

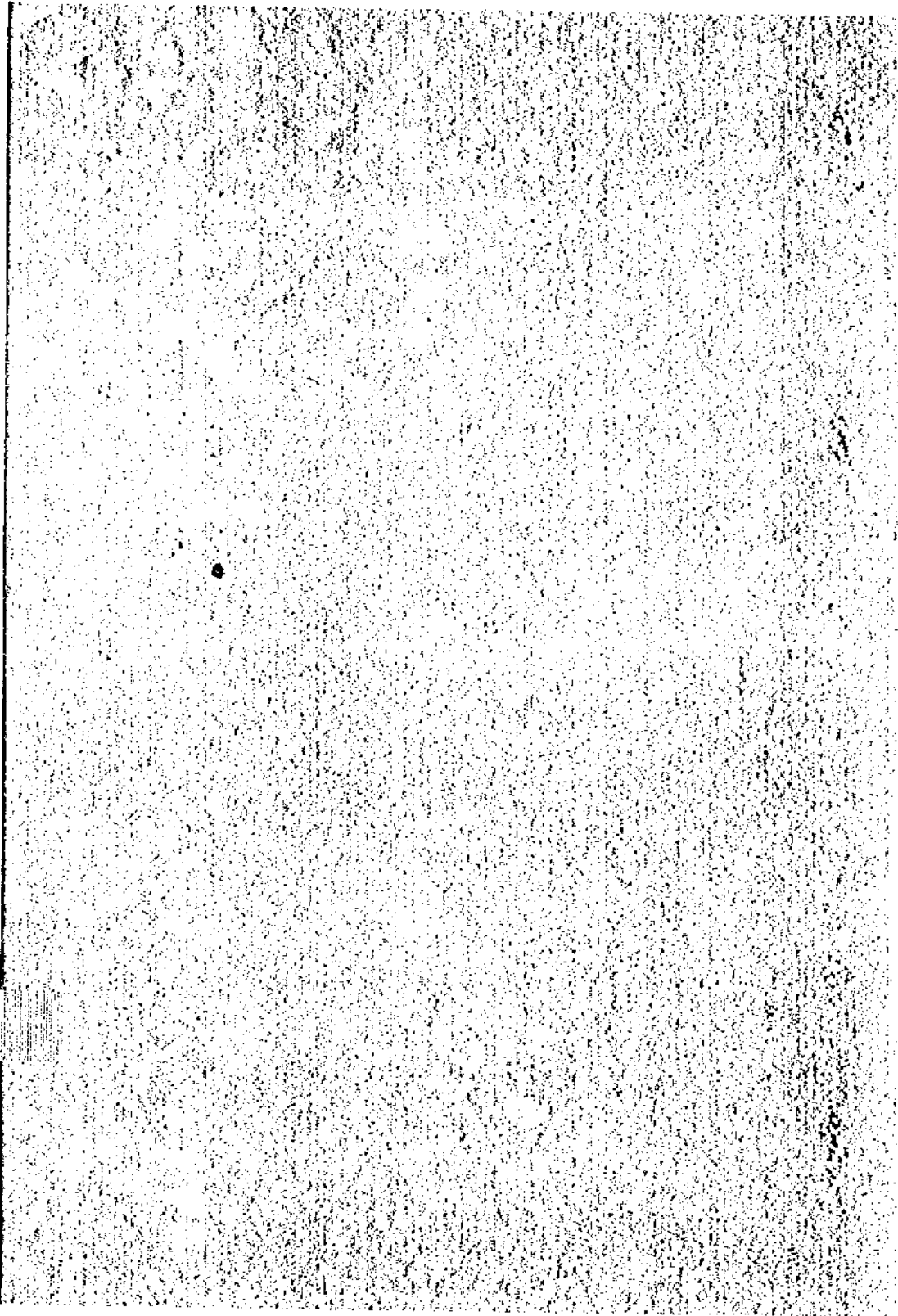
RADIO  
CONTINUITY

FALL MAIL  
THE BIG  
STORY

JULY - SEPT.  
1949

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# AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #119

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
GRAND	BOB SLOANE
HILDY	ALICE YOURMAN
MRS FRANKLIN	ALICE YOURMAN
DANNY	BILL QUINN
SHERIFF	BOB DRYDEN
BUTLER	BOB DRYDEN
FRANKLIN	BILL SMITH
EDITOR	BILL SMITH
BENTON	JIMMY STEVENS
EDDIE	JIMMY STEVENS

WEDNESDAY, JULY 6, 1949

ATX01 0169730

DANNY: It is not. Has <sup>Mary</sup> ~~Emmy~~ been fooling around with these fish?

HILDY: It's all right for your daughter to fool around with my wool, or my buttons, or my pots - but let her touch your precious fish food and ...

DANNY: (SHARPLY) Hildy!

HILDY: (AN OLD STORY) What now?

DANNY: The cypranus garibaldi's gone!

HILDY: The what?

DANNY: The Chinese long-tailed - you know the gold one with the silver fins. She's not here!

HILDY: (IMPATIENT) Cyranus -- maybe she went for a walk.

DANNY: Now where is....? (HORRIFIED) Hildy - look at this on the floor! The garibaldi's on the floor. <sup>Mary</sup> ~~Emmy~~ must have fished her out. (PICKS THE FISH UP) Oh, you poor thing, she's hardly breathing ...

(TELEPHONE RINGS)

DANNY: There now - just ease back into the bowl and ... oh, she's swimming lame-like.

HILDY: (UNDER DANNY) Hello. Oh, yes, Sheriff. He's here. Just a second. (AMAZED) WHAT!!! (UP) Danny ... (SERIOUS) Sheriff Hewitt, for you.

DANNY: Oh, the poor thing -- just look at her gasping for breath.

HILDY: (TRACE OF ANNOYANCE) It's the Sheriff, Danny.

DANNY: What? Oh, the sheriff - what does he think he's got? A story?

HILDY: It's serious, Danny.

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(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ INTRODUCTION ..LIGHT AND PLEASANT, UNDER:)

CHAPPELL: Now, the story as it actually happened ... Danny Dean's story as he lived it ... Laurel, Mississippi.

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

NARRATOR: Your name is H. A. Dean, but everybody calls you "Danny." You're a likeable kind of a guy, easy-going, a story-teller, a fellow who likes to speculate and guess and kid around. And that fits perfectly into the little town where you earn your living as the only reporter for the only local newspaper -- the Laurel Leader-Call. Very little ever startles anybody in Laurel, Mississippi, because very little ever happens there. And this evening, July 10th, going onto nine <sup>o'clock</sup> ~~at night~~ - is very much like every other <sup>evening</sup> ~~night~~, except it's good and hot. Too hot. So you take off your shirt and sit down at your favorite hobby - studying your goldfish in the big bowl in the living room.

DANNY: (LITTLE IRISH ALWAYS PRESENT) Well, now, how are you? Swimming around and keeping cool - far more sense than a human being. Now, did I feed you today? Don't think I did. (UP) Hildy ....

HILDY: (LITTLE OFF) Yeah, Danny?

DANNY: Did I feed the fish today?

HILDY: How would I know? They're your fish.

DANNY: Guess I didn't. (PAUSE) Hey, where the fish food? I asked you to leave it where I could...

HILDY: (ON) I never touched your fish food. It's right there where it always is.

DANNY: I'll bet - he probably fined someone twenty-five dollars for speeding and he thinks it's a front page story.

HILDY: You better talk to him, Danny. He says it's murder.

DANNY: ~~Murder!~~

HILDY: ~~He says he's just found a body, Danny, in the marsh. A man's body, Danny. (THEN) Maybe you better talk to him.~~

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ MYSTERIOSO UP AND INTO)  
(MEN WALKING IN THE MARSH ... FROGS)

DANNY: How much farther is it, Sheriff? I'm not dressed for this marsh wading <sup>at night.</sup>

SHERIFF: (LAGONIC) ~~We're practically there. There he is.~~

DANNY: ~~And this body -- you're sure you've never seen the man before?~~

SHERIFF: ~~Not this one. Better stop here.~~

DANNY: ~~I don't see a thing.~~

SHERIFF: ~~I'll put my flash-light on him.~~

(~~CLICK OF FLASH-LIGHT~~)

DANNY: Ohhh.

SHERIFF: Been lying that way in the marsh maybe three, maybe four days. Recognize him?

DANNY: I don't think so.

SHERIFF: Look closer.

DANNY: No -- he's a stranger to me.

SHERIFF: Well, then -- looks like we got ourselves a mystery.

DANNY: Sure does, but -- why'd you ask me to come out here?



SHERIFF: ~~Figgered this way.~~ You being a fancier of crime stories  
~~and always talking about them murder movies - I thought~~  
you'd like to see the real thing - ~~at the scene of the~~  
~~crime, like the books say.~~

DANNY: Got any pertinent information?

SHERIFF: Some. Look at his feet.

DANNY: No shoes.

SHERIFF: That's right - no shoes. His shoes are lying over  
there - ~~about 50 feet from the body.~~ <sup>and over there</sup> See them?

DANNY: Yeah -- ~~what do you make of it?~~

SHERIFF: Wait a minute. <sup>A</sup> Cigar butt. See? ~~Three of them.~~

DANNY: What does that mean?

SHERIFF: ~~Maybe whoever done it likes cigars.~~ I don't know.  
Another thing. I looked through his pockets --

DANNY: And?

SHERIFF: Nothing in them. ~~Gleaned out -- like a whistle.~~ Not  
one stitch of identification.

DANNY: Very interesting.

SHERIFF: There you have it: dead, shoes off, <sup>c</sup> cigar butt and I  
don't know who he is. Oh, yes, auto tracks about a  
hundred yards to the left.

DANNY: Very, very interesting.

SHERIFF: I thought you'd like it. I told you I had a story for  
your paper. What do you think now?

(MUSIC: --- UP AND BRIDGE INTO)

(COFFEE BEING STIRRED IN A CUP. BACKGROUND  
LUNCHROOM)

DANNY: This coffee is awful. What time you got, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: ~~Pipe~~ <sup>A.M.</sup> after six, ~~Doesn't taste very good. Well, let's~~  
~~see~~ -- we been at it near 8 hours and we don't know ~~a thing~~  
~~any more than when I found the body.~~

DANNY: Oh, I wouldn't say that. Pass me the sugar.

SHERIFF: What would you say?

DANNY: (RELAXING) Well -- the way I see it --

SHERIFF: Oh, here it comes -- Pipe Dream Number 17, by-line  
Danny Dean. -- Special for the Leader-Call.

DANNY: Well, then I won't tell you.

SHERIFF: Go on. You know I like a good mystery yarn. Go  
ahead, Danny. (UP) Hey, Mae -- better fry me a couple  
of eggs -- Danny's getting wound up.

DANNY: Well - let's see what we've got and draw some simple  
conclusions.

SHERIFF: (SKEPTICAL UNTIL THE END) That'll be interesting.

DANNY: First of all he's not from Laurel. Nobody in town fits  
his description and besides nobody's missing. Check?

SHERIFF: I follow you.

DANNY: Two -- every out-of-towner registered in the hotel is  
safe in bed. -- So nothing is missing there.

SHERIFF: ~~Mmm-humm.~~

DANNY: ~~Therefore - he's a "foreigner" - comes from out of~~  
~~town. Moreover, he's rich.~~

SHERIFF: How do you figure?

DANNY: The teeth. I estimate he spent close to six hundred  
dollars on those dentures. Man who spends six hundred  
dollars on <sup>his</sup> teeth's got money.

SHERIFF: All right, a rich out-of-towner.

DANNY: Then - he wasn't killed for his money, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: No?

DANNY: Mmm-hmm. Man like that - what's he doing near Laurel? Oil, I figure - that's about the only thing'd bring an out-of-towner here.

SHERIFF: Might be - but how do you know he wasn't killed for money? How do you know when the murderer cleaned out his pockets, he didn't take a nice fat roll?

DANNY: Man like that doesn't carry a nice fat roll, Sheriff. Man like that - an oil speculator say - uses checks. ~~Ever hear of them?~~

SHERIFF: All right, all right.

~~DANNY: So - he's a rich man, wasn't killed for his money, and ... (SUDDENLY) Oh, my goodness!~~

~~SHERIFF: What's a matter?~~

~~DANNY: I just remembered - I was going to change the water in the fish bowl last night just before you phoned.~~

~~SHERIFF: (IRRITATED) Oh, Danny --~~

~~DANNY: You got to change the water for those fish - they're very delicate. And my cypranus garibaldi --~~

~~SHERIFF: You're talking about a murder, Danny.~~

~~DANNY: Remind me to phone up Hildy at seven and have her do it. Will you remind me?~~

~~SHERIFF: Okay, I'll remind you. Now, what about this wasn't - killed-for-his-money theory?~~

~~DANNY: You mean you're interested?~~

~~SHERIFF: Come on.~~

DANNY: Well, why was he killed then, if not for the money?  
~~That's an interesting question.~~ Oh, and another thing,  
I think the murderer knew the murdered man wouldn't  
be missed.

SHERIFF: What <sup>in the world</sup> are you talking about?

DANNY: Well, these rich oil speculators -- they roam around  
-- disappear sometime for a week, ten days -- their  
families expect that, don't get alarmed when they  
don't turn up.

SHERIFF: ~~Explain it in English.~~

DANNY: ~~Well, I got all the wire service reports at my office  
-- at the paper. No big shot's been reported missing.~~

SHERIFF: That's all guess work.

DANNY: But entirely logical.. Right?

SHERIFF: All right - go ahead.

DANNY: Well -- rich guy, oil man -- name of -- X. Along comes  
Y. Y's going to kill X. Y's a --- I don't know --  
cigar-smoking sort of man.

SHERIFF: How do you know he smoked the cigar, and not X?

DANNY: Teeth, Sheriff. X's teeth are clean, not discolored.  
No, Y's the cigar-smoker. The murderer smoked cigars.

SHERIFF: Well --

DANNY: Look at it this way. Y wants to kill him -- oh, just  
say Y wants to steal his car. X has got a good, new  
car - worth two, three thousand dollars. Y wants it.  
Says to X, "I know some <sup>fine</sup> oil land - near Laurel.  
Come on out, I'll show it to you." So three nights  
ago, three, four nights ago - they drive out...

(AUTO IN... COMES TO A STOP... FROGS)

BENTON: Here we are, <sup>Su</sup> ~~Mr. X~~. This here's the place.

FRANKLIN: Is this the oil land you talked about, ~~Mr. X~~?

BENTON: Two hundred yards, either side of you. Have a cigar, ~~Mr. X~~?

FRANKLIN: Never smoke. Doesn't look like oil land to me.

BENTON: Can't tell a book by its cover. Why not get out and have a look-see?

FRANKLIN: No, let's <sup>let's go</sup> ~~go back~~.

BENTON: Well, ~~Mr. X~~, if you won't get out - I guess I'll have to kill you in the car.

(FROGS OUT)

DANNY: So, Y killed X, dragged him out of the car, laid him face down in the marsh, took away all his identification and stole his car. What do you think, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: What about the shoes?

DANNY: I can't figure that one out.

SHERIFF: Ah, you're nuts. The whole thing's nuts. It could have happened a million other ways.

DANNY: (PLEASANTLY) How, Sheriff? How?

SHERIFF: Well - uh -- he might of -- uh -- I don't know.

DANNY: (WINNING) Might have been my way.

SHERIFF: Mmm. But who is he? Who killed him? What's his name?

DANNY: Sheriff, let's go on out there now the sun's up. Let's go on out and take another look at that poor man and <sup>before the owner takes him away</sup> see if maybe we can't give him a name somehow.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE INTO . . .)

(FROGS AGAIN)

DANNY: (LAUGHING GENTLY) Now what do you know about this?

SHERIFF: What?

DANNY: This shirt, Sheriff - the shirt our man's wearing. Look-a here. On the collar - "Made especially for Grand and Company by Fuller Brothers.

SHERIFF: What about it?

DANNY: ~~Told you the man was rich. That's a ten dollar shirt.~~

Bet Grand and Company, whoever they are, maybe could tell us who they sold this shirt to. It's that unusual. (SUDDENLY) Oh-oh. No need for it. *Laundry mark*

SHERIFF: ~~What?~~

DANNY: ~~Blue number two: look.~~

SHERIFF: ~~A laundry mark. I didn't see it last night.~~

DANNY: ~~It was dark, Sheriff, how could you? Don't blame yourself.~~ (PAUSE) Name is -- (SLOWLY) F-R-A-N -- Franklin. Mr. X's name is Franklin.

SHERIFF: Yeah, simple, isn't it? There couldn't be more than four million Franklins in America.

DANNY: Sheriff, you're a little irascible this morning and you're not thinking very straight.

SHERIFF: Why?

DANNY: That shirt. If we find out who Fuller Bros. is who made the shirt, and find out where Grand And Company is who sold the shirt - and ask them do they know a Mr. Franklin - we'll find out who this man is.

SHERIFF: You're beginning to make sense.

DANNY: Sure I am. With a little luck, we may even be able to figure out just who murdered Mr. Franklin, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: With what? What have you got for that?

DANNY: Oh, there's a couple of clues more I'm thinking about.

SHERIFF: Ah - you been seeing too many mystery movies.

DANNY: Maybe so, Sheriff -- but then again -- maybe not.

(SUDDENLY) Hey, what time is it?

SHERIFF: Seven twenty.

DANNY: ~~And you said you'd remind me. You promised to remind~~  
~~me.~~ I got to get back and change that water for my fish.

(MUSIC: --- CURTAIN. . . .)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

*supremo garibaldi -  
you know they're real  
delicate those old fish.*

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 Danny Dean, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARRATOR: You get moving, Danny Dean, of the Leader-Call in that quiet, smiling way you have - to make certain the name of a man you just found dead in the marsh outside of Laurel. You start putting together the pieces of a jig-saw puzzle to spell out what happened to one American citizen named Franklin. You do it because it's your job and you do it because you enjoy it, enjoy watching Sheriff Hewitt's eyes widen, enjoy watching your Editor frown as you pick up the telephone...

(PHONE UP..CLICKING)

DANNY: Hello, Edna. Get me Fuller Brothers, in New York, I'll hang on.

EDITOR: (TORN BETWEEN THE EXPENSE AND THE EXCITEMENT) Fuller Brothers, New York!

DANNY: That's right, Boss. Fuller made that shirt Franklin was wearing. Remember "Made especially by Fuller Bro...."

EDITOR: I remember, I remember. Do you have to call New York?

DANNY: You want the story, Boss..or don't you? I'd just as soon hang up.

~~EDITOR: Has he got to call New York, Sheriff?~~

~~SHERIFF: Can't see any other way.~~

EDITOR: Oh, all right.

DANNY: Thanks, Edna. (LOUDER) Hello? This Fuller Brothers? Got a question for you. This is Danny Dean in Laurel Mississippi. That's right, long-distance. I want the address of Grand and Company to whom you sell those special shirts.

(MUSIC: -- WIPES END OF ABOVE SPEECH AND BRIDGES INTO)

(PHONE RINGS. IT'S ANSWERED)

DANNY: Dean, speaking -- yes - is this Grand and Company in  
~~Seattle?~~  
~~Oakland?~~

GRAND: (FILTER) Yes that's right. Mr. Grand speaking.

DANNY: Mr. Grand, this is Danny Dean of the Laurel Mississippi  
Leader-Call....

GRAND: ~~The who?~~

DANNY: A newspaper. There's been a murder here, Mr. Grand..  
and you can help us.

GRAND: A murder?

DANNY: Yeah - seems a fellow was passing through our town...

EDITOR: Remember Danny, ~~Oakland~~ <sup>Seattle</sup> costs ~~\$2.00~~ <sup>a lot of money</sup> for ~~these~~ <sup>these</sup> minutes.  
Get to the point.

DANNY: Hush! (IN PHONE) Fella got himself killed, Mr. Grand,  
and he was wearing one of your shirts - made by Fuller  
Brothers.

GRAND: Is that so?

DANNY: Now the laundry marks says his name is Franklin. Have  
you any customers named Franklin?

GRAND: Franklin? Franklin. Yeah, quite a few, I think.

DANNY: Can you give me their names and addresses?

GRAND: Sure, just a second.

DANNY: He's got a number of Franklins, Boss.

EDITOR: And what are you going to do.

DANNY: Why call them, see who's missing.

EDITOR: How many are there?

DANNY: Just a sec. (TO PHONE) How many are there, Mr. Grand?

GRAND: Just a minute, just a minute. Uh....seven.

DANNY: Only seven?

EDITOR: Only seven!

DANNY: Where do they live, Mr. Grand?

GRAND: Well, two in ~~Oakland~~<sup>Little</sup>, one in Nevada, one in Montana, two in New Mexico and one in Florida.

EDITOR: I heard him. I heard him.

DANNY: Just a second, Mr. Grand. What's a matter, Boss?

EDITOR: You're just going to call ~~Oakland~~<sup>Little</sup> and Nevada and Montana and New Mexico and..

DANNY: (KIDDING HIM) Well, gee, boss, you think we ought to forget about the whole thing?

EDITOR: Oh, stop it. You've already spent a fortune - you might as well finish. (PAUSE) But - this better be a story, Danny Dean..or...oh, go ahead!

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

DANNY: Hello, this the home of Mr. Jerome Franklin?...Is Mr. Franklin there? Oh he is? No never mind..if he's there, I don't want to talk to him..I know it sounds strange, ma'am, but the one I'm looking for isn't there.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP AND UNDER)

BUTLER: Hello? Yes, this is the Franklin residence. Mr. Franklin? Oh, no, I'm terribly sorry - he's..No, you don't understand. Mr. Franklin died two years ago.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP AND UNDER)

DANNY: Sorry I bothered you, Mr. Franklin.

EDITOR: Danny, couldn't you talk a little faster?

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP AND UNDER)

DANNY: Sorry I bothered you, Mr. Franklin.

EDITOR: Danny, couldn't you send a telegram?

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP AND UNDER)

DANNY: Sorry I bothered you, Mr. Franklin.

EDITOR: Danny, couldn't you reverse the charges?

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP AND UNDER)

DANNY: Sorry I bothered you, Mr. Franklin.

EDITOR: Danny, I can't stand any more. Goodbye.

(DOOR SLAM)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP AND OUT)

DANNY: That leaves this last one, Sheriff. Richard Franklin,  
Nevada.

SHERIFF: Suppose he's not missing. Suppose he's alive, too?

DANNY: I guess the Laurel, Mississippi, Leader - Call is stuck  
for a lot of phone calls.

(PHONE RINGS)

DANNY: There it is.

(RECEIVER UP)

DANNY: Hello. Mr. Franklin there, please?

MRS FRANKLIN:( FILTER) Why, no, he's not. Can I help you? This is  
Mrs. Franklin.

DANNY: I'm Danny Dean, Mrs. Franklin..a reporter for a paper  
in Laurel, Mississippi.

MRS FRANKLIN: (HAPPY) Don't tell me Richard's struck oil again!

DANNY: No, it's...it's not that. Can you tell me where your  
husband is?

MRS FRANKLIN: What is it about, please?

DANNY: Well, it's nothing, Mrs. Franklin..just a story. We want to locate him.

MRS FRANKLIN: I see. Well, he's an oil man, you know, and he goes off on trips and (LAUGHING) I don't know exactly where..

DANNY: I see. Well, can you give me any idea?

MRS FRANKLIN: Of course. Last week, yes - five days ago he was in Tennessee, in Chattanooga, visiting our son. The boy goes to college there..and then my husband called me and said he was driving back home. He'd bought a new car.

DANNY: Have you heard from him since then?

MRS FRANKLIN: Why, yes - I got a telegram yesterday.

DANNY: Yesterday?

MRS FRANKLIN: ~~Why~~, yes, he sent me a wire saying he'd be delayed a few days. Is something wrong?

DANNY: No, I don't think so, Mrs. Franklin. You say you got the wire yesterday?

MRS FRANKLIN: That's right.

DANNY: Where was the wire from - if you don't mind my asking?

MRS FRANKLIN: Well, no - I have it right here. Uh..Why, from Mississippi, from Laurel, Mississippi...right where you are.

DANNY: And the wire was sent yesterday?

MRS FRANKLIN: That's right. Any message when he arrives?

DANNY: No - no message. I -- I guess I made a mistake. <sup>Shank</sup> Sorry  
^  
I bothered you.

MRS FRANKLIN: (VERY PLEASANT) That's quite all right. Good bye.

DANNY: (LOW) Bye.

SOUND: PHONE UP

DANNY: Nothing, <sup>Sheriff</sup> Everyone's accounted for - five at home,  
one enroute, one dead.

SHERIFF: Yeah, it looks like you smoked yourself a lot of  
smoke, Danny.

DANNY: Could it have been somebody else's shirt? It's crazy.  
There's a man dead - - his name's supposed to be  
Franklin, but all the Franklins are alive...  
(SUDDENLY) Unless....!

SHERIFF: Unless what?

DANNY: Maybe the murderer sent that telegram to Mrs. Franklin?

SHERIFF: What?!

DANNY: Why not? To cover it up for a couple of days more...  
Franklin's dead and the murderer sends a telegram in  
his name. Why not?

SHERIFF: Because the moon is made of green cheese. Why yes?

DANNY: Wait a minute.

SOUND: PICKS UP PHONE.

DANNY: Get me Annie at the telegraph office. PAUSE. (TO  
SHERIFF) You'll see! PAUSE. (TO PHONE) Hello,  
Annie. Did you send off a telegram to a Mrs. Richard  
Franklin in Nevada - yesterday? You did? Have you  
got the original telegram -- in the sender's hand-  
writing? -- Fine, Annie, fine -- you hold on to it.  
We're gonna need that.

SOUND: PHONE ON HOOK.

SHERIFF: So what?

DANNY: Sheriff, there must be another clue somewhere -- to go  
with the man who sent that telegram -- there's got to  
be. Will you go out to the marsh with me again?

SHERIFF: And get my feet all wet again. For what?

DANNY: Will you, or do I have to go myself?

~~SOUND: STEPS START FADING OFF~~

SHERIFF: All right, all right...I'm in this deep. Might  
as well go the whole hog.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ UP QUICKLY INTO

SOUND: STEPS IN THE MARSH...FROGS

SHERIFF: What do you expect to find?

DANNY: I don't know, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: Then why don't you forget the whole thing and go back to your goldfish?

(STEPS OUT)

DANNY: Look.

SHERIFF: What?

DANNY: A key. A hotel key. A ~~hotel~~ key with a tag.

SHERIFF: Let me see it.

DANNY: Hotel Central, Chattanooga, Tennessee. There it is!

SHERIFF: There what is?

DANNY: Franklin was visiting his son at College in Chattanooga four days ago. He stayed at this hotel. He started off on his way back to Nevada - that's what his wife just told us.

SHERIFF: You mean that's where the key comes from?

DANNY: ~~Sure.~~

SHERIFF: ~~What about the telegram?~~

DANNY: ~~What's the matter with my theory - the murderer sent it.~~

SHERIFF: ~~So?~~

DANNY: Let's get back. I'm going to call Franklin's son in Chattanooga.

(MUSIC: - - - BRIDGE INTO)

(PHONE ON FILTER. IT'S ANSWERED)

EDDIE: (FILTER) Hello.

DANNY: Is this Eddie Franklin?

EDDIE: That's right.

DANNY: Is your father's name Richard, ~~son?~~

EDDIE: Who is this?

DANNY: I'm calling from Laurel, Mississippi ...



EDDIE: Laurel!

DANNY: What do you know about Laurel?

EDDIE: That's where Dad went.

DANNY: ~~(SOFT TO SHERIFF) Listen, Sheriff, listen to this.~~  
(TO EDDIE) He did. When was that?

EDDIE: Last Thursday, four days ago. Why - is he with you?

DANNY: No, Eddie it's - it's not that.

EDDIE: What's the matter? Something happen to him?

DANNY: Now, son, don't be alarmed - it may be nothing at all. How old are you?

EDDIE: I'm nineteen. What's that got to do with it?

DANNY: Son, could you--Could you come down here? There's something we got to check with you and ... you better take my name and address and ... and catch the next plane.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE)

DANNY: (VERY GENTLY) Son, there's no one here - just you and me. Why don't you cry if you ...

EDDIE: (TIGHT AND BITTER) I don't want to cry. I want to get that murderer.

DANNY: You'll feel better if you cry.

EDDIE: I want to get the man who killed Dad.

DANNY: Okay, then - tell me about it.

EDDIE: Dad came to visit me in Chattanooga at school. He wanted to buy a car. <sup>a</sup>~~This~~ man, his name was Benton, said he had one for sale. But Dad didn't want it. And he bought one from one of my fraternity brothers instead.

(MORE)

EDDIE:  
(CONT'D)

Then this man, Benton, told Dad about some oil land  
here in Laurel, and Dad said, since he was driving  
back to Nevada anyhow, he'd see the land. That was  
the last time I saw him - till ...

DANNY: (INTERRUPTING TO SOFTEN IT) What did Benton look like,  
son?

EDDIE: Fat and always smiling and - I didn't trust him.

DANNY: Smoke cigars?

EDDIE: That's right - always had one in his mouth.

DANNY: Tell you what you do. Sit down, take a sheet of paper  
and write out the best description you can give of  
Benton. I'll leave you alone. Take your time.

EDDIE: Yes, sir.

DANNY: And if you feel like it, Eddie..just let yourself  
go. Makes a world of difference sometimes, son.

~~(MUSIC: GENTLE, THEN OUT FOR)~~

~~DANNY: Hello Annie, did you send off a telegram to a Mrs.  
Richard Franklin in Nevada - four days ago? -- You  
did? Have you got the original telegram - in the  
sender's handwriting? -- Fine, Annie, fine -- you hold  
on to it, I'll be right down.~~

~~(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER FOR)~~

DANNY: *Hells,* Federal Bureau of Investigation? This is Danny Dean,  
Laurel, Mississippi. Got a lead on a murderer. Got  
quite a few leads. Cigar butts, <sup>telegram</sup> handwriting, physical  
description. Can you get a man over quick?

~~(MUSIC: UP FOR PASSAGE OF TIME AND INTO)~~

(COFFEE BEING STIRRED. THE COFFEE POT AGAIN)

SHERIFF: Got to hand it to you, Danny.

DANNY: Thanks, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: Took the FBI no more than ten days to get Benton.

DANNY: Those boys are good, too.

SHERIFF: And took the jury no more than eight minutes to convict.

DANNY: Sensible jury.

SHERIFF: ~~Benton goes to the chair 31st of January.~~

DANNY: ~~Yeah.~~

SHERIFF: *To be sure really after the car. Killed a man for a car. Danny: Yeah -*  
What's bothering you? You aren't half listening to Sheriff. *See*  
*fella that Benton -*  
*received a note to*  
*wanted in the state*  
*Danny: Yeah -*  
what I'm saying.

DANNY: Those shoes.

SHERIFF: What shoes?

DANNY: Franklin's shoes. Remember Benton took them off his  
body.

SHERIFF: Sure, I remember.

DANNY: Well, why did he do that?

SHERIFF: Can't imagine.

DANNY: Well, look...suppose it was this way. Suppose that  
on the way, you remember those shoes didn't fit  
Franklin too well....?

SHERIFF: Now stop it!

DANNY: Just suppose those shoes belonged to a third party.  
Suppose there was a man named Z - and this Z was a  
rich manufacturer and two years before...

SHERIFF: Oh, no - here's where I get off. I heard enough of  
your theories.

DANNY: Well, I was just..(SUDDENLY) Hoy you know something...

SHERIFF: What?

DANNY: I haven't checked up on my cypranus garibaldi in almost ten days. You know this case actually made me forget that poor little fish wasn't feeling well a week ago. I got to get home.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Danny Dean of the Laurel, Mississippi, Leader-Call, with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ STING)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

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.

(ORCH: \_ \_ \_ TAG...)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Danny Dean of the Laurel, Mississippi, Leader - Call.

DEAN: Killer in tonight's Big Story was quickly indicted, brought to trial and found guilty of murder in the first degree. <sup>after 3 days of execution, he was finally</sup> Sentenced to die in the Electric Chair, <sup>June 2, 1957</sup> <sup>just 5 weeks ago tonight</sup> he cheated the state by committing suicide <sup>cut</sup> two days before he was to be executed. Thanks a lot for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Dean...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 Detroit Times -- by-line, Ray Girardin. A BIG STORY - that began with a phone call that meant death and ended with a phone call that meant life.

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

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was written by Arnold Perl, your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Bill Quinn played the part of Danny Dean. 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. Dean.

(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.

JOW/SALLY  
6/21/49 pm

ATX01 0169758

# AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #120

## CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
2ND CLERK	BOB SLOANE
FRANCES	JEAN TATUM
2ND WOMAN	JEAN TATUM
1ST WOMAN	AGNES YOUNG
AUNT	AGNES YOUNG
GIRARDIN	LYLE SUDROW
TREXEL	ROGER deKOVEN
1ST CLERK	ROGER deKOVEN
MITCHELL	JACKSON BECK
BARTENDER	JACKSON BECK
KLINE	RALPH BELL
3RD CLERK	RALPH BELL
LARSON	SCOTT TENNYSON
JACK	SCOTT TENNYSON

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1949

ATX01 0169759



WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

1100

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

JULY 13, 1949

WEDNESDAY

*Chappell: Pall Mall Famous Cigarettes presents "The Big Story"*

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ FANFARE)

MITCHELL: (A BIG, ARROGANT TOUGH GUY. HALF DRUNK) I say let's go out there tonight.

FRANCES: Why don't you wait, Joe? It's late. Mr. Larsen'll be in bed. Maybe, tomorrow, I can ---

KLINE: (ALSO DRUNK) Lissen to her! Watta matter, Francie, ya wanna welch? (FRANCES: No, but I ---) We come all the way from Chicago because you said this old guy Larsen was a friend of yours, and you could get some dough out of him.

FRANCES: I said maybe he'd lend me some, Jerry. I didn't say ---

MITCHELL: Three days we been waiting, and he hasn't come across yet. What's the difference he lends it to you, or we take it off him? Either way he don't get it back. I'm goin out there!

FRANCES: Joe, don't! There'll be trouble. He's got a gun.

KLINE: Don't give us that!

FRANCES: Honest! He keeps it right in his bedroom.

MITCHELL: So what? I handled plenty a Japs on Guadal. They had guns, too. Now, get on that phone and tell him you want to see him alone. Tell him you're comin out there tonight.

FRANCES: I don't want to do it, Joe. It's not right. I ---

(SHARP SLAP)

MITCHELL: Shut up! Now get on that phone, do you hear me? Get on that phone or I'll slam you black and blue!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ SHARP STAB AND UNDER)

ATX01 0169760

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) Detroit, Michigan. From the pages of the  
Evening Times.....the story of two fateful phone calls -  
one that brought death, and one that brought "life."  
Tonight, to Ray Girardin of the Detroit Evening Times,  
for his tireless persistence, for his colorful reporting,  
for his Big Story goes the PELL MELL AWARD!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ STING)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 7/13/49  
PELL MELL

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)

CHAPPELL: Now, the story as it actually happened.. Ray Girardin's story as he lived it .. Detroit, Michigan.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Many a poet has pondered on the diverse uses of the night. And on the myriad of meanings it can hold for different men. You, Ray Girardin, of the Detroit Evening Times, have long known the truth of this. In the course of your reporter's career you have looked well at the black world of night. And you know how its dark dimensions can cradle, at once, the sigh and the siren, the song and the scream. Now, in the late hours of a June night, this truth is being proved again. For, as you lie sleeping and still in your bedroom at 2AM, even now, on another suburban street, the scene is being set for violence.

(CAR APPROACHES AND STOPS - EXTERIOR PERSPECTIVE.  
DOOR OPENS FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK. CAR DOOR SLAMS.  
CAR STARTS UP AND FADES OFF UNDER. MORE FOOTSTEPS  
ON SIDEWALK UNDER)

KLINE: There's the house. Two doors up. Number 218

FRANCES: Listen, Joe, let me go in alone and --

MITCHELL: Shut up. I told you we're all three of us goin in.

FRANCES: No. You're going to hurt him. You're --

MITCHELL: (VICIOUSLY) Will you come on! (SLIGHT SCUFFLE UNDER)

Grab her other wrist, Jerry. Now, come on or we'll drag you.

KLINE: She better not get wise. We can take this mark for plenty if she don't get wise.

MITCHELL: She won't get wise. She knows what'll happen if she does.

BIG STORY - 7/13/49

-4A-

(FOOTSTEPS CLIMBING WOODEN STAIRS, THEN ON WOODEN  
PORCH)

MITCHELL: Ring the bell, Jerry.

KLINE: Okay.

(FAINT, MUFFLED SOUND OF BELL)

MITCHELL: Now remember, Francie. Play it straight, and play it smart.

FRANCES: All right, Joe. But please don't hurt the old man. Please!

(DOOR IS OPENED)

LARSEN: Who's there?

FRANCES: It's me, Mr. Larsen. Frances Clark.

LARSEN: Oh, hello there, Frances. Come on in. I couldn't make you  
out for a min -- Oh, I see you've got friends with you.

ATX01 0169764

FRANCES: Yes, I ---

MITCHELL: Mrs. Clark asked us to stop in with her. Said you wouldn't mind.

LARSEN: (NONPLUSED BUT POLITE) Of course not. Come on in.

(FOOTSTEPS, THEN DOOR SHUTS)

LARSEN: Well, I - I must say, this is a surprise. You didn't tell me on the phone, Frances, that ---

FRANCES: Aren't you going to give me a little hug, Mr. Larsen? It's been a long time since we've seen each other.

LARSEN: Why, of course, Frances. (SLIGHTLY CLOSER TO MIKE)

There! It is good to see you again.

FRANCES: (CLOSE MIKE, IN A LOUD WHISPER) Mr. Larsen, get something to protect yourself with. Quick!

LARSEN: Eh? What's that?

KLINE: (SLIGHTLY OFF, WARNINGLY) Why don't you come over and sit down, Francie?

MITCHELL: Maybe Mr. Larsen would like you to put something on the phonograph.

FRANCES: (NERVOUSLY) All right. --- all right, I will.

KLINE: (APPROACHING) Is that your bedroom across the hall there, Mr. Larsen?

LARSEN: Yes, it is.

KLINE: Maybe you got a radio in there?

LARSEN: Why yes, but ---

KLINE: (FADING SLIGHTLY) Think I'll tune it in, if you don't mind.

LARSEN: Now look here, I didn't say ---

FRANCES: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Here's one I always liked. The Lullaby of Broadway. It's an oldie, but I like it.

LARSEN: Frances, I don't understand. Why did you bring these men here? And what was it you wanted to speak to me about?

FRANCES: Could you help me with this phonograph, Mr. Larsen?

MITCHELL: He don't need to help you. You can do it yourself. Put the record on.

LARSEN: Now look here, that's no way to speak to Mrs. Clark.

~~(RECORD STARTS, DG)~~

MITCHELL: All right, fella. Let's not get nasty about it.

LARSEN: I'm not getting nasty. But I don't see what you're doing here in the first place, and ---

MITCHELL: Oh, you don't? Well, maybe this'll tell ya!

(PUNCH) ~~(THEN A SCUFFLE)~~

(AD LIBS FROM LARSEN, UNDER)

FRANCES: Leave him alone! You said you wouldn't hurt him!

MITCHELL: (PROJECTING) You find the gun, Jerry.

KLINE: (FADING IN) Yeah.

MITCHELL: Well, get his arms behind him! ~~(KLINE: OK, I got him.)~~

LARSEN: (THROUGH STRUGGLE) What is this? What are you trying to do?

MITCHELL: (BREATHING HEAVILY) Talk fast, fella. Where do you keep your dough?

LARSEN: So that's it! You're trying to rob me! (RENEWED EFFORT)  
Just let me get my hands on you, you yellow bums!

MITCHELL: (CRIES OUT IN PAIN) Why you -- get him, Jerry! Get him with the pistol butt!

(BLOW ON HEAD WITH PISTOL)

~~LARSEN: (CRIES OUT)~~

~~FRANCES: (SOREAMS) Stop it! Let him alone!~~

MITCHELL: (VICIOUSLY) Kick me, will you, fella! That's all I wanted was a good excuse!

(A TERRIFIC HEAD PUNCH)

Now, where's the dough? (PAUSE)

(ANOTHER PUNCH)

~~Where's the dough? (PAUSE)~~

~~(ANOTHER PUNCH)~~

FRANCES: Stop it, Joe! Stop it! You're killing him!

KLINE: Shut up! He's got it coming?

MITCHELL: Wise guy, huh? Wanna kick, huh?

(ANOTHER PUNCH)

Now let's see if you're so smart. Let's see if ---

KLINE: Hold it, Joe. He ain't movin.

MITCHELL: Well, throw some water in his face. Bring him to.

KLINE: It don't look like he passed out, Joe. (PAUSE)

It looks like he's dead!

(MUSIC: STAB AND UNDER)

NARR: It is morning now. The mellow morning of ten o'clock. And the little suburban street lies simple and prim in the sun. But the living room of the fourth house on the right is a shambles. And you, Ray Girardin of the Evening Times, as you stand in the midst of the toppled tables and rifled drawers - are face to face with murder. Patiently, you wait for a word with Lt. Ed Trexel of Homicide.

TREXEL: (PROJECTING SLIGHTLY) That's enough on the photographs, boys. All right, Doc, you can have the body now.

GIRARDIN: Hello, Ed. What's the good word?

TREXEL: Hiyuh, Ray. Not much, I'm afraid. Guy's name was Henry Larsen. Retired contractor. Beaten to death last night, Somewhere between 1 and 3 AM.



GIRARDIN: What was it, robbery?

TREXEL: From the looks of things, yes. But it sure didn't pay off.

GIRARDIN: How do you mean?

TREXEL: Well, his wallet's gone - but I doubt if he kept much <sup>in it</sup> there. And according to his relatives the only other things missing are a diamond ring he was wearing, and a Luger pistol.

GIRARDIN: The way this place is torn up, it looks like whoever did it thought he had a lot more than that.

TREXEL: He had, as a matter of fact. But it's all in the bank.

GIRARDIN: Ed, let me ask you one more question. This place is a mess, but how about the doors and windows?

TREXEL: One step ahead of you there, boy. Checked them an hour ago. Perfect order, all of them. No breaks, gouges, or scratches. Larsen probably let the murderer in at the front door, thinking he was a friend.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ STATEMENT AND UNDER)

NARR: Here before you is the thing you hate the most. A brutal, wanton, senseless crime. An old man beaten to death for his wallet and a few trinkets. Somewhere inside you a fierce little fire of fury has started to burn. And you know you're not going to drop this story for a long while. You're going to dig for the facts - even if you have to ring every doorbell in Detroit.

1ST WOMAN: Mr. Larsen? Why, he was just the kindest, nicest man that ever lived. Always smiling, and helping people out. Why, he didn't have an enemy in this world!

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

2ND WOMAN: No, I wouldn't say there was anything unusual about his friends. Except maybe that waitress. Young girl about 22. Never thought much of her. Quittin her job all the time, and runnin off to Chicago on some escapade or other. Then coming back and gettin Mr. Larsen to pay her hotel bills. Name was Clark. Mrs. Frances Clark. Divorced. But her aunt lives right around the corner here. She can tell you more about her than I can.

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT)

AUNT: My niece went to Chicago last November, Mr. Girardin. Went up there with her boyfriend, Joe Mitchell. They were going to get jobs in a hotel restaurant.

GIRARDIN: Before that, you say, Mrs. Clark was friendly with Mr. Larsen?

AUNT: Yes. She used to see him quite often.

GIRARDIN: What about this boyfriend of hers, this Mitchell? Can you tell me anything about him?

AUNT: I certainly can. He's a swaggering, arrogant bully. Don't know <sup>why</sup> ~~what~~ Frances took up with him ~~for~~ in the first place.

GIRARDIN: Well, you know what they say. Love is blind.

AUNT: Why, she isn't in love with him. If you ask me, she's just plain afraid to leave him, that's all.

GIRARDIN: Why do you say that?

AUNT: Mr. Girardin, that man is a savage! Fought with the Marines during the war, you know. And believe you me, the stories we heard about him! Used to kill prisoners just for the fun of it. Deserter, too. Had his medals taken away, and got a dishonorable discharge.

GIRARDIN: ~~(WHISTLES IN ASTONISHMENT)~~

AUNT: ~~Oh, he's a mean one!~~

GIRARDIN: How did Mrs. Clark happen to meet him?

AUNT: They were both working in the same restaurant here in Detroit. And he talked her into going up to Chicago to make more money.

GIRARDIN: Then - they haven't been back here since last November. Is that right?

AUNT: Oh, I didn't say that. Matter of fact, she called me on the phone a few days ago. Tried to borrow some money from me. She and Joe Mitchell have been <sup>here</sup> in Detroit, at the Turrel Hotel, for the past four days.

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

NARR: You don't know if there is any connection between Frances Clark and the murder of Henry Larsen, but your reporter's intuition tells you there might be. So you grab a phone and call Lt. Trexel. His men are at the Turrel Hotel in fifteen minutes. A little while later you get there yourself.

GIRARDIN: Any luck, Ed?

TREXEL: They were here all right. But they checked out a few hours after the murder.

GIRARDIN: Too bad.

TREXEL: Well, we've got a line to work on, anyway. The bellboy says there were three of them. Two men and a girl. Having themselves a party upstairs about twelve o'clock last night. Drinking cheap rye out of the bottle. The big guy was slapping the girl around like a rag doll.

GIRARDIN: Sounds like Mitchell.

TREXEL: We're pretty sure it was. The other guy was Jerry Kline, carnival shill and gambler. He's on the books but good, that boy. Working the games around here for ten years. Alcoholic, marijuana addict, and anything else you can name.

GIRARDIN: Nice little group.

TREXEL: You said it.

GIRARDIN: Tell you what, Ed. I don't know how you feel about it, but I've got a hunch this lead is worth following up.

TREXEL: You and me both.

GIRARDIN: And from what Mrs. Clark's aunt told me, I'd say the place to follow it up is Chicago. It's a long chance, maybe. But it might just happen to pay off.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ CURTAIN)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

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  
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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)

*Conrad Chappell*  
~~HARRICE:~~ This is *Conrad Chappell*, returning you to your narrator,  
*Chappell* and the Big Story of Ray Girardin...as he lived it,  
and wrote it.

NARR: The place is Chicago; the time is a late week in June.  
The weather is humid; and the murder of Henry Larsen is  
six days old. But to you, Ray Girardin of the Detroit  
Evening Times, it seems like six years. You remember  
your arrival in Chicago, and the confidence with which  
you and *Ed* Lt. Trexel set to work. You *both* were looking for  
three people - Joseph Mitchell, Frances Clark, and Jerry  
Kline. You had their photographs stuck in your pockets,  
and their faces etched on your brains. And you had the  
full support of the Chicago police. You were sure it  
wouldn't take long. But somehow, none of the leads paid  
off. The waiters and restaurant unions, the underground  
tipsters, the police line-ups - none of them. Five solid  
days of blind alleys and negative replies. ~~Until~~ *Now*,  
you are beginning to wonder if your hunch wasn't wrong  
from the start.

TREXEL: Take it easy, Ray. You gotta give these things a little  
time.

*Ed*  
GIRARDIN: But we don't even know if they're in Chicago at all. They  
may be a thousand miles from here.

TREXEL: It takes a lot of cabbage to make a big getaway. And  
that's one thing those babies didn't have was cabbage.

GIRARDIN: If only we had some proof that they're here, Ed. Some  
proof that we aren't wasting our time.

TREXEL: I know how you feel. But we're doing everything we can.  
It's just a matter of luck from here on in.

-14-

GIRARDIN: Well, I'm going to make one last stab. Even if those three didn't have much dough, they had to stay somewhere. I'm going over to the Loop with these photographs, and I'm going to canvas every hotel clerk in every dingy flea-bag I can find!

(MUSIC: -- PUNCTUATE, THEN SEGUE TO WALKING THEME, AND UNDER)

1ST CLERK: You can't ask a question like that! I see a million faces a day. How can you ask a question like that? So I say I never seen them. So what happens? So you find they was stayin here, and then you subpoena me. Nuts to that! The only thing I'm sayin is I don't remember.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

GIRARDIN: The pictures aren't too clear. But I was just wondering if you might recognize them.

2nd CLERK: (SLOWLY) Well, now I'm not so sure but what I do. Seems to me the big one was with the girl, and the little guy sort of tagged along.

GIRARDIN: That's right! That's the way it would be!

2ND CLERK: Sure, I remember them now. Came in Monday night and checked out the next afternoon.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

3RD CLERK: Positive? You're darn right I'm positive. The big guy especially. I wouldn't forget that joker in a hundred years.

GIRARDIN: But you say they left last night?

3RD CLERK: That's right.

GIRARDIN: I don't suppose they left a forwarding address, or anything.

3rd CLERK: Fat chance! You don't leave a forwarding address when yo skip out on the bill!

(MUSIC: -- -- IRONIC COMMENT, UP AND OUT)

TREXEL: Yesterday you were complaining because you didn't know if they were in Chicago. Now you're complaining because you do.

GIRARDIN: Well, it gripes me, Ed. They always seem to be one lap ahead of us.

TREXEL: They're playing it smart, that's all. Checking in and checking out. Skipping all over town.

GIRARDIN: If only we could pin them down to one area.

TREXEL: Well, there's nothing more we can do tonight. So take your troubles out of here. It's 4 AM, and I want some shut-eye. You ought to get some, too.

(PHONE RINGS)

Now what?

(RECEIVER IS LIFTED), ^

Hello? -- ~~That's right.~~ *Trexel Speaking* ----- who? -----Ok, put him on. -----Hello, Herb, what are you doin' up at this hour? -----Who? --- Oh, yes, I remember. Did she ----- You did? Good! -----(BIG) What? When? -----What was that name again? -----The Forty Five Club? OK, got it. I'll call you back later.

(HANGS UP)

(TO GIRARDIN) ~~Grab your hat, boy.~~ We're on our way!

GIRARDIN: What's the matter? What's up?

TREXEL: Maybe a break, finally, I don't know.

GIRARDIN: What is it?



TREXEL: That was the department, back in Detroit. They've been holding a girl friend of Kline's as a material witness. Just on the off chance, I had them check her phone for incoming calls.

GIRARDIN: What happened? Did Kline try to reach her?

TREXEL: Somebody did - just an hour ago - from <sup>Chicago</sup> Chicago. ~~The~~ <sup>Street</sup> call was traced to a joint up on North Clark - the Forty Five Club.

GIRARDIN: That's enough for me! What are we waiting for?

(MUSIC: -- EXCITED BRIDGE, THEN SEGUE TO A BLUESY PIANO AND CARRY UNDER)

(FADE IN NIGHTCLUB BG)

BARTENDER: You gents wanna table? The show's gonna start any minute

GIRARDIN: I never saw one of these clip joints where it wasn't.

TREXEL: We'll sit at the bar.

BARTENDER: What'll you have?

TREXEL: Two beers and a little information.

(GLASSES PLACED ON BAR)

BARTENDER: Here's the beers. Whaddya wanna know?

TREXEL: Take a look at this photograph. Ever see the guy before?

TREXEL: No.

TREXEL: Are you sure?

BARTENDER: Whaddya want for two beers, an affidavit?

TREXEL: All right, boy. Here's the badge. And the radio car is outside. Now simmer down and give me a straight answer.

BARTENDER: What's straighter than no?

GIRARDIN: Is that the only phone booth you've got in the place - That one against the wall?

BARTENDER: You guessed it.

GIRARDIN: Anyone make a call from there tonight?

BARTENDER: No.

TREXEL: How long you been on duty?

BARTENDER: Six hours.

TREXEL: All right. Get your coat on, I'm pulling you in.

BARTENDER: (RIGHTEOUSLY INDIGNANT) Whaddya mean you're pulling me in  
What for?

TREXEL: You're lying, boy. Somebody ~~tried to call~~ <sup>did</sup> Detroit from  
that booth one hour ago. And you saw him do it. Come on.  
Get your coat.

BARTENDER: (A LITTLE FRANTIC) Now wait a minute, Cap, wait a minute!  
I'm not lying. I don't have to lie to nobody. Maybe  
I was mistaken, that's all. People come in here all the  
time. How do I know?

TREXEL: (TOPPING HIM) Listen, punk, you've got LIE written all  
over you in big red letters! (PAUSE) Now, do you want to  
talk here, or down at the ~~precinct?~~ <sup>Station</sup>

BARTENDER: (HOLD FOR TWO BEATS) Lemme look at that pitcher again.

TREXEL: Yeah. Do that. (PAUSE) Well?

BARTENDER: That's the guy.

TREXEL: Where is he now?

BARTENDER: I don't know.

TREXEL: All right. Get your coat.

BARTENDER: I'm tellin ya, I don't know. What am I, his mother?  
The guy's a lush. Maybe he's down in the Loop pushin  
for drinks, how do I know?

TREXEL: Where does he live?

BARTENDER: Winston Hotel, on North Sedgewick.

TREXEL: Get that, Ray?

GIRARDIN: Got it. Let's go!

(MUSIC: -- CHASE BRIDGE AS BEFORE, THEN UNDER)

NARR: Now, at last, you've got a break. Trexel calls headquarters, and twenty minutes later, in the dirty, gray dawn, the Winston Hotel is surrounded. The clerk in the lobby does a fast take on the photograph and gives you Kline's room number. And now, in a greasy third-floor hallway, you Ray Girardin, are approaching the climax of your Big Story.

GIRARDIN: Here it is. 309

TREXEL: All right. Now get ready, if he opens the door.

(SEVERAL LOUD KNOCKS ON A WOODEN DOOR) (PAUSE)

JACK: (MUFFLED, OFF) Who's there?

TREXEL: Telegram.

JACK: (SUSPICIOUSLY) I'm not expectin any telegram.

TREXEL: Western Union - for 309

JACK: Take a walk.

(SEVERAL MORE KNOCKS)

TREXEL: (INSISTENTLY) Telegram! (LOW) Get ready, Ray. I think he's coming.

(PAUSE, THEN DOOR IS YANKED OPEN SUDDENLY)

JACK: What's the big idea of --

TREXEL: Get your hands up, Kline, and don't get funny.

JACK: What the -- what is this? What do you want?

TREXEL: Get back in the room...

(A FEW FOOTSTEPS)

All right, Ray. Come in and shut the door.

(MORE FOOTSTEPS, THEN DOOR SHUTS)

JACK: Listen - what do you think you're --

GIRARDIN: Ed, wait a minute!

TREXEL: What's the matter?

GIRARDIN: Look at him. Look at his face, in the light. The coloring's the same, but his features are different.

TREXEL: (REALIZING) Yeah!

GIRARDIN: I don't know who this guy is, but he isn't Jerry Kline!

(MUSIC: -- STING AND UNDER)

NARR: Once again you have drawn a blank! The little guy in the shabby hotel room is not Jerry Kline. You stand there in a sort of hopeless dejection. You don't know what to do next. But you keep up a front. You throw a few questions. And Trexel gets tough. And then - it happens. Like a miracle. The little guy sings. He's afraid, and he cracks wide open. He isn't Jerry Kline, but he is Kline's brother!

(MUSIC: -- OUT WITH A SHARP SWELL)

JACK: I didn't like it, but what could I do? Jerry says they'll use my room as a meeting-place. So what could I do?

GIRARDIN: You mean Mitchell and Mrs. Clark have been coming here, too?

JACK: That's right. They heard you were lookin for them, so they had to scatter. But they use this place to --

(DOOR BUZZER)

Probably one of them, now. They're supposed to meet here this morning.

TREXEL: (LOW) All right. We're ready for them. Open the door.

(FEW FOOTSTEPS, THEN DOOR IS OPENED)

FRANCES: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Hello, Jack. Have the rest of them come?  
Trexel: No, Mrs. Clark, they haven't. You're the first to arrive.  
FRANCES: Who are you? Jack, who are these -- (SLOWLY) -- are they -- are they from the police?  
Trexel: That's right, Mrs. Clark.  
FRANCES: (BREAKING DOWN) I'm glad it's over. I'm glad!  
Girardin: Glad what's over, Mrs. Clark?  
FRANCES: The running. The hiding. All of it. I'm glad it's over.  
Trexel: Are you ready to make a confession?  
FRANCES: Yes. They murdered Mr. Larsen. They made me stand there but I didn't touch him. I tried to make them stop hitting him - only they wouldn't listen to me.  
Girardin: You mean Mitchell and Kline?  
FRANCES: (SOBBING) Yes. They killed him. They killed that nice, kind old man. And then I had to come with them or they would have killed me, too. Mister, I didn't do it. Please believe me! I didn't do it!  
Trexel: You'll have every chance to prove that in court.

*You ~~are~~ <sup>(PHONE RINGS)</sup> ~~Get~~ the phone, Jack. *but* And don't try anything.*

(RECEIVER IS LIFTED)

JACK: Hello? ---- Yeah. ---- what? ----- OK, hold the phone.  
(TO Trexel) It's Mitchell. He's leary about comin over. He wants to talk to Francie.  
Trexel: Good. Now, Mrs. Clark, I want you to do exactly as I say Go to the phone and tell Mitchell that you want him and Kline to get a cab and meet you, in thirty minutes, at the corner of South Halstead and --

(FEW FOOTSTEPS, THEN DOOR IS OPENED)

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Trexel: You'll have every chance to prove that in court.

*You believe* (PHONE RINGS) *but*  
~~Get~~ the phone, Jack. ~~And~~ don't try anything.

(RECEIVER IS LIFTED)

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(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Ray Girardin of the Detroit Evening Times.

GIRARDIN: ~~These~~ <sup>These</sup> conspirators in tonight's Big Story were brought to trial and the two men were found guilty of murder in the first degree. Both received - life imprisonment in the state penitentiary. The girl was acquitted on the grounds that she had been forced against her will to participate in the crime. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Girardin..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 Cincinnati Enquirer -- by-line, Tom Mercer. A BIG STORY - about a reporter who once murdered a man by mistake...but lived to prove that there's no mistake about murder!

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

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

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

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

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

renie/mac 6/27/49 pm

ATX01 0169783



THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #121

## AS BROADCAST

### CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
NURSE	BARBARA TOWNSEND
LADY	BARBARA TOWNSEND
GIRL	ALICE REINHART
MISS B	ALICE REINHART
LONG	TED OSBORNE
TABOR	TED OSBORNE
VINSON	SANTOS ORTEGA
EMMONS	SANTOS ORTEGA
MERCER	JACKSON BECK
OWNER	GIL MACK
FRUITMAN	GIL MACK
WITT	MILTON HERMAN
TURNER	MILTON HERMAN

WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1949

ATX01 0169784

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#121

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

JULY 20, 1949

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: \_ \_ FANFARE, \_OUT)

(DOOR OPENS)

LONG: (MIDDLE AGED, PLEASANT) Herman, you still here?

WITT: (LITTLE OLDER. SOUR) (GLEEFUL NOW) I finished it - I just finished it. Sit down, Henry, listen --

LONG: It's Armistice Day. What are you doing in the store? You aren't working?

WITT: (SAME) A masterpiece - listen. Listen! (READS)  
"Mr. Adam Tehmopolis, conductor, Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra --"

LONG: No, Herman, not another letter --

WITT: (GOING RIGHT ON) " -- In your so-called orchestra is a so-called violin player, named Tabor. ~~He plays first violin.~~ If there is a worse violin player in the world I do not know him. And it is not enough that he is a foul musician, as a human being he is garbage. ~~He is a disgrace to the human race; he is --~~"

LONG: (CUTS) Oh, stop it. You're a grown man, Herman. You run a successful business - a fine laundry -- why should you stoop to poison pen letters --?

WITT: ~~Because I hate him, because he is what I said --~~

LONG: Herman, some day you'll write one too many of those letters. Some day you'll be sitting here -- like now -- alone, after work, and the door will open and --

~~(PAUSE)~~

(THE DOOR SLOWLY OPENS)

AFX01 0169785

(MUSIC: \_ \_ WITH IT. OMINOUS)

LONG: Herman. The door. It's opening!

WITT: (SCARED) It's a customer.

LONG: No, Herman, it's not a customer. It's -- (SCREAM) Herman!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ TERRIBLE STAB IMPLYING MURDER. 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)  
Cincinnati, Ohio: the story of a man who was hated and  
of a reporter who proved that death and hate are often  
partners. And to reporter Tom Mercer of the Cincinnati  
Enquirer for his Big Story goes the PELL MELL Award!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ SING)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 7/20/49  
PELL MELL #121

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's 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: \_ \_ \_ THEME . . . UNDER:)

CHAPPELL: Now the story as it actually happened: Tom Mercer's story as he lived it. (PAUSE) Cincinnati, Ohio.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ PUNCTUATES, THEN GOES UNDER:)

SLOANE: You're a big man, Tom Mercer; 200 pounds big, 6 feet 1 inch big -- and because you're big and easy-going, you're a target, an easy mark. A couple of years ago, as a young reporter, you made a mistake: you took an ordinary death and called it "murder". You went and ~~quote~~ solved that murder - in print - and then it came out it wasn't murder at all. And the laugh was heard all over Cincinnati. It's still heard. Wherever you go they say of you, "Oh, there goes Mercer, the great sleuth - out to make another name for himself." And so, when this story broke - a killing in the Standard Laundry, at 6216 Central Parkway -- all the boys in the press room at Police Headquarters said...

REPORTER: Well, we don't have to cover it. Not with Mercer on the job. If it's murder, Mercer will solve it.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ LAUGHS & GOES UNDER:)

SLOANE: You took the laugh and went down to the scene of the crime, the Standard Laundry. But the laugh followed you. For when you opened the door of the laundry, Detective Lt. Teddy Vinson greeted you...

VINSON: (KIDDING) Well! All right, men, all you cops, sergeant-- you can all go home. Tom Mercer's here -- we got nothing to worry about --

MERCER: (LOW) Hiya, Lt. Vinson.

VINSON: (CONTINUING) Men, do you want to see a real Sherlock go to work? Mercer, take in the scene -- a laundry, the day: Armistice Day, not a working day - the man there (on the floor), Herman Witt, the owner, is dead - a bullet in his head. Near him - as you see - a friend, Henry Long, also shot - but not dead. Unconscious, but not dead. A gun (do you see the gun, Mercer?) a gun on the floor between them. Also on the floor - 60 dollars in one dollar bills. And on the table - a half-consumed bottle of wine. Give us your verdict, Sherlock.

BIZ: (MEN LAUGH) "Yeah, come on, Mercer." "Who done it?"

MERCER: Cut it out, will you, Lt. Vinson.

VINSON: Haven't you solved it yet, Mercer? You're slipping.

MERCER: What happened?

VINSON: I just told you. Witt the owner is dead. Long, his so-called friend - badly wounded. The money, the bottle of wine - that's all there is to it. Can't you figure it out?

MERCER: No, I can't. What's your idea?

VINSON: (STILL PLAYING TO HIS AUDIENCE) Well, the great Mercer is stumped. What do you know? (CONSPIRATORIAL) Mercer, I'll let you in on a secret. That man -- Witt -- was killed.

BIZ: (LAUGHTER)

MERCER: How?

VINSON: (LAUGHS) How, he says, how? By a gun. That's how.

BIZ: (MORE LAUGHTER)

MERCER: Please Vinson, will you?

VINSON: (HUMAN NOW) Okay. Murder is no joke - is it? Well, there it is, open and shut. The two of them were "friends", and like all friends they got into a fight. Had a little too much to drink, got around to money - and that's all. Witt shot Long, Long shot Witt. Q.E.D., as we say on the force - solved.

MERCER: Can I look around?

VINSON: (BACK AT IT AGAIN) Look around? Well, of course, Mr. Mercer. Look around by all means. No doubt we overlooked some special clue which proves the murderer was a left-handed Irishman who --

MERCER: (SLOWLY) I think you're wrong, Lt.

VINSON: Yeah, how?

MERCER: Where's the other gun?

VINSON: What other gun?

MERCER: You said Long shot Witt and Witt shot Long. What did they do, use one gun between them? Where's the other gun?

VINSON: Maybe - maybe - he tossed it somewhere.

MERCER: -- No. And you say they were drunk, got to fighting. Look at that bottle. (VINSON: So?) That's sweet wine -- more than 2/3 of the bottle still left. They didn't have enough to even warm them up -- they weren't drunk --

VINSON: You don't know what you're talking about.

MERCER: Have you taken the bullet out of Long yet?

VINSON: You see he's still unconscious -- of course not.

MERCER: When you do, I'm pretty sure you'll find it didn't come from Witt's gun. Witt didn't shoot Long, and I don't think Long shot Witt.

VINSON: (SORE) Want to bet?

MERCER: (SLOWLY) I don't bet, Lieutenant -- not on murder.

VINSON: Okay -- okay. Get ballistics. Get ballistics here fast. And hurry up that ambulance for Long. (IRONIC) Mercer, the great sleuth -- okay, Mercer, just watch!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ UP & UNDER:)

SLOANE: The Lieutenant is a good guy, you know that -- just a guy who (with everybody else) likes to kid you, Tom Mercer. But you can take it. And you don't gloat. You don't gloat when, later, ballistics gets through examining the bullets removed from ~~the~~ body of ~~the dead~~ Witt and from the chest of Henry Long (still unconscious at the General Hospital). You don't gloat when the Lieutenant says --

VINSON: Both bullets, the one in Witt and the one in Long, were fired from a .45.

MERCER: And the gun on the floor of the laundry was a .38.

VINSON: That's right.

MERCER: Then maybe it was a left-handed Irishman, Lieutenant.

VINSON: All right, Mercer. Some other time, ~~we~~ got work to do.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ IN & UNDER)



SLOANE: So have you, Tom Mercer, you have work to do too. A murder's been committed and (if Long dies) maybe a double murder. You want to end the laughter (just being right on the bullets doesn't do that) - you want to solve this murder. So you wait. You wait at General Hospital where the only man who can possibly tell what happened in the laundry that Armistice Day, Henry Long, is still unconscious. You wait in the corridor, outside his room, for 10 hours -- for the moment when he'll regain consciousness -- if he ever does... then the nurse says...

NURSE: He's conscious, now Mr. Mercer -- he's talking.

(MUSIC: ~~IN WITH THE FIRST WORDS OF TOM, THEN OUT:~~)

MERCER: Mr. Long, can you tell me what happened?

LONG: (IN A DAZE) I told him don't write it. A poison pen letter! All the time he wrote them. He hated him: Tabor.

MERCER: Tabor? Who's Tabor?

LONG: But he wrote it. He wrote it, I said someday the door will open and someone will walk in. And it opened... the door opened!

MERCER: When was this?

LONG: I couldn't see. I heard him talk. Maybe the man was a customer. He said, "Where's my laundry"? Herman said, "I'm closed today." He said, "Where's my laundry!", angry.

MERCER: Did you see him?

LONG: Then it happened. Herman came back. He opened the desk. The money fell out. He took out his gun. He tried to fire a shot, but the man fired first. Herman's gun went off and he fell. I screamed. The man shot me. I couldn't move. I dragged myself to the phone. I called the police. Everybody hated him - everybody!  
(PAUSE)

MERCER: Mr. Long, can you hear me?

LONG: When the man said "Where's my laundry?" Herman said: "What's the name and address?" I couldn't hear the answer. Only Herman said, "I'll write it down."

MERCER: Did he write it down?

LONG: He was tall, thin, with black hair - a carnation in his lapel, I saw it -- and he hated Herman. He hated him. In his eyes you could see it. I told him "Don't write poison pen letters. Enough people hate you already. Don't." But he did and now he's dead.

MERCER: Mr. Long. Mr. Long, can you hear me?

NURSE: He's unconscious again, Mr. Mercer. It's no use. He's passed out.

(MUSIC: IN HEAVILY & UNDER:)

GIRL: (HARD) That's right, I was Mr. Witt's secretary. Taine's my name. Gloria Taine.

MERCER: He wasn't very well-liked, was he, Mr. Witt?

GIRL: You kidding? How many friends does a skunk have?

MERCER: What do you mean?

GIRL: I'm not saying anybody would kill him - but - take Mr. Long, who was a "friend" of his. He cheated Long out of \$2000 a year ago. Anybody in the shop'll tell you -- he worked us like slaves. He never had a good word for anybody.

MERCER: Ever hear of a man named Tabor?

GIRL: No.

MERCER: Sure?

GIRL: I don't lie. He lied. He lied all the time. He lied to everybody and about everybody. I'm not sorry he's dead.

MERCER: And there's a lot more who feel the same way?

GIRL: Everybody who knew him.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ IN & UNDER:)

SLOANE: Hate is the clue -- who hated him enough to kill him? You begin digging. Two weeks ago, you find, he fired a man who'd been with him 12 years. A man named Emmons, a bookkeeper...

EMMONS: Sure I hated him. 12 years I gave to him - worked late, sweated for him - and what did he give me? My walking papers.

MERCER: But, Mr. Emmons, you didn't hate him enough to...

EMMONS: Nah, I wouldn't waste a bullet on him. ~~Me kill him?~~ All I had for him was contempt. Do you know something, mister? Fifteen years ago he played the fiddle - played with some orchestra, the Cincinnati Symphony, I think - and he got fired. He never forgot it.

(MORE)

EMMONS:  
(CONT'D)

He kept writing letters, poison pen letters every week, saying this fiddler was no good, that one was no good - that's the kind of man he was. Take what he did to Tabor --

MERCER: Tabor!

EMMONS: That's right - first violin in the Symphony. He always said Tabor stole his job. He used to call them up in the middle of the night, 2 o'clock, and scare Tabor's wife. She had to go away to a sanitorium. He was nuts, mister, that's what he was. I wish he'd died years ago. I wish I never met him.

MERCER: What happened to Tabor's wife?

EMMONS: His wife? I don't know -- I think she died. In the sanitorium --

MERCER: Tabor still with the Symphony?

EMMONS: Sure, why?

MERCER: Nothing. Nothing at all. Just an idea.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ QUICK TRANSITION)

TABOR: (SLIGHT ACCENT) Yes, I am Tabor, Mr. Mercer, and I'll be frank with you. No news of the past 10 years pleased me as much as the death of Herman Witt - ~~unless perhaps Hitler's death.~~ But as to what you are thinking - since I am tall, and thin, and have dark hair -- and occasionally wear a carnation -- at the time of the murder (4:45 PM on Armistice Day -- you see, I read all the details: I enjoyed the story) -- I was playing a concert in Indianapolis, I was playing the solo part at that precise moment of the Beethoven Violin Concerto.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ UP & UNDER:)

SLOANE: Dead End. Hate comes to a dead end. What now? Back  
at the laundry, still probing, still asking questions of  
the Secretary - suddenly she says...

GIRL: This is funny --

MERCER: What?

GIRL: This slip, this laundry slip. I make out all the  
laundry slips. But this ain't my handwriting --

MERCER: Let me see it. (PAUSE) 2231 Vine Street. Do you have a  
customer there?

GIRL: No, I checked it. That's what's funny --

MERCER: (EXCITED) Is this his writing?

GIRL: Whose?

MERCER: Mr. Witt's?

GIRL: Hey, that's right -- it is --

MERCER: Where'd you find it?

GIRL: In his desk drawer -- crumpled up like --

MERCER: Give it to me. Give it to me quick!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ EXCITED)

(LONG BELL. DOOR OPENS)

LADY: (VEDDY LADYLIKE) Yes, can I help you?

MERCER: Ma'am, I'm looking for a man: tall, thin, dark-haired,  
sometimes wears a carnation in his buttonhole --

LADY: A man. (TITTER) Oh, deah no. This is a boarding house  
for business women. (TITTER) No gentlemen allowed here.  
None whatsoever.

MERCER: You're sure?

LADY: I'm quite sure, young man, quite. Only the most respectable women; and I require two references. And you can believe me that I know my tenants. I never pry, but I know my ladies.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ IN WITH SLOANE)

SLOANE: Murder and 2231 Vine Street, don't mix. You walk down the steps, dejection written on your face - and on the sidewalk you meet (you would, with your luck) - Detective Lieutenant Vinson..

VINSON: Well, Hawkshaw, I hear you got it all wrapped up.

MERCER: Yeah.

VINSON: The secretary told me. 2231 Vine. No doubt when Witt asked him, the murderer gave his right address.

MERCER: Okay, Lieutenant, I was wrong.

VINSON: Wrong? You? Impossible. (PHONEY CONFIDENTIAL) Listen, I'll give you a tip -- that carnation in the buttonhole - remember? Well, I checked. And guess what? There's only 1172 florists in town sell carnations. Why don't you check them, Mercer. Why not? Go ahead.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ LAUGHS AT MERCER. \_ TAGS FOR THE ACT)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #121

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: -- INTRO & UNDER:)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and the  
BIG STORY of Tom Mercer, as he lived it and wrote it.

SLOANE: For years, now, you've been the butt of bad jokes, Tom  
Mercer. They call you "Hawkshaw and Sherlock, Mercer the  
Sleuth" -- and in the present case, it looks like you're  
going to make a fool of yourself again. For you, Tom  
Mercer, reporter for the Cincinnati Enquirer, have  
tracked down every lead in the slaying of Herman Witt,  
laundry owner, and every lead has led to the same place --  
nowhere. First you went after people who hated Witt:  
an employee, the first violinist in the Symphony orchestra  
- each time, you drew nothing. Then the address on the  
laundry slip -- nothing, less than nothing - an absurd  
spinster running a boarding house for business ladies.  
Might as well (as Lt. Vinson of Homicide put it) track  
down all the stores ~~who~~ sell carnations. (ABRUPT CHANGE)  
Why not? Crazy as it sounds - it might be something -

OWNER: Say that again?

MERCER: I said can you recall selling carnations, regularly mind  
you, to a man -- tall, thin, with dark hair - well dressed,  
I imagine. A fellow bought carnations all the time'd be  
well dressed.

OWNER: That's what I thought you said. What are you - a  
detective?

MERCER: Well, not exactly, I --

OWNER: On that Witt killing, eh?

MERCER: That's right.



OWNER: Well, I've heard of some pretty stupid things in my time--  
but if that's the way you fellows work, it's no wonder  
there's so many unsolved crimes in this city.

MERCER: Why do you say that?

OWNER: Why? I sell, maybe 100 carnations a day - to a hundred  
different people. Me and a couple of hundred other  
florists. Do you honestly expect me to give you a clue,  
~~do you?~~ Why, the man asks!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ IN KEEPING & UNDER:)

SLOANE: He's right, of course, he's right. You were grasping at  
a straw and hoping you'd come up with the answer. The  
carnation idea is crazy. You give it up. And then --  
on your desk at the paper, a day later, is a message...  
"Call Miss Eulalie Rinker, City 7113. The address is  
2231 Vine."

(MUSIC: \_ \_ EXCITED & UNDER:)

SLOANE: 2231 Vine. Eulalie Rinker - the lady who runs the  
boarding house for business women. You don't call -- you  
race over. .

LADY: Now mind you, I don't pry into the affairs of my tenants--

MERCER: (IMPATIENT) I understand, Miss Rinker --

LADY: And I'm very strict in my requirements -- two references  
are essential --

MERCER: Yes, so you told me --

LADY: Well, after you were here - mind you I don't pry -- but I  
did do a little - uh - inquiring - and -- after all it  
was a murder now, wasn't it?

MERCER: That's right - a murder -- and --?

LADY: Well, the lady on the third floor, rear, Miss Sands -  
a very sweet old lady, ~~secretary to one of our most~~  
~~prominent industrialists~~

MERCER: Yes --

LADY: She's really secretly married and estranged from her  
husband. Can you imagine?

MERCER: Is that all you found?

LADY: Quite the contrary - that was only the beginning. And  
Miss Curtis, on second floor front - (WHISPERS) she  
drinks. I found, can you believe it, six empty whisky  
bottles in her bureau drawer? The bottom drawer.

MERCER: Well, look, Miss ~~Flunker~~ -- I'll --

LADY: I haven't told you all. Then there's Miss Bascombe -  
first floor rear. Very quiet - a sweet person really...

MERCER: I've got to get back to the paper.

LADY: She's a confidential secretary - but I'd never hire her.  
Do you know what, Mr. Mercer?

MERCER: She keeps live mice.

LADY: Not at all... but she has a .45 automatic in her desk  
drawer.

MERCER: What?!

LADY: I had my handyman in and he told me it was a .45 calibre  
(is that the word, calibre) - a .45 calibre automatic  
revolver in her desk drawer.

(MUSIC: SHARP & OUT FOR:)

MERCER: Miss Bascombe?

MISS B: (GENTEEL BUT TOUGH UNDERNEATH) That's correct.

MERCER: Would you mind coming down with me to police headquarters?

MISS B: Indeed I would mind - a great deal.

MERCER: All I want to do is have them examine your gun, Miss Bascombe.

MISS B: I have no gun.

MERCER: Not now you haven't. I have it. That is Miss Tinker and I have it.

MISS B: I have a permit for that gun.

MERCER: Did you know the gun was fired - I'd guess within the past week? Did you know that? That it was fired twice?

MISS B: (BREAKING) No. It wasn't. How could it have been?

MERCER: You tell me, Miss Bascombe.

MISS B: I don't want to go the police. Please, I don't. If I tell you -- will that be enough?

MERCER: It depends on what you tell me.

MISS B: I lent it to a man -- a casual acquaintance. He said he wanted to buy a gun. I wanted to sell it. So I lent it to him. To try it out. He took it and later he brought it back and said "This won't do."

MERCER: When was this?

MISS B: About a week ago.

MERCER: Armistice Day?

MISS B: I think it was. Yes, Armistice Day. I wasn't working that day.

MERCER: What time did you lend it to him?

MISS B: About 2 o'clock.

MERCER: And when did he bring it back?

MISS B: About 5:30 I think. He just said he wanted to try it out. What happened?

MERCER: He tried it out, Miss Bascombe. About 4:45 he tried it out on two men. He killed one of them --

MISS B: No!

MERCER: That's right. Now what was his name, this casual friend of yours?

MISS B: John Turner.

MERCER: I'm sorry about your not wanting to go to the police, Miss Bascombe because I'm afraid my friend Lt. Vinson wouldn't forgive me if I didn't take you down with me. Shall we go?

(MUSIC: -- QUICKLY INTO:)

VINSON: That's his picture, Miss Bascombe?

MISS B: Yes, sir, Lt.

MERCER: No question about it? Police pictures do things to peoples' faces sometimes."

VINSON: (IN FAST) If you don't mind, Mercer? Let me do the asking.

MERCER: Sorry.

VINSON: (EXERTING HIS AUTHORITY) Uh - (BUT NOT KNOWING WHAT ELSE TO SAY) There is no question this is the man?

MISS B: No, sir, no question.

VINSON: He was just a friend of yours, this Turner?

MISS B: Not a friend - I just met him - once or twice.

VINSON: Okay, okay. You can go - but be on tap if I need you.

MISS B: Yes, sir.

VINSON: And I hope you have a permit for that gun.

MISS B: Oh, yes, sir, I do. If you want to see --

VINSON: (CUTTING) All right, all right. Never mind. Use that door.

(DOOR OPENS & SHUTS UNDER DIALOGUE)

MERCER: Quite a record, our friend Turner has: (READING)  
"Larceny, breaking and entering, narcotics charge, wanted  
in Kansas - auto theft --"

VINSON: I can't figure it. I can't figure it.

MERCER: Why?

VINSON: The whole thing's crazy. A guy writes poison pen  
letters, his employees hate him, everybody hates him.  
And this turns up -- it's nuts.

MERCER: Can I say something?

VINSON: Hm?

MERCER: I said "Can I say something?"

VINSON: What?

MERCER: The long arm of coincidence is a funny thing --

VINSON: Don't give me police theories, Hawk -- (HE STOPS IN THE  
MIDDLE OF "HAWKSHAW").

MERCER: Hawkshaw, I've heard it before. Don't worry, I'm not  
sensitive. Now will you let me talk for just a minute?

VINSON: Go ahead.

MERCER: What stopped us: all of us -- you, me, everybody, was  
that Witt was a hated man. When a hated man gets killed,  
hate, we figure must be the motive. So we suspected  
Tabor or Emmons. (I even thought for a while it was Long).

VINSON: So?

MERCER: But it wasn't any of these people. It was an accident.  
A pure and simple accident. The motive was robbery --  
pure and simple robbery. Turner is a pro. (His record  
shows it -- a professional gunman.) He figures he'll  
knock over this laundry.

(MORE)

MERCER:  
(CONT'D)

He picks Armistice Day because no one'll be around and the banks are closed: so there will be cash there. He goes in. He puts on a front by asking for his laundry. When Witt gets suspicious and pulls out a gun he kills him. He shoots Long and escapes.

VINSON: Since when does a pro give his right address?

MERCER: It wasn't his right address. It was the first address that came to his mind. He hadn't planned it all the way. When he asked Witt for his laundry Witt asked for his address. That surprised him. So he said -- just like that -- 2931 Vine. Even pros make mistakes. ~~Isn't that~~ your experience?

(PAUSE)

VINSON: You know something? (TOM: What?) I think you're right.

MERCER: (SURPRISED) No?

VINSON: Yap. Hawkshaw, I think this time you're right.

MERCER: Thanks, Lt.

VINSON: Never mind the thanks. Now we've got to find Turner. And that won't be easy.

MERCER: (CHARMINGLY) Well, Lt. I thought I'd leave something for the police to do.

(MUSIC: -- UP)

SLOCANE: The laughter connected with your name, Tom Mercer, goes out of people's voices. When you write your story on who the killer is, how it was found out, the cracks begin to fade away, the wiseguy looks. (PAUSE)

(MORE)

SLOANE:  
(CONT'D)

And then the dragnet goes out: John Turner - tall, thin, dark-haired, carnation in the buttonhole, wanted in Kansas wanted for breaking and entering, wanted for murder. You keep the story alive (during the months of search for him). You keep the people aware that he's around, what he looks like -- so that one evening the laughter around your name goes away for all time, because this happens... in a fruit store on the outskirts of town --

TURNER: Closing up, Mister?

FRUITMAN: (PEDI) That's right. But if you want a dozen oranges, some apples, I get 'em for you.

TURNER: No. Instead of the oranges, mister, or the apples -- mister, gimme what's in the cash register.

FRUITMAN: (VIOLENTLY) What! You no get my money - you --

(FRUITMAN SLUGS TURNER. TURNER FALLS)

Stay there, I call the police! (THEN) Hey, you somebody I know. You the man -- yes sirree -- you the man I read about in the paper. You the man killed the man who own the laundry. Yes sirree.

(PHONE CLICKING)

Operator -- you gimme the police. Yes sirree.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Tom Mercer of the Cincinnati Enquirer with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_STING)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #121

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!



(ORCH: \_ \_ \_TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Tom Mercer of the Cincinnati Enquirer.

MERCER: Killer in tonight's BIG STORY, was arrested and brought to trial for the murder of the Laundry owner. During the trial I visited him in jail and asked why he had been foolish enough to give a traceable address at the time of the hold-up. He replied "I was a little rattled then but the chief trouble all my life has been that I can't help telling the truth. Inherently I am an honest man." He was convicted and subsequently died in the electric chair. Thanks a lot for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Mercer... 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 Chicago Sun-Times -- by-line, Peg Kennedy and Frank Winge. A BIG STORY - about two reporters who found the answer to murder in a dead girl's dream.

(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 Jackson Beck played the part of Tom Mercer. 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. Mercer.

(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.

lw  
7/8/49 pm

ATX01 0169809

# AS BROADCAST.

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #122

## CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
ROSE	JAN MINER
MERGE	JAN MINER
PEG	JOYCE GORDON
FRANK	LUIS VAN ROOTEN
EDITOR	LUIS VAN ROCTEN
PETERS	FVERETT SLOANE
MURRAY	EVERETT SLOANE
GEORGE	BERNARD GRANT
MAN II	BERNARD GRANT
CHIEF	ROGER DE KOVEN
MAN I	ROGER DE KOVEN

WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1949

ATX01 0169810

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#122

( ) ( ) (PEG KENNEDY AND FRANK WINGE - CHICAGO SUN TIMES)  
10:00 - 10:30 PM JULY 27, 1949 WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: -- UP AND SEGUE SOFTLY INTO)

(RAIN...ESTABLISH THEN B.G)

NARR: Night...and rain...empty streets! And everywhere the people complained and thought of the sun and warmth that tomorrow might bring. That is...everywhere but in <sup>a</sup>the small frame rooming house on ~~South Washington Street~~. For to Rose Lujak..listening intently in the semi-darkness of her room..this was the most wonderful night of her life.

(RAIN FADES)

GEORGE: (ALMOST WHISPERING ..INTENSE..LONGING) I love ya, Rose..  
I love ya...

ROSE: George..

GEORGE: (TENDER..SURPRISED) Whatta ya cryin' for?

ROSE: I can't help it...

GEORGE: (EXPLAINING AWKWARDLY) I love ya..I wanna marry ya..

ROSE: You're ... you're not kidding me..are you?

GEORGE: Don't be crazy..

ROSE: Kiss me, George...(FADING) ..please...please.. *(sigh)*

NARR: (SLIGHT BEAT) Now..it was early morning..and Rose Lujak was alone <sup>and?</sup> ~~with sleep so very far away.~~

(CLOCK TICKING FADES IN B.G.)

Only the sound of the cheap clock on the dresser filled the room until...the door..quietly opened and closed. But Rose Lujak did not hear the slow, gentle steps of the intruder until...(ROSE GASPS) .. a pair of hands reached out..and slowly ...viciously..choked out her life.

ATX01 0169811

~~(ROSE STRANGLES WITH ABOVE UNTIL)~~

(MUSIC: -- SLOWLY MEETS THE STRANGLING AND GOES UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY! Here is America ..its sound and its  
fury...its joy and its sorrow..as faithfully reported  
by the men and women of the great American newspapers.  
(PAUSE ... COLD AND FLAT) Chicago, Illinois! From the  
pages of the Chicago SUN-TIMES..the authentic story  
of two reporters ...who found a brutal killer..hidden  
in a dead girl's dream..Tonight...To Peg Kennedy and  
Frank Winge of the Chicago SUN-TIMES..for their BIG  
STORY ...goes the PELL MELL AWARD!

(MUSIC: -- STING)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 7/27/49  
PELL MELL

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.

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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: -- UP IN A CITY THEME...AND BEHIND)

CHAPPELL: Now...the story as it actually happened. The story of Peg Kennedy and Frank Winge...as they lived it. Chicago, Illinois!

(MUSIC: -- RISES THEN DIPS UNDER AGAIN)

NARR: How nice to be young they say. How nice to be twenty. one...with so many years still ahead of you. And for the solid month you've had this job..that's all you... Peg Kennedy...have been hearing from the older, more experienced reporters on the Chicago SUN-TIMES. You're beginning to feel like some sort of mascot around the city room. And all the time you're scared. First...of getting a really big assignment...and then..of not getting one. You'd like to make up your mind..and one afternoon.. your editor does it for you.

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

EDITOR: Peg, I'm sending Winge to Fort Wayne on a murder story. Suppose you go along for the ride?

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARRATOR)

NARR: You're in good company...for Frank Winge is one of the top crime reporters in the country. Together..you drive the hundred and fifty miles across the Indiana State line into Fort Wayne..and through every mile of it... you Peg Kennedy, listen carefully to a few thousand well chosen words *of experience - experience that somebody goes to work in the*

*of the Wayne Blue Roadmartin*  
(DRIVING CAR SNEAKS IN UNDER LAST B.G.)

~~FRANK: (A TIRED EDGE TO HIS VOICE) What makes a guy turn crook, thief, killer? It's easy, kid. He's sure burning up.~~

(MORE)

~~FRANK: You got something he hasn't, money, a dame...a job...  
(CONT'D) peace of mind. So..he starts his own private little war.  
Pretty soon he's playing it rough. He picks up a gun in a  
hock shop..or maybe a knife when the butcher's back is  
turned. Then the war's on for keeps. It's him...or us!  
Listen to what Winge tells ya, Peg. It's gospel. When  
you set out for a crook...watch for a guy who's sore.  
Nine out of ten..he's your boy!~~

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BRIDGE)

CHIEF: What's a matter, Winge? Slack season on in Chicago?

FRANK: Meet Peg Kennedy, Chief. We're here to watch how Fort  
Wayne wraps up a murder case.

~~CHIEF: Glad to know you, Miss Kennedy.~~

~~PEG: Mr. Winge's told me so much about you, Chief.~~

~~CHIEF: (SUSPICIOUS) I'll bet he has.~~

~~FRANK: Now, Chief..~~

~~CHIEF: (COMPLAINING) I don't know what you two are here for  
anyway. It's nothing you couldn't have done on the phone.~~

FRANK: So we're here. Now..what gives on this strangling case?

CHIEF: Remember now, Winge...no snooping around. ~~Amateur  
detectives make me unhappy.~~

~~FRANK: Anything you say!~~

CHIEF: And that goes for you too, Miss Kennedy.

PEG: Yes, sir!

CHIEF: (SATISFIED) Alright! Now...the girl's name was Rose  
Lujak. She was found yesterday morning at seven o'clock  
in her room.

FRANK: By whom?



CHIEF: I ~~was coming to that~~ (ANNOYED) Roomer across the hall spotted her through the half open door. Guy by the name of Harold Peters..an art student.

PEG: Is he the one you arrested?

CHIEF: Of course not!

FRANK: Then who's the guy you're holding?

CHIEF: ~~I was coming to that~~ (PEEVED) Name's George Vitanowenz. Funny sort of handle, isn't it?

PEG: What do you have on him?

CHIEF: A technical charge of vagrancy 'til he owns up to the killing. Peters identified him as the guy Rose Lujak went out with the night she was murdered.

FRANK: A handy boy to have around, this Peters.

~~CHIEF: Should have been a cop. He's alert, observant... intelligent. Around here most of the time too wanting to help us out. Might make a good interview for you, Winge~~

~~FRANK: Yeah. "My Life As an Art Student." Not bad for the Sunday supplement~~

CHIEF: Here's something even better. Rose Lujak's diary.

(MUSIC: IN SOFTLY..POIGNANTLY...BEHIND)

NARR: A diary! Remember the one you used to have? Only you stopped keeping it when you were fourteen. A friend had said it was emotionally immature to own a diary...and you weren't going to be accused of that. But someone had forgotten to tell Rose Lujak and there on the Police Chief's desk ... was a small diary with worn covers and filled pages. You know you have to read it..and with Frank Winge's help...you talk the Chief into loaning it out for just a little while. (MORE)

NARR:  
(CONT'D)

And back at <sup>you</sup> the hotel ... the girl lying dead in the Fort Wayne morgue...suddenly becomes alive again..in the words you have no right to read..but must..

(MUSIC: -- A WOODWING THEME..THIN AND ETHEREAL ...ESTABLISHES FOR A MOMENT THEN GOES BEHIND)

ROSE: (LOST) Why did I ever come here? I hate it so. Why did I think the city would be so different? It's the town all over again..with more people to stare at you...and more streets to wander in. There must be some place for me. Some place where they'll want me..and where I'll want to stay. (HOPEFULLY) Maybe I'll go to California.. Hollywood even. I'll get a job out there...the movies.. who can tell. I've seen the way men look at me..and none of those movie stars are really so pretty. They fix them up, I read. It could happen to me..why not? (IN LOVE WITH THE IDEA) I'd be having a soda in a drug store and one of those talent scouts would walk in. They'd sign me up..change my name..give me beautiful dresses. I'd be a star. Maybe..maybe it could happen.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: You feel ashamed and you can't read anymore. But you haven't been prying..because you..Peg Kennedy..have no taste for misery and loneliness. Frank Winge and you have this girl for an assignment. It's nothing personal... it's a job. That's what you tell yourself. But though the writing in the diary is not yours <sup>something</sup> the restless dream ~~of a home and of organdy curtains~~ belongs to you and every other woman.

(MORE)

NARR: Now this other girl..who shered part of your dream ...is  
(CONT'D) dead. And in the city prison..you look into the face  
of George Vitanowenz..her accused murderer...and say...

PEG: What'd she ever do to you? What'd you have against her?

GEORGE: Miss Kennedy, you got it wrong. I didn't do it.

PEG: ~~The police..~~

GEORGE: ~~They wanna look good.~~

PEG: ~~That the only reason they're holding you?~~

GEORGE: ~~Then why don't they book me on a murder rap? (BITTER)~~  
~~I'm broke...so I'm a vagrant.~~

PEG: *out* Peters...the roomer across the hall.. He saw you bring her  
home.

GEORGE: I never saw him 'til he picked me out at headquarters.  
Miss Kennedy, you gotta believe me. I didn't do it..I  
didn't.

PEG: How...how well did you know Rose Lujak?

GEORGE: (DISPIRITED) Does it make any difference?

PEG: Please. I didn't say I agreed with the police.

GEORGE: (A HOPE) <sup>you don't?</sup> Can ya help me..can ya give me a break in the  
paper.

PEG: I'll try.

GEORGE: (EAGER) Once..when I was a kid...I held up a liquor store.  
It's on my record. But I've been straight since then. I  
came here lockin' for a job. I wanted to settle down.  
Otherwise...I never would've asked Rose to marry me.

PEG: (SURPRISED) Marry *you?*

GEORGE: I swear it. I only knew her two days...but it was enough.  
I loved her.

PEG: Rose kept a diary. Your name isn't in it.

GEORGE: (DESPERATE) I don't know nothing about no diary. The night...the night it happened..she promised to marry me.

PEG: (PERSISTENT) She would have written about it...the most important thing in her life. She would have written down everything.

GEORGE: Maybe she didn't have time to do it..I don't know. But I loved her...I tell ya. Why would I kill her...why?

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: You don't answer his question...because you can't. ~~You're all mixed up. Nothing makes sense. and your first big story is running away from you.~~ You need advice....so you head back to the man with the answers ..Frank Winge. And in Police Headquarters you find him..this experienced, unhurried crime reporter..calmly passing the time of day with a polite, affable looking stranger.

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

FRANK: Miss Kennedy. Say hello to Harold Peters. He's the ~~boy~~<sup>guy</sup> who identified our murderer.

PETERS: I just happend to see him..that's all..

FRANK: Don't be modest, Harold. A lotta guys would be afraid to open their mouths. Afraid of getting involved.

PEG: Did you know Rose Lujak well, Mr. Peters.

PETERS: Hardly at all, Miss Kennedy. Just enough to say hello to. I'm not saying I wouldn't have liked to know her better but she was a rather quiet person. Almost stuck up I'd say.

PEG: I see.

PETERS: Well..I guess you and Mr. Winge have a story to file.

FRANK: Yeah...we are kinda busy.

PETERS: I'm usually around here if you want me..so if there's anything I can do.

FRANK: (DRILY) We'll keep in touch.

PETERS: Goodbye..and I hope to see you again, Miss Kennedy.

(DOOR CLOSES)

FRANK: Where you been, Peg? ~~Wingals been lookin' for ya.~~

PEG: I saw Vitanowenz at the prison.

FRANK: What's a matter? You look like he shouldn't be there.

PEG: He says he's innocent.

FRANK: That's new?

PEG: But Frank..I believe him.

FRANK: Then if you wanna get him out..why do ya pass up a hot lead like this diary?

PEG: I...I read it.

FRANK: All of it? The stuff about her dating every big shot in town?

PEG: (ANXIOUSLY) <sup>what!</sup> I didn't see that.

FRANK: Here...look ..pages full of it! And what names! A couple of bankers..the department store owner..the local radio star.

PEG: Then...maybe one of them..

FRANK: Killed her? That's the general idea. Why there's enough material in here to start a stampede to Reno!!  
~~Out with the pencil and paper. Baby..we've got a lot of indignant excuses to write down.~~

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND FOR MONTAGE)

~~MAN 1: Is this a gag, Miss Kennedy?~~

~~PEG: Your name is in her diary, Mr. Alison. She wrote she went for a moonlit cruise on your yacht.~~

MAN I: ~~Yacht? I don't even own a row boat. Please don't start rumors, Miss Kennedy, or you'll have the bank examining me here in the morning.~~

(MUSIC: -- RISES AND BEHIND)

MAN II: Listen, Mr. Winge, I'm a happily married man. I never saw Rose Lujak in my life.

FRANK: But her diary..Mr. Kane. Here's your name...

MAN II: I'm a ~~actor~~ <sup>actor</sup> and all sorts of women write me letters. Maybe this Lujak girl did, I don't know. Better turn that diary over to a psychiatrist, Mr. Winge. Perhaps he can figure it out.

(MUSIC: -- RISES AND BEHIND)

PEG: She worked in your store didn't she, Mr. Murray?

MURRAY: Sure..but I've got hundreds of employes. How can I be expected to remember her?

PEG: You didn't ask her out?

MURRAY: ~~(INDIGNANT) I most certainly did not.~~

PEG: ~~She wrote you did.~~

MURRAY: You'll forgive me for saying this, Miss Kennedy. The poor girl's dead..but she was a liar!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BRIDGE)

FRANK: (HALF COMPLAINING) ~~I've been around, Peg, you know that. I've met the best con men in the business. Guys who could smooth talk me out of my false teeth.~~ <sup>200</sup> ~~But~~ this diary ..it's ...it's fantastic.

PEG: She was sick, Frank.

FRANK: This thing is worthless. It's a lie from beginning to end. ~~Do you know those guys could have sued us for the Federal Mint if we dared print any of it?~~

PEG: We could print it all right...but as a study of a frustrated, unhappy girl who imagined a world in which she didn't live.

FRANK: And that doesn't exist!

PEG: It didn't have a "keep out" sign on it..but we had no right to intrude.

FRANK: ~~It fascinates me now.~~ Here..listen to this part of it. What imagination! (READS)"Tonight, he said he would take me to South America..to the harbor at Rio where Sugar Loaf Mountain points out into the sea. His words were beautiful. We'd walk on the beach and watch the waves break into snow on the sand. He spoke so nice.. but still...I'm scared of him. I don't want him near me."

PEG: (CURIOSLY) Who was she talking about?

FRANK: Another one of her dream princes I guess.

PEG: But one of them didn't kill her. It was someone who's real and alive.

FRANK: And if it's not that kid in jail...then who?

(MUSIC: IN SOFTLY AND BEHIND)

NARR: Another question and you leave it hanging in the air as you walk out of headquarters, alone. And as you go slowly through the streets of Fort Wayne...the strange facts in yours and Frank Winge's story...surround you like a mist. You...Peg Kennedy...draw quick stares from passers-by as you bump into several of them. You're in the dream world of Rose Lujak and like her..you're wandering the streets of the city...looking for something that doesn't seem to exist.

(MORE)

NARR: (CONT'D) It gets late and you're on the outskirts of town. Like a patient coming out of an anaesthetic..you gradually become aware of reality. It's dark and it's lonely and as you suddenly stop in a half fright you hear..

(STEPS HALF ECHOING OFF..THEY STOP)

Someone behind you.

(SHE WALKS AND STEPS CONTINUE TO FOLLOW)

NARR: Someone following you <sup>you walk</sup> Faster and faster ..but in back of you not a step is lost. *you try to hail a passing taxi*

~~(STEPS AS DESCRIBED ABOVE) (CAR APPROACHING)~~

~~PEG: (FRIGHT) Taxi...taxi~~

NARR: You're lucky..you'll be away from here in a (STOPS AS)  
*Peg: Take Taxi!*  
(CAR SPEEDS BY AND FADES) (RUNNING STEPS)

NARR: *But it doesn't stop*  
Run...run..you're scared to death..why didn't Winge come with you..why? You're about to scream when...

PETERS: (PROJECTING JUST OFF) Miss Kennedy...Miss Kennedy.

~~NARR: you hear your name..and the pleasant looking man you met in headquarters comes up to you.~~

(HER STEPS END AND AS OTHERS COME ON)

PETERS: (BREATHING JUST A TRIPLE HARD) Quite a run you gave me, Miss Kennedy.

PEG: (RELIEVED) Don't ever senak up on a girl like that again, Mr. Peters.

PETERS: I'm sorry if I startled you. I was walking on the other side of the street when I noticed you.

PEG: I'm still shaking.

PETERS: (LAUGHING) It was mean of me not to call out before.

~~PEG: You're a regular bogey man.~~

~~PETERS: Not really! You're too pretty a girl to frighten.~~



PEG: ~~Thanks~~ Well, I guess I'll be getting back.

PETERS: What's the rush? It's such a lovely night.

PEG: I've got a long day tomorrow.

PETERS: I haven't seen such a sky in years. Not since South America. Rio..to be exact.

PEG: (ALMOST STARTLED) Rio?

PETERS: Yes..the harbor there is so beautiful; Sugar Loaf Mountain pointing out into the sea and..I'm sorry..I'm boring you.

PEG: (ALMOST ANXIOUS) No..no... please go on!

PETERS: (PLEASED) You'd like it there. Lovers walk on the beach and watch the waves break into snow on the sand. It's ..it's like paradise on earth. And something tells me that you're a girl who'd like to hear all about it.  
Am I right, Peg...am I?

(MUSIC: -- UP INTO CURTAIN)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

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 Peg Kennedy and Frank Winge..as they lived it..and wrote it!

NARR: Frank Winge, veteran crime reporter of the CHICAGO SUN-TIMES, has been sent to Fort Wayne, Indiana to cover the strangling of Rose Lujak. And you, Peg Kennedy...have gone along..as your editor put it.."just for the ride." But now it's turned out to be more than that for you're in this story deeper than anything that's ever happened to you. The police are holding a man named George Vitanowenz for the murder but you and Frank think he's innocent. So you turn to Rose Lujak's diary..searching for a clue. And it seems that all you find is a pack of imaginative lies...a girl trying to be the glamorous beauty she wasn't. Yet..as you talk to Harold Peters..the roomer who lived across the hall from Rose.....the one who identified George Vitanowenz..you know that one thing in the diary was true.

PEG: It's late, Mr. Peters. I have to get back to the hotel.

PETERS: You don't mind my calling you, Peg?

PEG: No..I..I don't mind.

PETERS: You're a writer..a woman with imagination. You can understand the things I say. You can appreciate the places I've been..the wonderful experiences I've had.

PEG: Please, I must go.

PETERS: It's so nice being with you like this..alone.

PEG: I've enjoyed it.

PETERS: (EAGERLY) Do you mean that...do you really?

PEG: Of course.

PETERS: You don't know how happy that makes me. I want you to like me...very much.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

FRANK: Now ~~Wings~~ ~~is~~ ~~seen~~ ~~everything~~. Peg..you've got the kind of luck they don't sell in the five and ten.

PEG: Peters was a perfect gentleman, Frank. In the taxi here to the hotel..he was chivalry ~~himself~~ <sup>stuffy</sup>. What I don't understand though is why he followed me. I know his finding me wasn't an accident.

FRANK: Either he wanted to see what you knew..or he just likes girls.

PEG: The way he talked about South America..and the beach at Rio. That crazy line about the waves coming in on the sand.

~~FRANK: Here, I've got it in the diary. (READING) "Watch the waves break into snow on the sand."~~

~~PEG: That's it..his very words..~~

FRANK: Poor artists..they're all alike. They've gotta paint pictures. If not with a brush..then with words.

PEG: Peters doesn't know what's in the diary. I'm sure of it.

FRANK: Just the same you be careful. Understand!

~~PEG: All right, Frank!~~

~~FRANK: (THINKING) Wings's gotta figure this thing out. Now Peters is so crooked he doesn't know the finger he put on Vitacorenz is bending back toward him. So~~

PEG: Let's tell the chief what we know.

FRANK: ~~More advice, Peg. Never tell a cop anything unless you can prove it. Without proof, you're an interfering meddler. With proof, you're a public spirited citizen.~~

PEG: But the diary is proof, Frank.

FRANK: Does it say in there that Peters did it? No..what we need is something or someone to show he knew her better than he admits. ~~Then we've caught him lying. we can break him down~~

PEG: I've got the address of the place where Rose Lujak <sup>once lived</sup> used to live. It's some sort of girl's club.

FRANK: Well, you better check it, Peg. If I stuck this face of mine in there..they'd call for the cops.

(MUSIC: IN AND BEHIND)

~~MARR: Back in Chicago some people think of Frank Winge as a tough, bitter man..but you..Peg Kennedy..you know different. For Frank is aware of the feeling you have for the dead girl.. how much you want to help convict her murderer. He knows too that your editor is watching you on this story..and Frank's giving you every chance in the world to make good. But there's more besides your job at stake here. A boy waiting in the Fort Wayne prison..a boy whose hopes of a future had turned overnight into a nightmare of uncertainty. And as you walk into the large frame building where Rose Lujak once lived..you're scared of talking to the girls... scared of leaving there without the proof you need so badly.~~

MARGE: I guess I'm the one you oughta talk to, Miss Kennedy. My name's Marge Dohlon. Me and Rose used to share the same room here.

PEG: I know it's late, Marge and I won't ask you too many questions.

MARGE: You going to put this in your paper?

PEG: If you can help me..sure.

MARGE: Go on..ask me something!

PEG: Did you room with her long?

MARGE: Only about a month. That's all she was here!

PEG: Tell me about her.

MARGE: Like what?

PEG: Well..did anyone come to see her? Did she talk about her boy friends?

MARGE: Men aren't allowed above this floor. That what you mean?

PEG: (SLIGHTLY EXASPERATED) Didn't you say things to one another at night..when you were in bed?

MARGE: Rose didn't talk much, <sup>Miss Kennedy</sup> You know, stuck up. Especially about boys and dates..like the rest of us were old sticks who never had a good time, You know!

PEG: Uh huh..

MARGE: She used to sit at her desk and stare out the window and dream and then scribble in that silly diary she kept locked up and hidden somewhere. Rose once caught me looking for it and the way she hollared you'd think I was killing her.

PEG: You were wrong, Marge.

MARGE: What was so terrible? She didn't treat me like a friend. Oh, she was glad to get out of here all right. She wanted a place where she could have more fun, You know.

PEGY: (ANGRY) You've no right to talk against her like that.

MARGE: (SURPRISED) What'd I say?

PEG: (EMOTIONAL) She's dead now. Leave her alone! What did she ever do to you that you can say such things.

MARGE: (GETTING SORE) Now wait a minute! You came here asking questions. I didn't go to you.

PEG: (RECOVERING) I'm... I'm sorry. Please forgive me.

MARGE: (DIGNITY) Well...that's a little different.

PEG: Could you tell me a little more, please?

MARGE: I'm not sure I want to..now.

PEG: Look, I said I'm sorry. This has been difficult for all of us. It was a terrible killing..and there's a man whose life is in danger if we don't find the real murderer. You've got to help me.

MARGE: (STARTLED BY PEG'S INTENSITY) Take it easy..I'm not running out on Rose. I didn't say I hated her.

PEG: → *Could you tell me a little more, please?*  
Did you ever see her again after she moved out?

MARGE: Well, I..yeah...I did. A drug store. I bumped into her at the fountain.

PEG: (CONTROLLING HER ANXIETY) Now, listen carefully, Marge and think hard. Did Rose say anything about a man who frightened her? (SLIGHT BEAT) Well?

MARGE: (CONCENTRATING..IMPATIENT) I'm trying to remember. (SLOW) We talked about the girls still living here and then about our summer vacations...and..(SLIGHTLY EXCITED) Hey..I remember.

PEG: What?

MARGE: Rose said she liked her new rooming house fine except for some character across the hall from her..some guy who kept bothering her.

PEG: Go on!

MARGE: She said something about him wanting her to go to South America with him. (ENVY) Why couldn't something like that happen to me?

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

CHIEF: What's so important you two had to see me this late?

FRANK: Peg's got news for you, Chief...something that'll change this whole case. Go on, Peg..like you told it to me.

PEG: (DEEP BREATH) Chief, you've got the wrong man in jail.

CHIEF: I have, eh?

PEG: Harold Peters killed Rose Iujak.

CHIEF: You wouldn't fool me, would ya?

PEG: He said he hardly knew her..but he lied. He was after her to go away with him. It's in her diary.

CHIEF: That thing? It's a phoney. You can't believe a thing in it. And besides, Peter's name wasn't in it.

PEG: I know..but that business about South America and the man who frightened her. That was Peters.

CHIEF: Anything else?

PEG: (UNSURE) That's...that's all.

CHIEF: I see.

PEG: Aren't you going to arrest him?

FRANK: It's on the level, Chief. Peters is your boy. Put a light on him..ask him some questions. You'll have yourself an indictment.

CHIEF: I'm getting an indictment..first thing in the morning... and the killer's name is George Vitanowenz.

PEG: But he didn't do it..he didn't.



CHIEF: Listen to me, Miss Kennedy. I knew Winge would go snooping around but you looked like a smart girl. I was wrong...and so were you. In trying to get a cheap, sensational story..you're smearing an innocent man. A fine, intelligent witness who's helped us cracked this case. What do you take me for..anyway?

FRANK: Give me time..I'll think of something.

CHIEF: Still a wise guy, eh, Winge?

FRANK: (EARNESTLY) Chief, Peg's given it to you straight. Vitanowenz is innocent. Give him a break!

CHIEF: I'll be back in my office in five minutes, You two better not be here.

(DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS)

FRANK: (SLIGHT BEAT)(SIGHS) Think I'll retire and write a novel.

PEG: (WORRIED) Frank, what can we do?

FRANK: Well, we might ask Peters to confess.

PEG: (ALMOST IN TEARS) Stop it..

FRANK: He's such a calm looking guy. Hard to think of him getting sore...strangling a girl.

PEG: I don't want any theories, Frank. I want something done. The only true thing in the diary is being thrown out because the rest of it is so full of lies.

FRANK: (MUSING) <sup>Peter</sup> ~~He~~ supposed to be cooperative. The least he could do would be to confess. It'd be such a favor.

PEG: Frank....

(DOOR OPENS)

PETERS: (JUST OFF) I beg your pardon. I thought the Chief was in.

FRANK: Well, if it isn't Helpful Harold.

PETERS: I heard they were going to indict the murderer tomorrow. Just thought there was something I could do to help.  
(WARMLY) Hello, Peg....

PEG: (AN IDEA FORMING) Hello, Harold...

FRANK: (SURPRISED) My..you two must be good friends.

PEG: Frank, do you suppose Harold would do me a favor.

FRANK: You never can tell.

PETERS: I'd be glad to help if I can.

FRANK: Worth a try, Peg!

PETERS: What's the favor?

FRANK: I guess it's personal. If you'll excuse me.,

PETERS: Certainly..

(DOOR CLOSES)

PETERS: Now..what is it,,Peg?

PEG: I'm leaving Fort Wayne tomorrow, Harold.

PETERS: Must you?

PEG: Yes. I'm planning to go away on a trip. Maybe South America. I know you said you wanted to visit there someday and I thought you might...

PETERS: (ALMOST SHARPLY) I said I'd been there.

PEG: Did you? I don't remember your saying that. As I recall, you told me...

PETERS: (JUMP CUE) I told you all about it. How could I describe it so well if I actually hadn't been there myself.

PEG: You could have read about it...maybe imagined a little.

PETERS: Don't be stupid.

PEG: (ANNOYED) I thought you were a gentleman.

PETERS: I am..but you called me a liar.

PEG: I did not, All I said was that I thought you hadn't been to South America.

PETERS: You know very well what I told you.

PEG: (CHALLENGING) What city did you visit?

PETERS: Rio..in Brazil. I told you about the harbor..every detail about it. Sugar Loaf Mountain..and the harbor..

PEG: With the waves coming in like snow on the ~~beach~~<sup>sand</sup>

PETERS: (TRIUMPHANTLY) You do remember.

PEG: Then you were there...

PETERS: Of course!

PEG: Rose Lujak almost went to Rio.

PETERS: (WARILY) Really?

PEG: She said a man wanted to take her there.

PETERS: Probably a lie!

PEG: How do you know?

PETERS: She was always lying. She said she'd been to cities all over the world. But she knew nothing about them.

PEG: I thought you didn't know her. You said she was stuck up.. wouldn't pay any attention to you.

PETERS: (CONFUSED) She didn't...she was a snob.

PEG: (PRESSING) Then who told you she wanted to travel..to get out and see things?

PETERS: It was in her diary.

PEG: How do you know she kept one?

PETERS: I..I guessed it. Most girls have one. Didn't you?

PEG: Then it was in the diary that you found out she made up things?

PETERS: Yes...yes, that was it.

PEG: But you just said you only guessed she had a diary.

PETERS: I think I saw it once.

PEG: How?

PETERS: She showed it to me.

PEG: I don't believe you.

PETERS: Don't you call me a liar again!

PEG: Rose kept that diary hidden. It was a secret. She showed it to no one.

PETERS: People talked about her. I heard things.

PEG: You lie.

PETERS: (INTENSE, RISING A LITTLE) Shut up..don't say that!

PEG: You told the police you hardly knew her. Yet you really know so many things about her.

PETERS: Only what you're making up.

PEG: Do you know that Rose Lufak wrote about you in her diary? Do you know she was afraid you'd hurt her?

PETERS: She's a liar.

PEG: You did know her..you were in her room.

PETERS: Maybe once..but it was nothing. I was always nice to her.

PEG: Why was she frightened?

PETERS: She wasn't. The diary is full of lies.

PEG: Whose word will they believe? Yours or hers?

PETERS: Mine...mine! She was a liar! I can prove it. I've been to all those places she wrote about. I've traveled all over the world. But she made everything up. You can't believe that diary. I tell you she lies..

PEG: *you're the liar*  
→ ~~So, there was one bit of truth in that diary. You wanted her to go away with you...and she wrote down your very words..the words you say are true. Or now..are you willing to admit you're a liar too!~~

PETERS: (FURIOUS) I told her the truth. ~~I was going to take her away.~~ I went to her room again that night. I gave her one more chance..but she called me a liar...(SCREAMING) She wasn't going to call me that anymore. I killed her! I killed her!

(MUSIC: SHARPLY AND PIERCING... TO CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Peg  
Kennedy of the Chicago Sun-Times with the final outcome  
of tonight's BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: STING)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

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 - t 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!

(MUSIC: -- TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Peg Kennedy of the Chicago Sun - Times.

KENNEDY: Completely unnerved, killer in tonight's Big Story repeats his confession to the police. Less than a year later he died in the electric chair at the State Prison at Michigan City, Indiana. The dead girl's boy friend was immediately released from the city prison. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Miss Kennedy..the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to present you and reporter Frank Wingo the PELL MELL \$500 Award for notable service in the field of journalism.

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY - A BIG STORY from the front pages of the Atlanta, Georgia Journal -- by-line, George Goodwin. A BIG STORY - about people who forgot about justice and a reporter who got a new trial for 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 Alvin Boretz and your narrator was Bob Sloano. Joyce Gordon played the part of Peg Kennedy and Luis Van Rooten played Frank Winge. In order to protect the names of people actually involved in tonight's authentic BIG STORY the names of all characters in the dramatization were changed with the exception of the reporters, Miss Kennedy and Mr. Winge.

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

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

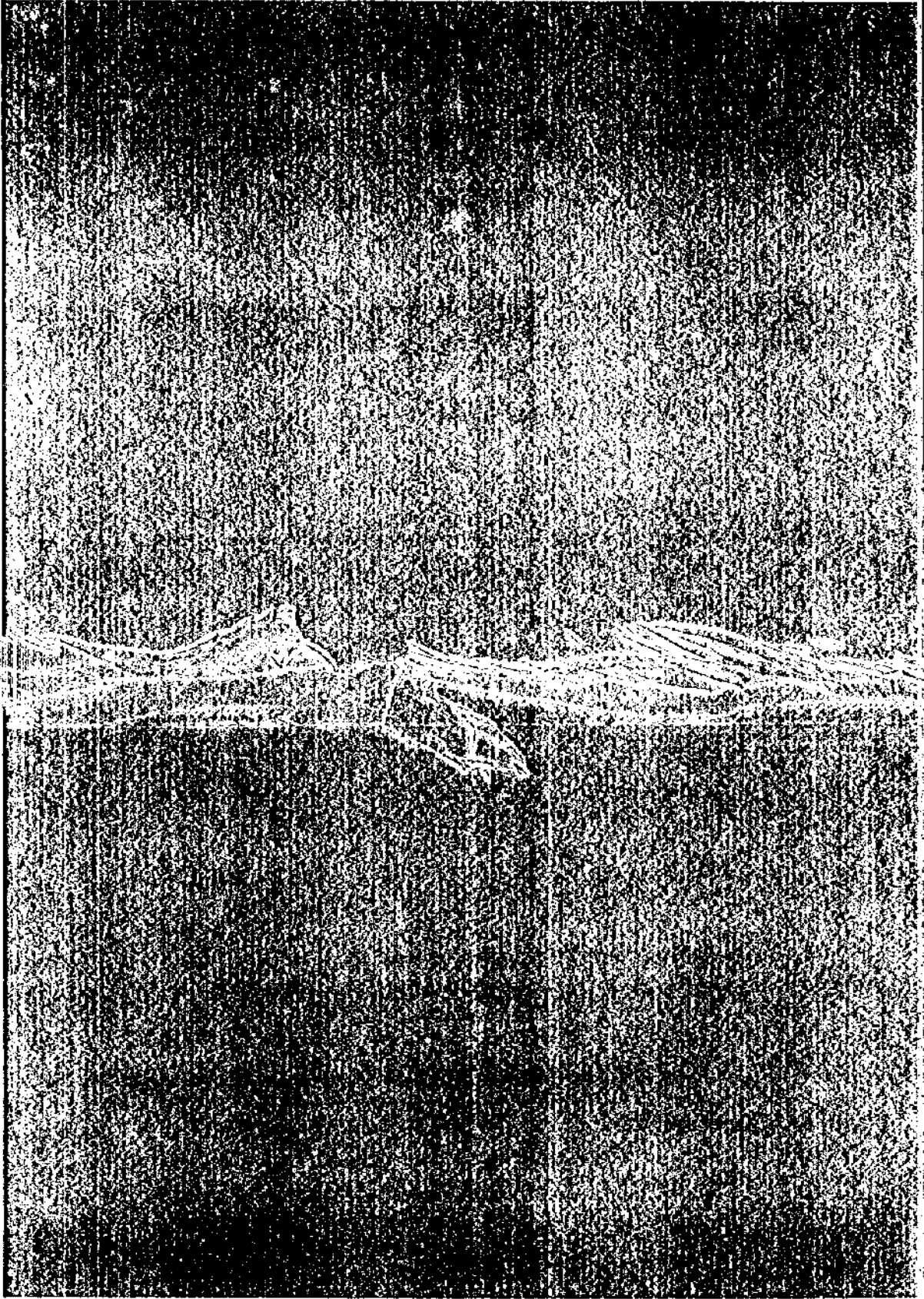
This is National Farm Safety Week - a good time to remember that most accidents on America's farms don't just "happen" - they're brought about by failure to use proper equipment, carelessness in handling of animals..using defective equipment and tools. Unsafe acts like these are taking 51 lives a day on the nation's farms. So if you work on a farm, don't take chances. Do things the right way..because the right way is the safe way.

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

mac/sally  
7/15/49 pm



439



# AS BROADCASTS

## THE BIG STORY

### PROGRAM #123

#### CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
RUMOR LADY	ETHEL OWEN
MRS. ANSON	ETHEL OWEN
TWO	JOAN SHEA
GIRL	JOAN SHEA
GIRL 2	BETTY JANE TYLER
GEORGE	SYDNEY SMITH
CHIEF	RAY JOHNSON
DIRECTOR	RAY JOHNSON
RAY	BERNARD GRANT
COP	BERNARD GRANT
CORONER	ERIC DRESSLER
PROF.	ERIC DRESSLER

GEORGE GOODWIN: ATLANTA, GA., JOURNAL

A. PERL

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1949

ATX01 0169841

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#123

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

AUGUST 3, 1949

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE AND OUT FOR:)

(A MILD POCKETA-POCKETA SOUND WHICH CONTINUES  
ALL THROUGH SCENE REGISTERING TENSION WITH THE

CHIEF: *Now Mr. Rumbold, this lie detector is gonna test your reactions. Not we'll take it nice and easy, Nice and easy, Ray.*  
(INCREASED POCKETA.) (IT IS A LIE DETECTOR AT WORK)

(PAUSE) (HE'S SUPERIOR TO THE MAN HE'S QUESTIONNING)

(BELIEVES HIM GUILTY) ~~The machine is gonna test your reactions.~~ *Because* If you're tense when I ask a certain

question - it'll vibrate. Like when you lie. Understand

RAY: (UNWILLING VICTIM) Yes, sir.

CHIEF: Good. Now okay -- see this card, an ordinary playing card.  
What's the card?

RAY: Ace of spades.

CHIEF: *Mr. Rumbold* Good. Now, the idea is, Ray, to establish how much the machine moves when you lie. *So I want you to deliberately lie to this guy* Now here's the question: Is this card the four of diamonds?

RAY: (HESITATES. .. STUMBLES) N ---- yes. (THEN WILDLY) I won't -- I won't answer. You're tricking me, you're ---

CHIEF: *He Rumbold* (VERY BLAND) *that* If that's what happens to you when I ask a simple question like "Is this the 4 of diamonds" -

what's the answer to this, Ray (FIERCE) DID YOU

MURDER YOUR WIFE ~~AT 2:30 PM YESTERDAY AFTERNOON!~~

(MUSIC: -- UP BIG ... THEN UNDER FOR:)

ATX01 0169842

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) Atlanta, Georgia: the story of a reporter who  
put blind prejudice on trial, who appealed to a  
nameless judge and a faceless jury -- and won.  
To staff writer George Goodwin of the Atlanta, Georgia,  
Journal for his brilliant and humane reporting  
for his Big Story goes the PELL MELL AWARD!

(MUSIC: -- STING)  
(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #123

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: \_ \_ THEME) (THIS IS IMPORTANT)

CHAPPELL: Now the story as it actually happened. Reporter George Goodwin's story as he lived it. Atlanta, Georgia.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ PUNCTUATES AND UNDER)

SLOANE: Her name was Florine Anson Rimbaud, of the Social Register ~~Anson's~~. And he was Raymond Rimbaud, French, an artist and at the moment a most respected and popular school teacher. He had just built the house for her: a converted grist mill in the beautiful Peachtree Creek section of Atlanta. They had one son, Tony, 9. He had come home from school, Tony had, gone into the house, called for Mommy and got no answer. He went out in the yard, still no answer. He walked -- 100 yards to the stream and there ....

(MUSIC: \_ \_ STINGS AND OUT)

in beautiful Peachtree Creek he saw the bruised and broken body of his mother, face upward in the water, the mouth curled and frozen in terrible fright and tragic death.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ HITS ... THEN UNDER, GENTLY)

SLOANE: (SOBER) You got the assignment, George Goodwin of the Atlanta Journal. You got hold of Assistant County Police Chief Don Davis, three hours after the killing was discovered ....

GEORGE: (HIGHLY INTELLIGENT THROUGHOUT) Statement, Chief?

CHIEF: Oh, Goodwin - sure. I'd say Mrs. Rimbaud was strangled after being set on in her home.

GEORGE: Then carried down to the creek and thrown in?

CHIEF: Evidence indicates that.

GEORGE: (SMILING) Kind of cautious, chief? Any idea of motive?

CHIEF: Two, quite valuable heirloom rings appear to be missing. Also a brooch. Might be robbery. Robbery then murder. Might be.

GEORGE: Time of death?

CHIEF: That's up to the experts - we'll know in an hour.

GEORGE: Any suspects?

CHIEF: "The murderer is still at large."

GEORGE: (PAUSE) Don't know a thing, do you. --(PAUSE) Off the record?

CHIEF: Nope. More than the fact she's dead -- not a thing.

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH SLOANE:)

SLOANE: Big bold type, tragic type: but nothing yet that you can't put in your eye. Then, as is routine, come the experts ... the coroner:

CORONER: As near as accurate analysis can be made, death was by strangulation at 3:30 PM yesterday afternoon. Examination of the lungs reveals no water present. Thus the strangulation took place on land, after which the body was dumped or thrown into the water. Neck marks would tend to indicate this body was hanged.

(MUSIC: -- ON THE "HANGED" UNDER:)

SLOANE: The dragnet experts go to work....

COP: Lt., we picked up eleven itinerant workers, one vagrant. Being questioned now. A neighbor says Mrs. Rimbaud was seen at 2 o'clock <sup>carrying</sup> ~~with~~ an easel in the woods -- *there were* ~~with~~ two girls. They were models. Beauts!

(MUSIC: -- MOVEMENT OUT)

GEO. What about the models, chief?

CHIEF: They posed in the woods for a picture Mrs. Rimbaud was painting, *Goodwin*

GEO: I didn't know she painted.

CHIEF: They left by 2:30. We checked them both; they checked.

GEO: What about the itinerants and the vagrant?

CHIEF: We locked the vagrant up for vagrancy.

GEO: Period?

CHIEF: Period.

GEO. (KIDDING) "The murderer is still at large."

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

SLOANE: It was on every tongue, of course; who could refrain from having a theory in a case as terrible and tragic (SLOWLY) and <sup>as</sup> juicy as this? Every garageman and soda clerk, every society matron and bus conductor, ha@ his theory.

RUMORLADY: (SEMI-WHISPER) You know what I heard?

#TWO: (SAME) What?

RUMOR: That HE painted that same model, the one SHE was using in the park that day. The blonde'.

TWO: No!

SLOANE: With nothing to go on, the rumor mills began to grind. And then, the first real break in the case came ...

GEO: (TENSE) Just what was it, Chief?

CHIEF: (EVENLY) A Clothesline, Goodwin. It was hanging from a tree - obscured by shubbory. That's why we didn't find it at first. It had blood on it.

GEO: (LITTLE INCREDULOUS) She was hung from a tree?



CHIEF: Hung and cut down -- jagged ends on the rope. The rope's clothesline -- same kind of line in the Rimbaud's back yard.

~~GEO: Clothesline is clothesline, isn't it?~~

~~CHIEF: THIS clothesline was part of the line from the Rimbaud's back yard. No question about it.~~ A man whose identity cannot be disclosed has been under questioning in my office for the past few hours. That's all for now.

(MUSIC: -- MOVEMENT OUT)

RUMOR: Do you know who the police questioned?

TWO: Him?

RUMOR: Of course. Who else?

TWO: I knew it. I knew it. I was talking to my husband only this morning and he said YOU CAN'T TRUST THESE FRENCH.

RUMOR: And a French ARTIST!

TWO: I heard they grilled him for 26 hours -- and then he broke down and confessed.

~~RUMOR: They say he married her only for her money!~~

~~TWO: Didn't you hear? He's been carrying on with that model (the red-headed one) for years.~~

RUMOR: I heard they found out through the knots, the way the rope was tied. It was a special knot -- a sailor's knot. Did you know he was a French sailor for years?

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH SLOANE)

SLOANE: The rumor mills grind exceedingly fine. Long before anyone really knew <sup>that</sup> who the unidentified man who had been questioned by the police was, Raymond Rimbaud <sup>he</sup> was tried and convicted by public opinion. Calls came into your paper, George Goodwin, hundreds of calls, into the police; "Has he confessed yet?" "Why don't the police indict?" What's all the delay -- the man's guilty as sin."

~~GEO: Chief!~~

~~CHIEF: Yes, Goodwin.~~

~~GEO: It was Rimbaud you questioned?~~

~~CHIEF: That's right.~~

~~GEO: You think he's guilty?~~

~~CHIEF: It was a routine questioning.~~

~~GEO: Then -- where did all these rumor come from? I've heard it from a dozen people - Rimbaud's guilty.~~

~~CHIEF: Talk.~~

~~GEO: It's not just talk -- it's -- it's a trial. This man's on trial already -- and more than halfway convicted.~~

~~CHIEF: Look, I got a murder case to solve.~~

~~GEO: But something ought to be done.~~

~~CHIEF: Well, that not my department. I can't do anything.~~

~~GEO: Well, I can. Can I quote you as saying Rimbaud is not guilty.~~

~~CHIEF: All I can say now is -- we merely questioned him. It was routine.~~

~~(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)~~

SLOANE: You write the story, quote the Chief, hope in doing so that you'll put a stop to the rumors, but instead ....

RUMOR: He was fired from his <sup>teaching</sup> job you know, today.

TWO: Not a moment too soon. How would you like to have your daughter taught by a man like that?

RUMOR: And my husband said -- He ought to be ridden out of town on a rail.

(MUSIC: -- WITH SLOANE)

SLOANE: You decided the other side of the picture had to be presented. If Raymond Rimbaud was guilty he deserved a fair trial -- and if he as innocent -- then what was happening was barbaric. It had to be stopped.

(DOOR BELL RUNG ....DOOR OPENED)

MRS. ANSON: (DIGNIFIED, GENTLE) Yes?

GEO: I'm George Goodwin, of the Journal, Mrs. Anson.

MRS. A: Yes?

GEO: ~~I'd like to see~~ <sup>I'm looking for</sup> Mr. Rimbaud. Can you tell me where he is?

MRS. A: Come in, won't you? <sup>(Goodness)</sup>

~~GEO: I'd like to see him -- but I'd like to see you too.~~

~~MRS. A: Please. I'm at your service.~~

GEO: Mrs. Anson. I know how you must feel -- you daughter do not three days, but--

MRS. A: That's quite all right.

GEO: How do you feel, Mrs. Anson -- about Rimbaud?

(PAUSE)

MRS. A: Raymond was my daughter's husband. member of my family. The father of my only grandson. (PAUSE) I love Raymond.

GEO: Then, you don't think he's --

MRS. A: Would I have him in my house if I did? He's upstairs.  
Maybe if you talk to him -- maybe if somebody listens to  
Raymond -- all this horrible talk that's going around --  
maybe some of it would stop.

(MUSIC: IN AND OUT)

RAY: (WITH LOVE) We met at the Sorbonne, Mr. Goodwin, in Paris  
where she was studying art, and we fell in love. We were  
married and came back to live in America. Tony was born  
and then, it was 1939 and my mama wrote she would like  
to see Tony. So we left for Paris.

GEO: (SIGNIFICANTLY) '39 that was?

RAY: Yes, the war greeted us. Within a week after our arrival  
I enlisted in the French Army. I was captured at Dunkirk  
and they put me in a prison camp in Poland. Four years in  
darkness, four years of terror -- and ~~(LAUGHS BITTERLY)~~

GEO: I'm sorry ---

RAY: You don't understand - the terrible irony. The terrible  
irony of it. I escaped. By a miracle, somehow, I got out,  
returned to France and found them: Florine and Tony. They  
were alive, I was alive -- and we came home. We came  
back to Atlanta.

GEO: Things went well for a while, didn't they?

RAY: I painted, people were kind, they liked my work. I  
received a position at the University, Tony grew,  
Florine studied her painting seriously. We decided on  
the house -- and -- 9 days after it was built -- 9 days --  
we had just moved in -- (STOPS)

GEO: That's awful --

RAY: No, Mr. Goodwin: somewhere in my life, where I do not know, I must have committed a great and terrible sin. ~~Otherwise~~, otherwise why should this happen to me, to be saved from the Nazis, from Prison, to find my family after years of separation -- only to lose everything this way.

GEO: Mr. Rimbaud, whatever I can do, anything - if the power of honest writing and reporting means anything --(LOW BUT ERNEST) - I believe you're innocent. I'm going to try to prove it.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP FOR TAG FOR ACT 1)

(COMMERCIAL)

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: -- THEME AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and  
THE BIG STORY of George Goodwin, as he lived it and wrct  
it ...

SLOANE: Raymond Rimbaud has been convicted of the murder of his  
wife -- not by a court of law, but in the court of  
rumor-mongering. A nameless judge (prejudice) and a  
faceless jury ( intolerance) have listened to no facts,  
heard no evidence and have brought in a verdict of guilty  
of murder. And you, George Goodwin, staff writer for the  
Atlanta Journal set about in the only way you know how,  
to right this wrong -- you plan to do a series of stories  
for your paper. You do a story on what the police know  
and what they don't know, one on what are facts and what  
is mere conjecture; all good -- but not enough. The  
rumor mills grind them to dust. (PAUSE) Where was Rimbaud  
on the day of the murder; where was he every minute,  
every second of <sup>that</sup> ~~the~~ day? If that can be established --

GEO: All right now, Mr. Rimbaud -- slowly now -- go over it  
again.

RAY: I left the house at 12 - noon---

GEO: (CARRYING HIM ALONG) -went to your wife's mother's house --

RAY: That's right. I stayed there till about 2. Florine was  
alive then because she phoned me at mother's - asked me  
to bring over a thimble --

GEO: But you didn't go directly home, Mr. Rimbaud?

RAY: Raymond is so much easier.

GEO: Sure. You didn't?

RAY: No. I had a class at the University at 2:30.

GEO: That lasted till - 3:30?

RAY: Nearly quarter to four. I spoke with several students after the class.

GEO: Then you went to the art museum.

RAY: They were hanging a picture of mine -- that was till 5:15. Then I went home -- and found -- and you know the rest ---

GEO: I'm sorry -- we've got to say it. You found Tony, in hysterics -- at 5:30 -- ~~it was right after he'd found the body.~~

RAY: (LOW) Yes--

GEO: Okay. Then all we need is corroboration.

(MUSIC: -- MOVEMENT)

GEO: At what time, then, Mrs. Anson, would you say Raymond left your home?

MRS. A: (THOUGHTFULLY) It was a little after two; just after - Florine called, asking him to bring over a thimble. (She'd lost her thimble). I remember because I have to take pills at 2 and 6. And I had just taken my pills.

(MUSIC: -- MOVEMENT)

GEO: But, professor, I'm merely asking if Mr. Rimbaud taught class that day?

PROF: (IRATE) I have no information to offer, Mr. Goodwin.

GEO: You're the head of the Art Department - surely you have a schedule of his classes. Can't I see the schedule?

PROF: Good day, Mr. Goodwin.

(MUSIC: -- SAME INTO)



GEO: Aren't you in Mr. Rimbaud's class?

GIRL: He's a fiend, that's what he is -- a fiend --

GEO: Look, Miss -- all I'm asking is -- did you or didn't you attend a class of Mr. Rimbaud's between 2:32 and 3:45?

GIRL: Leave me alone. Leave me alone.

(MUSIC:      SAME INTO)

GEO: You're the director of the Art Museum?

DIRECTOR: That is correct - but if you are here on behalf of Mr. Rimbaud, you are wasting my time - and your own.

GEO: I'm not here on behalf of anybody. I want a story. Was Raymond Rimbaud here from 4 o'clock until 5:15?

DIRECTOR: I have no interest in answering your questions, sir.

(MUSIC:      HARSH AND UNDER)

SLOANE: Dame Rumor had done her work well. It was as if -- (you hated the analogy but you could not keep it from your mind) - as if a shark had tasted blood and could not be stopped. But everyone wasn't like that -- they couldn't be -- people were people: good and bad: evil and malicious, but generous and earnest, too. There must be some --

~~GEO: You, Miss, couldn't you tell me if --~~

~~(DOOR SLAM)~~

~~GEO: Excuse me, sir, but --~~

~~(DOOR SLAM)~~

~~GEO: I'm sorry to bother you, but --~~

GIRL II: ~~That's all right.~~ I'll tell you Mr. Goodwin. I've been reading your articles and what people are saying about Mr. Rimbaud - it's -- it's criminal.

GEO: Thank heaven.

GIRL II: ~~I liked him -- that's why I stayed out of it, till now -- because people would talk about me, too. But I don't care now.~~ I'm in his class -- and these are the facts: (I'll swear to them) -- he taught the class until 3:30 -- then there was a discussion with some of the students (I was one of them) - till quarter to four or so. Then he said he had to go to the Art Museum -- and I -- I walked him there and went in with him.

GEO: I understand.

GIRL II: We were there till about 5:15 -- I had to go home for dinner then, My father told me not to say anything -- but I'm glad I talked to you.

GEO: You may have to sign an affidavit.

GIRL II: I'll do whatever you say. Raymond Rimbaud is a fine man.

(MUSIC: HITS AND UNDER)

SLOANE: There are decent people. Others begin to come forth, to corroborate the student's story -- the man at the desk in the museum, another student, one of Rimbaud's associates at the college (who asks please don't use my name). But you've got your story - an absolutely authenticated story. ~~You write it.~~

GEO: ~~This is how Raymond Rimbaud spent his time on the fateful~~  
afternoon of the murder of his attractive socialite wife.

(FADE BEGINS) At 12 o'clock he was at the home of --

(MUSIC: IN TO WIPE AND UNDER FOR)

SLOANE: ~~It's a good story, clean and honest,~~ and your editor runs it  
big. You wait: surely such weight of evidence will begin  
to turn the tide, the rumors must die down. You wait...

RUMOR: (ALMOST HUMAN NOW) You know he might not have done it after  
all.

TWO: I always thought he had a look of honesty in his face..  
especially around the eyes. And my husband says a man is  
innocent till he's proven guilty.

(MUSIC: IN WITH SLOANE)

SLOANE: It's beginning to turn, the tide of rumor; people ARE human  
after all - weak, but human..and then like a snake - rumor  
wriggles into their lives again! This time on even less  
evidence than before. Raymond Rimbaud has been called in  
for questioning again. You rush to Chief Davis...

GEO: What this time, Chief?

CHIEF: We're asking Rimbaud to submit to <sup>^</sup>lie-detector test.

GEO: Why?

CHIEF: We want to rule out one area in question and then --

GEO: Then he'll be out of the case for good?

CHIEF: I'll commit myself after the examination.

(MUSIC: IN WITH SLOANE)

SLOANE: But rumor doesn't wait for the examination. Rumor holds its  
own examination and passes judgment...

RUMOR: They gave him a lie detector test!

TWO: Why that's an admission of guilt. What did they want to give him the test for, if he wasn't guilty?

RUMOR: My husband says he lied to every single question except when he was asked if he hated his wife -- and to that he answered: YES.

(MUSIC: IN AND OUT FOR)

GEO: What are the findings, Chief?

CHIEF: They're inconclusive.

GEO: Can I say - at least -- the test does not establish Rimbaud's guilt?

CHIEF: You can certainly say that.

(MUSIC: WITH SLOANE)

SLOANE: You say it -- you write it cleanly and clearly for all to see - but the shark has smelled fresh blood and will not be deterred. The shark moves in for the kill, the rumors growing wilder and more fantastic...

RUMOR: He confessed to everything!

TWO: It was HIM and the model. I said so all the time.

RUMOR: They ought to string him up right now.

(MUSIC: SAD AND UNDER)

SLOANE: What can be done, what? Truth - no, truth is no answer. Facts - no they are less than truth. What? The terrible answer that nothing can be done begins to grip you, George Goodwin - and then you hear that Raymond Rimbaud has been taken to the hospital. He has pneumonia. You visit him...

RAY: (WEAKLY) I'm glad you came, Mr. Goodwin..

~~GEO: George --~~

RAY: (SMILES WEAKLY) Apart from my family you have been the only one who -- (STOPS) -- I just wanted to say that. I can't have visitors for very long.

GEO: You're gonna be all right.

RAY: Thank you again.

GEO: Don't you worry - we aren't licked yet. And you're gonna be fine.

(MUSIC: -- WITH SLOANE)

SLOANE: You say it, but you don't believe it -- for you've seen death coming in the eyes of people before -- and you see it in Raymond Rimbaud's eyes. The Nazis gave him a good basis for pneumonia (4 years in a prison camp) - and now rumor has taken away his will to live. Rumor and the Nazi -- cut <sup>out</sup> of the same cloth --, for even when you write a story that Raymond Rimbaud is dying -- rumor listens, laughs and says --

RUMOR: What a sympathy gag, imagine pretending he's sick to get people on his side. He doesn't fool me!

(MUSIC: -- WITH SLOANE)

SLOANE: You see him once more, now with a metal tube in his throat so he can breath (for sympathy, no doubt), now with his breath coming in terrible gasps - he shakes your hand, kisses his family, his son -- and died. (PAUSE FOR THE MUSIC) - and you go back to write his obituary, your last story for Raymond Rimbaud.  
(PAUSE)

GEO: (ESTABLISH TYPING AND TAKE IT OUT)...Raymond Rimbaud died this morning, one of the most tragic stories of our time. ~~He survived the Nazi prison camp and the war, to rejoin his wife and son only to meet death in his adopted land.~~ Who killed this man is difficult to say; surely the dread disease he had, surely the life his captors forced him to live in prison - but surely also the rumors the hateful words, the ostracism and the terrible spite that, for these past weeks, has been heard in every bus, tea shop, bar and living room. For this man was not guilty. Letters from his wife while he was in prison, <sup>camp</sup> recently discovered; the nature of his will (still unchanged), leaving everything to his wife and son, hundreds of other pieces of human evidence -- there all the time for anyone to read and see, establish this. But Raymond Rimbaud died without these things ever being known - and in his death, each of us, to some extent is guilty; those who spread the lies, those who were indifferent, those who were busy with other things.

(MUSIC: COME IN)

SLOANE: ~~This time you write your feelings, all of them, in this the~~ last story of the murder of Florine Rimbaud, the last story of the murder (is murder too strong a term?) of Raymond Rimbaud -- and, suddenly people who have been blind begin to see -- now, in death, the truth can be discerned...

RUMOR: (QUITE HUMAN) He was innocent.

TOW: Did you read the letters she wrote him and the one he wrote her? You know, I feel a little ashamed.

RUMOR: I don't know what to say. I feel - I feel I helped to -- to  
(GENTLY) kill that man.

(MUSIC: -- WITH SLOANE)

SLOANE: The human side of human beings asserts itself once more.  
People are good and bad; kind and vicious, human and inhuman  
-- but in the end, because of your work, George Goodwin, of  
the Atlanta Journal -- people are better, people have  
learned - perhaps the next time people will remember and, not  
have to be reminded that each man is entitled to a fair  
trial before a judge and a jury of his peers, that this is  
the United States and a human being (all of us) are precious.  
Each of us.

(MUSIC: -- TO TAG)

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

(MUSIC: -- STING)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

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!



(MUSIC: \_ \_ TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from George Goodwin of the Atlanta Journal.

GOODWIN: Innocent man's last words before he died were "Please help to catch the murderer of my beloved wife". Since his death, I together with the police authorities have carried on an investigation in the hopes that the real murderer might be caught. So far we have failed. Incidentally last year I was fortunate enough to win the Pulitzer Prize for tonight's Big Story. Thanks a lot for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Goodwin..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 Rocky Mountain News - Denver, Colorado -- by-line Jack Foster. A BIG STORY - about a reporter who followed a cold trail to a hot story and caught a killer by mistake.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ THEME WIPE & FADE TO EG 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 Sydney Smith played the part of George Goodwin. 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 ~~exception of the~~ reporter, Mr. Goodwin.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE)

CHAPPELL: This is <sup>*Ernest Chappell*</sup> ~~Ernest Chappell~~ speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

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

TL/MD/Lily  
7/25/49 PM

ATX01 0169865

# AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #124

## CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
ANNCR.	BOB SLOANE
MARGARET	AGNES YOUNG
FOSTER	GRANT RICHARDS
ALLEN	GRANT RICHARDS
PETE	MANDEL KRAMER
PORTER	MANDEL KRAMER
ARTHUR	MAURICE FRANKLIN
CONDUCTOR	MAURICE FRANKLIN
SHERIFF	SCOTT TENNISON
BRAD	SCOTT TENNISON
WARDEN	BOB DRYDEN
MANAGER	BOB DRYDEN

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1949

ATK01 0169866

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

(MUSIC: -- THEME)

~~(BLIZZARD, MUFFLED WHINE OF WIND OFF)~~

(PHONE RING)(PHONE OFF HOOK)

ALLEN: Allen, Guard-tower Three. North Wall.

WARDEN: (SHARP) Allen, this is the Warden,

ALLEN: Yes, Warden?

WARDEN: Allen, listen. I want you to follow my orders. Twelve convicts just broke out of Cellblock Six.

ALLEN: What!

WARDEN: They're making a break for the North Wall, trying to escape under cover of the blizzard. You may be able to catch them in your spotlight. If you do...don't shoot.

ALLEN: Don't shoot? Why not, sir?

WARDEN: Because if you do, you may kill a guard. They've taken four guards along and they're using them as a ~~screen~~ <sup>shield</sup>. Try to find 'em with your spotlight, but don't use your machine gun! These are orders!

(THE WALL OF A PRISON ALARM UP, RISING AND FALLING INTO)

(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. Denver, Colorado. From the pages of the Rocky Mountain News, the authentic story of a reporter who found that a cold trail was the quickest way to a killer. Tonight, to Jack Foster of the Rocky Mountain News for his Big Story goes the PELL MELL Award!

(MUSIC: -- STING)  
(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #124

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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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 0169868

(MUSIC: -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER FOR)

CHAPPELL: Now, the story as it actually happened... Jack Foster's story as he lived it... Denver, Colorado.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER, A SUGGESTION OF THE SEASON, CHRISTMAS HAS PASSED, NEW YEAR'S EVE ABOUT TO COME)

NARR: It is the night of December thirtieth, and cold. The thermometer is flirting with ten below zero, and a wild Denver blizzard is rattling your window panes with a barrage of needle snow. But you, Jack Foster, of the Rocky Mountain News, are home, and happy. The weather suits you fine. It means good powdery snow on a solid base. And in a few minutes, you're leaving for Winter Park to spend the New Year's weekend, skiing...and then just as you finish packing...

(IN WITH MUFFLED SOUND OF BLIZZARD, RATTLING WINDOWPANES)

(PHONE RING)

FOSTER: (STOPS WHISTLING) Aaah! Nuts!

(PHONE OFF HOOK)

FOSTER: Hello?

BRAD: (FILTER) Jack, Brad talking, down at the office...

FOSTER: Oh. Listen, Brad, I'm in a hurry. I've got to catch a train north..

BRAD: (GRIMLY) You'll catch a train all right. But it'll be going south.

FOSTER: South?

BRAD: To Canon City.

FOSTER: Hey, wait a minute, what's this all about? What about my ski-weekend at Winter park?

BIG STORY, 8/10/49

-4-

BRAD: That's out. You're going to spend the weekend in the state penitentiary.

FOSTER: What? Brad, what the devil.....

BRAD: (INTERRUPTS) Listen, Jack. Stop talking, and listen, and then get going! Twelve convicts just broke out of the pen at Canon City. They're desperadoes, killers, and they're somewhere out in this blizzard now. The biggest manhunt in the history of Colorado's just started, and I want you to get down there, park in the warden's office, and phone in what you get!

FOSTER: Anything else?

BRAD: No. That's all. Happy New Year! Jack!

(CLICK ON FILTER)

(RECEIVER SLAMMED ON HOOK)

FOSTER: (DISGUSTED) Oh, sure! Happy New Year!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ UP AND UNDER, NEW YEAR'S THEME)

NARR: And so instead of spending New Year's Eve before a roaring fire at the Lodge, with good company, good cheer and Auld Lang Syne, you spend it in a cold gray office with barred windows, and the warden, his face set and grim, announce capture after capture, as the hours wear by.....

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ ACCENT)

WARDEN: Just got the first two. George Trujillo and Billy New captured seven miles south of here. One of our prison guards shot in the head.....

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ ACCENT)

ATX01 0169870

BIG STORY, 8/10/49

-4A-

WARDEN: Schwartzmiller, Laverne, Smalley and Hathaway picked up by posse after gunbattle. That makes six accounted for.....

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ ACCENT)

WARDEN: Just got in a new report boys. John Klinger was shot and killed. A.B.Tolley's been trailed and trapped in narrow canyon, nearly frozen to death. That's eight.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ ACCENT)

WARDEN: Here's the latest. R.L. Freeman's just been shot and captured. Turley and Heilman fought battle from trailer house, Turley killed, Heilman wounded. That makes eleven out of twelve. The twelfth one...Frank Duane...is still at large!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ UP IN BRIDGE AND OUT)

(WHINE OF WIND OFF)

FOSTER: Anything new on Frank Duane, Warden?

WARDEN: (WEARILY) No. Not a thing, Foster. All we know...you know. A man answering his description broke into a farmhouse, held up the family, and stole some food. We think he's heading north.

FOSTER: Well, he can't go very far in this blizzard. And it's bitter cold...below zero.

ATX01 0169871



WARDEN: You don't know Duane, Foster.

FOSTER: What do you mean?

WARDEN: He's the toughest of them all. A cold-blooded killer. Killed a sheriff at Tennessee Pass, when he was only a seventeen year old kid, and swore he'd make Dillinger look like a piker. We'll be lucky if we get him alive.

FOSTER: Hmmm. Any point in my staying around here any longer, Warden?

WARDEN: I doubt it. You might as well go back to Denver.

That's where we're looking for Duane now.

FOSTER: Okay. I'll be seeing you, Warden..and Happy New Year.

WARDEN: (WEARY) Oh. Sure. Happy New Year, Foster!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Back in Denver, the blizzard stops, and Frank Duane, the escaped killer, is still at large. But this is New Year's day, and there's nothing more you can do, and you think of how fast those ski-trails are going to be at Winter Park, high up in the Continental Divide. So..you decide to take a train for the Lodge, if only for a day. And while you sleep on the train, your Big Story is already beginning elsewhere...near the town of Larkspur on the Denver-Colorado Springs Highway..

(CAR UNDER)

ARTHUR: Margaret..

MARGARET: Yes, dear?

ARTHUR: There's a man hitching a ride on the highway up ahead.

MARGARET: Well, let him hitch, Arthur. We're not picking up any strangers on a lonely road like this.

ARTHUR: But Margaret, I wouldn't pass up a dog in this weather.  
Look at him standing there in the snow. <sup>Another hour</sup> ~~You can see him~~  
shivering, and he'll freeze to death out here.

MARGARET: Oh, all right, Arthur, all right. (GRUMPY) Land sakes,  
why can't folks stay indoors on a day like this,....!

(CAR SLOWS TO STOP, MOTOR IDLES)

(CAR DOOR OPENS. WHINE OF WIND UP)

ARTHUR: All right. Hope in.

PETE: (TEETH CHATTERING) Thanks Mister.

(CAR DOOR SHUTS. WIND OUT. MOTOR UP AGAIN)

ARTHUR: Pretty cold out there, eh?

PETE: Freezing. My hands and feet are numb.

MARGARET: There's a roadside restaurant a mile or two up the  
road. I expect we'll stop there for some hot coffee....

ARTHUR: That's right. That ought to warm you up.

PETE: Thanks. I could go for some coffee.

ARTHUR: Where you bound for?

PETE: I dunno. (A BEAT) Where are you bound for?

ARTHUR: Denver.

PETE: Denver? Okay. That suits me fine!

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

(CLINK OF DISHES, RESTAURANT BACKGROUND OFF)

ARTHUR: More coffee, young fellow?

PETE: Yeah. Thanks, Mister. I'll have another cup. Sure  
takes the chill off.

MARGARET: (COMING ON) Oh, Arthur..

ARTHUR: Yes, Margaret?

MARGARET: I'd like to talk to you for a minute, alone...

ARTHUR: All right, dear. Excuse me a minute, will you.

PETE: Yeah. Sure..

(A FEW STEPS AND STOP)

MARGARET: (JITTERY) Arthur, you shouldn't have done it.

ARTHUR: Done what?

MARGARET: Picked up that fellow.

ARTHUR: What do you mean?

MARGARET: He's no good, Arthur. I..I'm afraid of him. He looks so rough and..

ARTHUR: Nowlook, dear..

MARGARET: I tell you I know it, Arthur, I know it. He means us some kind of harm. When you took ~~your~~ <sup>the</sup> money from ~~the~~ <sup>your</sup> pocket to pay the check, I saw him looking at it. His eyes opened wide, ~~then~~ <sup>and he never stopped looking at you.</sup> ~~then they grew hard.~~ You shouldn't have taken out that roll of bills, Arthur, he'll try to steal it, I know he will...

ARTHUR: Hmmm. Maybe youre right. Maybe you're right, Margaret. But what are we going to do?

MARGARET: I don't know. Tell him something, Arthur...anything! Tell him we're going to turn off down the road...

ARTHUR: But he knows we're going to Denver.

MARGARET: Tell him something, Arthur. You've got to!

ARTHUR: Oh, all right.....

(A COUPLE OF STEPS)

ARTHUR: Uh...look, young man.

PETE: Yeah?

ARTHUR: I'm sorry, but I've got some bad news for you.

PETE: (A BEAT) What do you mean?

ARTHUR: We won't be able to drive you to Denver.

PETE: What?

ARTHUR: I...uh...you see... my wife...well, she isn't feeling well. So we decided to stay right here. There's a tourist home here and...well,;::;

PETE: Oh no you don't, Mister.

ARTHUR: Eh? What do you mean?

PETE: I mean you're not going to leave me out here in the middle of nowhere. You're going right on to Denver.

ARTHUR: (STARTS TO BLUSTER) Look here, young man, you can't tell me what,...

PETE: (INTERRUPTS) Oh, can't I? (A BEAT) Feel that in my pocket? That's a gun, Mister. I figured on getting to Denver and that's where we're going...all of us. (A BEAT) Got me?

ARTHUR: (JITTERY) I...yes. Yes....of course.

PETE: Okay. Let's get going!

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE INTO)

(CAR UNDER)

PETE: You! Wise guy!

ARTHUR: You mean...me?

PETE: Yeah. I mean you. Your car radio work?

ARTHUR: I...yes.

PETE: Okay. Tell your wife to turn it on.

ARTHUR: But why.....

PETE: Because I like good music, see? Toscanini and me are great buddies. Turn it on, lady.

ARTHUR: Better do as he says, Margaret.

MARGARET: (NERVOUS) All right, Arthur. All right ....

(A PAUSE)

(IN WITH RADIO, POP MUSIC)

PETE: Aaah, that's better. Nothing like being chauffeured around in a big car like this, and listening to good music. Home, James! To the Club, James. Take my twenty suits to the cleaners, get the Yacht ready for Florida, tell the Duchess I'll meet her for lunch. A thousand on the races, on the nose, throw it away, who cares. Champagne and cigars that's for me. (BEAT) You wouldn't have a cigar, would you, Buddy?

ARTHUR: No. No, I haven't any.

PETE: Too bad. Nothing like a good <sup>cigar</sup> ~~Havana, Corona-Corona~~, a buck a throw, ~~who-cares~~? If I had a cigar, I could feel like a big shot. ~~Yeah~~. And that's what I was meant to be, see? A big shot. I've had enough, see? I'm fed up bumming the roads, begging for handouts from fat characters like you two, saying Yes Sir, Mister, and Yes Ma'am, Lady. No more of that stuff for me. All I need is money....

MARGARET: Money?

PETE: That's right, Lady. Money. Take you and your husband. You're rotten with it. Why, he flashed a roll big enough to choke a horse. And me, I haven't got a dime. So...I figure what you won't have, you won't miss. Stop the car..

(CAR TO STOP, MOTOR <sup>cut</sup> ~~IDLES~~)

ARTHUR: Look here, you'll never get away with this..

PETE: Okay, Now hand over that dough.

ARTHUR: Wait a minute, you can't ....

PETE: (SHARP) Come on, don't give me an argument, just hand it  
over or I'll ::: (CUTS AS)

(MUSIC OVER RADIO STOPS ABRUPTLY AND ANNCRS. VOICE  
COMES IN)

ANNCR: (OVER RADIO) Ladies and gentlemen we have a special  
bulletin to bring you at this time. Police have obtained  
a description of Frank Duane, convict and killer, who is  
still at large after the sensational jailbreak at Canon  
City last night.

(MORE)

ANNCR:  
(CONT'D)

Duane, whose complexion is dark and <sup>whose</sup> features <sup>are</sup> angular,  
broke into a farmhouse and stole a blue pin-striped,  
double-breasted suit, gray hat and gray coat. He is  
believed to be wearing them now. (BRING DOWN) Any

PETE: (HARD) Turn off the information as to the whereabouts  
radio, Lady. (A of this dangerous killer should be  
BEAT, THEN ANGRY) phoned to the nearest.....  
Go on, turn it off!

(RADIO OFF)

PETE: Well? What are you staring at?

MARGARET: Arthur! Gray hat, gray coat, blue suit. Then this man  
must be....

ARTHUR: (QUIETLY) So you're an escaped convict, eh?

PETE: That's a lie.

MARGARET: (HYSTERICAL) It's him, Arthur. It's the convict, Duane,  
It must be!

PETE: Shut up, Lady...

MARGARET: Arthur, what are we going to do, what are we going to do?

PETE: Shut up, d'you hear? You got the wrong guy. I've never  
been to Canon City, d'you understand?

ARTHUR: (QUIETLY) It's no good, Duane. They'll get you sooner  
or later....

PETE: (A BEAT) Okay. Okay, wise guy. Have it your own way.  
And now that you know so much, maybe I'd better go to  
Denver alone.

MARGARET: What....what do you mean?

PETE: (CHUCKLES) Don't you get it, Lady? Three's a crowd!

ARTHUR: Wait a minute, Duane. You can't leave us out here to  
freeze. *to death!*

PETE: Don't worry. I'm gonna save you the trouble.

MARGARET: (HYSTERICAL) Arthur! Arthur, he's going to....(SCREAMS)  
No! No!

(TWO SHOTS)

(MUSIC: UP TO CURTAIN)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)



MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

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(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

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

NARR: You, Jack Foster of the Rocky Mountain News, are skiing at Winter Park. It's late afternoon on New Year's Day, there's powder snow, over a thick base, and the trails are as slick as greased lightning. But it's cold. It's so cold that the air crackles, and the thermometer is ten below. You take a run down the slope, try a few Christies, and then...you hear yourself being paged on the Public Address System. You are wanted in the warming house *hut* immediately - it's urgent -

(MUSIC: SHORT BRIDGE)

BRAD: (FILTER) Jack, Brad, down in Denver...

FOSTER: Yes, Brad?

BRAD: Listen, can you get to Granby right away?

FOSTER: Granby? I don't know. There's plenty of snow up here, Brad, it's hard to get around. Why? What's in Granby?

BRAD: They're figuring on picking up Frank Duane there.

FOSTER: What?

BRAD: Yeah. He hitched a ride with some people named Crandall, shot the driver, and critically wounded the man's wife. Then he drove their car to Denver, smashed into a ~~yellow~~ cab, and made a getaway on foot. A cab driver down here swears he drove Duane to the Union station, and saw him board a train for Frisco.

FOSTER: Yes, but what's Granby got to do with...?

BRAD: (FAST) This train is a local. It's due to stop at Granby at 7:03. Denver police headquarters have radioed the Granby sheriff to pick Duane up. You be there!

FOSTER: Okay, Brad. But there are drifts up here ten feet high. I don't even know whether there's been a road cleared to Granby. How am I going to get there?

BRAD: I don't know. But get there, if you have to fly! This killer's armed to the teeth, and there's sure to be fireworks!

(MUSIC: - UP AND OUT) - *Just been running this lodge for years & I can tell you -*  
MANAGER: Granby? Not a chance, Mr. Foster. You'll never get there tonight.

FOSTER: But I've got to get there!

MANAGER: Maybe, but it's ten miles from here to Granby. The road's blocked with drifts ten and fifteen feet high, and the snow plows won't be through till morning.

FOSTER:Q Isn't there some kind of cleared trail? Mr. Dillard?

MANAGER: No, Granby's on the other side of the mountain. Take my advice, Mr. Foster. Forget about it. Unless you want to take the cleared road to Hot Sulphur Springs, and then a morning train for Granby...

FOSTER: No. That's no good. I've got to...(CUTS) Wait a minute!

MANAGER: Yes?

FOSTER: Why can't I go cross country...ski to Granby?

MANAGER: Mr. Foster, excuse me, but I think you're crazy. Don't you realize that it's getting dark, the wind's rising, and the thermometer's sliding to twenty below? Why, you may freeze to death in some snowdrift.

FOSTER: Maybe. But that's the way I'm going.

MANAGER: (SIGHS) All right. It's up to you. I'll get you a thermos of coffee.

FOSTER: Uh, Mr. Dillard ... wait a minute.

MANAGER: Yes?

FOSTER: Better get me a thermos of something ... a little stronger.  
~~I think I'm going to need it!~~

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You dress as warmly as you can and start for Granby. It's cold, ... bitter cold .....

(WHINE OF WIND)

NARR: You fight your way through snow-drifts, uphill and downhill with the wind whistling down from the mountain, stabbing your face with a million needles of snow. You're out in the middle of a snowy nowhere, your hands and feet begin to lose all feeling, you know you're freezing to death, you want to lie down in a nice, soft drift and go to sleep. But you don't. And then, finally, through the wintry mountain night, you see...

FOSTER: (HOARSELY, CHATTERING) Lights! I've made it! ~~(ALMOST-~~  
~~HYSTERICALLY)~~ I've made it. ~~That's Granby!~~

(MUSIC: ACCENT)

NARR: You thaw yourself out at the pot-bellied stove in the railroad station and talk to the sheriff. He's in the station with two deputies, and they're armed to the teeth..

SHERIFF: Train's a little late, Foster. But she'll be along any minute now.

FOSTER: You're sure Frank Duane's on that train, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: Yep. The state highway patrol's been checking the route of that train from Moffat Tunnel almost to the overpass. And they know he hasn't jumped off.

FOSTER: How are you going to take Duane, <sup>?</sup> Sheriff?

SHERIFF: I dunno, Foster. It's going to be mighty tricky, and I'm worried about it.

FOSTER: You mean there'll be other people on that train.

SHERIFF: That's right. This Frank Duane is a killer, and a few of 'em might get hurt. He's not going to let us jump him without shooting back.

FOSTER: Sheriff, I've got an idea.

SHERIFF: Yes?

FOSTER: How about letting me go through the train first, and spotting him.

SHERIFF: You?

FOSTER: Don't you see, Sheriff? You can follow me, and nail him before he can do any damage.

SHERIFF: Foster, you're crazy. You're sticking your neck out. Why Duane'll blow your head off. This whole thing doesn't make sense.

FOSTER: But it does.

SHERIFF: How?

FOSTER: Listen, Sheriff? Duane doesn't know me. I get on the train in ski-clothes. That's natural enough, this is skiing country. If he sees me, he won't be suspicious. But if he sees you and <sup>you</sup> ~~his~~ deputies, he's going to throw lead right away. (A BEAT) Well? How about it, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: (SIGH) All right. It's your neck, Foster. Go ahead.  
(TRAIN WHISTLE OFF. WE HEAR TRAIN BEGINNING TO  
COME IN)

SHERIFF: Well..here she comes.

FOSTER: (QUIETLY) Yeah. Here she comes!  
(UP WITH TRAIN CHUGGING INTO STATION, PUFFING  
TO STOP)

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You pick out the last car, get aboard. The Sheriff and  
his deputies get on after you. The last car is away from  
the station lights, and its dark outside, and the killer  
can't see anything through the window..

CONDUCTOR: (OFF A LITTLE) All Aboard! A-All Aboard! Hot Sulphur  
Springs, next stop!

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT)

(TRAIN STARTS TO MOVE UNDER, ACCELERATES UNDER)

FOSTER: Conductor, did you notice a man with a thin, dark face,  
wearing a pin-striped double-breasted blue suit..gray  
hat, gray overcoat?

CONDUCTOR: Can't say that I have, Mister. We've got a lot of  
passengers on this train.

FOSTER: You're sure you haven't seen him, eh?

CONDUCTOR: Can't recall him. But he could be anywhere..in a Pullman  
berth..or a compartment. A lot of the passengers have  
turned in early.

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT)

(TRAIN UNDER)

NARR: You walk through the first car...  
(STEPS WALKING DOWN ISLE)

NARR: He isn't there...

(CAR DOOR SLIDES OPEN, TRAIN UP. CAR DOOR  
SLIDES CLOSED. THEN TRAIN DOOR SLIDES OPEN,  
THEN CLOSED. SOUND OF TRAIN BACK DOWN AND UNDER.)  
(STEPS IN AISLE)

NARR: You start up the second car, another coach. It's dimly  
lit, hard to see, everyone seems asleep..

(STEPS UP IN AISLE)

NARR: And then..

~~(STEPS STOP ABRUPTLY)~~

NARR: Then you remember. You thought Frank Duane wouldn't know  
you, wouldn't recognize you. But now you remember. He  
does know you. You talked to him once, on a story in the  
Rocky Mountain News, when he was booked as a holdup suspect.  
And if he sees you, he'll know you. Maybe you'll see him  
first. But maybe he'll see you first!

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT)

(STEPS ALONG AISLE)

NARR: You keep going, walking down the aisle, looking to left  
and right. But no Frank Duane, not yet. You're in a cold  
sweat, you're shaking like a leaf, but you Jack Foster,  
keep going..

(CAR DOOR OPENS. TRAIN UP. CAR DOOR SLIDES SHUT.  
CAR DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS. TRAIN UNDER AGAIN)

NARR: Another car. Still another. And then, you hear someone  
following you. You stop..

~~(FOOTSTEPS UP, COMING CLOSER)~~

NARR: You wait..you don't dare turn around.

PORTER: Shall I make up your berth, sir?

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ ACCENT)

NARR:        You turn..drenched with sweat. It's the porter. Twenty  
              below outside, but you're wet with sweat inside. You go  
              on..

(STEPS UP IN AISLE)

NARR:        Car after car. Pullmans..compartment cars. And then...

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ ACCENT)



NARR: ~~He stops by your chair.~~ He sits down beside you.  
You don't dare turn around. You don't dare breathe.  
He's got you wedged up against the window. You feel a  
hard object bulging in his coat pocket...a gun. You  
wait... and then ~~say~~

~~PETE: Get a match, Buddy?~~

FOSTER: A ...a match?

PETE: Yeah

FOSTER: I.....I.....yes. I... I guess so. I think I've got  
some right here. I....

PETE: Wait a minute, Buddy.

FOSTER: Y-yes?

PETE: What are you so jumpy about?

FOSTER: I? Jumpy? Why....er....nothing.

PETE: (HARDENS) Come on, pal. What is it? What's eating you.  
You seen me somewhere before?

FOSTER: I.....I.....

PETE: Come on, friend, what's on your mind? You a cop or  
something.

FOSTER: I...no...no....

PETE: Wait a minute! Now that I think of it, I saw you coming  
through those cars. You were looking for someone.  
Yeah That's right. You must have been looking for me.  
You must be a cop. (RISING) Why, you dirty....!

(DOOR OFF OPENS QUICK. TRAIN UP.)

SHERIFF: Alright, Duane! Get your hands up!

(DOOR SLIDES SHUT)

SHERIFF: Don't make a move or I'll blow your head off!

(MUSIC: ACCENT)

NARR: The man next to you has his gun half-way out of his pocket. But he drops it as the Sheriff moves in. You turn your head, and then you see him. And you can't believe it, you can't believe it!

FOSTER: (ALMOST HYSTERICAL) Sheriff! Sheriff!

SHERIFF: What is it, Foster?

FOSTER: This isn't... Frank Duane! *It's not Duane!*

(MUSIC: \_\_ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You had a killer all right, but not the one you thought you had. The man next to you answered to the description of Frank Duane, but he was actually Pete Lawrence, a hitchhiker from Barstow, California. He had been responsible for the murder of Arthur Crandall on the Colorado Springs highway. And that's the strange payoff to your Big Story, Jack Foster, of the Rocky Mountain News. And it's one New Year's Day.... you'll never forget!

(MUSIC: \_\_ CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Jack Foster of the Rocky Mountain News with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: \_\_ STING)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

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!

(ORCH: \_ \_ TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Jack Foster of the Rocky Mountain News.

FOSTER: The killer captured on the train was quickly tried and found guilty of first degree murder. He was sentenced to life imprisonment. Frank Duane the last of the escaped convicts meekly surrendered to a posse shortly thereafter. My sincere appreciation for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Foster.... 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 Idaho Daily Statesman -- by-line, Clayton Darrah. A BIG STORY- about a reporter who captured a pair of incredible bandits with an almost unbelievable clue.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ THEME WIFE & FADE TO BG ON CUR)

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 Grant Richards played the part of Jack Foster. 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. Foster.

(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.

sh/cc/md/dd/ 7/29/49am

ATK01 0169892

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #125

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
GIRL	ABBY LEWIS
MRS. T.	ABBY LEWIS
MORAN	SCOTT TENNYSON
WARDEN	SCOTT TENNYSON
PENN	JOE DE SANTIS
MERCHANT	JOE DE SANTIS
CLAYTON	JIMMY MC CALLION
MAN	JIMMY MC CALLION
DELANEY	SANTOS ORTEGA
MAN II	SANTOS ORTEGA
TAINÉ	MAURICE FRANKLIN
BARKER	MAURICE FRANKLIN
JOE	WALTER BLACK
VOICE	WALTER BLACK

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1949

ATX01 0169893

WRBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#125

(CLAYTON DARRAH: IDAHO DAILY STATESMAN, BOISE)

A. PERL

(  
10:00 - 10:30 PM

AUGUST 17, 1949

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE INTO)

~~(DOOR OPENS. STREET NOISES. (WE ARE OUTDOORS-~~  
~~IN BOISE)~~ *Footsteps*

MORAN: (DELIGHTED WITH HIMSELF) Hey, Mac, got a second!?

PENN: (PLEASANT-VOICED, SELF ASSURED) Me, sure. What's on your mind?

MORAN: Nothing, just -- have a cigar - go ahead. You and your friend, take one --

PENN: Thanks.

MORAN: Here, your friend too -- I - I just had a baby.

PENN: Ain't that nice. I'll smoke it later, we both will. Hey, but don't run off --

MORAN: Hmm? I've got to see my folks. I just came out of the hospital and --

PENN: Yeah, but don't go yet -- You got a car?

MORAN: Why yes, but --

PENN: You see, we was just gonna come up and talk to you when you come up and talked to us.

MORAN: Really! Why?

PENN: Just -- you see. (GENTLY) We're sticking you up, buddy.

MORAN: What!!

PENN: Mmmhum. So whatever you got in your pockets and - the keys to your car. We're taking that, too --

MORAN: But, I --

ATXO1 0169894

PENN: Come on. My friend here, he's short, but he's awful strong -- Let's have it. And the keys. (PAUSE) That's the idea. Now, mister -- what's your name?  
(MORAN: Moran) Moran -- because you just had a baby, and because it ain't right for a feller in your condition to walk - here's 20¢. That's for carfare. Well, so long and -- congratulations.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ PLEASANTLY UP AND DOWN FOR...)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY! Here is America, its sound and its fury, its joy and its sorrow, as faithfully reported by the men and women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT) Boise, Idaho, from the pages of the Idaho Daily Statesman. A story of two bandits who terrorized a great city until a reporter found them -- in the least likely place on earth. ~~and~~ Tonight to Clayton Darrah of the Idaho Statesman, for his BIG STORY, goes the PELL MELL Award.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ STING INTO...)

(COMMERCIAL)



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: -- INTRO (PLEASANT) UNDER ...)

CHAPPELL: Now the story as it actually happened. Clayton Darrah's story as he lived it. Boise, Idaho ...

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER ...)

NARR: You were 20 at the time the story started, Clayton Darrah, reporter for the Idaho Daily Statesman: 20, an age when brashness and an excess of energy, were substitutes for judgment and careful observation -- but, in a way, if you hadn't been 20 (and brash), the case would never have been solved. It began with the Moran robbery: Moran had just had a baby (that is, his wife had) and he ran outside the hospital, gave cigars to the two first strangers he met. And the two strangers had calmly taken everything from his pockets, the keys to his car - and the car. You got news of the robbery and high-tailed it over to police headquarters where Lt. Joe Delaney <sup>feature</sup> ~~was~~ ~~scratching his head and screwing up his big face in~~ <sup>spot</sup> ~~puzzlement as Moran repeated the amazing events ...~~

MORAN: Then the taller one, he gave me back 20¢, Lt., and he says: "Here, buddy, a feller just had a baby ought to have carfare." Then he congratulated me and they both left.

CLAYTON: You say they were polite, Mr. Moran, very polite?

DELANEY: Awright, Darrah, awright. Let me do the questioning.

CLAYTON: Gee, Lt., I was only trying to get a story and --

DELANEY: I said "awright". What did they look like, Mr. Moran?

MORAN: Just -- just ordinary fellers. You know I was in no condition to --

DELANEY: I know, but -- tall? Short? Dark? Light complexioned?

MORAN: (THOUGHTFULLY) Well - uh - they were average height, average color hair - no, one was shorter than the other. Yeah, one was tall and one was short. But like this reporter said, they were very polite --

CLAYTON: (IN FAST) In the way they spoke, in what they said, or both or --

DELANEY: Derrah, I said, let me do the questioning.

CLAYTON: Okay - okay --

DELANEY: They were polite and one was taller than the other. Okay, Mr. Moran. (GIVING UP) <sup>Give</sup> ~~Put down~~ your license plate number, <sup>to</sup> ~~leave it with~~ the sergeant at the desk and - you can go.

MORAN: Will you be able to get my car? I don't care about the money -- it wasn't more than 25 dollars, but the car was new and --

DELANEY: Well, we'll see what we can do. Okay.

MORAN: (LEAVING) Thank you, Lt. Thanks.

CLAYTON: (PROJECTS A LITTLE) Congratulations -- *on the baby*

MORAN: (OFF) Oh -- thanks. (HE GOES)

DELANEY: Needle in a haystack, that's what it is: nothing to go on --

CLAYTON: What about that business of being polite?

DELANEY: (ANNOYED) So what: one tall guy, one short guy and polite, what am I supposed to do, round up every polite citizen <sup>in</sup> ~~of~~ Idaho --

(PHONE RINGS. IS ANSWERED)

DELANEY: Delaney ... yeah, go ahead ... Where? Sands Service Station - yeah, I know -- on State Street - How much? \$40 ... yeah, I got it ... One tall, one short.

(SURPRISED) Polite - did you say polite? (~~ANNOYED~~)  
Yeah, go ahead - (PAUSE) (INCREDULOUS NOW) You mean that? Okay - *Will check that Dr* ~~we'll be right over.~~

(PHONE UP)

DELANEY: It's nuts, that's what it is - nuts.

CLAYTON: What, Lt?

DELANEY: Nothing. Goodbye. I'm busy.

CLAYTON: Lt., I didn't mean to eavesdrop, but I --

DELANEY: Oh, I might as well - Sands Service Station was just held up --

CLAYTON: One tall, one short - and very polite, weren't they?

DELANEY: That's right.

CLAYTON: And -- ?

DELANEY: What do you mean "and"?

CLAYTON: What else, Lt. -- the way you said "You mean that?" What else?

DELANEY: We haven't verified it yet, but -- a car was left just outside the hospital where Moran was stuck up.

CLAYTON: Moran's car?

DELANEY: I think so. Onto the steering wheel, stuck with a hunk of scotch tape, words clipped from a magazine --

CLAYTON: What did it say?

DELANEY: "Thanks Very Much".

(MUSIC: IN PLEASANT, BUT HARD AND UNDER)

NARR: Twice within 24 hours the polite bandits have struck, struck and, in a merry sort of way, thumbed their noses at the police. You've got a story - and ~~in your youthful way~~ you play it for all it's worth: ~~the polite bandits~~ who rob a man and leave him carfare, rob another and return the car they've stolen from the first man with a gracious "thank-you". And no prints - on the car, on the note, or on the scotch tape, used to attach the note. ~~Descriptions: one tall, one short both polite.~~ (PAUSE) For a day it's quiet, for two days, and then ...

(A BEANERY)

PENN: (SAME PLEASANT VOICE) Check, please.

JOE: Right with you, gentlemen. Just step over the cash register and pay, we don't use no checks.

PENN: Over here?

JOE: That's right, over here --

PENN: My friend had the goulash and coffee --

JOE: That'd be 60, 65 --

PENN: And I had the tuna fish croquettes and coffee --

JOE: Tuna fish -- that's 55, 60 -- dollar twenty five --

PENN: Very good them croquettes -- best I ate in a long time.

JOE: Thanks.

PENN: (CASUAL) <sup>How much</sup> ~~What~~ you got in the till?

JOE: Hunh?

PENN: That's what I said. And you see my friend here is looking at you very serious. We'd like what's in the till.

JOE: You mean --

PENN: That's right. But you got nothing to worry about. Guy runs as nice an eating place as this, good food - what's a little holdup? You'll get over it and never notice it. We're sorry to trouble you.

~~(MUSIC: -- HITS SAME THEME AND INTO)~~

DELANEY: ~~(ON THE PHONE) Look, Commissioner, I appreciate what you're saying -- but what am I supposed to do. I'm only a Lieutenant of Police. I'm no miracle man ... Yes, I know the pressure on you commissioner and I've got men on the case 24 hours a day -- but what can you do with a description that says "one tall, one short, and both very polite?"~~

(MUSIC: -- HITS AND UNDER)

NARR: And now the bandits (you've already given them names: the Polite Phantoms) begin in earnest ...

(PHONE RINGS. IS ANSWERED)

MAN: (F) Police? This is Ernest Heller, owner of Heller's Night Grocery Store - on Washington Street. Two men just held me up and took \$120 in cash. They came in about eight-thirty, placed a large order, complimented me on how neat I keep the store - and then proceeded to rob me.

(MUSIC: -- MONTAGE INTO)

(PHONE ANSWERED)

DELANEY: Delaney speaking ... Who? Yeah -- I've got it. The Tenny Bar and Grill - 505 Main Street - what time? 9:30. Two of them -- one tall, one short - How much did they get? \$92, yeah - (SURPRISED) They what? They left a dollar tip for the waitress!!

(MUSIC: -- SAME INTO)

(TYPEWRITING ... UNDER)

CLAYTON: (AS HE WRITES) The polite Phantoms struck again, for the sixth time in less than two weeks. This time the bandits, one tall and one short, strolled into the Bence Bowling Alleys near Bannock Street, bowled six games and then, after thanking the management for the excellent condition of the alleys and the excellent service of the pin boys, left with the night's proceeds: \$78.50. Their parting words to Tom Bence, manager of the alleys, were: "Sorry we can't stay no longer, but we both got dates."

(MUSIC: -- SAME AND UNDER...)

NARR: By now the generally quiet and law-abiding city of Boise capitol of Idaho, was in <sup>all</sup>uproar. Anybody caught tipping his hat to an elderly lady was eyed with suspicion: holding a woman's arm as she alighted from a bus was cause for alarm. The police were being made a laughing-stock, and when the Phantoms stopped in at a cigar store, just two doors away from the police station, and as usual politely emptied the till, you Clayton Darrah couldn't refrain from getting off a gem of an editorial ... Lt. Joe Delaney read it aloud as you sat watching him in his office ...

DELANEY: (SORE) Boise's two polite Phantom Bandits continue their nonchalant existence, holding up a store now and then and neatly dodging the groping search of the Boise Police Department.

(MORE)

DELANEY: Any morning now, we may hear that they have held  
(CONTD) up the police station, and robbed the battered old safe  
that stands in the corner of the office." That's  
supposed to be smart!

CLAYTON: It could happen, Lieutenant.

DELANEY: I ought to throw you out of here -

CLAYTON: As the bandits might say, if you feel that way, please  
do, Lieutenant.

DELANEY: Well, I won't and I'll tell you why I won't -- I'm going  
to make you eat your words.

CLAYTON: How?

DELANEY: Ten minutes ago I picked up your Phantom Bandits --

CLAYTON: (CORRECTING AND ANNOYING HIM) Polite Phantoms, Lt. --

DELANEY: Okay, Polite Phantoms -- ten minutes ago, we got them.

CLAYTON: Where are they?

DELANEY: Right <sup>where they belong</sup> ~~in the next room~~ -- and I want you to listen as  
we break them down and then I want a full retraction .

CLAYTON: Nothing would give me greater pleasure. Lead on --

DELANEY: Okay, Mr. Clayton Darrah -- right this way --

(MUSIC: <sup>UNDER ...</sup> ~~But first before seeing the bandits~~  
NARR: Lt. Delaney takes you downstairs to the Detention Room.

Where, a highly vocal local merchant, Sam Barker, who  
runs a grocery and fruit store on Grove Street says ...  
BARKER: Soon as they come into the store I knew who they were.  
I told my son to slip out the back and get the police.  
Then they started - the way they always start - talking.  
They said the fruit was good. (The tall one ate an apple)  
They liked my displays ~~and then the usual~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~Let's have~~  
~~what's in the bill~~". But by that time, the boy was back  
with the police - and they made the arrest.



DELANEY: Good work, Mr. Barker --

CLAYTON: Where are the two men, bandits? *Lt.*

DELANEY: Where do you think they'd be? In a cell.

CLAYTON: Have they been identified by any of the other victims?

DELANEY: Not yet, but -- I've got Moran on the way and the owner of the bowling alley --

CLAYTON: Could I see them?

*You can see them but*

DELANEY: ~~Sure~~. You better be thinking how that retraction story is gonna go --

(PHONE RINGS)

DELANEY: Just a second.

(ANSWERS THE PHONE)

DELANEY: (HAPPY) Delaney speaking -- (LONG PAUSE) ... What! That's impossible! I got them both here, locked up in a cell. Okay, okay -- I'll be right over.

(PHONE UP)

CLAYTON: (HE GUESSES WHAT IT IS) No trouble, Lt?

DELANEY: Get out of here -- ~~all of you out~~ -- *Sure* we're busy.

CLAYTON: What happened?

DELANEY: I've got nothing to say.

CLAYTON: Shall I quote you that the Polite Phantoms have been caught --?

DELANEY: No, don't -- I mean --

CLAYTON: Come on, Lt., what happened?

DELANEY: I don't know. I swear I'm -- Two men just stuck up Rosenthal's Meat Market, on 10th & Pennock --

CLAYTON: Just now?

DELANEY: Fifteen minutes ago.

CLAYTON: And one was tall and one was short -- and both bandits  
were very polite?

DELANEY: That's right.

(MUSIC: HITS FOR THE TAG OF ACT ONE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #125

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.

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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: INTRO AND UNDER...)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice, returning you to your narrator and the BIG STORY of Clayton Darrah, as he lived it and wrote it ...

NARR: What began for you, Clayton Darrah, of the Idaho Daily Statesman, and for the rest of Boise, as something of a lark -- the minor depredations of two bandits has now grown into something deeply sinister. A pair of bandits is on the loose, they have robbed no less than a dozen stores and shops within three weeks. Each time the robbery is polite -- but more than polite, it is slick, timed perfectly professional. They have this capitol city of Idaho, literally in THE palms of their hands. The police seem powerless and the businessmen are frantic. Now you sit, in a large room, listening as the spokesman of the Merchant's Association wags a furious hand in the face of the Lieutenant in charge, Lt. Joe Delaney --

MERCHANT: We want to know <sup>these</sup> ~~three~~ things, Lt., and we will not leave these premises until we have the answers. First: When are these marauding assaults going to stop? Second: What extraordinary measures do the police contemplate to see that they do stop; and Third: What guarantees (and we mean guarantees) are being taken that we can open our shops and stores tomorrow without fear of a polite -- but brutal -- robbery?

(AD LIB. HE'S RIGHT. THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO KNOW. ETC.)

DELANEY: (OVER THE DIN) Gentlemen, gentlemen -- all I can say is the following: (May I have your attention) -- (IT IS QUIET) -- We have doubled the police assigned to the business area --

(THAT'S NOT ENOUGH. ETC.)

DELANEY: -- And we'll triple it if necessary, quadruple it. Every prowl car, every man that I can spare will be at work -- on a 24 hour basis. I intend to put this entire city through a dragnet, *like never never had before* ~~such as has never existed~~ --

MERCHANT: (INTERRUPTS) Lt. Delaney --

DELANEY: Yes, sir --

MERCHANT: We are not interested in your methods -- we are interested in action and results. Unless you are prepared to face an entire change of administration from the Commissioner on down - be advised that the businessmen and the people of this city will settle for nothing less than an end to this - this intolerable situation.

(MUSIC: -- HITS HARD AND UNDER:)

NARR: But even as the merchants' Association and the police met to plan action, the Polite Phantoms struck --

MAN II: Hello Police Department. ~~When is this gonna stop?~~ They held me up fifteen minutes ago. They took my whole weeks' take -- 101 dollars!

(MUSIC: -- THE FORMER MONTAGE THEME . . .)

GIRL: This is the Bijou theatre calling, corner of Blaine and 11th, the Phantoms have just held us up.

(MUSIC: -- SAME AND UNDER)

NARR: Always polite, but always perfectly timed, always smooth,  
always professional. Now, the desperate Lt. Joe Delaney,  
puts <sup>a</sup> his dragnet into operation --

DELANEY: Awright, awright, all of you -- into the wagon. Let's  
go --

(MUSIC: -- TOUCH...)

DELANEY: Don't anybody in this place move. You're all under arrest.  
Suspicious <sup>can</sup> of robbery.

(MUSIC: -- SAME...)

DELANEY: All you men who've been fingerprinted, into the next room  
to be photographed and ~~mugged~~. The rest of you over there  
and get fingerprinted --

~~(MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARRATOR)~~

~~NARR: The dragnet catches its fish: shady characters out of  
dives and dens; sleezy men and women who live on the edge  
of life; vagrants with no visible sign of support;  
grifters with hard faces and cold eyes -- and the results...~~

CLAYTON: Well, Lt. what's the verdict ~~so far~~?

DELANEY: Darrah, leave me alone, I'm busy --

CLAYTON: This is news, Lt., big news.

DELANEY: Okay -- okay. You can quote me as saying -- we have  
rounded up more than 70 suspects. We are proceeding  
against the Phantom Bandits (CORRECTION SELF) -- the  
Polite Phantoms.

CLAYTON: Nothing more definite?

DELANEY: Goodbye, Darrah.

~~(MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARRATOR...)~~

NARR: There is more -- within a matter of 24 hours there are two new developments. First --

DELANEY: Three ~~vagrants~~ <sup>new suspects</sup> have been arrested, one woman locked up for illegal possession of firearms? -- ~~the rest have~~ <sup>other</sup> ~~been~~ <sup>suspects</sup> released - no evidence.

NARR: And the second new development --

MRS T: My husband and I had just come out of church. These two men walked up to us, said how do you do, tipped their hats -- and then robbed us.

(MUSIC: HARD AND UNDER ...)

NARR: What the developments add up to is simple; the Polite Phantoms are still on the loose, and the ~~finest-toothed~~ <sup>largest</sup> dragnet in the history of Idaho is as effective as a sieve for carrying water. You sit now, Clayton Darrah, reporter with tired harrassed Lt. Delaney, at 4 AM one morning -- one month since the bandits started, one month and 16 robberies later ...

CLAYTON: Are we absolutely stumped?

DELANEY: I try never to use that word, Darrah -- but right now I'm ready to turn in my badge.

CLAYTON: That'd be a great help.

DELANEY: You got a better idea.

CLAYTON: I don't know -- how does this sound? -- I'm just fishing for something. I don't even know what --

DELANEY: (DULLY) What?

CLAYTON: Every one of these robberies went off without a hitch. They were perfectly timed. They were methodical, cool, fast, professional --

DELANEY: We've been all over that a hundred times --

CLAYTON: That means some pros are in Boise: some real first-rate talent --

DELANEY: We picked up everything and anything that smelled of pro - and what did we get?

CLAYTON: I know, I know - but there must be something somewhere.

DELANEY: That's a profound observation.

CLAYTON: Look, suppose you ask me -- I know we've been over this before -- but suppose we talk to <sup>the</sup> those last two victims. The one's who saw the Phantoms most recently. Maybe they'll remember something. Some identification, some clue -- anything. What do you think?

DELANEY: I think it's a waste of time --

CLAYTON: Let's do it anyhow. What have we got to lose? What else is there to do?

(MUSIC: ~~IN WITH NARR~~ <sup>Bridges</sup> ...)

NARR: You try it -- what you've tried a dozen times before. You call in the last two victims: the elderly couple who were held up as they left church --

DELANEY: Please sit down, Mrs. Taine, Mr. Taine -- thank you. This young man wants to ask you a few questions. He's with the Idaho Statesman --

CLAYTON: Thank you. Now, Mr. Taine, Mrs. Taine -- Is there anything you can remember anything at all -- beyond the fact that one was tall, and one was short?



TAINÉ: It happened so quickly, you see -- and I was so surprised, we just having come out of church -- I'm sorry I can't. Can you, mother?

MRS T: I couldn't take my eyes off that gun.

CLAYTON: What about the gun? *Mrs Taine*

MRS T: Just that it was big -- and the more I looked at it the bigger it got. It was frightening.

DELANEY: It's no use.

CLAYTON: Can you remember anything about their clothing? Maybe they were wearing hats or caps, or the color of their suits?

MRS T: They wore hats, didn't they Harvey?

TAINÉ: I'm not sure, mother.

MRS T: Well, I am - they wore hats, because they came up and they tipped their hats and said good morning - and --  
(SUDDENLY) *Young man* What's that?

CLAYTON: What do you mean?

MRS T: Well, I don't mean to be personal, young man - but -- that patch of hair you have, that white patch -- I just noticed it --

CLAYTON: Oh, I had a typhoid fever attack when I was a boy. It left that white patch --

MRS T: Well, he had a white patch -- just like that.

CLAYTON: What?

MRS T: I remember it very clearly now - the tall one. He had a white patch of hair -- (I think his hair was brown, the rest of his head, I mean) - But he had a white patch -- just like yours.

(PAUSE)

CLAYTON: (TENSE) Thank you, Mrs. Taine, thank you, ~~Mr. Taine~~  
It--for the first time in a month, I've got an idea.

(MUSIC: -- HITS THEN INTO SCENE:)

DELANEY: You're nuts, Darrah, absolutely off your rocker--

CLAYTON: I tell you I'm not, I tell you it's worth a trial.

DELANEY: Well, even if there's something in what you say--how  
can we prove it?

CLAYTON: Mr. Taine said he'd cooperate, didn't he? Then all we've  
got to do--is bring him face to face with the man I  
suspect is one of the Polite Phantoms--and we'll have  
an absolute identification. Will you try it?

DELANEY: It's nuts--but okay.

(MUSIC: -- QUICK INTO)

CLAYTON: Mr. Taine, your cooperation in this matter is absolutely  
essential.

TAINÉ: I understand..

CLAYTON: No matter where I take you, don't be surprised; don't  
express anything unusual in your voice or in your  
movements. Do you understand--

TAINÉ: No, but I'm willing to cooperate.

CLAYTON: Good. Then get into these clothes.

TAINÉ: (TAKE) Those are prison clothes, aren't they?

CLAYTON: That's right, sir. You're going to be locked up for  
one day--in the Idaho State Penitentiary.

(MUSIC: -- HITS AND UNDER)

NARR: You're playing a long-shot. Clayton Darrah--a thousand to one shot- but there's nothing else to do. You're taking Harvey Taine, citizen, putting him into prison uniform and leading him into the barber shop of the *State* State Penitentiary. You're doing this because--of all the men in Boise, *you know* only one other beside yourself, has a patch of white hair above the right temple: and that man (you know because you've been the manager of the Prison Baseball team) -- is a man serving a life term-- inside the Pen--a man who, to your knowledge, has not been outside the prison gates for 11 years. But wild and impossible as it sounds, you're trying it. You lead Taine into the prison barber shop, tell him what to do-- and wait outside-

PENN: You're next buddy--sit down, make yourself comfortable. How do you like it-- not too much off the top?

TAINÉ: That's right, please

PENN: You just got in, didn't you--(SOUND OF SNIFFERS) --never seen your face in the joint before--

TAINÉ: That's right. I just got in.

PENN: Well, sit back-and have the best haircut in the state. (LAUGHS) And for free.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP AND INTO)

(STEPS COMING ON MIKE)

DELANEY: (WHISPER) Here he comes--

CLAYTON: Yeah. (PROJECTED WHISPER) Mr. Taine- over here--

(MORE STEPS. THEY STOP ON MIKE)

DELANEY: Well?----

TAINÉ: ~~(CLEARS HIS THROAT)~~ There's no question in my mind. He is one of the men who held me up.

(MUSIC: -- HITS AND INTO:)

CLAYTON: Warden-

WARDEN: Yes, gentlemen--

CLAYTON: You've been very cooperative- letting Mr. Taine go into the barber shop.

WARDEN: Maybe you'll tell me now what this is about.

CLAYTON: Warden, two of your prisoners, Penn- (and who is the man he always travel around with?) --

WARDEN: Penn--? Penn and Blakely--what about them?

CLAYTON: They're both on the baseball team, aren't they?

WARDEN: That's right- pretty inseparable, I'd say--what about them?

CLAYTON: Warden, Penn and Blakely are the Polite Phantoms.

WARDEN: What! You don't know what you're saying- Penn and Blakely have been in prison Penn 11 years and Blakely six--how could they--how could THEY be the Bandits?

CLAYTON: That's the part we don't know- the only part. How do they get out, hold up citizens and get back in--using the State Penitentiary as their hideout?

WARDEN: The whole thing is preposterous.

DELANEY: We don't think so, Warden. We think they're our men.

WARDEN: ~~(ANNOYED BECAUSE HE'S UNDER ATTACK IF WHAT THEY SAY IS TRUE)~~ Then why don't you charge them with the robberies?

CLAYTON: Because, warden, even if Mr. Taine identified them; even if other victims identified them- they've got an ironclad alibi. They were in prison. No, warden, what we've got to do is catch them at it--catch them leaving prison. Then we'll have them.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

~~NARR: You set up a new trap, a new type of trap in the history of criminology; a trap to catch two polite, professional crooks as they leave their hideout- the State Penitentiary. You wait at the South Gate (where the grapevine tells you it's easiest to make a break) --and you wait--a day, two days, then a week--and nothing happens. You figure some way Pen and Blakely have gotten wind of it- so you bait the trap with more appealing bait. You run an item in the Statesman..~~

CLAYTON: Police today, convinced that the Phantom Bandits have left Boise and left Idaho, closed the case. No further developments are expected.

(MUSIC: RESUMES UNDER)

NARR: You bait the trap and wait--and one fine evening, just after 9 (two hours after lights out), ~~as~~ you and Lt. Delaney are waiting at the South Gate *where the grapevine tells you it's easiest*

~~(GATES OPEN. TRUCK PULLS OUT. STOPS, MOTOR IDLING)~~ *idling - 20 get out*

VOICE: *Open the gate Smitty* (OFF), Just the mail truck, ~~Smitty~~

(GATES OPEN. ~~TRUCK STARTS~~..)

DELANEY: (SHARP) Hold it--

VOICE: Just the mail officer--

DELANEY: That's all I want to look at--just the mail.

(MUSIC: \_\_ IN WITH NARR:)

NARR: And there in two separate mail bags are found--Penn  
(the tall one with the white patch on his hair,) and  
Blakely, (the short one)--the Polite Phantom Bandits--  
*A*nd before they're taken away (taken back inside), you,  
Clayton Darrah, reporter, ask them one question that has  
been worrying you all through this incredible case:

CLAYTON: Just one thing, Penn--why so polite all the time?

PENN: Well, here's the way I look at it, mister. Cons got a  
bad name--what's the sense of giving them a worse name--  
you know the way some crooks are, tough strong arm,  
foul mouth. I say "Be Polite"--gives the con a better  
name.

(MUSIC: \_\_ UP TO TAG)

~~(MUSIC: \_\_ SHARPLY AND PIERCING... TO CURTAIN)~~

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from  
Clayton Darrah of the Idaho Daily Statesman with the  
final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: \_\_ STING)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

*The mail was their way in and out - 2 deliveries  
a day - very neat - very simple*

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!

(MUSIC: \_ TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Clayton Darrah of the Idaho Daily Statesman.

DARRAH: The Grand Jury investigation following tonight's BIG STORY reveals that the polite bandits had trustee privileges which gave them complete freedom within the prison walls and made it easy for them to slip in and out in mailbags - ~~as you said~~: "very neat - very simple." Naturally these privileges were immediately revoked. However, no charges were preferred against the two men as they were already serving life terms. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Darrah... 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 Memphis Tenn. Commercial Appeal -- by-line, Marie Wathen. A BIG STORY about a red sedan, a woman in black and a killer who took..

SOUND: (PISTOL SHOT)

HARRICE: A shot in the dark.

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. Jimmy McCallion played the part of Clayton Darrah. 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. Darrah.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL & FADE)

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

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

# AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #126

## CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
JACKSON	NAT POLEN
GUY	NAT POLEN
HELEN JACKSON	JOAN ALEXANDER
WOMAN	JOAN ALEXANDER
EDITOR	GEORGE PETRIE
MR. MCCREADY	GEORGE PETRIE
SERGEANT RIDGELY	BILL SMITH
CLERK	BILL SMITH
MARIE	MITZIE GOULD
BOY	DAVID ANDERSON
MRS. MARTIN	ALICE REINHEART
MRS. WHITE	ALICE REINHEART
BOSS	ED JEROME
MATT	ED JEROME

MARIE WATHEN - MEMPHIS, COMMERCIAL-APPEAL

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1949

ATX01 0169921

WNBC & WPT

THE BIG STORY

#126

(MARIE WATHEN-MEMPHIS COMMERCIAL-APPEAL)

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

AUGUST 24, 1949

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: - - - - UP AND OUT)

JACKSON: (IN BED....LOW) What time is it, Helen?

MRS. JACKSON: (SLEEPY) Past midnight...go to sleep.

JACKSON: I can't. (SLIGHT BEAT) Helen....

MRS. JACKSON: Hmmm?

JACKSON: I've been thinking. Maybe we oughta go away for a while.

MRS. JACKSON: What for?

JACKSON: It's been so long...that's all. You and me together.. alone ~~again~~. It'd be so nice.

MRS. JACKSON: If you want to....all right.

JACKSON: (HAPPY) Swell! We could go to.....

MRS. JACKSON: (TIRED) Honey, I'm so tired.

JACKSON: (HAPPY UNDERSTANDING) I'm sorry, Helen. We'll talk about it tomorrow. Good night, darling....

MRS. JACKSON: (FALLING OFF) Good night.....

(MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ IN SOFTLY AND THEN SUDDENLY HITTING A SHRILL CHORD FOR)  
(PHONE <sup>ring</sup> JANGLING...PICKED UP)

SGT: *(Filter)* Desk Sergeant!

MRS. JACKSON: (FILTER) (HYSTERICAL) My husband's been shot...he's dead.....Hurry, please....hurry!

(MUSIC: - - - - UP AND UNDER)

ATX01 0169922

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY! Here is America....its sound and its  
fury....its joy and its sorrow...as faithfully  
reported by the men and women of the great American  
newspapers. (PAUSE...COLD AND FLAT) Memphis,  
Tennessee! From the pages of the Memphis  
COMMERCIAL-APPEAL....the authentic story of a  
reporter..who found that a dead illusion can destroy  
a murderer! Tonight....to Marie Wathen of the  
Memphis COMMERCIAL-APPEAL.....for her BIG STORY.....  
goes the PELL MELL AWARD!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ STING)\_

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #126

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: \_ \_ \_ UP IN A SOUTHERN THEME AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Now...the story as it actually happened. The story of Marie Wathen...as she lived it! Memphis, Tennessee!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ RISES THEN DIPS UNDER AGAIN)

NARR: There's a rumor going around that chivalry is dead. But you...Marie Wathen...want to spike it fast. For here, in the heart of the South, chivalry is very much alive. And the assignments you get as a reporter on the Memphis COMMERCIAL-APPEAL....prove it! If all your society and fashion columns were put side by side....there'd never be an end. And what can you do about it? Nothing... except needle your editor every chance you get. And finally....early one morning...when your editor's wife smashes up his brand new car...he forgets about chivalry. He calls you into his office and says...

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ CUE)

EDITOR: So you've been complaining. You're bored. Okay....I've got something for ya. Guy named Oscar Jackson had his brains blown out by a burglar. Get over to his house for the story! But remember! Just one fainting spell when you see the blood...and you're back with the Ladies' Literary Society!

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

NARR: The address is in a small neighborhood of neat ~~row~~ houses on the outskirts of town. The kind of street where everyone knows everyone else's business...and how can you avoid it? Still..it's a sunny, pleasant looking place....and it's not hard to see yourself settling down here someday. But as you walk through the small, white doorway of the Jackson house...the startled look Sergeant Ridgely throws in your direction..brings you back to the business at hand.

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

SGT: You lost, Marie?

MARIE: I'm on assignment, Sergeant.

SGT: This is no fashion show.

MARIE: How about an interview with Mrs. Jackson?

SGT: She's at a neighbors. (PUZZLED) You on the level, Marie?

MARIE: (SLIGHT FADE OFF) This where it happened....in here?

SGT: (SLIGHT ALARM) Hey, don't touch anything in there.  
(REACHING HER) Whatta you think you're doin'?

MARIE: I told you. I'm on assignment. Now....

SGT: Okay, okay! Jackson was lyin' here in bed. It was late.  
His wife hears a shot. She wakes up....

MARIE: What side of the bed was she on?

SGT: Here on the right. Why?

MARIE: Please go on.

SGT: (SLIGHTLY IRRITATED) Mrs. Jackson wakes up. A guy  
jumps outta this window. Her husband is bleedin' from  
a slug in the side of his head. Then she....

MARIE: (CUTS IN) If the burglar came in through this window...  
then he must have leaned over Mrs. Jackson in order to  
shoot her husband.

SGT: We know that. We also know that he took Jackson's gun  
from the bureau and shot him. Now....whatta ya doin'?

MARIE: (JUST OFF) Why aren't there any footprints under this  
window?

SGT: Lissen, will you cut it out?

MARIE: When the burglar leaned over her, why didn't she wake up?

SGT: I told ya to cut it out. (RELAXING) You gotta learn to  
take it easy, Marie. We got eyes...we know if a story's  
a phoney.

MARIE: I'm sorry, Sergeant. I didn't mean to....

SGT: I know women, Marie. The Lord help me...but I know women. You found a couple of queer things here so right away...there's a machine in your mind that starts working.

MARIE: But Sergeant....

SGT: Lerme finish! You're thinkin' about Mrs. Jackson already. And you're out after her. Well, watch it, Marie... Like I said this is no fashion show. And when you write about someone bein' a murderer....that kind of idea doesn't go out of style so quick.

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

NARR: Maybe he's right, you figure... You leave the house and walk down the tree shaded street...feeling the tensions.. the eagerness....unwind with every step.

~~(CHILDREN-AT-PLAY-B.G.)~~

NARR: Kids are playing in the street and you spot a small boy over to one side...crying...

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ OUT)

(FADE THE BOY IN...CRYING SOFTLY)

MARIE: Hi, there!

BOY: Go away!

MARIE: What's the matter?

BOY: Leave me alone!

MARIE: Don't you want to play in the game over there?

BOY: No... I want my dog! (CRYING GOES AWAY SLIGHTLY)

MARIE: Well, where is he?

BOY: He's dead!

MARIE: I'm sorry.



BOY: He got killed.  
MARIE: That's terrible.  
BOY: He got shot...just like Mr. Jackson did.  
MARIE: (ALERT) Who told you that?  
BOY: My mother. She said it. He was a good dog..only he made noise at night. He barked all the time. Then they shot him...just like Mr. Jackson...

(MUSIC: UP IN EXCITEMENT AND BRIDGE)

BOY: This lady brought me home, Momma. She wants to see you.  
MRS. MARTIN: Go inside and wash your face. Lunch is almost ready.  
BOY: Okey....g'bye....  
MARIE: Goodbye, Michael.  
MRS. MARTIN: Well, what'd you wanna see me about, Miss?  
MARIE: My name's Marie Wathen, Mrs. Martin.

~~(BABY-CRIES-OFF)~~

MRS. MARTIN: (ANNOYED) Listen to that!  
MARIE: How old is it?  
MRS. MARTIN: Six months!  
MARIE: Got your hands full here, haven't you?  
MRS. MARTIN: (PROJECTING) Michael....give her the bottle on the table.

~~BOY: (PROJECTING OFF) All-right...~~

MRS. MARTIN: Hands full is right. Sometimes I just wanna walk out of here and never come back.

~~(BABY-IS-STILL)~~

MARIE: Mrs. Martin....about Michael's dog...  
MRS. MARTIN: (STIFFENING) What about it?  
MARIE: Why did you say it'd been shot just like Mr. Jackson?  
MRS. MARTIN: Who told you that?  
MARIE: Michael.

MRS. MARTIN: (ANGRY) I was telling my husband. That kid was snooping again.

MARIE: When was the dog shot?

MRS. MARTIN: Night before last. Wait a minute...what's all this to you? Why the questions.

MARIE: I'm a reporter, Mrs. Martin. I'm on the Jackson murder story.

MRS. MARTIN: I don't know anything. Mrs. Jackson is a fine woman. Why don't you let her alone?

MARIE: I didn't say anything about Mrs. Jackson.

MRS. MARTIN: (FLUSTERED) You get out of here. I don't want to talk to you.

MARIE: (PERSISTENT) Tell me about Mrs. Jackson! I'd like to know.

MRS. MARTIN: (ALMOST GRIM) You're wasting your time. Here or anywhere else! Nobody can tell you anything!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ UP AND BEHIND FOR MONTAGE)

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)(IT OPEKS)

WOMAN: Yes?

MARIE: I'm from the COMMERCIAL-APPEAL. Could I .....

WOMAN: You the lady who just saw Mrs. Martin?

MARIE: That's right, you see I....

WOMAN: Sorry.... I got nothing to say.

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

MARIE: What time was it when you heard the shooting last night, Mr. McCready?

MCCREADY: I didn't hear any shooting, Miss.

MARIE: But you only live three houses away. You must have heard it.

MCCREADY: You calling me a liar?

MARJE: No but....

MCCREADY: Look, why don't you go away and leave us alone? We don't want anyone snooping around.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ UP TO A PEAK AND THEN BEHIND WITH)

(~~SLOW-STEPS-ON-SIDEWALK WITH BELOW~~)

HARR: It's the same street you walked just a few minutes before... But now, suddenly it's different. Mothers rush to the front of their houses and call in their children. And like an echo that refuses to die away... doors begin slamming all along the street. You turn quickly and faces disappear from the window. This neat, respectable little community has locked itself away.... afraid and whispering. Now...when you knock on a door ...

(~~KNOCKING-ON-DOOR~~)(SLIGHT BEAT)

silence is your only answer. An idea comes back to you ....persistent ...frightening...but you can't stop it. Despite the Sergeant's warning to let Mrs. Jackson alone..You decide you have to see her and in a neighbor's house, a ~~tall-angry~~ woman looks at you and asks.....

MRS. WHITE: Hasn't Mrs. Jackson suffered enough? Why don't you reporters let her alone?

MARIE: Why won't she see me, Mrs. White? I understand how she must feel but still there must be something she'd like to say.

MRS. WHITE: There is...and I'll say it for her. Don't throw dirt...  
ya hear? Her husband's dead...and that's the end of  
it. She doesn't want to hear anymore about it. Ya  
understand, Miss Wathen. *Please, stay*  
~~Keep your filthy~~ away from  
here.

(MUSIC: UP AND SEGUE TO)

(CASH REGISTER RINGING AND CLOSING)

CLERK: Help ya, Miss?

MARIE: I'll be surprised if you can!

CLERK: Huh?

MARIE: You know, Mrs. Jackson?

CLERK: Sure...buys her meat in here all the time. Say...  
terrible thing about her husband, wasn't it?

MARIE: I think so.

CLERK: He sure was a nice guy. But her... well, you can tell  
a lot about a person just the way they treat a clerk in  
the store. I don't know how anyone could like her.  
~~And the way the other women talk about her...wow!~~

MARIE: (~~ANXIOUSLY~~)—~~What do they say?~~

CLERK: Lemme put it this way. ~~I~~ I always figured that some  
morning every single copy of the COMMERCIAL-APPEAL  
would sell for at least a buck.

MARIE: Why...why? *What do you mean?*

CLERK: Because of what's goin' on aroun' here. Why..ya know  
that Mr. Martin stopped his wife from ever seein' Mrs.  
Jackson again?

MARIE: The Martins? They have a boy named Michael?

CLERK: That's them! Lissen, there's a lot I could tell ya.

BOSS: (FADING ON) What's the trouble here, Alex?

CLERK: Nothin', Boss. .. the lady was just askin' me a couple a questions.

BOSS: You're from the paper....right?

MARIE: Yes.

BOSS: Well, I'm sure I can help you. This is a fine, upstanding neighborhood and I know I'm lucky to have such nice ladies as my customers...Er...is there anything else?

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

NARR: You don't leave the neighborhood for a minute..and everywhere you turn...you find an incredible conspiracy of silence. But as you walk back into her home.. you know one way to find out something about her. If Mrs. Jackson was a happy, contented wife...the kitchen is where'll you find the proof.. It will be cheerful. There'll be recipes in a scrapbook... and pots and pans shiny and clean. But in the kitchen of the Jackson house... you find none of these things. It's drab..in need of paint..gloomy and depressing. Now.... you know a lot about Mrs. Jackson...because they couldn't hide this room away from you. Then suddenly..in back of you...a voice says..

MRS JACKSON: (MEAN, ANGRY) What are you doing in my house?

(DISHES FALLING TO FLOOR AND BREAKING)

NARR: Some dishes fall nervously—from your hand..as you look at the woman you believe to be a murderess!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ UP INTO CURTAIN)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

(MUSIC: -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and the BIG STORY of Marie Wathen .. as she lived it .. and wrote it!

NARR: It seems so long ago but for you, Marie Wathen, it started only this morning. Your editor on the Memphis COMMERCIAL-APPEAL had decided to give you a crack at a crime story. A man named Oscar Jackson had been killed while asleep ... and, as his wife claimed .. by a burglar. But there's something about the way the murder was committed that worries you. And when no one in the small, suburban street will tell you anything .. ~~you begin to suspect~~ *Mrs. Jackson's* ~~Mrs. Jackson's~~ You go back to ~~her~~ house and there you find the proof of a not too happy home. And as you find it ... the woman you think is a murderess suddenly appears behind you and says ..

MRS. JACK: (MEAN, ANGRY) What are you doing in my house?

(DISHES FALLING TO FLOOR AND BREAKING)

MARIE: (STARTLED) Your dishes ... I'm sorry .. I didn't mean to drop them.

MRS. JACK: How'd you get in here?

MARIE: I'm Marie Wathen .. the COMMERCIAL-APPEAL. Sergeant Ridgely said it'd be all right to look around.

MRS. JACK: A reporter.

MARIE: Yes, Mrs. Jackson.

MRS. JACK: You know me?

MARIE: It's your house.

MRS. JACK: Forgive me ... I'm not thinking straight anymore. Not since last night.

MARIE: I understand.

MRS. JACK: I .. I don't know what I can tell you. The police .. they know just how it happened.

MARIE: Did anyone beside you and your husband know that he kept his gun in the bureau drawer?

MRS. JACK: No .. but what difference does it make?

MARIE: I might be important.

MRS. JACK: Didn't the plice tell you. The burgler found it in the bureau by accident.

MARIE: Then why did he shoot your husband?

MRS. JACK: Why does anything happen? How can I answer that?

MARIE: All right, Mrs. Jackson ... I won't trouble you anymore.

MRS. JACK: Miss Wathen .. before you go ..

MARIE: Yes?

MRS. JACK: Will you do something for me?

MARIE: What?

MRS. JACK: Help find the man who did it! Help find him .. so they can kill him!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: You leave her there .. crying softly ... But because of one thing ... you reject all sympathy .. all understanding. The conspiracy of silence! Why are people in the community afraid to talk .. tell what they know? This is something too big to carry alone .. so you go back to Sergeant Ridgely and tell him what you've found.

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

SGT: What's so strange about it? People just don't like to get involved, that's all.

MARIE: No, Sergeant .. it's more than that.

SGT. What?

MARIE: The motive maybe. They know why she could've done it.

SGT. (SARCASM) The Jacksons argued a couple a times. That make you happy?

MARIE: How much insurance did he carry?

SGT. Not enough to get him murdered. Now .. don't look so disappointed!

MARIE: Don't laugh at me! You know it wasn't a burglar who shot Jackson.

SGT: I do?

MARIE: Yes. I know you haven't rounded up a single suspect..that there hasn't been a lineup of men with criminal records.

SGT: You're learning fast, Marie. Okay .. so I don't think a burglar did it. Now .. where does that leave me? Do I walk up to Mrs. Jackson and tell her she killed her husband?

MARIE: You can try it.

SGT: And if she says no? Sorry ... but in this state you can't arrest people on an idea.

MARIE: If we can find her motive .. it'll break her down.

SGT: Great ... I'm all for it! Now ... suppose you run along and find it.

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT .. A LITTLE MORE THAN A CHORD)

MARIE: Mrs. White .. remember me .. I ..

MRS. WHITE: I remember you, Miss Wathen.

MARIE: I'd like to see you for a few minutes if I may.

MRS. WHITE: Here's my answer...

(A DOOR SLAM)

(MUSIC: IN WITH AN IMPACT AND OUT)

(JUST A FEW STREET SOUNDS)

MCCREADY: What is it, Miss Wathen? I'm in a hurry.



MARIE: Mr. McCready you've got to help me. I don't know why you people won't speak to me .. but you're wrong .. terribly wrong.

MCCREADY: Please .. I don't know what you want... and I'm not interested.

MARIE: About Mrs. Jackson ... why does everyone think she killed her husband?

MCCREADY: (ALARM) Look out!

(A ROCK CRASHES THROUGH A WINDOW)

MCCREADY: (A LITTLE GRIM) They've stopped calling you names, Miss Wathen. Now ... they're throwing stones. You ought to be careful!

(MUSIC: UP AND SEQUE TO)

(A FEW GLASSES TONGHING TO SUGGEST A SODA FOUNTAIN)

GUY: What'll it be, Miss?

MARIE: Chocolate malted.

GUY: With an egg?

MARIE: (TIRED) With an egg!

BOY: Hello.

MARIE: (SURPRISED) Eh? Oh ... hello, Michael.

BOY: I got a whole quart of ice cream.

MARIE: How nice.

BOY: You want some?

MARIE: No, thanks. (AN IDEA) Michael .. tell me something!

BOY: What?

MARIE: Do you like Mrs. Jackson?

BOY: I don't know.

MARIE: Mr. Jackson ... did you like him?

BOY: He was okay. Only he didn't have a red car.

MARIE: Was that so important?

(GLASS-ON-COUNTER)

GUY: (FADING IN) ~~Chocolate malted .. with an egg.~~

BOY: Well, the other man had one. He said he'd take me for a ride some day.

MARIE: (ANXIOUSLY) What other man, Michael?

BOY: (HOW CAN SHE BE SO DUMB) The man who comes to see Mrs. Jackson.

MARIE: Did he .. did he come today?

BOY: I don't think so.

MRS. MAR: (PROJECTING OFF) Michael!

BOY: My mother .. I gotta go ..

MRS. MAR: (FADING IN) Look at that ice cream .. *all melted.*

MARIE: I'm afraid it's my fault, Mrs. Martin.

MRS. MAR: Why didn't you let him go home?

MARIE: We just got to talking... that's all!

MRS. MAR: (ALMOST CRYING IN HER RAGE) What did we ever do to you? Why don't you leave us alone?

MARIE: *See Mrs. Martin*  
~~I didn't kill Mr. Jackson.~~ I didn't bring the fear into this neighborhood. Whatever has happened here is the fault of you and the others. And from what you son told me ... I think I know what it is!

(MUSIC: UP AND SEQUE TO CHAPEL ORGAN PLAYING SADLY IN B.G.)

MATT: (WORRIED) Marie .. <sup>what</sup> who is it?

MARIE: Take it easy, Matt! My family's all right. Alive and kicking as usual!

MARIE: (RELIEVED) Well, that's better! But what else can a funeral director think when a lovely young friend walks into his establishment.

MARIE: Matt, I'm here about the Jackson funeral.

MATT: (CURIOSLY) His body's in the chapel now. Did you know him?

(MUSIC: -- UP AND OUT)     se you to hide me someplace so I can

MATT:           What's the morn Mrs. Jackson.

MARIE:           (DISAPPOINTING to view the body now. Comon .. this way.

He coul (STEPS WITH BELOW ...SOFT)

MATT:           (CALM you're going to ask me, I'll tell you what I'm

MARIE:           doing. I think Mrs. Jackson murdered her husband.

MATT:           What!

MARIE:           I want to watch her reaction as the friends pay their  
respect.

MATT:           ~~He was murdered, eh? THINK I'LL take another look at him:~~

~~black~~ ~~white~~ ~~black~~ ~~white~~  
-O... you go in here, Marie ... right behind these curtains.

You'll be able to see her good.

(MUSIC: -- BEHIND)

NARR:           Death is never pleasant and here in the chapel.. it's  
shape is ugly and frightening but you wouldn't get out  
of here if you could. You study Mrs. Jackson carefully  
as she sits ... bowed in grief. People walk over to her  
quietly but she only nods in answer to their sympathy. This  
part of the service is almost over when suddely .. you see  
a tall, good looking man come softly into the room. He  
glances around him-quickly and then walks toward Mrs.  
Jackson. And for the first time .. you watch her look  
up ... and like a sharp light stabbing out of darkness  
this woman f' black .... begins to smile.

(MUSIC: -- STABS AND THEN A LITTLE CHASE MOTIF BEHIND)

NARR:           The man leans down and whispers and the as you strain for  
a<sup>the</sup> look at his face .. he turns around and walks quickly  
out of the chapel. You run out the side entrance as fast  
as you can but when you get to the street ...

(CAR PULLING AWAY)

a red car roars away from the curb.

ATX01 0169938

MARIE: No but I'd like  
keep an eye on her, Marie?

MATT: They're stupid) I missed him Matt. That man in the red car.  
we broken this story wide open.

MARIE: Since) I know who he is.  
(EXCITED) You what?

MATT: I said I know who he is. His name's Paul Griffin.

MARIE: Go on! What else?

MATT: There's a funny story about him. He had a nice paying job  
here in town 'til his face lost it for him.

MARIE: I don't get it.

MATT: Ya see, Griffin was <sup>an old time</sup> executive-secretary of the fraternal  
club the men organized around here.

MARIE: So?

MATT: So it seems the wives of all the members kind of went for  
him. And ... not to be impolite .. he kind of went for them.  
Everyone got along fine ... except the husbands.

MARIE: (SLOWLY) And they got sore and fired Griffin.

MATT: Yeah ... how'd you know?

MARIE: It fits.

MATT: All except for the fact that I guess it didn't work out  
so well for the men.

MARIE: How's that?

MATT: He's still around .. isn't he?

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

MRS. MAR: Miss Wathen, I'm asking you to get out of my house.

MARIE: You'd better listen to what I have to say, Mrs. Martin.

MRS. MAR: I told Michael not to let you in. I'll show him I mean  
what I say.

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #126

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 0169940

MARIE: Mrs. Martin .... I know that Oscar Jackson was killed by his wife. I also know why.

MRS. MAR: (STIFFENING) I'm not interested.

MARIE: The man in the red car, Paul Griffin. That's why she did it!

MRS. MAR: (SLIGHT BEAT) What's it all got to do with me?

MARIE: This is a nice community, Mrs. Martin. The first time I saw it I hoped I'd be able to live here someday.

MRS. MAR: Miss Wathen ... (SHE IS SUBDUED NOW ... QUIET)

MARIE: You see ... I like to day dream a little. Can I tell you what else I thought might happen to me a few years from now?

MRS. MAR: Please ... I don't want to listen.

MARIE: I saw myself married.. and then just like you and the other wives in the neighborhood ... I'd have some children. Maybe a boy like Michael and a ~~little girl~~ like you baby inside.

MRS. MAR: And the work that goes with them? <sup>it?</sup>

MARIE: I'd have all that too. And I know I'd get tired ... very tired ... and just as you told me ... someday I'd want to walkout and never come back. It happens to so many ~~people~~ people

MRS. MAR: ~~They always stay.~~

MARIE: I would .. because I know I'd never really mean anything like that. I want to love my husband and my children. I want to miss them every minute they're not near me.

MRS. MAR: I thought it would be that way ... but it's not so easy. <sup>for a while</sup>

MARIE: ~~Reality never is. I learned that a long time ago.~~ <sup>I know</sup> And as you get a little older the ~~real~~ <sup>routine</sup> things that happen each day take up every inch of your life ... and there's no more time for dreaming.

MRS MAR: And there's nothing you can do about it.

MARIE: But there are some women ... and men ... who feel too sure of themselves. Sort of take things for granted. And that's where they get in trouble. I can even see it happening to me some day.

MRS MAR: How?

MARIE: I'd be tired ... fed up and I'd want some excitement ... something different. Maybe it'd be the idea of falling in love with another man. (SLIGHT BEAT) Couldn't that happen to me, Mrs. Martin?

MRS MAR: (SLOWLY) It could happen.

MARIE: ~~A real, good-looking man. And of course, I wouldn't be~~ the only one with the idea. Yet, I'd take my chances with the others. He'd have to fall in love with one of us.

MRS MAR: ~~Please ... don't say anymore.~~

MARIE: It happens so many times, Mrs. Martin. And it causes a scandal ... but people often don't like to talk about it. The women ... because they secretly see themselves in the place of the woman who's won the man. So they protect her. And the men ... they keep quiet about it too ... because what man will admit that his wife was thinking about leaving him. ~~Vanity, Mrs. Martin ... stupid and blind ... because it sometimes protects a murderer.~~ Like you said, Mrs. Martin ... it could happen to me ... but I don't think so. I don't think I could ever stand up for a woman who's killed an innocent man.

MRS MAR: (SLIGHT BEAT ... THEN VERY TIRED) All right, Miss Wathen,  
I'll tell you about Paul Griffin and Mrs. Jackson.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: You get the story .. every sordid detail. The sickening  
facts of a woman who thought she loved another man. But  
you don't print it .. not yet ... 'cause there's still  
no real proof. But you do print the story that the police  
are looking for a man with a red car .. a man suspected  
of shooting Oscar Jackson. And it works! The paper hits  
the street and an hour later .. Paul Griffin turns up at  
police headquarters ... crying his innocence and accusing  
Mrs. Jackson of the cold-blooded murder of her husband.  
You go to her and repeat Paul Griffin's story. And as  
you look at her .. the dead illusion wipes away the day  
of pretense .. and she says..

MRS. JACK: I shot him ... but I must have been crazy. I know now..  
that I really loved him.

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Marie  
Wathen of the Memphis COMMERCIAL-APPEAL .. with the final  
outcome of tonight's BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: -- STING)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)



THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #126

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!

(MUSIC: -- TAG) --

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Marie Wathen of the Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

WATHEN: Killer in tonight's Big Story was finally brought to justice - but only after two trials. The first trial, despite all the evidence and a hard fight on the part of the prosecution ended in a hung jury. The second trial, just as hard-fought as the first, ended suddenly and dramatically when killer surprised crowded courtroom by changing <sup>pleading</sup> her plea of not guilty to ~~guilty of~~ voluntary manslaughter. She was quickly sentenced to the Shelby County Workhouse. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Miss Wathen.. 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 Baltimore News-Post -- by-line Edward Freeman. A BIG STORY about an ace reporter <sup>who</sup> ~~that~~ beat three of a kind single-handed.

(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 <sup>Barety</sup> Barety, your narrator was Bob Sloane,  
and Mitzie Gould played the part of Marie Wathen. 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 Wathen.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE)

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

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

teddy/dd  
6/15/49  
am

# AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #128

## CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
JUDGE	BOB DRYDEN
OLD MAN	BOB DRYDEN
BILL	LAWSON ZERBE
MONTY	LARRY HAINES
TED	JIM STEVENS
MARK	JIM STEVENS
JOE	GIL MACK
BOARD	GIL MACK
GUS	HUMPHREY DAVIS
WARDEN	HUMPEREY DAVIS
ANNE	BARBARA WEEKS
EDNA	BARBARA WEEKS

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1949

ATX01 0169947

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

# 127

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

AUGUST 31, 1949

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

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

(CAR UP SLIGHTLY, POLICE CARRIER FREQUENCY HUM)

COP: Quiet night.

COP II: Too quiet.

COP: Yeah. It's always nights like this somebody ---

VOICE: (POLICE RADIO FILTER) Car seven, car seven. Go to  
Johnnycake Road near Catonville. Corpse in the road.  
That is all.

COP: See what I mean? *Let's go.*  
(CAR UP AND AWAY UNDER)

VOICE: (AS BEFORE) Car seven, car seven. Correction. TWO  
corpses in the road. Two. That is a-all.

COP: Quiet night, he says.

( (CAR UP AND AWAY UNDER)

VOICE: (AS BEFORE) Car seven, car seven. Correction of  
correction. Make that three corpses. Three in  
Johnnycake road, three. That is all.

~~SOPL That is enough.~~

~~COP II: That is a massacre!~~

(CAR UP AND AWAY INTO

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Here is America... its sound and its fury...  
... its joy and its sorrow.. as faithfully reported by the  
men and women of the great American newspapers. (PAUSE.  
COLD & FLAT) Baltimore Maryland. (MORE)

ATX01 0169948

CHAPPELL: From the pages of the Baltimore News-Post, the authentic  
(CON'T) story of --- The Ace that beat Three of A Kind. ----  
singlehanded. And for his work in the case --- to  
Edward M. Freeman for his Big Story goes the PELL MELL  
AWARD!

(MUSIC: -- -- FAREFARE..)  
(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #127

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. Edward Freeman's story as he lived it --- Baltimore, Maryland.

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

NARR: For you, spending it as all good people should, --- asleep -- it was a quiet night, until Johnnycake Road began to sprout corpses -- and the night desk woke you up. Sure. One corpse -- send a <sup>upsta</sup> ~~cup~~ to ~~cover~~. Two corpses --- send a legman. But three, three of a kind? Send an ace. You. Ed Freeman of the Baltimore News-Post. So. Known: three dead ones lying along the highway, ~~so~~ found by a worker coming home at dawn from the shipyards. To ascertain: the facts. And those, as you get them from the prowl-car cop while the coroner goes about his work this bitter January dawn, are:-----

COP: This one here, she was shot ---

FREEMAN: In the head.

COP: And the back. (WALKING A LITTLE) And this one ---

FREEMAN: (SORT OF A WHISTLE OF AMAZED DISGUST)

COP: This one, her throat was cut, Eddie.

FREEMAN: I have eyes.

COP: (ENJOYING IT) ---but you ain't seen nothing yet. She got maybe a dozen slashes in the chest, more maybe.

FREEMAN: Good thing I missed breakfast. How about the third?

COP: It's a man. Doc's still working. Now the way I figure it out----

FREEMAN: What'd you find on them?

COP: Nothing. No pocketbooks, no watches, no wallets, no hats, no money in their stockings you know, like this kind of woman would stash it away -- you see, the way I make it out:



FREEMAN: No guns? No knife?

COP: The fellas are beating the bushes up and down the road for 'em. Now ---

FREEMAN: <sup>Hold</sup> ~~Save~~ it. (PAUSE) What's the verdict, Doc? First, how long have they been dead?

CORONER: Oh ... three hours ... three and a half....

FREEMAN: That makes it.--- It's six-thirty now.--- makes it about three-thirty they were murdered.

COP: He's got it all figured out already it's murder.

FREEMAN: What's your idea?

COP: This note, see, I found it in the man's pocket.

FREEMAN: Hm. (READS) Dear----I love you. Please come back to me. (PAUSE) Short and sweet.

COP: You wanna hear my angle? Will you write it up?

FREEMAN: Let me hear it.

COP: All right, That one there, the older woman, the Doc says she's around thirty, <sup>and</sup> ~~that's~~ this one here, the man, that's his wife, see? And that one, there, the young one, she's like twenty, twenty-one, that's his girl friend, see?

FREEMAN: That's not an angle. That's a triangle.

COP: Don't confuse me. Now. I make it the guy is running around with the young one. The wife knows it, she writes him a note, see?

FREEMAN: Come back, all is forgiven.

COP: He figures, what a mess. I gotta buy out of this. I'll bring the two of 'em together. Girl --- meet my wife. Wife --- meet my girl. Go ahead, kids. Let's straighten this thing out. You follow me?

FREEMAN: Keep talking.

COP: All right. He figures a little beer will help. they get all tanked up, they drive out here--- but what happens? It turns into a free-for-all. By now he's drunk, crazy drunk. He shoots the girl -- that one. He stabs the wife --- that one. --- ---- she's wearin' a wedding ring, by the way. (TRIUMPHANT) It sobers him up --- what've I done, they're dead, I killed 'em -- bingo. He kills himself.

FREEMAN: That one.

COP: That one.

FREEMAN: He shoots himself right through the chest. (PAUSE) Without leaving powder burns on the shirt.

COP: Well ---

FREEMAN: He drops dead. Then

COP: Now look, Eddie ---

FREEMAN: ---he throws the gun and the knife so far away --

COP: All right---

FREEMAN: --- you can't find it. Then

COP: All right, all right!

FREEMAN: He drives the car away. And while we're standing here, maybe he makes his getaway. (PAUSE) You play poker?

COP: Do I play poker.

FREEMAN: Okay. Here we have three of a kind. Two-- queens. Dead. One -- well, jack. Dead also. I'm figuring there was originally --- two pair. I want to know. --- where is that second jack? And -- his jackknife.

COP: But we don't even know who these are!

FREEMAN: (QUIET) I know. But they won't run away. He might!

(GAR UP AND AWAY INTO)

(MUSIC: -- UP OUT OF CAR, DOWN MERGING INTO)

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

WIFE: (BEHIND IT) Is that you?

KILLER: Open up, open up!

WIFE: You got a nerve coming home (DOOR OPENS) this time of morning! (DOOR SLAMS FAST) Where was you all the livelong night?

KILLER: I sleep' at my maw's. We got no time to fuss now, woman. I'm in trouble. ~~Where's the trunks, where's the valise-~~  
~~cases~~ --- we gotta get packed to run.

WIFE: Trouble? What kind?

KILLER: Bad trouble. Get dressed. Get packed.

WIFE: You been drunk and fightin. Shirt's all over blood.

KILLER: (SUDDEN FIERCE) Look here.

WIFE: (HURTING) Leggo ---

KILLER: (SAME) Pack, I say, pack! Everything we got! Anybody comes (SHE SCABS "Let ---go!") anybody asks, I been home all night -- all night through! I'm goin' over to the shipyard now, goin' to pick up my pay. I'll be back afore noon --- and you're goin' to be ready to go -- or so help me I go alone. But go I'm goin'

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND RUN UNDER)

NARRATOR: Baltimore's housewives are scrubbing the white steps of their redfront houses... Baltimore's shipyard cranes are scrubbing slabs of steel down to the ribs of growing ships...-- and Baltimore's ace crime reporter? Playing a lonesome hand with nothing to go on but three of a kind and a possible jack running wild --- armed! (MORE)

NARR:  
(CON'T)

You too, Ed Freeman, are armed -- by the cops: with pictures of the two women who've been identified. You're making the rounds -- the dives, the joints, the hangouts... the bars, the clubs, the cafes.... and finally in one bar ----

FREEMAN: You say these women were in here last night?

BAR-GIRL: (FRIGHTENED) Yes. I -- I'm sure it was them

FREEMAN: What are you so scared about? I told you I was just a reporter. You've got nothing to fear from me.

BAR-GIRL: I know, I know.

FREEMAN: What do you know? And for that matter --- what're you doing in here so early? You Bar-girls work nights, don't you?

BAR-GIRL: Uh-huh -- -- but I thought -- (PAUSE. THEN, IN EARNEST HONEST PLEADING) Listen, mister. You look like a decent guy. Give me break. I'm waitin' for somebody, and --- well, if he don't come in by --

FREEMAN: Say, twelve o'clock?

BAR-GIRL: By noon, all right -- if he don't come in by then -- (HARD) then he ain't no good to me and I'll tell you how I come to know those two girls in the pictures you got. But you got to give me <sup>will</sup> ~~by~~ noon --- you got to!

(MUSIC: -- -- HIT AND GO INTO)

(NOON WHISTLE OF SHIPYARD UP, FADING BEHIND)

GIRL: ~~A fine time you picked to come.~~ <sup>What do you want, Mister?</sup> I was just going to lunch

KILLER: ~~I couldn't get off shift.~~ It won't take but a minute. I come to get my time.

GIRL: Your what?

KILLER: My pay, my pay! I want to get paid off!

GIRL: Take it easy, mister!

KILLER: I want out. Here's my work card, here's my social security, ~~my union~~ card ---

GIRL: Hold your horses. In the first place, this window's closed as of the lunch whistle. And in the second place --- it's got to go to personnel before you can just up and quit. You ought to know that.

KILLER: I don't care none about all that. I just want out!

GIRL: Well you can just wait for personnel. Come back after lunch.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ HIT AND GO FOR)

FREEMAN: All right -- it's noon and five minutes extra. Whoever it was --- he stood you up.

BAR-GIRL: For the last time. For the last time.

FREEMAN: I'm waiting.

BAR-GIRL: I hate him.

FREEMAN: Hate who?

BAR-GIRL: (SCOBING) I hate him, I hate him! (SCOBING BEHIND)

FREEMAN: You mean you loved him.

BAR-GIRL: I did, I did! But I hate him now. (A GULP) Listen. Listen to this. Last night we had a date -- like always I was on duty, I couldn't get off till two -- but you know the law -- no music after one ---

FREEMAN: Wait a minute. What's the music law got to do with it?

BAR-GIRL: The drums. He plays the drums in the band here. We --- we were steady -- then this one --

FREEMAN: The one in this picture, the young one ---

BAR-GIRL: Uh-huh. This one come along -- and -- and last night, all the time he had a date with me, he was picking up with her. And when I looked up, around one, this was, the minute I looked up for him -- he was gone. With her.

FREEMAN: With both women, you mean?

BAR-GIRL: Yes. And I thought, this morning when he comes in, I'll take one more try -- then, we're through. But he didn't give me that one break. So -- I'm through!

FREEMAN: Answer me this. Does he carry a gun?

BAR-GIRL: A knife, mostly. Sometimes a gun. Comin' home late nights, he says he needs protection. He's just a little guy -- the big jerk!

FREEMAN: A knife and a gun. (PAUSE) I -- I think I've gone as far as I can, so -- (QUIET) Would you come along with me?

BAR-GIRL: Why, why? where?

FREEMAN: To police headquarters. You see--- these two girls were murdered. By a man with a knife and a gun.

BAR-GIRL: No.

FREEMAN: Yes.

BAR-GIRL: No, ~~no, no!~~

FREEMAN: It's true. This morning -- after two o'clock. So -- better come along. And -- maybe you'd better have a quick one. Your first stop is the morgue.

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

(~~SHIPPYARD AGAIN, DOWN BEHIND~~)

SHIPWORKER: Say, I see you comin' from the pay window. Whattayou askin' -- for a raise?

KILLER: NO.

SHIPWORKER: Okay, none-a-my-biz. You et yet?

KILLER: Ain't hungry.

SHIPWORKER: Dopey. Long time since breakfast. Gotta eat to work.  
Gimme you knife. Cutch a piece my baloney.

KILLER: I got no appetite -- and no knife neither.

SHIPWORKER: Who you kid? Seen you splicin' rope widda knife, an hour ago.

KILLER: I lost it.

SHIPWORKER: Inna you back pocket, you lost it. Stickin' right outa you back pocket ---

KILLER: Get outa here, you greasy monkey, get out'n my sight!

SHIPWORKER: You gone crazy, kiddo? You crazy? I'm tryin' to give you some of my lunch, you turn on me like you gonna kill me --- you crazy?

KILLER: I tell you I got no knife, never had no knife, you never seen a knife on me. -- you talk knife again, so help me, I'll ---

SHIPWORKER: All right! All right! Go hungry, crazy man, go hungry!  
(PAUSE. AMAZED) Cra-zy Man!

(HOOT OF BACK-TO-WORK WHISTLE IN SAME RHYTHM AS  
CRA-ZY MAN, AND MERGE INTO)

(MUSIC: UP AND DOWN, SUSTAINING BEHIND FOLLOWING SCENE)

(DOOR OPENS ON ECHOED FOOTSTEPS TO STOP)

FREEMAN: Wait. Are you --- all right?

BAR-GIRL: Yes. Go -- ahead.

FREEMAN: Okay. Is -- this one of ~~them~~ *the women you saw last night?*

BAR-GIRL: (WITH A BREATH) Yes. That's -- -- One.

FREEMAN: (TWO FOOTSTEPS ) And -- this?

BAR-GIRL: (GASP) That's -- the one my -- boy friend was -- (GULP)  
Yes. That's -- her.

FREEMAN: Okay. (THREE FOOTSTEPS, A BIT OFF) Just by chance ---  
have you ever seen <sup>this man</sup> -- ~~him~~ before?

BAR-GIRL: A GASP

FREEMAN: You know him!

GIRL: (A WAIL) It's -- it's him! (SOBS) It's him, it's him,  
AD LIB BEHIND

FREEMAN: It's who -- who!

GIRL: (SOBBING) My boy friend, my boy friend. (AD LIB)

FREEMAN: (DISGUSTED) My suspect!

(MUSIC: -- -- UP FRGM BEHIND AND TAG FIRST ACT)  
(COMMERCIAL)



THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #126

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 gives 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: THEME UP AND DOWN FOR)

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

NARR: You, Edward Freeman, ace crime reporter of the Baltimore News-Post, have just had an open-and-shut case slammed in your face -- by a corpse. Here it is early afternoon. Before dawn, someone strowed the roadside with corpses -- two female, one male. Working all morning, you finally found a bar-girl who feared her boy-friend -- the bar's drummer -- had done it. And just now, at the morgue --- what did she up and do but identify the man's corpse as -----

FREEMAN: (DISGUSTED) My suspect! (~~GIRL IS SOBBING BEHIND~~)  
Come on, miss. Let's go somewhere and talk.

(MUSIC: WALKS UP AND AWAY UNDER)

NARRATOR: Talk! Right back where you started. Three of a kind -- all dead -- and the fourth still running wild. And for all you know, trying to get away --- or gone!

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND AWAY INTO)

(~~SHEPHERD B.T.O.~~)

KILLER: You got the rulin' on me yet, **about** my quitting?

GIRL: Yes. You have to stay on the job... unless ---

KILLER: Less'n what?

GIRL: Unless you move to another defense job.

KILLER: Then I can't git away. It's like I was in prison.

GIRL: That's a fine way to talk. If it's the money you need  
---- your card says you have a war bond allotment.---

KILLER: I been payin' every week regular.

GIRL: I know. I have them here. Not that folks should, but you can cash them in ---

KILLER: Good! Lemme have the money.

GIRL: The money! You have to go to a bank for that.

KILLER: Bank? Gimme them bonds!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO AWAY FOR)

KILLER: War bond window?

TELLER: Right here. How much did you want to buy? Eighteen - seventy-five, thirty-seven-fifty --

KILLER: Ain't buyin'. I'm sellin'. Here.

TELLER: I see. (PAUSE) They're not signed.

KILLER: I'll sign 'em.

TELLER: Sure you won't change your mind?

KILLER: Gimme that pen!

(SCRATCH OF PEN INTERMITTENTLY BETWEEN)

KILLER: There! (SCRATCH) There! (SCRATCH) There! (AND ON INTO)

(MUSIC: -- PICKS UP RHYTHM OF LAST LINE AND DIVES BEHIND)

NARRATOR: None of this do you know. For all you know, you may have passed that very bank as you drove the girl back to the bar. And there ---

(OFF DRUMMER TRYING VARIOUS PERCUSSIVE

PARATHERNALIA...SNARE...WOODBLOCK...GONG...CYMBALS

...BRUSHES...ROLLS, FLAMS, TARADIDDLES, THEN

SWINGING, SOMEWHERE ALONG THE SCENE, INTO A

STEADY LONG BEAT SOLO, BUT ALWAYS OFF, WITH PLENTY

BASS DRUM MATCHED TO SCENE'S CHARACTER.

FREEMAN: What goes on, Bar-keep?

BARKEEP: New drummer breaking in. Good, huh?

FREEMAN: Noisy.

BARKEEP: (CAREFULLY) A guy can talk better with a little noise to cover him. That is -- if it's worth talking.

FREEMAN: What about?

BARKEEP: Funny about that drumming. Makes so much noise I can't hear you.

FREEMAN: Maybe you hear better through your wallet. Here.

BARKEEP: *No,* I hear you good, mister.

FREEMAN: So -- talk.

BARKEEP: ~~See these faucets? Beer. Three of 'em. Beer, beer, beer.~~  
If one runs dry -- I switch to the other one.

FREEMAN: What're you trying to say?

BARKEEP: A barkeep knows just when to switch. Just when one's given out all it can. When it runs dry.--  
(HE DRAWS A GLASS OF BEER)  
--he taps the other  
(HE TAKES ANOTHER GULP)

FREEMAN: So?

BARKEEP: So bar-girls are the same way. Especially that one.  
(HE TAKES ANOTHER GULP)  
When they drain one guy dry --  
(HE GETS IT) They switch.

BARKEEP: ~~You get it?~~ (SNEER) Look at your *girl* ~~little~~ friend now. Makin' up to the new drummer already. (MAD) Why don't you ask her if the old drummer was the only boy friend she ever had?

FREEMAN: Would one of them be you?

BARKEEP: Maybe it would --once . Maybe it would. Go ahead, reporter. Ask her. Ask her who was the other guy left the place with the drummer and the dames last night. Go on -- walk over there and ask her!

(MIKE AND FEET WALK TO THE DRUMS TILL WE ARE RIGHT CLOSE. WHEN WE GET THERE, THE RANDOM PLAYING AROUND HAS SETTLED TO A SOFT BUT DRIVING BRUSH-PATTERN WHICH RIDES ALL THE WAY THROUGH FOLLOWING)

FREEMAN: Say -- didn't you forget to tell me something?

BAR-GIRL: No. You trying to start something?

FREEMAN: No. End something.

BAR-GIRL: Hit the road, jerk.

FREEMAN: Okay. I'll just tell the cops a story I just thought of.

BAR-GIRL: Go on -- blow!

FREEMAN: It's about this bar-girl, you see, who knew all the while who a certain killer was -- and wasn't telling. Maybe because she wanted to blackrail him -- maybe because she had paid him to do it, to get rid of the other --

BAR-GIRL: You wouldn't!

FREEMAN: I would. (PAUSE) I'm giving you a chance, sister. Do I sic the police on you -- or do you tell me?

BAR-GIRL: (AFTER A PAUSE. WHISPER) Gil.

FREEMAN: What?

BAR-GIRL: His name. Gil. That's all I know.

(DRUM HITS ITS STEADY ROLL NOW)

BAR-GIRL: So help me, that's all I know. He's married, see, and I didn't ask questions. I never ask questions --

FREEMAN: When was the last time you saw him?

BAR-GIRL: Last night -- this morning -- two o'clock. I was still on -- I had a date with the drummer -- then all of a sudden -- the four of them went out together --

FREEMAN: The two women -- the drummer -- and this Gil?

BAR-GIRL: Yes. And that's all I know -- please --

FREEMAN: That's not all you know! Where does he live! What does he do! Where is he now!

BARGIRL: I don't know, I don't know. (SHE SCREAMS) Stop that  
drumming, will you!

(DRUM OUT COLD)

BARGIRL: (GOES INTO SOBS)

FREEMAN: Come on, come on!

BARGIRL: He's a defense worker -- a -- a hillbilly, always  
asking <sup>for</sup> hillbilly songs from the band -- he -- he lives  
with his mother -

FREEMAN: Where? Where?

BARGIRL: (LITERALLY SHRIEKING) Right around the corner, that's  
where! (BREAKS) Right under your nose, around the  
corner. Now leave me alone, leave me alone!

FREEMAN: ~~Oh no. (GENTLER) I -- I'm sorry, but you have to  
come with me. Around the corner.~~

(DRUM UP SUDDENLY AND FURIOUSLY AND MUSIC UP AND  
AWAY)

(KNOCK ON DOOR WHICH OPENS)

OLD HAG: Gil? (PAUSE) Oh. Thought you was my boy.

(DOOR CLOSES)

OLD HAG: What do you want? ~~What you bringin' her around for?  
Git out of my house, ye slut.~~

FREEMAN: ~~Enough of that, Where's your son?~~ *where is he?*

OLD HAG: (CACKLE) He ain't here. He don't live here. Only says  
he does, when he's got drinkin' and wenchin' to do.  
(QUERULOUS) In front of his own maw, too.. usin' my  
home for a --

FREEMAN: That's enough! Where is he?

OLD HAG: (HOPEFUL) He in trouble?

FREEMAN: Where is he?

OLD HAG: (CACKLE) Knowed he come to trouble. You the law?

FREEMAN: For the love of Mike, grandma -- where is he now!

OLD HAG: (REAL WITCHLIKE) Now listen. Last night, he said, Maw, he said, I'll want in tonight, leave me the door off the latch. Well, I latched it ag'in' him a-purpose, but he busted in somehow. Or mebbe I forgot. (QUERULOUS) I'm jest a pore old woman --

FREEMAN: Go on, go on....

OLD HAG: (CRAFTY) Ennahow, he come in must of been 'round three o'clock. A'sneakin, and tippytoein', fallin' and trippin', drunk as a hooter owl. Turrible drunk. I know. I peeked. And -- and I heard. A-talkin' and a-whimperin' in his sleep! (SUDDENLY QUERULOUS AND SENILELY MATERNAL) And -- and he was a-callin' for me. A-callin' for his maw. (IMITATES) Maw, he was hollerin', Maw. . . Maw. . .

KILLER: (SLEEPTALKING DRUNKENLY) Maw. . . maw. . . (MUMBLE) Ma-a-aw. . . I done wrong. I got to hide, Maw.

OLD HAG: ~~(FILTER) I listened at him. .~~

KILLER: (AS BEFORE) Didn't mean nobody harm, maw. . . like you allus said. . . I get so crazy, so crazy drunk!

OLD HAG: ~~(FILTER) Maw knows bestest!~~

KILLER: (AS BEFORE) Just went for some beer. . see my girl. . . too much to drink. . . then two women, they -- they made up to me. . . cause I had a car. . . the young'un tooken the drummer-man along. . .

(SNEAK MUSIC: BEHIND, BUILDING)

(MORE)



KILLER:  
(CONT'D)

. . . we druv out a ways... 'long Johnnycake road....  
we drunk some more. . . one of 'em. . . we was all drunk...  
it was the drummer-man, told me to git out the car.... my  
own car, naw... gun... he had a gun... he throwed the  
gun on me... I grob it out his hand.. it went off...  
(BIG GROAN) he dropped stone dead... I was drunk, out of  
my head... the women seen me, they knew me -- (SOB) I --  
I shot the old one and cut the young 'un and druv the car  
away ... away ... I had to get away ... I got to get  
away -- I got to get away!

(MUSIC: -- TO PEAK AND OUT FAST FOR)

KILLER: (END OF HIS ANGUISHED ROPE) I got to get away, I told  
you! Come on! I got all the bags in the car! What're  
you waitin' for! What kind of a wife are you!

WIFE: I'm a good wife, Gil. (PAUSE) I heard on the radio  
about the killin' last night.

KILLER: Shut up, shut up!

WIFE: I heard. Was it you, Gil? Was it you done it?

KILLER: I was drunk -- they was tryin' to roll me -- I didn't  
know what I was doin' -- I was so terrible drunk (FADING)  
I didn't know what I was doin'...

FREEMAN: (CROSSFADE' ... and put in the lead of the story he  
didn't know what he was doing, ~~according to his mother,~~  
Seems he spent the hours right after the slaughter at his  
mother's. (PAUSE) What do you mean, <sup>give you</sup> more? I haven't  
even called the police yet!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND DOWN FAST)

KILLER: So you got to help me. I got to get away!

WIFE: They're gonna come a-lookin' for you, Gil.

KILLER: They? Nobody knows. Nobody knows but you.

WIFE: They'll find you. They'll come after you, Gil. Gil,  
I don't <sup>want</sup> nobody to come huntin' after my man. All knows  
you been bad to me, but that's bygones and forgivens.  
Go give up, Gil. Go give up.

KILLER: Confess? Confess up? You crazy, woman?

WIFE: You said it was self-defendin' made you do it, and the  
licker. Go tell 'em, Gil. Please. Mebbe somebody seen  
you. Mabbe -- mebbe your maw knows, the way you chatter  
in your sleep. You know you do ramble on in your (FADE)  
sleep time and time again....

FREEMAN: (CROSSING IN) ...stayed that night at his mother's and  
talked the whole thing out in his sleep, sergeant. And  
the last he said was "I got to get away." So pick me  
up in a squad car here and -- (PAUSE)(ANGRY) What do you  
mean? I got the guy and the address for you -- pick me  
up here and take me along for the pinch or you don't  
get the address! (PAUSE) That's better. He lives at --

(MUSIC: \_ \_ SUDDEN WIFE AND BEHIND)

WIFE: And the law can find you out, Gil. They'll find you  
sure.

KILLER: Only if you told 'em.

WIFE: He?

KILLER: Yes, you. Wantin' me to call the law and 'fess up.  
So's you can get <sup>rid</sup> ~~shot~~ of me, huh?

WIFE: No, Gil, no -- just so's we won't live in fear of  
somebody comin, forever. Just so's we won't live  
afeard of a step on the stair, feared of a knock on the  
door, a ring on the bell --

(A KNOCK)

GIL: Lord!

WIFE: See, Gil? See? I knowed!

GIL: Shut up, shut up!

(KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK)

GIL: (WHISPER) The law -- you called the law on me, you  
~~Judas-woman!~~

WIFE: No, Gil -- no, no --

GIL: You done betrayed me --

(DOOR KNOCKS AGAIN FURIOUSLY)

GIL: (HISS) Stand by me here! I'm openin' up! One move --  
one word -- if it's the law -- and before they take  
me -- my knife'll take you! Now!

(DOOR OPENED)

LANDLADY: Goin' somewheres, folks?

GIL: Uh -- yeah, yeah. Sure.

LANDLADY: Not without payin' me them two months' rent, you ain't.  
Car all packed, engine all runnin' -- (SHRILL) Who you  
think you are, tryin' to beat me out of my rent? Gimme  
my eighty dollars!

GIL: (SUDDEN) Get out of my way! Come on, wife!

(RATTLE OF FEET ON STAIRS AND REPREATING BEHIND IS  
HEARD)

LANDLADY: (YELLING) Stop him! Stop them! Police! Ruined my  
carpets, ~~burned holes in my furnishings, beat me out of~~  
~~my rent -- WHO'S GONNA PAY ME! WHO'S GONNA PAY FOR THE~~  
DAMAGE THAT'S DONE!

(FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR WHICH OPENS. WE HEAR --)

LANDLADY: (SHRIEK) Who's gonna pay!

(DOOR SLAMS. FEET STOP SUDDENLY. SILENCE)

FREEMAN: You're gonna pay, Gil.

KILLER: Who're you? Outa my way.

FREEMAN: Uh-uh. Look who's sitting in your car, Gil. The man's got  
a machine gun.

WIFE: The law!

FREEMAN: And the squad car in the driveway's got another.

(PAUSE) That's all, Gil. (PAUSE) Give me the knife.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ HIT AND GO BEHIND)

NARRATOR: On the knife -- as on a shirt stuffed in the trashcan,  
as on the cushions of his getaway, <sup>an</sup> as on the <sup>very soul</sup> ~~conscience~~  
of the killer -- spots. Under the law's microscope --  
blood. You, Freeman, played it right. It wasn't just  
three of a kind. It was two pair -- one jack, wild. (PAUSE)  
Ace beats.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ HIT AND GO FOR CLOSE)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Edward  
M. Freeman of the Baltimore News Post with the final  
outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ SPING)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #127

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!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Edward Freeman of the Baltimore News-Post.

FREEMAN: Killer in tonight's Big Story was taken to Police Headquarters and questioned. After several hours of interrogation at which I was present, he confessed to the killings but pleaded self defense. He was immediately locked in a separate cell under special guard to prevent any suicide attempt. Although case was removed to another county to ensure unprejudiced trial, he was finally tried and convicted of the three murders. ~~He received a total of 38 consecutive years in prison, a stronger sentence than life imprisonment itself.~~ Thanks a lot for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you Mr. Freeman...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 Cleveland Ohio Press - by-line, William Miller. A BIG STORY about a killer and his conscience and a reporter who freed them both.

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

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was written by Alan Sloan. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Bill Quinn played the part of Edward Freeman. 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. Freeman.

(MUSIC: -- THEME UP FULL AND FADE)

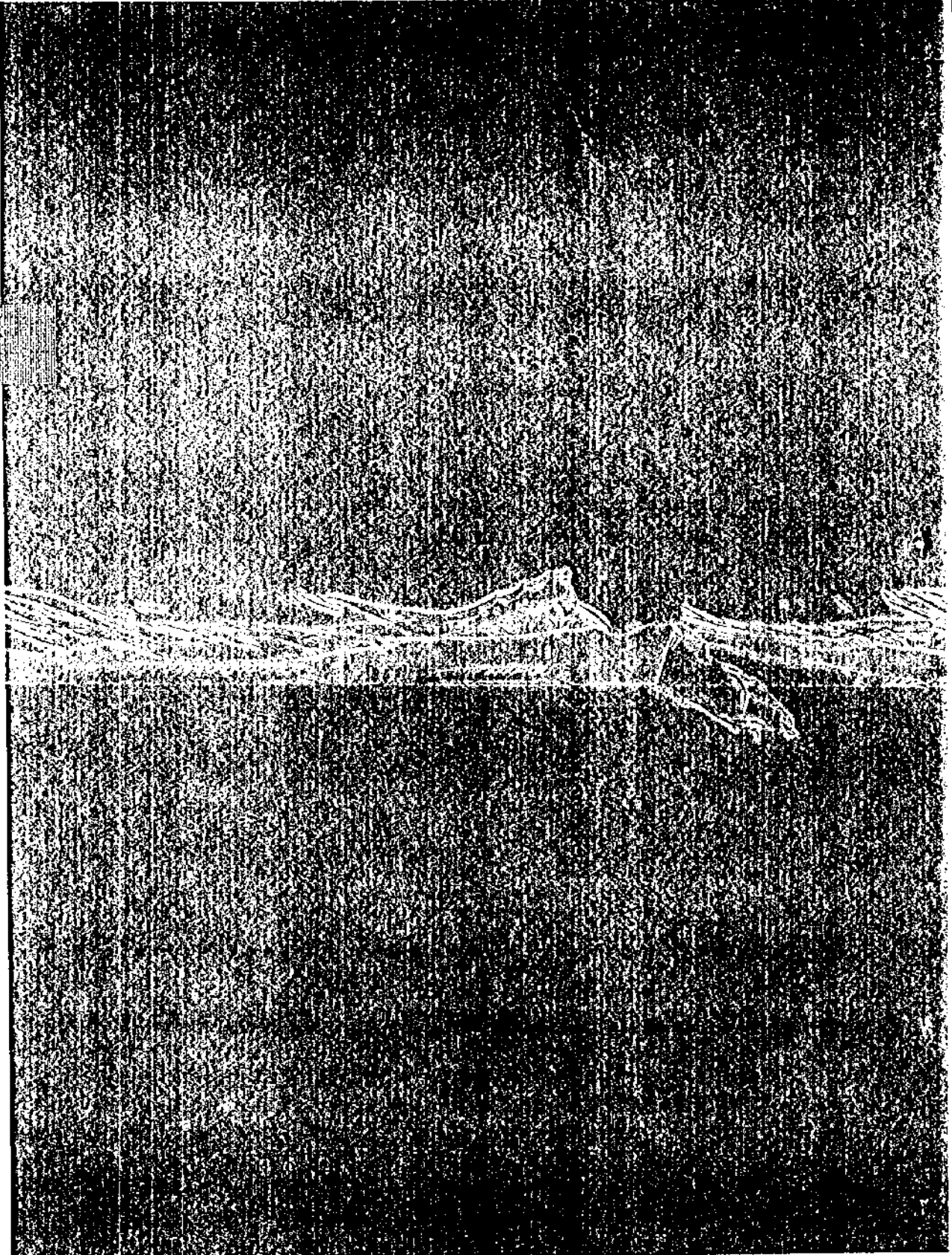
CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of FELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

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

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WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

NO. 128

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

SEPTEMBER 7, 1949

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: - FANFARE INTO ...)

(CLOCK LOUDLY TICKING. KEEP UNDER THROUGHOUT)

MONTY: (NERVOUS, TENSE, CAN'T SLEEP. NOW IN BED) (HALF TO HIMSELF) Twenty after two. I got to sleep. I got to get to sleep.

(~~HE TURNS IN BED. MAYBE HITS HIS PILLOW. CLOCK UP~~)

~~MONTY: (SAME) I get to go to sleep.~~

ANNE: (STIRRING) (NOT REALLY AWAKE) That you, Monty?

MONTY: Shh, shh, go back to sleep. ~~Shh.~~

ANNE: (SAME) Whatsamatter?

MONTY: Shh, nothing, Anne, nothing - ~~go to sleep. Sh.~~

~~ANNE: Mmmmm (AS SHE GOES OFF TO SLEEP)~~

~~(THE CLOCK)~~

~~MONTY: Nothing.~~

OLD MAN: (FILTER, THIS IS MONTY'S CONSCIENCE LAUGHS SOFTLY)  
Nothing, Monty? Nothing did you say? Nothing --

MONTY: (TERRIFIED) He's back; he's talking again! He's back!

OLD MAN: (F) I never went away, Monty, I'll always be here -  
wherever you are -- because you see, Monty, you're a liar,  
a fake, a fraud. A murderer!

(MUSIC: - COMES IN SLOWLY, BUILDS, THEN HITS, THEN DOWN FOR:)

ATX01 0169976

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) Cleveland, Ohio, from the pages of the Cleveland  
Press, the story of a man who was convicted of murder  
and died every day of his life until a reporter brought  
him freedom. ~~And~~ tonight, to that reporter, Bill Miller,  
of the Cleveland Press, for his BIG STORY, goes the  
PELL MELL AWARD.

(MUSIC: \_ UP INTO...)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #128

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 0169978

(MUSIC: \_ \_INTRO\_(SERIOUS)\_UNDER: . . .)

CHAPPELL: Now the story as it actually happened; Bill Miller's story as he lived it, Cleveland, Ohio.

(MUSIC: \_ \_UP AND UNDER . . .)

NARR: Human interest stories are your specialty, Bill Miller, reporter for the Cleveland Press; the things that make people tick, why a man and wife, seemingly happily married, end up in death; why two brothers store newspapers and empty bottles for 30 years and never leave their home; why a widow leaves her fortune to two pet dogs and a cat -- all the strange and warm and weird and wonderful things that make human beings the most exciting story on earth. And you face one now, a human being, but only a shadow of a man -- a tall, gaunt man in his 40's who aimlessly stirs the cup of cold coffee in front of him. You met him, five minutes ago, when Gus, the proprietor of your favorite all-night beanery called and said ...

GUS: Mr. Miller, there's a guy here - in my place - says he wants to talk to you. Come over if you can, will you? He's been sitting here -- <sup>a while</sup> ~~three days now~~ -- that's right <sup>24</sup> ~~72~~ hours, ain't et a thing, ain't moved - just sits stirring a cup of coffee. <sup>a while</sup> ~~three days!~~ -

(MUSIC: \_ \_IN WITH NARR:)

NARR: You never saw the man before; you're sure he doesn't know you. After a while, a good five minutes more - he stops stirring and looks at you with troubled blue eyes ...

MONTY: You believe in voices? *Mr Miller*

BILL: (YOUNG, BUT A SOLID PERSON. SOMEONE YOU'D CONFIDE IN)  
What do you mean - voices?

MONTY: At night, or even in the day - a voice that talks to you  
an old man's voice -- that tells you things -- things  
that are the truth.

BILL: I don't know what you mean. (PAUSE) Why don't you begin  
at the beginning.

MONTY: (CRAFTY) Your name is Miller, right? How did you know  
I was thinking about you? HE tell you?

BILL: Now, take it easy. I'm Bill Miller. Gus (that's Gus over  
there behind the counter) - Gus said you wanted to talk  
to me. He phoned and I came over. No voices; no old  
man's voice.

MONTY: You swear?

BILL: That's the truth. (GENTLY NOW) What's a matter, feller?  
(PAUSE)

MONTY: (IN A BURST) Look, you write those things in the paper -  
about people - why they do things, what goes on inside  
them, things like that? You're the one, right?

BILL: That's right.

MONTY: Then will you listen and - no matter what I say - will  
you swear you won't tell nobody and (BEGGING NOW) Please  
will you just listen and tell me what to do?

BILL: Sure, feller - if I can. Why don't you get a cup of  
coffee? Hot coffee.

MONTY: Yeah - yeah -- that'd be nice.

BILL: (PROJECTS) One, coffee, Gus -- hot and black.

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARR:)

NARR: He sips the coffee, greedily, holding the cup in both hands. He drains the scalding liquid. You offer him a cigarette and he sucks in deeply and then, for the first time, warmth comes into his eyes and he relaxes and talks ...

MONTY: Fifteen years ago, up Michigan State, I was a lumberjack. ~~(Maybe I look thin now, but I could do my share.)~~ Me and a buddy, Joe Hasler, had ~~a place~~ - a shack. ~~We done pretty good. We done pretty good until the trouble happened over Edna?~~

~~BILL: Edna?~~

MONTY: ~~I'm coming to Edna.~~ <sup>Just</sup> That winter, friend of Joe's come to live with us - Ted Haney (He was a lumberman, too.) Ted was married, just got married and him and Edna and Joe and me lived in the shack.

BILL: The four of you?

MONTY: (BITTER) The four of us. No four people can live together in a shack in the woods - not three men and a woman, ~~not when the woman's like Edna~~ ... The first week was all right, but the second week ...

~~EDNA: (A SEXY BITCH) Okay, okay, come and get it. Feed.~~

~~(MOVEMENT OF THE MEN INTO CHAIRS)~~

TED: Hey, what is this? Edna? We supposed to eat this?

~~EDNA: (NASTY) That's eggs, Ted Haney. And if eggs ain't good enough for you get yourself another wife.~~

~~TED: What did you do to them? They're burned.~~

EDNA: Ain't that too bad? Don't eat. Go out and chop wood and leave your wife all alone all week - go ahead, see if I care.

TED: Whatsamatter with you?

EDNA: Why don't you act like Monty, here? Why don't you stick around the cabin once in a while? Like Monty does?

MONTY: (NOT REALLY ANNOYED) Hey, now, Edna, what are you giving out with?

TED: (SUSPICIOUS) Yeah. What are you giving out with? I thought you said you were going up to the Peninsula, Monty?

MONTY: I got through early.

EDNA: See what I mean? Monty been around three days - where you been? Rather go out in the woods than spend time with your wife.

TED: You shut up! Let's eat!

(MUSIC: A STAB AND UNDER:)

MONTY: Sure I'd been at the cabin 3 days, but there wasn't nothing between us. She was Ted's wife and, for me, that was that - ~~But Edna wouldn't let it go at that.~~ Next week she needled him about Joe being alone with her and how good looking Joe was; and the week after that she tried it on me again. It got so, <sup>God damn wife</sup> Ted ~~was snarling at the both of us and then one night he~~ came after me with a club ...

TED: I'll kill you.

MONTY: Put it down, Ted, put it down. You're crazy.

TED: Edna told me.

MONTY: Edna's a liar. Put it down.

TED: I'll get you, Monty. I'll get Joe, I'll get the both of you.

(PAUSE)

MONTY: (NARRATING) He was half-nuts because of her, ~~the lies she told~~. And then what had to happen, happened. I was coming back from the woods one morning, ~~there was snow on the ground and a light snow falling (you couldn't see good)~~ and all of a sudden --

(BULLET WHIZZES PAST)

MONTY: I ~~see~~ <sup>saw</sup> Ted a hundred yards off, near the shack - aiming straight at me ....

(BULLET AGAIN)

MONTY: I had a rifle with me. I raised it and --

(ON MIKE SHOT)

MONTY: -- then I just turned and walked away. I don't think I hit him, but I didn't wait to see. Like I was, I walked off and decided never to come back.

(PAUSE) Two days later, I read it in the paper ...  
WOODSMAN KILLED IN FIGHT OVER WIFE. Ted Haney shot.  
Joe Hasler ~~arrested for~~ <sup>murder of</sup> murder.

(MUSIC: SLIGHT HIT AND UNDER:)

MONTY: I couldn't believe my eyes - Ted dead and Joe ~~arrested~~. Could I have done it? I asked myself if maybe that shot I'd fired killed him? That was impossible. I figured I'd forget about the whole thing - and I would have, Mr. Miller, I would of, except -- that's when I first heard him talking --

BILL: Heard who, Monty

MONTY: The Old Man. ~~I was getting ready to leave a go South, anywhere, and he said...~~



OLD MAN: (F) Running out, Monty? Running out on Joe? Good  
Ole Joe Hasler, your best friend, and you're running  
out to leave him face a murder rap.

(PAUSE)

MONTY: That was the first time I heard him. So I went back -  
up to the police and said what happened. They listened  
and they freed Joe Hasler. They arrested me for murder.

(MUSIC:     PUNCTUATES AND UNDER:)

MONTY: There was nothing against me - no real evidence -  
just circumstantial - but the jury didn't take long to  
come in. They found me guilty of murder and I was  
sentenced to life imprisonment. (PAUSE) That's right,  
I was found guilty of murder. That surprises you, don't  
it, Mr. Miller?

BILL: I'm wondering what you're doing sitting in Gus' beanery,  
if that's what you mean.

MONTY: You're a nice guy, level - I'm glad I'm talking to you.  
(PAUSE) Well - the jail at Marquette is okay as jails  
go. I got to be a trustee -- drove for the Warden  
(~~Warden Ashe~~) - and one day, it was a nice spring day,  
I remember, I took off. Escaped. And that same day  
~~Monty Erman disappeared.~~ The man I used to be disappeared  
off the face of the earth.

(MUSIC:     PUNCTUATES AND UNDER:)

MONTY: I took a new name: George Montague (They call me Monty.)  
I moved to Cleveland and started a new life. First,  
every cop I saw I thought he was after me. Then it  
got easier and easier - and then I met Anne. (I was  
working in a garage at the time - mechanic.)

ANNE: Would you mind -- (PLEASED, SHE INTERRUPTS HERSELF)

-- Oh, hello, you're new?

MONTY: That's right, ma'm. What can I do for you?

ANNE: Well, you see - there's something the matter with my car. The carburetor or the exhaust or maybe there's no gas or -- I guess I don't know much about cars.

Fix it for me, will you?

MONTY: I'll see what I can do, ma'm.

ANNE: Do I look that old?

MONTY: Pardon?

ANNE: I mean the "Ma'am".

MONTY: (LAUGHS) I'm sorry. It's just the way I talk.

ANNE: Well make it, "Miss" - or better still - I think make it "Anne".

(MUSIC: GENTLY IN WITH MONTY'S NARR:)

MONTY: It went fast, Mr. Miller - by the time I'd fixed her car three times, the "Anne" became "Baby" - and - well, we were married within six months: most wonderful girl in the world. After our kid was born (that's when it was, wasn't things were really great - Mr. and Mrs. George Montague and son) - he came back. That's when he really ~~started to come~~ back -

BILL: The Old Man?

MONTY: The Old Man. Like the Old Man of the Sea, ~~you know the story, who hangs on your back and you can't get rid of him~~ He came back, At night mostly, just before I went to sleep - that's when he'd come --

OLD MAN: (F) (LAUGHS) ~~Monty~~. Hello Monty. Did you think I'd gone? I didn't go -- not for a minute. I've been here all along. All along, Monty. (PAUSE) So you're respectable, now. You got a wife and a son. Respectable. Respectable murderer -- that's what you are. Liar, cheat, murderer. Why don't you tell her who you are; your real name; what you done? How you're a convict, an escaped convict -

MONTY: Stop it, stop it! (PLEADING) Please stop it!

OLD MAN: (F) It's not me, talking Monty - so how can I stop it? It's you talking, Monty - you talking to yourself. You, yourself and your conscience - nobody else.

(MUSIC: HITS AND UNDER:)

MONTY: We moved. We left Cleveland and went to Jersey. He was there, too. We moved South. He followed us. We went West - he was always there - always with me - And when we came back to Cleveland a year ago - he was here too. He's always here - always - always!

OLD MAN: (F) And I'm with you the rest of your life.

MONTY: (VIOLENT) Did you hear him? Just now - did you hear him? He just talked, Mr. Miller.

BILL: Okay, Monty -- I understand.

MONTY: But didn't you hear him, just now --

BILL: Here, take this - try this coffee. Go ahead.  
(PAUSE)

MONTY: Last week, see -- last week the kid was 12. It was his birthday. We had a party and he had all his friends over. A great time and -- after it's over -- he comes up to me (He looks just like me, too) and he throws his arms around me and he says - I swear he said it himself - he says: "Dad, when I grow up Dad -- I want to be like you, just like you -- " (ALMOST CRYING) That's what he said to me. "Just like me."

BILL: I'm sorry, Monty.

MONTY: (ROPE'S END) What am I gonna do, Mr. Miller? I can't face it -- I can't tell him the truth. I can't tell Anne. And if I don't tell - then he's there - every night, worse and worse, the Old Man. What am I gonna do?

(PAUSE)

BILL: You've been here ~~three~~ <sup>two</sup> days, Monty, right?

MONTY: I guess so.

BILL: Okay, I'll tell you what I think - you don't have to do it. Go on home. Anne's worried, so will the kid be. Go on home and stay there. I'll call you. I want to think over what you told me -- and then I'll call you and let you know.

MONTY: Okay, anything you say, Mr. Miller.

BILL: Just go home and stay there - till I call. Okay?

MONTY: Okay, Mr. Miller. (RELIEVED) Gee, it's great to talk to a human being who understands. Thanks.

(MUSIC: -- COMES\_IN\_WITH\_NARR:)

NARR: He goes, the thin guant man - walking straight because he's unburdened his soul - and you, Bill Miller, sit now with a new problem. What are you going to do? This man, who has suffered for 15 years, who's conscience has tortured him as no prison ever could - this man who has led a decent and upright life for 15 years -- should he go back and face jail for the rest of his life? Is this what society expects? Should you, as you easily could, forget the whole matter and let things stand as they are? Why not - who says this man is a murderer? Are you the judge and jury are you God? Have you the right to sentence him to life imprisonment? (PAUSE) But in asking these questions you know what you must do, Bill Miller, for each of us carries an Old Man on our backs. And so sadly you go to the nearest telephone ~~and call~~ ...

BILL: (SAD) Hello, State Penitentiary - give me the warden's office. I want to report that I've located an escaped convict - a man wanted for murder.

(MUSIC: UP TO TAG THE ACT)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #128

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 gives 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: \_ INTRO AND UNDER:)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and the BIG STORY of Bill Miller, as he lived it and wrote it ...

NARR: Ten minutes ago, a man finished telling you the story of his life, Bill Miller, reporter for the Cleveland Press; you heard of a man sentenced for murder, who escaped from prison, took on a new name and a new life and lived a lie for 15 years. You heard his confession, Bill Miller, and then you did (not what you wanted to do) but what you felt you had to do - you called the warden of the State Penitentiary at Marquette. You told him that you had found the escaped convict and sent him home to wait, until you called him again. And the warden blazed at you --

WARDEN: (FILTER) What are you, Miller -- a fool?

BILL: What do you mean?

WARDEN: (F) What do I mean! This man is an escaped murderer. You just took it on yourself to send this man home and told him to wait until you phoned him.

BILL: That's right. I don't see --

WARDEN: (INTERRUPTS) You don't see! Did it ever occur to you that he might not be at home quietly waiting for your call. This man has committed murder. For 15 years he's been wanted - and now he's supposed to be sitting calmly at home - just like that.

BILL: I think that's what he's doing.

WARDEN: You think! YOU THINK! *You say you do, don't you? To*  
~~You call the local police and have~~  
~~that man arrested and be quick about it.~~  
*Arrest him right away*

BILL: ~~Okay, warden, if that's the way you want it. But I don't think it's necessary.~~

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

NARR: ~~You hangup and call the local police. The cop there hits the ceiling (just as the warden did) when you tell him your story -- only the language he uses isn't as polite as the warden's. And you begin to wonder: maybe there's something in what <sup>the warden says</sup> they say. Maybe he did skip. Maybe having confessed it all to you, he took off and, as he did before, silently vanished. You grab a cab and ~~drive~~ <sup>drive</sup> straight for his house, the address he gave you in the beanery -- just before he left.~~

(DOOR BELL (CHIMES) DOOR OPENS)

ANNE: Yes?

BILL: Mrs. Montague? I'm Bill Miller.

ANNE: (PLEASED, BUT SAD WITHALL) Please come in, Mr. Miller.

(UNDER DIALOGUE, DOOR CLOSSES)

BILL: Is -- Is Monty here? I mean --

ANNE: He told me everything, Mr. Miller.

BILL: But he's here --?

ANNE: He's upstairs, ~~Mr. Miller~~ - asleep. The first sound sleep he's had in 15 years. ~~The first peace. He looks like a~~ ~~idiot~~. Did you think he'd have gone? (BILL: No, I -- )  
Not Monty. Never Monty. He's not that kind of man.

BILL: I know.



ANNE: (MUSING) I've known - all along I've known. Not exactly what it was that he did, what was troubling him -- but I knew it was something. And now that it's out - I'm so grateful to you, Mr. Miller, we all are -- I can breathe because he can breathe.

BILL: He's quite a guy. Gets under your skin.

ANNE: I know. Mr. Miller, ~~we've got -- what? A few minutes before the police arrive?~~ - could I ask you something? ~~It's an awful lot for one human being to ask another - but I'm going to ask it. (Monty never would.)~~

BILL: Sure, Mrs. Montague.

ANNE: What Monty said happened up in those north woods, I'm sure happened - exactly as he told it. If he killed, it was in self-defense. But whatever happened, I don't think he deserves to go back to prison. And from what he told me about you -- I don't think you think so either.

BILL: You're quite a person yourself.

ANNE: Mr. Miller, you know about these things - being a reporter and everything. Couldn't something be done? I don't know what - but couldn't something be done to prove that (CRYING) that Monty's served his time, served more than his time.

BILL: That's a tall order, ma'am.

ANNE: I know. (That's what he used to call me - "Ma'am").

BILL: It's a tall order - but - suppose we try.

(MUSIC: UP (SWEETLY) AND UNDER:)

NARR: The chimes ring again, at the door, and George Montague, (Monty to his friends,) is taken back to prison. And now your work, your real work, begins. (PAUSE) The case is circumstantial, so there are no real witnesses that would count. What about Joe Hasler, his friend? You track down Joe Hasler - it takes a week, but you track him down -- but all Joe Hasler can say is ...

JOB: I wasn't near the shack that day, mister. I was up in the woods. But maybe Edna could help, ~~Edna that~~ \_\_\_\_\_!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ STING CUTS OUT THE WORD "BITCH" ... GOES UNDER)

NARR: Maybe Edna could help. But where is she? You trace Edna for another week, then two weeks and find -

(MUSIC: \_ \_ STING ...)

nothing.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ SAME AND UNDER)

NARR: You speak to <sup>the Judge</sup> ~~the Judge in the case~~, tell him your story, and the only thing he can say is -

JUDGE: I'm sorry, Mr. Miller, but if <sup>we</sup> ~~we~~ reopened every case that came before <sup>us</sup> ~~us~~ on the basis of what you've said - no ~~criminal~~ case'd ever be settled. Did you ever meet a criminal who wasn't innocent?

(MUSIC: \_ \_ SAME AND UNDER)

NARR: The Parole Board says the same thing, and the Warden (though admitting Monty was a model prisoner) had nothing to add. Six weeks after you start trying to get Monty his freedom - you wind up in a dead end. You see his wife, Anne, and you tell her - because frankness and honesty are the only things you can use with a woman like Anne. She smiles, shakes your hand and says ...

ANNE: Please, Mr. Miller - don't take it like that. You've done so much for us already. Forget it, please, forget it.

BILL: But there must be something. There's got to be.

ANNE: You've done more than I thought was possible. I guess we'll just -- unless - oh, that's crazy.

BILL: What? What's crazy? Unless what?

ANNE: Nothing. It was just a straw I was grasping at. The prosecutor in the case was such a fair-minded man. Monty told me about him - but what could be done?

BILL: What was his name?

ANNE: ~~What's the point? He was the prosecutor.~~

BILL: ~~(HARSH) What was his name. (GENTLY) I'm sorry, Anne - but I'm involved in this case - what was his name?~~

ANNE: Monty said he was the best prosecutor in the country - Mark Sanders -- the best prosecutor and the toughest to beat.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER . . .)

NARR: Mark Sanders: (as Anne had said) was the toughest man to beat in the Midwest, one of the smartest and most honest in the country. If you could get to him - tell him Monty's story - maybe, maybe (it was a slim chance) -- maybe you'd have something.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

MARK: Come in -- (DOOR)

BILL: I'm looking for Mr. Mark Sanders.

MARK: Senior?

BILL: That's right?

MARK: I'm sorry - I'm Mark Sanders, Jr. -- Dad died <sup>about</sup> ~~just six~~  
~~months~~ ago.

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

NARR: That bursts it, the small balloon of hope, you carried with you -- it's over. Everything's over. And because you're in his office, and because this son of his, Mark Sanders Jr., has a firm gentle face - you tell him all that's happened to you in the past months. He listens, rubs his face thoughtfully, then says -

MARK: Mr. Miller - it's a very moving story, a deeply human one.

BILL: Yeah, but -- Monty's in jail for life.

MARK: I'm an attorney, Mr. Miller. I worked with Dad for five years before his death - there's one thing I'm going to do.

BILL: The whole thing's over, finished - it's useless.

MARK: Maybe so. I'm not offering any hope -- but you see my father was not only an honest prosecutor. He was a meticulous one. He kept notes on every case he prosecuted - detailed notes. I'm sure in his files ~~outside~~ - there's a full statement of just what he believed about Monty. If you've got the time - I'd like to open that file and see what's inside.

BILL: What did you say -- "If I've got the time". If I've got the time!

(MUSIC: -- QUICK BRIDGE INTO)

(PAPERS BEING LAID ON TABLE)

BILL: Nothing - absolutely nothing.

MARK: Wait a minute.

BILL: What have you got?

MARK: Listen to this. (This is Dad's summation to the jury, "Ladies and Gentlemen of the jury - these are the facts in the case: if you believe the defendant is guilty, then bring in a verdict to that effect; if you think him innocent - then bring in a verdict to that effect.")

BILL: I don't get it. Isn't that the way any prosecutor sums up?

MARK: Not Dad. When Dad was sure of something, he said it. If Dad had been sure of Monty's guilt: He would have denounced him for a murderer and demanded a verdict of guilty.

BILL: (GETTING EXCITED) You mean that?

MARK: I'm absolutely certain. But even more than that - you've read through all these notes, so have I - not once did Dad say he was sure of Monty's guilt. (~~And Dad always said he was sure when he was sure.~~) ~~That means he had a reasonable doubt: "Look here, case purely circumstantial". -And this: "Defendant's story may be the truth."~~ (PAUSE) Mr. Miller, I know my Dad - I worked with him - from these notes I'd be willing to swear that Dad left it entirely to the jury, that he himself did not think Monty guilty.

(MUSIC: - UP AND UNDER:)

*Bill* *Mr. Sanders, will you tell the Jury Board what you told me?*  
*Mark* *Yes Mr. Miller will*  
*(MUSIC)*

NARR: ~~And now you unfold a strange climax to a strange drama.~~  
You get the statement of his wife as to the kind of man he was: you get the statements of his friends and neighbors (who all agree) you write up the full story as Monty told it to you - and you ask the son of the man who prosecuted Monty to take it all before the Pardon Board. You ask the devoted son to speak in the words that his father would have used to reverse a case that he himself ~~prosecuted.~~ And he does it. Mark Sanders, Jr., one of the finest young ~~criminalist~~ lawyers in the country presents the facts. And the Board listens. And a little later the Board acts ...

(PAUSE)

BOARD: In the face of information presented - Monty Erman (alias George Montague) -- is granted his release.

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from William Miller of the Cleveland Press with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- STING)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #128

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!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ TAG...)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from William Miller of the Cleveland Press.

MILLER: On the night of his release I visited <sup>Monday</sup> ~~Friday~~ at his home. Surrounded by his happy family, he turned to me and said "You know something? - this is the first time I've felt alive, really alive, in 15 years. Thanks." <sup>The next day</sup> ~~Later~~ <sup>by means of a letter</sup> ~~learned~~ he got back his old job and ~~is today~~ a highly respected citizen of his community. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Miller. 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 Duluth, Minnesota New Tribune -- by-line, Prevost Coulter. A BIG STORY about a dog that lived - a family that died -- and a reporter who proved it was murder.

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



CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was written by Arnold Perl and your narrator was Bob Sloane. Lawson Zerbe played the part of William Miller. In order to protect the names of people actually involved in tonight's authentic BIG STORY the names of all characters in the dramatization were changed with the exception of the reporter Mr. Miller.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ THEME UP FULL & FADE)

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

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

JOAN  
8/26/49 p.m.

ATX01 0170000

# AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM # 129

## CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MRS. M.	ADELAIDE KLEIN
WOMAN 2	ADELAIDE KLEIN
WOMAN	CONSUELA LEMBOKE
BLANCHE	CONSUELA LEMBOKE
COULTER	SYDNEY SMITH
CHIEF	BILL SMITH
ROLAND	BILL SMITH
YOUNG	ROBERT DRYDEN
ERICKSON	ROBERT DRYDEN
MR. M.	LUIS VAN ROOTEN
LOVETT	LUIS VAN ROOTEN
DOGS	BRAD BARKER

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1949

ATX01 0170001

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#129

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

SEPTEMBER 14, 1949

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ FANFARE AND OUT FOR)

NARR: It began at four o'clock one morning, in the little town of Mahtowa, near Duluth. A fiery glow reddened the sky, and then....

(THE SCREAM OF A COUNTRY FIRE ALARM, PERHAPS SOMETHING LIKE AN AIR-RAID SIREN. IT RISES AND FALLS, URGENTLY)

NARR: Mahtowa is only a little town, and the volunteer fire brigade did its best. The men tumbled from their beds and raced to the firehouse, and then to the scene of the fire.....

(CLANGING OF FIRE BELL, ON FIRE TRUCK)

CHIEF: (YELLS) There it is, boys! It's the Lovett house!

(ROAR OF BLAZE UP HIGH)

NARR: But they were too late. The house was a blazing cauldron. They did what they could. Then the Fire Chief went in...and when he came out...his face was white with the pale of death....

CHIEF: (BREAKS) Three of 'em. The mother and two kids..... burned to a crisp! Three of them...and they never had a chance!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ UP BIG AND UNDER FOR)

ATX01 0170002

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)  
Duluth, Minnesota. From the pages of the New Tribune,  
the authentic story of a reporter who found a red-hot  
story under a pile of cold ashes...and struck fire on  
the ~~first~~ <sup>front</sup> page. Tonight, to Prevost Coulter of the  
Duluth News Tribune, for his blazing byline on a Big  
Story, goes the PELL MELL Award!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ STING)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #129

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 0170004

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_THEME)

CHAPPELL: Now, the story as it actually happened. Prevost Coulter's story as he lived it. Duluth, Minnesota.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_PUNCTUATES AND UNDER)

NARR: Once the house stood, on this hillside in Mahtowa. Once it had been filled with light, and warmth, and the laughter of children. Once it was a place where people lived. You stand there among the knot of silent neighbors staring at the blackened <sup>Prevost Coulter</sup> ~~hulk~~, and you ask one of the women.....

COULTER: Can you tell me who lived here?

WOMAN: (BREAKS) The Lovetts lived here. Walter Lovett, his wife, Mary, and....and the two little ones, the boy. Timmy, and the baby girl, Susan.

NARR: Once the house was alive, and now it is dead. You, Prevost Coulter of the Duluth News-Tribune, stand there with the rest and stare at the bleak and black and naked hulk, a charred and mute skeleton outlined against the drab morning sky. But you are a reporter, and this is news. And you ask this woman, this Mrs. Swenson....

COULTER: You say there were three...burned to death?

WOMAN: Three, rest their souls. The mother and the two children.

COULTER: And the father?

WOMAN: He went to work at the airport. They're trying to locate him now.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_STING AND UNDER)

NARR: You see the local fire chief. He's a volunteer named Tyler, and he's knee-deep in the still-warm ashes, inspecting the ~~guttled hulk.~~ <sup>what's left.</sup> And he tells you...

CHIEF: They didn't have a chance, Coulter, not a chance. The mother was burned in her bed.

COULTER: And the kids?

CHIEF: The same. The boy was caught in his bed..(BREAKS) and the little girl..died in her crib.

COULTER: Good Lord! (A PAUSE) Chief, how did it happen?

CHIEF: We think it was the bottled gas.

COULTER: Bottled gas?

CHIEF: Fuel gas. Lovett kept it in the cellar as refill for the tank. <sup>Turns from the gas must have occurred</sup> The house went up almost like a firecracker. Probably that gas exploding.

COULTER: I see.

CHIEF: I don't know, Coulter. I'm a religious man, I go to Church every Sunday. ~~I know the Lovetts, they were my neighbors, my friends.~~ Maybe the Lord chooses those who are going to live, and those who are going to die. Maybe it was just plain lucky that Walter Lovett wasn't home when it happened.

COULTER: Maybe when he sees this...he'd rather be dead.

CHIEF: Maybe. I guess he would. But there is one thing I do know.

COULTER: Yes?

CHIEF: This fire shouldn't have happened. It didn't have to happen. The trouble was that Lovett didn't think, he was careless.

COULTER: How?

CHIEF: ~~That bottled gas is highly inflammable.~~ He should have kept ~~it~~ <sup>that gas</sup> outside, instead of in the cellar, near the heating unit.

COULTER: When you think of it, it was such a little thing. And yet, this happened.

CHIEF: (BITTERLY) Yes. This happened. That's the way fires start, Coulter. From little things. Things you forget, things you don't remember. Like turning off the stove when you leave the house...keeping matches out of the reach of kids...keeping cellars clean of rags and refuse. Why don't people think, Coulter! Why don't they think!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Little things...things you forget. Another neighbor, a man named Young, tells you....

YOUNG: I was in ~~Walter's~~ <sup>Lovette's</sup> cellar just yesterday. He was at his workbench, fixing a chair. I saw that bottled gas, and I warned him about it.

COULTER: And what did he say, Mr. Young?

YOUNG: He laughed. He told me if a man wanted to worry, he could worry himself crazy. But I kept after him, and finally....

COULTER: Yes?

YOUNG: He called me an old fussbudget. He said if it'd make me feel any better, he'd take those fuel containers out tomorrow, when he had a little more time. (A BEAT, AND HE BREAKS A LITTLE) Well, this is tomorrow. ~~And in there....they're dead!~~

(MUSIC: -- STING AND UNDER)



-7-

NARR: *This is tomorrow - and they're dead.*  
Yes, ~~in there they're dead.~~ A woman and two children.  
The dead are dead. But the living also die. You meet  
Mr. and Mrs. Maynard...parents of the dead woman....  
grandparents of the children:::

MRS. M: She was our only child, Mr. Coulter. Mary was our only  
baby. Now...she's dead...and the children too. We....  
we saw them only yesterday. They drove to our house for  
supper. Why, I held the little one, I held Susan in my  
arms only yesterday. I kissed her, and she laughed and  
she put her tiny hand on my cheek. Did you ever hold a  
baby in your arms, Mr. Coulter, and kiss her good night,  
and then wake up in the morning, and hear....she's dead?

(MUSIC: -- STING)

NARR: The dead are dead. But the living also die. The  
grandfather, Mr. Maynard, tells you.....

MR. M: Mary and the children were our life, Mr. Coulter....they  
were all we had in our old age. We had a little put by in  
the bank for Timmy and Susan's education. We thought  
maybe we'd live long enough to see 'em get married, with  
homes of their own. But now, what's the use, what's the  
use? ~~They're dead.~~

COULTER: I'm sorry, Mr. Maynard. Terribly sorry.

MR. M: I've tried to tell myself, over and over, it's the way of  
the Lord, he knows best. He ~~giveth, and he taketh away.~~  
But how much faith can a man have, how much? We're  
~~still alive...and they're dead!~~

(MUSIC: -- STING AND UNDER)

COULTER: Oh, Chief.

CHIEF: Yes, Coulter?

COULTER: What about Walter Lovett. Located him yet?

CHIEF: Yes. Just talked to him at the airport. He was an hour late on the job. Had tire trouble.

COULTER: I see. (A BEAT) Did you tell him?

CHIEF: I...no. No, Coulter. I didn't have the heart. All I told him was to come home. But I couldn't tell him why!

(MUSIC: --- STING AND UNDER)

~~NARR: You watch the little knot of spectators...neighbors... friends. You know what they're waiting for. They're waiting for Walter Lovett to come home...and find his family. Meanwhile...you poke around the ashes. And you find things...pathetic, pitiful things...macabre mementoes...a doll. And Mrs. Swanson, the neighbor says...~~

~~WOMAN: (HINT OF TEARS) I gave little Susan that doll. It was a realskin doll, Mr. Coulter. I bought it in Duluth for the baby's birthday, six months ago. You should have seen Susan's blue eyes open, when she saw that doll. (SOBS) The poor little thing. The poor sweet little thing!~~

~~(MUSIC --- STING)~~

~~NARR: Pitiful mementoes. Burned out memories. A charred baseball bat. And the man named Young speaks up....~~

~~YOUNG: That bat was Timmy Lovett's Mr. Coulter.~~

~~COULTER: The boy's eh?~~

~~YOUNG: Yes. I won the General Store here in Mahtowa, and I  
sold it to him myself. It was a real Louisville Slugger.~~

~~COULTER: I see. So Timmy liked baseball.~~

~~YOUNG: He was crazy about the game. Why, do you know, he saved  
his pennies for weeks, until he could buy that bat. Two  
days ago, he came into my place and bought it. He was  
planning to use it for the first time on Thursday, in a  
sandlot game.~~

~~COULTER: And this is Wednesday.~~

~~YOUNG: Yes. This is Wednesday. I guess the boy never did get to  
use that bat. And of all the things in the world, that's  
what he wanted most. (SIGES) I dunno, Mr. Coulter. Some  
things don't make sense, do they?~~

~~(MUSIC: SPING)~~

NARR: You poke and probe in the ashes, waiting for Walter Lovett  
to come home. And every object you find is a wrench, a  
tear in the eye of a neighbor, a tear in your own. A  
burned-out dog leash...the remains of a vacuum cleaner.  
And a woman says.....

WOMAN:2: All her life, Mary Lovett wanted a vacuum cleaner. It  
was like a dream. She used to talk about it, day and  
night....

COULTER: And she finally got it, Mrs. Harris.

WOMAN 2: Yes. When Walter got his steady job at the airport, she  
finally got it. I remember the first time she used it,  
she called all the neighbors in, and had a party. And..do  
you know what she told me, Mr. Coulter?

COULTER: What?

WOMAN 2: The poor woman said to me, Emily, this may sound funny to you. But if I had <sup>to die</sup> tomorrow, I think I'd die happy!

(MUSIC: — BRIDGE:)

COULTER: Chief.

CHIEF: Yes, Coulter?

COULTER: You're about through here, I take it.

CHIEF: Just about. I've got to write my report, of course. And the medical examiner'll be here for the usual autopsy.

COULTER: Routine, eh?

CHIEF: (SIGHS) That's right. Just routine. Nothing else to do now but wait for....

~~COULTER: I know, Walter Lovett.~~

~~CHIEF: Yes.~~

~~COULTER: Chief, I'm going to tell you something.~~

~~CHIEF: Yes, Coulter?~~

COULTER: <sup>Chief</sup> I thought this would be just another fire, just another story. But it isn't. It's going to be a different kind of story...different than any I've ever written before.

CHIEF: How?

COULTER: This time, I'm going to say something. And I wish I had headlines a mile high to say it. I'm going to point out how carelessness breeds tragedy, <sup>lives can be destroyed,</sup> how property can be lost, ~~lives destroyed,~~ I'm going to tell the public what this fire did, how it affects everyone's lives, not only those personally involved, but the whole community's.

CHIEF: Coulter, I hope you do. I hope it's the greatest, biggest story of all time. But you still don't have the ending.

COULTER: What do you mean?

CHIEF: Here comes Walter Lovett now!

(MUSIC: --- STING)

~~NARR: He steps out of his car...a tall thin man...his face chalk white. He walks up to the house...and the crowd parts in front of him...staring at him with eyes of sympathy and horror...and then....~~

~~LOVETT: Mary! (BREAKS) Timmy! Susan. (SOBS) Oh, Lord in Heaven, why did you do this to me? Why did you do this to me?~~

~~(MUSIC: --- STING)~~

~~NARR: You watch him, and it's like a knife cut deep into your heart. He tries to rush into the ashes, and they hold him back. And he babbles....~~

~~LOVETT: (BABBLING) I was going to take care of it. I swear to Heaven, I was going to take those fuel bottles out of the cellar today. You've got to believe me, all of you, I meant to do it, I meant to do it. But now...now, it's too late. It's too late, isn't it, Chief? It's too late... and they're dead...gone!~~

~~CHIEF: I'm sorry, Walter.~~

~~LOVETT: (BREAKS) What can I say? What can I do? What have I now? What's the use of going on, I don't want to go on. Why didn't I die, too? Why didn't I die with the rest of my family? Lord in Heaven, why don't you strike me dead?~~

~~MUSIC:~~

(MUSIC: \_ \_ STING AND UNDER)

NARR: You're ~~Prevest Coulter~~, <sup>a</sup> Duluth News Tribune reporter, tough, hardboiled. You've seen everything, but you never saw this. You go back to the office, write your story in a fever, finish it. And just as you pick up your copy....

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

COULTER: (TIRED) Coulter, city room.

CHIEF: (FILTER) Coulter, this is Chief Tyler, over in Mahtowa,

COULTER: Oh. Yes, Chief?

CHIEF: I'm at the funeral parlor here, and Lovett's here with me. Remember I said you still had the ending to write on your story?

COULTER: Yes. But I've got it now.

CHIEF: Well, you'd better scrap it and write a new one.

COULTER: What do you mean?

CHIEF: I just talked to the medical examiner.

COULTER: And?

CHIEF: And the victims of that fire didn't die accidentally. They were murdered!

~~COULTER: WHAT?~~

~~CHIEF: You heard me. Someone bashed their heads in with a blunt instrument...and then burned the house down!~~

(MUSIC: \_ \_ CURTAIN INTO)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #129

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 gives 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 Prevost Coulter, as he lived it...and wrote it.....

NARR: You, Prevost Coulter of the Duluth News Tribune, hang up the receiver. You're shocked, dazed, sick. This wasn't an accidental fire, but murder. This is not the ending to your Big Story now, as the Fire Chief said. It is just the beginning, the lead. You've still got to write the ending. You've still got to find the monstrous mind capable of this grisly crime. You grab your hat and burn up the thirty miles of highway to Mahtowa. The father of the murdered family, Walter Lovett, is there, at the funeral parlor. He knows. And his face is contorted with grief and rage.....

LOVETT: He did it. He killed my wife and two children, and burned down my house. He did it.

COULTER: Who, Lovett? Who?

LOVETT: A ~~black-hearted swine~~<sup>guy</sup> named Erickson. Ole Erickson. He's an ~~itinerant~~<sup>tramp</sup> worker, a vagrant. Come into town and built a shack on my land. I know he did it, it couldn't be anybody else.

COULTER: How do you know?

LOVETT: We had an argument...about that shack he built, I told him to tear it down, get it off my property. Later on, we had a fist fight. He swore he'd get even. He swore he'd get even, ~~was~~ if he had to burn us down.



COULTER: He said that? You're sure?

LOVETT: (RAVING) Yes! He said that. And he did it! I know he did, he's crazy, insane. (BREAKS) ~~He killed my wife.... my two little children! And I'm going to get even. I'm going to get even right now.~~ (STARTS TO FADE A LITTLE) I'm going up there and blow his rotten head off....

COULTER: Wait a minute, Lovett. Calm down.

LOVETT: Let go of me, Coulter.

COULTER: Take it easy, Lovett. If he killed your family, he'll pay for it. The law.....

LOVETT: (HOTLY) I haven't got time for the law. I'm going to take the law in my own hands. Don't you understand? ~~That devil, that tramp~~ killed my family....crushed their heads in, burned my house down over them. I'm taking the law in my own hands!

~~COULTER: Lovett, wait a minute. You're making a mistake....~~

~~LOVETT: Let go of me! Let go of me, do you hear?~~

~~(SOUND OF STRUGGLE) Take your hands off me, or I'll break your back....~~

COULTER: (PANTING, STRUGGLING) Lovett! Lovett, you fool! (YELLS) Sheriff! Sheriff Peters! Come in here, quick!

(MUSIC: STING UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The Sheriff had been outside with the medical examiner. He rushes in, and between the two of you, you manage to calm Lovett down. After that you, Prevost Coulter, get going. First, you stop in at the general store, and talk to the owner, Henry Young. You tell him what's happening, and then ask....

COULTER: Mr. Young, do you know this man, Ole Erickson?

YOUNG: Yes. He's been in my place here, once or twice, to buy supplies. Stranger in town, an itinerant farm worker, travels with the harvest. We get 'em through here now and then, they come and they go.

COULTER: I see.

YOUNG: Why do you ask, Mr. Coulter?

COULTER: I was planning to see him....ask a few questions.

YOUNG: Well, if you do, take my advice...be careful.

COULTER: Yes? Why?

YOUNG: He's just plain mean-tempered. Came into my store here one day, and we had an argument about the price of some canned beans. I don't scare easy, Mr. Coulter, but I was scared then. This Erickson blew up mad enough to kill.

COULTER: Funny. I didn't see him at the fire.

YOUNG: Come to think of it, neither did I. (A BEAT) Must have been busy elsewhere.

COULTER: Yes. He must have been. (A BEAT) Mr. Young, where  
~~can I find Erickson's shack?~~

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

(WE HEAR SUDDEN, SAVAGE BARKING OF A BIG DOG,  
MUFFLED BEHIND DOOR)

(DOOR OPEKS)

(DOG BARKS UP SAVAGELY)

ERICKSON: (HOSTILE) Yes? What is it?

COULTER: (UNEASY) Mr. Erickson, I...

(THE DOG SNARLS VICIOUSLY)

ERICKSON: Down! Get down, Nero! Down!

(THE DOG GROWLS, AND SUBSIDES, WHINING)

COULTER: (SHAKY) Not a very friendly dog you have there.

ERICKSON: I didn't train him to be friendly. This is my farm, and I don't like strangers trespassing on it. Who are you, and what do you want?

COULTER: My name is Coulter. Duluth News Tribune.

ERICKSON: Well?

COULTER: Walter Lovett's family wasn't burned accidentally last night Mr. Erickson. They were murdered.

ERICKSON: Murdered, eh? (A BEAT) Why come to me?

COULTER: I just wanted to ask you a few questions....

ERICKSON: I'm not answering any. Get out!

(DOG SNARLS)

ERICKSON: Get out before I sick this dog on you!

(~~DOOR SLAM~~)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE)

~~COULTER: Chief Tyler, you say this stranger Erickson takes this big dog with him, wherever he goes?~~

~~CHIEF: That's right.~~

~~COULTER: Then that could be it. That could be it.~~

~~CHIEF: What do you mean?~~

COULTER: Chief, you remember we found this <sup>chain</sup> ~~burned out~~ dog-leash in the ashes of Lovett's house?

CHIEF: Yes. What of it?

COULTER: Well, we didn't find the remains of any dog, did we?

CHIEF: No, we didn't. But...(CUTS) Look here, Coulter, what are you driving at?

COULTER: Just this, Maybe Erickson set that fire. He hated Lovett. They'd had an argument. Maybe he took that dog with him, and let him run around, and forgot the leash in his hurry to get out.

CHIEF: Hmmm. It could be. Coulter, maybe you'd better talk to Sheriff Peters. He just went up to Erickson's, but he'll be back in town shortly!

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

NARR: You think you've got something. And the more you think of it, the surer you are. And then, you meet one of the other neighbors you saw at the fire, Mrs. Swenson. And she tells you.....

~~WOMAN: That vagrant dog is a wild animal, Mr. Coulter. He brought it into town when he came in and I hope he takes it with him when he leaves. They ought to take the brute out and shoot it.~~

~~COULTER: I'll say this. He certainly is a one-man dog, Mrs. Swenson.~~

WOMAN: Matter of fact, <sup>Mr. Walter</sup> that dog Nero got Erickson and Walter Lovett into a terrible fight a week ago.

COULTER: Yes? How?

WOMAN: Why that dog of Erickson's almost chewed Rusty to death.

COULTER: Rusty?

WOMAN: Why, yes. Walter Lovett bought his boy Timmy a little spaniel just a week ago!

MUSIC:

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: That's a twist you didn't expect. It seems that the Lovetts had a dog, too. You get hold of the burned-out dog leash you found in the house, and then since the Sheriff hasn't returned yet, you tell Chief Tylet.....

COULTER: Well, Chief, it looks as though I was all wrong about Erickson's dog.

CHIEF: Yes, Coulter? Why?

COULTER: The leash I found was for a small dog...Lovett's spaniel. It'd never have fit Nero.

CHIEF: Hmmmm. Makes sense.

COULTER: Yes. But something else doesn't.

CHIEF: What doesn't?

COULTER: Where's Walter Lovett's dog Rusty? Why ~~wasn't~~<sup>weren't</sup> the remains of his body found in the ashes?

CHIEF: Coulter, that is mighty peculiar. First of all, if I know anything about dogs, he'd have barked an alarm if ~~anybody~~<sup>anybody</sup> ~~his~~ broke into the house.

COULTER: Right, Chief. But he didn't. Lovett's wife and two kids died in their beds. They never knew what hit them. And if the dog was in the house, it would have been trapped by the flames.

CHIEF: Yet the dog is missing.

COULTER: (GRIMLY) Yes. The dog is missing. Chief...

CHIEF: Yes?

COULTER: Where can I find Walter Lovett? I'd like to talk to him.

CHIEF: He's staying at his in-laws... the Maynards. ~~You'll find their house about a mile up this road.~~

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

COULTER: You say your son-in-law isn't in, Mrs. Maynard?

MRS. M: Why no, Mr. Coulter.

MR. M: Walter hasn't been in all day.

COULTER: Where could I find him, Mr. Maynard?

MR. M: Why, first he went down to the funeral parlor to see.....

(HE STOPS)

COULTER: (GENTLY) Yes, I know. I saw him there. But where did he go after that?

MRS. M: Why, he went to work...at the airport.

COULTER: He went to work?

MR. M: Why, yes. (A PAUSE) What...what's the matter, Mr. Coulter? You...you look so strange.

COULTER: I....maybe I do. Doesn't it seem <sup>peculiar</sup> ~~strange~~ to you that a man would go to work, the night after his family had been ~~murdered?~~ <sup>summed to death?</sup>

MR. M: Why, why, I ....

MRS. M: You're right, Mr. Coulter. I'm not trying to apologize for Walter, mind you. But he's been near crazy with grief all day, and maybe he thought work was the best way to forget a little!

(MUSIC: -- <sup>IN WITH</sup> ~~UP AND UNDER~~ --)

MARR: Maybe. Maybe not. In your book, a man would be pretty hard-boiled to do a thing like that. And there's still that missing spaniel, the dog, Rusty.

(MORE)

NARR:  
(CONT'D)

You'd like to know where he is. You start to tell the Maynards what really happened to their daughter and grandchildren. But you don't. You can't. ... Instead you go to the airport, looking for Walter Lovett. And the manager, a Mr. Roland, tells you....

ROLAND: Lovett? He took the rest of the night off, Mr. Coulter. Left here a couple of hours ago.

COULTER: I see. Know where I can find him?

ROLAND: I...(A BEAT) Sorry. I wouldn't know.

COULTER: Well, thanks anyway, Mr. Roland. (FADING A LITTLE)  
Thanks very much.

ROLAND: (CALLS) Oh, Mr. Coulter. Wait a minute.

COULTER: (COMING BACK IN) Yes?

ROLAND: I....lock. In view of what's happened to Lovett's family. I...well, I hate to say this. But I suppose the truth will have to come out, sooner or later. ~~You see, I do know where Lovett is...right now.~~

~~COULTER: Yes? Where?~~

ROLAND: ~~You'll find him at~~ <sup>Go to</sup> the Highway Cafe, just north of the Turnpike. There's an entertainer there....a girl named Blanche Miller. I hate to say this, Mr. Coulter, but Lovett's been cheating on his wife....for months!

(MUSIC:         HIT UP AND SEGUE INTO CAFE PIANO BEHIND)

NARR: ~~You go to the Highway Cafe. Lovett's just left, but  
the girl is there...Blanche Miller. You tell her  
what's happened, and she goes white...Then she tells you:~~

BLANCHE: Mr. Coulter, I don't want any trouble. I don't want  
to get mixed up in anything. Sure, I know Walter but....

COULTER: The best way for you to stay out of trouble is to tell  
the truth, Miss Miller.

BLANCHE: All right. All right, I'll tell you, Mr. Coulter. I'll  
tell you everything. Walter and me...well, we were  
that way. He wanted a divorce from his wife....but she  
wouldn't give it to him. Then...he told me.....he'd  
get rid of her....somehow.

COULTER: (QUIETLY) Go on.

BLANCHE: Then last night...he came in, before he went to work.  
He looked wild...crazy. He drank a lot...an awful lot...  
and he got drunk. Then he told me....

COULTER: Yes? What did he tell you?

BLANCHE: He said.....in a few days everything would be all right.  
We could go away then....and get married!

COULTER: I see. Do you know where Lovett's <sup>to know?</sup> gone?

BLANCHE: I...he's gone to Duluth. To buy some travel tickets, he  
said. That's all I know!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The whole horrible, fantastic story is starting to take  
shape in your mind. The shock of it numbs you, you know  
now you're dealing with something monstrous, something  
almost unbelievable. You decide to go back to the  
Maynards, and wait for Walter Lovett.

(MORE)



NARR:  
(CONTD)

And when you get there, the old couple is holding a copy of the Duluth News-Tribune and reading the story of the Lovett murders....the story you wrote...and they're ~~trembling...~~

MR. M: (TREMBLING) Mr. Coulter, my wife and I....it's time we spoke out. ~~It's time we spoke out, and told you our minds...told you what kind of a man our son-in-law really is!~~

COULTER: Yes?

MRS. M: He treated our daughter and the children like dirt beneath his feet. He came home drunk, and beat Mary and the children too, many a time. He was just no good, Mr. Coulter. We didn't want to say anything before, we didn't want any scandal,

COULTER: Then why are you telling me all this now, Mrs. Maynard?

MRS. M: Because my husband and I are sure that Walter killed Mary and the children. (SHE STARTS TO WEEP AND GET HYSTERICAL) Yes, he killed her, and Timmy and little Susan. We know that now. We know there was another woman. Mary told us she knew, before she died. (SOBS UNDER)

COULTER: (GENTLY) I'm sorry, Mrs. Maynard.

MR. M: (QUIET) Mr. Coulter, my son-in-law robbed us of everything in our lives, everything we cared for. And' everything he gets, he'll deserve. If you'll follow me to the cellar, I'll show you something.....

COULTER: To the cellar? Why, Mr. Maynard.

MR. M: Just follow me.

(Door) -24-

(Dog)

~~(STEPS DOWN STAIRS)~~

~~(DOOR OPENS)~~

~~(A SMALL DOG, YAPING OFF)~~

MR. M: Listen to that, Mr. Coulter.

COULTER: Why, it.....it's.....

MR. M: (BITTERLY) Yes. It's the Lovett's little spaniel....  
(DOOR CLOSE)  
Rusty. Walter told us he took the dog to a veterinarian  
for treatment, and wanted to keep it here, but now we know  
he lied....

COULTER: Good Lord! Then he took the dog away because....

MR. M: (BREAKS) Yes, Mr. Coulter. Because he thought more of  
that dog than he did his whole family. That's the kind  
of man my son in law is. I'm a peaceful man, Mr. Coulter,  
a god-fearing man, too, but I'll say this. May Walter  
Lovett's soul rot forever, ~~and burn in eternal fire!~~

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Prevost  
Coulter of the Duluth News-Tribune...with the final  
outcome of tonight's BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: @ -- STING)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #129

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!

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Prevost Coulter of the Duluth, News-Tribune.

COULTER: Apprehended at the home of his parents-in-law Killer in tonight's BIG STORY was taken to the County Jail for questioning. He insisted he was innocent and ~~protested~~ ~~that he loved his wife~~. Occassionally he broke down and sobbed. After one of these outbursts, I noticed that his eyes and nose were dry despite the fact that secretions from the glands of the eye always accompany deep emotion. I accused him of faking and although he denied it thereafter he began to break down. And after further questioning he finally confessed to ~~the brutal~~ ~~crime~~. He was sentenced to Life Imprisonment at the State Penitentiary at Stillwater. Thanks a lot for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Coulter, 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 Seattle Post-Intelligence -- by-line Jack Heise. A BIG STORY about a bungalow.....a party and a housefull of people... all dead.

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was written by Max Erlich, your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Sydney Smith played the part of <sup>Ernest</sup>~~Perrost~~-Coulter. 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. Coulter.

(MUSIC: -- THEME UP AND FADE)

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES. (PAUSE)  
Every American parent knows the fear of polio.  
Thousands of children have been stricken this year.  
Money is needed for their care - at once. And the March of Dimes money is almost gone! Send your dimes and dollars to Polio ... care of your local post-office!

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

# AS BROADCASTS

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #130

## CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
WOMAN	VIRGINIA SMITH
GIRL	VIRGINIA SMITH
MRS. VALE	ANN SHEPHERD
JACK	BILL QUINN
OAKS	EVERETT SLOANE
HENRY	EVERETT SLOANE
LARRY	JOE DE SANTIS
MAN 2	JOE DE SANTIS
MAN	PAUL MANN
VALE	PAUL MANN
MIKE	PHIL STERLING
HENDRICKS	PHIL STERLING

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1949

ATX01 0170029

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#130

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

SEPTEMBER 21, 1949

WEDNESDAY

CHAPPELL: PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present - - THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE AND OUT...)

(WALKING STEPS OF TWO PEOPLE IN THE OPEN AIR.

DOGS BARKING.)

WOMAN: (MIDDLE-AGED, AFFABLE) Henry, isn't that <sup>a shame</sup> look at those poor dogs locked up in that car!

HENRY: What a shame.

~~(WALKING STEPS. BARKING GROWS LOUDER.)~~

WOMAN: They must have left them there and forgotten about them ... three lovely poodles. What a shame!

(MAN TRIES DOORS OF CAR. THEY ARE LOCKED)

HENRY: I can't open it.

WOMAN: ~~Well ring the bell.~~ People oughtn't do a thing like that to their dogs. <sup>Shit till them inside</sup>

(WALKING STEPS UP GRAVEL PATH. COUNT THREE STEPS.  
DOOR BELL. DOOR BELL AGAIN.)

HENRY: There's no one in.

WOMAN: ~~There's got to be somebody there.~~ Wait, I can see through this window. (SCREAMS) Henry!

(RUNNING STEPS)

HENRY: (AGHAST) <sup>Don't look</sup> Dear God in heaven! ~~Go away, Martha, go away!~~ Don't look any more!

WOMAN: (TERRIFIED) <sup>2 bodies</sup> I saw ~~a~~ body, Henry. I think two bodies: ~~It's murder!~~

HENRY: (PAUSE) Not two, Martha. More. Many more. ~~It's murder.~~ ~~murder ... it's a charnel house.~~

(MUSIC: -- UP BIG AND UNDER)

ATX01 0170030

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY: Here is America, its sound and its fury,  
its joy and its sorrow as faithfully reported by the men  
and women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT)  
Seattle, Washington: the story of a reporter who  
tracked down a mass murder, who saved a woman's sanity -  
and her life. ~~And~~ to Jack Heise, of the Seattle Post  
Intelligencer for his brilliant reporting, for his  
BIG STORY, goes the PALL MALL Award.

(MUSIC: -- UP IN FANFARE --.)

(COMMERCIAL)



THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #130

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: -- THEME... A DEADLY, SERIOUS SITUATION)

CHAPPELL: Now the story as it actually happened, Jack Heise's story as he lived it. Seattle, Washington.

(MUSIC: -- PUNCTUATES AND UNDER)

NARR: Erlinds Point, six miles from Bremerton, lies just across from Seattle on lovely Puget Sound ... a vacation spot unparalleled on the Pacific Coast. And it was here on April 1st that a monstrous April ~~1st~~ Fools joke happened. In fifty years nothing like it had frightened and terrified the countryside. It was as <sup>if</sup> ~~if~~ Poe nightmare had come to life and the hideous thing lay on the sunlit sands of the Sound. You got the assignment, Jack Heise, feature writer of the Post Intelligencer. You got all the details on the phone and your imagination compounded the rest of it. But when you got there and opened the screen door to the lovely four room bungalow, you realized that human imagination is a limited thing. The Sherriff, George Oaks, wore the terrible tragedy on his face as he said ...

OAKS: (LOW) Yeah, you can go in. Look all you like. (PAUSE)  
How strong is your stomach!?

(MUSIC: -- TO BACK...)

NARR: They were all dressed for the beach: the men in trunks and T-shirts, the women in shorts or slacks. The first body lay on the floor beside a backgammon game. The wrists were bound with adhesive tape, the mouth gagged, ~~and the eyes~~ ~~stared at the ceiling.~~ A bullet had been fired into the left temple ~~from a distance of perhaps two inches.~~

OAKS: That was Charlie Thomas, a guost of the Hendricks'.  
Hendricks owned the place.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ RESUMES \_...\_)

NARR: Charlie Thomas' wife lay six feet away. Her legs and  
arms were bound with the tape again, and there was a  
tape gag across her eyes and mouth. ~~Her throat was slashed.~~  
*She was dead as a doornail.*

(MUSIC: \_ \_ PUNCTUATES THEN RESUMES \_...\_)

NARR: In the kitchen, half his body under the sink, a tall,  
greying man lay face down in a pool -- ~~a mixture of soap~~  
~~flakes that had spilled from a box;~~ ~~and his own blood.~~  
*and*

OAKS: Jes Windlough, a guest of the Hendricks'.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ RESUMES \_...\_ UNDER)

NARR: There were two more before you saw Hendricks. Windlough's  
wife in the bedroom, a sheet drawn tightly -- stranglingly  
tight -- around her neck, ~~her long finger-nails digging~~  
~~blood out of her palms.~~ And near her, slumped in a chair,  
his left arm broken and his feet tied with thick shoe laces,  
a man who had been shot ~~through his eyes.~~  
*three*

OAKS: ~~This was Sid Ring, a vaudeville performer. Another guest~~  
*of Hendricks.*

JACK: Where is Hendricks?

(MUSIC: \_ \_ RESUMES WITH NARRATOR \_...\_)

NARR: The host, Paul Hendricks, lay with half his body in the hall  
closet ... ~~happily, in dim light.~~ As you leaned in, and  
the Sherriff flashed his light, you saw the full enormity  
of it. The body was untouched, but the head ~~was shattered.~~  
~~He had been shot, and quite obviously after death, a hammer~~  
~~had been used to ~~smash in the back of the head.~~~~  
*Paul Paul Hendricks*

OAKS: We counted twenty-two blows, any one of which could have killed him.

JACK: (QUEASILY) Sherriff, let's maybe get out in the air, huh?

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE ...)

JACK: I don't want to go back inside unless I have to, Sherriff, so - - -

OAKS: (INTERRUPTS) Sure. What do you want to know?

JACK: Hendricks I know. Hendricks runs a cafe in Seattle, a sort of a hangout for the sports fans. A lot of figures in sports come there too. Anything special about the guests?

OAKS: We haven't had much time. Just that Hendricks sort of ran open house, invited folks out all the time. This was a typical weekend party. Thomas was a small sports promoter, the others -- just everyday people. Oh yes, -- Sid Ring you probably know. A vaudeville performer -- has a dog act. Those were his dogs in the car.

JACK: Yeah. Those poor people who stumbled on it. What's the motive?

OAKS: Appears to be robbery. Not a ring on the fingers of any of the men or the women. All the wallets and purses gone, every drawer ransacked.

JACK: How much could he get? \$500? A thousand? You don't kill six people for a thousand dollars. Do you think there were more than one?

OAKS: I don't see how one guy could kill all six people.

JACK: (IN A BURST) But why did he kill them so -- so brutally? A hammer, shoe laces, ~~through the eye~~ <sup>the shoe</sup> -- why, why did Hendricks, -- why did he get it worse than the others? And that tape, those shoe laces he tied them with -- they don't look like stuff that would be in the house. He must have had that with him. What kind of a maniac --

OAKS: (INTERRUPTS) Or maniacs --

JACK: (AGREEING) Or maniacs could do a thing like this? Why? Why? Why?

OAKS: (PLACATING) Let's go slow. I feel the same way you do -- like it's impossible, like no human being could have done it. But let's go slow and maybe we can figure it out.

(MUSIC: IN WITH NARRATOR)

NARR: You go slow ... as slow as you can while your heart is pounding because you've got to solve this ... help solve this. The maniac (or maniacs) who perpetrated such acts can not be allowed to be loose on the world. And slowly you formulate your theory.

JACK: Let's say (I'm just guessing) there were two of them. They walk in. They start to stick up the crowd. They are recognized - by -- say, Ring .. say, Hendricks. They have got to kill Hendricks or Ring to save themselves. They kill one. Then they've got to kill the others because - because the others will talk. Does that make any sense?

OAKS: Well, it makes sense, but where do we go from here?

JACK: I know. Hendricks' cafe. It's filled with not only the sporting crowd, but hangers-on, gamblers, petty racketeers. Maybe Hendricks or somebody else made a kill - got a lot of dough. The murderer (or murderers) heard about it. They came out, and it happened like I said.

OAKS: But why so brutal? ~~Why?~~

JACK: I know. I know. It has a million loose ends. A million pieces that don't fit. But let's try Hendricks. Let's try starting from there.

(MUSIC: IN WITH NARRATOR . . .)

NARR: While the police, under Sherriff Oaks, start combing Hendricks' <sup>Cafe</sup> start picking up shady grifters and guys who can't explain the contents of their pockets, you go back into the house and look again for something that maybe ties those million crazy pieces together and explains a human being's inhuman act. In the bathroom you find the first clue. The murderer tried to wash the blood off his hands. There are traces of it. The murderer (or murderers) dried bloody hands or a bloody face on a towel. The murderer (or murderers) were out and bleeding. And then, tucked under a chair, you find the second key -- you find a camera.

(MUSIC: STING AND RESUME UNDER)

NARR: (QUICKLY) You check with Oaks, get the roll developed and out comes one special picture.

JACK: My God -- look at the size of him!

OAKS: He's six foot six if he's an inch high.

JACK: Wait a minute! I know that guy!

(SNAPS HIS FINGERS)

JACK: Of course, the tape. It's the kind of tape they use in prize fights ... have around in gyms. This is Mike, The Strangler, the wrestler. (TENSE) He could do it, Sherriff. He could do the whole thing himself. Now if he's got cuts on him ...

(MUSIC: -- QUICK BRIDGE ...)

MIKE: (A BIG MAN) I can't tell you how I got the cuts, Sherriff.

JACK: Why can't you, Mike? Why can't you tell us?

MIKE: I don't have to tell you nothing, Heise.

JACK: I think you do. What were you doing out at Bremerton?

MIKE: I never was out at Bremerton.

OAKS: What were you doing at Hendricks' place, Mike?

MIKE: I wasn't never out there.

JACK: Don't you read the papers, Mike? Don't you know what happened out there this weekend?

MIKE: I never read the papers.

JACK: (QUIETLY) Six people were murdered there. We think maybe you murdered them. (PIERCE) Now, how did you get those cuts?

MIKE: God's my witness: I never murdered no one (IN A RUSH) Sure, I was out there. Hendricks wanted me to perform, show how strong I was. They took pictures of it. He gave me twenty-five dollars. That's against my amateur standing. That's why I lied. And the cuts ... swear you won't tell anyone. I fell out of bed and cut myself on a beer bottle. That wouldn't look good in print, would it? I got a reputation to maintain.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER ...)

*So*  
NARR: So Oaks goes back to Hendricks *case* for some more shady people who live on the edge of life who might have done this terrible thing. And you ~~go~~ go back to the lovely four room bungalow where six people met their death, to find another clue. (PAUSE) There is nothing in the house, nothing more. And so, purely by accident, you go out to the bluff on which the house stands and walk, thinking as you walk. Two hundred yards from the house you find ...

(MUSIC: -- STING ...)

NARR: A scarf. A dainty, perfumed, ~~crisp~~ scarf .... covered with blood. And ten yards further you find a three and a half inch heel from a woman's shoe, broken off.

(MUSIC: -- HITS HARD ... UNDER ...)

NARR: You ~~go back to the house~~ *pick*. None of the heels of the victim's shoes were broken. Perfume matches no one, Suddenly, a new image is in your mind. A woman did this. A woman who wears high heels and a delicate perfume is the only thing you can tie to this case. It isn't possibly. (PAUSE) You check the ferry from Bremerton to Seattle.

JACK: (TENSE) Look, Mac, think hard. Did you see anything of a woman -- ~~just a woman~~ -- covering her face maybe so as to hide what she looked like, who got on the ferry between seven and ten in the morning the day of the killings?

MAN: (PUZZLED) Gee, I don't remember - (INTERRUPTS HIMSELF) Hey ... wait a minute! Wait a minute! Dark-haired girl, tall, about five ten, five eleven ... very tall? Yeah! I remember.

(MORE)



MAN:  
(CONTD)

I says "Hello, Miss whats' a matter, you hidin' somethin'?  
You ashamed, of somethin'? She gives me a crack in the  
face. I remember. About 7:30 a.m. First customer  
on the ferry.

JACK: Was she limping? Heel broken off her shoe?

MAN: I don't know for sure. To tell you the truth, I didn't  
much look at her after she smacked me.

(MUSIC: - QUICK BRIDGE TO ...)

JACK: You drive cabs from the ferry to Seattle?

2ND MAN: That's right.

JACK: Can you remember Saturday morning about 7:45 -- 10 minutes  
to 8 -- a tall, dark-haired woman five ten, five eleven,  
girl with a broken heel, got off the ferry ... maybe  
hailed a cab?

2ND MAN: (DAWNING ON HIM) Yeah ... yeah ... a big girl. Dark-haired  
Sure. Hey, something funny, mister. Girl had a broken  
heel and something else --

JACK: What?

2ND MAN: She tells me to drive her to mid-town Seattle. I get there,  
she give me a five dollar bill and says "Keep the change".  
I says, "What's the matter? ~~broken your heel?~~" She just  
run away. ~~When I looked into the back of the cab, I saw~~  
~~blood all over the seat.~~ *She held her hand over her face and the*  
*time* *was* She must have been bleeding  
something awful.

(MUSIC: - SLOWLY IN WITH ...)

-12-

NARR: And now you know it was a woman. One of the pieces is beginning to match all the others. And you ask yourself an impossible question, "Can one woman have done what you saw in the lovely bungalow overlooking the beautiful Puget Sound?"

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG --.)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0170041

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #130

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  
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HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- THEME ...)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and the BIG STORY of Jack Heise, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: You know now, Jack Heise, feature writer for the Seattle Post Intelligencer, that a tall, dark-haired woman, with a cut face, is involved in the mass murders at Bremerton. And after the shock that it is a woman, you are just where you were when you thought it was a man, or two men. There are still the same loose ends: the unexplained violence, the fantastic hideousness of the crimes, the tape, the heavy shoe laces used to bind the victims. The only difference now is that your dragnet has opened wider. Where before it was Hondricks' cafe and the county jails and lock ups, it now includes the women's dentention home. Now it includes the "girlfriends" of gangsters -- the female of the species. And a week goes by, a month, and two months. And nothing comes. ~~You get an idea; a half an idea, and you try it on Sheriff Oaks.~~

JACK: All right, <sup>we</sup> we have tied a woman to it. Let's say she did it -- or she had a part in --

OAKS: (INTERRUPTS) Or she had a part in it with a man.

JACK: ... or she had a part in it with a man. She's bad, hideous, a monster, but there is no woman alive (no man probably either, but certainly no woman) who could do a thing like this, or take part in it, and not have it prey on her mind, not have it give her nightmares.

OAKS: Okay. So somewhere some dame is dreaming about this.

(MUSIC: -- THEME...)

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OAKS: Okay. So somewhere some dame is dreaming about this.

JACK: ~~That's right. Suppose we tell the matrons in the Women's Jail to listen at night. Listen to the women's screaming in their sleep.~~ Maybe there's something there.

OAKS: That's cutting it pretty slim.

JACK: We've got nothing else to go on. Let's try waiting for a nightmare. Let's try it.

(MUSIC: UNDER NARR . . . .)

NARR: So you wait and of course there are nightmares -- in the lock ups, in the city jails there are many nightmares, And you hear of one typical of them all . . . .

GIRL: (PETTRIFIED) I don't know what you're talking about.

JACK: (KINDLY) Last night, in your sleep you said something -- you screamed out. You said -- and these are the very words you said -- "I can't bear to look at it. I can't stand it! I will go crazy!" (PURSUING) What can't you stand? Why will you go crazy? What did you see in your nightmare last night?

GIRL: No! I can't tell! No! No!

JACK: This is murder, lady, not a picnic. Murder!

GIRL: (GIVING UP) Can't you leave a human being alone? I steal. Okay -- you locked me up. I steal. And every night I see it. That's why I steal. Because every night I see it. Him coming across the street, and the truck coming down on him, coming down on him and unable to stop. And when I tried to scream, I didn't have a voice. I tried to warn him. And the truck killed him. He was my father. (QUIETLY) Now are you satisfied?

(MUSIC: RESUMES WITH NARRATOR . . . .)

NARR: ~~Typical of the nightmares in the city jails. Terrible human stories~~ but not an answer to the mass murders at Bromerton. And so it goes ~~on~~ month after endless month, until the case is an unsolved, open wound for over ~~a year~~ *two months* ~~and a half~~. And then, *my day* the Sherriff calls you.

OAKS: (FILTER) If you are still interested in the Bromerton case --

JACK: (INTERRUPTS) If I'm still interested!

OAKS: Then come on down!

(MUSIC: QUICK BRIDGE INTO SCENE....)

OAKS: He's in the next room. He stuck up a gas station. The gas attendant got him. Go inside and talk to him. See what you think. His name is Vale.

*Cover?*  
VALE: *What?* (STEPS. DOOR OPENS. CLOSE DOOR IN ACTION)  
(A FRIGHTENED FAIRY) Believe me, mister, it was the first time I ever did anything like that in my whole life, believe me. I don't believe in violence, I don't - (INTERRUPTS HIMSELF) You won't listen to me either. (ALMOST CRYING) Won't somebody listen to me?

JACK: Okay, Vale. We'll listen to you some other time.

(STEPS. DOOR OPENS. CLOSES)

JACK: I don't get it, Sherriff. ~~He sounds like a ballet dancer to me.~~ *What?*

OAKS: That's what bothers me. He doesn't look like he could kill a fly -- let alone six people.

JACK: (PUZZLED) I don't get it.

OAKS: Just wanted to see what you thought. What I'm really interested in is his wife. We picked her up and held her as a possible accessory to the crime. We have no evidence really, but last night <sup>in her cell</sup> she called out in her sleep <sup>was saying</sup> ~~idea~~

JACK: (TENSE) Yeah -- what did she say?

OAKS: The matron was there <sup>think you, it may mean nothing.</sup> She said "Don't, Larry, for the love of God, don't, Larry, don't!" And then later, "Six and one makes seven." <sup>Jack: 6-6 murder.</sup> She kept saying ~~that~~ - "Six and one makes seven."

(MUSIC: HITS HARD ... RACES INTO SCENE)

JACK: (GENTLY) Would you like a cigarette, Mrs. Vale?

MRS VALE: (SCARED, BUT TOUGH -- CAGEY THROUGHOUT UNTIL SHE BREAKS DOWN) I got my own cigarettes.

JACK: When did you marry Vale?

MRS VALE: Look, mister, I don't have to answer any questions.

JACK: That's true. When did you marry Vale?

MRS VALE: I want to see the Sherriff. I want to get out of here.

JACK: (SLOWLY) What's your husband's name, Mrs. Vale?

MRS VALE: I said I wanted to get out of here.

JACK: (TENSELY) His name's not Larry, is it? It's not Larry, is it?

(PAUSE)

MRS VALE: (TERRIBLY FRIGHTENED) I don't know what you're talking about.

JACK: Whenever anybody knows exactly what somebody else is talking about, and they don't want to talk about it, they say that.

MRS VALE: What?



JACK: What you just said - "I don't know what you're talking about." Who is Larry? (AND FIERCELY NOW) And what does it mean -- "Six and one makes seven." Six and one what, Mrs. Vale? Six and one murders, Mrs. Vale?

MRS VALE: Stop it, stop it. Leave me alone.

(MUSIC: IN WITH NARRATOR ...)

NARR: You've got her now, and you know it. You push, you insist you persist, insinuate, cajole, you use violence in your tone and it begins to come out: the full, terrible, tragic, inhuman, ~~beastly~~ story.

MRS VALE: He's a hockey player? ~~He~~ plays hockey.

JACK: (ALMOST ASIDE) Of course. They weren't just shoe laces. Those were the kind hockey players use in their skates.

MRS VALE: He was a hockey player and I knew him before I married my husband and he played good hockey. I used to watch him. And I liked him, kind of, even though he was wild and once he cracked a fellow's skull ~~in the rink~~ with his ~~skate~~. *hockey skate*  
They barred him from playing - but he was like that.

(PAUSE)

MRS VALE: Are you sure --

JACK: (PLACATING) You've got nothing to worry about. The Sherriff has told you -- you'll be given every protection. Go ahead.

MRS VALE: One day, he said to me -- I didn't think anything was wrong -- he said to me --

(FADING IN)

LARRY: (EASY GOING, GOOD NATURED. SEEMINGLY A HERO) You know Hendricks, Letty. The guy who runs the cafe where the sport crowd hangs out. He runs open house at this cottage he's got in Bremerton. Says to me "Drop out any time you want." Would you like to go out?

MRS VALE: I don't know. You want to, Larry?

LARRY: Might be nice. Get some clean air. Play a little poker. Come on -- we'll have some fun.

(PAUSE)

MRS. VALE: (RESUMES HER STORY) So we went out. It was a nice day, a little cool. It's awful pretty out there and I was glad to get out of the city. Larry stopped the car about 100 yards from the house. It was going on nine o'clock at night.

(FADING)

MRS. VALE: .....he opened the car door and said....

LARRY: We'll get out here and walk the rest of the way.

MRS. VALE: What's the idea, Larry?

LARRY: (~~NOT ANSWERING~~) Take that scarf you got and stick it around your face so they can't see who you are.

MRS. VALE: You nuts, Larry!

LARRY: I'm not nuts. See, I got a mask too. It's April's Fools Day. I figure I'll play a little April Fool's joke.

MRS. VALE: Oh -- I get it. Sure!

(PAUSE...FIXES SCARF)

MRS. VALE: (VOICE SLIGHTLY MUFFLED) Like the way I got the scarf on? (SUDDENLY, STARTLED) Larry, you got a gun.

LARRY: That's right, Letty. This is going to be a good April Fool's joke. Hendricks made a kill of three thousand ~~dollars~~ today. I think it would be a great joke if I took it away from him.

MRS. VALE: (NOT SURE OF HIM) And then gave it back?

LARRY: (REAL MEAN - MENACE IN HIS VOICE FOR THE FIRST TIME) No -- and kept it, baby. That would make it a much better joke.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UNDER MRS. VALE)

*(Pause)*  
MRS. VALE: I wasn't sure. I thought maybe he was half joking when we went in -- but, he wasn't joking. He made them stand up and he made me tape their wrists -- some of them -- or tie them with those thongs he had from his skates. And then he started to rob them. And then Mr. Hendricks said (it was a terrible mistake).....

(FADE IN)

HENDRICKS: Look, Larry, I know it's you behind that mask. It's you, and I know it. Cut it out. If you don't cut it out right now, I'll have you barred from playing hockey anywhere in the US, you crazy maniac.

MRS. VALE: That did it. That sent him wild. He didn't say anything. He just walked up to Hendricks, put the gun in his face....

(GUN SHOT)

MRS. VALE: Then one of the men went for him to stop him. He smashed him with a chair and shot him as he lay on the floor. And then I ~~told him~~ <sup>blew</sup> ~~to stop~~ <sup>him</sup>. He threw a beer bottle at me and hit me in the face. I began to bleed. I ran out of the house. I ran out to the dunes. Anything to get away. I threw away the scarf -- it was covered with blood. I broke my heel and I didn't know until the next day when I saw the papers that he had -- killed all of them.

JACK: (SADLY) Quite a time -- quite a time.

MRS. VALE: So long as I live, I'll never forget that night. I couldn't take the car, I didn't dare go back to the house -- and I knew there was no ferry until 7:30.

(MORE)

MRS. VALE:  
(CONT'D)

And I knew he was out there alone with me and that space of land -- maybe coming after me -- and I looked for a place to hide. I looked everywhere, but I couldn't find a place. And finally, you wouldn't believe it, but I laid on the beach and covered myself with sand -- and put grass on my face and just lay there. Finally, it got to be seven and I ran to the ferry and I -- (INTERRUPTS HERSELF) That's the truth, so help me God. The whole truth.

JACK: Why didn't you tell somebody about it?

MRS. VALE: How could I tell? Two days after it happened -- two days later -- he came and found me where I was living. He walked in in the middle of the night and said --

LARRY: Just remember, Letty, six and one makes seven. I killed six people already. Seven won't make any difference. Just keep your big mouth shut. Don't forget -- six and one makes seven.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: The rest was routine. You got his name and long before you finished the story, Sherriff Oaks had alerted the entire countryside. Within an hour Larry was picked up in Portland <sup>at a terrible insane price and</sup> just about the time you were ready to turn to her, the frightened Mrs. Vale, and <sup>said</sup> ~~spoke as it were, to the whole of Seattle, saying~~ ~~to all of the countryside, to the whole of Washington,~~ ~~state, to the whole of America -- you were able to say...~~

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #130

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!

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Arnold Perl from an actual story from the front pages of the Seattle Post Intelligencer. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Bill Quinn played the part of Jack Heise. 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. Heise.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_THEME\_UP FULL\_AND\_FADE)

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

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

# AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #131

## CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
LYDIA	VIRGINIA SMITH
MOTHER <i>diater</i>	VIRGINIA SMITH
HARRY	SYD SMITH
COP	SYD SMITH
STANDARD	RALPH BILL
VOICE	RALPH BILL
JOE	LON POLAN
VOICE 2	LON POLAN
DOC	LUIS VAN ROOTEN
POLE	LUIS VAN ROOTEN
DVOREKI	GIL MACK
MAN	GIL MACK

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1949

ATX01 0170055



WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#131

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

SEPTEMBER 28, 1949

WEDNESDAY

(HARRY GASKELL: WATERBURY, CONNECTICUT REPUBLICAN)

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE INTO)

(A HEAVY MAN GETS UP FROM A CREAKY, SOFA)

LYDIA: (~~SHIRTYEIGH. SEXY~~) (~~WHISTLES FIRST FEW BARS OF "BABY, IT'S  
SOLD OUTSIDE"~~)

JOE: (A HEAVY SET MAN IN HIS FORTIES.. SLIGHT POLISH ACCENT.)  
I got to go, Lydia.

LYDIA: <sup>See</sup> Come on -- it's early.

JOE: I got to go. (~~HE GETS UP. STRETCHES~~)

LYDIA: When are you coming back for good?

JOE: Soon, baby, soon.

LYDIA: <sup>what about</sup> The divorce?

JOE: Could be, Lydia, could be. (JOE ANASTASIA IS A BIG MAN:  
A LOT OF BIG IDEAS) One way to end a marriage is divorce,  
Lydia. But I've been thinking maybe another good way to  
end the marriage <sup>is</sup> to a knife, Lydia.

(MUSIC: -- UP SHRILLY, THEN DOWN FOR CHAPPELL..)

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)  
Waterbury, Connecticut: from the pages of the Waterbury  
Republican, the story of a man who died -- officially --  
four times. (And for his work on this case, to Harry  
Gaskell of the Waterbury Republican, for his BIG STORY,  
goes the PELL MELL Award.

(MUSIC: -- STING INTO...)  
(COMMERCIAL)

ATK01 0170056

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.

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(MUSIC: -- INTRODUCTION, A NIGHT THEME, UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Now the story as it actually happened. Harry Gaskell's story as he lived it. Waterbury, Connecticut..

(MUSIC: -- PUNCTUATES AND UNDER) --

NARR: Yours is the night police run, Harry Gaskell of the Waterbury Republican. And you're on it for two reasons. Once, you have an eye for the news, and you can write. Two (and this the City Desk likes best about you), you're a guy with integrity, a conscience. If you say - "The man, age 58, was found dead at 1:30" - your Editor knows you checked the man's age, you looked at your watch. He knows that you report life as it is, and crimes as they happen. And that was where -- this integrity, this accuracy, this question of conscience -- that was where you got involved with the Anastasia killing. Got involved for the rest of your life.

(MUSIC: -- PUNCTUATES AND UNDER)

NARR: You were just saying so long to Police Lieutenant Standard. It was getting on 3 o'clock <sup>in the morning</sup> -- time even for you to go home -- when the report came in.

COP: (ON FILM) Double killing reported at 8 Burton Street. Better get over, Lieutenant.

NARR: You ask Pete Standard if you can come along. And he says, screwing up his big face..

STANDARD: Sure you can come, but from what I hear, it ain't very pretty.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

MARR: It wasn't pretty. The wife -- she was 28 -- lay on the bed with her throat slashed. Her husband was on the floor in the next room, beside the cheap table they ate off -- his throat slashed the same way -- from ear to ear. You <sup>stand</sup> stood there, Harry Gaskell, close to the doorway -- just looking. You take in the miserable apartment at a glance. <sup>Lt.</sup> Pete Standard and the <sup>medical examiner</sup> doctor take it in too..

(STANDARD IS OPENING AND CLOSING DRAWERS, MOVING AS HE SPEAKS. THIS FOLLOWS HIS ACTIONS)

STANDARD: A lot of beat-up old clothing in the bureau drawers.. match books..usual knick-knacks..old pictures -- (WALKS) nothing even in the kitchen. Wouldn't make it worth five minutes of a crock's time. Not robbery, that's for sure, Doc.

DOC: You know me better than that, <sup>Lt.</sup> Pete. On things like that I got no opinion. I got my work to do.

STANDARD: Her first?

DOC: (SOME DISGUST) Yeah -- her first.

STANDARD: (MOVING AGAIN) I see the window by the fire escape's open. (PROJECTS A LITTLE) Window open in that room, too, Doc?

DOC: (OFF) It's closed. Why don't you look for yourself? I got to do all your work for you?

STANDARD: (SLIGHTLY Ironic) Thanks, Doc. (TO HARRY NOW) Hey, you're awful quiet, Harry. What do you think. (LOUDER) Hey, Harry. I asked you what you --

HARRY: (SUDDENLY) Lieutenant, look! (ALMOST A SCREAM) Doc!

~~(MUSIC: A TOUCH TO INDICATE THE GOING HORROR)~~

HARRY: (THRU THE MUSIC) Look at it -- the way he's laying there --  
lock at his arm -- his fingers. (SOBER NOW) I swear I saw  
his fingers moving -- his fingers are moving! LOOK!

STANDARD: (INCREDULOUS) His fingers? ~~Let's see.~~ Doc -- Doc!!

(THE DOCTOR COMES ON)

STANDARD: Look at him Doc. Anasthastia's finger's are --

DOC: (INTERRUPTS, DISGUSTED AS USUAL) Very bright boy your  
reporter here. His fingers are moving! Reflex action.

Probably died less than an hour ago. ~~Reflex action.~~

(PHONY FORMAL) For your information, Mr. Gaskell, this  
man is dead. Now -- do you mind if I go back to work!

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARRATION)

NARR: He went back to his grim work in the other room and Pete  
Standard went back to looking inside drawers, into the one  
closet, opening mail. But you stood there, and continued  
to stand as you were -- watching the body of Joe Anastasia  
-- Twice pronounced dead.

HARRY: Doc, come over here and look at this.

DOC: (CFF) (BORED) What now?

HARRY: Look at his lips. There's a bubble forming -- ~~breaking~~  
~~and forming, breaking and forming.~~ <sup>Looks</sup> I don't know -- like  
he ~~was~~ <sup>is</sup> breathing.

~~(DOC AND LIEUTENANT COME OVER)~~

DOC: ~~Now - stop wanting my --~~  
~~Now what did you call me for --~~ (HE INTERRUPTS HIMSELF

AS HE SEES THE BUBBLE) Hey, there is a bubble.

~~(A DEATH RATTLE. IT SUBSIDES)~~

DOC: Well..maybe there was a bubble, but that bubble <sup>burst</sup> bust.  
Funny thing the way they hang on, <sup>ain't</sup> ain't it? That guy  
was living up until now -- with all that blood gone,  
living. But he <sup>ain't</sup> ain't alive <sup>any</sup> no more.

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARRATION)

NARR: And so for the third time, Joe Anastasia was pronounced  
dead. His body lay inert on the floor. The Medical  
Examiner, shaking his head, went back to work.

(NO PAUSE)

And <sup>Lt.</sup> Pete Standard finished reading the letter he had  
started before. But you, Harry Gaskell, Reporter -- a  
man with his eye open for facts and only facts -- did  
something strange.

(STEPS. A PIECE OF PAPER BEING TORN OFF A PAD  
MORE STEPS)

STANDARD: What're you doing now? Hey, stay away from that body!

HARRY: I just got to try something. Lieutenant, I just got to.

STANDARD: You heard the Doc.

HARRY: Let me try it.

STANDARD: What're you going to do?

HARRY: Just put this piece of paper on his chest and watch it,  
that's all. Just watch it.

STANDARD: For the love of Pete! *all right go ahead.*

(TWO STEPS. RUSTLING OF PAPER AS IT IS PLACED  
ON JOE'S CHEST)

(GOOD PAUSE)

HARRY: It moved! I tell you, it moved! Look at it. Lieutenant,  
he's alive!

STANDARD: (PROJECTING) Hey, Doc, come in here! Come in here quick!

(STEPS)

DOC: Yeah, I see it.

STANDARD: Do you think he --

DOC: (INTERRUPTS) Sh -- let me get my stethoscope on.

(MOVING FOR THIS)

(LONG PAUSE)

DOC: Both sides of this guy's heart are pumping. He's alive.

Get an ambulance.

(MUSIC: -- UP HARD AND UNDER)

*silence*  
(~~AMBULANCE BELL~~ UNDER. AUTO MOTOR RACING)

HARRY: You think we'll make it?

STANDARD: Pronounced dead three times and still alive -- we'll make it. (LOUD) Driver, step on it -- we <sup>we not</sup> aren't going to <sup>a</sup> any funeral.

(MUSIC: -- MOVEMENT)

(PULMOTOR AT WORK. UNDER)

STANDARD: Can you tell anything yet, doc?

DOCL: Leave us alone, Lt., just leave us alone.

HARRY: Just give us an idea, doc.

DOC: He'll live - incredible as that sounds -- he'll live!

HARRY: (THE REPORTER) Can I talk to him?

DOC: Sure, go right over, talk to the man -- that's only a pulmator he's got over his face --

HARRY: I didn't mean --

DOC: Get out of here, both of you. In 24 hours, maybe 36 - come back -- and (MOCKING) we'll see if you can talk to him.

(PEREMPTORY) Step up that machine.

(THE POCKETA INCREASES AS THE MUSIC)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ RISES AND GOES UNDER)

NARR: You write it up big because the will to live is strong in human beings and because the story of a man coming back to life is something everyone wants to read. And then (because of the wait ahead) and because you're you - you go back to the still bloody room at 8 Burton St. You walk up the foul-smelling staircase looking for answers answers to the questions; Who killed his wife: Who tried to kill him? Why? - You walk up the stairs --

(STAIRS)

and open a <sup>battered</sup> ~~crooked~~ door and there you find --

HARRY: (A LITTLE SURPRISED) Lieutenant Standard!

STANDARD: That's right. Surprised?

HARRY: No, I guess not. You're a curious guy too.

STANDARD: ~~That was a swell story you wrote.~~

HARRY: ~~The boss like it.~~

STANDARD: ~~Didn't you?~~

HARRY: ~~Sure. Just -- I don't -- too many loose ends.~~

STANDARD: So, you were looking at more than the body when you were standing there?

HARRY: Yeah. (IN A BURST NOW) Where's the murder weapon? It's got to be somewhere. There ought to be blood around. There's not. It's a small room and no hiding places and -- did you look in that pile of papers?

STANDARD: No. That's just papers.

HARRY: Well, let's look anyhow, huh?

STANDARD: Sure.



(A FEW STEPS. RIFFLING THROUGH NEWSPAPERS)

HARRY: Guess you're right. It's just papers. Hey...what's this?

(LOUDER) Hey..what's this?

STANDARD: (LOW) What we've been looking for. A bread knife <sup>covered</sup> ~~wrapped~~  
<sup>with blood</sup>  
~~in a bloody handkerchief.~~

HARRY: How did it get here? Who put it here?

STANDARD: Maybe the murderer finished, threw it across the floor, and  
it slipped under the papers.

HARRY: That's impossible. ~~It's dripping -- even now it's dripping.~~  
It would leave marks on the floor. There are no marks  
on the floor. It's crazy! There's got to be more,  
Lieutenant. There's got to be more. ~~There's an answer~~  
~~here-somewhere.~~

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARRATION)

NARR: Perhaps there's got to be <sup>more</sup> but there isn't. There isn't  
- under the old bathtub, amid the few greasy jars that  
stand on the medicine shelf, there isn't in the stove, in  
the rusty oven, nor in the pan that catches the greasy  
dripping? You go thru the drawers again, thru the  
closet, thru the shoes, into the laundry bag. There's got  
to be <sup>more</sup> but there isn't. And then.

(MOVEMENT OF A BUREAU SLIGHTLY FROM THE WALL)

HARRY: (SHARPLY) Lieutenant. A sheet of paper. A sheet of  
paper with some writing on it.

(RUSTLE OF PAPER)

STANDARD: Let me have that.

(MORE RUSTLE)

STANDARD: What is this? What language is this --?

HARRY: It looks like Polish. --

STANDARD: (PUZZLED AS TO WHAT TO DO) Polish?

HARRY: There's a butcher downstairs -- ~~did you see it?~~ -- maybe  
he can translate it. You think maybe he wrote it?  
*Anastasia*

STANDARD: Let's don't guess -- let's find that butcher.

(MUSIC: -- IN MOVEMENT INTO SCENE)  
*Dvorak*

HARRY: (POLITELY) You Mr. Dvoreki?

DVOREKI: That's right. But I got other customers first. I --  
(IN REACTION TO STANDARD) Oh -- the police?

STANDARD: Let's just step over here. <sup>(steps)</sup> Dvoreki is the name?

DVOREKI: That's right.

STANDARD: What's this say, please?

DVOREKI: Wait. I got to get my glasses. I don't read good. (PAUSE)  
There that's better.

HARRY: (IMPATIENTLY) Go ahead. See what you can make of it.

DVOREKI: All right. (BEGINS HALTING, SLOW TRANSLATION.) "All my  
life I love her, trust her, <sup>but with other men she betrays me</sup> ~~There is no one else.~~" Who  
wrote this, mister?

HARRY: Never mind. Go ahead.

DVOREKI: (MUMBLES) ~~"All my life I love her, trust her, but she  
betrays me. With other men she betrays me. My wife, who  
swears to love me and to honor me. She betrays me. So--"~~  
(INTERRUPTS HIMSELF, TROUBLED)

HARRY: (SHARPLY) ~~Finish it, finish it.~~

DVOREKI: (MUMBLES AGAIN TO GET UP TO THE PLACE HE WAS, THEN...) "So  
better than to have this shame, I kill her,"

DVOREKI: (CONTINUES, VERY LOW) "After I kill her, I take my own  
life too."

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: And now the fullness of it hits you, Harry Gaskell, as you stand in a butcher shop in the slum section of Waterbury, Connecticut. You brought a man back to life, but not just a man. You brought a murderer back -- a murderer and a would-be suicide. You brought a man back ~~now~~ to face a trial, a judge, a jury. A man who even now, at the hospital, rallies that he may live. Was it right for you to bring him back? Would it not have been better if you had not noticed the moving fingers, and the bubble on his mouth and the paper slowly rising and falling on his chest? And as you stand there, you know that you must do everything in your power ~~now~~ to make sure that the man you helped bring back to life is given every chance. This you've got to do because you're that kind of person and you've got that kind of conscience.

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

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 gives 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 Harry Gaskell, as he lived it and ~~(as he)~~ wrote it.

NARR: They tell you at the hospital, Harry Gaskell, Police Reporter for the Waterbury, Connecticut Republican, that it will be 8 to 10 hours yet before Joe Anastasia regains consciousness, and that's a lot of time to think. A lot of time for you to answer the question: (Because, of course, you're going to see him) - What do you say to a man whom you helped bring back to life and who you just <sup>found</sup> ~~find~~ out murdered his wife and tried to take his own life? For just a fragment of a moment you think -- "Forget about it. There are other stories, other things to do." But you can't forget about it and you know that. And so you wait. You wait until they tell you --

VOICE: It's all right to go in, now, Mr. Gaskell.

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARRATION)

NARR: He is a massive man with a leonine head, a handsome, bright, even arrogant looking man. And after the fantastic loss of blood, and even with the huge bandage around his throat, he is alive -- very much alive. And the first thing he says to you is --

JOE: Thank you, mister. You saved my life.

HARRY: (DRY-MOUTHED) That's okay. How do you feel?

JOE: Feel good, mister. Feel life. They cannot kill me. Kill my wife, yes. My Marcella -- but they can't kill me.

HARRY: (SURPRISED) Who can't kill you? What do you mean?

JOE: I tell the Lieutenant. You don't hear?

HARRY: No.

JOE: We are home. Time to go to bed. Through fire-escape window comes first one man, then the other. Hit me -- think with a black-jack. I go down. When I come up, Marcella screams in next room. I run in. I see they killing her. Big knife -- killing her. Then come after me. ~~One holds me, the other cuts my throat.~~ I thank you, Mister, saving my life. I find those men. I kill them. I find the men who kill my wife.

HARRY: ~~(CAUTIOUS) You're not allowed to smoke yet, are you?~~

JOE: ~~No. Doctor say no.~~

HARRY: ~~Okey if I do?~~

JOE: ~~Better not. Maybe smoke make me cough and --~~

HARRY: ~~Sure. Sure, I understand.~~ (CASUALLY) What about the note?

JOE: Don't understand.

HARRY: We found a note, Mr. Anastasia, saying that you killed your wife and were going to take your own life because she --

JOE: (INTERRUPTS) Never wrote such a note! Never. Take my life -- kill Marcella! You crazy!?

HARRY: Because she was playing around with other men. Because of the disgrace to you. Because there was no other way out.

JOE: (EXCITED) You must be crazy. Crazy man to come in and say a thing like this to me, Joe Anastasia. Love my wife. She loves me. Nobody loves better than Marcella and Joe. Ask! Ask!

HARRY: Who wrote the note? Who would stick it behind the bureau?

JOE: How I know? People jealous. Make trouble. Tried to kill me -- write notes. (VERY GRAVELY AND VERY EARNESTLY) But I tell you, Mister -- one thing I tell you. Marcella was best wife man ever had. Best wife in the world. Marcella and Joe love each other, Mister. Love each other until death.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Could it be? Is it possible that what this strong, violent man has said is true? There are too many loose ends, and your conscience is still ragged because of what you have done. And so you set out to find something that will tie some of those ends together and soothe that conscience. First: the note. You take it to his wife's <sup>sister</sup> ~~mother~~, and check on the hand-writing, ~~and on other things.~~

MOTHER: (VITRIOLIC THROUGHOUT) He wrote it, the devil! He wrote it.  
*Sister:* I told her -- I told her "don't marry him." ~~I told her inside him lives the devil and someday, I told her -- (BITTERLY) And then he did it!~~

HARRY: There's no doubt he wrote this, ma'am?

MOTHER: He wrote it. I told her a year ago. A year ago one night  
*Sister:* he beat her so. She showed me the bruises on her arms, her chest, her back, her legs -- everywhere. ~~Inside him is like hell, Mister.~~

HARRY: It's not true what he wrote then about Marcella and --

MOTHER: (INTERRUPTING) Other men! He's a liar. ~~In his dirty mind -- with his other women, women, women -- So he says Marcella has men!~~ She was sweet and good and only stupid because she loved him.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You check the neighbors and you find again that the note is in his hand-writing, and that his wife was sweet and patient and a beaten woman. And then, in a bar, among the men at the rolling mill <sup>where</sup> he worked, you get another piece of the story.

MAN: Sure, I remember many times he says -- and he does it too -- I drink any man under the table. Joe Anastasia (WITH CONTEMPT) he thinks he is a big man, big fighter, big drinker, big man with the women. He's got a big head, all right. Big like a blown-up ox! Thinks he's great. Now he gets what's coming to him.

HARRY: He went around with <sup>other</sup> women, huh?

MAN: Want something for your paper, Mister? Only I bet your paper never prints it. Not fit to print. Go see Lydia Turkel. Ask her this question: "Factory closes down 6:30. Takes Joe Anastasia half an hour to get home. How come he comes home 9:00 o'clock every night?" Ask Lydia Turkel. You find out something you don't print.

(MUSIC: -- UP IN MOVEMENT) --

LYDIA: (QUITE DRUNK) So what? So he was with me. So what? ~~She never was anything to him.~~ Nothing. He told me he was going to get a divorce. He told me he was -- (SLYLY) I could tell you something --

HARRY: What, Lydia. What could you tell me?

(PAUSE)

Harry; ~~You can't tell me anything because you don't know~~ anything.



LYDIA: I could tell you plenty. Joe Anastasia's a big man,  
~~bigger than any man in these parts.~~ Plenty of ideas.  
A lot of ways better than divorce to get rid of your wife.

HARRY: (SHARPLY) He say that to you?

LYDIA: (LAUGHS) He's a better man than any man in these parts.  
A better man than you. Get out of here.

(MUSIC: -- UP FOR BRIDGE)

(DOOR OPENS. CLOSSES. A FEW STEPS)

HARRY: (SOFTLY) I thought you loved your wife, Joe.

JOE: I love her. Always love her.

HARRY: What about Lydia, Joe? What about all the others, Joe?

JOE: What you talking?

HARRY: Joe, you wrote that note. You hated Marcella. You told  
Lydia there were more ways than one to get rid of your  
wife.

JOE: You think you gonna stop me? I gonna be free man --  
free I tell you. Not you, not anybody stop me now.  
I come back from the dead to live, Mister. Joe  
Anastasia big man. You no stop me now. Nobody stops  
Joe Anastasia.

(MUSIC: -- STARK. UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You see it now, Harry Gaskell..the full horror of it.  
An ego maniac. A man above the law -- a man a law unto  
himself. What will he do? Escape? Plead insanity?  
Something is at work in that wild brain. Something in  
that massive, lichlike head. And now you know you've  
got to stop it once and for all. And so you go back to  
the neighborhood. To the poor, broken down house where  
the tragedy occurred.

(MORE)

HARRY:  
(CONT'D)

In the room below where the murder took place, you meet a frightened man who tells you the rest of the story.

POLE:

(SLIGHT ACCENT) Why I don't come <sup>to you</sup> ~~back~~ before? Talk to somebody? I tell you, Mister Reporter. I am afraid. I am afraid Joe knows what I know and I am afraid maybe Joe comes for my wife -- maybe my kids.

HARRY:

You don't have to worry. He's not going to hurt anyone.

POLE:

Is that night. Is maybe 11, 11:15 -- I am not sure. Kids asleep. I sit there and my wife. We hear her screaming: Marcella: "Joe don't. Don't Joe. Please Joe!" Hear his name clear. Open door to hall. Go out. Look. See him come walking down stairs. Sees me. I say - "What happen, Joe?" He says "Shut up!" But he don't go down stairs no more -- instead, Mister Reporter <sup>he</sup> goes back upstairs. Back to his place. Then I hear he throws the bolt on the door and I know something terrible happens behind the lock. That's when he does it Mister. Then.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND INTO)

(DOOR CLOSES DELIBERATELY. FEW DELIBERATE STEPS.  
THEY STOP)

HARRY:

Now I know, Joe. Now I know everything.

JOE:

Know what? What you think you know?

HARRY:

You killed her to get rid of her, Joe -- because of Lydia and the others. You killed her, Joe. (PAUSE FOR REACTION. THERE IS NONE) You killed her and you started out -- hoping you'd get away with it -- but the man downstairs, him and his wife, heard you -- they knew what had happened. You knew they'd tell the police and you'd be caught -- so you went back up - back to your apartment.  
(MORE)

HARRY:  
(CONT'D) (STILL NO REACTION) -- Then you thought -- that "big brain" of yours, that ego -- you thought: "I'll kill myself. Better I kill myself than the police kill me. I'll kill myself and leave a note for the whole world to see -- then they'll see how great I am, how big I am." That's what you thought, Joe, when you wrote the note -- the blood still on your hands. Make it look like she was the one two-timing -- and that you -- you were so big, you killed her and yourself. That's the way it happened Joe. That's just the way it happened -- isn't it?

(LONG PAUSE)

JOE: You bring me back from death to tell me this! Joe Anasthasia big man --

HARRY: (INTERRUPTS) Ego maniac you mean --

JOE: (PAYING NO ATTENTION TO HARRY, GOING RIGHT ON) - big man I tell you. -- Joe Anasthasia never talk again. Never say a word. Never.

(MUSIC: -- UP FOR CURTAIN) --

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Harry Gaskell of the Waterbury Republican with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- STING) --

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

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!

(MUSIC: -- TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Harry Gaskell of the Waterbury Republican.

GASKELL: All through trial killer in tonight's Big Story sat staring - never changing his expression, never shifting his eyes, never saying a word. Jury found him guilty of murder in the first degree and he was hanged until dead at Weathersfield Prison.

Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Gaskell...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 South Bend Tribune -- by-line, Ralph J. Hennings. A BIG STORY - about a reporter who wrote a story in blood --

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

2ND REVISE

-22-

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Arnold Perl from an actual story from the front pages of the Waterbury Republican. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Sydney Smith played the part of Harry Gaskell. 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. Gaskell.

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

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

CHAPPELL: Carelessness is the greatest single cause of fires ... fires that claim thousands of lives and destroy property worth hundreds of millions of dollars. Help prevent these shocking losses. Be careful always - with lighted matches and cigarettes and in every other way. Obey all fire regulations!

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

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