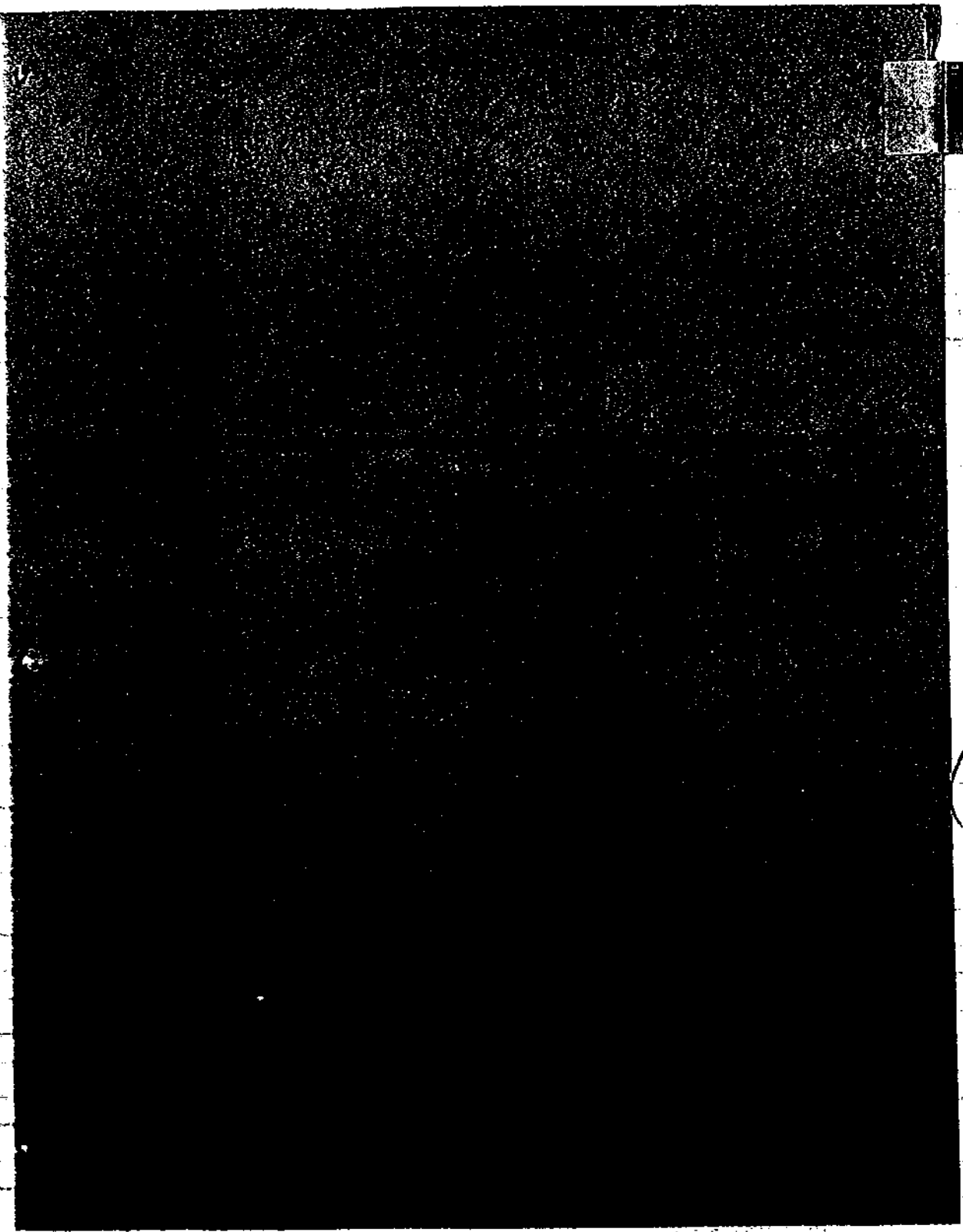


RADIO
CONTINUITY

PALL MALL

THE BIG
STORY

798582-010



ATX01 0061274

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #93

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MAN	BOB SLOANE
AL	JAMES McCALLION
ADAMS	JAMES McCALLION
PA	MARTIN WOLFSON
HENRY	MARTIN WOLFSON
LIEUTENANT	SANTOS ORTEGA
ERNIE	SANTOS ORTEGA
FRANKIE	JACKIE GRIMES
KID	JACKIE GRIMES
GEORGE	GRANT RICHARDS
FIFTH	GRANT RICHARDS

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1949

ATX01 0061275

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#93

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

JANUARY 5, 1948⁹

WEDNESDAY

CHAPPELL: ^{Forward} PEIL MELL, CIGARETTES present - THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: FANFARE INTO...)

(SCREEN DOOR OPENS. STEPS. DOOR SHUTS UNDER)

PA: (TIRED MAN OF 50) Frankie. Frankie, where are you?

(HE WALKS A FEW STEPS IN A YARD)

PA: (TO HIMSELF) Never listens; never around when I want him.

(TRIFLE LOUDER) Frankie!

(AFTER PAUSE WE HEAR OFF MIKE HAMMERING NAILS ON

WOOD)

PA: In the ~~garage~~ ^{shed} again. Someday he'll do something terrible -
I know it.

(STEPS. HAMMERING LITTLE LOUDER. DOOR OPENS.

WITH IT THE HAMMERING STOPS)

FRANKIE: (A TOUGH 16) (OFF) Get out.

PA: (GENTLE) Didn't you hear me call you?

FRANKIE: Get out of here. Leave me alone.

PA: What are you doing now? What crazy thing? What's in that
box?

FRANKIE: I told you leave me alone. If you ever come in the ~~garage~~ ^{shed}
again, pa; if you ever come sneaking in on me again, pa;
if you ever ast me again, what I'm doing, what's this box -
(SLOWLY EVENLY) so help me, pa - I'll brain you. I'll take
a hammer and I'll brain you to death.

(MUSIC: HARSH HORROR AND UNDER)

ATX01 0061276

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. (FLAT) Dateline: Louisville, Kentucky - the story of a boy, a misfit of 15, a frightened boy who killed out of fear and earned the title of "The All-American Punk." And for his excellent work in this case, to reporter Al Aronson of the Louisville Courier Journal, goes the PELL MELL Award for the BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: UP IN FANFARE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #93

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: PELL MELL'S are good -- 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...SAD)

CHAPPELL: Now the story as it actually happened. Reporter Al Aronson's story as he lived it. Louisville, Kentucky.

(MUSIC: PUNCTUATES AND UNDER)

SLOANE: You didn't know about it, Al Aronson, reporter for the Louisville Courier Journal; no one on the paper knew about it - but it would electrify you and all of Louisville within an hour. It happened (this frightening pathetic thing that will live with you the rest of your life) - it happened just across the river from Louisville, in New Albany ^{Indiana} - six miles from where you sat enjoying your breakfast. It began in the First Farmers Bank, corner of East and Maple, in New Albany. Henry Easton, the bank teller, said to Ernest Thornton, the ~~bank guard~~ ^{cashier}...

HENRY: (WHISTLES IN APPRECIATION) Hey, Ernie, look at that limousine just pulling up.

ERNIE: Must be half a block long, ~~black and shiny and~~ ^{what a car} - coming in here, who is it?

HENRY: Don't know. Must be a new depositor.

ERNIE: Liveried chauffeur ^{with hairs} some style. ~~Opening the door now~~ ^{hey} here ~~it~~ comes -

HENRY: It's a kid - some rich man's son probably -

ERNIE: (FRIGHTENED) No it ~~isn't~~ ^{isn't}, Henry. That ~~isn't~~ ^{isn't} no --

(FOOTSTEPS COMING INTO MIKE (IN THE BANK))

HENRY: (ALSO FRIGHTENED) ~~Looks like~~ he's got a ^{gun} Mr. Adams --
Mr. Adams!

(BEHIND THE FOOTSTEPS)

Mr. Adams!

(THE STEPS STOP)

FRANKIE: (HARSH) Shut up. Stand still. All of you stand still.

Where's Adams? Where's the President of this bank?!

ADAMS: (ELDERLY MAN COMING ON. FRIGHTENED BUT COVERING IT) -

Now, now - what is this - surely you --

FRANKIE: Shut up and turn around. You Adams!?

ADAMS: Yes, I'm Mr. Adams, but -

FRANKIE: Turn around and walk to the vault.

ADAMS: You don't think you can -

FRANKIE: You think I'm kidding? You think ~~because~~ I don't ~~look like~~

~~I~~ mean it - all right, you refuse to go to the vault?

ADAMS: I do.. And I urge you to -

(SINGLE SHOT. GASPS, REACTIONS. ADAMS FALLS)

FRANKIE: Okay. Who else refuses to go to the vault? Come on.

Talk! No? Okay - you - lead me there -

ERNIE: (SOTTO) Should we rush him?

HENRY: He'll kill us -

ERNIE: Even so I -

FRANKIE: (GETTING FRANTIC) Talking? Whispering? Gonna rush me -

ERNIE: ~~How about!!!~~

~~(HE STARTS TO RUN. ^{One} TWO SHOTS - STOP HIM. TWO MORE~~

~~(HE REBBS. ERNIE FALLS)~~

HENRY: No don't.

(ANOTHER SHOT. HENRY FALLS)

FRANKIE: You! *Chauffeur!*

GEORGE: (NEGRO CHAUFFEUR) Yessuh --

FRANKIE: Go won out in the car, start the motor.

GEO: Yessuh --

FRANKIE: I can't take this place now. Too much noise. You're gonna drive me where I want to go - till I'm ready to come back.

GEO: ~~Yessuh -~~

FRANKIE: ~~Don't stand there - go! Any more of you want to move, want to rush me, want to urge me - now's the time to do it.~~
~~(PAUSE) NO? Okay. See you again.~~

(MUSIC: HARSH UNDER)

SLOANE: Holding the gun before him, the kid, (one dead man thought he was a rich man's son, and another dead man thought he could be rushed, and a third dead man thought he could be urged) - the kid (he was 16) forced the liveried chauffeur into the sleek limousine and drove away. And that was all anybody saw or heard that morning. Three dead; a 16 year old murderer escaped.

(MUSIC: PUNCTUATION)

SLOANE: You get the story, you youthful, serious, an eye for every detail, Al Aronson. The first lead - 12 hours after the attempted robbery and triple murder came from a hospital bed in New Albany, just across the river. A man (with perhaps an hour to live), a man with a hole made by a .45 through his chest, the liveried chauffeur, George Murphy ...

AL: Don't raise your voice George. I can hear you fine.

GEO: Thank you, Mr. Aronson. Like I told you, he picked me up sitting in the car bout 9:30 in the morning.

AL: In Louisville that was?

GEO: Yessuh. I drive for Mr. Norton at the Steel Plant. Made me drive cross the bridge. (SIGNS OF PAINS) -

AL: Bad George?

GEO: Not too bad. (RESUMING) Made me drive up to the bank.

~~He~~ Knew that bank too. Says nobody'll be in there now - just the cashier the ~~cashier~~ ^{caller} and the president ...

AL: He was right, wasn't he?

GEO: Thass right. Got there - keep the gun in my side - made me go in with him. Killed them three men, made me go out and drive him away. Mister I tried to turn him in.

AL: How do you mean, George?

GEO: Tried to mix him up, turning corners, twisting, so on - tried to pull into the police station, but - he knew the town - told me turn down here, turn down there, all a time keeping away from (PAIN) I'm sorry --

AL: Take it easy.

GEO: Yessuh - all the time he'd keep me from driving to the po-lice station. Knew alleys I didn't half know myself - then made me go down near the river front. Little blind alley I never seen before - that's where he done it to me. Said to me, "You might keep yo mouth shut, but I'm making sure."

AL: Then he shot you?

GEO: Yessuh. Stuck the gun right next my chest, pulled the trigger smiling on his face. He was mean, mister. Bad mean. And no mor'n 16, real mean.

AL: ~~Can I ask you a question or two?~~

GEO: ~~Sure. It ain't too bad.~~

AL: What did he look like?

GEO: Big fellow, ~~5-8, 200~~^{6-1, 6-2} but only 16, 17 the most. Pimples on his face and a foul tongue, I'll tell you, foul - curse his own mother.

AL: Ever see him before?

GEO: No sir. But the way he knew them streets, knew where to turn, knew the bank - must be a local boy, I figure. But maybe he -- (STOPS)

AL: George! George. (SOFTLY) George.

(MUSIC: IN WITH NARRATOR)

SLOANE: You take the theory given to you by the heroic Negro chauffeur who tried to steer the car to the police station, you take his idea that this was a local boy (there are no other clues) to the cops. Lt. Edmonds listens, lights up a cigar butt he's chewing -

LT: New, local boy, couldn't be, couldn't be.

AL: But he knew the town - from the chauffeur's description he knew it as well as you -

LT: I know every hoodlum in this town, every one of them. The killer isn't here. There's 9 kids, maybe 10, who fit that description, I checked every one. They didn't do it.

AL: But if you'd heard the chauffeur, if you'd --

LT: Look you're a bright reporter - answer me this: he wants to do a holdup in New Albany, ~~why~~^{why} does he go over the bridge to Louisville ~~for~~, get the car, force the chauffeur all the way back here - and, ~~do~~^{then} do the holdup? Does that make sense?

AL: No, but -

LT: But nothing. If that was a local New Albany boy, I'd have him in the coop and halfway up for sentencing. Try something else.

(MUSIC: UP THOUGHTFUL AND UNDER)

SLOANE: Lt. Edmonds knows New Albany, knows it hoodlums, its racketeers, knows what he's talking about. But you are Al Aronson and stubborn and a man with an eye for facts, and you don't easily shake the sight of the dead chauffeur, George Murphy, from your mind - or his words. So you start looking ...

(MUSIC: FOR MOVEMENT)

... (NO PAUSE) in dives, in poolrooms, in the sordid places
(having no others) that young hoodlums gather. But always

KID: Never heard of nobody looked like that. (KIDDING)
Pimples, humph!

SLOANE: --- always the wiseguy grin, the gag, and the shaking of the
head. And then ...

(MUSIC: AN IDEA)

SLOANE: ... a thought.

AL: A kid who knew the town that well must have lived here -
maybe he moved.

SLOANE: (SEIZING ON THE WORD) Moved! That's it! Lived here and
moved. You go to the movers in town, there are six, -
the first four know nothing about it, the description means
nothing, but the fifth --

FIFTH: (MUSING) A mean kid, dark haired, pimples - real low down
mean kid?

AL: That's the one.

FIFTH: Yeah. Yeah. I moved him ^{to Louisville} Him and his old man.

AL: What was his name?

FIFTH: I'll never forget him. Said he'd help me with a crate -
a big crate - kind of a piano crate - but no piano in it -
and when I had it up, he let go his end - near busted my
leg. I could of killed him, but his old man was there

AL: What was their name?

FIFTH: Jenson? Heanson - something like that - Benson! Yeah,
Frankie Benson - a real mean little rat, with a foul
mouth - an all american punk...

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: You find the home of the mean, foul-mouthed kid in Louisville. A seedy two-room shack (kitchen and bedroom) little shed in the back, where a tired beaten old man listens to you and before you're half through -

PA: It's him. Don't say no more; it's him. Four men killed you said?

AL: That's right, Mr. Benson.

PA: Sooner or later it had to be. Now it happened (CONTEMPT) A son! A man slaves a whole life for a boy (his mother died 8 years ago. I never married again. Who'd marry me?) and this. I knew it. I knew it. It had to happen.

AL: Has he been around since?

PA: When did he do it? Tuesday. Today is Thursday -- yesterday he disappeared. No Thursday, today he disappeared. Today. (SADLY) Excuse me if I'm a little mixed up on the days.

AL: Of course. You've no idea where he went?

PA: Away. That's all he said. Away - except - (TERRIFIED) The note. Now it comes to me - the note - what it meant.

AL: What note, Mr. Benson?

PA: ~~The day he - it was Tuesday, of course the day he did it,~~
Off me he ~~gave~~ a note. *Here it is! (Paper rustle)* ~~I'll get it. If I tell you you won't believe me. Stop inside. Into here.~~

~~SLOANE: (VERY CLOSE) "Here" is the only other room - the bedroom.~~
He opens a closet where rags hang and the decent suit of clothes and in a pocket he finds a piece of crumpled paper. Cheap note paper with lines on it - and in childish handwriting, is a note.

PA: Read it. Read it. You wouldn't believe it otherwise.

AL: (PAPER RUSTLE) This is his writing?

PA: His.

AL: (COUGHS SELF CONSCIOUSLY) "Stop me. Stop me, please, before I do it again."

PA: That was after he murdered them. Four men.

AL: It's awful.

PA: Mister, do you think you can find him? Do you think you can stop him --

AL: (A QUESTION) Before he does it again?

PA: (ANSWER) Before he does it again.

AL: I can try. (PAUSE) We've got to. Mr. Benson, we --- (HE WAS GOING TO SAY MORE, BUT WHAT'S THE USE) -- we just got to.

(MUSIC: UP FULL AND TAG)

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE INTO:)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #93

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: PELL MELL'S are good -- 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 0061287

(MUSIC: THEME)

HARRICE: (AFTER MUSIC INTRODUCTION) This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and reporter Al Aronson's story as he lived it and wrote it --

SLOANE: It is only a few minutes since a father admitted that his son is a murderer to you, Al Aronson, reporter for the Louisville Courier-Journal, just a short time since a father showed you the fear in his heart and the terror and desperation in his son's: a boy of 16 who feared he would kill and kill again, unless he was stopped.

(BRIEF MUSIC PUNCTUATION)

... You sit now in the bare kitchen on a rickety chair and listen to the history of this boy, this mean ~~foul~~-mouthed boy ... waiting for a clue that might tell you where to find him

PA: He was bad since he was 10. A week after his birthday he stole a knife and tried to cut one of his friend's fingers off. I stopped him. Why did he do it? Lot of reasons: he was bad, ^{his mother was dead} ~~his mother was bad~~, I saw him only ^{a few} ~~the~~ hours a week -- only on Saturdays. I worked, the only work I could get - out of town. He lived ^{like} wild animal - in the streets, in the gutters.

AL: Don't blame yourself, Mr. Benson.

PA: Blame, Blame? I don't blame anyone. I tell you only the facts. He stole. Twice he was caught. Twice - a year in the Reform school each time - and how did he come out?

AL: Worse?

PA: You know about reform schools. If he was wild before he went in, when he came out he was sly, a fox, a wolf - waiting for his chance. Smaller boys he tortured, tied them up, things he saw in the movies he did to them, like the Indians, and in some of the magazines he read - where he got them I don't know.

AL: I know. It happens to kids sometimes.

PA: Kids. He was bigger than me, four inches bigger; weighed 170 pounds. If I asked him to come into the house to work - maybe I raised my voice - he hit me. Many times he knocked ~~his father~~ down. And at night -- (BITTER) (LAUGH) - at night -

AL: I don't understand.

PA: No one would understand. At night he slept with a gun, a gun - a .45! I saw it once - a gun under his pillow. We got to find him, to stop him - to - (GENTLY FOR HIMSELF) To take care of him.

AL: Mr. Benson, you say he just disappeared the day after the killings?

PA: The box. I didn't tell you about the box. (ANSWERING AL NOW) That's right - the day after the killings.

AL: What box?

PA: I don't know, maybe it's not important. It was to him. He said he'd brain me once if I interfered. (he would of too) He got a piano crate somewhere, brought it in the ~~garage~~ - (this was when we lived in New Albany, before we moved) - and fixed it up. He called it "camping out" - you know he'd get in the box and spend a whole day there. Never come out. Even eat in there. Maybe it's just a child's game. I don't know.

AL: Maybe. Lots of kids do things like that. Why did you mention the box, Mr. Benson?

PA: Because the day before he disappeared - the only thing he said to me - (this was after he killed those men) - he said - "I'm leaving money for the box. Ship it to Knoxville."

AL: Knoxville?

PA: Where he got the money from I don't know. He never worked a day in his life. I didn't give it to him.

AL: Where in Knoxville?

PA: ~~A Post office box.~~ ^{General Delivery} I remember because he said, "Here's the money, don't write down the address, remember it. ~~PO Box~~ ^{General} ~~5332~~ ^{Delivery} Knoxville."

AL: And you sent it?

PA: Shouldn't I have?

AL: No, I'm only asking.

PA: I sent - it - (THINKING) yesterday - about noon.

AL: (FAST) Railway express?

PA: Yes.

AL: Have you got the receipt?

PA: Yes.

AL: Give it to me.

PA: (SURPRISED) Why, what --

AL: Just - it may be nothing - but give it to me.

(MUSIC: UP AGITATO AND UNDER)

SLOANE: ~~Before you go to the police, you Al Aronson, carefully,~~
~~with an eye to the facts, you check the neighborhood.~~
~~No one saw Frankie Benson leave. Not at the bus terminal,~~
~~not on the trains nor at the bridge where the kids~~
~~tell you they'd wait to get a hitch on the big highway~~
~~to Knoxville. No one saw Frankie leave town. That set,~~
you go to the police, to Lt. Edmonds, who once before,
told you your theory was cracked....

LT: (INCREDULOUS) Say that again, Aronson. I don't think my
hearing's that bad.

AL: I said -- this kid sent a packing crate out of town, to ~~✓~~
General Delivery
~~Post Office Box~~ in Knoxville - and I want to investigate
that crate.

LT: What are you trying to prove?

AL: Nothing. I want your cooperation to find out where that
crate is and see what's inside it.

LT: Is that going to tell us where Little Frankie is?

AL: It might.

LT: What did he do ~~do~~ *Leave a note* inside and say "~~This is where I~~
~~hunted the bodies and~~ you'll find me at the Waldorf
Astoria in New York"?

AL: I don't know what we'll find. From what his father said
this kid's been bad a long time --

LT: This kid's been bad since he was born.

AL: Look, let's not fight about it -- all I want is an order
to stop the crate, examine it and --

LT: Look, I play hunches, long shots, I'm screwy - but not this
screwy --

AL: Who found out where Frankie lived?

LT: (ADMITTING IT) Okay.
AL: Who said he couldn't possibly be a local boy?
LT: (ADMITTING IT) Okay! Maybe I am that screwy. (CALLING OFF) Hennessey -- get the Railway Express on the phone. We want to trace a crate - shipped to Knoxville.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

~~SLEANE: Railway Express tells you and Lt. Edmonds the crate was picked up at 12:17 the day after the killing. Held overnight in the yards, it was put on board car number 121-31-459 for Knoxville. Train pulled out 8:05 Thursday morning, yesterday morning. Now -- at this precise moment - it is in the Knoxville warehouse - warehouse No. 3, Section D.~~

AL: Very efficient, aren't they?

LT: Come on, bloodhound, let's get moving. You and your screwy ideas. If I miss the late movie on account of you - let's ~~not go on.~~

(MUSIC: MOVEMENT INTO)

(PAIR OF FEET WALKING DOWN EMPTY PLATFORM)

MAN: That's the warehouse, Lt.
LT: That big one?
MAN: Yessir, warehouse 3. *The crates in section D* Want me to go in with you?
LT: What for - to check a crate? I'm a big boy.
MAN: Yessir, Lt. Got a flashlight?
LT: What's a matter, no lights in there?
MAN: No sir. ^{Lt.} It's only a warehouse.
AL: I got a flash, Lt.
LT: Prepared for ^{anything} ~~anything~~ eh Al?
AL: Yes, sir, Lt.

(MUSIC: MOVEMENT)

(SLOWER STEPS INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE)

LT: (WHISPER) There's Section D. It must be down there.
AL: (SAME) Yeah. Can you see all right?
LT: (WHISPER) What the devil are you whispering about?
AL: I don't know. What are you whispering for?
LT: (LOUD) Shut up. I'm sorry. You know this crazy idea of yours is getting me.
AL: I know. Me too.

(THEY'VE BEEN WALKING UNDER THE ABOVE. NOW THEY STOP)

AL: There it is - I think. Let's see.
LT: Over here's the address.
AL: (READING) Yeah - *General Delivery* ~~PO Box 3332~~, Knoxville. The same handwriting.
LT: What handwriting?
AL: The same as on the note. I told you about the note.
LT: Yeah. (PAUSE) What now?
AL: Let's look a little. (HE'S WHISPERING AGAIN)
LT: (LOUD WHISPER) Stop whispering.
AL: Look!
LT: What?
AL: Holes. About six - no eight holes in the top - same on the side - on this side, too.
LT: So what?
AL: I think they're air holes.
LT: What are you talking about?
AL: He's inside. The kid. I tell you he's in the box.
LT: You're nuts.

AL: Watch.

(STRIKES A MATCH)

AL: *I bought a candle and I'm going to light it.*
~~I'm going to light this taper - see it's long and thin and~~
~~it'll burn.~~ And while it's burning it'll go inside the
box and --

LT: Wait.

AL: What for?

LT: *Don't light it yet*
~~Wait~~ (PROJECTS) Benson! If you're in that box, you
crazy kid, come out. If you're in there - kick on the
side of the box. ~~Kick twice.~~

(PAUSE)

LT: (LOUDER) Did you hear me? Listen. Kick if you're inside
that box.

(LONG PAUSE)

LT: Go ahead, light the ~~taper~~ *candle*.

(MATCH.. THE TAPER)

LT: Whatch out you don't --- okay --

AL: I hate to do this but - I'm gonna wiggle it around and --

FRANKIE: (INSIDE) Ow!

LT: He's in there.

FRANKIE: Get back! Get back you dirty cowards. I got a gun and so
help me if you don't leave me alone I'll --

LT: Come out, Benson. Come out. You haven't got a chance.

(A SHOT)

LT: Watch it.

(ANOTHER SHOT)

LT: Stay away.

(THIRD)

LT: What are you doing?

AL: The only thing we can do. I'm going to roll the crate over and --

(SHOT)

LT: Watch out. I'll help you.

AL: Okay -- (EFFORT) together now -- roll it.

~~(THE CRATE ROLLS OVER ON ITS SIDE)~~

FRANKIE: You'll never get me ^{You busy Flatfoot} Never, never. Roll me over. Go ahead. See what happens. Go ahead. You'll never get me you lousy Flatfoot! Never!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: (SADLY) But "never" is a long time - and after three more turns of the crate, there is silence inside. No more shots, no more despairing threats - and then you and the Lt. open it up and out comes the mean, foul-mouthed boy of 16, who did all these things, these unspeakable things - robbery, assault, brutality toward his father, murder -- he comes out and asks two questions:

FRANKIE: (A LITTLE BOY) Can you tell me why I did it? Can you? Can you help me, mister, can you?

SLOANE: And then he collapses.

(MUSIC: SOFTLY UNDER)

SLOANE: And in the end ^{after the arrest} after the confession, you and his beaten aged father examine the box - his "camping out place" -- and you find--

PA: Look, like a Pullman compartment he fixed it - with a bed. He could sleep here a day, two days.

AL: He had ^{containers} cans under the seat - this one is water, this is for food.

PA: A lantern. Look, mister, a lantern.

AL: I see. And matches in a waterproof case.

PA: A knife --

AL: Three more guns. He had ^{quite} an arsenal.

PA: And magazines - look at all the magazines. ~~So read.~~

SLOANE: (IN VERY CLOSE) And then something that wrings your heart --
that touches everything and colors it --

AL: Mr. Benson, look: a black hat, a black shirt, black pants -
and a mask to wear over his eyes and (SADLY) false black
whiskers.

(MUSIC: UP IN THE PATHOS AND UNDER)

SLOANE: You write the story, Al Aronson: the ^{case is limited} ~~murders are solved~~
the killer found -- but when you're done the bigger story
is left unwritten, unsaid -- whose fault? Who is to
blame? How does it happen in this year of our Lord 1949
that a boy of 16 could ^{murder 4 men} ship himself to Knoxville and carry
with him an arsenal, loaded guns - and a mask ^{with} ~~and~~ false
whiskers?

(MUSIC: UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from
Al Aronson of the Louisville Courier-Journal with the
final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #93

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: PELL MELL'S are good -- 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 0061297

(ORCHESTRA: -- TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Al Aronson of the Louisville Courier Journal:

ARONSON: Further examination of crate used as hideout by killer in tonight's Big Story, revealed that one side of it was so hinged that it could be locked or opened from the inside. He had also provided straps to hold himself and his provisions steady while in transit. News of his capture so aroused citizens of New Albany Indiana that police were compelled to transfer him to Indiana Reformatory at Jeffersonville. Tried for murder he was sentenced to life imprisonment in the State Penitentiary ~~at Michigan~~ ~~Ohio~~. Thanks a lot for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Aronson .. 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 Jacksonville Journal by-line, Leigh Culley - a BIG STORY - about an abandoned school, a weird old man and a witch who walked in the night.

(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 James McCollion played the part of Al Aronson.

(MORE)

CHAPPELL:
(CONT'D) 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. Aronson.

(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.

joan/mtf
12-22-48 pm

RTX01 0061299

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #94

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
HANNAH	BETTY GARDE
MARTHE	BETTY GARDE
EMMA	AGNES YOUNG
LEIGH	JOHN SYLVESTER
BERT	MICHAEL O'DAY
GAS	WILLIAM KEENE
SHERRIFF	WILLIAM KEENE
HENNEY	BOB DRYDEN
BENDIVER	BOB DRYDEN

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1949

ATX01 0061300

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#94

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

JANUARY 12, 1949

WEDNESDAY

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

HANNAH: (HORRIBLE OLD CRONE, SOFTLY BUT WITH POWER) I'm dying
Emma!

EMMA: (ABOUT 60) (PETRIFIED) You're not, Hannah. You're not.
You're just saying that to frighten me.

HANNAH: I'm dying. Don't be stupid. I'm dying.

EMMA: (BEATEN) Yes, Hannah.

HANNAH: Take the pledge, now; swear the oath; to never to put the
body of a living thing into the ground.

EMMA: I swear.

HANNAH: Say it: "I swear never -" say that!

EMMA: I swear never - Hannah, no!

HANNAH: Say it. *If you don't Emma, I'll get the whip.*

EMMA: (~~BEFORE~~) Yes, Hannah.

HANNAH: Now - put your hand on the coffin and say these words
after me, ~~Do it!~~

~~EMMA: Yes, Hannah.~~

HANNAH: ✓ "I swear never to put the body of a living thing - into
the ground...."

EMMA: (DESPAIR) I swear never to put the body of a living thing
-- into the ground.

HANNAH: ...including the body of my beloved sister Hannah, when
she dies.

EMMA: ~~No, Hannah, no!~~ (Music)

HANNAH: ~~Say it. If you don't Emma, I'll get the whip.~~

ATX01 0061301

EMMA: ~~(QUICKLY) I'll say it. I'll say it. (GROGGO) Including~~
~~the body of my beloved sister Rahman, when she dies.~~
~~(SHE BREAKS DOWN FULLY)~~

(MUSIC: THE HORROR. THEN 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)
Dateline Jacksonville, Fla., from the pages of the
Jacksonville Journal, a story of a dawn that came after a
nightmare that lasted 20 years. And tonight, for his
work, to Leigh Culley of the Jacksonville, Fla. Journal
goes the PELL NELL Award for the BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #94

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: PELL MELL'S are good -- 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 0061303

(MUSIC: PLEASANT LIGHT VACATION THEME. UNDER:)

CHAPPELL: Now the story as it ^{actually} happened: Leigh Culley's story as he lived it. Jacksonville, Florida.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: You ^{Leigh Culley} are a hard-working reporter on the staff of the Jacksonville Journal; six days a week, And you like your assignments because you like people. But comes Sunday, you close the door on work; you knock off, pack yourself into your jalopy and roam the fine Florida valley south of Jacksonville. And with you, on this particular carefree Sunday, is Bert Coran, one of the best photographers on the paper. You're both men who know how to work and know how to relax.....

(AUTO MOTOR TRAVELING UNDER)

BERT: (WHISTLING "~~SLOW BOAT PART FOR ANSWER~~)

LEIGH: (KNOWS THE ANSWER) What is that you're whistling, Bert?

BERT: (~~EMPHASIZES THE SLOW BOAT PART FOR ANSWER~~)

LEIGH: Still can't tell.

BERT: ~~SLOW BOAT TO CORAN, LEIGH~~ *I can't give you anything but love.*

LEIGH: (KIDDING) Nice tune -- if somebody knew how to whistle ^{it goes like this} it. How can one man be so off key? (HE STARTS TO WHISTLE IT RIGHT)

BERT: JOINS IN

LEIGH: That's better. (THEY GO ON WHISTLING)

(SUDDEN SCREECH OF BRAKES AS CAR STOPS)

LEIGH: (WITH THE SOUND) ^{bert} Did you see him?

BERT: Who? I didn't see anything, Leigh.

LEIGH: ^{a man} He ran out of the bushes there, then jumped back.

BERT: Where?

LEIGH: There. Looked like he - I never saw a face like that.
Frightened. Terrified.

(DOOR OPENS)

LEIGH: Come on, let's find him.

BERT: (DUBIOUS) Sure--

(THEY GET OUT. SOME STEPS. STOP)

LEIGH: Funny. He's not here. Where'd he go?

BERT: You sure you saw him, Leigh? What was he like?

LEIGH: I didn't get a good look -- an old guy 60, 65 - tattered
clothes, had his feet wrapped in rags of something. But
that face - like a mask, rigid and -- what happened to
him?

BERT: Come on, let's get back in the car--

LEIGH: You don't believe me?

BERT: I didn't say that. There's nobody here is there?

LEIGH: (THOUGHTFUL) Okay. Let's get back - only that face:
like he'd I don't know, like he'd seen something horrible
-- and -- (GIVING UP) Yeah, let's get going.

(MUSIC: PUZZLED UNDER)

SLOANE: Back in the car, you go on -- not very far because the
gas gauge is low. You stop at the first station you come
to, the first station in many miles, you note. This
isn't highly populated country and maybe that's why the
old man who sells you the gas talks so much--

GAS: Should I check your oil, water, tires; wipe off the
windshield, Mister?

LEIGH: No that's okay. Thanks, we'll get going.

GAS: Don't mind doing it. Like to. Don't get many customers like to talk to them when I do get them.

LEIGH: Yeah. Well, no thanks.

GAS: Spose you know it -- mighty few folks left in the valley now. Got out on account of the School. Scared.

LEIGH: What school?

GAS: (WARMING UP) Miss Abelow's Seminary - never heard of it?

LEIGH: No. You Bert?

BERT: Something familiar; wasn't that a very fashionable finishing school for girls or something?

GAS: Was is right. 20 years ago. Went to seed, to pot. Terrible place it was. Cruel. Like a prison and then it begun to happen -- the ghosts --

LEIGH: What?

GAS: Haunted. ^{*Sigh: Haunted?*} That's right. Miss Hannah was the headmistress, Miss Hannah Abelow. Her and her sister Emma run the place. Some say Miss Hannah's a witch, that she killed her own pa'; some say she's dead herself. But ef you go out there -- (thru the woods down that way) - when the moon comes up, ^{*some say*} you'll see ^{*them*} her, Miss Hannah and her sister. Hannah with the bullwhip in her hand and Emma staring - just staring - never saying a word.

LEIGH: (TO BERT) Let's get out of here ^{*Bert*} (UP) Well, thanks.

BERT: ~~Yep. Got to get back to town.~~

GAS: Don't believe me, eh? ~~Smart city, fellows? Where you from, Jacksonville?~~ Well, there's things happens at the School you never dreamed of ~~in Jacksonville~~

LEIGH: Thanks for the gas. Sorry we got to go.

GAS: Ask Bendiner. Find him and ask him.

LEIGH: Who's Bendiner?

GAS: Their caretaker - lives in a shack down the road. Worked there 30 years, ask him you don't believe me.

LEIGH: What's he look like.

GAS: Oh, you're interested now? An old fellow - wears tatters don't wear no shoes, rags on his feet. And he seen plenty. All you got to do is look in his face and you know he's seen plenty. (SARCASTIC) But you got to go, you said.

LEIGH: We saw a man on the road - could that have been Bendiner?

GAS: You saw him onct, you'd never forgit him. Why don't you talk to him? And if you dare, go won out to the school. Why don't you - or are you in a hurry?

(MUSIC: -- MORE FUZZLED AND UNDER:)

SLOANE: A garrulous old man; witches, ghosts, a bull whip. Real nonsense, you think, except, there was a frightened man on the road, a man in tatters and rags. Ah! You drive on. A mile up the road you see a general store. You get out ~~just to make sure~~ ^{and} (you leave Bert in the car)-

(DOOR OLD FASHIONED TINKLE BELL)

SLOANE: -- a large, stout woman, moves over to wait on you--

LEIGH: Just a pack of cigarettes, please--

MARTHE: (ABOUT 40 TERRIBLE RASP IN HER VOICE) Yes, sir anything else?

LEIGH: Uh - can you tell me where I'd find Miss Abelow's School?

MARTHE: (VIOLENT) Get out! Take your money and get out.

LEIGH: Now wait a minute, I--

MARTHE: (CALLING) Henney! Come quick. Henney! (FIERCE) He'll take care of you!

(~~INNER DOOR HURRIEDLY OPENS~~, HEAVY STEPS ON)

HENNEY: (ENTERING) What's the matter, Marthe?

MARTHE: Get him out of here. He asked about Miss Abelow's School.

LEIGH: Look, mister, I didn't mean any --

HENNEY: (BIG MAN, GENTLY) That's all right. You go on inside, Marthe. Set down a little. I'll talk to him.

MARTHE: Got him out.

HENNEY: Don't you worry.

(SHE GOES)

HENNEY: (SLIGHT WHISPER) She's like that about the School. My sister Marthe. 20 years ago Marthe went to that School.

LEIGH: I don't understand. I've been hearing stories --

HENNEY: Anything you heard is true. Anything. Once it was a fine place, the School. Then Miss Hannah and her whip took over. They beat children, starved them, kept them prisoners --

LEIGH: I'd like to get to the bottom of this. (I'M a reporter.) Maybe I could do a story on it --

HENNEY: You really a reporter? (LEIGH: Sure, ^{from Jacksonville} ~~from~~) - then we'll talk to Marthe. Let her tell you. She goes a little wild when she hears the name, but if she thought you'd help clean up that devil's hole -- she'd talk to you.

(MUSIC: -- QUICK TRANSITION INTO:)

MARTHE: (LOW) I'll tell you, Mr. Culley --

LEIGH: This is Mr. Ceran, he's with the paper, too.

MARTHE: I'll tell the both of you. It was sposed to be a School. While their father lived, ~~Mr. Abelow~~, it was -- but when he died, she took over: Miss Hannah. She had a bullwhip, carried it round her neck, like a snake. And she'd use it: all the time, anything we did she didn't like.

LEIGH: She ever hit you, ma'am?

MARTHE: She gave me this voice. I talked back and she hit me with the whip -- in the throat. (~~LEIGH: I'm sorry~~) There wasn't no classes, just work, tending the cattle, the fruit trees, always making money for her. And saying we were studying.

HENNY: Tell about the chicken, Marthe and the rabbit.

MARTHE: She wouldn't bury a living thing. Once a rabbit died; we buried it. She made us dig it up and ^{she} kept it, dead, on a shelf in her room. (~~HERB: No~~) Once I killed a chicken, by accident. She made me pluck it and cook it and eat it -- all the time she kept saying "You're a murderer; you're a murderer".

LEIGH: Why didn't you leave, why didn't the children leave?

BERT: Couldn't they tell their parents?

MARTHE: Visiting was once in two weeks. When our parents came, she'd clean us up and while we talked, she'd stand there, listening - her hand going up to her shoulders, meaning if we told, she'd get us alone and whip us. Nobody told. The only one would help was Miss Emma.

LEIGH: Her sister?

MARTHE: Yeah. She was an angel, sweet and kind - but she was under Miss Hannah's spell and just as frightened as we were - worse ----

BERT: How did you get out of there, ma'am?

HENNEY: I took her out. I came one day, ~~about 20 years ago~~ and I saw the whip. I didn't need any more, Didn't say a word, just took Marthe away.

LEIGHT: Did you say she wouldn't bury a thing that lived?

MARTHE: That's right. Said the cold ground wasn't a fit place to receive a body.

LEIGH: But you said her father died a long time ago.

HENNEY: And another sister, too, died ten years ago.

LEIGH: Didn't she bury them?

MARTHE: I don't want to talk about it.

LEIGH: ~~We only want to help~~

HENNEY: Tell them, Marthe.

MARTHE: Not anything that lived, she used to say. And they were alive. Her father and other sister were alive. They ~~were alive!~~

LEIGH: (TAKE) You mean to say they're dead and unbur---(HE STOPS. QUIETLY) Bert. Let's go.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE AND UNDER)

SLOANE: You check with other natives, other former students of the School and the agree. The terror, the whip and the words of Miss Hannah's "Never bury anything that ever lived." But before you go out to the School, one more stop: The sheriff's. Sheriffs are level-headed men who know what's going on in their counties....

SHERIFF: (~~ROARS UP~~ LAUGHTER) Is there a law in this county about burying bodies? (LAUGHS) Course there's a law.

LEIGH: I don't see what's funny?

SHERIFF: Don't you? (LAUGHS) What's funny is you. Two big city fellers getting sucked in by an old woman's story like that. Witches, ghosts, bodies laying around! You think that's true? Nah? Not one blessed single solitary word of truth in it. (LAUGHS) And you both from Jacksonville.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: Sheriffs know what's going on in their counties, sometimes. So that night you and Bert Goran drive into the piney woods. You pass ^{the crickets} A shack on the way, Bendiner's shack (but no sign of him). You stop the car and walk thru the underbrush. And now it gets quiet, an eerie silence is over everything. No crickets, not even the sound of the wind. And then ----

(MUSIC: SNEAK)

--the moon comes out and you see the School: grotesque. Buildings that once were proud, fallen into decay, rot over everything, broken windows like jagged teeth, barrels, tin cans, rusty bed springs, torn soggy mattresses and silence, above all else, silence --

BERT: (WHISPER) There's nobody here *Leigh*

LEIGH: You heard what Marthe said...

BERT: Maybe the sheriff was right, maybe --

BENDINER: (WAY OFF, SHRILLY HYSTERICAL) Stay away! Get away!

BERT: Who's that?

LEIGH: I can't see. Wait there he is. It's the old man from the road - Bendiner!

BEND: (SAME) She's dead, but she's not buried. None of them is buried. Stay away!

LEIGH: (CALLS) Bendiner! Wait! Bendiner! I can't see him now.

~~(DURING ABOVE SPEECH, RUNNING AWAY THRU UNDERBRUSH)~~

BEND: (FADING) Stay away or she'll use the whip on you. Even if she is dead.

(MUSIC: IN WITH SLOANE)

SLOANE: And standing there, in the silence amid the rotting
buildings, the decayed School for Girls, you know
that everything you've heard is the truth. And you feel
something else - that when you find out the full truth --
it will be worse than anyone ^{ever} dreamed.

(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
PROGRAM #94

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: PELL MELL'S are good -- 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 0061313

(MUSIC: THEME)

HARRICE: (AFTER MUSIC INTRO.) This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and the BIG STORY of Leigh Culley as he lived it and wrote it.....

SLOANE: You're tracking down a story, Leigh Culley of the Jacksonville Journal and with you is Bert Coran, photographer on your paper. You're both ~~level-headed~~ ^{same} men, men who don't believe in ghosts, in witches, but here in this lush, overgrown part of the piney woods, ~~20 miles~~ south of Jacksonville, you've come to believe in almost anything: even the idea that a woman with a bullwhip around her neck, has kept unburied two bodies - for perhaps 20 years.

(PAUSE)

It's the next day, after your first encounter with the weird School, the place that was a Girls' Finishing School and is now a thing of horror and decay. You come back now and look at it, in the daylight ----

BERT: It's horrible, Leigh --

LEIGH: Yeah - worse than it was at night even. Look at that.

BERT: Yeah - what is that? Looks like hundreds of desks and little chairs - just piled up crazy, broken.

LEIGH: But there's nobody around - nothing.

(A DISTANT DULL METALLIC BANGING. LIKE BEATING AN OLD BOILER WITH A POKER)

BERT: Listen.

LEIGH: What is that? Where's it coming from?

(THERE ARE THREE BANGS. THEN SILENCE)

BERT: Over there, I think.

LEIGH: It stopped. There's a building over there, see it?

~~(THEY HEAR THE DOOR)~~

BERT: You think that's it?

LEIGH: I don't know, let's look.

(MUSIC: IN WITH SLOANE)

SLOANE: (IN CLOSE) The building might have been a shop at one time -- now it's nothing but rotting boards and a slanted roof. You pull open a tight door and find --

LEIGH: What is this? Crates of books - newspapers - from -- look at this, 20 years ago.

BERT: All this old furniture -- (SHUDDER) touch this --

LEIGH: I don't want to. Crockery, silverware - a barrel of it, and all these boxes and cartons and -- (SUDDENLY) I heard something --

BERT: Where?

LEIGH: Out there - come on.

(STEPS OUT)

LEIGH: There he is. (CALLS) Wait. It's Bendiner. Wait!

BEND: (OFF) Don't come no closer to me.

LEIGH: (TO BERT) He'll run away again. Let's stay here. (UP) Where's Miss Hannah, Bendiner, or Miss Emma?

BEND: She give you the warning - now go away.

BERT: What warning?

BEND: You heard it, same as me. ~~three times~~ ^{twice} she gave it.

LEIGH: That clanking was that her?

BEND: She'll kill you. Go away. She'll use the whip on you. She gave the warning.

LEIGH: Where is she?

BEND: Don't come no closer to me.

LEIGH: Okay, okay. Just tell us where she is.

BEND: She'll find out I told you and she'll whip me.

LEIGH: No, she won't. Just tell us -- where is she?

BEND: Then can I go? If I tell you can I go away and never come back?

LEIGH: Yes, sure, just tell us -- you don't ever have to come back.

BEND: Don't say I told you. See the path, past the big building. Just go down there - keep going. You'll find her. Only watch out for her whip!

LEIGH: Thanks - (SURPRISED) - he's gone. Just disappeared.

BERT: I think he's --

LEIGH: Never mind, Bert -- let's go down the path. Let's see what happens.

(MUSIC: ~~IN WITH NARRATOR~~) *Footsteps in gravel*

SLOANE: ~~More debris, more rot, more tons of worthless junk bags --~~
you pass all this on the path past the big building
and then you come to the shack. You slacken your pace,
because although you're not men who frighten easily --
you're coming to the heart of the matter now -- the
~~heart, you know that.....~~

BERT: ~~There~~ *Here* it is *Leigh* the shack.

LEIGH: Yeah.

~~(NEW SCENE)~~

LEIGH: ~~(WHISPER) You been anything?~~

BERT: ~~No~~

LEIGH: ~~(SHARPLY) Listen~~

(THE CLANGING (MUCH LOUDER) THREE TIMES)

LEIGH: The warning.

(~~NEW SWEEPS~~)

EMMA: (FROM WITHIN) Stay away, or I'll kill you!

LEIGH: There's someone in there.

EMMA: Stay away or I'll kill you. (FRIGHTENED) I'll kill them, Hannah, I will. I promise!

LEIGH: (WHISPER) There's a window. Let's get over to that.

(FOR MOVEMENT)

LEIGH: It's painted over. I can't see a thing. Can you?

BERT: No.

LEIGH: (WHISPER) I got an idea. Your camera all right?

BERT: Sure.

LEIGH: Get it ready. You go round to the door. I'll stay here--

BERT: What are you gonna do?

LEIGH: I'll break the window -- she'll come over here. You throw the door open and take a shot of the inside.

BERT: You think it'll work?

LEIGH: I can't think of anything else. Just watch out, Bert.

Maybe she has got a whip --

BERT: Okay.

LEIGH: Soon as you hear the window crash -- you go ahead.

BERT: Right.

(PAUSE)

(WINDOW CRASHES)

EMMA: You'll never get in, never!

(GUN SHOT)

LEIGH: Bert, she's got a gun -

EMMA: I won't let them in Hannah. I promised!

(ANOTHER SHOT)

LEIGH: Bert, get away from there. Hurry. Hurry.

(ANOTHER SHOT)

EMMA: (WILDLY) I promised, Hannah. I promised!

(MUSIC: WILDLY SWIRLS UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: You and Bert Coran retreat. You pull back to the safety of the trees around the shack. You're all right and so is he -- but you don't dare try getting in again.

LEIGH: Did you get a picture?

BERT: I ~~shot~~ ^{got} one ^{as she turned around} I don't know what ~~came out~~ ^{else I got}.

LEIGH: Never mind, let's get back to town and develop it.

(MUSIC: MOVEMENT AND UNDER:)

SLOANE: You go back to the nearest town and find a darkroom, and there in the dim-lit room ^{develop the negative, and the print} you ~~place the negative~~ ^{in the print} solution and wait -- to find out what the inside of the shack looks like, to find out what the rotten heart of the whole thing is --

(PLAYING WITH SOLUTION)

BERT: It's coming now -- the first print.

LEIGH: I don't see anything.

BERT: Just give it a second.

(MORE PLAYING WITH SOLUTION)

BERT: Okay -- wait'll I put it in the other solution --

(HE SHIFTS IT TO ANOTHER PAN)

BERT: -- ~~the picture~~.

LEIGH: Bert! Look!

(MUSIC: TERRIFYING UNDER)

SLOANE: You can't believe your eyes -- Bert's caught two things: one the face of one of the sisters, a wizened, tiny, fragile, frightened woman - and next to her, unmistakable, ² ~~a~~ ^{one} coffin - a large coffin with two bodies lying in it.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HITS AND UNDER)

SLOANE: You go to the Sheriff and show it to him. He doesn't laugh any more. Without saying a word, he gets his hat, checks his gun and the three of you go out ~~now~~ to the shack in the midst of the ancient School. And as you get to the door (where before shots were fired), now you hear a different sound: the crying of an old, tired, frightened woman...

EMMA: (IN) CRYING..

LEIGH: Open the door, Bert.

(DOOR OPENS. THE CRYING UP)

LEIGH: Miss Hannah?

EMMA: (STILL CRYING) I'm Emma. Hannah's dead. I tried to keep them out, Hannah. I tried to. I gave the signal. I fired the gun -- but they came in, Hannah. They came in. I couldn't help it.

LEIGH: That's all right, Miss Emma. That's all right. Just you come with us.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN WITH SLOANE)

SLOANE: You take this tired, beaten woman in your arms, because she hasn't the strength to walk, and you bring her out of it all. You get her back to town and find she's starving - literally starving to death. So you feed her -- first a little broth. And then you realize her starvation is worse - she needs people, she needs ordinary kindness, she needs words that will help clear the fog that has surrounded her for so long. And after a while (after a week of care and quiet, she talks to you.

EMMA: (SMALL CONTROLLED VOICE) I knew it was wrong. I always knew. But Hannah would stop me when I wanted to leave. She would whip me. When father died I wanted to bury him, but she wouldn't let me. And then Agnes, my other sister, when she died -- but Hannah wouldn't let me. She said the earth was a bitter cold place and not fit to receive the body of a thing-that had lived. And she was so strong, I couldn't fight her. She closed the place off to people (I always loved it, when father was alive and we ran the school). She said people were after our money. She said they wanted to rob us - of all our treasures. And we had nothing; ~~just old things from the school, books and desks and beds and dishes the children used to eat out of.~~ But she saved everything - every piece of paper, even garbage -- saying people wanted to take it from us, steal everything we had. (PAUSE) I lived that way - 20 years. And when she died, Hannah, I promised not to bury her - because I was afraid she'd come back and use the whip on me. (SOME FEAR) But it isn't true, is it - she can't come back? She can't whip me now? If we bury her - and Agnes and my father - and I go far away -- maybe I'll forget all about it. Don't you think so?

(MUSIC: ~~IN WITH SLOANE~~)

~~SLOANE: You tell her you agree because it's true. If you get her away from there -- this poor creature who lived under the spell of her cruel sister, for 20 years -- she'll be all right.~~

(MORE)

SLOANE:
(CONT'D)

~~You know she'll be all right if she never sees again the
coffins in which her father and her sister are lying.
She'll be all right if she never again has to take up a
poker and beat the side of those awful metallic coffins -
if she never again has to give what she calls "the signal".
Yes, this woman will be all right -- if she sleeps in a
bed, in the future, that is not (as was her bed in the
shack) in between the dead bodies of her father, her
sister, Agnes, and her insane sister, Hannah.~~

~~(MUSIC: -- -- TO TAG)~~

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Leigh
Culley of the Jacksonville Journal with the final outcome
of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- -- FANFARE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #94

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: PELL MELL'S are good -- 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 Leigh Culley of the Jacksonville Journal.

CULLEY: The climax of this weird and fantastic Big Story was the realization that this poor creature still under the spell of her ~~dear~~ ^{dead} sister, ^{Marion} had kept her promise by sleeping on a cot in between the two coffins. Investigation by authorities resulted in proper burial of the father and sister and the sending of Emma to a rest home. My sincere appreciation for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Culley...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 Oneonta New York Daily Star - by-line, Gerald Gunthrup -- a BIG STORY - about a reporter who sat watching and waiting for deathand congratulations.

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

(REVISED)

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 John Sylvester played the part of Leigh Culley. In order to protect the names of people actually involved in tonight's authentic BIG STORY the names of all characters in the dramatization were changed with the exception of the reporter, Mrs. Culley.

(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.

lenore/jow
1/5/49 am

ATX01 0061324

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #95

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
KLOPP	BOB SLOANE
LOUISE	BETTY GARDE
GERT	GRACE KEDDY
GUNTHRUP	BILL QUINN
OLD MAN	BILL QUINN
JOE	LARRY HAINES
DOC	LARRY HAINES
DA	PHIL STERLING
USED CAR MAN	PHIL STERLING
VOICE	SANDY BICKART
CITY EDITOR	SANDY BICKART

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 19, 1949

ATX01 0061325

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#95

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

JANUARY 19, 1949

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND DOWN BEHIND)

(TELEPHONE RINGS ONCE, TWICE)

GUNTHRUP } (SIMULTANEOUSLY) I'll take it!
D.A. }

D.A.: All right -- you take it.

GUNTHRUP: Hello, hello -

~~VOICE: (FILTERED, INDISTINGUISHABLE GABBER)~~

GUNTHRUP: Yeah.

~~VOICE: (FILTERED, AS BEFORE)~~

GUNTHRUP: Uh-huh. How did she take it?

~~VOICE: (FILTERED, AS BEFORE)~~

GUNTHRUP: Okay. Is that all?

~~VOICE: (FILTERED, AS BEFORE, RVE GROSSER)~~

GUNTHRUP: All right. Thanks.

(PHONE IS HUNG UP)

D.A.: Well?

GUNTHRUP: (QUIET, FACTUAL) She's dead.

D.A.: Good! And -- congratulations!

(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 & FLAT) Oneonta, New York.
From the pages of the Oneonta Daily Star, the authentic
story of a little man who never hurt anybody in his
life -- and what somebody did to him.

(MORE)

ATX01 0061326

CHAPPELL: And for his work in this case, to Gerald Gunthrop
goes the PELL MELL Award for the BIG STORY!

*of the
Award
for
Steel*

(MUSIC: - - - FANFARE...)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #95

OPENING COMMERCIAL

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Yes, 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. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild.

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE) PELL MELL'S greater length filters
the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE) PELL MELL'S greater length filters
the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: If you really want to enjoy smoking, ask for the longer,
finer cigarette in the distinguished red package -
PELL MELL.

ATX01 0061328

(MUSIC: _ _ _ INTRODUCTION AND UNDER FOR)

CHAPPELL: Now, the story as it actually happened. Gerald
Gunthrup's story as he lived it. -- Oneonta, New York.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: It's near dawn. The hands of the clock are about one
over the other, pointing down. Five-thirty, it
says. And in all downtown Oneonta, the only light
this October morning is where you, Gerald Gunthrup,
of the Oneonta Daily Star sit in ^{your} the office ^{with} of the
District Attorney. Oneonta's still asleep, but you
and the D.A. haven't gone to bed yet. The dregs of
many coffees are cold in many cups ... you're picking
butts out of the trays to smoke ... and yet - you
wait ... and wait ...

(CLOCK TICKING (OR MUSIC THEME THEREOF) UP,
DOWN)

NARR: You wait, and you remember, You remember last June,
and an after-deadline call from the State Cops to come
out to the Oneonta-Albany highway ...

(OVER MUSIC) A CAR PASSES. CARS CONTINUE TO
PASS BEHIND THE NEXT SCENE)

NARR: As evening traffic passes you stand on the highway and
(ANOTHER CAR DOES) you ask the coroner routine questions
except that this case isn't routine. (PAUSE) You knew
the victim.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ OUT ...)

GUNTHRUP: Yep. It's little Joe Light, Doc. Handyman down at
the Ivy Inn. How long has he been dead, would you
say?

DOC: Two and a half, three hours, ^{Gunthrup} ~~Gunny~~.

GUNTHRUP: Poor little cripple. I used to give him lifts into town all the time. Well - that's the way it goes. You want to give me the cause of death?

DOC: Oh ... crushed chest ... multiple fractures ... internal haemorrhages

GUNTHRUP: Caused by ...

DOC: Deceased was struck and killed by truck or car and tossed into the ditch. Hit and run.

GUNTHRUP: You think so, Doc?

DOC: Think so! What're you trying to make outa this, ^{murder?} just because you knew the poor old geezer - ~~murder?~~ It's routine hit and run, strictly routine!

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You remember now, ^{how} you took in the scene -- as they took away the little crumpled corpse - and how though you didn't realize it then, your trained eye was noting - for future reference - something that wasn't there. And how, when you got back to the paper -- it hit you - and you tried to sell it to the city editor.

CITY ED: Gunny - are we gonna have that hit and run for now or for Christmas?

GUNTHRUP: I'm trying to make you a present of something better than a hit and run.

CITY ED: Like how?

GUNTHRUP: Like this. There were two things missing at the spot marked X.

CITY ED: Riddles he gives me.

GUNTHRUP: Two things. Broken glass and skid marks. Does a car wham a pedestrian without leaving skids? Does it hit a solid moving object weighing 135 pounds without shattering headlight glass?

CITY DESK: Sonny boy, we've got no time and no space for amateur detectives. The police say hit and run? Hit and run it is - inside page. Gimme some copy, Sherlock!

(MUSIC: --- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You ^{glance} ~~glance~~ at the clock in ^{your} ~~the D.A.'s~~ office. ^{it says 5:33 a.m.} The hands have scarcely moved. And then you smile as you remember how you sneaked one past the desk on the first yarn. You couldn't write it straight. But you could - and did write -

(TYPEWRITER UP, UNDER)

GUNTHRUP: Police today - were investigating -- mysterious angles - in the death yesterday - of (BEGIN MUSIC WIPE) Joseph Light, 55, of ...

(MUSIC: --- WIPES IT AND GOES UNDER)

NARR: Police weren't investigating mysterious angles or anything else. So - you did. And that "anything else" goes into a story that had its beginning at the Ivy

Inn, a cheap dive on the Albany-Oneonta road ^{near by Long's} ~~near by Long's~~ ^{Brew, known to all as Lady Lou, a her sister-hick} ~~Brew, known to all as Lady Lou, a her sister-hick~~ ^{and her woman - get out} ~~and her woman - get out~~

LOU: (YELLING) ^{See!} ~~See!~~ ^{where's} ~~where's~~ Joe Light! ^{is that} ~~are ya, ya~~ lousy good-for-no-good! If I ever get my hands on that little no-good, I'll kill 'im.

GERT: (A WHINER) I ain't seen 'im, Lou. Mebbe he's gone to town ... ~~mebbe~~ ...

JOE: (COMING ON) You lookn' for me, Miz Lou? You callin' for me?

LOU: (ALL OUT) Lookin' for you! Callin' for you! I been hollerin' my head off!

JOE: Yes ma'am.

LOU: Yes ma'am. Don't you yes ma'am me! Where you been? What you been doin'? Where do you git off to when I want you? (MEAN) Maybe you got a girl friend down the road, huh? (DIRTY LAUGH) Takin' off to see your girl friend!

JOE: No ma'am. I ain't got no girl.

LOU: Oh no? I seen you peekin' in the Heimer's new pig sty lately. Mebbe you got a favorite girl in the pig sty, huh? (DIRTY LAUGH) I seen you.

JOE: I like animals, Miz. Lou.

LOU: You like animals. You hear that, Gert? He likes animals. I got half a mind to make you sleep in the stable, you like animals. In fact -

(A HORN BLOWS OFF. AGAIN.)

LOU: (SCREAMING) Somebody's blowin' for gas! What're you standin' there for? What do you think we got the gas pump out there for -- decoration? Git out there and give 'em some service!

JOE: Yes ma'am. I'm goin'. I'm goin' right now.

(MUSIC: - - - HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: In this cold October morning of waiting you remember *finding out how hot* ~~the heat of~~ Lady Lou's temper, *was when it boiled over.* ~~always poured out on~~ especially *on* crippled Little Joe.

(MORE)

NARR: And how, just because she gave the little guy a place
(CONTD: to lay his head and a couple of cheap meals a day, she
make a slave of him around the place. And how, despite
all this, one night found her painfully working with
pen and paper

LOU: (WITH PAINFUL SCRATCH OF PEN) so please send me ...
the ... five thousand dollar ... policy. (REPEATS)
Five thousand dollar policy. There. (SHE YELLS - AS
BEFORE) Joe! You - Joe!

JOE: (COMING ON) I'm comin', Miz Lou.

LOU: Joe - can you read.

JOE: No ma'am. Not hardly at all.

LOU: Can you write?

JOE: My name. Just.

LOU: Here. Write it here. Right here, where I got my
finger.

JOE: Here?

LOU: Yes - here! Sign it!

JOE: Yes ma'am.

(PAINFUL SCRATCH)

LOU: All right.

JOE: Miz. Lou?

LOU: Whaddayou want?

JOE: What did I sign, Miz Lou?

LOU: You got to know everything, huh? You just signed to
write in for some insurance.

JOE: What's that for?

LOU: Don't even know what insurance is. That's if anything happens to you, somebody gets a load of money.

JOE: Why?

LOU: So you won't be a total loss to everybody all your life. The way you're all the time fallin' off ladders... all the time cuttin' yourself with the ax ... all the time ^{almost} gettin' mashed on the highway by cars, the way you walk without lookin'.

JOE: I try to be careful, Miz Lou.

LOU: Yeah. And who paid the hospital bills when you fell off the ladder last year?

JOE: I dunno, Miz Lou.

LOU: (A YELL) I did, you dope! So I'm applyin' for insurance on you. And who's gonna git the money, you havin' no family or folks?

JOE: I dunno, Miz. Lou.

LOU: (SHE IMITATES SNEERINGLY) I dunno, Miz. Lou. (VERY QUIET)
I am - you dope.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: You remember how, when you dug up the fact that Lady Lou of Ivy Inn had insured little Joe against death only a few months before he died - accidentally - nobody got excited about it. After all - there were more important things on the front page. A fighter named Maxie Baer had just taken the world's championship from a bewildered giant named Carnera. So - you went on digging up the story. Including - this --

LOU: (YELLING) Gert! Gertie!

GERT: (WHINEY) Right here, honey.

LOU: Don't you honey me. You goin' to town?

GERT: Well -- I wasn't.

LOU: You are now.

GERT: Aw, can't Joe go?

LOU: (IMITATING) Can't Joe go? No, Joe can't go. He's come down with a cold. And that's just what I want. You're goin'.

GERT: What for?

LOU: You listen to me. Close now. You go to Klopp's Hardware, and pick up some ---- no. (A LONG PAUSE) Gertie, I'm gonna tell you something. (PAUSE) I got Joe insured for five thousand dollars.

GERT: Now ain't that nice. I always said you had a good heart.

LOU: Yeah. You always said. You listen to what I say.

GERT: (ALL EARS) Uh-huh.

LOU: (SHE WHISPERS UNINTELLIGIBLY) *How gonna get rid of Joe -*

GERT: (AGHAST) You wouldn't do that!

LOU: Wouldn't I? Who'd know? It'll *look like an* ~~be~~ pure accident.

GERT: But - but you wouldn't do it!

LOU: Not alone I wouldn't. You want some of that money? Do like I say and you'll get it.

GERT: (CRAFTY) How much.

LOU: A thousand dollars.

GERT: (AFTER A PAUSE) What do I have to do?

LOU: This. You go into town. Go to Klopp's Hardware and get me a small box of --

(MUSIC: WIPES IT)

GERT: Mister Klopp --

KLOPP: Yes ma'am?

GERT: Mister Klopp -- is this stuff guaranteed?

KLOPP: Sure is. Kills 'em deader than dead.

GERT: Big ones?

KLOPP: Big as they come. You got many?

GERT: Oh sure. Big as cats, they come. We got plenty rats. So -- I'll take ^{a big} ~~this~~ box. (PAUSE) Uh -- what's in it, what's in it does the killing?

KLOPP: (CASUAL) Oh -- arsenic, I guess. Arsenic.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ HIT...)

LOU: (GENTLE AS ALL GET OUT) Joe ... Joe *wake up!*

JOE: (WAKING) Huh? Zat you, Miz. Lou?

LOU: It's me, Joe. Joe, you hadn't ought to gone and got sick. I brought you something.

JOE: Yes ma'am.

LOU: It's the best stuff from behind the bar. I put some hot water in it.

JOE: Sure smells good.

LOU: Good for you, Joe. Now you just drink it down and you'll be up and around in no time. Just drink it right down!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ CURTAIN...)

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

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ FANFARE INTO:)
(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #95

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE)
PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE)
PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Your eyes can see PELL MELL'S greater length. Yes, your
eyes can see the difference - your throat can tell you
what it means.

HARRICE: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos means a longer, natural filter to screen
and cool the smoke.

CHAPPELL: Thus, PELL MELL gives you a smoothness, mildness and
satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Yes, PELL MELL'S are good -- good to look at - good to
feel - good to taste - and good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild.

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE) PELL MELL'S greater length filters
the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE) PELL MELL'S greater length filters
the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: If you really want to enjoy smoking, ask for the longer,
finer cigarette in the distinguished red package -
PELL MELL.

ATX01 0061337

(MUSIC: THEME UP AND DOWN FOR)

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

NARR: You, Gerald Gunthrup, are sitting just before dawn with the D.A. in ^{your} ~~his~~ office in Oneonta, New York..... watching the clock ... waiting ... and remembering. Remembering a story that began with a crippled corpse at the side of the road. The corpse of one little Joe, and now you are remembering how, when you dug into the story, it came to -- this.

LOU: You just drink this down and you'll be up and around in no time, Joe. Just drink it right down.

JOE: Yes ma'am.

(GULPING OF DRINK)

LOU: Feel better, Joe?

JOE: Tastes bitter, ma'am.

LOU: Course it tastes bitter. If it tasted good, it wouldn't be good for you. Now you just lay back and rest. And if you want anything -- why -- holler!

(DOOR CLOSES)

LOU: Yeah. Holler your head off!

(MUSIC: HIT ANGRILY AND OUT)

LOU: (FIRCE) I done it, Gert. I done it! I give it to him.

GERT: You hadn't ought to of! I'm scared!

LOU: Of what! Him? Huh. I dosed him good enough to kill ten his size!

GERT: But I'm scared. I don't like it.
LOU: You got to like it. You knew about it -- that makes
you part of it - you got to stay in it now! You -

(DOOR OPENS)

LOU: Who's that!

JOE: Only just me, Miz. Lou. Just me.

LOU: What're you doin' out of bed! ~~What---~~

JOE: It was that medicine you give me. Must have had
somethin' awful powerful in it. ^{Fixed it} Made me just sick as
a dog --

LOU: I bet.

JOE: ^{then} Yep. And it was like I threw off all the sickness.
~~Just cleaned me right out.~~ ^{it fixed me up good} (PAUSE) Anything you want
I should do, ma'am?

(MUSIC: --- HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: You remember how you dug that up - and other things.

How she tried to poison him with tainted food ...

tried to kick a ladder out from under him ... tried to
freeze him to death by making him sleep in the barn --

all to no avail. Little Joe was indestructible.... and

Lady Lou was getting desperate. She ~~had given gone to~~ ^{sent Gert over to}

^{nearby Cooperstown and} ~~some expense~~ -- oddly enough, she herself went to a
^{cemetary}

LOU: Who's in charge of this cemetery?

OLD MAN: Me.

LOU: ^{Is that} ~~Where's~~ the Light family plot ^{over there?}

OLD MAN: ~~That there.~~ ^{Yep, that one there.}

LOU: How come Joe Light's name and date of birth is on
one of the stones?

OLD MAN: Figured to lie here when he followed his folks.

LOU: (READING) Joseph Light, born 18-- (PAUSE)

~~OLD MAN~~ Can you carve numbers?

OLD MAN: Yep.

LOU: Could you carve over these last two numbers datin' the stone five years ahead? *later?*

OLD MAN: Could. (LONG PAUSE) For money, that is.

LOU: How much?

OLD MAN: Five dollars. A number.

LOU: There's fifteen. Five dollars a number and five for keepin' your old mouth shut, anybody asks questions.

OLD MAN: Lady - I don't know nothing. I never even seen you in my life.

(MUSIC: --- HIT AND - OUT)

GERT: Mister - them used cars -?

USED CAR MAN: Yes mam *She best in Cooperstown.*

GERT: Would you like to sell one?

USED CAR MAN: They ain't ornaments, ma'am.

GERT: Thing is, I ain't marketin' for one. But I know somebody ^{who} is.

USED CAR MAN: A prospect, eh?

GERT: Uh-huh. Now - the thing is, I can talk ~~it~~ ^{her} into ~~her~~ where nobody else could. She's -- odd, like.

USED CAR MAN: I get it.

GERT: Now, sposin' I did talk her into buyin' one, how much would you give me for makin' the sale?

USED CAR MAN: Well ... that we'd have to see. But you sell her, and you'll get your piece of the money. Go ahead - pick one out and drive it on over. What kind of a car she want.

GERT: A big heavy car. Big and heavy.

USED CAR MAN: Well - you take that pierce arrow. Its pretty old,
but its a buy. But you be careful. Don't you hit
nobody.

GERT: No sir. I'll be just so careful!

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Now the long hand of the clock ^{in your office} is beginning to slant
upward.... and the remembering is clearer with the
growing light of morning and once again your mind
turns back to the Ivy Inn ...

GERT: (EXCITED) I got it, Lou - I got it.

LOU: Where is it?

GERT: Parked outside. He fell for it like nothing.
(DIRTY LAUGH) I promised I wouldn't hit nobody with it!

(SHE LAUGHS AND -)

LOU: (WITH A SLAP) ^{shut up!} Get hold of yourself! You go hysterical
on me a time like this - shut'up! Where is he?

(SHE YELLS) Joe! You, Joe!

JOE: (COMING ON) You lookin' for me? You calling for me?

LOU: Am I callin' for you! Your ears crippled too?
Lissen. This place looks a holy mess. We got to fix
it up outside.

JOE: More paint, Miz Lou?

LOU: No -- trees and shrubberies.

JOE: Oh, that'll be awful nice. I like trees. Where we
gonna get 'em?

LOU: Up on Crumhorn Mountain. Some awful nice lilacs and
laurels and ~~little bitty balsams~~ ^{cedars} growin' wild.

JOE: They belong to the State, Miz. Lou. That's stealin'.

LOU: Don't we pay taxes? Don't the state belong to us?
Stealin! You get you an ax and come on outside. We
got a car. I'll pick 'em out and you chop 'em down.

JOE: You got a car? Golly! (WISTFUL) I like to ride in
cars. I hardly never get to -

LOU: (YELLS) Stop jabberin' and get the ax.!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO INTO)

(HEAVY CAR UP AND UNDER)

JOE: Gee, Miz. Lou - you drive nice. I didn't know you
could drive so nice.

LOU: I kin do lots of things you don't know beans about.

JOE: Yes ma'am. We almost there?

LOU: Just about almost. Was right around here I seen them
lilacs -- there!

(CAR STOPS)

LOU: Gert - you wait here. Joe - you got your ax?

JOE: No ma'am. I couldn't find no ax. But I brung this
here.

LOU: (FRUSTRATED) A mallet. What in tarnation'd you bring
a mallet for, you crazy fool? How you goin' to fetch
up bushes with a mallet? .

JOE: But this is an extra special mallet. This here mallet's
made of the hardest wood there is. Ligginum Vitey.
That's Latin, I heard. (VERY PROUD) Means wood of life.
I guess I ain't so dumb.

LOU: (NEAR HYSTERICAL HERSELF) Stop jabberin' and get outa
the car! And give me that crazy mallet!

JOE: But how kin I --

LOU: (SCREAMING) You can dig 'em out with your hands!

Get out the car!

(DOOR OPENS. CRUNCH OF UNDERBRUSH)

LOU: (LOW) Gert -- keep the engine a-runnin'!

GERT: (SAME) Are you gonna do it here?

LOU: (LOW) Shut up! (CALLS) Right there, Joe =
that patch right there! I'm comin' right over.

(CRUNCH CRUNCH AND UNDER)

LOU: (QUIET) You can't dig 'em up standin' up, Joe.
Bend down over and git at the roots.

JOE: They're awful pretty ain't they. They're gonna
look nice around the place.

LOU: (QUIET) Yes. They will.

JOE: You want to give me the mallet? Mebbe I can mash
the roots with it.

LOU: Yeah. I'll give you the mallet. Here.

(A TERRIBLE THUD AND SMACK AND CRASH OF BODY
IN BRUSH)

(MUSIC: HIT DARKLY AND GO UNDER)

NARR: It's almost full morning. Oneonta is all but awake.
The day shift's come on in the telephone building....
the metal's melting in the linotypes ~~over at the Star~~ ^{downstairs}
but still, you and the D.A. wait. And, waiting, you
remember how, finally, you ~~stopped~~ ^{got the D.A. to stop} into the case ^{with you.}
~~with the D.A.~~ And the questions you and he had to
ask.

GUNTHRUP: All right, Lou - what happened after that?

Son:

D.A.

*I don't have to tell my reporters nothin' -
I'm asking, Son - what happened after that?*

*all right*¹⁹⁻

LOU: (NEAR BREAK) Gert and me, we put him in the car.

D.A.: And then you drove down the mountain.

LOU: Yeah.

GUNTHRUP: ~~And~~ --

LOU: We dumped him out by the side of the road. I returned the car, and -

D.A.: That's not true.

LOU: It is, it is, it's true, so help me.

GUNTHRUP: No it isn't. What did you do after you dumped him out. What did you do!

LOU: Nothing. I didn't do nothing!

GUNTHRUP: You didn't lay him out in the road? You didn't get back in the car? You didn't run the car back and forth over him, to make it look like an ordinary hit and run accident, you didn't make sure he was dead after you'd hit him with the mallet? Come on, Lou - tell.

LOU: No, no. I didn't do it. It was Gert.

D.A.: (VERY QUIET) Lou - read this.

LOU: I don't wanna read nothing. I don't wanna -

D.A.: Read it!

LOU: No, no --

D.A.: All right. I'll tell you what it says. Lou - it's a complete statement of the whole plot -

GUNTHRUP: Including the plan to make it look like a hit-and-run --

D.A.: Made -- and signed - by Gert Post - whom you forced to help you. You might as well come through, Lady Lou. You're lost.

LOU: I ain't. You can't prove it.

ATX01 0061344

GUNTHRUP: I can! So can all the insurance agents with whom you tried to insure little Joe Light. And whom you asked about double indemnity -- getting twice as much money for an accidental death.

LOU: It ain't true, it ain't true!

GUNTHRUP: And the time you found out you'd get even more insurance for the same amount of money if the victim was younger - so you went and had the date changed on his tombstone? (LOW) How greedy can you get, Lady Lou - how greedy can you get? (PAUSE) It's a locked-up case, Lady Lou - the insurance, the phony accident, the car you sent Gert to phenagle for the killing - everything. (PAUSE) Ok, D.A. - she's all yours.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: And after that - she belonged to the courts. You recall that even the verdict only made the inside pages. Because around that time, the front page was busy with the story of a man who'd just been picked up in connection with another crime. His name was - Bruno Richard Hauptmann.

(MUSIC: SNEAK COLD AND HARD BEHIND)

NARR: And now, your night of waiting has turned into a morning of any-moment expectation. Then - it comes.

(TELEPHONE. RINGS ONCE, TWICE)

GUNTHRUP)
D.A.): (SIMULTANEOUS) I'll take it.

D.A: All right ^{Gunthrup} you take it.

GUNTHRUP: Hello -- hello --

VOICE: (~~INDISTINGUISHABLE JABBER~~)

GUNTHRUP: Yeah.

~~VOICE: (AS BEFORE)~~

GUNTHRUP: Uh-huh. How did she take it?

~~VOICE: (AS BEFORE)~~

GUNTHRUP: Okay. Is that all?

~~VOICE: (AS BEFORE)~~

GUNTHRUP: All right. Thanks.

(PHONE IS UP)

D.A.: Well?

GUNTHRUP: She's dead. (PAUSE) Louise Brew went to the electric chair four minutes ago. (PAUSE) That's all.

D.A.: Good! And -- congratulations!

GUNTHRUP: Yeah. Thanks.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: The hands of the clock are straight up and down. Six a.m. Another day.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND CURTAIN...)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from Gerald Gunthrup of the Oneonta Daily Star with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARS)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #95

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE)
PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE)
PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your
throat.
Thus PELL MELL gives you a smoothness, mildness and
satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Yes, PELL MELL'S are good -- good to look at - good to
feel - good to taste - and good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: So, if you really want to enjoy smoking, ask for the
longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0061347

(ORCHESTRA: _ TAG _ . . .)

CHAPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Gerald Gunthrup
of the Oneonta Daily Star.

GUNTHRUP: Despite the overwhelming evidence against her, the
killer in tonight's Big Story refused to confess
and she went to the chair claiming her innocence.
For turning State's evidence Gert, her co-conspirator,
received a sentence of 20 years to life. Thanks a lot
for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr Gunthrup. . . . 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 Little
Rock Arkansas Gazette by-line, ^{Joseph} Joe B. Wirges - a BIG
STORY - about a man who liquidated a partnership by
liquidating his partner.

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

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Frockter, with
music by Vladimir Solinsky. Tonight's program was
written by Alan Sloane your narrator was Bob Sloane,
and Bill Quinn played the part of Gerald Gunthrup.
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. Gunthrup.

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

-24-

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

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

joan
1/6/49 n

ATX01 0061349

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #96

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
DELIA	JOYCE GORDON
JOE	MARTIN WOLFSON
TOM	LARRY HAINES
MAN	LARRY HAINES
JACK	ART CARNEY
TRAVERS	ART CARNEY
GENE	MICHAEL O'DAY
ED	MICHAEL O'DAY
HALDER	JOE DE SANTIS

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 26, 1949

ATX01 0061350

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#96

(Joe Wirges, Little Rock (Ark) Gazette)

"JIG SAW"

A. PERL

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

JANUARY 26, 1949

WEDNESDAY

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES Present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIEF_FANFARE)

SLOANE: Two phone conversations took place about the same time:
one between a man named Tom Couey and his wife....

DELIA: (FILTER) Don't talk like that, Tom, don't!

TOM: (VIOLENT) I can't help it, Delia. If he goes on like
this I swear I'll kill him. Ed Rumley's a crumb. Worse!

DELIA: Tom, promise me you won't do anything --

TOM: Some partner! Lazy, lies to me, never does any work,
blames me! I swear one more stunt like that one in
Galveston, I swear, I'll kill him!

(PAUSE)

SLOANE: The other was between the first man's partner, Ed
Rumley and his brother...

ED: (JUST AS VIOLENT) In Galveston he pockets 50 bucks. I
know it for a fact, Jack. 50 bucks. Then he tells me
he took in 25 and splits that with me.

JACK: (F) Look, Ed, talk to him. He's your partner and --

ED: Yeah, my partner, Some partner. Some swindler. But I
tell you one thing, Jack. One more deal like that --
just one -- and Tom Couey's going to be a dead man.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP_HARSH_AND_UNDER)

ATX01 0061351

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)
Little Rock, Arkansas - from the pages of the ~~Little~~
Arkansas
~~Rock~~ Gazette, the story of a puzzle whose pieces would
not match until an ~~old man~~ *detective* put them together - and they
spelled murder. And for his brilliant work in this
jigsaw of crime, to Joseph Wirges of the Little Rock
Arkansas, Gazette, goes the PELL MELL AWARD for the
BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #96

OPENING COMMERCIAL

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE)
PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE)
PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Yes, 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. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild.

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE) PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE) PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: If you really want to enjoy smoking, ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package - PELL MELL.

ATX01 0061353

(MUSIC: SERIOUS THEME UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Now the story as it actually happened: Joe Wirges' story as he lived it. Little Rock, Arkansas...

(MUSIC: AGITATO AND UNDER)

SLOANE: All your life, ^{you} Joe Wirges, ^{of the Arkansas Gazette} you did one thing well -- police reporting. You did it so well there wasn't a crime committed in Little Rock in the last 31 years (In most of Arkansas for that matter) that you weren't connected with. Not just reporting it, but helping, sleuthing, asking questions, finding ~~little things that brought big~~ answers. So, at 55, you were something of a legend in Little Rock: no crime was complete without Joe Wirges on the spot, ~~peking here, taking a photo there~~ -- and that was why you were sore at the ^{young} new Lieutenant of Homicide, ~~32-year-old~~ Sam Halder; sore because the first you ^{heard} ~~heard~~ of it was when you ~~read~~ Halder's report....

HALDER: (BRISK, EFFICIENT) Body found in empty lot ^{adjacent to} ~~adjoining~~ farm of Cy Travers; Rose City, two miles north ^{of} Little Rock. ~~Well-formed male, dead of injuries, to head by blunt instrument.~~ Dead one week. Face disfigured. Clues - none: identification - impossible.

(MUSIC: BRIEFLY AND UNDER)

SLOANE: You got to the scene of the crime, Travers' Farm two hours after the police. Two hours! Usually you beat them by at least half an hour. With your son, Gene, a cub on the paper, you walk up to the new Lieutenant - two hours late - and say it right out --

JOE: (ALWAYS A TWINKLE..NOW SORE) What's the idea?

HALDER: Hmmm? Oh, hello, Joe.

JOE: What's the idea, Lieut. (You know my son, Gene:)

HALDER: Hi, Gene -- what idea?

JOE: Don't I rate anymore? Man's murdered, no clues, identification difficult -- don't you call me anymore?

HALDER: (PLAGATING) Look, Joe - the weather's bad, I got the news at 7 this morning, and it's a goose chase. I didn't want to get you out of bed unnecessarily --

JOE: (FAST) ~~The Denson girl was killed at 3 a.m. I managed to get there at 3:15 a.m.~~ I'm used to cold weather, bad weather, any kind of weather - and I like goose chases. Maybe you think I'm getting old. Is that it? ~~Is that why you spared me?~~

HALDER: Oh, quit it; you know I respect you and all that --

JOE: Okay, okay -- now what do you mean identification's difficult?

HALDER: ~~What do you mean difficult?~~ In my report I said "impossible".

JOE: No such a thing, Lieut. Where is he? Down that dip where the cop is? Can I look, take a few pictures, no such thing as impossible.

HALDER: You're quite a guy aren't you?

JOE: Yap. Let's walk on over.

HALDER: I wrote ^{"Identification impossible in"} my report because: (1) we don't know who's dead, (2) we don't know who killed him, (3) we don't find any clothes, no wallet, no identification whatsoever --

JOE: How about on the underwear? ~~I understand the body was wearing his underwear.~~

HALDER: ~~(S)~~ - if you let me finish - no identification on the underwear or anywhere around the scene of the crime.

JOE: Oh, there ^{the body} ~~is~~. Look, Gene, see him.

GENE: (20) Yes, pa.

JOE: Always look at a body from like 10 feet away. Gives you perspective. See.

GENE: I see, pa.

JOE: ~~See, then you can really disagree with Lt. Halder.~~

HALDER: ~~What?~~
Take a picture from here Gene, then one from the feet. You said identification "impossible", I said different. Then a closeup - I'd stay here and see the it why I (that was just a guess), but from here I see I'm right. Some identification, see different I know it's possible.

HALDER: You're bluffing, Joe and you know it.

JOE: ~~Nope. Explain it later. Gene - take a picture from here, then one from his feet, that closeup the head - okay, Lt.?~~

HALDER: Go ahead shoot anything you like! Including --

JOE: Thanks. Go ahead Gene.

GENE: Right. (GOES OFF)

HALDER: ~~What do you see from here that~~ tells you the identification.

JOE: Not the identification, Lt. - it just gives me ideas. One: two men camped out in this field - one the dead man, the other the guy who did it. Footprints of two men are quite clear.

HALDER: Okay two men did camp out. Travers, the farmer, says a week ago two men asked to sleep out in his field.

JOE: They had a car? ~~That car's not here anymore.~~

Halder. Yeah!

HALDER: ~~Anybody can read tire tracks.~~

JOE: ~~Okay~~ - Looks like ~~and sounds like~~ amateur crime - ~~meaning~~ not a gangster killing (gangster'd never pick a place like this - too open; gangster'd never let himself be seen by Travers) --

HALDER: So what?

JOE: So, as amateurs, they bungled - somewhere they bungled - left something for somebody to find.

HALDER: Joe, I heard you theorize before - and I heard about how you solved cases, but, honest -

JOE: -- you never heard anything like this before.

HALDER: Exactly.

JOE: (CALLING) Gene - you finished?

GENE: (LITTLE OFF) Yeah pa.

JOE: Okay - now over there - see - 'bout hundred yards over there - papers - see lots of little pieces of paper scattered all over --

HALDER: Those scraps of junk, you don't mean to tell me --

JOE: (DISREGARDING HIM) Get a big bag, Gene. Pick up everything you see, even if you can't make it out.

GENE: Okay, pa.

HALDER: What do you think you're doing?

JOE: I said they were amateurs. Amateurs always leave something - for somebody who can read it. Follow me.

HALDER: Joe, I'm afraid you're -- (STOPS)

JOE: Slipping? Getting old? Mebbe so, Lt. Mebbe so. But I'd advise you not to file that report on "identification impossible" -- for 24 hours. Don't have to listen, just my advice.

(MUSIC: ___ UP AND BRIDGE INTO)_

(CHAIR SCRAPE)

GENE: Pa, I'm tired. I can't see any more.

JOE: Well you go to bed, Gene.

GENE: *Why don't you stop scuffling these scraps of paper?*
You been at it 20 hours, ~~pa.~~ ~~All these scraps of paper.~~

and We haven't got a thing.

JOE: You think the Lt's. right too. I'm getting old.

GENE: I didn't say that, pa. I'll sit with you all day tomorrow and the next day - only --

JOE: Only I sounded awful big, didn't I? 24 hours Lt.! I sounded swell-headed.

GENE: Well -- not exactly --

JOE: (SUDDENLY) Ah! Now I think I got something --

GENE: What, pa?

JOE: ~~You're working on something - you got nothing - then all of a sudden, you find something - and there it is.~~ Look. A letter. Part of a letter anyhow and an envelope -- this little piece in green ink - that did it --

GENE: What have you got?

JOE: The letter's signed Delia, see -- "Lonely for you, Delia"-- and ~~(the body of the letter I still can't make out), but~~ in the same handwriting - same ink - is this envelope. To: Tom C-o-u, then there's a letter missing --y --C-O-U-Blank-Y.

GENE: But pa that might not be the murdered man, or the murderer
- it might be --anybody.

JOE: True. Might be someone who picknicked there a year ago,
tore up the letter, and left it there, right?

GENE: Sure.

JOE: Or maybe a passing motorist threw it out the window --the
~~field's not too far from the road --~~

GENE: ~~That's right --~~

JOE: Then why am I excited? Because ~~although it might be a~~
~~picniker or a passing motorist~~ - it might also be the
murdered man, or the murderer - right?

GENE: (BEGRUDGINGLY) Well --

JOE: You begrudge me the answer?

GENE: I suppose so.

JOE: (KIDDING) Never begrudge an aging father an answer.
(BROAD) Come on, Gene -- we're still under the 24 hours
and I really got something for Lieutenant Halder.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP BRIDGE INTO)

JOE: (IN THE MIDST OF AN EXPLANATION) So his name is
C-O-U-Blank-Y. (Coury, Couly, something like that) and
he's got a wife named Delia --

HALDER: That's all, Joe?

JOE: ~~No, it's~~ - the letter was mailed from Bridgeport.

HALDER: ~~Postmarks~~

JOE: ~~Right~~ (Pause)

HALDER: Well, it's a long shot -hundred to one - but I'll put a
call through.

JOE: You don't have to.

HALDER: What?

-10-

JOE: I already did. I put the call through, told the operator to connect you, here at your office, soon as she got a Mrs. Delia C-O-U-Blank-Y, in Bridgeport --

HALDER: Well, I'll be --

JOE: Don't say it, Lt. -- ~~you might be sorry~~ --

(PHONE RINGS..TAKEN OFF HOOK)

HALDER: Lt. Halder, Homicide --(TO JOE) For you.

JOE: *Thank you*
Hello.

DELIA: (F) this is Mrs. Delia Couey,.

JOE: Hello Mrs. Couey, (ASIDE TO HALDER) Her name is Couey.

DELIA: Who is this?

JOE: Mrs. Couey my name is Joe Wirges from Little Rock Arkansas. Nothing to be alarmed at -- just -- your husband's name is Tom, is that right?

DELIA: That's right-- have you heard from him?

JOE: No ma'am - just - just a routine newspaper check -- have you heard from him?

DELIA: No. I thought it was him calling, you see, ~~I haven't heard from him~~. It's been a long time - over ten days and he always writes or phones me and -- has something happened?

JOE: No, Mrs. Couey - it's nothing definite -- just - we may have some information for you, ~~but not right now~~ -- If we do we'll get in touch with you. Mrs. Couey -- how old is your husband--?

DELIA: He's 32 - something is the matter.

ATX01 0061360

JOE: As I said if anything comes up, we'll call you back.
Don't worry.

(PHONE UP)

HALDER: Why didn't you tell her, Joe?

JOE: (BLAND) Tell her what, Lt?

HALDER: Tell her to come down and identify the body. It's her
husband we found in the field, you know it as well as I.

JOE: It might be - but then again it might not.

HALDER: What are you talking about now?

JOE: Did you take a good look at that body?

HALDER: I spent a day going over that body.

JOE: Did you see his teeth?

HALDER: I saw his teeth.

JOE: Are those the teeth of a man 32? A ^{fair} full upper plate?

HALDER: It's happened before.

JOE: Did you look at his feet? Bunions on his feet. Are those
the feet of a man of 32? That man was 50, at least.

HALDER: ~~I admit you were right about the scraps of paper~~
~~this is really nuts.~~ Just because a guy has a ^{plate} ~~bridge~~ in
his mouth and bunions - maybe he's a 32 year old mail
carrier?

JOE: It's possible but I say our man's 55 if he's a day. All
right, I've said my piece -- what are you gonna do?

HALDER: File the death certificate in the name of Tom Couey.

What are you gonna do?

JOE: First - give you some free advice: don't. And second, ^{low} going
back and finish that jigsaw puzzle I been working on with
Gene. There's still a few pieces of paper have me worried.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: You've got Lt. Halder, worried, but you're worried too, Joe Wirges - a few pieces of paper have you worried. One a half-~~ton~~⁷²¹ receipt with a number 73,569 and the other the name of a Post Office, Hudson Terminal Post Office, on a somewhat similar piece of paper. You wonder if the two go together - if you have, on the disarrayed table in front of you, two pieces of a receipt for a registered letter.

GENE: Suppose you have pa?

JOE: Then maybe the amateur ^{murderer} tore up this receipt and we'll find his name.

GENE: That's a thousand to one.

JOE: At least 2,000 to one, Gene - it might be the murdered man tore up the receipt -- or it might be neither of them did it. Maybe it's 73,569 to 1, Gene - but I like long shots.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: You play the long shot: a ^{phone} call to a friend in the post office at Hudson Terminal and you find - That the letter was mailed three months ago by a man named Ed Rumley to his brother Jack, in Sacramento, California.

SLOANE: ~~It's a longer shot than you thought -- but anyhow you put through a call to Jack Rumley, Sacramento, California.~~

JOE: Mr. Rumley, you've got a brother named Ed?

JACK (F) That's right.

JOE: He's about 55?

JACK: Ed's 54.

JOE: False upper ^{plate} bridge in his mouth?

JACK: That's right -- what is this?

JOE: Bunions on his feet -- bad bunions?

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JACK: Yes, but - what's this about?

(PAUSE)

JOE: Mr. Rumley, you'd better hop a plane and get out to Little Rock, soon as you can. ~~Mr. Rumley~~, I'm afraid your brother's been murdered!

(MUSIC: _ _ UP_TO TAG)

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

(MUSIC: _ _ FANFARE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0061363

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE)
PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE)
PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Your eyes can see PELL MELL'S greater length. Yes, your
eyes can see the difference - your throat can tell you
what it means.

HARRICE: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos means a longer, natural filter to screen
and cool the smoke.

CHAPPELL: Thus, PELL MELL gives you a smoothness, mildness and
satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Yes, PELL MELL'S are good -- good to look at - good to
feel - good to taste - and good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild.

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE) PELL MELL'S greater length filters
the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE) PELL MELL'S greater length filter
the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: If you really want to enjoy smoking, ask for the longer,
finer cigarette in the distinguished red package -
PELL MELL.

(MUSIC: _ _ INTRO AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and The Big Story of Joe Wirgas - as he lived it and wrote it --

SLOANE: You're ~~55, Joe Wirgas, of the Little Rock, Arkansas Gazette, but you've got 32 year old Lt. Sam Halder, of Homicide, fit to bust.~~ *H. Sam Halder*

Identification of a murdered man is "impossible", you *Joe Wirgas,* prove that wrong; *of the Arkansas Gazette,* then he announces that the murdered man is one Tom Couey and you blandly write a lead story for your paper that the murdered man's name is Ed Rumley. ~~Just~~ ~~to be on the absolutely safe side you don't run the story~~ -- because the identification by Rumley's brother (on his way from California) hasn't been made yet. ~~But you show the story, in type to Sam Halder..~~

HALDER: You're so sure, Joe!

JOE: I'm not sure, Lt., I'm careful --

HALDER: When does Rumley's brother get here?

JOE: Tonight

SLOANE: *But when* Rumley's brother *will* gets there ~~that night~~ and takes one look at the body ~~and~~ you know you're right. *The murdered man* It is Ed Rumley,

~~54 year old Ed Rumley, identified by a gold upper plate and bunions.~~ *you 2 11-2-52* You run your story..and get on with the case.

HALDER: So your brother and Couey were partners? *Mr. Rumley*

JACK: (DULLY) That's right, *J*

HALDER: And he and Couey didn't get along. They hated each other?

JACK: (SAME) Yes, it's true.

HALDER: They were partners in business - sold auto polish together -- and they weren't doing well, fought a lot -- Was it a surprise to you your brother was killed?

JACK: I know they had trouble but I never thought it would come to this.

HALDER: You think Couey did it?

JACK: I don't know.

JOE: Why don't we let the man go to his hotel, Lt? He's had a great shock - his brother's death and all that.

HALDER: Yeah. Sorry, Mr. Rumley.

JACK: That's all right. (FADING) Thank you. Thank you.

HALDER: Now ^{Joe} I think, we send out a dragnet for a ~~32 year old~~ man named Couey. Tom, C-O-U-E-Y. Right?

JOE: Right.

(MUSIC: - - HIT AND UNDER) *It was 2 minutes later.*

SLOANE: But here you're ^{Joe} wrong, ~~because these words aren't out of your mouth two minutes, Lt. Halder hasn't had more than a chance to frame an answer to your wisecrack when the desk sergeant opens the door and ^{lets} ~~lead~~ in a ^{fat} ~~well dressed~~ tall man, wearing a ~~fine~~ Palm Beach suit --~~

TOM: (SUAVE) Lt. Halder, I'm Tom Couey -

HALDER: You're Couey!

TOM: Yes, sir. I read a story in the paper that Ed had been killed. I thought I could be of help and got here soon as I could.

HALDER: Where you been?

TOM: As you see, (I didn't even bother to change my clothes),
I was in Florida - I took a plane and got here soon as
possible. Ed was a good friend.

JOE: Lt. Gene's outside, you mind if I get him?

HALDER: (DISREGARDING HIM) No, go ahead. ^{See} Do anything you like.
Sit down, Mr. Couey.

(JOE GOES OFF ENTERS UNDER THE ACTION)

TOM: Anyway I can help, Lt?

HALDER: Just tell me - you and Rumley were partners?

TOM: That's right. Auto polish line. But about 3 months ago,
w broke up - we weren't doing too well. We split what we
had - Ed took the stock, I took the car and we just parted.

HALDER: Friendly?

TOM: ~~Ed was my friend.~~ Ed was the salt of the earth. You have
no idea how this distresses me.

JOE: Just hold it, Mr. Couey --

TOM: What?

JOE: ^{Pictures} Go ahead, Gene. One from the side -- then one from the
front - ~~pictures~~.

(TAKES A PHOTO)

HALDER: ^{What} ~~Why~~ are you shooting pictures for now, Joe?

JOE: Just routine.

HALDER: Okay.

JOE: ~~Go ahead, Gene. From the front, fullface.~~

(PHOTO) ^{photo}

HALDER: -- You were friends with Rumley. Were you ever in this
territory?

TOM: Yeah.

HALDER: Were you ever in Little Rock, Mr. Couey?
TOM: Recently no -- about 6 years ago I was --
HALDER: But not recently? (TOM: No.) Ever in Knoxville?
TOM: Year ago, for pleasure - but not recently.
HALDER: When did you last see Rumley?
TOM: Let me see, now -- must be four months ago - ~~no five~~
~~months ago - May? This is September, that's right May~~ --
HALDER: And where did you see him last?
TOM: Richmond. We split up in Richmond, as I said - he took
the stock - (the polish) and I took the car and -- that was
~~it.~~ Last time I saw him, poor fellow --
HALDER: Well -- thanks for coming in, Mr. Couey --
JOE: (WHISPER) Lt. can I say a word?
HALDER: You don't have to whisper, Joe.
JOE: (STILL WHISPERING) You aren't gonna let him go? Are you?
Maybe Travers ought to see him - the farmer? ~~Travers saw~~
~~one of those men, remember?~~ One of them asked ~~for~~ ^{for}
permission to camp ~~there,~~ ^{on the farm.} remember?
HALDER: (WHISPERING IN SPIE OF HIMSELF) I remember. Okay, ^{OK.} (UP)
Mr. Couey, I'll have to keep you for - oh, few hours --
JOE: Make it 24, Lt.
HALDER: Why?
JOE: Just to be on the safe side. Trust me.
HALDER: Just a few hours Mr. Couey. Just routine.
(MUSIC: -- UP AND BRIDGE)
HALDER: Mr. Travers, it was on your property they stayed that night
TRAVERS: (OLD COOT) That's right, Lt.

HALDER: Just look at this man and tell me - did you ever see him before, was he one of the men?

TRAVERS: That man? Nope, never saw him before.

HALDER: (TRIUMPHANT) Satisfied, Joe?

JOE: I'd ^{like} say make it 24 hours, Lt.

HALDER: Why?

JOE: Give into an old man's whim, Lt. Okay?

HALDER: (GRIM) Okay! I'm awful sorry, Mr. Couey. (Just a few more hours).

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE INTO)

HALDER: (HOLLERING) Where's Gene Wirges? Gene, where are you?

GENE: (OFF) Here I am, Lt.

HALDER: Where's Joe? Where's your father?

GENE: Gee, I don't know, Lt. But he said he'd be here -

HALDER: I've been waiting half the day for him - he said he'd be here at 6, ~~it's seven now~~ - I'm gonna let Couey go.

GENE: He said please to wait, ~~it~~

HALDER: ~~Please to wait!~~

GENE: 24 hours, he said, Lt.

HALDER: 24 Hours! What for? The man's innocent. Why am I holding him? Suspicion of murder? I've got no suspicion of murder. What's your old man doing anyway?

GENE: I don't know, Lt. But he said please to wait.

HALDER: It's 7 -- he's got till 8 o'clock - not a minute more. Tell him that.

GENE: I don't know where to find him.

HALDER: Eight o'clock. I don't care!

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE INTO) --

JOE: ~~Mr. Anderson?~~

MAN: That's right.

JOE: You run the Anderson Auto Shops?

MAN: That's right --

JOE: ~~Mr. Anderson, I have a question I'd like to ask you --~~

(MUSIC: -- WIPES IT INTO)

HALDER: (LOUDER THAN BEFORE) Gene. Gene Wirges!

GENE: (COMING) Yes, Lt. Halder.

HALDER: It's 8:15 - and he's not here yet. Did you hear from him?

GENE: No sir, I didn't.

HALDER: Okay - (GRIM) bring Couey in, sergeant. I'm releasing him.

(ON HIS SPEECH THE DOOR HAS OPENED...SHUTS UNDER)

JOE: Don't be so hasty, Lt.

GENE: Pa!.. Find anything?

JOE: I think it's a fine idea to bring Couey in, but I don't think you ought to release him --

HALDER: What did you find? What have you got? Tell me.

JOE: You ought to develop patience, Lt. Gene - patience is an asset in the old as well as in the young --

(DOOR OPENS...SHUTS UNDER)

TOM: You wanted to see me, Lt. Halder?

HALDER: Yes, Mr. Couey, I did. Go ahead Joe.

JOE: Mr. Couey, sit down in that chair. You'll be more comfortable than standing.

TOM: Lt?

HALDER: Yeah, go ahead, sit down. Go ahead, Joe.

JOE: I have a document here, Mr. Couey -- just a second --

(SOME PAPERS OUT OF HIS POCKET)

That says -- no, this is a letter I forgot to mail for my wife -- ~~that's not it~~ -- ah, here it is. A letter from your wife, Mr. Couey -- from Delia --

TOM: (ALARMED) From Delia --

JOE: Don't be alarmed. Perfectly harmless letter - "miss you, love you, write more often" - ~~quite a routine sort of letter she writes~~ -- but that is not what I am after -- it is the envelope I call to your attention.

TOM: What about it?

JOE: The postmarks. Plural - postmarks. This was sent to you in Knoxville, then forwarded to you in Little Rock - note it bears three postmarks -- Bridgeport, (where she mailed it from), Knoxville and Little Rock --

HALDER: So what, Joe?

JOE: Suggesting that Mr. Couey was at one time ⁱⁿ Knoxville and later in Little Rock -- two facts which, if I remember correctly, he denied --

HALDER: Were you?

TOM: Well, I -- yes, I guess I was --

JOE: Now, with that much cleared -- we ask this question. Mr. Couey, were you ever in Rose City? Rose city, to refresh your memory, was the place where Ed Rumley met his death -- on the farm of a man named Travers, in Rose City. Ever there?

TOM: Never.

JOE: Good. You also told us you never sold ^{automobile} ~~furniture~~ polish
(~~I beg your pardon, automobile polish~~) in Knoxville, or
Little Rock, or Rose City - in the company of Ed Rumley --

TOM: That's true. I was in Knoxville and Little Rock, but not
with Rumley. We ^{made up} ~~met~~ in Richmond, ^{four months ago} I told you that.
~~Five months ago.~~

JOE: So you did. But if it should be established that you did
sell the polish in all those cities, ~~including Rose City,~~
with Rumley, within the past month -- you might look like
a liar, ~~mightn't you, Mr. Couey?~~

TOM: I said I never did and that's all I've got to say.

JOE: And here in my pocket, I have -- (No that's my telephone
bill) - here - I have seven depositions from auto store
owners in Little Rock, ^{at} Rose City ~~and other points~~ swearing
that you and Ed Rumley TOGETHER sold them polish -- within
the past month.

TOM: How could they swear that when I never --

JOE: You recall my son took your picture? Well, armed with that
picture - and a photo of Mr. Rumley (before you murdered
him).

TOM: I never did --

JOE: -- with those photos, I say, I went to the auto stores and
asked if they saw you and these depositions say they did.
Seven, Lt. Halder, seven. Fairly conclusive.

HALDER: All right, Couey. Let's have the truth. It's about time!

TOM: (WEAKENING) Okay, we sold the polish ^{together} ~~but~~ that's all -
I left town two weeks ago and never saw Rumley again.
~~Four-odd Rumley.~~

JOE: Another lie - ~~in fact two lies~~. One of the depositions - ~~Andersen's~~ - says you sold him ^{the} polish, the day of the murder - ~~one week ago, the other is this~~ "poor old Rumley," business. You hated him and he hated you. Rumley's brother says that and so does your wife. As a matter of fact you gentlemen both threatened to kill each other.

HALDER: ^{although you start} Talk, Mr. Couey talking

TOM: Okay, we were in the field together. We camped out in Travers' field. We were broke that's why we camped out and Rumley threatened me - we were about to go to sleep that night when he threatened me -- (~~we were sleeping in seats outside the car~~) and I had to do it - he would of killed me. He had a club, maybe it was the car jack, I don't know and he tried to kill me and I took it away from him and it was self-defense. That's what it was, self-defense.

JOE: That's closer, Mr. Couey - but still not all. How come when we found his body he wore only his underwear. What happened to his clothes?

TOM: It was a hot night. We took our clothes off and put them in the car. I ~~just~~ drove off after it happened and that's how come there was no identification around. I didn't even think of what I was doing.

JOE: How the man lies. (Gene, note how criminals lie). First, it was premeditated. You removed not only his clothes, but also the label from the underwear. You were careful to leave his body face down in the water - hoping it would leave him unrecognized -- and do you know how I know that?

TOM: How?

See section Bureau with whom

JOE: It was not a hot night. ~~My Almanac~~, ~~which~~ I have just checked, tells me the night in question was a very cold night. You slept with your clothes on -- and -- when the deed was done, you removed his clothes - you dragged the body 200 yards to the gulley and left it there -- do you want me to prove each of those points, or will you sign the full confession I prepared for you? (PAUSE)

HALDER: Well!

JOE: I think Mr. Couey needs a fountain pen, Lt. (You know he lost his in Travers field. I found it, if you want it Mr. Couey) But I don't think you'll have much use for it -- where you're going, do you, Lt?
(PAUSE)

JOE: Well - Gene, we better get along. It's - my -- it's after 9 o'clock. I'd better get to bed. You know I can't take these late hours any more. I'm not as young as I used to be.

(MUSIC: -- TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Joseph Wirges of the Little Rock Arkansas Gazette with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE. . .)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #96

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE)
PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE)
PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your throat.
Thus PELL MELL gives you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Yes, PELL MELL'S are good -- good to look at - good to feel - good to taste - and good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: So, if you really want to enjoy smoking, ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0061375

(ORCHESTRA: . . . TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Joseph Wirges of the Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.

WIRGES: Realizing his story of self-defense wouldn't stand up in Court, killer in tonight's Big Story pleaded guilty to the murder and thereby escaped the electric chair. Sentenced to life imprisonment in the Penitentiary he escaped after serving four years but was recaptured two years later. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Wirges..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 Joliet, Illinois Herald-News -- by-line, William M. Hart -- a BIG STORY - about a reporter who tried to stop an explosion of dynamite...Human Dynamite!

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

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Frockter, with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was written by Arnold Perl, your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Martin Wolfson played the part of Mr. Wirges. 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. Wirges.

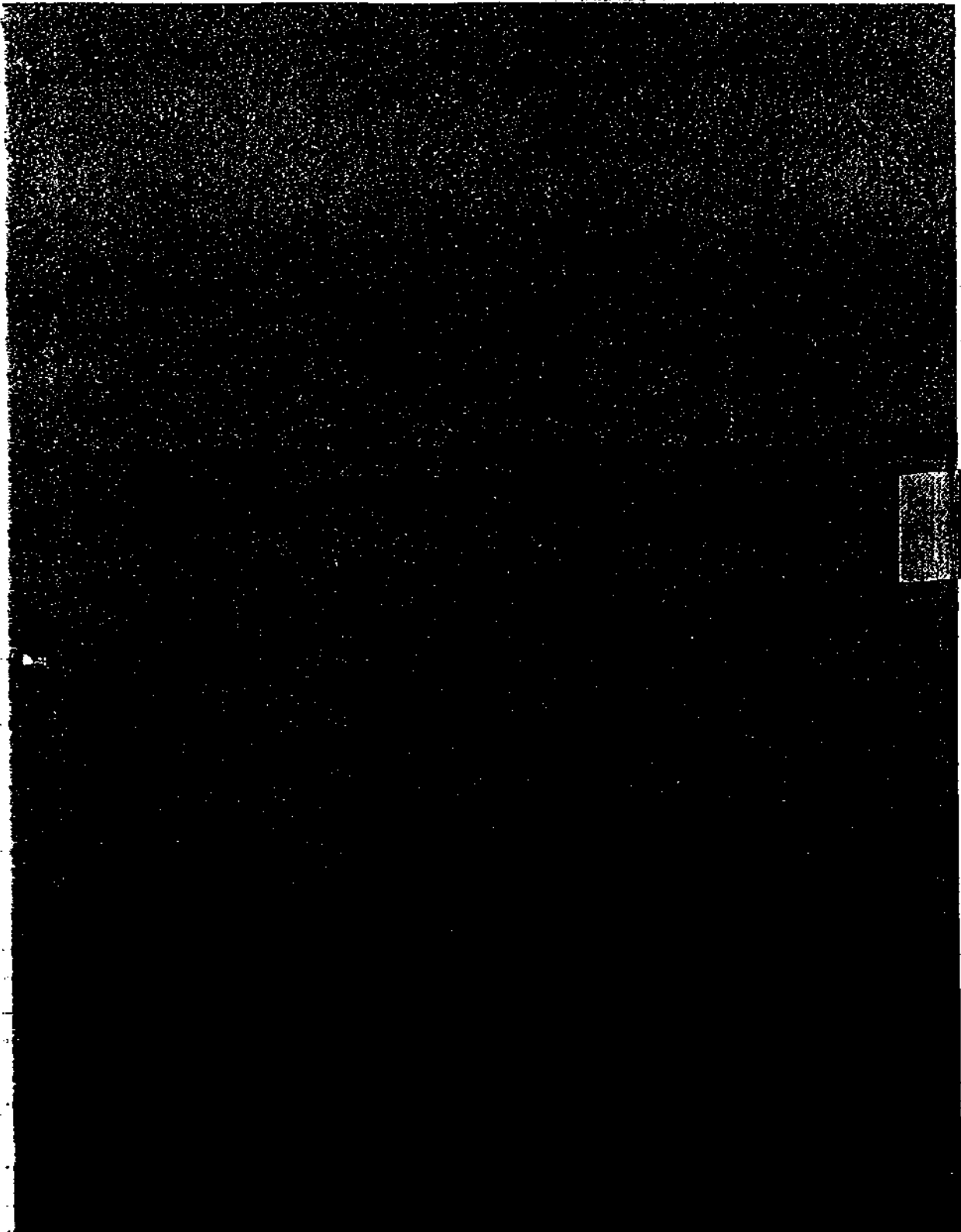
(MUSIC: _ _ THEME UP FULL AND FADE)

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

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

LILY
1/10/49 PM

ATX01 0061377



ATX01 0061378

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #97

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
ROSE	LOUISA HORTON
MARJORIE	LOUISA HORTON
HART	MYRON MCCORMICK
GUARD	FRANK READICK
FATHER	FRANK READICK
MAURY	JAMES MCCALLION
GUARD 2	JAMES MCCALLION
EDITOR	MARTIN WOLFSON
COP	MARTIN WOLFSON
NELSON	MANDEL KRAMER
WARDEN	MANDEL KRAMER

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1949

ATX01 0061379

WNEC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#97

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

FEBRUARY 2, 1949

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE DISSOLVING INTO)

(CELL DOOR OPENING)

GUARD: (HARD) All right, Maury ... get outta this cell! C'mon!

MAURY: (ILL) I can't ^{later} I'm sick!

GUARD: Sure ... sure! Now, get movin'!

MAURY: (SLIGHTLY REBELLIOUS) I can't I tell ya I can't.

GUARD: (ANGRY) Don't you open up on me! You're new here yet
and you're getting some bad ideas.

MAURY: (MISERABLE) Look, I didn't mean nothin'. Honest, I
just ...

(A TERRIBLE SLAP INTERRUPTS HIM)

(MAURY GROANS)

GUARD: You'll leave this cell if I have to drag you out. Ya
hear me?

MAURY: Please... I'm not fakin' ... I'm sick!

GUARD: Okay, Maury ... you're askin' for it. (THIS LAST WITH
STRAIN AS...)

(HE SLAPS THE BOY AGAIN)

MAURY: (GROANING) Please...

GUARD: Then get up ... or I'll put my cane to work.

MAURY: (STRAINING) I'll try.... I'll try. (STRUGGLES TO RISE)...
I ... I can't make it.

GUARD: Maybe this'll help.

(STEADY BEATING STROKES)

(MUSIC: -- WASHES OVER SOUND... ESTABLISHES... THEN GOES UNDER FOR)

ATX01 0061380

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) Joliet, Illinois! From the
pages of the Joliet HERALD-NEWS .. the authentic story
of a reporter who found hidden within the walls of a
state prison ... a living death house! Tonight ...
to William M. Hart of the Joliet HERALD-NEWS ... goes
the PELL MELL AWARD for THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: _ _ FAN FARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 2/2/49
PELL MELL

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Yes, 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
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CHAPPELL: If you really want to enjoy smoking, ask for the longer,
finer cigarette in the distinguished red package -
PELL MELL.

(MUSIC: -- A SOMBER THEME UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Now .. the story as it actually happened. Bill Hart's story as he lived it. Joliet, Illinois!

(MUSIC: -- RISES THEN DIPS UNDER AGAIN)

NARR: Someone had to cover the prison beat and the by-line of Bill Hart over those jail house stories in the Joliet Herald-News ... meant you were IT! Not that you really minded though, for watching the prison was like ^{walking} being ^{down a dark alley,} ~~at an American Legion parade.~~ You ~~did~~ never ^{knew} ~~knew~~ what was coming up next. And this special February morning, as you walk toward the main cell block ... the same, old feeling of fear comes over you. And you can't stop it. You know there's a great dam of resentment building in these men. Resentment over unfair treatment. If it ever spills over ... watch out! And as you pass by the barred spaces .. the voice of Allie Nelson reaches out to you. He's got all the time in the world to talk ... twenty five years for manslaughter.

NELSON: (SAME) Hey reporter. Commere...will ya?

(A FEW STEPS ON THE STEEL CATWALK)

HART: What's on your mind, Nelson?

NELSON: This crazy kid, ^{ain't} here.

HART: Oh. New, isn't he?

NELSON: He's a transfer from Stateville. Dan Maury. Kid ... this is Bill Hart.

MAURY: Hello.

HART: Hi!

NELSON: Wise him up, will ya? He's getting on my nerves.

HART: (KINDLY) Did you get a bum rap, Maury?

MAURY: I don't know. They had me cold on what I did but ^{I go before the} ~~if the~~ parole board ^{today and if they} give me a break ~~today~~ .. then ..

NELSON: (SCORN) That's what I mean, Hart. Parole! He talks about parole! (DEEP DISGUST) Maury, you get me sick! Nobody gets outta here 'til they've served every single minute. Joliet doesn't believe in Santa Claus.

MAURY: (A TOUCH OF DESPERATION) But it's two years already. I'm eligible.

NELSON: So am I! So what?

MAURY: It's the law. They have to let you out.

NELSON: (SPITTING THE WORD) Law! Treat ya like dirt ... feed ya like animals...pack ya in holes like a bunch of pigs. There's your law, kid..! And you oughta know it good. You're livin' it!

MAURY: (STUBBORNLY) I've had a good record. This is my first offense. I've got a chance, haven't I, Mr. Hart?

HART: Well...

NELSON: Go on, Hart, tell him!

MAURY: (ALMOST SAVAGELY) You shut up!

HART: Take it easy, Maury. Any man who's eligible for parole has a chance of course.

NELSON: Let's hear the rest of it.

MAURY: Are you going to shut up, Nelson?

NELSON: Sure .. sure...

HART: I know the Board will look over your application carefully.

MAURY: (GRATEFULLY) Thanks .. thanks, Mr. Hart!

HARR:
(CONT'D)

You've seen thousands of men in the cells at Joliet, but this kid, Dan Maury, is different. You've got a special kind of feeling for him. And he's the one .. for whom you've written this story. Your editor, Howard Sage, stops by the desk .. leans over .. and yanks the paper from the machine.

(WITH ABOVE, PAPER YANKS OUT OF TYPEWRITER)

HART: It's all yours, Howard.

EDITOR: (LOOKING IT OVER) ~~Howard~~. There's just one angle that's got me worried, Bill.

HART: Oh? What's that?

EDITOR: Your stories have been heating up the town. People are getting kind of excited about a possible riot at the prison.

HART: There's a good chance of one, ~~Howard~~.

EDITOR: I believe in your judgement, Bill.. only...

HART: Only what?

EDITOR: Folks have been phoning and writing the police chief. They want to know if they can be protected.

HART: The voice of the people.

EDITOR: And this time they're not whispering ... I just don't want us going out on a limb, Bill.

HART: Here are the facts, ~~Howard~~. You decide.

EDITOR: Well... how's this for a head on your story? "PRISON REFORM IS A MUST. IMMEDIATE ACTION CALLED FOR."

HART: (QUIETLY) Thanks, Howard.

(PHONE RINGS)

EDITOR: (FADING) I'll have it set up. See you later.

(PHONE LIFTED FROM CRADLE)

HART: Hart speaking. (NO RESPONSE) Hello ... (ANNOYED)
Hello ..

ROSE: (FILTER)(NERVOUSLY) Mr. Hart ... my name is Rose
Maury.

HART: Who?

ROSE: Rose Maury. My husband's the man who spoke to you last
week.

HART: You're Dan Maury's wife.

ROSE: Yes sir.

HART: What can I do for you, Mrs. Maury?

ROSE: I was wondering, Mr. Hart .. if I ... if I could talk
to you for a few minutes.

HART: Sure thing. Where are you now?

ROSE: In my room at the Westcott Hotel.

HART: Okay! How's fifteen minutes from now?

ROSE: I'll be here.

HART: See you. Goodbye.

(~~XXXXXXXXXX~~)

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BRIDGE)

ROSE: I know it sounds funny, Mr. Hart., calling you up like
I did .. but there was no one else.

HART: There's nothing to apologize for. Suppose you begin
by telling me what you're doing in Joliet. Visiting
day at the prison isn't for ~~two~~ weeks yet.

ROSE: I'm scared about Dan.

HART: (QUIETLY) Why?

ROSE: His letters. They've changed.

HART: How?

ROSE: For months all he wrote about was his parole. How he knew they'd let him go.

HART: The Board hasn't released its decisions yet. It's only been a week.

ROSE: It seems more like a year and Dan is worried sick. I can tell. He doesn't write it ... but I can tell.

HART: I'd call that pretty natural. Wouldn't you?

ROSE: (TENSE) Mr. Hart., he's got to get that parole. He's just got to.

HART: (LOW) You've got a chance. Hold on to it!

ROSE: Everything's crazy since the trial. Dan was guilty. He never denied it. But it was just a million things all piling up at once.

HART: Then he did rob that drug store!

ROSE: No job ... no money ... nothing to hold on to. (BURSTING OUT) Sure it was wrong .. but you don't stop and think. Your wife's going to have a baby .. and that's all you care about.

HART: Where's your child now?

ROSE: I lost him.

HART: I'm sorry.

ROSE: (BITTER) It's a real sob story..isn't it?

HART: It's an honest story.

ROSE: (AGAIN A BEATEN CHILD) Dan told me you were nice to him... and then I read your articles in the paper. I had to see you.

HART: I'm glad you did.

ROSE: (LONGING FOR HIM) I want him back home. Dan did a bad thing. Okay.. but he's paid them back. (BEGINNING TO CRY A LITTLE) Now .. they can call it all even.

HART: Would you like me to go to the prison and see what I can find out about the parole?

ROSE: (EAGERLY) Could you do that?

HART: I'll try, Mrs. Maury....I'll try!

(MUSIC: IN SADLY... THEN UP FOR BRIDGE TO)

(BREAD SLICING MACHINE THUMPING IN B.G.)

HART: How long have you had Maury in the bakery here? *Carter?*

GUARD: Just a couple a days. Say..why you so interested in that kid?

HART: (CASUALLY) Oh .. nothing special.

GUARD: Sure .. that's why you pump the warden ^{is office} about his parole.

HART: Nothing wrong with your overhearing, Carter.

GUARD: I've worked on it.

HART: Still bucking for Principal Keeper, eh?

GUARD: (ANNOYED) Don't be wise, Hart.

HART: Hmm...bakery's improved since I was here last.

GUARD: Yeah?

HART: Nice bread slicing machine you got there.

GUARD: You want we should give these guys knives instead?

HART: (LIGHTLY) I see the point. Now..if you'll excuse me.

GUARD: (SUSPICIOUSLY) ~~What are you going to do?~~ *Where are you going?*

HART: I'd like to talk to Dan Maury..alone. ^{he} Warden ^{is office} ~~okayed~~ ^{after} he left on his vacation.

GUARD: How do I know?

HART: I thought you overheard that too. Just call ~~the~~ ^{the} office.

GUARD: All right .. all right .. but make it fast. (FADE)

They'll be knocking off soon.

(SEVERAL STEPS AS MACHINE FADES .. BUT IS STILL
FAINTLY HEARD)

HART: Hello, Dan.

MAURY: (A LITTLE STARTLED) Huh....oh...hello, Mr. Hart.

HART: How's it going?

MAURY: ~~Okay...I guess.~~ (NERVOUS EXCITEMENT) Did you ... did
you hear something yet?

HART: No ... not a word.

MAURY: (DISAPPOINTED) Oh.

HART: You know the one about no news is ...

MAURY: (JUMP CUE) Yeah.. and it stinks!

HART: Maybe...but it sometimes works out.

MAURY: I'm not going to get it. I know.

HART: Now, hold on, Dan...

MAURY: I know it, I tell ya ... I know. They're turning me
down.

HART: Rose doesn't feel that way.

MAURY: (SLIGHT BEAT ... THEN SLOWLY) Rose? Whatta you know
about her?

HART: She's in town. I just left her.

MAURY: How.. how is she?

HART: Fine!

MAURY: (DISTRESSED) What's she doin' here though? I told her
to stay in Chicago.

HART: Something in your letters, Dan. A feeling that something's wrong.

MAURY: (COVERING UP) She's always been like that. Seein' things that aren't there.

HART: I like Rose. I think she knows the score. It ought to make the days a little easier .. knowing she's there. Even if you don't get the parole, you ..

MAURY: (JUMPING ON IT FAST) Then you do know something..

HART: No... I don't..

MAURY: (PRESSING HIM) You must .. or you wouldn't have said it.

HART: Kid, I don't. Honest... I don't know a thing!

(A WHISTLE IS BLOWN JUST OFF...HIGH AND PENETRATING)

GUARD: (PROJECTING OFF) Line up! *Line up!*

HART: (TRYING TO GET IT IN) Dan, I'm telling you the truth. I haven't heard anything about your parole.

MAURY: (SLIGHT BEAT ... THEN EVENLY) I don't believe you.
(HE WALKS AWAY)

HART: Dan...

GUARD: (NEEDLING) Worried about your boy, Hart?

HART: Don't they want you somewhere, Carter?

GUARD: Oh, I'm going to stay right here. You see.. tomorrow night ... something's going to happen.

HART: Like what?

GUARD: These convicts in the bakery don't like it here any more. They're planning to leave us.

HART: (HARD) What're you talking about? ~~(PAUSE)~~ ~~Comon ..~~
~~lets have to talk!~~

GUARD: They're planning an escape.

HART: (ANXIOUSLY) Then break it up.. right now.

GUARD: Oh, no...

HART: Are you crazy? ~~out the big doors...~~ stop it before
it starts.

GUARD: No. We're letting them go ahead. We'll stop them in our
own way.

HART: The Warden won't let you get away with this.

GUARD: He's not here, remember?

HART: Carter.. is Dan Maury in on this?

GUARD: Wait 'til tomorrow night, Hart. Then .. you'll find out!

(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
PROGRAM #97

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE)
PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE)
PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Your eyes can see PELL MELL'S greater length. Yes, your
eyes can see the difference -- your throat can tell you
what it means.

HARRICE: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine, mellow
tobaccos means a longer, natural filter to screen and
cool the smoke.

CHAPPELL: Thus, PELL MELL gives you a smoothness, mildness and
satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Yes, PELL MELL'S are good -- good to look at - good to
feel - good to taste - and good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild.

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE) PELL MELL'S greater length filters
the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE) PELL MELL'S greater length filters
the smoke on the way to your throat.

(MORE)

ATX01 0061393

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #97

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: If you really want to enjoy smoking, ask for the longer,

finer cigarette in the distinguished red package -

PELL MELL.

(MUSIC: -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and the BIG STORY of Bill Hart ... as he lived it and wrote it!

NARR: You...Bill Hart ... are the prison reporter for the Joliet HERALD-NEWS. And now,,for the first time.. you, yourself, feel as helpless as any convict shut off from the world... You know that several prisoners are planning a break. You burn up the front page of your paper ... trying to make the Joliet authorities take some action before the plan begins. You try to find out the names of the men in the plot. But nothing happens .. nothing but the passing of time ... bringing the hour of the escape .. and the identity of the men... nearer and nearer. And in your office, Rose the wife of Dan Maury, sits ... and looks at you .. and says:

ROSE: Why don't you tell me if he's in on it?

HART: I don't know.

ROSE: It's the men who work in the bakery ... and that's where Dan is.

HART: But it doesn't prove he's one of them.

ROSE: If they give him the parole... he'll never go with them. You know that.

HART: He'll have no reason to.

ROSE: Suppose they turn him down. (FRIGHT) Suppose they --
HART: (FAST) Stop reaching out for the worst things you can find.
ROSE: What's the sense of kidding ourselves?
HART: Look, Rose... there are two thousand men in that prison.
If you go for odds...this is a pretty good setup. It's
two thousand to one that Dan is ^{not} mixed up in this.
ROSE: Can't you get in to talk to him?
HART: I've told you. They won't let me. I can't find out where
the warden is either. They've got me up against a wall.
ROSE: (ALMOST TO HERSELF) He wouldn't do it. If only for me,
he wouldn't.

(PHONE RINGS..OFF CRADLE FAST)

HART: Hart speaking.
GUARD: (FILTER) This is Carter at the prison. I've got some
news for you.
HART: (FAST) You've stopped the escape plot.
GUARD: No. Our plans haven't changed. Let them try their
break. We'll see how far they get.
HART: You can't do it, Carter.
GUARD: Maybe ... but we're trying it.
HART: Is Dan Maury in on it? You've got to tell me.
GUARD: I told you once before. Wait and find out. But I'll
tell you something else about Maury. That is ... if you
wanna know.
HART: I'm listening.
GUARD: I thought you might be interested in the decisions of
the parole board. They just came in.
HART: (ANXIOUSLY) How did the kid do?
GUARD: Maury's application for parole...has been denied!
(MUSIC: -- HITS FAST AND BRIDGES TO)

NELSON: (LOW VOICE CHARGED WITH EXCITEMENT) This is your chance,
Maury. Are you comin' with us?

MAURY: What's the use of even tryin' *Nelson?*

NELSON: Better than stayin' in this rat hole. Look what they
did to ya, parole.

MAURY: I know... I know,

NELSON: Now, you're just like us, Comon Maury ... get wise
to yourself. We're breakin' out. In ten minutes ...
we'll be over the wall. Whatta ya say?

MAURY: Who...who else is leavin'?

NELSON: Ten of us... Stay here and you're crazy.

MAURY: (SLIGHT BEAT) Crazy about a lot of things. Okay,
Nelson ... let's go.

NELSON: That's the boy. Now ... here's the key Whitey made.
Watch ...

(KEY FITTING IN LOCK ... SCRAPING AROUND ...
TUMBLERS CLICKING AND CELL DOOR SLIDES SLOWLY
OPEN)

MAURY: (WHISPER) Not so loud.

NELSON: (WHISPER) Quick...into the yard.

(NIGHT SOUNDS B.G....THEY FADE IN)

MAURY: Hold it!

NELSON: (SCARED) See somethin'?

MAURY: (SLOWLY) Yeah ... the lights of the town.

NELSON: (IRRITATED) Save it! The rest of the guys are ~~waitin'~~ *waitin'*
~~waitin'~~ *for* us, *Come on!*

(CRUNCHING ON GRAVEL)

NELSON: There's the wall. Break for it!

(RUNNING ON GRAVEL)

GUARD: (PROJECTING OFF) All right ... let them have it!

(TWO MACHINE GUNS OPEN UP)

(MUSIC: -- WASHES IN OVER THE SOUND... THE SLOWS INTO A SAD MOTIF
BEHIND)

NARR: It's snowing over the prison at Joliet. And the grayness
everywhere...begins to hide. A soft whiteness covers the
walls ... the buildings .. and the earth.

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

NARR: In the small chapel ... you kneel beside Rose Maury.

(MUSIC: -- SUBDUED ORGAN IN B.G.)

NARR: And though the room is very still ... and the only sound
is that of a quiet organ .. you can hear the girl beside
you ...crying. A crying that goes too deep for tears.
The services are over and you go outside. The snow falls
gently against your face...and you look up at the sky.

ROSE: (SLIGHT BEAT) Mr. Hart ... Thank you for everything.

HART: Please don't say that.

ROSE: We couldn't have stopped them from killing Dan.

HART: It got too big for us.

ROSE: Yet.... I can't help thinking that maybe it didn't have
to happen. If things had only been different.

HART: What are you going to do now, Rose?

ROSE: I don't know. Go home, maybe...for just a little while.

HART: I think you should.

ROSE: Will you do one thing for me, Mr. Hart?

HART: Yes, Rose.

ROSE: All this is wrong. I guess it's hard to say that any one man did it. But it's going to go on happening...unless the people get together and change things.

HART: But Rose ...

ROSE: I know how you feel about Dan. Maybe you want to quit. But I don't want you to.

HART: Like I said ... it's too big for any of us.

ROSE: It doesn't have to be that way. Keep telling the people how rotten it all is. They don't know how things are.

HART: *Cut,* I've written so many stories.

ROSE: Then write more. The ~~man~~^{authorities} at Springfield will listen. But first...you have to tell them.

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARRATOR)

NARR: You take her hand at the gates of the prison. And the way she looks at you makes everything a little easier. "It didn't have to happen," she had said. You know that from now on ... those are words ... you'll always remember!

(MUSIC: -- BUILDS FOR BRIDGE) --

EDITOR: Sit on my desk, Bill. Chair's full of back copies.

HART: What's up, Howard?

EDITOR: This story for the afternoon edition, Bill. A little strong, isn't it?

HART: ~~It's not!~~ *But it's the truth.*

EDITOR: What about this part of it. Listen ... (READING) "The close proximity of Joliet to the penitentiaries ties in the security and welfare of this city along with other prison problems of overcrowding, discipline and harsh parole procedure. A riot much more serious than any in the past may happen at any hour." (WHISTLE) ~~What?~~

HART: Put away your blue pencil, Howard. You can't edit the truth.

EDITOR: I know, Bill but I don't want to be blamed for not editing out false predictions.

HART: Not on this story, you won't. Look...the responsible officials at the prison are trying to do an honest job with what they've got. But a state investigation will show that the whole prison system needs changing.

EDITOR: Granted...but about this riot business. Surely, the Warden would see it coming.

HART: Maybe. But he ^{has to} depend on his guards, ~~being great at it~~. Men like Carter...who are poorly paid and have no business being there. Howard....I know that riot is coming.

EDITOR: (SLIGHT BEAT THEN SIGHS) All right, Bill. I'm still with you. Get out to the prison and play your hunch!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: Everything seems the same...but you can feel the pressure building ... like steam in a boiler. The whole prison is charged with tension. ~~Look close, and you can see it in the faces of the men. Eyes narrowed and revving for a fight. Lightening up and then darkening again. The tension is palpable. Don't know what's going to happen. Something's got to happen.~~ A guard passes by and you ask....

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

HART: How do things look?

GUARD 2: Same as usual. Nice and quiet!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BEHIND FOR MONTAGE)

MARJORIE: ~~(ON PHONE) Listen, this is Marjorie. Did you see that story in the HERALD NEWS? Listen about that CRAIG meeting tonight. Yes, don't you think we had better someone take care of it? Hurray, that's what I had in mind! I think I'll stop home.~~

(MUSIC: -- RISES AND BEHIND)

COP: (ON PHONE...TIRED) Lady, there's nothing to worry about. Believe me...I don't care what that guy Hart says. We'll protect this town...Certainly, we have enough policemen. When that riot comes, we'll be able to take care of everybody...that is, if there is one!

(MUSIC: -- RISES AND BEHIND)

(WINDOW SLAMMING UP)

FATHER: (PROJECTING) Jack...it's getting dark. Better come in the house. ~~Now~~, you can finish the game tomorrow. Tell Roy to get on home, too. His mother just phoned. Now, comon... hurry up!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: The feeling of trouble is ^{even} getting out to the people. In some strange way ... it seems to well out of the prison. The people of Joliet are staying close to home. Calls to the police set a new record...and evening activities at schools and churches slacken off to almost nothing. A town...waiting out a calm...waiting for an explosion. And suddenly ... it comes!

(A SIREN SCREAMING...THEN AS IT DIES....)

NARR: (PICKS UP THE LULL) RIOT!

(SIREN SCREAMS AGAIN)

(MUSIC: HITS IN EXCITEMENT AND SEQUES TO)

(BURNING BUILDING IN B.G...ESTABLISH IT FAST
THEN B.G.)

Guard:

~~WARDEN:~~

Hart...how'd you get in here?
I've still got my Carter, remember?

HART:

~~You once gave me a pass, Warden.~~

Guard:

~~WARDEN:~~

Get out of here, you fool! While you've still got a chance.

HART:

~~Yes~~, thanks, I'll take my chances.

Guard:

~~WARDEN:~~

A pencil and paper won't do you much good now.

HART:

Maybe ...but I've got some other ideas. I'll hit the
phone for help. See ya...

(RUNNING STEPS ON GRAVEL...DOOR OPEN AND SLAM...
RECEIVER OFF CRADLE AND HOOK JIGGLED)

HART:

Operator,

Stand by an emergency! ~~Operator~~..line up the following
calls in this order. Fire department...National Guard...
Joliet Police...and State police..Now ... hurry!

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

(PHONE IN CRADLY)

EDITOR:

(UNAWARE OF RIOT....ANNOYED) See if you can find Bill
Hart for me. I want to see him about that riot warning
story of his.

(PHONE DOWN)

(TO HIMSELF) They're really getting my ears burned on
that one. Why'd I ever let him print it?

(PHONE RIGHT...PICK UP)

EDITOR:

Hello - Desk

HART:

(FILTER) Hello Howard...

EDITOR:

Listen...where are you?

HART:

At the prison.

EDITOR:

Well, come on back here. I want to ...

NARR: You've got a Big Story ... and you've made the headlines ...but the thrill of it dies quick. All around you is the picture of what you were trying to stop. And the sight of it ...leaves you cold and empty. Back in the office ...you wrap up your story but the sound of the men screaming as they try to break out...stays close. Your editor gives you a bonus, puts his arm around you and says....

EDITOR: Bill, you did a job. It's going to mean something. They'll listen to you now...and they'll change things.

(MUSIC: SNEAKS IN BEHIND)

NARR: And even when they call you to Springfield to testify before the ^{Illinois} State Legislature on prison reform...the excitement never seems to really come. For you know that you'll never forget a kid named Dan Maury ...and like the wife who waited for him...you'll always say... "It didn't have to happen!"

(MUSIC: BUILDS TO CURTAIN)

OSAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from William M. Hart of the Joliet Herald-News with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE)
PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE)
PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine, mellow
tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your throat.
Thus PELL MELL gives you a smoothness, mildness and
satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Yes, PELL MELL'S are good -- good to look at - good to
feel - good to taste - and good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: So, if you really want to enjoy smoking, ask for the
longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package
- PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(ORCHESTRA: TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from William ^{M.} Hart of the Joliet Herald-News.

HART: Following my testimony before the ^{Illini} State Legislature I was appointed Secretary of a committee to investigate and compare conditions at ~~the~~ Sing Sing and other prisons. Later we ~~expanded~~ ^{extended} our investigation to prisons in England, France and Holland. Recommendations to the State Legislature based on our report resulted in establishing Joliet Prison as a model for others throughout the world. Thanks a lot for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Hart....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 Atlanta, Georgia Constitution - by-line, Celestine Sibley -- a BIG STORY - about a girl reporter who gave a dying man a reason to live.

(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 Alvin Boretz, your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Myron McCormick played the part of William^{M.} Hart. 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. Hart.

(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.

DD/MT
1/24/49 pm

ATK01 0061407

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #98

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MAN II	BOB SLOANE
WOODS	JOE DE SANTIS
SIB	ALICE FROST
LOUISE	MITZI GOULD
EMMY	COLLETTE McMAHON
CHAIRMAN	LYLE SUDROW
KAY	LYLE SUDROW
JOHN	ROGER DE KOVEN
WARDEN	ROGER DE KOVEN
BARBER	GIL MACK
GUARD	GIL MACK

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1949

ATX01 0061408

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

98

(CELESTINE SIBLEY: ATLANTA, GA., CONSTITUTION)

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

FEBRUARY 9, 1949

WEDNESDAY

CHAPPELL: ^{*Amore*} PELL MELL CIGARETTES present - THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE INTO)

(TWO MEN WALKING ALONG STONE CORRIDOR OF PRISON.

STOP)

WARDEN: (SOFT-SPOKEN) Open his cell, Peters --

GUARD: Yes, sir. (PROJECT A LITTLE) Woods, Woods! - the warden
is here to see you. (LITTLE SHARP) Stand up!

WARDEN: That's all right, Peters. ~~Just open it.~~

(JAIL DOOR OPENS)

WARDEN: Woods, it doesn't make any sense. You haven't eaten in
5 days. (PAUSE) ~~There's meat and potatoes and a salad
Woods. (PAUSE) Why don't you eat? What is the matter?
What are you trying to do?~~ (PAUSE) All right, you're
in prison, you're in for life (GENTLY) - you killed a
man, Woods, you have to pay for that, but not to eat --
why? Tell me why?

(LONG PAUSE)

WOODS: Gimme a shoelace, gimme a belt, a tie -- gimme a knife -
then it'll be quick and over and -- I don't like to waste
good food, there's people could use it. (BREAKING) ~~So
gimme a shoelace, a belt, a tie, gimme a knife~~ Gimme a
knife, warden, please - a knife?!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ SHOCKING. UP AND UNDER)

ATX01 0061409

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY: Here is America: it's sound and its
fury, its joy and its sorrow as faithfully reported by
the men and women of the great American newspapers.
(PLAT) ~~Dustbin~~, Atlanta, Georgia: the story of a man
who asked the ultimate question: "What's the use of
living," -- and of a reporter who answered it for him and
for herself. ~~and~~ For her work in this moving case, to
reporter Celestine Sibley of the Atlanta Constitution,
goes the PELL MELL AWARD for the BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP IN A FANFARE)
(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 2/9/49
PELL MELL

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE)

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the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: If you really want to enjoy smoking, ask for the longer,
finer cigarette in the distinguished red package - PELL
MELL.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME . . . PLEASANT)

CHAPPELL: Now the story as it actually happened: reporter Celestine Sibley's story as she lived it. Atlanta, Georgia ...

(MUSIC: _ _ _ PUNCTUATES AND GOES UNDER:)

SLOANE: You're quite a gal: a hard-working reporter ~~(one of the~~ *on the Atlanta Constitution* ~~few women who have been)~~ and a crack writer ~~and a nice person~~. The only thing wrong (it's a very minor vice) is that you're self-effacing, too modest, shy. For instance, you describe yourself as "Celestine Sibley ('Sib to everyone'), tall, freckled, gawky, about as glamorous as a teletype machine and pushing 40"; when the truth is you're ^{only} 34, attractive, gentle, and a ~~person everyone turns to, because you like people, because you~~ ~~love~~, beside being a good reporter you also happen to be the mother of three terrific kids. And that is why, at this moment, City Editor Bill Kay calls out to you ...

KAY: Sib -- got a story here -- just your meat -- Remember Tom Woods?

SIB: Woods? ~~Was that the man who left his wife and kid on New Year's Eve? No, that was Beach, Tom Beach, No.~~

KAY: Big real estate swindler about ¹⁰ 20 years ago.

SIB: (DAWNING) Oh, sure, didn't he kill somebody?

KAY: ~~The very man, a man known as "\$2,000,000 Woods" --~~ ~~"Swindle King"~~ Killed a man, ~~claimed it was self-defense,~~ got himself sent up for life ~~with the jury of 12~~.

SIB: I couldn't do it, Bill ---

KAY: Couldn't do what?

SIB: (SMILING) He went on a hunger strike 5 days ago, didn't he, Bill?

KAY: Yap.

SIB: And every paper in town is trying to find out why? ~~Why~~
~~should a tough man like Tom Woods, a murderer and swindler,~~
~~suddenly go on a hunger strike?~~ I couldn't do it.

KAY: Why couldn't you get him to talk, Sib?

SIB: ~~Because I, I just couldn't. You were just kidding.~~

KAY: ~~Do I look like I'm kidding?~~

SIB: Sam Harrison was in to see him, wasn't he? - and he threw
Sam clean out of the cell - and Sam weighs 190 pounds.
Need I point out to you that Tom Woods is a very tough
man and I - I weigh 108 and I'm a woman --

KAY: (SMILING) Exactly my point --

SIB: What -- ~~that's not very tough!~~

KAY: ~~No, that you weigh 108 pounds and that you are a woman.~~
(PAUSE. SMILES) I made arrangements for you to see him
in his cell. Good luck, Sib.

(MUSIC: IN AND BRIDGE INTO)

WOODS: (TOUGH, BIG MAN, NOW I'M) ~~and I'm a murderer and swindler~~

SIB: *But* Mr. Woods, ~~believe me, I'm serious~~ people are
interested in you, people ~~want to know about you~~ -

WOODS: ~~What do I care about people, what do they care about me?~~
Nobody cares about me and I don't care about nobody. Now
get out.

SIB: ~~That's not true, Mr. Woods!~~

WOODS: Look, go peddle your papers somewhere else, lady, I --

SIB: (PERSISTENT) But it isn't true, is it?

WOODS: What? What are you talking about?

SIB: ~~What do I care about people, what do they care about me?~~
~~and you don't care about~~
~~anybody, is that?~~ (PAUSE) How old is she?

WOODS: Who?

SIB: ~~Is she your daughter?~~

WOODS: ~~Who are you talking about?~~

SIB: That picture on the wall. Did your daughter draw it?

WOODS: Leave me alone.

SIB: She must be -- about 9. I mean when she drew it, she's probably older now? 10? 11?

WOODS: (VERY SOFTLY) 13.

SIB: I've got a boy thirteen -- all he draws is rocket ships -- never anything like that -- it's very nice. ~~It's a wedding~~
~~invitation.~~

WOODS: Look, I don't want to talk about it - I swear, look lady, I -- what's your name?

SIB: ~~Miss Sibley~~. Celestine Sibley -- everybody calls me "Sib."

WOODS: Please leave me alone.

SIB: ~~Sometimes~~ *Oh Woods* - there's probably not a thing in the world that I can do -- but sometimes it helps just to talk. ~~I haven't even got a pencil, I can't take notes with you,~~ feel like talking -- talk. (PAUSE) I've got a girl 8 and a little one, a boy, 5. Kids are wonderful, aren't they?

WOODS: ~~Yeah~~

SIB: Is it because of her? If you don't want to talk, don't -- ~~but I don't~~ Are you trying to kill yourself because of her?

WOODS: (PAUSE) She found out I'm in jail.

SIB: ~~Mr Woods~~ Why don't you begin at the beginning -- ~~I can't help at all, but~~ --
(PAUSE)

WOODS: 20 years ago (it goes way back), I killed a man. I killed Red Haines because he tried to kill me. It was in Atlanta at the Astor Hotel, getting a hair cut ... (FADE)

(FADE IN CLIPPERS)

BARBER: Enough off the sides, Mr. Woods?

WOODS: Fine, Teddy, fine.

BARBER: ~~Now a little more, off the top and you finished.~~

What do you think in the World Series ~~this year?~~

WOODS: I don't know, Teddy, Yankees, probably.

BARBER: I think maybe you right, Mr. Woods, I think ---

WOODS: (NARRATING) He froze, ~~suddenly everything froze~~ and I looked in the mirror and saw Haines. He drew his gun and before I knew it ---

(SHOT. SHATTERS A MIRROR)

WOODS: He missed me. I turned in the chair quick as I could and got out my gun ~~(I had a gun) and he was wild, he fired and shot me --~~

(SHOT)

WOODS: And ~~then~~ I fired.

(SHOT)

WOODS: And he was dead. 10 witnesses including the barber saw it. I killed in self-defense.

SIB: I understand, Mr. Woods. Go on.

WOODS: ~~I was a gambler, I made a lot of money, I killed Red Haines was a sure bet. That's why he come after me.~~

(PAUSE) Next day they held the coroner's jury ...

MAN II: This coroner's jury finds that Horace (Red) Haines met his death through gunfire in an act of self-defense. No indictment.

(PAUSE)

WOODS: I walked out of the jury room with no trouble and right outside John ^{Logan} ~~Bergan~~ met me. Big John ^{Logan} ~~Bergan~~. No-Good, ~~Big John Bergan~~, crook, swindler, politician ...

JOHN: (OILY) Well, well - can I walk with you, Tom?

WOODS: I got no use for you, ^{Logan} ~~Bergan~~; you know that.

JOHN: Now what a thing to say - a man comes over to congratulate you on your acquittal and you get sore --

WOODS: ~~There was no acquittal - that was no trial. The jury said he was guilty as hell.~~

JOHN: ~~Oh, just a matter of words - you know what I mean. Glad you got off --~~

WOODS: Look, we both got things to do --

JOHN: I'm a pretty big man in this town, Woods, and I aim to be bigger.

WOODS: What's that got to do with me?

JOHN: Remember that little deal -- about 4 years ago, a piece of property just North of Atlanta --

WOODS: The River Bend swindle you pulled? Sure, I remember.

JOHN: ~~The very one - only I didn't pull it. (BLANDLY) This is back, Tom - I didn't pull that.~~

WOODS: ~~What are you after? You pulled that deal as sure as my name is Tom --~~

JOHN: ~~Well, maybe I did and maybe I didn't, but~~ that deal is a - kind of blot on my record. That deal's stopping me from getting to be the Big Man I want to be --

WOODS: What about it?

JOHN: Now you happen to know all about that deal -- and a statement from you that I was innocent of it and that -- (SLOWLY) you pulled it -- that'd be just what I need.

WOODS: Are you crazy?

JOHN: I want an affidavit from you by five tonight that you pulled that River Bend deal.

WOODS: ~~I shouldn't have talked to you this long.~~

JOHN: ~~You refuse?~~

WOODS: Get out of my way.

JOHN: All right, Tom, I gave you a chance, fair and square. (IRON) You have that affidavit by five tonight. If it's not delivered to the sheriff's office by 5, you'll be indicted for the murder of Red Haines.

WOODS: ~~You must be crazy. I was just let out.~~

JOHN: ~~I have statements from 9 witnesses -- 9 who swear you shot Haines in cold blood, without provocation.~~

WOODS: ~~You're bluffing.~~

JOHN: It's a good bluff. You won't call it. 5 tonight, your statement. (PAUSE) 'Course if you sign it, you'll get off -- 3, 4 years in jail -- but if you don't -- you'll go ~~to prison for life!~~

(MUSIC: IN AND UNDER)

WOODS: (NARRATING) The next morning there was an indictment out against me for the murder of Red Haines and I knew Big John had it all fixed for me to go up for life. (PAUSE) So - I disappeared Mrs. Sibley. I left Atlanta and disappeared.

(MUSIC: PUNCTUATES AND UNDER:)

WOODS: I went to California, Monrovia -- a beautiful town, real beautiful. I changed my name, Mrs. Sibley, ~~and maybe it was the climate or the people there -- but well, I~~ changed. *I* became a different person ...

(DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS UNDER STEPS)

LOUISE: Good morning, Mr. Green, lovely morning, isn't it?

WOODS: (ALMOST A DIFFERENT VOICE) Sure is, Miss Parker. You can smell the sap running in the trees.

LOUISE: Indeed you can. Now about the house and lot -- you really think it's a good buy. Now, I'm relying on you, so tell me just what you think.

(PAUSE)

WOODS: (NARRATING) I became Ed Green, real estate dealer and I tried to help people. I don't know why unless all my life I hadn't made a single friend, never trusted anyone and that got me nowhere -- so this time I tried the other way:

I made friends, trusted people, got them to trust me *especially*

Miss Parker.

LOUISE: But what about that roof, Mr. Green?

WOODS: About 200 dollars, Miss Parker, will fix that roof and -- you've got yourself a fine house. Snug as any in town.

LOUISE: I'll take it. On your word, alone, ~~Mr. Green~~ I'll take it. (PAUSE) Mr. Green, could you come out when the builders are there? I'd feel more secure.

(PAUSE)

WOODS: (NARRATING) Louise Parker asked me to help and I did. And in helping her, we got to know each other better. And before long we found we liked each other. We liked each other very much, Mrs. Sibley. And we both loved kids.

(MUSIC: WEDDING SUGGESTED AND UNDER:)

WOODS: We were married two years after I came to Monrovia and it was wonderful, except one thing ...

LOUISE: (SADLY) Then the doctor told you, Ed?

WOODS: He told me, Louise - but I was wondering --

LOUISE: What, dear?

WOODS: It wouldn't be our child, ~~I mean, it wouldn't be the way~~
~~we wanted it~~, but -- Louise, what would you think if we -
adopted a child?

LOUISE: (HAPPY) Oh, Ed - I was afraid you wouldn't want that.
Ed, it'd be perfect. Just perfect.

(MUSIC: IN WITH WOODS NARRATING)

WOODS: It was perfect. Louise and Emmy and the house and being
a decent human being. It was perfect for ~~30~~ years, Mrs.
Sibley and then -- then it happened ...

(DOORBELL RINGS)

WOODS: ~~You expecting anyone, Louise?~~

LOUISE: No - oh, it's the postman, see you can see him from the
window. (SURPRISED) Ed, there's a policeman with him.

WOODS: (TENSE) I'll go.

LOUISE: No, you sit there and finish your paper, I'll ---

WOODS: I'll go, Louise --

LOUISE: What's the matter, Ed?

WOODS: Nothing. Let me talk to them alone.

LOUISE: Ed darling, what is it? If it's trouble you know that
~~I'm with you and --~~

WOODS: (ANGRY) Louise, go upstairs and keep Emmy there and --
and don't come down. ~~Now do it.~~

LOUISE: ~~All right, Ed, if that's the way you want it. But,~~
~~darling, nothing you've done -- nothing -- can oblige the~~
~~way I feel. Nothing.~~

(MUSIC: IN WITH NARRATING)

WOODS: Big John ~~had~~ ^{from} had caught up with me. ^a The postman had
recognized a picture: "wanted for murder" and the picture
was me.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ PUNCTUATES)

WOODS: I knew what would happen. I'd go back to Atlanta and be convicted. I knew Big John had it all figured out. All the statements in the world that I'd changed, that I was a decent citizen -- they wouldn't matter. I'd be convicted. So, before I left, I took Louise and I said one thing -- (IN SCENE) Don't tell Emmy, Louise, never.

LOUISE: I'll try not to.

WOODS: No. Don't tell her. She mustn't know. Ever. It'll ruin her, it'll ruin everything. And if that child's life is ruined -- I don't want to live.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIEF AND UNDER:)

WOODS: Four years ago I was sentenced to life -- and all that time Louise kept it away from Emmy and then, a week ago, Mrs. Sibley, this came --

SIB: A letter from Emmy?

WOODS: That's right.

SIB: (PAPER CRACKLE. READING) "I wish I were dead. I wish I'd never been born. And I wish you were dead and buried and forgotten." I'm sorry.

WOODS: That's why I don't care. That's why I asked the warden for a knife or a belt or a ---

SIB: That won't help.

WOODS: What am I gonna do? Can you tell me; what am I gonna do?

SIB: Big John ^{Logan} ~~Bergen~~ is pretty powerful, isn't he?

WOODS: One of the biggest men in the State, and the rottenest.

SIB: I'll tell you something funny. There's something bigger than John ^{Logan} ~~Bergen~~ -- Mr. Woods -- I think that the truth is bigger than John ^{Logan} ~~Bergen~~.

(Music)

WOODS: ~~What do you mean?~~

SIB: I mean -- I'm nobody, just a reporter and maybe I can't do anything, but I'm going to try, I'm going to try to prove that you have a right to go back to Monrovia, to ~~Louisiana and to Europe.~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP TO TAG THE ACT)

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

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 2/9/49
PELL MELL

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Your eyes can see PELL MELL'S greater length. Yes, your eyes can see the difference - your throat can tell you what it means.

HARRICE: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos means a longer, natural filter to screen and cool the smoke.

CHAPPELL: Thus, PELL MELL gives you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Yes, PELL MELL'S are good -- good to look at - good to feel - good to taste - and good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild.

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE) PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE) PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: If you really want to enjoy smoking, ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package - PELL MELL.

(MUSIC: INTRO AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and
THE BIG STORY of Celestine Sibley as she lived it and
wrote it -----

SLOANE: You've taken on quite an assignment, Celestine Sibley, of
the Atlanta Constitution. You're going to prove a man
sentenced to life imprisonment for murder is innocent.
Tough for anybody, an assignment like that, twice as hard
for you -- a woman reporter, a shy self-effacing woman
reporter at that. But you go after it.....

SIB: ~~Get me the back files on the Woods case -- oh, about 20~~
~~years ago, please.....~~

SLOANE: You start in the old musty files of newspapers and court
records and coroners juries; for weeks, you go through
miles of papers, and something very funny hits you -- you
talk about it with City Editor Bill Kay --

SIB: Did you ever see a case where ~~all~~ ^{most of} the records were missing,
Bill?

KAY: Missing - what case?

SIB: The Woods case.

KAY: ~~You still on that one, Sib?~~

SIB: ~~Oh, you got me started on this -- sounds like more. I'll check~~
every important document in this case that might in any
way tend to show Woods' innocence is missing --

KAY: Mmmm. Like What?

SIB: Like the coroners' jury report where they said it was
self-defense. Like who was on that jury. Isn't that funny?

KAY: Maybe yes, maybe no. Maybe there was no such coroners jury. Maybe the only papers on the case are the one's you found - proving Woods' guilt.

SIB: ~~Why do you say that?~~

KAY: I'm just saying maybe. Maybe he sold you a bill of goods.

SIB: ~~Cut it out. He's a tough man, a gambler and all that -- and he killed Haines -- but I know an honest man when I see one.~~

KAY: ~~Just be sure, Sib. Just be sure.~~

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: Doubt crawls into your mind. Could Woods have taken you for a -----? No, impossible. That picture on the wall, his daughter, the whole story. So you go around looking for witnesses. There must be witnesses somewhere. The barber shop of the Astor Hotel --

SIB: Excuse me --

BARBER: Sure lady, can I help. You looks for your husband?

SIB: No, I -- how long have you ^{worked} ~~been~~ here?

BARBER: 29 years. A long time.

SIB: Do you remember a shooting here, -- about ~~20~~¹⁶ years ago?

BARBER: Who you lady?

SIB: Just a friend of -- do you remember Tom Woods?

BARBER: I remember. He's in my chair at the time. This fellow comes in, Mr. Haines -- Woods jumps out of the chair, one, two, three, he shoots him dead.

SIB: Haines didn't fire at him first?

BARBER: Shoots him like I told you, one, two three.

(MUSIC: IN AND UNDER)

SLOANE: There must have been other witnesses, there must have been. There must have been men on the coroner's jury. You look further and finally, in an obscure item in the paper, you get the name of the foreman of the coroner's jury.....

~~Back~~ ^{Logan} Backer.....and then you see I. Backer died in 1945. What about ~~Bergen?~~ ^{Logan} What ~~about~~ ^{happened to} John Bergen? ~~Logan?~~

ORRICK: Please sit down, Mrs. Sibley. You know, of course, that John ~~Bergen~~ ^{Logan} died last year. I was his best friend. My name is Orrick.

SIB: Well, what's the story, Mr. Orrick?

ORRICK: There is no story and it's such a pity.

SIB: Why do you say that?

ORRICK: Just that I'm surprised. I heard you were a bright woman. It's a pity a woman like yourself could be taken in by all that hogwash. I suppose Woods told you that sob story about John hating him and forcing him to sign papers on the River Bend deal or else he'd put him in jail for the murder of Red Haines? He tell you that?

SIB: What of it?

ORRICK: And did he also tell you how he became a model citizen or in Monrovia, California, with a fine wife and a sweet daughter ~~and how the poor darling won't graduate now she found her father out to be common murderer.~~

SIB: Yes, he did, how did you know..?

ORRICK: ~~He's been peddling that yarn for years, Miss, before her death and since. Just surprised you call for it.~~ Not word of truth in it.

SIB: You don't mean it.

JOHN: ~~Sorry I know how you get an idea and you like to believe~~
~~in it. Most of us don't like to be made sakers of, how'd~~
~~ya? But if you want some free honest advice ^{Mrs. Sibley} - forget~~
about it. Just go on back home to your ~~three fine~~ children
and that good newspaper you work for and -- forget about it.

(MUSIC: PUZZLED AND UNDER:)

SLOANE: Could the whole thing be fabricated? Could it? Could you
be that wrong about a person? What about the letter, "I
wish you ^{were} dead and buried and forgotten" --- Is all that
false? You go back to the prison. You see Woods, but
something has happened. He -- just sits blankly holding
a letter in his hand.

SIB: May I read it, Mr. Woods?

WOODS: I don't care.

SIB: (PAPER RUSTLE) "Dear Daddy: How sorry I am. How I
misunderstood you and now that I've learned everything,
all about you, I'm not ashamed any more. ~~And I'm going~~
~~to the graduation~~ And I love you so much. Emmy".....
(PAUSE) (SOFTLY) What's the matter.

WOODS: Nothing.

SIB: ~~Even if she does know, is that what's bothering you?~~

WOODS: ~~No. I'm~~

SIB: What is it?

WOODS: I -- it doesn't matter.

SIB: Please tell me.

WOODS: They won't ever know. Louise and Emmy. You won't ever tell!

SIB: I promise.

WOODS: I -- I had an attack yesterday -- my heart and -- the doctor
said I've got - 2, maybe three years to live.

SIB: Oh, I'm - Mr. Woods, I've got to say something to you. I know it's the worst time, but - is what you told me true?

WOODS: About what happened? About Emmy and Louise and Monrovia?

WOODS: ~~Who you been talking to?~~
Do you don't believe me either?

SIB: I couldn't find the records, there are no witnesses and --

I talked to ^{a friend of} John ~~Benson~~ *Sygan*.

WOODS: ~~So you don't believe me either.~~ (BITTERLY) Well, what's

the difference. ~~I don't care.~~ I don't care whether I live or whether I die, or -- leave me alone. Leave me alone. Everybody in the world -- just leave me alone.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: The first feeling of belief comes back, stronger this time and you do something that ordinarily you'd never do. You check a story - ~~by~~ going 3000 miles across the country, to Monrovia, California.

SIB: It's none of my business and you don't have to answer, Mrs. - uh - Green ---

LOUISE: "What sort of man is Ed" -- or Tom as you call him? Emmy, what sort of man is Daddy?

EMMY: ~~(13) Do you know Billy Hendricks, Mrs. Siblow?~~

SIB: No, I don't Emmy.

EMMY: Billy Hendricks is bad. He was in the Reform School two years and everybody says he's bad. He steals. Daddy used to take him in the shop and show him how to sharpen tools, lawnmowers and cutting scissors and how to take care of trees (my daddy's very good at trees) - and -- now -- well, you go talk to Billy about him if you want to know.

SIB: ~~Do you think he killed that man?~~

EMMY: He wrote me a ~~long~~ letter ~~about it~~ ~~the other day~~ after
I ~~told him I knew~~ ~~was~~ after I wrote that terrible letter *to him*.
You want to see it? ~~I have it in my pocket.~~

SIB: You read it.

EMMY: All right. ~~I know it by heart.~~ "You see, my darling,
sometimes things happen and lies are told about people,
but the only real truth is what you believe in your heart
is true -- and I know that what you and Mommy believe is the
truth." ~~That's what he wrote.~~

SIB: ~~Thank you, thank you both very much.~~

(MUSIC: UNDER)

SLOANE: You also see - (just to be absolutely sure) the local
doctor and the dentist and the minister and they all agree
about Ed Green. They don't know about Tom Woods, but they
all agree on Ed Green. And with their statements you go
to face one of the toughest Parole Boards in America.....

CHAIR: Mrs. Sibley, you've asked for a hearing for a pardon for
Tom Woods....

SIB: That's right, sir.

CHAIR: As Chairman of this Parole Board, I must deny it. ~~The~~
~~rules clearly state that before a convicted murderer can~~
~~come before this Board, he must have served 8 years of his~~
~~term. Woods has only served 4 --~~

SIB: But, Mr. Chairman, he has only a few years to live. ~~Surely~~
~~if he is ever to be granted a pardon, he should be granted~~
~~one now --~~

CHAIR: ~~I'm sorry.~~

SIB: ~~He's been a model prisoner. With the exception of his~~
hunger strike, he has a perfect record. ~~He's a trustee.~~

CHAIR: We were aware of that.

SIB: He's been an excellent influence on new prisoners. He's been
assigned to work among them. The warden's statement which
~~was submitted.--~~

CHAIR: Mrs. Sibley, I'll be blunt with you. We want to save our
time and your time. We could, it is true, grant you a
hearing. But it is our honest belief that nothing which
could be presented at that hearing could possibly alter the
decision that the jury made at the time of the trial.

SIB: Would you "waste" a few more hours on it, sir?

CHAIR: You're quite persistent, aren't you?

SIB: I believe in this man, sir.

CHAIR: All right, Mrs. Sibley - you've got your hearing.

(MUSIC: UNDER:)

SLOANE: The hearing is set, a week off. You get busy. You round
up the jury that convicted Woods, you finally find one
member of the old coroners jury that freed him, you get
statements and affidavits from people who know him as Ed
Green - and then, all at once, you realize something that
makes you shiver.

SIB: Who's going to present all this evidence to the Parole Board?

SLOANE: You shiver because it can't be a lawyer (Woods has no money
and this isn't ^{just} a case for a lawyer), it can't be anyone but
you, modest, self-effacing, shy Celestine Sibley, reporter.
You're it!

(MUSIC: PUNCTUATES)

SLOANE: You walk into the grim, hearing room in a terrible sweat. Facing you are not only the members of the parole board, but the jury as well - the jury that convicted Woods and Woods himself. You're trying a case, you're presenting an appeal for a parole and you're attempting to give a dying man reason to live ---

(PURSE FALLS ON FLOOR)

SLOANE: You drop your purse, as you get up to talk.

SIB: I'm -- I'm terribly sorry.

(GLASS OF WATER IS KNOCKED OVER)

SLOANE: Then you knock over a glass of water on the table.

SIB: Excuse me, I'm -- I'm a little nervous.

CHAIR: (LITTLE OFF - STERN) Proceed, Mrs. Sibley, please --

SIB: Ladies and gentlemen and members of the jury --

SLOANE: You begin. You tell it in the only words you know, ordinary reporter's words, the way it happened, the way you see it, the way you feel it

SIB: I'm not a great judge of human nature, I don't claim to be, but Tom Woods said this to me in his cell ---

SLOANE: Your palms sweat and you don't really hear the words you're saying -- it's as if someone else were talking for you, through you --

SIB: ... It's a small thing, but a child's picture on the wall means something. And another small thing, the kind of letters a man write to his daughter. They mean something too...

SLOAN: You have no idea what the Parole Board is thinking. Their faces are blurred because of the tears in your eyes ...

SIBL: I spoke to his daughter, Emmy, in California; and to his wife and to a delinquent boy that he helped and to a man whose house he saved when it was put up for mortgage sale ~~and to a doctor and to many others...~~

SLOANE: Can emotion match facts? Can the feelings of a woman be weighed against the findings of a jury?

SIB: ...All these statements that I have made I believe, down to the very fibre of my being. Say that I'm a woman, say I'm emotional, say anything you will -- but I do not think that I have been deceived. I do not think Tom Woods has deceived me, or his wife, or his child -- or that he has deceived the world. (PAUSE) That's all I have to say.

SLOANE: The face of the chairman is inscrutable, the same for the other members of the Parole Board. Then the chairman speaks..

CHAIR: We will take the matter under advisement. Any other evidence? (PAUSE) There being none, this hearing is declared at an end.

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

SLOANE: You must have failed, you must have. Not a spark, not a sign from the chairman or any of the others. Not a word. And the way you spoke -- it must have been awful. Dropping your purse, spilling the water, just words, words, words --

(MUSIC: STING)

CHAIR: Mrs. Sibley.

SIB: Yes, Mr. Chairman --

CHAIR: We've just ~~let~~ come to our decision.

SIB: Yes ---

CHAIR: The foreman of the jury that convicted Woods came ~~into the~~ ^{before the} ~~board~~ ^{only} hearing and said -- I'm quoting -- "If we had known what Mrs. Sibley told us, at the time of the trial, we would never have convicted Tom Woods ---"

SIB: *Oh* They were very kind.

CHAIR: We think the same thing. (PAUSE) Woods has just been granted free and unconditional pardon.

SIB: Oh, thank you.

CHAIR: He doesn't know ^{it} yet. We thought you'd like to tell him.

(MUSIC: UP HAPPILY AND OUT TO TAG)

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE.....)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 2/9/49
PELL MELL

-25-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to
your throat.

HARRICE: That's important.

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to
your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine, mellow
tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your throat.
Thus PELL MELL gives you a smoothness, mildness and
satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Yes, PELL MELL'S are good -- good to look at - good to feel -
good to taste - and good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: So, if you really want to enjoy smoking, ask for the longer,
finer cigarette in the distinguished red package - PELL MELL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0061433

(ORCHESTRA: TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Celestine Sibley of the Atlanta Constitution.

SIBLEY: The next day following the ^{Parole} Parole Board's decision I went to help Woods pack his belongings and took him to the airport where he caught a plane for California. He is living back in Monrovia again with his wife and daughter and I hear from him regularly. I am happy to say that his general health has improved steadily thanks to the medicine of being home. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Miss Sibley.. 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 Memphis Commercial Appeal -- by-line, Morgan Brassell -- a BIG STORY - about ^{reporter who caught} a crazy killer ~~and a reporter~~ with a crooked clue.

(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 Perl, ^{and} your narrator was Bob Sloane, ~~and~~ Alice Frost played the part of Miss Sibley. 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 Sibley.

(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.

and Joe De Santis played Tom Wood

Renie/el
1/31/49

AS BROADCAST,

THE BIG STORY

EPISODE # 99

CAST:

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
WOMAN	LEORA THATCHER
EMILY	LEORA THATCHER
PAUL	BOBBY READICK
SHERIFF	HAROLD HUBER
MAN II	BERNARD GRANT
RED	BERNARD GRANT
HIGBEE	MAURICE FRANKLIN
MR. BENTLEY	MAURICE FRANKLIN
MAN I	MIKE GARIN
BROWN	MIKE GARIN

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1949

ATX01 0061436

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(CAR UNDER)

HIGBEE: (ABOUT 70) Son, I don't feel so good. Head keeps spinnin
'round and 'round.

PAUL: Sure, Pop, I know. You've had too much to drink. What
you need is to walk it off...

(CAR SLOWS)

PAUL: I'll stop the car...

(CAR TO STOP, MOTOR OFF)

PAUL: Let's go, Pop.

(CAR DOOR OPENS...IN WITH NIGHT SOUNDS B.G.

CRICKETS ETC.)

HIGBEE: All right, son ...

(STEPS ON CONCRETE HIGHWAY)

PAUL: Feel a little better?

HIGBEE: I dunno. I feel low, boy ... pretty low in my mind.

PAUL: It's nothing that a little sleep won't cure.

HIGBEE: Sleep?

PAUL: Yeah. (A GRUNT)

(A THUDDING BLOW...GROAN...BODY THUD,..A BEAT)

PAUL: (A WEIRD CHUCKLE) Sleep well, Pop...and sweet dreams!

(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) Memphis, Tennessee.
From the pages of the Commercial Appeal, the authentic
story of a reporter who found that dead men do tell
tales sometimes. Tonight, to Morgan Brassell of
the Memphis Commercial Appeal, goes the Pell Mell Award
for the BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE) _
(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 2/16/49
PELL MELL .

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Yes, 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. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild.

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE) PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE) PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: If you really want to enjoy smoking, ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package -
PELL MELL.

(MUSIC: -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER FOR)

CHAPPELL: Now, the story as it actually happened ... Morgan Brassell's story as he lived it ... Memphis, Tennessee....

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: It is a sizzling hot July day, a humid hundred in the shade, when your Big Story begins. It is this scorcher, with the sun a relentless hammer, pounding down with a coppery wallop. But you, ^{Morgan} ~~the~~ Brassell, ^{reporter on} ~~of~~ the Memphis Commercial Appeal, are cold. Your flesh is clammy, and you shiver a little, as you stand in the chilled concrete cubicle, they call the Morgue, and stare down at the grey, blood-streaked lump of human flesh bathed in the bright-white glare of a hooded lamp. This was once a man, an old man, brutally murdered in the woods of Rugby Park, five miles northeast of Memphis. This is a nameless old man, dead for ^{about a} ~~months~~ and partly decomposed, with a slab for a bed and a shroud for a blanket, grinning up at you. ~~and the~~ Sheriff, as a matter of routine, ^{has} ~~called~~ in the identification line... a group of people who have missing friends or relatives.

(DOOR OPENS)

SHERIFF: All right. Step in here, all of you.

(WE HEAR THE STEPS OF FOUR OR FIVE PEOPLE...THEY COME IN HOLLOWLY, THEN STOP... ~~WE HEAR A WOMAN CRY~~ ~~ONCE, OR EMIT A SLIGHT SQUEAL...THEN SILENCE.~~)

SHERIFF: You, first, mister. You on the left. Step forward.

(A COUPLE OF MAN'S FOOTSTEPS, THEN STOP)

SHERIFF: Take a good look. (A PAUSE) Know this man?

MAN I: (A LONG BEAT, THEN ~~Next~~) No.

SHERIFF: Next... (A MOMENT OF SILENCE) All right, lady. You're next. (A LITTLE IMPATIENT) Step forward, he won't hurt you!

(A COUPLE OF WOMEN'S STEPS, IN SLOW BEAT, STOP.

(A LONG PAUSE)

SHERIFF: Well? (A LONG BEAT) ~~Speak up! Can you identify...?~~

WOMAN I: (AGITATED, JITTERY) No, Sheriff, no. I don't know him, I never saw him before, I ...

SHERIFF: (WEARILY) Okay, lady, okay. Next.

(A COUPLE OF MAN'S STEPS IN SLOW BEAT, AND STOP)

SHERIFF: Ever see this man, Mister?

MAN II: (LOW...AFTER BEAT) No.

SHERIFF: Next.

(COUPLE OF MAN'S STEPS, IN SLOW BEAT, AND STOP)

(A LONG PAUSE)

SHERIFF: Next.

~~(WOMAN'S STEPS UP AND STOP)~~

~~(A LONG PAUSE)~~

~~SHERIFF: Next.~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)_

NARRATOR: Next. Next. The Sheriff's voice drones on in the still, cold room. And you, Red Brassell, watch them come and watch them go, their ashen faces twitching in the pitiless glare of the hooded lamp, as they lean over and stare bug-eyed into the grinning upturned face. And still, the old man on the stone slab remains nameless. Finally, Sheriff Nichols ushers the last batch out of the door, turns to you and says....

SHERIFF: ~~(YAWNS)~~ Well, Brassell, that's that. Call it a day, I guess.

RED: (LOW) Going to try again tomorrow, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: Nope. Enough's enough. The body's unidentified, and it'll go in my report that way.

RED: The poor guy. The poor old guy. (A BEAT) I wonder who he was?

SHERIFF: (SHRUG) Who knows? Could have been anybody. A hitch-hiker, maybe, slugged by a tramp. A bum just passing through. Who knows?

RED: ~~And that's all, eh? Write it in the report. Add that~~
the end.

SHERIFF: That's the end.

ED: You know, Sheriff, I was just thinking...

SHERIFF: ~~Yep.~~

RED: For an old guy, he lays out pretty straight on that slab, shoulders way back. And there's an old bullet wound in his leg.

SHERIFF: Well?

RED: Well, I ... (CUTS, THEN LAUGHS) Skip it, Sheriff. Just a crazy idea I had.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: As you walk back to the ^{paper} office in the shimmering midday heat of Memphis, you wonder about the old guy with the straight back and the old wound. But he's dead and your Big Story is really just beginning when another old man walks up to the window marked 'Veterans Pensions' at the Memphis postoffice...

HIGBEE: (ABOUT 70) Afternoon, Mr. Brown.

BROWN: Well! John Higbee! How are you, old Timer?

HIGBEE: Fit as a fiddle, yes sir, fit as a fiddle. Can't complain, can't complain at all, outside of a little rheumy in by back when it rains. Yes sir, got the rheumy in Cuba, y'know, fightin' Spaniards with Teddy Roosevelt back in '98...

BROWN: (HASTILY) Sure, sure, Old Timer, I know. How's the Missus?

HIGBEE: Emily? Sharp as a buggy whip, feelin' right pert! (A PAUSE) I reckon you got my pension check ready, Mr. Brown?

BROWN: Sure thing *here you are.*

~~(THUD OF RUBBER STAMP ON PAPER)~~

BROWN: Here you are, Old Timer. Signed, sealed and delivered. Sixty dollars a month, and no questions asked. (CHUCKLE) Don't know how you fellows have the gumption to come down here and pick up this money. Why, you and these other old gaffers have been livin' off the government, ever since the Spanish-American war.

HIGBEE: (CHUCKLES) Hoity, toity, look who's talkin'. Ever stop to figger we're both milkin' the same cow, young feller? What with me an old soldier, and you clerkin' for the civil service behind that there cage, I guess we're both eatin' off the govment. ~~(HE CHUCKLES AT HIS OWN JOKE)~~

~~IN THE MANNER OF OLD MEN)~~

(FOOTSTEPS ON STONE FLOOR)

HIGBEE: Well, afternoon, Mr. Brown, afternoon. I'll be seein' you, first of next month, sure as shootin' ...

BROWN: (OFF) 'Bye Old Timer.

(STEPS CONTINUE FOR A MOMENT...)

PAUL: Hello, Pop.

HIGBEE: Eh? Oh. Afternoon, young feller.

PAUL: Pardon me for butting in, Pop...but that medal you're wearing...isn't it the medal of honor?

HIGBEE: Yes sir, it is. Won it at San Juan Hill, son. Long before your time, it was...back in '98.

PAUL: Oh. Old soldier, huh?

HIGBEE: I reckon there ain't many older, son. I've carried a rifle a long way in my time. ~~All up and down Cuba, I did,~~ with the Spaniard bullets whistle around my doggone ears, an' my feet all swole up with blisters, bivouackin' in swamps where the muskeeters were big as my fist, an' ~~constant with the ague and fever.~~

PAUL: I know what you mean, Pop. Did a little soldierin' myself, in this last shindig. (CASUALLY) Guadalcanal, Saipan, Tarawa.

HIGBEE: Well now, good for you, son, good for you!

PAUL: Pop, I like you. You're my kind of guy. I'm going to buy you a drink on that medal.

HIGBEE: Well now, young feller, I don't know. I ought to be walkin' on home.

PAUL: Sure, sure, Pop. Tell you what. It's pretty hot for a nice old guy like you to be pounding shoe leather. We'll have that drink, and then I'll drive you home...~~in my car.~~

(A BEAT) How's that?

HIGBEE: ~~Well, don't mind if I do, don't mind if I do, this night~~
~~kind of you, son.~~

PAUL: ~~Forget it, Pop. Like I said, you're my kind of guy!~~

(MUSIC: ~~BRIDGE~~)

HIGBEE: Let's see, son, ~~where~~ ^{which campaign} was I the last time you came to the house for dinner? You remember Emily? ^{telling you about}

EMILY: (PATIENTLY, SHE'S HEARD IT BEFORE) It was El Caney, Andrew.

PAUL: That's right, Pop. El Caney.

HIGBEE: So it was, Paul, so it was. Well, it was thisaway. We come up the Santiago road, asweatin' in the heat, ~~then there was Lee Guzman~~. After that, we got in some licks at El Caney, and then marched on to San Juan Hill...

EMILY: Andrew, ^{better stop talking}

HIGBEE: ~~Now there was a hot one, San Juan. What with Old Ready in the lead, and us after him.~~

EMILY: (FIRMLY) Andrew.

HIGBEE: ~~What is it, Emily?~~

EMILY: It's time for you to go to bed. You know what the doctor said.

HIGBEE: That old quack? Why, he don't know ...

EMILY: Andrew!

HIGBEE: Oh, all right. (DISAPPOINTED) I reckon I ain't got much choice, what with bein' hitched to such a drivin' woman. Good night, Paul.

PAUL: Good night, Pop.

(DOOR CLOSE)

EMILY: Paul.

PAUL: Yes, Mrs. Higbee?

EMILY: You think a lot of Andrew, don't you?

PAUL: (QUIETLY) Yeah. Yeah, I sure do. It's as though he was..
~~well~~....

EMILY: Your own father?

PAUL: Yeah. That's it. My own father.

EMILY: Paul, I ... well, I don't have to tell you how Andrew
and I ... how we both feel about you. You've been coming
out of the house for two months now and...well, it's
brightened our lives. You see, Paul, Andrew and I never
had a son. We never knew what it was like to have one.
And you...~~well~~...well, you understand.

PAUL: Sure, Mrs. Higbee. I understand.

EMILY: Paul, Andrew and I were talking last night. It's been
pretty lonesome for us through the years, and we're not
young folks any more. ~~we were talking about you and~~
~~we thought ... well...~~

~~PAUL: Yes, Mrs. Higbee?~~

EMILY: We thought ... maybe you'd like to come here and live
with us.

PAUL: Live here?

EMILY: Yes, Paul. Oh, I know, we haven't much. There's just
Andrew's pension check and not much more. But you live
alone in town, and we've got an extra room upstairs, and
you could have it rent free, and well...we'd all be
together. Would you, Paul? Would you like to son?

PAUL: If you want me to, I'd like to very much....Mom.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE) --

(DOOR OPENS)

EMILY: Oh, hello Paul. My goodness, I didn't expect you home so early tonight.

PAUL: Yeah...Yeah, I know.

EMILY: I thought you were going to a movie.

PAUL: Changed my mind. (A BEAT) Is Pop around?

EMILY: Why, no. He always goes downtown on Saturday nights.

PAUL: That's what I thought.

EMILY: Paul, I ... you look so strange. Is something wrong?

PAUL: Wrong? No Mom. Nothing's wrong. Everything's fine -- just fine. (BEAT) Mom, will you do something for me?

EMILY: Why, yes, son. What is it?

PAUL: I figured I'd fix the linoleum here in the kitchen tonight ... hammer it down for you, but Pop's tool kit is in the cellar somewhere and I don't know exactly where it is. If you didn't mind going down ...

EMILY: (UNEASY) Why, no, no, I don't mind, son. I think I know where that tool box is.

(WE FOLLOW EMILY'S FOOTSTEPS)

PAUL: Better be careful. (A BEAT) The cellar lights don't work.

EMILY: Don't you worry, I know every step of the way.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES...WE FOLLOW EMILY'S FOOTSTEPS...SUDDENLY DOOR OPENS AGAIN...WE HEAR PAUL'S SUDDEN INSANE LAUGHTER...EMILY'S STEPS STOP)

EMILY: (TERRIFIED) Paul, Paul, what....

PAUL: Nice and dark down here, isn't it Mom?

(QUICK HEAVY STEPS COMING DOWN)

EMILY: (SCREAMS) Paul, No -- Don't ----

(A BLOW)

(A LONG BEAT, THEN KIND OF CRAZY CHUCKLE)

PAUL: (ON MIKE) I told you to be careful...MOM.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

Paul:
HIGBEE: *She's Pop, have another drink.*
(AFFECTED BY LIQUOR, ALMOST CRYING) She's gone now, Paul.
Emily's dead and buried and gone. There's just the two
of us now. ~~You're all I got left, son...~~

PAUL: ~~Sure, Pop, sure. Here, have another drink. It'll
make you feel better...~~

(LIQUOR POURING INTO GLASS)

HIGBEE: ~~Forty years, son. We was married forty years. I don't
know why she had that accident. Instead of me. I don't
know why the good Lord seen fit to take her first, 'stead
of me. I don't know, I just don't know...There
~~wasn't but the two of us left now, father and son.~~~~

PAUL: (SIGNIFICANTLY) That's right. There's just the two of
us.

HIGBEE: You're a great comfort, Paul. It's a great comfort for
an old man like me to have a son around. I'd be a
lonesome old sojer without you, boy. I'd be willing
to die, here and now, if it wasn't for you.

PAUL: (A BEAT) Look, Pop, let's get out of here. It's stuffy
in this here tavern, and you're tired...all in. You need
some air. Let's go out into the car.

HIGBEE: The car? That'd be nice, son...mighty nice. Where'll
we go?

AUL: Oh, nowhere, Pop. Nowhere special. I'll just take you...
for a little ride!

(MUSIC: --- UP INTO CURTAIN)

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

(MUSIC: --- FANFARE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #99

WIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE)
PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to
your throat.

HARRICE: That's important.

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE)
PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to
your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Your eyes can see PELL MELL'S greater length. Yes, your
eyes can see the difference -- your throat can tell you
what it means.

HARRICE: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine, mellow
tobaccos means a longer, natural filter to screen and cool
the smoke.

CHAPPELL: Thus, PELL MELL gives you a smoothness, mildness and
satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Yes, PELL MELL'S are good -- good to look at - good to
feel - good to taste - and good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild.

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE) PELL MELL'S greater length filters
the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE) PELL MELL'S greater length filters
the smoke on the way to your throat.

(MORE)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #99

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: If you really want to enjoy smoking, ask for the longer,

finer cigarette in the distinguished red package -

PELL MELL.

(MUSIC: -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

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

NARRATOR: You, Red Brassell of the Memphis Commercial Appeal, are at the moment still concerned with the first old man, the corpse in the morgue. You keep thinking of how straight and erect his body was, even in death, of that old bullet wound in his leg. The old man might have been an old soldier. It could be, it's possible, and if so, his age would place him in the Spanish American war era. ~~And finally,~~ you head for the post-office. It's wild it's a crazy, long shot guess, but you've got nothing to lose. And you talk to the pension clerk ...

RED: You say ^{Brown} these Spanish-American war veterans always show up in person to collect their pension checks, ~~Brown~~

BROWN: That's right, Brassell. Steady as clockwork, first of the month. Never have to mail those checks out. (CHUCKLE) Gives the old gaffers a chance to enjoy old home week, if you know what I mean. They stand around and gab about the old campaigns.

RED: About these veterans, Brown. Have any of them failed to show up in the last month?

BROWN: ~~Yes~~ ^{No I -- wait a minute} Come to think of it, one of 'em did miss a visit.

RED: Yes? Who?

BROWN: An old-timer named Warner ... Charlie Warner. He sent me a note, though. Asked me to mail his pension checks to an address in West Memphis. *Here, I've got the note right here.*

Red: Brown, do you mind if I take a photostat of this note

RED: ~~Have you got the note?~~

BROWN: Yep ...

(DRAWER OPENS)

BROWN: Got it right here in this drawer. Take a look for yourself Brassell.

(CRACKLE OF PAPER. THEN A PAUSE)

RED: Hmm. Brown, look ...

BROWN: Yes?

RED: There may be a story in this note. Mind if I take a ~~photostat of it?~~

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

RED: Sheriff, what do you think of this note?

SHERIFF: Brassell, I think you're crazy.

ED: Maybe.

SHERIFF: No doubt about it. An old vet moves to a rooming house in West Memphis, and writes in for his pay checks. *So you think he may be the corpse we found in Mugby Park awhile what? ago? Sheriff,*

RED: ~~I don't know, exactly.~~ But look at this handwriting.

SHERIFF: ~~Don't see anything wrong with it.~~

RED: ~~A little peculiar, isn't it?~~

SHERIFF: You mean the way this old guy. Warner, makes those crooked "a's?"

RED: That, and something else, Sheriff. If Warner is a Spanish American war vet, he'd be around seventy or more by now. A man's handwriting at that age is pretty uncertain and shaky, as a rule ...

SHERIFF: Well?

RED: This handwriting is bold and strong.

SHERIFF: ~~And on the basis of that, you're trying to tie up this~~
man Warner, with the old guy we found in Rugby Park?

RED: I'll admit it's a little wild, but it's still worth a
~~try.~~ (BEAT) Like to ride along with me to West Memphis,
- Sheriff?

SHERIFF: Not me. I wouldn't waste my time.

RED: (SHRUG) Okay. I got time on my hands, and nothing else
to do. See you later, Sheriff.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE ...)

RED: You say there's no old man named Charles Warner rooming here, Mr. Bentley?

MR BEN: Nope. Never heard the name, and ain't had an old man in my house for five years. They get pretty fussy, you know, take time and trouble, and the first thing you know, they take sick and die on your hands, and then you've got a mess ...

RED: (INTERRUPTS) Uh ... Mr. Bentley.

MR BEN: Yes?

RED: Have you had any new roomers at all in the last few ~~weeks~~ ^{months?}

MR BEN: Why, yes. Young fellow came in, stayed a couple of weeks, and left real sudden, last June it was. ~~Matter of fact, he's still owing for a week's rent.~~

RED: What was his name?

MR BEN: ~~Smith.~~ *well recall, it was just plain*

ED: I see. *just plain* Smith.

MR BEN: ~~That's what he called himself, anyway.~~

RED: Mr. Bentley, could you describe him?

MR BEN: Ain't much I can tell you. Quist fellow, hardly ever saw him. Twenty-five or thirty maybe, tall, and brown hair, I think. All I know is he stuck me for a week's rent, ~~and the man's a common thief!~~

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You find that interesting. Very interesting. And you ask yourself some questions. Where's Charles Warner, the old war veteran? And who is the mysterious roomer, the man named Smith? You go to work now, check back on Charles Warner, find he was once a patient at the Army and Navy hospital in Hot Springs, Arkansas.

(MORE)

NARR: He has signed some documents in the hospital files,
(CONTD) and you check your photostat against the signature.
Then you call Sheriff Nichols....

RED: Sheriff, that letter is a forgery of Charles Warner's
handwriting.

SHERIFF: (FILTER) You're sure, Brassell?

RED: Positive. And by the way ... is the old man still at
the morgue?

SHERIFF: Yep. We bury him tomorrow.

RED: Before you do, I'd like to have him meet a man named
Brown.

SHERIFF: Brown?

RED: That's right. He's a clerk at the pension window, in
the postoffice.

MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER

NARR: The clerk identifies the *body* as Charles Warner. Now, the
old man on the stone slab has a name. But his killer?
The man with the crooked "a". Who is he? Where is he?
You run down one lead after another. Days. Weeks.
The result ... zero. And then, late one afternoon ...

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

RED: Brassell speaking....

SHERIFF: (FILTER) Brassell, Sheriff Nichols. How soon can you
get down to the Morgue?

RED: The Morgue? Why?

SHERIFF: We just found another old man ... in Rugby Park!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Another nameless old man ... beaten and butchered in the same way ... grinning up from the same slab in the same chilly room. First Charles Warner and now this. It's like seeing the same grisly movie, ~~all over again~~. The Sheriff's sends for Brown again ... but the postal clerk's away on his vacation, and nobody knows where he can be located. So ... the Sheriff brings in the identification line again, at the Morgue. And one by one, they step up ...

(COUPLE OF STEPS AND STOP)

SHERIFF: Know this man, Mister?

MAN 1: (A BEAT) No. No, I don't, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: Next.

(A COUPLE OF STEPS UP AND STOP, WOMAN'S)

SHERIFF: (A PAUSE) Well, lady?

(A MOMENT OF SILENCE)

SHERIFF: Do you know him, or don't you, lady?

WOMAN 1: (NEAR PANIC) No, no. I ... I don't. I never saw him before, I don't know him ...

SHERIFF: Okay, lady, okay. Spare us the hysterics. Next ...

~~(A COUPLE OF STEPS AND STOP)~~

~~(A MOMENT OF SILENCE)~~

SHERIFF: ~~Ever see this body before, Mister?~~

MAN 2: ~~(A BEAT) I ... no.~~

SHERIFF: ~~None.~~

(A COUPLE OF STEPS, MAN'S.)

(A GASP)

SHERIFF: What is it, Buddy? You know this old guy?

(A MOMENT OF SILENCE)

SHERIFF: Come on, speak up. If you know him, tell us who it is?

PAUL: (LOW) It ... it's Pop. It's ... Pop.

SHERIFF: Pop who?

PAUL: I ... my adopted father. (BREAKS) His name's Higbee ..

~~Andrew Higbee! I ... I lived in the same house with him.~~

~~I ... I guess he wandered off into the woods and ... Pop!~~

(CRIES) What did they do to you? What did they do to you?

(MUSIC: -- UP-AND-UNDER)

NARR: His name is Grimes ... Paul Grimes. And he tells you and Sheriff Nichols ~~the whole story~~ ... about the accident to Mrs. Higbee ... everything. He also tells you that before Andrew Higbee died, he left a sealed envelope in the pension department, down at the post office. The Sheriff gets legal clearance, and you both go the the postoffice, open the letter ...

(LETTER TORN, ENVELOPE OPENED)

SHERIFF: Go ahead, Brassell. Read it.

RED: (READS) To whom it may concern ... in case anything happens to me, please see that my son, Paul Grimes, gets my pension checks. Signed ... Andrew Higbee. (A BEAT) Sheriff! Sheriff, do you see what I see?

SHERIFF: ~~Brassell, you mean~~ ...

RED: ~~Yeah~~ The man with the crooked "a". He wrote this letter!

(MUSIC: -- UP-AND-UNDER)

NARR: Every letter "a" in that, note, the last will and testament of Andrew Higbee, is a crooked "a". And now, now, the grim ending to your Big Story is very near. The killer has taken the lives of two old veterans, just to get their pension checks. There'll be a third and a fourth, unless you stop him ... somehow.

(MORE)

NARR:
(CONTD) And then, you get an idea ... a staggering idea. And you go back to the Morgue ... open the book to the signed list of names in the identification line. And then you see it ...

RED: (BREATHES) Holy Smoke! Holy Smoke!

(SLOW STEPS COMING UP, ECHOING, HOLLOWLY)

RED: (WHIRLS) Who's that? Who ...

PAUL: (DEADLY) Cold in here, ain't it, Brassell?

RED: Grimes! Paul ... Grimes!

PAUL: (HE'S CRAZY BUT DEADLY NOW) Yeah. It's cold in here. But that's the way it is, in the morgue. Cold. Like the dead. (LAUGHS MIRTHLESSLY) What's the matter, Brassell? You're shivering ...

RED: Grimes, you know what I ...?

PAUL: Sure. I followed you from the post-office and I know what you were looking for. The "a" in my first name ... the crooked "a". And you found it, didn't you, Brassell? You got nose-y, and you found it. (LAUGHS LOW AND MAD) Yeah. You sure came to the right place, Brassell. The Morgue. Just the place for you. Nice, and quiet, and dark ... and cold.

RED: So you killed those two veterans.

PAUL: Yeah. I killed them ... Warner, and Pop Higbee ... and Higbee's wife, too. And you want to know why, Brassell? You want to know why?

RED: For their pension checks.

PAUL: Yeah. And don't give me any stuff about their being veterans. I'm a veteran too, see? ~~Never got overseas, but I was a veteran, see?~~ And what did the army give me? A pension? (LAUGHS) I'll tell you what they gave me. A dishonorable discharge. *No benefits, nothin'!*

RED: Grimes, I ...

PAUL: ~~Yeah. They gave me a dishonorable discharge for stealing ... going over the hill ... and a couple of other things. I didn't get a red cent ... not a red cent ... no G.I. benefits ... nothing.~~ How do you think I felt about that, Brassell, how would you feel? And here I was, standing around, and watching a bunch of old guys collecting pensions every month for fifty years ... milkin' the government ... livin' off the fat of the land.

RED: That wasn't any reason to murder ...

PAUL: Wasn't it, Brassell? Wasn't it? You think I was going to hang around and be cheated? I figured the government owed me a living, too. I put in plenty in the army, and don't you forget it. I'm still young, see, I like a good time, I can always use a buck. But these old guys, they've had their share. I figured it was my turn now, but you stopped that. (A BEAT THEN DANGEROUS) You shouldn't have been so nosey, Brassell.

RED: Wait a minute. What ...

PAUL: This? Oh, this is a knife, Brassell. A nice, cold knife . like this morgue, cold. A nice convenient place to die, ain't it, Brassell? Just the place ~~for you~~ ^{for you} to check in. ~~and after I carve you up a little, why, I'll just put you on that nice soft slab and ..~~

SHERIFF: (SUDDENLY, OFF A LITTLE) Drop that knife, Grimes!

PAUL: What the

SHERIFF: Drop that knife, or I'll blow your head off!

(CLATTER OF KNIFE TO FLOOR.)

RED: Sheriff, I ... I *came here*

SHERIFF: (AGGRIEVED) I know. You came here to check that name
on the identification list. *you're just lucky* ~~it to happen~~ Brassell,
that I had the same idea myself. Maybe next time you'll
stop playing cop, and go back to you newspaper!

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN ...)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from
Morgan Brassell of the Memphis Commercial Appeal with the
final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #99

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your throat. Thus PELL MELL gives you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Yes, PELL MELL'S are good -- good to look at - good to feel - good to taste - and good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: So, if you really want to enjoy smoking, ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(ORCH: _ _ TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Morgan Brassell of the Memphis Commercial Appeal.

BRASSELL: Disarmed by the Sheriff, Killer in tonight's Big Story was taken to the county jail where ~~he was immediately~~ *after being* questioned ~~he~~ *he was* made a full confession. Shortly after, ~~he~~ *he was* ~~left his cell~~ *in his cell* he committed suicide, by taking poison presumably hidden on his person at the time of his arrest. Thanks a lot for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

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

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY - A BIG STORY from the front pages of The Los Angeles Daily News - by-line, Joseph Saldana - a BIG STORY - about a girl who gained her freedom...by going to jail.

(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 Bernard Grant played the part of Morgan Brassell. 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. Brassell.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE)

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

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

mt/jp/rp
2/1/49 pm

ATX01 0061463

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #100

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
DAN	BOB SLOANE
NORA	FRAN LAFFERTY
WIFE	JOYCE GORDON
MRS. T.	BARBARA WEEKS
OPERATOR	BARBARA WEEKS
JOE	SYDNEY SMITH
LIEUTENANT	DAVID KERMAN
VOICE	DAVID KERMAN
REPORTER	BERNARD GRANT
HUSBAND	BERNARD GRANT
SIMMS	GRANT RICHARDS
VIC	GRANT RICHARDS

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1949

ATX01 0061464

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#100

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

FEBRUARY 23, 1949

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: -- BRIEF FANFARE AND OUT)

SLOANE: In a boarding house in Norfolk, a suburb of Los Angeles, Nora Cahill age 23, married ³ times, pointed a revolver at her husband and spoke ..

NORA: (EVENLY) Ya no-good two-timing rat. I told you not to try it. I told you if you did I'd kill ya. And I will --

(ONE SHOT)

SLOANE: (BEAT) And then after he was dead, she leaned over the body and placed the revolver next to his left temple.

(ANOTHER SHOT)

NORA: That's for good measure.

(MUSIC: -- UP 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) Los Angeles, California, from the pages of the Los Angeles Daily News, the story of a reporter who gave a murderer the chance that society had never given her. And for his efforts in this unusual case of crime and compassion, to Joseph Saldana of the Los Angeles, ~~California~~ Daily News, goes the PELL MELL Award for THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0061465

THE BIG STORY 2/23/49
PELL MELL

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to you throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Yes, 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.
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding"!

HARRICE: And - they are mild.

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE) PELL MELL'S greater length filters
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HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE) PELL MELL'S greater length filters
the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: If you really want to enjoy smoking, ask for the longer,
finer, cigarette in the distinguished red package -
PELL MELL.

(MUSIC: -- THEME UNDER ...)

CHAPPELL: And now the story as it actually happened. Joe Saldana's story as he lived it ... Los Angeles, California ...

(MUSIC: -- GENTLE AND UNDER)

SLOANE: You're a reporter and a family man, Joe Saldana, of the *Los Angeles* Daily News, at least you're a family man when they let you be. But police reporting (you've been on that 8 years) cuts into a man's life - murderers sometimes pick the most unholy hours. But this day, en route home from the office, after 8 solid hours, you're determined nothing's going to interfere. ~~You've just bought a new movie camera and you're going to take pictures of the baby in the bathinette.~~ You'll come in, kiss your wife, ^{and} your son Eddie, ~~and then take these pictures.~~ If the phone rings, let it ring. ~~That's your plan, your determination.~~ (PAUSE) You arrive, home, open the door and ~~the first words that greet you are -~~

WIFE: Hello, darling, call your office.

JOE: No.

WIFE: ~~Yap, right away, pronto, immediately, quick.~~

JOE: Who knows I came home. Maybe I went to the movies. I won't call.

WIFE: They said important.

JOE: ~~"They said" -- I got the camera for the baby --~~

WIFE: It was Mr. Big--

JOE: Simms?

WIFE: Simms, in person.

JOE: Ohhhh -- nuts!

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH SLOANE)

SLOANE: (SMILING) "The best laid plans of mice and men --". So you ~~put the camera down~~, kiss your wife, kiss Eddie, ~~kiss the baby,~~ ~~and~~ call the City Editor, George Simms ...

SIMMS: (FILTER ... LITTLE IRRITATED) Joe, I can't hear you. Can you hear me?

JOE: (SICK OF IT) Yeah, I hear you.

SIMMS: Well, what's the matter with you, Joe? It's the juiciest murder in years: girl 23, married ³ times, kills her ~~the~~ ^{3rd} husband - and good looking, terrific figure. A real tigress

JOE: (SAME) Great!

SIMMS: ~~What did you say?~~

JOE: ~~Nothing.~~

SIMMS: Well, get over to Criminal Investigation. ~~We've lost a half hour on this already.~~ You'll enjoy this one. (PAUSE) You hear me?

JOE: (SAME) Yeah. I hear you. I'll enjoy this one. Okay, fine, goodbye.

(MUSIC: -- NICE AND SOUR AND UNDER)

SLOANE: ~~How many times have you heard that before? (SARCASTIC)~~
Good looking young murderess, crime of passion, big news. But you're a reporter; so you kiss the family (goodbye this time) and you're off; very favorably disposed toward the ~~subject of your story.~~ Nora Cahill, age 23, a tigress.

(MUSIC: -- BRIEF PUNCTUATION IN SARCASM AND UNDER)

SLOANE: She's in the middle of a crowded room. ~~She's good looking all right. Good looking? This one's~~ ^{And she's} beautiful: white skin, alabaster, like warm marble and a head of sleek dark hair. And eyes, ^{violent} violet, alive - right now like steely points, looking at the crowd of reporters and detectives and cops as hard as they're looking at her. And when a reporter asks the question ...

THE BIG STORY 2/23/49

-5-

REVISED

REPORTER: What'd you kill him for, Nora - couldn't you hold him?

NORA: (SURE OF HERSELF) What do you think, wise guy?

REPORTER: Well, what did you kill him for then?

(PAUSE)

IT: Look, Mrs. Cahill, these men are reporters, they want a story; they have a right to it. And I want the answers too. So, I'll go slow and you answer. You and this Victor Cahill. (SHARP) when were you married? (PAUSE) Well? What was your husband's business? I asked you two questions, Mrs. Cahill.

ATX01 0061469

NORA: I'm not saying a word without a lawyer.

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARRATOR - MUSIC CONTINUE UNDER SCENE)

SLOANE: ~~(IN CLOSE) That's all they get out of her.~~ Her mouth goes tight: a full, rich mouth closed tight in anger, and, perhaps, in fear. ~~You look hard at her eyes and they're less steely, there's fright there too.~~ All at once you, Joe Saldana, veteran reporter, begin to wonder if this girl is a tigress, especially when the Lieutenant says ...

LT: You kill a man in cold blood and put a second bullet into his body after he's dead and now, you won't talk?

SLOANE: (SAME) She sits now, in fear, ~~picking her finger nails and breathing heavily and you know there's something more than meat there.~~ A tigress, perhaps on the outside. What's inside? (PAUSE) You edge over to where she's sitting and not answering questions and you say ...

JOE: (LOW) Good luck, kid, take it easy. I'm with you.

NORA: (SURPRISED) Huhn? (SMALL VOICE) Thanks.

SLOANE: And in that second you know that underneath she's a kid. Not a tigress, but a scared little kid who did something terrible.

(MUSIC: -- UP - THEN UNDER)

SLOANE: She was front page news and she stayed there. Beauty kills husband. Why? ~~Everybody wanted to know, but Nora Cahill wasn't talking.~~ Why did she marry Vic Cahill, who was a punk, an ugly punk at that? Why? What was her story - married ³ times by the age of 23? Everybody wanted to find out and so did you. You talked about it for days, everywhere you went, even at home, at supper --

WIFE: You told Eddie his bedtime story, Joe?

JOE: (SOMEWHAT ABSENTLY) Yeah - he went to sleep like that -
(SNAPS FINGERS)

WIFE: Good. Some potatoes? (SOUND FOR)

JOE: I'm not hungry.

WIFE: Smatter Joe? (PAUSE) The Cahill girl?

JOE: (SMILES) You're smart.

WIFE: I know my Joe. ~~Nothing new, huh?~~

JOE: She won't talk. She won't say a word?

WIFE: Do you blame her? It's like throwing a lamb to the wolves
the way you reporters go after a girl sometimes, not to
mention the cops.

JOE: Yeah. But why did she do it? What's behind that face?
~~That night? How do you find that out?~~

WIFE: Maybe if somebody talked to her like a human being, maybe
if somebody showed her they thought she was human -

JOE: ~~You don't mean go out and bring her a present or something.~~

WIFE: ~~No, I don't mean a present. She might think a present
was a bribe to get her to talk.~~ I mean just talk to her -
the way we're talking, as human beings --

JOE: You know, I think she's just a kid underneath and maybe if
^{did} I talked to her -- (STOPS)

WIFE: Go ahead and do it.

JOE: You mean now? It's almost 7 o'clock

WIFE: Can't you arrange to see her now?

JOE: I guess I could, but -

WIFE: (INTERRUPTS) That might be just the thing to do. If a
friend of yours ^{was} in trouble, you wouldn't look at the
clock and say: "It's late." (JOE: No.) You'd just do it,
wouldn't you?

JOE: ~~That's a heckuva good idea. How'd you know?~~

WIFE: ~~I just said the things you were thinking. I know my Joe.~~

(MUSIC: ~~UP AND UNDER~~)

SLOANE: So you go ~~out~~ ^{to the girl} that evening, and again two evenings later (because she doesn't open up ~~the first~~ ^{the first} or the second time) but you find out she's interested in fashions (she ~~did~~ designs her own clothes,) so very casually - as you would a friend - on the third visit you bring her the latest fashion magazine ~~and you hand it to her in the visitor's room where you've met before~~ ...

NORA: (CLOSE TO TEARS) I don't want to see you today.

JOE: What's the matter, Nora? Sit down.

NORA: I don't want to talk to you.

JOE: Okay, if you don't. But take the magazine and -

NORA: (CLOSE TO DESPERATION) You're square with me, aren't you?

JOE: I think so.

NORA: And you wouldn't lie? ~~These last two times you been coming up you meant what you said about... about helping me and did you?~~

JOE: ~~Sure, I did, Nora.~~ *No*

NORA: (TIGHT) Swear you ~~and~~ ^{you} wouldn't *it*

JOE: (AS GENTLY AS HE CAN) Nora, we don't have to talk today. Some other time when you feel better and -

NORA: ~~No, that's just it~~ - I want to talk. But I don't want to be wrong. ~~I don't want to talk to the wrong guy.~~ (BITTER) I been wrong too many times.

JOE: Nora, if you want to talk, I'd like to listen.

NORA: ~~(A KID) Moments?~~

JOE: ~~Honest, Nora -~~

(MUSIC: GENTLY IN AND OUT FOR)

NORA: There was 5 kids in our family - ~~Mr. Saldana and mom and pop and I~~ was the oldest, Mr. Saldana -

JOE: Joe is easier, Nora -

NORA: ~~She was~~ We lived in Oklahoma City, in three rooms and I took care of the kids because Mom was sick. ~~She was beautiful, everybody said she was beautiful - but she couldn't work. And pop - he thought she was lazy. He drank~~

He beat her. He beat us too, but he did the worst to her.

He was no good. She died when I was 14 and I went to work in a restaurant, waiting on tables. ~~Nights I had all the kids - cause he started drinking then, heavy - mean, after she died~~ (SUDDENLY) You sure I can trust you?

JOE: You don't have to tell me any more, if you don't want to.

NORA: (~~EASIER~~ ~~okay~~) (THEN) I was 15, big for my age, and I hated it: the house, all the kids and him drunk ~~and beating us all the time~~; so I started to go ~~out~~ steady with a guy, a truck driver I met in the restaurant. His name was Joe, like yours, he was about 20.

HUSBAND: (20. EASYGOING. NOW IN A SORT OF SINGSONG MANNER, SUGGESTIVE OF HER REMEMBRANCE OF HIM) Nora, baby, I got a truck and we'll go wherever we want and you won't work no more and it'll be like peaches and cream. No more old man, no more kids, just a honeymoon all the way - all the way just like peaches and cream ...

NORA: We got married. He was sweet, but he was a crazy driver. So two weeks after we were married (I wasn't in the truck with him), he had an accident and got killed. And I was without a husband, or a family, 500 miles from home.

(MUSIC: _ _ PUNCTUATION MARK)

NORA: I got jobs; mostly waiting on tables, sometimes in a dance hall - anything that came along. Wherever the wind blew I went. Once in a while I made a buck sewing a dress for somebody - but I was a kid, 17, 18 - and the guys liked me and I liked them.

JOE: What about your second husband?

NORA: His name was Dan and he was a heel. I never liked him. - Not the way I liked Joe. He was a heel, but I was broke ...

DAN: (TOUGH. BUT THE SAME REMINISCENT FEELING AS WITH HUSBAND)
Nora, baby, I got just what you want. I got a car, a fast car; I got money. If you say Mexico, it's Mexico. If you say Europe, it's Europe - (PAUSE) What do you say?

NORA: I said Yes. I said Mexico and then I said Canada and then one morning I woke up and found a note on the hotel dresser.

DAN: (FILTER) "Here's \$200. That'll get you to Reno. You can sue me for divorce. I deserted you."

(MUSIC: _ _ SAME PUNCTUATION MORE ACCENTED)

JOB: And then Vic Cahill,

NORA: *Yeah, see*
Then Vic. I met Vic in Reno. He was waiting for me - for something like me anyhow. He was a salesman, ~~not~~ ~~good-looking at all and not with a lot of money, but he was~~ ~~a great salesman~~ (especially of himself) -

VIC: (WITH APPEAL ALWAYS) Nora, I know all about you, you don't have to tell me.

NORA: How do you know ~~all~~ about me?

VIC: There's ways. I inquired. Look: I'm 37. I was married once before - my wife died. I like being married. I'm an ~~steady~~ easy-going guy, and I want to settle down ~~with~~ ~~with a wife who wants to settle down, too.~~

NORA: I'm 23, Vic.

VIC: Yeah, but you lived a lot. From what I know about you, you want to settle down, too. You don't love me, that's okay. ~~But I'm a nice guy and in time,~~ in time, we'll get along. ~~I like you a lot.~~

NORA: Vic, let's wait a ~~little~~ while. ~~Let's get to know each other.~~ Okay?

VIC: Sure, Nora, sure. *Never rush anything that's my motto.*
(PAUSE)

NORA: He was a great salesman (especially of himself). We waited two months and then we got married. It started wonderful, and then one day I found out what he was ...

VIC: (THE MASK GONE. AN ARROGANT MAN) So what?

NORA: You're a thief, just a plain lousy thief -

VIC: ~~So what? What are you gonna do about it?~~

NORA: Tells me he's a salesman. I marry him - then - why did you do this to me?

VIC: I didn't do a thing to you.

NORA: Every guy I meet. Why? Why does this happen to me? Every piece of hard luck in the whole world, I get it.

VIC: That's too bad. Now I'll tell you the rest. I got plans for you. With that face and that figure - kid, we'll make millions. I got a few games, I'll teach you, a few card tricks - we'll go far together baby.

NORA: I won't do it.

VIC: Yes you will, - because if you cross me up, I ^{never} killed a woman before, but I'll kill you.

(MUSIC: PUNCTUATION HARsher)

NORA: ~~Well, you know the rest.~~

JOE: That's how it was?

NORA: I left out a lot, but that's most of it. So now they'll convict me and burn me and that'll be the end. Well, anyhow, I'm glad I told someone. Thanks ~~for listening.~~

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: She never had a chance, the breaks were all against her, and though you want to help - what can you do, Joe Saldana, reporter? You write her story all through the trial, sympathetically as you can, but in the end ... the jury brings in their verdict. Guilty. And the sentence is... Life Imprisonment.

(MUSIC: PUNCTUATION AND UNDER)

SLOANE: You see her just before she goes off to the Women's
Prison at ~~San Anisimo~~ ^{San Anisimo}. The child's ^{like} eyes are gone.

NORA: (HARD) I never told you, Mr. Saldana, ^{but} Vic was more than
a salesman. He was an escape artist.

JOE: What are you talking about?

NORA: He said I was a better pupil than he was.

JOE: You're crazy - That'd be the worst thing --

NORA: Nobody ever give me a break - nobody. So I'm gonna make
one myself. There's no prison in the world, that can
hold me. You'll be hearing about me, you'll be hearing
plenty.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP TO TAG)

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

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL) (INSERT B)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #97

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Your eyes can see PELL MELL'S greater length. Yes, your
eyes can see the difference -- your throat can tell you
what it means.

HARRICE: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos means a longer, natural filter to screen
and cool the smoke.

CHAPPELL: Thus, PELL MELL gives you a smoothness, mildness and
satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Yes, PELL MELL'S are good -- good to look at - good to
feel - good to taste - and good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And they are mild.

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE) PELL MELL'S greater length filters
the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE) PELL MELL'S greater length filters
the smoke on the way to your throat.

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #97

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: If you really want to enjoy smoking, ask for the longer.

finer cigarette in the distinguished red package -

PELL MELL.

(MUSIC: -- -- INTRO AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and the
BIG STORY of Joe Saldana, as he lived it and wrote it...

SLOANE: Nora Cahill, murderer, has been in prison two months.
You've heard from her, Joe Saldana of the Los Angeles
Daily News, a postcard now and then, and you've written
to her. ~~And though the rest of LA has forgotten her,~~
~~you haven't, you can't. Because~~ you know behind that
alabaster forehead and lovely face there's poison at
work, there's the idea of escape. You talk to your
wife about it, and as usual, she understands...

WIFE: Go out to Tehachapi and see her, Joe. It'll be good for
her and probably for ~~someone else as well~~ -- you. ~~Joe~~

SLOANE: You smile, she knows you so well. So you go to the
Women's Prison and you see Nora, dressed primly, lovely
even in the drab prison uniform. And she's smiling as
she meets you, maybe she's given up the idea of escape...

JOE: It's not so bad, hmm?

NORA: They got me working on the farm - with the cows. I like
it.

JOE: (ALL WRONG) Sure, back in Oklahoma you had a farm,
didn't you? ~~Always know~~ You liked cows.

NORA: Hate cows. I hate farms - but this one I like.

JOE: What do you mean?

NORA: (LOWERS VOICE) I told you once -- it's outside the
gates.

JOE: Not that same crazy idea, ~~is it~~ --

NORA: ~~is it~~ There's one guard for ten of us. ~~is it~~

JOE: Don't, Nora, don't. ~~For pi's sake, don't say it.~~
NORA: ~~It's better to rot away your whole life, is that better?~~
JOE: ~~Look,~~ with good behavior you'll come up for parole in,
maybe ten years - you can be out by the time you're
35, 36. That's young.
NORA: My mother died when she was 35.
JOE: ~~Nora, don't.~~ Get rid of the idea.
NORA: As soon as I stop breathing, I'll get rid of the idea.
Not before.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE INTO:)

JOE: You're the superintendant of the Prison?
MRS. T: (WARM ABOUT 40) That's right. Templeton's my name.
~~What can I do for you?~~
JOE: I'm Joe Saldana of the News - just wanted to talk to
you, about one of the inmates.
MRS. T: Cahill?
JOE: Yeah, she's a friend of mine.
MRS. T: I know. I read your stories on her, during the trial.
~~Too bad that kid had every bad break in the book --~~
~~what about her?~~
JOE: Well, ~~I was thinking~~ she's a restless kid, you know,
give her free time her mind gets working on it. Take
where she works now.
MRS. T: The farm?
JOE: I almost think, ~~I don't like to see, this, but,~~ it's too
easy for her, too much time on her hands. Maybe if she
had a job - uh - inside the prison - (QUICKLY) Something
that would keep her busy all day, make her tired at night
-- wouldn't that be better?

MRS. T: She hasn't said anything to you --

JOE: (QUICKLY) No, no, just my idea --

MRS. T: I mean about breaking out?

JOE: No.

MRS. T: Well, you might be right. I've been worried about her. And I'd like to help her, I'd like to give that girl a chance at parole. (PAUSE) ~~Thanks for dropping in.~~

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARRATOR)

SLOANE: Why didn't you tell her the truth, ~~the whole truth, what~~
~~is?~~ You didn't, for two reasons - first, you're not really sure Nora means it, (about escape), ~~maybe it's~~
~~just another of her delusions~~, and second, if you did tell, they might be forced to put her in solitary -- ~~and Nora in solitary~~ ^{and} -- that might be the worst thing in the world. So you let it go at that -- and hope you've done the right thing.

(MUSIC: -- PUNCTUATES AND UNDER)

SLOANE: A month goes by, no word from Nora. Then a call from the Superintendent, Mrs. Templeton, to come out and talk to Nora. She's worried about ~~Nora~~ ^{her} ... You see ~~Nora~~ ^{Nora}

NORA: (~~BITTER~~) ~~I don't want to see you, Saldana. I told~~
Templeton I didn't, but they made me.

JOE: Sit down, Nora.

NORA: Why don't you get out of here and leave me alone, Saldana?

JOE: ~~What's the matter, Nora?~~

NORA: ~~(MOCKING) "What's a matter, Nora?"~~ You stool pigeon!
You told her what I was planning, (JOE: I didn't).
You made her take me off the farm and stick me in the
laundry.

JOE: I thought you'd like working with clothes better, maybe
getting a chance to design something --

NORA: ~~Why don't you mind your own business?~~ (HARD AS NAILS)
~~But~~ I'll tell you one thing, Mr. Smart Guy Reporter, on
the farm or in the laundry -- I'll get out. I'll get
out --- and I don't care who knows it -- ~~the prison~~
~~hasn't been made yet, that I can't crack!~~

(MUSIC: -- -- UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: Should you tell now? No - ~~the same reasons, even though~~
~~she sounds like she means it this time~~ This'll wear
off and the reality of her situation will dawn on her.
Keep her in the laundry, keep her safe - maybe then,
~~in spite of herself~~, she'll earn the parole. (PAUSE)
Then a warm June night, two months later - the fear and
guilt still in your mind, you're at home, ~~trying to~~
~~read~~ and your wife's fiddling with the short wave
radio ...

VOICE: (FILTER) Police cars 21 and 39, go to the intersection
of Evans and 13th. Holdup reported. Cigar store.

JOE: (IRRITATED) (OVER RADIO) Must we have that on?

WIFE: (EVENLY) Joe, it's 8:15 --

JOE: ~~So --~~

WIFE: You always listen to the police radio at 8:15, I just
~~thought~~ --

JOE:

~~Well, shut it off~~

Not for me

VOICE: (P) Attention! Special.

JOE: Wait a minute --

VOICE: (P) Special to all police cars - be on the lookout for
Nora Cahill --

JOE: Nora!

VOICE: -- escaped an hour ago from Tehachapi Women's Prison.
May be heading for the city. Repeating --

JOE: Shut it off.

(RADIO OFF)

JOE: I did it. I could have stopped her.

WIFE: It's not your fault, Joe.

JOE: But if I'd told the Superintendant, it never would have
happened. They'll catch her, they always catch them,
and she'll fight and they'll kill her.

WIFE: Where would she go, Joe?

JOE: I don't know, maybe back to Oklahoma. She's got a
sister there -- but what's the difference --?

WIFE: Why don't you call the superintendant.

JOE: I ought to, shouldn't I? It wouldn't be betraying her.
It might even help her --

WIFE: ~~Do what you want to do, Joe. Do what's right.~~

JOE: Yeah. I'll call the superintendant --

(PHONE RINGS)

JOE: They're probably calling me --

(STEPS PICKS UP PHONE)

JOE: Hello.

OPER: (F) Will you accept a collect call from Tehachapi --

JOE: (TO WIFE) Tehachapi calling me, collect. It couldn't be the superintendant. She wouldn't call collect. It's --
(STOPS. EXCITEDLY INTO PHONE) Yes, yes, I'll accept it --

OPER: (F) Go ahead -- you're connected.

JOE: Hello.

NORA: (F) It's me.

JOE: Where are you?

NORA: About half a mile from the prison.

JOE: Go back - give yourself up. Nora, they'll catch you.

NORA:Q No they won't. I told you I'd get out and I did.
They won't catch me.

JOE: (DESPAIR FROM HERE TO END) Nora, listen to me. If you trust me, if you ever trusted me, listen to me. What you're trying is impossible. They got a dragnet out for you already -- all over the state. By morning it'll be all over the country --

NORA: They'll never get me.

JOE: Suppose they don't -- ~~right away~~. You'll be a fugitive. Do you know what that means? Hiding, everywhere you go, hiding. Scared of the shadows, scared if everybody you see is a cop.

NORA: I'm not scared of nothing.

JOE: Nora, Nora -- think what you could be -- what you could do with yourself. You're beautiful, Nora, you're smart -- you're not stupid, you're smart. If you set your mind to it -- you could be almost anything you wanted to be, a dress designer, maybe a model -- anything if you set your mind to it --

NORA: I set my mind to getting out. ~~I got out.~~

JOE: Why give up all those things? Don't you see, if you go back, if you give yourself up -- you'll get a second chance, ~~you'll get a new lease on life:~~ This way -- nothing Nora. This way --

NORA: I got to go.

JOE: (FINAL PLEA) Nora, if you were my kid sister, I'd say the same thing to you. If you were my wife. Believe me -- turn back, Give yourself up. Give yourself a break.

NORA: Goodbye.

(CLICK)

JOE: Nora, Nora -- (LCW) Nora.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: Now what? Now to sit and wait for the news of her capture and return to life imprisonment (with no chance of parole), or to learn that Nora Cahill was shot and killed, resisting arrest. And you did it, Joe Saldana! in your own mind, you did it all --

(PHONE RINGS. AGAIN)

WIFE: ~~Joe, answer the phone. I'm sure it's for you.~~

JOE: ~~(LCW) ~~Okay~~~~

(STEPS. PHONE IS ANSWERED)

JOE: Hello.

MRS. T: (F. NON COMITTAL) Mr. Saldana, this is Mrs. Templeton,
at Tehachapi --

JOE: (TENSE) Yes, Mrs. Templeton --

MRS. T: Better get out here -- fast as you can.

(MUSIC: -- SMASH THEN INTO)

MRS. T: She's in the next room. She wants to talk to you.

JOE: I did a terrible thing, Mrs. Templeton.

MRS. T: No, Mr. Saldana, you did quite a wonderful thing - more
than any of us could have done. Nora Cahill was picked
up half an hour ago on her way back to the prison ...

(MUSIC: -- SWEETLY(QUICK) INTO:)

NORA: (A NEW GIRL) I don't know, something happened while I
was talking to you on the phone. All along I figured it
was the world against me. Just me alone and everybody
hating me, out to get me -- and then, something you
said, I don't even remember it (about being something
else; something decent,) that did it. I knew you were
right and I wanted to try again.

JOE: I'm so glad, Nora.

NORA: I always thought this reporter, this Joe Saldana, what's
his angle (everybody ^{has} an angle, I thought) - I'm a
good story, that's his angle. But it wasn't true.
You were a friend of mine. A friend. That hit me
when I called you.

JOE: Thanks, Nora.

NORA: And I saw I was heading into a blind alley, right up the same street I'd always gone - with a dead end sign on the end of it. ~~And I decided to stop.~~ So I gave myself up.

JOE: ~~I'm very glad, Nora, for both of you.~~

NORA: Mr. Saldana --

JOE: ~~Yes.~~

NORA: (SMILES) ~~Wash,~~ Joe -- could I ask you a favor, you don't have to, if you don't want to - but -- I know you're married and all that, but -- could I kiss you, Joe?

JOE: Why not?

NORA: Your wife would understand, wouldn't she?

JOE: Sure, Nora, sure. She'd understand.

(MUSIC: IN WITH NARRATOR)

SLOANE: And she kissed you, clean and honest on the mouth and your wife would understand - because the next day your wife came and she kissed her too, and the three of you sat and planned the future for a girl who was no longer a tigress or a scared kid, but a human being who'd been given a second chance.

(MUSIC: UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Joseph Saldana of the Los Angeles Daily News with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #97

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine, mellow
tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your throat.
Thus PELL MELL gives you a smoothness, mildness and
satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Yes, PELL MELL'S are good -- good to look at -- good to
feel - good to taste - and good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: So, if you really want to enjoy smoking, ask for the
longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package
- PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(ORCHESTRA: TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that elegram from Joseph Saldana of the Los Angeles Daily News,

SALDANA: On my last visit to ^{Saldana} ~~prison~~ I heard that Nora had become a model prisoner and was on the road to rehabilitation. She had taken up the study of dress design and seemed happy. If she continues as she has to date, she should be paroled ~~in time~~ for good behavior. My sincere appreciation for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Saldana 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 Denver Colorado Post - by-line Robert M. Cour -- a BIG STORY about a reporter who found two killers .. and two cowards.

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

REV.

- 27 -

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Procktor, with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was written by Arnold Perl, ^{and} your narrator was Bob Sloane, ~~and~~ Sydney Smith played the part of Joseph Saldana. 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. Saldana.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE)

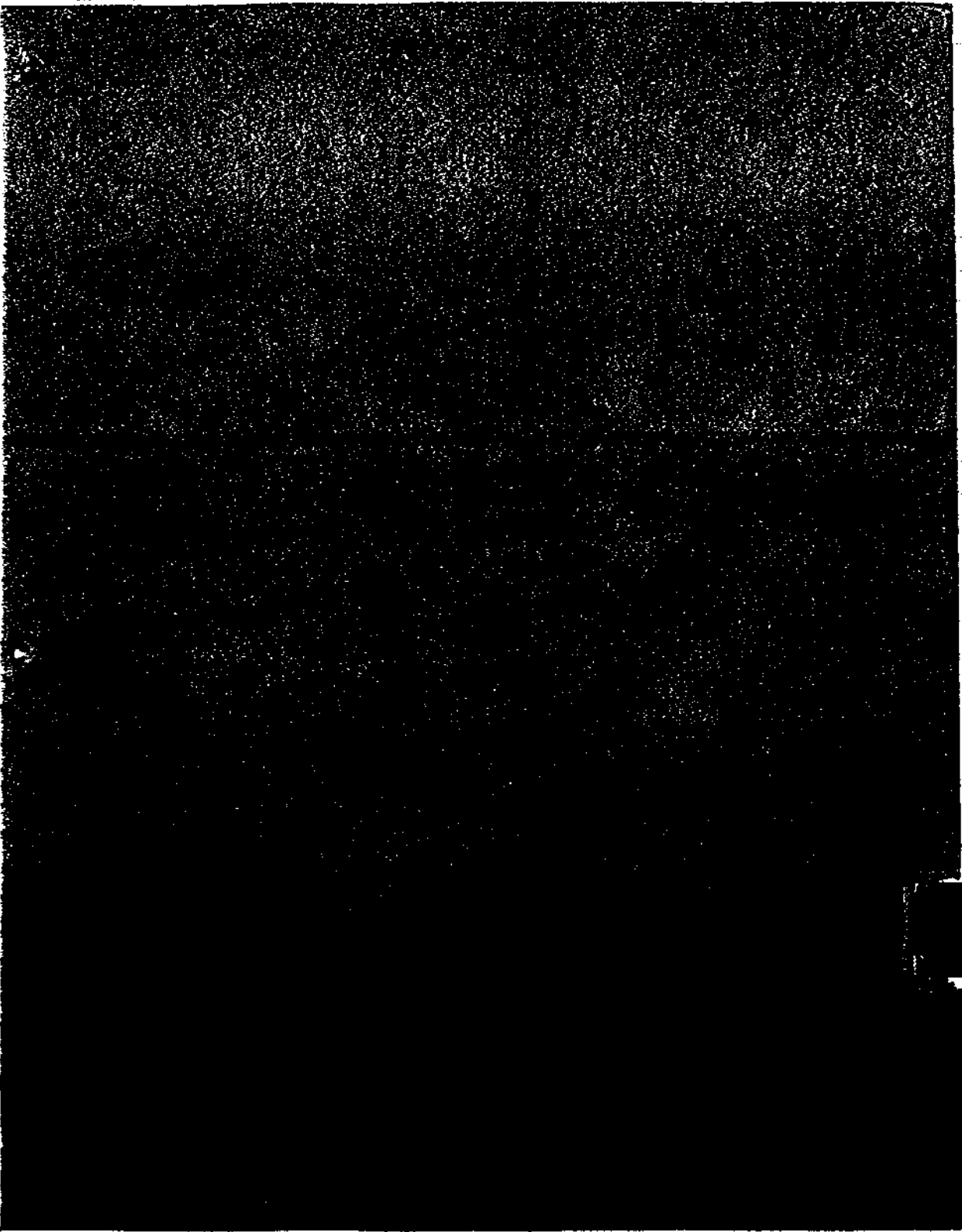
CHAPPELL: This week is Brotherhood Week. At a time when it is vitally important that all Americans stand united, let us recall, during Brotherhood Week, the American principles of tolerance and understanding toward one another, and let us practice those principles throughout the year!

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

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

and Fran Siefert played Nora Cabill

ATX01 0061491



ATX01 0061492

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #101

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
<i>Walter</i> VOICE II	BOB SLOANE
HAT CHECK	GRACE KEDDY
WAITRESS	GRACE KEDDY
COUR	BILL QUINN
HEINEMANN	DANNY OCKO
COOK	DANNY OCKO
STILLMAN	JIMMY STEVENS
BUSBOY	JIMMY STEVENS
SERGEANT	ROSS MARTIN
EDITOR	ROSS MARTIN
MICHAELS	MANDEL KRAMER
<i>MAN Voice</i>	MANDEL KRAMER
MANAGER	NAT POLEN
<i>VOICE Man</i>	NAT POLEN

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1949

ATX01 0061493

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

NO. 101

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

MARCH 2, 1949

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND DOWN BEHIND)

(CRUNCH OF BUSHES UP, UNDER, ALONG WITH A WIND
IN B.G.)

(FOOTSTEPS STOP. WIND STAYS)

HEINEMANN: This is ^agood spot.

MICHAELS: (AFTER A PAUSE. SCARED, BUT WITH BRAVADO) What do I
do now?

(SILENCE)

MICHAELS: I said -- what do I do now?

HEINEMANN: I'm thinkin'.

MICHAELS: Well -- think fast. I haven't got all day.

HEINEMANN: I tell you what. Get down on your knees.

MICHAELS: What for?

HEINEMANN: I said -- get down on your knees.

(CRUNCH CRUNCH)

HEINEMANN: Now -- pray.

MICHAELS: -- look, is this a gag?

HEINEMANN: ^{I said}
Pray!

(A SHOT. THEN ANOTHER. A CRUSH OF BRUSH.)

(WIND UP, FADE INTO)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO UNDER)

ATX01 0061494

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)

Denver, Colorado. From the pages of the Denver Post,
the story of, -- *a kid who killed because he had to, &*
a man who killed because he wanted to,
~~the coward who was a killer -- and --~~
~~the killer who was a coward!~~

~~And~~ for his work in this case, to Robert M. Cour of
the Denver Post, goes the PELL MELL Award for the
BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: --- FANFARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 2/9/49
PELL MELL

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Yes, 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
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HARRICE: And - they are mild.

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the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE) PELL MELL'S greater length filters
the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: If you really want to enjoy smoking, ask for the longer,
finer cigarette in the distinguished red package - PELL
MELL.

ATX01 0061496

(MUSIC: _ _ _ INTRODUCTION AND UNDER FOR)

CHAPPELL: Now, the story as it actually happened, Robert M. Cour's story as he lived it. -- Denver, Colorado.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO VERY QUICKLY UNDER)

NARRATOR: Only -- it isn't in Denver that it begins, your big story. Not that you, Bob Cour, know it at the time. No. You're too busy as officer in charge of a Navy brig, to think of the days before the war, ^{when you were a reporter on the front} when you were a reporter -- or the days after the war, when you'll be one again -- if you live. (PAUSE) You're beating it out somewhere in the Pacific, heading for some nameless island (SNEAK SOUNDS OF BOAT AND SEA AND WIND) with a load of marines. On deck you stop to talk to one. . .

COUR: How you making it, Gyrene?

STILLMAN: Shove off, sailor.

COUR: (AMUSED, BUT PUTTING SOME BRASS IN HIS VOICE) Feel tough, private?

STILLMAN: (BLOWUP) Yeah, I feel tough! I feel -- (RECOGNIZING) I -- I'm sorry, sir. I didn't recognize you. I --

COUR: That's all right, kid. Ocean got you down?

STILLMAN: No, not the ocean, sir.

COUR: Something bothering you?

STILLMAN: Yes sir.

COUR: Want to talk about it?

STILLMAN: No sir.

COUR: All right. Carry on.

STILLMAN: (CALLING A BIT) Sir -- I mean --

COUR: Yes?

STILLMAN: I -- I don't mean to be -- I -- (PAUSE) I don't think you'd understand.

COUR: Maybe I do. (PAUSE) You're scared.

STILLMAN: Yes sir.

COUR: So what? So am I? So is everybody on this ship. War isn't cops and robbers. You have a right to be scared. The more scared you are, the more careful you are. The more careful you are -- the more likely you are to come back home. Make sense?

STILLMAN: Y-yes sir. (SADLY) But I'm still scared.

COUR: What of?

STILLMAN: Oh ... I -- (BLURTS IT OUT) it's the kind of war we fight. Every time, the same thing. You don't see anybody, you don't hear anybody -- just the jungle. One minute it's jungle, next minute -- it's Japs. If a guy could see the other guy -- face to face, fight it out, like a duel, one guy to one -- but you (HYSTERICAL) never see them, you never see a thing -- it drives you crazy!

COUR: (HARD) All right, kid -- come off it! Snap out of it! (NICER) Stop thinking that way. Think about something else. Think about home. (PAUSE) Where you from?

STILLMAN: Denver, Colorado.

COUR: Well, what do you know! So am I! Say, what high school did you go to? (FADE) I went to Central myself. Played basketball, wrote a little.....

(MUSIC: --- IN WITH:)

NARRATOR: (CROSSFADING OVER) And you talk to the kid for a while, bringing his thoughts back to the high city you both call home. . . away from what lies ahead. You learn his name. . . Stillman. . . a nice kid. . . too nice for what's ahead. But then again -- who isn't too nice -- for war?

(MUSIC: ~~---~~ HIT WARLIKE AND GO BEHIND)

NARRATOR: You deliver that cargo of marines to the beachhead -- and never see them again. Later, because you were once a newspaperman, you're put in charge of a little Navy paper somewhere in the Pacific. . . and one day a story comes through from a combat correspondent. It's about --

COUR: Stillman. Private Clem Stillman, of Denver, Colorado. (~~MUMBLE MUMBLE~~) Well what do you know! ^{He} ~~The kid~~ made hero!

NARRATOR: And you give the story a good play, besides sending it Stateside marked "Special to the ^{Denver} Post." What has he done the kid who was ^{scared?} ~~a coward?~~ Nothing much. Just earned himself a raft of medals for rounding up a mess of Japs. Commendations, Purple Hearts, Bronze Stars -- the works. ~~The coward, huh? The coward was a killer!~~ ^{Scared - maybe -- but not too scared to kill.}

(MUSIC: ~~---~~ HIT AND GO INTO. . .)

(OFFICE NOISES OF NEWSPAPER UP, UNDER)

NARRATOR: That's all over now. You are Mister Bob Cour, crime reporter for the ^{Denver} Post. The war is over -- and three years later, now, even the dull routine of the daily round seems like something that's never been interrupted. It's all over -- and forgotten. Things like this are ~~always~~ coming up. . .

EDITOR: Bob -- here's a story came in just now. I'll leave it up to you to decide whether it goes in the paper -- or on the hook.

COUR: How come, boss?

EDITOR: Well, it's one of those things. A medium prominent man in town -- Andrew Michaels --

COUR: Restaurant man? What's he done?

EDITOR: Disappeared. The thing is, you study the story. Look into it. If it's just domestic trouble, maybe he'll turn up in a day, two days. . . make us look silly. Other hand -- it might be something. I leave it to you.

COUR: Okay. Five'll get you ten it's a dud.

(PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP)

COUR: Hello.

VOICE: (FILTERED) Bob Cour?

COUR: Yes.

VOICE: (FILTER) You the guy specializes in crime?

COUR: Yes.

VOICE: (FILTER) Know anything about ^{Andrew} Michaels being among the missing?

COUR: Not yet, but --

VOICE: (FILTER) Well -- be smart. Go on down to his restaurant and ask questions. That's all.

COUR: Wait! Who is this?

VOICE: (FILTER) A friend.

(PHONE HUNG UP, OTHER END)

COUR: Well! Thanks -- friend!

(PHONE HUNG UP THIS END INTO)

(MUSIC: -- -- QUICK MUSIC BRIDGE UNDER)

(RESTAURANT BACKGROUND TO ESTABLISH AND
BEHIND)

MAN: No sir. Nobody from here called you -- that I know
of. Nobody from here.

COUR: Well -- do you mind if I ask around?

MAN: Well, I'm only the assistant manager. I really don't
know --

COUR: Fella -- if you ever want your ^{boss} ~~regular manager~~ back --
a good way to start would be to let the press and the
police have a free hand. I'll be in the kitchen.
~~Suppose you~~ Send the waitresses and the busboys, all
the help -- out to me. One at a time. ~~Okay?~~

(MUSIC: -- -- HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARRATOR: One at a time they come. . . the waitresses in their
trim uniforms. . . the busboys

(SNEAK IN CLATTER OF DISHES, CALLS FOR ORDER:

HAM AND EGGS, HOLD THE FRENCH FRIES)

in their stained aprons . . . the cooks . . . the
hatcheck girl and her chewing gum. . .

COUR: And you say you didn't like the boss? Why not.

~~VOICE II: Draw two,~~

HATCHECK: I don't like to say. ~~light!~~

COUR: You can tell me. I won't squeal.

HATCHECK: Well - he was tight.

COUR: Drunk, you mean?

~~VOICE II: Ice the apple~~

HATCHECK: No! Stingy. That guy

~~for two!~~

would squeeze a nickel till the
buffalo bit the Indian. You know what he
done to me?

~~(SIZZLING OF PANS)~~

COUR: No.

HATCHECK: He cut my pay -- and to ~~make me~~ keep my job, he made me split the tips *with him*.

COUR: (QUIET) What makes you say "out" my pay. "Made" me split. Why the past tense.

~~VOICE II: Eighty six on the split pea!~~

HATCHECK: Huh?

COUR: Has something happened to him that you know of?

HATCHECK: Me? No. But I wish it has. So help me, I wish it has!

~~VOICE II: Pick up the ham and!~~

(MUSIC: SHORT STING)

COUR: How long have you been a busboy here?

BUSBOY: Three years.

COUR: How much do you make?

BUSBOY: Same as I made when I started. Twenty-two a week.

~~VOICE II: Heads up! Hot staff comin' thru!~~

COUR: That isn't much.

BUSBOY: You tellin' me? The other day we got together, the busboys, and we went to him.

COUR: The boss -

BUSBOY: Yeah. We went to him -- I was the spokesman -- and we put in for a raise. You know what he said?

COUR: What did he say?

~~VOICE II: Glass three are here on the dinner!
D.P. with!~~

BUSBOY: He said, "Before I give you bums a raise, I fire the whole lot of you." (PAUSE) What a nice guy.

(MUSIC: --- SHORT STING)

WAITRESS: He was a bad one. If you didn't get to the tips first, he'd pick 'em up off the table!

(MUSIC: --- SHORT STING)

MAN: *Walter* When ~~the~~ ^{my} second kid ~~came~~ ^{was born,} I asked him for a raise. Only five dollars. So he fires me. Then he hires me back. (PAUSE) At five dollars a week ----- less.

(MUSIC: --- SHORT STING)

COOK: The worst thing come only last week. All of a sudden, he gets this idea. What do you think of this, in a restaurant, no less. We got to pay for our meals. In a restaurant, no less! Even us cooks! We got to pay!

(MUSIC: --- HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARRATOR: And when you have gone through the whole staff of the place -- you have a completely different picture of this supposedly popular man about town. Nobody liked him. No hero to his help he -- nobody liked him. Enough to commit foul play? Well -- that's another story. Wasn't there anybody he got along with? Anybody who stood up to him?

MANAGER: Well -- yes. Just one.

COUR: Who is that?

MANAGER: The fry cook. He stood right up to him.

COUR: Did I talk to him?

MANAGER: Oh, no, he's out sick.

COUR: Then I've talked to everybody but the fry cook.

MANAGER: And the kid.

COUR: Who?

MANAGER: We called him the kid.

COUR: What do you mean "called".

MANAGER: Well -- he was assistant fry cook. The boss fired him -- just before he disappeared. Fired him right out of the kitchen without paying him off. Poor kid.

COUR: (THOUGHTFULLY) Fired him -- and disappeared.

MANAGER: (ALL SMILES) If you're thinking the kid -- did anything why -- you're wrong. ~~He wouldn't hurt a little old lady~~ ^{that} bug, not ~~the~~ kid.

COUR: I see. What was his name?

MANAGER: Frankly, I don't know. Wait. (CALLS) Honey -- what was the kid's real name?

WAITRESS: (OFF) Stillman, I think.

MANAGER: That's it. Stillman.

COUR: (QUIETLY) Clem Stillman, maybe?

MANAGER: Why yes -- that was it! Stillman -- Clem Stillman. Do you know him?

COUR: (QUIET) I did. Once.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARRATOR: Leaving for the paper, to think it over -- you remember the kid who was scared and the words ~~kept~~ ^{keep} repeating in your mind.

COUR: (FILTER) Scared maybe but not too scared to kill.

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Your eyes can see PELL MELL'S greater length. Yes, your eyes can see the difference -- your throat can tell you what it means.

HARRICE: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos means a longer, natural filter to screen and cool the smoke.

CHAPPELL: Thus, PELL MELL gives you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Yes, PELL MELL'S are good -- good to look at - good to feel - good to taste - and good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild.

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE) PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

(MORE)

THE BIG STORY 2/9/49
PELL MELL

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL: (CONT'D)

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: If you really want to enjoy smoking, ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package --
PELL MELL.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME UP AND DOWN FOR)

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

NARRATOR: It looks as if you, Robert Cour, have narrowed down, in your search for a missing Denver restaurant man, to a likely suspect you don't like to suspect. He's Clem Stillman, a kid you met during the war. Then, you knew him as a ~~coward~~ ^{scares kid later} . . . and a hero . . . and now -- you're afraid he's a - - a what? A killer? A kidnapper? You don't like to think. But when you get back to the office of the Denver Post (PHONE RINGS) - - you have to think.

(PHONE IS PICKED UP)

COUR: This is Cour.

SERG: (FILTER) Bob. Sergeant Wyle. You've been checking on the disappearance of Michaels - -

COUR: I have. Why?

SERG: (FILTER) You can stop. He's been found.

COUR: Good;

SERG: (FILTER) Not so good. He's dead.

COUR: Oh - oh.

SERG: (FILTER) Yep. Couple of prospectors found him over in Jefferson County . . . up in Turkey Creek Canyon.

(PAUSE) ~~very dead. Shot through the head.~~

COUR: I see. (PAUSE) What now?

SERG: (FILTER) Well, we're going up to Omaha to pick up a suspect. We've traced him there. Want to come?

COUR: (QUIET) No. Not very much. (PAUSE) But I will.

(MUSIC: - - - HIT AND GO INTO)

(CAR UP, UNDER)

COUR: Well -- that's how I came to suspect him, Sarge. How'd you hit on him?

SERG: They found a red scarf at the scene. . . ^{Bob} seems it was used to gag Michaels before he was shot. We traced the scarf to Stillman's wife. He was careless.

COUR: (REMEMBERING) The more careful you are, the longer you live. . .

SERG: What's that?

COUR: Nothing, Sarge. Just -- something I once said . . . (PAUSE) You're sure it's the kid?

SERG: Pretty sure. He had a grudge. . . he's used to killing . . . from the war. . . it's open and shut. All we have to do is pick him up and (FADE UNDER) get it out of him *here's the plan.*

(CAR UP, AND DOWN TO PULL-UP STOP)

SERG: (LOW) He's in that tourist cabin. Denver car parked behind it. Wait here.

COUR: Let me come.

SERG: He's armed. He's known to have a gun.

COUR: I'll still come.

SERG: Stay behind me then.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

HEINEMANN: (OFF MIKE) Who is it?

SERG: Police. Open up. (LOW) Watch it.

(DOOR OPENS)

SERG: (~~ADDER A PAUSE~~) Who are you?

HEINEMANN: My name's Heinemann. Why?

SERG: ~~We're looking for you~~ (PAUSE) Is that your car?

HEINEMANN: Yes.

SERG: You're from Denver?

HEINEMANN: Yes.

SERG: What'd you do there?

HEINEMANN: I worked in a restaurant. I was a fry-cook.

SERG: Oh. (PAUSE) All right. Come out here -- and keep your hands up.

HEINEMANN: What is this?

SERG: I don't know yet. Up. Keep 'em up. (PAUSE) You got anybody with you?

HEINEMANN: Like who, f'rinstance?

SERG: Like an assistant fry-cook, name of Stillman . . . like you both left town kind of sudden -- (FAST) ~~Keep 'em up, geebies!~~ -- (SLOW) like you both, maybe took Michaels and - -

STILLMAN: (FROM INSIDE, COMING ON) It wasn't me! I didn't do anything, I didn't do anything! (PULL ON -- WITH FEAR) So help me, I didn't do a thing! It was --

HEINEMANN: (FAST) Shut up!

STILLMAN: (HYSTERICAL) You said nothing would happen -- you said they'd never find him, you said there was nothing to be afraid of, you said --

HEINEMANN: (A ROAR) Shut up, shut up!

SERG: Well! Two suspects for the price of one! Bob --

COUR: What is it, Sarge?

SERG: (LOW) Look. This is turning out different than we expected. Let's play one against the other. You say you know the kid?

STILLMAN: (SOBBING) What are you gonna do to me? What're you whispering for!

SERG: (LOW) He's scared stiff. He'll talk. You knew him -- take him in the cabin and question him. I'll take the tough cookie into the car and see what he knows.

~~(LOUDLY ON PURPOSE) And if their stories don't jibe~~

~~(VERY MEANINGFUL AND MENACINGLY GENTLE) Goodier . . .~~

HEINEMANN: You ain't gettin' anything out of me.

SERG: ~~As a fry cook, you ought to know what happens to~~
killers in Colorado. *Come on, Cookie, let's go.*
~~Not the rope. Not the chair.~~

~~(PAUSE) Gas. (PAUSE) Take him inside, Bob.~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT DARKLY AND BEHIND)

COUR: (GENTLE) You remember me?

STILLMAN: (MOANING) No; no. . . I never saw you before in my life. Believe me, you got to believe me - - I didn't do a thing, I - -

COUR: Remember when you were scared, in the Marines?
Remember the navy officer you -- ~~confessed it to?~~ *talked*

STILLMAN: ~~Confessed?~~ *Talked to?*

~~COUR: That you were afraid.~~

STILLMAN: ~~(A GASP)~~ I remember! I remember! (BEGGING) you were a good guy - *You helped me a lot.* ~~you'll believe me, you'll give me a break - -~~

COUR: I can't promise anything, kid. But -- I'll listen to you.

STILLMAN: (EAGER) Yeah, yeah -- you'll listen. Listen -- I'll tell you the whole thing. Only -- he'll kill me --

COUR: Heinemann?

STILLMAN: Yeah. He'll kill me if I talk -- he'll - -

COUR: (QUIET) The State will if you don't. (QUIET, GENTLE) Come on, kid. Tell me. The police have an open and shut case against you. The scarf - -

STILLMAN: Scarf! What scarf?

COUR: Your wife's scarf. It was found where you left Michaels.

STILLMAN: It was found? But he told me - - (ANGUISH) He told me he burned it! He burned it!

COUR: Kid -- talk. Can't you see he framed it so you'd be suspected? *He dragged you into it against your will.* ~~And you're --~~ so talk!

STILLMAN: (GASPING) All right, all right. Listen. Listen. The -- the day I got fired, he came to me.....

COUR: Heinemann?

STILLMAN: Yeah. He came to me. . . I didn't know what to do. . . I was scared. ~~I'm always scared.~~ . . He came to me. . . and we got in his car. . .

(CAR UP, FADE BEHIND)

HEINEMANN: So you got fired. That chiseler. You notice he don't fire me.

STILLMAN: That's cause you're not scared of him. You stand right up to him.

HEINEMANN: You bet I stand up to him. I got something on him. And he knows it. I got him buffaloed. But you -- you he fires. I heard him makin' fun of you. A hero, he says. A wartime hero, what good are your medals, he says, all you're good for is cleanin' out frypans, he says, and you're no good for that. And he fires you. (INSINUATING) Don't you hate a guy like that?

STILLMAN: I -- ~~I'm scared of him.~~ *I don't know.*

~~HEINEMANN: You're scared of me, too.~~

~~STILLMAN: A -- a little. But you treat me good.~~

HEINEMANN: You want to get even with him?

STILLMAN: Me? How?

HEINEMEANN: You willing to do what I say?

STILLMAN: I -- I don't know . . .

HEINEMANN: (HARD) You'll do what I say?

STILLMAN: I - - I don't know - -

HEINEMANN: You want to learn you're just as good as he is? You want to learn not to be scared of him -- or anyone?

STILLMAN: (EAGER) Not to be scared -- yeah -- not to --

HEINEMANN: All right. You're in now. So listen. This is what you do. This is what we do. Tonight!

HEINEMANN: (LOW) All right. He's comin' out ^{*and out*} ~~now~~ ^{*of the Restaurant*} now. Go ahead. And sound real!

STILLMAN: Mister -- Mister Michaels.

MICHAELS: What do you want, hero?

STILLMAN: Could I -- could I talk to you?

MICHAELS: What about -- hero?

STILLMAN: My job. I mean -- I want to talk to you about maybe getting it back. I --

MICHAELS: I got nothing to talk to you about, hero. You're canned and you stay --

Stillman:
HEINEMANN: (A DULL SMACK AND THUD)
You shouldn't have done that --
(LOW) You see how easy it went? He never saw me.
Come on -- get him in the car!

(CAR UP AND UNDER)
He forced me into the car
STILLMAN: The next thing, we drove out in the country,
unconscious
Way out . . . and Michaels, he was ~~out~~ all the while.
Heinemann told me things. ~~I wished I'd never come,~~
I was scared, ~~I was so scared~~ -- but he kept sayin' --

(CAR UP AND UNDER)
HEINEMANN: (SCORN) Scared. Nothing to be scared about. You gonna go through life thinkin' everybody is better than you? You're just as good as everybody -- ~~better!~~
~~Look at your war record --~~

STILLMAN: I was scared all the while -- I was a coward --

HEINEMANN: You killed Japs, didn't you?

STILLMAN: That was different. That was war. I had to.

HEINEMANN: But when you were killin' them, you weren't scared.

~~STILLMAN: No. I didn't have time to be~~

HEINEMANN: ~~Well there y'are! when it comes to havin' to do~~
~~something, you're not scared.~~ ^{And} With a gun -- you're ^{not only}
as good as the next guy. ^{You'll} Better. Reach into his
pocket. He carries one.

STILLMAN: Yeah. ~~He~~ ^{He'll} it's a pistol.

HEINEMANN: Gimme it. (PAUSE) That makes two I got.

STILLMAN: What do you need two for?

HEINEMANN: You'll see. Watch him. He'll come out of it soon.
Huh. A lot of good that'll do!

(CAR UP, BEHIND)

STILLMAN: We drove, we drove -- right into the wilderness, we
went . . . he stopped the car then . . . Michaels
was -- conscious . . . Heinemann took it -- my
wife's scarf (~~HE STARTS TO SOB~~) -- her scarf --

~~COUR: All right, all right -- what then?~~

STILLMAN: He gagged the boss -- and we started walking into
the canyon. Deep in. And all the way, Heinemann
kept talking --

(CRUNCH CRUNCH)

HEINEMANN: A tough guy, huh? Hard guy around waitresses . . .
busboys. . . assistant cooks, huh? Tough guy!

(CRUNCH CRUNCH)

HEINEMANN: Only me, you can't get around. Like you did back
in Indiana. Run out on me, leavin' me seven thousand
bucks in debt, huh?

STILLMAN: Is that what he did? Is that --

HEINEMANN: Shut up. (PAUSE) Leave me holdin' the bag . . .
so I have to forge checks to get out . . . and then
spend ten years in San Quentin. Sweatin' ^{at} you out.
I swore then I'd get even with you, Michaels. I
swore I'd track you down -- I swore I'd make you
stand up to me face to face -- and here you are.
What do you say to that, tough guy?

~~(MICHAELS TALKS THROUGH GAG)~~

STILLMAN: He can't talk -- the scarf --

HEINEMANN: All right. We come far enough. Take it off him.
(A PAUSE)

MICHAELS: Well -- what now? *Heinemann?*

HEINEMANN: I'm gonna give you a chance at me. You and I are
gonna have an even chance. See, kid? I'm gonna
show you how to be tough. Brave. I'm gonna give
this phony gentleman an even-steven chance at me.
~~Gimme his gun.~~

~~STILLMAN: Here.~~

HEINEMANN: Okay. Michaels -- you and I are gonna have a duel.
I'm takin' your gun -- you take mine.

MICHAELS: I'd rather have mine.

HEINEMANN: You take mine!

MICHAELS: Have it your way.

HEINEMANN: You're right, my way. See, kid? You got to be hard.
You got to be sure. Before I give you the gun,
Michaels, I'm givin' you a break. I'm so sure I'm a
better man than you -- I'm givin' you a chance to say
your prayers. Go on. On your knees.

MICHAELS: ~~What cow?~~ *cow!*

HEINEMANN: On your knees. Go on.

(CRUNCH CRUNCH)

That's better. Now -- pray.

MICHAELS: What is this? A gag?

HEINEMANN: Pray.

(PAUSE)

HEINEMANN: I said pray.

(A SHOT. THEN ANOTHER. A THUD)

(SILENCE. THEN)

(A CROW CAWS, ~~FADING AWAY~~)

STILLMAN: You -- you never gave him a chance to -- to fight you even. You never --

HEINEMANN: That's another thing you got to learn, kid. Never give anybody a chance. Be hard. Be tough. ~~Don't be a coward.~~ I'm gonna teach you lots of things.
(PAUSE) Come on. Leave him for the buzzards.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO)

COUR: Anything else, kid?

STILLMAN: Yes.

COUR: What was that?

STILLMAN: He -- he took the gun back. His gun. Heinemann.

COUR: Yeah.

STILLMAN: He showed me. Even if they had fought ~~the~~ the duel -- Michaels didn't have a chance. Heinemann had fixed the gun so it wouldn't fire.

COUR: I see. He was a coward.

STILLMAN: What?

COUR: You still think he was bravo?

STILLMAN: (LONG PAUSE) No.

COUR: You know what you have ahead of you? Trial. Your story against his.

STILLMAN: I know.

COUR: You scared?

STILLMAN: Yes. (PAUSE) No. No. Not any more. I know I didn't do anything. I'm not a killer.

COUR: You killed Japs didn't you?

STILLMAN: That was different. That was war - I had to - but it's all over now - I'm not scared anymore.

~~COUR: (QUIETLY) The kid wasn't really a killer - but the killer was really a coward. Come on, let's go.~~

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO FOR END)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from Robert M. Cour of the Denver Post with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 2/9/49
PELL MELL

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important.

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the
way to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine, mellow
tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your throat.
Thus PELL MELL gives you a smoothness, mildness and
satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Yes, PELL MELL'S are good -- good to look at - good
to feel - good to taste - and good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: So, if you really want to enjoy smoking, ask for the
longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(ORCHESTRA: _ TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Robert M. Cour of the Denver Post.

GOUR: Taken into custody the two conspirators in tonight's Big Story were charged with murder in the first degree. Heinmann was tried first and though he attempted to pin the murder on Stillman, the jury refused to believe him and he was convicted and sentenced to die in the Gas Chamber. Subsequently Stillman was tried on the same charge and though Heinmann refused to testify in his behalf Stillman was acquitted and set free. Thanks a lot for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Cour...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 Cleveland, Ohio News -- by-line, Ike McAnally -- a BIG STORY - about a man who killed himself...because he wanted to live.

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

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter,
with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program
was written by Alan Sloane, & your narrator was Bob
Sloane, ^{Bill Quinn} ~~and Kyle Sudeen~~ played the part of Robert M.
Cour, ^{& Jimmy Stevens played Alvin Stillman} 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. Cour.

(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.

dd/2/14/49pm

ATX01 0061520

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #102

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
CLERK	BOB SLOANE
JENNY	ANN BURR
LIBRARIAN	AGNES YOUNG
MRS. WAGNER	AGNES YOUNG
IKE	SYDNEY SMITH
MISTER	SYDNEY SMITH
MURRAY	LYLE SUDROW
TROOPER	LYLE SUDROW
DAVID	TED OSBORNE
CARROLL	TED OSBORNE

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9, 1949

ATX01 0061521

(IKE McANALLY, "THE CLEVELAND NEWS")

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

MARCH 9, 1949

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE DISSOLVING INTO)

(ROAR OF WATER POURING OVER DAM...)

ESTABLISH THEN BG)

MISTER: (NERVOUS EXCITEMENT) I was ~~driving~~^{up} on the road ^{near the dam} when it happened. All of a sudden there was an explosion... and then I saw this car ^{down} here burnin'.

TROOPER: Take it slow, Mister. I'm tryin' to write this down in my report.

MISTER: I ran right down here but the heat drove me back. Then I called you state police...quick as I could.

TROOPER: ~~These footprints leading from the car to the river...~~
~~Did you see who made them?~~MISTER: ~~No... I didn't see no one... just the smoke... and the fire.~~

TROOPER: (MORE FOR HIS OWN BENEFIT) Near as I can make out... someone must've gotten out of the car...and staggered over here to the river.

MISTER: But ^{what happened to him?} ~~where's the guy who did it?~~TROOPER: (SLIGHT BEAT THEN GRIMLY) Whatta you think?

MISTER: (THE REALIZATION MAKES HIM A LITTLE SICK) The body... it went over the dam.

TROOPER: If he was lucky... he was dead when it happened.

MISTER: All that water! Thousands of tons of it...

TROOPER: Pouring down like a rain of steel. We'll never find his body now... never!

(DAM COMES UP)

(MUSIC: BUILDS INTO THE POWER OF THE DAM.. THEN GOES 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 & FLAT) Cleveland, Ohio!
From the pages of the Cleveland NEWS...the authentic
story of a reporter who found that death... can make a
piece of fiction... come to life! Tonight... to Ike
McAnally of the Cleveland NEWS... goes the PELL MELL
AWARD for THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ FANFARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 3/9/49
PELL MELL

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE)

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HARRICE: That's important!

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GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE) PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

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HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: If you really want to enjoy smoking, ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package -
PELL MELL.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ A SAD THEME UP & UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Now... the story as it actually happened... Ike
McAnally's story as he lived it. Cleveland, Ohio!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ RISES THEN DIPS UNDER AGAIN)

NARR: Every city seems different...except when you get down
real close to it. Then...you know that they're all
alike. A city lives because of its people. And in the
stories that you, Ike McAnally, write for the Cleveland
NEWS, you tell what happens to them. Sob stuff...
laughs...and heart break! The obituaries and the birth
notices...side by side! And on this cold December day...
as you head for an interview with the wife of Dr. David
Wagner...the whole picture of the city suddenly narrows
down to ~~within~~ one small frame. For in the window of
the Wagner house... is a wreath of Christmas... and
below the name plate on the door... is a wreath of
black!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP & OUT)

MRS WAG: (THINGS SEEM USELESS) What ^{now} can I tell you? *Dr. McAnally?*

IKE: Your husband's accident, Mrs Wagner... they identified
his car by the license plates... but the way it exploded
... the police can't figure it out.

MRS WAG: Dr. Wagner was a chemist.

IKE: I know.

MRS WAG: He was on his way to Philadelphia to demonstrate a new
process for purifying water. There were chemicals in
his car. (TREMBLES SLIGHTLY) In some way... they...
they must have caught fire.

IKE: A bump in the road... a broken bottle in his luggage.
Any one of a dozen things could've done it.

MRS WAG: (AS IF SHE WERE JUST THINKING ALOUD) He was good... he
was kind. I love him so much... it's as if he's still
with me.

IKE: (SLIGHT BEAT)(MOVED) I'm very sorry.

MRS WAG: (UNHEARING) He was always promising the children that
we'd all go away on a long vacation. He had so little
time to spend with them.

IKE: I should mind my own business but why don't you go away
with the children. There's the insurance...

MRS WAG: (WRY) No... there isn't.

IKE: (SURPRISED) You mean the Doctor didn't carry a policy?

MRS WAG: He carried one all right. For fifty thousand dollars.

IKE: But you just said...

MRS WAG: It's this way, Mr. McAnally. The insurance company
claims it has no proof of death. Our broker Mr. Murray,
has been arguing with them but it's no use.

IKE: I don't get it. They found the car...

MRS WAG: But they didn't find my husband.

IKE: Then under company rules ^{you} ~~they~~ have to wait seven years
before ~~paying off~~ ^{being paid}.

MRS WAG: My husband's just missing... they say.

IKE: That's a rotten deal. A man works to make sure that his
wife and kids will be taken care of. It's not right to
let it all go for nothing.

(PHONE RINGS)

MRS WAG: Excuse me..

IKE: Of course! (STILL BURNING) Company rules. Forget about people... but remember the rules.

(PHONE LIFTED FROM CRADLE)

MRS WAG: Hello.

CARROLL: (FILTER) Is Ike McAnally there, please? This is his office.

MRS WAG: Just a moment, please... It's for you.

IKE: Thank you! (STILL SORE) A guy spends half his life just... (BARKING) Hello...

CARROLL: What's a matter with you? ^{Ike: Heck? Oh, Carroll.} Grab an aspirin, Ike - I just picked something off the A.P. wire. Seems a guy went into a Philadelphia bank and cashed five grand worth of traveler's checks.

IKE: So...

CARROLL: Tell that dame you're interviewing that she may not be a widow after all. The guy who cashed the checks identified himself as...Dr. David Wagner!

(MUSIC: UP FOR A STARTLED IMPACT AND THEN BRIDGE)

IKE: Look Murray...if anyone knows Wagner's business... it's you. You handled his insurance and these travelers checks.

MURRAY: Well....

IKE: Didn't Wagner sign these checks.

MURRAY: I'll admit it looks like his signature McAnally. But I...I don't see how it could be.

IKE: Why not? The clerk who gave him the money identified him perfectly.

MURRAY: He could be wrong. Five people can look at one man and each'll give a different description of him.

IKE: But they all couldn't forget a signature like this.

MURRAY: No? The prisons are full of men who could write your ^{signature} ~~name~~ blindfolded.

IKE: (PERSISTENT) You know Wagner signed these checks. Murray. Why don't you admit it?

MURRAY: (UNHAPPY) Look, McAnally. You're not just asking me to verify a signature you want me to say that David Wagner's alive.

IKE: Doesn't this prove it.

MURRAY: (MAKING HIS POINT CALMLY) McAnally...listen to me ^{for a minute at any one else -} for a minute. I want to see David Wagner alive. But to go on such flimsy evidence as a check that could have been forged. To raise a woman's hopes that her husband is alive. . .

IKE: Be reasonable, Murray. I don't know what Wagner is up to but it's a cinch he's on a disappearing act of some kind.

MURRAY: I don't see it... I don't see it at all. What reason could he have for making believe he was dead?

IKE: I don't know... but that's what I have to find out.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP & UNDER)

NARR: Where do you begin? Where do you find the reason for a respected, successful man suddenly vanishing without a trace? Somewhere in this man's life... there must be an answer. Perhaps obscure and hidden... but you know it has to be there. You ask the woman who's closest to him. If anyone holds the key... it must be his wife...

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ OUT)

MRS WAG: (TENSE) No... no, there's nothing. You're all wrong, *Mr. McQuinn*
It isn't so.

IKE: (PATIENTLY) But Mrs Wagner...

MRS WAG: If he were alive, he'd be with me. He'd come back to his home and his children.

IKE: But he is alive... and he hasn't come back.

MRS WAG: Then he's sick. (CLINGING TO THIS NEW LOGIC) Of course... it has to be that. David would never stay away. He's sick. He has to be.

IKE: (VERY QUIETLY) Sometimes Mrs Wagner... things get so real that you can't believe them. They swell up... get big right in front of your eyes... but you don't see them. Because... you don't want to.

MRS WAG: (PATHETIC...BEGINNING TO CRY SOFTLY) No... he wouldn't... he wouldn't.

IKE: (SOFTLY...KINDLY) Try to understand! I say your husband's alive. Why he hasn't come home, I don't know. But you've got to help me find him.

(WE HEAR HER CRYING SOFTLY FOR A MOMENT)

(MUSIC: SNEAKS IN SADLY & SOFTLY UNDER)

NARR: The wind from the lake whips sharply against the window... and the cold comes into the room. You want to run outside and get away... but you can't. You have to sit there and watch... as part of a woman's life... slips away.

(MUSIC: OUT)

MRS WAG: (LOW...DULLY) I've tried to think of a reason... but there doesn't seem to be any. Except...

IKE: Yes?

MRS WAG: Except for something I might have done.

IKE: (WARM) I don't think so. Tell me, Mrs. Wagner... was your husband in debt? Perhaps trouble of some kind?

~~MRS WAG: Nothing like that.~~

~~IKE: Hmm...~~

MRS WAG: I don't think he could find time for trouble.

IKE: How do you mean?

MRS WAG: He seemed to be busy every minute. There was his work... his Athletic Club... his painting. So many things..

IKE: Yes. This portrait on the wall... I've been looking at it.

MRS WAG: That's one of David's. Isn't it good?

IKE: Very.

MRS WAG: The Willard Art Museum once held an exhibition of just his work.

IKE: The way he caught the face of this girl. It's almost lifelike. (CASUALLY) Seems to me I might know her.
Do you know
~~What's~~ her name, Mrs Wagner?

MRS WAG: ^{No} I don't. ~~know~~. She posed for my husband a few times, though.

IKE: I see.

~~MRS WAG: (THE MEMORY RETURNS) It's still so hard to believe. He always wanted the children to have the best. He'd never go away without providing for them.~~

~~It's the way things work out, Mrs Wagner. They've had to~~

~~figure.~~

MRS WAGNER: I'm... I'm sorry to cause you so much trouble, Mr McAnally.

IKE: I guess it's the other way around. This has become just a little more than a story to me. I'm in this all the way... 'til it's finished.

(MUSIC: UP HARD & BRIDGE, GOING OUT SUDDENLY FOR...)

(THREE SHARP KNOCKS) (BEAT)

(DOOR OPENS)

JENNY: Who are you?

IKE: Ike McAnally! I'm with the ^{Cleveland} NEWS.

JENNY: You taking a poll or something?

IKE: Sure...can I come in?

JENNY: Okay...

(DOOR CLOSES)

Well?

IKE: Miss Jenny Logan?

JENNY: You pressed the right button downstairs.

IKE: I need some help, Jenny. I'm doing a little research on a guy named David Wagner. The art agency gave me your name.

JENNY: (SLIGHT BEAT) What kind of research? I just modeled for him a few times... if that'll help.

IKE: You heard about his accident, I guess.

JENNY: Yeah. It was real rough. Poor guy!

IKE: Rough on his wife, too. And the kids.

JENNY: What can ya do? That's the way things go.

IKE: Not always! This may come as a shock, Jenny... but David Wagner is still alive.

JENNY: (DEFENSIVELY & LOUD) You're crazy. The paper... I read he was drowned.

IKE: But they never found the body.

JENNY: They couldn't. ^{all that} ~~The~~ water going over the dam... ~~it's~~
~~keeping it down.~~

IKE: You know all the details, don't you?

JENNY: (RELAXED) Well, I worked for the guy. I couldn't help
bein' interested in what happened.

(COFFEE BOILING OVER... OFF)

IKE: Better get that coffee ^{over there,} Jenny. It'll ^{spill over} be on the floor in a
second.

JENNY: (FADING OFF BUT WE HEAR HER) Funny your comin' to me like
this. What could I know about Dr. Wagner?

IKE: You know how it is. I just have to check up on everyone.
~~Besides...~~ ^{By the way,} you seem to be kinda hipped on mysteries ^{yourself.}

JENNY: (STILL OFF) Whatta ya mean?

IKE: Quite a book you've got here! (READING) "The Living
Corpse." ~~How... like kills the for what?~~

(RUNNING ON)

JENNY: (FADING IN FAST) Don't you open that book! (FURIOUS) Why
don't you mind your own business! I didn't ask you to
come up here and go snoopin' around. Now get outta here
before I call the super. Ya hear me? Get out... get out!

(MUSIC: UP HARSHLY & BRIDGE)

IKE: (A VERY SLIGHT PROJECTION) Oh, Miss... could you help me,
please?

LIBRARIAN: (FADING IN QUICKLY) Please ~~try to~~ lower your voice, sir.
We try to keep the library as quiet as possible.

IKE: Sorry...

LIBRARIAN: Now... what is it you wanted?

IKE: A book...

LIBRARIAN: Naturally. But which one?

IKE: It's just a cheap little detective thriller.

LIBRAR: (DOWN HER NOSE) I see. It's name, please?

IKE: "The Living Corpse."

LIBRAR: "The Living Corpse?"

IKE: (EMBARRASSED) It's for a friend,

LIBRAR: But that's a great classic, sir... written by Leo Tolstoy.

IKE: It is?

LIBRAR: Of course. It's a wonderful story. Don't you know it?

IKE: I'm afraid not.

LIBRAR: Well, it's all about a respectable, well established man who fakes his own death so that he can escape from a wife he no longer cares for. Then, by taking on a new name, he goes away with his sweetheart to begin a new life. It's a beautiful story.

(STEPS RUNNING OFF)

(AS IKE IS RUNNING OFF) But sir... don't you want the book?

(AFTER DOOR SLAMS)

(THE NOISE IS REPULSIVE TO HER) Couldn't he have slammed the door... quietly?

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP & UNDER IN EXCITEMENT)

(ESTABLISH RAILROAD STATION... THEN B.G.)

CLERK: Yes, Miss?

JENNY: A one way ticket to New York, please...and hurry!

IKE: Going someplace Jenny?

(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
PROGRAM #102

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important.

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Your eyes can see PELL MELL'S greater length. Yes, your
eyes can see the difference -- your throat can tell you
what it means.

HARRICE: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine, mellow
tobaccos means a longer, natural filter to screen and
cool the smoke.

CHAPPELL: Thus, PELL MELL gives you a smoothness, mildness and
satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Yes, PELL MELL'S are good -- good to look at - good to
feel - good to taste - and good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild.

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE) PELL MELL'S greater length filters
the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE) PELL MELL'S greater length filters
the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: If you really want to enjoy smoking, ask for the longer,
finer cigarette in the distinguished red package--PELL MELL.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ INTRODUCTION & UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and the BIG STORY of Ike McAnally...as he lived it... and wrote it!

NARR: You... Ike McAnally... of the Cleveland NEWS...now find yourself in the middle of the strangest story you've ever covered. A story that only began... when it seemed to have ended. You know that Dr. David Wagner had made it appear that he'd been killed, ~~in an automobile fire~~. For a while, your idea doesn't make sense. Wagner was living a secure, respected life... married... and with two kids. Why should he want to disappear? But then... you hit upon an answer... a famous book... with a plot that gives you the reason.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP SHARPLY & SEGUE TO)

(ESTABLISH RAILROAD STATION THEN B.G.)

IKE: Going someplace, Jenny?

JENNY: (STARTLED) Huh... (RECOGNITION) ^{Mr.} McAnally!

IKE: You were in an awful hurry, Jenny. The boys at the cab stand remembered you.

JENNY: (TRYING TO SOUND RELAXED) You could've brought me a box of candy. After all, I'm going on my vacation.

IKE: Let's go sit in the waiting room. It's not so noisy.

~~JENNY: I can't. My train's pulling out in a few minutes.~~

~~IKE: There's always another one.~~

~~JENNY: Not for me, there isn't. I'm getting on this one.~~

~~IKE: (COLD) Better listen to me, Jenny. I mean it.~~

JENNY: (TOSSING IT OFF) Okay... I can give you a minute.

IKE: This way...

(WALKING..DOOR OPENS...CLOSES)

(B.G. NOISE ENDS)

JENNY: Well, what's on your mind?

IKE: That book, Jenny... "The Living Corpse" by Tolstoy.
David Wagner gave it to you.

JENNY: (SCARED) No...

IKE: (PRESSING) He gave it to you... and now you're leaving
to meet him.

JENNY: You're crazy. I haven't seen him in months.

IKE: You're lying. Wagner's in love with you...

~~JENNY: (BRAVADO) I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.~~

~~IKE: Come on, Jenny, you're much too bright for that.~~

JENNY: (SORE, TO KEEP FROM CRYING) Why don't you let me alone?

IKE: How can I? This isn't just between you and Wagner.
He's got a wife and kids... remember?

JENNY: (A LITTLE GUILTY) What can I do about it?

IKE: You can let him alone. You can tell him to come back
where he belongs.

JENNY: (QUIETLY) You don't know what you're askin'. There are
some things you can't stop. Jump in front of a train and
see if you'll even slow it down. This is the same way.
David... me... you... and his wife... none of us can do
anything about it.

IKE: Then you are in love with him.

JENNY: (WE'RE SORRY FOR HER) Sure...you know it. This isn't a
thing I want to lie about. It's something too good for
that.

IKE: (KIND) Listen, Kid... you're wrong. Taking a man away from his home... leaving a wife and children without a dime... you can't call that good.

JENNY: (DEFENDING HIM) David left her his insurance...fifty thousand of it.

IKE: But the company won't pay off. ~~There is no body so they claim he's just missing. What's his wife supposed to do for the seven years they intend to wait?~~

~~JENNY: (DISTURBED) There must be something you can do.~~

~~IKE: Nothing... nothing at all! And now you and Wagner are doing a disappearing act. You'll change your names... you'll be lost for good.~~

JENNY: We've got a right to our lives... to do what we want.

IKE: If you don't hurt anyone by doing it.

JENNY: You can't stop us. We're not breaking any law.

IKE: I admit that. But I can spread your pictures over every front page in the country. You'll be known everywhere... you'll never get a minute's rest. You'll...

JENNY: (ALMOST CRYING IN HER DESPAIR) All right... all right... what do you want me to do?

IKE: Promise me that wherever you and Wagner go... you'll let us know where you are... the names you're using.

JENNY: (BEATEN) We will... we will...

IKE: I want your promise that Wagner will always provide for his family. I can't stop you from going to him... but I can make you give me your word on that.

JENNY: David will take care of his family... I promise!

(MUSIC: IN WISTFULLY & UP FOR BRIDGE)

MURRAY: Sorry to bust in on you like this, Mrs. Wagner... but it's important.

MRS WAG: You sounded so excited on the phone. Mr. Murray.

MURRAY: Well, I should've. Here.. look at this...

MRS WAG: What is it?

MURRAY: A money order paying the premium due on your husband's insurance.

MRS WAG: (SURPRISED) I... I don't understand.

MURRAY: Who's this Charles Arnold who signed the money order?

MRS WAG: I haven't the faintest idea.

MURRAY: ~~Hummm~~... something funny about this.

MRS WAG: Wait a second...

MURRAY: What's a matter?

MRS WAG: The typing on the money order...

MURRAY: Do you recognize it?

MRS WAG: (EXCITED) The letter "y"... see it... the place where the line breaks off... and the "y" ~~Hummm~~... how the side of it thins out.

MURRAY: I see it.

MRS WAG: This was typed on my husband's machine. I know it. The portable he took away with him.

MURRAY: (EXCITED) This clue makes the signature on the traveler's checks mean something now. I'm convinced that McAnally is right. Your husband is alive -- and with this -- we're going to find him.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP FOR A FAST BRIDGE)

MURRAY: (EXPANSIVE) My apologies, Ike. Here's some evidence to prove you were right.

IKE: ~~Hummm~~. You're/sure this type checks with your husband's machine, Mrs Wagner?

MURRAY: Of course it does!

MRS WAG: (QUIETLY) I'm certain, Mr. McAnally.

MURRAY: (IMPATIENTLY) Well, whatta ya make of it?

IKE: I think David Wagner is still alive.

MURRAY: Naturally he is... but where?

IKE: I hate to disappoint you, Murray... but I don't know.

MURRAY: But the money order was sent from New York. Track him from ^{there} ~~here~~.

IKE: There wouldn't be any use in that.

MURRAY: (DUMBFOUNDED) What's the matter with you? Don't you want to find him?

IKE: I don't think so.

MURRAY: (EXPLODING) McAnally... you're out of your mind.

MRS WAG: It's all right, Mr Murray. I'm sure Mr McAnally knows what he's doing.

~~IKE: (DECIDING TO TELL HER) Mrs. Wagner... there's something I've got to tell you. If you don't mind, Murray...~~

~~MRS WAG: He can stay.~~

~~IKE: But it's pretty personal.~~

~~MRS WAG: I don't mind.~~

~~IKE: (SIGNS) Okay..~~

~~MURRAY: Well... what is it?~~

IKE: (IT'S TOUGH TO BEGIN) Mrs Wagner... I think you've known all along that I was right...that your husband was alive.

MRS WAG: Yes... I've known.

IKE: I've found out why he went away... and I want you to know that too.

MURRAY: Have you been holding out on us?

IKE: You're just a bystander, Murray. Now... keep quiet!

MURRAY: (BURNING) All right... ~~listen.~~ ^{Go ahead}

IKE: (QUIETLY) I wouldn't tell you, Mrs Wagner if I didn't think you'd understand... and accept it.

MRS WAG: I'll try to. Where is David, Mr McAnally?

IKE: The place... I don't know... and it's unimportant now. The real thing... is why he went away. And I think he was crazy for doing it.

MRS WAG: You haven't told me why.

IKE: (DRAWING A DEEP BREATH) Your husband went away, Mrs Wagner... because he fell in love with another woman.

MURRAY: (ANGRY) Did you have to tell her that?

IKE: She wants to live with the truth.

MRS WAG: It would be easier not to.

IKE: (GENTLY) You wanted me to tell you... didn't you?

MRS WAG: Yes... I guess I did.

MURRAY: Who's the girl... who is she?

IKE: Jenny Logan... the one who modeled for that painting there *on the wall*,

MURRAY: Where is she?

IKE: With him!

MRS WAG: Who told you all this, Mr McAnally?

IKE: The girl... or rather, she confirmed what I'd guessed.

MURRAY: (UNBELIEVING) And you let her go to him?

IKE: No one could've stopped her.

MRS WAG: If she loved David... she would have gotten to him some way.

MURRAY: But she was the only trace to your husband. McAnally, you deliberately let her go. You threw away our only chance of finding him.

IKE: Murray, listen..

MURRAY: (JUMP CUE) No... you listen ~~to me!~~ You've been goin' around cryin' how sorry you were for Mrs Wagner... And how rotten ~~my~~ ^{the} company was not to pay off the insurance.

IKE: I am trying to help her.

MURRAY: Sure... that's why you turn this girl loose to break up a family. (DISGUST) McAnally, you're a fake. (RAISING HIS VOICE) You just want a story... you don't give a second's thought to this family.

MRS WAG: (ALMOST A TORTURED SCREAM) Stop it... stop it! (LOW) What's the sense with any of this? Even if David did come back... he'd always be lost to me now.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN SADLY. BUILD A LITTLE FOR TRANSITION & THEN UNDER)

NARR: It's ~~one~~ ^{three} miles back to the office... and you walk every step of it. You think of Jenny Logan and the promise she'd made. There should have been some word by now... she'd had plenty of time. But like David Wagner... she too had disappeared and as the weeks and months go by it's hard to forget... that it was you... who'd let her go.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ RISES TO PUNCTUATE & GOES OUT FOR)

(PHONE RINGING..RECEIVER LIFTED)

IKE: McAnally!

MURRAY: (FILTER) This is Murray. I've got some news for you.

IKE: What's up?

MURRAY: I thought you'd like to know that David Wagner's insurance policy expires tonight at twelve o'clock. The quarterly premium hasn't been paid. Nothing's come in since the last money I showed you.

IKE: (SORE) Now you tell me? Why didn't you let me know sooner. I could've raised the money.

MURRAY: Mrs Wagner told me not to. It's her problem, she said. Just between us, McAnally... I just don't think she cares anymore.

IKE: Who can blame her? But that policy is her one protection. You can't cancel it.

MURRAY: But the company can. Sorry! Maybe now, you know what a mess you've made of things.

(MUSIC: UP FOR IMPACT THEN DRIFT INTO A THEME TO DENOTE VIENNA...
BUT NOT OVERLY GAY... THEN BRIDGE)

(WINE POURING IN GLASS)

JENNY: Why the champagne, David?

DAVID: We're celebrating, Jenny. Our last day in Vienna.

JENNY: (UNHAPPY) And now? Now where do we run to?

DAVID: Another city. Budapest, perhaps.

JENNY: What names shall we use there?

DAVID: Cheer up, Jenny. If you like, we'll keep the ones we have now. Here, a toast... to Anna and Joseph.

JENNY: (A SLIGHT BEAT) I don't mean to complain, David. It's been wonderful... all of it. I've seen all the places I used to read about... and the clothes... they're just as beautiful as you said they were.

DAVID: I saw you packing them this morning. Why?

JENNY: I'm sending them to my kid sister. She'll be crazy about them.

DAVID: Dear little Jenny... still thinking about home.

JENNY: And you? Have you forgotten?

DAVID: (LOW) No... I remember.

JENNY: It's like that book you gave me, David. The people in it tried to forget... They tried to build a wall between themselves and the past... but they couldn't.

DAVID: Everything ends... Jenny.

JENNY: (SIMPLY) I know, David... And this too...

DAVID: But our lives back home have also ended.

JENNY: I keep thinking about what that reporter said to me. We've got a right to our own lives... to do what we want.. ~~except~~ ^{as long as} we don't hurt anybody by doing it.

DAVID: You'll keep your promise to him. I'm taking care of everything.

JENNY: I was never worried.

DAVID: And us, Jenny... what shall I do about us?

JENNY: You decide, David. I'm not afraid.

DAVID: Then... we'll always be together.

JENNY: Always...

DAVID: ^{Look out}
~~Come to~~ the window, Jenny...

(~~ATTEN-TIONS~~)

It's a beautiful world... isn't it?

JENNY: And ^{but} for you... I'd never have seen it.

DAVID: (VERY SOFTLY) I've loved you very much.

JENNY: (SOFTLY) David...

DAVID: Together... always...

(A SHOT..A SMALL BEAT...& ANOTHER SHOT)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP IN AN ANGUISHED MOTIF...& THEN MELLOWS UNDER)

NARR: The news comes back... and you've got the story of a girl who believed in paying off on a bargain. But the words you write... come slow and hard. For this is a story that touches the lives of everyone around it. On a warm Spring day in Vienna... it ended for Jenny Logan... and David Wagner. But for you and the others... it will always live... in memory!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BUILDS TO CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Ike McAnally of the Cleveland NEWS... with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 3/9/49
PROGRAM #102

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters-the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine, mellow
tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your throat.
Thus PELL MELL gives you a smoothness, mildness and
satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Yes, PELL MELL'S are good -- good to look at - good to
feel - good to taste - and good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: So, if you really want to enjoy smoking, ask for the
longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package
- PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(ORCH: TAG...)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Ike McAnally of the Cleveland News.

McANALLY: Subsequent investigation in tonight's Big Story revealed fact that David Wagner left evidence in his room in Vienna as to his and Jenny's real identity. The double suicide took place an hour before midnight on the day the insurance policy was to expire so that Mrs Wagner could collect ^{the} \$50,000 ^{dollars} ~~insurance policy~~. My sincere appreciation for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr McAnally... 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 Seattle Times -- by-line, Don Magnuson - a BIG STORY - about a reporter who made a winner..out of a three time loser.

(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 Alvin Boretz, your narrator was Bob Sloane, and ~~Lee Freeman~~ ^{Sydney Smith} played the part of Ike McAnally. 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 McAnally.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME UP FULL & FADE)

CHAPPELL: Saturday, March 12th marks the 37th birthday of the Girl Scouts in the United States ~~and~~ ^T this is Girl Scout Week. This year, the Girl Scouts urgently need more leaders to carry on the great work of their organization. Won't you - women of America - give thought to joining in this rewarding task - the leadership of our young ~~girls~~ ^{women of America?}

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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2/21/49

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AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #103

CAST

NARRATOR

MOLLY

WOMAN II

WOMAN

WOMAN III

DON

SORENSEN

SHANE

MAN II

HENNESSEY

MOTOR

HAMMER

COP

HANSER

PETEY II

MAN

PETEY I

BOB SLOANE

CHARLOTTE KEANE

CHARLOTTE KEANE

~~ALICE YOURMAN~~ *Edith Everett*

~~ALICE YOURMAN~~ *Edith Everett*

BOB DRYDEN

BOB DRYDEN

WILLIAM KEENE

WILLIAM KEENE

RAY JOHNSON

RAY JOHNSON

ARNOLD MOSS

ARNOLD MOSS

ERIC DRESSLER

ERIC DRESSLER

CAMERON ANDREWS

CAMERON ANDREWS

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16, 1949

ATX01 0061548

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#103

() () DON MAGNUSON - SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, TIMES

10:00 - 10:30 PM

MARCH 16, 1949

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE UNDER:)

SLOANE: It was a particularly brutal killing.....

(THREE INCREASINGLY LOUD SLAPS TO THE HEAD)

PETEY I: (WITH SOUND) Ya stupid old man, stupid, stupid, stupid!

SLOANE: Particularly brutal because one blow on the head would have been enough. Nils Sorenson, at the time he was attacked was 78. Just before he died, he said.....

SORENSEN: -----Why? Why did he do it?

SLOANE: It was a brutal killing and pointless -- because all the killer could possibly have gotten, (Sorenson had nothing) was an old overcoat and a pair of wornout slippers -- both worth, maybe, three dollars.

(MUSIC: -- UP FULL, THEN 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. (FLAT) Seattle, Washington -- a story of ~~brute~~ murder in the great Northwest, ~~a story of~~ murder and a search that failed -- in order to triumph. ~~and~~ for his patient and brilliant work in this case, to reporter Don Magnuson of the Seattle Times, goes the PELL MELL AWARD for the BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- UP IN A FANFARE)

(COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0061549

THE BIG STORY 3/16/49
PELL MELL

-2-

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Yes, 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. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild.

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE) PELL MELL'S greater length filters
the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE) PELL MELL'S greater length filters
the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: If you really want to enjoy smoking, ask for the longer,
finer cigarette in the distinguished red package - PELL
MELL.

ATX01 0061550

(MUSIC: -- THEME)

CHAPPELL: Now the story as it actually happened: reporter Don Magnuson's story as he lived it. Seattle, Washington...

(MUSIC: -- PUNCTUATES AND GOES UNDER:)

SLOANE: It had been a good year for you, Don Magnuson, reporter for the Seattle Times, a good year and a hard one - and you and ~~the kids~~ ^{Molly} (and the kids) looked forward to that two weeks vacation in Canada coming up in ten days. You needed it, you'd earned it and you'd made all your plans...and ~~so, when~~ ^{then} City Editor ~~Tom~~ ^{Jim} Hennessey called you in ^{to} his office and asked....

HENNESSEY: How good's your memory, Don?

~~SLOANE: You smelled something you didn't like. You smelled work: a lot of work.~~

DON: (CAGEY) ~~How good's my memory, Tom?~~ Why?

HEN: (NON COMMITTAL) Oh - just - this came in today. A letter.

~~Maybe a great letter, maybe not. SAYS A LOT --~~

DON: (READING FAST) "Gentlemen: I think perhaps if you look into the case of Ernest Shane, now serving life sentence for murder in Walla Walla prison - you may find a grave injustice has been committed. (Signed) A. Hauser. "Who's A. Hauser?"

HEN: I don't know, maybe a crank, maybe not. You remember Shane?

DON: Sure, I covered that case. Murdered ~~old Sorenson~~, 78 year old Sorenson for a coat and a pair of rundown slippers.

~~Struck~~ ^{Struck} him on the head 3 times. Sure. Well?

HEN: ~~He~~ ^{Shane} always claimed he was innocent.

DON: ~~What Tom doesn't, Tom?~~

HEN: You always thought ~~honest~~ ^{was}, too, Don.

DON: Just take it easy. I don't know if I can get you out.

~~I don't know anything.~~ I want the facts first, ~~first the facts.~~ Who is A. Hauser?

SHANE: Who? What's that name, who?

DON: (SLOWLY, PATIENTLY) Hauser, A. Hauser. He wrote a letter about you.

SHANE: I never heard of him. But lemme tell you, it was a frame the whole thing was a frame, ~~all the witnesses, they never saw me, I wasn't even in Seattle. I wasn't near the place~~

CON: (CUTS) All right, Mr. Shane - just tell me this - the prosecution made a big thing out of the fact you'd been in jail twice before ---

SHANE: False arrest, both times false arrests. I was framed then too. ~~First time robbery false arrest. I never done it. Somebody else. Second time burglary - it wasn't me~~

DON: And the Sorenson killing was the same thing ---

SHANE: That's right the same thing, false arrests, mistake, I wasn't even there, never saw this Sorenson. Another guy. ~~(LAUGHS)~~ And you'll get me out - after all these years you'll get me out? Gee, Mr. I don't know what to say - I don't know how to tell you --

DON: Is there a transcript of the trial?

SHANE: ~~Transcripts. Transcript,~~ yeah, I got a transcript. I saved everything I had, paid \$91 for ~~this~~ ^{it} - it's the only one. ~~Here.~~ Take it. Take it and get me free.

(MUSIC: UP THEN UNDER)

SLOANE: You read the transcript in your office and as you read the idea of vacation is pushed out of your mind, because ~~this is a peculiar case. When you wrote it up, you only felt it, now you have something tangible, now you get the feeling of knowing.~~ You begin to eat, drink, sleep and breathe ^{freeing} Ernest Shane...

DON: ^{Jim} You got a second?

HEN: Sure, Don, Shane?

DON: (NODS) Get this: 6 witnesses swear it was Shane. Not one of those witnesses ever saw Shane nearer than 60 feet.

HEN: But they convicted him, hum?

DON: And of those 6 witnesses, 4 were kids under 10 years old.

~~(MUSIC) PART OF A MONTAGE~~

~~SLOANE: You eat, sleep and breathe Ernest Shane, at home too.~~

~~DON: Molly ---~~

~~MOLLY: (EASY-GOING WIFE) Yes, Don --~~

~~DON: Can I talk to you?~~

~~MOLLY: Shane? Sure darling.~~

~~DON: (MORE INTENSE) Listen to this -- this is the transcript -- the DA's talking -- "The prosecution contends that the same man who murdered Coranson, robbed him. See it, right there --"~~

~~MOLLY: I see --~~

~~DON: Then? (TURNS PAGES) Six pages later he says -- "All witnesses agree that the murderer left Coranson's check empty handed" --~~

~~MOLLY: I see --~~

DON: Then he must have been robbed before he was killed -
of the coat and the slippers, right? - and it might have
been several days before. But Shane wasn't in Seattle
until that very day, That I can prove.

MOLLY: That's terrific, Don.

DON: Now if I can get a couple of those witnesses to change
their minds to say they aren't sure --

MOLLY: Why don't you do it?

DON: One's in Portland, one's in Tacoma -- it'd mean a week,
ten days and --

MOLLY: Vacation? We'll take the vacation when you come back.

DON: Thanks, baby.

MOLLY: You think I'd enjoy a vacation with Shane on your mind.

~~Go out, finish it up, come back.~~

(MUSIC: ~~UP AND OUT:~~)

(KNOCK ON DOOR, IT OPENS)

WOMAN: (DEFENSIVE) Yes? *You were a witness in the case of*

DON: Mrs. Donaldson, ~~I want to talk to you about Ernest Shane.~~

WOMAN: I'm busy, I'm sorry. Good day -----

DON: Please, I just want two minutes of your time. This is a
man's life that I'm ----

WOMAN: (HIGH DUDGEON) A man's life indeed. Young man perhaps
you are unaware of it, but in addition to being
~~witness in that case (I was Mr. Sorenson's next door~~
The murdered man
neighbor) - ~~Mr. Sorenson~~ happened to be my father-in-law!

(MUSIC: ~~STING AND UNDER:~~)

SLOANE: But half hour of explanation and even the daughter-in-law
of the murdered man begins talking.....

WOMAN: (NOW CONFUSED) You say he ~~has~~ ^{had} straight black hair ---
DON: That's right. It's streaked with grey now, but it was
straight black hair then.
WOMAN: I'd swear that murderer - the man who ran out - the man
I saw - he had wavy brown hair.....
DON: Would you put that down in writing, mam?

(MUSIC: THE MONTAGE)

(KNOCK ON DOOR. IT OPENS)

MAN: Yeah?
DON: I'm Don Magnuson of the Seattle Times.
MAN: What do I want with the Seattle Times. This is
Portland, son.
DON: Oh, I'm not selling the Times, sir ---
MAN: Well, what are you selling? Tell me what you're
selling and I'll tell you if I'm buying ---
DON: I'm not selling anything, sir. May I come in ---
SLOANE: (IN CLOSE) And ^{of the} an hour and a half with ^{the} a man from
Portland, ~~who should have been called as a witness and~~
~~wasn't, that's not easy either.....~~
DON: Then you sold the coat and slippers to Shane?
MAN: ~~If that's a picture of Shane, I sold it to him. I run~~
~~a high class pawnshop and I never forget a face or a sale.~~
DON: You sold it to him three days before the killing?
MAN: ~~It says on my books I sold it to him January the 19th.~~
~~If the killing was January the 22, like you said, then~~
~~I sold it to him 3 days before. Never make a mistake on~~
a sale.
DON: ~~Would you put that in writing?~~
MAN: Why not?

DON: ~~And you were never called as a witness?~~

MAN: I was not.

DON: Now - you don't have to answer this - but who sold you that coat and those slippers?

MAN: ~~I don't know his name.~~ A fellow, dark brown wavy hair-
~~he sold me things before, pawned them-~~ wait a minute-
I got his first name - ~~yes here see~~ I wrote it down
~~next the items: coat, slippers - from~~ "Petey, that's
~~all I got,~~ ^{in name} "Petey".

DON: Would you put all that down, please, all that - in writing?

MAN: (PAUSE) All of it? (PAUSE) Okay.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: Now you go where you've been headed for two months --
(it's two months already, you've been living with Shane) - you go to the former Prosecuting Attorney, George Hammer, now a Judge and you present it all to him.....

DON: There it is judge: statements by ~~the witnesses that~~
~~they may have been wrong, internal~~ contradictory
evidence from the trial proceedings ~~itself, the~~
~~statement by the prosecutor,~~ Shane's statements and my own. What do you think?

HAMMER: (CAREFUL MAN) You've done a remarkable job, Magnuson, remarkable. You think it adds up to a miscarriage of justice?

DON: I do, judge. I don't say there was anything wrong with the way the case was conducted (no reflection on you, sir, at all), or on the police - but I do say that evidence that favored Shane was consistently excluded - and too much was made of his previous criminal record --

HAMMER: What about that record?

DON: I checked it as carefully as I've ever checked anything. Believe it or not, in those two previous arrests and convictions, he was a victim of mistaken identity.... *He was pardoned both times.*

HAMMER: Really?

DON: I know it sounds impossible for a man to be a three-time offender and to be innocent all 3 times -- but Shane's is the worst hard-luck story I've ever heard in my life.

(PAUSE)

HAMMER: And you want me to join with you in requesting pardon from the Governor?

DON: Yes, sir, I do. I think the record warrants it.

HANNER: Magnuson, I don't think you've ^{va got} got one chance in a hundred for the Governor to reverse a conviction on a three-time loser, a case ^{nearly} 15 years old -- but I'll go along with you. And good luck.

(MUSIC: --- RISES... THEN UNDER:)

SLOANE: You file your petition for pardon. All the evidence, the affidavits and statements. (Even the original letter that started you off, from A. Hauser). ~~You send everything to the Governor.~~ And you wait. Within a week comes the answer. Petition denied.

(MUSIC: --- LOW AND UNDER)

SLOANE: Two and a half months work gone up ^{just} pff - like that. ~~As Judge Hammer had said, it would take a lot - a very great deal, to get a pardon. (PAUSE) Now what? Now you wanted out, Don Magnuson. You've tired, you'd gone pretty far and now you'd had enough. It was two and half months later, but you were going on your vacation.~~ (MORE)

It was time to go on that vacation.

SLOANE:
(CONTD)

You and Molly ~~packed and that last night, final~~
were packing
~~packing, the phone rang --~~

(PHONE. IT'S ANSWERED AS INDICATED)

DON: Get it Molly, will you. I've just about got this
valise *packed*.

MOLLY: Yes, dear.

(NOW PHONE IS ANSWERED)

MOLLY: Hello..Who? Oh, just a second -- it's for you, dear.

DON: (LITTLE OFF) Who is it?

MOLLY: He didn't say. But he says its about the Shane case.

DON: Shane case? Oh, no - no - tell him, I'm out, tell him
goodbye, call back in three weeks.

MOLLY: Okay. He's not in right now, so if you'll leave your
name, he'll call you back...,I'll take it down.

DON: You'd think they'd leave me alone.

MOLLY: Yes, I got it -- and the number. Goodbye.

(PHONE CRADLED)

~~(CLICK FOR THE VALISE)~~

DON: There that's the last valise. Tomorrow we get an early
start and then -- Canadian Rockies here we come...

MOLLY: Don.

~~DON: What?~~

MOLLY: That was Mr. Hauser.

DON: HAUSER! What are you talking about?

MOLLY: That was Mr. Hauser on the phone.

DON: Why didn't you tell me!

MOLLY: Well, you said you ---

DON: Did you get his number?

MOLLY: (VERY COOLY) Yes, I got his number.

DON: Give it to me, give it to me ---

MOLLY: ~~Don~~, I guess I better unpack *again*.

(MUSIC: --- IN WITH NARR:)

SLOANE: Even before you dial the number, ~~even before the~~
~~voice of A. Hauser speaks to you~~, you know you're back
at it. Just because the Governor turned it down that
doesn't end it. No, Don Magnuson of the Seattle
Times, you've been on the story two and a half months
~~and~~
~~but~~ you're going to stay on this one, you know it,
until it's over, ~~until it's finished~~, until Ernest
Shane is a free man.

(MUSIC: --- UP TO TAG)

ANNCR: We will be back in just a ^{moment} ~~minute~~ with tonight's BIG
STORY.

(MUSIC: --- FANFARE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 3/16/49
PELL MELL

-13-

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Your eyes can see PELL MELL'S greater length. Yes,
your eyes can see the difference -- your throat can
tell you what it means.

HARRICE: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos means a longer, natural filter to screen
and cool the smoke.

CHAPPELL: Thus, PELL MELL gives you a smoothness, mildness and
satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Yes, PELL MELL'S are good -- good to look at - good to
feel - good to taste - and good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild.

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE) PELL MELL'S greater length
filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

ATX01 0061561

THE BIG STORY 3/16/49
PELL MELL

-14-

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL: (CONT'D)

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: If you really want to enjoy smoking, ask for the longer,
finer cigarette in the distinguished red package --
PELL MELL.

ATX01 0061562

(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and
THE BIG STORY of Don Magnuson as he lived it and wrote it--

SLOANE: You're hot on the story, hotter than ever - even after
two and a half months and a turndown by the Governor
of your request for a pardon for Ernest Shane. You,
Don Magnuson of the Seattle Times, sit now in a hotel
lobby with a man who's been only a name to you, A. Hauser
a haunting name that may have the key to Shane's innocence..

DON: But where have you been Mr. Hauser, since that letter?

HAUSER: (CURIOUS PRECISION AND CONFIDENCE ABOUT HIM) I'm sorry
Mr. Magnuson, I've been East, on business. I contacted
you the moment I arrived in Seattle -- ~~but onto our~~
~~business.~~

DON: *Yeah*
Yeah, please -----

HAUSER: I do not know Shane and I am uninterested in Shane.
I will merely tell you a story.

DON: Okay if I take notes?

HAUSER: Certainly. 15 years ago. (I am today a mining engineer).
Then I ran a haberdashery store, corner of East first
and Juneau Avenue. Once a week a man used to come in
-- a work-man. Very neatly dressed, always immaculate -
even in work clothes. A strange man. Bought a tie now
and then, but very little else. Used to stand before
our mirrors (~~you know where you can see yourself on all~~
~~sides~~) and look at himself ---

DON: Just look at himself ----

HAUSER: That's right. He never interfered with anyone, so we let him come and go. Rather vain I'd say he was. ~~As I said occasionally he bought something.~~ Now on the morning in question, it was ten days to the day before the murder of Sorenson. I recall it vividly. He came in and in that peculiar ~~accent~~ ^{way} he had, asked....

PETTY: (SWEDISH ACCENT) Mister Hauser ---

HAUSER: Can I help you, sir?

PETTY: I not going to buy. Can I look in your ~~glass~~ ^{mirror?}

HAUSER: Yes, surely, go right ahead.

PETTY: Tank you. (STEPS) Mr. Hauser -----

HAUSER: Yes?

PETTY: Want to see something?

HAUSER: (DISINTERESTED) Yes, of course.

PETTY: Look.

(SWINGS THE SAP IN HIS HAND. QUITE A THUD)

HAUSER: Whatever is that?

PETTY: (LAUGHING) "Whatever is that". That's a sap. Sometimes you go - ckrack -- a man don't wake up ---

HAUSER: I see --- *you mean it's sort of a blackjude eh?*

PETTY: *Yeah.* Made him myself. All by myself. You never seen no sap like that nowhere in the world. Listen.

(WHAP AGAIN)

(PAUSE)

HAUSER: *Mr. Magnusson* I had never seen anything like it; it was a murderous weapon. One blow would have felled an ox.

DON: Then what, Mr. Hauser?

HAUSER: Next thing I saw a photo of that same ~~sap~~ ^{weapon}, in the papers, the day Sorenson was killed. The murderer had left ~~the~~ ^{it} ~~sap~~ behind, the papers said.

DON: And you're sure it was the same sap?
HAUSER: There is no possible error. ^{I never saw anything} ~~There was only one~~ like it
~~in the world. And I had seen it close range.~~

DON: What did you do?

HAUSER: Naturally I told the police. I told them everything.
They thanked me and told me they had already caught the
murderer.

DON: That's all you did?

HAUSER: ~~Perhaps I'm not a model citizen. But~~ I did what I
thought was my duty at the time. A week after I saw the
police, I left Seattle for South America ^{on business.} I stayed 14
years. ^{when} I came back ~~in 1945~~, ^I and found to my
surprise that a Mr. Shane had been convicted of the crime.
I saw a picture of this Shane ^{the other day} in your paper, and wrote -
because Shane was most certainly not the man who had come
into my store, not Petey.

DON: Petey!

HAUSER: That was his name. I never knew his last name.

DON: Petey, Petey -- the ^{man in Portland} ~~pub~~ gave me that name ---

HAUSER: Pardon ----

DON: Nothing - just I heard the name before -- Would you
recognize his picture?

HAUSER: I certainly would.

DON: Let's go to police headquarters.

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARR:)

SLOANE: It's on again for you Don Magnuson, the whole thing is
on again. You and A. Hauser go to police headquarters and
sit down to go through the Rogue's Gallery - maybe Petey's
picture is there -- maybe among the 18,000 photos on file,
you'll find ---

(MUSIC: ~~A STING~~)

HAUSER: That is Petey.

SLOANE: ~~And you do.~~ Unbelievably, after only 4 hours you find the man.

DON: Peter Swenson, ~~alias Petey Donalson~~, alias P. Sorrel -- vagrancy, burglary, assault, auto theft. That's our man.

(MUSIC: IN AND UNDER)

~~SLOANE: Now to find Petey Swenson alias Donalson, alias Sorrel. Last reports released Wabia Waller prison 1941. Now to find a man who might be anywhere in the USA or in Canada.~~

(MUSIC: ~~UP AND ABRUPTLY OUT~~)

DON: You never saw him again, Mr. Hauser?

HAUSER: Wait a minute - the day before I left Seattle that must have been a day or two after the murder - I saw Petey driving a motorcycle and on the bars of it he'd rigged up a basket -- he was selling fruit.

(MUSIC: IN AND UNDER)

SLOANE: A clue - if you can call something as slim as that - selling fruit 15 years ago on a motorcycle, a clue --- Still -- ^{east} ~~north~~ of Seattle lies the fruit country. Maybe a peddler, maybe a grower would know something, maybe -- ~~well, you had to try.~~ So you take off, armed with a name, a picture and, as usual, determination.....

DON: You sell fruit?

MAN TWO: That's right.

DON: Sell it to itinerants - I mean small peddlars?

MAN TWO: Sure, sell to anyone. Anyone at all. ~~Want to buy?~~

DON: ~~No thanks~~ just - did you ever sell to this man?
MAN TWO: Mmm -- let's see that ^{picture} Mmm -- looks familiar -- Petey!
DON: You know him.
MAN TWO: Sure I know him. Owes me \$21 and some cents.
DON: Where can I find him?
MAN TWO: Mister, that's just what I'd like to know. Two years ago he came in here, talked me into giving him fruit on consignment - then vanished. Like to get my hands on him. 21 dollars he owes me --

(MUSIC: -- UNDER)

SLOANE: ~~warm, getting warmer~~ ^{warm, getting warmer} only two years ago (PAUSE) So you go on. This time to a motorcycle shop...
DON: Ever see this feller come in, with a motorcycle?
MOTOR: Lessee. Sure -- Petey Sorrel, lots of times.
DON: In recently?
MOTOR: You kidding? He's in jail.
DON: Jail. Where?
MOTOR: Up Yakima Valley way -- got sent up for driving without a license----

(MUSIC: -- QUICK INTO)

COP: Not a sign of him for six months --
DON: You sure, officer.
COP: Sure, I'm sure. We locked him up, he served his time - then - ~~disappeared~~ ^{disappeared} vanished...
DON: Any idea where to find him? .
COP: ~~No. Lessee?~~ No -- unless, hey you ought to talk to Sam Orry, has a little fruit store down the ^{road} run bout a mile. He was friends with Petey. Sam Orry. (THEN) You may have trouble talking to him -- but it's worth a try.

(MUSIC: _ _ IN THEN UNDER)

SLOANE: ~~Sam Orry is a big shaggy man - and at first you think he's~~
~~playing eegay.~~ ^{Sam Orry} You go into ~~his~~ fruit store and ask a question. He doesn't answer, just grins at you. So you ask again louder this time --

DON: Where's Petey Sorel or Swenson. Petey Swenson?

(PAUSE)

DON: Don't you understand me? Petey Swenson. (ORRY: SAME)
-- What's the matter -- can't you hear? Oh, ^{I'm really} you can't hear and you can't -- should I write? That's it, you want me to write - and you'll write back?

(PAPER)

DON: Wait, I got a pencil. Now look -- (AS HE WRITES) Where is this man, where can I find him?

(PAUSE)

(ORRY WRITES BACK QUICKLY)

DON: What's that? Let me see. (READING) "Is there a reward?"
No. Sorry, no reward. I just want information. ~~Wait,~~
~~I'll write~~ -- oh, you want to write, ^{o/don} okay --

(ORRY QUICKLY WRITING)

DON: (READING) "No reward -- then all I got to say is -- nice picture, who is it?" (LAUGHS) Wait a minute. Look ---

(DON WRITES)

DON: Give you \$25.

(ORRY QUICKLY WRITES)

DON: (PLEASED) "What do you want to know". Okay - now we're getting somewhere.

(MUSIC: _ _ IN AND UNDER)

SLOANE: From Orry you begin to learn something. Petey Swenson, alias Sorel is in these parts, in the Yakima Valley - ~~where~~ ^{somewhere} ~~he doesn't exactly know~~, but, Petey is out ^{how} gathering fruit. That's the only way he knows to make a living. Somewhere amid the three thousand orchards in the area is the man you're looking for -- somewhere -- you go, you keep going - six months, seven months, eight months, finally nine months since the time you got started and then...

WOMAN II: No question about it. I seen ^{Pete} him driving a tractor this morning over to Irvington's farm --

(MUSIC: _ _ PING)

WOMAN III: Petey? Wait a minute, mister, I'll call him. (PROJECT)
Petey, man to see you.

(MUSIC: _ _ LOUDER AND)

(STEPS. THEY STOP)

SLOANE: (IN CLOSE) And now you're standing in front of him. He looks like the picture, something like the picture, and he's neat the way Hauser said Petey was, but you're worried. So just to make sure (you have a copy of his handwriting in your bag), you say --

DON: Petey?

PETEEY II: I'm Petey --

DON: Got a package for you -- sign here --

PETEEY II: Sure --

DON: Right here --

(SOUND: FOR PENCIL ON PAPER)

SLOANE: You look -- and -- suddenly the whole thing collapses -- ~~ten~~ ⁹ months of searching collapses. It's the wrong signature, the wrong Petey - the wrong man - this is not the murderer!

(MUSIC: HIT REAL HARD AND UNDER)

SLOANE: Now you're licked; now you're beaten. There's nothing to do but go back and admit it. Go tell Molly you're finished, tell the same thing to ~~Tom~~ Hennessey on the paper and to Ernest Shane in prison. ~~It's after all that time this is all you could come up with as the wrong man -- you might as well forget about the whole thing ...~~ So you go back home and Molly (to brighten you up) says,

MOLLY: Tell me all about it, Don, while we pack -- we're still going on that vacation --

DON: Sure, Molly, sure.

(MUSIC: IN WITH SLOANE)

SLOANE: So you tell her everything, every step of the way, all the details, right up to the smashing flop ending and she says ...

MOLLY: Don! Don, you've got it...

DON: What?

MOLLY: Don't you see you've got it!? All that stuff about Petey. Suppose you didn't find the right Petey, but you proved there is a Petey Swenson, or Sorel - you proved such a person exists - you proved he was the killer - you proved he had the sap, he used it - ~~of that~~ there's no doubt ^{about that,} right?

DON: So?

MOLLY: So don't you see, ~~my~~ darling - maybe you didn't find the ^{real} murder, but in the process you proved that Shane is innocent. If it was Petey, it couldn't have been Shane

DON: You think so?

MOLLY: ~~Sure I think so. You're just blinded by all the trees.
You can't see the woods for the trees. Don, you've done it!~~

(MUSIC: IN (NOT QUITE TRIUMPHANT YET) UNDER:)

SLOANE: Wait a minute, maybe she's right. Maybe you lost your
~~pers~~pective. So you take it all, everything you have
now, back to the former Prosecuting Attorney, Judge
Hammer. He looks it over and says --

HAMMER: Absolutely no doubt about it. I think this evidence
will leave the governor no alternative. I think he'll be
happy to act.

(MUSIC: IN AND UNDER)

SLOANE: So all the new evidence goes to the governor. He reads,
he listens, he takes the matter under advisement -- and
then he calls you into his office one day and says ...
As of this day Ernest Shane is granted ~~full and~~ ^{his freedom}
~~unconditional pardon.~~

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: And Shane, suddenly grown younger, suddenly a man with
laughter and light in his eyes says ---

SHANE: Bless ya, Mr. Magnuson, bless ya -- I never doubted it,
not for a second, soon as I laid eyes on you. Bless ya.

SLOANE: And Molly (speaking for the kids, too) says -

MOLLY: Don, we are exactly one year and one day late -- don't you
think we ought to start out on that vacation now -- before
~~Jim~~ ^{Jim} Hennessy calls you into the office again?

(MUSIC: UP TO TAG)

-24-

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from
Don Magnuson of the Seattle Times with the final
outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: FANFARE . . .)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0061572

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #103

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE)
PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE)
PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your
throat. Thus, PELL MELL gives you a smoothness,
mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Yes, PELL MELL'S are good-- good to look at - good to
feel - good to taste - and good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: So, if you really want to enjoy smoking, ask for the
longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0061573

(ORCHESTRA: TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Don Magnuson of the Seattle Times.

MAGNUSON: Officially released on Christmas Eve after serving 13 years for a crime he didn't commit, innocent man in tonight's Big Story turned to me as we walked down the steps of the Penitentiary together and said "I can't thank you and the Seattle Times enough. I can't find words to say it right, but your paper is wonderful.

I will never forget it." ^{Tonight's Big Story has never been officially closed and} Thanks a lot for tonight's

PELL MELL AWARD.

public will still be waiting for the next killer.

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

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY - a BIG STORY from the front pages of the Boston, Massachusetts, Post -- by-line, Lester Allen -- a BIG STORY - about a reporter who followed a pair of pretty legs...till he found the body and the 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 Perl, your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Bob Dryden played the part of Don Magnuson. 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. Magnuson.

(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.

em/el/mtf
3/1/49pm.

ATX01 0061575

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #104

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
ALICE	KATHLEEN NIDDAY
MRS. CONWAY	KATHLEEN NIDDAY
ALLEN	LAWSON ZERBE
JOE	LAWSON ZERBE
HERMAN	LARRY HAINES
CHARLIE	LARRY HAINES
EMIL	SANTOS ORTEGA
DOC	SANTOS ORTEGA
MUNZER	BOB DRYDEN
HENDRYX	BOB DRYDEN
KANE	BERNARD GRANT
WALKER	BERNARD GRANT

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23, 1949

ATX01 0061576

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#104

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

MARCH 23, 1949

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(SPLASH OF OARS IN WATER)

JOE: (SUDDENLY) Charlie! Wait a minute! Stop rowing!

(SPLASHING STOPS)

JOE: (IN AWE) Look!

CHARLIE: Great ^{Lester} ~~Peter!~~ ^{Dale} ~~There's~~ a pair of legs ^{is} ~~sticking up out of~~
the water, ~~and they... they're wrapped in burlap!~~

JOE: Bring the boat a little nearer, Charlie. I'll fish
the body out...

(SPLASH OF OAR)

(GRUNTING AND SPLASHING IN WATER, AS THOUGH FISHING
OBJECT OUT)

CHARLIE: Easy does it, ~~for~~ I...(GASP)

JOE: (A BEAT, IN AWE) Charlie! Look!

CHARLIE: Yeah. It's a pair of legs, all right. But where's
the body?

(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) Boston, Massachusetts. From the
pages of the Post, the authentic story of a reporter who
followed a pair of legs... to a rendezvous with a killer.
Tonight, to Lester Allen of the Boston Post goes the
PELL MELL Award for the BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)
(COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0061577

THE BIG STORY 2/9/49
PELL MELL

-2-

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to
your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to
your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Yes, 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.
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild.

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE) PELL MELL'S greater length filters the
smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE) PELL MELL'S greater length filters
the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: If you really want to enjoy smoking, ask for the longer,
finer cigarette in the distinguished red package - PELL
MELL.

ATX01 0061578

(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER FOR)

CHAPPELL: Now, the story as it actually happened....Lester Allen's story as he lived it... Boston, Massachusetts.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You are Lester Allen, a police reporter for the Boston Post. Your beat has been the home of the bean and the cod for many years, and to tell the truth, it's-been a little quiet, lately. But then, along comes ^{also} ~~the~~ September morning and your Big Story, and before it ends the whole town is in an uproar. A couple of dockhands have fished up a pair of human legs, minus a torso, out of Boston Harbor. They're women's legs, ^{partially} ~~neatly~~ wrapped on the outside with burlap, and covered with an inner wrapping made of green window shades. And down at Northern Mortuary, you talk to Doctor Philip Kennedy, veteran Boston medical examiner...

ALLEN: I don't suppose you can tell anything from just a pair of legs, Doc.

DOCTOR: (WITH ASPERITY) No? Who says I can't, Allen?

ALLEN: ~~You mean...~~

DOCTOR: ~~I mean that~~ I've got a pretty good picture of what this woman looked like, right now.

ALLEN: (CHUCKLES) You'll be telling me next, Doc, that you can identify her.

DOCTOR: All right, Allen. Go ahead and laugh. The trouble with you reporters is that you don't have a proper respect for facts. Facts and experience. Just because the head and torso's missing, you think a medical examiner's licked. But let me tell you, son, these legs tell a story.

ALLEN: What story?

DOCTOR: The woman who owned 'em has been dead about three weeks. She was about thirty. Weight, a little over a hundred pounds. And by using an anthropological scale, I figure she'd measure around five feet three in height.

ALLEN: You know all that?

DOCTOR: All that, and more. She was a dainty woman, what you'd call petite. Right foot measures size three, left foot three and a half. Feet are unusually small, ~~and well cared for~~. Had the nails on her toes pedicured, which probably means she was a woman of some means.

ALLEN: ~~What~~^{Doc} Doc, I take off my hat to you.

DOCTOR: And another thing. Whoever did this job had an amateur knowledge of anatomy. Maybe he wasn't a skilled surgeon, Allen... but he was mighty handy with a knife; ~~just the same!~~

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

NARR: While you and Doctor Kennedy stand there in Northern Mortuary, and stare at the remains of this mysterious woman, they're sending down divers in Boston harbor and working with grappling irons, trying to locate the rest of the body. And you, Lester Allen, are just about to pick up the thread of your Big Story, a story that shook Boston for weeks, a story that really began a month before in a luxurious summer cottage on Whitman pond at Weymouth, south of Boston. It was early one evening when the owner, a widow, came into the kitchen to talk to her ~~chef~~^{cook} and handyman...

(DOOR OPENS)

(WE HEAR A KNIFE BEING SHARPENED RHYTHMICALLY, ON A WHETSTONE)

ALICE: Herman, about dinner tonight. I...(CUTS)

HERMAN: Oh, hello, Mrs. Bruce.

ALICE: What on earth are you doing?

HERMAN: Oh, just sharpening the kitchen knives, Mrs. Bruce. Just sharpening the kitchen knives.

ALICE: But you sharpened them yesterday, ~~Herman~~.

HERMAN: I know. But I just thought I'd go over 'em again, Mrs. Bruce...give 'em an extra lick and a polish. (WITH PRIDE) Look at 'em! Look at 'em shine in the light! And every one of 'em sharp as a razor. It's the steel, I say. Give me good steel, I say. Give me good steel, and a good whetstone, and I....

ALICE: (INTERRUPTS) Herman, for heaven's sake, put away ~~that whetstone and~~ those knives. You make me nervous!

(SHARPENING STOPS. CLINK OF STEEL KNIVES)

ALICE: That's better. Now then, ~~Herman~~, Mr. Krause will be my dinner guest tomorrow night. There'll just be the two of us and....(CUTS) What's the matter, Herman?

HERMAN: (SULLENLY) Nothing.

ALICE: Oh, yes, there is. (A BEAT) You don't like Mr. Krause, do you, ~~Herman~~?

HERMAN: No. No, I don't like him at all, Mrs. Bruce.

ALICE: Why not?

HERMAN: He's no good. Maybe it's not for me to say, Ma'am, you being my employer, and all. But he's no good. He's after your money, Mrs. Bruce. He wants to marry you, and get all your money. I know.

ALICE: (SHARP) Herman, you're being insolent. And I resent this interest of yours in my personal life. It's none of your business!

HERMAN: It's just that I don't want to see you hurt, Mrs. Bruce. (A HINT OF A ZANY, TENDER FEELING HERE) You're such a nice woman, so pretty and dainty like a flower. And that Mr. Krause, he's so big and rough and greedy ... like a pig...

ALICE: Herman!

HERMAN: (PASSIONATELY) Yes! He ~~does!~~^{is!} And you'd be better off dead, than married to him, Mrs. Bruce! Him, with his red face, and big hands, and little pig eyes...!

ALICE: (SHARP) Herman! Stop it! You've said enough!

HERMAN: (A DEAT, THEN HUMBLY) I...I'm sorry, Mrs. Bruce...

ALICE: Any more of this, ~~Herman~~, and I'll have to get another cook and handyman! Do you understand?

HERMAN: Yes, Ma'am. I understand.

ALICE: Now get back to your work, ~~Herman~~. This floor could stand a good scrubbing, for one thing. See that you do it right away!

HERMAN: Yes, Mrs. Bruce...

(DOOR SLAM)

HERMAN: (A PAUSE, THEN SOFTLY) Pig, pig, PIG!....

(CLANK OF KNIFE)

HERMAN: (WITH HATRED) That's what I think of you, Mister Emil Krause!

(KNIFE ON WHETSTONE, SHARPENED IN RHYTHM)

HERMAN: (IN BEAT WITH RHYTHM) Pig, pig, PIG!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: This was the beginning of your Big Story some three or four weeks before. But you, Lester Allen, there in Northern Mortuary, don't know it, then. All you know is that somewhere, there's a tremendous story in these dismembered legs, and you're going to have a try at breaking it. So ... you ask Doc Kennedy, the medical examiner for a sample of the burlap, ^{and} green window shade ~~and twine~~ the legs were wrapped in, hoping for a break, a miracle, a clue. First you decide you'll check the burlap, then the window shade ... And your first stop is at a big Boston burlap house ...

ALLEN: Mr. Hendryx, is there anything special about this burlap?

HENDRYX: No. Far as I can make out, Mr. Allen, it's just ordinary burlap.

ALLEN: You're sure?

HENDRYX: Positive. You know how many bushels of potatoes they raise in Maine every year, Mr. Allen?

ALLEN: No. I can't say that I do.

HENDRYX: Millions. And those potatoes all come in bags made of burlap, just like this. I'm afraid you're wasting your time, Mr. Allen.

ALLEN: I see. You wouldn't know where I could find a dealer in this green window-shade, would you, Mr. Hendryx?

HENDRYX: Yep. There's a house that deals in this stuff, over on the next street!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE ...)

WALKER: ^{Well} ~~Hummm~~ Tell you one thing about this window-shade material,

ALLEN: (EAGERLY) Yes, Mr. Walker?

WALKER: There are about a million windows in Boston with window shades like this.

ALLEN: I see. (WEARY) In other words ... I can forget the whole thing.

WALKER: It's a nice quality green cambric, good standard ready-made stuff. I can sell you yards of it, right here in my store. Sorry, I can't be of any more help but ... (CUTS) Wait a minute!

ALLEN: Yes? What is it, Mr. Walker?

WALKER: This stitching at the bottom, where the wooden draw batten went through.

ALLEN: What about it?

WALKER: Whoever made it was using a lock-stitch machine, and the machine wasn't adjusted right. It was throwing the lock stitch too far and not taking up the slack as the next stitch started.

ALLEN: In non-technical language, Mr. Walker, what does that mean?

WALKER: It means that it's reject merchandise, and no reliable manufacturer would try and sell this shade to a dealer ...

ALLEN: Wait a minute, Mr. Walker. That narrows it down a little. I can forget the dealers, and just check on the manufacturers.

WALKER: Yep. You could do that, Mr. Allen ... if you don't blister your feet off. Do you know how many firms make window shades in greater Boston?

ALLEN: How many.

WALKER: At least fifty ... maybe more!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Lester Allen of the Boston Post, pounded the pavements till your feet hurt, without the ghost of an idea what had happened. ~~And you never know that~~ ^{- what had happened with a goat}
~~your stops would eventually lead to~~ a place called Weymouth, and ^{what was to Herman} a Big Story they still talk about in Boston...

(A BLADE BEING SHARPENED ON HEAVY, REVOLVING GRINDSTONE)

(POUNDING ON WOODEN DOOR)

EMIL: (MUFFLED, BEEFY) Hey, you! Herman! Open this toolshed door!

(GRINDING STOPS)

(CLINK OF TOOLS)

(DOOR UNLATCHED AND OPENS)

HERMAN: (A BEAT) Oh. It's you, Mr. Krause.

EMIL: Yes. Sharpening the garden tools again, I see. Seems like every time I drop in, you're sharpening something, Herman. Mighty peculiar habit, if you ask me.

HERMAN: (QUIET) I didn't ask you.

EMIL: Oh. Insolent, eh? Where's Mrs. Bruce?

HERMAN: She's over at Mrs. Conway's, across the lake. You're early..

EMIL: Yes, I know. But you're glad to see me, aren't you Herman?

(A NASTY CHUCKLE, AFTER PAUSE) Never mind. I know the answer. It's all over your face. (A BEAT) You don't like me, do you Herman?

HERMAN: No. No, Mr. Krause. I don't like you.

EMIL: (CHUCKLES) Tell you something, Herman. I don't like you. Never did, and never will. And I'm pretty sure you've been talking against me to Mrs. Bruce. She's growing a little cold lately, Herman.

HERMAN: Is she?

EMIL: She is. But I'm going to marry her anyway, Herman, in spite of anything you can do. ~~The way I see you, you're just a worm, my friend...a grubby little worm, and you ought to be crawling along the ground instead of walking upright.~~ (A BEAT) You see this nice, shiny blade you've been sharpening, Herman?

HERMAN: Yes.

EMIL: If I took it, and cut you in half, nice and clean, I got an idea you'd ~~still wriggle~~ ^{just like a worm} ~~Yes sir, each piece of you would wriggle, just like a worm.~~ ^{yes} That's what you are, Herman, just a worm, and that's all you'll ever be. And I give you fair warning..

HERMAN: ~~Yes?~~ What warning, Mr. Krause.

EMIL: The minute Mrs. ~~Bruce~~ ^{Bruce} and I get married...you're fired!

(SLAM OF DOOR)

(WE HEAR GRINDSTONE UP AGAIN, AND THE BLADE)

HERMAN: (IN RHYTHM TO GRINDING) No! I won't let her do it! I won't let her marry that pig. I'm going to stop her, even if I have to....

(GRINDING UP AND INTO)

(MUSIC: UP TO CURTAIN)

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 2/9/49
PELL MELL

-11-

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to
your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to
your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Your eyes can see PELL MELL'S greater length. Yes, your
eyes can see the difference -- your throat can tell you what
it means.

HARRICE: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine, mellow
tobaccos means a longer, natural filter to screen and cool
the smoke.

CHAPPELL: Thus, PELL MELL gives you a smoothness, mildness and
satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Yes, PELL MELL'S are good -- good to look at - good to feel
- good to taste - and good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild.

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE) PELL MELL'S greater length filters the
smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to
your throat.

(MORE)

ATX01 0061587

THE BIG STORY 2/9/49
PELL MELL

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL: (CONT'D)

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: If you really want to enjoy smoking, ask for the longer.

finer cigarette in the distinguished red package --

PELL MELL.

(MUSIC: -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

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

NARR: You, Lester Allen, of the Boston Post, as you visited one ~~curtain~~^{shade} maker after another in greater Boston, had never heard of Alice Bruce, or Emil Krause, or the ~~gardener~~^{cook} and handyman, named Herman. It wasn't till much later, that you learned the next stage in the fantastic story behind the pair of legs found floating in Boston Harbor....

EMIL: (A LITTLE EDGE) Now that was a right nice dinner, Alice... a right nice dinner. I don't like our friend, Herman, and I never did, but he's a good cook, I'll say that for him. (A PAUSE) By the way, Alice, where is he?

ALICE: ~~I...~~ I gave him the night off, after he finished the dishes.

EMIL: Did you now, Alice. Did you now. Well, that's fine, fine. It's going to be cozy here, isn't it, just the two of us. Come here, my dear. Sit beside me.

ALICE: (NERVOUSLY) Emil, I I think you'd better go home.

EMIL: Home? (CHUCKLES) Now, why should I go home, Alice?

ALICE: You... you've had too much to drink tonight..

EMIL: Now what kind of reason is that, Alice? Sure, sure, I'm feeling mighty good. Why shouldn't I? I'm a simple man, and I like my simple pleasures. Good food, good wine, a good woman.

ALICE: Emil, I told you, you'd better go home.

EMIL: Look here Alice, I'm getting mighty tired of this, yes sir, mighty tired. I've been courting you for some months now, and it's time you came around. You're an attractive young widow, my dear, very attractive, and a man can stand so much. (A BEAT, THEN ROUGHLY) Come here!

ALICE: Emil, let me alone! Let go of my arm, Emil you're hurting me

EMIL: Then don't be so stand-offish, my dear. Don't play so hard to get. I don't mind a woman bein' coy, up to a point, but enough's enough.

ALICE: Emil....

EMIL: You won't be so coy after we're married, Alice...I promise you that. You're flighty and skittish, and what you need is a man around the house, to take care of you.... and your affairs. It isn't right for a pretty young widow to be living alone in this cottage with this fellow Herman around the place. (A BEAT) Now, let's be sociable Alice...

ALICE: Take your hands off me, Emil..... Don't touch me....

EMIL: (ROUGHLY) Come here, I said!

ALICE: Let me alone! (RISING) Let me alone, you...you pig!

EMIL: (A BEAT, THEN QUIETLY) What did you call me?

ALICE: (HYSTERICALLY) Pig, pig, PIG! You eat like one, you drink like one, you act like one. I don't know why I didn't see it before. You're coarse, Emil.... you're coarse and vulgar and crude. And if you think I'd ever marry you now, you're wrong....wrong! I should have listened to Herman...

EMIL: Herman, eh?

ALICE: Yes, Herman, Herman! He saw through you, long before I did. Now get out!

EMIL: (A BEAT, THEN QUIETLY) Alice, I've been a patient man, I've humored you along for quite a spell now. I've treated you like a lady, and you've treated me like dirt....

ALICE: Get out! Get out, Emil. I never want to see you again!

EMIL: (A BEAT) Good night, Alice.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE AND UNDER, SINISTER)

(OFF) (A WINDOW SLOWLY RAISED)

(THUD OF A MAN'S FEET ON FLOOR, OFF)

(A COUPLE OF STEPS, OFF)

(A CRASH OF POTS AND PANS, PERHAPS)

ALICE: (SUDDENLY) Who's there? Who's there in the kitchen?

(A LONG PAUSE)

ALICE: (TERROR, TO HERSELF) Someone...someone's in the kitchen. I... I... the police. I've got to call....

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

ALICE: Operator! Operator!

(JIGGLING OF RECEIVER)

ALICE: Operator! There's a prowler in my kitchen and ...

(JIGGLING OF RECEIVER)

ALICE: ~~(TERROR, SOPS) It's dead.~~ The phone's dead....

(RECEIVER ON HOOK)

ALICE: The phone's dead. He must have cut the wire from the outside and...

(THE MEASURED BEAT OF FOOTSTEPS OFF BEGINS)

ALICE: (GASPS) He's coming here...in the bedroom...

(FOOTSTEPS UP, INEXORABLE)

ALICE: (WEeping)(QUIET HYSTERIA) No, no! Please don't come in
... don't....

(FOOTSTEPS STOP)

(THE DOOR OPENS)

ALICE: (A GASP) you!

(FOOTSTEPS MOVE UP)

ALICE: No! No! NO!

(A PIERCING SCREAM. ~~AGAIN~~ AND INTO)

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: It is some three weeks later, and you, Lester Allen, are walking the streets of Boston with a roll of green window-shade under your arm, looking for a killer. You're knocking yourself out, you haven't got a prayer, a ghost of a chance, and you know it. You tell yourself you'd be smart to throw the bloodstained roll of window-shade in the harbor, and forget the whole thing. But you keep going...visiting one window-shade manufacturer after another....and your trip sounds like a Boston ^{*Shuttle Book*} ~~Backlog~~. First, you check off the North Shore towns...

ALL EN: (WEARILY) Lynn, Revere, Chelsea, Medford, Malden, Melrose.
(A SIGH) Check!

NARR: Not a lead. You swing around, come back...

ALLEN: (WEARILY) Cambridge, Waltham, Newton, West Newton, Newtonville. (A SIGH) Check!

NARR: And finally, the South Shore towns....and Quincy. A small, second floor plant in an old dwelling on Washington Street, and it's your forty-second try...

ALLEN: Ever see this type of window-shade, Mr. ^{*Munzer*} ~~Munzer~~?

MUNZER: Yes, sir.... I have.

ALLEN: (SUDDENLY ALERT) Where did you see it? Who made it?

~~Martin~~
MUNZER: I did!

(MUSIC: ~~ACCENT~~ *under*)

NARR: You grab him by the lapels of his coat, almost shake him. For a minute, he thinks you're crazy. And maybe you are.. a little.....

ALLEN: ~~You're sure, Mr. Munzer! You're sure you made this?~~

~~Martin~~
MUNZER: (IRRITATED) ~~Look here, young man, I told you once, it's mine. Can't be wrong about my own work,...~~

~~Martin~~
ALLEN: ~~Look~~ *Mr. Munzer* have you got any more of this stuff around?

~~Martin~~
MUNZER: Yep. Got a whole batch of it lying in that closet there, by the stairs. Here, follow me..... I'll show you...

(STEPS ON FLOOR)

~~Martin~~
MUNZER: (UNDER STEPS) Machine went on the blink, and I had to reject a whole run of it. It's right in here....

(DOOR OPENS)

~~Martin~~
MUNZER: And you can see for.... (CUTS)(AND PAUSE) Wait a minute, that's funny. It isn't here any more. It's gone!

ALLEN: Gone?

~~Martin~~
MUNZER: This closet's clean empty. Always left the door unlocked and someone must have stolen it.

ALLEN: ~~Maybe one of your employees.....~~

~~Martin~~
MUNZER: ~~Hardly think so, Mr. Allen. I've got three girls working for me, and they (CUTS) Wait a minute!~~

Maybe it was him. ~~Of course, it must have been him!~~

ALLEN: Who?

~~Martin~~
MUNZER: That fellow upstairs....the roomer. He passed this closet every night,,going up the stairs and he might...

ALLEN: Does he live upstairs now?

~~MUNZER~~

No. He left about a month ago. Don't know his name, don't even know what he looked like. Came in late nights when my factory was closed and I was gone.

ALLEN:

Mr. ~~Munzer~~ ^{Whitman} is there anything you can tell me about him? Anything at all!

~~MUNZER~~

Don't think I can. I've heard him roaring drunk upstairs, once in a while. Raved about some widow out at a place called Whitman Pond. That's all I know.

ALLEN:

~~A widow? At Whitman Pond, eh? Thanks, Mr. Munzer... thanks!~~

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR:

Whitman's Pond is in Weymouth, south of Boston. You go there. It's one of those middle-class summer colonies... a few cottages, a dance hall, in a grove of pine trees. Most of the ^{summer} residents have ~~gone for the summer~~ ^{left}, but then you meet a Mrs. Conway. And she tells you about a neighbor of hers...a widow named Alice Bruce....

MRS CONWAY: Mighty peculiar the way she left, Mr. Allen. Just closed up the cottage, and went away, her and her handyman, Herman. Downright unsociable, I call it, seeing as we'd been such good friends and all.

ALLEN:

Mrs. Conway, was this widow... this Mrs. Bruce...about thirty?

CONWAY:

Why, yes. Thirty-one to be exact....

ALLEN:

About five-feet three. Very small feet?

CONWAY:

Land's sake, young man, how on earth did you know....?

ALLEN:

Let's go over and take a look at her cottage, Mrs. Conway.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You and Mrs. Conway go to the Bruce-^{Office}House. You get in through the kitchen window, take one look, and then....

CONWAY: Mr. Allen! Look! (SHE SCREAMS)

ALLEN: (IN AWE) Good Lord!

MRS. CONWAY: The kitchen...it's ^{covered}soaked with blood, ^{stains stains}Blood on the floor...~~blood~~ on the walls ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{stains}blood on the kitchen knives. ~~(A LITTLE WILDLY)~~ The knives! Yes! It must have been him. He did it! ^{Yerwan}~~HE~~ DID IT!

ALLEN: ~~Who, Mr. Conway?~~

CONWAY: ~~Herman: The handyman. I kept telling Mrs. Bruce, he was crazy, a maniac. Always playing with knives, always sharpening them! But she always laughed at me. Alice always laughed at me! Now ... look at what he did... look at the blood. Her blood!~~

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: From here in, it's out of your department, it's a police job. You call them in, and they start a nationwide hunt for the missing handyman, Herman. Day after day, people phone in from places like Buffalo, Richmond, and ^{Louisville}Portland, Maine, swearing they've seen the missing man. But the leads add up to zero. And finally, Lieutenant Charles Kane and yourself, in desperation, talk to Mrs. Conway again...

KANE: Mrs. Conway, did this widow, Mrs. Bruce, know any other man? Did any man visit her at the house.

CONWAY: Why, yes, Lieutenant. There was a man named Emil Krause. I never said anything about it, it being such a personal matter and all. But ...

ALL EN: What about this Emil Krause?

CONWAY: Well, he was very fond of Alice, Mr. Allen. They were fixing to get married....

KANE: Where did this Krause live? Do you know?

CONWAY: I believe he had a room in Quincy.

ALLEN: (ALERT) Quincy? Was it on Washington Street?

CONWAY: Why, yes. I remember Alice Bruce telling me, he did live on Washington Street!

ALLEN: (A BEAT) Mrs. Conway....what did Krause do for a living?

CONWAY: Mrs. Bruce told me what he did. I don't think she liked the idea much but....

KANE: What did this Emil Krause do, Mrs. Conway?

CONWAY: (A BEAT) Why he was a butcher, Lieutenant!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: A few hours later, you and the Lieutenant walk into Emil Krause's butcher shop...and there you find him, a huge, piglike man, his hamlike hands wielding a meat cleaver, wet with fresh blood. The lieutenant brings him down to headquarters, ~~and puts him on the grill.~~

KNAE: So you don't know anything about Mrs. Bruce's murder, Krause.

KRAUSE: Not a thing. Why should I know? Why don't you ask Herman.

KANE: We can't find Herman.

KRAUSE: That's the man you want, Lieutenant. A dangerous maniac. Yes sir, always playing with knives, sharpening them. Mrs. Bruce was afraid of him...threatened to fire him...

KANE: We're not interested in Herman right now, Krause. We're interested in you.

KRAUSE: (HE ISN'T FAZED) Look here, Lieutenant. I'm a citizen, and I know my rights. I'll submit to questioning any time, yes sir, always glad to help the authorities, but I don't have to stand suspicion of murder...

KANE: No? What size shoe do you wear, Krause?

KRAUSE: What was that?

KANE: I asked you what size shoe you wore.

KRAUSE: (CALMLY) Why?

KANE: (INEXORABLE) Answer my question.

KRAUSE: I wear a size 12.

KANE: Funny thing about Mrs. Bruce's Kitchen, Krause, The man who carved her up was a little careless.

KRAUSE: (A BEAT) What do you mean?

KANE: He left his footprint on the bloodstained floor.

KRAUSE: Footprint? Then it was the ^{Cook's} ~~gardener's~~ footprint... Herman's. It must have been!

KANE: No, Krause. It wasn't.

KRAUSE: (BLUSTERS) Look here, Lieutenant, are you trying to tell me....

KANE: (INTERRUPTS, PATIENTLY) I'm trying to tell you, that we found a pair of Herman's old shoes in the toolhouse. And they measure size eight...

KRAUSE: (BREAKS) Size...eight. You... you mean that footprint in the kitchen...it.....it....

KANE: Yes, Krause. We measured it, and we found that the killer wore a big shoe.... ~~a mighty big shoe~~. In fact, he wore.... a size twelve!

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from Lester Allen of the Boston Post with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE...)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #104

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your
throat. Thus, PELL MELL gives you a smoothness,
mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Yes, PELL MELL'S are good -- good to look at - good to
feel - good to taste - and good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: So, if you really want to enjoy smoking, ask for the
longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

- 24 REVISED -

(ORCHESTRA: _ _ _ TAG) _ _

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Lester Allen of the Boston Post.

ALLEN: Despite killer's plea of innocence during trial, not one juror at any time in the jury room voted for acquittal. Therefore, killer in tonight's Big Story was indicted and convicted of murder in the first degree. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

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

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY - a BIG STORY from the front pages of the New York Daily Mirror -- by-line Phil Clifford -- a BIG STORY - that reached its climax at a wedding where the reporter was the best man and the groom was a dead man,

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

ATX01 0061600

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 Lester Allen. 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. Allen:

(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.

mac/dd 3/14/49 am

ATX01 0061601

AS BROADCAST,

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #105

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
BARTENDER	BOB SLOANE
ELLEN	PATSY CAMPBELL
PHIL	LEON JANNEY
MAN	LEON JANNEY
ROY	JOE DE SANTIS
GUY II	JOE DE SANTIS
HARRY	TED OSBORNE
COP	TED OSBORNE
LIEUTENANT	PHIL STERLING
DRIVER	PHIL STERLING
GUY	TONY RANDALL
HARRIS	TONY RANDALL
EDDIE	GRANT RICHARDS
ADLER	GRANT RICHARDS

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30, 1949

ATX01 0061602

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#105

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

MARCH 30, 1949

WEDNESDAY

(PHIL CLIFFORD - THE NEW YORK DAILY MIRROR)

(Boretz)

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

(MUSIC: -- -- UP AND BEHIND -- -- A STRANGE MEMORY)

NARR: (HARD TO UNDERSTAND) The way it begins. On the same night....two things so different from each other...like black...and white. And the places where they happen... even there...miles apart. So hard to fit them together...these two things that belong to separate worlds. (SLIGHT BEAT) Like this...the first one...

(MUSIC: -- -- A SOFT PING)

ELLEN: (SOFT) Happy birthday, darling...happy birthday!

ROY: (LOW SURPRISE) Hey, what's this?

ELLEN: I knitted them myself...pure wool, Roy.

ROY: Yellow gloves...how'd you know I wanted them, Ellen?

ELLEN: Simple! I love you...and I know everything about you.

(MUSIC: -- -- BEHIND SOFTLY)

NARR: And like this...the second one!

(MUSIC: -- -- SOFT PING)

MAN: (SORE) No, ^{Bartender} don't give him the money! Stay back of the bar!

BARTENDER: You crazy? He's got a gun.

MAN: (LOW AND INTENSE) Cheap...lousy crook...(UP IN STRAIN)... I'll show ya....

BARTENDER: (ALMOST SCREAMING IN FRIGHT) Look out....

(TWO QUICK SHOTS...AND STEPS RUNNING OFF)

(EXCITEMENT WELLS UP IN CROWD AD LIBS)

RTX01 0061603

-2-

BARTENDER: (PROJECTING) Get him...that guy with the yellow gloves
... get him!

(MUSIC: -- UP 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) New York City! From the pages
of the New York Daily Mirror...the authentic story of
a reporter who found...that the ^{real} victim of a murder...
can still remain alive. Tonight...to Phil Clifford of
the New York DAILY MIRROR...goes the PELL MELL AWARD
for THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE...)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0061604

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #105

OPENING COMMERCIAL

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Yes, 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.
PELL MELL FAMCUS CIGARETTES - "outstanding!"

HARRICE: And -- they are mild.

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE) PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE) PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: If you really want to enjoy smoking, ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package - PELL MELL.

ATX01 0061605

(MUSIC: A FORBIDDING THEME ... UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Now...the story as it actually happened. Phil Clifford's story as he lived it. New York City!

(MUSIC: RISES THEN DIPS UNDER AGAIN)

NARR: Cops and robbers stories! That's your speciality for the New York DAILY MIRROR. And since your name is Phil Clifford...it looks like you're just cashing in on the family tradition. For your father's a cop...and your brother, a very reasonable facsimile. They chase crooks...while you just write about them. And they never give you a chance to forget it. You figure it might be nice to pull a switch some day...turn things the other way around. And this warm June night...as you lean over the telegraph desk in the Jamaica Police Headquarters....

(SNEAK IN THE TELETYPE...KEEP IT B.G.)

...your chance comes.

COP: Hey, Phil...take a look at this!

PHIL: What's a matter?

COP: Holdup...

PHIL: Ash....small stuff.

COP: Customer at bar killed...

PHIL: (EXCITED) That's big enough.

COP: Triangle Bar and Grill...Astoria Boulevard.

PHIL: So long, Sergeant. And tell my father not to wait up for me!

(MUSIC: UP AND SEQUE TO)

PHIL: What's the score, Lieutenant?

LIEUT: One dead man...five eye witnesses...and five different descriptions.

PHIL: The usual, eh?

LIEUT: The usual.

PHIL: Talkative, aren't you?

LIEUT: It's after midnight and I'm tired. Besides, this is strictly routine. Some crumb holds up a bar full of drunks and a sober bartender. Some guy gets brave... dives for the crook and gets a slug. That's all.

PHIL: I can't build a story on that, Lieutenant.

LIEUT: Just say the police are working on a solution.

PHIL: That's encouraging.

LIEUT: Cliff, I'm busy. Wander around and pick up atmosphere. You know....on a warm spring night a killer lurked the quiet streets of Astoria. People like to read that stuff --- gotta go now - see you later (FADE) -

HARRY: (SLIGHT BEAT) Mister...excuse me...

PHIL: Sure.

HARRY: That card in your hat. You're a reporter, huh?

PHIL: Yeah.

HARRY: What paper? I read 'em all.

PHIL: "Mirror." Sorry, Bud but I'm a little busy now. Excuse me, will ya?

HARRY: My name's Harry Sampson. I saw it. I was in there when it happened.

PHIL: (INTERESTED) When what happened?

HARRY: The killin'. The guy with the yellow gloves...I saw him.

PHIL: What did he look like?

HARRY: . Skinny...about as tall as you. Brown hair...and those yellow gloves. I remember them. Shinin' like there was a light on 'em.

PHIL: Why did he shoot?

HARRY: He told the bartender to give him the money in the drawer. But this big guy at the bar got sore. He jumped ~~the~~ *the* ~~kid~~...
the

PHIL: Okay, I got it! Harry...you think you can identify this guy?

HARRY: Sure! I ran outta the bar after it happened. I wasn't stiff like those other guys in there.

PHIL: Then you haven't talked to the cops yet.

HARRY: No...say, maybe you can get my picture in the paper, huh?

PHIL: Harry, I'll guarantee it, if you help me print another picture. I want the face of the guy who committed this murder.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND BEHIND _ _ _ _ SLOW PASSING OF TIME MOTIF)

NARR: Now...for the first time, you're chasing a crook. And the worst kind there is...a killer. You take Harry Sampsen, the little man who wants his name in the paper.... down to rogues' gallery in police headquarters. And for hour after hour...he peers at the parade of photogenic pick-pockets...burglars...embezzlers...murderers....and other odd characters. Suddenly....he stops over a picture and stares at it hard....

(MUSIC: _ _ _ OUT)

PHIL: Well?

HARRY: Could be.

PHIL: But is it?

HARRY: (DRAWN OUT) Noo...don't think so.

(MUSIC: THE TIME PARADE UNDER AGAIN)

PHIL: The cop who let you into the files..gets a little nervous. If an Inspector finds you in here...things won't be so good. You're just supposed to be looking for a missing friend.

(FILE DRAWER SLIDES SHUT AND OPENS WITH BELOW)

One more drawer gone through...and you open another.

(MUSIC: OUT)

PHIL: (IMPATIENTLY) Don't admire the photography! Step on it, can't ya?

HARRY: I gotta be careful.

PHIL: Okay...okay...

HARRY: Goin' as fast as I can!

(MUSIC: THE TIME PARADE UNDER AGAIN)

NARR: Is this guy on the level? Maybe he's just trying to ~~get~~ ^{stand} out ^{from} of the crowd.....a bug who's crazy to get his name in the paper? What're you doin' here anyway? You're a reporter...not a crook chaser. Let the cops handle this in their own way. Get wise...pull out!

HARRY: (EXCITED..TREMBLING) Hey...this is him...look!

(MUSIC: STABS AND TREMBLES UNDER)

NARR: It's a young face...and one that you've seen before. A ~~guy~~ ^{guy} who hangs around some bar over on Third Avenue. Exactly where...you don't remember...but now, you go looking for him. This is the ~~guy~~ ^{man} you want. This is the killer!

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

ELLEN: It's early, Roy. Don't go home yet!

ROY: But I told ya, Ellen....I gotta meet this guy. He's takin' me somewhere about a job.

ELLEN: (HAPPY) What kind of job, Roy?

ROY: (VAGUE) Er...somethin' to do with a new buildin' they're puttin' up, *he said.*

ELLEN: I hope you get it. Everything would be almost perfect then.

ROY: Don't worry, Ellen....I said we'd get married next month, didn't I?

ELLEN: Darling...what's the matter?

ROY: (WARILY) Whatta ya mean...what's the matter?

ELLEN: *Lately* This whole week...it's been different somehow. Like you're worried about something.

ROY: (CARELESSLY) ~~You've been readin' too many books.~~ Why should I be worried about anything?

ELLEN: I....I don't know.

ROY: *She forgot it* Then ~~shut~~ up! (SLIGHT BEAT) Well, don't stand there like I hit you or somethin'.

ELLEN: I'm sorry, darling. I didn't mean anything by what I said.

ROY: Okay, ~~then forget it.~~ I'm goin'.

ELLEN: Roy....

ROY: Yeah?

ELLEN: Roy....let's not wait anymore. Let's get married now. Tomorrow...we'll get the license. We'll go away.

ROY: No....

ELLEN: I've got some money saved up. We can use that. Next month is so far off. Please, Roy...

ROY: I said no!

ELLEN: So much can happen 'til then.

ROY: (LOW INTENSITY) Nothin's goin' to happen...ya hear me.. nothin'! (RELAXING) Now, take it easy! I have to go meet this guy about the job. Everything's goin' to be all right!

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: Millions of faces in the city ... and you, Phil Clifford looking for just one of them. But where do you start? Third Avenue has as many bars as the Bowery has flop houses. It takes days....but you cover them all...showing the killer's picture around...from bar to bar...from street to street. Impatiently you wait for word in your office. And then late at night

(PHONE RINGS)

it comes

(MUSIC: STABS AND OUT)

(PHONE LIFTED FROM CRADLE)

PHIL: Clifford speaking...

EDDIE: (FILTER) Cliff, this is Eddie the bartender... at the Hi-Spot.

PHIL: Yeah, Eddie!

EDDIE: That guy whose picture you showed me. He was just in here.

PHIL: (CONTROLLED EXCITEMENT) When did he leave?

EDDIE: A few minutes ago. He and another guy drove off in a convertible.

PHIL: Did you get the license number?

EDDIE: I couldn't, Cliff. It was all bent. I couldn't read it at all.

(MUSIC: UP WITH AN IMPACT AND SEGUE TO)

(ESTABLISH CAR DRIVING THEN B.G.)

LIEUT: So you hadda play detective, Cliff. You couldn't call me in right away.

PHIL: You know me, Lieutenant...the adventurous type.

LIEUT: (BEGRUDGING) Well...you didn't do too bad. But you're lucky you didn't wind up with a slug in ya.

PHIL: Make sure you don't...when we catch up with him.

LIEUT: Think I'll turn in on Third ^{avenue} again.

(CAR TURNING)

LIEUT: All right, Hawk eye...see anything?

PHIL: No...no. convertibles....wait a minute!

LIEUT: ~~Yeah~~...

PHIL: Under the El there. ^{parked at the curb} ~~waiting for the light.~~

LIEUT: Yeah...yeah...I see it...

PHIL: The license plate...it's bent...

LIEUT: Co'mon...

(SPEEDING UP FOR A FEW SECONDS THEN A RAPID

BRAKE...DOOR OPENING...RAPID STEPS)

LIEUT: Watch yourself, Cliff. ^{there's two jugs in the car. Hey} (SHARP) ~~Just a minute,~~ Buddy!

ROY: What's a matter?

LIEUT: Police...lemme see your license.

ROY: Well..er...this isn't my car. My friend here owns it.

GUY: (JUST OFF) Here's my registration, Officer....right in my....(STRAIN)...pocket.

LIEUT: ~~(ALARM)~~ ~~Cliff, duck...~~

(TWO RAPID SHOTS)

GUY:

~~Roy...beat it!~~ *Cliff... let's beat it!*

(DOOR OPEN...STEPS RUNNING OFF)

PHIL: Lieutenant...you okay?

LIEUT: Yeah...~~I'm lucky, too!~~ Comon...they won't get far!

(EL TRAIN ROARS OVERHEAD)

(MUSIC: WASHES IN EXCITEDLY THEN GOES BEHIND)

NARR: The Lieutenant knows his job. The two men don't get far. The first one...the guy with the gun...winds up slumped against an iron pillar of the El...a bullet in his chest. The other...~~a frightened kid named~~ Roy Edwards...the one you've been looking for...corners himself in a darkened hallway...whimpering like a baby. Now...the State takes over...and the trial begins...the evidence against Roy Edwards builds like a landslide. Everyone takes his guilt for granted...everyone but a girl named Ellen Marshak. A nice girl...young...bewildered...with a face that seems to be dreaming a nightmare. And in the press room inside the court house, she comes to you.

(MUSIC: OUT)

ELLEN: My Roy didn't do it, Mr. Clifford...he didn't.

PHIL: But Ellen...the evidence...His face...the yellow gloves... all identified by every witness. You, yourself...on the stand, admitted giving him those gloves.

ELLEN: He couldn't have done it, Mr. Clifford.

PHIL: Why?

ELLEN: Because he was out of town the night of the shooting.

PHIL: I didn't hear that in the trial.

ELLEN: No one believes me. They won't check on what I tell them. Look, Mr. Clifford...this ticket stub. See what it says!

PHIL: Hmm...it's for a fight. Allen Adler versus Jimmy....

ELLEN: Nichols! It was on the part they tore off.

PHIL: Ten rounds...June 15th....(SURPRISE) Hey...

ELLEN: Sure...the night they say Roy was in that tavern. But how could he be. He was at this fight in Passaic. Adler's his friend...and he went to see him. He always did.

PHIL: Ellen, where'd you get this stub?

ELLEN: Roy gave it to me. But nobody'll listen. Nobody'll give us a chance to prove it.

PHIL: (UNSURE) The evidence against him...there's so much of it.

ELLEN: What about this evidence for him?

PHIL: (DISTURBED) They can't be railroading him.

ELLEN: No...but since the day you had him arrested...everything's moved like a machine. How can you stop something so big?

PHIL: If only those witnesses hadn't been so sure...

ELLEN: Can anything like that ever be sure?

PHIL: They could be wrong. But it's such a small chance.

ELLEN: Then you've got to help me take it, Mr. Clifford. You started all this. You went looking for him.

PHIL: Because I thought he was guilty!

ELLEN: But suppose he's not? What happens to Roy then?

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PHIL: What' ~~is~~ you want me to do?

ELLEN: Check his story....that's all. Prove once and for all
if hé's innocent...or guilty.

(POUNING ON DOOR)

LIEUT: (OFF...SLIGHTLY MUFFLED) Hey, Cliff, you in there?

PHIL: (PROJECTING SLIGHTLY) Yeah...what's up? *It?*

(DOOR OPENS)

LIEUT: (JUST OFF) The jury's back already.

PHIL: Comon, Ellen!

LIEUT: You're too late, Cliff. They've announced the verdict.
Edwards gets the chair!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP INTO CURTAIN)

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

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0061615

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #105

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE) PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE) PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Your eyes can see PELL MELL'S greater length. Yes, your eyes can see the difference - your throat can tell you what it means.

HARRICE: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine, hollow tobaccos means a longer, natural filter to screen and cool the smoke.

CHAPPELL: Thus, PELL MELL gives you a smoothness, mildness, and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Yes, PELL MELL'S are good - good to look at - good to feel - good to taste - and good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild.

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE) PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE) PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: If you really want to enjoy smoking, ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package - PELL MELL.

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(MUSIC: -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and the BIG STORY of Phil Clifford...as he lived it...and wrote it!

NARR: For the first time in your life..you..Phil Clifford, of the New York DAILY MIRROR...have done more than just write about crime. You've caught a murderer. At least... you think you have...until Ellen Marshak comes to you... and raises the shadow of a doubt in your mind. The evidence against Roy Edwards seems overwhelming...enough for a jury to convict within twenty minutes. The case is all wrapped up with a neat little knot. Why try to go through a stone wall? But it's hard to forget that you were the one who found him. You...who helped put him in the death house. Suppose...by some crazy miracle...~~that~~ he is innocent. Maybe one chance out of a million...but it's there. You decide to see Roy Edwards at Sing Sing! You're going to wipe out the shadow...you're going to find out...for sure!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BRIDGE)

ROY: Who sent for you, Clifford?

PHIL: I want to try and help you, Roy.

ROY: Your calendar's cockeyed. It's a couple a hundred days to Christmas.

PHIL: I'm layin' it on the line, Roy. Where were you the night of that murder?

ROY: My trial's over...remember?

PHIL: I remember...and so does Ellen.

ROY: You shut up about her.

PHIL: I can't. When you killed that man...you made her a victim too.

ROY: I didn't kill him. I was in Jersey that night.

PHIL: Doin' what?

ROY: My friend was fightin' in Passaic. I was there watchin' him.

PHIL: Can you prove it?

ROY: I gave Ellen the stub of my ticket. That shows I was there.

PHIL: Why? You could've bought a ticket and then just torn it in half.

ROY: (TIRED) Sure...sure...

PHIL: (KINDER) Do you know anyone who might've seen you there?

ROY: (BITTER) The man ain't livin' who'd admit it.

PHIL: What about your friend...the one who was in the ring?

ROY: He didn't see me. I was up in the balcony...and right after the fight, I headed back to New York.

PHIL: Where did you go?

ROY: Some bars over on Eighth Avenue.

PHIL: Do you remember which ones?

ROY: ~~I think so.~~ (A LITTLE DESPERATE) Clifford, look...I got nothin' against ya for what ya did. It was a job. But I didn't do it. I was in Jersey when it happened. I was watchin' my friend fight. Ya gotta believe me.

PHIL: (CALMING HIM) Okay, Roy...

ROY: It's my record they were goin' on. They marked me lousy from the first minute! But I didn't do it...(ANGUISH).... I didn't do it.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BRIDGE)

Johnson
HARRIS: Cliff, I've been in the district attorney's office for six years and this is an open and shut case if ever I saw one.

PHIL: But this ticket stub, *Johnson* Harris. How do you explain that?

Johnson
HARRIS: I don't...because it's not necessary.

PHIL: It shows he could've been in Jersey that night.

Johnson
HARRIS: It shows nothing. The ticket doesn't have to be his... and besides, even if it was...he could've just torn it in half himself.

PHIL: (LOW) Yeah..I thought of that too.

Johnson
HARRIS: What was that?

PHIL: I..er...I thought you might want to look into it.

Johnson
HARRIS: The case is closed. Edwards dies in two weeks.

PHIL: *But the great has it been heard yet*
The lawyer the judge appointed is appealing.

Johnson
HARRIS: Just a matter of form. ~~The kid~~ *He* hasn't got a prayer.

PHIL: Can't you even check this new evidence?

Johnson
HARRIS: It's not new..and it's not evidence. Edward's girl friend came in here crying about it right after he was locked up. Look, Cliff...take my advice. There's nothing else you'll be able to write on this story. It's over with..finished Now..forget it!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: It's like that everywhere. You've got to do it alone.. you and Ellen Marshak. She quits her job...and together you spend every hour of every day checking...running down leads that turn into dead-end signs. But never stopping...never giving in.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER FOR MONTAGE)

(CLINKING OF GLASSES)

GUY II: (EYEING HER) What'll you have, sister?

ELLEN: Please take a look at this picture. Have you ever seen
this man? *in your bar?*

GUY II: Run out on ya?

ELLEN: Have you seen him?

GUY II: No....I ain't had the pleasure!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

(BAG BEING PUNCHED)

PHIL: Your name Allen Adler?

ADLER: That's me! What can I do for ya?

(BAG STOPS)

PHIL: Roy Edwards says he saw you fight in Passaic the night of
the murder. Did you see him there?

ADLER: I wish I had, Mister....but I didn't see him.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

(BUS MOTOR IDLING UNDER)

DRIVER: The dispatcher said you had a picture to show me, Miss.

ELLEN: Did this man ever ride on your bus from Passaic to New
York.

DRIVER: Say....isn't that the guy who murdered....the...

ELLEN: (CUTTING HIM OFF) Was he on your bus?

DRIVER: I'm....I'm sorry, Miss...but I don't remember him.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BRIDGE TO)

BARTENDER: *Yeah* This is the Triangle Bar & Grill, *Think* lookin' for someone?

~~MEET?~~

ELLEN: Yes, I'm supposed to meet Mr. Clifford here.

BART: Oh...well, have a chair. He hasn't come in yet.
Excuse me, Miss. (FADING)

HARRY: I know you. (QUICK) Don't get scared!

ELLEN: I'm sorry....but I didn't see you.

HARRY: Don't you know me?

ELLEN: I...I don't think so.

HARRY: We had our pictures in the paper together. I'm Harry Sampson. I saw the whole thing happen. Don't you remember?

ELLEN: (SICK) Yes....I remember you.

HARRY: (AWE) You're his moll, aren't you?

ELLEN: Please...let me alone.

HARRY: (ONLY AWARE OF HIMSELF) Right where that chair is... that's where he was standing. His hat pulled down low... and the gun in those yellow gloves. I can see it...like it was happenin' this minute.

ELLEN: (A TOUCH OF SHRILLNESS) Go away....

HARRY: He only wanted the money..

ELLEN: I said...go away..go away...

HARRY: The bartender...that fellow over there...he was goin' to give it to him. Another second and he would've been out of here...and no trouble...no shootin'...

ELLEN: (VERY SICK) (LOW) Stop it...please...no more...

HARRY: (ONLY CONSCIOUS OF HIMSELF, STILL) Then this ~~man~~ at the bar. ~~He was drunk...didn't know how crazy he was gonna~~ ~~be~~ he jumped at him...and your fellow...he let go with the gun. Like an explosion....

ELLEN: No....

(HER BODY SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR)

HARRY: (SCARED) Lady...what's the matter..lady...(SHOUTING..
VERY FRIGHTENED) Hey..Joe...commere quick...somethin's
the matter with ~~her~~ *the lady!*

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: You fight the world...and everything in it...and after
a while...you're bound to get a little sick. Ellen
Marshak is no stronger than you or anyone else. You get
to the Triangle Bar and Grill..and find her ~~lying~~ there
~~on the floor~~...sick at heart...sick with weariness. She
sits there a little....gets back some strength...her
composure...and her desire to find someone who can prove
Roy Edwards innocent. ~~Unlike you...she is not giving up.~~
She Still reaching for the moon....something a million miles
away...with only three days left....to get there.

(MUSIC: UP AND SEGUE TO)

(CELL DOOR CLOSING)

ROY: (EAGERLY) Any thing break, Mr. Clifford?

PHIL: Want me to lay it on the line again, Roy?

ROY: On the line!

PHIL: It's no soap.

ROY: (SLOW) No one...no one admits they saw me.

PHIL: Not a soul!

ROY: *Not a soul*
~~Yellow~~....afraid to get mixed up in anything that
stinks.

PHIL: I don't think so. People don't remain bystanders if a
man's innocent.

ROY: (SORE) Maybe, but when you don't want them to mix in...
there they are...piling in on top of ya.

PHIL: Can ya stop it?

ROY: Sure...like that guy in the cap got stopped at the Triangle. (SLIGHT BEAT...THEN SCARED..HEDGING) So whatta ya lookin' at? So what'd I say?

PHIL: (QUIETLY) Guy in the cap? Who told you he wore a cap?

ROY: Why, er...you did...in the paper.

PHIL: Nuts I did!

ROY: Sure...sure...I read it. Guy in a cap. I remember.

PHIL: Roy....I never wrote it. (SLOW..EVEN) I never wrote it.

ROY: (PITCHED HIGH) What're ya pullin' on me? Is this a gag?

PHIL: That's what I'm wonderin'. Guy in a cap...who told you that?

ROY: Stop with the cap! Who cares what he wore?

PHIL: I do. And so does Ellen.

ROY: Just like I figured. You're not with me at all. You've been playin' me for a sucker...just for a story.

PHIL: (SLIGHT STRAIN) Listen you....it's all I can do to stop from breakin' every bone in your body.

ROY: (STRAIN) Leggo a me!

PHIL: (HURLING HIM AWAY) (DISGUST) You're everything that's rotten. Liar...cheat...killer...

ROY: (TRACE OF A SOB) Let me alone..

PHIL: Ellen quit her job because of you...made herself a laughing stock. Wasn't one life enough to ruin? Did you have to hurt her too?

ROY: (SOBS ARE MORE DISTINCT) Okay..okay...so I did it. Did you blame me for wantin' to get out?

PHIL: But to use her like that....

ROY: (IN FULL CRYING) Because I don't want to die....(NOW
A SCARED KID)...what am I goin' to do...what am I goin'
to do? (HIS SOBS ARE ALL WE HEAR)

(MUSIC: COMES IN VERY SADLY AND GOES TO A BRIDGE)

ELLEN: (QUIETLY) My mother said you called, Mr. Clifford.

PHIL: Sorry to make you wait up so late, Ellen...but I had to
talk to you.

ELLEN: (A WEARIED DULLNESS IN HER TONE THROUGHOUT) It's all
right.

PHIL: I've just come back from the prison.

ELLEN: (A LITTLE EAGERNESS HERE) How is he?

PHIL: Roy's fine!

ELLEN: When can I see him?

PHIL: Whenever you like. (HARD TO SAY) Ellen...I spoke to
the Warden before I left.

ELLEN: Oh?

PHIL: Roy's appeal...it's been denied.

ELLEN: (SLIGHT BEAT) I didn't think it would be any different.

PHIL: Ellen...hasn't all this searching for evidence changed
your mind? About where Roy really was that night?

ELLEN: What's the use of talking about it?

PHIL: It's better to know the truth.

ELLEN: Why? Can it change the way I feel?

PHIL: No..I guess not! But I think it's important to admit
it to yourself.

ELLEN: Roy killed that man. Is that what you want me to say?

(SLIGHT BEAT) I know it now. He's guilty. He never
went to Jersey that night. He was here...and he did
everything they say.

PHIL: (MISERABLE) If there were only something you could do...
but there isn't!

ELLEN: I guess it had to happen. Something was wrong from the
very beginning. I never knew what it was...but always...
I used to feel it.

PHIL: Maybe it's stupid to say it...but I'm sorry.

ELLEN: Mr. Clifford...will you do me a favor?

PHIL: Sure..

ELLEN: Can you go to the prison tomorrow and talk to the Warden
again? I want you to arrange something for me.

PHIL: (CURIOUSLY) What?

ELLEN: I want you to get permission for me...to marry Roy!

(MUSIC: --- CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Phil
Clifford of the New York DAILY MIRROR....with the
final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: --- FANFARE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: (ON ASCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: That's important!

GROUP: (ON DESCENDING SCALE)

PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke on the way
to your throat.

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine, mellow
tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your throat.
Thus PELL MELL gives you a smoothness, mildness and
satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Yes, PELL MELL'S are good -- good to look at - good to
feel - good to taste - and good to smoke.

CHAPPELL: So, if you really want to enjoy smoking, ask for the
longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package
- PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(ORCH: _ _ _ TAG _ _ _)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Phil Clifford of the New York Daily Mirror.

CLIFFORD: Though authorities were reluctant to allow wedding between girl and condemned man in tonight's Big Story they finally agreed. I attended wedding as best man. Killer went to chair at Sing Sing shortly thereafter. Thanks a lot for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Clifford ... 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 Press -- by-line, Harry McCormick - a BIG STORY - about a reporter who solved the most fantastic jail break in history.

(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 Alvin Boretz, your narrator was Bob Sloane, and ^{Leo Jannay} ~~James McCallion~~ played the part of Phil Clifford. 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. Clifford.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL & FADE)

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

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

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3/16/49 pm