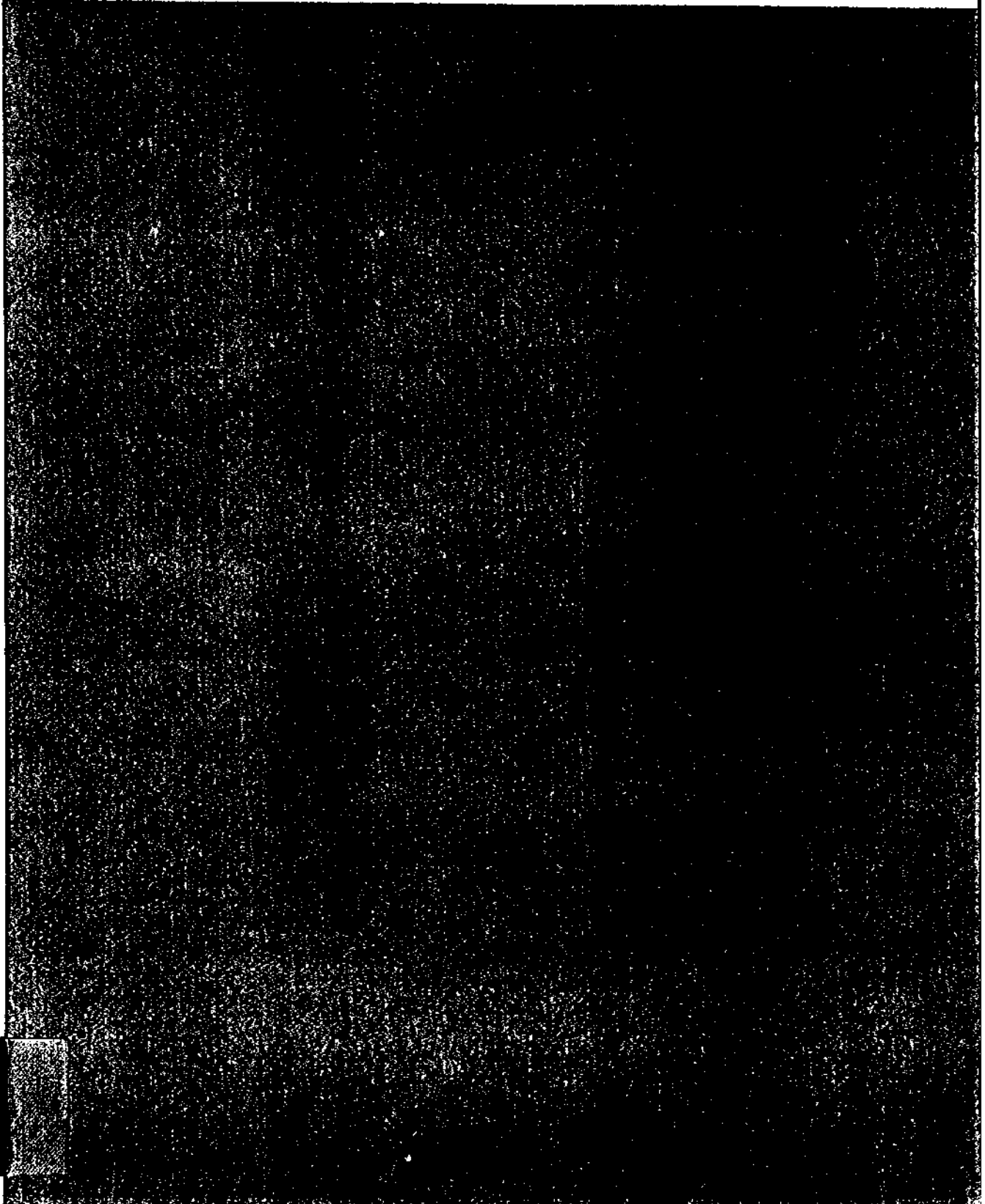


0798510-003

ATX01 0170432

RTX01 0170433



# AS BROADCAST

## THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #145

### CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
JACKIE	MELBA RAE
MOTHER	ETHEL REMEY
NURSE	ETHEL REMEY
MARTHA	KATHLEEN NIDDAY
MRS REGAL	KATHLEEN NIDDAY
SAM	GRANT RICHARDS
BRACKETT	HUMPHREY DAVIS
DOCTOR	HUMPHREY DAVIS
ALBERT	BILL SMITH
ED	BERYL FIRESTONE
SERGEANT	BERYL FIRESTONE

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1950

ATX01 0170434

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#145

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

JANUARY 4, 1949

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: \_ \_ FANFARE... \_ \_)

(A MAN PACING BACK AND FORTH)

NURSE: Mr Norton, do sit down. I'm sure Doctor Parish will be coming out of the maternity ward any moment now...

(STEPS STOP)

ALBERT: Oh yes. But I wish he'd hurry, Nurse...

NURSE: (SIGHS) I never saw a prospective father yet who wasn't a bundle of nerves. If you'd try to be calm, Mr Norton...

(DOOR OPENS OFF)

Oh. Here's the doctor now...

(STEPS COMING UP)

DOCTOR: Well! Congratulations, Mr Norton! You're the father of a healthy, eight-pound baby girl!

ALBERT: (STUNNED) A.....a girl?

DOCTOR: That's right. And you may go in and see your wife now, if you like.

ALBERT: (HARSH) No!

DOCTOR: What?

ALBERT: I won't see her!

DOCTOR: (SHOCKED) You don't want to see your wife, Mr Norton?

ALBERT: (BITTERLY) That's what I said, ~~Doctor~~. (FADING A LITTLE)

I don't want to see her!

(~~DOOR SLAM~~)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP AND UNDER)

ATX01 0170435

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)  
Kansas City, Missouri - From the wires of the United  
Press the story of murder and a frustrated father.  
Tonight to reporter Sam Melnick of the United Press,  
for his sensational BIG STORY, goes the PELL MELL Award!

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

(COMMERCIAL)

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 FOR:)

CHAPPELL: Kansas City, Missouri ... the story as it actually happened .. Sam Melnick's story as he lived it ...

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

NARR: You are Sam Melnick, a police reporter for the United Press, operating out of the Kansas City Bureau. It's been a long day, a dull day, and finally your stomach tells you it's dinner time. There's one place you always go for dinner, and for your money, it's the best meal in Kansas City. So ... you get on the phone and make a reservation ...

MOTHER: (FILTER) Hello ...

SAM: Hello, Mom. Sam.

MOTHER: Oh. Sam. What time will you be home?

SAM: In an hour. What's for dinner?

MOTHER: Pot roast.

SAM: Aaaaah! Pot roast.

MOTHER: With potato pancakes and applesauce.

SAM: Tell me more. What's for dessert?

MOTHER: Your favorite.

SAM: You don't mean lemon meringue pie.

MOTHER: I do. And now, Sam, you'll have to excuse me. I've got to get back to the kitchen. I'll expect you in an hour.

SAM: Mom, wait a minute!

MOTHER: Yes?

SAM: I've changed my mind. Better make that...a half hour!

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

NARRATOR: On your way home you stop in at Frank's Bar, next to the City National Bank Building and across the street from the Kansas City Star. Just for a quick one. And you don't know it at the time, but while you're there gabbing with the other newspaper boys, your Big Story is just beginning to break, over on Twenty-Seventh Street ....

(CAR UNDER)

JACKIE: Ed, I.....better stop the car here.

ED: But we're still a couple of blocks from your house, Jackie!

JACKIE: I know. But ...

ED: But you're afraid to let me take you home.

JACKIE: ~~I.....~~

ED: (RISING) You're afraid your father will see us!

~~JACKIE: Ed! Please stop the car!~~

~~ED: (SQUEAL) Okay, okay.~~

(CAR TO STOP. IGNITION OFF)

~~ED: (WITH DETERMINATION) Jackie, look!~~

JACKIE: Ed, please....let's not talk about it any more!

ED: We've got to talk about it, honey...here and now! I'm sick of meeting you on street corners, away from the house. I'm fed up with seeing you only in the daytime, when your father's at the office. I'm tired of dodging him, hiding from him. What are we, criminals or something?

JACKIE: Ed, you don't understand...!



ED: I do understand! Maybe you're afraid of your father, Jackie...but I'm not! What right has he got to run your life like this? What kind of man is he, anyway?

JACKIE: He's been good to me, Ed. He's been a good father to me, every since I can remember. Only...

ED: Only what?

JACKIE: (LAMELY) Only....well, he has some funny ideas.

ED: (BITTERLY) I'll say he has. Here you are, Jackie, 19. Nineteen years old, and he's never let you go out with boys! I'm the first boyfriend you ever had. And I have to meet you ~~on the sly!~~ *secretly*

~~JACKIE: It's just that Dad's peculiar when it comes to boys ..~~

~~ED: Is he? I wonder?~~

~~JACKIE: What do you mean?~~

~~ED: You've got two grown sisters, Jackie. Your father let's them go out with all the fellows they want. But he won't let a man come within a mile of you. (A BEAT) Why?~~

JACKIE: (MISERABLY) I don't know, Ed, I don't know.

ED: Neither do I. But I'm going to find out...tonight.

JACKIE: Tonight?

ED: Yes. You and I are going to have a date tonight, Jackie. And what's more, I'm coming to the house to get you.

JACKIE: Ed! You can't! Dad'll be home...

ED: That's just the point. We'll stand up to him together.

JACKIE: No, Ed, no! I'm afraid, ~~I won't let you do it!~~ You can't! Why, when Dad...

ED: (EXPLODS) Dad, Dad, DAD! (THEN QUIETLY, GENTLY) Look, honey. You're going to have to make a choice.

JACKIE: A choice? What...what choice?

ED: Either your father...or me. (SLOWLY) Either I come to your house tonight...or we're all washed up.

JACKIE: Ed, no!

ED: Yes. That's the way it's got to be, honey. You've got to stop being afraid of your father some time. As long as he owns you like this...there's no place for me.  
(PAUSE) Well, Jackie? (QUIETLY) Shall I call for you tonight...or not?

JACKIE: (A BEAT) All right, Ed. All right. You come to the house. I.. I'll be waiting for you!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE. . .)

JACKIE: Mother, I....I'm afraid. Ed'll be here in half an hour. And Dad..

MARTHA: Yes. He'll be home any minute now...

JACKIE: (JITTERY) I don't know, I don't know. I shouldn't have let Ed come! What'll Dad say? What'll I tell him!?

MARTHA: (QUIETLY) This time, Jacqueline, I'll talk to your father.

JACKIE: You? But Mother ...

MARTHA: I know. For years, ~~child~~ -- ever since you were born... I've never dared stand up to him. But now...well, it's time I did. You're a grown girl now .. you deserve a life of your own...a young man of your own.

JACKIE: Mother, I've asked you a hundred times .. and you've never told me. Why does Dad let Edna and Ruthie have all the dates they want, but when it comes to me...well, why am I different from my sisters?

MARTHA: It's a long story, Jacqueline. And it goes way back.  
Some day I'll tell you ...

(SLAM OF DOOR OFF)

JACKIE: Mother! It's Dad! He just came in the front door!

ALBERT: ~~(OFF) Jackie! Jackie, where are you?~~

JACKIE: ~~(PARALYZED) Mother...!~~

MARTHA: Quick, Jacqueline. Run upstairs to your room. ~~I want~~  
~~to talk to your father alone...~~

(STEPS RUNNING UPSTAIRS. SLIGHT PAUSE)

(DOOR OPENS ON)

ALBERT: Jackie, I...(CUTS, THEN, DISAPPOINTED) Oh, it's you,  
Martha.

MARTHA: (QUIETLY) Yes, Albert.

ALBERT: Where's Jackie?

MARTHA: Upstairs. Dressing...

ALBERT: Dressing? For what...

MARTHA: She's got a date tonight...

ALBERT: A date? You mean...

MARTHA: I mean with a young man, Albert.

ALBERT: (AFTER PAUSE) (GRIMLY) I see. (JUST BEGINS TO MOVE OFF)  
Well, I'll soon put a stop to that!

MARTHA: Albert! Just a minute!

ALBERT: Yes?

MARTHA: You're going to leave that girl alone.

ALBERT: Oh. Am I? (PAUSE, THEN QUIETLY) You're taking a lot  
for granted, aren't you, Martha?

MARTHA: I'm trying to stop you from ruining Jacqueline's life,  
that's all!

ALBERT: What are you talking about?

MARTHA: Oh, I know what's going on in your mind, Albert. I've known it ever since Jacqueline was born. You wanted a boy .. you wanted a boy desperately. And you hated me because I bore you a third daughter. And all these years...

ALBERT: Yes, Martha? What about...all these years?

MARTHA: You've tried to bring her up as a boy. You've always called her Jackie...never Jacqueline. You've never let her live a girl's life. She never had a doll, Albert. You wouldn't let her have one. She never had a party dress, nor a pair of dancing shoes, nor a string of beads!

ALBERT: (QUIET AND GRIM) Go on, Martha. You interest me.

MARTHA: You never let her join a sorority, nor have girlfriends here at the house, or go out with boys. Instead you took her fishing, or bowling, or to baseball and hockey games. Yes, Albert! All these years, to satisfy your own frustration, you've tried to bring her up as a boy! But now....now, you've failed!

ALBERT: I have, eh?

MARTHA: Yes. Yes, Albert, you have. She's a lovely, mature girl now. She's in love with a young man, and she's going to lead her own life, and neither you nor anyone else in this world can stop it....!

ALBERT: (SIMMERING) Oh, I can't, eh? Well, we'll see about that!

MARTHA: Albert, you let that girl alone!

ALBERT: Get out of my way, Martha.

MARTHA: No! And don't you dare...!

ALBERT: Get out of my way, ~~you old crone!~~ She's my child, do you hear? And no one else is going to tell me how to bring her up!

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

(~~KNOCK ON DOOR~~)

JACKIE: ~~Come in.~~

(~~DOOR OPENS~~)

ALBERT: (~~QUIETLY~~) Hello, Jackie.

JACKIE: (~~TENSE~~) Hello, Dad.

ALBERT: <sup>Jackie</sup>  
A Your mother tells me that you've got a date with a young fellow...that he's coming here tonight.

JACKIE: Yes. *Dad*

ALBERT: You know my wishes in the matter...

JACKIE: (DEFIANTLY) Dad, I'm nineteen now! I'm not a child any more!

ALBERT: I'm still your father, and I still know what's best for you ...

JACKIE: But ...

ALBERT: Have I been a bad father to you, Jackie?

JACKIE: No. No, Dad, you haven't.

ALBERT: Haven't we been....well, pals? Gone everywhere together? Done everything together?

JACKIE: Yes, but ...

ALBERT: (GOES RIGHT ON) Why, we've been almost like...

JACKIE: Like father and son, Dad?

~~ALBERT: (PAUSE) What made you say that?~~

~~JACKIE: Why, I... I don't know. It just slipped out ...~~

ALBERT: (SUDDENLY, SAVAGE) Why did you say <sup>that</sup> ~~it~~? Has your mother been talking to you?

JACKIE: (FRIGHTENED) No, Dad. No. Why? ~~What~~...

ALBERT: (BACK INTO QUIET MOOD) Nothing. Only...I forbid you to go out with this boy.

JACKIE: I'm sorry, Dad. I'm going out with him, anyway. I...I love him, and I'm going <sup>to marry</sup> ~~out with~~ him!

~~ALBERT: (A BEAT) You love him?~~

~~JACKIE: Yes.~~

~~ALBERT: Enough to marry him...to go away and start a home of your own?~~

~~JACKIE: Yes.~~

ALBERT: (QUIETLY) I see. Then I'm...we're going to lose you.

JACKIE: (PLEADING) Dad, Dad, please. Try to understand...

ALBERT: I do understand. (PAUSE) What's this boy's name, Jackie?

JACKIE: Ed, Ed Carlisle.

ALBERT: Ed Carlisle. And what time will he be here?

JACKIE: At eight. (ANXIOUSLY) Dad, you won't raise any fuss? You'll talk to Ed...meet him?

ALBERT: (SINISTER UNDERTONE) Yes. Under the circumstances, I'm looking forward to meeting him, Jackie.

JACKIE: Oh, Dad, Dad, I knew you'd see it my way! (A BEAT) Only...only one thing.

ALBERT: Yes?

JACKIE: Please don't call me 'Jackie' any more. It sounds too much like a boy's name, and I'm...well, grown up. Just call me Jacqueline, Dad!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE. . . .)

(DOORBELL RINGS)

~~(STEPS TO DOOR. STOP)~~

(DOOR OPENS)

~~ED: Oh. Good evening. Are you Mr. Norton?~~

~~ALBERT: Yes.~~

~~ED: ~~(TENSE)~~ My name's Ed Carlisle. I came to get Jackie...~~

~~ALBERT: ~~(TENSE)~~ Come in.~~

~~(DOOR CLOSE)~~

~~(A TENSE PAUSE)~~

ED: Is Jackie...?

ALBERT: She's in her room. She'll be down in a minute.

ED: Oh.

(AN AWKWARD PAUSE)

ED: (SUDDENLY) Mr Norton, I wanted to talk to you about....

ALBERT: (INTERRUPTING) I'll do all the talking around here, Carlisle. My daughter tells me you two are in love...

ED: Yes, sir.

ALBERT: And that you plan to marry her, and take her away from here...from <sup>us</sup> ~~us~~.

ED: That's right, sir. With your permission ...

ALBERT: (SNAPS) You don't have my permission!

ED: (QUIETLY) I'm sorry, Mr Norton. But in that case... I guess we'll have to get married without it.

ALBERT: (SIMMERING) You try anything like that, you young whippersnapper, and I'll kill you!

ED: Mr Norton...

ALBERT: She belongs to me, understand? She's my child, and nobody's going to steal her from me!

ED: But Mr Norton...

ALBERT: Get out!

ED: I...

ALBERT: Get out of this house, I said!

ED: No! No, I won't. Not until I say what I came to say!  
You might as well face it, Mr Norton. Jackie's  
nineteen. She's a grown woman. We're in love, and  
you're going to lose her. You know you're going to  
lose her....!

ALBERT: Oh, I am, am I?

(DRAWER OPENS)

ED: She's got a right to her freedom just like any other...  
(CUTS) Mr Norton! <sup>Put that gun down</sup> ~~There...there's a gun in that desk~~  
~~drawer. You...~~

ALBERT: (THICKLY) Nobody's going to steal Jackie from me.  
Nobody's going to take her from me...

ED: (ALARMED) Mr Norton. No! Put that gun down...  
(STEPS RUNNING DOWN STAIRS)

JACKIE: (OFF A LITTLE) Dad! Dad, no! Don't!

ALBERT: (WILDLY) If I can't have you, Jackie, nobody else will!

ED: (FRANTIC) Mr Norton! No!

~~(SCREAM)~~

(SHOT)

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: It's a little after dinner time when you, Sam Melnick of  
the United Press, get to your mother's house. You sniff  
the odors coming from the kitchen, and you raise your eyes  
to heaven, and your mouth begins to water. And you think,  
Life Can Be Beautiful, in Kansas City or anywhere else,  
with cooking like that. And then your mother comes in...



MOTHER: Sam, where have you been?

SAM: Just down to Frank's place, across from the Star.

MOTHER: Oh. I wondered what happened to you. I've got everything all ready. You'd better get washed up and...

(PHONE RINGS)

MOTHER: Oh, no! Sam, don't answer it.

SAM: I'd better, Mom.

MOTHER: It's probably that night manager down at the Bureau again. And if that horrible man thinks he's going to take you away from my dinner again, just because of a story...

(PHONE RING AGAIN)

SAM: Forget it, Mom. Don't worry. It's been a very dull day. I'll just brush him off and sit down to dinner...

(PHONE RING BEGINS, AND CUT OFF BY)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

SAM: Melnick talking. Oh. Hello, Bill. What? WHAT? On Twenty-Seventh Street? Yeah. Sure. I'll get right on it. I'm on my way now!

(RECEIVER ON HOOK)

~~MOTHER: Sam! Sam, where are you going?~~

SAM: (MOVING OFF A LITTLE) Mom, I gotta rush!

MOTHER: ~~But what about my dinner?~~ What about my pot roast and pancakes?

SAM: Keep it warm, Mom. I'll be back as soon as I can. A bit story's breaking...

MOTHER: What big story!

SAM: A father just murdered his daughter...~~and made a clean getaway!~~

(MUSIC: --- UP AND INTO)  
(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

HARRICE: (NO FILTER) THORAT-SCRATCH -- THROAD-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 Sam Melnick as he lived it...  
and wrote it..

NARR: You, Sam Melnick of the United Press, have just been  
tipped off that a sensational murder has taken place  
on your beat...Kansas City. So..you leave your mother's  
dinner table and rush down to police headquarters to get  
yourself a few facts. Luckily, you're the first reporter  
there, but you know the rest of the wolves are on the  
way. And the first thing you do is corner Lieutenant  
John Brackett, in charge of the investigation...

SAM: So this Albert Norton killed his own daughter, John...

BRACKETT: That's right, Sam. Started to go for her boy friend  
first, but when the girl came downstairs, he spun around  
and let her have it. Then he broke away.

SAM: And no trace?

BRACKETT: No trace. But we've blocked all the highways, got  
men at all the railroad, air and bus terminals.

SAM: You know, John, he could be right here in KC.

BRACKETT: Could be. His wife called us right after he shot  
the daughter. Wherever he is, he didn't have time to  
get very far.

SAM: Speaking of Norton's wife, where is she now?

BRACKETT: We're keeping her and her two daughters and the boy,  
Ed. Carlisle, down here at headquarters.

SAM: Hmmmm. Protective custody, eh?

BRACKETT: Yep.

SAM: Then you figure this Norton is still dangerous...  
that he might come back and try something else.

BRACKETT: Can't afford to think otherwise, Sam. A man who'd do  
a job like this is more than a killer. He's a maniac.

~~SAM: I'd put my chips on that one, too. Got any idea of the  
motive, John?~~

BRACKETT: Well, it seems that Norton was dead set against this  
kid, Ed Carlisle, taking out his daughter.

SAM: So...he shot her, instead of him.

BRACKETT: Yeah.

SAM: Funny.

BRACKETT: What's funny.

SAM: I don't know. It just doesn't add up.

BRACKETT: Nothing adds up in a killing like this, Sam.

SAM: Hmm. Guess you're right. Well, much obliged John.  
I'd better be going...

BRACKETT: Any place in particular?

SAM: Well, for the sake of peace in my own family, I ought  
to go home to dinner.

BRACKETT: But?

SAM: But right now they're waiting down at the Bureau for a  
story to send over the UP wire. And I'd better see  
if I can dig up one!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: By this time, everyone and his cousin in Kansas City are swamping the switchboards, claiming they've seen Albert Norton. You check a few leads. Phony. You talk to Norton's sister, a Mrs. Anna Regal. She hasn't heard a thing. You ride with a prowler car for awhile, and draw blank. Finally, in deep disgust you ask the police dispatcher to call you in case anything breaks, phone your mother that you're coming home for that dinner. And when you get there...

SAM: Hello, Mom.

MOTHER: Don't you 'hello' me, Sam Melnick!

SAM: Aw, listen, Mom...I couldn't help it. I had to go out on a story. (BRIGHTLY) Now...how about that pot-roast.

MOTHER: Did you get that story, Sam?

SAM: No.

MOTHER: Well, you're not going to get that pot-roast, either.

SAM: I'm not?

MOTHER: No. I kept it waiting for you so long that it's all dried out.

SAM: Oh.

MOTHER: And now, you'll have to eat meat loaf.

SAM: (BRIGHTENS) Meat loaf! Well, what's wrong with that? I like meat loaf!

MOTHER: (SUDDEN SMILE) I know you do, son. I've got it sizzling on the pan now. And in a few minutes...

(PHONE RING)

MOTHER: (IN ANGUISH) Oh, no!

SAM: Mom...

MOTHER: Don't you dare answer that phone, Sam Melnick!

SAM: Mom, I've got to!

(PHONE RINGS AGAIN)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

SAM: Melnick talking...

SERGEANT: (FILTER) Sam, this is Sergeant Blaine, down at Headquarters.

SAM: Yes, Sergeant?

SERGEANT: Just wanted to tip you off that the killer just phoned his sister, Mrs. Regal.

SAM: What!

SERGEANT: Yeah. Better get up and see her before the rest of the wolves get wise.

SAM: I'm on my way, Sergeant. And thanks!

(RECEIVER ON HOOK)

SAM: Mom, I've got to rush! (FADING) See you later!

MOTHER: (WAILS) But Sam! What about my meat loaf!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE)

SAM: Mrs. Regal, just what did your brother say when he phoned?

MRS. REGAL: Why, first of all he wanted to make sure that...that Jackie was dead.

SAM: Yes?

MRS. REGAL: And then he wanted to know where his wife was. Then, before I could say anything else, he hung up.

SAM: I see.

MRS. REGAL: (SHUDDER) Mr. Melnick, it gave me gooseflesh just to listen to him. Albert's always been a little peculiar, but his voice over the phone...well, it sounded crazy!

SAM: Mrs. Regal, did you ask him where he was calling from?

MRS. REGAL: Why, yes. I asked him right off. He said he was calling from a restaurant.

SAM: (PUZZLED) A restaurant? At this time of night?

MRS. REGAL: That's what he said.

SAM: Hmrrrrrr. Mrs. Regal...

MRS. REGAL: Yes?

SAM: While you were listening, did you hear anything over the phone that might suggest a restaurant..you know, dishes rattling...pots and pans?

MRS. REGAL: Why, no.

SAM: Any sound of street cars going by?

MRS. REGAL: No. No, there was nothing over the phone except Albert's voice.

SAM: Hmrrrrrr.

MRS. REGAL: Guess I haven't been of much help, Mr. Melnick.

SAM: On the contrary, Mrs. Regal, you have. You've been a mighty big help. In fact, you've just given me an idea!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ BRIDGE)

BRACKETT: So you've got a hunch on where the killer is, Sam?

SAM: That's right. Look, John...let's add this thing up.

BRACKETT: Okay. Go ahead and add!

SAM: The killer calls his sister at one a.m. and says he's calling from a restaurant...

BRACKETT: So?

SAM: So there aren't very many restaurants in KC open at that time of night.

BRACKETT: There are some.

SAM: Sure. But they're mostly on the main streets. And you've got prowl cars patrolling <sup>there</sup> ~~'em up and down~~. It stands to reason that Norton wouldn't take a chance exposing himself. And Mrs. Regal heard no street cars... <sup>nothing</sup> ~~nothing~~ like that.

BRACKETT: In other words...

SAM: In other words, John, the killer wasn't calling from a restaurant at all. He was phoning from a private home.

BRACKETT: That's interesting, Sam. Very. Do you know how many private homes there are in Kansas City?

SAM: Sure. But my hunch is that the killer was calling from his own home.

BRACKETT: Not that old cliché about the killer returning to the scene of his crime.

SAM: I know. I said it was only a hunch. I can't back it up with anything concrete. Still...

BRACKETT: Still what?

SAM: He might have gone back to his own house. You're holding the rest of his family down here under protective custody, and the house is empty.

BRACKETT: Hmmmmmm.

SAM: Anyway, I'm going to have a look. (A BEAT) Care to come along, John?

BRACKETT: (PAUSE) Maybe I'd better. If your hunch turned up right, and I wasn't there, I'd never forgive myself. (CHUCKLE) Neither would the Police Commissioner.

SAM: Okay, John. Let's go.

BRACKETT: Right with you. But before we leave, Sam, there's something I forgot to tell you.



SAM: What's that?

BRACKETT: Your mother phoned headquarters here a little while ago. Wanted to talk to you real bad.

SAM: Yes? What did she say?

BRACKETT: Well, she was so upset over the phone I didn't quite get what she was saying. But it was something about a meat loaf!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The Norton house is dark, with the shades drawn. You and Lieutenant Brackett try the <sup>front</sup> doors. <sup>They're</sup> They're locked. Then in the moonlight, you notice a car standing in the back yard. You follow Brackett into the yard, the shivers running up and down your spine as you reflect on what a beautiful target you make there in the moonlight just in case the killer is home. <sup>you both go to the back door, find it locked, Brackett tries a couple of</sup> ~~And then, while Brackett is taking the distributor from the car, in case~~ <sup>of a possible getaway attempt, you stumble upon</sup> ~~something in the yard...~~

~~SAM: (LOW AND URGENT) John! Over here!~~

BRACKETT: (COMING IN) Yes? What is it, Sam?

SAM: Look what I found.

BRACKETT: Hmmm. A screwdriver.

SAM: And these bits of glass.

BRACKETT: Looks like the killer forget his keys when he rushed out after the murder, and had to jimmy through a window.

SAM: Then...then Norton may be in the house now.

BRACKETT: Yep. Your hunch may turn up paydirt at that, Sam. Let's go.

SAM: Go where?

BRACKETT: To the front door.

SAM: But it's locked.

BRACKETT: I've got some passkeys with me. They usually work.  
Come on ...

(MUFFLED BEAT OF STEPS ON GRASS. THEN STEPS ON  
SIDEWALK. THEN STEPS UP STAIRS AND ONTO PORCH.  
THEN STOP)

(PLAY VOICES LOW OR IN WHISPERS)

BRACKETT: Well, here's the door! Let's see about a key now ...

(CLINK OF KEYS. THEN KEY IN LOCK)

SAM: Any luck?

~~BRACKETT: Not with this one. Let's try another...~~

(KEY TURNS IN LOCK)

BRACKETT: That's it, Sam. It works. The door's open.

SAM: (SCARED) Okay. Let....let's go in.

BRACKETT: On second thought, Sam, maybe I'd better go in and ~~flush~~<sup>check</sup>  
this ~~rat~~<sup>rat</sup> myself...if he's there.

SAM: Oh no, John. I'm going in with you.

BRACKETT: You don't have to, Sam. You're a reporter. But I'm  
a police officer. I've got to go in. It's my duty.

SAM: But it's my story.

BRACKETT: It might be dangerous ...

SAM: I'll keep my fingers crossed.

BRACKETT: Okay. But before we go in, have you got a gun?

SAM: A...a gun? No.

BRACKETT: All right. I'll keep my gun ready. You carry this  
flashlight. (PAUSE) Well...let's go in.

(DOOR CREAKS OPEN)

(A PAUSE)

BRACKETT: See anything?

SAM: No.

BRACKETT: Let's look around.

(A FEW STEPS. THEN STOP)

SAM: John!

BRACKETT: Yes?

SAM: I....I smell something.

BRACKETT: What?

SAM: Stale coffee.

BRACKETT: Hmm. You're right. (OFF A LITTLE) Sam, flash the light over here. There's a table...

(CLICK)

(PAUSE)

BRACKETT: Do you see what I see?

SAM: Yeah. A cup of cold coffee...and some cigarette butts.

BRACKETT: Looks like our friend is somewhere around....

(DOOR SLAM OFF)

BRACKETT: (SHARP) Sam! Put out that flashlight!

(CLICK)

(PAUSE)

BRACKETT: He's in the other room.

SAM: Yeah.

BRACKETT: Sam, you move to one side .. away from the door.

SAM: But...

BRACKETT: Do as I say!

SAM: Okay.

(PAUSE)

BRACKETT: (PROJECTS) All right, Norton, come out! And come out with your hands up!

(NO ANSWER)

BRACKETT: Okay, Norton. If you don't come out, we'll have to come in after you!

(A PAUSE, THEN)

(A SHOT, MUFFLED IN OTHER ROOM)

~~(RUNNING STEPS)~~

BRACKETT: (YELLS) <sup>Come on</sup> Look out, Sam! <sup>We're going in</sup> He's coming through the door...

(DOOR FLINGS OPEN)

~~ALBERT: Try to trap me, will you?~~

BRACKETT: (YELLS) Drop that gun, Norton!

ALBERT: Not before...I give you...this!

(SHOT. THEN ANOTHER SHOT)

(GROAN. THEN BODY THUD)

SAM: (SHAKY) John! John!...are you all right?

BRACKETT: Yeah. ~~He missed me.~~ (A BEAT) And many thanks, Sam.

SAM: For what?

BRACKETT: If you hadn't flashed that light in his face when you did, he'd have killed me sure. From where I was standing, I was looking right down the mouth of his gun!

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

~~NARR. And that's your Big Story. As it turned out, Albert~~

~~Norton himself had fired the fatal shot in his bedroom, and Lieutenant Brackett had winged him in the arm, so that he dropped his gun. Anyway, Norton died just before the ambulance came.~~

(MORE)

NARR: And you, Sam Melnick, very tired and very hungry, phone  
(CONT'D) in your story to the U.P. Bureau. Finally, at four  
o'clock in the morning, you come home ...

MOTHER: Hello, Sam.

SAM: Mom! You still up?

MOTHER: I'm still waiting for you to come home for dinner, son.

SAM: Oh. Gee, Mom, I'm sorry. Had to cover a big story.  
A father killed his daughter because...well, because he  
wanted a boy, in the first place.

MOTHER: Here...eat your dinner.

SAM: But Mom, this is just pie and milk!

MOTHER: It's all I got left. The meat loaf cooked dry, just  
like the pot roast. And do you know what, Sam?

SAM: What, Mom?

MOTHER: I wish you'd been born a girl!

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

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Sam  
Melnick of the United Press with the final outcome of  
tonight's BIG STORY.

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

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #145

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  
tobacco 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  
tobaccoes - to guard against throat-scratch. Yes, PELL  
MELL'S fine tobaccoes 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 Sam Melnick of the United Press.

MELNICK: As it turned out, killer in tonight's Big Story had <sup>been</sup> ~~fired~~ *to commit suicide* ~~the fatal shot~~ in his bedroom, and the Lieutenant had winged him in the arm, so that he dropped his gun. Killer died; <sup>from self-inflicted wound</sup> just before the ambulance came. True to her husband to the bitter end, widow declared that, except for insanely jealous rages, he was a good father. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Melnick...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 Reno Nevada Gazette --by-line, Frank McCulloch. A BIG STORY about a millionaire who was murdered in the moonlight for eight dollars and a bag of rolls.

(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 United Press. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Grant Richards played the part of Sam Melnick. 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. Melnick.

(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.



# AS BROADCAST

## THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #146

### CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
WOMAN	ATHENA LORD
WAITRESS	ATHENA LORD
GIRL	ROLLY BESTOR
FRANK	BILL QUINN
MAN	BILL QUINN
PETERS	JOE DE SANTIS
HEAD WAITER	JOE DE SANTIS
STEVENS	MANDEL KRAMER
TOMMY	MANDEL KRAMER
CLERK	WILLIAM KEENE
SHERIFF	WILLIAM KEENE
LUDIGAN	PAUL MANN
EDDIE	PAUL MANN

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1950

ATX01 0170464

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#146

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

JANUARY 11, 1949

WEDNESDAY

(Frank McCulloch, Reno, Nevada Gazette)

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

STEVENS: (COLD, UNEMOTIONAL THROUGHOUT) You the night clerk?

CLERK: You just signed the register -- you just give me your money --

STEVENS: (INTERRUPTING) Okay, you're the guy. Just tell me this. How's the hunting in these parts?

CLERK: You mean deer, bear, rabbit -- that kind of thing?

STEVENS: Yeah. Where can I get a .22? Automatic pistol or rifle.

CLERK: Gee, I don't know.

(STEVENS UNFOLDS A NEWSPAPER)

STEVENS: All right. Tell me this. I see a big, full page ad in the paper -- "Open house at Cal-Neva Ranch." What's that?

CLERK: It's a big place out near the California border -- about thirty miles out. They do it the opening of every season. Free drinks on the house, free meal --

STEVENS: Big crowd?

CLERK: Packed.

STEVENS: Maybe that'll be even better than -- what did you say -- deers, bears and rabbits. Yeah, that ought to be even better. (HARD) Now I want a .22 -- rifle or automatic pistol. Now!

(MUSIC: -- UP IN A SERIOUS STING, THEN SHARPLY OUT FOR...)

ATX01 0170465

CHAPPELL: The Big Story. Here is America, its sound and its fury, its joy and its sorrow as faithfully reported by the men and the women of the great American newspapers. (PAUSE) (FLAT) Reno, Nevada. The story of a reporter who showed that gambling and divorce can also mean murder. Tonight to Frank McCulloch (~~PRONOUNCED "McCULLA"~~) of the Reno Nevada Gazette for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL AWARD.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)  
(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

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: -- THEME, UP AND UNDER)

~~CHAPPELL:~~  
~~MAN:~~

NARR:

{ Reno Nevada, the story as it actually happened -- Frank McCulloch's story as he lived it. The body was found slumped over the wheel of a Cadillac, a bullet having entered through the left temple and lodged in the brain. The necktie was drawn up tight against the throat. He was identified by a local resident of the Lake Tahoe region, just inside the Nevada border, near California. MAN: Sure, Sheriff everybody knows him. Name's Wenzel. Owns a lot of property in these parts. Some say he's rich as Croesus, some say he didn't have a dime.

~~SHERIFF:~~

~~That's Wenzel? No question about it?~~

~~MAN:~~

~~That's right, Sheriff. Paul T. Wenzel, real estate dealer.~~

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARRATION)

NARR:

Two feet from the rich (or poor) real estate dealer on the floor of the car, was the casing from a .22 calibre shell, and on the seat next to him was a bag of sweet rolls bought at the Elixir Bakery near Lake Tahoe.

SHERIFF:

These rolls bought here?

WOMAN:

That's right Sheriff. Those are our six for a quarter. They're very good.

SHERIFF:

I'm sure, I'm sure. Did a big fat man about -- 70 -- buy them?

WOMAN:

You mean Mr. Wenzel? That's right. He buys them almost every other day. You know, sometimes I can't understand whether he buys them because he likes them like he says, or because that's what he eats for his lunch. ~~You know some folks think he's very rich, but if you ask me --~~

SHERIFF: ~~I wasn't~~. Did he say anything to you about going to the open house at the Cal-Neva Ranch?

WOMAN: Isn't that funny? Now that you mention it, I said to my husband, "What's he buying rolls for if he's going to the Cal-Neva Ranch opening? He'll get enough to eat there."

~~And my husband says, "You know, this Mr. Wenzel -- he makes believe he's rich, but~~ <sup>say</sup> "

SHERIFF: (INTERRUPTING) Okay thanks. <sup>say</sup> Let me have one of them brownies. They look good.

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARRATION)

NARR: By now the news of the death had reached you, Frank McCulloch, reporter for the Reno Gazette -- reached all of Reno -- and you were out at the Cal-Neva Ranch with Sheriff Parsons as he questioned the head-waiter. The Ranch was a beautiful, sprawling place, its dining room in California, (open till 2) its bar and gambling room in Nevada (open all nite). Very pleasant and comfortable and very convenient, and the head waiter went with the place.

HEAD WAITER: (SMOOTH) Well you see, Sheriff, our open house is perhaps the most popular event of the season. We get -- oh 2500, 3000 people in that day. ~~(It costs a lot, but it's very good for business.)~~

SHERIFF: (IMPATIENT) And Wenzel was in?

HEAD WAITER: Oh yes, ~~he wouldn't miss a thing like that -- free meal, and free drinks on the house --~~

SHERIFF: ~~Go ahead.~~

HEAD  
WAITER: ~~Well,~~ like I said, it was crowded and Mr. Wenzel was waiting on the line for a table and I didn't have a table -- I mean, I couldn't give him a table alone, so I asked him if he would mind doubling up. He said, "Sure" and he sat down at the table with this other fellow.

SHERIFF: What was the other fellow like?

HEAD  
WAITER: Just a fellow -- young -- I really didn't notice.

SHERIFF: What did they talk about -- I mean at the table?

HEAD:  
WAITER: Well, I wouldn't eavesdrop.

SHERIFF: Okay. Show me the waitress.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ VERY BRIEF)

WAITRESS: Well, he was very fussy. I brought him the curried chicken and he said, "You call this curried chicken?" and he sent it back. And then he said the mashed potatoes had lumps in them and the coffee was cold --

SHERIFF: This was Wenzel?

WAITRESS: Oh no, sir. The other fellow, the young fellow -- the good looking one. You couldn't do nothing to please him. Even about the ice-cream he had to say something.

SHERIFF: What did they talk about?

WAITRESS: Well, as near as I could get -- (you know, I was very busy) -- the young one was interested in buying property in the area and the fat one --

SHERIFF: (INTERRUPTING) Wenzel?

WAITRESS: I guess that's his name. He kept saying that there wasn't any better land in the Lake Tahoe region -- you know, like a sales talk. And the young one kept saying, well, he didn't know if he wanted to stay in this part of the country, and the fat one kept saying how he couldn't do better. He kept saying these were the choicest lots in the whole area, but I was busy. I didn't really hear what they said.

SHERIFF: They leave together?

WAITRESS: Well, they must have because they were there, and when I looked the next time, there was a lady and gentlemen sitting there. I was surprised because the young one left a dollar. He didn't act like a tipper to me. The fat one didn't leave nothing.

(MUSIC:      IN WITH NARRATION)

NARR: The last link between the two men -- the fat dead one and the thin young one -- came from an associate of Wenzel's, a young man who worked with him in the real estate office.

~~EDDIE: But who would want to go and shoot him, that's what I can't understand. Who would want to do a thing like that?~~

~~SHERIFF: How long did you work with him?~~

~~EDDIE: Well, only a year, but he was one of the jolliest and friendliest guys.~~

~~SHERIFF: (IMPATIENT) You saw him leave the Ranch?~~

EDDIE: ~~Well, not exactly.~~ After he finished eating (I was at another table), he came over and said, "Eddie", (that's my name -- Eddie) "I think I got a sale." And I said, "Gee Mr. Wenzel, it's a funny time to be going out with a prospect." It was going on 11 o'clock.

(MORE)



FDDIE: Then he said, "Listen, if I can't sell that boy a piece of  
(CONT'D) property by moonlight, I'll eat my own necktie." And then  
to find the tie tied around his neck like it was. He was  
a fine, happy, good man.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: And it stops there. A rich (or poor) man shot through  
the temple, last seen with a good-looking young prospect.  
Period. And that's all. Nothing else shows up.

(MUSIC: -- PUNCTUATES)

NARR: But you, Frank McCulloch are a crime reporter and for you  
the case is not "closed". Because of a theory you have  
that is this: Somewhere, sometime, someone <sup>Always talks</sup> ~~knows about~~  
~~and talks~~ about every major crime committed. That's been  
your experience -- 12 years of it. And so you start on  
your beer-and-listening-system. In the dives along  
Commercial Avenue (where somewhere sometime someone must  
talk) --

(BEER HALL. A GLASS IS PLACED IN FRONT OF FRANK. HE  
DROPS A QUARTER ON THE COUNTER)

FRANK: <sup>Have a</sup> Beer, Tommy?

TOMMY: Whiskey.

FRANK: You got it. Tommy, this one happened thirty miles out.

TOMMY: Thirty-one. From here to the Cal-Neva Ranch is 31 miles  
-- I measured it once by car.

FRANK: How did you know what I was talking about?

TOMMY: You asked questions -- a lot of places.

FRANK: (SOTTO) What do you know about Wenzel? (PAUSE) I'm  
interested in finding out about --

TOMMY: (INTERRUPTS) Maybe you shouldn't.  
FRANK: Shouldn't what?  
TOMMY: You said you was 'interested'. Maybe you shouldn't be.  
FRANK: What does that mean?  
TOMMY: Just what I said. Do yourself a fat favor -- save yourself trouble, and I mean <sup>big</sup> ~~difficult~~ trouble. Forget about it. Come on -- where's the whiskey?

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARRATION)

NARR: Tommy knows. No crime within 100 miles he doesn't know about but there's no more. He swallows his whiskey, and another one, and a third, but there's still no more -- just the enigmatic "maybe you shouldn't be interested." Then Sgt. Dave Peters sidles over.

PETERS: Where you going, McCulloch? *is portec*

FRANK: Just walking around.

PETERS: What gave you the idea you would get any answers on the Wenzel killing <sup>here</sup> ~~in Reno~~?

FRANK: How did you know I was on Wenzel?

PETERS: Look, let's don't spar, huh? I got other things to do. What do you know, McCulloch?

FRANK: I got ideas. I got theories and I got ideas.

PETERS: Okay. You play it close to the chest -- so will I.

FRANK: I know Wenzel wasn't rich. I know he was a fourflusher, that he had those lots on consignment and if he sold them he had a dollar, and if he didn't, he had buttons.

PETERS: That much I know. I figure this 'prospect' -- the young guy, the good looking one -- he thought he had a take, but he found out he didn't have a take. Something got crossed up somewhere and the gun went off.

FRANK: And what do you know about the 'prospect'?

PETERS: Nothing. But I know this -- two days before the killing there was a gunman in town -- I don't know where he stayed, I don't know what he did, I don't know what he was after.

FRANK: That I heard about also.

PETERS: I know this guy -- the gunman -- was out shopping for a .22. That's the only connection. What he looks like I don't know and what he was after, I don't know, except he tried to get a .22.

FRANK: You want to team up? What I got, you got -- and vice versa.

PETERS: All right. You got a deal. But no stories *in your paper*

FRANK: ~~Yeah.~~

PETERS: ~~(Low) What I hear about this boy I wouldn't talk about to nobody -- not even my best friend, not even my wife.~~

FRANK: ~~I wasn't planning to. I had no such intention. Be seeing you, Peters.~~

PETERS: Yeah.

(MUSIC: ~~MYSTERIOUS SLIGHTLY~~, IN WITH NARRATION)

NARR: ~~A thin tie between the shadowy figures~~ -- ~~A~~ <sup>A</sup> gunman and a prospect buying real estate -- a .22 calibre gun and from the way Sgt. Peters talked, from the way Tommy talked a case that isn't very healthy to mention. And so you don't -- not to your best friend, not to your wife. (PAUSE) But the next morning, Tommy (whose last name nobody knows) comes over to you in another Commercial Avenue bar.

TOMMY: You got a loose half-buck on you?

FRANK: All the time, Tommy.

TOMMY: Whiskey, no chaser. (CASUAL) So, you and Sgt. Peters is a pair. You'll be getting in the gossip columns next.

FRANK: How do you know?

TOMMY: (CALLING) Make it a beer chase. You know the Golden Light Hotel?

FRANK: I've heard of it.

TOMMY: There is a night clerk there, name of Addison, but like I told you before -- it's something you shouldn't be interested in.

FRANK: (SMILING) I'm not, Tommy. It's just I like to get a room at the Golden Light.

(MUSIC: IN MOVEMENT)

CLERK: (SCARED) Where would I get a .22? I don't know nothing about a .22. You think if a fellow comes in here and says "Get me a .22" I'll go out and get him a .22?

FRANK: (EVENLY) Look, Addison. I heard you weren't very particular.

CLERK: Okay. I ain't denying it -- this ain't the best hotel in town. You can get things here -- sure. But guns? No sir! That's out of my line. That's way out.

FRANK: Look, let's stop kidding around. You know just what I'm talking about. I'm talking about Wenzel.

CLERK: (REAL SCARED NOW) Look, you know what's the worst thing in the world to know? It's to know something about -- something you don't want to know -- (SOTTO) about a fellow killing another fellow. That's the most dangerous thing in the world to know. You ought to be glad I'm not talking to you.

(MORE)

CLERK:  
(CONT'D)

I've been walking around with this thing for three days now, and I'm going crazy with it. I don't want to know it, I don't want to talk about it. Let me alone.

FRANK: What did he look like? (HARD) What did the gunman look like?

CLERK: I'm telling you, three days I'm going crazy with it. I'm not going to say another word. Don't you think I want to live too?

(PAUSE)

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARRATION --)

NARR: The information alone could frighten someone. But paralyze a man as the clerk is paralyzed? Only one thing could do that...the presence of the killer in town. And then -- in a hotel bar --

(MUSIC: -- STING --)

GIRL: He says -- (you McCulloch?)

FRANK: Go ahead.

GIRL: (WITHOUT PAUSE) He says stop talking to Peters -- the cop. He says, stay away from Tommy, the stoolie --

FRANK: Who? *uh*

GIRL: (STILL CONTINUING) He says leave Addison alone. Stay out of the Golden Light.

FRANK: (IN ANGER) Look, stop getting mysterious.

GIRL: He says forgot about it because he says -- he says he's watching you -- every single step of the way. And he says maybe you're <sup>a</sup>smart enough <sup>reporter</sup> to want to go home to your wife and the two kids you got. One's six and one's two, aren't they? That's what he said.

(MUSIC: -- UP FULL TO TAG THE ACT --)  
(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

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 then 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 Frank McCulloch as he lived it and wrote  
it.

NARR: You're on a case of murder, but you haven't spoken about  
it to anyone, not even your wife. You, Frank McCulloch,  
reporter for the Reno Nevada Gazette and Sgt. Dave Peters  
are working together on the case -- and though you keep  
it to yourselves, someone knows every move you make.

Someone's watching you -- maybe the killer -- and you just  
left a girl, a girl you never saw before, who told you --

GIRL: He says forget about it, forget all about it. That what  
he says.

NARR: (NO PAUSE) And so, of course, you go to your partner,  
Dave Peters.

PETERS: Your slipping, Frank.

FRANK: Why?

PETERS: Because obviously she knows more than she told you. And  
because there are ways of getting to learn what that  
'more' is, and you didn't do it.

FRANK: So?

PETERS: So I think I can. *if go back to the hotel bar and*  
A We'll find out what it is. Okay,  
partner?

FRANK: Okay.

(MUSIC: -- SPEEDY MOVEMENT)

GIRL: (IN TERROR) I can't tell you, I can't. I swear I can't.  
He'll kill me if I tell you.

PETERS: (BORED) Did you ever hear of the Police Department,  
lady? Guys don't go around killing people just like that.  
Now, who is he and where is he, and talk. (STILL BORED)  
You want me to go through the whole routine and arrest  
you for "Surpressing information", "Hindering the  
prosecution of justice", and so on and so forth --  
Where is he?

GIRL: (WHISPER) He's up in room 204, asleep. Ludigan is his  
name. But please, ~~I'm begging you~~ -- maybe I'm stupid,  
but don't say it was me, huh?

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT)

PETERS: All right, Ludigan, come out of it, come out of it.

FRANK: Look at his eyes. He looks coked up.

PETERS: Maybe. Come on, Ludigan. Come on, come on. Let's sit  
up. ~~Take two or three deep breaths, come on. In, out,  
come on. In out. Let's go.~~

LUDIGAN: (CONFUSED) What are you doing? Take your hands off me.  
~~What are you doing?~~ Leave me alone.

FRANK: All right, Ludigan. Where did you get the gun? ~~Who gave  
you the gun? When did you go out to the Cat Neva Ranch?  
Come on, Ludigan.~~

LUDIGAN: (DULLY) What did you call me? ~~Is that who I am? What  
did you call me?~~

PETERS: ~~Get it out, Ludigan.~~



LUDIGAN: ~~Is that my name~~, Ludigan? Is that who I am? (SHAKES HIS HEAD) It don't sound right. It don't sound right,

FRANK: What are you doing? Putting on an act here?

PETERS: Come on, stand up. Stand up straight. Come on, stand up.

LUDIGAN: (IN A RUSH) I was walking around when all of a sudden I said, "You know, I don't know who I am." All of a sudden -- like that and then I heard a violin playing. Some music somewhere -- a violin. And it started to tingle all down my arms and in my legs -- it began to tingle and I said it must be I got something to do with a violin -- that's who I am. Something to do with a violin.

FRANK: (IMPRESSED, BUT STILL PLAYING DETECTIVE) What are you giving us?

LUDIGAN: (WHO HASN'T HEARD HIM) So I went to the store, this music store, and I says, "Give me a violin and a bow", and I put it up on my shoulder under my neck and I started to play. And I says, "Please God, let me know how to play the violin, maybe then I'll find who I am."

(PATHETICALLY) But I couldn't play. It came out sour. I couldn't play a thing. Not a note. It only made scratching sounds and I never found out -- ~~still~~ -- until you just now said "Ludigan". And I don't think that's right. I don't think that's who I am.

PETERS: You registered in the hotel. You signed the register.

LUDIGAN: The only time I felt anything that was right was when I heard that music. And now, that don't mean nothing even ....

FRANK: (SOTTO) What do you think?

PETERS: All right, Ludigan. Sit down. Go back to sleep.  
Don't go anywhere.

~~LUDIGAN: Only when I heard that violin --~~

PETERS: Come on, Frank.

(THE TWO MOVE AND A DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS)

FRANK: I think he's on the level.

PETERS: Me, too.

FRANK: But if he is on the level, then --

PETERS: (INTERRUPTING) Then our girl friend is giving us a  
beautiful line.

FRANK: (EXCITED) Sure. That's what it is. She threw us  
Ludigan figuring that we would take him in -- a dopey,  
amnesia, can't prove where he was, where he wasn't.  
Figured we would be satisfied with him. That means she --

PETERS: That's right. And I'll tell you another little surprise.  
I talked to your friend Tommy just to make sure. You  
know who she is?

FRANK: Who?

PETERS: She's the wife of the night clerk at the Golden Light.

FRANK: (SURPRISED) Well .... well ..... well ....

PETERS: Only we're not going there right now. We're going  
to wait until it's nice and dark and late and ~~they're~~<sup>he's</sup>  
sleeping. Then we'll pay ~~them~~<sup>him</sup> that call -- the night  
clerk ~~and his wife~~. He's off duty tonight.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ IN MOVEMENT INTO . . . )

(A LOUD SLAM OF THE DOOR)

PETERS: (LOUD) Put the light on, Frank.

(A LOUD CLICK OF THE LIGHT SWITCH)

CLERK: Hey, what are you doing? What's the idea? Hey! (THEN HE SEES WHO THEY ARE) Oh --

FRANK: Yeah -- "oh". That was a nice idea, Addison. Throw us a fall guy. Throw us a guy who don't know who he is and maybe we'll pick him up and maybe that'll end the case --

CLERK: Look -- I tell you, you got to believe me --

PETERS: (INTERRUPTS) We'll believe you when you start talking about the tall, thin handsome guy -- the guy with .22. (QUICKLY) There's nobody around, we checked. There's nobody around but two of my men, so if you want to talk quiet that's okay too. But talk.

CLERK: You think I'm kidding, huh? About it being dangerous to know. I'm telling you never in my life I never meet a guy like him and I've met a lot. Ice cold -- everything he said, everything he did -- planned, careful, icy. ~~Good~~ you look in his eyes, you have to turn your face away.

FRANK: All right, fine. Now let's get down to the facts.

CLERK: The first thing he done was -- you know about the ad in <sup>you</sup> the paper that Cal-Neva Ranch takes for the open house?

FRANK: Go on -- no more stalling.

CLERK: I'm not -- I swear. I'm telling you. Well -- he asked me about it. He turned to the page and showed me the ad and says -- (FADING) -- that was two days before the killing --

STEVENS: (COLD) I think the hunting there might be better than  
deers, bears and rabbits. Now get me a .22.

CLERK: I never got nobody a gun before -- never. But you know  
just to look at this guy that if you didn't do what he  
said --

FRANK: (INTERRUPTING) Never mind. Go on.

CLERK: So I got it for him through a guy I know, and then I  
didn't see him for 24 hours and then he came back. He  
came back going on one in the morning. I was all alone.

STEVENS: (SAME COLD) How much money you got, Addison?

CLERK: Gee, I ain't got any money. What do you mean?

STEVENS: I'll tell you a funny story about that gun you ~~sent~~<sup>got</sup> me.  
I went out to the place -- the Ranch -- and I met this  
big fat dope Wenzel. Tells me how rich he is, all the  
land he owns -- five acres there, 20 acres there. So I  
says, this is what I'm waiting for. He's got a fat  
Cadillac and he takes me out there in the moonlight to  
see the prize lots and I says, "Okay, pop, what've you  
got in your pocket?" And the dumb fat slob, he started  
to scream, so what could I do? (PAUSE) He had eight bucks  
in his pocket and a bag of sweet rolls. Ain't that a  
laugh!

CLERK: (SCARED) You shot him?

STEVENS: How much money you got? I got a 1949 Mercury downstairs  
and I'll leave it with you for the security because  
there'll probably be road-blocks anyhow. Now, how much  
money you got -- the car is yours. (PAUSE)

CLERK: And that's the truth, Sargeant. I got it for \$200 and he give me the car. I never drove it. I never touched it.

FRANK: Where is it?

CLERK: It's out in the back in the garage.

FRANK: License plates?

CLERK: There ain't none. He made me bury them. He says, "Don't look at the numbers." If you ever seen a man's face cold icy like --

PETERS: (INTERRUPTING) All right. Let's go where you buried the plates,

~~CLERK: I don't remember now.~~

~~FRANK: You remember trying to throw Ludwig at us? Remember how you and your fine wife cooked up Ludwig for us? What can he get for that, Peters?~~

~~PETERS: 10 to 20 maybe.~~

~~CLERK: Okay. I'll show you. Let me slip on some clothes. Okay?~~

(MUSIC: IN MOVEMENT)

NARR: You dig them up -- Texas license plates. And there's something else buried with the plates that the night clerk neglected to mention.

~~FRANK: Well, what do you know? An automatic pistol! .22 calibre -- I'll bet.~~

NARR: ~~(MUSIC ENDS)~~ And now it's a matter of waiting. You check the plates with the Texas authorities and find his name: Martin Stevens. A record a page and a half long, -- wanted for robbery, for assault, escaped from prison, this man is dangerous -- everything in the book. And you wait. And then a disturbing report comes in from Houston, Texas.

(TELETYPE FADE UNDER)

FRANK: (READING) "Martin Stevens picked up Houston, Texas today. Claims to have been this city past five weeks. Corroboration by wife, local school teacher completely reliable. Do you want extradition?" (PAUSE) I don't get it, Peters. I don't get it at all.

PETERS: (ANGRY) Let me see that.  
(RIFFLE OF PAPER)

FRANK: Unless -- Dave, unless --

PETERS: Yeah --

FRANK: Those icy eyes -- the kind of thing he made Addison do. It shouldn't be hard for a guy like that to have his own wife lie the same way.

PETERS: I'm putting in for extradition right now.

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARRATOR)

NARR: He comes: Martin Stevens, well-dressed, thin, tall, good looking. A tolerant smile playing on his face.

STEVENS: I was never in Nevada. I never heard of this Ranch -- what do you call it? I never stayed at the Hotel on Commercial Avenue and I don't know how to use a gun. Otherwise, I'm at your service.

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARRATION)

NARR: The eyes are as Addison said -- absolute ice, now warm for *because you experience as a reporter* purposes of charming people, convincing them. So, you and *has helped so much -- you are present when* Sgt. Peters line them up -- the inexorable array of people, one after the other.

HEAD  
WAITER: As I said before, he waited on the line because I didn't have any free tables. And then I showed Mr. Wenzel to a table. This gentleman was sitting there.

(MUSIC: -- TRACE)

WAITRESS: Oh, I can't make a mistake. No sir. Him being so good looking and with that cute mustache and the way he left me a tip -- it was a whole dollar bill.

(MUSIC: -- TRACE)

EDDIE: Mr. Wenzel said to me, pointing to him, "If I can't sell him by moonlight" -- "I'll eat my own necktie."

(MUSIC: -- TRACE)

GIRL: It was his idea to tell the cop and the reporter that this Ludigan -- the fellow who lost his mind -- that he was the one who done it.

(MUSIC: -- LONGER INTO...)

FRANK: Okay, Addison. Take a good look.

CLERK: I don't know.

FRANK: Those are bars between you. One inch steel bars and he's been frisked and his eyes can't do any more than look at you. (PAUSE) Well?

CLERK: (FINALLY) He's the one. I got him the gun and I gave him the \$200 and he made me <sup>buy</sup> the plates ~~and the gun and~~ --  
~~Don't let him hit me!~~

FRANK: <sup>OK Addison.</sup>  
~~These are bars, Addison. One inch steel bars.~~ Go on home and forget all about it.

STEVENS: (SAME COLDNESS) Even with all that, you still won't prove it. You still won't prove a thing. I spent the whole time in Texas. Houston, Texas.

FRANK: I wouldn't be so sure, Stevens. I think we'll prove it fine.

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARRATION)

NARR: And you do. The jury listens to the witnesses, the waitress, the head-waiter, the business associate, the night clerk and his wife, and then they listen to the handsome man with the mustache and icy eyes and they make a judgment. And the judgment is as you stated. And once more, your theory is right.

FRANK: Somewhere sometime someone always talks.

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Frank McCulloch of the Reno, Nevada Gazette with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- STING)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)



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 Frank McCulloch of the Reno, Nevada Gazette.

MCCULLOCH: On trial for first degree murder killer in tonight's Big Story accused the night clerk of being the murderer. But the state clinched their case by producing the murder gun which <sup>Killer had pawned</sup> ~~was discovered in a pawn shop~~ in Los Angeles. Killer was sentenced to life imprisonment. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. McCulloch...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 Richmond Virginia Times Dispatch - by-line, Maurice S. Dean. A BIG STORY that reached its climax in a lonely swamp where a reporter set a trap for a killer with a new kind of bait.

(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 Reno Nevada Gazette. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Bill Quinn played the part of Frank McCulloch. 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. McCulloch.

-26-

(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.

connie  
12/30/49 pm

ATX01 0170490

# AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #147

## CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
GIRL	AMZIE STRICKLAND
KID	AMZIE STRICKLAND
DEAN	LARRY HAINES
OLD GUY	LARRY HAINES
<del>COP</del> <i>TRooper</i>	PHIL STERLING
GUY	PHIL STERLING
KILLER	BERNIE HOFFMAN
VOICE II	BERNIE HOFFMAN
EDITOR	GENE LEONARD
JUDGE	GENE LEONARD
INTERNE	STEVE ELLIOT
VOICE	STEVE ELLIOT
BARTENDER	CHARLES EGELSTON
FARMER	CHARLES EGELSTON
OTTO	SYDNEY PAUL
MAN II	SYDNEY PAUL

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1950

ATX01 0170491

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#147

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

JANUARY 18, 1950

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ FANFARE)

(PHONE RINGS, AGAIN & AGAIN)

DEAN: (GRUMBLINGLY AWAKE) Awright, awright!

(PHONE PICKED UP)

*Rooper*  
GOP:

(SLEEPY) Whozat? Whayawant? Whassatime?

(FILTER) It's four a.m., this is the police. This  
Dean? From the paper?

DEAN: Yeah, yeah. Whassamatta?

GOP: (FILTER) You said to call you if anything ever  
happened --

DEAN: Yeah, yeah.

GOP: (FILTER) Well, you know that guy you helped send up --  
the guy who threatened to kill you if he got out?

DEAN: Yeah. What about him?

GOP: (FILTER) He just escaped. (PAUSE) Watch yourself.

DEAN: (STILL SLEEPY) Scaped, huh? Thass fine, fine. (BEAT &  
TAKE) He -- he what?

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT & 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) Richmond, Virginia.  
From the pages of the Times Dispatch, the story of a  
reporter who had to get his story -- to save his life.  
And for his work -- to <sup>win</sup> ~~save~~ S. Dean for his Big  
Story goes the PELL MELL AWARD!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ FANFARE) (OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0170492

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #147

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 & UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Richmond, Virginia -- the story as it actually happened.  
Maurice Dean's story as he lived it.

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

NARR: It's your own fault, chum. When they phone you in the  
horrible hours of the morning -- nobody to blame but  
yourself. Who told the police --

DEAN: ~~(FADE)~~ Any time -- morning, noon, night -- call me.  
Any time -- but call!

NARR: You ~~Dean~~ ~~Who begged the State Police~~ --

DEAN: ~~(SAME) Rain, snow, sleet, hail -- hurricanes, blizzard --~~  
~~any weather.~~ Call me and I'll roll!

NARR: Nobody but you, <sup>Murphy</sup> ~~Maurice~~ Dean of the Richmond Times  
Despatch and who impressed upon the hospitals --

DEAN: (SAME) Remember -- accidents, quadruplets, corpses --  
phone me. Any time -- especially for corpses!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ COMMENT UPON IT & FADE BEHIND)

NARR: ~~So whose fault is it when your bedside phone rings long~~  
~~after midnight?~~

(PHONE <sup>3</sup> ~~HAS~~ RING & IS PICKED UP)

INTERNE: (FILTERED) Mr. Dean?

DEAN: Yes sir.

INTERNE: (FILTERED) This is <sup>Dr</sup> ~~Mr.~~ Parker down at Johnston Willis  
Hospital. Mr. Dean -- could you come down here?

DEAN: That depends, <sup>Dr</sup> ~~Mr.~~ Parker. Anything up?

INTERNE: (FILTERED) Oh yes. I've got a couple of dead men ~~on my~~  
~~hands and I don't know what to do with them.~~

DEAN: WHAT?

INTERNE: (FILTERED) Uh-huh. Somebody brought them in -- and  
drove away. I thought you might be interested. <sup>in taking a</sup> ~~It's also~~  
~~like to get rid of these two bodies.~~

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ HIT & GO OUT)

INTERNE: Stab wounds, Mr. Dean. Three in this one's chest --  
seven in that one's.

DEAN: Brother.

INTERNE: Brothers, you mean. I checked their wallets. Everything  
was there, so whatever the motive was, it wasn't robbery.  
That one's named Carl Stubb -- he's 22 --

DEAN: Was, you mean --

INTERNE: And this one's brother Otto... 27.

DEAN: No idea where they came from?

INTERNE: Oh sure. ~~The night operator got a little excited.~~  
Seems there was a brawl at the Hickory Lodge around 1:30.  
They were in it. (PAUSE) Boy -- do they play rough!

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

NARR: Rough is the word for the Hickory Lodge, twenty miles out  
of Richmond in Goochland County on the River Road. So  
rough, that you go out there with a <sup>cop</sup> ~~cop~~ who before you  
leave makes you raise your right hand.

~~COP:~~ Dean, you solemnly swear to pursue the special duties to  
which I hereby appoint you temporarily to the best of  
your ability?

DEAN: I sure do. (PAUSE) Now what did I swear to?

~~COP:~~ You're now a special deputy -- just in case there's still  
a crowd at the Lodge.



DEAN: What -- after a double murder? Nah. The joint'll be deserted.

COP: Wanna bet?

(MUSIC: UP FAST & DOWN BEHIND, CHANGING IN MID-SPEECH TO HONKY-TONK TYPE DIRTY B.G. AND STAYING BEHIND).

NARR: You lose. Hickory Lodge is still jumping. A motley crew of about forty people in various advanced stages of alcoholic disrepair are still there.

(MUSIC: RISES DRUNKENLY A BIT AND DOWN FOR)

(A DRUNKEN CROWD'S BABBLE UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: The floor has two things on it. One - a handful of couples engaged in what might charitably be called dancing. The other - stains on the same dance floor.

COP: All right, Dean. Let's go. (HE YELLS) Hey! Break it up!

(HUBBUB SUBSIDES, BAND GOES ON PLAYING)

COP: You -- shut up!

(BAND OUT)

COP: (LOW) Don't let anybody out, Dean. And start questioning that guy by the door.

(FOOTSTEPS)

DEAN: Ah, where'd you get the shiner, friend?

KILLER: Don't be nosy, bud.

DEAN: Look -- I'm a deputy. I said where'd you get the shiner?

KILLER: I'm the bouncer here. Who better's got a right to a shiner - nosy.

DEAN: Bouncer, eh. Were you in on that brawl tonight?

KILLER: Brawl? What brawl?

DEAN: Didn't a couple of brothers get stabbed here tonight?

KILLER: What you been drinking, nosey?

DEAN: No stabbing here, huh? What's that on the floor --  
ketchup?

KILLER: Could be.

~~COP:~~ (FROM OFF) Dean!

DEAN: (PROJECTING) Yeah!

~~COP:~~ C'mere a minute!

NARR: You drop your quizzing to go over to the bar. The  
<sup>detective</sup> ~~cops~~ got his hands full - but he's beginning to make  
some sense out of the story. It's very simple. Seems,  
earlier in the evening, there'd been a little fuss on  
the dance floor....

(MUSIC: -- UP IN DANCE. DOWN BEHIND)

NARR: Otto -- the older brother -- was on the floor with some  
girl....(~~SOUNDING~~) trying to persuade her to leave her  
party....

OTTO: Whaddaya say, honey. Leave them drips, hey?

GIRL: (DRUNK TOO) No. No. I'm gonna stay with who I come  
with.

OTTO: Aw, come on. Let's get out of here. Git your gal  
friend and you and me and her and my <sup>youngst</sup> brother 'll go have  
some fun somewhere else.

GIRL: No. No. I like it here.

OTTO: Aw, come on.

GIRL: Why don't you bring your own girls, huh? You got a nerve, draggin' me from my table just because my boy friend went to --

OTTO: Dragged you? Baby, I didn't have to drag you -- you come along awful easy!

GIRL: You better lemme go. My boy friend's lookin' for me.

OTTO: Lettim look.

GIRL: I said lemme go. (STRUGGLE) Lemme go, you big yap! Lemme ---- go!

GUY: Hey -- leggo my girl. Whaddaya doin' pushin' my girl around!

OTTO: You want your girl back, come an getter....

GUY: All right! (COMES NOW A BIG FIGHT, YELLS, IN WHICH IS HEARD OTTO CALLING "CARL! CARL! GIMME A HAND HERE, CARL!" AND IT ALL GOES BEHIND AND FADES.)

NARR: Up to that point -- the point at which Otto yelled for help from his brother Carl -- all the stories agreed. But then -- the differences started. Said the proprietor --

OLD GUY: Then the whole kit and caboodle of 'em went outside to finish it off.

NARR: Said the bartender --

BARTENDER: And they started a-mixin' it right there on the floor. (PAUSE) After it was all over, I tried to clean up the mess...but folks wanted to dance, so I give up.

NARR: Said everybody else in the joint -- including the musicians -- "I ain't seen nothin'".

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ A SARCASTIC ACCENT AND DOWN BEHIND)

NARR: Well -- there's nothing to do but arrest the owner of the lodge, the bartender, and the orchestra -- as material witnesses. The trooper gives you the job of getting the names and addresses of the crowd...and when you come to one girl -- soberer than the others -- just a kid, really --

KID: (SOFT) Mister -- I -- I'll get in awful trouble ~~with my folks if I~~ -- If I get in trouble.

DEAN: Looks like you're in awful trouble all around.

KID: If I tell you something, will you let me go?

DEAN: You better tell me anyhow, if you know. (PAUSE) And now I know you know, honey -- you better tell.

KID: Honest, I don't know much, but -- but the fight was right on the floor -- right there.

DEAN: Yeah.

KID: I don't know who the girl was the fight was about -- but I know who broke the fight up.

DEAN: Who?

KID: The bouncer. The brothers were fightin' with the girl's boy friend -- and the bouncer came jumpin' into the fight --

DEAN: Bare hands?

KID: Oh no. He smashed a chair and busted the fight up with that. Then I saw him drag the brothers off the floor -- all over blood.

DEAN: You're sure he didn't have a knife?

KID: No. (PAUSE) Why?

DEAN: What do you mean - why?  
KID: Why should he have a knife?  
DEAN: Because that's what the brothers were killed with -  
not a busted chair.  
KID: (AFTER A PAUSE) You mean - they were killed?  
DEAN: Sure. (PAUSE) Didn't you know?  
KID: No. (PAUSE) (~~A SOB~~) Why didn't you tell me they got  
killed. I'm gonna get in trouble! (~~SOBBING INTO~~)

(MUSIC: -- UP AND DOWN BEHIND)

NARR: Trouble is the word for what she is in -- ~~for her~~  
*you find out that she's* *and her statement*  
~~statement~~ -- ~~as~~ the bouncer's girl friend -- implicates  
him. And double trouble is the word for your fix.  
Because when you pass the dope to the ~~cop~~ *thief* --

~~COP:~~ Okay. Let's pick up the bouncer.

DEAN: That ought to be easy. He's got a shiner.

~~COP:~~ (AFTER A SECOND) I don't see anybody here with a shiner.

DEAN: (DITTO) Neither do I. (PAUSE) Oh, no!

~~COP:~~ What's the matter?

DEAN: I was talking to him! The first one I talked to --  
when we came in -- right by the door!

~~COP:~~ The door, huh? (PAUSE) What a deputy you turned out to  
be!

DEAN: I'm sorry. (PAUSE) Say, what's this behind the bar?

~~COP:~~ A hunting knife. (CALLS) Bartender.

BARTENDER: Yessir?

~~COP:~~ This yours?

BARTENDER: No sir.

T  
COP: Whose?

BARTENDER: I dunno.

COP: Well, then we'll just say it's yours. Come on.

BARTENDER: Ah ---

T  
COP: Yes?

BARTENDER: I ain't sayin' whose it is, and whose it ain't --

T  
COP: All right. Then it's still gonna be called yours --

BARTENDER: But the guy's it is --

T  
COP: Go on.

BARTENDER: His name rhymes with -- rat.

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

NARR: Names on your ~~list~~ lists? Owner -- Gene Hurley,  
Bartender -- Paul Robinson, Bouncer --- <sup>John</sup> ~~Charley~~ Spratt.  
Rat -- Spratt. That -- <sup>does it</sup> ~~is that~~.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ UP AND AWAY FOR)

NARR: That tip -- the bloodstained knife -- the runaway from  
the scene -- and a confession that he had been feuding,  
off and on, with the two brothers, and had used the  
brawl as an excuse to kill them -- quickly trapped  
Spratt. He didn't get far. He got, instead --

JUDGE: (GAVEL) John Wesley Spratt. Step forward.

(SHUFFLE SHUFFLE)

JUDGE: The jury having found you guilty as charged in the  
death of Otto Stubb, I sentence you to twenty years in  
the State Penitentiary. (PAUSE) You will be returned  
here in three months for trial on the second charge of  
murdering Carl Stubb. (PAUSE) Remove the prisoner.

(MUSIC: -- REMOVE THE PRISONER AND TAKE HIM AWAY UNDER)

NARR: So far, so good. Nice story, all wrapped up in <sup>the</sup> headlines, including one which says ---

DEAN: Killer Threatens  
Trial Witness. (HE CHUCKLES) That's me.

NARR: It sure is. Because you appeared against him. And when the verdict came through -- naturally, you, <sup>interviewed Dean</sup> interviewed him in his cell. And there --

KILLER: You here again, Noscy?

DEAN: Uh-huh. Anything to say?

KILLER: Yeah. You won't print it, though.

DEAN: Go ahead. See if I don't.

KILLER: It's this. (PURE HATE) Maybe if it wasn't for you, Noscy, I wouldn't be here. Maybe if it wasn't for your big nose poking around, they wouldn't of got me.

DEAN: Maybe, Is that all?

KILLER: No. Maybe I'll beat that 20 years, maybe not. But whenever I get out -- I'm gonna get you. And that's no maybe!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND HOLD UNDER)

NARR: So whose fault is it that the police call you in the middle of the night, a couple of weeks later with the information that --

COP: (FILTER) He's escaped, Dean! Watch yourself!

NARR: Whose fault? Yours. (PAUSE) And whose life will you save if you find him? (PAUSE) Ditto, Dean, Ditto!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER FOR)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #147

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: \_ \_ \_ THEME UP AND DOWN FOR)

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

NARR: So you helped the police lock up this double murderer....  
so you testified against him in court. <sup>the police had  
taken all from the front  
pages of the Richmond Times  
Dispatch.</sup> so they give  
him twenty years. So he tells you --

KILLER: (PURE HATE) Maybe I get out, maybe I don't. But when  
I do -- I'm gonna get you. And that's no maybe.

NARR: So what does he do? One fine morning, the cops wake  
you up.

COP: (FILTER) He's escaped, Dean. Watch yourself.

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

NARR: Watch yourself is just what you begin to do -- right then  
and there. <sup>you phone the police to your advice --</sup> And while you're getting into your shirt and  
shoes, to look into the jail-break -- you turn on the  
radio - ~~tuned to police frequency.~~

VOICE II: <sup>PA</sup> (FILTER..SNEAK)...about five feet five inches tall...  
swarthy complexion...reddish hair...now at large after  
escape from Henrico County jail...Citizens are urged to  
exercise caution during hours of darkness. Bolt your  
windows. Lock your doors. (PAUSE) Drivers are warned  
not to pick up hitch-hikers outside Richmond. (PAUSE)  
This man may be armed.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND AWAY WITH:) --

NARR: May be armed. Something tells you you'd better find him--  
before he finds you. You start looking at the jail...

MAN II: Right thar you c'n see whar he sawed the bars.

DEAN: Where'd he get the saw blade?

MAN II: Mister Dean -- if'n I knowed, he'd still be here. (SAD)  
Cause I don't -- I mebbe won't be here long. They're  
goin' to fire somebody for this.

DEAN: Did he have any visitors?

MAN II: Nope. Only thing was, somebody sent in a watermelon.  
'Magine the saw blades was in that. (PAUSE) Shucks.  
I <sup>sure</sup> ~~sure~~ hate to lose a prisoner.

(MUSIC: -- SARCASTIC AND AWAY) --

NARR: He hates it. Huh. How does he think you feel. All you have to lose is your sweet life. So you back-track. You try his old girl friend.

KID: <sup>No!</sup>  
~~Sorry~~, no. I haven't seen him. And I hope I never do!

DEAN: You sure?

KID: Am I sure! Don't you think he knows who told on him?

<sup>Oh! Justice</sup>  
~~Sorry~~ -- I wish you'd hurry up and find him!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO AGAIN)

NARR: Just like that. Find this criminal needle in a haystack as large as all Virginia. Clues...clues...you need a lead. So -- back to the police. They haul out the evidence from the trial...

<sup>T</sup>  
~~COP:~~ There's the knife...there's his police record. Long as your arm.

DEAN: Huh. So's the sticker, almost. What would you call that?

<sup>T</sup>  
~~COP:~~ Oh...sort of an outsize hunting knife, like. Claimed he'd skun a deer with it that day...splaining away the blood.

DEAN: Deer. Was he a hunter?

<sup>T</sup>  
~~COP:~~ Oh yeah. Checks with his police record, too. (LAUGH)  
Twenty-eight arrests. Half of 'em bootlegging charges, the other half practically all license violations. Using a shotgun for deer...jacklighting at night..stuff like that.

DEAN: Deer, huh...(PAUSE) Lend me a copy of those hunting violations, will you?

COP: Sure. Why?

DEAN: I'm going hunting.

COP: It's out of season.

DEAN: Not for escaped convicts, it isn't!

(MUSIC: -- A-HUNTING WE WILL GO AND AWAY)

NARR: Five minutes later, you and the game editor of your paper have your head together over a map of Goochland and Hanover counties...You check the reports of the hunting violations on Spratt's record -- and he sticks pins in the map...And when you're through --

DEAN: How's it look?

EDITOR: Well...the one place he got arrested the most times..by *game* wardens and such --

DEAN: Yeah --

EDITOR: Is -- here. Seven times in this one area.

DEAN: Uh-hm. What kind of country is that?

EDITOR: Oh...Hanover County..'bout...twenty miles north of here..  
~~yeah~~. That's swamp land.

DEAN: Swamp, huh.

EDITOR: Uh-huh. Good deer country.

DEAN: Good hideout country?

EDITOR: If a fellow knew it, yeah.

DEAN: Would you say a man who'd been arrested for taking game illegally seven times in one spot would know the area well?

EDITOR: Well...figuring he got away with it more times than he got caught -- I'd say he knew it like a native.

DEAN: Oh. People live there, too?

EDITOR: Swamptrotters, sure.

DEAN: Swamptrotter! -- here I come!

(MUSIC: UP AND DOWN INTO SWAMP)

(BRUSH CRUNCHING AND CROWS CAWING UNDER)

NARR: Two hours and twenty-odd miles later, you're deep in the swamp. And every crow for miles has cawed a warning that a reporter and a <sup>trooper</sup> ~~cop~~ -- who thinks this is a wild goose chase -- are slodging through their woodsy bailiwick. Hours go by -- then the <sup>trooper</sup> ~~cop~~ grabs your sleeve.

~~COP~~: (WHISPER) Hey.

DEAN: (SAME) Huh?

~~COP~~: (DITTO) Saw something.

DEAN: Where?

~~COP~~: There. Shhhh -- wait. (PAUSE) There!

DEAN: Oh-oh. He's got a gun. What do we do now?

~~COP~~: Starting circling him. Try to be quiet. We --

FARMER: (OFF...A SUDDEN BELLOW) Co-bawsh, CO-bawsh, bawsh-bawsh-bawsh, HO-O-O-O-OH, bawshee bawshee bawshee!

(NOTE: ~~THIS IS A SOUTHERN BACKWOODS COW-CALL, IT'S LONG DRAWN-OUT AND PROBABLY ONE OF THE MOST HORRIFYING SOUNDS PRODUCED BY MAN~~)

DEAN: For pete's sake -- what's that!

COP: That <sup>huh</sup> him!

FARMER: (NEARER) CO-bawsh, CO-bawsh, CO-bawsh!

(CROWS FLAP AWAY CROWING IN DISTANCE)

DEAN: What kind of a language is that?

COP: Cow language. He's hollerin' for a lost cow. I guess that ain't our man. (PAUSE) Hey! Hey -- mister!

FARMER: (COMING ON) Eh?

COP: Looking for something, mister?

FARMER: Uh-hm. Cow-critter.

DEAN: Oh. You haven't seen a man in this swamp, have you?

FARMER: Nope. Haven't seen a cw, have ye?

COP: No -- but if we do, we'll tell you.

FARMER: Thankee, En I see the man, I'll tell you where to find him. Fool cow's been gavn three days now. (SUDDEN)  
CO-bawsh, CO-bawsh, CO-bawsh, CO-bash-bawsh-bawsh-bawsh-bawsh -

(MUSIC: ECHOES AND UNDER)

NARR: Towards dark -- you find --

(MUSIC: ~~LIGHT STING~~)

NARR: -- the cow. You give her a wide berth...though she seems perfectly contented in a little clearing, chomping marsh-grass and following you with her eyes, the way cows do - then one of those odd bits of information reporters store up comes up to the surface of your mind, like a bubble busts through a swamp pool . and pops!

DEAN: Hey -- that cow!

COP: Yeah. You've seen a cow before.

DEAN: Sure. But -- the old geezer said she'd been lost for three days.

COP: Yeah.

DEAN: Don't cows have to be milked every day?

COP: Twice a day, I guess. Morning and night.

DEAN: That's what I thought. And if they don't get milked-- they holler something awful.

COP: Well -- wouldn't you?

DEAN: Don't be funny. The point is -- that cow wasn't hollering. Somebody must have been milking her -- and not the farmer.

COP: Oh-oh.

DEAN: Oh-oh is putting it mild. Let's get back to Bossy -- and see if that somebody turns up again for his evening milk!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO BACK TO BOSSY)

NARR: You work your way carefully back to Bossy's clearing -- and there she is. Contented as the conventional cow ~~can~~ ~~the can~~.

(SCRUNCH SCRUNCH)

NARR: You and the cop hide in the underbrush on either side of the clearing..and again the <sup>slow</sup> cows give you away!

(CROWS CAW UP AND AWAY)

NARR: But Bossy goes on chomping grass. And you go on waiting.

(MUSIC: -- SNEAKS IN, BUILT TO MIX WITH COW'S BELLOW, AS INDICATED)

NARR: You wait...the blackflies torture you...a million crawling bugs make a park of you...evening falls (BEGIN SOUNDS AS INDICATED) ... and the myriad small things of the swamp begin their night song...(SOUND OF) tree-toads...(SOUND OF)...katydids...somewhere a dog-fox coughs (SOUND THEREOF) -- and suddenly --

(COW BELLOWS LOUDLY AND KEEPS IT UP BEHIND)

NARR: Bossy cuts loose! She wants to be milked!

(BOSSY CUTS LOOSE AGAIN..BACK UNDER)

NARR: The question is -- who'll get there first. The farmer -- if he hasn't given up looking -- or the guy you're out to get before he gets you!

(BOSSY UP...BACK BEHIND)

NARR: You hug the mouldy earth and peer through the brambles. It's all but dark now -- but then --

(CRUNCH CRUNCH CRUNCH)

KILLER: (CAREFULLY, BUT CLEARLY) Hey, bossy, bossy, bossy -- hey, hey, hey --

DEAN: That's no swamprotter talk!

~~GOP~~: Shhh!

DEAN: (WHISPER) Can you see who it is?

~~GOP~~: No.

DEAN: Oh, fine!

NARR: The newcomer gingerly approaches Bossy. He's carrying a battered tomato-can....(COW BAWLS) And -- a rifle. Well -- that lets out friend Spratt. Where'd he get time to get arms?

(COW BAWLS)



KILLER: (CLOSER NOW) Okay, pal, okay okay. Take it easy.

NARR: He hunkers down on his haunches, ducks the swishing tail -- and goes to work. Unpractised -- hasn't even got the know-how to bury his head in her flank -- but effective.

(SWOOOOOSH OF MILK HITTING CAN)

KILLER: Atta girl..Give, baby, give. Poppa <sup>is had</sup> ~~got~~ nothin' but ~~meats~~ ~~and~~ berries and squirrel steak .. and milk.

DEAN: (WHISPER) Look. He's drinking it right down.

~~GOP~~: (SAME) And turning the tap on for more!

DEAN: Well what're we gonna do -- wait here?

NARR: The mysterious milker answers that one for you. He drains one more can full of creamy fresh fluid -- reaches into a pocket -- drags out a cigarette - and in the light of a struck and flaring match --

DEAN: (HARSH...HOARSE AND LOUD WHISPER) It's him! It's the councer -- Spratt!

~~GOP~~: Get him!

(SCRUNCH OF BRUSH UNDER)

NARR: You and the <sup>cop</sup> ~~cop~~ get to him before he gets to the gun -- planted beforehand, you discover, in a swamp hideout. And after all the fuss is over and he's well tied-up in the prowler car --

KILLER: Nosey -- I'm gettin' tired of you buttin' in on me.

DEAN: Yeah? I'm getting tired of hauling you in!

KILLER: Huh. You're just lucky. I never meant for you to take me. (PAUSE) I meant to take you. And so help me -- I'm gonna try!

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

NARR: ~~Well...he does, just once more. Christmas Eve. Saves up~~  
~~salt and sugar, makes a blackjack -- and slugs the jailer~~  
~~again. But never gets as far as the door. And that --~~  
~~this time finally, is that. Or -- is it?~~

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO AWAY)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Maurice  
S. Dean of the Richmond Virginia Times Dispatch with the  
final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- STING...)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

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 Maurice S. Dean of the Richmond Virginia Times Dispatch.

DEAN: Killer in tonight's Big Story did try to get me, just once more - Christmas Eve. He saved up salt and sugar, made a blackjack, slugged the jailer, but never got as far as the door. Second escape having failed, killer was quickly tried on the second charge of the murder of ~~Otto's~~ <sup>Wichita</sup> ~~and~~ Carl Stubb. Facing possibility of ~~2~~ additional years behind bars for his escape, he pleaded guilty and was given another 20 year sentence, making a total of ~~40~~ years. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

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

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY - A BIG STORY from the front pages of the Wichita Kansas Beacon -- by-line, Ernest A. Warden. A BIG STORY of love and trust and friendship and murder!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ THEME WIPE AND FADE TO\_BG\_ON\_CUE)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with music by Vladimir Belinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Alan Sloane from an actual story from the front pages of the Richmond, Va. Times Dispatch. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Larry Haines played the part of Maurice Dean. In order to protect the names of people actually involved in tonight's authentic BIG STORY the names of all characters in the dramatization

-25-

CHAPPELL: (CONT'D) were changed with the exception of the  
reporter, Mr. Dean.

(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.

ATX01 0170516

# AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #148

## CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MAN I	BOB SLOANE
PATSY	JOAN LAYAR
AUNT FANNY	BARBARA TOWSEND
<del>WOMAN II</del> <i>Barrett</i>	BARBARA TOWSEND
WOMAN I	ETHEL EVERETT
WOMAN III	ETHEL EVERETT
MICHAEL	DAVID ANDERSON
WARDEN	CORT BENSON
DOANE	BILL SMITH
MAN II	BILL SMITH
ULRICH	MERRILL JOELS
<del>STONEKEEPER</del>	MERRILL JOELS
KANE	ELLIOT SULLIVAN
<del>POURCH</del> <i>L. L. Cooper</i>	ELLIOT SULLIVAN

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1950

ATX01 0170517

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#148

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

JANUARY 25, 1950

WEDNESDAY

(ERNEST A. WARDEN: WICHITA, KANSAS BEACON)

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

(MUSIC: BRIEF FANFARE AND OUT)

(PICKS AND SHOVELS DIGGING INTO HARD EARTH.)

MAN: (TIRED) This is tough, Sheriff.

DOANE: (ANNOYED) Dig.

MAN: I've been at it four hours.

DOANE: (SAME) Just dig.

WARDEN: Take it easy, Sheriff. This is pretty tough on everybody.

DOANE: ~~You stay out of this. Just keep your reporter's nose out of it.~~ *Look Ernie just stick to reporting!*

MAN: (SUDDENLY) Lookit!

WARDEN: It's a -- (IN HORROR) -- a hand! (TENSELY) Stop digging

DOANE: ~~What do you mean stop digging? Get that junk but-~~ *Well this one - keep digging*

WARDEN: Sheriff, don't.

DOANE: What's the matter with you?

WARDEN: (SOFTLY) ~~They're~~ *These kids are* standing over there. You want them to see it? Sheriff, get those kids into the house before you dig another inch.

(MUSIC: UP...THEN UNDER)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story! Here is America, its sound and its fury, its joy and its sorrow as faithfully reported by the men and women of the great American newspapers. (PAUSE)

(MORE)

ATX01 0170518

- 2 -

CHAPPELL: Wichita, Kansas. From the pages of the Wichita Beacon,  
(CONTD) a story of love and trust and friendship...and murder.  
~~A story of the bond of Cain.~~ And for his work, to  
reporter Ernest A. Warden of the Wichita, Kansas Beacon  
-- for his Big Story -- goes the PELL MELL Award.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ FANFARE)

(COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0170519



THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #148

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!

ATK01 0170520

(MUSIC: -- -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER FOR)

CHAPPELL: Wichita, Kansas....the story as it actually happened.  
Ernest A. Warden's story as he lived it...

(MUSIC: -- -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: *reporter for the Wichita Beacon*  
You, Ernie Warden and Sheriff Dave Doane, are birds  
of a feather -- quiet, cool, cynical. Know your business  
You've seen most everything and there's little about  
human nature that shocks you. And on this pleasant  
evening, you sit together in <sup>the Sheriff's</sup> his comfortable home playing  
a fine game of checkers -- (fine because you're winning).

(UNDER...TELEPHONE RINGS)

NARR: (CONTINUING) Then the phone rings and cool Dave Doane  
is performing a familiar task -- reassuring some  
distraught person on the other end --

DOANE: Aw now, I wouldn't get upset about that. That could be  
a lot of things....well, maybe she changed her plans.  
~~Maybe she got sick -- who knows? ... You can check the~~  
~~hospitals and -~~ .....Okay, if you want, I'll come over,  
but it's probably nothing. (THEN, FRIENDLY) And tell  
the kids not to worry...About half an hour.

(PHONE IS HUNG UP)

WARDEN: What's the advice to the distressed today? *Sheriff*

DOANE: (EVENLY) Mrs. Woodring -- know her? ~~Mrs. Clem Woodring~~

WARDEN: ~~Oh, sure.~~ Doc Woodring's wife. What about it?

DOANE: Well -- seems she's got a sister lives out in Mulvane --  
about twenty miles out. Her sister seems to have --  
well, she's been gone about 24 hours, and she's left two  
kids out at their place alone -- the farm. Those two  
kids called their Aunt (Mrs. Woodring) to see if maybe  
Momma was there. But she wasn't.

WARDEN: What about Poppa?

DOANE: I think she said he's away on business somewhere.  
Anyhow, I'll go out there, and --

~~WARDEN: (PICKING IT UP) Yeah, I know -- and hold her hand, and  
the kids, and reassure them and find Mommy -~~

~~DOANE: (PICKING IT UP) That's about it. Doc's a nice guy.  
She talks a little too much, but -- I guess I'll go out.  
(CASUALLY) Want to come?~~

WARDEN: Sounds as exciting as a cup of tea. But you can't play  
checkers alone. Say, wasn't she the one got all hot  
and bothered the time the school was going to burn down?  
Turned out to be <sup>a false alarm</sup> ~~three kids smoking cigarettes in the  
 gym.~~

DOANE: The same.

(MUSIC: -- UP...CASUALLY INTO...)

NARR: Their name is Ulrich, and the Woodring's are their first  
cousins. It's the Ulrich kids whose mother is missing -  
or at least not around. And it's Patsy Ulrich who meets  
you <sup>at</sup> ~~as your car pull up on~~ their farm.

PATSY: (QUITE GROWN UP. SHE'S 12.) Are you the Sheriff, sir?

DOANE: That's right.

PATSY: I'm Patsy Ulrich.

DOANE: This is Mr. Warden, from Wichita.

(AD LIB GREETINGS) <sup>PATSY: Are you a Sheriff, too?</sup>  
~~WARDEN: No, I'm a newspaper reporter~~

PATSY: (CONFIDENTIALLY) I met you out here because I don't  
want to worry Aunt Fanny...

WARDEN: (INTERRUPTING) Mrs. Woodring?

PATSY: That's right. You know ~~how~~ she worries about everything,  
and then Michael's inside -- my brother. He's only nine,  
so can we talk out here?

DOANE: (AMUSED) Sure.

PATSY: Well, as you see, we're living in the garage right now; (Oh, it's very comfortable!) while Daddy builds the house. The house is going to be over there. See? ~~There was an~~ old barn standing there and we ~~thought~~ at first we would use it, but ~~it wasn't~~ usable, and Daddy tore it down. ~~You see,~~ all the lumber and the bricks are over there -- in that pit.

WARDEN: ~~That's the foundation, isn't it?~~

PATSY: That's right. It's doing to be lovely. I helped design it. I mean the ~~architect~~ designed it and Daddy let me help with the plans. You know what I mean.

DOANE: (~~INDULGENTLY~~) Sure.

PATSY: Well, anyhow --

(RUNNING STEPS BY A KID INTERRUPT HER)

PATSY: (ANNOYED) Oh, that's Michael.

MICHAEL: (CALLING FROM OFF) Patsy! (AS HE SEES THE MEN) Oh!  
(FRIENDLY) Hello.  
(AD LIB "HELLOS".)

MICHAEL: You said you would tell me when the Sheriff arrived. What's the idea?

PATSY: (LOUD) Oh now, Michael. Quit it. (IN EXPLANATION) He's always sticking his nose into everything.

MICHAEL: Well, I've got a right to talk to the Sheriff as much as you have, haven't I?

WARDEN: Hey, let's not fight. You Aunt Fanny'll hear it and she'll be out here --

PATSY: (THINKING IT OVER) That's true. Michael, keep your voice down.

BOAME: ~~Okay. Now, what happened?~~

PATSY: Well, you see, the day before yesterday, Daddy had to go away on business.

MICHAEL: He's an auditor with the National Land Bank.

PATSY: Michael, I'm telling them. And he went away to Minneapolis the day before yesterday.

~~MICHAEL:~~ ~~St. Paul.~~

~~PATSY:~~ ~~It's the same thing. Don't you know anything, Michael?~~  
~~Minneapolis and St. Paul are the Twin Cities.~~

WARDEN: And?

PATSY: Well, he told us goodbye that morning and he said for Mr. Kane to look after us.

WARDEN: Who's Kane?

MICHAEL: Oh, he's nice. He lets us ride the horses all the time

PATSY: (ANNOYANCE IN HER VOICE) He's a handyman Daddy hired.  
(BEGINNING TO FADE) And that morning we were all there - Mommy, was in the house <sup>Daddy</sup> and Michael and Mr. Kane and we were out here.

ULRICH: (FADING IN. EASY MANNER) Well, <sup>Kane</sup> I won't be gone -- oh, three days at the most. ~~Kane~~, I don't have to tell you what a relief it is to have you around.

KANE: (VERY FRIENDLY VOICE) Well, thank you, Mr. Ulrich.

ULRICH: Not that I think in a million years that anything can happen, but just -- just with the construction going on, the farm's a little isolated --

KANE: (INTERRUPTING) Now, don't you worry about a single thing.

ULRICH: ~~I'm not~~ <sup>I won't</sup> ~~Patsy.~~

PATSY: ~~Goodbye, Daddy.~~

(~~THEY-KISS~~)

MICHAEL: (EXCITED) Can we ride the horse, Daddy?

ULRICH: (WARM) That is up to your Mommy and Mr. Kane.

MICHAEL: Can we, Mr. Kane?

KANE: (MOCK PARENTAL) We'll take that up later, Michael. Now ~~kiss your Ma goodbye.~~

(~~THEY-KISS~~)

KANE: Aren't you taking the car, Mr. Ulrich?

ULRICH: No, you keep it. Mrs. Ulrich might want to go to Wichita, (I think she's got a violin lesson) You might have to get something from the store...~~you'll have more~~ use for it than I. So long.

KANE: And I'll keep after them builders -- keep 'em hopping. ~~I know you folks want that house finished.~~ (FADING OUT)

PATSY: (FADING IN ) Well, we went to school that morning -- after Daddy left -

MICHAEL: I got 85 in geography.

PATSY: Oh, Michael, shut up.

MICHAEL: Well, I did.

PATSY: (ANNOYED) Well, anyhow -- when we came back from school, (FADING) Momma wasn't home..

KANE: (FADING IN) Your Ma told me to tell you to be sure to drink your milk and have your supper - and to get to bed at 8:30, and, Michael, no running around after you get in bed.

PATSY: Where did she go?

KANE: She had to go to Wichita.. *Patsy*

PATSY: (INTERRUPTING) Oh, her violin lesson.

KANE: That's right. She said to tell you not to worry, she was taking her lesson, and that she would be back -- a little late. And for you to go to bed at 8:30.

MICHAEL: Can I ride the horse this afternoon?

KANE: But don't take her out of the field. No going in the woods, Michael.

MICHAEL: Just down by the stream?

KANE: All right. Just down by the stream - but no further.

(MICHAEL STARTS)

MICHAEL: Oh boy!

KANE: (CALLING) And Michael --

(STEPS)

If you get back by 5 o'clock, you can help Patsy milk the cow...if you want to.

MICHAEL: (FROM OFF) If I want to!

PATSY: (FADING IN) We had a wonderful time. We really did. And then, Sheriff, (Mr. Warden), and then the next morning when we woke up, two things surprised us.

MICHAEL: (FADING IN) (PUZZLED) Patsy, you know Mommy's not back.

PATSY: (REASSURING) That's all right.

MICHAEL: But she didn't take her violin. I looked. It's still in the case.

PATSY: Well sometimes she uses the teacher's violin or maybe it was a concert or something.

MICHAEL: But she always takes her violin. (PROJECTING) Mr. Kane, Mr. Kane!

PATSY: (INTERRUPTING) Stop screaming. Maybe he's still asleep.

MICHAEL: Well, I'm going down to see. *Mr. Kane Mr. Kane*  
(DOOR OPENS, HE RUNS DOWN THE STEPS) (PATSY WALKS  
DOWN AFTERWARD)

MICHAEL: (IN MIDDLE OF PATSY'S WALKING) He's not here. ~~Mr. Kane!~~  
~~Mr. Kane!~~ (TENSE) Patsy, he's not around.

PATSY: Now stop being a baby, Michael.

MICHAEL: But he's not anywhere around.

PATSY: Now look, ~~we'd go~~ *come* back up and we'll call Aunt Fanny in  
Wichita and Mommy is probably there and stop worrying.  
(A PAUSE) And that's what we did, Mr. Warden, (Sheriff).  
We called, but Mommy wasn't there. And Aunt Fanny  
hadn't seen her, didn't even know she was in Wichita.

~~MICHAEL:~~ ~~And she always tells Aunt Fanny.~~

~~PATSY:~~ ~~Michael, stop worrying.~~

DOANE: Now, suppose we go in the garage and talk to your Aunt.

PATSY: I wouldn't have called you, Sheriff. It was her idea.  
Aunt Fanny's. ~~You know how upset she gets about nothing.~~  
So would you please tell her that Mommy'll be back soon  
and maybe she stayed at some friends and maybe they  
didn't have a phone and not to worry. Will you, Sheriff,  
(Mr. Warden)?

~~DOANE &~~  
~~WARDEN:~~ (~~DRY VOICED~~) ~~Sure, sure we'll tell her. Come on.~~

(MUSIC: QUICK BRIDGE INTO)

AUNT FANNY: (UPSET) First thing I did, of course, Sheriff, was to  
call Mr. Ulrich <sup>in</sup> ~~to~~ Minneapolis and I told him what a  
state he left things in and what's happened, and he's on  
a plane coming back right now.



DOANE: I wouldn't worry about it too much, Mrs. Woodring.

It's probably like Patsy said.

PATSY: Sure, Aunt Fanny.

AUNT FANNY: (VIOLENTLY) What friends does she have in Wichita? Where would she stay? This nonsense about taking a violin lesson or hearing a concert! There wasn't a concert and I called her violin teacher and he never saw her this week at all. *Mr. Warden*

WARDEN: (COVERING FOR THE CHILDREN) What you say, Mrs. Woodring, might have a point, but let's take it easy. These things have a way of coming out themselves, and we'll wait for Mr. Ulrich to get back. Meanwhile, the Sheriff and I will look around.

AUNT FANNY: Isn't there something you can do?

PATSY: I'm sure they'll do everything they can, Aunt Fanny.

(MUSIC: -- -- UP INTO)

ULRICH: I'm worried, Sheriff. I'm very worried. Theresa never did anything like this -- my wife.

DOANE: Look, Mr. Ulrich. A lot of strange things happen to a lot of nice people.

ULRICH: Like what?

~~DOANE: Oh, like anything.~~

ULRICH: Heavens, man, say what you mean!

WARDEN: (FRIENDLY) The Sheriff means, Mr. Ulrich -- I think -- did you have any problems, you two -- you and Mrs. Ulrich

ULRICH: (VIOLENTLY) ~~Oh, heavens~~ no! *Certainly not. Mr. Warden*

WARDEN: Okay. Just asking. (CASUALLY) Tell us something about the fellow Kane.

ULRICH: Kane? What about Kane? He's competent, able, nice with the kids -- they like him. What's there to tell?

DOANE: (CASUALLY) Well, forinstance, we found (now mind you, this may not mean anything) (EVENLY) -- some blood-stain rags under the bunkhouse.

ULRICH: (IMPATIENTLY) You people! We killed a <sup>chicken</sup> ~~turkey~~ for ~~Christmas he and I~~ -- and he cleaned up afterward.

DOANE: Okay. Just cautious.

WARDEN: (CASUALLY) Your car is missing. What kind of car was it?

ULRICH: (SAME IMPATIENCE) A Buick sedan. (THEN RELIEVED) Oh, that explains it -- he probably took the car somewhere and he'll be back. (~~WORRIED~~) ~~But where's my wife?~~

WARDEN: Tell us a little more about Kane.

ULRICH: Why do you keep harping on Kane? Kane, for your information, is the former gardener of the Governor of this state. There isn't a man I've met that I would ~~rather entrust my property and family to and~~ -- (HE STOPS HE'S BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND) What do you think happened: My wife and Kane?

DOANE: Let's not jump to any conclusions. Let's just go slow and get the facts and see what happens. (FAUSE) Okay?

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP QUIETLY. \_ UNDER. \_ )

NARR: You get the facts, slowly, carefully. One neighbor says, "Kane? Fine man. Children loved him. Mine did too." Another neighbor saw nothing, heard nothing. A third, sorry to hear about Mrs. Ulrich missing. But a fourth -

(MUSIC: ~~STING~~ UNDER. \_ )

FOURTH: ~~This is probably crazy, and I don't like to say it,~~  
~~but I'm going to tell you.~~ *Mr. Warden* It was yesterday about  
9 o'clock at night I guess. I happened to be walking  
past the Ulrich property and ~~I -- it's so stupid I --~~  
~~probably shouldn't even say it.~~

WARDEN: Go ahead. ~~What happened?~~

FOURTH: Well, I saw <sup>*Mr.*</sup> Kane -- at least I think it was <sup>*Mr.*</sup> Kane. It  
was pretty dark. He was standing near the construction  
~~-- you know, where the wood is,~~ and I heard a kind of  
a sound. It was like a -- like a bird or a little  
scream, I don't know. And I put it out of my mind.

WARDEN: (ENCOURAGING) And now?

FOURTH: Well -- it's just because she's missing and ~~-- I put~~  
~~this together~~ and I wonder now -- (CAREFULLY) I just wonder  
if it really was a bird I heard.

WARDEN: (TENSE) You mean maybe it was a human -- ~~scream?~~

FOURTH: ~~Well, it was so muffled -- you know, a small sound, like~~  
~~maybe something was over a mouth -- I don't know.~~

WARDEN: (TENSE) Where did you say he was standing?

FOURTH: I only saw it faintly, but near where the --

WARDEN: (INTERRUPTING) The debris pit?

FOURTH: I think so. Well, I think it might have been there.

(MUSIC: -- -- QUICK...INTO)

(DIGGING IN HARD EARTH -- STONES, ETC.)

MAN: (A LITTLE OFF) Nothing over here, Sheriff.

DOANE: How about over there?

MAN: Those are pretty big concrete blocks and --

DOANE: Let's try it.

(RESUMES)

WARDEN: I hope we're wrong.

DOANE: You don't hope anymore than I do.

(DIGGING)

MAN: (SUDDENLY) Sheriff!

DOANE: No! (HORRIFIED) It's a -- well dig! Dig some more!!

WARDEN: Sheriff, don't.

DOANE: (SURPRISED) What's the matter with you? *Wine?*

WARDEN: (WHISPERING) Over there. Michael..Patsy...

DOANE: (SAME) Get them into the house. (LOUD WHISPER) And you dig.

(A FEW STEPS)

WARDEN: Come on kids. Let's go in the garage. I want to talk to you.

PATSY: (FIRMLY) I'm not budging an inch.

MICHAEL: (FRIGHTENED) What is it?

WARDEN: Patsy, let's not frighten Michael.

PATSY: (UNDERSTANDING) All right. Let's go in the garage, Michael. Mr. Warden's right. (LOW) But it is, Mr. Warden -- isn't it? It's --- (SHE DOESN'T SAY "MOMMY")

WARDEN: Yes, Patsy. It is.

(MUSIC: -- -- IN WITH -- --)

NARR: ~~And, happily, she settles for those words -- "It is."~~  
You don't have to tell her what it is because the hand wasn't just a woman's hand -- <sup>It was</sup> ~~not just~~ her mother's hand..buried under the tons of debris. It was a hand clenched in violent struggle and a hideous question forms in your mind as you walk the two sober children into the garage. (MORE)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #148

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)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and  
The Big Story of Ernest Warden as he lived it and wrote  
it.

NARR: Something has happened to you, Ernest Warden, reporter  
for the Wichita Beacon, ~~that hasn't happened in 22 years,~~  
*Something* that hasn't happened ever before in your life. You've  
come to hate a killer violently. You don't know who  
it is or even if it is a "he", but you hate what he has  
done to a decent housewife, to her husband, and to her  
children -- especially to her children. The cool  
collected you is gone, and you and Sheriff Dave Doane  
sit with the bereaved family and try to find something  
to go on -- some <sup>one</sup> ~~thing~~ to sink your anger into.

WARDEN: What about money? <sup>Mr. Ulrich</sup> Was there money in the house?

ULRICH: (VER UPSET, LOW) <sup>Mr. Warden</sup> No, there wasn't any money.

~~MICHAEL: Yes, there was, Daddy! Mommy always left ~~some~~ the  
toy elephant on the mantle and I looked, and its gone.~~

~~DOANE: How much was there?~~

~~MICHAEL: Four dollars.~~

(PAUSE)

PATSY: <sup>Out Today</sup> What about the money, ~~Daddy~~, you had in the house --  
I think about a week ago?

ULRICH: ~~What money?~~

PATSY: ~~Well~~, you said you were going to take it to the safe  
deposit box and you kept it over night and --

WARDEN: How much was that?

ULRICH: About fifteen hundred dollars.

WARDEN: Did Kane ever hear about that?

ULRICH: Kane, Kane, Kane. You keep talking about Kane. You don't know him.

WARDEN: Maybe not, but did you talk about it in front of him?

ULRICH: (LOW) Yes.

WARDEN: Did he know, <sup>that</sup> it was put in the, <sup>safe</sup> deposit box? <sup>in the bank</sup>

ULRICH: I don't know.

DOANE: ~~Well, that gives us something to go on.~~ Now, give me a description of Kane. A full one.

ULRICH: I don't know. He was medium height, and dark hair -

PATSY: Gray hair, Daddy.

~~ULRICH: (BREAKING) I can't talk about it, man. I -- the whole things just got me --~~

PATSY: (RESCUING ULRICH) He talked quiet and he had gray hair, Mr. Kane. And a few teeth in the front were missing. And he walked stooped. He parted his hair on the left side and he had a big Adam's apple -- like Mr. Warden.

WARDEN: (SMILING) But...(TOUCHED) ..go ahead, Patsy. What was he wearing?

PATSY: He always wore a white shirt with his overalls -- blue overalls. And an overcoat, I think -- yes, grey and he had big ears. Funny, big ears.

MICHAEL: Tell about his hands.

PATSY: They were all kind of wrinkled and rough, you know. ~~And his nose was cute, pointed up.~~ <sup>He had</sup> Blue eyes.

WARDEN: (MOVED) Thanks, Patsy. Thank you.

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

NARR: You get it into <sup>from</sup> the paper -- into all the papers --  
"Watch for this man." And <sup>and</sup> then Parsy's full, brave  
description... ~~and~~ it goes out. "Watch for this man.  
Possibly driving 1942 Buick Sedan. This man is  
dangerous. May be armed." <sup>He'll</sup> Dave Doane sends out a  
dragnet over four states and the hatred toward the  
man, toward the crime, brings in the reports.

MAN II: He came into the store and he says, "How much will you  
give me for this ring?" (It was a gold wedding ring.)

WARDEN: Initials inside the ring?

MAN II: Yeah. A. U. to T. T.

WARDEN: Alfred Ulrich to Theresa Tatum.

~~MAN II: And boy, was he in a hurry. I would've given him \$40  
for the ring. He took ten and beat it.~~

WARDEN: And he looked like -- this description?

MAN II: Exactly. He talked very loud and he signed the book -  
Chester White.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ STING)

WOMAN I: That's right, I sold this fellow a ticket on the bus  
to Rogers, Arkansas. Got his name right here, just  
a second. (~~We always take the names of passengers,  
you know. Company policy.~~) Hmm -- name of Hanson.  
Thomas Hanson. I think he was drunk. Looked to me  
like he had been drunk going on a week.

(MUSIC: ~~STING~~)

~~WOMAN II: That's right, he stayed at the hotel one night.~~

WARDEN: Was he drunk?



WOMAN II: Drunk? He was sober as a judge, and a perfect gentleman. I offered him a drink because he looked kind of tired. He ~~said he never touched it.~~

WARDEN: What was his name?

WOMAN II: ~~Smithson. Theodore T. Smithson. See, he signed right here.~~

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER. . .)

NARR: ~~Three~~<sup>Two</sup> names -- ~~three~~<sup>one</sup> descriptions. Is ~~any~~<sup>one</sup> of them Kane? Or are ~~all~~<sup>two</sup> of them Kane? And then, over the teletype, you read a little story -- "42 Buick Sedan wrecked outside Cherryvale, Kansas." (PAUSE) You get there fast, by plane.

STOREKEEPER: That's right. I bought it. What a wreck. Gave him \$40 for the car. Asked for 75, he did. What a sour-puss! Didn't have a decent word to say for anything or anybody. Must have been a bum. Couldn't even talk English.

WARDEN: What was his name?

STOREKEEPER: Let's see -- hummm -- Wilson, that's it. Phil Wilson.

(MUSIC: -- UP. . .)

NARR: White, Wilson, ~~Smithson~~, Hanson, Kane, drunk, sober, a gentlemen, a sourpuss, a bum, loud talker. What is this? Who is this man? Is there one man or a dozen? And new confusion is twice compounded. Hundreds of leads come in from the four-state area and you <sup>White Warden, reporter have</sup> got to choose which one to follow. This murderer has laid a careful, confused trail. You stay in Cherryvale.

DOANE: But why Cherryvale, Ernie, Why here? We've got a dozen leads from -- well, you know where.

WARDEN: Look, he pawned the ring for ten dollars, sold the tools for three fifty, and forty dollars for the car. He's broke. Chances are -- remote I admit -- he didn't have ~~what with~~ <sup>the where with all</sup> to get out of here. I'm checking the hotels, and the flop houses.

(MUSIC: -- UP)

WOMAN III: That's right. I run the All Nite Motel, and he was here -- I would say three nights.

WARDEN: No question about it?

WOMAN III: ~~Nope.~~ <sup>None.</sup>

WARDEN: What name?

WOMAN III: Name of Parker. J. C. Parker. Said he was from Fredonia.

WARDEN: ~~(INADVERTENTLY) Another red herring!~~

~~WOMAN III:~~ Pardon?

WARDEN: Do you think he really was from Fredonia?

WOMAN III: Matter of fact, I'm sure. You see, I have some relatives in Fredonia, and I said, "Do you know the Clark family?" He said, "Sure."

WARDEN: (INTERRUPTING) That doesn't prove anything.

WOMAN III: I'm not trying to prove anything, young man. I'm just trying to answer your questions. "Sure", he said, "I know Garrett Clark and Matilda." That was their right names. A man doesn't make up names like that.

WARDEN: (TENSE) That sounds like something. Give me their address -- the Clarks.

WOMAN III: Oh, I'm awfully sorry. Mr. and Mrs. Clark passed away two years ago.

(MUSIC: -- A DUD. . INTO. . )

NARR: But even so, this is the first sure fact. He know people in Fredonia -- knew their first names -- unusual first names. So you go to Fredonia to the County Court, to the County Directory and you do a fantastic job. You check White, Wilson, ~~Smithson~~, Hanson, and Parker. Could Kane be a ~~pseudonym~~ <sup>false name</sup> too? And then you realize it -

WARDEN: (ALoud) He took the name of Kane. Like ~~Cain and Abel~~ <sup>he took</sup> ~~in the Bible...the brand of Cain.~~ <sup>every other name</sup>

(MUSIC: -- IN AGITATION. . UNDER. . )

NARR: You ~~pick~~ <sup>took</sup> furiously. ~~Eight~~ names to be checked and each of them -- every single one yields nothing -- until --

(MUSIC: -- STING. . )

WARDEN: (IN TRIUMPH) Parker. Not J. C., but T. M. Parker, 1421 South Turner Street. Fredonia. (PAUSE) (TENSE) <sup>This must be his real name</sup> Okay. --

(MUSIC: -- UP IN MOVEMENT. . )

(WALKING UP STEPS. STOPS SUDDENLY)

WARDEN: Look at that, <sup>ugh</sup> Dave.

DOANE: (WORRIED) "Quarantine. Scarlet Fever."

WARDEN: I don't care if it said "Beware of the Lions."

DOANE: Look, Ernie, you got two kids. This might be on the level.

WARDEN: (SAME TONE) Look, it might not be on the level. You got one life.

DOANE: Okay.

(DOORBELL IS RUNG. PAUSE. ANOTHER RING)

DOANE: (QUIETLY) Try it.

(DOOR OPENS SLOWLY. STEPS)

WARDEN: Not a sound. No kids, no scarlet fever. (CALLING NOW)

~~Parker! Parker! Kane!~~

(STEPS. ANOTHER DOOR OPENS)

DOANE: Isn't there a light switch? I can't see a thing.

WARDEN: (TENSE) I see something. Put your light over there under the bed. Go ahead. (TENSE) Under the bed.

~~(A SMALL CLICK)~~

NARR: (IN CLOSE) The eyes are blue, the hair is gray. There are a few teeth missing from the grimacing mouth. The hands are rough, the skin wrinkled. It lies huddled under a blanket under the bed.

DOANE: Dead?

WARDEN: (MOVING CLOSER TO THE BODY) Uh-uh. Not dead at all. (HAPPILY) Not in the least bit dead. Get up! Get up you, Parker, Kane. Get up! (IN EXPLANATION TO DAVE) Just so frightened he can't move.

KANE: I didn't mean to. If she'd a given me the money like I asked, I wouldn't have --

WARDEN: (VICLENT) But you took her -- took her into that pit. You took her and you didn't even wait until -- I'd like to strangle you with my own hands!

DOANE: Cut it out. (SHARPLY) Ernie, cut it out! You're talking crazy. (THEN SHARPLY) Come on, you, Come on.

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

NARR: Sheriff Dosne takes him to the State Penitentiary -- perhaps the only placd in the State of Kansas where he is safe, from the hatred of the people in Kansas, (including you Ernie Warden, including you - cool, collected, nothing-bothers-him Ernie Warden). And you write the bitter story -- hatred in every line for what he has done to a woman, her husband, and two sweet kids.

(UNDER THE LAST LINE OF THE NARRATION, THE PHONE IS PICKED UP)

WARDEN: (STILL VIOLENT) Yeah?

PATSY: (ON FILTER) Mr. Ernest Warden, please.

~~WARDEN: (DOESN'T GET RECOGNIZE HER VOICE - SAME MANNER) That's~~  
right.

~~PATSY: (NOT UNDERSTANDING) I beg your pardon? I want to talk~~  
~~to Mr. Warden, please.~~

WARDEN: This is Mr. Warden.

PATSY: (WARMER) This is Patsy Ulrich, I just called, Mr. Warden, to tell you for Daddy and Michael and me -- thank you.

WARDEN: (DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY) You're welcome, Patsy.  
You're very welcome.

PATSY: Isn't it awful, Mr. Warden, about poor Mr. Kane -- what he had to go and do. Gee, I sure pity him, don't you?

WARDEN: (DRY MOUTHED) Yeah, Patsy, I -- I do.

PATSY: So anytime you're out near Mulvane, Mr. Warden, please come in. We're always glad to see you. ~~Poor Mr. Kane.~~  
Well....goodbye, Mr. Warden.

WARDEN: Goodbye.

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

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #148

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!

ATX01 0170541

~~NARR: And that changes it. That puts it into perspective.~~  
And you become yourself again. The ordinary, somewhat  
cynical, cool, collected human being who writes a  
good, clean, dispassionate story about a terrible  
~~tragedy.~~

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ UP TO TAG. . . .)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from  
Ernest A. Warden of the Wichita Kansas Beacon with  
the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

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

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

(MUSIC: -- TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Ernest A. Warden of the Wichita ~~Kansas~~ Beacon.

WARDEN: Though killer in tonight's Big Story made a full confession, many people thought only an insane man could commit so revolting a crime and it wasn't until a Lunacy Commission had declared him sane that he was placed on trial and convicted of ~~murder~~<sup>Murder</sup> in the first degree. ~~Under Kansas~~ law he was sentenced to life imprisonment in the state penitentiary at Lansing. Thank you very much for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Warden...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 page of the ~~Montana~~<sup>Butte</sup> Standard -- by-line, Clayton Maxwell. A BIG STORY about a killer who handed out a deadly prescription and a reporter who gave him a dose of his own medicine.

(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 Wichita Kansas Beacon. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Cort Benson played the part of Ernest Warden.

(MORE)



- 28 -

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

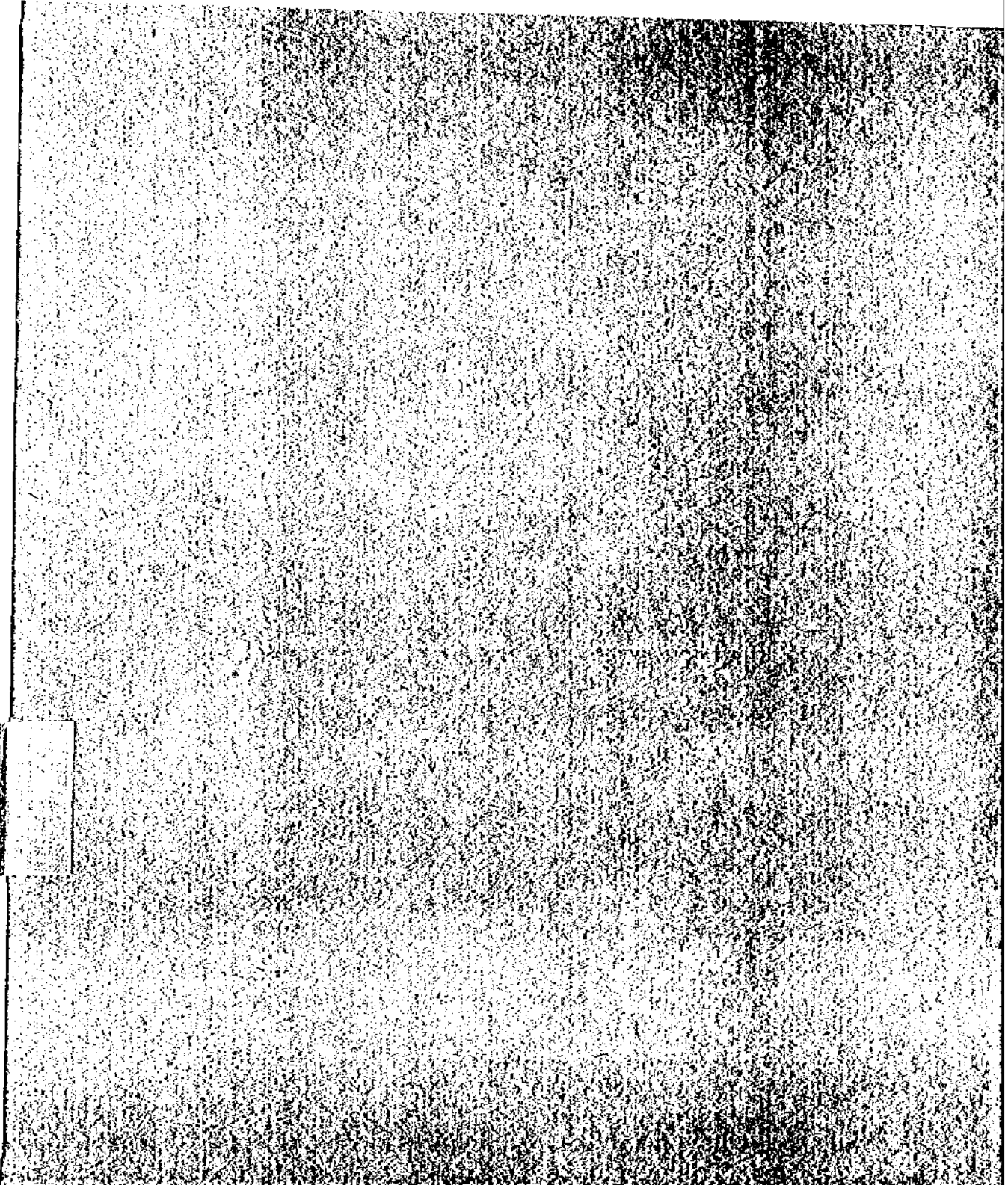
(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ THEM UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

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

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

d1  
1/13/50 pm

ATX01 0170544



THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #149

AS BROADCAST

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
COP I	BOB SLOANE
JANIE	JIMSY SOMERS
DORIS	<del>ABBY LEWIS</del> LYNN MASTER
MRS. BARROWS	ABBY LEWIS
CLAY	PAUL MC GRATH
TOM	PAUL MC GRATH
<del>CHARL</del> EARL	LARRY HAINES
WOODS	LARRY HAINES
MARTIN	ALAN BUNCE
STACEY	ALAN BUNCE
KING	ROGER DE KOVEN
FRED	ROGER DE KOVEN
JOE	DREW CONKLIN
COP II	DREW CONKLIN
ED	FRANCIS DE SALES
SERGEANT	FRANCIS DE SALES

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1950

ATX01 0170546

CHAPPELL: Tonight, to Reporter Clayton Maxwell of the Butte, Montana  
(CONT'D)

Standard, for his sensational BIG STORY, goes the PELL  
MELL Award!

(MUSIC: \_ STING)

(COMMERCIAL)

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: INTRO AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Butte, Montana...the story as it actually happened...

Clayton Maxwell's story as he lived it...

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

HARR: January is murder in Montana. January has icy fingers, January is a snowy shroud. The warm Chinook breezes have gone, and the winds whistle through the passes of the Bitter Root Mountains, cold as razor-steel, and just as sharp. It is this January night, and you, Clayton Maxwell of the Montana Standard are looking through the frost fingered window panes of your office, watching the snowflakes come swirling down. And then, your office door opens...

(DOOR OPENS, WE HEAR TELETYPES IN B.G., DOOR CLOSES)

JOE: Clay, look at this dispatch. ~~Just off the wire!~~

CLAY: ~~What is it, Joe?~~

JOE: The police have just issued a statewide general alarm for a killer.

CLAY: (MILDLY INTERESTED) Yes? Who?

JOE: They don't know his name. But he uses a very peculiar trademark.

~~CLAY: What kind of trademark?~~

JOE: One bullet, clean through the middle of the forehead.

CLAY: Hmmm. Neat, but not gaudy. What's his score?

JOE: Two, so far. Victim Number one -- a sheriff, near Seattle. And then, just this evening, a gas station owner on the highway, West of Helena.

CLAY: Any description?

JOE: Nothing much, Clay. The gas station's <sup>helped him to</sup> ~~wife got a quick~~  
~~look at the killer during the hold-up.~~ Thin faced guy,  
kind of scrawny, pale, pasty looking. ~~She~~ Was under the  
impression that he looked sick.

CLAY: Sick, eh? ~~Maybe, Joe, maybe.~~ But there's nothing sick  
about his trigger finger. And you say that last job was  
west of Helena?

JOE: That's right.

CLAY: Um. That's getting close.

JOE: Closer than you think. ~~That station owner's wife saw the~~  
~~killer jump into a car.~~ And he hit the road in the  
direction of Butte.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: For a month, the killer vanishes. For a month, he drops  
out of sight. And finally, the item fades, and you put  
it away, in a pigeonhole in your brain. Old news is dead  
news. And yet, this is the germ of your Big Story. This  
is where it really begins...on a street in Butte...late  
on another snowy night in February...

(CAR UNDER)

DORIS: (SHIVERING) Earl, <sup>what's the matter with you</sup> ~~you're crazy,~~ Driving all over Butte  
at one o'clock in the morning...

EARL: (JITTERY) I've got to find a drugstore, Doris. I've just  
got to!

DORIS: Are you crazy? Every drug store in town is closed at this  
hour.

EARL: (HINT OF DESPERATION) There must be one open! There has  
to be!

EARL: (A BEAT, THEN COLD) Well? What about the circumstances, Doris?

DORIS: Earl, listen. I've been thinking about this for awhile, and I might as well tell you now. We can't go on like this. Something's the matter with you, and you won't tell me what. And I don't like it, Earl.

EARL: I see. ~~You don't like it.~~ (A BEAT) Well, Baby? What are you going to do about it?

DORIS: Earl, I'm breaking our engagement. ~~I want to call it quits.~~

EARL: Oh, running out on me, eh?

DORIS: No, Earl, no. But you've got to understand...I...I'm young. I'm a healthy normal woman, Earl, and I want to marry a healthy normal man. I want children, lots of children, and I want them to have every chance...

~~EARL: So that's why you want to get rid of me, eh?~~

~~DORIS: I... frankly, yes...~~

EARL: You're a liar!

DORIS: What?

EARL: I said you're a liar. It's that guy down the hall, ~~what's his name~~, Fred Walters. I've seen him looking at you, and I've seen you winking eyes at him!

DORIS: Earl, you're all wrong.

EARL: Listen, baby. No woman in the world is going to brush off Earl Karns. You understand? You made a deal with me, and you're going through with it. You're going through with it if I have to kill somebody for it.

DORIS: Earl, you're crazy! You wouldn't...



EARL: Oh, wouldn't I, baby? Wouldn't I? Well, I'll show you. You hear me, you rotten, double-crossing, two faced dame? I'm going to show you. I'm coming back here in a minute, and if you don't change your mind and change it quick, I'll.....

(WE HEAR HIM RUNNING ALONG CORRIDOR, THEN DOWN STAIRS.)

DORIS: (CALLS) Earl! Earl, no! Wait!

(HE FINISHES RUNNING DOWN STAIRS, OPENS DOOR, SLAMS DOOR OFF)

DORIS: (SCARED) Oh, no, no!

(A WOMAN'S STEPS RUNNING ALONG CORRIDOR. THEN STOP. POUNDING ON DOOR)

DORIS: (YELLS) Fred! Fred!

FRED: (MUFFLED) Who's there?

DORIS: It's Doris! Let me in! Hurry!

(KEY TURNS IN LOCK)

(DOOR OPENS)

FRED: What is it? What's the matter, Doris?

DORIS: (HYSTERICALLY) Fred! Call the police! Please! Hurry!

FRED: But what....?

DORIS: It's Earl...he's gone down to the car to get a gun. ~~I know~~ ~~he is!~~ Fred, Fred, he's gone crazy! Please...call the police!

(MUSIC: FAST BRIDGE)

(POUNDING ON DOOR)

EARL: Let me in! Let me in, do you hear?

DORIS: Fred! It's Earl...

FRED: Try to keep calm, Doris. I've called the police. ~~They've~~  
~~radioed a squad car.~~ They'll be here any minute and...

(A MUFFLED SHOT)

DORIS: Fred! He's blown the lock off. He...

(DOOR FLUNG OPEN)

EARL: (MADLY) ~~Try to take my girl away from me, would you,~~  
Walters!

FRED: (IN PANIC) Karns! No! Don't shoot!

DORIS: Earl! (SCREAMS) NO!

(SHOT, GORAN, BODY THUD)

EARL: ~~That's~~ for your new boy friend, Baby!

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ALONG CORRIDOR, THEY START DOWN  
STAIRS, THEY STOP SUDDENLY, AS WE HEAR A DOOR  
OPEN AND CLOSE BELOW)

COP I: (OFF A LITTLE) Hey, you! Where you going?

EARL: Oh, coppers, huh?

COP II: (YELLS) Look out, Mike! He's got a...

(SHOT, THEN ANOTHER SHOT, GROANS OFF, BODY FALLS)

(WE HEAR EARL LAUGHING, HYSTERICALLY)

(~~STEPS-RACING-DOWN-STAIRS; DOOR SLAM AND INTO~~)

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Clayton Maxwell, get there from the Standard Office  
in ten minutes. You check the toll with Assistant Chief  
of Police Ray Martin. And gray faced, shaking with  
emotion, he tells you...

MARTIN: Three of 'em, Maxwell. Fred Walters...Patrolman Burke...  
and Sergeant Kane.

CLAY: And all with the same trademark...a bullet hole clean through the forehead. (A BEAT) The killer made his getaway, Chief?

MARTIN: Yep, made a clean getaway. But he won't go very far, Maxwell. Not in this snow...not in this weather. We're throwing a block on every highway in every direction.

CLAY: Where's the girl?

MARTIN: In her apartment. Hysterical. In a few minutes, when she's settled down, we'll ask her a few questions!

(MUSIC: SHORT BRIDGE)

MARR: The girl, Doris Blanchard, tells the Chief and yourself the whole story. The killer's name is Earl Karns, and he rooms in a house owned by a Mrs. Barrows, on South Oklahoma Street. You and Chief Martin go there...

(KNOCK ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS)

MARTIN: Oh, hello, little girl.

JANIE: Hello.

CLAY: What's your name?

JANIE: Janie.

MARTIN: Is your daddy in?

JANIE: Oh, no. Daddy went to Great Falls...on business. But my Mommy's in. (SHE CALLS) Mommy! There's someone here to see you...

MRS. B: (OFF) I'm coming, darling. (ON) I...oh. ~~Why...the~~ <sup>the police.</sup> ~~police.~~

MARTIN: Mrs. Barrows, I'm Assistant Chief Martin. This is Mr. Maxwell, of the Standard. We'd like to see Earl Karns room.

MRS. B: Mr. Karns? Why...why, of course. He lives upstairs. Is he...is he in trouble?

CLAY: (GRIMLY) He sure is, Mrs. Barrows. He's in...plenty of trouble!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

HARR: The chief finds nothing in Earl Karns room. But you, Clayton Maxwell, pick up some empty medicine boxes in the wastebasket...insulin, and liver extract. And they prove the killer is sick...that he's suffering from both diabetes and anemia. And then two days later, as the search moves northward...

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

MRS. B: Yes? Who is it?

EARL: Just a friend, Mrs. Barrows. One of your neighbors, across the street.

MRS. B: Oh, just a moment...

(KEY TURNS IN LOCK, DOOR OPENS)

MRS. B: Come in. I...(CUTS AND GASPS) You!

EARL: (CRUEL) Hello, Mrs. Barrows.

MRS. B: (DAZED) Earl...Karns!

EARL: Get inside and shut the door! Quick!

~~MRS. B: But...but...~~

EARL: (HARSH) I said...shut the door!

MRS. B: But...but...where did you come from?

EARL: Up north. I've been workin' my way down to Butte for two days...eluding the police.

MRS. B: But why did you come back to Butte? The police...they're sure to find you here.

EARL: That's where you're wrong. I roomed here once. This is the last place they'd figure I'd come back to.

MRS. B: You mean, you're...

EARL: Yes, that's right, Mrs. Barrows! (LAUGHS) I'm goin' to hide out here for a few days...be your guest for a little while!

MRS. B: N...I...no. You can't.

EARL: Why can't I?

MRS. B: My husband...

EARL: Your husband's out of town. I happen to know he'll be in Seattle for a month. So...you've got a boarder, Mrs. Barrows. (CRUELLY) Whether you like it or not. (A BEAT) Oh, where's that little brat of yours?

MRS. B: Janie...she's asleep in the other room.

EARL: Good. Keep her outa my way. I don't like brats, can't stand 'em, never could. Now...how about some supper. I haven't eaten in two days.

MRS. B: No! I won't let you stay!

EARL: Won't you, Mrs. Barrows? Who's going to stop me!

MRS. B: I... (IN SUDDEN PAIN) No, don't. ~~Oh, don't, don't. My~~ ~~ama...~~ (SOBS) Please...you're hurting me! (SHE SOBS QUIETLY)

EARL: That's just a taste of what both you and that brat of yours'll get if you don't do as I say. Understand? I'm a sick man, I've been freezing and starving the police have been hounding me like a rabbit. I need rest, get me, rest, and I'm staying here for a while, whether you like it or not. (A BEAT) Any objections, now, Mrs. Barrows?

MRS. B: I...no...No!

EARL: Okay! Now rustle me up some supper, and I want it hot!

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN TO)  
(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #149

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 Clayton Maxwell...as he lived it...and  
wrote it...

NARR: *The morning after the triple murders before Earl Karns was returned to Earth,*  
~~It is shortly after dawn of the next day, when~~ you, Clayton  
Maxwell of the Montana Standard, <sup>got</sup> the next lead on the  
killer's trail. Jes Williams, a <sup>law man</sup> ~~sheriff~~ is found lying  
dead near the highway, a bullet hole drilled through his  
forehead. Trademark: Earl Karns. And then, a couple of  
hours later...

(PHONE RING, RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

CLAY: Maxwell, Standard.

SERGEANT: (FILTER) Maxwell, Sergeant Donovan, Headquarters.

CLAY: Yes, Sergeant?

SERGEANT: Just a little tip for you. A state trooper found the  
killer's car...abandoned on the highway.

CLAY: What! Where, Sergeant?

SERGEANT: In the mountains, near Anaconda. And if you want to see  
Chief Martin, you'd better get down here fast. He's taking  
off for Anaconda any minute!

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

MARTIN: Maxwell, this Earl Karns may be a maniac with a gun. But  
he's got a brain like a fox when it comes to covering his  
trail. He figured we'd have a dragnet out, figured if he  
kept working the highways he'd end up in a road block...

CLAU: So he took to his legs, counting on the blizzard to snow  
in his tracks. That it, Chief?

MARTIN: ~~Maybe, Maxwell, maybe.~~ <sup>Maybe</sup> But if he needs medicine, he may try a drug store in Anaconda. It's nearer to where he ditched his car. And if he does...we'll be waiting!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You disagree with Chief Martin. Earl Karns is shrewd. He knows that Anaconda will be knee deep in armed officers waiting to kill him. If he makes his move, he'll make it where he's least expected...back to Butte. And then... then you get an idea. And you start to move...

(MUSIC: MONTAGE ACCENT AND UNDER)

WOODS: Liver extract and insulin together, Mr. Maxwell? That's a mighty peculiar combination.

CLAY: Yes, I know. But if anyone comes into your drug store and orders it...anyone, you understand...phone me at the Standard. ~~New, Mr. Woods, where's the next nearest drug store?~~

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

KING: So this killer has both diabetes and anemia, eh, Mr. Maxwell?

CLAY: That's right, Mr. King.

KING: Don't get many calls for a setup like that. But if I do, I'll sure call you.

CLAY: Fine. Now...where can I find ~~your~~ <sup>the</sup> nearest ~~competitor?~~ <sup>drug store</sup>

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

CLAY: You understand, Mr. Stacey, don't try anything rash. This man's dangerous...he'll shoot to kill. Wait till he leaves your drug store...then call.

STACEY: Don't worry, Mr. Maxwell. I'll give him a good start. I'm no hero!



(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Up and down every street in Butte, one by one till you're leg weary, you, Clayton Maxwell, cover every drugstore in ~~town~~ <sup>Butte</sup>. One by one, you try to forge the links on a chain hooked on a trap to catch a killer. But the time passes, and no phone call comes. It is three days since Earl Karns ran amok on Main Street. ~~And now, it is this~~ <sup>- 3 days since he left a trail</sup> ~~evening, and you sit staring through your window,~~ <sup>if crosses behind him -</sup> ~~wondering where he is.~~ And at this moment, although you are still unaware of it, your hunch has borne fruit. At this moment, on South Oklahoma Street...

(CLINK OF CUP AND SAUCER)

EARL: More coffee, Mrs. Barrows.

MRS. B: Mr. Karns, I...

(CRASH OF COFFEE CUP ON FLOOR)

EARL: More coffee, I said! You hear me? More coffee!

MRS. B: (AGITATED) Yes, yes...

EARL: That's better. That's much better. The next time...

(CUTS AS)

(DOOR OPENS)

JANIE: (SLEEPILY) Mommy! Mommy!

MRS. B: (WORRIED) Janey. Janey, darling...

JANIE: Mommy, I heard a big noise. And it woke me up, and...

(CUTS) Oh, why, Mommy, it's Mr. Karns. (SMILE) Hello Mr. Karns.

EARL: Get back into your room!

JANIE: But Mr. Karns, I only said....

EARL: Get back into that room, you hear me? Mrs. Barrows, get that brat out of here!

MRS. B: Please, Mr. Karns, she's only a child...

EARL: I said I couldn't stand kids around, didn't I? I said they made me nervous, didn't I? You know what happens when I get nervous, don't you? I'm a sick man, you hear me, Mrs. Barrows, a sick man, and I can't stand....

(JANIE STARTS TO SOB)

EARL: (YELLS) Stop it! Stop that sniveling, you little devil, before I brain you!

JANIE: (SOBBING) Mommy! Mommy --

MRS. B: The child's frightened. She...

EARL: (QUICK CHANGE OF MOOD, FROM LOUD, TO LOW AND DEADLY) For the last time, Mrs. Barrows, get her out of here. I told you she gets on my nerves, didn't I? I do funny things when I'm nervous, Mrs. Barrows.. very funny things...

(AS JANIE STILL SOBS)

MRS. B: Darling, go back into your room and shut the door. Try to go to sleep...

JANIE: But ~~he's a bad man, Mommy.~~ He'll hurt you!

MRS. B: (QUIETLY) No, Janie. He won't hurt me. ~~You just get into bed, and I'll be in to kiss you good-night.~~ <sup>1/2</sup> Go ahead now, darling...

JANIE: (SNIFFLING) All right, Mommy.

(DOOR CLOSE)

MRS. B: Mr. Karns...

EARL: (INTERRUPTS) Shut up! Shut up! Mrs. Barrows, and listen to me. I'm not feeling so good. I'm a sick man, and I need some medicine. I need it bad, and I need it quick. And you're going to get it for me.

MRS. B: I...how?

EARL: I want you to go to the nearest drugstore...the nearest one, you understand. I'll write out the names of the medicine I need on this paper. You go out and get it.

MRS. B: You mean...leave Janie alone...with you?

EARL: Yeah, just a little guarantee that you won't call the police. Just a little guarantee...that you'll come back...with that medicine.

MRS. B: But my little girl...Janie...alone with...

EARL: (DEADLY) Don't worry. I'll take care of her! I'll take care of her fine! Now, get going!

MRS. B: Mr. Karns, please...

EARL: (SHARP) You hear me? Get going!

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

(~~TRAFFIC SOUNDS OFF~~, DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE, TRAFFIC SOUNDS OUT. FADE UP, CLANG OF CASH REGISTER, AS WOMAN'S STEPS MOVE IN)

KING: (HEARTY) Well! Good evening, Mrs. Barrows!

MRS. B: (DULLY) Good evening, Mr. King.

KING: Last time you came in here, it was a prescription for Janie's cold. How is she?

MRS. B: Oh. She...she's fine.

KING: Good, good. Now...what can I do for you?

MRS. B: I...I need some medicine. It...the name's written out on this piece of paper.

(CRACKLE OF PAPER)

KING: I see. Well, we'll get it for you in a jiffy and... (CUTS)

MRS. B: Mr. King. Mr. King, what's the matter?

KING: (NERVOUSLY) Matter? Why, why, nothing's the matter, Mrs. Barrows, nothing at all. But you're sure this is the medicine you want?

MRS. B: (AGITATED) Yes, yes, I'm sure. You go have it, don't you Mr. King? Please...you've got to have it!

KING: (SLOWLY) Yes, Mrs. Barrows. We have it. I'll get it for you...right away!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

EARL: Oh, there you are. Did you get the medicine? (A BEAT, THEN SNAPS) Well? Did you?

MRS. B: Yes. Yes, I got it.

EARL: Give it to me...quick! (A PAUSE) Aaah! That's it! That's the stuff! You took your own sweet time about bringing it back. I...(CUTS) Wait a minute. What did take you so long?

MRS. B: I...the streets. They're covered with ice and snow...

EARL: Don't lie to me! You told someone I was here...the cops!

MRS. B: No, no. I swear it, I swear I didn't. Mr. Karns, believe me, I didn't.

EARL: Okay, okay. I didn't think you would...not with that brat sleeping in there.

MRS. B: Please, Mr. Karns. Let us go. You've got your medicine, now let Janie and <sup>me</sup> go. My mother-in-law lives across the street. We'll go straight there, and I promise, I won't tell...

EARL: (INTERRUPTS) Who do you think you're kidding, Mrs. Barrows?  
I've got other plans for you and that brat of yours.

MRS. B: Other plans?

EARL: Yeah. I've got to lie down, after I take this medicine...  
get some rest. And I don't want anyone walking out on me  
while I do. So, I'm locking you and the kid in the attic.

MRS. B: The attic? But Mr. Karns, there's no heat. It's freezing  
cold up there!

EARL: Is it? Honest? Well, that's too bad, Mrs. Barrows.  
(SNAPS) Now, wake up that kid and get her out here. And  
be quick about it, ~~you hear?~~

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(PHONE RING, PAUSE, PHONE RING AGAIN, PAUSE, PHONE  
RING BEGINS AND THEN CUT OFF AS... RECEIVER OFF  
HOOK)

CLAY: (SLEEPY) Hello?

KING: (FILTER EXCITED) Mr. Maxwell, this is Mr. King, King's  
drug store.

CLAY: (SUDDENLY ALERT) Yes? Yes, Mr. King?

KING: I tried to get you at the Standard, but they told me you  
were home...

CLAY: (IMPATIENT) Yes, yes? What is it?

KING: A woman came in and ordered both that high potency liver  
extract and the insulin.

CLAY: A woman? What woman? Who is she?

KING: A Mrs. Barrows. She lives over on South Oklahoma Street!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

(PHONE RING, PHONE OFF HOOK)

CHIEF: Chief Martin, Headquarters.

CLAY: (FILTER) Chief, Clay Maxwell. My hunch has paid off!

CHIEF: What are you talking about?

CLAY: The killer's right here in Butte!

CHIEF: What! How do you know, Maxwell?

CLAY: It's a long story. But if you want him, you'd better go get him...right away!

CHIEF: Where?

CLAY: He's at his old rooming house...right now!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You Clayton Maxwell, skid all over the icy streets on the way to South Oklahoma Street and as you do, you remember Mrs. Barrows, and the little girl, Janie, and you feel sick inside. And then, when you get there, you hear a fusilade of shots from the house, and see the police ducking for cover...

(SHOTS OFF, THEN THEY STOP)

MARTIN: (PROJECTS) All right, Karns. Come out with your hands up! Or we'll come in and get you!

EARL: (OFF, LAUGHS) Come ahead, Copper. I got a woman and her little brat in here. The minute you start for this house, I'm going to let 'em both have it!

(MUSIC: -- STING)

NARR: You talk to Chief Martin, as you both huddle behind a tree...

CLAY: Chief, he's got us in a spot. And he means what he says about Mrs. Barrows and her little girl.

MARTIN: (GRIMLY) Yes. I know he does, Maxwell.

CLAY: What are you going to do?

MARTIN: Tear gas.

CLAY: Tear gas?

MARTIN: Only chance we've got. Try to blind him, before he can make a move.

CLAY: But the woman and the little girl...

MARTIN: I'm sorry, Maxwell. We've got to take the risk. It's our only chance. (CALLS) Sergeant! Sergeant Donovan!

SERGEANT: Yes, sir?

MARTIN: Go around the back of the house where it's dark with a couple of tear gas bombs. Stay low, crawl on your ~~belly~~ <sup>stomach</sup>. When you get to the house, heave them through the windows. We'll cover you with gunfire to divert the killer's attention. Got it?

SERGEANT: (HESITATES) I...yes, sir.

MARTIN: Okay, get moving. (CALLS) All right, everybody! Start firing!

(A FUSILLADE OF GUNFIRE, TOMMY GUNS AND UP INTO)

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: It works. You see Earl Karns, staggering out of the house, firing blindly. And then he drops at a single shot from Chief Ray Martin's gun. You take a long look at the body of Earl Karns. And you tell the Chief...

CLAY: Chief, sometimes it's funny how justice works?

MARTIN: What do you mean, Maxwell?

CLAY: You stole the killer's own trademark. You drilled him with a single bullet...clean through the forehead.

(MUSIC: UP TO CURTAIN)

-24-

CHAPPEIL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from  
Clayton Maxwell of the Butte Montana Standard with the  
final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- STING...)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

ATK01 0170567



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 Clayton Maxwell of the Butte Montana Standard.

MAXWELL: Rushing into gas filled house we found the mother and little girl in the attic very scared but very much alive. Mad killer in tonight's BIG STORY was buried in Potter's Field after his mother refused to claim the body. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Maxwell...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 Binghamton, ~~Times~~ Press -- by-line, Sidney M. Cavannaugh. A BIG STORY about a reporter who posed as a sucker to catch a slicker and would up in jail with double trouble.

(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 Butte Montana Standard. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Paul McGrath played the part of Clayton Maxwell. In order to protect the names of people actually involved in tonight's authentic BIG STORY the names of all characters in the dramatization were changed with the exception of the reporter, Mr. Maxwell.

-27-

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

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

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

connie  
1/24/50 pm

ATX01 0170570

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #150

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
VOICE II	BOB SLOANE
OLD DAME	ATHENA LARDE
YOUNG DAME	ATHENA LARDE
CAVANAUGH	FRANK BEHRENS
<del>JUDGE</del>	<del>FRANK BEHRENS</del>
SPINE I	MANDEL KRAMER
<del>SPAGNOLO</del> <i>Judge</i>	MANDEL KRAMER
SPINE II	RALPH BELL
VOICE I	RALPH BELL
CHIEF	WALTER GREAYA
BOSS	WALTER GREAYA
PRESIDENT	JIM BOLES
COP II	JIM BOLES
COP	BILLY GREENE
<del>HENRI</del> <i>Spagnolo</i>	BILLY GREENE
UNCLE	ED PECK
<del>MAN</del> <i>Henri</i>	ED PECK

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1950

ATX01 0170571

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#150

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

FEBRUARY 8, 1950

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ FANFARE) \_

(CITY ROOM BG AND PHONE RINGS, PICKED UP)

BOSS: Binghamton Press -- city desk.

CAVANAUGH: (FILTER) Boss -- this is Cavanaugh.

BOSS: Good. What've you got, Sid?

CAVANAUGH: (FILTER) Well - you know that swindle story I've been working on?

BOSS: Yeah. Anything new?

CAVANAUGH: (FILTER) Yep. The police just made an arrest.

BOSS: Good! Who?

CAVANAUGH: (FILTER) Me. (PAUSE) Come on down and bail me out!

(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) Binghamton, New York. From the front pages of the Binghamton Press the story of a reporter who got arrested for his Big Story. And for his work, to Sidney Cavanaugh goes the PELL MELL AWARD!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ FANFARE) \_

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0170572

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: Binghamton, New York. The story as it actually happened. Sidney Cavanaugh's story as he lived it.

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

NARR: *Sidney Cavanaugh, police reporter*  
You wonder what newspapermen did before Don Ameche invented the telephone. Wonderful gadget. You Sidney Cavanaugh sit at your desk in the city room of the Binghamton Press - this muggy August day - and the news comes to you.

(TELEPHONE RINGS, PICKED UP)

VOICE I: (FILTER) A billygoat just ate the wash off a clothesline on Walnut Street.

CAVANAUGH: Very exciting.

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

(TELEPHONE RINGS, PICKED UP)

VOICE II: (FILTER) There's a burglar alarm ringing on Henry Street. Short circuit.

CAVANAUGH: Fascinating.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ LIGHT STING..)

(PHONE RINGS AGAIN..PICKED UP)

PRESIDENT: (FILTER) Mr. Cavanaugh, this is the Chamber of Commerce...

CAVANAUGH: ~~(SOTTO VOCE)~~ Thrilling. (ANSWERING) Yes...

PRESIDENT: (FILTER) Could you come down here immediately?

CAVANAUGH: Well...I'm pretty busy...you see --

PRESIDENT: (FILTER) This is very important, Mr. Cavanaugh. Very.

CAVANAUGH: All right. I'll drop by.

(PHONE HUNG UP)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ QUICKLY BRIDGE IN KEY OF C...OF C)

~~DOOR OPENS, CLOSSES, WORRIED MURMUR UP DOWN~~

FOR)

CAVANAUGH: Yes, Gentlemen?

PRESIDENT: Mr. Cavanaugh -- good! You know most of these gentlemen? Fine...sit down -- please.

(CLATTER OF CHAIRS UNDER)

PRESIDENT: Gentlemen -- let us all take seats -- please.

~~(SAME AND UNDER)~~

PRESIDENT: Mr. Cavanaugh - *I*'ll come to the point immediately  
(PAUSE) Binghamton is in danger.

CAVANAUGH: Sir?

PRESIDENT: An emergency is at hand. *The Chamber of Commerce* ~~We~~ need your help.

CAVANAUGH: Thank you, sir. But if it's an editorial you need written...some important statement, why, you've got the wrong man. You see - I'm just a police reporter.

PRESIDENT: (~~AMIDST SIMILAR ADDED COMMENTS~~) Exactly. A police reporter can sometimes -- *I* understand -- do what the police cannot.

~~CAVANAUGH: Well, that's what police reporters believe, but the cops themselves --~~

~~PRESIDENT: Mr. Cavanaugh, levity is not indicated at this moment.~~

(PAUSE) Do you know what a bucket shop is?

CAVANAUGH: Well...I've heard tell...Some kind of a swindle, isn't it?

PRESIDENT: It certainly is. And we have reason to believe that there is one thriving, I might say, in our city. But so far, we have no proof - merely anonymous reports.



CAVANAUGH: I see. Well -

PRESIDENT: Mr. Cavanaugh - would you undertake an investigation for us?

CAVANAUGH: Well...I'd like to know a little more about it..if it's a good story, why --

PRESIDENT: Young man, if you succeed, you'll get more than a good story. You'll save the people of <sup>this city</sup> ~~Binghamton~~ thousands -- perhaps millions of dollars. And speaking of money, Mr. Cavanaugh, we of the Chamber of Commerce are prepared to advance you....

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ WIPES IT AND GOES UNDER)

NARR: Half an hour later <sup>you're</sup> -- somewhat bewildered not so much by the rapid turn of events as by the fact that the old <sup>with moral</sup> C of C has actually come up with something more interesting than an 1898 assessor's report -- you are having a quick coffee with a man you've never seen before in your life - a man who is to be -- young uncle!

(CLINKING OF COFFEE CUPS UNDER)

CAVANAUGH: My uncle! I -- I don't quite understand, sir.

UNCLE: Look. I promised the Chamber I'd do anything to help, but I won't swear out a warrant. I don't want <sup>anybody</sup> ~~anybody~~ to know I was <sup>sworn to</sup> ~~sworn to~~....The bucketshop took me for nearly all I had. But there's nothing I can do. I have a family -- and these birds are tough.

CAVANAUGH: They are?

UNCLE: I heard them threaten another sucker with a beating. Matter of fact, I'm kind of sorry I gave the Chamber my name...but I want to see those operators go to jail.

~~CAVANAUGH: If it is any consolation sir, you're the only~~  
complainer who didn't remain anonymous.

UNCLE: Wouldn't be surprised. But my only satisfaction'll be ~~seeing you send them to jail.~~

CAVANAUGH: Well....it's worth a try. Now - let's go over that again. I'm your nephew...my name is George Tipton -- you recommended these operators for my investments...

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ WIPE IT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: Ten minutes later, you are in the outer office of a firm called -- Spine and Spine -- Stockbrokers. And demanding to speak to --

CAVANAUGH: (VOICE NOW IMPERATIVE, A TRIFLE POMPOUS) Mr. Spine himself, young lady!

YOUNG DAME: Which one?

CAVANAUGH: Either one! And hurry up about it.

YOUNG DAME: I'll see if they'll see you.

(DOOR OPENS ON ~~FICKER IN BG~~)

YOUNG DAME: Mr. Spine, there's a fella here --

CAVANAUGH: ~~(BLUSTERING)~~ I'm not used to waiting in outside offices! I've come here on honest business, and -- are you Spine?

SPINE: (VERY VERY DEEP & OILY) I -- am Spine. Won't you step in, Mr. -- ah --

CAVANAUGH: I am in. And my name is Tipton. George Tipton.

SPINE: Ah yes. Tipton. By any chance related to--

CAVANAUGH: He's my uncle. Told me about you -

SPINE: What do you mean -- "told--"

CAVANAUGH: Said you'd give a man margin. About time we had a broker in this town who'd allow a man enough margin to take a real flyer, eh?

SPINE: You -- ~~ah~~ wish to make an investment?

CAVANAUGH: Investment? ~~Let's stop boofing around the town. Nobody is interested in an "investment".~~ I want to take a gamble. That's the trouble with the banks and brokers around here. Won't give a man a run for his money. Caution caution caution. (~~ROUNDING ON DECK~~) ~~I want to buy some stock.~~

(DOOR OPENS)

SPINE II: (AS DRY AND SHARP AS OTHER IS OILY) What's going on?

SPINE I: Ah -- this is Mr. Tipton -- Mr. Tipton's cousin --

CAVANAUGH: Nephew, nephew!

SPINE I: Nephew, that is. He -- ~~ah~~ wishes to purchase some stock.

SPINE II: Does, eh? What made you come to us?

CAVANAUGH: (STILL IN CHARACTER...DON'T FORGET) First place, my uncle recommended you -- second place, I can't get a decent margin rate any place else --

SPINE II: What do you want to buy?

CAVANAUGH: General Engineering.

SPINE I: Ah -- how many shares?

CAVANAUGH: (VERY QUIETLY AND CONFIDENTLY) One hundred.

SPINE I: Do you realize General Engineering is quoted at one hundred and seventy-eight --

SPINE II: And three-quarters?

CAVANAUGH: Certainly, And it hasn't stopped yet. That's why I want to buy --

SPINE I: Just a minute, just a minute. When you say "buy" -- can you back that up with --

SPINE II: Ah -- proof of your --

SPINE I: Financial status?

CAVANAUGH: I can. (PAUSE) *check with* ~~call~~ the Binghamton Trust. Go ahead -- *check them* ~~call them and ask for the balance in my account.~~ And -- since you don't seem to trust me - call my uncle. See what he says!

SPINE I: All right! *We'll check them later.* ~~I'll check your bank!~~

(PHONE DIALING)

~~SPINE II: And I'll call your uncle! (OVER SECOND PHONE DIALING)~~

You realize, young man, we do not accept, as a rule, - ah voluntary investors. We usually -- ah, solicit preferred -- ah, clients.

NARR: (LOW) And so -- the two Spine brothers check up on you -- then and there. And thanks to the Chamber of Commerce -- which has thrown a goodly sum at your disposal -- their verdict is --

~~SPINE I: You're okay.~~

SPINE II: ~~Your balance is -- excellent.~~ <sup>Now</sup> So, then, a hundred shares of General Engineering (PENCIL SCRAPE ON PAPER) at one hundred and seventy-eight and three quarters... (HE FIGURES ON PAPER) zero...zero...five seven...eight seven two...(UP) That comes to --

SPINE I: (TERSE) Seventeen thousand eight hundred and seventy-five dollars. (PAUSE) That's a lot of money.

CAVANAUGH: I know. But of course, I won't put up the entire sum. I'll take it on margin. And at ~~50~~<sup>30</sup> percent, that'd be --

SPINE I: ~~50~~<sup>30</sup> percent! Where'd you get the idea you could handle a transaction like that on a ~~50~~<sup>30</sup> percent margin!

CAVANAUGH: Well -- isn't that ~~routine?~~ *your policy?*

SPINE II: ~~Not -- ah -- not with us.~~ On an investment of this -- ah, magnitude, we'd require at least --

SPINE I: ~~Sixty.~~ <sup>50</sup>

SPINE II: Yes. ~~Sixty~~<sup>50</sup> per cent. Which comes to -- (MORE PEN SCRAPE) ~~77875~~<sup>77875</sup>....20...decimal point...zero zero...five ...carry the one...seven...an -- carry the one --

SPINE I: (TERSELY, OVER THE FIGURING) I make it ten thousand ~~seven~~<sup>9</sup> hundred and ~~twenty five~~<sup>37</sup> dollars.

SPINE II: Ah -- correct. You're prepared to pay that sum, then?

CAVANAUGH: Certainly. All I want to know is -- what firm will handle the order?

SPINE I: (VERY VERY QUIET...THIS IS IT) What do you mean by that?

CAVANAUGH: Well -- you're going to place the order with a Wall Street firm. I want to know which one.

SPINE II: We -- ah, are not in the habit of

SPINE I: Wait a minute. (PAUSE)

*my brother & I will be back in  
a moment*  
~~Come inside a second brother~~

SPINE II: Ah -- yes, yes. Will you - ah, excuse us a moment.

CAVANAUGH: Why -- why sure! But let's get started -- before the ticker jacks up the price on me!

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

NARR: They disappear beyond a partition. Apparently you have made a mistake -- or, on the other hand-- apparently you have asked just the right question. If they're a legitimate house -- they'll have no objection to telling you who's brokering the order. If, on the other hand, it's a swindle, a fleece, a phoney -- they'll brush you off-- but fast. (PAUSE) ~~(WAIT OFF)~~

MIKE: ARGUING BETWEEN TWO BROTHERS, AD LIB & INDISTINGUISHABLE SAVE AS MUTTERING. UP AND UNDER)

~~You can hear them arguing the point.~~ And then -- you make your first mistake. You put your ear to the keyhole -- just in time for --

(DOOR OPENS SUDDENLY)

SPINE II: Well! What have we here?

CAVANAUGH: I -- ah -- I think we'd better...well...call the deal off -- you see --

SPINE I: Yeah. I see. Sit down, bub.

-11-

CAVANAUGH: No, no thanks. I think I'd better be go --

SPINE II: (THE OIL IS WASHED OFF) Sit down, punk.

(CLUNK OF CHAIR)

SPINE I: Now. Talk.

CAVANAUGH: What? What do you mean? Talk about what?

SPINE II: Come off it, squirt. Who are you?

SPINE I: Who sent you?

SPINE II: What're you doing here? What's your racket?

SPINE I: Come on -- who are you -- who are you!

CAVANAUGH: (SORE) Get your hands off me! I don't have to take that from -

(A SHARP SLAP)

SPINE II: WHO ARE YOU!

CAVANAUGH: (YELLING) I told you! George Tipton! My uncle --

SPINE I: Your uncle, my foot! You're a shake-down artist -- that's who you are!

SPINE II: Look - let's clear out of here. Whoever he is -- somebody's on to us -- the heat's on -- let's clear out!

SPINE I: Sure -- but not yet. (PAUSE) You start clearing ~~up~~ *out*.  
I'm gonna fix this punk.

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

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0170582

MIDDIE 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: \_ \_ \_ \_ THEME UP AND DOWN FOR)

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

NARR: But -- it doesn't look as though you'll live to write *you, Sidney Cavanaugh of the Binghamton Plan* it -- this story about a stock-swindle shop operating in your home town, ~~Binghamton~~. The operators are on to your disguise as a would-be investor -- and while one brother, Spine, prepares to skip town, the other Spine brother prepares to - fix you.

SPINE I: Squirt -- I'm gonna fix you so you won't talk. But good.

SPINE II: Now - now I wouldn't do that. Isn't there an easier way?

SPINE I: (SARCASTIC) What do you want me to do -- call the law?

SPINE II: Why not?

SPINE I: Are you crazy? He's probably a dick himself!

CAVANAUGH: The heck I am! I tell you I'm a legitimate investor! This is all a mistake! My name is George Tipton, and --

SPINE I: I know, I know. Your uncle sent you. No. I'm gonna -

SPINE II: Now, now, now wait. Wait. (PAUSE) I have a better idea. After all we have our legitimate business here -- records -- office - ticker -- perfectly honest business men, conducting a perfectly reasonable business -- and this man, this impostor -- has come here to -- to swindle us out of a large block of stock. Can't you see?

SPINE I: No, - What's the idea?

SPINE II: Why -- call the police on him -- ~~got him tied down~~ *He'll delay him* for a while - so we can clear out. Go ahead...call the cops.

(MUSIC: - - - HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: They call the police, And there you are, all decked out in a false moustache, a doublebreasted suit and a quite unreportorial Homburg hat. And what happens?

SPINE II: (OH SO SUAVE) You see, sergeant -- there is no George Tipton in the city directory --

CAVANAUGH: Now just a minute. Sergeant, I can explain --

COP: Shut up! (DEFERENT) Go on, sir --

SPINE II: Thank you, Sergeant. You see -- you see, we even called his purported uncle, who of course vouched for him --

COP: Natually, sir. A plant. Oldest gag in the world --

CAVANAUGH: But how about the bank! The bank vouched for me too!

SPINE II: Obviously another plant. I'm sure, Sergeant, you can quickly ascertain this man's confederates. In the ah-- meantime -- would you relieve us of him? After all - we are running a business establishment here --

COP: Certainly sir, certainly. We'll bring him down to headquarters and --

CAVANAUGH: For Pete's sake! I tell you these two guys are --

COP: (FAST) All right! That's enough out of you! Come on!

CAVANAUGH: Look -- will you listen to me a second! This place is nothing but a --

COP: Shut up! If you've got anything to say, say it at headquarters.

CAVANAUGH: One telephone call -- I'm allowed to make a phone call--

COP: From headquarters! Come on! (TO SPINE) You'll be down later to prefer charges, sir?

SPINE II: I or my brother, ah, yes. You see -- we have to stay with the ticker. Last-minute orders...ah, market closing...And <sup>See you!</sup> perhaps we could put you in the way of-- ah, a good investment, eh? (PAUSE) Till we meet again, then, ~~eh?~~

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

CAVANAUGH: Brothers Spine take said money -- and his order for  
umpty-ump shares of Consolidated Mousetrap --

CHIEF: And Spine and Spine pocket the money --

CAVANAUGH: But what does Joe Citizen get?

CHIEF: Promises. Or no -- here. (RUSTLE RUSTLE) Phoney  
receipts, saying the stock is purchased in his name.  
But did Spine and Spine ever buy the stock? Huh. They  
did not.

CAVANAUGH: Just a bucket-shop. With the people of Binghamton  
left holding the bucket -- empty. Well -- where do you  
go from here?

CHIEF: That's the trouble. They took over 200,000 dollars out  
of this town.

~~CHIEF:~~ But who contributed how much -- we don't know. And  
probably never will. You know, a sheep never likes to  
admit in public he was fleeced. If we only had one  
*Cavanaugh:* name -- one person to swear out a warrant -- just one.  
~~But all we've got is these strips made out of~~  
(RUSTLE RUSTLE) J. L. ... W. B. ... Number 23 .. so  
on and so on. And you can bet "J.L. and W.B." are  
identifiable only in Spine and Spine's little black  
book.

CAVANAUGH: Well-- at least we know where the little black book is.

CHIEF: Where?

CAVANAUGH: Simple. With Spine and Spine.

CHIEF: ~~Very funny. (PAUSE)~~ *Yeah* We're stuck, that's all.  
Just one name -- that's all I ask.

CAVANAUGH: How about me? I could swear --

CHIEF: <sup>What</sup> That you tried to buy stock -- and got your face pushed around a little. Assault -- sure. But actual swindling? No. They never actually sold you any stock. So -- know my advice to you?

CAVANAUGH: No -- what?

CHIEF: Go peddle your papers.

CAVANAUGH: Now look, Mr Attorney General -- you wouldn't have found out this much if the Chamber of Commerce and I hadn't --

CHIEF: All right, all right, all right! Forget it. I'm just up a tree, that's all. If we only had --

(DOOR OPENS)

CHIEF: I'm busy!

SPAGNOLO: I know, Chief -- but there's an ~~old~~ dame out here yelling for her money. What'll I tell her?

CHIEF: Tell her it's gone. Tell her she shouldn't have invested it in the stock market anyway. ~~Tell her to go seek her head.~~ Tell her -- (TAKE) Hey! Yelling for her money?

SPAGNOLO: Yep. Says she wants her thousand bucks back.

CHIEF: Send her in! Boy -- do I live right! Just what I was praying for!

(MUSIC: -- -- UP AND DOWN QUICKLY FOR:)

CHIEF: Please, Mrs Osborne -- please!

OLD DAME: No. No. No no no no! I will not. I will most certainly not swear to any statements!

CHIEF: But Mrs Osborne -- aren't you interested in seeing these -- these swindlers brought to justice?

OLD DAME: I'm only interested in getting my thousand dollars back.

CAVANAUGH: But Mrs Osborne -- think of the widows and orphans,  
these criminals have robbed of their --

OLD DAME: ~~Oh, bargeboard!~~ I'm thinking of my thousand dollars!

CHIEF: (NEARLY LOSING HIS TEMPER) Your thousand dollars! I'm  
trying to make you realize--

CAVANAUGH: Ah -- Chief. Let me speak to you a minute.

CHIEF: Hmm? (PAUSE) Oh. Certainly. What is it?

CAVANAUGH: Over here.

(FOOTSTEPS OFF, AND LOW CONVERSATION DIMLY HEARD  
IN BG)

OLD DAME: (FRONT) Now what are you cooking up over there! I  
tell you I won't have it! I -- want -- my -- money!

(FOOTSTEPS COMING BACK)

CHIEF: (VEDDY VEDDY SUAVE. IT AIN'T TRUE, OF COURSE, BUT)  
Ah, Mrs Osborne -- you're absolutely final in your  
refusal to swear out a warrant?

OLD DAME: Abso-~~lutely~~-lutely!

CHIEF: Very well. (PAUSE) Go ahead, Cavanaugh. The story is  
yours.

OLD DAME: Story? Story? What's all this about a story?

CHIEF: Well....it's unfortunate that it had to be you, of  
course... but -- you see, Mrs Osborne, people just  
seem to -- take their law enforcement authorities for  
granted --

OLD DAME: ~~Now what's that man mumbling~~ *are you talking* about!

CHIEF: (GOES RIGHT ON, AND REALLY ENJOYING THIS, TOO, CAUSE  
IT'S TOO DAMN TRUE) When things are going well. But  
when things go wrong, they get up on their high horse  
and start demanding that something be done -- but will  
they cooperate?

(MORE)

CHIEF: Oh no. Rather let a couple of criminals get off  
(CONT'D) scot-free, than see their precious names in the paper.

OLD DAME: Why -- why --

CHIEF: It's a shame, Mrs Osborne, that you were fool-- ah,  
unfortunate enough to get into this, but -- but your  
attitude leaves me no other alternative. And so -- I've  
given Mr Cavanaugh here permission to -- to <sup>bring</sup> ~~run~~ the  
story.

OLD DAME: What story?

CAVANAUGH: Why, the story about your coming in here during the  
investigation and refusing to cooperate with the  
attorney general.

OLD DAME: (BEGINNING TO BREAK. WE REALLY FEEL SORRY FOR THE  
OLD DOPE) You -- you wouldn't do that...would you?

CAVANAUGH: (SORRY) I'm sorry...Mrs Osborne..I -- I would. I have  
nothing against you, personally, you see..and neither  
has the chief here -

CHIEF: Not at all, not at all --

CAVANAUGH: But these men must be apprehended. So --

OLD DAME: But will it help get my money back?

CAVANAUGH: That -- I can't promise. (PAUSE) It might. (PAUSE)  
Go ahead, Mrs Osborne. Think it over.

OLD DAME: (REALLY A BROKEN WOMAN) What -- do you want me to say?

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ HIT\_SADLY\_AND\_GO\_UNDER)

NARRATOR: She says it -- the whole ~~pitiful~~ story in a nutshell.  
Her life's savings -- that thousand dollars -- gone --  
And that's not all, either. Two weeks later a teletype  
comes from Syracuse --

(SOUND OF)

CAVANAUGH: (READING) Two men successfully operated a bucket-shop  
here for five days, ~~fleeing Syracuseans of an estimated~~  
eighty-six thousand dollars, and fleeing when suspicious  
~~citizens complained to local authorities.~~ The men  
operated under the name of Price and Price, and were  
described as being brothers ... (TO HIMSELF) Price  
and Price, eh? Alias -- Spine and Spine -- alias who  
knows what -- or where they're operating now! Oh --  
what fools these mortals be -- ~~but nobody, really, has~~

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

NARRATOR: It's all very well to quote Shakespeare -- but that  
doesn't discover hide nor hair nor stock ticker of the  
Brothers Spine or Price. Not for a whole year is there  
a trace. Then -- from Chicago, on a routine police  
information, comes word --

(POLICE TELETYPE FROM UNDER AND DOWN FOR:)

CAVANAUGH: Holding -- John Spine -- alias J. William Price --  
alias J. W. Spinner -- for -- bucket-shop -- swindle --  
~~notify -- if -- any charges -- outstanding~~ Chicago  
interstate two twenty four. (PAUSE) (Notify) if any  
charges outstanding -- Chicago -- here I come!

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



(CELL DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

CAVANAUGH: Thanks Sergeant -- I'll only be a minute. Hi ya -  
Spine -- remember me?

SPINE I: No.

CAVANAUGH: Aw, come now.

SPINE I: Hit the road.

CAVANAUGH: Tough, huh? I'm going to be the chief witness against  
you no matter how tough you talk, so -- come clean.  
Where's your brother?

SPINE I: Brother?

CAVANAUGH: Yeah. He going to let you take this rap alone? Con't  
be a fool.

SPINE I: You been reading too many detective stories, squirt.

CAVANAUGH: Come off it. Where's your brother!

SPINE I: Brother? (BEAT) What brother?

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

NARRATOR: That -- is his story that he has no brother. But he  
gets stuck just the same -- by your testimony -- with --

JUDGE: (PLUS GAVEL KNOCKS) Auburn Prison -- ten years.

NARRATOR: And three years pass by before another break comes in  
the case. The other brother Spine -- or Price -- or  
~~Senborn~~ -- gets himself caught -- at of all things --  
a ball game. Where?

CAVANAUGH: New Orleans! Boy -- my seersucker suit!

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

CAVANAUGH: And that's why Binghamton sent me, ~~and~~ I've followed  
this case for years. Sent his brother to jail -- and  
that's why I've accompanied the request for extradition.

HENRI: Sure, Chief. Come on, sir. We'll shoot him in his cell.

(MUSIC: QUICK BRIDGE TO)

(FOOTSTEPS TO STOP)

HENRI: (CALLS) Spine -- turn around and come to the front of your cell, will you?

MAN: (SAME DISGUISED VOICE) Why, ah -- certainly. Pictures, eh?

HENRI: Yeah. Watch the birdie if you -- (TAKE) Hey -- that's not Spine!

CAVANAUGH: What?

HENRI: Of course not! I ought to know -- I mugged him when he was booked! (GREAT LIGHT) Of course! I knew they looked alike! This one's Jim Holland -- they must have switched when we brought them out of the city jail!

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO QUICKLY FOR:)

NARRATOR: That -- they did. And when you hustled over to the old City Jail -- sure enough, sitting in a cell, gloating over the success of his switch-trick was --

CAVANAUGH: Spine!

SPINE II: Beg your pardon!? He -- ah, seems to be gone, my young friend.

CAVANAUGH: My young friend your old foot! You're Spine, Spine!

SPINE II: You -- ah -- (PAUSE) ~~Hum~~ (THE OIL DROPS OFF) So what?

(MUSIC: STING. . .)

~~NARRATOR: So what?~~

(MUSIC: STING. . .)

NARRATOR: So --

JUDGE: (FAST) (WITH GAVEL) Twenty years!

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

NARRATOR: *That's that*  
~~So long~~ So long -- Spine and Spine. One more pair  
of swindlers safely stashed away where they can't  
skin the suckers. ~~Pretty Big Story -- pretty big story~~

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ HIT AND GO FOR CLOSE)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from  
Sidney Cavanaugh of the Binghamton, New York Press with  
the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

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

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 2/8/50  
PROGRAM #150

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 travel 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 Sidney Cavanaugh of the Binghamton, N. Y. Press.

CAVANAUGH: During trial of Spine the II in tonight's Big Story at which I testified it was revealed that in addition to charges against him in Binghamton he was wanted for fraud in at least 2 other States, had 20 Indictments returned against him and when arrested in New Orleans was out on \$55,000 bail. Incidentally the man he switched identities with was charged with contempt of court for his impersonation. Thank you very much for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Cavanaugh...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 page of the Ogden, Utah Standard Examiner -- by-line, Dorothy Porter Pope.

A BIG STORY about a ~~reporter who swore to get a~~ madman who ~~swore to~~ <sup>said he'd</sup> kill six people & <sup>did a girl up there</sup> who <sup>was</sup> ~~said she'd~~ catch him & <sup>did</sup>.

(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 Binghamton, New York Press. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Frank Behrens played the part of Sidney Cavanaugh.

(MORE)

REV.

-28-

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

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

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

Friends - winter is the dangerous season for driving.  
Shorter days - poorer visibility - ice and snow and  
slippery streets - all these extra hazards help send  
our terrible highway death rates up as much as fifty  
percent in winter. Remember - accidents don't always  
happen to someone else. Be extra careful this winter -  
and take your time!

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

ATX01 0170597

# AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #151

## CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
DOROTHY	MELBA RAE
WANDA	MELBA RAE
WOMAN	AGNES YOUNG
WOMAN II	AGNES YOUNG
MRS. THURMON	BARBARA WEEKS
SADIE	BARBARA WEEKS
GEORGE	GRANT RICHARDS
CHIEF	CHUCK WEBSTER
JUDGE	CHUCK WEBSTER
MAN	BILL SMITH
COUSINS	BILL SMITH
P. A. VOICE	BLAKE RITTER
COP	BLAKE RITTER

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1950

ATX01 017059B

1  
  
WNBC

THE BIG STORY

#151

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

FEBRUARY 15, 1953

WEDNESDAY

(DOROTHY PORTER POPE: OGDEN, UTAH STANDARD EXAMINER)

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

JUDGE: I guess that's everything, Mrs. Cousins?

WANDA: That's right, your honor.

JUDGE: Anything you care to add, Mr. Cousins?

COUSINS: (ANGRY) I know what you're going to do. I know just what you're going to say. You're supposed to be a Judge? This is supposed to be justice?

JUDGE: (DECENTLY) Now look, Cousins, in every divorce case there's --

COUSINS: (INTERRUPTING) Don't give me philosophy. Don't give me preaching. It's a frame-up and you knew it from the start and --

JUDGE: (SERIOUS) Bailiff, have this man removed.

COUSINS: (PROTESTING) Go ahead. Give her a divorce, give her the kid! Make me pay her alimony. But you ain't going to forget this divorce. None of you.

JUDGE: Bailiff!

COUSINS: Not her, not you -- none of you!

(MUSIC: UP IN THE VIOLENCE THEN SHARPLY OUT FOR CHAPPELL)

CHAPPELL: <sup>The Big Story</sup>  
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) Ogden, Utah. The story of a girl reporter dressed in a blue silk cowgirl shirt, yellow handkerchief and levies who watched one of the most brutal crimes in American criminal history unfold -- watched it and solved it. (PAUSE) (MORE)

ATX01 0170599



-2-

CHAPPELL: Tonight to Dorothy Porter Pope of the Ogden, Utah  
(CONT'D) Standard Examiner, for her Big Story, goes the PELL MELL  
Award.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)  
(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0170600

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: -- THEME, UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Ogden, Utah. The story as it actually happened --  
Dorothy Pope's story as she lived it.

(MUSIC: -- PUNCTUATES AND UNDER)

NARR: It was the week of the Pioneer Days in <sup>Ogden</sup> Ogden, Utah. A  
week of Wild West Rodeos, celebrations, and fireworks  
commemorating the fact that in the early part of the last  
century, the Mormon fathers had the good sense and the  
foresight to settle in this rich fertile valley between  
the Weber and Ogden Rivers near the towering peaks of Mt.  
Ben Lomond. (PAUSE) And you sat in the Press Box at the  
Rodeo Stadium loving it, Dorothy Pope, <sup>with the Ogden Utah Standard</sup> reporter -- dressed  
as everybody else was in levies, blue silk cowgirl shirt,  
yellow handkerchief -- loving the excitement of it, the  
normalcy of it.

VOICE ON P.A.: (FADE IN UNDER NARRATOR'S LAST TWO LINES) And now, ladies  
and gentlemen, the gala event -- the Ogden \$2500 Grand  
Prize!

NARR: (OVERLAP) You sat there with dead pan George Williams,  
your photographer, who liked nothing.

DOROTHY: Now watch this, George. This is one that'll even get a  
whoop out of you.

GEORGE: You really like this, don't you?

PA: (OVERLAP) Ladies and gentlemen, champing at the bit just  
behind the barriers are six untamed, never-been-mounted  
paliminos and six of the most daring, the most intrepid --  
excuse me a moment --

DOROTHY: (OVER HIS SPEECH) <sup>Watch this, George</sup> ~~All right, George, just sit back and~~  
~~look.~~ (NOW REACTING TO THE PA INTERRUPTION)  
What's that about?

GEORGE: What?

DOROTHY: Didn't you hear him? ~~SSH~~ -- (HER "SSH" COMES AS PA RESUMES)

PA: (SLIGHT TENSENESS IN VOICE) Will Mr. Herbert Baxter, if he is in the audience, please report to Police Headquarters immediately.

GEORGE: Ah -- just some routine --

PA: (TENSELY NOW) Under no circumstances, Mr. Baxter, go near your house. And now, ladies and gentlemen, there will be a brief pause ~~and then~~ (FADES OUT)

GEORGE: Hey, <sup>Dorothy</sup> where are you going?

DOROTHY: ~~Didn't you hear that?~~

GEORGE: ~~So?~~

DOROTHY: Sit there. I'll be back. I'm calling the police.

(MUSIC: HITS EXPECTANTLY, RACES OUT)

DOROTHY: <sup>Look, Girlie</sup> ~~Look, Girlie~~, this is Dorothy Pope. Quit stalling. I just heard the announcement...here at the Redco. Bad? What do you mean "bad"? ~~Bad boy?~~...Well, if you won't tell me, at least tell me where ~~his~~ <sup>her</sup> house is. (ANNOYED) Look, <sup>Girlie</sup> ~~Girlie~~, I've done a lot of stuff for you, now how about, yeah, I've got it. No I won't forget you, okay.

(MUSIC: UP, RACES AGAIN, UNDER)

NARR: All you know is something bad's happened and you know the address. You race back, pick up George Williams and the two of you start for the house. But before you leave the Stadium, you see somebody who ought to have the answers.

DOROTHY: (CALLS) Chief! Chief Henderson!

CHIEF: (AS HE IS GOING) Oh, look. I can't stop. I ---

DOROTHY: Neither can I. But I think we're going to the same place -- 1421 S. Franklin.

CHIEF: How did you know?

DOROTHY: Heard the announcement, called the <sup>police</sup> ~~police~~ -- two and two. What's it about, Chief?

CHIEF: (SEEING SHE KNOWS) I honestly don't know. I was sitting in the box and I heard the announcement and --

DOROTHY: Then what are we waitinf for? Your car here?

CHIEF: (SURPRISED) My car?

DOROTHY: Why not? You crowded?

CHIEF: (PLEASANTLY) Oh, I guess not.

(MUSIC: -- RACING AGAIN)

(AUTO MOTOR, UNDER)

DOROTHY: (SUDDENLY) Chief, watch out!

(ANOTHER CAR, BRAKES SQUEALING, COMES ON MIKE THEN RACES OFF)

CHIEF: That guy must be crazy!

<sup>Dorothy</sup>  
GEORGE: I thought he was going to take off your fender!

DOROTHY: ~~Did you see that guy?~~

CHIEF: ~~I had all I could do to hang on to the wheel.~~

DOROTHY: <sup>Yes, George</sup>  
There was something familiar about that guy and -- Chief, I think we ought to follow him.

CHIEF: Sit back, relax your nerves. We're going to have enough trouble where we're going.

DOROTHY: (RELUCTANTLY) Okay, okay, <sup>but still</sup> I think -- all right.

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARRATOR)

NARR: You sit back, but you don't relax. There was something about the driver of that car, but it goes with the Chief's remark about what's ahead. And in <sup>two</sup> two minutes before you get there, you compose yourself and looking at the costume you are wearing, the silk shirt, the levies, the handkerchief, you say-- just as you leave the car --

DOROTHY: Gee, I feel kind of stupid in these -- Well, the way I look.

(MUSIC: HITS VERY HARD...A TERRIFYING SITUATION)

NARR: But the feeling of looking foolish goes. And the wonderment about the man who nearly hit you -- that goes too. Everything in the world, except the sight in front of you, goes. For on the porch of 1421, South Franklin --

WOMAN: (FADE IN, SOFTLY SOBBING. NOTE: THIS SOBBING NEVER REALLY GOES ON MIKE. IT FUNCTIONS AS MUSIC WOULD, BEHIND, COMING UP WHENEVER NECESSARY, AND DOWN)

NARR: (NO PAUSE) On the porch a man and woman lie huddled as if they were one bundle. They are both dead.

WOMAN: (SOBS BRIEFLY, UNDER)

NARR: And in the living room, a girl no more than 20, lying on her back, <sup>happily</sup> ~~happily~~ a towel thrown over her face. (SOFTLY) Her face has been blown away by a shot gun.

WOMAN: (SOBBING A LITTLE UP)

~~DOROTHY: Chief! (HORRIFIED, LOW) Out here in the back in the yard---~~

NARR: And in the <sup>back</sup> yard, the fourth victim and the fifth. A man and a woman, on their faces a mixture of surprise and horror and death.

WOMAN: (SOBBING COMES UP A LITTLE)

MAN'S VOICE: (SLIGHTLY OFF, COMING ON) Martha! Martha, listen to me.

Try to listen to me. Don't stand here and look at it.

What good does it do to look at it?

WOMAN: (SOBS SUBSIDE, HYSTERICAL BUT CONTROLLED, ALMOST INAUDIBLE)

He said, "What's the matter?" And I said "Don't go over there, maybe there's some bad trouble" and he said, "~~What's the matter?~~" And I said "~~Don't go.~~" He said "I'll only be a second and --"

MAN: What good does it do? You keep saying it over and over.

~~What good does it do?~~ Go back to your house, Martha.

Please.

WOMAN: ~~What are you made of stone?~~ That's your wife laying there on the porch. What are you made of stone?

MAN: Martha, go back to the house. What good is it? Go back to the house.

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARRATION)

NARR: They stand there, the two eye witnesses to the mass murder -- a woman whose husband is dead in the back yard and the man whose wife is dead on the front porch. And you, Dorothy Pope, listen -- impotent as is everyone. And slowly, as the burning pain is eased just a fraction, you move over to the man and the woman.

DOROTHEA: (SOFTLY) If you can tell us what happened -- I mean, maybe we can find out something and --

WOMAN: I said to him "Don't go," I said, "Don't go." He said, "I'll only be a second, I'll just see." I said, "Don't go"

MAN: Martha, if you won't go back to the house, sit down at least.

WOMAN: "Just a second," he said. "Just a second." (SOFT) I'll sit down. I'll sit down. I'll be quiet.

DOROTHY: You know how we feel, how everybody feels. But if you can help me, <sup>and</sup> the Chief --

MAN: (DRY VOICED) This is the Baxton house and they were playing cards. ~~I live the houses down.~~ My wife was playing cards with Mrs. Baxter. Baxter was at the Rodeo. And there were the neighbors from the other side -- the Willins. ~~And they were playing cards.~~ And then I heard, I just heard screaming and then -- then shots. They kept coming, four, five, six times. I don't know how many. I got here -- (SOFT) my wife was dead on the porch and Martha's husband was in the backyard and the Willins' and --

DOROTHY: Who did it? You didn't see him? ~~I mean, did the murderer say anything?~~

MAN: I saw a car drive off, I think. I don't know. Martha, did you? Did you hear anything?

WOMAN: He said, "I'll only be a second, just see what's happening." ~~There's shots.~~ "I'll only be a second" --

DOROTHY: ~~Did you hear anything? Did you see the murderer?~~

WOMAN: ~~(PITEOUSLY) All he said was, "I'll only be a second, just a second."~~

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARRATOR)

NARR: There is nothing here -- nothing but stark tragedy, almost raving tragedy. So you go into the house. You have George Williams take the necessary pictures for your story and you talk to the Chief.



CHIEF: (ALSO SOBERED BY THE EVENTS) All I got is from one of the neighbor's girls. She heard it. The killer was (as near as the kid could make out and you can't be sure of any of this), a big fellow. She said a head bigger than me and I'm 6 feet. Let's say over 6 feet. She said all she heard was this big fellow speaking. He said, "Where is she? I know she's here. Where is she? Where's Wanda."

DOROTHY: Wanda?

CHIEF: You can't be sure he even said that or that he said anything. Poor kid's nearly -- that's her mother in the backyard.

(MUSIC: SLOWLY IN AND UNDER)

NARR: This is a tragedy that has the power to paralyze all who come near it, to make you walk softly, carefully, talk in hushed tones. ~~Even the bushes of George Williams' camera click quietly (or so it seems)~~. And as if out of the hush itself, a thought forms in your mind. A tall, ~~gaunt~~ man over six feet tall, the name Wanda, that wild face in the car -- You go back to the woman Martha, the one whose husband is dead in the backyard. Not kind, perhaps but necessary.

DOROTHY: Martha, Martha. Who is Wanda?

WOMAN: He only said a second --

DOROTHY: (GENTLY) Martha, this is very important. Think. Did you hear anything? Did you hear him say "Where is she? I know she's here. Where's Wanda?" (GENTLY) Who is Wanda?

WOMAN: (STARTS LAUGHING, HYSTERICAL) Wanda? Wanda Cousins. She said, I mean she wrote a letter to Mrs. Willins and said she might stop by. Wanda Cousins.

DOROTHY: And who was he? Did you see him? Did you get a look at his face?

WOMAN: He said, "I'm only going to go for a second. I'll be right back. Just for a second."

DOROTHY: (GENTLY) Try to get some rest.

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARRATION)

NARR: The nightmare is stark -- nothing moves, the five dead and the ~~hysterical~~ <sup>pitiful</sup> ones who survived. And only that faint glimmer of an idea under consciousness -- Wanda Cousins, ~~and her~~ <sup>Wanda Cousins -- Wanda</sup> ~~husband~~. (AS IF DISPELLING THE WHOLE IDEA) ~~Well, thank heavens the killings are over and done with.~~ <sup>the killings</sup>

DOROTHY: (BURSTING THROUGH) George! Don't you see, George, ~~they~~ aren't over. There's going to be more. There's got to be more.

GEORGE: What are you talking about?

DOROTHY: I just realized it. Look, do you remember -- oh, it's a million to one shot, but do you remember a divorce case? Gene Cousins -- ~~what was his wife's name?~~

GEORGE: I don't ~~know~~. <sup>remember</sup>

DOROTHY: It was a horrible story -- horrible. ~~She~~ <sup>his wife</sup> charged him with cruelty, said he threatened to cut her tongue out and they granted her the divorce, gave her custody of the child with alimony and --

GEORGE: What's this got to do with anything?

DOROTHY: Listen to me, listen to me! When he walked out of that court -- as a matter of fact he was thrown out (I covered it), he swore he would get them all - her, the judge, and the two deputies that helped get the information on him.

GEORGE: I think you're crazy.

DOROTHY: Her name was Wanda. Wanda Cousins! The Judge was Harry Thurman. Judge Thurman. That's where I'm going -- the Judge's house.

GEORGE: You're crazy, Dorothy.

DOROTHY: You coming?

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT)

MRS THURMAN: (VERY SOFTLY WITHOUT REVEALING WHAT HAPPENED UNTIL THE END)

I had a cold and I woke up the Judge and he said, ~~"What's the matter, dear?"~~ and I said, ~~"Maybe an aspirin."~~ And he ~~said,~~ <sup>You are a doctor</sup> "I'll get it ~~for you?"~~" And he went to the bathroom and turned on the ~~bathroom tap and I heard it~~ running. And then I heard a noise, ~~like the front door was being pushed. You know somebody turning the knot.~~ And I said, "Harry, is that somebody downstairs?" I guess he didn't hear me and I heard him start down the stairs and I heard him take one, two, three steps -- (SHE INTERRUPTS HERSELF) Do you know how at a time like that everything becomes slow and very clear? I could hear his foot even though there's carpeting on the stairs and he was wearing slippers, I could hear his feet as they went down. One, two, three -- (SHE STOPS)(THIS SHOULD ALMOST SOUND LIKE GUN FIRE) And the sound was so loud that it burst my head -- everything, the windows, the pictures. I thought the house was falling down.

(MORE)

MRS THURMAN: (SHE RESUMES IN HER ORIGINAL TONE) And the water spilled all the way down the steps. The glass he was holding. I must have gone crazy because I watched it trickling down for a long time before I saw that it wasn't just water.

DOROTHY: (~~MORE LIKE A MUSTACHE~~) George, don't you see I was right? He was after Wanda. He went to 1421 where he thought she was -- killed her friends. Don't you see I'm right. And then he killed the Judge. It's Cousins! His threat! But there's still Wanda, she's still alive. It isn't over. ~~Mustache~~.

(MUSIC: -- UP FULL TO TAG TO ACT)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

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 Dorothy Pope as she lived it and wrote it.

NARR: You are a woman, Dorothy Pope, and a reporter, and at the moment, because it's less than an hour after the first electrifying announcement, you're still wearing the silk shirt and the levis and the yellow handkerchief at your throat. But that's all forgotten, everything's forgotten in the search now for the killer of six. A killer who has sworn revenge on those involved in his sordid divorce case. Maybe you can find <sup>Wanda's</sup> address ~~on her~~ and find her and save her and find him and stop him.

(PAGES BEING FURIOUSLY TURNED AS IN A DIRECTORY)

GEORGE: No Wanda Cousins in the City Directory, <sup>W</sup>nothing.

DOROTHY: Did you check the county? <sup>George?</sup>

GEORGE: Looked through everything.

DOROTHY: Wait a minute. I know it. I knew it was in the news story. Here it is. (READING) "Wanda Cousins of -- " C'mon, George!

(MUSIC: -- INTO...)

WOMAN II: Gee, I'm sorry, I can't tell you. <sup>Wanda</sup> Gee, I guess Mrs. Cousins left here -- <sup>Wanda</sup> gee, I don't know. Maybe two years ago. Maybe more.

DOROTHY: Where did she move, if you know?

WOMAN II: Gee, I don't know after all that trouble with her husband. You know, he used to come around here and all that -- bother her. <sup>she</sup> She wouldn't tell anybody where she was moving. Nobody. (THINKING) Come to think of it, I believe she left Utah altogether.

DOROTHY: Thanks, I hope so.

(MUSIC: IN WITH NARRATION)

NARR: You do hope so -- partially at least. You hope she's far away -- Texas, Alabama, somewhere a thousand miles away from the madman who's just killed six people. And then another side of you, the reporter side, the solve-this-case side, that side hopes she's in town. Protected, but in town because that'll draw him and if he's drawn to her -- (INTERRUPTING SELF) But that's too dangerous too. Nothing in this case makes any sense. ~~No, no, no, no, no.~~

DOROTHY: George, why not find him? Go after him. Find out where he was. Where he lives.

GEORGE: Go after a guy armed with a 12 gage shot-gun who's killed six people? Sure!

(MUSIC: ~~ACCORDS~~, IN WITH NARRATION)

NARR: That's what you do anyhow. You check the hotels in town, the regulars and the transients. ~~You check with the police, nothing.~~ And finally, on a police blotter, an entry made a year and a half ago, a long, long, long shot --

DOROTHY: Gene T. Cousin<sup>1</sup>. 1871 - 7th Street. Okay, Georgie.

(MUSIC: UP, TREMULOUS AND OUT)

(DOOR SLOWLY OPENS, FEW STEPS, A SUDDEN SOUND OF A COUPLE OF BEER CANS BEING KICKED OVER)

DOROTHY: (IN FRIGHT) What's that?

GEORGE: (FLAT) Beer cans.

DOROTHY: Isn't there a light?

GEORGE: Are you kidding?

DOROTHY: Have you a lighter?

(LIGHTER CLICKS)

GEORGE: Beer cans. Dozens of beer cans. How can a guy live in a place like this? ~~Come on, let's get out of here. There's nothing here.~~

DOROTHY: ~~Wait a minute.~~ (TENSE) George, bring the lighter over here. Look!

GEORGE: Come on, Dorothy. ~~Get it out.~~ *Sadie*

DOROTHY: He scribbled names and phone numbers on the wall next to the phone. Look.

GEORGE: (IMPATIENT) Dorothy, let's get out of here.

DOROTHY: (READING, MUMBLING TO HERSELF) Valley 612 -- Henry Milk Company, Crater 625, Sadie. Sadie! Sadie -- (SLOWLY WITH EMPHASIS) She's his sister. Granite 6124.

(MUSIC: -- PUNCTUATES, UP INTO..)

SADIE: (HARD VOICED, RELENTLESS) I don't say it's right to kill. ~~I don't say it's right to kill. I don't say it's right to kill,~~ but I'll tell you this. They framed him, <sup>and</sup> she did. <sup>To</sup> Them two fellows that trailed him, the sheriffs. He never deserved it. Taking the kid away from him. ~~If he did those things they say he did (and I don't believe he did) she had it coming to her.~~ She was rotten all the way through. She was rotten.

DOROTHY: (GENTLY) Sadie, I didn't say you're wrong. ~~I didn't say what they did to him is right.~~ But ~~just let me ask you one thing.~~ In all human decency, Sadie. Six people are dead, six. Do you want it to be 7, 8 and 9? When is it going to stop?



SADIE: You should have seen him, you should have met him before he married her. The kind of fellow he was -- easy going, made a good living. Not a lot of money, but he earned a good living but she kept on driving him, driving him all the time. She nearly drove him crazy. Maybe he hit her -- I don't say that was right --

DOROTHY: Sadie, six people are dead. If you had seen their husbands, their wives, the wife of the Judge --

SADIE: I don't want to know. I don't want to hear about it.

DOROTHY: Where is he? You know where he is. Shall I tell you what the Judge's wife said? And the woman who saw her husband *being dead in the back yard* shot ~~right in front of her eyes~~? Shall I tell you what she said?

SADIE: Go away. Leave me alone. This is between him and her. I don't want any part of it.

DOROTHY: You know where he is?

SADIE: (WEAKENING) I'm not saying another word. Please, get out of here.

DOROTHY: Where is he?

(PAUSE)

(OFF MIKE A DOOR SLAMS, FOOTSTEPS. A CAR STARTS, PULLS OFF VERY QUICKLY)

DOROTHY: (OVER THE SECOND SOUND, REACTING) What's that? Sadie, what's that?

SADIE: Leave me alone.

(BY NOW THE CAR HAS PULLED OFF)

DOROTHY: He was in there! He was in the next room all the time and --

SADIE: Leave me alone. You gotta leave me alone. Leave me alone.

DOROTHY: George! George!

(MUSIC: IN MOVEMENT, UP, UNDER NARRATION)

NARR: You race after him, but he's gone. You grab the nearest phone. You call the police.

(MUSIC: STILL IN AGITATION, UNDER)

DOROTHY: He's in the neighborhood of N. Franklin Street. Left here no more than a minute ago -- a '34, '35 Chevvy, beat up. Cousins. Right.

NARR: (AS IF HE NEVER STOPPED) You do all that and only then does the shudder fully grip you. Because then you realize for the first time --

DOROTHY: Suppose, George, suppose that instead of what he did, he opened the door and pointed that shot gun at us and pulled the trigger? He could have.

(MUSIC: IN SLOWLY)

(CAR UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The thought stuns you, but you recover. You recover because another thought even more frightening (or at least as frightening as your own near death), hits you.

DOROTHY: George, tell me, am I crazy?

GEORGE: What?

DOROTHY: He said his wife, her friends, the Judge and the officers. The sheriffs, the one's he said helped frame him. Can he be insane enough to go down into police headquarters and --

GEORGE: (COMPLETELY UNCYNICAL NOW) I think he's insane enough for anything.

(CAR UP VIOLENTLY BLENDS WITH..)

(MUSIC: -- UP IN MOVEMENT AGAIN)

NARR: Now you're headed for a killing. Someone must die in the next few minutes. The unsuspecting police officers or the killer himself, or maybe you -- but that's the direction you're headed in. ~~Police headquarters~~, with the police of the city and the county and the state on the lookout for him, you ~~say~~ -- *direct up to police headquarters*

DOROTHY: *Cousins* Gene Cousins, ~~may be at police headquarters.~~ *(Cousins open a house)*

(RUNNING, THEN WALKING, THEN STEPS OUT OF DOORS)

DOROTHY: (WHISPERING) Can you see anything?

GEORGE: There must be a file ~~behind~~ *behind* this window. *behind this window*

DOROTHY: Let's go down a little further.

(A FEW MORE STEPS)

DOROTHY: George! George, take it easy.

GEORGE: Okay, I'm not rushing.

DOROTHY: Now watch out when you turn that corner, because --

GEORGE: (WHISPERS) Dorothy!

DOROTHY: (SCREAMS) Cousins! Cousins!

(A LOUD ON MIKE SHOTGUN EXPLOSION)

(MUSIC: -- UP, WE DON'T KNOW THE OUTCOME, THE MUSIC SETTLES)

NARR: It's over so fast that no one -- not you, not the policeman at whom the shot was fired, not the killer -- knew what really happened. But suddenly, a gun is wrested from maniacal hands and arms are pinned back.

(MUSIC: -- STING AND UNDER)

NARR: And now you, Dorothy Pope, sit numbly at your typewriter --

(TYPEWRITER IN)

NARR: (NO PAUSE) -- ~~and peek out the story.~~ *repeating the story you have just finished*

DOROTHY: (AS SHE <sup>reads</sup> ~~WRITES~~) Gene Couser, mass murderer, was captured today at Police Headquarters after slightly wounding a policeman who he meant to be his seventh victim ~~some~~ night. The killer said, "Don't waste time. Take me out and shoot me. What do you want to waste time for? Go ahead, kill me."

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARRATION)

NARR: And as you sit there now, the story in front of you -- two hours and 30 minutes since the first startling announcement at the rodeo, the hysteria touches you.

DOROTHY: (SLIGHTLY HYSTERICAL) Look, what I'm wearing, look. Blue silk shirt and levis and a yellow silk handkerchief and a ten gallon hat!

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARRATION)

NARR: But in the midst of this unexplained, horribly human tragedy, nothing is bizarre. Everything and anything seems quite ordinary, quite normal. And in a day, a week, you'll wrench yourself from this mood and go on reporting life as a complex of murders -- and rodeos -- joy and sorrow -- sound and fury.

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Dorothy Pope of the Ogden Utah Standard Examiner with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

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 Dorothy <sup>Pope</sup> Pope of the Ogden Utah Standard Examiner.

POPE: Killer in tonight's Big Story pleaded insanity, but his careful and methodical planning of each murder proved him quite sane. Sentenced to die, killer had choice of death by hanging, or death by firing squad. He characteristically chose the latter. Utah is the only State in the U. S. which allows such a choice. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mrs. Pope ... 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 page of the St. Petersburg Florida Times -- by-line, Jerry Blizon. A BIG STORY about the warm sun, a hot rod and a cold stiff.

(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 Arnold Perl from an actual story from the front pages of the Ogden Utah Standard Examiner. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Melba Rae played the part of Dorothy Pope. 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. Pope.

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

-24-

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

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

connie  
1/31/50 pm

ATX01 0170622

# AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #152

## CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MOMMA	ADELAIDE KLEIN
BERYLLE	CONSUELA LEMBCKE
MARY	CONSUELA LEMBCKE
KID	EDDIE BRUCE
JERRY	JAMES MC CALLION
VOICE	JAMES MC CALLION
POPPA	<del>BILLY GREENE</del> Bill SMITH
COP	BILLY GREENE
WHITEY	BERNARD GRANT
KILLER	BERNARD GRANT
PETER	MICKEY O'DAY
STOREMAN	MICKEY O'DAY

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1950

ATX01 0170623



NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#152

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

FEBRUARY 22, 1950

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: -- EANFARE)

(CAR UP, DOWN BEHIND)

JERRY: You hungry? Dear?

MARY: Well -- I could eat some ice cream.

JERRY: Swell. There's a drive-in up the road. Turn in there.

I can call the paper, too.

MARY: Suits me, Jerry.

(CAR UP, GOES INTO TURN, ~~STARTS~~ ON SUDDENLY AS)

JERRY: LOOK OUT!

(A SECOND CAR COMES SCREAMING BY, WIDE OPEN  
THROTTLE AND UNDER AND AWAY)

JERRY: WHAT -- was that! A low-flying jet plane?

MARY: No. Just one of those crazy hot rods. Y'know -- some  
day these kids're gonna kill somebody -- if they don't  
kill themselves first!

JERRY: (DISGUSTED) Hot rods! They're murder on wheels!

(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) St. Petersburg, Florida. From the pages of the Times,  
the story of a reporter and two hot rods. ~~one~~ for his work,  
to Jerry Blizin for his Big Story goes the PELL MELL AWARD!

(MUSIC: -- EANFARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0170624

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: St. Petersburg, Florida. The story as it actually happened. Jerry Blizin's story as he lived it.

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

NARR: St. Petersburg, Eff --- ell---eh. What a place to work. Sunshine, fishing, sunshine, palm trees, sunshine -- why, your tan alone is worth five bucks extra on your salary as police reporter. Sunshine? Man, when it doesn't shine in St. Pete, they give away the whole edition of the paper, the Times! Yeah -- what more could a guy from St. Paul, Minnesota ask -- egg in his orange juice? Yeah. He could ask for a story!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ LIGHT STING, AND UNDER)

NARR: Yeah. They might as well give the Times away, for all the news you Jerry Blizin, reporter on the St. Petersburg Times have turned in today. So you stop at a drive-in for

JERRY: Lemme see now...lemme have a double-dip pineapple sundae with, ah -- crushed pecans, and, ah -- whipped cream. Yeah. And say -- (PROJECTING A BIT) Don't forget the cherry!

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

NARR: A reporter's life in Florida. Ice cream at the second precinct. Well, that's what they call this drive-in, because cops and reporters get free ice-cream. Matter of fact, there's a prowler car there now. And just as you spoon into your sundae --

VOICE: (FILTER) Car two, car two. Go to Whitey's Service Station Fifth Avenue South. Go to Whitey's Service Station, (UNDER) Fifth Avenue South.....

(CAR UP WITH SIREN OVER VOICE ABOVE AND SECOND  
CAR PULLS OUT AFTER IT)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ WIPES AND BLENDS FOR)

NARR: Off goes car two -- and off go you -- too. At last --  
business! But while you're off on that case --  
something else is coming off! Over on Tangerine Avenue!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ ~~OFF~~)

(TRAFFIC IN BACKGROUND, FOOTSTEPS IN FOREGROUND,  
UNDER)

POPPA: Tangerine Avenue -- how do you like that, Momma --  
Tangerine Avenue. (CHUCKLE) Even the streets got pretty  
names! So, Momma - how do you like Florida now, huh?

MOMMA: Wonderful, Sam -- wonderful! So warm!

POPPA: Momma - you look like a young girl --

MOMMA: Go on --

POPPA: So help me - like a young girl again. Twenty years  
younger, that's how I feel - twenty years younger!  
What did I tell you?

MOMMA: Hah -- what did he tell me! Who kept after who for the  
last ten years -- let's go South, let's go to Florida,  
what do you want to stay around Brooklyn for the rest  
of your life - who? Me! Why -- if you'd listened to  
me, we'd be here long ago -- long ago! (SARCASTIC)  
What did he tell me! Huh!

POPPA: All right, all right - no argument. I was wrong, I  
admit it.

MOMMA: Sure. How many times did you say -- "Me? Go to Florida  
and die, it's for old men, Florida -- "Go to Florida and  
die - come to Florida and live, Sam!

BIG STORY, 2/22/50

-4A-

REVISED

POPPA: You're right, Momma. This is the life. (CHUCKLE)  
I tell you, -- (WARM) I tell you, Momma, I feel so  
wonderful already -- so help me, I feel like I could  
go back to pounding a beat again. I feel like a  
rookie ~~person~~<sup>Cop</sup> again, so help me!

MOMMA: That's the way I like to hear you talk. (LAUGH) All  
you need now is one of those hats they wear down here.  
With the peak -- you know?

ATK01 0170628

(CAR UP WITH SIREN OVER VOICE ABOVE, AND SECOND  
CAR PULLS OUT AFTER IT.)

(MUSIC: -- WIPES AND BLENDS FOR)

NARR: Off goes car two -- and off go you -- too. At last --  
business! But while you're off on that case -- something  
else is coming off! Over on Tangerine Avenue!

~~(MUSIC: -- ~~WIPES~~)~~

(NOISES OF CARS, TRAFFIC, ETC., BUT NOT TOO HEAVY,  
AND IN FOREGROUND, FOOTSTEPS. UNDER ---)

POPPA: (WARM, LIKEABLE VOICE, REAL BROOKLYN ACCENT) Well, Momma  
-- how do you like Florida?

MOMMA: (SAME) Wonderful, Sam -- wonderful.

POPPA: Didn't I tell you? Twenty years younger, that's what I  
feel! Twenty years younger!

MOMMA: Sam, you were right. We should of done this long ago!

POPPA: Sure I was right! Fools! I told you, Momma -- I told  
you! (SARCASTIC) Go to Florida and die -- (EMPHATIC)  
Come to Florida and live, Momma -- this is the life!

MOMMA: Ah, Sam.

POPPA: (WARM, LOVE) I tell you, Momma -- feeling like this -- so  
help me, I could go back to pounding my beat! I feel like  
a rookie patrolman again, so help me!

MOMMA: (A DELIGHTED LAUGH) You know -- I like to see you in one  
~~of those hats they wear here. With the peak.~~

POPPA: (EAGER) The very next store, Momma -- the very next store!

(LAUGH) And you -- I'll get sun glasses -- with points!

(BOTH LAUGH TOGETHER AND DOWN INTO)

(MUSIC: -- UP, DOWN BEHIND)

NARR: St. Petersburg -- where the good old people come -- to live in the sunshine. People like Sam...an old retired harness bull...feeling young again in the sun. But that's not news in St. Pete. This --where you and the cops end up -- is.

JERRY: You say <sup>you</sup> ~~the~~ place was broken into <sup>last</sup> ~~over~~ night, Whitey? What'd they get?

WHITEY: Cigarettes <sup>you</sup> ten cartons...maybe twelve...some cigars...

JERRY: Any money?

WHITEY: Just some change from the cash box...a cardboard of sunglasses -- the expensive kind --

JERRY: Uh-hmm. Well, you're pretty lucky. It doesn't come to much.

WHITEY: That's what you think! For years I been keeping a gun -- license and everything -- just in case. And now -- the just in case happens. And what do they do? They steal the gun on me.

JERRY: That's different. What kind of a gun?

WHITEY: A thirty-eight. Like new -- never been fired. Steal my gun! Ain't that a note?

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: A minor note. By no means page one, <sup>but you phone it in to your paper</sup> ~~something to remember~~, ~~though~~. Somewhere, some petty crook has got himself a brand-new 38 -- a stolen gun -- a "hot rod." (BEAT) Oh well. Back to the ice-cream stand.

(MUSIC: ~~Hit and under.~~)

NARR: But while you order up another double-dip etcetera etcetera -- not omitting the cherry -- Tangerine Avenue is getting ready to make news.

(TRAFFIC AS BEFORE, AND IN FOREGROUND)

(FOOTSTEPS UP AND BEHIND)

POPPA: Here, Momma -- they got those hats in the window. Wait here -- I'll go get one, huh?

MOMMA: All right. I'll sit on the bench. (SIGH) Ah, this sunshine, this sunshine!

(FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

POPPA: Say, I wanna try on one of those hats -- with the peaks.

STOREMAN: (BROOKLYN) Hey. You from Brooklyn?

POPPA: Am I from Brooklyn! Forty years I pounded a beat -- Brownsville, Green <sup>point</sup> ~~point~~, Gowanus --

STOREMAN: From the force? Say -- you ever know a George Cannel -- a sergeant, big man, used to -

POPPA: I ever know Cannel? Listen -- Cannel and me --

KILLER: Sey, mister --

STOREMAN: Just a minute. <sup>Pop</sup> Lemme take care of this man, then we'll talk. What can I do you for, <sup>mister?</sup> ~~some?~~

KILLER: (VERY LOW) Just don't make no fuss ~~about it~~.

STOREMAN: What? What kind of talk is that! Listen --

KILLER: You listen! This is a stickup! And this ain't no cap-pistol in my hand.

STOREMAN: Wh -- wh --

KILLER: <sup>You</sup> Shut up. Gimme the register money -- quick!

POPPA: Now look, sonny -- why don't you stop kiddin' around --

KILLER: Shut up! ~~You~~ too -- up with your hands -- come on, Pop, come on, you old jerk --

POPPA: (BLOWS TOP) Why you cheap punk, you can't talk to me like that, gun or no gun, why I'll --



(BEGINNING OF SCUFFLE AND OVER IT STOREMAN:  
(YELL) Don't, don't, look out --

(A SHOT. THEN A GASP, AND TWO MORE SHOTS. THEN  
RAPIDLY RUNNING FEET, DOOR OPENING, AND BACK TO)

STOREMAN: Brooklyn -- Brooklyn -- are ya -- did he --

POPPA: (STRANGLING) <sup>gotta get to</sup> ~~my~~ / my wife. Outside -- my -- (GASP)  
Momma -- ~~my~~ --- momma-a.....

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER TRAGICALLY)

(SIRENS COMING ON FROM AFAR IN A WALL, DOWN  
BEHIND, ALONG WITH THE MUSIC, -----

NARR: Just a nice old guy who'd come down from the North to  
spend the winter of his life under the sun of the South...  
to live in the sunshine...now -- by the time you and the  
law arrive -- (SIRENS DIE DOWN) ---dead on the sidewalk...  
under the sunshine.

(MUSIC: -- ~~OUT FOR~~)

~~MOMMA: (SOBBING) Nothing, nothing. I didn't see a thing. Please.~~

COP: I'm sorry, Ma. But the -- the killer come out the store  
door. Just a glimpse -- didn't you catch even a glimpse?

MOMMA: (WEERING) No, no...shots, I heard shots -- and all I saw  
was Poppa -- falling through the door -- that's all, that's  
all...(A SOB) He -- he only went in for a little hat,  
that's all!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: Maybe you know how it is in holdups..killings..Victims say  
--"He was tall, he was dark, he was heavy --" Sure. And  
when the killer is found -- he's slender, he's blonde, he's  
fair..Sure. And so it goes here. Nothing is for certain.  
Only one thing is for sure, according to the police.

COP: The bullets were from a 38 caliber automatic. That's all  
we know -- for sure.



BIG STORY, 2/22/50

-7B-

REVISED

NARR: Maybe you know how it is in holdups....killings,  
Victims say -- "He was tall, he was dark, he was heavy --"  
Sure. And <sup>usually</sup> when the killer is found -- he's slender,  
he's blonde, he's fair....Sure. And so it goes here.  
Nothing is for certain. Only one thing is for sure,  
according to the police.

COP: The bullets were from a 38 caliber automatic. That's  
all we know -- for sure.

e1  
2/22/50 pm

ATX01 0170634

(MUSIC: -- STING)--

NARR: A thirty-eight. The <sup>stolen</sup> ~~rod~~ rod. Hmmm.

(MUSIC: -- STING)

JERRY: Whitey, remember -- ~~that~~ ~~rod~~. Are you sure ~~the~~  
~~rod~~ had never been fired?

WHITEY: Honest, Jerry. I never so much as touched the trigger. I  
I never had a -- (ATHOUGHT) Oh -- oh!..

JERRY: What's the matter!

WHITEY: I was lyin'. I mean -- I forgot! Sure. Sure -- I fired  
it. Once -- just once!

JERRY: When! Where!

WHITEY: When? When I first bought the gun -- just to try it out,  
you know? I wanted to see --

JERRY: Yeah, yeah, I understand. But where? Don't tell me out  
to sea -- into Matanzas Bay --

WHITEY: No, no...into a tree. Into that old dead tree out back.  
(PROUD) And I hit it -- too. First time I ever fired a  
gun, I --

JERRY: Good for you, good! Whitey -- gimme a knife -- and call  
the police!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: Into the heart of the tree you dig -- deep through its  
dried-up trunk -- and you find the slug. Do the police  
jump with joy? They do. Does it match with the two slugs  
from the old cop's body? (PAUSE) It matches.

(MUSIC: -- STING)

NARR: Three slugs. One from the tree--two from the -- (TAKE) ~~rod~~  
~~was~~ ~~never~~ Backtrack, Blizin -- backtrack! See the  
Brooklyn storekeeper who <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>calm enough</sup> ~~is~~ to talk.

JERRY: ~~What~~ -- you're <sup>sure 3 shots were fired during the holdup?</sup> ~~sure 3 shots were fired during the holdup?~~

STOREMAN: Absolutely. I was there, wasn't I? And I heard three shots, one, two, three.

JERRY: Three, and ~~that's~~ the one Whitley fired into the tree :-

STOREMAN: ~~So he heard three bang bang bang~~  
Why <sup>all this?</sup> I told my story a million times already!

JERRY: ~~Well if~~ the police found only two bullets in <sup>the body. there must</sup> ~~one~~ <sup>3 shots</sup> ~~missing~~

STOREMAN: ~~See reporter~~, I heard <sup>3 shots</sup> and I'll swear to it!

(MUSIC: -- STING)

NARR: You take his word -- and you search the floor, the walls -- for <sup>the missing</sup> ~~the~~ slug.

STOREMAN: Say -- you a reporter or a detective? Let the police do their own work?

JERRY: No. This is different.

STOREMAN: Why? What's so different?

JERRY: Oh...I can't -- quite say....

STOREMAN: Aah, I know you <sup>reporter</sup> ~~are~~. Stories, stories -- you got to make like a detective to get a story. Sure. A decent old man gets himself killed -- not even his business, he gets killed -- and you poke around for stories. Aaah.

JERRY: (QUIET & A LITTLE SORE) All right. I'm through.

~~(MUSIC)~~ (OPEN DOOR)

JERRY: But since you put it that way -- I'm not just looking for a story.

STOREMAN: Aaah.

-10-

JERRY: You see -- I'm from up North too. (PAUSE) And my dad  
isn't so young any more either. I kind of want him to  
come down here too...for the sunshine. (VERY QUIET)  
People have a right to live their lives out in --sunshine.  
Then a rotten murderer like this comes along and --  
(HARD) I don't like it. (PAUSE) I'm gonna find him,  
mister -- if it's the last thing I do.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO FOR)  
(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0170637

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #152

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: -- THEME UP AND DOWN FOR)

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

NARR: A nice old guy comes down to St. Petersburg, Florida, to live his life out in the sunshine -- and a stickup man leaves him -- dead on the sidewalk. And you, Jerry Blizin of the St. Petersburg Times, aren't just out for a story, this time. No. Not this time.

JERRY: (QUIET) People have a right to live their lives out in --sunshine. Then a rotten murderer like this comes along and -- (HARD) I don't like it. I'm gonna find him, ~~later~~ -- if it's the last thing I do.

(MUSIC: -- SPING AND AWAY FOR)

NARR: Sure. But what've you got to go on? Two things. The killer used a stolen 38 -- and fired three shots. Two into his victim -- and the third? That's the puzzler. So -- you backtrack -- up the alley alongside the store he held up.

(FOOTSTEPS UP, ALONG A WAY, THEN TO STOP)

JERRY: (DISGUSTED) Not a thing. Crowd gathered -- footprints all over the alley. Could be anybody's.

(FOOTSTEPS)

NARR: Just the same -- you keep going, down the alley. A blind alley -- at the end, a fence. Well -- that's all. No exit.

(PAUSE) No. You're wrong!

(MUSIC: -- LIGHT SPING)

JERRY: (LOW) Hmmm. It could be. (PAUSE) It looks like one. (PAUSE) Doggonit --it is!

(MUSIC: -- SAME)



NARR: Is what? A hand-print. Part of a palm and two fingers, outlined on the whitewashed fence -- in red. Standing there, you now know where the third bullet went. Incredible as it seems, <sup>during the struggle the bullet must have entered</sup> ~~into~~ the hand of the killer -- the same hand he had to use for scaling the fence.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO FOR)

NARR: Now you know which way he went, too. And that way -- you go. Over the fence. And right into --

KID: Boy -- everybody's usin' that fence today.

JERRY: You see somebody else jump it?

KID: Yep.

JERRY: Who.

KID: I dunno. Nobody I ever saw before.

JERRY: What'd he look like?

KID: I dunno. Just a guy. You know.

JERRY: That's the thing. I don't know. You sure you didn't see him?

KID: Sure, I seen him. But not good.

JERRY: Nuts.

KID: What's the matter, Mister?

JERRY: Well --the probability is, the man you saw was an escaped killer.

KID: Honest?

JERRY: Av, nuts.

KID: A real killer, mister? Somebody get killed?

JERRY: Yes! Right around the corner.

KID: Blood?

JERRY: You little so and so!

KID: And I missed it! (PAUSE) A killer, huh? That's why  
he left the motor runnin'.

JERRY: Who?

KID: The guy who jumped the fence.

JERRY: WHAT! What motor!

KID: The car. The car parked right there.

JERRY: For Pete's sake, kid -- there's no car there!

KID: I mean the car he had there! Sure it ain't there. He  
took off in it - like --

JERRY: What kind of a car, kid. What make? License number --  
what license! Holy cat!

KID: Boy, you get excited fast.

JERRY: The car, the car -- what'd it look like!

KID: You really wanna know?

JERRY: Ooooooh!

KID: Well -- let's see. Uh -- black -- no fenders --

JERRY: Go on, go on --

KID: No hood -- and the engine -- (AND HE RATTLES IT OFF)  
Well, I took a real close look and I figure he'd put in  
a heavy-duty head, cut down the diameter of his pistons  
to get higher compression, souped up the spark with a  
heavy-duty coil, and the way the exhaust was puffin out  
and the way she sang, I figure he'd drilled a hole in the  
needle-valve and --

JERRY: Say, what's your name -- Einstein?

KID: No -- Joe.

JERRY: All right, Henry Ford -- you're way beyond me. *I'm just a reporter*  
What's  
all that mean?

KID: Ya mean you don't know a hot-rod when you see one? Mister  
-- this one you couldn't miss. It had polka-dots!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER)

JERRY: Sergeant -- I just rode the kid all over town looking for  
a hot-rod with polka dots.

COP: No luck, eh?

JERRY: Nope. But I don't think he's making it up, sarge. The  
things he knows about engines!

COP: Yeah. Ten years from now it'll be rocket ships. Well,  
let's see what we got on hot-rods in the records.

(FILE DRAWER PULLED OUT)

COP: Huh. Here's a 16-year-old kid drove one ~~80~~<sup>60</sup> miles  
an hour over the Gandy Bridge.....Red car....

JERRY: No dots.

COP: No. (PAUSE) Here's one. Passed a patrol car on the  
Beach Drive -- going ninety. All they saw was a blue  
streak.

JERRY: Blue, huh.

COP: Hot rods, hot rods. There oughta be a law...Hey --look.

JERRY: Got something?

COP: I dunno. But look. Officers Gordon and Rodney -- tagged  
hot-rod -- ~~80~~<sup>85</sup> miles an hour around the Mirror Lake Drive --

JERRY: Whew!

COP: Summons returnable ten o'clock this morning -- He never  
turned up!

JERRY: ~~Machine?~~  
He, who?

COP: Says here -- Porter Williams -- 27 -- 400 Thirty-First  
Avenue South! Gimme that mike!

(CLICK)

COP: Calling all cars. All cars. Go to 400 31st Avenue South, 400 Thirty-first Avenue South. Pick up Porter Williams. Porter as in railroad, Williams. Proceed with caution. This man may be armed!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO)

NARR: Calm are the blue waters of Big Bayou off the end of 31st Avenue South -- and quiet the cops as they cordon off Number 400 -- but jumpy are you as you go up the walk with the law to the door. After all -- it's only three hours since the man behind it killed another. Then --

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

PETER: (OFF) (CRACKER ACCENT) Who's there?

COP: Police.

PETER: (OFF) Hey?

COP: Police. Open up -- and come out with your hands up.

(DOOR OPENS)

COP: All right. Jerry -- frisk him.

JERRY: Sure. (PAT PAT PAT) No gun.

PETER: What's goin' on here?

COP: You own a car?

PETER: Why sure.

COP: What kind?

PETER: Why, mostly mongrel. Bit o' this, bit o' that.

COP: Hot rod?

PETER: 'Magine you'd call it that.

COP: Polka dots?

PETER: (LAUGHS) Well, kind of. Rust spots is what they are.  
How come all ~~these questions~~ <sup>these questions, Copper?</sup> ~~the cops ask me?~~

COP: I warn you -- anything you say may be held against you,  
Porter Williams.

PETER: Porter Williams. That ain't me. That's my brother. I'm  
Peter Williams. (PAUSE) Can I let my hands down now?

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: Inside the Williams house, you and the law work on  
brother Peter for word about brother Porter. But all  
Peter can say is --

PETER: I tall you, I don't know nothin'. He tooken the car  
this mornin' and ain't come back. Honest. And he ain't  
comin' back, neither.

COP: How do you know?

PETER: Cause everything's gone from out his room. Clothes,  
shoes, carryin' -bag -- everything. Looky here.

(DOOR OPENED)

JERRY: Flown the coop all right. What do we do now?

COP: *You're a smart reporter - you tell me -*  
~~Search me~~ -- I don't know. Peter --

PETER: Yeah ~~yeah~~.

COP: Is there anything else missing from <sup>his</sup> ~~the~~ room that you  
know of?

PETER: Nope. I cleaned it out good. Threw all the trash out  
back and burned it.

JERRY: What kind of trash?

PETER: Oh -- trash trash. Calendars off ~~of~~ the wall -- pretty  
girl pictures, stuff like all that there. Newspapers from  
inside the bureau drawers and such. Common ol' trash.

JERRY: You burned it?

PETER: It's burnin' right now -- out back.

JERRY: Outa my way.

COP: Where you going?

JERRY: To put out a fire!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND RUN FOR)

NARR: You and the cop stomp out Peter Williams' trash-fire -- and rescue a mess of half-burned paper...You don't even know what you're looking for -- and it's no clean job, thanks to some assorted orange-peels, coffee-grounds and egg-shells, all second-hand -- but on the burned stub of a book of matches --

JERRY: What do you make of this?

COP: Looks like a phone number. Just the last three numbers though. Something something -- ~~exchange~~ -- 475

JERRY: Okay -- maybe it's nothing, maybe it's something -- but I'm gonna check The Book!

(MUSIC: -- <sup>(IN WITH)</sup> ~~WIPES IT UNDER~~)

NARR: The Book -- <sup>letter known as Miss. Cross</sup> ~~exchange~~ Three of them in every town: one at the phone company, one at the paper, one at the police -- listing people not by name, but by number! But what a job!

JERRY: Four exchanges -- <sup>10</sup> ~~five~~ possible combinations for each -- <sup>40</sup> ~~four~~ numbers. Brother!

(MUSIC: -- QUICK STING)

JERRY: Well -- that does it. Now -- let's check, 2-1475, grocery, Out. 2-2475, funeral parlor. Out. 2-3475, printing shop. Out. 2-4475, travel bureau...

(MUSIC: -- WIPES IT AND UNDER)

JERRY: (WEARY) 4-3475, tailor shop. Out. 4-<sup>44</sup>~~34~~75 ----oh-oh.

COP: What've you got?

JERRY: Four -- ~~seven~~<sup>44</sup> seven five -- Berylla Stone --  
registered nurse.

COP: Girl friend, maybe?

JERRY: Maybe. Pretty handy for a guy to have a registered nurse  
for a girl friend -- especially when he's got a hole in  
his hand. A bullet-hole!

COP: Say -- you might be right!

JERRY: I sure might. Grab your hat ~~and~~ -- here we go ~~again!~~

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER)

(KNOCKING ON DOOR. IT OPENS)

BERYLLA: Yes?

COP: Police. Mind if we come in?

BERYLLA: Why -- why --

COP: Thanks. (PAUSE) You too, Peter.

PETER: What you want me for?

COP: Huh. Protection. (PAUSE) All right, Berylla -- where is  
he?

BERYLLA: Who?

COP: Porter Williams.

BERYLLA: He -- he's gone. Honest. He --

COP: Gone huh? Where?

BERYLLA: I don't know. Honest, officer, he --

JERRY: (LOW) Sergeant.

COP: Hmmm?

JERRY: (LOW) Look. Out the window -- in the back.

COP: (PAUSE) A hot rod. (~~POKA~~) Polka dots. (PAUSE) All  
right, Berylla. Come off it. Which room.

BERYLLA: Th -- tha --- that one.

COP: Stand back, Jerry. (PAUSE) And don't you go 'way ~~across~~,  
Berylla. There's a charge of harboring a criminal just  
made to order for you. Peter -- stand here in front of me.

(A KICK ON DOOR, IT SWINGS OPEN)

PETER: (A YELL) Don't shoot, Porter -- it's me!

KILLER: (OFF) Get outa my way -- GET OUTA MY LINE OF FIRE!

PETER: (SCREAM) Don't shoot, Porter -- don't!

COP: Drop the gun, Porter! (PAUSE) Drop -- it.

(GUN DROPS)

COP: All right. (~~PAUSE~~) Get out of bed and come quiet.  
Jerry -- pick up the gun.

JERRY: (SHAKEN) Sure.

COP: Thirty-eight?

JERRY: Y-yeah. Thirty-eight.

COP: That's all.

(MUSIC: -- THAT'S ALL AND UNDER)

MARR: The cop herds Porter Williams, his hand bandaged and still  
bleeding, out of Berylla's house. Out of the house --  
into the St. Petersburg sunshine. Hmmmm. Sunshine. (PAUSE)  
And you? You phone <sup>the details to</sup> the paper, exactly five hours and a  
half since you lifted a spoon for --

JERRY: Ah, lemme see. Lemme have a double-dip pineapple sundae  
with, ah, crushed pecans, and whipped cream. Gobs of it.  
(PAUSE) And ah --- (PAUSE) Nuts. Skip it. I lost my  
appetite.

(MUSIC: -- UP TO CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Jerry  
Blizin of the St. Petersburg Florida Times with the final  
outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- STING)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)



THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #152

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 Jerry Blizin of the St. Petersburg Florida Times.

BLIZIN: Taken into custody, killer in tonight's Big Story admitted hold up and ~~the~~ struggle <sup>during</sup> ~~which~~ which he accidentally shot third bullet into his own hand. He protested he had been drinking and didn't realize he had murdered a man. Nevertheless he was tried and convicted of first degree murder and was sentenced to life imprisonment. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

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

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY - A BIG STORY from the front pages of the Detroit Free Press -- by-line, Ralph Goll. A BIG STORY about a reporter who dug up some new facts about an old story and came up with a murder.

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with music by Vladimir Solinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Alan Sloane from an actual story from the front pages of the St. Petersburg Florida Times. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and James Mc Callion played the part of Jerry Blizin. 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. Blizin.

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

-23-

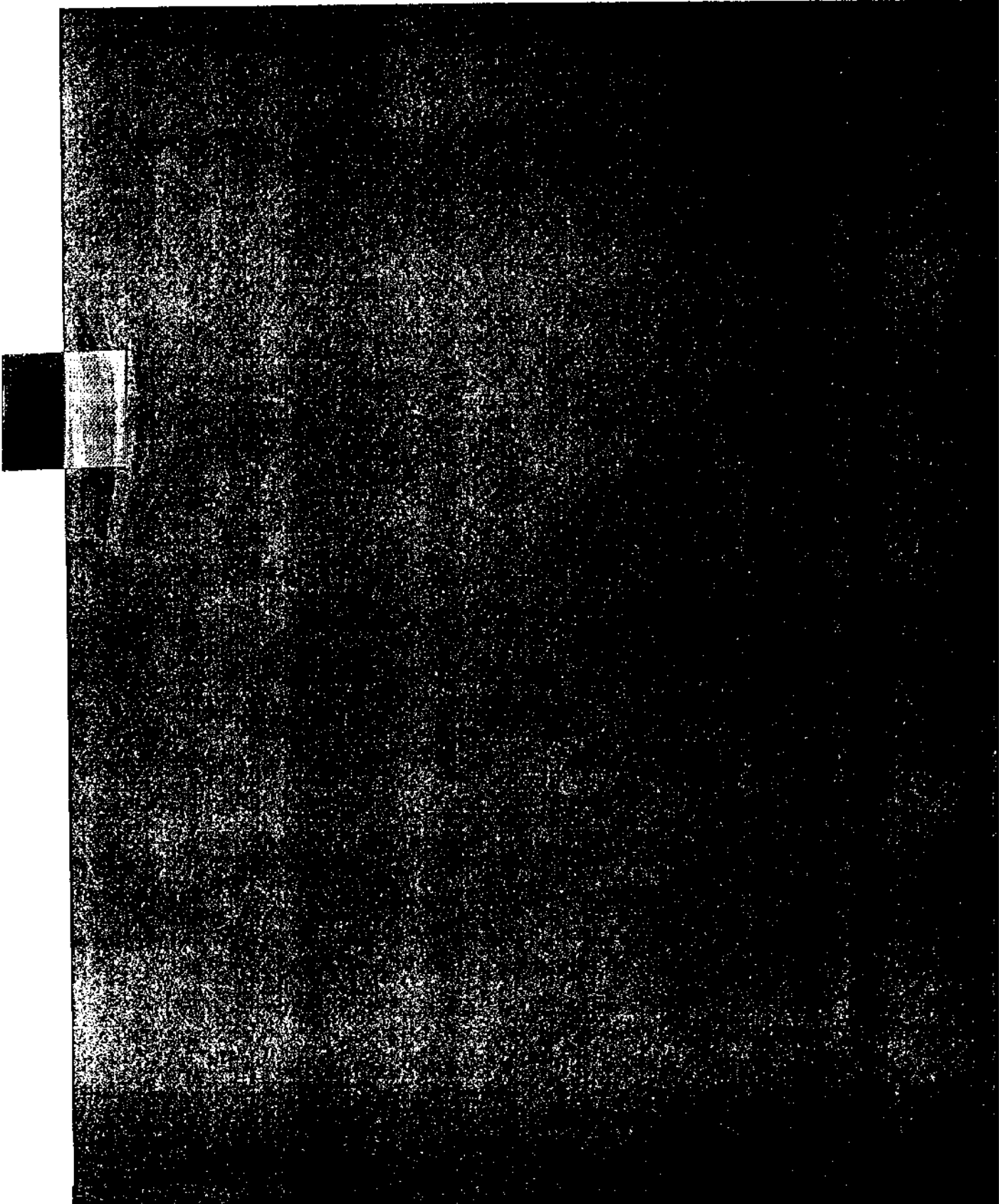
CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL  
WELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

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

marge r. 2/9/50/pm

ATX01 0170650

ATK01 0120651



AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #153

CAST

{ NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
{ GUARD	<del>BOB SLOANE</del>
GIRL	ATHENA LORDE
CLERK	ATHENA LORDE
EDNA	JOAN SHEA
GIRL 2	JOAN SHEA
GOLL	NAT POLEN
VINTON	BILL SMITH
REPORTER	BILL SMITH
STANLEY	SCOTT TENNYSON
JOE	SCOTT TENNYSON
SANDLER	WALTER GREAZA
ONE	WALTER GREAZA
JUDGE	TOM HEAPHY
EXPERT	TOM HEAPHY
JUROR	HUMPHREY DAVIS
COP	HUMPHREY DAVIS

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1, 1950

ATK01 0170652

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

THE GREAT GATSBY  
MARCH 1, 1950

#453 Arnold Perl  
WEDNESDAY

(Ralph Goll: Detroit, Michigan Free Press)

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

(MUSIC: -- BRIEF FANFARE AND OUT)

(STEPS WALKING SLOWLY. ~~TRAIN WALKS OUT TO DEPART IN-~~  
STATION. A PAIR OF RUNNING STEPS COMES ON MIKE,  
STOPS)

REPORTER: Hey ~~Sarge!~~ <sup>Stanley! Stanley!</sup> Sarge, just a second! How about a statement  
~~from the prisoner?~~  
<sup>before they lock you up?</sup>

(~~THE WALKING STEPS DON'T STOP~~)

~~REPORTER:~~ (~~LITTLE OUT OF BREATH~~) Thanks, ~~Sarge~~. (~~FRIENDLY~~)  
Stanley -- (QUOTING) "The convicted man stated upon  
boarding the train to Marquette prison --" What?

~~STANLEY:~~ (BITTER) Always give a guy a break every time, don't you?

~~REPORTER:~~ What do want, the keys to City Hall? Knocking off a  
nineteen year old girl? I'm giving you the best break  
in the world asking you for a statement.

~~STANLEY:~~ Okay. Only you won't print it. Tony Stanley says he's  
innocent.

~~REPORTER:~~ (LAUGHS) You're right. Come on, come on. You can do  
~~better than that.~~

STANLEY: Okay. I'll tell you the whole truth ~~now~~ and you won't  
print <sup>it</sup> ~~that neither~~. I'm guilty. I'm guilty because I'm  
nobody. I'm guilty because somebody wanted to get  
somewhere and in order to get there, he put his feet  
right in my face. Stepped on me. Sent me up for life to  
get where he wants to get. I'd like to see you print that.  
(DISGUST) Freedom of the press!

(MUSIC: -- UP FULL INTO...)

ATX01 0170653

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) Detroit, Michigan. From the pages of the  
Detroit Free Press comes the story of a frame-up so  
cold, so calculating, so perfect, that it took 26 years  
to explode it. And for the reporter who did explode it,  
to Feature Writer Ralph Goll of the Detroit Free Press,  
for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL Award.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ FANFARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

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 FOR ...)

CHAPPELL: Detroit, Michigan. The story as it actually happened --  
Ralph Goll's story as he lived it.

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

NARR: It's a dream <sup>writing</sup> assignment, Ralph Goll of the Detroit Free  
Press. A six month job of digging into the unsolved  
crimes of Michigan, and you've written a dozen beauts.  
"The Riddle of the Blue Icicles" (that one called a  
special coroner's inquest into being); "The Case of the  
Severed Hand" (this one brought a well deserved promotion  
to a Cop on the beat) -- and the others, all good,  
honest stories. And with the public clamouring for  
more, you kept digging in and then --

~~(A FILE OF PAPERS COMING OUT OF A DRAWER, THE DOOR  
SHUTS UNDER THE NARRATOR)~~

NARR: (NO PAUSE) -- out of the morgue, came the yellow pages of  
a case 25 years old. Three things hit you: first, the  
name --

GOLL: (READING, IMPRESSED) "The Case of The Picnic Murder".

NARR: Second, the by-line --

GOLL: (AGAIN, MUSING) By Teddy Larkin.

NARR: (NO PAUSE) Teddy Larkin, now dead (died at 31) was one  
of the best reporters on the paper and an old friend, one  
of the very best. His by-line in a story meant something:  
truth. And three ( the third thing that hit you) was  
facts. A 4th of July <sup>picnic</sup> celebration, 25 years ago in Sylvan  
Gardens just outside Detroit.

(SANDWICHES BEING UNWRAPPED FROM PAPERS)

GIRL: (AMUSED, DELIGHTED WITH THE OCCASION) Cheese, cheese, cheese. Is that all you made <sup>Edna?</sup> Cheese?

EDNA: (SAME ATTITUDE) Well, I thought Willie was coming, You know how he is about cheese.

GIRL: (MOCKING) They had to work. You'd think one holiday in the year they'd take time off from that filling station and --

EDNA: What are you complaining about? You know why they're working.

GIRL: (PLEASED) Sure I know. I honestly wouldn't mind waiting the extra months to get married if they would just see us once on a Sunday or a holiday --

EDNA: (INTERRUPTING) Here's a tuna fish and a devilled egg.

GIRL: Did you bring the pickles?

EDNA: What do you think this is? What's a picnic and no pickle!  
(THE TWO START TITTLING A LITTLE)

GIRL: (FRIGHTENED) Edna.

EDNA: What's the matter, Bea?

GIRL: (VIOLENTLY) Edna!

(GUN SHOT)

EDNA: (SCREAMS) No!

(GUN SHOT)

(MUSIC: -- SHORT STING AND UNDER)

NARR: The first girl, Bea, was dead instantly. The second girl, Edna, a terrible pain in her shoulder - a bullet embedded - and a memory that will live with her forever.

EDNA: (SOBBING) He was big and dirty and he had some kind of a bag over his shoulder and he came up to me -- close and closer. And then he took out the cotton <sup>it smelled funny - like chloroform or something</sup> (DULLY) And then I don't remember. (~~WILDLY~~) I don't remember.

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARRATION)

NARR: A posse of over 500 men combed the area of Sylvan Gardens, combed the downtown flophouses, -- looking for a man six feet tall, dark, dirty, with a shoulder-bag, gun, and maybe still the traces of the cotton and the ~~bag~~<sup>Chloroform</sup> he had used. There was one suspect, Tony Stanley. Tom Vinton, local policeman, picked him up.

STANLEY: (WILD\_EYED) What do you mean what was I doing? I told you what I was doing, officer. They were pouring drinks, free drinks, all along Michigan Avenue. (Fourth of July celebration) I was lapping them up as fast as I could. What's the matter? That's no crime.

VINTON: Let's go, Stanley. I don't want to hear anymore.

STANLEY: You can ask any of the bartenders, officer. I was in 8, 10, 12 joints. Ask them. Ah, they wouldn't remember.

VINTON: (STRONG AND FAST) You got mud on your shoes. Mud from Sylvan Gardens where you tramping around before you did it. And you got blood on your lapel. How did you get blood on your lapel?

STANLEY: (DEFENSIVELY) I came out of one of the bars the back way, into the yard there. I didn't know where I was going. It was dark, and muddy. I fell. There was a can there, an old sardine can. I fell and I cut myself. Maybe I wiped it off on my lapel. I don't know, officer.

VINTON: (STRONG) Where's the shoulder bag? What did you do with the gun? Where's the chloroform? (HE SHAKES STANLEY) On your feet. Walk. (COMPLETELY CYNICAL) So you cut your finger on a sardine can. Did you have iodine handy?

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ UP)

NARR: The rest was equally bizarre, equally fantastic, terrifying. Then the identification by the frightened girl.

EDNA: (HYSTERICAL) Get him out. Please, get him out! He's the one. He did it. Get him out.

(MUSIC: -- -- STING)

JUDGE: It is the judgment of the Court that you, Anthony Stanley, shall spend the rest of your natural life in prison for you stand guilty of the crime of murder. I wish it were in my power to sentence you to further punishment.

(MUSIC: -- -- UP FULL WITH A NOTE OF QUIZZICALITY IN IT)

NARR: Then the fourth fact about this case, the fourth unusual aspect struck you, Ralph Goll, Feature Writer as you read the yellowed sheets. You said it to Night Editor Fred Sandler.

GOLL: You remember this case, Sandler?

SANDLER: Vaguely, vaguely. Why?

GOLL: They never disproved this sardine can theory about the blood.

SANDLER: (CYNICALLY) Lots of things not proved in lots of cases. So?

GOLL: The girl didn't testify at the trial.

SANDLER: So they took her deposition somewhere else.

GOLL: They never found the shoulder bag or the gun or the cotton or the chloroform.

SANDLER: So what? So what? How old is this chestnut anyhow? 20 Years? More.

GOLL: You know who wrote it? Ted Larkin.

SANDLER: So?

GOLL: Who filed this story where its filed now?

SANDLER: What are you talking about?

GOLL: What's an open and shut murder case doing in the file of unsolved crimes? Who put it there? Was it misfiled - or was it? And if you read this story -- he never put it down in so many words -- but in every line, in every sentence almost, Ted Larkin ~~put down the words~~ <sup>implied</sup> "Watch out -- frame-up."

SANDLER: Maybe he'd been on this stuff too long.

GOLL: Not Larkin. He was quite a guy. You know that. He wouldn't ~~say~~ <sup>imply</sup> frame-up unless he meant frame-up. Remember what Larkin used to say about the guys in stir? He used to quote a piece of poetry -- Walt Whitman. Remember? "I am one with these convicts and felons." What about that?

SANDLER: Maybe it's good poetry, Ralphie, but it don't make a story.

GOLL: And if I prove that --

SANDLER: If, if, if, if, if. You print a paper with "if's." Knock off for a week. Take the political side. Lay off features. When you guys get to quoting poetry, brother!

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

NARR: You drop it, because orders are orders. But all that week it gnaws at you -- Ted Larkin's quote of Whitman. And then --

STANLEY: (~~OR ~~STANLEY~~~~) (~~OPEN LETTER - Pull out~~) Dear Ralph Goll: I've been reading your series about unsolved crimes and I only got one question to ask. Would you laugh if a fellow said "25 years ago I was framed". If you would, tear this up, don't read no more. But if you are a decent guy like Ted Larkin was (he once worked on your paper, interviewed me, then I got something to say. My name is Tony Stanley,...

(MUSIC: -- -- IN WITH -- --)

NARR: Just one of those things that happen -- one of the fantastic coincidences that make up life:

GOLL: Well Sandler?

SANDLER: (ANNOYED) Go ahead if you want to. Go ahead. I don't care.

GOLL: All I want to do, is go up and see the guy at Marquette.

SANDLER: I told you go ahead. (MOCKING) "I am one with the convicts and felons"!

(MUSIC: -- -- BRIDGE)

(~~STANLEY IS FUTTERING WITH FLOWERS IN A PRISON GARDEN~~)

STANLEY: I thought first I'll grow azaleas, hyacinths, maybe some of them little zinnias. But nothing grows up here. Nothing. ~~You can work 8, 10 hours a day and all you get is geraniums maybe -- maybe morning glories come up.~~  
Bad soil.

GOLL: I'd like to talk about your letter, Mr. Stanley.

STANLEY: <sup>Sometimes</sup> ~~grow~~ Morning glories ~~to about as tough as anything and they grow big too.~~ Some 6, 7 feet high. You like them.

GOLL: (DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY) Yeah, they're nice.

STANLEY: <sup>Mr. Goll, when</sup> (INTENSE) ~~Because~~ a guy gets somebody to believe in him just a little bit, he don't want it to be over with right away. I had this experience ten times maybe. Somebody gets a little bit interested (~~three years ago there was a B. A. from Rockland County~~). You learn not to talk about it all at once, 'cause it'll bust out of you and disappear maybe if you do that. ~~So that's why I---~~ you understand?

GOLL: Sure.

STANLEY: ~~I got nothing to say besides what I wrote you. I was getting drunk, free drinks. How did I know where I was?~~ Who cares about a broken down bum on Skid Row? Who cares about the shoulder bag or the cotton or the gun or sardine cans? (STRONG NOW, POSITIVE) I'll tell you who cares. Former Chief of Detectives Tom Vinton cares. He cares a lot. He's the one sent me up. Framed me. Used my face to get where he was going. Did you know that scum?

NARR: (IN VERY CLOSE) You remember the name of Tom Vinton. You remember the cop on the beat, Tom Vinton. You remember he got a conviction (the Stanley case); you remember he got another (Sgt. Vinton by now), and another and another: Skid Row bums, nameless people. He became Lieutenants of Detectives. The big round up of Michigan Avenue dives and then -- Chief of Detectives Thomas J. Vinton. Then --

GOLL: (BURSTING IN ON HIS OWN THOUGHTS) Vinton got sent up for framing two guys. Caught at it! Right?

STANLEY: That scum.

GOLL: (BUILDING) He's right in this jail now. He was behind it? He did the whole thing, is that it? Vinton?

STANLEY: ~~I'd like to raise some azuleas, hyacinths and maybe a couple of daisies.~~ (EASILY NOW) The only thing I ever smile about, the only thing, is I know where that <sup>SCUM</sup> dog is. He's sitting ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> there ~~over~~ <sup>across the yard</sup> see? Right ~~over~~ <sup>in</sup> there ~~in~~ solitary -- (BITTER) for the rest of his natural life!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ BRIDGE)

(CELL DOOR UNLOCKED AND OPENED)

GUARD: You got five minutes. Don't get too close to him.

GOLL: Thanks.

(A COUPLE OF SHUFFLING STEPS)

GOLL: (FLAT VOICED) Vinton.

VINTON: (REACTING WILDLY) I told them no visitors. Who's that? Get out. Leave me alone. Don't come near me!

GOLL: I'm Ralph Goll of the Free Press -- reporter.

VINTON: I said I don't want to see anybody. Never. Leave me alone. Don't come near me.

GOLL: I ~~am not~~ <sup>am not</sup> going to touch you. (WITH DISGUST) I wouldn't touch you.

VINTON: (HE IS SLIGHTLY MAD) You don't know. Nobody knows. They think because you're in solitary, because you got bars on the cell -- you think you're safe, huh? Well, look at this -- my neck. Got me with a spoon, one of the trust <sup>ies</sup> ~~ies~~: ~~Look at this, all up and down my leg here.~~ Look at it. I was out in the yard and (I was out there 15 seconds and no more) and a shovel came flying at me. ~~and it hit me in the head!~~ You think you're safe, but they get you. (MORE)



VINTON: (PETTIFULLY) They'll kill me. They'll kill me -- I  
(CONT) know it. I pleaded with the Warden. I got down on my  
knees. I told him "Send me somewhere else."

GOLL: You framed a lot of guys, didn't you, Vinton? You got  
to be Chief stepping on a lot of people's faces, didn't  
you? ~~Standing on a lot of guy's shoulders?~~ (SHARPLY NOW)  
What about Tony Stanley? What about the Sylvan Gardens  
killing?

VINTON: (STARTS LAUGHING) That's all I need -- to talk, to say  
it. That's all I need. Then it would get around that  
I said it, that I framed a guy, that I said I did it -  
just once. You know what they would do? They would  
move in on me. They would squeeze me. What they did  
before would be like nothing if they heard I told in one  
case; they'd make me tell them all. (BEATEN) Just get  
out of here.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_IN WITH NARRATOR)

NARR: But in the horror, in the incredible foulness of a  
completely corrupt human being, one simple fact emerges.  
Tony Stanley was framed 25 years ago, and you feel the  
phrase of Walt Whitman's as never before.

GOLL: (TO HIMSELF) "I am one with the convicts and felons." Now  
prove it. <sup>Goll</sup> Prove you mean it.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_UE TO TAG THE ACT)  
(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #153

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 Ralph Goll as he lived it and wrote it.

MARR: You, Ralph Goll, Feature Writer, for the Detroit Free Press ponder the biggest question you've had in your reporter's life -- how to reopen a case 25 years dead. (PAUSE) You begin at Detroit Police Headquarters. The mugging shots (routine pictures taken), the history of the criminal, the ~~psychiatrist's~~ <sup>psychologist's</sup> report -- all yellowed, frayed, all very unsubstantial bits of paper.....

GOLL: ~~(TALKING TO A COP WHO IS NOT IN THE LEAST BIT INTERESTED. HE TRIES HIS IDEAS OUT ON THE COP)~~ Look at that picture. Would you say that guy was a murderer ~~and~~ murderer and ~~more?~~ Hey, <sup>Sarge</sup> Benson!

COP: ~~Didn't you ever read about the guy knocked off his wife, mother-in-law, father-in-law and two friends, those were some cold-blooded~~

GOLL: ~~I know.~~ But look at this. "No previous arrest, no previous record." Not even a minor narcotics rap. Nothing.

COP: <sup>Liska</sup> A One of the nicest <sup>Murderers</sup> ~~ones~~ I ever met never made a single wrong move -- not even one - until the day he blew up his family. Killed his wife and six kids.

GOLL: You're in form today. (BACK AT HIS RESEARCH) Here's what I don't get. No bag was ever found, no gun. The girl testified the murderer was six feet tall and Stanley's no better than five six, five seven. And listen to this <sup>part of</sup> (READING) "<sup>the</sup> ~~Report of~~ Psychologist's <sup>report</sup> ~~Subject has a negative but pleasant personality, possibly mild inferiority complex, common in semi-advanced alcoholic cases.~~

COP: ~~What's inferiority complex?~~ <sup>Psychologists?</sup> ~~It adds up.~~ Brother, you go on up to Marquette some day. Give some of them intelligence tests etc. to the guys in cell-block T. They'll knock over most of them professors -- any time. ~~It adds up!~~ ~~Complexes! Fraud!~~ Don't tell me you believe that stuff.

(MUSIC: ~~UP~~ ~~IN THE BACKGROUND~~ . . .)

NARR: Where do you go to find corroboration on a 25 year old crime? Where? Skid Row? The Michigan Avenue dives? Who would remember? Well -- maybe somebody would. (PAUSE) The old guy who's been selling papers for 37 years at the ~~old kiosk~~ <sup>corner</sup> -- He remembers.

JOE: ~~Oh, yeah, that's all, all a story. Big story, big stuff. --~~  
Bim, bam, booff. Like yesterday. Like the palm of my hand. Sure thing. What was his name?

~~GOIN:~~ ~~Stanley.~~

JOE: Stanley? (CACKLES) Ain't he the guy went over to Africa, found that other guy? Remember -- "Mr. Stanley, Dr. Livingstone." What did he do now, get himself lost?

(MUSIC: TRACE, SEGUE INTO MISSION MUSIC ON THE ORGAN)

NARR: The Mission of The Friendly Heart, as old as Detroit's waterfront almost, with characters that go with the place - been there for decades. But the organist doesn't ~~know~~ <sup>remember</sup>, and the guy who passes the plate around doesn't ~~know~~ <sup>remember</sup>, nor the man who stands up and speaks of the brotherhood of derelicts. But one does. Incredibly, one does. One who steps off from the platform, gets his bowl of soup and talks.

ONE: (WHEN NARR. HAS FINISHED SPEAKING) Yeah, him and me liked the same thing - flowers. ~~At Marquette I told him we were~~ ~~wasting his time, but that's the way he wanted it so we~~ ~~tried -- azaleas, hyacinths and all that, but it never~~ ~~worked. Ground was no good.~~ Saddest little guy in the whole world. Framed neat-like a picture. Framed, strung up on a wall. Saddest little guy in the world. How do I know? I know. Prove it. Hmhf. Prove that a dead guy's dead. ~~Here~~ he's dead, that's all --

(MUSIC: -- TRACE . . . THEN UNDER)

NARR: Nothing and a seri<sup>es</sup> of nothings. Nothing and nothing compounded. In Pontiac, nearby, where the trial was held (because Sylvan Gardens is in Rockland County), you get the compounding of nothing ....

CLERK: Just a minute young man - one question at a time. The judge? Well he died 11 years ago. Heart attack. And the prosecuting attorney. That was Botwin. He was a major in the infantry. Died at Guadaconal.

GOLL: What about the jurors?

CLERK: Jurors? You can search all over America, spend the next 50 years. You might find one. I doubt that.

(MUSIC: A TRACE)

NARR: But miraculously, in only six months, you actually find one. Juror #7.

(MUSIC: -- ~~OUT~~ . . . . .)

JUROR: You say I served? Well, maybe I served; I guess I did. It's so long ago. Stanley? Isn't that funny, I can't remember a thing. You send a man up for the rest of his life and you can't remember a thing. Oh -- Oh, wasn't there a Sheriff? There was something about a Sherriff. Something. I don't remember what.

(MUSIC: -- ~~TRACE~~ cut aff)

GIRL II: (SADLY) The Sheriff was my father. I don't mind speaking of it. He said (I was there) at the time he died, he said: "Tony Stanley never had a chance."

GOLL: Your father -- (HE HESITATES) -- I mean --

GIRL II: I don't mind if you say it. He took his own life. I think he did it because of what he was made to do about Tony Stanley. He said, just before he died, "That poor little guy, he never had a chance. Framed from the word go. Tom Vinton's work."

(MUSIC: -- GETS EXCITED. STARTS RISING. IN THE MIDDLE OF NARRATION STOPS AS INDICATED)

NARR: Now the blood begins pounding within you. The first real basis for a reversal. Something tangible, not slipping through your fingers; A deposition from the daughter of the Sheriff who killed himself because of the Stanley case. Get the proceedings, get the transcripts. You ~~get~~ get them.

(~~MUSIC~~: -- etc ...)

And it's worse. It's worse than if you had found nothing because --

GOLL: (VIOLENT) What do you mean they've never been transcribed? They must have been transcribed sometime, somewhere.

CLERK: Look, Mister, that's all I know. Those notes in the handwriting of the <sup>Court</sup> steno, they never were transcribed and that system he used was his own private system. There ain't a soul alive that I ever heard of could make sense of them.

GOLL: That's impossible. A stenos notes can be read.

CLERK: Well, you try it, mister. Six other people tried it. You know how far they got?

(MUSIC: -- QUICK BRIDGE ...)

EXPERT: (POMPOUS) I have studied the notes, Mr. Goll, and ~~I can~~  
~~state to you categorically, these notes~~ <sup>they</sup> can be transcribed.  
The task will take, roughly, six months. The cost --  
(JUDICIOUSLY) -- would fifteen hundred dollars be too much.

GOLL: ~~Stop it. For heavens sake, stop it.~~  
<sup>Are you kidding?</sup>

EXPERT: Short of that, I couldn't help you.

GOLL: Is there anything in there? Can you tell me anything about  
the hearings at all?

EXPERT: I spent the time on one section, that dealing with the  
witness Edna Percelle, ~~the girl who was -- you know --~~

GOLL: ~~The one he didn't kill.~~

EXPERT: (GOING ON) And on the basis of my difficulty with this  
section, I made my estimate. There is incidentally, a  
bill of fifty dollars.

GOLL: Can you give me her address at least?

EXPERT: Of course. (PAUSE) You'll handle the bill ...?

(MUSIC: -- UP... UNDER...)

NARR: One slim hope, a girl. Edna Percelle is her name. Is it  
still the same? Is she still in Detroit? Will she  
remember? Where can you find her? You've got this far,  
so you keep going. And in the City Directory for 1929,  
you learn --

GOLL: (READING) Edna Percelle married Henry Stamper, June 7th  
etc. etc. (EXCITED) 1262 Euclid Avenue!

(MUSIC: -- HITS... BRIDGES)

EDNA: (MATURE WOMAN NOW) Do you want to repeat that please,  
Mr. Goll?



GOLL: I just want to know, Mrs. Stamper, if you can remember anything at all about an incident -- 26 years ago. The 4th of July?

EDNA: (KNOWS VERY WELL WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT, BUT WANTS TO POSE HER PROBLEM. HER ATTITUDE IS VERY SYMPATHETIC) Mr. Goll, I started teaching school about -- oh, 20 years ago. ~~(WITH SOME HUMOR) You know just how old I am now, don't you?~~ And one of the teachers at the school ~~I worked in~~ ~~(he taught mathematics)~~ was very kind to me. He was a slightly older man, very understanding: Mr. Stamper. ~~I think he was the most patient man on earth.~~ We went around together seven years before he ~~asked me to~~ ~~asked me to~~ ~~be asked the question, "will you marry me".~~ <sup>asked me to</sup> <sup>marry him</sup> (I never told him anything, I can't. I never talked about it to anyone.) And then Ellen was born ~~(Ellen's my oldest, she's getting out of college this month),~~ and Jimmy, and Donna ~~(Donna's nine.)~~ I've got my children, husband, this house. -- I do the usual things that a woman does, and I paint a little. ~~Now what did you want me to say? What do you want~~

~~me to do~~ (PAUSE) What do you want, Mr. Goll?  
(Music: IN WITH)

NARR: (IN VERY CLOSE) You're here, Ralph Goll. It's the moment and the place, but you don't ask. You don't pursue the line you've been pursuing for over a year? Why? Because here is the girl herself, now a woman. The horror is ~~past~~ and behind her. A life has been built, a structure, a family. <sup>Can you upset all this by bringing up the past now?</sup> You must ask <sup>yourself</sup> whether the innocence of one man is more urgent than the lives of five people.

(MORE)

~~NARR: What happens if this is suddenly burst open in this quiet home? What happens to Ellen graduating from college, and Jimmy and Donna and Mr. Stamper? And what happens to the girl who was Edna? And you think "the end of the road, no more questions." You can't do it. And so you say --~~

GOLL: It's okay, Mrs. Stamper. It's not important. It's not that important.

~~NARR: (SAME) But she looks at you as you get up to go, as you stand almost in the doorway, and speaks -- a full life in one sentence.~~

EDNA: <sup>Mr. Goll</sup>  
A Who's important? ~~Mr. Goll~~ Which one of us? Which one of us is or isn't? Don't think I don't appreciate that you didn't ask me, but I want to talk. ~~I think I've gotten~~  
~~Because all these years (I've read your articles, all of them),~~ all these years I wondered. Did I lend myself, in a moment of hysteria, to the frame-up of an innocent man? Did I identify the wrong man? And I think now I did. If you'll <sup>just</sup> let me get my coat and let me leave a note for Mr. Stamper, I'll be right with you.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP FULL, THEN UNDER)

~~NARR: There are two last t's to be dotted, two t's to be crossed. One is Tom Vinton.~~

~~WILSON: Stay away. I don't care. No matter what, I don't care. Stay away. You came from them I can tell. You came here to do their work, to kill me. Stay away. Guard! Guard! Guard!~~

(MUSIC: \_ \_ SHORT STING AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~And the second, a different kind of I, another kind of I,~~  
with Anthony Stanley walking down a street -- now walking  
down a street in free air in Detroit. After 26 years.

STANLEY: The best thing about it is (I mean the job), I get off  
3 o'clock and you know the 3rd Street Griddle? (I got a  
room above it.) The barkeep lets me fiddle around in the  
back yard. Rich brown earth. Come back next Spring.  
I'll show you Azaleas, hyacinths, maybe some of them  
zinnias even. (PAUSE) Hey, fellow - Ralph, no kidding.  
~~Thanks.~~

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG . . .)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Ralph  
Goll of the Detroit Free Press with the final outcome  
of tonight's BIG STORY.

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #153

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 Ralph Goll of the Detroit Free Press.

GOLL: <sup>Cooperation of Edna plus</sup> ~~On~~ ~~the~~ ~~of~~ my series ~~on tonight's~~ Big Story<sup>ies</sup>, and ~~the~~ ~~of~~ recommendation of Circuit bench of Rockland County,

~~all led the~~ Governor of Michigan <sup>to</sup> issued a commutation of Stanley's sentence. Stanley is a useful citizen today, earning decent living in large factory in Detroit. Tom Vinton, although never directly connected with crime of framing Stanley, will surely die a prisoner in Marquette prison. My sincere appreciation for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Goll ... 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.

(PAUSE)

CHAPPELL: Ladies and gentlemen ... here is the inside story of a recent Big Story, solved by Frank Sturken, reporter for the Bismarck/<sup>North</sup>Dakota Tribune. After the broadcast a Mrs. A. D. Titsworth of Maplewood, New Jersey, telephoned requesting Mr. Sturken's address. Yesterday Mrs. Titsworth arrived in San Francisco for a visit with Frank Sturken, her brother whom she had believed dead for the past 38 years. Pell Mell is pleased to have played a part in this happy reunion.

- 24A -

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY - A BIG STORY from the front pages of the Portland ~~Oregonian~~ Oregonian - by-line, Edward M. Miller. A BIG STORY that began when a happy young kid in a battered-up Chevy

(CAR UNDER)

was driving around to see the country and reached the climax when he stopped to pick up a hitchhiker

(CAR STOP - DOOR OPEN)

named Death.

(DOOR CLOSING)

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

ATX01 0170677

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 Detroit Free Press. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Nat Polen played the part of Ralph Goll. 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. Goll.

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

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

In your community, as all over the United States, the Red Cross renders services that are vital to health and welfare. Today, on Red Cross Day, remember that these services continue to be needed. You may help - all may help - through the Red Cross.

(MUSIC: -- -- THEME) -- --

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

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 Detroit Free Press. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Nat Polen played the part of Ralph Goll. 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. Goll.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)\_

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

In your community, as all over the United States, the Red Cross renders services that are vital to health and welfare. Today, on Red Cross Day, remember that these services continue to be needed. You may help - all may help - through the Red Cross.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_THEME) \_ \_

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



THE BIG STORY

AS BROADCAST

PROGRAM 154

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
GLORIA	ROLLY BESTOR
MILLER	CORT BENSON
MAN	CORT BENSON
COP	SANTOS ORTEGA
MAN <del>IV</del> IV	SANTOS ORTEGA
COLONEL	BOB DRYDEN
MAN II	BOB DRYDEN
YOUNG GUY	MICHAEL O'DAY
OLD TIMER	MICHAEL O'DAY
OLD CLERK	JIM BOLES
EDITOR	JIM BOLES
DRIVER	BOB READICK
POOR MAN	BOB READICK
MAKE-UP MAN	JESSE WHITE
BRAGGART	JESSE WHITE
MAN <del>IV</del> IV	BOB SLOANE

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8, 1950

ATX01 0170680

NEC AND NET

THE BIG STORY

#154

10:00 - 10:30 PM

MARCH 8, 1950

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: \_ FANFARE)

(CAR UP, DOWN BEHIND)

DRIVER: Sure! You're about the twenty-second hitch-hiker I've picked up on this trip!

COLONEL: Twenty-second, son? You must have come a far way!

DRIVER: (PROUD) All the way from Brooklyn. And a guy gets lonesome on the road.

COLONEL: Well, laddie-buck, that's only natural. (EARNEST) But you want to be careful.

DRIVER: Huh?

COLONEL: You want to be mighty careful who you pick up, me bucko. Course, I'm all right. You can trust the old Colonel, laddie. But you got to be awful careful who you pick up along the road.

DRIVER: For Pets's sake -- why?

COLONEL: Why? Because you might get robbed -- that why! Or even killed -- yessireebob!

DRIVER: Robbed? Killed? Me? Are you kiddin? (LAUGHTER INTO)\*

(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) Portland, Oregon. From the pages of the Oregonian, the story of an editor who used a whole page -- to find a killer. (MORE)

ATK01 0170681

-2-

CHAPPELL: And for his work -- to Edward M. Miller for his BIG STORY  
(CONT'D) goes the PELL MELL AWARD!

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL

ATK01 0170682

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 & UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Portland, Oregon -- the story as it actually happened.  
Edward Miller's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: You, Edward Miller, are no legman, no newshound, no beat-  
pounder. No. You're just -- automobile editor.  
Course, you've got a whole Sunday section to yourself --  
full of tourist information, and highway data, and AAA  
handouts -- and ads. . . But hot news? That's for the  
front-page boys. Just the same -- you have a front page too  
-- of Section Five, the auto <sup>include</sup> section. And it's that  
particular section you're having the argument about now.  
You say --

MILLER: I want the whole front page! The whole page!

NARR: And the managing editor says --

EDITOR: For one story? No!

MILLER: Look, boss. Let me show you my layout. At least  
listen to me!

EDITOR: All right. But it better be good!

(MUSIC: IN WITH)

NARR: It is good -- even if you -- who did it -- say so yourself.  
You lay the whole thing out on his desk -- and all  
for one page.-- one story. With ----

MILLER: Pictures, of course. And what's more -- a map. I'm  
stringing the map clear across the top of the page --

EDITOR: Where'd you get it? *Eddie?*

MILLER: The police helped me work it up. Boss --- that map traces  
the whole story -- just as it happened! You see --

EDITOR: Wait. What's this?

MILLER: That's a picture of the spot the body was found in.

EDITOR: And this?

MILLER: That's a picture of the murdered kid.

EDITOR: Hmmm. What goes in here?

MILLER: Photostats of the signatures on the travelers' checks.

(PAUSE) What do you say, boss?

EDITOR: I still say it's too much of a layout for a six-month old story <sup>Eddie</sup>

MILLER: A murder, boss -- an unsolved murder!

EDITOR: But a whole front page! Can't you cut it down?

MILLER: Not one word.

EDITOR: Well! Aren't you confident!

MILLER: Frankly -- yes. The hitch-hiker who murdered that kid is still somewhere around -- and this is the first time the story's been told in full. If he's anywhere around Portland -- this will help bring him in.

EDITOR: You hope.

MILLER: I sure do. (PAUSE) For the last time, boss -- what do you say? It's on the stone, ready to lock up.

What do you say?

EDITOR: For the last time ---- (PAUSE) Oh, go ahead. It's only the automobile section!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER)

MARR: Only the automobile section. Huh. For six months you have been getting the pieces of this particular layout - and now as the make-up man locks up the type --

MAKEUP MAN: <sup>Eddie</sup> ~~Mr. Miller~~ -- where do you want this to go on the page?

MILLER: The photostats of the travelers <sup>checks</sup> ~~sections~~? No - that goes over on the jump page.

MAKEUP MAN: I could make room on the front page.

MILLER: No. The whole point of the story is in that photostat.  
I want it to go at the end of the story - because the last  
thing I say in the yarn is - have you seen this signature  
before!

(MUSIC: -- SHORT STING AND INTO)

(PRESS STARTS BUILDS GOES BEHIND)

NARR: And now - the press is rolling. And as the Sunday  
Oregonian begins to hit the streets - you keep your  
fingers crossed. For - without actually knowing you have  
told how the murder was done. And having asked ~~that~~ *the*  
question -

MILLER: Have you seen this signature before?

NARR: You hope somebody will come forward and say - yes. And  
prove, somehow the truth of the story you have told. This  
story!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND DOWN INTO)

(CAR UP SLOWS DOWN FOR)

(CAR STOPS)

DRIVER: (ABOUT 21, NICE, BROOKLYN) Want a lift, fella?

MAN: (ABOUT 30. WESTERN) Sure could use one.

DRIVER: Well -- hop in. I'll take you as far as Yellowstone.

MAN: Aw, that'd be swell! I'm headin' for Boise, Idaho.

(CAR UP AND AWAY)

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH)

NARR: A Brooklyn kid with a beat-up Chevvie gets up a couple of  
hundred dollars and takes off to see the country. Picks up  
hitch-hikers along the way. Likes to talk to people. Lots  
of hitch-hikers.... Learns something from all of them....

(CAR UP, DOWN)

MAN: I make my living followin the crops. Wherever it grows,  
I harvest it, or pick it, or husk it, or rake it. Yes sir.

(CAR UP INTO)

(MUSIC: STING)

(CAR UP UNDER)

MAN II: Why sure son, used to be buffalo out here so thick you  
couldn't see the ground for ten miles around - gone now -  
all gone now.

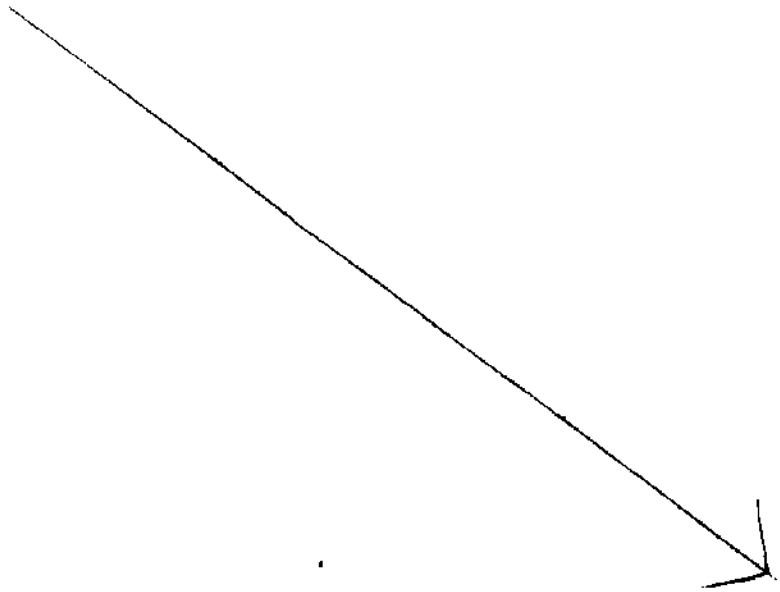
(CAR UP INTO)

(MUSIC: STING)

(CAR UP UNDER)

MAN IV: There y'ar look out that way. See them snow capped  
mountains over there? Look like they're only aways down  
the road but you'll travel a night and day before you'll  
reach them m'bcy. Your looking at the Rockies - the  
great Continental Divide.

(CAR UP INTO)





(CAR UP, DOWN)

MAN: Yess sir, I make my livin' followin' the crops. Whenever it grows, I harvest it, or pick it, or husk it, or rake it. Yes sir.

(CAR UP, DOWN)

MAN 2: (VERY OLD) Why sure. Used to be buffalo out here. Gone now. All gone now. Say - see them snowcap mountains, over there? Son -- you're lookin' at the Rockies -- the great Continental Divide!

~~(CAR UP AND DOWN INTO)~~

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH )

NARR: Yep. Just a young American from the East learning about America the right way -- seeing its mighty stretch from ocean to ocean. And never dreaming his big country was so wonderful!

MAN III: Just travelin', eh?

DRIVER: Yes sir. I've seen the Alleghenies, and the Great Lakes, and the Mississippi, and now I'm going to see Yellowstone!

MAN:II: (AMUSED) And then what?

DRIVER: Why, I'll go right on to the Pacific and see those big trees, and the ocean, and then drive down the coast and maybe see the movie stars, and then ---- (HE LAUGHS)

MAN II: What you laughin' at, son?

DRIVER: Oh, I was just thinking. By the time I get to California, I'll be broke myself.

MAN III: Then what'll ye do?

DRIVER: Why, I'll sell the car and hitch-hike back myself. You know, this'll maybe be the last time in my life I'll ever see my own country -- and I want to see it all. (PAUSE)  
(MORE)

DRIVER: Gee. What a place this country is -- what a great, big,  
(CONT'D) walloping son of a gun of a place it is!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO BRAVELY AND TENDERLY UNDER)

NARR: Yeah -- just a Brooklyn American seeing beyond  
the East River for the first time in his life. And --  
the last. For among the hitch-hikers he picked up--  
the old-timers ----

OLD-TIMER: (QUAVER) Yes sir. Ye kin still see the faint green  
outline o' the tracks the kivered waggons cut across  
the plains, if ye look real hard.

NARR: The braggarts -----

BRAGGART: I've drove steel in Pittsburg, herded stock in Wyoming --  
thinned beets in Imperial Valley, dug coal in Kentucky  
-- chopped cotton in Alabama -- and loved 'em and left 'em  
all over the map!

NARR: And the poor --

POOR MAN: (QUIET) I thank ye for the ride, son. I thank ye for the  
grub ye staked me to. I thank ye kindly, and wish ye  
Godspeed.

NARR: Among the raggie-taggle of the long road, Route Six,  
Route 66, the Lincoln Highway, the long lines, that join  
the oceans -- the kid picked up one----- rat. And you,  
Edward Miller, picked up one story for your paper, down  
at police headquarters.

MILLER: Shot, you say, Lieutenant?

COP: <sup>Yes, Mr. Miller</sup>  
~~Three~~ Three thirty-eight caliber bullets in his back.  
Thought you, as auto <sup>mobile</sup> editor, could use the story best,  
because you've been crusading against picking up  
hitch-hikers.

MILLER: You think it was a hitch-hiker that did it?

COP: Yes. Oh - by the way we identified the body from a Yellowstone Park entrance stub in his pocket ---

MILLER: Was there anything else in the pockets?

COP: No. No. wallet -- no laundry marks or labels in his clothes even. Obviously robbery was the motive. But through that park stub, we got his name ---

MILLER: Sam Tannen, Brooklyn. Twenty-two. Poor kid. Out to see the country.

COP: Yep. <sup>Mr. Miller</sup> We've talked with many people he picked up -- got a perfect picture of him. But there's one man who hasn't come in.

MILLER: The killer?

COP: The killer, right. The man who forged the kid's name to his travelers' checks...the man who took his car and sold it in Boise, Idaho. The <sup>guy</sup> ~~man~~ who left the <sup>man</sup> ~~guy~~ who was decent enough to pick him up on a lonesome road -- lying beside that road -- dead. So -- go ahead on the story, <sup>Mr. Miller</sup> Do what you can for us -- and we'll do what we can for you!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO)

NARR: It isn't for the police you do it. It isn't for yourself you do it --- it's for the kid who never reached the Pacific that you went to bat with the boss. And now, studying the layout, as the papers come from the press and go out in bundles, you wonder if you've done right.

MILLER: The whole thing is, boss -- the killer cashed Tannen's checks all over the Northwest. That's why I reproduced the signatures.

EDITOR: I don't follow you, exactly.

MILLER: Well -- if anybody remembers a Sam Tannen cashing a check -- and compares what he remembers with the picture of the actual Sam Tannen -- we might --

YOUNG GUY: (COMING UP) Excuse me --

MILLER: Yes?

YOUNG GUY: They said downstairs you were the man who wrote this story.

MILLER: Yes. Who're you?

YOUNG GUY: Well -- I'm a newsboy for the paper. I mean -- I thought I'd pick up a bundle and see if I could sell them. And --

MILLER: Just a minute. What do you mean, you thought you could. Aren't you a regular?

young guy: No sir, I just rolled into town. That's why I want to talk to you. (PAUSE) You see -- I'm from Idaho, I hitch-hiked here.

MILLER: You're a hitch-hiker?

YOUNG GUY: Yes sir. (PAUSE) And -- this guy in the paper. (PAUSE) I rode with him. Honest.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER)  
(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #154

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH -- THROAT-SCRATCH -- THROAT-SCRATCH!

CHAPPELL: Guard againt 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 ~~now~~ to your narrator and the Big Story of Edward Miller .. as he lived it and wrote it.

NARRATOR: You, Edward Miller, are not the super-super flash-flash type newsman. So, when in the course of a story on a hitch-hike murder, a young guy turns up saying --

YOUNG GUY: You see - I'm a hitch-hiker. And I rode with the murdered guy -- honest --

NARRATOR: It is characteristic neither of you nor your paper -- nor for that matter of good newswork anywhere -- to lock up the witness for yourself. Sure, you want the story. Sure, you want the killer. Just the same -- the police want this kind of witness. And -- they get him.

(~~MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ UP AND AWAY~~).

COP: All right <sup>Kid</sup> -- why did you wait so long to turn up?

YOUNG GUY: I told you, <sup>it</sup> I told you! I never knew anything about the guy bein' killed till I saw it in the paper!

MILLER: Are you sure?

YOUNG GUY: Honest! <sup>Mr. Miller</sup> Gee -- would I say anything at all if I had anything to be scared of?

COP: You say you rode three days with Tannen?

YOUNG GUY: Yes sir. And he was a swell guy. Took me thirty miles off his route to drop me off home. Gee -- you think I killed him?

COP: Well -- somebody did.

YOUNG GUY: I bet it was the Colonel.

COP: The who?

YOUNG GUY: The Colonel. At least he said he was a Colonel. We were ridin' along on the other side of Yellowstone before ~~he~~<sup>they</sup> dropped me off home...

(SNEAK CAR UP, FADE YOUNG GUY)

...and we saw this funny character in the road...wavin'..

(AS CAR COMES UP AND DOWN UNDER)

DRIVER: Look at that character. Let's pick him up, huh?

YOUNG GUY: Okay by me. It's your car.

(AS CAR SLOWS DOWN)

What's he made up for?

(AS CAR STOPS)

DRIVER: Beats me. (UP) Hey -- want a lift?

COLONEL: (OFF COMING ON) That I do, laddie-buck, that I do! Goin' far?

DRIVER: Far as Portland, why?

COLONEL: So'm I, son, so'm I.

(DOOR OPENS, SLAMS)

Can't mess with short hitches. Turned down three of 'em already. But Portland -- that's fine! Let 'er rip!

(CAR UP AND DOWN BEHIND)

YOUNG GUY: He was a real loony. He was wearin' a soldier's hat, carryin' a funny cane, and sportin' a chest full of medals. And he had a story for every one!

COLONEL: Yes sir! There I was - alone -- facing a whole platoon of Boche. Nothing to do but brazen it out, my lads, nothing to do but brazen it out. I saw them -- they saw me. Had to think fast -- so I turned my back on them --

DRIVER: Y'mean right in the middle of the battlefield?

COLONEL: Yessireebob! Turned my back on the lot and hollered --  
(HE DOES SO) All right men -- hold your fire while they  
surrender! And -- they did.

DRIVER: Understood English, did they?

COLONEL: They -- ah -- they must have, eh? Anyhow, that's how I  
won the Croix de Guerre -- with palms, my buckoes, with  
palms!

(CAR UP AND AWAY)

YOUNG GUY: Phoney as a three dollar bill. <sup>Mr. Miller</sup> Said he was headin' for  
the American Legion convention. Boy -- if he was a  
Colonel -- I'm General Pershing!

MILLER: Well -- what makes you say he might have killed Tannen?

YOUNG GUY: Rules of the road.

MILLER: How's that again?

YOUNG GUY: Rules of the road. Hitch-hiker's code, sort of. Don't  
take anything from the guy who gives you a lift. I mean,  
like letting him pay for your grub, unless he insists,  
you know? And never, never, never hit him for a loan.

MILLER: And this "Colonel" did?

YOUNG GUY: Did he! Five minutes after he got in, he was touchin'  
the Brooklyn guy for a buck! And I seen him through  
the rear <sup>view</sup> mirror, tryin' the lock on Tannen's valise,  
in the back.

COP: You actually saw that?

YOUNG GUY: Yes sir. <sup>It</sup> Honest -- he wasn't a hitch-hiker! He was  
a bum!

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



NARR: And so the alarm goes out for a portly phony, self-titled "The Colonel," red of face, loud of mouth, and slick of hand. And speaking of red faces -- that describes yours exactly two hours later. For when the police call you back, there in headquarters is --

COP: The Colonel, Mr Miller -- in person. Colonel -- tell Mr Miller what you told us.

COLONEL: By all means, Captain, by all--

COP: Lieutenant to you --

COLONEL: By all means, Lieutenant. You see, there were two of us in the car. Besides the driver, that is --

MILLER: That I know.

COLONEL: Well, the minute I set eyes on this other lad, I said to myself, I said -- "There is no honest hitch-hiker. There-- if my military experience means anything ---"

COP: Look, Colonel -- you can drop that guff around here. Just tell the story straight.

COLONEL: (COMPLETE SWITCH) Sure. I took one look at this little weasel and sized him up for a rat. We'd change seats from time to time, and when he was in back, I watched him in the mirror --

MILLER: Oh? I suppose he fooled with the locks on Tannen's bags?

COLONEL: Mister -- you said a fistful. That's exactly what he did. How'd you know?

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

NARR: One of the two is a liar. The question is -- is one of the two hitch-hikers a killer? The answer is --

COP: We'll hold the both of them for further questioning.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ HIT AND GO QUICKLY FOR:)

COP: The trouble is, Mr Miller, it's hard to check the movements of hitch-hikers. One of these two may have been the last person to see Tannen alive -- but we need more than suspicion.

MILLER: Anyway -- we've got two suspects. And that's two more than we had before.

COP: Thanks to your story. But we can only hold them for twenty-four hours without preferring charges. Now --

(TELEPHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP)

COP: Lieutenant Swartwood. (PAUSE) Good. (PAUSE) Here in town? (PAUSE) Swell. Send him in!

(PHONE HUNG UP)

COP: That's a break -- again, thanks to your story.

MILLER: What's happened?

COP: A local hotel-keeper saw the photostats of the phony signatures --

MILLER: From Tannen's travelers' checks --

COP: <sup>Right</sup>~~Uh-hm~~. He's on his way up. Keep your fingers crossed.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE .. SHORT)

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

COP: Come in!

(DOOR OPENS)

COP: Come in, come in. I'm Lieutenant Swartwood. You say you recognize that signature from the paper?

OLD CLERK: Yes sir. Brought my register around with me.

COP: Let's see it.

OLD CLERK: Right there. August thirtieth. There's where he signed my book. Room 413. Yep.

COP: Compares perfectly with the photostat from the travelers' checks, doesn't it? *Mr. Miller*

MILLER: It sure does.

COP: Well -- here goes. Tell me, my friend -- could you recognize this man if you saw him again?

OLD CLERK: Well -- my eyes ain't so good, but I'd know him if I seen him. Yep. Guess I would.

COP: Well - we can try, anyway.

(CLICK OF TALK BOX)

COP: Hank -- send the Colonel up here.

(CLICK OFF)

COP: I'd like to impress on you, sir, that your identification might be instrumental in catching a killer.

OLD CLERK: I'll ~~take the~~ <sup>do my best</sup> chance, young feller.

(DOOR OPENS)

COP: (UP A BIT) All right, Colonel. Come on in.

(FOOTSTEPS)

COP: Just checking to see if they're treating you all right. Anything you need, Colonel?

COLONEL: I could use some smokes.

COP: Take these. (PAUSE) Well -- that's all.

(FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR. DOOR OPENS, SHUTS)

COP: Well?

OLD CLERK: Eh?

COP: That was one of the men we're holding. What do you say?

OLD CLERK: Never set eyes on him in my life. Sides, this Tannen feller was much younger.

COP: Oh. ~~Why didn't you say so?~~ <sup>Why you - eh?</sup>

(CLICK OF TALK BACK)

COP: Send up the other one.

(CLICK OFF)

COP: By the process of elimination, I imagine -- plus the fact that he's a younger man, you ought to do better on the other suspect.

OLD CLERK: Well. I'm willin' to try.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

COP: Come in.

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES. FOOTSTEPS)

COP: Come on in, son. Just checking to see if they're treating you all right downstairs. Anything you need?

YOUNG GUY: Yes sir.

COP: Speak up.

YOUNG GUY: Could I have some comic books?

COP: (~~DISGUSTED~~) All right. I'll send some down. ~~Take off!~~ <sup>with you</sup>

(FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR. DOOR OPENS, SHUTS)

COP: Well, what do you say, Pop?

OLD CLERK: That him?

COP: That's what I'm asking you!

OLD CLERK: Well -- it ain't him. Neither <sup>of</sup> of 'em is.

COP: Now Pop, you're absolutely sure about that? You said yourself your eyes weren't so good --

OLD CLERK: Well the first one had a red face and the second one had blonde hair. And the feller who signed my register had a pasty face and slick black hair. So they couldn't even of been him all rolled together into one!

COP: All right, Pop. You can go now.

(FOOTSTEPS TOWARD DOOR)

COP: Oh -- wait a minute.

OLD CLERK: Yessir?

COP: You wouldn't know if there was anybody else around  
the hotel who saw him?

OLD CLERK: Yessir, there was. Waitress named Gloria Cooney.  
(CHUCKLE) Took quite a shine to him, she did. (PAUSE)  
Well I be dog.

COP: What's the matter, Pop?

OLD CLERK: That Gloria --

COP: Yeah?

OLD CLERK: She up and quit waitressin'. And dog if she didn't  
quit, come to think on it, the same day that feller  
took off!

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

NARR: Two shakes of a telephone receiver later -- the alarm  
is out for said Gloria Cooney and companion. So far,  
your story has brought results -- and that's not all!  
Back in the Oregonian, there's a barrage of phone calls  
about the man whose signature you reproduced. All of  
these you ~~definitely~~ refer to Lieutenant Swartwood. And  
in return -- he takes you, half-an-hour later -- for a  
ride!

(CAR UP, DOWN)

MILLER: Going to LaGrande, eh? What's there?

COP: Gloria Cooney.

MILLER: Oh.

COP: Yep. Her mother told us.

MILLER: Man with her?

COP: That the mother didn't say. (PAUSE) Know what we're passing right now?

MILLER: Yes. (PAUSE) The spot where <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ body was found. (PAUSE) Lieutenant.

COP: Yeah?

MILLER: I hope there's a man with this -- Gloria Cooney.

COP: So do I, Mr Miller. So do I.

MILLER: If there is -- would you do me a favor?

COP: Sure. What?

MILLER: I mean, if the man is -- him.

COP: If I can. What's the favor? *Mr. Miller*

MILLER: *Drop the mister and will ya?*  
A Call me Eddie. That's the favor.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY WITH CAR DOWN BEHIND)

NARR: You park the police car up the block a ways, and find the Cooney house. House? Shack. A slattern among dwellings -- like the woman who answers the door.

GLORIA: Who'd you say you want?

COP: Family named Rooney.

GLORIA: Rooney. My name's Cooney -- there must be a mistake.

COP: ~~(AFTER A PAUSE) No. No mistake. We're looking for Rooney.~~

GLORIA: ~~Just a minute.~~ (PROJECTS) <sup>Hey!</sup> Honey -- you know anyone around here named Rooney?

COP: (LOW) <sup>1/2 here</sup> Stand back, Eddie. I'm going in. Out of my way, Gloria --

GLORIA: Why -- why you phony! You was looking for me! (A YELL)  
Look out, Mike -- he's got a gun!

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

NARR: But -- he doesn't have to use it.

(~~SNEAK SOUND OF AUTO UP AND UNDER~~)

Ten minutes later -- you are on your way back to Portland  
with <sup>Mike</sup> the killer, <sup>his</sup> girl -- and a nice Big Story you  
get by writing a <sup>feature</sup> ~~big story~~ for your automobile section.

(PAUSE) This one -- makes the front page.

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

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Edward  
Miller of the Portland Oregonian with the final outcome  
of tonight's BIG STORY.

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

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 Edward Miller of the Portland Oregonian.

MILLER: Parade of witnesses identified Gloria's friend as cashier of victim's travelers' checks. Murderer confessed to killing for robbery. <sup>After</sup> jury <sup>is</sup> ~~requested~~ unusual <sup>recommendation</sup> ~~was~~ sentenced <sup>to</sup> life imprisonment with no possibility of parole or pardon ~~it was granted~~. Police credited Oregonian with breaking case in tonight's Big Story. Many thanks for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

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

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY - A BIG STORY from the front pages of the Niagara Falls Gazette - by-line, Justin Riorden. A BIG STORY about a reporter who found the answer to a nightmare in a little boy's dream.

(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 Portland Oregonian. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Cort Benson played the part of Edward Miller. In order to protect the names of people actually involved in tonight's authentic BIG STORY the names of all characters in the dramatization were changed with the exception of the reporter, Mr Miller.

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

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

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

mjb/jow  
2/21/50 p.m.

ANNOUNCEMENT

RED CROSS

FOR USE ON: BIG STORY, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8, 1950 .....

ANNCR: During the past fiscal year, two hundred and twenty eight thousand persons received Red Cross assistance in three hundred and thirty disaster operations ~~at a cost of over six and a half million dollars.~~ Disaster relief is only a part of the great new program being launched by the Red Cross. In addition, your Red Cross maintains a blood bank, services for veterans and members of the Armed forces, and countless other community services. In order to continue this vital work, the Red Cross needs sixty seven million dollars this year. Support this great organization. Give generously. ALL MAY HELP THRU THE RED CROSS!

ATX01 0170706

THE BIG STORY

AS BROADCAST

PROGRAM #155

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
WOMAN	HAZEL LOGAN
WOMAN 2	HAZEL LOGAN
SONNY	MAURICE CAVELL
JUSTIN	LAWSON ZERKE
JOHNSON	RAY JOHNSON
FISK	BERNARD GRANT
WILT	BERNARD GRANT
MAX	WALTER GREAZA
CANTRELL	WALTER GREAZA
MAN	ELLIOT SULLIVAN
TIMMONS	ELLIOT SULLIVAN
DOGS	BRAD BARKER

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1950

ATX01 0170707

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#155

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

MARCH 15, 1950

WEDNESDAY

(JUSTIN RIORDEN: NIAGARA FALLS, NEW YORK GAZETTE)

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

NARR: In Niagara Falls, the city of honeymoons, at 5 ~~am~~ in the morning, a boy stirred (he was 8) -- and then he heard the sound, *of the window opening*

(STEPS, <sup>Window</sup> DOOR OPENS)

SONNY: (SEMI-WHISPER, HALF-ASLEEP) Daddy, that you? Daddy?

(THE DOOR SHUTS)

SONNY: ~~It's dark, I can't~~ -- Mommy?

FISSK: (MENACE, BUT SOFT) Shut up.

SONNY: ~~It's not~~ ? Mommy --

FISSK: (SAME WHISPER, MORE MENACE) Shut up. Turn over on your stomach, stick your head in the pillow, listen to me.

*This is* ~~It's~~ a dream, <sup>see</sup> that's what it is -- a bad dream. You didn't see anything. Turn over on your stomach and <sup>don't make a</sup> ~~screen~~ <sup>sound</sup> ~~in the pillow~~ because if you scream aloud, I'll take this shirt -- (PAUSE) *how die still* --

(DOOR OPENS, SHUTS)

SONNY: <sup>Mommy</sup> (SCREAMS INTO PILLOW, MUFFLED, HORRIFYING)

(MUSIC: -- RE-ECHOES THE STATEMENT, THEN SHARPLY OUT FOR...)

CHAPPELL: <sup>The Big Story</sup> 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) Niagara Falls, New York.

(MORE)

ATX01 0170708

- 2 -

CHAPPELL: The story of two dreams: one the wishing kind, the  
(CONTD) kind everyone likes; the other, a nightmare -- and of  
a reporter who lived through both. Tonight, to Justin  
Riorden of the Niagara Falls, ~~New York~~, Gazette, for  
his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL Award.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

RTX01 0170709

THE BIG STORY 3/15/50  
PROGRAM #155

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: -- THEME UP AND UNDER . . .)

CHAPPELL: Niagara Falls, New York, the story as it actually happened  
-- Justin Riorden's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: -- PUNCTUATES, GOES UNDER)

NARR: The first dream came to you, Justin Riordan, reporter, <sup>in the Niagara</sup>  
after a horrible day. Eddie Max, your City Editor, <sup>table reports</sup>  
beefed all morning, growled all afternoon, bit off your  
head that night. Nothing you did was right. You fell  
asleep and the dream went (as dreams will) like this:

(MUSIC: -- DREAM, HAPPY)

NARR: You were sitting at your desk --

(FILTER, TYPING)

NARR: (GOING ON) You were sitting at your desk, you dreamt,  
typing the yarn. Eddie Max was waiting with bated  
breath to read the last paragraph.

(FILTER, PAPER WIPED OUT OF TYPEWRITER)

NARR: You handed it to him and smiled -- a Pulitzer Prize  
smile.

MAX: (ON DREAM FILTER) Never in all my life, Justin, never.  
I read stories. Brown, William Allen White, Lincoln  
Staffens -- all the greatest. Nothing like this ever.

JUSTIN: (ON FILTER) Thanks, Max. It's a pleasure to work on  
the paper, a pleasure to be appreciated.

MAX: (ON FILTER) Appreciated? You're taking over the Night  
City Desk as of now! 75 dollar raise! Is that enough?

JUSTIN: (ON FILTER) 75 dollars. (GENEROUSLY) Sure, Max we'll  
start there.



MAX: (ON FILTER) And I know now the phone will ring and that'll be our publisher, Mr. Bailey, because he's waiting for this too -- same as the ~~word's~~ <sup>words</sup> waiting.

(FILTER, PHONE RINGS)

JUSTIN: (ON FILTER) What is it, Max? A bonus? Vacation? My name on the door?

MAX: (ON FILTER) (SWEETLY) Go on, answer it. Let Mr. Bailey tell you himself.

(PHONE ON FILTER, THEN SUDDENLY THE PHONE WITHOUT FILTER. LOUD RAUCOUS. IT IS ANSWERED.

~~WE ARE OUT OF THE DREAM.)~~

JUSTIN: (SLEEPILY) Hello.

MAX:K (FILTER, BUT DIFFERENT FROM THE PREVIOUS DREAM FILTERS -- A LIVE FILTER) Riorden!

JUSTIN: (DISORIENTED) Mr. Bailey?

MAX: Bailey! Who do you think you are? This is Max. City Editor Ed Max! What are you doing, sleeping? Dreaming? Did you think this was the Pulitzer Prize Committee calling you on the last story you loused up?

JUSTIN: (DULLY) Oh, Mr. Max!

MAX: Yeah, Mr. Max. (SARCASTICALLY) If you can manage it, Riorden, get out of bed and get over to 625 Alice Avenue, the Elmhurst Housing Project, Apt. A-3. You awake or do I got to repeat it?

JUSTIN: Yeah, no. Sure, I got it.

MAX: You better, I want that copy on my desk 9 o'clock. Good-bye.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ THUD, THEN SEGUE TO SERIOUS THEME)

NARR: (AS SOON AS MUSIC HAS REGISTERED) That was the first dream, shaken in the cool morning air of 6 a.m.. shattered as you got to the house at 625 Alice Avenue, broken forever as you stood in the small bedroom of Apartment A-3 of the new housing project and looked at the woman on the floor. The distraught husband babbled to Lieutenant Phil Johnson.

JOHNSON: (CASUAL) Take it slow, Mister Wilt, slow.

WILT: (IN DESPAIR) I left about 8 o'clock last night. I work the night shift and uh -- I came in (I had the rolls and milk) and I walked in and I says, "Honey?" (She's always up when I get back, got the coffee on.) But I didn't smell no coffee and I said, "Honey?" a little louder. Then I saw her.

JOHNSON: You didn't touch anything in the room?

WILT: (DOESN'T ANSWER, THEN) I had the crazy idea. I don't know why -- maybe she fell off the bed, bumped her head, So I went over. I still had the bottle in my hand, the milk. (IN DESPAIR) You know something, ~~mister~~, Lieutenant --

JOHNSON: What?

WILT: We had a fight last night -- stupidest thing in the world. I like a rare steak. Last night, supper, she put the steak in the oven, cooked it medium -- almost medium well. I said, "That's no way to cook a steak." We got into a fight and I slammed out of the house. I was going to call her up and say it wasn't anything but -- (IN DESPAIR AGAIN) I never even got a chance to apologize to her.

JOHNSON: ~~That's okay.~~ (TO REPORTERS) All right, you guys --  
outside. That's enough.

JUSTIN: ~~Hey!~~ Can't we get a picture, Lieutenant?

JOHNSON: (NOT HARSH) I said outside.

WILT: I can't understand about sonny. (HE IS STILL DAZED)  
He's a light sleeper. From the way it looks, whoever  
did it, he got in that window, took aside the screen.  
He should have woke up, sonny, he's a light sleeper.

JUSTIN: Your son? He didn't see anything?

JOHNSON: (CASUALLY) Lay off the questions, *Riorden*.

JUSTIN: Okay, Lieutenant.

JOHNSON: You talked to the boy?

WILT: Sure. I asked him. He said he slept through it, he  
didn't know anything and he's a light sleeper. But if  
I only had a chance to apologize to her -- what a stupid  
thing about a steak -- and then her --

JOHNSON: Okay, okay. Take it easy. (A LITTLE LOUDER) No pictures,  
that's all. Outside, all of you.

(MUSIC: SLOWLY UP IN THE TRAGEDY, UNDER...)

NARR: The curious came, the gapers, the ones who wanted to see  
how he had done it, the way he had done it, what he had  
done. Tenants from all over the project, many coming  
directly from the night shifts where they worked as ~~Wilt~~  
Wilt ~~had~~ worked, gaping, muttering, shaking their heads -  
knowing it might have been them, their wives. And then  
you, Justin Riorden, saw the kid, the boy Sonny, standing  
outside in the morning sun kicking a pebble outside the  
window where his Mother had been strangled to death.

JUSTIN: (FRIENDLY) Hello, sonny. (PAUSE) How do you feel?  
(PAUSE) Want a mint? (PAUSE) You didn't see anything,  
did you, Sonny? I mean maybe a shadow, or a face or -  
(PAUSE) Did he talk to you? Did he say anything to you?  
Was he close to you?

SONNY: (TIGHT) I slept through the whole thing. I didn't see  
anything; I didn't hear anything. I didn't hear anything  
even when he -- (HE STOPS)

JUSTIN: (GENTLY) When he what -- (PAUSE) Maybe it was -- uh -  
like a dream. (NOW HE THINKS HE'S GOT SOMETHING. HE  
PUSHES JUST A LITTLE) Was it a dream, Sonny -- like a  
nightmare, maybe?

SONNY: (SLOWLY) I had a dream like a nightmare. I was laying  
there asleep (in my dream I mean) and he came over.  
He had a shirt in his hand -- I think it was a shirt,  
something white -- and he said, "Turn over on your stomach  
and ~~scream in the pillow~~ <sup>don't make a sound</sup> because if you scream <sup>out</sup> aloud,  
I'll take this shirt -- " I don't remember any more.

JUSTIN: (GENTLY) <sup>And</sup> ~~And~~ you did scream ~~into the pillow~~, didn't you?  
(PAUSE) And that's when he went into your Mommy's room,  
isn't it? (PAUSE) What did he look like?

SONNY: (IN A BURST) He was tall and skinny and black eyes and  
black hair and he looked like -- I didn't see him. I  
dreamt it!

JUSTIN: Sonny, you go on in the house and you tell your Daddy  
what you told me. (GENTLY) Tell him the whole thing,  
everything. Because sometimes when you tell your father a  
dream, that's the way to get rid of it and maybe you won't  
ever dream it again. Go ahead in the house and tell him.

(MUSIC: <sup>UP</sup> SLOWLY ~~IN~~, UP THEN OUT)

(TYPING: A FEW WORDS ARE TYPED, THE SHEET IS  
RIPPED FROM THE TYPEWRITER. A FEW STEPS)

JUSTIN: Max, here's the follow-up on the Wilt killing.

MAX: (ELSEWHERE) Hmmm?

JUSTIN: On the woman out at the Elmhurst Project.

MAX: (DISINTERESTED) Oh that.

(RIFFLE OF PAPER)

MAX: (CONTINUING) What did you write here, a book? I told  
you a quarter column for the inside pages.

JUSTIN: Look, Max, you're wrong on this -- I mean real wrong.

MAX: Good policy, you ought to learn it young -- never print  
a dead story. <sup>The Police</sup> ~~They~~ haven't anything and you know it.

JUSTIN: They got the killer's print -- at least the thumb print  
and a palm print.

MAX: (SAME BORED EXPRESSION) They got 600 prints -- every  
gawker in the project got his prints all over that  
window.

JUSTIN: They got the shirt -- the killer's shirt.

MAX: Sure. He dropped his shirt in the kid's room. So what?  
Size 15½, 33 sleeve. That only fits about 12,000 people.  
There's not even a laundry mark on it.

JUSTIN: Well, there's something in that itself -- I wrote a  
whole section on that. The fact that there's no  
laundry mark means it was home ironed. Never sent out.  
That tells us a lot about the guy.

MAX: (SAME) Sure. (SARCASTIC) Only one or two people in the whole area have their shirts done at home. Now do as I told you and cut it down to a quarter of a column and forget about it. What do you want to beat a dead dog for!

JUSTIN: Max, you're smart, I don't say you aren't smart -- but this time you're wrong. This thing is alive. It's more alive than you or I know.

MAX: Where is it alive?

JUSTIN: Max, this is terror. A prowler <sup>is on the loose - it's</sup> pure, sheer terror. If you heard that kid, his story -- read it, it's all down here. This is going to get people. Not what I wrote <sup>but</sup> what happened. And it's only beginning, it'll grow like a cancer. You watch and see it.

MAX: (SAME) I'll watch. Now go cut it down to a quarter column for page six. (SARCASTIC) You watch!

(MUSIC: -- UP, THEN BEHIND IN GROWING HORROR)

NARR: You watch, he watches, all Niagara Falls watches.

(TELEPHONE)

JOHNSON: (ANSWERING PHONE) Detective Johnson -

WOMAN: (HYSTERICAL) I saw him -- a tall, thin man -- black eyes, black hair -- walking behind the house on Dorothy Avenue just three minutes ago!

(MUSIC: -- STINGS)

(A VIOLENT TURNING OF A LOCK ON A DOOR, A CHAIN PUT UP)

MAN: (VIOLENT) That's the way you got to lock and bolt the door. If you go out for two minutes, even a minute, I want this door locked and the guards up on the windows all the time. We aren't taking any chances.

(music)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ STINGS)

WOMAN II: (HYSTERICAL) - I tell you I sent her to the store a  
half-hour ago. She's not back yet. Send a patrol  
wagon. She's <sup>gone</sup> only <sup>gone</sup> ~~gone~~.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ FULL STING, THEN UNDER. . .)

NARR: You're right, Justin Riordin -- terribly right and  
what a horrible thing to be right about. And in the  
honeymoon city of Niagara Falls, behind the drawn shades  
and the bolted doors and the chained windows, nightmare  
takes hold; every shadow is a man, every man a shadow.  
And the nightmares, like the one that Sonny told you,  
have invaded the minds of all the children and the minds  
of all the adults. And all you can say is --

JUSTIN: (HUSHED) It can't go on like this, it can't. It's got  
to stop. It's got to be stopped.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP TO TAG THE ACT)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 3/15/50  
PROGRAM #155

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 long 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 Justin Riorden as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: Terror holds the city, its center the Elmhurst Housing Project, where you, Justin Riorden, reporter, go over the thin clues, the thin prospects with Lieutenant Phil Johnson.

JOHNSON: (MORE RUFFLED THAN USUAL) One thumb print, one palm print -- half smeared.

JUSTIN: No record? Check on the prints showed -

JOHNSON: Nothing. A hundred prowler suspects. Nothing.

JUSTIN: (HOPEFUL) There's the shirt.

JOHNSON: Yeah, the shirt.

JUSTIN: Look, if any one of those prowler stories is true (and probably a half a dozen of them are), the way the prowler disappeared --

JOHNSON: (INTERRUPTING, A COP WHO KNOWS HIS BUSINESS) Sure. He probably lives in the project. Knows his way around! I figured that out two days ago. So what?

JUSTIN: What about dogs? Couldn't bloodhounds -- ?

JOHNSON: (BORED) Sure. Bloodhounds. Let them sniff the shirt, presto! bingo! like that -- take us right to the killer. Everybody's got a million ideas. What did I do, advertise for suggestions? (THEN), <sup>How about</sup> It might not be a bad idea -- if he's in the project. If there's anything on the shirt that the dogs can --

JUSTIN: (ENCOURAGING) Try it, Lieutenant. Maybe they'll -

JOHNSON: (HELPLESS) Well, we'll see. Other than that I may as well close the case.

(MUSIC: ~~IN~~ <sup>UP</sup> UNDER . . .) (DOLBY)

NARR: They're magnificent animals, the two of them.

(BARKING DOGS THAT STOP INSTANTANEOUSLY ON COMMAND)

TIMMONS: (~~SHARPLY~~) Set! <sup>CONTINUES UNDER</sup>  
(BARKING ~~STOP INSTANTANEOUSLY~~)

NARR: Magnificent animals -- taut as an arrow on a bow, alert as a cocked rifle, intelligent as humans under the hands of their trainer, Ward Timmons.

TIMMONS: (WARMLY, COAXING, PATERNAL, TO THE DOGS) <sup>Let - now</sup> Smell ~~it~~ <sup>the chair!</sup> good, Boy, Lady. You got it? Hold on to it. All right now, all right now. (A COMMAND) Gone!

(THE DOGS START MOVING)

NARR: (MUSIC UNDER) The arrows fly on the word "Gone". Released, the beautiful powerful beasts move. From the window outside the apartment on Alice Avenue a zig-zag line 50 yards down to Dorothy Avenue. A left turn through and over bushes and then --

(FRANTIC PULLING, PANTING, SCRATCHING -- NO BARKING)

TIMMONS: (KNOWINGLY) They got something. When they get something they paw, they never bark. Right there.

NARR: It's a window leading into the cellar. And in the cellar, the same pawing at the door -- a locked door. Opened you find --

JUSTIN: (DISGUSTED) Oh no!

TIMMONS: (INSTANTANEOUSLY) Set! Shut that door! Keep the dogs out!

(THE DOOR SHUTS)

JOHNSON: This is worse than I thought.

JUSTIN: (DISGUSTED STILL) He, <sup>he certainly</sup> didn't do it.

TIMMONS: No. Just a scent like that -- it's too strong for any dog to resist. ~~He didn't do it, he isn't the killer.~~ Just the scent was too strong for them.

NARR: (IN VERY CLOSE, ALMOST A WHISPER) The scent that was too strong for them to resist was a collie - a collie dog lying where someone (the killer) had flung him after --- (DRY) doing what he did.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ HITS AND UNDER. . .)

NARR: The dead dog is removed, and once again the animals are briefed. <sup>(Dogs)</sup> They nuzzle the shirt and this time --

TIMMONS: Got it now, Lady, Boy? Sure? Got it? (WARM) Okay, okay. (A COMMAND) Gone!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ SAME AS BEFORE)

NARR: This time the arrows race in another direction. North on Alice 'til they hit South Peach. A hundred yards down South Peach, a sharp right turn and then --

(THE DOGS AS BEFORE, PANTING ETC.)

TIMMONS: This time no mistake.

JUSTIN: What's the name on the door?

JOHNSON: Cantrell. John T. Cantrell. Ring the buzzer.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ PUNCTUATES)

JOHNSON: All right, Centrell, I heard you three times now.

CANTRELL: (PROTESTING INNOCENCE) But I told you --

JOHNSON: I heard you three times. Now shut up. I didn't come here, the dogs came here. Dogs don't lie, Cantrell, people lie -- not dogs.

CANTRELL: I was working, lock -- I was working. You can check it at the plant. Ask my wife what time I got home.

JUSTIN: Lieutenant, (SOTTO) how about another run?

JOHNSON: (ANNOYED) What do you mean 'another run'?

JUSTIN: (SOTTO) I don't know. I was talking to Timmons. He said sometimes they make a mistake. (SOTTO) Take ~~him~~ <sup>Cantrell</sup> away from the house, ~~Cantrell~~, put him in a field somewhere maybe -- try <sup>the dogs</sup> ~~them~~ again. I just checked the plant. He was working at the time.

JOHNSON: Okay.

(MUSIC: TENSE, UNDER. . .)

NARR: The frightened Cantrell, whom the dogs picked out, is bathed, dressed in different clothes and taken a quarter of a mile out to an old cornfield past the project, and the dogs start at the window <sup>where the murderer entered</sup>

TIMMONS: (~~IN-CLOSE~~) Okay, Boy, Lady, Okay. Now, (COMMAND) Gone!

NARR: Without deviation, without a mistake, like arrows, to the cornfield a quarter of a mile away.

(MUSIC: SPINGS)

CANTRELL: (IN DESPAIR) It isn't my shirt. Not my shirt. <sup>(Call you back in the control)</sup> I was working, ask my wife. What do you want a man to do just because a dog --

JOHNSON: Okay, Cantrell. Go back to your house and don't leave the place, understand me?

CANTRELL: Yes, sir.

JOHNSON: Be sure you don't.

(PAUSE) (STEP-DOOR OPEN-SHUT)

JUSTIN: What's the idea? They picked him out twice.

JOHNSON: They're not his prints. I checked. He was working at the plant. It isn't his shirt. (HARSHLY NOW)  
Timmons!

TIMMONS: Yeah -- I know. It happens. Once in a hundred cases a strong scent like -- maybe an oil or a chemical -- and they make a mistake.

JUSTIN: You mean -- uh -- because Cantrell works in a chemical plant --

TIMMONS: Yes, that's right. The man who owned the shirt worked there, too, or a place like it. Oil can do it, chemicals, floor polish, something like that. It gets so impregnated in the body, you can wash all your life -- it still stays there.

JOHNSON: Well, that closes it up... It was a good idea, nearly. (HUMAN) We gave that guy Cantrell a bad time.

JUSTIN: Wait a minute.

JOHNSON: (ASIDE TO TIMMONS) Timmy, give the dogs a good chow. They deserve it. They did better than any of us.

TIMMONS: Yeah, so long -- (steps - door open - shut)

~~(HE GETS THE DOGS AND TAKES THEM OFF)~~

JUSTIN: (IN FAST) Look -- Lt.,

JOHNSON: More suggestions? Go ahead.

JUSTIN: Look, he lives in the project -- at least we know that.

JOHNSON: Yeah. That's only 2,000 people.

JUSTIN: And we know he works in a place like chemicals or oil like Timmy said.

JOHNSON: Yeah, that's only about 300 people. We checked the records.

JUSTIN: Okay, 300. That's not so many. You've got a thumb print and a palm print. If you can get prints of all the people who live in the project and who work in a plant of that kind --

JOHNSON: Who you kidding? You can't just fingerprint people like that. What do you think this is?

JUSTIN: Yes you can. The way people are around here, <sup>they're so anxious</sup> ~~the way~~ <sup>to catch the killer</sup> ~~they want to get rid of this thing~~, they'll do anything to cooperate. Try it. At least try it.

JOHNSON: (GIVING IN RESENTFULLY) Okay, another bright idea!

(MUSIC: IN WITH)

NARR: You're right about this too. They come in -- 275 men who live in the project and work in a plant like Cantrell, and happily subject themselves, ~~pleasantly~~ to fingerprinting . And toward the end --

FISK: (PLEASANTLY) I guess I'm next.

JOHNSON: (BORED) Yeah. Thumbs here, then your palm please. Yeah, that's fine. ~~Swell~~. Thanks. There's a sink over there. It takes a little rubbing.

FISK: That's okay.

JUSTIN: (TENSE, SOTTO) Did you see that?

JOHNSON: Yes, I saw that -- scratches on the forearm. You already got it tied in with <sup>that dead Willie</sup> ~~the dog~~, haven't you?

JUSTIN: (A LITTLE ABASHED) Just -- did you catch that strong aroma, like polish or something?

JOHNSON: Okay. (UP) Uh - Mister - uh Fisk --

FISK: (OFF) Yeah? .....

JOHNSON: You mind waiting a minute?

FISK: Mind? No. Sure.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ BRIEFLY)

JOHNSON: I'm sorry to take this time, Mr. Fisk, but your prints,  
your thumb print --

FISK: (EVENLY) Yeah?

JOHNSON: Matches. The wait was - till we checked.

FISK: (SAME) You mean on the windowsill? (~~LAUGHS~~) Sure, I  
was over there. I'm a sucker for a murder, can't keep  
away. I guess I was one of the first over there.  
(~~LAUGHS~~) Look, do me a favor -- don't tell my wife  
because she thinks I'm kind of ghoulish, you know --  
reading about it in the papers all the time, going  
over to look -- you know. I must have put my hand on  
the sill.

JUSTIN: How did you get the scratches on your forearm, Mr. Fisk?

FISK: (LAUGHING AGAIN) Ah, they keep a high polish on the  
floors in the plant, I told them to watch out about  
that the other day, -- I slipped, skinned my arm on  
a polish vat, could have been worse too. I was lucky.

JOHNSON: You wouldn't mind coming down with me, would you?  
Headquarters.

FISK: Sure.

JOHNSON: (EVENLY) Lie detector test?

FISK: Sure thing. You got to clear this thing up. I  
understand. Sure.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ QUICKLY UP, THEN FLAT, UNDER. . . )

NARR: The sure man named Fisk continues to be sure. The results of the lie detector test, negative. The check at the plant where he works, positive.....He worked: his card is punched. And so --

JOHNSON: I'm closing the case, *Kiorden*

JUSTIN: Do me one favor, just one more. Get him over to the window outside <sup>*the Wilk's*</sup> ~~the~~ apartment. <sup>*While I do a little checking & then*</sup> Let me talk to him. You listen. And just one more thing. Get Timmons. Get Timmons and Boy and Lady.

(MUSIC: IN SUSPENSE, UP AND QUICKLY OUT)

JUSTIN: (CASUAL) This is the window, Fisk, he went through before he did it. (SUDDENLY) The window you went through before you did it.

FISK: (EVENLY) Hey now!

JUSTIN: (DRIVING) The lie detector said "no", didn't it? The lie detector said "no" because it didn't register, because it didn't register anything -- because you, Fisk, when you thought nobody was looking (~~but I saw~~ ~~you~~), you bit the tube, didn't you? Just a little hole-- but it didn't work.

FISK: Hey, you crazy or something!

JUSTIN: Not me. And the prints. Yeah, like you said, there were hundreds of prints, yours and hundreds of others -- only yours were there first.

FISK: You're crazy!



JUSTIN: I'm not talking about the prints on the ledge outside, I'm talking about the prints inside, on the back of the kid's chair where you told him if he screamed you'd strangle him with your shirt. And then it's your shirt -- your size.

FISK: Hundreds of guys wear that size.

JUSTIN: And you worked that night -- your card was punched. Sure, your card was punched only you didn't work. Your card was punched to give you an alibi, but nobody saw you in the plant that night. You punched it and ran out and -- And the scratches! You didn't get those scratches falling <sup>against a police seat</sup> ~~on a slippery floor~~. You got them after you killed her. You robbed the house and ran out the window and the collie saw you. She came after you the collie and went for you --

(PAUSE)

Listen, Fisk-- just listen, *OK. Timmons*

TIMMONS: ~~(WAY OFF) Okay, now smell it good-- Boy, Lady, got it? Okay. Gone!~~

(WE HEAR THE DOGS RUNNING TOWARD MIKE)

JUSTIN: She came at you just like <sup>the dog</sup> ~~they're~~ coming at you now -- you hear them? ~~Dogs! Count five, they'll be here before you count five.~~

FISK: No! No! I --

(WE HEAR THE DOGS HEAVY PANTING AND PAWING)

JUSTIN: One word they'll <sup>hear you to</sup> ~~go after~~ you.

FISK: Keep 'em off, I did it! Keep 'em off, keep 'em off, keep 'em off!

*Let Boy - Let Lady -*  
TIMMONS: Okay, Fisk. Come on, (THEN) Riorden, I apologize.

Not a bad suggestion.

-22-

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ COMES UP \_ \_ \_ \_ \_)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from  
Justin Riorden of the Niagara Falls Gazette with  
the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.  
(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0170729

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 Justin Riorden of the Niagara Falls Gazette.

RIORDEN: Killer in tonight's Big Story was quickly tried and though he repudiated his confession, the jury quickly convicted him and he was sentenced, to life imprisonment. My sincere appreciation for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Riorden...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 Omaha Nebraska World Herald - by-line, Allen Kohen. A BIG STORY about a reporter who found answers to his questions and murder for his trouble.

(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 Niagara Falls Gazette. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Lawson Zerbe played the part of Justin Riorden. 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. Riorden.

(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.

DL-EL  
2/28/50 pm

ATX01 0170732

# AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #156

## CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MAN I	BOB SLOANE
BARRETT	JOYCE GORDON
WOMAN I	JOYCE GORDON
ALMA	ATHENA LORDE
EMILY	ATHENA LORDE
KOHAN	CHUCK WEBSTER
CORONER	CHUCK WEBSTER
VINCE	MANDEL KRAMER
TURNER	MANDEL KRAMER
SHERIFF	ALAN BUNCE
MAN 2	ALAN BUNCE
DAMON	JACK HARTLEY
CUTLER	JACK HARTLEY
TRAMP	LOU POLAN
HAMMOND	LOU POLAN

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, 1950

ATK01 0170733

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#156

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

MARCH 22, 1950

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(WE HEAR A TRAIN WHISTLE OFF. A FREIGHT TRAIN IS  
JUST BEGINNING TO ROLL)

VINCE: Pal, I'm sure glad this freight finally pulled out.  
I thought we'd never get rolling <sup>again</sup> for Chicago ....

TRAMP: Yeah.

VINCE: Me, I just made this boxcar at Kansas City. I ... (CUTS)  
Hey! Wait a minute. What are you <sup>looking</sup> ~~staring~~ at?

TRAMP: Nothing.

VINCE: Don't give me that, friend. You've been watchin' my face  
ever since we left that water stop. Why?

TRAMP: Okay, Bub. You asked for it. There was a poster nailed  
to the side of the water shack. It had a picture of a  
guy on it ... wanted for murder. And it's a funny thing...

VINCE: Yeah? What's so funny?

TRAMP: The guy looked just like someone I met lately.

VINCE: Is that so? Who?

TRAMP: You.

VINCE: (COLD) That's not so funny, pal. (GRUNT)

(BLOW. GROAN)

(TRAIN UP, ACCELERATED, WHISTLE OFF)

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER ....)

ATX01 0170734

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Here is America! Its sound and its  
fury, its joy and its sorrow, as faithfully reported  
by the men and women of the great American newspapers.  
(FLAT) Omaha, Nebraska. From the pages of the World-  
Herald, the story of a reporter who always looked in one  
more place ... asked one more question ... and bagged  
one more killer. Tonight, to Reporter Allen Kohan of  
the Omaha World-Herald, for his ~~strange and sensational~~  
BIG STORY, goes the PELL MELL Award!

(MUSIC: \_ \_STING\_...)

(COMMERCIAL)



THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #156

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: -- INTRO AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Omaha, Nebraska ... the story as it actually happened ...  
Allen Kohan's story as he lived it ....

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER ...)

NARR: To you, Allen Kohan of the Omaha World-Herald, all this  
is very flattering, this sudden projection into the  
limelight. Here you are at home, and here is this sweet  
young thing, a research girl from a national magazine,  
sitting opposite you. Her name's Miss Barrett, and she's  
interviewing you. All the way from New York to Omaha,  
just to interview you. You watch her pert little hat, her  
baby blue eyes, and the way she downs her drink, neat.  
You ask why this sudden attention, and she tells you ....

BARRETT: Mr. Kohan, our magazine's doing a feature on top crime  
reporters in the U. S. And you're among those elected.

KOHAN: ~~How~~. How come?

BARRETT: Is this modesty, ~~Mr. Kohan?~~

KOHAN: (GRINS) Just curiosity, Miss Barrett.

BARRETT: Well, we checked you beforehand, of course.

KOHAN: And?

BARRETT: And we found that you're known as one of the hottest  
police reporters in the Middle West. Solved four murders,  
it says here in my notes, had a hand in breaking six more.

~~(A BEAT AND A SMILE) Satisfied?~~

KOHAN: (GRIN) More than that. I'm impressed!

BARRETT: You should be. Now, if you'll check me on the dope I  
already have.

KOHAN: shoot.

BARRETT: ~~What? Let's see. (READS RAPIDLY) Allen Kohan.  
Graduated, Des Moines High School. Began as office boy  
on the Evening Tribune. Went to Chicago, told the  
City Press he was a reporter, and was hired.~~

KOHAN: ~~(SIGHS) Ah, yes. I had gall in those days.~~

BARRETT: ~~(READING ON) After a hitch in the war, back to Des Moines  
for the Tribune. And then finally here, to the Omaha  
World-Herald. (SHE LOOKS UP) Check?~~

~~KOHAN: Check.~~

BARRETT: Now, Mr. Kohan, what about it?

KOHAN: What about what?

BARRETT: How'd you do it? Break all these murders, I mean?  
What's the answer.

KOHAN: I warn you. I'll sound pretty stuffy.

BARRETT: Go ahead. You're supposed to. You know, old hand tells  
young reporters how to get famous. It's the price you  
pay for being a celebrity. (A SEAT) Now, Mr. Kohan.  
What's your technique in catching killers?

KOHAN: A lot of things. Shoe-leather. Sweat. Memory for  
a name ... a face. Details ... and more details. But  
most of all ....

BARRETT: Yes?

KOHAN: Most of all ... always look in one more place and ask one  
more question. Then when you've looked in all the places  
the killer could be, start looking in all the places he  
couldn't possibly be. After that ... (CUTS AS)

(PHONE RING)

KOHAN: Oh. Excuse me.

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

KOHAN: Hello. Oh, Yes, Andy. What? Where? Bedford, Iowa, eh? When? I see. Okay, Andy, I'll move in right away.

(RECEIVER ON HOOK)

KOHAN: Miss Barrett, you'll have to excuse me. I've got to get back to the mines.

BARRETT: But Mr. Kohan, what for?

KOHAN: Murder. What else?

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER ...)

NARR: You leave the pretty young lady from New York ... fast, <sup>down at later</sup> Bedford, Iowa. Eighty miles from Omaha. ~~A little over~~ ~~an hour~~, you're staring at the body of a young girl. She's <sup>a shallow creek</sup> ~~and~~ lying dead, on ~~the~~ <sup>the bed of</sup> ~~riverbank~~ under a bridge. You make your routine contacts, protocol for any reporter. First, the County Attorney. Then the Coroner. Finally Sheriff Wayne Harper. He points at the body, as you take notes, and says that obviously, the girl's been ....

SHERIFF: Murdered, Kohan. And dead about 3 hours.

KOHAN: Any idea who she is?

SHERIFF: Nope. Stranger in these parts.

KOHAN: (AS IF TAKING NOTES) Hmmm. Unidentified. Age ... about twenty. (TO SHERIFF) Any clothing labels, stuff like that?

SHERIFF: Not a thing.

KOHAN: Hmmm. ~~That makes sense~~, Sheriff. Look at her dress.

SHERIFF: What about it?

KOHAN: It's hand-stitched. Good quality too. Either she made this dress herself ... or a seamstress made it.

SHERIFF: What does that prove, ~~Kohan~~

KOHAN: Nothing ... yet.

SHERIFF: That's all we've got to work with in this one ... nothing.

(SLIGHT PAUSE) Well, Kohan? You all through here?

KOHAN: Just need a couple of pictures, that's all.

SHERIFF: Okay, but hurry it up, *will you?*

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER ...)

NARR: A white, waxen, pitiful face. Staring blue eyes.  
And you, Allen Kohan, wonder. Who is she? And who  
took the life from her body? And why? Questions,  
questions, questions. And no answers ... not yet ...  
not till later. Big stories are strange stories. More  
often than not, you know the end, before the beginning.  
Later, you found that this one started a few nights  
before, in a South Dakota farmhouse ....

(WE HEAR A DOOR SQUEAK OPEN, AND SHUT QUIETLY.

THEN A FEW LIGHT STEPS ACROSS THE FLOOR)

DAMON: (SUDDENLY) Alma!

(STEPS STOP ABRUPTLY)

ALMA: Dad! Dad, the light was off! I didn't know you were  
waiting up for me.

DAMON: It's almost midnight. Where've you been?

ALMA: I just went to a movie in town.

DAMON: Alone?

ALMA: I ... no.

DAMON: With that Vince Morgan, eh? (A PAUSE, THEN SHARP)

Well, answer me, Alma! You been out with him?

ALMA: Yes. (RISING) Yes, yes, yes!

DAMON: I told you to stay away from him.

ALMA: I know. You told me, you told me. You've been telling me what to do since the day I was born, since Mother died. Dad, I don't want it, I can't stand it. Stop hounding me like this, please, please, stop watching me. I'm not a child any more, I'm twenty-one ....

DAMON: ~~He's not good, Alma. This Vince Morgan's no good.~~

~~He's rotten inside ....~~

ALMA: How do you know? What right have you got to say that?

~~He's a stranger here, you hardly know him.~~

DAMON: ~~I know character, Alma. He's got shifty eyes, and a shiftless manner. He knows I've got a prosperous farm here, he knows I've got money laid away in your name. That's all he wants.....~~

ALMA: That's a lie, Dad!

DAMON: Is it?

ALMA: Vince has plenty of money of his own. Look at that big car he drives. And the clothes he wears ...

DAMON: It's all front, Alma. It's just bluff. ~~(SOPHENS) Alma, Alma, honey, listen to your father.~~ There are plenty of good, decent boys right here ...

ALMA: ~~Oh, sure. Decent, and dull. Lord, Lord, how dull!~~

DAMON: Alma ...

ALMA: (RUNNING ON, RISING, JEERING) Can I take you to the pie-supper, Miss Damon, Ma'am? Would you care to dance at the church social, Miss Damon, Ma'am? Why, thank you kindly, Mr. Jones. Thank you, kindly, Mr. Country Bumpkin. I'd be very happy too, I'm sure!

DAMON: ~~(ANGRILY) ALMA! Stop it! Stop this mockery!~~

ALMA: (BREATHLESS, CONTEMPTUOUS) Nice, decent boys! Nice, dull boys, with big muscles, and little brains, and one Sunday suit ... blue serge, with the shine on the seat of their trousers. What kind of life do you want for me, Dad? Early to bed, and early to rise? Slave in the kitchen, and grub in the dirt? Breed a mess of drooling children? Grow old before my time?

DAMON: It was good enough for your mother, in the old days.

ALMA: I'm not my mother, and this isn't the old days.

DAMON: Alma, you listen to me ...

ALMA: (INTERRUPTS, FIERY) And you listen to me, Dad. I love Vince Morgan. I love him, and I'm going to marry him. We're going to Chicago.... and we're going to live!

DAMON: You see him again, Alma, and I'll cut you off without a cent. I'll drive you out of this house.

ALMA: Do what you want, Dad. I don't care any more. I've got Vince now. And he'll take care of me!

(MUSIC: \_ BRIDGE \_...)

VINCE: The gall of your old man, Baby. Threatening to cut you off without a dime.

ALMA: He means it, Vince.

VINCE: But you've got ten thousand in bonds in your own name, haven't you, Alma?

ALMA: Yes. At the bank.

VINCE: Well, then! How can he cut you off!?

ALMA: He was talking about the farm.

VINCE: Let him keep the farm. That's for the birds ... and the cows and the chickens. I don't know, Alma. I can't figure your father. I guess he's still hearing stories of the city slicker and the farmer's daughter. He's still playing "Way Down East" ....

ALMA: Vince, Dad's serious.

VINCE: Okay. Let's save him the trouble of throwing you out.

ALMA: What do you mean?

VINCE: We'll elope ... tonight.

ALMA: Elope?

VINCE: Yeah? Are you game, Baby? Take a chance?

ALMA: Oh, darling, yes, yes!

VINCE: Swell. Cash in your bonds. Meet me in town ... at the hotel ... at eight. We'll get married by a justice of the peace, along the road. After that ... a honeymoon in California. (LAUGHS) California, here we come....  
Mr. and Mrs. Vince Morgan!

ALMA: (RAPTUROUSLY) Mr. and Mrs. Vince Morgan!

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE ....)  
(CAR UNDER)

ALMA: Vince, it's awfully late. Almost two in the morning. How far have we come?

VINCE: We're a long way from home, Baby.

ALMA: Where's this justice of the peace?

VINCE: About fifty miles from here, And that reminds me, the gas tank's empty ....  
(SLOWS DOWN, CAR)

VINCE: I'd better stop at this all night gas station, and fill <sup>up</sup> ~~the tank~~.



(CAR TO STOP. MOTOR, IGNITION OFF)

VINCE: There we are. Oh ... Alma.

ALMA: Yes.

VINCE: All I've got is big bills. Let me have a few dollars for gas, will you?

ALMA: But Vince, I didn't bring any money.

VINCE: (A BEAT) You didn't ... what ...?

ALMA: (A BEAT) Vince, what's wrong? Why are you staring at me like that?

VINCE: I thought you were going to cash in the bonds, and bring the money along.

ALMA: Oh. That. Vince, I meant to tell you ...

VINCE: (SNAPS) Tell me what?

ALMA: I ... I did go to the bank. But the bonds were gone.

VINCE: Gone, eh?

ALMA: Yes. Father must have taken them. But it doesn't make any difference, does it, darling. You've got all the money we need, you've told me so yourself.....

VINCE: (COULD) Did, I?

ALMA: Why, yes.

HAMMOND: (COMING IN) Evening, Mister. Fill 'er up?

VINCE: I ... er ... no. No. Just put in four.

HAMMOND: Four gallons? Mister, take my advice and let me pump more. You've got a big car here, a ~~Buick-eight~~, and the next all-night gas station's ....

VINCE: I said put in four, didn't I?

HAMMOND: But I was only ...

VINCE: (SAVAGELY) Never mind the sales talk. All I want is four gallons!

(MUSIC: \_ BRIDGE .....)

NARR: This was a link on a chain ... one of a series, ~~yet~~ *still*  
unknown to you, Allen Kohan, reporter on the Omaha World-  
Herald. And this was the next link ....

(CAR UNDER)

ALMA: Vince ....

VINCE: (SULLEN) Yeah?

ALMA: Why did you dodge that motorcycle policeman back there?  
Why did you put out your headlights and turn up that  
side road?

VINCE: Little girls shouldn't ask so many questions, Baby.

ALMA: Vince, this car ... did you steal it?

VINCE: (A BEAT) All right. I stole it. So what?

ALMA: Then Dad was right. You .. you had me fooled all along.  
All you wanted ... was those bonds. You were even  
willing to marry me. And like a fool, I believed you!

VINCE: Stop it, you're breaking my heart. I'm the sucker,  
Baby ... not you!

ALMA: Vince, turn the car around. Take me home ... (THE CAR  
CONTINUES AT A STEADY PACE. SHE SPEAKS WITH MOUNTING  
TERROR) Take me home! (HYSTERICALLY) Take me home, do you  
hear? Or I'll tell the police about this car ....

VINCE: (SOFTLY) You know, Baby, I believe you would, I believe  
you would.

~~(TIRES ON ROAD CHANGE QUALITY. NOW START TO MOVE  
ACROSS WOODEN BRIDGE)~~

(THE CAR SLOWS TO STOP)

ALMA: (TERROR) Vince! Vince, why are you stopping the car on  
~~the bridge?~~ *the*

VINCE: (A BEAT, THEN COLD) *Why does anybody stop on a judge* You want me to write you a letter?

ALMA: (IN SUDDEN TERROR) Vince! No!

VINCE: Yes, Baby, yes! You know a little too much about me now.

ALMA: (CRYING) Vince ... please ... don't.

VINCE: You've got a big mouth, Alma. I've been thinking, maybe I'd better close it ... (GRUNTS) ~~now!~~ *for good*

ALMA: (SHE STARTS TO SCREAM, AND IT IS CHOKED OFF) Vince .. no ... don't Vince ... I ... can't breathe ... can't ... (SIGHS AND DIES)

(WE HEAR GENTLE THUD, AS OF BODY FALLING BACK IN SEAT. WE HEAR VINCE PANTING, ~~HALF-LAUGHING~~)  
(THE CAR DOOR OPENS)

(EFFOR, GRUNTS UNDER)

(STEPS ON WOODEN BRIDGE, A FEW. THEY STOP)

VINCE: (SNEERS) So long ... Mrs. Vince Morgan!

(A GRUNT. A PAUSE)

(A SPLASH OF BODY INTO WATER OFF.)

(MUSIC: -- SEMI-CURTAIN INTO)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

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 CIGARETTE.. "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 Allen Kohan...as he lived it...and wrote it...

NARR: To you, Allen Kohan of the Omaha World-Herald, this is one for the books. In every case you remember, there has always been something to start with....somewhere to begin. But in this particular homicide...nothing...nothing but a hand-stitched dress without a label. The body of the unidentified girl lies in the morgue, and relatives of missing girls from a hundred miles around come pouring in to view the body. Meanwhile, desperate for any kind of lead, looking for any foothold, you phone the Coroner... ask him a question...

CORONER: (FILTER) Near as I can figure, Mr. Kohan, the girl died along about three o'clock in the morning.

(MUSIC: -- STING AND UNDER)

NARR: She was wearing a hand-stitched dress, and she died about three o'clock in the morning. Two facts. No relation whatever. Then, you clutch at a third straw, talk to Sheriff Wayne Harper....

KOHAN: Sheriff, the body was found <sup>in the creek</sup> ~~on the river bank~~ below the right side of the bridge. Correct?

SHERIFF: That's right. What of it?

KOHAN: That means the killer must have been driving east, from the direction of Newmarket and Clarinda.

SHERIFF: How do you figure that, Kohan?

KOHAN: He had to be traveling east to be driving on the right side of the bridge. If he were going west, he'd have to carry the body of that girl way over to the other side of the bridge, in order to dump her. And that wouldn't be natural, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: Makes sense. But what are you driving at?

KOHAN: Sheriff, that killer was out late. Maybe he had to stop for gas at some all-night station near here.

SHERIFF: Kohan, you're crazy....plumb crazy.

KOHAN: Am I?

SHERIFF: That killer might have filled his tank hundreds of miles away, in any direction. He might have filled it, if he did at all, as far back as Omaha, Sioux City, Lincoln....

KOHAN: Yes, Sheriff, I know. It's a long shot, but it's our only chance, our only starting point.

SHERIFF: Might as well start for the moon. Kohan, are you really serious about this?

KOHAN: I'm going to start asking questions, right away.

SHERIFF: What if you try fifteen or twenty of these gas stations... and draw blank?

KOHAN: Then I'll try one more place...and ask one more question!

(MUSIC: UP IN MONTAGE AND UNDER)

~~(GAS PUMP BEEL-BLINGING OFF)~~

KOHAN: And you never saw the girl in this photograph, Mr. Dobson?

MAN 1: Don't think so. What kind of car was it?

KOHAN: I don't know.

MAN 1: What'd the <sup>guy</sup>~~feller~~ look like?

KOHAN: I don't know.

MAN 1: (A BEAT) Mister, you're crazy!

KOHAN: (WEARILY) I know. Where can I find the next all-night gas station?

(MUSIC: -- MONTAGE UP AND UNDER)

WOMAN 1: Mister, a lot of fellers and girls carousin' around late stop here for gas. Don't seem to recollect the girl in that picture. But I usually notice the men. Know what he looked like?

KOHAN: No.

WOMAN 1: What make of car was it?

KOHAN: I don't know.

WOMAN 1: Mister, if you ask me, you're wasting your time. (A SLIGHT BEAT) Check your gas and oil?

(MUSIC: -- MONTAGE AND UNDER)

MAN 2: You tried all the night stations on the highway east of here?

KOHAN: That's right. Every one. Clarinda, Yorktown, Shenandoah, Imogene. What's the next one up the road?

MAN 2: Try Eddie and Chuck's, at White Cloud. Sorry I can't help you, Mister!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You try Eddie and Chuck's. No good. You try another place...ask another question. No good. You stop checking west, move up and down the northern and southern highways, through the turnpikes at Shenandoah and Clarinda. No good. And you, Allen Kohan of the Omaha World-Herald, are just ready to quit. You've had it, you've had enough. But maybe...maybe the next place. *You* Look in one more place....ask one more question. And then....

HAMMOND: Yessir, that's the girl I saw all right!

KOHAN: Mr. Hammond, you're sure?

HAMMOND: Sure as I'm standin' here. They came in my gas station in a big Buick, ~~it was~~. She was sitting in the car, and mighty scared looking. And he had me put four gallons in the tank. Then he headed east.

KOHAN: Four gallons? For a big Buick?

HAMMOND: Yep. His tank was just about empty, too. Thought it was mighty peculiar, myself, specially at that time of night.

KOHAN: Four gallons, eh? Hmm...Mr. Hammond...

HAMMOND: Yep?

KOHAN: How far do you think that car would go on four gallons?

HAMMOND: Depends. Forty, fifty miles maybe.

KOHAN: Look. Hammond. You got road maps at your gas station here?

HAMMOND: Sure have. In my garage.

KOHAN: Let's go in and have a look!

(MUSIC: STING UP AND UNDER)



NARR: This is your first break. And for you, Allen Kohan, reporter, it's begun to pay off again. On Hammond's road map, you draw a circle fifty miles in radius from the location of his gas station....

HAMMOND: What's the idea of that circle, Mr. Kohan?

KCHAN: Simple, Hammond. Somewhere within the radius of this circle...somewhere within this fifty miles, the killer had to stop for gas again!

(MUSIC: -- STING AND UNDER)

NARR: Hammond gives you the names of the all night gas stations in the circle. You weed them out, one by one, heading east, across the bridge. And then.....

TURNER: Yep, Mr. Kohan...A big Buick did stop in at my station here, along about four-thirty, the other night. Remember, Emily?

EMILY: Sure do, Henry.

KOHAN: And there was a man and a girl in the car?

TURNER: Nope. Just a man. Mean-looking he was, too, Eh, Emily?

EMILY: ~~Surly as sin.~~

KOHAN: Then that's it. That's it. The killer had the girl with him west of the bridge. But east of the bridge...he was alone.

EMILY: Killer? What killer?

KOHAN: Oh. It's a long story, Mrs. Turner. Er....do you remember anything else about this man?

TURNER: Sure do. He didn't have a cent to pay for gas. Found that out, after I filled his tank.

KOHAN: What'd you do then?

EMILY: What could we do? He offered us a trade, and we took it.

KOHAN: What kind of trade?

TURNER: Gave us a jack-handle, and a valise full of clothes, for security.

KOHAN: (A BEAT) Mr. Turner...do you mind if I see what's in that valise?

TURNER: Well, I.....

EMILY: We don't mind. Nothin' in it but a lot of old clothes. Get him the valise, Henry!

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE...)

KOHAN: This was the killer's valise, Sheriff. The one he left at the gas station....

SHERIFF: Hmm. Just a few old clothes.

KOHAN: More than that, Sheriff. Look at this. Exhibit A. A dress. Same home-made stitching of the dress the murdered girl was wearing.

SHERIFF: Yeah. No doubt about that.

KOHAN: Exhibit B. A vest...the killer's vest. It was hot Tuesday night. He took it off....stuffed it in his suitcase.

SHERIFF: Gray, pin-stripe cheviot, eh?

KOHAN: That, and a little more. There's a small manufacturer's paper tab under the lining. See it? Here....

SHERIFF: Wait a minute. (READS) K-L-18.

KOHAN: Yes. K stands for the brand name. And L-18's the lot number.

(MUSIC: \_\_ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You head back to Omaha, check a clothing dealer, a friend of yours. And item by item, you keep Sheriff Harper posted by phone....

~~(MUSIC: \_\_ ACCENT)~~

KOHAN: Sheriff, I've just found the brand name for that vest, K stands for Klassy Clothes. (A BEAT) That's right. K-L-A-S-S-Y. ~~Now, I'm going to talk to the manufacturer!~~ *I'll call you later*

(MUSIC: \_\_ ACCENT) \_

SHERIFF: ~~(FILTER)~~ All right, Kohan, *put it a minute* Let me take down the four stores that bought Lot 18. Yep. Yep, go ahead, I'm ready. Harris and Company, Dubuque. Miller and Sons, Webster City, Fashion (FADE) Mart, Pierce Nebraska.....

(MUSIC: \_\_ HIT IN ACCNET AND OUT SHARP) \_

KOHAN: You remember the man you sold this vest to, Mr. Cutler?

CUTLER: I sure do. I ought to. Name's Vince Morgan. Stuck me with a bad check.

KOHAN: Mr. Cutler, did he live around here?

CUTLER: Lived over in St. Charles for awhile, but disappeared. He was courting a girl in these parts.

KOHAN: What girl?

CUTLER: Name's Damon....Alma Damon. She's missing, too. You'll find her father's farm out Turnpike way!

(MUSIC: \_\_ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You've still got one more place to look...one more question to ask. You see John Damon, the farmer. Take him back to Bedford, Iowa...to the morgue. The Sheriff opens the door for him.....

(DOOR OPENS)

SHERIFF: All right, Mr Damon. Go on in. (A BEAT) The body's over there....

(WE HEAR STEPS WALK IN, SLOWLY...THEY STOP...

THERE IS A BEAT)

~~(THEN DAMON STARTS TO SOB, BREAK DOWN)~~

DAMON: ~~(SOBS) Alma! (BREATHES) ALMA!~~

(MUSIC: STING INTO BRIDGE...THEN INTO)

(PHONE RING)

(PHONE OFF HOOK)

KOHAN: Kohan, World-Herald.

SHERIFF: (FILTER) Kohan, Sheriff Harper, over in Bedford.

KOHAN: Yes, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: <sup>Alma</sup> Damon picked out ~~the~~ <sup>identified his daughter he</sup> Vince Morgan from a Rogue's Gallery collection. We're putting his face on 'Wanted' posters! And we're going to slap them on every wall and telegraph pole in the Midwest!

(MUSIC: HIT UP AND UNDER)

NARR: A day passes. Two. And then one morning, a tramp staggers into police headquarters at Sioux City. His head is gashed, his face dirty with dried blood. And he croaks out to the Sergeant in charge....

TRAMP: (CROAK) I was ridin' the rods with this guy, see?  
On the Illinois Central, the Silver Freight, eastbound.  
I seen this guy's picture on a telegraph pole at a water  
stop. It was him all right, this here killer, Vince  
Morgan. He slugged me an' threw me off the train!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: They flag the Chicago-bound freight, pick up Vince Morgan.  
Back at Bedford, the Sheriff and yourself lead him into  
the morgue. But he denies everything...

VINCE: Look, you two. I never saw this dame before.

SHERIFF: That's a lie, Morgan. Her father says you.....

VINCE: (INTERRUPTS, HOTLY) I don't care what her old man says!  
I never met his daughter, and I never drove away ~~from~~ *with*  
her. And my word's just as good as his in a court of  
law, see?

KOHAN: Sure, Morgan. We see..

VINCE: Now you're getting smart, Reporter. Sure, the cops had  
my picture framed. Armed assault and robbery. But that's  
no reason to tag a murder rap on me. You haven't got a  
thing on me!

KOHAN: And that reminds me, Morgan. You haven't got a thing on  
you, just that shirt and those gray cheviot trousers. And  
it's pretty cold here in the Morgue.

VINCE: Wait a minute! What's this? What are you trying to give  
me, Reporter?

KOHAN: Why, not much, Morgan. Just this vest. Try it on for  
size. You see...it matches your trousers!

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

-24-

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

(MUSIC: -- STING)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0170757

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #156

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 Allen Kohan of the Omaha World-Herald.

KOHAN: Despite evidence Killer in tonight's Big Story insisted on his innocence. However after his arrest string of beads belonging to victim and a ~~photo~~ negative, which when later developed showed picture of Killer and girl together, were found near scene. <sup>of the crime</sup> After jury deliberated 4 hours Killer was sentenced to life imprisonment. Many thanks for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

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

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY - A BIG STORY from the front pages of the Duluth Minnesota News Tribune - by-line, Louis H. Gellop. A BIG STORY of a reporter whose biggest story he couldn't write.

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



-27-

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Frockter with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Max Ehrlich from an actual story from the front pages of the Omaha World-Herald. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Chuck Webster played the part of Allen Kohan. 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. Kohan.

(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

JOAN/LILY  
3/15/50 AM

ATX01 0170760

# AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #157

## CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
VOICE 2	BOB SLOANE
GOLLOP	MANDEL KRAMER
JURYMAN	MANDEL KRAMER
JUDGE	JULIAN NOA
DOCTOR	JULIAN NOA
COP	JAMES VAN DYK
ATTORNEY	JAMES VAN DYK
KILLER	BOB DRYDEN
VOICE	BOB DRYDEN
EDITOR	<del>DAVE KURLAN</del> DAN KERRICK
CHIEF	<del>DAVE KURLAN</del> DAN KERRICK
CAL	MICHAEL O'DAY
DOCTOR 2	MICHAEL O'DAY

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29, 1950

ATX01 0170761

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#157

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

MARCH 29, 1950

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

JUDGE: All right. *What's next?*  
~~Next case.~~

(PAPERS RUSTLE. FOOTSTEPS COME FORWARD TO STOP)

JUDGE: Your name?

KILLER: (OLD MAN) Edward Martin

JUDGE: Your age?

KILLER: Seventy-two.

JUDGE: Charge on which convicted?

KILLER: (SOFTLY) Murder.

JUDGE: Speak up, Martin. Sentence, and time served to date?

KILLER: Life. I've done -- I've served -- thirty years.

JUDGE: And what is the basic reason for your asking a pardon?

KILLER: (VERY SOFT) Cause -- cause I'm gonna die, sir. I'm  
gonna die.

(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 AND FLAT) Duluth, Minnesota. From the pages of the  
News Tribune: the story of a reporter whose biggest story  
-- he couldn't write. And for his work, to Louis H.  
Gollop for his Big Story goes the PELL MELL AWARD!

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0170762

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: Duluth, Minnesota. The story as it actually happened.

Louis H. Gollop's story -- as he lived it --

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

NARR: Crime -- is what you cover. And pardons -- are part of the pattern of crime. So, this day, you, Louis H. Gollop of the <sup>Duluth</sup> News Tribune, are covering - the Pardon Board. And coming right up is one case you can't write about because -- you find yourself in it!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ A LIGHT RISE AND BACK FOR)

NARR: Yes. And what's more -- the man asking for a pardon is the man you hate more than anybody you've ever known -- though you haven't see him for thirty years!

KILLER: (OLD MAN) <sup>30 years</sup> thirty years, sir. But I'm askin' a pardon now, cause I'm gonna die. I'm gonna die...

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ A LIGHT RISE AND OUT FOR)

NARR: He starts to plead his case before the board -- and time spins back those same thirty years ... and the bitter taste of hate comes back to your tongue as you remember why -- you hate him!

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

(NEWSROOM PATTERN UP AND DOWN INTO)

(FIRE ALARM BELL GOES "GONG-- GONG GONG -- GONG!")

EDITOR: One -- two -- one. (PROJECTS) Say -- you! You--  
whatsyourname!

GOLLOP: (RUSHING UP, EAGER) Yessir! Gollop's my name, sir!

EDITOR: All right, Gollop. You've been hanging around the office a week without anything to do -- grab yourself a pencil and cover that fire.

GOLLOP: Yes sir!

(GONG -- GONG GONG -- GONG)

GOLLOP: One -- two -- one, -- that box is at Duluth and Third.

EDITOR: Huh. How do you know?

GOLLOP: (APCLOGETIC) Well -- waitin' around for an assignment,  
I learned 'em by heart.

EDITOR: Hnnh! Not bad for a cub. Go ahead, roll. (PROJECTING A  
BIT) And if it's a good one, call it in!

GOLLOP: (A LITTLE OFF) Yes sir!

EDITOR: (PROJECTING A LITTLE MORE) If not -- come in with it!

GOLLOP: (A LITTLE MORE OFF) Yes sir!

EDITOR: (FULL PROJECTION) Say! Have you ever covered a fire  
before?

GOLLOP: Me? Why -- no sir! I never covered anything before!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO DOWN UNDER)

NARR: Yeah, Louis Gollop -- cub reporter -- rolling on his  
first story -- eager as a moth in a ~~linen~~<sup>closet</sup> closet! Your  
first story. (SNEAK SOUND OF ENGINES COMING UP, CROWD  
NOISES BEHIND, SHOUTS, CRACKLING OF FLAMES) But -- when  
you get to the blaze --

COP: Now where do you think you're going, lad? Stay behind  
them lines!

GOLLOP: Oh, that's all right, officer. I'm with the News Tribune.

COP: Oh, Are ye now?

GOLLOP: Yes sir. You see -- this is my first job.

COP: Oho. Is it now?

GOLLOP: Yes sir. Honest it is.

COP: Ah well. Go ahead then. (PROJECTING) And let me know if there's anything I can do to help ye! (NORMAL VOICE) All right, now, all of ye...back behind them lines...

NARR: Well! And you thought cops didn't like reporters! Offering to help you! Nice guy. Awful nice guy.

(CHUCKLE) And do you need a nice guy at this particular ~~shindy~~ <sup>business</sup> Firemen haven't got time to stop and tell you things-- and there's more to covering fires than standing in puddles from the pulsing hoses! So it's back to the cop for you!

COP: (CHUCKLE) They always come to O'Leary. Now -- what's your trouble, lad?

GOLLOP: Well -- I -- (RUEFUL) frankly, I don't even know where to start!

COP: Well now. Ye start where it started, lad. There's not going to be much to this one...they've got it under control already --

GOLLOP: Huh? How can you tell?

COP: Why, the smoke...lots of black smoke...means they're drownin' it out. In a few minutes I'll take ye over and make ye known to Chief Lounsbury -- and in the meantime, I'll tell ye what to ask him. Now. First -- how'd she start. Then -- who discovered 'er... Then -- what's the damage...(MUSIC SNEAKS) After that -- who owns the property...what companies answered...any firemen overcome ...anybody in the building at the time..

(MUSIC: \_ \_ WIPES IT AND GOES DOWN SENTIMENTALLY BEHIND)

NARR: Yeah, old Tom O'Leary...a patrolman all his goodnatured life -- your one-man school of journalism. All through your apprenticeship as a reporter -- your guide --

COP: Careful, lad. Don't touch anything. Ye might ruin the fingerprints for the deteckatives.

NARR: Your informant --

COP: (WHISPER) Don't say I tipped ye off, laddie -- but -- ah -- ye might ask the chief about a certain contractin' deal.

NARR: Your -- friend.

COP: Go ahead, laddie boy-- have some more corned beef.  
(PROJECTING) Mother! More beef for the boy! He'll niver get fat on a reporter's pay!

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

NARR: Yeah -- and that same week, the big lug walks his beat under the streetlamps of midnight -- (SNEAK O'LEARY'S WHISTLING) giving his nightstick the old O'Leary twirl...

(FOOTSTEPS UP, DOWN BEHIND, WITH WHISTLING)

NARR: His white hat at an angle the sergeant would dock him two days' pay for, if he ever caught him -- and walks right into --

COP: Ah -- wanderin' around late, aren't ye, my friend?

KILLER: It ain't so late.

COP: No sass now. Go on. Move along now.

KILLER: Aaaaah.

COP: I could run ye in, ye know.

KILLER: On what charge, copper?

COP: Loiterin' in front of jewelry stores. (FRIENDLY) Get along with ye, now. Get along home. If ye've got a home.



KILLER: I ain't.

COP: All right. There's an all night diner down on Broadway.  
Here. <sup>Take care</sup> Buy yourself a bowl of soup and leave town in the  
mornin'. (PAUSE) Go on. Git.

(FOOTSTEPS UP, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: (QUIETLY) The way the detectives reconstructed it later,  
the prowler must have let Tom O'Leary turn the corner.  
Then --

(CRASH OF GLASS, BURGLAR ALARM LETS GO AND CONTINUES  
UNDER)

NARR: A crash of glass and a burglar alarm rudely splits the  
night -- and Tom O'Leary came a-running back to the  
jewelry shop -- just in time to meet --

(BANG BANG)

(POLICE WHISTLE, ONE BLAST, THEN ANOTHER, THEN)

(A SHOT)

~~(POLICE WHISTLE BLAST CUT OFF IN MIDDLE AS~~

(MUSIC:     PICKS UP AND COMMENTS, GOING UNDER)

DOCTOR: (WHISPER) No. You can't see him. No reporters.

GOLLOP: (SAME) But I'm Gollop, doc! You know -- Gollop and  
O'Leary -- we're friends! Everybody knows --

DOCTOR: (WHISPER) All right, Go ahead. (PAUSE) Don't make him  
talk.

GOLLOP: No. I won't.

(DOOR OPENS SOFTLY)

BIZ: HEAVY BREATHING IN B.G., WE COME NEARER TO IT.

COP: (HEAVILY WOUNDED) Who's -- there, now?

GOLLOP: (SOFT) It's me, Tom. Louie.

COP: But I -- never -- made the -- pinch, laddie boy..

GOLLOP: Aw, Tom ... shhh....

COP: (ATTEMPTED ANGER) And what're ye -- doin', hangin' around here? The force must be after him, lad -- why aren't ye with them?

GOLLOP: I -- I wanted to see you.

COP: Get along with ye. (GASP) Get -- along with -- ye... (GASP) Just -- a bit of a -- tip, laddie...the -- the son of a gun was -- a hobo...look for him --

GOLLOP: Yes, tom --

COP: Look for him -- down by -- the -- railroad... (SMILE) Make -- my -- pinch -- for me -- laddie -- boy!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO OUT OF IT WITH)

(TRAIN WHISTLE, FAR OFF, FADING, REPEATING UNDER)

GOLLOP: Tom had a hunch he'd be down here, chief.

(FAR OFF HOOT OF TRAIN)

CHIEF: Looks like his hunch was right. (PAUSE) Look.

(TRAIN AGAIN)

GOLLOP: It -- could be grease ... or oil ...

CHIEF: No. It's blood all right. Tom winged him. (PAUSE) All right, Gollop. This is as far as you go. From here on in -- it's our job.

GOLLOP: No. You forget Tom's my best friend.

CHIEF: You forget that hoodlum's armed.

GOLLOP: So he's armed. My best friend, chief.

CHIEF: You still stay here. (PAUSE) All right, men. Get some lights on those empties -- and close in!

(MUSIC: -- SNEAK DARKLY AND BITTERLY BEHIND)

NARR: You have to stand and watch, while the cordon closes in.  
Then -- a figure comes up behind you. You whirl. It's  
clad in -- blue.

VOICE: Gollop?

GOLLOP: Yeah --

VOICE: He's gone.

GOLLOP: What?

VOICE: O'Leary. (~~PAUSE~~) I just come from the hospital. (PAUSE)  
He said to give you -- this.

(MUSIC: -- A LIGHT STING)

NARR: He holds out his hand. It is -- a patrolman's shield.  
Number 23. Tom O'Leary's shield. (PAUSE) It -- blurs.  
(PAUSE) Then -- you close in with the cops. Tears in  
your eyes -- and hate -- in your very soul!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO FOR)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

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: THEME UP AND DOWN FOR)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice, returning you to your narrator  
and the Big Story of Louis Gallop, as he lived it --

NARR: You, Louis Gallop of the <sup>Dublin</sup> News Tribune are covering a  
story you can't write....a pardon board hearing. A  
murderer, asking for a pardon after thirty years in  
jail, is up before the board. And why won't you write  
the story? Because you hate that man -- and while you  
wait the outcome of the session - you're remembering --  
why!

KILLER: (OLD) Sir, the police traced me to that box car, and I  
come out and give myself up.

JUDGE: Are you sure of that, Martin?

KILLER: (SOFT) I've had thirty years to remember it, Sir!

JUDGE: But according to the record here, you didn't surrender.  
According to the record, the police had to come and take  
you. (PAUSE) What do you say to that?

(MUSIC: IN WITH)

NARR: -- There he stands, trying to lie his way into a pardon,  
when the record -- (BREAK) Records! You don't need to  
refer to records to remember that night he was taken.  
You were there with the police down in the railroad yards  
checking car after car.

(TRAIN WHISTLE UP AND DOWN BEHIND)

GOLLOP: Chief - O'Leary's dead. (PAUSE) He gave me his shield.  
(PAUSE) And you can't keep me out of this.

CHIEF: All right. Stay, then. But don't you get shot too.

GOLLOP: I don't care if I do! (WHISPER) Chief -- look.

CHIEF: Eh?

GOLLOP: (WHISPER) On the boxcar door -- here. More blood!

CHIEF: (SAME) Stand back.

~~GOLLOP: (FURY) No. No. -- let me go in, let me TAKE him!~~

CHIEF: ~~(SAME) Get out of my way, Gollop!~~ (RAISES VOICE)  
All right -- you -- in there!  
(TRAIN WHISTLE FAR OFF)

CHIEF: (LOUDER) Come on out! You!  
(TRAIN WHISTLE AGAIN, STILL FURTHER)

CHIEF: (SAME) This is your last chance to come out -- before we  
come in after you!  
(DOOR SLIDES OPEN)

KILLER: (WHINING) What's -- what's all the shoutin' about? I  
ain't done nothin'!

GOLLOP: (WHISPER) He's dragging his leg, chief. He's been shot!

CHIEF: Come down out of that door ---- keep your hands away  
from your pockets!

KILLER: Honest, chief -- I ain't done nothin'! I was just  
waitin' for this freight to pull out..Honest..

CHIEF: (A SNARL) Come down out of there and save your breath  
for questioning!

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER DARKLY)

NARR: Cops -- don't like -- cop-killers. And a night of  
questioning breaks this one's story. First -- it's --

KILLER: (WHINE) I wasn't nowhere near downtown. I didn't see  
nothing.

NARR: Later, though, it's --

KILLER: (NEAR BREAK) Well, I was hangin' around for a stake, but I didn't bust into no jewelry shop. I was just an innocent bystander.

NARR: The cops don't go for that either. And after a night under the lights and the relentless questioning --

KILLER: (SNARL) All right -- I done it. I shot the dumb lunk. It was either him or me!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO OUT)

(~~CAMEL KNOCKS UNDER~~)

~~NARR:~~  
~~JUDGE:~~ (~~PROJECTING~~) The case of the state of Minnesota versus Edward Martin -- murder in the first degree.

NARR: (~~QUIET AND IN CLOSE~~) (~~NO MUSIC~~) A straightforward trial, a routine case -- with only one noteworthy feature, as far as you, reporter and friend of the murdered cop, are concerned. (PAUSE) Something that doesn't often happen at trials -- to reporters covering them! This!

ATTY: Your name?

GOLLOP: Louis Gollop -- ~~G. Gollop G.P.~~

ATTY: Occupation?

GOLLOP: Newspaper reporter.

ATTY: State your relation to the deceased.

GOLLOP: (QUIET) He was my friend for many years.

ATTY: Will you describe to the court the character and reputation of the deceased, Patrolman Tom O'Leary, as you knew him?

VOICE II: (OFF MIKE) Objection! Immaterial and irrelevant!

ATTY: You Honor, I submit that the character and reputation of the deceased is material to these proceedings. I will attempt to show, through this witness, a responsible newspaper reporter, just what kind of a pleasant mild-mannered good citizen <sup>was</sup> killed by this hoodlum, this mad dog --

VOICE II: (ANGRY) Your Honor, I object!

JUDGE: Your second objection is sustained. The attorney for the prosecution will refrain from characterizing the defendant and I now order the Jury to disregard his remarks.

ATTY: But, your Honor -- my witness, Mr. Gollop -

JUDGE: (WITH GAVEL) As to the first objection, I deem the testimony to be material and relevant and ~~your~~ <sup>the</sup> objection is -- over-ruled. (PAUSE) The witness will be allowed to testify as to the character and reputation of the deceased. (PAUSE) You may proceed.

VOICE II: I respectfully except to your Honor's ruling -

JUDGE: Your exception has been noted on the record.

ATTY: (~~TRUMPET~~) All right, Mr. Gollop. Will you tell the jury about Tom O'Leary -- as you knew him?

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: (SOFTLY) Yeah -- you told them. You told them what kind of a plain, simple guy was Tom O'Leary -- cop. And how you took up his shield to catch his killer. And by the time you are through with your say -- the jury is ready to have its say. And that is?



JUDGE: Gentlemen -- how do you find?

JURYMEN: Your Honor, we find the defendant, Edward Martin,  
guilty of murder, *as charged*

JUDGE: ~~Thank you. (PAUSE) Edward Martin.~~

~~(FOOTSTEPS SHUFFLE)~~

JUDGE: Edward Martin, the jury having found you guilty of  
murder in the first degree -- I sentence you to life  
imprisonment. ~~(PAUSE) Have you anything to say?~~

KILLER: Yes sir. (PAUSE) I got a wife and a child over in  
Spokane. I -- I don't know what's gonna become of 'em.

JUDGE: (QUIET) You should have thought of them before you  
murdered an officer of the law. (PAUSE) Remove the  
~~prisoner.~~

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO)

NARR: And that -- is that. (PAUSE) But you miss the stories from -- Tom O'Leary. And Duluth is not the same town, with him gone. Nor do you ever make another friend on the force..no, not in all the years from then..years of deadlines, bylines, headlines -- but never once, not once, do you forget -- Tom O'Leary.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: Then, one day many years later, you're <sup>having</sup> ~~quaffing~~ a coffee at your favorite spot -- The Cove. And if anybody's your friend, it's the <sup>guy</sup> ~~guy~~ behind the counter.  
Cal. (NO LIPS)

GOLLOP: Cal -- lemme have another cup of <sup>Coffee</sup> ~~mocha java~~, eh?

~~CAL:~~ ~~Hmm?~~

~~GOLLOP:~~ ~~I said more coffee, Cal.~~

CAL: More coffee. Oh -- sure, Sure.

(COFFEE POURED, CLINK OF CUP AND SPOON)

~~GOLLOP:~~ ~~Hey, Cal -- hold the sugar! You know I never take sugar!~~

~~CAL:~~ I'm sorry, Mr. Gollop. I'll draw you another.

(DRAWING OF COFFEE. TINKLE, ETC)

~~CAL:~~ ~~There you are. I --~~

(CRASH OF CUP DROPPED)

CAL: Gosh -- I -- I dropped it. I -- I'm sorry --

GOLLOP: (SOFT) Cal -- what's wrong? What's bothering you?

CAL: (DESPERATE) Mr. Gollop - I -- I got to talk to you.

~~GOLLOP:~~ ~~Me?~~

~~CAL:~~ ~~Yes sir. I got to talk to you -- It's got to be you --~~  
~~or no one!~~

GOLLOP: Alright, go ahead.

CAL: Well, Mr. Gollop, this relative of mine. He's in prison -- and he's sick, he's dying. ~~He ain't got long to live~~ -- and -- and I thought maybe you'd help me with the pardon board -- get them to let him out to die. I --

GOLLOP: (GENTLE) Relative, eh? Who is he?

CAL: (WHISPER) My -- my father.

GOLLOP: I see. (PAUSE) How long has he been in jail?

CAL: Nearly thirty years.

GOLLOP: On what charge?

CAL: (WHISPER) Murder. (PAUSE) But he's my father, Mr. Gollop. I -- I don't care what he did.

GOLLOP: ~~Excuse (PAUSE) I~~ <sup>Cal</sup> I don't know any murderer named Kingman in the pen. ~~Maybe~~ -

CAL: My last name's not Kingman, Mr. Gollop. ~~(GRUNTED) It's~~ it's not even Cal. It's -- Martin. Edward Martin. ~~(PAUSE) I'm Edward Martin junior~~ -- and my father is the man you sent to jail for life.

GOLLOP: Oh.

CAL: Mr. Gollop -- will ya help me? Please -- he's dyin', he's an old man -- will ya help me?

GOLLOP: (QUIET) I -- I don't know, Cal. I don't know.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: Once again, you relive your young years, and see again in your memory's mind old Tom O'Leary - and the whining hoodlum who killed him. And the taste of hate is bitter in your mouth. But -- no. No. You don't know. There are questions to ask. Of the prison doctor, for one.

DOCTOR II: Dying? Well...nearly dead is better.

GOLLOP: You're sure, doctor?

DOCTOR II: Here. X-ray. (PAUSE) See - this shadow?

GOLLOP: Yes.

DOCTOR I: A malignant growth. (PAUSE) I give him - three months.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO)

NARR: And questions to ask -- the man you hate. You visit him  
in his cell.

GOLLOP: (HOLDING BACK) Martin.

KILLER: Sir?

GOLLOP: ~~Do you know me?~~

KILLER: ~~No sir.~~

GOLLOP: Have you ever seen me before?

KILLER: No sir. Not that I know of.

GOLLOP: Think.

KILLER: Sir?

GOLLOP: (FLAREUP) Stop calling me sir! Think! Look at me --  
have you ever seen my face before!

KILLER: (AFTER LONG PAUSE) No.

GOLLOP: (CHOKED) Then I'll tell you. I'm the reporter whose  
testimony <sup>put</sup> ~~sent~~ you <sup>here</sup> ~~to prison. I put you here.~~ And you  
know why? Because you killed my best friend!

What do you say about that?

KILLER: I -- I can only say -- I -- (WHISPER) I been payin'  
for doin' wrong ~~for long years~~, mister.

~~GOLLOP: Maybe. (PAUSE) Well -- what've you got to say to me?  
Aren't you mad at me?~~

KILLER: (SOFT) ~~No sir.~~

GOLLOP: I -- I've hated you for years. Don't you hate me?

KILLER: No sir. (PAUSE) I don't hate nobody. (PAUSE) I just want to get out of here -

GOLLOP: (SARCASTIC) Oh, you just want to get out!

KILLER: (WHISPER) You got me wrong, mister. It ain't for myself I want out. ~~Whether I die behind here or out front of~~  
~~lem -- don't make no never mind to me.~~ (PAUSE) It's for my boy. (WHISPER) I'd - I'd kinda like for his dad to die a free man.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO)

NARR: And one question left - to ask of yourself. Will you help? But you have come to cover the hearing -- and now -

JUDGE: Is there anybody to appear in your behalf, Martin?

KILLER: My son, sir.

CAL: Your honor -- I can only ask for my father to be let out. But -- but there's somebody ~~in court~~ here who could talk for me.

JUDGE: There is? Who?

CAL: Him, sir. (PAUSE) Mr. Gollop.

JUDGE: The reporter? (PAUSE) That's very unusual, young man.

CAL: I know, sir. But if he'll talk for me ~~--- I ---~~ (PAUSE)  
~~Judge, your honor --~~ if he's willing, will you let him? He ain't a relative of ours, but -

JUDGE: Mr. Gollop.

GOLLOP: Yes sir.

~~JUDGE: If you wish -- you may appear for this man.~~

GOLLOP: Yes sir.

JUDGE: ~~The reporter~~ <sup>Martin's</sup> -- do you wish to speak in ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> behalf?

GOLLOP: Well....

CAL: Mr. Gollop - will you -- please!

GOLLOP: (LONG PAUSE) Yes. (PAUSE) All right. <sup>You know</sup> ~~I'll~~ - I'll speak.

JUDGE: Proceed.

GOLLOP: Have you familiarized yourself with the details of the murder, your honor.

JUDGE: I have.

GOLLOP: The point is, ~~your honor~~ -- this man was found guilty of killing <sup>Tom O'Leary</sup> my best friend, ~~Tom O'Leary was my best friend.~~

JUDGE: I see.

GOLLOP: And it was my testimony that was mainly instrumental in sending him up.

JUDGE: Then, in that case, Mr. Gollop, perhaps you would rather -

GOLLOP: No sir. (PAUSE) I -- I hated that man for <sup>thirteen</sup> ~~twenty~~ years. But -- what the boy says is true. His father is going to die. (~~SNEAK MUSIC~~) I have that on medical authority. (PAUSE) Sir -- as a reporter, I've learned that the object of the law is justice -- and if I, who loved Tom O'Leary, can still never forget his death -- surely this man who killed him can never have forgotten his crime. And so - I think justice has been done in this case. I think he has lived with his crime and the memory of his evil all these years. (PAUSE) For that, I must say, I am glad. But no further purpose of justice will be served by keeping him in prison. (SOFT) It won't bring Tom O'Leary back ~~to me~~. So, your honor, gentlemen of the pardon board -- I -- I ask -- for myself, whose friend he killed - that you pardon this man.

JUDGE: Thank you, Mr. Gollop. (PAUSE) Martin -- step outside.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ STING)

JUDGE: Edward Martin.

KILLER: Yes sir.

JUDGE: This board, having heard your case, now gives its  
decision.

KILLER: Yes sir.

(SCRIBBLE OF PEN)

JUDGE: Parole -

(SCRIBBLE)

JUDGE: -- granted. (PAUSE) And *Martin* you can thank -- that reporter.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ STING)

NARR: You want no thanks, nor the touch of the murderer's shaky,  
offered hand. You just want -- out. And -- out you go.  
Back to the paper, where you belong. With an unwritten  
story. (PAUSE) Two months later, Edward Martin died -  
free. (PAUSE) That -- you write about. ~~And gladly.~~

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

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from  
Louis H. Gollop of the Duluth Minnesota News Tribune with  
the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ STING)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #157

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 Louis Gollop of the Duluth-~~Minnesota~~ News Tribune.

GOLLOP: To best of my knowledge my appearance at Pardon Board hearing in behalf of convicted murderer <sup>in tonight's Big Story</sup> was first time a reporter ever stepped into role of pleader while covering case. I have never regretted my part in obtaining his short-lived freedom. Thanks a lot for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Gollop..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 Lumberton, North Carolina Robesonian - by-line, Ray Pittman. A BIG STORY about a small boy, a fierce dog, and a 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 Alan Sloan from an actual story from the front pages of the Duluth Minnesota News Tribune. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Mandel Kramer played the part of Louis Gollop. 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. Gollop.

(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.

mr/dl  
3/20/50 pm

ATX01 0170785