

RADIO

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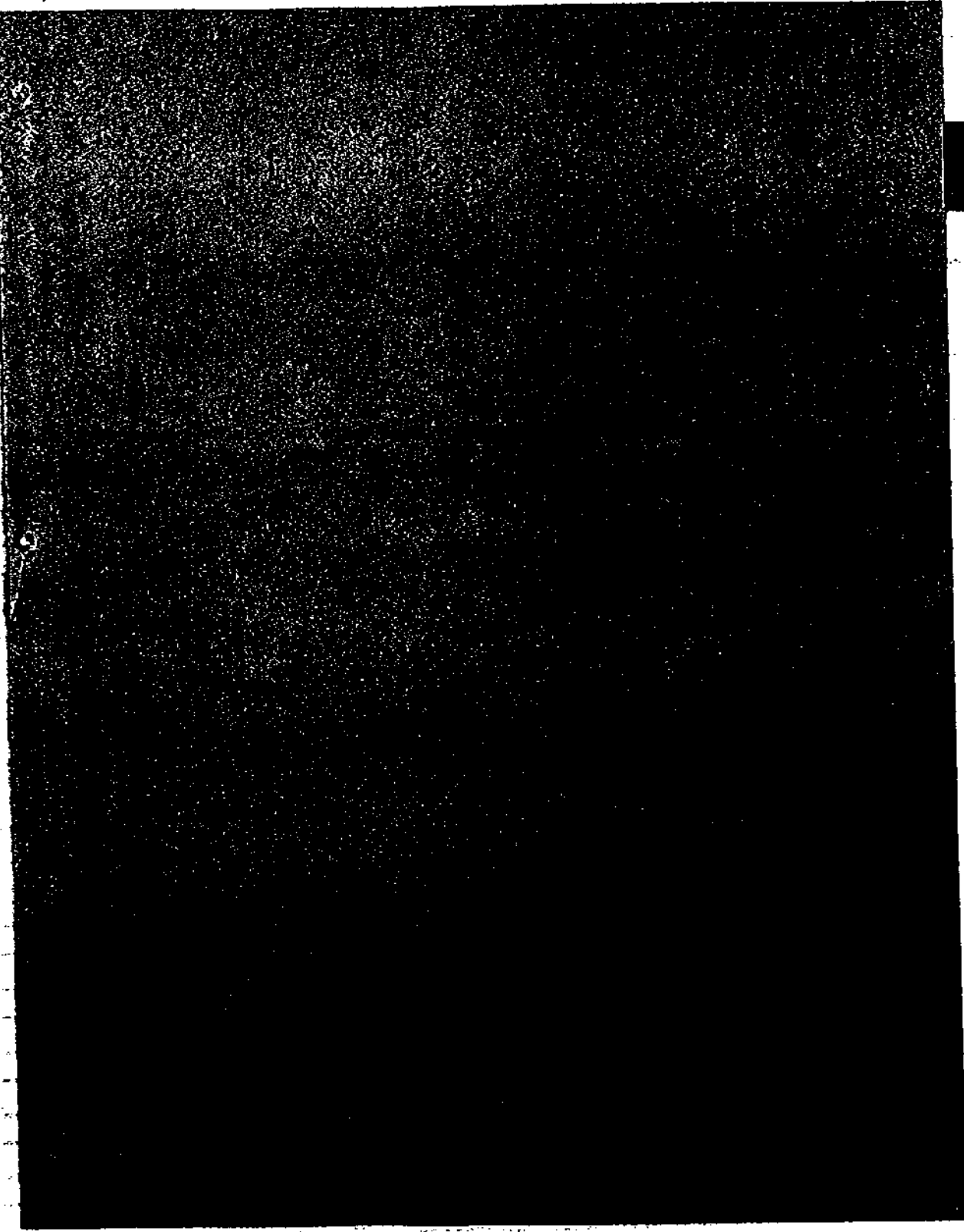
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ATX01 0061978

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #106

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
FRIEND	BOB SLOANE
WIFE	CLAUDIA MORGAN
GIRL	CLAUDIA MORGAN
HARRY	SYDNEY SMITH
WARDEN	LYLE SUDROW
FLETCH	LYLE SUDROW
KENNY	MICHAEL O'DAY
SPAHN	MICHAEL O'DAY
TORREN	MANDEL KRAMER
LAWSON	MANDEL KRAMER

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6, 1949

ATX01 0061979

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#106

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10:00 - 10:30 PM

APRIL 6, 1949

WEDNESDAY

(Harry McCormick: Houston, Texas, Press)

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

SLOANE: (IN CLOSE) Shortly before midnight, this incredible conversation took place between two inmates of the Texas State Prison at Huntsville

TORREN: (URGENT WHISPER) Fletcher! Fletch!

FLETCH: (SOFT-SPOKEN, NOW ANNOYED) Go back to sleep, Torren.

TORREN: I can't sleep.

FLETCH: (IRON) You go to sleep. If you louse this up, Torren --

TORREN: I got a feeling it ain't gonna work, Fletch; I got a feeling somewhere along the line --

FLETCH: (VERY SOOTHING) Now you listen to me. Just listen --

TORREN: (EAGER TO BE REASSURED) Okay, Fletch, okay --

FLETCH: By this time tomorrow night, you and me and Fritzie and Ed Hammer'll be breathing free air. We'll be out. By this time tomorrow, without a gun being used, without a guard being slugged, we'll be on the outside, in the greatest jail break in history!

TORREN: You really think so, Fletch; no kiddin'?

FLETCH: That's what I said: by this time tomorrow night, the greatest jail break in history.

(MUSIC: UP..HARSH..THEN UNDER)

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

(MORE)

ATX01 0061980

CHAPPELL: Houston, Texas: from the ^{front} pages of the Houston Press, the
(CONT'D) story of a reporter who ~~could not~~ ^{couldn't} stop, but did solve the
mystery of the shrewdest, most daring jail-break in US
prison history. ~~And for this week,~~ ^{To} Harry McCormick,
veteran crime reporter of the Houston Texas Press, ^{for his big story} goes
the Pell Mell Award ~~for THE BIG STORY!~~

~~(MUSIC: PANPARE)~~

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 4/6/49
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: THEME UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Now the story as it actually happened. Harry McCormick's story as he lived it. ~~De-telling~~: Houston, Texas....

(MUSIC: PUNCTUATES AND UNDER)

SLOANE: Of all the men in Texas, possibly in the whole southwest, no one has the confidence and trust of the men behind bars, the hardened inmates of the prisons of Texas, more than you, reporter Harry McCormick of the Houston Press. You worked hard for those men and they know it; you cleaned up sweat boxes, you ended brutality, you helped reform the whole prison system with your ^{storia} ~~writing~~. And they know it. There are very few who would cross you and there are thousands who call you "friend." There are hundreds, every month, who write to you, tips, what's new on the grapevine, problems that bother them - and sometimes big things, sometimes very big things in the making. Like the letter you got from a prisoner at Huntsville that your wife happened to open by mistake --

WIFE: Harry, I'm sorry I opened it. I only read a few lines and then I realized it was for you and --

HARRY: (READING) That's okay, Kate -- no harm done --

WIFE: It's a funny letter, isn't it Harry?

HARRY: Funny, how?

WIFE: I don't know - I thought a letter from a prisoner'd be about, oh, conditions there, or graft or you know -

HARRY: Something big?

WIFE: Well in a way - this fellow, what's his name?

HARRY: Lawson.

WIFE: Well, he writes about how he had a cold last week and how his wife visited him and how his feet still hurt -- that's the kind of letter ^{my} mother writes, or ^{my} father -

HARRY: Not quite, Katie, not quite.

~~WIFE: Mmmmm.~~

HARRY: ~~Kate,~~ Is that iron ~~on the stove~~ still hot?

WIFE: (SURPRISED) Why yes -- you want it?

HARRY: Yap.

WIFE: You're not going to iron something, Harry?

HARRY: I'm going to iron this letter.

WIFE: What?

HARRY: In the language of the trade, ^{Katie} ~~baby~~, this is called a "kite". A letter about your feet and a cold in the nose means - turn over, apply a hot iron, and a letter written in invisible lemon juice will come out.

WIFE: Really?

HARRY: That's right. And a kite usually means that you better sit down before you read it - because the message may knock you off your feet.

(MUSIC: IN AND UNDER)

SLOANE: You sit down, Harry McCormick, because in the past three years you've had one other kite from Tom Lawson and that one ^{did} knock ~~you~~ you off your feet. This one says:

HARRY: "Harry: Have absolute knowledge, but no proof, 4 men, maybe 5, will break out within next three days. Lawson."

(MUSIC: HARD...IN AND UNDER)

SLOANE: You go out to Huntsville prison totalk to Lawson, but he has no more dope than he put in the kite. The only new thing is that his urgent, intense face tells you he knows this break is a fact, an absolute fact. But who's involved? when? how? -- he can't answer. You stop in at the warden's office.....

(DOOR OPENS, SHUTS UNDER)

KENNY: (NICE YOUNG VOICE) Yes, sir --

HARRY: Like to see the Warden please.

KENNY: Who shall I say is calling?

HARRY: You're new here, new trustee?

KENNY: Yes, sir. Just about a month.

HARRY: Good. Hope you make out fine. Sure you will.

KENNY: Thank you, sir. And your name?

HARRY: McCormick.

KENNY: (DEFERENTIAL) Oh, Mr. McCormick of the paper. Heard a lot about you, sir. Very glad to meet you.

HARRY: Thanks. I didn't get your name.

KENNY: Kenny Spire, sir.

HARRY: Well, Kenny - tell the warden I'd like 5 minutes with him.

KENNY: (PROMPT) Yes, sir.

SLOANE: You sit down, while waiting, to figure this out: there's something wrong, something fishy. ^{See} Every prison break you ever heard of, there's excitement ~~in a prison~~, the men know about it, it does things to their nerves -- but this time there's no sign of that. Could Lawson be wrong --?

KENNY: The warden'll see you now, Mr. McCormick.

HARRY: Thanks, Kenny.

(FOR THE MOVEMENT...DOOR)

WARDEN: (~~AFFABLE BIG-MAN~~) Well, Harry, come in. Come in and sit down. What brings you out. (KIDDING) Big story?

HARRY: Warden, I'll give it to you straight. A friend of mine tells me there's going to be a break - 4, 5 men - within the next three days.

WARDEN: (LAUGHING AT THE IDEA) Really, Harry, whereabouts? Maine?

HARRY: This is on the level, warden.

WARDEN: *See afraid*
Your friend's a little - ~~you-know~~ - touched.

HARRY: You're sure?

WARDEN: Harry, you know prisons - so do I. Ever hear of a break pending that wasn't on the grapevine?

HARRY: No.

WARDEN: Or where the place wasn't jumping with it? Three days from now? - why there'd be all kinds of indications: talking at meals, the yard'd be like a madhouse - no, we've had peace and quiet so ~~that~~ I know nothing's going on.

HARRY: There's a lot in what you say.

WARDEN: Sure, your friend just had nothing to do, so he gave you a bum tip. One of my boys? What's his name, Harry?

HARRY: Sorry. You know how I play it.

WARDEN: Okay - but - nothing to worry about, Harry, nothing --

(DOOR OPENS)

KENNY: Excuse me, but, phone call for you warden -- Line 2.

WARDEN: Thanks, Kenny --

(SHUTS)

~~WARDEN: Did you meet my man? What's his name?~~

~~HARRY: Yeah, very nice --~~

WARDEN: (SAYING SO LONG) Well, Harry - got to take this call --
you know, private -- (HARRY: Sure, sure. So long) -- See
you Harry. Listen, if there's a jail-break here within the
next three days (KIDDING) I'll resign my job --

HARRY: (DRY) Yeah - you might have to, warden...you might have to.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: You wait a day, two days, three days, a week - and no sign
of the break. Well, the warden was right and Lawson was
wrong. You forget about it. You forget about it until you
got a phone call from a friend two weeks after the day of
the supposed break, at 2 in the morning.

(PHONE RINGS...ANSWERED BEHIND NARRATION:)

~~FRIEND: (FILTER) Harry --~~

HARRY: Yeah -- *Mc Cormick speaking*

FRIEND: (SAME) Listen, *Mc Cormick* Harry, never mind who this is, but you
remember Joe Torren?

HARRY: Torren? Yeah - he's at Huntsville, 20 years.

FRIEND: Well, he ain't at Huntsville now. ~~He's drunk, he's pretty~~
~~drunk and~~ He's over at the Elite Bar on Temple Avenue - *has pretty drunk* and
he's telling everybody how he busted out of jail.

(MUSIC: QUICK BRIDGE INTO:)

~~JUKE BOX OFF~~ WHICH FADES OUT...SOUND OF CROWD)

TORREN: (~~OFF~~) And that's how we done it!

CROWD: (ROARS APPROVAL - ABOUT FOUR IN THE CROWD)

GIRL: Honey, *shut up!* ~~turn it off~~ ~~at least turn it down.~~

TORREN: (ON NOW...QUITE HIGH) What for? They're so dumb. Say
listen, if I wrote the warden a letter, he still wouldn't
know what I'm talking about --

HARRY: (~~BELIEVINGLY~~) I don't believe you, Torren. I think you're full of booze --

TORREN: Yeah, who says so, who're you? I can prove it.

GIRL: Honey, lay off -- don't shoot your mouth off to everybody--

TORREN: The man says he don't believe me, that's an insult - I'm gonna prove he's a liar --

HARRY: I like to see you.

TORREN: He like to see me. Is that a laugh?

~~CROWD: Tell him Joe, go ahead.~~

TORREN: Awright, wise guy, every hear of Fletch, Gus Fletcher --? Well, he's the smartest con in the world -- smartest guy in the world, the whole world. Well him and me and Fritzie Spahn and Ed Hammer, we done it - and all of us is out -- all of us.

HARRY: I don't believe you.

TORREN: Don't believe me! (GIRL: Honey) Shh. I'm Joe Torren, 20 years to life - when did I get sentenced: 3 years ago. Am I in or am I out? Answer me - in or out --

HARRY: You're out.

TORREN: Well, how did I get out. Ha! Can't answer. I'll tell you. We bust out. We bust out - without a gun, without touching one of the screws (that's a guard for your benefit) --

HARRY: Go ahead --

TORREN: And how did we do it? We done it with a piece of paper - it was all Fletch's idea - a piece of paper signed by the Governor that was a parole for the 4 of us.

HARRY: A parole!

TORREN: Look at him now -- he ain't so sure -- that's right wise
guy, a parole - one little forged piece of paper: a parole.
(LAUGHS) Boy are they dumb, the governor, the warden, and
how we done the forgery ourselves right in prison and --

GIRL: Honey, stop it.

TORREN: Okay, baby, I ain't saying nothing - and besides, if they
heard the whole story, them dopes still wouldn't know it
happened.

(MUSIC: - IN WITH NARR:)

SLOANE: You slide into a phone booth, ^{and} call a local cop to pick
Torren up; then as fast as you can, you get to Huntsville,
to the warden's office....'

WARDEN: (VERY WORRIED) (DEFENSIVE) You're crazy, Harry - the
whole thing's prepestrous --

HARRY: Were Gus Fletcher, or Fritzie Spahn or Torren or Hammer
up for parole? Don't you know when men are up for parole,
warden --

WARDEN: ^{No} Not always, sometimes it just happens and we receive
instructions. But this is impossible; the parole was
signed by the Governor and by the Governor's secretary --
and it had the secret code attached --

HARRY: Secret code?

WARDEN: There's always a code word, it changes every month -- This
month it was "discretely" - the word is always worked into
the text of the parole --

HARRY: That was done?

WARDEN: Yes, that's what I'm saying--it was perfect in every way--
How could they forge it, where would they get the Governor's
private stationery, his signature, ^{his} ~~the governor's~~
secretary's ^{signature} the code word--?

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(DOOR OPENS)

KENNY: ~~Excuse me, sir --~~

WARDEN: ~~(ANNOYED) What is it, Kenny?~~

~~KENNY: Would you want me for anything else tonight, sir?~~

~~WARDEN: No, you can leave.~~

~~KENNY: Thank you sir.~~

~~(DOOR CLOSES)~~

WARDEN: (STILL APOPLECTIC) - don't you see, Harry, the whole idea's just --

HARRY: (INTERRUPTS) See if you can find the parole. You keep them on file, don't you?

WARDEN: What are you suggesting? Of course it's here. I have it in my --

(FILE DRAWER OPENS)

-- private file.

(RIFFLING THROUGH PAPERS)

WARDEN: P, p - Paroles - here -

(FOLDER LIFTED OUT)

WARDEN: It should be on top.

(THROUGH MORE PAPERS)

WARDEN: It's not here - (PROJECTING) Kenny, Kenny --

HARRY: Save your breath. It's gone, Warden. Don't you see that's part of the plan: if it's gone, there can be no proof of what they did.

WARDEN: Are you suggesting that you believe this ~~and, fantastic,~~ proposterous --

HARRY: (SHARPLY) Warden -- warden!

WARDEN: What?

HARRY: Call the Governor and see if he paroled those men.

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WARDEN: I will not make myself the laughing stock of --

HARRY: If it's true you'll be more than a laughing stock --

WARDEN: But it's -- it's after three -- *in the morning*

HARRY: I don't think he'd mind the time.

(STEPS. PHONE UP)

WARDEN: Get the Governor. Use the direct line. Urgent. (PAUSE)
Harry, do you think that -- (THROWING HANDS UP) Oh, it's
~~just so ridiculous!~~ *the Governor* Forge the Governor's -- Hello, hello,
Governor - Warden Richards. Governor, I'm sorry to bother
you at this hour, but -- something's come up -- No, sir,
nothing like that, ~~just a routine question.~~ ...Governor,
did you, uh - didn't you issue - about ten days ago --
an order to parole Fletcher, Spahn, uh - (STOPS. NOW A
BEATEN MAN) Yes, sir. No, sir. I understand, sir...(LOW)
I'll call you in the morning.

(HE HANGS UP)

WARDEN: (INCREDULOUS) He never issued it.

HARRY: That's what I thought. Warden, you and I have just
confirmed the most fantastic jail break in history.

(MUSIC: UP TO TAG)

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

~~(MUSIC: FAUCARK)~~

(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 AND UNDER:)

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

SLOANE: The story of the unbelievable jail break by 4 men using a forged parole rocks Texas. People rub their eyes, they talk about little else; inside prisons there is laughter and the stirring of trouble; and outside a political cauldron is boiling. Rumors ask "Was the warden bribed? Is the Governor's office involved? How is such a thing possible without the higher-ups being party to it?" And, as yet, there are no answers because the parole document itself and the missing men (with the exception of Joe Torren, picked up in a bar) - are still missing. And you, Harry McCormick, of the Houston, Texas, Press, who started it with a story, now move in to help try to finish it. You sit with a ~~sick~~, frightened, worried Warden...

WARDEN: What am I gonna do, Harry, what?

HARRY: You've found nothing out from the inmates?

WARDEN: Nothing. I talked till I'm blue in the face, asked questions used stoolies, everything--and I'm right where I started. Harry, I'm finished, I'm licked --

HARRY: Not so fast, warden. There are quite a few things we do know, quite a few--

WARDEN: (DOESN'T BELIEVE HIM) What do we know?

HARRY: We know Fletcher was the brain. We know he selected his men carefully. Torren, because he had some money - and they needed money to tide them over the first days outside --

WARDEN: How does that help?

HARRY: (GOING ON) Fletcher used Fritzie Spahn because he was an expert forger. He used Hammer because Hammer had access to the print shop and could print up paper like the Governor's stationery?

WARDEN: So?

HARRY: And there must have been a fifth man. ~~Lawsen, who wrote~~
~~me the letter,~~ ^{the note,} said 4 or 5 would try the break - and I'm
convinced there was a fifth,

WARDEN: Why?

HARRY: There had to be an inside man - a man who'd be able to steal
a sample of the government's ^{own} signature to be copied and be
able to report when the parole came in. (First he'd have to
help get it out, after it was made. That takes inside stuff)
This man would be able to stop the whole operation if you,
or any of your staff got wise - while the process was going
on. Doesn't that make sense?

WARDEN: Suppose it does. What's the difference? So there was a
fifth man. So what?

HARRY: I'm just stating the facts that we know -- I don't know all
the answers yet. Now, as I see it, we've got to pick up
those escaped men - Spahn, Hammer and Fletcher; and we've
got to find the forged parole - if it's still in existence.

WARDEN: That's a great help, Harry. What do you think I've been
doing all week?

HARRY: All right, give me permission to walk around your prison,
talk to anyone I want (alone) -

WARDEN: Sure, go ahead, do anything you like --

HARRY: Maybe - I'm not promising anything - maybe we'll come up
with something.

(MUSIC: IN WITH NARRATOR:)

SLOANE: If ever you needed the confidence and respect of the inmates
of Huntsville, now is the time, Harry McCormick; as you go
from cell to cell, seeking answers, seeking information. And
that part of yours, working for reform ~~of~~ prisoners, begins
to pay off ...

LAWSON: I don't know for sure, Mr. McCormick, but Fritzie Spahn's supposed to be running a little pecan farm in the Texas panhandle --

SLOANE: And Fritzie Spahn, the expert who forged the parole, is picked up on the pecan farm. (MUSIC: PUNCTUATION) And a day later, Ed Hammer who printed the paper, is found ~~from~~ ^{through} another lead from a prisoner ...

HARRY: All right, Spahn, we know all about it. Where's Fletcher?

SPAHN: (GREATLY GRIEVED) How do you like that? The State of Texas gives me a parole and then takes it away from me. Why, Mr. McCormick, why?

HARRY: ~~Look~~ ^{Look} ~~out it out~~, Spahn, we're not joking.

SPAHN: That's all I know. I was just as surprised as you when they sprung me. (But I was a good prisoner) But then to take back their word - after the Governor wrote --

HARRY: (~~PARIOUS~~) ~~Stop it~~ ^{Get out}, stop playing dumb and talk!

SPAHN: (NOW WISE) What's to talk, Mr. Reporter? Is there a forged parole around somewhere or something can prove it wasn't just like I said - that the state issued us a release and then changed their minds?

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: And it's true - until Fletcher is found, until the document itself is found - it's a dead end. Three men have been recovered, but the head of the ring is still out - and the political pot has gotten hotter. This is the best campaign issue in years and some men are making political hay of it. They mean to move in ~~because of the Hambrick case~~ and "reform" the prison system - which always means (~~you know,~~ ~~Harry McCormick~~) turning the clock of prison history back 50 years. So you've got a double fight on your hands. You go back to your friend Lawson, the man who wrote the kite....

HARRY: Lawson, you've done good work - the lead on Spahn was swell - but we've got to have more; we've got to.

LAWSON: I'll do anything I can, Mr. McCormick, but - I don't know where to turn -

HARRY: Lawson I want to say one thing to you: if we don't find that parole letter, this whole prison system, all the things ~~you~~ ^{we've} ~~and I~~ ^{tried} fought for ~~the~~ past ten years, all that's going to be wiped out. They'll reinstitute guards, brutal guards; they'll abolish the farm system, no more trustees - do you want that?

LAWSON: No.

HARRY: Then see what you can do. (GENTLY) Lawson, this means a lot; to both of us -- to you and to me.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: And once again, in its miraculous way, the grapevine gets to work - a grapevine working now for itself, for its future. And the first thing that turns up ...

WIFE: Harry, letter for you...

HARRY: Let me have it.

(OPENING OF LETTER)

WIFE: What is it? It looks like a picture.

HARRY: That's what it is, ^{Katie} ~~baby~~, a picture of a bathing girl.

WIFE: What do you want with a picture of a bathing girl?

(RIPPING THE PICTURE CAREFULLY)

HARRY: Not a thing, baby, not a thing -- but ^{I gotta have that} the backing of ~~that~~ ^{picture there} ~~that~~ ^{nothing-girl} is something I really want.

WIFE: What?

HARRY: ^{Have it!} ~~Just~~ a parole for 4 men, Katie, one forged parole.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: So now it can be established that Fritzie Spahn did, in fact, forge the name of the Governor and the Governor's secretary now it can be established that Ed Hammer printed forged paper in the prison print shop to simulate the Governor's stationery; now it can be established that the Warden was not a party to bribery, ~~but that (at worst) he was guilty of negligence.~~ The grapevine's done a lot. But there's a lot more to do: where's Fletcher? he must be found -- and who was the fifth man, the inside man, who got the forged parole out ^{of the prison, waited for it to come (and then)} ~~watched it when it came~~ back in, ~~watched~~ the actions of the warden for any sign of suspicion? ...

HARRY: What about it, Lawson? What about the inside man? What about Fletch?

LAWSON: (TROUBLED) Nothing yet, Mr. McCormick -- and don't think we ain't trying.

(MUSIC: IN WITH SLOANE)

SLOANE: Another week goes by, then two weeks -- and where before the public had been quiet and the opposing politicians stopped, now again, the pot is set - boiling. "No action, why? What kind of incompetence in the Governor's mansion? How do we know this kind of thing will not be repeated? Where's the criminal leader of the outfit, Fletcher?"

LAWSON: (LOW) Mr. McCormick.

HARRY: Yes, Lawson.

LAWSON: We got one lead --

HARRY: Fletcher?

LAWSON: No. On the inside man.

HARRY: Who?

LAWSON: The new trustee in the warden's office...

HARRY: Kenny Spire!

LAWSON: That's the one.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE INTO)

HARRY: Sit down, Kenny.

KENNY: (BLAND AS BEFORE) Yes, sir. *Mr. McCormick.*

HARRY: So you were the inside man.

KENNY: Sir?

HARRY: How did you get the parole out, Kenny?

KENNY: You must be mistaken, sir.

HARRY: And you kept your eye on the warden when the parole came back as if mailed from the Governor, to see if he suspected anything.

KENNY: I really don't understand, sir.

HARRY: Okay, Kenny, okay. I gave you a chance. Now I'll talk another language - maybe this is a language you'll understand (PAUSE) We know there was a fifth man in the Fletcher outfit - there had to be. We know you were that man. Is that true or not --?

KENNY: Sir, if there's anything I can say that'll convince --

HARRY: ~~Stop it, stop it, stop it!~~ Now you ^{you} listen, I've worked over 10 years to see that conditions inside prisons were improved I've fought to change things so that men who spend a year inside these walls aren't doomed to being criminals for the rest of their lives. (~~Men like you~~) Do you think I'm going to let all that go down the drain because a little punk like you won't talk?

KENNY: I'm sorry, sir; very sorry.

HARRY: Now I'll tell you something else. My grapevine tells me - and you know the grapevine doesn't lie - that Fletcher promised you if you'd work with him, he'd spring you. He didn't say how, but he said he'd spring you. Didn't he promise you that for help?

KENNY: No, sir. I never talked to Fletcher. Never.

HARRY: My information tells me he promised to spring you within two weeks after he got out. How long is he out Kenny?

KENNY: (SMALL VOICE) I don't know.

HARRY: Nearly six weeks, seven weeks. You still think he's gonna spring you? The grapevine tells me -- and the grapevine doesn't lie, ~~you know that~~ -- that Fletcher's gone and crossed you. Made promises and left you holding the bag.

KENNY: No.

HARRY: No what, Kenny? You know it's true and I know it's true because we heard it over the same grapevine. Now if it is true, Kenny - (and it is) that Fletcher's double crossed you, are you still willing to sit here and see men put back 50 years in prison conditions on the chance that a dirty rat will come thru for you?

KENNY: I don't know. Leave me alone.

HARRY: (PURSUING) What did he do for Spahn, for Hammer, for Torren - for any of them? That's just what he'll do for you.

(GENTLY) Now tell me where he is, Kenny - just tell me where he is.

(MUSIC: IN WITH SLOANE)

SLOANE: It doesn't happen ~~in~~ that moment, or that day - but the grapevine goes to work on Kenny Spire, confirms his fears, makes him face the realities of his situation, and 36 hours later he comes to you and says

KENNY: Two miles south of San Antonio, there's a little gas station
Name is Browne, with an e. Fletcher's there.

~~(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)~~

~~SLOANE: And you and the warden go and get him, and he's right where
Kenny Spire said. And just before he's locked up again,
and the lid is put back once more on the seething cauldron
known as politics, you look at this sandy-haired, soft
spoken master criminal and say ...~~

HARRY: If I was impressed by how smart crooks can be Fletcher,
I'd say you were as smart as any I ever met--

FLETCHER: Thanks, McCormick --

~~HARRY: as smart, Fletcher, or as dumb.~~

~~(MUSIC: UP TO TAG)~~

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Harry
McCormick of the Houston Press...with the final outcome
of tonight's BIG STORY!

~~(MUSIC: FAIRBARE)~~

(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 Harry McCormick of the Houston Press.

MCCORMICK: While the capture of Fletcher brought an end to the fantastic escape plot in tonight's Big Story, the end for Fletcher was another story. Shortly after his capture he was shot and killed by a guard while attempting to escape. My sincere appreciation for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

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

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY - A BIG STORY from the front pages of the Omaha World Herald -- by-line, ^{Ben} B.F. Sylvester A BIG STORY - about a reporter who walked the deserted streets of a terrorized town looking for a silent killer.

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

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was written by Arnold Perl your narrator was Bob Sloane, and James Smith played the part of Harry McCormick. 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. Mc Cormick.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE)

CHAPPELL: Every minute of the day and night ... yes every minute a fire is burning somewhere ... a fire started through carelessness. Help fight fires...help stop the staggering loss of life and property. Don't be careless... be CAUTIOUS. Obey all fire regulations. Prevent fires in your community!

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

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

RITA/MARGE
3/28/49 pm

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #107

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MAN 3	BOB SLOANE
GIRL 1	CONSUELA LEMBCKE
WOMAN 1	CONSUELA LEMBCKE
GIRL 2	ALICE RINEHEART
WOMAN 2	ALICE RINEHEART
MAN 1	SYDNEY SMITH
TOM	SYDNEY SMITH
CHUCK	BILL QUINN
SYL	BILL QUINN
VOICE	FRANCIS DE SALES
MAN 5	FRANCIS DE SALES
MAN 2	BERNARD GRANT
SNIPER	BERNARD GRANT
JOHNSON	ED JEROME
MAN 4	ED JEROME

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 1949

ATX01 0062004

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#107

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

"THE SILENT KILLER"

APRIL 13, 1949

WEDNESDAY

(B.F. SYLVESTER - OMAHA, NEBRASKA WORLD-HERALD)

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: FANFARE UNDER)

SLOANE: It was 7 P.M. in Omaha, Nebraska....

(AUTO MOVING SLOWLY AMID TRAFFIC)

MAN I: (PLEASANTLY WHISTLING)

(FLAT TIRE)

MAN I: Oh, nuts. A flat..Well, it ain't gonna fix itself.

(DOOR OPENS. STEPS. ~~REAR COMPARTMENT OPENS~~)

MAN I: (CRY OF HORROR. NOT LOUD. REACTION TO A FLESH WOUND)

SLOANE: He was shot through the shoulder with a rifle that made no sound.

(PAUSE) The next night, also at 7 P.M.

(WALKING STEPS. THEY STOP)

GIRL I: Gee, I had a swell time Chuck, thanks.

CHUCK: Me too. Only I'm a little tired...

GIRL: Tired? Dancing? Gee, I can dance all night and not even feel it. You know -- (A CHOKING TERRIFYING CRY) --

~~CHUCK: What happened?~~

SLOANE: She was shot through the ~~throat~~ ^{hand} with a rifle that made no sound. That was the beginning of a terror that paralyzed the great city of Omaha as nothing ever has, before or since.

(MUSIC: HARSH. FULL. THEN UNDER)

ATX01 0062005

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) Omaha,
Nebraska, the story of a reign of terror and a silent
killer - and a reporter who, almost single-handedly brought
sanity back to a great metropolis. ~~And for his work,~~ to
city editor Ben. F. Sylvester of the Omaha World-Herald,
for his Big Story
goes the PELL MELL Award ~~for the BIG STORY.~~

~~(MUSIC: UP IN THE AIR)~~

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 4/13/49
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.

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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 TERROR)

CHAPPELL: Now the story as it actually happened: ~~Editor~~ Ben
Sylvester's story as he lived it. (PAUSE) Omaha, Nebraska...

(MUSIC: PUNCTUATES AND GOES UNDER)

SLOANE: Generally, you city editor B.F. Sylvester (Syl to your
friends) have enough to do on the city desk of the Omaha
World Herald. There are very few stories that you'd get
off your chair for and go out and investigate. You're
conservative, quiet, smart. But once in a while (as now)
you go out, and get the story yourself. Gus ~~Spahn~~^{Stone}, a dairy
worker, went to ~~get~~^{buy} a newspaper. 100 yards from his house
he was shot down, a bullet through his throat. No shot
was heard. Strange. You call your friend, Lt. Tom Erwin,
at headquarters. He's out on the ~~Spahn~~^{Stone} case - at the scene
of the killing. So you join him -- you join soft-spoken,
conservative, easy-going Tom Erwin - a man very much like
yourself, but a crack detective....

(STREET SOUNDS IN B.G.)

TOM: (PROJECTING SLIGHTLY) (LITTLE OFF) Keep looking over there,
Hennessey, the bullet's got to be around there. (THEN)
Well, look who's here.

SYL: How are you, Tom? How's it going?

TOM: What brings you off ~~the~~^{the} city desk, Syl? Something I don't
know about the killing?

SYL: I don't think so.

TOM: What's that supposed to mean?

SYL: Just that once in a while I get a hunch - don't you?

TOM: This is strictly routine business, Syl. I got no hunch.

(THEN) What's your hunch?

SYL: ~~Just - one of my reporters was talking to Mrs. Spahn.~~
Seems this ^{Stone} Spahn was a nice guy, very regular, no enemies.

TOM: So?

SYL: Seems also he had - how much was it - \$49 and some change
in his pocket when the body was found.

TOM: Let's assume all that's true, Syl.

SYL: ~~Well - I'll go slow, maybe it's just a pipe dream, but~~
did you find the bullet yet?

TOM: Yeah, we found the bullet - in his throat.

SYL: 22 calibre, wasn't it?

TOM: How'd you know?

SYL: Just a guess. Remember - bout a week ago, no five days, a
fellow was shot in the shoulder, fixing his tire?

TOM: I remember.

SYL: Wasn't that a 22? (PAUSE) And a girl, ^{the next} ~~just last~~ night, shot
through the hand, wasn't it? Was that reported to you?
Also a 22. I ran it 2 inches on page 6,

TOM: Come to the point.

SYL: You suppose there's a connection between these shootings,
the man, the girl, now ^{Stone} ~~Spahn?~~

TOM: No - how could there be? They didn't know each other.
There's no connection whatsoever, Syl. Just because the
things happened roughly in the same neighborhood, ~~and about~~
~~the same time~~ --and because there was no rifle report --

SYL: (SMILING) I see we've been thinking the same thing.

TOM: (SORE BECAUSE SYL IS RIGHT) I've been thinking nothing.
This is absolutely routine.

SYL: ~~Amazing how thorough you've been - for "just routine".~~

TOM: ~~All right, let's quit the talk - what do you think this is?~~

SYL: ~~I don't know~~, Tom, ~~but~~ an idea is forming in my mind --

TOM: I say it was a stray shot killed ~~Spann~~ ^{Stone}. Maybe from a kid's gun, or somebody fired a gun accidentally off a roof --

VOICE: (OFF) Hey, Lieutenant --

TOM: Okay, Hennessey - over here.

(FEW STEPS)

VOICE: (LITTLE OUT OF BREATH) I found it. Just like you said. Another one -- 22 calibre.

SYL: So there were two shots fired at ~~Spann~~ ^{Stone}, Tom. Still stick to that stray theory? -- or accidentally off a roof?

~~(EVENLY) Two shots were fired at Spann from the same gun, and nobody heard either report. -- Two, Tom.~~

TOM: Why don't you leave me alone, Syl. Why don't you go - go back and edit your newspaper?!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: But you don't go back, and edit your newspaper because a theory is forming in your mind, Ben Sylvester. Instead you try to find out some answers. You seek out the girl who was shot in the hand, the man who was wounded in the shoulder while fixing his tire -- and you find, neither of them is well-known they have no enemies, they do not know each other -- or Gus ~~Spann~~ ^{Stone}. What then is the connection between these acts? Who's behind these strange, silent shootings? The next night, a piece of the answer comes ...

(PHONE. ANSWERED)

SYL: (ROUTINE ANSWER) Hello, Sylvester. City Desk. (NOW EXCITED) Another shooting? .. Blades Drugstore...Anybody killed?... Okay, I'll be right there.

(MUSIC: MOVEMENT INTO SCENE)

GIRL 2: (SOBBING) I went into the phone booth, Lieutenant. I had to call my mother. And I closed the door and I just finished dialing the number -- and then it happened --

TOM: That's all right, Miss. You just sit down. The druggist is fixing you something - and you're going to be all right. Honnessey..

VOICE: Yes, sir, Lt.

TOM: Dig that bullet out of the woodwork - and don't ruin it getting it out.

VOICE: Me? No, sir, Lt.

TOM: (LITTLE SURPRISE) Oh, so you're here *again?*

SYL: That's right, Tom. Now he picks on a girl in a drugstore. ~~Nice the way you handled that girl.~~

TOM: ~~(SARCASTIC) Thank you, Syl. Still working on a theory?~~

SYL: ~~So the shot came through the plate glass window, shattered it and was deflected into the phone booth. Who was he shooting at?~~

TOM: You think - ah stop it -

SYL: Yes, I think there's a connection, Tom. I take it you've already spoken to the girl - I'm sure she doesn't know ~~Tom~~ *Tom* or the other girl who was shot - or the fellow who was shot fixing his tire.

TOM: All right, Syl, now stop it.

SYL: Who else was in the store at the time? Maybe one of them knew one of the others who was shot at.

TOM: Look, I said stop it. The only other person in the store was the druggist - and he doesn't know any of the other people.

SYL: (SMILING) Any of the others who was shot at?

TOM: That's right.

SYL: That makes my point all the stronger, Tom.

TOM: What point?

SYL: The fact that none of the victims knew each other tells us the kind of person we're dealing with - (CAREFULLY AND SLOWLY) The kind of person who fired all those shots.

TOM: Who says one person fired all the shots?!

SYL: (DISARMINGLY) Tom - was a shot heard - this time?

TOM: No. (THEN BELIGERANT) What about it?

SYL: What'll you do, Tom, if the bullet in the phone booth proves to be a 22?

(MUSIC: UP AND INTO SCENE)

(DOOR SLAMS LOUD. LOUD (ANGRY) FOOTSTEPS. THEY STOP)

TOM: Stop grinning, Syl.

SYL: So it was a 22?

TOM: Suppose it was?

SYL: Then I'll tell you what I think--if you want to listen, Tom.

TOM: I don't want to listen. (PAUSE) What?

SYL: I think there's a maniac on the loose -- a lone silent killer who goes around shooting at people with a 22 calibre rifle with a silencer on it. (why I don't know) He shoots at anybody and everybody he wants to shoot at. And until we find him and stop him -- it's going to go on and on and on ---

TOM: All right, I listened to you. Now I'll tell you something.

~~I think you're wrong, dead wrong, hopelessly wrong, and I'll tell you why.~~

SYL: (PLEASANTLY) Yeah. Tell me why.

(PAUSE)

TOM: You run a great newspaper, Syl. An important newspaper. There's no man in this town values the importance of news and honest reporting more than I do. I've known you -- how long?

SYL: Fifteen years.

TOM: -- fifteen years, or I wouldn't say this. But if you write such a story and print it -- what would you call the killer in your story?

SYL: I'd call him -- what he is: The Sniper.

TOM: (IN FAST) That's exactly what I mean, Syl. Don't you see that printing such a thing would frighten people, it'd scare them to death -- it would be like - like a terror over this town. Don't you see that?

SYL: But suppose it's true, Tom -- suppose it's true?

TOM: Look at the other way for a second -- Suppose it's not true. What would you be doing to the people of this city -- running such a story, frightening them? (GENTLY) Syl, leave it alone. Let us handle it -- this is a police matter -- when we're satisfied that this is the work of a maniac, or a sniper, as you put it--we'll say so. I'm not afraid to face the truth when I know it's the truth. You know me better than that.

SYL: And you honestly believe, Tom - this is not the work of a sniper?

TOM: I honestly do.

SYL: Then who or ~~what~~^{why} -- or what group of people are doing it?

TOM: I don't know. That I can't answer - but for heaven's sake, hold up writing what you're thinking. Will you promise me that, Syl? On the basis of the fact that you know the kind of guy I am and that, unless I felt it the way I do, strong, I wouldn't ask you. Will you?

SYL: I don't know.

TOM: Please. (PAUSE) I don't often use that word, Syl.

SYL: Okay, Tom. ~~I'll think about it.~~ I won't run it.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER:)

SLOANE: You give Lt. Tom Erwin your word and you keep it -- for a day -- two days - ~~later~~ ^{then} the next episode happens. A doctor's office, 9 at night, a window is opened and a silent shot is fired and the doctor falls to the floor, dead.

(MUSIC: PUNCTUATE AND UNDER)

SLOANE: The doctor had no enemies, his wife says. He didn't know Gus ~~Spahn~~ ^{Stone}, or the girl in the drugstore, or the girl shot through the hand, or the man shot through the shoulder. No one heard the shot -- and the calibre of the bullet was 22.

(PAUSE)

(TYPING. FAST AND FURIOUS. TELEPHONE RINGS. THE TYPING STOPS. PHONE ANSWERED)

SYL: (TENSE) City desk, Sylvester.

TOM: (FILTER) It's Tom, Syl.

SYL: Yes, Tom.

TOM: (F) I'm asking you again. Don't write any story about a Sniper.

SYL: (SLOWLY) I'm writing it now -- it's in my typewriter.

-11-

TOM: Don't run it, Syl. Don't.

SYL: I respect you, Tom, and I think you respect me. I'm running this story because I think it's my duty to run it. I talked to the managing editor and the publisher -- they're behind me. We believe that the only chance in catching this maniac, this sniper, is to tell the people the truth. Tell them what we believe is the cause of all these deaths. Tell them and make them aware, so they'll be on the look-out for him. That's why we're doing it.

TOM: There's nothing more I can say to you?

SYL: I don't think so, Tom.

(PAUSE)

TOM: Just remember, Sylvester - those words you're writing are going to paralyze this city, they're going to terrorize every man, woman and child in Omaha. Do you understand that?

SYL: I understand, Tom - and if we catch the Sniper - I say -- it'll be worth it.

(MUSIC: UP FULL TO TAG)

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

~~(MUSIC: PANFARE)~~

(COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0062015

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
tobacco 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 Ben Sylvester, as he lived it and wrote it...

SLOANE: You, Ben Sylvester, city editor of the Omaha World Herald have just done a terrifying thing. The story you wrote, in 8-column black banner headline, is on the streets. The black headline reads: THE SNIPER STRIKES AGAIN ~~IN OMAHA~~. You've printed what is only a theory - what had not yet been absolutely proven, because you believe (and so does the publisher), that this is the only way to catch the silent killer, who has been shooting down the people of your city, this is the only way to stop a maniac. (PAUSE) Within fifteen minutes after the paper hits the streets, the calls start coming in, the rumors....

(PHONE RINGS. IS ANSWERED)

WOMAN: 1: (EXICTED) Hello, World Herald. I've just seen him, he's across the street from my house, hiding in an alleyway -- the sniper.

(MUSIC: BRIEF AND OUT)

MAN 2: (FILTER) Police Department. The Sniper's on the roof of the apartment house next to mine. He's got his gun and he's taking aim -- right now!

(MUSIC: SAME)

WOMAN 2: (~~SAME AS ABOVE~~) Don't you dare go out of the house, Mary Ann, don't you dare! Do you want to be killed!

(MUSIC: SAME BRIEF AND OUT)

MAN 3: (SAME AS ABOVE) Close the store, lock it up. I don't care. I'm getting out of town.

(MUSIC: RISES IN CRESCENDO AND THEN SUDDENLY OUT)

TOM: I hope you're satisfied, Sylvester --

SYL: You used to call me Syl, like most of my friends do, Tom.

TOM: Look, let's skip this polite business -- I told you not to run it, you ran it. I wish there was a law to prosecute you under. Kids too frightened to go out of their houses, mothers frantic, rumors -- thousands of them all over the city!

SYL: I say it's the only way to catch the Sniper.

TOM: When was the last time you walked down ^{Main} ~~Main~~ Street?

SYL: Why?

TOM: Get out of this office of yours, go down and walk in the streets for half an hour. Then you'll see what you've done. Then you'll understand why I wish there was a law that I could pull you in on.

(MUSIC: UP (NOW REAL FRIGHT IN IT) AND UNDER:)

SLOANE: What have your stories done to Omaha? Only in a general way do you, Ben Sylvester, really know -- because you've stayed in the office most of the time working. But now, you leave your desk and you walk slowly through the main street of Omaha ...

~~(MUSIC: UP)~~

(STEPS IN A HOLLOW EMPTY STREET. LET THEM REGISTER.
THEN FADE BEHIND)

SLOANE: The first sight is ghastly. The street lamps are the only lights lit. All the movie marquees, the showcases and store windows -- they're out. Shades are drawn in all the houses. It's as if the city were deserted -- or as if a plague had struck.

(STEPS SAME)

SLOANE: You walk on. There are no cars on the streets, no busses, no trolleys. You look up the street and you look down -- not a person stirring - at 7 o'clock on a Tuesday evening.

(MUSIC: A STIR)

SLOANE: Seven o'clock - on three occasions the Sniper struck at 7. Unconsciously you quicken your pace. Unconsciously your eyes begin to scan the rooves of houses; they probe into alleyways -- why? Without realizing it - the fright is drawing you, too, Ben Sylvester into its net ...

(STEPS THAT ARE AMOST RUNNING. (IN THE OPEN)

SLOANE: -- you begin to run. You begin to sweat. You begin to feel the beating of your heart because -- he might be behind you. This very split second he may be drawing a bead on you with his silent rifle and -- ~~(steps)~~

(WE HEAR ANOTHER PAIR OF STEPS. ALSO MOVING AT SAME PACE. OFF MIKE)

SLOANE: -- Someone else is running too. Is it the Sniper? Is it? You start again -- this time running, stopping, listening--

(IF POSSIBLE FOLLOW THE SOUND PATTERN INDICATED)

~~-- whenever you run, the other steps follow. When you stop, they stop.~~
There's
No questions about it -- the Sniper is following you! (~~LONG PAUSE~~) You ~~sprint for~~ *duck into* a doorway and stand there -- your back against the wall -- you hold your breath, waiting, waiting -- waiting.

(OTHER STEPS COME CLOSER TO MIKE)

SLOANE: There they are -- his steps. Coming closer and closer -- until --

(THE STEPS RUN BY THE MIKE AND PADE OFF..)

SLOANE: And then you see -- (SOFTLY) (WITH RELIEF) in the light of a streetlamp, it's just a kid, a kid of 14, running, a kid running home. He wasn't after you. He was just racing home -- running away (like you) from the Sniper. And then, for the first time, you realize what the headline meant to people. And you stand, openly frightened -- openly terrified -- alone.

(MUSIC: -- HITS AND UNDER)

SLOANE: But knowing it now, it can't stop there. You've informed the people of the danger--but that is not enough. Fear can paralyze people (as it paralyzed you) -- but understanding can be valuable, it can help. (SLOWLY) If that fear can be directed into action -- into intelligent organized orderly action -- it can stop the Sniper. (PAUSE) You get back to the paper as fast as you can.

(AS MUSIC GOES OUT - TYPING)

SYL: (AS HE TYPES) I have seen and felt the fear that has gripped our city because the Sniper is on the loose. Now it is necessary that citizen groups, armed if necessary, be organized, so that the Sniper may be caught and this terror ended. I shall personally be glad to join such a group.

(MUSIC: -- HITS AND UNDER:) --

SLOANE: You run that story. Citizen groups spring into action. They begin the great, grim process of flushing out a murderer --

(RUNNING STEPS. THAT STOP)

MAN 4: (TENSE) Down here, Bill -- turn the light down here.

(PAUSE) No -- just a dog knocked over a garbage can.

(MUSIC: A TOUCH)

MAN 5: (PROJECTING) All right you, up there -- come down. Come down - we got you covered. (PAUSE) Oh, it's just the night watchman. Sorry Mac. On the lookout for the Sniper.

(MUSIC: TOUCH AND OUT)

(PHONE RINGS IS ANSWERED)

SYL: City Desk Sylvester.

TOM: (FILTER) It's Tom, Syl.

SYL: Yes, Tom?

TOM: First I want to say, those pieces you've been doing - on the citizen groups, thanks, Syl.

SYL: Okay, Tom. What's happened?

TOM: Another one. (SYL: No.) This time over the state line into Council Bluffs, Iowa.

SYL: Killed?

TOM: No - though how the guy's alive, I'll never know. Six bullets in him. (SYL: Wow) Get over to the ~~General~~ Hospital - while he can still talk.

(MUSIC: QUICK MOVEMENT)

TOM: ~~This is Johnson. The fellow he shot. Johnson, this is a friend of mine, Mr. Sylvester.~~

SYL: Can you talk, Mr. Johnson?

JOHNSON: (ANGRY. AND DYING) Get him, that's all I got to say; get him. He stood--not 20 yards from me--smiling--and when I fell (I fell the second time he hit me), he kept pumping lead into me, kept pumping it into me--three, four five, six I don't know how many times he shot me. Get him, stop it,

~~with him~~

SYL: (GENTLY) We'll do it, Mr. Johnson. What did he look like?

JOHNSON: Tall, thin, black hair, mustache. (Took a good look).
Wore a black leather jacket, hunter's cap, black and white
shirt - like a lumber jack. And that laugh. ~~like a~~ ^{Weird}
~~hyena~~. Get him, stop him -- kill him!

(MUSIC: TRAGIC (FOR JOHNSON'S DEATH), AND UNDER)

SLOANE: And Johnson dies - six bullets in his body, but you've got
your description. You print that description far and wide,
and now you and the bands of other citizens, resume your
hunt.

(MUSIC: PUNCTUATES AND UNDER:)

SLOANE: But ~~he stays hidden~~ ^{the killer is cunning} - and he stays hidden. It lasts eight
days, the terror and the hunt -- and on the ninth ...

(PHONE. ANSWERED)

TOM: Lt. Ervin, talking. (TENSE) Yeah...say that again...yeah...
stay there. Watch him. We'll be there. Right.

(PHONE UP)

SYL: Him, Tom?

TOM: (SATISFIED) Over near Junction 213, outside Council Bluffs.
The Sniper. (~~The man's now sure, the fellow who called.~~)
~~No~~ says he's asleep in a freight car.

(MUSIC: HITS HARD AND UNDER)

(NIGHT SOUNDS. QUIET MOVEMENT OF FEET)

TOM: (WHISPER) Can you see him, Syl? ~~You men keep back.~~

SYL: Just about. (AS HE SEES) Tall, dark hair, little mustache...
(EXCITED) leather jacket, the hat and a black and white
shirt!! (LOW) Let's take him!

TOM: (LOUD) Get up, get up, get up and keep your hands high,
you ~~stupid bastard!~~ ^{stupid bastard!}

(MUSIC: IN AND UNDER:)

SLOANE: And, incredibly, the Sniper is caught without a shot being
fired. The maniac opens his eyes, smiles and then comes
his ~~own~~ ^{weird} laugh. And you've got him. (PAUSE) You ride
back with him in Tom Erwin's car and for the first time
you (and the rest of the world) find out the kind of man
he is ...

(AUTO UNDER:)

SYL: How many did you kill, how many people?

SNIPER: (LAUGHS) I never counted them. I just killed them.

SYL: Why did you kill them?

SNIPER: (LAUGHS) Did you ever kill a man? Did you ever feel big,
important, like a god? That's how it makes you feel.

SYL: You never knew any of these people you killed, you never
had anything against them?

SNIPER: (LAUGHS) Once when I was a kid, I sat on a beach -- there
was a lot of little crabs there -- hermit crabs. I'd take
a stick and some I'd let live and some I'd kill. Well,
some of the people - I let them live -- the others --
(LAUGHS)

SYL: You know you'll be killed for what you've done, electrocuted
don't you?

SNIPER: Yeah. Yeah - I know - and I'm glad.

SYL: You're what?

SNIPER: I'm glad -- because - if I got life that'd be bad - because I can't sleep good in a prison. (I was in one onct, I couldn't sleep) This way -- (LAUGHS) - a little juice - and you can sleep. And I need my sleep. I got to have my sleep.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: You walk down the main streets of Omaha, for a half an hour just looking. The movie marquees, the shop windows are lit and open. People walk by, talking, laughing, -- the people who have slipped from the grip of terror. And you know that they will go home, at night and lie down in their beds and sleep -- a good, peaceful sleep -- uninterrupted by silent shots, or nightmares or the terror of a man armed with a rifle with a silencer on it.

(MUSIC: UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Ben Sylvester of the Omaha World-Herald ... with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 4/13/49
PELL MELL

-21-

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 0062025

(ORCH: _ _ TAG.)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Ben Sylvester of the Omaha World-Herald.

SYLVESTER: News of the capture and confession of sniper in tonight's Big Story so electrified the people of Omaha that they held a city wide celebration. Killer was found ~~completely~~ ^{completely} sane and was quickly convicted and sentenced to die in the electric chair.

Thanks a lot for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Sylvester ... 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 Orleans, Louisiana, Item -- by-line, Herbert B. Mayer - a BIG STORY - about a killer who made a hobo out of a reporter, until the reporter made a bum out of him.

(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 ~~Lyle~~ ^{Lyle} ~~Quinn~~ ^{Quinn} played the part of Ben Sylvester. 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. Sylvester.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL & FADE)

CHAPPELL: Your life ... your property can be lost through fire. Don't let it happen. In your home...in public places... and in the country...be careful...be cautious. Be on guard against fire. Prevent fires in your community!
This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

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

rita

* 4/4/49 pm

ATX01 0062027

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #108

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MRS. FORREST	BARBARA WEEKS
GIRL	BARBARA WEEKS
HERB	JAMES McCALLION
ALEC	JAMES McCALLION
COP	BILL SMITH
ALLISON	BILL SMITH
WHITEY	MICHAEL O'DAY
HENRY <i>Blower</i>	MICHAEL O'DAY
JEAN	GRANT RICHARDS
MAN	GRANT RICHARDS
CORONER	ROGER DE KOVEN
DEALER	ROGER DE KOVEN
HARRY <i>Clem</i>	CHARLES EGGLESTON
MERCHANT	CHARLES EGGLESTON
FORREST	BOB DRYDEN
SAILOR	BOB DRYDEN

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20, 1949

ALX01 0062028

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#108

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

APRIL 20, 1949

WEDNESDAY

(Herbert B. Mayer-New Orleans ITEM).... (Boretz)

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

(MUSIC: UP AND SEQUE TO)

(ESTABLISH TWO MEN FISHING)

Brown
~~HENRY:~~

(IMPATIENT) Comon, let's go home. No good fishin' off the top a this bridge.

ALEC:

Always said you weren't no fisherman, *Brown* ~~Henry~~. *A man needs patience.*

~~HENRY: Well, you got enough for the two of us, Alec. I'm goin'.~~

ALEC: (SLIGHT ALARM) ~~Wait a minute....~~ *Hey*

B
HENRY: What's a matter?

ALEC: I got *a bite* ~~somethin'...somethin' big.~~

B
~~HENRY:~~ Reel it in..

(REEL TURNING)

ALEC: Told you we'd get a strike. A man needs patience.

B
~~HENRY:~~ Hurry it up! Let's see what ya got.

ALEC: It's comin'...careful now...careful...

B
~~HENRY:~~ It's breakin' water...there...there it is..(SURPRISE)

Well, I'll be..(LAUGHING)...just an old, dirty canvas bag...that's all you caught, Alec.

ALEC: (SICK IN HORROR)(TREMBLING) *Brown* ~~Henry~~..look..stickin' outta the side...look at it..

B
~~HENRY:~~ (LAUGHTER STOPS SHORT)(THEN IN HORRIFIED AWE) ...That's a foot...that's a man's foot..

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

ATX01 0062029

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 Orleans, Louisiana! From the pages
of the New Orleans ITEM...the authentic story of a reporter
...who wandered down a blind alley...and caught a
murderer! Tonight...to Herbert B. Mayer of the New
Orleans ITEM..for his Big Story goes the PELL MELL AWARD!
(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 4/20/49
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 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 0062031

(MUSIC: -- A "WONDERMENT OF THE WORLD'S BEAUTY" THEME..UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Now..the story as it actually happened. Herbert B. Mayer's story as he lived it. New Orleans...Louisiana!

(MUSIC: -- RISES THEN DIPS UNDER AGAIN)

Narrator
CHAPPELL: For you..Herbert B. Mayer of the New Orleans ITEM...this is the most wonderful city in the world. A Mardi Gras city with a hundred faces..changing moods like the luck of a gambler's wheel. From the waterfront of the Mississippi to the old world makeup of the French Quarter..it goes full around the circle of laughter and tears. To you.. this ~~constantly~~ ^{ever} changing pattern of the city's life seems big and important. But on this Autumn day of Indian Summer...as you sit around the press room of Police Headquarters..the voice of the loyal opposition makes itself heard. ~~Harry~~ ^{Clam} Stoner...a reporter on a competing newspaper....kicks back his chair...and walks over to you..

(MUSIC: -- ~~OUT~~)

(WALKING ON SNEAKS IN UNDER ABOVE)

Clam
HARRY:

(FADING IN) (LIKE FATHER TO SON) What's a matter, Herby? You look a little restless.

HERB:

Nothin's doin'...that's what.

C
~~HARRY:~~

(A LITTLE EXAGGERATED IN TONE) You gotta learn to take it easy, Herby. Twenty one's a good age..don't work it to death.

HERB:

Look, ~~Harry~~ ^C..I'll do all right. Now..save it!

C
~~HARRY:~~

But it hurts me to see you knockin' yourself out like this. Relax..let the story come to you!

HERB:

I've got different ideas.

Clem
~~HARRY:~~

Trouble with you, Herby...is you took Horatio Alger at his word. Life doesn't really work that way. Take my word ...it really doesn't.

(DOOR OPENING JUST OFF)

COP: (JUST OFF) Hey, I got somethin' for you guys.

HERB: (EAGERLY) What is it, Inspector, ~~Miller?~~

COP: Two fishermen from the Old Basin down at North Villere Street just phoned in their haul.

C
~~HARRY:~~ Good sense of humor, haven't they?

COP: This was no wrong number. These fellers hooked themselves a corpse!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND SEGUE TO)

(MURMUR OF SMALL CROWD OFF..KEEP B.G.)

Blown
~~HENRY:~~

(SICK AND AFRAID) I told the cops just how we found the sack...here in the Old Basin. Now, lemme get outta here. I wanna go home.

HERB: Look, *Blown* ~~Henry~~, I'm Herb Mayer of the ITEM. I just..

B
~~HENRY:~~ (JUMP CUE) I don't care who ya are. Lemme alone!

HERB: How'd you first notice the sack?

B
~~HENRY:~~ My friend's line got caught in it..and he pulled it up.

(SICK) Can't they take it away, ~~Henry?~~ *Blown* Whatta they waitin' for?

HERB: Pictures. They need them for the record. Listen, ~~Henry~~... you've had a tough time of it but I know you want to help find who killed that man.

B
~~HENRY:~~

I don't wanna find anything. I just wanna get outta here.

COP: (FADING IN) Okay, *Blown* ~~Henry~~, you can go now. But stick around your house. We may need you again.

Blower
~~HENRY:~~

Sure, Inspector..sure..~~(GADING)..but I don't want to see~~
~~that thing anymore. I don't wanna see it anymore.~~

HERB: Poor guy!

COP: Save your sympathy for that fellow in the sack..whoever
he is.

HERB: No identification, Inspector ^{Miller}~~Miller~~

COP: Nothing in his pockets..and nothing on his face either.
It's smashed beyond recognition.

HERB: You've got a job, ~~Inspector~~.

COP: (DISGUSTED) Boy, the rotten water in this stream sure
stinks. I'm pullin' out.

HERB: To the morgue?

COP: No..my office. It's warmer.

HERB: Inspector, you didn't tell me how he was killed.

COP: Something tells me he asked too many questions....so
somebody strangled him!

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: The morgue..even the sound of the word makes you feel cold
and damp. A dull, gray walled building where death is
only a job. But you...Herbert B. Mayer..are on the trail
of a BIG STORY...and here is where it takes you. To a small
room..with [^]water soaked canvas sack...and the body of a
murdered man.

~~(MUSIC: OUT)~~

CORONER: Wish I had a job like yours, Mayer. This appointment of
Coroner doesn't take me out in the fresh air as much as
I'd like.

HERB: Mind if I stick around.

CORONER: Think you can take it? The other reporters are waiting outside.

HERB: I..I can try.

CORONER: When you get a little sick..that's the time to walk out.

HERB: I'll be okay, Doctor.

CORONER: (DISTASTEFULLY) This sack must've been in the water for days.

HERB: There's some printing on ~~this sack~~. J..U..M..B..O..S... JUMBOS..and here..see...the number 952.

CORONER: This is a post mortem, young man..not a puzzle contest.

HERB: Sorry.

CORONER: I'm about to begin. Sure you want to stay?

HERB: (SLOW) I'll stay, Doctor. I'll stay.

(MUSIC: IN WITH NARRATOR - TOUCH OF MORBID.)

NARR: Night comes on ~~and the light in the room dims.~~ ^{and} But your eyes burn into the scene as if a spotlight ^{well} is nailing it down. It's not a pretty sight..~~and it's something which~~ doesn't beg for an encore..but you've got to stay there. (BEAT) The coroner half turns...trying to see if you've ~~been~~ ^{been} enough. But then..suddenly...it all pays off..for you see something...small and unimportant looking..but something which might turn a key into the past of an unidentified dead man. For on the bottom of the torn, muddy undershirt..is a neat, embroidered initial. The coroner stoops to pick up an instrument..and in that split second..you tear the initial from the shirt!

CORONER: (~~STARTLED~~) What're you doing?

HERB: I..I don't feel so good.

CORONER: (A LITTLE SMUG) I didn't think you'd last.

HERB: Yeah..I feel sick.

CORONER: Well, better get yourself some fresh air. I've got all the bodies I can handle right now.

(MUSIC: UP AND SEGUE TO)

(TYPING)

~~HERB: You wanted to see me, Mr. Allison?~~

ALLISON: Hold it a second, Herby. I'm finishing an editorial.

(FEW SECONDS OF TYPING..STOPPING..AND PAPER
~~YANKED FROM MACHINE~~)

Now..where've you been all day, Herby?

HERB: (THIS SIDE OF EXCITEMENT) Mr. Allison...I've been following a lead on the Old Basin murder.

ALLISON: (FATHERLY) I'm running a newspaper..not a detective bureau.

HERB: (SLOWLY) Mr. Allison...I've written crime stories before.. and I know a lot of the guys think I get too excited about them.

ALLISON: Now, Herby..no one's complainin'.

HERB: But why shouldn't I get excited when I go out on a story.. It's real..it's happening. You've gotta have a feeling about it.

ALLISON: And this story..the murder in the Old Basin?

HERB: Rotten and mean! The way it was done! Had it all figured out, the killer did. Destroyed every bit of identification..or so he thought.

ALLISON: (INTERESTED) I shouldn't listen to you..but I will. Go on!

HERB: Here...see this?

ALLISON: (STUDYING IT) Yeah..the initial "F"..embroidered, isn't it?

HERB: I took this from the victim's undershirt. Chances are it'll identify him for me.

ALLISON : Using a ouija board?

HERB: No..the missing persons list at Headquarters. That's where I've been all afternoon. On this list I've got the names and addresses of all men whose first or last names begin with "F."

ALLISON: There ^{are} at least two hundred names here.

HERB: *And I'll check everyone of them.*
Well, Mr. Allison..do I keep the assignment?

ALLISON: *all right Herb. Maybe its a long shot but if you*
~~(SIGH) you have to, Herby. I think I'm getting a little~~
think you've got a chance of making this story thing
~~worked myself~~
to it!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Two hundred names..and hour after hour...you narrow them down. Men who've vanished without a trace..many never to be found again. ~~Each with a secret all his own...cut off from the past with the suddenness of a stabbing knife.~~ One of these men lies in the New Orleans morgue...his name on the list you hold in your hand. And when you come to a small, white cottage on a quiet street in the French Quarter..your search seems over!

~~(MUSIC: OUT)~~

MRS F: Yes, I'm Mrs. Forrest.

HERB: Sorry to bother you like this, M'am..but I'm looking for a little information.

MRS F: It's all right, Mr. Mayer.

HERB: You're..you're kinda busy with your embroidering there.

~~MRS F: I've lots of time for it..now~~

HERB: *Mrs Forrest.*
My paper asked me to check on this missing persons list. The name Howard Forrest..is on it.

MRS F: (LOW AND WORRIED) My husband *has been* gone for a whole week.

HERB: Oh?

MRS F: Last Wednesday night..dinner was waiting.. He hadn't been late in years. I knew right then..that something was wrong.

HERB: (SOFTLY) You waited here for him?

MRS F: I couldn't. I went to his store...a small jewelry shop on Basin Street. It was closed.

HERB: (ALMOST TO HIMSELF) Basin Street...

MRS F: I thought he might have gotten ill..stopped somewhere to rest.

HERB: ~~When did you notify the police Mrs. Forrest?~~

MRS F: When I couldn't wait any longer. Around ten o'clock.

HERB: (SLOWLY) And since that night..you haven't seen him again.

MRS F: No. (SUSPICION GROWING) Mr. Mayer..why..why are you checking on my husband?

HERB: (HARD TO BEGIN) I think there's a chance that I..that I've found out something.

MRS F: ~~(HOPE) Where is he tell me please.~~

HERB: Mrs Forrest..listen a moment..

MRS F: ~~He's really, isn't he?~~ You've found him...I know. In a hospital somewhere. (SEEING THE TRUTH ON HIS FACE) He's.. he's all right..isn't he?

HERB: I don't know. I don't know if the man I have in mind is your husband.

MRS F: Take me to him. If he's had an accident, He wouldn't remember his name. But when he sees me..

HERB: (TO STOP HER) No..no..it's not like that at all.

MRS F: What is it..please...

HERB: I may be wrong..

MRS F: Tell me!

HERB: ~~If it's not your husband, I'd be cruel in saying what I~~
knew

MRS F: ~~(SLIGHT BEAT) Mr. Mayer, I have to know. Tell me!~~

HERB: (DISTRESSED) This man..the one who may be your husband.
He's dead!

MRS F: No..

HERB: This embroidered initial was found on him. Do you
recognize it?

MRS F: (SLIGHT BEAT THEN A SOB) Yes..yes..yes...(SOBBING) ...

(MUSIC: UP WITH SPECIFIC CHORDS TO EMPHASIZE HER REPEATED "YSES"
THEN BEHIND)

NARR: This time..it's morning but the dull gray of the morgue
seems even heavier. For standing by your side is the
widow of Howard Forrest...making it clear for the record..
for the law..that the battered face of the dead man she
holds in her arms..is the husband with whom she'd lived..
for thirty years. The room is very still...and you turn
away to the small patch of light streaming in through
the window. How did all this begin..why was this harmless
old man killed so brutally. ~~For what stupid reason? And~~

~~In your mind..the question keeps repeating..For what~~
How did this all begin. How did this all begin.
~~stupid reason? For what stupid reason..~~

(SLOW STEPS...ESTABLISH WATERFRONT WITH BOAT
WHISTLE, LOW)

JEAN: (JUST OFF) Oh, Mr. Forrest..

(STEPS CEASE)

FORREST: Who's that?

JEAN: (ON) An old customer, Jean Loubet!

FORREST: Oh, yes. I remember.

JEAN: I have ~~an old watch~~ ^{a gold ring} I'd like you to look at.

FORREST: But I'm just on my way home, Loubet.

JEAN: It will just take a minute, Mr. Forrest.

FORREST: (SIGHS) Very well! Let's see it.

JEAN: It's much too dark ~~here~~. My ~~room~~ ^{outside house} is right ~~on the next~~ ^{over here} square. ~~You can examine it much better than~~

FORREST: My wife has dinner waiting..I really have to go.

JEAN: As a special favor, please.

FORREST: All right, but I don't see why (FADE) you can't wait until morning. ~~Why the hurry...~~

(BEAT)

JEAN: ~~(FADE IN)~~ ^{ring} I have the watch right here, Mr. Forrest.

FORREST: Let's see it then.

JEAN: If you like it, I'll sell it to you. You must have a lot of money on you.

FORREST: Fifteen dollars..if you call that a lot.

JEAN: It will do. Here..turn around to the light. You can see the ~~watch~~ ^{ring} much better.

FORREST: (CONCENTRATING) Yes..the angle is all right now. Hmm... Loubet..you've gotten me in here for nothing. This ~~watch~~ ^{ring} is worthless. Why it..(CAUGHT OFF BY CHOKING..AND HIS STRUGGLE AGAINST THE STRANGULATION GROWS WEAKER AND WEAKER)

(AND FINALLY..HIS BODY FALLS TO THE FLOOR)

(MUSIC: -- UP INTO CURTAIN)

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

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #108

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 0062041

(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and the BIG STORY of Herbert B. Mayer..as he lived it..and wrote it!

NARR: A newspaper reporter is supposed to be objective about a story..but you, Herbert B. Mayer of the New Orleans ITEM.. *Now* find that every minute of your life is wrapped close to the facts in the Old Basin murder mystery. An unidentified corpse in a canvas sack has been found floating in a dirty little stream called the Old Basin. You investigate and find that the dead man is Howard Forrest..an elderly jeweler. And in the city morgue.. you watch and wait..as a pathetic old woman...makes the final identification.

~~MRS F: Mr. Mayer.~~

HERB: Yes Mrs. Forrest..

MRS F: Why did this happen?

~~HERB: (UNHAPPY) I don't know.~~

MRS F: Thirty years we were together. It ~~wasn't~~ ^{was} fair for it to end this way.

HERB: Hard to understand...the way things happen.

~~MRS F: You've been very kind to me.~~

HERB: It might have been better if you never knew.

MRS F: ~~No. Now it's ended and I know it.~~ (CALM) Mr. Mayer.. will you do something for me?

HERB: (KIND) Of course!

MRS F: Find the man who did this to my husband. Find him!

HERB: But the police..

MRS F: They'll try, I know. But I've told you about my husband..
the kind of man he was. I want you to help. Promise me
you will...please..

HERB: (SLIGHT BEAT) I promise, Mrs. Forrest..I promise!

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: Somewhere in the city..is the killer! And ~~with him~~ ^{on probably} is the same
evidence of ~~his~~ ^{his} guilt. A solid gold pocket watch that ~~was~~ ^{was}
~~stolen from~~ ^{stolen from} Howard Forrest ~~always~~ ^{when he was killed.} ~~was~~. His widow tells you it's
missing..that her husband always carried it with him.
But there's no miracle that will let you pick the killer
out of the crowd. He's safe..except for two small clues
that he's left behind. One is the canvas sack in which
the body was hidden. The other, consists of a few
particles of red dust..clinging to the heels of the
victim's shoes. These are your clues..and as you follow
them..the manhunt begins!

MAN: Sure that's one of our sacks, Mr. Mayer. Jumbos is our
trade name.

HERB: What does the number 952 printed on here mean?

MAN: That's the serial number of a shipment sent to a wholesale
dealer.

HERB: Can you tell me the dealer's name?

MAN: Sure! It's right in our files!

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND THEN STABS OUT) _

DEALER: Yeah, Mr. Mayer..that sack was sent out of here.

HERB: Where to?

DEALER: One of the retail groceries we supply.

HERB: Can you tell me which one?

DEALER: Not exactly! We sell over three hundred and fifty stores.

(MUSIC: UP AND STABS OUT)

MERCHANT: The store manager said you wanted to see me, Mr. Mayer.

HERB: Do you remember selling an empty canvas sack..one with the word "Jumbo" on it? Think hard..

MERCH: I am..I am. Well..come to think of it. I did sell one. Just last week, too.

HERB: (EXCITED) To whom? Please..this is very important.

MERCH: I sold it to a man.

HERB: What did he look like?

MERCH: I...I don't remember.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: You spend days running down a clue..but it's like riding a carousel. You've just gone around in circles. Maybe it's time to get off..to stop groping in the dark..but you can't. You've got a feeling about this story.. somehow it's different from all the others. And a quiet woman..living out the rest of her life alone is the only reason. (QUIET DETERMINATION) You're going to get the guy who killed Howard Forrest.

(WATERFRONT B.G....BOAT WHISTLE SOUNDS OFF)

WITEY: (YOUNG AND COMPLAINING) Hey, Herby, I got work to do at the office. Let's beat it!

HERB: Relax, Whitey! Mr. Allison said I could take you along. Besides..this is better than running copy.

WHITEY: I don't know. This Old Basin gives me the creeps. Why can't we..

HERB: (EXCITED) Hold...it..

WHITEY: What's up?

HERB: I've found it.

WHITEY: (SLIGHT DISDAIN) That old red brick dust?
HERB: This is the only place along the basin that has it.
WHITEY: What're you talkin' about, Herby?
HERB: Look, I got it ^{it} figured out. ~~That~~ ^{the} place where Forrest was murdered.
WHITEY: Well, give!
HERB: If Forrest had been killed on one of these boats in the basin..the murderer would've waited to dump the body in Lake Ponchatrain.
WHITEY: Yeah..
HERB: Now, the fact that Forrest had red dust on his heels shows ^{must have been} he ~~was~~ dragged toward the water.
WHITEY: Go on!
HERB: His body was found at the foot of North Villere Street so it figures that his body was thrown into the Basin right here at North Rampart Street..and that it drifted downstream.
WHITEY: Okay, Herby..so Forrest was killed someplace around here. Now all you have to do is find..where?
HERB: There's bound to be blood on the spot where it happened. He was badly beaten.
WHITEY: That checks.
HERB: (THINKING) Chances are he was killed inside. I may have to search every single room around here.
WHITEY: Are you nuts? The guys in this neighborhood would as soon cut your throat as blink an eye.
MAYER: Not if they think I'm one of them..so first, I'll try a shortcut.
WHITEY: I don't get it.

MAYER: I'm going to a Mardi Gras costume place and get fitted out in some hobo clothes. Maybe if I get real friendly with a few of the boys..they'll tip me off as to where I can pick up a solid gold pocket watch...a special watch with the initials H.F. on it.

(MUSIC: UP INTO AN EERIE THEME. ESTABLISH. THEN BEHIND)

NARR: You change your clothes..and now..you're in real style.
Soat in the crowd of the waterfront
~~A dirty old cap pulled low...a cigarette dangling from the corner of your mouth..the~~ ^{wearing} perfect masquerade to unmask a murderer. And through the miles of crooked streets and blind alleys ~~around the waterfront.~~ you start the search!

(BOAT WHISTLE JUST OFF)

SAILOR: Look, Mate, if you wanna buy a watch..why ask me? Go to a jeweler!

HERB: Well, I just figured a sailor like you might have brought back a nice watch from South America.

SAILOR: You figured wrong! Now, on your way..and don't go snoopin' aroun'....

(MUSIC: RISES AND DENOTES SOME WALKING THEN BEHIND..(MYSTERIOUS))

GIRL: Hello, feller..lookin' for someone?

HERB: (TIRED) Yeah, I'm lookin'..

GIRL: Who for?

HERB: A murderer. Got any ideas?

GIRL: (FIGURING THIS GUY IS NUTS) Better beat it, Mister. Guys down here don't like yaps who talk like cops..even if they are crazy!

(MUSIC: UP AND SEGUES TO)

(B.G. OF SALOON...PIANO PLAYING A BLUES)

HERB: Mind moving over a little, Mister?

JEAN: Sure..plenty of room.

HERB: (PROJECTING SLIGHTLY) Bartender..one ~~beer!~~ *whiskey*

JEAN: Never seen you in here before.

HERB: I'm a stranger.

JEAN: Where you come from in those clothes...a coal yard?

HERB: Freight car! Had to leave my last town in a hurry.

JEAN: (INTERESTED) Police?

HERB: Maybe yes..maybe no.

JEAN: (LAUGHING) You don't like questions, eh?

HERB: Certain kinds!

JEAN: ~~Here, I buy you a drink. (PROJECTING SLIGHTLY) Two whiskey!~~

HERB: Thanks!

JEAN: A man who talks good..has to drink good!

HERB: You er..you been around here long?

JEAN: ~~For some people yes.~~

HERB: *Er - 2* I guess this is a pretty good town to hop off at. ~~Glad I made it.~~ Plenty of things for a guy to do.

JEAN: Drink your whiskey!

HERB: Read about a case just yesterday.

JEAN: (CARELESSLY) Which one?

HERB: Some old jeweler who got strangled.

JEAN: (CASUALLY) Never read the papers.

HERB: No?

JEAN: Less a man knows, the better. Can't get in trouble! You understand.

HERB: Sure..sure...

JEAN: ~~For a man who doesn't like questions..you ask too many.~~

HERB: ~~Don't get! My turn for the drinks~~

JEAN: ~~Never mind!~~ ^{Well} I have some work to do. (PLEASANTLY) Goodnight,
my friend! If you decide to stay in New Orleans..we'll
meet again.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: Every gin mill and booze trap in town..you cover them all.
And you wind up with just a headache..and a sense of
futility and desperation. Maybe you have seen the killer..
but how do you know? Maybe you have asked too many
~~damaging~~ questions..behaved like a amateur detective.
He could be after you now..the old story of the hunter
becoming the hunted. But you've come so far..and even
though you're as scared as a kid in a nightmare....you
decide you have to go on. For Mrs. Forrest..and for
yourself!

(FOG HORN ON WATERFRONT..INTERMITTENT WITH BELOW)

WHITEY: (SHUDDERING) That fog horn goes right through me, Herby.

HERB: You've got company, Whitey.

WHITEY: We must've searched a mile of these shacks already. Let's
call it a night.

~~HERB:~~

WHITEY: But, Herby...

HERB: (SORE) You can quit if you want.

WHITEY: (QUIETLY) If you stay...so do I.

HERB: (CONTRITE) Sorry, kid..I didn't mean..

WHITEY: It's okay, Herby. (SLIGHT BEAT) How about this place.

HERB: It's just an alley. Wait a minute..

~~WHITEY: I say it..through the back in ~~the~~ ~~the~~~~
HERB: ^{Wait a minute} There's ^{if this alley} a shack at the end. Comon, let's try it!
^{another}
(SEVERAL STEPS)

WHITEY: What a mess of firetraps these things are!

(STEPS CEASE)(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

HERB: Hear anything?

WHITEY: I don't think so... *by the door.*

(DOOR SLOWLY OPENS)

HERB: Unlocked!

WHITEY: Where's the light?

HERB: Never mind...I'll use a flash. (SLIGHT BEAT) See anything on the floor?

WHITEY: (JUST OFF) Just a rug under the table.

HERB: Lift it up!

WHITEY: Right..(SURPRISE) Hey..

HERB: (A LITTLE EXCITED) Whatta ya think that stain is?

WHITEY: It looks like blood...allright..

(BUREAU DRAWERS OPENING)

HERB: (SLIGHT TREMBLING) Hold this flash. I'm going through this chest of drawers.

WHITEY: (SCARED) Hurry it up..will ya?

(RUMMAGING)

HERB: Shine the light on my hand!

WHITEY: Hey, Herby..better put that watch back!

HERB: (LOW..INTENSE) Shut up and look..there are some initials engraved on the back of it..

WHITEY: ~~(SLIGHT STRAIN) Hold the light nearer, I can't. (STOPS~~

~~SHORT)..(SHORT WHISTLE OF SURPRISE)...wow..~~

HERB: H...F..letters that stand for..Howard Forrest!

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARRATOR)

NARR: The watch almost falls out of your hand...^{as} and the beam of the ~~flash~~light catches a flash of gold. The excitement of it has you standing there like you're out on your feet..but when Whitey pulls you by the arm..you think ~~you~~ ^{and} and fast!

HERB: Go get ^{the} Inspector ~~Miller~~. I'll wait here...until you and the killer get back!

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

COP: Herby, if this is a gag!

HERB: (LOW) Keep it low, Inspector ~~Miller~~. He's liable to come in here any second.

COP: We've been sitting behind this chest of drawers for a half hour and I..

HERB: Shhh..listen..

(STEPS APPROACHING OFF..~~JUST THE TRACE OF A TIME~~)

COP: (LOW) When I give the word...we'll jump him.

(STEPS APPROACH NEARER..STOP TO OPEN DOOR AND COME INTO ROOM)

JEAN: (JUST OFF) Where's that light?

(CLICK OF LIGHT)

JEAN: Ah, much better! (HUMS A LITTLE FRENCH SONG)

COP: (PROJECTING) All right..get him!

JEAN: (SURPRISE AND RAGE) Sacre bleu!

(THEY STRUGGLE FOR A FEW SECONDS)

COP: (STRAIN) Okay..you wanted it...

(THUD OF BLOW...AND BODY FALLS AS JEAN MOANS)

COP: (HEAVING BREATH) Tough boy..wasn't he? Well..what're you looking at him like that for?

HERB: (QUIETLY) He said we'd meet again.

COP: (FUZZLED) What?

HERB: It's not important!

COP: My apologies, Herby. You did a real good job. And ~~by the way~~..it's your exclusive.

HERB: *Thanks - Well, I'll be seeing you*
~~I know. It ought to be on the newsstands by now.~~

COP: ~~I should've figured that.~~ *Why?*..what's the hurry? Got a date?

HERB: *Yeah*
You might put it that way, Inspector.

SOP: ~~Give the little woman my regards.~~

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: ~~Away from the cry of the city..the ebb and flow of other stories beginning and ending...you go back to that small white cottage in a quiet street in the French Quarter.~~

It's over and done. your BIG STORY in large headlines on ~~Page one~~ *when you go back to that small cottage* But the feeling of it all slips away *cause to make the woman who waited for her man to return? all you can have* *is a promise that was kept.*

(MUSIC: BUILD TO CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Herbert B. Mayer of the New Orleans ITEM..with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY!

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 4/20/49
PELL MELL

-24-

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 0062052

(ORCH: _ _ _ TAG)_

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Herbert B. Mayer of the New Orleans Item.

MAYER: Arrested for the murder of the old man in tonight's Big Story, killer quickly confessed and was tried and convicted of murder in the first degree. He was later ~~hung~~ ^{hanged} for his brutal crime. Shortly after the hanging I received a rather appropriate token from the editor of the New Orleans Item. It was a gold watch.

My sincere appreciation for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Mayer..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 Jackson Mississippi Daily News -- by-line, James ~~Erving~~ ^{Erving}. A BIG STORY - about an old man who had to give in and a young reporter who wouldn't give up.

(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 James McCallion played the part of Herbert B. Mayer. 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. Mayer. This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ _)

FIRE PREVENTION ANNOUNCEMENT

15 SECONDS

ANNCR: Do you realize that each year 260,000 homes are attacked by fire? The real tragedy in these shocking figures is the fact that most of these fires could have been prevented! So join the fight against fires! Take care..
beware .prevent fires!

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

SALLY
4/7/49 am

ATX01 0062054

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM # 109

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MRS. FOSTER	GLADYS THORNTON
BESSIE	GLADYS THORNTON
EWING	LYLE SUDROW
BIXLER	LYLE SUDROW
GOVERNOR	ERIC DRESSLER
STOREKEEPER	ERIC DRESSLER
FOSTER	BILL SMITH
PROSECUTOR	BILL SMITH
1ST REPORTER	WILLIAM KRENE
BEAL	WILLIAM KRENE
2ND REPORTER	ART CARNEY
DRIVER	ART CARNEY
WARD	GRANT RICHARDS
HENRY	GRANT RICHARDS
CANTRELL	KLOSK RYDER
TESMAN	KLOSK RYDER
<i>Defense Attorney</i>	<i>Bob Sloane</i>

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, 1949

ATX01 0062055

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#109

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

APRIL 27, 1949

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE)

TESMAN: Bixler, you're Chief of Police - we want action.

BIXLER: All right, Judge. ^{Tesman} Take it easy.

TESMAN: Take it easy! First the Phantom Barber, then a wave of fifth-column terrorism, and now my own daughter-in-law ^{Mildred} is practically murdered with a piece of lead pipe.

BIXLER: I'm trying to tell you, Judge. The case is all sewn up. We made an arrest this morning. Guy named Foster.

TESMAN: Foster, eh? Well, he'd better not be innocent. Because I'm not fooling, Bixler. (LAY THIS IN) We want a conviction.

BIXLER: Don't worry, Judge. When we get finished with Foster, he'll be good and convicted!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STAB 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)

Jackson, Mississippi. From the pages of the Daily News...the story of a legal lynching, of an old man who had to give in, and a young reporter who wouldn't give up. Tonight, for his fine reporting and his passion for justice, to James Ewing of the Jackson Daily News for his Big Story goes the PELL MELL AWARD.

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0062056

THE BIG STORY, 4/27/49
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 0062057

(MUSIC: _ _ _ INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Now, the story as it actually happened....James Ewing's story as he lived it....Jackson, Mississippi.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: April had been a rat race, and you, James Ewing, of the Jackson Daily News, had been right in the middle of it. Your beat was the State Capitol. ^{- Live in Jackson} And the April sessions of the Legislature had been noisy and long. But now it was May. The politicians had gone, and you were ready for a rest. It could only be a brief one, but you had a ticket to New Orleans in your wallet, and you were going to spend three lazy days shaking hands with spring. And this was Friday. Tomorrow you'd be on the train. Only one, last assignment, now, between you and ^{your vacation} ~~the sun~~. Just a routine story. Some kind of a pardon hearing at the Governor's office. You ^{don't} ~~didn't~~ even know what it was all about until another reporter tells you.

1ST REPORTER: Whaddya mean, what's it all about? You remember the Foster case, dontcha? ^{Ewing.}

EWING: Foster? (SLOWLY) No.

1ST REPORTER: You musta been fighting the war.

EWING: Guess I was.

1ST REPORTER: This guy Foster, down in Pascagoula, socked some dame on the head with a piece of pipe. They got him for assault and battery with intent to kill.

EWING: Much of a sentence?

1ST REPORTER: Ten years at Parchman. He's only served five, and now his ~~old lady~~ ^{wife} is giving the Governor a song-and-dance about how he's innocent. Finegled a pardon hearing - she and some lawyer, innocent! If that guy's innocent I'm a ring-tailed baboon!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ CYNICAL COMMENT, AND UNDER TO FADE)

MRS.FOSTER: (~~FADING IN~~) It's not just because I'm his wife that I'm saying it, Governor Hicks. But Tom hasn't done a wrong thing since we were married. That's the honest truth. If he had, I would have known. ~~We were like that, together.~~

TESMAN: Governor, this woman's remarks are completely beside the point. Foster had a prior criminal record, and that's that.

GOVERNOR: Just a moment, Judge. ^{Tesman} You'll get your turn. Go on, Mrs. Foster.

MRS.FORSTER: (AFTER A PAUSE) My husband is sixty-three years old. He's been up there five years. I went to see him again the other day - he -- he's lost a lot of weight. It takes him a long time now to cross a room. I - I'm not saying this because I'm his wife, but my husband is innocent. That's the God's honest truth. He's innocent!

GOVERNOR: (FLATLY) Thank you, Mrs. Foster. Judge ~~Tesman~~; do you have anything further to say?

TESMAN: I certainly do, Governor. I'm here not only as the father-in-law of the woman who was attacked, but also on behalf of the citizens of Pascagoula. I want to point out that Foster was found guilty by due process of law, and the conviction was upheld by the State Supreme Court. (MORE)

TESMAN: This man should be kept where he is, in the Parchman
(CONTD:) penitentiary!

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

NARR: The Governor's face says, "He's guilty." And the
florid face of County Judge John Tesman says the same.
But the face of Mrs. Foster says, "He's innocent!", and
somehow, James Ewing of the Jackson Daily News,
somehow that sweet, old, tired woman's face means more
than all the rest. It stirs in you the vague, uneasy
question of whether justice doesn't sometimes slip a
cog. After the hearing you talk with Mrs. Foster
You ask her to tell you again, in her own way, why
she thinks her husband is innocent.

MRS.FOSTER: Mr. Ewing, my husband's trial was the closest thing
to a lynching this side of a tree and a rope.

EWING: What do you mean by that?

~~MRS.FOSTER: I mean the people that convicted him were like savage
animals. They had Tom guilty before the jury was
chosen.~~

EWING: Must've been a pretty rough case, to get 'em up in
~~ways like that.~~

MRS.FOSTER: ^{well} A It wasn't just the attack on Mrs. Tesman. It was all
that other stuff about the "Phantom Barber", too.

EWING: The Phantom Barber?

MRS.FOSTER: It was crazy. Nobody could ever figure it out, except
to say it was fifth-column activities. Pascagoula was
full of shipyard workers during the war. (EWING: Yes,
I know) Lot of them worked day and night shifts both.

(MORE)

MRS. FOSTER: Then someone started sneaking into the homes at night
(CONTD) and cutting off the women's hair while they were
sleeping. Most of the shipyard men quit the night
shifts then, in order to stay home and protect their
wives. It sounds crazy, I know. But it happened.

EWING: And so they pinned these hair clippings on your husband?

MRS. FOSTER: Yes. They called him the Phantom Barber, and although
he was on trial for something else, in their minds
they convicted him of that, too. Mr. Ewing, how can
you get justice when a whole town is savage animals?

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ STING AND UNDER)

NARR: But the hearing is over. The Governor ^{was} ~~is~~ unimpressed.
And ^{for} you, James Ewing, ~~shrug your shoulders and go back~~
~~to your office to write a few, tired sticks of capitol~~
~~news~~ ~~and~~ that winds up the week. Tomorrow you'll be
off to New Orleans.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ PUNCTUATES AND UNDER)

NARR: But on the train next morning you're uneasy, and you
don't know why - or maybe you do. Grimly, you tell
yourself you have earned this rest - that for three
whole days you will forget the paper, and the problems
of people. You conjure up visions of oysters at
Antoine's, of quaint, cobbled streets in the Vieux
Carré. But somehow, on all these images, there is
superimposed the face of an old, tired lady.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ PUNCTUATES AND UNDER)

NARR: At New Orleans, suitcase in hand, you walk through the gray, filtered dimness of the station, and out to the bright street. Spring is all around you - and you like the spring. You raise your arm for a taxi. The name of the hotel is on your lips. But then, like a man in a dream, you turn slowly around and go back - into the dimness.

EWING: (WITH RESIGNATION) Give me a ticket to Parchman.

(MUSIC: - - - - A SHORT, TRIUMPHANT STATEMENT, THEN UNDER TO FADE)

EWING: Like I said, Mr. Foster, your wife got me to thinking. Maybe with all that fuss down in Pascagoula, maybe you didn't get a fair trial after all.

FOSTER: Five years now I've been telling people that. The chaplain here. The Superintendent. Everybody.

EWING: There's just one thing I can't figure. You say Bixler, the Police Chief, ^{in Pascagoula} picked you up, originally, but that a private detective did the grilling. That right?

FOSTER: That's right, Mr. Ewing. Man named Pierson. He's the one got those witnesses, too. Liars, the whole bunch of them.

EWING: Who hired that private investigator, do you know?

FOSTER: No, I don't. All I know is he showed up after I was arrested.

EWING: Afterwards, huh? Are you sure of that?

FOSTER: Pretty sure. Why, is that important?

EWING: Could be. From what your wife says, there was a lot of hysteria at the time of the trial. Probably a lot of pressure, too. Could be that Pierson wasn't hired to help find the guilty party at all. Could be he was only hired to make sure of a conviction.

FOSTER: Mr. Ewing, I've been here five years. It all seems pretty long ago. Do you think there's still a chance?

EWING: Tell you the truth, Mr. Foster, I don't know. I -- I'm not even sure in my own mind, yet. But there's just enough of a fishy smell to make me wonder.

FOSTER: My wife says, "Tom, don't let go of your hope," But I don't know. It's hard after all these years. People lose interest.

EWING: Well, me, I'm kind of like a steamroller. Takes a lot to get me going, but once I'm on the road, I don't much like to stop. Right now I've got a hankering to visit Pascagoula.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE AND HOLD UNDER)

EWING: Pack of spearmint, please.

(RING OF CASH REGISTER. ~~HERE - BELL~~ OPEN *shut*)

STOREKEEPER: Anything else?

EWING: Guess not. But say, tell me. You been in Pascagoula very long?

STOREKEEPER: Only twenty years. That's all.

EWING: You remember that Foster case. Man sent up for assault and battery?

STOREKEEPER: Sure. The Phantom Barber.

EWING: What do you think? Did he get a fair trial?

STOREKEEPER: Certainly he got a fair trial? What's a matter with you? You think a man went around disrupting morale during a war should get off for nothing? They shoulda given him life. What's a matter with you?

~~EWING: (FADING) Nothing's the matter. Just asking that's all.~~

~~STOREKEEPER: (SHOUTING AFTER HIM) Madge went for five more packs
of gum and an argument, both? (TO HIMSELF) Fair trial!~~

~~(VIOLENT SLAM OF REGISTER DRAWER)~~

(MUSIC: SHARP PUNCTUATION AND HOLD UNDER)

~~(FADE IN TRAFFIC BU. CAR MOTOR, INTERIOR)~~

~~PERSONIFIED)~~

DRIVER: Foster? Sure he was ^{guilty} I'll bet this ^{newstand} ~~was~~ against two
bucks he was.

EWING: But how do you know?

DRIVER: How do I know? Lissen, they convicted him, didn't they?
If he hadn't a been guilty, he woulda got off.

~~EWING: (RESIGNEDLY) Okay. You can let me out here.~~

~~(LOSE DG AND CAR, UNDER)~~

(MUSIC: PUNCTUATE, RESOLVE, AND OUT)

EWING: Mr. Beal, they tell me you've been Sheriff of Jackson
County four times.

BEAL: That's right. Sheriff at the time of the trial, too.

EWING: What do you think?

BEAL: I'll tell you frankly, I don't believe you can find
a particle of evidence that Foster was innocent.

(SLIGHT PAUSE)

But I think it's a possibility, just the same. I
always have thought so.

EWING: That's something, anyway.

BEAL: Not much, I'm afraid. Because I don't know how in this
world you're going to prove it. But you can count on
my help, for whatever it's worth.

EWING: That's enough for me, Sheriff. I'm going to take advantage of that offer right now. If you don't mind, I'd like to look at the court records for the whole case.

(MUSIC: IN AND UNDER)

NARR: And so, James Ewing, reporter, for two days and two nights you study those records, Avidly, Searchingly. You read every word that was spoken at the trial. And you begin to see the pattern. You begin to detect the maze of transparent perjuries that nobody ever bothered to disprove.

(MUSIC: SWIRLS UP WITH FLASHBACK EFFECT. THEN DOWN AND HOLD UNDER)

PROSECUTOR: *Thank you, your honor*
All right, Mr. Henry. Tell the court in your own words what you saw on the night of the crime.

HENRY: (NEGRO ACCENT) It was kind of late. I was comin home from the Bayside Club, an - an happened to pass by Miz Tesman's I seen a man hangin round by the side of the house. It was Mistuh Foster.

(CROWD REACTION BG. GAVEL RAPS)

PROSECUTOR: Your witness.

DEFENSE: Mr. Henry, you have testified that you left the gambling club and passed by the Tesman house on your way home.

HENRY: Yessuh.

DEFENSE: Here is a map of the area. As you and the jury can plainly see, you could not possibly have passed the Tesman house while going from the Bayside Club to your home.

(CROWD REACTION)

HENRY: Dat - dat's right, suh. Dat's de trufe. But - but I didn't go straight home ezzackly, suh. I - I went around foh a little while, see a gal I knows. Yeah, dat's it. Bessie - Bessie Taylor. She lives on d'other side dere, towards Tesmans. Yeah, I went to see her. ~~Yessuh!~~ *That's what I did,*

(MUSIC: ~~WASHES OVER, AND UP TO BRIEF STATEMENT, THEN UNDER AGAIN~~)

NARR: The court was satisfied with Jonas Henry's testimony. But you, James Ewing, are not so sure. And you go to see Bessie Taylor, hoping you will find some proof - some tangible, living proof - that Thomas Foster was the victim of injustice. On the rickety porch of her drab, unpainted house, you meet distrust. Bessie Taylor doesn't like reporters. You are faced with a swift suspicion, long trained in the tenements of fear. Desperately, you work, with a smile, to win her confidence. It's hard. Very hard. But finally, when you're about to give up, she starts to soften - just a little.

~~(MUSIC: PULSE AND OUT)~~

BESSIE: Well, I don wanna obstruct no justice, mistuh, and dat's de trufe. I -- I b'lieve in bein honest. I got nothin to hide.

EWING: Then - tell me, Miss Taylor. Did Jonas Henry really come to see you that night?

BESSIE: Heck,no! He couldn't have. I was up in Columbia, forty-five miles from here!

(MUSIC: ~~HIT FOR CURTAIN~~)

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

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #109

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 0062067

(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

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

NARR: For two days now, ^{you} James Ewing of the Jackson Daily News, ~~you~~ have studied the records of the Foster case, and you have found in them a fierce, fantastic tapestry of lies. You see how ~~Thomas~~ Foster was linked with the Phantom Barber. You see how he was charged with attempting to clip the hair of Mildred Tesman, and of having beaten her when she resisted. You have first-hand proof of the perjury of Jonas Henry. And you find the other two witnesses who established Foster at the scene of the crime were ex-convicts, originally suspected in the case themselves. Their testimony, like Henry's, is crawling with contradictions. But you see how these things were ignored by the police and the jury. You see how a man was sent to prison on a wave of hysteria. And you are a little sick.

(MUSIC: PUNCTUATE)

NARR: You go back to Sheriff Beal, with the proofs in your hand.

(MUSIC: OUT SHARP)

EWING: Look for yourself, Sheriff. Every one of those witnesses perjured himself. Look at Barrett's story!

BEAL: Barrett? Oh yeah, I remember now. He's the one said he saw Foster's truck ~~at the~~ ^{near the Tesman house}

EWING: Seven other witnesses testified that truck was out of order ~~and would not have been in the shop, anyway.~~
And then there's this guy Myers ---

BEAL: I know, I know. Storrigs always did sound phony, but the jury believed him. Tell you what, There's a Justice of the Peace was involved there for a time, Maybe we oughta see him.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE AND UNDER)

CANTRELL: Yes, I remember quite well. A week after the trial both Barrett and Myers appeared before me and swore out affidavits declaring their entire testimony was false and made under duress.

EWING: I don't get it. I don't get why somebody didn't do something about it.

CANTRELL: Somebody did do something.

EWING: Who?

CANTRELL: Me. I sent copies of the affidavits to the District Attorney.

EWING: Well, what did he do?

CANTRELL: I can tell you that. He had Barrett and Myers questioned again, in court. And this time they went back on their affidavits. Swore they was false and the original testimony was true.

EWING: That's what I mean. Lies on lies, the whole rotten mess. An old guy's ^{*in Prison*} ~~up at Parchman~~ five years. It makes you sick! (PAUSE) Well, I'm through fooling around. I'm taking the whole story to the Governor!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ PUNCHES IN TO BRIDGE, THEN FADE UNDER)

EWING: But, Governor, the trial was a fraud. The cops were looking for a scapegoat. They weren't out to find the guilty man, they were just out to convict Foster.

GOVERNOR: There's nothing wrong in that, Jimmy. If Foster was the guilty man,

EWING: Who proved he was guilty? Three perjurers who did a double switch so fast they met themselves coming back.

GOVERNOR: That may be. But a lot of prominent, respectable citizens thought the man was guilty. They still think so. I've had a great deal of pressure put on me to keep Foster behind the bars.

EWING: Sure. By the same guys that hired a private eye to convict him.

GOVERNOR: Look at his record. He's got a list of convictions dating back to 1912.

EWING: Petty crimes. ~~Bootlegging, stuff like that. Okay, he was no saint.~~ But he never committed violence. Not once. And he went straight after his marriage. His wife says that - and I believe her.

GOVERNOR: What about his conduct at the prison? There isn't a guard at the place who has a good word for him.

EWING: So he raised a fuss. I would too, if I were innocent. A guy doesn't just lie down and take it. (PAUSE) Governor, the laws of this state, and the whole country, say that a man is innocent until proved guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. (GOV: I realize that.) You've seen the hodge-podge of testimony in this case - the pressure, the perjuries, the war-time hysteria. Can you honestly say there isn't one, single, solitary shadow of a doubt?

GOVERNOR: (HOLD FOR TWO BEATS) I'll tell you what I'll do, Jimmy. I have to go up to Parchman tomorrow, anyway. I'll see Foster while I'm there, and have a talk with him,

EWING: Will you do me one more favor? Will you let me bring a lie-detector along and test him?

GOVERNOR: Has Foster consented to that?

EWING: Yes, sir, he has.

GOVERNOR: All right. You can give him a test if you want to. But I'm not going to promise I'll stand on the results.

EWING: That's fair enough, Governor. We'll take our chances.

(MUSIC: IN AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~The paper backs you up. They hire an expert with a lie detector, and arrange for his trip to the prison. And the next day, James Ewing, reporter, you start on the road that will lead to the climax of your Big Story. The trip to Parchman is long - intolerably long. From the windows of the Governor's car you gaze wistfully at the flashing fields of spring. You think of the three-day weekend in New Orleans that you almost had. And you wonder whether you've been a sage - or a sucker.~~

(MUSIC: PULSE AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~The boys from the other papers have come along for the fun. And the wisecracks are flying fast and free - mostly at your expense.~~

1ST REPORTER: ~~It's wonderful what these lie detectors will do.~~

2ND REPORTER: ~~Yeah. Nother year or so and the whole judicial system will be obsolete.~~

(LAUGHTER)

(MUSIC: CAUSTIC COMMENT AND UNDER)

NARR: At the prison next day you watch nervously while the lie detector expert sets up for the test. The boys from the other papers are there too -- waiting for your one man crusade to fall flat on its face. Finally everything is ready. The Governor and the newsmen gather in a room, and you explain the arrangements.

EWING: The machine is set up in the next room. That's where Foster will take the test.

1ST REPORTER: What about us reporters? Don't we get to see it?

EWING: You can't go in there, that would throw off the reactions. But there's a loudspeaker in this room. You'll hear all the questions and answers.

GOVERNOR: How about the visual indications?

EWING: Over there on the table, Governor. They rigged a duplicate device. As you can see it, it's got three needles that write on the graph paper.

GOVERNOR: One of them's the pulse beat, I suppose. What are the other two?

EWING: The middle one shows the gap between each question, and the bottom one - that's the blood pressure.

(SNAP OF SWITCH, SLIGHT FEEDBACK EFFECT)

WARD: (ON FILTER) All ready in there? We're about to begin.

EWING: That's Jerry Ward, the expert. He'll ask Foster the questions. Will you all take seats, please? They're ready to start.

(SHUFFLE OF CHAIRS, AND MURMURS, BG)

WARD: I'll ask the first question in five seconds.

(BG QUIETS DOWN)

WARD: (AFTER PAUSE) Is your name Foster?

FOSTER: (ON FILTER) Yes.

WARD: (HOLD A PAUSE AFTER EACH ANSWER) Are ^{you} sixty-three years old?

FOSTER: Yes.

WARD: (PAUSE) Did you ever clip the hair of any woman in Pascagoula?

FOSTER: No.

WARD: (PAUSE) Are you married?

FOSTER: Yes.

WARD: (PAUSE) Did you assault Mrs. Tesman?

FOSTER: No.

WARD: (PAUSE) Can you drive a car?

FOSTER: Yes.

WARD: (PAUSE) Are you guilty of the crime for which you are convicted?

FOSTER: No.

WARD: (PAUSE) All right, ^{uh} Foster. That's all.
(LOUDSPEAKER CLICKS OFF. ~~NEEDS TO BE~~)

EWING: (TENSELY) Guess that's it.
(RISING REACTION FROM REPORTERS)

1ST REPORTER: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Here's the graph, boys. Read it and weep.

2ND REPORTER: Holy smoke! Look at that blood pressure line!
(VOICE: Where?) Question number five. What was question number five?

1ST REPORTER: "Did you assault Mrs. Tesman?"

2ND REPORTER: That does it! Oh, brother, I gotta get to a phone.
That guy is guilty as sin!

(MUSIC: STRONG STAB, THEN UNDER WITH DISILLUSION)

NARR: There it is, staring you in the face. A rise in the blood pressure line after question number five. In dumb bewilderment you stand there, while the other reporters rush from the room to phone in the story. They've already got a name for it, "Ewing's Folly!"

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

NARR: You can't believe it. You won't believe it. You tell yourself you'll keep on fighting - the steamroller ~~hasn't~~ ^{hasn't} stopped yet. There's a reason for that blood pressure line. Nervousness, maybe. Something. But the old man is not guilty, you know that.

EWING: There's gotta be a reason, Mr. Ward. There's gotta be something!

WARD: Sure, I agree with you. Plenty of times the subject is nervous on the first test. We always run off two or three subsequent tests and then judge from the whole batch.

EWING: Did you hear that, Governor? Did you hear what he said?

GOVERNOR: I heard him, Jimmy. And I'll stay for the tests, if you want. But I'm afraid it's a ---

EWING: (NERVOUSLY) We'll run em right off. It - it won't take a minute. We've gotta give the old guy a chance. Right, Mr. Ward? One test doesn't prove a thing. We gotta give him a chance!

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

NARR: And you sweat it out. With clenched fists and a tight line for a mouth. You sweat out every question, every answer, every scratch of the needles. Finally it's over. ~~And the graph lines are straight this time. No reaction.~~ You should feel a certain relief, but you don't. Somewhere in back of your stomach you feel only a dull, sinking despair. You know that first test is still the one they're thinking of. You know that somehow the whole business has lost its point. And you look at the ~~Governor out of a deep, lonely well.~~

EWING: (~~DULLY~~) ^{Governor} Ward says they'll study the results and send them on to you in about ten days.

GOVERNOR: Thanks, Jimmy. ^{They'll} In a sense, I'm glad you ran these tests. ~~It's helped~~ me to make up my mind.

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

NARR: Outside, Mrs. Foster is waiting. You brush past her. You can't face the question in those eyes. You go back to Jackson alone, on the train. Back to the paper. Back to the dead grind of your daily beat. And you wait, numbly, for what has to happen. You wait ten days. Ten days almost to the hour. Then it comes - the curt summons to the Governor's office.

(MUSIC: PULSE AND UNDER)

GOVERNOR: The tests are back, Jimmy. Ward sent them to three other experts for study, and it seems that blood-pressure climb was a delayed reaction due to nerves. Had nothing to do with the questions themselves. (PAUSE) I've decided to grant Foster a suspension of sentence. And a full pardon later, if he makes the grade.

(MUSIC: UP TO CURTAIN)

-21-

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from
James Ewing of the Jackson Daily News...with the final
outcome of tonight's BIG STORY!
(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0062076

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #109

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 0062077

(ORCH: _ _ TAG...)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from James Ewing of the Jackson Daily News.

EWING: After his release, innocent man in tonight's Big Story moved to a small farm with his wife. Sometime ago I visited them, and was happy to learn that he was in good health and had a ~~job as laboratory assistant to a doctor.~~ ^{good paying job} Thanks a lot for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Ewing...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 Philadelphia Inquirer -- by-line, Joseph W. Clarke A BIG STORY - about a reporter who made sense out of an unbelievable crime committed by an incredible killer.

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

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was written by Bruce Standerman, your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Lyle Sudrow played the part of James Ewing. 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. Ewing.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME UP FULL AND FADE)

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

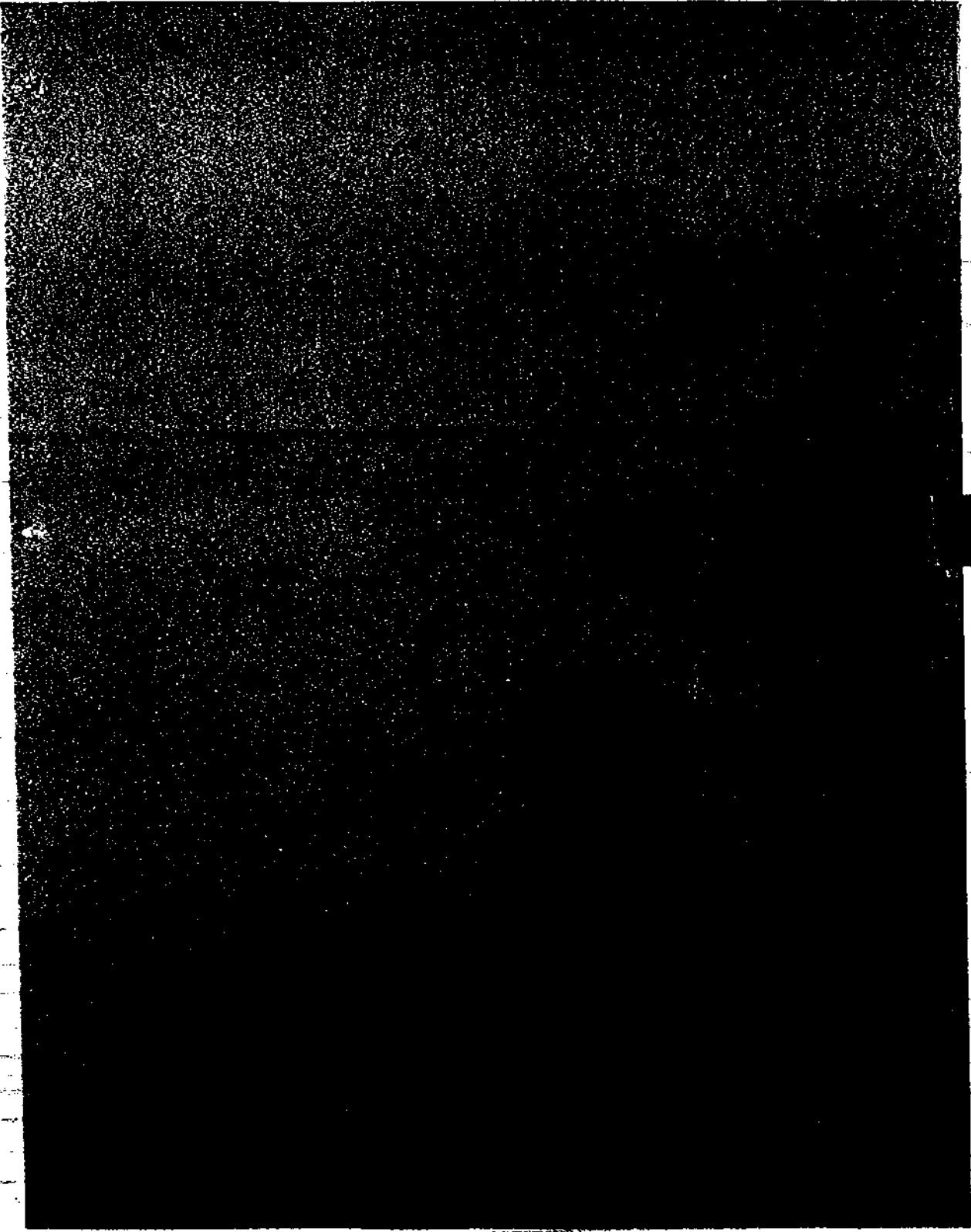
(MUSIC.....)

CHAPPELL: One of ~~your~~ greatest enemies is fire! Each year fire destroys millions of dollars worth of property ... takes thousands of lives. And most of these fires could have been prevented! Don't be careless ... be CAUTIOUS! .. protect your life ... your property ... your home ... PREVENT FIRES!

ANNCR: This is NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

el/utf
4/13/49pm.

ATX01 0062079



ALX01 0062080

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #110

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
GIRL	JEANNE TATUM
GIRL 2	JEANNE TATUM
JOE	BILL QUINN
RINGE	TED OSBORNE
DEAN	TED OSBORNE
HARRY	LOUIS VAN ROOTEN
MAN	LOUIS VAN ROOTEN
ANDY	ROGER DE KOVEN
MATTI	ROGER DE KOVEN
TEDDY	RONNY LISS

WEDNESDAY, MAY 4, 1949

ATX01 0062081

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#110

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

MAY 4, 1949

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE AND OUT)

(PHONE PICKED UP HURRIEDLY. DIALED (o) FURIOUSLY)

RINGE: (SLIGHT POLISH ACCENT, BUT A CULTURED VOICE) Operator,
quick, please, give me the police, for the love of ---

~~(WE HEAR THE CONNECTION MADE)~~

RINGE: Police -- my daughter, my Natalie, she's missing since
8 p.m., 6 hours she didn't come back yet. She went to
the store - and - (INTERRUPTED) what? My name, oh, my
name! Professor ~~Ring~~ ^{Ring} (PRONOUNCED RING-UH) -
1335 Van Hook Street - I -- you got to find her. You got
to. (DESPAIR) Six hours, I haven't heard from her!

(MUSIC: -- A STING AND OUT)

~~(PHONE PICKED UP SLOWLY. DIALED)~~

RINGE: (CALMER, BUT DISTRAUGHT UNDERNEATH) ~~The police, Operator~~
~~the police.~~ (PAUSE) ^{Police is} This, Professor Ring. I called before
- 3 hours ago. You don't have to look anymore. My
daughter. I told you she was missing. I found her.
(STARTS TO CRY) In the field 'near the High School - in
the grass -- dead!

(MUSIC: -- HITS HARD AND GOES 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)
Camden, New Jersey; the story of an incredible family
and of ^{an unbelievable} murder ~~that~~ ...

(MORE)

ATX01 00620B2

-2-

CHAPPELL:
(CONT'D)

And for bringing to light the facts in this indescribably sordid case, to reporter Joseph Clarke, of the Philadelphia Inquirer for his BIG STORY, goes the PELL MELL AWARD.

(COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0062083

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #110

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
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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.

ATX01 0062084

(MUSIC: -- THEME)

CHAPPELL: Now the story as it actually happened: reporter Joe Clarke's story as he lived it. Camden, New Jersey.

(MUSIC: -- PUNCTUATES AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Joe Clarke, ^{of the Philadelphia Inquirer} cover crime in the South Jersey area, where (like everywhere else) crimes never happen according to the books. Crimes, you've learned in the 10 years you've been at it, are the twistings out of human shape of human passion - and you never get used to them, never. The truth is always more grotesque than any imagination can conjure. (PAUSE) This one, the Ringe killing, began at Chief Detective Harry Rich's office, in Camden. The call came and you and he went to the City morgue to check a body (Natalie Ringe's) and to speak to her father (Professor Ringe) who had found the body and called the police...

~~(BODY SLID OUT ON MORGUE SLIP)~~

JOE: (QUIETLY) Lovely looking girl, Harry.

HARRY: (SAME) Yeah.

JOE: Beautifully dressed.

HARRY: Yeah.

JOE: Strangled?

HARRY: (DRY) Yeah.

JOE: I guess the reason wasn't robbery.

HARRY: With a pin like that on her dress, no. Must be worth (PAUSE AS HE LEANS OVER TO LOOK) - yeah it's gold -- 40, 50 dollars..

JOE: (HIS CHARACTER) Why, Harry, why? (PAUSE) Who does things like that?

HARRY: ~~Strangles a beautiful girl, Joe? You know the answer,
Joe -- people do things like that! plain, ordinary decent
looking people. Seen enough?~~

JOE: Yeah.

(BODY SLID BACK)

SLOANE: ~~(IN MOOD) That done, you sit and listen to her father, in
the ~~next room~~, a distinguished-looking, carefully dressed
(if a little threadbare) gentle man, rocking a little to
control himself as he talks...~~
The Professor

RINGE: She was everything to me, Natalie, everything. Since mama
died in Chester 2 years ago (we lived in Chester,
Pennsylvania), she took care the house, the boys (have
two younger boys, Teddy, Michael) - and me. I teach
(SMILING IN SELFCONSCIOUSNESS) economics - I am not very
good in the house, or with money or with the boys -
(BREAKS DOWN) Ah, mister detective, I can't talk -

HARRY: That's all right, Professor, we can talk some other time.

RINGE: (RECOVERING) No, now -- who did it must be caught. I got
to talk (SOFTLY) to help my Natalie, her memory.

HARRY: All right, if you want -- you saw her last, about 8 o'clock
- last night?

RINGE: ~~It was five minutes after 8 maybe, I'm not sure~~

HARRY: ~~That's okay -- say about 8.~~

RINGE: ^{yes}_{OK} She went to the store - it was raining - I said don't go,
but she needed a pair stockings, she said. ~~What's a little
rain, she said (she was so healthy, so much she loved life!
mister) --~~

HARRY: She went and she didn't come back.

HARRY: ~~Strangles a beautiful girl, Joe? You know the answer,
Joe -- people do things like that! plain, ordinary decent
looking people. Seen enough?~~

JOE: Yeah.

~~(BODY SLID BACK)~~

SLOANE: ~~(IN MOOD) That done, you sit and listen to her father, in
the next room, a distinguished-looking, carefully dressed
(if a little threadbare) gentle man, rocking a little to
control himself as he talks...~~

RINGE: She was everything to me, Natalie, everything. Since mama
died in Chester 2 years ago (we lived in Chester,
Pennsylvania), she took care the house, the boys (have
two younger boys, Teddy, Michael) - and me. I teach
(SMILING IN SELFCONSCIOUSNESS) economics - I am not very
good in the house, or with money or with the boys -
(BREAKS DOWN) Ah, mister detective, I can't talk -

HARRY: That's all right, Professor, we can talk some other time.

RINGE: (RECOVERING) No, now -- who did it must be caught. I got
to talk (SOFTLY) to help my Natalie, her memory.

HARRY: All right, if you want -- you saw her last, about 8 o'clock
- last night?

RINGE: ~~It was five minutes after 8 maybe, I'm not sure --~~

HARRY: ~~What's okay -- say about 8.~~

RINGE: ^{yes}₁ She went to the store - it was raining - I said don't go,
but she needed a pair stockings, she said. ~~What's a little
rain, she said (she was so healthy, so much she loved life!
mistake) --~~

HARRY: She went and she didn't come back.

JOE: I'm sorry, miss - I hate to bother you - but if you could tell me, it would help a lot. (PAUSE) Did she go out with any fellow steady?

GIRL: No - she went out with a lot of fellers - she was very popular, but nobody steady. (TEARS) Who'd do a thing like that to a girl like Natalie --?

JOE: I don't know, Miss, that's what we're trying to find out.

(MUSIC: FOR A MONTAGE. BRIEF)

JOE: Did Miss Ringe come in here to buy a pair of stockings last night?

MAN: Oh, that poor girl. No, she often did come in though, but not last night.

JOE: Did you know her well?

MAN: She was a regular customer - she was one of the nicest people I ever met. One of the most considerate.

(MUSIC: SAME)

~~JOE: Dean Payne -- he teaches here, Professor Ringe?~~

~~DEAN: (CONSERVATIVE. WEIGHING WORDS) That's correct and a fine teacher, if I may say so. Generally I do not go with European-trained economists, but Professor Ringe - was - a gentleman, if I may say so, and a scholar.~~

~~JOE: Did you know his daughter, sir?~~

~~DEAN: I had the pleasure of her acquaintance - only slightly. Yet I feel the loss keenly, sir, keenly. She was a devoted daughter and a charming gracious woman.~~

(MUSIC: SAME)

RINGE: Yes, mister. I call the police - I waited till 1:30, maybe quarter to 2, I told them she's missing. But then I couldn't sit still - I went out to look for her --

JOE: In the rain, did you take your car ----?

HARRY: (ASIDE) Mr. Clarke, Professor, is from the paper.

RINGE: I don't have a car. I walked. ~~Hours I walked, everywhere.~~ All the stores are closed and I don't find her. And then, ~~to~~ go home, I take the shortcut, by Euclid Avenue -- and there ~~(BREAKS AGAIN) where Park Boulevard turns, near the school - there --~~

HARRY: ~~That's okay, Professor.~~ Just one question, if you can -- did she have anybody at all, who might (I know a girl like that doesn't have enemies) - but was there someone who might have killed her?

RINGE: No one, not one person in the world. Everybody like Natalie. Everybody and now -- (SOFTLY) Mister, could I please go home now?

(MUSIC: -- UP SOFTLY AND UNDER)

SLOANE: A murder and no clues; a brutal murder (the coroner) said there was a concussion as well as the strangulation) and no reason for it. Who does things like that? You know the answer, Joe Clarke, as you leave the morgue and get to work on the story -- who does things like that? -- people, ordinary people. (PAUSE) You begin checking neighbors, storekeepers, to find all you can about Natalie, her family, her acquaintances - so that somewhere along the line you'll come on the person who did it...

GIRL: (BROKEN UP) I just can't talk about her mister. She was one of the sweetest girls I ever -- (BREAKS)

JOE: Teddy, I know how you feel, losing a big sister -- that's a terrible thing.

TEDDY: (15) (IN THOUGHT) She was strict sometimes - trying to do what Mom did for me and Mike (Mike's 10) -- but she was fun. She was always laughing and playing the piano (she could sing, too) - and -- ah, what's the use of talking about it? She's gone and nothing's gonna get her back.

JOE: How's your father taking it?

TEDDY: He's all broken up. I hear him at night -- he gets up, makes coffee and sits there all night -- reading a book. I got up last night and watched him; he don't even turn the page -- just sits there looking at it. Ah, what's the use, what's the use?

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: A fine, sweet family shattered; a distinguished professor broken -- and clues, motives, leads? -- none. You want to spend a little more time with the father, maybe he'll remember something, maybe something back in Chester (where they lived 2 years ago) - but you can't intrude into that kind of sorrow. A man has a right -- at such a time -- to decent privacy -- so you go elsewhere; more neighbors, more friends -- but nothing comes out of it, except a random remark by a girl who only knew Natalie slightly --

GIRL II: I saw her that night, I'm sure I saw her. She was walking down Hadden Avenue -- toward the High School with a feller. Tall, blond feller, kind of good looking -- I never saw him before.

~~(MUSIC: DECEASED WITH PARANOID)~~

SLOANE: But no one else saw the tall blond man and that's that. Days of looking and nothing to go on. And then (~~the little coincidences that make big things happen~~) you are put on another story ~~and station car~~. You go into your favorite pool parlor, a favorite because you always find answers there -- ~~especially when the books are out~~ ...

(POOL. STEPS. AD LIB HIYAS TO JOE. JOE'S ANSWERS)

JOE: (LOW) Hi Andy - game of pool?

ANDY: Sure, how much?

JOE: I think I'll play for -- ~~1.00~~ ²⁵

ANDY: (NO) Uh, uh --

JOE: ~~1.50~~, Andy? (ATTEMPT AT JOKE) ~~Listen, I might win.~~

ANDY: (NO HUMOR) ~~You can't win.~~ You're on. ~~Chicago.~~ I'll break.

(HE BREAKS)

JOE: Nice break.

ANDY: I like it. Shoot.

(JOE SHOTS. MISSES)

ANDY: Too bad. Nice try.

~~JOE: It was a brown touring car, Andy, Maine license plates --~~

~~ANDY: (SURPRISED) Touring Car? Ain't you still on the killing?~~

~~JOE: (SLOWLY) What do you know about the killing, Andy?~~

~~ANDY: (LOW) My shot, ain't it, Joe?~~

~~JOE: I asked you a question.~~

~~ANDY: (LOW) I said "my shot." (LOWER) I only said gimme the chalk. Over here.~~

~~JOE: (LOW) PENCE? WET?~~

ANDY: There's a few boys in from Chester --

JOE: Who knew Nata ---

ANDY: (INTERRUPTS) Shh, no names. ~~These boys from this area~~
~~wouldn't like none.~~ (PAUSE) Some tell when they lived
in Chester - her and the prof -- she went steady with
Pete Lawson.

JOE: Pete Lawson?

ANDY: ~~Hold it down~~ - yeah. Did heist jobs -- strictly small
time - lifting jewelry, things like that, in stores. Some
say Pete Lawson was in town the night of the kill and went
out with her.

JOE: What's he look like?

ANDY: Blonde, tall, some say good looking. I don't think so.

JOE: (DISBELIEF) A heist man and Nata --

ANDY: (CUTS) Taught her the racket, too -- some say she was
good at it -- in Chester.

JOE: I don't believe you.

ANDY: ~~(THE PRO) -- No! -- So pick up the gun and shoot yourself~~
~~fast gone of pool yourself.~~

JOE: ~~Okay, okay -- go ahead.~~

ANDY: ^{No} She kept her nose clean since she come to Camden, got a
good reputation. Know why?

JOE: Why?

ANDY: Some say it was because they took her out, a year ago,
and near killed her. (JOE: What!) Sure - bust her arm
and dumped her 25 miles outside Camden.

JOE: Who would do a thing like that to a girl like - why?

ANDY: ~~I never found out. It never hit the papers neither. They~~
~~all kept it quiet.~~ Some say Nick Matti did it to
get even with her old man.

JOE: (AMAZED) Matti!? He's a big -- *Nick*
ANDY: (SHHHHING HIM) Sure, very big - counterfeiting. ~~He~~ didn't
like her old man, ~~Nick didn't~~, moving in --
JOE: The professor a counterfeiter --!
ANDY: You don't know much about that family do you? (PAUSE) Oh,
yeah - Matti was in town two days before the killing.
JOE: ~~I just -- (I know you know the dead, Andy) --~~ but I just
can't believe it. A girl like that, a man like Professor
Ringe --

ANDY: Where you going?

JOE: Huh? Out --

ANDY: Well, lay down the cue stick and before you go - you lost
that game ~~of Chicago~~, remember? ⁵⁰ ~~15~~ was the bet.

(MUSIC: -- PUZZLED, UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: It isn't possible: Natalie Ringe and a small-time crook,
Natalie
A beaten and dumped by Nick Matti's mob, Professor Ringe a
counterfeiter. You're back at Chief Detective Harry Rich's
where you pour out the story. He's strangely undisturbed
by it...

JOE: Doesn't any of, any of it, surprise you, Harry?

HARRY: Surprise, no - some of it's news. Joe. ~~And~~ -- like
the dump job, that I hadn't heard about. But the rest
we picked up from Chester files.

JOE: You mean there are ^{police} files on the Ringes?

HARRY: You like them, don't you?

JOE: They're wonderful people, Harry. I'd have bet --

HARRY: (CUTS) Well, don't bet -- listen first. ^{Stefan} ~~Vladimir~~ Ringe; attempt to pass counterfeit bills - 1 year - suspended sentence; suspected of arson - no evidence;" (wait) - "Natalie Ringe - shoplifting - six months - suspended sentence; driving a stolen car without a license -- also suspended sentence" - (wait) "Teddy Ringe --"

JOE: Teddy - the kid?

HARRY: (I'm only reading the files) "Teddy Ringe -- age 12 - attempt to rob stationery store - six month, paroled in custody of father."

JOE: But - what about Nick Matti and this Pete Lawson?

HARRY: Sure -- bad as they come, Matti a mobster, Lawson a lone operator (SLOWLY) -- Lawson boarded in Ringe's house, in Chester, for 3 years.

JOE: ~~What were the Ringe's doing with that kind of person --~~

HARRY: ~~Maybe the Ringe's aren't as respectable as they look --~~

JOE: ^{That may be true} ~~I don't believe it.~~ I know those people. That boy, the professor -- they've changed Harry. If what you say is true (HARRY: It is) - well -- they've changed. It was Matti or Lawson - that's our answer.

HARRY: I'll say one thing, Joe, just one - any one of them could have done it -- any one of them.

JOE: I'll never believe it --

HARRY: Suit yourself - but if you stick around I may ask you to help me prove it. (SAME) Any one of them.

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's BIG STORY,
(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #110

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 0062095

(MUSIC: THEME AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and reporter Joe Clarke's story as he lived it and wrote it --

SLOANE: Chief of Detectives Harry Rich is generally right, but this time, in the case of the Ringe murder, you know he's wrong, Joe Clarke, reporter for the Philadelphia Inquirer. A man like Professor ^{Sloane} Vladimir Ringe (gentle, scholarly, distinguished) - a boy like Teddy Ringe -- it isn't possible. You'll prove he's wrong. It was Matti, the mobster, or Lawson, the petty crook - or some one else. You'll prove it. (PAUSE) The funeral is the next day and you go to it. You go to the crowded church on Mt. Ephraim Avenue and watch the hundreds that come to pay respects to Natalie Ringe and her aging father -- and afterwards you talk to the bereaved man --

JOE: (SOFTLY) Professor --

RINGE: (RECOGNIZING HIM) Uh - oh, yes, Mr. Clarke -- nice of you to come --

JOE: I just wanted to add - mine -- to all the others who came.

RINGE: It's very kind of you.

JOE: It must be a source of consolation - so many friends --

RINGE: Yes, at a time like this -- friends is all one has.

JOE: Well, sir, I -- my heartfelt sympathy -

~~SLOANE: (IN VERY CLOSE. IN MOOD) You walk away and watch others come up to shake his hand or touch his shoulder. Decent people deeply moved -- can so many be so wrong? And next to the professor, his sons Teddy and Michael standing frail and alone -- trying to smile bravely- (ah, the detective mind is a funny thing, sometimes -- look at those people) --and then --~~

RINGE: ~~Exaggeration~~

JOE: ~~Yes, professor~~

RINGE: *Thank you, Mr. Clarke killed*
Any news at all -- on who did it to my Natalie?

JOE: Well, no sir, not much. One or two suspects -

RINGE: Just that, I would like to know - in my own mind, how it happened - why - you understand?

JOE: Of course - one is Nick Matti - ever hear of him, from Chester?

RINGE: Matti? No.

JOE: And the other, a man named Pete Lawson --

RINGE: (UPSET) That must be a mistake - Peter? He lived with us in Chester, he boarded at my house. That must be a mistake, Peter a suspect.

JOE: Why do you say that?

RINGE: Because, Mr. Clarke - I know he has a record (he made a terrible mistake when he was younger) - but he is a good boy. He was a good friend to my Natalie - I treated him as a son. It could not have been him.

JOE: You can't ever tell.

RINGE: I would swear to it, I must see the ^{police} ~~Detective~~ about Peter. Peter never did it. (PAUSE) Thank you. Thank you so much for the information. And now I think I must ~~leave~~ ^{be leaving}.

~~The services are about to begin.~~

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER) --

SLOANE: Either the greatest actor in the world or ^{Detective} Harry Rich is wrong -- and Ringe doesn't sound like an actor. And then, as the people come out of the church, you spot someone - (you have his photo in your pocket) - Nick Matti. You corner him alone just outside --

JOE: Matti!

MATTI: (SMOOTH) I don't think I know you.

JOE: What are you doing in Camden?

MATTI: Isn't that kind of a personal question?

JOE: Harry Rich is a very good friend of mine. Know Harry Rich?

MATTI: I don't know anybody in Camden. Who's Harry Rich?

JOE: He's in the squad car, right down the block, watching us both right now. Want to join him?

MATTI: What do you want? You sound like a reporter to me.

JOE: You're a bright fellow. What are you doing in Camden?

MATTI: You just saw me coming out of the church. I'm paying my respects.

JOE: Why did you dump Natalie - a year ago?

MATTIE: Whoa - you go fast. I never even saw Natalie in my life, (unless maybe I walked by her on the street and didn't know it) - I was paying respects to the Professor. We're old friends. We did business together.

JOE: I asked you about a dump job.

MATTI: Look - we went all through that a year ago -- the police in Chester had me in - they found nothing. They didn't even enter it on the blotter. Didn't your friend Rich tell you that? But if you want some real information - I'll give it to you. There were three men on that dump job on Natalie -- I only know who one of them was.

JOE: Who?

MATTI: You're pretty eager aren't you?

JOE: Cut it out.

MATTI: Okay - I like to be on the right side of the papers -- I'll tell you. One of the three was a little kid named Teddy.

JOE: Teddy!

MATTI: That's right - her own sweet little brother Teddy.

(MUSIC: -- HARSH AND INTO --)

{DOOR BELL. DOOR OPENS}

TEDDY: Oh, hello.

JOE: ~~(GROANS) Oh, I came in Teddy?~~

TEDDY: ~~Father's not here. Just me and Michael.~~

JOE: I want to talk to you, *Teddy*
(DOOR SHUTS)

JOE: Why did you do it - in the car that night - to Natalie!?

TEDDY: (A SCARED KID) I never did it. I never did.

JOE: I know you did, Teddy. The police know.

TEDDY: I can't tell you. He'll kill me if I tell you.

JOE: Then you were in the car that night?

TEDDY: Yes, I was - but I can't tell you - I can't talk about it.
He'll kill me. He will.

JOE: Who'll kill you, Teddy? ~~No one'll kill you.~~ Who?

TEDDY: (FROZEN) I can't - I won't. You got to leave me alone.
You gotta!

JOE: Teddy, I only want to help -- Is it Pete Lawson?

TEDDY: (FRIGHT) ~~No~~ Get out. Now. Now. Please -- now!

(MUSIC: -- SAME --)

JOE: We've got to find Pete Lawson, Harry -

HARRY: Why Pete Lawson?

JOE: Because - unless the world's gone crazy and all the values
I've ever appreciated in people are false -- ~~because~~ I
say he dumped Natalie and he killed her. And he's got
Teddy terrified.

HARRY: Well, let's say we've got Pete Lawson --

JOE: (QUICKLY) You have -- ~~and~~?

HARRY: I didn't say we have - I said let's say we have - what now?
Does he confess? How do we prove he did it? How do we
prove he was in the dump car and that he killed the girl?

JOE: He was seen with her the night of the killing.

HARRY: Who saw him? One witness. Suppose he denies it; suppose
he admits it and says he walked two blocks, said good
night and that was all? Then where are we?

JOE: Yeah. I see -- but --

HARRY: All along, Joe you've been looking for who did it --
suppose you try to find out why they did it.

JOE: What do you mean?

HARRY: Who stood to make something by Natalie's death?

JOE: Pete Lawson: maybe she turned him down; Nick Matti: the
old grudge with the father --

HARRY: Maybe, but how does this strike you? Natalie was insured
for 7200 dollars (~~with double indemnity, in case of
death by accident~~) - 14,400 if an accident killed Natalie.

JOE: Who's the beneficiary?

HARRY: Well - there's 3 policies: policy A, \$2000 - the
beneficiary's Mrs. Ringe (deceased) policy B - \$1000 - same
beneficiary --

JOE: Who gets it ^{now that} ~~in case of~~ the mother's ^{dead} ~~death~~ --

HARRY: The father (PAST) - and policy C - taken out one month and
three days before ^{Natalie's} ~~her~~ death - for \$4200 -- beneficiary
Professor Ringe. See what I mean?

JOE: But - uh - didn't he have policies for his other children?

HARRY: Yeah, he did. On both Teddy and Mike - 3000 each.

They were for

JOE: Then they were routine policies - ~~he took them out on~~ all the kids. I don't believe he did it.

HARRY: He called the police and then he found the body.

JOE: He didn't do it.

HARRY: He doesn't look a counterfeiter either.

JOE: He didn't do it.

HARRY: Joe, listen. *both* He likes you. He trusts you. He told me so. Go talk to him - start out on the assumption that he did do it -- and see what happens.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: You walk out slowly, slowly head for Professor Ringe's home. You can't quite make that assumption - it goes against your grain - but if you did make it (mind you, if) - how would you go about it? You work out a very simple plan and (because Harry Rich is a very smart guy) you try it ... you try something you don't believe in ...

JOE: Professor, I'm terribly upset --

RINGE: (CALM AS EVER) Why so, Mr. Clarke, why so?

JOE: ~~We were out at the cemetery yesterday~~ Detective Rich *picked up Pete Lawson yesterday* and I ~~was at Natalie's grave~~ --

RINGE: ~~It's a pretty grave~~

JOE: (CONTINUING) while we stood there - a man came up - put some flowers down and started off. We picked him up.

RINGE: ~~It was Pete Lawson.~~ *Oh no - that must be a mistake.*

JOE: ~~That's why I came here.~~ We questioned him. He said he wasn't in Camden. He gave us an alibi - and we checked it-- it was false. He lied to us. He was in Camden the night of the killing. He saw Natalie - between 8 o'clock and the time she was killed.

RINGE: No. Not Peter.

JOE: He says he killed her. He says he did it because (and this is what I want to check) because she wouldn't marry him.

RINGE: (THINKING IT OVER) Is it possible? I knew he liked her - but to such a degree - I never thought it possible.

JOE: There's no doubt about it - he's been half out of his mind ever since you moved. He said so.

RINGE: It shows you. It shows you you think you know about people - and then you don't know. Peter. Maybe I should tell you. (JOE: What?) He was very wild - all the time he lived with us - you know he served in prison.

(JOE: I know) - He was hard to control. If I talked to him, calmed him down, he was all right - but sometimes (I was as close to him as a father) -- even I couldn't calm him. Then he did wild things.

JOE: That's what happened all right.

RINGE: I didn't want to say a word against him - in some ways he was a fine boy -- but - since you know it now - I tell you. He tried to kill my Natalie once before - in a car, he and another man, (two men, I don't know) - they took her out and nearly killed her.

JOE: Dumped her in the woods above Camden, wasn't it?

RINGE: Yes, about a year ago. But I thought - I'll talk to Peter - he's not in his right mind. I should have told the police. I should have. Please, I will call Detective Rich now and explain to him --

JOE: That's okay - he understands. (CASUAL) Pete says you never paid him. *for killing Natalie!*

RINGE: WHAT!

JOE: He says you promised him \$100 when he killed Natalie - but you never paid him. He says you made him do it.

~~(MUSIC: A STING, HOLD IT)~~

SLOANE: (VERY CLOSE) As if by magic, you have suddenly touched the center of this man's nervous system. His eyes pop, his hands open and close in a futile gesture, his tongue ~~licks his lips dryly, his mouth opens and he says~~

RINGE: (DESPAIR) He talked. He told. He betrayed me - and all the things I did for him, *all the things I did for him.* He talked!

(MUSIC: HITS AND GOES UNDER)

SLOANE: It doesn't seem believable -- but there it is - the open-mouthed confession of a father to the murder of his daughter - touched off by a chance provocation. You shudder and take the terrifying man with you to police headquarters. (PAUSE) Later, within the week, Pete Lawson is found - then you realize what happened: You guessed it. Ringe did hire Lawson to kill his daughter. He promised him (unbelievably) \$100. He welched on the payment. You guessed the exact facts. A kindly-looking, respectable professor of economics - who did one of the most dreadful things in the world for seven thousand two hundred dollars *worth of insurance* and then-- a thought makes you shudder even more -

JOE: Harry -- !

HARRY: Yes, Joe --

JOE: You told me there were other policies - on both the other kids - Teddy and Michael --

HARRY: That's right, Joe.

JOE: And if we hadn't caught him on this one, Harry -- maybe he would have -- (SLOWLY) tried to collect on the other two --

~~HARRY: You might be right, Joe; you might be right.~~

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG ...)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Joseph Clarke of the Philadelphia Inquirer ... with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #110

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 0062105

(ORCH: TAG . . .)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Joseph Clarke of the Philadelphia Inquirer.

CLARKE: ~~Some~~ ^{Mr. Lawson} killer in tonight's Big Story openly admitted his part in the murder, and resnacted crime for the police. Both he and the professor were given separate trials in order for him to be a state's witness at the professor's trial. Subsequently, the professor, who had withdrawn original confession, was convicted and sentenced to death in the electric chair. Later, at his own trial, ~~killer~~ ^{Lawson} was sentenced to life imprisonment.

My sincere appreciation for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Clarke ... 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 Portland Oregon Journal - by-line, Dudley McClure - A BIG STORY - about a reporter who went out of his way to help a crook ... catch a killer.

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

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter, with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was written by Arnold Perl, your narrator was Bob Sloane, and ^{Bill}~~Lawson~~ ~~Zerbe~~ played the part of Joseph Clarke. 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. Clarke.

(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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4/20/49 n

ATX01 0062107

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #111

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MAN	BOB SLOANE
NORA	ROLLY BESTOR
TELEPHONE OPERATOR	ROLLY BESTOR
DUD	LARRY BLYDEN
NELSON	LARRY BLYDEN
CAPTAIN	SANTOS ORTEGA
FARMER	SANTOS ORTEGA
TONY	LARRY HAINES
MAN II	LARRY HAINES
SERGEANT	MANDEL KRAMER
NICK	MANDEL KRAMER
SHERIFF	WILLIAM KEENE
MECHANIC	WILLIAM KEENE

WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 1949

ATX01 006210B

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#111

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

MAY 11, 1949

WEDNESDAY

(Dudley McClure-PORTLAND (OREGON) JOURNAL).....(Boretz)

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

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT SHARPLY)

TONY: (EMPTY) Nelson...you're no good. Through and through...
you're no good.

NELSON: Now, take it easy, Tony....

TONY: I took ya in here...gave ya a place to live.

NELSON: Lissen ta me for a second....

TONY: Outta prison with no place to go...but I took ya in.

NELSON: Whatta ya gripin' about?

TONY: Only one thing in this world I want....and you're takin' it
away from me.

NELSON: (A LITTLE SLOWLY) So that's it.

TONY: I've been your friend. You got no right.

NELSON: (A LITTLE DISGUST) Get wise, Tony! You're all washed up!

TONY: And you're leavin' my place....right now..this minute!

NELSON: (EASILY) Sure! I had it figured that way. So long, Tony.

~~(FEW STEPS WALK AWAY...THEN THERE ARE TWO SHOTS...)~~

~~(A CHORUS OF "I'VE BEEN YOUR FRIEND")~~

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

ATX01 0062109

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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) Portland, Oregon! From the pages of the
Portland JOURNAL....the authentic story of a reporter...who
helped society..pay its debt to an ex-convict! Tonight...
to Dudley McClure of the Portland, Oregon JOURNAL,..for
his BIG STORY goes the PELL MELL AWARD!
(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0062110

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #111

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: UP WITH A FORBIDDING THEME...AND BEHIND)

CHAPPELL: Now...the story as it actually happened. Dudley McClure's story as he lived it. Portland, Oregon!

(MUSIC: RISES THEN DIPS UNDER AGAIN)

NARR: Join a newspaper...and see the underworld. Smart advice for a young reporter trying to make good...and you, Dudley McClure...of the Portland, Oregon JOURNAL...have taken it. For now...you're on the crime beat...~~seeing things on the seamy side of the street.~~ You write about men ~~who live on an island of isolation...~~ surrounded by violence and brutality. Sometimes...a man breaks away...fights to get back. A man like Tony Miller..an ex-convict who's making up for his thirteen years on a burglary charge...by running a free hotel for men just out of prison. ~~His is a one man reclamation project...~~ giving these former convicts a chance to get on their feet again. You feel good about Tony Miller. But on this special morning ~~in late April...~~ as you sit at your desk tapping out a lead on a routine story ...your phone rings...~~and the feeling changes...~~

(TYPING SNEAKS IN UNDER LAST BUT STOPS AS PHONE RINGS..RECEIVER LIFTED)

(MUSIC: OUT WITH PHONE)

DUD: McClure speaking...

CAPT: (FILTER) Dud...this is Captain Anderson.

DUD: ~~Yes.~~ *Yes, Captain*

CAPT: I've got some news about that protege of yours...

DUD: (PUZZLED) Protege? I...I don't get it, Captain.

CAPT: You will. There's been a shooting over at Tony Miller's
place. *Hotel*

DUD: (ALARMED) What happened?

CAPT: I don't know. Meet me there in five minutes...and we'll
both find out.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: Yeah..you've got a feeling about Tony Miller...but now
it's all worry. You know that Captain Anderson isn't
exactly convinced of what Miller's been trying to do. The
idea of a bunch of ex-convicts under one roof...gets him a
little nervous...and as you enter the small office right
off the cheaply furnished lobby...the Captain clamps a
burly hand on your shoulder and says...

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

CAPT: There's your public benefactor, Dud. One of his guests
just paid him off with ^a ~~two~~ slugs ~~in the back~~.

DUD: (A LITTLE SICK) Is he...

CAPT: No...he's alive.

DUD: Poor guy!

CAPT: Well, ya can't say Miller wasn't askin' for it. Havin' all
these crooks around.

DUD: Former crooks, Captain.

CAPT: Have it your way, Dud. All I know is that whoever gunned
Miller gave me a perfect excuse to crack down on this place.

DUD: That's all it ^{is}...an excuse.

CAPT: And why not? ^{Even} The Salvation Army couldn't ~~even~~ reform these
guys. Miller gave them too good a setup.

DUD: This shooting has nothing to do with Miller's idea of helping ex-convicts, Captain.

CAPT: Listen, I'm all for helping a guy to go straight but the whole idea of this place smells bad. It's gotta be closed.

DUD: Then...where do these guys go? Who gives them a break? How do they get back on our side?

CAPT: (HEDGING JUST A BIT) Dud, don't make me out to be what I'm not!

DUD: Like what?

CAPT: Like a tough, stupid cop!

DUD: Never said that!

CAPT: I'm willing to be shown that I'm wrong about this place.

DUD: Then solve this shooting. It's something apart from what Miller's been doing. It could've happened anywhere. Get the rat who did it...and you'll see.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND SEQUE TO)

(THREE SHARP RAPS ON DOOR)

NORA: (JUST OFF...SLIGHTLY MUFFLED) Who is it?

DUD: Dud McClure, Nora...open up!

(SLIGHT BEAT AND DOOR OPENS)

NORA: What's with you, McClure?

DUD: Invite me in and I'll tell you.

(DOOR CLOSES)

NORA: Well?

DUD: I, er, I thought you and Tony were getting married last week.

NORA: We're waitin'. I wanna be a June bride.

DUD: You'll be a pretty one.

NORA: (SURPRISED) Never thought you noticed things like that.
DUD: Don't underestimate me, Nora.
NORA: I'm not. And right now, I'm wonderin' what you're doin'
here.
DUD: When did you see Tony last?
NORA: Yesterday...why?
DUD: Something's happened!
NORA: (ALARM) To Tony? What is it?
DUD: Take it easy! He's gonna be all right.
NORA: McClure...tell me...
DUD: Someone just shot him...~~in the hotel~~
NORA: (LOW..INTENSE) No...
DUD: Nothing more rotten..but it happened.
NORA: Where is he? I'll go there.
DUD: In the hospital. They took him there just as I was leaving
the hotel.'
NORA: Those rats he's been helpin'. One of them did it.
DUD: How do you know?
NORA: Who else, McClure..who else?
DUD: I wish I knew. That's why I came to you..
NORA: A bunch of lousy cons. How can you trust 'em?
DUD: Tony was in prison, Nora.
NORA: He's different.
DUD: Did anyone threaten Tony? Was somebody out to get him?
NORA: They all were. All those punks who were making a sucker
out of him. They were out to bleed him for everything he
had.
DUD: Okay, Nora...I get the drift.

NORA: Question them, McClure and you'll get the guy.

(PHONE RINGS)

DUD: (CURIOSLY) You sure hate those men....don't you?

NORA: Hold it a second...

(RECEIVER LIFTED)

NORA: Hello..yeah..he's here...it's for you...

DUD: Thanks...this is McClure...uh-huh....good....I'll be right over.

(RECEIVER DOWN)

NORA: How'd your office know you were here?

DUD: I thought you'd like to get the news with me. The doctor says we can see Tony now.

NORA: Now you're talkin'!

DUD: Comon, let's go!

NORA: (SLIGHT HESITATION) I...er...I wanna bring him some things. Suppose you go ahead...and I'll meet you there.

DUD: ~~Right, but put on some speed! Your sick friends want to~~
~~see you~~

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BRIDGE) -----

CAPT: (GIVING UP) See what you can get out of him, McClure.
I give up!

TONY: (WEAKLY) I got nothin' to say.

CAPT: You'd better, Miller. Believe me!

DUD: Your blood pressure, Captain...

CAPT: Don't worry about mine. Watch yours...when I close down this guy's flea joint.

TONY: For what?

CAPT: Explain it to him, McClure. I'll be outside.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

TONY: What does he mean...close down my place?

DUD: He's worried about it, Tony. Thinks it's a public menace.

TONY: He's crazy.

DUD: The shooting gives him a reason.

TONY: It had nothin' to do with the hotel. None of the boys did it!

DUD: Then who did? (SLIGHT BEAT) Comon, Tony...wise up!
~~There's no question of honor here. Being shot in the back~~
~~book is a real honor.~~

TONY: Where's...where's Nora?

DUD: (KIND) She's coming.

TONY: Are you sure?

DUD: I just left her. She ^{is} ~~was~~ bringing you some things.

TONY: (SO HAPPY HE TOUCHES INCOHERENCE) ~~Yeah~~ ^{She is}...I knew it...I could tell...sure.

DUD: Tell what, Tony?

TONY: This guy was makin' a play for her. Said she was gonna go away with him, *but I knew she wouldn't*

DUD: ^{was he} ~~The~~ one who shot you?

TONY: Yeah..him...no good...through and through...

DUD: Give me his name! (SLIGHT BEAT) Tony...give me his name!
(SLIGHT BEAT) ~~all right...take your choice, either you~~
~~give this honorable friend of yours a break...on it goes to~~
~~those fellows waiting back at the hotel.~~

TONY: Dud...I...I never squealed yet.

DUD: You can't squeal on a rat...you can only dig him out! Make up your mind, Tony! Which one's it going to be? A phoney code of honor...or a real, working ideal

TONY: (SLIGHT BEAT THEN STUMBLING) Nelson...Pete Nelson. He did it!

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: A small, tin horn crook. That's the caption for Pete Nelson. Three years in the Oregon State Prison for beating dollar bills out of small storekeepers in a vicious protection racket. You hustle over to his room ~~in a cheap rooming house on the east side of town~~.but he's gone! Then ... on a hunch...you ~~check back at~~ ^{call} the hospital. Nora, Tony Miller's girl friend, still hasn't shown up. You remember how hard she tried to pin the shooting on one of the men in the hotel. Why? ~~What made her so sure?~~ Your hunch grows even bigger...and you double back fast to Nora's apartment.

(INSTANT BANGING ON DOOR)

DUD: Nora..open the door...Nora...

(REPEAT BANGING)

MAN: (FADING IN) Won't do you no good, Mister.

DUD: Why not?

MAN: Lady in there moved out an hour ago..bag and baggage!

(MUSIC: UP SHARPLY AND BRIDGE)

CAPT: (SARCASM) Nice goin', Dud! First you let Nelson and this Nora dame get out of town..and ~~then~~ ^{now} you come to cry ~~on~~ my ~~back~~ ^{shoulder}.

DUD: They moved too fast, Captain Anderson. It was all planned.

CAPT: They sure made a sucker out of you, boy. When Miller squawked about Nelson...why didn't you call me in?

DUD: You weren't around. I looked for ya.

CAPT: Well, you..you coulda sent for me.

DUD: Don't worry...you'll pick him up! The important thing is that the shooting had nothing to do with Miller's work. It was just a case of one guy wanting what another had.

CAPT: Nice girl, that Nora!

DUD: Yeah..if you like poison. Now, as for Miller's hotel...

CAPT: I won't close it down..yet.

~~DUD: But Captain, I've already shown that..~~

CAPT: ~~(GUMPS OUT): Tony Miller told you his part of it.~~ When we get Nelson..then I'll decide.

(DOOR OPENS)

CAPT: What is it, Sergeant?

SGT: The Sheriff of Columbia County just phoned in. There's been a double murder there.

~~CAPT: (SURPRISE) That is usually such a quiet place.~~

SGT: It's a man and woman. They're messed up pretty bad and the Sheriff wants to know if he can borrow our identification expert.

CAPT: Sure! Tell Blaney to get right out there.

SGT: Right!

DUD: Sergeant..did the Sheriff describe the bodies at all?

SGT: Just the bullet holes!

(DOOR CLOSES...PHONE LIFTED...RECEIVER JIGGLED)

CAPT: Hey, Dud...that's a taxpayer's phone!

DUD: Operator....get me the Sheriff in Columbia County!

CAPT: Mind letting me in on what you're doing?

DUD: Playing a long shot, Captain. Now that Nora and Pete Nelson are missing, it's kind of coincidental that the bodies of a man and a woman suddenly turn up.

CAPT: (THINKING) Isn't it though...

DUD: If the Sheriff can give us any kind of description at all..
they may turn out to be the same two people.

(MUSIC: UP AND SEGUE TO)

(~~SLIGHT WIND AND INDICATION OF COUNTRY SOUNDS - BG~~)

SHERIFF: First killings we've had in my county since I was elected
Sheriff. Guess this is old stuff to you and Mr. McClure,
Captain.

CAPT: These bodies been moved, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: Nope! This is just where we found them...half a mile
inside Dutch Canyon.

DUD: (NERVOUSLY) Let's get it over with..huh!

CAPT: Lift the ~~off~~ blanket. (SLIGHT BEAT)(GRIM) Take a look,
Dud!

~~SHERIFF: Faces are beaten in so hard to see them good.~~

CAPT: ~~I see enough to see that~~ The man's Nelson all right.
Check with you Dud? (SLIGHT BEAT) (KIND) ~~Cover them up.~~

~~Sheriff.~~
yeah and
DUD: (SICK) This was Nora. I can tell easy...by her dress.

CAPT: (BRISK) *Cover them up Sheriff*
Coroner determine exact cause of death?

SHERIFF: A bullet each...in the stomach.

DUD: Someone must've liked seeing them die.

(CAR APPROACHING OFF)

CAPT: Got an answer figured out for this one, Dud?

DUD: I...I don't know.

CAPT: Then I'll tell ya. Some guy at Miller's place got sore
at these two for what they did to Tony. So..he took them
for a real, old fashioned ride.

(CAR BRAKES FAST JUST OFF)

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SHERIFF: Looks like one of your men, Captain Anderson.

(CAR DOOR OPENS...GRAVEL STEPS ON PAST)

CAPT: What's up, Sergeant?

SGT: Tried to phone you, Captain but there wasn't any way.

CAPT: Okay, okay...let's have it!

SGT: It's about Tony Miller!

DUD: (TENSE) What about him?

SGT: He's missing from his hospital room!

(MUSIC: UP INTO CURTAIN)

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

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0062121

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #111

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 0062122

(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and the BIG STORY of Dudley McClure..as he lived it...and wrote it!

NARR: A ~~harmless, little story~~ ^{Portland shooting} has suddenly turned into a bizarre murder mystery...and you, Dudley McClure..police reporter for the Portland, Oregon JOURNAL...are right in the middle of it. You know that Tony Miller...a reformed ex-convict, who runs a free hotel for men just out of prison...has been shot by a cheap crook named Pete Nelson. Both had wanted the same thing...and her name was Nora! You discover that she and Nelson have beat it out of town.. but now..as you stand in a lonely, desolate place called Dutch Canyon...you see they haven't gotten far. Someone suddenly changed their plans..with two well directed bullets. And when you hear that Tony Miller has disappeared from his hospital room...Police Captain Anderson puts into words...what you're afraid to think.

(SNEAK IN SIGHT WIND UNDER LAST AND INDICATION OF COUNTRY SCENE)

CAPT: Miller did it. He murdered them, Dud.

DUD: Now, take it slow, Captain..

CAPT: Nothing you say can alibi the facts. It all adds up.

DUD: It's all too neat..too simple..

CAPT: Did ya ever see a clearer picture? Nelson shot Miller and took away his girl. Miller got a ~~little~~ sore and put a slug in each of 'em. It's all wrapped up.

DUD: Not yet, it isn't!

in the canyon

CAPT: Then who put these bodies here. ^{who?}

DUD: I don't know...yet.

CAPT: (SHORT TRIUMPHANT LAUGH) Save yourself the trouble!

DUD: The Sheriff said he'd found a couple of clues. Let's check 'em.

CAPT: That's on my list of things to do today. Also on my list is the closing down of Miller's phoney hotel.

DUD: Give those guys a break. None of this is their fault.

CAPT: Like I said before, Dud....I'm not against a man because he's been in prison..but that place is too good a setup for crime. And with a killer running it...well, what choice have I got?

DUD: Wait, can't ya? At least 'til we solve these murders.

CAPT: You mean...'til we catch up with Tony Miller.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: It's all too neat...too simple. You keep saying ~~that~~ over and over. If Miller did shoot Nora and Pete Nelson...why did he in his weakened condition go to the trouble of driving them to Dutch Canyon...twenty miles from the city. Something's wrong somewhere...and you ^{alone} have to find what it is!

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

SHERIFF: We ~~see~~ ^{took pictures of} these tire tracks, McClure. They lead out of the canyon..here all the way up to the road.

DUD: ^{Sheriff} Does Captain Anderson have a picture of these tracks,

SHERIFF: ~~Sure~~ ^{He's gone back to Portland} He seems to think the killer came from Portland.

DUD: How about witnesses?

SHERIFF: (SURPRISED) You mean to the murder?

DUD: (TOUCH OF IRRITATION) For the car that dumped the bodies!

SHERIFF: Oh!...Well, one of my deputies found a farmer 'bout a mile down the highway. I was just goin' there. Come along if you like!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BRIDGE) --

FARMER: What can I do for ya, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: This here's McClure of the JOURNAL, Mr. Sykes.

FARMER: Have a seat, Mr. McClure.

DUD: (IMPATIENTLY) No, thanks...Ask him, will ya, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: Mr. Sykes..many cars pass by today?

FARMER: A few...why?

SHERIFF: There's been a couple of murders in the canyon and we're tryin' to get a description of the killer's automobile.

FARMER: Murders....

DUD: Did you see anything unusual..or hear shooting?

FARMER: (ALERT) No...I didn't hear any guns...but if you're talkin' about cars.

DUD: (EAGER) Yes..

FARMER: There was one that didn't belong around here.

SHERIFF: What kind was it?

FARMER: A big red one...I didn't get too good a look at it the first time but about ten minutes after it passed...it came speedin' back toward Portland. Saw it good then!

DUD: The make of the car...did you see that?

FARMER: Yeah...a Studebaker! Four door Sedan. And like I said... a big red one!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BEHIND)

BARR: You check with other witnesses..and the murder car gets the same, exact description. Now, you've got ~~something~~ ..~~not just an idea, but~~ something real to go on! For clinging deep to the mud in Dutch Canyon...the tire tracks...linking the killer to the bodies sprawled on the Canyon floor. He'd get rid of those tires fast, ~~wouldn't he, destroy the incriminating evidence.~~ You've got to beat him to it. And back in your office you open a classified phone book and get ready to call every single garage in the city of Portland.

(PHONE LIFTED)

DUD: *Mary*
~~Operator~~..get me East 5874....

OPERATOR: (FILTER) I'm sorry, Mr. McClure but there's an incoming call for you.

DUD: Let's have it, please...hello...

CAPT: (FILTER) *Dud?* Captain Anderson ...

DUDL: Every time you call...something's wrong.

CAPT: Why should I disappoint you?

DUDL: What's it now?

CAPT: Hold on to your chair! Your pal, Tony Miller, just showed up again. One of my men spotted him back at his hotel.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

TONY: (WEAKLY) Look, Captain...I'm sick. Why don't ya lemme alone?

CAPT: (SARCASM) Yeah..real sick. Sick enough to sneak out of a hospital.

DUD: (HIS FRIEND) You're in trouble, Tony. Better tell us what happened.

TONY: Nothin' happened, McClure...nothin'

CAPT: You hear him, Dud? You hear what he's sayin'?

DUD: Now, Tony, look ...

TONY: It's none of your business. Whatta ya want from me?

DUD: (SHARP) I'm tryin' to help you...and you've gotta talk.

CAPT: Why did you leave the hospital?

DUD: Tell us, Tony!

TONY: I..I hadda get out of there.

CAPT: Why?

TONY: I was lookin' for someone.

CAPT: (SATISFACTION) Nora and Pete Nelson.

TONY: (SORE AND HURT) So what..so what's it to you.

DUD: (KINDLY) Easy, Tony.

TONY: (SLOW) I was layin' there...just waitin' for her to show up...and she didn't come..she didn't come.

DUD: I know.

TONY: I didn't want to think about it but I couldn't stop. Her and Nelson...maybe they were together.

CAPT: Go on!

TONY: I got dressed and slipped out of the hospital.

CAPT: And you found them.

TONY: No..I didn't. I thought ~~Nora~~ ^{Nelson} might be here...gettin' ready to run away with ~~her~~ ^{Nora}..but I was too late. They were gone.

DUD: And that's when the cop spotted you...here at the hotel.

TONY: Yeah.

CAPT: Miller...your story ~~sticks~~ ^{is} all wet.

DUD: Wait a minute, Captain...

CAPT: They're gone all right..and you know where. In Dutch Canyon...With a couple of slugs in them.

TONY: (SHOCK..INTENSELY) What!

CAPT: Like you didn't know.

TONY: Nora...

DUD: (LOW..KIND) Rough, Tony...but it's happened.

TONY: (EMPTY..SICK) I don't believe it..don't say it again... don't kid me like that.

DUD: Who did it? Who?

TONY: (CLOSE TO SOBS) I don't know...I don't know...

CAPT: ~~You're hard to convince~~, Dud. Stop wastin' your time!

DUD: No! He's tellin' the truth.

CAPT: (SARCASM) Sure...

DUD: (TOUCH OF DESPERATION) Tony...it has to be someone who knew both you and Nelson.

TONY: (BEGINNING TO CRY) Go away...lemme alone...

CAPT: It's your neck Miller. If you know anything, you'd better spill it.

TONY: (CRYING SOFTLY) Nora...~~what'd they do to ya~~...Nora...

DUD: (LOW) Captain...let's get out of here.
(WE HEAR TONY CRYING SOFTLY TILL DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

DUD: (SIGHS) Well...whatta you think now?

CAPT: I don't like seein' a guy cry...if that's what you mean.

DUD: You've got no real proof against him.

CAPT: (DRAWING IT JUST A TRIFLE) No...but we'll find it.

DUD:

DUD: (DECISIVELY) Look...I got it figured how to trace the murder car. Tony didn't do it. I'm more certain than ever. Stick with me...and we'll prove it.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

DUD: Hello...Crossroads Garage? ..listen..did any of your men change four tires on a big red Studebaker this week?

(DISPIRITED) Okay...thanks...

(PHONE HUNG UP)

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

DUD: Okay, so you're closing up...this'll only take a second. Did you change four tires on a big red Studebaker this week? (LET DOWN) Yeah...okay..thanks ...

(PHONE HUNG UP)

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: For one solid day you keep your ear to the phone. You sound like a record...asking the same ~~big~~ questions over and over. It seems like every man in Portland runs a garage. And the very next morning..you start in all over again...~~warning up a phone bill to run down a murderer!~~ You get down to the W's...the Walton Garage..and the tired question comes out of you automatically....

DUD: (TIRED..AN AUTOMATON) Hello..did anyone in your place change four tires on a big, red Studebaker this week?

MECHANIC: (FILTER) Yeah, I did..just this morning.

DUD: (LISTLESS) Okay, thanks...(DOES A DOUBLE TAKE)..what.. what did you say?

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MECHANIC: I said I ...

DUD: (JUMP CUE) Never mind! Who'd you do the job for?

MECHANIC: Say, who is this?

DUD: Dud McClure of the Journal!

MECHANIC: Oh. Well, I changed those tires for a regular customer
of mine...Nick Howard!

(MUSIC: UP IN EXCITEMENT AND BRIDGE)

ATX01 0062130

CAPT: These the tires, Walton?

MECHANIC: Yes sir, Captain Anderson. I've been holdin' them since Mr. McClure called.

CAPT: All right, Dud, let's have that envelope!

DUD: The pictures came out swell. The tracks we found in the Canyon are all distinct.

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

CAPT: Okay...here goes! (SLIGHT STRAIN AS HE BENDS DOWN)
Now, if these pictures of the canyon tracks match with these tires..we've got something.

DUD: (ANXIOUS) Well?

CAPT: Relax, will ya?

DUD: Okay...okay...

CAPT: Yeah...Like twins..they match up like a million bucks!

DUD: (EXCITED) Now, you're movin'!. Walton...describe Nick Howard's car for ~~us~~ ^{the captain}, will ya?

MECHANIC: You know..it's a Studebaker..a big red sedan.

DUD: (IMPATIENT) Four door?

MECHANIC: Yeah....

DUD: (THIS SIDE OF ENTHUSIASM) It all checks, Captain.

MECHANIC: You want Mr. Howard's address?

CAPT: Don't anticipate me..but what is it?

MECHANIC: Fifty nine Salmon Street..South East.

CAPT: All right, Dud! Let's go!

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE TO)

(POUNING ON DOOR) (IT OPENS)

NICK: Hey...what's the idea!

CAPT: Your name Nick Howard?

* NICK: So?

CAPT: So we're coming in. Police!

(DOOR CLOSES)

NICK: Say...this guy's no cop!

CAPT: So?

NICK: So he's a reporter.

DUD: Another of my loyal readers, Captain.

NICK: What's the pitch? I'm clean.

DUD: Since you left the State Prison?

NICK: I thought you gave ex-convicts^{McClure} a break. So how about me?

DUD: That depends, Nick.

NICK: On what?

CAPT: On whether you can explain away those four tires on your car.

NICK: I don't get it, Captain.

CAPT: C'mon...c'mon...we just came from the garage. Why'd you order four new tires?

NICK: The others were wearin' out.

DUD: The tread on them was good enough to leave a sharp imprint in Dutch Canyon.

NICK: What's he talkin' about, Captain?

CAPT: You know Tony Miller?

NICK: Who don't?

CAPT: Ever meet a guy named Pete Nelson?

NICK: Sure..over at Tony's hotel. He was makin' a play for Nora..Tony's girl. Well, from what I read in the paper, Tony took care of 'em both.

DUD: Correction, Nick...we think you took care of 'em both.

NICK: (NOT SORE..JUST SURPRISED) Me? Mr. McClure..you're outta ya mind.

(MUSIC: --- BEHIND)

NARR: That starts it. Not angry...not scared..he answers your accusations like a parent scolding a little child who ought to know better. He slips out of everything..except the evidence of the tire tracks. But even in that, he tries to alibi.

(MUSIC: _ _ OUT)_

NICK: A lot a times I just leave the key in the ignition. Somebody coulda stolen the car.

~~(MUSIC: _ _ END)~~

NARR: ~~Like a high school student~~..you can't pin him down. And then..slyly...he begins hinting at how Tony Miller could have gotten a few of his boys from the hotel to help him out in the murders. This is a third degree all right... only you and Captain Anderson are doing all the sweating... especially when Nick Howard throws his very special argument at you.

(MUSIC: _ _ OUT)_

NICK: So you keep sayin' I did it. Well, suppose I did.... which I didn't. Why would I kill 'em? What was my motive?

~~(MUSIC: _ _ END)~~

~~DUB:~~
Narr: And there..he has you. The motive! ~~You search around... looking for it.~~ You find that Nick Howard hasn't been in Portland long enough to have gotten a fatal eyeful of Nora. This was no crime of passion! Chances are the reason lies further back..~~maybe~~ before Howard and Nelson came to Portland. Suddenly...you've got an angle..and back in the files at the JOURNAL ...you look for a payoff!

(MUSIC: _ _ OUT)_

MAN: Here's that clipping on Nick Howard, Mr. McClure.

~~DUD: Read it to me, will you?~~

Thanked paper
MAN: ~~The date line is the~~ state prison..(READING) A small sized riot was averted here today when a prisoner, Nick Howard attempted to attack a convict named Pete Nelson...for having informed authorities of his plans to escape. Howard was found to have hidden a revolver in his *(his) cell and officials were able to*
~~DUD: (CUTTING HIM OFF) I have to know.~~

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: You go back to Howards apartment and again you see the same, easy sympathetic smile. But he stops short...when you put the news clipping in his hand. And as he reads..you can see the phoney ~~outrage~~ *anguish* draining out of him like the air in a punctured bag.

(MUSIC: OUT)

NICK: (LOW, EMPTY) It all fits...doesn't it? I killed them and tried to frame Miller for it. Sure..it all fits nice and tight..except for one thing. (DEFIANT) I didn't do it... and nothing in this world ... is ever gonna make me say I did.

(MUSIC: BUILDS TO CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Dudley McClure of the Portland, Oregon Journal...with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY!

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #111

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 Dudley McClure of the Portland Oregon Journal.

MCCLURE: I was present during trial of killer in tonight's Big Story. I watched him as he sat sullenly denying all accusations of guilt, never cracking once and viciously trying to implicate Tony Miller. However, evidence during trial kept piling up to the point where he was proven definitely guilty. Killer was finally convicted and sentenced to Oregon State Penitentiary. Tony Miller recovered from his wounds and resumed his rehabilitation work at his hotel. Thanks a lot for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. McClure...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 St. Louis Globe Democrat -- by-line, Charles C. Clayton. A BIG STORY -- about a \$100,000 dollar reward offered by a man who tried to remember a girl he never forgot.

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 Larry Blyden played the part of Dudley McClure. 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. McClure.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE)

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

ANNCR: This is NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

lily/rita
5/2/49 pm

ATX01 0062137

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #112

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MAN	BOB SLOANE
MAN III	BOB SLOANE
ELAINE	AMZIE STRIKLAND
WOMAN	GRACE KEDDY
CHARLIE	JOE DE SANTIS
CRANE	JOE DE SANTIS
TODD	BILL SMITH
MAN 4	BILL SMITH
SHERIFF	BOB DRYDEN
MAN II	BOB DRYDEN
DAVIES	LYLE SUDROW
SKINNER	LYLE SUDROW

WEDNESDAY, MAY 18, 1949

ATX01 0062138

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#112

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

MAY 18, 1949

WEDNESDAY

(CHARLES C. CLAYTON - ST. LOUIS GLOBE-DEMOCRAT)

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE UNDER)

SLOANE: It began 25 years ago in a lonely, isolated barn on a farm in De Soto Missouri --

(WIND. HEAVY DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS)

TODD: I told you stay away from her, Crane. She's only a kid.

CRANE: Who do you think you are? Her father? You work here, Todd. Same as I do - you're a two-bit hired hand without a dime in his pocket. Now git out of here.

TODD: (FURY) Crane, you go near that girl again, you so much as talk to her -- (CHOKES ON IT)

CRANE: (SMILING) You'll what?

TODD: (PLEADING) She's 16 -- she's a kid!

CRANE: (SAME) I like 'em 16. I like kids.

TODD: (RESIGNED TO WHAT HAS TO BE) Just once more - you wouldn't live to see the next day.

SLOANE: But the next day the man who had been warned, Crana, went out with the 16 year-old girl. (PAUSE) And the day following - he was found impaled on a scythe, quite dead.

(MUSIC: -- HITS, RACES UP, 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) St. Louis, Missouri: the story of a hate that ended in death and a love between two people who almost never spoke to each other. To crime reporter Charles C. Clayton of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, for his Big Story goes the PELL MELL Award.
(COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0062139

THE BIG STORY 5/18/49
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.

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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.

ATX01 0062140

(MUSIC: -- THEME, LIGHT (SPRING), NOT FUNNY, UNDER:) --

CHAPPELL: Now the story as it actually happened: Charles Clayton's story as he lived it. (PAUSE) St. Louis, Mo.

(MUSIC: -- PUNCTUATES AND GOES UNDER:)

SLOANE: It was a dog day for you, Charlie Clayton, of the Globe-Democrat and for all the rest of Missouri -- one of those beautiful early Spring days when work is the last thing on your mind: and when crime (that's your specialty) ought to take a holiday and let a human being open his collar, stick his feet on the desk - or better still, let a guy knock off for a couple of days in the country air. It was a day when you felt kind of close to other people, when the cynicism (built up over years of looking into sordid happenings) actually dropped away and it felt good to be alive..And then, of course,

(TELEPHONE RINGS)

reality rang the telephone...

(PHONE. IS ANSWERED)

CHARLIE: (SAME) Hello. Clayton speaking..Who? Oh, you're a lawyer aren't you? ...Yeah, I'm pretty busy..No, I can't come over. (LITTLE ANNOYED. LOUDER) I said I can't come over to your office, Davies, I'm busy..(PAUSE) What kind of story?..Well, if you can't tell me on the phone, what'd you call me up for? Yeah, I'll be here - bout a half hour ...I got to go out on an assignment. If you want to come over, come over. Yeah. (BORED STIFF) Good bye.

(MUSIC: -- SAME SPRING MUSIC) --

DAVIES: (TRACE OF PHONY IN HIM. BUT HE HAPPENS TO BE SINCERE) My client is a very wealthy man, Mr. Clayton.

CHARLIE: (BORED) Mmmm hmmm.

DAVIES: And he is dying - he has perhaps a month to live.

CHARLIE: (SAME) Go ahead.

DAVIES: It is his desire (perhaps his last wish on earth) that the money he possesses shall go to a woman whose identity is not quite certain.

CHARLIE: What?

DAVIES: It sounds a bit peculiar, I know, but those are the facts. My client wishes to leave his money to a woman he knew 25 years ago - but whose whereabouts and whose name (she is probably married) he does not know.

CHARLIE: Now wait a second, just wait a second. Who is this client of yours?

DAVIES: I am not at liberty to disclose his name. That is part of my unusual problem.

CHARLIE: Well, how much money has he got?

DAVIES: I can only answer that generally -- it is upwards of one hundred thousand dollars.

CHARLIE: (STARTS) A hundred thousand..(THEN TELLS HIM OFF) Look, Davies, you got a sour reputation in town, you know that. I know guys wouldn't lend you a five dollar bill. What's the angle? What's the story? An old guy wants to leave 100,000 bucks to some dame he doesn't even know her name -- what am I supposed to do? Get excited, write a big story about it, turn it in and get myself kicked off the paper for stupidity? (PAUSE) What is this, Davies?

DAVIES: I assure you, Mr. Clayton, what I have told you is the truth.

CHARLIE: If ever I heard of a raw publicity story, Davies, this is it. If you want your name in the paper that bad, think up a better story. (DAVIES: But, I assure you) - Do me a favor, will you -- good bye?

DAVIES: Mr. Clayton, please -- please believe me. If you met my client...

CHARLIE: (OUTS) I thought you couldn't disclose his name.

DAVIES: Perhaps I can convince him to see you --

CHARLIE: This gets better all the time: "perhaps you can convince him to see me." Well, (SARCASTIC) Mr. Davies -- you try to convince your \$100,000 client to see me. And if you can, you call me -- and perhaps I'll answer the phone when it rings, perhaps.

(MUSIC: UP, SPRING IS SOUR AND UNDER)

SLOANE: And late that same day, Davies phones. His client will see you. (PAUSE) You enter an ordinary room and there, in bed, lies a most extraordinary man. He's 70, but strong and hearty, with a massive ugly head and a giant frame.

TODD: (NOW 70. BUT VIGOROUS AND STRONG) I'm dying, Mr. Clayton and I thank you for coming.

CHARLIE: (EMBARRASSED) Well, I, Mr. Davies --

TODD: Mr. Davies told me what you said. I don't blame you. It is a strange story. Please sit down. First, I know I look like a strong man, and until a year ago I was. My trouble, Mr. Clayton is --

CHARLIE: You don't have to tell me.

TODD: Thank you. I have a month, perhaps two months to live. My name is Jonathan Todd, I am sure you never heard it.

(CHARLIE: I don't think so) I must ask you,
(perhaps it will sound foolish - but I must ask it -)
that you keep my name out of anything you may care
to write.

CHARLIE: Go on, Mr. Todd.

TODD: The facts are as Mr. Davies has told you. I made my money in lumber, in Washington State and Oregon. I've no family. There isn't a person in the world I care that much about - except one woman. I'd like to leave my money to that woman. It will probably be the only act - in an otherwise selfish life - that'll mean anything to me. It's an old man's dying wish, if you like, but I want to do it.

CHARLIE: You better start at the beginning. Who is this woman?

TODD: I know only her maiden name - I think she's married now. Where she lives now and what her name is I do not know - but it is to her that I want my money to go.

CHARLIE: What was her maiden name? How did you know her? *And what?*

TODD: --(SMILING) And what was she to me? I don't mind answering that. It goes back - this autumn, 25 years - to a town called De Soto, ever heard of it?

CHARLIE: Small farm town, isn't it?

TODD: Yeah. I was down and out then, broke, penniless -- and in DeSoto. I was fat then, too - weighed 260 pounds. I was an ugly man, I'm still ugly - and I was hated. People couldn't stand me being around; they wouldn't give me a job--and all I knew was farm work, never had a trade. I went from farm to farm, trying to get a meal, trying to get a job--and everywhere it was the same....

~~MAN: Who's Nah get no work here. Nah no hand out. Move on.~~

TODD: It went on till I was just plain hungry, so hungry I broke into a silo, one morning, and ate raw corn -- and it was there I met her. She was 15 --

ELAINE: Why are you eating the corn?

TODD: (AT 40) (BELLIGERENT BECAUSE HE'S FRIGHTENED) None of your business, git out of here!

ELAINE: My name's Elaine Robinson, this is my father's farm -- are you hungry?

TODD: What do you think I'm eating this for?

ELAINE: Well, come into the house. I'll fix you some breakfast. I mean if you like bacon and eggs.

TODD: (NARRATING) It was the first decent word I've had in months. Her father wouldn't hire me at first - he was like the rest of them, but she talked him into it - A sweet little girl, just 15, and the first friend I had in years. I don't know, Mr. Clayton, if you have ever been lonely - but I'd been an itinerant field-hand all my life blowing around like tumbleweed for years, no family, no friends - and ~~then~~ a little snip of a girl turns up -- and even though the rest of the world won't have any part of you -- you can live, life isn't so bad. That ever happen to you? *Mr Clayton?*

CHARLIE: No.

TODD: You can thank the good Lord. I stayed there, over a year-- and I think if I hadn't spent that year there, maybe I'd of done something to myself and not bothered anybody any more. But that child made me want to live again. Just before I left - it was going on November - she came into the shack where I slept -

ELAINE: Mr. Todd --

TODD: (40) Yes, Elaine --

ELAINE: Do you know what today is?

TODD: Today? Today's Monday isn't it?

ELAINE: I don't mean that -- I mean - don't you really know what today is?

TODD: I don't think so.

ELAINE: Oh, you -- today's your birthday. Don't you remember you told me November 6th? And so I brought you this. I think maybe it's a little big, but it'll keep you warm.

(PAUSE)

TODD: (NARRATING) It was a scarf she knitted. It was the first time in my life that anybody ever gave me a birthday present. I still have it. (PAUSE) And that's all there is to it -- except I'd like to leave that girl whatever money I have.

(PAUSE)

CHARLIE: ~~(COUGHS IN EMBARRASSMENT) Oh, excuse me, Mr. Todd~~

TODD: ~~No, thanks.~~

CHARLIE: ~~Ms. Davies?~~

DAVIE: ~~If you don't mind.~~

CHARLIE: ~~Sure, Mr. Todd, you said she brought you this scarf, why can't I use your name in connection with this story?~~

TODD: Because I don't want her ever to know - I mean if we find her - I don't want anybody to know.

CHARLIE: Why?

TODD: (WE'VE HIT SOMETHING) I just don't want her to know.

CHARLIE: Look, Mr. Todd - I'll be frank with you. I walked in here prepared not to believe a word you'd say. Now I believe you. But you've got to tell me why you want to remain anonymous, you've got to tell me the whole story. Wouldn't she take the money from you? Is it something like that?
(PAUSE)

TODD: ~~But how, what should I do?~~

DAVIES: ~~It's up to you, Mr. Todd. I think I'd tell.~~

TODD: Young man, I'm going to ask you to promise me that what I reveal to you, you will not make public.

CHARLIE: I'm a reporter, Mr. Todd. I've got responsibilities to my editor, to my paper and to myself. I don't make promises like that.

TODD: I guess I just have to take my chances.

CHARLIE: I guess you do.

TODD: All right, Mr. Clayton, I said I left the Robinson farm after I'd been there a year. I didn't just leave--(believe me I wanted to stay there, if I could). I didn't leave. I ran away.

CHARLIE: Why?

TODD: Because - because, Mr. Clayton -- for 25 years, I've been wanted for murder

(MUSIC: UP FULL TO TAG)

ANNCR: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's BIG STORY!
(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 5/18/49
PELL MELL

-10-

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 0062148

(MUSIC: -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and the BIG STORY of Charles Clayton, as he lived it and wrote it..

SLOANE: You, Charlie Clayton, crime reporter for the St. Louis Globe Democrat, ^{you just want to} ~~have just said you'll~~ help a dying man fulfill his last wish: to leave his fortune to a girl whose whereabouts and name he doesn't know. And in the next sentence you've learned this big ugly, dying man is wanted for murder. A murder committed 25 years ago in DeSoto, Missouri. You turn and ask him a question...

CHARLIE: ~~Why, after~~ You've kept this quiet for ^a ~~so~~ long, ^{there} Mr. Todd, ^{why} do you tell it now?

TODD: Because I'm dying, because I have two months to live at the most.

CHARLIE: Tell me -- ~~the story~~ ^{was I supposed?}

TODD: ^{There was a man named Dave - he worked on the farm too - was a child} That's just it -- I - I can't prove it. I can't possibly prove it - and she probably thinks I did it too -- but I didn't ^{murder} ~~kill~~ anyone.

CHARLIE: We better get the whole story.

~~TODD: There was a man named Crane. He worked on the Robinson farm too - an evil, vile man. But he was handsome and she was a child - she was 16 when I left the farm. Crane was after her and I told him to stay away from her. Everyone knew I hated Crane. I threatened him. I said I'd kill him if he ever talked to her again. (PAUSE) And a day after I made that threat, he was found dead - with a scythe thru his body. It was my scythe.~~

CHARLIE: But you didn't do it?

TODD: As heaven is my witness, But I knew no one'd believe me. I was hated, as I told you - no one could stand me -- only Elaine. And she thinks (if she ever thinks of me) that I'm a murderer. But that's why I left - because I knew I'd be convicted of the crime. (PAUSE) Will you help me, Mr. Clayton? Will you? Will you try to help an old man dying - to fulfill the only real wish he ever had in his life?

(MUSIC: -- UP SEARCHINGLY)

(TYPEWRITER, SOON AS ESTABLISHED FADE UNDER AND OUT)

CHARLIE: "25 years ago, in DeSoto, Missouri, a little laughing-eyed girl of 15 touched the heart of a man, then ~~40~~ years of age. Today that man, his fortune made in the lumber camps of the north, seeks to find her - that he may leave to his friend of a quarter of a century ago, everything he possesses. Her name, the only name he knows her by, was Elaine Robinson..

(MUSIC: -- A HELTER SKELTER OF LETTER, CALLS REACTIONS. UNDER)

SLOANE: The item in the paper is an explosion, Hundreds of phone calls come in, hundreds of letters, dozens of women (all named Elaine Robinson) come in person to claim the fortune from the man they "befriended"...

(MUSIC: -- TOUGH)

WOMAN: You the feller wrote that story?

CHARLIE: That's right.

WOMAN: Well here I am -- Elaine Robinson. You wanted me, right?

CHARLIE: Did you live in DeSoto 25 years ago?

WOMAN: Are you kidding? Do I look like a woman'd live in some whistle stop like DeSoto? St. Louis is my home town.

CHARLIE: Then I'm sorry, you must be the wrong Elaine Robinson.

WOMAN: Listen, why don't you give that feller with all the money a tip? Tell him to stop hunting for his long-lost sweetheart. I'll marry him tomorrow and no questions asked. And I'll make him happy too.

(MUSIC: -- SAME AND UNDER)

MAN II: Hello, Globe Democrat? This is John T. Robinson, calling. That girl you wrote about in the paper is my daughter. The only thing is she's living in South America now and it's gonna be a little hard to prove.

SLOANE: Hundreds of calls, letters, visits -- and all of them wrong. All of them not the right person because (the thought has been in your mind all along), because maybe, maybe the whole thing's made up. It doesn't seem so - but it might be. So you start on the other trail - the other unfinished story, the story of the murder of a man named Crane on a farm in DeSoto 25 years ago. This part of it isn't difficult -- you call the sheriff of the county and go out to see him..an old man, but a man with a young memory....

SHERIFF: Sure. Sure I remember Todd. I remember Crane too. I remember Crane because, you see, I was the coroner, then too.

CHARLIE: Well, I can tell you where Todd is.

SHERIFF: (NOT INTERESTED) That's good. You come out all the way from St. Louie to tell me that?

CHARLIE: Now wait a minute, sheriff, maybe murders happen every day around here. You mean you don't want to know where he is?

SHERIFF: Oh, I'll take his address down - sure. Want to give it to me?

CHARLIE: Let me get something straight: Jonathan Todd has been wanted for murder for 25 years right?

SHERIFF: Is it that long?

CHARLIE: And you're not interested in finding him? Is that what you're telling me?

SHERIFF: I guess you could put it that way?

CHARLIE: Why? Tell me why?

SHERIFF: Well now -- you might call it I'm derelict in my duties. On the other hand, you might say - why not let sleeping dogs lie? 25 years - that's a long time.

CHARLIE: (IRATE CITIZEN) Look, I've seen a lot in my time sheriff, but I never saw --

SHERIFF: Whoa, now - whoa - you might say something you'll be sorry for. You're still a pretty young feller - there's a lot of things you ain't seen, apparently.

CHARLIE: (STILL HOT) Like what?

SHERIFF: Well - like maybe I don't think Todd killed this Crane.

CHARLIE: ~~It was his scyone, wasn't it? He swore he'd kill Crane~~
~~didn't he?~~

SHERIFF: ~~Yes - very true - but still - at least to my way of~~
~~thinking - not conclusive. Todd might be innocent?~~

CHARLIE: You think he's innocent?

SHERIFF: Well, put it this way -- I don't think he's that guilty to make me do anything about it.

CHARLIE: You think he's innocent, then. Well, why don't you do something about it? Clear the man's name at least. If you think that.

SHERIFF:

Who now who
You're putting words in my mouth, son. I didn't say he
was ~~guilty~~ ^{innocent} and I didn't say he was ~~innocent~~ ^{guilty}. I ~~said I was~~
inclined to think he wasn't guilty. But I can't prove it.

CHARLIE:

Did you try?

SHERIFF:

Starting 25 years ago I tried. Starting 25 years ago - and
for about 12 years I tried -- but I got tired. Man gets
tired after 12 years.

CHARLIE:

Just what are you trying to say?

SHERIFF:

You see, there was a witness to that killing. But I never
could find that witness.

CHARLIE:

A witness? Who?

SHERIFF:

at the time
Girl - girl about 16 years old, Girl named Elaine
Robinson.

CHARLIE:

What?!

SHERIFF:

Know her? She saw it, saw the whole thing -- but her and
her pa left day after that killing and I ain't been able
to find her since.

CHARLIE:

You mean she could prove Todd innocent?

SHERIFF:

She might. But where she is, I can't tell you. Searched
high and low -- all over the state - for 12 years -- and
then, like I told you. I got tired of it - other things
to do.

(PAUSE)

CHARLIE:

Sheriff, I'm sorry, if I sounded like -- well like I
sounded. Can you give me any clue to that girl's
whereabouts - any clue at all?

SHERIFF: I'll give you what I have: she left 25 years ago. About 9 years later (that'd be about 16 years ago) she married some feller - worked for a railroad, came from a town nearby called Bismarck. Never did find his name. ~~That's~~ ~~where I stopped.~~

CHARLIE: Thank you, sheriff, thanks a lot,

SHERIFF: If you find her - tell her to look me up. Tell her to drop me a post card. She was a mighty sweet little girl.

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT)

CHARLIE: I know this is an unusual request, sir, but could you give me a list of the men who work for this railroad - and the towns they come from?

MAN III: What do you think this is, the census bureau? This is the railroad.

(MUSIC: BRIEF "NO")

CHARLIE: Excuse me, you're a conductor on this line, aren't you?

MAN 4: Thass right.

CHARLIE: Could you tell me if any of ~~them~~ ^{the} men working here -- happen to come from Bismarck?

MAN 4: Bismarck? Say now that you mention it - sure - George Skinner comes from Bismarck. George is Engineer on the 201. Comes through -- ~~oh, lassie~~ ^{at} ~~about~~ 7 p.m. Yap. George Skinner.

(MUSIC: BRIEF "MAYBE")

CHARLIE: Mr. Skinner?

SKINNER: That's right.

CHARLIE: Mr. Skinner, you're from Bismarck aren't you?

SKINNER: Born and bred there; What can I do for you.

CHARLIE: I wonder, Mr. Skinner, if by any chance you're wife's name (I mean her maiden name) - happens to be Elaine Robinson?

SKINNER: (LAUGHS) No, son, it don't happen to be Elaine Robinson. It don't happen to be anything. I don't happen to be married.

(MUSIC: -- UNDER)

SLOANE: You begin to understand why the sheriff from DeSoto gave up -- but you stick it out. You get an idea, a wild one; you go back to DeSoto to the high school and there in the graduating class of 1924, you find her picture: Elaine Robinson's - a lovely, clear-eyed girl and next to her name you read the legend (the kind they put in all the high school year books)...

CHARLIE: (READING) Elaine Robinson: ~~Elaine, Elaine~~ - Once you've known Elaine you'll never be the same. (Hmm). Class play, Vice President Student Organization, Piano Club. Prediction: Elaine will be a great piano player, if she doesn't first get married."

(MUSIC: -- WITH SLOANE:)

SLOANE: And you decide, on the basis of that absurd slim suggestion, that maybe Elaine stayed with the piano. What else have you got to go on.? You get copies of every small town paper in Missouri (and all the big one's as well) -- and in the amusement sections, where music news is reported you look for her name. Absurd? Of course -- but what else is there?

~~(PAGES OF NEWSPAPER TORNED UNDER NARRATION)~~

SLOANE: Pages and pages you go through, ~~year after year~~, city after city, town after town -- and then -- one tiny announcement jumps out at you (from a paper two years old).

CHARLIE: Elaine Robinson Timms, piano lessons - \$1 an hour.
2316 Exeter Street, Hannibal, Missouri.

(MUSIC: UP RACING:)

ELAINE: Yes, I was Elaine Robinson?

CHARLIE: Ma'am -- may I sit down?

ELAINE: Oh, of course. You've come a long way.

CHARLIE: Let me ask you -- excuse my manners - but I've been on a story nearly a month and I haven't much time --

ELAINE: You're a reporter. ~~Oh~~ well ask anything you like.

CHARLIE: ^{ai} You're very kind. Do you know a man named Todd, Mrs. Timms?

ELAINE: Todd? I don't think so.

CHARLIE: Think back. In DeSoto -- didn't you live in DeSoto?

ELAINE: Why yes, father had a farm there.

CHARLIE: And you don't remember Jonathan Todd? He worked for your father.

ELAINE: I'm sorry I don't.

CHARLIE: Mrs. Timms do you remember a murder -- another man who worked there at the same time - a man named Crane?

ELAINE: (IT COMES BACK) Oh, of course - of course. Jonathan Todd. I'd almost forgotten him.

CHARLIE: Then you do remember him?

ELAINE: Oh, yes -- he had a fight with Crane, I remember. Crane tried to kill him - he had a gun or something - and poor Mr. Todd (he was such an unhappy man) poor Mr. Todd pushed him and -- oh, it was terrible.

CHARLIE: Then it was self defense?

ELAINE: Oh - yes - otherwise Crane would have killed him!

CHARLIE: Then Todd actually didn't murder Crane?

ELAINE: Why no - did you think he did?

CHARLIE: Everybody thought he did.

ELAINE: Oh, I didn't know that. I would have told people he didn't. But you see, we left DeSoto right after it happened, the day after I guess it was. We had a death in the family and father had to leave. What's the matter..is Mr. Todd in trouble or something?

CHARLIE: No, he's not in any trouble - now.

ELAINE: I hope not. He was such an unhappy man. People thought he was ugly and didn't like him. And I remember I knitted a scarf for him (it was his birthday - November 6th - funny how you remember things all at once) - and he was so pleased with it, he cried. Imagine a grown man crying over a scarf.

CHARLIE: Mrs. Timms, what you've just told me is going to make ~~him~~ one of the happiest men on earth. And I think it's going to make you very happy too.

ELAINE: Why is that?

CHARLIE: I'd rather not tell you. I'd rather let him tell it to you himself.

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG --)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Charles C. Clayton, of the St. Louis Globe Democrat with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY!

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 5/18/49
PELL MELL

-20-

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 0062158

ORCH: -- TAG --

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Charles C. Clayton of the St. Louis Globe Democrat.

CLAYTON: In tonight's Big Story, ^{the news notes} ~~authorities proved~~ that Todd, in self defense, pushed Crane - causing him to fall on a scythe which killed him. I never revealed this secret to the public until tonight's broadcast. It was also established that Mrs. Timms was the girl who had befriended Todd 25 years ago and she will inherit his fortune. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Clayton..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 News -- by-line, Ted Prager. A BIG STORY - about a bootblack who polished off a killer and paid a debt to a dead man.

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

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was written by Arnold Perl, ^{and} your narrator was Bob Sloane, ~~and~~ Joe de Santis played the part of Charles Clayton. 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. Clayton.

(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 Bill Smith played narrator - 50

SALLY
5/5/49 pm

ATX01 0062160

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #113

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MARGE	FRAN LAFFERTY
GLORIA	FRAN LAFFERTY
FRANK	BILL QUINN
TED	BILL QUINN
DAVE	GIL MACK
SARGE	GIL MACK
BUTSY	FRANK READICK
AL	FRANK READICK
ERNIE	SYD SMITH
LOUIE	SYD SMITH
BENNY:	HUMPHREY DAVIS
ANDREWS	HUMPHREY DAVIS

WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, 1949

ATX01 0062161

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#113

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

MAY 25, 1949

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: -- THEME)

~~(RUSILLADE OF SHOTS OFF...)~~

(STEPS RUNNING IN ON PAVEMENT. ~~RADE IN MOTOR IDLING~~)

BUTSY: (PANTING) Step on it, Frank! Quick!

FRANK: ~~Okay.....~~

~~(GAR DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS SHUT)~~

(GEARS SHIFT, CAR UP)

FRANK: What happened, to Pete?

BUTSY: Dead. Got a slug in his belly and...(CUTS) Frank, look out! There's a cop on the sidewalk there! He's pulling his gun...

FRANK: Hang on, Pal. Here we go!

~~(SCREECH OF TIRES)~~ *(Shots)*

BUTSY: Get low over that steering wheel, you fool!

FRANK: Aah, that cop's shooting wild ^{*(Shot)*} He...(COUGHS) He...

BUTSY: (YELLS) Frank! Don't let go of that wheel! Frank!

(SQUEAL OF TIRES) (CRASH OF CAR)

(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) New York City. From the pages of the Daily News, the authentic story of a reporter who ~~took a bullet~~ ^{*types a brilliant*} ~~shot~~...and paid off a killer. Tonight, to Ted Prager of the New York Daily News for his Big Story goes the PELL MELL Award!

(COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0062162

THE BIG STORY 5/25/49
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)

CHAPPELL: Now, the story as it actually happened...Ted Prager's story as he lived it...New York City.

(MUSIC: _ _UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You are Ted Prager of the New York Daily News, and your beat is the East Side. Here, among the drab and sweating thousands, swarming in the cluttered shadows of coldwater flats, here amid the roar of the ~~circuses~~^{subway} and the babel of a hundred tongues, here in the perpetual dusk of firetrap tenements, you are at home. And your copy is usually violent copy...one-way rides, ice-pick murders, cement shrouds. And this is a foreword to your Big Story. It begins about eleven o'clock, one May night in the apartment of Detective Lieutenant Ernie McKay. You know every cop south of Fourteenth Street by his first name, but Ernie and his wife, Marge, are special friends of yours. And right now, he's making plans...

ERNIE: Only a few days to the first of June, Ted. After that, away we go, Marge and I. ~~Three weeks vacation with pay!~~ How do you like that?

TED: Sounds great, Ernie.

ERNIE: I'll say it is. While you're pounding your feet along the sidewalks of Second Avenue, you know where Marge and I will be?

TED: Where?

ERNIE: Getting a load of the great outdoors. Driving up through New England, away from this rat-trap they call New York..

(MORE)

ATX01 0062164

ERNIE:
(CONT'D)

First, the Berkshires, see, Ted? Then up into Vermont, across to New Hampshire, through the White Mountains, then Maine...(CUTS) Here, I'll show you our roadmaps. Got the whole trip figured out and...

MARGE: (OFF A LITTLE) Darling...

ERNIE: Oh. Yes, Marge?

MARGE: (COMING IN) I think you've bored Ted long enough. If he wasn't such a good friend of yours, he'd have walked out long ago...

ERNIE: Oh now, wait a minute, Marge...

MARGE: Anyway, it's time for you to report to the ~~Clinton Avenue~~ station. ^{house} No duty, no vacation. Here's your briefcase, Ernie..

(THUD OF GUN ON TABLE)

TED: (CHUCKLES) Some briefcase. A 38-caliber automatic.

MARGE: ~~Yes, and you'd be surprised how careless Ernie is with it, Ted. He left it on the bureau this morning where the children could get at it.~~

^{Ernie} ERNIE: ~~It was just going to check it over, and polish it up a~~ ^{little like I ought to} ~~one of~~ ^{these days.}

MARGE: ~~Ernie~~: And speaking of polish, look at your shoes. Ernie McKay, you're a disgrace to the Force.

ERNIE: Okay, okay. I'll step in for a shine at Dave's place, down on Forsyth Street. Come on, Ted. You're going my way. I'll give you a lift downtown.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER) --

NARR: You and Ernie McKay head down to the East Side, and this is the beginning of your Big Story. You stop in at Dave's shoeshine parlor with him, while he gets a shine and finally
....

(Brush)

~~(WE HEAR FLAPPING OF SHOESHINE RAG; THEN IT STOPS)~~

DAVE: Okay Lieutenant. All done. You got the best shine on the East Side.

ERNIE: Thanks, Dave. ~~These brogans really do look good now. Here, keep the change.~~

DAVE: ~~(PADING A LITTLE) Much obliged, lieutenant.~~

~~(CLANG ON CASH REGISTER OFF)~~

ERNIE: Oh, Ted.

TED: Yeah?

ERNIE: I'll buy you a quick cup of coffee at Benny's Restaurant. How about it?

TED: No, thanks, Ernie. I'd better not.

ERNIE: Why not?

TED: It's almost midnight, and I've got three precincts to cover.

ERNIE: Aw come on. Benny's place is just down the block, and the Daily News can wait a few minutes. ~~Besides, I haven't half told you about that vacation trip.~~

TED: Sorry, Ernie. If this were ten minutes earlier, I'd take you up on that coffee. But now, well...some other time.

ERNIE: Sure?

TED: Sure.

ERNIE: Okay. If you insist on making a solitary drinker out of me, there's nothing I can do. See you later, Ted. (CALLS)

Oh, Dave. So long, Dave

DAVE: ~~(COMING ON) Yeah, Lieutenant?~~ *So long, Lieutenant (Dave closes door)*

ERNIE: ~~Give my regards to Anna and your little girl. (PAUSE)~~
~~I'll drop up and say hello to one of these days.~~

DAVE: ~~Any time, Lieutenant. You're welcome any time. (A PAUSE)~~
Now, there's a right guy for you, Mr. Prager.

TED: Yeah.

DAVE: A right guy, and a square cop, through and through. A
face like a tough mug, but a heart as soft as butter.
Believe me, I know.

TED: Yeah? How do you know, Dave?

DAVE: If it wasn't for McKay, I wouldn't have this little
business, Mr. Prager. I wouldn't have a nice little
family of my own, I wouldn't have anything. Y'see I ~~did~~
^{used} ~~used to be an officer,~~ years ago.

TED: You did?

DAVE: Yeah. It wasn't anything serious, y'understand just a
couple of months in stir. But when I got out, nobody
would give me a job, nobody would give me a break...
nobody but Lieutenant McKay.

TED: I see.

DAVE: He went to bat for me, Mr. Prager. Got me a job, put me
straight, gave me a chance to save enough money for this
little business, to get married, and have a kid. I dunno,
I still don't know why he did it. He's a cop, Mr. Prager,
he could have made it tough for me, but instead he gave me
a break. How do you figure guys like that?

TED: You can't figure 'em. They're just born, not made...
one in a million. Well, I'll be seeing you, Dave.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

Benny
(FLAPPING OF SHOE SHINE CLOTH)

BUTSY: Come on, kid. Hurry up with that shine. I can't sit around all night.

DAVE: Yes, sir.

BUTSY: What's the nearest place to get a sandwich around here?

DAVE: Benny's. It's just down the block.

BUTSY: Benny's huh? I suppose it'd be jammed right now.

DAVE: That's where you're wrong, Mister. Benny would just about be closing his place now. He closes every midnight, on the dot...

BUTSY: And it's just midnight now. See you later, kid...

DAVE: Hey! Wait a minute, Mister! I haven't finished your shine!

BUTSY: (MOVING OFF) Skip it, pal. I'm in a hurry!

DAVE: But Mister...

(DOOR SLAM OFF)

DAVE: (MUTTERS) Of all the crazy..why, that guy's nuts!

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)_

ERNIE: It's quiet tonight, Benny. Your place is empty.

BENNY: Yeah. You're my last customer, Lieutenant. I'll be closing in a couple of minutes. But say...I hear you're going on a vacation.

ERNIE: Yeah. First of June.

BENNY: Swell. Where you going?

ERNIE: New England.

BENNY: New England, huh? Me, I wouldn't know anything about that. I'm an old Catskills man, myself. If I can sell enough hot pastrami and corned beef in the next couple of months, I figure I'll send my family up to the mountains and...(CUTS) Lieutenant.

ERNIE: Yeah? What is it, Benny?

BENNY: (SUDDENLY, LOW, SCARED) ^{just outside} A couple of guys ~~are coming in~~
They...they're wearing masks.

ERNIE: (SUDDENLY ALERT) Masks?

BENNY: Yeah. And...and they're carrying guns...Lieutenant,
they're ~~going to~~.

ERNIE: (INTERRUPTS) - Benny! Keep your nerve. Listen, the minute
they open the door, drop down behind the counter. I'm going
to draw on them.

BENNY: (TERROR) Lieutenant. No! Don't take a chance! Don't...
(DOOR SLAM OFF)

BUTSY: Okay, you guys! Reach! This is a stickup!

ERNIE: (YELLS) Get down, Benny!

BUTSY: (YELLS) Look out, Pete! ~~This guy's got a gun! Why, you~~
..!

(FUSILLADE OF SHOTS!)

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

TED: So there's nothing to report, eh, Sarge?

SARGE: Nope. Been pretty dead 'all night, Prager. This
switchboard's buzzed only once.

TED: Yeah? About what?

SARGE: Some kid got lost. And where do you think we found him?
Sound asleep in a movie on Houston street. I tell you,
Prager, the East Side isn't what it used to be and..

(BUZZER ON SWITCHBOARD)

SARGE: Oh. Hold it. Maybe this is something...

(JACKS IN SWITCHBOARD)

SARGE: Fifth Street Station...Sergeant Donnelly. Yeah. Yeah, I got it, Benny's restaurant on Second...(CUTS) What! Lieutenant McKay? (DAZED) No!

TED: (ALERT) What is it, Sarge? What about McKay?

SARGE: He just shot it out with a couple of holdup men, at a place called Benny's. He got one, but the other got away.

TED: (QUICK) And McKay? What about him?

SARGE: He..he caught a slug in the chest, Prager. And..he's dying!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You take off then, fast. It's a mile from the Fifth Street station to Benny's. You hammer through red lights, thinking it could have been you, Ted Prager, it might have been you, if you'd decided in favor of that cup of coffee. You're almost at Benny's when you see a crowd around a smashed car in a sewer ditch on Second Avenue. But you can't bother with any accident now...And when you finally get to the restaurant...

BENNY: (JITTERY) The cops just left, just this minute, Mr. Prager. They took Lieutenant McKay to St. Marks hospital, and the dead holdup man to the morgue.

TED: And the guy that shot McKay got away?

BENNY: Yeah. I saw him through the window. He jumped into a car at the curb. Then a cop on the sidewalk started to shoot, and he got the driver. The car piled up in a ditch up the street, they tell me, but this other hood got away.

TED: So that was the getaway car I saw on the way here. Benny, listen...

BENNY: Yeah?

TED: About the man who shot the Lieutenant. Did you notice anything about him, anything?

BENNY: No. Gee Mr. Prager, I guess I was too scared. ~~the man~~ *about McKay I decided*
~~the man~~ ~~to drop~~ behind the counter here, and
~~then he started to~~ ~~blow away~~. That's all I can tell you.

TED: Okay. I'll be seeing you, Benny.

BENNY: You going to check that getaway car now?

TED: Later. Right now, I'm going to St. Marks hospital!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~You go to the hospital, and in~~ *at the hospital* the dimly-lit corridor
heavy with the sweetish reek of ether, you find Marge McKay, waiting. And you...you wait with her. And finally, the door opens, and the doctor comes out. His news is like a hammer-blow, he tells you both that Ernie McKay is in a *coma*
~~coma~~, that they don't expect him to live another twenty-four hours. And then, Marge McKay turns to you...

MARGE: (SOBS) Ted. Ted, he....Ernie...he's dying....

TED: Marge...

MARGE: (SOBBING) Oh, Ted, Ted...why, did it have to happen like this? Why? Ernie had so much to live for, so much. His work, his home, the children...everything. And the vacation we were going to take...oh, Ted, if you knew, if you only knew how much he looked forward to it, and planned on it, and now...now, he'll never.. (BREAKS) Oh, Ted.. Ted..

TED: Marge, I...we've got to take it. We've got to stand up and take it, there's nothing we can do for Ernie... now. But I promise you this...I promise you this. Somehow, someday, I'll find the killer who did this. Wherever he is, wherever he goes, I'll track down the yellow skunk, ~~and find him~~, and see him go to the Chair, so help me!

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

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

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #113

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 0062173

(MUSIC: -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

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

NARR: You, Ted Prager, East-side reporter for the New York Daily News, are after a cop-killer. But this isn't just another homicide another killer, another victim. Ernie McKay was your friend, ~~shot down by a masked holdup man~~, and now he lies dying in St. Marks hospital. You leave the hospital, and drive to the sewer excavation on Second Avenue, into which the getaway car crashed. And there you meet Sergeant Donnelly of the Fifth Street Station. The two of you stand in the mud of the freshly-dug ditch and he says...

(OCCASIONAL STREET SOUND OFF)

SARGE: Well, Prager, there were three hoods in all. McKay shot one in Benny's place, the cop on the beat got the driver of the car here..

TED: Yeah. But the third one got away, Sarge. That's the man who shot Ernie McKay. And that's the man I'd like to get my hands on.

SARGE: (SOFTLY) So would every cop on the beat, Prager. So would I. And if I ever meet him, I hope I'm off-duty... without this badge and uniform....just with these two fists...

TED: Sure. Sure, Sarge. I know how you feel. I know how any cop would feel. But about this car here ...

SARGE: Yeah?

TED: I suppose you've checked the license number.

SARGE: Naturally. We traced it to one of those Drive-Yourself joints over on Avenue A.

TED: And?

SARGE: And we found that the car was rented out to an old friend of yours and mine...Butsy Devine..

TED: Devine? That cheap crook?

SARGE: You mean that smart crook. We're looking for Devine now, but the fact is, we haven't got a thing on him..

TED: But he rented this getaway car,...!

SARGE: Sure, sure. But about an hour ago, Devine phoned us ~~at the Fifth Street station...~~ and reported the car stolen in New Jersey!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Maybe it's an alibi ... and maybe it's the truth. Anyway, Butsy Devine isn't at his apartment. All next day, the police comb the district, and draw blank. But you, Ted Prager, have spent your life on the East Side. You knew the haunts of crooks like Kid Dropper, when he was a tough young punk, and Legs Diamond, when he was a sniveling, tubercular little package thief, and you know the haunts of the current crop. So..you make the rounds, and the day wears into night...

(MUSIC: -- UP IN MONTAGE AND UNDER)

(CLICK OF BILLIARD BALLS)

LOUIE: Butsy Devine? He ain't been down to the poolroom in a month, now, Prager.

TED: And you wouldn't know where I could find him, Louie?

LOUIE: I wouldn't know. And if I did, I wouldn't say. Why should I get myself behind the eight-ball, pal? Only suckers die young!

(CLICK OF BILLIARD BALLS)

(MUSIC: -- UP AND INTO)

(SMALL NITE CLUB. ^{*Ernie*} ~~TINY ORCHESTRA OFF~~ GAY NINETIES THEME)

TED: So Butsy Devine hasn't been here at the Gaslight Cafe, Al.

AL: Nope. And if he had, I wouldn't say so.

TED: But Ernie McKay's dying, Al. And...

AL: Sure, sure, I know. It's tough. But everybody dies, Prager. And this tuxedo I'm wearing is plenty warm enough. Why should I order a cement overcoat?

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The hours of the night wear on, and you make the rounds. Poolrooms, cheap cellar night clubs, fight gyms, ~~smoke~~ joints. Bars, flophouses, hovels, clip joints. And finally, around midnight...

(MUSIC: -- IN -- A PIANO, PLAYING A LOW-DOWN NUMBER --)

TED: Gloria, they tell me you're Butsy Devins's latest.

GLORIA: He's just a man I know, honey. Just a man I know.

TED: Maybe you could tell me where he is right now?

GLORIA: Maybe. (A BEAT) Want to make a deal, honey?

TED: What deal?

GLORIA: I'm sick of playing for pennies in these cheap East-Side joints. I want to take my piano and move it uptown. After all, a girl has to look after her career.

TED: Well?

GLORIA: You're with the Daily News, darling. Maybe you could drop a word to your night Club editor. Maybe he could throw me a few plugs in his column, speak to the right parties uptown. (A BEAT) See what I mean, honey?

TED: Yeah. ~~And~~ it's a deal, Gloria. Where's Butsy Devine hiding out ~~now~~?

GLORIA: At the apartment of a friend.

TED: And what apartment would that be?

GLORIA: Mine, honey. Mine!

~~(PIANO: -- UP IN LOW-DOWN NUMBER AND TRIC)~~

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE: --)

BUTSY: How'd you know I was here, Prager?

TED: Oh. Just asked a few people, Butsy.

BUTSY: I see. You just asked a few people. (A BEAT) What's up, pal? What do you want to see me about?

TED: Been here long?

BUTSY: Ever since last night. (A BEAT) Why?

TED: The police are looking for you.

BUTSY: The cops? Now, what would they want with me?

TED: In the first place, Detective Lieutenant Ernie McKay is dying in the hospital...

BUTSY: Yeah. I heard about it, Prager. Tough break. Remind me to cry in my beer. But what's that got to do with me?

TED: In the second place, they'd like to ask you some questions ..about that getaway car.

BUTSY: Oh, that. I called the cops myself, and reported it stolen in Jersey.

TED: I know you did. But...(CUTS)

BUTSY: What's the matter, Prager? What are you looking at?

TED: Your shoes. They look funny. They're only half-shined. And they're spotted with mud.

BUTSY: Mud?

TED: Yeah. Red mud. And the mudspots are still a little damp, too. (A BEAT) Now, where would you get your shoes muddy, when it hasn't rained for a week?

BUTSY: (A BEAT) I'll bite. Where?

TED: (SHRUG) I wouldn't know. It just seems funny, that's all.

BUTSY: I see. (A BEAT) Find anything else funny around here, Nosey?

TED: No. Not at the moment.

BUTSY: Okay. Before you go, Prager, let me give you a tip...a friendly little tip. We got a river near here..the East River, they call it. It's plenty muddy and plenty deep.

(MORE)

BUTSY: And there are guys in this town who don't watch their step.
(CONT'D)

Every once in awhile, they accidentally fall into the river, and never come up. (A BEAT) Get me, pal?

TED: Yeah, Butsy. I get you.

BUTSY: Okay. Don't say I didn't warn you. Now ... beat it!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You leave with Butsy Devine's warning ringing in your ears. But now, you know for sure. Devine was in that getaway car, wrecked in the ditch. The mud you saw in the ditch was the same mud he had on his shoes. And the fact that his shoes are only half-shined, gives you another idea. But first, you go to the hospital, hoping against hope that a miracle will pull Ernie McKay through. And meanwhile, at Dave's shoeshine parlor...

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

DAVE: Shine, Mister?

BUTSY: Yeah.

DAVE: Okay. If you'll just step on that seat up there, I'll...

(CUTS) Hey, wait a minute! You're the guy!

BUTSY: What guy?

DAVE: Why, you were in here last night...about midnight. You asked me about Benny's place, and ran off before I had a chance to...

BUTSY: (INTERRUPTS) You must be mistaken, kid.

DAVE: But look, Mister, I saw you...

BUTSY: (HARSH) You never saw me before in your life. (A BEAT)
Understand?

DAVE: ~~I - I - but....~~

BUTSY: ~~Get a family, kid~~
You married

DAVE: No. No, I never saw him before. He was never in here...

TED: You're sure?

DAVE: (FLARING) I told you, didn't I, Mr. Prager? I never saw this guy before. I never saw him, I never saw him!

TED: (MILDLY) Okay, Dave. You never saw him. What are you getting so hot and bothered about?

DAVE: I..I dunno. And I don't see why you think he came here...

TED: I'll tell you, why, Dave. Your place is the only one for blocks where a man can get his shoes shined. If we can prove he was in the area at the time, if we can get a witness, then we've got a case. I thought maybe he was in here, started to get a shine, and then rushed out...

DAVE: I never saw the guy. And even if I did, I wouldn't be a witness. Look, Mr. Prager, I don't want any trouble, see? I've got a family, a wife and a little girl, and I wouldn't want them hurt, I wouldn't want anything to happen to them!

TED: All right. All right, Dave, I don't blame you. But before I go, I've got some news for you.

DAVE: Yeah? What news?

TED: (A BEAT) Ernie McKay just died...at St. Marks Hospital!!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: And that's that. ~~Your hunch about the half-shined shoes is a phony.~~ Meanwhile, the police pick Devine up, and Captain Andrews questions him in your presence, but you know and he knows it's no use..

ANDREWS: Come clean, Devine. You shot and killed McKay.

BUTSY: Did I, Captain?

ANDREWS: You did.

BUTSY: Yeah? How are you going to prove it?

TED: The mud on your shoes, Butsy. It came from that ditch on Second Avenue.

BUTSY: What mud? I don't see any mud, on my shoes. Do you, Captain?

ANDREWS: You hired that getaway car, Devine. You were in it when you left Benny's restaurant.

BUTSY: Better take another look at your records, Captain. I reported it stolen. (HE LAUGHS) Look, you guys. You're wasting your time..and mine. Let's not kid ourselves. Without a witness, you can't prove a thing!

ANDREWS: (SIGHS) Well, Prager, that's that. It's no use. We might as well spring him and...(CUTS AS)

(PHONE RING)

(PHONE OFF HOOK)

ANDREWS: Captain Andrews. What! Yes. Yes. Send him right in!

(RECEIVER ON HOOK)

BUTSY: Okay if I go now, Captain?

CAPTAIN: (SLOWLY) Not yet, Devine. Not quite yet. You see, there's a witness coming in who says you were on Second Avenue the night of the holdup.

BUTSY: Yeah. What witness?

CAPTAIN: A bootblack..named Dave!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER) --

NARR: And that's it. That's your Big Story. Except for one thing. You see Dave later, after he identifies Devine, and he tells you...

DAVE: Sure. Sure, I was scared, Mr. Prager. I was scared of what Devine might do. But then, I thought of Ernie McKay. I thought of what a regular guy he was, how he stood by me, and gave me a break, a chance to live. I figured that I owed him something, even after he was dead. So I came in...and paid off!

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

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

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 5/25/49
PELL MELL

-23-

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'S FAMOUS CIGARETTES "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0062183

(ORCH: _ _ TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Ted Prager of the New York Daily News.

PRAGER: Confronted with a witness as to his whereabouts the night of the murder, killer in tonight's BIG STORY continued to deny his guilt. At the trial, however the jury quickly found him guilty and he was sentenced to die in the electric chair at Sing-Sing. Thanks a lot for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

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

HARRICE: Listen again next wekk, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY - A BIG STORY from the front pages of the Washington Times Herald - by-line, Elizabeth Oldfield - A BIG STORY - about a girl reporter who went for a killer.. and caught him.

(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 Bill Quinn played the part of Ted Prager. 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. Prager.

(MUSIC: _ _ THEME UP FULL & FADE)

-25-

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

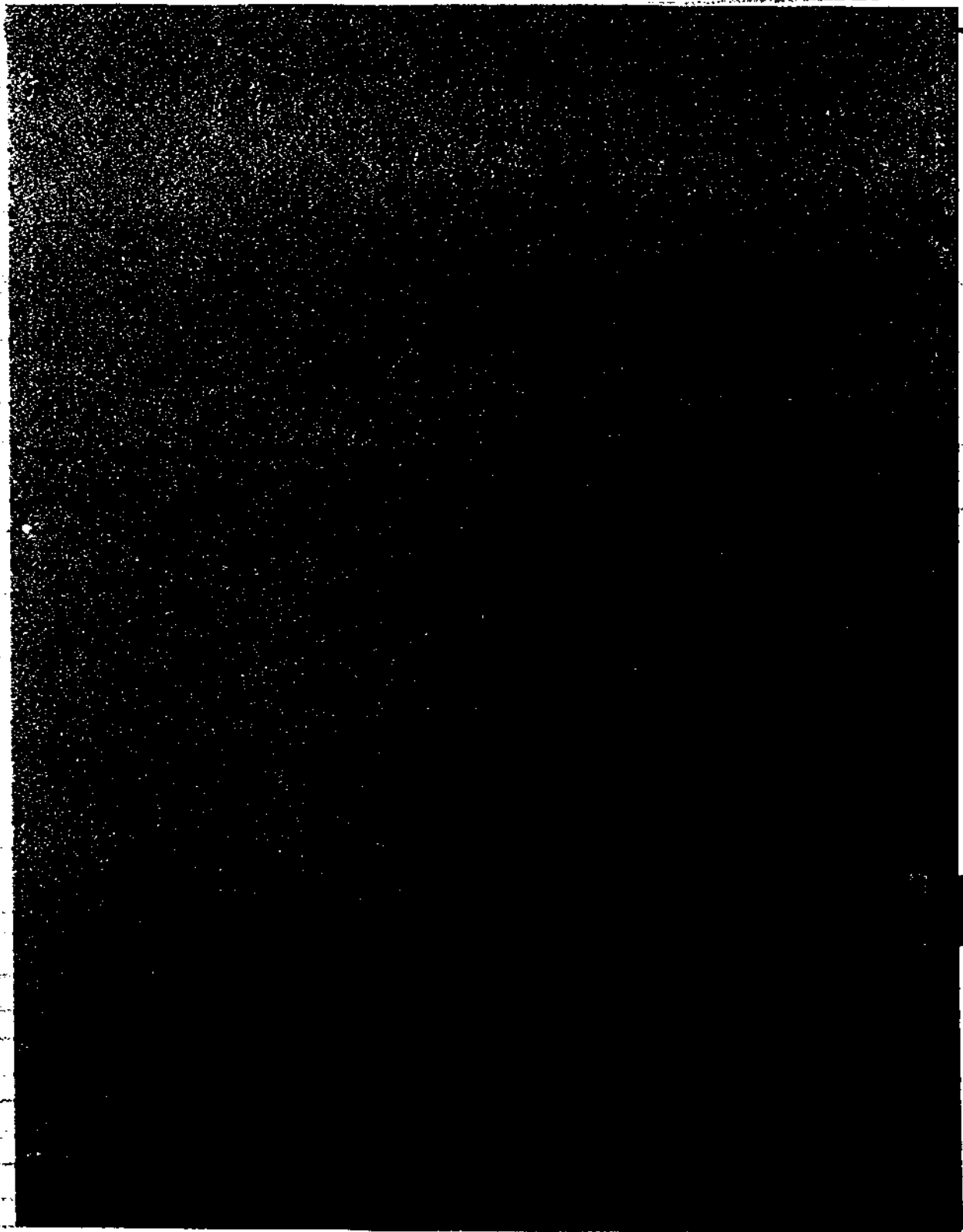
(MUSIC: -- THEME)

CHAPPELL: This is World Trade Week -- a good time to remember that
nations, like people, cannot live to themselves alone.
We buy goods abroad from our customers. This in turn,
enables them to buy goods from us. World Trade is a
two-way street that brings goods and good business the
world around.

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

mac 5/11/49 pm

ATX01 0062185



ATX01 0062186

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM # 114

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
BARNEY	LESLIE WOODS
2ND WOMAN	LESLIE WOODS
MRS. BUCKLEY	AGNES YOUNG
3RD WOMAN	AGNES YOUNG
LUCY	JOAN SHEA
1ST WOMAN	JOAN SHEA
FARRELL	BERNARD GRANT
OLD MAN	BERNARD GRANT
KIEFER	LOUIS VAN ROSTEN
BUCKLEY	LOUIS VAN ROSTEN
OTIS	CHUCK WEBSTER
DRIVER	CHUCK WEBSTER

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1ST, 1949

ATX01 0062187

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#114

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

JUNE 1, 1949

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE)

(PHONE RINGS, RECEIVER IS PICKED UP)

BUCKLEY: Hello.

LUCY: (ON FILTER) Mr. Buckley? This is Lucy Froman, down at Claire's office.

BUCKLEY: Yes?

LUCY: I'm calling to see if you know what's happened to Claire. She hasn't shown up for work today, and she didn't call in, either. She always calls if she's going to be out.

BUCKLEY: Why, I don't know. My daughter doesn't live with us *any more* you know. She and Bob live over to Bethesda.

LUCY: I called there twice. But there wasn't any answer. Mr. Buckley, I'm worried. This isn't like Claire at all. Something's happened to her, I'm sure of it!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STAB 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)

Washington, D. C. From the pages of the Times-Herald... the story of a merciless ego, and a girl who vanished from the earth. Tonight to Elizabeth Oldfield of the Washington Times-Herald, for ~~her~~ her tireless reporting, ^{her} her Big Story goes the PELL MELL AWARD!

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATK01 0062188

THE BIG STORY 6/1/49
PELL MELL

#114

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 0062189

(MUSIC: _ _ _ INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Now, the story as it actually happened ...Elizabeth Oldfield's story as she lived it. ...Washington, D.C.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You are Elizabeth Oldfield of the Washington Times-Herald. Some friend of feeble wit once tagged you "Barney", and the name has stuck. Not without a certain justice, too. For though you've never driven a racing car like your famous namesake, at least - as a reporter - you've always had a man-sized job to do. Police Courts and murder trials have been your meat and drink for the past twelve years. And this, perhaps explains your present disgust. At last you have drawn the typical woman's assignment - county reporter. Yours is the noble mission, now, to record the weddings, the babies, and the afternoon teas of Montgomery County, Maryland. The only bright spot in the week's routine is your visit to the Detective Office of the Bethesda Police Station. There, on this dull, winter Wednesday, you find Sergeant Joe Kiefer, with his feet on the desk in approved detective fashion.

KIEFER: Hiyuh, Barney. How's tricks?

BARNEY: Oh, all right - I guess. Got anything for me, Joe?

KIEFER: Yeah. Sixteen gang wars and a letter from the Black Hand. This ain't Chicago, you know.

BARNEY: You're telling me.

KIEFER: Trouble with you, Barney, you're in the wrong business. Pretty dame like you should be married and runnin a family. Whyn't you give some guy a break?

BARNEY: Maybe I will, Joe. One of these days. Anyway, thanks for the tip.

KIEFER: Think nothin of it. Say, I toldya a lie just now. I have got something for you. Matter of fact, Barney, you can do us a favor, if you will. (BARNEY: What?)

(WOODEN DRAWER OPENS, UNDER)

Run this picture in tomorrow's paper.

BARNEY: Nice looking gal. Who is she?

KIEFER: Name is Claire Farrell, clerk, at the ~~Washington Department~~ ^{down Pentagon Building}

She's been missing since Monday night. Her husband come in yesterday - asked us to try and locate her.

BARNEY: Gosh, Joe, I'd like to help you, but I don't think the paper will do it.

KIEFER: Whaddya mean? I thought you wanted news.

BARNEY: I do. But Charley Otis is on the City Desk, and he hates to run pictures of missing wives.

KIEFER: I wish you'd do me a favor and ask him, anyways.

BARNEY: All right, I will. I'll call him right now, if I can use your phone.

KIEFER: Sure thing.

(RECEIVER UP, DIALTONE ON FILTER, DIAL NUMBER)

BARNEY: (OVER DIALING) But I know what he's going to say.

(PHONE RINGS ON FILTER, IS ANSWERED)

OTIS: (ON FILTER) Times-Herald City Desk. Otis speaking.

BARNEY: Charley, this is Barney. Listen, I'm down at the Bethesda Police Station. Sergeant Kiefer has a picture he wants us to run.

OTIS: (CAUTIOUSLY) What sort of a picture?

BARNEY: Woman named Claire Farrell. Missing person. Her husband reported --

OTIS: That's enough! Can't use it!

BARNEY: But, Charley ----

OTIS: Just some dame run off with another guy, that's all!
If she wants the publicity, let her pay for the space,
and I'll run her under Help Wanted!

(CLICK AS HE HANGS UP. REPLACE RECEIVER ON-MIKE)

BARNEY: ~~OOO-what's the name of that?~~

KIEFER: No go, huh?

BARNEY: Mr. Otis regrets.

KIEFER: Too bad. It mighta helped.

BARNEY: I'll tell you what, Joe. Maybe - if I dig up more of a story on this gal - human interest or something - maybe he'll print it then. Have you got her address?

KIEFER: Yeah, let's see ----

(RUSTLING OF PAPERS)

Here it is -- 212 Norfolk Drive.

BARNEY: (WRITING IT DOWN) 212 Norfolk Drive. Got it. I'll go down there right now, and talk to her husband.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

BARNEY: (FADING IN) So, ^{Mr Farrell} if there's anymore you can tell me ~~about the missing person~~, maybe we can help.

FARRELL: (VERY GOOD LOOKING- SMOOTH - A LADY'S MAN) That's very kind of you, Miss Oldfield. The only thing is -- there's not much more to tell. I don't know what to do-- I---I'm so worried I'm sick. I can't go back to work--I just sit here in the house, waiting for the phone to ring.

BARNEY: Perhaps, if I could ask you some questions ---

FARRELL: All right. I'll do my best.

BARNEY: ~~Now you've told all those things to the police, but~~
I'd just like to get them down here, in my notebook.
Now - when did you last see your wife?

FARRELL: Friday morning. It was, You see, Claire went to stay
with a girlfriend over the weekend - they both work in
the same office at the Pentagon - and they left there
together after work on Friday.

BARNEY: What was the girlfriend's name?

FARRELL: ~~Lucy Froman~~

BARNEY: *Understand*
~~So~~ your wife stayed at Lucy Froman's for the weekend,
and then went to work ~~again~~ from there on Monday, is
that right?

FARRELL: That's right. But she didn't come home Monday night,
and I haven't seen her since.

BARNEY: Can you tell me what Mrs. Farrell was wearing at the
time she disappeared?

FARRELL: I think it was some kind of a blue print dress - I
don't know much about those things.

BARNEY: How about her hat and coat?

FARRELL: Dark blue - navy, I guess. The coat had a sort of
herringbone design.

BARNEY: Thank you, Mr. Farrell. Now, I just have one more
question - but -- it's rather a difficult one to ask --

FARRELL: That's all right, go ahead.

BARNEY: Well - do you know of any reason why your wife might
have left you?

FARRELL: No, I don't. That's just it! Oh, she used to get mad once in a while, when other women liked me -- but I couldn't help that. I loved Claire, I tried to be a good husband to her - I gave her everything I could.

BARNEY: (SYMPATHETICALLY) This is certainly a nice home you've got here.

FARRELL: I'm not a rich man, or anything like that, but I've always made pretty good money in my own line.

BARNEY: What do you do, Mr. Farrell?

FARRELL: I'm a car painter. Specialist in auto bodies. It's funny - Claire always wanted me to go into business - sell insurance, or something like that. I couldn't see it. I told her, why should I? I make twice as much dough where I am.

BARNEY: What did she want you to change for?

FARRELL: Well, you know how it is. I wear overalls at work. Sometimes, I come home, I'm a little bit greasy. She didn't like it, I guess. Used to say I was nothing but a glorified ditch digger.

BARNEY: That doesn't seem quite fair.

FARRELL: I'm no college man, I'll admit that. But I did go to high school, and I try to keep up with the next guy. I don't think it's a sin to work with your hands.

BARNEY: Neither do I. I think it's a brave and honest way to make a living. And it's clean - I don't mean in the sense of soap and water, but---

FARRELL: I know what you mean, you don't have to explain it. You mean clean in a - in a spiritual sense.

BARNEY: (SLOWLY) Yes.

FARRELL: (HOLD FOR A BEAT) Did you ever meet a person for the first time - and have the feeling that you knew what they wanted to say, almost before they said it? That's the way I felt just now - about you.

BARNEY: (WITH AN EMBARRASSED SMILE) Isn't that strange!

FARRELL: I don't think it's strange at all. It's - just a special kind of understanding that doesn't happen very often. We ought to be grateful when it does. If you think of all the people and countries that don't understand one another ---

BARNEY: I never thought of it that way before.

FARRELL: Tell me something. Do you believe in faces?

BARNEY: How do you mean?

FARRELL: That they can tell what a person is like.

BARNEY: I don't know. Sometimes - maybe--

FARRELL: I read in a book once that the face is a window to the soul. You know - I believe that. When you came in just now, I took one look at you and said to myself, "She's not just a reporter, with a typewriter for a brain, and a deadline for a heart, she's ----"

BARNEY: Heavens! Do you really think reporters are like that?

FARRELL: You aren't - I know.

BARNEY: Thank you, Mr. Farrell.

FARRELL: Do me a favor, will you? (BARNEY: What?) Nobody ever calls me, Mr. Farrell. Down at the shop, and everywhere, it's always Bob.

BARNEY: All right - Bob.

FARRELL: And what's your nickname? Let's see - if I'm right, it ought to be Betty.

BARNEY: (LAUGHING) It ought to be, but it isn't. My friends call me Barney.

FARRELL: Oh, I get it - like Barney Oldfield.

BARNEY: Yes. Well, I - I guess I'd better be going now. Oh, darn!

FARRELL: What's the matter?

BARNEY: I can't find my pencil - it must have dropped off my lap.

FARRELL: Let me help you ----

BARNEY: Oh, here it is - slipped between the sofa cushions. Wait a minute! There's something else down there, too.

FARRELL: What is it?

BARNEY: Feels like a compact or something. I've got it. Yes, look, it is a compact. Your wife must have dropped it there. Oh, no, it couldn't be your wife's - see, it's got initials on it, "G.B."

FARRELL: Let me see. Oh, yes. Well, it must belong to one of Claire's girlfriends. I'll put it aside for her. Thank you.

BARNEY: That's all right. Well, goodbye, Mr. ---Bob. I hope I haven't been too much of a pest with my questions.

FARRELL: You know you haven't, Barney.

BARNEY: I'd like to tell you something, before I leave. It's just that, well - I came here today simply to get a story. I didn't have much interest in the case one way or another. But now, it's different. Maybe my paper still won't run Claire's picture, I don't know. But I know this much, I'm going to help you find your wife if it's the last thing I do!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ PUNCHES IN, THEN UNDER)

NARR: And you mean that, Elizabeth Oldfield. You mean every word of it. Swiftly you set to work. You check the hospitals, the asylums, the jails, the morgues. You inquire at railroad stations, airports, hotels. But the fruit of your search is a cipher. Zero. Nothing. Failure,

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~Always you come to the same answer. What happened to Claire from the time she left home for the Pentagon building? Where did she go the day she left on Monday?~~ Then you think of one, last possibility. The Pentagon building ^{where Claire Farrell worked} is several miles from Washington. A special busline carries the workers to and fro. Not much of a chance, but you take it.

(MUSIC: ~~UP AND UNDER~~)

DRIVER: Lady, I'm tellin ya, there's thirty thousand people in that joint, and they jam these buses twice a day. What am I, Houdini?

BARNEY: I just thought maybe she always took the same bus, and one of the drivers might know her face.

DRIVER: Fat chance! All we get time to look at is hands and dimes. Around the weekends it's terrible. Fridays, they all wanna get on at once. Can't wait to get into town, cash those govament paychecks. Drives ya nuts!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE AND UNDER)

BARNEY: Bob, that bus driver got me to thinking - there's one possibility we --- (HESITATES)

FARRELL: What is it, Barney?

BARNEY: ~~He says I would like to suggest this, but we've~~
~~thought of everything that could happen, like~~
~~kidnapping, desertion, none of them could prevent.~~

FARRELL: ~~What are you driving at, Bob?~~

BARNEY: I called Lucy Froman. She says Claire still had her
government paycheck on Monday. Now, the War Department
Finance Office claims those checks take about ten days
to get back, once they're cashed.

FARRELL: What are you driving at?

BARNEY: If Claire has left you, then she probably has cashed
her check, and it will come back in a couple of days.
But, Bob, if that check doesn't come back - it -
it's possible that Claire is dead.

FARRELL: But you said you checked the morgues and the hospitals---

BARNEY: I don't mean dead of an accident, Bob. I mean it's
possible she may have been murdered!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STAB AND UP TO CURTAIN)

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

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)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice, returning you to your narrator, and the Big Story of Elizabeth Oldfield ... as she lived it, and wrote it.

NARR: The days go slowly by. Five, six, seven. And the government paycheck of Claire Farrell fails to appear. And you, Elizabeth Oldfield of the Washington Times-Herald, are forced to admit to yourself that it will probably never appear. And neither will Bob Farrell's wife. The awful awareness of death, that sits in every heart, is standing now, in yours, with a great beating of black wings. You are certain Claire Farrell was murdered. If she had been killed accidentally, her body would almost certainly have come to light. The very fact that it hasn't suggests that someone has concealed it. Desperately, you try to argue this point with ^{your editor} ~~the editor~~ Charley Otis.

BARNEY: But, Charley, if we run the story, with pictures, maybe we can smoke the killer out.

OTIS: What killer? You haven't even got a body. Lemme tell you something, Barney. (SPELLING IT OUT) There's no murder without a corpus delicti. The law is funny that way.

BARNEY: (WEARILY) Okay. Okay.

OTIS: And another thing. What about the rest of your beat? It's gone to pot. No copy in six days. Anybody'd think the social season of Montgomery County was out for a beer.

BARNEY: Anybody would be right.

OTIS: Yeah? Well, I'm not kidding, Barney. Get off the Farrell case, and get back on the bridal showers. That's an order!

(MUSIC: ~~-----~~ COMMENTS AND UNDER)

NARR: Orders are orders, and so - you comply. But you keep in constant touch with Bob Farrell, nevertheless. And, on your own time, you run down the blind alley of every possible lead. Finally, although Bob has asked you not to disturb them, you talk with Claire's parents, at their dairy farm, ten miles away.

(MUSIC: ~~-----~~ SNEAK-ONE-UPPER)

BUCKLEY: (FADING IN) Had trouble ever since they was married. We been advising her to leave him for two years.

BARNEY: But why, Mr. Buckley?

BUCKLEY: Too free with the ladies, that feller. Runnin around with other women, then boastin about it to make Claire mad.

BARNEY: Well, Mr. Buckley, maybe it's none of my business, but I think you've got only one side of the story there.

MRS. BUCKLEY: No, it's true, Miss Oldfield. Bob and Claire was always fightin. He made life miserable for her. Why, he had a girl in Washington he was taking out regular.

BUCKLEY: Didn't make no bones about it, neither. ~~Girl named~~
~~Georgette Russin.~~

BARNEY: Are - are you sure of that?

MRS. BUCKLEY: Course we are. One of Claire's neighbors, knows the girl, seen em comin out of a tavern together, ~~around~~
~~-----~~

BARNEY: But, after all, the neighbor could have been mistaken. Why, Bob loves Claire. He's been frantic, ever since --

BUCKLEY: If he was so frantic, then why didn't he report it to the police?

BARNEY: But, he did.

BUCKLEY: Sure - after I made him.

BARNEY: What do you mean?

BUCKLEY: Well, Lucy Froman called here Tuesday afternoon to say Claire hadn't been to work, and didn't answer the phone. So Mother and I got in the car and went right over there.

MRS. BUCKLEY: Rang the bell pretty near five minutes for Bob let us in.

BUCKLEY: There he was, burning some rubbish in the fireplace, just as calm as you please. When we told him about Claire, he didn't seem worried at all.

MRS. BUCKLEY: Said she'd just lost her temper or something, and he didn't think it was necessary to tell the police.

BUCKLEY: Good thing I'm bigger than he is. I had to tell him right then - I had to say, "Bob, either you're going to the police to report this, or I'm going to make you!"

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ STING AND UNDER)

NARR: You come away from the Buckley's farm a little stunned. You had heard before of husbands having friction with their in-laws, but this was more than you'd expected. The charges they had thrown around were a little too fantastic. And even before you recover from this shock - you get another one. Fifteen miles from Bethesda, near the bank of the Potomac river, two hunters stumble across the body of Claire Farrell.

NARR:
(CONT'D)

A word of gossip here, a sentence from a housewife there, and slowly, from the mists of your mind, there rises a strange, unsummoned picture. The portrait of a murderer!

(MUSIC: STAB AND UNDER)

1ST WOMAN: Claire was one of my best friends, and believe me, the things I know about Bob Farrell. Took up with other women right and left. Especially that Georgette Brooks. Thought he could get away with anything. Why, he didn't love Claire anymore than the man in the moon!

(MUSIC: STATEMENT AND UNDER)

2ND WOMAN: Oh, he's a smooth one, believe me. Got a line a mile long. Looks you in the eyes and says what a beautiful face you have, and how the face is the window to the soul. Some of them go for it like a ton of bricks.

(MUSIC: STATEMENT AND UNDER)

3RD WOMAN: You can see for yourself. My back porch looks right into their back porch. I don't care what Mr. Farrell says. I seen her standin there in the kitchen about 8:30 that Monday night. I says, "Hello, Mrs. Farrell, didya have a nice weekend?" And she says, "Yes, I did." Then, later on, I heard them fightin to beat the band.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

OLD MAN: I remember I worked late that Monday. Night duty over to the Naval Hospital. Got home about 12:30. I was just puttin my key in the lock, when I noticed Bob Farrell goin down his driveway with a big laundry bag.
(MORE)

(MUSIC: SHARP STAB AND UNDER)

NARR: ^{to hear} Kiefer lets you go alone to the shop where Bob works, to break the news as gently as you can. He hears it with a strange, strangled silence. And a part of his grief is in you - twisting like a knife.

FARRELL: (COLD AND FLAT) When did they find her?

BARNEY: A few hours ago. Bob - I'm terribly sorry.

FARRELL: That's all right. What was she wearing?

BARNEY: Blue dress and hat - they didn't find the coat.

FARRELL: How was she killed?

BARNEY: She -- Bob, you don't have to know all this now. Why torture yourself?

FARRELL: (HARSHLY) I want to know! I want to know everything! I've got a right, haven't I? Who has a better one?

BARNEY: I - I'm sorry.

FARRELL: How was she killed?

BARNEY: Stabbed, then buried in a laundry bag. She's been dead more than a week. Bob - listen to me! We'll find who did it, I promise we will! The paper will back me up now for sure - we'll run the full story. We'll spread it so far, and so wide, that ---

FARRELL: What good will it do? Will that bring her back?

BARNEY: Well, no - of course it won't - but ---

FARRELL: They'll never find who did it - there's no motive! ^a ~~the~~ mugger, maybe, ~~who~~ got scared and lost his head. Or a maniac. Anyone!

BARNEY: But the paper can help bring these things to light.

FARRELL: The paper! A fine mess that'll be! Every reporter within two hundred miles ~~will be on my neck~~. Them and the rubbernecks - swarming over the house like locusts - ~~swarming my private life like locusts!~~

BARNEY: I didn't think you'd feel this way about it, Bob.

FARRELL: Well, I do. ~~It can't bring Claire back and I don't want it.~~ It can't bring Claire back and I don't want it. So, Barney, I'm asking you - if you don't mind - please forget about it. Forget the whole thing!

(MUSIC: UP TO BRIDGE, THEN UNDER)

OTIS: (FADE IN, ~~ON BARNEY~~) I don't get it, Barney. For two weeks you're hot on this Farrell case, and I have to beg you to drop it. Now, when it really busts wide open, you want to step out. I don't get it!

BARNEY: I told you, Charley. It's just that Mr. Farrell doesn't want his privacy invaded with a lot of ---

OTIS: Privacy! Who's got privacy these days? Okay, so you don't take pictures of the house. At least you can interview a few of the neighbors - get some human interest on the dame.

BARNEY: But, listen, I ---

OTIS: Don't waste anymore time, Barney. Get on those interviews. That's an order!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: And so, once again, you follow orders. You take your pad and pencil, and you interview the neighbors on Norfolk Drive. It starts as a half-hearted hunt for a little human interest. But as you go from house to house, it turns, in spite of you, into something else.
(MORE)

OLD MAN:
(CONT'D)

Looked kinda heavy. He druv off then, and I heard him come back about an hour later. Seemed kinda funny, takin laundry out that time of night.

(MUSIC: _____ CLIMAX AND OUT SHARP)

NARR:

It's incredible! You stand there in the dying afternoon, and your heart is a dull, black stone. You can't believe it. You can't believe what every instinct now tells you is true - that the pleasant, friendly, Robert Farrell is a wife-killer!

(MUSIC: _____ STING AND UNDER)

NARR:

But now, in a new perspective, you remember - the little things. The compact in the sofa, with the initials "G.B." - for Georgette Brooks. The lie about when he last saw his wife. His reluctance to go to the police. The way he asked you, when Claire's body was found, to drop the whole case. These - all of them, any of them - threads in a garment of guilt. But still, you tell yourself, the case is circumstantial. There is no certainty here - no clinching proof. And then you remember two facts. Claire's body was found without the dark-blue herringbone coat. And ~~she~~ ^{parents} had seen Farrell burning something in his fireplace. Swiftly you check your watch. There is time. Bob is still at the shop. You go to the Farrell home, climb in an open window, and head straight for the living room fireplace. And there, in the ashes, you find it. A piece of charred blue cloth - with a herringbone design!

(MUSIC: _____ STRONG STATEMENT, AND RESOLVE)

FARRELL: (FADING IN, IMPATIENTLY) What is it, Barney? I've got a job waiting ^{for} in the shop, and I can't ---

BARNEY: (WITH FORCED CASUALNESS) It won't take long, Bob. Sgt. Kiefer, here, wants to ask you a few questions.

KIEFER: If you don't mind, Mr. Farrell.

FARRELL: Go ahead. But I haven't got all day.

KIEFER: Check me if I'm wrong. You told us that your wife, when last seen, was wearing a blue herringbone topcoat.

FARRELL: That's right.

KIEFER: I want you to take a look at this piece of cloth, Mr. Farrell. Does it look familiar?

FARRELL: No.

KIEFER: If you look close, I think you'll see it's a piece of your wife's coat. Looks like the killer forgot to bury it with the body, and then had to destroy it. (HOLD FOR A BEAT) Miss Oldfield found it in your fireplace.

FARRELL: (UNBELIEVING) Miss Oldfield? Barney, what's he talking about? (LONG PAUSE) What is this? What are you trying to do?

BARNEY: (WITH MEASURED CONTROL) It's like he said, Bob.

FARRELL: So that's what you've been up to! Sneaking around, pretending you wanted to help me, and all the time you were planting evidence, trying to cook up a dirty, tabloid story. Why, you cheap, little bum ---

BARNEY: (TOPPING HIM) No! If there's anyone cheap around here, it's you. (PAUSE) Oh, you put on a good act for a while. And I walked into it beautifully. I was a first-class, prize, A-number-one sucker. It must have been very funny, watching me jump through the hoop.

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

BARNEY: I'll bet you don't! Robert Farrell, God's gift to the women! Too good to be hoarded by one, and when his wife didn't see it that way, he killed her.

FARRELL: That's a lie!

BARNEY: And when a female reporter got too inquisitive, he had an answer for that, too. He got her on his side, and worked on her friendship and her feelings till she was duck soup. He almost got her to drop the whole case. Almost but not quite.

FARRELL: You're crazy!

BARNEY: (FURIOUSLY) I've read about your kind before, but this is the first time I've seen a sample. You woke up one day with a handsome face and a personality, and from there on it was a sleigh ride. No woman and no human feeling was too good to be offered up on the altar of your big, brave ego! (PAUSE, THEN WITH QUIET INTENSITY) There ought to be a special place for people like you. Some place where the sun never gets, and you can crawl around in the slime.

KIEFER: Come on, Farrell. You're under arrest for the murder of your wife.

FARRELL: I'm admitting nothing, do you understand! Nothing!

KIEFER: Let's go, boy. When ~~we~~^{we} get finished with you, it's gonna be a long, hard winter.

(MUSIC: ----- UP TO CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Elizabeth Oldfield of the Washington Times-Herald .. with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY!

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 6/1/49
Pell Mell

-22-

#114

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 0062209

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Elizabeth Oldfield of the Washington Times-Herald.

BARNEY: Although killer in tonight's BIG STORY never confessed, police found blood-stained murder knife in his cellar. That, and evidence of burned overcoat, were enough to convict him of murder in the second degree. He was sentenced to eighteen years in the Maryland State Penitentiary. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Miss Oldfield ... 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 Richmond, Virginia News Leader -- by-line Julian C. Houseman. A BIG STORY - about a reporter who remembered it's wrong to forget the rights of ^a man.

(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 Bruce Stauderman, your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Leslie Woods played the part of Elizabeth Oldfield. 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 Oldfield.

(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.

el/lm
5/18/49 pm

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #115

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
BERTHA	PAULINE MEYERS
MRS. GOODWIN	GEORGIA BURKE
ELDER WOMAN	GEORGIA BURKE
JULIAN	JOHN SYLVESTER
MAN	CANADA LEE
JAMIE	CANADA LEE
OLD MAN	JOHN MARRIOTT
SECOND	JOHN MARRIOTT
DAWSON	JIM BOLES
MAN II	JIM BOLES
BALLIS	ERIC DRESSLER
FIRST	ERIC DRESSLER
SAGER	BILL SMITH
JEFF	BILL SMITH
VOICE	SCOTT TENNYSON
JUDGE	SCOTT TENNYSON

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8th, 1949

ATX01 0062212

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#115

"THE BITTEREST MAN ON EARTH"

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

JUNE 8, 1949

WEDNESDAY

(Julian C. Houseman - Richard News Leader, Va.)

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE UNDER: THEN SEGUE TO REAL LOWDOWN FIVE PIECE COMBO JAZZ BAND. ("WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN") TRUMPET SHOULD BE PROMINENT)

(SMALL GROUP OF COUPLES ARE DANCING. THIS IS HARLEM)

MAN: Ain't that sweet, baby? Ain't that hot?

BERTHA: (NOT LISTENING TO HIM OR MUSIC) Yeah --

MAN: Baby you ain't got your mind on it. Come on, we dancing -- or what?

(MUSIC: THE TRUMPET IN A HIGH PASSAGE)

MAN: Don't that send you, don't that --

BERTHA: (SUDDENLY) Stop! Dat's him! Right dere, sitting dere - see him - (EXCITED) He getting up now. Stop dat man! Stop him! He killed my best friend. That man wanted for murder. Dat him! Get him! STOP HIM!

(MUSIC: THE TRUMPET STABS, THEN OUT)

(PAUSE)

(MUSIC: 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. (FLAT) Richmond Virginia -- the story of a murder, and of a man, convicted for that murder who became the bitterest man on earth.

(MORE)

ATX01 0062213

CHAPPELL: And for his contribution, not only in writing a great
(CONTD) story, but in re-affirming a great truth: that every person
on earth is a human being and has a right to human dignity
-- to Reporter Julian C. Houseman of the Richmond, Virginia,
News-Leader for his Big Story goes the PELL MELL Award!
(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #115

OPENING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels the smoke further....

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL MELL still gives you a longer filter of fine tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: For PELL MELL'S greater length travels the smoke further on its way to your throat - filters it naturally through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos - guards against throat-scratch.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you. Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0062215

(MUSIC: THEME: LONELY, LOW DOWN. (SUGGEST BLUES THROUGHOUT))

CHAPPELL: Now, the story as it actually happened. Reporter Julian Houseman's story as he lived it. Richmond, Virginia -

(MUSIC: PUNCTUATES AND GOES UNDER)

SLOANE: It began with a letter from a woman in Harlem, at 2581 St. Nicholas Avenue, New York; to the postmaster at Brodnax, in Mechlinburg County, Virginia...

MRS
GOODWIN: Dear Mr. Dawson, sir: I got to make myself known to you and maybe you remember me Daniel Grain's daughter Mamie, now name of Goodwin since I married. I hope you will not think me being forward to write, sir Mr. Dawson, but my son Jamie ~~who you maybe remember when we all live in Brodnax~~ got himself in trouble. He is in Richmond in the Henrico County Jail accuse of murder and sentence to 40 year hard labor. Now the man did that crime is name of Arthur Tenny and some swears my Jamie is that Arthur Tenny. Which he is not. He is my son and never murdered no one. Now, Mr. Dawson, you know my family and when I work for your wife 20 year ago and then move from Brodnax to New York and Jamie come with me. He never kill no one -- but I can't come and prove it, so would you please, sir, get in touch with the Sheriff, Mr. Raye and tell them that Jamie ain't this Arthur Tenny and help him get off. (FADING) I will be so grateful, Mr. Dawson sir, and thank you in advance, your humble servant, Mamie Grain Goodwin.

(MUSIC: IN SLOWLY AND BACK:)

SLOANE: It began for you, Julian Houseman, reporter for the Richmond News-Leader when Postmaster Dawson of Brodnax happened to have some business in Richmond, happened to have a spare half-hour and happened, by accident, to walk into the newspaper office....

DAWSON: (SLOW DRAWL, DISINTERESTED) Mr. Houseman?

JULIAN: (YOUTHFUL, ALERT) That's right.

DAWSON: Name's Dawson, postmaster in Brodnax. Got something here might be of interest. Girl outside says you handle this kind of thing.

JULIAN: What is it, a crime story?

DAWSON: Dunno as it's any kind of story - just a letter I got. Old woman I used to know 20 odd years ago, up Mechlinburg County (where Brodnax is). Used to do washing for my wife.

JULIAN: Well, I'm on a story right now, Mr. Dawson and --

DAWSON: Oh, thass all right. Won't take your time. ~~You fellows are busy.~~ Just, why don't I leave the letter and if you think it's anything, why go ahead do what you like? If not, guess the wastebasket's good a place as any place.

~~JULIAN: Fine, just put it there. On the desk.~~

DAWSON: Had a lot of rain here?

JULIAN: Not too much.

DAWSON: Had a lot up our way - much too much -- bad for crops.
~~Well, good day.~~

(MUSIC: IN GENTLY WITH SLOANE:)

SLOANE: Three hours later (after you've finished work) you read the letter. It moves you strongly: the woman's plight, her dependence on Dawson, the helplessness in every line. Could it be as she had written? You call Sheriff Jeff Ray, a good friend, out at Henrico County Prison --

JULIAN: Then there's nothing in it, Jeff, about his being Goodwin and not Tenny?

JEFF: Sure. Had that boy in jail one day, six years ago, right after he killed his wife. He escaped that first day. But I remember him.

JULIAN: Couldn't you compare his prints?

JEFF: (LAUGHS) Tell you little secret, Julian. Never did get a chance to take his prints. Was going to do that second morning, but, (LAUGHS) darned if he didn't escape that night. -- But we got him now. Had a fair trial, got convicted and (LAUGHS) That's that. (SUDDEN THOUGHT) Julian, he ain't pulling the wool over your eyes now is he, with that story of being someone else? (PAUSE) Hello, Julian, you hear me?

JULIAN: Yeah, I hear you, Jeff. No, he isn't. Well, so long.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

JAMIE: (BITTER..LOW VOICED) Thass right, Mr. Houseman, my name's Jamie Goodwin. But whut's the difference? Ain't nobody gone believe me. Ain't nobody care.

JULIAN: Well, what proof do you have? .

JAMIE: Proof? What's date proof? I say who I am. I got papers from the Merchant Marine.....Jury say "Dats Arthur Tenny. 40 years hard labor" - dat's yo proof.

JULIAN: And you're not Arthur Tenny, you're Jamie Goodwin?

JAMIE: Mister, go won away. Who cares ef a backwoods boy like me live or die? Go won away - leave me be.

(MUSIC: UP AND THEN UNDER)

~~JAMIE: "I say". What's the difference, what I say? Witness say
court say, judge says - that what counts. Mister, go
won away. Who cares ef a backwoods boy like me live
or die? Go won away - leave me be. I don't want no truck
with the idea - maybe I prove who I is, maybe I git out.
I don't want no truck with hopes, mister.~~

MUSIC: -- UP AND THEN UNDER:

SLOANE: For a moment you think "Oh, what is the difference?
And then you stop. He's a man, isn't he? A human being,
with the same hopes and desires and fears as you, or anyone
else - and you think: Suppose I spend a little time on
this, find out. (PAUSE) You start with Bertha Jarvis, the
girl who identified him..

BERTHA: I was up New York visiting friends. We went dancing and
that's where I saw him -- Tenny.

JULIAN: You're sure it was Tenny?

BERTHA: (BITTER) Sure, I'm sure.

JULIAN: How'd you know?

BERTHA: His wife was my girl friend. I grew up with her. My best
friend. He promise to "love, honor n cherish" her. Stead he
killed her. She was a good girl, Marie. He's bad. How I
know? Marie's dead, thass how I know!

(MUSIC: -- HITS LIGHTLY AND OUT)

JULIAN: You're Marie's mother?

ELDERWOMAN: Who you?

JULIAN: I'm a reporter. Tenny was your son-in-law?

ELDER: I got nothing to say 'bout him, 'cept they should of
'electrocuted him, not gie him 40 years.

JULIAN: You identified him at the trial?

ELDER: (BITTER) Showe, saying his name is Goodwin. (MOCKING) "I ain't Tenny, I'm Goodwin". (VIOLENT) Liar! Know what a liar that boy was? Come here -- look --

JULIAN: What's that?

ELDER: Bible. Look a here. Wrote on the inside: (BITTER) "To my darling sweetheart ^{Maise}. Give it to her, ~~my daughter~~, (BREAKING) the same day he done it. Killt her. That how bad he was.
~~Same day he done it!~~

JULIAN: You sure there coulin't be any mistake?

ELDER: I swore in the courtroom and I'll put my hand on this Book now. God's my witness that boy in jail kill my daughter. God's my witness.

(MUSIC: -- SAME THEN UNDER:)

LOANE: You wonder about him now, Jamie Goodwin (or Arthur Tenny) you wonder - but you go on. Other witnesses say the same. And then, after searching a week, you find the Tenny family -- a woman sick in bed (who can't talk) and an old ^{lent} ~~set~~ man who listens to your mission and shakes his head...

OLD MAN: He's my son, don't want talk about him.

JULIAN: But you weren't at the trial, ^{were you} Mr. Tenny? You didn't see him.

OLD MAN: Whut I want to see? Boy disgrace his family? Mister, since he done that - six year ago - his name nore me ^{ain't} been out this house. Live in disgrace thass all. Don't want to talk about him.

JULIAN: But this man may not be your son.

OLD MAN: Killed his wife, that's all I know.

JULIAN: But maybe he didn't do it. I don't say your son didn't kill his wife. I say maybe this man isn't your son.

OLD MAN: What you want me to do?

JULIAN: Come down to the jail - see him - you may be able to set an innocent man free. You wouldn't want an innocent man to pay for your son's crime. Would you?

OLD MAN: (SLOWLY) Enough trouble in the world without some poor boy pay for something my son done. I'll go.

(MUSIC: -- QUICK BRIDGE)

JULIAN: You know this man, Jamie?

JAMIE: No, sir, never seen him before in mah life.

JULIAN: Well, Mr. Tenny?

JAMIE: (SURPRISED) Mr. Tenny?

JULIAN: This is Arthur Tenny's father. (PAUSE) Well --?

OLD MAN: (SLOWLY) Look like him. Talk like him. Even stand like Arthur. Look enough to be him -- or else'n his twin.

(PAUSE) But he ain't my son. He somebody else.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

VOICE: (NEWSIE) Read about it. Man sentenced in Henrico ^{County} Jail for Murder as Arthur Tenny says that's not his name. Read about it? (FADE)

SLOANE: (OVER FADE) You set down the facts as you got them - the assertions and the denials - and next morning you get a call: the Commonwealth's Attorney, George Ballis, the man who tried the case tells you to come in..tells you you better come in..

BALLIS: (EVEN TEMPERED, BUT SURE OF HIMSELF) (IRONIC) That's a great story you wrote, great public service.

JULIAN: What's the matter, Mr. Ballis?

BALLIS: ~~I'm a blunt man and I'll say it bluntly.~~ You think I try cases and send men to prison for 40 years ^{for the fuck it?} ~~like that. (SNA)~~ ~~FINGERS) I don't. I usually know what I'm after and why.~~

BIG STORY, 6/8/49

-10-

REVISED

JULIAN: But I wrote that --

BALLIS: Suppose you listen, Houseman and I talk. Eight witnesses and a sheriff of this county identified this man as Tenny. One witness, the man's father (and of course the man himself) say he's not Tenny. Ask yourself this: does the Tenny family stand to gain by lying? Does Tenny stand to gain by sticking to his story that he's Goodwin? Of course.

JULIAN: But I saw them together - Tenny's father and --

BALLIS: I saw Bertha Jarvis and the murdered girl's mother and all the rest. Suppose you were accused of being someone you're not. Could you prove who you were? Would it be so difficult?

JULIAN: What about the papers from the merchant marine?

BALLIS: Look, I walk into a shipping office in New York and say my name is Goodwin. Do they ask for proof? No. They issue me papers in the name of Goodwin. Does that make me Goodwin? No.

e1
6/8/49 pm

ATX01 0062222

JULIAN: I see all that, but --

BALLIS: (INTERRUPTS) There are no buts, no ifs or ands or buts. ~~I'll~~
~~ball you something, Houseman.~~ That boy raised the noise
that he was Goodwin in court, We proved who he was. If he
hadn't raised that doubt that he was someone else -- he'd
have been sentenced to death, not 40 years. Instead of an
innocent man being unjustly jailed - I tell you a guilty
man has gotten off easy.

JULIAN: You think that?

BALLIS: I know it. Now why don't you go on back to your paper
and write the second part of that story -- that Tenny is
Tenny, (SMILING) no ifs, ands or buts.

JULIAN: No, I can't do that, Mr. Ballis -- I can't because --
~~I'm a funny guy, a funny stubborn guy~~ -- and after all
you've said and all the other witnesses have said -- I
think I'm right. I think I can prove that Jamie Goodwin
is not the murderer.

(MUSIC: -- TO TAG)

~~ANNCR: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's BIG STORY!~~

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #115

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels the smoke further....

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL MELL still gives you a longer filter of fine tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: For PELL MELL'S greater length travels the smoke further on its way to your throat - filters it naturally through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos - guards against throat-scratch.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you. Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0062224

(MUSIC: SAME AS ORIGINAL THEME AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and THE BIG STORY of Julian Houseman, as he lived it and wrote it --

SLOANE: The facts seen all against you, Julian Houseman, reporter for the Richmond News-Loader; witnesses swear that the man who says he's Jamie Goodwin is really Arthur Tonny, murderer. The sheriff says so, Commonwealth's Attorney Ballis insists so, and all you have to go on is the word of the man himself, the murderer's father and your own stubborn belief. (PAUSE) You go back to Henrico County Jail, to the innocent man (or the murderer) and talk...

JULIAN: Jamie, I need to know more. I've got to know more about you. You've got to talk to me.

JAMIE: (STILL BITTER AND LOW) What for, Mr. Houseman?

JULIAN: Don't sit there like that. So we can free you. Don't you want to get out of prison?

JAMIE: Don't I want to get out? (ANSWER) Don't I want to breathe? Look, mister, you been good, real good taking time - but nobody cares what happens to me. That old man says I wasn't his son. Anybody listen to him? Sheriff listen? Mr. Ballis, he listen? Nah - what's the good?

JULIAN: I tell you if we can get proof, you can be free.

JAMIE: Naw - they put me away. (they treat me good in here, I ain't complaining, food's good and all like that) - but they put me 'way, ain't gonna bother taking me out.

JULIAN: I tell you you're wrong, Ballis is an honest man.

JAMIE: I ain't say he's not honest. I say -- (STOPS) --
(PLEADING NOW) Mister, look - I want to git out, git
in the sun, go on a ship maybe, see a girl, git married,
have kids -- shore I want that. But I ain't gonna let you
come IN here, stir up my hopes, maybe git me to think
that's what I gonna have. I ain't gonna let you do that.
I'm gonna rot in here and ain't nothing you nor nobody
in the whole world can do t'help me. (BREAKING ALMOST)
Dat's why I say leave me alone. Please, I'm begging you-
leave me alone. Don't raise me up, then dash me down more
harder than before.

(PAUSE)

JULIAN: Your're wrong, Jamie, how can I make you believe you're
wrong? (PAUSE) Jamie, I'm going to write a story about
what you just told me. Maybe somebody'll read it and come
forward and say who you really are. What else should I
say in that story?

JAMIE: I told you all I'm gonna say.

JULIAN: You asked who cares? I care Jamie and I think others will
care when they hear your story.

JAMIE: Do you? For true? Honest?

JULIAN: For true, Jamie.

MIE: All right, say dis: Jamie Goodwin's got a bad name.
Jamie Goodwin rob a car, stole money, ~~stole things~~ *for food*. But
he didn't kill no woman. Didn't kill no wife. Never was
married, say dat, say of he got married treat his woman
right. That ain't gonna help maybe, but dat de truth.

JULIAN: Anything else?

JAMIE: Yeah, Mr. Houseman. Say Jamie Goodwin worked lots of places: Brodnax, Detroit, Baltimore, Boston. Must be some folks know him. Must be one man somewhere stop what he doing, take a day out, come down here prove I ain't no murderer. Prove I just plain Jamie Goodwin.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

FIRST: Read your story, mister, thought Maybe I knew that man you wrote about. Two years ago lent him \$75 dollars. He paid me back too. Here's the note he signed. See -- Jamie Goodwin. Maybe you can use that.

(MUSIC: -- TOUCH)

SECOND: I just come from the jail, Mr. Houseman, where I saw that man. The man they say's Arthur Tenny. Funny, I remember when I talked to Tenny (knew him years ago) used to have to look up to that man. Tall. Dis one I didn't have to look up to. Now he must of growed shorter, cause I didn't grown no taller. (PAUSE) Less, of course, like I think: he ain't Arthur Tenny, but someone else.

(MUSIC: -- SAME AS ABOVE LONGER INTO)

(DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS)

SAGER: (STRONG, BELIGERENT MAN) You Houseman?

JULIAN: That's right.

SAGER: My name is C.B. Sager, planter up Brodnax way. Had an article in the paper read it: spoke to the postmaster in our town bout this Goodwin-Tenny feller - says come see you, so here I am.

JULIAN: Wht do you think about it?

SAGER: Thinking's something I don't go in for much: theories. But tell you what I believe in. Believe in facts. I lived in Brodnax all my life, know everyone. Man worked for me, name of Goodwin, years back. Maybe that's the boy you got in jail here. Ef it is, I'll prove it: I'll ax that boy six questions bout Brodnax. He answers them he's Goodwin. He don't - let him stay in jail (GRUFF) Now I ain't got all day, let's go.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ EXPECTANT INTO:)

(SIX MEN MOVE INTO AN AREA. FOOTSTEPS. STOP.
ON ORDER)

JULIAN: Stand still, you men.

SAGER: What's dis? What you got all those men here for?

JULIAN: Can you pick out -- one you ever saw before, Mr. Sager?

SAGER: (LAUGHS) Testing me - well, I'll be. Shore. There he is. You, you're Goodwin, right?

JAMIE: Yasshuh.

SAGER: (CHUCKLING) Testing me.

JULIAN: All right, the rest of you men can go.

(MEN GET OFF QUICKLY)

JULIAN: Jamie, this man has come --

SAGER: (INTERRUPTS) Lemme do the talking, son. (JULIAN: Okay.)
(GRUFF) Look at me, Jamie, who am I?

JAMIE: I remember you, sir, but, I -- (THEN) You Mr. Sager.

SAGER: That's right. Where am I from?

JAMIE: (OBVIOUSLY) Why Brodnax, sir.

SAGER: (STILL SHARP) When you last see me?

JAMIE: (PUZZLED) Uh -- lemme see I -- seven year ago, sir --
last July.

SAGER: Why do you say July?

JAMIE: Cause you - (LAUGHS) you fired me July the 1st and then you hired me back July the 4th. Says you was being patriotic hiring me back.

SAGER: Never mind, never mind. What's my brother-in-law's name?

JAMIE: Your brother-in -- why that's the doctor. Dr. Payne.

SAGER: What he tell you last time he saw you?

JAMIE: He says - I think it was the last time - he says -- "Don't you go walking on no more roofs, cause next time you fall off, you might not be lucky and just break one leg."

SAGER: (PLEASANT FOR THE FIRST TIME) That's him. That's Jamie Goodwin. No theories. Facts. I'll swear -- heck, I don't need to swear, Jamie, when they let you out, you come on back to Brodnax, I got a good job waiting.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ VP AND UNDER:)

SLOANE: But it not so simple. There are eight witnesses and a sheriff to shake; there is a decision of a judge and jury to reverse - and there is Attorney Ballis, the Commonwealth Attorney. You bring the new information to him. He looks it over, listens, then says --

BALLIS: I take back some of what I said, Houseman. Your story was not irresponsible.

JULIAN: Thank you.

BALLIS: I said I take back some of what I said. There is still the testimony of eight withn-----

JULIAN: (CUTS) I know.

BALLIS: But you think, nevertheless, this information warrants a new trial?

JULIAN: Yes, Mr. Ballis, I do. What do you think?

BALLIS: Houseman, I want you to know I'll fight you - I mean you and Tenny (or Goodwin) and his attorney, fight you with all I've got. You know, I'm a funny duck, one of those throw-backs to another period when people had a sense of duty and a sense of honesty. If you win this case, you'll know you've been in a fight. You'll get a new trial.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ QUICK BRIDGE TO:)

(GAVEL RAPS)

BERTHA: As the Lord's my witness, Judge, that man sitting right over there was married to my girlfriend Marie. That man is Arthur Tenny.

MUSIC: _ _ _ MONTAGE)

ELDERWOMAN: I swear he killed my daughter. That Tenny, I swear he don't deserve to live.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ SAME)

OLD MAN: Yes, sir, mister Lawyer, I respects what that pore old woman said - 'bout Marie - and I ain't forgetting Marie was mah daughter-in-law -- but that man sitting there ain't mah son. He look like him all right, but he ain't my boy.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ SAME)

SAGER: My name's Sager, and I say any man answer my six questions, the way that boy done - I know he's who I say he is. He's Jamie Goodwin.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ SAME)

MRS.GOODWIN: I'm the boy's mother, sir, yes sir and no matter what I say, I know, few people ain't gonna think I ain't sticking up for my son. I is. But I say this: how come that pore woman on the stand (whose daughter got killed) don't know me? How come the man who say he's Arthur Tenny's father never seen me before? If I is the mother of this man, then they my kinfolks. How come my kinfolks don't know me? (PAUSE) Reason is - he's Jamie Goodwin. Thass why.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ SAME)

MAN: II: (JOE LOCQUACIOUS) I am a handwriting expert. I have testified in many trials in professional capacity including the Lindbergh case. I have examined a sheet of paper torn from a Bible on which Arthur Tenny wrote a few words. I have also examined a note, admittedly signed by Jamie Goodwin. In my honest and positive opinion, the possibility of Tenny writing like Goodwin (or Goodwin writing like Tenny) is so highly unlikely that it becomes almost a practical certainty that they are very different people. (PAUSE)
In short
That's Goodwin, Your Honor, not Tenny.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND OUT) *(gavel 3)*

JUDGE: Jamie Goodwin.

JAMIE: Yes, sir. Your Honor.

JUDGE: Case dismissed.

JAMIE: (NOT UNDERSTANDING QUITE) Sir?

JULIAN: (LITTLE OFF) You're free, Jamie, you're free!

JUDGE: (SMILING BROADLY) Please, Mr. Houseman, a little respect for the dignity of this court. (THEN) Jamie Goodwin, you ARE free.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP INTO:)

JAMIE: I don't know what to say, Mr. Houseman.

JULIAN: You don't have to say anything, Jamie.

JAMIE: I gotta somehow - I got to thank you. You see, I learned that people does care; people like you and the postmaster from Brodnax and Mr. Sager -- yes, and Mr. Ballis too, them folks on the other side, they care too. What's true counts with folks, don't it?

JULIAN: That's right.

JAMIE: And, see, Mr. Houseman, something else too - I mean - I learned - ef you believe in something, don't put yo head down and say "Nah, dat can't be". Put yo face up and fight for what yo believe. Ef you do that people cares, cause they see you cares. That's what dis show, now, ain't it, Mr. Houseman?

JULIAN: That's what it shows, Jamie. That's just what it shows.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Julian C. Houseman of the Richmond Virginia News-Leader with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY!

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #115

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine
tobaccos travels the smoke further....

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild!

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL
MELL. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered
further than that of any other leading cigarette.
Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL MELL
still gives you a longer filter of traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: Yes, PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness,
mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished
red package. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0062233

(ORCH: TAG...)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Julian C. Hauseman of the Richmond, Virginia, News-Leader.

HAUSEMAN: Day after trial Goodwin visited the paper and said, "I just wanted to come to the people who got me out of this jam...I needed assistance and it's the News-Leader that I owe my freedom". Authorities are still searching for the actual murderer in tonight's story. Thanks a lot for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Hauseman...the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to ^{present} ~~have named~~ you the ~~winner of the~~ PELL MELL \$500 Award for notable service in the field of journalism.

ARRICE: 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 Columbus Ohio Dispatch -- by-line, Bill Foley. A BIG STORY - about a phantom Killer and a reporter who didn't believe in ghosts.

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

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was written by Arnold Perl, and your narrator was Bob Sloane. John Sylvester played the part of Julian C. Hauseman. And Canada Lee played Jamie. 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. Hauseman.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ THEME UP FULL AND FADE)

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

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

sally/el
5/23/49pm.

ATX01 0062235

AS BROADCAST

BILL FOLEY, COLUMBUS
DISPATCH --
MAX EHRLICH

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #116

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MURIEL	- ANN SHEPHERD
SHEILA	EMILY KIPP
MRS. BURNS	EMILY KIPP
MRS. PHIL	BARBARA TOWNSEND
MRS. MORRIS	BARBARA TOWNSEND
BILL FOLEY	BILL KEMP
FRED	JAMES MONKS
OWNER	JAMES MONKS
DAN	BILL SMITH
BURNS	BILL SMITH
WALSH	JERRY LEWIS <i>Lewis</i>
ATTENDANT	JERRY LEWIS <i>Lewis</i>
TOMMY	IVAN CURY

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1949

ATX01 0062236

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#116

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

JUNE 15, 1949

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: _ _ FANFARE)

(DOOR CLOSE. WE HEAR STEPS COMING UP)

BURNS: Yes, sir? What can I do for you?

FRED: (HARD AND QUIET) Open the cash register..

BURNS: Mister, look, I..the cash register doesn't work! (A PAUSE)
I..you've got to believe me. Here..I'll show you..

(RING OF CASH REGISTER, BUT DRAWER DOESN'T OPEN)

BURNS: (DESPERATELY) See? The drawer doesn't open...Mister, don't
look at me like that! I'm trying to show you, it doesn't
work...!

(RING REGISTER AGAIN, AND AGAIN)

BURNS: (FIGHTING FOR LIFE) I can't open it. Honest, I just
showed you, I can't open it. I..(CUTS) No, Mister! Please,
don't! No!

(SHOT)

(MUSIC: _ _ HIT AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story! Here is America..its sound and its fury..
its joy and its sorrow..as faithfully reported by the men
and women of the great American newspapers. (PAUSE, COLD
AND FLAT) Columbus, Ohio. From the pages of the Dispatch,
the authentic story of a reporter who took a long shot..
and hit a Phantom. Tonight, to Bill Foley of the Columbus
Dispatch for his Big Story goes the PELL MELL Award!
(COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0062237

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #116

OPENING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels the smoke further....

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL MELL still gives you a longer filter of fine tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: For PELL MELL'S greater length travels the smoke further on its way to your throat - filters it naturally through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos - guards against throat-scratch.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you. Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATK01 0062238

(MUSIC: -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER FOR --)

CHAPPELL: Now, the story as it actually happened..Bill Foley's story as he lived it..Columbus, Ohio.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You are six feet tall, and pushing two hundred pounds, a big, red-headed Irishman, as Irish as they come. Your name is Bill Foley, and you're a police reporter for the Columbus Dispatch. It's a living, and it's mostly routine. But so is the pay check you bring home to your wife and small son each week...wonderful, wonderful routine. And so you go along, year after year, never dreaming that the magic wand will some day touch you, that some day a Big Story will come along, and under it the byline: Bill Foley. Then, suddenly, it is March, this raw, gusty, windy Ohio March. It is this March evening, and in a Columbus hotel, a man and woman are just finishing dinner..

(MUSIC: -- SNEAK B.G. HOTEL ORCHESTRA OFF, OR PERHAPS SMALL STRING GROUP, PLAYING VIENNESE WALTZ OR SEMI-CLASSICAL)

FRED: Muriel, you look lovely tonight, lovely, charming.

MURIEL: Thank you, Fred. You ARE sweet.

FRED: Not sweet enough. Not thoughtful enough. Not where you're concerned, my dear. But then, I'm a tired business man, you might say. And it's been a strain, quite a strain...

MURIEL: Fred, why don't you get out of it?

FRED: Quit the business?

MURIEL: Yes! Yes! Oh, Fred, it's no good! It's made a nervous wreck out of you! Look at your hands..they're trembling. You're on edge..on edge all the time! Don't you see, darling? What you're doing is ~~too risky~~, too speculative.

FRED: You've got to take chances to make money.

MURIEL: But Fred, you've taken too many chances. Some day you'll go too far. You'll make a mistake and lose everything.

FRED: Now, don't worry, my dear. I know when to stop. I'm too smart to over-extend myself. All I need is one big killing ...and then we can get married. One big killing..and then I'll quit. And maybe I'll make it..tonight.

MURIEL: Tonight?

FRED: Yes. I've just found a new prospect. A man with a big store over on Oak Street. He sells a lot of merchandise, does a big business.

MURIEL: Fred, you're sure...?

FRED: Positive. I know he'll be in tonight, and I know he'll be willing to talk to me. I've investigated the business carefully, and it's A-1. Now, you go out and start the car, my dear. I'll pay the check!

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

(CAR MOTOR UNDER)

FRED: See that big store over there, Muriel?

MURIEL: You mean..the Burns Supermarket?

FRED: Yes. That's the prospect I was telling you about, my dear. Man named John Burns runs it. It's the first time I've ever called on him..

MURIEL: I wish you luck, darling.

FRED: Thank you. Now, if you'll pull up to the curb here and wait..I won't be a minute!

(CAR BEGINS TO SLOW AND INTO)

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

BURNS: (HEARTY) There you are, Mrs. Phillips. There's your bundles. And be careful of those eggs.

MRS PHIL: Thank you, Mr. Burns.

BURNS: And here's a cookie for your little girl. Like a chocolate cookie, Sheila?

SHEILA: Oh, yes!

BURNS: (LAUGHS) I thought you would!

MRS PHIL: Say thank you, darling. (A PAUSE) Sheila, darling, cat got your tongue? Mr. Burns gave you a cookie..

SHEILA: Thank you, Mr. Burns.

BURNS: That's all right, honey. You come in again with your mother, and I'll give you another one..

SHEILA: All right, Mr. Burns.

MRS PHIL: Poor ~~dear~~ ^{baby} she's ^{getting} just tired. It's pretty late. I was lucky to find you open..

BURNS: Well, it's a few minutes past closing time. All my clerks have gone home. And I'd better get home myself. My son, Tommy, is probably wondering what happened to me and..

(DOOR SLAM OFF)

MRS PHIL: Looks as though you've got another customer. I..(CUTS, THEN SUDDENLY, SCARED) Mr. Burns! Mr. Burns, he's got a gun. He..

FRED: (COMING IN, QUICK) All right. This is a holdup. Do what I say, and do it fast..

MRS PHIL: (~~SCREAMS~~) *Oh, no!*

FRED: (JITTERY) You! Keep quiet! Keep quiet, do you hear? ~~Scream again like that,~~ and I'll blow your head off.

SHEILA: Don't you dare talk that way to my Mommy! Don't you dare..

FRED: And get that brat out of the way! Quick! Get her out of the way. Now, you..Burns! Open that cash register...!

BURNS: Mister, look...

FRED: Open it! Open it! Now! Quick, you fool, before I blast your face off.

BURNS: But I..I was trying to tell you..the cash register won't work. It just broke down and...

FRED: Don't lie to me. Open that cash register.

BURNS: (DESPERATE) But I told you, Mister, it won't work..look..

(RING OF CASH REGISTER, BUT NO DRAWER OPENS)

BURNS: The drawer won't open! See?..I'm trying to show you!

(REGISTER RING AGAIN. AND AGAIN)

BURNS: Mister! NO!

(SHOT. GROAN)

~~(BODY THUD)~~

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS OFF)

~~(DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS SHUT)~~

~~MRS PHIL: Mr. Burns! Mr. Burns! (A SCREAM)~~

SHEILA: Mommy! ^{Mommy!} Look at Mr Burns face! ~~It's covered with blood!~~
~~It's all covered with blood!~~ Mommy! (THE CHILD STARTS TO CRY, WEEPS HYSTERICALLY INTO)

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You, Bill Foley of the Columbus Dispatch, are at your post at Police Headquarters when it happens. And you get down to Burns Supermarket in nothing flat, arriving just as they're taking the owner to a hospital in a dying condition. You, and everyone else, know it's the holdup man they call The Phantom.

(MORE)

NARRATOR: For weeks he's terrorized Columbus, striking twelve
(CONTD) straight times, and vanishing without a trace. Twelve
straight times, and now Detective Lieutenant Walsh tells
you..

WALSH: This job makes Number Thirteen, Foley.

FOLEY: They say it's an unlucky number, Lieutenant.

WALSH: (GRIMLY) It'll be unlucky for the Phantom when we finally
nail him. This time it's different. It isn't just robbery..
it's homicide. Burns hasn't got a chance.

FOLEY: And the girl was waiting for the Phantom at the curb, in
a black sedan, eh? As usual..

WALSH: Yeah. As usual.

FOLEY: Anybody in the market here when it happened?

WALSH: A Mrs. Phillips and her little girl. We've got 'em in
the back room now. But we can't get any description out
of the woman. She's all broken-up, hysterical..doesn't
remember a thing about the Phantom.

FOLEY: What about her daughter?

WALSH: Her ~~daughter~~ is just a kid. We tried to get something
out of her, but we couldn't get to first base.

FOLEY: Mind if I try, Lieutenant?

WALSH: You?

FOLEY: Why not? I've got a little boy of my own at home. And they
tell me I've got a way with kids. I don't know if it's
true, but why not let me try? What can you lose?

WALSH: (A BEAT) Okay, Foley, I'll get the mother out of there. Then you
can talk to the kid alone!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND OUT)

FOLEY: Hello, Sheila.

SHEILA: (DULL) Hello.

FOLEY: My name's Mr. Foley.

SHEILA: (DULL) Mr. Foley.

FOLEY: That's right. But you're a pretty big girl, Sheila, you're pretty grown up, and I guess you can call me..Bill.

SHEILA: All right, Bill.

FOLEY: How old are you, honey? (A PAUSE) How old are you, Sheila.
(A PAUSE) Oh. Cat got your tongue.

SHEILA: (DULLY) That's just what my Mommy said, before that awful man came in. That's what she said when Mr. Burns gave me the chocolate cookie, and I didn't say thank you. Then that awful man came in...

FOLEY: Oh. Yes, I think I know him, Sheila. (A BEAT) He had red hair, just like mine.

SHEILA: No. ~~This was another awful man.~~ His hair was black, and it was curly, and he had a black mustache, too..

FOLEY: A great big mustache, I'll bet..

SHEILA: No. It wasn't. It was a little one.

FOLEY: Then he must have been a little man to have such a little mustache, honey.

SHEILA: But he wasn't. He was a big man, a big, big man, like you, but he had a little mustache. And he wasn't nice like you. He was an awful man. He didn't like Mr. Burns or my Mommy or me, and he shouted at us. And he had a gun and it made a big noise like a firecracker, and Mr. Burns fell on the floor, and there was blood all over his face. The blood was all over his face, and Mommy started to cry, and I guess I dropped my chocolate cookie, and..(DULLY) I guess that's all!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: It's something. It's the first legitimate description of the Phantom. You pass it on to Lieutenant Walsh, and then go to the Burns home on Hilltonia Avenue. It's the reporter's job you've always hated..story and pictures from the family of a dying man. And you meet Mrs. Burns, just a few minutes after she arrives home...

MRS BURNS: (AGITATED) Mr. Foley, I didn't know, I didn't know. I'd just come in and put my son Tommy to bed when you..(BREAKS) How..how is my husband?

FOLEY: (GENTLY) It's hard to say yet, Mrs. Burns. They won't know for a little while. He's at Grant Hospital...

MRS BURNS: I've got to get a cab. I've got to go down to the hospital right away...

FOLEY: Sure, sure, I know. Do you drive a car, Mrs. Burns?

MRS BURNS: Yes! Yes, I do.

FOLEY: Here are the keys to my car. It's out in front. Go ahead.. take it.

MRS BURNS: But Tommy...my son...he'll be here all alone..

FOLEY: Don't worry. I'll stay with him till you come back. You just go ahead..

MRS BURNS: Thank you, Mr. Foley. (FADING A LITTLE) Oh, thank you.

(DOOR CLOSE OFF)

(A PAUSE)

TOMMY: (OFF, MUFFLED) Dad! Dad, is that you?

(A PAUSE)

Dad!

(DOOR OPENS)

TOMMY: Dad, I..(CUTS) Oh.

FOLEY: Hello, Tommy.

TOMMY: Who are you?

FOLEY: My name's Bill.

TOMMY: What are you doing in our house?

FOLEY: Well, you see, your mother had to go out for a little while, and she asked me to stay..

TOMMY: You don't have to. I can take care of myself.

FOLEY: Sure. Sure, you can, Tommy. You're big enough, I can see that. Oh..is that your baseball glove on the chair?

TOMMY: Yeah. It's mine.

FOLEY: So you play baseball, eh?

TOMMY: Sure. What do you think? I'm going to play center field for the ^{Calgen} Hilltonia Tigers when the season opens.

FOLEY: Center field? That's where Joe DiMaggio plays.

TOMMY: Yeah. And I'm gonna be a big leaguer just like him when I grow up. My Dad's gonna buy me a new bat, a Louisville slugger, (FADING) and I'm gonna practice hitting over in the vacant lot...

(MUSIC: IN WITH NARRATOR)

NARRATOR: You listen, and the kid rattles on about baseball, never knowing that his father is dying in Grant Hospital. He can't be more than eight or nine, just the age when a kid needs a father, just the age when they begin to understand each other, when they become pals. You know, you've got a boy of your own, and as Tommy talks, you listen, and it tears the heart out of you...

-11-

TOMMY:(FADING IN) Some Sunday this summer, my Dad's going to take me up to Cleveland to see the Indians. Didya ever see the Indians play, Bill?

POLEY: Sure, Tommy. Lots of times.

TOMMY: I saw them play the Yankees last year. It was a swell game, too. Bobby Feller was pitching and..

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES)

~~POLEY: Oh, Mrs. Burns. How...?~~

TOMMY: Hello, Mom. Where's Dad? Didn't he come home with you?

MRS BURNS: (SOBBING) Tommy, ~~Dad~~..Dad's..(BREAKS) Oh, Tommy, ~~Tommy~~, darling, ~~darling!~~ Dad's..nevor coming home again!

(MUSIC: _ _ UP TO CURTAIN)

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

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0062247

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #116

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels the smoke further....

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL MELL still gives you a longer filter of fine tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: For PELL MELL'S greater length travels the smoke further on its way to your throat - filters it naturally through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos - guards against throat-scratch.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you. Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0062248

(MUSIC: -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

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

NARRATOR: Every cop in Columbus is looking for a holdup man and killer they call the Phantom. And like every other time, he vanishes. But you, Bill Foley of the Columbus Dispatch have been close to the case, you've seen the Phantom's handiwork. You've seen one child numb from shock, and another lose a father. You're a father yourself, and it hits hard, it hits home. You're a police reporter, and supposed to be tough, but this one gets you, way down deep. ^{So}~~And~~ you see the managing editor...

DAN: So you want a couple of weeks to go after the Phantom, eh, Bill?

FOLEY: That's right, Dan.

DAN: You're crazy! Where would you look for him?

FOLEY: I've got an idea he isn't a Columbus man. I've got an idea he lives somewhere out of town.

DAN: Yes? How do you figure that?

FOLEY: The law of averages...

DAN: The what?

FOLEY: Look, Dan. Look at it this way. The Phantom's pulled thirteen holdups here in Columbus. Some of 'em have been in crowded stores, during the rush hour. Now, Columbus isn't a big city, as big cities go. The chances are that someone would have recognized him, if he wore a local man. Yet...nobody did.

DAN: ~~Okay, Okay,~~ Bill, it sounds logical enough. But the Phantom could live in a hundred places not far from Columbus..London, Marysville,Delawaro, Circleville..

FOLEY: I know. But let me try, Dan - give me a couple of weeks to cruise around in a car, and ask some questions.

DAN: (A BEAT) Okay. Go ahead. But I still think you're crazy!

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

FRED: (LAUGHING, A LITTLE DRUNK) You should have been there in the store, Muriel. You should have seen this man Burns. Funniest thing I ever saw, my dear. He had the queerest look on his face when I shot him..

MURIEL: Fred! Fred, please, listen to me...

FRED: His mouth opened like a fish. And then the blood came.. lots of it..and it spread all over his face, my dear..and then he fell..~~and that silly woman screamed.~~

MURIEL: Fred, Fred, why did you do it? Why? You didn't have to kill him. His cash register was jammed. He was telling the truth..

FRED: You know, it's the first time I ever killed a man. And I must say, I found it very exciting..very!

MURIEL: If you hadn't been so quick on the trigger..so nervous.

FRED: Nervous? I'm not nervous now, my dear. Not any more. Strange what killing a man can do, isn't it? I never felt so relaxed in all my life...

(CLINK OF GLASS. POURING OF LIQUOR)

FRED: Here..have another drink..

MURIEL: Fred. Listen to me. Put that bottle down and listen to me. Don't you realize, don't you understand? You've gone too far this time. This isn't just another holdup, it's murder. They're looking everywhere for us.

FRED: Let them. They haven't caught us yet, have they?

MURIEL: Fred, we've got to get out..go away..

FRED: Go away? Where?

MURIEL: I don't know. Anywhere. Away from Columbus. Out of the state...

FRED: Oh, no. We can't do that, Muriel.

MURIEL: But why not?

FRED: I've still got a few business calls to make in Columbus. And I've still got that big killing to make. (HE LAUGHS) Yes! That big killing.

MURIEL: Then I won't go with you. You'll have to do it alone!

FRED: (A BEAT) What did you say, my dear?

MURIEL: I'm through, Fred. I'm going to leave..get out!

FRED: (HARDENING) Are you, Muriel?

MURIEL: Fred! Let go of my wrist! You're hurting me..

FRED: You know, my dear, I wonder how you'd look with blood all over your face? I wonder!

MURIEL: (IN HORROR) Fred..Fred, I..

FRED: I know, my dear. I know. You said something about leaving me, didn't you? But of course you didn't mean it. (A BEAT) Did you, Muriel?

MURIEL: I..no, Fred. No!

FRED: Now, you're being sensible. Yes, my dear. Now you're being...very sensible!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You, Bill Foley, begin your personal manhunt. You drive out of town, and begin to ask questions. But you've got nothing to go on..nothing. Days pass..you cover one town after another...

(MUSIC: -- MONTAGE UP AND UNDER)

FOLEY: Ever see a black sedan stop in your gas station here? A woman driving, and a man with black curly hair, and a small black mustache?

ATTENDANT: Couldn't say, sir. We get hundreds of cars coming north to Sandusky and Toledo. Lots of 'em are black sedans, with men and women in 'em.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER INTO J. ROADHOUSE ORCHESTRA B.G.)

FOLEY: So you don't remember any such couple stopping in here? Couple from Columbus?

OWNER: Look, Mister, you must be nuts. I run a ^{restaurant} ~~roadhouse~~, not a missing persons bureau. The world's full of guys and dames in black sedans. And anyway, why talk to me? My ^{place} ~~place~~ is seventy-five miles from Columbus!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The days pass...and then the weeks...and finally, the managing editor wants to see you...

DAN: Look, Bill, the whole idea's crazy. You're just wasting time, and you'll have to quit.

FOLEY: Quit? Why?

DAN: Because even the police have given up. And it's costing the Dispatch money. You're burning gas for nothing. We've had to take on a new ^{man}~~boy~~ to cover your beat while you're away.

FOLEY: Dan, let me go on. I'm not licked yet. I'll run into something.

DAN: Sure you will. The accounting department. Bill, they won't take those ^{expensive} vouchers any more. Enough's enough. Lay off, and get back ^{to} work.

FOLEY: So that's it, eh?

DAN: That's it.

FOLEY: Okay, then. Forget the vouchers.

DAN: What?

FOLEY: I said forget the vouchers. Forget the pay checks for awhile, if it'll make you happier. I'll look for this killer on my own time.

DAN: Have you gone nuts?

FOLEY: Maybe. Maybe I have, in a way. But Dan, did you ever talk to a little girl who's just seen someone die for the first time in her life, who's just seen a man shot down in cold blood?

DAN: Bill, listen...

FOLEY: Did you ever talk to a boy who was waiting for his father to come home, and hear the kid tell you what a great guy his father was, and know all the time that his father was dying, that he'd never come home?

DAN: (A LITTLE IRRITATED) All right, Bill, all right! I'm not made of wood, I'm human too, I know how you feel. But what can you do?

FOLEY: I can keep going. I can keep trying.

DAN: Bill, can't you get it through that red head of yours that..

(PHONE RING)

DAN: Oh. Hold it.

(PHONE OFF HOOK)

DAN: Yes? What? WHAT? Oh. Okay. I'll send Foley down right away. ~~Hold here!~~

(RECEIVER ON HOOK)

FOLEY: What is it, Dan?

DAN: (DAZED) Number Fourteen.

FOLEY: ~~You mean?..~~

DAN: ~~Yeah.~~ The Phantom. ~~He~~ just held up a jewelry store on East Main Street!

(MUSIC: HIT UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The police are swarming all over the place when you get there. But you, Bill Foley, notice a dark alley next to the store... a logical place to park a getaway car. And you notice there are apartments over the jewelry store, with windows looking down on the alley. You go upstairs...and then you get a break. A Mrs. Morris, a shutin, saw the sedan in the alley, and she tells you...

MRS.MORRIS...I saw the girl wait in the car. Then a man came running out, jumped in the car, and yelled something about Lancaster.

FOLEY: Lancaster?

MORRIS: Yes. Then the girl turned on the lights, and they left the alley. Mighty peculiar, the whole thing was. I took the license number when she turned on the car lights...

FOLEY: You've got the license number?

MORRIS: I certainly have, young man. Wrote it down, right here on my window sill!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

FOLEY: Dan, did you check with the Bureau? What about that license number?

DAN: (FILTER) What do you think?

FOLEY: Stolen car, eh?

DAN: Naturally. Belonged to an old lady in Grandview Heights.

FOLEY: Okay, Dan. See you later. I'm in a hurry.

DAN: Where are you going?

FOLEY: Me? I'm going to take a ride to Lancaster!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: It's a long chance..but your only chance. Lancaster is some thirty five miles from Columbus. You gamble that somewhere along the road, the Phantom and his girl friend may stop. You drive down the highway like mad...

(CAR UNDER..MOVING FAST)

NARR: And then, suddenly...

(SCREAM OF BRAKES)

NARR: You see it! The Phantom's car! It's parked in front of a diner, next to a gas station. You go into the gas station, get on the phone...

WALSH: (FILTER) Where'd you say this diner was, Foley?

FOLEY: Not very far out. Just beyond Valley Cross. Lieutenant.

WALSH: Okay, ~~okay~~ Give us a few minutes. Try to hold him there.

FOLEY: Are you crazy Lieutenant. He's ~~got a gun~~ ^{a killer}. How can I hold him here?

WALSH: I don't know. Just hold him there, somehow!

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

NARR: You go into the diner. And there at the counter isa big man, black curly hair, black mustache. The Phantom! And a girl. The counterman comes up to you..and asks for your order...

FOLEY: I....coffee. Just...a cup of coffee!

NARR: You stare at the Phantom. You can't help it. And then his eyes are on you...hard, black agates...and he says...

(MUSIC: OUT)

FRED: What are you looking at, Mister?

POLEY: I ...why, nothing. Nothing. I just thought I knew you.

FRED: You never saw me before in your life. (A BEAT) Muriel...

MURIEL: Yes, Fred?

FRED: Hurry up with that sandwich, and let's go!

MURIEL: Why? What's the matter?

FRED: Oh, nothing. Nothing, my dear. We've just got a long trip ahead of us, that's all.

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND OUT)

(STEPS ON GRAVEL COMING IN)

FRED: (OFF, COMING IN) I don't like it, my dear. I don't like it at all. That man knew who we were!

MURIEL: (JITTERY) It's just your imagination, Fred. It must be!

FRED: No. He knew us, I know he did. Come on, we'd better get out of here...

(FOOTSTEPS STOP)

(CAR DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

(MOTOR STARTS)

(CAR STARTS TO MOVE...BUMP BUMP WITH FLAT TIRE)

MURIEL: Fred! What's the matter!

FRED: A flat tire! We've got a flat, Muriel. That fellow in the diner must have let the air out of...

(SIREN OFF, COMING IN FAST)

MURIEL: Fred! Listen! It...it's...

FRED: (BITTERLY) Yes! It's the police. The police!

MURIEL: Fred! They're coming up the highway. They know we're here!

Oh Fred, isn't there something we can do?

(STEPS ON GRAVEL COMING IN)

FRED: (OFF, COMING IN) I don't like it, my dear. I don't like it at all. That man knew who we were.

MURIEL: (JITTERY) It's just your imagination, Fred. It must be!

FRED: No. He knew us. I know he did.

MURIEL: Then we've got to get out of here. We've got to get out, Fred, quick! If he knows that we...

FRED: All right, all right. ~~Get into the car...~~

MURIEL: Fred, if they found out who we were, what we did, why...

FRED: Stop that talk. Do you hear, Muriel? Stop that talk.

If there's anything I hate, it's a hysterical woman.

Now get in the car...

(CAR DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES)

(STARTER GOES. IT STOPS. THEN IT GOES. AND STOPS)

MURIEL: Fred! Fred, what's the matter!

FRED: I can't start the car!

(TRIES STARTER AGAIN AND AGAIN)

MURIEL: Fred! No!

FRED: (BEGINS TO LAUGH. CRACKED) Isn't that funny, Muriel?

The car won't start. Someone's tampered with the motor...

MURIEL: Then it must have been that man in the diner..the man who recognized us...

FRED: Yes. Isn't that funny. He did something to the motor and now, I can't start the car...

(STARTER AGAIN)

FRED: (DESPERATELY) I can't start it....

(STARTER AGAIN)

~~FRED: (LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY) I can't start it!~~

FRED: Do? ~~No~~ my dear, there's nothing we can do...except sit here...and wait for them to get us!

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Bill Foley, of the Columbus Dispatch with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY!

~~(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)~~

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #116

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels the smoke further....

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild!

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL MELL still gives you a longer filter of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: Yes, PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0062260

(ORCH: _ _ _ TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Bill Foley of the Columbus Dispatch.

FOLEY: Quickly apprehended, Phantom Killer and his female accomplice in tonight's Big Story, were tried for murder and robbery. The girl received a long prison term and the man was sentenced to die in the electric chair. The day following the execution I was summoned to the office of the chief of Police who handed me his gold police badge and said: "Here Bill you'd better take the badge I think you've earned it." My sincere appreciation for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Foley..the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to ^{present} ~~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 Des Moines Register and Tribune -- by-line, Ray Maxwell. A BIG STORY - about a reporter who was taken for a ride by a gangster ..who wanted to save his life.

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

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was written by Max Ehrlich your narrator was Bob Sloane, and ^{William} Bill-Kemp played the part of Bill Foley. In order to protect the names of people actually involved in tonight's authentic BIG STORY the names of all characters in the dramatization were changed with the exception of the reporter, Mr. Foley.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE)

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

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

SALLY/LILY
5/25/49 pm

ATX01 0062262

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #117

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
WIFE	AGNES YOUNG
RAY	LUIS-VAN ROOTEN
HORACE	ERIC DRESSLER
JOE	ERIC DRESSLER
TED	JOE DE SANTIS
JACK	BERNARD GRANT
TIM	ROGER de KOREN
<i>Man</i>	<i>Joe de Santis</i>

WEDNESDAY JUNE 22, 1949

ATX01 0062263

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

A. PERL

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

JUNE 22, 1949

WEDNESDAY

(RAY MAXWELL, DES MOINES, IOWA, REGISTER AND TRIBUNE)

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE UNDER)

(DOOR SOFTLY CLOSSES)

HORACE: (SMOOTH, COLD, ABOUT 50) That you, darling?

WIFE: I didn't mean to disturb you, Horace.

HORACE: (GOOD HUMORED) That's all right, I'm finished. Didn't
I hear the baby cry?

WIFE: Oh just, he was turning over in his sleep.

HORACE: (PLEASED WITH HIMSELF) Want to see something?

WIFE: Why yes. Oh, it's a map of Des Moines - isn't it?

HORACE: Hmm hum -- you see the area circled in red -- here --

WIFE: Yes --

HORACE: That's the - uh - the territory I control now -- And this
-- the part circled in blue --

WIFE: It takes in the whole town, Horace --

HORACE: Precisely. That's the part I'll control - beginning --
(PAUSE TO CONSULT WATCH) I'd say in 24 hours.

WIFE: All of Des Moines, Horace!

HORACE: That's right. (PAUSE) My dear, it wouldn't upset you,
would it - if in the course of obtaining this control - I -
I mean someone was hurt? Perhaps a few men?

WIFE: Killed, Horace?

HORACE: ~~It's never bothered us in the past, my dear, I don't see why~~
~~it should now.~~ That's right,,my dear, killed.

(MUSIC: -- HITS AND GOES UNDER)

ATX01 0062264

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, Des Moines, Iowa! The story of a reporter who went out to stop a murder and nearly stopped a bullet himself. And to this reporter, Ray Maxwell of the Des Moines Register and Tribune for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL Award!

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #117

OPENING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels the smoke further....

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL MELL still gives you a longer filter of fine tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: For PELL MELL'S greater length travels the smoke further on its way to your throat - filters it naturally through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos - guards against throat-scratch.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you. Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0062266

(MUSIC: -- THEME: UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Now the story as it actually happened! Ray Maxwell's story as he lived it. (PAUSE) Des Moines, Iowa.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: Your job, Ray Maxwell of the Des Moines Register and Tribune, is the police run - a job that means no regular hours, that means familiarity with gangsters, tipoffmen, cops and just guys who know things and tell them - sometimes for a price, sometimes out of friendship, sometimes out of malice. It isn't pretty work, and it isn't ~~clean~~ -- but it's a life you wouldn't trade for a desk job and a \$20 raise. (well, make it a \$10 raise.) It's been in your blood a long time and you like it! That's why you're smiling as you sit one evening in a roadhouse off Route 22, opposite a small dark man who's drinking a bottle of pop and eating a hamburger. Joe Petty, one of the guys that goes with the police run....

JOE: Go wan, have a bottle of pop. On me.

RAY: (KIDDING) No thanks, Joe. Never drink when I'm working.

JOE: Listen - don't you kid me on soda pop. You drank what I drank the last 15 years, you'd be glad you could hold down soda pop.

RAY: I'm sorry, Joe. So where were we?

JOE: Okay. Well - it's this way -- see, I'm sentimental. I like this town. I'm born, bred here, went to school here, (you know that) -- (RAY: Yeah). I'm proud of Des Moines, I am. Well -- (SORE) I don't like no ^{hot heads to} ~~foreigners~~ coming in, spoling things --

RAY: ^{Hot heads to} ~~foreigners?~~

JOE: From out of town, Chicago an like that. I don't like that.

RAY: What are you talking about, Joe?

JOE: You're a reporter, right? And you like a story, right?

Okay, well, I'm giving you a story. Ever hear of Jack Delaney?

RAY: (EXCITED NOW) I heard of Jack. Jack's a big boy in the hijack business.

JOE: Well, that's the story.

RAY: What's the story?

JOE: Jack.

RAY: Cut it out. What about Jack?

JOE: That's all I know - just - just, yesterday somebody seen him. Today, he ain't around ffsst, vanished. Just like that.

RAY: What's that got to do with out-of-town boys and spoiling things in Des Moines?

JOE: Now you're over my head, Ray. All I know is -- fsst vanished -- good ole Jack Delaney. Like they say in the movies -- into the thin air.

(MUSIC: __ MYSTERY, UNDER)

SLOANE: Joe Petty may be soft in the head, but when he opens his mouth like that you know there's something there. And Jack Delaney is one of the biggest men in the business: hijacking: maybe the biggest. Never caught at it, but they say, friends on the police run, the Delaney boys (Jack and Teddy) have the town cut up between them. You decide your first stop is Ted Delaney's house: a fine respectable home on 32nd street. (Why shouldn't it be fine and respectable, hijacking pays well).

(BUZZER)

SLOANE: You try the bell -- no answer.

(STEPS)

SLOANE: You walk around to the servant's entrance -

(ANOTHER BELL)

SLOANE: No answer there, either. You try the door.

(DOOR YIELDS. STEPS..CLOSES.. FEW MORE STEPS)

SLOANE: It's dark, not a light on; and then....

TED: (EVEN VOICED, ~~HEW~~) Just stop where you are....

RAY: (SCARED) Ted, it's me; Ray Maxwell. Put the light on.

SLOANE: He switches the light on. You gulp; a .38 is pointed at you. When he sees who it is, Ted Delaney lowers the gun... He knows you.

TED: I nearly plugged you.

RAY: (BREATHES) I just heard about Jack. Where is he? What happened?

TED: Look, Maxwell, go on away. This ain't no affair of yours.

RAY: I heard he vanished - ^{into thin air} ~~like that.~~ (SNAPS FINGERS) Was he arrested or something else?

TED: (BREAKS A LITTLE) That's what I don't know. He's ~~only a kid - he can't take care of himself.~~ Maxwell you know the cops in this town -- find something out for me, I'll tell you what happened. Find out if Jack was picked up by the cops.

RAY: Let's do it the other way - you tell me, then I'll find out.

TED: Okay. He was sleeping. I left him sleeping. - last night.

(I had work to do. Business) I come in - about 6. The girl cleans for us told me: three men came: they flashed badges, they handcuffed Jack and took him away. Find out if he was arrested.

RAY: You sound like you'd be pleased if he was arrested.
TED: Sure. They got nothing on Jack (or me) - the cops. But
if --
RAY: Yeah --
TED: Nothing. Check for me, will ya? ~~There's the phone.~~
RAY: Okay, Ted, Sure, I'll check for you, Don't worry so
much,

(PHONE RINGS. STEPS. IT'S ANSWERED.)

TED: Yeah. This - (STOPS) *Jackie, are you -- What? No.
Don't. Don't! Yeah. Say it again: 21st and Ingersol.
Okay. Kid, hang on and - I'll be there.

(PHONE UP)

TED: If they done anything to him if they --
RAY: Looks like he wasn't arrested. Sounds like --
TED: I gotta go. Maxwell, you don't know nothing and you better
not write nothing.
RAY: Let me come with you.
TED: You are nuts.
RAY: Look, I was gonna call the cops for you. You said if I
called the cops, you'd --
TED: You are nuts.
RAY: I just want to go along.
TED: It might be trouble.
RAY: That's what I figured.
TED: ^{U.K.} Here -- take this,
RAY: No thanks. Never use a gun when I'm on the job.
TED: Okay. But you won't like it, Maxwell! You won't like it
for a second.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

SLOANE: You get in the heavy touring car wondering if the windows are bullet proof. This might be anything. It's 11 by now and dark, the streets quite empty. You get to 21st and Ingersol, the car going slowly up the street...

(CAR RUNNING SLOWLY)

RAY: I don't see anything, Ted....

SLOANE: And then it breaks,

(SHOT IS FIRED. ANOTHER. ~~CAR STARTS FAST~~)
in trap - 2 black sedans aimed at you
SLOANE: Faster than anything you've ever seen in your life, Ted Delaney puts the car in reverse and you back out of the street at 40 miles an hour. ~~As you make the turn, you see them: two black sedans aimed at you.~~

(~~SHOT~~. THE CAR FASTER AND UNDER)

SLOANE: ~~Delaney bites his lip, curses and drives between the two sedans. Then out, out (65,70,75) - out the road west out of Des Moines.~~ *Suddenly -*

(CAR SUDDENLY STOPS. DOOR OPENS)

TED: Okay, you had your fun. ~~Good-bye.~~ *Get it.*

RAY: Who were they?

TED: I don't know. I was a dope to fall for it. Come on: out!

RAY: What out here; how'll I get back?

TED: I'm doing you a favor, Maxwell. Get out while you're in one piece. (HARD) Git out!

RAY: Okay, Ted, Okay. Thanks for the ride.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: Out of town boys after the Delaney's. Probably moving in on the hijack business. This is a police matter, but it's one A.M., so (WITH HUMOR) why wake the police? You get a hitch back to your apartment. You open the door and the phone rings....

(RING. IS ANSWERED)

RAY: Hello.

HORACE: (F) Maxwell, you were in that car with Delaney.

RAY: Who is this?

HORACE: (F) Be smart, Maxwell and keep your mouth shut. Because if you don't == I'll break both of your legs, Maxwell.

(FILTER HANGS UP)

RAY: Hello. Hello -- HELLO!

(MUSIC: -- HITS AND UNDER)

SLOANE: You've heard that voice somewhere - but you can't place it. Now you're really in deep and so (most naturally), you start out the door again. This time back to the Delaney house to wait. At 1:30 you see the car and Ted Delaney gets out...

(DOOR SLAM. HEAVY STEPS UNDER)

... carrying a limp and bleeding Jack....

RAY: (WHISPER) Ted --

TED: Huh. Oh, it's you. Look what they done. Look what the dirty lice done to my kid brother.

JACK: MOANS.

TED: Take it easy, kid. Easy. Broke his leg and look at his neck - and all this bleeding -- I'll take care of them!

RAY: Let me help you.

(STEPS, KEY RATTLE)

TED: Easy kid, easy. Open the door, Maxwell. Here's the key.

(DOOR OPENS. MOVEMENT)

JACK: MOANS.

TED: Into the bedroom - there - Maxwell, do something, will you? Put him to bed. Get a doc. I got to move. I got to move fast.

RAY: Okay, but - what happened?

TED: All I know is -- the kid said it before he passed out:
"They were out-of-town boys", he said, "but there was a
local squeal."

RAY: You going after them now?

TED: When's a better time, pal, when's a better time? ~~But~~
look after the kid.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER --)

SLOANE: You make a call for a doctor. He does the only thing he
can - first aid. a sedative and a nurse to sit with the
beaten man. Diagnosis: broken left leg, near-strangulation
and a .45 shell hole through the fleshy part of the face.
He won't be able to talk till morning. So now, you figure,
Ray Maxwell of the police run, maybe you better stop in at
your friend Assistant Chief Detective Tim Elliot's --
even if it is 4:15 in the morning....

TIM: (SLEEPY, GRUFF) Say that again.

RAY: I said -- there's going to be a murder, Tim.

TIM: Who you planning on killing?

RAY: I like a joke too, Tim, but this is level. It's gonna
be Ted Delaney gets killed or Ted Delaney kills somebody.

TIM: Oh, Delaney? Naw, he's no killer. Little hijacking now
and then (though I can't prove that either) - but killing-
nah!

RAY: I just left his brother Jack - his kid brother. Somebody
nearly killed Jack. Ted's crazy like a bull -- if you'd
seen him you'd know he meant business.

TIM: Murder?

RAY: That's what I said. And I think maybe we ought to see what we can do to stop it. Because, you see, Tim, if we don't stop this one - I may be next.

(MUSIC: -- HITS FULL FOR TAG)

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

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #117

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels the smoke further....

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild. -

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL MELL still gives you a longer filter of fine tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: For PELL MELL'S greater length travels the smoke further on its way to your throat - filters it naturally through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos - guards against throat-scratch.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you. Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0062275

(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and the BIG STORY of Ray Maxwell, as he lived it and wrote it;

SLOANE: The police run, your beat Ray Maxwell of the Des Moines Register and Tribune, has you standing over the bed of a badly beaten man, Jack Delaney local gangster and hijacker. ^{Now} It's the morning ~~now~~ after the fearful beating and you and Detective Tim Elliott try to question him. (The alarm's already gone out to pick Jack's brother, ^{Ted} ~~Ray~~, and to pick up any suspicious out of town cars.) There's murder in the making and everybody knows itTim Elliott probes.....

TIM: Look, Jack, you don't want Ted killed, do you?

JACK: (WEAK) I got nothing to say to a cop.

TIM: Who did it to you? You told Ted they were out of town boys -- who?

JACK: I said all I'm gonna say.

TIM: But you said there was a local squeal. Who?

JACK: You heard me.

RAY: Tim, let me talk to Jack. (PAUSE, WITH UNDERSTANDING)

Jack, I rode out in the car with Ted ^{last night} ~~tonight~~. We were both out after you. We both got shot at. I'm in this as deep as you are. And when I got home ^{they phoned} ~~last night~~, ^{and} they said they'd break my legs, both my legs, if I didn't lay off. Well, I'm still on it --

JACK: So what?

RAY: We're on the same side feller. Come off it.

JACK: (YIELDING A LITTLE) Those dirty ---

RAY: Who, Jack, who? Who was the local rat, that's what we want to know.

JACK: (HONEST ANSWER) I don't know.

RAY: (THINKS HE'S STILL STALLING) Kid, when Ted went after them he asked me to take care of you. I called the doc, kid. I got the nurse. Come on help yourself, help Ted while there's time.

JACK: I told you I don't know. I don't -- all I know is -- (I think you're levelling with me, Maxwell) -- all I know is I was laying down, sleeping and something hit me on the side of the arm - and (FADING) he opened his big oily trap and said

HORACE: Let's go, Delaney, you're under arrest.

JACK: (NARRATING) I knew the cops didn't have nothing on me (Ted and I keep clean) but what could I do --? I figure maybe they are cops....

HORACE: Put the tape on his eyes. Let's go Delaney.

JACK: He stuck a big hunk of tape over both my eyes and he kept a flash in my face so I couldn't see him. I knew then he wasn't a cop, but by that time they had me in the car -- driving out (I think West). He opened the door and threw me out --

(UNDER JACK. CAR STOPS. DOOR OPENS. MAN THROWN OUT)

HORACE: Know where we are Jackie? I'll tell you. You're lying six feet from the opening of an old mine. Now I'm a patient man and I'll ask you to tell me where your brother is just once more. If you don't, I'm going to drop you down the shaft.

JACK: I don't know where he is.

HORACE: Your brother and you have become bigshots. You handle half of Des Moines, don't you? And ~~this big shot~~ ^{it} ~~is~~ ~~has~~ gone to your heads, so now you don't know where he is. You're sure?

JACK: ~~I told you.~~

(PAUSE)

JACK: Then it happened. He said something I couldn't hear and the other two with him grab me --

HORACE: Do it. Do it slowly.

JACK: ~~(GASPS IN PAIN. THEN A SCREAM. (PAUSE. NARRATING))~~ They broke my leg.

(MUSIC: -- TOUCH)

JACK: (BACK IN SCENE, GASPING)

HORACE: I think now we understand each other, Jackie. I'm waiting. I said I was a patient man, but even patience comes to an end. Where's Ted?

JACK: (PANTS. TAKES A DEEP BREATH) Drop dead.

(PAUSE)

HORACE: That isn't very polite, is it? All right, we'll try it your way, Delaney. Not polite.

JACK: (NARRATING) I didn't know what he was gonna do next. The two goons yanked me up -- ^{my} the leg was like fire -- then he put a rope around my neck and he must of thrown it over something, a high timber or something --

HORACE: All right, suppose you lift him off the ground now,

JACK: I couldn't stand it. I thought, lemme die quick, lemme get out of this. I can't take it. I was hanging there-3,4 inches above the ground (~~I don't know~~) and ~~choking, choking slow~~ --

HORACE: ~~Isn't any thing better than this, Delaney? Isn't talking better?~~

JACK: (~~REACTS, BY TRYING TO TALK, BUT CAN'T~~)

HORACE: ~~No? Kick him in the leg.~~

JACK: (~~TIGHT SCREAM~~) (~~PAUSE~~)

(MUSIC: -- SAME) --

JACK: Then I passed out. There's something wrong with the body. It takes too much to make you pass out. But I didn't talk. I never opened my mouth. (PAUSE) When I come to, I was on the floor in the back of the car. We drove, I don't know for sure, but it must have been 5 minutes to a house.

HORACE: Out, Delaney. Walk.

JACK: I can't walk, I -- ~~can't~~ !

HORACE: I said to walk!

JACK: (NARRATING) I don't know how, ^{but} I dragged myself from the car to the curb. And from the curb to the house. It hurt so much, suddenly it came clear. I had to do something. Get even, I figured if I ever live I want to know where this is. So I counted. I counted the steps to the house -- there was 12.

HORACE: Now down these steps, Jackie boy. Down.

JACK: (NARR:) And I counted going down. (ALoud) Six, seven, eight.

HORACE: The boy's counting the steps. How original. You expect to come back? That's rich. Inside.

JACK: (NARR) They dragged me into the basement. I think I heard a baby cry. It was smooth, the floor like tiles. And then I seen ~~through the bottom~~, under the tape. It was tiles. Fancy, you know, a design or something.

HORACE: Have you ever heard me count Delaney? No? Well, when I count I usually fire on the number three. (PAUSE) Now where's Ted? One ---- two -----

JACK: I'll get you ---

HORACE: Three.

(PAUSE)

(SHOT)

(MUSIC: -- SAME --)

JACK: (NARR) I passed out again, Maxwell. He wasn't even man enough to shoot me. He put the gun next to my ~~cheek~~ *cheek* and pulled the trigger. *The bullet creased my cheek* But I wouldn't talk. Not through the whole thing. I never talked, ^{Maxwell} Never! (PAUSE)

RAY: Okay, Jack. Okay. Take it easy. It was after that he made you call Ted. (I mean the guy with the smooth voice did it then?)

JACK: Yeah. He knew I wouldn't say a thing. So he says "Call up Ted. Tell him to meet you at Ingersoll and 21st. We'll have a truce. I can't break you boys. Go ahead call him. Nothing'll happen."

RAY: And you called him?

JACK: Yeah.

RAY: (TO TIM) I told you about that. *win*

TIM: Yeah. Only you told me a little late.

RAY: Then what, Jack?

JACK: That's all -- so they lemme go. They dumped me in the garbage pile.

RAY: And Ted found you, okay, kid, lie down - take it easy. You did all right.

JACK: Oh, no -- I'll get them. If I hear that voice again - that oily smooth talk, I'll know it.

TIM: You're not going anywhere, Jack. I'm putting police around this house.

JACK: You got nothing on me, Elliott.

TIM: I didn't say I had anything on you. I said I'm putting police around this house. Any objections? Two potential murderers on the loose is enough. Three would be too many.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: Who is the local rat? Who called in the out of town boys to move in on the Delaney's? Who is trying to take over Des Moines? You and Tim Elliott start at the mine. Now whose house is 5, 6 minutes from the mine? Whose? Oily voiced, smooth (that same voice threatened you on the phone)

RAY: (SUDDENLY) Tim -- Horace Bernardo --

TIM: Bernardo?

RAY: Sure. Oily, smooth - hates the Delaneys. Remember that gun battle bout 4 years ago?

TIM: Hey, you might be right.

RAY: His place - that new big place he built - it can't be more than 5 minutes from here.

(MUSIC: -- QUICK INTO)

TIM: Count them again, Ray.

RAY: I don't have to, Tim. From the curb to the basement 12 steps. It's right.

TIM: Now down these steps.

(EIGHT STEPS DOWN)

RAY: Three, four, five, six, seven, eight! This is it.

TIM: Okay, let's see what Mr. Horace Bernardo's got to say.

(BELL. (PAUSE) AGAIN MORE INSISTENT)

WIFE: (WITHIN) Just a second, please.

RAY: Mrs. Horace Bernardo.

(DOOR OPENS)

WIFE: Yes?

TIM: I'm Detective Elliott. I want to come in.

WIFE: Well, why did you ring the basement bell?

TIM: Because I want to see the basement.

WIFE: Well, of course, come in. I was upstairs with the baby.

RAY: The baby!

WIFE: Why yes, I --

TIM: Show us the tiling down here, Mrs. Bernardo ---

WIFE: Why certainly -- right thru here - and what's the matter?

(STEPS...DOOR)

RAY: That's it, Tim. Tiles. Fancy - very fancy.

TIM: You had a man here, last night - a man was shot here last night.

WIFE: A man here, shot -- why --

TIM: Look, Mrs. Bernardo - don't kid around. Right now your husband may be lying dead somewhere. I want to stop that from happening. Where is he?

WIFE: I don't know, I swear I don't know -

RAY: (HE AND TIM FIRE QUESTIONS AT HER, ONE AFTER ANOTHER TO RATTLE AND SHAKE HER) When did he leave?

TIM: Who was with him?

RAY: They go in a car? A black sedan?

TIM: Was he armed?

RAY: (LOUD COMMANDING) Talk, Mrs. Bernardo. Talk!

WIFE: (BROKEN) I told him to be careful. He was always so smart. He said it was nothing. But if he's going to be killed - the time is set (to meet Delaney) at 10 o'clock. At the drug store on the corner of Dulcey and 22nd. Stop them, stop them, stop them!

(MUSIC: -- HITS. RACES UNDER)

SLOANE: You race for 22nd and Dulcey and as you get there it happens. At that split second violence flowers into the night.

(TWO PERSPECTIVES. A GUN FIRES TWICE. ~~A SHOT GUN ANSWERS~~)

SLOANE: Two figures in a car are firing at another car. ^(Thunder) A man drops -- ~~(SCREAM)~~ ^(Volley) - it's Ted Delaney -- a volley answers ~~this. (SHOT)~~ A bandaged man firing a shotgun --

RAY: Tim -- it's Jack! Jack Delaney, he got out of bed!

SLOANE: A large man leaps from the other car, ~~fires a shot and~~
plunges --

(SHATTERING GLASS)

SLOANE: ~~and~~ --plunges headlong thru the plate glass window of the
drugstore.

TIM: Get that man! Delaney -- put down that gun!

SLOANE: Jack Delaney, bandaged and still bleeding stops on the
command, drops his gun -- and kneels to the pavement
beside his dying brother.

JACK: I got him, Ted. I got him. I know I got him. The rat
won't live.

TIM: Watch him, sergeant, watch him carefully.

~~(MUSIC: IN WITH SLOANE:)~~

SLOANE: Then you start after the rat. The rat who dove through
the plate glass window. Inside the drugstore --

RAY: Where did he go?

MAN: (FRIGHTENED) Down those steps -- into the basement.
He's bleeding something terrible.

SLOANE: You and Tim start down the steps slowly --

(DESCENDING STEPS)

TIM: All right, Bernardo. We're coming after you.

HORACE: (OFF. FRIGHTENED) Don't come down. Don't come down
or I'll kill you.

TIM: We're coming down.

(STEPS)

HORACE: I got it aimed right at you. Don't come down.

RAY: (SOTTO) Tim -- I got an idea. (LOUD) Bernardo -- you got nothing to worry about. This is the law coming. Ted Delaney's dead on the sidewalk and Jack Delaney's been arrested. They aren't coming down with us. This is just the law.

HORACE: You swear.

RAY: I swear -- the Delaney's can't get you. (SOFT) I think that does it, Tim. Let's take him.

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH SLOANE)

SLOANE: And that does it. The fear-crazed man, smooth, suave Horace Bernardo, surrenders. He's glad to give up, to give up to something human like Detective Tim Elliott and not be faced by the fury and violence of two brothers who have sworn to kill him. ~~He was going to move in on the hijack racket, only it's not that simple.~~ And only afterward, when you start back with Tim Elliott for the paper, do you realize you almost were shot, almost had your legs broken -- because the boys you tangle with every day, the boys you write about -- for them that's all in a day's work. (PAUSE) You wipe the sweat off your face and get on with your assignment. Tomorrow the phone'll ring, or some friend will have a tip, and you'll be back to normal; on the police run.

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Ray Maxwell of the Des Moines Register and Tribune ... with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #117

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels the smoke further....

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL MELL still gives you a longer filter of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: Yes, PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 00622B6

(ORCH: TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Ray Maxwell of the Des Moines Register and Tribune.

MAXWELL: In tonight's Big Story, killer of Ted Delaney was indicted on charges of manslaughter and kidnapping. He was convicted and sentenced to the Fort Madison Penitentiary.

Thought Charges against Delaney's brother were dropped for lack of evidence, *judicially given route! Delaney was in the house of victim.* Thanks a lot for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Maxwell...the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to ~~have named~~ ^{present} 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 Corsicana, Texas, Daily Sun - by-line, Paul Moore. A BIG STORY - about a killer, a clew, and a corpse, that wouldn't stay buried.

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

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Procter, with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was written by Arnold Perl, your narrator was Bob Sloane and Luis Van Rooten played the part of ^{and Small Grant played Jack Delaney} Ray Maxwell. 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. Maxwell.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE)

-25-

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

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME)

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

DD
6/8/49

ATX01 0062288

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #118

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
ETHEL	ROLLY BESTOR
MARTHA	BEATRICE PONS
LOUISE	BEATRICE PONS
PAUL	CHUCK WEBSTER
RAY	GRANT RICHARDS
JESSE	GRANT RICHARDS
SHERIFF	BOB DRYDEN
WILLIS	BOB DRYDEN
DAN	BILL SMITH
VINSON	BILL SMITH

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 1949

ATX01 0062289

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#118

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

(PAGE 1 REVISED)
JUNE 29, 1949

WEDNESDAY

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

MUSIC: _ _ _ (FANFARE UNDER)_

NARR. It was night time and the place was a graveyard outside a small Texas town named Corsicana. It was a somber procedure and entirely legal. The Sheriff's deputy dug deep into the fresh earth, and then ...

SOUND: (CLANK OF SHOVEL ON WOOD CASKET)
(MURMUR FROM MEN)

NARR: The shovel hit the wooden casket.

VINSON: Sheriff - it -- it's the casket.

SHERIFF: Yup, Vinson, it's the casket, all right.

VINSON: (FAINT) Sheriff, I ... I can't look.

SHERIFF: Sorry, Vinson, I know it won't be pretty, but you'll have to look. (CALLS) All right, boys, open it up. Lift the cover.

(MURMUR FROM MEN)

SOUND: (WE HEAR THE CASKET COVER CREEK OPEN)
(A LONG BEAT)

SHERIFF: (QUIETLY) Well, Vinson ...

VINSON: (A BEAT) Yes, Sheriff, it's her.

MUSIC: _ _ _ (HITS AND GOES 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) Corsicana, Texas. From the pages of the Daily Sun, the authentic story of a reporter who never forgot a face ... even when there was a bullet in it. (MORE)

ATX01 0062290

CHAPPELL: Tonight, to Paul Moore of the Corsicana Daily Sun
(CONT.) for his Big Story goes the PELL MELL Award.

(MUSIC: - - - - STING)
(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 6/29/49
PELL MELL #118

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine
tobaccos travels the smoke further

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL
MELL. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered
further than that of any other leading cigarette.
Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL MELL
still gives you a longer filter of fine tobaccos - to
guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: For PELL MELL'S greater length travels the smoke further
on its way to your throat - filters it naturally through
PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos -
guards against throat-scratch.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness,
mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers
you. Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished
red package. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ INTRODUCTION AND UNDER FOR)

CHAPPELL: Now, the story as it actually happened ... Paul Moore's story as he lived it ... Corsicana, Texas.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You are Paul Moore, a Corsicana boy, Texas born and bred. And this is your Big Story. Your town is in Navarro County, south of Dallas, and for seventeen years you've been a reporter for the Corsicana Daily Sun. And in all those years, nothing very big, nothing very sensational ever came your way, in line of a story. And then, like a bolt from the blue, it came ... a phone call on one sweltering August afternoon ... and your Big Story. But now, as you report it in retrospect, it seems that it began some months before that phone call, in a parked car on a lonely Texas road.....

RAY: Come here, Ethel. Sit closer to me.

ETHEL: No, Ray.

RAY: What's the matter, Baby? Why so coy, all of a sudden?

ETHEL: Oh, I've been thinking....

RAY: Yeah? About what?

ETHEL: About us. (A BEAT) And about her. Your wife.

RAY: Aw look, Ethel...

ETHEL: Ray, this is wrong ... all wrong.

RAY: Why? Because I'm a married man?

ETHEL: Darling, don't get me wrong. I'm not prejudiced, just because you've got a wife. Some of the nicest guys I know are married. A few drinks, a few laughs, okay, I'll go along that far. I'm not an angel, ~~but I'm not~~ short, a girl lives only once. But now .. well, this is different.

RAY: How?

ETHEL: It's gone too far, and it's getting serious. It's been swell, Ray, it's been fun, I've loved every minute of it, but it's time to quit.

RAY: Baby, you don't mean it ---

ETHEL: Oh, yes, I do. It's no good. You know it, and I know it. ~~It's no good, meeting like this in the car, or on some street corner, or roadhouse, a night here, a night there.~~ There's no percentage in it for me. After all, Ray, ~~I'm not getting any younger,~~ a girl has to think of her future. And with you, there is no future.

RAY: Ethel. Listen. You know the way I feel about you. I'm nuts about you, Baby, I can't get along without you. And if it has to come to a showdown between my wife and you, I'll (HE HESITATES)

ETHEL: You'll do what, Ray?

RAY: I'll divorce her.

ETHEL: You mean that? You really mean that?

RAY: I'll tell her tomorrow. (A PAUSE) Now, Baby, how about coming a little closer.

ETHEL: (PURRS) Of course, darling. Of course. Why not?

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ BRIDGE)

(DOOR CLOSE)

RAY: Louise! Where've you been? You left the house this morning and....

LOUISE: (FAINT) Ray, I ... I've got something to tell you.

RAY: Oh, have you? Well, I've got something to tell you first. I ...

LOUISE: (SHE STARTS TO SOB)

RAY: What is it, Louise? What's wrong?

LOUISE: I ... I've just come from the doctor's.

RAY: The doctor's? What for?

LOUISE: I it was about that accident, Ray. The accident we had in the car, a few months ago.

RAY: Well, what about it? You're all right now...

LOUISE: No, Ray. No, I'm not. I ... I never told you, but a few weeks ago, my legs started to pain me ... they'd get numb, I could hardly walk on them. I ... I got worried, and this morning I went to the doctor and....

RAY: What is it, Louise? What did he say?

LOUISE: ~~(SOBS)~~ Oh, Ray, Ray! I ... I ^{have} had a spinal injury they didn't find ^{at first} ~~is the original diagnosis~~. And it's going to mean slow paralysis ... a breakdown of my nervous system ... ~~a long and lingering sickness and their ... them...~~

RAY: Louise! You mean the doctors ... they can't...

LOUISE: (SOBS) No, Ray. There's nothing they can do ... nothing. I'm going to die, Ray. ~~Oh, darling, darling,~~ I'm going to die!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

RAY: Ethel, I swear I'll divorce her. I know I haven't told Louise yet, but give me a little time....

ETHEL: Time? You've had nothing but time, Ray. You've had two months. I'm tired of your stalling, darling. I know when I'm getting the runaround!

RAY: But I'm trying to tell you....

ETHEL: And I'm trying to tell you, we're through ... washed up!

RAY: Ethel, look at it my way. Louise is dying...it may take a year ... maybe two. She's getting worse and worse, ~~little by little~~, every day. She's an invalid now, and I'm her only means of support.

ETHEL: Well, what of it?

RAY: You know I can't walk out on my wife at a time like this ... not when she's sick ... ~~an invalid~~. And especially, not for another woman. Not in a small town like this. You know people here, you know what they'd think, what they'd say, what they might even do.

ETHEL: I know what I'm going to do!

RAY: ~~Ethel, if you'd only wait ...~~

ETHEL: ~~Oh, sure. If I'd only wait. A year ... two years ... five years...Even the doctors don't know how long your wife'll live, Ray. And I'm not a gambling woman, darling, not this way. I'm not very good at this ~~waiting stuff. A girl's got to look after her career, like I said.~~ Either you leave her now, or else...~~

RAY: Or else what?

ETHEL: I figured I might move to Dallas ... get me another boy. I'm still good looking, I'm lots of fun, and the men all like me. I think I'll do all right, darling...

RAY: Ethel, don't you understand? I'm nuts about you, I'll marry you, I swear I will. But right now, the way my wife is ... well, what can I do?

ETHEL: (SHRUGS) Do? Don't ask me. That's your problem, ~~Ray~~ *Darling*

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE)_

(CAR UNDER)

LOUISE: Darling, it's so dark here on the highway. Where are we now?

RAY: We'll be in Corsicana pretty soon, Louise.

LOUISE: Ray, you were so sweet to take me for a ride tonight. When you suggested it, I could have cried, I was so happy. It's so good to get out of the house, so good.

RAY: ~~How do you feel tonight, darling?~~

LOUISE: Wonderful, Ray ... wonderful. Tonight, there wasn't any pain ... not even when you lifted me from the wheelchair and carried me to the car. It's so hard to believe that ... that I'm dying, Ray. I ... I feel ~~so good tonight, Ray ... so alive!~~

RAY: I'm glad to hear that, Louise ...

(CAR SLOWING TO STOP)

LOUISE: Oh. Why are you stopping the car?

RAY: It's getting a little chilly. I want to wrap that blanket around you.

(CAR STOPS, ~~MOTOR STOPS~~)

LOUISE: You are so sweet, Ray ... so thoughtful. Waiting on me hand and foot, staying by me. Oh, Ray, Ray, if I only had the chance, if the Good Lord only gave me another chance, I .. (SOBS) But what's the use? What's the use.

RAY: ~~Look, Louise. Try to forget it. Don't think about it.~~
~~That's it. That's it, Baby. Lean back. Close your~~
~~eyes. Relax.~~

LOUISE: ~~Yes. Yes, I... it's better this way. I'm getting~~
~~a little tired now, darling. I don't know why, but~~
~~all of a sudden, I feel tired...~~

RAY: *Try to forget it.*
Just ~~keep~~ *close* your eyes ~~closed~~, Louise. Maybe you can
sleep for a little while....

LOUISE: (DROWSY) Sleep. Yes, sleep. When I sleep, I can
forget. Only then. (A BEAT) Ray...

RAY: Yes?

LOUISE: Promise me one thing.

RAY: What is it?

LOUISE: Promise me that after ... after I'm gone, you'll marry
again. Some nice girl, some girl that'll be a good
wife to you.

RAY: (A BEAT) What made you think of that? What made you
bring it up now?

LOUISE: I don't know, it's just that ... well, a man needs a
woman. It isn't good for you to live alone.

RAY: Isn't it?

LOUISE: Ray, what's the matter? You sound so ... strange.

RAY: Do I, Louise?

LOUISE: Darling I ...

RAY: Don't try to talk any more, Baby. Just keep your eyes
closed. That's it. Go to sleep now, Louise...go to
sleep....

LOUISE: All right, Ray. All right
(A BEAT)

(A SHOT)

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: It is this sweltering August afternoon when you, Paul Moore of the Corsicana Sun, get the call at your office. A woman has been found, near the South Fifteenth Street tie-in road, shot to death. You get down there fast, and take a look at the partially decomposed body, and your blood runs cold. As long as you live, you know you'll never forget the sight of the dead woman, ~~wrapped~~ ~~in the blood-soaked gunnysack~~. And Sheriff Barnes says..

SHERIFF: (QUIETLY) Not very pretty, is it, Moore?

PAUL: (SHOCKED, SICK) I ... no. No, Sheriff...it isn't.

SHERIFF: Coroner was just here. Body's been lying in the Johnson Grass here for a couple of weeks. As you can see, she was dressed in a nightgown and robe, and wrapped in a gunnysack.

PAUL: Sheriff, I ... I can't understand it. What kind of monster could have done a thing like this? ~~What kind of skunk could shoot a woman in this condition when she's?~~

SHERIFF: I dunno, Moore. Whoever it was, he crawls with his belly pretty low to the ground. And if we ever find him, we're sure to be in for trouble. You know how the people around here are going to take this.

PAUL: Yes. I know. Any idea who the woman is, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: Nope. She's a stranger to me.

PAUL: And to me, too. I've lived in Navarro County all my life, Sheriff, and I don't recognize her.

SHERIFF: Well, whoever she is, she's going to be mighty hard to identify. As you can see, Moore, her face is half shot off!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You go back to the office, write the story. It's white hot, it burns out of your typewriter. And the next day, all of Navarro County is in an uproar. But no one can identify the dead woman. Finally, the Sheriff tells you...

SHERIFF: So far, Moore, we've drawn blank. But we're going to put the body on exhibit in a funeral home, and let the public come in. Maybe we'll get an identification that way!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ ACCENT)

NARR: Day after day passes. And the long line of people moves by the casket, people not only from Navarro, but from the surrounding counties, Ellis, Henderson, Freestone, and even Dallas County. And still, no identification. And finally, you see your editor...

PAUL: Dan, take a look at these pictures.

DAN: Hmmm. What are they, Paul?

PAUL: Blowups of the dead woman's face.

DAN: Not very pretty.

PAUL: No. They're not. But they might be useful.

DAN: What do you mean?

PAUL: I figure we can run these pictures in the Daily Sun... send 'em to newspapers all over Texas. Maybe someone will recognize the woman.

DAN: Paul, you're crazy.

PAUL: Am I? Why?

DAN: No self-respecting newspaper would run pictures like these. They're in bad taste...too gruesome.

PAUL: Sure, Dan. They're gruesome all right. But so's murder. Especially this murder. Dan, be a sport, run these pictures...

DAN: Sorry, Paul. I want to keep our readers, not lose 'em.

PAUL: But Dan...

DAN: Sorry.

PAUL: (SIGH) Well, that's that. I guess our only chance is an identification at the funeral parlor.

DAN: Guess you'd better not figure on that either, ~~some~~

PAUL: What do you mean?

DAN: Sheriff Barnes got disgusted, and he's closed the case. In fact, he's going to bury the corpse this afternoon!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP TO CURTAIN)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #115

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels the smoke further...

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL MELL still gives you a longer filter of fine tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: For PELL MELL'S greater length travels the smoke further on its way to your throat - filters it naturally through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos - guards against throat-scratch.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you. Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

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

NARR: You, Paul Moore of the Corsicana Daily Sun, have just learned that the Sheriff is closing the case. The dead woman is still unidentified, and the Sheriff has decided to bury the corpse. But this is a particularly brutal and wanton murder, and if the killer went free, that would be the biggest crime of all. And so you, Paul Moore, hurry down to the funeral parlor and talk to Sheriff Barnes..

PAUL: Sheriff, you can't do it! You can't bury the body.. not yet!

SHERIFF: No? Why not, Moore?

PAUL: Because you'd be burying the only evidence left.. She can't be identified unless people can see her face.

SHERIFF: Listen, Moore, I've had this body on exhibit here in the funeral parlor for days.

PAUL: I know, but...

SHERIFF: And do you know how many people have filed in here and tried to identify her?

PAUL: ~~How many?~~

SHERIFF: ~~How~~ thousands. And not one of them recognized her, not one. It'd be a miracle if anyone did. Look at the woman's face. Why, even her own mother wouldn't recognize her.

PAUL: But Sheriff....

SHERIFF: Sorry, Moore. I could keep her on exhibit here till the whole state of Texas comes in to see her. But I'm not going to. How long do you think you can keep a dead body lying around?

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Now, the only apparent source of evidence is six feet underground. And you, Paul Moore, like the Sheriff, are just about ready to quit, to give up. You examine the dead woman's clothes, and then, ~~suddenly~~, you find something. It isn't much, but it's something. And you show it to your editor...

PAUL: *Here's the junny sack they found the body in, Dan.*
Look at the inside ~~of the junny sack, Dan.~~

DAN: Yes? What about it, Paul?

PAUL: There's a trademark stamped on the inside. It's pretty faint, and covered with blood, but you can see it. It's the letter 'Q' in a hexagon border.

DAN: Hmmm. Know where it came from?

PAUL: Yes. I checked. It's from the Quality Mills, in the town of Mexia, down in Limestone County. And Dan, I'm going down there and have a look around!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

WILLIS: Mr. Moore, as superintendent of this mill, I can tell you, you're wasting your time.

PAUL: But why, Mr. Willis?

WILLIS: We sell thousands of yards of this sacking to wholesalers, jobbers, and storekeepers. A particular piece of cloth like this is impossible to trace.

PAUL: Wait a minute, Mr. Willis.

WILLIS: Yes?

PAUL: In how wide an area do you distribute this cloth?

WILLIS: Oh, within a radius of fifty miles, I'd say.

PAUL: Fifty miles, eh? Thanks, Mr. Willis. Thanks very much!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~It's not much, but it's a little.~~ The fifty mile area around Mexia is loaded with small towns. But somewhere in that area, somewhere in one of those towns, is the killer. You're sure of it, positive. But the only way you can reach everybody in that area is with the pictures. And your editor has already turned you down. And then, suddenly, you get an idea...drive to Dallas...and finally...see your editor again...

PAUL: Dan, take a look at this!

DAN: Hmm. Seems to be a drawing...of a woman's face.

PAUL: That's right. A particular woman! The dead woman they found off the highway.

DAN: What? Where'd you get it, Paul?

PAUL: ~~I had it made by an artist in Dallas.~~

DAN: (DAZED) You mean you?

PAUL: *an artist*
Yes. I gave ~~him~~ the photo I took of the dead woman's mutilated face. He reconstructed her full features, the way she must have looked before she was shot.

DAN: Hmmmm. And what do you think you're going to do with this drawing?

PAUL: *We'll gonna*
Run it in the Daily Sun...front page. There's nothing gruesome about this picture. Then we'll print up thousands of extra copies of the Sun...distribute them in every town within fifty miles of Mexia.

DAN: Wait a minute, Paul.

PAUL: It may work, Dan. It's got to work. Someone's going to see this drawing, recognize the woman. And once we've got her identified, then the killer...

DAN: Hold on, Paul. You forgot something.

PAUL: What?

DAN: The cost. It'll cost a fortune to print up these extra copies, distribute 'em free. We'd have to hire extra trucks, put on extra men...

PAUL: All right. All right, Dan. I know. We'll have to spend money. But this is a newspaper, isn't it? We operate in the public service, don't we? And what's more in the public service than nailing a killer..?

DAN: Paul...

PAUL: And that isn't all. Think of the story. You'll have it exclusive. A big story...the biggest story ever to hit this part of Texas. Dan, Dan, you can't turn me down on this! You can't...

DAN: Take it easy, Paul, take it easy. I didn't say I would turn you down, did I? I just said it'd be expensive.

PAUL: ~~Then you mean...~~

DAN: ~~Then~~ go ahead...and good luck!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You take charge. A print order of one hundred thousand Corsicana Daily Suns, all with the drawing on the front page. And you check off the distribution points as the paper bundles leave the press room..

(PRESSES WHIRRING OFF IN B.G.)

PAUL: ~~Newsboys~~ County... Mexia, Mexia Junction, Groesbeck,
Benhur, Thornton...

(PRESSES UP HIGH AND UNDER AGAIN)

PAUL: ~~Newsboys~~ County... Fairfield, Teague, Kirven, Wortham,
Streetman...

(PRESSES UP AND UNDER AGAIN...)

PAUL: ~~Newsboys~~ County... Corsicana, Navarro, Richland, Purdon,
Dawson...

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Your trucks go to every town..newsboys distribute the Daily
Sun on every street in every little town, fifty miles from
Mexia. The days pass, and yet no one comes in to identify
the dead woman. No one. And meanwhile...

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

ETHEL: (TERROR) Who is it? Who's there?

RAY: (MUFFLED) Open the door, Ethel! It's me...Ray!

(KEY TURNS IN LOCK)

(DOOR OPENS)

ETHEL: (PANICKY) Ray! Ray, why did you come here? Why...

RAY: To ask you why you haven't answered my phone calls.

I..(CUTS) Oh. Going somewhere, Baby?

ETHEL: ~~Why, Ray?~~

RAY: I see you have your bags packed. Where are you going, Ethel?

ETHEL: To Dallas.

RAY: Oh. Running out on me, eh, Baby?

ETHEL: Ray, Ray, don't you understand? They've got her picture
in that Corsicana paper. Your wife's. Louise's.

RAY: I know all about it.

ETHEL: ~~They're spread copies of it all over town. Someone will know who she is, sooner or later.~~ Don't you see, Ray? They'll find out it's your wife...and then they'll find you, and then...then...me. Oh, Ray, Ray, you crazy fool! Why did you have to kill her? ~~Why. What about?~~

RAY: (QUIETLY) You put me up to it, Baby.

ETHEL: ~~That's a lie!~~

RAY: Is it? You gave me no choice, remember? It had to be you, or her, and right away. I had to do something, and do it ~~quick!~~

ETHEL: (SOBBING) ~~But~~ I didn't tell you to kill her. I never knew, I never suspected you would. You must have been mad, out of your mind, drunk, I don't know. But they'll find you, Ray..

RAY: Stop worrying. Relax. They won't find me.

ETHEL: But that picture of Louise...

RAY: It only looks something like Louise. It's been around town for two weeks now. And nobody's identified her yet. I figure I'm safe ~~now~~ ^{so} ~~(A DEAR)~~ How about unpacking those bags, Baby?

ETHEL: No. No, Ray, I'm not going to take a chance. I'm leaving.

RAY: That's the way it is, eh?

ETHEL: Yes, yes! That's the way it is.

RAY: (QUIETLY) All right, Baby. All right. I'm not going to stop you. Maybe it'll be better if you do leave town. ~~It~~ ~~always be worried about you opening your mouth, spilling~~ ~~everything.~~ But before you walk out on me, Baby, one thing..

ETHEL: I...what is it, Ray?

RAY: If you ever breathe a word of this, I'll strangle you.
I'll grab that pretty white throat and twist the air out of
it till your face turns blue. I've killed once, Baby, and
it comes easy, and I can do it again! As far as you know,
you never knew me, you never heard of me? Understand? You
never knew me and you never heard of me!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Paul Moore, are sitting in the office of the
Corsicana Daily Sun. And you're depressed...plenty depressed
A hundred thousand copies of the Sun distributed...two weeks
gone...and not an identification. And then, ~~suddenly~~, a
stranger walks into your office and says..

VINSON: Mr. Moore, my name is Vinson...Charles Vinson. I'm from
Mexia.

PAUL: Yes?

VINSON: And I'm pretty sure that....that picture in your paper...
is my sister, Louise.

PAUL: What? You're sure?

VINSON: Looks mighty like her. Looks a lot like her.

PAUL: But why didn't you identify her two weeks ago? Why did you
wait until now?

VINSON: I was out of town on a business trip...up to Los Angeles.
Just got back to Mexia, and saw the picture. And Mr. Moore
..my sister's gone...disappeared!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The Sheriff exhumes the body. Vinson makes a positive identification of his sister, and then tells you she's married to a man named Ray Mason, an employee of the Quality Mill, in Mexia. You and the Sheriff go there, see Mason.

RAY: I tell you, Sheriff, I haven't seen this paper with my wife's picture in it.

SHERIFF: But your wife's gone. She isn't anywhere around, is she, Mason?

PAUL: How do you account for that? Where is she, Mason?

RAY: I told you we had a quarrel. She left me, said she was going to her mother's in Alabama. That's all I know.

SHERIFF: And you ~~didn't~~^{don't} know how she came to be murdered on the highway near Corsicana?

RAY: No. It's news to me. How would I know? I told you I thought she was in Alabama.

SHERIFF: All right, Mason. Maybe we'd better take you down to the police station, and talk about it a little more.

RAY: Sure, Sheriff. Why not? I've got nothing to hide. Wait'll I go into the other room and get my hat!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: He goes into the other room. And you, Paul Moore, start to look around with a reporter's eye. You see a picture of Louise Mason on the piano, resting on a shawl. And then, under the shawl, you see a piece of paper sticking out. You pick it up, and that's it..that's it! And when Ray Mason comes out...

PAUL: Mason, you told us you thought your wife was in Alabama all the time. Is that right?

RAY: That's right, Moore.

PAUL: And you said you hadn't seen the issue of the Corsicana Sun with your wife's picture in it.

RAY: That's what I said.

PAUL: Well, you lied.

RAY: What? What do you mean I lied...

PAUL: I found this clipping under that piano shawl. It's from the front page of the Sun, and it's your wife's picture. This proves you knew she wasn't in Alabama, you knew she was dead. Because you killed her, Mason, you murdered her!
(A PAUSE)

SHERIFF: Well, Mason? Got anything to say to that?

RAY: (PANICKY) Sheriff, I didn't kill Louise. I swear it, I didn't kill her. I don't know how that newspaper clipping got there. Someone must have put it there. I thought Louise was at her mother's in Alabama, I swear it, I...
(CUTS) ~~Wait a minute.~~ You don't believe me, do you? I can see it in your eyes, both of you. You don't believe me. But you're got to, I tell you, you've got to. I didn't kill her, I didn't kill her!

SHERIFF: (A BEAT) All right, Mason. Let's go!

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Paul Moore of the Corsicana Daily Sun with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: STING)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #118

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels the smoke further....

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL MELL still gives you a longer filter of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: Yes, PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

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(ORCH: _ TAG...)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Paul Moore of the Corsicana Daily Sun.

MOORE: After a full night of continuous questioning in which I participated, Killer in tonight's Big Story confessed. He was indicted, ~~tried~~, convicted and sentenced to death ~~in rapid succession~~ and in accordance with the laws of the State of Texas he was executed in the electric chair. My sincere appreciation for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Moore...the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to present you 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 Laurel, Mississippi Leader-Call -- by-line, Danny Dean. A BIG STORY - about a reporter who ^{discovered} ~~proved~~ that every body is somebody and dug up a corpse to prove it.

(MUSIC: _ THEME WIPE & FADE TO_BG ON_CUE)

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was written by Max Ehrlich, your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Chuck Webster played the part of Paul Moore. 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. Moore.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE)

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

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

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