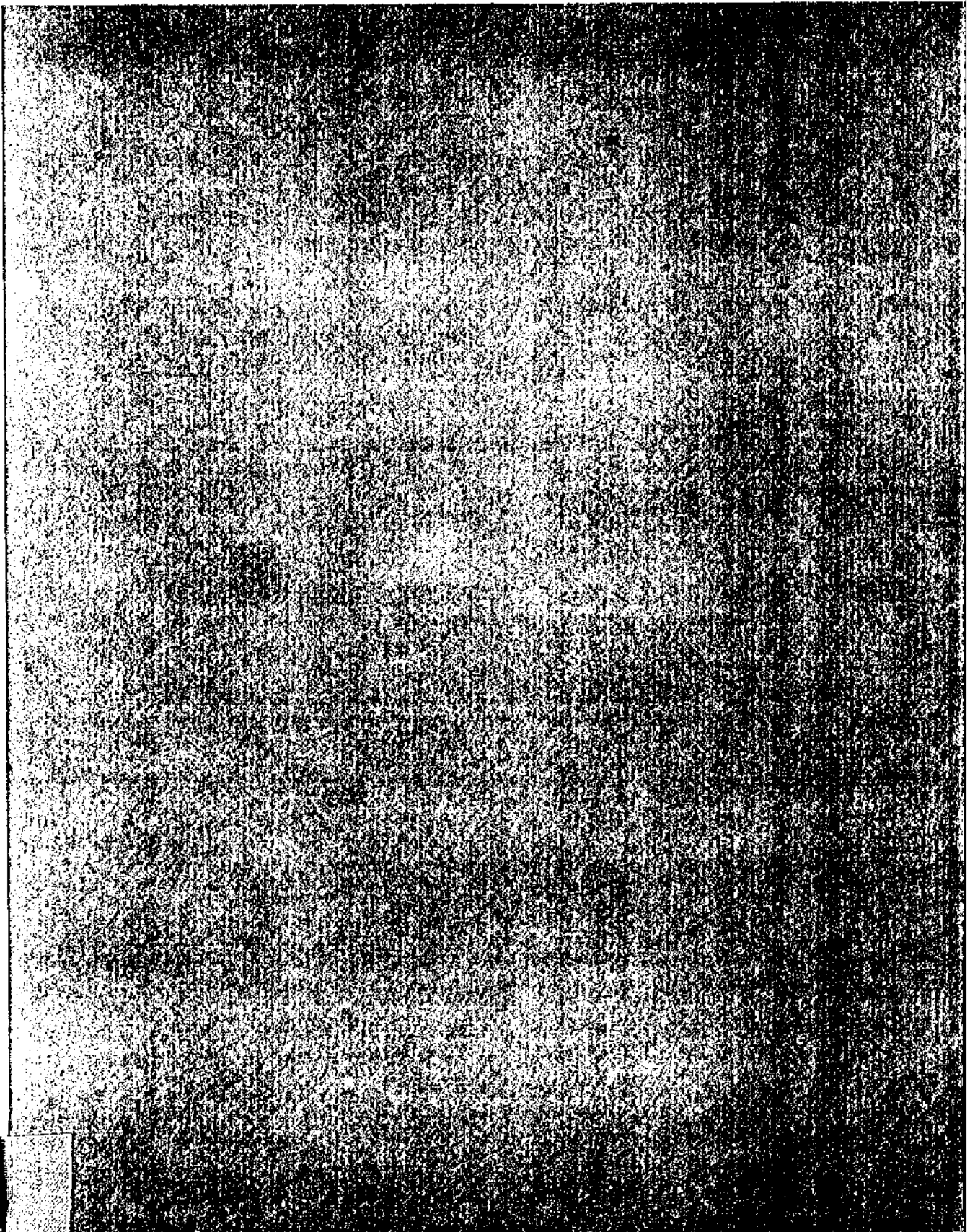


0798510-004



AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #158

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
VOICE II	BOB SLOANE <i>Bill Smith</i>
MRS. WARD	AGNES YOUNG
CLERK	AGNES YOUNG
BESS	ABBY LEWIS
VOICE I	ABBY LEWIS
JOEL	DAVID ANDERSON
WARD	SYDNEY SMITH
RAY	SYDNEY SMITH
BELCHER	BILL SMITH
JONES	BILL SMITH
SHERIFF	SCOTT TENNYSON
JUDGE	SCOTT TENNYSON
LAWYER	FRANCIS DE SALES
SALESMAN	FRANCIS DE SALES
DOGS	BRAD BARKER

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5, 1950

ATX01 0170788

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#158

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

APRIL 5, 1950

WEDNESDAY

(RAY PITTMAN: LUMBERTON, NORTH CAROLINA, THE ROBESONIAN)

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(SD OF DISHWARE, KNIFE, FORK, ESTABLISH FOR A
MOMENT THEN DOOR OPENS SUDDENLY)

WARD: (MOUTHFUL OF FOOD) What's the big idea bustin in here?
Don't ye believe in knockin'!

TOM: (FADE IN FAST) (LOW QUIET) I got something to tell you,
Pete.

WARD: It'll hafta wait until I finish my breakfast. I ain't fit
to talk to 'til I've had my coffee.

(MENACING GROWL OF DOG)

Ye brought that dirty mongrel with ye agin. I tole ye
I never want him in my house!

(LONG PAUSE, NO ANSWER)

(STILL EATING, BUT HE IS NERVOUS NOW) I see ye got ye
shotgun, goin huntin so early in the mornin?

TOM: (LOW, BUT RISING FAST) Yes, I'm hunting - shooting for
pigeons - (LOUD, HARSH) Stool pigeons!

^{one}
~~THREE~~ SHOTGUN BLASTS)

(MUSIC: UP IN DRUM BEAT MEASURE, THEN OUT SHARPLY)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY! Here is America - it's sound and its fury,
it's joy and its sorrow as faithfully reported by the men
and women of the great American newspapers. (PAUSE)
Lumberton, North Carolina. The story of a ^{fine dog} shotgun murder

~~and a fierce dog.~~

(MORE)

RTKO1 0170789

1

- 2 -

CHAPPELL: ~~THE~~ *and the director* story of Ray Pittman who solved the crime - and was
(CONTD) almost sorry he did! (PAUSE) Tonight to Ray Pittman of
the Lumberton Robesonian for his big story goes the
PELL MELL AWARD!

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 4/5/50
PROGRAM #158

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: Lumberton, North Carolina. The story as it actually happened -- Ray Pittman's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The swamp, Hot, humid, alive with crawling biting things. The buzz of flies, the cry of birds, ~~and all around you~~ ^{the} ~~the mysterious,~~ treacherous sinkholes, and deadly cotton mouth moccasins. The hot swamp wind, ~~pungent, dreary,~~ ~~exhausting, has just come up!~~ ^{as} It spills over into the town of Lumberton. ~~The wind soaks into~~ you, Ray Pittman, reporter for the Lumberton Robesonian, ~~as you~~ ^{still} walk to your newspaper office this ~~hot~~ morning late in spring. It has made you tired before the day has begun - you think of the cool evening, you think of fishing in a cool stream, you think - and suddenly you come up short! You are tired no longer. There is Sheriff Simms running out of his house to his car. You've known the Sheriff all your life. You never saw him run before.

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

RAY: (SHOUTING) Hi sheriff - what's up?

NARR: He just shakes his head and keeps on running.

(CAR DOOR OPENING)

He hurries into his car - and you're right behind him, ~~Something big has happened, you know that.~~ You invite yourself along without asking.

(CAR STARTS UP)

RAY: Mind if I ride along, sheriff?

SHERIFF: (HIS VOICE CONTAINS THE HASTE OF HIS ACTIONS) No time to kick you out.

(CAR RACES ALONG TO END OF SCENE)

RAY: Where are we going?

SHERIFF: To a murder.

(MUSIC: FLARE UP THEN DOWN AND UNDER)

NARR: When you and Sheriff Simms arrive you find Pete Ward sprawled on his knees, his head resting on the seat of an easy chair, as if he were resting his head on some imaginary lap. He's very dead - from ~~three~~ ^a shotgun ~~wounds~~ ^{blast}. ~~There's blood all over his chest and on the floor.~~ ^{and} That's not all you see in this ghastly room. There's his wife Lillian - deathly sick from pneumonia. She had dragged herself out of bed, down the steps and now she's out of her mind.

SHERIFF: Who did it, Mrs. Ward?

MRS WARD: (DULLY, SENSELESSLY) I told him - I told him - not to turn him over to the law - I told him --

SHERIFF: You told whom?

MRS WARD: ~~(SAME SENSELESS MONOTONY) Not to turn him over to the law - I told him - I told him --~~

RAY: (LOW, KINDLY) Mrs. Ward, take hold of yourself. You must help us find the murderer. Now just tell us the ~~name of the man who was here?~~

MRS WARD: (SAME AS ABOVE) I told him - I told him - not to turn him over to the law - I told him --

~~MRS WARD: (DARNLESS) It's no use, Sheriff, I've been asking her for ten minutes before you come. She keeps repeatin the same thing over and over again. She's off her rocker.~~

SHERIFF: Who are you?

JONES: ~~Clem Jones - a neighbor. I live down the road a piece. I was the one who phoned you up. I heard the shots so I came over ter see what all the shootin was. I phoned ye the moment I saw what had happened. I --~~

SHERIFF: Maybe you killed him. How do I know?

JONES: ~~(HORRIFIED) Me? Why Pete and I have been friends for~~
~~more than twenty years.~~

Sheriff: No use trying to get anything out of her, Ray.
RAY: Sheriff - look at the floor.

SHERIFF: Hm--m-m-m. Footprints.

RAY: The killer wore muddy shoes *it hasn't rained around here for days.*

~~SHERIFF: Let's see your shoes, Jones?~~

~~JONES: Me, sure look at them - dry as dust. There ain't been~~

~~any rain for days.~~

Sheriff: There are other tracks - look there sheriff.
RAY: There are other tracks - look there sheriff.

SHERIFF: Made by an animal. Dog tracks. -- The killer had a dog with him. They must have gone through ^{some} ~~a puddle~~ of water before they came here.

RAY: Or they came through the swamp.

SHERIFF: That's a good thought.

RAY: And another thing. There's a lot of gallon jugs sitting there in the corner - yellow wicker over the bottles.

(SCRAPE OF WICKER, GURGLE OF LIQUID)

SHERIFF: They're all filled with moonshine. Six- seven- eight - eleven gallon jugs. That's a lot of whiskey.

RAY: ~~Let me say you knew Mr. Ward very well.~~

JONES: I sure did. ~~twenty years.~~

RAY: ~~He had a heavy drinker.~~

JONES: ~~He took a firm grip and then like we all do, I saw~~
~~seen him tickle my nose.~~

RAY: (THOUGHTFULLY) ^{Perhaps} ~~Maybe~~ this ties up with what Mrs. Ward keeps saying. "I told him not to turn him over to the law".
~~That probably means that Peter Ward turned someone over~~

SHERIFF: ~~That's what he's~~ trying to find out ^{is there} who? ~~over to the law~~
^{Maybe - but what line}

RAY: Well, let's start off with "why". Did anyone squeal to you lately, sheriff?

SHERIFF: (WITH SUDDEN EXCITEMENT) As a matter of fact someone did! I got a phone call several days ago telling me about a moonshine factory in the swamp. I raided the place. Nobody there but I found a large still with nearly two tons of sugar. (DAWNING ON HIM) Maybe the whiskey in them jugs came from that still in the swamp.

RAY: Maybe. (A BEAT) Where was this still?

SHERIFF: Just inside the swamp between Newton creek and Bass River.

RAY: Who does the land belong to?

SHERIFF: I don't know.

RAY: Might be a good idea to find out. I'll look into it for you, sheriff, maybe I can come up with something.

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT)

(PAGES BEING TURNED)

CLERK: Let's see, that would be area D in Robeson County -- Ahh, here we are. Now you say it's between Newton Creek and Bass River -- Ah here we are - a parcel of land thirty three acres - marginal land - marsh and peat bog, substrata alluvial limestone --

RAY: (IMPATIENTLY) Who owns the land?

CLERK: I'm getting to it, *Mr. Pittman.*

RAY: I'm in a hurry - I don't care about the geology, just tell me who owns this land.

CLERK: (GRUMBLING AND VERY IRKED) Well, ~~you're that impatient,~~
~~the fellow who~~ Belcher, Thomas Godwin Belcher.

(MUSIC: RIDES OVER, SHORT BRIDGE AND OUT)

BESS: (GENTLE LOW QUIET VOICE, UPSET) Where are you going Tom?

TOM: I'm going away for a few days.

BESS: ~~Where are you going?~~

TOM: I'll let you know when I'm coming back.

JOEL: (BOY OF TEN) Can I go with you, pa?

TOM: No, Joel. I have to go alone.

JOEL: Are you goin to take Patch with you?

TOM: Yes.

JOEL: You're not runnin away Pa, are you?

TOM: Running away from what?

JOEL: I don't know.

BESS: (GENTLY) Did you do something Tom?

TOM: There's no use askin me so many questions.

JOEL: You goin into the swamp pa?

TOM: How do you know?

JOEL: You ain't dressed proper for town - And you're takin a side of bacon with you.

TOM: (UNCOMFORTABLY) I have to go away for a few days maybe weeks. I'll get back as soon as I can.

(PATCH SUDDENLY BEGINS TO GROWL AND BARK)

(ALARMED) What's the matter Patch?

JOEL: Somebody must be comin down the road.

TOM: (HARSHLY) Look out the window. (PAUSE) You see anyone?

JOEL: It's a man.

TOM: Anyone we know?

JOEL: A stranger - never seen him before.

(PATCH GROWLS THREATENINGLY)

BESS: He's comin' right to our house.

TOM: (TENSELY) If he asks for me, I'm not at home - do you hear, I'm not at home! *Quiet Patch.*

Knock
(DOORBELL RINGS, DOG CONTINUES TO GROWL)

BESS: ~~What's that?~~

(DOORBELL CONTINUES TO RING, NO REPLY)

Who is it ~~please?~~

Knock
(DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN) (SHE OPENS THE DOOR A CRACK)

Yes?

SALESMAN: (SMOOTH EASY MANNER) I'm Mr. Lawford from the *Mr. Frank* ~~Dichomatic~~ Company of Chicago. We manufacture a dishwashing machine that will save you hours of drudgery. ~~If you wish we can bring one over to your home for a free demonstration.~~ *Not a free demonstration.* The ~~dichomatic~~ is --

(SNARL OF DOG)

(TERRIFIED, UP) My foot -- get that dog away -

BESS: (SHARPLY) Patch - Patch! Stop it!

(SNARLS SUBSIDE)

I'm terribly sorry, mister --

JOEL: He ran off ~~and left his brief case~~

TOM: (A LITTLE BREATHLESS) ~~he had no business coming in here.~~
~~Not a business.~~

BESS: You shouldn't have set Patch on him.

TOM: I didn't. Patch just knows when I'm in trouble. He's never let me down yet. Not once. (TENDERLY TO HIS DOG) You love old Tom, don't you Patchy -- ~~You love old Tom~~

~~and you love me too~~

(PATCH BARKS WITH JOY AT THE PETTING)

We're going into the swamp Patchy. You're going to take care of old Tom aren't you. Sure. You won't let anyone come near me to give me harm, will you Patchy? *the lord will watch over us* Sure - *both* sure. Good old boy --

(DOG WHIMPERS IN JOY)

JOEL: (EMOTIONALLY) Are you goin now Pa?

TOM: Yes, son. I'm going now. I'll go out the back way.

(A BEAT) Bye Joel. Be a good boy. (A BEAT) Bye Bessie..

(CRODING)

No need to cry Bessie.

BESS: You did something wrong - powerful wrong. I know it -

TOM: (TWO SHORT STACCATO SUCKING SOUNDS TO HIS DOG) Come on, Patch --

(MUSIC: UP, USES THE STACCATO SUCKING SOUND AS A CUE, OMINOUS, DOWN, UNDER)

NARR: While Tom Belcher was making his way deep into the swamp with his dog Patch, you Ray Pittman were already on Palmetto Road looking for him. You stop and ask the neighbors, not only for direction but also to learn anything you can about Tom.

(MUSIC: MONTAGE)

VOICE I: (SLIGHT BACKWOODS-RATHER YOUNG) Sure I know Tom Belcher.

RAY: Could you tell me what he does for a living?

VOICE I: Runs a truck farm. He's tried everything but nothing turns out right for him.

RAY: (SLOW-CAREFUL) Did he ever try bootlegging?

VOICE I: Mister, I don't know and if I knew I wouldn't be telling you. Jest go and ask him ye'self. He lives down the road 'bout a mile -- And watch out for the dog.

(MUSIC: MONTAGE)

VOICE II: (OLD, PLEASANT) I've known Tom since he was a little shaver runnin' around in diapers.

RAY: How does he get along with his neighbors?

VOICE II: Well I'll tell ye. He minds his own business. Nobody on Palmetto Road's got a bad word about him. He's had tough going the past few years and it's made him a bit cross. But we all like him here ^{He goes to church, regular on} He ~~tries~~ to take care of his family. He tries mighty hard.

RAY: (BLUNTLY TO CATCH HIM BY SURPRISE) Tom sells his whiskey pretty cheap, doesn't he?

VOICE II: (NOT PLEASANT ANY MORE) Mister, you'll find the Belcher house just around the bend. Watch out for his dog - he don't like snoopers---

(MUSIC: TENSE, HITS EXPECTANTLY OUT SHARPLY)

~~(DOORBELL RINGS)~~

~~BESS: (OFF) Who is it?~~

~~RAY: May I come in, please.~~

~~BESS: (OFF) Who are you?~~

~~RAY: I'm from the Robertsonian.~~

~~BESS: (OFF) Where's~~

~~RAY: The Robertson~~

(DOOR OPENS)

~~BESS: The newspaper?~~

RAY: Yes. You must be Mrs. Belcher.

BESS: What do you want with me?

RAY: I'd like to talk to you for a minute.

BESS: (HESITANTLY) Well --

~~RAY: (STEPPING INSIDE) Thank you. (A PAUSE) Is Mr. Belcher at~~

home?

BESS: No he ~~isn't~~ ^{isn't}.

RAY: Do you know when he'll be back?

BESS: No.

RAY: If you don't mind, I'll just sit and wait for him.

BESS: He went away on a trip - er - he won't be back for days.

JOEL: I know where he went. He went to the swamp.

RAY: Oh he did - Did he take his gun?

JOEL: Yep and he took Patch with him - that's our dog. ~~He's~~
~~half-police, half-tennis.~~

RAY: Do you know why he went there?

JOEL: He didn't tell us although me and I kept askin him, but he wouldn't say why.

RAY: Did he take food with him?

JOEL: A whole side of bacon -

BESS: (INTERRUPTING) If you don't mind mister, I've a lot of housework to get done.

RAY: I won't keep you much longer.

(MUSIC: IN WITH)

NARR: For a moment no one says anything. You look around you. You look at Mrs. Belcher. There's a little bead of perspiration on her brow. In her eyes there is open fear. You look at the boy, Tom Belcher's child, he is bewildered and worried. You look around the room, and there in the corner, half hidden by an old cloth is a jug with the yellow wicker, the same kind you saw in Pete Ward's house. You know you've come to the right place. Tom Belcher is your man. You're sure of it now.

BESS: I've got to go and do my washing.

RAY: Do you know Pete Ward?

BESS: (NOT WILLING TO GIVE ANY MORE INFORMATION THAN SHE HAS TO)
Y-yes.

RAY: How well do you know him?

JOEL: He's pa's friend.

RAY: You mean they work together?

JOEL: Sometimes all night.

BESS: Joel - you were going to bring in some wood!

JOEL: Yes ma.

BESS: I need it right now.

JOEL: Allright.

(EXITS)

RAY: (SOFTLY) Mrs. Belcher, do you know that Pete Ward is dead?

BESS: (SHOCKED) Dead?

RAY: Yes - he was murdered this morning.

BESS: (SHOCKED) Murdered?

RAY: The killer had his dog with him.

- 14 -

BESS: No!! Tom wouldn't do that - not Tom!

RAY: The picture is quite clear now. Your husband and Pete Ward operated a still together. They had a quarrel. Ward squealed to the sheriff. Your husband --

BESS: (BEGINS TO SOB)

RAY: You know I'm really sorry for you, Mrs. Belcher - I'm even sorrier for you boy - he's a good kid. But we're going to find your husband - we're going to find him even if we have to comb every inch of the swamp.

(MUSIC: UP FULL TO TAG THE ACT)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0170802

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 Ray Pittman...as he lived it...and wrote it.

NARR: You, Ray Pittman, at this moment are scouring the marshes, you and the sheriff and eight other law officers, looking for the killer of Pete Ward. The swamp is a vampire, it clings to you and sucks you dry of energy. The swamp is a wild beast that breathes hotly in your face. ~~The swamp is an evil spirit,~~ it scratches at you, tears at you, bruises you, makes you fall. It is three days now, you have been here playing this dangerous game. You're hunting for Tom Belcher. And all the time he may be hunting you. He still has his murderous shotgun. He knows this swamp far better than you or the sheriff. And he has his fierce dog, Patch. A dangerous game. Three days now, you walk with eyes in back of your head, ~~you jump at the crackle of a twig...~~

(SHARP CRACKLE OF TWIG)

RAY: (STARTLED) What was that sheriff?

SHERIFF: (WITH A SIGH) Don't know. Some animal I guess, stepping a twig.

RAY: Where are the rest of your men?

SHERIFF: They're over on the other side of the hummock.

RAY: Whew-w--this heats knocking me out.

SHERIFF: Must be doing the same thing to Belcher. If he can stand it, so can we.

RAY: Seems to me we've been here a month.

(DRUMMING SOUND, DULL)

What was that?

SHERIFF: That's a grouse drumming his wings.

(CAWING OF CROWS)

RAY: I know that one - crows. A man could hide out here for weeks.

SHERIFF: (GRIMLY) He could.

RAY: (WEARILY) We might as well get on.

SHERIFF: We'll take the path along the stand of cypress.

(SD OF SLOSHING FOOTSTEPS)

RAY: How do you know when we get to one of those sinkholes?

SHERIFF: When you sink in up to your neck.

RAY: I'll remember that. I'll --

SHERIFF: What's the matter, Ray?

RAY: (SHARPLY) Wait!

SHERIFF: What did you see?

RAY: Something dashed across my path, a few feet ahead of me.

SHERIFF: (IMPATIENTLY) This place is full of animals. Let's keep mov ---

RAY: There he is!

SHERIFF: (TENSELY) I see him.

RAY: (ASTONISHED) He's wagging his tail.

SHERIFF: (~~SURPRISED~~) Well I'll be --

RAY: It can't be Belcher's dog, Patch --

SHERIFF: It sure is - look at him - patches of black all over. It's Patch alright.

RAY: He's coming towards us --

SHERIFF: He seems happy to see us.

RAY: (NERVOUSLY) I don't get it - he's supposed to be the most ferocious dog in the county.

SHERIFF: (SUDDENLY WHISPERING) There's smoke -- from behind that clump of trees.

RAY: (WHISPERING) Belcher.

SHERIFF: You pet the dog while I take a look.

RAY: (UNEASILY) Pet him?

SHERIFF: Do anything, talk to him. (FADE) Tell him what a good reporter you are, keep him quiet for a few seconds --

RAY: (VERY SOFTLY) Hello Patch - hello boy -- that's it -- that's it - you're a good dog - a friendly dog - ~~you're~~ ~~not such a fierce dog after all, are you. No - you're a~~ ~~dog that likes to wag his tail. You're --~~

SHERIFF: (OFF) Stand still Belcher - stand still!

BELCHER: (OFF) Oh-h--- What do you want?

SHERIFF: (OFF) Move away from that gun - I said move away!
(A BEAT) Now keep your hands up there! (YELLS) Get over here Ray!

(SD OF RAPID SLOSHING FOOTSTEPS)

(IN CLOSE NOW) Ray, get that shotgun.

BELCHER: (SULLEN) Can I put my hands down now?

SHERIFF: See if he has any small arms in his pockets?

RAY: (AFTER SEVERAL SECONDS) No --

SHERIFF: Okay, you can put your hands down.

BELCHER: (HURT AND BEWILDERED) Patchy - you didn't bark at all.

SHERIFF: ~~Not a sound out of him, just kept wagging his tail.~~

RAY: I wouldn't call him a good watchdog.

BELCHER: (ANGRILY) He's the best watchdog in the county. He's never failed me before. I don't understand it - I just don't understand it. Why didn't you bark Patchy - why?

(DOG MAKES WHIMPERING SOUNDS)

SHERIFF: Allright Belcher, let's go.

BELCHER: I'm not going.

SHERIFF: (WARNINGLY) Don't give me any trouble, Belcher!

BELCHER: If you want me, you will have to carry me.

SHERIFF: (TOUGH) Start walking! (PAUSE, NO ANSWER) (UP, TENSE AND COLD) I said start walking!

BELCHER: Go ahead and shoot.

RAY: Better call the deputies.

(SEVERAL BLASTS ON A WHISTLE)

SHERIFF: You won't give up will you, Belcher? We got a gas chamber waiting for you.

BELCHER: (SEMI-HYSTERICAL) Not me! *The good Lord will protect me.* You will never get me in there. I'm telling you, you will never get me in there-- never!

(MUSIC: IN WITH OMINOUS DRUMLIKE BEATS, UP AND DOWN AND UNDER)

NARR: You watch four of the law officers sweat and curse as they half carry, half drag Tom Belcher out of the swamp. Patch does not like the rough treatment his master is getting. The dog has begun to fit his reputation -- he is surly, snarling. One of the deputies has a gun trained on him, but as a reporter, Ray Pittman you're more interested in Belcher. What did he mean by saying they would never put him in a gas chamber. You look at his face. ~~It doesn't~~ ~~look like the face of a criminal.~~ You wonder --

(MUSIC: UP FOR A MOMENT, HOLD THEN UNDER FOR PUNCTUATION)

NARR: At the trial you begin to understand why he said that!

(MUSIC: OUT SHARPLY)

LAWYER: Mrs. Ward, you were in your bedroom sick during the time your husband was shot to death?

MRS WARD: (LOW) Yes sir.

LAWYER: You never saw the killer?

MRS WARD: No, I didn't.

LAWYER: But you heard his voice?

MRS WARD: Yes sir.

LAWYER: And you recognized it as Mr. Belcher's?

MRS WARD: Yes sir.

LAWYER: You heard the killer say "Yes I'm hunting - hunting for pigeons - stool pigeons." Am I correct?

MRS WARD: Yes sir.

LAWYER: (TURNS TO THE JUDGE, UP) With the court's permission I would like to conduct a test.

JUDGE: What kind of a test?

LAWYER: Your honor, I ask Mrs. Ward to avert her face while I have several men speak. I would like her to demonstrate her ability to pick out Mr. Belcher's voice.

JUDGE: You may proceed. Please turn around Mrs. Ward.

(HUBBUB FROM COURT, JUDGE RAPS HIS GAVEL)

LAWYER: (LOW) Go ahead.

BELCHER: (LONG PAUSE, DULLY) Yes I'm hunting - hunting for pigeons - stool pigeons. (LONG PAUSE) (SLIGHT CHANGE OF TONE) Yes I'm huntint - hunting for pigeons - stool pigeons. (SLIGHT CHANGE OF PACE) Yes I'm hunting - hunting for pigeons - stool pigeons.

LAWYER: Alright Mrs. Ward, you may turn around. (PAUSE) Now which of those voices if any belonged to Thomas Belcher.

MR. D.A., 4/5/50

-21-

REVISED

MRS. WARD: (HESITANT) The - the last one

LAWYER: How about the first and second?

MRS. WARD: No - it didn't sound like him.

LAWYER: Are you sure?

MRS. WARD: (HESITATES THE DECLARES POSITIVELY) Yes, I'm sure.

(HUBUB FROM COURT)

LAWYER: For your information Mrs. Ward, all three of the voices were Mr. Belcher's. That's all --

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING, DOWN AND OUT)

LAWYER: (ECHO) Now Mrs. Belcher you say that at eight o'clock on the morning of May twentieth you were at home with your husband Tom and the children.

BESS: Yes sir.

LAWYER: Was anyone else there.

BESS: Yes sir, a neighbor of mine, Sadie Hibbard. She had just stopped in for a moment to borrow some eggs.

LAWYER: Did Mrs. Hibbard see your husband Mrs. Belcher.

BESS: Yes, sir.

LAWYER: Your Honor, I would like to call Sadie Hibbard to the witness stand.

ATX01 0170809

(MUSIC: _ FAST AND SIGNIFICANT, THEN UNDER

NARR: Mrs. Hibbard testifies and confirms what Mrs. Belcher had said. The case goes to the jury. You wait, Ray Pittman, and as you wait as the hours go by, with no decision from the jury, you're pretty sure that Mrs. Hibbard and Mrs. Belcher's testimony are false. And as an experienced reporter, you know that the only sure way to convict Tom Belcher is for him to convict himself... for him to confess. You have watched and studied him. ~~You know he is not a killer type at all.~~ He is liked by his neighbors and loved by his family. And so at this moment you find yourself with ^{Mrs. Belcher, Joel} ~~them~~ outside the prison gates waiting to visit him.

RAY: Won't be more than a few minutes now. I see you brought Patch with you, Joel.

JOEL: Pa would be mad if I didn't. ~~He likes Patchy best of all.~~
When are we gonna get to see Pa, Mr. Pittman?

RAY: In a few moments now - How has Patch been behaving without your Pa?

JOEL: He ain't been so good. ~~He's been poorly; won't eat much,~~
just lies around doin' nothin'.

RAY: (AFTER A PAUSE) Well Joel, how do you like the city?

JOEL: It's alright.

RAY: ~~You like it better than Lumberton?~~

JOEL: ~~I damn.~~

RAY: (PAUSE) It's lots bigger, isn't it?

JOEL: ~~I guess so.~~

RAY: (PAUSE) I have a bag of gumdrops - here its all for you.

JOEL: (BLURTING OUT, REVEALING THE PAIN AND FEAR IN HIM) You're not goin' to let them gas my pa, are you?

RAY: (UNCOMFORTABLY) I have nothing to do with that Joel.

Here, put the candy in your pocket.

JOEL: No thanks - I don't want any candy --

(MUSIC: SOFT, LOW, MELODIC, AND UNDER)

NARR: That scene, that reunion ~~between Tom and his family~~ isn't one you're ever going to forget. You and the guards and the warden stand around and watch and there isn't a dry eye among you. It ~~wasn't~~ the reunion between Joel or Mrs. Belcher and Tom that moved you, no, it ~~was~~ Patch and his master. When he was still a distance away, Patch suddenly became alive.

(SD OF WHIMPERING OF DOG, THEN SD OF RUNNING DOG CLATTERING SD OF HIS PAWS ON HARD CEMENT FLOOR PLUS SD OF LEATHER LEASH DRAGGING ON FLOOR)

Patch tore himself free from Joel and raced down the tier to Tom Belcher's cell.

(DOG CRIES, HALF BARKS, WHIMPERS IN JOY)

BELCHER: (FADING IN AS WE GET CLOSER, HIS VOICE FULL OF LOVE AND NEAR TO TEARS) Come on home boy - come on Patchy - glad to see me aren't you. I'm glad to see you, Patchy - ~~Patchy~~. ~~You can't get in Patchy, easy boy, easy, was you're a fine dog. The best dog in the whole damn prison.~~

NARR: You see Tom Belcher getting down on his hands and knees so that his dog can lick his face. You see Mrs. Belcher and Joel standing by with tears in their eyes. Then Tom stands up and puts his hands out to his wife and son and they all stand there without saying much. And you Ray Pittman, hardened reporter, you aren't going to forget that for a long while. *Suddenly you get an idea - arrive dealing with a simple step-mom who is with the actor.* And when its time you step-mom up and talk to Belcher --

RAY: Hello Tom.

BELCHER: (WITHOUT EMOTION) Hello Mr. Pittman.

RAY: You're not holding a grudge against me, are you Tom?

BELCHER: (HONESTLY) No I'm not. You were just a reporter doing your job.

RAY: I'm glad you feel that way. I want to tell you that you have a fine family. Not many people are so blessed.

BELCHER: They're as good as they come.

RAY: That boy of yours is a good lad.

BELCHER: (PROUDLY) And smart too. Always comes home with the best grades.

RAY: (SOFTLY) It won't be fair to him if you beat the law.

BELCHER: (ON GUARD) What do you mean?

RAY: You owe it to your boy to confess.

BELCHER: (LOW) You want me to say that I killed Pete Ward?

RAY: You know you did. (THIS IS THE BIG MOMENT AND HE WORKS FOR IT) Take that dog of yours, Patch. He loves you. He would die for you. He has never failed you in his life. He has always warned you, always barked whenever any stranger came up to you. He never failed you but once. And that once the most important time of all.

BELCHER: (DEFENDING HIS DOG) He's a fine dog - I don't want you to say anything against him!

RAY: I'm not saying anything against Patch. I'm admiring him. And I know why he didn't bark to warn you about us.

BELCHER: You know?

RAY: Yes. (VERY SOFTLY) It was a sign Belcher - a sign from God - to give yourself up for a crime you committed. (PRESSING HARD) In all the years you've had Patch he has never - not once failed to let you know that strangers were about - only this once - this most critical time of all. I tell you Tom, it was a sign - a man like you can't go against God and the law. It's up to you, to your conscience, to your honor, to your faith.

BELCHER: (LONG PAUSE, THEN PAINFULLY, SLOWLY) It's true - it's true - I knew it was a sign - it's true. I - I killed him. He squealed to Sheriff Sims because he wanted a bigger share and I wouldn't give it to him. I - I killed him.

~~RAY: Thank you Tom.~~

~~(MUSIC: SNEAK IN QUIETLY)~~

~~NARR: You have your confession, you've won a victory Ray Pittman, an unhappy victory. You don't feel elated about it. You got to like Bess Belcher and the son Joel. You got to like the dog, Patch. As you walk away from his cell down the long tier, you can still hear Tom talking to his dog --~~

~~(3D OF FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT FLOOR, STEADY TO END OF SCENE) (FADE SLOWLY, WHIMPERING OF DOG)~~

BELCHER: (FADE SLOWLY) Well old Patchy, you're going to stay here
and have a talk with me, eh. They're going to let you
stay. Yes - you're a good boy, your a good boy.

~~(ALL THE REST OF THE SOUNDS FADE OUT, LEAVING
ONLY THE FOOTSTEPS)~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP TO CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Ray
Pittman of the Lumberton, Robesonian 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 the telegram from Ray Pittman of the Lumberton North Carolina Robesonian.

PITTMAN: The killer in tonight's Big Story was convicted by his own confession and sent to the gas chamber. At no time did he regret his confession. He was resolute ~~and~~ ~~persisted~~ to the last. At the time of his execution I was aboard a combat ship of the Navy. I was glad I did not have to write the end of this story. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Pittman...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 Denver Colorado Post -by-line, Gene Lowall. A BIG STORY about a reporter who had a hobby like most people - only his led him to murder.

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Sigmund Miller from an actual story from the front pages of the Lumberton Robesonian. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Sydney Smith played the part of Ray Pittman. 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. Pittman.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

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

(PAUSE)

Carelessness is the greatest single cause of forest fires
...fires that destroy approximately 30 million acres of
timberland yearly. And most of these fires started
because someone was careless with a lighted match, a
campfire, a burning cigarette! Be on guard constantly
against fire. Be careful...be cautious! Prevent fires.

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

darlette/connie
3/27/50 pm

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #159

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
TESSY	ALICE REINHART
WOMAN	ALICE REINHART
RENEE	PAT HOSLEY
LANDLADY	PAT HOSLEY
WOODY	BILL QUINN
WILLIE	MICHAEL O'DAY
DOC	HORACE BRAHAM
GRAMM	JIMMY STEVENS
RODRIGUEZ	JOE DE SANTIS
HEARN	JOE DE SANTIS
BLAND	WILLIAM KEENE

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12, 1950

ATX01 0170818

WNEC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#159

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

APRIL 12, 1950

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(STORE DOOR OPENS, SHUTS, UNDER, STEPS...)

WILLIE: Morning, Woody. The usual?

WOODY: (DEPRESSED) Just coffee.

WILLIE: (SURPRISED) No juice? No three eggs sunnyside up with --

WOODY: (INTERRUPTS) Coffee. Black.

WILLIE: One of those mornings.

WOODY: And no philosophy. ^{Just} Coffee. ~~Come on, coffee.~~

(AN AMBULANCE SIREN GOES BY JUST OUTSIDE. IT HAS
STARTED UNDER THE PRECEDING SPEECH.)

WILLIE: Must be a fire.

WOODY: (FLAT..CERTAIN) It's an ambulance.

WILLIE: How do you know it ain't a fire engine? ~~How do you know~~
^{or} ~~it ain't~~ a police car?

WOODY: It's an ambulance. *I just know*

~~WILLIE: Stepping near here, too.~~

(THE AMBULANCE DIES DOWN)

WILLIE: What makes you so sure? ~~Get you fifty cents that's no~~
~~ambulance.~~

(PHONE RINGS) *(Phone up)*

WILLIE: Willie's Diner... ^{who?} just a second. For you. *Woody*

~~WOODY: Yeah? I know. I just heard it.~~

~~(PHONE UP)~~

ATX01 0170819

WOODY: *Hello? Thanks* ~~You owe me fifty cents.~~ *Willie* It's an ambulance. And the guy
 they ^{just} came for, he's dead. ~~It's one of these mornings.~~

(MUSIC: -- UP, THEN SHARPLY OUT FOR...)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story....Here is America, its sound and its
 fury, its joy and its sorrow as faithfully reported by the
 men and women of the great American newspapers. (PAUSE)
 Waco, Texas. The story of a reporter who uncovered a
 senseless murder, ~~and then~~ when he found the reason for it,
 it was still senseless. Tonight to Woody Barron of the
 Waco, Texas News Tribune, for his Big Story, goes the
 PELL MELL Award.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #159

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: Waco, Texas. The story as it actually happened - Woody Barron's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: -- PUNCTUATES AND GOES UNDER)

NARR: You know sirens, Woody Barron, ^{reporter for} ~~of~~ the Waco News Tribune. The difference between the wail of an ambulance, the shriek of a fire siren, the scream of a police car, ^{you} know them intimately. Because before you became a reporter, you were the Assistant Deputy Sheriff of McLennan County (where Waco is). You gave up being a Deputy because finding the criminal's one thing, but prosecuting is another. All the legal business, the sitting around and watching a human tragedy stretched out for years -- this you couldn't take. ~~If it was quick and clean and efficient, only. Otherwise, leave it to the cops.~~ ^{But} Right now, you ~~didn't~~ ^{is on something else} mind, You were after an answer: who did what to whom. Who killed the little guy in an alley on Bridge Street, half a block from the Brazos River? The present Assistant Deputy, Tom Bland, a friend, he wanted to know, too.

BLAND: I could do without this fog. *Woody*

WOODY: I could do without the killing, too, Tom. Who is he?

BLAND: You can put your pad away. I know from nothing.

WOODY: Well, he's what, about 60? And whoever did it did a nice job on his face.

BLAND: Amazing what you can do to a man's head with a shoe.

WOODY: Kicked?

BLAND: Or else hit with something. What's the difference?

WOODY: The pockets?

BLAND: Like a whistle. If he had a wallet, it isn't here. If there was any identification, that's gone. And the poor guy doesn't even have a face. (FALSE EXCITEMENT) Oh yeah, big deal. Big clue. In the left hand pocket of the dead man's trousers -- grape seeds.

WOODY: How come?

BLAND: (SARCASTIC) Maybe he liked grapes. I'm going back, get the coroner's report and take a long, hot shower.

WOODY: This is the kind I like best, senseless. A down at the heels guy, worn suit (probably his only suit). What could he have on him, fifteen dollars? Senseless.

BLAND: It's one of those mornings, Woody - one of those killings.

WOODY: See you, Tom.

(MUSIC: -- COMES IN, SORDID, UNDER. . .)

NARR: You let it lay, you let it cool (or get hot) for a day. You know (years of looking into senseless killings), word gets around. Stoolies have a new juicy ^{bit of information} ~~piece~~ to talk about. Maybe, maybe something maybe gets around town. Maybe you hear it. Maybe Willie knows, Willie Lomar - who runs the beanery where they serve drinks in the back, Willie who ~~was~~ an ex-con and ~~who was~~ a guy you once stood up for in front of a parole board. And who is grateful. Maybe he knows....

(COFFEE BEING STIRRED)

WILLIE: (PUZZLED) 60 years old, brown suit. Did you say grapefruit seeds in the pocket Woody? What'd a guy put grapefruit seeds in his pocket?

WOODY: Grape seeds.

WILLIE: ^{grape} Nah. Not a thing. You think he was kicked?

WOODY: Kicked, hit -- anyway, no face. Very little.

WILLIE: (SHAKES HIS HEAD) Let's see. There was two guys in from New Orleans. That was a car heist. He wouldn't have a car?

WOODY: I don't think he owned an overcoat.

WILLIE: Then Big Tessa was in. You know Big Tessa?

WOODY: Who doesn't know Big Tessa?

WILLIE: She said there was some local Romeo moving in on the numbers on the North side. Nah, this was Bridge Street, near the Brazos, wasn't it?

WOODY: Don't be polite, will you? Don't make up stuff for me. I want to know about a killing. I don't want stale gossip.

WILLIE: Let me warm up your coffee. You're in a mood.

WOODY: Skip it. The coffee's lousy. Just keep your eyes open. And your ears.

WILLIE: Don't I always?

(COIN ON COUNTER)

WILLIE: (ANNOYED) Who's asking you to pay? You know you don't pay.

WOODY: Goodbye, Willie.

(MUSIC: -- SAME, SORDID, DULL, UNDER...)

NARR: By now Tom Bland, Deputy Sheriff and old Doc Steele, coroner, ought to be finished with the examination. The body of the dead, unimportant man with grape seeds in his pocket will by now have suffered all the indignities of exploration for autopsy.

WOODY: (FLAT) Did you solve it, Doc? Did you wrap it up? Did you figure out the killer?

DOC: Ha, ha, very funny. I liked you better when you were a cop.

WOODY: I liked you better when you gave straight answers.

DOC: Well, I'll tell you. If two guys came over and if each took swings at him with a baseball bat, that would have done it.

WOODY: But didn't.

DOC: No. This is where I'm stuck. I could say blunt ~~instrument~~ ^{object} but it wasn't. I mean it wasn't just blunt.

WOODY: OK?

DOC: I knew I'd get a rise out of you. Come on inside. I'll show you.

WOODY: ^{No thanks} I'd just as soon stay here. Tell me.

DOC: ^{Not the} ~~You ain't an~~ inquiring reporter type ^{huh?} (PAUSE) There's a lot of these contusions, ~~cuts~~ ^{ugly}. Like with something flat.

WOODY: Like a hammer.

DOC: Sort of like a hammer, but sort of ~~different~~ ^{odd} because --uh-- a lot of lacerations, cuts. Like something sharp. Flat and sharp. What's something flat and sharp?

WOODY: A knife?

DOC: Heavier than a knife. Heavy and flat and sharp.

WOODY: Grape seeds.

DOC: What?

WOODY: They come in boxes, grapes. You got to open them.
(EVENLY) Claw hammer.

DOC: Yeah. Hey! You're ^{reporter} smart, you really are. Claw hammer, exactly. Let me get that down on paper.

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH...)

NARR: He gets it down on paper, he's finished more or less.
You're just beginning. A senseless murder apparently done
with a claw hammer. Where do you find claw hammers? Who
uses them? The wholesale fruit boys, the markets. (THAT'S
IT) The markets.

WOODY: (ANNOYED) Well think about it, think about it. A guy
about 60, brown suit. Fairly good head of grey hair.
Little guy. Five six, five five.

WOMAN: I am thinking. I am thinking.

WOODY: You've been working in the market, you said, 20 years.
You know everybody. So who is he? Who's missing? 155
pounds, tough of arthritis or something in his left hand.
Knuckles gnarled.

WOMAN: (MUSING) Who's missing.

WOODY: (PURSUING) That's what I'm asking you. One of the
counter men, guy opened crates, an unloader?

WOMAN: (GETTING IT) Ernie Wayne. That could be Ernie Wayne.

WOODY: (QUICKLY) When was he in last?

WOMAN: That don't mean anything. They come in and out. Work
three days, lay off four. Don't pay much you know. But
he didn't need the money, Ernie.

WOODY: Huh?

WOMAN: Sure. Everybody knows about Ernie. (CONFIDENTIAL) They
say he's got 15 thousand dollars in bills right inside his
mattress.

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

WOODY: When did you last see him?

LANDLADY: (VERY COOPERATIVE, BUT STUPID) Let's see now. Ernie.
He comes in and out all the time and -- uh -- Gee, I don't
know.

WOODY: Look. He lives here, doesn't he? This is your ^{Mother's} house and
he lives here?!

LANDLADY: Well, in a way. I mean -- uh -- he's back in his rent
and -- uh -- and he hasn't been in since Saturday.

WOODY: Saturday? That's four days. Back in his rent?

LANDLADY: Sure. ~~he~~ rented his room to another fella already. ~~I~~ ^{we}
can't afford to have an empty room when a fella doesn't
pay his rent. (KINDLY) But he'll come by, he always does.
And he pays it.

WOODY: He ain't coming by. And you can do the cops a big favor
by going down to headquarters and taking a look at
somebody they got down there.

LANDLADY: Somebody sick?

WOODY: Somebody dead.

LANDLADY: Ernie?

WOODY: That's what we want to find out.

LANDLADY: Gee, I'm glad ~~I~~ ^{we} sold the mattress. A dead man's mattress.

WOODY: Say that again--

LANDLADY: Well, people don't like to rent a room when a fella's
died and --

WOODY: You sold the mattress. To who?

LANDLADY: (EASILY) A junk dealer.

WOODY: Which?

LANDLADY: I don't know. Some junk dealer. Come in, give ~~me~~ ^{us} three
dollars for it. I didn't know who he was.

WOODY: All right. Go down to police headquarters and see if it is Ernie.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: There are, thank heavens, no more than twelve in Waco. Junk dealers. The first seven know from nothing. The eighth knows. At least you think he knows, but the eighth is a very funny guy.

Rodriguez
~~EIGHTH:~~

(IN SPANISH) I don't know what you mean, Mister.

WOODY: Come on, come on. English. You talk English, don't kid me.

R-
~~EIGHTH:~~

(IN SPANISH) If you tell me what you want --

WOODY: (MIMICS HIS SPANISH, THEN) You go around buying things up, bargaining. But you don't talk English? How do you do it?

R-
~~EIGHTH:~~

(IN SPANISH) (SHRUGS) Is there something you want to buy or sell?

WOODY: All right, Rodriguez. (ANNOYED) Goodbye.

(TWO, THREE STEPS, SUDDENLY --)

WOODY: Rodriguez, look out! That lamp! It's falling! Your head --

(MOVEMENT BY RODRIGUEZ)

WOODY: So you understand. You got out of the way quick enough then. Maybe you really do understand English, huh?

R
~~EIGHTH:~~

(HARSH NOW) What did you do to him? Wayne. Ernie Wayne.

(SMALL VOICED, ENGLISH WITH AN ACCENT) I didn't even know the man. Honest.

WOODY: That's a little better. Now maybe if you can talk English, you can talk the truth, too. Why did you buy the mattress?

R-
~~EIGHTH:~~

(NONCOMMITALLY) I buy things. It's my business.

WOODY: Why this mattress? Why this particular one? It couldn't be because maybe -- uh -- there was 15 thousand dollars in it?

R -
~~EIGHTH:~~ (LAUGHING) I'll sell it to you. The contents, the 15 thousand dollars -- everything. Give me 5 dollars. What I paid for it.

WOODY: Empty, huh?

R -
~~EIGHTH:~~ Yeah. I heard about it, too. For months -- inside the mattress 15 thousand dollars. Humph. It didn't even have any coils. And now it's all cut up. The cotton is worth *4 bits*
~~40 cents.~~

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH...)

NARR: Senseless. A man killed because somebody thought, because ~~it was~~ *rumored* said, ~~rumored~~ he had 15 thousand dollars in a mattress. A senseless killing ~~for insane reasons~~, for no reason *just a rumor*. And the fog is still coming in from Brazos River and it's sticky. Senseless. A senseless murder.

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG THE ACT)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #159

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, natural 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 Woody Barron, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: ~~So~~ Somebody thought that Ernie Wayne, unloader at the fruit market had 15 thousand dollars sewed up in his mattress, and killed him for it. Killed him with a claw hammer in an alley off the Brazos River. And now that you know something of the "why" of this senseless killing, you, Woody Barron, ex-sheriff, now reporter for the Waco News Tribune, move into the special world of stoolies, and men in the know who talk for money or out of gratitude. Willie Lomar, the ex-con you got out on parole who runs the ~~store~~^{barney} thinks hard -- out of gratitude, and calls you.

(PHONE RINGING UNDER PRECEDING NARRATION IS ANSWERED)

WOODY: Yeah, it's me, Willie.

WILLIE: (ON FILTER THROUGHOUT) Look. I ain't sure, Woody. You know, sure sure. But does this make any sense? (VOICE IS LOWERED) There's a guy in the back, you know, where the drinks are served, and he's doing a lot of talking. I heard him say "grapefruit seeds."

WOODY: Grape seeds.

WILLIE: Yeah, grape seeds. And I heard him say "claw hammer," and from what you said --

WOODY: (INTERRUPTS, QUICKLY) Is he there now? Who is he?

WILLIE: That's what I'm telling you. He's in the back talking. But watch out. He's a swinger. Name's Hearn.

WOODY: A what?

WILLIE: A swinger. Punches, then talks. I had to stop him from punching up some kid who bumped into him.

WOODY: I'll be over.

WILLIE: Watch out. He's a bad swinger.

(MUSIC: -- IN QUICK MOVEMENT)

HEARN: (THE SWINGER, HE IS LOADED) What do you mean, I said it? Who do you think you are, coming over to my table, sitting down here?

WOODY: (EVENLY) I mean you said it, Hearn. I mean you said a little guy was laying in the alley on Bridge Street, with a brown suit on and blood all over him.

HEARN: You're cockeyed. Cockeyed liar and I never said notin'.

WILLIE: (IN CLOSE) Watch it! Woody, he's going to --

(HEARN TAKES A TERRIFIC SWING)

WOODY: Getting slow, Hearn. You want to swing on me, don't signal it.

(HE PUSHES HEARN INTO THE CHAIR)

HEARN: Take your hands --

WOODY: (CUTTING) (QUICKLY) You said he was laying in the alley with the brown suit and the grape seeds in his pocket. And it was done with a claw hammer.

HEARN: Why you --

(QUICK EFFORT BY WOODY FOR A FEINT)

WOODY: (WITH THE SOUND) I can swing too, swinger. You did it.

HEARN: (WORRIED, SOBERER) What do you mean, I did it? I didn't do it.

WOODY: Who? Who then?

HEARN: I seen it. That's all. I said I seen it. I was coming down the alley there off Bridge, and there he had him in the alley there with the hammer. And he was giving it to him screaming, "Where's the money, where's the 15 thousand dollars."

WOODY: Who?

HEARN: The guy couldn't even talk the way he had him with his mouth bleeding laying in the alley. And he didn't even never stop. He kept screaming it, crazy like.

WOODY: Who?

HEARN: Skinny little runt of a guy. Gramm, Graham. Something like that. (HE STOPS ABRUPTLY)

WOODY: Hey.

(HE SHAKES HIM)

WOODY: Hey! Hearn!

WILLIE: He's out. That's the way they go, them swingers. Terrific and then -- (WHISTLES) out like a light.

WOODY: Who's this Graham, Willie?

WILLIE: I don't know. Graham. Graham. ~~Graham~~. Hey! Big Tussy knows him. Big Tussy. He's one of her friends. With the policy.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN MOVEMENT)

(DECK OF CARD SHUFFLED, LAID OUT IN SOLITAIRE.
CONTINUES THROUGHOUT THE SCENE)

WOODY: What's his name, Tessy? Gramm, Graham? Something like that.

TESSY: (AN OBVIOUS TROLLOP) Are you talking to me, Buster? 'Cause if you are talking to me, I never talk to people when I'm ~~working~~ ^{playing} solitaire.

WOODY: Look, Tessy. You got another name?

TESSY: Everybody's got another name. Monroe's my name. Like the president. And that's my daughter over there in the corner, the quiet one. Renee. I got a family too.

WOODY: (VERY POLITE) I'm sorry, Mrs. Monroe. Funny thing, you know. You get a name, Big Tessy. And you think, gambling queen, rings on her fingers. What do you find? Some woman with a headache, a kid a family. How old is she?

TESSY: ~~16/12~~

WOODY: (GOING RIGHT ON) Bills to meet, rent to pay, supper every night. And a name like the 4th president.

TESSY: The fifth. The Monroe Doctrine. That was named after him.

WOODY: The black jack on the red queen.

TESSY: You're a nice sort of guy. Polite. I like that.

WOODY: I always treat a lady like what she is. He's in a lot of trouble, Mrs. Monroe.

TESSY: You can call me Tessy. Who?

WOODY: Gramm, Graham, whatever his name is. A lot of trouble. There's a big guy who's shooting his mouth around town, says your friend killed a fellow over on Bridge Street.

TESSY: Yeah, he's in trouble. I heard. Funny little guy, Gramm. Getting himself in trouble all the time.

WOODY: Gramm's the name?

TESSY: Yeah. Elliot Gramm. A little guy but he's a swinger.
Some little guys are.

WOODY: Don't you think that 9 on the 10 --?

TESSY: I was just getting to it.

WOODY: Where could I find him?

TESSY: You want to help him, don't you?

WOODY: He's going to need all he can get.

TESSY: What are you, a cop?

WOODY: A reporter.

TESSY: You smell cop to me.

WOODY: My credentials. You get yourself a free space, you move
that queen sequence up.

TESSY: You know the Elite Market, 13th and South Hyde?

WOODY: Out Bridge^{St.}

TESSY: (SAYING YES) He's working in the stock room. A little
mustache, wears a white coat. You can't miss him.

WOODY: Can I use your phone?

TESSY: (SMILING) Never use 'em. Besides I found out (when I had
a phone), people always knew what was going on on my phone.
~~Right Renee?~~

WOODY: 13th and South Hyde, you said? Thanks, Mrs. Monroe.

TESSY: I said you could make it Tessy.

(MUSIC: ~~IN HIGH~~ *Bridge & Under*)

NARR: 13th and South Hyde it is, but you don't go there. No~~pe~~.
You wait. 'Because something might happen, and it does.
Three minutes goes by and you're standing across the street,
your eye on Tessy's house. The door opens and Renee goes
out, her daughter.

(MORE)

NARR: You watch Renee go across the street to the drugstore.
(CONT'D) You wait until she's inside, and then get there. And
inside, you wait until she's in the phone booth, and then
get in the one next to her. Where you can hear.

(WE HEAR DIALING FROM THE OTHER BOOTH. ~~WE HEAR~~
~~RINGING. PHONE IS ANSWERED ON FILTER.~~)

RENEE: Could I please talk to Mr. Gramm?Oh, Uncle Elliot,
this is Renee. Momma says to tell you you better not
stay there because she was just talking to a fellow and...
Yes, Momma says a cop, and to tell you she thinks it's
better over at her place on East 18th. Go downstairs.
The key to the cellar is hanging behind the washtub in
the back ^{yard} Good-bye, Uncle Elliot.

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARRATION)

NARR: That's where you go. Because sometimes when you treat a
lady like a lady, she doesn't act quite like a lady.
Well, after all he's the kid's uncle, or something. But
before you go to the cellar on East 18th, you call Tom
Bland, the Deputy Sheriff. You tell him where, and you
add a line he doesn't quite understand.

WOODY: Tom, bring Hearn, the swinger. That's right. The one you
picked up an hour ago. Bring him. I'd give him a couple
of ^{drinks} ~~shots~~ before you get over to the place, Tom. Not too
stiff, not too light. We got problems.

(MUSIC: -- IN MOVEMENT, INTO . . .)

(STEPS RUNNING ONTO MIKE. THE STEPS STOP. GRAMM
PANTS ON MIKE. HE IS A THIN, NERVOUS GUY.)

WOODY: Hello, Gramm.

GRAMM: Huh!

WOODY: Hello, Uncle Elliot.

GRAMM: Who are you?

WOODY: Just a guy, but -- uh -- there's a couple of others here too. Go on. Down the steps. Go on.

(THEY WALK DOWN THE STEPS)

WOODY: Don't worry, ^{the cellar} ~~it~~ ain't locked. We got the key from behind the washtub. That's not a safe place to leave a key.

GRAMM: (FRIGHTENED VOICE) What is this?

WOODY: Here we are.

(CELLAR DOOR OPENS)

WOODY: Tom..?

BLAND: Yeah.

WOODY: You got your boy with you?

BLAND: Yeah. Hearn's right here.

GRAMM: (FRIGHTENED) Hearn!

HEARN: (LOADED) Yeah. Me.

WOODY: Come on, Tom. We'll leave these two love birds alone.

GRAMM: Hey! No!

WOODY: You know what he told me, Hearn, on our way down? He says he didn't do it. He says you did it.

HEARN: Why you *I'll break you in two.*

WOODY: I'll just shut the door on you two boys. Have a nice, nice time. Come on, Tom..

(DOOR SHUTS)

WOODY: ~~There's no other way out?~~

BLAND: ~~Nope.~~

WOODY: ~~Then it ought to be very interesting.~~

(MUSIC: - ~~A SUSTAINED CHORD. THEN OUT~~)

BLAND: (A LITTLE WORRIED) It's awful quiet. ^{must be all in there now} ~~They been in 4,5 minutes.~~

WOODY: I know. You put two swingers together. (You know, that little one's a swinger too, Gramm.) You never can tell what's going to happen. *Come on, let's go in*

(POUNING ON THE DOOR FROM WITHIN)

~~WOODY: They're finished.~~

(DOOR UNLOCKED, OPENED)

WOODY: All right. Who did it?

HEARN: What are you waiting for? (VIOLENTLY) ~~What are you waiting for?~~ *tell him*

GRAMM: Keep him away from me.

HEARN: ~~What are you waiting for?~~ *Tell him*

GRAMM: (LOW) I did it. I thought I would get the money. I thought he had it. I knew it wasn't in the mattress. I thought he had it on him. (NOW IN DESPAIR) I didn't do it, he did it. Hearn. I swear --

HEARN: What did you say?

GRAMM: (SUBDUED) I did it, I did it, I did it. Take me away, will you? Keep him away *from me*

WOODY: Okay. Come on. Both of you.

HEARN: What's the idea? You heard him.

WOODY: I got a funny philosophy, Hearn. (Tom, did I ever tell you?) Put two swingers together in a room. You get straight who's ~~on top~~ *base*, who's the big swinger, who's the little one. Put 'em in a room together knowing the two of them were both there, both saw the man killed, both maybe did it -- and if you want to find out which one is on top, put 'em together.

Blond
~~TOM:~~

Who's on top?

WOODY: Sometimes it's a small guy, sometimes it's a big guy. I wouldn't know. (MORE)

WOODY: That's up to a jury. My guess is both. The top swinger
(CONTD) was Hearn, because the bottom one always crawls. Like
Gramm did. I think that's it.

(MUSIC: COMES UP, THEN UNDER...)

NARR: The senseless killing is done and solved and the rest --
the part you don't want any more of, the waiting around,
the prosecution, the legal ~~fishy mess~~ ^{red tape} -- that's up to
somebody else. ~~You'll tackle another senseless one~~ ^{In you go back to your paper to write}
~~your Big Story~~ ^{your Big Story}
~~when the siren sounds. The ambulance siren --~~

(A POLICE SIREN)

~~WOODY: ~~Oh a police siren. That's a police siren.~~~~

(MUSIC: UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Woody
Barron of the Waco Texas News Tribune with the final
outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: STING)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #159

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 the telegram from Woody Barron of the Waco News Tribune.

BARRON: Killers in tonight's Big Story were ^{both} tried and convicted. *Hearns who actually did the killing received 99 years.* Gramm, sentenced to 35 years ~~received 99 years~~. Many thanks *his accomplice was* for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Barron 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 Hartford Times - by-line, Skip Henderson. A BIG STORY about a young reporter who found out that an innocent picture sometimes leads to murder.

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with music by Vladimir Selisky. Tonight's program was adapted by Arnold Perl from an actual story from the front pages of the Waco News Tribune. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Bill Quinn played the part of Woody Barron. 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. Barron.

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

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

(PAUSE)

ANNCR: Nine out of ten fires start through carelessness!
Each year forest fires alone destroy enough timber to
build 86,000 houses ... cripple vital water-sheds ...
and worst of all, cause much loss of life! Do your
part to prevent fires. Never discard lighted matches or
cigarettes! Put them out! Take every precaution you
can to prevent fires!
THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

mm/margie r/mjb

ATX01 0170842

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #160

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
DAUGHTER	EILEEN HECKERT
WOMAN	EILEEN HECKERT
WIFE	ABBY LEWIS
OLD BIDDY	ABBY LEWIS
SKIP	OWEN JORDON
DAN	PHIL STERLING
VOICE	JIM BOLES
GUY	JIM BOLES
DETECTIVE	LAMPOR HILL
CORONER	LAMPOR HILL
EDITOR	BOB DRYDEN
POSTMASTER	BOB DRYDEN

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19, 1950

ATX01 0170843

NET & NET

THE BIG STORY

#160

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

APRIL 19, 1950

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: _ _ FANFARE, DOWN FOR:)

(PHONE RINGING FAR AWAY ON FILTER, CONTINUES UNDER)

CITY ED: (OFF) Got 'em yet?

SKIP: (ON) No answer, no. Got to be someone there, specially
if there's a murder working. I'll --

(PHONE PICKED UP)

VOICE: (FILTER) Ee-yap?

SKIP: County Detective's Office, Windham County?

VOICE: (FILTER) Ee-yap.

SKIP: Hartford Times. We're checking on a tip there's been a
murder down your way. Lemme talk to the county detective.

VOICE: (FILTER) Can't.

SKIP: Whattayou mean, you can't? This is a murder case -- lemme
talk to the county detective!

VOICE: (FILTER) Oh, it's a murder all right. But ye can't talk
to the county detective nohow.

SKIP: Why not?

VOICE: (FILTER) 'Cause it's him as was murdered.

(MUSIC: _ _ HIT AND AWAY)

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

(MORE)

ATX01 0170844

-2-

CHAPPELL: (COLD & FLAT) Hartford, Connecticut. From the pages
(CONT'D) of the Hartford Times, the story of a reporter who
killed two birds with one stone -- on one story. And
for his work in the case -- to Skip Henderson for his
Big Story goes the Pell Mell Award.

(MUSIC: _ _ PANFARE. . .)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0170845

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: Hartford, Connecticut -- the story as it actually happened. Skip Henderson's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: You, Skip Henderson, cover crime. Your paper -- the Times -- covers not only Hartford, but the surrounding counties. So, when a tip comes -- as most of them do, anonymously -- that there's a sudden corpse down Willimantic way, it's part of your province to check, and, if proved true, to cover. Check you do, with your best source -- the county detective. But --

VOICE: (FILTER) Ye can't talk to him. ^{Police} ~~It was~~ him as was murdered.

NARR: So -- you roll. In one pocket, a hundred dollars expense money. In another -- clips from the morgue on the victim -- Jack Williamson, Windham County Detective. First stop -- the office of same, in Willimantic.

(KNOCKING ON DOOR AGAIN AND AGAIN. DOOR OPENS)

VOICE: Ee-yap?

SKIP: Oh-oh. You again.

VOICE: Eh?

SKIP: Wasn't it you who told me over the phone Jack Williamson was dead?

VOICE: Ee-yap. Turble thing, turble thing.

SKIP: Yeah. Ah -- where is everybody? ~~I mean~~, who are you?

VOICE: Janitor. Twasn't here he was shot. Twas down to his house.

SKIP: I see. Would anybody be home?

VOICE: Datter, wife, one or t'other. Or both. (PAUSE) Turble
thing, turble thing.

(MUSIC: _ _ HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: Yeah, terrible thing, now you come to think of it.
Respectable county official with a wife and daughter,
shot down in his home. Good story, though -- if you ever
get to it! Well -- the home is a good second start.
Sort of a farmhouse in front, sort of a mess of barns
out back .. and deep snow all around .. Well -- here goes.

(KNOCKER THUMPS TWICE OR THRICE)

NARR: (SOTTO VOCE) Ten'll get you twenty the law answers.

(DOOR OPENS FAST)

DAUGHTER: (EAGER) Dan? Is that -- (STOP) Oh. (PAUSE) Yes?

SKIP: Miss ---?

DAUGHTER: Williamson. *Williamson*

SKIP: Oh. I ~~str...~~ that is.... ~~your~~ ~~uh~~ -- (BEAT) I'm from the *Times*
Times.

DAUGHTER: Oh. About my Dad.

SKIP: Yes. Could I -- uh...

DAUGHTER: Wait. ^{ask} I'll ask my mother if you ~~should~~ ^{could} come in.

SKIP: Oh sure, sure. I'll be right here.

(MUSIC: _ _ IN WITH...)

NARR: You sure will! When the daughter of a brand-new corpse
answers the door all eager-like, with a man's name on her
lips -- and not a tear mark on her face -- it's worth
waiting for. Especially when one thing has registered:
the girl is pretty. Correction: very pretty. And --

WIFE: Yes?

SKIP: Oh. Mrs Williamson?
WIFE: Yes. You're from the paper?
SKIP: Yes ma'am. I'd like to talk to you.
WIFE: What about?
SKIP: Why, the -- the death of your husband.
WIFE: Murder, you mean.
SKIP: Yes.
WIFE: What do you want to know?
SKIP: Well --- anything you can tell me.
WIFE: (AFTER A PAUSE) Go around the back.
SKIP: I beg pardon?
WIFE: I said -- go around the back door. That way, you'll know everything I know.

(DOOR SLAMS SHUT)

(MUSIC: _ _ HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: Trudging around to the back door, you wonder -- what is this? Go around the back -- you'll know everything I know. What does she mean? (PAUSE) One thing you know already. The daughter was very pretty. The widow is -- very handsome. (PAUSE) So now you're at the back door. So what? So now --

(DOOR OPENS OFF LATCH)

WIFE: All right. Stand there.
SKIP: Yes ma'am, *but what's your daughter's name?*
WIFE: All right. Put yourself in my place. I came home two hours ago with my daughter, Anita. We were shopping. We tried the front door...locked...That meant he was asleep, because he said...*and lock the front door he --*

(RISES FROM BEHIND, UP, DOWN BEHIND)

WIFE: He must be asleep, Anita. He said he'd lock the front door if he felt himself dropping off.

DAUGHTER: I hope he is, Ma. He's sore as an old bear with that cold.

WIFE: Well, the way you sass him back. Don't rile him, for goodness sake. Come on. We'll try the back.

(CRUNCH CRUNCH UNDER)

(~~HEAVY LOWING OF MANY COWS, UP~~)

DAUGHTER: What a racket in the barn!

WIFE: Means they ain't been milked. (PAUSE) Now that's funny. He'd sure of milked them. Go on over and see if he's in there.

DAUGHTER: Aw, ma. That snow.

WIFE: ~~All right, all right. Let 'em wait.~~

(STOMP STOMP OF FEET ON PORCH)

WIFE: Key under the mat?

DAUGHTER: Nope.

WIFE: Well. Door's probably open.

(DOOR OPENS CREAKILY)

WIFE: Tis. (PAUSE) Now who's been draggin' snow into my kitchen? I told that man -- (A GASP WITH HAND TO FACE)

DAUGHTER: What's the matter, ma? Lemme see --

WIFE: No. No -- don't look. Run -- run, get the doctor, get the police. Your dad's been shot dead! (PAUSE) (YELL)
Don't stand there! He's lyin' under the sink, shot!
GO GET SOMEBODY!

(MUSIC: SHORT BRIDGE AND OUT)

SKIP: And that's all, eh?

WIFE: Every last word of it. We come home -- and he was lyin' under the sink. Dead. Right here where you're sittin' there. (PAUSE) Right -- there, he was lyin'.

SKIP: I see.

(DOOR OPENS SUDDENLY)

DAN: (A ROAR) What's goin' on here! Who're you talkin' to! Who're you? *Wife.*

WIFE: Oh, Dan! ~~You scared the life out of me!~~ (MAKES A LITTLE MOAN) Dan, Dan, Jack's dead, he's dead --

DAN: I know. The whole town's talkin' about it! Who's he, who're you talkin' to? *and who's Dan?*

WIFE: *He's from the paper.* He --

DAN: (SORE) Newspaperman! Are you crazy!? You -- get out of here! Make tracks!

SKIP: Me? Mister, I don't know who you are, or what right you have to --

DAN: (A ROAR) I'm the assistant county detective, and I got the right! Clear out!

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE AND UNDER)

NARR: Well! So that's Dan. Some questions are on your mind -- and whether or not your expense account covers busted noses and black eyes --

(BANG BANG ON DOOR, AS IT OPENS)

NARR: You're going to ask them!

DAN: (SAME) I said make tracks!

SKIP: Oh no. I want to know about this back door key. Did anybody else besides the family know it was --

DAN: Look, I'm warning you --

SKIP: And another thing -- Anita, did she see her father's body lying there? Now --

DAN: (HOARSE WHISPER) Leave the girl out of this!

SKIP: So you see there are lots of questions to answer, friend.

DAN: (SAME) Wait.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

DAN: (LOW) Look. I'll make a deal with you. Just -- clear away for a while. Just -- keep Anita's name out of it, see, and I'll come around to -- where you staying?

SKIP: Williamantic House.

DAN: All right. Go there. Wait for me. Lemme get things straightened out here -- I was the old man's best friend, you see -- lemme help them out -- and I'll give you all the story you want. Okay?

SKIP: Sure. But how do I know you'll turn up?

DAN: I'll show you I'm on the level with you. You're a reporter? You want an angle? Something to work on till I get there? Okay. (WHISPER) Enemies.

SKIP: Come again?

DAN: Enemies -- Williamson had 'em, ~~All over town. Kin of~~ folks he sent to jail. I -- I was gonna start working on that myself -- but I'm giving it to you --

SKIP: To get me away from here, is that it?

DAN: I don't want nobody botherin' the women, that's all. I'm on the level with you, though. You play square with me -- ~~and I'll play fair with you.~~ Gotta go in now..

SKIP: But --

(DOOR SLAMS)

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE AND UNDER)

NARR: Enemies, huh? A fair enough lead. After all, the guy had been county detective for twenty years. So -- back to your hotel room, where you get leads on some of those possible enemies from the clips. Lead one: brother of a member of the famous Icebox Gang Williamson had busted up. Residence? Two blocks from ^{Williamson's} his house.

(DOORBELL .. AND DOOR ANSWERED)

GUY: Yeah?

SKIP: Uh -- Eddie Lambert?

GUY: Yeah.

SKIP: Fingers Lambert's brother?

GUY: Yeah.

SKIP: Can I talk to him? I mean, he's out of jail, isn't he?

GUY: Yeah, he's out. Speak to him? No.

SKIP: Why not?

GUY: He's in the Navy.

SKIP: Well -- what's to prevent a reporter from talking to a sailor?

GUY: How fast can you get to the Philippines, bub?

(DOOR SLAMS -- ~~REOPENS~~)

GUY: Hey.

SKIP: Yeah?

GUY: What's up?

SKIP: Somebody 'shot the county detective.

GUY: Dead?

SKIP: Very.

GUY: Good!

(MUSIC: _ _ HIT AND GO OUT)

(DOORBELL AND DOOR ANSWERED)

SKIP: Mrs Spigaro?

WOMAN: I'm Mrs Spigaro. You wanna talk to me about the murder.

SKIP: Yes. How'd you know?

WOMAN: Everybody knows. I even know what you wanna know.

SKIP: All right -- you tell me.

WOMAN: Was I anywheres around there with a gun, that it?

SKIP: Well, to put it bluntly, yes.

WOMAN: Well, I wasn't. I was over to the bingo. Won five dollars. And you know what?

SKIP: I'll bite. What?

WOMAN: I woulda given ten dollars to of been around with that gun.

~~(PAUSE) Go ahead -- do me somethin' for wishin'!~~

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO FOR:)

NARR: Nice people! A few more checks produce the same stalemate: ~~nobody did it -- practically everybody is glad somebody finally did.~~ And in the absence of any officer of the law -- except the irate Dan, whose rendezvous with you is drawing very near -- you, Skip Henderson, pull one final check at the local undertaker's, currently doubling as coroner. There --

SKIP: For my story, sir -- your official opinion.

CORONER: Well. (SNIFF) Ye can say 'twas murder. (SNIFF SNIFF) Murder by person or persons unknown. (SNIFF) Done by one shot from a .32 caliber pistol --

SKIP: One shot?

CORONER: (SNIFF) One shot. (SNIFF SNIFF) One shot from a distance of 15 feet. (SNIFF) No powder burns, ye see.

SKIP: (MUSING) One shot, eh?

CORONER: (SNIFF) One. (SNIFF SNIFF) That's all. (SNIFF) That's all, young man.

(MUSIC: _ _ HIT AND GO FOR:)

MARR: And that is all you have to phone back to Hartford to the desk -- with a deadline riding close. Enough for a good lead and half a column -- more, you assure them -- to come. But the desk has something ^{for you} for you.

CITY ED: (FILTER) Now -- listen to this. I have before me a newspaper which we shall call with some accuracy "the opposition". You listening?

SKIP: All ears, boss.

CITY ED: (FILTER) I will proceed to read the top headline for the benefit of those ears. Ready?

SHIP: Shoot.

CITY ED: (FILTER) I may at that. The headline reads -- WILLIAMANTIC KILLER CONFESSES.

SKIP: WHAT? Shattayoumean! Who confesses?

CITY ED: (FILTER) (YELLING) The assistant county detective, that's who. Last name Treanor -- first name Dan. DEE--A--ENN,
DAN!

(MUSIC: _ _ HIT AND GO FOR)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #160

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, natural filter of fine tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: For PELL MELL'S greater length travels the smoke further on its way to your throat - filters it naturally through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos - guards against throat-scratch.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you. Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

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

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0170856

(MUSIC: THEME UP AND DOWN FOR:)

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

NARR: One bullet hole -- through the head -- has ended the career of County Detective Williamson. You, Skip Henderson of the Hartford Times, have been promised quote the whole story end quote by the murdered man's assistant. Now, waiting for him to turn up at your hotel room, you learn from your own city editor that the opposition paper says--

CITY ED: (FILTER) WILLIMANTIC MURDERER CONFESSES.

~~SKIP: What? Who confesses!~~

CITY ED: (FILTER) The assitant county detective, that's who.

~~Last name Treanor -- FIRST Name Dan -- D--A--N!~~

(MUSIC: ~~HPD AND GO~~) in WITH

NARR: Your fried Dan -- who was going to give you the whole story. Nice guy -- confessing to the other paper. Well -- might as well get over to the jail and get the now-secondhand story. But when you get there -- an old familiar face greets you. The Hartford County chief of detectives -- with the same, old, familiar --

DETECTIVE: No. You can't see him. And that's final.

SKIP: I take it you're in charge here -- filling in because all the law in this county is either dead or in jail.

DETECTIVE: You take it right.

SKIP: Then how come you cooperate with the other paper and freeze me out?

DETECTIVE: What do you mean, cooperate?

SKIP: They're running a story that Treanor confessed.

DETECTIVE: Well -- they're wrong.

SKIP: Huh?

DETECTIVE: I said -- they're wrong. There's been no confession here. He's charged with murder but he hasn't confessed.

SKIP: Hasn't confessed? Charged with murder? On what grounds?

DETECTIVE: Williamson had many enemies - there's bad blood between Treanor and Williamson - and besides Treanor has been seen hanging around their house plenty lately.

SKIP: That may be but ---

DETECTIVE: Charged with murder he is. Confessed he hasn't -- and see him you won't. And that's final.

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

NARR: Argue with him -- you don't. But take his word -- you do. ~~Tough he may be --- but honest he sure is.~~ But it's not too late to phone your paper. Next morning, bright and early -- off you go again, to the murdered man's house.

(DOOR KNOCKER AND DOOR OPENS)

SKIP: Ah, you remember, me I ---

WIFE: Oh yes. And my instructions are -- no reporters allowed!

(DOOR SLAMS)

(MUSIC: -- -- IN WITH)

NARR: This case is ~~locked~~ up tighter than a clam with lockjaw. Where now? Well -- let's try the coroner again.

(DOLEFUL BELL RINGS. DOOR OPENS)

CORONOR: (SNIFF SNIFF) Yes?

-15 A-

SKIP: You remember me. Could I -

CORONER: (SNIFF) No. Can't see anybody.

SKIP: Why not?

CORONER: (SNIFF) I'm busy.

SKIP: Well, can I at least have a look at the corpse?

CORONER: (SNIFF, SNIFF) Nope, (SNIFF) I'm layin' him out for
the funeral.

(DOOR SLAMS)

(MUSIC: -- _HIT AND GO)_

ATX01 0170859

NARR: This is rapidly establishing itself as the doorslammingest town in the history of journalism. But there is one door still open to you -- after a whole fruit^{ful} day and night trying to get somewhere with the story. (SNEAK ORGAN MUSIC. FUNERAL) And that door is -- the church.

(MUSIC: -- ORGAN UP FULL, DOWN SORROWFULLY BEHIND)

NARR: (REVERENTLY IRREVERENT) There, heavily veiled, softly sobbing, are the widow..the bereaved daughter...there are the pallbearers...firemen..local lights...and.. (TAKE) What? How did he get into the act! Irreverently, you pluck at his coat as he passes you, swaying under his share of the leaden load....

SKIP: (WHISPER) Dan! Treanor!

(A SHUFFLE OF MANY FEET IN MEASURED TREAD HAS BEEN ACCOMPANYING THE FOREGOING AND THE FOLLOWING)

~~(SHUSHING IN B.G.)~~

NARR: (LOW) You try again.

SKIP: (WHISPER) What are you doing here?

DAN: (BETWEEN TEETH) Out -- on -- bail. List -- ten.

SKIP: (WHISPER) Yes -- yes.

DAN: (AS ABOVE) Postmaster. See -- post--master.

(MUSIC: -- HIT WITH ORGAN AND OUT)

SKIP: And the only thing I could catch, Sir, was -- see postmaster.

POSTMASTER: How do I know I can trust you?

SKIP: He trusted me, didn't he? Honest -- I -- I don't know what to make of this whole thing. First he's in, then he's out --

POSTMASTER: Huh, He's back in again. Only reason they let him out for the funeral was -- he was like a son to the Williamsons.

SKIP: In love with the daughter?

POSTMASTER: Yep.

SKIP: I see. ~~Tell me -- do you think he did it?~~

POSTMASTER: Do you?

SKIP: Well, I'll be honest with you -- if you'll be honest with me. ~~Here's the case against him:~~ He came and went in their home as he pleased. ~~True?~~

POSTMASTER: True.

SKIP: The mother told me the daughter and the father didn't get along. Therefore -- he might have had a grudge against the old man. ~~True?~~

POSTMASTER: True.

SKIP: ~~The old man was killed~~ ^{that was a bad one - it was} with a .32. County officers carry thirty-twos.

POSTMASTER: Go on.

SKIP: It was done with one shot -- from clear across the room. ~~One shot -- hearing~~ -- by somebody who could handle a gun. ~~True?~~ ^{It was a real little}

~~POSTMASTER: True.~~

~~SKIP: Well?~~

~~POSTMASTER: But ye still haven't said whether ye believe he done it.~~

(QUIET) The question is, young man -- are ye for him or agin him?

SKIP: Oddly enough -- for him.

POSTMASTER: Why?

~~Of all of it was. Cut that out.~~
SKIP: ~~Because everything adds up too well.~~ (PAUSE) I think
he's covering up for somebody. (PAUSE) All right -- now.
Why did he send me to you?

POSTMASTER: Because on the night of the killin', I was settin' cosy
by the fire here. (~~SNEAK MUSIC~~) Telephone begin to ring.
Ring and ring...

(~~MUSIC AND PHONE UP, MUSIC OUT FOR PHONE ALONG AND
FINALLY PICKET UP~~)

POSTMASTER: (ANGRY) Hello! (PAUSE) No, I don't know if he is or he
is or he ain't home. (PAUSE) Yep. Light's on in his house
yes. (PAUSE) In all this snow? (PAUSE) All right, if it's
that important, I'll git 'im. Hold the phone.

(FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENS, BIG WIND ~~DOWN WITH MUSIC FOR~~)

POSTMASTER: (OVER WIND AND MUSIC) I crossed the street -- he ain't got
a phone, and I'm all the time takin' his calls, official
business and the like --

SKIP: Uh-huh --

POSTMASTER: And I fair pounded on the door.

(~~FADE IN FAIR POUNDING ON THE DOOR, INTO~~)

(DOOR OPENS)

DAN: Oh, telephone?

POSTMASTER: Yep, says it's important, Dan.

DAN: All right. (PAUSE) Lucky I heard you. I was out back.
(PAUSE) Ah -- is it her again?

POSTMASTER: What do you think?

(MUSIC: -- LIGHT TOUCH AND OUT)

-19-

DAN: Hello Anita? (PAUSE) Yeah, I was out back. (PAUSE) Right
now? Why? (PAUSE) The cows've got to be milked! (PAUSE)
Oh, all right -- but if it wasn't you, I'd hang up!
(PHONE SLAMMED DOWN)



ATX01 0170863

DAN: Cows've got to be milked. (PAUSE) Women!

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO)

POST: And with that, he clumps across the back lot over to the house, (PAUSE) And ye know what time that was?

SKIP: Yes.

POST: Ye do?

SKIP: Sure. (PAUSE) Around six twenty-five. Because that's when he turned up and threw me out of the house!

(PAUSE: QUIET) And do you know what you've done, sir?

POST: 'Stablished his alibi, I reckon.

SKIP: Yes -- and no. You've just established the fact that somebody was trying to establish an alibi. (PAUSE) *are you sure*
~~Do you really know~~ he was really out back? No. Now it looks as though everybody is trying to protect everybody else. (BEAT) *Oh* Me -- I got to dig. Deep.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: Yeah -- but where? Williamson's buried -- Dan's incommunicado in jail -- widow and daughter are ditto in house -- --- dig, huh? (PAUSE) Stymied. And stymied you stay for days. The stories you file add up to nothing but hash and rehash----- except for the routine ---

SKIP: (FILTER) Treanor Case goes to Grand Jury.

(MUSIC: STING. . . .)

SKIP: (FILTER) *Treanor* ~~The Grand jury~~ indicted ~~him~~. Murder.

(MUSIC: STING. . . .)

SKIP: (FILTER) Treanor case set for trial Monday.

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

NARR: Routine fellows, that's all. Still, there is in you the suspicion that all is too pat....to tidy a case. But can you get next to anybody, past this official barrier of silence? Mm-mm. Who can you talk to? Well -- neighbors. Friends. And distant relatives. And on the Saturday before the Monday of the trial ---

OLD BIDDY: Yessir, cousins on m'mother's side.

SKIP: I see. You wouldn't by any chance have any old family pictures.

OLD BIDDY: Sure would. Whole photy album full. Wanna see?

SKIP: Yes ma'am.

OLD BIDDY: Gaze your fill, son. (CHUCKLE) Half of 'em's jist snapshots, anyhow. Picnics and such. Family getherin's...

SKIP: Uh-hmm ...uh-hm mm. (PAUSE) This her?

OLD BIDDY: That's her. That was before they was married. See? There they are, together.

~~SKIP: Uh-hmm...uh-hm-mm-mm.~~

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH)

NARR: You turn the pages of the family album. Any one of the pictures would help your roundup story tomorrow. At least pictures are one thing the opposition won't have. Then --- one picture rings bells, blows whistles, sets of cannon crackers. (QUIET) Careful, now.

SKIP: (LOW, SHAKY) Is -- is this her agdin?

BIDDY: Oh yes indeedy. That's her.

SKIP: (STILL CAREFUL, TENSE) And that's --- him.

BIDDY: Uh-hmmmm. Oh yes, uh-hmmmm.

SKIP: This -- (PAUSE) I mean -- are they kidding, or -- could she ---- I mean, could she really - handle that --

BIDDY: Oh yes, yes indeedy. (CHUCKLE) Why, he taught her. That there one -- why sure, that's the one he give her when she --- (~~A CASE~~)

SKIP: When she what!

BIDDY: (~~STARTS TO MOAN~~) No, no...I'm just a wanderin' old woman --

SKIP: Tell me -- when she what!

BIDDY: (~~NEAR SOB~~) When she could put four out of five shots into the bulls' eye. (~~SOBBING~~) He always said when she could shoot as good as him, he'd give her ^{her own} gun ~~for her own~~, and -- (BROKEN) Sarah, Sarah, what've I done, what've I done!

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO DARKLY FOR)

NARR: (VERY VERY QUIET) Just ---- given you, Skip Henderson of the Hartford Times, the one fact missing in the case. A snapshot of Sarah Williamson -- with her own 32 caliber pistol. (PAUSE) Sunday's story. (PAUSE) And Monday's story?

(KNOCKING ON DOOR. IT OPENS)

DAUGHTER: Oh. It's you.

SKIP: Yes. May I come in?

DAUGHTER: Yes. (PAUSE) Ma's upstairs.

SKIP: Oh.

(DOOR CLOSES)

SKIP: Ah -- what's she doing?

DAUGHTER: Reading the papers. About the trial and all.

SKIP: You -- haven't seen them?

DAUGHTER: Not yet.

SKIP: I think you'd better --- call your mother.

DAUGHTER: Why?

SKIP: I want to -- (PAUSE) Or -- no. Would you tell me something?

DAUGHTER: Depends.

SKIP: It's about -- Dan. (PAUSE) ~~He loves you.~~
(SILENCE)

SKIP: You love him.
(SILENCE)

SKIP: ~~Your father --~~ (PAUSE) ~~You tell me.~~

DAUGHTER: (LOW) ^{What about Dad - how true} It's true I love Dan. I love him more than anything else in the world. He couldn't have done it. He couldn't have killed my father - he couldn't - not Dan. ^{You see} All of you ~~are~~ wrong! Dad told him to stay away from the house.

SKIP: And -- from you?

DAUGHTER: Yes. But Ma liked Dan. An awful lot. She said she'd see we got married -- somehow.

SKIP: I see. (PAUSE) Now -- please. Call your mother.

DAUGHTER: All right. (LOW) Ma - (PAUSE - LOUDER) Mother!
(FOOTSTEPS. FAR OFF, A SHOT)

DAUGHTER: (SCREAMS) Mama! (A SOBBING SCREAM) Mama what happened!

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO FOR)

NARR: (VERY QUIET) She left two notes, did Mrs. Sarah Williamson. One said "The newspaper knows the truth." The other said "I hated him." (PAUSE) There was no trial. But there was -- a Big Story. (PAUSE) ~~Nice~~ people.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Skip Henderson of the Hartford Connecticut Times with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: STING)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #160

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 gives 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 Skip Henderson of the Hartford Connecticut Times.

HENDERSON: Murderess in tonight's Big Story a dead shot with pistol, actually did not find her husband dead. Only pretended to, *she kept daughter from entering room - sent her* ~~and sent daughter~~ after help -- then called to husband and shot him ~~from across room~~. Case against Treanor was not pressed after my story. Thanks a lot for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Henderson..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 Columbus Georgia Ledger - by-line, Ken Hogg. A BIG STORY about a reporter who found out that a piano that is out of tune can sometimes lead to ... 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 Hartford Connecticut Times. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Owen Jordon played the part of Skip Henderson. 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. Henderson.

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

-26-

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL
MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES. (PAUSE) One of our great national
hazards is fire. Each year more than 10,000 people lose
their lives in fires. And in nine cases out of ten, these
fires were caused by carelessness. Be sure it doesn't
happen to you! Put that match or cigarette out before you
discard it! Take every precaution you can to prevent
fires!

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

jo/pat/mj/renie
4/7/50 cm

ATX01 0170870

1
AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #161

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MRS. BRONSON	BARBARA WEEKS
MRS QUINN	BARBARA WEEKS
KEN	CORT BENSON
TALBOT	BILL SMITH
SPENCER	BILL LIPTON
COP	BILL LIPTON
QUINN	SANTOS ORTEGA
SARGE	SANTOS ORTEGA
VICTOR	ROGER DE KOVEN
FATHER	ROGER DE KOVEN

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, 1950

ATX01 0170871

THE BIG STORY

#161

APRIL 26, 1950

WEDNESDAY

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

MUSIC: FANFARE OUT OF WHICH, PIANO. A PIANO TUNER IS TUNING THE PIANO. HE STRIKES A NOTE LIKE C, THEN MAKES A C, G, C. REPEATS IT THEN GOES ON TO D WITH THE CHORD, ETC. THIS CONTINUES THROUGHOUT THE SCENE.)

SPENCER: (AFTER SECOND SERIES OF TUNINGS, ANNOYED) Cut it out, Quinn. Do you have to do that now?

QUINN: (OLDER MAN, VERY WARM, UNAWARE OF THE MENACE IN THE SITUATION) I'm sorry it bothers you, but look, I'm a piano tuner. This is my piano, and it ain't in tune.

(MUSIC: PIANO RESUMES THE TUNING. IT GROWS LOUDER)

QUINN: Look, if it bothers you, I mean the faces you're making go on outside, it's a nice day.

SOUND: STRIKES A CHORD. IT IS QUITE SOUR

QUINN: That's awful sour ain't it?

(MUSIC: PIANO RESUMES TUNING)

QUINN: You know, you could be a good kid if you'd only cut out, I mean, you're married, why don't you settle down and ...

(MUSIC: PIANO STRIKES ANOTHER SOUR CHORD)

QUINN: Gee, that sure is sour.

(MUSIC: PIANO ABRUPTLY STOPS.)

QUINN: (FRIGHTENED) Don't, No, for the love of

SOUND: (WHACK ON HEAD, BODY FALLS ON KEYS)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE)

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) Columbus, Georgia. From the pages of the Columbus, ~~Georgia~~ Ledger the story of a reporter who proved that a crime of violence, a crime of passion, when stripped of all the fancy explanations, looks like plain, every day, ordinary -- murder. And for his work, to Ken Hogg 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: Columbus Georgia, the story as it actually happened,
Ken Hogg's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: PUNCTUATES, GOES UNDER)

NARR: Reporters who are smart are seldom popular with the
cops; reporters who are ex-investigators, even less so.
And that's why you, Ken Hogg, smart reporter for the
Columbus Georgia Ledger and a former investigator for
the Criminal Intelligence Division (U. S. Army), go
slow like you're walking on eggs, ask questions
innocently and wide-eyed because the case you're on is
a lulu. And Chief of Detectives Sam Talbot especially
doesn't like your kind. The scene you're at is an
empty parking lot on the corner of Tabotton Avenue at
Mitchell.

TALBOT: All right, Sargeant, let me have it. And not too loud.
We got "friends" watching. Right, Mr. Hogg?

KEN: You know me, Chief. I won't get in your way.

TALBOT: You sure bet you won't, Hogg. All right, Sarge.

SARGE: Well, the dame called and says this car's been parked
here in the lot 10, 12 hours. A '49 Studebaker. So
naturally, I come over and I see the way it's parked,
couldn't get at it. So I got a crowbar and we bust open
the trunk.

TALBOT: (PATIENTLY) Who called, Sargeant? How is it parked?
That's what you wanted to know too, isn't it, Hogg?

SARGE: Her name's Bronson, she owns the cafe here. This is the parking lot for the cafe. She's the one who called. And you see, the car was parked right next to that oak tree, see? Couldn't get behind it, couldn't open the trunk. So we had to shove it away and then, like I said, the crowbar.

TALBOT: Why didn't you use the keys? They're in the glove compartment.

SARGE: (STUPIDLY) Gee, I never looked. (NOW WARMING TO HIS STORY) Well, sir, there in the back we find the guy, Quinn. Terrible shape -- you saw him. Head all bashed in, neck twisted like --

TALBOT: I saw.

SARGE: (REBUFFED) Well, he's a piano tuner, Quinn. Was. ~~We found all them little hammers and wrenches they use~~ 5, 6 different kinds. Very interesting the kind of hammers they --

TALBOT: Come on, cut it out.

SARGE: ~~Yes, sir, there~~ ^{was} a wallet in the front seat, ~~empty~~ ^{with pieces}. But no robbery, Chief. I mean I don't think so, I mean --

TALBOT: Why?

SARGE: Well, the guy had, ~~a twenty dollar bill in one of his shoes and~~ about 15, 16 dollars in his pants pockets, so --

TALBOT: We can skip the "so". What else?

SARGE: That's about it. No prints. Oh, and 2 packs of cigarettes. Here they are. Dead man's brand I guess.

KEN: Can I see those, please?

TALBOT: What's the matter, Hogg? You ain't content to listen, you got to touch too? What do you want to see?

KEN: The cigarettes.

TALBOT: (ANNOYED) They're cigarettes, see? Cigarettes.

KEN: Thanks.

SARGE: Oh, I forgot. ^{Chief} Over here, see? Front fender. Looks like the thing was in an accident, the car. And it's got those scratches over here, see? And this I found out myself. There's blood in the scratch.

TALBOT: Oh? Accident takes place before the blood got there or afterward?

SARGE: I don't know sir.

KEN: Mind if I get a close look in there?

TALBOT: Stick your nose in it for all I care, Hogg. It's a scratch, there's blood in it, satisfied? (PAUSE) What's the look on your face for? You got an opinion?

KEN: No more than you. Have you?

TALBOT: Robbery in a hurry, missed a couple of bucks, and the rest like the sargeant said. Did it somewhere else, brought it here. You can quote me too.

KEN: I don't think I will.

TALBOT: Why?

KEN: Because if it comes out wrong, you'll be sore at me.

TALBOT: Boy, do I hate --

KEN: I know -- "wise guy reporters." Can't please everybody.

(FADING) See you, Chief.

TALBOT: Where you going?

KEN: (OFF) Around.

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH...)

NARR: You walk away for three reasons. One, a reporter from the opposition paper has just arrived and if he asks you questions-- well, (WITH HUMOR) You don't want to have to lie to him. And the second reason is that you don't want to get in any further with Detective Chief Talbot. You don't want to have to say "these cigarettes aren't just cigarettes." It happens that they don't have the tax stamp on them. It happens they're the kind they sell at Army P.X's or Navy stores. You also don't want to say that the accident happened after the blood was on the fender (it's the dried blood that was scratched.) And the third reason is you want to stop in at Mrs. Bronson's Cafe, the woman who owns the parking lot.

(A GLASS OF BEER PLACED ON BAR)

MRS. BRONSON: (AFFABLE) That'll be ten cents.

KEN: Thanks. You're the one who called the cops, Mrs. Bronson?

MRS. B.: Sure, I'm no dope. I saw that car parked there. I figured at first must belong to one of the guys working in the mill. You know, across the lot. But six hours go by, eight hours, the shift changes. The car's still there. A brand new car like that! I says, "Eleanor," (that's me) "something's fishy."

KEN: It ^{sure} was!

MRS. B.: I'll tell you something confidential. Good as the publicity'll be for business, I don't like it. See, I live right behind the parking lot. See out the window, there -- you can just about see the house.

KEN: The brown one?

MRS. B.: That's my house, there. Too close to the whole thing.

KEN: I know what you mean.

MRS. B.: It's a good thing I rented out that downstairs room. I was a wreck, when I first saw them take out the body. Couldn't hold a cup of coffee, but she was nice, the guy's wife, the young couple that moved in. She got me a sedative or something, calmed me down.

KEN: They live with you long?

MRS. B.: No, they just moved in as a matter of fact, yesterday. He's over at Fort Benning there. Corporal I think. Nice kids. (LAUGHS) Only did you ever notice you always have trouble with the rent with nice people?

KEN: (SURPRISED) He couldn't pay the rent yesterday and yesterday was Wednesday?

MRS. B.: What's surprising about that, a soldier without money? Every soldier I ever met almost, didn't have any money.

KEN: Still and all -- Wednesday.

MRS. B.: Hey, what are you? You some kind of dick? (ANNOYED NOW) That's what you are! An investigator or something! Well tell me, what's so surprising about a soldier not having money on Wednesday and what do you care about if he was a soldier or not anyhow?

(MUSIC: IMMEDIATE BRIDGE WITH A SUGGESTION OF WALKING IN IT)

TALBOT: Well, I heard everything you said, every word of it. Now tell me, what's so surprising about a soldier without money?

KEN: It just so happens that Wednesday is pay day at Fort Benning. And here's a guy who can't pay his rent, what -- 3 dollars, five dollars? -- on a Wednesday.

TALBOT: Maybe he got into a crap game, maybe he lost it. So what? You got to tie the soldier in with it?

KEN: How do you explain the cigarettes without tax stamps on them?

TALBOT: (SARCASTIC) Maybe the piano tuner, Quinn, could he know a guy who did him a favor? Bought him a couple of packs from the post? Maybe he's got a pal who's a G. I.

KEN: Okay.

TALBOT: And let me ask you a question. (HE KNOWS HE'S GOT HIM NOW) Don't it make the best sense in the world for a guy to kill another guy and park the car with the dead body in it 25 feet from the house he's living in?

KEN: Yeah, I know, but --

TALBOT: And ain't it real smart for this guy you think is the killer to hang around, and go back to his job at the post. That's real smart.

KEN: (DEFEATED) I didn't know that.

TALBOT: Well, I checked. I got his name, (Spencer, Corporal R. D. Spencer), and his wife's name (Terry), and I checked. He's working at the post right now.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: All right. You were wrong. It doesn't make sense for a soldier to be on the Post if he did it and to park the car that near where he's living. Okay, try another tack: the accident.

KEN: Then you'd get any report, officer, of an accident in the last three days in this office?

COP: (BORED) ~~Nope~~. They come in here. Every one.

KEN: You got nothing on a '49 Studebaker?

COP: Nothing, except I told you about the beer truck this guy tried to push and (LAUGHS) it went through his windshield.

KEN: (ANNOYED) I didn't mean that.

COP: That's right, nothing. (KIDDING) I got a nice '49 Convertible Cadillac.

(MUSIC: -- SOUR AND UNDER)

NARR: So tracing the accident is out too. Probably a hundred accidents, scratches, banged fenders, you'll never be able to track down. So what's the point? Now what?

KEN: (SUDDENLY) Quinn! The piano tuner. Sure. His place!

(MUSIC: -- HITS AND RACES UNDER)

NARR: Piano tuners don't make too good a living and the house shows it: a small two family house (the upper story rented, the lower story dreary, dim). And in the room the woman (Quinn's wife) striking the keys of the battered piano.

(PIANO: -- SAME AS IN THE FIRST SCENE. MRS. QUINN STRIKES NOTES WITH ONE FINGER, PLAYING A CHILDISH MELODY (PERHAPS "CHOPSTICKS"))

KEN: I hate to ask you, Mrs. Quinn, I know how you feel. But have you any idea why or whom?

MRS. QUINN: (OLDER WOMAN, LATE 60's) Who hates a piano tuner? Who gets in trouble with a fellow who comes in your house, he sits down, he makes a little noise, he makes your instrument play.

KEN: Didn't have many friends, did he?

MRS. Q.: Years ago a few maybe, but since we came to Columbus, it's all he could do to keep up with the work. His ear was going bad on him and -- you don't know what it means when a piano tuners' ear goes bad on him.

KEN: Did he ever have anything to do with the Post -- Fort Benning? Maybe tune a piano out there? *Sucky we had a little money saved up.*

MRS. Q.: No. All those jobs are by contract. The Army's very fussy. My husband was 69. They wouldn't hire him.

KEN: Did he know any of the men?

MRS. Q.: I don't know. Maybe, let me show you something.

(MUSIC: PIANO PLAYS SEVEN NOTES OF THE OCTAVE. ON THE 8TH IT GOES SOUR)

MRS. Q.: See, it's sour. Here, starting here. ~~And all the way up~~ *do this note it's sour - but from here up* the keyboard. The rest is out of tune. That's what I can't understand.

KEN: What?

MRS. Q.: When he started a job, he'd always finish it. But he only got up to here -- B above middle C and the rest is still sour.

KEN: What do you think happened?

MRS. Q.: I don't know, but he'd never get up and leave it, not till he was finished. (That's the way he was.)

KEN: (PUSHING) So?

MRS. Q.: I don't understand. I can't understand it.

(MUSIC: ECHOING THE 7 CLEAR NOTES AND THE ONE SOUR, COMES IN UNDER)

NARR: The "why's" are mounting. "Why" does a piano tuner who always finishes his jobs stop in the middle. Why? Why was the car parked where it was? Why did the soldier (Spencer), go back to Fort Benning if he is the killer? Why? Why? A hundred why's and not a single answer, not one. That's where you are right now, Ken Hogg, reporter, ex-investigator for the Criminal Intelligence Division.
Why?

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG)

(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, natural 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 Ken Hogg as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: The why's are all unanswered. The why of the parked car, the half tuned piano, the soldier working at Fort Benning. And the only place you Ken Hogg, reporter for the Columbus Georgia Ledger can think of to go to find the answers is Police Headquarters, and you're a little sheepish about that. A little sheepish, and a lot unwelcome. As Detective Chief Talbot puts it --

TALBOT: What's the matter, no private outside clues? Give the man a chair, Sargeant. When something breaks, we'll let him in on it.

NARR: (NO PAUSE) But you sit there, almost haunt the place because there's nothing else to do. And a day of nothing goes by until you overhear the sargeant *on the phone*.

SARGE: (IN CLOSE, BUT AUDIBLE) ~~on~~ the Quinn thing? Well?...Yeah. Say that again...Gower Road, one mile past a tin house, two story...south on Alabama 123. What's your name?

(MUSIC: -- HITS, RACES WITH...)

NARR: You know they won't tell you and you know you might get kicked off the scene, but you head your car down Gower, one mile past the tin house, south on 123.

TALBOT: (ANNOYED) How did you know about this? *Krog?*

KEN: (PLAINTIVE) Oh, what's the difference, Chief. I --

TALBOT: Well, as long as you're here, this man's name is Victor. That's the end of my cooperation. Go ahead, Mr. Victor.

VICTOR: Well, until I read the story in the paper, I absolutely made no connection. You see, it was Wednesday, the day before yesterday, and getting kind of dark. My place is just down there and I was driving up. This fellow flagged me. He'd run off the road into a ditch. His fender scratched up against the tree there and well -- I said sure, I'd help him out. I got out of my car, and got a pull chain ~~and~~ --

(FADES IN CHAIN BEING DRAGGED ACROSS THE GROUND,
LITTLE OFF MIKE THERE IS A MOTOR RUNNING. SOUND
IS LOUD)

VICTOR: (NARRATING) And he kept racing his motor all the time he was in the ditch. I called out. (PAUSE, NOW IN THE SCENE) Hey, Bud, what do you want to keep your motor racing like that for?

SPENCER: (SOFT VOICED) Look, my exhilarator's stuck. I can't budge it.

VICTOR: Okay, okay. I'll see what I can do.

(THE CHAIN IS PASSED AROUND THE FENDER AND LINKED)

VICTOR: I got it now. That ought to do it.

SPENCER: Well, hurry up, will you? I mean (CATCHING HIMSELF) I mean -- I'm in an awful hurry and --

(THE MOTOR STOPS)

VICTOR: Oh, you fixed it! Good.

QUINN: (WITHIN THE TRUNK) (MUFFLED, ALMOST INAUDIBLE) Oh, Lord, no! Oh, Lord, no, no!

VICTOR: What's that? Hey, Bud, hey!

(THE AUTO MOTOR RACES AGAIN)

VICTOR: (CALLING OVER IT) Shut it off, shut it off, can't you!

I just heard --

SPENCER: (EVENLY) You ~~heard something~~ *didn't leave anything*

VICTOR: I just heard somebody --

SPENCER: I got a drunk buddy in the back here. Now come on. You going to help me or not?

VICTOR: (DRYLY) Okay. Okay.

(PAUSE)

(SOUND GOES OUT)

VICTOR: I pulled him out and I got my chain off that car as fast as I could because his voice was low and kind of soft, but if ever I heard a voice with murder in it --

KEN: Did you look in the car?

VICTOR: I didn't want to look.

KEN: What did he look like? What was he wearing?

VICTOR: He had a uniform on.

KEN: The soldier!

TALBOT: (TENSE NOW) What did he look like?

VICTOR: The way he was sitting in the car, I couldn't see too well, but he was kind of tall I guess. Blond, sandy hair, a little mustache. Soft voice.

(MUSIC: -- PACES)

(KNOCKING ON A DOOR, IT IS OPENED)

MRS.

BRONSON: Yes?

KEN: Mrs. Bronson, I --

TALBOT: I'm Chief of Detectives Talbot, Mrs. Bronson. What does he look like, this man who's rooming here?

MRS. B.: You mean what did he look like. He high-tailed out of here without paying his rent, him and his wife!

TALBOT: What did he look like?

MRS. B.: Well, kind of good looking. Tall fellow, taller than you. With a little mustache and --

KEN: Sandy hair?

MRS. B.: That's right! And I thought he was a decent sort.

TALBOT: Where's his room?

MRS. B.: Oh, there's nothing in his room. I went all through it. He didn't even leave me worth a dime. Six dollars down the drain.

TALBOT: Let me see his room.

MRS. B.: I just told you that --

TALBOT: If you don't mind.

(STEPS UNDER)

KEN: They got to be there.

TALBOT: What's got to be there.

KEN: The murder clothes, spattered. They got to be. That's why he parked the car so near the house. He had to have a change of clothes and he parked the car up against a tree so's nobody could get in the back. It must be.

TALBOT: Don't tell me "must" any more.

(DOOR OPENS)

MRS. B.: (ANNOYED) Well, there's the room. You're perfectly welcome to look, but it's empty.

(TWO MEN RUMMAGING AROUND)

TALBOT: Nothing in the closets.

KEN: **Drawers** neither.

MRS. B.: I told you

(MATTRESS BEING LIFTED)

KEN: Chief! Here, under the mattress!

MRS. B.: Pants and a jacket! Where did they come from?

TALBOT: You got a phone?

MRS. B.: Right out here.

TALBOT: Look through the pockets, Hogg, and don't try anything fancy.

(PHONE RECEIVER UP)

TALBOT: Get me Fort Benning in a hurry...(PROJECTING) Find anything?

KEN: Pants are empty.

TALBOT: (ON PHONE) Give me Sgt. Wyle, in a hurry.

KEN: (CALLS OUT) Some old army orders here.

TALBOT: That's ~~no~~ good. (INTO PHONE) Wyle? Chief of Detectives, that's right, Talbot...He did? Gnat!

(PHONE RECEIVER UP)

TALBOT: Well, our boy is AWOL now. Took off over the hill as of 7 AM roll call this morning. Well, Hogg, you had five minutes. Give me that coat.

KEN: Wait a second, here it is. ^{Book}~~Box~~ of matches. "Jenny's Place, Newnan, Alabama."

TALBOT: Newnan, ~~Alabama~~ -- that's about 8 miles.

KEN: What are we waiting for?

(MUSIC: BRIDGE AND UNDER)

NARR: At Newnan, eight miles away, you find Jenny's Place and there you find (it's a small town) that a girl, Terry, married a soldier, Spencer. And rumor has it (it's a small town) that Corporal Spencer was already married at the time he married Terry. And so, there's Terry's father --

FATHER: (A MURDEROUS MAN IF HE COULD GET HIS HANDS ON SPENCER) I told her. I told her he's no good. I could see it right in his eyes. That phoney, fancy mustache he wears; a couple of little straggly hairs, a mustache!

KEN: Now, look, mister, the big thing is where would he go?

TALBOT: (FRIENDLY, AGREEING WITH KEN FOR THE FIRST TIME) Yeah, that's right, mister. Where would he go?

FATHER: How do I know where he'd go, what goes on in that mind of his? Married to another girl and before he gets a divorce, marries Terry! You figure a man like that? All I want to do is horse whip him.

KEN: Think for a second, cool off. Where's he from? Any family? Brothers, sisters? Did he have a business?

FATHER: Business! He was a bum from the word go. *Always borrowing money from* Went AWOL *six everybody.* times that I heard about. Spent half the time in the brig.

TALBOT: What about a family?

FATHER: I don't know. He said something about Arlington. He comes from Arlington I think, years ago. And he's got a sister somewhere I think. What's her name? I don't know. Macon I think, Georgia. And a kid brother, Lincoln, Nebraska. I don't know.

TALBOT: You got that?

KEN: I got it.

TALBOT: Thanks, mister. We'll find him.

FATHER: You better before I do. You're going to have a murder case on your hands if I find him.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE AND UNDER)

NARR: This sounds difficult but it's not because this is the work of an amateur in flight. Where does an amateur in flight go? To his family. Someone he knows. (PAUSE) He isn't at his family's in Arlington. He's not at his sister's in Macon. But at his brother's in Lincoln, Nebraska ---

TALBOT: Okay, Spencer. ^{Will} ~~they~~ want you for a little something in Columbus, Georgia.

(PAPERS)

These little papers say "extradition".

(MUSIC: SHORT STING AND UNDER...)

NARR: He's not talking, the man who married the girl before he divorced his former wife. He's not talking, the soldier who went AWOL. He's not talking, the man who killed the piano tuner. You ask Chief Talbot to bring the man to a house in Columbus, a dreary house with a saddened woman *and in another room you at the piano*
~~in the other room and a piano in the room you sit in with him now. facing him~~

(PIANO: IT IS HALF IN TUNE, HALF OUT OF TUNE. PLAY THE SEVEN NOTES THAT ARE IN TUNE, AND THE EIGHTH THAT IS OUT OF TUNE.)

~~His wife tells me, Spencer, that he was a careful man. He didn't do much work, but when he did it, he was always thorough and he finished it.~~

(PIANO: HE REPEATS THE PATTERN USED IN TUNING THE PIANO)

KEN: His wife tells me, Spencer, that he was a careful man, a nice man, the kind you couldn't understand. He didn't do much work, but when he did it, it was always thorough, and he finished it.

PIANO: _ _ _ HE REPEATS THE PATTERN USED IN TUNING _

KEN: We did a lot of checking. With your wife (your first wife that is) with Terry, the woman you "married" before you got divorced. We checked with some of the men at the Post, and the landlady, Mrs. Bronson, a lot of checking.

PIANO: _ _ _ IN THE CLEAR _

KEN: You were right here with him, standing just about where you are now, weren't you? And he started to talk to you like a decent guy.

PIANO: TUNING IN AGAIN

KEN: What did he tell you, Spencer? He said what was the idea, a young kid like you so mixed up, marrying one girl then another. Getting loused up with the Army. Borrowing money everywhere you went. He was trying to be decent, but you couldn't understand that. All you heard while he was talking was a threat to you that maybe he'd tell Terry what a louse you were (he never meant that ~~either~~). All you thought was maybe he'd tell your CO at the Post (he never meant that either). But in your mind, it kept building and building until you figured I got to stop this old man. I got to shut his mouth.

PIANO: KEN HAS NOW ARRIVED WHERE THE PIANO GOES OUT OF TUNE

KEN: So when he got to here, right in his tuning, you couldn't stand it anymore. (PAUSE) What did you hit him with? A tuners' hammer couldn't have done it. What did you hit him with? (PAUSE)

PIANO STARTS AGAIN. IT KEEPS GOING. PLAYING RELENTLESSLY
THE TUNING PROCESS

KEN: I can do this all day.

SPENCER: (QUITE MAD) Stop it. Stop it. Stop it. Stop it!

KEN: What did you hit him with?

SPENCER: A hammer I got. Now stop it for the sake of

PIANO STOPS

KEN: You really did a job. You hit him with a hammer, lugged
him unconscious to the car, stuffed him in the trunk
in back and that's where he died. Yes you really did a
a job. Robbery, bigamy, desertion and murder --~~what~~
~~we call a home run with bases full.~~

MUSIC: UP TO TAG

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from Ken
Hogg of the Columbus, Georgia, Ledger, with the final
outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

MUSIC: STING

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #161

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 Ken Hogg of the
Columbus Georgia Ledger.

HOGG: Killer in tonight's Big Story went on trial for his
life. He tried pleading self-defense, but Jury convicted
him and he was sentenced to life imprisonment. Last
week on Tuesday, April 18th, murderer escaped from *and hauled gun fire*
Coffee County Prison at Douglas Georgia. On April ~~20th~~,
(~~2~~ *at 11 PM* day later) he was recaptured by highway patrol at
Waycross, Georgia *and is now in solitary confinement*. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL
AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Hogg...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
Philadelphia Inquirer -- by-line, Joseph Schoen.
A BIG STORY about a reporter who proved that nobody
in the world likes to go to a dentist especially if he's
involved in a murder!

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

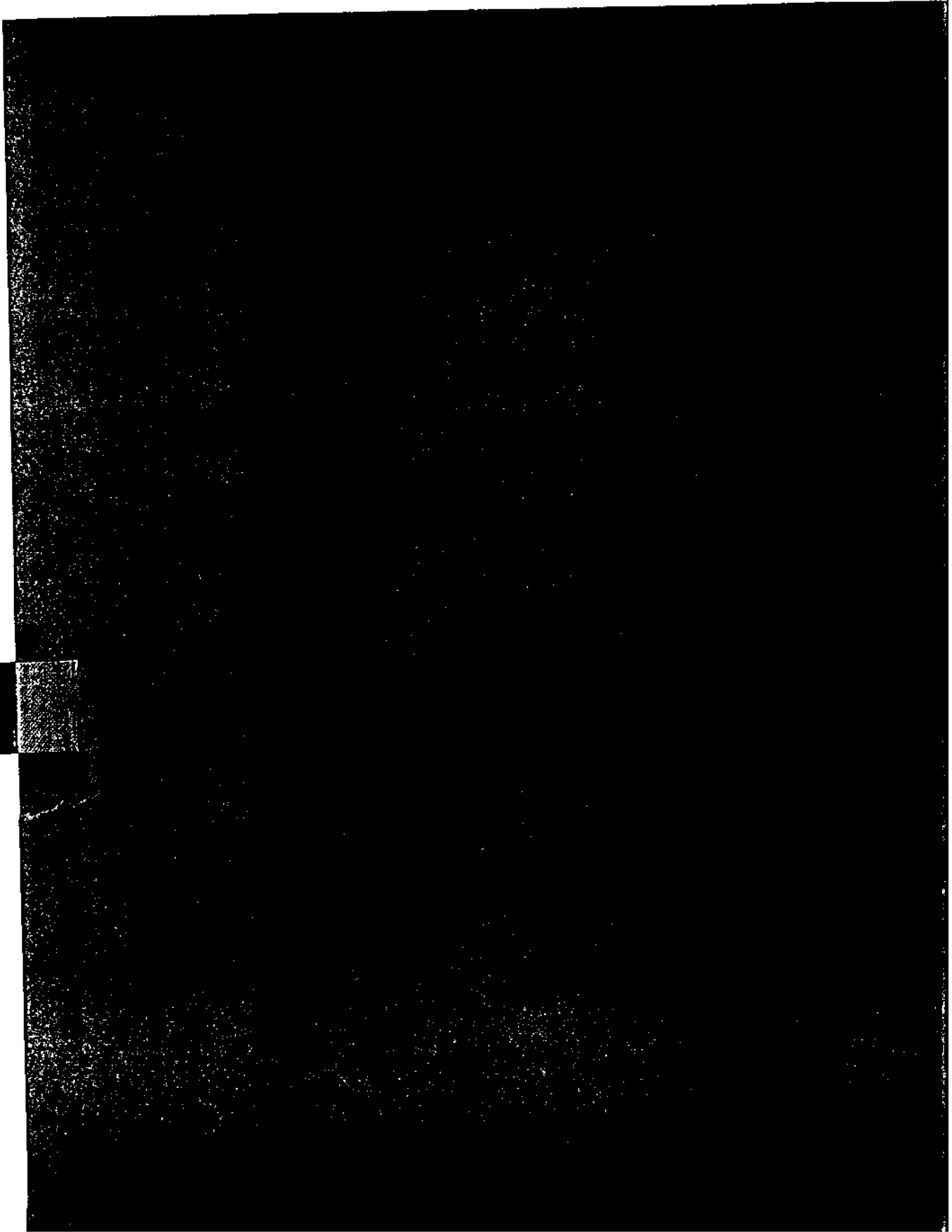
CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Arnold Perl from an actual story from the front pages of the Columbus Georgia Ledger. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Cort Benson played the part of Ken Hogg. In order to protect 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. Hogg.

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

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES..(PAUSE)
Every year thousands of Americans lose their lives in fires...and the tragic fact is that most of these fires could have been prevented. Do your part to help prevent fires! Be sure all matches and cigarettes are out before you discard them. Beware....take care! Obey all fire regulations to make your home, your community, your life safe from fire.
THIS IS NBC.....THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

cc/mm/dl
4/17/50 am

ATX01 0120892



AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #162

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MRS HASKIN	ETHEL EVERETT
WOMAN	ETHEL EVERETT
JOE	JOHN SYLVESTER
KILLER	JOHN SYLVESTER
CHESTER	RALPH BELL
PATIENT	RALPH BELL
NAGLE	SCOTT TENNYSON
ESTOFF	SCOTT TENNYSON
MAC	WM KEENE
CIGAR MAN	WM KEENE

WEDNESDAY, MAY 3, 1950

ATX01 0170898

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#162

(Joseph Schoen: Philadelphia Enquirer, Philadelphia, Pa.)

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

MAY 3, 1950

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: _ _ FANFARE. _ _)

(DENTIST DRILL, IT STOPS AS INDICATED)

NAGLE: (PLEASANT, AFFABLE) Now just a little more polishing..

(BUZZ) There - (DRILL STOPS) -- I guess that does it.

If you care to rinse, and --

(THE PATIENT IS OUT OF THE CHAIR)

PATIENT: Fine, fine, doc. Swell.-- You're a good dentist -- (OFF)

if there is such a thing.

(STEPS)

(DOOR OPENS)

PATIENT: (WAY OFF) Goodbye.

(DOOR SHUTS. THEN, SOUND FOR PICKING UP VARIOUS
INSTRUMENTS)

NAGLE: (BEGINS WHISTLING A PLEASANT TUNE)

(THE DOOR OPENS, FOOTSTEPS IN)

NAGLE: (SURPRISED) Oh, you're early, Mr -- (THEN HE REALIZES IT
ISN'T HIS PATIENT) I was expecting a patient and I thought
you were he and --

KILLER: Get in that room.

NAGLE: (NOT SUSPECTING WHAT'S GOING ON, AFFABLY) Now, look.
~~if it's a tooth you've got to have drawn, it's not so~~
bad and --

KILLER: Shut up and get in there. This is a stick-up.

NAGLE: Now look, I --

ATK01 0170899

KILLER: This ain't about teeth, doc, unless you get funny and
make me knock all yours down your throat. (QUIETLY)
Now in there.

(MUSIC: _ _ HITS, THEN SHARPLY OUT FOR...)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story. Here is America, its sound and its fury,
its joy and its sorrow, as faithfully reported by the men
and women of the great American newspapers. (PAUSE)
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. From the front pages of the
Philadelphia Inquirer comes the story of a reporter who
found that once ~~the stain of murder has~~ ^{been cast} it can
almost never be washed away. Tonight to reporter Joe
Schoen (PRONOUNCED "SHOWN"), 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 AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The story as it actually happened, Joe Schoen's story as he lived it.

NARR: On your way to work at the 15th Police District you, Joe Schoen, reporter for the Philadelphia Inquirer have to pass the Frankford Hospital. And the Accident Ward of the Frankford Hospital now and then has a story that often saves you the trouble of checking in at the 15th District. So, you saunter in the back way to the Accident Ward, and slip the attendant a cigar (he likes a cigar at lunch) as you say --

JOE: Hiya, Mac. Anything worth a cigar?

MAC: Gee, I don't know, Mr. Schoen.

JOE: Nobody going to have triplets up on the seventh floor?

MAC: Not as I know of. There's this appendectomy, kind of complicated, took $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

JOE: (DISINTERESTED) That's too big a story for me. Couldn't handle that. Come on, Mac, think.

MAC: Hey! What's the matter with me? Police-wagon crew was in a few minutes ago. Geez! Why did I forget that?

JOE: (IMPATIENT) Forget? Forget what? Come on, come on.

MAC: About three minutes ago. They brought in this guy, shot in the head, I think he was. ~~See's~~ brought him in ~~to see if he was~~ D.O.A.

JOE: Dead on arrival.

MAC: Yeah. Interne took one look. (LACONIC) He was. D.A.D.O.A.

JOE: Meaning what?

MAC: It's a joke we got. Dead as a doornail on arrival.

JOE: Ha ha. Who is he?

MAC: I don't know.

JOE: Come on. Look it up. You got records. That's a 15 cent cigar, Mac. You know that comes out of my pocket.

MAC: All right, Joe. But only for you.

(PAGES BEING TURNED)

MAC: Here he is. "D.O.A., Ted Hoskin, 4313 Oxford --"

MAC: Picked up -- 1221 Sanders Street, an office. Room 204. (PAUSE) Well? What are you standing there for?

Ain't you supposed to get to work, make your deadline, be a reporter?

JOE: (PUZZLED) I'm just trying to figure that address.

1221 Sanders, Room 204. I know that address from somewhere (MOVING) Okay, I'll be a reporter, Mac.

See you.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP IN PUZZLEMENT, QUICKLY BEHIND)

NARR: What's familiar about 1221 Sanders Street? It's an address you know and you don't know. Room 204. You've been there. Why can't you remember it? (SMILING) And then it comes to you. Room 204 at 1221 Sanders is the office of Doctor David Nagle, your dentist. Who remembers a dentist's address when he can forget it? (TENSE NOW) But wait a minute! What's somebody doing found in Dave Nagle's office?

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP IN PUNCTUATION, THEN UNDER ...)

NARR: You get over there. There's just a band of five or six curious people outside Nagle's office. And inside, where you expect to find Dave Nagle sitting, brooding, worrying, you find ...

(DOOR OPENS. A DENTIST DRILL IS HEARD)

NAGLE: (LITTLE OFF) Now just relax, Mrs. Heinz. It'll all be over in -- (TO JOE) Joe Schoen! What brings you over here?

JOE: (SERIOUS) Look, Doc, can I ~~talk to you a minute?~~ ^{Have you got a minute?}

NAGLE: Well you see I got a patient and --

JOE: I think you better, doc. Haven't had any visitors yet?

NAGLE: No. (TO THE PATIENT) You'll excuse me please, Mrs. Heinz.

(A FEW STEPS, DOOR SHUTS)

JOE: Wasn't a dead body taken out of here by the cops, what was it? A half hour ago?

NAGLE: That's right.

JOE: Well what happened?

NAGLE: Craziest thing in the world. I just finished a patient and this guy busts in, a guy I never saw before. I thought there was something the matter with his teeth and he was putting on an act or something. He backs me up in the room, pulls out a blackjack, and says, "this is a stick-up."

JOE: This on the level, doc?

NAGLE: What do you think, I'm making it up?

JOE: It just sounds crazy. A guy walks into a dentist's office with a blackjack.

NAGLE: Once in a while a dentist's got money, you know. Anyhow, he had more than a blackjack. He pulls out a gun, crazy as a loon.

(MORE)

NAGLE:
(CONT'D)

Says, "Come on, fork over." So I gave him a push and I beat it out the front door. I get down the street and I start yelling, "Thief! Thief!" The stick-up man, he never came out of the building. While I'm standing there hollering, I hear a gun shot. I go back up. The guy's laying dead, or near dead anyhow right next to the chair. ~~Just about then the cop comes, and took~~ ^{As I called the hospital} the body away. That's it.

JOE: And you're working on a patient now?

NAGLE: Well, what was I going to do? I had appointments.

JOE: Was there blood on the floor or anything?

NAGLE: Sure. What do you think? He shot himself in the head. I had the janitor in to clean it up.

JOE: (AGHAST) You what?!

NAGLE: I told you: I had a patient coming in. I wasn't going to leave blood all over the floor.

JOE: Boy! That was a stupid thing to do, Doc. They're not going to like that.

NAGLE: Who?

JOE: ^{Doc} What do you think I'm talking about? The ~~detectives~~ ^{docs}. They'll be here any minute. A guy ~~doesn't just~~ ^{doesn't} knock himself off in a doctor's office ~~and they're just~~ ^{the docs} going to forget about it.

NAGLE: I'll tell them what I told you, what happened.

JOE: Nothing phases you, does it?

JOE: You'll see. Could I use your phone?

NAGLE: You mean it's a story?

JOE: I hope so. I hope it's only a story about a guy knocking himself off in a dentist's office.

(PHONE UP, DIALLING WHICH HAS BEEN GOING DURING THE PRECEDING SPEECH)

JOE: (ON PHONE) Schoen. Give me the desk ... Irv? Joe. ~~Killing~~ over on Sanders Street. Ted Hoskin of 4313 Oxford was removed today to Frankford Hospital where he was pronounced dead on arrival. The death took place in the office of Dr. ---

(FOREGROUND) (DOOR OPENS, FOOTSTEPS)

JOE: (CONTINUES BEHIND SOUND) Dave Nagle, Room 204, the Sanders Street address.

CHESTER: You Dr. Nagle?

NAGLE: Yes.

CHESTER: Who's that? (THEN) Oh, you Schoen. Hang up that phone. Outside, Schoen. How'd you get here? Never mind. Just outside. Nobody else in here, doctor?

NAGLE: A patient.

CHESTER: Tell him outside too.

NAGLE: It's a her, it's a lady.

CHESTER: Her then. Outside. Lieutenant Wally Chester, Homicide.

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

NARR: Lieutenant Wally Chester is good and bad: good in that he's a good cop; bad in that getting stuff out of him is next to impossible. You wait outside, Joe Schoen, with the interested spectators (now grown to 30, now clogging the hallway), and a half-hour goes by. You can guess what's going on inside. (MORE

NARR:
(CONT'D)

You can imagine it and you figure it's going to go on for quite a while, so you start on story two. (Wally Chester go you off the phone after you'd finished filing story one, the essence of it anyhow.) Story two is the neighbors, what did they see, what did they hear.

Story two is a man who runs the cigar store downstairs.

CIGARMAN: I never seen the dead fellow go in. (Who looks out the window to see who's going upstairs to a dentist's office?) But I heard the doctor come running down. I know his voice. He buys cigarettes here. I heard him screaming, "Thief, thief, help, thief." So naturally, I went in the back of the store. I mean, after all, suppose somebody was to take a shot or something! Where I'm standing now you can see, only a thin plate glass window. A man can get killed. So I was in the back.

JOE: But did you hear the shot fired?

CIGARMAN: I don't know. A backfire, a shot. I heard something.

JOE: Now look. When did it happen? Was it before the doctor was on the street, or after?

CIGARMAN: Did I have a stopwatch? Who can remember? Before, after.

JOE: It's important. Think about it. Because if the shot was fired after he came downstairs, then the doctor didn't do it.

CIGARMAN: I understand, I understand. But if my life depended on it, I would give you the same answer.

JOE: (IMPATIENT) What?

CIGARMAN: I don't know.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN THE FRUSTRATION AND INTO)

JOE: (ON THE PHONE) Hello, Irv. Joe Schoen --- ready?
Lieutenant Wally Chester today said in connection with
the slaying of Ted Hoskin, that the police would shortly
announce the arrest of a suspect for murder .. got that?
- Now, this you can't print - The suspect is Nagle ...
It seems he had the gun all right and it had his prints
on it. He claims, that he picked it up from the floor
where it was lying because he had a patient coming
in, but Wally Chester says that the blackjack Nagle
claims the dead man pulled on him is nowhere around.
Yeah, he's a friend of mine, my dentist ... I feel the
same way ... That's what I'm doing now. I'm going over
to Hoskin's house. There a Mrs. Hoskin, his mother.

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

MRS. HOSKIN: (AN AGED BUT QUITE LITERATE AND RESPECTABLE WOMAN,
UPSET) (QUIETLY) Young man, my son was not capable
of doing the things you suggest he did. I'm quite
certain that never in his life did he ever possess a
pistol. He would have been too frightened ever to shoot
it off.

JOE: But the dentist said --

MRS. HOSKIN: (INTERRUPTS) People say many things out of fear so
that they can avoid facing their own blame. My son
Theodore, he was a gentle person. He was not too well.
He was frail all his life, and the actions described
in the newspapers -- he was utterly incapable of them.

JOE: What about this accident you speke of, Mrs. Hoskin?

MRS. HOSKIN: Yes, the accident. Five years ago (I believe it was five years ago), Theodore was driving in his car and a trolley hit him. He was seriously injured, spent almost a year in the hospital. The damages awarded to him were 30 thousand dollars.

JOE: (SURPRISED) Thirty thousand dollars!

MRS. HOSKIN: So you see how absurd it would be for Theodore to use a blackjack and a gun to try to rob a dentist. My son is a wealthy man -- (SADLY) was a wealthy man.

JOE: I know how you feel, Mrs. Hoskin, but you see, I happen to know Dr. Nagle and --

MRS. HOSKIN: (DISREGARDING HIM) What's today? ~~Friday?~~ ^{Monday} Monday of this week he bought a new car. He paid he told me, 27 hundred dollars for it. Maybe you're trying to ~~be~~ ~~kind to an old woman~~, Mr. Schoen, but nothing will ever convince me that my son tried to rob a poor dentist and then ~~blew his brains out~~. (STRONG)
Nothing.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: If you found this out, so by now has Lieutenant Wally Chester. And when you see him at the 15th District a little later, and ask him, he sums up all your fears for you (because you like Dr. David Nagle.)

CHESTER: I think maybe you better get yourself a new dentist, Schoen.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP 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 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 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 Joe Schoen as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: What are you going to do, Joe Schoen of the Philadelphia Inquirer. They don't pay for good intentions, neither news stories nor cases involving suspicion of murder. Facts are the only things that get set up in type and facts are the only things Lieutenant Wally Chester of Homicide is interested in. So you go to the morgue of your paper, and you comb back through the file (the thin file), on Ted Hoskin, the man who was dead on arrival and may have been murdered by your friend, Dr. Dave Nagle.

(RIFFLING THROUGH PAPERS)

JOE: (MUSING AS HE READS) Hoskin, Hoskin. Awarded damages in suit, 30 thousand dollars. (AD LIB READING "BZ BZ") (UP) "~~Charged by transit company as being~~ mentally incompetent as a result of injuries sustained." Hey, wait a minute! "Mentally incompetent." Could a guy with money hold up a guy even though he doesn't need it and --

(MORE CLIPPINGS)

JCE: Oh ho! (SAME MUSING) "March 13th, 1947." Three years ago. (READING, UP IN SOME MINOR TRIUMPHANT) "Theodore Hoskin of so and so so and so -- charged with committing assault and with car thefts!" But car thefts. Suppose maybe that shiny new car, that 27 hundred dollar one -- and mentally incompetent, and -- What am I sitting here for?

(MUSIC: -- UP IN MOVEMENT)

NARR: Why, indeed! For the first time you've got a fact. Ted Hoskin was possibly mentally deranged. Ted Hoskin, a man possessed of 30 thousand dollars, is charged with car theft, commits assault -- It's worth a chance. You get over to the garage behind the Hoskin house on Oxford Street and an hour of looking brings forth --

(LICENSE PLATES RUBBED TOGETHER)

NARR: 1950 license plates buried in the rubbish of the garage.

MRS.HOSKIN: (SUDDENLY) (IRATE) Just what do you think you're doing?

JOE: What are these plates? What are they doing here? Why were they buried?

MRS.HOSKIN: ~~Young man,~~ I talk to you decently and politely and then you come and invade my home. I intend calling the police.

JOE: For heavens sake, Mrs. Hoskin, I know how you feel and all that and I'm sorry, but -- Was there something the matter with your son?

MRS.HOSKIN: (OF COURSE SHE CANNOT FACE THE TRUTH) A dentist kills my son and the first thing the dentist says is my son shot himself. And the next thing, an evil-minded reporter concludes my son was insane. (VERY FIRMLY) Let me tell you one thing, young man, and for the last time. Neither you, nor anyone else, will ever bring a stain to the name of my dead son, ~~my beloved child.~~ Now put down those plates and get out of here.

JOE: I'm sorry, ma'am, I'm real sorry. But I'm not going to put them down. Because I think that car he was driving, the one he told you he bought for 27 hundred dollars, I think that car was stolen and I think these are the plates. (PAUSE) And if you want to call the police, I'll be glad to wait for them.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP_INTQ)

CHESTER: (THOROUGHLY DISINTERESTED) Okay, Schoen. The car was stolen. He was driving a stolen car. What about it?

JOE: Don't you see, Lieutenant? He was demented, the accident. Here's a man with all this money, -- ~~25~~ 30 thousand dollars. He steals a car, tries to rob a dentist. ~~Doesn't it add up?~~

CHESTER: (SAME) It's lucky you're not a lawyer.

JOE: Why?

CHESTER: Because you get to Court with a case like that, Schoen, prove that a dead man's demented, not responsible for what he does -- know what the D.A. would do to you? He'd put the mother up on the stand and she'll say, "Yes, my son had an accident," (just what she told me), "but he was a good, fine boy, A hundred witnesses can testify to that."

JOE: I know, but --

CHESTER: Then he'll put me up on the stand, and I'll testify your dentist cleaned up the blood before the police arrived. Your dentist says Hoskin pulled a blackjack on him, but -- no blackjack was ever found. Your dentist says (I'll testify) that he ran downstairs and screamed for the police before the shot was fired, but nobody saw him -- on a busy street. (MORE)

CHESTER: I told you once before, I don't like repeating myself.
(CONT) Get your teeth fixed somewhere else.

(MUSIC: - - - UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You write that story because it's a story...because now the story reads, "Suspect arrested for murder." That's you the reporter working, Joe Schoen. But what about you the friend of Dave Nagle? What about you, Joe Schoen, human being? (PAUSE) Because Lieutenant Wally Chester is dead right. Only an eye-witness can solve this one. Psychiatrists, doctors, denials on the stand --that won't do it. Only an eye-witness. You're back at the cigar store groping for an answer, hoping against hope.

JOE: ~~Give me a pack of~~
~~pack of~~ cigarettes, please.

CIGARMAN: Oh, you're that fellow from the paper.

JOE: And a couple of ~~10~~ cent cigars. Yeah.

CIGARMAN: He's in trouble bad. A nice fellow. ~~Don't you want~~
your change?

JOE: He is a nice guy.

CIGARMAN: Say, I just thought -- a man you ought to see. Mr. Estoff, the tailor. He says to me -- don't ask me why -- but he said it. He says he's absolutely sure the doctor didn't do it.

JOE: (TENSE) Say that again --

CIGARMAN: That's ~~why~~ he said to me, not a half hour ago, He was buying -- I don't remember, a ball point pen I think --

JOE: What did he say?

CIGARMAN: What I told you. He's sure the dentist didn't do it.

JOE: Where is he? Where is his store?

CIGARMAN: Around the corner, you can't miss it. Two in from the--

(JOE HAS LEFT)

CIGARMAN: (SHRUGS HIS SHOULDERS) He didn't pick up his change.
Well, I'll give him credit next time.

(MUSIC: -- -- IN MOVEMENT)

JOE: Why are you sure, Mr. Estoff?

ESTOFF: (NO ACCENT) Because I'm sure. I was in the store, it
must have been a few minutes after it happened (the
shooting), and this woman came in. She says to me,
"You know the dentist Dr. Nagle? I just saw him outside
in front of his building all upset, ^{looking} ~~screaming~~ and while
I was standing there, " she says to me, "I heard a shot."

JOE: Is she one of your customers?

ESTOFF: She brings things in now and then. That's why I'm so
sure. She said it, just like I told you.

JOE: What's her name?

ESTOFF: I don't remember her name.

JOE: Oh, No!

ESTOFF: But I did something just as good. When she walked out
of the store, I said to myself, "She heard it, she saw
it, she's important." So I ran after her to get her
name.

JOE: And --?

ESTOFF: She was in her car, driving off. But I copied down
the license number.

JOE: Give it to me.

ESTOFF: (INCREDIBLY SLOW) Now wait a minute, I wrote it down.
But I put it --let me see. Did I put it under the
telephone? I forget things all the time. I put it in the
cash register.

(CASH REGISTER)

ESTOFF: I forget. My wife says if my head wasn't on my
shoulders, I'd forget that too.

JOE: Please Mr. Estoff ---
(HE SMACKS HIS WALLET)

ESTOFF: Of course! My wallet.
(AS HE EXTRACTS IT..)

ESTOFF: 9Y273. See? I didn't lose it.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP IN EXCITEMENT AND UNDER)

NARR: You and Lieutenant Wally Chester check it at the Motor
Vehicle Bureau. But before that, just in case this is
the answer, you phone it in to Irv, to rewrite, to be
ready with it. And then you and Wally Chester visit
the lady, Mrs. 9Y273.

CHESTER: Now just repeat that, ma'am, if you don't mind -- slowly.

(TO JOE) And don't you write it down, ^{please} ~~write~~

JOE: ~~No kidding~~, I can't help it, Lieutenant, if I remember
things.

CHESTER: Look, I'll send you out of here so help me --

JOE: I'm sorry, Lieutenant.

CHESTER: Go ahead, ma'am.

WOMAN: (CAREFULLY) I parked my car and I was going around
to the tailor shop. The doctor came running down calling
"Thief," or "Police" or something like that. And then
as I stood there (you know how you watch a thing like
that sometimes), I heard a shot.

CHESTER: You're sure it was a shot?

WOMAN: It was muffled, but it was a shot. You see, my husband's
business is sporting goods, firearms. No question about
it.

JOE: The doctor was on the sidewalk at the time?

CHESTER: (OVER-RIDING JOE) Exactly where was the doctor when you heard the shot?

WOMAN: Standing on the sidewalk calling for help just as I told you.

(PAUSE)

JOE: I'd like a quote, Lieutenant. I got it all set up for the paper. You wouldn't mind a little quote?

CHESTER: "Police announced today that Theodore Hoskin met his death at his own hands --"

JOE: And the doc?

CHESTER: (WHO WAS GOING TO SAY IT ANYHOW) "The missing blackjack was found by the janitor ^{the day + day} ~~on the second floor landing~~."

JOE: (INTERRUPTS) A little fact you didn't tell me.

CHESTER: (GOING-ON) "--behind a fire pail". (Yeah, a little fact I didn't tell you.) ^{and quote} "And police today released Dr.

David Nagle, held on suspicion of murder."

(MUSIC: STARTS TO BUILD TRIUMPHANTLY, BUT STOPS AS INDICATED IN

NARRATION)

NARR: You've got it, Dave Nagle's freedom. A sweet story to write -- a good one, full of facts and police ~~announcements~~. You write it and time goes by. And a little later, about a month, you find yourself in Dave Nagle's office: a strange office -- an office filled with crates and cartons and boxes.

JOE: (SURPRISED) What are you doing?

NAGLE: (BITTER) You can see.

JOE: What are you doing, moving?

NAGLE: Yeah. I'm released. I'm no suspect. Ted Hoskin took his own life -- you wrote it in the paper.

JOE: Hey! What's the matter?

NAGLE: The only thing is people don't always believe what they read in the paper, or they say "Well, maybe the doctor didn't do it, but I think maybe I better change my dentist." (BITTERLY) I haven't had a single patient since it happened, not one. I'm moving to Wilkes-Barre, maybe they never heard of me there -- about how I was cleared.

(MUSIC: _ _ _IN WITH)

NARR: And you stand there, Joe Schoen, helpless and impotent as he is. What are you going to do? Write an editorial? Write a news story about how a doctor freed couldn't make a go of it because people are like that? No. There's nothing you can do because this isn't a news story. This isn't a story that gets into print. This ends with...

JOE: The best of luck, doc. I wish there was more, I could do, but -- good luck. ~~See, people.~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _UP TO TAG THE ACT)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Joseph Schoen of the Philadelphia Inquirer 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 Joseph Schoen of the Philadelphia Inquirer.

SCHOEN: Six months later in Wilkes-Barre, saw my friend Dave Nagle, happy, re-established, a fine practice. He fixed a filling and I never felt it. Best end in the world I can think to my big story.

Thanks a lot for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

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

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY - A BIG STORY from the front pages of the Seattle Post Intelligence -- by-line, Charles Russell .

A BIG STORY that began with a wedding ceremony and reached its climax in -- 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 Arnold Perl from an actual story from the front pages of the Philadelphia Inquirer. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and John Sylvester played the part of Joseph Schoen. 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. Schoen.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: This program is heard by members of the Armed Forces overseas, through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service.

This is Ernst Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES...(PAUSE)

Friends - your own community may soon face a real crisis in its school system...without enough elementary school teachers or enough classroom space. Remember - better schools make better communities. Good citizens everywhere are working with local school boards to improve educational conditions. Help in every way that you can!

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

1
AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #163

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
ELAINE	AMZIE STRICKLAND
MRS. FISHER	AMZIE STRICKLAND
CLAIRE	BARBARA TOWNSEND
WOMAN II	BARBARA TOWNSEND
CHARLIE	LAWSON ZERBE
SHERIFF	WALTER GREAYA
HENRY	JAMES VAN DYK
CRAWFORD	JAMES VAN DYK
DOCTOR	HUMPHREY DAVIS
MAN	HUMPHREY DAVIS

WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1950

ATX01 0170922

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#163

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

MAY 10, 1950

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: _ _ _ PANFARE)

DOCTOR: All right, roll up your sleeve.

HENRY: Yes, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Now, the hypo. This won't hurt. (A PAUSE) There!
Feel anything?

HENRY: No. ~~Not yet.~~

DOCTOR: All right. Lean back ..., relax. Think of nothing,
nothing. That's it. (A PAUSE) Now, start counting
~~with me.~~
backward

HENRY: ~~Counting?~~

DOCTOR: That's right. ~~We'll~~ start from a hundred, and count
backward. (MUSIC ~~STARTS TO THROB IN RHYTHM~~) (A BEAT)
A hundred ... (HENRY STARTS TO COUNT TOGETHER WITH
DOCTOR) Ninety-nine ... ninety-eight ... ^(MUSIC) ninety-seven
... ninety-six ... (HENRY GOES ON ALONE, GETTING
FUZZIER AND FUZZIER, FALTERING) ninety-five ...
ninety-four ... ninety-three ...

(MUSIC: _ _ _ ~~SWEEPS UP AND GETS SHARP~~)

SHERIFF: Is he ready now, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Yes, Sheriff. You can take over now!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND UNDER)

ATX01 0170923

- 2 -

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Here is America! Its sound and its
fury, its joy and its sorrow, as faithfully reported
by the men and women of the great American newspapers.
(FLAT) Seattle, Washington. From the pages of the
Post-Intelligencer, the story of a reporter who found
that when it comes to murder...sometimes the truth can
be a shot in the arm. Tonight, to Reporter Charles
Russell of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer for his
Big Story, goes the PELL MELL Award!

(MUSIC: ~~SPRING~~)

(COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0170924

OPENING COMMERCIAL

MUSIC --- BEHIND

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH -- (EFFECT)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch (EFFECT).

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: Seattle, Washington...the story as it actually happened..
Charles Russell's story as he lived it...

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: It's all over. Your Big Story. The hunches you had,
the weary days of work you put in, they're all over.
And now, you, Charles Russell reporter ^{of} the Seattle
Post-Intelligencer, are sitting there at your typewriter,
staring at the blank paper in the roller, wondering how
to begin. How do you begin a story like this, a strange
and fantastic story, the story that later rocks the
entire Northwest? You've got the scribbled notes, a
hundred items on paper, a hundred more in your brain.

~~But the paper is blank, and you've still got to write it.
So you begin..~~

(QUIET TYPEWRITER UNDER AND SLOWLY FADE)

CHARLIE: One night, some five years ago, a man walked into a
Lonely Hearts Club. He was lonely, he wanted companionship
a wife. He was middle-aged, gentle in manner, a little
timid. There he met a girl, and they began to dance..

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH DANCE MUSIC OFF, SNEAK)

HENRY: What's your name?

ELAINE: Elaine Morris.

HENRY: It's a very pretty ^{name.} ~~name.~~

ELAINE: (PLEASED) You think so?

HENRY: Oh, yes. I've always liked it. (LAUGHS SHYLY) Elaine
the Fair, Elaine the Lovable, Elaine the Lily Maid of
Astolat.....

ELAINE: (SHE LAUGHS SHYLY, TOO) High in Her Chamber Up in a Tower in the East, guarded the Sacred Sheild of Lancelot..

HENRY: (PLEASED AS PUNCH) Well! I see you know your Tennyson.

ELAINE: Oh, yes. I love the classics.

HENRY: So do I. We do have a lot in common, don't we?

ELAINE: Uh-huh.

HENRY: Funny, my meeting you here....

ELAINE: Yes? Why?

HENRY: I met my first wife at this very same place...the Lonely Hearts Club.

ELAINE: (DISAPPOINTED) Oh. Then you're married.

HENRY: I was. She took ill and died.

ELAINE: I...I'm sorry. Was she sick long...or did she die suddenly?

HENRY: (A BEAT) She died...suddenly.

ELAINE: Oh. What was her name?

HENRY: Loretta.

ELAINE: Loretta. It's a pretty name.

HENRY: Yes. Yes, it was. But I like "Elaine" much better!

(MUSIC: __SURGES UP, FADES BACK FOR A MOMENT)

(TYPEWRITER LOW TO ESTABLISH AND FADE BACK)

CHARLIE: (READING) Two years later, the same men walked into the same Lonely Hearts Club. The same shy, timid, middle-aged man. And this time..

(MUSIC: __SURGES UP AGAIN FOR B.G.)

HENRY: What's your name?

CLAIRE: Claire.

HENRY: It's a very pretty name. And you say you're a widow?

CLAIRE: Yes.

HENRY: (SHYLY) It must be very lonely for you now.

CLAIRE: Yes. Yes, it is.

HENRY: But then, I suppose your husband was thoughtful enough to provide for you.

CLAIRE: Oh, he did. He took care of me very well.

HENRY: (PLEASED) Well! That's fine, fine!

CLAIRE: Now, I'm going to ask you. (COYLY) Are you married ?

HENRY: I was. For the second time.

CLAIRE: Oh. What happened to your wife?

HENRY: Nobody knows. One day she disappeared, and that was the last I ever heard of her.

CLAIRE: What was her name?

HENRY: Elaine. But I like your name better, Claire.

(MUSIC: -- SURGES UP, AND FADE BACK FOR)

NARR: Loretta, Elaine, and now Claire. Three lovely women, three Lonely Hearts, Three wives. And now you Charles Russell of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, stop typing, and remember the point where you came into the story, your Big Story. It is this night in January, you recall and you're in Sheriff Maloney's office at King County Courthouse when this woman walks in and says....

MRS. FISHER: Sheriff, my name is Fisher...Mrs. Victor Fisher.

SHERIFF: I see. Mrs. Fisher, this is Mr. Russell, of the Post-Intelligencer.

(THEY AD LIB: HOW DO YOU DO"S)
Now...what can I do for you?

FISHER: I want to report someone missing.

SHERIFF: Yes? Who?

FISHER: My sister-in-law.

SHERIFF: What's her name?

FISHER: Houseman. Claire Houseman.

SHERIFF: What makes you think she's missing?

FISHER: She's been gone from the house four days. And Henry claims he doesn't know where she is.

CHARLIE: Henry? Who's Henry?

FISHER: Oh. Her husband, Mr. Russell.

CHARLIE: Got any idea why she might be missing, Mrs. Fisher?

FISHER: I do.

SHERIFF: Well, Mrs. Fisher? Why?

FISHER: (TIGHT-LIPPED) Ask Henry.

SHERIFF: I'd like to get your opinion first.

FISHER: I don't want to gossip, and I don't want to tell tales.

CHARLIE: But Mrs. Fisher, if you think your sister-in-law's missing...

FISHER: (STUBBORNLY) I know she is. But I'm not goin' to go around accusin' anyone without proof. That's for the police to do. You just ask Henry.

SHERIFF: (WEARILY AND BORED) All right, Mrs. Fisher. We'll have to fill out this card, and file it. Now, to begin with, where does your sister-in-law live?

(MUSIC: -- -- WIPES)

CHARLIE: Well, Sheriff, ~~she's gone.~~

SHERIFF: Yes.

CHARLIE: What about it?

SHERIFF: What about what?

CHARLIE: Are you going to ask Henry?

SHERIFF: I doubt it.

CHARLIE: Why not?

SHERIFF: Look, Charlie. You've covered this ~~courthouse beat~~ long enough. You know that these missing person reports are strictly a dime a dozen. The chances are this guy Henry and his ever-loving wife, Claire, had a little spat she walked out on him, and.....

CHARLIE: And, sooner or later, she'll come back to Henry.

SHERIFF: They usually do, don't they?

CHARLIE: Yep, Sheriff. They usually do.

SHERIFF: Okay. I'll file and forget this report for a day or two, Charlie. If this woman Claire Houseman doesn't show up then, maybe we'll talk to Henry.

(MUSIC: -- -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: It's a dull night at ^{the Court}~~the Courthouse~~, and you're a little bored. So you decide, maybe you'll go up to East 140th Street, where Henry lives, and talk to him yourself. He's a mild, gentle, middle-aged man, the kind who wouldn't hurt a fly. And strangely, although you're a stranger and a reporter, he seems anxious to tell you everything...

CHARLIE: Then you're not worried, Mr. Houseman? You don't think anything's happened to your wife?

HENRY: Only thing wrong is that my wife's left me, Mr. Russell. She packed up and left me, Lord knows where. (SIGHS) I don't know. Seems funny, now.

CHARLIE: What seems funny?

HENRY: I was lonesome when I first met Claire. We met at a Lonely Hearts Club. And now, here I am, back where I started, all alone again.

CHARLIE: Mr. Houseman, do you mind if I ask you a personal question?

HENRY: Why no, Mr. Russell. Go right ahead.

CHARLIE: Why did your wife leave you?

HENRY: I don't mind talking about it. You know how it is, Mr. Russell, when a man's lonely, he's got to talk to somebody, It's not a pretty thing, this story. But I suppose it's happened to a thousand other husbands, just like me. Anyway, one night I walked (FADE) into my wife's room...

(DOOR CLOSE)

CLAIRE: (WITH DISTASTE) Oh. It's you, Henry.

HENRY: (QUIET) Yes, my dear.

CLAIRE: (A BEAT) Well? What are you staring at? What's the matter with you?

HENRY: I found this letter in the desk, Claire. It's addressed to you.

CLAIRE: (A BEAT) Why, you old, snooping, busybody...

HENRY: (GENTLY) Who's this other man? Who's 'Frank?' (A PAUSE) (THEN INSISTENT) Answer me, Claire.

CLAIRE: That's none of your business!

HENRY: (QUIETLY) On the contrary, my dear. I'm your husband,, and I believe I have a right to know.

CLAIRE: (STARTS TO FLARE) All right, all right. It's a man I knew down at the Lonely Hearts Club. A man I knew, before I met you. What of it?

HENRY: So you've been seeing him behind my back?

CLAIRE: Well? What if I have?

HENRY: (WITH SOME SPIRIT) Claire, I won't have it!

CLAIRE: Sorry, Henry, but you will!

HENRY: What do you mean by that?

CLAIRE: I mean you asked for it, and you're going to get it. Why do you think I wanted a separate room? Why do you think I've been seeing this other man?

HENRY: Claire...

CLAIRE: (RUNNING ON) Because I'm tired of you. I'm young Henry, I want fun, excitement, I want to live. And I'm fed up with being chained to a weary, middle-aged Mr. Milquetoast like you!

HENRY: Claire, you don't know what you're saying.

CLAIRE: (HOTLY) Oh, yes, I do! I was ~~a~~ lonely ~~kid~~ when I first met you, Henry, and I was a fool to marry you. But I don't intend to be a fool all my life. You might as well know this now, and get it straight. I'm leaving you. I'm leaving you, the first thing in the morning.

HENRY: ~~Claire, please. No, you can't. I love you..~~

CLAIRE: You? (LAUGHS) What do you know about love?

HENRY: I'm willing to forgive you anything. Even this man Frank...

CLAIRE: Thanks for nothing, Henry...

HENRY: (A BEAT) I see. Then you are going through with it. You are going to leave me alone.

CLAIRE: Oh, don't look so tragic, Henry. (A CRUEL LAUGH)
After all, you can always go down to the Lonely Hearts
Club and find yourself another... companion!

(A PAUSE)

HENRY: (FADING-ON) .. Well, Mr. Russell, that's the story.
I told you it wasn't pretty.

CHARLIE: Was that the last time you saw your wife, Mr. Houseman?

HENRY: No. I met her at a downtown restaurant the following
night. We'd agreed on a property settlement.

CHARLIE: Yes?

HENRY: I raised every cent I had and could borrow. Twenty
thousand dollars. Gave every cent to her, begged her
to come back.

CHARLIE: But she wouldn't.

HENRY: No. She wouldn't. That was the last time I ever saw
her, Mr. Russell. I'm penniless now, and I'm ~~a lonely~~
a lonely, lonely man.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

CHARLIE: Sheriff, I tell you this Henry, this Henry Houseman is
weird. It gave me the shivers, just to talk to him.

SHERIFF: Why?

CHARLIE: I don't know. Something about him...

SHERIFF: And you ask us to go up there and pick up this Henry
just because you don't like him, Charlie?

CHARLIE: No. I guess that's a little unreasonable.

SHERIFF: I guess it is.

CHARLIE: Still, there's one thing that bothers me.

SHERIFF: Yes?

CHARLIE: After Henry knew this other man, this Frank was in the picture, why should he pay his wife ten cents let alone twenty thousand dollars?

SHERIFF: You said he was weird, Charlie. Maybe he thought he could buy her back..

CHARLIE: I wonder, I wonder, Sheriff...

SHERIFF: Yes?

CHARLIE: I think I'll drop in on his sister-in-law, Mrs. Fisher and try to get her to talk. There's a lot more about Henry I want to know!

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

FISHER: Mr. Russell, I told you at the Sheriff's office. It's up to the police...

CHARLIE: Wait a minute, Mrs. Fisher.

FISHER: Yes?

CHARLIE: Don't you see! It's up to the police, only if they've got something to go on, some evidence. Otherwise, they won't move. If you want to find out what's happened to your sister-in-law, you've got to speak up now.

FISHER: All right, Mr. Russell. All right, maybe I will.

CHARLIE: Now, Henry told me he raised every cent he had, twenty thousand dollars, to settle with his wife...

FISHER: That's a lie.

CHARLIE: Is it?

FISHER: A barefaced lie! That money was Claire's ..every cent of it. Her first husband left it all to her in bonds.

CHARLIE: I see. In bonds, eh?

FISHER: Yes. And there's something else you ought to know. Claire was Henry Houseman's third wife.

CHARLIE: His third?

FISHER: Yes. I don't know what happened to the first, she just died. But the second wife disappeared without a trace, just like Claire did.

CHARLIE: And they never found her, eh?

FISHER: No. ~~They never found her.~~ And if you ask me, they're never going to find Claire, either.

CHARLIE: (SLOWLY) Then you think...

FISHER: The same thing you do, Mr. Russell. I think Henry Houseman is some kind of Bluebeard. I think he murdered his second wife....and I think he murdered Claire!

(MUSIC: -- -- UP TO CURTAIN)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #163

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

MUSIC --- BEHIND

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH! (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH! (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH! (EFFECT)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

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 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 Charles Russell....as he lived...
it....and wrote it...

NARR: You, Charles Russell of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer,
continue to write your Big Story. Now the words come
faster, and faster, the lines flow, develop into
paragraphs. You're at the point now where you've
talked to Henry's sister-in-law, Mrs. Fisher. Now,
you were sure that something was funny about his wife's
disappearance. Now, you went back to Henry's house,
but he was out. And so, you had tried the house next
door....

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

(PAUSE)

(DOOR OPENS)

MAN: Yes?

CHARLIE: Excuse me, Mister, but I'm a friend of Henry Houseman's,
next door.

MAN: Well?

CHARLIE: He seems to be out. Would you have any idea where I
might find him?

MAN: Hmm...Let's see. This is Thursday night, isn't it?

CHARLIE: That's right.

MAN: Well, as I recall, this used to be his Club night...
leastwises, before he was married.

CHARLIE: What club, Mister?

MAN: Why, the Lonely Hearts Club!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE INTO)

(DANCE MUSIC, OFF, AS IF FROM SOME OTHER ROOM)

CHARLIE: Good evening, Miss. Is this the Lonely Hearts Club?

WOMAN 2: Why, yes. Would you care to fill out an application?

CHARLIE: An application?

WOMAN 2: Naturally. We can't let everybody in here, we're very fussy about our clientele. You'll have to provide us references as to your character, of course...

CHARLIE: But I...

WOMAN 2: Our organization is run on a purely social basis. Our aim is to bring decent and lonely people together, people who are seeking companionship. If you'd care to fill out...

CHARLIE: (INTERRUPTS) Miss, wait a minute.

WOMAN 2: Yes?

CHARLIE: I'm not interested in making out an application. I'm just looking for a friend of mine.

WOMAN 2: Oh. And who might that be?

CHARLIE: A man named Henry Houseman.

WOMAN 2: Oh, of course. Mr. Houseman. He's one of our old-timers, a very fine gentleman, too.

CHARLIE: Is he here?

WOMAN 2: Oh, no. I'm sorry. He left about ten minutes ago.

CHARLIE: I see.

WOMAN 2: Since you're a friend of his, I suppose you dropped in to congratulate him on his good luck.

CHARLIE: What good luck?

WOMAN 2: Why, haven't you heard? Mr. Houseman's uncle just died, and left him a fortune.

CHARLIE: His uncle? You're sure?

WOMAN 2: My goodness, yes. Everybody in the club was congratulating him tonight. He ordered champagne for everyone in the club...had a roll of hundred dollar bills, right with him.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

WARR: That's it. The first real break. Now, you've got something, a hook to hang your hat on. Now, you catch, for the first time, the scent of a Big Story in the mild-mannered, middle-aged gentleman named Henry Houseman. You check on the rich uncle, fast....

FISHER: (FILTER) Hello?

CHARLIE: Mrs. Fisher, this is Mr. Russell again.

FISHER: Yes?

CHARLIE: Did your brother-in-law Henry ever have a rich uncle?

FISHER: Not that I know of.

CHARLIE: He ~~never had~~ any uncles?

FISHER: Why yes. He had two, but they weren't very rich. One of them was a day laborer, and the other was a carpenter. And they both died about ten years ago!

(MUSIC: -- STING UP AND UNDER)

CHARLIE: Sheriff, listen. ~~Last night~~ I talked to Henry Houseman. He told me he'd given every cent to his wife in a property settlement.....claimed he was penniless.

SHERIFF: Well, Charlie? What of it?

CHARLIE: Tonight, I've positive evidence that he's sporting a big bankroll of hundred dollar bills. Where'd he get all that money, all of a sudden?

SHERIFF: All right. Where?

CHARLIE: He didn't inherit it from a rich uncle. That's for sure, because I checked. There's only one place he could have got it. His wife's bonds.

SHERIFF: You mean ~~he never paid off his wife?~~ ^{What about the bonds she had a list?}

CHARLIE: That's right. He never paid her off ... ^{It was} ~~with her own~~ money. And what about those other two wives of his, Sheriff. The first one died. But why did the second one disappear, exactly like this third one, Claire?

SHERIFF: (SLOWLY) Charlie, I think you've got something.

CHARLIE: I know I have, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: All right. Let's get moving.

~~CHARLIE: What are you going to do first?~~

~~SHERIFF: First, we'll send out a general search order for Claire Houseman.~~

~~CHARLIE: And second?~~

~~SHERIFF: Second, we'll run a check on Mrs. Houseman, Number Two.~~

~~CHARLIE: And after that?~~

~~SHERIFF: After that, maybe we'll drop in and talk to Henry.~~

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~After that,~~ the wheels start to turn. Claire Houseman's description is broadcast all over the Northwest. Result Zero. She's vanished...completely. But then a break comes. A phone call from Bremerton, across Puget Sound from Seattle. And you, Charles Russell, listen in on Sheriff Maloney's phone extension...

CRAWFORD: (FILTER) Maloney, this is Sheriff Crawford, Kitsap County.

SHERIFF: Yes?

CRAWFORD: We've got a report on Elaine Houseman...the second Mrs. Houseman.

SHERIFF: Let's have it, Crawford.

CRAWFORD: It isn't much, but here goes. Henry Houseman and his second wife used to live near here, in Bremerton. Elaine Houseman disappeared and never was found. But Henry claimed that they had run into domestic trouble, he'd paid her twenty thousand as a property settlement, and he'd never seen her again.

SHERIFF: He paid her twenty thousand?

CRAWFORD: That's right.

SHERIFF: Anything else?

CRAWFORD: No. That's all.

SHERIFF: Thanks, Crawford. Thanks. You've given us a line we needed.

(TWO RECEIVERS ON HOOK.)

CHARLIE: Interesting, eh? Sheriff?

SHERIFF: I'll say it is.

CHARLIE: Same story, same pattern, same amount of money. For Wife Number Two and Wife Number Three. (A PAUSE) Well, Sheriff? Where do we go from here?

SHERIFF: (A BEAT) Let's go get Henry!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The Sheriff puts Henry Houseman on the grill. You're there, too, you throw in an occasional question. But Henry is tough, he's hard to crack. Hour after hour, you both keep after him...

SHERIFF: Where's Claire, Houseman? Where's your third wife?

HENRY: I don't know, Sheriff. I tell you I don't know.

CHARLIE: Where's your second wife? What happened to Elaine?
HENRY: I don't know.
SHERIFF: They both disappeared without a trace. Why?
HENRY: I don't know.
CHARLIE: I'll tell you why, Houseman. Because you murdered them.
HENRY: That's a lie. It's a lie!
SHERIFF: You murdered them for their money.
HENRY: I tell you I didn't, I didn't.
CHARLIE: You lied to me about giving your wife all that money.
You kept it yourself.
HENRY: I didn't, Mr. Russell, ~~I didn't~~.
SHERIFF: Then where'd you get that bankroll? Where'd you get
those hundred dollar bills?
HENRY: I had them ^{in a place} ~~cached~~ away.
SHERIFF: Where?
HENRY: In a hiding place...in the foothills of the Blue
Mountains. Near Milton.
SHERIFF: All right. We'll check on that.
HENRY: How? How can you?
SHERIFF: (GRIMLY) Because you're going to take us there,
Houseman. You're going to lead us to that hiding place?
(MUSIC: -- -- UP AND UNDER)
NARR: You, Charlie Russell ~~of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer,~~
travel with the Sheriff and Henry to a spot near Milton,
Oregon. The ^{in a place} ~~cache~~ turns out to be a phony...a four
hundred mile ^{in a} wild goose chase. And now, you know
Henry Houseman is a chronic liar. And back ⁱⁿ ~~to~~ Seattle,
you both keep after him again. But Henry ~~refuses~~ to
break. And finally.....

SHERIFF: (WEARY) Charlie, it looks like we're licked.

CHARLIE: He's sure tough to crack, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: He'll never crack. Not this way.

CHARLIE: But Sheriff, he's been lying his head off!

SHERIFF: Sure, sure. I know that. But we haven't proved anything, not a thing.

CHARLIE: Wait a minute. Why not try this new confession technique... truth serum?

SHERIFF: You mean the sodium pentathol treatment?

CHARLIE: That's right. It's a ~~narco~~-synthesis, a kind of hypnotic. The conscious mind doesn't answer, but the subconscious does ... with the truth.

SHERIFF: Yes. So I've heard. But we've got to get Houseman's permission to use the stuff.

CHARLIE: Why not ask him and see what he says?

(MUSIC: -- -- BRIDGE)

SHERIFF: Houseman, if you're telling the truth, you've got nothing to be afraid of. And if you pass this sodium pentathol test, as far as I'm concerned, you're a free man.

HENRY: All right, Sheriff, all right. I'll be glad to take the test. Why not? I told you before, I've got nothing to hide!

(MUSIC: -- -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You watch the doctor inject Houseman with a hypo. And then, when he gets him set, he turns to the Sheriff and says, --

DOCTOR: (QUIET) All right, Sheriff. You can take over now.

SHERIFF: Houseman. Houseman, can you hear me?

HENRY: (DULL MONOTONE) I can hear you.

SHERIFF: What was the name of your first wife?

HENRY: Loretta.

SHERIFF: And what happened to Loretta?

HENRY: She died.

SHERIFF: How?

HENRY: She took sick and died.

SHERIFF: Then you didn't kill her?

HENRY: No.

SHERIFF: Now, your second wife. Elaine. Where'd you meet her?

HENRY: At the Lonely Hearts Club. I met them all ..at the Lonely Hearts Club.

SHERIFF: What happened to your second wife?

HENRY: I ~~killed~~ ^{murdered} her.

SHERIFF: For her money?

HENRY: ~~For her money...~~yes.

SHERIFF: Where is she now?

HENRY: I buried her.

SHERIFF: Where?

HENRY: ~~I shot her, and~~ buried her near Panther Lake, on the Kitsap-Mason border.

SHERIFF: And your third wife, Claire? You killed her, too?

HENRY: I ~~killed her too.~~ ^{murdered her}

SHERIFF: For her money?

HENRY: ~~For her money,~~ yes.

SHERIFF: Where is she now?

HENRY: ~~I strangled her and~~ buried her near the Arlington Mount Vernon Road, five miles east of Conway.

SHERIFF: (A BEAT, THEN QUIETLY) Well, Charlie?

CHARLIE: Yes, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: (TIRED) There's my case....and your Big Story.

(MUSIC: -- -- CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Charles Russell of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- -- ~~SPRING~~)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #163

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

MUSIC --- BEHIND

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH! (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH! (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH! (EFFECT)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

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 Charles Russell of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

RUSSELL: ~~Through my close association with police in this case,~~

I was allowed to accompany them when they unearthed

~~the bodies of slain wives. /~~ *After truth serum test* Killer in tonight's Big

~~Story was quickly tried & convicted and sentenced to~~ *immediately confessed to killing his 2nd & 3rd wife - At his trial he pleaded guilty*

life imprisonment in Washington State Penitentiary. *& was*

Many thanks for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Russell ...the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to present to 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 Bristol, Va. Herald Courier -- by-line, Robert Loring. A BIG STORY that began in the peaceful hills of Virginia and reached its climax when a triple murder was committed with dynamite!

(LOUD EXPLOSION)

(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 Seattle Post-Intelligencer. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Lawson Zerbe played the part of Charles Russell. 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. Russell.

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

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

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

?/marge r.am

ATX01 0170948

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #164

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
GIRL	BARBARA WEEKS
GRANNY	BARBARA WEEKS
NURSE	AGNES YOUNG
MOTHER	AGNES YOUNG
LORING	BOB DRYDEN
GAGE	SCOTT TENNYSON
BOSS	SCOTT TENNYSON
BROTHER	BILL SMITH
COP	BILL SMITH
TOLLER	BILL LIPTON
OLD MAN	BILL LIPTON

WEDNESDAY, MAY 17, 1950

ATX01 0170949

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

164

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

MAY 17, 1950

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

LOVING: (WHISTLING WEDDING MARCH, WHICH IS INTERRUPTED BY)
(TELEPHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP)

LOVING: (ALL LOVE) Hello, darling. What --

BOSS: (FILTER) Sorry, Bob. It's the desk.

LIVING: Oh. Well -- whatever it is, the answer is no. This
is my wedding day -- remember?

BOSS: (FILTER) Uh-hm. Then you wouldn't be interested in
a dynamite murder.

LOVING: Not on my wedding day, no.

BOSS: (FILTER) Not even a triple dynamite murder?

LOVING: Not on my wedding day -- no.

BOSS: (FILTER) Not even a triple dynamite murder of --
children?

(LONG PAUSE)

LOVING: (VERY QUIET) Hang up. I gotta call my bride. If I
don't come in, you'll know she said no. (PAUSE) But
if she knows me -- she'll say yes.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO FOR)

CHAPPEL: 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) Bristol, Virginia. From the pages of the Herald-
Courier, the story of a reporter who delayed his wedding
for a triple murder. And for his work -- to Robert Loving
for his Big Story goes the PELL MELL AWARD!

(MUSIC: ~~OPENING COMMERCIAL~~)
(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0170950

OPENING COMMERCIAL

MUSIC --- BEHIND

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch (EFFECT).

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: Bristol, Virginia. The story as it actually happened.
Bob Loving's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER, A LA WEDDING MARCH ALTERED)

NARR: All kidding aside -- it was really your wedding day.
Was, that is, until the office called with word of a
triple killing. Dynamite, they said. Three children,
they said. Dead. (PAUSE) You, Bob Loving, ^{Reporter for} of the
Bristol Herald-Courier had warned your bride-to-be that
anything could happen in the life of a reporter's wife,
-- and now, on the telephone ---

LOVING: It looks as though it's started to happen already,
honey. (PAUSE) I -- I told the office I'd call you.

GIRL: (FILTER) Do you want to go, Bob?

LOVING: I'm not saying, ~~honey~~ ^{Follow} I'll do anything you say. If
you want to go ahead as we planned -- it's okay by me.

GIRL: (FILTER) You still haven't answered my question, dear.

LOVING: It's all up to you, ~~honey~~ ^{honey}.

GIRL: (FILTER) You want to go on this story, though.

LOVING: If I can help find out who blasted three little kids
into eternity -- yes.

GIRL: (FILTER) You wouldn't be the guy I'm marrying if you
didn't. And I wouldn't be the girl for you if I stopped
you. (PAUSE) And Bob --

LOVING: Hmm?

GIRL: (FILTER) It wouldn't be much of a honeymoon with three
little -- ghosts between us, would it?

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO)

NARR: The thought of the kids you and Patsy intend to have is warm in your heart as you pull into the mountain village of Hampton -- fifteen miles from Bristol. A village of hills and hollers. . .where the dally dress is dungarees, and an outsider is called --

(NOTE: PLEASE ADD BIRD NOISES IN B.G. THROUGHOUT SCENE.)

~~OLD MAN:~~ *Brother* Stranger -- you won't find much here. The young 'uns are dead, two of 'em, that is --

LOVING: I was told three --

~~OLD MAN:~~ *Bro.* Well. . .Sally, *Gage* she was nine, and Laurie, she was turnin' seven, they two was killed outright. Ronnie-Mae, she's five, they taken her to hospital. I doubt she'll live the night.

LOVING: And their mother?

~~OLD MAN:~~ *Bro.* Gone to hospital too. She was crushed fearful.

LOVING: Where's the father.

~~OLD MAN:~~ *Bro.* That ain't for me to say.

LOVING: What do you mean by that?

~~OLD MAN:~~ (DEADLY) That ain't for you to question, stranger.

~~(MUSIC HIT AND GO)~~

~~NARRATOR: They do not take kindly to strangers or to questions, these lean people to whom "feud" is not just a word in the dictionary. But you need neither tongue nor guide to see for yourself where the tragedy happened. Just -- feet and eyes.~~

~~(FOOTSTEPS UNDER..AND ADD BIRDS THRU SCENE)~~

NARR: Here and there, scattered about a seventy-five foot area, is the pitiful debris of a mountain home. You bend to pick it up, a child's toy, a scorched teddy-bear, when...

BROTHER: Set that down, stranger.

LOVING: Hmm? (PAUSE) It's all right. You don't have to keep a rifle on me. I'm a newspaperman.

BROTHER: Set down the playtoy, stranger.

LOVING: I was only ---

(CLICK)

LOVING: ~~All right.~~ (PAUSE) You don't understand. I'm a reporter. I'm trying to piece together the story.

BROTHER: Hadn't ought to go soft-footing about like that. As for story, now I can tell ye all ye need. I'm brother to the kiddies' dad. And all I know is -- it come in the dead o' night with a terrible blast, and next we know'd, there was screamin', and sobbin' -- and all ruins. (PAUSE) That's all.

LOVING: ~~You're Henry Gage's brother.~~

BROTHER: Farnum Gage is my name. And I've said all I aim to.

LOVING: You don't have any idea how it was done?

BROTHER: The police have been and gone, and they said it was dynamite shoved under the foundation stones and set ~~off from the road. You can see the tracks of the fuse.~~

(PAUSE) Better go, stranger. We're quiet around here, but we're awful mad.

LOVING: Please -- just a few more questions. Do you have any idea who ---

BROTHER: Stranger -- I ain't no granny woman. Mebbe she knows.
I sure don't (PAUSE) ^{How} Git.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO)

NARRATOR: ^{witchcraft} Granny-woman. . .Incredible as it seems today, there's
~~one~~ in every county in the hills of Virginia - ~~at least~~
^{Granny-woman} . . .mixer of strange herbs by night. . .seller of
strange spells to the superstitious. . .anachronous
link to the darker powers. Granny-woman!

(DOOR OPENS CREAKILY)

LOVING: Can I talk with you, Granny?

GRANNY: ~~I'm the color of your silver's true~~

LOVING: ~~Oh, sure.~~

(CLINK OF MONEY)

GRANNY: ~~I'll set a while and talk with you~~ (PAUSE) Come in.
There. Set ye down.

LOVING: Thank you. Ah -- folks around here say you -- know
things.

GRANNY: That I do. (PAUSE) ~~If ye marry not today, fret ye~~
not. She'll faithful stay.

LOVING: (VERY VERY QUIET) How -- how did you know that?

GRANNY: ~~Granny knows. Granny knows.~~

LOVING: Even -- who killed the Gage children? Or didn't you
know two of them are dead, and the third --

GRANNY: All together now -- all three!

LOVING: No. One of them is hurt, but --

GRANNY: All together now -- I see, ~~Granny~~

LOVING: Granny -- I can't learn anything from the folks in the hollow. Can you tell me anything about the Gages? Believe me, Granny -- it's not for harm. It's for help.

GRANNY: You believe in Granny?

LOVING: (LOW) I -- I do.

GRANNY: Twas Granny brought the three of 'em into this world. Twas Granny their maw turned to in time of need. Twas only yesternight she come to me. Come to Granny -- just like you!

(MUSIC: HAS_SNUCK_FROM_BEHIND_WIERDLY_AND_DOWN_FOR)

MOTHER: Granny, please. He's strayin' away from me. Help me get him back.

GRANNY: With three little ones, your man's strayin' away?

MOTHER: He is, he is.

GRANNY: How, strayin'?

MOTHER: Three things, Granny -- and when things come in threes, that's bad, ain't it, Granny? Ain't it bad?

GRANNY: What's the three?

MOTHER: One, he taken to carryin' the pocket gun again -- that's been three weeks now. Two, Granny -- he come home without the car. That's two weeks ago--

GRANNY: Gun means trouble -- and the car--

MOTHER: Said he sold it, Granny! But I ain't seen hide nor hair of ary money. (PAUSE) Nor him.

GRANNY: Him?

MOTHER: That's a week ago. He ain't been home nights for a week o' nights, Granny. Gun and car and stayin' away, Granny, it's more than mortal can stand!

GRANNY: What do ye want Granny to do?

MOTHER: Can ye give me a charm, Granny-woman?

GRANNY: For bringin' back -- or keepin' home?

MOTHER: Both, Granny -- if ye can!

GRANNY: Daughter, just fetch me a lock of his hair, or the
parin' of one of his nails. Or even some earth where
his foot has trod-- let me gether some herbs from the
hollers and hills --

MOTHER: (EAGER) You'll mix me a charm?

GRANNY: -- and I'll fetch the man home! Granny'll fetch your
man home.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND DOWN FOR)

LOVING: (QUIET) Carried a gun. . .sold his car. . .and left home.

GRANNY: But Granny fetched him back. Twas to find his home
and young blowed to the sky -- but home he come! Yes,
and he's back by her side right now, even if it is in
hospital!

LOVING: Granny -- can you tell me anything more? What to
-- look for?

GRANNY: (LOW) These are the hills, and Granny hadn't better be
to knowin'. But I can tell ye ---

LOVING: Yes, Granny --

GRANNY: (WHISPER) *Black is the enemy of white*
Black is enemy of white ---

~~Day is enemy of night --~~

Hill is enemy of holler --

Gage is enemy of --

LOVING: Yes?

GRANNY: That's for you to seek and find.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO MYSTERIOUSLY INTO)

(AUTO UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: Driving away from Granny's cabin, over and over again
you turn her little rhyme ... She's trying to tell you
something you almost know, in the deep back closet of
your mind ^{day-night} black - white ... ~~day-night~~ -- hill --
holler -- Gage --

LOVING: (CROSSING FROM UNDER . . . hill -- holler. Gage --
dollar? Collar?

(CAR UP, DOWN BEHIND)

LOVING: (FROM UNDER CAR) Pollar...soller...toller. (PAUSE)
Toller. That's it! Hill is enemy of holler -- Gage is
enemy of -- Toller! The Gages and the Tollers -- I got
it!

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: Yeah -- the Gages and the Tollers. As bitterly enfeuded
as the Martins and the Coys, though not so musically
celebrated. Granny knew what nobody would admit -- the
blood feud had ^{broken} ~~busted~~ out again!

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO)

NARR: Back from the dark of Granny's firelit cabin, a half-hour
ride and you check into the hospital. You want to talk to
Mrs. Gage. The nurse shows you the way but as you reach
her room -- the door bursts open. Three cops -- and
husband Gage!

(ARGUMENT FROM BEHIND, UP WITH)

COP: You got to tell her sometime, Gage. Be a man.

GAGE: (SOBBING) I can't, I can't. You got no right to bring me
here without tellin' me she didn't know!

COP: Go on -- be a man! She's got to know sometime!

LOVING: What's the trouble, nurse?

NURSE: It's that woman who was blown up. The police brought her husband to her -- and she doesn't know all the children are dead.

LOVING: All -- three?

NURSE: Yes. The littlest died about a half-hour ago.

(MUSIC: -- STING)

LOVING: Mr. Gage --

GAGE: What is it? What do you want?

LOVING: Maybe I can help you. I'm from the paper --

GAGE: How kin you help me? (SOB) My pore wife's in there, thinkin the little ones is safe -- and I ain't got the heart to tell her they're gone! How kin you help?

LOVING: (QUIET) If I can talk to you for a minute -- you see, I know about your not coming home the last several nights --

GAGE: (LOW) Mister -- I don't know who you are or what you're thinkin - but stay out of my affairs. Hear? Stay out of my affairs!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO)

MARR: The law takes him back into custody for more questioning -- leaving you alone in the corridor. The nurse is gone -- no doctors near ... so --

(DOOR OPENS QUIETLY)

MOTHER: (SOFTLY IN B.G.) Lord, whoever it was, forgive them their trespassin'; Lord. Forgive them for hurtin' me and my little ones. I reckon, Lord, they didn't know what they was a-doin'. Please, dear sweet Lord, won't you forgive 'em?

LOVING: (SOFTLY) Mrs. Gage

MOTHER: Who's thar?`

LOVING: A -- a friend. (PAUSE) Mrs. Gage -- I'm from the newspaper. I --

MOTHER: (SOFT) Are you goin' to write up about my children?

LOVING: Well ...

MOTHER: If you're worryin' lest I don't know they're - gone, why, don't fret. (PAUSE) I know. (PAUSE) A mother knows.

LOVING: ~~Didn't anybody~~ ^{Did somebody} -- tell you?

MOTHER: When their dad come in jest now and wouldn't answer me how they was -- I knowed. (PAUSE) Dear Lord, I thank you strong for lettin' them come to you asleepin' (PAUSE) Jest tell me that's the truth, mister, that they never knowed. ~~(SOE) Jest let me know that and be thankful~~

LOVING: It's true, Mrs. Gage.

MOTHER: ~~Praise the Lord for everlastin' kindness.~~

LOVING: ~~Mrs. Gage~~

MOTHER: Yessir?

LOVING: Mrs. Gage, I've got no right to be here, I've got no right to question you at this terrible time -- but -- but I've been to see the granny woman -

MOTHER: Oh.

LOVING: She told me about the gun ... about the car ... and about your husband not comin' home. Can you tell me --

MOTHER: Yessir. I can. I can tell you how it happened. (PAUSE) It was blood comin' back to claim blood.

LOVING: What?

-12-

MOTHER: Blood for blood. Hit was the man my husband killed,
come back to claim blood of my husband's blood. (PAUSE)
Gage blood for Toller blood ~~shed.~~ 'Twas the man my
husband killed.

(MUSIC: _ _ HIT AND GO AWAY FOR TAG)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0170961

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

MUSIC --- BEHIND

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

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
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 Bob Loving ... as he lived it, and wrote it.

NARR: The hill town of Hampton has had its quiet night shattered by an explosion -- in which three small girls have died -- and you, Bob Loving, of the Bristol Herald-Courier, have delayed your wedding day to cover the story. So far, your quizzing has led to the hospital bed of the mother -- also hurt in the blast. But who does she think set the deadly fuse?

MOTHER: (SOBBING) Hit was the man my husband killed. Gage blood for Toller blood ~~and~~

(MUSIC: -- HIT DARKLY AND GO FOR)

NARR: The Gages and the Tollers -- blood feud enemies. But dead men don't blast homes. Nor do the cops think much of the story either. They have the father in custody -- and they have the facts to date ...

COP: We 'preciate what you've got, Mr. Loving -- but we'd rather go on what we've got. Stuff like -- this here.

LOVING: What is it?

COP: That was found by the edge of the highway ... right opposite the house where the kiddies died. (PAUSE) It's a ^{piece} ~~snippet~~ of fuse.

LOVING: ~~That's odd. I'd have thought they'd use wire and batteries.~~

COP: ~~No. On a still night, fuse works just as well. And added to that -- they'd want to get away fast ... batteries are heavy hauling.~~

LOVING: ~~Mr. Gage~~ I suppose you're tracing this stuff?

COP: All over the state. As soon as I get a report -- I'll tell you. But right now -- there's nothing new.

LOVING: But you're holding the husband.

COP: Yessir.

LOVING: Could I talk to him?

COP: No law against that. (PAUSE) Anything else I can do for you?

LOVING: Yeah. Save me an empty cell. I've got to have some place to sleep tonight -- cause I'm staying with this till its over!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO)

LOVING: Mr. Gage --

GAGE: Who're you?

LOVING: *Bob Loving, reporter*
~~The falls you met in the hospital~~ Gage -- I saw your wife.

GAGE: Did -- did you tell her?

LOVING: No. You did.

GAGE: What?

LOVING: Yes. When you refused to tell her -- she knew the children were -- gone. (PAUSE) It's all right, Gage. She's -- happy.

GAGE: (ANGUISH) What're you sayin', Mister!

LOVING: (SOFT) Gage, she's -- she's happy they never knew. I told her they all went in their sleep. I -- I spared her knowing about the *little one* ~~husband~~ lingering ... (CHOKES)
When I left, she was praying ~~for the~~ ~~the~~ ~~murderer~~.

GAGE: (AFTER A BIT: CHOKED) ~~I'm purely grateful to you,~~
~~mister.~~ (SOFT) Prayin'. That's like her. (PAUSE)

I'm grateful, mister. That's all was worryin' me.

LOVING: ~~Are you sure?~~

GAGE: ~~Sir?~~

LOVING: ~~There are three things I'd like to know. And your wife~~
~~too.~~

GAGE: ~~I don't rightly understand you.~~

LOVING: ~~That's just it. I don't understand you.~~ (PAUSE) *Mr. Gage* You

sound like a man who loves his wife. ~~I can't see~~ -- you
didn't have the heart to tell her about the little
ones ... but you had her awfully upset about three
things.

GAGE: Who told you!

LOVING: The granny-woman.

GAGE: (LOW) She went to the granny-woman? What for?

LOVING: A charm. To bring you back.

GAGE: (MOAN) Poor little girl, ~~poor little girl,~~ she was all
wrong, all wrong!

LOVING: Tell me. Tell me the answer to three questions she asked
the granny-woman. Why did you carry a gun -- what
happened to the car, why did you stay away from home --

GAGE: (EAGER) Why sure! Hit's as simple as one two three!
About the gun, why --

(OFF MIKE, CELL DOOR OPENS)

COP: (CALLS) Mr. Loving!

LOVING: (CALLS BACK) Yes!

COP: (CALLING) Could you come out here a minute?

(MUSIC: UP QUICKLY AND DOWN FOR)

(TELETYPE IN B.G.)

COP: I promised to tell you if I got anything on that fuse --

LOVING: Yeah, yeah!

(TICKER STARTS TICKING IN B.G.)

COP: Well -- there's a message coming in on the teletype right
now ^{lets go on - you can} Read it for yourself.

(TICKER UP AS WE WALK TO IT, DOWN BEHIND)

LOVING: (READING) ... traced to store here...purchaser requested
same for blasting stumps...also twenty sticks dynamite...

(TICKER UP. STOP.)

COP: It's from Chattanooga. They worked fast.

(TICKER STARTS AGAIN)

LOVING: (READS) Dealer says -- buyer's car -- had -- Bledsoe
County -- license.

(TICKER OUT)

LOVING: Bledsoe County. Am I wrong -- or does the Toller clan
come from Bledsoe -- and the Gages from Carter?

COP: You're right, Mr. Loving. (PAUSE) It's the clan war
busted out again.

LOVING: Well -- what now?

COP: Just sit and wait. State Police've gone out to Bledsoe --
and I wouldn't be surprised to see half the Toller boys
troopin' in here tonight --

LOVING: Oh-oh --

COP: Handcuffed.

LOVING: Oh. (PAUSE) Then why're you holding Gage?

COP: Protection. (PAUSE) His.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: You go back to Gage's cell and look at this lean mountain man differently now. Before -- you saw a man who might have killed his children. (PAUSE) Now -- you see only a man who has lost his little ones. (PAUSE) And his answers to your three questions are simple -- Why did he carry a gun?

(MUSIC: _ _ RISES, GOES BEHIND)

GAGE: (VERY LOW: I WOULD BACK VLADDIE, WITH A VARIATION OF "THE MARTINS & THE COYS.")
Hit was three months ago I killed a man. Self defense, it was, that's the truth. What's more, I was a deputy Sheriff, carryin' a gun legal. (PAUSE) After that, I ~~taken~~ ^{taken} to carryin' a pocket gun day and night. Cause I'm Gage -- and the man I killed was Toller.

(MUSIC: _ _ RISES AND BACK FOR)

NARR: What happened to his car?

GAGE: (AS IF CONTINUING) Well ... it was three weeks ago, I stepped into my car. Roder a while ... smelt somethin' funny. Stopped her ... stepped out -- and she blowed up in my face. Dynamite. (PAUSE) Toller blood after Gage.

(MUSIC: _ _ RISES AND BACK FOR)

NARR: Why did he stay away from home?

GAGE: (AS IF CONTINUING) So after that, I know'd they wouldn't rest till they got me. I feared they'd come by night and mebbe do harm to my wife and babes, so I ~~hid~~ ^{stayed} away durin' dark. (PAUSE) Nor told my wife ary word, lest she fear. Jest the same -- Gage blood was ~~was~~ ^{spilled}. By who -- I reckon I know. But further -- I ain't sayin'.

(MUSIC: -- RISE AND GO FOR)

NARR: There it is -- the feudal code. Blood for blood. Maybe he does know, maybe he doesn't -- but as sure as the crow calls -- for three Gages dead -- there'll be at least one dead Toller!

(MUSIC: -- STING AND OUT)

NARR: (COLD) You wait the night out in the jail. Then next morning --

COP: Mr. Loving -- I got news for you. We turned Gage loose durin' the night --

COP: --because we had seventeen Tollers brought in.

LOVING: Why didn't you wake me up?

COP: (SMILE) Cause they ain't going anyplace. (QUIET) Gage is.

LOVING: Where?

COP: First, to the hospital, to see his wife. Then, home, to see his children --

~~LOVING: WHAT?~~

COP: Buried.

(MUSIC: -- UP, DOWN BEHIND)

NARR: Before you ~~too~~ set out for the funeral, you ask to see the seventeen Toller boys in their cells. Seventeen, by actual count.

COP: And we'd have picked up more, except for one curious thing about these.

LOVING: What's that?

COP: They all got alibis, one for the other. (QUIET) And confidentially -- if we can't bust ^{those alibis} ~~them~~ before nightfall-- we'll have to turn 'em loose. Can't charge 'em all.
(PAUSE) We sure would like some bright ideas!

(MUSIC: -- QUICKLY AWAY UNDER)

NARR: By the time you have seen the fifth Toller boy -- you have an idea. The law demurs -- but then -- agrees. And so, half an hour later, you're riding in your car -- (SNEAK SOUND) a wierd idea in your head ... a gun in your pocket ... and -- a Toller by your side!

(CAR UP, UNDER)

LOVING: ...so the minute I saw you, I told the law -- "That's no killer," I said, "that's a nice ^{young} fella. Why, he loves children!"

TOLLER: (QUIET) What made you say that?

LOVING: Why, I saw the stuff the law took out of ~~my~~ your pockets. (PAUSE) You had pictures in your wallet. Boy and a girl. (PAUSE) Yours?

TOLLER: Yessir.

LOVING: Must have been a terrible thing, when that dynamite went off. (PAUSE) For the children, I mean.

TOLLER: Where you drivin' me?

LOVING: The neighbors say there was this awful roar -- and then a little -- whimpering, like a hurt -- pup.

TOLLER: Mister -- where you takin' me?

LOVING: Like I said, home. (PAUSE) Sure is a lot of traffic on the road. Must be for the funeral. (PAUSE) I heard there were 15,000 people in town. (PAUSE) Lots of Gages in the crowd.

(CAR TO STOP)

TOLLER: What're you stopping for?

LOVING: Can't buck this crowd.

(CHURCH BELL BEGINS TO TOLL AND KEEPS GOING)

LOVING: Funeral must've started. (PAUSE) If I were you, you know what I'd do?

TOLLER: No.

LOVING: (VERY LOW) I'd walk ^{over} ~~that~~ that church. I'd walk up that aisle. I'd go right in there -- a Toller among Gages.

TOLLER: What for?

LOVING: (SAME) If I had clean hands, if there was no blood on my hands -- I'd walk in with my head held up. And Gages would say (HE WHISPERS) There's a Toller. Come to show he had nothing to do with it. (PAUSE) Have you got guts?

(CHURCH BELL KEEPS RINGING)

NARR: He looks at you quietly and long ~~and~~ ^{gets out of the car - then} ~~then~~ ^{Turns} toward the church. And once again -- you work on him.

LOVING: (FOOTSTEPS UP) Yeah ... it must have been awful. They say the dynamite was planted right under where the kids slept ...

(FOOTSTEPS. CHURCH BELLS NEARER. ~~THEY START TO~~)

LOVING: They say the littlest was clutching a teddy bear...

(FOOTSTEPS. CHURCH BELLS NEARER. ~~THEY STOP~~)

LOVING: (SOFT) And the worst thing was, the oldest, she'd just licked polio. Just learning to walk and play all over again.

(FOOTSTEPS. BELLS NEARER. ~~THEY STOP~~)

LOVING: (SOFTER) And you know -- I don't think they meant to harm the children. Just their fa --

(FOOTSTEPS STOP)
What's the matter?
LOVING: ~~What's the matter,~~ Toller?

NARR: You follow his frozen look. (PAUSE) The doors of the church are opening.

(HYMN UP FULL, BRING BELLS DOWN SOFTER)
LOVING: (LOW) Here they come. (PAUSE) One coffin ...

~~(SLOW SHUFFLE OF FEET)~~
LOVING: Another -- little coffin.

~~(SLOW SHUFFLE OF FEET)~~
LOVING: And a --

TOLLER: ~~(STRANDED)~~ Get me out of here! I can't stand it anymore! I didn't do it -- I swear I didn't. You and I know us Tollers did it - but we're not all bad - only ⁴~~three~~ of us have been keeping this feud alive and I'll tell you who, if you'll only get me out of here. Then maybe we can stop this feud once and for all -

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER FOR)

NARR: They come in threes, these things. One funeral -- ~~for~~ *for you*
~~three. One trial -- for three -- and --~~ one wedding
Plus -- a Big Story, ~~makes three. FOR YOU.~~

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG THE ACT)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Robert Loving of the Bristol, Va. Herald-Courier with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- STING)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

MUSIC --- BEHIND

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

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 Robert Loving of the Bristol, Virginia Herald-Courier.

LOVING: Confession of Toller boy in tonight's Big Story implicated ~~three~~⁴ enemies of Gage. Two received death penalty for planting dynamite, ~~third was~~^{2 had well} sentenced to 21 years in State Penitentiary. ~~One~~^{the} of ^{one} two condemned, ^{one} hanged self in cell -- other was electrocuted. This ended family feud.

Thanks a lot for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Loving ... 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 Birmingham Alabama Age-Herald -- by-line, Virgil E. Pierson. THE BIG STORY of a reporter who found himself involved with an innocent letter, a death certificate 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 Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Alan Sloane from an actual story from the front pages of the Bristol, Va. Herald-Courier. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Bob Dryden played the part of Robert Loving. 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. Loving.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.
THIS IS NBC.....THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

PA
5/4/50 AM

ATX01 0170974

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #165

CAST

NARRATOR	-	BOB SLOANE
MRS. VIANO	-	BARBARA WEEKS
MRS. LOCKWOOD	-	BARBARA WEEKS
PIERSON	-	BILL QUINN
STONE	-	HUMPHREY DAVIS
LOCKWOOD	-	HUMPHREY DAVIS
ASSISTANT	-	BILL LIPTON
KIRBY	-	BILL LIPTON
SERGEANT	-	DON APPEL
RAWLINGS	-	DON APPEL

WEDNESDAY, MAY 24, 1950.

ATX01 0170975

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#165

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

MAY 24, 1950.

WEDNESDAY

(Virgil Pierson; Age Herald; Birmingham, Alabama)

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG
STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE)

(SD OF MOAN, KEEP IT FROM BEING IDENTIFIED AS
EITHER MALE OR FEMALE)

MRS. VIANO: (WITH HORROR) No - no stop it -- stop it!

(SD OF A BLOW, CRASH OF BODY DOWN A FEW STEPS,
MOANS, NOW HALF UNCONSCIOUS)

LOCKWOOD: This does it -

(DYING MOANS CONTINUE TO END OF SCENE)

MRS.VIANO: Kit's dying - we must call an ambulance!

LOCKWOOD: Keep away from the phone.

MRS.VIANO: We must get help before it's too late!

LOCKWOOD: (COMMANDING) Go back to your room. Go on back! -
I said go back to your room!!

(SLOW FOOTSTEPS, THEN DOOR CLOSES) (CHANGE OF
VOICE)

Allright Kit, get up. Stop pretending. Get on your
feet!

(ALARMED)

Don't you hear me?

(MOANING STOPS)

(VERY ALARMED) Get up -- get up - get up!!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING, VERY HIGH AND WILD)

ATX01 0170976

CHAPPELL: Here is America - it's sound and fury, it's joy and its sorrows as faithfully reported by the men and women of the great American newspapers.

(PAUSE)

Birmingham, Alabama. The story of a reporter who learned about a murder that no one knew about or wanted to know about!

(PAUSE)

Tonight to Virgil Pierson of the Birmingham Age Herald for his big story goes the Pell Mell Award.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BEHIND. _ _ _)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH -- (EFFECT)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch. (EFFECT)

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: Birmingham, Alabama. The story as it actually happened-
Virgil Pierson's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Birmingham is a big city, a metropolis of the south
with nearly a half million people. There is a lot
of high drama and tragedy in this sea of people.
Most of these stories never get to the surface. But
once in a while one of them somehow manages to float
to the top - often unrecognized, unbelieved. You
Virgil Pierson reporter on the Birmingham Age-Herald
are sitting at your desk this early spring morning.
You think about writing that follow up story on the
big fire, or perhaps a feature on the ~~big~~ charity ball,
or the new strike. You've got lots to write about -
and you start on the strike story when ^{*The boss calls you in*} ~~the phone~~
~~rings~~

(PHONE UP)

PIERSON: Pierson - Yes boss, right away.

(PHONE DOWN)

(FOOTSTEPS...KNOCK ON DOOR..REPEAT)

STONE: (OFF) Come on in.

(~~DOOR OPENS, CLOSES~~)

Virg - are you very busy?

PIERSON: Pretty well tied up for, the moment. Why Boss?

STONE: Take a look at this letter.

(UNCRINKLING OF PAPER)

Go ahead and read it - aloud.

PIERSON: (READS) "Dear Sirs" I can't keep quiet any longer. Kit Kirby was murdered, brutally beaten to death. The report that it was an accident is a lie! Now my conscience is clear - it is up to you." -- It's signed, Mrs. - and the rest is crossed out. - Postmarked, Bixbee, Arizona.

STONE: I know. What do you think of it?

PIERSON: Who is Kirby?

STONE: I had Lester check through the files - no one by that name has died, violently or peacefully for the past few years.

PIERSON: Is Kit a man or a woman?

STONE: Your guess is as good as mine. It could be either.

PIERSON: The womans name begins with either a V or a W - See--

(CRINKLE OF PAPER)

She didn't do a thorough job of crossing the first ^{out} letter of her name. ~~See the oblique line. There are only two letters in the alphabet that begin that way.~~

STONE: That's not much of a clue, Virgil.

PIERSON: No, but the letter is well-written, on good bond paper.

STONE: But there's nothing to go on. We don't even know when the supposed murder took place, or ~~who was~~ murdered, whether it was a man or woman. All we know is that some one says that some one else was murdered. I don't want to influence you. If you want to throw the letter back into the basket --

PIERSON: (THOUGHTFULLY) I'd like to take a crack at this, boss.

STONE: Okay -- take a look around and keep me informed.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HESITANT. INDICATE UNCERTAINTY. UP, DOWN AND UNDER)

~~NARR: You get your hat and go out. You say to yourself,
Virgil Pierson where are you going. Maybe you're like
that blind man looking in a dark cellar for a black
cat that isn't there. - The first place you try is
the hospital.~~

PIERSON: I'd like to speak to the superintendent, *of this hospital, please.*

ASSISTANT: (COLD, YOUNG, UNPLEASANTLY EFFICIENT) I am Dr. Keller's
assistant. Can I help you?

PIERSON: Yes, *My name is Pierson* I'd like to check the death report of
Kit Kirby.

ASSISTANT: Kit? Is that Christopher or Katherine?

PIERSON: I don't know.

ASSISTANT: May I see your police credentials, *please*

PIERSON: I am not from the police department.

ASSISTANT: I'm sorry, it's against regulations to make these
reports public.

PIERSON: Can you tell me if there is a report - anywhere?

ASSISTANT: Even if there is one, I couldn't give it to you.
It's against regulations.

PIERSON: (ANGRILY) Look here *M*ister, is it against regulations
to show a little courtesy?

ASSISTANT: I'm sorry- those are the rules.

PIERSON: There is reason to believe that this Kirby person was
murdered, ~~that's why I would like to see the report.~~
~~Now will you help me?~~

ASSISTANT: (UNPERTURBED) This is a hospital not a detective agency. Why don't you try the police. Good afternoon, Mr. Pierson.

(MUSIC: --- ANGRY, FRETFUL)

SERGEANT: (SOFT, EASY - GOING, NOTHING FAZES HIM) Hiyah Virgil. *What's it?*

~~PIERSON: Hello sergeant.~~

~~SERGEANT: What are you doin' aroun' here. Awfully slow in the police department today. Nothin' 's happening.~~

PIERSON: *is that?* I wonder if you can tell me something about that Kit Kirby person I phoned you about. You know the one who is supposed to have died in an accident.

SERGEANT: Yeah - well I checked. No one by that name reported in the last couple of years. I never even heard the name before.

PIERSON: Take a look at this.

(CRINKLE OF PAPER)

SERGEANT: Hand me my glasses.

(CRINKLE OF PAPER, PAUSE AS HE READS)

What about it Virgil?

PIERSON: What do you mean, what about it? This woman says that Kirby was murdered.

SERGEANT: It's a hot day. What are ye gettin yerself excited about a crank letter.

PIERSON: I don't think it's a crank letter.

SERGEANT: We get a dozen of these every week. There are lots of the crack pots around. Take it easy Virgil - you'll live longer.

PIERSON: (IRRITATED) Okay, I'll take it easy.

SERGEANT: Did you hear about Heinrich today - he hit another homer.

PIERSON: A great hitter. He takes his job seriously.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP DOWN AND UNDER)

NARR: Well, you spent a whole afternoon at it and all you found out was that Heinrich hit a homer. You quit. Back to your office and back to useful work. But the name Kit Kirby won't let you alone. Man or woman? You look in the phone book. There are about thirty Kirby's. You start with Adam J. Kirby -

PIERSON: Hello - this is a reporter from the Age Herald. Do you know anyone by the name of Kit - Kit Kirby?You don't. Thanks.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ MONTAGE) _

NARR: The city is full of Kirby's - Adam, Barbara, Charles, Daniel -- not until you get to the T's do you strike pay dirt.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ MONTAGE)

PIERSON: Is this Tom Kirby...I'm from the Age Herald. Do you know a Kit Kirby?....You do! Can I come down and talk to you?.....Right away.Thanks - thanks a lot.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ EXCITING, PORTENTOUS)

TOM KIRBY: (MIDDLE-AGED, CORDIAL) Well young man, what can I do for you?

PIERSON: Your name is Kirby, isn't it?

TOM K: That's right. Tom Kirby.

PIERSON: Who was Kit Kirby?

TOM K: My wife, but we were divorced a few years ago.

PIERSON: What happened to her?

TOM K: She died about seven months ago.

PIERSON: How?

TOM K: Accident. She fell down the steps, suffered a brain injury.

PIERSON: Was she taken to the hospital?

TOM K: Yes my son took her over to Westwood hospital.

PIERSON: I just checked with the police department. No one by that name reported.

TOM K: She was married again. She went under her new name.

PIERSON: Can you tell me the name?

TOM K: Sure. It was Lockwood. She married an encyclopedia salesman named Bob Lockwood.

PIERSON: How did your son happen to take her to the hospital?

TOM K: He used to visit her every few days. One day he found her unconscious. Bob Lockwood was sick abed with a heart ailment. So my boy took his mother to the hospital.

PIERSON: Can I talk to your son?

TOM K: Sure you can. But he's up north for a few weeks.

PIERSON: Do you know where I can find this Bob Lockwood?

TOM K: No - I'm sorry. I know very little about him. - Say what's all this interest in poor Kit.

PIERSON: We have reason to believe that she was murdered.

TOM K: Murdered? Why should anyone want to murder ~~poor~~ ^{her?} Kit?

PIERSON: I don't know, but I mean to find out.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ MOUNTING IN EXCITEMENT)

PIERSON: Hiya sergeant.

SERGEANT: Back, again so soon?

PIERSON: Be a good fellow sergeant and look up a Mrs. Bob Lockwood.

SERGEANT: Any relation to Kit Kirby?

PIERSON: Same one.

SERGEANT: You ^{we got} ~~we determined~~ to find her murdered eh?

PIERSON: (LIGHTLY) I got nothing else to do. Keeps me happy.

(PULLS OUT A DRAWER)

SERGEANT: How de ye spell that Lockwood?

PIERSON: L - O - C - K - W - O - O - D.

SERGEANT: (AS HE LOOKS THROUGH THE FILES) What do you think of that ^{Royalty} ~~Lopez~~ fellow.

PIERSON: Who?

SERGEANT: That pitcher. Striking them out like they got holes in their bats.

PIERSON: Oh yeah.

SERGEANT: Here we are. Mrs. Robert Lockwood, Catherine Kirby. That's it -- same woman. It appears she fell down the steps, suffered concussion of the brain resulting in death.

PIERSON: She could have been beaten to death, couldn't she?

SERGEANT: Not a chance. Three doctors at the hospital report death caused by concussion due to a bad fall. Routine investigation by the police department report death due to accident. Her own family testified that she fell down the stairs. Just an accident, one of the thousands that happen every day. No use your followin' this one up. You're wastin you're time.

PIERSON: Maybe.

SERGEANT: Heinrich nearly did it again. Three bagger this time.

PIERSON: A great ball player.

SERGEANT: Yep - he's got his mind on the ball.

(MUSIC: MOUNTING, UP DOWN AND UNDER)

NARR: Well, you got your feet wet now, Virgil Pierson, you might as well plunge in all the way. The crank letter said brutally beaten to death. You want a real description of her injuries. So back you go to the hospital.

PIERSON: I found out her real name. It's Mrs. Robert Lockwood.

ASSISTANT: (ICY AS BEFORE) There's been no change in our regulations, since yesterday.

PIERSON: I have reason to believe this woman was murdered.

ASSISTANT: I suggest you try the police department.

PIERSON: Will you just look at the report and tell me what it contains?

ASSISTANT: I'm sorry, it's against regulations.

PIERSON: (OUT OF PATIENCE) I'd like to talk to Dr. Kellar.

ASSISTANT: He's busy - he'll be away from his desk all day.

(INTERCOM BUZZES)

Hello -----

Yes, Dr. Kellar.....

(CLICK OF PHONE)

I have to leave now Mr. Pierson. There's no point in your waiting.

PIERSON: I'll wait, anyway.

ASSISTANT: *Dr. Kellar will* ~~He'll~~ be a long time. Suit yourself.

(DOOR CLOSES)

(MUSIC: SNEAK IN WITH NARRATION)

NARR: *He hears and*
You stand there alone in the office. The file is standing right there. All you have to do is open the drawer marked L. You hesitate. But not for long. You're looking for a murderer. So your conscience is clear.

(SD OF DRAWER BEING OPENED, RUFFLE OF CARDS)

You look fast. There's only one Lockwood.

(SD OF PAPER AND CARDS)

You read the report. And what a report. Bruises and cuts above the right eye and left eye. Nose smashed. Teeth broken. Bruises over entire torso, back and front. That must have been quite a fall down the steps. She managed to injure every part of her body. She would have had to fall down ten flights of steps to be as badly beaten as ---

(MUSIC: OUT SUDDENLY)

(DOOR OPENS SUDDENLY)

ASSISTANT: (HARSH) What are you doing at that file!

PIERSON: (EMBARRASSED) I - I thought - I'd amuse myself -- while waiting for Dr. Kellar.

ASSISTANT: (COLD) Give me that file!

(PAUSE THEN SLAM OF DRAWER)

Mr. Pierson. Some things are none of your business. You're looking for trouble. Take my advice and stay away from here!

-13-

PIERSON: (HARD AND TOUGH) Now you look here, ~~Mister regulation~~
~~of 1948~~, this woman was murdered! Do you understand
that! Neither incompetence or insolence is going to
stop me and I'm going to find that murderer, regulations
or no* regulations.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ IN WITH A SMASH. DRAMATIC. SIGNIFICANT UP FULL TO TAG
THE ACT)
(COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0170988

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _--BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH! (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH! (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH! (EFFECT)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

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 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 Virgil Pierson ... as he lived it... and wrote it.

NARR: ~~and~~ ^{How} you know, Virgil Pierson as you walk away from the hospital that something evil has happened. You cannot believe that Mrs. Lockwood sustained all those bruises from a fall. You think hard about it. You think about the police, the hospital doctors, her family - all of them ^{taking} ~~accepting~~ the accident without suspicion. Why? What have you stumbled into? - And what about her husband - Bob Lockwood? You might as well learn a thing or two about him.

SERGEANT: (SARDONIC) Ah ha! The amateur detective is back again.

PIERSON: Hello sergeant?

~~SERGEANT: Now what is it this time, Virgil?~~

PIERSON: I just want a little more information. ...

SERGEANT: You're gettin' to be quite a pest. Now why don't you go back to your office and write a story about them ^{Yankers} ~~Cardinals~~, instead of takin up my time with Kit Kirby, Mrs. Bob Lockwood.

PIERSON: You got a file on Bob Lockwood?

SERGEANT: I don't know.

~~PIERSON: How about taking a look see.~~

~~SERGEANT: I'm going to call up that boss of yours and tell him to get you to stop plaguin' me.~~

~~PIERSON: Okay you do that but first look up Lockwood for me.~~

SERGEANT: How do ye spell the name?

PIERSON: L - O - C - K - W - O - O - D.

(PULLS OUT A DRAWER)

SERGEANT: Awfully hot day to be foolin around with -- Lockwood, here we are. Robert Lockwood.

PIERSON: I'll look at it myself. I don't want to take up any more of your time.

SERGEANT: Now don't ye be tellin me what to do! (PERUSES THE RECORDS)
Hm-m-m. He's got a police record alright. In March 1945 arrested for passing a bad check. ~~September 1946~~
~~arrested for passing a bad check.~~ September 1946 arrested on a morals charge. February '47 arrested for disorderly conduct.

PIERSON: Thank you sergeant.

SERGEANT: Don't go runnin off yet Virgil. These are all petty charges. It don't make him a murderer.

PIERSON: I haven't made any decisions. I'm just inquiring.

SERGEANT: I know all you amateur detectives. ^{it also says here} Now this fellow Lockwood is a sick man, sufferin' from a bad ticker. A man with a bad heart is not goin' to do any murderin'.

PIERSON: Could I have his address?

SERGEANT: With pleasure Sherlock. His old or his new one? We keep tabs on him all the time.

PIERSON: I'd like both addresses.

SERGEANT: Here ~~it is~~ --

(RUSTLE OF PAPER)

~~copy it down:~~

(SD OF PENCIL WRITING)

PIERSON: (WITH TONGUE IN CHEEK) Thank you sergeant, ~~you've been~~
~~very kind.~~

SERGEANT: (WARNINGLY) Watch your toes with this Lockwood feller --

PIERSON: I will.

SERGEANT: He's very dangerous - he's liable to sell you an encyclopedia.

(MUSIC: BEGINNING TO RACE, AND UNDER)

NARR: You try the new address first. ~~You're going to talk to him face to face. You don't know what you're going to talk about, or what you're going to ask him.~~ As you drive over you begin to get a little excited. If he murdered Kit Kirby, he isn't going to like you - not a bit. But you can't quit now. You have to see him.

~~(CAR COMES TO A STOP)~~

There's the house - 42 Pine Street. You walk up the few steps of the porch and you see his name ^{on} the bell. It's clear and bold - Robert Lockwood.

(SD OF BELL RINGING)

There you stand alone, your heart pounding.

(SD OF BELL RINGING AGAIN)

~~MRS.LOCKWOOD:(OFF) Who is it?~~

~~NARR:~~ You're not going to tell her who you are so you mumble some mumbo jumbo -

~~PIERSON: (DOUBLE TALKS)~~

~~MRS.LOCK: Who?~~

~~PIERSON: (REPEATS DOUBLE TALK)~~

(DOOR OPENS)

MRS.LOCK.: Yes?

PIERSON: (HESITANTLY) I'm Virgil Pierson from the Age Herald.

MRS.LOCK: Yes?

PIERSON: May I come in?

MRS.LOCK.: (SHE'S IN HER LATE TWENTIES) Sure - come on in.

(DOOR CLOSES)

PIERSON: Is your husband in?

MRS.LOCK.: No - he's not here.

PIERSON: Do you expect him soon?

MRS.LOCK.: (WEARILY) I don't know what to tell you pal. I don't know when he's coming back or if he's ever coming back. He owes you money too, eh?

PIERSON: No he doesn't.

MRS.LOCK.: Well why do you want to see him?

PIERSON: I'm trying to get some information on Kit Kirby.

MRS.LOCK.: What do you want to know about her - she's dead.

PIERSON: (HASTILY) My paper wants me to do a story about accidents. - oh-er- have you and Bob been married long?

MRS.LOCK.: What's it to you? What's that got to do with accidents? We've been married six months if that means anything to you.

PIERSON: Did you know Bob long before you married him?

MRS.LOCK.: Sure thing. Why he used to come to see me every week for a year. He was good to me then. - Why are you so noseey?

PIERSON: (HASTILY) Nothing - just being friendly.

MRS.LOCK.: Okay. I like friendly people. I'll tell you something else. Bob never loved Kit - never. He always loved me.

PIERSON: I - I guess he did. He's a sick man isn't he - bad heart or something like that?

MRS.LOCK.: Bad heart? That's a laugh. He makes that up whenever he wants to get out of something. Just last week the doctor told him he was in perfect health - perfect health. -- But if you want to really know something pal - he's no good, he's shiftless, a liar.

~~PIERSON: Really I'm I'm sorry to hear that~~

MRS. LOCK: ~~I should have left him months ago. I'm crazier than he~~
~~is for staying --~~

(SHE OPENS CLOSET DOOR SUDDENLY)

See this closet mister. It's empty. He went off with
all his clothes. He also took mine to pawn. ~~That no~~
~~good loving man of mine.~~

(MUSIC: RACING, AND UNDER)

NARR: You hurry out, Virgil Pierson. You've heard enough
from this ~~unhappy~~ woman. Bob Lockwood had been seeing
her while he was still married to Kit. There's the
motive you've been looking for. ~~Things are beginning to~~
~~make sense, beginning to add up.~~ You race to your next
~~place. Lockwood's old~~ address where the "accident" took
place, where ^{Lockwood} ~~he~~ had lived with his first wife, Kit Kirby.
You want to take a good look at that stairway.

(MUSIC: PUNCTUATE WITH SHARP STAB)

And here you find much more than you ever bargained for!
The name on the door ^{Lays} ~~said~~ Mrs. Emily Viano -

(KNOCK ON DOOR, ~~HEARD~~) (DOOR OPENS)

A middle-aged, sad-looking, frightened-looking woman
opens the door and looks at you questioningly.

PIERSON: May I come in for a moment, please.

(PAUSE, THEN DOOR CLOSES)

Thanks.

MRS. VIANO: You're Mr. Barnes from the insurance company, aren't
you. I've been waiting for you.

PIERSON: No, I'm Virgil Pierson from the Age Herald.

MRS. VIANO: (WITH HORROR) The Age Herald!

PIERSON: Yes. There's nothing to be frightened about, Mrs. Viano.

MRS.VIANO: (FRANTIC) Please go - I have nothing to say to you -
please go!

PIERSON: All I want to do is take a look at the stairway.

MRS.VIANO: You can't look at anything - get out!

PIERSON: It will only take a second.

MRS.VIANO: (HYSTERICAL) Stop - there isn't any stairway. Just those
few steps - from the kitchen to the living room - just
four steps down.

PIERSON: Is this the only stairway in the house?

MRS.VIANO: (VERY LOW) Yes--

PIERSON: But that's impossible. How could a woman fall down those
steps and kill herself.

MRS. VIANO: (PLEADING, SAME LOW VOICE) You must go now -

PIERSON: You look ill - can I get you a drink of water?

MRS.VIANO: No - just go.

PIERSON: Did you know the Lockwoods before you moved in here?

MRS.VIANO: (SAME LOW VOICE) Yes-

PIERSON: Did you know him very well?

MRS.VIANO: (SAME LOW VOICE) Yes - very well... He is my...brother-

PIERSON: (REALLY SURPRISED) Oh-h-h! How long have you been
living here - in this house?

MRS.VIANO: Three years.

PIERSON: Then you were here when the "accident" happened?

MRS.VIANO: Please go away - I'm not feeling well - I can't talk to
you anymore.

PIERSON: (PAUSE, PLAYING A LONG SHOT) Mrs. Viano - did you enjoy
your trip to Arizona - Bixbee Arizona?

MRS.VIANO: (STARTLED, SHOCKED) ~~At Arizona~~ ^{Rivky} ~~I-I-~~ (BREAKS DOWN,
WEEPS)

PIERSON: That letter you sent us. You crossed out your name, but
you left a part of the V. You sent that letter from
Arizona, didn't you?

MRS.VIANO: (POURING OUT OF HER NOW) I couldn't keep quiet any
longer. It was tearing me to pieces. I've been living
with my brother since my husband died. I saw it happen.
I saw him beat her with my own eyes. ~~I begged him to
stop but he went right on.~~ He didn't mean to kill her
but ~~he beat her until she was a bloody pulp.~~ When the
temper comes on him, he becomes like a wild beast. He
had no business marrying Kit - he never loved her. He
kept hitting her for an hour. My own brother - my own
brother.

(MUSIC: UP SHARP, RACING, AND OUT)

PIERSON: That's the story Mr Rawlings. I thought you as the DA
ought to know first. His sister, Mrs. Viano will testify.
Kit Kirby was beaten to death.

RAWLINGS: (HOSTILE) You come busting in here unannounced while I'm
working on a brief. I'll have to think about it.

PIERSON: (SHOCKED) Think about it? The evidence is all there.
It certainly indicates your issuing a warrant for Bob
Lockwood's arrest!

RAWLINGS: (COLDLY) I'll call you tomorrow and let you know what I
plan to do.

PIERSON: I don't want to wait until tomorrow.

RAWLINGS: I'm afraid you will have to do just that. Good day Mr.
Pierson..

PIERSON: But Mr. Rawlings --

RAWLINGS: (FIRMLY) I said good day, Mr. Pierson.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ RACING UP AND OUT)

(SD OF ^{NEWS} PRESSES)

~~PIERSON: That's what he told me Boss. He'll think about it. The whole case has been one act of negligence after another. The doctors, the police, the attorney's office.~~

STONE: Maybe we can wait until tomorrow before we break it.

PIERSON: Why? We've never waited with a story before.

STONE: Well, it's nearly five o'clock. The presses are about to roll..

PIERSON: I have most of the story written.

STONE: You have --

PIERSON: Take me about fifteen minutes to polish it up.

STONE: You're sure about your facts now?

PIERSON: I wouldn't accuse an innocent man any more than you would, Boss.

STONE: (SUDDEN DECISION) Allright, let's spill the story! Let the chips fall where they may. I'll hold the presses until I get your copy.

PIERSON: (HAPPILY) Right.

STONE: While you're writing it, I'll give Mr. Rawlings a buzz and tell him we're going to press with the Lockwood case. He might change his mind about waiting until tomorrow.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ RAPID AND FULL OF EXCITEMENT)

(SD OF ^{NEWS} PRESSES GOING FULL BLAST) (SD OF PHONE DIALLING)

STONE: Hello.... ~~I'd like to speak to Mr. Rawling's secretary...~~
~~Thank you....~~ Hello, ^T this is Horace Stone editor of the
Age Herald. Will you tell Mr. Rawlings that we are going
to press with the Lockwood murder case. The story will
be on the streets tonight....No, I don't want to talk to
him now..you just tell him what I said...I'll be in my
office for the next twenty minutes....

(MUSIC: _ _ _ SAME AS ABOVE)

(SD OF ^{MUSIC} ~~PRESES~~ GOING FULL BLAST--PHONE RINGS)

STONE: Hello?.... Oh Mr. Rawlings - what a surprise. (LONG PAUSE)
I see, you have issued a warrant for Robert Lockwood's
arrest. I'm glad to hear that.....what?.....Well, I
don't know. I'll try to make it....Yes I think it's
important that this warrant be made known....I'll do my
best to get it in this edition. I'm glad to see that
you're a man of action Mr. Rawlings---

(MUSIC: _ _ _ ^{WIPES AND WIPES} ~~IN WITH NARRATOR~~)

NARR: But Bob Lockwood had disappeared. At this point Virgil
Pierson, your job was done. It was up to the police now.
But you wouldn't stop until he was behind bars. ~~In your~~
~~investigations~~ ^{by you} you learned a lot about Bob Lockwood. You
knew all about his family, ~~about his parents. They were~~
poor ~~backward~~ people living in the back roads of the
state, ~~in the township of Hilton.~~ You went down there
and spoke to the local police. And while you waited in
the town court, the police went to visit his parents
home, and caught him! They brought him back and you
~~were~~ ^{see} face to face with him at last. ~~You stand and look~~
at him, this encyclopedia salesman. He stands there and
~~looks at you with burning eyes.~~

PIERSON: Hello Lockwood.

LOCKWOOD: (HOSTILE VOICE) You're the reporter, aren't you?

PIERSON: Yes.

LOCKWOOD: (HIS VOICE BLAZING WITH HATE) What did I ever do to you?

PIERSON: You didn't do anything to me - you did something to your wife!

LOCKWOOD: You're framing me - I'm innocent.

PIERSON: You can try and prove that in court.

LOCKWOOD: You got me into this Pierson, it's up to you to get me out.

PIERSON: You killed her Lockwood. There's not the slightest doubt about it. And you know I know it, and can prove it.

(DOOR OPENS)

SERGEANT: (FADE IN) Hiya Virgil - I see you caught him.

PIERSON: You came down pretty fast sergeant- but as usual, a little late.

SERGEANT: (IGNORING PIERSON) Okay, I'll take charge of the prisoner. ~~He's wanted up in Birmingham.~~

PIERSON: Oh Sergeant - just one thing.

SERGEANT: Yeah?

PIERSON: How did the ^{Yankees} ~~Dodgers~~ make out today? I've been kind of busy down here.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP TO TAG THE ACT)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Virgil Pierson, of the ~~Herzog~~, Birmingham, Alabama, ^{Age - 34} with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

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

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

MUSIC --- BEHIND

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

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 Virgil Pierson of the Birmingham ~~Alabama~~ Age Herald,

PIERSON: Killer in tonight's Big Story was tried and convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to Kilby Prison. Since this case was broken, a state committee recommended that a department be set up in which all suspicious ~~accidents~~ ^{deaths} be thoroughly investigated. My ^{District Atty. as well as the} ~~other special~~ ^{active members of this} sincere appreciation for tonight's Pell Mell Award. ^{committee}

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Pierson .. 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 Michigan City Indiana News Dispatch -- by-line, Albert Spiers. A BIG STORY about a reporter who found that sometimes, only nine dollars and two ^{pieces of bread} ~~card-table tops~~ can result in --- murder!

(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 Sigmund Miller from an actual story from the front pages of the Birmingham, Ala. Age Herald. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Bill Quinn played the part of Virgil Pierson. 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. Pierson.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.
THIS IS NBC THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

KH/EL/EM
5/14/50 pm

ATX01 0171002

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #166

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MOLLY	JOYCE GORDON
BERT	JAMES McCALLION
MAC	JAMES McCALLION
RAINES	WALTER GREAZA
COP I	WALTER GREAZA
COREY	LARRY HAINES
COP III	LARRY HAINES
MAN	WILLIAM KEENE
BALLISTICS	WILLIAM KEENE
HANFORD	SCOTT TENNYSON
OWNER	SCOTT TENNYSON
DOC	SANDY BICKART
COP II	SANDY BICKART

WEDNESDAY, MAY 31, 1950

ATX01 0171003

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#166

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

MAY 31, 1950

WEDNESDAY

(Albert Spiers: Michigan City (Indiana) News Dispatch)

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present ... The Big Story!

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE, SUGGESTS A STORM IN THE MAKING, DISTANT THUNDER
CLAP, OUT OF WHICH...)

(CLOSE ON MIKE, THUNDER CLAP OVER SOUNDS FOR
TRAIN YARD...)

MAC: What a night!

COREY: Good thing we're going to work inside the cars, eh, Mac?
How'd you like to be patching up the roof on one of them
freight cars tonight with this stuff about to fall on
you?

(THE IMPENDING STORM AGAIN, THEY ARE WALKING)

MAC: (NICE, WARM GUY) Listen, it didn't just happen. I
arranged it. Fixed it with the foreman to do the seats
on those passenger cars tonight. He'd of put us outside
sure as -- (SUDDENLY STOPS) Hey! What's that?

(MAC'S STEPS STOP, COREY'S CONINUTE)

COREY: (A LITTLE OFF) Come on. You didn't see nothing.

MAC: There's somebody in that passenger car there. Maybe he
got lost.

(HE RUNS ON CAREFULLY TOWARD THE CAR)

COREY: Come on. Stop chasing shadows. We got work to do.

MAC: (OFF) Hey! What are you doing with those --

(TWO GUN SHOTS)

COREY: (YELLS) Mac!

~~(BODEY FALLS. RACING STEPS AWAY OFF MIKE)~~

ATX01 0171004

COREY: (SCREAMING) Hey, you, stop! Stop!

(COREY RACES TO MAC)

COREY: (DOESN'T REALIZE MAC'S BEEN SHOT YET) He got away. He --

(THEN HE SEES MAC) Mac! Holy Mother of -- Mac!

(MUSIC: HITS, THEN BRIDGES... .)

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) Michigan City, Indiana. From the pages of the Michigan City News Dispatch comes the story of a killing that was committed for ^{2 pieces of cardboard} ~~nine dollars, and a crime that took 6 years to solve~~. And for his work, to Albert Spiers, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL Award.

(MUSIC: FANFARE... .)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

MUSIC --- BEHIND

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

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 AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Michigan City, Indiana. The story as it actually happened, Bert Spiers story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: -- PUNCTUATES, GOES UNDER)

NARR: Nobody in the world, nobody, gets more tired at the end of a day's work than the editor of a small-town newspaper. Nobody packs more in twelve hours -- nobody, to keep the twelve thousand readers of Michigan City (population 25 thousand) well-informed than ye old editor. And you, ^{Bert has short} Bert Spiers, editor of the Michigan City News Dispatch, are that guy, (except that you're not old). (You're going on 30) -- Every night you stretch out on the couch in the living room after the paper's been put to bed. And at the drop of a hat, you're into that domain called "editor's sleep," but it never lasts and it's never really deep.

(PHONE RINGS, IS ANSWERED)

MOLLY: Hello ... Who? ... Gee, I don't know. He's asleep....
What's that?

BERT: (SLEEPILY) I'm out. MOLLY: (BEHIND HIM, TENSELY)
Whoever it is, I'm out. Oh, I see. Wait a minute...

MOLLY: (IN THE CLEAR NOW) He'll be there. (PAUSE. SHE
BERT. HANGS UP)

BERT: (SAME) Get lost, get lost. I'm out.

MOLLY: I think you're in, Bert. It's George. Night Captain
George Raines. The biggest man-hunt in town is on,
Bert. Raines has got 40 men combing the eastside.

BERT: (STILL SLEEPY) Wha' happen?

MOLLY: A railroad repairman at the South Shore yards. Shot.
BERT: Give me the phone.
MOLLY: I hung up already. I told him you'd be over the
yards in five minutes. After all a good newspaper man ...
(KIDDING, SHARPLY) Bert!

BERT: Huh?

MOLLY: Don't go down to the yards just yet --

BERT: Huh?

MOLLY: Put your shoes on first.

(MUSIC: UP IN MOVEMENT, UNDER . . .)

NARR: The yards glisten: the rails, the steel cars moist from
the October storm. But a little guy's eyes are dull as
he tells what he knows to you and Night Captain Raines.
A little guy named Corey, a railroad repairman.

COREY: (HE STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT) He was such a big guy --
Mac. Could lift three hundred pounds. And there he
was, bent over, ~~awkled, biting his mouth in the pain~~
~~and -- I took his head in my lap. Geez! What a thing~~
~~to see a big man like that~~ -- smiling and dying and --

RAINES: He isn't dead yet.

COREY: I know, I know. How much time has he got? An hour, two
hours? ~~He's going to die, you know it. You said it~~
~~yourself, Suppaker~~ The doc can't even get the bullets
out of him.

RAINES: Okay, Corey. ~~You don't have to talk. Just shake your~~
~~head right.~~ ^{How} You and he were going to work. He
thought he saw somebody in this passenger car. He went
in to ^{look} ~~see~~. The guy shot him.

COREY: He could work 24 hours around the clock -- crumpled like
a paper bag.

RAINES: You never saw the guy who ran away?

COREY: (AT A LOSS) Just a guy. He didn't run away very fast, kind of limped like something the matter with his leg.

~~Best workman in the whole crew, ask anybody. Dead.~~

RAINES: ~~He isn't dead yet.~~ Okay, Corey. Go take a smoke or get a drink. Whatever you like.

(COREY WALKS A FEW STEPS....)

COREY: (GOING OFF) He was going to buy a house right next to mine. We were going to have a chicken farm together.

RAINES: Nice guy. Only that doesn't get us anywhere. (THEN TENSELY) Look at these, Bert.

BERT: What are they?

RAINES: Cardtable tops. (BERT: Huh?) You know, the kind commuters use. You know, for card games on short runs. Put the tabletop on their knees and play cards. You know -- 'til they get to their station. (BERT: Oh yeah.) That's what Mac found him taking. Stealing these three table tops. (WITH DISGUST) And so he shoots him.

BERT: What do you figure?

RAINES: A bum. What else? A prowler looking for a place to sleep? Takes the card table top to sleep on. Under him, or as a cover.

BERT: Must be more than that.

RAINES: Sure. A bum with a gun, trigger happy. Probably did a job somewhere, skipped maybe. Trying to hold up, gets caught, shoots. What else?

BERT: That why you got the dragnet out.

RAINES: (HE'S MAD AT THIS CRIME) ^{Yeah - I'm gonna} Pick up everything in town, everything that smells, everyone ^{who} can't say where he's been. Everything! Everyone!

BERT: You feel about this like Corey, huh?

RAINES: I knew this Mac. Mac McConnell. A nice, quiet guy.
(THEN VIOLENTLY) These rotten bums with their trigger
happy hands! Come on.

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

NARR: In crime stories, first theories have a way of sticking,
of being established, of being accepted. And the first
theory here of the prowler ~~interrupted stealing cardboard~~
~~cardtable-tops sticks.~~ (What other theory is there?) You
and Night Captain George Raines, work on this theory.
Round up the derelicts, bums -- the ones who can't
account for themselves. You get the reports.

COP: I ~~Ricked this guy up in a waterfront dive, Chief. Ten~~
unsold books of numbers in his pocket.

COP II: I got a big stupid looking guy with a limp. Claims he's
been drinking all day, Chief.

COP: III ~~Wants two little guns, Chief - loaded with reefers.~~

NARR: (OVERLAPPING) ~~at lot of small time henny picked up in~~
~~the net.~~ But nothing connected with the shooting of
Mac McConnell. Then --

OWNER: (EXCITED) I own a gas station on North Pine. Close up
at ten o'clock. I forgot something and I came back at
10:30. Windows bust, door's opened from the inside.
The place is robbed.

RAINES: What did he get?

OWNER: Nothing. No money anyhhow. I didn't have any money
there. But he got my gun.

OWNER: .45 automatic.

RAINES: That's it, Bert. Our prowler boy. This is the job he was hot from. Breaks in ^{the gas station} ~~the~~, steals the gun, and runs to the freight yard to hide out. Mac sees him and it's over. The shooting was 10:20. It ties.

BERT: I buy it and give it a 2-column lead - now - where do we find him?

RAINES: Don't get funny. We'll find him.

(MUSIC: -- SHORT STING AND UNDER . . .)

NARR: But even in the Captain's voice ("we'll find him"), the story's dying. Two flair-ups within the next hour shove the story a notch closer to no solution, to "case closed."

DOC: (UPSET) Well, the bullet's out, Captain. .38 calibre slugs.

RAINES: (DULLY) Thanks, Doc. That throws the gas station theory out the window. ~~The gun was a~~ ^{The gun was a} ~~Mac~~ ^{Mac} and ~~he~~ wasn't shot with a .45.

DOC: ^{Mac} ~~he~~ wasn't just shot, Captain. (DRYLY) ^{His} ~~Mac's~~ dead.

(MUSIC: -- STING)

NARR: The other flair-up, a brief and terrible one ^{in Capt. Raines's office}

~~RAINES: (ON PHONE) Bert, get over to my office quick. Something you got to see - here.~~

BERT: (ON F) What is it?

RAINES: Get over.

(MUSIC: -- STING . . .)

RAINES: Go ahead. Say it again. What's your name?

MAN: (DIM-WITTED, SLIGHTLY LOONY) Bill Bonserra.

RAINES: Get this, Bert.

MAN: I killed Mac McConnell. Yeah, I killed him.

BERT: Why?

MAN: I got me them boards for a bed out of one of the cars. Mac tried to stop me. I was hot. I'm wanted in Chicago. So I shot him.

BERT: How many times did you shoot him?

MAN: Twice.

BERT: (TO RAINES) What is this, George?

RAINES: Go ahead. Ask him some more.

BERT: You ran away fast, didn't you?

MAN: Fast as I could. I didn't want to stick around.

BERT: You didn't limp?

MAN: Why should I limp?

BERT: What did you shoot him with?

MAN: My .38 Colt.

BERT: Man was killed with a .45.

MAN: That's right -- it was a .45. The other time it was a .38.

BERT: (BURSTING) He's nuts. The killer limped away and it was a .38.

MAN: (PLEADING) I did it, I did it. I'm telling you you got to send me up. ~~I did it~~

RAINES: (EXPLAINING IT ALL) He confessed ^{to me} six times that he did it ~~to me~~. Every time it was a different story. ~~Why does the good Lord put somebody like this in every case in the books?~~ (ANGRY NOW) Now look, you stir-happy lunatic! What are you trying to do? Beat a rap somewhere else, get sent up here for something you didn't do? ~~Hold on~~ ~~until the other one blows~~ Or are you so crazy that you can't stand being on the outside ~~and you don't~~ ~~the first crime you can think of to get sent back?~~ ^{Now} Get out of here.

(THE MAN LEAVES)

BERT: If I didn't see it, I wouldn't have believed it.

RAINES: Boy, do I wish it was like a detective magazine! A clue,
a check up, a little squeeze, and a confession. All we
~~needed a dead man, a nice guy, and~~

(MUSIC: -- TRAGIC, IN AN UNDER)

NARR: If ~~he~~ ^{he slowly} began to die that night, two days ~~after the~~
~~shooting (the story, its solution),~~ ^{later} something bigger
came along and killed it but good.

(MUSIC: -- BACKING THIS, MUSIC HAS TAKEN ON A MARTIAL AIR. . .)

NARR: A bigger murderer than the killer, a bigger lunatic,
more savage than the man who tried to confess, had
loosed war on the world. One Adolph Hitler. And that
had to be taken care of first. (PAUSE) When it was
done and when Facism was laid in its tomb in Berlin and
the leading murderers hanged, then and only then could
people begin to think about ordinary things. Like
kids, like fishing, like a dead story five-six years dead
now. (PAUSE) You thought about it one evening turning
over the clips on your desk. The case of Mac McConnell
(closed).

(PAPERS BEING RIFFLED.....)

BERT: (MUSING) A prowler, a bum, steals three card table
tops. (IDEA DAWNING) Maybe not a bum, maybe not a
prowler.

(PHONE UP, DIALING)

BERT: Give me the Superintendent of the yards, please. (PAUSE)
Hello. This is Bert Spiers....Yeah, fine. How're you?
....Look, those table tops,, those card-table tops.
Where do they keep ~~these?~~ ^{them?} Where are they stored in
the car, I mean - when not in use? (LONG PAUSE) That's
what I thought....No, not a story. Just some guess
work. Thanks a lot.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING)

BERT: Could I pick up an old rock with you, ~~Rather,~~ ^{Capt.} and look
under it again? For vermin.

RAINES: What's on your mind? ^{Bert?}

BERT: Mac McConnell.

RAINES: Dead, buried, down the drain. Who even remembers
it?

BERT: You and me.

RAINES: All I remember is "closed file".

BERT: Look. You had a theory. We all had it, me too. A
bum did a job somewhere, went into the cars, stole the
table tops and got found, shot McConnell. Do you know
where those cardboard tops are kept?

RAINES: No. Where?

BERT: There's a compartment in the train. It's hard to get
at, it's hard to find. (I checked this with the
Superintendent.) He said no prowler, unless he knew
exactly where they were, would ever find those
cardboard table tops.

RAINES: So?

BERT: Look, I'm trying to tell you. A whole new theory, an entirely new approach. Suppose it was a guy who knew where the tabletops were, exactly?

RAINES: A train man?

BERT: ~~Right~~ Exactly. Suddenly, instead of 60 million people, it narrows down. Conductors, repairmen, cleaners, engineers, hot-box men.

RAINES: ~~hey~~

BERT: What do you say?

RAINES: (VERY TIRED SUDDENLY) I'd buy it, but what am I buying? Six years ago we didn't find anything. What's it going to be like now with six years of nothing laying on top of a case? There's nothing to start with.

BERT: That's right. But I want to start. A big nice guy, who could work 24 hours around the clock -- crumples like a paper bag.

RAINES: (INTERESTED, BUT STILL TIRED) You're right. There's three guys at least remember it. You and me - and the guy who did it.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TO TAG THE ACT)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #166

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

MUSIC --- BEHIND

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

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 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 Bert Spiers as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: The theory of a bum interrupted while stealing a few ~~cardboard~~ cardtable tops is out now. And a new theory has taken its place in your editor's mind, Bert Spiers, and in the mind of Night Captain George Raines. But it's a theory that's going to take a lot of proving because this case has been dead for over half a decade, and you both know it.

(MEN WALKING ON GRAVEL AT RAILROAD YARD,
RAILROAD SOUNDS OFF...)

(NO PAUSE) So you and the Captain, George Raines, trek down to the South Shore yards to a passenger car standing there like the one where the killing happened so many years ago.

(UNDER THIS, THE TWO MEN WALK INTO THE TRAIN, UP STEPS, THEN A FEW STEPS DOWN THE TRAIN CORRIDOR)

BERT: Now you see what I mean, George.

(A METAL LID IS OPENED, ~~SARDECARD TOPS PULLED OUT~~)
It's a slot with a cover on it. Has to be opened before the board's can be pulled out. You and I could be on the train 50 times, we'd never see it.

RAINES: I'm sold, I'm sold. Okay.

BERT: A conductor, a repairman, somebody who worked on a train. (SUDDENLY, FLAT) George, look out that window. That guy watching. See him? Looks familiar.

RAINES: I know him too. Can't call his name.

(BERT RUNS A FEW STEPS)

BERT: (CALLS) Hey, you!

COREY: (A LITTLE OFF) Who me?

BERT: Wait a minute.

(THE TWO MEN DESCEND THE STEPS, JOIN COREY
OUTSIDE THE CAR)

What are you doing standing there watching us?

COREY: Look, mister, I work here. I was going down the walk,
saw two guys in a passenger car. I stopped. What's
the matter with that?

RAINES: What's your name?

COREY: Corey.

BERT: Oh, he's the guy -- that friend of Mac's. You were on
the spot when he was shot.

COREY: (IN A FUNNY WAY) I didn't think anybody remembered that.
Say weren't you the reporter on the case?

BERT: Yeah. But you remembered it -

COREY: Sure. Him and me were going to have a chicken farm
together. He was going to buy the house next to mine.

RAINES: (CAGEY) We got an idea, Corey. Maybe nothing to it.
We don't think it was a bum did it. We think maybe it
was a guy working in the yards. What do you think?

COREY: You on the level? *Capt.*

RAINES: Just what do you mean by that?

COREY: I've had that idea five and a half years. I didn't
think I would ever get a chance to talk to anybody about
it. Let's get out of the yards. Go to a bar across
South Street, quiet there. Because maybe this is about
somebody works in the yards.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN QUICK MOVEMENT)

COREY: (HE IS IN THE MIDST OF A STORY) ^{do} I figured you guys buried the story, the case. There wasn't a ~~stick~~ ^{wire} in print and no cop ever came around the yards. So I figured Mac's dead and nobody cares. Well, I care. I still care. I ain't let this thing alone all these years.

BERT: You want another beer?

COREY: Nah. Who wants to drink? Okay. So the guy who was taking the cardboard tops and shot Mac -- he knew where they were. Because most guys don't know where to find those things.

BERT: (TO RAINES) What did I tell you?

COREY: (GOING ON) So who could it be? Who could it be? There's only 75, 80 guys work in the yards know about those things. I kept watching them all, everyone of them. (HE LAUGHS AT HIMSELF A LITTLE) I felt kind of stupid, trying to be a -- dick. But one thing I found, one thing. The killer didn't run away, he limped. Do you remember?

BERT: We remember.

COREY: So I checked the medical reports. Three days before the killing one of the cleaners -- a guy named Hanford -- sprained his ankle.

BERT: (EXCITED) And --?

COREY: That's about all. Hanford's a kind of old guy, over 60. Pension age. A big lush. And I kept after him. This is years ago. I'd take him out for a drink, stay out late with him and -- Well, all I ever found out is he's got a gun. What calibre I don't know. Make I don't know. But he's got a gun. He told me one night when he was stinking.

RAINES: Lots of guys got guns.

COREY: I figured that, Captain. But there ain't a lot of guys who got guns, work in the yards and had a sprained ankle three nights before the killing.

RAINES: (CASTING THIS ASIDE) If we're going to go on stuff like that --

BERT: Besides, it don't make any sense. Why would he kill a guy for catching him taking three cardboards? What are they worth?

COREY: You can buy them for three dollars brand new. But these were worn. I know, I know. It don't make any sense.

RAINES: All right, Corey. We'll keep in touch with you.

COREY: (DISAPPOINTED) You're brushing it off, aren't you? I swore to Mac just before he died. I said I would get this guy and you're brushing it off.

RAINES: (NONCOMMITALLY) We'll be in touch with you, Corey.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN WITH. . .)

NARR: You smile grimly at the Captain's innuendo. You'll be in touch with Corey for one of two reasons. Either he's guilty himself (in that case you'll surely be in touch with him); or he's telling the truth and you'll need him.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ AGITATED, BUT STILL UNDER)

NARR: (NO PAUSE) So you check with the Superintendent on Corey. You check with his wife, neighbors. And you find he's a gem. One of those rare, one-in-a-million guys who's absolutely on the level. A little guy, a ~~successful~~ ^{successful} guy, broken up about his pal. You check the medical report on Hanford, the car cleaner. He had a sprained ankle like Corey said.

BERT: (SUDDENLY, BURSTING IN ON THE NARRATOR) Corey, look. You know this guy Hanford. You know him well. You've been studying him. Has he still got the gun do you think?

COREY: That's just my opinion.

BERT: Isn't there a way you can maybe get it from him?

COREY: How?

BERT: Look. Take him out. Get him loaded a little. Maybe tell him there's a chicken thief been stealing your chickens, can somebody lend you a gun. You know, something not too obvious.

COREY: (VERY PLEASED) You're in on this with me, aren't you?

BERT: Let's just do it. Then we'll smile a little bit maybe. Afterwards.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ QUICKLY UP AND INTO)

(PAR, OFF MIKE ~~AD-LIBS..~~)

COREY: (PRETENDING TO BE HIGH) Look, bartender. You've got to help me. You've really got to. This chicken thief keeps coming around at least once a week. Steals my best Rhode Island Reds. Got to get me a gun somewhere. Ain't you got a gun? (PAUSE) ~~And the worst thing is I got to go away for a week next week. My wife's going to be all alone out there. That chicken thief comes out there, who knows he'll just stop at the chicken coop.~~

HANFORD: (OFF) Hey, Corey! Com'ere.

COREY: Oh - Hanford! I didn't see you.

HANFORD: (SOTTO) I'll give you mine. But I got to have it back.

COREY: Your gun? Gee, that's awful nice of you, Hanford, because I'm going to go away for a week next week and---

HANFORD: You don't have to tell the whole world. Stop by. I'll let you have it.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING)

RAINES: Stand back now, both of you. Okay?

BALLISTICS: (FLAT VOICE) Okay.

RAINES: Fire it.

(ONE SHOT INTO MASS OF COTTON BATTING)

RAINES: Okay, Ballistics. Now pick that slug out of the cotton batting and get it under the microscope. And let me hear. ^{right away} ~~Oh, if that ties in with the slugs they took out of Mac's body!~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ RACES UP IN EXCITEMENT, THEN SUDDENLY STOPS.)

~~(SLAP ON A TABLE IN ANGER, THE SUBJECT BEING~~

~~SHARPER)~~

BALLISTICS: (DEFEATED) Doctors do it sometimes.

RAINES: What are you talking about, Ballistics?

BALLISTICS: They probe and pull and yank on bullets that are wedged in flesh sometimes and their instruments scar up the slugs so you can't make any sure tests.

BERT: I never heard of such a thing.

BALLISTICS: There's a lot of things you guys never heard of, ~~captain~~ *Mr. Spier*
You think, "Ballistics. Ballistic's always gets its man." Well, it doesn't. I looked at the slugs we took out of Mac under the microscope an hour. But the way they look now, we'd be thrown out of Court. No possible way to prove they came from the same gun.

BERT: It's impossible. Weren't they from the same gun?

BALLISTICS: My guess is yes, Mr. Spier. But proof --? Here keep them. Souvenirs. That's all they're worth.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TRAGIC AND UNDER...)

NARR: By everything that's holy and decent the case should be over. The headlines should read "Hanford indicted." But no, there's nothing. Worse than nothing. There's proof now that you can't prove it. You, Bert Spiers, curse, sweat, scheme. And finally, a germ of an idea is born in that newspaper mind of yours.

BERT: (SUDDENLY) Corey, you willing to help on this?

COREY: Anything you got in mind. Anything.

BERT: You think Hanford did it?

COREY: That's my opinion. (MEANING "YES")

RAINES: What are you ^{always} getting at?

BERT: Look, ^{but} Suppose Corey gives him back his gun, says thank you the chicken thief's taken care of and so on.

RAINES: What will that get us?

BERT: Wait a minute, wait a minute. He doesn't just give it back to him. Suppose Corey says he'll leave it for him some place to pick it up. Leave it on top of that little compartment in the passenger car where the cardboards are kept.

RAINES: What are you building?

BERT: We pick a night. The time, the same time, the shooting happened: 10:20. The same car, in the same place and the gun is on the cardboard table compartment.

RAINES: (DISGUSTED) Re-enact the crime.

BERT: I saw a hundred movies, three hundred movies, where it happened just like that every time.

RAINES: Please cut it out.

BERT: Look. If it's Hanford, he's 60, a lush. He hasn't forgotten about this. Maybe if he lives it over somehow, somewhere---

RAINES: (INTERRUPTS) All right, all right. ~~Stop it already.~~
We'll do it. It's stupid, hopeless, but we'll do it.

(MUSIC: SUSPENSEFUL AND UNDER...)

NARR: It was a night in January, but a kind of miracle happened because even the weather cooperated.

(REPEAT THE SOUND PATTERN THAT OPENED THE SHOW)

(NO PAUSE) October weather in January. Suddenly, out of nowhere, there was a thunder storm in January (rare and wonderful.) And the rails glistened, and the cars—
~~and everything was the same and the silence was the same silence.~~ You hide, waiting.

(A LONE MAN STEPS CAREFULLY ACROSS GRAVEL,
WALKS UP A PASSENGER CAR, DOWN THE CORRIDOR
INSIDE THE CAR. THERE IS A SOUND AS HE PICKS
THE GUN UP)

BERT: (SHARPLY) Hello, Hanford.

HANFORD: (SHOCKED) What?

BERT: Just like when Mac saw you.

HANFORD: What?!

BERT: Go on. Squeeze the trigger twice, just like you did
then. ~~(SHARP) Tell him, Corey.~~

COREY: (INSINUATING) Mac was laying in my arms and he said a
name --

(THE GUN CLICKS EMPTY, TWICE)

BERT: The only difference is there's no bullets in the gun
now.

RAINES: ~~All right, Hanford, why?~~ *(Pause) Break*

HANFORD: (HE'S A BROKEN MAN) Let me sit down. For the love
of heaven, let me sit down.

RAINES: ~~Subjunctive~~ *all right, Hanford, why?*

(HE IS ROUGHLY PUSHED INTO A SEAT...)

HANFORD: Five and a half years I'm walking around with this
thing. ~~Five and a half years.~~ I thought I would go
crazy. You ~~don't~~ ^{won't} believe me, none of you believe me.
But thanks, thanks, thanks. Thanks for catching me.
Why? Why? I'm ~~going on~~ ^{over} 60. I worked the yards 29
years. I'm getting a pension. I got a place in my
attic. There's a leak. Cardboard's good for a leak in
an attic. I thought of those cardtable tops.

(MORE)

HANFORD:
(CONT'D)

I figured I'll get a couple of them. Put them in the attic. Who would know? (LAUGHING, BITTERLY) I didn't want to spend, ^{2,500}~~5,6,7~~ dollars -- whatever they cost -- to fix the attic. I figured I'll take a couple, who'll see? Who'll know the difference? And then he sees me. (HE ALMOST CAN'T SAY THIS) Everything I'm working for for 29 years is gone because of that stupid thing I did. If this guy who saw me - Mac - tells, I'm done. My pension's gone. 29 years. I'm an old, sick man, a drunk. What am I going to do? Die? I didn't even think it through. I saw him. I knew I got to get out, stop him. I shoot him. (QUIET, PATHETIC) Did you ever hear of a guy killed another guy ^{for a couple of pieces of cardboard}~~for a couple of pieces of cardboard~~ ~~of nothing~~ (PAUSE) Thanks. Thanks for catching me. You took the weight off.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP TO TAG THE SHOW)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Albert Spiers of the Michigan City News Dispatch with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ ~~SPINO~~)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

MUSIC --- BEHIND

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

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 Albert Spiers of the Michigan City News Dispatch.

SPIERS: Court accepted manslaughter plea by Hanford in tonight's Big Story. He was sentenced 2 to 21 years at Indiana State Prison *and is still serving his time*. One amazing irony in case. Doctors said Hanford, an advanced alcoholic, would undoubtedly have died if not sent to prison where, deprived of liquor, he recovered his health. But from his cell window at Indiana State, he could see the yards where he shot and killed Mac McConnell. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Spiers...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 Columbus Ohio Dispatch -- by-line, Carl de Bloom. A BIG STORY about two kids who went to their favorite swimming hole one day and found it occupied...by a corpse!

(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 Michigan City News Dispatch. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and James McCallion played the part of Albert Spiers. 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. Spiers.

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

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.
THIS IS NBC.....THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

?/margie m
5/17/50 pm

ATK01 0121030



AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #167

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
WIFE	AGNES YOUNG
LADY	AGNES YOUNG
DeBLOOM	CORT BENSON
SHORTY	CORT BENSON <i>Bob Sloane</i>
KID II	EDWIN BRUCE
KID	EDWIN BRUCE
KID I	MICHAEL O'DAY
WARDEN	MICHAEL O'DAY
LITTLE MAN	JAMES VAN DYK
MAN	JAMES VAN DYK
KILLER	MANDEL KRAMER
D.A.	MANDEL KRAMER
KILLER II	ROSS MARTIN
CITY EDITOR	ROSS MARTIN
CHIEF	JOE DeSANTIS
VOICE	JOE DeSANTIS

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7, 1950

ATX01 0171031

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#167

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

JUNE 7, 1950

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE)

(CRUNCH OF BRUSH, UP, TO STOP)

KID ONE: (A YELL) Okay, let's go! Last one in's a monkey's uncle!

KID TWO: That ain't fair. You got your trunks on under your pants.
You got a head start.

KID ONE: Listen, the first day of swimmin', I don't let anything
stop me. We're the first ones here this year.

KID TWO: Oh yeah? Then who's that?

KID ONE: Who's who?

KID TWO: Him. That guy sleepin' on the sand bank.

~~(SPLASH SPLASH)~~ THEN STOP

KID ONE: He ain't sleepin'. And he ain't swimmin' either. (PAUSE)
He's dead.

(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) Columbus, Ohio. From the pages of
the Dispatch, the story of -- the corpse in the shallow
grave. ~~And~~ for his work -- to Carl DeBloom for his
Big Story goes the PELL MELL AWARD!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ ~~FANFARE~~)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0171032

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #167

OPENING COMMERCIAL

MUSIC --- BEHIND

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

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 Columbus, Ohio. The story as it actually happened.
Carl DeBloom's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: _ _ _HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: You, Carl DeBloom reporter of the Columbus Dispatch, are
writing a news story. You have written the same story,
in exactly the same words, every day but Sunday for the
last four months. Every day the same thing. This:

(TYPEWRITER UP, ALONG WITH)

DEBLOOM: ^{and}
A Columbus police today reported no further word in the
search for the "mystery man" in the case of the "shallow
grave" murder of...

(MUSIC: _ _ _UP TO WIPE AND SWEEP BEHIND)

NARR: Always the same story: no further word on the mystery
man. The thing is, you have sworn to write that story
until said mystery man turns up. And write it you will,
until he does -- dead or alive. And this -- is why.

(MUSIC: _ _ _UP DARKLY AND OUT)

LITTLE MAN: For sale -- 1948 four door sedan. Four thousand miles.

WIFE: Owner driven. Put that in. Owner driven. I've seen
that in those ads. ~~Owner driven.~~

LITTLE MAN: All right. Owner Driven. Ah -- shall we say -- owner
must sell?

WIFE: Oh my goodness no. Once you say that, they can
practically name their own price. (PAUSE: WISTFUL)
Wish we didn't have to sell it.

LITTLE MAN: Can't help it, Emma. If the business had kept up, all right. But the way things are going, it's just a drain.

WIFE: I suppose so. Only, we had to wait so long to get it.
~~And never took that trip, either. Oh well.~~

LITTLE MAN: ~~We'll see.~~ You want to sign our name?

WIFE: No. Just ask for a box number. (PAUSE) That way -- the neighbors won't know. Tsk tsk tsk tsk tsk... I certainly hate to see it go.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP QUICKLY, DOWN FOR)

NARR: Just an ordinary couple, trying to sell a car too big for the family budget. Just an ordinary ad -- but with an extraordinary response!

(CAR UP, DOWN BEHIND)

KILLER ONE: You're right, friend. It's in perfect shape.

LITTLE MAN: (EAGER) You like it?

KILLER ONE: Just the ticket. What's your price.

LITTLE MAN: Well, I'm asking twenty-eight hundred --

KILLER ONE: (HE WHISTLES)

LITTLE MAN: (QUICKLY) But we'd take twenty-six.

KILLER ONE: Ah -- pull over to the side of the road a second.

LITTLE MAN: Sure.

KILLER ONE: This is good.

(CAR TO STOP, ENGINE ~~IDLES~~ ^{stops})

KILLER ONE: Look. I'll make a deal with you. I'll give you a thousand down - and a hundred a month until it's all paid up. Okay?

LITTLE MAN: Well, the main thing is, we need the money in a lump.
It's for the mortgage, you see, and --

KILLER ONE: A thousand dollars down -- another five hundred the
first month --

LITTLE MAN: You seem awfully eager, mister. But the funny thing is
-- you can get better terms than that on a new car.

KILLER ONE: Not me.

LITTLE MAN: I beg your pardon?

KILLER ONE: Look, my friend. I'll be honest with you. I'm an
ex-convict --

LITTLE MAN: Oh ~~my goodness~~ --

KILLER ONE: (HARD) Yeah. Oh ~~my goodness~~. If that's the way you
react -- think how the car salesmen feel! What's more,
I'm not allowed to make contract deals. The only way I
can buy a car is through a private party --

LITTLE MAN: Well, ah -- I don't think I'd be interested any more.
I ah --

KILLER ONE: But mister -- you don't get it. I want to go straight!
I've got a chance for a salesman's job -- but I need a
car. No car, no job -- ~~can't you see the spot I'm in?~~
~~I can't get a car through a dealer, I need a car --~~

LITTLE MAN: Mister, I'm awfully sorry. I -- I just don't like the
whole idea. I'm sorry to disappoint you, but --

(CAR STARTS)

KILLER ONE: Wait. (PAUSE) What're you going to do now?

LITTLE MAN: Why -- go home to my wife. Why?

KILLER ONE: What're you going to tell her?

LITTLE MAN: The whole story. I never hide anything from my wife.

KILLER ONE: Oh sure. Tomorrow, your wife's hanging out the clothes.
and strip away it all over the neighborhood
~~(IMITATED) Why Mrs. Smith the most terrible thing~~
happened to my husband last night. You know we're trying
~~to sell the car. Well, this terrible man~~

LITTLE MAN: Oh, my wife wouldn't do anything like that. ~~Nobody~~
~~knows we're trying to sell the car~~

KILLER ONE: Be that as it may -- nobody knows I'm an ex-con but you.
I don't know why I was dumb enough to tell you --

LITTLE MAN: Oh, you can be perfectly sure I won't --

KILLER ONE: That's what I wanna be. Perfectly sure.

LITTLE MAN: Well my goodness, you have my word!

KILLER ONE: Yeah sure. That and a nickel gets me a cup of coffee.

LITTLE MAN: Well, I must say!

KILLER ONE: ~~Shut up!~~ *the best I can do* (PAUSE) Listen. This is ~~your last chance.~~

A thousand dollars down, five hundred at the end of the
first month --

LITTLE MAN: No. I'm sorry, but -- no.

KILLER ONE: Okay. Have it this way, then. (PAUSE) I'm taking your
car, little man. Just taking it outright.

LITTLE MAN: You can't do that. I'll go to the police.

KILLER ONE: (DEADLY QUIET) You wanna wake up dead some morning --
go ahead. You wanna live -- just keep your mouth shut.

LITTLE MAN: Why -- why this is outrageous. This is --

(A BLOW)

Why -- you struck me!

KILLER ONE: And there's more where that came from if you don't clam
up and stay clammed! (PAUSE) ~~Gimme them keys!~~ Okay *get*
Out!

(DOOR OPEN & SLAMMED
& CAR TAKES OFF UNDER)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND OUT FOR)

KILLER ONE: So I got the car -- for free *glam*

KILLER TWO: Boy, ^{*add*} I'd rather have your brass than a license to steal.

KILLER ONE: Oh-oh.

KILLER TWO: What's the matter?

KILLER ONE: License. Registration. The papers.

KILLER TWO: What about them?

KILLER ONE: They weren't in the car. We got to have papers for the
car.

KILLER TWO: ~~That's right?~~

KILLER ONE: ~~There's only one place we can get 'em.~~ And I know how *to*
~~get 'em.~~
~~too. Gimme the phone.~~

(CLINK OF PHONE HANDLED TO HIM.)

IT DIALS & IS ANSWERED)

Little man: Herb.
KILLER ONE: (VERY NICE INGRATIATING FAKE VOICE) Hello!

LITTLE MAN: (FILTER) Yes?

KILLER ONE: (AS ABOVE) This is the police department. Did you report
your car stolen, sir?

LITTLE MAN: (FILTER) Why -- why no!

KILLER ONE: (FAST. NORMAL) He didn't report it, see? (PHONY VOICE)
Well -- if you check your garage, sir, you'll find it
missing. We've just recovered it, and we'd like to have
you identify a certain party in whose possession we've
found it.

LITTLE MAN: (FILTER: ALL RELIEF) Why -- why certainly!

KILLER: All right, sir. We'll send a man over to pick you up and bring you ~~over~~ to headquarters. ~~All right?~~

LITTLE MAN: ~~(FILTER) Why -- why sure? And you can't imagine how relieved I am!~~

KILLER ONE: ~~(FILTER) We quite understand that, sir, and don't you~~ forget to bring the papers for the car -- to identify it!

(PHONE HUNG UP)

All right -- you heard that. Get over there fast -- and bring him here before he starts thinking -- and does call the cops! Hit the road!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO UNDER)

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

KILLER ONE: (CALLS) Come in!

(DOOR OPENS)

KILLER TWO: Here he is.

LITTLE MAN: Why -- why it's you!

KILLER ONE: Surprise! (PAUSE) Got the papers, Slim?

KILLER TWO: Right here.

KILLER ONE: Good.

LITTLE MAN: Now see here! This is an outrage! I won't stand for this --

----- (A CRASH)

KILLER ONE: Then sit down! (PAUSE) Look, little man, I don't want any more yapping out of you. There's a piece of paper in front of you. Here's a pen. Just sign your name on the bottom of that sheet and you can go home.

LITTLE MAN: I most certainly will not. *How do I know* ~~Heaven only knows~~ what
you'll write above my signature.

KILLER ONE: Smart, ain't you? Nothing but a bill of sale, that's
all.

LITTLE MAN: Well I won't do it. No sir.

KILLER ONE: You better.

LITTLE MAN: I won't.

KILLER ONE: You won't sign? Show him what we do to little men who
won't do like we tell them, Slim.

KILLER TWO: Now?

KILLER ONE: Now.

(A BLOW AND A GROAN)

Sign, little man.

LITTLE MAN: (GROANING) No, no.

KILLER TWO: Again?

KILLER ONE: Again.

(ANOTHER BLOW & A CRASH)

KILLER TWO: *oh, oh*
~~Cooper~~ Too hard.

KILLER ONE: Go get some water. He'll sign after a couple more --
(BEAT) Oh-oh. (PAUSE) Skip the water. He's dead.

KILLER TWO: Go on. I only tapped him.

KILLER ONE: So did the edge of the table. (PAUSE) Hey -- where do
you think you're going?

KILLER TWO: (OFF) I'm getting out of here.

KILLER ONE: Not without this stiff, you're not. We're all going
out together -- you and me and him. You on one side,
me on the other, and the stiff in the middle.

KILLER TWO: Why, [?] ~~why?~~

KILLER ONE: We've gotta dump him, you jerk! Come on -- make it look like we're just having a little party. Grab that bottle in the other hand. Let's go. (HE STARTS TO SING DRUNKENLY) Sa-weeeeet Ad-O-li-i-i-ine....

(THE OTHER JOINS IN) My Ad-o-li-i-ine... (DRUNKENLY)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TAKE IT AWAY GRIMLY IN SWEET ADELINE THEME & INTO)

NARR: Shortly after that is where you Carl DeBloom, reporter for the Columbus Dispatch came in. Two kids found a corpse with a battered head in a swimming hole outside town. The corpse was wearing socks. They were darned. And with those socks, you checked with the wives of four missing persons. You asked one wife --

REPORTER: Tell me, how do you darn socks?

WIFE: Why -- the ordinary way. Back and forth, back and forth.

REPORTER: Any special kind of thread?

WIFE: Well - I use two colors. So I can see the ins and outs better.

REPORTER: Like -- this?

WIFE: (SOFT) Yes. Where did you -- (PAUSE) is he *lead*

REPORTER: (QUIET) I'm sorry ma'am but he is. (PAUSE) ~~he won't be coming home again, ever.~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR After that, it was easy as pie. She gave the police a description of the car -- and that very afternoon, they picked it up. And the driver? According to the chief--

CHIEF: He claims he bought the car. He has no bill of sale, though. What he has got is a jail record. So we're booking him.

REPORTER: I suppose he says he didn't do it.

CHIEF: Claims another man did the killing. Just the same,
we're charging him. He'll be tried as soon as we can
draw a jury panel --

REPORTER: And freed as soon as he can get a lawyer. This other
guy he's talking about -- don't you see, that's going to
be his ace in the hole?

CHIEF: We'll put him in a hole. You can say in your story
we're booking him.

REPORTER: Mind if I mention this mystery man?

CHIEF: Go ahead. You'll only make a fool of yourself. That's
just a routine story. Happens every time. It's always
the other guy. Go ahead -- make a fool of yourself.

Well It's not my newspaper.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO FOR)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #167

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

(MUSIC: _ _ BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT).

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

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 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 & DOWN FOR)

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

NARR: You, Carl DeBloom, of the Columbus Dispatch, have helped the police identify a corpse -- and find his suspected killer. Now, that suspect is about to go on trial -- but he claims that an accomplice did the actual murder. Naturally, you ~~intend to~~ make this the angle for your story. ~~But the Chief of Police warns you --~~

~~CHIEF: Go ahead. Make a fool of yourself. It's not my newspaper~~

(MUSIC: ~~UP AND AWAY~~)

NARR: ~~But you do put it in your story.~~ Only instead of "missing accomplice," it turns up in your copy before the city editor as --

CITY ED: "Mystery Man." What's this "mystery man" stuff?

REPORTER: The missing accomplice.

CITY ED: Then let's call him that. I don't go for purple prose --

REPORTER: Let me explain. If we call him just plain "missing accomplice," readers'll say "~~Oh.~~ Missing accomplice, ~~and~~ What's with the baseball score." But if we hint at a ... (HE WHISPERS CONSPIRATORIALLY) "mystery man..." (PAUSE)

See what I mean?

CITY ED: Makes sense, yeah. But I hate to go out on a limb like this. Do you actually know if there is a missing accomplice -- a mystery man?

REPORTER: No.

CITY ED: Well for Pete's sake, Carl -- find out!

(MUSIC: _ _ HIT AND GO)

REPORTER: So your husband never told you anything about the results of that answer to the ad?

WIFE: Just that he couldn't come to an agreement with the man, that's all.

REPORTER: And you never did see the man.

WIFE: No. Just the other man.

REPORTER: What other man?

WIFE: Why, the man that came and took my husband away that night!

REPORTER: What did he look like?

WIFE: Tall. Very tall.

REPORTER: How tall?

WIFE: Oh - over six feet.

REPORTER: (GENTLY) Tell me -- why didn't you tell the police about this?

WIFE: They never asked me!

(MUSIC: _ _ HIT AND GO)

NARR: All right. Now you know there actually was a mystery man. Now, you can run your story --

(TYPEWRITER)

REPORTER: Police today -- reported no further word -- in the search for the mystery man in the case of the shallow grave murder of....

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND WIFE AND DOWN FOR)

D.A.: Carl -- I thought you were my friend.

REPORTER: I am. I just don't want to see a good D.A. like you lose this case. That's why I'm needling you.

D.A.: Needling is right. We can't convict our man until the other turns up.

REPORTER: Exactly. You'd better ask for a postponement.

D.A.: I did. And I suppose you're going to run your story until we find your mystery man?

REPORTER: I am.

D.A.: ~~What?~~ While you're at it, why don't you find him yourself?

REPORTER: Oh.... I might. I might at that.

(MUSIC: _ _ HIT AND GO)

NARR: Reporters are supposed to write the stories, not make them. But a man can get awfully tired of writing -- day in, day out --

(TYPEWRITER UP AND UNDER)

REPORTER: Police today reported no further word in the search for the "mystery man" --

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You get so you write it in your sleep. And now, you're beginning to look like the fool the chief of police warned you you'd make of yourself. Now, this mystery man is your baby too. Little by little, from various sources, you start putting together the picture of what happened... From the lady next door --

LADY: Oh, sure. I saw them both, coming and going...

REPORTER: What did the other one look like?

LADY: Very tall.

REPORTER: Say six feet?

LADY: Oh, you can say six feet.

REPORTER: Dark or fair?

LADY: Oh... sort of -- you know. Betwixt and between.

REPORTER: Thanks, lady. You've been a great help.

(MUSKC: _ _ HIT AND GO FOR)

MAN: Well... I was sittin' on the porch that night. I saw the car drive up and then away. Saw him get out and then get in.

REPORTER: With --

MAN: -- That poor feller that was killed. And I told my wife, you can ask her yourself... I told her "I don't like that feller's looks."

REPORTER: (AFTER A LONG PAUSE) Go on.

MAN: Why, that's all. Just didn't like his looks, that's all.

REPORTER: (AFTER A PAUSE) Thanks. You've been a great help.

(Pause) (FOOTSTEPS, AWAY, THEN STOP)

Say...

MAN: Hmmm?

REPORTER: What made you say that *about his looks?*

MAN: ~~'Bout his looks?~~ Oh... I dunno. But he had kind of a jailbird look to him. Like you might say -- if he hadn't already been in jail, he ought to be.

(MUSIC: _ _ HIT AND GO)

REPORTER: Warden, I'm here on a mere hunch. Purely a hunch -- but you never can tell. According to his record, Omer Gavin was discharged from here two weeks before this all happened.

WARDEN: That's right. I got out his card when you called me. Here.

REPORTER: Good. Now, what I want to know is -- did he buddy up with anybody while he was here.

WARDEN: You'd better ask one of the guards. Or a trusty. Come on out in the yard.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP & DOWN INTO... WITH TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME)

(LOT OF YELLING IN B.G.)

CRIES OF "STRIKE HIM OUT!" "KILL THE UMPIRE!"

WARDEN: You picked a good time. They're all here, watching the ball game. If you spot anybody you want, we can get him. Wait. There's Shorty. ^{Maybe he can help} I'll get him. ^{Shorty, come here a minute}

(BALL GAME GOES ON IN B.G.)

CRACK OF BAT, ETC. YELLS & WHAT NOT)

(GAME UP, DOWN AGAIN FOR)

WARDEN: ~~All right, Shorty. Just tell this man what he wants to know.~~ ^{This is the bellman - how do you tell him the best way to find out who Eddie Cain's buddies were while he was here.}

SHORTY: Yessir. Well, far as I know... there's two angles you could work on, ^{Warden} One is the shoe shop --

WARDEN: That's right. The men working on either side of him --

SHORTY: And the other is his cell... Upper Four Tier.

WARDEN: Good. We'll check the records of the time he was here -- and every man who had a cell next to him. Like you said, Mr. DeBloom... just a hunch -- but it might work.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE AND UNDER)

NARR: Just a hunch -- but it ^{works}. From the ^{records} ~~cards~~ of Gavin's stay at the pen, you draw a batch of names. Names of men he could have met and talked with. You talk to your editor...

REPORTER: Seven were six feet or over, Boss.

CITY ED: Good. Get the police to find them. Oh -- and before you go --

REPORTER: Yeah --

CITY ED: Don't bother writing that story again. We're keeping it set up in type!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO)

NARR: You've been writing it ~~three~~⁴ months now -- and by now, the chief of police is all but not speaking to you! But he accepts your lead. And in another two weeks --

CHIEF: Here's the result. Of those seven men -- four are back in jail, in various places around the country -- have been for the time covering the murder --

REPORTER: That leaves three, ^{Chief} What about them?

CHIEF: They're still on the loose. One of them is wanted for murder. The other two -- we've sent for their fingerprint record, to check against the steering wheel of the car.

REPORTER: Swell. Will you let me know when you get anything on them?

CHIEF: If it'll stop you from running that story, sure. Do you realize the trouble you've caused us? Two trial postponements already!

REPORTER: That's all right, Chief. Your guy isn't going to run away. The only thing is -- my mystery man has!

CHIEF: Well -- I've got some news for you. Trial is called for Monday. Four months is enough to stay this thing. We've run fresh out of postponements!

(MUSIC: _ _ HIT AND GO)

NARR: Now, your little story is just a paragraph, tacked on to the story of the trial coming up Monday. And this is Friday. For four months now, you've been writing that story. And now -- you make one change. You add the word--

(TYPEWRITER UP & DOWN BEHIND)

REPORTER: Meanwhile -- police today reported no word

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND DOWN FOR)

NARR: Now Saturday is on you. There is no paper tomorrow -- this is the last time you'll be writing that story. Glad? Yes -- but sorry you were so full of good ideas -- and empty of results. Then --

(TELEPHONE RINGS & IS PICKED UP)

REPORTER: DeBloom speaking --

CHIEF: (FILTER) DeBloom? Chief Watkins... those other three guys we were checking on --

REPORTER: Yeah --

CHIEF: (FILTER) You can forget two of them. One was killed hijacking a truck in Oakland California last week... besides, the prints didn't match. And neither did the prints match on the one wanted for murder.

REPORTER: Well, how about the third?

CHIEF: (FILTER) Looks like he's ^{read} our man. But he's dropped out of sight. (PAUSE) That's it, Carl.

REPORTER: Yeah. Well -- I tried. (PAUSE) No hard feelings, Chief?

CHIEF: (FILTER) No, no, not at all. You were trying to help, I realize that. (PAUSE) Well -- see you in court.

(MUSIC: _ _ HIT AND GO FOR)

NARR: No more needling story to write. But you do need one for Monday, to go with whatever happens at the trial -- at which you are dead sure Gavin is going to worm loose because the accent on the word "mystery" is on the syllable "miss." (PAUSE) So you stroll back to the neighborhood of the murder. Mebbe you can write one of those ~~"this quiet house,~~ scene of ^{the} ~~a~~ ~~crime,~~ " type stories...

(BOUNCING OF A BALL)

KID: (WITH BOUNCES) Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five....
(....AND UNDER)

NARR: There's a kid, playing some kind of counting game, with a ball against the steps. It's a good angle. The ball catches the edge of the steps, arches high. You catch it.

REPORTER: Here y'are, kid.

KID: Thanks, mister.

REPORTER: Fine house you picked to play ball on.

KID: Yeah. The thing is, sometimes I break a window in my own house. And nobody lives in this one. You know why?

REPORTER: Sure. It's the murder house.

KID: Oh. You know.

REPORTER: Yep. It's my business. (PAUSE) What do you know?

KID: Well -- I know now what was goin' on that night I seen the men come out singing.

REPORTER: Huh?

KID: Sure. I seen three men come out of the house. Singin'...
(HE IMITATES) Sweet Adoline! (PAUSE) They must of been makin' believe they were soused. And the guy in the middle must of been dead.

REPORTER: (QUIET) You saw that?

KID: Yessir. Yessir, I bet I was the last one to see that poor guy before they stashed him in the sandbank.

REPORTER: Well -- ~~at least that's a new angle.~~ *That'll make a story.*

KID: Huh? You a reporter?

REPORTER: Yep.

KID: That's what I wanna be. A reporter.

REPORTER: ~~Don't. It's a dull job. Thankless.~~

KID: Honest?

REPORTER: Sure. All routine. Cut and dried. (ALMOST TO HIMSELF)
Sometimes you try to get off the beaten track, and it blows
up in your face. And you feel like a sap.

KID: Oh.

REPORTER: Just the same, every so often you run into something.
For instance -- your story about the way they got the
body out of the house. I'm going to write that up.

KID: Will you?

REPORTER: ~~Sure~~ *Yup, sure* (PAUSE) ~~Say~~ -- Why don't you come on down to the
all show you how a reporter works
paper. I'll even use your picture. (PAUSE) Go ask your
mother.

(MUSIC: _ _ HIT AND GO)

NARR: Half an hour later, the kid's had his picture taken, and
his parents have given him permission to hang around the
city room, to see how things work. Round about eleven,
though, you have to check police headquarters for the
last time. The routine Saturday night lineup. Again,
because there's no school tomorrow, he phones for -- and
gets -- permission to stay with you. And there --

VOICE: (P.A.) Okay. Turn around. Face the lights. (PAUSE)
Turn your head left. (PAUSE) Right. (PAUSE) Take off
your jacket. (PAUSE) Okay. Next.

REPORTER: (FOREGROUND, WHISPERING)
You see, these are the men
they've picked up during the
day.

(OTHER BUSINESS GOES ON
BEHIND, REPEATING
ALWAYS THE SAME)

(MORE)

REPORTER: These other men sitting
(CONT'D) here are detectives...
policemen... looking for
someone they want. Watch.

VOICE: Stand up straight -
Face right - Face left
Turn around - Next --

KID: (WHISPER) Who are they?

VOICE: Next!

REPORTER: Oh... tramps.. hoboes...
suspicious characters...
pickups from the railroad
yards and the hobo jungles.

VOICE: Okay -- you. Stand up
straight!

REPORTER: There's a lanky guy.

KID: (QUIET) Say, mister.

VOICE: Turn around.

REPORTER: Hmmm?

KID: (QUIET) Wait.

VOICE: Okay. Face the lights.

REPORTER: What's the matter?

KID: (WEAK) Mister -- I -- I
think...

VOICE: Put your hat on.

REPORTER: What is it, what is it!

VOICE: Turn right.

KID: (SCARED) I -- I ain't sure,
but I think that's one of
the men I seen -- I heard
singin' Sweet Adoline --
I --

VOICE: Turn left.

VOICE: Okay. That's all --

REPORTER: (A YELL) HOLD IT! (PAUSE) Chief. Come here -- quick!
Kid -- tell the chief what you told me!

KID: It's nothin, it's just that -- that man, that man there
-- that one -- I think he's the one you're lookin' for!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND AWAY)

NARRATOR: ~~For minutes~~ later, the victim's wife, the neighbor
lady and the man across the street, each independently,
put the finger on the same man. (PAUSE) You never
can tell. Stick with the story to the end -- and maybe
-- maybe you'll get -- ^{you} ~~the~~ Big Story.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from
Carl DeBloom of the Columbus Ohio Dispatch with the
final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ ~~STING~~)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #167

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

MUSIC --- BEHIND

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

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 Carl DeBloom of the Columbus Ohio Dispatch.

DEBLOOM: Killer in tonight's Big Story identified by ^{at his apartment} ~~him~~ had been hanging around Columbus to ^{and see what happened to} ~~see what happened to~~ ~~his buddy in hope of blackmailing him if he was freed.~~

To my great satisfaction, story telling of their trial and sentencing for manslaughter carried the line -- "on information furnished by this reporter." Thanks a lot for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. DeBloom...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 Phil. Daily News -- by-line, Frank T. English. A BIG STORY about a reporter who found out that insurance is a wonderful thing --- until it leads to 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 Sloane from an actual story from the front pages of the Columbus Ohio Dispatch. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Cort Benson played the part of Carl De Bloom. 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. De Bloom.

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

CHAPPELL This program is heard by members of the Armed Forces overseas, through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service.

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

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

iw/mtf
5/24/50pm.

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #168

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
WIFE	ALICE REINHEART
WOMAN I	ALICE REINHEART
MRS. CARIONO	ADELAIDE KLEIN
WOMAN II	ADELAIDE KLEIN
TOUGHILL	GEORGE PETRIE
RICCARDI	JOE DE SANTIS
PRIEST	JOE DE SANTIS
PELLITO	LUIS VAN ROOTEN
VOICE	LUIS VAN ROOTEN
MORRIS	GIL MACK
MAN	GIL MACK
JOE	JASON JOHNSON
JUDGE	JASON JOHNSON

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14, 1950

ATX01 0171058

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#168

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

JUNE 14, 1950

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

PELLITO: The answer is -- no.

MORRIS: But I need the dough. Just fifty more, that's all I need.

PELLITO: How bad?

MORRIS: Very bad. Otherwise I wouldn't come back to you.

PELLITO: Bad enough to work for it?

MORRIS: What do you mean -- work?

PELLITO: Listen. There's a man on St. Anne street, he's gonna have an accident. Maybe he gets hit by a truck, maybe he gets conked by a lead-pipe, maybe he falls offn a bridge -- I dunno. (PAUSE) But when he has his accident -- you get -- an even hundred. (PAUSE) Understand?

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO FOR)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Here is America...its sound~~s~~ and its fury...its joy and its sorrow...as faithfully reported by the men and women of the great American newspapers. (PAUSE: COLD & FLAT) Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. From the pages of the Daily News -- the story of a reporter who uncovered -- murder for profit. And for his work -- to Frank Toughill (PRONOUNCED TOEHILL) ^{the} ^{Big} Story goes the PELL MELL AWARD!

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE . . .)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0171059

THE BIG STORY 6/14/50
PROGRAM #168

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

(MUSIC . . BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

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: Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The story as it actually happened. Frank Toughhill's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: You Frank Toughhill, reporter for the Philadelphia Daily News are in the death house of State prison, watching a door. Shortly, a man will come through it, toward another door. His head will be shaved. His trouser leg will be slit. He will have eaten a hearty meal --- his last. For behind that second door --- he will die in that chair which is called -- the chair. You are wondering if he will keep a promise he made to you -- and only you -- even at this door of his death. What is that promise? (PAUSE) You wait and as you wait--you remember.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND DOWN INTO)

(POLICE TICKER UP AND BEHIND TELEPHONE RINGING AND PICKED UP)

VOICE: Headquarters. (PAUSE) Yessir. 27 Chestnut? Right.

(PHONE HUNG UP. DOOR OPENS)

TOUGHILL: (COMING ON) Hya, Sarge. Anything doing?

~~RICARDI:~~ ^{VOICE:} Well...Sam Ricciardi's got some ~~ex-see~~ ^{guy} in the detective's room. That's all.

TOUGHILL: Okay. If my paper calls, I'm in there.

RICARDI: (AS FOOTSTEPS GO OFF) Right.

NARR: (OVER STEPS) Sam Ricciardi -- your best friend on the force. You can always walk in on him.

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES BEHIND)

NARR: (LOW) He's questioning. You sit down, ~~winding your~~ ^{and listen} ~~own business~~ and his.

RICCIARDI: Now let me get this straight. He offered you a hundred dollars to murder somebody?

~~MORRIS: That's right.~~

~~RICCIARDI: Did he say why?~~

~~MORRIS: No.~~

~~RICCIARDI: Did he say who?~~

~~MORRIS: No. Just a guy on St. Anne street.~~

RICCIARDI: ~~Uh-ha~~. And you turned him down. Why?

MORRIS: I didn't want to get tangled up in no murder. Just to borrow some dough.

RICCIARDI: ~~You still owe this~~ -- what's his name?

MORRIS: Pellito, Angelo Pellito. He's a spaghetti salesman but he lends money on the side.

RICCIARDI: You still owe him any money?

MORRIS: About a hundred and fifty bucks.

RICCIARDI: You wouldn't come in here and pin a phony charge on him to get out of paying back, would you?

MORRIS: Oh no.

RICCIARDI: You wouldn't come in here as a stool pigeon and expect us to pay you off if we get anything on him, would you?

MORRIS: Oh no.

RICCIARDI: You wouldn't by any chance honestly know the name of the man Pellito wanted murdered, would you? (MIMICS)
Oh no. (PAUSE) Come on, Morris. What was the name?

MORRIS: Aw, I didn't want to get tangled up in this. But the guy is named Dombrowski. Joe Dombrowski.

RICCIARDI: At's a good boy. Now I tell you what I'm going to do, Morris. I'm going to lock you up --

MORRIS: Me?

RICCIARDI: You. I'm going to go look into this yarn of yours -- and if there's anything to it -- good. If not -- well, we'll see. But I don't want you to run away, Morris -- and locked up -- you can't.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO)

NARR: They put Morris into the temporary lockup, and friend Sam goes out to look into his story. And you? You go to look up the intended murder victim -- at his home on St. Anne Street. Later, you'll compare notes with Sam, but when you get there a neighbor tells you -- that Joe Dombrowski is in the hospital -- sick.

NARR: You rush over there and with your press pass get permission to visit him. As you enter the room, he lies facing you. His wife, her back to you, is spooning something into his mouth.

WIFE: Aw, come on, Joe. Finish it, huh?

JOE: I don't like it. Tastes rotten.

WIFE: It's good for you, Joe. You wanna get well, dontcha?

JOE: Sure, sure, but -- (PAUSE), Who're you?

WIFE: What? Oh. Who're you, mister?

TOUGHILL: *Frank Toughill*
Press. Daily News.

WIFE: Whaddayou want in here?

TOUGHILL: Just checking up on something. Mr. Dombrowski, the police are holding a man who says somebody tried to hire him to murder you --

WIFE: Murder!

TOUGHILL: That's right. Frankly, the police think it's a gag...
~~the man may be a little off his rocker. But I just~~
~~thought I'd check.~~ Do you know anybody who'd want to
kill you -- or want you killed?

JOE: Me? No. Why should anybody want to kill me?

TOUGHILL: I dunno. Got any insurance?

JOE: Insurance! I ain't even got a job. No, mister -- you're
barkin' up the wrong tree. It's some crazy gag, that's
all.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARRATOR: It's funny how a thing will hit you -- late. It isn't
until you're a block away from the hospital that the
one thing wrong with that happy domestic picture hits
you. The picture? Sick man, wife feeding soup. What's
wrong? Since when does a man under hospital care get
home-feeding privileges!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING)

(DOOR KNOCKING AND OPENING)

WIFE:

Oh. It's you again. *You can't go in now - my husband's*
ill. I just wanted to

TOUGHILL:

~~Yes ma'am.~~ Could I ask ~~just~~ a couple of questions?

WIFE:

What about?

TOUGHILL:

Your husband. I wasn't kidding when I said somebody
wanted him murdered. ~~It may sound wierd, but those~~
~~things happen.~~ Now, you can answer my questions or not.
It might be easier to answer me than, say, the police.
Huh?

WIFE:

(LOW) What do you want to know?

TOUGHILL:

What was in that soup?

WIFE: (A GASP) Who told you?

TOUGHILL: Nobody. I guessed. Come on, Mrs. Dombrowski -- what were you feeding him?

WIFE: (LOW) Fattura.

TOUGHILL: What?

WIFE: Fattura. It -- it's something I get from a friend. You put it in your husband's soup -- or coffee, even.... anything -- just so long as he takes it --

TOUGHILL: What does it do?

WIFE: It brings him back to you?

TOUGHILL: It WHAT?

WIFE: When your husband don't love you no more -- it brings him back.

TOUGHILL: I see. Where did you say you get ^{this Fattura?} it?

WIFE: ~~From this friend. (OUTBURST) Honest, mister -- every~~ cent I can get, I buy this fattura water -- and I give it to Joe -- but still he don't love me no more. What can I do?

TOUGHILL: It's not my business, Mrs. Dombrowski -- but you can stop falling for phony love-medicines and spend your ~~money better. Who's the woman you get it from?~~

WIFE: Mrs. Cariono -- Maria Cariono. She lives right around the corner.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO)

(DOOR BELL AND DOOR IS ANSWERED)

TOUGHILL: I'd like to ^{Speak to Mrs. Sam---} --- (TAKE) Well! Look who's here! Hya, Sam!

SAM: Frank! What're you doing here!

TOUGHILL: Same goes for you. What gives?

SAM: Well, we went after this Pellito guy and discovered he was on a date -- with ---

TOUGHILL: Maria Cariono --

SAM: Right. How do you know?

TOUGHILL: My reporter's instinct, I'll tell you later. Anything in the story you got from the guy you locked up?

SAM: Don't know yet. Pellito hasn't showed up. ^{and} But his girl friend's ^{not} here. *In fact the place is empty.*

TOUGHILL: ~~Good.~~ I want to ask her about fattura soup.

SAM: Fattura. Where'd you latch on to that word?

TOUGHILL: From the wife of the guy who's supposed to be murdered. Incidentally, he's in the hospital.

SAM: What with?

TOUGHILL: (CHUCKLE) His wife feeding him fattura.

SAM: Do you know what fattura is?

TOUGHILL: Nope. That's what I came here to find out.

SAM: Fattura. That's Italian for charm. . .What you might call a love potion --- or a death potion.

TOUGHILL: (VERY QUIET) What'd you say?

SAM: Death potion. You know -- like Lucrezia Borgia.

~~TOUGHILL: (QUIET) Great jumping grasshoppers..~~

~~SAM: Frank --- what gives?~~

TOUGHILL: Listen, Sam. Do you trust me?

SAM: What kind of talk is that from a reporter?

TOUGHILL: Do you trust me enough to -- to stick your neck out, 'way out -- and maybe get to the bottom of something terrific?

SAM: What've you been drinking?

TOUGHILL: It ain't fattura! Sam -- just do me one favor. ^{Let's get out?} ~~pick~~
^{Let's show} ~~up your marbles~~ and ^{you} ~~go~~ back to headquarters. ^{It's like this to} Let me
 handle Mrs. Cariono --

SAM: Why? Why? What's the story?

TOUGHILL: I don't know yet. But I, ^{think I} can find out better than you.
 Please, Sam -- please!

SAM: All right. But if you louse things up --- ~~I'll~~ ~~klabash~~
~~you.~~ I'll fattura the living daylights out of you!

TOUGHILL: Okay --- and if I'm not back at headquarters by nine
 o'clock tonight --- come looking for me!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARRATOR: An hour later, dusk is softening the harsh outlines of
 St. Ann street. You, Frank Toughill, slip silently
 through that twilight hour -- ^{peding} ~~crossed~~, now, as a workman
~~Complete with foreign accent~~
~~-- even unto the bag of plumber's tools.~~ Inside the
 white-veranda-ed house of Mrs. ~~Maria~~ Cariono -- there
 is a light. (PAUSE) She's home.

(FEET UP STEPS, ^{Bill} ~~KNOCK-ON~~ DOOR. IT OPENS)

MRS. CARIONO: Yes?

TOUGHILL: Miz. Cariono?

MRS. C: Cariono, si.

TOUGHILL: Miz Cariono, could I talk wit' you?

MRS. C: You in trouble, wister?

TOUGHILL: Yes ma'am.
^{How you find out about me?}

MRS. C: ~~You cross my palm with silver?~~

TOUGHILL: ~~Sure thing?~~ ^{Mr. Pellito said you could fix me up}

MRS. C: Come in, come in.

(DOOR CLOSES)

MRS. C: This way.

(FOOTSTEPS)

MRS. C: Sit down. Now -- what kind of trouble you got, ^{little} ~~little~~ boy?

TOUGHILL: Uh -- well . . . it's my wife.

MRS. C: Ah. She play around.

TOUGHILL: Yeah.

MRS. C: You work all day, she play, eh?

TOUGHILL: That's how it is.

~~MRS. C: You love her.~~

~~TOUGHILL: Yessum.~~

~~MRS. C: You want her back.~~

~~TOUGHILL: I sure do.~~

~~MRS. C: You -- an -- (PAUSE) Wait. How you find about me?~~

~~TOUGHILL: Mr. Pellito. I done some work for him. He said you could fix me up.~~

~~MRS. C: Good (PAUSE) what you want, little boy?~~

~~TOUGHILL: Han?~~

MRS. C: (LOW) You want, ^{to take care of} your wife back -- or you want ^{the} ~~this~~ other man -- ~~gene?~~

TOUGHILL: Oh -- I got nothing against him. I think it's the woman, in these things, you know ---

MRS. C: Then you want the fattura, ~~make her change.~~

TOUGHILL: What's that?

MRS. C: La fattura. (WHISPER) La fattura. Secret of the old country. A little this, a little that, mix 'em up, say the right words the right way, -- ecco! La Fattura. ~~Love potion! Just a little bit to start -- see how it works -- then -- more, and more, and more --~~

TOUGHILL: And she'll love me, honest?

MRS. C: Love you like crazy!

TOUGHILL: That's what I need!

MRS. C: Cost you a lot.

~~TOUGHILL: I can get it, I can get the money!~~

MRS. C: *You love me*
Twenty-five dollars right now, I give you the first bottle.

TOUGHILL: Here -- here!

MRS. C: Ecco -- la Fattura! (SOUND: SLIGHT CLINK) Remember -- just a drop, first day. Second day, two drops. ~~Then~~ wait a day --

~~TOUGHILL: Yeah - - yeah --~~

MRS. C: ~~Then same as before -- one drop, two drops.~~ Go one like that. Then -- when is all gone -- *I believe I'll give them* ~~maybe not. If not -- come back for more! La Cariono be right here, *-mister-* little boy!~~

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARRATOR: Fifteen minutes later, Sam Ricciardi has the whole story. And you're waiting for a report. Finally -- it comes. He hands it to you.

TOUGHILL: (RUSTLE OF PAPER) Brother! Arsenic enough to kill a man.

SAM: Nice going, Frank. And here's one for your paper --

(PHONE RINGS)

SAM: Scuse me.

(PHONE PICKED UP)

SAM: Ricciardi. (PAUSE) When? (PAUSE) Cause? (PAUSE) Thanks. Don't release the body to anyone, not even the undertaker. (PAUSE) Especially not to that undertaker! Wait for the police!

(PHONE DOWN)

SAM: (QUIET) Frank. We're ^{at Sam} sitting here patting each other on the ~~back for tracking down this Philadelphia Borgia~~ -- and all the while Dombrowski ^{is} ~~is~~ dying in agony over at the hospital. And guess what they give as cause of death?

TOUGHILL: Poisoning, naturally.

SAM: No. Judging by what we know - it should be, but the death certificate says pneumonia. So --

(PICKS UP PHONE)

SAM: Lt. Ricciardi speaking. Call in every man. Pick up --- Angelo Pellito, spaghetti merchant --- Peter Pellito, his brother -- undertaker --

~~TOUGHILL: Wow!~~

SAM: Maria Cariono -- housewife! Mrs. Joe Dombrowski -- housewife --

~~TOUGHILL: Double-wow!~~

SAM: And -- the doctor who just signed the death certificate of Joe Dombrowski! (PAUSE) ~~is that all? Isn't that enough?~~ (PAUSE) On what charge? (PAUSE) Murder and conspiracy to commit!

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO FOR)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #168

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: _ _ _ (BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

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
fine tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: For PELL MELL'S greater length travels the smoke
further on its way to your throat - filters it
naturally through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos - guards against throat-scratch.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness,
mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers
you. Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

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

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0171071

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME UP AND DOWN FOR)

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

NARRATOR: You, Frank Toughill of the Philadelphia Daily News have been working with the police on a case that started out with an informer -- and seems now to be winding up in a murder plot. A man has just died of a "love charm" you discovered contained -- arsenic, but because a death certificate said pneumonia, the police have just sent out orders for the arrest of 5 persons connected with the case. At the moment you and Lt. Riccardi are checking files --

(FILE DRAWER PULLED OUT, CARDS RIFFLED...)

SAM: Let's just see if we've got a record on any of 'em... Callahan...Caravella...Cariono --

TOUGHILL: That's it -- first name Maria?

SAM: No. This is Charles -- her husband. Well look here! victim of a hit-run accident. (PAUSE) Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

TOUGHILL: What are you thinking of?

SAM: (QUIETLY) Cemeteries.

TOUGHILL: And shovels. (PAUSE) ~~I just told my paper I'd have to do a little more digging on this case before I could write it up. Digging was right!~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO)

NARR: Sam goes off to get a disinterment order -- and you do a little digging on your own, in the paper's files. And you come up with --

TOUGHILL: ^{That's right - Sam} ~~(OF NEWSPAPER BO)~~
Two more corpses, Sam. Mrs. Cariono's stepson died two months ago. Death certificates signed by same doctor -- buried by same undertaker. Also, a certain Herman Fensterblum died last month --

SAM: Where did he come in?

TOUGHILL: (QUIET) Mrs. Cariono's front door. He was her boarder.
(PAUSE) Sam -- bring lots of ^{knives} ~~spades~~.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARRATOR: Some hours later, the report comes in. There are many words in it .. but only one word is important. (PAUSE)
Arsenic.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO AWAY FOR)

NARRATOR: Now, the digging begins in earnest. For arsenic is only the means. What was the end? Another word. Insurance.

SAM: Frank, this fills in the story for you. Every single one of those poisoned people was insured through Pollito.
(PAUSE) Murder for profit, on the assembly line plan.

(MUSIC: -- STING)

NARRATOR: Page after page of testimony is taken from the five suspects -- each one singing against the others, to save his own skin -- and out of the millions of words, you dredge story after story -- each viler than the last.
~~Stories about the Black Widows!~~

WOMAN I: (LOW) So they said if I took out this insurance policy, they'd give me this stuff that would kill my husband gradually. The thing was -- I'd have to pay them part of the insurance.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND DOWN BEHIND)

NARRATOR: ~~Stories about the Jealous Husbands!~~

MAN: You wanna get rid of this guy who's hangin' around your wife, he says? ~~You wanna make a little something on the side?~~ I said, sure, He says, you take out a policy with us on him, and as soon as it comes through, we'll push him off this bridge. But how are you gonna insure him without him knowin' it, I says. And he says -- leave that to us!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND DOWN BEHIND)

NARRATOR: ~~Stories about the Anxious Heirs!~~

WOMAN II: Well -- he was so old, and so sick, he couldn't last much longer. So I took out this insurance on him -- and they sent over their own nurse. Well, one day she was pushing him in his wheelchair -- and the truck hit him. (PAUSE) They even charged me rent on the wheelchair!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO AWAY FOR)

NARRATOR: Day after day, the details turn up, until between you and Sam Ricciardi you have the full picture of -- murder on an assembly line system. ~~For instance --~~ *But one thing bothers you --*

~~SAM:~~ Take this case -- old Emil Gansemeyer. ~~Young Mrs. Gansemeyer wants very much to be a widow. So -- she goes to Maria Caricno. Now you keep the figures, Frank --~~

~~TOUGHILL:~~ Right. For the Fattura -- \$250.

SAM: Check. Then, Cariono sends her to Pellito. He writes up a policy on Gansemeyer.

TOUGHILL: For \$4,000.

SAM: The gang's doctor okays him, the policy clears, then -- he develops stomach trouble. The same doctor treats him--

TOUGHILL: Five dollars a visit -- total, around \$50.

SAM: Recommends medicines --

TOUGHILL: Made up by the gang's private pharmacist.

SAM: Total, say \$25.

TOUGHILL: Finally -- Old Mr. Gansemeyer dies. Now -- the same doctor writes up a phony death certificate --

TOUGHILL: This they throw in free --

SAM: But -- Pellito's brother is the undertaker.

TOUGHILL: Total take -- say, \$250.

SAM: Finally -- the insurance comes. Split --

TOUGHILL: Fifty-fifty. Two thousand to Widow Gansemeyer, two thousand to the syndicate.

SAM: Okay -- what's the final profit?

TOUGHILL: Let's see ...(HE FIGURES) Two thousand, five hundred and fifty dollars. But that's not all. Somewhere along the line, the gang gets a bright idea. Young Mrs. Gansemeyer is signing papers like mad, now --

SAM: So somebody shoves an insurance application under her nose -- she signs it --

TOUGHILL: And three months later -- she passes away. Beneficiary?

SAM: The same gang. (PAUSE) Frank, there's only one thing wrong with the whole story.

TOUGHILL: Yeah. Who's the brains behind it, ^{Sam.} For sure, not Pellito himself.

SAM: For sure, no. I don't think he has the brains. The trouble is, though they're all squealing on each other, left and right -- nobody's implicated the big boss. And that's the one ^{guy} ~~thing~~ we need!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO FOR)

NARRATOR: Whoever the Big Boss is, his is no small enterprise. For by the time the cases are ready for court, your daily running lead reads like this....

(TYPEWRITER UP AND DOWN BEHIND)

TOUGHILL: . . . total of \$250,000 in life insurance..(TYPING UP, DOWN)..twenty-two defendants...(TYPING DITTO)...more than fifty unsuspecting husbands, wives, boarders, and neighbors poisoned, drowned, run over or slugged... (TYPING) victims in six states....(TYPING UP AND INTO)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND OUT FOR)

NARRATOR: It takes more than a year for the law painstakingly to untangle the dark threads of this murder net -- and in that time, you come to know the bloody-handed little Pellito pretty well. Well enough to realize, one day in his cell, that the time is ripe to spring your particular trap. What is your bait? Flattery!

TOUGHILL: You know, Angelo, I have a lot of respect for you.

PELLITO: Me? Murderer? That's funny.

TOUGHILL: Well -- maybe respect is the wrong word. I'm gonna be very honest with you, Angelo -- (PAUSE) You're gonna die.

PELLITO: I know.

TOUGHILL: And yet, you sit there. You don't blubber like your brother --

PELLITO: Coward!

TOUGHILL: You don't go crazy, like the doctor --

PELLITO: Chiseler!

TOUGHILL: You don't stay up all night thinking of new cases the police don't know about, like Maria Cariono -- hoping it will influence them--

PELLITO: Squealer!

TOUGHILL: You just sit there under questioning. Quiet and calm.

PELLITO: (EAGER) I make a good impression, Frank?

TOUGHILL: Very good. But still, you're gonna die, Angelo.

PELLITO: Yeah. I know.

TOUGHILL: Angelo, I look at the others, and I want to crawl away somewhere and hide. But I look at you -- and I think -- if only this man's genius could have gone into honest work.

PELLITO: What you say -- genius?

TOUGHILL: Yes.

PELLITO: What's that mean, Frankie?

TOUGHILL: Oh. . .take Einstein. He's a genius. Henry Ford. He's a genius. Thomas Edison.....people who had organizing ability. People head and shoulders above the ordinary.

PELLITO: (MUSING) Einstein...Edison...Pellito. How you like that.

TOUGHILL: I don't like it, Angelo. All that capacity for planning, organization -- and what did you do with it? Murder. And what did you get out of it? Money.

PELLITO: (LOW) Not so much. Not so much.

TOUGHILL: Hundreds of thousands.

PELLITO: (LOW) No. Not me.

TOUGHILL: Who, Angelo?

PELLITO: (LONG PAUSE) Listen, Frank. You make me a promise --
I make you a promise.

TOUGHILL: I'll try.

PELLITO: You promise me -- you write about me in your paper. Write
about -- Angelo Pellito -- genius in murder --

TOUGHILL: Yeah --

PELLITO: (LOW) Then, I tell you -- and only you -- who is the man
who use my genius. Pick my brains. ~~Pull me with strings
like wooden doll.~~ You promise?

TOUGHILL: Only one thing is wrong with it, Angelo. I don't know
your story. (PAUSE) And pretty soon ----you know.

PELLITO: Yeah. I die. (PAUSE) Just the same -- I write my story
for you -- get it to you some way -- you print it in
your paper -- I tell you about the Big Boss. (PAUSE) Okay?

TOUGHILL: Okay.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO)

NARRATOR: Some days later, you are in court. The jury has come in.
Various of the defendants have been given life ...prison
terms...sent to insane asylums...and now -- the Judge is
talking about --

JUDGE: Angelo Pellito, the jury having found you guilty of murder
in the first degree and participant ^{in it} in a conspiracy to
commit murder and murders individual and various, it is
my duty to pronounce sentence upon you.

NARRATOR: (LOW) Angelo puts down the magazine he has been reading.
He listens.

JUDGE: It becomes my duty to sentence you to death. And that you be put to death, the means being electricity, and that electric current be sent through your body until you are legally pronounced dead. (PAUSE) Angelo Pellito. --

NARRATOR: (LOW) He stands unmoved, but now, curious.

JUDGE: It is customary upon such sentencing, for the presiding justice to pronounce certain words. They are -- "And may God have mercy on your soul." (PAUSE) I do not pronounce those words. (PAUSE) Remove the prisoner.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: Angelo is --- removed. But as he passes the press box -- he drops something in your lap.

PELLITO: Here, Frankie. Nice magazine. Good story.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO FOR)

NARRATOR: Thus -- you receive -- and your paper prints -- Chapter One in the life of Angelo Pellito -- confessed murderer! A week later, he is taken from city jail to state prison. There -- he smuggles to you -- chapter Two. That too you print. What's in the two instalments? Not much that hasn't been told before. Things like ---

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND DOWN BEHIND)

ANGELO: . . . I feel sorry, Frankie, for these widows go to jail. Is all really not their fault. Is all because of greedy for money.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND DOWN FOR)

ANGELO: Frankie, I will die, so all here is truth. You call me in paper boss of Philadelphia Arsenic Murder Ring. Better call International Poison Murder Syndicate. And not call me boss. Just general manager for United State. (PAUSE) Next week I tell you name of International President.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: Now, you are near what you want. But (~~SNEAK CLOCK IN~~ B.G.) little Angelo Pellito is much closer to what no man wants! You have kept your promise -- and as you wait for him to come through the door on your right-- you wonder -- will he keep his!

(DOOR OPENS...FOOTSTEPS UP AND UNDER)

NARR: (LOW) It is not Angelo. It is a priest.

PRIEST: (FROM FOREGROUND TO B.G.) De profundis clamavi ad te,
Domine: Domine, exaudi vocem

NARR: And behind him -- meam. Fiant aures tuae
Angelo. His head intendentes, in vocem
shaved. His trouser deprecationis meae. Si
leg is slit. His face iniquitates observaveris,
is calm. ~~He has made~~ Domine: Domine, quis
~~his peace~~ sustinebit? Quia Apud te
NARRATOR: Now he passes you. He propitatio est. Et propter
sees you. He stops. legem tuam sustinui te Domine.

ANGELO: (LOW) Frankie.

FRANK: Yeah.

ANGELO: Tell me -- what did I do wrong?

FRANK: That's not for me to say, Angelo.

ANGELO: I mean -- what mistake I make? Why didn't I get away with it all?

NARR: You look at him. Right ~~up to now he had you fooled.~~ But here, on the doorstep of his death, he still wants to know what went wrong with his infernal scheme! You're tempted to spit in his face but instead you play along with his ego.

FRANK: Well, maybe you should have cremated 'em instead of burying them!

ANGELO: Sure! That's it! (PAUSE) Oh, Frankie -- if I only know you sooner -- we never get caught!

~~VOICE:~~ ~~Come on Angelo -- that's enough --~~

(FOOTSTEPS START AWAY, UNDER)

FRANK: But Angelo -- what about your promise?

(FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE. PRIEST IN AGAIN WITH)

NARRATOR: He makes no answer.
He walks the last seven steps to that final door.
It opens --

Sustinuit anima mea in verbo eius: speravit anima mea in Domino. A custodia matutina usque noctem. Speret Israel in Domino. Quia apud Dominum misericordia est. Et ipse redimet Israel, ex omnibus iniquitatibus ejus.

(DOOR OPENS)

Requiem aeternam dona ei, Domine.

NARRATOR: He turns. He makes one final gesture. (PAUSE) He slowly taps his own chest. His lips shape a silent word. One syllable. (PAUSE) He goes thru the door.

(DOOR CLOSES)

NARR: After a moment the lights go down...up....down...up...
down. up. And Angelo Pellito did keep his promise--
for in that gesture, he told you that he was the big
brain after all. ~~You Big Story is over!~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from
Frank Toughill of the Philadelphia Daily News with the
final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ SPING)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(MUSIC: _ _ BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

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 Toughill of the Philadelphia Daily News.

TOUGHILL: Actual fact of murder syndicate in tonight's Big Story is that to this day police cannot venture to guess how many victims Pellito and gang had. Best estimate is between ¹⁵⁰~~two~~ and ^{two}~~three~~ hundred all over America.. Case required three years to wind up, but now evidence still being found. Many thanks for tonight's Pell Mell Award!

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Toughill...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 Lapeer Michigan Press -- by-line, William T. Nobel. A BIG STORY about a reporter who managed to reach a fire (SOUND: -- ENGINES) just in time to discover jealousy, hatred 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 Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Alan Sloane from an actual story from the front pages of the Philadelphia Daily News. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and George Petrie played the part of Frank Toughill. 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. Toughill.

(MUSIC: _ _ _THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)_

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

(PAUSE)

CHAPPELL: Friends, one of the safest investments in the world today is a United States Savings Bond. Buy United States Savings Bonds now...to safeguard your future. THIS IS NBC.....THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #169

CAST

NARRATOR

LINDA

ELLIE

IDA

WOMAN

NOBLE

SHERIFF

MAN

JAVITS

BARTENDER

SNIDER

SERGEANT

DOCTOR

HATCHER

BOB SLOANE

PAT HOSLEY

PAT HOSLEY

BARBARA WEEKS

BARBARA WEEKS

LARRY HAINES

BILL SMITH

BILL SMITH

BOB DRYDEN

BOB DRYDEN

GRANT RICHARDS

BRANT RICHARDS

JASON JOHNSON

JASON JOHNSON

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21, 1950

ATX01 0171086

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#169

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

JUNE 21, 1950

WEDNESDAY

(WILLIAM T. NOBLE LAPEER, MICHIGAN: LAPEER PRESS)

Adapted by Sigmund Miller.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL CIGARETTES ^{FAMOUS} present THE BIG STORY

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(SD OF CAR GOING EIGHTY MILES AN HOUR)

LINDA: (ABOUT 9, MOANING, HALF SHOCK, HALF PAIN) Momma ... Momma.

IDA: (NERVOUS, FRIGHTENED, ABOUT 26) I'm driving as fast as I
can - Linda --

LINDA: I'm bleeding mamme/--

IDA: We'll be in the hospital in a few minutes --

LINDA: Mamme/ - I don't feel - good --

IDA: Keep your hand tight over the bullet hole --

(CAR NEGOTIATES A NARROW TURN ON TWO
SCREECHING WHEELS)

~~LINDA: Why was I shot mamme - why was I shot~~

~~IDA: Please sit still - don't move --~~

LINDA: I'm goin to die - I'm going to die --

(CAR INCREASES IN SPEED)

IDA: No - you'll be allright as soon as I get you to a ----

(CAR SCREECHES AROUND A CURVE, SCREAM OF BRAKES
THEN SHATTERING RENDING CRASH)

(MUSIC: -- UP AND EQUALLY THE CRASH, THEN SPIRALLING DOWN FOR
CHAPPELL)

ATX01 0171087

-2-

CHAPPELL: THE IBIG STORY. Here is America - it's sound and fury,
it's joy and it's sorrow as faithfully reported by the
men and women of the great American newspapers. (PAUSE)
Lapeer, Michigan. The story of a reporter who followed
through to the end of one of the most brutal atrocities
in American criminal history.

CHAPPELL: Tonight to William T. Noble of the Lapeer Michigan Press
for his BIG STORY goes the PELL MELL Award.

(MUSIC: ~~PANFARE~~)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0171088

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #169

OPENING COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: _ _ _ (BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT)
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

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: Lapeer, Michigan. The story as it actually happened --
Bill Noble's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: -- PUNCTUATES AND UNDER)

NARR: Michigan, - Indian Summer, - midnight - And you Bill Noble
reporter of the Lapeer Press, are driving home after a pleasant
visit at a friends. The night hangs softly, peacefully
over the dark rolling hills. Ahead of you a strange light
flickers. You wonder what it is. But as you come nearer
you stop wondering----

~~(SD OF VIOLENT CLANGING OF DINNER BELL FADING IN)~~

~~A dinner bell at midnight means trouble. You can see a
the house burning now. The entire upper floor is aflame -~~

~~(SD OF CAR COMING TO A RAPID STOP)~~

As you drive into the grounds your headlights light up
and a *four* boy
a man ~~of thirty~~ lying on the ground, ~~dead; he is~~ *both* ~~dead~~ *dead*
clutching a boy of six, also dead.

(CAR STOPS - CAR DOOR OPENS)

SHERIFF: (SURPRISE) Bill Noble - how did you know about this so
soon?

NOBLE: I was just passing by, Sheriff. This is awful --

SHERIFF: I just got here myself -

JAVITS: (FADE IN, BREATHLESS, ABOUT 50) Are you the sheriff?

SHERIFF: That's right.

JAVITS: I'm a neighbor, Javits is my name. I've just looked
through the house. There's no one else in there.

(SHOUTS) Ellie - Ellie --

SHERIFF: Who are you calling?

JAVITS: My daughter - she said the wife and another child were
still in the house but --

ELLIE: (FADE IN, EARLY TWENTIES, OCCASIONALLY CONTROLS A SOB, SHE IS FRIGHTENED AND NEAR HYSTERIA) Did you find them papa?

JAVITS: Ain't no one in the house Ellie.

ELLIE: But ~~Stephen~~ said they was.

JAVITS: I looked upstairs and downstairs, until the smoke drove me out. I tell you there ain't no one in there.

SHERIFF: Who is supposed to be in there?

JAVITS: His wife and daughter. That living room downstairs is a bloody mess. Blood all over - on the chairs, sofa, on the rug and even on the walls --

SHERIFF: Who is the dead man?

ELLIE: Steve Wochek - and his little boy Paul.

NOBLE: Do you have any idea who shot them?

ELLIE: He done it himself - killed hisself and Paul.

SHERIFF: How do you know?

ELLIE: I live across the road. I was just going to bed when I saw the fire. I ran over and I saw Steve stumbling out of the house holding Paul in his arms. I asked him what happened to you, and he said "I did it," "I shot Paul and myself." Then I asked him where's Ida and Linda. ~~But he couldn't talk anymore. He just pointed to the burning house. Then he fall against me, then he died. All the time he was holding onto little Paul and he was dead all the time.~~ It was awful - just awful -

(BEGINS TO CRY)

NOBLE: He might have shot his wife and daughter too.

JAVITS: They must have gotten away - because no one's in there.

SHERIFF: Why did he do it -- was he crazy?

ELLIE: He was always jealous of Ida - always suspicioned her -
~~when the fit came on him he was crazy jealous,~~

(SD OF SIREN FADING IN, HUBBUB, VOICES, SD OF
HOUSE BURNING)

SERGEANT: (SHOUTING) Sheriff -- sheriff ---

SHERIFF: Here I am, Sergeant.

SERGEANT: (FADE IN FAST) I phoned them ^{about the fire} the state police are on
their way down. There's ^{also} been a bad crack-up on route 42 -
two miles out of Hillsdale.

SHERIFF: What a night --

(FIRE SIRENS IN FULL)

NOBLE: The house is a goner - IT's burning now from roof to
cellar.

SHERIFF: I hope no ones' in there. --- That accident ~~McGuller~~ ^{Sgt.}
was it a local or a tourist car?

SERGEANT: Local. Woman by the name of Ida Wocheck and her
daughter. ~~They say she was doing over eighty miles an
hour when she went off the road.~~ They took them over
to the Clarkson Hospital.

(SD OF CRASH AS THE HOUSE BEGINS TO COLLAPSE)

low There goes the house----

(MUSIC: -- KEEPING UP WITH THE EXCITEMENT OF THE SCENE, DOWN AND
UNDER)

NARR: The horror of it has caught you, Bill Noble. You race
along with the sheriff to the hospital, wanting to know
more of this tragedy. You wonder what can possess a man
to shoot his own child. You wonder how his wife Ida can
live through this tragedy, and at the hospital you listen
~~to her story -~~ *as she tells her story to the Sheriff*

IDA: (ABOUT 25 SPEAKS HESITANTLY, BUT NOT WITH HYSTERIA, HER VOICE IS STEADY AND TRAGIC). He had been plaguing me all day -- about him -

SHERIFF: Who is "him", Mrs. Wocheck?

IDA: The hired hand, Chuck Snider. My husband had silly ideas that Chuck and I were too friendly, that's why he fired him.

SHERIFF: Tell us what happened.

IDA: We stopped off at Ross's bar for a beer. Beer always calms him down. But today, he got worse, shoutin' at the top of his voice, callin' me all kinds of names. I -- I just can't repeat them.

SHERIFF: You went directly home from there!

IDA: That's right. ~~He stopped talkin' to me on the way home.~~ I went to bed.

SHERIFF: What about your kids?

IDA: They were alright. They were asleep when we got home. I wasn't sleepin' more'n a half hour when I woke up suddenly. There he was standin' all dressed with a gun in his hand. I screamed and ran. He fired at me and missed. I ran outside into the fields and then I heard some more shots. I ran back I didn't see him so I ran to the kids room - and I saw Linda was shot. I grabbed her and ran for the car, I drove as fast as I could to the hospital because she was bleeding bad --

SHERIFF: Didn't you stop for, your boy Paul - weren't you worried about him too?

IDA: He loved Paul more'n anything - I - didn't believe he would ever hurt him --(BEGINS TO CRY) ^{But} He killed my boy - He killed my boy --

(MUSIC: -- UP DOWN AND UNDER)

NARR: You listen to her ^{story} ~~testimony~~, Bill Noble. You listen to her cry inconsolably. There isn't much more to know except how her little daughter is making out in her fight for life. And so you go, and see the doctor down at the other end of the corridor, hoping hard that the doctor will tell you the one piece of good news in this terrible tragedy.

DOCTOR: I'm sorry but I cannot let you in.

NOBLE: Well, could you tell me how she's doing?

DR. Who are you?

NOBLE: I'm from the Lapeer Press - a reporter.

DR. The girl's dying.

NOBLE: (STUNNED A LITTLE) Dying --

DR. She's delirious and not saying anything that would make sense. There's no point and no good reason why she should be visited.

NOBLE: There's no hope.

DR. None.

(MUSIC: -- LOW TRAGIC THEME)

NOBLE: Well Sheriff, what do you think?

SHERIFF: It's open and shut. Murder and suicide. If Stephan Wochek were alive, we'd hang him.

NOBLE: What makes a man kill his own kids!

SHERIFF: Some men are born lunatics.

NOBLE: Well, - I'm going back to my office and write up this story -- Oh by the way, what was the name of the tavern Mrs. Wochek said she and her husband were at --

SHERIFF: Ross's Tavern. Why?

NOBLE: Think I'll just stop by there and get me a beer.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

BARTENDER: What will it be, friend?

NOBLE: Beer.

(SD OF TAP, THEN SD OF GLASS SLIDING ON BAR)

BARTENDER: Here you are.

NOBLE: Say did you hear about the Wocheks?

BARTENDER: Yep -- I just can't believe it.

NOBLE: Mrs. Wocheks said she was in here just before her husband went berserk.

(PAUSE, NO ANSWER)

NOBLE: Weren't they in here?

BARTENDER: (TIGHT-LIPPED NOW) Yep.

NOBLE: What did they fight about?

BARTENDER: (HE IS NOW HOSTILE) I never listen to other people's troubles, mister.

NOBLE: When people quarrel - you just can't help listening.

BARTENDER: Maybe you can't -- I can.

NOBLE: I'm Bill Noble from the Lapeer Press - I'm a reporter. I'd be much obliged if you would help me.

BARTENDER: I told you mister I never listen!

~~NOBLE: it can't hurt anyone now if you tell me --~~

BARTENDER: (HARSHLY) You didn't pay for your beer mister.

NOBLE: Okay -- Okay

(SD OF MONEY ON BAR)

HATCHER: He'll stay at the other end of the bar now - he won't come near you. An old sour-puss.

NOBLE: Not very cooperative.

HATCHER: My name's Tom Hatcher. Don't bother introducing yourself -
I ~~always~~ listen in on other people's conversation.

NOBLE: (WITH A LAUGH) At least you're honest.

HATCHER: I tell you something Mr. Noble that might interest you.
I knew Steve Wochek pretty well.

NOBLE: (EXCITED) You did?

HATCHER: I've known him every since he came to this country years ago.

NOBLE: What was he like?

HATCHER: He was a good joe.

NOBLE: (AMAZED) A good joe - a man that murders his two kids.

HATCHER: I'm just telling you what I knew about him. I guess I
knew him as well as anyone. He wanted to get ahead,
worked hard, ^{crave for his kids} ~~seven days a week~~. He spoke English
very badly, so he went to night school in order for his
kids not to grow up with an accent. But even night
school didn't help him much. Whenever he got excited
he jabbered away in Polish.

~~NOBLE: He doesn't sound like a man who would murder his own
children.~~

~~HATCHER: I'm telling you what I know about him. He was mad
for his kids worked like a dog so that he could give them
the best of everything.~~

NOBLE: You were a good friend of his, weren't you?

HATCHER: I was - ^{and} ~~but~~ I'm telling you the truth about Steve. Ida
gave him plenty of reason to hate her. She always
poked fun at him, at his poor English, at his being left
handed, at his being such a meek mouse with his boss -
at everything.

NOBLE: He must have been insane -

HATCHER: Maybe. If he was, she made him crazy. Ida loved a good time; she and her girl friend always cutting up.

NOBLE: Her girl friend?

HATCHER: A neighbor - Ellie Javits.

NOBLE: Ellie Javits!

HATCHER: And then she carried on with this Chuck Snider, the hired hand. A man with a police record.

NOBLE: But none of this adds up to killing his own kids -

HATCHER: I know it don't. Mr. Noble that's why I'm telling you.

(MUSIC: FLARING UP, DOWN AND UNDER)

NARR: It's hard for you to believe Tom Hatcher's story - Bill Noble. But now you have your teeth in a case that is not so open and shut. There is some doubt - and you have to wipe out that doubt! You go to see some of the neighbors.

WOMAN: Now look here, young feller, don't ~~you~~ believe everything they write in them newspapers. Steve wouldn't even go rabbit hunting - he was against killing anything. Now how can you figure him killing his own two kids whom he worshipped? Tell me that?

(MUSIC:)

MAN: (SLOW CALM VOICE) Yes I knew him. I liked him - so did everyone in Hillsdale. You won't find a soul with a bad word for him - not one!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You do a pretty thorough job of interviewing the neighbors Bill Noble ~~- even including children~~, and now you're full of doubts. You go and see Ellie Javits the girl who saw Steve Wocheck die. And as you talk to her you watch her nervously torture a handkerchief. She scarcely looks at you.

ELLIE: (REBELLIOUSLY BUT FRIGHTENED) I told you what I heard Mr. Wochek say. "I did it - I killed Paul and myself".

NOBLE: He didn't mention Linda's name?

~~ELLIE: I - I don't know...~~

~~NOBLE: What do you mean you don't know. You either heard him mention her name or not?~~

ELLIE: I - I don't remember hearing him say anything about Linda --

NOBLE: Do you speak Polish, Miss Javits - or understand it?

ELLIE: No --

NOBLE: Did you ever hear Mr. Wochek speak Polish?

ELLIE: ~~Yes sir~~ *sure*.

NOBLE: When?

ELLIE: (BEWILDERED BY THIS QUESTION) Whenever he - he wanted to -- I don't know when! - You're asking me real fool questions --

NOBLE: Didn't he lapse into Polish whenever he became excited, upset?

ELLIE: Yes - yes he did --

NOBLE: Do you think he would be excited or upset after having shot himself and his two kids?

ELLIE: (VERY BATTLED) You're asking me too many questions - I don't know what you mean --

NOBLE: I mean that Steve Wochek would have confessed in Polish. And even if his last dying words were in English, they certainly wouldn't have been so clear and gramatic.

ELLIE: (VERY REBELLIOUS, YET WITH FEAR) I told you what I heard - you want me to lie?

NOBLE: No I don't, Miss Javits! You'll go to prison if you lie!
This case is going to be reopened and you're going to
have to swear that you heard Mr. Wocheck say ^{he didn't} ~~that~~. - We
~~also~~ know that you and Ida are pretty close friends.
If you're protecting her or that hired man, Chuck Snider,
you will be in serious trouble.

EMILIE: (~~SOBBING~~) (SHE DOESN'T SOUND SURE OF HERSELF) That's
what I heard him say -- I'm - I'm almost sure - he said
that --

NOBLE: (GRIMLY) You had better be ^{absolutely} ~~pretty~~ sure Miss Javits -
~~absolutely~~ sure - because I don't think Steve
Wocheck murdered his family.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP WITH A SMASH TO TAG THE ACT)
(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

(MUSIC: -- BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

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 give you a longer, natural 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 William T. Noble as he lived it - and wrote it.

NARR: As you hurry to the sheriff's office, Bill Noble, reporter on the Lapeer Press with the new evidence, about Steve Wocheck's character, your mind goes back to the sight of him dead, clutching his dead son close to him. That's a sight you can't forget or forgive. You're determined to find the murderer and at the moment you're in the Sheriff's office discussing the case.

SHERIFF: You interviewed all the neighbors? Bill?

NOBLE: Most every one, Sheriff. Not one bad word for him, not one good word for Ida.

SHERIFF: (THOUGHTFULLY) Well, --- you want me to reopen the case?

NOBLE: Don't you think it warrants it?

SHERIFF: It ~~certainly~~ does....

NOBLE: (EXCITEDLY) Sheriff - I ^{'m} ~~just~~ ^{wondering} ~~thought of something~~ --- that bullet wound that killed Wocheck, where was it? Do you remember?

SHERIFF: Not exactly - it was on the side under the armpit.

NOBLE: Which one right or left?

SHERIFF: I don't remember. Why --

NOBLE: He was left handed - he ~~could~~ ^{would} only have shot himself on the left side .

SHERIFF: I'll call the undertaker - the body is still there.

(DIALS)

(MORE)

SHERIFF: Hello -- Ed? This is the sheriff Take a look at the
(CONTD) ^{report on} ~~body of~~ Stephan Wocheck and tell me where the bullet wound
is --right or left side -- okay I'll hold on. ... (TO BILL)
He's gone to take a look. It seems to me it was on the --
(ON PHONE) Hello? The right side! You're sure now?
Okay - thanks.

(HANGS UP)

NOBLE: (TRIUMPHANTLY) That's it - he couldn't have killed
himself.

SHERIFF: You sure he was left handed.

NOBLE: Several people told me so.

SHERIFF: Maybe a left handed man could shoot himself in the
right side.

NOBLE: Take your gun and try it.

(SD OF DRAWER OPENING)

SHERIFF: (WITH STRAIN AND EFFORT) It could be done -- but you'd
~~have to twist yourself very hard to do it-----~~ ^{it would}
~~be awkward~~

NOBLE: A man that's about to commit suicide isn't going to ~~go~~ ^{take}
~~into contortions to do it.~~ ^{any chances of taking}

SHERIFF: Okay - the case is officially ^{is} opened.

NOBLE: We have two suspects. Mrs. Ida Wocheck and the hired
man, Chuck Snider.

SHERIFF: ~~It's hard to believe that she did it - a mother wouldn't~~
kill her own children.

~~NOBLE: Do you think a father would?~~

SHERIFF: ~~It's hard to believe anything about this case.~~ The
probability is that Chuck Snider is our man.

NOBLE: He has a police record.

SHERIFF: I know - I checked on him. But it's all small stuff - disorderly conduct, petty thieving. -Still I'm going to arrest him. Want to come along?

(MUSIC: CHASE - FLARING UP AND DOWN AND HOLD)

~~(SD OF DOOR BELL RINGING, MANY TIMES WITHOUT REPLY)~~

SHERIFF: ~~Our bird's flown away---~~

~~(MUSIC: AS ABOVE, UP THEN DOWN AND UNDER)~~

NARR: *but* Chuck Snider ^{is} ~~was~~ nowhere to be found. The sheriff rolls up his sleeves and goes to work. In an hour the whole State is alerted for Chuck Snider. Every policeman and detective in Michigan is on the lookout for a tall heavyset black haired man. Within a few hours, they find him - in a little town right outside of Detroit - his brother's home. You sit with the Sheriff while he questions him---

SHERIFF: Why did you do it Snider?

SNIDER: (ROUGH COARSE VOICE) Do what?

~~SHERIFF: Don't put on that innocent act Snider---~~

~~SNIDER: I don't know what you're talking about.~~

SHERIFF: ~~I'll put it to you simply. Why did you murder Steve Wocheck and his kids.~~

SNIDER: (SHOCKED) Murder them? Are you crazy?

SHERIFF: If you didn't do it - why did you run away?

SNIDER: I didn't run away -- I was fired.

SHERIFF: You were a close friend of Mrs. Wocheck, weren't you?

SNIDER: I worked for her - on the farm.

SHERIFF: (GRIM, HARD) Answer the question!

SNIDER: Y-yes - I - I was a friend of hers --- But you're not goin to pin this thing on me - no sir!

SHERIFF: You've got a long police record.

SNIDER: I'm no child killer - I ain't ever killed anyone.

SHERIFF: (FAST) Did you kill Steve?

SNIDER: No I didn't.

SHERIFF: Did she tell you to do it?

SNIDER: I ain't killed anyone I tell you --

SHERIFF: Where were you on the night of the murder?

SNIDER: The night of the murder?

SHERIFF: That's what I said.

SNIDER: I was in Detroit, that's where I was.

SHERIFF: Where in Detroit?

SNIDER: In the Marquette restaurant. I worked there as a waiter until eleven thirty every night. I kin prove it! You ain't gonna pin this thing on me - I kin prove it! Call 'em up - go ahead and call 'em!

(MUSIC: -- EXCITABLE UP DOWN AND UNDER)

NARR: He proved it too, Bill Noble. The owner of the Marquette restaurant cleared him. It was impossible for Chuck Snider to have been in Detroit and ^{at} the scene of the crime at the same time.

SHERIFF: I'm letting you go Snider. But don't you, go running away. I want you to stay in town - I may be needing you.

SNIDER: (SULLENLY) I ain't runnin - I don't like cops chasin me with their guns out of their pockets--

(DOOR CLOSES)

SHERIFF: Well there goes our best suspect.--

NOBLE: That leaves us only one.

SHERIFF: Ida Wocheck? But it can't be her. No woman could murder her own children.

NOBLE: You were ready to believe ~~that~~ of the father *did*

SHERIFF: I don't know what to believe any more.

NOBLE: Is she still in the hospital?

SHERIFF: No - she's been discharged. She's living with her
sister ~~just outside of town~~. Think I'll pick her up and
start asking a few questions.

(MUSIC: UP DOWN AND UNDER)

NARR: While they're bringing in Ida Wocheck, you Bill Nobel go back to the hospital to have a talk with the doctor. Perhaps Linda had regained consciousness before she died-- perhaps she had said something that might be of some help.

DR: Yes, Mr Noble, what can I do for you?

NOBLE: I'm the reporter from the Lapeer Press.

DOCTOR: Oh yes - you were in here about a week ago -

NOBLE: Did Linda ever regain consciousness?

DOCTOR: Not really -- She was never completely lucid.

NOBLE: That's too bad.

DOCTOR: She was a plucky little girl, fought very hard to live but the odds were too much against her.

NOBLE: Did she say anything at all before she died?

DOCTOR: She kept repeating, "Mommie shot me - Mommie shot me".

NOBLE: (NOT ABLE TO RESTRAIN THE EXCITEMENT IN HIS VOICE) Are you sure?

DOCTOR: Of course I'm sure, but she was delirious - you can't go by that too much. People are liable to say anything in their delirium.

NOBLE: Anything?

DOCTOR: Yes.

NOBLE: Did she ever say that her daddy shot her?

DOCTOR: No - no she didn't.

NOBLE: Thank you, Doctor. That's all I want to know.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE. . .)

SHERIFF: I've been talking to Ida Wocheck for five hours but I didn't get to first base.

NOBLE: She sticks to her story, huh, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: She tells one story over and over again. At the drop of a hat she'll repeat the whole thing - word for word ~~the way she said it before. She's too smooth.~~ Can't break her or shake her.

NOBLE: You have to keep trying.

SHERIFF: If I know human nature - she's lying. Her story is too smooth, she remembers too many important details and she's too composed for a woman whose two kids have been murdered.

NOBLE: She's not really composed. She's just holding tight.

SHERIFF: That's what I think. But it's no good unless we get a confession. We'll never ~~win the case~~ ^{convict her} otherwise.

NOBLE: Can I talk to her?

SHERIFF: Sure. Come on I'll take you over to her cell.

NOBLE: I'll go there myself. I'd rather do it alone.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE. . .)

(SOUND OF CELL DOOR OPENING)

NOBLE: Hello, Mrs Wocheck--

IDA: (SUSPICIOUS) Hello?

NOBLE: (WITH A LITTLE LAUGH) I'm not a detective - just a reporter from the Lapeer Press.

IDA: Why did they open this case again - after my husband confessed?

NOBLE: That's the police for you. Always looking to stir up things.

IDA: They have no right to keep me here.

NOBLE: They'll have to let you go pretty soon. The way I see it - they haven't a leg to stand on.

IDA: They must be crazy to think a mother could kill her own kids. Besides, didn't Steve confess that he did it?

NOBLE: I think they opened this case for some political reason.

IDA: Yeah, I'll bet that's it!

NOBLE: Just don't let yourself get panicky and say the wrong things.

IDA: I won't. My story is perfect.

NOBLE: I'll drop by tomorrow and let you know what's happening. My paper is out to see that you get a fair deal. Besides you're the prettiest prisoner they ever had in this prison.

IDA: That's nice of you to say that -- thanks...

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE. . .)

NOBLE: Hello, Mrs Wocheck.

IDA: (VERY FRIENDLY) Hello, Mr Noble.

NOBLE: How are they treating you?

IDA: Rotten. The food's terrible --

NOBLE: Keep calm.

IDA: I'm not worried.

NOBLE: They've been working on Ellie Javits - she's not so sure that Steve confessed.

IDA: That little hussy -- what's she afraid of? They can't do anything to her.

NOBLE: Of course not - but she's getting very jittery -- Do you mind if I take your picture, Mrs Wocheck, for the paper?

IDA: Sure - sure okay.

NOBLE: Your profile - that makes you look best --

(CLICK)

There we are - I hope it comes out as pretty as you really are.

(MUSIC: UP DOWN AND UNDER)

NARR: Day after day for two weeks you, Bill Noble, went to see her, became friendly with her, broke down some of her resistance. She looked forward to seeing you every day. You confided in her and in turn she began to confide in you - little things, nothing important, but you had opened the door.

(CELL DOOR OPENS)

NOBLE: Hello, Ida -

IDA: Hello, Bill -

NOBLE: How are you today?

IDA: Lousy. I'm getting fed up with this place.

~~NOBLE: I don't blame you.~~

~~IDA: I can't fall asleep either - ever since that terrible night, I haven't had more'n three hours sleep a night. It's wearing me out -~~

NOBLE: You must learn how to relax --

IDA: Anything new happen in my case?

NOBLE: Yes --

IDA: Is it bad?

NOBLE: Pretty bad.

IDA: Tell me --

NOBLE: Well, they got Ellie to admit that she wasn't sure what it was Steve said before he died. Instead of being sure that he said "I did it" she now agrees it sounded more like "Ida did it!"

IDA: (TORN FROM HER THROAT) No - no!

NOBLE: The police have figured out something else. Steve couldn't have shot himself. He was left-handed and he was shot in the right side. It couldn't be done.

IDA: (FRANTIC) He - he wasn't left-handed - he was right-handed --

NOBLE: There are six neighbors who are ready to swear that he ~~is~~ left-handed.

IDA: (PANIC RISING RAPIDLY IN HER) I didn't do it - I wouldn't kill my own kids - you believe me, don't you?

NOBLE: I'm just telling you what the police are doing.

IDA: (WILDLY) Chuck did it - he's the one who did it!

NOBLE: (DRIVING HARD NOW) No - he didn't. He was in Detroit at the time. He can prove it.

IDA: (HYSTERIA CLOSING IN ON HER) I swear I didn't do it -- you believe me, Bill don't you - please--

NOBLE: The doctor that treated poor ~~little~~ Linda also told the police that Linda kept saying: "Mommie shot me - Mommie shot me--"

IDA: It's a lie - a lie!

NOBLE: On the way here, I stopped by your house. It's burnt to the ground - but I found this toy - a walking chirping bird.

(WINDS IT: BIRD WALKS AND CHIRPS)

See it's still good - the fire never touched it.

IDA: (ON HER WAY TO TOTAL BREAKDOWN) It was Paully's -- my little Paully--

NOBLE: The doctor also said that Linda was not angry at you before she died. She kept calling for mommie until the end -

IDA: (WEEPING FULLY NOW) My - babies - my babies --

~~(WINDS UP TOY AGAIN - IT WALKS, CHIRPS)~~

NOBLE: (SUPREME EFFORT) You'll never be able to sleep again until you get it off your mind. It will tear you apart. You will never have a moment's peace. It will shake you to bits, it will drive you stark staring mad unless you talk. Tell it to me - you can't keep it inside of you any longer. (SHARPLY) Tell it to me Ida -- tell me!!

IDA: (SHE HAS BEEN CRYING ALL THROUGH HIS SPEECH) HER CONFESSION IS MIXED WITH TEARS) He wanted to take the kids to his mother - he said I wasn't fit to take care of them - I told him if he ever tried to take the kids away - I'd kill them-- We had a terrible fight and when we got home, I took a gun and shot him and the kids - I was crazy - killing my own babies. When I saw little Linda lying on the floor, I realized what a dreadful thing I did- I grabbed her up and drove her to the hospital -- (IN EXTREMES OF REMORSE_ Who will forgive me - the Lord will never forgive me for this horrible thing -- never! (WEEPS BITTERLY)

(MUSIC: _ _ WASHES OVER HER WEEPING UP TO CURTAIN)

-26-

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from
William T Noble of the Lapeer Michigan Press with the
final outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ ~~STING~~)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0171112

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

(MUSIC: _ _ _ ---BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT)--
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

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 William T. Noble of the Lapeer Michigan Press.

NOBLE: Murderess in tonight's Big Story pleaded guilty and was sentenced to life imprisonment at the Detroit House of Correction. At the trial the judge said: "There is no power in this Court to punish the accused more than she has punished herself. For the rest of her life she will be faced with the horror of what she did." -- My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Noble ... 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 Alameda California Times Star-- by-line, ^{Frank} ~~Ernest~~ Hood. A BIG STORY which proved that sometimes it takes only a strong honest conviction to defeat corruption and evil.

(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 Sigmund Miller from an actual story from the front pages of the Lapeer Michigan Press. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Larry Haines played the part of William Noble. 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. Noble.

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

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.
THIS IS NBC.....THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

mj/kh/jow
5/12/50
11:55 am

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #170

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MRS. CHURCH	ETHEL EVERETT
MRS. WERNER	HESTER SONDERGAARD
HOOD	BILL LIPTON
NEWSIE	BILL LIPTON
BURNS	JAMES VAN DYK
D. A.	LUIS VAN ROOTEN
JANITOR	LUIS VAN ROOTEN
RALPH	HUMPHREY DAVIS
STOREKEEPER	HUMPHREY DAVIS
CLERK	GUY SOREL
WERNER	GUY SOREL
SALESMAN	WILLIAM KEENE
MAN	WILLIAM KEENE

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28, 1950

ATX01 0171116

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#170

(ERNEST HOOD: ALAMEDA, CALIFORNIA TIMES-STAR)

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

JUNE 28, 1950

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: _ _ FANFARE)

(DOOR OPENS)

BURNS: All right, come on in, men.

(SEVERAL MEN ENTER. . .)

(AD LIBS)

BURNS: (OVER-RIDING AD-LIBS, SOFT-VOICED, POLISHED TOUGHNESS)
Keep your voices down. You're not in a pool-room --

MAN: (ASIDE) What's with the boss?

BURNS: (OVER-RIDING) -- and sit down and listen. I don't want
to hear that word "boss" again. My name is Burns.
A. Philip Burns and as of now, all strong-arm stuff is
out.

MAN: Hey, what's the --

BURNS: Also all interruptions. (NOW HE SPEAKS WITH A BROAD
SMILE ON HIS FACE) Now one week from today, we move in
on what I call the soft-squeeze. We've been doing
pretty good up to now -- breaking a neck here, busting
a leg there, a rock through a window. But that's only by
amateur standards. With the soft-squeeze which goes
into effect one week from today, we'll take the fine city
of Alameda, California for two hundred thousand dollars
a year.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP, SHARPLY OUT FOR. . .)

ATX01 0171117

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. (A PAUSE)
Alameda, California. From the front pages of the
Alameda Times-Star comes the story of a fight that proved
the greatness of the people of a ^{average} ~~small~~ American town
and the greatness of a 22 year old reporter who was
the conscience of that town. Tonight to reporter ~~Ernest~~ ^{Ernest}
Hood, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL Award.

(MUSIC: _ _ ~~FANFARE~~)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #170

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

(MUSIC: _ _ BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

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

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.
At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further
than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover,
after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL MELL still
gives you a longer, natural filter of traditionally
fine tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch. Yes,
PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness
and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Don't let throat-scratch spoil your smoking enjoyment.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

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

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0171119

(MUSIC: MADE UNDER. . .)

CHAPPELL: Alameda, California. The story as it actually happened, Ernie Hood's story as he lived it.

NARR: Your town, the lovely residential city of Alameda, sits on San Francisco Bay, across the river from Oakland. Most of its good people commute to San Francisco and Oakland, work hard there and like to come home in the evening to the quiet peace of Alameda. And they read your local paper, Ernie Hood, as a supplement to the big city dailies -- just the plain Alameda Times-Star. And right now, you're breaking your back and your typewriter's back. . .

(TYPEWRITER UNDER. . .)

NARR: . . . pounding out the facts about the forthcoming local election.

(TYPING CONTINUES, STOPS AS INDICATED. . .)

NARR: You rip out the editorial-article you've just written and hand it to your publisher -- good-looking, slim, 38 year old Mrs. Sara Church.

HOOD: Read it, Mrs. Church.

MRS CHURCH: You read it, Ernie.

HOOD: It isn't a speech, it's just an editorial.

MRS CHURCH: Read it. An editorial should sound good ^{out} aloud.

HOOD: "The question to be decided by the voters of the city of Alameda, one of the loveliest communities on the West Coast of America, if not America itself, is --" (HE PAUSES) Here it comes. (RESUMES) "Shall a local Mussolini by the name of Burns ~~make the local trains run on time and~~ corrupt this city? For Mussolini Burns will do everything for the people of Alameda - except -- get off their backs."

MRS CHURCH: That's ^{good} nice. Very ^{good} pretty. Run it big on page one.

HOOD: We're in for a fight, Mrs. Church. You know that.

MRS CHURCH: I thought my sleeves were rolled up. Just one second --
I'll roll them higher -

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You know this Burns' Gang: Ernie Hood, protection, rackets, slot machines -- the works. And now they've gone respectable. Now they've run their private stooges for Councilmen, for Mayor. So you and your paper and your publisher have decided to fight but, as it happens so often, people have their own headaches (business problems, an operation needed, a house needed), and the results of the election.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ DULL THUD)

NEWSY: (NOT PLEASED WITH THE HEADLINES) Get your paper. Newly elected City Council and Mayor choose A. Philip Burns, City Manager. Get your paper--(and ~~maybe do something about it~~). *Read all about it - Get your paper.*

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The Times-Star and you and your publisher Mrs. Church are committed to a fight and if you think you saw corruption before you and other well-informed citizens are in for a surprise. A man, age 62, tells you --

CLERK: Sure, ^{Mr. Hood is 62} fired today. 39 years in the Hall of Records. Five Commendations from previous Mayors. Today -- pink slip.

HOOD: How? How did it happen? What did they say?

CLERK: When I said to them what am I supposed to live on, they said, "City Manager Burns says why don't you drop dead."

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING)

NARR: A storekeeper says --

STOREKEEPER: (FRANTIC) They came in the store. They said, "It's a fine haberdashery you're running here, bud. Only trouble with it is you ain't got the proper license."

HOOD: Proper license? You've been in business, what?, 15 years!

STOREKEEPER: I said this license is good. ~~It's been renewed, I paid my stamps, my taxes.~~ They said, "You got 32 violations on the premises. (FAST, FRANTIC) Those stairs are too narrow, that door is too wide, ~~that hall is too dark, that counter is too low,~~ your electric outlets are unsafe." They gave me a Summons for each violation. ~~32 times ten~~ -- three hundred and twenty dollars fine! -- (HUSHED VOICE) -- unless I pay, unless I kick in.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING)

NARR: A janitor. Thirty years on the job.

JANITOR: (AFFABLE) Oh, I don't care so much for myself, but I'm a family man. Five children, ~~sixth on the way, okay,~~ ~~they fired me -- no reasons.~~ But that ain't the worse. The worse is nobody's going to hire me, Mr. Hood.

HOOD: What do you mean?

JANITOR: ~~I don't blame them.~~ They scared to hire me. I'm what you call "tainted". I didn't kick in. ~~Ain't no new boss going to come along and hire me because he might get talked to, too.~~ Mr. City Manager Burns, he ain't ~~going to like nobody else hiring me.~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING)

(STONE THROWN THROUGH A WINDOW)

MAN: (FROM AFAR) Next time don't get wise. Pay on time and don't be snotty.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING)

BURNS: (FORMAL, ROUTINE) Employees of the following city departments: Sanitation, Street Repair, Trolley Service, Garbage Disposal, City Parks, are now eligible for membership in the ^{Alameda} Municipal Employees ~~Protective~~ Association. The initiation fee per capita is ⁵ ~~ten~~ dollars, the dues two dollars fifty cents per month. I. A. Philip Burns, as your City Manager, suggests each of you will want to join.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING, SWIRL INTO _ _ _)

MRS CHURCH: (BURSTING) It's got to be stopped! I thought I had seen corruption in my time --!

HOOD: How, Mrs. Church? How?

MRS CHURCH: What are you, 22? You got legs, you got eyes, brains, energy.

HOOD: What do you think I've been doing ^{for the past few weeks?} I talked to them all, I got every one of those stories. I've written them and you've printed them -- But he's got everyone so paralyzed, so fear-stricken --

MRS CHURCH: I know, I know. I'm sorry for what I said to you. I didn't mean that.

HOOD: No, you were right. I've got eyes, legs and brains and we've still got to do it, somehow. I went to get a hamburger. You know, Andy's -- ?

MRS CHURCH: Yes.

HOOD: The best hamburger in town, cleanest place there is.
Locked up, tight as a drum. "Health violations".
~~Cleanest place in all Alameda. "health violations"!~~

MRS CHURCH: I suppose Andy just took it like the rest of them?

HOOD: What could he do? Andy's got a kid, 16. He wants to
go to college. They told him -- ~~because they know~~ --
"Your kid ain't going to go to college, Andy. He might
even not be around at all unless that little health
violation is cleaned up."

MRS CHURCH: (ANGRY) I don't want to hear anymore stories like that.
It makes me sick to my stomach.

HOOD: Oh, I didn't tell you. I had a very interesting offer
~~the day before yesterday.~~ The City Manager himself,
A. Philip Burns ~~in person~~. He offered to triple my
salary (~~the one you're paying me~~), if I'd go to work as
his "press representative" ~~for the City Manager.~~ (PAUSE)
If I could only get my teeth into a story, one --

MRS CHURCH: I think I've got an idea. You know the Werner Toy
Company?

HOOD: You mean the big doll manufacturer?

MRS CHURCH: I've got a little money invested in it and I know this
story to be true. Sam Werner intimated it to me
anyhow. One of Burns' boys told him he wouldn't be able
to manufacture and sell in Alameda unless he paid
protection.

HOOD: For a man to make dolls for kids he's got to kick in!
Hey, that might do it. That might get people so sore --

MRS CHURCH: But you've got to get the story first. When I pressed Sam Werner, he clammed up on me. At least his wife made him. But you might be able to get it.

HOOD: If it can be had, I'll get it.

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

WERNER: (SLIGHT GERMAN ACCENT) Yes, I'll tell you -- I'll tell you, Mr. Hood. There's nothing else I can do.

MRS WERNER: Sam, I forbid you!

HOOD: Please, Mrs. Werner. There's a lot at stake here. This whole town's at stake.

MRS WERNER: (BITTERLY) Sam Werner, I ask you one question. Where were you born? What country did you live in until the age of 39? What happened in that country? You were an important man - a million-dollar business, but Adolph Hitler's little finger -- he snuffed out your giant business. (~~ONE TURNS TO HOOD~~) ~~A town is at stake~~ yes, Mr. Hood? ~~How many times must a human being live their life over again? This happened to me once~~ ~~I won't let it happen to me twice.~~ (TO WERNER) Pay ~~him~~, Sam, - ~~Byrnes~~ - do what he says. I want to live! I want the children to grow up without their lives cut off in the middle. How many times must a person die?

WERNER: ^{He} You're wrong. Hitler was stopped, this one is no Hitler. Some died in stopping that Hitler, some will be hurt in stopping this one. But he must be stopped.

HOOD: Thank Heaven for people like you, Mr. Werner.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN RISING TRIUMPHANTLY AND BEHIND. . .)

NARR: You write the story of how a toy manufacturer may not make and sell his dolls without the approval of and the pay-off for A. Philip Burns. A good black-and-white front page proof of what you've been saying.

HOOD: "Burns Boycotts Toy Firm. City Manager Orders Municipally Controlled Stores To Discontinue Stock. Not content with dictatorship operations which have alienated every branch of civic government, City Manager A. Philip Burns today extended his operations into the Alameda toy industry.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ ~~WIFES AND UNDER~~)

NARR: The story stirs people, the phones ring. People say "fine". And you're in your office, Ernie Hood, the next day, with another good piece of news for your publisher.

HOOD: Guess what.

MRS CHURCH: (A LITTLE LOW) I don't feel like guessing today, Ernie.

HOOD: Hey, what's the matter with you? There's a move afoot now -- I can't prove it, but I know it's a fact -- to oust those stooge Councilmen and the whole machine.

MRS CHURCH: That'll be nice when it happens.

HOOD: Hey, what's eating you, if you don't mind my asking?

MRS CHURCH: Can you prove that story you wrote on the front page?

HOOD: The Werner story? Of course.

MRS CHURCH: You better be able to.

HOOD: What are you talking about?

(RUSTLE OF PAPER)

MRS CHURCH: Let me read you something. A paper they just handed me today. "In the Supreme Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Alameda. Plaintiff A. Philip Burns versus Defendants Time-Star Publishing Company, a corporation; Mrs. Sara Church, publisher, and Ernest Hood, reporter. Complaint for Libel in the amount of one hundred fifty thousand dollars."

HOOD: Let me see that.

MRS CHURCH: Take a good look, Ernie. Because otherwise you and me and the paper and the town are going to go up in smoke --

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

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

(MUSIC: -- -- (BEHIND))

GARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

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

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and make 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 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 ~~Ernie~~^{Ernie} Hood, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: It is just a minute later, a minute since you learned that the fine story you've written with the best proof so far that has been gathered against Boss A. Philip Burns, has been challenged as libelous. And you know it's more than you and your job and the good publisher Mrs. Church and her newspaper at stake. It's the whole town, everyone of the decent, residential citizens of Alameda that's being squeezed and bled and beaten in this libel suit. And once again, the slim, determined woman who is your publisher, asks the inexorable words --

MRS. CHURCH: ^{she said no libel suit} Okay! You wrote it, Ernie - we printed it and it's out on the streets. ^{we} Can you prove it now in a Court of Law?

HOOD: Sure I can prove it. I only talked to Werner yesterday.

MRS. CHURCH: Okay. I just wanted to be sure. I'm seeing my lawyer this afternoon. Just do me a favor, Ernie. Get it in black-and-white, written and sworn to.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ QUICK MOVEMENT...)

HOOD: (PUZZLED) Mr. Werner isn't in?

SALESMAN: That's right. I've told you twice now. Mr. Werner is not in.

HOOD: Now look here, Buddy, give it to me straight. You live in Alameda too. You know what's going on here. I know he's inside there. I got to see him.

SALESMAN: (TIGHT-LIPPED) Mr. Werner is not in, Mr. Hood - Now if you'll excuse me I have my sales orders to fill out.

He's
SALESMAN: (PHONE RINGS, SECRETARY ANSWERS)
Oh, yes, yes, sir. That shipment will be in your hands first thing tomorrow morning. I sent through the orders myself. Thank you very much.

HOOD: He's selling the toys; he's given in. *Jo Werner* ~~He's capitulated to~~
~~Sumner~~ He's paid him off! I'm going in there --
(FOOTSTEPS AND DOOR OPENS)

HOOD: Mr. Werner, I --

MRS. WERNER: What the ^{man} ~~girl~~ told you, Mr. Hood, is true. Mr. Werner is not in. Mr. Werner is home today in bed. A bad conscience perhaps. But I am in. I, his wife, the mother of his children, I am in. I am in today running the firm. Think what you like. Say that I am crawling. Say I am on my knees. But I wish to live, however I can, and I wish my children to live. ~~(SHAKING, TREMBLING)~~
~~However I can! So stay away. Keep away from us. I~~
~~have made up my mind. There is no peace, but I have~~
made up my mind.

(MUSIC: -- HARSH, UNDER...)

NARR: You walk out. You don't blame her, you can't. Had you gone through what she's gone through perhaps you'd have done the same thing, perhaps anyone would. But nevertheless, the terrible fact remains - there is no proof of your printed story and you and your paper and your publisher and the town cannot defend the libel suit.

MRS. CHURCH: (BURSTING IN) I blame her. I'm a woman, I blame her. I say it. I've children too. (SOFTLY) I don't say I've been through what she's been through. Maybe if I had, I'd do the same thing too. But maybe if enough of us do (~~SHE WOULD~~) what you and I are going to do, Ernie, what you and I have got to do because there's no alternative -- maybe little Burns would get to be --

HOOD: Mussolinis, Hitlers.

MRS. CHURCH: *That's right* But that's ~~so much~~ ^{only} talk. *What is it you got to do...* What's behind that crazy smile on your face?

HOOD: Just I wanted to hear you say what you just said because I've got two ideas. One is that there are people in this town who won't live on their knees, and who will talk. Who they are and where they are I can't say just now, but I'll find them. And the second is there's a District Attorney in this County and he's not a Burns man and he hates Burns the same as you and I do. And maybe if I put this stuff in front of him -- maybe --

~~MRS. CHURCH: You mean --?~~

HOOD: ~~That's the guy. And the full idea is if we can get indictments and convictions against Burns and his crowd - Well, a convict suing for libel hasn't got much a good name that could be smirched. That'll end the libel suit and end the whole rotten mess.~~

MRS. CHURCH: (SMILING) You mean if the District Attorney will cooperate.

HOOD: That's what I mean.

MRS. CHURCH: Well, don't worry about the "if" Ernie. He called me on the phone not two hours ago.

HOOD: (DELIGHTED) Hey, what am I hanging around here for?

(MUSIC: -- IN TRANSITION, QUICK...)

D.A.: Mr. Hood, I've watched Alameda politics these past eight months the same way you have. Watched you, read your stuff. There's only one question in my mind and it's the same question in your mind. If we call a Grand Jury investigation and fail, we're done.

HOOD: And if we win, Mr. District Attorney, we've won.

D.A.: That's a great big "if". You know it and I know it, only I know it better than you because I'm a lawyer and a District Attorney. And I've seen people intimidated ^{on the} ~~in a~~ witness stand in a Grand Jury by a glance from a person that they saw a week ago. (PAUSE, SLOWLY) I never in my life took a Grand Jury on a fishing trip, and I don't intend to start now.

HOOD: You mean you think we aren't ready yet or we shouldn't do it?

D.A.: There's a famous old saying ~~and I'll give it to you now.~~
Are we ready now and are we the people to do it? I say, if not us, who? If not now, when?

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

NARR: You know the DA is at work. You know he's bringing to bear ~~that fine~~ ^{all his} honest ~~man~~ ^{effort} to prove corruption in a California city. And you don't stand still either. Because as he put it so well, the intimidations have been going on for a long time and you've only got a short time to undo it.

(MORE)

NARR: So you start seeing people who will talk. You get four
(CONTD:) or five fairly good stories, but nothing conclusive.
And then you get a story there's no point in printing,
it's so common.

(~~PICK UP WITH SOUND~~, PHONE RINGS)

HOOD: (ANSWERING) Hello.

MAN: (ON FILTER THROUGH OUT) Ernie Hood?

HOOD: That's right?

MAN: From the Alameda Times-Star?

HOOD: Who is this?

MAN: You ain't going to be Ernie Hood much more, you go on
the way you been. Brother, *telling you - boy* I'm threatening you if you
don't understand English. And you tell the D.A. this
goes for him double.

NARR: No story because it's so common, but it doubles your
determination - but, *when* when you and the District Attorney
do call the Grand Jury, there's other trouble...

D.A.: What is your connection, Mr. Burns, with the *Alameda* Municipal
Employees ~~Protective~~ Association?

BURNS: None whatever, sir.

D.A.: To your knowledge, does the Association extract dues from
its members monthly with a threat of loss of job to be
enforced by your office?

BURNS: (QUITE AT EASE) That sounds like one of those typical
libel stories from the Times-Star.

D.A.: Then you never received any money?

BURNS: No, sir.

D.A.: You had nothing to do with the money?

BURNS: No sir.

D. A: You know nothing about the money?

BURNS: No, sir. That's just the libel stuff that comes out of the typewriter of ^{Ernie} Ernest Hood.

D.A.: Let's not talk about libel, Mr. Burns. Because maybe -- maybe we'll be talking about perjury on your ^{part} ~~behalf~~ very shortly.

(MUSIC: -- STING)

D.A.: I don't know, Ernie. I don't know. I hate to say this, but unless something breaks --

HOOD: You can't get anything?

D.A.: I've got plenty. To a person who knows this man, he's guilty, but he sits there on the stand with that smile on his face and those polished manners -- and what he's doing to those good people on the grand jury -- you can guess.

HOOD: But he's lying. The Association is his idea. He gets a pay-off on it.

D.A.: (KINDLY) I know. You know it. We've both said it, but can we prove it man? Can we prove it?

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH NARRATION)

NARR: Now it's the district attorney's reputation too. Yours, your paper's, the publisher's, the town's and the DA's... a good man. And so you stalk them like a tiger ^{And usually} You and the District Attorney find one henchman by the name of Rolph. Rolph has a big palatial home in Oakland, scads of money in the bank. You press and you squeeze, and you push.

HOOD: Figure it out, Rolph. Figure it out. Your days are numbered.

ROLPH: (A WEAK MAN PLAYING STRONG) That's your opinion.

HOOD: Have you tried taking anything out of your safe deposit box recently? ^{You can't be sure} A marshall's got it all. 120,000 dollars in cash. How much of it can you explain?

ROLPH: I can explain it.

HOOD: Can you explain the paving contract for a totally unceded road? 20 thousand dollars clear cash?

ROLPH: (WEAKENING) You're just talking. .
(SMACKS SOME PAPERS HE'S HOLDING)

HOOD: Am I? Are these papers just talk too? The statement of the contractor you cheated out of the job?
(SMACK OF PAPER)

HOOD: ^{And} Your wife's full sworn story.
(ANOTHER SMACK)

HOOD: The works. It's right here. Get smart, man. Talk, testify.

ROLPH: I don't know.
(TWO STEPS, DOOR OPENS SLOWLY)

HOOD: Maybe you think I'm just talking, Rolph. Just a reporter talking. Here's a man who'll tell you something else. You know the District Attorney?

D.A.: (COMING ON) I don't think we've had the pleasure, Rolph, but I'm sure we will on the witness stand.

ROLPH: You going to call me?

D.A.: Put yourself in my position. Wouldn't you? With information like this? Documents like this?

HOOD: Make Burns take this rap and you may wind up with six months in the county jail. Otherwise, Rolph, you'll go to the pen until ^{at least} you're an old man.

ROLPH: (TO THE DA) Is that on the level?

D.A.: This man's a pretty accurate reporter. I'd say it was.

(MUSIC: SLOWLY BEHIND)

NARR: And Rolph, the henchman you've cased well, you and the district attorney, Rolph a man with a lot to worry about slowly, thoughtfully decides that six months in the county jail is better than the pen^{the pen} for a long time.

ROLPH: (WITH HESITANCY) You're right, Mr. District Attorney.

These are the receipts that I've been saving for the past 8 months. The pay-off from the ^{Municipal} ~~Protective~~ Association, countersigned T. M., secretary to A. Philip Burns. And this paper is the Power-of-Attorney to T. M. to sign over this money, signed by Burns. Before I go on, can I ask one more question?

D.A.: Sure, Mr. Rolph.

ROLPH: If I give you the whole thing, I got a better chance, haven't I? I mean, the kind of indictment you'll bring up against me?

D.A.: Deals are something that it's not within my power to make, even if I were desirous of doing so -- which I am not. But I think you^{go} want to go on anyhow.

NARR: ~~(IN-GHETT)~~ ^{next day} He goes on the witness stand and pours out to the grand jury the filthy story of the combination, of the soft-squeeze (contracts awarded, protective associations, licenses with-held) -- of the full, filthy mess. And then amidst the proceedings, the D. A. speaks.

D.A.: I would like to interrupt these proceedings to announce that I am, as of this day, returning a criminal charge of perjury against the person of A. Philip Burns.

(CROWD REACTION)

HOOD: (IN CLOSE) Mrs. Church, this is it.

MRS. CH: ~~That's the end of the libel suit against the paper and us.~~ *He's a crime* *corrupt government in Alameda* *He's libel suit*

D.A.: (OVER MRS. CHURCH'S SPEECH) I charge perjury committed in this grand jury hearing by A. Philip Burns in connection with his role in the ^{Alameda} Municipal Employees ~~Protective~~ Association. Mr. Burns, I charge you with perjury, and I feel certain that you will serve a sentence commensurate with the heinousness of your crimes, and your lies.

(CROWD REACTION UP)

HOOD: Look at the D.A.

MRS. CH: Yes, look at him. You know something Ernie? I think I've got an idea how I'm going to vote next election.

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from ~~Ernie~~ ^{Ernie} Hood of the Alameda Times Star with the final outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: -- ~~STING~~)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #170

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ (BEHIND)_

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

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 ^{Ernie}~~Ernest~~ Hood of the Alameda Times Star.

HOOD: Thanks for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD. Grand Jury indicted entire Burns machine and all went to jail. Burns himself was sentenced to San Quentin Penitentiary. Incidentally, the District Attorney who prosecuted this case so vigorously was none other than His Excellency Earl Warren, now the Governor of the State of California. It was my first Big Story and one of Governor Warren's most important cases.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Hood ... 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 Peoria Illinois Journal -- By - line, O. F. Brinkman. A BIG STORY of a reporter who found a cue for murder in a pool room.

(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 Alameda Times Star. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Bill Lipton played the part of ^{Ernest} Ernest Hood. 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. Hood.

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

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.
THIS IS NBCTHE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

mtf/em/cc/mj
6/15/50

ATX01 0171140