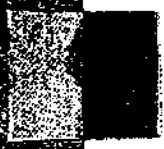
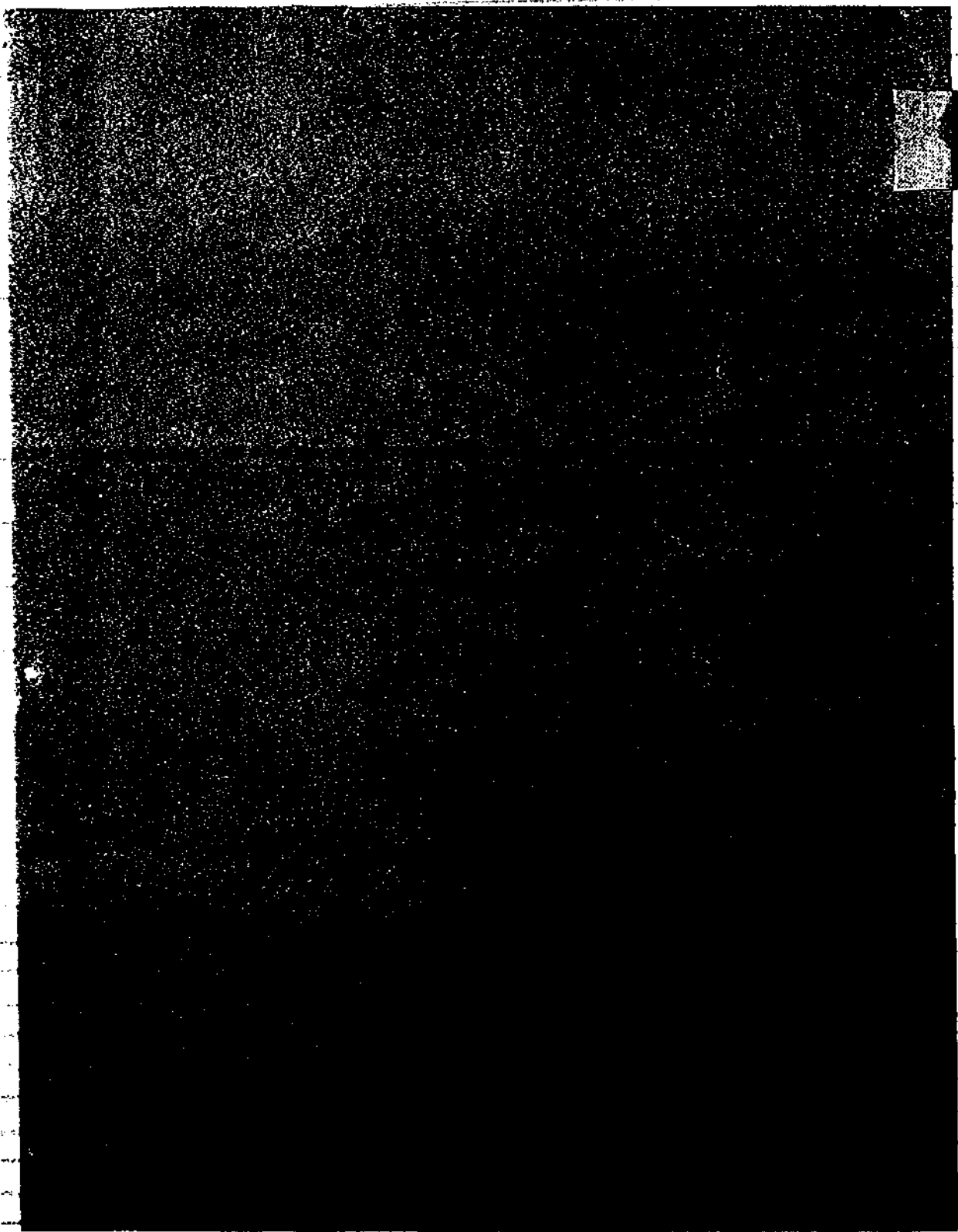


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ATX01 0060917



ATX01 0060918

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #80

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
- FELLOW	BOB SLOANE
HELEN	MITZI GOULD
MARIE	MITZI GOULD
JACK	STEVE QUINN
MAN	BILL QUINN
KID	MICHAEL O'DAY
PFC.	MICHAEL O'DAY
OFFICER	MICHAEL FITZMAURICE
FRANCKO	JOHN SYLVESTER
CORPORAL	JOHN SYLVESTER
VOICE	GRANT RICHARDS
SARGE	GRANT RICHARDS
SGT.	BERNIE GRANT
SOLDIER	BERNIE GRANT
<i>Man</i>	<i>Mike Fitzmaurice</i>

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1948

ATX01 0060919

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#80

JACK LOTTO, INS

"BLUE DAHLIA"

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

OCTOBER 6, 1948

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: _ _ PANFARE) _ _

NARR: A kid found it, a 10-year old kid playing hide-and-go-seek.
He went into ^a ~~the~~ vacant lot in San Francisco and found it..

(RUNNING STEPS..INTO WALKING)

KID: (TO HIMSELF) Oh, this is a swell place, they'll never find me here. Couple of old cars, I'll hide under one of them. Joey'll never find me. Lessee, which one -- uh -- (THEN INTAKE OF AIR, GASP) Uh - lookit! Joey, Eddie, Stevie! Look! It's a -- it's a lady and she - she -

(MUSIC: _ _ SCREAMS FOR HIM..CUTS HIM OFF...THEN OUT AS)

NARR: And a reporter looking at the dead body, lying in the vacant Frisco lot named it....

~~JACK:~~
Narr: (SAD) She was pretty too, beautiful - and - the way her face was ~~hit~~, all bruised and blue and -- a face like a flower, a dahlia. Yeah, a bruised, blue dahlia.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP SHARPLY AND OUT FOR) _ _

ATX01 0060920

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY, Here is America - its sound and its fury -
its joys and its sorrows, as faithfully reported by the
men and women of the great American newspapers. (PAUSE..
THEN FLAT) Dateline, San Francisco, California: over the
wires of the International News Service, a story of sudden,
brutal death, a weird confession and ^{a startling climax} ~~the saving of an~~
~~innocent man~~. And for his brilliant work on this case, to
Reporter Jack Lotto, of International News Service goes the
PELL MELL Award for the BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: --- PANFARE)---

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #80

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 0060922

(MUSIC: THEME, QUIET, RESTFUL BUT WITH A SURGE IN IT...UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Now the story as it actually happened, Reporter Jack
Lotto's story as he lived it and wrote it -- New York City.

(MUSIC: PUNCTUATES AND UNDER)

NARR: It broke big, the wanton murder of a lovely girl, her
bruised body found in a vacant car lot ^{in San Francisco} - and it stayed big.
Even a month after it happened, February, it was still top
news: there was no clue as to the murderer. But that
wasn't on your mind now - Jack Lotto of ^{Int. News Service} ~~INS~~, neither the
blue dahlia murder nor the office, not even the winter
storm that swirled outside your living room. All you
thought about was that you were warm, comfortable, and
stuck on a word in the crossword puzzle in front of you.
And your wife, Helen, sitting across ^{listening to the radio} from you, wasn't any
help at all....

(MUSIC: RADIO IS PLAYING SOFTLY UNDER...SEMICLASSICAL)

^{Wind}
(~~CRACK OF THE STORM~~)

HELEN: Nice weather.

JACK: A seven letter word for heaven. Last letter is M. Helen?

HELEN: Why don't you give up, you been on that an hour.

JACK: Stubborn. Let's see -- paradise, nope, eight letters.
Can't you think of something - seven letters, ends in --

HELEN: (KIDDING) Paradise --

JACK: Paradise is -- oh, stop it.

HELEN: You don't know when you're licked, you're so stubborn,
you --

VOICE: (RADIO) We interrupt this ^{broadcast news} ~~program~~ for a bulletin --

JACK: Hey --

VOICE: -- The Criminal ^{Investigation} Division at Fort Dix, N. J., has announced that Corp. Ted Franco has confessed to the murder of the blue dahlia.

JACK: Wow.

(PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll get it.

(PHONE UP)

VOICE: The hitherto unsolved mystery was brought to its dramatic climax unexpectedly with this unusual announcement.

JACK: Hello. (TO HELEN) Turn it down baby, my office.

(RADIO OFF)

JACK: Yeah, just heard it on the radio. Sure. What? Tonight! In this weather!...Okay, okay -- get the whys and wherefores. All right...I said "all right". What do you want me to do, thank you, too, Bye.

(RECEIVER UP SEVERELY)

HELEN: Your rubbers are in the hall closet.

JACK: 85 miles in a blizzard; they have no consideration.

HELEN: And take your muffler.

JACK: Where's my coat?

HELEN: In the closet and your rubbers are --

JACK: (SNAPPING) I heard you -- I can't stand wearing rubbers on a job and I'm sorry --

HELEN: You'll get a cold and (JACK: No.) Don't be so stubborn.

JACK: (LAUGHS)

HELEN: What are you laughing at?

ATX01 0060924

JACK: I just thought of it: seven letter word means heaven:
Elysium - e-l-y-s-i-u-m...and I just thought of another
one: four letter word that means the opposite of ~~heaven~~.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: That's you, ^{reporter} Jack Lotto, ~~reporter~~; a little stubborn. You
don't wear the rubbers and you go. If New York is cold,
Fort Dix is freezing. You join the other reporters there,
gulp a cup of hot coffee and watch a natty MP officer take
his place in front of the room, flick some dust off his
desk and begin:

OFFICER: (LITTLE OFF) Gentlemen, this press conference will be
brief and to the point.

SLOANE: You peg him right away, a ~~martinet~~, you ~~catch~~ a publicity
hound.

OFF: First my name, Capt. Dennis T. Arnaud. A-R-N-A-U-D.
It's generally misspelled. Last month in the press it was
A-R-N-O-D.

SLOANE: How right you are, so you open up on him....

JACK: Captain, when can we see Franco?

OFF: Sorry, against regulations.

JACK: Man confesses to murder, we'd like to see him.

OFF: As I said, regulations.

JACK: Well, who was the arresting officer, can we see him?

OFF: If you will be patient, please -- the arresting officer,
the officer who got the confession from Franco can be
seen. (CLEARS THROAT) As a matter of fact, he is
addressing you right now. Dennis T. Arnaud A-R-N-A-U-D.

(MUSIC: -- SNARLS UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: He tells how Franco came in late one night, looked suspicious, how he, the intrepid Captain suspected something. He had Franco searched and found: a blood stained handkerchief, the inside of his coat smeared with blood and a clipping from the paper concerning the death of the blue dahlia, Marie Long. He questioned Franco for hours, he says, and finally....

OFF: And that, gentlemen, was when he broke down and confessed. And now I shall read you that confession.

(MUSIC: QUICKLY IN WITH NARR)

SLOANE: He pulls out a sheaf of papers, 50 pages, and you sit back prepared to be bored to death. But even the voice of the ~~popcorn~~ man in front of you, can't spoil it. It's an incredible document....

OFF: (READING) I am quoting. "My name is Ted Franco. The first time I did anything like this, I didn't kill her, just hurt her, was August 6, 1941. A little blonde girl, 22 years old, at a bar at 21-16 North High Street in Newark. When I get drunk sometimes, I don't know what I'm doing....(CROSS FADE)

FRANCO: (CROSS FADE IN) Sometimes I don't know what I'm doing. I done it several other times. March the 9th, 1943, in Winston Salem; October 8, 1944 in Paris France ~~and June 14th, 1945 in London, England.~~ I never killed none of them. When I got back to the states, Oct. 13, 1945, I met her, Marie Long. I met her walking in New York City, corner of 8th Avenue and 51st Street...~~She was standing on the corner. It was the second time I met her.~~

(STREET NOISES)

FRANCO: Hello.

MARIE: ~~You're French. Do I know you?~~
FRANCO: ~~No, don't get me wrong. I met you before. Remember me?~~ *Peoria*
MARIE: ~~I never met you, soldier.~~ *Gee, I don't know --*
FRANCO: Sure, Peoria, ~~about~~ 4 years ago, You're Marie Long, Right?
See, I remember. At the High School, they run a dance.
We danced, 5 times ~~about~~. You said I tangoed good.
Remember?
MARIE: (NOT INTERESTED) Oh, yeah, that's right. You still in the
Army?
FRANCO: Yeah. I signed up. *again* You going somewhere? ~~How about some~~
~~dancing?~~
MARIE: I got a date and anyways I'm leaving town.
FRANCO: Oh, where are going?
MARIE: Frisco. ~~I got a friend lives in Frisco.~~
FRANCO: Well, look Marie, you wouldn't believe me, but I'd like to
go out with you - I mean - suppose I come to Frisco and -
would you get out with me?
MARIE: Out in Frisco? You going there?
FRANCO: Well, I got 45 days furlough and I got some dough and I got
nothing better to do. Would you, Marie?
MARIE: Well, if you want to.
FRANCO: Gimme your address. I like you, Marie, I like you a lot.
MARIE: ~~You better not stand around here. I'm meeting someone in a~~
~~little while. He don't like me talking to other fellows.~~
But if you come to Frisco. Well, okay.
~~FRANCO: Thanks, Marie. I'll see you.~~
(PAUSE)

OFFICER: "I lked Marie Long a lot. ~~I was in love with her~~ She was a big girl, beautiful, the way I like girls. ~~And so I went out there~~ Some would think that was crazy to do, go 3000 miles for a date, ~~and maybe she wouldn't see me or stand with me~~, but that's the way I am about a girl when I like her." (CROSS FADE)

FRANCO: (FADE IN) That's the way I am about a girl when I like her. ~~On January 2, I caught the train and rode out all the time thinking about what we would do.~~ I got there the 6th and at 7:30 I called her. I remember her phone: ~~Oakland~~ ^{Sandberg 6} 7376. We met in a bar and danced....

(MUSIC: A TANGO IS JUST FINISHING) *ad lib*

~~FRANCO: (HIGH) Like that? You like that dance, Marie?~~

MARIE: You're a good dancer, Ted.

FRANCO: Like me, a little, Marie?

MARIE: Let's sit down.

FRANCO: Do you?

~~MARIE: Let's sit down.~~

~~FRANCO: Okay, okay, Marie, would you be my steady? No kidding?~~

MARIE: You're ~~pretty~~ ^{a little} high, Ted. ^{well} Better sit down.

FRANCO: Sure, I'm high. I don't deny I'm high. I'm high. ~~Okay,~~ ~~I said it.~~ But how about it - go with me steady? Marie, I'm nuts about you.

MARIE: ~~(CROWDING)~~ Take your hand off, Ted. Don't start anything.

Rough hand

FRANCO: (~~GENTLEMAN SUDDENLY~~) ~~I beg your pardon. If I do anything~~
~~Marie, forgive me. Sometimes - when I'm high I mean - once~~
~~in a while, I do bad things. But I never would to you,~~
~~You know that. Gimme your hand, Marie.~~

MARIE: ~~No, please, don't Ted. Maybe we better go. --~~

MAN: (COMING IN) This guy bothering you, Miss --

FRANCO: Who're you? Who do you think you are come busting in
asking if I'm bothering her?

MAN: Sit down, fellow -- He bothering you, Miss?

MARIE: No, that's okay.

MAN: Cause if he is - I'm just the boy can take care of sloppy
drunk soldiers who --

FRANCO: Now you shuddup. Nobody ast you come over here and what do
you mean sloppy drunk - who's a sloppy drunk --?

MAN: You are.

FRANCO: You the bouncer or something?

MAN: I'm just the guy who don't like a sloppy drunk --

FRANCO: Then step out in the alley with me and I'll show you who's
a sloppy drunk. Come on step out in the alley you big
baboon.

(MUSIC: BEGINS A TANGO...GOES UNDER)

FRANCO: I don't remember no more. Just the music. I don't
remember what happened, just the music. I kind of blacked
out then and when I come to I heard the same song - and I
thought first I was in the dancehall, but I wasn't --

(MUSIC: THE SAME TANGO, BUT ON A RADIO NOW...)

I was sitting on a bench next to a fellow and
~~scopped a fellow~~ -- I said: Hey, bud, tell me, if you'll
excuse me, please; where am I?

FELLOW: Don't you know where you are, soldier?

FRANCO: I think I do, but tell me, will you?

FELLOW: This is Penn Station. New York City. You sick, soldier?

FRANCO: Penn Station. What's that music? That tango?

FELLOW: I got a portable radio. It bother you. I'll shut it off.

FRANCO: No. It don't bother me. Thanks. (PAUSE) Then I knew I done it. I killed her. I killed her and come back on the train. That was her blood on the handkerchief and in my pocket and the clipping I got out of the paper. I killed her. I must of blacked out like I done before. When I get drunk I'm evil. I don't know what to do. I killed her. I saw her the night of Jan ¹²~~9th~~ or Jan ¹³~~10~~, or Jan ¹⁴~~11th~~ and killed her. That's what I did. Signed Ted Franco, Corporal, US Army. (FADE OUT)

OFFICER: (CROSS FADE IN) Signed Ted Franco, Corporal, US Army". And that gentlemen, is his confession. The confession I got from him after 3 hours of questioning. My name is Captain Dennis T. Arnaud, A-R-N-A-U -----

(MUSIC: SWIRLS UP AND UNDER)

NARR: And that's it. Signed, sealed and delivered: one murderer. A frightening confession. But while the rest of the reporters leave, you - Jack Lotto of INS - the same stubborn man who wouldn't wear his rubbers - get stubborn over this one. Something ^{bothers you about the confession, you} ~~is wrong~~ The room's almost ^{empty} ~~empty~~ - just you and the MP officer and then it hits you--

JACK: I've got it. OR!

OFF: I beg your pardon?

JACK: OR! Why didn't I see it before.

OFF: What are you talking about?

JACK: Can I use that phone?

OFF: Sure. Go ahead.

(DEALING..RINGING HEARD THIS HEARD)
Help Computer - give me MR 2-0131
JACK: (WAITING) I'll bet my eye-teeth, my bottom dollar. (INTO
PHONE) Hello - gimme the desk. Desk? Jack Lotto. At
Fort Dix. I'm not coming back. I've got a hunch. A big
one. Ted Franco is innocent. (PAUSE) That's what I said.
~~I am not! I say I can prove it. Okay, I'm stubborn. Can
I stay? Thanks. My wife? When did she call? What did
she want? (AGHAST) Stay out of drafts! Tell her I got
something more important to do. Ted Franco's innocent.~~

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG)

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #80

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 0060932

(MUSIC: INTRO AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator, and reporter Jack Lotto's BIG STORY, as he lived it, and wrote it...

NARR: *You* Jack Lotto of the International News Service ~~has~~ *have* just said you don't think Ted Franco, self-confessed murderer of Marie Long, is guilty. You base that on one word in the confession - the word OR. Now you've got to prove it. The officer who got the confession out of Franco, looks at you hard.

OFF: Did I hear you right? ~~I didn't get your name?~~

JACK: ~~Jack Lotto of INE.~~ You heard me, Captain.

OFF: *do you think Franco is innocent* And why, if it isn't asking too much?

JACK: Just a hunch. ~~I play hunches.~~

OFF: ~~hunches?~~

JACK: ~~My wife says I'm a stubborn man.~~

OFF: Look, I've been an officer 19 years. I know men. I know this man -- Franco -- like the back of my hand. When he broke down, when he confessed - that was the truth. When I made him pull out that blood-stained handkerchief -- you ~~should have seen it. He collapsed. Just collapsed.~~ (JACK: ~~What did you mean before about OR?~~)

JACK: Like I told you, Captain, just a hunch.

OFF: I happen to know reporter's don't grow fat on hunches.

JACK: I'm not fat.

OFF: You're not thin. I'd like to know. This man is in my detachment. I'm responsible for him.

JACK: You mean a mistake would be serious --

OFF: (HIGH DUDGEON) There is no mistake. Franco confessed.
~~You heard me read the confession.~~

JACK: ~~Then you're just curious. That's all. Just curious.~~
How about a small deal? I'll tell you my hunch, you let me see Franco.

OFFICER: I don't make deals, sir.

JACK: ~~That's been done.~~ *This* I'll tell you this much: ~~a~~ *the* man remembers things, ~~a~~ *the* man remembers details. The day he got to Paris, where he had a date in Peoria, ~~the kind of music the orchestra played five years ago,~~ street numbers, dates, places ~~almost exact to a line.~~ *Right.* In his confession everything was exact. Right?

OFF: Substantially. I don't see the point.

JACK: But when he comes to the crucial moment - he can't remember ~~five years ago he knows the exact date and time and place -~~
~~but~~ the day he danced with Marie Long, he says it was "the ¹²th or the ¹³th or the ¹⁴th." That or bothers me.
Franco's not a boy for ORs.

OFF: Is that all?

JACK: ~~Just that.~~ Can I see him? ~~Want to ask him one question?~~
~~Just one. Can I see him?~~

OFF: ~~You're right. It was a hunch. Nothing more.~~ It would be a violation of regulations ~~for you to see him.~~
~~Is that?~~

JACK: Thanks. I thought you'd see it my way. Tell me, is there a dispensary nearby...or something -- (OFFICER: Mmmm?)

I've got an awful headache. Like to get me an aspirin.

OFFICER: Sure - the building to the left, right next to the gate. Stop in on your way out. They'll be glad to give you an aspirin. Possibly even two.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You head for the dispensary and then double back to the building where you know Franco is being held. You walk in and put on your best brash manner...

~~JACK: You there, corporal? --~~

CORP: Yes, sir --

JACK: Where's Franco?

CORP: Sir?

JACK: Franco, Ted Franco. I'm with Intelligence.

CORP: Second floor, first door on your right, sir.

NARR: Same thing at the first door on your right, second floor.

~~Up and under, sergeant...~~

JACK: Where's Franco, sarge? *Ted Franco*

SGT: What? Oh - in there - who are you?

JACK: Captain Arnaud sent me over. Couple of questions. Intelligence.

SGT: Oh -- right in there. Hey, wait a minute. Let's see your credentials. ~~Sir, you say Intelligence?~~

JACK: Tell you the truth, sarge, I haven't got time I --

SGT: ~~What about you,~~ a reporter? Come on. Come on. Out.

JACK: ~~Look, I'm here - he's in there - what's one question?~~ All

I want to do is ask him one question.

SGT: Outside before I get in trouble.

JACK: Sergeant, suppose that man is innocent? Would you send an innocent man to the electric chair - just because of an Army regulation?

SGT: Say what do you want?

JACK: It'll take me half a minute. Open the door - watch me. No fancy tricks. Just a question and I'm out. Who'll know? ~~The Captain's sleeping by now if I know him.~~

SGT: I don't like it, but --

JACK: (IN PAST) Thanks. You won't regret it. In here?

SGT: Hurry up.

(QUICKLY STEPS. DOOR OPENS)

JACK: You Ted Franco.

FRANCO: That's right. ~~That's my name.~~

JACK: Just one question, Ted - think hard before you answer it. Are you absolutely sure you killed Marie Long?

FRANCO: I put it all down in the confession. ~~Why don't you read me a letter?~~

JACK: Think, Ted, be sure. Think back - the music, the tango, ~~the guys who were in the room with you, see, sloppy drunk~~ -- are you absolutely sure? I want to help you.

FRANCO: Thanks mister, but -- you see, when I get drunk I'm evil. I don't know what I'm doing. I must have. Yeah. I did it.

(MUSIC: -- HARD UNDER)

NARR: But even the words of the man himself, don't convince you. You think - what proof is there? Where is ^{the} ~~their~~ proof? The records. When men check in from pass, records are made. Marie Long was killed on the 14th. Maybe the records will show Franco got back before the 14th. You find the headquarters buildings where records are kept. You get to the clerk in charge, a PFC ---

PFC: There's the page.

JACK: Yeah, yeah - here it is - Corp. Ted Franco -- but there's no entry next to his name.

PFC: That's right.

JACK: No date, no time.

PFC: That's right.

JACK: But doesn't there have to be an entry when a soldier checks back in? Isn't that regulations?

PFC: That's right.

JACK: Well, what happened?

PFC: I don't know. Somebody made a mistake. I don't know.

JACK: Did you see him come in?

PFC: Me? Nope.

JACK: You weren't on duty? (PFC: Nope) How about these other men. One of them might have seen him.

PFC: They might.

JACK: Can I talk to them? Can I ask them?

PFC: Sure - ask them; ask them all if you like. No skin off my teeth.

JACK: (IRONIC) Thanks.

PFC: That's okay.

(MUSIC: ___ UNDER)

NARR: You ask them. Nope, don't know a thing, never heard of him. And then the tenth man:

SOLDIER: Hey, hey, wait a second - Franco, Ted Franco - sure. Sure.

JACK: Sure what?

SOLDIER: Well, you see, I was in the mess hall that day. Thursday, I think - maybe Friday - anyhow we had steak. Yeah, Friday. We get steak Friday. So this fellow says to me -- fellow sitting right next to me at chow -- big eater -- says - you know this fellow Franco? I says no. Say you got a butt on you?

JACK: Yes, sure, here - then what?

SOLDIER: Well, like I'm telling you - we're eating and he says you know this guy Franco, supposed to kill that dame.

JACK: Yes --

SOLDIER: Funny thing, he says, this other fellow, sitting right next to me - funny thing. I seen that fellow Franco right here in camp, the day he says he killed her.

JACK: That what he said?

SOLDIER: That's right. I remember just the way he said it: "the day he says he killed her, he was here in camp". Just them words.

JACK: Who was he? Where can I find him? You didn't see Franco?

SOLDIER: No, I didn't see him. I don't even know him. But I hear he's a no-good gee. A real wise-guy fresh type, nobody likes him. Franco.

JACK: (DESPAIR) Who was the fellow told you he saw him? What's his name?

SOLDIER: I don't know this fellow. Just sat next to me in chow that day.

JACK: Well - you - uh - you don't know anything about him? Was he - what was his rank?

SOLDIER: Say, now that you mention it - he was a corporal - yeah a corporal like Franco. No, he wasn't no corporal, he was a staff. That's right, a staff sergeant. He told me he was busted from first sergeant, that's how I know he was a st -----

JACK: Can I find him? Would you recognize him?

SOLDIER: Sure, I'd recognize him (NOTE THE SPELLING)

JACK: Would you help me find him?

SOLDIER: That's some job, bud - I don't know this guys barracks, or his company or nothing.

JACK: Well, are there so many staff sergeants on the post?

SOLDIER: You gonna look thru all the staff sergeants?

JACK: Why not?

SOLDIER: On a post this size -- mister, you never was in the Army --

JACK: Why, how many are there?

SOLDIER: Maybe 350. ~~Seats to each however there are 350~~

JACK: 350.

SOLDIER: Maybe 400.

JACK: Would you help me look for him? (SOLDIER: Me?) It might mean a man's life. (GETS STARTED) Soldier, what you're doing might mean --

SOLD: Okay, you're on. Might be fun to do. I'm a queer gee myself.

JACK: Thanks. (SNEEZES)

SOLD: Hey, you're catching a cold. You ought to have worn your rubbers. Weather like this.

JACK: (COLD COMING ON) Yeah, I ought to. Well - let's go.

(MUSIC: UP..IN A SEARCHING THEME..UNDER)

NARR: You go through fifteen barracks, ~~then~~ ^{with} 20 Staff sergeants in each of them, but not the right staff sergeant. And then, because you're a stubborn man, you and the soldier come ~~upon a staff sergeant - asleep~~ ^{upon a staff sergeant - asleep} and the soldier says --

SOLDIER: That's him. That's the guy, mister.

JACK: You're sure?

SOLD: Yap. Never forget a face. That's him. Gimme a butt.

JACK: Here.

SOLD: What are you gonna do, wake him up?

JACK: Sure. All that searching, what do you think --?

SOLD: I wonnt (SPELLING LIKE THAT) advise it. Wake up a sergeant from a sound sleep, I wonnt advise it.

JACK: I'll take my chances. Hey fellow, wake up. Hey sergeant. Hey sarge. Get up, will you? (SNEEZES LOUD)

SARGE: What's that? Hunh? Who're you, sneezing in my face?

JACK: I'm sorry, I -- (ANOTHER SNEEZE)

SARGE: Don't sneeze around me. What are you trying to do? ~~Hey,~~
~~who are you anyway?~~

JACK: Sergeant, I'm -- (~~CHUCKLES~~) I'm sorry. I'm sorry, I woke
you.

SARGE: *you'll soon, you*
Hey, don't you know this is an army base, what are you
doing here?

JACK: I'm looking for you.

SARGE: Me?

JACK: This soldier here tells me you said you saw Ted Franco here
on the - when was it?

SOLD: The 11th of January.

SARGE: What's that to you?

JACK: And he's supposed to have murdered a girl in San Francisco
on the 14th.-

SARGE: Say who are you?

JACK: Nobody, just a guy. ~~Just interested in call it the truth.~~
Is that true?

SARGE: You come waking me up out of a sound sleep to ask me that?

JACK: Sergeant, I've been on this nearly 24 hours. I haven't
slept. I've been trying to find out the truth. I don't
think Ted Franco murdered anybody in San Francisco when
he was here at Fort Dix. Can you help me prove that?

SARGE: Well, if I had a mind to maybe I could.

JACK: Did you see him?

SARGE: Sure I saw him. I saw him the next day too, the 12th and
the 13th and the 14th. The day she got killed, he was
right here.

JACK: You're sure.

SARGE: Sure I'm sure. I don't make mistakes. That's how I got to be a staff sergeant.

JACK: How can you prove it? There's no record of it.

SARGE: Prove it. Easiest thing in the world. Franco came in on the 11th. He come in wearing an officer's uniform. Had no right to wear an officer's uniform. Told him to take it off, he wouldn't do it. I give him company punishment -two days in a row. Cleaning up butts. That's how I can prove it. You think I make a statement like that and not be able to prove it? What do you think I am?

JACK: Are there records of the company punishment?

SARGE: Sure, there's records - and there's my word. Ain't that good enough for you?

JACK: Perfect. Perfect sergeant. But, for heaven's sake, if you knew this - and you knew Franco was going to be tried for murder - why didn't you come forward with that information?

SARGE: Are you kidding? (~~JACK: What?~~) ~~Stick my neck out for a~~
~~guy like Franco? He was a no good fellow, stick it for~~
~~himself. A really nice, FRESH, guy. Sure I know he was~~
~~there when he said he was there. But if a guy says he~~
~~for the hell~~
killed some dame in Frisco on such and such a night, what do you think I'm going to do - stick my neck out and say he didn't? Did you ever get mixed up in a court martial in the Army? Oh, no. Look, I got an officer, quite a guy. Maybe he wouldn't like for me to say I saw this Franco. Oh, no not me - not my neck.

JACK: But, a man's life is at stake.

SARGE: And what about my discharge? I'm up for discharge in a couple of days. Think I want to hang around, maybe three months, maybe have to go to Frisco, get mixed up in a murder -- not on your life.

JACK: Sergeant, look - let me ask you just one question. Would you sign an affidavit telling just what you told me?

SARGE: Get this guy. I just told you. I ain't getting mixed up in no murder. If a guy says he murdered some dame that's good enough for me. I want to go to sleep.

JACK: He didn't know what he was doing. He blacked out. He thinks he killed the girl, but he didn't. He couldn't have. You can save a man's life. An innocent guy.

SARGE: I told you all I'm going to tell you. Go talk to someone else. There was other guys seen him here those days.

JACK: There were?

SARGE: Sure, two other guys - I'll give you their names. Lemme alone.

JACK: Gimme their names.

SARGE: Frisch, in B Co; and Allerton, D Company. Okay?

JACK: Fine - only now I want you to sign the affidavit.

SARGE: I told you I --

JACK: Sarge, I'm a stubborn guy. I'll haunt you. I'll stay here all week. You can't get rid of me --

SOLDIER: You should have seen the way he tracked you down, sarge. He means it.

JACK: Say yes now. Save yourself trouble. Just a little piece of paper and you can sleep all you want. And you'll sleep better, sarge. Much better.

SARGE: Why don't you ask them other fellows?

JACK: Conscience, sarge - everybody's got a conscience.

SARGE: Okay, draw it up, I'll sign it. Lemme get to sleep.

JACK: Thanks. You're a swell guy. Tell me, while I'm drawing this up. You think those other fellow'll sign - Frisch and Allerton?

SARGE: No. ~~I think they'll sign your own cold.~~ But I think you can talk them into it.

JACK: Thanks. (SNEEZE)

(MUSIC: UNDER)

NARR: That does it. ~~The warty old sarge Annady is smacked back on his heels. The barefooted do the trick and the camp psychiatrist pronounces Franco a "stok" man who confessed out of confusion and disorientation.~~ So you call your editor and then you call home and tell the missus...

HELEN: (F) Good work. But what's the matter with your voice?

JACK: (BAD COLD NOW) It's long distance. Nothing's the matter.

HELEN: You got yourself a cold. You wouldn't wear your rubbers. You wouldn't take your muffler. Fine - now I'll have a nice, wheezy sick patient on my hands all week.

JACK: I know -- I'm sorry, honey.

HELEN: Don't worry too much. It was worth it. It was worth a good cold, any day in the week. Hoy, you're a good reporter. Come home. And buy a pair of rubbers before you leave the camp. And wear them ~~honey~~

(MUSIC: UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Jack Lotto of International News Service with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #80

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

VIBAPHONE: 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!

ATX01 0060945

(ORCHESTRA: TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now, we read you that telegram from Jack Lotto of the International News Service.

LOTTO: I obtained the three affidavits and they did the trick. The Camp psychiatrist pronounced soldier in tonight's Big Story a "sick" man who confessed out of confusion and disorientation. Assured by Army Authorities that he couldn't possibly have been involved in the killing of the Blue Dahlia, Franco retracted his confession. I sincerely appreciate tonight's PELL MELL Award.

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

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY - A BIG STORY from the front pages of the New York Herald Tribune -- by-line Roy Battersby -- a Big Story about a man who phoned - (SOUND OF DIAL) a telephone that rang - (TELEPHONE RINGING) and a woman who couldn't answer.

MUSIC: THEME WIPE AND FADE TO BG ON CUE)

-28-

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 Jack Lotto. 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. Lotto.

(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

LILY
9/27/48 PM

ATX01 0060947

AS BROADCAST

REVISED

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #81

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
ROY BATTERSEY	GRANT RICHARDS
MARTY	JOHN GIBSON
CARL	ARNOLD MOSS
ALICE	ALICE FROST
MISS TRACY	HELEN CHOATE
BONHAM	BOB SLOANE
OPERATOR	ALICE FROST
FRASER	JOE DE SANTIS
WILLIAMS	JOHN GIBSON
<i>Novilli</i> GERDIE	ARNOLD MOSS
BOLAND	RAY HOHNSON
MRS. COOPER	HELEN CHOATE

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1948

ATX01 0060948

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#81

ROY BATTERSBY

(10:00) (10:30 PM)

OCTOBER 13, 1948

WEDNESDAY

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

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

CARL: Mr. Gaynor speaking ...

ALICE: (FILTER, AGITATED) Carl ... Carl ...

CARL: What is it, Alice? What's the matter, dear?

ALICE: Carl, I'm all alone in the apartment ... and I'm nervous ... frightened. There's someone here in the apartment ... I know it, I'm sure of it.

CARL: Now, Alice. Calm down. Don't upset yourself. There's no one there ... it's just your imagination ...

ALICE: (FRANTIC) I tell you I heard someone ... a sound ... it came from the bedroom ... or the closet ... I don't know. Carl, darling ... please ... please leave the office and come home right away!

CARL: Alice, I can't. I'm up to my neck in work down here. Now, lie down and try to get some rest. There's no one there.... it's just nerves ...

ALICE:

Carl,

I'm sorry - you're right - I guess I'm just a nervous wife.

~~CARL: Goodbye, Alice.~~

~~ALICE: (FRANTIC) No, Carl! Don't hang up! Don't! Carl!~~

(RECEIVER ON HOOK)

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

ATX01 0060949

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) New York City. From
the pages of the Herald-Tribune, the authentic and
exciting story of a reporter who looked for an apartment...
with a killer in it. Tonight, to Roy Battersby of the
New York Herald Tribune, goes the PELL MELL Award for the
BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: _ FANFARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 10/13/48
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: 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.

(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER FOR)

CHAPPELL: Now the story as it actually happened ... Roy Battersby's story as he lived it ... New York City ...

NARRATOR: You are Roy Battersby of the New York Herald-Tribune, and if that sounds impressive ... it ~~isn't~~ ^{is not}. Your beat isn't the glamour beat of Broadway, or even Manhattan. You cover the borough of Queens for the Trib, a borough not as famous as Brooklyn or the Bronx, but bigger in area than both of them. Anyway, it's this January afternoon, and you're talking to your old friend, Sergeant Marty Callahan at Queens ^{Police} headquarters -

ROY: What's new, Marty?

MARTY: ~~Nothing.~~

ROY: ~~No accidents ... no homicides ... no babies left on a doorstep ... nothing?~~

MARTY: Not a thing, Roy.

ROY: (SIGHS) Well, that's typical. Nothing ever happens in Queens. A million and a half people in the biggest borough in New York City, and nothing happens. They ought to call this the Borough of Brotherly Love.

MARTY: There you go, Roy, running down Queens again. Anything wrong if it is peaceful around here?

ROY: ~~It is when you need a story, Sergeant. Now if they gave me Brooklyn to cover, or maybe the Bronx...~~

MARTY: ~~Awah! What have they got, Roy?~~

ROY: ~~Plenty. Why, they're famous the world over. Brooklyn's got the Dodgers, not to mention a tree. And the Bronx has a cheer named after it. But nobody ever heard of Queens ...~~

MARTY: ~~Is that so? Is that so, now? And I suppose no one ever heard of LaGuardia airport ... or the Long Island Railroad, or Aqueduct racetrack ...~~

ROY: Okay, okay, Marty. It's got everything ... but a story. Anyway what about those unsolved apartment house robberies over in Jackson Heights? Anything new on that?

~~MARTY: Come to think of it, Roy, there is.~~

~~ROY: Yeah. What?~~

MARTY: *well* The burglar in that neighborhood got into those apartments by unlocking the doors and walking right in. *Then he* ~~has a~~ ~~master key, looks like the chief's advised all residents to change the locks on their doors and ...~~

ROY: (INTERRUPTS, WEARILY) Hold it, Marty?

MARTY: Yeah?

ROY: We ran that item in yesterday's paper. You can read all about it ... in the Herald-Tribune!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You Roy Battersby, were bored and restless as you hung around headquarters. You didn't know, you couldn't have known, that your Big Story had already begun, that it was already on its way to big bold type, and sensational headlines. And in a way it had begun, not in Queens, but in an office building in downtown Manhattan ...

(PHONE RING)

CARL: Oh. I'll get it, Miss Tracy. You keep working on those reports.....

MISS T: Yes, Mr. Gaynor

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

CARL: Mr. Gaynor speaking

ALICE: (FILTER, JITTERY) Carl ... Carl, it's Alice. I ... I ...

CARL: What is it, dear? What's the matter?

ALICE: I ... I don't know, Carl. I've just come in from the doctor's and all alone ... and I don't know, I feel so nervous and upset.....

CARL: (SOOTHING) Now Alice

ALICE: I know. I guess I sound pretty silly. But ever since they robbed our apartment and all those other robberies here in Jackson Heights, Carl..... it's been on my mind all day. The burglar's been unlocking the doors and walking right in and... and ... Carl, I'm afraid. If you could only come home

CARL: (SOOTHING) Now, look dear. You're just working yourself up into a state.....

ALICE: Carl.....

CARL: There's nothing to worry about ... not a thing. It's broad daylight. And since, this burglar has robbed our apartment once. He's not going to try it again.

ALICE: Carl, I don't know, I don't know. We still have the same lock on the door ... the one he opened. I've called the locksmith three times and he's busy. Carl, please, I'm all alone here and if you could come home.

CARL: All right, Alice, I'll come home right away. Goodbye, dear.

ALICE: Goodbye, Carl.

(RECEIVER ON HOOK. THEN A PAUSE)

MISS T: (COMING IN) Anything wrong, Mr. Gaynor?

~~CARL: (INTERRUPTED, IN REVERIE) Huh? Oh. No, Miss Tracy. It's~~
my wife. She hasn't been well lately ... gets nervous and
upset. She's worried about being home alone since our
apartment was robbed a month ago.

MISS T: Oh. I see ...

CARL: (LAUGHS A LITTLE NERVOUSLY) Of course, it doesn't make
sense.

~~MISS T: What doesn't make sense?~~

CARL: *Miss Tracy*
~~Why,~~ no thief would try and rob the same apartment all over
again. (PAUSE) Now would he, *Miss Tracy?*

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE ...)

(BUZZER ON INTERCOM BOX)

(CLICK)

CARL: Yes?

BONHAM: (FILTER) Gaynor, this is Mr. Bonham. We're in the
Conference room ... waiting for you.

CARL: I know sir, but something has just come up and I have to
get home right away.

BONHAM: Very sorry, Gaynor, but this meeting means thousands of
dollars to me and you must be here.

CARL: All right, sir. I'll be right in.

(CLICK OF SWITCH)

CARL: Miss Tracy, those sales reports ...

MISS T: (COMING IN) Here you are, Mr. Gaynor. You'll find every-
thing in this folder, month-by-month ...

CARL: *Thanks*
~~Good~~ I'm afraid I *will have to go to* ~~can't get to get into~~ that meeting ...

(PHONE RING) (RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

CARL: (BRUSQUE) Mr. Gaynor speaking ...

ALICE: (FILTER, SHE'S HYSTERICAL NOW) Carl ... Carl ...

CARL: Alice, what ...?

ALICE: Carl, haven't you left yet?...

CARL: Look, Alice.....

ALICE: There's someone in the apartment here ... I'm sure of it,
Carl ...

CARL: There's no one there, Alice. Now please will you ...

ALICE: I heard someone, Carl. I tell you I heard someone ...
a sound ... it came from the bedroom, from the closet, I
think. Carl, I don't know what to do ... I'm all alone here
... and I'm so frightened....

CARL: Alice, look. You're on edge....hearing things. Get a grip
on yourself. If it'll make you feel any better, call
Williams, the porter, or Fraser the superintendent. Tell
them to come up to the apartment and look around....

ALICE: Carl, Carl, I'm frightened ... terribly frightened ...

CARL: Alice, just try to calm yourself...

MISS T: Pardon me, Mr. Gaynor.

CARL: Alice, hold on a second.

MISS T: Mr. Bonham just called a second time and wants you right
away.....

CARL: OK, Miss Tracy, I'll be right there. Hello - Alice (PAUSE)
(SOUND JIGGLE OF PHONE) Hello, hello - Oh, cut off, well
I'd better dial her back. (SOUND OF DIAL)

~~(DOOR OPENS)~~

MISS T: ~~Oh. Hello, Mr. Gaynor. Meeting over so soon?~~

CARL: No, Miss Tracy. I excused myself for a moment ...

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

(DIALING OF PHONE UNDER - SEVEN TIMES)

CARL: Funny. Got to thinking about Alice ... about my wife ...
back in the conference room, and the first thing I knew ...
I couldn't concentrate on the meeting. Of course, it's
foolish ... no reason for it all ... but I just thought
~~I'd call Alice back, just to make sure ...~~

~~(RINGING ON FILTER CAN BEGİN UNDER THE ABOVE)~~

MISS T: I'm sure everything is all right, Mr. Gaynor.

CARL: Of course it is. No doubt about it ...

(RINGING ON FILTER CONTINUES)

CARL: That's funny ...

MISS T: What's the matter, Mr. Gaynor?

CARL: No answer. They're ringing my apartment all right, but
no answer.

MISS T: Maybe your wife went out.

CARL: Maybe. ^{*I just talked to her,*} Still ... I don't like it. The point is if I
know ... if I knew for sure that she ...

(RINGING ON FILTER STOPS)

OPERATOR: (CUTS IN ON FILTER) I'm sorry, sir. There is no answer ...

CARL: Operator, there must be someone there ...

OPERATOR: I'm sorry, sir. Your party does not answer ...

CARL: Well, keep ringing, will you, Operator? I'm trying to
get my wife and ...

OPERATOR: Very well, sir. I'll try it again

(RINGING ON FILTER AGAIN)

~~(MUSIC: BRIDGE...)~~

~~(IN WITH STEADY RINGING ON FILTER AGAIN.)~~

MISS T: ~~No luck yet, Mr. Gaynor?~~

CARL: (WORRIED) No. No. I've called our neighbor, Mrs. Cooper, in the apartment next door. No answer. I've tried the building superintendent. He doesn't answer either. ~~I'm trying to get my wife again now. If she...~~

(RINGING CUTS OFF)

OPERATOR: ~~(FILTER)~~ I'm sorry, sir, but there's still no answer.

CARL: ~~(DESPERATELY)~~ Operator, keep trying. There must be someone there! ~~There's got to be!~~

OPERATOR: I'm sorry, sir. We've been ringing for two minutes now. I'll try again a little later, and call you back....

(CLICK ON FILTER)

CARL: Operator!

(JIGGLING OF RECEIVER)

CARL: Operator! Operator!

~~(RECEIVER ON HOOK)~~

MISS T: Mr. Gaynor, I'm sure ...

CARL: I don't like it, I don't like it at all. The more I think of it, the more ... (CUTS, AND THEN WITH SUDDEN DECISION) Miss Tracy, I'm going home!

~~MISS T: Home? But what about the board meeting ... and Mr. Donham ... and all those appointments afterward ...~~

~~CARL: They'll just have to wait ... I'm going home!~~

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Roy Battersby, of the New York Herald Tribune, are at Queens Police Headquarters, when the call comes in. It's from some woman in an apartment house in Jackson Heights, and she babbles hysterically about the apartment house burglar. And that's all you need. You get into the car and start to eat up the ten miles between you and Jackson Heights. But minutes before you get there, Carl Gaynor arrives in the apartment lobby and sees the portery...

CARL: ~~(CALLS) Williams! Williams!~~

WILLIAMS: ~~(COMING IN) Yes, Mr. Gaynor?~~

CARL: ~~Something's wrong up in my apartment! I've been trying to get my wife, but she doesn't answer, I'm sure something's wrong...~~

WILLIAMS: ~~I know there is, Mr. Gaynor!~~

CARL: ~~What do you mean?~~

WILLIAMS: ^{Mr. Gaynor,} just got a complaint from the people in the apartment under yours. The people in 3-G. They claim there's water dripping down through their ceiling ...

CARL: Water? *I knew there was something wrong -*

WILLIAMS: ~~Yes, sir. Can't figure it out.~~ We'd better go right up and see ...

CARL: Williams, wait a minute. I ...

WILLIAMS: Yeah?

CARL: I forgot my keys. I was in such a hurry to leave the office, I forgot my keys. But you must have a master key ...

WILLIAMS: Me? No sir, no Mr. Gaynor, not me. Only one who has that is Mr. Fraser, the superintendent ...

CARL: Where can we find him? (BLAZES) For the love of Heaven,
Man, where can we find him? Don't just stand there ...

WILLIAMS: Why, I think he's in the basement ...

CARL: (JUMPY) All right, all right. What are we waiting for?
Let's go!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE ...)

FRASER: You say there's water dripping down into 3-G, Williams?

WILLIAMS: That's right, Mr. Fraser. It's comin' down from Mr.
Gaynor's apartment ...

FRASER: That's funny. Don't understand it ...

CARL: (CUTTING IN) Look, Fraser, there's no time for talk?
Don't you understand? Something's wrong, I haven't
been able to get my wife on the phone ... I've got to get
into my apartment right away, and I need that key ...

FRASER: All right, Mr. Gaynor, all right. Don't get excited.
I can't help it if you forgot your own key. Here's
the master, and be sure and return it ...

CARL: (BEGINNING TO FADE) Come on, Williams. Let's take
the elevator ...

WILLIAMS: You coming up with us, Mr. Fraser?

FRASER: (A BEAT) I'll be up a little later. You go ahead with
Mr. Gaynor, Williams?

(MUSIC: BRIDGE ...)

(HOLLOW ECHO OF TWO MEN'S FOOTSTEPS HURRYING DOWN
CORRIDOR)

CARL: Here we are, Williams.

(FOOTSTEPS STOP ABRUPTLY)

(KEY IN LOCK)

(DOOR OPENS)

WILLIAMS: Look at this place, Mr. Gaynor. There's a regular flood in here. Seems to be coming from the bathroom....

CARL: Come on, Williams. Let's have a look ...

(STEPS)

(DOOR OPENS)

(FAUCET POURING WATER INTO BATH-TUB, UP)

WILLIAMS: Mr. Gaynor! The water's running in the bath-tub. It's ~~filled to~~ overflowing. I ... (GASPS) Good lord!

(A PAUSE. ~~WE HEAR NOTHING BUT THE WATER RUNNING~~)

CARL: (FINALLY, BROKENLY) Alice ... Alice ...!

(PHONE RINGS A LITTLE OFF. AGAIN. AGAIN.)

WILLIAMS: (LOW) Mr. Gaynor. It's the phone. I ...

CARL: (DAZED) The phone ... yes the phone

(RING AGAIN)

(A COUPLE OF STEPS)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

CARL: Hello?

OPERATOR: (FILTER) This is the ~~Chief~~ Operator. Someone in Manhattan has been trying to get you for the past hour. Shall I connect you?

CARL: No, Operator. Never mind....

Received
(RECEIVER ON HOOK)

CARL: (BREAKS, SOBS) Never mind, Operator!

(MUSIC: UP INTO CURTAIN)

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE.....)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 10/13/48
PELL MELL

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.

(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

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

NARR: You, Roy Battersby, of the New York Herald Tribune, get to the six-story Jackson Heights apartment building, a few minutes after the police. You've seen corpses before, but somehow this one hits you hard, where it hurts, makes you a little sick. You see the fully-dressed body of Alice Gaynor floating face downward in the overflowing bathtub, her clothes billowing upward in the water, and you see her husband, Carl, sitting in a chair, staring at her, numb and broken. And then you buttonhole Captain Matt Boland, of the Sixteenth Detective District ...

ROY: Captain Boland, about this murder ...

BOLAND: (CURT) No time now, Battersby ...

ROY: Give me a break, Captain. Just a couple of seconds. I've got to phone something in ...!

BOLAND: Okay. Make it snappy. What do you want to know?

ROY: Any clues, any trace of the killer?

BOLAND: No. He made a clean getaway. *Took the weapon with him*

ROY: Through the front door?

BOLAND: Presumably. The windows were all locked from the inside.

ROY: ~~No fingerprints?~~

BOLAND: ~~Not a print.~~

ROY: ~~How was she killed?~~

BOLAND: ~~Blunt instrument. The killer took the weapon with him.~~

ROY: Who phoned the police?

BOLAND: A Mrs. Cooper. Lives in the apartment next door ...

ROY: You talked to her, yet, Captain?

BOLAND: Not yet. She's too hysterical to talk. We'll get to her, later ...

ROY: ~~And no one saw any stranger around the promisee ... going in or out of the lobby?~~

BOLAND: ~~No.~~

ROY: ~~Could be an inside job ...~~

BOLAND: ~~Maybe. But there are 88 apartments in this building. It's going to take some looking ... and right now, we haven't anything.~~

ROY: Captain Boland, what about ...?

BOLAND: (CURT) Sorry, Battersby. No more for now. I've got work to do!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The police go over the apartment again and again, find nothing. But you, Roy Battersby, do a little hard thinking on your own. The killer went in through the front door with the murder weapon, and he went out with it. Maybe he left it somewhere, hid it, decided not to take the chance of carrying it out of the building. You look around outside the apartment ... there's nothing but the corridor and other apartments. Then, on the way to the elevator, you see a narrow door with no number on it ...

(STEPS IN CORRIDOR)

NARR: Just out of curiosity, you go over and open the door ...

(STEPS STOP. DOOR OPENS)

NARR: It's the incinerator closet. There's a sink, a mop, cleaning brushes. You open the incinerator chute ...

(CHUTE OPENS)

NARR: And then ...

ROY: Holy Smoke! Holy Smoke!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You've found it ... a clue. A solid clue. You rush back to see Captain Boland. But you can't speak to him ... not at this moment. Because he and Carl Gaynor are talking to Mrs. Cooper, the next-door neighbor who phoned the police. *You get in there, just as she begins her story.* So ... you wait with your information until they're through ...

~~BOLAND: You say you heard something going on in the Gaynor apartment, Mrs. Cooper?~~

~~MRS C: Yes. Yes, Captain. I was sitting in my chair .. knitting, when ...~~

~~CARL: Did you hear this man talk, Mrs. Cooper? Did you hear him say anything to Alice?~~

~~MRS C: Why ... why Mr. Gaynor, I --~~

~~CARL: (ALMOST HYSTERICAL) Think, Mrs. Cooper! Think! This was the man who killed Alice! Did you recognize his voice? Don't just sit there, and say nothing. Maybe you knew who he was, maybe he came from right here in the building...~~

~~MRS C: Mr. Gaynor, I don't know, I don't know. I swear I don't ...~~

~~CARL: For the love of Heaven, Mrs. Cooper, you've got to think who ...~~

~~BOLAND: (OUTS IN, A LITTLE SHARP) Gaynor! Stop it! Cut it out!~~

~~CARL: But Captain, I ... I ... (BREAKS A LITTLE HERE)~~

~~BOLAND: (GENTLY) Sure, sure, I know. I know how you feel, Gaynor. And I don't blame you. But you'd better let me ask the questions. (A PAUSE) Now, then, Mrs. Cooper, you were sitting there knitting. Then what happened?~~

to begin with Captain
-19-

*I was sitting in my
chair knitting when*

MRS C: Well, # ... the walls are pretty thin here, I heard
Alice ... Mrs. Gaynor, on the phone. She ... she was
(FADING) talking to Mr. Gaynor here....

ALICE: (FADING ON, HYSTERICALLY) Carl, darling, I'm afraid ...
afraid. There's someone in here, I know there is. I
heard a sound ... it came from the bedroom, from the
closet, I think. (PAUSE) Carl, please, please come home,
I don't know what to do ... (PAUSE) Carl! No! Don't
hang up. Carl, don't ...

(JUGGLING OF RECEIVER)

ALICE: Carl!

(RECEIVER ON HOOK)

ALICE: (AFTER A PAUSE, BEGINS TO SOB, HYSTERICALLY) Call the
superintendent! Yes! That's what Carl said! Call him.
on the house phone and ...

(DOOR OPENS)

ALICE: (A SCREAM) Who's that? Who's there ... (GASP)

(SLOW STEPS UP)

ALICE: No! NO! (SCREAMS)

(BLOW)

(BODY FALL)

(A PAUSE)

(SLOW STEPS. THEY STOP. A DOOR OPENS. A COUPLE
OF MORE STEPS. A DULL THUD.

(A PAUSE)

(WATER TURNED ON, RUNNING IN BATH-TUB)

(DOOR CLOSE)

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

(FOOTSTEPS RUNNING DOWN HALL, ECHOING AND FADING)

MRS C: (FADING ON) I heard him run down the corridor, Captain Boland ... and that's all I heard. I ... I was so frightened I ran out of the apartment... down the stairs... and into the lobby ...

BOLAND: I see. And you called the police from the pay phone there ...

MRS C: Yes yes

CARL: (DESPERATELY) And this killer didn't say a word, Mrs. Cooper? You didn't hear his voice? You don't know who he was?

MRS C: No, Mr. Gaynor. No. I don't know who he was!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: It's then that you, Roy Battersby, tell Captain Boland what you saw in the incinerator. And ~~he and Carl Gaynor~~ ^{*the two of you walk*} follow you down the corridor.

(STEPS ECHOING IN CORRIDOR)

BOLDND: You sure you saw bloodstains on the inside of that incinerator chute, Battersby?

ROY: Positive, Captain.

BOLAND: It could have been catsup ... or red paint, maybe.

ROY: I'd swear it was blood,

CARL: (BROKENLY) Blood. My wife's blood... Alice's...

ROY: Here's the incinerator closet ...

(STEPS STOP)

BOLAND: Okay. Let's have a look.

(DOOR OPENS.)

ROY: Those bloodstains were right here ... (GRUNTS) .. inside this incinerator chute ...

(CHUTE OPENS)

ROY: You can see for yourself that ... (CUTS)

(PAUSE)

BOLAND: Battersby, you're crazy.

ROY: Captain, I ...

BOLAND: I don't see any bloodstains here. ~~Do you, Captain?~~

CARL: ~~No. No. I don't.~~

ROY: Captain ... I tell you there were bloodstains here.

I'd swear it. They were right here, ²⁰~~five~~ minutes ago!

BOLAND: They're not here now.

ROY: Wait a minute! Wa-ait a minute. That's it. That must be it.

BOLAND: What?

ROY: The killer! He must have seen me looking at this incinerator. And when I was in the apartment while you were questioning Mrs. Cooper, he came in and washed those bloodstains off. (A BEAT) Don't you see, Captain? He tried to wash the evidence away!

BOLAND: Battersby, if what you say is true ... then this was an inside job ... and the killer may still be in the building.

CARL: ~~The killer! (HOARSELY) Yes! The man who killed my wife hit her on the head ... threw her in the bath-tub. If we can only find him ... if we only find him ... if we only find him, I'll ...~~

ROY: Captain!

BOLAND: ~~Yes?~~

ROY: The killer threw something down the incinerator. And the incinerator's in the basement. If we go down there and take a look

BOLAND: Okay, Battersby. ~~Maybe you've got something.~~ Let's go!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The ~~three~~² of you rush to the elevator, ride down to the cellar. And then, as you walk through the basement to the incinerator room, you see someone in the shadow ...

(STEPS ECHOING IN CELLAR. THEN STOP ABRUPTLY)

~~ROY: (LOW) Captain!~~

~~BOLAND: Yes, Battersby?~~

~~ROY: Someone's over there by the incinerator. See him?~~

~~BOLAND: I see him. (CALLS) Hey you! Come out of there! (A PAUSE)
Come out here where we can see you!~~

~~(STEPS UP, SLOW, THEN STOP)~~

~~CARL: It's Fraser. It's Fraser, the building superintendent.~~

~~FRASER: (NERVOUSLY, JITTERY) What is it? What do you want?~~

BOLAND: What are you doing down here by the incinerator, Fraser?

FRASER: Why, I was just going to burn the ~~refuse~~^{trash} here ...

BOLAND: I see. (A BEAT) Got the idea all of a sudden, didn't you?

FRASER: I don't know what you're talking about. I told Williams, the porter, to burn it, but he didn't. So I ...

~~CARL: (HYSTERIA) You're a liar, Fraser. There's something in there you want to burn. You're hiding something in there. Maybe you did it! Maybe you killed my wife! (RISING) Why, you dirty, sneaking rat, I ought to ...~~

~~FRASER: (CHOKING) Mr. Gaynor ... don't don't ...~~

~~BOLAND: (SHARP) Stop it, Gaynor! Take your hands off him. Let him alone!~~

CARL: ~~(WITH SUPPRESSED FURY) All right, Captain, all right.
But if I ever find out that he did it, I'll ...~~

FRASER: ~~You're crazy, Mr. Gaynor. You're out of your mind!
(RISING) Listen, Captain, all I was trying to do was
burn the refuse in this ...~~

BOLAND: Better postpone your bonfire for awhile, Fraser.

FRASER: What for?

ROY: We're going to do a little digging in that incinerator.

FRASER: Yes? (A BEAT) What do you expect to find?

BOLAND: Maybe you can tell us, Fraser!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Captain Boland sends ^{superintendent} Fraser upstairs, warns him not to leave the building. Then, he, Gaynor, and you, Roy Battersby, start digging through the incinerator. It's odorous, revolting work, but you keep at it. And finally, it pays off double. You find a claw-type hammer stained with blood which Gaynor identifies as belonging to the Superintendent, and a bloodstained suit, a suit stolen from Carl Gaynor's apartment a month ago. Then you all go to the superintendent's office --

BOLAND: Ever see this bloodstained suit, Fraser?

FRASER: No, sir, no sir, I never have.

BOLAND: You're sure?

FRASER: I told you, Captain, no, no, No! I never saw it, I don't know whose it is, I don't know where it came from! Why don't you stop persecuting me, asking me all these questions, trying to pin this killing on me. I tell you I don't know a thing about it, I didn't do it, I didn't have anything to do with it and

BOLAND: Now about the keys, Fraser.

FRASER: (BLANKLY) The keys?

BOLAND: The master keys. You were the only one in the building who has a master key for every apartment. That right, Fraser? (A PAUSE) (THEN SHARP) That right? Speak up!

FRASER: (LOW) I ... that's right. (SUDDENLY) But that doesn't prove anything, Captain. They hung in my workroom in the basement. Someone could have stolen ...

BOLAND: (INTERRUPTS) Take a look at this, Fraser

(CLANK OF HAMMER ON TABLE)

BOLAND: Recognize this claw-hammer?

(A PAUSE)

BOLAND: (QUIETLY) Well, Fraser?

FRASER: Captain, I ...

BOLAND: It's yours, isn't it?

FRASER: Yes. Yes. It's mine. But I swear, I don't know, I don't understand how ...

BOLAND: I do. You were wearing Gaynor's stolen suit, when you murdered his wife. You changed your clothes in the incinerator closet, and then dumped the bloody suit and the hammer down the chute. You figured you'd burn the mess later and ...

FRASER: (RISING) That's a lie! That's a lie, Captain, do you hear? I didn't do it, I tell you, I didn't ...

BOLAND: (INTERRUPTS) I think you did, Fraser. And tomorrow, I hope to prove it, once and for all!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: What Fraser doesn't know is that you and Captain Boland have an ace-in-the-hole .. a dry-cleaner's mark on the inside lining of the bloodstained suit. The police check it back, and find the tailor who took it in, a man named ~~Corber~~ *Rovelli*. And the next day, in the superintendent's office ...

BOLAND: You still deny you killed Mrs. Gaynor, Fraser?

FRASER: Yes. Yes, I deny it! I didn't kill her, and I don't know who did?

BOLAND: And you've never seen that bloodstained suit?

FRASER: I told you a hundred times ... no!

BOLAND: ~~Roy~~ *Batteries*

ROY: Yes, Captain? *C*

BOLAND: Show that tailor in ..

ROY: Okay ...

(DOOR OPENS)

ROY: Come in, ~~Corber~~ *Rovelli*

(DOOR CLOSE) *Rovelli: Yes sir -*

(A COUPLE OF STEPS UP)

BOLAND: ~~Corber~~ *Rovelli* a few weeks ago a man came into your shop and left this suit. You said he went under the name of Johnson.

(A BEAT) Is this the man who left the suit at your shop?

Rovelli:
~~Corber:~~

(A BEAT) No.

BOLAND: What? This isn't the man? (DAZED) You're sure?

Rovelli:
~~Corber:~~

I am sure. I remember the face. This is not the customer with the blue suit. I ...

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

BOLAND: Come in ...

(DOOR OPENS)

(DOOR OPENS)

BOLAND: Yes? What is it, Williams?

WILLIAMS: I just wanted to ask Mr. Fraser here about cleaning the lobby before ... (CUTS)

(A PAUSE)

BOLAND: What's the matter, ^{Rielly?} ~~Gerber?~~ What are you grabbing my arm for?

^{Rielly} GERBER: That's the man, Captain!

BOLAND: Williams? The porter?

^{Rielly} GERBER: Yes, yes. That's the man who brought this suit into my shop! I'd know him anywhere!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: That's the end, that's the final twist to your Big Story. ~~The killer was Williams, the porter, and not Fraser the superintendent. He had stolen the master key, the hammer, and killed Mrs. Cannon as he later confessed.~~ And you, Roy Battersby of the Herald Tribune, finally got your Big Story, in the borough of Queens. And it couldn't have been any bigger, even in Brooklyn or the Bronx!

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN...)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Roy Battersby of the New York Herald Tribune with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

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 Roy Battersby of the New York Herald Tribune.

BATTERSBY: Confronted with the evidence of his guilt, killer in ~~tonight's Big Story~~ at first denied any knowledge of the crime but finally confessed to the murder admitting that robbery was his motive in entering the apartment. He was convicted of murder in the first degree and executed at Sing Sing Prison. Thank you very much for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Battersby...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.

And now, here in the studio, is the editor of Movie Life Magazine, charming Miss Betty Etter, whom we were privileged to have as our guest early this summer. Welcome back to Pell Mell's "BIG STORY," Miss Etter.

ETTER: Thank you, Mr. Chappell, it's nice to be back, ~~particularly~~ ^{especially} to see one of the featured actors of this evening's "Big Story", Arnold Moss. Hello, Arnold.

MOSS: Hello, Betty, it's nice to see you, too.

ETTER: Arnold, currently you have ~~the~~ ^{of the Colonel} featured role in the Rita Hayworth picture, "Loves of Carmen" ^{for} You ~~are~~ consistently ~~good~~ ^{live on the air - among them, those} performances on Pell Mell's "Big Story" ~~and tonight~~ ^{tonight} I am here to present Movie Life Magazine's award for the month's outstanding ~~actor~~ ^{motion picture} performance by

~~an motion picture actor~~ ^{best known for his radio work.}
 The killer in tonight's Big Story was William
 the porter and ~~not~~ ^{not} Fraser the superintendent. He had
 stolen the master key, the hammer and killed Mrs. Chapman

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MOSS: It's a great honor to receive recognition such as this,
~~especially since an actor has no way of hearing cheers or~~
~~jeers from the great unseen audience out there.~~ Thanks *a lot*
~~you, again,~~ Miss Betty Etter, of Movie Life Magazine.

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 Times - by-line A. M. Rochlen - a Big Story about
a reporter who found a little black bag filled with
moonlight and music and murder.

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

ATX01 0060976

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 Grant Richards played the part of Roy Battersby. In order to protect the names of people actually involved in tonight's authentic BIG STORY the names of characters in the dramatization were changed with the exception of the reporter, Mr. Battersby.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE)

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

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

Joan/pb
9/29/48

ATX01 0060977

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #82

CAST

NARRATOR
ROCKY ROCHLEN
SAM
MRS LARKIN
LARKIN
PERRY
MARY
LOUISE
IRMA
MABEL

Cat

BOB SLOANE
LAWSON ZERBE
SANTOS ORTEGA
JEANNE TATUM
TED OSBORNE
SANTOS ORTEGA
MITZI GOULD
ANN BURR
JEANNE TATUM
MITZI GOULD

Mad Barber

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1948

ATX01 0060978

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

OCTOBER 20, 1948

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: HIT THEME AND OUT OFF)

ROCKY: I don't understand it, Sam. Why all that fuss about a plain black leather bag?

SAM: It's not the bag, reporter -- it's what in it.

ROCKY: All right. What's in it?

SAM: I don't know, but I'm going to ~~find out~~ *find the truth* -- right now.ROCKY: ~~It's locked.~~SAM: ~~I know some tricks. Hand me those pliers.~~ROCKY: ~~Here they are.~~

(BREAK METAL CLASP)

SAM: Okay, that's one clasp. (EFFORT) And there's the other. All right -- stand back now. It may be wired.

ROCKY: Be ~~careful~~.SAM: ~~Don't worry, rocky -- here goes.~~

(OPEN BAG)

ROCKY: ~~Does it open?~~SAM: ~~(QUEERLY) Yeah -- Sure!~~

ROCKY: What's in it, Sam?

(SILENCE)

ROCKY: Sam, what's in it? (BEAT) What is it? (BEAT) Sam!

(MUSIC: HIT INTO BRIDGE 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) Los Angeles, California. From the pages of the Los Angeles Times--the story of a mild little man who heard music in the moonlight. (MORE)

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CHAPPELL: Tonight, to A. M. Rochlen, reporter from the Los Angeles
(CONT'D)

Times goes the PELL MELL Award for THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: _ _ FANFARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0060980

THE BIG STORY 10/20/48
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: 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 make 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 0060981

(MUSIC: _ _ _ INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: And now, the story as it actually happened -- A. M. Rochlen's story, as he lived it. Los Angeles, California.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You are A. M. Rochlen of the Los Angeles Times known to all and sundry as Rocky. You sprawl in your desk chair, staring at the pale oblong of light outside the window, watching dusk roll over the city. It's spring, it's evening -- and it's dull. The sleepy silence of the city room is barely disturbed by the weary tinkle of the telephone on your desk...

(TINKLE OF TELEPHONE. PICK UP)

ROCKY: Rochlen speaking. Make it good and funny.

SAM: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) It ain't funny and it ain't much good, but you can take it or leave it and that's my final offer.

ROCKY: Hello, Sam. What's new in the detecting business?

SAM: Nothing much. ^{Got} Got a little story for you, though.

ROCKY: Like what?

SAM: Like \$32,000 in bonds that were stolen from a department store last night and a little man carrying a black bag, who was seen disappearing from the scene of the crime. How would you like to run a story like that?

ROCKY: I wouldn't.

SAM: Thanks, pal. I knew you'd help me out.

(HANG UP ON FILTER)

ROCKY: Look, Sambo, I didn't say...

(JIGGLE RECEIVER UNDER)

ROCKY: Hello. Sam. Hey, Sam. Oh, nuts.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING AND UNDER)

NARR: You run the story. Sam Crane is an old friend of yours and top dog of the Crane Detective Agency. Robberies are his specialty, and many's the story you've run for him to help smoke out a bashful purse snatcher. You know this is another one of those cases, so you're not at all surprised when, a few days later, a woman stops in at your office to see you.

MRS.L: (IN BROCKEN ENGLISH...HESITANTLY) My name Mrs. Larkin. I-- I see your story in paper. Of robbery. You say it was by small man with black bag.

ROCKY: Yes, that's right.

MRS.L: My husband -- small man. He have black bag.

ROCKY: Where is your husband, Mrs. Larkin?

MRS.L: Home. He stay home now. Three days he stay home. He sit there with black bag. All time watch black bag.
(HESITANTLY) You come?

(MUSIC: -- STING AND UNDER)

NARR: You come. You call Sam Crane and the two of you go to pay a visit on the little man with the black bag. Sam because he wants to recover that \$32,000 worth of bonds -- you because you have nothing else to do, and because Sam's good company, and because -- well, you're a reporter, aren't you?

SAM: Sorry to butt in on you like this, Mr. Larkin...

LARKIN: (A FLUTTERY, MOUSEY LITTLE MAN) Oh, that's all right. That's quite all right. Would you gentlemen care to join me in a glass of milk?

ROCKY: Never touch the stuff, thanks.

SAM: Mr. Larkin, some bonds were stolen from a downtown department store the other day, and ...

LARKIN: Oh, yes. I read about that. My gracious, that's certainly a lot of money, isn't it? Can you imagine -- \$32,000! Tsk. Tsk.

SAM: Are you trying to say that you don't know anything about the case?

LARKIN: Why, no -- I'm not trying to say anything of the sort I know all about it. I read the story in the newspaper. I read the newspaper very thoroughly, starting with the first page. Then I read the comics and after that I look at...

SAM: Never mind the play-by-play, Mr. Larkin. Do you realize that your description fits the man seen leaving the scene of the robbery?

LARKIN: It does? Why, what an amazing coincidence, gentlemen! I never realized that...(SHARP INTAKE OF BREATH) Why, gentlemen, you don't mean you think I stole those bonds?

ROCKY: Didn't you?

LARKIN: Me? ^{pl... ..} Oh, my gracious, I should say not. (LAUGHS) Oh, this is very exciting -- me, suspected of a crime! Oh, that's very exciting! Are you going to take me down for questioning?

SAM: I think that might be a very good idea.

LARKIN: I'll get my hat and be right with you. I just have to... (CUTS) Are you going to use handcuffs?

SAM: I don't think that'll be necessary.

LARKIN: (DISAPPOINTED) Oh. (THEN, BRIGHTENING) Oh, well, I expect you'll grill me under white hot lights until I'm dropping from exhaustion. I heard of a fellow once who... (CUTS) See here, what are you doing, young man?

ROCKY: Just looking at this black bag of yours, Mr. Larkin. I thought maybe we'd take this to headquarters with us.

LARKIN: Oh, yes. Yes, indeed. I always carry my bag with me.

ROCKY: It's not very heavy. What do you have in it?

LARKIN: Oh, nothing. Just a few personal little odds and ends.

ROCKY: I see. Mind if I look inside? I just thought...

LARKIN: (A SUDDEN, VIOLENT, INSANE SCREAM) Let go of that bag!

ROCKY: But, Mr. Larkin...

LARKIN: If you don't give me that bag, I'll kill you! Give me that bag, or I'll kill you!

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

NARR: Sam Crane's a big man, fortunately. Wilbur Larkin is a small man, fortunately. It's a violent fight, but a quick one -- and when it's all over, you and Sam wind up at police headquarters with a small man, a locked black bag, and a question running through your mind; What's in that bag? What can be in a small, black bag that makes a mild little man spring like a deadly panther? What is it that distorts a friendly, smiling face into a scowling mask of evil? What is the secret of a black leather bag?

ROCKY: Beats me. What's in that bag anyhow, Sam?

SAM: One way to find out. Hand me those pliers.

ROCKY: Gonna break the lock?

SAM: Break the lock and break the case. Give 'll get you ten
the bonds are right here, wrapped up all nice and neat
for ~~Sammy~~

(BREAK METAL CLASP)

SAM: (EFFORT) Okay, that's one clasp.

(AGAIN)

SAM: (EFFORT) And there's the other. That does it. All right
-- stand back now. This thing may be wired.

ROCKY: Be careful.

SAM: Don't worry. Okay, here goes!

(OPEN BAG)

ROCKY: Does it --- open?

SAM: (~~QUIBBLY~~)^{sure} Yeah. Sure.

ROCKY: What's in it, Sam? (PAUSE) Sam, what is it?

SAM: (FLATLY) Nothing.

ROCKY: Nothing? What do you mean -- nothing?

SAM: What I said. Nothing. Zero. Goose egg.

ROCKY: You mean the blasted thing's empty?

SAM: Just as good as. Look --- ~~trash~~^{stuff} paper. (MOUNTING FURY)
Bills, receipts, memos, lists...

ROCKY: (PUZZLED) What did Larkin get so excited about our
seeing this for?

SAM: Search me. He must be a ~~looney~~^{nut}...

ROCKY: Here's a receipt for painting a car.

SAM: (SARCASTICALLY) Oh boy! Big story! "Man paints car in
California!"

ROCKY: I don't get it. I thought sure --

SAM: (INTERRUPTING) Rocky! Here it is!

ROCKY: Here what is?

SAM: The key to a safety-deposit box in a bank in San Diego.

ROCKY: So?

SAM: So key fits box, box opens. Inside box, bonds. So long, Rocky. Next stop, San Diego.

ROCKY: - What about the rest of the stuff in the bag here?

SAM: Rocky my boy, because you're an old friend of mine from way back -- and because it's not worth the price of a cup of coffee - the black bag is yours.

(MUSIC: -- STING AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Rocky Rochlen, are no cub reporter. You know your business, and one of the codes of that business is that everything means something -- that big stories come out of little things --- little things like a false alibi, or a torn handkerchief, or -- a black bag full of meaningless papers. So, you check those papers carefully, and at last, your search yields a dubious reward. At the bottom of the bag you find a typewritten list of names and addresses. You note that the list is thumb marked and worn -- and you note that all the names are the names of women. That's enough for a start. You head for the nearest telephone.

(MUSIC: -- SPING AND HOLD UNDER)

ROCKY: That's right -- I'm calling Ada Benson in San Diego. What's that? She's moved out of town? You don't happen to know where she is, do you? Oh, I see. Well, thanks anyhow.

(MUSIC: -- STING AND HOLD UNDER)

ROCKY: No -- Dennis. D-E-N-N-I-S. That's it -- Irma Dennis. Are you sure, operator? Oh, you've checked and the phone's been disconnected permanently.

(MUSIC: -- STING AND HOLD UNDER)

ROCKY: Can you tell me if Miss Parker left a forwarding address? She did not? I see. Thank you.

(MUSIC: -- STING AND HOLD UNDER)

ROCKY: I beg your pardon. I must have the wrong number.

(MUSIC: -- STING AND HOLD UNDER)

ROCKY: No answer? Thank you.

(MUSIC: -- STING AND OUT)

ROCKY: Look, I don't usually argue with city editors -- you know that. But I think this is something big and I want to send out telegrams and teletypes to all our correspondents in the areas where these women lived. There's a big story cooking, and I want to find out what it is.

(MUSIC: -- STING AND INTO TYPEWRITER MOTIF, OUT FOR)

(TYPEWRITER UNDER, CITY ROOM BG)

NARR: You get to work. Hard. You send out telegrams and sort the answers, you type out data and file it in appropriate folders, you dig out information and check and collate

BERRY: Here are some more telegrams, Mr. Rochlan.

ROCKY: Thanks, Perry. Now you take this batch and send them off.

(TYPEWRITER UP FAST AND UNDER)

NARR: You plunge into the black bag and come up with a fistful of memos, receipts, maps, bills, and you trace and check and retrace and recheck.

ROCKY: Perry, take these lists and contact these addresses in Montana, Idaho and Canada. I want details on all the transactions described in these letters.

(TAPPING OF TYPEWRITER)

ROCKY: Operator, I want to put in a call for Hawaii.

(CLACKING OF TYPEWRITER)

ROCKY: Perry -- send this teletype to Ohio. State-wide.

(CLACKING OF TYPEWRITER)

ROCKY: All right -- get me that batch of reports from Illinois.

(TYPEWRITER UP AND UNDER FOR)

NARR: Places, places, places --and names and people and calls and wires. And then, finally ...

~~(SUDDEN DEAD QUIET. KILL CITY ROOM-BG)~~

NARR: ..the last report is in, the last letter acknowledged, the last piece of evidence collected. And you have the story. Only --

ROCKY: I just can't believe it.

NARR: Your brain is numb and you feel a biting nausea tear at you and you grab the side of your desk, hoping to find reassurance in the reality of its solidness.

ROCKY: I don't believe it. I just don't believe it.

NARR: But you do believe it. You have to. You have the facts, and that's the way they fit together -- lurid piece by lurid piece, making the most incredible, horrible, breathtaking story of all time. You sit in the warm spring dusk and shiver -- not with cold, not with fear, but with shame and revulsion that such a horror could stalk unseen in the bright California sunlight, that such a mad, brilliant, terrible conception could find birth and life in a human mind.

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #82

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 0060991

(MUSIC: - - - INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

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

NARRATOR: It all began with some pieces of paper in a small black bag -- a list of names, a couple of receipts, a few innocent looking claim checks -- but they have led you *Rochlen* *to the most fantastic story of your long*
~~A.M.~~ Rochlen, to the most fantastic story of your long career. Just some scraps of paper in a scuffed black bag -- but they spell the kind of horror you associate with nightmares and vampires and the diabolic cunning of a twisted human soul. You turn your terrible information over to the police and then, you make yourself call on the owner of that innocent looking black bag. You go to see Wilbur Larkin in the jail where he is being held, and he greets you politely...

LARKIN: Good morning, Mr. Rochlen. Fine day, isn't it?

NARRATOR: You stare at him. That's all you can do for a moment -- just stare. He asks a question:

LARKIN: The police -- have they found out yet that I didn't steal any bonds?

NARRATOR: You take a deep breath and make yourself answer him calmly.

ROCKY: Yes, Mr. Larkin. They found out you didn't steal any bonds.

LARKIN: Then why am I still here in jail? It was exciting for a while but now I'm tired. Why don't they let me go home?

ROCKY: (QUIETLY) Why don't they let a mad dog loose on the streets?

LARKIN: What?

ROCKY: Why don't they turn all the asylum inmates free?

LARKIN: (MILDLY) I'm afraid I don't understand you, Mr. Rochlen.

ROCKY: (FIGHTING FOR EMOTIONAL CONTROL) Mr. Larkin -- do you remember a girl named -- Mary?

LARKIN: (A LITTLE DREAMILY...TRYING TO REMEMBER) Mary? Mary?

(MUSIC: _ _ _ SNEAK...A THIN, EERIE, MAD THEME THAT WILL BE REPEATED WITH VARIATIONS. NOW IT IS REMINISCENT, REPEATING THE NAME "MARY" WITH A GENTLE QUESTIONING SOUND)

LARKIN: (AS THE MUSIC BUILDS. AGAINST IT. DIZZILY LOST.) Mary? Mary?

(MUSIC: _ _ _ CUTS OFF SHARPLY)

LARKIN: (REPEATING) Mary?

MARY: Yes, darling?

(LAPPING OF WATER AGAINST CANOE. THE OCCASIONAL DIP OF A PADDLE)

LARKIN: (COMFORTABLY) Are you as happy as I am, my dear?

MARY: Happier. (A LITTLE GASP. THEN LAUGHING) Be careful with that paddle Wilbur. You ~~splashed me~~ ^{splashed me}.

LARKIN: (LAUGHING WITH HER) I'm sorry my dear. (THEN SOFTLY) You're beautiful when you laugh, Mary.

MARY: Silly! Thank you, my silly husband.

LARKIN: Thank you.

MARY: What for?

LARKIN: For marrying me. For the three happiest months of my life.

MARY: ~~Three months. It has been, hasn't it? I didn't --~~

(SPLASH OFF)

LARKIN: What's that?

MARY: That splash? It sounded like a fish breaking water.

(EAGERLY) Wilber, could we go fishing tomorrow?

LARKIN: (SHOCKED) Oh Mary.

MARY: What?

LARKIN: Have you ever seen a fish caught, with that terrible hook cutting through its ~~gills~~ ^{side}? (VERY UPSET) Have you ever noticed the way it gasps and fleps around and ---no No, please, Mary, let's not go fishing.

MARY: (FONDLY) You tenderhearted old darling. All right. I'm sorry. I just thought that --

LARKIN: (VERY BOTHERED) And let's not talk about it anymore, please. Let's talk about something else. Something pleasant.

MARY: All right.

(LONG PAUSE)

LARKIN: Well, say something, Mary.

MARY: I--I can't think of anything. I don't want to distress you.. I-- the moon. That's it. Doesn't the moon look lovely on the water?

LARKIN: The moon. Yes. Lovely. It's a full moon, isn't it?

(MUSIC: -- -- SNEAK MAD THEME)

LARKIN: (DREAMILY) I always loved the moon. It always --
(SHARPLY) Mary!

MARY: Yes, darling?

LARKIN: Where's that music coming from?

MARY: What music?

LARKIN: Listen. Don't you hear it?

(MUSIC: _ _ _ LOUDER)

MARY: (MOVING INTO SLIGHT ECHO) No. I don't hear any music, Wilbur.

LARKIN: But you must!

MARY: (PRONOUNCED ECHO NOW GETTING STRONGER ALL THE TIME)
Darling, do you feel all right?

LARKIN: I--I feel a little dizzy. It's the music. And the moon on the water. (DREAMILY) It wobbles on the water. It wobbles in time with the music. Hear how it wobbles in time with the music, Mary?

MARY: (TERROR) No, darling. I don't hear it.

LARKIN: (INSANELY) You're not looking, Mary. Look over the side of the ^{boat} ~~boat~~. Put your head down over the side of the ~~boat~~ ^{boat} and look, Mary. (COMMANDINGLY) Look, Mary.

MARY: I -- I'm looking.

LARKIN: Lower, Mary. Put your head lower, Mary.

MARY: (HEAVY ECHO NOW) Darling, you're getting my hair wet. You're --

(A SCREAM, MUFFLED BY IMMERSION. LOUD
SPLASHING AS MUSIC BUILDS)

LARKIN: (LAUGHS) Go ahead and struggle, Mary. It won't do any good. I may be little, but I'm strong. I'm strong as a giant, and I'm going to hold you under the water until you're dead, Mary. ~~I'm going to kill you dead.~~ I'm going to kill, kill, kill! (HE LAUGHS WILDLY, MADLY AND)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ ROARS UP WIPING AND INTO A GENTLE DOMESTIC BRIDGE)

(DISHES UNDER)

LARKIN: Louise?

LOUISE: (A YOUNG GIRL WITH A LAUGH IN HER VOICE) Yes, Wilbur?

LARKIN: You go sit down, my dear. I'll put the dishes away.

LOUISE: Know something? We've been married three months and I still don't believe you.

LARKIN: What do you mean, ~~my dear?~~ *fine?*

LOUISE: You're not real -- you're something I dreamed up.

LARKIN: Just because I offer to put the dishes away?

LOUISE: Just because that and a million other things. I nominate you as the husband of the year! And next year and the year after that!

LARKIN: (LAUGHS) Come on, Louise. Let's go out on the back porch for a minute. It's warm here.

LOUISE: But the dishes --

LARKIN: I'll put them away later. Come on.

(DOOR OPEN. SOUND OF BULL FROGS IN B.G.)

(THEN DOOR SLAM.)

LOUISE: My, it's nice here.

CAT: (MEOWS)

LARKIN: Why here's pussy. You didn't forget to feed her, did you, Louise?

LOUISE: You and that precious cat! No, softie, I didn't forget to feed her. Oh, Wilbur, isn't it a beautiful night?

LARKIN: Beautiful.

LOUISE: The moonlight makes the garden look like a fairyland.

(MUSIC: SNEAK MAD THEME)

LARKIN: (DIZZILY) The moonlight? Why, yes, the moon is full again. It --- I shouldn't have left this rake standing here on the porch. I -- (CUTS. THEN) Louise --

LOUISE: Yes, darling?

LARKIN: That music

LOUISE: (MOVING ON TO ECHO) Music? I don't hear any music, Wilbur.

LARKIN: But you must hear it, Louise. You must. It tinkles. Like moonlight on flowers. Hear how the moonlight tinkles? Doesn't it make you dizzy?

LOUISE: (HEAVIER ECHO) Darling, what's the matter with you? What is it?

LARKIN: The rake, I left the rake here....

LOUISE: (ECHO) Darling I -- (CUTS) No, Wilbur. No. Please no.

LARKIN: (~~WITH A GRIMY LAUGH~~) ~~Yes, Louise, yes. Oh my yes.~~
~~And DON'T try to run away. I'll have to hit you with this rake if you try to run away.~~

LOUISE: (~~SCMC~~) ~~I won't try to run away, darling. I won't~~
(THUD OF RAKE)

LOUISE: (MCAN) ~~See, Wilbur, I'm not trying to run away. I'm not~~ --

(RAKE AGAIN. AND AGAIN, WILBUR'S LAUGHTER AND THE MUSIC BUILD TO A PEAK AND THEN DIP UNDER FOR)

CAT: MEOWS.

LARKIN: Why, pussy ... did Wilbur frighten you? Come on pussy cat. Let Wilbur get you a nice fresh saucer of milk.

(MUSIC: UP AND INTO)

(JINGLE BELLS. HORSEDRAWN SLEIGH IN MOTION)

LARKIN: Irma?

IRMA: Yes, darling?

LARKIN: Warm enough, my dear?

IRMA: (A PRACTICAL WOMAN) With you next to me, Wilbur?
Don't be silly.

LARKIN: The poor little birds can't be very warm. It's a shame
they have to be outdoors on a cold winter's night like
this.

IRMA: Oh, I guess they'd go South if they didn't like it.

(BELLS ALONE FOR A MINUTE. THEN)

IRMA: (COOPLY) Wilbur, do you know what day this is?

LARKIN: Of course, Irma. An anniversary. We've been married
three months.

IRMA: Is that why you took me for a ride in the moonlight?

(MUSIC: --- SNEAK MAD THEME)

LARKIN: (DIZZILY) In the moonlight the full moonlight.
I -- (CUTS)(THEN) Irma ... it's the music!

IRMA: It's what?

LARKIN: Don't you hear the music, Irma. Full of glissandos,
fast and bright, like the full moon on the snow.

IRMA: (TO ECHO) Wilbur, you're making me nervous, Stop
talking like that.

LARKIN: (DIZZILY) Fast and bright, fast and bright. It makes
me so dizzy....

IRMA: (HEAVY ECHO. ERROR) Wilbur, what are you...(CUTS.
THEN) No! (CHOKING) No, don't. Please. I can't
breathe. I can't...

LARKIN: (MAD LAUGH) Of course you can't breathe, Irma. I don't want you to breathe. I want you to die. Have you ever killed anyone, Irma? You should have. It's fun, Irma -- wonderful, wonderful fun. (~~LAUGHS WILDLY~~)

(MUSIC: ~~---~~ BUILDS TO PEAK WIPING LAUGHTER AND OUT)

MABEL: (ECHO) Music, darling? I don't hear any music? .

LARKIN: (WILDLY) Don't lie to me, Mabel! Don't tell me you can't hear it. There's music in the moonlight. Listen to it!

MABEL: (ECHO HEAVIER) Wilber stop it. It's crazy. It's --
(CUTS. THEM) What are you doing with that knife?
What're you ---

(A GURGLING MOAN)

LARKIN: (LAUGHING) I'm killing you Mabel -- that's what I'm doing... killing youkilling you...(LAUGHS)

(MUSIC: ~~---~~ WIPES AND UNDER FOR)

NARRATOR: It's cold in the prison where you, ^{Ada} ~~Ada~~ Rochlen are standing. You're cold, as you stand and look at the mild little man on the other side of the iron bars...the little man who looks at you out of misty blue eyes and says

LARKIN: Mary? Why, yes, Mr. Rochlen I remember Mary.

ROCKY: (GRIMLY) You do, eh? And what about Irma, and Louise, and Ada and Ellen and all the rest. Do you remember them?

LARKIN: (SHOCKED AND HURT) Why of course I remember them. Good heavens, Mr. Rochlen, I was married to them. They were my wives!

ROCKY: Just how many women did you marry, Mr. Larkin?

LARKIN: (SLOWLY) I -- I think it was twenty-five. There were so many, you see...it's hard to remember....

ROCKY: And you killed them?

LARKIN: Oh, not all of them. Oh my, no, not all of them, my goodness!

ROCKY: How many?

LARKIN: Oh, a lot. It was fun, you see. So I killed quite a lot of them. Only I don't remember how many. I killed five or seven or ten of them. But I can't remember exactly.

ROCKY: You can't remember! How can you forget a thing like that!

LARKIN: (HELPLESSLY) ~~The police are looking~~ for the bodies, Mr. Rochlen. ~~I told them where I hid them, you see,~~ and when ~~they~~ find them maybe ~~they'll~~ know exactly how many of my wives I killed. ~~Then you can ask them.~~ (EAGERLY) If I knew, I'd tell you -- honestly, I would. You do believe that, don't you?

ROCKY: (DISGUST) Yes, Mr. Larkin, I believe that.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: And you do. You believe anything this timid looking little man tells you. Because the whole thing is so unbelievable, so impossible, that only the senseless makes sense, only the unreasonable has reason. You try to forget, to put the terrible memory from your mind. And you do --- almost. But sometimes, when you stand on your own doorstep and see the full moon, white against the darkening sky, you remember again. And then you know you'll always remember the little black bag and your big BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT FOR CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from A.M. Rochlen of the Los Angeles Times with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG SSTORY
PROGRAM #82

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 A.M. Rochlen of the Los Angeles Times. Investigation by the Times revealed that of the 25 women married to the Blue Beard bigamist in tonight's Big Story, eleven had disappeared without trace. Pending his trial he was held in County Jail where he twice tried to commit suicide. He finally died in San Quentin Prison. My sincere appreciation for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, A.M. Rochlen ... 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 Milwaukee Wisconsin Sentinel - by-line, Arville Schaleben -- a BIG STORY - about a careful reporter who found a clue that turned out to be ... dynamite.

(EXPLOSION)

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

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Proekter, with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was written by Gail Ingram, your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Lawson Zerbe played the part of A.M. Rochlen. 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. Rochlen.

(MUSIC: THEME UP, BELL AND FADE)

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

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

As told by Ernest Chappell

lily/dd/10/5/48pm

ATX01 0061004

AS BROADCAST

REVISED

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #83

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MAN	BOB SLOANE <i>Jim Bole</i>
MAMA	HESTOR SONDERGAARD
MRS.	HESTER SONDERGAARD
LOUISA	JOAN ALEXANDER
ROSALIND	JOAN ALEXANDER
SZABO	MARTIN WOLFSON
CLERK	MARTIN WOLFSON
ARVIE	BOB DRYDEN
DAN	JAMES VAN DYK
UNDERTAKER	JAMES VAN DYK
RAEMER	JAMES BOBE
PAUL	JAMES BOBE <i>Jim Bole</i>

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1948

ATK01 0061005

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#83

ARVILLE SCHALEBEN

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

OCTOBER 27, 1948

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE...)

SLOANE: (EVEN) At exactly 8:09 pm, Central Standard Time, the night of April 10th, 3 members of the Szabo family were enjoying themselves in the dining room of the Szabo farm ... *while in the kitchen*

MAMA: (VERY GOOD HUMOR) *(kitchen noises)* Louisa, Louisa, you got dot fudge yat finished?

LOUISA: (COMING ON) Here it is mama, all finished --

VOICES: ~~Gimme a piece: I want some...~~

MAMA: ~~Shh -- quiet, all you kids~~ -- Good like the last batch, Louisa ---?

LOUISA: I hope so, Mama.

MAMA: Everybody ~~here~~ *in the dining room?*

LOUISA: Papa's not, he's in the cowshed -- Should I call him?

MAMA: (TRACE OF GRIMNESS) Papa don't like fudge. Your papa - nah, don't call him, *come* Louisa *lets bring it into*

~~(A RUMBLE - THE BEGINNING OF AN EXPLOSION)~~

LOUISA: ~~Here: what's that --~~

MAMA: ~~(SCREAMS) Dear God in the room's (SCREAMS)~~

(A ROAR FOR AN EXPLOSION)

SLOANE: (EVEN) At exactly 8:11 pm, Central Standard Time, the night of April 10th, the Szabo farm exploded into the night sky.

(MUSIC: STAB, THEN OUT SHARPLY FOR)

ATX01 0061006

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. Milwaukee,
Wisconsin, from the pages of the Milwaukee Journal -
a story of violence -- the violence of explosives, the
violence of human beings. ~~And tonight,~~ for his work,
and for his reporting, to Arville Schaleben of the Milwaukee
Wisconsin Journal, goes the PELL MELL AWARD FOR the BIG
STORY.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE --)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #83

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
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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 0061008

(MUSIC: -- -- THEME: HEAVY, HUMAN CONFLICT, TRAGEDY, UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Now, the story as it ^{actually} happened: Arville Schaleben's story as he lived it. Milwaukee Wisconsin.

(MUSIC: -- -- UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: The name of the town was Waukesha, Wisconsin, farm country. ~~Good farmers lived there, good people.~~ The family's name was Szabo. There'd been an explosion, something terrible, that's all you knew, Arville Schaleben reporter for the Milwaukee Journal -- ~~as you drove your car to the farm.~~ You stopped off at a farmhouse, three miles from the explosion.

ARVIE: Excuse me - can you tell me what happened?

FARMER: I was sleeping, my wife and me. We got knocked out of our beds.

ARVIE: You felt it this far away?

FARMER: Thought at first the boiler downstairs blew - been kind of ~~acting up~~ but wasn't that ~~worst sound I ever heard~~

(MUSIC: -- -- IN WITH NARRATOR)

SLOANE: When you got there, at the Szabo farm, it was dark. Then, mercilessly, the full moon came from behind a cloud. It was leveled: a two-story farm - with nothing standing now higher than your chest. ~~Under foot, (you looked because it bothered you) dishes almost powdered, phonograph records in tiny bits.~~ Concrete blocks that had been the foundation of the house thrown 50 feet from their moorings, bits of clothing strewn on the branches of trees - and then -- (WHISPER) the family. You found the sheriff, Dan Teller, an old friend --

ARVIE: (LOW) Hello, Dan --
DAN: Hello, Arvie. Nothing like it, never in my life.
ARVIE: Who's dead?
DAN: I swear, never in my life and I seen plenty.
ARVIE: Who's dead?
DAN: Look over there -- see? (ARVIE: Yeah) That was the porch roof -- weighed maybe three ton. Thrown 90 feet -- Whut chance would a person have?
ARVIE: How many dead, Dan?
DAN: Every one of them. Nine. Every single, blessed, poor one of them. Mother, five daughters, three sons.
ARVIE: Nobody survived?
DAN: Only the old man -- the farmer -- Szabo. ^{Heaven} ~~God~~ knows why, he was in the milkshed when it happened?
ARVIE: Was he hurt?
DAN: Dazed - but - don't talk to him now, Arvie -- give the man a ch --
ARVIE: Sure, Dan, sure. What caused it?
DAN: Dynamite. ~~He had this -- near as I can figure, I ain't even talked to him yet -- ain't right to talk to a man about how -- when -- when his whole family's been --~~
ARVIE: ~~Sure, Dan, I understand.~~
DAN: --- ~~but~~, looks like he kept this dynamite in the cellar - you know the way the farmers do, for blasting tree stumps, rocks -- well, it went off. They were all in the dining room, 9 of them -- when it happened. Never in my whole life -- never -- and I seen plenty.

(MUSIC: -- -- AGAIN IN WITH NARR:)

SLOANE: One word comes to your mind -- just one - decimated.
A farm, a family, 9 human lives - decimated. A
ghastly accident.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: But you are a reporter and careful, so -- you walk over
to the shed that's still standing (the only thing still
standing) and in it you find the sole survivor, John
Szabo, age 61. He looks up at you --

SZABO: (VERY SLIGHT ACCENT) The baby, Chris, was 2. He had a
little engine, fire engine -- metal. Look.

ARVIE: Uh - it's - yes, it's all twisted out of shape and --

SZABO: Louisa, 18: Rudolph, 17: George, 14: Erica, 12: Helen, 9:

ARVIE: Don't torture yourself, Mr. Szabo - you couldn't --

SZABO: Why didn't I die, too, why didn't I die too!

ARVIE: Don't, Mr. Szabo. Mr. Szabo, I'm with the paper, I --
could you -- (GENTLY AS HE CAN) tell me, just this once,
what happened?

SZABO: (KIND OF TRANCE) I was milking in the shed. They in
the house. I hear -- Louisa makes fudge and they -- and
then it comes. So loud I am deaf and cannot see. A
board hits me, a door or a board, maybe, I don't know.
I can't see. I get a lantern and go where the house was.
I see dust - everywhere dust. Then I see them laying on
the side, Louisa 18: Rudolph 17: George, 14 -- why don't
I die, too, mister? Why don't I die too?

ARVIE: (PAUSE) You had the dynamite in the cellar, Mr. Szabo?

SZABO: I dint know could go off like that: must be a rat chew it
or the dog. (Dog dead too) Man said is safe: government
man I buy it from. If I know I never put in cellar. I --
mister, I can't talk.

ARVIE: Sure. I understand. Thank you, Mr. Szabo.

SZABO: Only ~~my daughter~~ ^{one child} is left) ~~my~~ ^{my daughter} Rosalind. Thank God she
go Milwaukee yesterday. She - why God do this to me?
I not a bad man, mister. Why?

(MUSIC: GENTLE UP . . . BUT A TRACE OF TROUBLE IN IT . . . UNDER)

SLOANE: A vague, terrifying thought enters your mind. Vague,
but terrifying.

ROSALIND: (WEEPS QUIETLY LITTLE OFF)

DAN: You talk to him, Arvie?

ARVIE: (DRY) Yeah. That his daughter? ^{Dan?} Looks like him, doesn't
she?

DAN: Don't talk to her. Do me a favor. Don't ask her
anything.

ARVIE: I just want to tell her something --

DAN: Look, the girl's --

ARVIE: No questions, I promise.

DAN: Go ahead. Sometimes you annoy me, no kiddin' --

ARVIE: (GENTLE) Miss Szabo, excuse me, I --

ROSALIND: (WEEPING) Yes --?

ARVIE: Thought you'd like to know: your father's in the shed
over there --

ROSALIND: (TRACE OF FLARE) Leave me alone, will you, please?

ARVIE: Sure, sure. Just thought you'd like to know --

ROSALIND: Dear God in Heaven: my mother and -- leave me alone!

(AS HE MOVES AWAY)

DAN: You had to talk to her, didn't you?

ARVIE: It was bad, Dan. Brutal. But I had to.

DAN: What are you talking about?

ARVIE: ~~You got kids, Dan?~~

DAN: ~~What about it?~~

ARVIE: You got three kids, Dan. If your kids died, could you rattle off their ages? ~~would you?~~

DAN: What the devil are you talking about?

ARVIE: Can a dog set off dynamite, or a rat?

DAN: I don't like what I'm thinking about you.

ARVIE: Four years ago a guy confessed to a murder, in Waukesha, your town, only he wasn't the murderer the way you thought. Who proved that, Dan --?

DAN: So what. Okay, you proved it. So what?

ARVIE: ~~Just careful. A year ago there was a hold-up -- Second National, remember?~~

DAN: ~~(ANNOUNCED) -- remember --~~

ARVIE: ~~I said it was an inside job, the cops said --~~

DAN: ~~You proved you were right, so what?~~

ARVIE: Just careful. ~~I said that twice now, Dan. I mean it.~~

DAN: Talk straight to me, do you hear? Straight!

ARVIE: Too clean: ~~the~~ ^{this} accident was too clean -- Everybody dead but him. (DAN: Oh, stop it!) Too pat, the way he cries and beats his breast and asks God why he's been spared --

DAN: (NON-PLUSSED) Get out of here, honest, get out of here. Do you realize what you're saying?

ARVIE: ~~I don't think a dog or a rat could do it.~~

DAN: ~~Maybe it was the electric connection, on a fire in the furnace --~~

ARVIE: ~~There was no fire in the furnace. He said a dog or rat.~~

DAN: ~~How do you know it wasn't? --- ?~~

ARVIE: He said he was hit by a board, or a door -- he said it stunned him. Hit his head. His head wasn't even bruised.

DAN: (EXPLODING) A guy's family is wiped out and you come along. Careful Arvie! ~~This little fact don't check with them.~~ What have you got for a heart -- a calculator? Is he responsible for every little word he says at a time like this? This was an accident. You telling me it wasn't -- ?

ARVIE: ~~I pointed out a few facts. Did you know all those facts?~~

DAN: (CONTEMPT) ~~Yes, I know them. Do me a favor, walk somewhere else.~~

ARVIE: Why was the daughter sitting here - not over there with her father? You'd think they'd be close. Why aren't they together?

DAN: I don't want to talk to you. If a guy don't cry the way you think he ought to cry; or if he ain't sobbed loud enough -- or too loud -- you know something, Schaleben -- you disgust me. That's a fact. You turn my stomach.
(CONTEMPT) Reporters!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER:)

SLOANE: Maybe he's right: Dan Tallor's no dope. Maybe so. ~~You shake yourself - but the vague thought, no longer vague,~~ is still there. You discover from a neighbor he never used the dynamite himself. Was scared of it. Called in the neighbor when he had to blast. Maybe you're wrong, ~~maybe.~~ ~~And then you see Paul Zwerling, dynamite expert in the city.~~ Checking the blast -- officially. Calm, careful, accurate Paul Zwerling; you have to be in his business.

ARVIE: What do you think, Paul?

PAUL: (~~THE EASY GOING GUY~~) Hiya, Arvie -- about what?

ARVIE: The dog ~~theory~~ or ~~the~~ rat theory?

PAUL: Not much; chances are one in ten million.

ARVIE: How about a short circuit?

PAUL: That could do it, but didn't.

ARVIE: Why?

PAUL: ~~This is the most complete explosion I have ever seen -~~
~~outside of military detonation. Enough stuff blew to~~
~~demolish half of Waukesha. Make a big dent in Wisconsin.~~
It went off - all the sticks.. at the same time. A short
might of started one, then another - then maybe ~~the~~ -
but not like this. They all went up at once.

ARVIE: ~~How could it have done that?~~

PAUL: ~~None, he about the same as electricity.~~

ARVIE: What did it?

PAUL: (SHAKES HIS HEAD) I'm only an expert on dynamite.

ARVIE: ~~Was it set off?~~

PAUL: ~~Off the record of off?~~

ARVIE: ~~Any more questions?~~

PAUL: ~~I'd rather not say.~~

ARVIE: Will you say just what you've said to me to the sheriff?

PAUL: ~~I'm just a witness to the event.~~ I'd rather not.

ARVIE: For heaven's sake, Paul - you know what I'm driving at.

PAUL: I'd rather not get mixed up ⁱⁿ - I'll tell you one thing.

ARVIE: What.

PAUL: The stuff was moved. He used to store it in a shed. Over
there. He moved it to the cellar. ~~As in no other case~~
it.

ARVIE: ~~Someone will say?~~

PAUL: He told me he moved it the day before the explosion.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HITS AND UNDER:)

SLOANE: You race to the sheriff. You tell him what Paul Zwerling told you. He looks at you with disgust...

DAN: I told you leave me alone, Schalaben --

ARVIE: Stop it, Dan - the guy moved the dynamite the day before the explosion.

DAN: All right, you want your answer. (PROJECTS A LITTLE)
Mr. Szabo - Mr. Szabo --

SZABO: (LITTLE OFF) Yes --

DAN: Come here, please, will you --

SZABO: (COMING ON) Yes, sir --

DAN: Go ahead, ask him yourself.

ARVIE: (GENTLE) Why did you move the dynamite, Mr. Szabo?

SZABO: I know. I curse myself every time. I have it stored in shed. Mama says, "Papa, I'm worried. Yesterday Chris" (Chris is 2) "Chris goes into shed. Might get hurt. Stone might fall. Can't tell. Papa," she says, "move where is safe." I think - is safe - in cellar. (BITTERLY) Yes, is safe in cellar, only yesterday I move it *there?*

DAN: That's all right, Mr. Szabo. Sorry we troubled you.

SZABO: (GOING) Why God do this to me? I not too bad man.

DAN: All right? You satisfied now? *Schalaben?*

ARVIE: I got one thing to say, Dan, just one. If your coroner's jury brings in a verdict of accidental death, you made a mistake. (QUIETLY) John Szabo is a murderer.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP TO TAG)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

We'll be back in just a moment with tonight's Big Story.

THE BIG STORY 10/27/48
PELL MELL

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.

(MUSIC: -- INTRO AND UNDER)
HARRICE: *This is Arvie returning you*
~~New back~~ to your narrator ~~Bob Sloane~~ and THE BIG STORY
of Arvie Schaleben, as he lived it and wrote it.

SLOANE: Here's the way things are with you, Arvie Schaleben of
the Milwaukee Journal. You're sure John Szabo, farmer
is a murderer! You're sure he's a mass murderer. Now
prove it. Now go ahead, in your quiet, careful way -
and prove it. The coroner's investigation is held and
you stand in the back of the room as Sheriff Dan Taller
reads the verdict ...

DAN: Verdict in the case of the explosion at the farmhouse
of John Szabo. (PAUSE) Accidental death of 9 persons;
explosion caused by dynamite ~~caused~~ set off by house pet
or rodent or violent jar; possibly electrical spark.

(MUSIC: -- SLIGHT STING AND UNDER)

SLOANE: You wait for Dan outside, after the verdict.

ARVIE: What about all the things I said?

DAN: You heard the verdict.

ARVIE: What about Zwerling's statement - it couldn't happen
that way. It had to be set off.

DAN: Two other experts testified it could have been. You
heard the verdict.

ARVIE: And the fact he wasn't bruised and the way his daughter
acted --

DAN: Look, Schaleben. This is my last word. I'm not a lazy
guy. You know that. Any time the coroner and the DA and
I let a man off who murdered his wife and 8 kids, you let
us know. ~~I don't like murderers any better than you.~~
~~The facts in this case happen to be -~~

ARVIE: ~~Yeah, I know. I heard the verdict.~~

(MUSIC: UNDER)

SLOANE: And what he says is true: Dan Taller is not a lazy man. If he says accidental death, you can be sure he looked into every possible crevice -- but somehow that doesn't satisfy you. So you go on a trail that has cracked 3/4 of the murder~~ers~~ that have been solved in America ... you go after motive

ARVIE: Excuse me, ma'am, I hate to bother you -

MRS: Oh, you're that reporter. That's all right.

ARVIE: Did Mrs. Szabo have money, or anything?

MRS: Money? Why no, they was very poor. She asked me only two weeks ago to ^{loan her} borrow \$4.00 for a present for one of her girls.

(MUSIC: A LITTLE CHORD)

ARVIE: Anything peculiar about Mr. Szabo, I mean - you know --?

MAN: One of the most level headed men I ever met. Knew how to make ends meet on his farm. That takes brains. Sweat and brains.

(MUSIC: ANOTHER CHORD)

SLOANE: ^{There} And when you least expect it -- you find an answer. The funeral for the 9 is held three days after their death. You attend, find yourself standing close to the undertaker, with John Szabo a few feet away -- within earshot. You walk over --

ARVIE: You're the undertaker --?

UNDERTAKER: That's correct. Are you one of the relatives?

ARVIE: No, just a -- just came to see.

UNDER: I like that in people. They just come to see, but they really do help the mourners a lot. It shows people care.

ARVIE: You think so?

UNDER: Oh, yes, I know it. So many have told me that.

ARVIE: Pretty hard on Mr. Szabo -- all this expense ^{about}

UNDER: Oh, I don't know. It's a modest funeral - ~~\$2100~~ \$2200, not more than that. And, of course, (LOWERS VOICE) you know all the deceased were insured.

(PAUSE)

ARVIE: I didn't know that. Thanks.

SLOANE: Szabo was watching. He overheard when you asked the question and his face went hard when the undertaker answered. If looks could kill, Arvie Schaleben, you'd be with his family. But you've got something tangible. Motive? Insurance.

(MUSIC: -- PUNCTUATES AND UNDER:)

SLOANE: At the insurance company, there's another twist ...

ARVIE: (HARRASSED) You're sure? Are you sure?

CLERK: (HIGH AND MIGHTY) I'm quite sure. ^{Mr. Schaleben} I handled Mr. Szabo's account myself --

ARVIE: I'm sorry, I didn't mean any -- just -- tell me, was he insured by any other company?

CLERK: I showed you. It says quite plainly on the forms -- there was no other insurance.

ARVIE: Couldn't he have done it and not told you?

CLERK: We always make a thorough check. This was his only insurance -- the policy with our company.

ARVIE: And that's all the policy came to -- the total?

CLERK: That's right. The total was 2700 dollars.

(MUSIC: SAME PUNCTUATION AND UNDER:)

SLOANE: 27 hundred less ^{hundred for the funeral} ~~22 thousand~~ is 500 dollars. A man doesn't kill his family for \$500. Motive? Not insurance. Could Teller be right? No. (FAST) Why was the dynamite stored in the cellar? Why no bruise? Why the look of hate at the funeral and (SLOWLY) why were he and his daughter apart that night? The daughter. There must be an answer there. You find her in ^a ~~the~~ rooming house in Milwaukee. You talk for a few minutes, politely, about the tragedy, then...

ARVIE: I think your father killed your mother.

ROSA: (FLAT, DULL) So what?

ARVIE: I think he killed her and all your brothers and sister.

ROSA: So?

ARVIE: And he would'a killed you if you'd been there. What do you think?

ROSA: What's the difference what I think? The jury brought in a verdict, didn't they? "Death by Accident." "Death by accident" - that's a laugh.

ARVIE: You think so, too.

ROSA: (HARD) Mister, I know so.

ARVIE: Why? (FAST) Wait a minute - don't tell my why. Don't tell me now. (SLOWLY) Tell me why, Rosalind, in front of your father - in front of ^{Sherriff} ~~lieutenant~~ Dan Teller and your father.

ROSA: ~~What for?~~

ARVIE: ~~Because a coroner's verdict is hard to reverse because~~
~~if you say what I think you're gonna say and he does what~~
~~I think he's gonna do -- the verdict might be changed.~~
Will you try it?

ROSA: (HARD) Mama used to say - "Don't tell no one about him.
No one. He's your father." But she's dead now and he's
not no father. He's not no father to no one.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER:)

SLOANE: You get Dan Taller now and he comes with you as the three
of you go out to the shed where John Szabo lives, the
milk shed that survived the blast.. And in the light of
the lantern, a thin girl talks to her father while you
two listen. The resemblance is frightening...

ROSA: You hit us, every single one of us, you used to hit us.

SZABO: I loved my children.

ROSA: Tell them what you did to Rudolph. (He was 17). He hit
him, with both his fists he hit him. He broke two teeth.

SZABO: He wouldn't mind me. He never minded me.

ROSA: And ma, what did she have? All her life -- the kids --
9 kids and all the work. And he wouldn't lift a finger
except to hit us. She worked, ~~and~~ how she worked.
Everything had to be spotless, and no laughing allowed.
And if we made candy - he'd spill it out. We hated him --
and you hated us, yes you did, you hated us.

SZABO: I wanted only to be a father --

ROSA: "A father," he says. "A father." Mama wanted to leave,
a hundred times mama wanted to go -- but where could she
go? She only knew about the farm, she couldn't get a job.

(MORE)

ROSA:
(CONT'D)

Chris was only 2. And father said he'd kill her if she left him. Tell them what you said that night, to mama and me -- tell them.

SZABO: I got nothing to say, Rosalind.

ROSA: He said he'd kill us - one night. Mama did something, said something, I can't even remember -- but he said he'd kill us. Mama and me took all the kids and went to her room and locked the door. We stayed up all night, waiting - but he didn't come. But you said you'd kill us one day -- and (BREAKING) you did, you did, you did.

ARVIE: Take it easy, Rosalind --

ROSA: Ask him if he didn't? You took the dynamite, didn't you, and you waited till they were all in the living room and then you lit it -- didn't you, didn't you? Answer me.

(PAUSE)

ARVIE: (GENTLY) Did you, Mr. Szabo?

(PAUSE)

SZABO: Rosalind^{she} tells the truth. The way she knows it. Is true. I did it. God forgive me.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: And in the light of the lantern, he writes it all out. A full confession. John Szabo killed his wife and eight children. But somehow you know there's a little more to the story -- a little more, so three days later you ask permission to speak to him, in jail, and he talks to you. He answers your question -- why?

SZABO: Why? MM. Why? Have children -- many children. Think I have family -- have love. But no: no love. Only hate. She wants divorce. 25 years married and then divorce. I don't want to be chased out of my home. I don't want to be laugh at. Disgrace. Tried to talk to her -- no good. Talk to children -- also no good. Inside, I fight myself: nothing tastes good: food is sour, water is bitter. Bed - don't sleep. I ask: do I go crazy? Do I stop it? Comes this day -- they in living room - make fudge - I hear them laugh. Not ask me in. I like fudge, mister, I like candy, like laughing. But they not ask me in. Little thing, yes mister, little thing: laughing - but underneath, big thing. Big, ~~big~~ -- too big. (LOW NOW) Go in cellar. Take fuse. Take cap, Light fuse. Walk out. Walked slow. Walked out of celler slow, over to shed. Walked slow so maybe it get me, too. But no. I was far enough, so I didn't get it. (BREAKING) I live, mister, I live.

(PAUSE)

SLOANE: You *walk out* leave, you go back and write the story, and you say to Dan Taller as you leave ---

ARIVE: That stuff that comes in sticks - is tame -- compared to
the other kind of dynamite - the human kind.

(MUSIC: BURSTS SLOWLY TO A TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from
Arville Schaleben of the Milwaukee Wisconsin Journal with
the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY

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 Arville Schaleben of the Milwaukee Wisconsin Journal.

SCHALEBEN: Based on his confession, Killer in tonight's Big Story was brought to trial on charge of murder in the first degree. As trial opened he dramatically raised his hands and exclaimed "Before God I'll prove I didn't blow up my home." Despite this denial of guilt he later changed his plea to guilty and was sentenced to life imprisonment at the Wisconsin State Prison. Many thanks for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Schaleben. 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 Champaign Illinois News - Gazette -- by-line Billy Hout - a Big Story about a reporter who discovered that finding a place to live in was just plain -- murder..

(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 Bob Dryden played the part of Arville Schaleben. In order to protect the names of people actually involved in tonight's authentic BIG STORY the names of characters in the dramatization were changed with the exception of the reporter, Mr. Schaleben.

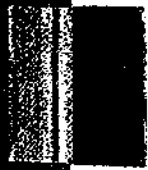
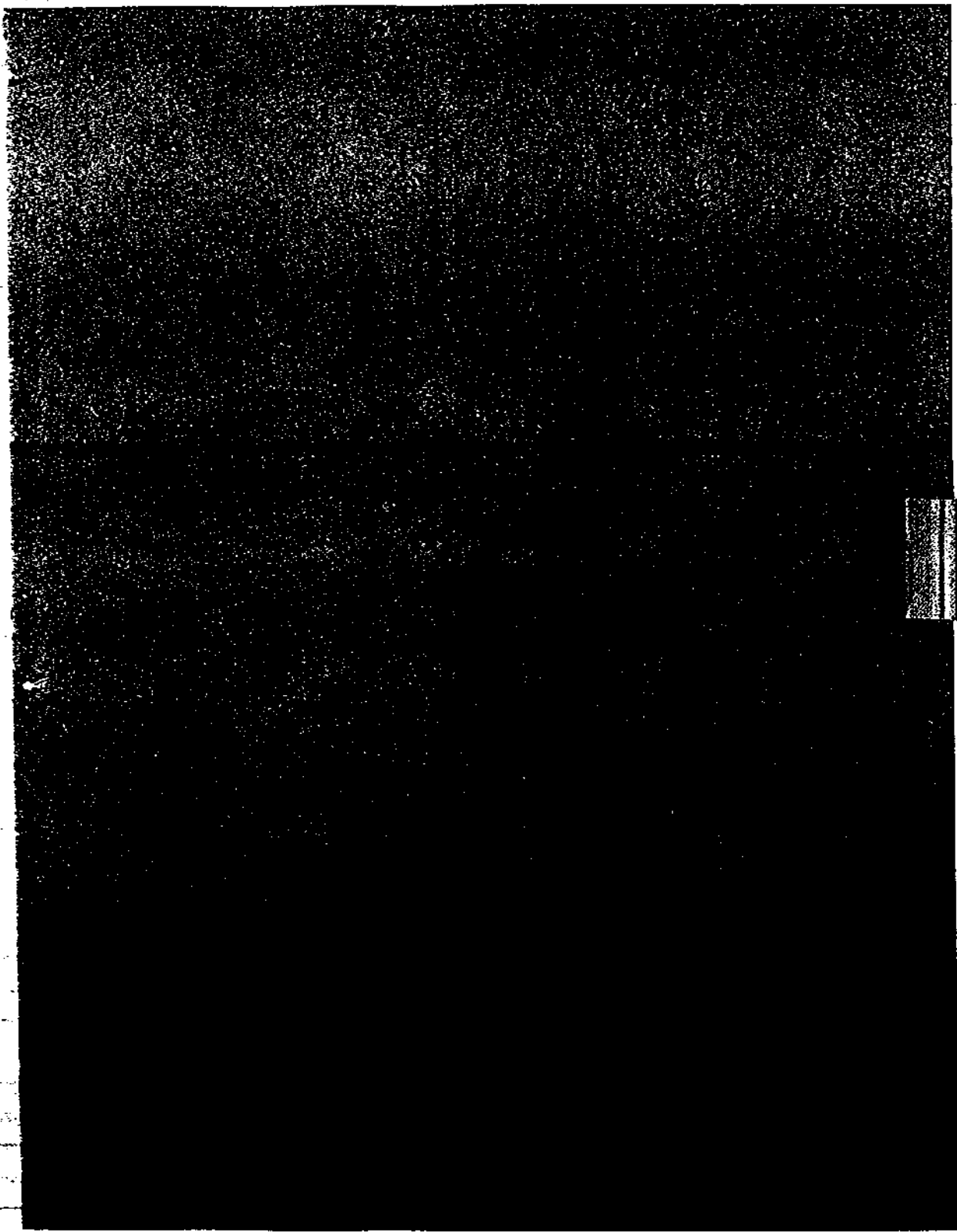
(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE)

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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AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #84

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
BILLY HOUT	LES TREMAYNE
JOHN	MANDEL KRAMER
GENE	JOE DE SANTIS
DREXEL	RALPH BELL
ELLEN	ALICE PROST
MARY	JOYCE GORDON
SHERIFF	WALTER KINSELLA
FRANK	MANDEL KRAMER
AGENT	LES TREMAYNE

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1948

ATX01 0061030

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#84

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10:00 - 10:30 PM

NOVEMBER 3, 1948

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: -- PANFARE)

GENE: You don't know what this means, Mister....finding an apartment, after all these weeks. You don't know how many other rental agents I've talked to ---

AGENT: Sure, sure, I know. Now..let's get busy on this application. Your name?

GENE: Robbins. Eugene Robbins.

AGENT: Your last address?

GENE: I...well...I..I guess you might call it..State's prison.

AGENT: (A BEAT) State's prison?

GENE: Look, Mister, I know...I'm an ex-convict, I've served time. But I'm going straight from here in. All I want is to settle down...

AGENT: Sorry..

GENE: But Mister, if you'd only...

AGENT: I said sorry. The apartment's been rented.

GENE: (BITTERLY) I see. It's been rented. (SLOW AND DEADLY) What do I have to do - kill a man to get a place to live in?

(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) Champaign, Illinois. From the pages of the News-Gazette, the authentic story of a reporter who found that to own your own house these days..is murder.

(MORE)

ATX01 0061031

CHAPPELL: Tonight, to Billy Hout of the Champaign News-Gazette,
(CONTD) goes the PELL MELL Award for the BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE) --
(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #84

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 0061033

(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER FOR)

CHAPPELL: Now, the story as it actually happened...Billy Hout's story as he lived it..Champaign, Illinois.

NARR: You are Billy Hout, managing editor of the Champaign, Illinois, News-Gazette. For years you pounded the sidewalks of Champaign-Urbana as a police reporter. Then, you graduated. They gave you a desk, a couple of bucks more each week, and the responsibility of getting out a newspaper. And at the moment, you're ~~riding~~ ^{in the middle of} a Big Story. Only it isn't yours alone. It's everybody's Big Story, right up and down the U.S.A., from Washington to Walla Walla, from Detroit to Dallas. In a word, it's...

BILLY: Housing. That's the big bottleneck in this town, John. Housing. And somehow, we've got to break it.

JOHN: Yes, Billy. But how?

BILLY: I don't know. That's why I came to see you, John. You're the Chairman of the Emergency Housing Committee. You volunteered for the roughest job in Champaign, and I give you credit. If you could give me some kind of statement...

JOHN: Billy...look. You've heard this before, but I'm going to say it again. We've got projects starting..housing projects ...new developments. The situation will ease, but it'll take time...time.

BILLY: All right, John. I'm not going to harp ^{on it} ~~at you~~. (A PAUSE) Well, I'd better be getting back to the office..

JOHN: Oh, Billy. Before you go..do you know where I could find an apartment?

~~BILLY: Mos (A MIRTHLESS LAUGH) Don't ask me, John. I'm a Managing Editor, not a magician. I'm looking for a place to live myself.~~

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~You didn't know then, that your Big Story, your personal~~
~~Big Story, had already begun, elsewhere in Champaign. You~~
didn't know then of the grim and almost incredible chain
of events which finally led to blazing headlines on the
front page of your own newspaper. It started with a phone
call from Arthur Drexel, a prominent citizen and ex-police
lieutenant of Champaign to Mrs. Ellen Pryor, a young widow
and philanthropist whose only career was an unselfish
devotion to the poor and helpless..

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

ELLEN: Hello?

DREXEL: (FILTER) Ellen, this is Arthur Drexel.

ELLEN: Oh. Good morning, Arthur.

DREXEL: Ellen, I have a young man in my office I want you to see.

ELLEN: Another one of your ex-convicts, Arthur?

DREXEL: Yes. He's gone straight and saved a little money. Now,
he wants to settle down and get married, but he can't find
a place to live.

ELLEN: I see.

DREXEL: In view of the fact that he's so desperate, Ellen, and that
you take a special interest in people of this type, I
thought you might see your way clear to letting him have
one of those houses you own..

ELLEN: Very well, Arthur. I'll be only too glad to talk to him.

(A BEAT) Oh, by the way. What's the young man's name?

DREXEL: Robbins. Eugene Robbins.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

ELLEN: Mr. Drexel tells me you're planning to get married, Mr. Robbins.

GENE: Yes, Mrs. Pryor. If, If I can find a place to live, just a roof, anything. I've got a wonderful girl, and a good job. I've worked hard, ~~gone straight,~~ kept away from the old mob, saved a little money...But I've got to have a place to live.

ELLEN: I know. It's a shame and a disgrace, this housing situation. ~~You say you tried to rent a place, Mr. Robbins?~~

GENE: (BITTERLY) Yeah. I tried. I walked my feet off, Mrs. Pryor. Up and down every street and alley in Champaign and Urbana. I thought I found one or two places. But when they found out I served time..they slammed the door in my face!

ELLEN: ~~Excuse me~~ (A BEAT) Mr. Robbins, I happen to own two or three houses left to me by my husband's estate. One of them is empty. It's yours, if you want to buy it.

GENE: You mean..you'd sell me..

ELLEN: Why not? You're a human being, aren't you? And heaven knows, I have no prejudice against human beings..

GENE: But..but I couldn't even give you a full down payment. All I've got saved is seven hundred..

ELLEN: Don't worry about it, Mr. Robbins. I'm not a business-woman, and I'm not a bank. I'm not interested in a money investment. I propose to invest in a human being..you!

~~The fact that Mr. Drexel sent you to me, and his confidence in you, is enough for me.~~

GENE: (AFTER A PAUSE) Mrs. Pryor, I...I don't know what to say. I've heard a lot about you, here in Champaign..how much you give to charity...how you sit up with the sick..send coal to the poor..pay for their funerals when they die. And all I can say..is thanks.

ELLEN: (QUIETLY) That's all right, Mr. Robbins. Now, if you'll see Mr. Drexel, he'll drive you out to see the house, and draw up the necessary papers. He acts as my attorney in these matters.

GENE: I'll see him right away. Goodbye, Mrs. Pryor..and thanks again.

(DOOR CLOSE)(FOOTSTEPS)(PICKUP PHONE - DIAL)

(FILTER RING - RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

DREXEL: (FILTER) Hello?

ELLEN: Arthur, this is Ellen.

DREXEL: Well --- did he fall for it?

ELLEN: What do ^(Pause)you think?

(SHE STARTS TO CHUCKLE, AND DREXEL JOINS HER)

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Billy Hout of the Champaign News-Gazette, discovered later that this was the first link in your Big Story. And the second link was forged a month later, in the living room of Mrs. Pryor's home.

(SEGUE MUSIC TO DANCE ORCHESTRA, POP TUNE IN B.G.)

DREXEL: Ellen, do you mind if I turn off this radio...?

ELLEN: Oh, Arthur, let it play. It's lovely music...such lovely music. So romantic. (SHE LAUGHS) Romantic. That reminds me, darling. You know where I was today?

DREXEL: Where?

ELLEN: I went over to see your protege...young Mr. Robbins and his wife in their new home. And oh, Arthur, it was such a nice experience. Everything so neat and clean, the bungalow so gay and bright with chintz, the young couple so happy in their new home.

DREXEL: Ellen, I ~~WANT~~ *to*

ELLEN: It's such a shame they'll have to move.

DREXEL: Look here, Ellen, why can't we leave them alone?

ELLEN: But darling, there's us! We want to be happy too, don't we? We're two grown people, two mature people, and we know what we want. (CHUCKLES) Money. Yes, darling...lots of money!

DREXEL: Ellen, we just can't do it.

ELLEN: Why not, Arthur. They signed the papers, didn't they? The papers with the special clauses, in fine print...?

DREXEL: Yes, yes. They signed them. But...

ELLEN: Well, then! There's no reason why you can't go ahead, just as you did with the others...

DREXEL: Ellen, listen. Enough's enough. I tell you it's dangerous. I'm not going through with it...!

ELLEN: (A BEAT, THEN PURRS) Arthur, darling...

DREXEL: Yes?

ELLEN: Sit closer to me, darling.

DREXEL: Ellen, look, I....

ELLEN: Closer, darling. (A PAUSE) There! That's better. Much better!

DREXEL: Ellen, about Robbins...

ELLEN: Put your arm around me, darling...

DREXEL: (HE STARTS TO BREAK) Ellen....

ELLEN: Around me, Arthur. Like that. Oh, Arthur, Arthur, like that. Now kiss me...

(A PAUSE)

ELLEN: Again, darling, again...

(A PAUSE)

DREXEL: (HOARSELY) Ellen, Ellen, I'd do anything for you. You know that....

ELLEN: Of course I do, Arthur. Of course I do. And there'll be no more silly nonsense about the Robbins?

DREXEL: No, darling, no....

(MUSIC: UP FOR A MOMENT AND THEN INTO)

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

ELLEN: ~~Closer, Arthur. Closer. That's it. That's it. Now.~~
tell me that you love me.

DREXEL: Ellen...

ELLEN: Tell me, darling. Say it. ~~Whisper~~ it in my ear. Tell me that you love me.

DREXEL: (HOARSELY) I love you, Ellen, I love you...

ELLEN: ~~And there'll be no more silly nonsense about the Robbins?~~

DREXEL: ~~No, Ellen, no.~~

~~(MUSIC UP FOR A MOMENT AND THEN IN)~~

~~(MUSIC UP FOR A MOMENT AND THEN IN)~~

MARY: (GAYLY) Gene...

GENE: Yes, Mary?

MARY: Imagine! This place is ours. All of it. The nameplate on the door says so. Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Robbins. Oh, darling, darling, sometimes I have to pinch myself to believe it.

GENE: Yeah. So do I.

MARY: It's just a dream, a beautiful, beautiful dream come true. Five rooms. Sunporch. Terrace. Sixty by a hundred in land, all landscaped, with the cutest flower garden in the back and..oh, Gene. Even though we've been here a month, I can't believe it!

GENE: Neither can I. (SOBERLY) When I was back in that dark cell, Mary..hemmed in by four walls...well, I used to imagine a place like this. My own place, with room to breathe, a workshop downstairs, a garden, a lawn. And windows all around letting in the light, windows without bars and doors without padlocks. And now..well, here it is.

MARY: (SOBERLY) Gene, darling. All that's gone...it's past. This is our home. And I've got so many plans..such wonderful plans. I'm going to make drapes for the living room and..

(PHONE RING)

MARY: Oh.

GENE: I'll get it, Mary.

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

GENE: Hello?

DREXEL: (FILTER) Robbins, this is Arthur Drexel.

GENE: Oh. Yes, Mr. Drexel?

DREXEL: I'm sorry to bother you at this hour, but could you come down to my office right away?

GENE: What is it, Mr. Drexel? Something wrong?

DREXEL: Nothing serious, my boy, nothing to worry about. It's just that I've found an irregularity in the deed to your house, and I'll need your signature before tomorrow morning.

GENE: ~~I see. I'll try to get down as soon as I can. Mr. Drexel. It's pretty late, and the bus is running, but I'll be in soon.~~

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(AUTO UNDER)

GENE: It was sure nice of Mr. Drexel to ask you to drive me home.

FRANK: Think nothing of it, *Robbins*

GENE: Have you been working for him long?

FRANK: Long enough.

GENE: I didn't get the name.

FRANK: I didn't give it to you.

GENE: (SHRUG) Okay. I was just trying to make conversation. If you..(CUTS) Wait a minute!

FRANK: Yeah?

GENE: You're going the wrong way. This is Cottonwood Road.
I didn't know we could get to my house this way..

FRANK: There are a lot of things you don't know, Robbins..

GENE: What do you mean?

(CAR SLOWS)

GENE: (BEGINNING TO GET PANICKY) Look, what's going on here? Why
are you stopping the car in the middle of nowhere?

(CAR DOWN TO IDLING POSITION)

FRANK: It ain't because we've got a flat tire, Robbins. Get out
of the car.

GENE: What?

FRANK: (SNAPS) I said get out of the car!

GENE: Okay....

(CAR DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS)

GENE: I don't know what all this is about but..

FRANK: Don't you, ~~Robbins?~~ Maybe this will give you an idea.

GENE: Why..it's a gun. You mean..you're going to..

FRANK: Yeah. Just took you for a little ride, Robbins. This is
the end of the line.

GENE: No. ^{please!} ~~Not~~ Don't. Don't!

FRANK: Sorry, Robbins. ~~This is business. And you know...business
is business.~~

GENE: ~~No. Please. Don't. Don't.....~~

(A SHOT. ~~SCREAM~~ ANOTHER SHOT. ANOTHER AND ANOTHER)

(MUSIC: _ _ UP IN CURTAIN)

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

(MUSIC: _ _ PANFARE)

(COMMERCIAL)

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.

(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

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

NARR: You, Billy Hout, Managing Editor of the Champaign News Gazette are in your office alone, when the call comes in that a farmer has found a man shot dead on Cottonwood Road...an ex-convict identified as Eugene Robbins. You're tired of just sitting at a desk, and the old police reporter blood starts to whip up in your veins, and you go out and cover the story yourself. You stare at the muddled body huddled on the sandy road and then you talk to ~~your old friend~~, Sheriff George McNeil...

BILLY: How do you figure it, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: Straightaway. Another gang murder, Billy. We've had a rash of 'em lately.

BILLY: Certainly looks as though this Robbins was taken for a ride. Seven ~~bullets~~ bullets through the head and chest.. the usual treatment. I..(CUTS) Sheriff...

SHERIFF: Yep?

BILLY: These tire tracks along the side of the road..they must belong to the murder car.

SHERIFF: No doubt about it, Billy.

BILLY: Four new tires. Probably a new car. And not a very heavy car, either. These impressions aren't very deep.

SHERIFF: Sure. But that's not going to help us much, Billy. ~~the country's full of light-model new cars. Looks as though we'll just have to chalk this up as another one of those things.~~

BILLY: (INTERRUPTS) Sheriff!

SHERIFF: Yep?

BILLY: Take a good look at that left front tire impression.

SHERIFF: What about it?

BILLY: The tread is worn on the inside. Means the wheel is out of line.

SHERIFF: Hmmm.

BILLY: Maybe ~~if~~ we can find the make of car by the tire design, and then check garages on the chance that the killer might have had his wheels lined up...

SHERIFF: (SLOWLY) Billy, I think you may have something there. In fact, I'll get my boys started on it right away!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The police start to check the car, and you drop over to see the dead man's wife..ask her a few questions..and she tells you about her husbands late appointment with Arthur Drexel, Champaign's ex-police lieutenant. Then you go and see Drexel.

BILLY: So Gene Robbins did show up at your office here, Drexel.

DREXEL: Yes, Hout, he did. Then he left...and that's the last I heard of him till I got the news this morning.

BILLY: I see. And he didn't say how he was going to get home.

DREXEL: No.

BILLY: Hmmm. He might have gotten a hitch.

DREXEL: Either that, or some hoodlums from his old mob rushed him into a car at the point of a gun.

BILLY: From what I've heard, he was through with that stuff..

DREXEL: Maybe. It's hard to tell. I was responsible for sending the boy to jail, Hout. I figured he was basically a decent chap, that it was more a case of his keeping bad company than anything else.

BILLY: So you took an interest in him, when he got out.

DREXEL: Yes. (SIGHS) ^{and} I don't know, Hout. Maybe I'm a sentimental fool. Maybe the old time wardens and cops were right. Once a convict..always a convict!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE INTO)

NARR: So far, you, Billy Hout of the Champaign News-Gazette, have been bumping your head against a blank wall. And then, on a hunch, you decide to go to Eugene Robbins funeral. Maybe, you tell yourself, the killer will show up as one of the mourners. You talk the Sheriff into it, and although he thinks you're crazy, he goes along. Mrs. Pryor provides a beautiful funeral with masses of flowers, and a fine oration. But no murder car, and no killer. And then, on the way back, you and the Sheriff are driving slowly down Fourth Street...

(CAR UNDER)

BILLY: Well, Sheriff, I guess my hunch turned sour.

SHERIFF: Yep. I guess it did, Billy. Don't know why I listened to you and decided to go at the last minute. I hate funerals. Looks like the killer does, too..

BILLY: Yeah. I..(CUTS) Sheriff!

SHERIFF: What is it?

BILLY: Stop the car! Quick!

(CAR SLOWS TO STOP)

SHERIFF: ~~What...?~~

BILLY: Take a look at the tire tracks on that driveway...

SHERIFF: Well, I'll be..

BILLY: (EXCITED) It's it! It's what we've been looking for. See it? Four news tires of the same design. And the inside threads worn down on the left front..(CUTS) And there's the car itself. A new tan coupe. You can see it through the garage windows...

SHERIFF: Yeah. Let's go, Billy..

(CAR DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS SHUT. MOTOR IGNITION OFF BEFORE. STEPS ON SIDEWALK)

(STEPS UP PORCH STEPS AND ONTO PORCH. THEN STOP. KNOCK ON DOOR)(A PAUSE)

(DOOR OPENS)

FRANK: Yeah? What is it?

SHERIFF: You own that tan coupe in the garage?

FRANK: That's right. Why?

SHERIFF: You're under arrest!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The owner of the car, a rough-looking character named Frank Donan, won't talk. The Sheriff grills him hour after hour, but he clams up tight, denies everything. The only thing he admits is that the car is his, and that he bought it at a dealer's in Tolond^ae, Illinois, ten miles south of Champaign. Sheriff McNeil and you take a run down to Tolond^ae to check Frank Donan's story..talk to the dealer. He tells you that Frank Donan did buy a car, and as part of the payment, submitted a co-^{signed} ~~current~~ note -- and suddenly you both hit pay dirt.....

SHERIFF: Billy...take a look at the names on the back of this co-
~~signed~~
~~owner's~~ note --

BILLY: (A BEAT) Ellen Pryor..and Arthur Drexel.

SHERIFF: Yeah.

BILLY: (DAZED) Sheriff, I..this doesn't add up. Mrs. Pryor and Arthur Drexel are two of Champaign's most prominent citizens. They're above reproach. Why are they endorsing a thug like Frank Donan.

SHERIFF: You tell me!

BILLY: (STILL DAZED) Wait a minute. Robbins bought a house from Mrs. Pryor. Drexel was the lawyer in the deal. This Donan must have been the gunman, he was driving the murder car. They're all mixed up together in this, somehow..

SHERIFF: Billy, let's go back to town and ask a few questions.

~~BILLY: Starting with whom?~~

~~SHERIFF: Ladies first! We'll begin with Mrs. Pryor!~~

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

(MOTOR UNDER)

ELLEN: See here, Arthur, why did you rush me off in your car like this?

DREXEL: (AGITATED) Don't you understand, Ellen? The police! And that newspaperman with the News-Gazette...they're on our trail. We've got to get out of town...now!

ELLEN: Arthur, stop the car.

DREXEL: Ellen, for the love of..

ELLEN: Stop the car! Do you hear me, you fool?

(CAR SLOWS TO STOP. MOTOR IDLES QUIETLY UNDER)

DREXEL: Ellen, listen. I got this information from one of my old friends at headquarters. They're checking Frank Donan's car now.

ELLEN: They won't find out anything if you keep your nerve, Arthur..

DREXEL: Ellen, I've just been trying to tell you..

ELLEN: And I'm trying to tell you to stop acting like a scared schoolboy! If you think I'm going to run away with you, you're crazy, Arthur. I spent years building up this philanthropist front, and I'm not just going to throw it out of the window..(WITH DISTASTE) Sitting up with those dirty, stupid, unwashed people in their sickrooms until I could scream! Paying for their funerals! Throwing sweetness and light around!

DREXEL: Ellen, you went too far this time. You can't get away with it any more!

ELLEN: Oh, can't I, Arthur? Can't I? I've got a reputation, remember? I'm the Florence Nightingale and the guardian angel of Champaign. Who would believe that I could possibly be involved in murder?

DREXEL: But you have papers in your desk..documents...deeds, titles, insurance policies, mortgages..

ELLEN: I'll burn them when I get home..

DREXEL: But the note you and I endorsed ^{for} ~~from~~ Frank Donan.

ELLEN: Don't be naive, darling. How did I know Frank Donan was a killer? He came to me in distress..of course! He needed money. Naturally, I endorsed his note. I thought it was for a sick wife..

DREXEL: Ellen, it won't work. Not this time..

ELLEN: Turn the car around, Arthur. Let's go back to Champaign..

DREXEL: No. No! I'm getting out...leaving for good!

ELLEN: (WITH CONTEMPT) You poor, weak-livered coward. And I thought I was in love with you. You! Why, you're not even half a man! Let me out of this car!

DREXEL: Ellen, wait..

ELLEN: You do what you want. I'm getting out of the car..going back to Champaign!

~~(CAR DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS VIOLENTLY)~~

DREXEL: (AGITATED) Ellen, listen. If it gets too hot..if they get too close..what'll you do then?

ELLEN: Do? (SHE LAUGHS) What could I do, darling? I'd just have to blame everything on you then, wouldn't I? Naturally. I was just a poor weak widow, taken in by my own friend and lawyer..

DREXEL: You wouldn't!

ELLEN: Oh, wouldn't I, darling?

DREXEL: (HYSTERICALLY) You can't, do you hear, Ellen? You wouldn't! You started this whole business..got me into it. Before I'd let you go back now..I'd kill you!

ELLEN: (A BEAT) Put away that gun, ~~darling~~ *Arthur*

DREXEL: . Ellen, I warn you, I mean it. ~~Get back into the car. Get back into the car or else!~~

ELLEN: ~~Yes, I know. Or else you'll kill me.~~ (LAUGHS) Darling, I know you. You haven't got the nerve to kill. You've always had other people do it for you. Look at you..your hand's shaking like a leaf.....

DREXEL: (RISING) Ellen, stop it..stop it, I ~~say~~.

ELLEN: Goodbye, darling..(SHE BEGINS TO LAUGH)

DREXEL: (HYSTERICALLY) Ellen! Ellen..come back..do you hear, come back!

(WE HEAR HER LAUGHTER MOVING OFF)

DREXEL: Ellen!

(A SHOT) (THE LAUGHTER STOPS ABRUPTLY)

(ANOTHER SHOT. ANOTHER)

(A PAUSE)

DREXEL: (STARTS TO LAUGH, HYSTERICALLY) ^{I'm afraid} ~~Too bad~~ I won't be around
to pay for your funeral, ~~Ellen, don't~~

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: They find the riddled body of Ellen Pryor on the edge of
a wheatfield near the Champaign Country Club. Arthur
Drexel disappears, but Frank Donan confesses to the whole
murder conspiracy. And a search of Mrs. Pryor's papers
the next day blows the whole case sky high...

(RUSTLE OF PAPERS)

BILLY: Here's the agreement that Robbins got when he bought
the house from Mrs. Pryor, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: Yeah? What does it say, Billy?

BILLY: Well, I'm no Philadelphia lawyer, but this clause in
fine print is really something. It reads that if anything
happened to Robbins, the house didn't go to Mrs. Robbins,
but back to Mrs. Pryor instead...

SHERIFF: What!

BILLY: And that isn't all. Robbins put up a ¹⁰ ~~five~~ thousand dollar
insurance policy as security. She got that and the house,
and whatever down payment there was. (A BEAT) Nice girl,
eh, Sheriff?

~~SHERIFF: It just doesn't seem possible that one woman could be so
greedy and conniving, Billy. And all the time, she was
going to Philadelphia.~~

~~BILLY:~~ ~~Sheriff!~~

SHERIFF: Yeah.

BILLY: Take a look at these!

(RUSTLE OF PAPERS)

SHERIFF: What are they?

BILLY: Undertakers' receipts. (A BEAT) It seems that Gene Robbins wasn't the only one who bought a house from Mrs. Pryor.

SHERIFF: What do you mean?

BILLY: Mrs. Pryor paid the expenses...for eleven different funerals!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND OUT)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from Billy Hout of the Champaign News-Gazette with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PELL MELL

-23-

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!

ATX01 0061053

(ORCHESTRA:TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Billy Hout of the Champaign News Gazette.

HOUT: The death of the phony philanthropist in tonight's Big Story and the exposee of the cruel and inhuman scheme threw the whole State of Illinois into an uproar. Following an intensive search Arthur Drexel, her co-conspirator, was captured and brought his trial to a dramatic finish by committing suicide in the courtroom. For turning state's evidence ^{Frank Sorans the man who murdered the young} ~~owner of the car that led to solution of case~~ ^{of manslaughter} was ~~allowed to plead guilty to a lesser charge~~ ^{given} and received a 14 year sentence in the penitentiary. My deep appreciation

for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Billy Hout....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 Dubuque Iowa Telegraph Herald - by-line, Helen Guertin -- a BIG STORY - about a girl reporter who walked her feet off to find a murderer and finally got ~~taken~~ ^{to} for a ride...in the killer's car.

(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 Les Tremayne played the part of Billy Hout. 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. Hout.

(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
10/18/48 pm

ATX01 00610

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #85

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
RED	BOB DRYDEN
MRS. GRUMMOND	AGNES YOUNG
HELEN GUERTIN	ANZIE STRICKLAND
CONNIE	ROLLY BESTOR
MRS. THOMPSON	AGNES YOUNG
JIM	CAMERON ANDREWS <i>Bernard Grant</i>
SHERIFF	CAMERON ANDREWS
FARMER	BOB DRYDEN
SON	BERNARD GRANT <i>Cameron Andrews</i>
SECRETARY	ROLLY BESTOR
D.A.	BERNARD GRANT

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1948

ATX01 0061056

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#85

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

NOVEMBER 10, 1948

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: HIT THEME AND CUT OFF)

knock
(~~FOOTSTEPS~~. DOOR OPEN)

RED: Hello, Mrs. Grummond.

GRUMMOND: (FARM WOMAN. CHATTY) Well, howdy Red. Luke's out to the barn, setting with a sick cow. You just rest yourself while I step out and.....

RED: (INTERRUPTING HASTILY) Don't bother calling Luke, thanks. Just stopped by to return this here shotgun he loaned me.

GRUMMOND: Oh, well, thanks. Luke sure sets store by that gun, you know. Got it off his paw when he was just knee-high to a heifer.

RED: Yeah, yeah. Well, it's a fine gun and I'm much obliged. I'll just run along now.

GRUMMOND: My, yes. Just a youngster, Luke was when his paw gave it to him. He used to(STOPS ABRUPTLY)

RED: What's the matter?

GRUMMOND: (COOLLY) You -- you ain't cleaned this gun so good, Red.

RED: (NERVOUSLY) Oh. Oh, well, look -- I'm sorry. I was in a hurry, I guess. If you'll just give it back to me I'll..

GRUMMOND: (COLD NOW) Take your hands off that gun.

RED: But I.....

GRUMMOND: Take your hands off that gun! (PAUSE) That's better. Only next time you go borrowing Luke's gun, you'd best not bring it back all covered with blood.

(MUSIC: HIT AND THEN INTO)

ATX01 0061057

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) Dubuque, Iowa. From the pages
of the Telegraph Herald -- the authentic story of a
lady reporter who hitch-hiked her way to the headlines.
Tonight, to Helen Guertin of the Dubuque Telegraph Herald
goes the PELL MELL Award for THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: -- -- FANFARE) --

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #85

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 0061059

(MUSIC: _ _ INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: And now, the story as it actually happened --- Helen Guertin's story as she lived it. Dubuque, Iowa.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER FOR)

NARRATOR: You are Helen Guertin, and you hang your pert new bonnet in the city room of the Dubuque Telegraph Herald. Right now, like the good reporter you are, you're enjoying your sandwich and store pie lunch beside the telephone-- just in case. Also, like the good reporter you are, you're enjoying a heart to heart chat about the ups and downs of the newspaper game with another lady of the press, photographer Connie Edwards...

HELEN: I just knew it was going to happen.

CONNIE: (DISTRESSED) Oh Helen. How terrible.

HELEN: Both of them. Just slashed down the middle.

CONNIE: How horrible for you. And your best nylons too!

(MUSIC: _ _ STING AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: Yep girl talk and why not ---- the city-room's quiet, the editor, Jim Parsons is in his office with the door closed --- and well -- what else is there to do on a lazy spring morning --- until the phone rings --

(PHONE JANGLES)

CONNIE: Phone, Helen.

HELEN: I've got it.

CONNIE: Maybe we've got a story.

HELEN: Wanna bet.

(SOUND: PICK UP)

HELEN: Telegraph Herald. Helen Guertin speaking.

THOMP: Hello Helen. This is Miz Thompson, yer correspondent out Kieler way.

HELEN: Oh yes. (RESIGNEDLY) How are you Mis Thoms^{on}~~on~~.

THOMP: Pretty good Helen. And you.

HELEN: Fine.

THOMP: Good. And yer ma.

HELEN: Fine thanks.

THOMP: Good. And yer paw.

HELEN: Just fine, thanks. (POINTEDLY) Uh, look, did you have something to tell us Mrs. Thomspon?

THOMP: Huh. Something to tell you? Why---yes. Yes I did. Amy Goodrich come over this morning with the news and I said right off...there's a story for the Dubuque paper or my name ain't Rachel Thomspon. Amy thought you---

HELEN: Uh, Mrs. Thompson, if it's a story you better talk to the Editor, Jim Parsons. I'll call him for you.

(PHONE DOWN)

CONNIE: Jim'll love you for sicking this on him.

HELEN: (GIGGLES) I'll bet. (CALLING) Jim. Jim Parsons!

CONNIE: His door's closed.

HELEN: Oh, nuts.

(FOOTSTEPS. DOOR OPEN ON. ~~TYPEWRITER GOING~~)

HELEN: (UP) Jim!

~~(TYPEWRITER GOES)~~

JIM: Yeah?

HELEN: Mrs. Thompson on two.

JIM: Who ^{is} she?

HELEN: (SWEETLY) Our local correspondent in Kieler, Wisconsin.
A fine woman with a great nose for news. (SARCASTICALLY)
Someone probably had a baby last week and she wants us
to interview it. Myself, I've got a date with a
sandwich.

(DOOR SLAM)

JIM: (SIGHS) Aw, dames.

(PHONE PICK UP)

JIM: (WITH GREAT CHEER) Hello, Mrs. Thompson. What's the
good news?

THOMPSON: Well, Mr. Parsons, I guess I come up with a nice little
story for that paper of yours.

JIM: Good, good. Let's have it.

THOMPSON: (SETTLING DOWN COMFORTABLY) Well, it seems there was
this man, see? About thirty five he was. Got that?

JIM: (HUMORING HER.) Yes, yes, I've got it.

THOMPSON: (DICTATING FINAL COPY NOW) Was found this morning, about
dawn ----

JIM: (REPEATING AMUSEDLY) About dawn....

THOMPSON: In a burning haystack with ~~bullet~~ bullet wounds in his head....

JIM: (REPEATING) With bullet wounds -- (TAKES) He was what?

THOMPSON: (PATIENTLY) I told you. He was found---

JIM: (INTERRUPTING EXCITEDLY) When? Where? What time?

THOMPSON: Oh, about six hours ago. Dawn I told you.

JIM: (INCENSED) Dawn! But it's almost noon, now. What the devil do you think we're running here -- a yearbook? Why didn't you phone in sooner?

THOMPSON: (SNAPPING) Now you look here! Don't you fuss at me. I was mighty busy this morning. Lucy had colic all night, and when I went for the milk it had turned sour and----

JIM: All right, all right.....

THOMPSON: (HURT) You kin always git Maizie Kitchel to do yer corresponding for you if you want, you know. She's willing.

JIM: I'm sorry, Mrs. Thompson. Now lock, please. What about the murdered man?

THOMPSON: Not that Mazie would do any better, you know. She's got three of her own and----

JIM: (INTERRUPTING FIRMLY) The murdered man, Mrs. Thompson. What about him?

THOMPSON: (SULKILY) He was killed and then throwed on a haystack right near highway 61. Farmer saw the fire. No identification yet, but the way I figger it---

JIM: (HASTILY) Of course. Well, thanks Mrs. Thompson. Much obliged.

THOMPSON: Yes. I said of course.....

(HANG UP PHONE CUTTING HER OFF IN MID WORD
FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR. DOOR OPENS)

JIM: Helen!

HELEN: (FADING ON) Uh-huh. No soap. I'm busy. Besides, it's not my territory.

JIM: It's Bill Edwards' and you'll have to cover for him while he's laid up.

HELEN: ~~Why not?~~
~~It's Connie's. It's her husband.~~

JIM: Helen, are you going to turn down a hot murder story?

HELEN: It's not my territory and I -- (TAKE) Did you say murder story? (CALLING) Connie. Grab your camera. We just got an assignment and it's murder.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE INTO)

(CAR IN MOTION, MUCH JOUNCING)

CONNIE: (BEING JOUNCED) Helen, take it easy, will you?

HELEN: Why?

CONNIE: This road wasn't built for going sixty miles an hour.

(MORE JOUNCING)

CONNIE: In fact, this road wasn't built it was plowed.

HELEN: I like to live dangerously.

CONNIE: I just like to live. ~~I've got a husband at home with a busted leg. Two of us out of commission would wreck the exchange.~~ (IRRITATED BY FURTHER JOUNCING) Helen, for the love of Pete ----!

HELEN: Okay, okay, Connie. I'll be good.

(CAR SLOWS AND COMES TO STOP UNDER)

CONNIE: What're you doing now?

HELEN: Stopping.

CONNIE: Why?

HELEN: Because I think this is the place.

CONNIE: And what makes you think this is the place?

HELEN: That man sitting on the fence. He looks like a sheriff.
Come on.

(CAR DOORS OPEN AND CLOSE UNDER. FOOTSTEPS ON EARTH)

CONNIE: Helen, you know what I think? I think you're crazy. How does a man "look like a sheriff?"

HELEN: I dunno. (SOTTO) He just has a kind of a sheriffy look about him. Deputy sheriffy. (UP) Excuse me, mister, Who're you?

SHERIFF: Deputy sheriff. Who're you?

HELEN: Helen Guertin, reporter for the Telegraph Herald over in Dubuque.

SHERIFF: (FRIENDLY) *(Pause)* Well now! Names's Hartshorn. Seth Hartshorn. That's H-A-R-T-S-H-O-R-N. I'd be obliged if you was to see the paper spelled it right. Deputy sheriff Seth Hartshorn.

HELEN: Don't worry, sheriff. I'll see to it. This is Mrs. Edwards, our photographer. She'll want a picture of you.

SHERIFF: (DELIGHTED) Well, now!

CONNIE: (ROUTINE) Point to the spot where the body was found.

SHERIFF: Well, now, they didn't tell me where ---

(CLICK OF CAMERA)

CONNIE: Thank you.

HELEN: Have they identified the body yet?

SHERIFF: Don't think so.

HELEN: Where'd they take it?

SHERIFF: (UNEASILY) Can't say for sure.

HELEN: What did he look like?

SHERIFF: (MISERABLY) Don't know.

HELEN: (EXASPERATED) Who's farm is this?

SHERIFF: (WEAKLY) They didn't mention.

HELEN: (BURNED) Sheriff.....

SHERIFF: Yes, ma'am?

HELEN: (~~SWIFTLY~~) What are you doing here?

SHERIFF: (HAPPILY) Well, now! See them spots over there?

HELEN: Yes.

SHERIFF: (PROUDLY) Blood. And see these here tire tracks?

HELEN: Uh-huh.

SHERIFF: Murder car. Blood and tire tracks. Evidence. I'm guarding it.

(~~CONFUSION~~)

HELEN: Sheriff -- that's fine. That's just dandy. But what I want to know is -- who got killed? Who killed him? When? Why?

SHERIFF: I see.

CONNIE: Come on, Helen -- we're just wasting our time here.

(FADING) Let's get a move on.

HELEN: (CALLING) Connie, wait a minute. (PATIENTLY) Look, sheriff. A murder has been committed, and I've been sent out here to cover it. Now somebody's got to know something about it, don't they?

SHERIFF: (EAGERLY) Should think so.

HELEN: Well, then. Who does?

SHERIFF: (SORROWFULLY) Well, now -- there you got me.

HELEN: (EXPLODING) Oh, for heaven's sake!

CONNIE: (CALLING FROM OFF) Helen -- come on!

HELEN: (CALLING BACK) All right. Coming. (LOWER) Thanks anyhow, sheriff.

CONNIE: (CALLING) Helen, I've got to get back! Come on!

HELEN: (COMING) Back? Back where?

CONNIE: (ON) The paper. They'll be screaming for these pictures for the afternoon edition.

HELEN: But we can't go back. I haven't got a story yet.

CONNIE: Okay. You stay here and I'll run along.

(STARTS CAR)

HELEN: But -- are you taking the car?

CONNIE: What did you think I was going to do? Hail a water buffalo?

HELEN: What about me?

CONNIE: *(chuckle)* You hail a water buffalo. Or come back to Dubuque with me.

HELEN: (WAILS) I can't .. I haven't got a story.

CONNIE: Well, then that's that. So long.

HELEN: But Connie you can't just leave me.....

CONNIE: (CALLING BACK AS CAR MOVES AWAY) Cheer up, sugar. It's a nice day for a walk.

(CAR ROAR OFF AND INTO)

(MUSIC: PICK UP FOR BRIDGE)

(FOOTSTEPS ON ROAD, HORSE AND BUGGY APPROACHING)

HELEN: (CALLS) *Hey* mister? *Hey*

Helen: *Can I have a ride mister?*
FARMER: (BUGGY TO STOP, HORSE WHIFFLES) *footsteps coming over*
(OFF A BIT) Where you bound for ma'am?

HELEN: I--I don't know.

FARMER: Hey?

HELEN: What I mean is, I'm trying to get some information about a murder, and---

FARMER: Oh, you mean over to Jed Peterson's place. You're going the wrong way, ma'am. Jed lives back down the road two, three miles.

HELEN: (DISMAY) Back? You mean I've walked all this way for nothing?

FARMER: (WITHOUT SYMPATHY) Seems as though .

HELEN: (COYLY) I don't suppose you could give me a lift back to Mr. Peterson's ?

FARMER: (CHUCKLES) You don't suppose right, ma'am. Got my hogs to feed yet.

HELEN: But my feet....

FARMER: 'Tain't far, ma'am. Less'n four miles, sure. And it's a nice day for a walk. (CLUCKS CHEERILY) Giddap, Irving.

(HORSE SNORTS AND BUGGY MOVES ON)

HELEN: (CLUCKS RESIGNEDLY) Giddap, Helen.

~~(FOOTSTEPS START DOWN ROAD)~~

(MUSIC: WIPE FOOTSTEPS AND THEN GO OUT UNDER)

(MORE FOOTSTEPS)

HELEN: Hello, there.

SON: (OFF SLIGHTLY) Howdy.

(FADE IN FLOCK OF CHICKENS. FOOTSTEPS TO STOP)

HELEN: That's a nice looking flock of chickens you've got there. What kind are they?

SON: (LACONIC) Hens.

HELEN: (TARTLY) I see. (THEN) Mind if I sit down?

SON: Help yourself. Public road.

HELEN: *(Pause)*
My feet hurt. I've been walking all over looking for Jed Peterson's place.

SON: (NONCOMMITAL) Uh-huh.

HELEN: *(Pause)*
Do you own this land?

SON: Nope.

HELEN: *(Pause)*
(ANOTHER TRY) Who does?

SON: Jed Peterson.

HELEN: (DRYLY) What a coincidence. Well, I'd like to speak to him if you don't mind.

SON: I don't mind. Trouble is, he ain't here.

HELEN: But I've got to get in touch with him! I've got to get the facts on the man who was murdered this morning. Isn't there any way I can call ~~him~~ ^{Mr. Peterson} and get a description.

SON: Nope.

HELEN: Why not?

SON: 'Cause he don't have ~~no~~ ^{no description}.

HELEN: Didn't he find the dead man's body?

SON: Nope. His son did.

HELEN: Well then, where can I find his son?

SON: You already did. That's me. (FADING) Well, now that's that, I got to milk them cows.

HELEN: Oh, no. Hold on a minute. The cows can wait.

SON: (POLITELY) You must be a city girl, ma'am.

HELEN: Look, I'm a reporter. I have to make an afternoon paper with that description. It's very important. Somebody may recognize it and be able to identify the murder victim.

SON: Well....

HELEN: It won't take long. Please! Now -- how did the murder victim look?

SON: Bad. Killed with a shotgun.

HELEN: Well, how tall was he, would you say?

SON: 'Bout five foot nine and a half, I reckon.

HELEN: Good. Color of hair?

SON: Sandy, like. Sorta balding on top.

HELEN: Eyes?

SON: Brown.

HELEN: What about clothes?

SON: *Clothes pretty badly burned but we made out a*
~~checkered red shirt, brown~~ Checkered red shirt, brown
trousers and black shoes.

HELEN: Any identifying marks?

SON: Didn't see none.

HELEN: Well, that's fine, Mr. Peterson. That's exactly what I
wanted to know. Now look. Have you talked to anyone
else about these facts? Anyone except the police, I
mean?

SON: Ain't seen no police. Ain't talked to nobody but you.

HELEN: (GASPS) No body but me? Then you mean--I've got an
exclusive?

SON: Don't know what you got -- but I got them cows to tend
to----

HELEN: Wait---before you go ---could I trouble you for the use
of your phone?

SON: T'ain't no trouble. Thing is---we ain't got one.

HELEN: Do you mean to say I've got the only description of the
murdered man there is and I can't get to a phone to
call it in?

SON: There's a phone back down the road about three, four
miles.

HELEN: (GROANS) Four miles. (SIGHS) Oh well, like I always
say. It's a nice day for a walk.

(MUSIC: HIT FOR CURTAIN)

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MID COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 11/10/48
PROGRAM #85

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

VIBAPHONE: 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 0061071

(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice, returning you to your narrator and the Big Story of Helen Guertin, as she lived it and wrote it.

NARRATOR: You, Helen Guertin, are a good reporter. You got your story. You also got two very sore feet. It took a lot of walking to get the facts. It took more walking to phone them in, and it took still more walking to get back to your desk at the Dubuque Telegraph Herald, where you are presently dunking those aching dogs in a basin of water, and listening to the fulsome praise of your city editor.....

JIM: (IRRITABLY) Look, you spent five hours and all you got was a description of the murdered man, What the devil good is that?

HELEN: ~~(DEFIANTLY) It's a lot of good. Somebody may recognize him from the published description.~~

JIM: Great -- then We'll know who's dead. ~~But who killed him? That's the story -- and it's the biggest story we've had around her in years. I want to break it big -- in one chunk -- not in a lot of little dribbles.~~

insert on following page

HELEN: ~~Well, so do I, but --~~

JIM: Get going ~~then~~ Dig. Get at the bottom of this. I want action. Check the district attorney. Get on your feet and get moving.

HELEN: (ANNOYED) Jim, look, I just got off my feet.

(PHONE UP)

HELEN: There are some things --(CUTS) Peg, get me the District Attorney over in Lancaster. (THEN) There are some things you can do sitting down, Jim - and this better be one of them.

HELEN: It's a lot of good, and you know it Jim.

JIM: Oh do I.

HELEN: Of course you do. After all, somebody may read that description in the paper and identify the murdered man.

JIM: Great. And what'll we know then. We'll know who's dead. But we won't know who killed him. Or why. Or how. Or where. That's the story, Helen...and it's the biggest story we've had around here in years. I want to break it big....not in a lot of little dribbles.

HELEN: Well, so do I. But I don't see what I can do now until the district attorney's office phones me.

JIM: Phones you! You're not a telephone answering service, you're a reporter.

HELEN: So?

JIM: So act like one.

JIM: Do it standing on your head for all I care -- just do it!

(MUSIC: STING)

SECRETARY: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) I'm sorry, the district attorney is not in.

HELEN: Well, when do you expect him?

SECRETARY: (OBVIOUSLY BORED) I can't say.

HELEN: Do you know where I can reach him?

SECRETARY: I can't say.

HELEN: (SNAPPING) Do you mean you can't say or you won't say?

SECRETARY: (IRRITABLY) Well, it's not my fault, Miss. Just before he and the sheriff left for Hazel Green, the district attorney told me not to tell ~~anyone where he'd gone~~

~~of~~ --- (TAKE) Oh!

HELEN: *Sarcasm*
(SWEETLY) Thank you, Miss. Thank you very much.

(MUSIC: STING)

D.A.: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Mrs. Guertin, how the devil did you know I was here?

HELEN: Oh, I've got ways of finding things out. What's new?

D.A.: Who said anything was?

HELEN: I did. You and the sheriff didn't both go *Asking* ~~looping~~ over to Hazel Green for a chocolate malted.

D.A.: (LAUGHING) All right. You win. We have got something - and that newspaper story of yours is responsible. So, get over here fast and I'll tell you everything I know.

HELEN: Can't you tell me over the phone?

D.A.: Not a chance. If you want this information, you'll have to leg out here ~~after it~~.

HELEN: (WAIL) All the way out to Hazel Green?

D.A.: All the way to Hazel Green. And you'd better bring a photographer with you.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

(CAR TO STOP...MOTOR OUT UNDER)

CONNIE: Are you sure this is the place, Helen?

HELEN: It's the address the district attorney gave me.

(CAR DOOR OPEN)

CONNIE: Okay, let's go. I'll --

HELEN: (INTERRUPTING FIRMLY) Wait a minute. I've got something to say to you first, camera-happy. Take all the pictures you want, see? But remember this. I'm staying with this story until it breaks, - and so is the car. If there's any hiking to be done this round -- you're elected. Catch?

CONNIE: I catch. I'll be a good girl. Now for Pete's sake, come on.

(CAR DOOR SLAM AND FOOTSTEPS UNDER)

CONNIE: Somebody up there on the porch. Man and a woman, looks like.

HELEN: Where? Oh. Yep, this is the place, Connie. That's the District Attorney. (CALLING) Hello, there.

D.A.: (OFF. CALLING) Well, Mrs. Guertin! You're as good at tracking down District Attorneys as you are tracking down murderers.

(STEPS UP STAIRS AND ON TO PORCH UNDER)

HELEN: Murderers? What do you mean?

D.A.: I mean your story's led to the identification of the murder victim. And, thanks to you, we've picked up a suspect.

HELEN: Well, look at me!

CONNIE: Who's the suspect?

D.A.: I'll let Mrs. Grummond here tell you. She's the lady who recognized the dead man from the story in the paper.

GRUMMOND: (A DISORGANIZED WOMAN ALMOST TOTALLY INCAPABLE OF FINISHING A SENTENCE) Yes. That's me. I saw the description in the -- Luke showed me. He's my husband and he always -- well, I said "That sounds like the man who come here with Red Ridgley to borrow your shotgun" ~~and he~~ --

HELEN: Shotgun! The murder was committed with a shotgun!

GRUMMOND: Well, of course, if I'd a knowed when Red brought back the gun I'd a -- but he didn't say nothing and -- Luke says I never do remember a thing anyways -- so I didn't.

HELEN: (AT SEA) Didn't what?

GRUMMOND: Didn't put two and two -- I told Luke it wasn't ~~my~~ *his* fault, but --

HELEN: (NEAR END OF PATIENCE) What wasn't whose fault?

GRUMMOND: (WINDING UP TRIUMPHANTLY) Why, it wasn't the fault of the man who got killed, of course!

D.A.: Mrs. Grummond, I think you'd better tell Mrs. Guertin the story the way you told it to me.

GRUMMOND: How was that?

D.A.: From the beginning.

GRUMMOND: Well, I was just trying to make it simple but if -- well, all right. Day or so after Luke lent this shotgun of his, there was a knock on the door..(STARTS FADING)

(KNOCK ON DOOR. ~~CLATTER OF DISHES UNDER~~)

GRUMMOND: I was doing the supper dishes, but I put 'em down and went to see who was calling

(DOOR OPEN)

RED: Hello, Mrs. Grummond.

GRUMMOND: Well, howdy, Red. Luke's out to the barn, setting with a sick cow. You just rest yourself while I step out and ..

RED: (INTERRUPTING HASTILY) Don't bother calling Luke, thanks. Just stopped by to return this here shotgun he loaned me.

GRUMMOND: Oh, well, thanks. Luke sure sets store by that gun, you know. Got it off his paw when he was just knee-high to a heifer.

RED: Yeah, yeah. Well, it's a fine gun and I'm much obliged. I'll just run along now.

GRUMMOND: My, yes. Just a youngster, Luke was, when his paw gave it to him. He used to .. (STOPS ABRUPTLY)

RED: What's the matter?

GRUMMOND: (COOLLY) You -- you ain't cleaned this gun so good, Red.

RED: (NERVOUSLY) Oh. Oh, well, look -- I'm sorry. I was in a hurry, I guess. If you'll just give it back to me, I'll

GRUMMOND: (COLD NOW) Take your hands off that gun.

RED: But I ...

GRUMMOND: Take your hands off that gun! (PAUSE) That's better. . .
Only next time you go borrowing Luke's gun, you'd best
not bring it back all covered with blood.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

(CLICK OF CAMERA) 3 *clicks*

CONNIE: All right, Mrs. Grummond. Now one more *picture* of you pointing
to the blood on the shotgun.

GRUMMOND: Make sure you say I thought first off it was rabbit
blood.

HELEN: I'll do that. Cut it short, huh, Connie?

(CLICK OF CAMERA)

CONNIE: Okay -- that's enough. So long -- I've got to be running.

HELEN: You mean walking, don't you?

CONNIE: (A WAIL) But Helen -- on the spot exclusives are red
hot! I've got to get them back to Dubuque!

HELEN: But Connie -- on the spot reporters are red hot too!
I've got to stay here.

CONNIE: (FADING) Okay, stay. I'm going back to Dubuque. Bye!

HELEN: (FURIOUS) Connie, you promised! *(Pause)* You -- (GIVING UP.
BITTERLY) -- you skunk.

D.A.: What's the matter, Mrs. Guertin -- you stranded?

HELEN: That's right. *D.A.* Where are you bound for now?

D.A.: The sheriff's taking Red Ridgley to the county seat for
further questioning. I'm going to meet them there.

HELEN: Oh. Well, look -- can I go with you?

D.A.: Sure.

HELEN: I mean -- can I hitch a ride with you?

D.A.: Sure, if you don't mind riding in that car over there.

HELEN: I wouldn't mind riding in a wheelbarrow. Uh -- what car is it?

D.A.: The murder car.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE INTO)

(CAR IN MOTION)

D.A.: Cozy little ~~coupe~~^{car}, isn't it, Mrs. Guertin?

HELEN: Great. For corpses. Is that stuff all over the back seat what I think it is?

D.A.: Yes. If you think it's blood.

HELEN: I do. Was the murdered man shot here?

D.A.: Well, that's the problem we're up against right now -- trying to reconstruct the crime. So far, Ridgley's been about as talkative as a fence post.

HELEN: But you think if you face him with a good reconstruction of the crime, it may loosen his tongue?

D.A.: That's right. He's stubborn as a mule -- and just about as bright. If we can come up with a really close guess as to how the murder was committed, my hunch is he'll be so impressed that he'll crack.

HELEN: (MUSING) I see. Well, from these blood stains, I'd say there's not much doubt but that the victim was killed in the car and then thrown on that burning haystack.

D.A.: Yes, that's the way I see it too. Killed in the front seat by the driver, and then --

HELEN: Uh-huh.

D.A.: What?

HELEN: Killed in the back seat.

D.A.: What makes you say that?

HELEN: The blood stains. The way they're splattered, I'd say he was lying down in the back seat when he was shot.

D.A.: Oh, come now, Mrs. Guertin! What fool would lie down in the back seat and let someone poke a shotgun into his face?

HELEN: He might have been drunk. There are some empty beer bottles here in the back.

D.A.: (DUBIOUSLY) Mmmmm. Pretty far fetched.

HELEN: (WARMING TO THE IDEA) Well, then, look. This man was a friend of ^{his} Ridgley's, wasn't he?

D.A.: Yes.

HELEN: Well, then, there's no reason why he should be suspicious of him. They were friends, after all, supposedly going off on a hunting trip together.

D.A.: (STILL DOUBTFUL) Mmmmm.

HELEN: And don't forget the way the body ^{his face} looked, either. The gun blast had caved in the ~~front~~ structure. That means ~~it was shot from the front~~ ^{he was shot from the front} and it couldn't have been unless ~~the victim~~ ^{he} was in the back seat.

D.A.: Why not?

HELEN: (IMPATIENTLY) It just couldn't! Look. Suppose this rolled up sheet of paper is the shotgun. Now, look. I can't aim it straight at you while I'm sitting beside you. I can't bring it around. That is, I can't unless I get up like this (EFFORT) and shove it straight into your face...

D.A.: Hey!

(SCREECH OF BRAKES)

D.A.: Look out, you idiot!

HELEN: Oh. I'm sorry!

(CAR RETURNS TO NORMAL)

D.A.: Sorry! You almost sent us both into the ditch with your crazy demonstration!

HELEN: It's not crazy! But you are, if you can't see that the victim had to be in the back seat!

(MUSIC: SPING AND OUT EAST)

D.A.: Now, listen to me, Red. The victim had to be in the back seat.

RED: (SURLY) You're crazy. You ^{ain't} ~~haven't~~ got nothing on me and you know it.

D.A.: Listen to me Red and I'll tell you what I know. The victim was lying in the back seat of the car. He was lying there while you drove and he was lying there when you killed him with the shotgun you borrowed from Luke Grummond.

RED: I tole you a million times -- I borrowed Luke's shotgun to kill rabbits.

D.A.: But you killed a man with it, Red.

RED: No, no, I tell you I didn't.

D.A.: And I tell you you did and I'll tell you how you did.

RED: You can't tell how I did because I didn't do nothing. ~~I didn't do nothing and you can't say I did.~~

D.A.: You're bluffing, Red.

RED: No -- no-- I'm not.

D.A.: You killed that man, Red and this is how you did it. ~~Listen.~~ The victim was in the back seat. He'd had a few bottles of beer and he was feeling good. You were going on a hunting trip. You were friends and he wasn't afraid of you. And then you turned around and shoved a shotgun in his face and pulled the trigger and killed him on the spot!

RED: (INCRECULOUS) How'd you know that?

D.A.: (FAST) Then you did kill him?

RED: (PAUSE -- HARD) Yeah ^{Yeah} Sure I killed him. We done a holdup together, only he wasn't coming across with the dough. He owed me twenty-five bucks, and he wasn't coming across. The dirty crook was trying to keep my twenty-five bucks so I killed him and I'm glad I killed him! (THEN, PUZZLED) - Only -- I don't see how you found out how I did it. How'd you know how I did it?

D.A.: (QUIETLY) There are ways, Red. There are people who can figure out those things.

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

NARR: That's all there is to it. A full confession in front of witnesses. And the Big Story you worked so hard for and walked so far for is dumped into your lap by a grateful and grinning District Attorney. You hobble painfully over to the nearest telephone and get your beat through to the paper

HELEN: I'll bring a copy of the confession with me, Jim, but that's the rough outline of it.

JIM: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Good work, baby. Now trot back to the office as fast as you can.

HELEN: (IN AGONY) Trot?

JIM: Well, drive then.

HELEN: Drive? You know perfectly well Connie's got the car back there in Dubuque!

JIM: Well, you're a leg man, aren't you? Get back here somehow, and I'll buy you a new pair of shoes.

HELEN: (BITTERLY) By the time I get back there I won't need shoes. I'm going to be the only leg man in Iowa that stops at the knees!

(MUSIC: HIT FOR CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Helen Guertin of the Dubuque Telegraph Herald with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #85

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 Helen Guertin of the Dubuque Telegraph Herald.

GUERTIN: Appreciating part my reconstruction of crime played in breaking down killer in tonight's Big Story, district attorney gave me first copy of confession. Tried at the County Seat in Lancaster, killer was sentenced to life imprisonment in Wisconsin State Penitentiary. P.S. I had to hitch a ride home after the trial. Thanks a lot for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Helen Guertin...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 Chronicle - by-line, Conrad H. Collier -- a BIG STORY - *who was looking for a killer who was looking for a reporter -- and found him* ~~was looking for a reporter who looked for, and found a~~ ~~license - murderer.~~

(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 Amzie Strickland played the part of Helen Guertin. 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, Miss Guertin.

(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.

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #86

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
RUTH	CONNIE LEMBEKE
LANDLADY	CONNIE LEMBEKE
COLLIER	LAWSON ZERBE
ANNOUNCER	LAWSON ZERBE
MORGAN	SANTOS ORTEGA
ANDERS	SANTOS ORTEGA
PETE	LARRY HAINES
WILLIAMS	LARRY HAINES
RALPH	ROGER DE KOVEN
STEVE	ROGER DE KOVEN
FERRIS	WILLIAM KEENE
STRANGER	WILLIAM KEENE
JOHNNY	FRANCIS DE SALES
SERGEANT	FRANCIS DE SALES

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1948

ATX01 0061087

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#86

CONRAD COLLIER

HOUSTON CHRONICLE

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

NOVEMBER 17, 1948

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(CAR UNDER)

RALPH: Nice of you to ~~meet~~ *drive home from the* me at the airport, Pete.

PETE: That's okay, Ralph. It was the Boss's idea ~~to have me~~
~~drive you home.~~ (A BEAT) How was business in Mexico?

RALPH: Booming. Never better.

PETE: Sold a lot of merchandise, eh?

RALPH: I'll say I did. The Boss owes me plenty in commissions.

PETE: Looks like you're going to collect real soon.

RALPH: I am?

PETE: Yeah. In fact, the Boss told me to give you something
on account ~~right now~~

RALPH: Yes? What?

PETE: (A BEAT) This.

(A PAUSE)

(SHOT)

(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) Houston, Texas. From the pages of the Chronicle,
the authentic story of a reporter who looked for, and found
a license to murder. Tonight, to Conrad Collier of the
Houston Chronicle, goes the PELL MELL Award for the BIG
STORY!

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)
(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0061088

THE BIG STORY 11/17/48
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: 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.

(MUSIC: -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER FOR)

CHAPPELL: Now the story as it actually happened..Conrad Collier's story as he lived it...Houston, Texas...

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You are Conrad Collier, a police reporter on the Houston Chronicle, ~~And to this day, whenever you think of your Big Story, you break out in a cold and clammy sweat. For you might have been, you could have been...just a memory, an obituary, an inscription on a tombstone. But this is your Big Story, and the place to begin... it's at the beginning...~~

~~(MUSIC: -- UP FOR A MOMENT AND UNDER)~~

And your Big Story begins on
~~NARR: It is this night in May, and you're in the city room of the Chronicle, when a call comes in, A man has been found lying in a gutter on California Street...shot to death...sprawling in a pool of his own blood. So you get up and go. And as you drive out to the Hyde Park District, another man in another car is speeding along on a lonely road outside of town, and turns on his dashboard radio....~~
to check the story

(CAR UNDER)

(CLICK OF RADIO SWITCH OR BUTTON)

(MUSIC: -- FADES IN - A POP TUNE. HOLD FOR A FEW MOMENTS)

PETE: HE HUMS IN RHYTHM TO THE MUSIC. MAYBE SINGS A FEW WORDS.

(MUSIC: -- CUT SHARP)

ANNCR: (FILTER QUALITY, OVER RADIO) ~~We interrupt this program to~~
we bring you a special announcement.

(MORE)

ANNCR:
(CONT'D)

The Houston police ~~warns the public to be~~ ^{are} on the lookout for a red convertible, white wall tires, right ~~mudguard~~ ^{side} dented, ~~California~~ ^{Alabama} license plates. The occupant of this car is suspected of murder. We repeat, the occupant of this car is suspected of murder. ~~Anyone seeing this car is requested immediately to contact police headquarters...~~

(CLICK OF RADIO SWITCH, CUTTING OFF ANNCR)

(CAR SLOWS TO STOP. ~~MOTOR IS LEFT IDLING~~)

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

(CAR DOOR CLOSES)

(FADE IN NIGHT SOUNDS, CRICKETS PERHAPS)

(A FEW STEPS ON ROAD, AND THEY STOP)

(COVER OF CAR TRUNK BEING RAISED)

(WE HEAR THE CLANK OF A LARGE GASOLINE CAN, AND GRUNT OF EFFORT)

~~(WE HEAR COVER OF CAN UNSCREWED)~~

(A GRUNT AS CAN IS LIFTED)

(WE HEAR GASOLINE POURED ON THE CAR)

(HOLLOW CLANK OF EMPTY GASOLINE CAN AS IT THROWN ON ROAD)

(SCRATCH AND FLARE OF MATCH)

(WHOOSH OF FLAME UP AND ROAR OF FIRE)

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Conrad Collier, hear the same announcement over your own car radio, as you drive up to the knot of men gathered around a shapeless, bloody heap on the road. And you wonder whether the man they're looking for in the red ~~convertible~~ ^{convertible} is connected with the man they've found in the red pool on the road. So you corner the officer in charge, your very good friend, Detective Lieutenant Brad Morgan.....

MORGAN: Looks pretty straightaway to me, Con. This gent was taken for a ride, and dumped in the road by a killer driving a red ~~Passator~~. *convertible*

COLLIER: How do you know about that ~~Passator~~, Brad? *convertible*

MORGAN: Simple. We found identification papers on this stiff, *including of* ~~Not only that~~, a ~~civilian~~ pilot's license. Then we checked back at the airport.

COLLIER: And?

MORGAN: And we found out he owned his own plane, and flew to Mexico about once a month...business unknown. Shortly before he was killed, he was picked up at the airport by a man in a red ~~Passator~~. *convertible* An airport employee gave us a rough description of the car.

COLLIER: I see. Who's the dead man?

MORGAN: Name's Leonard...Ralph Leonard. Married. Lives over on Chennevert Street.

COLLIER: ~~Anything else about him?~~

MORGAN: No. And ~~that's~~ the funny part of it. We've been trying to get a line on him, and everywhere we turn, we draw blank. Can't find out who he really is, where he worked, what he ~~did for a living~~. A very mysterious gent, this ~~Leonard~~.

COLLIER: Have you talked to his wife yet, Brad?

MORGAN: Not yet. Too busy trying to nail down that killer. We'll get around to Mrs. Leonard a little later.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You figure, maybe the police can wait a little while to talk to the dead man's wife, but you can't, there's a story to write, and a deadline to meet. So, you drop in on the widow, and ask a few questions....

COLLIER: Mrs. Leonard, believe me, I know it must be hard for you to answer questions right now. I know the police will be here any minute, and ask you a lot more. 'But the point is, some man in a red convertible met your husband at the airport, and probably...killed him. If you knew about this man, could identify him....

RUTH: I don't know who he is. I didn't know any of Ralph's friends. I never met any of them...

COLLIER: But you must have....

RUTH: Mr. Collier, I'm going to tell you something. I'm going to tell you something now, that you may not believe, probably won't believe. I don't care any more, it doesn't matter any more, because...because Ralph's dead.

COLLIER: (QUIETLY) Yes, Mrs. Leonard?

RUTH: My husband and I were married...five years. And in all that time, I never really knew what he did for a living...

COLLIER: What?

RUTH: It sounds fantastic, I know, but I swear it, it's true. I didn't know what he did, *or the people he worked with,* or where he worked. All I knew was that most of his business was done at night, and that he made a lot of money at it, and that sometimes he flew to Mexico in his plane.

COLLIER: But didn't you ask him...?

RUTH: Yes. Yes, of course I did. I asked him a thousand times. But I always got the same answer...always the same vague answer...investments. After awhile, he got angry and I stopped. He said that he'd take care of his business, and it was my job to take care of the house.

COLLIER: I see. And he never got any business phone calls here?

RUTH: No, never. Then about two days ago, I...~~F~~... *well something happened,*

COLLIER: Yes, Mrs. Leonard?

RUTH: ~~Well,~~ I'd been away to my mother's, and returned home earlier than I'd expected. I walked into the house, and there at the phone was Ralph. His back was turned to me, and he'd just finished (FADING) dialing a number...

(DIALING JUST FINISHING. THEN A PAUSE)

RALPH: Hello. Hemisphere Export and Import. This is Leonard. Let me talk to the Boss...(A PAUSE) Chief, listen. On those hundred units we're shipping to Mexico. I....

RUTH: ~~Ralph!~~

RALPH: (AGHAST) Ruth!

(RECEIVER ON HOOK)

RALPH: Ruth, what are you doing here so early!

RUTH: Well, I...

RALPH: (RISING) What's the idea? What do you mean, eavesdropping on me, spying on me?

RUTH: Ralph! Darling, for heaven's sake, what's come over you. ~~What...?~~

RALPH: (A BEAT, THEN SUDDENLY LOW, ALMOST DEADLY) Look, Baby, I'm going to tell you something. I'm going to tell you something, and I ~~don't ever~~ want you to ~~forget~~ it. *remember*

RUTH: Yes, Ralph?

RALPH: Forget this phone call. Forget I ever made it, forget you ever heard it. You never knew about it, and it never happened. (A BEAT) Understand?

RUTH: Yes. Yes, darling...I understand. But why are you so upset about a phone call....

RALPH: Phone call? (SHRUG) What phone call? You must be hearing things, Baby. I never made a phone call! (A BEAT, THEN LOW AND MENACING) Remember?

(A PAUSE)

RUTH: (FADING IN).....that happened a few nights ago, Mr. Collier. The next morning, Ralph flew to Mexico...and now...now he's dead...(BREAKS) murdered!

COLLIER: And he phoned a company called the Hemisphere Import and Export?

RUTH: Yes. Yes...I'm sure that was the name.

COLLIER: Thanks, Mrs. Leonard...thanks very much!

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

COLLIER: You're Personnel Director of the Hemisphere Import and Export Company?

ANDERS: (FUSSY, OLD MAIDISH) Yes, yes. I'm Mr. Anders. And if it's about a position...

COLLIER: (INTERRUPTS) I'm not here about a job. My name's Collier, and I'm a reporter for the Chronicle.

ANDERS: (A BEAT) Oh. I see. What can I do for you, sir?

COLLIER: Have you ever employed a man named Ralph Leonard here?

ANDERS: Leonard? Leonard? No. No one by that name has ever worked for our company.

COLLIER: (A BEAT) You're positive about that?

ANDERS: Quite.

COLLIER: Mr. Anders, there must be some mistake. I...

ANDERS: Young man, I've been here a good many years, and I assure you I have no knowledge of any Ralph Leonard ~~in our files.~~

been employed here.

COLLIER: ~~Hummm. Something's wrong somewhere... something's plenty~~
~~wrong.~~ Mr. Anders....

ANDERS: Yes?

COLLIER: I wonder if I could talk to the head of the firm?

ANDERS: Oh. I'm afraid not, sir. You see, Mr. Gardner's gone
to Kansas City for a few days...on business.

COLLIER: ~~I~~. (A PAUSE) Mr. Anders, one more question...Just
what do you import and export here?

ANDERS: Electrical appliances. Refrigerators...radios...and
washing machines!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You leave, and you're all mixed up, your head is
whirling, you can't figure it out. It doesn't add, it
makes no sense, it's crazy. The dead man, Ralph Leonard,
is more of a mystery than his own killer. Who is he?
What did he do? Why did someone put a slug in his face?
Did he work at Hemisphere, or didn't he?

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

NARR: And then, suddenly...there's a break. The police find the
red convertible about ten miles out of Houston, on
Market Street Road. It's badly burned, but the license
plates are still legible. They belong to a man named
Williams, in Beaumont, ^{Texas} and curiously enough, Williams
is in the electrical appliance business, too. You
drive to Beaumont with Lieutenant Morgan.....

MORGAN: You say you never owned a red convertible, Williams?

WILLIAMS: That's what I said, Lieutenant.

MORGAN: But the license plates on the murder car were registered in your name. How do you account for that? (A PAUSE, THEN SHARPLY) Well?

WILLIAMS: I don't account for it. When I had those plates, they were on my car ...

COLLIER: What kind of car was it, Williams?

WILLIAMS: (HOSTILE) I don't think that's any of your business, ~~Station~~ Reporter

MORGAN: (SNAPS) Answer his question! What kind of car was it?

WILLIAMS: A black sedan...ten years old.

MORGAN: Where's the car now?

WILLIAMS: I junked it, six months ago.

MORGAN: You junked it? Where?

WILLIAMS: In Houston. At a place called the Ferris Salvage Yard.

MORGAN: (A BEAT) All right, Williams. That's all for now. Better stay around town where we can reach you. Come on, Con. Let's get back to Houston!

~~(MORGAN: BRIDGE)~~

~~MORGAN: You don't remember any license plates in your junk yard with this registration number, Ferris?~~

FERRIS: (KIND OF WEASLY, JITTERY) Look, Lieutenant, I run an honest business, see? I don't want no trouble with the police. I run an honest business, I keep my nose clean and....

MORGAN: (INTERRUPTS..COLD) Answer my question, friend. You ~~don't remember a black sedan with these license plates?~~

FERRIS: ~~Black sedan? We get hundreds of black sedans, all year long, with all kinds of license plates. How do you expect me to remember? Go ahead...take a walk out in my junkyard! Take a look for yourself, Lieutenant. You'll find black sedans smashed up all over the place.~~

COLLIER: ~~What do you do with the license plates after you break up the cars?~~

FERRIS: ~~Do? What do you suppose I do, Mister? I'm in the junk business. I sell 'em for scrap. And take it from me.. if that car came in six months ago, it's been busted up and sold, plates and all, long ago!~~

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~By this time, you, Conrad Collier, of the Houston Chronicle, are pretty discouraged. The deeper you get, the deeper you sink into a crazy quilt of question marks. Now, at the junk yard, you've hit a wall, you're stymied, you're through. And your Big Story seems to end, almost before it's begun....~~ *Boone remembers a particular set of license plates off an old black sedan*

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER AGAIN)

NARR: ~~But then, suddenly, it begins all over again. And this time it gets very close, very personal. You're just walking up the street to your house that night when,~~ *a man steps out of the dark*

~~(FOOTSTEPS UP, THEN STOP ABRUPTLY..A PAUSE..THEN WE HEAR STEPS APPROACHING FROM OFF..CONTINUE UNDER)~~

NARR: ~~You hear footsteps behind you...see the shadow of a man. He's been following you, you know he has. And he comes straight at you....~~

PETE: (OFF A LITTLE) ~~at night where you are,~~ *Just a minute* Buddy!

NARR: ~~His hat brim is low over his face, and his hand is jammed in a coat pocket. You stand there and wait, you stand there in a cold sweat, hypnotized, like a bird watching a snake.~~

(FOOTSTEPS UP TO MIKE AND STOP)

(A PAUSE)

PETE: Your name Collier?

COLLIER: That...that's right.

PETE: I'd like to have a little talk with you, friend!

COLLIER: Talk? About...what?

PETE: A certain set of license plates.

COLLIER: Look, I ...

PETE: (INTERRUPTS, HARD) I wouldn't go looking any further, Friend. I'd forget all about it, if I were you, see? Just a friendly little warning, between you and me. Keep your nose clean, and mind your own business....

COLLIER: And if I ..don't?

PETE: If you don't..you might wake up, some dark night..and find your head blown off!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP INTO CURTAIN)

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

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ FANFARE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 11/17/48
PELL MELL

-13-

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 0061100

(MUSIC: _ _ _ INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

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

NARR: You, Conrad Collier of the Houston Chronicle, have just been warned by a killer on a dark street. He's warned you to stay off the Leonard case..or get your head blown off. And you know that he means it, that from here in, you'll be watched, wherever you go. And you're scared ...you're plenty scared. Somewhere along the line, someone's tipped this killer off, but you don't know who. All you know is that you're a marked man. And you talk to Lieutenant Morgan.....

COLLIER: Brad, what'll I do?

MORGAN: I'll tell you what to do. Lay off!

COLLIER: But Brad...

MORGAN: (INTERRUPTS, SNAPS) Lay off, I said. Don't stick your nose into police business, Con. You're a reporter, not a cop. Not only that, you're a friend of mine. I wouldn't want to see you laid out on a slab at the morgue, the next time we meet.

COLLIER: Still, if I could get a lead on those license plates...

MORGAN: Look, chum, I told you. No story is worth it. This bunch is dangerous. For the last time, go back to your typewriter. Forget it! Lay off!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: He's right. It's nice to go on living, you'd be smart to stay out. You're scared enough to stay out. But somehow, you don't. This whole business hypnotizes you, pulls you back in. You dream of that story, that Big Story, and you can't stay out. So..you start to move, you start to live on borrowed time. You go down to the junk yard for another look, and you notice there's a bar and grill down the street, where the laborers in the yard occasionally stop for a drink. You haunt the place, and finally make friends with one of them...

(MUSIC: --- Juke Box...B.G....BAR AND GRILL EFFECTS IN B.G.)

COLLIER: Another drink, Steve?

STEVE: Sure! Sure Sport, why not? But I got no more money till payday...

COLLIER: Forget it, Steve. It's on me..

STEVE: (DRUNKENLY) Hah! My friend! My good friend, eh? Real sport, always pay for drinks, my good friend. Maybe some day Steve Markowski can do favor for good friend, eh?

COLLIER: Maybe you can, Steve. Maybe you can tell me something I'd like to know..right now.

STEVE: Eh? What can I tell?

COLLIER: Steve, listen. When they break up old cars in the junk yard, what do they do with the license plates?

STEVE: License plates? Is easy. Nice, clean, number one junk. Put license plates in big box.

COLLIER: In a box? ~~You mean...~~

STEVE: Sure. Pile 'em up separate. Man comes along, he likes to buy license plates. So he busy.

COLLIER: Steve! Steve, do you know the name of this man?

STEVE: Man is crazy. Buys only license plates...

COLLIER: (URGENTLY, INTERRUPTING) Steve, do you know this man? Do you know his name?

STEVE: Sure, sure! I hear boss talk to him. Man's name is funny, Johnny McHugh. Funny, eh? Johnny McHugh.

(MUSIC: ~~---~~ HIT UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Johnny McHugh. Now you're on your way. You get to a city directory. There's a John McHugh living on Rotman Street, in the east end of town. You go there. Maybe they're watching you now, maybe they're following you, but it's broad daylight, you take a chance, you go there. It's a dingy yellow rooming house

~~(HEE GOING UP RICKETY STAIRS)~~

and Johnny McHugh won't even let you in the door

NARR: You climb the rickety stairs and...
(KNOCK ON DOOR...A PAUSE...ANOTHER KNOCK ON DOOR)
(DOOR OPENS)

JOHNNY: (NERVOUS) Yeah? What do you want?

COLLIER: Are you Johnny McHugh?

JOHNNY: Yeh, yeh, I'm Johnny McHugh. Who are you? What do you want?

COLLIER: I'm a reporter on the Chronicle. I want to talk to you.

JOHNNY: Beat it.

COLLIER: But...

JOHNNY: Listen, pal, I said scram. Beat it. I don't like reporters, see? I don't like reporters and I don't like cops. Get me? Now blow, before I...

COLLIER: (INTERRUPTS, SOFTLY) Bought any more license plates lately, McHugh?

JOHNNY: License plates?

COLLIER: That's right. (A BEAT) Want to talk to me now, McHugh?

JOHNNY: (A BEAT) Come in...

(DOOR CLOSE)

JOHNNY: All right Nosey, what's your angle? What's on your mind? What's all this about license plates?

COLLIER: The police found the license plates you bought at Ferris's junkyard, McHugh. They found 'em on a red ~~roadster~~ ^{convertible}...a murder car. They're looking for a killer.. and they might be interested in you!

JOHNNY: Hey! Hey, wait a minute. Wa-ait a minute! What kind of a deal is this? What is this, a frame? I didn't kill anybody. D'you hear? I didn't kill anybody, I never killed anyone in my whole life...

COLLIER: But you bought those license plates....

JOHNNY: (RISING TOWARD HYSTERIA) Sure, sure! I bought 'em, sure. But I bought 'em for someone else, do you hear? I didn't have a thing to do with any murder. I sold those plates to someone else....

COLLIER: Who?

JOHNNY: (A BEAT, THEN SUDDENLY CRAFTY) Why should I tell you, Nosey?

COLLIER: Because the police don't know what I know..yet. And it may pay off for you to work with me now.

JOHNNY: (A BEAT) Look, pal. I don't get it. What's your pitch? What's in it for you?

COLLIER: A story, McHugh. Just a story. (A BEAT) And a proposition. If you tell me who you sold those license plates to, I'll back you up when the showdown comes.. tell the police you submitted valuable evidence. Otherwise, they're going to pin a murder rap on you. (A PAUSE) Well? How about it? Do we do business..or don't we?

JOHNNY: (A BEAT) Okay. We do business.

COLLIER: All right. Who bought those license plates from you?

JOHNNY: I don't know.

COLLIER: You don't know?

JOHNNY: I don't know his name, see? But I know where to find out. Come back tonight..around midnight. I'll be able to give you the lowdown then!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You ~~don't know~~^{wonder}. McHugh may be setting a trap for you, he may be the killer himself..you don't know. It's like a detective fiction thriller..the kind you and the other working newspapermen always thought never happened in real life..but here it is...happening to you, Conrad Collier, of the Houston Chronicle. Anyway, you're committed...you decide to follow through...and that night, you go back...

(STEPS UNDER ON SIDEWALK)

NARR: You walk down the dark street to McHugh's place. You get the eerie feeling that you're being followed, that a thousand eyes are watching you from the darkness, every step you take. And suddenly...

STRANGER: (SUDDENLY) Hold it, Buddy!

(STEPS STOP ABRUPTLY)

COLLIER: (JUMPY) What is it? What..do you want?

STRANGER: (A BEAT) Got a match?

COLLIER: I...I...yes. I...I've got one right here...

STRANGER: What's the matter, pal? What are you so jumpy about?

COLLIER: Me? Jumpy?

STRANGER: Yeah. Your hand's shaking like a leaf...Got something on your mind, eh?

COLLIER: I...no. It's nothing...nothing.

STRANGER: Going into this house, weren't you, friend?

COLLIER: I...yes.

STRANGER: Well, go ahead. Don't let me stop you. And oh...thanks for the match, pal...

(FOOTSTEPS START TO MOVE OFF)

STRANGER: (OFF, JUST A LITTLE) I'll be seeing you...

(MUSIC: HIT UP AND UNDER.)

NARRATOR: You watch him melt off into darkness. Then you turn, and you go into the yellow rooming house...

(~~DOOR CLOSE~~) *(steps upstairs stop)*

NARRATOR: Mount the rickety stairs *to the landing.*

(STEPS GOING UPSTAIRS...GROANING OFF, HOLD UNDER)

NARRATOR: And then, suddenly, you hear someone groaning, behind Johnny McHugh's door. *(groaning)*

(~~STEPS RACE UPSTAIRS...STOP~~)

COLLIER: ~~McHugh!~~ *(Footsteps running)*
~~(FOUNDING ON DOOR)~~ *(Door opens fast)*

COLLIER: *(Beat)* ~~McHugh!~~ *McHugh!* ~~What's the matter? Open up! Open the door!~~

(~~GROANING CONTINUES... DOOR SLAMS BELOW...~~)

~~WOMAN'S STEPS RUNNING UPSTAIRS... GROANING STILL OFF)~~

~~LANDLADY: (COMING IN) Land's sake, what's all the racket here?
Wakin' up a body in the middle of the night! I'm the
landlady here, young man, and I run a decent house and
I won't stand for... (CUTS ABRUPTLY) What's the matter?
Sounds like someone's hurt...!~~

COLLIER: Do you have a key to this door?

LANDLADY: Why, yes. Yes. I always carry my roomers' keys...

COLLIER: Unlock this door, quick!

LANDLADY: Yes, yes...

(KEY TURNS IN LOCK...DOOR OPENS...GROANING UP)

LANDLADY: (A SCREAM) It's Mr. McHugh! There... there's a knife...
stuck in his back!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER...)

got a knife in the back

NARRATOR: You get to McHugh fast. He's done for, but before he goes, he gets out a name...the name you were looking for.. a man called Swifty Roper. But now, you've had enough, you've had it, you're through. You call headquarters. Brad Morgan is out, but you give the details to Sergeant Anderson at homicide. And then you ask him...

COLLIER: Sergeant, listen. Did you ever hear of a man named Swifty Roper.

SERGEANT: (PHONE FILTER) Are you kidding, Collier?

COLLIER: What do you mean?

SERGEANT: Swifty Roper was just killed a half hour ago. They found him lying in a doorway with five slugs through his chest!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER...)

NARRATOR: The police come, you give the Sergeant the details, then phone your story into the office. You know that you've been running up against an organized gang, and what's more, some kind of big racket, but you don't want to play cops and robbers any more.

(MORE)

NARRATOR: You're dead tired, your nerves are on edge, and you need
(CONT'D) a night's sleep...so you go home. And then, as you turn
in to your walk, *you see*

(FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK...~~CAR COMES UP,~~
~~AND STOPS,~~ MOTOR IDLING)

NARRATOR: A big black car ~~rolls up to~~ *at* the curb, ~~stops...~~

PETE: Hey! You! Collier.....!

COLLIER: What? Who are...?

PETE: Get into the car.

COLLIER: Wait a minute. What...?

PETE: (HARSH) Get into the car, d'you hear? Get into the car
before I blast your brains all over this sidewalk!

~~(MUSIC)~~

~~(STEPS ON PAVEMENT...MOTOR IDLING UP)~~

~~(STEPS STOP)~~

~~(CAR DOOR OPENS... CAR DOOR SHUTS)~~

COLLIER: Look, I...

PETE: Shut up, Collier! Keep your trap shut, and don't try
anything!

~~(CAR INTO GEAR, MOTOR UP AND WASH LIGHT)~~

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(CAR UNDER)

COLLIER: Listen, where are you taking me. What...?

(CAR BEGINS TO SLOW)

PETE: It's nice and quiet here, Collier...quiet and dark. A
good place to stop...

COLLIER: What ...what are you going to do?

PETE: We're going to have a little talk, Friend.

(CAR TO STOP...~~MOTOR IDLING~~)

PETE: (A BEAT) See this gun, Collier?

COLLIER: ~~I...I...yeah, I see it.~~

PETE: ~~(Pause)~~ Take it. It's yours...

COLLIER: Wh-What?

PETE: Take the gun. I'm giving myself up to you...

COLLIER: Wait a minute! I...I don't get it..What...?

PETE: Look, Collier. I had to do this...to take you for a ride. I had orders, and I had to make it look good. But I figured some things out before. McHugh's dead... and just a little while ago, they got Swifty Roper... and now, I know I'm hot...and they'll try to get me next.

COLLIER: You mean...?

PETE: I mean you were getting too warm, Collier. And the boys at the top started to knock off all possible witnesses... guys you could get to...to protect themselves, and to protect the racket. That includes me. So---I'm making a choice. I'm giving up...turning state's evidence. I've got a chance to get by with life that way, for knocking off Ralph Leonard. The other way, I'm a dead pigeon... they'll get me sure, like they got the others...

COLLIER: So you killed Leonard?

PETE: Yeah. Orders. He was selling our units in Mexico, taking an extra percentage under the table...double-crossing the organization.

COLLIER: What units?

PETE: You'll find the answer in a garage in back of that building *over there.*

COLLIER: Wait a minute. That's the Hemisphere Import and Export Company!

PETE: Yeah. Go ahead. Go into that garage and take a look around. I'll wait out here!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You go in. And in the gloom, you see that the place is jammed with cars, and reeks with the smell of fresh paint. And then, as you stand there.....

(STEPS ON CONCRETE)

NARRATOR: You hear steps...steps coming toward you.....

MORGAN: (OFF, ECHOING) Don't make a move, Buddy!

NARRATOR: You freeze there, and wait.....

(STEPS COME UP AND STOP)

NARRATOR: A flashlight suddenly goes on, and -----

COLLIER: (YELLS) Brad! Brad Morgan!

MORGAN: Ch. It's you! I almost let you have it, just now!

COLLIER: What are you doing here? How...?

MORGAN: Minding our own business, you might say...which is more than I can say for some people.

COLLIER: Look if I minded my own business I wouldn't have a confession of murder from a guy whose waiting outside in the car right now!

MORGAN: What!

COLLIER: That's right ----and by the way what are you doing here Brad? What.....

MORGAN: We just raided this place. They were running a hot car racket ...selling stolen cars in Mexico with phony license plates. Our birds flew the coop, but we hope to pick 'em up later. And Con...tell me something...

COLLIER: Yes?

MORGAN: How does it feel to be alive?

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from Conrad Collier of the Houston Chronicle with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)
(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PELL MELL

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 Conrad Collier of the Houston Chronicle.

COLLIER: *After the killer in* With the ~~surrender of confess~~ *surrendered he was indicted for murder, but* ~~gunman in~~ tonight's Big Story *and the subsequent Grand Jury investigation at released* which I testified, organized gangs in Houston ~~were~~ *resulted in wiping out completely pending trial* ~~completely wiped out~~ but not before they completed their last act of terrorism. *Before* ~~Indicted for murder~~ Ralph Leonard's killer *could be brought* ~~never went to trial~~, He was ambushed and shot to death. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Conrad Collier...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 Evansville Indiana Press -- by-line, John Ellert -- a BIG STORY - about a hard luck guy who wanted a break and finally got it.. the hard way.

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

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter, with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was written by Max Ehrlich, your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Lawson Zerbe played the part of Conrad Collier. 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. Collier.

(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.

rp/mt/ml
11/5/48 am

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #87

AS BROADCAST

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MAN II	BOB SLOANE
MA	AGNES YOUNG
WOMAN	AGNES YOUNG
MRS. ANSON	ETHEL REMY
WOMAN II	ETHEL REMY
NURSE	JOAN SHEA
WOMAN III	JOAN SHEA
EDDIE	JOHN SYLVESTER
MAN	JOHN SYLVESTER
JOHN	PAUL MANN
TYLER	PAUL MANN
KEN	BOB DRYDEN
MAN III	BOB DRYDEN
CHAIRMAN	MANDEL KRAMER
TONY	MANDEL KRAMER
FERRYMAN	ART CARNEY
SHERIFF	ART CARNEY

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1948

RTX01 0061115

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

NOVEMBER 24, 1948

WEDNESDAY

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

(FANFARE: -- OPENING)

EDDIE: (ELATED) Ma, I got it figured out. I really have.

MA: Really, Eddie?

EDDIE: See - all the figures, they come out this time. I get a loan - a thousand dollars - that'll give me enough for the boat. Then with a little luck - just one good break - we ought to be in the black in a year,^{or} 15 months--

MA: Sounds good to me, Eddie.

EDDIE: Sure -- there's a lot of money in mussels and clams -- We'll call it - EDDIE'S FISH PLACE - what do you think?

MA: Sounds wonderful, Eddie--

EDDIE: Just one good break, ma, that's all - just one-----

(DOORBELL INTERRUPTS)

EDDIE: Gee, at this hour - it's after 11 - you expecting anybody?

MA: Nope.

EDDIE: Well - (GETS UP GOES TO DOOR, OPENS IT) Sheriff, hey come on in. How are you? Get over your cold?

SHERIFF: Come on, Eddie

EDDIE: What?

SHERIFF: Come on -- get your coat on and come on. We know you did it, Eddie. (QUIETLY) You're wanted for murder.

(MUSIC: -- HARSH AND UNDER;)

OO.

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY - Here is America, it's sound and it's
fury -- it's joy and it's sorrow - as faithfully
reported by the men and women of the great American
newspapers. (PAUSE, THEN FLAT) Dateline, Evansville,
Indiana - the story of a man who needed just one good
break, but he got it ^{only} after a murder had been committed
and when - it was a little too late. ~~And~~ for his
persistant and human work in this case, to reporter John
Ellert of the Evansville Press, goes the PELL MELL
AWARD for THE BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: UP IN FANFARE.)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 11/24/48
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: 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.

(MUSIC: THEME)

CHAPPELL: Now the story as it actually happened. Reporter John Ellert's story, as he lived it. Evansville, Indiana.....

(MUSIC: PUNCTUATED AND UNDER: (KIND OF SAD))

SLOAN: You, John Eller, reporter for the Evansville Press had known him all his life - Hard-Luck Eddie Bannon, a kid ~~born~~ with two strikes against him: no father, a hard working mother. The kind of kid, if you gave him the choice of heads and tails, when the coin fell - it would stand on end. Hard-Luck Eddie Bannon, now facing the worst thing he'd ever faced in his life. A murder charge.

(MUSIC: PUNCTUATES AND UNDER:)

SLOANE: *Eddie never had a girl.*
v Girls had been one of his big problems, and then he met Eleanor Kamp: a bright, good-looking girl in town whom he loved and who seemed to like him. They were getting along fine. And then, you heard what happened first from a nurse at the General Hospital.....

NURSE: She could just barely talk, Mr. Ellert -- her throat had been cut and all she said was "He had a sweater - a red and white sweater" --

(MUSIC: IN WITH NARRATOR)

SLOANE: Eddie Bannon had a red and white sweater - wore it all the time, and then you heard from the woman who lived next door to Eleanor Kamp.

MRS. ANSON: (EXCITED) It was going on 10:30 - late, and I saw him ring the bell of her house and go in. An hour later, it happened - he started shouting and she did too and then next thing he ran out of the house - like the devil himself was chasing him--and that poor child, Eleanor,, was lying there bleeding ~~her poor self~~ to death.

(MUSIC: HITS AND UNDER)

SLOANE: The circumstances tightened like a noose around Eddie Bannon's neck. There was only one ray of hope - George Tyler, who taught at the Sunday School. He said something else-----

TYLER: (OLDISH) I was sitting on my porch just afore going to bed - thinking over the lesson of David and Goliath (that was my text for the children) (next day in Sunday School) -- and I saw him running. He stopped for a second, front of my house -- had on a red and white sweater. But it wasn't Eddie Bannon. Looked to me like Tony Grimes.

(MUSIC: PUNCTUATES AND UNDER)

SLOANE: The Sheriff picked up Eddie and also Tony Grimes. You, John Ellert, reporter, sat by hopefully as the Sheriff questioned Tony Grimes -- (Tony knew Eleanor Kamp too - ^{had been} a year ago they ~~were~~ engaged) ^{a year ago.}

SHERIFF: You hated Eleanor Kamp, didn't you Tony?

TONY: (SURLY, BIG) I didn't hate her. Didn't like her. Everybody knows I didn't like her - but I didn't hate her.

SHERIFF: Hated her because she turned you down for Eddie Bannon, didn't you, Tony?

TONY: Told you I didn't like her, but I didn't hate her, no.

JOHN: You always carry a knife, don't you, Tony?

SHERIFF: Thanks, John - just gonna ask that myself---

JOHN: Don't you ?

TONY: Everybody knows I carry a knife. Lots of folks carry a knife. Look, I wasn't even in town. I was fishing that night, ~~down to~~ ⁱⁿ Freetown, 13 mile up the river.

SHERIFF: Can you prove that, Tony?

TONY: Stayed in Tom Heeley's shack in Freetown. Check with him.
Went fishing with Tom and another fellow there - name of
Bob Shaw.

JOHN: I've got the names down, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: Thank you, John. We'll check those names, Tony.

TONY: You go and check - what I'm telling you's the truth.
Didn't like her, had a knife - but I never killed her.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: Tony Grimes had an alibi. It stood up. But it was
different with Eddie Bannon--

SHERIFF: Where were you that night, Eddie -- tell me where you
were from eight o'clock on---

EDDIE: (LOW) Just walking Sheriff, just walking around town.

JOHN: Tell the sheriff exactly what you did, Eddie. It'll be
easier--

EDDIE: I'll try, ^{MR. ELLEN} ~~John~~. But I just walked - Up Main an hour.
Then over 4th Street. Then out to the Mazey Sawmill --
just stood there.

JOHN: Why'd you walk around town, Eddie?

EDDIE: Trying to get my head clear - figure something out.

SHERIFF: You had a fight with Eleanor, didn't you?

EDDIE: (LOW) Yes, ^{Sheriff} ~~she~~. I was trying to figure out what to say -
to fix things up. I never had a girl before, ~~Sheriff~~ -
and I liked Eleanor. We had a fight, we said some
awful things t'each other -- but I wouldn't kill a girl
I loved, Sheriff, I'd never do that. ~~John would like~~
~~that?~~

SHERIFF: (SHARP) How long since you been carrying a knife?

EDDIE: A week.

SHERIFF: Why did you suddenly decide to carry a knife?

EDDIE: No reason. I just wanted to have it with me.

SHERIFF: (SHARP) What did you do with your sweater?

EDDIE: I don't know, Sheriff. I lost it. Two weeks ago, I lost it. ^{Mr. Ellert} ~~John~~, tell him I wouldn't kill Eleanor -- I wouldn't kill a girl I loved. Can't you give me a break, Sheriff. Just one break?

SHERIFF: -- I'm booking you for murder, Eddie. I'm sorry.

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARRATOR)

SLOANE: Everyone was sorry. Everyone knew Eddie Bannon never had a chance - not once in his life - everyone knew, including you, John Ellert of the Evansville Press, that he didn't have a chance in the courtroom, in the trial that opened the next week. Witness after witness came forth and told what they'd seen---

MAN: It was his sweater - no question about it - red and white stripes ---

MRS. ANSON: He started fighting with her - and then she screamed and he ran away.

SLOANE: Even Tyler, the Sunday School teacher, didn't help -- on the stand, he said

TYLER: (CAREFUL) Oh no sir, your honor - I didn't say that. I said I thought it was Tony - I thought so. But my eyes ^{aren't} ~~aren't~~ all they used to be and - I admit it - I made mistakes before.

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARR.)

SLOANE: Tyler was the only witness that might have saved Eddie Bannon and you knew it, John Ellert. You knew it. You knew the way the case was going- and there wasn't anything you could do about it. (MORE)

SLOANE:
(CONT'D)

Hard-Luck Eddie Bannon was about to face his last piece of Hard-Luck. And then, ~~one~~^{the} day after Tyler testified -- it happened. Eddie Bannon came into court with a wild look in his eyes and said---

EDDIE: (LOW) Your honor, I want to confess. I killed Eleanor Kamp in cold blood. I took my knife and I killed her. I done it because she told me she wouldn't marry me. I'm sorry I done it. But I killed her.

(MUSIC: HARSH AND UNDER FOR:)

SLOANE: It doesn't seem possible to you, John Ellert. There's something wrong. Eddie loved that girl. He wouldn't kill her. You'd known him all his life. Hard luck, yes -- all the breaks against him - yes ----- but killing Eleanor Kamp and confessing to the murder --- no. There was something wrong. So two weeks later you went to the state penitentiary and sat with the broken man who was Eddie Bannon - and you, perhaps his only friend on earth, talked to him.....

JOHN: Eddie, did you kill her?

EDDIE: What's done's done.

JOHN: Did you?

EDDIE: What's the difference?

JOHN: What do you mean - what's the difference? If you didn't kill her - why did you confess to it?

EDDIE: She's dead. Everything's dead. What's the difference if I live or if I die. There's no reason to live, is there?

JOHN: Oh, Eddie, Don't talk like a ---

EDDIE: I'm only sorry I got to live. That's what I'm sorry for. That I got to live. When she died there wasn't no reason to live no more. I wish ~~she~~ ^{they had} sentenced me to the chair,

JOHN: Just tell me this -- did you kill her? Did you?

EDDIE: No.

JOHN: That's all I wanted to know. ~~Now listen to me, I don't know if there's anything I can do, but I'm not going to let you bury yourself here the rest of your life. Why did you confess if you didn't do it?~~

EDDIE: The trial was going against me anyhow. It was faster that way.

JOHN: Oh, Eddie, Eddie - you're such a fool. Look: there's a million reasons to live. You're young - okay, you've had a lot of bad breaks - but there's your mother and there are other girls and what about ~~that thousand dollars you were gonna borrow~~, all your plans - buy a boat - go into business. EDDIE'S FISH PLACE. Eddie, I've known you all your life - 28 years - what do you say we try? What do you say?

(PAUSE)

EDDIE: (IN A BURST) ^{MR. ELLERT} ~~Johnny~~, you think there's something we can do? Is there a chance? Is there - no fooling? I didn't kill her. I didn't. Till the last ~~drop of~~ breath in my body I'll say that: I didn't kill her. Tell me the truth is there a chance? You think I could get - just one decent break? Just one?

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN WITH NARRATOR)

SLOANE: Because he looks at you with that sad, crooked smile of his and asks for one decent break - you know you've got to help this hard - luck kid. Somehow in him, John Ellert, reporter, you find a symbol of the trouble and hard luck most people face on earth - and so, in the face of what seems to you impossible, you shake his hand, ~~smack him on the shoulders~~ and say.....

JOHN: *Eddie* We're gonna get you out of this. Now, I don't know, but we're gonna do it. Just one decent break.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP TO TAG)

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

(MUSIC: _ _ _ PANFARE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 11/24/48
PROGRAM

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.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ INTRO AND UNDER:)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and ^{the Big Story} ~~reporter~~ ^{of} John Ellert ~~the~~ ~~story~~ as he lived it and wrote it---

SLOANE: Time has ^{passed} ~~passed~~ since you John Ellert of the Evansville Press said you were going to free Eddie Bannon of the murder charge against him. A lot of time. Seven years have elapsed. And it's become something of an obsession with you. You've got to prove this hard-luck kid (now 35) is innocent. Long ago you exhausted everything: an appeal to the sheriff.....

JOHN: But sheriff he made the confession - out of despair - because he didn't want to live---

(MUSIC: _ _ _ CHORD (SAY NO) _ _)

SLOANE: Long ago you went to the Parole and Pardon Board----

JOHN: Gentlemen, at the trial, witness after witness testified they saw him; now I have their affidavits that they are not sure. Certainly a conviction based on such doubtful evidence warrants a reopening of the case.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ SAME CHORD AND UNDER:)

SLOANE: The Sheriff said no - the Board said no - and though you ^{to the parole board} went back every year the answer was the same.

CHAIRMAN: Sorry, Mr. Ellert - there's nothing the Board can act on.

SLOANE:but it was on your mind night and day -- the sad, twisted face and the sad twisted life of a kid named Eddie Bannon, now an old man at 35 in the state penitentiary. Then summer came - 7 years after Eddie Bannon went to prison - beautiful, hot summer -- and you decided to take a trip in your motorboat - ~~to get away~~ ~~from it all~~ - a boat trip up on the Green River.

(MOTORBOAT UNDER)

SLOANE: A week went by, lolling in the waters, fishing, your mind on nothing in particular - and then you met the ferryman at Harper's Landing, 60 miles from Evansville---

FERRY: Nice boat you got there.

JOHN: Thanks, How's the fishing around here?

FERRY: Not much, not much. Lot of open mine shafts up the river -- dirties up the stream - kills fishing. You a fisherman?

JOHN: No. Just a reporter - up here on vacation. Up from Evansville.

FERRY: Oh, Evansville---

JOHN: You know Evansville?

FERRY: Nope - that's where the Bannon boy come from, wasn't it?

JOHN: (SUDDENLY) Bannon! Eddie Bannon?

FERRY: That's right Eddie was his first name. Supposed to kill that girl there now wasn't it - five, six years ago?

JOHN: Did you follow it in the papers?

FERRY: Just a lot of talk about it up here.

JOHN: Why up here?

FERRY: Well I can't rightly say -- Know old Ken Kenneths?

JOHN: Who?

FERRY: Ken Kenneths. Kind of a funny old duck - comes down rough here one or twice a year -- lives up near one of them abandoned mines -- sometimes - has himself a house-boat. Hates folks, but that man knows everything there is to know about the Eddie Bannon case.

JOHN: Where do I find him?

FERRY: That I couldn't tell you. Don't like people much - kind of a hermit. Might be 200 mile from here now - ~~What's a matter you want to find him?~~ What's a matter, you interested in this Bannon case?

(MUSIC: -- UP AND OUT:)

JOHN: Know where Ken Kenneth is, Mister?

MAN II: What do you want with that old fool?

JOHN: I just want to find him, sir, if you can help?

MAN II: Ain't around here. Try up the river 15, 20 miles. But what anybody want with that old fool is more than I know.

(MUSIC: -- CHORD:)

JOHN: Excuse me, lady -- these are the abandoned mines, right?

WOMAN II: That's right.

JOHN: I'm looking for Old Ken Kenneths.

WOMAN II: Well you come here too late. He picked up anchor ten days ago -- went north.

(MUSIC: -- CHORD, AND UNDER:)

SLOANE: You can't find him. (PAUSE) And then you come to Pigeon's Creek -- the stream you're on runs ~~unnaturally~~ slow and sluggish -- high peaks rise from the stream's bed -- wind swirls down the valley and rain comes in sudden bursts. And then you see it. In an instant you know it's his boat: Ken Kenneth's - a weird-looking, flat houseboat with smoke coming out of a twisted chimney. You pull over and get on board.....

(FOR THE ABOVE UNDER AND NOW STEPS ON A DECK.

KNOCK ON A DOOR)

KEN: (DEADPAN THROUGHOUT BRISK) Who's that? (DOOR OPENS)

JOHN: Mr. Kenneths?

KEN: I'm Kenneths? I could of shoot you trespassing on my property without permission - who told you come on board?

JOHN: I've got to talk to you, Mr. Kenneths.

KEN: Man buys a houseboat - lives on it all his life - does it to keep people away. Git out of here, Mister.

JOHN: (FAST) I've got to talk to you about Eddie Bannon.

KEN: (SLIGHT INTERES) What about Eddie Bannon?

JOHN: I think he's innocent, Mr. Kenneths - for 7 years I've been trying to prove it. Folks here tell me you know all about the case.

KEN: Who told you?

JOHN: Oh, a lot of people, Mr. Kenneths.

KEN: Folks ought to keep their mouth shut.

JOHN: Can you help clear Eddie?

KEN: What's your interest?

JOHN: I'm a friend of Eddie's. Probably the only one he's got in the world. He's spent 7 years in jail for a crime he never.....

KEN: (INTERRUPTS) You don't have to tell me. I know. Sit down. I'll give you the facts. Maybe some'll say I should of told before - but - the world and me parted company years ago - I don't want no part of the world-- I don't know this Bannon - don't care one way or t'other about him - but if a fellow comes, far as you must of come to find me, I'll talk.

SLOANE: ~~You sit as this strange man with the tattooed arms and the sunburn of decades on his face, begins to talk.....~~

KEN: He come here the night it happened. He come with no hat and no shoes.

JOHN: Who came, Mr. Kenneths?

KEN: Grimes - that's who - Tony Grimes. Didn't you know he done it?

JOHN: I didn't know for sure.

KEN: He come - and he says "Can I stay on your boat?" He fished with me once or twice, years ago, I says, "Sure" ---I didn't ask him then what he done.....but that night, I'm laying in my bunk -- with him in the next one and making out like I'm asleep...(FADING) that's when I heard him.....

TONY: (ANGRY) She had it coming to her. She had it coming to her. I'm glad I did it. I'd do it again.

KEN: (PROJECTS A LITTLE) Grimes - Grimes! You talking in your sleep?

TONY: Shut up and go to sleep and leave me alone.

KEN: Who had it coming to her?

TONY: Go to sleep,^{will you} go to sleep.

KEN: What you glad you did, Grimes? Huhh? I heard you.

TONY: All right, you want to know - I killed a girl. That's what. Eleanor Kamp. Throw me over for that Eddie Bannon. I says "you get rid of him or I'll kill you" - She had it coming to her.

KEN: You must be a dirty coward, Grimes - killing a woman.

TONY: You shut up, nobody asked you.

KEN: I think you're a dirty coward.

TONY: Look, old man - there's two of us on this boat - just the two of us. Tomorrow morning there ain't gonna be but one.

KEN: I say you're a liar, Tony Grimes and a coward to boot. I like to see you do something about it. I like to see you put your money where your mouth is. Want. to bet?

(PAUSE)

KEN: (BACK WITH JOHN) ~~I was right - what's your name?~~

JOHN: ~~John Ellert---~~

KEN: MMM -- I was right. Next morning he left. Never touched me. Too scared to. Left. Went to Freetown. Said he was going to fix an alibi in Freetown. Left behind an old sweater he wore.

JOHN: A sweater?

KEN: Old red and white stripe sweater. Didn't fit him either. Most of stole it.

(MUSIC: -- HITS AND UNDER)

SLOANE: You convince the old man - to dictate that statement off, to sign it (with an "X") - and you take it back with you. You take it to the parole board.

CHAIRMAN: Mr. Ellert - this is important information -- the Board is happy to offer a parole to Edward Bannon.

(MUSIC: -- HITS AND UNDER)

SLOANE: You get to Eddie, a strangely tired looking Eddie, an almost beaten Eddie and you give him the news.

EDDIE: COUGHS. (NO ENTHUSIASM) Thanks, John, Thanks. .

JOHN: What's the matter with you?

EDDIE: I won't accept a parole. I never killed Eleanor. I want a pardon not a parole.

(COUGHS)

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: He's right - he's entitled to full freedom - a pardon - not the shadow of life under a parole. (That cough's bad - he ought to do something about that cough) So you go after Tony Grimes, who disappeared from Evansville 5 years ago. And within three days you find him.

WOMAN III: Yes, that's it Mr. Ellert -- sorry.

JOHN: He's dead. Tony Grimes is dead.

WOMAN III: Yes, died two years ago this October 7th. Died in prison.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: So you do the only thing that's left. You write the full story Ken Kenneths told you and you ask citizens to come forth and tell if they know anything that can get Eddie Bannon his pardon. And the first article brings results.

WOMAN: Mr. Ellert - I saw Eddie Bannon at the time Eleanor Kamp was murdered. He was sitting on a bench in a park, just outside my house.

JOHN: Will you sign an affidavit?

WOMAN: Oh, yes sir - I'll be glad to. ~~The poor boy.~~

(MUSIC: -- CHORD)

MAN III: Tony Grimes came to my house that night.

JOHN: He did?

MAN III: Yes, Mr. Ellert, he did. I'm ashamed to say this, but I kept quiet all this time -- because -- he said he'd kill me if I talked.

JOHN: What happened that night?

MAN III: He came and said "put me up". He had his knife so I put him up. It was just after he killed her - he kept saying aloud, ~~I heard him~~ - "She had it coming, she had it coming." He took his shoes off and laid down, then all of a sudden, he got up and ran out of the house---

(MUSIC: -- CHORD INFO:)

SLOANE: That does it -- all the pieces are together now. Tony Grimes did it. He killed Eleanor Kamp, ^{went} ~~ran~~ to this man's house, ^{ran out,} ~~left~~ (without his shoes) and made his way to Ken Kenneths. (MORE)

SLOANE:
(CONT'D) Then the alibi in Freetown and the rest -- You present it all, the day before Thanksgiving, to the Pardon and Parole Board-----

CHAIRMAN: Gentlemen, I know I express the sentiments of this board when I say -- we wish we had been able to do what we are doing today - seven years ago. Edward Bannon is hereby granted full and unconditional pardon.

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

SLOANE: Thanksgiving Day you meet him - a man who's weight is down to 115 pounds - skin, bones and a tired smile on his face.....and the two of you go out for a turkey dinner. His mother died three years ago. He doesn't eat much. A drink he's ordered just sits in front of him.

EDDIE: John, I don't know how to thank (STARTS TO COUGH, IT'S WORSE BY NOW)

JOHN: Hey, take a glass of water.

EDDIE: (COUGHS. DRINKS. STOPS) Thanks.

JOHN: Feel better?

EDDIE: Sure. I'm fine. You've been wonderful - no kidding. Seven years and now I'm a free man. It's a great feeling.

JOHN: Well, kid - now we're going to get you a job and a place to live ~~and~~----

EDDIE: This is the best Thanksgiving of my (COUGHS) -- excuse me, of my life--

JOHN: I'll bet. All we need is just one more break - a job - and we're set.

EDDIE: Yeah - that's all. A man couldn't ask for more than that. I don't feel much like eating---

JOHN: Sure. Listen you ought to see a doctor about that cough.

EDDIE: Sure, I will. Don't worry about it, John.

JOHN: Hey, what do you say we drink a toast---?

EDDIE: Swell---

JOHN: To just one break;a guy really needs: just one good break.

(THE GLASSES CLINK)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from John
Ellert of the Evansville Press with the ^{UNUSUAL AND TRAGIC} final outcome
of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #87

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 give 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 0061136

(ORCHESTRA: TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from John Ellert of the
Evansville Press.

ELLERT: With his release the innocent man in tonight's Big Story
finally got a break, but like everything else he got it
the hard way - a little bit too late. The morning
following his release the doctors told me that Eddie
Bannon had one month to live. ^{My sincere} Thanks ~~a lot~~ for tonight's
Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, John Ellert....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 Chicago
Herald - American by-line, Albert F. Baenziger -- a
BIG STORY - about a man who got all mixed up in a
murder and a reporter who straightened him out....for
life.

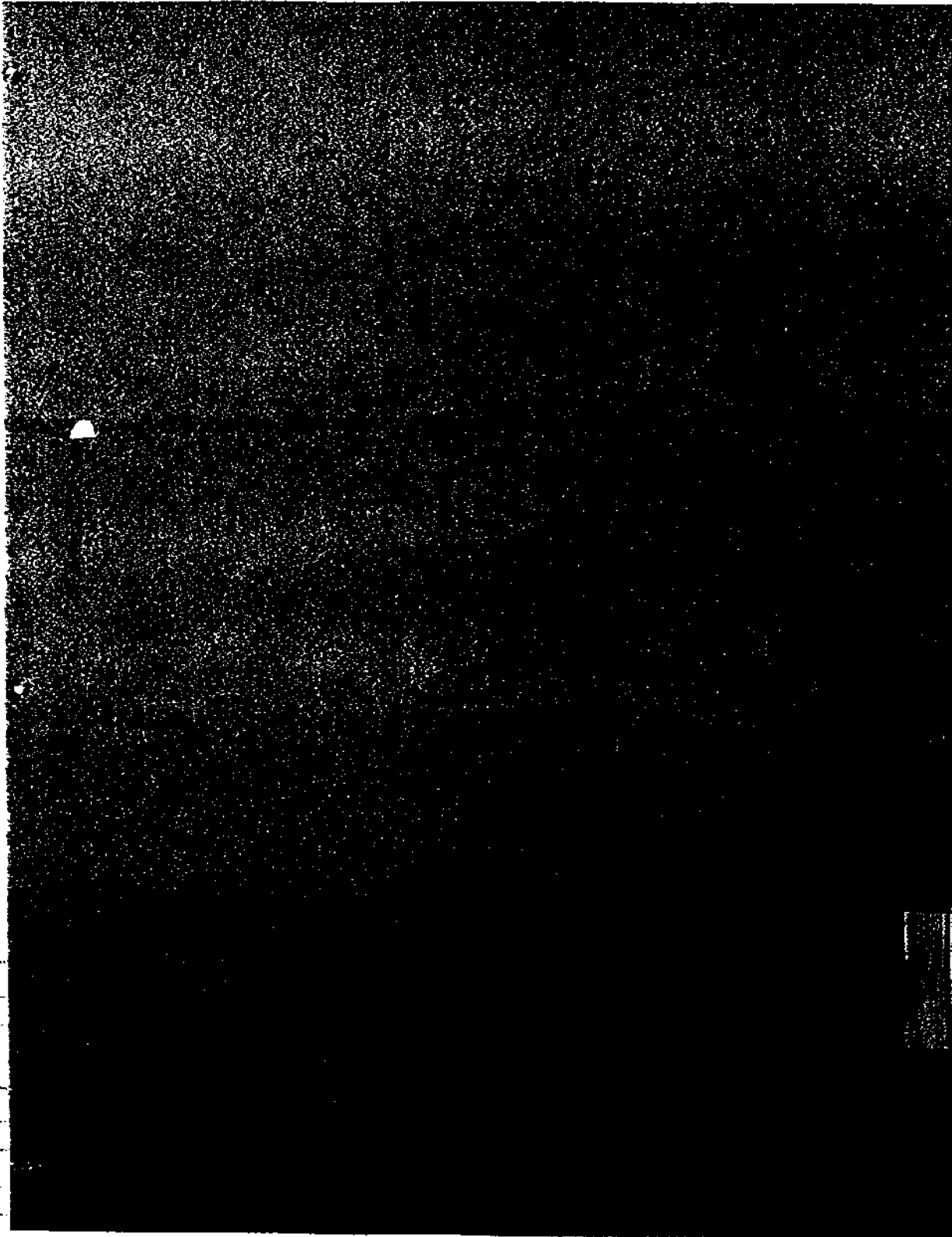
(MUSIC: THEME WIPE & FADE TO BG ON CUE)

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 Paul
Mann played the part of John Ellert. 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. Ellert.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME UP FULL AND FADE)

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES. This Thanksgiving Eve,
with the United Church Canvass underway, Americans
everywhere are being urged to reaffirm allegiance
to their own religious faith. Do your part by
supporting and attending your church or synagogue
regularly.

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



ATX01 005T139

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #88

AS BROADCAST

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
WOMAN	KATHLEEN NIDDA
WOMAN-II	KATHLEEN NIDDA
KILLER	SANTOS ORTEGA
SERGEANT*	SANTOS ORTEGA
BAENZIGER	ERIC DRESSLER
U P	ERIC DRESSLER
VOICE	ED JEROME
CHAIRMAN	ED JEROME
CASHIER	ALAN HEWITT
POLICE CHIEF	ALAN HEWITT

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1948

ATX01 0061140

WHBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#88

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

DECEMBER 1, 1948

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND DOWN BEHIND:)

KILLER: (A SLIGHTLY SISSIFIED VOICE, BUT WITH A MEAN INFLECTION)

Let's see now...

(SCRATCH OF PEN ON PAPER, INTERMITTENTLY UNDER,
CONTROLLING ACCORDING TO FOLLOWING, WHEN HE CORRECTS
SELF)

KILLER: (AS HE WRITES) Dear Mother -- and -- Dad. (PAUSE) Having
a wonderful honeymoon, just driving around. Would give an
address but don't know where the next day will find us.
So when we get settled come see for yourself. All the
best and love from --

Your --- loving -- daughter.

~~SIMULTANEOUS WITH FOLLOWING) (A RUBBER STAMP COMES
DOWN HARD)~~

KILLER: Emma Albert Cattley. (PAUSE) Huh. That ought to do it.
(SORT OF A MUSING SNEER) Emma Albert Cattley. Huh.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO 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) Chicago, Illinois. From the pages of the Chicago
Herald-American the authentic story of a man who was many
things to many people - but to tonight's reporter he was
just a murderer. And for his work in this case to Albert F.
Baenaiger goes the PELL MELL Award for the BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0061141

THE BIG STORY 12/1/48
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: 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.

(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER FOR)

CHAPPELL: Now the story as it actually happened. Al Baenziger's story as he lived it...Chicago, Illinois.

(MUSIC: UP AND DOWN FOR:)

NARR: You, Al Baenziger, and the Chicago Herald-American are practically synonymous. ~~After forty years on the same newspaper, you ought to be,~~ You've seen city editors come, and nervous wrecks go...and the word around the city room is -- automatically -- "the big ones go to Baenziger." And so - when a hijacker's war breaks out in bloody Williamson County, who's down there covering? Yeah, and who, when he's right in the middle of ^{the} story, gets a long distance call?

(TELEPHONE RING AND UNCRADLE)

BAENZIGER: Baenziger speaking.

VOICE: (FILTER) City desk. That's nice stuff you been sending, Ben, so --

BAENZIGER: (QUICK) So I get a bonus and three days off.

VOICE: (FILTER) So you get to pack your bag and take off for Mauston, Wisconsin. Good story breaking there, Ben. It needs you.

BAENZIGER: Flattery'll get you nowhere, son. Who did what to whom?

VOICE: (FILTER) Some guy killed his wife. They think.

BAENZIGER: What do you mean -- think?

VOICE: (FILTER) Well -- the guy they got. The body -- not.

BAENZIGER: What am I supposed to get?

VOICE: (FILTER) A confession.

BAENZIGER: Oh no.

VOICE: (FILTER) For page one, Monday.

BAENZIGER: Oh no!

VOICE: (FILTER) And it's Friday now, so you hit for Wisconsin.

BAENZIGER: Oh no!

(MUSIC: -- IT ECHOES THE PHRASE AND DIVES BEHIND:)

NARR: So when you get to the little town of Mauston, Wisconsin, a valise - and toothbrush jump beyond Chicago, another Herald-American reporter who's been covering brings you up to date on the story. Some three weeks ago, he has learned (~~BEGIN FADE~~) a portly, pompous, carefully dressed individual walks into a bank a couple of towns down the line ...

(BUZZ OF BANK AND PEOPLE TALKING UP AND TO B.G.)

KILLER: (AS CHARACTERIZED ABOVE) I have a little check here -- A check to cash, that is.

CASHIER: Are you a depositor here, sir?

KILLER: Ah, no. That is, not exactly, no. My wife, my wife is. Mrs. Winston Cattley.

CASHIER: Would her account be under that name?

KILLER: No. The name was -- ~~her maiden name, that is,~~ Albert. Emma Albert.

CASHIER: One moment please, sir.

(FILE DRAWER PULLED OPEN, A PAUSE, AND AS IT IS SHUT)

CASHIER: All right sir. I'll cash the check for you.

KILLER: That's very kind of you. Here.

CASHIER: -- eight hundred and eighty seven dollars -- that's the entire balance.

KILLER: Yes. My wife is closing the account. You see, I'm a bond salesman, and -- (QUITE THE PHONEY HEARTY LAUGH) -- well, if you can't trust your own husband ... advice, that is -- (THE LAUGH)

CASHIER: Yes sir. I'll just check the signature....

(FILE DRAWER AGAIN, PAUSE, SHUT UNDER)

CASHIER: Fine. Now, how will you have it, sir.

KILLER: Ah -- cash, that is, yes, cash. Some large bills.

CASHIER: ~~Cash.~~ Yes sir. (WITH SOUND THEREOF) ~~That is~~ a hundred, two hundred, three, ~~four, five, five fifty~~ (BEGIN FADE) ~~six six-fifty, seven, twenty, forty, sixty, eighty, eight hundred, nine~~

(MUSIC: WIPES IT & UNDER)

NARR: So much for that bank. A week later, the same individual in the guise of a reverend turns up at the desk of a vice-president of another bank, half a state away. And hits him for a nice ~~sum~~ ^{sum cashed from} negotiable bearer bonds.

V.P.: Here you are, Reverend. ^{one} ~~four~~ thousand in hundred dollar bills, ^{4, 450,} two thousand, three ~~thousand,~~ five hundred ~~in twenties,~~ (BEGIN FADE) ~~four thousand, two hundred and fifty in tens, four thousand five hundred, four thousand seven fifty, five thousand...~~

(MUSIC: WIPES IT & UNDER)

NARR: (~~IF MUSIC IS NOT USED, COME IN OVER PREVIOUS COUNTING~~) So much for that bank...\$5,000 worth of "so much." The, only last week, (SNEAK SOUND AS INDICATED NEXT) the same individual turns up at a stockholder's meeting of the Regal Oil Company ... a routine meeting, routine business, until- (MODEST HUBBUB OF VOICES UP AND TO B.G.)

KILLER: (TRYING FOR ATTENTION) Ah -- Mr. ah -- chairman, Mr.
Chairman -- ah --

(THE SOUND DIES DOWN):

(QUIETER NOW HE HAS THE FLOOR) Mis - ter chairman.

CHAIRMAN: Will you identify yourself, please.

KILLER: Winston Cattley is my name, Doctor Winston Cattley, that is.

CHAIRMAN: (AFTER A PAUSE) I don't find your name on the --

KILLER: Holding proxies for ^{Emma} Mrs. Albert.

CHAIRMAN: ~~Albert. (A PAUSE) Mrs. Albert~~ --

KILLER: Mrs. Emma Albert. My wife. The, ah, present Mrs. Winston
Cattley. (THE LAUGH AND THROAT CLEARING) And
representing my wife, ~~Mrs. Winston~~, that is, I ah -
(THE LAUGH) have certain -- ah, instructions, and -- ah,
intentions. In the line of voting, that is.

CHAIRMAN: Would you state them.

KILLER: I would, most -- ah, willingly. (PAUSE) The voting of a
high dividend on ~~preferred to preferred~~ common stock.

CHAIRMAN: Of which, as Mrs. (CAREFULLY) Cattley's proxy, you hold
a good deal -- ~~preferred~~ stock, that is. And stand to
receive quite a large sum if a high dividend is voted.

KILLER: That is -- ah, correct.

CHAIRMAN: (AFTER A BEAT) Sir -- would you care to step into the
next room? The officers would like to discuss this with
you. And would you bring your proxies with you? They
are, I presume, signed by your wife?

KILLER: To be sure, yes.

CHAIRMAN: Then would you step into the next room -- please?

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES ON ABOVE) (*Footsteps*)

CHAIRMAN: Gentlemen -- this is -- (VERY COLD) Cattley.

(*Pause*)

KILLER: Doctor Cattley.

CASHIER: You were a bond salesman when I cashed you a check, mister.

V.P.: And a Reverend when you visited my bank, ~~Huh?~~

CHAIRMAN: Is this the man?

CASHIER & V.P.: {That's him...
(Undoubtedly...)

KILLER: (SUDDENLY NOT UNCTIOUS) Now what's going on here? What in the --

CHAIRMAN: All right, ~~Chief~~ ^{official}, Take over. And here -- you'll want these proxies as further evidence, I guess.

KILLER: Evidence. Evidence of what? Of what? . . .

CHAIRMAN: Forgery, friend. Reverend doctor salesman Cattley--
forgery!

(MUSIC: -- WHAM.)

POLICE CHIEF: All right, Cattley. What's the story? Where else did you pull this phoney signature stuff?

KILLER: I refuse to be intimidated. I don't care if you are chief of police. I refuse. On the grounds that it might tend to degrade and incriminate me!

CHIEF: Huh! Now he's a lawyer too!

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT)

CHIEF: Look, Cattley -- we've got enough ~~without you talking~~ ^{now} to make the forgery charge stick. But you'd better start talking about something else if you don't want another charge pasted on you.

KILLER: Something else. What?

CHIEF: Your wife. Her whereabouts. If you don't tell us where she is -- the other charge'll be murder. Where's your wife?

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER) --

NARR: And right there the story is handed to you, Al Benziger. Funny part of it is, Cattley is as slick as a bullfrog in the rain. Not only is he an expert penman -- but he has been a preacher, he does hold a medical degree, and he has handled bond deals -- As for chief of police --

CHIEF: We're up a tree, Mr. Benziger. We can convict him in two shakes on the forgery charge. ~~The evidence on that~~ ~~from~~ ~~lock~~ ~~up~~. But I don't want to lock up a forger when I can ^{lock up} ~~bring~~ a killer.

BENZIGER: You think he killed her.

CHIEF: I know he killed her. I'll spell it out for you. A - he meets this nice, wealthy middle-aged lonely, ~~wealthy~~ widow ~~name~~. B - he spins her a line of soft soap -- and marries her. C-- he takes her on a high-class honeymoon up and down the two-state area --

BENZIGER: Wisconsin and --

CHIEF: Iowa. D -- under the influence of this super-salesman, fine hotels, and ^a ~~love-dovey~~ honeymoon/~~ecstasy~~ (~~BENZIGER~~ ~~CHUCKLES~~), she tells him all her investments, all her holdings. Meantime, he's practicing her handwriting. E - the end. He kills her. Simple as ABC.

BENZIGER: You left out X.

CHIEF: Huh?

BENZIGER: The unknown quantity. Where's the body?

CHIEF: I don't know. But we'll find it. We're tracing their movements now. And before you go in to see him, here's something I was saving to spring on him. We picked up his car a while before you came -- and found ^{these} ~~this~~ in it.

BENZIGER: Hm. Clothes.

CHIEF: Woman's clothes.

SGT: (A LITTLE OFF) Say, Chief --

CHIEF: (PROJECTING) In a minute. (NORMAL) Hat -- coat --
stockings -- shoes --

SGT: (A LITTLE OFF) Chief, there's a lady wants to see you.

CHIEF: (PROJECTING) Tell her to wait! For Pete's sake! (NORMAL)
Does a woman take off without her clothes? Is that
evidence?

BENZIGER: Circumstantial evidence.

SGT: (A LITTLE OFF) Look, Chief -- she says it's about this
Cattley case.

CHIEF: All right -- send her in!

(~~DOOR OPENING~~)

SGT: (OFF) Right in here, lady.

WOMAN: (A LITTLE OFF) Thank you.

(HER FOOTSTEPS APPROACH)

CHIEF: Yes, lady? What can I do for you?

WOMAN: I read in the paper you have Winston Cattley here. I
want to see him.

CHIEF: Why?

WOMAN: I've got a right to. I'm his wife.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND INTO CURTAIN)

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 12/1/48
PELL MELL

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.

(MUSIC: THEME UP AND DOWN FOR)

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

NARR: You, Al Benziger, have been filling in on the background of a murder case -- without a body. The suspect - a smooth, salesman-preacher-doctor -- is in his cell, with nothing against him, really, but a clear-cut case of forgery. But the police want a murder confession -- and so does your paper, the Chicago Herald-American -- for Monday. You're about to take a crack at interviewing him, when a woman turns up ... And who does she claim to be, of all people?

CHIEF: His wife! You're his wife!

WOMAN: Yes sir. And I want to see him.

CHIEF: You're Emma Albert Cattley?

WOMAN: No sir. I'm Sarah Wheatman Cattley.

CHIEF: Wait a minute, wait a minute. What was that name, your maiden name?

WOMAN: Sarah Wheatman. We've been married fourteen years. He's my husband, and if he's in trouble, I want to see him.

CHIEF: Something's wrong here. You're supposed to be --

BENZIGER: Hold it, Chief. (PAUSE) ~~Mrs. Cattley -- Can you describe~~
~~how she looks, what she's wearing, etc., etc.~~

WOMAN: -- well, he's sort of filled out around the middle, and he's got gray hair up here, and here, like -- and he most always wears a little pin here, in his coat, ~~and~~
~~clothes, mostly, like --~~

CHIEF: ~~How does he look?~~

WOMAN: ~~Oh (SHE LOVES THE SON OF A BITCH) He talks awful nice.~~
He's got a -- a better education than me. And he sort
of says like "uh" between words ~~and he talks nice, he~~

CHIEF: ~~It's him. And there goes my case.~~

BENZIGER: ~~Chief, ---~~

CHIEF: ~~Uh---~~

BENZIGER: ~~(WHISPER WHISPER, LOW INDISTINGUISHABLE)~~

CHIEF: ~~Hub? (BREATH) Oh -- Oh -- and -- and -- and --~~

BENZIGER: Mrs. Cattley -- some clothes were found in your husband's
car.

WOMAN: Well sure. He traveled a lot.

BENZIGER: Woman's clothes. (PAUSE) These. Do you recognize them?

WOMAN: (AFTER TOO SLIGHTLY LONG A PAUSE) Yes.

BENZIGER: They're yours?

WOMAN: (IT'S A LIE) Yes.

BENZIGER: Are they? Really?

WOMAN: (SILENCE)

BENZIGER: Can you tell me the labels on them?

WOMAN: (SILENCE)

BENZIGER: This coat, for instance. It's a pretty coat. Fur collar, silk lining -- pretty stylish.

WOMAN: It's mine, it's for me!

BENZIGER: Did you ever see it before?

WOMAN: No, no -- but it's mine! He was bringin' it for a present!

BENZIGER: He must love you, buying such a nice coat. (PAUSE) Try it on.

WOMAN: (SILENCE)

BENZIGER: ~~Here --~~

WOMAN: (SILENCE)

BENZIGER: (VERY GENTLE) After fourteen years, a man ought to know his wife's size. This coat's awfully large. If you try it on, you'll see.

WOMAN: ~~(SILENCE) I don't know who you are, mister, but you're mean. You're a mean man!~~

BENZIGER: ~~Maybe -- (PAUSE) I guess you can go and see him now. (PAUSE) Where are you going?~~

WOMAN: I -- I'm goin' home. (PAUSE) You can do anythin' you want with him. I don't want to see him. Never.

(MUSIC: HIT POIGNANTLY AND AWAY FOR:)

POLICE

CHIEF: ~~Wh -- the dirty -- (FORGODS) I'm going in there. I'll beat it out of him!~~

BENZIGER: ~~No. It won't stick if you get it that way. Do it this way. You go into his cell. Confront him with the clothes, see what he says, then spring this other wife on him. I'll stay out of sight of his cell. (BEGINNING) and listen to you from where I am. . . .~~

(MUSIC: WIPE QUICKLY AND OUT)

CHIEF: That's it, Cattley. We found the clothes. So -- for the last time -- where's your wife?

KILLER: This -- ah, this is very difficult to -- ah, reveal. Yes. You see -- a man doesn't like to -- ah discuss such things, but the truth is -- ah -- I don't know.

CHIEF: You don't know? Then why is it hard to discuss?

KILLER: Because, you see -- she ran away with another. Yes. On our honeymoon -- with another man. It was so, ah -- embarrassing to me, I kept up the -- the ahh, pretense, and sent letters in her name to her ah, family. Parents. Yes.

CHIEF: ~~She ran away on you? That's your story?~~

KILLER: Yes, yes.

CHIEF: ~~And so you thought you'd get even by forging her name with a rubber stamp and cleaning out her property?~~

KILLER: ~~Precisely. Exactly. Yes.~~

CHIEF: ~~Yeah. (PAUSE) Is that a way to treat your wife?~~

KILLER: ~~She had left my side for ah, another man. She~~

CHIEF: She was just in here. Looking to visit you.

KILLER: Preposterous.

CHIEF: Sarah Wheaton Cattley. (PAUSE) Does that sound preposterous?

KILLER: Ah. I see. (PAUSE) Yes. She would do that. She always was faithful.

CHIEF: Who?

KILLER: My ah -- first wife. Yes. Dear Sarah --

CHIEF: Let me ask one question. Did you bother getting a divorce before your married Emma Albert?

KILLER: Well, ah -- (PAUSE) No. That is, not -- (PAUSE) No. (THE LAUGH) It seems I really am in the, ah -- soup. Forgery and, ah --

CHIEF: Bigamy!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER)

CHIEF: ~~(WILD)~~ You hear that? Did you get that? Not only is he a forger, but a bigamist! And I still say a murderer! You got any more ideas? *Benziger*

BENZIGER: Yeah. The letters he wrote ~~her~~ ^{*signed*} her name. Find her parents -- get those letters -- and find out where hers leave off -- and ^{*forged letters*} his begin. Somewhere between where hers stopped -- and his started.

CHIEF: He murdered her!

BENZIGER: Maybe.

(MUSIC: -- A WRY ACCENT AND AWAY FOR:)

BENZIGER: All right, Chief. The letters line up like this. Here (RUSTLE) -- here we have the last letter in her handwriting. It's postmarked Sheboygan, Wisconsin. And here -- (RUSTLE) here we have the first of his letters --

CHIEF: His forged letters.

BENZIGER: Right. The postmark on that one is Dubuque, Iowa. That means that somewhere between those two points, your man killed his wife. You've got him. Somewhere between Sheboygan and Dubuque.

CHIEF: Good. But I hope it's on the Iowa side.

BENZIGER: Why? That puts it out of your jurisdiction. You'll lose the pleasure of hanging him.

CHIEF: That's just it. ^{Wisconsin} can't hang him. But Iowa can.

BENZIGER: Say that again?

CHIEF: Didn't you know? The penalty for murder in Wisconsin is life -- In Iowa -- death.

BENZIGER: (MUSING) In Wisconsin, life . . . In Iowa -- (BEAT) Now he tells me. Chief -- give me five minutes in that guy's cell -- but stay within earshot. With a notebook -- and a point on your pencil!

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO FOR:)

BENZIGER: Evening, fellow prisoner.

KILLER: Ah, good evening.

BENZIGER: What're you -- ah -- in for?

KILLER: I do not wish to make conversation.

BENZIGER: All right with me. Long as you're not the guy they're going to hang for killing his wife. (A SIGH) Think I'll sleep this one out.

KILLER: I -- ah, what was that you said? Wife?

BENZIGER: Yep. They were so busy locking up a murder case against him, they wouldn't give me the time of day.

KILLER: (~~CAUTIOUS~~) ~~What had you -- ah, done?~~

BENZIGER: ~~I, ah, smashed my car into the, ah, courthouse, ah, wall.~~
~~Can't remember, was in Chicago, ah, in the, ah, --~~

KILLER: I see. Ah -- this -- murderer. How was that, now?

BENZIGER: Well, it's kind of interesting. The way I understood it, he married some woman -- bigamously, by the way --

KILLER: Tchk-tchk-tchk. Shocking. Yes.

BENZIGER: --forged her name to her stock and such -- then killed her. The thing is, he doesn't know it, but they have him. He was too smart. Crime doesn't pay.

KILLER: Ah, true, true. (SLIGHTLY EAGER) Ah -- I'm interested in -- ah, crime...cleverness in -- ah, criminals. How was he -- too smart?

BENZIGER: Well, as I understand it -- he wanted to make it look like she was still alive. So he sent forged letters to her parents. And those letters are gonna hang him.

KILLER: Ah -- how?

BENZIGER: Oh ... I dunno ... something about ^{if} he'd killed her in Wisconsin, he'd just get life -- but being as how he started forging ^{her letters} in Iowa -- well, they figure that's where he ^{killed her} ~~did it~~ -- and the penalty for murder in Iowa is -- death.

KILLER: I -- I see.

BENZIGER: Yep. Death. And the cops've got enough circumstantial evidence to pin it on him in Iowa. (YAWN) Oh well. It's no skin off my neck. Remind me to kill my wife in Wisconsin.

CHIEF: (COMING ON) All right, you -- your Chicago call's come in. Step on it.

(CELL DOOR OPENS, ~~CLOSES, INTO~~)

(MUSIC: -- ONE ACCENT)

BENZIGER: (LOW) I think he's going for it, Chief. You timed it right. I'll go back there in a minute and needle him some more. So -- stand by!

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT AND OUT FOR:)

BENZIGER: False alarm, friend. They'll call me back.

KILLER: Did you -- ah, overhear anything more about the -- ah, criminal?

BENZIGER: Did I! They're drawing up the papers now. He's a dead duck.

KILLER: Ah -- papers.

BENZIGER: Yep. They're turning him over to the Iowa police.

KILLER: On the forgery charge.

BENZIGER: Yep. But the minute he gets over the ^{State} line -- they slap the murder charge on him.

KILLER: On purely circumstantial evidence.

BENZIGER: That I don't know. All I know is -- they said they had enough to hang him. Well -- it's not my funeral -- but you know what I'd do if I were him?

KILLER: Why, no -- what?

BENZIGER: I'd march right down there and confess I did it -- in Wisconsin! That way, I'd be sure to escape ^{hanging} ~~the shop~~. The cops always settle for a confession. ~~(YAWN) Well -- I'm gonna get some sleep, pleasant dreams.~~

(A GOOD PAUSE)

KILLER: ~~(SOW) My -- ah, friend.~~

BENZIGER: ~~Mmmmm~~

KILLER: ~~Are you awake?~~

BENZIGER: ~~Uh-hm. If?~~

KILLER: I ^{My friend} -- ah -- wish to -- ah, confess. To the -- ah, murder you were -- ah, discussing. (PAUSE) I am the -- ah, man. (PAUSE) I did it.

BENZIGER: Don't tell me. Tell the cops.

KILLER: I despise policemen. They would -- ah, distort my words, but you -- I trust you. You must promise to remember what I tell you -- exactly.

BENZIGER: I'll remember.

KILLER: You're sure?

BENZIGER: I remind elephants. (PAUSE) Well?

KILLER: I ah -- we, that is, ^{that night} we had had dinner in Wisconsin just this side of the Iowa line, then I persuaded her to drive on through the night, across the, ah, Mississippi. The -- ah, bridge, at West Dubuque, yes. It was on the Eastern half of the -- ah, span, on the Wisconsin side -- (MUSIC AND SOUND WIPES IT HERE) we were riding along towards Iowa ...

(MUSIC: OMINOUS WIPES IT AND MERGES WITH:)

(CAR UP AND UNDER, INTERIOR PERSPECTIVE)

KILLER: ~~Well, ah, cause of the direct ah, hostility on the -- ah, farther shore, dearest.~~ I'd have -- ah, departed earlier, but you were enjoying yourself so.. weren't you, dear?

WOMAN II: Uh-hm. (GIGGLE) I had too much punch. I'm a bad girl.

KILLER: Nonsense, dear. ~~Nothing is -- ah, too good for you, nothing.~~ But -- (CAR SLOWS DOWN) look. It's so beautiful out -- shall we stop the car and -- ah, gaze upon the river? ~~The -- ah, sapphire will clear your pretty head.~~

(CAR STOPS. DOOR OPENS)

WOMAN II: Anything you say, dearest.

KILLER: ~~I'll have a fresh cigar, before you get out, dearest -- would you mind reaching into the glove compartment? I've lost my cigar cutter. You'll find a knife there.~~

(COMPARTMENT OPEN)

WOMAN II: ~~That's?~~

KILLER: ~~Yes. (PAUSE) Thank you, my dear. (PAUSE) She's just --~~
~~ah, and remember...~~

(FOOTSTEPS. ~~WIND~~ UP AND BEHIND)

WOMAN II: Oh, it's lovely.

KILLER: Beautiful. (HE INTONES) It is a beautiful evening,
calm and free ... Come over to the -- ah, rail, dearest...
the holy time is quiet as a nun ... come close dear, ~~I'll~~
Look down at the water
~~hold your breath...~~ ... breathless with adoration..

(MUSIC: SNEAK MENACINGLY)

WOMAN II: Oh, Winston -- that's so beautiful.

KILLER: Wordsworth, my sweet ... Dear God the very houses --

WOMAN II: Winston -- *Your hitting my arm*

KILLER: Seem ---

WOMAN II: Let me -- let me go!

KILLER: (AS HE STRIKES HOME) Asleep!

WOMAN II: (A STABBED CHOKED SOB)

KILLER: (WHISPER) Asleep.
(Pause)
(A FAR-OFF SPLASH)

(MUSIC: RISES AND OUT)

KILLER: And her body, I threw into the Mississippi. I killed her
on the Wisconsin side -- and threw her body into the
Mississippi.

BENZIGER: That's your -- confession?

KILLER: Yes. You'll -- ah, remember?

BENZIGER: I'll remember. But I have a confession.

KILLER: ~~I -- ah, anticipated that~~

BENZIGER: ~~I'm not a politician~~

KILLER: That I -- ah, presumed. You were too -- ah, well-informed.

BENZIGER: I'm a newspaperman.

KILLER: I -- ah, surmised as much. (THE LAUGH) And you have your -- ah, story.

BENZIGER: Too smart, Cattley. Too smart. You confessed the murder on purpose -- because you knew you couldn't be convicted -- in Iowa or Wisconsin -- without a body.

KILLER: Ah -- precisely. And I wish you would publish that confession.

BENZIGER: That you killed your wife?

KILLER: Precisely.

BENZIGER: You'll swear to that?

KILLER: I will.

BENZIGER: Too smart for your own good, Cattley. The entire confession was taken down by the police. They know one more thing now they didn't know before -- you really murdered her.

KILLER: In Wisconsin.

BENZIGER: But they can prove you did it in Iowa. And that will hang you.

KILLER: I ~~did it in Iowa~~ ^{told you} I did it in Wisconsin. And that will save my life.

BENZIGER: ~~Iowa -- you'll die.~~

KILLER: ~~Wisconsin -- I'll die!~~

BENZIGER: ~~I'll have Iowa, on circumstantial evidence plus your confession --~~

KILLER: ~~(HERE) -- To murder in Wisconsin.~~

BENZIGER: (FAST) That, no one can prove -- including you! Because you were fool enough to dispose of her body in the river. There's no body to prove you didn't kill her in Iowa, no body to prove you killed her in Wisconsin. You're trapped - because you can't produce the one thing that can save you -- her body!

KILLER: But - (LONG PAUSE, VERY QUIET) I can.

BENZIGER: (LONG PAUSE) It had better be in Wisconsin.

KILLER: She -- it is. (PAUSE) ~~I -- I feel better now. I -- for the first time since, I feel~~ (PAUSE) ~~May her poor soul rest in peace. She has saved my life.~~

BENZIGER: ~~How is that?~~

KILLER: May the Lord have mercy on my soul -- she's not at the bottom of the Mississippi.

BENZIGER: You're not lying, Cattley --

KILLER: No. Take me out. Put me in a car. I'll show you where she -- where I -- (PAUSE) I'll take you to her. (PAUSE) And tell the police --

BENZIGER: Yes?

KILLER: Tell them -- they'll need shovels.

(MUSIC: HIT AND AWAY FOR CLOSING CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from Albert F. Baenziger of the Chicago Herald-American with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PELL MELL

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 Albert F. Baenziger of the Chicago Herald-American.

BAENZIGER: Subsequent investigation proved that second confession of killer in tonight's Big Story was the true one. He led officials to a place near Platteville, Wisconsin where they found the buried body of his wife ^{and} in accordance with the laws of Wisconsin, he was sentenced to imprisonment for life. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you Mr. Baenziger ... 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. And now, it is my pleasure to present Miss Muriel Babcock of Movie Stars Parade Magazine. Good evening, Miss Babcock.

BABCOCK: Good evening, Mr. Chappell and hello everyone. Tonight I have the honor of presenting the Movie Stars Parade Magazine award to Bob Sloane for his fine documentary motion picture style of narrating Pell Mell's Big Story program week after week ... with consistently meritorious performances. Bob ...

SLOANE: Miss Babcock, it truly is an honor to receive this award from Movie Stars Parade Magazine, and all I can say is that I will do my best to continue to win the approval of your magazine and the audience for Pell Mell's Big Story. Thanks a lot.

REV.

- 24A-

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG
STORY - from the front pages of the Ashville North
Carolina Citizen -- by-line, ~~Hobert~~ ^{Robert} Holloway --
A BIG STORY - that began when a captain of the United
States ~~Army~~ ^{Army} ~~Coast~~ ^{Coast} kissed his wife goodbye, drove off in
his car...and vanished from the face of the earth.

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

ATX01 0061165

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 Eric Dressler played the part of Albert Baenziger. 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. Baenziger.

(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..DD
11/18/48 a.m.

ATX01 0061166

AG BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #89

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
ANNE	PATSY CAMPBELL
OPERATOR	PATSY CAMPBELL
BANK GIRL	BETTY GARDE
MRS. <i>Grady</i>	BETTY GARDE
HOLLOWAY	BOB DRYDEN
GEORGE	BOB DRYDEN
JUDGE	KLOCK RYDER
MAN	KLOCK RYDER
BRANDON	BERNARD GRANT
SHERIFF	BERNARD GRANT
JOE	GRANT RICHARDS
COP	GRANT RICHARDS
CLERK II	ROSS MARTIN
COP II	ROSS MARTIN
CLERK	BOB SLOANE

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1948

ATX01 0061167

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

DECEMBER 8, 1948

WEDNESDAY

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: FANFARE, ABRUPTLY OUT.)SLOANE: At 9 a.m. the morning of July 2, Captain George Needham of the ^{U.S.} Air ~~Corps~~ ^{Force} sat in his convertible ~~roadster~~, in Raleigh, N. C., just about to step on the accelerator when his wife came running down the front steps.

ANNE: George, wait a minute --

GEORGE: What?

ANNE: Your toothbrush - you forgot your toothbrush.

GEORGE: I knew I forgot something. Thanks, baby.

ANNE: You'll write soon as you get there?

GEORGE: ~~I'll do better than that - I'll write you along the way~~ ^{I'll do better than that - I'll write you along the way}
~~Course I'll write. I'll be in Charleston tomorrow.~~
~~I'll write~~ and you'll be coming down ~~day after tomorrow.~~ ^{within a few days}

Hey, look, I got to get going --

ANNE: Okay -- but you forgot something else.

GEORGE: What?

ANNE: This. (SHE KISSES HIM) - Okay, now you can go.

SLOANE: He ^{smiled} ~~started~~, wiped the lipstick off, shifted gears and drove off. He turned left on route 13 for Charleston -- ~~and was never heard of again.~~ ^{and that} On ~~the~~ morning of July 2, Captain George Needham vanished from the face of the earth.(MUSIC: UP HARSH AND SHARPLY OUT 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)

CHAPPELL: Asheville, North Carolina, from the pages of the Ashville
(CONT'D) Citizen, the story of the disappearance of a man in broad
daylight in the United States of America. ~~And~~ for his work
in this case to Hubert Holloway of the Ashville Citizen
goes the PELL MELL Award for the BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE. . .)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY - 12/8/48
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: 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 0061170

(MUSIC: THEME, UP AND UNDER:)

CHAPPELL: Now the story as it actually happened. Hubert Holloway's story as he lived it. Asheville, North Carolina...

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER:)

SLOANE: It began for you, Hubert Holloway, city editor of the Asheville, (North Carolina) Citizen, as an item in your paper - no longer than your little finger - a stick of type in the society section of your paper. You read it (one of the town's society folks had sent it in), edited it, and ran it. The item said...

HOLLOWAY: (DISINTERESTED) Mrs. Anne Needham ^{of Raleigh,} wife of Captain George Needham, famed Air ~~Corps~~ ^{Force} jet pilot, is visiting in our city. Captain Needham is the well-known winner of the Distinguished ~~Air Medal~~ ^{Flying Cross} who did such brilliant flying over Okinawa. Mrs. Needham, niece of Judge Justin Green is staying for the weekend at the Judges', before joining her husband at his new air base in Charleston. Okay, run it on page 7.

(MUSIC: IN WITH NARRATION:)

SLOANE: That was a Friday. On the Monday following you were surprised when Judge Green dropped in to talk to you about Anne and George Needham; ~~surprised because Anne Needham was still in town (she was supposed to have left) and surprised because of the tone in Judge Green's voice...~~

JUDGE: (DISTURBED) Hubert, maybe this is nothing, but -- I've got to talk to you about it.

HOLL: Well, sure, Judge. Sit down.

JUDGE: I'd rather not. (Hubert, I'm upset.) Anne Needham, my niece, was supposed to leave ~~yesterday~~ ^{Saturday} to join her husband, but she didn't go --

HOLL: Yes, I know --

JUDGE: She didn't go because -- he seems to have ^{she tried to reach him on the phone all day Friday & Sat.} (George, her husband - it sounds silly, I know) - but he's disappeared.

HOLL: Now wait a minute.

JUDGE: She heard from him last on Thursday night. He left, from Raleigh ~~Thursday~~ ^{Tuesday} morning. He wrote her a letter, sometime ~~Thursday~~ ^{Tuesday} night - saying everything was fine and he'd see her in Charleston, Sunday. (She stopped off here with me, as you know, for the ^{past} two days.)

HOLL: I know, and now?

JUDGE: That's the part I'm upset about. There's no sign of him at his new ^{base} ~~post~~ in Charleston. He never arrived there. We called the Air Force.

HOLL: Maybe the car broke down, maybe he stopped off somewhere enroute, visiting, maybe a lot of things --

JUDGE: No. You don't know George, or you wouldn't talk like that. George is as regular and dependable as they come. If anything had happened, he'd have let her know. She's distraught and to tell you the truth, I'm worried -- very worried. I feel I --

HOLL: Just take it easy, Judge. First, I'm glad you came --

JUDGE: (INTERRUPTS) I had to talk to someone, someone level-headed and --

HOLL: Thanks, but I see no cause for alarm. A perfectly responsible man (a pilot) is a day late in arriving at his destination ---

JUDGE: Two days --

HOLL: All right, two days -- is that so unusual? So terrible! Is that something to be upset about --

JUDGE: I know, but - you don't know George. A thing like this is impossible.

HOLL: (EASILY) Okay - maybe - but there's an explanation. There always is. I'd like to talk to Mrs. Needham. All right?

JUDGE: Sure, anything, Hubert - let's talk to Anne. Let's do something - anything. Let's --

HOLL: Okay, Judge ~~Green~~. Just let me get my coat.

(MUSIC: ~~IN WITH HARRI~~)

SLOANE: ~~It puzzles you now because Justin Green is one of the most even-tempered men in Asheville, a man with both feet on the ground. There's something there. What, you don't know yet. You go to his home where Anne Needham lies on a couch in the living room.~~

(MUSIC: ~~PUNCTUATION (AGITATION ON HER PART) UNDER~~)

SLOANE: The woman on the couch is ~~hysterical~~ ^{frightened}. Words pour from her mouth, tears from her eyes and great sobs wrench her body. You can't understand a word ~~she's~~ ^{Ann Needham's} saying -- only that tragedy is in the making. You try to find something tangible to go on, but there is only the frightening babble of words....

ANNE: I saw him ~~Thursday~~ ^{Thursday} in the car, then nothing, I don't know, how ~~he~~ could he? ~~Where could it have happened?~~
 It isn't possible, not George, ~~not sweet, fine, wonderful.~~
~~George - no, help me! Help me; please you've got to!~~

SLOCANE: She makes no sense, so you and Judge Green call in a doctor to give her a sedative and you try to find a way into the case, some facts, something to hold onto --

HOLL: Where was the letter sent from, Judge? The last time she heard from him?

JUDGE: Some small town between Raleigh and ~~Columbia~~ ^{Charleston} Chester,
 I think yes, Chester --

HOLL: Was it written from a hotel?

JUDGE: Wait a minute -- yes, now that you mention it, the Grand Hotel, Chester.

Holl: *all right, let's call the hotel.*
 (MUSIC) BRIDGE

CLERK: (FILTER) Yes sir, the Captian was here at the Grand, ate ~~lunch~~ ^{dinner} I think, wrote a letter and then left.

HOLL: Is that all?

CLERK: (FILTER) Yes, sir, that's all. He wasn't here but two hours.

HOLL: Would you know if he sent any other letters?

CLERK: Just a second, just a second - there was something - I'll ask the operator - hold on..(AD LIB) He sent a telegram.

HOLL: Oh? To whom?

CLERK: To the National Bank in Raleigh.

HOLL: Do you have a copy?

CLERK: No, sir, I'm sorry, we don't.

HOLL: Okay. National in Raleigh. Thanks.

(MUSIC: --- IN AND QUICKLY OUT)

HOLL: This the National Bank, Raleigh?

BANK (GIRL: (FILTER) That's right, can I help you?

HOLL: This is Hubert Holloway in Asheville. It's urgent I find out the contents of a message Captain George Needham sent you - three, no four days ago. I represent his wife.

BANK: I see - just a moment. Uh - yes, I have it here.

HOLL: And?

BANK: The Captain requested we forward \$300 to him care of the Jefferson Hotel in Columbia, South Carolina.

HOLL: Was the money sent?

BANK: Oh yes, sir, of course.

HOLL: Do you have an acknowledgment of receipt?

BANK: No sir, we don't. Now that you mention it, that is funny.

HOLL: What's that Hotel again? Jefferson? In Columbia?

BANK: That's right, sir. Say if you reach the Captain, tell him we'd appreciate a receipt, would you?

HOLL: I'll do that.

(MUSIC: --- SAME IN AND QUICKLY OUT TO:)

CLERK 2: (FILTER) No sir, Mr. Holloway, we never saw the Captain.

HOLL: He never checked into the Jefferson?

CLERK 2: No sir, he never did and he never picked up the money. I've got that right in front of me now - "Draft for \$300 to Captain George Needham." He never picked it up. Funny, a fellow letting all that money lay around in a hotel now, ain't it?

(MUSIC: --- IN AND UNDER)

SLOANE: It ^{is not} ~~is~~ funny, ~~but serious~~, because it's now 6 days, nearly 7 and no word from dependable, steady George Needham. So reluctantly, you come to some conclusions and reluctantly you tell them to Judge Green and to Anne Needham -

HOLL: What I have to say may sound a little brutal -- if so I apologize, Mrs. Needham...

ANNE: That's all right --

HOLL: But facts are facts and we've got to face them.

JUDGE: Go ahead, Hubert --

HOLL: I see four possibilities - one, amnesia --

ANNE: Of course. It's amnesia. What else could it be. George had an incident during the war, after he was wounded, he forgot who he was for 48 hours. It must be amnesia.

HOLL: (EVEN) That's a possibility. Two - (~~NO WHISPER!~~) Maybe he deserted --

JUDGE: Impossible! ~~Not George.~~

HOLL: Three - (Excuse me Mrs. Needham) - another woman.

JUDGE: ~~Oh, please!~~ (Pause)

ANNE: (WORRIED) And what's four?

HOLL: Four is -

ANNE: (LOW VOICE) ^{Dead?} ~~Murder?~~ Is that what you're thinking? Is it? Is it?

HOLL: We've got to face the facts.

ANNE: It's the amnesia. I know it is. I know it. He wouldn't desert; it couldn't be another woman and - (STOPS AT THE THOUGHT) - it -- it's the amnesia. The amnesia. It must be!

(MUSIC: --- IN WITH NARR)

SLOANE: You hope so too, and then you begin proving which of the four it is. You send out his description, all the facts about the car, pictures of Anne Needham (maybe George will see them), and you call in the police. Men are alerted up and down the Carolinas, a search is on... and it brings results...

(TELEPHONE RINGS IS ANSWERED)

HOLL: Holloway speaking...

COP: (FILTER) Mr. Holloway, this is the police chief in Gastonia -- about that Needham case - (HOLL: Yes?) No sign of the car, but a ~~restaurant~~^{bar} man here seen him two hours ago. He was hitch-hiking.

HOLL: (PUZZLED) Hitch-hiking. Headed where?

COP: South. Toward Spartenberg, maybe.

HOLL: No other sign of him?

COP: Nope.

HOLL: Okay, thanks.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ A CHORD INTO:)

(PHONE RINGS AGAIN. ANSWERED)

HOLL: Holloway --

OPERATOR: (FILTER) Long distance for you, Mr. Holloway - Spartenburg, calling - it's reverse charges --

HOLL: Okay, I'll take it. Put them on.

OPERATOR: (FILTER) Go ahead.

MAN: (EXCITED) Mr. Holloway I read in the papers about Captain Needham - ~~he~~^{he} run a Diner in Spartenburg. He's out in front getting coffee right now.

HOLL: You sure?

MAN: I didn't talk to him, but he looks like the picture - my wife's waiting on him. Wait a minute - here comes my wife. (PAUSE) (AD LIBS TO WIFE)

HOLL: Hello - hello -

MAN: Hello, Mr. Holloway. I was wrong. This fellow is a major and he's thinner, but he looked like him. I'm sorry, I -- but he did look like Captain Needham.

(MUSIC: SAME CHORD AND UNDER:)

SLOANE: The results are all like that; helpful people, tips, but always wrong. George Needham is seen in three different towns at the same time. George Needham was seen out of uniform in a bar in ^{Leino} ~~Louisberg~~. George Needham is asleep in the lobby of ^a ~~the~~ Jefferson Hotel in Lockhart -- but always the same, always helpful - but always wrong, always ^{sorry} ~~a blind alley~~. And then --

(THE PHONE AGAIN)

~~HOLL: Yeah?~~

~~SHERIFF: (FILTER) This Mister Holloway in Asheville?~~

~~HOLL: That's right.~~

~~SHERIFF: (FILTER) Sheriff, Moultrie County, S. C. - got a man here fits your description a Captain Needham, 46 convertible Virginia plates - he's with a woman.~~

~~HOLL: Did you pick him up?~~

~~SHERIFF: (FILTER) Not yet... just got the tip - man called me
from a roadhouse. She's a redhead - this woman he's
with. Good-looker, too. Pick him up in 10 minutes.
Call you back.~~

~~(MUSIC: --- INTEREST NOW. UNDER:)~~

~~SLOANE: "Devoted couple" as the judge said, maybe so - maybe
not. Theory number two. Cherchez La Femme as the saying
goes. You wait an unbelievably long ten minutes and
then ..~~

~~(PHONE)~~

~~HOLL: Holloway, this is the sheriff Moultrie County. Not the
same fellow at all. Did have Virginia plates 46
convertible - name kind of the same - not Needham, but
Deedham - with a D. The woman was his wife. Sorry.~~

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

~~SLOANE: They keep being sorry: for a week, two weeks, then
17 days, they keep being wrong and seeing George
Needham everywhere and being sorry. Anne Needham keeps
one spark alive, one word -~~

~~ANNE: (DESPERATE) It's the amnesia. I know it. I know it is!~~

~~HOLL: You get some sleep, Mrs. Needham. We'll find him.
We'll find him.~~

~~(MUSIC: --- UNDER)~~

~~SLOANE: But the words ring hollow and you know it because in
29 years of reporting you know all stories don't have
a happy ending, you know most don't. And then, a man
who used to work for you calls you, Joe Edwards,
reporter, phones you from Canton, South Carolina...~~

JOE: (F) Mr. Holloway, we found something. Not very good.

HOLL: What Joe?

JOE: The car. License, Virginia A-1417, right?

HOLL: That's right - what did you find?

JOE: The car, wrecked in a swamp - deep in the woods and we found a towel, Mr. Holloway.

HOLL: Towel - what kind of towel?

JOE: Initialed, GN. Did he have initialed towels?

HOLL: I don't know. I think so. What about the towel?

JOE: We figure probably his towel, but no body, Mr. Holloway.

HOLL: Why do you say body?

JOE: Because the towel is - it's covered with blood.

(MUSIC: -- -- HITS AND UNDER)

SLOANE: You tell Anne Needham, you have to, about the car - and you drive with her to Canton South Carolina - you drive up through the dense woods, up the backroads until you come to a fork in the road where Joe Edwards stands with a flashlight, Joe Edwards and a local policeman and an overturned car.

ANNE: That's the car, that's the car - what happened?

HOLL: Take it easy, Mrs. Needham. Lo, Joe.

JOE: Hi. (SOTTO) She better see the towel - just to make sure.

HOLL: I guess so. Lemme have it.

JOE: It's in this bag.

(PASSES A BAG)

HOLL: Mrs. Needham, I -- does this look familiar -- ?

ANNE: It's - no! It can't be. It's -- it must be the amnesia. It must be.

(MORE)

ANNE:
(CONT'D)

(BUILDING) ~~It must be~~ He had an accident, he cut himself and that's his blood and he's wandering around because he's hurt and doesn't remember who he is and -- that's what happened. It must have. ~~It must have~~. It must have happened that way. He's alive, of course he is, of course he is. He's alive!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ SLOWLY IN WITH SLOANE)

SLOANE: You look at her and you mouth some words of agreement and some words of hope - but in the merciless glare of the flashlight over the stained towel, you know you don't believe a word of what you're saying.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP TO TAG)

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

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 12/8/48
PELL MELL

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 the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild.

(MUSIC: -- INTRO AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and the BIG STORY of Hubert Holloway, as he lived it and wrote it ...

SLOANE: You, Hubert Holloway, city-editor of the Asheville, North Carolina Citizen, are on a man-hunt. An important Captain of the Air ~~Force~~ ^{Force} has disappeared somewhere between Raleigh, N.C., and ~~Columbia~~ ^{Charleston}, S.C. -- and you're trying to find him, because it's not only a story for your paper, it's a question of the future for, of hope for, a young girl named Anne Needham, his wife. ~~And as you look at the ruined car, his car, in the hills near Gaston, and at the bloodstained towel, his towel, that hope is a tiny flame.~~

(MUSIC: -- PUNCTUATES AND UNDER)

SLOANE: You try to send Anne Needham back to her hotel, so she'll be around if you need her, ~~but she~~ ^{and so she} won't be on the spot if what you're thinking comes true - but she refuses to go. She's going to see this out; she's ready, she says, to face the truth -- so with the local police, you and Anne Needham begin to finecomb the wild countryside for clues and ~~where before you had~~ ^{where} you get nothing until you come to a farmhouse, two miles from the overturned car, ^{where} a garrulous old woman, says ...

MRS G: (EXCITED) Sure, I seen him. I tell you it was him.

ANNE: You're sure it was the same as the man in this picture?

MRS G: That's what I'm telling you. And I seen the car, too. There was two of them - him, the Captain and this dark fellow, dark-complexioned he was and needing a shave and with his hat pulled down ...

HOLL: Now just a minute, Mrs. ...?

MRS G: ~~Grimes~~ ^{Gady} is my name. My first husband's name. Married twice, use my first husband's name, ~~Grimes~~ ^{Gady}.

HOLL: I see. When was all this Mrs. ~~Grimes~~ ^{Gady}.

MRS G: Lessee, Monday, I done the washing! Tuesday had to go to town shopping, Wednesday. Last Wednesday.

ANNE: Did he have brown hair?

MRS G: I told you he had a hat on - oh, the Captain? I couldn't say. See the Captain stood over by the car, aways away - but the dark feller, he come over for a drink of water. As close to me as you are.

HOLL: What time was this?

MRS G: Going on dusk.

HOLL: You couldn't be mistaken?

MRS G: Not me, not about that one, no sir -

HOLL: Could you identify him? (MRS: Hunh?) Would you know him if you saw him again?

MRS G: Course I'd know him. Wouldn't I know you if I saw you again? Course I'd know him.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

~~SLOANE: Anne Needham wants to discount everything the women said - naturally.~~

~~ANNE: (HOPEFULLY) It could have been another Captain. There are hundreds of Captains - George might be - oh, 100 miles away. Maybe this dark man stole the car, picked up another captain don't you think so?~~

~~(MUSIC: IN HIGH DARR)~~

SLOANE: ~~You don't answer while there isn't much to go on, and Mrs. Ormes might be wrong - she also might be right.~~ So you comb the towns for two people: Captain Needham and a dark man, a man who needs a shave, with his hat down over his right eye. You ask about derelicts, strays in town and one cop you meet says ...

COP II: Got a man in the clink, Mr. Holloway, might be just your man.

ANNE: Could we see him now?

COP II: Sure, Mrs. Needham, sure. Fellow with a bad record too: arrested twice stealing cars - picked him up on vagrancy. Step this way. Fellow name of Brandon.

(MUSIC: IN WITH NARR)

SLOANE: Brandon comes out of his cell into the light; he is dark, he needs a shave; when he puts his hat on it slouches over his right eye. *You question him about the killing* ~~But there's a curious twist about him - he's very disarming, a pleasant but ...~~

BRANDON: (LAUGHS PLEASANTLY) I guess I'm just what you're looking for. Down and out, no destination - just the type of feller you'd think killed the Captain - but I didn't. Fact is my wife had a baby just a week ago. I was in Florida and come back to see the baby. Officer here picked me up before I even got to see my new son. (LAUGHS)

HOLL: Did you work in Florida? Where did you get the money to come here? How do we know you didn't rob and kill Captain Needham?

BRANDON: (LAUGHS) Hold on there - one at a time. Didn't work nowhere in Florida. Didn't have a dime; freighted my way up, trains and getting hitches. Tell you I didn't kill him - that's the best I can do.

ANNE: (DESPERATE) Look at this picture.

BRANDON: Why, sure, Ma'am.

ANNE: Did you ever see this man?

BRANDON: As Heaven's my witness I ~~didn't~~ ^{did not.}

HOLL: I don't believe you.

BRANDON: I can only say it. A man can't do more'n tell the truth. (LAUGHS) But I guess it looks bad for me.

HOLL: It sure does. Officer there's someone I want to ~~have~~ ^{take} a look at Brandon - for identification - okay with you?

COP LI: Sure, I'm releasing him anyway - served his time. ~~He's out~~

Holl: *Would you come with me Brandon?*

Brandon: *Sure, why not.*

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: ~~Before you take Brandon to see Mrs. Grimes you check the story, what can be checked; he is married, does have a newborn son whom he's never seen and Anne Needham says ...~~

ANNE: I believe this man. I do. He never saw George. I tell you, Mr. Holloway, I believe him.

SLOANE: Again you don't answer - Anne Needham's wishes are her ~~thoughts~~ ^{& Anne Needham} You've got to face the facts. So you take

Brandon out to Mrs. ~~Grimes~~ ^{Grady} shack and slowly he gets out of the car. You pull his hat down over his ~~eyes~~ ^{right} and tell him to walk toward Mrs. ~~Grimes~~ ^{Grady}. You wait ...

(MUSIC: OUT ...)

(~~BRICKS~~ ~~MAKER~~ STEPS UNTIL THEY STOP)

HOLL: That the man, Mrs. ~~Sutton~~ *Grady?*

MRS G: Take another step to me.

(ANOTHER STEP)

ANNE: (WHISPER) Well, is it ...?

MRS G: Push your hat-brim up. (PAUSE) Say somepin --

BRANDON: (LAUGHS) Good evening, ma'am. Fine evening -
(PAUSE. LONG)

MRS G: Nope it's not him.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: It collapses. At this point everything collapses. You ~~find yourself asking the question, "Are you sure there ever was a Captain Needham?" Of course, there was, it's getting you too.~~ You look at Anne Needham's face and she's almost laughing - tears in her eyes and she's almost laughing - Weird. And when she speaks, like the first time you saw her, her voice has the edge of hysteria in it --

(MUSIC: -- OUT ...)

ANNE: It wasn't George. See. She never saw George. Brandon never saw George. They weren't in the car together. George is somewhere else. It's the amnesia - ~~maybe,~~ maybe (WHISPER) it was another woman - but (LOUD) he isn't dead. You see that, don't you! He isn't dead!

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARR)

SLOANE: Now there's nowhere to look, nothing to do, nothing to say; you're back where you were three weeks ago - a man has just vanished from the earth. You send Anne back to the hotel and - just on a crazy hunch - you go back to the jail and there - in what was Brandon's cell -

(MUSIC: -- SPING ...)

SLOANE: -- something catches your eye. It's a shirt. A shirt Brandon wore and has discarded. You look it over carefully take it with you and race back to Anne ...

HOLL: (EXCITED BUT CONTROLLED) Where did George get his shirts?

ANNE: I don't know - what are you talking about?

HOLL: Nothing, just tell me - where did he buy his Army shirts?

ANNE: I don't remember. Some store-in Raleigh. Why?

HOLL: Would Winter's be the place?

ANNE: That's right - Winters. (DEMANDING) Why do you want to know?

HOLL: It may be nothing. I'll be back soon.

ANNE: I'm going with you.

HOLL: No, ~~Anna~~ - it might be nothing at all and then you'd -

ANNE: I said I'm going.

HOLL: (QUIETLY) Okay, ~~Anna~~ Come on.

(MUSIC: -- AGITATO & UNDER)

SLOANE: You've got Brandon's record from the police. You put through a call to Winter's in Raleigh, then you call the Army in Washington - and now you and Anne Needham go to Brandon's place - where he lives with his wife and the new baby. You tell him to come out on the porch where you can be alone ...

BRANDON: Nice night, Mr. Holloway. Mrs. Needham.

HOLL: (HARD) He gave you a lift didn't he?

BRANDON: Who? (LAUGHS) Oh, you ain't still on that, Mr. Holloway?

HOLL: (HARDER) You deserted from the Army, didn't you?

BRANDON: (LAUGHS SELF- CONSCIOUSLY) What?

HOLL: You deserted in 1941, right after Pearl Harbor. I checked with Washington. There's a twenty year sentence waiting for you -

BRANDON: Now look, I -

HOLL: (SHARP) Where did you get the shirt from?

BRANDON: (WORRIED) What shirt. I got no shirt.

(PACKAGE BEING OPENED)

HOLL: This shirt. You left it in the cell. I suppose you bought it.

BRANDON: That's right, I bought it -

HOLL: It was bought in Winter's store, in Raleigh. It cost \$10 and 50 cents.

BRANDON: I found it then; I don't know, you got me confused --

HOLL: (CUTTING IN) Whose shirt is this, Anne.

(PAUSE)

ANNE: (LOW, FACING THE REALITY NOW) Now I know what happened. Now I know. (It's George's shirt. That's our laundry mark.) Now I know. You killed him. George is dead. He's not lost it's not the amnesia - (WHISPER) George is dead.

(MUSIC: -- STING AND UNDER)

SLOANE: Brandon's laughter is gone forever, the mask of smiling ripped away - and a frightened, terrible man stands before you and you say to him.

HOLL: The Captain was driving and you hitched a ride. You thought he had some money and you did it - somewhere along the road you did it - you shot him. And then you drove the car up in the hills and searched him. You threw his body out and you drove the car away and ditched it. That's what you did, isn't it? Now do you want to go back to the Army and face a desertion charge or do you want to tell us how you killed George Needham and pray that a court will have mercy on your soul?

(~~PAUSE~~)

~~What did you do with the body?~~

(~~PAUSE~~)

SLOANE: (MUSIC UNDER) *collapses & his words of confession spill out*
~~He shows you. Before you go, you take~~
into the quiet night. It was just as you said
 Anne Needham back to her hotel. Then you drive with

Brandon through the woods to a dense spot and there, face down, his jacket gone, his shoes gone, his shirt gone (Thank heaven she doesn't have to see this) - is the man who vanished. George Needham has returned -

(MUSIC: TAGS)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from Hubert Holloway of the Asheville Citizen with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #89

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: For Christmas - give the cigarette that's really
"Outstanding!" - the longer, finer cigarette -
PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Good to look at - good to feel - good to taste -
good to smoke - good to give - and good to get.
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0061191

(ORCHESTRA: TAG ...)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Hubert Holloway of the Asheville Citizen.

HOLLOWAY: Clue that caught my eye in Brandon's cell and convinced me we had the killer in tonight's Big Story was the evidence of a laundry mark on the shirt he had discarded. I felt sure that a vagrant like Brandon wouldn't use a laundry for his shirts. After a brief trial, killer was convicted and put to death in the electric chair at the State Penitentiary at Columbia, South Carolina. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Holloway ... 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 - from the front pages of the Minneapolis ~~Time~~ Tribune -- by-line, Max Schwartz -- a BIG STORY - that reached its climax when a reporter was told he would die if the phone rang... and then...

(PHONE RINGING)

(MUSIC: THEME WIPE AND FADE TO_BG ON_CUE)

CHAPPELL: **The BIG STORY** is produced by Bernard J. Procktor, with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was written by Arnold Perl, your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Bob Dryden played the part of Hubert Holloway. 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. Holloway.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE)

CHAPPELL: **This** is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES *and reminding you of*

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

*Christmas gift --
Pell Mell Famous
Cigarettes in their
Holiday carton.*

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #90

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MICKEY SCHWARTZ	BILL QUINN
FRANK	ROGER de KOVEN
TONY	ROGER de KOVEN
O'CONNOR	JAMES McCALLION
VIC	JAMES McCALLION
MARGARET	ANN BURR <i>Ann Burr</i>
LANDLADY	ANN BURR <i>Ann Burr</i>
HENRY	ERIC DRESSLER

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1948

ATX01 0061194

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#90

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

DECEMBER 15, 1948

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE)

(CAR SLOWS TO A STOP. IGNITION OFF)

(CAR DOOR OPENS & SLAMS SHUT)

VIC: (BEGINS TO WHISTLE "HERE COMES THE BRIDE")

(A COUPLE OF STEPS ON CONCRETE)

(GARAGE DOOR SLIDES SHUT)

(STEPS UNDER ON SIDEWALK, WHISTLING.

THEN BOTH STOP ABRUPTLY)

VIC: Who's that? Who's hiding behind those bushes?

(RUSTLING OF HEDGE OR BUSHES)

(A COUPLE OF STEPS UP & STOP)

(AGHAST) You!

(A PAUSE)

(SHOT)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT & 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 & FLAT) Minneapolis, Minnesota. From the
pages of the ~~Star and~~ Tribune, the authentic story of a
reporter who found that you're never too old, or never
too young... for murder. Tonight, to Max Schwartz of
the Minneapolis ~~Star and~~ Tribune, goes the PELL MELL
Award for the BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE)

(COMMERCIAL)

ATK01 0061195

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #90

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 0061196

(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION & UNDER FOR)

CHAPPELL: Now, the story as it actually happened... Max Schwartz's story as he lived it... Minneapolis, Minnesota.

(MUSIC: UP & DOWN FOR)

NARRATOR: You are Max Schwartz, police reporter for the Minneapolis Star and Tribune, but the boys around the city room call you Mickey for short. Anyway, it is this sweltering ^{late} June morning, and you are slumped at your desk, ~~There is a pencil gripped in your sweaty palm, and you're marking up a piece of copy paper, when your city editor comes in.~~

(DOOR CLOSE)

~~FRANK: (COMING IN) Mickey, Frank. (OUTS) What are you doing?
MICKEY: Huh? Oh... just doodling. Doodling... and dreaming.
FRANK: I see. Wasting good copy paper again, eh? What's this thing you just drew?
MICKEY: That? Oh that's a glass of beer, Frank... a cold glass of beer... very cold.
FRANK: I see. And this?
MICKEY: That's an Eskimo building an igloo.
FRANK: Great! And what's this?
MICKEY: An ocean liner. There's an ocean breeze that goes with it... a cold breeze.
FRANK: Okay, Rembrandt. You can put your easel away and get going!
MICKEY: Where?
FRANK: Eighteenth Street, south.
MICKEY: Eighteenth Street? Why?~~

FRANK: ~~Because you'll find a cold corpse over there with a hot bullet in it.~~

(MUSIC: ~~UP & UNDER~~)

NARR: So... you unreel your languid torso from the sticky seat of your desk, take your straw hat from the top of the filing cabinet, and you go. ~~And this is the rather~~ routine, the unspectacular beginning of your Big Story.. a sensational and blazing Big Story that later broke in big black headlines all over the pages of the Star and Tribune. ~~Anyway, you get to Eighteenth Street,~~ view the corpse, lying on a sidewalk next to a vacant lot, and ask Detective Inspector John O'Connor...

MICKEY: Corpse been identified yet, Inspector?

O'CONNOR: No, ~~Schwarz~~ ^{Mickey} Not yet. No wallet on him, no papers.

MICKEY: Simple robbery, huh?

O'CONNOR: Looks that way. This stiff was walking along the sidewalk. Someone was waiting in the bushes here, at the edge of this vacant lot. Gave him a twenty-five caliber slug right through the heart. All we've got is the killer's footprints...

MICKEY: The killer's footprints?

O'CONNOR: Yeah. This vacant lot is mostly soft red clay, ~~Schwarz~~ ^{Mickey} Pretty messy, all around, especially after the rain last night. The man who did this job sure must have got his shoes dirty.

MICKEY: And there was nothing on the corpse...

O'CONNOR: No wallet or identification papers, as I said. Just a couple of movie stubs... and an advertisement ripped out from a newspaper.

MICKEY: What kind of advertisement?

O'CONNOR: A jeweler's ad... plugging a sale of engagement rings!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP & UNDER)

NARR: You stared at the ticket stubs and the advertisement, never realizing that you had come into your Big Story in the middle, that the first paragraph had been written a few days before. It had actually begun in a downtown restaurant, where an attractive young widow sat with her escort...

(MUSIC: _ _ _ DINNER MUSIC BG)

MARGARET: (NERVOUSLY) Tony... Tony, I didn't know how to tell you this before. I didn't know quite how to say it. But.. I guess there's only one way. I can't see you any more.

TONY: What!

MARGARET: I'm sorry, Tony.

TONY: (A BEAT) I see. Another man, eh?

MARGARET: Yes. We're going to be married and...

TONY: Oh. You are! Well, let me tell you, Margaret, you're not going to talk me out of your life, just like that! Oh no, Baby, not as easy as that. We've been good friends too long, see? I had a few plans of my own, and I don't figure on changing them. (A BEAT) Who is this other man?

MARGARET: Tony, I...

TONY: (SNAPS) Come on...who is he? (A PAUSE) ~~So you won't~~
~~tell me, eh?~~ All right, I can always ask that old
friend of your family's ... Henry Blaine.

MARGARET: Tony, don't....

TONY: Good old Uncle Henry, with his striped pants, and the
flower in his button-hole, and his Harvard accent. Sure
I can ask him. He'd know. He follows you around like
a sheepdog.

MARGARET: (FLARES) Henry Blaine doesn't know a thing about it
yet. And stop making fun of him, Tony. Just because
he's been like a father to me, ever since my husband...

TONY: Let's forget Blaine, Margaret. For the last time, who
is this other guy?

MARGARET: I'm not going to tell you!

TONY: ~~Afraid, eh?~~

MARGARET: ~~Yes, I am. You might do something foolish, Tony.~~
~~I know how insanely jealous you can get and Vic ...~~

TONY: ~~Vic, eh?~~

MARGARET: Tony!

TONY: ~~Never mind, Baby. You don't even have to tell me his~~
~~last name.~~ Some day I'll meet your new boy friend...
and then...it'll be a pleasure.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

HENRY: This man, my dear...this man you're going to marry...
he's young?

MARGARET: Yes, Henry. He's two years older than I...

HENRY: Ah, yes. Youth, youth. The most priceless commodity on earth...and generally, the most stupid. And what is the young man's name, Margaret?

MARGARET: Doyle. Victor Doyle.

HENRY: Victor Doyle. I don't like it. It has a plebian sound.. earthy...common. ~~It smells of the gas house, of street-urchins and brass knuckles....~~

MARGARET: Henry, please!

HENRY: Forgive me, my dear. I am an insufferable snob, and I know it. Furthermore, I rejoice in it. But about this young man, this Vic Doyle. How does he profess to support you? What does he do?

MARGARET: He...well, he owns a small trucking company.

HENRY: Ah! I see. A truckdriver, risen to high estate. A rude, an uncouth fellow, no doubt, with a hairy chest and vulgar manners.

MARGARET: Henry, you're wrong. He's not at all like that...

HENRY: (INTERRUPTS) I repeat, Margaret, my dear. A truckdriver, And what does he offer you? Youth...and ~~competitive-~~poverty...poverty, the essence of inconvenience. Margaret, I must say I'm disappointed in you. Very disappointed.

MARGARET: Henry, you don't seem to understand. I'm in love with Vic....

HENRY: Ah, yes. Love. A gay and romantic word. A catchword of the young, a snare, a trap, and a delusion. (A SNEERING LAUGH) Love? Rubbish!

MARGARET: Henry, please....

HENRY: Margaret, my dear. How can this truckdriver of yours enrich your life, make it worthwhile. What does he know of the things that really count....art, music, the theater, literature....

MARGARET: (FLARES) Henry, you're being unfair. You've never met Vic, and yet you're condemning him! And if you're going to talk like this, I'm not going to listen!

HENRY: (A PAUSE, THEN PENITENT) Forgive me, my dear. I'm sorry. Perhaps I have been a little unjust. ~~You see, Margaret, I happen to be very fond of you. I think of~~ you...well, as a daughter. And you must know that whatever I say, whatever I do, it's with an eye toward your happiness. (A BEAT) You know that, don't you, my dear?

MARGARET: Of course, Henry. Of course I do. You've been very sweet.

HENRY: Thank you, Margaret. And now about this young man who seems to have taken your heart. Perhaps you're ~~right, my dear.~~ Perhaps I should meet ^{him} before I pass judgment. Suppose you give me his address.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

HENRY: Mr. Doyle, I'm an old friend of Margaret's, and as such, my business with you is brief. I want you to break your engagement to her.

VIC: What! ~~You're asking me to ---~~

HENRY: Precisely. Get out of her life. Never see her again.

VIC: Mr. Blaine, have you gone out of your mind?

HENRY: (SNAPS) On the contrary, I know precisely what I am doing. You are not the man for Margaret, and never will be. As her old friend and self-appointed guardian, I don't propose to stand by and see her throw her life away ...

VIC: (SUPRESSED FURY) Why, you...!

HENRY: (INTERRUPTS) Permit me to continue, my friend. I realize that this will entail some sacrifice on your part...that a little heart balm might be necessary And I am prepared to offer you an antidote for your emotional pain.

VIC: Just what do you mean?

HENRY: Mr. Doyle, I am a wealthy man, and not inclined to quibble. I have come here to offer you the sum of ten thousand dollars.....

VIC: (DAZED) Ten thousand..dollars?

HENRY: Exactly. An ample sum, my young friend, for an extended vacation out of town for a year or two ... a cruise perhaps, around the world...

VIC: I see. In other words, this is a bribe.

HENRY: A harsh word, but descriptive. ~~A bribe, yes, although I should prefer the word, bargain.~~ In any event, Mr. Doyle, Margaret has had other suitors with rather serious intentions. In each case, they were reasonable.
~~Now you, ...~~

VIC: Get out!

HENRY: What?

VIC: I said get out! Take your stuffed shirt and get out of here! If you were twenty years younger, Blaine, I'd pick you up by those striped pants of yours and throw you down the stairs.

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

MARGARET: (DISTRESSED) Vic...Vic, I just can't believe that Henry Blaine...

VIC: I couldn't believe it myself when I heard it. Margaret.. how you ever let a man like that influence you ---

MARGARET: Vic! Vic, don't judge Henry too harshly. He means well. Whatever he did, he thought it was for me...

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

MARGARET: Oh. ~~Someone's at the door~~ ^{Someone's at the door}....

(A PAUSE)

(DOOR OPENS)

TONY: (A LITTLE DRUNK) Hello, Baby.

MARGARET: Tony! Tony Andrews!

TONY: Yeah. Your old boy friend. Remember? Your old boy friend, before this punk took you away from me. ~~So this is Vic, eh? The guy you're going to marry..~~

MARGARET: ~~Tony! Tony, please...~~

TONY: ~~(TO VIC) Yeah, buddy, I heard her call you Vic, through the door. I've been looking for you..~~

VIC: ~~(WHISPERING) Look at her!~~

TONY: Try to steal my girl friend, will you, punk? Try to take her away from me, would you? (FLARES IN FURY) Why, you dirty, double-crossing....

MARGARET: (SCREAMS) Vic! Look out! He's got a knife!

~~(GRUNT)~~

~~(A BLOW CLATTER OF KNIFE)~~

VIC: Pull a knife on me, will you?

(BLOW. GROAN. BODY THUD)

MARGARET: Vic, Vic...what are you doing? What....?

VIC: (GRUNTING) Just picking up this drunken fool.....

(A COUPLE OF STEPS)

VIC: And throwing him out.....(A GRUNT) Down the stairs you go, my friend.

(CRASH AND CLATTER OF BODY DOWN THE STAIRS)

VIC: (PROJECTS A LITTLE) Now get out, Andrews. Get out.... before I come down these stairs and throw you into the street.

~~TONY: (OFF, FURY) Okay. Okay, wise guy. But don't think~~

~~I'm through. I'll be seeing you...later!~~

~~(DOOR SLAM OFF)~~

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Mickey Schwartz of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune, had been completely unaware that your Big Story was already well on its way. Early in the morning of what was later to be a sweltering June day, a man drove his car into a rented garage on Eighteenth Street...

(CAR SLOWS TO STOP. IGNITION OFF)

(CAR DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS SHUT)

VIC: (BEGINS TO WHISTLE "HERE COMES THE BRIDE")

(A COUPLE OF STEPS ON CONCRETE)

~~(GARAGE DOOR SLIDES SHUT)~~

(STEPS UNDER ON SIDEWALK, AND WHISTLING UNDER NARRATION)

NARR: He walked along the sidewalk, adjacent to a vacant lot, muddied with red clay. And then....

(CONTINUE STEPS AND WHISTLING FOR A MOMENT.
THEN STOP ABRUPTLY)

VIC: Who's that? Who's hiding behind those bushes?

(RUSTLING OF HEDGE OR BUSHES)

(A COUPLE OF STEPS COMING IN ON SIDEWALK AND
STOP)

VIC: (AGHAST) You!

(A PAUSE)

(SHOT)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP IN CURTAIN)

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

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #90

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 0061207

(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

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

NARR: ~~It is this sweltering morning in July, and a pitiless sun blazes down on the huddled corpse on Eighteenth Street. And you, Max Schwartz of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune, are there with the police when a neighbor identifies the dead man as Victor Doyle. Doyle's wallet is missing, and it looks like simple robbery, but somehow the jeweler's ad torn from a newspaper stirs your curiosity. So you phone your identification to the office and call at the jewelry store. You find that Victor Doyle bought an engagement ring there and their records show that it was purchased for a Mrs. Margeret Lenox of Lyndale Avenue North. You make that your next stop.~~

~~(KNOCK ON DOOR)~~

~~(PAUSE)~~

~~(DOOR OPENS)~~

MICKEY: ~~Are you Margeret Lenox?~~

MARGARET: ~~Yes. But who...?~~

MICKEY: ^{Miss Lenox} My name is Schwartz. I'm a reporter for the ~~Star and~~ Tribune. If you've read the papers this morning, you know that Victor Doyle was.....

MARGARET: (AGITATED) Yes, yes. I...I know....

MICKEY: I'm sorry, Mrs. Lenox. But I know you were his fiancee, and probably were out with him last night. There were two theater ticket stubs found on his body and.....

HENRY: (COMING IN, AUTHORITYTATIVE) Ome moment, if you please!

MARGARET: Henry, I...this reporter.....

HENRY: I'll talk to the fellow, my dear.

MICKEY: Look, Mister, I....

HENRY: My name is Blaine....Henry Blaine. I am an old friend of Mrs. Lenox, and I can inform you she has no statement to make to the press.....

MICKEY: But Mr. Blaine.....

HENRY: I repeat. She has nothing to say for publication in your obnoxious newspaper. Please leave the premises.

MICKEY: But she'll have to talk, sooner or later. The police....

HENRY: Quite. The police. It may interest you to know, young man, that Mrs. Lenox and I were just on our way to police headquarters to place ourselves at the disposal of the authorities, when you interrupted. Good day, sir!

(~~SLAM OF DOOR~~)

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You go down to the street, and wait in your car. You've been around, and you don't give up that easily. A minute later, Henry Blaine and Mrs. Lenox come out, get into a ~~big black~~ car, and drive off. Then you go back into the building, and talk to the landlady. And you connect with some interesting information. She tells you all about the fight between Victor Doyle and Tony Andrews, the night before.....

LANDLADY: Heard the whole thing through the door, I did, and it was enough to scare a body out of her wits. And that ain't all, young man. There was something else happened, too....

MICKEY: Yes, Mrs. Phillips?

LANDLADY: You take the widow Lenox now. ~~An attractive woman she is, young and well off, and she's had any number of gentlemen callers. Now I run a respectable house, and I ain't a prude, and I know she's a fine, decent woman, and with paying her rent regular, and all, but~~ early this morning, she had a gentleman caller.

MICKEY: Early this morning? You're sure about that?

LANDLADY: Heard the man come in with my own ears. Not that it did him any good. Mrs. Lenox was out...staying over at her sister's place on Spruce Street. ~~Well, sir, this man knocked on the door for a minute, it must have been, and then left.~~

MICKEY: Do you know who ^{the man} ~~he~~ was?

LANDLADY: No, I don't. But I'd like to put my hands on him, I would. He dirtied up my stair runner with his feet...loft a trail of red dirt, right up to the second floor.

MICKEY: (ALERT) Mrs. Phillips...you said..red dirt?

LANDLADY: Why, yes. Had to take it off with the vacuum cleaner.

MICKEY: Could that dirt have been...red clay?

LANDLADY: Well now, yes. Although I don't see what difference it makes what it....

MICKEY: Mrs. Phillips...about this Tony Andrews

LANDLADY: Yes?

MICKEY: Do you know where I can find him?

LANDLADY: I do. He lives over on Fifteenth Street.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

TONY: Wait a minute Reporter! What is this? What kind of a story are you trying to hand me?

MICKEY: I'm trying to tell you you're a hot candidate for a rap, Andrews.

TONY: A what?

MICKEY: A murder rap. Vic Doyle's murder.

TONY: That's a lie.

MICKEY: Is it? It all adds up, Andrews. You had a knock down battle with Vic Doyle last night. The landlady heard you threaten him. He was found a few hours later with a bullet through his heart and you

TONY: That's a lie. Do you hear me, Reporter, it's a lie. Sure, I had a scrap with Vic Doyle last night, but I didn't kill him ...

MICKEY: Where were you early this morning, Andrews?

TONY: Right here in my apartment .. asleep. I wasn't anywhere near Eighteenth Street

MICKEY: How do you know Vic Doyle was murdered on Eighteenth Street?

TONY: Why, I ... I read it in the papers.

MICKEY: I see. Andrews, mind if I look into your clothes?

TONY: What for?

MICKEY: Just to satisfy my curiosity about something.

TONY: *(Pause)*
Go ahead.

(DOOR OPENS)

(A PAUSE)

TONY: Satisfied?

MICKEY: (A BEAT) I'm satisfied.

TONY: Okay. Now ... get out!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR:
NA

You leave, and you're more mixed up than ever. The shoes in his shoe-rack all look as though they've ^{just} been shined. And maybe they have ... for obvious reasons. But you can't prove anything yet. So .. you go back to police headquarters to see what the police have found out from the widow. And just as you get there, Mrs. Lenox and Henry Blaine come out and get into his car. You run up

~~(MOTOR IDLING UP)~~ *styes*

MICKEY: (COMING UP) Mrs. Lenox ... Mrs. Lenox

MARGARET: Oh. Henry, it's

HENRY: Look here, ~~S~~ewartz. Mrs. Lenox has told her entire story to the police. They've given her a clean bill of health.

MICKEY: But ...

HENRY: I made it quite plain before and I shall make it plain again. Mrs. Lenox has nothing to say to you, or any other reporter. Aside from that, ~~S~~ewartz, I find you personally obnoxious, and your persistence annoying....

MICKEY: Mr. Blaine, wait ...

HENRY: Good day, Mr. ~~S~~ewartz!

~~(MOTOR UP AND AWAY INTO)~~

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You stand there and stare, with your mouth open. Not because of what Blaine has just said to you. It's something you think you've seen in his car. You just had a glance, you're not sure, you might have been wrong.

(MORE)

NARR:
(CONT'D) But if you're right ... you've got your story ...
your Big Story. Anyway, you've got to know,
you've got to be sure. So that night, you go to
Henry Blaine's house

(FADE IN: NIGHT SOUNDS B.G.)

(STEPS ON CONCRETE UNDER)

NARR: You walk up the driveway to the garage, try
the overhead door.....

~~(STEPS STOP DOOR SLIDES OPEN,
OVERHEAD FLIES)~~

NARR: Lucky for you ... ~~it's open~~ *it's unlocked*
(STEPS ON CONCRETE, HOLLOW)

NARR: You try the car door

(CAR DOOR OPENS SLOWLY)

NARR: You take a good look with your pocket flashlight.
And then ...

HENRY: ~~(SUDDENLY OFF A LITTLE)~~ Good evening Mr. Schwartz!

MICKEY: What!

HENRY: I saw you through the window, ~~my persistent~~
~~friend~~.....

~~(A COUPLE OF STEPS)~~

HENRY: *and*
(UP) I trust you found what you were looking
for.

MICKEY: I ... I don't know what you're talking about,
Mr. Blaine.

HENRY: Oh, come, Mr. Schwartz. I am neither stupid nor naive. It is painfully obvious. The red clay on the floorboards ... on the clutch pedal and the brake too. Nasty, sticky stuff, this clay. I am a fastidious man, Mr. Schwartz and it has annoyed me no end. I had planned to have the car cleaned in the morning ... ~~Now~~....

MICKEY: So you killed ~~Victor~~ Doyle.

HENRY: Naturally. I had no other alternative.

MICKEY: What do you mean?

HENRY: Suppose we go into the house where we can talk about it more comfortably

MICKEY: Look, Blaine

HENRY: (SHARP) Mr. ~~Schwartz~~, I do not customarily invite persons of your type into my house. But this time, I am afraid I must insist. I am armed as you see. Moreover, I am expecting a very important telephone call.... that concerns you.

MICKEY: Concerns me? How?

HENRY: Because after I receive it, Mr. Schwartz ... I am going to kill you.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: He forces you into the house at the point of a gun, and his eyes are glazed and deadly, like a snake's. ~~And you, Max Schwartz, start to swim in a bath of your own perspiration.~~ And then, this fastidious, well-groomed killer starts to talk, while you wonder about that phone call.:

HENRY: Look at me, Schwartz. I am a handsome man, am I not? Distinguished looking, if I may say so. I have not only appearance, but poise, background, money... everything but youth.

MICKEY: Blaine, I don't see what...

HENRY: (RUNNING ON) Yes. Everything but youth. And Mrs. Lenox is a very attractive woman, Schwartz .. and young. And young men came to court her. You understand?

MICKEY: Well, I ...

HENRY: But I wanted her, too... ~~but there was the handicap, twenty years too old.~~ I had to fight against ^{these} young men... try to keep them away .. bribe them, if necessary. I made up mind that I would have her, only I, and no one else. I had just decided that the time had come to propose to her. I knew that she was fond of me, I had been very considerate. And then this Victor Doyle came along...

MICKEY: I see. So you got rid of him. You took his wallet .. made it look like robbery.. and killed him.

HENRY: Yes, Schwartz. Just as I expect to kill you, after my phone rings

MICKEY: (DESPERATELY) Blaine! About this phone call, what's it got to do with me?

HENRY: Ah, yes ... The phone call ... from Margaret.

MICKEY: Mrs. Lenox?

HENRY: Precisely. I proposed marriage to her, today, ~~Schwartz~~.
What with the shock of Vic Doyle's death, I reasoned, and
intelligently, so, that she might be receptive. The shock,
you know, and all that... Naturally, I have no doubt that
she will accept...

MICKEY: But ...

HENRY: (GOING ON) And naturally, Schwartz, since you are the only
person who knows I killed Doyle, your presence alive might
become very embarrassing... the police, you know. I have
no intention of having you break up my honeymoon... (A BEAT)
Is that clear?

MICKEY: Yes. Yes, it's very clear. But suppose Mrs. Lenox doesn't
accept. What are you going to *do then*

HENRY: There is no doubt that she will accept. I have considered
no other possibility and ...

(PHONE RING)

HENRY: Ah! That must be Margaret now ...

(PHONE RING AGAIN ... RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

HENRY: Hello? Yes... yes, my dear, this is Henry. What? (A BEAT)
Oh. Thank you. Thank you, very much, my dear. Yes ... yes,
I'll see you tomorrow!

(RECEIVER ON HOOK)

(A LONG PAUSE)

MICKEY: Was that .. was that... Mrs. Lenox?

HENRY: Margaret? Oh no, Mrs. ~~Schwartz~~. That was my sister. She's
invited me for lunch at her home tomorrow. (SIGHS) I'm
afraid we'll have to wait a little longer!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: So.. you wait. It seems like a year... two years. And Henry Blaine sits there with the gun ⁱⁿ his hand, his eyes smiling, watching you and then....

(PHONE RING)

(A PAUSE)

(PHONE RING AGAIN)

MICKEY: (ALMOST HYSTERICALLY) Well? Why don't you answer it, Blaine Why don't you answer it?

HENRY: (CALMLY) Patience, Schwartz. Patience.

(PHONE RING AGAIN, SHORT, CUT OFF, RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

HENRY: Hello? (EAGERLY) Yes, Margaret, yes. This is Henry. I...

(PAUSE) (DULL) Oh I see ---

(RECEIVER ON HOOK)

MICKEY: Blaine! Blaine, what ...?

HENRY: (DAZED) She turned me down, Schwartz. She said no.

(CRACKS RISING) ~~She said no, do you understand, Schwartz?~~

She said no to me, Henry Blaine! She said she was sorry, she was very fond of me, but she wasn't in love with me.

There was too much difference in our ages, Schwartz.

Did you hear that? I was too old for her ... (SOBBING)

too old....

~~MICKEY: Blaine..~~

HENRY: Here, Schwartz....

(THUD OF GUN ON TABLE))

HENRY: Take my gun...

MICKEY: You mean you....

HENRY: I mean..I don't care any more. Without Margaret,..I don't care any more. Don't you see, Schwartz? It doesn't matter any more. I don't want to live without her... I'd rather be dead!

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from Max
Schwartz of the Minneapolis ~~Star and~~ Tribune with the final
outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #90

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: For Christmas - give the cigarette that's really
"Outstanding!" - the longer, finer cigarette -
PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Good to look at - good to feel - good to taste -
good to smoke - good to give - and good to get.
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter, with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was written by Max Ehrlich, ^{and} your narrator was Bob Sloane, ~~and~~ Bill Quinn played the part of Max Swartz. 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. Swartz.

(MUSIC: - - - THEME UP FULL AND FADE)

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES and reminding you of the ideal Christmas gift - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES in their special holiday carton.

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

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM 91

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
JOHN	MARTIN WOLFSON
SECOND MAN	MARTIN WOLFSON
RICKI	MAURICE CAVELL
JANE	JOAN LAZAR
KIM	BERNARD GRANT
MAN	BERNARD GRANT
GEORGE	ROGER DE KOVEN
SGT.	ROGER DE KOVEN
TOMMY	GEORGE PETRIE
DELCO	GEORGE PETRIE
WOMAN	JOAN ALEXANDER
MABEL	JOAN ALEXANDER.
MOTHER	BARBARA WEEKS

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1948

ATX01 0061221

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

91

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10:00 - 10:30 P.M.

DECEMBER 22, 1948

WEDNESDAY

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: PANFARE WITH "JINGLE BELLS" IN IT, SLIGHTLY SOUR.
QUICKLY INTO:)

(TRAFFIC NOISES, CROWDS. WE ARE ON THE OUTSIDE OF
A GROUP CENTERED AROUND JANE)

WOMAN: (AGAINST AD LIB BABBLE) What is it? I can't see; can
you see?

MAN: Don't push, lady. It's a kid, a little girl ---

WOMAN: What's the matter? Is she lost or something?

MAN: I just got here, lady. Ast these others. (UP) The kid
lost, what's a matter?

~~SECOND MAN: (GIBBER, CRUFF VOICE) Tell me what's your name, little~~

MAN: ~~Yeah. She's ---~~

SECOND MAN: ~~(TRIPLE ANNOYED) can't you even tell me your name ---~~

WOMAN: Let me in there; let a woman talk to that child. (MOCKING

SECOND MAN) ~~"can't you even tell me your name!"~~ Excuse
me ---

MAN: Okay, lady, okay - take it easy - let ~~her~~ ^{the lady} thru --

WOMAN: Oh, she's a baby. (GENTLY) Come here, baby - come here.
Are you cold?

JANE: (FOUR) (STARTS TO WHIMPER)

WOMAN: Are we lost? Did you lose your mommy? Did Daddy walk
away and make a mistake? Tell Aunt Jeanne.

JANE: (MUMBLES SOMETHING THRU HER TEARS)

WOMAN: Now you wait. Don't try to talk. First, we'll dry those
tears and then -- blow - go ahead - blow --

ATX01 0061222

JANE: (BLOWS HER NOSE)

WOMAN: Better? (JANE: Mmmm.) Sure. Now what's the matter, dear?

JANE: (EVENLY) He's not here and he said he'd come and he didn't come --

WOMAN: Who, dear?

JANE: ~~It's Xmas, ain't it? (WOMAN: Of course it's Xmas. It's Xmas Day.) And he didn't come so I've got to find him.~~

WOMAN: ~~Who do you have to find, dear?~~

JANE: (BREAKING) He said he'd come, last night, but he didn't and I've got to find him.. Santa Claus. I've got to.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BREAK THEIR HEARTS, VLADIE AND UP, THEN OUT 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)
(FLAT) Detroit, Michigan, from the pages of the Detroit Free Press, a deeply human story of the night after Xmas; and to John Wagner of the Detroit Free Press, for writing this story, for making it come true; goes the PELL MELL AWARD for the BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 12/22/48
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: 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.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME: JINGLE BELLS, BEGINS FULL AND PLEASANT, UNDER:)

CHAPPELL: And now the story as it actually happened. John Wagner's story as he lived it. Detroit, Michigan.

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

SLOANE: Your name is John Wagner, assistant city editor, one of the best papers in the mid-west. Since '28, you'd been at it - done everything, all kinds of reporting; strikes, murders, the police beat, covered Washington, Wall Street. You aren't cynical, just realistic - there's very little *that* surprises you about human beings, either the depths of their despair or the height of their decency. Only on this particular gray day you focus on the seamy side of life. Two reasons for that: one it was Xmas Day and you were working -- you had to leave your home, your warm home filled with kids' screams and electric trains and snow all over the house and go to work. Somebody had to work the paper on Xmas Day and you were the lucky stiff. And the other reason was that you just sat in the office with nothing to do. There wasn't a single thing coming over the wires (~~talk of a rise in milk prices, somebody turning in a false alarm, somebody making a speech about nothing before the Xmas~~) a great day for you and for the news. In despair you called out to Mabel at the switchboard (poor Mabel she had to work today too) ---

JOHN: Hey, Mabel ---- didn't anybody call in with anything?

MABEL: (CHEWING GUM) (ELSEWHERE) (SOTTO) Just a second, Jackie --- (UP) What, Mr. Wagner? Did you say something?

JOHN: I said anything doing. Who were you talking to?

MABEL: Nobody, Mr. Wagner - just Jackie, my girl friend Jackie.
No, nobody called in.

JOHN: Wasn't Ed Frisbee supposed to get a yarn on that robbery
or something on Tenth Street?

MABEL: Yes, sir, but he hasn't called in. (INTO PHONE) Just a
second, Jackie. (WHISPER) It's Mr. Wagner,

JOHN: Go ahead, finish your conversation. I'm going down to
John's
~~John's~~, get a sandwich, maybe a glass of beer. Call me
if you need me; you want anything?

MABEL: No thanks, Mr. Wagner - unless - if it isn't too much
trouble, I'd like a malted.

JOHN: Okay.

MABEL: Chocolate, please.

JOHN: Sure, glad to. Call me if anything happens. Maybe the
place'll burn down.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN WITH SLOANE:)

SLOANE: Xmas comes but once a year, you thought, and thank heaven
- because if there were more days like this - well, never
mind. You got in the elevator -

(ELEVATOR DOORS. DESCENDING UNDER:)

GEO: (DULL) Merry Xmas, Mr. Wagner.

JOHN: (SAME) Merry Xmas, George.

(PAUSE)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN WITH NARRATOR) (MUSIC THRU BOTH FOLLOWING NARRATIONS)

SLOANE: And that was all - just the flat words between you and
George, the elevator operator - there wasn't anything
else to say because for neither of you it was a Merry
Xmas. And at the end of the ride, a fitting ~~ending~~
comment *from George.*

SLOANE: There ought to be a law. You walked out, more sour than when you entered. You turned back toward the office then remembered the malted for Mabel. The drug store was the same - empty - full - stupid. You ordered the malted, paid for it and walked out of Dolco's Cut Rate Drug Store without an exchange of four words. The Xmas spirit was just oozing out of everyone. (SADLY) Great. Happy, merry, wonderful Xmas.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ PUNCTUATION)

SLOANE: Back up the elevator, George rubbing his bad foot; you handed the container to Mabel and slouched back into your chair at your desk as the phone rang.....

(PHONE. UP)

JOHN: Desk, Wagner speaking ---

RICKY: (FILTER) (AGE SIX) (EXCITED) Daddy, it's Ricky -- hello, Daddy, how are you ----?

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN WITH NARRATOR)

SLOANE: (IN CLOSE) Suddenly all the warmth in the world was in that voice, in 6-year-old Ricky. In those few words you could recreate the whole scene at home; the crazy excitement around the tree when they opened their presents, Ricky and 2-year-old Judy. The jack-in-the-box on the piano stool, the new bike, the squeals of delight over the pistol in the big red stocking, and the trains -- oh, boy those trains, with real station and real tunnels and switches that worked....

RICKY: When are you coming home, Daddy?

JOHN: Oh, I'll be home soon, Ricky.

RICK: You got to come quick - I'm having trouble with the brakeman.

JOHN: Really?

RICK: She wants to send Train No. 14 through the switch BEFORE the milk train. She can't do that, can she? ~~the brakeman?~~

JOHN: I should say not - the milk train's got to come first.

RICK: I told her that - but she won't listen. (Mommy's the brakeman) She don't understand those things. When are you coming home -----?

JOHN: Oh, in a little while, Rick, just hold out a ---

(ANOTHER PHONE RINGS)

JOHN: Just a second, Rick --- I got another call. Hold on.

(OTHER PHONE IS ANSWERED)

JOHN: Wagner.

TOMMY: (F) Tommy Emerich, John.

JOHN: Good, you got something Tom?

TOMMY: Yeah. I'm over at the 3rd Precinct. There's a kid here. Four years old, girl. Lost. Says she's looking for Santa Claus.

JOHN: Santa Claus? Okay. Sounds good. Lost, you say?

TOMMY: Won't tell anybody her name. Wandering all over the street looking for Santa Claus.

JOHN: Okay, stay with it and write me - oh, a column, 2 columns.

TOMMY: Check. So long.

(PHONE UP. OTHER PHONE PICKED UP AGAIN)

JOHN: Hello, Ricky --- here I am ---

RICK: What did you say, Daddy, about Santa Claus. I heard you say about Santa Claus. ~~I heard you say about Santa Claus.~~

JOHN: Some ^{little} girl is looking for him.

RICK: Didn't she find him?

JOHN: No, I guess not, Rick. But don't you worry about it --

RICK: Is she home?

JOHN: What?

RICK: Is she at home? That's the place to look for him, doesn't she know that? Everybody knows you don't go out and look for Santa Claus. You wait and if you're good, he comes to your house.

JOHN: (THINKING) Yeah. I think you're right, Rick. ~~Yeah.~~ Well, let's hang up now and I'll see you soon.

RICK: But tell her that, Daddy, the place to look for Santa is at home.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: (MUSING) Out of the mouths of babes ---- "The place to look for Santa Claus is at home - everybody knows that." Then what's a four-year-old kid doing roving the streets looking for the Old Guy with the beard? Maybe you got a story there, Ricky? Maybe that is a story.

(MUSIC: PUNCTUATES AND UNDER - CONTINUE FOR NEXT 4 SPEECHES OF SLOANE - MONTAGE EFFECT)

SLOANE: You race over to the Third Precinct stationhouse and there you find a confused and shamefaced reporter, Tommy Emerich ---

TOMMY: Can't do a thing, John. Can't find out a thing.

SLOANE: ~~There's~~ a kindly ~~old~~ woman who's tried everything and gotten nowhere ---

WOMAN: (FROM VIGNETTE) She won't tell her name and now she won't talk at all --

SLOANE: And there's a desk sergeant, a nice fat homely desk sergeant, who's run out to the store and is trying to give the little girl a toy penguin --

SCT: Go ahead, take it, kid. It's all yours. It's a nice penguin. Go ahead feel it. It's nice and soft.

SLOANE: But they all get nowhere -- and in the center of the room, wearing the sergeant's jacket (because the room is chilly and all she's wearing is a torn sweater over her dress) is the girl...

~~(MUSIC OUT)~~

....a wisp of a girl, about 4, thin and hollow-eyed, not pretty, with straight plain, black hair, holding herself in, not saying anything -- just the words -- (MUSIC OUT)

JANE: I can't find him. I can't find him anywhere. He said he'd come, but he didn't. He'll never come.

JOHN: Did he say he'd come?

JANE: He told me hisself, he said he'd come.

JOHN: When did he tell you that?

JANE: (PRECISELY) The day before yesterday. I went to him and said, Will you come to see me? and he said of course I will and he rang his bell.

JOHN: Where was that?

JANE: On the corner, outside on the street, where the big store is, where they sell the toys and all the clothes. He had a pot and a bell and he kept shaking his beard and ringing the bell and when I ast him he said he'd come, but he never came. He never never came.

(PAUSE)

-11-

JOHN: What's your name? (SHE IS SOFTLY CRYING) Where do you live? What's your mommy's name? (SAME) -- ^{Don't} ~~So~~ you want to tell us?

JANE: He's a liar, that's what he is. Santa Claus is a liar. Liar. Liar!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN WITH SLOANE:)

SLOANE: The day has changed, no longer merely gray or dull, but bitter. Black bitter, gall bitter -- and if this is all a city can offer to a four-year-old child on the day of the birth of the Prince of Peace, then -- you don't have to say it. And looking into her face, not tear-stained, but empty (a four-year-old child's life empty!) - you, John Wagner of the Detroit Free Press, know that you've got to do something, you've got to change it, you've got to bring back light into a child's eye, a smile onto a *little* girl's face. But how? How can you do such a thing, when after all, there is no Santa Claus and he won't really come -- even after he promised.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP TO TAG)

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

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0061232

THE BIG STORY 12/22/48
PELL MELL

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.

(MUSIC: INTRO AND UNDER)

ANNCR: *Thru to the* ~~How~~ ^{to} return you to your narrator and the BIG STORY of John Wagner, as he lived it and wrote it.

SLOANE: It's Xmas Day, 5 PM on Xmas Day, time for you John Wagner of the Detroit Free Press, to knock off, go on home and take up with the electric trains, with the tree, with Ricky, your son and Judy your daughter and your wife -- but you don't ~~knock-off~~. You pace the floor of the Station House of the Third Police Precinct, you and a bewildered desk sergeant and another reporter ^{and another} and -- the three of you wonder what you can do about the quiet sullen frozen-faced child who sits in the middle of the room and asks what happened to Santa Claus. You turn ~~into~~ the sergeant --

JOHN: Where did they pick her up, maybe we'll find something out of that?

SGT: No, sir, Mr. Wagner - nothing there. We looked into that. We found her outside the department store, 10th street. She'd been walking an hour. She might of come from anywhere --

JOHN: What about Missing Persons?

SGT: We checked with Missing Persons half an hour ago -- nothing doing. Her folks didn't miss her yet ---

TOMMY: (LITTLE OFF) If she's got folks ---

JOHN: What? What'd you say, Tommy?

TOMMY: I said "if she's got folks," maybe she hasn't got a family ---

JOHN: That's a fine thought. Call back Missing Persons, hun Sarge?

SGT: Go ahead if you want to, but -- they said they'd

JOHN: Was her description sent out?

SGT: Ain't we got hearts? Of course, every patrol car
town's got the description --but till her family
what can we do?

JOHN: I don't know, I -- maybe if I went out and got a
and something to eat and -- ah, what's the point
got to get her home -- until we do that we --

JANE: (SOFTLY CRIES OFF MIKE)

SGT: She's at it again. (GENTLY AS HE CAN) Don't cry
We'll find them, don't you worry -- we'll find th

JOHN: ~~Gimme that phone~~

SGT: ~~Sure, call up Missing Persons. (GENTLY AGAIN) I~~
kid, look at the penguin. See the way he walks?
Funny, ain't he?

(PIERCE DIALING, RINGS. THE LINE IS BUSY.
UP WITH VIOLENCE)

JOHN: Busy! Tommy, haven't you got an idea --

TOMMY: Like what?

JOHN: ~~Yeah~~

(THE PHONE RINGS. STEPS)

SGT: (ANSWERS IT) Third Precinct, Sgt. Moran. (EXCITE)
Who? Yeah. Great. Gimme the address. (TO JOHN)
kid's mother. She just left Missing Persons -

JOHN: I'll write it down. It's your mother --

JANE: (LITTLE VOICE) Mommy --

SGT: Ida Wershba, 1142 East Evans Avenue -- right way.

JOHN: Let me take her will you, Sarge. ~~Get me. Okay~~

SGT: Sure thing, Mr. Wagner. I'll drive you over --
Janie, we're going home.

JOHN: That her name?

SGT: Yeah, Jane.

JOHN: Come on, Jane - let's go home and see -- maybe Santa Claus came after all.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER:)

SLOANE: It's the worst section of town, dilapidated wooden buildings, rubbish in the dirty snow of the street, tired houses that sag. Jane sits on your lap all the way there and gets out, without interest, as you pull up in front of 1142 East Evans. The house is nothing for a child to get excited about - a sour, sad house.

JANE: (DULL) That's my apartment there -- where I live.

SLOANE: She points to the ground floor right and as you walk, through the windows, you see a bare room, a bed, one chair, a table - emptiness. And hanging in the window is a sign that says: "Merry Christmas," except the M of "Merry" and the C of "Christmas" are broken off -- the sign is maybe three, maybe four years old -- and you understand why this child went looking for Santa Claus; it's very clear he never came there.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ PUNCTUATES AND UNDER:)

SLOANE: You ring the bell and the door opens and they embrace, the thin hollow-eyed child and a mother also thin, more hollow-eyed, and from the other room - the kitchen - comes the cry of a baby. You and the sergeant lower your eyes, the human misery is too close, the sobbing too loud for your ears. You wish it had never been, but it is. It's real and then the mother looks at you with wide-open eyes ---

MOTHER: What could I do. It's my fault, but what could I do?

JOHN: We understand, Mrs. Wershba.

MOTHER: Nobody understands. The Welfare people said a basket'll come on Xmas morning - Xmas morning every year they send up a basket, they're so good to us -- but this year, this morning, nothing ---

JOHN: They didn't send it?

MOTHER: No, they sent it - you don't understand. We moved. Last year we lived the other end of town, my husband was working - but -- he got sick (He's in the hospital now, his legs) - and we moved. They didn't know our address, they, I thought, they must have gone and delivered to the old address. So I went ---

JOHN: You had to leave the children?

MOTHER: I wouldn't leave them alone - Jane and the baby - never - so I got a neighbor, Mrs. Stone from upstairs. She said she'll stay till I come back - but must be she went to make the baby milk, or she was feeding the baby, Jane went out the door. She was gone before Mrs. Stone saw it. Why did you go, my darling, why?

JANE: He said he would come but when he didn't come I went to find him.

MOTHER: Of course, of course. (TO JOHN) This I didn't know. I went to the old address - I walked - I had no carfare - it took a long time.

JOHN: Where did you used to live?

MOTHER: On Duncan Street, 806 Duncan.

JOHN: That's - that's 5 miles -- you walked there and back?

MOTHER: A driver gave me a lift - half way back. But at Duncan Street, the Welfare was there but they didn't know where we went (nobody at the house knew), so - naturally they took the packages back and --

JANE: Then he didn't come, did he? He never came?

MOTHER: Wait, my darling, wait. Jane, wait. Look - a tree. See, in the kitchen - a tree ----

SLOANE: (IN CLOSE) A straggly bush, two feet high, three branches on it, a travesty of a Xmas tree - something she found discarded in the alley.

JANE: That's not a Xmas tree. Where's the lights?

MOTHER: See little balls, I got. One's broken, I know, but -- we'll put them on -- it'll be a fine tree ---

SLOANE: Three broken tinsel balls and a broken tree and a broken Merry Xmas sign for Xmas.

MOTHER: What does it matter, my darling? You're back and we're together and -- on the stove dinner's cooking. ~~We'll have a feast.~~

SLOANE: You smelled it as you stood there, the ^{dinner} ~~feast~~, and as she talked you edged your way over to the stove to make sure.

~~JANE:~~ Frankfurters and sauerkrautt ---

MOTHER: (PICKING IT UP) It'll be wonderful - frankfurter and sauerkraut -- with mustard, Janie, with mustard!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HITS AND GOES UNDER:)

SLOANE: Now you know what there is to do -- and you do it. First back to the city room, write it, write the story - or perhaps, wait a minute, hold up on it - maybe - let's see -- maybe you can write a different ending. You put your hand in your pocket and pull out all you have ---

JOHN: (DISAPPOINTED) Seven dollars -- just seven dollars --

TOMMY: John ---

JOHN: Yes Tommy?

TOMMY: I've got eight fifty on me,

JOHN: Thanks,

MABEL: (LITTLE OFF) Mr. Wagner --

JOHN: Yes, Mabel --

MABEL: Would a dollar fifteen help?

(MUSIC: IN BELIED AND UNDER (CONTINUE THROUGH SLOANE - GEORGE - SLOANE SPEECHES) (MONTAGE AFFECT))

SLOANE: You start downstairs for ^{Young's} ~~Long's~~ bar - and in the elevator George who's also heard the story says ---

GEORGE: Down in the cellar, Mr. Wagner, found this here box - opened her up and -- look -- Xmas decorations. Might come in handy, Mr. Wagner. Right?

(MUSIC: THE SAME AND UNDER)

SLOANE: At ^{Young's} ~~Long's~~, Kim the bartender, says it before you even get a chance to open your mouth -- (MUSIC: OUT)

KIM: I call Mr. ^{Young} ~~Long~~ on the phone told him, he says what are you waiting for? So the chef's fixing a turkey, with all the trimmings --

JOHN: Thanks, Kim --

KIM: Fellow from the drug store, Mr. Delco, says don't go way till you stop in to see him.

JOHN: Delco's Cut Rate Drugs --

KIM: Yeah, wait a second - (~~JOHN: Humm~~) Got to turn me on this radio, Little music just what the doctor ordered.

(MUSIC: THE SILENT NIGHT THEME IN WITH THE HAPPY THEME, UNDER:)

SLOANE: And at Delco's Cut Rate store --

DELCO: I got this Panda for Janie and for the baby take your pick, half a dozen rattles and for the mother a bottle of perfumes and you think the old man, in the hospital'd like this watch?

SLOANE: (MUSIC: IN WITH) And with your arms laden, the gifts of all these ordinary, simple, decent people, you gather them up and start out. One problem before you can go --

JOHN: How'll we carry all this? Turkey, toys, tree (George where'd you get that tree?) - how'll we take them? I know -- one of the ^{Papa's} ~~delivery trucks of the Detroit Free Press~~ Couldn't be better.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER CONTINUE FOR SLOANE - JANE - SLOANE SPEECHES - MONTAGE EFFECT)

SLOANE: That does it. You make your deliveries - the five Santa Clauses, you, John Wagner, George, Tommy Emmerich, Delco and Kim the bartender -- and into the battered house comes light and laughter and there is belief again in the world, belief in the voice of a thin child of four who says --

JANE: Mama, he came after all, didn't he? He came after all.

SLOANE: And at 7^{o'clock} you're back in your own home, you're back with the jack-in-the-box and with the bike and you're the brakeman (who understands) as Rick sends Train #417 highballing down the track right after the milk train -- (~~SOUND EFFECT~~) -- and after a while. (After you're sure that it was only a shadow across the sun, only the brief momentary bitterness that comes into every human life), after a while you stop your game and listen as Ricky says--

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

RICK: Isn't it funny, dad, she didn't know Santa would come to her house?

JOHN: I guess it was Rick.

RICK: Sure - she should have known that's where he'd come. Where else would Santa go but to a person's house? (PAUSE)
You want to be the ^{Engineer} ~~Switzerland~~ now? I'll be the brakeman.

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from John Wagner of the Detroit Free Press 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!"

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: For Christmas - give the cigarette that's really
"Outstanding!" - the longer, finer cigarette - PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Good to look at - good to feel - good to taste - good to
smoke - good to give and good to get. PELL MELL FAMOUS
CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ORCHESTRA: . . . TAG

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from John Wagner of the Detroit Free Press.

WAGNER: The next day I contacted the Welfare Organization that had given the family Christmas baskets in the past and told them what had happened. One day later they delivered clothing and toys to the house. Christmas came twice that year for Janie and her family. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Wagner ... 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
A Big Story
BIG STORY -/from the front pages of the Pensacola News Journal -- by-line, Wesley Chalk -- A BIG STORY about a reporter who went fishing for a clew ... and hooked a killer.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ THEME WIPE AND FADE TO BG_ON CUE

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter, with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was written by Arnold ^{Martin} Berl, your narrator was Bob Sloane, and played the part of John Wagner. 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. Wagner.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE)

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell, speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES and the entire cast of the Big Story wishing all of our listeners a Very Merry Christmas!

THIS IS NBC... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

RENIE/MILLY
11/13/48pm

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #92

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
HELEN	JOAN ALEXANDER
CHALK	BERNARD GRANT
JOE	BERNARD GRANT
BRAD	DANNY OCKO
DAVE	DANNY OCKO
PETE	JOHN SYLVESTER
DAVE HAVEN	JOHN SYLVESTER
SHERIFF	ROSS MARTIN
ANDY	ROSS MARTIN

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1948

ATX01 0061245

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

DECEMBER 29, 1948

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE. . .)

(TRUCK UNDER)

JOE: What town was that we just passed through, Dave?

DAVE: New Warrington, Florida. We'll be at the Pensacola air base in a few minutes, Joe ... ~~and the end of the line.~~

JOE: That's okay by me. Drivin' this big truck on a night run all the way from Mobile...

DAVE: (SUDDENLY) Hey! Look out, Joe! There's a log on the side of the road...

JOE: Yeah. Just missed it. I....(CUTS)

(SQUEAL OF BRAKES TO SUDDEN STOP)

JOE: Dave! ~~Wait a minute!~~

DAVE: Yeah?

JOE: Did you get a good look at that...log?

DAVE: No. What about it?

JOE: I think I saw a head on it...and a couple of arms!

(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) Pensacola, Florida. From the pages of the News Journal, the authentic story of a reporter who found that getting your picture in the paper..can be murder. Tonight, to Wesley Chalk of the Pensacola News-Journal goes the PELL MELL Award for the BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: FANFARE. . .)
(COMMERCIAL)

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!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ INTRODUCTION AND UNDER FOR:)

CHAPPELL: Now, the story as it actually happened .. Wesley
Chalk's story as he lived it ... Pensacola, Florida.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ BRIDGE)

NARRATOR: It is just about dawn on this November morning, and
you, Wesley Chalk of the Pensacola News-Journal are
at home and asleep, dreaming a beautiful dream, when
your Big Story begins. You are suddenly and rudely
awakened by the jangle of the phone, and it's the
man at the night desk down at the office. He tells
you to get over to the nearby town of New Warrington,
in a hurry, a man named Andrew Donovan has been
found with his head battered, on a road just north
of Gulf Beach Highway. There is no clue, no sign of
any murder weapon. Donovan's a local man and you
figure someone in the neighborhood might know
something. So you ring a few doorbells and finally
end up at a place called Haven's General Store.

CHALK: ~~In other words, Donovan was still alive when the killer~~
left him. He managed to stagger out here to the edge of
the road, and couldn't get any farther...

SHERIFF: That's about the size of it, Chalk.

CHALK: And you found no murder weapon?

SHERIFF: No. And no other clue, either. So far, Chalk, it looks
like another one of those things!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: It is early in the morning, as you stand on that isolated
section of road, and stare at the corpse. It is early in
the morning, and you, Wesley Chalk, are bleary-eyed from
lack of sleep, never knowing and never suspecting that
seventy-two sleepless hours stretch ahead of you before
you can put both yourself and your Big Story to bed. You
figure that since Andy Donovan was a local iceman, maybe
some of the people in the neighborhood might know
something. So you ring a few doorbells, get cursed for
your pains so early in the morning, and finally end up at
~~a general store owned by a man named Alex Haven.~~

HAVEN: So Andy Donovan was murdered last night, eh?

CHALK: That's right, Mr. Haven.

HAVEN: Tsk, tsk! Too bad, too bad. Nice young feller, Andy.
Knew him well. *Worked at the local air station in Ramonville*
~~Used to deliver ice to my store here.~~

CHALK: Mr. Haven, would you have any idea as to who might have
done this...or why?

HAVEN: (HESITATES) We-ll, don't like to go tellin' tales, Chalk.
Don't stick my nose into other people's business, and
don't like 'em stickin' their noses into mine. (A BEAT)
Still...

CHALK: What is it, Mr. Haven? If you know something...anything at all...

HAVEN: ~~(A BEAT)~~ Chalk, listen. I ain't one to gossip. But I run a general store, and women hereabouts come in to buy and stand around and gossip all day long. And of course, I can't help it, if I over-hear some of that gossip, now can I?

CHALK: No. No, you can't...

HAVEN: Well, sir, the women around here have been talking, and mind you it's out of their mouths, not mine. It seems that there's a young married woman around here, name of Fraser.. Helen Fraser. She's married to Brad Fraser, who runs a party fishing boat down at the bay. (BEAT) Anyway, Chalk, they're saying ~~it takes Donovan a long time to deliver ice to the Fraser place,~~ ^{that while the cat's away the mice will play.} if you follow me.

CHALK: I follow you. (A BEAT) Where can I find this Helen Fraser, Haven?

HAVEN: The Frasers live in a trailer at Shady Trailer Court. You'll find it near the big exit sign on the highway.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You find the Fraser trailer. It's a two room job, unpainted and ramshackle on the outside, dirty and cluttered on the inside, and heavy with the lingering odor of rotting fish. You talk to Helen Fraser, a voluptuous blond girl with sleepy gray-green eyes ^{she knows} and ~~and~~ ^{that Cindy Donovan has been murdered and} when you ~~introduce~~ ^{identify} yourself, she suddenly becomes interested... ^{as a reporter}

HELEN: You're a reporter, Mr. Chalk? Honest to John, you're a real reporter?

CHALK: That's right, Mrs. Fraser. Just dropped in to ask you a few questions.

HELEN: Gee, I never met a reporter before. Never had my name in the papers, nor my picture either. It must be exciting... real exciting, Mr. Chalk. I guess you have to be a movie star, or a big divorcee, or a society woman to get your name in print. You know, something glamorous. But I guess you won't find anything glamorous about me...or this dump, either. (A PAUSE) What did you want to know?

CHALK: ~~Mrs. Fraser, you know an iceman named Andy Donovan?~~

HELEN: (A BEAT) Andy? Yes, I knew him. (A BEAT) Why?

CHALK: He was found murdered near here, early this morning.

HELEN: Andy Donovan? Murdered? Oh, no! But how? Who did it?

CHALK: I thought maybe you could tell me.

HELEN: ~~How should I know? Why ask me?~~

CHALK: People around here say you knew Andy Donovan pretty well.

HELEN: They lie! They're dirty, filthy gossips...dirty, filthy gossips, that's all. Sure, I knew Andy. ~~He delivered ice here, and he was a nice fellow. A very nice fellow... a real gentleman.~~ But I'll have you know, Mr. Chalk, I'm a respectable married woman with a fine husband, and I ~~wouldn't look twice at Andy Donovan or any other man!~~

CHALK: Of course, Mrs. Fraser. I understand. I just thought if you knew anything...anything at all....it would make a front page story right now.

HELEN: Front page? Honest?

CHALK: That's right.

HELEN: You mean, you'd print my name right on the front page of the News Journal...

CHALK: Your name and your picture. (A PAUSE) Well, Mrs. Fraser, I won't bother you any longer. I'd better be going...

HELEN: (INTERRUPTS) Mr. Chalk, wait a minute...

CHALK: Yes?

HELEN: I ... I do know something. I was afraid to tell you before, but now...

CHALK: What is it, Mrs. Fraser.

HELEN: I saw Andy Donovan last night.

CHALK: ~~You saw him?~~

HELEN: ~~Yes. He was walking toward the woods...~~ with a girl.

CHALK: A girl? What girl? Did you know her?

HELEN: No. No, I couldn't see her face. It was too dark...

CHALK: Did you notice what she was wearing?

HELEN: (BREATHLESSLY, AS SHE BUILDS STORY) Why...why, yes. A striped blouse...blue and white stripes...and a gray skirt.

~~And I saw something else. There was a man following Andy~~
~~Donovan and this...this girl.~~ A man named...Pete Barlow.

CHALK: Pete Barlow?

HELEN: Yes, yes. ~~He followed them right into the woods.~~

CHALK: ~~Who is this...Pete Barlow?~~

HELEN: ~~Oh, he's horrible, Mr. Chalk...horrible.~~ He lives in a shack, down near the bay...sells bait for a living. He's dirty, nasty and horrible...smells of whiskey all the time.. keeps hanging around the trailer camps here, making eyes at the women. And I know he's followed me through the woods more than once, I just know it...

CHALK: I see. Pete Barlow, eh? Thanks, Mrs. Fraser. I'll be going now...

HELEN: Mr. Chalk....!

CHALK: Yes?

HELEN: You'll print my name on the front page, like you said?

CHALK: That's a promise.

HELEN: And my picture?

CHALK: I have my camera right here.

HELEN: Oh, no. Don't take a picture of me like this...with my hair all scraggly, and no make-up, and wearing this sloppy housedress. ~~Here...here's a picture of me and my husband, Brad. ^{Just give me some time, please, and I'll tidy up.} ~~It's taken on our honeymoon, and if I do say it, I look real nice!~~~~

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: Now, it's a police job. You call Sheriff Gorman, and together you drop in at Pete Barlow's shack. He's haggard and unshaven, and it's easy to see by his eyes that he's been sleeping off a hangover. But he snaps out of it when he hears the Sheriff's accusation...

SHERIFF: You murdered Andy Donovan, Barlow. You beat him to death with a club, and we have Helen Fraser's testimony to prove it.

PETE: (HOARSE, BEERY) That's a lie! That's a lie, Sheriff, see? Why should I kill Donovan? I never even knew the guy...

CHALK: They say he was with a girl, Barlow. They say you had an eye for the girls...

PETE: (DESPERATELY) Look, what have you two guys got against me? I haven't done anything...honest, I haven't, I swear to it. You come here to my shack, on the word of some crazy dame, and accuse me of killing a man in cold blood, a man I don't know and never heard of...

SHERIFF: Where were you last night, Barlow?

PETE: I was here...here in my shack,

SHERIFF: (REMORSELESSLY) Your neighbors around here said they ^{didn't see a light in your shack last night...You were out, drunk.} ~~didn't see a light in your shack last night...You were out, drunk.~~

PETE: All right, all right, ~~Sheriff~~ I take a drink now and then. And maybe I was out somewhere. I don't know.. I don't remember.....

CHALK: ~~Ever been to Shady Trailer Court?~~

PETE: Sure. Sure, I've been there. But....

SHERIFF: You were there last night.

PETE: (MOANING) I don't know. Maybe I was, Sheriff, I don't know. ~~I had a few drinks, and I don't remember a thing.~~

SHERIFF: Helen Fraser says you were ^{at Shady Trailer Court} ~~there~~. She saw you follow Andy Donovan and some woman into the woods and... (CUTS)

Wait a minute. Wa-ait a minute, Barlow. ^{When did you get that blood on your shoes?} ~~There's blood on your shoes.~~

PETE: ~~Shoes? What...what about them?~~

SHERIFF: ~~There's blood on them...fresh blood.~~

PETE: ~~Blood?~~

CHALK: ~~The Sheriff's right, Barlow. How do you account for that?~~

PETE: I...I...look, Sheriff. That...that's fish blood. I was cleaning fish yesterday, and some of the blood got on my shoes and...(CUTS) Oh. You don't believe me. I can see it, you don't believe me. (SHOUTS) But you've got to believe me, you've got to! I tell you, I didn't kill this guy Donovan, I couldn't have killed him, I don't know a thing about it!

SHERIFF: (A BEAT, THEN QUIETLY) Better come along with us, Barlow!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: The Sheriff takes Barlow's blood-stained shoes to Mobile for a laboratory test. And while he's gone, you, Wesley Chalk of the Pensacola News Journal, begin to wonder. You begin to wonder about Helen Fraser, and her hunger for personal publicity, and especially her accurate description of the clothes the girl with Andy Donovan was wearing. By this time, you're ~~woozzy with sleep~~ ^{and tired} but there's an idea kicking around in your head, and you go back to the Fraser ~~check~~ ^{trailer}.

HELEN: Mr. Chalk, you'd never believe it. Why, since the newspapers came out an hour ago, I'm famous. People have been stopping me everywhere, people I know, strangers, talking about the ~~murder~~ ^{murder}.

CHALK: You liked the story, Mrs. Fraser?

HELEN: Oh, yes, yes! And my picture...it came out fine. And right there, in the middle of the front page.. it's thrilling...thrilling. ~~I guess you might say I'm a celebrity now. I just bought a dozen copies of the News Journal and I'm going to buy lots more...~~

CHALK: (INTERRUPTS) Mrs. Fraser...

HELEN: Yes?

CHALK: About this girl with Andy Donovan...

HELEN: Oh, I've told you all I know, Mr. Chalk. You'd better ask Pete Barlow about her, he'd know more, I'm sure, he was following her. I... (CUTS) Mr. Chalk.

CHALK: (QUIETLY) Yes?

HELEN: You're not even listening to me. (A PAUSE) What are you looking at?

CHALK: Those clothes stuffed behind that bureau. (A BEAT) Mind if I take a look?

HELEN: No! No, don't you dare! Don't you dare touch them. I...
(CUTS)

CHALK: (SOFTLY) Well, what do you know, what do you know? A blue and white striped blouse...and a gray skirt.

HELEN: I....I....

CHALK: So the girl you saw with Andy Donovan...was yourself!

HELEN: All right, all right. I was out with Andy last night. What of it? I was lonesome and we went for a walk. But Pete Barlow followed us, and killed Andy, as I told you and...

CHALK: (INTERRUPTS) Why did you lie?

HELEN: I don't know. I guess I got a little excited when I found out you were a reporter. I wanted my name and picture in the paper, and my tongue slipped and...

(SUDDEN SLAM OF DOOR)

HELEN: (AGHAST) Brad!

BRAD: Helen, I just read the papers and...(CUTS) Who's this?

HELEN: I...it's a reporter, Brad. A Mr. Chalk. He...

BRAD: (HOSTILE) A reporter?

CHALK: Mr. Fraser..I...

BRAD: (COLD AND HARD) What are you doing with those clothes?

CHALK: Why, I...

HELEN: Brad, darling, I...

BRAD: Go into the other room, Helen.

HELEN: But Brad, if you'd only listen...

BRAD: (SHARP) Go into the other room, do you hear?

HELEN: (COWED) All right, Brad.

(DOOR CLOSE)

BRAD: (COLD) ~~Give me~~ those clothes, Reporter.

CHALK: Wait a minute, Fraser. I ...

BRAD: (FURY) ~~Give me~~ those clothes, do you hear? Give me
those clothes..or I'll kill you!

(MUSIC: - - - UP 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: 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!

(MUSIC: -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

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

NARRATOR: You, Wesley Chalk of the Pensacola News Journal, are standing in a small trailer room, and this fisherman, a giant of a man with fists like two hams, threatens to kill you if you don't give him the telltale blouse and skirt. ~~He draws his greasy fishing knife from his belt to make his point, and you're just a reporter, not a hero.~~ You give him the clothes, and he burns them in the stove. Then he says...

BRAD: Get out, Chalk.

CHALK: Listen, Fraser, just because you burned the evidence that your wife was out with Andy Donovan last night...

BRAD: Those clothes are ashes now, Chalk. No one can prove that she was there...

CHALK: ~~Maybe Pete Barlow can.~~

BRAD: ~~He's a killer... a cold blooded killer. His word isn't worth a nickel in court. He's a drunken bum, Chalk, and I've warned him to stay away from Helen more than once, and no one would believe him.~~

CHALK: ~~But you know... about your wife... and Donovan.~~

BRAD: ~~Yes, Yes, I know now.~~ (BREAKS) Well, what are you standing there for? Why don't you go? What do you want, a story for your filthy newspaper? Do you want to print my disgrace, my shame? I'm a proud man, Chalk, but my pride's in the mud now. All I asked of my wife was loyalty, simple loyalty. And this is what she did to me. (BREAKS)
(MORE)

BRAD: Well, Chalk, why don't you laugh? You know what they say
(CONT'D) about the husband...he's always the last one to know. Why
don't you laugh, Chalk?

CHALK: I don't feel very much like laughing, Fraser.

BRAD: I'll tell you something, Chalk, ^(Pause) ~~I've followed the sea~~
all my life. The sea is hard on a man, but it's clean,
and it makes a man think clean. I've never in my life
before thought of murder. Murder is a dirty business. But
~~I tell you this now~~ In a way, I owe a debt to Pete
Barlow. Because if he hadn't beaten me to it... if he
hadn't got to ~~Andy~~ ^{Erst} Donovan ~~before~~...I'd have killed him
myself. I'd have been a man defending my home and my
honor. You understand?

CHALK: Yes, Fraser. I understand.

BRAD: All right. Now get out. My wife's in the next room,
and I want to talk to her ... alone!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

CHALK: Sheriff, I don't know. There may be something phony here.
Helen Fraser lied through her teeth. She was the girl with
Donovan last night...

SHERIFF: All right, Chalk. What of it?

CHALK: This, Sheriff. You jailed Pete Barlow on suspicion of
murder, just on her say so. If she lied once, ~~she could~~
she could do it again. Maybe Barlow...

SHERIFF: (INTERRUPTS) If you're talking about liars, Chalk,
include Barlow in.

CHALK: What do you mean?

SHERIFF: I just brought a laboratory report from Mobile. The blood on Pete Barlow's shoes wasn't fish blood .. it was human blood. We're indicting him for murder, and you can print that in your newspaper!

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE . . .)

CHALK: So you lied, Barlow. You lied about those bloodstains.

PETE: (DESPERATELY) All right, all right, Chalk! Sure, I lied. It was human blood, all right...my blood!

CHALK: Your blood?

PETE: Yes! Yes! I cut my hand yesterday, fixing my stove. Some of the blood dripped down on my shoes. I swear it, Chalk! Here...here's the cut on my hand. You can see it.

CHALK: Then why did you tell the Sheriff it was fish blood? Why?

PETE: (DESPERATELY) What else could I do? What else could I do, Chalk? I was scared .. scared to death! You heard the Sheriff. He was nailing me to the wall, every word I said. I couldn't prove nothing, I didn't even have an alibi. I was in too deep, I tried to get out. So I lied.

CHALK: (PAUSE, THEN WITHOUT CONVICTION) Well, Barlow, I'll tell the Sheriff what you told me.

PETE: What's the use, Chalk? What's the use? I'm not what you call a high-class citizen. I haven't got any friends. Nobody cares whether I live or die. I'm not too sure I care any more. (A BEAT) Maybe I ought to die!

CHALK: What do you mean, Barlow?

PETE: Chalk, there's something been haunting me. It's been haunting me till I'm near crazy. I was drunk last night, and I didn't know where I'd been, or what I done. Maybe.. maybe I murdered this Andy Donovan...maybe I murdered him, and never even knew it. (BREAKS) I don't know!

I don't know!

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You, Wesley Chalk, are a little sick inside. And tired.. ~~depressed~~, deathly tired. You go home, ready to fall into your bed and sleep the clock around, when your phone rings. It's Sheriff Gorman, and he's got news...big news. ~~They've just found the blood-covered club. And you get~~ back down to headquarters in a hurry...

CHALK: So that's the murder club, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: Yep. No doubt about it, Chalk. Couple of kids found it half buried in a ditch, off Gulf Beach Highway.

CHALK: Hmmm. It's got a funny shape. Looks as though it might have been ripped from some kind of a low porch. I... (CUTS) Wait a minute! Sheriff!

SHERIFF: Yep?

CHALK: This brass fixture on the end of the club...

SHERIFF: What about it?

CHALK: It's green with tarnish...needs polishing...as though it were corroded with sea water. (MUSING) Sea water...sea water...(SUDDENLY) boat! That's it! That must be it! Sheriff, let's go down to the docks right away!

SHERIFF: The docks? Why?

CHALK: Because Brad Fraser -- Helen Fraser's husband -- happens to own a fishing boat!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: And there, on Brad Fraser's boat, you find the evidence. There's a rail post missing on the stern...and the missing rail post is the murder weapon. Brad Fraser is the killer, not Pete Barlow. You ask Sheriff Gorman if you can talk to Brad Fraser alone, try to get a confession. The Sheriff refuses at first, but when you tell him your angle, he gives in. And when you finally reach the Fraser trailer, it's past midnight. *(... & when Brad Fraser sees you...)*

(KNOCK ON DOOR. PAUSE. KNOCK ON DOOR AGAIN)

(DOOR OPENS)

CHALK: (QUIETLY) Hello, Fraser.

FRASER: (IRRITATED) Oh. It's you, Chalk. (FLARES) What do you want? What the devil's the idea of waking decent people up at this time of night?

CHALK: I want to talk to you, Fraser.

BRAD: Get out! Get out ^{Chalk} before I...

CHALK: Better let me in, Fraser. I've got something for you...

BRAD: What do you mean? What are you talking about?

CHALK: This. (A PAUSE) ^{Sound - something} It was ripped from your fishing boat.

(A BEAT) Well, Fraser? Do you want to talk to me now?

BRAD: (A BEAT, THEN QUIETLY) Come in, Chalk.

CHALK: Thanks.

(DOOR CLOSE)

BRAD: (QUIET AND DEADLY) All right, Chalk. Say your piece, and say it quietly. My wife's asleep in the next room.

CHALK: There isn't much to say, Fraser. This is the murder weapon. It's from your boat. You killed Andy Donovan with it.

BRAD: Did I?

CHALK: (PATIENTLY) Look, Fraser. I'm going to give it to you straight. The police know all about this. But I asked if I could see you first.

BRAD: Why?

CHALK: Because I'm a reporter, not a cop. If you give me a confession now, I'll go to bat for you, with my typewriter. Understand me, Fraser, I've got no use for a killer, and never did. But I can see why you killed Andy Donovan... and I'll try to present the facts fairly to the public. ~~I don't know.~~ It could mean the difference between the chair.....and life. (A BEAT) Well, Fraser?

BRAD: (A BEAT, THEN QUIETLY) Sit down, Chalk.

CHALK: Fraser, I...

BRAD: Sit down and listen. I'm going to tell my story in my own way. ^{I know all about Donovan; long ago - - -} You've seen my wife...you've seen Helen. There isn't a prettier girl in these parts... you know that. Well...we were married five years ago. I ~~was~~ ^{was} twenty years older than Helen, but I thought I could hold her. I was wrong about that, Chalk.. dead wrong.

CHALK: You mean...Donovan?

BRAD: Yes. And there were others before Donovan. I tried to close my eyes. I said to myself, Helen's young, she likes young company, that's all right, there's nothing wrong in that, as long as it's harmless.

(MORE)

BRAD:
(CONT'D)

But then, I began to hear things...about Helen and Donovan. I heard so much, that I couldn't stand it any longer. And finally, I had it (FADE) out with Helen...

BRAD:

Helen, for the last time, I warn you, stay away from Donovan...the neighbors are talking --

HELEN:

The neighbors! The neighbors! Gossiping old Grundys' Tellin' lies, because they've got nothing better to do. And you believe them! You believe them, before you believe your own wife!

BRAD:

I'm warning you, Helen, that's all. I'm just warning you.

HELEN:

~~(CONTEMPT) You! You, with all your fine promises when you married me! We'd have a nice cottage in Pensacola, you said. We'd have good times, go dancing, buy a little car, live! And what did you give me, you old goat!~~

BRAD:

~~Helen!~~

HELEN:

And you and your fine promises
What did you give me? This rotten, smelly old trailer. A dress a year, a new pair of shoes every two years. We can't go dancing. We can't go out nights like other people, have a good time. Oh, no! We haven't got the money. And anyway, you're too tired, too old! All you want to do is sleep, sleep, SLEEP!

BRAD:

I've tried to give you what I could, Helen. But business is bad. The fish aren't running...

HELEN:

And that's another thing! Fish! Fish! I hate the smell of it. The greasy, rotten smell of it. You, coming home with it, stinking of fish. Eating it, day after day, cleaning it, frying it, broiling it, until I could scream!

HELEN:

Helen, stop it! Stop it, do you hear?

HELEN: Fish, fish, fish. A year since we've had a steak, a year, I swear. What a way to live! Throw me a fish head and say thank you, darling. Smile pretty and throw the bones in the garbage pail. Grow fish scales, honey, instead of a warm coat, they'll keep you warm. A fine life you've given me, Brad Fraser!

BRAD: ~~We were talking about you seeing this iceman, Donovan.~~

HELEN: All right, all right, Brad, I see him, I see him. But it's harmless, I tell you, there's nothing to it, nothing. It's just that he's young, and he smiles once in a while, and he's a gentleman, and he doesn't smell of fish! What do you want me to do, slam the door in his face? Do you want to get rid of the iceman, darling? Then buy me a refrigerator! I dare you, you tired, old skinflint!

BRAD: Helen, listen to me....

HELEN: I don't want to ^{talk about} discuss it any more. I'm tired of talking about ~~it any more.~~ ^{fish.} I'm going to bed!

(DOOR SLAM)

BRAD:(FADING IN) Well, Chalk, I'm only human. I could take so much of it, and no more. Meanwhile, I heard more and more talk. And then, one morning, ^{a neighbor tipped me off that} ~~I started out for the~~ ^{Donovan would be here that night while I was supposed to be} ~~decks, but turned back instead~~ ^{working in the boat.}

CHALK: ~~You mean, you want back to the house?~~

BRAD: ~~Yes. And when I got there, I saw Andy Donovan's ice truck~~ in front of my place. I crept around to the side, near the back window, and listened. My wife (FADE) was in there with Donovan and...

~~(CLANK OF ICE IN ICEBOX)~~

ANDY: ~~Well, that's it, Mrs. Fraser. Twenty pounds of ice...~~

(COVER SLAM DOWN)

HELEN: (SILKY) Andy...

ANDY: Yes?

HELEN: You don't have to be so formal with me. It's Helen.

Remember? We're old friends!

ANDY: (A BEAT) Helen...look. This is all wrong. Dead wrong...
your husband...

HELEN: Brad? (LAUGHS) Don't be silly, Andy. Why he loves that
dirty boat of his more than he loves me. (A BEAT) Stay a
little while, Andy. Talk to me...

ANDY: No. No, I've got to be running along...

HELEN: (FURRY) You're so cute, Andy...so cute. Come here, darling.
Kiss me.

ANDY: Helen...

HELEN: Put your arms around me, Andy. Around me. (A BEAT, THEN
A LITTLE LAUGH) There! That's it. Now -- I'm not so hard
to make love to, am I?

ANDY: (HOARSELY) Helen, no...

HELEN: Kiss me, Andy...

(A LONG PAUSE)

HELEN: That's it, darling. That's it, that's it!

ANDY: (HOARSELY) Helen, Helen, Helen...

HELEN: Tonight, Andy. Brad'll be down at the docks, fixing the
~~boat. Come back tonight, darling!~~

BRAD: ~~(FADING IN)~~ Well, Chalk, I worked on the boat that day.
I guess I was a little crazy, out of my mind. Then, when
it got dark, I ripped this loose post from the boat rail,
and came back, watched from the bushes...

CHALK: And you saw then...

BRAD: Yes. I saw them walking into the woods. I followed. As the Lord is my witness, Chalk, I was going to kill her. But when I saw ~~Andy~~ Donovan take my wife into his arms, I...well, I saw red. I came out from behind a tree, and hit him with the club...again...and again...and again...~~heard him cry...saw the blood...running down into his face~~
~~...into his eyes.~~ And then, when it was over, I turned to her...to my wife, Helen. I wanted to kill her.

CHALK: (QUIETLY) But you couldn't go through with it...

BRAD: (BREAKING) No. No, I couldn't. I wanted to kill her, Chalk, but I couldn't. She begged for her life, cried, and well....I loved her...gave her another chance. She swore she'd never look at another man again, but...it doesn't make any difference now, does it, Chalk?

CHALK: No. No, it doesn't. (A BEAT) Fraser...

BRAD: Yes?

CHALK: The Sheriff's waiting outside. You'd better go out and see him now!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You watch Brad Fraser go out...a broken and beaten man. And as you pause to wrap the bloody murder club in old newspapers, the door to the other room opens...

(DOOR OPEN)

HELEN: Mr. Chalk...

CHALK: Oh. It's you, Mrs. Fraser.

HELEN: Yes. I...I was listening behind the door. I heard Brad tell you everything...everything. I...I guess that's the end, isn't it? There'll be a trial and everything now, won't there?

CHALK: (QUIETLY) Yes. There'll be a trial.

HELEN: And I'll be there as a witness?

CHALK: Yes. You'll be there...as a star witness.

HELEN: My goodness, imagine! Me, Helen Fraser, a star witness at a murder trial. I'll be a real celebrity in a big story, won't I? (ENTHRALLED) Isn't it exciting, Mr. Chalk? I'm going to have my picture on the front page... all over again!

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN. . .)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Wesley Chalk of the Pensacola News 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!"

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 Wesley Chalk of the Pensacola News Journal.

CHALK: Because of his voluntary confession, Killer in tonight's Big Story received a life sentence at Raiford Prison. His wife was held as an accessory before the fact, but at the hearing he exonerated her testifying that "Before God as my maker she was innocent of the whole thing." She was ordered to leave the State of Florida and never return. Killer died in prison after serving only four months of his sentence. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Chalk ... 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 Louisville Courier Journal -- by-line, Al Aronson -- a BIG STORY - that began when a big black limousine pulled up to a bank and out stepped a Killer called "The All American Punk."

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

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter, with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was written by Max Ehrlich, your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Bernard Grant played the part of Wesley Chalk. 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. Chalk.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE)

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of

PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES. *and the entire cast of the*

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

*Big Story wishing all of our listeners
a Very Happy New Year.*

jow/mtf
12/16/48pm.