

0798510-007

ATX01 0171864

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM 197

CAST

NARRATOR	<i>Camryn Wagner</i> BOB STORNE
HELEN	AMZIE STRICKLAND
PAT	AMZIE STRICKLAND
BILL	LES DAMON
CHIEF	BILL SMITH
JOE	BILL SMITH
STROWD	LARRY HAINES
MAN I	BILL KEENE
VOICE	BILL KEENE
MAN II	FRANCIS DE SALES
CLEMENS	FRANCIS DE SALES

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1951

ATX01 0171865

BILL: I'm sorry I ever got ^{you} mixed up in this thing.

PAT: You didn't get me mixed up in this. This I got myself mixed up in.

BILL: You're beginning to talk like an all-around-the-clock reporter.

PAT: Well, I was beginning to hope I was getting to be one.

BILL: Look, Pat, speaking as Bill Carmichael, reporter, you're right. They're closing in on the Strowd gang tonight and you're allowed to be excited about it and so on. But as your stern old man, you are hereby ordered to forget all about it and go to sleep. After all, don't forget this Strowd gang has already committed 5 other robberies and probably won't hesitate to shoot in cold blood. You happen not to be a police reporter on this paper.

PAT: Yeah, I know. I'm sob-sister. You let me do a radio column or maybe a TV column now and then. So I'll just forget what Helen, the girl in the drug store, told me all about Strowd and --

BILL: Now that's enough. You just go to sleep.

PAT: I will if you will.

BILL: Okay, it's a deal.

(MUSIC: -- UNDER . . .)

NARR: Finally, the words of Helen, the girl in the drug store, fade. Strowd's face (you've seen it in the paper's morgue: a thin, cruel, weasel-like face), this fades too. The excitement of the chase fades until way, way somewhere in the distance --

(DISTANT TELEPHONE BELL, TINKLING)

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes. At the first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- IN, FADES UNDER ...)

CHAPPELL: Cincinnati, Ohio. The story as it actually happened --
Patricia Carmichael's story as she lived it.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Your name is Patricia Irene Carmichael, 21, pert, blonde
and supposed to be fragile -- and you ought to be
asleep. It's five minutes to one and you've been in
bed two hours, but you're not asleep. Because of the
story of the hold-up -- Two men entered a drug store
and took the contents of the register from the clerk --
a girl you know, a girl you went to school with. And
you can't sleep remembering her face as she told you
what ^{one of them} he said.

STROWD: (ON FILTER) Sometimes when I've a mind to, I'm going to
take a little girl like you and choke her to death.

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

NARR: That and the fact that you, Patricia ~~Irene~~ Carmichael,
are the daughter of Bill Carmichael, dean of police
reporters on the Cincinnati Times-Star. And he's not
asleep either. You can hear him walking around in his
room just across the hall.

(DOOR OPENS GENTLY, DOOR STARTS TO SHUT)

PAT: I'm not asleep, Pop.

BILL: (MAN OF ABOUT 55) Hey, what's the matter with you? It's
almost one o'clock.

PAT: It's the same time for you, Pop. Sit down.

BILL: No. No, you got to sleep.

PAT: They're closing in on the ^{stound} gang tonight, aren't they?

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#197

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10:00 - 10:30 PM

JANUARY 3, 1950

WEDNESDAY

(Patricia Carmichael: Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star)

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

MAN I: I guess that's it.

HELEN: (PETRIFIED GIRL OF ABOUT 20) Take anything you want,
only get out, please!

MAN I: Hey, Strowd, come on.

HELEN: (DESPERATELY) Please --

MAN I: Come on. We picked the joint clean. There ain't a loose
dime around. Hey, Strowd!

HELEN: (ALMOST A PRAYER) Oh dear Lord --

STROWD: (QUITE INSANE) Don't be scared. We only come to rob
this store. Sometimes when I've a mind to it, I'm going
to take a little girl like you (HE SMILES) and choke
her to death.

HELEN: Oh, Lord no!

STROWD: (AFFABLY) Only I ain't got a mind to -- not tonight.

(MUSIC: -- HITS HARSH, THEN SHARPLY OUT FOR...)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Here in America, its sound and its
fury, its joy and its sorrow as faithfully reported by
the men and women of the great American newspapers.
Cincinnati, Ohio. From the pages of the Times-Star comes
the story of a reporter who proved that ~~a~~ ^{she} ~~murder~~ can
make you grow up overnight. ~~And tonight, to that reporter,~~
Patricia Carmichael, for her Big Story, goes the PELL
MELL Award.

ATX01 0171868

(MUSIC: _ _ TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

NARR: It happens to be a telephone, but it might have been sleigh-bells or something equally pleasant.

(TELEPHONE IS ANSWERED SOFTLY)

BILL: (VERY SOTTO, SLEEPY) Hello.

VOICE: (ON FILTER) Bill? Pete.

BILL: (TENSE) Yes, Pete.

VOICE: I'm calling from police headquarters. Strowd's gang just struck again.

BILL: (OVERLAP) Where? What?

VOICE: They stuck up Tony's Cafe and Night Club at Spring Grove and Queens City Avenues.

BILL: Shooting?

VOICE: Like a hurricane went through the place. Walked off with over a grand. But the cops think they got them surrounded. Sorry to get you out of bed.

BILL: When it comes to taking Strowd, don't be sorry. (ALL THIS SOTTO)

(PHONE UP, MOVEMENT AS BILL THROWS ON HIS CLOTHES)

PAT: (SUDDENLY) Well, you sure take your time getting into clothes.

BILL: What're you doing all dressed?

PAT: What're you doing getting dressed?

BILL: Come on, come on. Back to bed.

PAT: Maybe you don't know it, Mr. Carmichael, but they got extensions in this house, and one of them is in my room.

BILL: Come on, back to bed.

PAT: Look, if you want to go with me, you better hurry.

BILL: Pat, I'm not kidding.

PAT: Take a good look at me, Pop. You think I am? Your shoes are under the bed.

BILL: (FLAT, WITH FINALITY) You're not going.

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

(CAR, UNDER . . .)

BILL: When we get there, you stay close by me.

PAT: (MOCK) Yes, sir.

BILL: There's police lines. You stay behind them.

PAT: Yes, sir.

BILL: There's going to be gun play, maybe. You stay as far away from that as you can.

PAT: Yes, sir.

BILL: This Strowd is not just a killer. Four months ago, he escaped from the Lima Institution for the Criminally Insane.

PAT: Five months. Ye sir.

BILL: Let's just get it straight -- this is serious business, dead serious. And it's no place for a girl with a pencil and pad.

PAT: I make you one promise, pop. I won't try anything that you wouldn't have tried at my age.

(CAR STOPS, TWO CARDOORS OPEN AND SHUT, GENERAL MILLING OF PEOPLE)

CHIEF: (GIVING DIRECTIONS, OFF MIKE) Now keep the big lights turned on the rail yard and down through this produce section. I want Squads 4 and 5 combing east and Squads 1 through 3 combing west. You are to meet by about 4 o'clock. (KEEPING UP THIS AD LIBBING)

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH . . .)

NARR: The powerful searchlights play slowly back and forth across the empty and desolate looking scene. Within four hours, life will come into this produce and railroad section of town, but now it has been declared no-man's land and somewhere within it, the two forces are pitted against each other. The police of a great Ohio city against the four men of the Strowd gang. Four killers headed by a man escaped from an institution for the insane.

CHIEF: (RIGHT OUT OF THE ABOVE) All right, get that squad moving out. (AFFABLY) Hello, Pat.

PAT: Hello, Chief.

CHIEF: (KIDDING) Well, Carmichael, I see you got your daughter doing the dirty work these days. Did you come to see the excitement?

PAT: (WITH DIGNITY) I came to report it, Chief.

CHIEF: Fine. Glad to have you. Well, maybe the Times-Star will get themselves a good story this time. You got a smart daughter, Carmichael.

BILL: That's right -- encourage her.

CHIEF: When one of the old war horses begins to kick out, send in the young blood.

BILL: Look, she shouldn't be here and you know it! So stop -- where is that girl?

PAT: (A LITTLE OFF) Just talking to the lieutenant.

BILL: You stay right here.

PAT: Yes, sir. Of course, sir. Sure.

BILL: (PROFESSIONALLY) What's the set up?

NARR: The head of Squads 1 thru 3 ..

CLEMENS: (TENSE) Bergman, Lorant - that three-story-building,
I saw shadows moving on the house.

(CLATTER UP STEPS)

CLEMENS: Keep it down, keep it down.

(QUICK STEPS UP STAIRS, MORE QUIETLY)

CLEMENS: (ANNOYED) Okay, okay, I see it. Put it back. Wash on
the line.

(MUSIC: ~~AS BEFORE~~ - IN WITH:)

NARR: Every object looked at, the fluttering of a clothesline,
the movement of a shadow; every building, every floor,
every loft -- every objective. (BRIEF BEAT) The head of
Squads 4 and Five coming east....

CLEMENS: I don't care if the things padlocked. Bust it. Spring
it. What do you think this is --

(LOCK BROKEN)

CLEMENS: -- that's more like it. All right (HE DOESN'T LIKE IT
EITHER) Let's go on down in. Put some light in there,
man. Put some lights down there. (PAUSE) Okay, what
are you waiting for? (THEN) Okay, I'll go in first.

(SLOW STEADY STEPS....)

CLEMENS: (DEEP SIGH OF RELIEF) No one here. (AFTER THOUGHT)
Heckuva place to meet someone though.

(MUSIC: ~~SAME AND~~ IN WITH:)

NARR: Heckuva place indeed, especially to meet Mr. Strowd, to
meet the man who, some months ago escaped from an
institution for the insane, the criminally insane..(and
who shuffles a deck of cards now in a darkened house
nearby)....

STROWD: What's about a hand of gin?

MAN 1: You must be out of your head Strowd.

STROWD: (MENACING WITH CHARM) Is that a fact? I must be out of my head. Why? Tell me why? Hey, Eddie, Hermy, hear what the smart fellow says - the dope got us holed up in here? I must be out of my head.

MAN 1: Shut up, Strowd.

STROWD: I must be out of my head. Why, cause you're all so scared you can't hold a deck of cards in your hand without dropping them on the floor? Why cause I'm the one's calm, collected and without no nerves.

MAN 1: (TO CALM HIM) Okay, Strowd, play solitaire -

STROWD: Don't calm me; don't scap me; don't you talk to me like no screw in a nut house. You got us into this. You said hide out here, you said they'll pass us by.

MAN 1: They will.

STROWD: Sure and if they don't? I was for knocking off that patrol car, just one - five bulls no more, and we'd of been in the clear. Anybody got a smart answer to that? Anybody. Any one of you?

(CARDS PLAYED)

STROWD: Only in one way, I kind of like it. They come up them stairs, they park themselves (them bulls) outside the windows. I'll give them a real hello. Black Queen goes on the red king, don't it?

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Squads One Thru Three moving west have carved eight blocks into the enemy sector, ruled out eight square city blocks; Squads Four and Five, moving East, know now the Strowd gang is not in the area -- East Harvey to East Locust; nine square blocks eliminated from the search. So they lie now -- the robbers, the potential killers -- in a narrowing sector. And the tension mounts.

BILL: (LOW, BUT VERY DISTRAUGHT) Chief!

CHIEF: See something?

BILL: No, it's Pat.

CHIEF: What about Pat?

BILL: I don't know what happened to her. She's gone. I can't find her anywhere.

CHIEF: Okay. Take it easy. ^{Sgt.} Clemens, go and get me a small patrol. -- four, five men. Find Patricia Carmichael. She's somewhere around.

Over with
(MUSIC: ~~IT BEGINS TO BUILD IN SUSPENSE AND ULTIMATELY BRIGHT...~~)

NARR: You're smiling -- you, Patricia Irene Carmichael, age 21, new reporter on the Cincinnati Times-Star. You're smiling because you heard what your father said and you heard the Chief's answer because you're not very far away. Just on your way down the street -- and you've decided -- (after all, you're free and of age), to go after this by yourself. And then, as you walk away from the men into the no-man's area --

(A SLOW, PERSISTENT RAIN BEGINS)

-- the rain begins to fall, the freezing March rain. But you've taken on this assignment by yourself, and you walk into it --

(SLOW, HIGH HEELED STEPS ON THE WET PAVEMENT)

NARR: -- and suddenly, you know the meaning of the phrase, "to be on your own". The meaning of the phrase, "enemy territory". Suddenly, you feel the closeness of this man hiding somewhere in this blackened area. This man, who, five months ago, escaped from an institution for the criminally insane.

STROWD: (ON FILTER) Sometimes, when I got a mind to it, I just choke a girl to death.

NARR: And all of a sudden, you're not ~~laughing~~ *smiling* at all. Not one tiny bit.

(MUSIC: UP TO TAG THE ACT)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #197

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: At the first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure - 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 Patricia Carmichael, as she lived it and wrote it.

NARR: For just the tenth part of a second, ~~the feeling is~~ ~~strong,~~ Patricia Carmichael, the desire to scream, to turn and to race back to the warm security of the police lines and your father's admonition of "You stay right here". But just for the tenth part of a second. You continue doing what you're doing -- covering a story the way a real reporter would cover it, turning up the collar on your already wet coat. And slowly and carefully peering up and down the deserted streets, the abandoned buildings, the empty floors. And then --

(MUSIC: -- STING)

(A FEW DISTANT STEPS, FOLLOWING PAT)

NARR: Wait a minute. Don't get hysterical. (PAUSE)

(FEW MORE STEPS)

NARR: No question about it -- you're being followed. (PAUSE)
Wait a minute.

(TO ACCOMPANY THIS)

NARR: ~~Turn the corner sharply,~~ *Quick without looking* see what he does.

(QUICK STEPS, ON MIKE, TURN THE CORNER, THEY ARE FOLLOWED BY THE OFF MIKE STEPS TURNING THE CORNER)

NARR: Don't wait for him to strike, don't wait! Turn on him now and confront him. That's the best way. (AS IF GETTING UP HER COURAGE) Well, go ahead and turn on him. (WHISPER) Go ahead, Pat -- turn!

PAT: (BRAVELY, BUT THE LITTLE GIRL COMES THROUGH) Well?

NARR: Why don't you just scratch your head, turn around and
(Cont'd) get out of here? ~~On account of~~ ^{why} because this is a story.

(MUSIC: PUNCTUATES)

NARR: Then, like the kindest thing on earth, you see a light.
The only light for blocks around -- a ground-floor light
and two of the simplest, most comforting words in neon.
"Joe's Eats".

(DOOR OPENS)

PAT: Hey, can I get a cup of coffee?

JOE: Look, I'm closing up, girlie.

PAT: (SHE CHATTERS BOTH BECAUSE SHE'S COLD AND TO KEEP UP
HER SPIRIT) Lot of action going on in the neighborhood,
I see. Lots of cops moving in all round. See anything?

JOE: (THOROUGHLY DISGUSTED) Look, girlie, I told you I was
closing up.

PAT: Yeah, I know, I know. All I want is a cup of coffee.
Something to get me warm.

JOE: Look, the way the cops are walking through this area, if I
make myself ten cents the whole night, I'm doing great.
There ain't been two people in here the last three hours.

PAT: Two? What two? What did they look like? Two men?

JOE: (DISGUSTED BY HER ROMANTIC IDEAS) I said there ain't
been two. There's your coffee. Drink it fast. I'm
closing up.

PAT: Look, all I want to know is --

JOE: Well, I want to know something too. Did it ever occur
to you debutantes that maybe a guy like me wants to close
up his joint and go home to his family. What're you doing
-- slumming?

(MUSIC: UP AND IN WITH. . .)

NARR: Debutante! That's a great one. Slumming - yeah, that would be very nice. Except it happens not to be so. And even though you're no more than six blocks and a couple of corners away from your father and the police, you can't be further from debutantes and slumming. At least the coffee is warm, but it's over almost before you start.

(CASH REGISTER)

NARR: Joe rings up your nickel.

(LIGHTS OUT)

NARR: Then he puts the lights out.

(DOOR OPENED)

NARR: -- and the door is held open for you before he locks up.

(STEPS FADING OFF DOWN THE STREET)

NARR: And you're alone and the March rain is colder than ever.

(MUSIC: -- PUNCTUATES)

NARR: To the right is Yates Warehouse. Six stories of dark window. And to the left, the Excelsior Fancy Fruit Market -- four stories of darkened windows. And between, a ramshackle, nondescript house -- two stories of darkened window. And --

(MUSIC: -- A SUDDEN LIGHTNING LIKE STING)

NARR: What was that?

PAT: (HUSHED TONE) It was a light! Just for a fraction of a second, a light. Like somebody standing behind a blind looked out a minute to see if anybody was outside.

That was a light!

(MUSIC: -- *Amwith*
END...)

NARR: Never in your life have you been so close to a wet mop, never in your life have you wanted to be two inches high and a quarter of an inch thick. Never before in your life have you prayed so quietly and so sincerely and so carefully.

STROWD: (SUDDENLY) I'm telling you there's nobody here. Now listen. I'm for going downstairs with guns in hand. How many can there be? A dozen? We knock down 2, 3, 4 of them, they'll leave us a path to walk out.

MAN 1: Get back in the room and stop your screaming. We're waiting.

STROWD: Look, let's get things straight. I'm still running the deal. We'll wait. Maybe 15 minutes. Then -- Hey, what was that? I think I heard something.

MAN 1: Where?

STROWD: Over here.

PAT: (ON FILTER) Let it be a mouse or a leaky faucet, a loose board or anything. ~~Let it be --~~

STROWD: (LAUGHING) Hm. A cat. What do you know? (QUITE INSANE) Come here, ~~any~~ ^{both}. Come here. We could use a little company.

(MUSIC: -- UP FULL NOW AND UNDER)

NARR: Count ten, Pat Carmichael, count ten slow as you can. Don't think of ~~moving~~ ^{trying to get out} before counting ten.

PAT: (COUNTS TEN)

NARR: Now count another ten, because maybe they're standing behind the door and maybe even with your shoes off -

PAT: 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.

NARR: All right now. Let's pray the steps won't creak.

(STEPS CREAK SLIGHTLY)

NARR: Hold it! Hold it! @sit. Okay now. Down! Down, ~~out~~
put your shoes on --

(RACING STEPS)

NARR: -- and ^{on it} fast as you can --

(SHE BUMPS INTO SOMEONE)

PAT: Oh my Lord!

CLEMENS: Well, Pat Carmichael!

PAT: ^{Sgt} Clemens! Am I glad to see you!

CLEMENS: Boy, you had us worried. Half the force is looking for you. Your father's having a fit and the Chief's ready to be tied.

PAT: I found them.

CLEMENS: What?

PAT: I found them!

(MUSIC: -- HITS HARD, THEN UNDER)

NARR: The taking of a house between the Excelsior Fruit Market and the Yates Warehouse is an ordinary, military operation.

CHIEF: (QUIETLY) I want eight ^{in the} back. I want tommy-guns and I want them drawn and I want them ready. I want four men in the street trained on the front windows, four on the bottom landing, four on the first landing. Then, when the whistle sounds --

NARR: A beautiful military operation, planned on the basis of your information, Patricia Carmichael.

CHIEF: If we're lucky, we'll take them without a shot. If we're not, we're ready.

NARR: A military operation with calculated risk. Maybe easily, maybe not so easily.

(A DISTINCTIVE SOUNDING WHISTLE TO BEGIN OPERATIONS, FOLLOWED BY MANY MEN MOVING, FOLLOWED BY TREMENDOUS BURSTS OF WILD GUNFIRE)

CLEMENS: (FROM OFF) Got two of our boys.

CHIEF: Move in! Everybody stand clear. Stand clear!

BILL: Pat -- where's Pat? Oh Lord no! All these wild shots. I can't find Pat!

(MUSIC: FRIGHTENED, THEN UNDER . . .)

NARR: And you were again gone but it wasn't a wild shot -- no. This time, knowing what was happening, you put yourself in a very interesting vantage point, interesting from the point of view of reporting a story.

(A BLACK MARIA OR AMBULANCE RACING THROUGH THE STREETS, ITS CLAXON OR BELL RINGING)

NARR: (OVER SOUND) Several police were shot, so were two of the gang when it was over and all four wounded were rushed into the police ambulance and down to the city hospital. And that's where you were. You, Pat Carmichael, leaning over him as he spoke.

STROWD: There's only one way -- blast them. Only one way -- blast them. Come out with guns in both your hands and -- (IN PAIN NOW) Oh, that hurts, oh, that hurts --

PAT: Take it easy, Strowd. You aren't going anywhere.

~~STROWD: A girl, huh? A little girl --~~

PAT: Yeah, I know, Mr. Strowd. Sometimes, when you feel like it, you choke little girls, don't you?

STROWD: I -- uh -- (AND HE COLLAPSES)

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

NARR: And you sit there 'til the end. Getting a confession from the wounded man who was head of the gang. Finally, five hours from the time ^{his} the phone first rang, ~~you~~ your father, Bill Carmichael, reporter on the paper, too.

PAT: You all right, pop?

BILL: (ON FILTER) Am I all right?

PAT: Well, listen, when you get finished, hurry home. I got some scrambled eggs and a pot of coffee waiting for you. By the way, I filed my story. It's not bad. The boss says he's running it right next to yours. I think he said page one.

BILL: When I get my hands on you, I'll --

PAT: Don't say it, pop. Hurry home.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP TO TAG THE SHOW)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Patricia Carmichael of the Cincinnati, Ohio Times-Star with the final outcomes of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ TURN TABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #197

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

- GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.
- CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.
- HARRICE: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes.
- CHAPPELL: At the first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.
- HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.
- 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 Patricia Carmichael of the Cincinnati Times-Star.

CARMICHAEL: The evening edition of the Times-Star that day produced two fine stories -- one, my father's, covering the main events that led up to the capture and the other was mine, reporting the arrest and police operations. Three men sentenced to long terms and Strowd was returned to Lima Institution for the Criminally Insane for the rest of his life. I guess I grew up pretty fast that night. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Miss Carmichael...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 Shreveport, Louisiana Journal - by-line Dolph Franty. A BIG STORY about a reporter who discovered that murder makes an ugly sound.

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Arnold Perl from an actual story from the front pages of the Cincinnati, ~~Cincinnati~~ Times-Star. Your narrator was ^{Barry} ~~Bob~~ ^{Swain} ~~Swain~~, and Amzie Strickland played the part of Patricia Carmichael. In order to protect the names of people actually involved in tonight's authentic BIG STORY, the names of all characters in the dramatization were changed with the exception of the reporter, Miss Carmichael.

(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

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #198

CAST

NARRATOR

Benny Kroger
~~BOB SLOANE~~

EDNA

PAT HOSLEY

MRS. AGARD

AGNES YOUNG

MRS. MEEHINS

JOAN SHEA

MILLIE

JOAN SHEA

DOLPH

JOHN SYLVESTER

ED

CARL EMORY

CORONER

CARL EMORY

RAY

MANDEL KRAMER

FERRY

MANDEL KRAMER

JCE

BILL GRIFFIS

DONALDSON

BILL GRIFFIS

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1951

ATX01 0171888

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#198

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10:00-10:30 P.M.

JANUARY 10, 1951

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE)

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

MILLIE: Desk, Boulevard Hospital.

RAY: (FILTER) Oh. Hospital. We'll need an ambulance right
away. It's an emergency.

MILLIE: What's the name, sir?

RAY: Lewis.

MILLIE: Address?

RAY: Ashton Street, Lakeside Park District.

MILLIE: Ashton Street. And the trouble?

RAY: A woman's been hurt... badly.

MILLIE: In what way, sir? We'd like to have the doctor know...

RAY: She's been shot by her husband.

MILLIE: I see. And who are you, sir?

RAY: Me? I'm her husband!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP & UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Here is America! Its sound and its fury,
its joy and its sorrow, as faithfully reported by the men
and women of the great American newspapers... Shreveport,
Louisiana. From the pages of the Shreveport Journal the
story of a reporter who found that sometimes a man needs
character references to become a killer. Tonight, to
Dolph Frantz of the Shreveport, Louisiana Journal, for
his BIG STORY, goes the PELL MELL Award!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0171889

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes... At the first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: __ _INTRO_ & UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Shreveport, Louisiana... the story as it actually happened... Dolph Frantz's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: __ _UP & UNDER)

NARR: You are Dolph Frantz of the Shreveport Journal. All your life you've been a Southern newspaperman, and you've got a few highlights to hallow your memories. The time the celebrated bandits, Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker were killed, and your flash to the Associated Press beat the Dallas wire by seconds. The time you broke the first publicity that the government would prosecute the big shots in the famous Louisiana Scandals. But this story, is the one you'll never forget, ~~because this is the big one~~ It begins one March night, as you check with the girl at the information desk in a Shreveport hospital...

DOLPH: Evening, Millie. What's new?

MILLIE: What'll you have, Mr. Frantz? Gossip or business?

DOLPH: Business.

MILLIE: Ambulance went out a little while ago, due back any second, emergency. Man shot his wife.

DOLPH: Any names?

MILLIE: The man's name is Lewis... Ray Lewis. And his ever-loving wife, Edna.

DOLPH: (NOTING IT DOWN) Lewis. Ray and Edna. Check. Where'd it happen?

MILLIE: Ashton Street, Lakeside Park District...

(PHONE RING)

Oh. Excuse me.

(PHONE OFF HOOK)

MILLIE: Miss Wheeler, desk. Oh. Yes, Dr. Peterson. Yes sir,
I'll report it to the office right away.

(PHONE ON HOOK)

(SIGHS) Mr. Frantz, I've got news for you.

DOLPH: Yes?

MILLIE: That ambulance you're waiting for won't be back for
awhile.

DOLPH: No? Where did it go?

MILLIE: Direct to the morgue... Edna Lewis is dead.

(MUSIC: -- UP & UNDER)

NARR: You've done it before and you do it again, the same time-
honored, traditional routine of the police reporter.
First a visit to the Morgue, a quick look at the body.
Then to Police Headquarters, and a talk with your good
friend, Commissioner ~~Edward~~ Moran...

DOLPH: Any trace of the husband, this Ray Lewis, Ed?

ED: No. We're coming all of Shreveport, Dolph, we've got the
highways watched, the bus stations, the trains. But he's
still at large. Funny thing, too...

DOLPH: Yes? What?

ED: Lewis took his time about making a getaway. After he
shot his wife, he went to his room, put the gun in a
bureau drawer, called for an ambulance, and then walked
out.

DOLPH: Hmmm. And you've got the murder weapon?

ED: Right here in the desk, among some other souvenirs...

(DRAWER OPENS)

DOLPH: A Savage automatic, thirty-two caliber.
ED: Yep.... with one shot fired.
DOLPH: Where did you get this box of fresh ammunition?
ED: Belongs to the gun. Found it in the same bureau drawer.
(A PAUSE) Oh. Take a look at this purse, Dolph. It's
Edna Lewis's. We found it lying beside her in the rooming
house.
DOLPH: *Hand on small*
~~Pretty small for a purse.~~ More like an evening bag.
Anything in it?
ED: Nothing but the usual junk a woman carries.
DOLPH: Any witnesses to the killing, Ed?
ED: Yes and no.
DOLPH: What does that mean?
ED: Well, it seems that Lewis was separated from his wife,
and lived at this Ashton Street rooming-house ~~with~~ a
couple of friends. His wife came to see him with the
idea of patching up their quarrel, and they talked it
over in the hall, while the two friends played cards in
the next room.
DOLPH: I get it. They heard the shot, but didn't see the murder.
ED: Right. They rushed ~~in~~ ^{out}, and found her on the floor.
DOLPH: And Lewis?
ED: He was standing over her, the gun still ~~smoking~~ in his
hand.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You phone in what you have, hang around Headquarters, waiting for more news. But nothing comes in, they still haven't picked up the killer. Finally, at dawn, you're having a ~~fixed~~ cup of coffee with Commissioner Ed Moran.
~~And then...~~

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

ED: Come in.

(DOOR OPENS)

RAY: Are you Commissioner Moran?

ED: That's right.

RAY: I understand you're looking for me.

ED: We might be. We're looking for a lot of people. Who are you?

RAY: My name is Ray Lewis!

(MUSIC: _ _ UP & UNDER)

NARR: Just like that. Just like that, a killer walks in and gives himself up. A man with shock in his face, a man with haunted eyes, a man named Ray Lewis. And then, as the dawn turns into morning, he starts to talk. He starts to talk, and the words tumble from him, a waterfall of words, faster and faster...

RAY: Commissioner, listen. I admit it. I killed my wife, but I didn't want to, I didn't mean to, I loved her, I was crazy about her. You've got to sit and listen, let me tell you my story.

ED: Go ahead, Lewis. But I warn you, this is for the record.

RAY: I want it for the record. I want everybody to know what happened. I've got nothing to hide. We were happy, see? Edna and I, we were happy. But then, her mother came to live with us. That was the beginning. That was where things started to go wrong. One night, when she thought I was asleep, I heard my mother-in-law talking to Edna (FADE) in the next room...

MRS AGARD: (TOUCH OF SHREW HERE) Edna...

EDNA: Yes, Mother?

MRS AGARD: How long is Ray going to work in that bowling alley?

EDNA: Till he finds a better job.

MRS AGARD: Your husband? A better job? (SNEERS) That'll be the day. I hate to say this, Edna, but I've got to say it. That husband of yours is just plain lazy, he's a good-for-nothing.

EDNA: Mother!

MRS AGARD: A worthless, good-for-nothing. I said it before you married Ray, and I say it now.

EDNA: You've no right to say it.

MRS AGARD: I'm your mother, child. And it's my duty to advise my own daughter.

EDNA: Mother, let's drop the subject.

MRS AGARD: Not until I've had my say.

EDNA: (AGITATED) Please, Mother, please...

MRS AGARD: What kind of job is that for a grown man, setting up pins in a bowling alley, for a few miserable dollars a week? Look at your clothes, ~~they're shabby, they're shameful.~~ Look at your shoes, down at the heel. What kind of a man would let his wife go without a new dress, without meat in the house, without the simple things that other ~~husbands provide their wives?~~

EDNA: Mother, you're not being fair. Ray's tried to get a better job.

MRS AGARD: Tried? ^{Ray's ~~husband~~?} ~~Your husband?~~ (NASTY LAUGH) Oh, I'll bet he's tried. From the inside of saloons, drinking up half his wages with those ne'er-do-well cronies of his.

EDNA: Mother, please. I don't want to talk about it any more, I don't want to hear about it any more.

MRS AGARD: I'm sorry, Edna, but you're going to hear me out. You're still young, you're still pretty, you can catch another man, a decent man. I say you ought to leave Ray, you ought to leave him now, before it's too late.

EDNA: But I don't want to leave him. Don't you understand, Mother, I love him.

MRS AGARD: Love? Nonsense. That's a silly word for stupid girls, my dear. And if you must use it, remember this... It's a lot easier to love a rich man, than a poor one!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP & UNDER)

RAY: That was the beginning, Commissioner. That was the first time I knew what my mother-in-law was trying to do.

ED: In other words, your Mother-in-law was trying to poison your wife's mind against you.

RAY: That's right. And I could see Edna change, little by little.

DOLPH: How, Lewis? In what way?

RAY: She got colder all the time, Mr. Frantz - started to nag me. It got rougher and rougher, and finally I couldn't take it any longer. One night I asked Edna to stay up while the old lady went to sleep. And then...

EDNA: (HOSTILE) What is it, Ray? What do you want to talk about?

RAY: Us.

EDNA: Well?

RAY: I just wanted you to know I've had it, Edna... up to here. A man can take so much, and no more. We used to get along fine, you and me, not much but a lot of fun, a lot of laughs. But since your mother came, everything's changed, you've changed.

EDNA: Have I?

RAY: You know you have. You look at me as though I was something the cat dragged in, I look at my wife and I say, this is a stranger. Edna, I'm crazy about you, I always will be, but I can't stand it any more.

EDNA: Oh, can't you, Ray? What do you propose to do about it?

RAY: You want me to put it on the line?

EDNA: Please do.

RAY: All right. I will. This house isn't big enough for your mother and me. One of us will have to leave.

EDNA: (A BEAT) What do you want me to say?

RAY: (QUIETLY) That's up to you.

EDNA: All right. All right, Ray, then I'll say it. Goodbye!

RAY: (A BEAT) You mean that, Edna?

EDNA: (RISING) I said it, didn't I? You made me say it, you wanted me to say it, and I'm saying it. Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye! And I hope I never see you again!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP & UNDER)

RAY: I thought I'd go crazy, Commissioner. I wanted to call her a hundred times, ask her if she'd take me back, mother-in-law or no mother-in-law.

ED: But you didn't call her, Lewis.

RAY: No. I couldn't. I had my pride and I was the one who had walked out. Then last night, she called me *at my boarding house*

DOLPH: What about, Lewis?

RAY: It was the last thing I ever expected, Frantz. But she wanted to come over and talk to me. She wouldn't say what she wanted to talk about over the phone, she said it was too personal. Anyway, I told her to come on, I'd be waiting. But the minute she came through the door, I could see something was wrong.

DOLPH: In what way?

RAY: I don't know. She looked a little wild, a little crazy, (FADE) I think she was a little drunk... Anyway the first thing she said was...

EDNA: You know why I came here (HITS WORD) darling?

RAY: Why no, Edna, I don't. But I hoped maybe we could talk things over, patch this up....

EDNA: Well, you hoped wrong. I wouldn't have you back if every other man in this world was dead. I came here for one thing...

RAY: (A BEAT) Yes? What's that?

EDNA: Money.

RAY: (QUIETLY) Look Edna, you know I haven't got a dime. I've been sending you ¹⁵ ~~twenty-five~~ a week.

EDNA: ~~Twenty five~~²⁵ a week. Big deal. Why, you low-down, no-good cheapskate, do you think I can live on that?

RAY: Edna, I know it's tough. But what can I do, you know what I make at the bowling alley. I can't send you any more, I'm sorry.

EDNA: You'll be sorry, if you don't.

RAY: What do you mean?

EDNA: This.

RAY: (A BEAT) Edna, put down that gun.

EDNA: (LAUGHS) Remember it, Ray? It's your gun... the one you brought back from overseas... as a souvenir. I thought I'd bring it along in my purse, just in case you tried to hold out on me.

RAY: You wouldn't dare use it, Edna.

EDNA: Oh, wouldn't I?

RAY: Give me that gun.

EDNA: Stay away from me, Ray. I swear, I'm not afraid to kill you.

RAY: (SUDDENLY) Give me that gun... you little... fool!
(SOUND OF STRUGGLE. AD LIBS FROM EDNA:
"YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TAKE IT AWAY FROM ME."
"I'LL KILL YOU, I'LL KILL YOU," HYSTERICALLY.
RAY: "GIVE ME THAT GUN.")
(A SHOT. THEN A BODY THUD)

(A BEAT)

RAY: (STUNNED) Edna! EDNA!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING)

RAY: I don't know what happened, I swear it, I don't know.
We were fighting for the gun, and then, suddenly it
went off. I saw her slump to the floor, I saw the blood,
and there I was, with the gun in my hand. My friends
came ~~in~~ ^{out into the hall} and I called an ambulance.

DOLPH: Then you went to your room?

RAY: Yes, yes, Mr. Frantz. ~~That's it.~~ I went to my room,
put the gun in a bureau drawer, I don't know why. Then
I went out on the street, and started to walk...

DOLPH: Walk where?

RAY: I don't know, Mr. Frantz. I just kept walking, I don't
remember. And then, after awhile, I thought the police,
~~they'd~~ ^{couldn't} be after me, I'd better give up, I had nothing
to hide. The whole thing was an accident, you've got
to believe me, you've both got to believe me, I didn't
want to kill her, I didn't mean to, it was an accident,
I swear it!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ CURTAIN - - - TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #198

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: At the first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ INTRODUCTION & UNDER)

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

NARR: You, Dolph Frantz of the Shreveport Journal, are at the Coroner's hearing when Ray Lewis tells his story with the same, direct simplicity. You can see the men are impressed. Then they call the two witnesses, Joe Simmons and Leo ~~Quincy~~, who were playing cards in the next room when Edna Lewis was shot. Their stories match. For example, Joe Simmons...

JOE: I never saw a guy so crazy about his wife as Ray Lewis. He'd talk about her, rave about her all the time. When Edna came to see him, and Leo and me heard this shot in the ~~next room~~ ^{hall}, we ran ~~in~~ ^{out}. There she was on the floor. I leaned over and I heard her say: "It wasn't his fault, it was an accident." Then she passed out.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP IN ACCENT)

NARR: The testimony ends. Now, they wait for the Deputy Coroner's report. If it is favorable, Ray Lewis is certain to be released, a free man. The Deputy Coroner walks into the hearing, reads his report...

(~~CROWD MURMUR UP & DIES~~)

CORONER: Gentlemen, after a careful examination of the body, I present these findings. Cause of death was traumatism by fire-arms, pistol, thirty-two caliber, close to heart. Powder burns at puncture point evident, gun fired at very close range.

(MORE)

CORONER: Angle of bullet indicated gun flung upward by struggle.
(CONT'D) In my opinion, cause of death is accidental!

~~(CROWD SHUT UP & TALK)~~

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Somehow ~~you~~ ^{you} Dolph Frantz, aren't quite sold on Ray Lewis's story. Not a hundred percent. You don't know why, but something jars you somewhere, ~~there's a loophole somewhere~~. You can't put your finger on it, but you know it's there. ^{Maybe the witness's stories sounded too good} Anyway, you write the story of Lewis's acquittal. And because you can't help it, an element of doubt creeps into the story. And the next day, you get a visitor, a gentle old lady, who says...

MRS AGARD: (SHE'S HER REAL CHARACTER NOW, GENTLE, REFINED) Mr. Frantz, my name is Mrs. Agard.

DOLPH: Mrs. Agard?

MRS AGARD: Yes. I... I'm Edna Lewis's mother.

DOLPH: (A BEAT) Oh. I see. Won't you sit down?

MRS AGARD: Thank you.

DOLPH: (SLOWLY) You know, Mrs. Agard, I had a different picture of you.

MRS AGARD: I know. You heard Ray's story. He lied about me. He told everybody I was some kind of monster, breaking up my daughter's home. He lied about everything, Mr. Frantz. Ray Lewis is a bad man, an evil man, a murderer. He beat my daughter, made life miserable for her, and finally murdered her.

DOLPH: You're sure about this?

MRS AGARD: I'd swear it, Mr. Frantz. Edna didn't call Ray the night he shot her, he called Edna. I'd swear to that too, in any Court, on any Bible, before the Lord Himself.

DOLPH: Why did you come to see me, instead of the police, Mrs.

MRS AGARD: ^{Agard?}
for 2 reasons - first
Because I read your story in the Journal. You were the only one who seemed to doubt Ray's story. The police wouldn't believe me, they believe Ray. ~~That's one reason I came to see you.~~

DOLPH: And the other?

MRS AGARD: Ray Lewis killed my daughter. Now, he's going to try to kill me.

DOLPH: What?

MRS AGARD: When he left the house, he swore he would get rid of Edna first... then me. He's kept the first part of his promise, Mr. Frantz, and I know he'll try to keep the second, I know Ray Lewis.

DOLPH: (THOUGHTFULLY) I see.

MRS AGARD: Understand me, Mr. Frantz, I'm not afraid. I'm an old woman, and I've lost my only daughter, and there isn't much left to live for any more. But I hate to see a fiend like my son-in-law go free, with my girl's blood on his hands. And I thought perhaps you'd be interested in trying to do something, in the name of simple justice.

DOLPH: I am, Mrs. Agard, I am. (A BEAT) First of all, I'd like to check on Ray Lewis's real character. Who could tell me that?

MRS AGARD: Go to our neighbors, Mr. Frantz. Ask Mr. Donaldson, Ray's father-in-law by his first marriage. Ask Mr. Perry, Ray's employer at the bowling alley. *They'll tell you!*

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

ask their neighbors

(BG BOWLING ALLEY. A SINGLE ALLEY IN OPERATION)

DOLPH: Mr. Perry, how long did Ray Lewis set up pins for you?

PERRY: About a year. ~~He just quit a week ago.~~

DOLPH: What kind of a man was he?

PERRY: (A BEAT) You want the truth, Frantz?

DOLPH: The truth.

PERRY: All right. I'll tell you.. He was a heel.

DOLPH: In what way?

PERRY: Every way. He was mean, vicious, drunk half the time.

He almost beat one of my other pinboys to death. And this is my opinion, my private opinion, you understand. But I think Ray Lewis killed his wife in cold blood!

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

DONALDSON: That's right, Frantz. My daughter ~~Louise~~ was married to Ray Lewis for two years.

FRANTZ: What kind of man was he, Mr. Donaldson?

DONALDSON: A rotten, no good, low-down devil. He beat ~~Louise~~ *my daughter* till she was black and blue, threatened to strangle her. Finally, I couldn't take it any more. I threw him out of the house, and told him I'd horsewhip him if he ever came back.

FRANTZ: Then you think he might have murdered his second wife?

DONALDSON: Think? I know he did, Frantz. Ray Lewis is a killer inside, and always was!

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

MRS. MEEKINS: Mr. Frantz, I've known Edna Lewis ever since she was a child, and her mother, too. There ~~wasn't~~ ^{weren't} two nicer, sweeter, gentler women alive.

DOLPH: And what do you think of Ray Lewis, Mrs. Meekins?

MRS. MEEKINS: (A BEAT) Him? Mr. Frantz, if I wasn't a lady, I'd ~~use~~ ^{tell} you ~~what I really thought~~ ^{what I really thought} ~~a dirty word~~. The police called it an accident when Edna died. But ~~it~~ ^{no} that was ~~an~~ accident...

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Neighbor after neighbor. Testimonial after testimonial. And all the same. You go to Headquarters, talk to Ed Moran...

ED: Dolph, you must be crazy!

DOLPH: Why?

ED: Asking me to get this case reopened, to throw out the verdict of the Coroner's hearing and go to the Grand Jury.

DOLPH: But I've told you what everyone said about Lewis.

ED: Sure you have. But character witnesses aren't good enough. They won't get you to first base. This Lewis could wear horns and a long tail, but unless you've got ~~evidence~~, real evidence, ~~concrete evidence~~, you're wasting your time.

DOLPH: All right, Ed, all right. I'm stymied on this for awhile, but I'll find it, I don't know how, but I'll find it.

ED: I hope you do, Dolph.

DOLPH: Meanwhile, how about delegating a cop or two to watch Mrs. Agard's house?

ED: Can't be done.

DOLPH:

But she was threatened by Lewis..

ED:

Dolph, look. You've ^{been} ~~an old timer~~ in this business. ^{a long time.}

All we have here is the word of an old lady that her son-in-law threatened her with mayhem. ~~Do you know~~

~~how many son-in-laws threaten their mother-in-law every year. There must be millions, I do it myself.~~

DOLPH:

But ~~she~~, Lewis means it...

ED:

Sure he does. ~~They all mean it.~~ ^{But} What kind of police

force do you think I'd have in Shreveport, Dolph, if

I sent every crackpot a bodyguard against alleged

violence? ~~Lots of old ladies call us every week to~~

~~chase away men hiding under their beds.~~ No, Dolph.

You get some evidence I can ~~see, feel, weigh in my~~

~~hand,~~ ^{with} do something ~~about,~~ and I'm your man. But not

now!

(MUSIC: - - - -

UP AND UNDER)

NARR:

^{Ray Lewis}
You go back to ~~the~~ rooming house, look around. You

find nothing. You talk to the roomers. They repeat

the same story they told at the Coroner's hearing.

You go to bed, dead tired, but you can't sleep.

You toss and turn for hours. And then, suddenly you

see everything clearly, for the first. ^{time} And you rush

down to headquarters...

DOLPH:

Ed! Ed, I've got it, I've got it!

ED:

You've got what?

DOLPH:

The answer, the evidence, the proof you wanted.

ED:

Go ahead. Let's have it.

DOLPH: Look, the box of bullets was found in the same bureau drawer where Ray Lewis put the gun, ~~wasn't it?~~ ^{wasn't it?}

ED: That's right.

DOLPH: Why? Why should a box of bullets be in that drawer? I'll tell you why. Because Ray Lewis had the gun there all the time. His wife never brought it to the rooming house. Why should Ray Lewis keep that box of ammunition in the drawer, when he didn't have a gun to go with it!

ED: Dolph, maybe you've got something there.

DOLPH: I know I have. Another thing, Ray Lewis claims his wife had a gun when she came to the house. How'd she carry it there?

ED: In her purse, ~~I guess.~~ ^{he said.}

DOLPH: Did she? You still got the gun and Edna Lewis's purse, Ed?

ED: Right here in my desk...

(DESK DRAWER OPENS)

DOLPH: All right, Ed. Try putting the gun into that purse.

ED: (AFTER A PAUSE) It won't fit. The purse is too small.

DOLPH: Right!

ED: But she could have carried the gun in her coat.

DOLPH: No, she couldn't. I was at the morgue, I saw the body, Ed. It was a warm night, and she wasn't wearing any coat. That means she had no place to hide ~~that~~ ^{this} gun. And she certainly didn't go all the way to Ashton Street, carrying the gun in her hand.

ED: In other words, Ray Lewis called her. And he had the gun.

Ed, you better send a squad car
with Mrs. Agard's horse.

-21-

DOLPH:

And this was no accident. It was murder!

ED:

Right & we'll pick up Ray's fears at his boarding house.
~~(A BEAT) DOLPH, let's get moving.~~

(MUSIC: ----- BRIDGE)

~~(DOORBELL RING)~~

~~(A PAUSE)~~

~~(KEY TURNS IN LOCK)~~

(DOOR OPENS)

RAY: (CHUCKLE) Hello, Mother.

MRS. AGARD: Ray!

RAY: What's the matter? Aren't you glad to see your
son-in-law?

(DOOR CLOSE)

MRS. AGARD: (HORROR) What...what do you want?

RAY: Well, it's this way, Mother dear. Now that Edna's
dead, I figured I'd go away on a little trip to kind
of forget my loss, you know what I mean? Then I
remembered, I made you a little promise. And I
thought, what kind of a son-in-law would I be if I
didn't drop in ... and keep that promise!

MRS. AGARD: You...you mean you're going to...

RAY: Keep my promise? That's what I said. Look what I've
got for you, Mother. A nice, sharp, straight razor...

MRS. AGARD: No!

RAY: (CRUELLY) Oh yes. Kind of cute, isn't it? They get
here, and they find your throat and your wrists slashed.
And do you know what they'll say, Mother? Poor Mrs.
Agard. She missed Edna so much, she just couldn't
stand it any more. So...she committed suicide. Poor
Mrs. Agard!

ATX01 0171909

MRS AGARD: (SCREAMS) No! don't come near me! Ray. If you kill me now, the police will know it was murder. They already know you deliberately murdered Edna.

RAY: Whatdya mean, they know. How do they know?

MRS AGARD: Because I told them. I told them everything. That reporter, Mr. Frantz, asked the neighbors about you, asked Mr. Donaldson, everyone. They know what kind of man you are, and they know you threatened my life...

RAY: You opened your big mouth, eh? You told them everything, did you?

MRS AGARD: Yes, yes, yes I did!

RAY: Why, you miserable old hag! I'll ---

(DOOR OPENS)

MRS MEEKINS: (COMING IN) Mrs. Agard, there's a police car outside. I wonder what...(CUTS) You! Ray Lewis. What are you doing here?

MRS AGARD: He was going to murder me, Mrs. Meekins. He was....

RAY: *Get away from that door*
~~Don't make a move, either of you, see?~~ I'm getting out of here

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

MRS. AGARD: (SCREAMS) No! Don't come near me! Don't!...

RAY: (CHUCKLING) I just want to give you a hug, Mother.
A nice big, bear hug...just to show you how much I
~~love you...~~

(DOOR FLINGS OPEN)

ED: (SHARP) ~~All right,~~ Lewis. *Stop where you are -*

RAY: Moran! Frantz!

DOLPH: That's right, Lewis. You weren't home and we
figured maybe you'd try to keep a date here. But
right now, you've got another date.. only this time,
it's with the Grand Jury...for murder!

(MUSIC: - - - - CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from
Dolph Frantz of the Shreveport, Louisiana, Journal
with the final outcomes of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: - - - - TURN TABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

HARRICE: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes.

CHAPPELL: At the first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

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 Dolph Frantz of the Shreveport, Louisiana, Journal.

FRANTZ: Killer in tonight's BIG STORY was indicted by the Grand Jury and tried for murder. He was ~~found guilty of manslaughter~~ and sentenced to the state penitentiary. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Frantz. ...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 Portland Maine Press Herald - by-line Lawrence Dame. A BIG STORY about a reporter who found that the easiest way to solve a murder is sometimes the most obvious.

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

This date is wrong, should mention that the jury after deliberating only one hour found Frantz a verdict of guilty.

4.00

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Max Ehrlich from an actual story from the front pages of the Shreveport, Louisiana, Journal. Your narrator was ~~Bob Sloan~~ ^{Benny Hooper} and John Sylvester played the part of Dolph Frantz. 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. Frantz.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES. (PAUSE)
Insure your future today! Your future and the future of your country. Invest in safe, profitable United States Savings Bonds. Buy Savings Bonds regularly. Sign up for the payroll savings plan where you work, or the bond-a-month plan where you bank. Automatic savings are sure savings. Invest in United States Savings Bonds.
THIS IS NBC... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #199

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOAN
NURSE	MARGARET BURLIN
MRS. HOSTY	MARGARET BURLIN
MRS. SENDER	BARBARA WEEYS
BILL	LUIS VAN ROOTEN
LARRY	BILL QUINN
HOSTY	BILL SMITH
EDITOR	BILL SMITH
TROLLEYMAN	BILL KEENE
DIVER	BILL KEENE

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1951

ATX01 0171915

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#199

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

JANUARY 17, 1951

WEDNESDAY

(Lawrence C. Dame: Portland (Me.) Press-Herald)

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE, THEN OUT FOR . . .)

(TYPING THAT ENDS ABRUPTLY)

LARRY: I don't know, I don't know..

EDITOR: What don't you know?

LARRY: This thing I'm knocking out. "Fifth in a series of unexplained robberies." You been following them?

EDITOR: Remember me? I'm your editor. I've been following them. What don't you know?

LARRY: Can't put my finger on it exactly. Guy robbing cabins up in Kennebec County in the Maine Woods --

(TELETYPE MACHINE A LITTLE OFF CLANGS FOR A BULLETIN THEN MACHINE TYPES UNDER)

EDITOR: (MOVES OFF A LITTLE TO READ THE MACHINE) You mean there's going to be more?

LARRY: I mean more than that. One of these days one of these cabins isn't going to be empty like they've been all along. ~~Then boom, boom - a lot of blood, a lot of~~

EDITOR: Holy Mackerel! *Listen to this*
(HE RIPS THE TELETYPE PAPER FROM THE MACHINE)

EDITOR: ~~What are you - most the same?~~

LARRY: ~~What does it say?~~ ✓

EDITOR: (READING) "Kennebec County. ~~At~~ 3 A.M. ~~this morning,~~ the Lake Maranocook summer development ~~in Kennebec County~~ was horrified when one of the cottages burst into flame immediately after ~~the~~ phantom marauder ~~struck~~ *struck* for the sixth time, ~~this time~~ with a gun blazing ~~in the Maine night~~."

ATX01 0171916

(MUSIC: HITS HARD, THEN BACKS)

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. Portland, Maine. The story of a reporter who, with nothing more than instinct to go on, proved that the most dangerous killer is the most obvious. ~~And~~^{For} his work, to Lawrence ~~de~~ Dame of the Portland, Maine Press-Herald, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL Award.

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #199

OPENING COMMERCIAL

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff, you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes. At the first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

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HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: Q. THEME UNDER...)

CHAPPELL: Portland, Maine. The story as it actually happened --
Larry Dame's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: Q. THEME)

NARR: It's a day's trip for you, Larry Dame, reporter for the
Portland Press-Herald, through some of the loveliest
country in the world; the rolling peaks and hills of
Central Maine, the clouds and sky reflected in the clear,
turbulent streams. A day's ride to lovely Lake Maranocook,
Kennebec County. But ^{when you get there} the faces of the men listening,
the face of Detective Captain Bill Briner and the face of
the man talking, and your face as you catch the first
words of it in the now night air, are distorted with
revulsion.

TROLLEYMAN: Well, they got on the trolley just as I was pulling out
for the last trip -- 11 o'clock.

BILL: That's from Winthrop Township.

TROLLEYMAN: Yes, Captain Winthrop. ~~The trolley runs from Winthrop
to the colony.~~ There was the girl about 21 and her mother,
Mrs. Sender. Well, we just passed the time of day, ~~you
know what I mean. They'd just been to the movies.~~ ^{and then} I left
them off, said good night, ~~and went to throw the switch
to come back.~~

BILL: That'd make it about 11:20, 11:25.

TROLLEYMAN: ~~Well, sir, that switch wasn't in any too good working
order and a blessed thing it wasn't. I had to get out
the cab and switch it by hand. It must have taken me - I
don't know, about 10 minutes and - I heard the shots. I
didn't know they were shots then of course, on account of
the trolley's about, oh, a quarter of a mile from the cabin.~~

BILL: (A CAREFUL MAN) Two shots?

TROLLEYMAN: Yes, two, Captain. And then I seen the ^{fire} light. I ~~guess~~
~~I heard it almost before I saw it. And I thought, "Oh~~
~~Lord, there's no forest fire now!" because it was a~~
~~fire sound.~~ Well, I run as fast as I could, and
there's the cottage ^{in flames} ~~on fire.~~ Well, by now about 4, 5
other men from the area had come around --

BILL: You men?

AD LIB: Yes, sir.

I was there.

TROLLEYMAN: Well, ~~we didn't think anyone was inside. So we~~
organized a little fire brigade. ~~We got buckets and~~
~~there was a tap and. But she was blazing so that~~
~~well, we didn't have a chance. It was like an oil fire~~
almost.

BILL: You didn't think anyone was inside?

TROLLEYMAN: ^{to but} ~~I near went out of my mind because there we were,~~
~~working as hard as we could to put it out and, my~~
~~Lord!~~ She was in there all the time.

BILL: Mrs. Sender?

TROLLEYMAN: ~~Like first a hand. you know what I mean?~~ First a
hand come out of the window. We all gasped, you know.
And then slow like -- ~~oh, it's terrible.~~ She raised
herself up and half-flopped out the window. She was
burned bad.

BILL: And shot?

TROLLEYMAN: Yes, sir. We didn't see that right away. We took her away from the house, away from the flames ~~and we seen her right arm was just hanging there. She was bleeding something terrible from her shoulder, her arm.~~

BILL: Unconscious?

TROLLEYMAN: Well, out of her head. She - she talked a little and --

BILL: What did she say?

TROLLEYMAN: Something about, "I just turned around and before I knew it, he shot me." Then - then she collapsed.

BILL: Where is she now?

TROLLEYMAN: Doc Ballard took her to the Winthrop Community Hospital. She ain't expected to live.

LARRY: (ALMOST IMPATIENTLY, VERY INVOLVED) What about the ~~girl~~ daughter?

BILL: Who are you?

LARRY: I'm sorry, Captain. Larry Dame, the Portland Press-Herald.

BILL: Okay. What about the girl? What was her name?

TROLLEYMAN: (SADLY) Hilda. No sign of her. Nothing. ~~After the fire died down and we got into the cottage, we sifted through the ashes and -- I don't know what to say.~~

BILL: (QUIETLY) Okay, okay. (WITH STRENGTH) I've got road blocks all around the area. There's no car going to get away. I'd like a little help.

AD LIB: Anything you want, Captain.

We're with you.

Just say it.

Bill: *Let's go -*

BILL: ~~I want a posse that's going to stand shoulder to shoulder like a rake and go through the whole countryside. Okay?~~

~~AS LIDS: O.K.~~

BILL: (PAUSE) Let's go.

(MUSIC: EXPRESSES THE MOVEMENT OF THE POSSEE: SLOW, DELIBERATE, FILLED WITH PASSION) *4 let's go "*

NARR: From that moment of grim ~~"okay"~~ *"let's go"* from Captain Bill Briner, for four hours there-after, the human sieve ~~sifts~~ *combs* the area. The human rake looks into every nook, cranny, cottage, boathouse, abandoned pier and wharf, tree stump and cave. Looking for a man who shot a 62 year old woman (not expected to live) ~~and burned her daughter to death~~ *and* ~~or worse, perhaps~~ -- took the 21 year old Hilda Sender with him.

(MUSIC: PUNCTUATES SHARPLY, THEN OUT)

NARR: So that by 2 A.M. in the morning frustration is long and temper is short as fatigue sits heavy on everyone.

AD LIB: Guess that's about it, Captain.
Don't see no sense no more tonight.
I can't move.

BILL: Okay, you men. Thanks a lot. I'll be in touch with you tomorrow morning if I want you.

(THE MEN MOVE OFF)

LARRY: Captain, what's that cottage over there? See it?

BILL: (ANNOYED) We were in there.

LARRY: I don't think so. I think that's one we missed.

BILL: Folks live about 6, 7 cottages up.

HOSTY: I don't know them folks. What are you - from the poo-lice? (LAUGHS) I got to apologize. I'm one of them slow wakers-up, know what I mean. Come in. Sit down. Gee, I'm sorry the place is like it is, but my wife had to go to Augusta to see her mother and I've been batching it.

LARRY: (BITTERLY, DISLIKES THIS MAN) It's not exactly a social call.

BILL: (LOOKING AT LARRY, WONDERING WHAT'S ON HIS MIND) That's right. There's been a terrible tragedy here. Cottage burned, woman shot, daughter gone. You know Hilda Sender?

HOSTY: Heard her name. Sounds terrible. Who did it?

BILL: We don't know.

HOSTY: (FRIGHTENED) Same fellow has been robbing the cabins, I'll bet! Was telling my wife just the other day - one of these days he's going to go into a cabin with folks in it and he'll shoot and kill. I'll tell you one thing. Mrs. Greone couldn't pay me enough money to stay in this area now. I said I'd clean up the place and get it ready for her, but I ain't going to do it, that's all!

BILL: There's no need to run away. We got this area pretty well covered. Nothing's going to happen.

HOSTY: Oh no. Five robberies in a month and a half and then this. You don't catch Tim Hosty hanging around! No sir!

BILL: Well, suit yourself. Sorry to bother you.

LARRY: (NASTILY) Yes, we're very sorry.

(MUSIC: - - - BRIDGE)

NARR: You can't explain it. It's as irrational as any feeling you've ever had, Larry Dame. You can't even formulate it into words, but this man you hate. You hate the ingratiating tone of his voice. You hate the phoney ~~supercasness~~ ^{difference} - "Come in, sit down. Sorry the place is the way it is." You hate the shape of his head, the colors of his hair, his eyes - right down to his fingertips. And no reason for it, really none. Actually, objectively, he's an ordinary looking man and the ~~fear of leaving~~ ^{wish to leave} is quite normal. And ^{Capt} Bill Briner stares at you wonderingly as the two of you tramp out into the night.

BILL: What have you got against the guy?

LARRY: Nothing. Absolutely nothing. But did you ever meet somebody, you just know he's no good right down -

BILL: (INTERRUPTS) I got other things to do. I think maybe the Winthrop Community Hospital is the place I want to be right now -- just in case that old lady ever comes out of it to talk a little.

(MUSIC: - - - TRANSITION, INTO)

NURSE: Captain, please, do me one favor. I'm in charge and the doctor's orders were very very strict. Not more than 2 minutes, please.

BILL: Okay, nurse.

(FEW STEPS)

BILL: How do you feel, Mrs. Sender?

MRS SENDER: (DELIRIOUS) He came in the door. Hilda went inside to hang up her coat. He was standing behind the door -- huge, brute of a man. And before I could open my mouth even to scream, like he stabbed me - I know it was a gun, but it was like he stabbed me -- twice -- and I fell.

LARRY: Just take it easy, Mrs. Sender.

MRS S.: (NOT PAYING ATTENTION TO ANYBODY) I heard him talking to Hilda and then the two of them left. I knew he was going to come back -- I knew it and he did. So I laid on the floor like I was dead ~~and held my breath~~. He came over and felt my pulse. I said, "Oh Lord, hold my heart from beating!" Because he was going to kill me -- I knew it. And then he opened my eyes with his thumb and I said, "Dear God, let me look like I'm dead!" ~~And then, I waited.~~ He moved around. I heard him like he was pouring water or something and then he went out. I still laid there because maybe he'd come back and then I could feel it. It was getting hot! He set the house on fire! He was going to kill me that way! He --

LARRY: Sh, sh, sh -- take it easy, Mrs. Sender.

MRS. S.: (WITH SOME CLARITY, AS IF SHE WERE QUITE NORMAL)
Why didn't Hilda come with you? Where's Hilda?

BILL: Mrs. Sender, we --

MRS. S.: Why doesn't she come to the hospital? I've been waiting all along for Hilda. Hilda, Hilda, Hilda - I --

LARRY: Oh, Lord, this is terrible!

BILL: ~~Well~~, she's fainted ~~on the spot.~~

(COUPLE OF STEPS, DOOR OPENS)

BILL: ~~(ALMOST INAUDIBLY) Thank you, ladies.~~

(WALKING STEPS, SILENCE, THEN STEPS SUDDENLY STOP)

LARRY: Lord, I hate that man!

BILL: Who?

LARRY: Whoever did it.

BILL: That's a great help.

LARRY: Is there any sense going back to the area, looking again?

BILL: No. The posse'll be on it in the morning. My road blocks are working and I got them through all the lakes. Every boat will be searched.

LARRY: (VIOLENTLY) A girl can't vanish into thin air!

BILL: She didn't vanish.

LARRY: That's a help! (SUDDENLY) Captain, listen. Am I off the boat? The way this guy, ~~the way he knew~~ ^{there was} just these two women in that cabin ~~where he was waiting for them~~ - the way he knew that firing shots wouldn't attract attention or least if it attracted attention, he'd have time to do what he wanted to do. And having the gasoline around - it must have been gasoline he poured. The fact that no cars have left the area. Doesn't that mean that he's someone (SOFTLY) from around the area?

BILL: I had something of the same idea.

LARRY: But where? Where's the girl? Where's the gun? Where's the guy who shot Mrs. Sender?
How did he get into the cabin?

~~BILL: A lot of questions.~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN WITH...)

NARR: A thousand questions posed outside a hospital in one
of the most beautiful wooded sections of America.
A thousand questions, the answer ^{of} each of which is
a tragedy for someone. And you can't answer any of
them. Not one.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP TO TAG THE ACT)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

- GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.
- CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.
- HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.
- CHAPPELL: At the first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.
- HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.
- CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!
- HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.
- CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"
- HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- -- THEME AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your Narrator and the Big Story of ^{Lawrence} ~~Larry~~ Dame as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: ~~The~~ ^a thousand questions, unanswered, Larry Dame, reporter. A thousand places in the vast and lovely Maine woods where a girl's body may be, where a gun may be hidden, where an assailant may be. And all the avenues toward an answer are being tried. Even a diver, called in by Captain Bill Briner from Augusta, to plumb the depths of Lake Maranocook.

(WATER DRIPPING)

BILL: Grab his arm, grab his arm!!!

LARRY: (SHOUTING) Well, what did you get? What did you find?

BILL: Let him get his helmet off at least, Larry.

(HELMET UNSCREWED, TAKEN OFF)

DIVER: A nice body of water. Real clear, real clean - like crystal-like.

LARRY: All right, all right. What did you find?

DIVER: ~~What's he - a relative?~~

BILL: ~~We can do without the cracks, wise guy, huh? So you were able to see everything.~~

DIVER: Well, just like combing a beach. Got --

(FOR ARTICLES AS HE PRESENTS THEM)

DIVER: -- a strongbox, --

(OPENED UP)

DIVER: (NO PAUSE) - empty. I'd say it's been down over a year. A set of keys, algaed up. Four spoons, look like silver --

LARRY: No gun?
DIVER: Ain't no gun down there.
LARRY: You could have missed it.
DIVER: A .32? It was a .32 your woman was shot with?
(BILL: Smith and Wesson).
DIVER: I ain't missing no new, shiny .32 Smith and Wesson.
Guns are my specialty.
LARRY: (ANNOYED) And no body?
DIVER: There ain't no body in that lake.
LARRY: It couldn't have gotten under --
DIVER: Guns is just one of the things I do good, but my real
specialty -- that's bodies, bud.
(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ DEPRESSED AND UNDER...)
NARR: So all that's left is the hate. The thousand unanswered
questions and the irrational hate ^{of} a man named
Tim Hosty who fixes up cottages for summer residents.
And you are at the cottage door where you last saw
Hosty, now padlocked. And Bill Briner, passing,
calls out, annoyed.
BILL: What're you trying to do -- bust in there?
LARRY: He's left. Did you know he'd left?
BILL: Come on, get away from there, will you? We were in
there yesterday.
LARRY: (PERSISTENT) Did you know he pulled out?
BILL: He said he was going to leave, didn't he? He said you
couldn't give him enough money to stay here.
LARRY: Look, I'm asking you a question. You didn't know he
left. You didn't know, did you? You didn't give him
permission to leave. Did he ask one of your men if he
could leave?

BILL: What have you got against this guy? He's not the only
resident in this area left without my permission
probably.

LARRY: Look, open it up, will you? Open it up, just open it up!

BILL: I've seen maniacs, but brother, you --! All right. Go ahead, spring it.

(LOCK IS THROWN)

LARRY: You coming?

BILL: You're the guy wanted to go in.

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

NARR: It's the same as it was before, only darker. The shutters are closed. The same dissheveled room, clothes on the floor, big pile of laundry in the corner, chairs stacked on the table.

~~(DOOR OPENS)~~

NARR: A small cottage with a little living-room, kitchen, bedroom.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ ON "BEDROOM" SHARPLY OUT)

LARRY: (SCREAMS) Briner! Briner! Hurry up!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP SHARP AID UNDER)

NARR: The arms were folded across the breast. The face was composed, but relaxed. The only evidence of what had happened was the discoloration of the right side of the ~~round~~-neck. It was as if ~~she~~ had been set out in a funeral parlor -- she was that stark and that dead.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HITS FULL, COMES UP, AND BACKS...)

NARR: Captain Bill Briner's face took on a professional color, as he went into action. The telegraph wires burned. Descriptions went out, photographs. The net to catch a murderer was flung over three states: from northern Maine to the southern part of Massachusetts, to the western part of New Hampshire. (MORE)

NARR:
(Cont'd) But you preferred the more personal methods and you trailed the wife of Hosty to a room she rented in Augusta.

LARRY: Mrs. Hosty?

MRS. HOSTY: (EVENLY, NON-DEFENSIVELY) That's right. I'm Mrs. Hosty.

LARRY: Mrs. Tim Hosty?

MRS. H: Look, when you called up, you said you had something to say to me. Now what is --?

LARRY: When did you last see your husband, Mrs. Hosty?

MRS. H: Just who are you? What's this about?

LARRY: Don't you ever listen to the radio? Don't you read the papers?

MRS. H: Look, it's none of your business what my private habits are.

LARRY: No, it's none of my business, but it is your business. (SLOWLY) It must be about 28 hours ago -- Yeh, 28 hours ago -- he shot an old woman (she may be dead right now), and he killed her daughter.

MRS. H: What are you talking about?

LARRY: Your husband.

MRS. H: Tim? ~~What?~~ I don't believe you! I --

LARRY: That woman's name is Sender, five cottages down from you. ^{in the area} ~~You probably nodded at her.~~ If she pulls through this, it'll be a miracle the doctor's say. And the girl -- (SUDDENLY) Where is he, Mrs. Hosty? Where is he? He must have been in touch with you.

MRS. H: I don't believe you.

LARRY: The girl's body was on the springs of the bed, Mrs. Hosty, ~~lying under the mattress under a table and two chairs.~~ (MORE)

LARRY:
(Cont'd) Do you want me to describe the body to you, just what it looked like and--

MRS. H: (SOBBING) Oh, ~~God~~, no! ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ No! Not again!

LARRY: Where is he?

MRS;H: (HER HANDS ARE OVER HER FACE) At the Y.M.C.A. in Needham, Massachusetts.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: After the police have been notified, ~~he~~^{she} is brought back with you. The questioning takes place in an ante-room in the hospital, in Winthrop, just outside Mrs. Sender's room. Bill Briner is glad to let you do the questioning. Your hate got you this far, maybe it'll get you a lot further, because the problem is not easy.

HOSTY: Sure, sure, I left. I told you I was going to go. Isn't that what I told you, ~~Captain~~ I said I wouldn't stay there.

LARRY: Yeah, not for a thousand dollars. That isn't why you left. ~~Why did you leave?~~

HOSTY: ~~Look, you got no right to talk to me like that. Wasn't I in Massachusetts, in the State of Massachusetts? Wasn't I?~~

BILL: Yeah, you were in the State of Massachusetts.

HOSTY: Did I have to waive extradition, did I? Did I say -- "no, sir, I'm going to stand on my rights? You can't yank me out of Massachusetts" and so forth?

LARRY: ~~That's right. You waived extradition, you didn't stand on your rights. Now why did you leave?~~

HOSTY: Because I wouldn't stay there any more, that's why.

LARRY: Where was the girl? Where was Hilda at the time we talked to you the first time we saw you there?

LARRY: We were standing -- she couldn't have been more than six feet away from us when we talked to you! (WILD NOW) Hosty, how did she get into that cabin? I want an answer!

HOSTY: All right. I'll tell you the truth. I -- let's see, I saw her walking in the woods there, late. I don't know what time, very late. She was dazed like she'd been hit or attacked or --

LARRY: Go ahead.

HOSTY: Well, so I says, "You ought to lie down or something" and she couldn't even talk. So, I took her home and she died and she - she just died.

LARRY: Was her neck discolored?

HOSTY: I didn't look. Look, the thing is that -- I'll tell you the truth. I got a record. Queens, New York. You can check it. I was mixed up in a robbery once -- never should have done it. I figured if the police found the girl there and checked the record -- that's the truth, so help me. (PLEADING) Sometimes a fellow falls into a circumstantial thing and so forth -- That's what happened.

BILL: Okay, come on.

HOSTY: What -- what are you going to do?

BILL: *What do you think I ought to do? Be hospitalized*
Just Mrs. Sender is going to have a look at you, that's

all. If it's true, fine. If it's not, brother -
Come on.

(STEPS, DOOR OPENS)

BILL: How do you feel, Mrs. Sender?

MRS. SENDER: Any word of Hilda?

BILL: Not yet, Mrs. Sender. Would you do something please for me if you can? ~~Just~~ can I crank your bed up just a little bit. It doesn't hurt?

MRS. S: No, go ahead.

(BED CRANKED)

BILL: Look at this man, Mrs. Sender. Can you see him?

MRS. S: Yes.

BILL: Is he the man?

MRS. S: (LONG PAUSE) I don't think so.

LARRY: Look carefully.

MRS. S: Oh no, he was a big, huge, brute of a man and he -- this fellow -- I don't think so.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ COLLAPSES)

NARR: Once again frustration, but the hate remains because identification has failed. You have no tie between this man and those crimes. No gun, no identification -- nothing. At his office Captain Briner says --

BILL : We've got to tie him with a fact! I don't believe him-- not from here to next July -- not for one second. We got to tie him with the gun. There's no prints ~~on the girl's body.~~ I don't know Juries -- ~~but who knows?~~ They might believe that he was scared and ran away just like he said.

LARRY: The gun, get the gun! Tie him to the gun!

BILL: If we can do that maybe you and me could get some sleep.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF A THREE PART MONTAGE...)

NARR: It demands action. Even pointless, useless, violent action -- but action.

LARRY: Hello, Lieutenant. I want to talk to the person in charge of Queens County robberies for the year 1941. I want somebody who knows the case of Timothy Hosty. I'll hang on for a week if you want me to.

(MUSIC: STATEMENT OF ACTION, INTO . . .)

LARRY: (IN CLOSE, INTENSE) Mrs. Hosty, I know what it's like when a woman finds out about her husband, the kind of person he is. But if we're going to clean this thing up, you've got to tell me absolutely everything. Maybe things you never breathed to a living soul before.

~~(MUSIC: ACTION, INTO . . .)~~

~~LARRY: Look, diver, I know you've been down, ~~I know you're a~~ great guy. I know bodies are your specialty and guns are your specialty. ~~I want you to go down again and stay down. And I'm paying for it out of my own pocket.~~~~

(MUSIC: IN WITH . . .)

NARR: And then, you go back to that room where she lay ^{down} ~~with~~ ~~the mattress on top of her~~ ^{in the bed} and go over the house from the plumbing fixtures in the bathroom to the boards in the ceiling, from one side of the lovely summer cottage to the other. And then -- (QUIETLY NOW) then ~~you think~~ you're really ready.

(MUSIC: HITS AND THEN ABRUPTLY OUT WHEN . . .)

LARRY: You never saw the old lady? Hosty? You never saw Mrs. Sender?

HOSTY: Well sure I saw her -- walking around.

LARRY: I don't mean that and you know it. You weren't standing in the room when she shut the door?

HOSTY: You heard her. She said it was a big fellow. A brute of a guy, she said. I don't weigh 145.

LARRY: To a small, frightened, little old lady a man with a gun at 11:30 at night in her living room is a big, ugly brute of a ~~man~~^{guy}. Especially (SLOWLY NOW) with this gun.

BILL: Where did you get it?

LARRY: The most obvious place in the world, Captain. Not buried, not a thousand miles away --

BILL: Give me that gun and keep talking. (CALLS) Jerry, race this thing over to ballistics and get me a report! Keep talking!

LARRY: Not at the bottom of the lake. (VERY SLOW, DELIBERATE) Right -- under -- the -- front -- porch -- steps!

HOSTY: It's not my gun! I never saw that gun!

LARRY: You told us how you had a record, Hosty. Nice record-- Queens, New York. A little robbery case some years back. But you didn't tell us about the rest of the record. About the girl in the institution, did you?

HOSTY: Nobody proved a thing!

LARRY: What did your wife mean, Hosty, when I told her about the death of Hilda? She said to me "not again". What did she mean? "Not again"?

HOSTY: She's out of her head!

LARRY: You're a very sweet boy, Mr. Hosty. But once upon a time you worked in a mental institution, worked there as a ward attendant. There was a girl, Hosty, a very sick and very beautiful girl. And she disappeared. Only her skeleton turned up about 4 years later. And they couldn't tie you to it, the police couldn't. But your wife does. And that's what she meant by "Not Again".

HOSTY: She's crazy! It's not true.
LARRY: She's right outside, Hosty. She doesn't like you.
She's ready to say why she doesn't like you. ~~Five times~~
~~you robbed cottages in this area, Hosty. And the sixth~~
~~time, you decided to combine business with pleasure.~~
And so, you robbed them and you --

HOSTY: I had nothing to do with it! Nothing, nothing!
Like I told you--

LARRY: What're you going to do if it checks, Hosty? What're
you going to do if ballistics says the same gun fired
the shots into the old lady?

HOSTY: You'll never convict me! You won't, you won't.

(PHONE RINGS, IS ANSWERED)

BILL: Yeah ... Uh huh ... ~~Uh-huh~~ Yeah *OK*
(PHONE DOWN)

HOSTY: You'll never convict me, never!

BILL: Well, at least we'll indict you. Because the gun
checks. And the most obvious thing in the world,
Hosty. The prints on the gun check.

HOSTY: Never!

LARRY: For arson, for assault, and for murder.

HOSTY: Never, I tell you -- never! never! never!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from
Lawrence ~~of~~ Dame, of the Portland Maine Press Herald
with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TURN TABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #199

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

- GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.
- CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.
- HARRICE: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes.
- CHAPPELL: At the first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.
- HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.
- 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 Lawrence [✓] Dame of the Portland Maine Press Herald.

DAME: Killer in tonight's Big Story was right. He was never convicted. One hour before the start of his trial, he committed suicide. ~~I hope I never hate anyone like I hated that man in my life again.~~ Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

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

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY - A BIG STORY from the front pages of the New Haven, Conn. Journal Courier, by-line Emile Gaubreau. A BIG STORY about a reporter who found that sometimes ^{Trusted Friends} ~~old school chums~~ can hide terrible secrets.

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Solinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Arnold Perl from an actual story from the front pages of the Portland Maine Press Herald. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, ~~and~~ Bill Quinn played the part of Lawrence Dame. 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. Dame.

(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.

d1/lc
1/2/51 am

ATX01 0171942

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM 200

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOAN
MRS. B	JOAN SHEA
LORA	JOAN SHEA
GAUVREAU	OWEN JORDAN
RIDLEY	BILL LIPTON
FOLEY	BILL LIPTON
LOUIS	MICHAEL O'DAY
AMES	MICHAEL O'DAY
EDITOR	CARL EMORY
STUTZ	CARL EMORY

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 24, 1951

ATX01 0171943

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#200

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

JANUARY 24, 1951

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE)

EDITOR: (PROJECTING) Gauvreau!

GAUVREAU: (COMING ON) Yes, Boss.

EDITOR: Where are you going. I mean -- where do you think
you're going?

GAUVREAU: Why -- home. I'm off.

EDITOR: That's what you think. *Read this*
~~Did you check the assignment~~
~~sheet?~~

GAUVREAU: No, but --

EDITOR: No buts. Check it.

GAUVREAU: ~~Yes sir,~~ *You see* (RUSTLE RUSTLE) Oh, no, Boss. I -- I couldn't.
I mean -- Boss, I went to school with the poor guy. I --

EDITOR: Gauvreau, it's your story. I'm going to make a
newspaperman out of you if I have to break your heart
to do it. He may have been your old school chum and all
that -- but you're STILL going to cover his hanging!
After all -- you put the noose around his neck!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO FOR)

ATX01 0171944

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) New Haven, Connecticut. From the
pages of the Journal-Courier -- the story of a reporter
who rediscovered an old friend -- and hanged him. And
for his work -- to Emile Gauvreau (GO-VROE) for his
BIG STORY goes the PELL MELL AWARD!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ TURNTABLE)
(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #200

OPENING COMMERCIAL

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes. At the first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: New Haven, Connecticut. The story as it actually happened. Emile Gauvreau's story as he lived it.

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

NARR: You, Emile Gauvreau -- were just starting out in the copy-pencil business. You'd gotten a job with the New Haven Journal-Courier, because the youngster who'd held it before you, had other ambitions. ~~His name was Sinclair Lewis.~~ ^{Michael} *better know to your friends as Mike* Anyhow, there you were...a police reporter...²⁵~~twelve~~ large dollars a week...(SNEAK CITY ROOM EG) And there at your editor's desk, that day, was -- apparently -- a story. Because --

EDITOR: (OFF) Gauvreau -- see what this fellow wants, eh?

GAUVREAU: Yessir! (PAUSE) If you'll sit down here, sir, I'll -- (DOUBLETAKE) George! George Ridley!

RIDLEY: Why -- why it's Gauvreau. (SMILE) Hello, ^{Mike} ~~Gav!~~ I didn't know you worked here!

GAUVREAU: Just started, George. Golly -- I haven't seen you since high school! Where've you been, what're you doing --

RIDLEY: Well, that's what I came to the paper about, ^{Mike} ~~Gav.~~ (CONFIDENTIAL) I -- I need some publicity.

GAUVREAU: Well, publicity...I ~~don't know about that, George. But~~ ~~if you've got a real story, why~~

RIDLEY: ^{Mike} ~~Aw,~~ you could work something up, ~~Gav.~~ You see, I've been in New York. ~~Greenwich Village.~~

GAUVREAU: ~~Um-hum.~~

RIDLEY: Writing plays.

GAUVREAU: That's right. You always were crazy about the stage.
I (CHUCKLES) remember, in the dramatic club --

RIDLEY: That was kid stuff. This is real. ^{Mike} ~~Guy~~, I've written a
play. A real honest-to-goodness play.

GAUVREAU: Good --

RIDLEY: And I've had it around to the producers, and all that...
but you know how it is. They won't take stuff from
unknowns..now, if you could write up some stories about
me --

GAUVREAU: Well --

RIDLEY: (HE'S A LITTLE NUTS, OBVIOUSLY) I mean, LOCAL BOY
BECOMES PLAYWRIGHT -- I even had some pictures taken,
parts I played --

GAUVREAU: Oh -- you were on the stage down there?

RIDLEY: Well, not exactly. You see, I took scenes from my own
play, and acted them out, and this photographer friend
of mine --

GAUVREAU: Oh, I see. Well, George, it's this way. You see, I'm
just --

RIDLEY: (PLEADS) Please, ^{Mike} ~~Guy~~. Let me leave the pictures with
you, let me leave the play, see if you can do something
for me --

GAUVREAU: Aw, George, I --

RIDLEY: Please, ^{Mike} ~~Guy~~ -- for old times' sake, huh?

GAUVREAU: (AFTER A PAUSE) All right, George. For old times' sake.

RIDLEY: Thanks. You're a pal <sup>if you want to get in back with me & my
rooming with him - you remember him. We used to -</sup>

GAUVREAU: ~~Sure. If I can work something out, I'll let you know.~~
~~I -- ah, I'll be seeing you, George.~~

(MUSIC: --- LIGHT STING AND UNDER)

NARR: So the poor, stage-struck guy left the stuff with you, and left. You looked after him. Something made you chase after him.

GAUVREAU: (CALLS) George!

(STEPS UP, CITY ROOM BG FADES AWAY BEHIND)

GAUVREAU: George -- I -- (PAUSE) Listen. Are you working?

RIDLEY: Well...yes...and no. I'm selling correspondence school courses -- on commission. (SAD SMILE) Don't get much commission. We get along, though --

GAUVREAU: We? You married?

RIDLEY: No -- not yet, that is. I've got a girl, and as soon as I can get some money together --

GAUVREAU: Sure, George, sure. But you said "we" --

RIDLEY: Oh, my roomie. You remember Louis Charles --

GAUVREAU: Sure! Golly, the way I've lost track --

RIDLEY: Well, Louis sells too. And he's on the road pretty often, so he lets me share his room.

GAUVREAU: ^{Sure} Say hello to him for me, will you? (PAUSE) And -- and take this for yourself, to tide yourself over, huh?

RIDLEY: Aw, George, I can't...

GAUVREAU: Take it, please --

RIDLEY: (GULP) George -- you're a pal!

(MUSIC: --- HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: You went back to your desk. You read the play. Well -- it was a play only because it was typewritten in dialogue. If you could call that dialogue. It was bad enough ~~when you came to this:~~

GAUVREAU: No, daughter. I forbid him this house. Never shall
daughter of mine consort with such as he -- the cad!

NARR: ~~And worse, when you got to -- this:~~

GAUVREAU: ~~No -- no -- a thousand times, no, no no --~~

NARR: ~~But when you came to this --~~

GAUVREAU: ~~Dearest heart -- let us not try to fight this thing. It~~
~~is too big -- too, too big...bigger than both of us --~~

NARR: ~~That did it. Poor Ridley's "play" ^{is it} went into your drawer~~
~~--along with the photographs. And -- ~~such is the way of~~~~
~~the world and the newspaper business -- out of your mind.~~
A couple of weeks after that, though --

EDITOR: Gauvreau!

GAUVREAU: Yessir?

EDITOR: ~~Amn't you from Hander?~~

GAUVREAU: Yessir. Born and brought up --

EDITOR: ~~Thought so. Here. Handle this one.~~

GAUVREAU: ~~What is it, sir?~~

EDITOR: Ever hear of Harry Brownstein?

GAUVREAU: Sure. He's a little fruit peddler up ~~there~~ -- *was in town a month ago here*

EDITOR: Was.

GAUVREAU: Sir?

EDITOR: Was a fruit peddler. Somebody shot him dead. Robbery,
I guess. But get on up there and go to work. I don't
expect you to solve the crime -- AND DON'T TRY! ~~Just~~
~~get the story.~~ The only reason I'm sending you instead
of an experienced man is that you're a local boy. ~~They~~
~~might talk more to you. And here --~~ *Just get the story*

GAUVREAU: ~~What's this for?~~

EDITOR: ~~Expense account. I'll give you two weeks -- ten bucks~~
~~a week. And don't spend it all. Just get those farmers~~
~~up there to talk.~~

(MUSIC: HIT HAYSEEDISHLY AND GO UNDER)

GAUVREAU: Don't think of me as a reporter, Mrs. Brownstein -- just
as an old neighbor. After all -- (GENTLE) I knew Harry
too. He used to give me apples...

MRS. B: Apples. That's how it started...apples.

GAUVREAU: Ma'am?

MRS. B: Yes. Harry was sitting right there. Right where you are.
The phone rings. ~~It was late. A wrong number. I said~~
~~who would call at this hour --~~

GAUVREAU: ~~And was it a wrong number?~~

MRS. B: ~~No.~~ No, it was Frank Foley --

GAUVREAU: The apple man --

MRS. B: That's right. He wanted Harry to come and meet him to
talk over a deal. Apples. Foley had two carloads he
was supposed to sell --

GAUVREAU: Just a minute, Mrs. Brownstein. How do you know all
this?

MRS. B: Harry told me. I wouldn't let him go out of the house
until he told me -- (SOB) And if he'd listened to me --

GAUVREAU: But he wanted those apples -

MRS. B: Yes. Foley could let him have them for \$750. They were
worth twice that, but he had to get them off his hands.
So he -- he asked Harry to meet him at Beaver Hill --

GAUVREAU: Oh-oh. That's wild country --

MRS. B: Who knows? Anyhow -- Harry went. Money in pocket, goodbye, back soon, don't worry -- and that's the last I saw of him. (SOBS) What'll I do, what'll I do!

(MUSIC: UP MOURNING AND AWAY UNDER)

NARR: You know what you had to do. Go and see Frank Foley, appleman. And going out to his place was like retracing the steps of your own boyhood. Why, if Harry Brownstein used to give you apples, it was Frank Foley from whom you used to snatch them. And he remembers you, too...

FOLEY: Son, it's terrible. Usin' my name like that, to trap a man to his death.

GAUVREAU: Then you didn't call Harry that night?

FOLEY: Three reasons why I wouldn't, didn't, and couldn't, son.

GAUVREAU: Yes sir?

FOLEY: One -- I got no overplus of apples. Sold very last ~~rippin, greenin, northern spy and jonathan~~ ^{one} on the place. Two -- wouldn't sell no two carloads for no seven hundred and fifty dollars. And three -- ~~couldn't call~~ ^{I don't have} ~~him~~ ^a on the telephone.

GAUVREAU: ~~Why not, sir?~~

FOLEY: ~~Don't have one. (PAUSE) Have an apple?~~

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY UNDER)

NARR: But it had to be a Hamden man who lured Harry to Beaver Hill. Only a "local" would know of Beaver Hill's remoteness, as an ideal murder locale. Only a "local" would know when Harry Brownstein would have enough money to go for a \$750 deal. Only a "local" would know the one name that would lure a little peddler out into the night -- Frank Foley. So you determined to quiz, query, and question every single Hamdenite. And for this you needed..

GAUVREAU: A car, Mr. Ames. Any kind of a car.

AMES: (CHUCKLE) Never thought I'd see the day when two of you young rascallions would come in askin' for cars to hire.

GAUVREAU: Who was the other one?

AMES: Why, that young fellow you used to pal around with when you were kids . . .

GAUVREAU: And he asked for a car?

AMES: Hired one, too. Dollar an hour. Took a blue Chevie.

GAUVREAU: ~~Dollar an hour. That's a lot of money.~~

AMES: ~~Oh, he was flush by the name.~~

GAUVREAU: ~~Where~~ Got any idea where I could find him?

AMES: Wrote his address down on the receipt.

(SHUFFLE OF PAPERS)

Here.

GAUVREAU: Mmm. (TAKE) Oh --!

AMES: What's that?

GAUVREAU: This signature. It says -- Louis Charles!

AMES: Why sure. Didn't you used to pal around with him? There was always three of you together -- you, and the Charles boy, and the Ridley youngster. (PAUSE) Say, what ever become of him?

GAUVREAU: (GOING OFF) I'll tell you ^{all about it} some day.

AMES: (CALLING) Say! ~~I thought you wanted a car for hire!~~

GAUVREAU: (OFF) ~~Don't need one any more, thanks! I'm looking for that blue Chevie!~~

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND AWAY UNDER)

NARR: The blue Chevvie wasn't parked outside Louis Charles' address, but when you did find it, it was outside a place called -- The Heidelberg. Quite the night spot. And inside --

(MODERN JAZZ BAND UP TO B.G.)

-- lo and behold -- you'd come to the right spot.

GAUVREAU: (QUIET) Hello, George.

RIDLEY: Huh? (A LITTLE DRUNK) Why, it's ^{Mike} ~~George~~ Sit down, ^{Mike} ~~George~~ -- sit down and have some champagne!

GAUVREAU: Can't stay, George. I'm looking for Louis.

RIDLEY: Louis? Whadyawant with Louis? ^{At his car outside Ritz he says sit for me} Come on, stay a while and meet m'gal. Lora, this is Gauvreau I was tellin' you about --

LORA: Pleased to meet you, Mr. ~~Gauvreau~~ --

GAUVREAU: ~~How do you do, Lora?~~ --

RIDLEY: ~~Mr. Gauvreau, that is just old Guv! Guv's gonna write a story about me in the paper. Publicity. Yes, sir!~~

GAUVREAU: About that publicity, George --

RIDLEY: ~~What about it?~~

GAUVREAU: I -- I can't do it. I mean, my boss . . . that is . . .

RIDLEY: No story, eh?

GAUVREAU: Sorry, George. Now if the play were to be produced, why --

RIDLEY: Well I got news for you --

GAUVREAU: Look, George, don't let me break up your party - I've got to find Louie --

RIDLEY: Forget about Louis and listen to me. ~~Just a second.~~
(CALLS) Waiter! Give this to the orchestra leader and let's have some more music! (CONFIDENTIAL) See that? Ten bucks to a dinky orchestra.

(ORCHESTRA STRIKES UP SOME CURRENT NUMBER)

~~Champagne. Hired car outside and everything --~~

GAUVREAU: ~~Hired and I thought Louis~~

RIDLEY: ~~He did it for me. Listen, forget that. Forget Louis.~~
~~Listen to me.~~ Where you think all this money's coming
~~from, huh? I'll tell you. Here's your story. I -- sold~~
my play. ~~S-O-L-D, sold.~~

GAUVREAU: Fine, George. ~~To whom?~~ *Who's?*

RIDLEY: Secret. Options. You know. Don't worry -- I'll let you
in on it when the deal is complete.

GAUVREAU: Fine. Was that the play you asked me to read?

RIDLEY: That's the one! ~~That's right!~~

GAUVREAU: Fine. ~~I'll let you have the manuscript back.~~

RIDLEY: ~~Manuscript, manuscript, is (PAUSE) Oh, that old thing~~
~~That's not the one I sold.~~ *But* No. I revised that. Sure,
Louie helped me fix it up. New plot, new situations,
new dialogue, everything new.

GAUVREAU: And that's where you got all this money?

RIDLEY: Yes sir. Why?

GAUVREAU: Cause you were pretty hard up last time I saw you.

RIDLEY: Well, I came into my own, ~~see~~ *make* So let's have some
champagne, eh? ~~I still got a couple hundred dollars left~~
~~before the next payment comes in.~~

GAUVREAU: Ah -- if it isn't asking too much, George, how much did
you get for the play?

RIDLEY: Seven hundred and fifty dollars -- ~~see~~ *make* Seven hundred
and fifty dollars, -- hard cash!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL

CHAPPELL: At the first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure - 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 Emile Gauvreau, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: You, Emile Gauvreau, of the New Haven Journal-Courier were sent by your editor to your old home town, Hamden, Connecticut, to cover -- not to solve -- the murder of a fruit peddler who was robbed of seven hundred and fifty dollars. Just before that assignment, an old high school friend had asked you to read a play he'd written. And now, where he'd been penniless -- he's throwing money around like mad . . . because -- he says -- he's sold that awful play. Claims he revised it with another old friend of yours -- Louis Charles. He's next on your list to see.

GAUVREAU: Long time no see, eh Louie?

LOUIS: Sure is, ~~how~~ ^{what}. What're you doing in town?

GAUVREAU: Oh . . . I'm on vacation from the paper.

LOUIS: Newspaperman, eh?

GAUVREAU: Uh-hm. What're you doing?

LOUIS: Sales. On the road, mostly.

GAUVREAU: Doing well?

LOUISE: Oh, you know how it is.

GAUVREAU: Sure. (PAUSE) See much of George Ridley?

LOUIS: (HESITANT) Well . . . yes. Matter of fact, he rooms with me. I mean, when I'm in town, that is. Mostly, I'm on the road.

GAUVREAU: Still writing plays, eh?

LOUIS: Yep. Still crazy about the stage.

GAUVREAU: Well, looks like he's on his way.

LOUIS: Huh?

GAUVREAU: I mean, that producer taking an option on his play.

LOUIS: Option? ~~Producer~~ Play? What play?

(MUSIC: STING AND AWAY BEHIND)

NARR: The boss said to cover it, not solve it. But you have all but got it solved. Sure. Your old friend Ridley killed your old friend Harry Brownstein. (PAUSE) Or did he? Quite a serious charge -- murder -- especially on such slim evidence. No. Not enough to call the paper about -- yet. ~~As for the police -- they are giving you nothing but trouble.~~ No. You have to go your own way. And that way leads straight to --

GAUVREAU: Lora -- you remember me? *I met you with George He the night*

LORA: Yes. You're ^{Mike} ~~George~~.

GAUVREAU: That's right. Would you answer a few questions?

LORA: Why certainly. What about?

GAUVREAU: George.

LORA: What about George?

GAUVREAU: Well, uh .. (CONFIDENTIAL) You see, now I want to write that story about him --

LORA: Ooooh --

GAUVREAU: (STILL CONFID) -- and you saw how cagey he was the other night at the Heidelberg. I want to get all I can about the story and then spring it on him. And of course, your story, I mean, about you and him.

LORA: Oh, I see. (CHUCKLE) That'll be a joke, won't it?
George reading all about himself in the paper.

GAUVREAU: Uh-huh. It'll be a great joke. Now -- this producer,
do you know the name of this producer --

LORA: No. But he's real. I mean, the money's real. That's
good enough for me.

GAUVREAU: Well, I'll dig that out somewhere. As for you and George--

LORA: Well, I guess that isn't a secret any more. Golly, it's
so wonderful. Why, only the other day -- only a couple
of weeks ago, we had such an awful quarrel. ^{about money - I was} ~~It was such, too~~
~~I'm so ashamed of it now, -- it (CROSSFADE) was over~~
~~money . . . money, money, it's always money . . .~~

RIDLEY: (CROSSING IN) Money, money, it's always money! Golly,
Lora -- money isn't everything --

LORA: But it helps! If you'd only buckle down to a job,
instead of fooling around with those silly plays --

RIDLEY: Don't talk like that! Silly plays! Why -- why they're
my life!

LORA: That's some life!

RIDLEY: But honey -- I'll hit, some day! Look at George M.
Cohan, look at that new fellow, what's his name, Eugene
O'Neill -- they all started little -

LORA: Oh, how many times do I have to hear this! George,
listen. I'll give you one more chance. Give up this
playwriting, this crazy --

RIDLEY: It's not crazy!

LORA: I say it's crazy!

RIDLEY: Well everybody doesn't think so!

LORA: Who thinks it isn't!

RIDLEY: My friends!

LORA: Who, for one!

RIDLEY: (THEY ARE SCREAMING AT EACH OTHER) Louis Charles, for one! He thinks I've got something!

LORA: Louis Charles, Louis Charles! Ever since you moved in with him, you've been impossible! All he does is encourage you! WHO DO YOU WANT TO MARRY ANYHOW, ME? OR LOUIS CHARLES!

RIDLEY: Aw, honey, please. Of course I want to marry you. But

I've got so little money -- but when I sell my play --

LORA: Oh, there we go again! Right back where we started -- money, money, money -- play, play, play! YOU MAKE ME SICK!

(MUSIC: ~~UP AND AWAY BEHIND!~~)

LORA: (PROUD) ^{for going after plays writing & get a job but now} Well, I'm glad he stuck to his old plays.

Because now we've got the money to be married on.

(ANXIOUS) Say, Mr. Gauvreau --

GAUVREAU: Yes, Lora?

LORA: Do you think maybe when you write the story, instead of putting in how Louis encouraged him, could you say I did? I mean, ~~could you kind of say I helped him along, I mean,~~ ~~it'll be a success story, won't it?~~ And I'd kind of like it to be in the papers how I helped him to success. I mean, you might say I drove him to it. ~~Nicer than that,~~ I mean, but when you look back on it, I really did, didn't I?

(MUSIC: ~~HIT AND GO AWAY~~)

NARR: She drove him to it. (PAUSE) Now you have the motive. Good enough for you, good enough for your editor. Or -- is it? No, if you know him, he'll want the goods on Ridley. And the one man, you know now, who can really hang them on him is Louis Charles. This odd friendship between the two old schoolmates of yours -- what about it?

LOUIS: Well -- what about it?

GAUVREAU: Just this. The other day, you said you didn't know about George's play being sold.

LOUIS: I didn't. And furthermore, I still don't. He hasn't told me a word.

GAUVREAU: ~~That's what I mean. His girl says she used to get~~ mad at the two of you --

LOUIS: The two of us! What's she got against me?

GAUVREAU: The fact that you encourage him -- used to encourage him in his playwrighting.

LOUIS: ~~Well -- I did. What's wrong with that?~~

GAUVREAU: Let me ask you this. Wouldn't a friend tell his friend first of all when the thing he'd been encouraging him in finally paid off, came through?

LOUIS: (ODDLY) Well .. you don't know George....

GAUVREAU: I've known him as long as you have.

LOUIS: Not as well.

GAUVREAU: I know he's no playwright. That manuscript I read -- ~~what~~ Lock, Louie -- I -- I can't believe George has sold a play. Honestly, ~~I can't. I just can't see it. Can you?~~ Honestly ~~?~~

LOUIS: Look, ^{Mike} ~~Guv~~. Leave the guy alone, will you? He -- he's not right. I mean, there's something a little wrong with him, upstairs -- if he thinks he's sold a play, why -- let him think so. Don't hurt him --

GAUVREAU: But the money, Louis. Where'd he get all that money?

LOUIS: ~~I -- I (PAUSE) No. No, I can't.~~

GAUVREAU: Can't what? What were you going to say, Louie?

LOUIS: Nothing. Nothing.

GAUVREAU: (QUIET) Louie -- somebody's lying around here. Either Lora or George --

LOUIS: No, Guv --

GAUVREAU: ~~Oh, you (PAUSE) Come on, Louis. Tell.~~

LOUIS: ~~But he can't~~ ^{but} I tell you ~~what~~. Listen. George'll be home tonight -- he said he'd come home. Let me talk to him -- give me a half-hour -- then -- then you come on over.

GAUVREAU: All right. But ~~do me one favor ...~~

LOUIS: ~~Sure, if you just give me this time~~

GAUVREAU: Don't tell him I'm coming.

LOUIS: ~~Why not?~~

GAUVREAU: (QUIET) Because I want him ^{to be} here ~~when I come~~. (PAUSE)

~~Because~~ I'm not coming alone.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: That evening, you went back to the room your two old friends shared ... George, the playwright .. Louie the salesman.. And not alone. Since this was a home-town job, you decided to let the home-town law handle it. Not the high-powered New Haven Police -- but lovable old Fred Stutz -- Hamden's constable....

(FOOTSTEPS UP STAIRS)

GAUVREAU: (LOW) There's the apartment, Fred. NO -- don't knock yet. . .

STUTZ: Why not? Might as well get it over with.

GAUVREAU: I -- I just thought of something.

STUTZ: What? Now what?

GAUVREAU: I -- I don't want the credit for this. These are my old friends. So -- so you handle it. Everything I've told you --

STUTZ: Yes, yes -

GAUVREAU: Everything -- the whole story -- you're to say you worked it out. Every bit. (PAUSE) I don't want it to look as though I put the noose around a friend's neck.

STUTZ: ~~(QUIET) Sure, Guv. Sure. (PAUSE) Here goes.~~

(KNOCK, KNOCK)

RIDLEY: (OFF) That you, Louie?

(DOOR OPENS)

RIDLEY: (ON) Louie? (PAUSE) Oh -- ^{Mike} Guv. And -- and Constable Stutz -- come in, come in --

STUTZ: (QUIET) We're in, boy. (PAUSE) Where's Louie?

RIDLEY: Why -- darned if I know. I was expecting him.

STUTZ: You mean he didn't --

GAUVREAU: (LOW) Hold it, Fred. Something's gone wrong. (UP) George -- wasn't Louie in when you came?

RIDLEY: No, ^{Mike} ~~Guv~~. He -- (PAUSE) Say, what's up? What'd you bring the constable for -- what -- (PAUSE) Come on, what's this all about? What do you want with Louie?

GAUVREAU: (QUIET) Never mind that, George. Just answer this for me. Where'd you really get that seven hundred and fifty dollars.

RIDLEY: I told you, I sold --

GAUVREAU: No you didn't. Not that one. You never sold a play in your life! Come on, George -- the truth.

RIDLEY: Honest, ^{Mike} ~~oh~~ --

GAUVREAU: (HOARSE) George, George -- don't lie to me!

RIDLEY: (LOW) All right, ^{Mike} ~~oh~~. I -- I won't. (PAUSE) I got it from -- (PAUSE) (ANGUISH) Aw, ^{Mike Mike} ~~oh -- oh --~~

GAUVREAU: (LOW) Come on, George. Get it off your chest. Where'd you get that money?

RIDLEY: I -- I stole it.

SPUTZ: (LOUDLY) George Ridley, I hereby arre --

GAUVREAU: (SHARP) Hold it, Constable! (GENTLE) From whom did you steal it, George?

RIDLEY: I -- I (BEGINS TO SOB)

GAUVREAU: (SOFT) Come on, George. Tell me. Tell ^{Mike} ~~oh~~ --

RIDLEY: (SOBBING) I stole it from Louie. I -- I couldn't help it. I knew he had it -- I stole it from him stole from my best friend, my only friend -- yes, I stole it from Louie!

(MUSIC: STING AND AWAY BEHIND) ^{As is.}

~~NARR: And there goes your case. Good thing you didn't phone your editor. Here you'd all but put the noose around George -- and it was Louie. Sure. George -- your friend -- was a thief. But Louie your friend -- was a murderer. And where was he now to be found?~~

RIDLEY: I -- I don't know. He -- (PAUSE) Say, I never thought. He was all packed up this morning -- off on another sales trip, I figured -- but -- but no. No.

GAUVREAU: What is it, George? What's wrong?

RIDLEY: He couldn't. He couldn't go away. I -- I took all the money he had.

STUTZ: (SNARL) What are we hanging around here for? Let's get after him!

GAUVREAU: Wait. There's something bothering me. (PAUSE) George --

RIDLEY: Yes, Guv, what is it --

GAUVREAU: When did you steal this money?

RIDLEY: Two weeks ago.

GAUVREAU: Well, what I want to know is -- why didn't he report it to the police?

STUTZ: (BEAZING) Because, you young fool, he couldn't! Don't you understand -- even though he knew George here had stolen it -- he couldn't report it because he couldn't explain it! THAT would put the noose around his own neck! Come on!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR:

It's two hours now since the story blew up in your face, but while Gauthier . . . and before going back to the paper with the bad news, there is one more place you want to go. But not to "detect." Just -- to refurbish your memories of a certain place. . . Beaver Hill. The spot marked "X". . .

(BRUSH CRUNCHING UNDER)

NARR: (LOW) Here -- the body was found. (PAUSE) There --
the murder must have stood. (PAUSE) Look...^{the} the marks
of ~~the wagon wheels~~ . . . the ambulance they carried
Harry Brownstein away in. What a mess you've made of
this story. . . this case. . .

(CRUNCH OF BRUSH)

NARR: What -- what was that?

GAUVREAU: (CALLS) Hello! Who's there?

LOUIE: (OFF) George? Is that you?

GAUVREAU: (AFTER A SECOND) Yes!

(BRUSH CRUMPLES)

LOUIE: Gosh, George, I thought you'd never come. I -- (PAUSE)
~~George~~, it's you!

GAUVREAU: It's me. (PAUSE) What goes on, Louie? You were
expecting George --

LOUIE: Yes -- he said he'd be here. But --

GAUVREAU: What were you looking for?

LOUIE: The -- (PAUSE) Nothing.

GAUVREAU: Louie --

LOUIE: (ANGUISHED) ^{Mike, Mike} ~~George, George~~ -- go away, will you? Leave all
this to George and me, will you?

GAUVREAU: (QUIET) No. You killed Brownstein, Louie. He was a
friend of mine too, and --

LOUIE: I killed Brownstein? I killed him?

GAUVREAU: Sure you did. Where else did you get the \$750?

LOUIE: What -- what's going on here!

GAUVREAU: Louie, you've been acting strange all through this thing.
I was sure it was George, but when he told us he stole
the \$750 from you --

LOUIE: He told you that?

GAUVREAU: Yes. In front of ^awitness~~s~~.

LOUIE: (DULL) He told you -- he made it look as though I was the murderer?

GAUVREAU: ~~That~~ ^{sure} he did.

LOUIE: (DULL) All right, ~~sure~~ ^{Mike}. I'll tell you why I've been acting so crazy. Wait.

NARR: (LOW) He reaches his hand into his pocket. Keeps it there. You freeze where you are.

LOUIE: (QUIET, DEADLY) ~~sure~~ ^{Mike}, you're too smart. You were always the smartest of the three of us -- and now -- (BREAK) Well -- one of the three of us is going to die --

GAUVREAU: Louie -- don't --

LOUIE: Shut up, ~~sure~~ ^{Mike}. Shut up and listen. Swear. Swear that George said he stole the money from me!

GAUVREAU: I swear.

LOUIE: All right. I take your word. (PAUSE) (QUIET) So he'd see me hang. Our friend, George. He'd tell you that -- my friend -- and see me hang --

GAUVREAU: Louie, Louie --

LOUIE: SHUT UP! (PAUSE) All right. Here's the truth. You know what I'm doing here? Waiting for George. Because he said -- he said he had killed Brownie -- and thrown the gun into the woods. I've been looking for the gun -- to protect him, ~~sure~~ ^{Mike}. To protect George. To find it and really get rid of it. But he said he'd meet me here. And now I know why. (PAUSE) To kill me. (PAUSE) Well -- when he does, he'll get a surprise.

GAUVREAU: Sorry, George.

RIDLEY: That's all right, *Mike* ~~George~~. (PAUSE) Come on -- friends.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND AWAY FOR CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: _ _ UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: *Michael* In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Emilo Gauvreau, of the New Haven, Conn. Journal Courier with the final outcomes of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ TURN TABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

- GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.
- CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.
- HARRICE: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes.
- CHAPPELL: At the first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.
- HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.
- 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 Emile Gauvreau of the New Haven ~~Conn.~~ Journal Courier.

GAUVREAU: Murderer in tonight's Big Story pleaded insanity but his own confession as well as careful planning of crime shattered that defense. He was sentenced to ~~the~~ ^{death & hanged} ~~imprisonment~~ ^{Wethersfield State Prison} at the Penitentiary. Incidentally, my paper ran his play and photographs. He got his publicity. ~~It is at least we should do.~~ My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Gauvreau ... 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 Phoenix Arizona Republic, by-line Gene McLain. A BIG STORY about a reporter and a student whose favorite subject was murder!

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Alan Sloan from an actual story from the front pages of the New Haven, Conn. Journal Courier. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Owen Jordan played the part of Emile Gauvreau. 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. Gauvreau.

(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.

mtf-ob-hr
1/11/51 am

ATX01 0171971

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM 201

CAST

NARRATOR

RUTH

MRS. F.

GENE

REIK

~~BOB HANSEN~~

MANAGER

EDITOR

MAN 2

FREDERICKS

~~MASON~~

MAN

BOB SLOAN

IVY BETHUNE

JANE ROBBIN

JAMES MCCALLION

WALTER GREAZA

JAMES STEVENS

JAMES STEVENS

ROLAND WINTERS

Allen Stevenson
~~ROLAND WINTERS~~

HUMPHREY DAVIS

~~ALEN STEVENSON~~

JAMES BOLES

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1951

ATX01 0171972

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#201

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

JANUARY 31, 1951

WEDNESDAY

CHAPPELL:
HARRICE:

PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: --- FANFARE, THEN BRIDGES INTO BOB)

MASON:
BOB:

(SOFT SPOKEN, APPEALING VOICE WITH ENORMOUS SINCERITY,
THERE IS VIOLENCE WITHIN IT, MAKING A SPEECH TO A BODY OF
STUDENTS.) ...And so you see, fellow students, ~~there are~~
~~four kinds of murders, or more accurately, there are~~
~~four distinct ways of classifying the killing of one~~
~~human being:~~

(~~STRIKES OFF CAMERA AND REACTION FROM AUDIENCE~~)

MASON:
BOB:

(NO PAUSE) ~~But~~ there are five distinct elements, five
components requisite to obtain conviction for murder.
First, the corpus or body; second, the opportunity for
murder; third, the absence of alibi; fourth, the motive;
and (SLIGHTLY BARDONIC) finally, the detection or arrest
of the criminal. It is, as you see fellow students, a
complex and difficult but fascinating subject.

(GENERAL APPLAUSE. ADLIB COMMENTS. SOME
MILLING OF AUDIENCE, OUT OF WHICH --)

RUTH:

(BREATHLESS, EXCITED) It was wonderful, ~~Bob~~, just
wonderful.

MASON:
BOB:

(PLEASED WITH HIMSELF) Thank you, Ruth, thanks.

RUTH:

Only you frightened me. I mean, you were so intense and
- you know -- like maybe you thought about it yourself.

MASON:
BOB:

Maybe I did, Ruthie, maybe I did.

(MUSIC: --- RISES FULL AND BACKS)

ATX01 0171973

Chappell
~~PRICE~~

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.
^{Phoenix Arizona} FLAT), From the front pages of the Phoenix Republic comes
the story of a reporter who proved that murder may have
five components, but they can all be done by one man.
~~and~~ Tonight, to Gene McLain of the Phoenix Republic,
for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL AWARD!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #201

OPENING COMMERCIAL

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke PELL MELL -- the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.

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HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- -- THEME AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Phoenix, Arizona. The story as it actually happened.
Gene McLain's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: -- -- THEME)

NARRATOR: Your first love, and at the moment, your only love, is the business of batting out stories that swirl in over the police beat - and you're good at it, Gene McLain, reporter for the Phoenix Republic, very good, - little young, sure - little too eager to suit the old-timers, sure - but it gets results. And right now the old itching to move is with you, as you try to pull out more information on the latest missing persons case from Chief Deputy Harry Reik, who just never gives out with information.

GENE: (EAGER) Come on, Chief, I gotta right to know, huh?

REIK: (SLOW SPOKEN, BUT A PROFOUNDLY GOOD COP) Somehow or other wherever I get to work there's always at least one of your breed, McLain. ~~It's a reporter, he's not a cop, with~~
an ordinary guy knocking over his wife (on the wife knocking over the guy), and the body laying in the living room in the ~~middle~~ daylight. No, build it up into a big

~~story, he's not a cop, why is this.~~
Come on - come on - tell me.
GENE: ~~Why couldn't it be a cop, why couldn't it be a cop, why couldn't it be a cop,~~
~~remains. Come on, come on, tell me.~~

REIK: Don't you sleep - don't you eat - All right, I give up. Here's a guy, an ordinary nice fella, no name. He walks into the Acme Auto Sales Corp. (HE PRONOUNCES IT "C-O-R-P") He says to the salesman, this fella whose name we don't know - "I want to buy a new car. Can I have a demonstration." Maybe he says please-I didn't get the details.

GENE: Come on. Cut it out.

REIK: All right, so Jack Franklin, the demonstrator, he says, "Step into my car here, my good fellow", and the two of them drive off in a demonstration car. Period. End of story.

GENE: Only that was Saturday, and today is Monday, and neither the prospect nor Jack Franklin have shown up. So it's a Missing Persons story at least.

REIK: (KNOCKING, SARCASTIC) At least? What do you think it is-- a mass murder too? Now who says it's a missing persons story. You don't know Jack Franklin, do you? ~~could you stand on a drop more philosophy?~~

GENE: Look, I know Jack Franklin.

REIK: (DISREGARDING HIM) Once upon a time Jack Franklin, (height six feet two, weight 218, masculine type) - he used to be a highway patrolman, worked under me. He's a fella can take care of himself. ~~So I would know~~ anything happened to Jack Franklin (as accounts Jack Franklin has a slight tendency you might say, towards the bottle); Jack Franklin did it all to himself, whatever ~~happened~~.

GENE: Well, who is the other guy?

REIK: As for the other guy (TOSSING IT AWAY) the manager of Acme Autos tells me a kid, around 21, 22, a kind of a good looking kid with a babyish face, college type, wavy brown hair. My suspicions are that of the two Jack was probably, should we say, the dominant character.

GENE: So you mean Jack showed him the car, then maybe showed him a bar and then the two tied one on.

REIK: Exactly. Precisely. The point itself. ~~If you had the pleasure (maybe the misfortune) to go out on a ball with Jack Franklin you would understand this case intimately.~~

GENE: (IN QUICKLY) Have you?

REIK: We're not discussing me, so do yourself a favor, Geney boy. Pick up the Associated Press wire reports, or the UP or the INS - I understand they've got a lot of real news on those services, and don't try to make a great big front page business, cause Jack Franklin ain't slept ~~off that bed since he was a boy, and he ain't never gonna.~~

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: Chief Deputy Harry Reik never went to college, has no degrees behind his name, probably never cracked a book on criminology, but he's the best there is in the Southwest, and you know it. And so, as you mosey around his office and the one next door, and the one upstairs, looking for you, don't really know what, you incline to ^{agree with} ~~agree with~~ ~~him~~ - until a curiously dull report that you find sends you back to Harry's office.

GENE: (EXCITED, EVEN MORE THAN BEFORE) ~~What about this - what about this - what about this report - ~~what about this report~~~~

REIK: What's the matter? Somebody blew up the City Hall?

GENE: Come on, Harry. Now this is no time for that. Listen to this. Car abandoned on the West bank of the Grand Canal at Thomas Road north of Phoenix. 1929 Ford - license plates missing - ignition key gone.

REIK: Well I'm glad the City Hall is still there.

GENE: It says here in the report - identified through motor number, having been sold from Frederics Car Lot.

REIK: ~~If you read down to the bottom of the report you'll find a little information on the bottom corner --~~

~~look~~ I wrote it.

GENE: Well, don't you see -- suppose a guy buys a '29 Ford, buys it really for the license plates cause his idea is to steal a new car. Then he gets a demonstration in a new car, knocks over Jack Franklin, the salesman, puts the plates from the 29 Ford on - and whango, he's off.

REIK: It's very good, very good. Only Jack Franklin still stands six foot two ~~and weighs 218 pounds~~

~~and is a former member of the FBI~~

~~was a former member of the FBI~~ (A LITTLE ANGRY) Besides, there is no connection.

GENE: How do you know? ~~Did you go down and talk to the~~
~~Did you go down and see what kind of a~~

~~guy he is?~~ Why does a guy abandon a car and take off the license plates?

REIK: Maybe he didn't abandon the car. Maybe he ran out of gas. Somebody else took the license plates off. We got other crocks in town you know.

GENE: (IN FAST) The ignition keys...

REIK: The same crook who stole the license plates. Where do you see the connection -- two cars?

GENE: Will you come down to Frederics with me?

REIK: No.

GENE: Will you call him up at least and tell him to answer my questions?

REIK: No.

GENE: You got any objections if I go down?

REIK: Yes.

GENE: Well you can't stop me if I go anyhow.

REIK: Nope, it's a free country. Only Frederics is closed.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE & UNDER)

NARRATOR: It begins very inauspiciously, like riding a very bumpy downhill road, one bump down after another. But you are Gene McLain, and comes the dawn - comes seven o'clock - there comes into the life of George Fredrics, car lot owner, second hand car dealer, a....

(TELEPHONE RINGING VERY LOUD)

NARRATOR: Horrible first morning call.

FREDRICS: (ON FILTER) (HE IS ASLEEP, ANNOYED) Hello.

GENE: (TRYING TO BE INGRATIATING) Mr. Fredrics, good morning...

FREDRICS: (STILL SLEEPING, BUT IT MAY BE A CUSTOMER) Good morning to you. I got a lot of very good cars for sale. What can I do for you.

GENE: It's not a sale, Mr. Fredrics, ~~it's...~~ my name is Gene McLain, ~~Mr. Fredrics, Gene McLain, Mr. Fredrics, I'm~~

~~FREDRICS: ~~Mr. Fredrics, Gene McLain, Mr. Fredrics, I'm~~~~

GENE: ~~I'm~~ reporter with the Republic. ~~I got...~~

FREDRICKS: ~~You talking to me? I mean...~~ what have I got to do with
a demonstrator car?

GENE: ~~I'm sorry, Gene. Mr. Fredrick's... Thank~~
you for your cooperation...and...and...go back to sleep.

~~FREDRICKS: Sure, sure, sure.~~

(MUSIC: BRIDGE & UNDER)

NARRATOR: Tuesday morning, the beginning of the fourth day since
the baby-faced, good looking young prospect and the 218
pound six foot two Jack Franklin disappeared. You got
something now you feel, but before you commit yourself
let's make sure that Jack Franklin hasn't shown up. So,
Jack Franklin's house, 9 p.m. of the fourth day.

(DOORBELL. DOOR OPENS)

MRS. F: (BORED WITH IT ALL, ESPECIALLY THE SUBJECT OF THE
CONVERSATION) Yeah.

GENE: Is Mr. Franklin in? Are you Mrs. Franklin?

MRS. F: Yeah, I'm Mrs. Franklin, and no, Jack ain't in.

GENE: Have you heard from him, Mrs. Franklin?

MRS. F: No.

GENE: Well, I'm Gene McLain from the ~~paper, you know the~~
Republic, ~~and I'm...uh...uh...~~

MRS. F: Well, that's mighty interesting.

GENE: Then you haven't seen him or heard from him...I mean...
or maybe anybody else...a friend...see him, maybe.

MRS. F: Nope, not a soul.

GENE: I don't like to say this, Mrs. Franklin, but..uh..you're
not worried, are you?

NARRATOR: Well it was a fair try at least, and as you went your way home..kind of tired -- zowie -- the headline the paper boy is selling hits you.

"PHOENIX MEN DISAPPEAR. CAR SALESMAN VANISHES ALONG WITH PROSPECT. POLICE SEE TIE IN WITH ABANDONED 1929 CAR."

GENE: (SCREAMS) Give me one of those.

(MUSIC: ~~--- SIMULTANEOUS WITH..~~)

NARRATOR: An eight column banner, a reporter's dream, and here it is, all over the streets of Phoenix. You look at it, gloat, go home, show it to your family and read it - oh - six times. But the sweat begins to break out on you Gene McLain because (~~the prospect is dead~~) touch it, (b) Chief Harry Reik has let you know precisely what he thinks of you, your editor and your paper, and ~~the prospect is dead~~ if in tomorrow's dawn, appears Jack Franklin and the wavy haired, baby faced prospect - boy, you're dead. This is not one of the nights you are going to sleep very well.

(MUSIC: ~~--- UP TO TAG THE ACT~~)

(MUSIC: ~~--- TURNTABLE~~)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY -
PROGRAM #201

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: At the first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure - 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 Gene McLain -- as he lived it and wrote it.

NARRATOR: It's a few hours since your paper broke your story Gene McLain, and you're still sweating. You can do one of four things now. You can find a follow up for the story, or you can quit the paper, or you can quietly go out of your mind, or number four, (least desirable of all), you can face the unfriendly music that is going to come out of deputy chief Harry Reik's mouth when you quietly close the door behind you inside his office.

REIK: (VERY ALERT RIGHT NOW) The answer is no, McLain, and do me a favor and g'bye.'

GENE: Oh, come on Chief. It's not so terrible.

REIK: No, no. ^{quit} The commissioner asked me since when do I think that a four day jam by Jack Franklin is a big missing persons case.

GENE: Well, I didn't say you said it.

REIK: No, you just said police officers stated. There's only a couple of police officers got to do with missing persons and the name of the prize patsy is Harry Reik.

GENE: Maybe he ^{is} missing...maybe he's really missing...maybe something really happened to him...

REIK: All right. Suppose I go along with your theory. What happened?

GENE: Look, couldn't you check this Mason fellow.

REIK: Who's Mason?

GENE: You know, Charlie Mason. That's the name of the guy bought the '29 Ford from Fredrics Car lot. Fredrics told me. He told you too.

REIK: Look, I told you I'm not tying these two pieces together just because a guy bought a 29 Ford.

GENE: His address is San Diego, California - the Hacienda Hotel San Diego. I found out.

(PHONE UP)

GENE: Go 'head. Call him.

REIK: I told you I'm not tying these --

GENE: Doesn't cost you anything. The state pays the phone bill.

REIK: Give me that telephone. Put me through to the Hacienda Hotel, San Diego. I want to talk to the room clerk. Snappy. I keep sitting here asking myself why don't I kick this young punk out of my office - and here I am making this jackass telephone call...Hello...This is the deputy chief of police in Phoenix. I want to know if you have a Charles Mason, registered at your hotel. That's right. You sure? He says no.

GENE: Don't hang up...don't hang up...Has there been a Charles Mason at the hotel within the last - oh, I don't know - say the last two months.

REIK: Ach, I've gone this far...check and see if he registered in the hotel within the past 60 days, will ya. (ANNOYED) 'Course it's official business, what do you think?

GENE: You won't be sorry chief, you'll see, uh...

REIK: (INTERRUPTING HIM) Yah..yah...oh...When was that (PAUSE)
I see... (PAUSE) ..and the address... I get it...(HE
LAUGHS) Well thanks a lot...yeah...goodbye....(LONG PAUSE)

GENE: Well, was he? ~~Wasn't he? Well?~~

REIK: Fellow by the name of Charles Mason registered at the
Hacienda Hotel September 22. He stayed overnight and
checked out. That's big news, huh? He hails from the
Arizona State College at Tempe.

GENE: I don't get it.

REIK: Don't you see there's no connection. What happened is
obvious. Some college kid comes up from ~~Tempe~~ State
college; buys a jalopy - he takes a dame out in it for
a ride; maybe he has too much to drink; maybe he gets
fresh. She pulls the ignition ^{key out} ~~out of the ignition~~; walks
out on him; and takes a bus home. So maybe he ties one
on. So there's two guys in the state tying it on - Jack
Franklin and this kid Mason. It wouldn't be the first
time two people in the state of Arizona tied one on.

GENE: (WISE) You don't even believe that yourself.

REIK: And why not?

GENE: So many holes I could drive a truck through it. One, did
the girl who took the key out of the ignition also steal
the license plates? Two, where is this college kid, or
does he ^{go on} ~~take~~ five day drunks too -- why hasn't he showed
up? Three, how come the description from the manager of
the Acme and the manager from the auto lot coincide?

REIK: It does have a couple of holes - but you're wrong. You're
absolutely crazy.

GENE: Why don't we go down to Arizona State College, look up this kid Mason, prove you're right and I'm wrong.

REIK: Now that's a good suggestion. Let's go down and prove just how wrong you are.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE & UNDER)

~~NARRATOR: The Arizona State College is nice, it's in Phoenix, a nice drive, a nice campus, and there's a nice smile on your face. Until you walk into Charlie Mason's room. He's standing there with his back to you.~~

~~REIK: ...?~~

MASON: That's right.

GENE: (WELL PLEASED WITH HIMSELF) Well, well, well, What do you know.

NARRATOR: The boy who answers to the name of Charles Mason isn't baby faced, isn't handsome, isn't tall, and doesn't have wavy hair.

GENE: You're Charlie Mason?

MASON: Sure I'm Charlie Mason.

GENE: Well...uh...look you're looking for a fellow who.. You didn't buy a 1929 Ford did you?

MASON: 29 Ford? No. Maybe you mean Bob Henry.

GENE: Huh? What's he look like, this Henry?

MASON: Well, he's a good looking kid, tall..

GENE: (FINISHING THE THOUGHT) Wavy hair. Baby face?

MASON: Yeah. How'd you know? His room's just down the hall.

REIK: Is he in?

MASON: I don't know.

GENE: Well we're going to find out.

(MUSIC: --- IN MOVEMENT)

(DOOR OPENS)

GENE: Well, hello. Who are you?

RUTH: I'm a student here.

GENE: This isn't your room is it?

RUTH: (EMBARRASSED) Well, no, it's ~~Bob's~~ ^{Charlie Wasson's}. He's a good friend of mind and..uh..(DESPERATE SUDDENLY) Are you the police?

REIK: That's right girlie. What's the matter.

RUTH: I don't know really...but ~~Bob~~ ^{Charlie} just...He's been acting so queer for the past few weeks...

GENE: He's disappeared?

RUTH: Oh no..no...nothing like that. He's not here because he went up to see his father in Seattle. He got a telegram from his father about how his father's sick, you see, and so he went up...

GENE: Well what are you so upset about?

RUTH: Well I lent him a book and I came to get it back, and... (DISTRESSED) this.

REIK: What is it?

RUTH: Well, he...uh..he gave a lecture a couple of days before he went up to Seattle to see his father, and...uh...well, maybe you better read it yourself.

REIK: (READING. NON-COMMITAL, NO REACTION) Notes on lecture on..

GENE: (READING OVER HIS SHOULDER) Murder! Well, well. ~~Four~~ classifications of murder. Very interesting.

REIK: Five components necessary for conviction. Hey this gets more interesting. Listen to this kid. First-the body, second-opportunity for murder (BUILDING IN EXCITEMENT) third-absence of alibi, fourth-motive, and fifth-arrest of criminal. This boy knows his stuff. You sure he went up to Seattle to see his father?

RUTH: Oh yes sir. Absolutely, I...(THEN HER REAL FEELING) Isn't it terrible. And I heard him give that lecture. And I want to tell you mister ---

GENE: What?

RUTH: Oh, I don't want to say any more. I don't even want to think about it again.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BACKS)

NARRATOR: There is a word on your lips, ~~on your tongue~~, on both your lips ~~and both your tongues~~, yours and Harry Reik's. But neither of you say it. The word is -- murder. And the sudden shock of it hits you, the leap from what was at first the reluctant admission that something might be wrong, to the sudden realization that something incredibly wrong might be the truth.

REIK: Don't say anything. Don't say a word. Let's check it - and I mean check.

GENE: Okay. Those are my sentiments exactly. Precisely. The point itself.

(MUSIC: -- IN MOVEMENT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You take the photograph of the ~~smiling~~^{baby-} faced boy that was smiling from his dresser in Tempe, Arizona, first to Fredrics Auto Lot

FREDRICKS: Yeah, that's the kid bought the 29 Ford. That's him.
Say, you the fellow woke me up at seven o'clock in the
morning?

(MUSIC: -- STING)

NARRATOR: Then to the manager of the Acme Auto Sales Corporation.

MANAGER: Let me look at that again. Yeah, yeah. That's the kid
got in the car with Jack Franklin...hey when was it...
last Saturday...five days ago. Chief, you think
something happened?

(MUSIC: -- STING AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: Point two on the young man's lecture notes - opportunity
for murder. Check that one off.

(MUSIC: -- CHECK THEN SEGUE TO BACK NARRATION)

NARR: Then a call to Seattle to the father of ^{Charles Mason}~~Bob Henry~~ - and
the discovery that his father isn't sick at all, that
he never sent a telegram, that the boy hasn't shown up,
that --

REIK: As a matter of fact, the kid's out on probation for
holding up a drugstore and going on a wild joyride a
little over a year ago. As a matter of fact, the kid
himself sent the telegram to provide himself with an
alibi.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE & UNDER)

NARRATOR: That would be point three on the checklist of the young
college student - absence of alibi. You check that off.

(MUSIC: -- CHECK THEN SEGUE TO BACK NARRATION)

NARRATOR: But there are still three points in the checklist of the five components unchecked: Motive, body, and the detection of the criminal. (~~Boy~~ that kid really put it down on paper.) Now Harry Reik, no philosopher, but a man of action, moves...

REIK: I want the canal drained. I want a body of men combing the area north of Phoenix, south of Phoenix, that whole area between Phoenix and the college and the black hills south of Phoenix.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN WITH NARRATOR)

NARRATOR: Motive, body, and the criminal himself still to be checked off.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING)

NARRATOR: Up out of the canal comes the ignition key, but no more. No motive, no body, no criminal.

REIK: I want this on the teletype to an eight state area and I want it to the FBI.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN WITH NARRATOR)

NARRATOR: And you go to work as well, your paper fully behind you. One screaming headline "Where are these men", and under it two pictures, one of them (frowning) Jack Franklin, the other, (smiling broadly) ^{Chas. Mason} ~~Bob Henry~~, and both faces sent out by the services across the nation and the 48 state dragnet moving, moving.

GENE: (TIRED) And still no corpus, no motive, no criminal.

(PHONE RINGS. PHONE ANSWERED)

GENE: (TIRED) Hello. Phoenix Republic, Gene McLain.

MAN: My name is Ephram. Run a farm just other side of Guadalupe, about six miles south of the Baseline Road.

GENE: (ANNOYED) That's very nice Mr. Ephram. What do you want?

MAN: Look, you been running in the papers about how you're looking for some fellas, ain't you? Franklin and ~~Henry~~ ^{William?}

GENE: (JUMPING) We sure are.

MAN: Well, one of my pigs died. Took it out over to the south mountains, my place is in the foothills of the south mountains, to bury the ~~body~~ ^{pig}. Otherwise, well, you know what happens to carrion around these parts.

GENE: (IMPATIENT) Yes, yes, well.

MAN: Well I found him.

GENE: Who?

MAN: This fella Franklin. Bullet just clean tore out the right side of that man's face. Thought you'd like to know.

(MUSIC: -- -- HITS HARD AND BACKS)

NARRATOR: Check off point ~~three~~ ^{one} - corpus, body. And in a half hour check off point four - motive.

REIK: Pockets emptied, wallet gone, car gone. Motive robbery.

(MUSIC: -- -- HITS AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: And now all that remains is point five, the really difficult point - detection and arrest of the criminal. Your headline "where are these men" becomes..

GENE: (SLOWLY) "Where is this man - baby faced killer wanted."

NARRATOR: And a 48 state dragnet, the nationwide search narrows down -- this few murderers ever consider -- to an alert landlord who runs a rooming house in Johnson City, Tennessee.

MAN II: Well, I was coming out of church and I seen this very nice attractive couple. The girl's from Johnson City, local girl, but the fella I never saw before. And they were walking together right outside the church, cosy as two peas, real friendly, and then I took a good look in the fella's face -- ~~Bob Henry~~ ^{Chas. Jackson}.

(MUSIC: _ _ _)

NARRATOR: Point five, the detection and arrest of the criminal. A fine essay, written and lived by a murderer. Fine indeed and a big story, written and lived by a reporter. Really fine.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment w. will read you a telegram from Gene McLain, of the Phoenix Arizona Republic with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #201

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

HARRICE: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes.

CHAPPELL: At the first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

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 Gene McLain of the Phoenix Arizona Republic.

McLAIN: Although young killer in tonight's Big Story pleaded not guilty and proved himself as wily in court as in crime. He was speedily convicted and ended his life in the gas chambers. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. McLain...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.

CHAPPELL: Ladies and gentlemen, may I present Mr. Alan C. Garratt, Advertising Manager of the American Cigarette and Cigar Company. Mr. Garratt.

GARRATT: Thank you Ernest Chappell. Four years ago, we at Pell Mell decided to present a new kind of radio program, a program that would accurately and honestly reflect the richness, the excitement and the varied wonders of American life. We called it THE BIG STORY and centered it around the men and women, the reporters of our free newspapers, who by their day-to-day work and lives, make this America a reality for us. It is fitting that tonight the occasion of the 200th broadcast of THE BIG STORY, we should honor one such reporter, Miss Dorothy Pope of the Ogden Utah Press, and in honoring her pay tribute to all reporters. *Dorothy Pope*

POPE: Thank you, Mr. Garratt. It is difficult for anyone to presume to speak for all the newspapers or all the members of the working press (that is one of the reasons we enjoy a free press) - and I do not ~~so~~ presume. ^{to do so} But one thing is sure, ~~The~~ Pell Mell and THE BIG STORY have earned the respect of every American reporter, and I think, of every American listener, as well.

~~OPTIONAL CUE:~~ My BIG STORY - (About a rodeo and a man who killed six others) will be seen this week on ^{the Big Story show} television. Many thanks, Mr. Garratt, and the American Cigarette & Cigar Company -- and above all, to our radio audience, many, many, thanks.

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY - A BIG STORY from the front pages of the Memphis Tennessee Commercial Appeal, by-line David Bloom. A BIG STORY about a reporter who proved that sometimes in Lover's Lane people can have a rendezvous with ---death.

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Arnold Perl from an actual story from the front pages of the Phoenix Arizona Republic. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and James McCallion played the part of Gene McLain. 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. McLain.

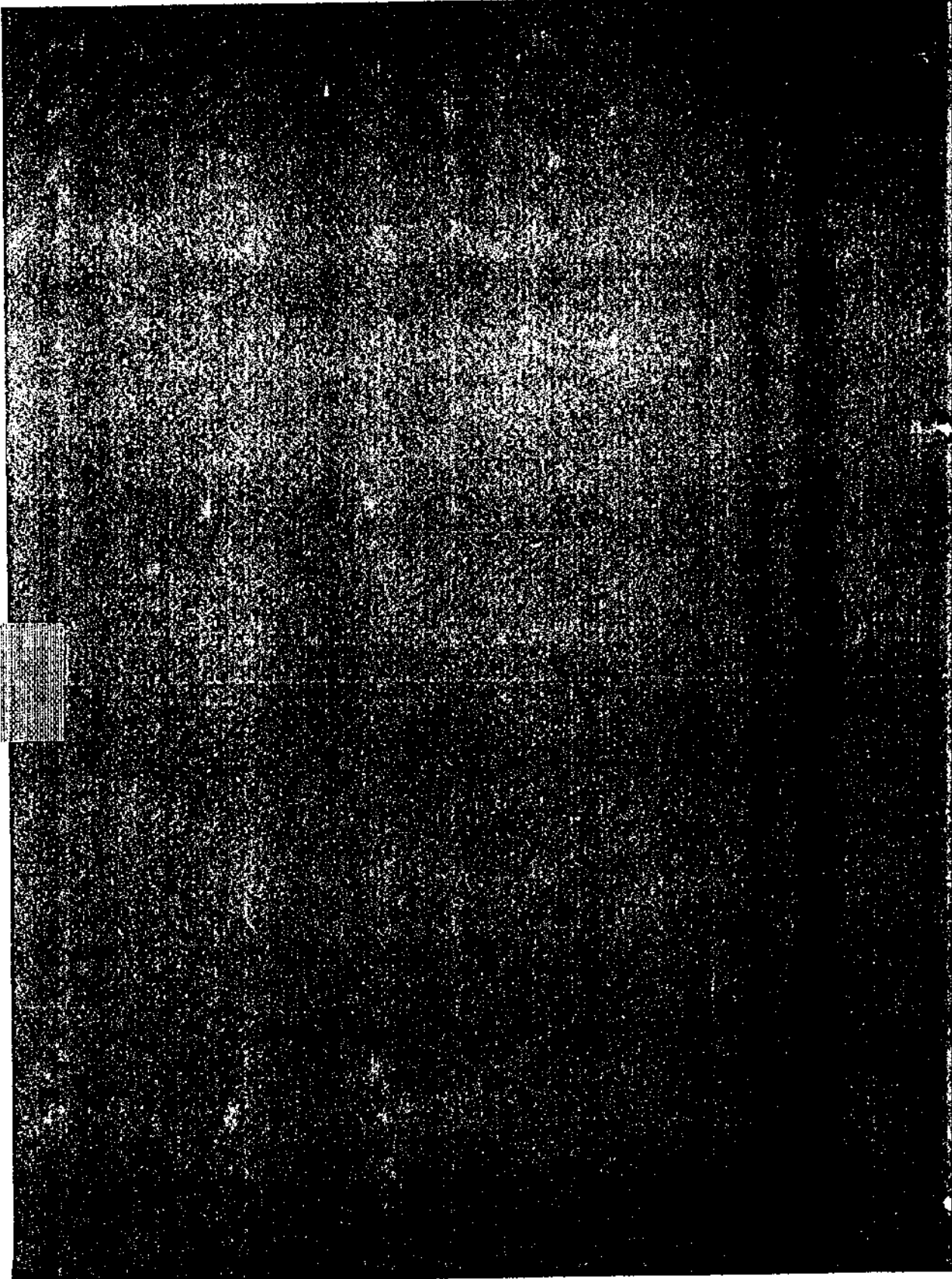
(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

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

THIS IS NBC...THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

DSV
1/19/51 pm

ATX01 0172000



REBRUARY

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #202

CAST

NARRATOR
HENRIETTA
LAURA
~~BERD~~ *Gill*
EDNA
DAVE
INSPECTOR
SAM
ELLIS
MAN
RAY
CLERK

BOB SLOAN
BARBARA TOWNSEND
MELBA RAE
ROLLY ~~BOSTON~~ *Koster*
CONNIE ⁵LAMBCKE
BERNARD GRANT
LES DAMON
VINTON HAYWORTH
BILL LIPTON
BILL LIPTON
BILL GRIFFIS
BILL GRIFFIS

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1951

ATX01 0172002

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#202

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

FEBRUARY 7, 1951

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(~~RADIO PLAYING DANCE MUSIC LOW E.G.~~)

HENRIETTA: (CALLING WEARILY) Honey, do you know where I put my cigarette lighter?... (SLIGHT TAKE) Oh, I forgot you're already upstairs, Jack..Never mind..I'll use a match..

(STRIKE OF A MATCH)

HENRIETTA: (SPEAKING TO HER HUSBAND UPSTAIRS) ~~Just look at this~~ ^{You gotta see} room, honey...~~Did you ever see~~ ^{never seen} such a mess? ~~Honestly,~~ ^{Honestly,} ~~the next party we go to will sure have to be at somebody else's place...~~ (WEARY SIGH..THEN AS SHE RECALLS) But ~~it~~ ^{the party} sure was fun though...(STARTING TO LAUGH AS SHE RECALLS) ~~Remember when Charley sneaked into my closet and got one of my dresses..~~ (LAUGHING HARDER) Remember, honey?! ~~and~~ ^{Charlie} when Laura got shold of ~~him~~ ^{him} and - painted him up with lipstick!.... (LAUGHING REAL HARD) I - I thought I'd roll under the couch...

(DOOR CHIMES START AND HOLD UNDER:)

HENRIET: (LAUGHTER BEGINNING TO DIE AWAY) I'll get it, Jack.. Somebody's always forgetting something at parties..

(FEW STEPS TO DOOR OPENING AND:)

HENRIET: (HALF SCREAM OF HORROR) Oh my Lord! (CALLING WITH TERROR) Jack! Come quick! Something - something terrible has happened to - Laura! (WEAKER) Jack, come quick..I think I'm going to - faint...

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER:)

ATX01 0172003

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Here is America....Its sound and its
fury..its joy and its sorrow..as faithfully reported by
the men and women of the great American newspapers.
(PAUSE...COLD AND FLAT) Memphis, Tennessee..From the
pages of The Commercial Appeal, the story of a chain of
murders which terrorized the youth of an entire city.
Tonight, to David Bloom of the Commercial Appeal, for
his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL AWARD.

(MUSIC: -- -- TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #202

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes. At the first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- -- THEME AND UNDER:)

CHAPPELL: Memphis, Tennessee...The story as it actually happened..
David Bloom's story as he lived it..

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

NARR: Today, David Bloom, you're a celebrated sports writer
for the Memphis Commercial Appeal. And also president
of the Southern Association of Baseball Writers..Of
course you can't ever remember a time when you weren't
excited about baseball. But you do remember a time
when you weren't in the sports department of your paper,
You were a police reporter..a police reporter with one
of the most frightening murder stories on your hands...

~~(MUSIC: -- -- OFF TO)~~

(NEWSROOM B.G. TICKER, HUBBUB, ETC) (PHONE RINGS
IN FOREGROUND. . THEN:)

SAM: (HURRIED AS HE PICKS UP PHONE) City Desk, Sam Kahn
speaking..Yep, I'm the City Editor, lady. (TAKE) Are
you sure?! (LISTENING AS HE NODS ALONG) Hmmh.....Yeah..
I see...Right! Thanks a lot for calling us!

(HANGS UP AS:)

SAM: (CALLS OVER SOUND) Bloom! Dave Bloom!

DAVE: (YOUNG, ALMOST BRASH. . FADES IN FAST) Coming, Sam...
Just collecting a bet from the sports department, that's
all...

SAM: ~~The usual?~~

DAVE: ~~The usual baseball... Can you imagine a 'sports writer'~~
~~not knowing who pitched the first curve?~~

SAM: ~~(AGHAST) And you know?~~

DAVE: ~~(AS-IF-ANY-FOOL WOULD)~~ Why, sure, "Gandy" Cummings,
back in 1867.

SAM: (DEAD SERIOUS NOW) ~~All I can say is - I wish you could~~
~~come up with the name of the Berclair ^{killer} just as~~
~~easily -~~

DAVE: Oh now, be fair, Sam. ~~I've been working on these four~~
~~murders six months now. So has the entire Memphis~~
~~police force!~~ I've been eating, sleeping and
nightmare-ing nothing but those grisly-murders for a
half year --

SAM: (CUTS IN) I know, I know, Dave.

DAVE: (GOES RIGHT ON) But there's nothing to go on.
Everybody's who's ever seen that lousy little murderer
is dead. ...Those poor kids. All they wanted to do
was a little necking in Lover's Lane...And now four
of them are dead -

SAM: Add one more, Dave..Maybe two -

DAVE: (TAKE) What do you mean?!

SAM: Just what I said. He's loose again. I just got a call.

DAVE: (FAST NOW) Who was it he got?! Where?! When?!

SAM: (FAST) All I know is, a fellow named Charley ^{kins} and
a girl named Laura Tucker were involved. Been to a
party at some friends. They stopped on Highland Avenue
in their car -

DAVE: Highland Avenue?! Last time it was Sumner! Only a
few blocks apart!

SAM: Next thing we know, Laura shows up at the house they'd just left. She'd staggered maybe an eighth of a mile with a bullet in her through the neck and lodged under her left ear!

DAVE: (TAKE) Then she's alive! Sam, do you know what this means?! Nobody's lived before to tell us anything! This girl's alive!

SAM: Don't be so sure. She's going fast! You'll find her at the Baptist Memorial Hospital - if you hurry!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ ACCENT, . DOWN UNDER:)

(LOW HUBBUB OF PROTESTING REPORTERS AS:)

DAVE: (PUSHING HIS WAY THRU) Come on, fellers..Come on.. Give me a chance to get in -

VOICES: (LOW BECAUSE IT'S A HOSPITAL) What's the idea?...We've been here a half hour..You're no better than the rest, Dave..

DAVE: Honest, fellers...Inspector Morrell is in there with her and he's expecting me..Come on, give me a break.. Let me through..

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN WITH)

NARR: (FAST, LOW) As you fight your way to Laura Tucker's hospital door, you know the other guys are sore at your advantage. But you don't have time to explain to them how Inspector Morrell used to pitch for the Memphis Chicks years ago, how much he appreciates your remembering the one game in which he struck out nine men in a row - and forgetting those other games in which the Inspector broke the team record for handing out bases on balls.....

(DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED SHUTTING OUT VOICES)

INSPECTOR: (MIDDLE AGED, VERY MOODY RIGHT NOW..LOW) Oh..Hi, Dave -

DAVE: (LOW) Hi....Is - that her in the bed over there?

INSP: Yeah...You can talk to her but don't take too long..
She's going -

DAVE: I'm sorry..Listen, Inspector - how about some coffee
and a little chat afterwards?

INSP: Can't, Dave. I'm leaving right now for the office...
I'm in trouble -

DAVE: In trouble? What for?

INSP: For being alive, I guess. One of the politicians is
waiting in my office right now.

DAVE: So that's it! What does he want with you?

INSP: The usual, I ~~guess~~ ^{suppose}...It doesn't look good to have a
crime wave - so somebody's got to take the rap...Me...
See you later -

(DOOR OPENED ON LOW HUBBUB OF VOICES AND SHUT...)

A FEW STEPS AND OUT TO:)

DAVE: (GENTLY) Miss Tucker?

LAURA: (VERY WEAK) Yes?

DAVE: I'm Dave Bloom, from the Appeal...would I bother you
too much if we talked for a minute or so?

LAURA: No, it's all right...(WEAK SMILE) It's - funny -

DAVE: What is?

LAURA: You being here...For months, I been reading your
stories in the Appeal on the other killings out in
Berclair..Now - here you are and - here I am..

DAVE: You'll be all right, Miss Tucker. You'll get better..

LAURA: (DOESN'T BELIEVE IT) Sure..

DAVE: Did - did you get a look at him?

LAURA: ..It - was dark and he - began shooting so fast I -
I couldn't rightly see...He - seemed to be a - short
man, kind of slim..(SLIGHT SHUDDER) That's all I
remember of him before - (BREAKS OFF)

DAVE: Did you hear him come up on you?

LAURA: No but - I could hear him drive off...

DAVE: (SLIGHT TAKE) He - uses a car?

LAURA: It - must have been a good car because he must have
driven up awful close to us without us hearing his
motor or anything before he - (BREAKS OFF)

DAVE: That's very important, Miss Tucker, what you just told
me. Now - did he steal anything? Because from the
looks of the other mur - (CATCHES HIMSELF) - from
before, it seems his motive is robbery. Did he -

LAURA: (CUTS IN) He - went through Charley's pockets..he -
thought I was - dead. That's how come I saw..He took
my watch and - a diamond cluster ring off me..I - I
gave the police their description -

(DOOR OPENED AND SHUT AS:)

DAVE: Guess I'll have to go now - here comes the nurse.
Well, thanks a great deal, Miss Tucker..You'll - be
all right.

LAURA: (WEAKER) Mr. Bloom?

DAVE: Yes?

LAURA: (CRYING NOW) Why - would anyone do a thing like that?
What kind of man would do a thing like that?!

(MUSIC: ~~UP~~ . . . ~~DOWN UNDER~~ :)

NARR: When you reached the Municipal Building, it was long after midnight. But there were lights burning. And you knew whose lights they were. Those on the second floor - detectives, and Inspector Morrell. Those on the third floor - the Mayor, the Chief of Police and some of the political boys. The latter held no elected post but had an office for convenience...

(ECHOING STEPS IN EMPTY HALL UNDER:)

JOE: (~~JUST AN ANGRY AD-LIB RUMBLE GROWING CLOSER UNDER~~)

NARR: You could hear 'Honest' Joe ^{Norwood} one of the boys all the way down the hall, coming through the Inspector's door.. As you tried to go in, you were stopped by 'Honest' Joe's man..

(MUSIC: ~~CUT~~)

ELLIE: (BODYGUARD..VERY SOFT-SPOKEN, SELF-EFFACING) Sorry.. Can't go in..

DAVE: 'Honest' Joe's in there, isn't he?

ELLIE: I reckon so -

DAVE: What would happen if ~~he barged in~~?

(~~RUMBLING VOICE ENDS INSIDE AND DOOR BURSTS OPEN~~)

ELLIS: (HUMBLE) Step aside, please..Can't you see Mr. Norwood's coming out?

(ANGRY STEPS START FADING UNDER:)

ELLIS: (FADING) Everything all right, Mr. Norwood? Anything I can do, Mr. Norwood?

(DOOR SHUT CUTTING OFF STEPS OUTSIDE)

INSP: (WEARY) Hi, Dave..(LET'S HIS BREATH ESCAPE SLOWLY)
Pheh...

DAVE: What does he want from you - blood?

INSP: Seems unless I solve the case - and solve it fast -
I'm out..

DAVE: He's cracking the whip real pretty, ain't he?

INSP: (HALF TO HIMSELF) How I wish I could throw that man
a few curves, just enough to strike him out. Lord,
how I wish that!

DAVE: Forget him..What's with the information Laura Tucker
gave you?

INSP: (NOT TOO HOPEFUL) It may be helpful but I don't know..
soon as the pawnshops open in the morning, we'll pass
out the description of her diamond cluster ring and
the serial number on her watch...Then we pray the
murderer is stupid enough to try and pawn the stuff -

DAVE: Did she tell you about his driving away in a car?

INSP: Now that puzzles me. From her description - quiet
motor, no squeaks ^{no} ~~or~~ rattles - it sounds like he's
driving a real good car. But what would a man with a
real good car - a man who could afford one - what would
he be doing killing people just to rob them of cheap
rings and watches? Unless he were crazy -

DAVE: Or unless he worked for a garage - or as a chauffeur..
And the car didn't belong to him -

INSP: Maybe so..

(PHONE RINGS..UNDER:)

INSP: (REAL DOWN IN THE MOUTH) There it is -

DAVE: There's what?

INSP: That phone...Second inning coming up -

(RECEIVER UP AS:)

INSP: Morrell speaking...Yes, sir..Yes, Chief..I'll be right
up -

(HANGS UP)

INSP: Honest Joe ain't satisfied yet... Now he's in the
Chief's office and they're both gonna work out on me...
(LIKE BEFORE BUT MORE SO) Now I wish I could pitch to
that man, for a change - and not he to me! ..Well,
see you tomorrow, Dave..

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

(NEWSPAPER OFFICE B.G. IN FIRST SCENE WITH
TYPEWRITER IN FOREGROUND)

NARR: (LOW) Now you're back at the office, knocking out the
story of the night just ending....You keep out things
like the serial number of the watch and the business of
the pawnbrokers because you don't want to tip the
murderer off - just in case he's too stupid not to
know it himself. Then - you suddenly stop.

(CUT TYPEWRITER)

~~(MUSIC: -- OUT)~~

NARR: You walk over to Sam Kahn's desk and plop yourself
down..

DAVE: Sam, tell me something, did you ever think about what
kind of a lover I'd make?

SAM: Huh?! Easy, son, take it easy -

DAVE: I got an idea, Sam...Until tonight we had almost no clues, nothing. Tonight, we got some - but I don't think they're going to lead anywhere.

SAM: (BEGINNING TO SUSPECT) Dave, I think I know what you're driving at and I'm not sure I like it -

DAVE: I'm going to do it, Sam - like it or not...In a couple weeks, I'll become the hottest necker in Memphis. I'll be out in Berclair every night...Who knows? I might even get to like it - for a while, anyway....

(MUSIC: -- STING AND UP TO CURTAIN FOR ACT I)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #202

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: At the first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure - 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 Dave Bloom, as he lived it and wrote it...

NARR: About ~~six~~ ^{has} weeks ~~have~~ gone by since you, Dave Bloom, police reporter for the Memphis Commercial Appeal, had decided to become a decoy lover. Every night for a week, with a girl at your side, you'd been sitting in your car..waiting. The place? Berclair, scene of six gruesome murders to date..But you've begun to lose hope as the eighth night approaches...and you're discussing it with your city editor.

(NEWSROOM B.G..)

SAM: (CONCERNED) Dave, I think you'd better make this the last night...

DAVE: Maybe so, Sam. Maybe I'm rushing the murderer. Last time he killed six months apart..It's only six weeks since he did in Charley ~~Ellis~~ ^{Harris} and that poor girl, Laura -

SAM: Check the pawnbrokers lately?

DAVE: Check 'em like a bloodhound..regularly..Well, better get a move on. Can't keep my gal waiting - See you later -

SAM: Dave -

DAVE: Umh?

SAM: Got your gun?

DAVE: What do you think?

(MUSIC: _ _ _ ACCENT. . . DOWN_UNDER:)

(NIGHT SOUNDS. . . ESTABLISH. . . THEN:)

DAVE: (LOW) What time is it, honey? Left mine at home -

GIRL I: (LOW) After one, Dave..

DAVE: Getting bored?

GIRL I: (WRY SMILE) You expect me to get bored, being out with a demon lover eight nights in a row?!

DAVE: Why, honey! If that isn't an invitation then I've never heard one -

GIRL I: (CUTS IN WITH HALF SCREAM) Dave! Behind you! DAVE!
(SUDDEN OPENING OF CAR DOOR AS STEPS ARE HEARD RUSHING OFF UNDER:)

DAVE: (SHOUTING) Stop or I'll shoot!
(SEVERAL SHOTS..AS SHOTS DIE OUT CAR IS HEARD SLIGHTLY OFF STARTING UP AND FAST GETAWAY UNDER:)

GIRL I: (HALF HYSTERICAL) Dave...Dave, are you - all right?!
~~Dave, I think I'm - going to faint...~~

DAVE: He got away! ~~Drop him!~~ He had his car behind those bushes! (SLIGHT TAKE) ~~Don't faint! Please don't! I won't know what to do for you!~~

GIRL I: Dave..He - he looked - through your open window. He - had a - gun and -

DAVE: Go on, honey..Go on..I shouldn't have turned my back!
Go on -

GIRL I: I - I couldn't make out his - face but he started to - run before I - even screamed...

DAVE: (TAKE) He started to run before you screamed?! Why?!
Why should he?!

GIRL I: One second he was looking at your face..the next, he started to run...like - he'd recognized you, like he - knew you!

(MUSIC: -- STING HIGH. . HOLD. . DOWN UNDER:)

NARR: When you got back to the office your hands shook for quite some time. It was too crazy to believe -- that the murderer was someone who knew you, Dave Bloom. Because if he knew you, the odds were you knew him..the odds were it was someone you saw frequently, regularly. And that was absolutely crazy!

(MUSIC: -- LOW STING AND OUT TO:)

NARR: (LOW) You didn't know it then, but that was the first of a series of other crazy events..The next one began a few days later, when you walked into Inspector Morrell's office...

INSP: (A MAN WITH A HEADACHE) Before you sit down, Dave, mind getting me a glass of cold water out of the tap there?

DAVE: Headache?

(START TAP RUNNING UNDER:)

INSP: (MISERABLE) "Honest" Joe Norwood...same thing..

DAVE: Water's warm...I'll let it run for a little while..

(JUST HOLD WATER AND THEN SUDDEN SLOSHING OVER

AS SINK OVERFLOWS AND:)

DAVE: (TAKE) Hey! Your sink's ^{stopped} ~~stuffed~~ up! Water's running over!

(TAP TURNED OFF AS:)

INSP: (EXPLODES) I told him, darn it! I told him yesterday that something was stopping up that sink! Why does everything happen to me?!

DAVE: Told whom?

(RECEIVER UP ANGRILY...DIAL TWICE AND:)

INSP: (ANGRILY INTO PHONE) Ray?! Is that you?! Well, drat it, man - get up here and fix that sink of mine! It's over-flowed! You're supposed to be the city plumber, ain't you?!

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT...OUT TO:)

(CLANK OF SMALL PIPES TAKEN APART. . HOLD. . THEN LIGHT SWING OF WATER AND:)

RAY: (THE PLUMBER) There she is, Inspector...There's your villain..Stuck in the drain!
(PAUSE..THEN)

RAY: (TAKE) What's the matter! Why are guys staring at me like that?

DAVE: (TENSE) Let me see that..

RAY: Here..Looks like a cheap ring of some kind, ~~with that little cluster of diamonds~~, looks like the kind kids wear -

DAVE: Here...You look at it, Inspector..

INSP: (BEAT. THEN:) It's it, all right..Laura Tucker's diamond cluster ring..

RAY: (TAKE) Right here in the Municipal Building?! Well, what do you know!

DAVE: Ray, tell me --

RAY: What?

DAVE: Where - I mean, that drain..it's responsible for - what sinks in this building?

RAY: (THINKING) Well..this one here..*is a master drain*

DAVE: And?
RAY: And ^{the} the ones on the third floor right above..
INSP: (EXPLODES) (ALMOST COMICALLY) There you have it, Dave!
When I said everything happens to me, I meant but
everything! You know who's got offices on the floor
above?! The Mayor, the Chairman of the Board of
Education, the Fire Chief, the Police Chief and "honest"
Joe Norwood! If you were me, which one of them would
you arrest for the Lovers' Lane murders?!

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT. . . QUICK BRIDGE. . . OUT UNDER:)

(NEWSPAPER OFFICE B.G.)

SAM: (VRY) Anything new on the "Mystery of the Municipal
Drain"?

DAVE: (NOT IN A JOKING MOOD) Yeah, Sam...The Fire Chief set
the Mayor on fire, the Chairman of the Board of Education
tried to re-educate the Fire Chief, the Police Chief
has taken up the harp and Honest Joe is Honest Joe...
Nothing new at all -

SAM: ...Seriously, Dave -

DAVE: (JUMPY) Seriously, Sam, I'm going off my rocker. The
murderer seems to be a man who knows me and I him. He
drops diamond clusters in the municipal drains. Period!

SAM: Morrell doing anything about tracking the ring down?

DAVE: What can he do?! He's even scared to tell the Chief
about it. It was his sink, wasn't it?!

SAM: (HALF JOKE) You don't think Morrell could have done it,
do you?

DAVE: Of course not.

(SLIGHT PAUSE)

SAM: You want to follow up any more of these tipster letters? Here's another sample..(READING) Dear Sir, Please don't give my name away but I'm positive my husband did those murders. He is the nastiest man -

DAVE: (CUTS IN) Lord, no! It always gives me the chills to think of how many people there are in this world who don't know it but who have other people stalking them with the most murderous grudges against them..

SAM: Yeah...

DAVE: Well...I'm off again -

SAM: Where to this time?

DAVE: The pawnbrokers ~~again~~ -

SAM: Broke [']again?

DAVE: No - still digging -

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP...INTO MONTAGE...)

NARR: So you start the weary merry-go-round again of all the pawnshops in Memphis. Once you carried those watch numbers on a piece of paper..But now you've got them carved inside your head..

(DOOR WITH JANGLING BELL OPENS)

NARR: You look at the pawnbroker's face and you know the answer -

DAVE: Don't tell me..I can see by your ^{expression} ~~pass~~..Nothing..

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP. . DOWN TO:)

NARR: And by the eighth pawnshop, you even know the variations on the answers....

DAVE: Ok, Ok..The watch hasn't come in and you don't think the murderer would be that stupid...(SARCASTIC) Thanks.. Advice is one thing I don't need right now...

(DOOR OPENED TO STREET SOUNDS AND DOOR SHUT AS:)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP... DOWN UNDER:)

NARR: So you keep walking from one pawnshop to the next.. until you're so tired and depressed that you start into the last one on your list without noticing that someone is coming out..

(MUSIC: ~~OUT~~ . . .)

(STREET SOUND B.G.)

EDNA: (ABOUT THIRTY, SOFT SPOKEN, LIKEABLE BUT A LITTLE SHABBY)
(AS DAVE BUMPS INTO HER) Oops!

DAVE: (TAKE) Oh..Gee, I'm sorry. I - didn't mean to bump into you like that..

EDNA: (SMILE) It's OK...

DAVE: Sorry...

EDNA: (GOING OFF) Good bye..

(SLIGHT PAUSE..THEN A FEW STEPS AND DOOR WITH
~~RINGING BELL~~ ON IT OPENS AND SHUTS CUTTING OFF
THE STREET SOUNDS AS:)

MAN III: (EXCITED) Bloom! Bloom, what are you?! You must be
psychic! That's it! Like in the magazines! They say
some people are psychic! They know just when -

DAVE: (CUTS IN) Wait a minute! Hold on! What are you
talking about?! ~~I'm doing the rounds and I got to you
in turn. What's so psychic about -~~

MAN III: That woman! You must have seen her! She just walked
out! That woman! Look! The numbers on ^{this} the watch!
They're the same!

(MUSIC: ~~---~~ SEING HIGH... DOWN UNDER:)

NARR: (FAST) Her name was Edna Knuckles, which didn't mean
anything to you. And neither did her address. But
you got to her house as fast as you could - a modest
little cottage, with gingham curtains, in a modest
neighborhood..And you had no trouble getting inside.
She greeted you at the door with a smile, recognized
you as the man who bumped into her and waited politely
for you to tell her why you'd come..

~~(MUSIC: ---)~~ OUT. . .)

DAVE: Miss Knuckles, I'm a reporter..for the Appeal...

Dave Bloom..

EDNA: (POLITELY) Oh yes..Of course..Pleased to meet you -

DAVE: It's - about the watch you just pawned. I - wanted
to talk with you a bit...

(MUSIC: _ _ _ INTRO AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Jackson, Mississippi...the story as it actually happened...Paul Tiblier's story, as he lived it...

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Most people celebrate the Fourth of July in the same way, more or less. To most people it is a day off, a day of oratory and parades and fireworks, ~~or perhaps a drive with the family to the mountains or the shore.~~ But for you, Paul Tiblier of the Jackson Daily News, the Fourth of July has a special significance. For this is the date of your Big Story, and this is the way it began. It began in the nearby town of Crystal Springs, in Covich County. It began with an incident, in itself harmless, in itself of no consequence. A man and woman drive their car up to an attractive young girl standing on a street corner and....

(CAR SLOWING TO STOP, BRAKING, MOTOR IDLING)

BERT: (CHEERFULLY) Afternoon, Loretta.

LORETTA: Oh. Afternoon, Mr. Kiley...Mrs. Kiley.

HARRIET: Like to go for a ride with us?

LORETTA: (DUBIOUS) Well, I don't know. I've got to be home early...

HARRIET: Oh, come on, honey. It's hot here in town, a nice ride'll cool you off. Bert and me are aiming to drive out into the country somewhere, have early supper, and get home before dark. Now, what do you say?

BERT: Sure Loretta. What do you say? If you want to come along, we'll be glad to have you.

LORETTA: I...all right, Mr. Kiley. Thank you, ~~kindly~~...I'd love to.

BERT: Fine! Hop in...and let's go!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: An incident, in itself harmless, in itself of no consequence. But it is seen by a number of citizens of Crystal Springs, and remembered, on this sizzling hot Independence Day. ~~It is seen and recorded in the newspapers.~~ A week later, you're making a routine phone check around the counties near Jackson, and in the process you talk to your good friend, Sheriff Ben Mattson, of Covich County...

SHERIFF: (FILTER) Got an item that might interest you, Paul if you want to run down from Jackson.

PAUL: Yes? What is it, Ben?

SHERIFF: Man named Jess Forbes just walked in here. Reported his sister missing, ever since the day of the Fourth.

PAUL: Hmmm. That'd be a week now.

SHERIFF: That's right. As the story goes, a couple named Kiley, Bert and Harriet Kiley, picked her up to take her for a drive. They came back to Crystal Springs, but this girl, Loretta Forbes, didn't.

PAUL: Why not?

SHERIFF: That's what I'm going to find out. We're picking up the Kileys for questioning now. If you're interested, come on down.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You're interested. And so begins a story that later mushroomed into a great and fearful hue and cry, sweeping across the cotton country, the bayous, and the Yazoo deltas of Mississippi. So begins your Big Story, Paul Tiblier of the Jackson Daily News, as you see, Sheriff Ben Mattson....

PAUL: You've questioned the Kileys, Ben?

SHERIFF: Yep. Two or three times, Paul. They're in my office now.

PAUL: What kind of story did they tell you?

SHERIFF: It's crazy. I don't believe it. You wouldn't. Nobody would. And yet...

PAUL: Yet what?

SHERIFF: I've talked to them both, alone. First Bert, the husband. Then Harriet, the wife, and each story checks, fact for fact, almost word for word. They must have rehearsed it together for days.

PAUL: What's the story, Ben?

SHERIFF: Step into my office, Paul. I'm going to give them another going over, this time together. And you might as well listen in for yourself!

(MUSIC: SHORT BRIDGE)

BERT: Sheriff, Harriet and me, we told you what happened!

SHERIFF: (GRIMLY) Tell me again, Kiley. You say this Forbes girl was a friend of yours, she worked in the five-and-ten, and you took her for a ride.

HARRIET: That's all there was to it, Sheriff, just as Bert said.

THE BIG STORY

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

FEBRUARY 14, 1951

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

NARR: It was July in Mississippi, and the mob waited in front of the prison, and the accused couple came out of the car, handcuffed to the Sheriff and his deputies...

(CROWD BUZZ)

MAN 1: Here they come, the dirty murderers.

MAN 2: Yeah. Here they come.

(CROWD ROAR UP...UGLY)

MAN 1: Look at the cops protectin' them!

MAN 2: If you don't hang 'em, Sheriff, we will!

(CROWD UP THEN LOWER SOMEWHAT)

SHERIFF: (YELLING) Come on, get back, get back.

MAN 1: Lemme at 'em Sheriff!

MAN 2: Yeah, lemme take a punch at 'em, the dirty...

SHERIFF: (BAWLS) Get back, you crazy fools. Clear the sidewalk.

(CROWD HIGH)

MAN 1: Killers. Dirty murderers.

MAN 2: Let's lynch 'em boys.

MAN 1: Yeah. Lynch 'em! Kill 'em. *Joe: Lemme boys, let's get em!*
~~Hang them to the nearest tree~~
~~an' leave them to the buzzards!~~

(CROWD ROAR UP UGLY)

(MUSIC: HIT UP AND UNDER)

ATX01 0172027

-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. Jackson,
Mississippi. From the pages of the Jackson Daily News, the
story of a reporter who conquered a mob with a single weapon
...the truth. Tonight, to Paul Tiblier of the Jackson,
Mississippi Daily News, for his BIG STORY goes the PELL
MELL AWARD.

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0172028

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #203

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch. Guard against throat-scratch.
Guard against throat-scratch. Enjoy the smooth, smooth
smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke PELL MELL...the cigarette whose mildness you
can measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Remember this..the further a puff of smoke is filtered
through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes. At the first
puff by actual measure 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'S greater length
of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke
further...filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a
smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette
offers you.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can
measure. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES..."Outstanding"!

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Abram S. ~~Grimes~~ from an actual story from the front pages of the Memphis, Tennessee Commercial Appeal. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Bernard Grant played the part of David 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. 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.

d1
1/22/51 pm

ATX01 0172030

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #203

CAST

NARRATOR
LORETTA
LANDLADY
HARRIET
PAUL
SHERIFF
CLERK
MAN I
FEENEY
HUTCHINS
RYBA
MAN II
BERT

BOB SLOAN
PAT HALSEY
HARRIET PRIESTLEY
AGNES YOUNG
FRANCIS DE SALES
SCOTT TENNYSON
MICHAEL O'DAY
MICHAEL O'DAY
PHIL SEEBLING
JOE BOLAND
JOE DE SANTIS
JOE DE SANTIS
MELVILLE RUICK

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14th, 1951

ATX01 0172031

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #202

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

HARRICE: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes.

CHAPPELL: At the first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

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 David Bloom of the Memphis, Tennessee Commercial Appeal...

BLOOM: Killer in tonight's Big Story at first confessed to police the robberies and killings and then later in court denied his guilt. However mass of evidence was so great he was speedily convicted and paid with his life ^{in the electric chair} at Tennessee State Prison. ~~The electric chair.~~ ~~ended his career in the big leagues of murder.~~ My sincere thanks for tonight's Pell Mell Award...

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Bloom...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 Jackson Mississippi Daily News, by-line Paul Tiblier. A BIG STORY about a reporter who found ~~what~~ ^{one} of the most powerful weapons with which to fight murder is...truth.

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

EDNA: (NOT SCARED, JUST CAUTIOUS) About the watch? (LITTLE LAUGH) Why should that interest you? From a newspaper?

DAVE: (LYING) Well..you see, it's this way...We do - what we call human interest stories..

EDNA: Oh..I see..That's nice -

DAVE: I thought maybe I'd write one about - Well, what makes a woman like you pawn something that's probably very valuable to you...in a sentimental way, that is..Like the watch..

EDNA: Oh, but I couldn't tell you that! (LAUGHS) I wouldn't want my name in the papers! Besides, then he'd know! If I told you, and you printed it he'd know and it would spoil all the fun...

DAVE: Miss Knuckles..who - would know?

EDNA: (BLITHELY) My boy friend..You see, (BIG SECRET) his birthday is soon..And I wanted to surprise him.. So I pawned the watch he gave me for my birthday to get a present for his birthday..Do you understand?

DAVE: Yes..Yes, I think I do..It's - a very touching and - human idea...

EDNA: Isn't it though?! (PROUD OF HERSELF) And I know just what I'm going to get Ellis for his birthday! I picked it out the other -

DAVE: (CUTS IN) Ellis?

EDNA: Ellis Brown, he's my boy friend..He's very important.. He works for Mr. Norwood..You know - "Honest Joe Norwood..

(MUSIC: STING HIGH...DOWN UNDER.)

NARR: (FAST) You don't hear the rest of what she tells you because you're trying to remember who Ellis Brown is in Norwood's collection! Ellis Brown...Ellis Brown... You'd never heard the name in just that - (TAKE) Then it hits you! Of course! The little man, his bodyguard and chauffeur, the one who tried to stop you from going into the Inspector's room! Nobody ever called him Ellis or Brown or anything! He was just there! But you remember now - Inspector Morrell mentioned his name once! You thank Edna Knuckles and get out as fast as you can!

(QUICK DIALLING..THEN BUZZ ON FILTER AND:)

INSP: (FILTER) Morrell speaking..

DAVE: (FAST) Inspector, listen! This is Dave! Remember, you once told me you'd love nothing better than to pitch some curves at Honest Joe?!

INSP: (TAKE Go on!

DAVE: Get your boys and meet me at Ellis Brown's hotel!

INSP: Ellis Brown! His - bodyguard?!

DAVE: Check! ~~Baby~~, get your pitching arm warmed up but fast!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING. _ DOWN UNDER:)

(HUBBUB OF HOTEL LOBBY)

INSP: (OFFICIAL) I'm Inspector Morrell, Chief of Detectives! This is official! Give me the key to Ellis Brown's room!

CLERK: (SCARED) I'm - I'm sorry, Inspector..He just left.. In - in an awful hurry...

DAVE: (TAKE) Left?! For where?!

INSP: Speak up, man! Speak up!

CLERK: (MORE SCARED) I - oughtn't to tell..It's confidential...
You see, I'm on the switchboard as well as the desk..
He - got a call from his - girl friend and -

DAVE: Edna Knuckles! That poor idiot!

CLERK: That's her! You know her so I guess it's OK! Seems
she was worried about something she'd done and he
hurried right over there!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE AND OUT)

ELLIS: (BRUTAL) Edna, the watch! The watch! What did you do
with it?! Tell me or -

EDNA: (TERRIFIED AND CRYING) Ellis, honey..Like I told you
on the phone..I - after he left, I got scared...The way
he asked questions..And knowing you were sort of in
politics I didn't rightly know. And -

ELLIS: The watch! Edna, the watch! What did you do with the
watch?!

EDNA: (PAIN) Ellis, my arm! ~~Please..please, honey, you're
hurting me! I only did it to please you! I - wanted
to get you a - ring for your birthday..inscribed...
from me to you!~~ (GROAN) My arm! Ellis, honey -

ELLIS: ~~I'll break it! Do you hear me? I'll break it until
you tell me -~~

EDNA: So I - pawned it! I pawned it to get money for your -
(BEATS HER HARD. . SLAPS, ETC...AS:)

EDNA: No! Ellis, honey - no! Oh, my face! My face..Honey,
I did it for you...for you, honey...Just to get you a
pretty - ring..(SCREAMS) Ellis, honey - no!
(DOOR CRASHES OPEN AS:)

INSP: (HARD) Stand still, Brown!

ELLIS: (TAKE) The law! I'll kill you! Edna, I'll -

EDNA: (~~SCREAMS~~) Please...Honey, no..

DAVE: Brown, let her go ~~or I'll kill you myself!~~
- take your hands off her -

(SCUFFLE UNDER AS:)

ELLIS: Let go of me! Let go!

INSP: (DISGUST) All right, boys..Take him out to the wagon.

(HARD)

ELLIS: (FADING GRUNTS AS HE'S LED . OFF)

(SLIGHT PAUSE EXCEPT FOR)

EDNA: (WEEPING LOW)

DAVE: Miss Knuckles, I'm sorry...

EDNA: All I did was try to get him a nice birthday present..

I only did it for his sake..

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP...DOWN UNDER:)

(CAR UNDER:)

INSP: Know what, Dave?

DAVE: What?

INSP: Remember that game I pitched nine strike-outs in a row?

DAVE: Sure do, Inspector..

INSP: That's the way I feel today, boy..that's the way I

feel like when I pitched nine strike-outs in a row!

(BOTH LAUGH AND INTO:)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ CURTAIN. . .)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from David

Bloom, of the Memphis Commercial Appeal with the final

outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TURN TABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

NARR: You go back to the office, and write the story.
The next day you get repercussions...people snub
you on the street...anonymous, threatening phone
calls...the treatment. The public clamor rises...
and this time, part of it is against you. Paul
Tiblier, of the Jackson Daily News. And then, on
the following day, the lid blows off.

(PHONE RING.)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

PAUL: Tiblier, Daily News.

SHERIFF: Paul, Ben. Got a little item for you.

PAUL: Yes? What is it, Ben?

SHERIFF: They just found Loretta Forbes.

PAUL: Loretta Forbes? Where?

SHERIFF: In a field near Byram. ~~Dead~~ With her head bashed in!

(MUSIC: _ _ UP INTO CURTAIN)_

(MUSIC: _ _ TURNTABLE)_

(COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: At the first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild.

(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

NARR: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator...and the

Big Story of Paul Tiblier...as he lived it..and wrote it..

NARR: You look up into the cloudless, azure-blue sky, ^{Paul Tiblier} and you watch the vultures circle around and around, ~~and~~

~~flock~~ ~~around~~. Around and around they go, dipping and gliding and wheeling on motionless wings, angry and

frustrated, robbed of their carrion prey. And then you, ~~Paul Tiblier of the Jackson Daily News,~~ stare down at the

pitiful remains of what was once a young and lovely girl.

She lies there, face turned upward to the relentless hot

smash of the Mississippi sun, there in the scrub grass

just off Spring Ridge Road. You ~~shudder~~ again, ~~and~~ turn

to Sheriff Ben Mattaon:...

PAUL: You're sure this is Loretta Forbes?

SHERIFF: No doubt about it, Paul. Her brother was just here, and identified her.

PAUL: Looks as though she went through quite a struggle before she got that blow on the head.

SHERIFF: Yep. From the looks of her clothes, she put up quite a battle. And according to her brother, some jewelry she wore is missing.

PAUL: Who found her here, Ben?

SHERIFF: A farm-tenant named ~~Bowler~~. He's got a cabin about half a mile in, ~~off the road~~. You can see by the impression in the grass that the girl's body was dragged in off the road, just far enough to hide it from view.

PAUL:
(CONTD) The voices are ominous, they grow stronger, and they say, kill and lynch, they say the Kileys are guilty. Yet, they have no evidence, they have no proof. They forget that the accused is still innocent in this country, and in the state of Mississippi, until proven guilty!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: This is the beginning. A few hours later, and again, you're in ^{of Ben} Ben Mattson's office --

PAUL: Ben, I got a relay of your call to my office, and I came right over. What's up?

SHERIFF: The Grand Jury's just instructed me to release the Kileys.

PAUL: I see. No body, ~~no corpus delicti~~, no proof of Loretta Forbes' decease.

SHERIFF: And no murder indictment. Insufficient evidence.

PAUL: (A BEAT) Ben...

SHERIFF: ~~Yes~~

PAUL: You've heard the talk on the street corners, ~~in the taverns?~~

SHERIFF: I've heard it. And I don't like it.

PAUL: Neither do I. It's pretty ugly. It's got the sound of lynch talk.

SHERIFF: Yeah. And when they hear we've released the Kileys, it's going to get worse. ~~You know how poison can spread, Paul. Once loose talk gets around, it's pretty hard to stop. I never did see a mob yet that had a brain in its wooden head.~~

PAUL: Ben, I'm convinced Bert and Harriet Kiley are innocent. And do you know why?

SHERIFF: Why?

PAUL: Because I think they're telling a straight story. I talked to their neighbors and they tell me the Kileys are basically decent people, this drunken brawl was an exception. I keep asking myself where's the motive, ~~why should they kill the Forbes girl? And the reason answers, they're innocent.~~

SHERIFF: All right. You think they're innocent. What can you do about it?

PAUL: I'm going out on a limb and say so...in tomorrow's Daily News.

SHERIFF: You do that, and you're going to make yourself mightily unpopular with the folks hereabouts.

PAUL: I know. But it's a funny thing about a mob, Ben. They think they just hang a victim. But what they really hate...and what they really hang... is the truth. (A PAUSE) Ben...

SHERIFF: Yes?

PAUL: Before I write this story, I'd like to talk to the Kileys alone. How about it?

SHERIFF: Go ahead. But take my advice Paul. Before you stick your neck out, before you print that story... think it over!

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

BERT: Mr. Tiblier, what can my wife and I say? What can we tell you except what we've already told you...the truth. And that's what we're sticking by.

HARRIET: Bert's right, Mr. Tiblier. Why should we lie?

PAUL: (A BEAT) You know what people are saying, you know what they think?

BERT: Yes. We know.

PAUL: The Sheriff's releasing you ^{with} tomorrow, Mr. Kiley. Maybe you and your wife had better leave Mississippi for awhile, till this blows over.

BERT: No sir, we won't leave!

PAUL: (A BEAT) You won't?

BERT: We're staying right here... We haven't done anything and we're not afraid. We're sorry for what happened, we're ashamed of ourselves for the way we acted. But whatever we are, we're not afraid. And if we run away now, they'll be sure we're guilty! (A BEAT) That the way you feel, Harriet?

HARRIET: That's just the way I feel, Bert. We've got the truth on our side, and nobody can take that away from us. (A PAUSE) Anything else you want to know, Mr. Tiblier?

PAUL: (QUIETLY) No. No, Mrs. Kiley. That's all I want to know.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER)

SHERIFF: After that, you stopped at the Club 51 on Terry Road, the Shadey Rest in Rankin County, and had a few drinks.

BERT: Well, I guess we had quite a few.

SHERIFF: All right. Later you had supper. It was dark and you were driving along Spring Ridge Road. What happened after that, Mrs. Kiley?

BERT: Why, we...

SHERIFF: I asked your wife, Kiley.

HARRIET: Oh. Well, we were driving along, and I was afraid of an accident, I was afraid Bert had too much to drink. And what with Loretta in the back seat, I kept after Bert to stop the car till he sobered up.

SHERIFF: What did you say to that, Kiley?

BERT: I guess I was drunk all right, Sheriff, and I got kind of mad, with Harriet here nagging me and all. The next thing I knew, the car was stuck in a ditch and Harriet and me started to scrap. I'm ashamed to say it now, but we got out of the car and I hit my wife. It's the first time in my life I ever did that.

HARRIET: That's the truth, Sheriff. Bert never raised his hand to me before. But I guess I wasn't so nice either, I was slapping him, and pulling his hair...

SHERIFF: And while all this was going on, what about Loretta Forbes, Kiley?

BERT: I guess she got scared...or else she was fed up with us. This ^{brown} pickup truck came along, ~~this small yellow truck~~, and Loretta ran out in the road, waving for a hitch back to town. (MORE)

BERT: The truck stopped, and she got in, and that's the
(CONTD) last we ever saw of her.

HARRIET: And that's the truth, Sheriff. Right after that,
a farmer named Hutchins came along, and pulled our
car out of the ditch.

SHERIFF: What time did you get home, Kiley?

BERT: We were in bed by four ayem. Sheriff.

HARRIET: And that's the truth, we swear it. We didn't kill
Loretta like her brother says, we don't know what
happened to her. Lord, why should we hurt the poor
girl, Sheriff. She was our friend!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: This is the story, as told by Bert and Harriet Kiley.
But other testimony comes in, damaging testimony..
First, a surprise witness, a carpenter named Sam
Feeney...

FEENEY: I was drivin' by on Spring Ridge Road, Sheriff, when
I see this man an' woman fightin' with a third woman.
Looked to me like they were tryin' to push her into
the car, an' she didn't want to go.

SHERIFF: What time was this Feeney?

FEENEY: What time? Oh I should say, along about five in
the morning!

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT)

NARR: Next the farmer named Hutchins, who had towed the
Kiley car out of the ditch...

HUTCHINS: About the time I got that car out, Sheiff, this here
Kiley man an' woman were beginn'n' to sober up.
They'd been fightin', an' they sure were a mess.

SHERIFF: And you didn't see any other woman?

HUTCHINS: Nope. *but*

SHERIFF: ~~You didn't examine the back seat, look on the floor?~~

HUTCHINS: Nope. Had no reason to. But funny thing, when they got into the car, I heard Mrs. Kiley say somethin' peculiar to her husband.

SHERIFF: ~~Yes? What did she say, Hutchins?~~

HUTCHINS: I heard her say something' about some other woman being with them but now she was gone for good. I guess she was referrin' to Loretta Forbes.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Paul Tiblier of the Jackson Daily News, write the story. You write it factually, without bias, as do the other reporters. But Loretta Forbes was young, she was attractive and popular. And out of Crystal Springs come ugly voices propelled by a poisonous wind. You are aware of these voices. You know what they are, you know what they really are, the voices of suspicion, of hate, the call for blood, the voice of the mob. And you, Paul Tiblier write this story, too...

~~(MUSIC: -- TONES)~~

rips paper
(TYPEWRITER, ESTABLISH AND FADE UNDER)

PAUL: (READING AS HE WRITES) The law is still the law. If the Kileys are guilty of murder, then the Law must judge, and sentence them. But the voices of the mob are being heard, here in Jackson, ~~and~~ ~~out through the other counties of Mississippi,~~ ~~Hinds, Rankin, Simpson, Scott,~~ and out to the very borders of the State itself. (MORE)

NARR: You go to the diner. Kiley's story checks. Now, you check back on Feeney. You phone him, meet him at a bar for a drink...

(CLANG OF CASH REGISTER OFF..CLINK OF GLASSES..UP WITH BUZZ OF DRUNKEN VOICES)

~~MAN I: THOSE KILEY ARE STILL WAITIN' TIBLIER. THE MURDERING~~

~~BUZZARDS.~~

~~MAN II: WE OUGHTA PUT A ROPE AROUND THEIR NECKS, HIM AND HER BOTH.~~

~~NARR: Every barfly in the place is talking about the Kileys.~~

~~You sense the latent hostility, hear the voice of the mob again...~~

~~MAN I: THEY AIN'T GONNA GET AWAY WITH IT, SEE? KILLIN THAT GIRL~~

~~AN' THROWIN' HER BODY TO THE BUZZARDS.~~

~~MAN II: YEAH. LET'S LEAVE THE KILEYS FOR THE BUZZARDS.~~

~~NARR: You talk to Feeney, and he too, is part of the voice...~~

FEENEY: (LOUDLY) I should have stopped my car, Tiblier, when I saw them fighting with her. I should have stopped an' brained the two of 'em, the dirty murderin'....

PAUL: (INTERRUPTS, QUIETLY) Even if you saw them, Feeney, which I doubt, you couldn't have done anything about it.

FEENEY: No? Why not?

PAUL: I talked to your wife while you were out.

FEENEY: Hey, wait a minute! What....?

PAUL: You were blind drunk on the morning of July fifth. You smashed your car, could hardly get it home. You spent the whole next day sleeping off a hangover. And you didn't see the Kileys that morning, or any other morning...

FEENEY: (RISING) I tell ya I saw a car...

PAUL: Maybe you did. But not the Kileys' car, and I can prove it. You ~~wantonly~~ labeled a couple of innocent people as murderers, Feeney. You stepped into this as a witness, to build up your ego, to get your name in the papers and play the big shot didn't you?

FEENEY: It's a lie. It's a lie, see? I told the Sheriff my story an' I'm goin' to stick to it.

PAUL: All right, Feeney. You stick to it. But some day you'll come before the Jury, and you'll be stuck with it. And I warn you, there's a heavy penalty in this state for *perjury!*
~~bearing false witness!~~

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: He's scared, he goes pale, and now you've got something. Not enough to satisfy the mob, perhaps not even the court. Only one man can clear the Kileys...and that's the real killer. You talk to the ^{other witness after the} farmer, Hutchins, again...

HUTCHINS: (UNEASILY) I don't like it, Mr. Tiblier. Don't like it at all. The way folks are talkin' on street corners, in the ~~base~~ ^{place} It's ugly talk...

PAUL: That's right, Mr. Hutchins, it is.

HUTCHINS: I hate to think I'd be part responsible for a lynchin', Mr. Tiblier. I don't believe in violence, I believe in the law...If anythin' happened to the Kileys, if the mob got 'em, I'd never sleep ~~no more~~ again.

PAUL: Mr. Hutchins, I wish there were more people like you. I wonder if you'd answer a question or two, to help the law.

HUTCHINS: Why, I'd be glad to.

PAUL: There wasn't much traffic on Spring Ridge road that morning was there?

HUTCHINS: None at all, hardly. Must've been three in the morning. Why?

PAUL: Did you happen to see a brown pickup truck pass you just before you stopped to pull the Kiley car out of the ditch?

HUTCHINS: Why, I.....(CUTS) Wait a minute, Wa-ait a minute.

PAUL: Yes?

HUTCHINS: Come to think of it, I did see a small truck goin' toward Jackson about a minute before I stopped.

PAUL: Did you see who was in it?

HUTCHINS: Yep. A man and a girl.

PAUL: A man and a girl?

HUTCHINS: Couldn't get a good look at their faces. But that there truck had one of those new fangled, yellow blinker foglights on the bumper. The driver didn't need it, there wasn't any fog, but the cussed thing kept blinkin' on an' off straight into my eyes.

PAUL: A blinker foglight eh?

HUTCHINS: Yep. I gave the driver my brights but he paid no attention. When he went by, I leaned over to cuss him out an' that's when I saw this girl.

PAUL: Thanks, Mr. Hutchins. Thanks very much.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER)

PAUL: Ben, how far back from here was the place where the Kiley's ran into that ditch?

SHERIFF: About a mile. And as far as I'm concerned, this thing is beginning to read like a book.

PAUL: What do you mean?

SHERIFF: The farmer who towed them out, Hutchins, said he didn't look in the back of the car. But the way I see it, the Kileys had Loretta Forbes hidden on the floor in the rear. They drove up to this spot here, and then decided to dump her.

PAUL: But they said a truck picked her up.

SHERIFF: (GRIMLY) Yeah. That's what they said. And they can say it again before the Grand Jury, Paul. Because this time it's a murder charge, and this time we've got the corpse to prove it.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Ben Mattson picks up Bert and Harriet Kiley, and takes them to the county jail for custody. And you, Paul Tiblier, are in the car with him. And then, as you drive up to the jail, you see that a crowd has gathered. And the Sheriff says tersely...

SHERIFF: (GRIMLY) All right, Kiley. You and your wife stick close to me. ^{when we leave the car} We've got to walk through that crowd, and they look pretty ugly.

NARR: ^{OK} Now, the Sheriff opens the ~~car~~ door...

(CAR DOOR OPENS...)

(BUZZ OF CROWD, OMINOUS, UNDER)

NARR: ~~And you see not many faces, but one face. A sullen, collective face, centered by hate.~~

MAN I: (~~AD LIBS~~) "HANG 'EM. HANG THE DIRTY MURDERERS".

MAN II: (~~AD LIBS~~) "THEY OUGHTA TO BE LYNCHED"

NARR: These are many voices but in reality, one voice...the voice of the mob. It is blind and unreasoning, raucous with hate, drunk with one idea, kill, kill, kill. ~~And as Paul Tiblier, think of the buzzards circling their prey, with one single idea of their own, and you shudder again...as you approach the door...~~

MAN I: (YELLS UP...~~AD LIBS~~) "DON'T LET EM GET AWAY WITH IT, SHERIFF."

MAN II: (~~AD LIBS~~) "GIVE 'EM WHAT THEY GAVE LORETTA FORBES."

MAN I: "IF THE LAW DOESN'T DO IT, WE WILL".

SHERIFF: (YELLING) "All right. All right, get back. One side! Let us through."
(YELLS UP IN CRESCENDO)
(SUDDEN SLAM OF DOOR...CROWD OUT)

PAUL: "Whew. That crowd looked murderous, Ben."

SHERIFF: "Yeah. They're pretty het up about this killing, Paul."

HARRIET: (FRIGHTENED) "But we didn't do it. Can't you make those people out there understand, Sheriff, we didn't do it, we didn't kill Loretta Forbes."

SHERIFF: "You can tell that to the Grand Jury, Mrs. Kiley."

BERT: (DESPERATELY) If we get a chance, Sheriff. If we get a chance. But I'm not sure we will. Suppose those people ..out there...

SHERIFF: I'm Sheriff of this County, Kiley. I think you're guilty, but that doesn't change my duty, an' the oath I took. You're in my protective custody, and I'm going to triple the guards to see that you stay that way.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER) _ _

NARR: You know there's only one answer to all this. Find the man in the truck, the man who gave Loretta Forbes a lift, the man you believe is the real killer. But on the information you have, it's almost impossible. The State of Mississippi is full of men driving brown, pickup trucks...

(MUSIC: _ _ ACCENT) _ _

NARR: And then, suddenly, you recall something that jars you. Something the witness, ^{Sam} ~~Carl~~ Feeney said. You talk to Bert Kiley, alone...

PAUL: Mr. Kiley...you said you were back in Crystal Springs by four that morning.

BERT: That's right.

PAUL: But this carpenter, this ^{Sam} ~~Carl~~ Feeney, says he saw you on Spring Ridge Road at five.

BERT: Then he lied. And I can prove it. At half-past three, Harriet and I had coffee at the Highway Diner, just outside of Crystal Springs. They know us at the diner, and you can ask them there!

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER) _ _

PAUL: Ben, I'm sure of it, I'd swear to it. If we can find the man who owns this small brown truck with the bumper foglight, we've got the man who really murdered Loretta Forbes.

SHERIFF: Hmmm. Maybe, Paul, maybe.

PAUL: I know it, I'm sure of it. Find that truck, and we've got the answer.

SHERIFF: Sure. But where? Where do you look? Trucks come through here from all over the country ... New Orleans, Birmingham, Little Rock, Memphis ...

PAUL: Not this kind of vehicle.

SHERIFF: NO?

PAUL: No. This was the pickup type, Ben, not the big, interstate type. Chances are it's used for short hauls, maybe local work. And that gives me an idea about that big, foglight.

SHERIFF: What idea?

PAUL: If you bought a special light like that, chances are you'd shop right in Jackson for it. It's the biggest city in the county, let alone the State, and it might be impossible to get anywhere else.

SHERIFF: In other words ...

PAUL: In other words, why not check the automotive supply shops and hardware stores in Jackson? You never can tell, Ben ... we might come up with the answer!

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Ben Mattson sends out a couple of men to follow this lead. Meanwhile you, Paul Tiblier, start a canvass on your own. Store after store, garage after garage, selling automotive supplies, hardware. And finally, toward nightfall ...

CLERK: Yes, Mr. Tiblier. I sold one of those blinker type foglights to a man owning a small pickup truck.

PAUL: A brown truck, clerk?

CLERK: Yessir. Helped him install the light on the bumper myself. We don't get much call for this item, it's a little expensive, especially for a man who owns a small beat-up truck like this one was.

PAUL: Do you remember the man's name?

CLERK: Got it right here in my sales book ...

(DRAWER OPENS)

CLERK: Right here in the drawer. Let me see now that would be about two weeks ago ... I remember because I put in a replacement order. That would be about the first of July and ... oh, here it is.

PAUL: What's the name?

CLERK: John Ryba.

PAUL: John Ryba. And the address?

CLERK: 82 ~~POCAHONTAS ROAD~~ *Maple Ave.*

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

(DOOR OPENS)

LANDLADY: Yes?

PAUL: Are you Mrs. Kane?

LANDLADY: I am. Who are you?

PAUL: My name's Tiblier. I'm from the Jackson Daily News.

LANDLADY: What do you want?

PAUL: I'm looking for John Ryba.

LANDLADY: Is that so? Well, so am I. The skunk went and ran out on me. Owned me a month's rent, too.

PAUL: He left? When?

LANDLADY: The day after the Fourth.

PAUL: (A BEAT) I see. The day after the fourth. And you don't know where he went?

LANDLADY: Just took his truck and got out. He might be in New Mexico by this time, I don't know.

PAUL: Why do you say New Mexico?

LANDLADY: The only mail he ever got was from some people named ^{Edwards} ~~Edwards~~, in Clovis, New Mexico. Guess he's got family there, or something. I don't know what you want him for, or why. But if you ever lay hands on him, tell him I've got a month's rent coming!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: They pick up John Ryba, a thin, sallow-faced man, in New Mexico, find a bloody blackjack in his room. They bring him back.

RYBA: (~~TOWELETS, WEASEL~~) I picked up this girl, an' I saw she was wearin' a bracelet an' a ring. I told her to hand the stuff over, an' she got scared, started to scream ...

PAUL: What happened after that, Ryba?

RYBA: I dunno, I guess I just went crazy. When she tried to grab the wheel, I stopped the ^{truck} ~~car~~, grabbed my blackjack ~~under the seat~~, and hit her. I don't know what was the matter with me, I guess I was scared too, I didn't know what I was doin'. I hit her a couple of more times till she stopped movin', then I left her in that field. A couple of hours later, I got out of town, tried to hock the jewelry. And that was the payoff. It was five-and-ten cent stuff.

SHERIFF: And that's all, Ryba?

RYBA: That's all, Sheriff. Except for one thing ...

SHERIFF: Yes?

RYBA: You gotta keep the mob away from me. You're the Law, you've gotta protect me. I've heard what they've been sayin', they're talkin' crazy. (TERRIFIED) Sheriff, you gotta keep those buzzards away from me, they'll try to hang me, sure!

SHERIFF: The mob isn't going to get you, Ryba.

RYBA: But how do you know, how do you know?

SHERIFF: We've just finished a mob-proof cell. It's got the thickest door and walls in the State of Mississippi. And it's going to be your home ... for a little while!

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN...)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Paul Tiblier, of the Jackson, Miss. Daily News with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- TURN TABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #204

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOAN
NED	JOSHUA SHELLEY
GEORGE	NAT POLEN
LYDIA	EVELYN SIEBOLD
STRANAHAN	PHIL STERLING
SALESMAN	EUGENE STUCKMAN
MAN	OWEN JORDAN

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1951

72
ATX01 0172057

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#204

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

FEBRUARY 21, 1951

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: _ FANFARE)

SALESMAN: ~~Go ahead, step on the starter.~~

NED: ~~(ABOUT 18, NERVOUS, HIGH STRUNG, OVERLY TENSE) She's a
good buy? You wouldn't feel a fellow?~~

SALESMAN: Step on the starter. The only way you can really tell
about a motorcycle is --

(MOTORCYCLE STARTS, PURRS NICELY)

SALESMAN: (CONTINUING) See? Give her some gas.

(TREMENDOUS INCREASE IN MOTOR SPEED)

NED: How fast will she go? I want to know exactly how fast
she'll go.

SALESMAN: Turn her down and I'll tell you.

(COMES DOWN)

SALESMAN: She'll make ninety.

NED: I want something can out-distance anything on the road.
I want something that can make hairpin turns. I want
something that'll really leave 'em behind, miles behind.

SALESMAN: (AFFABLY) What're you -- one of them speed demons?

(LAUGHING) Or are you trying to make a fast get-away
because you killed somebody?

(MOTORCYCLE OFF)

NED: (EVENLY) Why did you say that?

SALESMAN: (SURPRISED) Just a way of talking. All I meant was --

NED: You shut up! You shut ~~up~~ your big mouth and keep it shut,
or so help me --

SALESMAN: Look, fella --

1. NED: (SCREAMS) Shut up!

ATX01 0172058

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

HARRICE: Remember this -- the further a puff of smoke is filtered through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes.

CHAPPELL: At the first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further -- filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

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

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Paul Tiblier of the Jackson, ~~Miss.~~ Daily News ...

TIBLIER: Killer in tonight's Big Story later tried to retract confession. But jury found him guilty of murder and he was sentenced to life imprisonment in the Mississippi State Penitentiary at Parchman. Many thanks for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Tiblier ... 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 Butte Montana Standard, by-line George McVey. A BIG STORY about a reporter who followed sensible rules in tracking ^{down} a senseless killer.

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Max Ehrlich from an actual story from the front pages of the Jackson, Miss. Daily News. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Francis de Sales played the part of Paul Tiblier. 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. Tiblier.

(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.

mjb-hr
2/2/51 am

ATX01 0172061

(MUSIC: A QUIET THEME .. IN AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Butte, Montana. The story as it actually happened --
George McVey's Story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: THEME)

NARR: The Standard is a morning paper -- goes to bed at 2 A.M.
But now, about an hour before midnight, it would be
more accurate to say it's "Going to sleep." Because
there's not a stick of news (the war headlines excepted)
that'll make anyone tomorrow morning more than raise a
left eyebrow. "New Superintendent of Schools Appointed
For Butte." That, so far, is your eight column banner,
George McVey, on the Night Desk. In this the richest
mining town in America, the biggest news is (KIDDING)
that the new Superintendent of Schools is 52 years old!

(PHONE BEING JUGGLED)

GEORGE: ~~Hey, give me the Morgue, will you? ... Hello, Herby?~~
George. ^{Look up} ~~What have you got on Superintendent of Schools~~
Toland? ~~Take it over carefully, will you? I need~~
something -- anything. Maybe he pitched for his high-
school team when he was a boy -- You know something
^{real} exciting. ~~I'm almost tempted to call him up after he's~~
~~asleep. Maybe he'll curse at me -- at least I'll have~~
~~an unprintable quote. ... No kidding, get something,~~
will you?

(MUSIC: INTO THE QUIET THEME .. THE BAREST BEGINNINGS OF THE
HORROR THEME .. UNDER)

NARR: Three blocks down from the Standard is the Paradise Hotel. The two women were planning on going to a drive-in movie ~~theatre~~. They had a late show that night. The elderly woman, Mrs. Helen Ernestine, had gone to ~~get her bag~~ ^{get her bag}. And the young woman, Lydia Nolan, was getting impatient. So she called out across the hall in the hotel where they both lived.

LYDIA: (SWEET, MERELY IMPATIENT, NOT WORRIED) Mrs. Ernestine! Oh, Mrs. Ernestine! You better hurry up. The ^{last} show starts at ten after eleven and I don't want to miss the ^{beginning} opening. ^{Come on} Mrs. Ernestine! ^{You'd better hurry} Oh, she's probably left the ~~water running!~~

(MUSIC: THE HORROR THEME BUILDING A TRIFLE, THEN SEQUE TO THE QUIET (NEWSPAPER THEME).....)

GEORGE: (ON PHONE) Oh, ^{He's} that's impossible -- ~~that's ridiculous!~~ The superintendent of schools must have done something wrong. ~~Look, nobody -- but nobody~~ -- in public life ~~hasn't get some little slip in the past.~~ Look, what about that contract when they built the school on the southside. The building bricks or something -- Wasn't he involved in that? ^{hope} (PAUSE) How can a guy be so good all the time? ^{I don't know} ... ~~Well, I must say, this guy is a perfect superintendent of schools all right.~~ ^{OK} Yeah, I guess I'll have to run it as is. ^{Goodbye - PHONE DOWN - RING - UP} Boy, is the great city of Butte going to be bored tomorrow! ~~What's that? Another call?~~ ^{Hello Capt Stranahan talking} ... Okay, ~~put him on. Who?~~ (PLEASED AND EXCITED) Oh, ~~swell!~~ (EAGER) Hello, ~~Detective~~ Captain Stranahan. What can I do for you this morning?

(MUSIC: UP..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) Butte, Montana. From the front pages of the Butte Standard comes the story of the most brutal murder in Montana's history -- the most brutal and the most pointless. ~~And~~ tonight, to reporter George McVey, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL Award.

(MUSIC: TURN TABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #204

OPENING COMMERCIAL

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 17 - by actual measure PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

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CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

STRANAHAN: (ON FILTER) For what it's worth -- (you guy's been pretty nice to me, I thought I'd be a little nice to you) --

GEORGE: What? What is it? My tongue's hanging out. I'll even print a story about a stray cat.

STRANAHAN: Ever hear of Helen Ernestine?

GEORGE: I don't think so. Oh, wait -- she owns the Paradise Hotel down the block -- that little place.

STRANAHAN: That's the one. Well, she's missing.

GEORGE: Since when?

STRANAHAN: Since about an hour ago. Last seen a little before eleven o'clock. They can't find her.

GEORGE: Maybe she went out to take her dog for a walk.

STRANAHAN: Lock, if you don't want it, don't print it. I thought you might --

GEORGE: Oh sure, sure, Stranahan. I appreciate it very much. "Helen Ernestine, hotel owner missing -- or maybe out for a walk." (CASUALLY) Well, I'll come over.

(MUSIC: THE HORROR THEME IN AND UNDER)

NARR: The cynicism died on your face a few minutes later, George McVey, as you entered Room 14 -- Mrs. Ernestine's room on the ground floor of the Paradise Hotel. It was a shambles: drawers out, clothing scattered to the corners of the room, bed turned over, a small night table taken apart -- the pieces dismantled and thrown all around the floor.

GEORGE: Hey, what happened, Stranahan?

STRANAHAN: You got the same eyes I got, George. Somebody bust in and took whatever there was to be taken.

(HE SMACKS A HEAVY SHEATH OF PAPERS IN HIS HAND)

STRANAHAN: (CONTINUING) Although not quite everything.

GEORGE: What do you mean?

STRANAHAN: \$80,000 worth of bonds somehow passed them up. Other-
wise, he picked the place as clean as a jackel with
the carcass of a cow.

GEORGE: (STILL NOT REALLY SERIOUS) Nice analogy, Stranahan.
I'll use that.

STRANAHAN: Now you want to tell us what you can, Miss --?

LYDIA: (TENSE) Lydia Nolan. Yes sir. We were going to go to
the movies. You see, I'm Mrs. Ernestine's secretary
when she needs a little work in the hotel and we go
out together now and then. Well, I saw her go into her
room, she was going to fix her hair. Well, I called
her and she didn't come. And I thought I heard --
(A LITTLE LATER THAT IS) -- a window open, but I wasn't
sure. So I waited and finally, when I came in it was
like this and she wasn't here.

STRANAHAN: And you haven't found her?

LYDIA: I looked in every room on ^{the} floor and in the basement.
I thought she went downstairs.

STRANAHAN: Now take it easy. First, what exactly is missing. You
knew her personal belongings?

LYDIA: Well yes, sir. I was sort of in charge of them. Well,
Underneath Bonds Cash
she had some money, a little over \$300, that she kept
in that night table. ~~I always told her to put it in
the bank, but she said she didn't believe in~~

STRANAHAN: (EVENLY) ~~come on.~~ ^{Anything} what else?

LYDIA: There was a little jewelry. I mean, she had a couple of rings. A sapphire and a ruby, I think. And then a very pretty ladies' lapel watch -- you know, the fob kind. ~~It was in lapis lazuli.~~

STRANAHAN: Anything else?

LYDIA: I don't think so, but -- (DESPERATE) where is she? What could have happened to her? She was here only an hour ago!

STRANAHAN: Take it easy. We'll find her. George, if you got nothing better to do, I'm a little short-handed. There's four stories to the hotel.

GEORGE: Sure.

(MUSIC: IN WITH NARR . . . THEME BUILDING)

NARR: The ground floor yielded ~~nothing~~ nothing, nothing except a window forced, in room six. Forced window and a broken window pane, but no evidence of footprints in the earth outside the window. Nothing on the second floor -- just the politely curious wonderment of other roomers and boarders. Nothing on the third floor landing, except some torn paper which inadvertently (it's a habit you have) you put in your pocket, George McVey, and forget about. Nothing on the third floor except a woman complaining that you woke her and woke her dog and can't people let a body sleep! Nothing on the fourth floor, the top floor, until --

~~LYDIA: (SCREAMS AT THE TOP OF HER LUNGS, OFF MIKE)~~

(MUSIC: SHOCK CHORD AND THEN UNDER)

NARR: It was room 43 and on the bed the body lay. The wrists of each hand and the ankles of each leg tied with strong rope to the four corners of the bed.

STRANAHAN: (HIS VOICE IS ROUTINE IN ORDER TO COVER THE TREMENDOUS TENSION AND ANXIETY HE IS UNDER) Take a note. McVey!

GEORGE: (SOOTHING, ALSO AFFECTED) Okay.

STRANAHAN: Footprints on the mattress ~~where he stood when he tied the knots~~. A wash-cloth forced into the woman's mouth and tied over with a huge bath towel, covering most of her face. Blows to the head and body, especially to the head, ~~cause of death~~.

GEORGE: Dead woman's false teeth under the bed.

STRANAHAN: Put that down too. Also excessive bleeding, and rings pulled off right hand ~~after death~~. I want an autopsy performed immediately.

(MUSIC: RISES FULLY, NOW, THEN OUT)

STRANAHAN: (VERY CLOSE, VERY INTIMATE) Look, ^{Mrs. Nolan} Lydia, you've got to think. You've got to forget what you feel and think. I feel the same thing, but now think! Who was in room 43?

LYDIA: No one, no one. ^{Captain} I looked up the registry. No one. You see, she did that quite often.

GEORGE: Did what?

LYDIA: Well, that's the way she was. Somebody would come into the hotel and they wouldn't have the price of a room, but she'd give them a room and she wouldn't write it down in the registry. If he'd asked her, if he'd just asked her -- she'd have given it to him.

STRANAHAN: ~~Did you ever see him? What did he look like?~~

LYDIA: Once a fellow came. ^{Mr. McVey} He said, "I'm hungry. Give me the price of a meal." She kept him here two weeks and fed him every day.

Miss Julian

GEORGE: Try to tell us what he looked like, ~~Lydia~~, if you ever saw him.

LYDIA: I don't know. A fellow -- I guess he was about 30. I only saw him once or twice, maybe. Smooth-shaven and tall -- I don't know. Why didn't he ask her for the money?

STRANAHAN: Was his hair dark? About how much did he weigh? You're sure he was about 30?

LYDIA: I don't know, I don't know. She would have given him the ring, I know -- or even the fob watch. She was always giving people things. I told her not to, but -- (PURE DESPAIR) I'll never get that sight out of my mind. Never, never.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ COMES IN QUIETLY NOW AND BACKS)

(TYPEWRITER UNDER)

NARR: They will not be bored tomorrow morning in Butte, Montana. The headline "Friendly hotel owner found lashed to bed, murdered" will make them set down their coffee cups, will make them realize what every murder story makes everyone realize: what is sometimes under the calm exterior of a seemingly ordinary human being -- the quick, hideous, shattering end that some people encounter on earth amid the peaceful pursuit of going to the movies.

(TYPEWRITER OUT)

NARR: You finish the story, drop it in the slot and fumble for a cigarette.

GEORGE: (ALMOST INADVERTENTLY) Hey, those pieces of paper I picked up on the landing!

GEORGE: Does anything else make any sense? In the record the police sent from Salt Lake City it says, "Devoted to his mother." I say he'll come back for the picture and if he doesn't, what else is there to do but wait? Chase him all over America? Sit down, Frank, sit down.

(MUSIC: ~~IN WITH THE HORROR THEME~~)

NARR: It isn't more or less insane than the crime, than the killing of a woman he might have asked for the money he stole. No less insane than all of his actions through the past two weeks, since the day he killed her in room 43. So you sit ^{there in the hotel in El Paso -} there one hour - two hours - and then --

(DOOR OPENS)

GEORGE: Hello, Ned. Come on in.

NED: (SAME) Who are you?

GEORGE: It doesn't matter does it - the gentleman sitting over there is a police officer - would you like to tell us about it Ned?

NARR: The rest is quick, insane, and inexplicable.

NED: I thought, "I'll show Ma." She said I never would amount to anything. I thought, "I'll show her." If I had a little money to get a start -- I thought -- I'll be okay. So I asked her to wire the money for transportation figuring to use that to get a start with, but she never sent it. So -- when the old lady came in the room to see if everything was all right and asked me if maybe I wanted to go to the movies with her, I thought "You got money and I need money" -- and I did it. I had to laugh when the false teeth fell out of her mouth.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP TO TAG)_

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from
George McVey, of the Butte Montana Standard with the
final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ TURN TABLE)_

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

NARR: It goes out on all the wires; full description, picture, in possession of motorcycle, driving fast, dangerous,-- every where. Montana, The Dakotas, Kansas, Nebraska, Texas, California, Oregon -- blankets the west. And out of it -- (PAUSE) nothing. Silence and the frustration of knowing the name, personality, age, facial characteristics of a murderer -- but no murderer.

(PHONE RINGS, ANSWERED)

GEORGE: (TENSE) Hello.

SALESMAN: (ON FILTER) Mr. McVey? Remember me.

GEORGE: ~~Who is this~~, who is this?

SALESMAN: The fellow from Billings -- the motorcycle fellow.

GEORGE: Yeah. Well, ~~well?~~ What?

SALESMAN: Listen, if you're interested, Mr. McVey, I had a funny phone call about an hour ago. Been trying to reach you all this time. The motorcycle bust down and he called me up to say he was leaving it for me and would I give him a refund.

GEORGE: Where did he call from?

SALESMAN: ~~Now wait a minute. He told me but---~~

GEORGE: ~~Oh my God! Think!~~

SALESMAN: ~~Oh yeah.~~ The B-Ranch Hotel. El Paso, Texas.

(MUSIC: -- IN MOVEMENT)

(DOOR SLAMS VERY LOUDLY)

STRANAHAN: (FURIOUS) A half-hour -- A lousy half-hour!

GEORGE: I know how you feel.

STRANAHAN: If we'da gotten here a half-hour earlier, we'da got him!
Checked out of the hotel! Ah! ~~what're you going to~~
~~do?~~ What're you sitting down for?

GEORGE: Because I'm going to wait.

STRANAHAN: What do you mean you're going to wait?

GEORGE: Just what I said -- I'm going to wait.

STRANAHAN: Boy, can you be exasperating.

GEORGE: ~~I got instructions from you.~~ I'm going to wait.

STRANAHAN: Well I'm getting out of here!

GEORGE: Take a look in the upper right hand drawer of that
bureau up there.

STRANAHAN: What for?

GEORGE: He left a picture of his mother in his bureau drawer.
Cleaned everything else out but left that picture.

STRANAHAN: So what? You think he's going to come back for that
picture? A murderer's going to come back for a picture
of his old lady?

GEORGE: (EVENLY) Did you think a murderer would tear up a
telegram that put him on the scene of the crime and
leave it there? Throw it away on the staircase?

STRANAHAN: That has nothing to do with it.

GEORGE: Did you think a murderer would buy a motorcycle and pay
for it with part of the jewelry he'd stolen from the
woman he killed?

STRANAHAN: So what does that suggest to you?

GEORGE: Does it make sense for a murderer to call up the guy
he bought the motorcycle from when he knows he's being
chased and ask for a refund?

STRANAHAN: It doesn't make any sense, George.

*SALESMAN: Well, funniest darn thing happened here the other day.
I thought I'd call you up.

GEORGE: What's that?

SALESMAN: Well, I sell motorcycles. Got the best little motorcycle shop in the whole northern part of the State -- Billings.

GEORGE: That's fine.

SALESMAN: ~~I know, I know. You're in a hurry -- all you folks are in a hurry.~~ Well, this fellow comes in to see me and he says he's like to buy a motorcycle. Got to be the fastest thing on the road, ~~he says -- 90 miles an hour, burn up territory.~~ So I says to him, "What's the matter, young fellow. You killed somebody? Trying to run away?" You know, a little joke; like.

GEORGE: Yeah, that's a fine joke.

SALESMAN: That's what I thought, but he took it kind of peculiar. Says, "You shut ~~up~~ your big mouth." But I figured -- kids nowadays, ~~who can talk to kids?~~ ^{So} And I pushed it out of my mind. But then I see that picture you run in the paper saying as how maybe he killed the woman and it was the kid's picture I sold the motorcycle to.

GEORGE: You sure?

SALESMAN: ~~Well, I tell you the truth, I wasn't sure 'till you printed that stuff in the paper about the things that were stolen.~~ Remember you ^{wrote in the paper.} ~~said~~ something about a ladies' fob watch, one of them lapel watches?

GEORGE: Yeah?

SALESMAN: Well, he didn't have all the cash. The motorcycle was \$129, so I took a hundred dollars and the watch. Heck! I didn't know it was stolen.

GEORGE: What name did he give you?

SALESMAN: Well, I got the slip in front of me -- I can't quite make it out -- the receipt he signed. Something like Ned Nicholas --

GEORGE: Nickels --

SALESMAN: That's right! Nickels!

GEORGE: Listen to me. Take that receipt you've got over to the cops. Tell them to telephoto it immediately down to Captain Frank Stranahan, Butte, Montana Police.

~~SALESMAN: Tell them to what?~~

GEORGE: Telephoto it.

~~SALESMAN: Whatever is that?~~

GEORGE: ~~Never mind! Just tell them to do it.~~ And be sure to tell them that ~~Detective~~ Captain Stranahan said to do it!

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

STRANAHAN: (ANGRY) Since when are you giving orders with my name to the police all over the United States?

GEORGE: Look, Stranahan, for heaven's sake, this is a murder case! What are you going to do? Comply with every Emily Post regulation? Have you got it?

STRANAHAN: I'm kidding, George. I got it. And I apologize. It's his handwriting. And the watch -- they took a picture of that and telephotoed that too. I just had that girl in. She identified it.

GEORGE: But where is he? Where's Nickels, Nicholas, Nelson, N.T.N.?

STRANAHAN: I don't know. But wherever he is, we'll find him.

(MUSIC: -- -- IN MOVEMENT, UNDER)

(ANOTHER KNOCK)

GOTTLIEB: Hewett (LOUDER) Come out with your hands up, Hewett!
(A PAUSE) Come on, Hewett! (A PAUSE) (LOW) No
answer. Watch it. I'll try the door --

(RATTLE OF DOOR KNOB AND)

GOTTLIEB: It's open!

(DOOR SWINGS OPEN)

GOTTLIEB: Nuts! He's gone!

~~(MUSIC: -- SPING AND AWAY FOR)~~

GOTTLIEB: *Joe* My fault, my fault! Come on -- I know where he is!
We should have gone there!

REPORTER: Where's there?

GOTTLIEB: (UNDER FOOTSTEPS RUSHING DOWNSTAIRS) His wife's
I should have realized it! This compulsion of his --
commit a robbery -- steal a vehicle -- it isn't
filled out until he's spilled the story to her!
I asked her to call me if he turned up -- but I never
stopped to think that she wouldn't be able to --
she's scared of him -- scared stiff! Let's pick up
Cullin.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER)

WIFE: (BEGGING) Please Joe, please -- I don't wanna hear
any more-- please ---

HEWETT: (STRANGELY EXCITED) Shut up, shut up! I gotta tell
you, I got to! (LOW, PASSIONATE) It was morning,
like always -- you remember, morning --

WIFE: (A MOAN) I know, Joe, I know --

HEWETT: (SHRILL) Shut up, stop interruptin', you'll spoil it all --

WIFE: (CRYING) Joe, don't tell me, tell the doctor, go see the doctor --

HEWETT: (WITH A SLAP AND A CRY FROM WIFE) SHUT UP! AS SHE SOBS BENEATH HIS NARRATION) All right! Morning..

~~(MUSIC: NERD, COMPULSIVE, THEREMIN LIKE UNDER)~~

HEWETT: (REAL GONE, LIVING IT AGAIN) Nobody knew I was in town.. I had the gun I got in Florida..I spot the bicycle.. I grab it..I start up the street -- I see the window open -- you listening to me, you listening?

WIFE: (SOBS) Yes, Joe, yes -- but I don't want to hear no more -- please --

HEWETT: (HE IS TWISTING HER ARM AND GRITTING HIS TEETH) All right! I take the ladder -- I put it up to the window --It's open -- I look around - what can I grab, what can I steal -- all of a sudden - this white figure rises up offa the couch -- (EXCITED) This is something new -- this I never run into before - (LOW) I give him a chance to shut up and lie back down - he starts to holler - and I let him have it! ^{from the first 20 seconds the radio after the police} (STRANGELY LIKE A WHIMPER) But -- but something's ^{missing} missing. I don't get the kick I used to -- then I realize - I got to tell it, I got to tell it to somebody -- (WHISPER) But who? I'm wanted on that bail-skipping -- but just the same, I can't go around telling just anybody -- and I got to tell, you know I got to tell. Then I realize, -- you. (SOBBING UP AGAIN)

(MORE)

Of no!

WIFE: Sure, but what's a bicycle -- (OFF SHORT) ~~Out god?~~
That old man that got killed --

GOTTLIEB: Yeah. Somebody broke into a place that had nothing to
steal from -- killed the old man -- and used a stolen
bike. Sounds like him, doesn't it?

WIFE: (SOBBING) Yes, yes, yes,....

GOTTLIEB: Sounds like he's back in *Long Island* Queens. (QUIET) But it isn't
over yet, is it, Mrs. Hewett? I mean -- the pattern
of your husband's compulsion.

WIFE: What do you mean, it isn't over?

GOTTLIEB: You said yourself -- telling you was part of it. It
wasn't complete, it wasn't fulfilled until he told
it to you. (QUIET) Mrs. Hewett --

WIFE: (SOBBING) What do you want, ~~what do you want?~~

GOTTLIEB: Just this. (PAUSE) When he comes -- call me.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO FOR)

(NEWSROOM PATTERN UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: It's the next morning. You're back *at your desk* ~~city~~ editing.
You police reporter's out working the story with
the cops. So far -- no trace. Then --

(PHONE RUNG AND GRABBED)

GOTTLIEB: City desk!

REPORTER: (FILTER) Ed. Take a quickie.

GOTTLIEB: Shoot.

REPORTER: (FILTER) Stickup on the south side. Walter Albert,
baker...up in Baisley Park. You want me to roll,
or shall I stick with the Window Murder?

GOTTLIEB: No, stay where you're at. I'll send Jerry. How're
you doing?

T

REPORTER: (FILTER) Same as the police. Rotten.

(PHONE HUNG UP)

GOTTLIEB: (PROJECTING) Jerry! Check a holdup in Baisley Park --
Walter Albert bakeshop! And don't come back to write
it -- call it in!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND AWAY FOR)

NARR: He does. And it doesn't make the paper. It lands in the
overset. Checking that, after the edition's out -- the
bells start to ring again. Because in the galley proof
is one line that pushes the button --

GOTTLIEB: The baker described the bandit as wearing a funny kind
of cap, like a taxi driver's -- oh-oh!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING)

NARR: Forty cents worth of expense-account taxi later,
you're at the bakeshop, shoving a picture of Hewett under
his floury nose. And from him, you get the sweetest
words of all "Yep. That's him."

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP TRIUMPHANTLY AND UNDER)

NARR: It doesn't take long for your police reporter, once
you've told him that, to come up with -- this:

REPORTER: (FILTER) Good hunch, Ed. Ten minutes after the
bakery holdup, a taxi was stolen from outside
a diner. Funny, nobody make much of it, cause it
was recovered the same --

GOTTLIEB: (INTERRUPTING) Recovered? Where?

REPORTER: (FILTER) Why, over on the other side of town.
Hundred and sixty-eth street.

GOTTLIEB: Drop everything and get hold of Cullinane! That's...
Hewett's old neighborhood! Get on over there and --
no. I started this and I'm finishing it. Stay where
you are -- I'll pick you up!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND INTO)

(CAR IN LIGHT TRAFFIC AND UNDER)

REPORTER: (LIVE) This is the street, Ed. Yeah -- they found the cab outside that rooming house.

GOTTLIEB: ~~Rooming house, rooming house~~ ^{OK.} -- pull over!

(CAR PULLS OVER, PARKS)(CAR DOOR OPENS)

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ACROSS SIDEWALK IN EXTERIOR PATTERN OF LIGHT STREET TRAFFIC, ~~KIDS PLAYING,~~ ~~ETC.~~, UP STEPS, INTO)

(MUSIC: -- ~~SUSPENSE TYPE, UNDER~~)

NARR: (LOW) At first, the landlady wants no part of you. But two things get you through and upstairs to what she says is Hewett's room. One -- the Press picture -- the other, an old newspaperman's trick you remember and use -- thus --

GOTTLIEB: It's all right. We're from Headquarters.

NARR: (LOW) You're not saying you're cops. Just that you're from Headquarters. Which is the truth, at least where your police reporter's concerned. So --

(FEET UP LONG FLIGHT OF STAIRS...THEN STOP)

GOTTLIEB: (LOW) I dunno. Maybe we should've called the cops!

REPORTER: (LOW) Too late now. You feeling brave?

GOTTLIEB: (LOW) No. Just -- queasy.

REPORTER: (LOW) Look, I was wrong. It's not too late. Let's put a watch on the house and call Cullin --

GOTTLIEB: (LOW) No. We might lose him in the street. Hang on to your hat--here goes.

(A KNOCK ON THE DOOR)

GOTTLIEB: Hewett.

GEORGE: Yeah, that's right, ~~that's right~~, Captain, Mrs. J. E. Nelson. .. Say that again. .. Ned T.? Sometimes ^{has a son with a record} calls himself "Nickels." ~~He's her son.~~ Yeah, I got it. ... Also known as N. T. Nelson. .. ~~Say that again~~ -- very attached to his mother? I see. ~~Has he got a record or something?~~ (PAUSE) ~~I see~~ .. No, it's nothing yet, Captain. Just a story so far, but can you send me a picture? (ANNOYED) Well, if you can't send it to me, will you send it to ~~Detective~~ Captain Frank Stranahan? .. Swell. Make it the Butte City Police Headquarters, Butte 17, Montana. ~~Put in the zone number, will you? It'll get there quicker.~~

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

GEORGE: (EXCITED) You got the picture then?

STRANAHAN: (DISINTERESTED) What do you go bothering the police all the way over in Salt Lake for?

GEORGE: Look, did you see the picture? Did he send it? Let me see it.

(DRAWER OPENS)

STRANAHAN: Take a big, long look.

GEORGE: What's the matter with you, Stranahan? This kid could have done it. Look at this record. Age 16: one year in the Boys' Reformatory, Salt Lake City. Age 19: fined \$200, 30 days in workhouse, drunken driving; arrested suspicion of theft."

STRANAHAN: I'm not interested.

GEORGE: Why?

STRANAHAN:

Because ^{this kid is 19 years} ~~he's 19 years~~ old, ^{and you handed what Miss by} ~~dark haired, thin - a long, dark~~
~~rangy kid. Did you read the description?~~

GEORGE:

You know better than I that that girl in the hotel was hysterical. Just because she said he was 30 and the rest of it --

STRANAHAN:

I'm not interested.

GEORGE:

He could have done it. Why was that telegram on the landing at the hotel otherwise?

STRANAHAN:

I'm not interested.

GEORGE:

Why?

STRANAHAN:

I'm not.

GEORGE:

Well for heaven's sake, tell me why!

STRANAHAN:

(ANGRY) ^{Oh just hat!} ~~I don't know!~~

GEORGE:

(TRYING TO REACH HIM) Look, Stranahan, we're both pretty worked up about this -- everybody in town is -- but don't go clam on me now just because --

STRANAHAN:

(QUIETLY) Outside.

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH)

NARR:

You have just handed the carefully worded story with the picture attached to your editor. There's libel here and so you've been real cautious.

GEORGE:

"Mysterious youth missing. Believed to be connected with the hotel slaying of Mrs. Helen Ernestine."

NARR:

"Believed" -- that's good, covers you. This ought to smoke out Stranahan. And then you learn why smart, ordinarily cooperative Detective Captain Frank Stranahan isn't being cooperative.

(MORE)

ATX01 0172083

NARR: (CONT) It's whispered all over -- Didn't you hear? He's got the whole thing wrapped up. He's got a suspect now in the line-up and he's laying five to one that he's got the killer.

GEORGE: Oh, that low, tight-mouthed --

NARR: Don't say it! Get over to headquarters, get over to the line-up, sit down quietly next to Frank Stranahan as the thin, shivering ^{man} ~~boy~~ stands with the police lights shining in his eyes.

STRANAHAN: (OFF MIKE) State your name.

MAN: (FRIGHTENED, DIFFERENT PERSPECTIVE, ALSO OFF MIKE) Willard Byron.

STRANAHAN: How old are you?

MAN: 27

STRANAHAN: Working?

MAN: I'm unemployed, sir.

STRANAHAN: What were you doing in room 43 of the Hotel Paradise?

MAN: I told you -- I -- ~~last night~~ I stayed there over night -- I had money and I left a pair of shoes. They were six fifty shoes near brand new.

STRANAHAN: When did you last speak to Mrs. Ernestine?

MAN: So help me, Officer, I didn't know her. I never met her, didn't even know her name.

STRANAHAN: Then tell me what you were doing at ^{Doc} ~~Dr.~~ Twerly's lab.

NARR: (ON MIKE) Doc Twerly is the County Coroner, ~~and before~~
STRANAHAN: ~~tell me what you were doing in Doc Twerly's lab --~~ he starts to answer, he coughs and stalls and wipes the sweat off his face and you watch this fantasy unfold.

MAN: I didn't think anybody cared. I swear I didn't!

STRANAHAN: What were you doing in ^{Doc} ~~Dr.~~ Twerly's lab?

MAN: Well, I heard it was a place that was easy to get into and most folks when they finish their work, they run out-

STRANAHAN: The autopsy room.

MAN: That's right. So help me ~~God~~, I didn't know the stuff was hers.

STRANAHAN: So you just plain opened the door and tried to steal the evidence that we needed to prove the cause of death. You actually tried to steal the ^{Corpse - why did yo} -- ^{do it?}

NARR: (COVERING STRANAHAN) A ghoul! This man standing in front of the lights is actually a body snatcher -- a ghoul. He went into the autopsy room and --

MAN: ~~My God~~, I was out of work and I didn't have any money and I heard the guys down at the medical school -- they pay you for -- That's what I heard. I swear, I never had anything to do with her.

STRANAHAN: Take him outside and book him and lock him up. And I think we better open a window in here - open it wide.

(MUSIC: _ _ IN WITH)

NARR: People, people -- the things they do, the desperate, inhuman, unkind things they do. But this is not the murderer. Criminal, yes. Warped, yes. But not the murderer. There are no more harsh words between you and Frank Stranahan. You both go back to your jobs: he to his desk, you to yours. And there --

(PHONE RINGS, IS ANSWERED)

GEORGE: Hello, McVey.

SALESMAN: (ON FILTER) Mr. McVey, you the fellow been writing those stories about the woman in Butte got killed?

GEORGE: That's right.

NARR: Nine little pieces and a little scotch tape and a little jig-sawing puts together a message.

GEORGE: (READING) "Mrs. J. E. Nelson, 310 East Second Street, South, Salt Lake City. Wire fare for transportation at once. Nothing to worry about. Love you very ~~very~~ much. Things will be okay. You'll see .
(Signed) N. T. N."

NARR: An ordinary, routine copy of a telegram requesting money. Probably a thousand sent that day -- an ordinary, private, pointless telegram. And what is there to go on? The telegram? ~~(Of course not.)~~ *Quite Nolan*
The hysterical description by ~~Lyell~~ *Lyell*: a smooth-shaven man of 30? *much* Nothing to go on, nothing to do except *much* to face a senseless dead end: a murder story, a horror, another human enigma.

(MUSIC: UP TO TAG THE ACT TURN TABLE)
(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #204

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

- GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.
- CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.
- HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.
- CHAPPELL: At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 17-- by actual measure - PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.
- HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.
- CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!
- HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.
- CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure - 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 George McVey as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: Now, 6 A.M., what has been alive for you, George McVey, reporter -- the story of the spread-eagle strangling of a 63 year old hotel owner -- is ^{now} alive now in the early morning first edition on the stands which has just hit the streets. And where ordinarily you would have gone home and gone to sleep, you've forgotten about that -- you, no less than the police officer ~~who saw it, no less than~~ ^{or} the hysterical girl who witnessed it, can get the frightful image out of your mind. You toy with the copy of the telegram you found torn on the third floor landing of the Paradise Hotel.

GEORGE: (READING) "~~Mrs. J. E. Nelson, 310 East Second Street, South, Salt Lake City~~"-- "Wire fare for transportation at once. Nothing to worry about." "Love you ~~very~~ very much. Things will be okay. You'll see." (INTERRUPTS, THINKING ALOUD) Why "love you ~~very~~ very much"? Why is it signed with initials -- "N. T. N."?

(PHONE UP)

GEORGE: (GROPING, BUT ACTING) Put me through to the police headquarters in Salt Lake City. ^{Hello Capt. This is Geo McVey} I'd like to get ^{Battle Star} some information about a party named Mrs. J. E. Nelson, at 310 East Second Street, South.

(MORE)

GOTTLIEB: ~~Oh? (QUIET) I'm sorry.~~

PRESSMAN: ~~That's all right. But that's all!~~

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY BEHIND)

NARR: (SARCASTIC) Oh. You'd forgotten reporters walked into that. Score one against the old fire horse not fitting the new harness. Nothing there. What next? Check the clips. He has a wife. So -- does she know where Hewett is?

WIFE: (SCARED TO DEATH) No. Honest, I don't. Why?

GOTTLIEB: Just that old bail-jumping charge, Mrs. Hewett.
(BEAT) What's the matter -- are you afraid of me?

WIFE: No. Him.

GOTTLIEB: Oh? (GENTLE) Want to talk about it?

WIFE: No, but -- (A BURST) it's so much better when he's not around. I work, I make enough ~~for me and the~~
~~baby~~, I don't need him.

~~GOTTLIEB: Don't want him either, eh?~~

WIFE: ~~Not at all. Not at all. Wherever he is let~~
~~him stay. Farther the better.~~ (LOW) If you knew what it was like -- I never knew when it would come over him --

GOTTLIEB: What? What would come over him?

WIFE: This -- this -- I don't know what you call it, but -- like a trance, or -- like you read, a com -- com --

GOTTLIEB: Compulsion?

WIFE: That's it, that's it. (RECALLING) It would be night. We'd be asleep. Then -- it would get morning. (MORE)

WIFE:
(CONTD)

He'd be lyin' awake. ~~I would hear him~~ (SHE GRINDS
~~HER TEETH~~) like that. Grindin' his teeth... (AGAIN)

~~GOTTLIEB:~~

~~Mmmmmmmmmmm!~~

WIFE:

Then he'd get up. Dress. Leather jacket, clumpy shoes,
that cap with the visor -- he was a truckdriver y'see,
that was his uniform --

GOTTLIEB:

Go on --

WIFE:

And he'd take off. Walk right out into the morning.
Half an hour, an hour later -- he'd be back. With ~~God~~^{his}
knows what. .A radio. . . a 'lectric clock. . . a vase. . .
anything, so long as he stole it ---

GOTTLIEB:

Now wait a minute. How would you know?

WIFE:

Cause that was part of it! He had to tell me! It was
always the same. First -- it had to be morning. Second
it had to be something he stole. Third -- he had to
get away in something he stole -- a bus, a car, an
ambulance --

GOTTLIEB:

Even a hearse --

WIFE:

Even a hearse, it was, once. But he had to ride in a
~~--- a vehicle~~^{hearse} after he stole. (A SOB) He was crazy,
you see. Like some people--like to set fires to get
kicks -- with him it was stealing and driving away.
Crazy. Once I talked him into going to a doctor, a
psychiatrist -- but he wanted a lot of money to cure
him, so -- he kept right on. (PAUSE) Cars, buses,
-- imagine stealing a bus in broad morning?

GOTTLIEB:

(MUSING) Or a bicycle.

WIFE:

Huh?

GOTTLIEB:

Mrs. Hewett, don't you read the papers?

(MUSIC: -- THEME UP AND DOWN FOR)

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

NARR: Great. You, Ed Gottlieb, city editor of the Long Island Press, should of stood behind the desk instead of making like a reporter. Here there's been a mystery killing-- only two clues. A stolen bicycle, a visored cap -- and you've associated them with an old series of odd crimes, in which one Joseph Hewett stole anything on wheels he could get his hands on. Would he go so low as a bicycle? Might. So you're ready to roll -- but where is he? Skipped bail -- as you tell the police --

GOTTLIEB: And chances are, Cullin he's nowhere around. But my hunch is --

DETECTIVE: (FILTER) Look, Ed. A guy faces trial on a series of larceny charges like that -- bus, ambulance, hearse, what not -- he's not gonna hang around Jamaica.

GOTTLIEB: Well --

DETECTIVE: (FILTER) Or New York. Or even the North. Eight'll get you five he's in Florida or St. Louis or South Flashbulb, North Dakota, on the lam.

GOTTLIEB: Could be. Just answer me one thing. You going to work on it?

DETECTIVE: (FILTER) Sure. Right now it's all the lead we've got.

GOTTLIEB: (SARCASTIC) You're welcome. Mind if we do a little poking around on our own?

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #205

CAST

NARRATOR:	BOB SLOAN
MARY	KATHLEEN NIDAY
WIFE	KATHLEEN NIDAY
GOTTLIEB	LES DAMON
REPORTER	GRANT RICHARDS
PSYCHIATRIST	BOY DRYDEN
OLD MAN	BOB DRYDEN
HEWITT	LARRY HAINES
DETECTIVE	WALTER BLACK
PRESSMAN	MAURICE FRANKLIN

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1951

ATX01 0172092

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#205

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

FEBRUARY 28, 1951

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

~~PSYCHIATRIST: All right, young man. Lie down on the couch.~~

~~HEWETT: -- What for?~~

~~PSYCHIATRIST: (SMILE) Psychiatrists interview their patients lying
down. Go ahead.~~

HEWETT: Now wait, wait. I ain't agreed to take these treatments

yet --
PSYCHIATRIST: ^{Doc} You want to be cured of this compulsion of yours.

HEWETT: This what?

PSYCHIATRIST: This thing that makes you do the things you do. So --

HEWETT: Wait, wait! You're 'way ahead of me! Let's get one
thing straight. What's this treatment gonna cost?

PSYCHIATRIST: Well. . . it'll take time. . . my fee is \$15.00 an hour -

HEWETT: \$15 an hour!, And it'll take time! That can add up to a
lotta dough - (NEAR HYSTERIA) I steal cause I'm sick.
I come to you to get cured so I won't steal no more --
and you hand me a figure so big I'd have to steal MORE
TO get it up. WHO YOU KIDDN' DOC!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO FOR)

ATX01 0172093

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

HARRICE: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes.

CHAPPELL: At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 17 - by actual measure PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

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

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from George McVey of the Butte Montana Standard.

McVEY: From the moment of the discovery of murder to the time of sentencing of killer in tonight's Big Story, took exactly 16 days. He was sentenced to life imprisonment, in the Montana State Penitentiary at Deer Lodge. My sincere thanks for tonight's Pell Mell Award..

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. McVey.. 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 Long Island Daily Press, by-line Edward Gottlieb. A BIG STORY about a reporter who found a man who liked all kinds of vehicles especially when they took him to the scene of his own crimes.

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Arnold Perl from an actual story from the front pages of the Butte Montana Standard. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Nat Polen played the part of George McVey. 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. McVey.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES. (PAUSE)
Tomorrow we Americans honor the memory of George Washington as the founder of our freedom. Speeches will be made and praises sung, but the greatest tribute any of us can pay to the father of our American heritage is to resolve that the gift of personal liberty which he gave us shall never be taken away.

THIS IS NBC THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

DETECTIVE: (FILTER) Go ahead. Just don't get in our way, that's all. I mean, like running a story on him and tipping him off, in case he is around. I said -- in case.

(MUSIC: -- STING AND AWAY UNDER)

NARR: And you go. Not your paper -- not your police reporter -- but you, Ed Gottlieb, city editor. Back on the street again. Copy paper in your pocket -- good feeling -- questions in your head -- and a picture of Hewitt ready to shove under the nose of the man who saw the bike stolen. Is this the man you saw?

PRESSMAN: Well. . . it was still pretty dark. . . I dunno.

GOTTLIEB: Five forty-five A.M. Getting pretty light, too.

PRESSMAN: Well. . . yes. Getting pretty light.

GOTTLIEB: Light enough to see he was wearing a cap with a visor.

PRESSMAN: Yes --

GOTTLIEB: The. I ask you again -- not was this the man, but does it look like the man?

PRESSMAN: Well. . . I'm afraid I couldn't say.

GOTTLIEB: Mr. Price, think. An inoffensive old man, a friendly, decent, gentle old man is killed in cold blood, and --

PRESSMAN: (QUIET) Mr. Gottlieb -- you think. A man is killed. And another man is suspected...If that other man is identified -- what? He hangs? He goes to the chair? He's sent up for life? And you want me to say yes or no, it was or it wasn't, and end up responsible for that man's life? No sir. Not me. The hat -- yes. It had a visor. To that I swear. But the face? Mister -- I'm not saying yes and I'm not saying no. I'm not even saying maybe. I'm just plain not saying!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP QUIETLY AND TO BACK, WEAVING IN AND OUT OF) _ _ _

GOTTLIEB: (~~LIGHT FILTER~~) Screwy case. . .steals a bicycle. . . kills an old man. . tchk. . .wanders around in the dawn . . .it's a puzzler. . .wonder if the cops'll break this one. .

NARR: But your hands are active. Almost automatically, they start editing copy. . .Underlining here, for caps. . . making brackets there, for paragraphs. . .

GOTTLIEB: (~~LIGHT FILTER, COMING IN~~) Hat with a visor.. .like a truck driver. . . mmm. . . or a bus driver. . . or a gas station attendant. . .cap with a visor. . .

NARR: Correcting a spelling here. . . circling an abbreviation so it'll be spelled out, there -- and then -- something pushes the button a little harder.

GOTTLIEB: (LIVE) Doggonit, when is that guy gonna learn to spell that councilman's name right. M-E-L-O-N-Y -- MEL-ony, not Maloney. *When is that guy gonna learn!*

NARR: And you spell it right -- M E lony -- and underline the word, meaning -- THIS IS CORRECT. And it's then that the bell rings!

GOTTLIEB: Melony -- Malony. (SNAPS HIS FINGERS) What was that name he kept spelling wrong last -- (LOUD SNAP)
~~Brother!~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING AND AWAY WITH FOOTSTEPS TO)_

(DOOR OPENING, FOOTSTEPS UNDER)

NARR: And you hot-foot it back to the morgue for a drawer marked H --

(DRAWER PULLED OPEN, CARDS AND ENVELOPES RIFFLED)

GOTTLIEB: Hecker, Helpmann, Hewlett-- Hewett -- (~~LIGHT STING~~)
Hewett -- Hew E tt! That's the one!

NARR: (LOW, F.G.) Yeah, The one they insisted on spelling
Hew-I-tt and filing wrong. But now it's in the right
place! (SHUFFLE OF PAPERS) Is it the right guy?

GOTTLIEB: (WISH SHUFFLES) Unemployed truckdriver arrested in
bus theft. . .ah! (SHUFFLE) Hewett Held in Ambulance
theft. . (SHUFFLE SHUFFLE)-- Bus Stealer Charged with
Theft of Hearse -- he's the one, he's the one! Where's
that picture, where's -- ah! Come to papa!

(MUSIC: _ _ _LIGHT STING)

NARR: What's Hewitt wearing in the picture? Right. A cap
with a visor. And the bell is ringing louder and louder,
summoning you back to the beat, back to legging it,
like the police reporter you were, and still are, by ---

(MUSIC: _ _ _LIGHT STING)

GOTTLIEB: Oh-oh. (SHUFFLE) Car-Crazy Thief Skips Bail!

(MUSIC: _ _ _DISAPPOINTED STING AND UNDER)

NARR: Gu-reat. So the bell rang -- so the association of
early morning thefts and visored caps, led you to
a hot lead -- ~~so the strange pattern of a compulsion~~
to walk the damn, combined with a compulsion to steal
vehicles made you think this bicycle thief-killer
~~might be Hewitt~~ -- so the guy's disappeared!

Hit the road, Cottlieb -- hit the road!

(MUSIC: _ _ _HIT THE ROAD AND AWAY FOR _)

(MUSIC: _ _ _TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #205

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 17 - by actual measure - PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MARY: ~~Nonsense, Walter~~ -- what happened?

OLD MAN: ~~A DEEP GROAN, THEN~~ -- He-- he -- (GASP) The window --
the -- (GROAN AND DIES)

MARY: (SOBBING) And that's all he said. The window, he said,
and pointed, and never said another blessed word.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND AWAY BEHIND)

NARR: Speaking coldly, as a city editor -- the story's
developing nicely. Filling out very well. It'll make
front page and a good sized jump to the inside. You
put a man on interviewing neighbors -- with dogs and
children -- and your police reporter builds it along
with this -- from Detective Mike Cullin assigned to
the case. . .

DETECTIVE: Robbery's your motive, of course. But that makes the
killer out to be a rank amateur. He couldn't have
cased the job.

(TYPEWRITER ALONG UNDER)

GOTTLIEB: (AS IF WRITING A SUBHEAD) Killer Amateur, Police Say.

DETECTIVE: There wasn't anything in the apartment worth taking.
The old lady collects rents for the owner, see.
Most of 'em are in checks. What cash she does have,
she banks right off. And that's on the first. ^{of the month.} This
is the 24th. Only a jerk would expect to find any
rent money lying around loose. No. It's a screwy
case.

GOTTLIEB: (WITH TYPE, AS BEFORE) Screwy Case, Says Cullin.

DETECTIVE: Then there's the bicycle. Parked under the window,
behind the ladder he used. Makes no sense at all.
What kind of a burglar leaves bikes lying around? Still -
we're checking.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND AWAY BEHIND)

NARR: Yep. It's filling out ve-ry nicely. Screwy Case -- Mystery Killer -- even a catchy headline title for the killing. Makes a nice page one phrase -- WINDOW KILLER. And the follows are coming through smoothly. Within half an hour --

(PHONE RINGS AGAINST CITY ROOM TYPEWRITER PATTERN
& IS PICKED UP)

GOTTLIEB: City desk.

REPORTER: (FILTER) Ed, on that bicycle. They traced it. Incidentally, you'll find a picture of it in the stuff Joe shot --

GOTTLIEB: Come on, come on, what's with the bike!

REPORTER: Well -- it belongs to a local kid. Lives in one of the houses down the street. Funny thing is, he reported it stolen this morning -- while the cops were looking for the owner!

GOTTLIEB: (MUSING) Steals a bike to commit a crime. Tchh. A real wierdie. Okay -- give it to rewrite and interview the kid.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND AWAY BEHIND)

NARR: He does better than that. The story is building itself. Practically nothing for you to do but wait for the fill-ins to come in. The kid turns out to be nothing. One paragraph. But the kid's upstairs neighbor! That's something else again!

PRESSMAN: You see, I'm a pressman. .owl shift. . and I don't get home till dawn. Well, first thing I do is walk the mutt. I've got him out this morning around five-forty - five, when I see this man.

(TYPEWRITER ALONG WITH)

GOTTLIEB: (AS IF WRITING SUBHEAD) Pressman Sees Bicycle Thief!

PRESSMAN: He comes down the steps of the house, down off the stoop and he's carrying the kids bike. He pumps on the bike and takes off in the opposite direction from me. That's about all. . .you see, it was just about getting light. . .no sun, yet. All I could see was -- he had on a funny cap - -

GOTTLIEB: (AS BEFORE, WITH TYPING) Cap Furnishes Killer Clue!

PRESSMAN: Kind of a visored cap, it was. . .like truck drivers wear. . .or taxi drivers. . .or gas station guys. . .
~~you know.~~ . .

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND AWAY BEHIND)

NARR: And that is where the story stands, when you, Ed Gottlieb, city editor, mark it Page one Top Streamer A Hed, 24 point lead two col leaded-out drop to 14 point second par b.f. with pix. Translation -- the works!

NARR: As city editor -- your job is done. But the definition of a city editor is a newspaperman who's seen everything-- twice. And somewhere --

GOTTLIEB: You know -- something about that window case -- I don't know -- it kind of pushes the button -- but the bell doesn't ring...

REPORTER: Zat so?

GOTTLIEB: Yeah. (HE CHUCKLES) Maybe I've been on the desk too long. I feel like an --an old fire horse pulling a junk wagon--hearing the bells go by...

REPORTER: Boss, you got bells on the brain.

GOTTLIEB: Maybe. This case. . .What's with the cops?
REPORTER: Oh, routine. They'll pull in all the characters suspected of apartment house jobs. . .work 'em over. . .but they won't ^{get} sweat much out of them.
GOTTLIEB: No. Those babies work with passkeys and jimmys. And they case, to see nobody's home. And they don't go to work in the morning, when the town's waking up. And they don't use bicycles. ~~And they don't leave finger-prints on ladders and windowsills.~~
REPORTER: (LAUGHS) Boy -- they lost a good police reporter when you went to the desk!
GOTTLIEB: You're right, though. The word for this case is screwy. Look, you want to send out for some coffee and chew it around?
REPORTER: Me? My day stops when the edition's in. Boss -- I leave you with two words. So long.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP QUICK AND AWAY)

NARR: Your day's almost done. As city editor, you've got to see that all stories are followed up properly. . . so you make up the assignment list for tomorrow. . . ~~check~~ a couple of any-time features. . . ~~throw out~~ a mess of publicity handouts. . . then go over the overset -- that is -- stories that were set up but never made the paper - to see if they can be used or if the type ~~should be melted down. Nothing.~~ But that feeling that something is pushing the button, without the bell ringing, is still gnawing at you. So you don't go home. You hang around the city room...a city editor...an ex-reporter -- with no beat. . .and you think . . .

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) Jamaica, New York. From the front
page of the Long Island Daily Press -- the story of a
city editor who had a reporter's hunch. ~~and~~ ^{For} ~~this~~ work
-- to Ed Gottlieb for his Big Story goes the Pell Mell
Award!

(MUSIC: -- -- TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #205

OPENING COMMERCIAL

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 17 - by actual measure PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Jamaica, New York. The Story as it actually happened.
Ed Gottlieb's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: You Ed Gottlieb, are city editor of the Long Island Daily Press. Which means, for one thing, that you're at your desk in the Press building at 6:45 A.M. Only your police reporter is on duty before you - and he's on the phone, while you're checking the day's assignments to see who can be expected to turn up with what -- and deciding what space it might be worth. Finally, he wraps up his call - saunters over -- And comes up with that phrase that's music to a city editor's ears.

REPORTER: Boss -- we hit one. A murder.

GOTTLIEB: ~~Swell.~~ ^{Where?} Anyone I know?

REPORTER: ~~Could be.~~ Didn't you used to live in the Garden Apartments? Ever know a guy named -- Walter Basil?

GOTTLIEB: Basil, Basil. . .mm-mm. Who'd he kill?

REPORTER: He's the killee. Haven't got much on it, but the photographer's on his way. I'll mosey over.

GOTTLIEB: Okay. Just give me an early lead on what you've got and phone in.

REPORTER: Right. Looks good, though. The cops say it's a screwy one.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE AND UNDER)

NARR: And this, the way it happened, is the story your police reporter writes before he fills in. (~~SNEAK MUSIC~~)
Walter Basil -- an old, retired bank guard. . .harmless old ^{man} ~~sneaker~~ who wouldn't hurt a fly. . .the kind of guy dogs and babies go for. . .shares an apartment with his sister, a widow. . .sleeps on a daybed in the parlor. . .

(MUSIC: ~~UP AND AWAY IN SECONDARY CURTAIN, FADING BEHIND~~)

~~(GROANING UNDER)~~

~~(WINDOW OPENS SLOWLY, CAREFULLY)~~

~~(FOOTSTEPS COME NEARER TO SNORING, WHICH IS
FOREGROUND. SNORING TURNS TO A SNORT, FOOTSTEPS
FREEZE.)~~

OLD MAN: (FRIGHT) ~~Uh?~~ What's that! (PAUSE) Who -- who's there!

HEWETT: (HOARSE WHISPER) Lie down. Don't move ---

OLD MAN: (AWAKE NOW) Who're you? What do you want here!

HEWETT: (SAME) Shut up -- shut up --

OLD MAN: (UP) Mary -- Mary -- police -- help -- hel --

~~(A SHOT, A GROAN, RAPID FOOTSTEPS UP AND AWAY INTO)~~

(MUSIC: ~~TRAGIC AND OFF BEHIND~~)

NARR: A baffler. A harmless old man shot in the dawn --
an unknown prowler who left nothing behind but the
ladder by which he reached the window -- that's all.
All, that is, until your Police reporter's follow-up,
which comes in a little later. Seems he interviewed
Mary, the sister. It filled out the story -- like
this:

~~(MUSIC UP AND DOWN SADLY BEHIND)~~

MARY: ~~(GEBBING)~~ We were up till eleven. . . doing crossword
puzzles. . . then, I went to my room, and Walter made
up the daybed. . . next thing -- I heard him scream
-- I threw something over me -- and ran in (FADE)

~~(GROANS UP AND UNDER)~~

MARY: Walter -- what's the matter -- Walter -- ~~you're having
a nightmare~~ --

OLD MAN: Mary, Mary -- I've been shot --

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STOERY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Alan Sloane from an actual story from the front pages of the Long Island Daily News. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Les Damon played the part of Ed Gottlieb. 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. Gottlieb.

(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.

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #205

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

- GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.
- CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.
- HARRICE: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes.
- CHAPPELL: At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 17 - by actual measure - PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.
- HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.
- 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 Ed Gottlieb of the Long Island Daily Press.

GOTTLIEB: At his trial, killer in tonight's Big Story told me "It would be better for the wife if I got the chair," but because of psychotic nature of his strange criminal compulsion, he got life instead. Court stipulated, however, that he must never be set free. Many thanks for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Gottlieb..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, Ga. Ledger Enquirer by-line Charles Ewing. A BIG STORY about a reporter who found that 2 missing persons had one awful thing in common -- death!

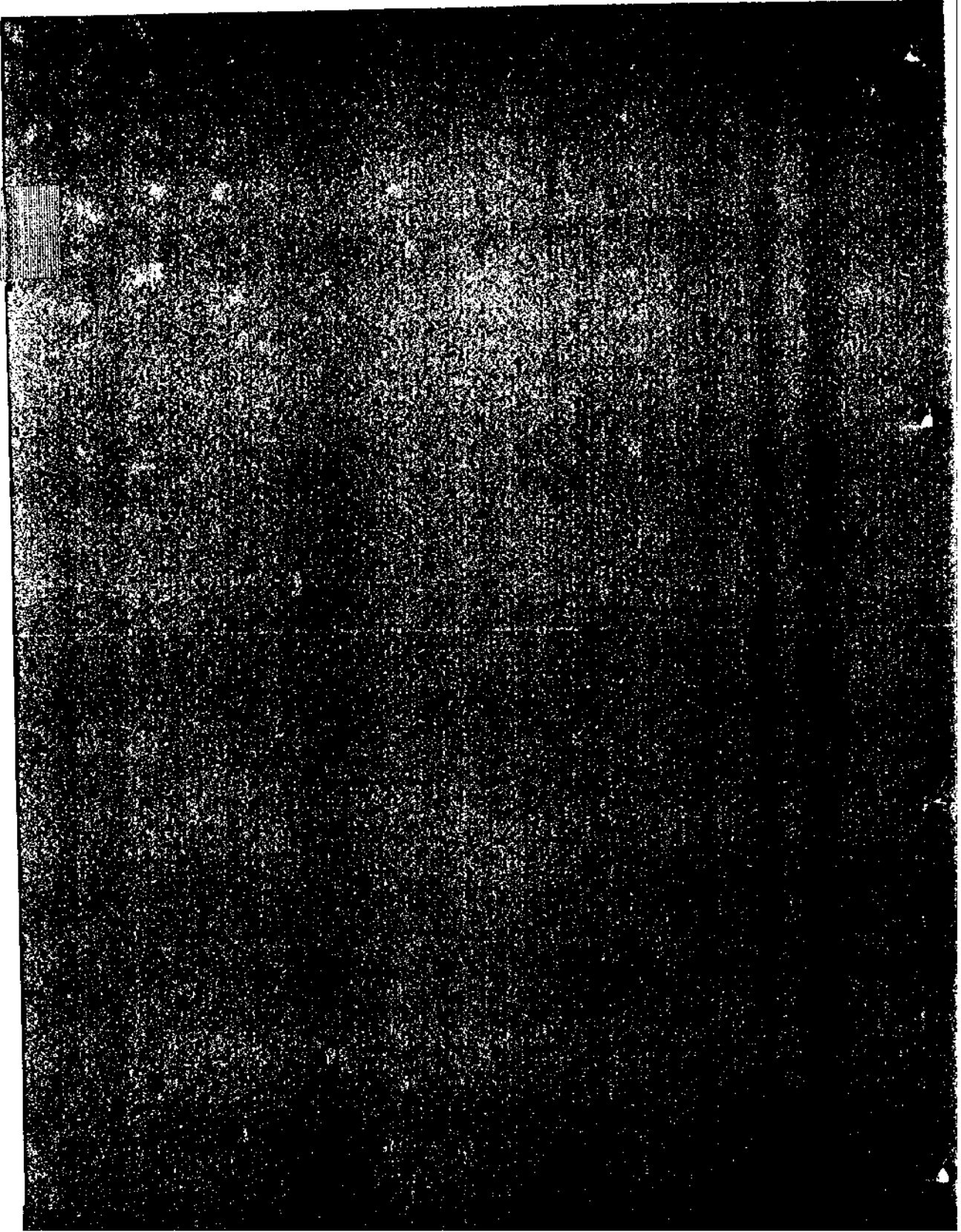
(MUSIC: A CHANGE OF FEELING TO SUGGEST ANOTHER MEDIUM)

HARRICE: Attention! This is important! Here's big news! Beginning this week, you can see the BIG STORY on television every week. So be sure to consult your newspapers! "Television Highlights" for time and station.

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is brought to you by PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES on radio and television - every week.

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

MARCH



AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #206

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOAN
WOMAN	RUTH YORKE
CHARLES	GEORGE PETRIE
HORACE	BILL SMITH
GENICHEE	OWEN JORDAN
BALSER	OWEN JORDAN
TEDDY	BILL LIPTON
PINE	BILL GRIFFIS

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1951

ATX01 0172113

NEC

THE BIG STORY

#206

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

MARCH 7, 1951

WEDNESDAY

(Charles Ewing: Columbus (Georgia) Ledger-Enquirer)

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(PHONE RINGS, IS ANSWERED)

PINE: Missing persons, Sheriff Pine. (LISTENING, HE HAS HEARD THIS A THOUSAND TIMES BEFORE) I see. Your uncle Fred. Yeah. ... Two hours late. You don't say? Uh huh. ... He's not the type to stay away from home...Yep, I got it. Be in touch with you.

~~(PHONE UP. PHONE RINGS, IS ANSWERED)~~

PINE: Missing persons, Sheriff Pine...Your husband. Uh-huh. Yeah, I got it down...What's that? Haven't seen him since six o'clock and it's nearly 9:30? He's not the type, you say, to stay away from home...Yeah, I'll be in touch with

~~you.~~
(PHONE UP)

CHARLES: (CASUALLY) You don't seem much concerned, Sheriff.

PINE: Listen, Ewing, you can tell what day of the week it is by the number of missing persons calls you get. Monday it's quiet. Tuesday and Wednesday there's two, three a day. Thursday and Friday, up to about five. The weekend, the phone hardly ever stops on account of Friday is payday. On account of most missing persons show up bright and early and a little ashamed Monday morning.

CHARLES: What if they don't?

PINE: Then they'll show up Tuesday. Unless, of course, like once in a blue moon you get a real one.

Chas:
Pine:

like what
like murder:

ATX01 0172114

(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) Columbus, Georgia. From the front pages of the Columbus Ledger-Enquirer comes the story of a man and a woman who were a little late coming home, and a reporter who proved they never would come home alive. And tonight to that reporter, Charles Ewing, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL Award.

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #206

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL

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CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN, FADE UNDER...)

CHAPPELL: Columbus, Georgia. The story as it actually happened - Charles Ewing's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: All policemen and most newspaperman like yourself Charles Ewing reporter for the Columbus, Georgia Ledger-Enquirer, hate missing persons stories because 99 times out of 100, in a bustling, nice sized city like Columbus, Georgia (population 80,000 and another 35,000 across the river in Phoenix City, Alabama) a "missing person" is a lost sheep who wandered a little from the fold after getting his pay on Friday night. And when he does show up, usually the following Monday or Tuesday or at worst Wednesday, the family never bothers to notify the cops that the foul play they suspected wasn't foul play at all. And that's why as you sit in Sheriff Leo Pine's office, neither of you is very excited ...

PINE: Now you want to say that again, slowly, ma'am.

WOMAN: (ON FILTER) It's my daughter Hennie, my married daughter. She lives with us now. She should have been home last night and here it is after ten in the morning and no sign of her.

PINE: Now where does Hennie work?

WOMAN: Out at the Lonesome Pine Cafe.

PINE: Phoenix City across the river?

WOMAN: She always comes home. She's a very -- Well, for heaven's sake, she's got two small children, and she wouldn't leave them alone unless something happened to her.

PINE: Where 's her husband?

WOMAN: They're separated. I called the Cafe. They hadn't seen her, no sign of her.

PINE: Well, I'll be in touch with you, Mrs. Horne.

(MUSIC: TRANQUIL, IN WITH...)

NARR: So you don't get out of the chair you're sitting in where you've idly scribbled the information you've garnered listening and Sheriff Leo Pine doesn't ^{before martial law} ~~send out an "all state magnet"~~ as the troubled lady requested. And so -- your attitude remains the same an hour later when the missing persons' phone

(PHONE RINGS, IS ANSWERED)

NARR: catches another sad story.
(CONT'D)

PINE: Missing persons, Sheriff Pine. All right now, give it to me slow please.

HORACE: (FILTER) ^{His is Horace Fuller - ditto about my} ~~is my~~ brother Geetchee.

PINE: Geetchee?

HORACE: His real name is Frankie, but we call him Geetchee. Geetchee Faller. Well, he's a guy ordinarily can take care of himself and I wouldn't be worried, but I ain't seen hide nor hair of him since Friday night and he ain't a kid who drinks. I'll tell you right now, he ain't a kid who drinks.

PINE: All right, Mr. Faller. You give me the description and we'll follow it up ---

(MUSIC: IN WITH ...)

NARR: And Sheriff Pine doesn't declare martial law throughout Georgia because Geetchee Faller didn't come home since Friday night. And on account of there are fourteen more calls before the end of the day, neither you nor he see these two calls as anything special, nor any connection ~~between the calls.~~

(MUSIC: BRIEF PUNCTUATION, THEN UNDER)

NARR: This in the summer of 1944. And through that summer, and that cool Fall, there are more missing persons' calls, none of these bothers or disturbs you, Charles Ewing. Just an occasional check, in case somebody didn't show up. Like the mother of the girl Hennie Horne...(This, three months after the first report of her being "Missing") ...

WOMAN: (FILTER) Who did you say this was, please?

CHARLES: Charlie Ewing, Mrs. Horne. I'm with the Ledger-Enquirer.

WOMAN: (FILTER)(INTERESTED) Oh, it's something about Hennie?

CHARLES: Well, no -- I mean it is about Hennie. I'm calling. Wondered if you ^{heard} had anything ^{from} on her.

WOMAN: (DISAPPOINTED) Well, not really. Aunt of hers thinks she saw her in Macon, but -- (VOICE DROPS OFF)

CHARLES: Not sure?

WOMAN: No, she really wasn't. She thought she saw Hennie on a bus, but it pulled out before she got a chance to make sure. But we're not worried. We're not worried at all. (SHE'S VERY WORRIED) Not in the least, because you see -- Hennie always takes good care of herself.

CHARLES: She hasn't called or written --?

WOMAN: No, she -- do you think anything's really the matter?

CHARLES: (TRYING TO BE REASSURING) No, no, I wouldn't give it a second thought. You said yourself, she can take care of herself. Right?

WOMAN: (NOT SURE) Yes, that's true. Yes, I'm sure that's absolutely true.

(MUSIC: BRIEFLY UNDER:)

NARR: A little pencilled question mark goes on your check-list opposite the name Hennie Horne. You check a few others on the "missing" list; they showed up, they're fine: But another one, checked, didn't come home -- "just yet" --

HORACE: (F) Who'd you say this was?

CHARLES: Charlie Ewing, Mr. Faller, from the paper.

HORACE: Well, we ain't had no word -- exactly from Geetchee if that's what you mean, ~~but I ain't bothering my head about him.~~

CHARLES: ~~Why's that?~~ *Aren't you worried?*

HORACE: Heck, that boy was plumb crazy to get hisself into the fighting and that's what I'm sure he done.

CHARLES: Enlisted, you mean?

HORACE: Sure. If there's a fight around within six miles, Geechee' runs and gets right in the middle. Been like that since he was a kid. Wouldn't miss a chance at a fight like the size going on in Europe right now.

CHARLES: Have you actually heard from him?

HORACE: (ANGRY BECAUSE THIS IS HIS OWN FEAR) Look, fellow, I don't need you coming around asking me "Have you heard from the boy" -- he enlisted, that's that. Good bye.

CHARLES: No. No, I don't, but -- but tell me about this crowd
Geechee was running around with.

HORACE: That's all I got to say.

(MUSIC: IN WITH)

NARR: The first connection, the first association of these two
missing persons
cases: Hennie and Geechee. Nothing really to go on,
but what before had been only the edge of fear in Horace
Faller's voice, was full-blown fright, a touch of real
terror. Why? You took the question to Leo Pine's office,
but you never got a chance to ask it--not then-----

(PHONE, IS ANSWERED.)

PINE: Missing persons, Sheriff Pine.

BALSER: (ON F) Pine? Balswer. Sheriff Okefenochee County. Got
the wildest thing in my life. Thought you ought to know
about it.

PINE: What's that, Balswer? (ASIDE) Hey, *gawwug - get on the other phone -*

BALSER: Ever heard of a character name of McOwens? Teddy McOwens?

PINE: Small-town boy from across the river in Phoenix City. A
no-good, isn't he?

BALSER: Well, he just handed me a confession. He confessed to half
the crimes that happened in Florida in the past six months
and two-thirds of the stuff that's happened in Georgia,
including two murders.

PINE: You got accommodations for me down there? I'm on my way.

CHARLES: Make it for two. I'm coming with you.

(MUSIC: IN MOVEMENT, INTO...)

NARR: *McOwens*
That man stands five feet one inch, weighs 120 pounds, and
has, absurdly, the face of Popeye tattooed on his right
forearm. He talks almost boastfully.

TEDDY: First I killed the guy -- or was it the girl? No, it was the guy. First I killed the guy, then the girl.

PINE: Who were they?

TEDDY: I don't know their names too good. I just had the job to do, I done it. That's my way. You got your work cut out for you, don't ask no foolish questions and do it. Let's see -- what else? Holds ups -- yeah. Two gas stations out on U.S. number one day before yesterday. Stole a car, I think it was Phoenix City, July 7, 1947 -- Plymouth roadster.

PINE: Let's get back to the killings, ~~if you don't mind.~~

TEDDY: Oh, sure, sure. Sorry. Well, that was a pretty easy buck.
(GOES BEHIND)

TEDDY: (BEHIND) There was these two kids. A guy and a girl. I think it was his girlfriend -- nice kid. (CONTINUES BEHIND)
They was going together anyway or something like that. Well, we went together one night. (FADE)

NARR: You know, Charles Ewing, that for various reasons prisoners often claim to have done crimes that they had no connection with. In the hope of confusing prosecution, ~~getting free jaunts around the countryside instead of being held in the prison routine.~~ You know confessions have to be nailed down.

PINE: (RIGHT OUT OF THE NARRATION, ANGRY, IN THE CLEAR) What were their names?

TEDDY: Well, the guy was something like Peachy. And the girl was Lennie, Hennie.

PINE: Where did you bury the bodies?

TEDDY: I told you. I killed them and buried them in a swamp near Bonte Verdía.

(MUSIC: TRAGIC AND UNDER...)

NARR: You leave ^{McOwens} ~~him~~ where he is (~~McOwens~~), behind bars, and conduct a brief, terrible search. You find the shallow grave one mile off U.S. Highway number one, at the Bonte Verdia turn off, in a palmedo swamp. Two bodies in lime, the wrong kind of lime - the preserving kind. And within the day there is the terrible ordeal of identification.

HORACE: (DEAD, FLAT) That's Geetchee. They killed Geetchee.

(MUSIC: A STING)

WOMAN: Look at her hair. Look at her poor hair! ~~Look at her hair.~~
Look how it's all matted and --

(MUSIC: MERCIFULLY WIPES IT OUT AND GOES UNDER...)

NARR: But you, Charlie Ewing, with the years of experience behind you, innured (if such a thing is possible) to this kind of death, -- you worry, you worry terribly about this confession.

CHARLES: ^{Leo,} I don't know. There were no eye-witnesses to these crimes. It was a long, long time ago. Juries don't put too much trust in things happened a long time ago and what if McOwens decides to change his mind and remember he didn't do it after all? (PAUSE) It falls apart, doesn't it? The whole ~~horrible~~ thing falls apart.

(MUSIC: UP TO TAG THE ACT)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #206

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch!
Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth
smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can
measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than
that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs,
or 10, or 17 - by actual measure - PELL MELL'S greater length
of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke
further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness,
mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can
measure -- 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 Ewing, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: If the now-confessed killer repudiates his confession, if he gets a good, smart, well-paid lawyer, where are you, Charlie Ewing? And where are the police with the solution of a case that began three and a half years ago with someone who was two hours late for supper? The whole, hideous story will fall apart and it begins to ~~in the Grand Jury room.~~ *when Mc Owens is brought back from Florida*

TEDDY: (SAME EASY MANNER) I don't know what got into me. I mean, we was down there in Florida and the Sheriff ~~from Columbus~~ *down there* ~~comes down and I got~~ *me* ~~terribly~~ confused. What I mean is -- uh -- I was trying to do the old razz matazz -- you know, they think you done this and they think you done that and before you know it, maybe they forget they picked you up on a robbery charge -- and you get let out.

PINE: You gave that confession of your own free will, McOwens.

TEDDY: Well sure, Sheriff, of course I did. Like I told you. Had an old buddy once in stir. He says to me, "Confession is good for the soul, and that ain't all." See what I mean?

PINE: You told us exactly where to find those two bodies.

TEDDY: Well, a feller told me about them two bodies. I mean, so I figured maybe he was making up a story, so I thought I'd use the same story. I never thought there was any real bodies buried in the swamp.

PINE: You know what I'd like to do to you, McOwens --

TEDDY: Well, you can't, Sheriff. ~~This here is a Grand Jury room.~~
Besides, look. Just look at the sense of it. Look at me.
I'm a little guy, don't weigh more than ¹²⁰~~115~~ pounds -- losing
weight too. Five feet one with shoes on. How could I take
a big guy like that Peachy, Geetchee feller and a girl and
all that -- could I make a big feller do what I wanted,
Sheriff? Nah, made the whole thing up.

(MUSIC: IN WITH)

NARR: All you figured, Charlie Ewing, has come to pass. Leo Pine's
hands are clenched white in anger. And there isn't a man
on the force or in any of the newspaper offices wouldn't
give a sawbuck to have five minutes alone with Teddy McOwens.
But that wouldn't get you anywhere. Not with a River Gang
boy like Teddy McOwens. (REMEMBERING) Hey, River Gang.
Maybe that was why Horace Faller wasn't talking...that is,
why he was talking and saying so little. Sure. So you move
across the Dillingham Street bridge, Charlie Ewing, across
the Chattahoochee from Columbus, Georgia into Phoenix City,
Alabama, in an attempt to prove that a liar and a murderer
is a liar and a murderer. You pick up Horace Faller, the
dead man's brother, as he walks out of the cotton mill
where he works.

HORACE: (SCARED) I got to get home, mister. I got nothing to say.

CHARLES: I'll walk home with you.

HORACE: I don't want to walk with you. I don't want to be seen
with you.

CHARLES: What's a matter with me?

HORACE: I don't want to be seen with no cops ^{or} and no reporter, mister.

CHARLES: The River Gang?

- 15 -

HORACE: Shut up.

CHARLES: It was the River Gang all along. That's what happened to
Geechee, wasn't it?

HORACE: I said all I'm going to say to you, mister. Lemme alone.
I got a wife and ~~a~~² kid, an a -- lemme alone!

(MUSIC: _ IN WITH)

ATX01 0172127

NARR: He's off and he won't listen. The River Gang runs Phoenix City. ~~That is, its joints, its horse race machines, its roving dice games, its illegal liquor system. In every town, or any town, like Phoenix -- there are also River Gangs.~~ And the River Gang has been known to shut the mouth of a man for a lot less than Horace Faller was implying. But you persist. You wait 'til he gets off at the cotton mill each afternoon. ~~You wait in a car, or in a side street so he won't be seen with you and thereby jeopardized.~~ You call on him at off-hours when no one is around. And finally, one evening, he sits down in his bare living-room, and runs his hands through his graying hair, made grayer by the lint from the mill and a hard day's work.

HORACE: Somebody ought to know. What you can do with it I don't know, but somebody ought to know.

CHARLES: About Geetchee?

HORACE: Geetchee was a funny kid. Him and school didn't get along. He quit in the seventh grade. He liked to knock around motorcycles. He used to hop a ride on the Sternwheeler that goes down the river to Fort Benning. He was a good shot too and trim. One of those big fellows, but a natural athlete. Swam like crazy, and he could box, fight. Well, I talked sense into him for a while about coming to work in the mill, but he quit and I remembered he came in to see me about six months before he disappeared.

(BUSY OFFICE OF NEWSPAPER)

ED: (BREATHELESS) Here I am, Mr. Barnes! Got here as fast as I could!

BARNES: (RUSHED) Fine! Good! Take this address here and get there as fast as you can! It's right at the Hammond Docks! One of the Alderman just called. Claims he caught the biggest tuna fish on record!

(MUSIC: ~~ACCENT IN OUT~~)

ED: A - a tuna fish?

BARNES: That's what he said! Come on, get going. Fish don't keep forever.. What's the matter with you!?

ED: (STILL DAZED) Not - not the murders?

BARNES: (PEEVED) The murders ^{down} up in Sonoma? What's the matter with you, Ed? ~~Act your age, will you?~~ I've got every one of my regular men out on that murder! You don't think I'd put a cub on it, do you? That's why I called you! The regulars are all tied up now! I need you for the local stuff!

ED: (CRUSHED) Yes, sir... The - Hammond docks .. A - tuna fish.

(PHONE RINGS .. RECEIVER GRABBED)

BARNES: (FAST) Barnes speaking!! What .. Come on, speak up. You're talking so low I can't make you out...(IRKED) You - what? .. You got a story on the murders? .. (SORE NOW) In ten minutes at the Village Bar? .. Yeah. Sure.

(RECEIVER SLAMMED DOWN)

BARNES: There goes the first of them! (SORE)

ED: The - first of whom, Mr. Barnes?

BARNES: The cranks, the crackpots, the - the boys with the overheated brains! (MOCKING) "Is this the city editor? Well, if you send a reporter to the Village Bar in ten minutes, I'll tell him all about the murders."
.. The minute they hear about a murder, they start trooping in!

ED: The Village Bar is - on the way to the docks. Want me to check on it, Mr. Barnes?

BARNES: What? .. Oh,,go ahead if you want to. Ask for Joe, he said. But don't let the jerk tie you up .. And Ed...

ED: Yes, sir.

BARNES: If he tells you he's Napoleon, don't believe him. I'm Napoleon!

(MUSIC: ACCENT .. UP TO TAG FOR)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

HARRICE: Puff by Puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.

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CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Out-standing!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild.

MAE: Of course, of course! I'll be ready in fifteen minutes!

HANK: I'll drive over for you, Mae. I'll be waiting in front of the hotel..

(MUSIC: ACCENT DOWN UNDER)

(CAR IN MOTION B.G.)

MAE: How did it happen? Hank, I - don't understand. ~~What~~ -

HANK: I - think they were trying to scale the side of the hill back of the house.. Maybe - some of the rocks gave way.

MAE: Maybe? Don't you know? What did Pete say?

HANK: That's what he said...

MAE: What about a doctor? Did you call a doctor, Hank?

HANK: Yes .. He'll probably be there by the time we - get there.
(SLIGHT PAUSE .. THEN)

MAE: Hank?

HANK: Umh?

MAE: I'm - I'm sorry I've had to stand you off the whole weekend
But I guess by now you know how I feel about - Fred.

HANK: Sure .. I understand.

MAE: I - guess I was a bit crude Friday night .. the way I -
told you you scared me a little..

HANK: Sure .. I understand.

(SLIGHT PAUSE .. THEN)

(CAR TO STOP, MOTOR OFF AS:)

HANK: Here we are..

(CAR DOOR OPENED .. BUZZING, LAZY SUMMER SOUNDS)

MAE: (SLIGHT TAKE) Hank, where's the doctor? I don't see
another car -

HANK: .. How should I know?

MAE: (A BIT UNEASY NOW) Aren't you coming to the house?

HANK: I'll be right along, Mae .. Something I - left out here
in the bushes .. Go on. You'll find them both in the house
(STEPS UP ON GRAVEL .. SLIGHT FADE OFF WHEN SECOND
PAIR OF STEPS START FOLLOWING . THEN CATCH UP ..
STEPS UNDER)

MAE: Oh .. I guess you - found what you were looking for -

HANK: This -

(STEPS CUT SUDDENLY)

MAE: (BUILDING) Why .. it's a stone pestle .. ~~And Indian~~
~~pestle for grinding corn...~~

HANK: (GRABS HER ARM) Mae!

MAE: Hank! What - what's wrong? You're hurting my arm...

HANK: (LOW AND EDGE OF BRUTALITY) Mae, I - like you ..

MAE: (HOLDING ON TO HERSELF) Hank .. there's - blood on
- the pestle...

HANK: (HARDER) Mae, I - like you.

MAE: (SQUIRMING TO GET LOOSE AND AFRAID TO SCREAM) Hank, F-Fred
~~F-Fred's in the house. You said he - has a broken~~
~~arm. He - needs me. Hank, please .. let me go.~~

HANK: Be nice to me, Mae or - ~~I'll have to hit you with the~~
~~.. pestle.~~

MAE: (SCREAMS) Fred! Pete! Help me!
(SLIGHT PAUSE)

MAE: (TERRIFIED) ~~They - they don't answer -~~

HANK: ~~No - they don't ...~~

MAE: (SCREAMS) ~~Fred!~~

(RUNNING FEET ON GRAVEL AS:)

HANK: Mae, come back!

(RUNNING STEPS FOLLOWING FIRST PAIR .. END WITH
OPENING OF SCREEN DOOR AND SLAMMING SHUT...

MAE: (SLIGHT ECHO AS SHE CALLS LOW) Fred, ~~are you~~
~~asleep?~~ .. Pete -- are ~~are you both~~ sleeping?

HANK: (SLIGHTLY OFF) ~~They're not .. sleeping, Mae -~~

MAE: (TERRIFIED AND LOW) ~~The people~~ .. You killed them
~~both with the stone people~~ .. (TAKE) Hank, don't
come near me .. Hank, please - don't come near me ..
(SCREAM) Hank!

(MUSIC: STING HIGH .. CUT TO)

(JAZZ MUSIC ON TINNY RADIO AS B.G. .. ESTABLISH ..
THEN CUT SUDDENLY TO:)

ANNCR: (FILTER) We interrupt our regularly scheduled program
ladies and gentlemen to bring you a special news bulletin-

PEG: (LOW) (MOCKING) Ed Neumeier starts work tomorrow on the
Humboldt Times! (LAUGHS LOW)

ED: Sh-h; Peg .. I want to hear the news ..

ANNCR: The police of Sonoma County have just issued an all-points
bulletin for the arrest of a merchant marine officer in
the brutal slaying of two men and an assault upon a young
woman earlier today.

PEG: (LOW) How terrible!

ANNCR: (CONTINUES) The woman, ~~Miss~~ Mae Patterson, ~~was picked up~~
~~by a driver on the main highway where she was wandering in~~
~~a bruised and dazed condition.~~ She lead police to the
cabin of Peter Dudley, 42, where the bodies of Dudley and
a weekend guest, Fred Noyer were found.

(MORE)

ANNCR:
(CONT)

Another weekend guest, Henry 'Hank' Hildebrandt was missing. It is believed that he murdered the two men with an ancient Indian stone pestle and then assaulted Miss Patterson. Sonoma police are of the opinion Hildebrandt has headed out of the Valley of the Moon area.. We now return you to the Sunset Hour.

(JAZZ CONTINUES ON RADIO)

PEG: (BEAT .. THEN) There are your 'lucky people', Ed.. ^{down} up
in the Valley of the Moon...

(PHONE RINGS)

PEG: I'll get it, Ed...

(PHONE RINGS ON UNTIL .. RECEIVER LIFTED)

PEG: Hello .. No, this is Mrs. Neumeier.. No, we didn't go away for the weekend. Who is this? .. (TAKE) Oh! Yes, Mr. Barnes. He's right here.. (WHISPER) Ed! It's the paper, your boss - Mr. Barnes!

ED: The paper? For me?

(RECEIVER FUMBLING)

ED: (EXCITED) Mr. Barnes? .. Yes, yes. I'm here. The murders? Sure. I - just heard about them on the radio What? Would I mind starting this afternoon instead of tomorrow? Not at all! You bet your life! I'll be right down! Thanks!

(RECEIVER UP)

~~(BESIDE HIMSELF) Baby, did you hear that? (LOOKING AROUND)
Where's my hat? Where's my pencil? Did you hear that?
The biggest murder this territory has had in years and the
first thing the editor does is to call me!~~

(MUSIC: UP WITH MOCKING, ALMOST COMEDY THEME AND DOWN UNDER)

OPUSIC: THEME AND UNDER

CHAPPELL: Eureka, California. The story as it actually happened.
Ed Neumeier's story as he lived it ...

(MUSIC: _ _ THEME)

NARR: Maybe some guys enjoy being interviewed for a job. Maybe some guys can even help themselves by acting as if they didn't care whether they got the job or not. But not you, Ed Neumeier. You care - very much .. And as you sit nervously in the office of the Humboldt Times, in Eureka, on a hot July 2nd - all you can think of is that you're not a kid anymore, you're married - and in need of a job..

(OFFICE B.G.)

BARNES: (EDITOR, NICE GUY) And after you got out of the Air Force Neumeier - what then?

ED: (WEAK SMILE) Confusion .. I - couldn't make up my mind what I wanted to do with myself... Then I got married - and the confusion cleared up ..

BARNES: Who'd you marry? A job counsellor?

ED: (GRINS) No .. just a nice ^{gal} ~~gale~~ - ~~So I went back and tried to finish my graduate work --~~

BARNES: ~~Why'd you quit?~~

ED: ~~No money...~~

BARNES: ~~You've never had any experience on a paper before, have you?~~

ED: ~~Just school papers.~~

BARNES: (MULLING IT OVER) Um-um... Tell you what I can do for you, son. Today's Saturday .. Monday is July 4th .. Well - ~~how'd you like to start working for us beginning Tuesday morning?~~

ED: (CAN'T BELIEVE IT) You - you mean that, Mr. Barnes?

BARNES: (GRINS) Sure I mean it. Would you like to start Tuesday?

ED: (EXCITED) Would I? Gee .. ~~I mean~~ - would I? (LAUGHS EXCITEDLY) Say .. Mr. Barnes .. could I - call my wife?

BARNES: Before you call her, Ed - let's just get a couple of details straight. You're being put on as a cub reporter you know -

ED: Sure, sure - I've never had any real experience so I kind of expected -

BARNES: (CUTS IN) And you'll be on trial for six months .. at cub pay -

ED: (BEAT .. THEN , LET DOWN) Six months?

BARNES: That's the way we work it, Ed.

ED: I - I see .. Six months on trial at - cub pay, that's a - long time for a - married man ..

BARNES: I know how it is, Ed. ~~The Army took a good part of your life. You're starting later than most cub reporters. But~~
out that's our rule -

ED: No - way of breaking it ~~before~~ six months?

BARNES: I'm afraid not..

ED: What if - I'm good?

BARNES: (SMILE) We expect you to be good -

ED: What if I'm - very good?

BARNES: Let me tell you something, Ed. If you went out, caught a murderer single-handed, then got him to sign a confession and then got the story exclusive for our paper .. well, we might break the rule and put you on permanent staff before the six months were up .. (CHUCKLE)

ED: Oh ...

BARNES: And the chances of that happening to a cub reporter in Eureka are about - oh, I'd say roughly a million to one..
(LAUGHS) against you ...

(MUSIC: ACCENT WITH LIGHT THEME .. QUICK BRIDGE .. OUT UNDER)

PEG: (ED'S WIFE) Ed?

ED: (LOST IN THOUGHT) Uh?

PEG: This morning you landed a job. But to look at you, somebody would think the finance company had just reclaimed our car .. (GOOD NATURED) What in the world are you brooding about?

ED: About how to catch a murderer single-handed, how to get him to confess to me and how to get the story exclusive for the paper -

PEG: Mother, here I come! I think I married a nut! Ed Neumeier you're off your rocker! What's eating you?

ED: ~~Here, baby. Sit on my lap and I'll tell you.~~

PEG: ~~OK. Spill it.~~ -

ED: Peg, I'm serious. I'm twenty-five. I'll be a cub reporter for six months. How in heck are we going to swing it?

PEG: I'm happy, honey.

ED: Yeah? For what? For being married to me? .. Look at us. It's Saturday, the July 4th weekend. And we're broke.

PEG: So what?

ED: So broke I don't even have enough dough to drive you up to the Valley for the weekend.

PEG: Ed, listen to me. I'm serious too. A guy can only get ahead just so fast ~~and no further~~. Look at it this way- the newspaper business isn't too easy to crack. And you've just landed a job starting Tuesday. Ed, you're lucky.

ED: I don't see it that way, Peg. To me, the lucky ones are ^{down} up in the Valley of the Moon for the weekend .. The rest of us are - sweating it out ^{up} ~~down~~ here ..

(MUSIC: ACCENT .. DOWN UNDER)

NARR: The lucky ones are ^{down} up in the Valley of the Moon, you said. But how wrong you were, Ed Neumeier, you weren't to find out for some time. Not until the luck of a woman named Mae Patterson began running out. It was Monday now, the morning of July 4th. Mae Patterson was just getting out of her bed at the Valley of the Moon Hotel when-

(PHONE RINGS .. AGAIN .. RECEIVER UP AS)

(MUSIC: CUT)

MAE: (SLEEPY) Hello?

HANK: (FILTER) Is this Mae Patterson?

MAE: Yes... Who is this?

HANK: Oh. I'm glad I got you, Mae. This is Hank -

MAE: Oh .. Yes, Hank! What's on your mind?

HANK: Mae, this isn't - what you think. I'm not calling you for - a date or anything like that. ~~You told me Friday night how you felt about me so that's that~~ But - it's Fred.

MAE: Fred? What about him? ~~I was out with him last night -~~

HANK: ~~Early this morning, he and Pete - the guy who owns the~~
cabin -

MAE: Yes, yes! Hank, what's wrong?

HANK: They went ~~out early~~ before I got up. ~~There must have~~
~~been an accident.~~ ^{He} Fred broke his arm .. kind of bad.

MAE: Oh no!

HANK: ^{The guy who owns the cabin,}
A Pete's looking after him. Fred's kind of in - pain. He wanted me to get you and bring you here, if you could come.

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY .. Here is America .. its sound and its
fury .. its joy and its sorrow .. as faithfully reported
by the men and women of the great American newspapers ..
(PAUSE .. COLD AND FLAT) Eureka, California.. From the
pages of the Humboldt Times, the story of a cub reporter
- and the murderer who took a liking to him. Tonight,
to Ed Neumeier of the Humboldt Times, for his Big Story
goes the PELL MELL AWARD.

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 17- by actual measure PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding"!

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #207

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOAN
MAE	MELBA RAE
PEG	ANZIE STRICKLAND
ED	OWEN JORDAN
HANK	CHET STRATTON
BARNES	WM. KEENE
DRUNK	WM. KEENE
ANNOR	JOE HELGESEN
BARTENDER	JOE HELGESEN

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1951

ATX01 0172142

NET

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #207

() ()
10:00-10:30 P.M.

MARCH 14, 1951

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: FANFARE AND UNDER)

HANK: (MIDDLE THIRTIES .. QUIET AND RESTRAINED ALMOST TO POINT OF TENSION) Beautiful night, isn't it?

MAE: (ABOUT THIRTY .. EDGY) Yes it is, ^{Hank}.. This your first time up here in the Valley of the Moon?

HANK: .. Yes .. I - haven't been in California long. I'm from the East...

MAE: You and Fred are at the Maritime Academy ^{up} ~~down~~ in Alameda, aren't you?

HANK: (ASSENT) Um-uh .. He said he had a friend ^{down} ~~up~~ here with a cabin. So I - came along for the July 4th weekend...

~~(SILENT PAUSE BROKEN BY)~~

~~MAE: (QUIETLY) Please, Hank .. I'd rather you ~~kept your hands~~ to yourself..~~

HANK: ~~No offense.. (BEAT THEM)~~ ^{By the way} Today's only Friday. The 4th isn't until Monday. Think between now and then I - could come over to your hotel, take you dancing or something?

MAE: Don't get me wrong, Hank. But - I'd rather you didn't. There's something about you that - scares me a little.

HANK: Something about me? (LITTLE LAUGH) Why, I'm just a normal guy, Mae.. (ODDLY) So normal it - sometimes drives me a little crazy....

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

ATX01 0172143

(MUSIC: -- TAG) --

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Charles Ewing of the Columbus Georgia Ledger Enquirer.

EWING: Murderer in tonight's Big Story was convicted and received a life sentence. He is still serving his life term in the State prison. I appreciate the commendations I received from the Solicitor General and the Sheriff for what they graciously called a "fine assist" in a tough case. My sincere appreciation for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Ewing ... 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 Eureka, California Humboldt Times by-line Edward J. Neumeier. A BIG STORY about a reporter whose first assignment was to walk across town with a murderer.

(MUSIC: -- STING) --

CHAPPELL: And remember! Every week you can see another different Big Story on television - brought to you by the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Arnold Perl from an actual story from the front pages of the Columbus, Georgia Ledger Enquirer. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and George Petrie played the part of Charles Ewing. In order to protect the names of people actually involved in tonight's authentic BIG STORY, the names of all characters in the dramatization were changed with the exception of the reporter, Mr. Ewing.

(MUSIC: -- THEME UP FULL AND FADE 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.

PAUSE

CHAPPELL: This year - to you - or someone you love - certainly to those you care about - the Red Cross will give food, shelter, first aid, nursing, financial aid, comfort, hospitalization, yes often the blood of life.

This year the Red Cross needs a great deal of help from you because it must give so much to so many.

Give all you can - and so on!

THIS IS NEC . . . THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

HORACE: (SCARED) The picture of the girl I saw is the girl who was with Geetchee that last night I seen him alive. And that fellow there, that's the fellow said he wanted a pot to boil an egg in.

NARR: *And then you present your information in a deposition to the District Attorney. And you speak to the Grand Jury, Charles EWING. Who will later present it to the Grand Jury.*

CHARLES: Gentlemen... Having done considerable investigation and knowing how many holes there can be in a story, I made it my business to conduct a careful search. It has been clearly proven that Geetchee Faller participated in the racket practices of the River Gang headed by Teddy McOwens. It has been established that he was going to testify before a Federal Grand Jury in the liquor case being brought up against McOwens and associates by the Federal Bureau. It has been established that he was seen alive with a man named "Ark" -- and that Ark is Teddy McOwens, who comes from Arkansas. And it can further be established through this certificate which I hold in my hand, that Teddy McOwens married the girl Hennie Horne to shut her mouth through marriage, but that he decided the swamp was a better way to make sure.

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH . . .)

NARR: And ~~suddenly~~ the confession, denied and repudiated, has stood on its feet. No man who can be placed as you have placed Teddy McOwens can repudiate a confession which has been established in fact. 99 out of every 100 missing persons turn up -- ~~but~~ sometimes one doesn't.

(MUSIC: -- UP FOR CURTAIN)

- 21 -

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

(MUSIC: -- TURN TABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

ATK01 0172147

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

- GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.
- CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.
- HARRICE: Remember this -- the further a puff of smoke is filtered through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes.
- CHAPPELL: At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 17 -- by actual measure PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further -- filters the smoke and makes it mild.
- HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.
- CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES --
"Outstanding!"
- HARRICE: And - they are mild!

GEETCHEE : (NICE, LOVABLE, WILD GUY) Get a load of ~~the~~^{my} coat. Sent away to Atlanta for it. Get a load of the shoulders. And go ahead -- open the box. For you.

HORACE: Where did you get the dough?

GEETCHEE : Oh, around. Go ahead, open the box and put it on. Make you look like something besides a mill hand.

HORACE: Look, I don't need coats. Where did you get the dough?

GEETCHEE: Working.

HORACE: You tied up with the River Gang? ~~those bonds?~~

GEETCHEE: Aw, you ain't going to make me a speech now, Horace.

HORACE: You're going to get in trouble, Geetchee. You're going to get in trouble.

GEETCHEE: Come on, open the box. And besides, I got a case of stuff in the back of the car you'll enjoy.

(A PAUSE)

HORACE: (NARRATING) Well, I knew he was in and he wasn't the kind of a kid you could talk out of things. And then the Federal man come to the house. Wanted to know where Geetchee was. I says, "no, Geetchee ain't home." And he says, "Tell him I was here. Mr. Hern is my name. Federal Bureau." Geetchee was going to testify, he says, in a big whiskey case they built up against the River Gang.

CHARLES: Then that would explain why they wanted to keep his mouth shut, wouldn't it?

HORACE: He never testified. I remember the night -- it was September 12, three an a half years ago. I remember the day because Molly (that's my wife) and me -- we worked a full day in the plant and that was the first day of school, getting the kids back. (MORE)

HORACE: You know what it's like getting three kids back the first
(CONT'D) day of school. So we were both dead beat and in bed come
ten o'clock.

(OFF MIKE NOISE, ~~DOOR SLAMMED~~, PEOPLE HITTING
AGAINST KITCHEN EQUIPMENT)

HORACE: And I heard this big clattering going on in the kitchen.
I went down. Him and a girl and fellow were there.

GEETCHEE: This here is my big brother, Ark.

TEDDY: That's nice.

GEETCHEE: And this here is his girl.

HORACE: What're you doing making so much noise around here like
this?

GEETCHEE: I want a pot. Can't find a pot. Give me a pot, will
you, Horace?

HORACE: What do you want a pot for?

~~GEETCHEE:~~ ^{TEDDY:} (LAUGHS) We want to boil an egg.

HORACE: (NARRATING) I give him the pot and this fellow -- he
never introduced me, he just kept calling him Ark -- and
this fellow Ark, he had a bag like a doctor's bag, and
they weren't boiling no eggs. He took out of the bag a
hypodermic and a needle.

TEDDY: Okay, Geetchee. Roll up your sleeve.

HORACE: What're you doing?

TEDDY: Why don't you tell your big brother to go back to sleep
like a nice feller?

HORACE: What're you doing, Geetchee?

GEETCHEE: (NOW WE REALIZE HE IS DOPED UP) Look, I'm going on a
little job and this is going to keep me up. I mean
(LAUGHING) this is going to keep me awake, Horace.
Ah, don't worry. I'll be back in a day or two.

HORACE: (AFTER A PAUSE) He didn't come back in a day or two. He didn't come back in two weeks. That's when I called the cops the second time. He didn't come back in three and a half years and -- You know when I saw him next.

CHARLES: In the grave in the swamp. (SUDDENLY) Hey, you didn't ^{identify} see the girl, did you? ~~You never saw~~ ^{or} McOwens either, ~~did you?~~

HORACE: Who's McOwens?

CHARLES: Horace, put your coat on. You'll get protection.

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH . . .)

NARR: He doesn't want to go, he doesn't want to look at the man called McOwens. He doesn't want to take a look at the photograph of Hennie Horne that her mother has over the mantel.

HORACE: They'll shut my mouth too, that's what they'll do!
They'll shut my mouth too!

CHARLES: You want things to go on like they always been? You want the River Gang to run the town, take a decent kid like your brother, cut him down and bury him? Shut his ~~brother's~~ mouth? You want that to happen?

HORACE: (DESPAIRING) I don't care, I don't care. I want to live. I got three kids!

CHARLES: Once you had a brother too.

(MUSIC: -- SLOWLY IN WITH . . .)

NARR: He takes a look at the photograph on the mantel and he comes into the ~~Grand Jury room~~ ^{cell} where Teddy McOwens is ~~seated~~. And he speaks.

(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

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

NARR: When you left the office of the Humboldt Times that afternoon, ^{Ed Neumeier} you looked like a kid who'd been sent out of the room just when the grown-ups began talking about something interesting. The regulars on the paper were all assigned to the double murder which had occurred that morning. But you - Ed Neumeier, ~~cub-reporter~~ - were on your way to cover a fish story .. As an after-thought the editor had also asked you to follow up a crank call on the murders...

(DOOR OPENED ON BAR FULL OF VOICES AND JUKE BOX
MUSIC .. SHUT DOOR)

BARTEN: What'll it be, mister?

ED: I'm - Ed Neumeier - with the Humboldt Times.

BAR: Reporter, eh? Well, that still don't tell me what you're going to drink. (GRIN) ~~Reporters drink the same as anybody else... They just carry it better; that's all...~~
What'll it be?

ED: (LOW) Er - a fellow named - Joe said he'd be here. Said he had a story for the paper ... Do you happen to know which of these guys is named Joe?

BAR: Lock, son- in a bar everybody's name is Joe .. (LOUD)
Hey! Any of you guys call up the Times?

ED: (LOW) Hey, I didn't mean for you to call it out like that -

BAR: (GOES RIGHT ON CALLING OUT) This guy here says somebody named Joe said he had a story for the paper -

DRUNK: (QUITE DRUNK) Yeah .. Sure... My name ish Joe .. I got
a shtory for the paper...

BAR: There you are, Neumeier .. There's your man -

ED: Are you the one called the paper?

DRUNK: I might and then again - I might not.. (LAUGHS)

ED: (GETTING SORE) OK. Come on, wise guy. What's your story?

DRUNK: What's my shtory? You're the reporter. That's for you
to find out! (LAUGHS UPROARIOUSLY AS)
(GENERAL LAUGHTER UNDER)

NARR: (LOW) (FAST) It's not very pleasant to have a saloon-full
of men laughing at you. So you turn toward the street
door. And you're none too patient with the man blocking
your exit. You don't care for his loud sports clothes,
nor for his dark sun glasses...

(LAUGHTER HAS DIED OUT..JUST BAR B.G. AND JUKEBOX)

HANK: (LOW) Excuse me but - are you really from the Times?

ED: (SORE NOW) What's it to you?

HANK: (SAME LOW VOICE) It's just that - you look awful young
for what - I have in mind.

ED: Come on, feller. Let me by. I've got a job to do -

HANK: (POLITE AND ALMOST HURT AT ED'S IGNORING HIM) But - you
came here because I called the paper, didn't you?

ED: What do you mean, you called? I thought it was that
drunk - playing a practical joke?

HANK: No .. Do you mind if - we sit down in that booth over
there?

ED: (DOUBTFUL) Well, I ... Oh, what the heck. Sure. Come
on ..
(PAUSE .. THEN)

(BOTH SIT DOWN)

ED: (~~WON'T BELIEVE A THING ANYMORE~~) OK...~~What's your story?~~

HANK: Are - you prepared for a shock?

ED: I've had a few already in my young life. Go ahead -
shock me...

HANK: I'm - all out of cigarettes .. Could I --

ED: Yeah, sure. Here -

HANK: ~~(REACHING)~~ Thanks --

ED: What's the matter with your hands, the way they're
shaking?

HANK: N-nothing?

ED: Look, mister .. You want to know what I think? I think
you're a guy with the D. T.'s who's just lonesome for
~~human~~ company. I don't think you've got a thing to
tell about those murders -

HANK: (BEAT .. THEN) I'm - the guy they're looking for ~~up~~ in
the Valley of the Moon...

ED: (ISN'T SO SURE ANY MORE) The - murders this morning?

HANK: (AGAIN WITH THAT SAME HURT FEELING) You don't believe
me, do you?

ED: I - I .. No .. I mean - All right. What's your - real
name?

HANK: Hank Hildebrandt...

ED: You - could have gotten that from - the radio reports..

HANK: Honest, I - didn't. That's my - name all right. Hank
Hildebrandt...

ED: (REALLY OUT OF HIS DEPTH NOW) Well ..I mean - any guy can
say that just - for some publicity .. I - I just started
on the paper today .. I mean - I can't take any chances.

HANK: That's my name .. Hank Hildebrandt.

ED: OK.. Show me - your credentials..

HANK: (BEAT) I - don't know. You don't act like a real reporter to me... Show me yours first.

ED: Mine? . Well .. I -- Here. Here's my Press Card.

HANK: (BEAT) Ed Neumeier...

ED: OK.. Now show me yours..

HANK: (BEAT) Here...

(LIGHT SLAP OF WALLET AND PAPERS TO TABLE..)

(SLIGHT PAUSE)

HANK: This one is my Social Security Card...

ED: I - I see..

HANK: That one there is from the Academy ..

ED: (STAGGERED) Yeah .. Sure .. Sure .. Hank.

(PAUSE .. THEN)

HANK: Well, Ed... what do we do now?

ED: Now? I - listen, Hank - ~~tell me... Why didn't you give yourself up to the police? Why did you call the paper?~~

HANK: (SLOWLY) ~~The radio described me as a dangerous, brutal killer. I - thought if I gave myself up to the police I - might get hurt... I - thought the paper might look after me until they looked me up safely.~~

ED: ~~Oh - I see - Ed - Hank,~~ would - it be all right with you if I called my editor?

HANK: Well, I don't know .. No. You'd better not. He might call the police. I - don't want the police catching me in a public place .. I might get hurt ^{that's by being suspicious} _{to you.}

ED: Oh ..

HANK: I'll tell you what... Why don't you drive me over to your paper? I'll be safe there?

ED: The only thing is - my wife has the car...

HANK: Oh .. Well, then I guess we'd better walk there..

ED: W-walk? Across town, to the paper?

HANK: Why not? It's a nice day ..

(MUSIC: ACCENT UP .. DOWN-UNDER) (STREET B.G.)

HANK: (ALMOST WITH LONGING) Sure a nice town you live in

ED: Yeah .. It is, isn't it?

HANK: I - like walking through town like this. As if -
as if nothing had - happened..

ED: Yeah...

HANK: It feels so - normal.. Have we got much further to go?

ED: No .. Just a few blocks more...

HANK: (BEAT) I - feel very funny, Ed -

ED: How - do you mean, Hank?

HANK: Like - I was seeing all this for the last time.

ED: Oh ..

HANK: Ed -

ED: Uh?

HANK: I'm - not so sure any more .. All of a sudden, I'm not so
sure I - want to give all this up so - easily.

ED: (EDGY) It's - just a few blocks more, Hank.

HANK: (STRONGER) Ed, I'm - not so sure I want to give all this
up - forever..

(CAR SUDDENLY HONKING AT THEM SLIGHTLY OFF AND
FADING IN)

HANK: (TAKE) That car! Someone's honking at us!

(CAR IN TO STOP AS)

PEG: (CHEERFUL) Hi ya, Ed! What's new on the big murders?

(MUSIC: OUT)

ED: (TAKE) Peg! Peg, I -

PEG: (LAUGHS) I drove in to do some shopping and spotted you.
How about introducing me to your friend?

ED: This is my wife. Peg, I'd like you to meet -

HANK: Joe Smith..

ED: Yes .. Joe.

PEG: Hello, Joe. You work for the Times also?

HANK: No .. No.

PEG: Ed, what about dinner?

ED: Dinner? What - about it?

PEG: You had lunch hours ago. Is the office going to let you
off for dinner? Or what happens?

ED: Peg, I- I'm on business .. This man here .. I mean .. Joe
This is business.

PEG: Well, I've got enough stuff in the back for three of us.
How about it, Joe? Would you like to join us for dinner?

HANK: Just - the three of us?

ED: Peg, you don't understand -

PEG: Well, if you've got business with Joe here you can carry
it on over a good dinner just as well, can't you? How
about it, Joe?

HANK: (BEAT .. THEN) No .. Thanks anyway.

ED: (QUICKLY) Peg, I'll call you from the office. Joe and
I have to get along.

PEG: Call early.

ED: Sure, sure .. See you later, Peg.

PEG: So long, Joe.

HANK: So long.

(CAR UP AND FADES UNDER)

HANK: Nice girl, your wife...

ED: Yeah...

HANK: Mae was nice too until - (BREAKS OFF)

ED: Hank, what made you do it.

HANK: (BEAT) Come on .. All of a sudden I - don't feel so good
Let's get to your office.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ ACCENT _ _ OUT TO)

(~~NEWSMUSIC D.C.~~)

ED: Sit here for a minute, Hank, will you? Nobody'll
disturb you in this office -

HANK: (SUSPICIOUS) Where are you going?

ED: Me? I - I thought I'd better get Mr. Barnes.

HANK: Who's he?

ED: My - boss.

HANK:q Oh ..

ED: You'll sit right there, won't you? He's in the next
office. I'll be right back..

HANK: Sure...

(QUICK STEPS TO DOOR OPENED ON)

BARNES: (SLIGHTLY OFF) (VERY BUSY AND TALKING ON PHONE) Listen
to me, Grady! Grady, are you listening? The Highway
Police just announced they got wind he was seen in the
vicinity of Healdsburg two hours ago ~~and~~ near Willits ~~at~~
~~hour ago. Get a hold of Barton and the two of you.~~
~~reflect it down to --~~

ED: Mr. Barnes, excuse me.

BARNES: (GOES RIGHT ON) Willits! Yeah! See if the Sheriff knows anything and..

ED: Mr. Barnes, please. There's something important I -

BARNES: (SORE) Neumeier, get off my neck, will you? Can't you see I'm on the phone? (BACK TO PHONE) If the Sheriff lost Hildebrandt's trail, get in touch with the State Highway Police in -

ED: Mr. Barnes, you don't understand! Hildebrandt is in the next office!

BARNES: (FURIOUS) Neumeier, once and for all, I don't like to be interrupted in the middle of a murder story! I've got Grady on the phone here and - (COLOSSAL TAKE) What did you say!

ED: (LOW) I said I've got Hank Hildebrandt in the office next door, the murderer -

BARNES: (COLOSSALLY EXAGGERATED PATIENCE) (INTO PHONE) Grady, hold on a minute, will you? Our new cub just got sunstroke ... OK, Neumeier. Slowly now- who's in the office next door?

ED: Hildebrandt. The guy who called from the Village Bar? Remember? It turned out to be him. I just walked across town with him and -

BARNES: (CUTS IN) (SHAKY) How - how do you know it's - him?

ED: He - showed me his social security card, his papers and some more stuff .. Here .. here's his Social Security Card -

BARNES: (BEAT .. THEN WEAKLY INTO PHONE) Grady, listen .. S-stay where you are. I think we've just been struck by lightning...

(RECEIVER UP)

BARNES: Neumeier .. Ed .. Son - are - you sure?

ED: I - I think so.

BARNES: Which office is he waiting in so patiently?

ED: Right in the next one?

BARNES: (TAKE) The make up desk?

ED: Y-yes .. I guess that's -

BARNES: With - all those razor blades and knives and sharp shears we use for dummying up the paper.

ED: I - I didn't notice . I - I was so excited that -

BARNES: Come on

(QUICK STEPS...HOLD ...THEN DOOR OPENED AS:)

ED: Hank -

HANK: Yes?

ED: This - is my boss, Mr. Barnes....

HANK: How do you do, sir -

BARNES: (STILL STAGGERED) How - how are you, Hildebrandt?

ED: Hank, I - explained to Mr. Barnes why - you gave yourself up to us instead of the police....

HANK: I - don't want to get hurt....

BARNES: ...Yes...I - understand...

HANK: How should we begin?

ED: How?

BARNES: You mean - how?

ED: Maybe I'd - better sit down here ^{4. Take notes} ~~at the typewriter...~~

BARNES: Yes, yes...
~~(TYPEWRITER WHEELED AND PAPER PUT IN...)~~

ED: Hank, do you mind if we both ask you questions?

HANK: No...

BARNES: (BEAT...THEN) Well...er -

ED: Hank, maybe - if you answered the most important question -

HANK: Yes...

ED: What - made you do it?

HANK: (SLOWLY) Fred Noyer invited me up over the weekend....
at Pete Dudley's place...
~~(TYPEWRITER GOING IN D.C.)~~

HANK: (CONTINUES WITHOUT BREAK) Mae Patterson was staying at a hotel nearby. ...Friday night she came over. She knew Fred from before..... I - made a pass at her and she - brushed me off.
(MORE)

HANK: ...Everything went along fine otherwise until - Monday
(Contd) morning.....I awoke between 8 and 10 A.M. feeling
a violent pulsation and rapid heart beating....

BARNES: (LOW) Have you ever had that feeling - before?

HANK: No.....I - went outside, took a stone which I think
was an Indian pestle- and came into the cabin. I - hit
Fred and I hit Pete....I - felt nothing at the time....
(BEAT) Now I- feel the greatest...repulsion....

~~(SPEAKER STOPS)~~

ED: Then?

HANK: Then I - left the cabin after calling Mae about the broken
arm story...When we got to the cabin I - ^{got} pulled the
~~stone~~ ^{stone} pestle out of the bushes and - threatened her
She ran into the house and - found Fred and Pete.....
And then - (STOPS)

BARNES: (BEAT) And - then?

HANK: It's - like she says.....

ED: ...Were you - jealous of the two men? Is that why you -

HANK: (CUTS IN) I - don't know...Maybe... I - just had that
violent pulsation and rapid heart beating and - it seemed
the only way to get rid of - the feeling.....(BEAT)
I'm hungry.....I'd like to eat something...

ED: I'll go down and get you something, Hank....

HANK: Steak... Make it a steak sandwich, Ed.....I feel real
hungry...

(MUSIC: UP.....DOWN UNDER:)

~~(PHONE BEING DIALLED ...:CUT TO:)~~

ED: (FAST) Sheriff? This is Ed Neumeier at the Times! I'm
calling from Sally's Steak Place. Hank Hildebrandt is
sitting in our office right now. We've got a signed
confession from him!

ATXO1 0172162

(MUSIC: ~~ACCENT~~... ~~UP~~... ~~SLIGHT BRIDGE~~... ~~DOWN UNDER~~.)

ED: Well, Mr. Barnes...How about it?

BARNES: How about what?

ED: (GRIN) A promise is a promise. You said if I caught a murderer single-handed, got him to confess and got the story exclusive for the paper you'd put me on permanent staff..... How about it?

BARNES: (DAZED) I - still don't believe it, son....

ED: (GRINS) It's in the paper.....

(RATTLED PAPER)

ED: See?

BARNES: I see the headlines all right but - I still don't believe it...

ED: Maybe this'll make it real for you -

BARNES: Uh? What's this?

ED: A petty cash voucher for the money I laid out for Hildebrandt's steak sandwich.....

BARNES: (READS) "July 4th....One dollar and sixty-five cents for - entertainment of murderer..Signed - Ed Neumeier".....

(SIGHS) Well, I guess that's real enough, Ed.....

~~OK - reporter!~~

(MUSIC: ~~BEING~~)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Ed Neumeier, of the Eureka California Humboldt Times with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: ~~TURN TABLE~~)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #207

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

HARRICE: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes.

CHAPPELL: At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 17 - by actual measure - PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

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 Ed Neumeier of the Eureka California Humboldt Times.

NEUMEIER: Murderer in tonight's Big Story seemed resigned to his fate as he walked the ~~last 12 steps one morning recently~~ into San Quentin's gas chamber. He had nothing to add to the confession already given to our paper ^{as the man I covered the} ~~as the door to~~ ^{of the execution as a full-blown reporter} ~~San-Quentin's apple-green death room closed behind him...~~
Many thanks for tonight's Pell Mell 'ward.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Neumeier ... 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 Tulsa Oklahoma Tribune by-line John H. Booker. A BIG STORY about a reporter who found ^a strange ^{corpse} ~~objects~~ buried on a ^{peaceful little} farm.

(MUSIC: STING)

CHAPPELL: And remember! Every week you can see another different Big Story on television - brought to you by the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

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

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #208

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOAN
ELLA	CONSUELO LEMCKE
MRS. CRANE	LEORA THATCHER
WOMAN	LEORA THATCHER
BILL	HUMPHREY DAVIS
WILSON	HUMPHREY DAVIS
JOHN	<i>Bill Quinn</i> FRANCIS DE SALES
HARRY	BILL SMITH
EARL	LARRY HAINES
GUS	CARL HAMMOND

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1951

ATX01 0172166

WNBC

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #208

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

MARCH 21, 1951

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(TRUCK UNDER)

EARL: There's the bank, Gus.

GUS: Yeah. It's ~~nothin'~~ ^{nice} but a wooden building.

(TRUCK SLOWS TO STOP...IDLES A MOMENT)

EARL: See anyone around?

GUS: No. The street's empty, Earl.

EARL: Okay. Back the truck right through the wall of that bank.
After we crash through we go right for the safe. Got it?

GUS: Got it.

EARL: Okay. Back 'er up, and step on the gas.

(GEARS SHIFT TO REVERSE...TRUCK UP...IN REVERSE..
GATHERS MOMENTUM)

EARL: (YELLS) Hang on, Gus! Here we go!

(CRASH OF TRUCK INTO WALL OF BUILDING..RENDING
OF WOOD)

(MUSIC: -- UP AND INTO)

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. From the pages
of the Tulsa Tribune, the story of a reporter who read a
weather report and dug up a story..six feet under. Tonight,
to John Booker of the Tulsa, Oklahoma Tribune, for his Big
Story, goes the PELL MELL Award!

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE) (COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0172167

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Abram S. Ginnes from an actual story from the front pages of the Eureka California Humboldt Times. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Owen Jordan played the part of Ed Neumeier. In order to protect the names of the 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. Neumeier.

(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.

mer/lc
2/27/51 pm

ATX01 017216B

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch!
Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth
smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke PELL MELL...the cigarette whose mildness you can
measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Remember this..the further a puff of smoke is filtered
through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes. At the first
puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than that of any
other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10,
or 17 - by actual measure PELL MELL'S greater length of
traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further
- filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness
mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL...the cigarette whose mildness you can
measure. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES..."Outstanding"!

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: INTRO AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Tulsa, Oklahoma...the story as it actually happened...John Booker's story, as he lived it.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: It is the dry season in your neck of the woods, in your corner of the State, in Oklahoma. And on every street corner, in every barber shop on every Main Street, they discuss only two subjects...the weather and the notorious bankrobber and bandit they call Earl McCue. Anyway, it is this morning, and you, John Booker of the Tulsa Tribune, are sitting in the office, wondering where McCue and his gang are hiding out after their sixth straight bank robbery. When ^{The} ~~your~~ farm editor, Bill Bradbury comes in....

(DOOR CLOSE)

JOHN: 'Lo, Bill.

BILL: (SAD) Hello, John.

JOHN: Why the long face?

BILL: Have you looked up in the sky lately?

JOHN: No.

BILL: Not a cloud. Not a drop of rain. The farmers in the counties around here are taking an awful beating, John. Their crops are drying, up, withering. This is a real drought.

JOHN: ~~But it makes Page One.~~

BILL: Yeah. But I wish I didn't have to write it. If we could ~~only get a break in the weather...~~

JOHN: What was it Mark Twain said? Everybody talks about the weather, but no one does anything about it. And the same goes for Earl McCue.

BILL: No line on him, eh?

JOHN: Not a trace. He's hit six banks, and hasn't made an error yet. No wonder they call him the Dillinger of the Southwest. You know how he operates, Bill?

BILL: How?

JOHN: He picks out a wooden bank in a small town. Then all he does is back a heavy truck through the wall, bust a hole right through it, and steal the safe. Each job takes him less than a minute. No wonder they haven't been able to nail him.

~~BILL: I wonder when we'll get some rain.~~

~~JOHN: Go ahead, Bill. You wonder about the weather. I just wonder when and where McCue will try again..~~

(PHONE RING)

JOHN: Oh. Excuse me, Bill.

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

JOHN: Booker, Tribune.

HARRY: (FILTER) John, Sheriff Harry Jeffry over in Sepulpa.

JOHN: Oh. Hello, Harry. What's up?

HARRY: Earl McCue just cracked another bank over in Stillwell early this morning.

JOHN: How much did he get?

HARRY: Ten thousand.

JOHN: And he stole the safe as usual?

HARRY: As usual. John, can you get over here to Sapulpa tonight?

JOHN: I guess so. Why?

HARRY: I've got an idea, and I want to talk to you.

JOHN: What about?

HARRY: Earl McCue.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

HARRY: John, I've got a theory about McCue.

JOHN: Yes? *Harry?*

HARRY: He's been busting banks in an area of about sixty miles around Tulsa. Right?

JOHN: Right.

HARRY: Let's chek his method. He uses a large truck, to break down the bank walls. There's probably a winch setup to lift the safe off the ground.

JOHN: Makes sense, ~~Harry~~

HARRY: All right. He's carried away seven big bank safes, counting this latest job. He has to hide them somewhere, or bury them. Right?

JOHN: Right. But what are you getting at, Harry.

HARRY: What I'm getting at is this. Earl McCue's hideaway is somewhere in this sixty mile area, it must be because that's his area of operation. If he were hiding away in a town or village somewhere, where would he keep all that heavy equipment, the big truck, and the safes?

JOHN: He wouldn't. They'd be pretty tough to hide in a town.

HARRY: But they wouldn't be hard to hide on some farm, out in the brush, maybe.

JOHN: You're right, Harry. They wouldn't. But where do we go from here?

HARRY: I figure you and I could start a little manhunt of our own. You check the farms around Tulsa County...and I'll check 'em in Creek County.

~~JOHN: Just the two of us?~~

~~HARRY: Just the two of us.~~

JOHN: Why not a full posse?

HARRY: Because I want to keep this quiet, John. If we start a big search with a lot of men, McCue will get wind of it and pull out. ~~You'd be surprised how fast news gets around.~~

JOHN: Hmm. It's an idea, Harry, but it's a little crazy.

HARRY: ~~Sure it is. It's as crazy as the weather. But are you in?~~

JOHN: All right, ~~Harry~~. Deal me in.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: It's a crazy idea, but you're in. You wonder where you begin, among the thousands of farms in the county, big and small, and you tell yourself, this is a fool's errand. But you're in. And as you, John Booker of the Tulsa Tribune, drive back toward town you never know that at this moment, in a farmhouse close to a pigpen...

(GRUNTING..OINK OINK OF PIGS OFF)

GUS: You gonna deal another hand of poker, Earl?

EARL: No. That's enough.

GUS: Okay. What do we do now?

EARL: I know what you're gonna do, Gus.

GUS: Yeah? What?

EARL: You're goin' out in the pigpen and water those pigs.

GUS: Oh no, I ain't. Almost broke my back yesterday, luggin' all those waterpails from the well. Earl, you take care of 'em for a change!

EARL: (COLD) You heard me, Gus. Get out there an' get busy.

GUS: But Earl...

EARL: I'm givin' the orders around here. You give me any more lip, an' I'll break your back! Takin' care of those pigs is your job.

GUS: Pigs, Pigs! Those stinkin' pigs! You get near 'em on a hot night like this, a guy can pass out. Get a whiff of 'em now, comin' through the window. Look at 'em, rollin' around in that mud. Whew!

EARL: (JEERS) For a tough punk with a big reputation, Gus, you got a weak stomach.

GUS: I just don't like pigs. Cows, horses, okay, but I can't stand the sight of pigs. I can smell 'em in my clothes, all over me, wherever I go. Earl, listen, I've got an idea.

EARL: Yeah?

GUS: Let's pull out of here. We got plenty of dough now...

EARL: Are you nuts? With this setup, this hideaway?

GUS: But enough's enough. We've been operatin' out of here for two months. I'm sick of playin' nurse-maid to those pigs, I wanna play nursemaid to a blonde for a change, live in a hotel first-class, get me some new clothes that don't smell of pig.

EARL: No deal. We're staying.

GUS: But why?

EARL: There are a few more banks around we can crack, easy deals, pushovers. I've figured one for tonight.

~~GUS: But Earl, look..~~

~~EARL: (COLD) I told you we're staying!~~

~~GUS: Okay, okay, we're staying. But can't we get rid of these niggers~~

EARL: ~~No, we need 'em for the setup, the front.~~ Now go on out there an' water down that pigpen. An' when you get through we'll start out in the truck. We got a long haul ahead of us tonight!

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

(TRUCK UNDER)

GUS: Hey, Earl.

EARL: Yeah?

GUS: There's a dame walkin' along the road.

EARL: What of it?

GUS: She's a real, corn-fed honey. Let's give her a lift.

(TRUCK SLOWS)

EARL: Gus, you crazy fool, don't stop...

(TRUCK TO STOP...MOTOR IDLES)

GUS: Hello, Baby.

ELLA: I...hello.

GUS: Like a lift into town?

ELLA: No thanks.

GUS: Aw come on, honey, jump in.

ELLA: (PRIMLY) Thank you, no. I'll walk...
GUS: What's the matter? We ain't gonna hurt you....
EARL: (SNAPS) Gus!
GUS: Yeah?
EARL: (HARD) You heard her.
GUS: Sure, but...
EARL: You heard her. She don't want a ride. Get moving...!
GUS: Okay, okay....

(GEARS SHIFT, TRUCK UP)

EARL: You dumb punk. You crazy, no-good moron! Why, I oughta put a slug through that wooden head of yours!
GUS: What's the matter, Earl? What did I do?
EARL: ~~You slap-happy, redneck, easy numbskull!~~ You want to stick our necks in a rope? That girl's gonna remember us now! And we don't want anybody to remember us, see? Not the truck, not our faces, not anything about us, see? Not where we're going!
GUS: I didn't mean anything, Earl honest I didn't. It's been so long since I talked to a dame, I....
EARL: (COLD) You try that again, Gus, you pull something like this again, an' I'll cut you up in little pieces. ~~I'll cut you up in little pieces~~ and feed you to the pigs, get me?

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, John Bocker of the Tulsa Tribune, are in your office the next morning, when the news comes in. Earl McCue has just hit another bank, this one in a little town just over the Kansas line. And as usual, he has vanished in the night. But where? Where? On some farm within a sixty mile radius of Tulsa, Sheriff Harry Jeffry thinks. So do you. The trick is, to find that farm. You talk to ^{the} ~~your~~ farm editor again, Bill Bradley...take him into your confidence...

BILL: Well, John, all I can say is, it sounds like a good idea. But there are thousands of farms in the County. Where are you going to start looking for Earl McCue?

JOHN: It's logical that he wouldn't be staying at a farm already occupied by farmers, would he, Bill?

BILL: No.

JOHN: But he might be staying at some farm that's empty, or been abandoned.

BILL: Hmmm. Yes. He might.

JOHN: Bill, listen. Could you get me a list of deserted farmhouses in the county?

BILL: I could. But it'd be a big job, John. I'd have to get in touch with the Tribune correspondents all through the County.

JOHN: You do this favor for me, Bill, and I'll do one for you.

BILL: Yes? What?

JOHN: I'll pray for rain!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: A week later, he has the list for you, some fifty abandoned farms, all over the county. ~~He gets in the car, and you start to drive...through the thirsty drouth country...along bumpy farm roads baked dry and drifting with acrid dust and lined with wilting, dying crops.~~ You drive to one section after another, asking questions at the neighboring farms...

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

JOHN: And no one's living at that farm, Mrs. Billings?
WOMAN: Nope. House is empty, and the land's gone fallow since the Elkins moved out. My kids play there all the time, and I can tell you, no one's livin' there.

(MUSIC: --- MONTAGE)

NARR: Mile after mile...and you check off the names...
JOHN: Collinsville, Leonard, Bixby, Glenpool, check!

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

~~JOHN: Watson, Scarles, Dawson...check!~~

(MUSIC: --- MONTAGE)

NARR: You keep on asking questions...
JOHN: And you're sure no one's moved in at the old Jessup farm, Mr. Wilson?
WILSON: Hope. The place is all broken down. The house, barn everythin'. ~~Ain't nobody left there, but field-~~
~~misc.~~ An' if this here dry spell keeps up, I'll be movin' out myself!

(MUSIC: --- MONTAGE)

NARR: You look at every farm yourself, just to make sure.
Day after day, you keep going...

JOHN: (WEARY) Broken Arrow, Alcuma, Wekiwa Sand...Check!

NARR: And then finally....

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP IN ACCENT AND OUT)

NARR: You get something. Just over the County line a few
miles, in Greek County, near Mannford. An old
widow, a Mrs. Crane, and her ^{grand-}daughter, Ella, living
next to one of the deserted farms on your list...

MRS CRANE: (CACKLES, ECCENTRIC) You come askin' about the old
Peters farm, eh? Wal, I'll tell you now, there's
strange doin's there.

JOHN: Yes, Mrs. Crane. What kind?

MRS CRANE: Witches.

JOHN: Witches?

ELLA: (APOLOGETIC) You mustn't mind ^{Granny} ~~mother~~ Mr. Booker.
She thinks she thinks she sees goblins and witches
everywhere...

MRS CRANE: Don't you contradict your old ^{Granny} ~~mother~~, Ella. I seen
'em carryin' on in the Peters barn, late at night.
Why, that barn lit up all white an' blue while they
was stirrin' their brew, it come on an' off like
lightnin' flashes, it'd like to blind ye, just lookin'.

JOHN: I see. Er...Miss Crane.

ELLA: Yes?

JOHN: Have you seen any signs of activity on the Peters farm?

ELLA: Why, yes. Some men moved in there, lately.

JOHN: You're sure?

ELLA: Yes. Two of them tried to pick me up in their truck one evening last week. I know they were from the Peters farm, they came out of the woodroad. I....I didn't like them at all, they were rough looking men.

JOHN: Are they farming the land, do you know?

ELLA: I...I don't think so. But they're raising pigs.

JOHN: Pigs?

ELLA: Yes. You can hear the pigs grunt when the wind's right. (RUEFULLY) And smell them, too.

MRS CRANE: Pigs! Pigs and witches an' devil's brew!

JOHN: Er....Miss Crane.

ELLA: Yes, Mr. Booker?

JOHN: If you see anything unusual going on at the Peters farm, will you phone me at the Tribune?

ELLA: Of course!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You figure the old lady is touched in the head. But the ^{Grand} daughter's information is intriguing. You know you should call Sheriff Harry Jeffrey now, but you don't. You decide to wait around, and ~~visit the Peters farm that night.~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ ~~UP AND INTO MYSTERIOUS~~)

NARR: When it gets dark, you park your car on the highway, cut through the fields to the ^{Peters} farm. It's pitch dark, ~~there's no moon out, and not a light in the house...~~

(IN WITH NIGHT SOUNDS, CRICKETS, OCCASIONAL OINK OINK OF PIGS OFF)

CHAPPELL: Boston, Massachusetts. The story as it actually happened
-- Eugene Moriarty's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: HIT & GO UNDER)

NARR: The ward attendant from McLane Hospital was coming back from ~~lunch~~ ^{supper}. He took the shortcut behind the old abandoned mansion on Pleasant Street in Waverly, a suburb of Boston. Idly, he watched the newspaper spurred by the wind turning before him, until it settled in the steps leading down to the cellar of the old house. It was then he first saw the leg.

(RUNNING STEPS UNDER)

NARR: And racing over, he removed the paper.

ATTENDANT: (SCREAMS, HIGH PITCHED) ^{Holy Mother!} ~~Oh my God!~~

NARR: And he saw the body, fully clothed: overcoat, gloves, but no hat. On the head, and over the face was a gas mask.

(MUSIC: FULL PUNCTUATION, AND UNDER...)

NARR: You, Eugene Moriarty, police reporter for the Boston Traveler, no less than the curious, no less than the involved, no less than Captain of Detective Bruce Davis rub your eyes at the utterly unbelievable spectacle of death at your feet.

~~DAVIS: (VIOLENTLY) Get away from this! Don't touch anything! Where's that photograph? He's supposed to be here. Where is he?~~

GENE: Let's at least get an accurate description.

DAVIS: Huh? Yeah, ^{Gene} ~~til he gets here.~~ Good idea.

GENE: I'll get it down.

DAVIS: ~~Look, you people get out of here! Get back! Get away!~~
(THEN) Body found about a hundred yards off Pleasant Street on cellar steps. Hands, wearing gloves, crossed and tied under right leg with...What would you say that was?

GENE: (~~WHISPERING~~) Medium heavy twine.

DAVIS: Knots expertly made, as by a sailor. Gag in the mouth made of ordinary handkerchief, tied behind back of head...Is that the same twine?

GENE: Tied with same medium heavy twine.

DAVIS: Navy type gas mask over face, bearing lettering "U.S.N., Type T", containing enormous quantity chloroform.

GENE: You can still smell it.

DAVIS: No evidence of struggle, no injury visible on body or hear. This I don't understand. *Gene*.

GENE: Let's get it down.

DAVIS: Clothing undisturbed. No scuff marks on shoes. Trousers well creased. Well, they probably knocked him out somehow and did it here.

GENE: Probably. (PROMPTING) Robbed?

DAVIS: Wallet in tact, containing 27 dollars, some change, fair priced wrist-watch untouched. Robbery no motive.

GENE: Who is he?

DAVIS: Hey, you. You're the one found him right? Who is he?

ATTEND: I'm supposed to go to the hospital...

DAVIS: Come on, I don't like it any better than you do. Come on. You know him. You said you knew him.

ATTEND: Well, he used to work in McLane Hospital. He was a male nurse, but he got canned. Name's Gil Clemens. As a matter of fact, I got his job.

DAVIS: What's your name?

ATTEND: Dentz.

DAVIS: Okay, Dentz. You go back to your work. I may want to talk to you. ~~God Almighty~~, what a way to kill a guy! You ever seen anybody die of chloroform asphixiation? Give me a quiet hanging, a quiet knifing, a good clean bullet through the head any day of the week.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The coroner added his professional touch. ^{strangulation} asphixiation ^{strangulation} due to overdose of chloroform between the hours of 7 and 8 pm. this day. Enough poison used to kill 35 men. No evidence body injury whatsoever." And his sister, a nurse at McLane Hospital made the identification positive.

LEONA: ^{Gene:} When did you see him last Miss Clemens? We were supposed to go to dinner. I was waiting for him and he was going to take me out. He said, "We'll go on to town this weekend, Leona". That's the way he was...he was fired and he said we'd go on the town.

DAVIS: When were those arrangements made, Miss Clemens?

LEONA: Day before yesterday. ~~He said to me, "Leona, how would you like to see the new Oscar Hammerstein play? There are going to be the tryouts in Boston. I said, "Leona", to be got tickets.~~

NEC

THE BIG STORY

209
Arnold Perl

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

MARCH 28, 1951

WEDNESDAY

(Eugene Moriarty: The Boston (Mass.) Traveler)

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

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE)

~~(THE DOOR IS SHUT SOFTLY)~~

LEONA: Here, drink this.

GIL: (SOFTLY, LYING IN BED) Take it away.

LEONA: It's only some warm milk, Gil. It'll help you, do you good.

GIL: (VIOLENTLY) I don't want anything! I don't want to drink anything!

LEONA: All right, Gil. You don't have to drink anything.

GIL: They came in and poured the coffee into the cup -- then they poured the stuff in the coffee and they made me drink it. It's only a miracle I didn't die!

LEONA: Who were they? What did they want?

GIL: ~~(TENSELY) They want to kill me, that's what they want. They've been following me around for weeks now. I didn't even see them good, don't even know who they are. Just that they want to kill me --~~

LEONA: Why don't you call the police?

GIL: (UTTERLY DEFEATED) It won't do any good. ~~They couldn't help, nobody can help. I just know it, Leona. Sooner or later, they're going to kill me --~~

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

ATX01 0172184

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY! Here is America, its sound and its fury
its joy and its sorrow, as faithfully reported by the
men and women of the great American newspapers. (PAUSE
Boston, Massachusetts. From the front pages of the
Boston Traveler comes the story of a murder with
too many suspects ~~and none of them right~~. And tonight
to reporter Eugene Moriarty, for his Big Story, goes
the PELL MELL Award.

(MUSIC: --- TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

- GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.
- CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.
- HARRICE: ~~Puff~~ by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.
- CHAPPELL: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 17 - by actual measure PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.
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- CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"
- HARRICE: And - they are mild!

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch.
Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth
smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke PELL MELL., the cigarette whose mildness you can
measure.

HARRICE: Remember this..the further a puff of smoke is filtered
through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes.

CHAPPELL: At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than
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offers you.

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 John Booker of the Tulsa Oklahoma Tribune.

BOOKER: Leader of gang in tonight's Big Story, because of long criminal record, was sentenced to life in the State Penitentiary at McAlester, Oklahoma. Later he tried to scale prison wall in attempted break, but was wounded and captured by guards. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL award.

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

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY..a Big Story from the front pages of the Boston, Mass., Traveler by-line Eugene Moriarty. A BIG STORY about a man whom too many people might have killed.

(MUSIC: -- STING --)

CHAPPELL: And remember, every week you can see another different Big Story on television - brought to you by the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

(MUSIC: -- THEME WIPE AND FADE TO BG ON_CUE) --

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Max Ehrlich from an actual story from the front pages of the Tulsa Oklahoma Tribune. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and ~~Francis G. Sales~~ ^{Bill Quinn} played the part of John Booker. 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. Booker.

(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

Lily/Darlette/?
3/2/51 a.m.

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM # 209

CAST

NARRATOR

BOB SLOAN

LEONA

ADRIENNE BAYAN

HELEN

JCAN ALEXANDER

MAN

ROSS MARTIN

GIL

ROSS MARTIN

ATTENDANT

MICHAEL O'DAY

KERN

MICHAEL O'DAY

GENE

NAT POLEN

DRUGGIST

BILL GRIFFIS

DAVIS

VINTON HAYWORTH

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1951

ATX01 0172190

JOHN: There's the Peters farm.
HARRY: Hmmm. Got a full moon tonight. Wonder if anybody's
around?
JOHN: Don't think so. The truck isn't in the driveway.
HARRY: Want to take a chance, moon or no moon?
JOHN: I'm game.
HARRY: All right. Let's go. And you follow me, John. If
I have to unsling this rifle fast, I don't want you
in my way!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ BRIDGE...SHORT)

NARR: You and Harry Jeffry slosh through the pigyard,
then to the barn door...

(OINK OF A PIG OR TWO OFF...NIGHT SOUNDS)

HARRY: Try the latch, John.

(LATCH UNBOLTED)

JOHN: It's unbolted.

HARRY: Okay. Open the door.

(BARN DOOR CREAKS OPEN)

(SLIGHT ECHO EFFECT IN BARN)

(FOOTSTEPS ON WOODEN FLOOR)

HARRY: Got your flashlight handy, John?

JOHN: Yes.

HARRY: Turn it on.

(A PAUSE)

JOHN: Harry, look, over there in the corner.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ ACCENT)

JOHN:
(CONT'D)

~~Suppose they buried the safes there, and chased the pigs
all over it so that the hoof prints covered everything?
When could you find a better hiding place.~~

HARRY:

(A BEAT) Hmm. Maybe, just maybe you're right,
John. Anyway, there's only one way to find out.

JOHN:

Yes? How?

HARRY:

Grab those shovels there and
Let's start digging!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR:

~~There are some shovels in the barn. You and Harry
Jeffry each grab one, start digging, digging fast,
as the dawn breaks. And then...~~

(DIGGING IN SOFT EARTH...THEN A CLANK.)

JOHN:

Harry, listen.

(CLANK OF METAL AGAINST METAL)

HARRY:

You've hit something, John ...

JOHN:

Wait a minute! Wait'll I get this dirt away...

(SHOVELING)

HARRY:

(GRUNTING) John, looks like a safe....

JOHN:

It is. See it?

HARRY:

Yeah. And I recognize it. It's an old Mosler ball-
type safe. Earl McCue stole it at Stillwater. And
here's where he cut through it with that torch...

(A TRUCK OFF, COMING UP)

JOHN:

Harry! The truck! It's coming up the road, it must
be Earl McCue!

HARRY:

Quick, John. Run for that old chicken *house*
~~shed.~~

(MUSIC: ACCENT)

NARR: You and Harry Jeffry hid behind the chicken ~~shed~~^{house},
wait. He unslings his rifle, sights it....

(TRUCK COMES UP AND STOPS)

NARR: The truck comes up and stops beside the barn...and
two men get out. In the rear of the truck, there
are a number of fresh ~~acetylene~~ acetylene tanks...

EARL: (OFF) All right, Gus. Let's carry 'em into the
barn.

GUS: (OFF) Okay, Earl. (GRUNTING) Easy does it now.
They're heavy ...

~~(MUSIC: AGENT)~~

NARR: Harry Jeffry waits till they cross in front of the
chicken ~~shed~~^{house}. They're only ten feet away, he can't
miss. And then ...

HARRY: (HARD) All right, boys! Put that tank down. And
then ... reach!

~~(MUSIC: CURTAIN)~~

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from
John Booker, of the Tulsa Oklahoma Tribune with the
final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

~~(MUSIC: TURN TABLE)~~

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

HARRY: Sheriff Jeffry. Yes. WHAT? Sand Springs, eh?
When. I see. Early this morning. Be right over!

(RECEIVER ON HOOK)

JOHN: What's up, Harry?

HARRY: Get your hat if you want a story!

JOHN: What story?

HARRY: Earl McCue just cracked another bank. Got away
with twenty-five thousand dollars this time!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE)

MRS. CRANE: (CACKLING) Ella! Ella, ~~child~~, wake up!

ELLA: (SLEEPY) What is it, ~~Mother~~ ^{Granny}

MRS. CRANE: There's doin's at the old Peters farm again. I can see 'em across the field.

ELLA: (DAZED) See who?

MRS. CRANE: The witches. They're cookin' their devils' brew in the barn. Ye can see the fire in the barn window, flashin' on an off, blue an' white.

ELLA: ~~Mother~~, go back to bed.

MRS. CRANE: (CACKLES) Ye don't believe me, eh? Ye're like the rest, nobody believes old Granny Crane.

ELLA: (WEARILY) ~~Mother~~ ^{Granny} there aren't any witches.

MRS. CRANE: (CACKLES, LAUGHS) Oh, there aren't, eh? Then come over to the door, ~~child~~. Come over to the door an' see for yourself ...

ELLA: (WEARILY) All right, ~~Mother~~. If it'll make you feel any better....

(A PAUSE)

(SCREEN DOOR OPENS)

MRS. CRANE: There ~~child~~! Look for yourself.

ELLA: (A BEAT) Good Lord! ~~Mother~~ ^{Granny}, you're right! There are flashes of light comin' from the Peters' barn window.

MRS. CRANE: (CACKLING) What did I tell ye, eh? What did I tell ye?

(FOOTSTEPS)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

ELLA: Operator! Operator!

(JIGGLING OF RECEIVER)

ELLA: Operator, please get me the Tulsa Tribune...right away!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ ACCENT)

NARR: You listen, John Booker, as she tells you all about the flashing lights. You hang up, and then it hits you. It hits you hard! You turn to Editor Bill Bradley ...

JOHN: Bill! I've got it, I've got it!

BILL: You've got what?

JOHN: Do you believe in witches?

BILL: Are you crazy? Of course not!

JOHN: Well, I do. All of a sudden ... I do!

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

JOHN: Hello, Switchboard. ~~Switchboard~~... Get me ^{the} Sheriff ~~Harry Jeffry~~ in Sapulpa, right away!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ ACCENT)

NARR: You talk to Harry Jeffry, tell him about the lights in the Peters barn, tell him what you think they are. And he says ...

HARRY: (EXCITED...FILTER) John, I think you've got something. We'll move in on the Peters farm. Get over here right away! We'll have to move fast if we want to make it before dawn!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ BRIDGE)

(CRICKETS, NIGHT SOUNDS)

(STEPS UNDER)

JOHN: Sheriff! Hold it!

HARRY: Yes?

(STEPS STOP)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

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

NARR: You, John Booker of the Tulsa Tribune are standing
there, on the deserted Peters farm, in the dead of
night, your hands flung high. You stare at the two
dark figures against the night, and one of them is
pointing a sawed off shotgun straight at your head.
They'd been hiding behind the barn, they had seen you
coming, and waited for you. Now you hold your breath,
You can't see their faces, it's too dark, and so
you wait, just wait for the blast of the gun,...

EARL: (SNAPS) What are you doin' here?
Come on, Stranger, speak up! What are you prowlin'
around this ~~here~~ farm for?

JOHN: I.....I was on my way to my car.

GUS: Yeah? Where's your car?

JOHN: Why...it's on the highway.

EARL: This is a mile off the highway. Why are you trespassin'
on our property?

JOHN: I was just cuttin' through from the river.

GUS: You're lying!

JOHN: I'm trying tell you.....

GUS: You were lookin' for somethin', Nosey. What was it?

JOHN: I tell you I was just taking a short cut from the river
to my car!

EARL: What were you doin' down by the river?
JOHN: Fishing.
GUS: Get him. He was fishin'. Maybe I'd better let you have it now, right between the eyes, you lyin' skunk!
EARL: Hold it!
GUS: But he was after somethin', lookin' for somethin'...
EARL: I said hold it! If I think he's lyin', I'll let you spread his brains all over the yard, understand?
All right. Now, stranger, let's get back to the river. What were you goin' there, this time of night?
JOHN: I told you, I was fishing.
EARL: Yeah? Fishing for what?
JOHN: Catfish.
EARL: Catfish, huh?
JOHN: (DESPERATELY) I've got a couple of throw-lines out in the ~~Stammon~~ river now. I was tryin' to get a mess of catfish. My luck was bad, so I figured I'd take a short cut home, across the fields instead of around by the road.
EARL: Catfish, huh? Were there any other people fishing there?
JOHN: Why, yes. Yes there were.
EARL: Gus!
GUS: Yeah?
EARL: You stay here an' watch him. If he makes a move, blow his head off.
GUS: Okay. But where are you goin'?
EARL: *Down by the river —*

GUS: What for?

EARL: To see if it's like this guy says. To see if anybody's fishin' for catfish.

GUS: And if there ain't anyone?

EARL: Then we'll know this guy is lyin', an' we'll feed him to the pigs!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, John Booker, wait. You wait and watch the shadow with the sawed-off shotgun. You wait, and sweat, and die inside. You don't know whether anybody's fishing tonight, or not. ~~You used to do a lot of it at night.~~ Sometimes there were others fishing the Cimarron, sometimes not. ~~Anyway,~~ you wait, for what seems to ~~happen.~~ And then you see the other shadow come in...

(STEPS COME IN)

GUS: Well? What'd you find by the river, pal?

EARL: (A BEAT) Let him go.

GUS: You mean there were others fishing down there?

EARL: Yeah. He's on the level. (TO JOHN) Beat it, Stranger.

JOHN: I'm sorry I came across your farm. I had no idea...

EARL: Beat it, I said. Get off this property. If I ever catch you sneakin' across our farm again, I'll kill you!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE)

~~NARR: The next day you go to Sheriff Harry Jeffrey's office in Sapulpa to tell him the whole story....~~

HARRY: (IRRITATED) John, you crazy fool, why did you go there alone? Why didn't you call me?

JOHN: I wish I had now, Harry. I feel lucky, just to be alive.

HARRY: You should have called me. ^{A Sheriff} I get paid for getting shot, you don't. Now you say you couldn't make out either of their faces?

JOHN: No. It was too dark. All I know is, the man holding the gun was called Gus.

HARRY: Gus. That could be anyone.

JOHN: Harry, I'm sure there's something phony going on there. I saw a truck with a big winch setup attached to it. It could be used for lifting a banksafe right off the ground.

HARRY: Maybe. Still, a lot of farms hereabouts have trucks with winches on 'em.

JOHN: But these two men were tough. They would have shot me down where I stood.

HARRY: Sure. But any farmer might, if he caught someone trespassing across his property at night. Especially, now, when they're worried and jumpy about the drouth.

JOHN: I'd swear these men weren't legitimate farmers.

HARRY: Could be. The farm might be a front, that was my original idea. I'm not trying to knock your ideas, John, understand? I think you've got something, ~~I'm almost sure you have.~~ But we've got to have proof, positive proof that..

(PHONE RING)

HARRY: Oh. Just a second..

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

NARR: You walk through a large pigyard, through the squashy
mud and shallow puddles ~~where the pigs wallow...~~

(LIGHT SPLASHING THRU SHALLOW PUDDLE)

NARR: You see a truck in the yard, with a big winch apparatus
for lifting heavy loads. You cross the yard, head
for the barn. And then, when you're almost there...

EARL: (UP AND SAVAGELY) Get your hands up, Stranger, before
I blow your head off!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP IN CURTAIN TO)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #208

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 17 - by actual measure - PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Eugene Moriarty of the Boston Mass. Traveler.

MORIARTY: Series of photographs taken of me re-enacting Clemens' crime convinced ^{authorities} ~~Grand Jury~~ that the case was suicide. Pictures were front page story, my paper. Freed suspect said he was the luckiest man on earth. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

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

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY...a Big Story from the front pages of the Chicago Sun Times by-line William Doherty. A BIG STORY about a poker hand that was not the dealer's choice because what dealer would ever choose --- death?

(MUSIC: -- STING)

CHAPPELL: And remember, every week you can see another different Big Story on television - brought to you by the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Arnold Perl from an actual story from the front pages of the Boston Mass. Traveler. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Nat Polen played the part of Eugene Moriarty. 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. Moriarty.

(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.

ea/lillz/lc
3/9/51 am

DAVIS: I'm just watching you to see how nuts you can be.

GENE: All right. First, I knot the handkerchief in the middle. Next, I tie the twine, cut to length, to each of the two ends of the handkerchief. Then, I put the handkerchief in my mouth. Just for now I'll tie it around my chin so I can talk. I tie it around the back of my head, tight.

DAVIS: Go ahead, Houdini.

GENE: Now I take the heavy twine in two strands and I slip it over my wrists. You see, it's loose, but it's a slip-knot, and in order to make it tight, really tight, all I got to do is pull my hands apart. Okay?

DAVIS: (INTERESTED) Yeah, okay.

GENE: Now, I take the mask. I put it over my head. You see, there's enough space in here to pour the chloroform in.

DAVIS: Yeah, I see. But your hands under your legs, trussed up--

GENE: Now watch. With my hands still loose, I pour it in.

(POURS IN WATER)

GENE: I hold my breath. I can do that for 5, 20 seconds, that's all. And that's all I need before the chloroform takes effect. Then I put my right leg thru my arms, pull the wrist tight, fall over on my side -- and I'm dead.

Murdered. (LONG PAUSE)

DAVIS: It could have been. It could have been!

GENE: Now, get me out of this!

(KNIFE CUTTING TWINE, MASK OFF)

DAVIS: Wait a minute, wait a minute -- ^{but} the coroner said his tongue was all cut and split. He fought against it.

GENE: No, he didn't. Not consciously anyhow. That's a physiological reaction to strangulation.

(MORE)

GENE: The tongue tried to work it out, but not the man.
(contd) And that's why there were no marks on the wrist, no
blows on the body. That's why the trouser crease was
razor sharp. He even went so far as wearing gloves so
there wouldn't be any prints on anything.

DAVIS: I never saw anything like it in my life.

GENE: That's only because neither you nor I ever met ^{any one} anything in
our lives like Gil Clemens. Don't you think you ought to
go downstairs and tell Kern?

DAVIS: Yeah. But if I hadn't seen it --

GENE: But you did. You saw it with your own eyes.

(MUSIC: UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Eugene
Moriarty, of the Boston, Mass. ^{Tri-Star} ~~Telegram~~ with the
final outcome of tonight's **PIG STORY**.

(MUSIC: TURN TABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #209

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.

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

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

NARR: You don't even know what you're asking yourself, asking these questions or where it is leading to. And altho' Kern is almost already a dead man...it's that sure...you're not satisfied. There's an image of a man dead without a bruise on his body...dead of a terrible, violent method, but no bruises on his body. (THIS ALMOST A SCREAM) And his trouser crease almost razor sharp! Why? (PAUSE)

GENE: It could be! ~~Wow!~~ It is! *It has to be!*

(MUSIC: HITS. BRIDGES. COMES IN)

GENE: ^{Capitan.}
~~Bruce~~, sit down.

DAVIS: Come on, come on. ^{Gene} I haven't seen you like this in a long time.

GENE: All right. Listen. Don't interrupt me until I'm finished and then if you want to say I'm out of my mind, okay. But listen. Let's suppose it wasn't murder.

DAVIS: What're you talking about?

GENE: Let's suppose that the guy that had half of the countryside willing, anxious and able to kill him wasn't killed by any of them.

DAVIS: ~~Who killed him the sister?~~

GENE: ~~No. Not the sister. Not Kern. Not anybody.~~

DAVIS: But the guy's dead!

GENE: The word is suicide.

DAVIS: Oh, get out of here.

GENE: All right. Just listen. There are 4 basic reasons that 95% of suicides kill themselves ~~but~~. (THIS FAST)
First, is bad health, Second, is no job. Third, is general despondency. Fourth, is what the books call trouble of the heart -- love affairs.

DAVIS: Look, Gene, I don't want to sit here listening to a madman.

GENE: Okay, a madman. But did you know Gil Clemens had carcinoma^N of the lungs? Did you know Gil Clemens had three months to live? That's reason one. Two: he's out of a job. He hasn't worked in six months, hasn't been able to hold a job for more than a week. Three: despondent, crack-up of a lot of things he had planned on. Bad affairs -- half a dozen of them. Every reason in the books to knock himself off--

DAVIS: Please -- stop it!

GENE: (DRIVING) All right, here's the rest. Motive: (simple) money. Five thousand bucks worth of policy, payable to sister ~~whom he loved~~ -- the only person in the whole world he cared about ~~actually, and she wasn't having any part of him either, don't forget~~. So he decides he'll give his sister a present -- 10,000 bucks. Make his death look like murder. Makes an elaborate set-up: the mask, the gloves, the rest -- chloroform.

DAVIS: I must be nuts to sit here listening to you!

GENE: The policy is very carefully written. In case of suicide, no payment. Ten thousand in case of accidental death. So I say he makes it look like murder.

DAVIS: Look, Gene, for heaven's sake, let's be sensible. How, in the name of ~~God~~, could a man tie his hands, put a gag in his mouth, bind it behind his head, put a gas mask on his face, pour in a pint of chloroform -- Oh, it's fantastic -- and be trussed up like a stuck pig!

GENE: (IN FOR THE KILL, If it can be done - if it can actually be done, ~~did~~ you buy it?

DAVIS: I got to go down to the D.A.'s office. Kern is going to be indicted tomorrow.

GENE: Okay. I brought along a little black bag.

(BAG OPENED, THERE IS SOUND TO FOLLOW THE ENSUING ACTION...

GENE: This is a bottle, same size as the one he had. Contains water, could be chloroform. Here's the mask, same Navy type he used. You can get them in any Army-Navy store for a buck seventy-five. There, medium heavy twine and gag. Okay?

LEONA: He's the one. He's the one I saw in the hospital looking thru the ^{glass} window in the door.

KERN: Not me, not me, Miss! Not me!

DAVIS: Okay. Thanks, Miss Clemens. Gene, bring in the other guy..
the ^{Canadian} Nova Scotian.

(DOOR OPENS)

GENE: Step right in. Is that the man?

MAN: That's the fellow. He said he was looking for work and...
that's the fellow.

KERN: Gee, no. You're wrong. ~~No.~~ *You're wrong.*

DAVIS: Thanks. Outside. You can release that man. So, seen in the hospital, on the scene of the crime, knew about the little black bag....That's getting very cozy, don't you think?

GENE: Tell us about why you left Nova Scotia, Kern.

KERN: I told you...looking for a job, I told you.

GENE: I got a couple of friends up in Nova Scotia on the paper up there. I called them. You know what they told me about you? You'd never guess.

KERN: It ain't true!

GENE: ~~How can you tell something isn't true when you haven't even heard what it is?~~

DAVIS: ~~You sit still and listen.~~

GENE: Once upon a time there was a guy named Kern...he wanted to marry a girl. Alice Spate...only Alice Spate, she thought she was in love with a guy named Gil Clemens. But when Gil Clemens got thru playing around with her and walked out on her, she wouldn't marry you. She wouldn't marry anybody. She got sick...broken-hearted they call it.

KERN: He was no good. He' was a dirty...

GENE: (INTERRUPTS) True enough. And ten days ago, Alice Spate died in the hospital for the insane, ~~driven out of her mind by the way she was treated.~~ And ~~you~~ ... that's when you discovered you could find a job down in Boston.

DAVIS: (HARD) What were you doing on Pembroke Street at Clemens' house?

KERN: I didn't know he lived there. Honest ~~to God~~. It was a coincidence. I was just looking for a place to live.

GENE: You haven't heard the whole story, Kern. Once upon a time also, a guy named Kern was a corporal in the Canadian Kilties under Sgt. Gil Clemens, and there was an attack and there was gas and Gil Clemens stole somebody's gas mask and the guy whose mask he stole got a terrible burn on the inside of his lungs. What was that guy's name?

KERN: (WEAKLY) Stop! *Stop it, will ya -*

DAVIS: It's pretty gruesome: a guy stealing another guy's mask, and it's worse maybe doing the same thing to the guy..and putting chloroform inside it and killing him.

KERN: What am I going to do? I didn't kill him.

DAVIS: Gene, on your way down, tell the desk sargeant to let the other suspects go home. I think we got pay dirt right here.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: A beautiful (from the police point of view) magnificent ~~murder~~ case. Rarely, if ever, had you ever seen a better circumstantial job built. Never had you seen a more convincing motive than the kind of hideous ^{or} poetic justice in the man robbed of his mask who killed the thief with another mask.

(MUSIC: A THREAD OF DOUBT)

NARR: The suspects had boiled down to one. The story could be written, would be read, would be devoured all over Massachusetts. But you sit in front of your typewriter and nothing comes out. You aren't writing. There is a doubt, questions that won't leave you...won't go...can't be gotten rid of.

GENE: (ON F, THINKING) Why would a murderer go to all that trouble. Poetic justice? There's just as much satisfaction in a gun or a knife ~~or choking or a hundred easier ways to kill a man~~. Why this way? Did the story of the theft of the mask explain it?

(MUSIC: THREAD IS GROWING)

GENE: Why, if he had so many enemies, Gil Clemens...and he had them..why didn't he go to the police? Why, particularly after the near poisoning Christmas and Kerns coming after him at the hospital? Why didn't he tell somebody?

(MUSIC: SAME, BUILDING)

GENE: And why, ~~the only word to describe it...~~the unconcern, ~~why the lack of concern~~ on the part of his sister? Is there any other way of looking at this that I've been missing, me and ^{Capt.} Bruce Davis? Any other way?

(MUSIC: IN WITH NARRATION, UNTIL IT ENDS)

HELEN: (SUPERIOR TO THE WHOLE THING) ~~We were engaged.~~ Yes, we were engaged and I was the only girl in the world for Gil Clemens...until I found out that he had a string of women as long as your arm. I hated guys before, mister, but this one, this one was special. If I told you some of the things he tried, you'd ~~only~~ throw up.

GENE: What about the stock?

HELEN: Look around ^{new house} You see the way I'm living? Real nice. That rug set me back \$2,000. This furniture layout cost \$1800. I'm paying \$165 a month rent and I got \$4,900 still in my bank account. That's on ~~account~~ of Gil Clemens died and we owned the stock in common. If you want to make something out of it, make. It don't bother me that much. (SNAPS FINGERS)

(MUSIC: -- UP)

NARR: Enough and too much. Seven, eight, ten...perhaps a dozen people who stood to gain from his death, who wanted him dead and who smiled pleasantly at the news of his death. And you sit there, Gene Moriarty, with the list in front of you filling one side of a legal size pad and spilling over to half of another. Enough suspects for half a dozen murder cases. Enough horror and ~~greed~~ ^{hatred} and ~~cupidity~~ for a dozen.

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG THE ACT)

(MUSIC: -- TURN TABLE) --

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch!
Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth
smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke PELL MELL... the cigarette whose mildness you
can measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than
that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5
puffs, or 10, or 17 - by actual measure - PELL MELL'S
greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels
the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a
smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette
offers you.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL...the cigarette whose mildness you can
measure....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 Eugene Moriarty as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: You begin to cross out names on the page and a half of yellow legal size paper, where you've got the suspects carefully listed. You, Eugene Moriarty, reporter and your friend Bruce Davis, police captain, tear into the alibis and stories of each of the suspects. The attendant who first found the body..

ATTEND: What do you want me to say? I told you, I told you everything. You guys know things about myself I already forgot...but I didn't kill him.

NARR: Hate, yes...but murder, no. Then the man who served in the Kilties with him, the Nova Scotian picked up on the scene of the crime...

MAN. When are you guys going to let me out? I'm in here two weeks now. When are you going to let me out?

NARR: Anger, yes...but murder, no. Pierce, the druggist...

DRUGGIST: Okay, my bottle, my lable, ^{I told you before} ~~my chloroform~~...

NARR: The blonde who owned 350 shares in common with him...

HELEN: I don't deny it. There's \$4900 still left in the bank.

NARR: Motives, yes....but murder, no. And one by one, the ^{sheet} ~~sheet~~ of ^{papers} ~~paper~~ becomes a series of black lines drawn thru names, until all that is left are the two men who threatened him (made him drink the poisoned coffee), and the slight, dark-haired man with glasses and a mustache, Peter Kern, who looked at him thru the hospital door window.

DAVIS: (IN QUICKLY) And ^{Gene} don't forget that sister. Just don't forget his sister.

GENE: I'm not forgetting Leona Clemens. You saw the policy?

DAVIS: 5,000 sweet bucks in case of death, and 10,000 sweet bucks in case of death by accident. Let's not forget that.

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH...)

NARR: And then came the arrest and identification of Pete Kern.

DAVIS: (VERY HAPPY, HE'S GOT HIS GUY) Sit over there, Kern. ~~The chair with the back broken off it, Sit there.~~

KERN: (REAL FRIGHTENED) Look, I told you, I was looking for work -- that's all I was doing. I was looking for work. I come down from Nova Scotia, I heard there was some jobs in Boston. I was looking for work, that's all!

DAVIS: That's what you carry in that little black bag of yours.. work tools, huh?

KERN: That's right. Work tools. I wouldn't put no chloroform in there or no gas mask.

DAVIS: Who told you the killer had chloroform and a gas mask in a black bag?

KERN: It was in the papers.

DAVIS: Ask my friend Moriarty here. Was it in the papers, Gene?

GENE: Nothing like that.

KERN: Okay, I heard it around. Somebody said it...I don't know. I only had tools in the bag.

DAVIS: Just sit still, Gene, bring her in.

(DOOR OPENS, FEW STEPS)

DAVIS: Take a look, Miss Clemens.

DAVIS: ~~Yeah, we found the tickets for next Saturday. Miss Clemens~~
who could have done this?

LEONA: ~~(STARTS LAUGHING LITTLE HYSTERICALLY)~~

DAVIS: ~~Hey, take it easy.~~

LEONA: What a question. Who could have done it. Captain, we used
to live in Nova Scotia, in New Breton. Gil left there
because...I don't know, there were maybe 5, 6 people said
they'd kill him. During the war, he was ⁱⁿ the Canadian
Kiltie's ... You know, ^{an outfit called} the "ladies' from hell". He didn't
make any friends there either.

DAVIS: Oh? Why?

LEONA: (NOT ANSWERING) And at the hospital here...he used to run
every lousy racket there was in the hospital. Sell alcohol
to the patients, steal medicines...He got more people fired,
Captain, then...To tell you the honest ~~to God~~ truth, my
brother wasn't a very nice guy. I don't like to say it of
my own flesh and blood, but he was no good. A real louse.

GENE: Well, let's get specific.

DAVIS: That would help.

LEONA: Well, there was Dentz.

GENE: The fellow who first found him?

LEONA: About six months ago, he got Dentz fired for some racket
he was working. Dentz finally proved he had nothing to do
with it and he got his job back. But they hated each other.
Then there was that guy in the hospital.

GENE: What guy?

MAN: That's Pete Kern. He was from New Breton too. He was just down looking for a job and we bumped into each other, you know.

DAVIS: What's he look like?

MAN: Well, he's kind of a little guy. He's got dark hair and a mustache and glasses.

GENE: The guy thru the hospital window!

DAVIS: ^{Could be - 015} ~~All right~~...book him. (A PAUSE) This is getting insane!

(MUSIC: IN WITH)

NARR: As if this were not enough, a bottle was found 75 yards from the dead man's body...a piece of a bottle. It was the bottle that had held the chloroform, and on it, a label. "Pierce's Drug Store, Pittsfield, Mass."

DRUGGIST: (SWEATING) Sure! It's my bottle. I don't deny that's my bottle. It's got my label on it. ~~It's my bottle.~~

DAVIS: It had chloroform in it, Pierce. And Gil Clemens is dead from chloroform.

DRUGGIST: Well, I hope he rots ~~in hell~~.

GENE: Well, that's a nice sentiment. How come?

DRUGGIST: Whoever did it, he's a guy deserves a medal or a reward or something. Somebody bought the stuff and put my label on it. I don't know why, but that's what they did. But whoever did it and killed Gil Clemens, I bless the boy.

DAVIS: Is that so?

DRUGGIST: He worked here. He worked here, that louse. Every single week he stole capsules, peddled them on the side. ~~He stole~~ ~~and~~ barbituates and morphine.

GENE: A real nice guy...Gil.

DRUGGIST: I wish I had ^{filled him} ~~a dose of~~ it, but I didn't. I wasn't in Boston at the time he was croaked.

DAVIS: Oh, you know what time he was killed?

DRUGGIST: Brother, I followed that case, I read every line. I lapped it up, every word of it.

DAVIS: I'm booking you.

(MUSIC: IN WITH)

NARR: How many ^{suspects} ~~is it~~ now? The attendant ~~Dog~~; the Canadian from his outfit, the stranger who looked thru the hospital door window, the two men who tried to poison him; the druggist. Six, seven...

GENE: Captain Davis, something fascinating.

DAVIS: What? *Gene*

GENE: Remember that picture you found in his wallet? That picture of a blonde?

DAVIS: Yeah.

GENE: A nice looking creature name of Helen Parker. Guess what? She and Clemens owned 350 shares of stock in common, ~~and~~ payable to either, or the survivor.

~~DAVIS: -- West~~

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)