. Dalton and Joe
Stanley, Joe's a sharp boy, lighting engineer with
a big southern company - no wool over that fellow's
eyes. Comes prepared, notes, momentos, questions. The
four of you sit in the Col's., trailer...No
introductions are made; that's part of the test.

JOE: Col. I like to ask you one or two questions.

JESSE: Well naturally.

JOE: (TAKEN ABACK) Hunh?

JESSE: ~~I said naturally~~ - wouldn't the only living great-
grandson I got, naturally be interested in his only
great grandpa.

JOE: Well, uh - how'd you know?

JESSE: Put a wig on you, longer hair, make it blond, you'd be
the spitting image your great grandma Zerinda. My wife.
~~Your pa's name was, don't tell me - Harry. He was~~
~~Bernardo. He'd your pa on me knee many a time - give~~
~~him an old watch.~~

JOE: (TAKEN BACK) Un hunh - uh - just let me ask you this. You remember the robbery of the Russelville Bank in 1869?

JESSE: 1869? Nope. 1868.

JOE: (SLOWLY) That's right, 1868 - well, whose bank was that?

JESSE: Son, you wouldn't try to fool your great grandpa now would you. That bank belonged to Nimrod Long, my second cousin, your grandpa's pa on your mother's side.

JOE: Mmm hunh - and - well, what was the combination of the safe in Long's bank?

JESSE: (LAUGHING) Got me a tricky great grand son, sure is tricky. Wasn't no combination safe, son. Was a safe opened with a key. ~~And in some that this is -~~
(~~BOY BEING OPENED. SOMETHING OUT.~~)

JESSE: ~~That there is the key. What was the combination?~~

JOE: ~~Yes, I know, you're right. What the key?~~

JESSE: ~~Sure is. Frank took it for a souvenir. Did you know Frank was in on the job too. My brother Frank? Your great-grand-uncle.~~

JOE: (WEAKER) Yes, I know. ~~Well did Frank lose something in that holdup?~~

JESSE: ~~Just a nice gold watch his grandpa gave him. That's be your great-great-grand - ah. That don't matter. Lost the watch. But got it back 12 years later and that's the one I told you I give your paw when he used to come a-sitting on my knee.~~

JOE: ~~that's~~ - Col. Dalton - uh - what ~~something~~ happened to the money taken from Mr. Long's bank?

JESSE: Didn't think anybody else knew about that. ~~Frank~~ ^{Pa's} ~~took~~ his share in the hills, but I give mine back. Found out old Nimrod Long helped pay my ~~father's~~ schooling at the Baptist Ministry. So I give it back to him.
(THEN) ~~Say, what's a matter - you ain't feeling faint or something?~~

JOE: ~~No, just - no it's nothing.~~

JESSE: Oh, I get it - you don't believe I'm your kin. Son look in my eyes just look in deep and long and tell me - do you still disbelieve?

(PAUSE)

JOE: (SHAKEN) ~~No, I don't.~~ (THEN) Just one more - how'd you die, I mean - how didn't you - I mean --

JESSE: Well now I'll tell you, Good story too. Was in 18 and 82. Things was hot, had to lay low. Took the name of Howard. Got ~~me~~ ^{me} a place in St. Jo, Missouri. Stayed there. Three men after me: the Ford brothers and Joe Bigelow, a Pinkerton man. Here's the way they tell it...
(FADE) I just come back from the barn...

(DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS)

MAN: Evening.

JESSE: Well, who're you? Startled me.

MAN: Just visiting.

JESSE: Like to know a man's name.

MAN: Know your name, it's Howard, that's enough.

JESSE: Well, if you won't tell, you won't tell, Scuse me, got to dust off the place a little. Expecting a lady.
Excuse me?

MAN: Sure, dust all you like.

JESSE: Now this picture ain't clean at all. Scuse my
back while I clean er off. Ladies like---

MAN: Happy to.

(SHOT)

JESSE: Ohhhhhh -

(FALLS. DIES)

JESSE: (FADING IN. LAUGHING) That's the way they tell it.
Now you know that ain't true. Would I ever turn my
back to clean a picture when I see a man's got two
ready six-shooter itching to get me? Nah. Not Jesse
James. Never. Now here's the way it really happened.
Was in the barn in St. Jo, with Bigelow the Pinkerton
Man. Knew the Fords was coming--- told Bigelow to go
in the house. Well Bigelow looked something like me.
And the house was dark, figured soon's he got in
there it'd happen. Waited outside, watched him open the
door, counted up till seven and then...

(A SHOT. A GROAN. BODY FALLS.)

JESSE: (NARRATING) Then, the Fords ran away and in runs my
wife -- planned it thata way. Runs in screams...

WOMAN: Oh, you shot him. You killed my husband. Jesse James
is dead!

(PAUSE)

JESSE: (LAUGHING) Just like we planned it. Then the police
took the body (Bigelow, that is) took him over to my
poor old ma's house. She took one look at the body
and says...

MA: Oh, oh -- my son. They killed my son. My son Jesse's
dead!

(PAUSE)

JESSE: (LAUGHING) She done it just like we rehearsed it. She fainted all the way and that was that. If my ma said so then Jesse James was dead. And then come the funeral...what a funeral. Preacher preached a sermon over me, I swear I was embarrassed all the nice things he said. Couldn't believe half he was talking about me. And then they laid me to rest in my grave - on ma's lawn - and I was one of the mourners, Sang with the rest of them, cried my eyes out I did. Finest funeral I ever attended.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER:)

NARR: That does it. Joe Stanley gives up, pronounces the man his great grandpa, the living Jesse James. And you two, Lin Whitten and Frank Hall, now you've got it, and in 24 hours it hits the streets.

VOICE: EXTRA, EXTRA. Read all about it, JESSE JAMES IS ALIVE. IN LAWTON! Read all about it, JESSE JAMES IS ALIVE!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ WIPES IT THEN GOES UNDER:)

NARR: It breaks big. Coast to coast. The big wire services eat it up. Headlines all over the midwest, the south, the national magazines. A Jesse James day proclaimed. And then come the scoffers...

WOMAN II: I am the only living granddaughter of Jesse James. My grandfather was laid in his grave happily 66 years ago this April.

MAN II: I was a cousin of Frank James on his sister's side. I got one word for the whole thing: PHOOEY.

WOMAN III: This Dalton is a great one -- when he gets low in cash he digs up this story about being Jesse James. Jesse James is dead. I know. My grandpa was Mr. Ford, the man who shot him. I still got the bullet that killed Jesse James.

(MUSIC: ~~THE DIRTY LITTLE COWARD THEME AND UNDER:~~)

NARR: You sit there ^{singing} ~~singing~~, the two of you, ^{singing} ~~singing~~ the song that celebrates Jesse's celebrated death...

WHIT & HALL: ^{singing} ~~(SINGING)~~ But the dirty little coward who shot Mr. Howard has laid Jesse James in his grave.

HALL: Whit...

WHIT: Yes, Frank?

HALL: You think Jesse James is alive?

WHIT: ~~That's what we wrote.~~

HALL: ~~I know, you think so?~~

WHIT: ~~What do you think?~~

HALL: ~~I'd rather not know that.~~ (SUDDENLY) Sure, I think so, of course I think so. What a question to ask. (QUIETLY) Don't you..

~~WHIT: Frank, I been thinking. How much did Jesse say he took in loot?~~

HALL: Oh, 36,000,000 something around there...

WHIT: Lot of it buried still, right?

HALL: Mmmm?

WHIT: I mean, if the story's true and everything we wrote -- and remember -- Laythrop -- Old Jim?

HALL: Sure, I remember -- what are you thinking...?

WHIT: Well, why isn't the money where it's supposed to be then and why don't we...

HALL: Stop it. Stop it. Git out. I never should have let you in my room that night at 1 when you bust in with the story. I never should have let you get me involved. Now shut up about the billion.

WHIT: At least two million --

HALL: Shut up...

WHIT: Okay! (PAUSE) Frank - you sorry? Sorry we started?

HALL: Sorry? I should say not. True or not, I -- Whit, I wouldn't have missed this for all the gold in --

(MUSIC: --- UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Frank Hall of the Lawton Oklahoma Constitution with the final outcome of tonight's Big Story.

MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE
(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #79

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

VIBRAPHONE: SINGLE, OUTSTANDING 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: For PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your
throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Thus PELL MELL gives you a smoothness, mildness and
satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: So enjoy the longer, finer cigarette in the
distinguished red package - PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Good to look at - good to feel - good to taste - and
good to smoke. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ORCHESTRA: _ _ _ TAG

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from reporter, Frank Hall of the Lawton, Oklahoma Constitution.

HALL: Willing to answer any and all questions as to his identity with a conviction that is hard to doubt, our hero in tonight's Big Story, when asked why he had waited so long to reveal his identity replied:

JESSE: Heck, that's easy. When I died - I mean made believe I was dead, the way the story told - I took a pledge with the men in my gang. Nobody wouldn't reveal the truth till Jesse James 100th birthday. Might get some folks in trouble, sort of, if it was revealed. Well - last year I had a birthday cake, one hundred candles on it - so I finally came out with the truth.

HALL: In conclusion we would like to say that Lindsey Whitten and I have carefully investigated this man's story and believe it to be true. You decide for yourselves. Lindsey Whitten joins me in thanking you for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Frank Hall ... The makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to have named reporters Frank Hall and Lindsey Whitten winners of the PELL MELL \$500 Award for notable service in the field of journalism.

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY - A BIG STORY from the wires of the International News Service - by-line Jack Lotto -- a BIG STORY about a soldier who went three thousand miles to keep a blind date with death!

(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, and your narrator was Bob Sloane. Arnold Moss played the part of Frank Hall, and Michael O'Day played the part of Lindsey Whitten.

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 reporters, Frank Hall and Lindsey Whitten, ~~and~~ Colonel Frank J. Dalton *Joe Bigelow*

(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.

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