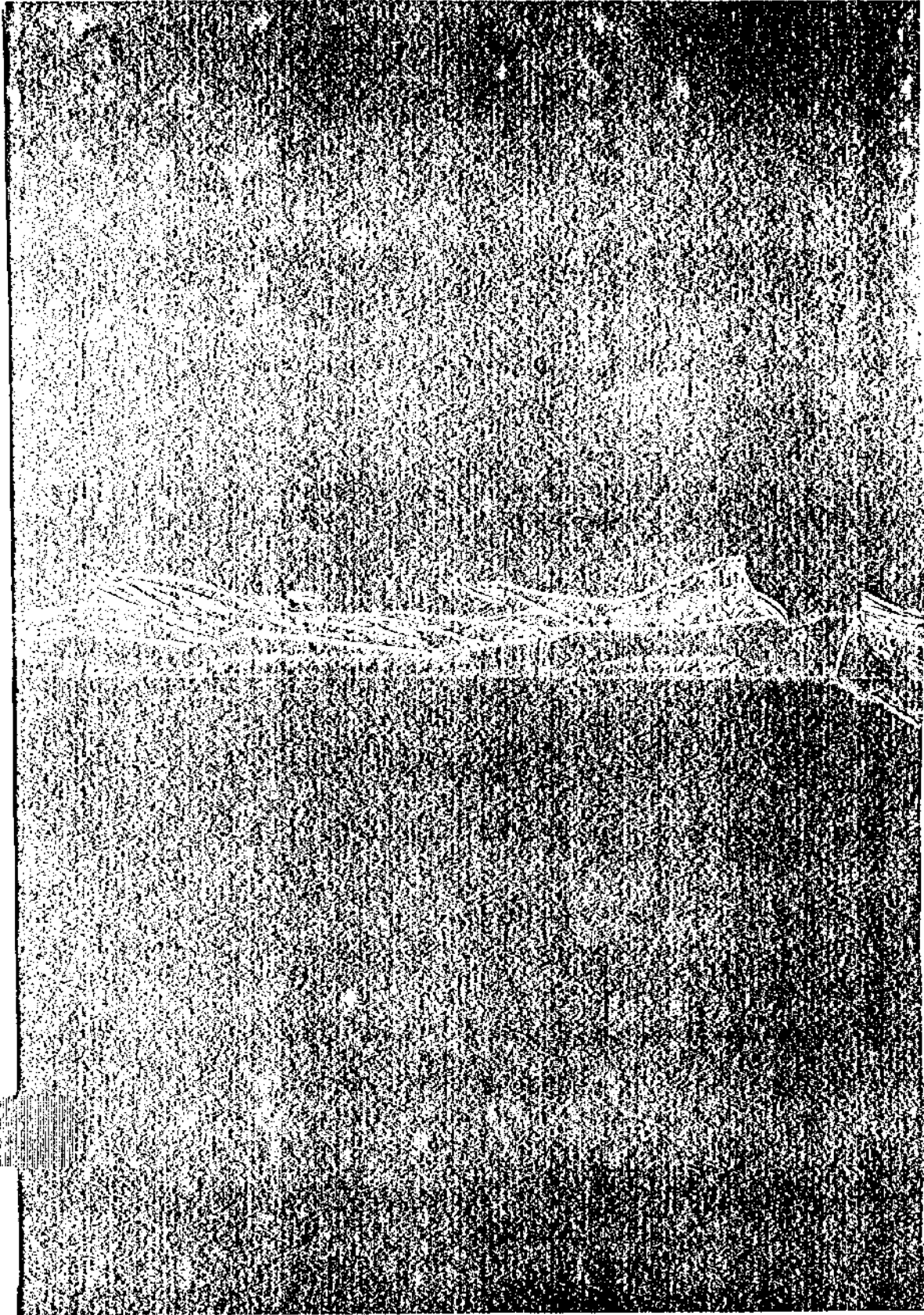


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AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #132

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
SHERIFF	BOB SLOANE
WIFE	JULIE BENNETT
HENNINGS	DICK McMURRAY
DOCTOR	BERNARD BURKE
VOICE 3	BERNARD BURKE
DIXON	LAWSON ZERBE
OLDSTER	LAWSON ZERBE
VOICE	GRANT RICHARDS
FATHER	GRANT RICHARDS
KID	MICKEY O'DAY
COP	MICKEY O'DAY
KILLER	WALTER BLACK
P.A.	WALTER BLACK
KILLER 2	SCOTT TENNYSON
VOICE 2	SCOTT TENNYSON

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1949

ATX01 0170080

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#132

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

OCTOBER 5, 1949

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present ... THE BIG STORY!
(MUSIC: FANFARE UP AND DOWN BEHIND)
FATHER: (LOW, ANXIOUS, CLOSE) Lorraine . . . Lorraine, honey
. . . wake up. . .
WIFE: Hmmm? (AD LIB) Mmmm? Whozat?
FATHER: It's me -- Dad. Wake up, honey.
WIFE: Whats s'matter?
FATHER: I just heard something on the radio about Ralph.
WIFE: Radio?
FATHER: Ralph, honey---your husband---
WIFE: What's-he-done?
FATHER: Got himself in a gunfight with the State Police---I
my husband's been shot & he's
heard something about a transfusion -- I --
WIFE: Transfusion -- he's hurt --
FATHER: Uh-huh. No mistaking it was him, either -- Ralph
Henning, South Bend reporter -- Holy Family Hospital---
honey, you better go to him!
(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER)
CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY! Here is America . . . it's sound and
its fury . . . its joy and its sorrow . . . as
faithfully reported by the men and women of the great
American newspapers. (PAUSE: COLD & FLAT) South
Bend, Indiana. From the pages of the Tribune, the
the authentic account of -- The Story Written in Blood.
And for his work in the case -- to Ralph J. Hennings
of the South Bend Tribune, for his Big Story goes
the PELL MELL AWARD!
(MUSIC: FANFARE)
(COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0170081

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #132

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 0170082

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ INTRODUCTION AND UNDER, FOR)

CHAPPELL: Now, the story as it actually happened. Ralph Hennings' story as he lived it -- South Bend, Indiana.

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

NARR: You are right in the middle of your story - - - flat on your back. You're stretched out on a bed in Holy Family Hospital. From the artery of your left arm, full and pulsing with lifeblood, arches - - a red, rubber tube. It stretches past a white screen to the artery of another man's arm. You, Ralph Hennings; of the South Bend Tribune, are not just covering, you are right in this story -- ~~on-one-end-of-a-blood-transfusion~~ *young blood to pump with his*

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ WHICH HAS BEEN UP-AND-DOWNING PULSATINGLY, STINGS)

DOCTOR: All right, Ralph?

HENNINGS: So far, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Need another brandy?

HENNINGS: No, no. But how --

DOCTOR: Lie still! The less movement, the better.

HENNINGS: But I want to know --

DOCTOR: Later, later. Just lie still. Nurse---watch-him..

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

NARR: You lie still.. Your fists clenched hard, your nails chewing your palm -- you sum up the hour that brought you to -- this. It was such a calm, peaceful, quiet, ordinary Sunday afternoon in June. . .when the wife and kid have gone to visit their-folks -- it can be so peaceful, so calm, so quiet -- if you haven't got a telephone.

(TELEPHONE)

HENNINGS: There goes my Sunday! (PICKS IT UP) Hello.

DIXON: (FILTER) Dutch? Ray Dixon.

HENNINGS: Hya, Ray.

DIXON: (FILTER) Hya, Dutch. Whatcha doin'?

HENNINGS: Reading the comics. Anything up?

DIXON: (FILTER) No. But I'm going on patrol. Wanna come along, maybe pick up some crash pictures? You know Sunday night on the highways.

HENNINGS: Well, the wife's away . . . I was going to rustle up some supper --

DIXON: (FILTER) We can stop at Bob's Barbecue --

HENNINGS: You twisted my arm. Okay, pick me up -- but no siren! I got neighbors -- and this is Sunday!

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: Ray Dixon, Shield 21, Dumas Park barracks, Indiana State Police . . . your best friend. Source of news, springer of practical jokes, user of your paper's darkroom to practice his -- and your -- hobby of photography . . . a good guy: the best. He picks you up (SNEAK CAR SOUND) in the patrol car, you exchange the usual ribs about the striped-pants uniform -- pick up your usual "two, well, with" at the diner -- and head out U.S. 20 -- into the stream of Sunday drivers. Two guys. Friends.

(CAR UP, BACK UNDER, AND SUSTAIN BEHIND, OTHER TRAFFIC WITH IT, AND ALSO POLICE FREQUENCY RADIO

HUM)---

HENNINGS: How'd your shots come out from last week? *Ray*

DIXON: Awful. Didn't come up at all. I don't like that developer you use.

HENNINGS: Developer! It's standard D-72 -- you can't go wrong. What'd you print it on?

DIXON: Number three.

HENNINGS: That stuff? For Pete's sake -- you should have used contrasty paper, you dope! You were shooting way down, weren't you, F-11, F-16 (FADE BEHIND) -- low evening sunlight -- well, contrasty paper brings --

VOICE: (FILTER) Car two, car two. Go to Fail road and U.S. 20. Auto wreck. Car two, car two, go to (FADE) Fail
(CAR UP, AWAY WITH-SIREN)
road and U.S. 20. Auto wreck. *Sirens*

(MUSIC: WIPE AND OUT)

DIXON: (COURTEOUS) You say he didn't stop before crossing the highway, sheriff?

SHERIFF: That's right, Ray.

DIXON: That's bad business in-traffic-like-this, boy.

KID: I -- I know. I'm lucky I didn't get killed. What -- what're you gonna do with me?

DIXON: Well, the sheriff here has to stay at this intersection to take care of the wreck -- wait-till-your-dad-sees-it! -- so I'll take you in to the county jail.

KID: Oh-ch.

DIXON: You can call your folks from there. Come on -- sooner you get it over with, son, the better. You sit in the back seat.

KID: Arentcha gonna handcuff me?

DIXON: (LAUGHS) Why? I'm driving this time. (CALLS) Got your pictures, Dutch?

HENNINGS: (COMING UP) Yep. All I need.

DIXON: (AS CAR DOORS SHUT) Okay. Here we go.

(CAR UP AND BEHIND)

DIXON: Kid, there's one rule for safe driving -- see if you can figure it out. The driver to watch is the man behind the wheel of the car behind the car ahead of you. Got it?

KID: The car behind the -- yeah! That's me!

DIXON: That's right! You remember that, because -- oh-oh.

(CAR SLOWS DOWN)

HENNINGS: What's the matter?

DIXON: That car on the other side of the road. Facing us. Looks like they're in trouble.

(CAR TO STOP)

DIXON: (CALLS) What's the trouble, fellows?

KILLER: (OFF MIKE) I dunno, chief. She just won't run.

DIXON: Wait here. ^{in the car} I'll give them a hand.

(CAR DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

KID: Mister, are you a cop too?

HENNINGS: Just a reporter. Why?

KID: I was gonna say, he's an awfully nice guy -- for a cop.

HENNINGS: For a cop? He's a swell guy -- period! They don't make them any better. Look at him now -- stopping to help a couple of stranded drivers.

KID: Maybe he thinks its a stolen car or something.

HENNINGS: Go on, I've seen him so this a million times. Why, if there wasn't a rule against it, he'd probably try to tow them in with this patrol car. Take a good look at that cop, kid -- you're looking at a real public servant! (CROSSFADE) ~~If more people got to know cops~~

DIXON: (FADING IN) ~~..can't better, we'd have less crime, seem to find less accidents, and you can tell anything wrong, your own folks how this one fellows. It might treated you... be the points, or a clogged feed line. I dunno.~~

KILLER: Beats me, chief. Guess we'll have to walk.

DIXON: Where were you heading?

KILLER 2 (SAME VOICE, SLIGHTLY CHANGED) Oh -- just ridin' around.

DIXON: Say -- you two look like twins.

KILLER 1 Brothers.

DIXON: Well, let's see, There's a garage in the next town. 'bout four miles down the road . . . let me take down your number and I'll have them send (FADE TO) the

KID: *Let's make him*
He's taking out wrecker along. It'll cost you a his book. couple of bucks, but -

HENNINGS: Probably getting the ownership of the car, to report to the nearest garage.

KID: (SHARP WHISPER) Mister -- mister -- the guy behind the wheel -- he -- he's got a --

(A LITTLE OFF .. A SHOT.. ANOTHER. (A SPACE) ANOTHER)

HENNINGS: He -- they -- they shot him -- they shot him -- he never had a chance. (HE YELLS) Ray -- RAY!

KILLER: (YELLING OFF MIKE) Get the ^{guy} guys in the ^{ditch} car -- get 'em!
(SHOTS, GLASS SMASHING, MORE SHOTS, BEHIND)

HENNINGS: Out-of-the-car, kid -- get out! ..
(SHOTS-UP; BEHIND)

HENNINGS: Get-in-the-ditch -- lie low --

KID: They're comin' across the road --- they're --

HENNINGS: Run, kid -- run! -- They're crazy!

(CRASH-OF-UNDERBRUSH-AND SHOTS FADING OFF BEHIND WITH WHINE-OF-BULLETS-ON-CLOSE)

(MUSIC: --- WIPES AND UNDER)

NARR: *That's the last you ever heard of...*
That was the last you saw: the kid frozen-in-fear-
in the roadside ditch...
in-the-roadside-ditch--- two killers stepping over the still form of your best friend -- and the branches of the roadside brush grabbing for your face as you fled the fusillade of their guns. And now, remembering --

HENNINGS: (HE GROANS) Doc, how could they do it, what did he ever do to them!

DOCTOR: Lie still, Ralph --

HENNINGS: They never gave him a chance --

DOCTOR: Take it easy --

HENNINGS: He couldn't even reach his gun, they --

DOCTOR: (SOUND OF POURING BEHIND) Here -- drink this.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ IN WITH)

NARR: The amber brandy burns down your throat and warms its way upward -- and the long red tube keeps pulsing -- lie still -- take it easy -- lie still -- (ANGER) lie still! Your friend -- (MUSIC IS IN RHYTHMIC PULSATION BEHIND) those killers -- they just -- (BEAT) And you -- you're helpless -- out flat -- (RHYTHM PICKS UP) nobody else can tell who they were -- you saw -- you remember, you ran, you ran, until --

(CRUSH OF BRUSH AND BREAK-THROUGH-TO-PASSING-TRAFFIC UP-AND-BEHIND)

HENNINGS: (YELLING) Stop! (CAR WHIZZES PAST) Wait! STOP!

(JALOPY PULLS TO STOP)

(RUNNING-HEET, CAR DOOR YANKED OPEN, SLAMMED SHUT)

OLDSTER: You in trouble?

HENNINGS: Yeah -- down the road -- half a mile -- quick -- a cop's been shot --

OLDSTER: You do it?

HENNINGS: No, no, please -- hurry --

OLDSTER: Been drinkin', eh?

HENNINGS: Get going, will you? You'll see -- two cars -- (CAR IS UNDER WAY BY NOW) -- one stalled, one patrol car -- there were two of them with guns -- there, there's the spot!

(CAR TO SLOW-STOP)

OLDSTER: I don't see but one car. No police car.

HENNINGS: Wait for me!

(CAR DOOR OPENS, RUNNING STEPS THROUGH ALL THIS)

HENNINGS: (YELLING) Kid -- where are you! (TO SELF) The ditch, he was in the ditch --(BEAT) He's gone! Everybody's gone -- even Ray -- there's nothing here but -- -- blood!

OLDSTER: (CALLING FROM OFF) You comin' or stayin'? I ain't got
all day!

HENNINGS: (COMING-ON RUNNING) Take me to the police -- no -- the
hospital -- Holy Family --

OLDSTER: Police,-hospital---all-righty---(CAR-TAKES-OFF UNDER)
But_my_advice_to_you,-young-feller---(HE-SHIFTS-GEARS)
---you_better_swear_off_the_stuff!--

(MUSIC: _ _ UP WITH CAR TO TAG FOR)
(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #132

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

CHAPPEL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPEL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels the smoke further....

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPEL: 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.

CHAPPEL: 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!

CHAPPEL: 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 Ralph Hennings -- as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: You, Ralph Hennings of the South Bend Tribune are on the end of a transfusion tube. How come? You'd gone on patrol with your friend, trooper Dixon -- and he'd been shot. The gunmen had shot at you, too, but you'd fled through the woods. And now, on the transfusion table, you're remembering what happened before you came to the hospital.

DOCTOR: You can get up now, Ralph, the transfusions all over.

HENNING: Can I see him?

DOCTOR: Better not, it will be hours before we -- know. You just rest a while.

HENNING: Rest? Where's my shirt! I gotta get over to State Police.

DOCTOR: You can't take off so soon -- you've lost blood --

HENNING: I can't take off? Sorry, Doc -- I am!

BIG STORY, 10/5/49

-14-

REVISED

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TAKE OFF AND UNDER)

NARR: A taxi to Duncs Parks barracks plunges you instantly into the heart of the manhunt. One cop is there -- and he is just -- a voice:

VOICE: (FILTER) Attention all cars, Wanted for the shooting of an Indiana State Patrolman at 6:30 p.m., June 26, two men: number one, 21 to 28, five feet eleven, 190 pounds. Dirty blond hair, no coat, (FADE) no hat, no tie. Number two about the same description.

You wonder where they get the details--then you realize it must have been the kid. He fills you in.

KID: They were gonna kill me, but I told them I was a prisoner too --

HENNINGS: Quick thinking.

KID: Then took the guns out of the police car -- and just then the Sheriff came along in his car.

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10/5/49 pm

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HENNINGS: The Sheriff who arrested you --

KID: Uh-huh. He stopped -- and they held him up -- they hit him with a blackjack --

HENNINGS: Killers, -killers!

KID: -- and made him lie down in the back seat. Then -- they drove off --

HENNINGS: Kidnappers too!

KID: And then -- then I dragged the ^{State cop} State-cop into the patrol car -- bleeding, -bleeding-something-terrible----and-drove-him-to-Holy-Family. I -- I hope he don't die, or anything-

HENNINGS: Don't-talk-like-that!-

KID: He was such a swell guy, the way he treated me.

HENNINGS: You're-pulling-for-him, -eh- kid?--All-I-can-say-is-they're-doing all they can at the hospital.---But---

(RADIO FREQUENCY GOES UP, BEHIND)

HENNINGS: Here-comes-another-message--

VOICE: Attention Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Ohio and Kentucky State Police, State Patrols, Sheriffs' Departments, Metropolitan police, constables and other police and peace officers.

HENNINGS: (PROUD) Hear that? Hear

that? They're setting

up the dragnet -- the
five state blockade!

Establish complete road network
coverage for apprehension of
two men wanted for shooting an

KID: Gee!

HENNINGS: Kid -- you're in on the
heart of the biggest

manhunt this area's ever
seen!

Indiana State Officer at 6:30
p.m., June 26 -- two men.
Number one, 21 to 28, five feet
eleven, 190 pounds.

(MORE)

KID: That's the best-- VOICE: Dirty blond hair, no coat,
description I could (CONTD) no hat, no tie -- Number two
give. You were in the about the same description.
front seat---you saw These men also kidnapped--
-them-closer. deputy sheriff Kowalski of
HENNINGS: I know. They looked Laporte county and are now
like twins, but there believed to be driving his
was one difference-- car, a black 1934 Studebaker
They weren't the same sedan, Indiana 758-090.
the one who shot Ray had (FILTER) That is Indiana,
a -- WHAT AM I TELLING 758-090. Authority Dunes
YOU FOR? I-gotta-get Park and LaPorte.
out there! I'm the
only one who can identify
the gunman! Hey -- sergeant!
VOICE: (OFF FILTER) What is it?
HENNINGS: You've got to get me out there. I --
(FREQUENCY HUM OF RECEIVER INTERRUPTS. SWITCHOVER)
VOICE: Hold it, Ralph --
VOICE II: (FILTER) Indiana Four calling Dunes Park --
VOICE: (FILTER) Go ahead four.
VOICE II: (FILTER) I'm proceeding to Lowell to investigate a report
of two suspicious persons walking west that's west on
U.S. 41 repeat 41. That's all.
VOICE: (FILTER) Okay four.
(SWITCHOVER)--
HENNINGS: Look, sergeant, I just remembered something. They guy
who drew the gun on Ray had a --
(FREQUENCY HUM OF RECIEVER CUTS IN SHARP)

VOICE: Hold it, Ralph. (FILTER SWITCHOVER)

HENNINGS: For Pete's sake!

VOICE.II: (FILTER) Attention all police officers off duty who
hear this. Report to your stations immediately.

HENNINGS: Sarge -- will you All police officers off duty
listen to me a second? report to your stations
immediately. Authority
headquarters Indianapolis.

VOICE: (YELLING) Ralph I only got two hands and two ears! I'm
running this whole show myself -- everybody's on the roads!

NARR: You glare angrily at each other a second -- then both of
you realize your anxiety over Ray Dixon has got the better
of your tempers. But then --

(DOOR OPENS)

COP: Kahn reporting. I was down at the diner, and -- say,
where is everybody?

VOICE: On the roads, Kahn. Take car seven and go to Lowell. We
got a suspicious persons report just now --

HENNINGS: Kahn -- I'm coming with you!

COP: Sorry, Ralph. Orders are --

HENNINGS: Orders my foot! I'm the only one who can identify those
gunmen!

VOICE: Well why didn't you say so?

HENNINGS: That's what I've been trying to tell you! Gotta-go-now--

KAHN: Wait for me!

(MUSIC: __ HIT AND OUT)

(CAR RUNNING AND SIREN OUT OF MUSIC)

VOICE: (FILTER) Attention all cars. Eyewitness Ralph Henning proceeding to Lowell to identify suspect. All cars report here to contact Henning for identification of two men wanted by Indiana State Police
(CAR WITH --- for shooting of....Indiana State
FREQUENCY TUNED --- Patrolman Ray Dixon.
-AND-BEHIND)

HENNINGS: Every road, ^{every} every crossing -- it's terrific!

COP: They're doin' it for Ray.

HENNINGS: Yeah. There must be five hundred cars out.? 500?

COP: Keep swinging that spotlight.

HENNINGS: I am, I am!

VOICE: (FILTER) Attention car seven --

HENNINGS: That's us!

Car seven, proceed to Holy Family Hospital immediately.
Hennings, go to Holy Family Hospital. Dixon calling for you.

HENNINGS: He's ^(conscious) conscious -- swing around!
(TERRIFIC SQUEALING SWING AND TAKE OFF INTO)

(MUSIC: UP AND DOWN FOR)

DIXON: Ralph -- Ralph --

HENNINGS: (SOFT) It's me, Ray -- I'm here --

DOCTOR: (SAME) Louder, Ralph.

RALPH: (LOUDER, CHOKED) -- I'm --- here, Ray. ---

DIXON: Did you -- get -- pictures?

RALPH: No -- I -- I had to duck, fella, I --

DIXON: Listen, Ralph -- listen --

HENNINGS: Yes, Ray --
DIXON: Ralph?--You-there?-
HENNINGS: Sure, boy -- sure
DIXON: Listen -- man with -- gun -- he had --
HENNINGS: Yes -
DIXON: He had -- (CHOKED COUGH) -- he -- (COUGH)-his chin --
HENNINGS: (EAGER) I know, Ray -- you don't have to talk! He had
a cleft in his chin --
DIXON: Thought---you-could-use---a---tip---for-your --
-- story, Ralph---write---good story-----
HENNINGS: Don't talk, Ray -- save yourself --
DIXON: Ralph -- if -- (COUGHS)--- if anything -- happens --
I want you -- (COUGH) take my -- camera, keep my -- stuff--
HENNINGS: Shhh, fella, shh -- Nothing's gonna --
DIXON: Don't forget -- use---contrasty-paper---use---it....
developer's no -- good -- everything coming out -- dark --
darkroom--- use -- more hypo -- hypo's too -- weak --
(MUSIC: COME UP OUT OF IT SADLY AND BEHIND)
NARR: It's a different kind of hypo they give Ray, ^{Dunes} as you
stumble-out-of his room and go back on patrol with Kahn.
(SNEAK SOUND OF CAR) Again, the air is crowded with
messages -- the dragnet is closing, the rings are getting
smaller -- and the picture is developing out of the night!
VOICE: (FILTER) Attention. 2:42 a.m. Deputy sheriff Kowalski
released by bandits about two miles west on 41 near
Lowell. Bandits now heading west on side roads. Original
license on front, rear plate-has-
HENNINGS: West! ^{Call} Cut over to 41-A been-changed? Authority-Dunes
and take the lake road! -Park-and-Laporte.

- 20 -

(CAR UP FAST AND AWAY)

(MUSIC: _ _ WIPES AND OUT)

(CAR RUNNING)

VOICE: (FILTER) Attention, 2:57 a.m.! Two men in gun battle with Illinois State Police at Symerton. Car now bearing Illinois registration, no plate

HENNINGS: Illinois! They came on rear, headed for Kankakee, up against the rim of Authority Dunes Park and LaPorte. the blockade!

COP: And bounced right back. I'll take 237 to Kankakee -- we'll cut 'em off!

(CAR UP AND AWAY WITH SIREN)

(MUSIC: _ _ WIPES AND UNDER)

NARR: Now car after car converges across country to cut off a crossroad or close up a roadblock -- and car after car joins you along the highway -- but as you near the trap --

VOICE: (FILTER) 4:48 A.M. Attention all cars, all cars. Subjects now escaping in 1934 Chevrolet, yellow wheels, Illinois license 414-588. Kidnapped James Govey and seven-year-old boy -- abandoned sheriff's

HENNINGS: Another kidnapping! Studebaker about 2½ miles southeast

COP: Another getaway car! of Wilmington, Illinois! Attention_

And another escape . . . all-cars. . . Subjects have switched . . . route -- so -- hang to-1934-Chevrolet, -yellow_wheels, on! Illinois-license-414-588. . . They_

(CAR UP WITH kidnapped_

SIREN)

(MUSIC: _ _ WIPES AND UNDER)

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NARR: Once more you head for another trap, conscious of other cars closing in on your quarry like ~~a~~ ~~---a~~ ~~grim~~ ~~tribe~~ ~~of~~ ~~---~~ jungle-beaters, driving the hunted into an ever-decreasing circle -- but these beaters report by radio, not drums!

VOICE: (FILTERED) Shooting ten miles east of Wilmington on County Line, south of the Catholic Church. Proceed to Wilmington, all cars! Authority ~~Dunes~~ ~~Park~~ ~~and~~ ~~Laporte~~!

HENNINGS: (YELLING WITH FURY) They're pinpointed now! They can't get away!

(UP WITH CAR AND SIREN)

(MUSIC: ~~---~~ WIPES AND OUT)

KILLER ONE: (SOBBING) We can't git away -- we can't make it!

KILLER TWO: (SAME VOICE, BUT CALM) Shut up! I know what I'm doin!

KILLER ONE: (AS FIRST) You know, you know! What'd you give up the sheriff car for? Without the radio we don't know where they are or where to go --

KILLER TWO: (HARD) Ifn I could get my hands offn the wheel, I'd shut you up, you --

KILLER ONE: (SOBBING) What'd you go and kill the cop for?

KILLER TWO: (HARD) What'd you go and miss the other guy for? You never did have no guts, you --

KILLER ONE: (YELLS) Look-out---

(SIREN ~~COMES~~ ~~UP~~ ~~OUT~~ ~~OF~~ ~~NOWHERE~~)

there's another block --

LOOK OUT!

(CAR UP WITH SUDDEN SCREAMING TURN)

KILLER TWO: Hang on -- I'm leavin' the road !

(CAR UP WITH SCRUNCHES AS SIRENS FAR OFF KEEP COMING IN CLOSER AND CLOSER-UNTIL THEY ARE FULL ON-ALL SOUND OUT---PAUSE)

(WITH FREQUENCY-HUM-ALONG, SEND-IT-ALL-DOWN-
BEHIND)- *SIRENS*

HENNINGS: (OVER DIN) There they go -- across the cornfield!

COP: Get the light on 'em!

VOICE: (FILTER) Subjects cornered in field -- converge, all
cars converge on Werner Farm!

HENNINGS: They're leaving the car! Come on!

(SIRENS KEEP PULLING UP WITH ENGINES, AND DYING
DOWN)

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH)

NARR: Dawn breaks over bedlam on Werner Farm. The jungle
beaters have ringed their twinned beasts -- and iron
voices split the fresh June morning. Frightened crows
flee the woods -- a calf bawls, a cow answers -- then --
suddenly -- silence. And in the silence ---

VOICE: (SOUNDING FROM MANY FILTERED PA'S OF DIFFERENT FILTER
QUALITY AT ONCE, TO GIVE EFFECT OF MANY POLICE CAR RADIOS
TURNED ON SIMULTANEOUSLY) Attention all cars. Attention
all cars. Stand by.

NARR: (VERY QUIET) Every blue-clad figure stands stopstill.
There is a new quality to this voice, coming out of two
dozen radio throats at once -- there is a silence from
the corner where the beasts are at bay -- but from
the radios --

VOICE: (MOVED, BUT STILL DISPASSIONATE) SOUND: A SIREN IS HEARD
At-ten-tion all cars. 5:43 A.M. MOANING IN THE
Trooper Ray Dixon -- Shield DISTANCE, LIKE A
Twenty-One -- Indiana State Police - CRY.
-- -- -- (CHOKE) Transferred -- to a remote--
(MORE)

VOICE: district -- from -- Holy Family Hospital --
(CONT'D) died at -- 5:40 A.M. That -- -- is -- -- -- all.

(A SOLITARY CROW PICKS UP THE SIREN'S DYING MOAN,
A TRAIN GIVES A PAR, FAR LONESOME WHISTLE. THEN --
SILENCE)--

(MUSIC: -- -- IN WITH)

NARR: Your best friend. You look at the others -- all uniformed
men. The morning sun kindles their stars -- and their
eyes, like yours, are shining to. Hands start for hats
in half-salutes -- some hats come off. But just for a
second -- then -- guns come out. A cop goes back to the
PA mike.

P.A.: (HUGE, ECHOING) You have five seconds to come out with
your hands up. One --

NARR: No sound from the cornerib.

P.A.: Two.

NARR: Its-door-opens.

P.A.: Three.

NARR: One-tall-figure-comes-out.

P.A.: Four.

NARR: Another -- but with a gun!

P.A.: Five.

NARR: He shoots!- SOUND: A SHOT, FAR OFF

(CLOSE, A LITERAL FUSILLADE OF SHOTS, MACHINE GUNS,
RIOT GUNS -)

(MUSIC: -- -- SHORT BRIDGE AND UNDER)

NARR: Before the cornerib lie now two men. One very still and
crumpled -- the other stubbornly crawling. He is siezed,
and as they drag him toward you --

VOICE: (FILTER) Attention all cars. Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Ohio and Kentucky. Cancellation. Subjects apprehended. (PAUSE) Resume normal patrols. Authority Dunes Park and LaPorte.

NARR: Now a lean, blonde, tieless man is jerked to stand right in front of you. There is a bloodstain on his shoulder -- but you are staring at his chin.

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

COP: Which one is this, Ralph?

HENNINGS: The one who killed -- Ray.

COP: Sure?

HENNINGS: I'll swear to it.

(MUSIC: -- RISE AND GO TO TAG UNDER)

NARR: Later -- in court -- you-do. But right now *Safe*

VOICE: (FILTER) Ralph Henning, Ralph Henning. (PAUSE) Call your office. And your wife. (PAUSE) That -- is all.

(CARS START TO GO AWAY WITH MANY SIRENS BEHIND)

NARR: Now -- for the first time -- you remember. Before, up to now, you have been a man looking for the murderer of his best friend. From here on out -- you're a reporter. You have to write the story. It will hurt, because it is written in blood. Yours -- and his.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO AWAY)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Ralph J. Hennings of the South Bend Tribune with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- STING)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #132

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL NELL'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 NELL. At the first puff PELL NELL smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL NELL still gives you a longer filter of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: Yes, PELL NELL'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 NELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0170105

(MUSIC: -- TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Ralph J. Hennings of the ^{South} ~~Smith-Bend Tribune~~ at the trial of killer in tonight's Big Story, I appeared as the key witness for the State of Indiana. Charged with murder in the first degree the jury after brief deliberation brought in a verdict of guilty. Killer died in electric chair at Indiana State prison shortly thereafter. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Hennings ... 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 Pittsburgh Post - Gazette - by- line, Ray Springle. A BIG STORY - about an eight dollar murder and a reporter who proved that a man couldn't be in two places at the same time.

(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 adapted by Alan Sloane from an actual story from the front pages of the South Bend Tribune. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Dick McMurray played the part of Ralph Hennings. 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. Hennings.

(MUSIC: -- THEME UP FULL AND FADE)

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

CHAPPELL: Every year fires that start through carelessness lay
waste to approximately 30,000,000 acres of timberland!
Help prevent this shocking destruction of our forests.
Be careful with matches and when you smoke. Never discard
a match or cigarette without putting it out! Help fight
fires!

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

md/t1/d1
9/27/49
am

ATX01 0170107

THE BIG STORY

AS BROADCAST

EPISODE #133

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
VOICE	BOB SLOANE
HORTENSE	BARBARA WEEKS
NELLIE:	BARBARA WEEKS
SPRIGLE	BILL SMITH
KEEVER	BILL SMITH
ATTORNEY	GEORGE PETRIE
ROGERS	GEORGE PETRIE
KRAMER	JOSHUA SHELLEY
BRIGGS	JOSHUA SHELLEY
BILLINGS	ERIC DRESSLER
TOM	ERIC DRESSLER
SHERIFF	HUMPHREY DAVIS
MAN	HUMPHREY DAVIS
PARDON BOARD	JIM BOLES
JENSEN	JIM BOLES

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1949

ATX01 0170108

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#133

(RAY SPRIGLE - PITTSBURGH POST GAZETTE)

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

OCTOBER 12, 1949

WEDNESDAY

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ SIMPLE OMINOUS THEME UNDER)

NARR: Three men entered the Cozy Corner Barbecue in West
Morland County, Pennsylvania, at 1:00 AM.

KRAMER: You Kever?

KEEVER: (PLEASANTLY) Yeah, that's right.

KRAMER: O.K., let's have it.

KEEVER: What are you --

KRAMER: The ^{cash} register, Kever, the ^{cash} register.

(KEEVER MAKES SOME MOVEMENT AND A SHOT IS FIRED.

WITH THE SHOT, KEEVER FALLS)

ROGERS: What are you waiting for?

KRAMER: He's laying on the ^{cash} register.

ROGERS: Well, push him off. You got hands, ain't you? There's
money in that register.

(PAUSE)

NARR: ~~There was money in the register-- eight dollars. The~~
~~three men left, leaving Kever behind, dead.~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP HARSH, THEN UNDER FOR)

ATX01 0170109

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} ~~the~~ newspapers. (FLAT) Pittsburgh,
Pennsylvania -- the story of a murder and of a reporter
who befriended the loneliest man on earth. And for his
work in this ¹² ~~ten~~-year-long case to reporter Ray Sprigle,
Pulitzer Prize winner, of the Pittsburgh Post Gazette,
for his Big Story goes the PELL MELL Award!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING)_

(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 AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Now the story as it actually happened. Ray Sprigle's story as he lived it. Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME..AS BEFORE..ESTABLISHED, THEN UNDER)

NARR: This was before you won the Pulitzer Prize, Ray Sprigle, reporter for the Pittsburgh Post Gazette, before your brilliant and humane work on behalf of the underprivileged of America. But even then, a few years back, the same unmistakable signs were there: the perception, the respect for facts, the sympathy for other human beings. (PAUSE) The woman at your desk, sitting on the edge of her chair, was thirty-five. (Maybe she was younger, but what she'd been through made her look like, well, thirty-five). And the story came out haltingly, as if it hurt to open up the wounds she carried. Her name was Hortense Grayson.

HORTENSE: That name doesn't mean much to you, Mr. Sprigle -- Grayson.

SPRIGLE: I don't think so.

HORTENSE: No, I guess almost nobody remembers. Four years ago, Mr. Sprigle, my husband was arrested for robbery. He broke into a doctor's office and he and two other men --

SPRIGLE: (INTERRUPTING) Clem Grayson.

HORTENSE: That's right.

SPRIGLE: You said robbery. He's in for murder.

HORTENSE: That's right, Mr. Sprigle, he ~~is in for~~ ^{has a life sentence for} murder. A murder he never committed. But maybe I ought to tell you first why I came to you. You see your name -- well, maybe this sounds like nothing to you, but I've read your articles, Mr. Sprigle, and I --

SPRIGLE: (INTERRUPTING) We can skip that.

HORTENSE: No, I'd like to say it. I think if there's anyone in Pittsburgh who can do anything, you're that man. I don't say you will help me but --

SPRIGLE: (WITH FINALITY) Let's get back to the story, shall we?

HORTENSE: (TAKES A BEAT, THEN) I told you my husband was a robber, and I told you that he was arrested for a murder which he never committed. I want to tell you this, too. (LOW) I divorced him three years ago.

SPRIGLE: Oh? What's a woman who divorced her husband doing fighting for his release?

HORTENSE: The answer is just that I know he's innocent. He didn't do it.

SPRIGLE: (GENTLY) Suppose you tell ^{me all about it} ~~it to me slowly~~ now.

HORTENSE: My husband and these two other men ^{Kramer and Jensen} were picked up after they robbed the doctor's office. That was in Cambria County. There was no question about his guilt and the trial was quick. He was sentenced to ten years. He hadn't been in prison a week when witnesses came forward and testified that he and the other two men that robbed the Doctor's office, had also killed this man Keever in his barbecue place three weeks before. (PAUSE)

(MORE)

HORTENSE: The other two were guilty, they ^{are now in jail} ~~admitted it~~. But Clem,
(CONTD) Clem wasn't at Keever's place that night. I was sick in
bed and he took care of me. And there were two other
people in the house playing cards with Clem. They swear
he never left the house.

SPRIGLE: Is there any evidence outside of the statement that
you've made and your friends.

HORTENSE: That's the terrible part. You see, Kramer, one of the
men who killed Keever, he admitted that Clem wasn't there
that night. He wrote out a confession. And Jensen, the
other killer, he admitted it to me -- that Clem wasn't
there, but he wouldn't write a confession. (THEN ALMOST
HYSTERICAL) And the court transcript, if you read the
transcript, the way witnesses changed their minds. He's
innocent, Mr. Sprigle, and I can't do anything about it.

SPRIGLE: You'll pardon this question, Mrs. --

HORTENSE: Grayson. (LOW) I still use his name.

SPRIGLE: Do you have anything beside your word for all this?

HORTENSE: (SOUND ACCOMPANYING) I've brought it all here, Mr.
Sprigle, transcript, confession, statements of witnesses.
If you'd only read it -- I don't know -- write a story..

SPRIGLE: O.K., just put it down on the desk. I'll read it and
maybe I'll write a story. Now tell me one thing.

(PAUSE) Why did you divorce him?

HORTENSE: (LOW) I don't want to talk about it. (PAUSE) (SMALL
VOICE) Do I have to talk about it?

SPRIGLE: No. That's O.K., that's O.K., Mrs. Grayson.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Maybe it's phony as a three dollar bill, but even if it is, even if everything she says is pure unadulterated fabrication, it's a pretty good story: "Divorced woman seeks to free ex-mate". Not bad. Not bad. And on that somewhat cynical, somewhat casual note, Ray Sprigle, you get involved.

(BACKING EACH ACTION MOVEMENT OF PAPERS)

SPRIGLE: (READING) ^{I might as well begin here -} Confession of George Kramer.

KRAMER: (FILTER) We come into Kever's place one o'clock. We told him give us what's in the register. He went for a gun and Rogers shot him. When we left we counted the money. It was eight dollars, so me and Jensen and Rogers went home. Clem Grayson wasn't there.

(MUSIC: --- A TOUCH UNDER ---)

NARR: Depositions of convicted men aren't very much, you know. But when a man in prison for life admits he ^{was involved in a} murdered a ~~man~~ and thereby ^{jeopardizes his} ~~throws away all possible~~ chance for parole or pardon --

SPRIGLE: (INTERRUPTING)(MUSING) Hey! Maybe there's something here.

(PICK UP ANOTHER SHEET OF PAPER)

SPRIGLE: (READING) Sworn statement of Robert and William Billings.

BILLINGS: (FILTER) My brother Robert and I play poker regular with Clem Grayson. The night of the Kever killing we started 9:30 in his kitchen (his wife was sick in the bedroom) and we played till 2:15. We remember because when we were finished I said to my brother, "Five hours to lose thirty-five bucks, that ain't very smart."

(MUSIC: TOUCH)

(HEAVIER SHEAF OF PAPERS BEING RIFFLED)

SPRIGLE: (READING) Transcript of testimony. Case of the
Commonwealth of Pennsylvania versus Clem Grayson.

(TURN A FEW PAGES)

(MUSING) Oh, here's the section. (READING) The attorney
then examined the witness Briggs.

ATTORNEY: (FILTER) You positively identify the defendant
Grayson as one of the trio.

BRIGGS: (FILTER) Yes sir. I was eating a barbeque sandwich.

ATTORNEY: (FILTER) But you didn't identify Grayson when you were
first taken to the County jail?

BRIGGS: (FILTER) I'll have to acknowledge I was a little confused.

ATTORNEY: (FILTER) But now you're absolutely certain.

BRIGGS: (FILTER) Absolutely. The reason I didn't then was I
guess I was slightly muddled.

ATTORNEY: (FILTER) What makes you certain now?

BRIGGS: (FILTER) Well, I thought it over and I had a talk with
the sergeant in charge and he convinced me, and now I'm
absolutely certain.

(PAUSE)

SPRIGLE: (LOW) Wow. "Had a talk with the sergeant and thought I
was muddled before, now I'm absolutely certain". Gets
more interesting all along.

(HE TURNS A FEW PAGES.)

(READING) Testimony of Nellie Swenson, waitress,
Cozy Corners Barbeque.

ATTORNEY: (FILTER) Is it a fact, Miss Swenson, that you were asked at the preliminary hearing, "Can you tell who was standing in the doorway with the gun?"

NELLIE: (FILTER) (SHE'S WORRIED ABOUT THIS WHOLE LINE OF QUESTIONING) Yes, sir!

ATTORNEY: (FILTER) What did you say?

NELLIE: (FILTER) I said, "I couldn't tell exactly, because you see he had his coat collar up and his hat down, and I didn't watch his face, I watched his gun."

ATTORNEY: (FILTER) That's what you said at the preliminary hearing ^{some weeks ago} Now, what did you testify to a few minutes ago?

NELLIE: (FILTER) I can't exactly remember.

ATTORNEY: (FILTER) I shall refresh your memory. You said, quote, "the man I saw was Clem Grayson." ^{unquote} Is that correct?

NELLIE: (FILTER) (LOW) Yes, sir.

ATTORNEY: (FILTER) How do you explain your revamping your testimony?

NELLIE: (FILTER) I can't.

ATTORNEY: (FILTER) During the ^{recess} intermission a few minutes ago did you talk to the prosecutor in this case?

NELLIE: (FILTER) (LOW) Yes, I did.

ATTORNEY: Louder, please.

NELLIE: (LOW) Yes, I did.

ATTORNEY: (FILTER) Would you please tell the court what it was you talked to the prosecutor about?

VOICE: (FILTER) (OFF) I object.

SPRIGLE: (READING WITH DISBELIEF) "The court sustained the objection on the grounds that the content of the conversation was immaterial." (NOW ALMOST BURSTING) Immaterial! It's the most material thing on earth. This is fantastic.

(PICKS UP PHONE, JIGGLES RECEIVER)

SPRIGLE: (IMPATIENTLY) Edna, Edna, get me Mrs. Grayson on the phone.

(MUSIC: UP AND UP INTO SCENE)

SPRIGLE: (CONTROLLED) Mrs. Grayson, if I look like a man who's controlling himself, that's just what I am. I have seldom seen anything so blatant, so open and shut, so (HE STOPS) What are you crying about?

HORTENSE: (WHO STARTED CRYING SOFTLY TOWARD THE END OF HIS SPEECH) It's nothing, Mr. Sprigle.. It's just that I -- I'll be all right in a second.

SPRIGLE: (PLEASANTLY, SHARPLY) Now, cut that out.

HORTENSE: It's just that you're the first person in six years who's, who's -- understood.

SPRIGLE: (AMAZED) You've been on this six years?

HORTENSE: (DRY EYED NOW) First I took it to the Prosecuting Attorney. He told me to take it to the Sheriff of West Morland. I went to the Sheriff. He told me to take it to the State Police at Harrisburg. At Harrisburg, they told me to see the Governor. The Governor's a busy man. I saw the second assistant to the Lieutenant Governor, and he told me to take it to the Prosecuting Attorney.

SPRIGLE: And that's what you've been doing for six years?

HORTENSE: Six years, five months, and nineteen days.

SPRIGLE: Now tell me why.

HORTENSE: Why what?

SPRIGLE: You know what I'm talking about. ^{after being divorced} Why do you keep the name -- a murderer's name? Why have you kept going at it six years, five months and nineteen days (SMALL VOICE) You love the guy?

HORTENSE: (LAUGHING A LITTLE BITTERLY) No. If this was a movie, that would be the reason. I don't love Clem. I guess I haven't loved Clem for a long time. The reason is Kathy. Kathy's our daughter, Mr. Sprigle and (wild horses couldn't get this out of me, but after the way you've talked I think you ought to know). Kathy was about four at the time Clem was sent up. You see, I found out that a grown woman can put a man out of her life if she wants to, but a child can't. And Clem was in her life whether I liked it or not. And as she grew older (she's ten now, ten and a half) there got to be a lot of questions. Other girls have fathers. She has no father. And what am I going to tell her when she grows into young womanhood? What's she going to tell her friends -- that her father's a convict, that he's in prison for murder? She'll have to lie and evade it, and that will warp her. I don't ^{want} ~~want~~ that. I don't want that, especially because her father's innocent. So you see I didn't solve anything by divorcing Clem.

SPRIGLE: I'm beginning to understand. And if he's free, what'll she be able to say?

HORTENSE: (AS HONESTLY AS SHE KNOWS HOW) She'll say, "My parents are divorced. My father and mother never got along. I live with my mother, but I hear from my father all the time. He's working in Cleveland or Boston or California." If she can say that, Mr. Sprigle, that's all I want.

SPRIGLE: Suppose we see what we can do, Mrs. Grayson. Let's see if there really is such a thing as the power of ~~the~~ truth.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP TO TAG THE ACT.)
(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #133

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.

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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: _ _ SAME AS ORIGINAL THEME AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your Narrator and the BIG STORY of Ray Sprigle as he lived it and wrote it.

NARRATOR: It's a good story and a big one. And you, Ray Sprigle, reporter for the Pittsburgh Post Gazette, do it in three installments -- three big half pages, setting forth the affidavits, the confessions, and the conflicting testimony, and you wait and see what the power of truth is. You also go a step further. With Mrs. Grayson you help prepare the papers for the Pardon Board.

SPRIGLE: Now don't worry, don't worry. I think we've got one of the finest cases ever presented. Let's go in, Mrs. Grayson.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP IN SUSPENSE AND OUT FOR:)

PARDON BOARD: (PONTIFICAL) After due and careful consideration of this Pardon Board it is our considered judgement that (HE PAUSES) the confession of the convicted murderer Kramer is inconclusive; (PAUSE) that internal conflict within the testimony of witnesses has been demonstrated, but is insufficient; (PAUSE) and let it be remembered that the prisoner seeking this pardon, Clem Grayson, is not only an admitted robber, but has been found guilty of murder by a jury of his peers. Pardon denied.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: Now you begin to understand those six years, five months and nineteen days. This isn't a matter of "simple justice". This isn't a matter of "the power of truth or the press". The law is a highly technical complex, careful business. And so you bring in to the case an old friend, Tom Endore, lawyer.

TOM: (HARDBITTEN, REALISTIC) It's a good case, Ray, good, but not good enough.

SPRIGLE: What more do you want, Tom?

TOM: If you could get the jury, each ^{one the jurors} of these "~~twelve good men~~ ~~tried and true~~", that would be something. If you could show about six more cracks in the testimony of the witnesses that would be something. ~~If you can get the third of the trio, what was his name?~~

SPRIGLE: Jensen.

TOM: If you could get ~~him~~ ^{Jensen, the third guy,} to confess, that I guess would be almost conclusive.

SPRIGLE: Almost?

TOM: That's what I said, almost.

SPRIGLE: What are you trying to do, make it tougher than it is?

TOM: No, my friend. I am merely trying to make it precisely as tough as the Pardon Board made it.

SPRIGLE: (TAKES A BEAT) O.K., I begin to understand. (PAUSE) Now about you.

TOM: (DEFENSIVELY) What about me?

SPRIGLE: Will you see this thing through with me?

TOM: What do you think I'm doing here, twiddling my thumbs?

SPRIGLE: There's no money. Grayson hasn't got any. Neither has Mrs. Grayson. And all I can do is take you out for a shot once in a while.

TOM: Cut it out.

SPRIGLE: And as far as publicity goes (you guys need publicity, don't kid me, Tom) you might come in for some, shall we say, adverse publicity.

TOM: What do we stand around talking for? The guy's in jail.

(MUSIC: UP IN MOVEMENT AND UNDER:)

NARRATOR: You move now. First in the West Morland County dives, poolrooms, flophouses. And there, when you ask the question you get a common answer.

MAN: (TOUGH) You kidding, bud? Grayson never done that job. That was Rogers. Rogers all the way. Kramer, Jensen and Rogers.

(MUSIC: INTO SCENE)

SPRIGLE: Everybody says the same thing, Tom, everywhere I go.

Kramer, Jensen, and Rogers.

TOM: *What about*
~~He's~~ Rogers?

SPRIGLE: He's the third of the trio.

TOM: I know that. I mean what's he doing now?

SPRIGLE: Well, the court didn't believe he was mixed up with the killing, so he never went to jail. And now he's a small town politico out in Cambria County.

TOM: Can you get anything on him?

SPRIGLE: Well, I got a sheriff friend out there - (INTERRUPTS SELF) - You mean what I just told you was no good? ~~Public knowledge.~~ It's common gossip Rogers did it.

TOM: Look, I'll say it to you once more. The law is no laymen's game. Specific, full blown evidence is needed. What's gossip, what they say in the gin mills and flophouses, doesn't go very far in court or with the Pardon Board. Try your sheriff friend, break down Rogers, get Jensen to admit Grayson wasn't in or is. Then come back and we'll talk about what to do.

SPRIGLE: Hey, this is tough.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You move again, this time more slowly, carefully. And it takes time -- a month, six months, a year, two years. Finally, four years ~~has~~ ^{have} gone by since Mrs. Grayson first came into your office (a thing you thought would take a few articles in the paper). And even now, after four years, all you got to show is --

SPRIGLE: Sheriff, you got to get me something on Rogers. You got to.

SHERIFF: (SLOW SPOKEN MAN) Ray, there's nothing on earth I'd like to do better than put Rogers where he belongs. I'm sure he was the one who murdered Kever and you know it, but that's no proof.

SPRIGLE: (TESTY) Look, I know all about proof. Can't we get something on him?

SHERIFF: For the past four years I have watched Rogers, and all I can tell you is that the average choir boy has gotten into more trouble. But if anything shows up, I'll get in touch with you.

(MUSIC: IN MOVEMENT INTO SCENE)

SPRIGLE: (ANGRY) What kind of a human being are you, Jensen?

JENSEN: (LAUGHING AT HIM) I ain't a human being, I'm a convict. I'm in for murder.

SPRIGLE: Look, Jensen, you know Grayson had nothing to do with the murder. You know Rogers did it. Kramer admitted it. Why don't you give the guy a break? He's served ten years.

JENSEN: How long do you think I served?

SPRIGLE: There's an innocent man rotting in jail.

JENSEN: So I'm a guilty man rotting in jail. Why don't you try your story on Rogers? He might listen to you. ^{the} I'm too busy.

(MUSIC: -- UP INTO)

SPRIGLE: (ANGRY) Rogers.

ROGERS: (SUAVE) The name is Armand T. Rogers. I like to be called by my name, you don't mind?

SPRIGLE: You're pretty sure of yourself, aren't you, sitting pretty? You don't care that Grayson didn't do it, that he's taking a rap for you. You don't care about anything.

ROGERS: (EXPANSIVE) I wouldn't say that Mr. Sprigle. I like a good cigar, I like music, and I like fine food. About Grayson, sure I care! I care the same was as when a fly gets in my way and I got to kill him and flick him off.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: And it goes on, ^{Now} ~~now~~. [^] The four years have become five. And the five have become six. Each year you and Tom Endore have gone before the Pardon Board, three times you've gone and three times you've heard the words -- Pardon denied.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND OUT)

(DOOR OPENS)

SPRIGLE: (FROM OFF) Who's there?

HORTENSE: It's me.

SPRIGLE: (IN A DESPONDENT MOOD) Oh, it's you. You'll be pleased to know they turned us down a third time, Mrs. Grayson. (THEN AS HE SEES HER) What are you smiling about? What's there to smile about?

(SHE WAVES A PIECE OF PAPER)

HORTENSE: (BEAMING) You know what they say about women, Mr. Sprigle.

SPRIGLE: Cut it out. What are you talking about?

HORTENSE: About how weak we are? We can't do anything by ourselves?

SPRIGLE: (EXCITED) What have you got?

HORTENSE: I went to see Jensen today. I told him the Pardon Board had turned down Clem's plea the third time. And what do you think he did?

SPRIGLE: You got it?

HORTENSE: (RELENTLESSLY. SHE WANTS TO TELL THE STORY HER WAY) He said, "Gee, I thought the Pardon Board would give it to him long ago. But I guess they won't". So he sat down and wrote a full confession, clearing Clem.

(LONG PAUSE)

(SURPRISED) Aren't you happy? Aren't you pleased? Isn't this what we were after?

SPRIGLE: (CONTROLLED) Look, I got a lot older since you first saw me. Six years ago, I would have turned handsprings. Now I want to be sure. The confession is great, terrific. But before we go back to that Pardon Board I want to have an absolutely air-tight case.

HORTENSE: What more can we possibly get?

SPRIGLE: Rogers. I'm waiting for Rogers to crack.

HORTENSE: Meantime, Clem's in jail.

SPRIGLE: Believe me, (VERY SOFTLY) believe me, ~~his~~, let's make sure we get him out.

(MUSIC: UP WITH A SHADOW OF A DOUBT IN IT AND UNDER:)

NARRATOR: So you sit, with the sworn confession of ^{Jensen} ~~a murderer~~
(making two sworn confessions that Clem Grayson is innocent
and Rogers is guilty). You wait for the call which finally
comes.

(SIMULTANEOUS WITH LAST SENTENCE OF NARRATION - PHONE
RINGS AND IS QUICKLY ANSWERED)

SPRIGLE: Sprigle speaking.

SHERIFF: (FILTER) Ray, come on over. I got something to tell you.

SPRIGLE: Rogers?

SHERIFF: (SMILINGLY. A JOKE) Roger.

(MUSIC: -- U2) --

SPRIGLE: (HE IS PUSHING LIKE MAD) So you ^{finally slipped} ~~couldn't contain yourself,~~
Rogers? You beat up your wife last night. You beat her up
and put her in the hospital for a month. ~~You know what~~
~~they'll give you for that, Rogers? Ten years.~~

ROGERS: Look, I don't have to sit here and listen to you.

SPRIGLE: That's where you're wrong. The sheriff said, "Stay with
him as long as you like, Ray. (That's me, Ray). Till you
get just what you want." And just what I want is a signed
confession that you killed Keever, ^{you} ~~and~~ not Clem Grayson.

ROGERS: I never killed Keever.

SPRIGLE: Should I read you the confession of Kramer, the whole thing
with every one of its lousy sordid details? (RISING NOW
AND MENACING) Do you want to hear the confession of Jensen,
how he says you were the one pushed the body off the cash
register and took the money out?

ROGERS: I don't care what you've got to say.

SPRIGLE: (GOES RIGHT ON) Shall I tell you what your wife told me and the sheriff about that night, about your alibi?

ROGERS: They're liars. Both of them liars.

SPRIGLE: OK Rogers. Do it the hard way. Get in court and face them. *Everything about the murder will* ~~Let it~~ all come out every dirty piece of it. A confession would have made it easier for you, but you won't talk. It'll be a pleasure Rogers - a great pleasure to take you apart - bit by bit in a court room right in front of the whole world.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: And on a winter day, a little later you and Hortense Grayson wait as the Chairman of the Pardon Board say the inevitable words setting Clem Grayson free. The wheels of justice grind slow sometimes. In this case, ¹² ~~ten~~ years, five months, twenty-two days. But the important thing is they do grind.

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Ray Sprigle of the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- STING)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #133

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 Ray Sprigle of the
Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

SPRIGLE: Grayson granted full pardon on the murder conviction. ^{When} ~~but~~
~~out on parole~~, ^{released} he quickly enlisted in the United States
Army and served overseas with distinction. Rogers, - the
actual killer was convicted and sentenced to a long term
in the Western Penitentiary for his complicity in the
murder. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Sprigle.. 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 Los Angeles Examiner -
by-line, Dan Green. A BIG STORY - about a reporter who
found the answer to murder in the man in the moon --

(MUSIC: _ _SHEER WIFE & FADE TO PG ON CUE)

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Proekter with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Arnold Perl from an actual story from the front pages of the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Bill Smith played the part of Ray Sprigle. 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. Sprigle.

(MUSIC: -- THEME UP FULL AND FADE)

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of BELL
BELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES. *people*
Last year nearly 11,000 ~~Americans~~ *in this country* died in fires, and most
of these fires could have been prevented! Be sure you do
your part in helping prevent fires. Be careful with lighted
matches and cigarettes. Obey all fire regulations. Take
care ... beware .. prevent fires!

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

Lily/cm/pb
9/28/49

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM # 134

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
HENRY	BOB SLOANE
MRS. HALEY	ABBY LEWIS
MRS. C. <i>Robb</i>	ABBY LEWIS
MRS. ROBINSON <i>S</i>	GRACE KEDDY
GIRL	GRACE KEDDY
SCHUYLER	RALPH BELL
HOTELMAN	RALPH BELL
POTTER	LARRY HAINES
DOLAN	LARRY HAINES
DAN	NAT POLAN
MAN	NAT POLAN
LT. HAMMOND	BERT COWLAN
OWNER <i>Dolan</i>	BERT COWLAN
SCHWARTZ	GUY SOVIL
GUIDE	GUY SOVIL
BARBER	GIL MACK
HALEY	GIL MACK

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19th, 1949

ATX01 0170133

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#134

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

OCTOBER 12, 1949

WEDNESDAY

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG
STORY!

(CAR UNDER)

MAN: Beautiful night, isn't it?

POTTER: Oh, yes. It certainly is, sir.

MAN: You know, if the full moon hadn't been out, I'd have
never seen you hitching a ride on the highway here.

POTTER: I know. He's my friend.

MAN: He? Who?

POTTER: Why, that man up there in the sky. The man with
the big, yellow face. He talks to me.

MAN: (STUNNED) The man in the moon talks to you?

POTTER: Oh, yes. All the time. ~~Can't you hear him, sir?~~
~~Can't you hear what he's saying?~~

(SUDDEN SCREECH OF BRAKES. CAR TO STOP.

CAR DOOR OPENS.)

MAN: Okay, Buddy. You better get out right here!

POTTER: But you just picked me up....

MAN: Then we ~~were~~ both crazy!

(CAR DOOR SLAMS. MOTOR UP AND INTO:)

(MUSIC: _ _ UP BIG AND UNDER)

ATX01 0170134

CHAPPILL: 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) Los Angeles, California,
The story of a reporter who found that when you
rhyme June and moon....you sometimes get murder!
To police reporter Dan W. Green of the Los Angeles
Examiner, for his brilliant solution to one of the
strangest and weirdest Big Stories on record, goes
the PELL MELL Award!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 10/19/49
PELL MELL

-3-

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 0170136

(MUSIC: THEME...IT SHOULD BE WEIRD, MUMBO-JUMBO, TOUCH OF
THE MOON AND MADNESS)

CHAPPELL: Now, the story as it actually happened....Dan Green's
story as he lived it. ~~Los Angeles...~~

(MUSIC: PUNCTUATES AND UNDER)

NARR: They still talk about your Big Story in Los Angeles.
They call it, to this day, one of the strangest
and weirdest on record. In a way, it began when you
were a cub on the Examiner, an eager beaver, a kid
anxious to learn. You, Dan Green, had ~~only~~ one ambition
then...and only one. You talked to everybody who could
help you, and among the first was a ~~famous~~ criminal
lawyer named John Schuyler....

SCHUYLER: So you want to be a good crime reporter, eh, Green?

DAN: Not just good, Mr. Schuyler. I want to be great, one
of the best, up there on the top.

SCHUYLER: ~~Why did you come to me?~~

DAN: ~~I know you were an ace newspaperman before you took~~
up criminal law, and I'd appreciate any advice you can
give me.

SCHUYLER: (CRISP) All right. Let's begin at the beginning.

DAN: ~~Yes, sir?~~

SCHUYLER: First, buy yourself shoes with good, thick soles.

DAN: Shoes?

SCHUYLER: That's right, Green. You'll have to use plenty of shoe
leather....work harder than the next fellow. Crime
reporting today, isn't hit or miss. It's an expert's
business. And it takes work, work!

DAN: Yes, sir.

SCHUYLER: You'll have to read, read till you're blind.
Case histories, court records, expert testimony.
Go to day courts, night courts, listen, learn...

DAN: I understand.

SCHUYLER: After that, the technical stuff. Ballistics, fingerprints
evidence, cross-examination. Learn what a criminal does,
and how.... ~~And after that...~~

DAN: ~~Yes, sir?~~

SCHUYLER: ~~Psychology. Criminal psychology. Why a killer kills.
What's inside of him, what drives him to it.~~ (A BEAT)

✓ Ever hear of Doctor Karl Schwartz?

DAN: Why, yes, I think so...

SCHUYLER: Dr. Schwartz is one of the world's foremost experts on
criminal psychology. I'll send you to see him, Green.
He'll be able to tell you plenty!

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

SCHWARTZ: (PERHAPS TRACE OF FOREIGN ACCENT, VIENNESE) The
psychology of the criminal, Mr. Green. A fascinating
subject, fascinating. One can never learn enough.
This subject of insanity, for example....

DAN: Yes, Dr. Schwartz?

SCHWARTZ: A killer may kill for many reasons, some of them without
logic, some arising out of primitive instinct when man
was more an animal than a man.

DAN: I.....Just what do you mean, Doctor?

SCHWARTZ: I have known and studied many criminals who have killed for strange and weird reasons, dating back to ancient tribal rites and ceremonies. I have known killers driven insane by certain music, by the smell of blood, by the sight of a fancied enemy. I ~~(GUMS) What books do you have there, Mr. Green?~~

DAN: Oh. Attorney Schuyler gave me these to read, sir.

SCHWARTZ: Hmmm. Wellman's text on the Art of Cross-Examination. Lombroso's Crime and Criminals. Good. An expert must read to learn. Here...take this book.

DAN: What is it?

SCHWARTZ: Dr. A.C. Spitzka's book on criminal insanity. You will find it excellent...excellent!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You read. And you learn. Week after week, even on your days off, you go to court and listen. And you learn. The years roll by, and you become one of the top crime reporters on the Examiner. And then, late one afternoon, the big one, your Big Story begins. It begins at a ranch-house, in Compton, between Los Angeles and Long Beach. Just before dark, a vagrant comes to the door and....

POTTER: (POLITELY) Ma'am.... I wonder if I could beg a meal?

MRS. HALEY: I don't like beggars, young man. If you want to work for it, that's different.

POTTER: I'll be glad to do what I can, Ma'am.

MRS. HALEY: All right. There's a cord of firewood in the shed behind the house. My husband figured to chop it into kindling, but he's in town and won't be home till late.

POTTER: Yes?

MRS. HALEY: If you want to split that wood, I'll give you supper and a dollar or two. (A PAUSE) Well?

POTTER: Thank you, Ma'am. I'll be glad to.

MRS. HALEY: You'll find the axe in the woodshed, leaning against my husband's motorcycle. It'll take you till after dark, and there's no light in the shed, but you'll have a full moon to work by....

POTTER: (A BRAT) A full moon? (VOICE CRACKS) Did you say a full moon?

MRS. HALEY: Why, yes.

POTTER: ~~(A TOUCH OF MADNESS) You're sure? You're sure he'll be there....tonight?~~

MRS. HALEY: ~~He? (IMPATIENTLY) Young man, what's got into you? What are you talking about? Who do you mean by he?..~~

POTTER: (WITH EFFORT. FULLS HIMSELF TOGETHER) Oh, no one, Ma'am. I.....~~no one at all!~~

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

(DOOR OPENS)

MRS. HALEY: Oh. It's you, young man. You've finished in the woodshed?

POTTER: (HE SOUNDS STRANGE) Yes, Ma'am. I've finished..... all finished.

MRS. HALEY: Then why did you bring the axe here? Why didn't you leave it in the shed?

POTTER: Because he told me to bring it.

MRS. HALEY: (STARTS TO SCARE) He? ~~It~~...who?

POTTER: (CHUCKLES) Why, that man up there?

MRS. HALEY: What man? What

POTTER: See him? Up there in the sky. That man. The man with the big, round, yellow face. The man smiling down at us.....

MRS. HALEY: You.....you mean the man in the....

POTTER: Why, yes. The man in the moon. He's my friend, Ma'am. He talks to me...

MRS. HALEY: (PARALYZED) He...talks to you?

POTTER: Oh, yes. Sometimes, all through the night. He tells me what to do, and I do it. I can hear what he's saying to me, now. Can't you?

MRS. HALEY: I....I.....no....

POTTER: He keeps saying it over and over. He keeps telling me over and over. He's my friend, you see, and he keeps saying it over, and over....kill, kill!

MRS. HALEY: kill?

POTTER: ~~kill. kill. Can't you hear him saying it, Ma'am, way-~~
up there in the sky? Can't you see his lips move, in his yellow face? Listen!- kill, kill...

MRS. HALEY: No! No. Don't....please....

POTTER: Kill, kill, kill. Over and over again. He keeps saying it, over and over again. (SOBS) Kill, Kill, KILL!

MRS. HALEY: ~~No! Don't hit me with that axe. Please, don't...~~

POTTER: I've got to! He tells me what to do, and I've got to do it! If I don't, he'll never stop!

~~He'll drive me crazy! (SOBS) Kill, Kill, yes, KILL!~~

MRS. HALEY: SCREAMS.

(~~THUD~~ BODY FALL)

(WE HEAR POTTER SOBING UP HYSTERICALLY AND INTO)

(MUSIC: -- HIT UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Dan Green of the Los Angeles Examiner, saw the body of Marian Haley, lying on the kitchen floor of her ranch-house, her head battered in. You saw the bloody axe beside her, on the floor. You're at headquarters when they pick up this suspect, this vagrant named ~~Matt~~ Potter. And later, you're in court when, John Schuyler, ~~still a great~~ criminal lawyer, defends Potter.

(MUSIC: -- STING)

SCHUYLER: Mr. Haley, you came home to your ranch-house just as a man came racing out of your driveway on your motorcycle.

HALEY: (DULLY) Yes.

SCHUYLER: It was night, was it not?

HALEY: Yes.

SCHUYLER: And the man sped by you on the motorcycle at great speed.

HALEY: Yes, sir.

SCHUYLER: I see. A man speeds by you on a motorcycle, in the dead of night. Yet you manage to describe him to the police very clearly. It's possible that you might have been mistaken, isn't it, Mr. Haley? It's possible that the man you saw might not have been my client ~~and~~, the defendant, Potter.

HALEY: Well, I.....maybe.....

SCHUYLER: (CRISPLY) That's all. Next witness!

(MUSIC: -- MONTAGE BRIDGE UP)

~~SCHUYLER: Mrs. Robinson, you say you were looking through your bedroom window, and you saw the defendant crash his motorcycle into a tree and then run away.~~

~~MRS. ROB: Yes, sir.~~

~~SCHUYLER: How do you know it was Potter?~~

~~MRS. ROB: Why, I saw him in the moonlight, with my own eyes.~~

~~SCHUYLER: I see. Your honor, gentlemen of the jury. I have here an affidavit from the witnesses's physician. This affidavit states that the witness is somewhat nearsighted, and must wear glasses, as she is now...~~

~~(BUZZ FROM CROWD UP AND DOWN)~~

~~SCHUYLER: Now, Mrs. Robinson, were you wearing your glasses when you say you saw the defendant?~~

~~MRS. ROB: Why....why, no. I was just going to bed, and I had taken them off. But I'm sure I saw....~~

~~SCHUYLER: (CRISPLY) That's all. Next witness!~~

~~(MURMUR OF CROWD UP AND INTO)~~

~~(MUSIC: -- MONTAGE BRIDGE)~~

SCHUYLER: Mr. Dolan, you say you saw the defendant, Potter, in your diner on the road to San Diego, about two hours after Mrs. Haley's murder?

DOLAN: That's right. The guy looked wild....crazy.....

SCHUYLER: (CUTS HIM OFF) We're not interested in your personal reactions. What we want are the facts. You say you served the defendant a hamburger, and as he was leaving you noticed bloodstains on his clothes.

DOLAN: That's what I said.

SCHUYLER: But you didn't get a close look at those bloodstains. They might have been something else. Ketchup, from your counter, for instance, that the defendant might have spilled on himself.

DOLAN: Well, of course, I wasn't that close. But....

SCHUYLER: (CRISPLY) Thank you, that's all. Next witness!

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

DAN: John, I want to compliment you on your defense of Potter. I think it's brilliant.

SCHUYLER: (WEARILY) Thanks, Dan. Maybe it's brilliant....but I'm afraid it's useless, too.

DAN: What do you mean?

SCHUYLER: There are too many witnesses I haven't been able to crack. The community's aroused to lynching heat over Mrs. Haley's murder. They're yelling for blood... anybody's blood....Potter's.

DAN: Has Potter any record?

SCHUYLER: Yes. He was indicted for attempted murder, right here in Los Angeles, a couple of years ago. Was a bellboy in a hotel, charged with trying to poison the owner, a woman.

DAN: And?

SCHUYLER: And the indictment was dismissed. Lack of evidence.

DAN: John, hasn't Potter any alibi at all on this Haley thing?

SCHUYLER: He claims he has. He says he's got witnesses to prove he was ~~here~~ ^{in town} in town, on the day and night of the murder.

DAN: Then why don't you look up these witnesses?

SCHUYLER: (A BEAT) Dan, I'll tell you something, off the record.

DAN: Yes?

SCHUYLER: This client of mine, this Potter, is a little peculiar.

I can't tell whether he's lying or telling the truth.

He says he was in Tia Juana, but too many witnesses

saw him around Compton, and down toward San Diego.

DAN: Then you're ~~discounting this Tia Juana alibi?~~ ^{with going to Compton}

SCHUYLER: Yes. ^{He's got witnesses to prove it.}

DAN: John, do you mind if I talk to Potter?

SCHUYLER: Not at all. Go ahead, if you think it'll help!

(MUSIC: — — BRIDGE)

DAN: You still say you were in Tia Juana, Potter?

POTTER: (HOARSELY) I swear it, Green. I was there, I've got witnesses to prove it, I swear I was there!

DAN: But the witnesses at the trial swore you were around Compton...

POTTER: They were wrong. They're honest people, Green, understand me, but they were wrong. Don't you see? I'm an ordinary-looking guy. I look like a hundred other guys. The police were looking for someone to throw to the wolves, and they picked me up, because I was on the bum.

DAN: Hmmmmmm. There could be something to that.

POTTER: (HYSTERICALLY) Green, you've got to believe me. Even my own lawyer won't believe me, but you've got to! I'm all alone. I haven't got a friend in the world. Don't you see? They're making a scapegoat out of me! Nobody cares whether I live or die! (SOBS)

Green, ~~Green~~, help me! For the love of heaven, help me!

DAN: (A BEAT) All right, Potter. I'll take a chance on you!

POTTER: ~~Green~~, I swear you'll never regret it...

DAN: All right. But if you're not playing straight with me, Potter, you'll regret it! (A-BEAT) ~~Now...who are~~
~~the witnesses who saw you in Tia Juana?~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ CURTAIN FOR ACT ONE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #134

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 Dan Green, as he lived it.. and wrote it...

NARR: You could have stayed out of it. You could have discounted Albert Potter's ~~frantic~~ claim that he was in Tia Juana on the night of the Haley murder, and not in Compton. But you don't. You don't, because you, Dan Green of the Los Angeles Examiner, are a newspaperman. You don't because nobody else believes him, not even his own lawyer. Potter gives you the names of the people he claims saw him in Tia Juana that night. You take a ride down to the border and check.....

(MUSIC: _ _ _ACCENT)

BARBER: (MEXICAN) Si, Senor, I recognize this hombre. He come into my barbershop for the shave.

DAN: You're sure it was on a Tuesday night, on September 6th?

BARBER: Senor, I cannot be sure. It was perhaps Tuesday, si, perhaps Monday. But this hombre was in my shop!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ACCENT INTO)

(PIANO: _ _ _PINNY, BARROOM OFF)

GIRL: I won't say it was Thursday, honey, and I won't say it was Wednesday. But this character was here.

DAN: How do you know?

GIRL: It's this way, honey. I've got an eye for a good looking man. And I noticed this character in your picture because he was positively repulsive.

DAN: I see. And you don't remember if he was here on the night of September 6th?

GIRL: I told you, honey, I didn't. Anyway what difference does it make? Stick around. Have a drink. (SHE LAUGHS SLYLY) Let's talk about something else!

~~(MUSIC: --- ACCENT)~~

~~(GAMBLING JOINT B.G. CLICK OF DICE, SLOT MACHINE OFF.)(BUZZ OF VOICES, B.G.)~~

OWNER: Yep. I recognize this guy, Mister. Came into my gamblin' joint here, threw a few dice, lost his dough, and left.

DAN: And you say you think it was on the 6th of September?

OWNER: Well, don't pin me down, pal. But I think it was ~~around that time!~~

~~(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)~~

SCHUYLER: Dan! Then you did find witnesses down in Tia Juana.

DAN: Yes, John, I did. But you can forget them.

SCHUYLER: Why?

DAN: They're unreliable. And they don't remember whether your client Potter was there on the night of the Sixth. All they know is that it was thereabouts.

SCHUYLER: That's enough for me! Three witnesses in Tia Juana!

~~Dan, this is going to change the complexion of things!~~

Wait'll I throw these witnesses in front of the jury.

DAN: But John, I told you they're no good....

SCHUYLER: They're good enough for me. Don't you see, Dan, this man is my client, on trial for his life. And this new ~~development throws an element of doubt into the~~ ~~Prosecutor's case.~~ Don't quote me now..but I think I can get Potter acquitted!

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: And he does. He does a brilliant job before the jury, and Potter is acquitted for lack of evidence. You watch the whole thing with a queasy feeling in your stomach, you're not so sure. And then, on the same rainy afternoon the trial ends, you see Potter in the city jail office.....

POTTER: Mr. Green, I want to thank you for what you've done. If it hadn't been for you.....

DAN: Forget it, Potter.

POTTER: I can never forget it. It's a wonderful thing, being a free man, being able to walk out of that door.....

DAN: Maybe. But if you do, you'll get soaked. It's raining hard. Didn't you have a hat?

POTTER: I did. But someone stole it in the jail.

DAN: Then take mine.

POTTER: But Mr. Green.....

DAN: Forget it. It's an old green hat I've had for years.

POTTER: A green hat from Mr. Green. Some people would call that a ... well, a kind of joke. But it's no joke to me. Thanks, Mr. Green. Thanks for everything.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: This is not the end, this is the beginning of your Big Story. For almost a year, you forget Albert Potter. For almost a year, the clippings of his trial begin to yellow around the edges. Then, ~~an evening in June,~~ the following June. A balmy evening in June, ~~and~~ in an office building in downtown Los Angeles....

POTTER: Mrs. Stevens, on your office door it says you are a mental healer.

MRS. S: Yes?

POTTER: My name is Potter.....^{Frank} Alfred Potter. I.... I need help. Every now and then, I seem to go a little crazy.....hear voices....

MRS. S: (CRISPLY) I'm sorry, Mr. Potter. But I can't help you.

POTTER: You can't? Why not?

MRS. S: My clientele is all women. ~~I give them personal consultation on their...er personal problems, their neuroses.~~ I don't take men clients.

POTTER: ~~But I tell you funny things go on inside my head..~~

MRS. S: ~~Then you should consult a male psychiatrist.~~ Now, if you'll excuse me, Mr. Potter, I'd like to get along to my next patient. It's getting late!

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

MRS. S: (WEARY) Hello? Oh, hello, Frank. Yes, my last patient left a few minutes ago. What did you say? A drive along the beach? Why, darling, how romantic. With a lovely full moon, and all? I'd love to!.....

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

MRS. S: Oh, bother, Frank. ~~Wait a minute.~~ Someone's at the door. (CALLS) Come in....

(DOOR OPENS)

~~(MUSIC: -- PERHAPS A SNEAK AND BUILD UNDER HERE)~~

MRS. S: Oh, you're back. What do you.....(CUTS)

POTTER: (HOW WACKY) Hello, Mrs. Stevens.

MRS. S: I.....What is it? Why are you staring at me like that?

POTTER: He told me to do it. (MANIACAL CHUCKLE) He told me to do it!

MRS. S: Do what? Who.....?

POTTER: Why, that man up there...my friend with the large, round, yellow face....smiling at us through the window.

MRS. S: (PARALYZED) You you mean the... the man in the moon?

POTTER: Yes, my friend. Whenever his face gets full, I feel strange..... so strange. My head gets light, so light, and I feel wonderfully, wonderfully drunk. And then, when he talks to me.....

MRS. S: ~~He...he talks to you?~~

POTTER: Oh, yes. ~~All the time.~~ Sometimes I can't hear him clearly, but when his face gets big and round and bright, I can see his lips move. And then I hear him talk, so plainly. Can't you hear him, Mrs. Stevens?

MRS. S: (PARALYZED) I..... I.....

POTTER: Over and over again. He keeps saying the same word, over and over again. Kill..... Kill...

MRS. S: Kill?

POTTER: ~~Kill...kill!~~

(WE HEAR STEPS BEGIN, SLOWLY, REMORSELESSLY)...

MRS. S: No! Don't... don't come near me!

POTTER: Oh, but I must, I must. I must do what my friend says. Otherwise, he'll never let me alone, he'll never stop. He's driving me crazy now. Can't you hear him? Can't you hear what he's saying?
Kill.....kill.....

MRS. S: (CRIES OUT) No! ~~Don't!~~

POTTER: (MADLY) Kill, ~~kill, kill!~~

MRS. S: (A HIGH SCREAM)

(A BLOW. THUD OF BODY)

(THEN POTTER BEGINS TO SOB HYSTERICALLY, AND WE BRING SOBBING UP INTO:)

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You see the body of Mrs. Frank Stevens, the self-styled mental healer, with her head bashed in and a bloody lead pipe on the floor. On the description of the elevator ~~boy~~ who saw a man going into the Stevens office the police pick up a Charlie Leroy. His identification sounds vaguely familiar, and you talk to the suspect. Then, you walk in on Detective Lieutenant, Mike Hammond, in charge of the case....

(DOOR CLOSE)

DAN: Lieutenant, I've just seen this suspect, Leroy.

HAMMOND: Yes, Dan?

DAN: And I don't think he's your man.

HAMMOND: What do you mean?

DAN: He's almost a dead ringer for someone else I know.

HAMMOND: Well, what's that got to do with.....?

DAN: Lieutenant, I'd like to talk to this witness, this
elevator man, Henry.

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

DAN: Henry, think. Was this man you saw in the corridor
wearing a hat?

HENRY: A hat? Why.....why, yes, he was. But what...

DAN: (CUTTING IN) What kind of a hat was it? What color?

HENRY: Why, it was an old hat.....very old and very dirty,
sir. And the color was green!

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

(PHONE RING)

(PHONE OFF HOOK)

DAN: Green, Examiner.

HAMMOND: (FILTER) Dan, Lieutenant Hammond. I've got some news
for you.

DAN: Yes?

HAMMOND: We just picked up your boy friend in San Diego.
Potter, the man wearing your hat.

DAN: Good.... I'm sure he's the killer, Lieutenant.

HAMMOND: Maybe. But Potter claims he was in San Diego the night
of the murder. And what's more, he swears he has
witnesses to prove it!

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER)

HARR: You check the witnesses yourself. The murder took
place on Thursday night. But this time, they tell
you.....

(MUSIC: _ _ ACCENT)

HOTELMAN: Yes, this man Potter stayed at ~~my hotel~~ ^{in a hotel} here in San Diego. But he was here Wednesday night, not Thursday.

DAN: You're sure of that, Mr. Harmon?

HOTELMAN: Here's the register. See for yourself. He's signed his name for Wednesday... ~~but~~ he checked out the next day!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ ACCENT)

GUIDE: That's right, Mr. Green. As guide for the tour of Mission Valley, I have a good memory for faces in my tourist groups.

DAN: And when did you see this man here in the photograph?

GUIDE: Wednesday.

DAN: You're sure?

GUIDE: Positive. We didn't have any tour on Thursday.

~~It rained!~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: This time you've got Albert Potter dead to rights. But he denies it, denies everything, swears he was in San Diego Thursday night, as well as Wednesday. You get out his dossiers, check the various charges against him, the charge of trying to poison his employer, the Haley murder case, now the Stevens case. What you're looking for is a common denominator, a common technique. In your study of criminals, you know that they have similar habits, little quirks, in every crime. You study the facts, the dates. And then, suddenly.....

DAN: (AGHAST) Holy Smoke! Holy Smoke!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE)

(PHONE RING)

(PHONE OFF HOOK)

DAN: Green, Examiner.

HAMMOND: (FILTER) Dan, you were trying to get me?

DAN: Yes, Lieutenant. Listen. I'm playing a long shot. I think we may get a confession out of Albert Potter, if we cross-examine him on the night of July tenth.

HAMMOND: That's two weeks away. And why the night of July tenth? Are you crazy, Dan?

DAN: (QUIETLY) Either I am. Or Potter is!

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

HAMMOND: So you still say you were in San Diego Thursday night, eh, Potter?

POTTER: I told you, didn't I, Lieutenant? I told you I was.

DAN: But the witnesses said you were in San Diego on Wednesday, not Thursday.

HAMMOND: Green's right. Where were you Thursday night, Potter?

POTTER: I told you. In San Diego, San Diego, San Diego!

HAMMOND: (SIGHS) Well, Dan, this is where we came in.

DAN: Yes. You know what, Lieutenant?

HAMMOND: What?

DAN: It's pretty warm in here. I'll raise the blinds... get some air.

(BLINDS RAISED)

POTTER: Green. (VOICE SUDDENLY TAKES TINGE OF MADNESS) Green, put down those blinds..

DAN: (BLANDLY) Why, Potter?

POTTER: Put 'em down, do you hear? Put them down!

DAN: But it's hot in here.

POTTER: I don't care how hot it is! Put them down! Can't you see him staring at us through the window?

HAMMOND: Who?

POTTER: My friend up there...with the big, round, yellow face. He's smiling in at me...and now he's talking to me. Can't you hear him, can't you hear him?

HAMMOND: The man in the moon's talking to you?

POTTER: (HYSTERICALLY) Yes, and he's saying the same thing... over and over again. The same thing, when I saw Mrs. Haley.....and Mrs. Stevens.

DAN: What's he saying, Potter? What's he saying?

POTTER: Kill! Kill, kill, KILL!

(MUSIC: _ _ HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: And there it is....the confession and your BIG STORY. You'd read books on criminal insanity, and you knew that the moon sometimes had a homicidal effect on people, that the word 'lunatic' came from lunar. But the payoff came when you found that the dates on which Albert Potter committed his crimes, had one strange and monstrous similarity. Each night was the night of the full moon!

(MUSIC: _ _ UP BIG TO CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Dan Green of the Los Angeles Examiner with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ STING)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 10/19/49
PELL MELL

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 Dan Green of the
Los Angeles Examiner.

GREEN: Indicted and brought to trial, killer in tonight's Big
Story pleaded insanity. Medical testimony, however,
established killer was legally sane ^{jury found Dan Green guilty} ~~it wasn't the~~
~~moon, but a sadistic frenzy in killer himself.~~ After
brief deliberation, ~~jury found~~ killer guilty of murder
in the first degree -- all appeals were denied and he
was executed by hanging in Folsom prison.

My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Green...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
Huntington West Virginia Advertiser -- by-line, Harold
Faller. A BIG STORY - about a reporter who found the
solution to a murder before the murder was committed.

(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 adapted by Max Ehrlich from an actual story from the front pages of the Los Angeles Examiner. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Nat Polan played the part of Dan Green. 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. Green.

(MUSIC: -- THEME UP FULL AND FADE)

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

CHAPPELL: Get in the Guard - and get the best! To young men seventeen to thirty-four years of age, the new National Guard offers part-time military training. You can earn extra money ... qualify for retirement pay ...advance rapidly! Get the facts.. then get in the National Guard!

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

dd/10/6/49pm

ATK01 0170160

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #135

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
VOICE 2	BOB SLOANE
WOMAN:	HAZEL LOGAN
WOMAN 2	HAZEL LOGAN
FALLER	BERYL FIRESTONE
MAN	BERYL FIRESTONE
EDITOR	JIM BOLES
UNCLE	JIM BOLES
IVY	JIM STEVENS
SHERIFF	JIM STEVENS
KILLER	SCOTT TENNYSON
SHERIFF 2	SCOTT TENNYSON
DAD	BOB DRYDEN
MARSHALL	BOB DRYDEN
CONVICT	SANDY BICKART
VOICE 1	SANDY BICKART

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1949

ATX01 0170161

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#135

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

OCTOBER 26, 1949

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: UP AND DOWN BEHIND)

(NEWSROOM PATTERN, TYPEWRITERS, ETC., BEHIND)

FALLER: Say, Boss --

EDITOR: What is it, Harold?-

FALLER: Here's that story I've been working on. I -- I don't think you'll like it.

EDITOR: Why not?

FALLER: Well, for one thing -- I name the murderer in the lead.

EDITOR: You name the what?

FALLER: The murderer.

EDITOR: You haven't got a corpse, you haven't got an apparent crime -- you don't even know there's been a murder -- and you name the murderer! Not in my paper, ~~sonny~~ -- not in my paper!

(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) Huntington, West Virginia. From the pages of the Huntington advertiser the authentic story of -- The Corn-Cob Killer -- And for his work in the case -- to Harold Faller for his BIG STORY goes the PELL MELL AWARD!

(MUSIC: FANFARE...)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0170162

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: ~~New~~, the story as it actually happened. Harold Faller's story as he lived it -- ~~Huntington, West Virginia.~~

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: A mountain lion with bunions is a purring pussycat -- compared to your city editor, as he pins your ears back for handing in a certain story. You, Harold Faller, of the Huntington Advertise, have put one and one together to make two, then two and two together to make -- a murderer. Deadline is riding Page One -- and you have X minutes to justify yourself -- and your story. And the boss keeps yelling --

CITY ED: Not in my paper, ~~sonny~~ -- not in my paper!

FALLER: Why don't you read it first?

CITY ED: Before I tear it up, you mean? Sure. Gimme. (HE READS)
"Ivy Rowe, river boy, is dead. His body lies at the bottom of the Ohio River. He is believed to have been murdered by Charlie Grimes --" No. No, no, no! Believed to have been -- by whom?

FALLER: By me. Will you let me prove it?

CITY ED: Let you! ~~Sonny~~ -- I'm all ears!

NARR: And into those unfriendly ears, you pour out your yarn. But first, before those unfriendly eyes, you spread on the desk --

FALLER: A map of West Virginia, boss. Follow the Ohio River -- (SNEAK VERY FAINT RIVERISH MUSIC) here -- down to the little town of Antiquity. That's where ...

(MUSIC: -- RISE AND GO BACK BEHIND)

NARR: Antiquity -- no kidding. Where the only thing that moves
is the Ohio River -- and even that's slow and easygoing.
You tell the boss about -- this:

(MUSIC: UP RIVERISHLY AND MERGE WITH THEME OF NEXT)

(ALONG WITH RIVER AND BIRD AND FROG SOUNDS)

IVY: (A SWEET MOUNTAIN KID OF 18, HE IS SINGING CARELESSLY AS
FOLLOWS TO THE TUNE OF OLD SMOKY)

Way down by the riverrr---

(ENGINE TURNS OVER AND DIES)

IVY: So lazy and slo-ch ... I'm a fixin' my engine --

(AS IT TURNS OVER AND BEGINS TO CATCH)

IVY: For to see if she'll go --

(AND SHE GOES, AND ON UNDER)

IVY: (YELLING) She's a-goin', Dad! Knowed I'd fix 'er!

DAD: Yep. She's a rollin' and a-purrin', Ivy.

KILLER: (SOFTLY) She sure is, folks. (PAUSE) Howdy.

DAD: Howdy. (PAUSE) You sure walk quiet, mister.

KILLER: Uh-hm. (PAUSE) Boat for sale?

IVY: Nope.

KILLER: Not even for fifty dollars?

DAD: Nope.

KILLER: Seventy-five?

DAD: Well -- mebbe.

KILLER: Hundred?

~~IVY: Yes --~~

DAD: -- but a man'd be a fool to pay that there for this here.

KILLER: I'm a fool. (PAUSE) One thing, though.

DAD: What's that?

KILLER: I don't have that cash money on me. She's in the bank
down the river, Point Pleasant.

IVY: I got an Uncle Veery down there.

KILLER: Then you ride me down thataways and I'll give you the
money there.

DAD: Lemme talk to my boy a minute, mister.

KILLER: Go ahead. I'll look ~~her~~ over.

(ENGINE IS FIDDLED WITH, UP, DOWN, UP, DOWN, ETC.)

DAD: (WHISPER) I don't trust him, Ivy!

IVY: (SAME) But a hundred dollars is a lot of money!

DAD: (WHISPER) I don't like his hoppergrass legs, nor his
catfish mouth neither!

IVY: (SAME) But a hundred dollars, Dad -- hit's so needful!

DAD: (SAME) All right -- but I still don't trust him!

IVY: (SAME) Don't fret about me! (PAUSE) All right, mister.

KILLER: Bought myself a boat?

IVY: And got yourself a pilot, both.

(MUSIC: ~~---~~ HIT AND GO BEHIND)

NARR: You move your finger down the Ohio to Point Pleasant.
Where Uncle Veery lived -- and you tell the boss his
story:

(MUSIC: ~~-----~~ UP AND OUT)

UNCLE: Now you two boys don't want to sleep down here on the dock.
Skeeters'll devour you to death.

KILLER: We ain't skeered o' skeeters ---- are we, Ivy?

IVY: Nope.

KILLER: 'Sides, I want an early start.

UNCLE: For where?

KILLER: ~~-----~~ Down river. (PAUSE) Ain't that right, Ivy?

(CRICKETS, ETC., BIRDS AND RIVER PATTERN UNDER)

(MOTOR BOAT UP, DOWN BEHIND WITH WASHING OF WATER)

IVY: (COMING ON) There's my Uncle Veery on the dock. (HE YELLS)

Hi! Hi, Uncle Veery!

UNCLE: (OFF) Who's that?

IVY: (RIGHT ON) It's me, Uncle Veery!

UNCLE: Why, Ivy boy! Land, how you've gone and growed! What you doin' down river?

IVY: I' sort o' pilotin' this feller, Uncle Veery. He's done bought the boat. Goin' to pay me out the bank.

UNCLE: ~~Well, then, you're goin' to stay a while. Reckon your dad~~
won't miss you, boy, not knowin' you're with Uncle Veery.

IVY: Why sure. Reckon I'll have to rest up if I'm goin' to
~~walk aback up the river to home.~~

UNCLE: Well, come on up to the house. And bring your friend. Reckon Aunt Yuley's got enough grits and greens extra.

KILLERY: Mighty kind of you, friend. But me and the boy don't want
to put you out none.

UNCLE: ~~Well -- suit yourself. Jest the same, I'll tell Aunt Yuley~~
to ready up the spare beds. Can't sleep on the dock --
skeeters'll devour you to death.

KILLER: We ain't skeered o' skeeters, -- are we, Ivy?

IVY: Nope.

KILLER: ~~So -- thank ye kindly, friend.~~ We'll sleep in the boat.

UNCLE: Suit yourself, stranger. Ivy boy, you come on into the office and telephone your Aunt Yuley. She learns you been and gone without her seein' you, she'll jest naturally feed me to the catfish! Come on, boy -- I'll give you a hand.

(CLUMBLE OF FEET ON DOCK)

UNCLE: (CONCERNED WHISPER) Ivy, boy -- who's that stranger?

IVY: Why, just a feller happened along, bought the boat.

UNCLE: I don't like him. Don't like to see you takin' up with a stranger.

IVY: Gosh, you're just like Pa. He suspicioused him too. But gosh, Uncle Ivy -- I got to stay with him till I get my money.

KILLER: (OFF) Ivy! Hey, Ivy!

UNCLE: (WHISPER) Ivy -- don't go with him.

IVY: I got to! We need that boat money -- and besides, I'm growed up enough to catch for myself. Shucks -- the way you talk you'd think he was fixin' to kill me, or somethin'!

KILLER: (OFF) Come on, Ivy. We got to get gassed up. We got more travelin' to do.

VEERY: Where for?

KILLER: Down river. (PAUSE) Ain't that right, Ivy?

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO ON DOWN UNDER)

NARR: Now you put your finger on a town seventy miles down the Chic. Portsmouth -- but first, you tell the boss about -- this:

(OLDFASHIONED TELEPHONE. THREE RINGS, PICKED UP)

DAD: (EAR, FILTERED) Veery? This here's Ivy's dad.

UNCLE: (LIVE) Why Howdy!

DAD: (FILTER) Let me talk to the boy.

UNCLE: Why, he ain't here. Ain't he there?

DAD: (FILTER) He ain't here. I thought he was still with you!

UNCLE: No sir.. He's gone on down the river ~~and then home -- he~~~~said!~~

DAD: (FILTERED -- AFTER A PAUSE) ~~Uncle~~ Veery --

UNCLE: Yes?

DAD: (FILTER) Call the law. Ask 'em to search the river up
and down and search it good. I want my boy.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO BEHIND)

NARR: All that, you had found out by digging in Antiquity and
in Point Pleasant. But there, all traces of the boat, its
buyer, and the boy had ended. Soon, however, the police
~~got~~ this message:

(TICKER UP AND DOWN BEHIND)

~~FALLER:~~ Boat -- found -- in river -- off -- Portsmouth.

NARR: And, send this one back --

FALLER: Hold --- and -- boy -- for -- questioning.

NARR: And got this ~~one back~~:

(TICKER AS BEFORE)

L. L. L.
NARR: What -- man -- and --- boy question mark. -- -- Boat --
had -- nobody -- on --- board.

(MUSIC: TAKE IT AWAY BEHIND)

NARR: After you tell him that, you lay just one more thing on
the boss's desk. It's a clipping from his own paper --
your own paper -- your own story, just one week old! And
you refresh him on the story it tells -- the story you
yourself covered!

(MUSIC: UP AND DOWN IN MARCHING MOOD BEHIND)

(WHINE OF GENERATOR ~~AND SLAP OF POWER BELT UP AND~~
~~BEHIND~~)

NARR: That story began in the power house of West Virginia State
Prison. ^{at Moundsville} Two convicts -- one a trusty -- are at their
work.

(BELL RINGS)

CONVICT: Knockin' off time, Charlie.

KILLER: Yep. And time you was, too.

CONVICT: Was what, man?

KILLER: Knocked off.

(A BLOW, A GROAN)

NARR: A quick slash at the generator belt ^{and} and the prison is
plunged into ^{complete} darkness.

(ALARM BELL GOES INTO SIREN WHICH PICKS UP AND GOES
BEHIND WITH SHOOTING)

NARR: And of the two prisoners -- the trusty lies dead -- and
the other -- over the wall!

(MUSIC: PICK UP SIREN MOTIF AND OUT)

FALLER: Boss -- that escaped convict was Charlie Grimes. Serving
life for murder -- he took a life to escape.

EDITOR: So?

FALLER: Look at your map. Here's Antiquity -- and here's
Moundsville. The time lag is perfect. A tall, softspoken
stranger turns up at Antiquity -- one day after the break -

EDITOR: Pays a hundred dollars for a beat-up boat --

FALLER: Goes off in the boat with Ivy Rowe -- and Ivy disappears
from sight. (PAUSE) One and one makes two.

EDITOR: The way you lay it out, Faller, it makes sense. If you only had a little more to go on than a hunch!

FALLER: I have.

EDITOR: Then why didn't you say so? What is it?

AEILER: The last person to see them together -- the boy and the stranger -- was Uncle Veery.

EDITOR: Yeah.

FALLER: I confronted Uncle Veery with a rogues' gallery picture of Charlie Grimes. He identified Grimes as the man with his nephew Ivy.

EDITOR: Fine. But do you know the boy is dead?

FALLER: No.

EDITOR: Do you know a crime has been committed at all?

FALLER: Well -- no.

EDITOR: Might I ask what you do know?

FALLER: I know Grimes is a born killer. He used to throw corncobs in the air -- and plug them. And then say -- I'd as soon shoot a man as a corncob. (STEAMED UP) And I know the life of a river kid wouldn't mean any more than a corncob to Charlie Grimes if he thought for one second the kid was on to him! (REALLY LAYING IT DOWN) And I know the one way to stop him from killing again is to spread the story so the rest of the state is on the watch! And what's more, I've got a picture of Grimes to go with the story. Will you print the picture?

EDITOR: (YELLING RIGHT BACK) NO!

FALLER: Then will you print the story!

EDITOR: (TOP OF HIS VOICE) YES! (DROPS VOICE TO GRIM) I'm sticking my neck out, but here goes. COPY!

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND GO BEHIND)

NARR: It goes through the desk, the linotypes, and makes Page One. And then -- ~~the~~ ^{the} phone begins to ring!

VOICE I: (FILTER) What are you trying to do -- terrorize the community? You oughta be horse whipped!

(MUSIC: _ _ STING)

VOICE II: (FILTER) What are you trying to do -- tip off ~~that~~ ^{the} killer we're lookin' for him? You show your head around State Police and you'll git it chopped off!

(MUSIC: _ _ STING)

NARR: But that's not all. The next day, a lean, quiet man appears at your desk.

DAD: (VERY QUIET) Mister Faller?

FALLER: Yes.

DAD: You know who I am?

FALLER: No sir, I don't.

DAD: Shang Rowe. (PAUSE) Ivy's dad.

FALLER: Oh.

DAD: Somebody read out for me what you wrote up in the paper about my boy, that he was lyin' on the river-bottom.

FALLER: Mr. Rowe, I was only trying to --

DAD: ~~(SIRE): Shut up!~~ (QUIET AGAIN) You see, I cain't read. So I have to have things spelled out for me. The Bible, and papers, and letters and such. (PAUSE) Till it was read out to me about my boy, I was hidin' my fearfulness behind my hopin'....but you kill my hope and now I'm all fear. (PAUSE) That ain't what I come to tell you, though.

FALLER: What is, Mr. Rowe? And what can I do for you?

DAD: You done it already. Not for me -- to me. What I come to let you know was -- I'd been a-keepin' all this from Ivy's maw.

FALLER: I see. Well --

DAD: And you see, Mister newspaper writer -- it's Ivy's maw reads me the papers and such. (PAUSE) I wanted you to know what you done. Mobbe it was smart, I don't know about that. All I know is -- it warn't good nor kind.

(MUSIC: STING AND AWAY UNDER)

NARR: He leaves and doghouse is the name for where you are -- and the boss is no help either. He does it the subtle way.

BOSS: Got your bag packed, ^{Faller} ~~Sonny~~?

FALLER: No. Why?

BOSS: You mean you aren't lookin' for another job?

FALLER: Aw, now look, boss. That's going too far. After all --

BOSS: (YELL) NOW he talks about going too far! ~~Sonny~~ -- if that boy turns up alive, there's only going to be one way to spell your name and mine -- M -- U -- D MUD! There's only one good thing that story accomplished --

FALLER: What?

BOSS: The police are dragging the river -- for a corpse that might not even be there at all -- if there is a corpse!

NARR: Sure. The police are dragging the river -- but they turn up nothing but old rubber boots and empty bottles. The next day, however, things look a little better.

BIG STORY, 10/26/49

-9B-

REVISED

(TELEPHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP)

BOSS: City desk.

SHERIFF: (FILTER) You got a feller named Paller working on your paper?

BOSS: For the time being. Why?

SHERIFF: (FILTER) Well, you better send him on down to my town. ~~Newberry~~ that is.

BOSS: Who're you?

SHERIFF: (FILTER) Sheriff.

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BOSS: Hold it a minute. (YELLS) Faller -- pick up your phone and listen to this! (CLICK) Go ahead,

SHERIFF: (FILTER) Well -- you the man wrote up how Ivy Rowe was kilt by Charlie Grimes?

FALLER: I am. Why?

SHERIFF: (FILTER) You better get down here.

FALLER: Why?

SHERIFF: (FILTER) Oh...jest cause he just checked into the hotel there?

FALLER: Who -- Grimes?

SHERIFF: (FILTER) Nope. Ivy Rowe.

(MUSIC: _ _ _HIT_AND_GO_FOR)

(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: -- THEME UP AND DOWN FOR)

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

NARR: You, Harold Faller, of the Huntington Advertiser have the paper -- and yourself -- out on a nice juicy limb. With a story that Ivy Rowe, river boy, has been murdered by Charlie Grimes, mountain man -- and escaped convict. The only thing wrong with the story is that you had nothing to go on but a hunch and a faith. But now -- a phone call has just sawed that limb right off behind you.

SHERIFF: (FILTER) So you better get on down here. He just checked into the hotel.

FALLER: Who?

SHERIFF: (FILTER) Ivy Rowe.

FALLER: How do you know!

SHERIFF: (FILTER) Huh. He just signed the register. (PAUSE) And I kin read.

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARR.)

NARR: You hang up. The look on the boss's face says -- CENSORED. You reach for your hat.

BOSS: And where do you think you're going?

FALLER: Down there. At least the kid's story is a story.

BOSS: Go ahead. (YELLS) And while you're at it -- see if you can get me a new job too!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO INTO)

(~~SAR PULLS TO STOP~~. DOOR OPENS)

FALLER: Sheriff?

SHERIFF 2: Well -- I'm the deppity. Help you?

FALLER: Yes. I'm looking for -- (BEAT) Where's the sheriff?

SHERIFF 2: Just retired. (PAUSE) Be out the hospital two, three weeks, mebbe.

FALLER: What happened?

SHERIFF 2: A guy held up the post office. Shot the sheriff.

FALLER: U-huh. Was the fellow named Ivy Rowe?

SHERIFF 2: How'd you know?

(MUSIC: ___ HIT AND GO)

NARR: You count up to ten -- and then to ten again -- while the sheriff shows you --

SHERIFF 2: This here's his signature in the register -- and this he dropped out his pocket in the fuss.

FALLER: Newspaper clipping, eh? Huh -- my story! Well -- at least I've got one admirer!

(MUSIC: ___ HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: While you're waiting for them to get your office on the phone -- you wonder. Had Charlie persuaded the kid to take up crime too? Or blackmailed him into it, maybe? Or had Charlie --

(PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP)

EDITOR: (FILTER) Harold!

FALLER: Boss, I have news for you. It seems --

CITY ED: (FILTER) It can wait! I've got news for you!

FALLER: But boss --

CITY ED: (FILTER) But me no bosses! They found Ivy Rowe!

FALLER: Where, where?

CITY ED: (FILTER) Right where you said -- the bottom of the river -- with a bullet in his back!

(MUSIC: ___ HIT AND GO)

NARR: So -- you were right. Now it's easy to figure: Grimes used the kid's name. But from now on -- you're going to make it harder for him to work in the open -- and hammer at him in the paper day after day till somebody spots him!

(MUSIC: BIG CLIMAX AND OUT COLD SUDDENLY FOR)

NARR: (CYNICAL) Sure. Big talk. (PAUSE) Every paper in the state carries his picture, every post-office, every crossroads general store, from Fish Creek down to Dry Fork, from Harpers' Ferry to Kenova -- and what happens? He drops out of sight!

(MUSIC: SIMILAR ACCENT AND AWAY BEHIND)

NARR: One month, two months -- nor hide nor hair of Charlie Grimes. Then, you get mad. You hit the road. And while you're in Charlestown, lecturing on law enforcement --

~~(BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG)~~

NARR: Somebody holds up a store in Fort Gay on the Big Sandy. And the word comes back --

MAN: ~~(WOUNDED)~~ It was -- Charlie Grimes!

(MUSIC: ACCENT)

NARR: You backtrack, digging into his past, trying to find out where he might hide out, but before you can get a lead --

~~(MOTORBOAT TAKES OFF SUDDENLY AND UNDER)~~

NARR: Somebody hijacks a cruiser where the Sandy meets Tug Fork. And the word comes back --

WOMAN: (A GASP) That's him. I know that face. That's Charlie Grimes -- it was him!

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER)

FALLER: Big Sandy, Tug Fork -- he's heading South along the streams, ~~boss!~~

CITY ED: Out of the state -- sure!

FALLER: And always sticking around people he can melt into -- river people -- mountain people!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: A gas station in Marion on the Middle Fork in Virginia -- (BANG BANG BANG)

NARR: In Mount Holly, on the Catawba, in North Carolina --

KILLER: (~~SOFT~~) I'll trouble you for that mailsack, ma'am. (PAUSE) This here's a real gun, too.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND DOWN BEHIND)

FALLER: Following the rivers and the mountain valleys, Boss. Sooner or later --

(TELEPHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP)

FALLER: Hello?

MARSHALL: (FILTER) Mr. Faller.

FALLER: Yes.

MARSHALL: (FILTER) This here's the town marshall. I been carryin' around one of your stories about this Charlie Grimes --

FALLER: -- Yes --

MARSHALL: (FILTER) And if the fella just got off the train down here ain't him -- I ain't marshall. Why don't you come on down here and we'll take him together?

FALLER: Marshall -- I'm there!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO FOR)

MARSHALL: (LOW) Anyhow, he ain't left the hotel all day. Been watchin'.

FALLER: You're sure it's Grimes?

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BIG STORY, 10/26/49

-15A-

REVISED

MARSHALL: Yes sir. I know you been goin' up and down the State on this folla's trail, makin' speeches, quizzin' suspects -- and you kinda got me all eager to help yo out.

FALLER: That's what I hoped would happen -- but where is he?

MARSHALL: Well -- he got off the train and headed straight for the hotel. Right crosst the square there. And he ain't come out yet.

FALLER: Has it got a back door?

MARSHALL: Sure. And the back door's got a watchor.

FALLER: You're sure it's Grimes?

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10/26/49 pm

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MARSHAL: If it ain't, you been printin' a picture of his twins
 brother, cause -- (SUDDEN) Make out we're just talkin'
 the time away. He just come out! (LOUDLY, JOVIALY)
 Fightin' cocks, mister? Why I got a pair o Lundy
 Roundheads'll gaff the gizzards out of yore Hogg Toppies -
and yore Whitehackles, as sure as -- (SUDDEN) All right!
 He's gone into the grocery! Come on!

(MUSIC: -- UP URGENTLY AND OUT)

MARSHAL: (WHISPER) Wait, *poke through the window* That him?

FALLER: (SAME) That's Grimes.

MARSHAL: (WHISPER) Stand behind, now.

(DOOR OPENS WITH SMALL BELL ON)

~~(MUSIC: DEAFENING BLARE OF HILARIOUS MUSIC FILTERED BEHIND)~~

MARSHAL: ~~(HOLLERING) Miss Gentry, ma'am, turn that radio down!~~

~~(SHE DOES SO)~~

WOMAN II: *Miss Gentry a minute* Jest, let me take care o' this gentleman, and --

MARSHAL: Gentleman, huh? (VERY QUIET) *Buddy* ~~See~~ put up your hands.

KILLER: Me?

MARSHAL: I ain't pointin' this gun at nobody else.

KILLER: I ain't got no gun, mister.

MARSHAL: Mebbe so. But keep your hands up. And turn to the wall.
 (PAUSE) Mr. Faller -- look in his pockets. And drop what
 you find on the floor.

KILLER: You're makin' a mistake. I got no gun.

(CLUNK)

FALLER: There's one. (CLUNK) Two. (CLUNK CLUNK) Three, four -- no
 gun, eh? ~~You're no liar~~ (CLUNK) Five. (CLUNK) Six.

MARSHAL: Anythin' else?

FALLER: Yep. (LIGHTER CLUNK) Hunting knife. (LIGHTER) Jackknife.
(VERY LIGHT CLUNK) And -- a razor. That's all.

MARSHAL: Man, you a walking arsenal! What's in your back pocket?

KILLER: Wallet.

FALLER: What's the name on it, Marshal?

MARSHAL: Rowe. Ivy Rowe. (PAUSE) Come on, ~~Rowe~~ ^{Grimes}. Mebbe when all
the rewards for you are in, I can buy a pair of handcuffs.
Right now -- I don't need 'em.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: Five hours later, after you have promised him ^(Sound Effect) headlines
galore, Charlie Grimes is on a train for Point Pleasant
-- there, to face the parents of Ivy Rowe. The boy he
killed. Why?

KILLER: Well, it was this away.

(MUSIC: SNEAK RIVER THEME AND UNDER)

(LOW PURR OF MOTORBOAT UNDER)

IVY: Mister, when are you goin' to give me my money?

KILLER: Furty soon, sonny.

IVY: Cause I got to go home to my Dad. He needs me for the work.

KILLER: What you goin' to tell him 'bout me?

IVY: Nothin'. Why?

KILLER: Ain't you goin' to say I told you I wasn't goin' to pay
you nothin' for no boat?

IVY: You ain't goin' to do that to me. You got to give me
what's comin' to me.

KILLER: I aim to, sonny.

IVY: Why then I ain't goin' to toll my Daddy nothin'. Jest --

KILLER: Look yonder, sonny. Big catfish just busted water.

IVY: Whar?

KILLER: (VERY VERY SOFT) Thar.

(A MUFFLED SHOT AND A GROAN)

KILLER: Thar. And -- (GRUNT AND SPLASH) -- thar.

(MOTORBOAT TAKES OFF AND ~~UNDER~~)

KILLER: I jest figured sooner or later he'd know who I was. So
I kilt him. Say. *Faller* -

FALLER: What is it?

KILLER: Kin I ask a question?

FALLER: Sure.

KILLER: How'd you pre-dict just what I done?

FALLER: I knew the kind of mind you had.

KILLER: Say, ain't that somethin', though! You know, it's a
shame you got me in this jam.

FALLER: Why?

KILLER: You're plenty smart. You and me could of made a right
good team. But when you wrote that story about me --

FALLER: The one you carried in your pocket --

KILLER: Yep. When you wrote that one up, I figured on killin'
you next.

FALLER: Thanks for the compliment.

KILLER: I sure did. Never got the chance, though. (PAUSE) Never
got the chance.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO _)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Harold
Faller of the Huntington Advertiser 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 Harold Faller of the
Huntington Advertiser --

FALLER: Escaped life term in tonight's big story was returned to
West Virginia State Prison. He was subsequently tried for
both the murders of young Ivy Rowe and the trusty he
killed in escaping. In each case he received another life
sentence. Consequently, he is probably the only prisoner
in the United States serving three life sentences for
three separate murders. Thanks alot for tonight's PELL
MELL award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Faller ... 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 Clovis,
New Mexico News-Journal by-line, Jack Hull. A BIG STORY
about a reporter who met a murderer who found that the
killing of two men instead of one, involved the freedom
of a third.

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Frockter with music
by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted
by Alan Sloane from an actual story from the front pages
of the Huntington Advertiser. Your narrator was Bob
Sloane and Beryl Firestone played the part of Harold Faller

(MORE)

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

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE)

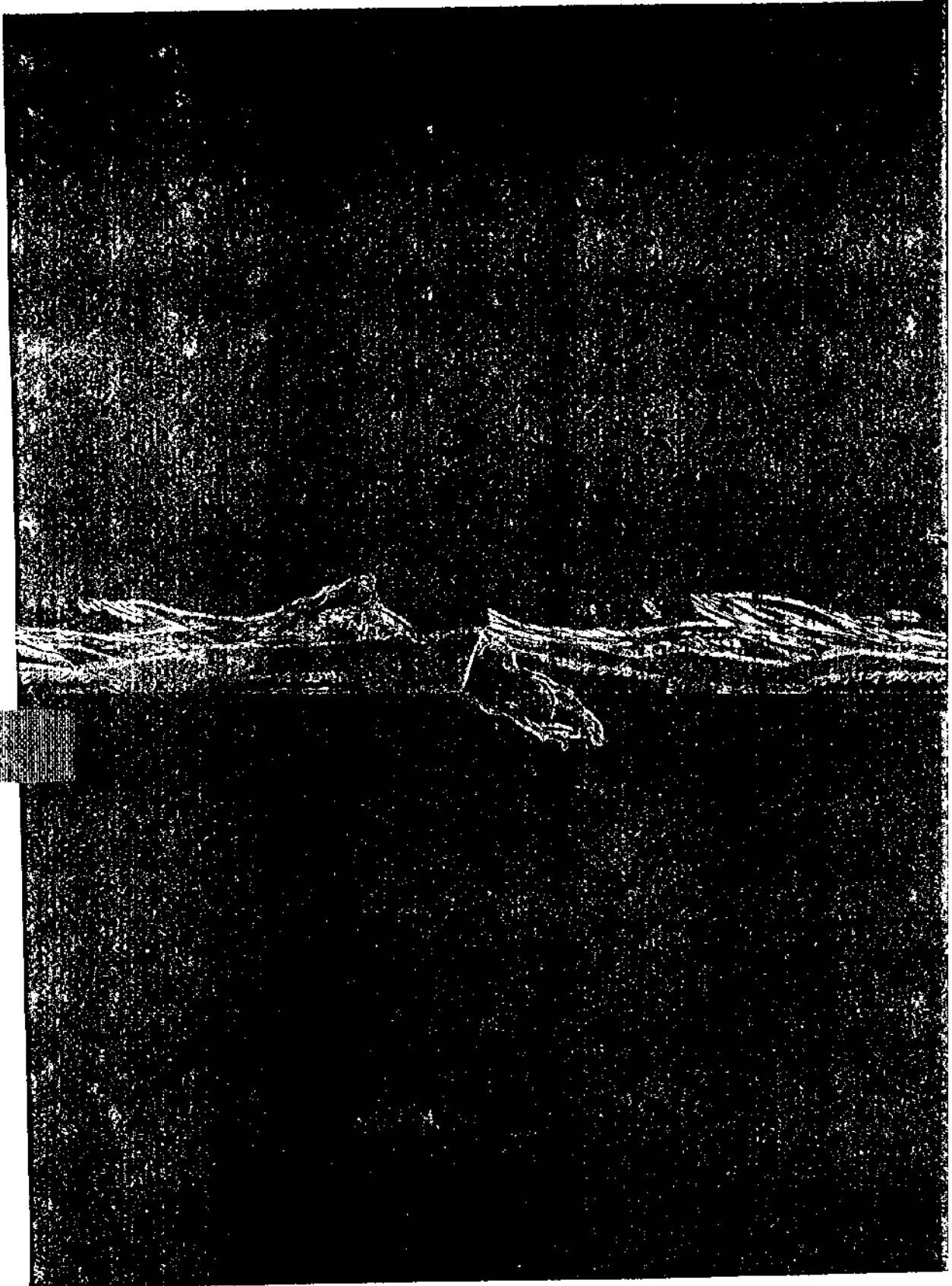
CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of FELL
MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES. It can happen to YOU! Yes,
through carelessness a fire can start in your home...on
your property. Be careful -- safeguard your life ... and
your possessions. Be on guard against fire in every
way. Never discard a lighted match or cigarette. Put
it out! Help prevent fires!

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

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10/11/49 am

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ANGV

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #136

CAST

NARRATOR

MRS. ~~STEDMAN~~

BLOND

JACK HULL

SHERIFF

JIGGERS

FATGY

CHARLIE

JESSE

HANK

BULL

ED

BOB SLOAN

KATHLEEN NIDDAY

KATHLEEN NIDDAY

BOB DRYDEN

WILLIAM KEENE

WILLIAM KEENE

MANDEL KRAMMER

MANDEL KRAMMER

MICKEY O'DAY

MICKEY O'DAY

PHIL STARLING

PHIL STARLING

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1949

ATX01 0170189

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#136

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

NOVEMBER 2, 1949

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: _ _ _ WHATEVER)

(TRAIN UNDER)

(SCREAM OF WHISTLE UP, TWICE, FROM LOCOMOTIVE
INTERIOR)

ED: Hank, there are the signal lights just ahead.

HANK: Yep. Green board, too. Clear track right into the
Clovis freight yards. I'll slow her down in a minute.

ED: That's all right with me. Never did like coming into
Clovis too fast at night. It's tricky.

HANK: (LAUGHS) There you go again, Ed. Always worryin'.

ED: Maybe, Hank. But...

HANK: You just keep on worryin', and I'll keep runnin' this
locomotive. We've been highballing on clear iron all
the way from Roswell, and we've still got five minutes
to make up before...

ED: (SUDDENLY) Hank! Wait a minute!

HANK: (STARTLED) What is it?

ED: Just ahead! On the track! (YELLS) Hank. Look out!

(RUSH OF STEAM UP. SCREAM AND SCREECH OF BRAKES)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT 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.
(FLAT) Clovis, New Mexico.

(MORE)

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CHAPPELL:
(CONT'D)

The story of a reporter who found that sometimes when
it comes to murder...two bodies are better than one!
To reporter Jack Hull of the Clovis News-Journal, for
his brilliant and unusual Big Story, goes the PELL
MELL Award!

(MUSIC: --- STING)

(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....

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CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME)

CHAPPELL: Clovis, New Mexico -- the story as it actually happened
...Jack Hull's story as he lived it...

(MUSIC: _ _ _ PUNCTUATES AND UNDER)

NARR: Clovis isn't a big town, as towns go. It's in an area
of the Southwest known as the Staked Plains and the
Santa Fe stops there. But Clovis is your town, yours,
Jack Hull of the News-Journal, and you love it. As
editor, reporter, and staff photographer all rolled into
one, you know your town and the country around it like
the back of your hand. Anyway, it is this August
evening. The day is over, and you're at the Corral Bar
down near First Street, having a spot of refreshment.
The place isn't what you might call respectable, but
it's relaxing. And you never get tired of hearing
Charlie Keeler, the bartender, reminisce about old times.

(B.G. BARROOM ATMOSPHERE)

CHARLIE: Yep, this is some country, Jack, some country. A man's
country, you might say.

JACK: (CHUCKLE) You tell 'em, Old-Timer. You ought to know.

CHARLIE: I used to listen to my grandpa and my pa tell stories
of how Billy the Kid an' the rest of them gun-loaded
~~hoodlums~~ of his used to roam these parts. Drove the big
cattle ranchers hereabouts near crazy, they did. A man
carried his gun, and that was his law. ~~Didn't matter~~
~~whether he was a cowboy, buffalo hunter or trader.~~

JACK: Those days are dead, Charlie. Just as dead as the
ghost towns these old boys lived in.

CHARLIE: Yeah. It ain't a man's country any more, Jack. It's gone soft. The women have moved in, and they're tryin' to run this town. Tryin' to put skirts on it, an' clean it up...

(PHONE RING)

CHARLIE: Oh.

(PHONE OFF HOOK)

CHARLIE: Hello. Who? Yep, he's here. Sure. Sure, Frank, I'll tell him.

(RECEIVER ON HOOK)

CHARLIE: Jack, that was your foreman at the paper. There's a Mrs. ~~Stedman~~ ^{Steele} waitin' back at your office to see you.

JACK: Oh - oh.

CHARLIE: Now what does that mean?

JACK: Mrs. ~~Stedman~~ ^{Steele} is ~~head~~ ^{a member} of the Women's Club, Charlie, and this town's Number One reformer. And that means trouble!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

~~STEDMAN~~ ^{Steele} So you won't run a series of editorials demanding that the saloons, gambling parlors and dancehalls near the First Street section be closed.

JACK: I'm sorry, Mrs. ~~Stedman~~ ^{Steele}. But the answer is no.

~~STEDMAN~~ ^{Steele} May I ask why?

JACK: Because it wouldn't do any good.

~~STEDMAN~~ ^{Steele} I'm afraid I don't understand.

JACK: Mrs. ~~Stedman~~ ^{Steele}, believe me, I appreciate the motives of the Woman's Club in sending you to see me. I know you're sincere, and an idealist. But I happen to be a realist. In what way?

~~STEDMAN~~ ^{Steele}

Mrs. Steele

JACK: People are people. You can't change them with editorials. Clovis is the only place for miles around where they can find entertainment. They come here to blow off steam, to relax.

~~STEDMAN: There are other forms of relaxation.~~

JACK: Perhaps. But remember, Mrs. Stedman, Clovis is a young town, still a little raw, still with a touch of the frontier. The men in the Plains country work hard, and they like to play hard. I know, I've lived here all my life.

Steele
~~STEDMAN:~~

That still doesn't change the fact that the situation is disgraceful...an affront to decent citizens.

JACK: I wouldn't put it as strongly as that. We've had a low crime rate here. And as towns go, Clovis is reasonably well-run. I agree with you, understand me, improvements are needed. But it'll take time. You can't change human nature overnight.

Steele
~~STEDMAN:~~

I see. Mr. Hull, I...well, I'll say this.

JACK: Yes?

~~STEDMAN:~~

I believe you are sincere, and I respect you for your views. Still, I must warn you of one thing.

JACK: What's that, Mrs. ~~Stedman~~ *Steele*?

~~STEDMAN:~~

One of these days, there'll be violence coming out of that First Street section. And when it does...the reform element in this town will hold you personally responsible!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You're a practical man, Jack Hull, a realist. You'd run those editorials if you thought ^{they} it'd do any good. But you know ^{it} it won't. And now, as editor of the News Journal, you're on a spot, sitting on a local volcano. And then, early one morning...

(PHONE RING)

(PHONE OFF RECEIVER)

JACK: News Journal, Hull.

SHERIFF: (FILTER) Jack, Sheriff Taber.

JACK: Yes, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: Better get down to the freight yards right away!

JACK: Why? What for?

SHERIFF: There's been a little accident!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: This was where you, Jack Hull, picked up the first thread of your Big Story. But there were others who began it earlier, the day before the Sheriff called you. As you learned later, it began with two pairs of men in an empty boxcar, on a Santa Fe freight, headed south....

(TRAIN UNDER, INTERIOR, BOXCAR)

BULL: Jess, you know what I figure?

JESS: What, Bull?

BULL: We've been riding this freight long enough. It's getting time to hop off at some town and lay over till morning.

JESS: Bull, maybe we better not. Maybe we better keep goin'...

BULL: (HE DOMINATES JESS) Now, what are you squawkin' about?

JESS: Bull, I...you'll get in trouble, sure. You'll start drinkin', and then there'll be women, and the first thing you know, the Sheriff...

BULL: Aaaah, shut up, punk. That's the trouble with you. No sand in your ^{balls} ~~craw~~. ^{Me, I like a little fun... A few} drinks, ~~a woman~~...some bright lights. Yeah, that's for me.

JESS: But where can we get off? We don't know this territory.

BULL: Maybe those other two guys at the other end of the boxcar know.

JESS: Bull, better let 'em alone. Don't tangle with them. I don't like their looks. I didn't the minute they hitched on this car with us...back home...

BULL: Aaah, shut up, chicken-liver. Stay here, till I come back.

(A FEW STEPS ON WOODEN FLOOR)

BULL: Hey, you!

FANCY: You talkin' to us, Bub?

BULL: I don't see anyone else in this boxcar. Do you?

JIGGERS: (JITTERY) Do you get him, Fancy, do you get him? Wise guy, that's what he is, yeh. Whatcha want you big ape, whatcha...

BULL: Close your trap, Cokey. I'm talkin' to your pal here.

JIGGER: Hey! Where do you get that stuff, Cokey. Cokey, huh? Why you...

FANCY: Shut up, Jiggers. I'll do the talking.

JIGGERS: Yeh, okay, Fancy, okay.

FANCY: Now, what's on your mind, Bub?

BULL: What's the next town along?

FANCY: Clovis.

BULL: Anything jumping there? Is it lively?

FANCY: Like any other town. You want a drink, you can find
a drink. You want ~~a woman~~; you can find that, too.
Why?

BULL: Because me and my pal are getting off there.

FANCY: Now, ain't that a coincidence, Bub. So are we!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE INFO)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ A DIME A DANCE BAND OFF, CHEAP DANCEHALL)

BLONDIE: So they call you Fancy, huh?

FANCY: That's right, Baby.

BLONDIE: Why?

FANCY: Because I like dames with class, Baby. I like 'em
Fancy. And you've got it. The minute I walked into
this here dancehall, you were for me.

BLONDIE: (SHE'S HEARD IT BEFORE) I'll bet you tell that to
all the girls.

FANCY: No kidding, Baby. You've got it over the rest of these
hags like a tent. How about the next dance, when this
one gets through?

BLONDIE: It's your dime, Handsome. I only work here. I...(CUTS)
Wait a minute.

FANCY: What's the matter?

BLONDIE: There's a big ape coming toward us. He looks drunk, too.
I...

FANCY: Yeah. I know the guy. Met him on a train...I wonder
what he...

BULL: (IN WITH EDGE) Okay, Fancy. Beat it.

FANCY: What do you mean?

BULL: I'm cutting in. Come on, Blondie, let's go.
FANCY: Wait a minute, who you pushin' around?
BULL: Look, punk, I said scram, see...before I break your
back!
FANCY: You an' who else?
BULL: Just me!
FANCY: Oh, yeah? (GRUNT AND BLOW)
BULL: Take a punch at me, willya, Fancy?
(BLOWS. STRUGGLE)
BLONDIE: (SHRIEKS) Hey, Bouncer! Bouncer, this way! Fight!
Fight!
(MUSIC: _ _ _ STOPS ABRUPTLY)
(UPROAR OF CROWD)
(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT IN BRIDGE)
(~~WE HEAR CRICKETS OFF~~)
JESS: Bull...
BULL: (STILL EDGE, BUT HARD AND DANGEROUS) Yeah.
JESS: What are we hangin' around the freight yards for?
BULL: Because they'll be here soon.
JESS: You mean...
BULL: (INTERRUPTS SAVAGELY) Yeah. That punk Fancy, and his
pal Jiggers. I heard them say they were takin' the
south-bound freight out at dawn. I figure, I'll meet
'em here.
JESS: (WORRIED) Bull, what are you gonna do?
BULL: Wait and see.
JESS: Bull, listen. You're still drunk. You shouldn't have
cut in on that guy. We're lucky the Sheriff didn't nail
us before those dance-hall bouncers threw us out. Bull,
let's get outa here.

BULL: Shut up.

JESS: Bull, listen to me. You'll get in trouble. You'll...

BULL: Save your breath. Here they come now...

(WE HEAR TWO MEN WALKING UP. THEN STEPS STOP ABRUPTLY)

BULL: (COLD) Hello, Fancy.

FANCY: Oh, it's you, huh?

BULL: Yeah. It's me.

FANCY: What do you want? Why are you waitin' here?

BULL: To finish what we started.

JIGGERS: Fancy, listen, watch this big ape, watch him see? He's still drunk...

FANCY: Don't worry, Jiggers. I can take care of myself.

BULL: Then take care of yourself now, wise-guy!

JIGGERS: (YELLS) Fancy! Look out! He's got a blackjack! He...

BULL: ~~Take a punch at me, will you?~~

(GRUNT AND BLOW. GROAN)

JESS: ~~Bull! Don't! Don't hit him again! Bull...~~

(BLOW. ANOTHER. ANOTHER. THEN BODY THUD)

JESS: (DAZED) Bull! You bashed his head in. He...he's dead.

BULL: (BREATHING HEAVILY) He had it comin'.

JIGGERS: (HYSTERICALLY) You killed him! You killed my pal! Whydya do it? Why?

BULL: Nobody takes a punch at me an' gets away with it.

JIGGERS: I'm gonna tell the Sheriff, see? You killed him, you killed Fancy. I'm gonna tell the Sheriff, you big ape, and...

BULL: (COLD) You ain't gonna tell anybody anything, Jiggers.

JIGGERS: Whatdya mean huh, whatdya mean?

BULL: I mean you seen a little too much.

JIGGERS: (HYSTERICALLY) Stay away from me, see? Stay away. I ain't done nothin'. Look, I won't tell the Sheriff. I'll keep my mouth shut,..

BULL: I'll say you will, Jiggers!

JIGGERS: No! (SCREAMS) NO! Don't hit me! Don't!

JESS: ~~Bull, don't. Let him alone! Please, Bull!~~
(THUD OF BLACKJACK. SOB AND GROAN. AGAIN AND AGAIN)
(A BEAT. ~~WE HEAR JUST THE CRICKETS~~)

JESS: (SOBS) Bull! Have you gone crazy! You've killed them both!

BULL: They had it coming...

JESS: But it's murder. You've murdered them, bashed in their heads. ~~Bull, Bull, you've gone crazy, nuts, out of your mind.~~

BULL: (COLD) You know what I was thinking, Jess?

JESS: Wh-what?

BULL: You've seen too much, too. You might talk too much.

JESS: No. No, Bull. I swear I won't. Honest, I swear it!

BULL: You'll keep your trap shut about this?

JESS: I...yes. I swear I will, Bull. Yes.

BULL: Okay. I'll give you a break, Jess. But if you ever double-cross me, Jess, if you ever open your mouth about this, I'll beat your face in so bad your own mother won't know you. ~~Understand?~~

JESS: (TERRIFIED) ~~Yeah. Yeah, Bull, I get you.~~

BULL: ~~Okay. Now do as I say, and I don't want any backtalk.~~

~~We've got work to do!~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ CURTAIN FOR ACT ONE)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #136

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!

ATK01 0170203

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME AND UNDER)

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

NARR: You, Jack Hull of the Clovis News Journal, get a call from Sheriff Taber. There's been an accident down at the freight yards, but he doesn't tell you what kind. When you get there, you see for yourself. The bodies of two men lie on the tracks, mangled by the iron wheels of a ~~passenger~~-train that ran over them, a short time before. And that is peculiar. Not one man...but two. You listen to the Sheriff ask the engineer...

SHERIFF: You say you didn't see these two men lying across the tracks, Burroughs?

HANK: (SHAKY) No, Sheriff, I didn't. We were rolling at a pretty good clip, and it was dark. My fireman yelled at me, and I threw on the brakes...but it was too late. We...we passed right over them.

SHERIFF: I see. And that's all, eh?

HANK: That's all, Sheriff!

JACK: How do you figure this, Sheriff? How'd they get here?

SHERIFF: Well, they might have come out of some saloon along First Street wandered into the freight yards here, and fallen across the tracks, dead drunk. And there's another possibility.

JACK: Yes? What's that?

SHERIFF: These two men were bums, tramps. Can't make out their faces, after what happened, but look at their clothes.

JACK: Then you think they were riding the rods, and...

SHERIFF: Could be, Jack. They might have fallen off onto the roadbed, an' knocked unconscious. Then Number 16 came along...and well, you know the rest.

JACK: Yes, I know the rest. So you figure, one way or another, that this was an accident, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: No doubt about it. Couldn't be anything else!

JACK: Hmmm. I wonder.

SHERIFF: You wonder what?

JACK: Oh. Nothing, Sheriff. Nothing.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You look at the bodies, and you wonder. Then you begin to make the rounds ... saloons, gambling joints, dance halls. And finally, in a dime-a-dance place, you talk to a blond ...

(MUSIC: _ _ CHEAP DANCE HALL BAND OFF)

JACK: You say there were four of them, Miss LaRue, and they were all strangers to you?

BLOND: That's right. Never saw 'em come into the joint before.

JACK: What'd they look like?

BLOND: Crummy. Like bums just in off the rods. Anyhow the one called Fancy ~~started~~ ^{got into} to fight with the big guy, and after that I yelled for the bouncers. And if you ask me, honey, they were mad enough to finish it out somewhere else.

JACK: I see. Got any idea where any of them came from.

BLOND: Well, the guy named Fancy said he and his pal came from Wichita, wherever that is. So did the other too.

JACK: Wichita, eh? Thanks very much, Miss LaRue.

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE INTO ...)

(B.G. BARROOM ATMOSPHERE)

CHARLIE: Mix you a drink, Jack?

JACK: No thanks, Charlie. What I need is advice.

CHARLIE: Thought so. You've been sittin' here at my bar an' mopin' for an hour. What's plaguin' you?

JACK: Charlie, you remember I refused to write editorials closing up the places of entertainment in Clovis? And the reform crowd saying they'd hold me responsible?

CHARLIE: Yep. What about it?

JACK: Well, trouble's come. The trouble that'll give 'em an issue. You heard about those two bodies they found on the railroad tracks?

CHARLIE: Sure. But what are you worried about? That wasn't anybody's fault. It was an accident.

JACK: That's just the point, Charlie. It wasn't an accident,

CHARLIE: No? Then what was it?

JACK: Murder.

CHARLIE: You're sure?

JACK: Positive. The whole thing started at a dance-hall joint near First Street.

CHARLIE: Look, son. The Sheriff's called it an accident. Why don't you leave it at that. It's the easy way out. A couple of tramps get themselves killed. What do you care? What does anybody care?

JACK: But they were murdered, Charlie.

CHARLIE: ~~Sure.~~ ^{But} if you break that story, you'll be murdered. Those blue noses will be down on the News-Journal like a ton of brick. They pin you to the wall, Jack, they'll peel your hide off, and maybe cost you your job. Take my advice, son ... stay out of trouble. Forget it!

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

NARR: You think about what Charlie's just said. And you're tempted. You spend another hour wrestling with yourself. Why not forget it? Why borrow trouble, stir up a hornet's nest? You've worked years on the News Journal. You like your job. Why risk it!

(MUSIC: _ _ ACCENT AND ~~OUT~~)

NARR: But you can't let it rest, you can't forget it. You knew it all the time, you couldn't. This is the truth, this is a story. You can't beat that. No newspaper man can. Job or no job, you've got to break it. So you ask the Sheriff to meet you at the funeral parlor, and you tell him ...

JACK: It was murder, Sheriff. And I can prove it.

SHERIFF: How?

JACK: Just look at these two bodies. They're severed in exactly the same places. Yet, they were a hundred feet apart.

SHERIFF: Well? What does that mean, Jack?

JACK: It means that they were lying across the track in exactly the same position. If they were drunk, or fell off a freight, the odds would be a million to one against it.

SHERIFF: (SLOWLY) In other words ...

JACK: In other words, Sheriff, they were dead before Number 16 passed over them. Somebody must have placed those bodies there.

SHERIFF: Hmmm. Jack, I believe you're right. We'll go to work on it right away. (A BEAT) But one thing.

JACK: Yes?

SHERIFF: Why did you tell me? Why didn't you just let it rest?

JACK: It's a story, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: Sure. But now you'll have the reform crowd hollering for your blood.

JACK: Yes, I know. Funny, isn't it Sheriff. Sort of a twist, you might say. Here I bring in a Big Story .. and it may cost me my job!

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

NARR: You tell the Sheriff about the blond at the dime-and-dance place, and ~~her tip~~ a man named Fancy, she had said, who came from Wichita. The wheels start to roll, the Sheriff calls Wichita, Kansas, police headquarters. And you, Jack Hull of the Clovis News Journal, write the story. In a sense, it's like writing your own obituary. Because a day later ...

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

JACK: Hull, News Journal.

~~STEDMAN:~~ (FILTER) Mr. Hull, this is Mrs. ~~Stedman~~.

JACK: Oh. Yes?

~~STEDMAN:~~ I read your story in the News Journal, and I found it most interesting.

JACK: Mrs. ~~Stedman~~, I ...

~~STEDMAN:~~ You realize, of course, that this terrible affair wouldn't have happened if these men hadn't had access to that dance hall. I warned you that sooner or later, there'd be trouble.

JACK: I know, Mrs. ~~Stedman~~; but if you'd only ...

~~STEDMAN:~~ I am sorry we have to do this, Mr. Hull. But we are going to try to force your resignation, even if it means we have to boycott your newspaper!

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE...)

JACK: Any news from headquarters at Wichita, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: No. We drew blank, Jack. They don't know of any four men missing from town.

JACK: You wired them that dance-hall girl's description of the men?

SHERIFF: Yep.

JACK: If two are dead, the other two must be somewhere.

SHERIFF: Yeah. But where? How are we going to find them? The only means of identification we got is a necktie.

JACK: Necktie? What necktie?

SHERIFF: We found a necktie on the tracks near where ~~the bodies were~~ the bodies were found. Looks like it was ripped off in a fight. The blonde identified it as belonging to one of the missing men, ~~in the dance-hall group~~. The label on the back says "Ranch Shop" but that's all.

JACK: Ranch Shop, eh? ~~AT ...~~ (CUTS) Sheriff, wait a minute.

SHERIFF: Yes?

JACK: That sounds like a haberdashery shop you might find somewhere here in the southwest, in the cattle country. I ... (CUTS) That's it! That must be it!

SHERIFF: What must be it?

JACK: Sheriff, take a look at that map on your wall.

SHERIFF: Yes?

JACK: You were looking for the two missing men in Wichita, Kansas. But look here, near the Oklahoma border. There's a Wichita Falls, Texas!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER ...)

MARR: It checks. The Ranch Shop. Everything. They trace back and the clerk remembers selling that particular tie to a man named Bull Adams. They pick up Adams and a Jesse Stuart, bring them back to Clovis. The blonde identifies them. And the Sheriff and yourself go to work on the big man first, the man called Bull Adams ...

SHERIFF: You killed those two men, didn't you, Bull?

BULL: Sheriff, you're crazy.

JACK: You met them at the freight yard, after the dance hall fight. You murdered them and put their bodies on the track.

SHERIFF: Yeah. You wanted to make it look like an accident, didn't you, Bull?

BULL: I don't know what you're talkin' about.

SHERIFF: Oh, you don't, eh?

BULL: No, I don't. After the dance-hall scrap, me and my pal, Jesse, took the southbound freight back to Wichita Falls.

JACK: You're a liar, Bull.

BULL: Am I? (GRIN) Suppose you prove ~~I ain't~~^{it}, pal.

SHERIFF: You're going to stay in jail until you talk, Bull.

BULL: That's okay with me. I've been in worse jails than this.
(A BEAT) Any other crazy questions you boys want to ask me.

JACK: Sheriff.

SHERIFF: (~~SIGH~~) Yep?

JACK: Let's see what we can get out of Jesse Stuart.

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT...)

SHERIFF: You killed those ~~other~~ two men, didn't you, Jess?

JESS: No! No, I didn't. Honest, I didn't. Bull ...

JACK: Yes? What about Bull?

JESS: Nothing. Nothing.

SHERIFF: You're afraid of him, Jess. He killed them, didn't he? He warned you not to talk....

JESS: I ... I ... (SOBS) Why don't you let me alone? Why don't you let me alone?

JACK: (QUIETLY) ~~Jess~~ Look. How old are you?

JESS: Me? I ... I'm twenty. Why?

JACK: We're going to find out the truth, Jess, believe me. And when we do, you'll go to jail ... maybe for life.

JESS: For ... for life?

JACK: That's right. How would you like to stay in a little cell for the rest of your life, Jess, till the day you die? Think of it, Jess. You'd never have a date with a girl, never go to a movie, never drive a car ...

JESS: Mr. Hull, don't, don't!

JACK: Never get married, Jess. Never have children. Never go where you wanted to go, do what you want to do. Never be free. Would you like that?

JESS: (SOBBING) No! NO!

JACK: Then talk, Jess, talk. Talk, turn State's evidence, and we'll do what we can. Did you kill these two men, did you?

JESS: (BREAKING) No! No! He did it! Bull did it! He hit them with a blackjack and made me help put their bodies on the tracks! He did it, he killed them!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND OUT ...)

STEDMAN: Mr. Hull, I suppose you're curious to know why I'm here.

JACK: Frankly ... I am.

STEDMAN: The fact is, I've come to make a peace offering. We're withdrawing our protests.

JACK: May I ask why?

Steadman:
STEDMAN: The Sheriff came to see me. He told me the whole story. How you could have let this go as an accident ... but you didn't. How you jeopardized your job for the sake of the truth.

JACK: I see.

Steadman:
STEDMAN: You're an honest man, Mr. Hull. And here in Clovis, it's good to know that an honest man is running our newspaper.

JACK: (CHUCKLES) Still an idealist, eh, Mrs. ~~Stedman~~ *Steadman*

Steadman:
STEDMAN: Yes. *And I don't think*

JACK: And I'm still a realist. *Steadman: well* We're still on opposite sides of the fence. *Jack!* But maybe that's the way America is, Mrs. ~~Stedman~~ *Steadman*. That's the way it should be. When people all start to think the same way, that's the time to look out. ~~And that reminds me.~~

JACK: ~~Why wouldn't that make a good subject for an editorial?~~

(MUSIC: _ _ CURTAIN ...)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Jack Hull of the Clovis New Mexico, News-Journal with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ SPING ...)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #136

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 Jack Hull of the Clovis, New Mexico, News-Journal.

HULL: Killer in tonight's Big Story was tried and convicted of manslaughter by jury in district court. He was committed to penitentiary at Santa Fe one month and 3 days after committing crime. His partner turned State's evidence and was not charged as participant in murder since it was determined ~~that~~ he was forced to aid killer in placing bodies on the tracks. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Hull. ... 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 San Antonio, Texas Light, by-line, Walthall Littlepage. A BIG STORY - about a reporter who read a want ad and classified it as 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 adapted by Max Ehrlich from an actual story from the front pages of the Clovis, New Mexico, News-Journal. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Bob Dryden played the part of Jack Hull. 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. Hull.

(MUSIC: -- THEME UP FULL AND FADE)

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

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

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10/21/49 am

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AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #137

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
YOUNG GIRL	IVY BETHUNE
MAID	IVY BETHUNE
WOMAN	BARBARA WEEKS
WOMAN 2	BARBARA WEEKS
OPERATOR	BARBARA TOWNSEND
MRS SPRAGUE	BARBARA TOWNSEND
LITTLEPAGE	BILL SMITH
CAPTAIN	ROGER DE KOVEN
MAN 2	ROGER DE KOVEN
PLUMBER	GUY SOREL
HIX	GUY SOREL
PORTER	IAN MARTIN
MAN	IAN MARTIN

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1949

ATX01 0170217

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#137

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

NOVEMBER 9, 1949

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: __ FANFARE)

(PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP)

OPERATOR: (FILTER) San Antonio Li-ight. Classified.

WOMAN II: (VERY SOFT) I'd like to place an ad, please.

OPERATOR: (FILTER) What kind, ma'am?

WOMAN II: (HESITATINGLY) Job -- situation wanted -- -- female.

OPERATOR: (FILTER) All righty. Go ahead.

WOMAN II: Just say-- woman needs --- nc. Woman of good family will
accept -- domestic employment --

OPERATOR: (FILTER) Sleep in?

WOMAN II: I beg your pardon? Oh. No. Just days. Must I put in
my name?

OPERATOR: (FILTER) No ma'am. You can have a box number. Just
come down here to the paper and pay in person and
nobody never has to know. (PAUSE) I'll give you box --
thirteen!

(MUSIC: __ HIT AND GO)

ATX01 0170218

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) San Antonio, Texas.
From the pages of the San Antonio Light, the story of a
reporter who added up the little things that led to
murder. ~~and~~ For his work in the case -- to Walthall
Littlepage for his Big Story goes the PELL MELL AWARD!

(MUSIC: _ _ FANFARE)

(OPENING 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: -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: San Antonio, Texas. The story as it acutally happened.
Walthall Littlepage's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: You are sitting in an armchair. The armchair faces a door. Through that door, any minute now, will come -- a murderer. (BEAT) You hope. (BEAT) And - you wait. And as you wait, you carefully retrace the day's work, that led up to this moment. You are sure -- but not too sure. It will take the opening of the door to send a man definitely to a different kind of a chair from that in which you sit. And this is how it came about that you, Walthall Littlepage of the San Antonio Light, sit in the darkness waiting for the opening of a door. It began with -- a sneeze!

LITTLEPAGE: Atchoo!

CAPTAIN: Gesundheit.

LITTLEPAGE: Captain, willya stop saying that?

CAPTAIN: When you stop sneezing -- sure.

LITTLEPAGE: Find me some nwee and take my -- my -- my ATCHOO!
mind off it. ATCHOO!

CAPTAIN: Gesundheit.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO)

NARR: Inside a fashionable apartment house on Magnolia avenue, at that moment, a woman opens the door to Apartment K.

(DOOR OPENS)

MAID: (SHE HUMS THE "ROSE OF SAN ANTONE")

NARR: (LOW) The maid. Come to clean up before her mistress gets back from the holiday. She goes into the living room -- and stops. (MUSIC STOPS) The place is a shambles. And in an armchair --

MAID: (A BIG FAT SCREAM) (SOBBING UP AND BEHIND)

CAPTAIN: All right, all right, calm down, the law's here. Was it you that phoned?

MAID: (SOBBING) Yes, yes, she's inside, in the chair, all murdered to bits!

CAPTAIN: Wait out here. Come on, ~~Walt~~...

(DOOR OPENS)

CAPTAIN: Wow. Two bodies.

LITTLEPAGE: Jackpot.

CAPTAIN: You take the man, I'll look the woman over.

NARR: He leans over the battered body of the woman, grotesquely draped over the chair -- and you kneel at the lintel by the crumpled figure of the man. You reach for his pocket, looking for an identification, when --

PORTER: (SORT OF A SHUDDERY GROAN, HEAVY BREATHING UNDER)

LITTLEPAGE: Ya-a-a-a-aaaaa! It came alive! He's breathing!

CAPTAIN: (COMING ON) Well -- the woman isn't -- and won't ever. Look -- this is what she was mashed with. Who're you? What're you doing here?

PORTER: (FAINT IRISH ACCENT) I'm the porter here, sir --

CAPTAIN: How'd you get in?

PORTER: The maid, she found Mrs Sprague on the chair, and screamed. I come in -- and -- I guess I fainted.

LITTLEPAGE: I don't blame you. Who did you say the body was?

PORTER: Mrs Everett Sprague. She lives -- she lives here alone. I -- I thought she'd gone away for the week-end, but --

LITTLEPAGE: Are you sure it's her?

PORTER: Oh yes. ~~There's a picture of her on the wanted~~
~~see?~~

CAPTAIN: Okay -- wait here. What's the maid's name?

~~LITTLEPAGE:~~ Bertha Belle.

CAPTAIN: Uh-hm.

(FOOTSTEPS... DOOR OPENS)

Would you come in a minute, Bertha Belle?

(FOOTSTEPS)

CAPTAIN: Just one question, then we'll go back inside. Is that woman on the couch Mrs Sprague?

MAID: (BEGINS TO SOB) Rest her soul, poor thing!

CAPTAIN: Please, Bertha Belle. Is she?

MAID: (WEEPING PROFUSELY) ~~Yes... yes...~~ please. . .I don't want to look.

CAPTAIN: All right. Just tell me what you can about her.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN WITH. . .)

NARR: You stand by, taking notes, as the Captain questions the maid. Little things are beginning to catch your eye ... your cold hasn't ruined your nose for details. Then suddenly, in the mirror, you and the Captain see the same thing.

CAPTAIN: (A ROAR) WHADDA YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING! DROP THAT!

PORTER: I -- I'm sorry, Mister. I was just cleaning up!
CAPTAIN: Cleaning up in a murder case! What've you got there?
PORTER: Just -- just old newspapers, sir.
CAPTAIN: Put 'em down! Get outside! AND DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN WITH. . .)

NARR: The Captain goes on questioning the maid -- and you go on looking, noticing little things. The paper the porter had picked up -- open to the classified ads ... little things. They stew around in your mind, until --

CAPTAIN: All right, Bertha Belle. You can go home -- but don't talk about this to anybody. I may have to call you later. Send in the porter, will you?

NARR: He starts to quiz the porter -- and you, Walthall Littlepage, wander through the apartment. More little things, and now they're forming little questions in your mind. You come back into the living room -- and find it over-run. Police photographers, coroner, detectives-- and the Captain is in his glory. He explains everything -- but your mind asks its little questions!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ OUT. . .)

CAPTAIN: You see, Littlepage -- the drawers in the bureaus are wide open -- the motive was robbery.

~~NARR: (LOW) But your mind asks --~~

~~LITTLEPAGE: (FILTER) But what kind of a mind would open them all to the same extent -- perfectly even? Somebody who was neat.~~

CAPTAIN: And the closet doors were open *And the closet doors were open*

NARR: But your mind asks -

LITTLEPAGE: (FILTER) Why ten expensive hats on the shelf -- and
a cheap blue beret on the body?

CAPTAIN: This empty pocketbook was lying on the floor ---

LITTLEPAGE: (FILTER) Why a five-and-ten purse --

CAPTAIN: Apparently she was killed right here. There must have
been a struggle. You can smell perfume. It must have
spilled.

LITTLEPAGE: (FILTER) That's not perfume. That's cheap cologne!

CAPTAIN: When we came in, there was mail lying just inside
the door.

LITTLEPAGE: (FILTER) Why didn't she pick up her mail?

CAPTAIN: This newspaper was open to the classified ads. (FADE)
She probably was looking.....

LITTLEPAGE: (FILTER) A stranger coming to answer an ad --
wouldn't pick up the mail. Can't they see? The
dead woman in the chair isn't Mrs. Sprague --
she's a stranger.

MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND UNDER

NARR: A stranger - but try and tell that to the police.
They go their way, quizzing everybody in sight, and
come up with that old faithful --

CAPTAIN: Murder by person or persons unknown.

NARR: But this is Independence Day -- and you go your way --
That woman is NOT Mrs Sprague. You have some questions
to ask a certain porter. But his answers blow your fine
theory sky-high. Why the expensive clothes in the
closet -- and the cheap ones on the body?

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ OUT. . . .)

PORTER: You see, sir, Miz Sprague was kind of pinchy-penny.
Everybody knows that.

LITTLEPAGE: ~~Why the faded spot?~~

PORTER: Why, she spilled some red ink there. I cleaned it up
for her last week. I like things neat.

LITTLEPAGE: ~~Sure. So did the person who lined up the drawers just~~
~~see~~ (BEAT) Do you use eau de cologne?

PORTER: Me? No sir. Just a little beer now and then. (PAUSE)
Oh -- that smell! I mixed some of it with the gasoline
so it wouldn't smell too bad.

LITTLEPAGE: How come the mail wasn't picked up?

PORTER: Why, Miz Sprague was a lady, sir. She wouldn't stoop
to nothing!

LITTLEPAGE: And the newspaper?

PORTER: Oh, she was always hirin' people to do things. To
fix up around the house. Never could keep anybody
long, except Bertha-Belle.

LITTLEPAGE: What sort of things?

PORTER: Oh, carpentry . . . shelves and such . . . plumbing,
it was, last week.

LITTLEPAGE: You say she was a penny-pincher. Did she ever have any
trouble about not paying these people?

PORTER: Yes sir. Last one was the plumber. I heard 'em
hollering and shouting at each other. She owed him
forty dollars and he was yellin' she'd get what was
comin' to her unless he got what was coming to him.

LITTLEPAGE: Can you tell me who this plumber was and where he lives?

PORTER: Why sure I can. You don't think he killed Miz
Sprague, do you?

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: Not much you don't. Enough to chase over to ~~his~~ house,
~~you do~~. And when you get there -- Independence Day in
San Antone isn't peaceful anymore. A man and a woman are
arguing inside -- the windows of the house
are open.

PLUMBER: No! Forty bucks I
(GERMAN
ACCENT) said and 40 it is!

MRS SPRAGUE: It wasn't worth 40
dollars! I had to
have the carpenter
in to repair the
wall you tore up!

NARR: You poke your head in through the window.

PLUMBER: How you gonna put
in pipes without
tearin' up a wall?

LITTLEPAGE: Ah -- excuse me --

MRS SPRAGUE: Twenty-five dollars!

--uh -- pardon

PLUMBER: Forty!

me. . .

MRS SPRAGUE: Twenty-five is all

could I --

I will pay!

PLUMBER: Make it thirty-five
and leave me be!

NARR: ~~It's hopeless.~~ MRS SPRAGUE: Will you settle for
They're enjoying the thirty?
argument much too PLUMBER: (A ROAR) Now that
much. But all of ain't fair, Mrs
~~a sudden, you hear.~~ Sprague --!
(LET NAME COME CLEAR)

LITTLEPAGE: ~~HEY!~~

PLUMBER: Who're you?

LITTLEPAGE: Never mind. (PAUSE) Are you Mrs Sprague?

MRS SPRAGUE: Why -- yes.

LITTLEPAGE: The Mrs Sprague from Magnolia Avenue?

MRS SPRAGUE: Yes --

LITTLEPAGE: What're you doing here? You're supposed to be
murdered!

PLUMBER: ~~Now look, Mister.~~ This lady is nice enough to stop off
on her way from vacation to talk over a bill with me --
what do you think you're doing?

LITTLEPAGE: Me? I -- I -- I -- (ATCHOO!)

PLUMBER: (STILL ANGRY) Gesundheit.

LITTLEPAGE: Thanks. (PAUSE) For nothing!

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO FOR CURTAIN)
(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #137

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 UP AND DOWN FOR:)

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

NARR: You, Walthall Littlepage, of the San Antonio Light -- sit in darkness. You are waiting for a door to open, for a murderer to come through. And you're checking over the events of this day. How a woman had been murdered, how you'd tracked down a suspect, only to find that the woman he was supposed to have murdered was there with him -- and how, finally, you had apologized to them both and come back to this apartment to start all over again. But when you got there --

(TRYING OF DOOR UNSUCCESSFULLY, RINGING OF BELL, RATTLING, ETC.)

LITTLEPAGE: Locked. Police must've left.

NARR: You fetch the superintendent. A dollar lets you back into the apartment. The corpse is gone, but everything else is as it was. You decide to call your paper. . .

(TELEPHONE PICKED UP AND DIALING BEGINS -- STOPS DEAD)

NARR: You notice something. The newspaper, open to the classified ad section, you had noted before. But now you see---

LITTLEPAGE: Checkmarks on three ads! (DAWNS ON HIM) Three situation wanted ads -- Female!

(FURIOUS DIALING, PHONE ANSWERED)

OPERATOR: (FILTER) San Antonio Li-ight. Classified.

LITTLEPAGE: Helen -- this is Walt Littlepage. Listen -- can you give me the telephone numbers for these three situation wanted ads from yesterday's paper -- Box Nine, Box Eleven, Box Thirteen?

OPERATOR: Gee, Walt, I'm not supposed to. It's against the rules.

LITTLEPAGE: So is murder, Helen. What do you say?

NARR: She says okay -- and gives you the numbers. You start telephoning. SOUND: DIALING UP, BEHIND

Why? Because the way the dead woman was dressed, she could have been a domestic! SOUND: PHONE RINGS, FILTER AND IS PICKED UP

WOMAN: Hello ...

LITTLEPAGE: This is the Light. Do you wish to continue your insertion under Box 9?

WOMAN: I guess so. I ain't got no job yet.

LITTLEPAGE: Thank you.

(PHONE DOWN. PAUSE. DIAL AGAIN. SAME BUSINESS.)

MAN: (FILTER) Hel-lo.

LITTLEPAGE: San Antonio Light. Do you wish to continue your insertion under Box Eleven?

MAN: (FILTER) Oh. That's the old lady's business. I guess not. She's workin -- for a change.

LITTLEPAGE: Thank you.

(PHONE DOWN. PAUSE. DIAL AGAIN)

YOUNG GIRL: (FILTER) Hello?

LITTLEPAGE: This is the San Antonio Light. Do you --

YOUNG GIRL: (FILTER) Is it about Box Thirteen, Mister?

LITTLEPAGE: Yes. Did you put it in?

YOUNG GIRL: (FILTER) Oh no. My mother did.

LITTLEPAGE: I see. Will you ask her if she wants to continue it?

YOUNG GIRL: (FILTER) I can't. She's not home. She went to
answer an ad yesterday and she never come home. (PAUSE)

Mister -- I'm worried!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO:)

LITTLEPAGE: Now, honey -- tell me the whole thing. Just the way
it started.

YOUNG GIRL: Well . . . mom'n pop had a fight. They're all the time
fightin', anyhow. She's always complainin' that he

CROSS- won't go to work and that he

FADE

WOMAN II: (SAD) Not a cent. don't give her no money for

You don't give me anything. . .

a cent for the house

for the kid -- how am I expected to live, tell me!

MAN II: (SPANISH ACCENT) Last week I gave you twenty dollars.

What did you spend it on -- Bingo?

WOMAN II: I had to give it to the grocer for things I owed him!

What's the matter with you -- can't you keep a job!?

So help me, I have half a mind to go out and work
myself!

MAN II: Hah! What can you do?

WOMAN II: I can scrub, I can cook, I can clean -- (SOBS) If I'm
going to be a slave, I might as well get paid for it!

MAN II: (YELLING) You go out workin' for other people and
shame me? You shame me? I'll kill you first!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO UNDER)

LITTLEPAGE: He really said that?

YOUNG GIRL: Aw, pop's always sayin' things like that. It's his Latin blood, Ma says. (PAUSE) Mister -- do you know where my Ma is?

LITTLEPAGE: (QUIETLY) I -- I'm not sure, honey. Not -- yet. Now tell me about the phone call.

YOUNG GIRL: Well, like I said.... Ma put the ad in under Box 13 cause she didn't want Pa to find out she was really goin' for work. And the very next day somebody called.

LITTLEPAGE: A man?

YOUNG GIRL: Uh-huh.

LITTLEPAGE: Did he give a name?

YOUNG GIRL: Uh-uh. Not to me, anyhow. He must of to Ma, cause she went over there. (PAUSE) Funny thing, though ... first I thought it was Pa, like he was kidding around.

LITTLEPAGE: How, kidding?

YOUNG GIRL: Well, he talked funny. Like he had a hankie over his mouth.

LITTLEPAGE: What did it sound like?

YOUNG GIRL: Soft, like. And an accent.

LITTLE: An accent. French, Spanish, Irish -- could you tell?

YOUNG GIRL: Gee, no. Just funny, sort of soft, like through a hankie. (PAUSE) Mister -- where's my Ma?

LITTLEPAGE: Honey, I -- (LONG PAUSE) I can't say. (PAUSE) Was she wearing a hat?

YOUNG GIRL: Uh-huh. A little blue beret.

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

NARR: So was the ~~lady~~ ^{crime} -- Now you have an identification. You leave it to the cops to break it to the kid -- but before you tell them, you stop and think. A man with an accent... The porter had an accent -- Irish. The plumber had an accent --- ~~Italian~~ ^{Italian}. The husband had an accent -- Spanish.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ LIGHT STING)

NARR: You have a plan. (PAUSE) Part one: You find the husband alone at a Chili joint on Milam Square. Over a beer..(SNEAK BG OF SPANISH MARIACHE MUSIC) you tell the bartender ... loud enough for all to hear...

LITTLEPAGE: (LOUDLY) Heard they found some woman murdered over on Magnolia Avenue. Seems she was a cleaning woman and you know what? -- They say the killer left clues all over.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ HIT AND GO)

NARR: Part Two: you go back to the plumber's house.

LITTLEPAGE: Well -- you don't have to worry about that piece of pipe you left lying on the floor at Mrs Sprague's.

PLUMBER: (ITALIAN ACCENT) Why not? (BEAT) WHADDA YOU MEAN, WORRY?

LITTLEPAGE: Fingerprints.

PLUMBER: So what, fingerprints?

LITTLEPAGE: Well, the cops have locked the place up for the night -- but tomorrow they're going to go over everything for fingerprints. Your's'll be on it, of course --

PLUMBER: So why don't I have to worry?

LITTLEPAGE: Well -- whoever used it to slug that woman left his own over yours, you see. So you're in the clear. Just the same, if I were you, I wouldn't like to leave that pipe lying around.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: Part three: You find the porter again. You give him a real song and dance.

LITTLEPAGE: Yeah. Wonderful thing, these police methods. Know what they're going to do tomorrow?

PORTER: No sir.

LITTLEPAGE: Well -- they've got a process called moulage. It means, taking impressions of footprints. Why, they can even take impressions of footprints in a thick rug.

PORTER: Well, now. It's a good thing I didn't go over it with the vacuum.

LITTLEPAGE: ~~Oh golly, yes!~~ (PAUSE) Say -- do me a favor will you?

PORTER: Why sure.

LITTLEPAGE: Ask the superintendent to come over here a second.
(WHISPER) And let me talk to him alone. ~~I suspect him~~

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER)

LITTLEPAGE: Mr Hix, I'm going to confide in you, because I realize a thing like this can give a superintendent a bad name.

HIX: That's good of you, Mr Littlepage, good of you.

LITTLEPAGE: It's nothing. Just do me a favor. Let me into the apartment after dark tonight, and don't tell anybody.

HIX: ~~Oh, I couldn't do that, couldn't do that.~~
He had to go to the...

LITTLEPAGE: ~~For how much could you, Mr Hix? For -- this?~~

HIX: (AFTER A PAUSE) Why, Mr Littlepage -- for that I'll let you in right now!

(DOOR OPENED WITH LOCK, SWUNG WIDE)

LITTLEPAGE: Just one more thing. Tell the porter I've gone home. Make sure you do that -- then leave him strictly alone! AND DON'T GIVE HIM A PASSKEY!

(DOOR IS SHUT)

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

NARR: Now, you sit in the chair lately occupied by the late cleaning woman. If your plan works -- it will work like this.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP A BIT AND DOWN)

NARR: If it's the husband, he'll come back to clean up the clues. He got in once -- he'll get in again.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND DOWN)

NARR: If it's the plumber, he'll come after the pipe. Plumbers are handy with -- locks.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND DOWN)

NARR: If it's the porter, he'll come back to clean up. But it's got to be one of them -- a man with an accent!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO INTO CLOCK MOTIF BEHIND)

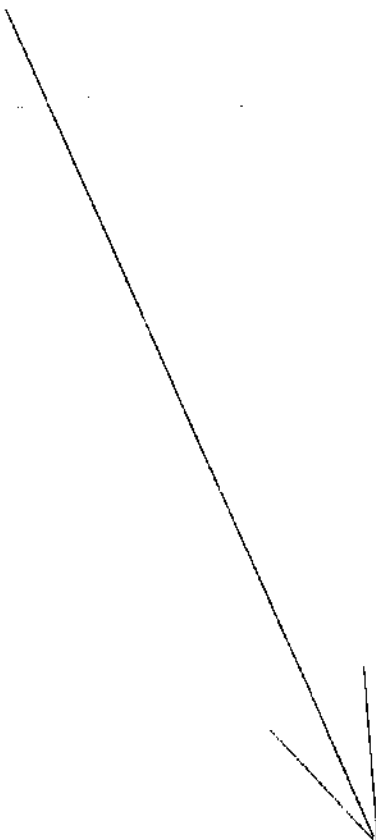
NARR: You wait, and you wait, and you wait. The room is pitch dark. No sound but the clock and your own heart's beat. Suddenly, you wish you had something more than a fool's scene-of-the-crime theory. You wish you had a gun. Because suddenly you hear --

(KEY INTO LOCK. (PAUSE) KEY TURNS SLOWLY.

(PAUSE) DOOR OPENS)

NARR: (WHISPER) For a second, all you see is an outline -- a figure against the hall light, carrying something long and snaky -- then --

(LIGHT SNAPS ON)



NARRATOR: The light snaps on -- and for an instant, you're blinded.
But when the pineapple slices stop going around and
around in your eyes --

PORTER: Oh -- I didn't know you were still here, sir!

LITTLEPAGE: That's all right. Brought your vacuum cleaner, I see.

PORTER: Yes sir. Super told me to clean it up. But if you --

LITTLEPAGE: No, no no -- no bother at all. Go right ahead.

PORTER: Yes sir.

(VACUUM CLEANER UP AND CONTINUE BEHIND)

LITTLEPAGE: I just thought I'd call my office.

(PHONE PICKED UP. DIALING IS RHYTHMIC WITH VACUUM
CLEANER UP AND DOWN)

LITTLEPAGE: They know who the killer is, you know.

(VACUUM CLEANER CONTINUES. PHONE BUZZES AT OTHER
END AND IS PICKED UP)

CAPTAIN: (FILTER) Police headquarters.

LITTLEPAGE: Hello, city desk. This is Littlepage. I have the story
on that murder.

CAPTAIN: (FILTER) City desk. You crazy, Wally?

LITTLEPAGE: Yeah, I'm calling from the murder apartment right now.
The police are on their way over to arrest the killer.

(VACUUM CLEANER STOPS COILD)

CAPTAIN: (FILTER) Are you nuts?

LITTLEPAGE: Oh -- that noise? It was the porter -- with the vacuum
cleaner.

CAPTAIN: (FILTER) Oh -oh. I get it! Hold him there!

LITTLEPAGE: Okay, boss. I'll come in with the story. So long.

(PHONE HUNG UP)

LITTLEPAGE: Yep, they've got him.

PORTER: Could I ask how, sir?

LITTLEPAGE: Oh -- little things. You see, somebody knew this apartment would be empty. Somebody, they figured, purposely lured a woman here with a promise of a job, planned to kill her for the pitiful pennies in her purse -- somebody, you see, who could come and go in the apartment house at will. Yeah -- a perfect case. First degree murder -- planned perfectly in advance, premeditated. And you know what that means, of course.

IN THE
MIDDLE OF
THIS,
VACUUM
STARTS
AGAIN.

PORTER: No sir.

LITTLEPAGE: The electric chair.

(VACUUM STOPS)

LITTLEPAGE: Of course, I think personally he never meant to kill her. I think she must have screamed, or tried to run away, and he had to hit her.

PORTER: What difference would that make, sir?

LITTLEPAGE: Why, that makes it murder in the second degree. He'll go to jail, sure, but he'll get out someday for good behavior. But you know the police --

(VACUUM CLEANER STARTS AGAIN, RHYTHMICALLY BACK
AND FORTH)

LITTLEPAGE: They'd rather send him to the chair. Cheaper for the state, you see. What do you think? Mind you, they know who he is. (PAUSE) Somebody with a passkey, you see.

(VACUUM CLEANER UP, BACK.)

LITTLEPAGE: I think he'd be smarter to confess the truth -- and save his skin.

(VACUUM CLEANER UP, BACK, UP, BACK)

LITTLEPAGE: Remember -- they can prove premeditation. The police can prove anything, once they want to. And that means he'll burn.

(CLEANER RAPIDLY UP, BACK, UP, BACK, UP, BACK.
THEN OUT SUDDENLY)

PORTER: (HALF-CHOKED) Mister -- it -- it was -- (HE GROANS) No, no -- no --

LITTLEPAGE: (HARD) It was what? What was it?

PORTER: (SOBBING) What'll I do, what'll I do?

LITTLEPAGE: (QUIET & HARD) Tell the truth. It's all that can save you!

PORTER: (SOBBING) The truth was like you said, mister. I -- I never mean to kill her, just to rob her -- ninety cents was all I got, mister -- I didn't mean to hit her -- she screamed, she started into yell -- I -- I -- I had to hit her -- I --

LITTLEPAGE: (QUIET OVER HIS SOBBING) Don't tell me. I know. I know THE SUPERINTENDENT NEVER GAVE YOU THE PASSKEY -- YOU USED YOUR OWN!

PORTER: (SOBBING) What'll I do, what am I going to do --
(DOOR OPENS SUDDENLY AND NOISILY)

LITTLEPAGE: (SOFTLY) Tell the police. (PAUSE) Captain -- take it from here. There's your mu--murd--mu--ATCHOO!

CAPTAIN: Gesundheit.

LITTLEPAGE: Your killer. Thanks.

CAPTAIN: Thank you!

(MUSIC: _ _ HIT AND GO OUT)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #137

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 Walthall Littlepage of the San Antonio Light.

LITTLEPAGE: Killer in tonight's Big Story fully confessed to the murder, admitting that he had lured the victim to Mrs. Sprague's apartment to rob her. He had struck her with the iron pipe when she attempted to flee. He was convicted of murder in the first degree and died in the electric chair. Thanks a lot for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Littlepage...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 Bismarck North Dakota Tribune -- by-line, Frank Sturken, A BIG STORY - about a reporter who heard the story of the farmers daughter...and found that the punch line 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 adapted by Alan Sloane from an actual story from the front pages of the San Antonio Light. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and ^{Bill Smith} ~~Lawson Zeke~~ played the part of Walthall Littlepage. 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. Littlepage.

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

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

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

mtf/jow/cc
11/1/49 am

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #138

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MOTHER	AGNES YOUNG
WOMAN	AGNES YOUNG
RUTHIE	JOAN LAZAR
MARY	JOAN LAZAR
FRANK	PHIL STERLING
ALEX	PHIL STERLING <i>Bob Sloane</i>
PRENTISS	JIM STEVENS
CHARLIE	JIM STEVENS
FRED	MAURICE MANSON <i>Bill Linn</i>
MAN 1	MAURICE MANSON <i>Bill Linn</i>
SHERIFF	JOE LATHAM
MAN 2	JOE LATHAM

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1949

ATX01 0170244

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#138

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

NOVEMBER 16, 1949

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: - - - - -)

(~~WHINE OF WIND, OUTSIDE~~)

(A BABY'S CRY, UP)

MOTHER: Turn the baby over, darling! She's been lying on her tummy too long.

RUTHIE: All right, Mother. (BABY WHIMPERS AND STOPS CRYING) I wish Daddy would come in from the barn.....

MOTHER: He'll be right in, darling. The livestock's probably restless from the windstorm and....(CUTS AS)

(DOOR OPENS)

(WHINE AND BLAST OF WIND IN.....DOOR SLAMS SHUT

.....WIND MUTED AGAIN)

MOTHER: ~~What.....? Oh, it's you!~~

(A COUPLE OF HEAVY STEPS ON WOODEN FLOOR)

MOTHER: What...what are you doing here? What....(SCREAMS) No! NO!

(SHOT.....~~BODY FALL~~)

RUTHIE: (CRYING) ~~You awful man! You awful man!~~ You killed my mother! You killed....!

(SHOT)

(A BEAT)

(A COUPLE OF STEPS ON FLOOR. THEY STOP)

(A BEAT)

(THE BABY BEGINS TO CRY)

(MUSIC: - - - HIT UP AND UNDER)

ATX01 0170245

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

Bismarck, North Dakota. The drama of a reporter who ^{caught} ~~heard~~
a killer by bringing his victims back to life --
~~the story of the farmer's daughter... and found that the~~

~~punch line was murder.~~ To reporter Frank Sturken of the
Bismarck Tribune, for his sensational and unusual
BIT STORY, goes the PELL MELL Award!

(MUSIC: -- STING)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 11/16/49
PROGRAM #138

OPEN NG 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.)

CHAPPELL: Bismarck, North Dakota.....the story as it actually happened..Frank Sturken's story as he lived it...

(MUSIC: -- -- PUNCTUATES AND UNDER)

NARR: April is cold in North Dakota. April is a razor-edged wind, whipping across treeless gray plains. April is the last desperate clutch of icy fingers, loosening themselves from the hardwheat land, from the wildgrass prairies. And this is the time of your Big Story. It is this afternoon in April, and you, Frank Sturken of the Bismarck Tribune, are sitting in your office, thinking about spring. Just sitting at your desk, and thinking about Spring. And then

(PHONE RING...PHONE OFF HOOK)

FRANK: (BORED) Sturken, Tribune.

PRENTISS: (EXCITED, FILTER) Mr. Sturken, this is Henry Prentiss, Turtle Lake correspondent for the Tribune.

FRANK: Yes, Henry?

PRENTISS: Something terrible's happened up here in McLean County.

FRANK: (BORED) Don't tell me that chicken thief up there has been around again?

PRENTISS: Oh, no. It's much worse than that, Mr. Sturken, This time...it's murder!

FRANK: (ALERT) What was that, Henry? A murder?

PRENTISS: (EXCITED) Gee whiz, no. I mean, it's more than that, Mr. Sturken. Honest...

FRANK: Look kid. You're talking long distance on the Tribune's time. Pull yourself together. Now what happened? You said there was a murder...

PRENTISS: Sure. Sure I did. But it wasn't just one murder. It's mass murder!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: *social* Correspondents. Eager beavers. Kids studying journalism. The Tribune's got 'em all over North Dakota. They send you big news..chicken thieves..church socials. But this time, it's big, big. You get what details you can from Prentiss...fast. Then you hit the highway, eighty miles north across the prairie to Turtle Lake....You meet Sheriff Brackett of McLean County in the yard of a ramshackle farmhouse...stare at two shotgun-riddled bodies on the ground...

FRANK: Who's this, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: Alex Neilsen.

FRANK: And this?

SHERIFF: His son, Nels.

FRANK: Hmmm. Both shot in the back.

SHERIFF: Yep.

FRANK: Know the caliber gun?

SHERIFF: Yep. The killer used a ^{*double*} ~~two~~-barreled, 12 gauge shotgun.

FRANK: Sure ripped 'em to pieces.

SHERIFF: (GRIMLY) Sure did. But you haven't seen anything yet, Sturken.

FRANK: No?

SHERIFF: No. Let's go into the house.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE, SHORT)

FRANK: Good Lord! Four! Four killings in all.

SHERIFF: Yep. Father and son in the yard, Mother and daughter here in the house, as you can see. Four of 'em...all butchered in cold blood. The whole Neilsen family.... except one.

FRANK: Except one? Who'd the killer miss?

SHERIFF: Come ~~on in the other room~~ ^{over to this door}. I'll show you....

(STEPS ON HARDWOOD FLOOR...THEN STOP...DOOR OPENS)

(WE HEAR THE WAIL OF A BABY UP)

FRANK: (AFTER A PAUSE, AFFECTED) Sheriff, I....

SHERIFF: The baby's all that's left, Sturken. A three months old baby girl. The killer missed her somehow. He was a madman, a maniac. He went wild, crazy with that shotgun. Almost blasted off the face of the mother, at close range. Same with the little girl, Ruthie. But he left the baby. Why, I don't know. I don't know!

(MUSIC: -- -- UP AND UNDER)

FRANK: Henry, ^{is local correspondent} you've lived here all your life. Was this farmer, Alex Neilsen, well-liked?

PRENTISS: I.....well, I'd say no, Mr. Sturken. He was kind of moody...had a temper. People stayed out of his way mostly.

FRANK: I see.

PRENTISS: I just came from the General Store. There's a crowd there, sir. They're scared stiff. They think it was a couple of chicken thieves...

FRANK: Do they? I'm not so sure, Henry.

PRENTISS: What do you mean?

FRANK: A couple of chicken thieves wouldn't butcher a whole family. It doesn't make sense, there's no rhyme or reason to it. But someone crazy with a personal grudge, someone who knew Neilsen, ~~and~~... (CUTS) Henry, listen.

PRENTISS: Yes, Mr. Sturken?

FRANK: I've got the advanced story all typed out. I want you to phone it in to rewrite at Bismarck.

PRENTISS: Yessir.

FRANK: After that, file the story with the AP in St. Paul by wire...

PRENTISS: (AWED) The...the AP. The Associated Press? I...yes, sir. Yes, sir! But what are you going to do, Mr. Sturken?

FRANK: Me? I'm going to nose around...talk to some of the neighbors...see what I can find out!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ SHORT BRIDGE)

(KNOCK ON DOOR...DOOR OPENS)

MAN 1: (HOSTILE) Yes?

FRANK: My name's Sturken. I'm a reporter with the Bismarck Tribune. You're a neighbor of the Nielsen's and....

MAN 1: Get out!

FRANK: But...

MAN 1: Get out, Mister. I don't know who killed the Neilsens, and I'm not answering any questions. Get out!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ SHORT BRIDGE)

(KNOCK ON DOOR...DOOR OPENS)

WOMAN: (HOSTILE) What do you want?

FRANK: I...(CUTS) Why are you pointing that shotgun at me?

WOMAN: We don't like strangers around here.

FRANK: But I'm a reporter with the Tribune....

WOMAN: For all I know, you're a murdering chicken thief. And you're not walkin' into my house. Now get off this farm! Get off, before I blow your face in!

(MUSIC: -- SHORT BRIDGE)

MAN 2: Listen, Mister. I wouldn't go around this part of the country, bothering folks. We mind our own business, and we don't want any meddlin' strangers around!

FRANK: But you knew Alex Neilsen, and I'm only trying to find out....

(DOOR SLAM)

(MUSIC: -- TRANSITION)

NARR: Everywhere it's the same. But then you meet a farmer who's friendly, Fred Osterman by name. He runs a prosperous farm about a mile north of the Nielsen place, and adjacent to it. You remark on the hostility of the people and he says...

FRED: Well, Mr. Sturken, you've got to figure people hereabouts are scared. Whoever butchered the Nielsens was crazy-mad. For all the folks around here know, those tramps or chicken thieves may still be roaming around.

FRANK: Then you think it was somebody from the outside, Mr. Osterman.

FRED: No question about it. Folks around here are decent law-abiding people.

FRANK: I'm sure they are. You knew Alex Neilsen well?

FRED: Knew him? Why, Mr. Sturken, he was my next door neighbor. We'd been friends for years. Our kids played together, went to school together, we sat in the same church pew together. (MORE)

FRED: (RISING) And then what happens? Some gun-crazy skunk
(CONTD) comes along, and with no reason, no reason at all mind
you, slaughters the whole family in cold blood.

FRANK: I....yes. I know how you must feel, Mr. Osterman.
But now, I guess I'd better be running along...

FRED: Oh, Mr. Sturken, before you go.

FRANK: Yes?

FRED: Mind taking these down to Sheriff Brackett? I was meaning
to take them down this evening, but you can save me a
trip.

FRANK: What are they?

FRED: Empty shotgun shells. Four of 'em. I found 'em around
the Neilsen place this morning!

FRANK: Then they came from the killer's gun.

FRED: Seems so. I don't see how they could be anything else!
I hope they help the Sheriff catch the killer!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You go back to the Sheriff's office. And you're there no
longer than a minute, when another neighbor comes in.
And he's got a surprise...

CHARLIE: (EXCITED) Sheriff, Sheriff, look what I found. This
here double-barreled shotgun!

SHERIFF: Where'd you find this, Charlie?

CHARLIE: Why, in that bog up near my farm....along the dirt road.
Whoever threw it there ^{took} ~~broke~~ the gun, ^{apart} and figured it
would sink. But the stock floated up to the surface..

SHERIFF: Hmmm. Twelve gauge, too. And it goes with the empty
shells Fred Osterman found.....

FRANK: Then it's the murder weapon....

SHERIFF: No question about it. *Sturken*

CHARLIE: Sheriff, I've got something else to tell you.

SHERIFF: Yes, Charlie?

CHARLIE: This shotgun ^{*belongs*} ~~belongs~~ to Alex Nielsen.

SHERIFF: What!

CHARLIE: Yessir, it's his all right. I'd know it anywhere. He used to keep it hid in the barn, in case he surprised chicken thieves...

FRANK: Sheriff, wait a minute.

SHERIFF: Yes Sturken?

FRANK: That proves it!

SHERIFF: Proves what?

FRANK: That Alex Neilsen and his family weren't murdered by strangers. It was done by somebody who knew Neilsen..... who knew that gun was hidden in the barn, and what's more, knew where to find it!

SHERIFF: Maybe. Maybe not, Sturken.

FRANK: What...

SHERIFF: Alex Nielsen might have seen chicken thieves, picked up his gun, and come out in the yard. They might have jumped him out there, taken the gun away...

FRANK: Yes. I see what you mean. Maybe I'd better ask Fred Osterman exactly where he found those empty shells!

(MUSIC: -- -- UP AND OUT)

(SLIGHT WHINE OF WIND OFF)

FRANK: Hello.

MARY: Hello.

FRANK: What's your name?

MARY: Mary Osterman.

FRANK: What are you doing way out here, Mary..so far from the house. You'll get lost.

MARY: Oh, no. I come out here all the time.

FRANK: But it's pretty cold and windy to be playing outside today.

MARY: Oh. I'm not playing. I'm visiting a grave.

FRANK: You're what?

MARY: Visiting a grave. It's right here, where the flowers are. I come down every day and put flowers on his grave.

FRANK: His grave? Whose grave?

MARY: Buster.

FRANK: Buster?

MARY: Buster's a dog.

FRANK: Oh. I see. Your dog died and..

MARY: Oh, no. It wasn't my dog. It was Mr. Neilsen's dog. He used to come over with Mr. Neilsen's little girl, Ruthie, and we all used to play together. But then Buster bit our cow, and my Daddy got very angry...

FRANK: Yes?

MARY: My Daddy got very angry. He put up this fence to keep the dog out, and Ruthie, too. But then Buster crawled under the fence to come play ^{with} ~~and~~ me. And then my Daddy took a big gun, and shot poor Buster dead.

FRANK: (A BEAT) He shot him?

MARY: Yes. And my Daddy and Mr. Neilsen ~~had~~ a terrible fight. And now, Buster's dead and Ruthie's dead. And I haven't got anyone to play with...any more!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND INTO CURTAIN FOR ACT ONE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #138

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
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Guard against throat-scratch!

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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 Frank Sturken, as he lived it...and wrote it...

NARR: You, Frank Sturken of the Bismarck Tribune, are standing at a barbed wire fence in the middle of a windswept Dakota prairie, and talking to little Mary Osterman. And she tells you a few things about her father's relationship with his dead neighbor, Alex Nielsen... things that don't quite add up...things that begin to make you wonder. So, you go up to the house and see Fred Osterman, neighbor of the butchered Neilsens...

FRED: Osterman, where'd you find these empty shotgun cartridges?

FRED: Why, in the hayloft...in the barn.

FRANK: In the ^{Nielsen} hayloft?

FRED: That's right.

FRANK: What were you doing in the hayloft yesterday morning.. the morning after the murders.

FRED: (A BEAT) Why, I...(LAUGHS NERVOUSLY) Mr. Sturken, you're going to think this is a little funny.

FRANK: Am I? Why?

FRED: Well, you see, Nielsen had some chickens. They used to go up there, and I thought maybe there'd be some eggs. So I went up there to see if I could pick up a few...you know, I figured Alex or his family wouldn't have any use for 'em any more.

*-

FRANK: (A BEAT) I see. Osterman, mind if I ask another question?

FRED: Not at all, not at all. I told you I'd be glad to help, any way I could.

FRANK: I understand you shot Alex Neilsen's dog, because you claim he snapped at your cows.

FRED: Why, yes. Matter of fact I did. But it had nothing to do with cows. That dog broke his leg..I saw him dragging himself around on my property. So I shot him to put him out of his misery!

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

FRANK: Sheriff I tell you this story of Osterman's is a phony. Why should a rich farmer go scrounging around in his neighbor's hayloft for a few eggs?

SHERIFF: (SLOWLY) Just what are you trying to say?

FRANK: I'm saying that Osterman knew where Nielsen's gun was hidden. His daughter said he'd quarreled with Nielsen.

SHERIFF: And?

FRANK: And he could be the killer!

SHERIFF: Listen, Sturken, you come all the way up here from Bismarck, you try to tell me that a respectable farmer like Fred Osterman killed his neighbor just because they had a fight -

FRANK: But the girl said...

SHERIFF: I don't care what she said! What kind of fool do you think I am? Osterman will swear that he and Nielsen were friends. It's his word against the word of a six year old kid. Who do you think a court of law would believe?

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The Sheriff's right. You need more..more. You're sure it's Osterman, sure, but nobody else is. The trick is, Frank Sturken, prove it. Prove it. Then, something that Fred Osterman said comes to your mind, sticks there. And you look up your Turtle Lake correspondent again..

FRANK: Henry, did the Nielsens and the Ostermans go to the same church?

PRENTISS: Why, yes, sir. We all went to the same church.

FRANK: Did they sit in pews right next to each other?

PRENTISS: Yes, sir. They did. Right up in front.

FRANK: (A BEAT, DISAPPOINTED) Oh. I see.

PRENTISS: That is, before they changed.

FRANK: They changed? When?

PRENTISS: Oh. Quite a while ago, Mr. Sturken. Mr. Osterman left the pew next to the Nielsen's and changed to one way in the back. I...what's this all about, sir? What....?

FRANK: Then they must have fought. They...(CUTS) Henry!

PRENTISS: Yes, sir?

FRANK: ~~Henry~~ Remind me to recommend you for a raise...when I get back to the paper in Bismarck.

(MUSIC: -- -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: But the Sheriff still isn't impressed. You need more.. more evidence. But where are you going to find it? Where? You take a long chance. You cross the Nielsen farm toward the Osterman farm. Maybe Osterman will tip his hand again, when you talk to him. Maybe. It's your only chance. When you reach the barbed-wire fence, there's little Mary Osterman again....

(~~WHINE OF WIND, OFF~~)

FRANK: Hello, Mary.

MARY: Oh. Hello.

FRANK: My goodness, you're all dressed up.

MARY: Yes, I am.

FRANK: What are you doing in your Sunday clothes? This is only Thursday.

MARY: Oh. My Daddy and me are going away.

FRANK: You're...going away?

MARY: Yes. Tonight.

FRANK: Where?

MARY: I don't know. My Daddy didn't tell me. But he's packing all our bags. I came down to say goodbye to Buster. I'm going to miss himvery much!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE)

SHERIFF: All right, Sturken, all right. Fred Osterman's leaving Turtle Lake for a vacation. What of it?

FRANK: Sheriff, what month is this?

SHERIFF: Why, April.

FRANK: Doesn't that mean anything to you?

SHERIFF: I...no.

FRANK: Don't you get it, Sheriff? This is spring. Every farmer around here is busy with his spring planting. No farmer would leave his place right at planting time, not if he were in his right mind. Not unless he had something else on his mind. Would he, Sheriff? I ask you, would he?

SHERIFF: No. No, Sturken, he wouldn't.

FRANK: (SOFTLY) Well, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: (A BEAT) Let's go!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

SHERIFF: What were you doing in the hayloft, ~~Osterman~~ ^{Fred}?

FRED: I told you, looking for eggs.

FRANK: You found Alex Neilsen's gun and hid there. You surprised them, and shot them in the back.

SHERIFF: Then you finished off Mrs. Neilsen and her daughter.

FRED: No, No!

FRANK: You hated Neilsen, didn't you? You shot his dog and quarreled with him.

FRED: That's a lie.

SHERIFF: Your daughter Mary said so.

FRED: She's only a child. She makes up stories, like any child.

FRANK: Why were you planning to leave town during spring planting?

FRED: I needed a vacation.

SHERIFF: You wanted to leave, until all this blew over. Wasn't that it, ~~Osterman~~ ^{Fred}?

FRED: No! I tell you I needed a rest. And I'll tell you something, Sheriff. I'll have your job for this, I'll break you! You can't go around accusing respectable people of butchering their neighbors! I'll break you for this, if it's the last thing I do!

SHERIFF: You said Axel Neilsen's dog had a broken leg, and that's why you shot him.

FRED: Yes, Yes!

FRANK: Take a look at this, Osterman!

FRED: What is it?

SHERIFF: An affidavit from Doctor Stone, the veterinarian. We dug up the dog's body. The leg wasn't broken at all.

FRED: I don't know, I don't know. I thought it was. He was limping and whining, so I shot him. You can't hold me like this for shooting a dog and you know it!

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

SHERIFF: (HEAVILY) Sturken...

FRANK: Yes, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: We're licked.

FRANK: Sheriff, listen....

SHERIFF: He won't break, and he won't talk. I tell you we're licked. I don't know, maybe we pulled a boner. *I have to* ~~him~~ *him* release ~~him~~ him.

FRANK: Sheriff, give me a few hours...just a few hours!

SHERIFF: Why?

FRANK: I've got an idea. And if Osterman's guilty...I think he'll talk!

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

FRANK: Henry, listen....

PRENTISS: Yes, sir?

FRANK: Here are pictures of the Neilsen family...father, mother, son, and daughter...those who were murdered.

PRENTISS: Y-yes, Mr. Sturken?

FRANK: Take my car. Rush 'em to the paper in Bismarck. Have them blown up life size. Life size, you understand? Then get them back here. I...(CUTS) Wait a minute, Henry. Before you go.

PRENTISS: Yes?

-20-

FRANK: Here's ^{another one to blow up - its} a picture of the Nielsen baby, ~~see, I'll want~~
~~that one blown up too!~~

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The pictures come back. You and the Sheriff lead Osterman
to a room, turn on the bright lights. Then you set
up the pictures of the Neilsen family... life size...
all around him, and lock the door ^{leaving him in the room etc.} If he's innocent...
he can take it. But if he's not....

(POUNING ON DOOR)

FRED: (MUFFLED) Let me out! Let me out!

(KEY IN LOCK)

(DOOR OPENS)

SHERIFFU: Well, Osterman?

FRED: I can't stand it! I can't stand them, staring at me,
looking at me, driving me out of my mind. ~~Take them~~
~~away!~~ (BABBLING) Please..please take them away!

FRANK: Then you did kill them! It was you!

FRED: Yes, yes. I did it! I did it! Only..take them away!
~~Take them away!~~

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You sit there, and as he babbles out his confession,
you type it up...

(TYPEWRITER UP AND FADE)

FRED: It started with that dog....that dog of his...Buster.
He'd keep coming onto my property...chase my cows...snap
at their legs. I warned Alex to keep him out..put up
that barbed wire fence...but still he'd get through. I
stood it as long as I could, I'd had enough, ~~and you~~
~~couldn't blame me, sure you stinker.~~

(MORE)

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FRED: I'd had enough, you see. One day I saw this dog of
(CONT'D) Nielsen's crawl under the fence and run toward my little
girl, Mary. I had my shotgun with me and...

~~(MUSIC: -- ACCENT)~~

(SHOT)

~~(SQUEAL OF DOG OFF)~~

MARY: Daddy! (CRIES) Daddy, you've killed Buster! You've
killed him!

FRED: Go on home, Mary.

MARY: But Daddy!

FRED: Go on home! You hear me? Go on home!

~~(TYPEWRITER UP AND GRADUALLY FADE)~~

FRANK: ~~After that, Esterman, you buried the dog.~~

FRED: ~~Yes, I buried the dog.~~ The next day Alex Neilson came
up to my house. He had that shotgun of his with him...
the one he kept hid in the barn. And he said:

~~(MUSIC: ACCENT)~~

ALEX: ~~Esterman, you shot my dog.~~ You dirty, yellow skunk,
you shot my dog. And I'm telling you now. ~~I'm telling~~
~~you now, and get it straight.~~ Don't ever put your
foot on my property again. ~~Don't ever even come near~~
~~it.~~ Because if you do, I'll shoot you down!

~~(TYPEWRITER UP AND UNDER)~~

FRED: Dirty yellow skunk. That's what he called me, Sturken,
dirty yellow skunk. He had no right to call me that.
No right. All winter long, shut away from everybody
else, holed up at home with the wind blowing and those
Dakota blizzards howling down, I thought of what Alex
Nielsen called me.

(More)

FRED: I went nearly crazy, thinking of it. And then ... Then
(CONT'D) this other night, this windy night, I couldn't stand it
anymore. I went over to the Nielsen's place, found his
gun, hid in the barn. I saw him and his son come out.
I aimed at them through a window in the hayloft ...

~~(MUSIC. ACCENT. . . .)~~

(WHINE OF WIND)

FRED: (YELLS MADLY) Run, Nielsen! Run, you dirty yellow skunk.

ALEX: (OFF) Son! It's Fred Osterman! Run for the house!

(RUNNING OFF)

(FRED LAUGHS WILDLY)

(SHOT. THEN ANOTHER)

~~(SOUND EFFECTS UP AND BEHIND)~~

FRED: They dropped like stones. I figured, now I had the two
of 'em, I'd get the whole Nielsen brood. I walked up
to the door of the house...

~~(MUSIC. ACCENT)~~

(WHINE OF WIND UP)

(DOOR OPENS)

(DOOR SLAMS SHUT. WIND DOWN)

MOTHER: ~~What...? Oh...!~~

(A COUPLE OF HEAVY STEPS ON WOODEN FLOOR)

MOTHER: What...what are you doing here? What..(SCREAMS)

No! NO!

(SHOT)

~~(BODY FALLS)~~

RUTHIE: (CRYING) ~~You awful man! You awful man!~~ You killed
my mother. You killed.....!

(SHOT)

~~(A BABY'S WHIMPER)~~

(A COUPLE OF STEPS UP AND STOP)

(BABY CRIES UP)

~~(TYPEWRITER IN AND FADE)~~

FRED: (CRYING) I couldn't do it, Sturken. I couldn't finish the job. I wanted to. But I figured the baby couldn't talk, she couldn't tell anyone. She was lying there and looking up at me, and crying...and I couldn't do it. I couldn't finish the job. Tell them that, Sturken. Please....tell them that. Maybe they'll show me a little mercy...maybe they'll give me a chance!

(MUSIC: _ _ CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Frank Sturken of the Bismarck Tribune 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 Frank Sturken of the Bismarck Tribune...

STURKEN: In what is believed to be the fastest administration of justice on record, killer in tonight's Big Story was tried, sentenced to life imprisonment, and started serving his prison sentence within 48 hours of his arrest. This was made possible because killer did not want counsel or jury trial but kept pleading guilty to the murder and insisting on being sent to penitentiary immediately, where he later died. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Sturken ... 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 New York Journal American -- by-line, Elizabeth Beecher. A BIG STORY - about thanksgiving and a turkey drumstick and (BANG BANG) murder!

(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 adapted by Max Ehrlich from an actual story from the front pages of the Bismarck Tribune. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Phil Sterling played the part of Frank Sturken. 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. Sturken.

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

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

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

EL/MAC
11/7/49 am

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #139

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
BETSY	BARBARA WEEKS
WOMAN	BARBARA WEEKS
PEGGY	JOAN SHEA
TEACHER	JOAN SHEA
FRANKIE	AL RAMISON
TOM	EDDIE BRUCE
SANDY	EDDIE BRUCE
JUDGE	WALTER GREAGE
FATHER:	WALTER GREAGE
JOE	CORT BENSON
LAWYER	CORT BENSON
BYRNES	BILL SMITH
JAILOR	BILL SMITH
SCHMIDT	BOB SLOANE

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1949

ATX01 0170270

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#139

(ELIZABETH BEECHER-NEW YORK JOURNAL AMERICAN)

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

NOVEMBER 23, 1949

WEDNESDAY

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ SIMPLE OMINOUS THEME UNDER)

NARR: It was the week of Thanksgiving in Hells Kitchen in New York. The two of them (neither was over sixteen) pressed their faces against the delicatessen store window...

FRANKIE: (TENSE, HUNGRY) ^{gosh} geez, the sausages, that liverwurst, look at that turkey!

TOM: (YOUNGER, TOUGHER) What are you standing there for?
(PAUSE) Here, take it.

FRANKIE: Okay. You go ⁱⁿ first.

(STEPS..DOOR OPENS..STEPS. THEY STOP)

SCHMIDT: (GROCER WITH SLIGHT ACCENT..PLEASANTLY) Yes, boys? What you -- (HE IS NOT SURE OF THE SITUATION) want?

TOM: Give us food. Lots of it!

SCHMIDT: You got money to pay?

TOM: Okay Frankie, put it on him!

SCHMIDT: (IN TERRIBLE ALARM) A gun ... no you don't! I got a knife and ...

TOM: { } Go ahead!

FRANKIE: - { OVER LAP SPEECHES } But --

TOM: { } What you waiting for?

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(LOUD ON MIKE SHOT)

SCHMIDT: (CRIES OUT AND FALLS)

TOM: You plugged him! (OVERJOYED) You plugged him!

FRANKIE: (AMAZED) But you said --

TOM: (INTERRUPTS) Don't stand here; all hell's going to break loose in a minute!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP FOR FULL STATEMENT, THEN UNDER FOR)_

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY! Here is America -- its sound and its fury, its joy and its sorrow as faithfully reported by the men and women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT) ~~Death Avenue, New York~~...Tenth Avenue, New York City: the story of crime committed by a criminal vs. society and by society vs. a criminal. And for her work on behalf of simple justice, to reporter Elizabeth Beecher of the New York Journal American, for her Big Story goes the PELL MELL Award!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING)

(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: SWELLS THEME AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: New York City - The Story as it actually happened.
Elizabeth Beechers's story as she lived it.

(MUSIC: THEME AS BEFORE, ESTABLISHED, IT GOES OUT)

(TWO RAPS OF A GAVEL..HUSHED SILENCE, TENSE,
EXPECTANT. SOME MINOR MURMURING)

JUDGE: Let the defendant rise and walk to the bench.

(CHAIR SCRAPES. THREE OR FOUR SLOW ON MIKE STEPS.
THEY CONTINUE UNDER THE NARRATION)

NARR: ~~(BEFORE HE STARTS SPEAKING MUSIC STARTS COMING IN WITH~~
~~NARRATION)~~ It's the wrong word to use: defendant. But
it's the ~~correct~~ legal term. He walks now, the

(MUSIC IN AT*)defendant, to receive final sentence.

*His face pinched, starved, his eyes drawn, the look of a
frightened dog. The defendant is sixteen ~~and by the time~~
~~of this state's human embryo with full legal~~
~~responsibility.~~ (PAUSE) And you sat there and watched

him, you Elizabeth Beecher, staff reporter of the Journal
American. You sat, wishing you could reach out across
this crowded, packed, tense court room and ~~touch~~ ^{help} him.
But you can't. The sentence on this boy is about to be
passed: the last chapter about to be written. And in
those moments (ten seconds, no more) you live it again.
You live the whole, terrible, sordid, tragic story the

MUSIC OUT AT* way it happened. (PAUSE) *It was the week of
Thanksgiving and Joe Reems, a tired, somewhat cynical
city editor hailed you as you walked past.

JOE: Betsy, cm'ere!

BETSY: Yeah, Joe.

JOE: (SAYS THIS ALL IN A RUSH. IT'S VERY ROUTINE FOR HIM)
Some kid¹⁶ knocked off guy named Schmidt, delicatessen on
48th Street. West, I think. You know, usual thing --
"No Mother, said he was hungry, nothing to eat all day
and so forth and so forth". Go on out and give me
150-200 words on it, huh?

BETSY: (MOVED BY THE STORY AND AMAZED BY HIS REACTION)
Suppose it was true?

JOE: What? That he was hungry?

BETSY: Yes, that he was hungry. Suppose it was true?

JOE: I'm hungry and I don't steal.

BETSY: You ~~ain't~~^{went} sixteen Joe.

JOE: What are you out after, another lost cause, Betsy?
Don't you know nobody ever gets fat fighting lost causes?

BETSY: (ANNOYED) Maybe I don't want to get fat.

JOE: (PROFESSIONAL) A hundred and fifty words. If it's
juicy maybe 200.

BETSY: Okay.

JOE: (WAITS UNTIL SHE WALKS AWAY AND SAYS) Don Quixote
with a skirt!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)_

NARR: You got over to the D.A's that week of Thanksgiving and they were crying for blood. Not so much the D.A. himself as the "civic leagues", mis-guided zealots who wanted to do something about crime. This was the 7th unsolved crime of violence within a month. Plain-clothesman Ted Byrnes gave you the ~~police pep~~ ^{food}.

BYRNES: (FLORID, INSENSITIVE MAN) Well, we got an air-tight case. Chief's very pleased.

BETSY: He ought to be, Byrnes. Sixteen year old kid.

BYRNES: Howz that?

BETSY: Nothing. How do you know he did it? Whats his name anyhow?

BYRNES: Francis X. Farrell. Little Frankie. He confessed. Had no alternative. Shoots Schmidt, drops the gun. Finger prints all over it. We have the kids prints on file.

BETSY: (EYEBROW UP) Oh?

BYRNES: Sure. Three years ago he got convicted stealing food out of a store. Put him on probation. They never should have put that kid on probation. Probation is too easy.

BETSY: (IRONICALLY) Should have sent him to Sing Sing.

BYRNES: (HIS SENTIMENTS EXACTLY) Sure, what else? Oh, you're being sarcastic? Look, it's a clear cut case. ~~The kid killed the old man and with all them up-lift reformers~~

~~screaming for blood the D.A's going to give it to them~~
BETSY: ^{He D.A.} He ought to go after someone his size.

BYRNES: You got this kid wrong. He is tough, and I mean tough. Says the gun wasn't loaded -- didn't know it was loaded.

(MORE)

BYRNES:
(CONTD)

That's the oldest chestnut in the business. Then he said he did it alone. We know it for a fact (two eye witnesses) there was somebody else with him. But would this kid tell who? No! Code of the jungle -- never squeal.

BETSY: I still say he ought to go after someone his size.

BYRNES: I'll tell you one thing...that kid will burn. He'll burn sure as my name is....(HE LAUGHS) Hey, that's funny, isn't it? Sure as my name is Byrnes. Get it?

BETSY: Yeah, very funny. I get it.

(MUSIC: -- -- UP...SAME SOUR AND UNDER)

NARR: You go to ^{Frankie's} home (if you can call it that). "Home" is reached by going through the dank basement of a house that fronts on a street. Through the basement and out into an airless courtyard. And there in the interior you find four cheerless rooms. A cold water flat lighted by gas (when a quarter is available for the inexorable meter). And there you find first his father, a longshoreman when he works...and doesn't drink.

FATHER: I ought have put the strap to him. I should have beat him until he couldn't move. But I promised his ma when she died (she died three years ago) -- I swore I wouldn't lay a hand on him. But that's what he needed -- a belt buckle.

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

NARR: ~~You find next, sitting by the window, drawing hard on his cigarette, too tight for tears or remorse, Peggy, his big sister Peggy. Peggy, age eighteen. Twelve hours a day behind a lunch counter. \$21 a week.~~

PEGGY: (PROUD) What did you come for lady? We colorful? We a sob story? I'll give you something to stick in your paper. Tell them when they stop paying off in nickels and they start paying off in something that can keep a family together...Aah, what's the use? Don't say that. (IRONICALLY) Some of your readers might not understand. Might put Frankie in a "bad light".

~~(MUSIC: STING...SAME AS BEFORE...AND UNDER)~~

NARR: Then you see huddled in the dark of the room, his three brothers and baby sister. Sandy, the next in age to Frankie says it for all of them.

SANDY: I miss him. He sorta looked after us when Peggy was ~~working and~~ Pa was -- you know. He used to tell us all them stories about ^{Africa} India and elephants and out West and all that, but in a way I like it better, now. See, we always slept together. In the same bed. Now I got the bed alone.

~~(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)~~

~~NARR: Then there were the neighbors. People living in the same sunless, airless rooms, so similar to the Farrell's it frightened you. One neighbor said:~~

WOMAN: ~~He wasn't bad, he wasn't good. Just he slipped. Was~~
don't? Listen, it could have been my kid or the Meyer's
on the top floor. Walk up any flight of stairs, look in
~~any window. He never had a chance.~~

(MUSIC: STING)

NARR: *Then you talk to*
~~me~~ his teacher. A tired, harrassed, over-worked woman
with straying hair.

TEACHER: He played hookey all the time. I suppose because he
didn't have nice clothes (lots of my kids are poor and
they aren't exactly fashion plates. But Frankie was
shabbier than most of them). And he was hungry most of
the time. Once he stayed in the classroom and didn't go
out for lunch. I was eating at the desk. I saw the way
he was watching me and I offered him a piece of cake.
He ran out. He played hookey the next three days. (THEN)
But he was eager to learn. He was a little ashamed of
it but he loved to read books. And the compositions he
wrote: half literate but take a look at one yourself...

(MUSIC: UP SERIOUSLY AND UNDER)

NARR: You read a childish handwriting, "The Thing I Want To
Have Most In The World by Francis X. Farrell." You read
and in the reading you know that what you are doing is
right. That this is a good, decent, human being, who's
been warped, misshapen. And you move now to the Tombs
where he is in jail to reach him.

JAILER: It's okay with me, lady. I'm only the jailer. He can
see anybody he likes. I'll tell him you're here. You
from a newspaper?

BETSY: That's right. And tell him I brought him a book.
"Leatherstocking" by James Fennimore Cooper.

JAILER: He's a funny kid. I don't think he'll see you.

BETSY: Coax him. Try, will you? Don't forget about the book.

NARR: He is back in a few minutes the jailer, shaking his head
in a knowing way.

JAILER: He says he don't want to see you. He says he don't
want to see nobody. He says leave him alone and let
him die.

BETSY: (SOMEWHAT SHOCKED) That what he said? (PAUSE) Did
you tell him about the book?

JAILER: I told him.

BETSY: What did he say?

JAILER: (SOME HUMOR) Rather not tell you, lady. ~~The kind of~~
~~book~~ They use dashes in the newspaper. *for that kind of*

BETSY: (~~Tired, BEATEN~~) Okay Mac. Thanks:

JAILER: ~~How did you know my name was Mac? That's my name~~

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: That was the week of Thanksgiving and this is spring and
you sit now in the courtroom, the silence like a thin
strand of wire drawn to the breaking point. You sit now
as His Honor, in majestic black robe is about to pass
sentence on him. And the void between you and this
hapless boy is greater than ever because you cannot reach
~~him and touch him on the hand, on the face, on the neck~~
You must wait, (as he must) for the final sentence to be
spoken.

(MUSIC: UP IN FULL TRAGEDY 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 MELL 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: THE COURT THEME AND UNDER...)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and THE BIG STORY of Elizabeth Beecher as she lived it, and wrote it.

NARR: His Honor composes himself, folds his hands across his desk and Frankie Farrell looks at his shoes. The judge has not spoken yet but before the clock ticks ~~sixteen~~ seconds off the silent wall he will speak. And your mind, Betsy Beecher, goes back to the Tombs, that time Thanksgiving week when you were trying to reach him with a book and failed. The key to a boys mind is not a trick. No casual interest, ^{like} (James Fennimore Cooper's Leatherstocking) will undo the work of sixteen years. And so you ^{try} ~~hard this time.~~ *something else.*

BETSY: (~~MUSING~~) ~~How can I reach him? HOW? (A LONG PAUSE)~~
(NOW CALLING) Jailer, Mac! Will you give him this ~~note, I wrote.~~

JAILER: ~~Sure, why not? But you're wasting your time, lady.~~

BETSY: ~~Give it to him, please.~~

JAILER: Okay. But I got to read it first. We don't take things into the prisoners until we read them first.

BETSY: That's okay.

JAILER: "Dear Frankie: Please see me ---"

BETSY: (EMBARRASSED, INTERRUPTING) Do you have to read it aloud?

JAILER: I'm sorry lady, but uh -- see, if I don't read it aloud I don't understand it.

BETTY: (RESIGNED AND A LITTLE AMUSED) Okay.

JAILER: "Dear Frankie: - Please see me -- I may be able to help you. You see, I have a son nearly your age so won't you come out and talk to me like you would talk to your mother if she were still around where she could listen? - (PAUSE) You write pretty good.

BETSY: (EMBARRASSED) Take it in, will you please?

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARRATOR)

NARR: It doesn't matter that your son is not quite his age ... Not really "nearly his age" ... that your son is only four. For you are a mother and as a mother you wrote the note and as a mother you wait. (PAUSE) And finally he comes and finally he talks ...

FRANKIE: (SOFT IN THIS SCENE) You don't look like her.

BETSY: Who?

FRANKIE: My ma.

BETSY: That doesn't matter so much, does it Frankie? I mean what a person looks like. I lied to you in the note a little.

FRANKIE: (NOT INTERESTED IN THE INTERVIEW AT ALL) I don't care.

BETSY: (GOES RIGHT ON) My boy is only four. But you know what he likes me to tell him about best? He likes stories about -- the kind you like about Indians and elephants and out West.

FRANKIE: No kidding?

BETSY: And he always wants the same story over and over again. Little kids are funny aren't they?

FRANKIE: (MOVED) Yeah. I tell my kid brothers the same story all the time. You notice that they always want to hear the same story? (PAUSE) You had that experience too?

BETSY: You were hungry, weren't you, Frankie?

FRANKIE: (FALLING INTO THE MOOD OF TALKING TO HIS MOTHER) I hadn't only but an orange the whole day. Snitched that from the fruit stand. But it was rotten. He couldn't sell it. But still in all, I shouldn't have snitched it.

BETSY: (GENTLY) But you went into Schmidt's with a gun, Frankie!

FRANKIE: I didn't know it was loaded, See, I wanted a gun -- just, you know, to make sure, and that turkey in the window, ^{Gosh} ~~See~~, it's Thanksgiving and we never had a party in all the time since Ma died.

BETSY: (GENTLY) You didn't know it was loaded?

FRANKIE: I says to Tommy, okay, I'll take the gun, but take the bullets out. (You see, his brother was on the lam -- Tommy's and he had a gun in the house. Tommy Marvin he lives next door) -- (THEN HORRIFIED) I told you! Tommy wasn't there. Just me -- alone. Just me and nobody else! (WITH FURY NOW) You tricked me, didn't you? You tricked me to find out who I was with. But I was alone! There wasn't nobody else!

BETSY: (IN FULL COMPASSION) Frankie, if you want me to, I'll forget you ever said his name. It will be any way you want.

FRANKIE: (DUBIOUS) You mean that?

BETSY: I wouldn't lie to you. ~~Would you Ma lie to you?~~

FRANKIE: Aaah, what's the difference? He never should have told me the gun wasn't loaded when it was. I never would have shot Schmidt. I just wanted - (LOW) the drumstick from the turkey.

BETSY: Was he bigger than you -- Tommy - I mean, grown up?
Did he make you do it?

FRANKIE: Naw, he's a kid. He's only twelve.

BETSY: Twelve!

FRANKIE: But he's tough. His brother was in the pen four times.
He taught him everything.

BETSY: Why did you play hookey so much?

FRANKIE: ~~You going to tell about Tommy?~~

BETSY: ~~Whatever you say.~~

FRANKIE: ~~I don't care. (PAUSE - NOW ANSWERING HER QUESTION ABOUT~~
~~HOOKEY)~~ I couldn't say this to anybody before because they
didn't understand ^{well you see} ~~about hookey~~. We used to have gym class.
You know, chinning and the horses and the rings and -
(HE STOPS IN CONFUSION)

BETSY: (HELPING HIM OUT) It was your clothes, wasn't it?

FRANKIE: (HIS WHOLE LIFE STATED IN THIS) I never once in my life
had a pair of underwear that didn't have holes in it.

BETSY: I understand.

FRANKIE: Once I ^{almost} won a track meet. I come in second. Got the
silver medal, but -- (HE STOPS AGAIN)

BETSY: What happened to it?

FRANKIE: (LACONIC) Pa. He pawned it. (DOWN) He celebrated my
coming in second.

BETSY: Okay, Frankie. We'll see what we can do. Maybe it's
nothing, but we'll see. Can I come back and talk to you
again?

FRANKIE: If you want to, and -- uh, it's about the Indians, isn't
it?

BETSY: "Leatherstocking"? The book?

FRANKIE: Yeah.

BETSY: (AN EMBRACE) Take it Frankie. Keep it. I'll see you again.

(MUSIC: UP SWEETLY AND UNDER)

NARR: You take what you have now and first you corroborate the story of Tommy Marvin, a twelve year old ruined child. Another broken family, another son of poverty and misery and rejection. You ask him about it, because you know his age will send him to the juvenile authorities; this child at least will not be tried for first degree murder. You ask him and he tells you the whole story.

TOMMY: (REAL DEAD END TOUGH) Sure, just like Frankie said, that's the way we done it. Only the whole thing was my idea.

BETSY: Why did you put the bullets in the gun?

TOMMY: Because of the thrill. Hearing that gun go off, seeing that fat Schmidt flop -- that's the biggest thrill ever happened in my life!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER NARRATOR.....)

NARR: You do more. You get Frankie a fine lawyer. Not one of the "great mouthpieces", but a man who understands human beings, understands half-formed children's warped desires. You go to the civic leagues and speak out.

~~BETSY: Yes, ladies if you want to be technically legal and "high-minded" he killed a man cold blooded first degree murder. But if you want to be human, if you want to ask yourself the really hard question then ask this. Who did it? Who made him hungry, who squeezed the trigger? Whose is the real crime?~~

NARR: ~~(NO PAUSE - ALMOST-OVER-LAPPING BETSY)~~ And you write ~~you speak~~, you move around, but mainly, you write. You tell his story, in his own words

BETSY: "The Life of Francis X. Farrell as told to Betsy Beecher."

FRANKIE: ~~(FILTER)~~ "The first time I got arrested was I was walking down the street and two men came up and said, "Want to make a half buck?" They give me this big sack and said, "Carry it around the corner to Ninth Avenue and 47th." I started carrying it and a cop's flivver pulled up and says "What you got in the bag"? I says, "Leave me alone. I don't know." They took it and opened it. I never seen the insides of it before. There was all kinds of cheeses. The fellers stole it from the store. I didn't even know. (PAUSE) I never would have stole cheese. I don't even like cheese!

(MUSIC: IN WITH NARRATOR)

NARR: You write how he was arrested and convicted and given three years on probation. You tell that, in his words. You tell how he lived on probation.

FRANKIE: ~~(FILTER) Some of the papers said I was caught picking up a sandwich out of a day-laborer's sandwich box. That's not true.~~ Here's how I lived since I left home in January. (The reason I left home was I skipped going to the probation officer three times and Pa said he would kill me if I did it again, so I left home.) I was hungry ^{all the time} ~~a lot~~ but I worked to get ~~the~~ money for eating. I sold papers at night and I watched cars for people when they went to the thee-ay-tr.

(MORE)

FRANKIE: I slept in subways, the El, and in hallways sometimes.
(CONTD)

It was tough because you didn't make enough to have a place to sleep - if you wanted to eat.

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARRATOR . . .)

NARR: You tell about the hard times that set in when nobody wanted papers and nobody wanted their cars watched and then came ^{the week of} Thanksgiving and that's when he met Tommy Marvin. And you write the rest in his words, his own simple, incredible words.

FRANKIE: ~~(FILTER)~~ One of the things I wished I could do before I die is go out into the country, the real country. You see, once I found a quarter and I went on a ride on the ferry to West New York. (PAUSE) I like ferries and tug boats, and things that are going places - you know, away from where you live. You see, I never went camping, even one of those free trips the city gives to fellas who can't afford it. I used to dream about sleeping under pine trees, ~~rolled in a blanket like an Indian or one of those Western scouts. Then I'd think about~~ getting up in the morning, ~~clear with no coughing~~, and eating bacon cooked over an open fire. ~~The nearest I even got was playing in Central Park. Most folks don't know but Central Park is nice, real nice.~~ (PAUSE) You know, there are a lot of things in this world that some of us don't know about - a lot of things.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You write it all (he writes it all) and take it to the civic leagues, to the people, and finally to the District Attorney. And what does the District Attorney say now as spring draws near, as the trial draws near?

BETSY: Hey Byrnes, Byrnes! What does the District Attorney say? (SOFTLY) What does he say now?

BYRNES: The District Attorney says to tell you he need your pieces and he says he'll see you in court ^{when he files} (HARD) The case of the people ^{against} Francis Farrell for first degree murder.

(MUSIC: UP HARSH AND UNDER . . .)

NARR: That expresses it perfectly -- the people against Francis X. Farrell - against him all his life. And now -- (LONG PAUSE) this is the moment, now the judge is ^{getting} ~~forming the words on his lips.~~ ^{forming the words on his lips.}

(A BABBLE AND MOVEMENT IN THE COURTROOM OUT OF WHICH)

BETSY: What's going on? ^{What's going on?}

LAWYER: I don't know ^{What's going on?} The District Attorney is going up to the judge. I think he's talking to him.

BETSY: (FURIOUS AND IMPATIENT) What's he saying?

LAWYER: I don't know, ~~Betsy~~. Take it easy. We'll find out.

NARR: And now the moment is here. The judge speaks.

JUDGE: The District Attorney has just informed me that the State will accept a plea of guilty of manslaughter in this case. (PAUSE) The crime, of course, must be punished, but the State will accept such a plea. Francis Farrell, how do you plead?

FRANKIE: (A LITTLE BOY) I don't understand, Your Honor.

JUDGE: (GENTLY) The first degree murder charge has been withdrawn, Frankie, but because the laws of this State demand punishment for a murder no matter how it's committed, the District Attorney will allow you to plead guilty to accidentally killing Herman Schmidt. Do you understand now?

FRANKIE: (LOW) Yes sir.

JUDGE: Francis Farrell, how do you plead to the crime of manslaughter?

FRANKIE: (LOW) I did it, Your Honor.

JUDGE: (PAUSE) Then it's my duty now to pass sentence. Francis Farrell, I truly regret that I am compelled to send you away but according to the way society conducts itself you must be punished for taking a life. Unfortunately, the real defendant does not stand before me. The real defendant is society. It is the school you were forced to go to -- a crowded school, an over-worked teacher; it was the house you were forced to live in, a sunless rat infested house that you were taught to call home; it is the insecurity, the unemployment, the anxieties of your father, your sister; it is the death of your mother not by disease alone but by disease that had roots in a life that she was forced to lead. These are the real defendants - the real criminals. ~~Would that I had the power to sentence those who stand behind these hideous institutions then we could talk truly of justice.~~ (PAUSE)

(MORE)

JUDGE:
(CONTD)

Francis
I only hope the school to which you are being sent
(a reformatory) will not harden you and embitter you
further. There is no man or woman within the sound of my
voice or in this vast city who is not really standing
beside you indicted ^{just} as you are.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER ...)

NARR: He did it, not you Betsy Beecher. Not even the judge.
He did it himself, his own words. The full outpouring
of a broken child's broken life. And as he goes (to the
reformatory) ~~you stand now and touch him, you reach him~~
~~and~~ he says:

FRANKIE: Don't worry, ma'am. I'm going to be okay.

BETSY: I know you will Frankie, and when you get out we can't go
to ~~India~~ ^{Africa} or get an elephant, but I don't see why we can't
get a leg of turkey and some bacon grilled over an open
fire. You don't care when we celebrate Thanksgiving, I
mean, if it's a little late, do you?

FRANKIE: Could we maybe take a ride on a ferry to West New York?

BETSY: (TEARS) Sure, Frankie, sure.

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from
Elizabeth Beecher of the New York Journal American with
the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- STING)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #139

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 Elizabeth Beecher of the New York Journal American.

BEECHER: Frankie Farrell learned a trade in a reformatory, got time off for good behavior, came out a decent citizen. He is now married and has a son of his own. We took that ferry ride, had that turkey leg and the bacon over an open fire. It was the most wonderful Thanksgiving of his life - and mine. Many thanks for tonights PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mrs. Beecher ... 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 Sioux City Journal -- by-line, Norman Agathon. A BIG STORY - about a reporter who found a new recipe for murder ... too much soup.

(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 adapted by Arnold Perl from an actual story from the front pages of the New York Journal-American. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Barbara Weeks played the part of Elizabeth Beecher. In order to protect the names of people actually involved in tonight's authentic BIG STORY the names of all characters in the dramatization were changed with the exception of the reporter, Mrs. Beecher.

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

CHAPPELL: ~~This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL-MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.~~ *And to all those listeners*

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY. *very big*
And please thank you, our
sponsor, the owners of Pell Mell Famous
Cigarettes - This is Ernest Chappell
Signed Goodnight!

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #140

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
GIRL	ANITA ANTON
WOMAN	ANITA ANTON
AGATHON	LAWSON TERRE <i>Bill Guin</i>
MAN	LAWSON TERRE <i>Bill Guin</i>
JUMPY	JOSHUA SHELLEY
MAN 2	JOSHUA SHELLEY
BOSS	DON APPEL
WATCHMAN	DON APPEL
DETECTIVE	SANTOS ORTEGA
FBI	SANTOS ORTEGA
COP	WM. KEENE
WHINEY	WM. KEENE
CITY EDITOR	GENE LEONARD
IVERSON	GENE LEONARD

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1949

ATX01 0170295

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#140

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

NOVEMBER 30, 1949

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND DOWN BEHIND)

BOSS: All right. It's gonna work out like this. Maxie --
you handle the watchman. --- Bob, you cover the front
door. Harry -- the hallway. And Jumpy -- (BEAT)
Jumpy!

JUMPY: (YOUNG, NERVOUS) Yeah, boss, yeah!

BOSS: Guess what you do.

JUMPY: Same as usual, I guess. Drive the getaway car.

BOSS: No. You blow the safe.

JUMPY: Me? Me? I can't handle soup, boss. You know that.
I can't blow a safe!

BOSS: (HARD) This one you do. (INSINUATING) After all,
you got to learn sometime, kid. Don't be scared --
it's only nitroglycerine. It can't hurt you --
much!

(BIG LOUD LAUGHTER OF ALL AND INTRO)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Here is America ... its sound and its
fury ... its joy and its sorrow ... as faithfully
reported by the men and women of the great American
newspapers. (PAUSE) (COLD AND FLAT) Sioux City,
Iowa. From the pages of the Sioux City Journal the
authentic story of -- Too Much Soup. And for his work
in the case, to Norman Agathon for his BIG STORY goes
the PELL MELL AWARD!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE ...)
(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0170296

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: Sioux City, Iowa. The story as it actually happened.
Norman Agathon's story as he lived it.

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

NARR: To the folks at home in Sioux City, it may be the
night before Christmas --- but to
the folks in the movie houses -- and those jamming
the sidewalks outside -- it's Bank Night.

(SNEAK SANTA CLAUS BELL CONSTANTLY BEHIND)

NARR: You, Norman Agathon of the Sioux City Journal are
standing across the street from the Orpheum . . . you,
the chief of detectives, -- Tom Riley, and a bellingringing
Santa Claus. ^{Some all} They're so intent, on watching ^{for the winner,} to see
~~who will get~~ the jackpot, ^{to come out, anyway} you could steal pennies
from the kettle. At that, it might make a story -- and,
you complain to the detective --

AGATHON: I could sure use ^{a story} ~~one.~~ Christmas angle. Man bites
reindeer. Say --- Santy Claus --

AGATHON: How's about slapping the next child that asks for a
present? I'll bail you out for the story.

NARR: He pays you no mind. Neither does the detective.
Matter of fact, you aren't very much on the ball
yourself. You don't notice a big car pull away
from the curb and take off up the street. What

(~~CAR UP . . . OFF AND AWAY~~)

you -- and everybody else does notice, is --- well,
it isn't "Silent Night!" It's --- this.

(A HUGE EXPLOSION AND SHATTERING OF GLASS AND
EXCITED CROWD HUBBUB UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: That snaps the detective out of it -- that and a huge cloud of acrid smoke rolling out of shattered windows over the Orpheum marquee!

DETECTIVE: (YELLS) Only one thing could do that, Aggie - a safe-cracking job. Come on!

(MUSIC: --- HIT AND GO ACROSS THE STREET)

AGATHON: Walter Iverson -- Wholesale Jewelry. Well! Looks like somebody had his own private bank night!

(~~DOOR OPENED~~ ... GLASS FALLS AND CRUNCHES UNDERFOOT)

AGATHON: Wow! (HE COUGHS) What a shambles! (COUGHS AGAIN)

DETECTIVE: Do me one favor, Aggie -- (HE COUGHS) don't touch anything. (COUGHS AGAIN)

AGATHON: Doggoned fumes.

DETECTIVE: Yeah. Look at that safe. (COUGH) It's a soup job all right. Nitro.

AGATHON: Blew the front right off it. (COUGH COUGH) Say, Chief --

DETECTIVE: Hmmm?

AGATHON: Doesn't it strike you that whoever did it used --

DETECTIVE: (LOW) Hold it. Here comes somebody -- and if it's not Mr. Iverson, my name's not Riley.

(~~DOOR OPENS~~)

DETECTIVE: Are you Mr. Iverson?

IVERSON: Yes -- yes -- I was in the theatre -- what happened, what's happened here?

DETECTIVE: See for yourself, sir.

IVERSON: My safe -- my safe, I had forty thousand dollars worth of jewelry there --

AGATHON: Forty, sir, or fourteen?

IVERSON: Forty, forty -- and a thousand dollars in cash.
Let me --

DETECTIVE: Wait a minute, Mr. Iverson. I'll have to ask you to
step outside while I'm investigating.

IVERSON: You don't understand -- everything I had, it's gone --
all gone --

DETECTIVE: Sir, you'll have a chance to do an inventory very
soon. But first I have to check in here. (PAUSE)
Mr. Agathon here will go outside with you.

AGATHON: Aw, chief.

DETECTIVE: (POINTEDLY) You can talk to him, sir. (WHISPER)
Stick with him, Aggie!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND BRIDGE BEHIND)

NARR: The jeweler's story is short and sad. His safe was
loaded with pre-Christmas stock. . . he had overstocked,
true, but was well-insured. Meanwhile, Chief Riley
goes through his routine. The watchman?

WATCHMAN: I -- I was outside ^{by} ~~watching~~ ^{the} ~~bank~~ ^{the} ~~at night~~. I --
I didn't see nobody go in.

NARR: The elevator operator?

MAN: Three times the elevator rung on the fourth floor --
and when I went up there -- huh! -- nobody there!
Like it wasn't Christmas. Hallowe'en!

DETECTIVE: Oldest trick in the world, buddy. Somebody planted
up there to lure you up -- so the safe-cracking crew
could go to the second ^{floor} ~~unseen~~. ~~Tak-tak-tak~~.

NARR: The total result of the investigation?

DETECTIVE: The fact is -- nobody saw anybody. The probability is, the yeggs melted into the ^{Heard} ~~bank night~~ crowd. Now what do I do -- arrest everybody downstairs?

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO BEHIND)

(SCRUNCHING AND CRUNCHING OF DEBRIS AND GLASS BEHIND)

DETECTIVE: Aggie, I've got the boys sifting the debris. Can't tell what they'll find -- or nothing.

AGGIE: Any fingerprints?

DETECTIVE: Millions of 'em. And all belonging to Iverson. No. On a job like this, they all wear gloves.

AGGIE: Chief, just before you threw me out of the office, I had an idea.

DETECTIVE: Such as?

AGGIE: Well --- isn't nitroglycerine like hillbilly music -- a little goes a long way?

DETECTIVE: Sure.

AGGIE: Would you say, from the looks of the safe, they had to use so much soup?

DETECTIVE: Smart boy. That's the only angle we have to work on. C'mere.

(CRUNCH CRUNCH) *the safe*

DETECTIVE: Look here. The door [^] ~~The way these jobs work,~~ they drill a hole a little to the left -- and over -- the dial --

AGGIE: Uh - huh.

DETECTIVE: They saturate a piece of cotton in nitro and wrap it around a dynamite cap and plug the hole--

AGGIE: ~~The door, please.~~

DETECTIVE: ~~Then they fill in all crevices with kitchen soap --~~
connect the cap to a battery -- and whammmmo!

AGGIE: That she blows.

DETECTIVE: ~~See here, Aggie --~~ they used about ten times as much *nitro*
as they needed to crack that particular can.

AGGIE: Why?

DETECTIVE: I don't know -- yet. And what's more -- you don't
know anything either.

AGGIE: About what don't I know anything?

DETECTIVE: About their using too much soup -- about Iverson
having too much insurance for such a small place --

AGGIE: Ahaah! That I figured out for myself --

DETECTIVE: But you still can't use it. (PAUSE) All kidding
aside, Aggie -- this is all off the record. Kid --
have I ever held out anything on you when I had it?

AGGIE: No. (PAUSE) But have I ever double-crossed you and
let something out just for the story?

DETECTIVE: No.

AGGIE: All right. ~~Off~~ the record you say -- off the record it
is. Now I'll tell you something.

DETECTIVE: Shoot.

AGGIE: When you use as much soup as that --- no. Put it this
way. When a can of beans blows up on the pantry
shelf, what happens to the beans?

DETECTIVE: Scattered all over h -----

AGGIE: Kee-rect. Do you see any beans --- spelled j-e-w-e-l-s
-- scattered around? No. Meaning -- the safe was
empty before it was blown. Meaning -- an inside job.
Meaning -- Mister ~~Sweeney~~

DETECTIVE: (SIMULTANEOUS) ----- ~~Misses~~ Iverson!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: And that is as far as you get. Certainty -- sure.
Proof? Uh-huh. You, the police, the insurance
investigators -- stymied. As you explain to your city
editor --

AGGIE: It's as clear as the whiskers on Santa Claus's face.
Iverson overstocked. He faced a loss. He insured --

CITY ED: Full value?

AGGIE: Sure. Why ask?

CITY ED: Well, he could have declared --

AGGIE: What do you mean, declare! When you insure ice, the
company wants to see it! No, he had that much
in puh-ritty baubles, don't kid yourself. The
police traced all his purchases, and it was all legit.
He returned some, but declared that on the insurance
policy.

CITY ED: Well -- where do we go from here?

AGGIE: We don't. The police can't prefer charges of
conspiracy to defraud until the insurance company
prefers them -- and the company can't until they are
certain the stuff wasn't actually stolen.

CITY ED: And the fact remains, Iverson doesn't have the stuff.

AGGIE: That's for sure. He'll be watched to see if he tries
to fence it -- but he's too smart for that. You can
bet the stuff won't turn up for months.

CITY ED: So here we sit with a good one we can't print. Run a
hint of it --

AGGIE: And the cops run me out of town --

CITY ED: And Iverson sues the paper for eighty billion dollars in nickels and dimes. Well -- there's only one thing to say.

AGGIE: What's that?

CITY ED: Merry Christmas.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: And --- a happy New Year. Which momentous eve you find yourself spending not among your boon companions back in Sioux City, but up in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. How come the bells will ring you in so far from your own bailiwick? Well, --- you had refused to let the story die. ^{Back in Sioux City} You had plagued the cops --

DETECTIVE: No, Aggie -- not a thing. Not a --- (PAUSE) thing!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING AND BACK)

NARRATOR: You ~~try~~ ^{try} your private stool-pigeon -- Whiney.

WHINEY: Pally, I don't hear nothin', I don't learn nothin', I don't got nothin'. Pally, the heat's on. (PAUSE)

^{uh} You -- ~~uh~~ --- got a dimmer for a mocha-java, pally?

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING AND BACK)

NARR: You even wander ^{the} East Bottom, down by the Floyd River, where the small-type stoolies and the penny-a-throw policy boys operate. And there -- it happened

(MUSIC: _ _ _ A RAW, HONKY-TONK PIANO PLAYS "HONKY-TONK TRAIN" AND BEHIND)

NARR: One of those little things that come to people who -- as you like to put it -- live right. If they're smart enough to recognize them when they come. This one you overheard in a honky-tonk joint with a low-down pianist . . .

(MUSIC: _ _ _ PIANO UP, DOWN BEHIND)

GIRL: So what happened to her?

MAN II: Oh . . . after that she took up with a yegg.

GIRL: Egg?

MAN II: Yegg. Torch man. Knob knocker. Soup jobber. (PAUSE)
Safe cracker, ya dumb dilly.

GIRL: All right, all right, so I din't know. Just so long
as you're washed up with her.

MAN II: Me? I wouldn't touch her with a ten foot pole wearing
rubber gloves. Besides, they're operatin' together
in Sioux Falls, what I hear. C'mon, baby. Let's dance.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP FURIOUSLY AND DOWN INTO)

(TRAIN AND UNDER)

NARR: Sioux Falls it is for you, Aggie -- 97 miles as the
Great Northern chugs. It's costing you your New Year's
Eve --- ---- but it's beginning to figure. A local
girl tied up with a yegg -- who's operating in Sioux
Falls -- looks good.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING)

NARR: It is good. Too good. For no sooner do you step out
of the train, when --

(ANOTHER TERRIFIC EXPLOSION UP AND ROLL AWAY
BEHIND)

NARR: ~~And it ain't firecrackers!~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO FOR)

(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: _ _ _ THEME UP AND DOWN FOR)

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

NARR: You, Norman Agathon, of the Sioux City Journal, are on one of those proverbial needle-and-haystack jobs . . . trying to crack the case of a cracked safe. The trail has led you -- on New Year's Eve, no less -- to Sioux Falls, South Dakota, where you hoped you'd find one of the cracksmen -- but when you step off the train -- the story literally blows sky-high!

(WHAMMO ECHOING AWAY BEHIND)

~~NARR: "And it ain't fireworks!"~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND DOWN BEHIND, WITH CROWD NOISES)

NARR: It was the powder ^{plant} ~~house~~, -- with the accent on was. In its place a gaping crater, still smoking ... the police holding back the crowd. You identify yourself and cross the rope to the scene.

AGGIE: Golly! That was a big one, Sergeant!

COP: Broke half the windows in town. And the police station's tied up with calls asking where the earthquake was.

AGGIE: Do you know if anybody was in there?

COP: Friend -- we don't know anything yet!

NARR: You head for the crater -- and then -- along with the cops and the crowd -- you see something you wish you hadn't.

AGGIE: (A YELL) Look -- look!
COP: (SAME) It's -- it's alive!
AGGIE: (LOW) It's --- --- a woman!
NARR: (LOW) Or -- what's left of her. Her clothes -- and her body -- are torn to shreds ... but still, she drags herself out of the crater. An ambulance takes her away (~~SOUND ON STEPS~~) -- and you ^{follow it} wait outside the hospital corridor. When the law comes out --

AGGIE: Will she live?
COP: Yes ---- --- --- unfortunately.
AGGIE: I understand. (PAUSE) Could she talk?
COP: Huh. (PAUSE) But when she does, it'll be some ^{stom} ~~epic~~.
AGGIE: Why?
COP: Because ^{when the doctor's treated her brain they found} ~~of this. They dug these out of her back~~ ³ ~~Right~~ ^{on her back - wait more} bullets, and we sifted, ~~and~~ sifted the debris... and ~~all we'll ever find is this.~~ ^{found}

AGGIE: What -- what is it?
COP: A tooth.
AGGIE: Human?
COP: Did you ever see an animal with a filling?

(MUSIC: --- STING AND UNDER)

(TELETYPE UP, BEHIND)
^{Shipping forth}
COP: FBI -- can -- you -- identify -- dental -- work -- ~~teeth -- shipped -- separate -- cover -- question --~~ mark.

(TELETYPE BACK UP, BEHIND)
^{Scout Falls police}
FBI: ^ Can -- do -- period. Dentistry -- positively -- traced -- Atlanta -- pen -- period. Sending -- photostat -- record -- card -- John -- alias -- Jumpy -- Floyd -- safe-cracker -- period.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO BEHIND)

NARR: That period marks the end of the criminal life of John, alias, Jumpy ^{Floyd} -- but it's just the beginning of a new chapter in your story. For now -- the woman can talk. Can, that is -- but, according to the Sergeant --

COP: She won't.

AGGIE: Can I try?

COP: Go ahead. What've we got to lose?

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES SLOWLY, SOFTLY. FOOTSTEPS STOP)

(SILENCE A SEC, THEN)

WOMAN: (A SHAPELESS, BANDAGED VOICE) Doctor?

AGGIE: No. I'm a reporter.

WOMAN: Go -- away.

AGGIE: Soon. Just let me ask you -- were you and Jumpy in on the Sioux City insurance job?

WOMAN: Leave -- me -- alone.

AGGIE: All right. (GENTLE BUT STRAIGHTFORWARD) Are you afraid to talk because somebody will hurt you?

WOMAN: Uh.

AGGIE: Don't you know that (GENTLE) nobody can ever do anything worse to you than what's already been done?

WOMAN: ~~(SORT OF PLEADING GROANS) Aagh, aagh~~

~~(REAL SOBING UP AND BACK)~~

AGGIE: (PIERCE) Someone condemned you to a prison of pain for life! (HARD) It was Jumpy Floyd got you into this! It was Jumpy Floyd's fault!

BOSS: Nothin' like squealin' to the cops, so you and the dilly can ---

JUMPY: Oh, no, boss, no. Just this one job -- then you're clean of us.

BOSS: That's right. Jumpy. Just this one job. (VERY VERY QUIET) Be a good boy now. You know what happens to whoever ain't.

(MUSIC: --- HIT AND GO UNDER)

~~WOMAN: Jumpy -- don't do it. Don't let him make you handle the soup -- you know you can't handle that stuff ---~~

~~JUMPY: I know, I know. I'm strictly a torch man -- but what can I do? Just this last job, honey -- this last one!~~

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

(DRILLING INTO METAL UP, DOWN BEHIND)

BOSS: Don't be nervous, Jumpy. Just a little more is enough.

(DRILL DRILL DRILL)

BOSS: That does it, Jumpy. Now -- soak the cotton. DON'T POUR IT FAST!

JUMPY: All right, boss -- all right. Just tell me when to stop, that's all --

BOSS: More . . . more . . . little more . . .

JUMPY: Ain't that -- too much already?

BOSS: Too much soup? For this can? Nah. More, Jumpy -- more. That's it. Now pack it in . . . easy, easy . . . plug the holes . . . connect the can -- the wires . . .

JUMPY: Where you goin', boss?

BOSS: Out to check on the watchers before she blows.

JUMPY: Boss -- you sure we ain't usin' too much?
BOSS: No, no. We gotta make this look good for the client.

(DOOR OPENS CAREFULLY, ~~CLOSES SIMILARLY~~)

BOSS: All clear, Jumpy. Give me a minute to get two floors up -- a half minute for the elevator to get there -- then -- let er go! (PAUSE) And don't worry, Jumpy. It ain't too much soup!

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

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

WOMAN: (FEARFUL) Who's there?

JUMPY: (OFF) Jumpy, Jumpy!

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

WOMAN: Aw, Jumpy! (PAUSE) What happened, honey -- are you hurt?

JUMPY: Lucky I ain't killed dead, baby. So much soup! I kept tellin' the boss it was too much, but --

WOMAN: Never mind, Jumpy. It's all over. Now we can just take off. The last job, Jumpy - the last job.

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

WOMAN: (CALLS) Just a minute! (WHISPER) Jumpy -- in the closet!

(DOOR OPENED QUICKLY, CLOSED DITTO)

(KNOCKING)

WOMAN: (CALLS) I'm coming!

(DOOR OPENED)

BOSS: Hya.

WOMAN: Oh -- hello . . . I --

BOSS: Do I come in?

WOMAN: Why -- why sure, sure.

(DOOR CLOSES)

BOSS: Jumpy here?
WOMAN: No. Not yet.
BOSS: Well -- he ain't comin'.
WOMAN: Why not?
BOSS: Too much soup.
WOMAN: What?
BOSS: You dumb?
WOMAN: No. But --
BOSS: (DIRTY LAUGH) I made the poor jerk use enough soup
to blow the safe -- AND HIM - to Kingdom Come.
And speakin' of that -- pack your bag.
WOMAN: Why?
BOSS: Do I have to draw you a pitcher? (SOFT) Because
from now on it ain't you and Jumpy -- it's you and
me.

(DOOR OPENS)

JUMPY: (VERY VERY QUIET) Hello, Boss.
BOSS: (LONG PAUSE) Okay, ^{Jumpy} So you know. (PAUSE) So what
are you gonna do about it? What're you gonna do?
(MUSIC: HIT AND GO)
MARR: The answer, she tells you, is -- nothing. There was
nothing either of them could do. ^{and back at the hospital} she continues --
WOMAN: (RECOVERED SOME, BUT STILL IN PAIN) -- Jumpy and I --
we couldn't break -- and we could stick around
Sioux City --
AGGIE: So you came up here to operate -- why?

WOMAN: We had to.

AGGIE: I see. They'd kill you if you broke away.

WOMAN: They'd eased this job -- the powder ~~magazine~~ ^{plant} ~~magazine~~ ^{in the plant} and we worked like always -- they got me a job as secretary --

AGGIE: Were you Iverson's secretary, ever?

WOMAN: No. We didn't need it there, you see. It was all phony. But this one -- this one was real . . .

AGGIE: Yes. I imagine there was a big payroll at the ~~magazine~~ ^{plant} . . .

WOMAN: Sure. Anyway -- that night.

AGGIE: New Year's Eve --

WOMAN: Uh-huh. New Year's Eve, they locked up as usual. I hid in the ladies room . . . and after everyone was gone ---

(MUSIC: --- UP DARKLY AND DOWN BEHIND)

(DOOR OPENED CAREFULLY ... HEAVY METAL DOOR)

WOMAN: (WELL AGAIN) Jumpy?

JUMPY: (WHISPER) Yeah.

WOMAN: (WHISPER) Come on.

(DOOR SHUTS)

JUMPY: (AGITATED) What're you doin' -- the mob's supposed to come in! What're you doin'!

WOMAN: Jumpy -- I can't let you do it. Don't, Jumpy -- please -- we can get out the back door -- please, Jumpy, please!

JUMPY: (AGONY) Baby -- we gotta! The boss promised -- this one job -- and we break up -- all of us!

WOMAN: I don't trust him, Jumpy -- he ~~tr~~ied to kill you with the overload of soup. --

JUMPY: It's all right, baby -- this'll be a torch job, see?
I got my torch -- they're bringin' the oxy any minute --

WOMAN: No, Jumpy, no --

JUMPY: I gotta. If I don't -- they'll murder ~~me~~ both, ^{of us} both ^{of us}

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO UNDER)

WOMAN: (HOSPITAL MOOD AGAIN) The rest -- well, Jumpy got
set up. Just waiting for them to bring the oxygen Comes
in a havy tank, y'know --

AGGIE: I know.

WOMAN: Finally, they drove up. We let them in (BEGIN FADE)
The boss came in first -

(DOOR OPENS)

BOSS: Jumpy?

JUMPY: Yeah, yeah.

BOSS: I got it.

JUMPY: Roll it in. Lemme have it.

BOSS: Sure.

(A SHOT)

WOMAN: (A SCREAM) JUMPY! Jumpy! (SOBBING)
(MANY SHOTS, ANOTHER SCREAM --)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP OUT OF SCREAM. DOWN BEHIND)

WOMAN: (SOBBING) They killed Jumpy -- they shot me -- and the
last thing I saw -- the very last thing.

AGGIE: Yeah -- yeah --

WOMAN: They lit a fuse ^{to a} ~~of the whole~~ powder magazine --
and left me there with Jumpy! ~~(SOB)~~ And I wish I
would of died with him, -- I wish I was dead right
now!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO UNDER)

MARR: But she didn't die. She lived to testify -- heavily veiled, from a wheelchair -- against Iverson, and the rest of the mob. So -- because you got interested in too much soup -- a safe-cracking story turned into a murder story -- ^{and} a Big Story!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND AWAY)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Norman Agathon of the Sioux City Journal with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #140

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 Norman Agathon of the Sioux City Journal.

AGATHON: Testimony of woman in tonight's Big Story plus my appearance as corroborating witness helped to sentence boss of safe cracking gang to life imprisonment . Owner of the jewelry store was indicted for conspiracy to defraud an insurance company and was sentenced to 3 years at Fort Madison. Thanks a lot for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Agathon .. 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 Trenton New Jersey - Trentonian -- by-line, Joseph Henry, A BIG STORY about bullets .. blood ... and terrorism!

(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 adapted by Alan Sloan from an actual story from the front pages of the Sioux City Journal. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and ^{Bill Guerin}~~Lawson Berte~~ played the part of Norman Agathon. 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. Agathon.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

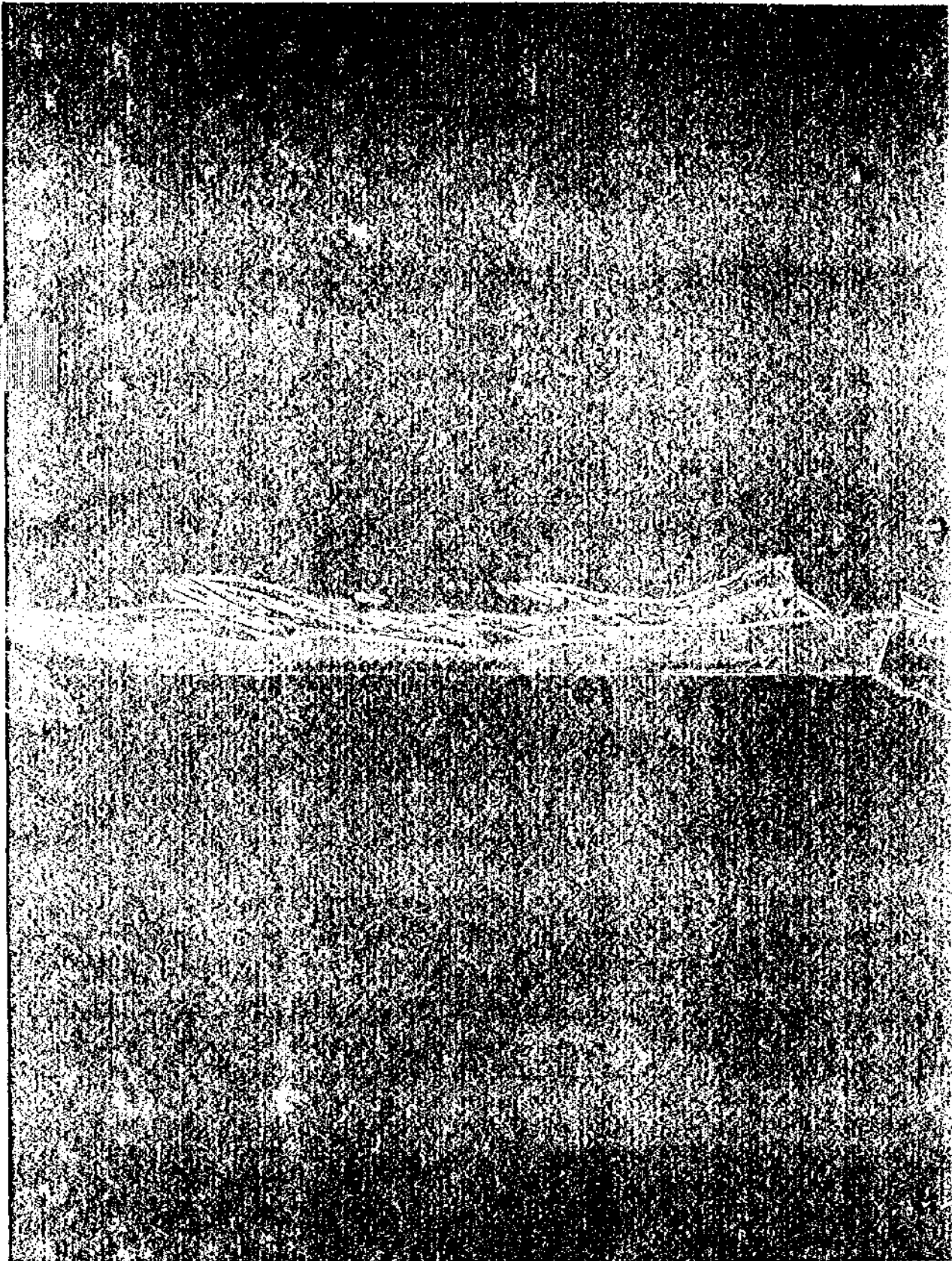
CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

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

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11/18/49
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AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #141

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
WIFE	JOYCE GORDON
CASHIER	JOYCE GORDON
BUD	JAMES McCALLION
EDITOR	SANTOS ORTEGA
MAN II	SANTOS ORTEGA
LIEUTENANT	ROGER de KOVLEN
MAN 5	ROGER de KOVLEN
TOUGH GUY	SID RAYMOND
MAN I	SID RAYMOND
VOICE	WILLIAM KEENE
MAN 4	WILLIAM KEENE
MAN III	STEVE GETHERS
MAN 6	STEVE GETHERS

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1949

ATX01 0170321

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#141

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

DECEMBER 7, 1949

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE)

EDITOR: You say you're twenty-three, eh. Married?

BUD: Yes sir. (SMILE) Four days ago.

EDITOR: Fine. And now you want a steady job, eh? What were you doing before?

BUD: Well... the air force, mostly. Then some radio acting... some theatre.

EDITOR: Oh no.

BUD: Y-yes sir.

EDITOR: Hmm. (PAUSE) Answer me one question -- honestly.

BUD: Why -- why sure, sir.

EDITOR: Did you or did you not ever go to a school of journalism?

BUD: I -- I never did, sir.

EDITOR: Good -- you're hired! Police reporter -- two weeks' trial!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO FOR...)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Here is America... its sound and its fury... its joy and its sorrow... as faithfully reported by the men and women of the great American newspapers. (PAUSE: COLD & FLAT) Trenton, New Jersey. From the pages of the Trentonian, the story of a reporter whose Big Story was his first. And ^{for} ~~for~~ his work, -- to Joseph "Bud" Henry for his Big Story goes the PELL MELL AWARD!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0170322

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #141

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: Trenton, New Jersey. The story as it actually happened.
Bud Henry's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: _ _ _HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: You, Bud Henry, have been with the Trentonian for --
exactly twenty seconds. And for you -- twenty-three years
old, four days married, this Wednesday is the biggest day
Trenton has seen since G. Washington ^{crossed} the Delaware
eight miles away. Yep -- you're finally a newspaperman.
Ah -- correction. A reporter. Whether or not you'll
make a newspaperman -- well, the city editor's just put
you on the payroll and given you two weeks to find out.
And now, your first question is --

HENRY: When do I start?

EDITOR: (HE LAUGHS) Well... today's Wednesday... ^{heavy} heavy ad day
~~tomorrow~~... big paper... lots of room -- suppose you
start -- right now.

HENRY: Oh, swell!

EDITOR: I'll have a desk and typewriter for you tomorrow...
meantime -- go down to police headquarters and make
yourself known.

HENRY: Yes sir. Do I need a press card or anything?

EDITOR: ^{Oh-oh} Oh-oh. (PAUSE) Sit down again, Henry. Uh -- what do they
call you?

HENRY: Bud, mostly.

EDITOR: Bud. All right, Bud. Listen to me. If you have any
ideas that this is a romantic, exciting "game", this
newspaper business -- get them out of your head. This is
a serious, important, grownup profession.

HENRY: Yes sir.

EDITOR: Forget the movies... forget the radio programs... all that.. (HE YELLS) Stop the press -- Flash! -- Scoop, scoop! -- (NORMAL) wearing your hat on the back of your head... you follow me, Bud?

HENRY: Yes sir, I --

EDITOR: Good! Now just go down there to first district station on Chancery Lane -- introduce yourself, tell them who you are -- learn your way around. Learn who is who, find out how much you have a right to know -- go on. The rest is up to you.

HENRY: I understand.

EDITOR: Just one more thing. No -- two. Bud -- you're going to cover police. It's a back-breaking job... day in, day out, nothing but minor offenders... stuff that isn't even worth a mention in the papers. But it's up to you, up to the way you see it and write it and ~~show it~~ work it up that makes the difference between what's on the blotter -- and a story. That's one side of it. The other side is this. Son -- you're going out to get news, not make it. Leave the detecting to the police -- that's what they're for. You report -- they detect. Because the worst thing a newspaperman can do is get in the law's hair, trying to be Dick Tracy. (PAUSE) That's all.

HENRY: Whew. That's a lot.

EDITOR: (SMILE) It's not as hard as it sounds. You'll see. After all -- you've got two whole weeks to prove yourself!

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO SARCASTICALLY UNDER)

NARR: Yeah -- two whole weeks. Fourteen days -- of which two are Sundays, when you don't work -- and then, two Saturday afternoons ditto -- making a total of -- eleven days, really, to show your stuff. Wednesday the ninth of February -- you are hired. Thursday passes. What have you got in the paper? You and your wife check, that night.

BUD: (DISGUSTED) They boiled down my story on the auto accident to one sentence!

WIFE: (EAGER) But it was interesting, Bud!

BUD: Sure. To the crowd of people that gathered when their fenders locked -- but nobody was killed or hurt. That's what makes news! Golly -- I wish somebody would do something to somebody on my beat!

WIFE: Golly yourself. Don't be so bloodthirsty.

BUD: Look, Mrs. Henry -- we gotta eat!

(MUSIC: HIT HUMOROUSLY AND GO UNDER)

NARR: So much for Thursday. Friday?

BUD: (DISGUSTED) An obit -- and an announcement of the committees for the annual policemen's ball -- some haul!

WIFE: ~~Did you get tickets?~~

BUD: ~~Did I? Honey -- I had to!~~ Boy, I'm certainly not paying my way! *in that paper*

WIFE: Well, if they had anybody else in your place, Bud, he couldn't ^{do} ~~get~~ any ^{better} ~~more~~ ~~either~~.

BUD: True. But the difference between him and me is -- I'm on trial. And a six-year-old kid with a pencil could replace me on what I'm doing!

WIFE: Well... tomorrow's Saturday. Saturday night things happen. People get paid... they go out... maybe something'll happen, huh?

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: Yeah -- huh. Trenton, ordinarily a reasonably active town on Saturday nights -- goes stark, staring, raving berserk-- with goodness. Everybody grows a halo -- all is sweetness and light. Result --

(~~AS SOUND OF NEWSROOM PATTERN SNEAKS IN~~)

-- you check in on Monday morning with --

BUD: No story, sir. I even stuck around headquarters all Saturday night, hoping something would break. But nothing happened.

EDITOR: Let's get this straight. You say -- nothing happened.

BUD: Not a thing, sir.

EDITOR: In all Trenton.

BUD: That's right.

EDITOR: On Saturday night.

BUD: All day Sunday, too.

EDITOR: Bud, let me tell you a story. Once a city editor sent a cub reporter out to cover a ship launching. After a couple of hours, the cub came back and reported -- "No story, boss." Boss says.. "What do you mean, no story?" Cub says.. "Well -- they didn't launch the ship. (PAUSE) You see -- it sank at the dock." (PAUSE) Get it?

BUD: I -- (PAUSE) Yes sir.

EDITOR: All right, then. Get on that phone -- call them at headquarters -- check the records -- find out how many times in the history of the department they've had a blank blotter -- and if it's ever happened before -- I'll eat the ~~sheet~~^{beer}! (PAUSE: GENTLER. NICE GUY) You see, Bud -- sometimes it's a story when there is no story. You muffed that one.

(MUSIC: _ _ HIT AND GO DOWN BEHIND)

NARR: And do you feel small. On the city room wall, you can practically see the handwriting -- weighed in the balance and found wanting. Well -- you write it up -- and hit the street again. Monday... Tuesday... Wednesday -- pay day!

BUD: Yeah -- and a lot they got for their money! The only story I had, I had to be told it was a story!

WIFE: Aw, Bud -- that can happen to anyone!

BUD: Sure -- but why did it have to be me? Aaah, I think I'll quit before they hand me the regrets.

WIFE: Don't you dare!

BUD: I dunno, honey... maybe it's smarter to bow out before they --

WIFE: No! You haven't given it a chance!

BUD: A chance! Baby -- a whole week's gone already! And what've I done! Nothing! Besides, a guy's got to have something to work with, to show what he can do! A -- a sculptor's gotta have stone to sculp, an actor's gotta have a part to read --

WIFE: (SOFT) At least it's better than going the rounds of the producers day in, day out... at least this way we know we'll eat ---

BUD: But I'm trying to tell you it isn't definite until I've proved myself -- honey, I'm only on trial! If something would only happen!

WIFE: (GETTING TESTY) The way you talk you'd think people are supposed to -- to murder each other just for you!

BUD: (NEARLY SORE) Sometimes I wish they would!

WIFE: (DITTO) I -- I don't like you when you talk like that!

BUD: (GENTLER) Well -- at least one thing's happened. We're havin' our first fight. (QUIET) I'm sorry, baby. (PAUSE) You're right -- I was wrong. I'll just -- stick with it, whatever comes. Only I wish it would come -- just a ~~teeny-weeny~~ little holdup or something... just -- something!

(MUSIC: _ _ HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: There went Wednesday... Thursday -- things pick up a little. At least -- you pick up a little thing, down at headquarters... from a swell cop -- your friend.

LT.: That's the whole story, Bud. Just a little stickup... total loot -- fourteen dollars. No shooting... nobody hurt. Routine.

BUD: Thanks, Lieutenant. Will you let me know if anything turns up on it?

LT: (SMILE) Well -- it'll be on the blotter. But you know how these petty stickups are...we'll have the storekeeper down to look at the rogues' gallery -

BUD: Oh -- that's an angle --

LT: (SMILE) Sure, kid -- but it's an angle every one of these stories has. Nothing new there. Yeah, we'll just bring ^{the Store-Keeper} ~~him~~ in -- and he'll look at the pictures and say "Nope. That ain't him --" or "Yep. That's him"-- then all we have to do is find --

BUD: Him.

LT: Yeah. And when we do -- you'll know.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO)

NARR: So they bring ^{the Store-Keeper} ~~him~~ in -- and he says "That ain't him --" and you never know. So much for Thursday. But Friday -- that's a little better. That morning, on the blotter -- there are two holdups. Both very petty -- both of the "This is a gun I have in my pocket" type. So -- you write the story. And when you hand it in --

EDITOR: Bud!

BUD: Yes sir.

EDITOR: What kind of a lead do you call this?

BUD: I -- I don't know what you mean, sir. What kind?

EDITOR: You use the phrase -- "crime wave." Since when is three stickups a crime wave?

BUD: Well.... I thought that since they came right after each other... two days in succession...

EDITOR: That's a crime wave? Mm-mm. Three of 'em doesn't make a wave, Bud.

BUD: How many does?

EDITOR: Now don't be sassy --

BUD: I -- I wasn't, sir. I was honestly trying to find out.

EDITOR: All I can say is -- you'll find out when it happens.

(PAUSE) That is -- (BEAT) Well... skip it.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO FOR)

NARR: What he meant by the "that is," you don't have to have spelled out for you. He meant -- "if you're still around." And the way things are going -- you won't be. ^{So the next night.} ~~By now~~ -- saturday you're ~~not~~ out dining

~~BUD: Do you realize, Honey -- it's Saturday again? Sunday, Monday, Tuesday -- three more days to go! Three more days!~~

WIFE: I -- I wish you could get your mind off it.

BUD: Huh! Who doesn't! It's getting so I feel like tossing a brick through a jewelry store window and running -- just to hear a police siren! Boy -- all they have to do in a town is hire me on a paper -- and crime -- stands -- still!

WIFE: (SHE LAUGHS)

BUD: (DITTO) Sure. I'm a secret weapon against crime!

WIFE: Now you're being yourself. Golly -- you were getting so grim! I tell you what -- let's go out for some chow mein-- and see a movie, huh?

BUD: Dinner -- sure. We haven't eaten Chinese in a long time. But the movie --

WIFE: Aw, Bud --

BUD: Honey, I know I haven't been much of a husband -- but -- well, every Saturday night can't be like the last one. I thought I'd hang around police headquarters... at least, cruise around in the car and see if anything pops...

WIFE: But there's no paper tomorrow!

BUD: Sure -- but if anything does pop -- I'll be there on it, instead of having to dig it out of the cold blotter, or interview the cops. Baby -- I have to do it. I -- I've got so little time!

WIFE: All right. I'll go with you.

BUD: Now wouldn't that look nice!

WIFE: Well -- you're on your own time. Nobody'll mind. We'll just ride around from police station to police station --

BUD: I'll go in -- you wait outside. And we'll keep tuned to the police frequency.

WIFE: Oh -- that'll be fun!

~~(MUSIC: -- -- UP AND AWAY BEHIND)~~

(CAR UP, POLICE FREQUENCY ON & BEHIND)

BUD: Well -- two a.m. Let's call it a night. Total score -- one false alarm -- one accident -- seven drunks.

WIFE: No real stories.

BUD: No real stories. And that's a reporter's life. Ex -- eye -- ting -- isn't -- it. (HE SARCASTICALLY ENUNCIATES THE WORDS). Here -- turn in Princeton Avenue. It's quicker that way.

(CAR UP, DOWN BEHIND)

(OFF MIKE A SHOT. THEN ANOTHER)

BUD: Now y'see -- if this was the movies -- if this was any other reporter -- those'd be bullet: ~~shots~~ instead of a car backfiring.

(ANOTHER SHOT. CLOSER)

WIFE: Well -- I'm glad they're not.

(TWO MORE RAPID ONES -- LAST OF WHICH CRASHES WINDOW GLASS WITH A "THWANGG")

BUD: Holy cat -- they are! Stop, willya -- STOP!

(CAR TO SCREECHING STOP

AMID BULLET SHOTS & INTO)

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO FOR)

(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: THEME UP AND DOWN FOR)

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

NARR: You -- Joseph known as Bud Henry, have been with the Trentonian for exactly ten days -- on a two-week trial, as police reporter. And has Trenton come through with anything for you to police report? It has not. You've even spent this Saturday night going the rounds -- on your own time -- just to get something the paper can judge you by. Of course, there've been three petty stickups... but tonight... as you're driving home with your wife...

~~(BANG BANG BEHIND CAR BEHIND)~~

BUD: ~~For anybody else, those'd be bullet shots. For me?~~
~~Backfiring.~~

(SHOT SMASHES GLASS)

~~Backfiring!~~ They are gunshots! Stop the car!

(CAR TO STOP BEHIND)

VOICE: (FILTER: POLICE RADIO) Car five, car five -- go to Princeton Avenue -- investigate neighbors' report -- shooting in street!

BUD: How about that! We're here before the cops! Honey - hand me the camera -- quick!

WIFE: Please -- be careful!

BUD: Sure, sure!

~~(SLEEPING UP, DOWN BEHIND NEXT;~~

~~WE'RE STOPPING IN)~~

NARR: You grab the speed-graphic and hotfoot it up the street. Back toward you, there's a man holding a pistol in two hands, blazing away at a car just pulling away...

~~(LEADER SC)~~

~~(NOISE SHOTS BEHIND)~~

You sneak up on him -- all ready. You aim. You fire -- with your flash-gun. And at the flash --

MAN I: (YELLING) Who're you! What do you think you're doing!

BUD: Now -- now take it easy, mister -- put the gun down -- I -- I'm just a reporter --

MAN I: (RAGING) Well what are you doing flashing that light at me! Why I'll --

BUD: Now look, mister -- you might as well give up -- your gun's empty -- the police are on their way --

MAN I: (FURIOUS) What are you talking about! Are you crazy or something? I'm not a holdup man -- I'M THE MAN THEY HELD UP! And instead of taking pictures of me -- DID YOU GET THE LICENSE NUMBER OF THAT CAR?

BUD: (CRUSHED) N-no. N-n-no sir.

~~(POLICE SIRENS PULL-UP WITH CAR TO STOP
DOWN BEHIND)~~

(MUSIC: ^{PUNCTUATES} ~~WIPES~~ AND UNDER)

NARR: Sure. Johnny-on-the-spot, that's you. But on the spot. What the police think of a reporter who takes pictures of the victim -- and lets the gunmen get off, when he has a car to chase them with -- is better left unsaid. Well -- at least -- it's a story. And one angle of it is really something.

BUD: ^{Boss}~~Sir~~, the storekeeper was standing in the middle of his
smashed store-front -- the cops checked and found only
two things missing from the shop. It was a hardware
store -- they took two guns.

EDITOR: Anything else?

BUD: No sir. Just the guns.

EDITOR: What kind? Pistols, revolvers, shotguns, riot guns, --
~~twenty-two's, thirty-eights, forty-fives~~ -- what kind, Bud?

BUD: They were -- revolvers. One a thirty-two, one a thirty-
eight. Both silver-plated.

EDITOR: Good. Go ahead -- write it up.

BUD: (QUIET) I -- I can't sir.

EDITOR: What do you mean, you can't?

BUD: I promised the detectives I wouldn't. You see -- those
guns are a clue. If we tell what kind they were -- the
gunmen might get rid of them. This way -- we might catch
them.

EDITOR: We.

BUD: Well, I thought --

EDITOR: You thought what!

BUD: Sir, I thought -- (REAL EARNEST) Well, sir, I figured they
stole those guns for one reason -- more holdups. And
since there've been three already -- and since I only
have three more days -- I'd sort of like to stick on this
case --

EDITOR: CASE! Bud, I warned you NOT to play Dick Tracy! For the police it's a case, not for you. For you it's a story. Now write it up -- with guns, without guns -- ~~with~~ you've promised, to play along with the department. BUT STAY OUT OF THEIR HAIR! And write that story before you really get into mine!

BUD: (CRUSHED) Yes sir.

EDITOR: Oh. One more thing.

BUD: Yes sir?

EDITOR: (VE-RY SWEET BUT SO SARCASTIC) Next time you take a picture, Bud -- please remember to pull out the slide.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER SARCASTICALLY)

NARR: All right. There goes Monday -- two more days to go. And two more sleepless nights. Especially; that Monday night.

WIFE: Honey -- please, ~~please~~ -- try to get some sleep.

BUD: I can't sleep, baby. I close my eyes -- and my mind goes right on figuring.

WIFE: But it's only a job. It's not that important!

BUD: It's not the job now. It's -- it's guys with guns.

WIFE: Huh?

BUD: Guys with guns, ^{in the} loose in Trenton. Don't you see what I mean? It's like -- like a jungle, with wild animals running around loose. Why -- why anything can happen!

WIFE: Oh, you're just being dramatic.

BUD: Maybe. All I know is -- those two men took exactly what they wanted from that shop. There was a five hundred dollar shotgun in the showcase -- they never even touched the cash register -- just those two guns. And something else.

WIFE: What?

BUD: (VERY QUIET) Twenty rounds of ammunition -- ten for a .32 -- ten for a .38. Twenty rounds. And I have a feeling they're going to use it.

(PHONE RINGS SUDDENLY)

(PICKING IT UP) Hello.

LT: (FILTER) Bud Henry?

BUD: Yes.

LT: (FILTER) This is Lieutenant Gilper. Hate to get you out of bed -- but you said if anything broke --

BUD: (EAGER) Yes, Lieutenant -- what's up?

LT: (FILTER) Grab your hat and your camera and hop around the corner. There's been another stickup --

BUD: Yes sir -- where?

LT: (FILTER) Busybee Diner. (PAUSE) Better not bring your wife. There's been more than ketchup spilled.

(MUSIC: _ _ HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: (GENTLE) Old Joe Berdgazby -- so unpronounceable a name, it became Busybee, and his diner, Joe Busybee's place. Old Joe -- stretched out on his diner floor in a pile of crockery and cheap silverware... his head wrapped in dishtowels... waiting for the ambulance. (PAUSE) Not a name in a newspaper story, Joe -- but a friend.

BUD: Can he talk, Lieutenant?

LIEUT: Better he doesn't, Bud.

BUD: What ~~did they do to~~ ^{happened - did he get shot?} ~~shoot him?~~

LIEUT: No. ^{They} Just beat him with the gunbutts. (BITTER) And all for fourteen dollars.

BUD: Rats. That's what they are. (PAUSE) They. You said -- "they".

LIEUT: Yeah. One tall ~~one~~, one medium. Both fair. That's the best Joe could give us. They wore masks. (A SNORT OF GRIM HUMOR). That is -- silk stockings over their faces. ~~Black ~~and~~ sticking out underneath, you know?~~

BUD: I see. (PAUSE) They must have done some shooting, though. ~~The windows --~~

LIEUT: Yeah. Joe said they shot up the place.

BUD: How many shots did they fire?

LIEUT: Hmmm? Oh. Two... four... seven. Seven we can count. Why?

BUD: Well, the two men who...
(TELEPHONE RINGS)

LIEUT: Hold it.
(PHONE PICKED UP)
Lieutenant Gilper speaking. (PAUSE) Yeah. What's the number? (PAUSE) Two men? (PAUSE) How much did they get? (PAUSE) All right -- we'll roll!
(PHONE CRADLED)
Bud -- this is a night. Two men just stuck up a gas station on the Nottingham Way. (PAUSE) Silk stockings for masks. (PAUSE) Looks like we got a two-man crime wave. Come on.
(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER)

(MUSIC: And that's not all. No sooner have you got the simple facts of that holdup -- in which the same pattern showed up -- eight shots, this time, fired wildly into the ceiling, through the windows, into the gas pumps -- then the police radio reports --

VOICE: (FILTER & SIGNAL WAVE) Car one, car one -- go to West State Street -- holdup reported in diner.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: And off you go again with the police. Again the same pattern -- nobody in the diner but the night man -- nothing in the till but eleven dollars -- and the place all shot up.

BUD: ^{You should have seen that diner, honey.} Four bullet holes ~~in the diner, honey.~~ -- you realize what that means?

WIFE: Sort of -- but --

BUD: Look -- they steal two guns. Right? That means they're determined to go to work with them. But only twenty bullets -- that's all they had time to scoop up. Now: seven on the first holdup -- eight on the second -- makes fifteen -- four on the third -- that makes a total of nineteen. Nineteen bullets gone. (PAUSE) That means one of two things. Either they use the last one on people --

WIFE: Oh, Bud!

BUD: (GOING RIGHT ON) or they have to get more bullets. Now

~~listen. They have to get them in town.~~

~~WIFE: Why?~~

~~BUD: Because they know the roads and the railroads and the buses are being watched. Lieutenant Gilper told me the department's putting "Operation Crime" into effect --~~

~~WIFE: What's that?~~

~~BUD: The dragnet. And the whole police force has orders to shoot to kill!~~

WIFE: Are you gonna put all that in your story?

BUD: Am I! I sure am!

WIFE: And the part about the bullets?

BUD: Well...no.

WIFE: But you told the editor.

BUD: N-no. I didn't.

WIFE: Why not?

BUD: (SORE) Because he'll throw me out of the office -- he'll yell "Who do you think you are -- Dick Tracy?" Just be a reporter, he says. ~~He says. Not me. I know. I know -- for twelve days I've been acting like a child --~~

~~WIFE: Aw, Bud --~~

~~BUD: No. It's true. I've been a stupid jerk -- wishing (HE MAKES FUN OF HIMSELF) something would happen so I could get a story, keep a job -- (FURIOUS) A fine way to talk! I -- I had to see poor old Joe lying in his own blood to realize what it was all about -- honey -- this isn't kid stuff, this isn't the boy reporter on the trail -- this is rough! So far -- stickups and holes in the ceiling -- next time -- it'll be murder. These guys are gun-happy!~~

WIFE: Then you ought to leave it to the police!

BUD: (EVASIVE) Who isn't?

WIFE: You.

BUD: Yes I am.

WIFE: (QUIET) Then what's that list you were making out from the phone book?

BUD: Oh. You saw it. (PAUSE) Well, all right. It's a list of hardware stores...sporting goods stores...places that sell -- bullets.

WIFE: What for? (PAUSE) No. Don't tell me. I know. You think you're going to check them all and --

BUD: What do you mean -- I think? (PAUSE) Honey -- I am.

~~WIFE: No, please --~~

BUD: Look honey -- this hasn't anything to do with trying to keep my job. Two days, twenty days -- the job can go hang. He says stay away from the police? All right -- I won't get in the way of the police. I'll do it on my own. Win, lose, or draw -- he can't stop me. (PAUSE) And honey -- if -- if I know you, ~~if I know you~~ -- you won't try.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: She doesn't. And so much for Monday night. One more day to go -- not that, by now, you care too much. You're interested in doing all you can to stop the stickup men before somebody gets -- killed. And so -- you start,

BUD: So if anybody answering that description -- I'm sorry ^{checking the hardware & sporting goods stores for} I can't give you more -- comes in for .32 and .38 or both ^{bullet-s} caliber bullets -- either call me at the paper -- or the police. Okay?

MAN II: Okay. What's your name again, Bud?

BUD: (SMILE) That's it. Bud. Bud Henry.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER)

BUD: ...thirty-two or thirty-eight. Got that?

MAN III: Got it.

BUD: Good.

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

NARR: It takes practically all day Tuesday to make the rounds.
You have only a few more shops to cover -- and at 3:30 PM
you drop in on a ^{hardware store} ~~shop~~ on Perry Street, near Broad. You're
going through the routine, when --

BUD: Uh -- excuse me a minute. That -- that ^{Sporting Goods} ~~hardware~~ store
across the street -- does he carry ammunition?

MAN IV: ~~Oh~~ yes. ^{he has} ~~for sports~~ you know.

BUD: Uh-hm. (LOW) Look. Those two men that went in. No -- one
went in. The other's waiting outside. See?

MAN IV: Yeah -- yeah.

BUD: All right. Watch me. I'm going to walk over there --
casually. (VERY QUIET) I'll walk in the shop and get a line
on what I think is going on. If you see me take my hat
off and put it on the counter --

MAN IV: Yeah -- but stand near the window --

BUD: If I can, sure. But watch me! If I take my hat off --

MAN IV: Sure, sure --

BUD: Call the police -- fast! And tell them to watch for me.
Cause wherever ^{these guys are} ~~they're~~ going -- I'm going!

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER)

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSSES)

MAN V: (CALLING) Yes sir. With you in a minute, sir.

(QUIETER) Was there anything else, mister?

TOUGH GUY: No. Just the thirty-twos. How much is that?

MAN V: That'll be two twenty-five. Wrap them up for you.

TOUGH GUY: Nah. I'll just shove 'em in my pocket. Here. Keep the change.

~~(CALLER AND~~ DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

MAN V: Help you, son?

BUD: Help me? Mister -- you have! (FULL TREATMENT) I take my hat off to you!

MAN V: You crazy or something?

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT QUICKLY AND UNDER)

NARR: You must be. Because you rush out of the place -- and follow the tall guy and the shorter guy down the street -- noting out of the corner of your eye -- that the hardware man is on the telephone! You follow them -- into a restaurant right up the street!

(HUBBUB OF DISHES, ETC. CONVERSATION)

NARR: Fortunately, it's a cafeteria -- where you pick a check out of a machine that rings a gong --

(GONG. WE KEEP HEARING THIS INTERMITTENTLY)

NARR: (LOW) You grab a cup of coffee...thread your way to a table next to the two guys -- where you can watch them -- in the mirror.

~~(HUBBUB OF DISHES)~~

~~NARR:~~ Suddenly --

~~MAN V:~~ ~~Hey, Bud!~~ ~~What?~~ I sit down?

NARR: Just a chance acquaintance -- but just by chance -- he sits down and cuts off your view -- just as you saw one guy reach a hand into his pocket -- and the other reach under the table. You have to do something. The coffee -- ah!

(CRASH OF COFFEE CUP ON FLOOR)

MAN VI: Hey, Bud -- look what you did to my suit!

BUD: I'm sorry -- I'm awful sorry --

NARR: Sorry your foot! Because when you stooped to pick up the spoon -- you saw -- underneath the table -- a flash. A silvery flash -- a pistol -- with silverplating. Just like the one stolen that first time!

(MUSIC: IT SNEAKS? OMINOUSLY)

NARR: But what do you do now?

MAN VI: Say, Bud -- what's got into you? You getting enough sleep or something?

BUD: I'm all right -- please --

MAN VI: You scared of me? What're you looking so scared for --

BUD: (HISS) Listen, will you shut up a minute!

~~MAN VI: Say, what the heck is going on here!~~

After a few minutes
NARR: The two men get up from the table. They head for the cashier. Their hands are in their pockets. (PAUSE) You get up. You follow them. Now -- they're at the window. You too. You hear --

CASHIER: (GIRL) Checks, mister?

TOUGH GUY: We don't need no checks, lady. (VERY QUIET) Just hand me what you got in the drawer.

NARR: Then -- three things happen. ~~And the first thing~~
~~the -- three.~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ ONE - TWO - THREE)

NARR: One. She reaches for the money.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING)

NARR: Two. He reaches into his pocket -- so does the other
guy. (PAUSE) Guns.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING)

NARR: Three -- the prettiest sight in the world. Prettier
than the United States Marines, at that particular
point -- but just as dependable. A stocky, solid
quiet faced man in a doublebreasted suit, bulging under
the armpit with a shoulder-holster. A man who does
not take a check from the gong-machine. Lieutenant
Gilper. You flick your eyes momentarily toward the
counter -- he blinks in answer --

~~(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING)~~

NARR: And the rest -- is history.

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

~~NARR: P.S. The next day is Wednesday. The Trentonian carries
your story. And another on Thursday...and Friday -- and
so on, right up to now. For your first real story was
-- a Big Story. Not only that, but it is your own city
editor and the police department who send it in to the
radio-people.~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Bud
Henry of the Trentonian with the final outcome of
tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING...)
(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #141

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: _ _ _THEME UP FULL AND FADE)

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES and reminding you - this
Christmas give smooth smoking - give the longer,
finer cigarette - PELL MELL.

(MUSIC: _ _ _OUT)

CHAPPELL: Last year the Salvation Army brought the warm glow of
Christmas into the lives of a million men, women and
children ... and this year the need is even greater.
Your contribution to The Salvation Army Christmas Fund
will help people in your own community. So give
generously ... give now.

ANNCR: ^{MUSIC} This is NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #142

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MRS. PENN	ABBY LEWIS
GIRL	ABBY LEWIS
NOLEN	BOBBY READICK
OLIVER	GRANT RICHARDS
SON	GRANT RICHARDS
AGE	MANDEL KRAMER
WHITE BURNS	MANDEL KRAMER
BURNS RITCHIE	BILL SMITH
BRONSON	BILL SMITH

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1949

ATX01 0170350

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#142

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

NOLEN BULLOCH - TULSA OKLAHOMA TRIBUNE

DECEMBER 14, 1949

WEDNESDAY

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE AND OUT)

NARR: It was Sunday morning along U.S. Highway 66, heading west from Tulsa toward Clinton, Oklahoma. Mrs. Rose Penn and her son were driving to church.

(JALOPY MOTOR UNDER MRS. PENN)

MRS. PENN: Jim! Jim! Stop the car!

SON: (ABOUT 16) What's the matter, ma?

MRS. PENN: I told you, stop the car.

(THE MOTOR STOPS)

MRS. PENN: (CONTINUING), don't you see it over there? On the side of the road -- a cot. There's a man sleeping on that cot.

SON: That's no business of ours, is it ma? A fella has got a right to sleep.

MRS. PENN: (INTERRUPTING SHARPLY) You get on out of this car and find out why he's sleeping there on a cot beside the road. Weather like this - now go on!

(DOOR OPENS. WE HEAR SOME STEPS ON PAVEMENT, THEN ON GRASS, THEN ON PAVEMENT)

MRS. PENN: Well, well, what are you standing there for? Is he all right? Is he sleeping?

ATX01 0170351

SON: (LOW) He's sleeping, ma. He's sleeping but he ain't
never going to wake up.

(MUSIC: UP FULL IN TRAGEDY, THEN UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY! Here is America -- it's sound and its
fury, its joy and its sorrow as faithfully reported by the
men and women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT)
Tulsa, Oklahoma -- the story of a reporter who found
three golden coins that spelled death. And to this
reporter, Nolen Bulloch of the Tulsa Oklahoma Tribune for
his Big Story goes the PELL MELL Award!
(COMMERCIAL)

PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGARETTES
EXPERIMENTAL COMMERCIAL #1
To be recorded December 13, 1949

OPENING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! Yes, 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, natural filter of traditionally fine tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch. Yes, PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Don't let throat-scratch spoil your smoking enjoyment.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0170353

THE BIG STORY
12/14/49

-4-

REVISED

(MUSIC: -- -- -- THEME UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Tulsa, Oklahoma. The story as it actually happened.
Reporter Nolen Bulloch's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: -- -- PUNCTUATES AND GOES UNDER)

NARR: You, Nolen Bulloch of the Tulsa Tribune are a reporter with a flattened nose and you got it by sticking it consistently into other people's business. Like now, you sit in the fashionable Will Rogers Hotel in Clairmore near Tulsa and take part in a "business conference". The business being, (since Oklahoma is a dry state), bootlegging and your job, that of undercover agent for the State Crime Bureau. Your name for today, Nolen Bulloch, is "Mr. Norton".

(A MEAL HAS JUST BEEN FINISHED. WE HEAR COFFEE CUPS, SILVERWARE, ETC.)

RITCHIE: Mighty good meal they serve here Mr. Norton, mighty good.

NOLEN: Cigar Mr. Ritchie?

RITCHIE: O.K., perfect. Thank you kindly.

NOLEN: (SOMEWHAT IMPATIENT) I've been sitting quiet all through the meal, Mr. Ritchie. Do we talk business now?

RITCHIE: Sure thing, Mr. Norton, but to tell you the truth I don't think we can make a deal.

NOLEN: You've had a week to check my credit.

RITCHIE: (PLACATING) Oh, it's not the credit.

NOLEN: Well, what is it then? I've been without merchandise 3½ weeks now.

RITCHIE: Look, I explained to you last time -- a change in a corporation as big as mine -- that takes time, Mr. Norton. When Mr. Vesey was alive (the man in charge before Mr. Breedor) I told him you got to prepare for eventualities like this but he didn't listen to me. Nobody listens to an accountant.

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NOLEN: Look, all I know is that I've got to have 21 cases of stock delivered...

RITCHIE: (INTERRUPTING) Not so loud, please, Mr. Norton.

NOLEN: (GOING ON QUIETLY) When am I going to get a definite answer? You know there are other firms to deal with. *And I need 2 dozen bonds weekly - regularly*

RITCHIE: (LAUGHING) Oh, you wouldn't want to do that, Mr. Norton. When Mr. Breeden comes in and takes over, that's the man you'll want to deal with and the only one in this state. I worked for Mr. Breeden years ago, and I'll tell you frankly, I'm looking forward to his return. Things never were the same in all the years he was away. Fine man, Mr. Breeden. Strictly business, but the best terms you could get, believe me.

NOLEN: (BESIDE HIMSELF) Look, I know ^{about} Mr. Breeden. All I'm asking you now is when does he get here? When can we make our final arrangements?

RITCHIE: Tell you the truth, Mr. Norton, he ought ^{to} have been here yesterday. Left California, must have been three days ago. I believe I'll wire him and find out if there was any change in plans.

NOLEN: I've got 121 establishments waiting on Mr. Breeden -- (WHISPER) and those customers want beer and they want wine and they want whiskey, and they want it now! They aren't interested in any of my business difficulties.

(MUSIC: UP MOCKING AND UNDER)

NARR: And so you, Nolen Bulloch, undercover agent and reporter, watch the pleasant accountant leave and you make your call. Capitol 2000. State Bureau of Criminal Investigation.

(DIALING OF PHONE. THERE IS AN ANSWER)

NOLEN: Let me have Mr. Oliver, please. (PAUSE) ^{fills} This is Nolen Bulloch.

OLIVER: (VERY BRUSK, BUT VERY FRIENDLY) I'm sorry, I can't talk to you now.

NOLEN: (CAREFULLY) I just left Ritchie. He expects Breeden in a few days.

OLIVER: Pete sake, I can't talk to you. I've got to run.

NOLEN: Where you got to run?

OLIVER: If you must know, dead man reported out on Route 66. Look I'm supposed to be out there. I can't sit here talking to you.

NOLEN: (EXCITED) Murder?

OLIVER: Looks like it.

NOLEN: Well, you don't have to talk to me on the phone. I'll meet you there. Where is it?

OLIVER: Oh no, I'm not ready to give anything out on this.

NOLEN: (HALF KIDDING) Look, Nick, if you don't tell me where to meet you on that killing, I'll get off this Breeden case fast.

OLIVER: (RELENTING...ALSO KIDDING) That's blackmail.

NOLEN: Call it what you like. Where is it?

OLIVER: About two miles outside of Clinton on Route 66. Big gas station, left side of the road. You can't miss it.

NOLEN: I won't.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: And so you, Nolen Bulloch, drop the story about the bootleg syndicate and hop on the bigger story, the story of murder. And now, you stand with special investigator Nick Oliver, both of you shaking your head at the dead man lying on the cot just off Route 66, near Clinton.

NOLEN: No possible way of identification, Nick?

OLIVER: Nothing. I'll get Haynes of the finger print bureau in. See if his prints tell us anything. I don't think even a mother would recognize his face. Where you going?

NOLEN: Just looking around.

OLIVER: I wish that ambulance would get here. I -- what are you looking for?

NOLEN: (A LITTLE OFF) Just something in the grass, Nick. Hey, what do you know? A coin. Hey! here's another one!

OLIVER: (IN FAST) Let me see.

NOLEN: Those are Mexican coins. Right?

OLIVER: That's what they are.

NOLEN: What are they doing here?

OLIVER: How do I know. Well, we've got something, anyhow. It's not much more than nothing, but it's something.

(REAL ANNOYED NOW) Finally!

(WE HEAR AN AMBULANCE SIREN FADING IN)

OLIVER: (CONTINUING HIS SPEECH....)...the ambulance.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND OUT)

(THE PHONE RINGS. OLIVER ANSWER)

OLIVER: (WITHOUT INTEREST) ^{Yes, indeed} ~~Yep.~~ Okay, send him in. (TO NOLEN) Somebody thinks he's got something on the murder.

NOLEN: (SARCASTIC) Somebody has got something more than we have, Nick.

(THE DOOR OPENS)

OLIVER: Reverend Burns?

BURNS: (HE IS A LOQUACIOUS, RANGY OKLAHOMAN) Not Reverend, Mr. Burns. You see, Lieutenant, I'm not an ordained minister. Merely an Evangelical preacher who tries to bring understanding...Lieutenant...

OLIVER: (INTERRUPTING) It's not lieutenant. Just Mister.

BURNS: I beg your pardon.

OLIVER: Like you said, "not Lieutenant, just mister".

BURNS: Quite right. Last Saturday I was holding my regular camp fire meeting. We hold camp fire meetings every Saturday evening all the way up and down Highway 66. That night I was preaching on the subject of --

OLIVER: (INTERRUPTING) I thought you said you knew something about the murder.

BURNS: (TAKEN ABACK) I was coming to that. It was toward the end of my sermon. The disturbance came from a camp fire not far distant. But you see, the men were shouting and the wind, you see, was blowing --

OLIVER: Please, Mr. Burns --

BURNS: (DETERMINED TO FINISH THE SENTENCE) And so you see, their voices were wafted in my direction. There were three men and they were having, I must say, a most profane fight. You can imagine the language.

OLIVER: And?

BURNS: (SURPRISED, BECAUSE THERE IS NO MORE) That's all. I knew something dreadful was going to happen and I thought for a moment I'd intervene, but then I thought better of it and I didn't and that's all that happened.

NOLEN: (ADOPTING OLIVER'S ANNOYANCE) Did you see any of them - their faces?

BURNS: (ON HIS DIGNITY) It was rather a dark night. If it's of any value though, I don't see how it possibly can be they had a station wagon parked next to the fire and I think one of the men (amidst the profanity) called the other "Ace"!

OLIVER: (ENDING THE DISCUSSION) Thank you very much, Mr. Burns.

BURNS: Not at all.

(PAUSE STEPS) (THE DOOR OPENS)

BURNS: (OFF) I shall be holding a meeting on Saturday as usual. Just two miles out of Tulsa on Route 66 and if you should want me ----

OLIVER: THANK YOU. Mind closing the door.

(THE DOOR CLOSES)

NOLEN: That's a great help. Somebody name of Ace, and there was a station wagon --

OLIVER: Maybe. Don't forget it was a dark night.

NOLEN: (KIDDING) But the wind was blowing!

(MUSIC: _ _ UP, SOUR AND UNDER)

NARR: And a week goes by, a week of feverish activity by Nick Oliver on the murder story and by you, Nolen Bulloch, on the murder case and on the bootleg syndicate and when you add it all up it's less than the faint sound of the name Ace on the night air. You keep spending time at headquarters --- waiting --- hoping --- and mostly dozing --- And then --

(WE HEAR THE CLATTER OF A TELETYPE MACHINE.

ESTABLISHED, IT GOES UNDER)

NARR: A routine message comes through on the police teletype.

TELETYPE: "Request owner Oklahoma license 71391; truck stranded here. Answer soonest. Police Chief, Indio, California."

NARR: And Nick Oliver puts through the routine request in the routine way.

OLIVER: (SMILING) (MUSING AS HE READS) License 71391, name of --- (STRUCK) Hey, Nolen, wake up!

NOLEN: (COMING OUT OF A NAP) Hmmm? What's the matter? What did you say?

OLIVER: Guess whose truck is stranded out in California?

NOLEN: What are you talking about?

OLIVER: That request we got from Indio.

NOLEN: (STILL NOT UNDERSTANDING) Oh yeah, sure. What about it?

OLIVER: (TOYING WITH IT) The owner of that car in California was named Thomas Breeden.

(HE PICKS UP THE TELEPHONE)

NOLEN: (NOW REACTING) Breeden! Hey, that's my man! Get California on the phone.

OLIVER: Lydia, put me through to the police chief in Indio.

(KIDDING) Who did you think I was calling, Nolen, my bootlegger?

(MUSIC: - UP AND INTO)

OLIVER: (ON THE PHONE. HE IS PURPOSELY HOLDING NOLEN OFF, THEREFORE NON-COMMUNICATIVE)

That's right, Chief. Fellow's name was Thomas Breeden. And we are interested in him too -- Tell me everything you've got. Oh, you jailed him. (NOLEN: Aha, so that's why he didn't meet me (PAUSE) in the coop in California.) Uh huh...El Paso! Well, what do you know? (NOLEN: What about El Paso, hey, ^{nick}what about El Paso?) --- you checked with the FBI. Fine. (NOLEN: (MORE ANNOYED) What is this FBI -- El Paso? Nick!) -- Chief, you've been very helpful -- Anytime you're in Tulsa ---- I'll do that. Say, how's the weather out there? (NOLEN: (DESPERATE) Nick!) Ninety-two degrees? You don't say. And we've got blizzard weather. So long, Chief.

(HE HANGS UP)

NOLEN: Well? You want me to strangle you?

OLIVER: It seems your friend Tom Breeden was picked up about a week ago by the police chief in Indio. He was driving a truck and he went through a red light -- hit somebody. Wasn't serious and they put him in the coop for five days. Took his prints and all that. Chief said he acted like a man going to be sentenced to the chair. Nervous. So he checked on him in Washington. I don't know. There was some delay I guess on the Chief's end (in checking the prints with Washington) and he didn't get the answer on Breeden until after he was let out.

NOLEN: (NEARLY BURSTING) Nick, get to the point!

OLIVER: Okay. (DEAD SERIOUS NOW) When the report came through it seems Breeden is wanted by the Federal authorities at El Paso for entering the country illegally with close to \$17,000 in Mexican coins.

NOLEN: Mexican coins?

OLIVER: That's what the man said. And when he last left California he was seen driving in a station wagon with two men, one named Bronson, one named Styles. The first name of the fella called Styles was Ace!

NOLEN: What about Breeden!

OLIVER: (THE PUNCH LINE) Well you see, Nolen, the reason you never met Breeden is because his prints are the same as those of the man we saw on a lot off US 66 awful dead.

(MUSIC: _ UP TO TAG THE ACT)_
(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGARETTES
EXPERIMENTAL COMMERCIAL #2
To be recorded December 13, 1949

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

Harrice: (~~NO FILTER~~) THROAT-SCRATCH -- THROAT-SCRATCH --
THROAT-SCRATCH!

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 Nolen Bulloch as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: What started out for you, Nolen Bulloch, reporter for the Tulsa Tribune as an undercover job as a bootlegger is now a murder story involving the FBI, two indistinct figures named Ace Styles and somebody Bronson, and \$17,000 in Mexican coins. You and Nick Oliver know you aren't much nearer a solution than you were the time you stood and looked at the battered head of Thomas Breeden. And so you decide, ^{to go back to} ~~to go back to~~ the Will Rogers Hotel in Clairmore. Maybe the contact man of the syndicate, the accountant knows something.

NOLEN: (PLAYING HIS OLD ROLE OF THE IRATE BUSINESSMAN WHO WANTS TO DO BUSINESS) Look, Mr. Ritchie, you said in a few days I'd get an answer.

RITCHIE: I know, I know, but -- something has happened. ^{to Mr Breeden} (A SUDDEN IDEA) Could you use a good man in your organization? I'm a fine accountant. I'm honest and I'm accurate -- (PURSUING) I was with Mr. Breeden for 13 years. (SOFTLY BUT WITH SINCERITY) I tell you, I know the bootleg business.

NOLEN: I'd like to help you, Mr. Ritchie and maybe I can. If you put me in touch with whoever is taking over now that Mr. Breeden isn't --

RITCHIE: (INTERRUPTING) I'll be glad to as soon as I know anything -- and you can use a good man in your organization?

NOLEN: (ENDING IT) We'll see. ^{Right now} I'd better pay the check and get going.

GIRL: You mean one of those -- say, now that you mention it that's ^{just} what it was. (ANNOYED) You know, I have to make that up out of my own pocket.

NOLEN: No you don't sister. Here's a dollar to take its place. Let me have that little Mexican phony.

(MUSIC: UP IN DETERMINATION)

NOLEN: (ON THE PHONE) Nick? Guess what happened?

OLIVER: (ON FILTER) Come on if you've got something - give.

NOLEN: Remember that Mexican who showed up? Those three Mexicans?

OLIVER: The blondes?

NOLEN: Yeah, the golden blonds. Well, I found a friend of theirs. At the cashiers in the restaurant in the Will Rogers Hotel.

OLIVER: (INTERRUPTING) Meet you there in an hour. ^{Make it} ~~hour~~ Half an hour.

NOLEN: ~~Room~~ 907 is my room, Nick.

(MUSIC: UP QUICK INTO)

(PHONE RINGING)

NOLEN: Room 907. Hello.

RITCHIE: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Mr. Norton. This is Mr. Ritchie. I've got something you'll find very exciting. You can meet the new boss.

NOLEN: How?

RITCHIE: You know the road off US 66?

NOLEN: Yes.

RITCHIE: Go past the gas station at Ember Street. It's a little dirt road, a left turn off 66. You can't miss it. Runs down through Verdigris Valley. There's a big white house, green shutters, 2½ miles down the road.

NOLEN: Thanks, Ritchie.

RITCHIE: Please don't say I told you to go there, Mr. Norton. The boss might not like it. His name is Bronson.

NOLEN: Okay, Ritch. And I won't forget. When I get a set-up, I'll find a place in it for you.

RITCHIE: Oh, thank you, Mr. Norton. Thank you very much.

(MUSIC: -- UNDER STATING THIS IS A PROBLEM AND GOES OUT)

NARR: Now what to do? Nick Oliver is on his way, can't be reached and you know how to find the new boss. *It takes you only moment to make up mind*
(A CAR SPEEDING ALONG THE HIGHWAY.)

NARR: You turn left at the gas station off 66. Take the road toward Verdigris Valley.

(THE CAR UP AND NOW THE ROAD GROWS NARROW *** A STEEP CLIFF ON ONE SIDE AND A RIVER ON THE OTHER)

NARR: You keep her in second as you go down the incline and the road is wide enough now for just one car.

(A CAR. THEN A HORN FROM OFF MIKE. ANOTHER CAR IS APPROACHING)

NARR: And now coming at you is another dusty car and there isn't room for both of you to pass. You stop and then you see --

(NOLAN'S MOTOR IDLING UNDER)

-- a stationwagon.

NOLEN: (JOCULAR) (PROJECTING) Not much room, huh?

ACE: (OFF MIKE) That's right, bud. Looks like one of us is going to have to back up.

NOLEN: (CALLING) Say is your name Ace?

ACE: (A BEAT) Which is it going to be, Mac, you or us? Who backs up?

NOLEN: Well, I was supposed to meet a fella and --

ACE: I think it better be you, Bud, and we're in a hurry.

(MUSIC: IN AND UNDER)

NARR: (NO PAUSE) So you back her up, trying to get a look at the license plates, at the men in the car. But there's too much dust on the road. And then, finally when you reach a point where you can back up off the road and let them pass something inside tells you --

NOLEN: ~~(BY THE WAY)~~ Bulloch old fellow, you better keep your head down as they go by.

NARR: (NO PAUSE) You duck and wait for it but it doesn't come. There is no shot. And then you see them hitting forty - fifty pulling away from you before you can swing your car back on the road and follow them. And it takes you an hour and a half it seems to reach the next gas station just a quarter of a mile away. *Before you can call Nick Oliver*

NOLEN: ~~(BY THE WAY)~~ Nick? I saw them. At least I think I saw them. I mean Styles and Bronson in a station wagon out on a dirt road off 65...No, I checked that. There's a little gas station, that's where I'm calling from. No station wagon came out from the canyon. They must have turned off one of the side roads... ~~He~~, there aren't many, I'm sure. Four or five men could do the job. I'll wait here.

(MUSIC: UP QUICKLY INTO)

(A MOTOR IDLING VERY SOFTLY. IT IS NIGHT)

NOLEN: (WHISPERING) Shut it off, Nick.

(THE MOTOR STOPS)

NOLEN: Over there. See it? That's the wagon.

OLIVER: Very convenient. Nice place for a headquarters. A house in the valley and the car. Only let's go slow.

(CAR DOOR OPENS. SHUTS SOFTLY. STEPS)

OLIVER: Your sure this is the wagon?

NOLEN: Sure, I'm sure.

(SOME MORE STEPS. THE BACK OF THE WAGON IS LOWERED.
ONE OF THE MEN CLIMBS IN)

NOLEN: (STILL WHISPERING) Let's see what's in it! Hey -- ! Put your light over here.

OLIVER: What have you got?

NOLEN: There's a ~~big~~ gash ~~cut~~ in ^{the back seat} ~~the upholstery~~. There's a big bulge. See it?

OLIVER: I see it.

(NOLEN SLIDES HIS HAND INTO THE UPHOLSTERY. HE WITHDRAWS IT. WE HEAR A TINY JINGLE OF COINS)

NOLAN: Mexican blondes. Quite a bunch of them.

OLIVER: Very nice. Look at this. What do you think this is?

NOLEN: Here?

OLIVER: Right here.

NOLEN: Rust?

OLIVER: My guess is blood. (THEN MORE INTENSELY) And this --

NOLEN: A wrench -- might be what they did it with.

OLIVER: It's heavy enough and it's got the same kind of -- rust on it.

NOLEN: Well, let's take them.

OLIVER: Not so fast, Nolen. Suppose they say they never met your friend Breeden. Know nothing about him. We need proof.

NOLEN: (SUSPICIOUS) Just what do you have in mind?

OLIVER: You know those guys pretty well. Know their business lingo -- the way they operate. Can't you think of some way of going in there, doing a little fast talking and --

NOLEN: If I do it's not a bad story.

OLIVER: Not bad at all. Good luck!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND INTO:)

(DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS)

NOLEN: (CHARMINGLY) Good evening, Mr. Styles. It is Mr. Styles?

ACE: Who are you?

NOLEN: Where is Bronson?

ACE: Downstairs. ~~So~~, who are you?

NOLEN: My name is Norton. Didn't you hear about me? I was supposed to make arrangements with Mr. Breeden for the delivery of 21 cases of stock a week and a half --

ACE: (INTERRUPTS) Oh yeah. Little Ritchie told me about you. Say, uh, ain't you the fella? Oh, yeah, we met you on the road -- Verdigris Valley. I was sorry about that -- we had to change our headquarters. How did you find us?

NOLEN: Look, I've got a lot of money invested in my business and a little tracking down of somebody never bothered me.

ACE: (WARMING UP TO THE MAN) Okay, sit down.

NOLEN: What do you get for a case of domestic stock?

ACE: Run you about \$170.

NORTON: I'll take 12 cases a week. Give you \$20 a case.

ACE: Who are you kidding? -- Twenty dollars?

NOLEN: No! I'm quite serious. You see, I happen to know that I can get it at \$20 a case.

ACE: (ANNOYED) Go on, peddle your papers somewhere else. Price is \$170.

NOLEN: You see, I happen to know that you and Bronson and my friend Breeden were driving in from California. I happen to know that you got into a fight with him. And I happen to know you stole \$17,000 in ^{Cash} ~~money~~ from him and there are stains in the car right out in the back and a wrench with stains on it and I don't think they are rust stains.

ACE: (FRIGHTENED) Hey, now take it easy. Look, we can do business.

NOLEN: Say, I've got another idea. (VERY CONFIDENTIAL) Why does it have to be Norton and Styles and Bronson? Why can't it just be Norton and Styles?

ACE: (INTERESTED) What do you mean?

NOLEN: Just you and me... Who did it? To Breeden, I mean? Was it you or was maybe your friend downstairs? If we come to a deal -- you know, cutting something three ways is less than cutting something two.

ACE: (SEIZING AN OPPORTUNITY) (WHISPERING) That's just how it happened. He did it, Bronson. I didn't want to kill him. I just wanted to make a deal, but that Bronson, he's got a temper like a wild man. You mean it, you and me --?

NOLEN: (EASILY) Why not? The cops are looking for a fall guy. You testify, I testify and it's Norton and Styles.

ACE: I should have met you before.

(ON THIS A DOOR OPENS SLOWLY)

BRONSON (LOUD VOICED, AGGRESSIVE) Norton and Styles, huh? Now ain't that pretty -- and the cops need a fall guy.

ACE: (SCARED) Now wait a second, Bronson, I --

BRONSON: (GOES ON) Maybe instead of a tall guy the cops will get a corpse, maybe two corpses.

NOLEN: (STILL SMOOTH) Mr. Bronson?

BRONSON: That's right - Mr. Bronson. Who do you think you are coming in here, making deals?

NOLEN: Just a guy, anxious like you are, to make a buck.

BRONSON: Look you shut up. Two red cents, I'd knock you right thru the floor where you're standing. "Norton and Styles".

NOLEN: Look, Mr. Bronson. You can't do business that way. It can't be done. Corpses, two corpses, knocking people thru the floor -- all I want is the best possible deal I can get.

BRONSON: Where did you dig this thing up from? You think you can talk your way out of this? I HEARD what you said -- I was standing behind the door. I don't know who you think you are, or what makes you so cocky, but --

NOLEN: (WITH ANNOYING BRASS) What makes me so "cocky" as you put it - is what's out in the back.

BRONSON: (MENACING) What's supposed to be out in the back?

NOLEN: In the car. 17 thousand in Mexican coins, like the ones found near Breedon. Stains on the floor of that car and a wrench out there stains on that too.

BRONSON: Nobody saw no 17 thousand dollars; there's no stains, no wrench -- all I see is a wiseguy who talks too much.
(DISGUST) For my money I smell cop -- amateur cop. Now turn around --

ACE: Bronson, I think maybe we ought to make a deal and --

BRONSON: You already done enough thinking. Maybe you ought to turn around too. (TO NOLEN) I said TURN around!

NOLEN: Okay, okay -- I was only...

(DOOR OPENS SWIFTLY)

OLIVER: He was only looking for me. (IN COMMAND) Let's stand where we are. Right where we are.

NOLEN: (HAPPILY) Hello, Nick.

BRONSON: I knew it. (DISGUST) Maybe we ought to make a deal and --

ACE: (WNING) Geez, Bronson, how'd I --

BRONSON: Shut up.

OLIVER: That's right. Both of you. Let's go.

(THEY MOVE OUT)

OLIVER: Nolen --

NOLEN: Mmmm?

OLIVER: Give you a tip.

NOLEN: Sure, Nick.

OLIVER: Don't try to move into bootlegging. Not your line. Not your style. Stick with the papers.

NOLEN: Thanks, Nick. Don't think I won't.

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Nolen Bulloch of the Tulsa Oklahoma Tribune with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- STING)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGARETTES
EXPERIMENTAL COMMERCIAL #2
To be recorded December 13, 1949

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

Harrice:
~~VOICE:~~ Don't let throat-scratch spoil your smoking enjoyment.

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, natural filter of traditionally fine tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch. Yes, PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: So, don't let throat-scratch spoil your smoking enjoyment.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0170374

(MUSIC: TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Nolen Bulloch of the Tulsa Oklahoma Tribune.

BULLOCH: Both men in tonight's Big Story ~~were indicted~~. Pled guilty to second degree manslaughter. Admitted killing Breeden after he attacked them. Both were sentenced to ten years of hard labor at the State Penitentiary, McAlester, Oklahoma. Thanks a lot for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Bulloch...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 Boston Traveler -- by-line, James A. Kelley, A BIG STORY about a reporter who put together a murder and two hamburgers without catsup and got a Merry Christmas.

(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 adapted by Arnold Perl from an actual story from the front pages of the Tulsa Oklahoma Tribune. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and ^{Bobby} ~~George~~ ^{Reedick} ~~Peterson~~ played the part of Nolen Bulloch. 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. Bulloch.

REVISED

- 25 -

(MUSIC: _ _ _THEME_UP FULL_AND_FADE_FOR)

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES and reminding you - this
Christmas give smooth smoking - give the longer, finer
cigarette - PELL MELL.

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

ATX01 0170376

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #143

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
VOICE III	BOB SLOANE
GIRL	AMZIE STRICKLAND
GIRL II	AMZIE STRICKLAND
MOTHER	BARBARA WEEKS
WOMAN	BARBARA WEEKS
JIM	JOHN SYLVESTER
SHOEMAKER	JOHN SYLVESTER
TEDDY	BERNARD GRANT
JOE	BERNARD GRANT
OLD MAN	JOE LATHAM
SHERIFF	JOE LATHAM
POLICE CHIEF	WALTER GREAZA
MAN	WALTER GREAZA
VOICE I	DEHL BERTIE
TUYMAN	DEHL BERTIE
VOICE II	BILLY GREENE
TANKEY	BILLY GREENE
ED	SOMER ALBERG
DENTIST	SOMER ALBERG

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1949

ATK01 0170377

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#143

(James A Kelley: Boston Traveler, Boston, Mass.)

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

DECEMBER 21, 1949

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIEF FANFARE AND OUT)

NARR: That week before Christmas, two berry pickers took the short cut across Wiggins Wood near Lowell in Massachusetts.

JOE: You gonna have a houseful?

ED: Oh sure. Aunt Bessie's going to bring all the kids down, then my uncle from Worcester and he's got four kids and -- (STOPS)

JOE: What's the matter? (PLEASANTLY) Oh, you see it too?
then on the ground
It's a locket -- a heart-shaped locket. Ain't it pretty?

ED: (IN HORROR) Put it down! Put it down! ~~Put it down!~~
(LONG PAUSE, THEN ALMOST WHISPERING) Don't you see her? There!

(MUSIC: _ _ RISES 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. (PAUSE) Boston, Massachusetts. From the pages of the Boston Traveler, the story of a man who missed three Christmas' and nearly missed them all. ~~And~~ For his work, to James A Kelly of the Boston ~~Massachusetts~~ Traveler, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL Award!

(MUSIC: _ _ FANFARE)

(COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0170378

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #143

OPENING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! Yes, 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, natural filter of traditionally fine tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch. Yes, PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Don't let throat-scratch spoil your smoking enjoyment.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0170379

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Boston, Massachusetts. The story as it actually happened ^{James} ~~Jim~~ Kelley's story as he lived it.

NARR: She was killed in a berry patch in Wiggins Wood near Dracut, a little town near Lowell, Massachusetts. Nothing was certain. Neither the identification, nor the cause of crime -- merely the fact of death and the pathetic evidence -- a heart-shaped locket with a baby's picture in it and a pair of cheap red wedgies.

POL CHIEF: Hello, Charlie? ^{Chief Vans} Get me a decent shot of the shoes and the locket. (PAUSE) Yeah, and a picture of the ~~magul~~ ^{magul}. Get them in the papers and maybe somebody will recognize something. (PAUSE) Yeah, I know, the week before Christmas. -- What? -- Yes -- Get a dental chart made up, circulate them among the dentists, 250 mile area. Yeah-- picked a fine time -- (FADE)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ SOUR, UNDER)

NARR: The dead girl began to gather a personality.

SHOEMAKER: No question about it. These wedgies were a special. (They were pretty even though out of style -- \$3.98)

DENTIST: From the ~~the~~ ^{the} inlay ~~and the accumulation of calcium on the inner biting edges of these teeth~~, there is no doubt that this is one of my patients. Her name is Mary George.

NARR: Was Mary George. (PAUSE) And from the locket, from the picture of the nine months old baby, came the full personality.

GIRL: (WEEPING BUT CONTROLLED) She was my sister. Two years ago, she married Henny and three months later she found out he was ^{already} married ~~and he disappeared~~. So she had the baby and she said would I take care of it because she was going down to Lowell. (BITTERLY) ~~The things some men do to some girls.~~ ^{after that} She didn't care what she did with herself. ~~Not after Henny deserted her and left her with the baby.~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UNDER SADLY)

NARR: That was where you came into the case, ^{James} ~~Jim~~ Kelley, reporter for the Boston Traveler, a fellow whose code was simply "Don't take anybody's word for it -- check it." You came in as they began to question the men who had been friendly with Mary George.

VOICES IN
SUCCESSION: (OVERLAPPING) Sure we went out a lot. Why not? She was fun and she liked a good time. (ANOTHER VOICE) (TWO) Listen, I wouldn't go out with that dame -- not after the first time. (ANOTHER VOICE) (THREE) What's the matter? Something happen to her? Well, I ain't surprised.

CHIEF: All right, clear 'em out. Everyone of them.

(PAUSE) (THERE IS A DOOR SLAMMED INDICATING THE ROOM IS CLEARED)

CHIEF: What a bunch of crumbs.

JIM: What about her husband, Chief?

CHIEF: (BORED) What about her husband? Who are you?

JIM: Name's Kelley. Boston Traveler.

CHIEF: Her sweet husband -- he's been locked up in ^{the jail} ~~the can~~ for the past three months and he will be there for the next seven years.

JIM: Oh.

CHIEF: That's right. Oh.

JIM: ~~So there isn't much to go on?~~

CHIEF: (REALLY FED UP WITH THE CASE) Yeah -- there's a great deal. Two old snoops came in and told us they saw her meet a fellow down in the Union Depot Sunday night -- the night she was killed. Some truck driver. That's the extent of it. There can't be more than 12,000 truck drivers in this area. Why does a sane man stay in ~~this business?~~

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: At any time of year it's bad enough. But coming now with snow lying on the ground, the atmosphere full of festivity, the sordid tragedy was worse. (PAUSE)

SHERIFF: ^{Chief Davis} Next was a tip from ^{a town nearby} ~~Tyngsboro.~~ Sheriff of Tyngsboro talking. Got a guy keeps coming here regular. Says he's got some dope on this Mary George case. Want I should take his deposition, or -- Okay. Fine. I'll ^{wait for you} ~~do that.~~

NARR: Leads from all the drab mill and fishing towns in the area. But in this instance, the Chief didn't state his routine - "Okay, take the deposition." Instead, he listened narrowly, put on his heavy topcoat, ^{and} went to Tyngsboro. ^{James Kelly} You went along with him.

2. TEDDY: (VERY GOOD NATURED, PLEASANT, OPEN) ^{Chief} ~~You see,~~ we had this date Sunday night (me and Mary) and ~~I met her up at the Union Depot in Lowell.~~ And I says, "Hey, how about some ice skating," and she says she don't know how to ice skate. So I says, "Come on, I'll show you." So we took the bus to Lakeview to a place called Joe's Place, ~~right on the lake there and the skating is swell.~~ Well, ~~I convinced her to put on the skates,~~ and she flops down as soon as she stands up and it was no use. I says, "Come on. You don't learn the first time you stand on the ice." But she says no. So I says, "What kind of a sport are you?" and she says, "indoor." So I says, "Well, if you don't want to stay, you don't have to. The bus is going right back. ~~Here's 35 cents. Get yourself a ticket. Glad to have met you.~~"

CHIEF: And that's the last you saw of her?

2. TEDDY: That's right, Chief. She took the bus back and that's the last I saw of her. ~~A couple of more times I'll bet that girl could've skated as good as the next one. She had good ankles.~~

CHIEF: What time did you leave her?

2. TEDDY: About 8 o'clock.

CHIEF: Then what did you do?

2. TEDDY: Went skating, had a couple of beers and called it a night. Can I go now? I gotta get back home and --

CHIEF: (SHARPLY) Sit down.

2. TEDDY: What's the matter?

CHIEF: Nothing's the matter. I got a couple more questions I want to get answered.

TEDDY: What's the matter? You suspect me or something?

CHIEF: Who saw you at Joe's Place?

TEDDY: Lots of people. Met ~~a couple of fellows~~ ~~and~~, a couple of girls...

CHIEF: Who saw you on the bus when you went back alone?

TEDDY: (THINKING) I don't know. Oh, yeah? There was an old fellow - father of a girl I went out with. Blondie's her name. He saw me.

CHIEF: Anybody else?

TEDDY: Well, the bus stops before Tyngsboro and I got out and got a hamburger at The Shack -- a place that two old ladies run. Listen -- I never killed her.

CHIEF: ~~Okay.~~

TEDDY: ~~Can I go now?~~

CHIEF: I'm booking you.

TEDDY: Look, I -- I volunteered. I didn't have to come and give my statement. I volunteered this.

CHIEF: (BORED) I made a note on the order to hold you for suspicion of murder. I made a note. Want me to read it to you? (HE READS) "The suspect volunteered,"

~~Full name~~

TEDDY: ~~(LOW) Theodore M. Blades --~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: His story is checked -- Teddy Blade's story. He was seen at Joe's Place. He did leave at 8 o'clock. He was not seen on a bus; Blondie's Pa had no recollection and the two old ladies at the hamburger place remembered nothing. You, James Kelley, interview him the next day. (the approaching week of Christmas) in his cell. He is like a caged animal.

TEDDY: (VIOLENT NOW) What are they holding me for? Any guy in the street -- pick him up, any guy. Ask him what he did some night. Sure it'll have holes in it. ~~This fact'll be wrong, that fact'll be wrong.~~ That doesn't mean he murdered her, does it?

JIM: Take it easy, kid. Nobody said you murdered anybody yet.

TEDDY: ~~No. Just "suspicion of murder."~~ (WORRIED) If they look me up, they'll find ~~something~~ enough to pin it on me. ~~Chief gets a conviction that's all they care for. That's all they care about.~~ I got to get out of here. I'll go nuts if I don't get out of here.

JIM: ~~Look, Teddy. Once in a while it helps a guy -- I don't say all the time, but once in a while it does -- if he talks. So far, I'm on nobody's side, just the facts.~~ What did you mean ~~before~~ -- "If they look you up?"

TEDDY: (BEGINS LOW, BUILDS) ~~easy.~~ They'll find out when I got out of the service two and a half years ago I couldn't hold a job, ~~I didn't know what I wanted. I wandered around, place to place.~~ I bummed it. I had 16 jobs. Got engaged to three girls, broke them all off. I'm -- (HE LAUGHS AS HE SAYS THIS) -- "unstable." That's all they need.

JIM:

Teddy, what did you do in the service
(GENTLY) ~~What's the matter, Teddy?~~ I mean, if you want to tell me.

TEDDY:

What's there to tell? Something heroic? I had a job - a dirty job and I did it.

JIM:

(SAME) What was the job?

TEDDY:

~~It was this time about '44. The week before Christmas. We were doing great mopping up in the Philippines. I was a corps man Medics. There was an UXB. One of them unexploded bombs - it went off, and 82 guys were pinned down under the water line in a landing craft, and I had to go down and get them out. I was a corps man. And I went down and some of them were fine, and some of them were hit, and some of them were dead. And I brought them out -- every one of them -- 82 of them. They gave me one of those beautiful pieces of ribbon. They're worth \$4.85 in the neck shop, and then I went to the hospital. That's where I spent Christmas. I spent the next one there too -- that was after V-J Day and two years ago was the first one I spent outside. And I spent that one getting cockeyed.~~

JIM:

Forgetting?

TEDDY:

What's the difference? So when they find that out and the rest of it, (LOW) it's no good. (SUDDENLY) She doesn't know yet. Holy cow! ~~She finds out from the papers or from the radio. She'll go crazy. Has this been big in the papers yet?~~

JIM:

Who? What are you talking about?

TEDDY: Look, if I write a note, fellow, will you take it to her? (PAUSE) All we got left is this ice-house, see. We get ice in the winter and sell it. That's all we got left. ~~A little house right near the lake and~~ take it to her, will you, and don't let her learn about it from the radio or the newspapers or --

JIM: Your mother?

TEDDY: Yeah. My Mother. (BREAKING DOWN AS MUCH AS HE CAN) I told her "Don't make no plans for Christmas." I told her 10 times, but no, she says, "This is going to be the first Christmas at home since the War."

(MUSIC: -- -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The ~~shack~~^{house} is less than that. Just a hovel with a bedroom, and kitchen. Standing next to the ~~shack~~^{house} is a large windowless building, the ice-house, the source of revenue, the way a mother and son live. And from it, they plan their Christmas and their New Year's and the next year. She packs sawdust in the ice-house as she talks.

MOTHER: (PHILOSOPHIC BECAUSE SHE IS AVOIDING THE DISCUSSION. SLIGHT ACCENT) You know ice, Mr -- ~~ah, yes,~~ Kelley. ~~I forget names.~~ Ice, like a person -- it breathes and if you don't put sawdust close, it melts and in the spring you open up your doors and you got nothing. ~~The whole winter's work, and you got nothing -- so, you lay it down with sawdust, every nook and cranny.~~

(SHE SHUTS A HEAVY DOOR ON THIS)

MOTHER: (CONTINUED) So now everything will be fine. (BRIGHTLY)
What you think of our country here? Tyngsboro is beautiful, no? The lake -- ^{Jim: Mrs. Blades - can we go into the house} ~~all the air a million~~ people could breath and if you don't eat as much as you like -- well, still and all, it's healthy to be thin, Don't you think so? Should we go in the house?

JIM: ~~Might as well, Mrs. Blades --~~

MOTHER: You are cold out here. Ah yes, you city people. ~~Come out in the decent air for five minutes, you freezing.~~
Come, I got a little fire going and we warm your city blood.

(DURING THIS, THEY HAVE WALKED, OPENED A DOOR AND CLOSED IT)

MOTHER: ~~Maybe now you tell me why you came all the way down from Boston. You don't want tea.~~

JIM: Mrs. Blades, ~~it's~~ -- ~~your son~~ --

MOTHER: (SHE INTERRUPTS) Don't. I know. Last night I hear on the 11 o'clock news. I know (a mother is so stupid a thing), I said, "Tomorrow morning 9 o'clock, the bus comes, he gets off and he says, "Somebody made a mistake." ~~For four years now, Mr. Kelley, for four years--I waited.~~
The first year after the war he was in the hospital, and the second year, the same. Last year drunk somewhere -- he has things to forget -- and this year -- Who can ~~understand how the world is made?~~

JIM: I'm sorry you had to learn it that way, Mrs. Blades. I came over to --

MOTHER: You're very kind. Whoever thought a newspaper man is kind? ~~This is not a word one uses for newspaper men.~~
(NOW BREAKING DOWN, BUT NEVER HYSTERICAL) He's sick. After what he's been through, could anyone be anything but sick? ~~Tell me, explain it to me. He is engaged to a girl -- a lovely girl. What does he do? He picks up somebody -- where is she from? -- Dracut -- goes out with her. Why? What's happening to the young people today? Where are values?~~ (VERY HUMAN NOW) I planned a turkey with cranberry sauce and a sweet potato pie and a tree -- (he always like a tree). (SHE STOPS)
Can something be done? Can anything be done?

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UNDER.....)

NARR: (IN CLOSE) You think of her son in the Lowell prison. The contradictions in his story, ~~the bad record~~ -- and you wonder. But you don't express your wonder aloud. It would be cruel to do so and so you say what is now your decision -- your decision to help.

JIM: We can try, Mrs Blades. That's the best any of us can do. We can try.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP TO TAG THE ACT)
(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #143

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH -- THROAT-SCRATCH -- THROAT-SCRATCH!

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 ^{James} Jim Kelley as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: It's a Christmas story, a story of Christmas week: a
sordid, ~~horrid~~, bitter story of a boy named Teddy Blades,
now arraigned for murder. What can be done? One thing
is clear to you, ^{James} Jim Kelley of the Boston Traveler. If
it is possible to prove that the boy Teddy Blades was
elsewhere a few hours before and at the time of ^{Mary Gorge's} ~~his~~
death at 1 a.m. that Monday night, then maybe,
maybe there will be a Christmas celebration in Tyngsboro,
Massachusetts. (PAUSE) You go back to the prison.

JIM: (DRIVING) ^{Teddy} Look, we haven't got much time. Tell me
exactly what happened. Everything. You said you picked
up three girls after Mary left. Who are they?

TEDDY: I don't know their names. Two were brunettes and one of
them was a red-head. I'm not sure.

JIM: But you did meet an old man in the bus on the way back
to Tyngsboro? That would have been about 10:00, 10:30?

TEDDY: That's right. Blondie's pa. He's a very old man going
on 80 or so. He probably doesn't remember.

JIM: All right. Now what did you order at that hamburger
stand? The one where the bus stopped?

TEDDY: I had two hamburgers. Rare! Then I said to the woman
(PLEASED THAT HE REMEMBERS IT NOW) I said, "Ain't you
got ketchup?" They didn't have any ketchup. And she
says, "What do you expect for 10¢? You asked for
hamburgers and you got hamburgers." They got to
remember that.

JIM: What was the name of the place.

TEDDY: ~~I don't remember~~ -- The Shack, something like that.
Aunt Marthe's Shack.

JIM: You're engaged aren't you?

TEDDY: (FLARING) How do you know?

JIM: What's the difference? I ~~asked to your mother~~ ^{found out}

TEDDY: So what did I want to go ~~out with her~~ ^{pick up other girls} for? ~~A cheap~~
~~no good like her?~~ Because I don't want to settle down.
Not yet. Because I'm not sure. A million things.

JIM: I'm not blaming you. Just asking.

TEDDY: Because that's the way I am. And I'll tell you something
else. I ain't going to stay in here. Nothing they can
do can keep me in here. (EVENLY) I made 21 trips down
into the bottom of that hole, steel walls on all sides
of me. I know what it feels like to be cooped up,
locked in, pinned down so you can't breath. That's
what they're trying to do to me here. But I swear
to you --

JIM: (INTERRUPTING) Look, don't do it. That would be the
worse thing you could do in the whole world. Just sit
still. I'll see what I can do. But just you sit still.

TEDDY: Nothing they can do can hold me.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Now it's a race against time as well. (PAUSE) You start
at Joe's Place -- find three girls, friends. Two
brunettes, one red-head.

GIRL: II (GIGGLING) He wants to know if we know -- what's his
name?

JIM: Teddy Blades.

GIRL: II Teddy Blades -- do we know him? Sure, mister, we know him. We know everybody. Everybody knows us. What's he look like?

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN DERISION)

OLD MAN: (~~SLEEPY~~, ANNOYED) Yeah -- I'm Blondie's father -- ~~is that what you woke me up for -- ask me a stupid question~~
"Was I on a bus going back to Tyngsboro?" Well, maybe I was and maybe I wasn't. What do you think I do? Keep a diary? Got more important things to keep on my mind than that.

JIM: Please, take a good look at this picture. *you know this man, Jimma? Yes* Was ~~this man~~ *he* on the bus with you that night?

OLD MAN: How do I know? Tell you one thing, young man. One ~~rule~~ *thing*
I always ~~say~~ *say* -- when you go on a bus, close your eyes. It's a good time to catch up on your sleep. (~~HE CACKLES~~)
~~Like being rocked a little.~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP IN THE SAME MOOD)

JIM: May I have some ketchup, please?

WOMAN: We don't serve no ketchup here, just hamburgers. Best you can buy. They don't need no ketchup.

JIM: No offense, ma'am. Just I like ketchup. Now, would you mind taking a look at this picture and telling me whether -- Was he in here last Sunday night between 8 and 10 o'clock? (PAUSE) Ordered two hamburgers, rare. Asked you for ketchup. (LAUGHING) I guess you said the same thing to him that you said to me just now.

WOMAN: (IN HIGH DUDGEON) Now how would I know? Thousands of people buy our hamburgers and thousands of them like them rare, and thousands of them are fools enough to put ketchup on them. So if you don't mind, we're rather busy.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: It looks bad, bleak, impossible -- when malice steps in in the form of a local ~~newspaper~~ ^{storekeeper} who knew the murdered girl. Knew her habits quite well, and sidles up to you and says --

MAN: (EVILLY) I can tell you the name of the fellow she spent a great deal of her time with in them last couple of weeks. I mean if you want a real juicy story.

JIM: Sure. Who?

MAN: Well, now after all. A man's entitled to a little something for his trouble, isn't he?

(PAUSE)

JIM: Okay. Here you are. What was his name?

MAN: Art Tuyman.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UNDER)

TUYMAN: Nah. I ain't seen her in months. She wouldn't even go out with me. She told me I was a dirty bum. That's what she told me. I ain't sorry it happened to her -- I knew it was going to happen. But I'll tell you who she was partial to and I'll tell you why. Because he had the stuff in his pockets that jingles. A fellow named Tankey. Paul Tankey. You find him -- you got something.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP)

NARR: Probably end where all malicious gossip ends -- in an ordinary alibi, in an ordinary "who cares," in an ordinary "I never seen her." But not this one. From the evil old ~~newsdealer~~ ^{storekeeper and old Tugman}, from the smelly old man playing ~~solitaire~~ ^{all the way down to West Virginia}, you get a name that sends you to the race-track. ^{You check the race track police & you finally} ~~can~~ find yourself standing next to a man who doesn't pay you the slightest attention in the world because --

(A RACE IS ON. WE HEAR CROWDS AND HORSES)

JIM: Mr. Tankey? (HE COUGHS) Excuse me. Mr. Tankey?
 TANKEY: Look, Bud. Look. (TO HIMSELF) She's free. If she can hang onto that rail, just hang onto that rail.....
 JIM: (LOUD) Mr. Tankey, I've got to talk to you.
 TANKEY: Hold it, Bud. Can't you see there's a race going on? I got \$200 on number 3. Ladies' Man. (TO HIMSELF) That's it. That's it. ^{Stay on that} ~~stick with the rail.~~ ^{Stay on} ~~stick with the~~ rail.

(NOW CROWD ROARS AND THE RACE IS OVER)

TANKEY: See. It can be done. When you ^{Stay on that} ~~stick with the~~ rail 210 bucks makes ⁶⁰⁰ ~~60~~ bucks. Not bad. Was you talking to me, friend?
 JIM: Look, Mr. Tankey. There's a girl been murdered and there's a man in prison under suspicion of murder. All I want to ask you is one question. ^{Tankey: what are you a reporter or something}
 TANKEY: (STOPPING HIM) Okay. I'll tell you your answer before you ask your question. I seen Mary George in the streets of Lowell, Massachusetts at 1 a.m. Sunday night, just before she was killed. ^{That's right -}

JIM: You did?

TANKEY: That's what you wanted, wasn't it?

JIM: That's right. I --

TANKEY: I was going to ~~go over to the police and tell them all~~ ^{tell} ~~about it, only Ladies Man was running and when a sure-~~ ~~thing is running, Arther Tankey always says, "Business~~ ~~before pleasure."~~ ^{business, but a man in my} ^{business, likes to stay} ^{in for any long} ^{time for}

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP)

JIM: (ON THE PHONE) Chief? Jim Kelley. Listen to this.
^{Paul} ~~Arthur~~ Tankey, some local horse fan, says he saw Mary
George walking down the street with a man -- he thinks
he can identify him -- at 1 a.m. on Monday morning.
Doesn't that -- (IN HORROR) -- What? No! Oh no! I
knew he would do it, the crazy fool. I knew it, I knew
it.

NARR: (~~IN CLOSE~~) ^{your Big Story} Just when ~~it~~ seems ready to crack, he had to
go and do what amounts to an admission of guilt -- break
out. That very moment while you were talking to Tankey
the police were chasing him and had caught him. Teddy
Blades broke out of jail as he had said he would and
practically signed his own conviction.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN AGITATION)

NARR: Unless now (because nothing he says will be believed) you
can establish both that Mary George was alive and that
Teddy Blades was somewhere else --

JIM: (VIOLENT AND RIGHT OUT OF NARR'S WORDS) Think. You
must have seen him. You must have.

GIRL: I told you, I don't remember, mister. I go out with a lot of fellows. I'm sorry, mister. I don't remember.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ SAME)

JIM: (SAME VIOLENCE) I'm sorry to bother you again, but you've got to answer me. Was he on the bus with you or wasn't he?

OLD MAN: (SAME AS BEFORE) Well maybe he was, and maybe he wasn't and -

JIM: Can't you be sure?

OLD MAN: Well, if it means so much to you -- he was on the bus.

JIM: Why didn't you say so before?

OLD MAN: (BITTERLY) He was engaged to my ^{daughter} ~~girl~~ -- my Blondie. And he ditched her. What did he want to ditch her for? She's a clean decent girl -- what did he want to do that for?

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ A LITTLE HOPEFUL, UNDER)

JIM: (SAME VIOLENCE) Now then. It was about 10 o'clock. The bus had stopped. He got out and he ordered two hamburgers rare, and he asked you for the ketchup. I know we've been all through it before, but I'm asking you again. Was he here? Was he? Was he? Was he?

WOMAN: Stop a minute! Stop talking. Let a body think. Let me see the picture again. Now that I look close, I mean real close -- you know I think he was. Yes. He asked for two hamburgers. (PAUSE) Rare.

JIM: Couldn't you have told me this before?

WOMAN: (SHEEPISHLY) Well, it was just that I -- you see, I didn't want to get him into any trouble.

JIM: (HAPPY, BUT AMAZED) Get him into any trouble!?

(MUSIC: UP)

NARR: And the next day, you, Jim Kelley, reporter, go before the Grand Jury. The Grand Jury that is deliberating the return of an indictment or a no bill (no bill because there is no evidence of murder) against this defendant.

JIM: (QUICKLY) I have here, gentlemen, a sworn testimony verified by myself, of an old man who saw the defendant on a bus, at 9:30 pm - a woman who served him a hamburger at 10 pm - and a man who saw the deceased alive 4 hours after the last admitted meeting between the defendant and the deceased and a statement -- prejudiced I admit, but in my opinion honest -- of the defendant's mother. I place them in evidence and add to them my own statement -- that I believe that this defendant deserves every break that this court can give him. You are all familiar with his record and with his problems.

(MUSIC: IN WITH NARRATION)

NARR: And the Grand Jury deliberates, and returns a no bill no evidence against this defendant -- Teddy Blades is free.

(MUSIC: SOARS, THEN DOWN FOR)

SOUND: STEPS OF TWO MEN COMING UP STEPS, ONE STOPS. THEN THE OTHER STOPS.

TEDDY: Well come on. Come on Mr. Kelley, what are you stopping there for - on the steps?

JIM: Oh, I don't wanta intrude, Teddy ---

TEDDY: Intrude! How could you intrude?

JIM: Well, I mean your mother and - she probably cooked a turkey with cranberry sauce and ---

SOUND: NEARBY DOOR OPENS ON THIS.

MOTHER: (TAKING IT RIGHT UP) --- And baked a potato pie and you two stand there on the steps while my dinner ---

TEDDY: (BURSTING OUT) Ma!

MOTHER: (CONTROLLING HERSELF) -- gets cold.

SOUND: HE RACES UP TWO STEPS TO HER.

TEDDY: Ma, ma!

MOTHER: (SIMULTANEOUS) Teddy, Teddy ---

SOUND: A STEP AWAY FROM (OFF) MIKE BY JIM (HE IS GOING QUIETLY)

MOTHER: Don't you want to come in, Mr. Kelley?

JIM: Well, I ---

MOTHER: I wish you would. Please. Besides, you with your city blood, freezing and all that -- I've got a little fire going and ---

JIM: You sure? *you want me to? Come in?*

MOTHER: I waited four years for this, and I thought (a couple of days ago), maybe it would never happen -- Xmas at home, with Teddy. (PAUSE) I'm sure. Very sure.

~~MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARR.~~

~~NARR: It is not a great and glorious celebration, for too many lives are too much out of kilter yet for this; his mother's, his fiance's, his own. But it's a beginning. And you know that the sum of these lives and the millions like them (your own included), begin to add up (you hope) to the spirit of the season -- Peace on Earth, good will to men.~~

-22A-

(MUSIC: _ _ TO_TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from
James A. Kelley of the Boston, ~~Mass.~~ Traveler with the
final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ STING)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

ATK01 0170400

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #143

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

HARRICE: Don't let throat-scratch spoil your smoking enjoyment.

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, natural filter of traditionally fine tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch. Yes, PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: So, don't let throat-scratch spoil your smoking enjoyment.

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 James Kelley of the Boston, ~~Mass.~~ Traveler.

KELLEY: LOCAL POLICE AND MY PAPER STILL ON THE LOOKOUT FOR MURDERER OF MARY GEORGE BUT ONE MAN'S INNOCENCE PROVEN MADE HIS DINNER AND MY OWN ONE OF THE FINEST CHRISTMASSES OF MY LIFE. MANY THANKS FOR TONIGHT'S PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Kelley...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. Press Scimitar -- by-line, Paul Fairleigh, A BIG STORY ~~about a reporter~~ that reached its climax in a Post office where a reporter patiently waited for a dead man.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME WIFE 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 adapted by Arnold Perl from an actual story from the front pages of the Boston ~~Mass.~~ Traveler. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and John Sylvester played the part of James Kelley. 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. Kelley.

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

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES and reminding you - this
Christmas give smooth smoking - give the longer, finer
cigarette - PELL MELL.

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

JOW/g^s
12/8/49 pm

ATK01 0170403

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #144

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MARJORIE	JOAN LAZAR
WOMAN	ANN SHEPHERD
MRS. GUESS	ANN SHEPHERD
FAIRLEIGH	CORT BENSON
MAN I	CORT BENSON
COP	LUIS VAN ROOTEN
CLERK	LUIS VAN ROOTEN
FATHER	SCOTT TENNYSON
MAN III	SCOTT TENNYSON
HUSBAND	NAT POLEN
WATTER <i>Man</i>	NAT POLEN
EDITOR	BERNARD BURKE
MAN II	BERNARD BURKE

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1949

ATX01 0170404

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#144

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

DECEMBER 28, 1949

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE, DOWN FOR:)

HUSBAND: (DESPERATE) ~~But~~ don't just sit there! Help me! Say
something!

MRS. GUESS: (VERY QUIET) I'm thinking, ^{Walter} ~~dear~~.

HUSBAND: Thinking doesn't help. I've been thinking about it for
weeks, months -- (ANGUISH) What am I gonna do, what are
we gonna do!

MRS. GUESS: Well... my jewels aren't gone --

HUSBAND: Just a drop in the bucket.. Not enough, not near enough.

MRS. GUESS: But there's always the insurance. ~~The~~ -- (PAUSE) Of
course. (VERY QUIET) Dear -- I think you'd better --
kill yourself.

HUSBAND: WHAT?

MRS. GUESS: Yes. That's just what you've got to do. (BRIGHTLY)
But don't worry. I'll help you.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO AWAY)

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) Memphis, Tennessee. From the pages
of the Press-Scimitar, the story of a reporter who
covered two stories simultaneously -- and broke them
both. And for his work in the cases -- to Paul
Fairleigh for his Big Story goes the PELL MELL AWARD!

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0170405

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #144

OPENING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! Yes, 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, natural filter of traditionally fine tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch. Yes, PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Don't let throat-scratch spoil your smoking enjoyment.

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: _ _ _ INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Memphis, Tennessee -- the story as it actually happened.
Paul Fairleigh's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: You Paul Fairleigh, reporter for the Memphis Press-
Scimitar -- are behind bars... and you asked for it.
(PAUSE) They form the grille of the General Delivery
Window of the St. Louis Postoffice -- but you're not
here to play postoffice. Sooner or later, a man is
going to come up ~~before that grille~~ -- (~~WENSEE~~) ~~hold it~~
~~a second~~ --

MAN I: ~~Any mail for George Steele?~~

CLERK: ~~George Steele... Steele...~~

~~(SOUND OF LETTERS RUSTLING)~~

~~Nope. Not today.~~

NARR: ~~No. That wasn't the one. But sooner or later -- a man~~
~~and~~
will ask for letters with a certain name -- a man whose
face will be reflected in a mirror placed where you,
hidden out of sight, can see it -- and that man is
going to find himself looking down the barrel of a gun.
(PAUSE) A man everybody else thinks is dead.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ LIGHT STING)

NARR: And as you wait -- and watch -- and listen -- you travel
again the strange trail that led you here -- to wait for
a man who is dead.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ RISES AND GOES BEHIND)

~~(TYPEWRITER UP AND WITH:)~~

NARR: You were writing a story. Huh -- a story! A paragraph!

FAIRLEIGH: (WITH TYPEWRITER) Police today reported the disappearance of Mrs. Elwood Fergus, 37, of 225 Oakroyd Lane, Memphis, from her home. The absence of the missing woman was reported by her daughter, Marjorie.

~~(PAPER RIPPED FROM TYPEWRITER)~~

~~(MUMBLES AS IF CHECKING) Fergus thirty seven @ 225 Oakroyd... That'll do it.~~

NARR: You fold the take for the copy basket, ready to call it a day -- but your reportorial conscience stops you.

That -- will not do it.

(PAPER CRUMPLED)

You crumple the paragraph into a ball and fire it at the wastebasket. You miss. You pick up your hat -- and the city editor does not miss that.

EDITOR: Hey, ^{Paul} -- you knocking off?

FAIRLEIGH: Nope. Just starting out. I picked up a little missing persons report today at police -- ^{but it needs more} ~~you'll find it on the floor there... figured I'd do a little checking.~~

EDITOR: Waste of time. They always come back two weeks later... Who is it?

FAIRLEIGH: Just a housewife. ^{but}

EDITOR: ~~Oh, forget it. Unless there's an angle.~~

FAIRLEIGH: ~~That's why I'm going.~~ The woman's daughter reported it. Maybe I can milk it for tears. (PAUSE) The kid's fourteen.

(MUSIC: UP AND GO DOWN AGAIN INTO)

~~(TYPING UP AND DOWN AGAIN)~~

NARR: Three hours later -- you are back. And ^{✓ type} this time -- it is a story. For the first time since you've been with the Press-Scimitar, the editor's leaning over you, watching it come out as you write it. And is he eating it up -- and are you milking it -- for tears!

~~(TYPING UP A BIT, DOWN FOR)~~ *trouble must have happened*
FAIRLEIGH: (AS HE GOES) Marjorie Fergus is fourteen -- and she misses -- her mother. She hasn't seen her for three days -- nor her father -- for five.

~~(TYPING UP A BIT, DOWN FOR)~~
She keeps saying -- "I know -- something terrible -- has -- happened to -- mamma. (BEGIN FADE) Something - terrible -- must -- have -- happened...

MARJORIE: (FADING IN) Something -- terrible must have happened, *Fairleigh* mister, because she never stayed away so long. *She usually*

FAIRLEIGH: ~~Did she ever stay away before, Marjorie?~~

MARJORIE: ~~Not really, no sir. Just -- just daytimes -- and once, overnight --~~

FAIRLEIGH: ~~I see --~~

MARJORIE: ~~(HASTILY) But then, she called me to say goodnight --~~ *calls*
~~and this time -- gee, I haven't had a word!~~ *but*

FAIRLEIGH: How about your dad, Marjorie. Does he -- stay away?

MARJORIE: (QUIET) Yes sir.

FAIRLEIGH: He does. Often?

MARJORIE: Yes sir.

FAIRLEIGH: I don't suppose you know where he goes.

MARJORIE: No sir.

FAIRLEIGH: ~~Does your father?~~

MARJORIE: ~~I -- I don't know, sir.~~

FAIRLEIGH: Are you sure?

MARJORIE: (SOFT) No.

FAIRLEIGH: (GENTLE) Can you tell me what you think? (PAUSE) Or --
~~if you really know and I think you do, Marjorie --~~
~~what you know?~~

MARJORIE: Mister, what're you asking me all these questions for!

FAIRLEIGH: ~~I~~ -- I want to write a story about you, honey -- so
people will want to help find your mother. ~~But if~~
~~there's anything you know that you don't want me to~~
~~write, just tell me so.~~

MARJORIE: ~~Honest?~~

FAIRLEIGH: ~~Honest?~~

MARJORIE: All right. (PAUSE) I don't know where my Dad goes --
but I know what he does. (PAUSE) He drinks.

FAIRLEIGH: I see. (PAUSE) You don't think your mother might be with
him?

MARJORIE: No sir. (PAUSE) They don't get on good.

FAIRLEIGH: Uh-hm. Honey -- do you have a picture of your mother I
could put in the paper?

MARJORIE: Yes sir. I'll go get it.

(MUSIC: -- -- UP, DOWN INTO) *end type - paper*
(~~TYPING AND DOWN BEHIND~~)

FAIRLEIGH: (AS BEFORE) I watched Marjorie -- look for -- the
photograph. She's a kid -- you have seen -- in our
town -- a million times -- a kid -- like any other --
like yours -- or -- mine.

EDITOR: ~~Wonderful, Paul -- wonderful! Go ahead -- tear their hearts out!~~

FAIRLEIGH: (AS MUSIC SNEAKS) Her hair -- she wears it in pigtails -- is -- honey-colored... her eyes... are brown... and flecked with... gold.. ~~And as I talked with her in the lonely living room, she wept, but in the midst of her tears she tried to smile, and then, again... when she did smile it would turn to tears.~~

(MUSIC: COMES UP OUT OF IT & DOWN AGAIN BEHIND)

MARJORIE: (SOBBING)

FAIRLEIGH: All right, Marjorie -- I won't ask anymore questions --

MARJORIE: It's not that, mister. I'm just so lonesome! I miss her!

FAIRLEIGH: Sure you do. But -- but maybe you can tell me one more thing. Do you know what your mother was wearing?

MARJORIE: Just -- just plain ordinary clothes... you know...

FAIRLEIGH: Jewelry, maybe?

MARJORIE: Jewelry? Wait a minute.

(QUICK FOOTSTEPS, LITTLE BOX OPENS)

(FOOTSTEPS BACK)

Yes. Mamma's earring ring is gone.

FAIRLEIGH: What's that? Earring ring?

MARJORIE: ~~Yes, sir.~~ It was an old antique pair of earrings -- white stones and blue stones --

FAIRLEIGH: Diamonds and -- sapphires, maybe?

MARJORIE: Maybe. Dingle-dangles, you know... like this, from the ears. Mamma said they were too snazzy for her...

FAIRLEIGH: So she had them made into a ring.

MARJORIE: Yes sir! And it's not here. So she must be wearing it. Mister -- is that gonna help you find my mother?

FAIRLEIGH: (GENTLE) Marjorie -- I can't promise that. I -- I can't promise anything. You see -- I'm just a reporter. All I can do is write stories -- the rest is up to people. (PAUSE) Sometimes, police.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER)

(TYPING UP AND BEHIND)

FAIRLEIGH: And so -- a little girl -- waits for her mother -- to -- come home. She is all alone -- except -- for the neighbors. (PAUSE) And neighbors can be -- odd people -- sometimes. . . (FADE) they sometimes say things -- a little girl -- would not -- know -- about. .

(MUSIC: WIPES IT AND GOES UNDER)

FAIRLEIGH: You say--

Woman:
WOMAN: (~~A REAL EDDY~~) I'm not saying, mister. Only what I heard.

FAIRLEIGH: ~~Well, then -- you heard --~~
Woman:
WOMAN: I heard she was ~~trifling~~ ^{cheating} on her husband.

FAIRLEIGH: ~~She was what?~~
Woman:
WOMAN: ~~Trifling. (BITTER) Cheating, you'd say. And I say,~~
~~she probly was -- why, I've heard her and him arguing~~ ^{And}
over it time and again --

FAIRLEIGH: Oh. They argued.

Woman:
WOMAN: Night and day -- cats and dogs. The things she called that man! Mister -- ~~don't you write my name up --~~ but that ~~poor~~ man's better off if she stays away for good. I don't blame him for drinking!

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER)

FAIRLEIGH: You say you've heard them arguing?

MAN II: Certainly. Walls might as well be paper, the way he hollered at her.

FAIRLEIGH: Oh. He hollered.

MAN II: Sure! Accused her of everything under the sun. And all the time carrying on himself.

FAIRLEIGH: Oh?

MAN II: Sure. Always getting jugged up and runnin' wild. . . wine, women, and song, wine, women and --

FAIRLEIGH: So according to you --

MAN II: She's done the right thing. He's no good and she's fed up and that's all. A man like that -- she's better off without him -- no matter where she's gone!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER)

(TYPEWRITER UP AND DOWN FOR)
And so -- you look for Fergus down
FAIRLEIGH: ~~Neighbors say odd things but Marjorie just --~~
Sloane: ~~doesn't know about them. She just wants --~~
~~her mother back. (PAUSE) She doesn't know where --~~
~~her father is but (CROSS FADE UNDER) it isn't --~~
hard to find -- a drinking man -- in a town like --
Memphis --

(LOW TYPE BAR ATMOSPHERE UP AND DOWN FOR)

FAIRLEIGH: Come on, Fergus -- snap out of it.

FATHER: (DRUNK AS HELL) Lea' me 'lone. . .lea' me be. . .
gway. . .

FAIRLEIGH: No! Listen to me! Your wife's disappeared!

FATHER: I don't care ~~lettergo, lettergo go' blosserr...~~
(SNATCH OF DRUNKEN SONG FROM "LET'S GO, INFIRMARY")
wherever she may be. . .

FAIRLEIGH: (PROJECTS) ~~Waiter get me some coffee, will you?~~

WAITER: ~~Hub Coffee ain't gonna do him no good, neither. He's~~
~~tryin' to break the record!~~

FAIRLEIGH: ~~Fergus~~ ~~is~~ ~~terr~~ to me. Can you hear me? I said your
wife's missing! Your daughter's worried!

FATHER: Poor Marjorie. . . poor ^{little} ~~poor~~ kid. . . I'm no good. . .
jus' no good, that's all. . . (SUDDEN DRUNKEN FURY)
an' she's no good either! (A YELL) I'll kill 'er!

FAIRLEIGH: Quiet! You'll get us thrown out of here!

FATHER: (PROTHING) She's a cheater! I know, I know! Comin'
home with presents. . . jewelry. . . I know. . . (A SNORT)
Fam'ly antiques, she says -- hah! (IMITATING) Gonna
have the fam'ly earrings made int' a ring -- sure.
(SOBBING) I know, I know. . . presents from that other
guy, I know. . . (FURY AGAIN) Kill him too! (LAPSING
INTO ALCOHOLIC INCOHERENCE) Both of 'em, kill 'em
both...no good. . .

FAIRLEIGH: ~~You know him? You know this other man?~~

FATHER: ~~Sure I know him. Everybody knows. makin' a fool~~
~~out of me. (SUDDEN) I'll kill 'im. Kill 'em both!~~

FAIRLEIGH: Fergus -- what's his name.

FATHER: ~~He's no good. . . no good.~~

FAIRLEIGH: ~~His name!~~

FATHER: ~~(SIV) Buy me a lil' drink if I tell ya?~~

FAIRLEIGH: ~~Yes, yes. Buy you ten drinks.~~

FATHER: ~~all right. His name is~~ -- -- (SIX) Guess.

FAIRLEIGH: Now look, Fergus --

FATHER: Thass his name; hones'! Guess! ~~Hones~~ -- Walter Guess.

~~(READING) Now you gonna buy me a drink, huh?~~

(MUSIC: -- -- HIT AND GO)

NARRATOR: That -- you leave out of the ^{type} story. It's not for the paper. For the paper -- with the editor waiting for the last take -- is --

~~(TYPEWRITER UP, DOWN, BEHIND)~~
FAIRLEIGH: ^{Anybody help answer this call? (paper)} And so -- lonesome in her -- parents' house -- walled -- away -- behind the whispers of -- neighbors -- Marjorie Fergus -- waits -- for her -- mother. That -- is the story -- behind -- a child's call -- to -- the -- police. (PAUSE) Can -- anybody -- help -- answer -- ^{this call?}

(MUSIC: -- -- HIT AND GO)

NARRATOR: Well -- with what you have found out -- maybe the police can, themselves. Whatever the case, you want to do more for Marjorie than write her story. You want to find her mother -- or save her. And so --

FAIRLEIGH: (POLICE TICKER IN B.G.) You know, Sarge I got a line on that missing woman. Both she and her husband have been playing around ^{and}

COP: ~~Sure, it's always like that.~~

FAIRLEIGH: ~~Yeah. But you~~ ^{you'd} better pick up the husband. He's threatening to kill her --

COP: Huh. He'll have to find her first --

FAIRLEIGH: And the man she's running around with. I've got his name. It's --

(PHONE RINGS AND AS IT IS PICKED UP)

COP: Hold it a minute, Paul. (TO PHONE) ~~Central~~ Police.
(PAUSE) Yes, lady. (~~PAUSE~~) (PAUSE) He did? You're sure you -- (PAUSE) Oh -- you saw him. (~~PAUSE~~)
What part of the bridge -- (PAUSE) ~~Main, it's a~~
~~question of police jurisdiction. Ours extends north to~~
~~the middle of the Mississippi, and --~~ (PAUSE) That's
~~different.~~ (PAUSE: WITH SCRIBBLING) Yeah -- I've got
it. All right -- ~~the detectives~~ ^{I'll} be right over.

(HUNG UP PHONE)

COP: Brother! You can drop that missing persons case right now, Paul. Some woman says --

FAIRLEIGH: ~~But just take the name of the man -- that way you can~~
~~find Mrs. Her ----~~

COP: ~~Paul, stick to your reporting and let us run the police~~
~~department. This is a better story anyhow.~~ Some guy
just jumped off the Harahan bridge.

FAIRLEIGH: Oh-oh. Who was ^{it?} ~~that that called?~~

COP: ~~She didn't say.~~ But I wrote down the name of the guy.
Here.

FAIRLEIGH: Walter -- Guess. (PAUSE) Walter Guess!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO FOR)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #144

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH -- THROAT-SCRATCH -- THROAT-SCRATCH!

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 0170417

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME UP AND DOWN FOR)

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

NARRATOR: A woman is missing in Memphis. You Paul Fairleigh of the Memphis Press-Scimitar get interested in the case -- she's got a sweet daughter you feel sorry for -- and ^{you} tell the police how you've found out who ^{the child's mother} ~~she~~ was running around with. A man named -- Guess. Just then -- a call interrupts you. It is a suicide. The name of the victim?

FAIRLEIGH: Walter -- Guess. (PAUSE) Walter Guess!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND DOWN BEHIND)

NARRATOR: And now -- days later -- you are waiting inside the general delivery window of the St. Louis post office for that supposedly dead man to claim a letter. How come? Well. . .you dropped the missing woman story -- and took off with the police to the Memphis end of the Harahan bridge over the Mississippi. . .and there, his widow told her story. *to the sergeant*

(WIND, UP, DOWN BEHIND)

COP: Mrs. Guess -- I have to ask some questions, you know.

MRS. GUESS: Yes. I understand.

COP: But I can save you -- anguish. . .if you'll just take us to the exact spot on the bridge. . . that is --

MRS. GUESS: Why -- why of course. (PAUSE) I don't mind at all.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARRATOR: You followed. The police drove her car. . .you rode the squad car. And -- you wondered. "I don't mind at all." Strange way for a brand new widow to act. (PAUSE) ~~Anyway -- out there, a hundred and fifty feet above the Mississippi. . .~~

(LOW STEAMBOAT WHISTLES OFF. . .TRAINS FARTHER OFF. . .)

COP: Is this the spot?

MRS.GUESS: Yes. Right --- -- here. (PAUSE) What -- what shall I do?

COP: Just -- tell us what happened.

MRS.GUESS: Well -- it -- it all happened so suddenly, I -- I almost can't believe it yet. (PAUSE) We'd been out riding for the evening. . .and my husband had seemed thoughtful. . .not depressed. . .just -- serious. . .

NARRATOR: ~~(LOW) Strange. She seems almost : He had no business eager to talk. . .and -- somehow : troubles that I know -- glib. Somehow -- -- no. No. : or. . .and besides, Different people react to : we don't talk tragedy differently. Later, : business. . . I -- probably, she'll break. Then : I respected his mood, you'll get your story. But : and we just remove now -- When -- about an hour ago, it was~~

MRS.GUESS: (CLEAR) We were coming right by here. He stopped the car --

~~COP: he was driving---~~

~~MRS.GUESS: Yes,~~

COP: ~~Go on. He stopped the car. Did he ever do that before?~~

MRS.GUESS: ~~Oh yes.~~ ^{always} He liked to watch the trains on the railroad bridge. . .

(~~TRAIN WHOOOO-WHOOOOOO OFF~~)

MRS.GUESS: And listen to them -- ~~like that. He~~ ~~he stood at the rail a minute~~ ~~then he came back.~~ I stayed in the car, you see --

COP: Yes. Go on.

MRS.GUESS: Then -- he started for the railing ~~again~~ --

COP: He didn't say anything? He didn't do anything? Just --

MRS.GUESS: (SLIGHT TOUCH OF ASPERITY) ~~I was going to say~~ ~~he~~ ~~started for the railing again~~ ~~and~~ before I realized he had left a note in my hand -- he ^{jumped} ~~had leaped over it.~~ And -- -- that's all.

COP: That's -- all.

MRS.GUESS: Yes.

COP: And this is the note.

MRS.GUESS: Yes.

COP: ~~You say he left it in your hand.~~

MRS.GUESS: ~~He pressed it into my hand.~~ (PAUSE) You may read it.

COP: Thank you. (PAUSE) Dearest. . .Can't go on like this...
Have to get out of it. . .Sorry to take this way. . .
better for you, better all around. . .forgive me. . .
~~Um.~~

MRS.GUESS: May I have it back.

COP: ~~You may have it.~~ But -- not right now. You see -- we'll do some further investigation.

MRS.GUESS: Oh. . .but after all -- I -- I mean, you have my story -

COP: Routine, ma'am. (KINDLY) And I think we won't be
needing you any more now. . . We've called the Coast
Guard to drag the river. . .if there's any news, we'll
get in touch with you.

~~NARRATOR: (VERY LOW) Nothing is going to happen there for a while
and so you decide to stay with this woman who is
taking her husband's suicide so calmly. . .~~

FAIRLEIGH: Mrs. Guess --

MRS.GUESS: ~~What?~~

FAIRLEIGH: ~~What?~~ -- I'm from the Press-Scimitar -- *I've been listening to*

MRS.GUESS: No stories -- please.

FAIRLEIGH: Well. . .I'd like to talk that over with you -- to do
what's best, you see --

MRS.GUESS: ~~Oh, yes --~~

FAIRLEIGH: ~~And~~ so -- I thought perhaps, I might drive ^{your car} you home ^{for you}

MRS.GUESS: That's very kind of you. If it isn't out of your way --

FAIRLEIGH: Oh no. I -- I don't think it will be.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER)

(CAR TO STOP. DOORS OPEN. FOOTSTEPS.
~~UNDERNEATH FOLLOWING IS JINGLING OF KEYS
AND OPENING OF HOUSE DOOR. IT REMAINS
OPEN UNTIL SLAM CUE~~)

FAIRLEIGH: (WARILY) ~~I'll -- see you to your door. . .~~

MRS.GUESS: ~~Thank you. . .~~

(STEPS. JINGLING)

FAIRLEIGH: ~~Yes~~ -- Mrs. Guess.

MRS.GUESS: Yes?

FAIRLEIGH: About that -- suicide.

(DOOR OPENS)

MRS.GUESS: Yes?

FAIRLEIGH: ~~✓~~ -- I don't think the police ^{will} ~~-- the Coast Guard, that~~
~~is --- I don't think they'll~~ find -- -- -- anything.

MRS.GUESS: (LOW) It -- it would be -- better that way, wouldn't
it. . .

FAIRLEIGH: (AFTER A PAUSE) Perhaps. (LONG PAUSE) Then again --
perhaps -- not.

MRS.GUESS: (HARD) Just -- what do you mean by that remark?

FAIRLEIGH: (QUIET) I think this is better said -- inside.

MRS.GUESS: Go ahead. Say it.

FAIRLEIGH: Well -- ~~I won't beat around the bush.~~ Frankly -- I
don't think your husband committed suicide. I know
that he --

MRS.GUESS: (A HISS) You contemptible, snivelling scribbler!

FAIRLEIGH: Now wait a minute, ~~Mrs. Guess, listen to what I have~~
~~to say~~ before you call me names. ~~In the first place --~~
~~again,~~ frankly -- you seem rather -- calm -- for a
woman who --

MRS.GUESS: (HELD BACK BUT HOT) How do you know how a woman feels
-- how do you know! Get away from here -- get away
from my house!

(DOOR SLAMS AND INTO)

(MUSIC: UP AND DOWN BEHIND)

NARRATOR: It's a long walk back to the bridge. . .and the police have had plenty of time to get out the boats and the grapples. Down on the river bank, they're pretty inactive, though. . .You remark to your sergeant friend--

FAIRLEIGH: Y'know -- you're wasting your time here.

COP: Yeah. I know. Nothing more'll turn up.

FAIRLEIGH: What do you mean -- nothing more?

COP: Well how many corpses you expect us to drag out of ~~the~~ ^{the river} ~~the~~ ~~river~~ in one night? Ain't one enough?

FAIRLEIGH: What? They found one?

COP: They sure did, friend -- and it ain't pretty!

(MUSIC: _ _ HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARRATOR: It certainly is not. Too -- unpretty to be that of a man who has just jumped. In fact -- it isn't even a man. It's -- a woman.

FAIRLEIGH: Any identification yet -- sergeant?

COP: MM-mm. (PAUSE) Looks like there won't ~~ever~~ be any, either. Funny, isn't it.

FAIRLEIGH: Hmm?

COP: Well -- we look for one corpse -- and we find another.

FAIRLEIGH: That's nothing. I started on one story -- and I'm. . . Hey! Sergeant -- where -- no! Can I take a look at the body?

COP: Sure -- if you like that kind of thing.

NARRATOR: He pulls back a tarpaulin. You kneel. (PAUSE)
Unrecognizeable. But still -- you look. And only
two people, beside yourself, know what you are
looking for. One is Marjorie. The other is --
your editor, because he has read your story. (PAUSE)
Tomorrow -- everybody who reads the paper will know.
Because when you stand up again -- you have what you
were looking for -- in your hand.

(MUSIC: -- STING)

NARR: And -- with the permission of the police, you still have it in your hand when you ring (SOUND THEREOF) the doorbell of --

(AS DOOR OPENS)

FAIRLEIGH: Mrs. Guess --

MRS. GUESS: (HATE) What do you want!

FAIRLEIGH: ~~First to apologize. Then to tell you~~ -- the police found a body --

MRS. GUESS: What?

FAIRLEIGH: It's true, ~~Mrs. Guess. They dragged, and they~~ --

MRS. GUESS: But -- but that's impossible!

FAIRLEIGH: (QUIET) Mrs. Guess -- this time, I think you'd better ask me in.

(FOOTSTEPS DOOR CLOSES)

FAIRLEIGH: ~~Mrs. Guess~~ ^{Talk to me} -- how do you know it's impossible? (PAUSE) ~~I'll tell you: Because your husband never jumped off the bridge.~~

MRS. GUESS: But -- but you just said...

FAIRLEIGH: I said only that the police found a body. ~~And they~~ ~~did~~. But I didn't say whether it was a man or a woman --

MRS. GUESS: You -- you --

FAIRLEIGH: Just a minute, before we start calling names again. You presumed it was a man -- when you knew it couldn't be.

MRS. GUESS: ~~You tricked me!~~

FAIRLEIGH: Oh no.

MRS. GUESS: ~~You did! And if it was a woman -- why tell me?~~

FAIRLEIGH: ~~Because~~ -- (PAUSE) Mrs. Guess -- I think you and I had better have a long talk.

(MUSIC: -- UP, DOWN BEHIND)

NARR: First -- she tells about the so-called "suicide." It seems, according to her -- he was in terrible financial difficulties...deeply in debt...way over his head..

~~.....~~ --

~~MRS. GUESS: He even -- even asked for my jewelry. But that wasn't enough...finally, last night, it was..(FADE) he came into my room and told me we had to do something!~~

HUSBAND: (DESPERATE) (FADING IN) But don't just sit there! Help me! Say something!

MRS. GUESS: (VERY QUIET) I'm thinking, dear.

HUSBAND: Thinking doesn't help. I've been thinking about it for weeks, months -- (ANGUISH) What am I gonna do, what are we gonna do!

MRS. GUESS: Well -- my jewels aren't gone --

HUSBAND: Just a drop in the bucket! Not enough, not near enough --

MRS. GUESS: But there's always the insurance. The (PAUSE) of course. (VERY QUIET) Dear -- I think you'd better -- kill yourself.

MAN: What?

~~MRS. GUESS: Yes. That's just what you've got to do. (BRIGHTLY) But don't worry. I'll help you!~~

~~(MUSIC: -- UP AND OUT)~~

MRS. GUESS: And so *Mr. Fairleigh* -- we planned it. *just that way.*

FAIRLEIGH: So your husband could disappear and the debts be cancelled. Then you'd collect the insurance -- and meet him somewhere --

MRS. GUESS: (HONEST) And start life all over again. Yes. (PAUSE) Do -- do you blame me?

FAIRLEIGH: That's not for me to say. ~~I can't ask some~~
~~questions that will -- hurt. You say, you gave your~~
~~husband -- (PAUSE).~~

MRS. GUESS: Yes?

FAIRLEIGH: ~~No. I'd rather not do this, Mrs. Guess. You know,~~
~~sooner or later he'll be found -- so why don't you tell~~
~~me where your husband is.~~

MRS. GUESS: ~~I don't know.~~

FAIRLEIGH: ~~You don't know why you won't tell me? Or you don't~~
~~know where he is?~~

MRS. GUESS: ~~I don't know where he is!~~

FAIRLEIGH: ~~All right, Mrs. Guess. I won't pursue that. I'll go~~
~~back to my hurtful questions.~~

MRS. GUESS: ~~What makes you think I'll answer them?~~

FAIRLEIGH: ~~I know you will. (BEAT) Mrs. Guess -- the trouble~~
with this whole story is -- you're a bad actress, and
your husband is too good. You couldn't play the part of
a woman who had seen her husband jump into the
Mississippi --

MRS. GUESS: I -- I thought you'd think I was -- controlling myself--

FAIRLEIGH: Sure. But your husband -- ah. He was a good actor. He
even convinced you it was money trouble.

MRS. GUESS: What -- what are you talking about?

FAIRLEIGH: Mrs. Guess -- I will say three things. Then -- I am
sure you will tell me -- when you know what your husband
really was -- where he is now

MRS. GUESS: You're awfully confident.

FAIRLEIGH: I am. Because what I am going to tell you is all --
facts. (VERY VERY QUIET) ~~Mrs. Guess~~ -- three days ago,
a Mrs. Fergus disappeared. That is fact one. Fact two,
-- your husband and Mrs. Fergus ---

MRS. GUESS: (A SCREAM) No, no -- never! That's a lie --

FAIRLEIGH: Mrs. Guess -- please -- ~~I -- I don't like to do this --~~
~~but~~ facts are facts. And fact three is -- (PAUSE) You
said your husband took your jewelry. (PAUSE) Did you
have a pair of antique earrings with -- diamonds and
sapphires?

MRS. GUESS: Yes, yes --

FAIRLEIGH: (VERY QUIET) The sapphires cut like -- teardrops?

MRS. GUESS: (MOANING) Yes...what has this got to do with him!

FAIRLEIGH: Everything. (PAUSE) ~~Mrs. Guess~~ -- the body the police
found in the Mississippi tonight was Mrs. Fergus. She
was wearing -- this ring. (PAUSE) Do you recognize
those stones? (PAUSE) Teardrops, Mrs. Guess?
(LONG SILENCE. THEN)

MRS. GUESS: (VERY LOW) General Delivery, St. Louis.

FAIRLEIGH: I -- I beg your pardon?

MRS. GUESS: (STARTS LOW, ENDS HIGH) You wanted to know where my --
where he is. I -- I don't know, really -- but I was to
write to ^{Mr. John Gray} general delivery -- St. Louis. Now ---
now leave me alone. Just leave me alone!

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

NARR: That is why, now, you stand behind the ~~window~~ of general
delivery, ^{shadow of the} St. Louis, Post Office -- and why you are
watching a mirror for the faces of the people who come
for mail.

(MORE)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

HARRICE: Don't let throat-scratch spoil your smoking enjoyment.

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, natural filter of traditionally fine tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch. Yes, PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: So, don't let throat-scratch spoil your smoking enjoyment.

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 Paul Fairleigh of the Memphis, Tenn. Press-Scimitar.

FAIRLEIGH: Brought back to Memphis after his capture, *Killer in, Walter Gues had killed Mrs. Ferguson. He was forced to, he said,* tonight's Big Story made a full confession. On trial for first degree murder he repudiated his confession but was found guilty and sentenced to die in the electric chair. However, due to a legal technicality the verdict was set aside and a new trial granted. This time he pleaded guilty and was sentenced to 25 years in the State Penitentiary at Nashville. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Fairleigh..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.

HARRICW: 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 United Press, Kansas City, Missouri Bureau - by-line, Sam Melnick, A BIG STORY that reached its climax in the darkened house of an armed killer as a reporter waited to capture him with a flashlight.

(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 adapted by Alan Sloane from an actual story from the front pages of the Memphis Tenn. Press-Scimitar.

(MORE)

CHAPPELL: Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Cort Benson played the
(CONTD) part of Paul Fairleigh. 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.
Fairleigh.

(MUSIC: _ _ _THEME_UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

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

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