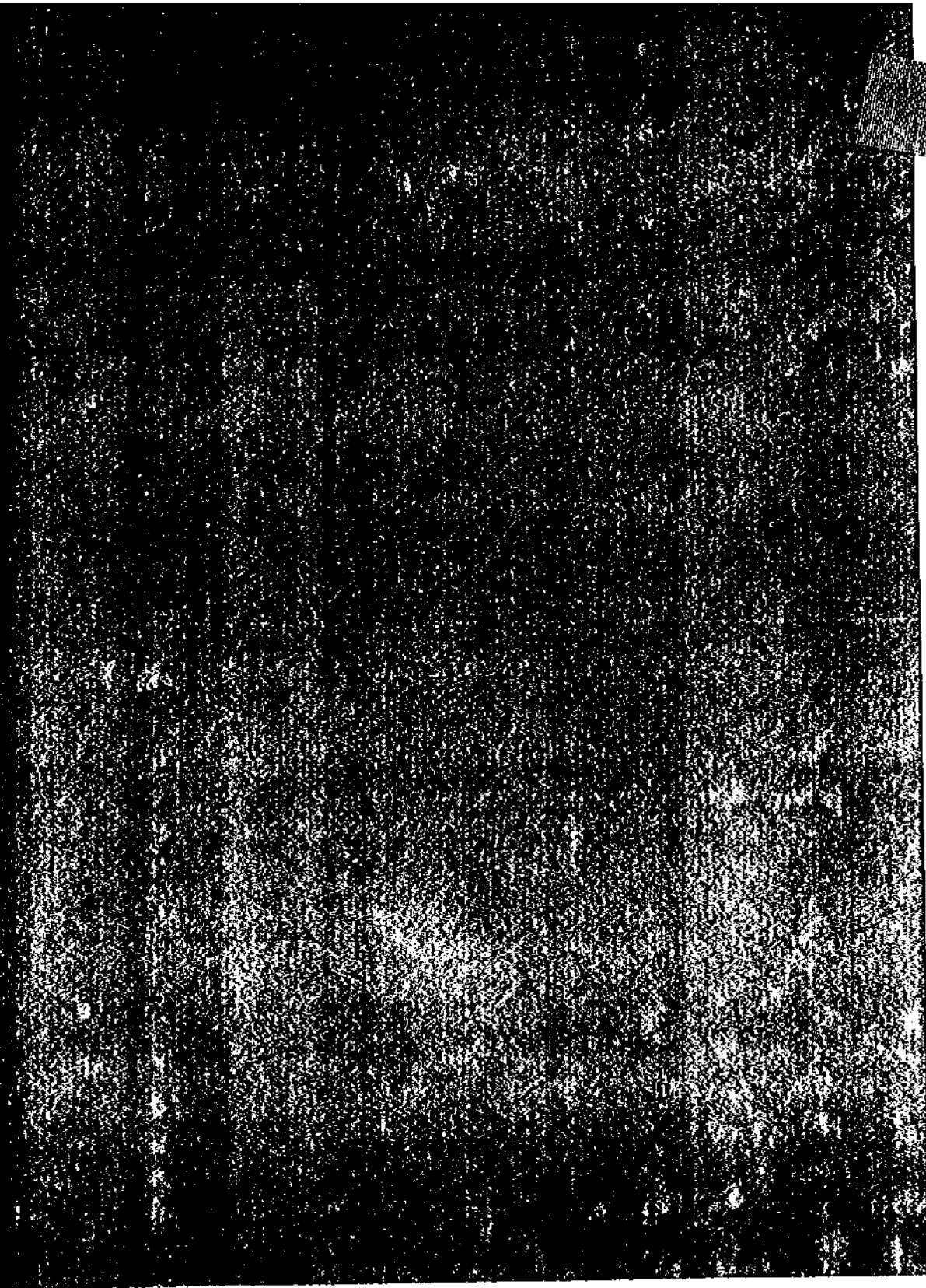


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ATX01 0172222

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM # 210

CAST

NARRATOR

WOMAN

GIRL 2

HELEN

GIRL

BILL

HERB

ANDREWS

MAN

LESTER

KURLIK

BOB SLOAN

RUTH YORKE

RUTH YORKE

ROLLY BESTOR

BETTY JANE TYLER

LES DAMON

AL RAMSEN

MEL RUICK

MEL RUICK

BOB READICK

JOHN GIBSON

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1951

ATX01 0172223

NBC

THE BIG STORY

# 210

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

APRIL 4, 1951

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: \_ \_ PANFARE)

(RACING STEPS ON GRAVEL...TO A STOP, A CAR DOOR  
IS OPENED...)

LESTER: (FIERCELY) Come on, come on. Get the lead out!

HERB: (YOUNGER, ALMOST DAZED, RUNNING) Did you see him?  
Did you see Doug? The way he was laying there?

LESTER: Come on, close that door.

(ON THIS CAR STARTS)

HERB: ~~Did you see the way his eyes were? Boon Doug ---~~

LESTER: (LAUGHING) How did you like that ~~ball~~ guy, the dealer?  
He thought he was going to take in a big pot.

(~~HERB: Doug, Doug --~~) Then the way he says to that other  
guy, "I got a pair. And one more to go with it --  
three of a kind." And then -- boom!

HERB: Why did you <sup>Doug here to get it?</sup> ~~have to shoot him?~~ And <sup>why?</sup> ~~the way~~ Doug <sup>get it?</sup> ~~get it~~ --

LESTER: All right, quit the crying. So Doug's dead. So what?  
So the guy with three of a kind is dead too. (NOW  
REALLY IRATE) ~~Look at that~~ -- how do you like that!  
Caught my jacket on a nail and I paid seventy-five  
dollars for that jacket!

HERB: (PATHETICALLY) Doug, <sup>why?</sup> Doug --

(MUSIC: \_ \_ HITS, THEN SHARPLY CUT FOR)

ATX01 0172224

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)  
Chicago, Illinois. From the front pages of the Chicago  
Sun Times comes the story of a poker game that ended in  
death. ~~And~~ Tonight, to reporter William E. Doherty, 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 F' MOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

CHAPPELL: Chicago, Illinois. The story as it actually happened --  
William E. Doherty's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: -- THEME)

NARR: Your <sup>first</sup> name is Bill, last name Doherty -- one of the proudest  
names in Chicago newspaperdom. For the past 30 years,  
there hasn't been a single paper in Chicago that didn't  
have a Doherty on the police run. You and your four  
brothers, in a sense, had cornered the crime market in  
the Windy City. But even the Dohertys sleep, and that is  
what you are doing this mild May morning at one a.m. when  
the bane of all Doherty's lives (the city editor) sets to  
work the mechanism that is the bane of all Doherty nights.

(TELEPHONE STARTED RINGING UNDER THE LAST FEW WORDS)

BILL: (SLEEPILY) Hello.

ANDREWS: (KIDDING) Were you asleep?

BILL: Who's this -- Andrews? No, No, I was just sitting here  
waiting for you to call.

ANDREWS: Well, sonny, you better rub the sleep out of your eyes  
~~because it's high noon.~~

BILL: ~~Looks dark from where I am.~~

ANDREWS: ~~It is dark, but it's still high noon for you.~~ On  
account of while you were snoring, three hoods ~~from the~~  
~~northside or the southside (I'm sure you'll tell me~~  
~~which very shortly)~~ had the lovely suburb of Evanston  
all wrapped up. Could have carried it away for all you  
know.

BILL: Since when does a five-and-dime stick-up give reason to  
yank me out of bed?

ANDREWS: Oh, didn't I tell you? There were a couple of murders.

BILL: (TENSELY) Who?

ANDREWS: One of the hoods, and you remember Judge Crane's bailiff.

BILL: Benny? <sup>Not</sup> Oh, that sweet guy!

ANDREWS: Yeah. He and a couple of friends were playing poker. The hoods walked in. One of the hoods got it and <sup>so did</sup> Benny.

BILL: Hey, that's a story! *I'll be right over*

ANDREWS: ~~That's what I thought. Well, are you still in bed or are you half-way there?~~

BILL: ~~I'm your boy, Andrews. But you don't mind if I put my pants on first, do you?~~

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You drive past <sup>Benny's</sup> the house (~~in the 39 hundred block on Adams Street~~) en route to the Filmore Street Police Station. There will be bereavement in the house and hysterics and a few facts, so you can come back later. Right now, you want to learn what happened -- ~~the exact details, as near as people can state them at this high noon hour of 1:30 in the morning.~~ One of the poker players, George Kurlik, like a ~~lot of poker players~~, has a fabulous eye for detail.

KURLIK: It was going around 11. Up to then we'd been playing sociable poker -- five and ten. I was losing so I said, "How about a quarter and a half?" Benny was way ahead, ~~and he was like that -- you know, gave a guy a chance to win back.~~ He says, "Make it <sup>unlimited</sup> ~~unlimited, it's all right with me.~~" So then we settled down.

BILL: And when you play that kind of poker the house could fall down around you and you wouldn't notice it.



KURLIK: That's about the size of it. The pots were getting big and bigger -- ~~up to three hundred in a pot~~. They must have opened the door without anybody hearing them, and all of a sudden, they were standing there, right at the table! And then, first one -- this tall, blonde one -- ~~like he was in some kind of a movie or other, like Jimmy Cagney or something~~ -- he says, "Gentlemen, this is a stick-up." We was so surprised and it happened so fast you couldn't exactly be sure. I didn't even get a good look at the other two.

BILL: There were two others?

KURLIK: Yeah -- Benny says, "Who you kidding?" But this tall blonde one got a gun out and Benny reaches for his coat -- it's hanging over my chair. And see, he's a bailiff, he's got the right to carry a gun, and before you know it, this blonde kid shoots him. Then I went out of my mind. I got Benny's gun out and I just squeezed the trigger and the tall blonde one fell down. Then one of them must have sapped me and I went out.

BILL: What about the others? There were five of you in the game.

KURLIK: Oh, Harry and Jerry and Willy Saltz who owns the liquor store, they just sat there. They were so scared they didn't open their mouths. ~~If I had a thought about it, I wouldn't have been able to open mine either.~~

BILL: And you didn't get a look at either of the other two?

KURLIK: No. Just one was a kind of a kid. About 18 or something. Before I ~~flunked~~ <sup>conked</sup> out I seen this kid. You know what he was doing? (MORE)

ANDREWS: Looks like the Dohertys are slipping.

BILL: ~~Come on, hackle me some other time.~~

ANDREWS: ~~I'm only saying what I'm thinking. Now a Frank Doherty on this story, on a Jim or Eddie --~~

BILL: (INTERRUPTING) ~~Yeah, I know. Be all wrapped up. Fine, Great.~~ Look, will you talk like a human being to me for a second?

ANDREWS: You told me yourself. No editor is human.

BILL: A kid who gets down on the floor and holds a dead guy's head in his arms and cradles it -- that don't sound like a hood. <sup>to me</sup> ~~Does it to you?~~ And still and all, walking in there in the middle of a poker game, big as life -- that's about as pro a job as I've heard in a long time.

ANDREWS: (HIGH & MIGHTY) Well, you'll straighten it out.

BILL: You're a great help. Hey, maybe the funeral. Maybe, maybe the funeral. Doug Grinko gets buried this afternoon.

(MUSIC:      MOURNFUL)

NARR: The funeral is <sup>the traditional</sup> funeral. With a profusion of flowers that the poor always reserve for last rites, ~~with the outpouring of lavishness for lives that have been poor and pinched. (There may not be money in the house for food, but there's always money for a funeral.)~~ <sup>And this</sup> And this too, doesn't sound like a professional hood. In walking thru the group, the sad people in their sad clothing, you notice --

WOMAN: He was never very good to her, or to Herbie.

NARR: (NO PAUSE) -- there are no wails, no screeches, no rending of clothing. ~~No real mourners in a sense.~~ And when you hear it again, it strikes you.

WOMAN: She was wise not to come. Herbie too, not to see it.

NARR: This is a funeral with the chief mourners absent. "She" is his mother and Herbie, his brother. They're not there. Why? ~~And so begins the easy search for a young man (the dead man's brother) who didn't come to the funeral.~~ And you find your "why" in the battered house on East Clayburn where his sister lives. She wasn't at the funeral either.

BILL: Why didn't you go?

HELEN: ( SWEET, BUT TIRED, AND NOW EMBITTERED WOMAN) What business is that of yours?

BILL: Why didn't your mother go and your brother Herbie?

HELEN: You get out of here.

BILL: Look, miss, I'm a newspaperman. You're liable to get the same questions asked of you not so polite.

HELEN: Well Mama went away. What is she going to do, go to his funeral? Stand there and have all those "friends" point their fingers at her? So her and Herbie went away. Is that a crime?

BILL: Nope. Not unless Herbie had something to do with Doug.

HELEN: You get out of here. I'd rather answer the cops.

(MUSIC: -- UNDER)

NARR: The Bureau of Identification tells you that Herbert Grimko is seventeen, that he weighs 142 pounds and that he is a graduate of the Chicago Parental School, which is a reform school, and that he was sent there when he was 13 on a burglary charge and that he assaulted three policemen resisting arrest. And that, too, is a story.

BILL: (READING) "Dead hoods brother fugitive. Search out for brother of would-be gunman. Police today were on the look-out for 17 year old Herbert Grimko."

(PHONE RINGS, IS ANSWERED.)

BILL: Hello. *Doherty speaking*

HELEN: (ON F) You think you're pretty smart, don't you?

BILL: Who is this?

HELEN: All I got to tell you is you better get yourself a lawyer. I got that story you write right in front of me and my brother Herbie is no fugitive from justice ~~and he never assaulted no three cops like you wrote in the story. And his getting put into the reform school~~ -- You better get yourself a lawyer, mister!

BILL: Look, I don't think I'm the guy needs a lawyer. Get a little smart. A fellow's brother gets shot, he doesn't show up at the funeral, he got a record -- He's the guy needs the lawyer.

HELEN: They'll never give him a break just because he's Doug's brother. He's a good, ~~clean, sweet~~ kid and just because he's Doug's brother --

BILL: Look, let me tell you something about the way police work. Maybe they're wrong, but they do think your kid brother is a fugitive from justice. And he's with your ~~old lady~~, isn't he? And maybe some cop will see him and he'll make a wrong move and somebody'll get awful hurt. If what you say is true, tell him to come back, <sup>for his own good</sup> Tell him <sup>to come back</sup> ~~to come back~~ <sup>hook</sup> ~~hook~~

HELEN: He hates the cops and they hate him because of Doug. <sup>hook</sup> Would you talk to him?

*you sound like a fair cop -*

BILL: Me?

HELEN: He'd talk to somebody who talks his language. He's only a kid.

BILL: (EVENLY) You call me when he's ready to talk.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE AND UNDER)

NARR: You figure that's the end of that, but it isn't. And within 12 hours she walks into your office and she says, "If you're ready, he's waiting in a car in the alley just behind the Sun Times."

HERB: (DISTRAUGHT) They won't give me a break. They never give a kid like me a break. I got a record, I'm Doug's brother and what good does it do if I tell you I didn't have anything to do with it? Nothing! I wasn't nowhere near the place.

BILL: Where were you?

HERB: I was kidding around the whole evening with one of my friends with a pool stick. From ten going on 'til midnight. The shooting was about 11, wasn't it?

NARR: You are suddenly in the midst of a decision, Bill Doherty, A kid is pouring out his guts -- maybe the truth, maybe not -- ~~but his guts in any event.~~ You've told his sister you'll help him. You've also told yourself ~~and your editor and the public~~ that you'll write and act honestly. What do you do now? Turn him in?

HERB: I ain't lived a long time, we never had <sup>nothing!</sup> anything! But every time I walk out on the street after ten o'clock, they look at me like I'm up to something. They try to pin things on me just because of Doug and because of that time I got high and I fought the cops.

NARR: It has the ring of truth. In this dismal light in a back alley in an old car, someone is speaking what he considers the truth. You take a big breath and say it.

BILL: Maybe you've had bad breaks -- maybe they've been stacked against you, the cards. But if you want half a fair shake, a quarter even, walk into the Filmore Station. Talk to <sup>Capt.</sup> Detective Joey Michaels. Tell him <sup>Detective</sup> Bill sent you.

HERB: (DESPERATE) I know what they'll do. I know --

BILL: What else you going to do, kid? What else? I'll back you up.

(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 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)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your Narrator and the Big Story of William ~~D.~~ Doherty as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: Its a few hours, Bill Doherty, since you told Herbie Grinko, the brother of the dead hood, to give himself up to the police, that this was the best way, that you would stand behind him. And now, in your city room, your editor Bob Andrews sidles over, no "needle" in his hand this time, but maybe something worse.

ANDREWS: I just had a call from <sup>Capt.</sup> Michaels over at Filmore Station.

BILL: (DEFENSIVELY) That so?

ANDREWS: Your kid showed <sup>Herbie</sup> up -- ~~Herbie~~.

BILL: I thought he would.

ANDREWS: Three of the guys at the poker game identified him straight out, as the second of the three hoods.

BILL: How do they know? They admitted they were so mixed up they didn't know what was going on.

ANDREWS: As a matter of fact, Jurlik, who killed the first hood, when he saw him, <sup>at the police station</sup> ~~he~~ nearly strangled him. You know, Benny was a cousin of his.

BILL: It's very easy for guys to go wild and make identifications. Very easy. What did the kid say?

ANDREWS: ~~Well, that's what Michaels called me about. The kid and you.~~

BILL: ~~What do you mean -- the kid and me?~~

ANDREWS: The kid doesn't deny he was there, he doesn't admit he was there. He's just not talking.

BILL: He's scared. That's all -- he's scared.



ANDREWS: So Michaels said he want you to come over there because the kid trusts you.

BILL: All he wants me to do is go over and get the kid to spill his guts, huh? (ANGRY NOW) Look, this is a kid I told to do something. This is a kid I told I'd stand back of. What am I going to do, sell him out now?

ANDREWS: (LEAVING IT IN THE AIR) That's entirely up to you, Bill. Entirely. And Michaels said for me to tell you it's entirely up to you.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE AND UNDER)

NARR: How do you ride the horns of a dilemma? Answer: you don't. ~~Not if you want to try and be comfortable. Answer: you~~ face what you knew all along you were going to have to face. Your two loyalties: to the truth and to the kid who never had a break and who probably isn't getting one right now. So you're alone with him in the Filmore Station.

HERB: I tell you, I told you the whole thing. I'll tell you anything you want to know --

BILL: Don't tell me, tell them.

HERB: I don't want to tell them.. I don't want to tell them nothing. ~~You should have heard the way they were throwing things at me. "What about this, what about that, where were you then, what happened there?"~~ I ain't going to talk to those guys!

BILL: Look, <sup>Michaels</sup> ~~Kerr~~ is as nice a guy as they come. He's no slugger.

HERB: There's ways of hitting a guy without hitting him. Why don't you listen to me?

BILL: Because I'd have to tell them.

HERB: Would you? Would you <sup>also</sup> have to tell them if I wasn't there ~~or anything like that? And if it was the truth then you could tell them what the truth was because they won't believe me.~~

BILL: ~~All right~~, Herbie. What is the truth?

HERB: Like I told you. I was in this pool place. The Trading Post it's called, with my friend Lester Gates.

BILL: Yeah, you told me all about that -- fooling around with a pool cue from eleven until twelve with Lester Gates.

HERB: So all right. As soon as I heard about the killing and how Doug got shot and how everybody knows about me and Doug being so close, ~~me being his kid brother and about how upset Ma was,~~ <sup>The + time</sup> we went up to Muskegan and spent the night there and the next morning we took a bus and started to California. You see, Ma's sick and if she had to go to the funeral and face her friends and see him dead there, I don't know what it would have done to her.

BILL: Herbie, three men identified you at the card party. Three men said you were there. That when Doug got shot you got down on the floor and put his head in your lap. They say you kept saying, "Doug, oh, Doug" --

HERB: It's not true! I was in the Trading Post.

BILL: Doesn't it sound like you, Herbie? The kid who would pick up his own brother's ~~dead~~ head and say what you said?

HERB: (DESPERATE) It was somebody else.

BILL: Is that the best you can do?

HERB: See! See, now you'll tell them and they'll take that and they'll string me up with it. You're no better than a cop!

BILL: (ANGRY) I didn't say I'd tell anybody anything. And I won't  
Just tell me one thing. Is <sup>what you told me</sup> ~~that~~ the truth?

HERB: I swear on my sick mother's life.

BILL: ~~Okay. all right - we'll see.~~

(MUSIC: BRIDGE & UNDER)

NARR: It's an oath not taken lightly. He means it. And altho'  
there are holes in the story, you go out with the fullest  
kind of objectivity either to patch up those holes or to  
drive a truck thru -- ~~one way or the other~~. The man at the  
Trading Post, ~~the cigarette smoking guy who runs the place,~~  
<sup>he</sup> remembers.

MAN: Yeah, that's right. He run up six racks. Him and -- what's  
his name?

BILL: Lester Gates?

MAN: Yeah. Him and Gates. Six racks. Let's see. It was--  
going on 12 they walked in.

(MUSIC: A STING)

NARR: One hole widens. "Going on twelve" -- the murder was  
11:15 p.m. <sup>exactly</sup> You drive your car slowly from the  
house on Adams street, ~~the 89 hundred block,~~ to the  
Trading Post. Time elapsed: 14 minutes. If then he was  
in on the killing, <sup>then</sup> he had adequate time to get to the  
Trading Post at 12. The hole is bigger.

GIRL: Well, I was going by -- I mean this friend of mine, he says  
to meet him outside the Trading Post and I seen him and  
Lester walk in. They were sweating.

BILL: What time was that, miss?

GIRL: Well, I know because I was looking at my watch and this fellow was supposed to meet me at 11:30. It was five minutes to twelve. That's how late he was.

(MUSIC: A STING)

NARR: The hole is widened and re-enforced. And now a man, age 30, stocky, smiling, walks up to you.

LESTER: I've been looking all over town for you. I've even been down to the paper. They says you was up here.

BILL: Who are you?

LESTER: Lester Gates is my name.

BILL: What were you looking all over town for me about, Gates?  
(HE DOESN'T LIKE THIS MAN)

LESTER: On account of I want to tell you about Herbie. On account of I heard you were checking up on Herbie. About me and him in the Trading Post. Well, we was there. We were playing pool. Six or eight racks we played.

BILL: Well fine. I'm glad you told me.

LESTER: I didn't tell you the time. *I need him there.*

BILL: What time was it?

LESTER: About one o'clock we started.

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER...)

NARR: The hole is wider and jagged now ~~with edges cut and hurt~~. Somebody is doing a lot of lying. Not the owner of the pool parlor or the girl. (Who should they?) But either Lester Gates or Herbie Grimko. And you're back at the Filmore Station.

BILL: Two people said you were at the Trading Post at 12 -- starting at 12.

HERBIE: They're liars.

BILL: Everybody in the world's a liar, Herbie?

HERB: You're fencing me in, with all the talking -- You're digging a hole for me!

BILL: (SLOWLY NOW) Herbie, listen to me now. Don't say a word, just listen. I made a pledge to you -- I said I'd stand behind you. But you can't stand behind a liar because he gets it and you get it too.

HERB: I ain't a liar -- I swear to you --

BILL: It takes <sup>14</sup> 15 minutes only to get from the Adams Street house to the poolroom. You could have done it.

HERB: I didn't!

BILL: You took your mother up to Muskegan and you took a bus and went straight out West, eh?

HERB: That's right. 'Til I called up my sister to see how things were and she said to come back.

BILL: ~~Herbie, Herbie, Herbie.~~ Look -- there's no buses that leave Muskegan and go straight out West. They come to Chicago first. You got to change for another bus at Chicago. No kid on the run would do that. You couldn't. You didn't.

HERB: (WILD) It was a special bus they were running.

BILL: There are no buses from Muskegan out West. None. You told me your mother is sick. Would you take your sick mother on a five day bus ride?

HERB: (BREAKING DOWN) What do you want me to say? What do you want me to do?

BILL: Who was it <sup>Took</sup> ~~put the~~ ~~dead head~~ of Doug <sup>head</sup> in his lap and said "Doug, oh, Doug"? <sup>Who</sup> ~~What~~ was it?

HERB: You know who it was.

BILL: Who was with you?

HERB: I was alone.

BILL: Who was the third guy?

HERB: I was alone.

BILL: You crazy kids! You got a code for yourself. Look, it's perfectly obvious what happened. You and Gates agreed if there was any trouble you would swear you were with <sup>each</sup> the other from ten o'clock on. You know what Gates said? He said he met you at the Trading Post at one o'clock. Don't you see what he's doing. ~~He knows you're implicated. He knows sooner or later somebody will break you down. So he's using you for an alibi that puts him away from the crime.~~

HERB: I was with him from ten <sup>o'clock</sup> on.

BILL: He's going to make you and Doug the fall guys and he walks out of it clean. Herb, listen to me. Those three men who identified you, they saw Gates and it didn't register. They didn't identify him. Think about how he left Doug there. <sup>just think about that</sup> ~~Tell me what you want to say.~~

(THERE IS A PAUSE)

HERB: (LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY A LITTLE) Doug was dead and <sup>Gates</sup> he kept yelling how he tore his new 75 dollar sport jacket!

BILL: ~~Good kid. Now you're being smart.~~

(MUSIC: HITS, UNDER...)

NARR: And as you expect, of course, he's disappeared -- Gates. He put his knife in and disappeared. But this kind always leaves a trail. Living this kind of life, they ruin others on the way to the latest ruination. And you find one such person. A 26 girl -- a dice girl who opens her mouth with extraordinary pleasure.

GIRL II: In my time I've been taken, but never by such a louse. What he done to me is not important -- only that he ~~blabbed it all over town 'til I was out of work even in a dice house. Heah; he left me fine memories.~~

BILL: Where is he now?

GIRL:II: (INTENT ON HER OWN STORY) He was walking around until yesterday saying how he put the squeegee on the Grimko brothers. How Doug got killed and Herbie was taking the rap and he was waltzin' scot free. You know what that louse does? Sells heist lists!

BILL: Heist lists?

GIRL II: Sure. He cases business men. You know, what time they close their places, how much cash they got, when they play  ~~poker~~ sessions, the stakes. Things like that and then they sell them lists. Well, Lester sold a list to the Grimko brothers for a cut. Then he cuts himself into the deal and gets paid from both ends.

BILL: That's a nice kind of a louse. Where is he?

GIRL II: Mister, with the greatest of pleasure, with the greatest of pleasure. 1316 Southern Avenue. Take him good.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE & UNDER)

NARR: The taking, with the help of <sup>Capt.</sup> Detective Michaels, is an easy matter. And the breakdown is easy too. Because his car was seen, the witnesses who placed Herbie, placed <sup>Gates to</sup> him at the Trading Post at 12 and the list -- the heist list -- undoubtedly kept for later resale was found in the thick wallet. But the ease came really in the words of Herbie Grimko.

HERB: (BROKEN) I do hereby acknowledge that this confession is made of my own free will and without coercion and without promises of any kind of immunity. My brother Doug and me and Lester Gates planned the hold-up of a house on Adams Street and things went wrong. Just as one of the fellows in the card game was saying that he had <sup>3 of a kind</sup> ~~one pair and another of the same kind to go with it~~ -

NARR: (OVERLAPS) Three of a kind. The brother who was the hood and shot and got shot, the bland, filthy heist salesman, who betrayed his own accomplices, and the kid who never had a chance and never would again. They were different, but also the same. Three of a kind.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from William W. Doherty, of the Chicago Sun Times with the final outcome 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 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 gives 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 William Doherty of the Chicago, Ill., Sun Times.

DOHERTY: Brother of dead gangster in tonight's Big Story was found guilty of murder and sentenced to 20 years. The heist salesman Gates, <sup>also 20</sup> got 15 years and another term of 25 to 40 years for armed robbery. Both are still in the Joliet Penitentiary. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Doherty . . . 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 Hoboken, N.J., Jersey Observer by-line John G. Connally. A BIG STORY about a ~~reporter who proved that~~ a father and son taking a pleasant drive in the country, <sup>who</sup> had death as a silent companion. ←

(MUSIC: STING . . . .)

CHAPPELL: And remember, every week you can see another different Big Story on television-brought to you by <sup>the makers of</sup> 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 Chicago Ill., Sun Times. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Les Damon played the part of William Doherty. 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. Doherty.

(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: A single thoughtless act can cause a fire ... and fires claim 11,000 lives and destroy millions of dollars' worth of property each year. You can help prevent these fires. Never toss away lighted matches or cigarettes. Don't smoke in bed. Make certain all electrical wiring is properly installed. Always be on the alert to prevent fire. Remember, don't gamble with fire -- the odds are against you!

THIS IS NBC...THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

# AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #211

CAST

NARRATOR

BOB SLOAN

WOMAN I

HARRIET PRIESTLEY

WOMAN II.

JUDITH EVANS

~~VOICE~~ *Vincent*

DONNY HARRIS

TONY

~~MANDEL KRAMER~~ *Joe Ledwith*

JOHN

JOHN SYLVESTER

CHIEF

JOE HELGESEN

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1951

ATX01 0172248

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#211

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

APRIL 11, 1951

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: FANFARE AND UNDER)

~~(CAR HORN COUPLE OF TIMES ON MIKE... DOOR SLAMMED~~  
OFF AND KID'S HURRYING STEPS DOWN PORCH STEPS AND  
UNDER)

VINCENT: (BOY OF TEN) I'm coming, Pa.

TONY: (MIDDLE FORTIES) Shake a leg, Vince. We got 90 miles  
ahead of us -

~~(CAR DOOR OPENED AND SLAMMED SHUT UNDER)~~

VINCE: (GETTING INTO CAR) Let's go, Pa. ~~I just wanted to get~~

*Tony* ~~my creator~~ *AK* -

(CAR INTO MOTION AS)

VINCE: Boy, I'll bet Aunt Josephina'll sure be glad to see us, uh?

TONY: ..Yeah..

(CAR BUMPS ONTO HIGHWAY AND SMOOTHLY UNDER)

VINCE: (LOW AND SADDENED SUDDENLY) Gee...I - sure wish Mom  
was with us -

TONY: ~~..Yeah..~~

VINCE: ~~(BEAT, THEN) Pa -~~

TONY: ~~What's, Vince?~~

VINCE: Pa..where did - Mom go?

TONY: I - don't know, ~~hey~~

VINCE: Was she - sore at us or something? Is that why?

ATX01 0172249

TONY: (FLAT..ALMOST WEARY No..Don't - don't think that, Vincie.  
She - liked us. ..Especially you, Vince. Always remember  
that - she loved you, ~~but~~

VINCE: ... (FLAT) Then why did she go away, Pa?

TONY: ...Some day maybe - you'll find out, Vince..Some day -

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER:)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY...Here is America..its sound and its fury..  
its joy and its sorrow.. as faithfully reported by the men  
and women of the great American newspaper..(PAUSE, .COLD AND  
FLAT) North Bergen, New Jersey..From the pages of the  
Jersey Observer, the story of a reporter ~~and a little boy~~  
who ~~almost~~ made him ~~an accomplice to a murder~~ *was that his big story couldn't come*  
John ~~of~~ Connolly of the Jersey Observer, 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.

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HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: THEME AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: North Bergen, New Jersey. The story as it actually happened  
..John ~~W~~ Connolly's story as he lived it...

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~Remember~~ in North Bergen isn't exactly paradise. And news is  
as scarce as sunshine these days. That - and the need for a  
story - is about all that's on your mind, John ~~W~~ Connolly,  
reporter for the Jersey Observer-as you make your way  
through the streets..And into police headquarters...

JOHN: ~~(SCRED) YOU' ARTHRITIS GETTIN' ANY BETTER, CHIEF?~~

CHIEF: (MAYBE FIFTY) My arthritis is gettin' better all the time.  
It's me who's gettin' worse..

JOHN: Aren't you tired of that joke yet?

CHIEF: You sound like your girl stood you up - or you ain't got a  
~~show - which is it?~~

(LARGE CARDS FLIPPED AS)

JOHN: Anything new in these missing persons cards?....<sup>Chief</sup>(SLIGHT  
TAKE) You got a notation on here marked today -

CHIEF: Which card?

JOHN: Rubio..Tony Rubio...Reported wife <sup>Rose</sup> missing early in <sup>November</sup>~~October~~.  
Today's date on here - what's it mean?

CHIEF: The missing woman's mother called today -

JOHN: Rose Rubio's mother?

CHIEF: Said her daughter's been gone six weeks. Her daughter wasn't  
that kind of woman. Said she ran into Tony Rubio this  
morning and he looked like he always looked -

JOHN: What'd she expect him to look like?



CHIEF: Search me -- but parents are parents ...

JOHN: Yeah ... What do you think?

CHIEF: What about?

JOHN: This Rubio?

CHIEF: What's to think? He comes in, reports his wife missing, says he doesn't know where she went, says she took some clothes in a bag, her wedding ring and a diamond watch he gave her ... It's all on the card --

JOHNNY: Yeah ... It's - all on the card -

CHIEF: (SLIGHT TAKE) Hey - where you goin?

JOHNNY: To sniff around -

CHIEF: On Rubio?

JOHNNY: After six weeks the editor might let me do a followup ... You know - "Mother Weeps For Missing Daughter" -

CHIEF: Hey ... How's about mentioning my name in the story? You know - Chief Burl~~ick~~ says -

JOHNNY: (CUTS IN) Sure. Why not? It'll be as stale as the rest of the story ...

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: So you make your way down to Henderson Street, with the wind eating into you from the shipyards at the foot of the avenue. Tony Rubio's neighborhood consists of a row of two-story brick buildings, one as ugly as the next. You canvass the neighbors first. And you end up with what you usually get from neighbors.

WOMAN I: (ELDERLY) Rose Rubio? Mister, she loved her home and her kid <sup>like a</sup> decent woman or I should drop dead!

NARR: And from the young woman with the pencilled eye-brows you get -

WOMAN II: (YOUNGER) Rose Rubio? She was a nag and a run-around if ever I saw one!

(MUSIC: ACCENT)

WOMAN I: (VICIOUS) Him?! Just look at his dead-pan face and the way he doesn't care and you know he must of killed her!

NARR: And from the other one -

WOMAN 2: Him? All you have to do is look at his dead-pan face and the way he holds it back and you know he still loves her!

(MUSIC: ACCENT...UP AND DOWN UNDER)

NARR: In your mental notebook, John ~~the~~ Connolly, you add up what you've got so far: Neighbor plus neighbor equals nothing... And you can't go back to the office with nothing. So -

(DOORBELL WITH PERSPECTIVE OUTSIDE..REPEAT

DOORBELL AND DOOR OPENS TO)

VINCE: Hi! Who are you? (VINCE IS HOPPED UP AND EXCITED LIKE A KID CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF A WONDERFUL GAME)

JOHN: Hello..I'm John Connolly. I'm a reporter. What's your name?

VINCE: A reporter?! Gee whiz! (CALLS) Hoy, Pa! A reporter!

TONY: (FROM OFF) Shut the door and bring him in, Vincie! You're letting the cold in -

VINCE: (TAKE) Oh gee..Yeah -

(DOOR SHUT)

VINCE: Come on! We're playing bocci <sup>Pa built a small set</sup> in the living room!

JOHN: Bocci?

VINCE: Sure! Bocci! Whatsamatter? Didn't you ever play it?

TONY: (RESERVED) What can I do for you?

JOHN: Are you - Tony Rubio?

TONY: Yeah.. What can I do for you?

JOHN: I - hate to break in like this. I - just happened to be in the neighborhood and I - thought I'd - lock in. I'm from the Observer -

VINCE: A reporter?! a real one?!

JOHN: ~~(LAUGHS) You can pinch me and prove it, Vince. (TAKE) Okay!~~

VINCE: (LAUGHING) Hey, Pa! Hey, Pa! I really fooled him, didn't I?!

JOHN: (LAUGHS) You sure did! Wow, but you're strong for a kid -

VINCE: (SERIOUS) I'm ten -

JOHN: Sorry..I didn't mean to call you a kid -

VINCE: ~~That's OK -~~

TONY: Vince, maybe you better go to bed now. It's almost nine -

VINCE: Oh, gee no, pa! You promised! We ain't even finished! You promised to play me a full game!

TONY: (INDECISIVE) Well, the man here -

JOHN: (CUTS IN) Why don't you go ahead and finish the game, Mr. Rubio? I'd hate to have Vince think me a villain -

VINCE: (DISGUST) Aah! He doesn't want to play just because I'm beating the pants off him, that's why!

TONY: (LAUGHS) I'd better finish the game. Can't have a kid thinking his old man's yellow, eh?

VINCE: (SUDDEN SERIOUS) I didn't say you were yellow, Pa. I never thought you were yellow. Even when Mom used to say --

TONY: (CUTS IN FLAT) Come on, boy...Let's play -

(MUSIC: ACCENT...UP AND DOWN UNDER:)

NARR: The boy's remark is like a tiny crack of light in a dark room - but that's all. It seems to imply that things hadn't gone too well between Tony and Rose Rubio before she disappeared. Well - so what? Do you hang a man because he didn't get along with his wife? Especially a man who's got the respect of his own kid?

~~(ROLLING OF BOCCI BALL AND IT SLAMS OTHER WOODEN BALLS AS...)~~

VINCE: (EXCITED AND LOUD) Did you see that?! Did you?! The Bocci King of Henderson Street!

TONY: (LAUGHS) My turn, King -

(MUSIC: SLIGHT ACCENT, DOWN UNDER:)

NARR: Bocci is an old Italian game played with wooden balls - a little like bowling. They were using a miniature set

~~They had made for his handsome, black-haired boy Vincent...~~

✓ You watch the game, John J. Connolly, and the spirit of the boy warms you and you're almost sorry when the game ends and it's time for Vince to go to bed ...

TONY: Say good-night to Mr. Connolly, Vince -

VINCE: Good night, Mr. -

JOHN: (CUTS IN) Call me Johnny. I'll call you Vince -

VINCE: Swell. Hey, Johnny?

JOHN: What?

VINCE: That big pencil in your pocket. Is that what reporters use?

JOHN: (LAUGHS) When they've got something to use it for. Here - take it -

TONY: (WEAKLY) Vince, you oughtn't to ask for -

VINCE: (SHOUTING) Hey! Look at me! I'm a reporter! Want to see me write a word?!

TONY: (FIRM) Some other time, boy...Now get to bed -

VINCE: OK, Pa...So long, Johnny...

JOHN: Night, Vince -

(DOOR OPENED AND SHUT OFF...BEAT THEN:)

TONY: Some wine?

JOHN: Thanks..

(WINE POURED...THEN - )

TONY: (FLAT) You - heard something about Rose?

JOHN: No....Just -her mother called the police today .....

TONY: Oh...

JOHN: She doesn't like you, does she?

TONY: ..No....

JOHN: If I-get too nosey for you, just tell me to shut up, eh?

TONY: ..Sure..

JOHN: ..With a -nice kid like Vince - I mean it...I like him...

With a kid like that, why'd she run off?

TONY: (BEAT..THEN) It -wasn't the kid.. It was -me..

JOHN: Oh..

TONY: I'm a welder by trade... Some women -expect a lot....

They -don't understand..

JOHN: ..Understand?

TONY: Like -that welding is good work..Respectable work....  
It's seasonal - sometimes you work, sometimes you don't  
but -it's good work...

JOHN: Your -wife didn't like for you to be a welder?

TONY: (BEAT..THEN) It wasn't she didn't - like it...The seasonal  
part got her down...Sometimes I got work, sometimes I  
-ain't....

JOHN: Oh....

TONY: Some women -they get to understand a man does the best he  
knows. Then they figure - when he's out of a job, it isn't  
always his fault. When he's out of a job, maybe he even  
needs a little more - .. a little more - kindness .....  
But Rose - she didn't understand..

JOHN: (BEAT...THEN) You working now?

TONY: (LITTLE IRONIC CHUCKLE) That's the funny thing...Two  
weeks after - after Rose went away, I land a job. Can  
you figure that? Right here -down in the shipyards.....  
Can you figure that?

JOHN: That's the way it goes.....Did -did she have somebody  
else?

TONY: (BEAT..THEN) I -don't know but I - figured maybe.....

JOHN: Anybody -special?

TONY: No -

JOHN: Most people -when somebody's missing ..they call the cops  
once in a while to find out if there's any news.....  
You just -called them that once, six weeks ago.....

TONY: (SLOWLY AS IF THINKING IT THROUGH) I'm -not so sure I -  
want her back.....

(MUSIC: ACCENT DOWN UNDER:)

NARR: Maybe it was the Christmas season, maybe it was because you liked kids - especially kids like Vince who had the fibre of the streets in him....In any case, you used to find yourself passing his school quite often, just when school let out.....Once he said to you -

(STREET B.G.)

VINCE: Hey, Johnny?

JOHN: What?

VINCE: You like chicken farms?

JOHN: Crazy about chicken farms -

VINCE: Boy, my Aunt Josephina has a lulu of a place. Warren County. Maybe 90 miles from here -

JOHN: Oh sure. Warren County's a nice place..

VINCE: Hey! Maybe I'll ask Pop to take you along next time we go. Last time we went was - (BREAKS OFF)

JOHN: What's wrong, Vince?

VINCE: (LOW) Last time we drove out there was the day after Mom - disappeared..

(MUSIC: ACCENT DOWN UNDER)

NARR: Another time, right before Xmas you asked him -

(STREET B.G.....~~KIDS SHOUTING OFF AND ON~~)

JOHN: Hey, Vince...What about Xmas? What would you like me to bring you?

VINCE: (EXCITED) Anything I want?!

JOHN: (LAUGHS) Well...almost anything -

VINCE: A bat! A baseball bat!

JOHN: (EXCITED TOO) No kidding?! You like baseball?! Did I ever tell you I used to be a sports reporter when I was in school?!

VINCE: (CYNICAL) Yeah?! Well, playing is better than writing about it! And I'm on a team - The Henderson Eagles!

JOHN: That's swell! What kind of a bat would you like?!

VINCE: One with DiMaggio's name on it! Just like the one I used to have!

JOHN: (LAUGHS) It's a deal! What happened to the old one?! Did you hit a home-run and smash it up?

VINCE: Naah...Pa burned it up. I found the handle sticking out of the stove the day we came back from Aunt Josephina's. Remember I told you about that?

JOHN: (SHAKY) Y-yeah..I -remember, Vince..

VINCE: I saw the handle sticking out ~~under the stove~~ ~~under the stove~~. So I cried like a kid because it was my favorite bat -

JOHN: What -what did your father say? I mean -why did he burn it up?

VINCE: (CASUAL) Who knows? He said he'd get me another one but he forgot. Will you, Johnny? Honest?! A DiMaggio bat?!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ ACCENT . . . . . DOWNWARD)

~~NARR: On Xmas Day, Johnny Condray, you walk slowly up Henderson Street with a brand new DiMaggio bat under your arm. You keep thinking about a little boy who loves his father. You keep thinking if you don't show up with the bat, the kid'll be hurt, then he'd forget you -but he'd still have his father.... You even turn to walk in the other direction. But finally~~

(DOOR BELL...ONCE MORE.....THEN DOOR OPENS TO:)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ CUT)



VINCE: (DOWN IN THE MOUTH) Oh?.....Hi, Johnny....Come in...  
(DOOR SHUT...THEN:)

JOHN: Merry Xmas, Vince -

VINCE: (LOW) Merry Xmas..

JOHN: Where's your pop?

VINCE: He -had to go out for a while -

JOHN: Something wrong ~~with him~~?

VINCE: I -I found something....~~with him~~.

JOHN: What -did you find?

VINCE: This.....

(SLIGHT PAUSE..THEN:)

VINCE: Mom's watch -

JOHN: Oh...

VINCE: I -was looking in Pa's closet to see -if maybe he had any  
more presents hidden away.....That's -where I found the  
watch..

JOHN: Oh...(TRYING TO BE CHEERFUL BUT CAN'T) Here's your bat..  
Like I promised..

VINCE: It's a beauty, isn't it?... (THEN SUDDENLY AND CLOSE TO  
TEARS) Johnny, why can't you find her?! You're a  
reporter. Why can't you find her?!

(MUSIC:-- STING ...HOLD HIGH... THEN BUZZ ON RECEIVER)

CHIEF: (FILTER) Chief Burlak speaking -

JOHN: Chief, this is -John Connolly -

CHIEF: Well -Merry Xmas, Johnny!

JOHN: Look, Chief..Tomorrow - not today, today's Xmas....  
tomorrow -pick up Tony Rubio for questioning. I'll tell  
you what I know later...And - and I hope to heaven he  
can prove me a liar -a lousy, rotten liar!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ STING AND UP\_TO:)

(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: 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!

ATX01 0172264

(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER:)

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

NARR: The following morning, you -- John Connolly, reporter for the Jersey Observer -- weren't fit to live with. You'd befriended a kid, a kid named Vince Rubio. And he'd told you things as kids will ... things which made it almost definite that his father had done away with his mother ... Were you really the kid's friend -- or were you just pumping him? ... It was a miserable thought -- and you buried it. But on your way to the Chief's office at police headquarters you avoided his neighborhood ...

(DOOR OPENED AND SLAMMED SHUT AS:)

CHIEF: Why didn't you come into the back room? We got him in there --

JOHNNY: I -- just didn't feel like it, that's all ...

CHIEF: OK, OK ... ~~who's kidding you~~ ... Whew! Four hours and he won't crack!

JOHNNY: (ALMOST TO HIMSELF) I'm glad --

CHIEF: (IRKED) What the Saint's Day are you glad about?! You're the one gave us the tip, didn't you?! The missing watch, the kid's baseball bat he burned up -- You gave us the dope, didn't you?!

JOHNNY: (OUTBURST) That's why I'm glad he's not cracking!

CHIEF: I don't understand you! I don't understand you at all!

JOHNNY: (FAST AND HURT) In plain English, I hope ~~to~~ ~~cripes~~ Tony Rubio makes us all out a bunch of lying, snooping busybodies and that he walks out of here a free man so he can ~~go~~ back ~~with~~ his kid! Now do you understand!

(PAUSE)

CHIEF: (SOFTLY) Gimme a cigarette, Johnny ...

JOHNNY: ... (LOW) Here ...

(MATCH STRUCK ... THEN:)

CHIEF: (BLOWS OUT SMOKE) I'm -- going back in there with Rubio as soon as I finish this cigarette ... (GENTLY) Take a walk, Johnny ... Try the fresh air ... Take a good deep breath ...

(MUSIC: ACCENT ... UNDER )

NARR: You walk -- and you wonder, about the terrible tricks life sometimes plays ... Like making a kid responsible for trapping his own father in a murder ... like making a reporter who loves kids the one to hurt a kid most ... After a while, the freezing weather drives you back to headquarters ...

CHIEF: Feeling better? *Johnny*

JOHN: No ... What'd you do? Give up on him?

CHIEF: No ... He's sticking to his story -- he'd made a mistake about the watch ... thought his wife had taken it with her but he guesses she didn't --

JOHN: ... What -- about the bat he burned?

CHIEF: He'd been mixing paint with it, he says ... That's why he burned it --

JOHN: What are you gonna do?

CHIEF: Go downstairs *down*

JOHN: To the garage? ... What - for?

CHIEF: We brought in his car ... If he killed his wife, he must have taken her somewhere for burial ... Maybe we'll find something in his car. We usually do --

(MUSIC: ACCENT ... DOWN UNDER:)

~~(SOUNDING STEPS UNDER:)~~

JOHN: Which -- one is it?

CHIEF: A 1941 sedan ... That green one there --

(STEPS ... CUT TO SOUND OF CAR DOOR OPENED:)

CHIEF: Hold the flashlight for me, will you, Johnny?

JOHN: Sure ...

(SOUNDS AS OF SEAT BEING LIFTED AND SUDDEN HONK OF

HORN)

CHIEF: Sorry ... Must of leaned against the horn --

(SEAT BACK IN PLACE)

CHIEF: Front seat's clean ... Let's try the back --

(SHUFFLED STEP WITH CAR DOOR OPENED)

CHIEF: Hold the light a little closer, will you?

JOHN: How's this?

~~CHIEF: Better ...~~

(SEAT LIFTED ... THEN: *behind the seat*)

CHIEF: Funny the things can collect in an old car ... Look at this -- a rubber ball, an old lollypop, a top and two pennies ...

JOHN: ... The -- kid probably stuffed them ~~behind the seat~~ *in there* ...

Kids --- like to do that ...

CHIEF: Yeah ... (SIGHS) Well, she's clean as a whistle ... No spots, no cleaning fluid rings --

(BOTH CAR DOORS SLAMMED SHUT)

JOHN: ... How - about the trunk?

CHIEF: Yeah ...

(SHUFFLED STEPS AND THEN LOUD SQUEAK AS TRUNK DOOR IS LIFTED INTO PLACE)

JOHN: (BEAT) That's - queer, isn't it?  
CHIEF: Yeah ... A car as old as this usually has a pretty messy trunk ... Like mine --  
JOHN: It's - repainted, isn't it?  
CHIEF: Looks like it ... Red lead ...  
JOHN: And a new floor mat ...  
CHIEF: What - do you think?  
JOHN: I - don't know ...  
CHIEF: If there was any blood in here, the red lead would sure cover it over --  
JOHN: ... Except in one place --  
CHIEF: What do you mean?  
JOHN: Look at the red lead <sup>near</sup> on the bottom of that spare tire --  
~~CHIEF: What about ...~~  
JOHN: It means he - painted around the tire ... Here ... You hold <sup>the flashlight</sup> the light ...  
CHIEF: What are you going to do?  
JOHN: Remove the tire -  
(WRENCH UNSCREWING BOLT THAT HOLDS TIRE ... CLUNK OF BOLTS ... THEN)  
CHIEF: Want a hand with ~~the tire?~~  
JOHN: (STRAINING) No ... I - can lift it out -  
(SCRAPE AS TIRE IS LIFTED AND BUMP AS ITS PLACED ON THE FLOOR)  
JOHN: Shine the light into the space where the tire stood ...  
(SHUFFLED STEP OR TWO ... )  
(SLIGHT PAUSE ... THEN:)



CHIEF: (LOW) I'll - get the chemist to - come down and look at those - blotches ...

(MUSIC: ACCENT ... DOWN UNDER:)

NARR: You knew what the chemist would say ... Blood, human blood ... An hour later, you followed Chief Burling into the room where Tony Rubio was being held ...

JOHNNY: Tony --

TONY: Uh? ... Oh ... It's you, Johnny --

JOHNNY: Yeah ...

CHIEF: Tony, we've gone through your car --

TONY: My - my car?

CHIEF: We had it brought in ... It's downstairs in our garage --

TONY: Oh ....

JOHN: ~~It's the car~~, Tony ... They - found blood in the trunk ... You - forgot to paint the place where your spare tire stood ...

(MUSIC: STING HIGH ... DOWN UNDER:)

NARR: In a little while, the official police stenographer ~~checked~~ <sup>came</sup> ~~his stenotype machine~~ in and Tony Rubio began his confession.

TONY: (LOW AND ALMOST BEYOND FEELING) We'd been - quarreling ... Me and Rose ...

CHIEF: What about?

TONY: Work and - money ... Like I - told you that night, Johnny --

JOHNNY: ... Sure, Tony ... Sure -

TONY: I left the house maybe seven o'clock that morning ... to make the rounds -

CHIEF: Looking for work?

TONY: Work ... But I - didn't find any ... I - came home around nine o'clock -

CHIEF: In the morning?

TONY: Morning ... Rose was - in bed ... She asked me - did I find anything? I said no ... She - called me a - bum ... (STOPS)

JOHN: What - did you do?

TONY: I called her a bum back ... "You're more of a bum than me," I said. At least I stay with the kid while - you run around," I said ...

JOHN: (BEAT) Where - was Vince?

TONY: In - school ... They had a - play that day and he was in it ...

JOHN: Oh ...

CHIEF: What happened then?

TONY: She got sore and - jumped out of bed. She - ran into the kitchen and grabbed a bread knife. I - saw what she was going to do so I - ran down in the cellar ...

CHIEF: She - followed you?

TONY: With the knife ... I - saw Vince's bat standing in a corner near the coal bin ... I - grabbed it and - tried to knock the knife from her hands ... She got away and ran upstairs to - our bedroom ...

JOHN: Did you try to talk her into - laying down the knife?

TONY: She was - like crazy. She - wouldn't listen ... When she came at me again with the knife I - hit her with the bat --

CHIEF: ... Did it - kill her?

TONY: Yeah?

ATX01 0172270

CHIEF: Then - what?

TONY: I - got two burlap bags from the cellar and - a piece of blue material ... I - wrapped her up and put her in the back of the - car ...

CHIEF: What - then?

TONY: That's - all ...

CHIEF: Where'd you take her?

TONY: ... I'm - tired ...

CHIEF: But her body? Where'd you bury it?

TONY: ... I'm - awful tired, ~~Johnny~~ *Tell you* ...

CHIEF: But you must have buried it somewhere! Come on. Be a good guy. Tell us where you buried the body -

TONY: (BLOWS UP ON VERGE OF TEARS) Can't you - see I'm tired?! Leave me alone! You've got enough, haven't you?! Leave me alone!

CHIEF: (BEAT ... THEN) OK ... Give him a cigarette and take him *back* to <sup>his</sup> cell ...

(MUSIC: - ACCENT ... DOWN UNDER:)

NARR: You went back to your office, wrote your story, went home, stretched out on your bed, shut your eyes tight - and prayed that it was all over. But you were wrong, Johnny Connolly. Life had one more bitter trick up its sleeve -

(PHONE...RINGS AGAIN...THEN RECEIVER UP:)

JOHN: (IRRITABLE) John Connolly speaking -

CHIEF: (WORRIED) Johnny, Chief ~~Burlak~~. I'm sorry to bother you like this -

JOHN: OK, OK...What's the matter?

CHIEF: Listen, Johnny - he won't tell us what he did with his wife -

JOHN: Well what do you want me to do?

CHIEF: Johnny, you don't understand. If he won't lead us to the body, if we can't produce ~~the body~~ <sup>it</sup> it's next to impossible to get a conviction!

*John*  
CHIEF: (BEAT...THEN) Why - won't he tell?

CHIEF: That's it. I don't know. Listen, Johnny. We've got to find that body. I - was hoping maybe you would come down and -

JOHN: Why me?

CHIEF: Well, seeing the way you - got his confidence I thought maybe he might -

JOHN: (GRUMBLE) All right... I'll - be there... *all right*

(MUSIC: ACCENT... DOWN UNDER:)

NARR: You crawled into your car and started down to headquarters. ..Why was Tony holding back? Why wouldn't he tell where he'd buried his wife?. Almost against your will, your mind began retracing what you knew about Tony - and the talks you'd had with Vincie. And suddenly-you knew. Suddenly, you remembered walking home from school with the boy and his saying.....

VINCIE: Hey, Johnny! You like chicken farms?! Boy, my aunt Josephine has a lulu of a place out in Warren County... Last time we - drove out there was the day after Mom - disappeared...

(MUSIC: STING HIGH....DOWN UNDER)

NARR: For one wild moment, you feel like slamming the car around and going home! For one crazy minute, you figure if you don't tell and the body isn't found Vince'll have his father back! .....After a while, you know you must. So you keep on ~~the~~ <sup>do</sup> police headquarters....

CHIEF: (EXCITED) You sure, Johnny?! You positive?!

JOHN: (LOW) Pretty much...

CHIEF: ~~Crises!~~ You know what that means?! It means the guy had the nerve to --

JOHN: (CUTS IN) I know, I know.... It means he took his - kid for a joy ride into the country with the kid's mother - dead in the trunk of the car....

CHIEF: ....You - want to go back to his cell with me when I -ask him about burying the body on that chicken farm?

JOHN: (BEAT...THEN) No...

CHIEF: You - think he'll confess?

JOHN: He'll confess....

(MUSIC: ACCENT....DOWN UNDER;) )

NARR: He did. Tony Rubio told the police how he buried his wife. He had made some excuse to his son and sister-in-law and had driven by himself to the other end of the farm. When the police drove him out there, Tony refused to look at his wife's body....

(MUSIC: SLIGHT ACCENT...DOWN UNDER)

NARR: You waited a week after the full story broke, John Connolly. And then you sat down and wrote the toughest letter you've ever had to write in your young life...

JOHN: ..Dear Vince, I - don't know what anybody's told you about what happened - or about me. I -guess you've had about the toughest break any kid could ever have. But maybe I -can help you a little. I - want to -be your friend, Vince, I want to - see you and - have fun with you. If you feel you can - trust me, call me, Vince, Call me anytime and I'll knock off and be with you.....(SIGNED) - Johnny...

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from John Connolly, of the Jersey Observer with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ TURN TABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #211

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!

ATX01 0172275

(MUSIC: -- TAG . . .)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from John G. Connolly of the Jersey Observer.

CONNOLLY: Murderer in tonight's Big Story claimed self-defense at his trial. But fact that he carried his wife's body to the far end of the state and buried her weighed heavily against him. He was convicted of first degree murder and is doing life. *How sorry so say I never heard from him again.* Many thanks for tonight's Pell Mell Award ...

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Connolly ... 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 Miami Florida Herald by-line Henry Reno. A BIG STORY about a reporter who loved puzzles of all kinds until he faced one he almost didn't solve.

(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 Abram S. Gennes from an actual story from the front pages of the Hoboken, N.J. Jersey Observer. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and John Sylvester played the part of John ~~G.~~ Connolly. 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. Connolly.

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

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

CHAPPELL: One tiny burning ember from a camp fire ... a lighted and discarded match or cigarette left to smolder or thrown from a car window can cause a frightfully destructive forest fire. So, no matter where you go, do your part to prevent forest fires that destroy millions of acres of timberland ... cripple watersheds ... and blast our natural resources that are so urgently needed now. Remember, only you can prevent forest fires.  
THIS IS NBC . . . THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #212

CAST

NARRATOR  
MRS. MAJOR  
RENO  
REWRITE  
CLAY  
LIEUTENANT  
DRINER  
PIGNOLA

BOB SLOAN  
BARBARA WEEKS  
GRANT RICHARDS  
SCOTT TENNYSON  
SCOTT TENNYSON  
PHIL STERLING  
GIL MACK  
GIL MACK

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1951

ATX01 0172278

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#212

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

APRIL 18, 1951

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ FANFARE)

RENO: All right. That's the lead. Now for the details -- you still there, rewrite?

REWRITE: (FILTER) Yeah, yeah. Go ahead.

RENO: Okay. Examination of the room -- ~~dust, condition of the windows, so on and so on~~ -- proved to the satisfaction of the police that -- taken together with the condition of both corpses -- the murders had been committed at least three, and maybe as far back as five, weeks ago. Also --

REWRITE: (FILTER) Wait a minute, Henry.

RENO: ~~Wait -- look, you're riding a deadline, kid --~~

REWRITE: (FILTER) ~~Will you wait a minute, please?~~ The boss has a question.

RENO: Shoot.

REWRITE: (FILTER) He wants to know how -- if you found the man hanging in the closet, you know it was a double murder, and not a murder-and-suicide combo.

RENO: You ask the boss if he ever heard of anybody committing suicide -- ~~in a closet, upside down~~ -- by hanging himself upside down!

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

ATX01 0172279

-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.  
(PAUSE: COLD AND FLAT) Miami, Florida...From the pages  
of the Miami Herald -- the story of a reporter and an  
upside down corpse. ~~And~~ for his work -- to Henry Reno  
for his BIG STORY goes the PELL MELL AWARD!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ TURN-TABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0172280

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: Miami, Florida. The story as it actually happened.  
Henry Reno's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: The night beat. Not so lonesome down here in Miami.  
Not during what they call -- in quotes -- "The season."  
Plenty to keep you, Henry Reno, crime reporter for the  
Miami Herald up to your ears in the stuff that makes  
headlines the next day. To say nothing of feeding  
an occasional bulletin to the radio side. Anyhow,  
this particular night, there was nothing on your mind  
~~but whether the shorts you'd swim in today would be~~  
~~any in time to let you swim in 'em tomorrow.~~ But  
outside town -- they were cooking up work for you..  
grist for your mill....like this...

(FROM UNDER, CAR PULLS UP TO ENGINE-RUNNING STOP.  
FOOTSTEPS UP BOARD WALK TO DOOR KNOCKING..AFTER A  
WHILE DOOR OPENS...)

MRS. MAJOR: (VERY SOUTHERN) ~~Hummmmm?~~ *Yes?*

DRIVER: (NORTHERN) Sorry to bother you so late, Ma'am -- but  
~~we~~ *I* saw your sign -- cabins for rent -- and ~~we~~ *I* wondered --

MRS. MAJOR: Oh land. We're full up, mister. Absolutely full.

DRIVER: Are you sure? ~~I mean, we got three kids in the car,~~  
~~and --~~

MRS. MAJOR: Dead sure, Mister. ~~Not a cabin empty.~~ I'm awful sorry,  
but ~~that's~~ *that's* the way it is. It's the season, you know.

DRIVER: ~~I know.~~ But ~~we~~ *I* been driving all day and most of the  
night, ~~and the kids are drivin' us crazy,~~ and ~~we~~ *I* got  
to find a place to stay, ~~I mean we just got to~~

*to the person you know*

MRS. MAJOR: Sure wish I could help you, but --- wait. Listen.. Would you mind staying in a place belongs to some other folks? I mean, the linen ain't been changed, the place ain't been cleaned --

DRIVER: Lady -- ~~not~~ <sup>to</sup> sleep in a stable -- with horses!

MRS. MAJOR: Mister, my place is no stable! Horseplayers we got ... but horses, no. The thing is, the folks who rent this place are off on a trip. ~~Now for mebbe a dollar or so extra, no questions asked, I could let your stay there --~~

DRIVER: ~~but just this night --~~ <sup>please</sup> Just this night is all ~~we~~ <sup>2</sup> ask! ~~As for the dollar --~~ ~~anything is better than that thirty bucks a day court~~

MRS. MAJOR: All right, all right! ~~That~~ right this way.

(FOOTSTEPS UP AND BOARDS, UNDER)

MRS. MAJOR: (OVER FOOTSTEPS) The folks who rent it, they're a couple, they're off travelin'. Haven't paid any rent for it must be a month now, but I'm holding it for 'em. Nice folks. Don't suppose they'd mind here we are...

(KEYS JINGLING, FITTED INTO LOCK. DOOR OPENS)

DRIVER: ~~How about a shirt?~~

MRS. MAJOR: ~~Mebbe a skunk gettin'.~~ Where's that light ~~string?~~ <sup>in it?</sup>

(LIGHT CLICKS)

MRS. MAJOR: There. That's better. Now you can see the -- (A GASP)  
Oh Lord --

DRIVER: Is that -- is that -- Golly, I'm gettin' out of here!

(FOOTSTEPS RUN AWAY, ~~AND AS CAR TAKES OFF~~)

MRS. MAJOR: (SCREAMS) Wait! Wait! Don't leave me alone with no corpse!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: And that -- around two a.m. -- is where you come in Henry Reno with the police. All they know is what you yourself can see -- the body of a middled-aged woman sitting upright in a big easy chair -- with the marks of violent death on her bloated face. Hammer marks. You know enough to keep out of the way of the police while they work -- but there's no law that says you can't poke around yourself, ~~out of their way. Later, you'll talk to Mrs. Meyer, the landlady. But now, something you'd better not mess with. So on.~~

RENO: (UP) Lieutenant!

LIEUTENANT: (OFF) ~~Later, later!~~

RENO: (UP) ~~I think it's a body, Lieutenant!~~ I found something.

(FOOTSTEPS COMING ON)

LIEUTENANT: What'd you find?

RENO: That rope, sticking out the closet door.

LIEUTENANT: Oh-oh.

(DOOR OPENS)

LIEUTENANT: (LOW) Holy cat. ~~A double-headed~~ *Another body*

RENO: What a mess. Look. The rope runs ~~from his neck~~ over that hook to the --

LIEUTENANT: (SNARL) Don't touch it!

RENO: I was just pointing --

LIEUTENANT: All right, all right! You've got everything you want go phone your story in.



RENO: Sure, but *-- low about --*

LIEUTENANT: No buts. Come on. Out. ~~Everybody out.~~ The whole thing can wait ~~till morning.~~ *till the medical examinee gets* They been here three, four weeks already -- they can stay here one night more...

RENO: Anything you say, lieutenant. Just one thing. Do you figure it for --

LIEUTENANT: Murder and suicide, I call it.

RENO: Wanna bet? (BEAT) You ever hear of a man committing suicide by hanging himself upside down!

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO FOR)

NARR: You phone the story in --- and stay out there. Now the police have gone, you can talk to the landlady. The basic facts, she has given to the cops: the couple, a Mr. and Mrs. Severn, were just plain nice folks, down for "the season." Retired folks, friendly people. Any friends?

MRS. MAJOR: Well, one particularly. A young fellow. Young enough to be their son.

RENO: Name of ---?

MRS. MAJOR: Clay. Colton Clay.

RENO: What was the association between them?

MRS. MAJOR: Oh...just friends. Lived with 'em off and on. ~~You know...slept on the daybed. I never charged 'em for that.~~

RENO: ~~Of course not. What did they do together?~~

MRS. MAJOR: Oh. . .they went to the ~~clubs.~~ *clubs together* . . . to the Hi-Li. . . to the clubs. That sort of thing.

RENO: Would you say he was a tout, a gambling type?

MRS. MAJOR: Mr. Severn?

RENO: No. This Colton Clay.

MRS. MAJOR: No, I wouldn't. If he was, I wouldn't let him near the place.

RENO: Hmm. (RUSTLE OF PAPER) What's this paper you've got on the sink here. Looks like a racing form.

MRS. MAJOR: (WITH A CRUMPLE) Gimme that! I'm not gonna tell you anything more!

RENO: I'm sorry, Mrs. Major. I should've minded my manners. You're being very helpful.

MRS. MAJOR: Well all right then. But don't make no more cracks.

RENO: I won't. As a matter of fact, I only have a couple more questions -- if you don't mind...

MRS. MAJOR: ~~Don't mind at all. It's kind of exciting.~~

RENO: ~~Well, then just this.~~ Could you describe this Colton Clay for me?

MRS. MAJOR: Well. . .let's ee. 'Bout your heighth --

RENO: Five seven, say?

MRS. MAJOR: Uh-hmm. Light brown hair. . .small little bitty toothbrush moustache. . . kind of slender. That's about it.

RENO: And how about Mr. Severn? What did he look like?

MRS. MAJOR: Now that's a funny thing. Now you call it to mind, he looked like Colton Clay, only older. Same size, same moustache -- only speckledy gray....same built.... same color hair, too, except where it'd gone gray -- but you seen the body --

RENO: No. The police shut the place up without taking the body down. (PAUSE) All right, Mrs. Major. I won't bother you any more -- except, do you know where Clay is now?

MRS MAJOR: Nope.

RENO: How long is it since you've seen him?

MRS MAJOR: 'Bout four weeks.

RENO: You said you hadn't seen the Severns for about five weeks. You mean Clay was around after they left?

MRS MAJOR: Uh-huh. As a matter of fact, it was him who told me they were travelin' around. (PAUSE) Say -- do you think he done it?

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

NARR: The city desk, when you phone in this stuff, thinks, that you'd better stick around until the police re-open the cottage the next morning. Looks as though you're going to lose a day's sleep over this. But you don't waste the time. The other inhabitants of the cottage area are too excited to sleep - so you phone in what you got from them - about Colton Clay.

RENO: (FILTER) He was the kind of guy, according to Mrs. George Kibulik, of New Bedford, Massachusetts, who -- and I quote -- "would bet you on whether the next car would come up the highway, or down."

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

RENO: (SAME) Edward Cohan, of Richmond, Virginia, says  
~~described the missing man as~~ quote --  
 "the kind of fellow who'd bet you double or nothing  
 on the last number on any bill in your pocket being  
 odd or even."

(MUSIC: SARCASTIC STING)

RENO: Everett Ross of White Plains, New York says ~~quote~~  
 in baseball he'd bet you on balls and strikes.  
~~bowling, he'd bet you on a balling, a frame, a single~~  
~~pin.~~ A dime or a dollar, it was all the same to  
 him. ~~End quote.~~ (PAUSE) ~~Me~~  
~~SARCASTIC~~

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: But this is just stalling for time. The real lead  
 is going to come when the police open ~~up~~ the murder  
 cottage. And when they do --

(DOOR OPEN)

RENO: Hya, Lieutenant. Remember me?

LIEUTENANT: How'd you get here so fast?

RENO: Stayed all night. Look, I've got a line on a young  
 fellow who was pretty friendly with the Severns --

LIEUTENANT: I know! Colton Clay. ~~We got off that from~~  
 Mrs. Major. You gonna be a good boy and leave the  
 detecting to us?

RENO: Okay by me. I don't get paid for it, anyhow.

LIEUTENANT: That's better.

RENO: ~~So, going back to my own business,~~ have you got  
 a wanted out for Clay?

LIEUTENANT: Yup. And ~~checked all the gambling joints,~~ what's  
~~more, and never found him --~~

RENO: ~~Why, Lieutenant, do you mean to stand there and  
tell me gambling actually exists in our fair city!~~

LIEUTENANT: ~~Come off it, come off it.~~

RENO: All right, <sup>then</sup> what are we waiting for?

LIEUTENANT: Medical examiner, When we open that closet again,  
I want him there. So --

(PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP)

LIEUTENANT: Hello! (PAUSE) Yeah -- right here. It's for you,  
Reno. How'd they know the number?

RENO: I gave it to the desk last night. ~~You mind?~~

LIEUTENANT: ~~Yeah, you make me sick.~~

(FOOTSTEPS OFF AND CONVERSATION IN B.G. AS

~~DOOR OPENS~~)

RENO: Hello, desk.

REWRITE: (FILTER) Listen, Henry. The boss is sore at you.

RENO: Now what?

REWRITE: (FILTER) He just saw your lead. What's the idea  
of not identifying the man's corpse? You say --  
"The bodies of Mrs. Arnold Severn and a man  
believed to be Mr. Severn -- "

RENO: I know what I said, I know what I said! What's  
wrong with that!

REWRITE: (FILTER) Well, the boss says if that's reporting  
he'll eat his hat. ~~The boss says -- and I'm not sure --~~  
what is all this bushwah about 'Believed to be?'  
Is he is, asks the boss, or is he ain't Mr. Severn.

RENO: Look, I will give you the answer in just ten seconds.  
The medical examiner <sup>just arrived</sup> is opening the closet right  
now -- (SOUND: DOOR OPENS OFF) Hold the phone.

(FOOTSTEPS OVER)

RENO: (LOW) What's the word, Lieutenant? Is it Severn?

LIEUTENANT: (LOW) Give the doc time to turn him over. Why?  
Who else could it be?

RENO: Clay.

LIEUTENANT: Now what kind of a crack is that? What makes you --  
(PAUSE) Oh, no (COMPLETELY BEAT) ~~no, no~~

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, PHONE CLICKS)

RENO: (LOW) Rewrite, Listen. ~~That lead goes and~~ that  
lead stays! Police for the first time saw the face  
of the second corpse --

REWRITE: (FILTER) Gotcha -

RENO: (LOW) And for the information of the boss -- he  
can start swallowing his ~~stomach~~ <sup>gut</sup>. Due to the  
rather devastating effect of a shotgun blast, my  
friend -- the corpse has no face. ~~and you can't see~~

(MUSIC:        HIT AND GO 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.

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

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

NARR: You, Henry Reno, are covering a double murder. One corpse, a woman ... the other, a man ... both found in a rented cottage and supposedly missing is a friend of the people who rent the cottage, named Colton Clay. Your paper's been yelling for an identification on the man's body -- but when the police hauled it out of the closet in which you'd found it hanging -- head down -- the face was shot off. Result? The desk hollers --

REWRITE: (FILTER) The boss says get an identification or don't come back! ~~All the other papers and the wire services are saying it's Mr. Severn. Get some identification, hurry, or you're outta here!~~

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

RENO: Easier said than done, huh Lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT: Yeah. But the doc says he'll have an autopsy by tomorrow --

RENO: Just for the record, how can you tell if it's Severn or Clay from that?

LIEUTENANT: Well, take the bones, for instance. Old folks' bones are different from young folks. Don't worry...the doc'll have the answer tomorrow.

RENO : That's the trouble. In the newspaper business, they want everything yesterday.

LIEUTENANT: That's your worry. Want a ride into town?



RENO: No thanks. I'll stick around here a little longer.  
If I get anything new, I'll let you know.

LIEUTENANT: Listen to him!

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

NARRATOR: The cops gone, there are two things you have to do.  
The first is easily done. All it costs is ---

RENO: ---four and one is five. That enough for a day's rent,  
Mrs. Major?

MRS. MAJOR: Sure, sure. But why anybody'd want to stay in a  
place where people been murdered left and right --

RENO: Newspapermen, Mrs. Major. They're crazy.

MRS. MAJOR: Well . . . anything else you need?

RENO: No thanks. Just a little solitude.

MRS. MAJOR: Hmm. All right then....

(DOOR SHUTS)

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

NARR: Now you're ready to do the other thing. From a slip of  
folded copy paper, you take out something the  
Lieutenant didn't see you snip off the corpse's head --  
what was left of it -- that is. And this, now <sup>that</sup> Mrs.  
Major's gone, you take into the cabin's kitchen....  
You turn on the faucet --

(WATER RUNS)

NARR: And hold it under the water a moment. Then--

(WATER OFF)

NARR: You carefully dry it on a towel. And then--

(DOOR THRUST OPEN)

RENO: (YELLS) Mrs. Major -- Mrs. Major!

MRS. MAJOR: (A LITTLE OFF) Huh?

RENO: (UP) Could you come here a minute -- just one minute?

MRS. MAJOR: Why sure.

(FOOTSTEPS)

MRS. MAJOR: What's the trouble?

RENO: Look. I got this from the man's corpse when the police weren't looking.

MRS. MAJOR: Oooh, I think I'm gonna be sick ---

RENO: It's all right. It won't hurt you. Please -- you knew Mr. Severn and Colton Clay. This lock of hair -- who would you say it was from?

MRS. MAJOR: Well ....from the -- the sandiness, like -- I'd say Clay -- but -- lemme see closer--

RENO: Sure -- sure --

MRS. MAJOR: Nope. Look there. There's a gray one. It's Mr. Severn all right. (PAUSE: CHOKED) ~~That's...~~

RENO: ~~What's that?~~

MRS. MAJOR: (VERY SOFT) <sup>Turn</sup> Just seeing that little bitty snippet of hair . . . it makes me realize he's really gone, ~~more than seeing him dead, all beat up and bloody,~~ ~~that really makes me realize that little snippet of~~ hair . . .

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ MOURN AND GO)

NARR: But that little snippet of hair is your story -- your identification of the upside <sup>down</sup> corpse as Severn <sup>definitely</sup> -- 24 hours ahead of the police autopsy -- and the opposition. You phone that in <sup>but</sup> ~~though~~ . . . you don't give up the murder cabin. You linger a little longer -- going over it inch by inch. And again -- you find something--and again, Mrs. Major comes in handy....

RENO: Mrs. Major, do folks ever use this fireplace?  
MRS. MAJOR: Funny you should ask that. One of the last things  
Mr. Severn asked me was did it work.

RENO: And?

MRS. MAJOR: I told him no, there wasn't a flue, or whatever you  
call it.

RENO: And?

MRS. MAJOR: Well, they asked me if I could have it fixed so  
it would. Work, that is --

RENO: Uh-huh.

MRS. MAJOR: And I told 'em if they wanted to pay for it,  
well all right.

RENO: So?

MRS. MAJOR: So they said they would, and I promised to get a  
mason in.

RENO: Just one thing. Was Clay around when this happened?  
I mean, did he know about it, the fireplace job?

MRS. MAJOR: Why yes. I believe he was. Yes, he was, I'm sure.  
Why?

RENO: I don't know -- yet. The point is, who was that  
stonemason? ~~The job was done, obviously, the~~  
~~cement here is fresher, lighter than the cement around~~  
~~the outside.~~

MRS. MAJOR: Sure. They don't build as good nowadays as they used  
to. Costs you more and you get less---

RENO: His name, Mrs. Major -- the stonemason's name?

MRS. MAJOR: ~~Pignola~~ Joe Pignola. Lives right down the road --  
thataway.

(MUSIC: UP AND DOWN THE ROAD THATAWAY AND UNDER FOR)

RENO: What do you mean, a special job, Joe?

PIGNOLA: Well . . . the old man says he might as well kill two birds with one stonemason. Fix the flue -- make a safe.

RENO: What do you mean, a safe.

PIGNOLA: Safe, safe. Like for money, safe. You look inside, I fixed up kind of two loose bricks, you know --

RENO: And you built a safe in there! I get it!

PIGNOLA: Not a real safe -- just a safe place. The old man explained to me, all the money they got, they got with them -- .

RENO: What's wrong with banks?

PIGNOLA: Oh, you know old folks, Some folks like sugar bowls, some folks like mattresses -- this Mr. Severn, he likes fireplace safes. So I built him a safe.

RENO: (QUIET) Joe -- I think you built better than you knew.

PIGNOLA: Huh?

RENO: Yeah. I think you built a scaffold. Come on, Joe. Show me that safe.

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

PIGNOLA: Right here. You reach in here -- (GRUNT) Like this -- you pull out this brick -- like this -- (GRUNT) and you --

RENO: Wait! Take my handkerchief --

PIGNOLA: What for? It ain't hot --

RENO: Fingerprints, fingerprints!

PIGNOLA: Mebbe you better do it. Just reach in.

RENO: Okay.

(SCRAPE SCRAPE)

Got it.

(SCRAPE OF TIN BOX ON STONE)

PIGNOLA: That's her. Just an old tin box. But safe.

RENO: Yeah. (PAUSE) Thanks, Joe. I got my motive.

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

NARRATOR: ~~Even the Lieutenant is impressed. It's just a~~  
~~problem in arithmetic now -- adding one and one together~~

RENO: <sup>One ~~was~~ it stacks up (1)</sup>  
Clay knew the old man was having the fireplace done.

LIEUTENANT: Two -- he knew the old man kept his money there.  
Probably saw him stash away his winnings -- if he won.  
Or draw to pay off losses -- bets --

RENO: Yeah. And Clay took advantage of their being away  
to tap the till --

LIEUTENANT: Got caught by surprise -- and killed 'em.

RENO: Maybe. More likely, he realized they'd know he was  
the only one who knew about the box -- except the  
stonemason -- and would know, when the cash turned up  
missing, he'd taken it. So he killed 'em first.  
In cold blood. (BIG SIGH) Okay, lieutenant.  
There's your case -- complete with fingerprints --

LIEUTENANT: Not necessarily. This'll be a tough one to crack -- *Ren*  
*even* if we ~~over~~lay our hands on Clay --

RENO: Why? I mean, honestly. It looks pretty solid to me.  
Find Clay, see if his fingerprints match the ones on  
the box -- and you've got your killer. I mean, with all  
the other evidence --

LIEUTENANT: All circumstantial, ~~Henry, all of circumstantial~~  
No sir. Can't hang a man on circumstantial evidence.  
Not in this state. (CHUCKLE) No. We'll need a  
confession -- if we find Clay. Come on. Cokes are  
on me.

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

NARRATOR: A week passes . . . two . . . three . . . a month.  
Dust begins to gather on the wanted cards. Then --  
a phone call from the Lieutenant.

LIEUT: (FILTER) Henry -- we got an information from Memphis.  
They raided a gambling joint there, and picked up a  
fellow named Chester Clark. Answers description of our  
boy Clay. Wanna fly up there with me for the look-see?

RENO: Chester Clark. C. C. Colton Clay. Could be.

LIEUT: (FILTER) I said, do you want to fly up with me?  
I'm taking Mrs. Major along.

RENO: Okay, Lieutenant. You've got a chaperone.

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

NARR: Two days later -- you're back in Miami. Good old  
Mrs. Major. She took one look at the unlucky gambler--  
and said Angrammatically if dramatically

MRS. MAJOR: That's him.

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

NARR: And what story did Clay alias Clark alias about  
twenty other C-names, ~~depending on what~~  
~~was playing at the time~~ -- what story did he spill  
-- and stick to?

CLAY: I didn't do it.

LIEUTENANT: Nuts you didn't do it. How about your fingerprints on the box?

CLAY: What box?

(MUSIC: --- STING)

LIEUTENANT: Come on, Clay. Come clean. Why'd you do it?

CLAY: I didn't do it!

LIEUTENANT: That's what you say! How about that blood they analyzed on your shirt?

CLAY: Cut m'finger on a beer-opener. See? Two stitches.

(MUSIC: --- STING)

LIEUTENANT: ~~(TIRED AS HELL)~~ <sup>OK</sup> Reno.

RENO: Yeah.

LIEUTENANT: Go out and bring me back a double steak. French fries . . . mushrooms . . . ah -- (PAUSE) Clay --

CLAY: (HOARSE) Yeah?

LIEUTENANT: You like salad?

CLAY: (HOARSE) Yeah.

LIEUTENANT: Any special dressing?

CLAY: No. Just mayonnaise. Lots of mayonnaise.

LIEUTENANT: Reno. let's have a nice salad, lots of mayo. The steak, the salad -- Clay --

CLAY: ~~Yeah, yeah --~~

LIEUTENANT: You like pie?

CLAY: No. Ice Cream, I go for ice cream.

LIEUTENANT: Chocolate, vanilla, stromberry --

CLAY: Butter pecan, if they got butter pecan--

LIEUTENANT: Okay, Reno. If they got butter pecan, two on that. Two steaks, two mushrooms with, two salads heavy on the mayo and the ice cream.

RENO: Two.

LIEUTENANT: Yeah. and -- Clay --

CLAY: Yes, Lieutenant, yes --

LIEUTENANT: You smoke ~~cigars~~?

CLAY: I'm dyin' for a smoke--

LIEUTENANT: Reno, the steaks, the mushrooms with, heavy mayo  
on the salads, don't forget the ice cream --

CLAY: Butter pecan --

LIEUTENANT: And a couple of ~~cokes~~ <sup>mushrooms</sup>; (HARD) And bring this  
rat the same thing he's had all along. Ham on rye and  
coffee!

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

NARR: It doesn't work. Nothing works. For days he sticks  
to his story -- I didn't do it, I didn't do it.  
Nothing works. You and the lieutenant take turns  
describing the horror in the murder cottage when you  
~~find~~ <sup>find</sup> it. Lovingly you go over each detail of death's  
devastation -- hoping to break him down. What does it  
get you?

CLAY: ~~That's not fair~~ Ain't that a shame.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ STING)

NARR: Late that night, you're in the Lieutenant's office.  
Even a cop has to get some rest from questioning.  
And a policeman's patience can only last just so long--  
LIEUT: (SUPPRESSED FURY) I tell you, Reno -- I'm gonna  
blow my top. I'm gonna lose my temper with that rat --  
and blow the case sky high!

RENO: Take it easy, Lieutenant. He's got to break.

LIEUT: What's the guy made of -- cast iron?



RENO: Cast iron breaks.

LIEUTENANT: Ah, save the words for the paper.

(PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP)

LIEUTENANT: Hello! (PAUSE) Yeah. Reno -- it's for you.

RENO: Now what do they want. Thanks. (CLICK OF PHONE PASSED OVER) Desk? Oh -- radio. (PAUSE) What do you mean, a closing bulletin. I haven't even got an opening lead. Hold it. (PAUSE) Lieutenant -- they're crying for a new lead for the closing ~~bulletin~~ *newspaper*.

LIEUTENANT: Let 'em cry.

RENO: ~~How about the cold "police continued hopeful" today?~~  
~~hogwash?~~

LIEUTENANT: ~~I'll hogwash you.~~

RENO: Look, radio, I'll ---- (BEAT) (TO HIMSELF) Radio.  
Radio.

LIEUTENANT: You gone bats?

RENO: Radio. (TO PHONE) Listen, radio. I'll call you back in ten minutes.

(PHONE SLAMS DOWN)

Lieutenant --

LIEUTENANT: Now what?

RENO: A brainstorm. Where's the traffic truck?

LIEUTENANT: The what?

RENO: You know -- the big P.A. truck. The one with the mike you used to use to bawl out jaywalkers--

LIEUTENANT: Oh that. Out back. Why?

RENO: Come on -- I'll tell you on the way.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO FOR)

NARR: Twenty minutes later -- you walk into the goldfish bowl -- the questioning room. You and the lieutenant. You walk in -- and you wait. In your arms, you cradle a shotgun. In the Lieutenant's, he caresses a 30-30. And you just stand there <sup>looking at Colton Clay</sup> and wait. After a while --

CLAY: What gives?

SILENCE:

CLAY: Okay, so you won't talk. Neither will I.

SILENCE:

CLAY: You tryin' to scare me?

SILENCE:

CLAY: (A LITTLE QUERULOUS) What're you two made up for -- playin' soldier? Hup, tup, three four -- come on, come on, what is it.

RENO: (QUIET) I think we ought to tell him, Lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT: Yeah, it's only fair.

CLAY: What, what?

LIEUTENANT: Well . . . boy, you're in trouble. (LONG PAUSE)  
Reno here's been drumming up some excitement in the papers about you.

CLAY: So what. I'll clip 'em out and paste 'em in my scrapbook.

LIEUTENANT: No, seriously, fella. I mean excitement. Word's got around town . . . you know . . .

CLAY: No.

LIEUTENANT: Feelings are running pretty high. Folks are saying they don't like the idea of a hoodlum smearing the name of the city, murdering innocent tourists.

CLAY: So what? So what?

RENO: So listen.

NARR: (WHISPER) In the silence, you walk to the window and light a cigarette. And it begins. (IT DOES) Low in the distance -- a light grumbling. The grumbling becomes a growling -- the growling, a heavy mutter....and there it is, baying now fullthroated right beneath the single high window of the goldfish bowl -- the mob!

(ROAR, OFF, OF A MOB, AND BEHIND)

CLAY: It's a trick --

(CLAY ~~OF RING BOLT PULLED BACK~~)

LIEUTENANT: ~~(LOW)~~ Better cock that shotgun, Reno. This is terrible.

(BUILD UP MOB, ADD CARS ROLLING UP)

RENO: That's what I was afraid of. Cars.

LIEUTENANT: Terrible. Terrible.

CLAY: (CHOKED) No. No. *Don't let 'em* They're not gonna take me!

LIEUTENANT: (SOOTHING) Quiet, boy. It's all right. Too late now. Must be hundreds of 'em out there.

CLAY: (NEAR HYSTERIA) It's not too late! Anything you wanna know, anything! I did it, that what you wanted to know? I did it!

(BUILD SOUND AGAIN - ADD THUMPING ON DOORS, OFF)

But it was self-defense! I was just taking the money out of the box when they came in -- I had to kill em, I had to! (HE BEGS) Save me, save me, save me from that crowd, they'll tear me apart!

LIEUTENANT: (OVER SOBBING) Okay, Reno. Cut it.

(WINDOW THROWN OPEN)

RENO: (A YELL) Okay -- lift the needle!

(ALL SOUND STOPS, ~~SAVE TRIN, SERVICE ON CLOSING~~)

LIEUTENANT: (QUIET) It worked. Thanks, Reno.

RENO: Don't thank me. Thank the sound man. (PAUSE)

See you at the trial, Clay.

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

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Henry  
Reno, of the Miami Florida Herald with the final outcome  
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 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 Henry Reno of the Miami Florida Herald.

RENO: Killer in tonight's Big Story confessed out of fear of the imaginary mob. He pleaded guilty to manslaughter and was sentenced to serve forty-~~two~~ years in the State Penitentiary. He is still there. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Reno... 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 Hiawatha Kansas Daily World by-line Virgil L. Hill. A BIG STORY about a reporter who found out that although most people love life -- ~~a few~~ <sup>one</sup> seemed to love -- 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 Alan Sloan from an actual story from the front pages of the Miami Florida Herald. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Grant Richards played the part of Henry Reno. 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. Reno.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

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

(PAUSE)

Fire - so called "accidental" fire - that consumes so much property and destroys so many lives every year - is preventable. You can help to prevent it. Just - be careful. Nine out of ten fires are caused by carelessness. Don't let it be your carelessness. Make sure every match, every cigarette is put out before you discard it. Always check the ash-trays before you leave the house or retire for the night. Do your part to prevent fires.

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

d1/lc  
4/5/51 pm

ATX01 0172307

# AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #213

## CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOAN
ETTA	AGNES YOUNG
MRS. STONE	ETHEL OWEN
REPORTER	<del>JAMES STEVENS</del>
FIREMAN	JAMES STEVENS
BARMER	BILL SMITH
VIRGIL	BILL LIPTON
MAN 1	CHARLES EGGLESTON
MAN 2	BILL GRIFFIS
GROCER	BILL GRIFFIS
POSTMAN	JASON JOHNSON

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1951

ATX01 0172308



NBC

THE BIG STORY

#213

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

APRIL 25, 1951

WEDNESDAY

(Virgil Hill: Hiawatha (Kansas) Daily-World)

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

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

ETTA: ~~(ABOUT 50 FEET SWEETLY) Now you just drink your cranberry~~  
~~tea while I get dressed.~~

(OFF MIKE DOORBELL RINGS)

ETTA: ~~Now that must be your mother.~~

(STEPS, DOOR CLOSSES, MORE STEPS, FRONT DOOR OPENS)

ETTA: Well, Mrs. Stone! Mighty nice of you to come.

MRS. STONE: I wouldn't miss it for the world, Etta. Your Ma's  
birthday and her being the oldest person in Seneca -- ~~the~~  
~~the whole state.~~ How is she?

ETTA: (SADLY) Now I'll have to ask you not to come in. Not  
that she's sick of course -- just a little - indisposed.  
~~She's sitting up though and taking nourishment.~~

MRS. S.: Oh, I'm sorry!

ETTA: ~~But I wouldn't want to burden her; you understand.~~

MRS. S.: Oh, of course. (QUICKLY) Mrs. Laten sends regards ~~and~~  
~~Mr. Westrup~~ and my daughter baked these muffins -- ~~and~~  
~~the blueberry kind your mother likes so well.~~

ETTA: She'll be delighted and so sorry she cannot see you.

MRS. S.: (LEAVING) And give her all our love. 90 years old --  
the poor, dear soul!

(THE REVERSE PATTERN OF BEFORE: DOOR, STEPS,  
DOOR, <sup>Opens</sup> STEPS)

ATK01 0172309

ETTA:

(SITS) Well, that was nice of her. Especially to bring the muffins you like so much, Ma. You'll have them later with your dinner. It's too bad you can't enjoy them, mother. They look mighty tasty. It's a shame you've been dead these 2 and a half years.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ UP, HITS, 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. (PAUSE) Hiawatha, Kansas . From the front pages of the Hiawatha Kansas Daily World comes the story of a small-town reporter who proved there are things more tragic <sup>in this world</sup> than murder. Tonight to reporter Virgil Hill 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.

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HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC : \_\_\_\_\_ THEME AND UNDER...)

CHAPPELL: Hiawatha, Kansas. The story as it actually happened.  
-----Virgil Hill's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ THEME, PUNCTUATES)

NARR: Your paper, <sup>Virgil Hill</sup> the Hiawatha Daily-World, services a community of maybe 7,000. 2,000 in Hiawatha itself, 4,000 scattered in surrounding Brown County, and the rest scattered in Nemaha County, adjacent. This is the Kansas corn belt and you, ~~Virgil Hill~~, write everything that goes into the paper--from the lead (~~thermometer stuck at 100 degrees~~) through the golden wedding announcements (~~Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Higgins celebrated theirs with a barn dance~~), through the classified ads (~~wanted to exchange one sow for three laying hens~~). And all the big news there is or has been, for the past two months is the weather.

MAN 1: 102.

MAN 2: Mine says 104.

NARR: And bad jokes about the weather and the corn crop--the humor of men in desperation.

MAN:1: Well, we ought to make a hundred bushels this year.

MAN 2: You're crazy! Corn--a hundred bushels this year!

MAN:1 (LACONIC) Oh, I didn't mean a hundred to the acre --I meant a hundred to the county.

NARR: And those two notes, the temperature ~~102, temperature~~  
~~104~~ and the bad corn joke are page one, until --

(MUSIC: -- INTRODUCTION OF THE THEME FOR ETTA, HORRIFIED, MYSTERIOUS.)

NARR: -- like a sour, hot wind the rumor of the story from  
Seneca, Nemaha County begins coming in.

MAN I: (WHISPER, FRIGHTENED) I hear tell that the old lady was  
going on 90.

MAN II: And she had her laying there like that all the time?

MAN I: She kept her (AN EVEN LOWER WHISPER) partly in a trunk --  
and the rest of her -- I can't even talk about it.

(MUSIC: -- THE HORRIBLE FUMOR SURGES OVER AND UNDER . . .)

NARR: And since what happens to anyone in <sup>a</sup> ~~the~~ small-towns  
~~like Hiawatha and Seneca~~ is known by everyone almost  
before it happens, ~~a thing as huge as this, the~~ incredible  
rumor of hideous murder, ~~pushes the inexorable heel out~~  
~~of people's minds -- makes them forget the corn-fairies~~  
~~and~~ sends you, Virg Hill, in your jalopy, 30 miles from  
Hiawatha to the hot-up Seneca Court House and the  
tight-mouthed Sheriff of Seneca, <sup>Kansas</sup> (George Barmer).

~~BARMER: I got nothing to say. And now clear out, all of yuz. Out.~~

~~REPORTER: Hey, now we came all the way down from Kansas City.~~

~~BARMER: And that's just too bad. Somebody come clean over from  
St. Louis and another from Topeka and this fellow's  
from Omaha. The answer is still the same.~~

~~REPORTER: Look, we got a right to interview her, Sheriff.  
People want to know.~~

BARMER: When I got my facts, when I've sworn out my papers, then -- and not 'til then -- you'll get to see her. (GENTLY) I said outside.

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH --)

NARR: You're there too, Virg Hill, but unlike the others, you know better than to ask questions, knowing provocation will get you nowhere. But also, you know Sheriff George Barmer. And so, as he ushers them out, you manage to step aside and turn so that you are left alone in the room with him.

VIRG: Hiya, Sheriff.

BARMER: ~~Oh~~ Sorry - no one I Bar.

VIRG: George, I ain't from Omaha or St. Louis, (KIDDING) or none of them foreign cities.

GEORGE: I don't need to be reminded. I know just exactly who you are Virg Hill. You're from Hiawatha, but you ain't no

~~bottom' the other.~~  
*Aw come on Sheriff - after all these years you*  
VIRG: ~~George, I don't have to remind you about that gas station killing over to Corning about a year ago --~~

BARMER: (RELENTING) That's true.

VIRG: I mean, I don't want to press the point, Sheriff but, if I hadn't a proved it was the kid who worked in the station, you might have been stumbling around.

BARMER: (INTERRUPTING) All right, Virg. <sup>well</sup> Truth, is <sup>you</sup> I don't know my facts yet. That's the honest truth. Some I got, some I ain't. Murder is a pretty serious accusation to make and I ain't making it. And a murder charge against a woman going on 55 --

VIRG: (GENTLY ASKING) Name?

BARMER: Etta Herkimer--Well, that's something I ain't ready to put in words 'til I know.

VIRG: Just could I talk to her, Sheriff?

BARMER: When I know, you can see her. I'll make you a promise, Hill. You'll be the first one--but not 'til I know.

VIRG: Well how can I find out what happened?

BARMER: Hill, you know a smalltown the same as I do. Go on out and ask and look. There ain't much way to hide what's going on in a smalltown, now is there?

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE AND UNDER)

NARR: He's right, of course, to protect the woman if it's just rumor, this hideous rumor you've heard, and doubly right that you'll get your story by just walking around and asking. Get more probably than you've bargained for.

MRS STONE: (POURING OUT NOW HER HIDDEN FEARS) My youngster used to come to me and say, "Ma, you better go over to Miss Herkimer's, where she lives with her mother, and see it." ~~But I didn't believe her -- she's got a big imagination, my young ones.~~

VIRG: So you went <sup>over</sup> ~~yourself~~, Mrs. Stone?

MRS S: I went over there once. The youngster -- my Emmie -- said it only happened at night, and I seen her walking out in a white nightgown with the moon shining down on her. Walking around in the back of the house outside the shed just behind the house.

(MORE)

MRS. STONE:  
(CONT'D)

~~And her hair was long and hanging down~~  
and her face was black, just black. And she  
~~walked around in a circle,~~ 5 times in a circle,  
walking around--and then just stood stock still and  
talked. She wasn't talking to no God in the sky--she  
was talking to the devil under-foot.

VIRG:

(IN HER MOOD) Well what do you think she did, Mrs.  
Stone?

MRS. S:

I've known them both--Miss Herkimer and her mother--  
going onto 40 years. She killed her Ma, that's what  
she done. Killed her mother, as God is my witness.  
(~~THEN HUMAN, SHRIIL~~) ~~Emmie, you get out of this~~  
~~room this minute! And don't let me catch you~~  
~~eavesdropping!~~

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

NARR:

~~With minor variations, she walking around the~~  
~~circle seven times, she come out on Friday's only,~~  
~~"her hair was flying in the wind",~~ -- ~~With minor~~  
variations in the horror, the townfolk tell the same  
story. And now you go out to the house itself,  
which stands (as some of the townfolk had described  
Miss Herkimer) like some evil thing against the  
sky. A house of horror, impenetrable, --two  
guards from the Sheriff's office planted there like  
trees <sup>not admitting anyone</sup> ~~and no admittance.~~ Just an unpainted black,  
frame house, shades- drawn-- a building of mourning,  
like some evil thing, apart from everything else in  
this ordinary Kansas landscape. *So back you go to*  
*the Sheriff's office.*



(MUSIC: ~~PUNCTUATION INDICATING MOVEMENT, AND INTO~~)

VIRG: (INTENSE) Look, Sheriff, it's been 5,6 hours now,  
and you've got to tell <sup>me</sup> ~~us~~ something.

BARMER: Well I'm as good as my promise.

VIRG: You mean I can see her?

BARMER: No, I don't mean that. I said I'd let you in on  
it and I'm going out to the house and since I got  
to take one reporter man with me, you can be that  
one.

VIRG: You said you were going to let me see her.

BARMER: (FLARING) I said <sup>where I have something I'll give you a</sup> ~~if I gave any breaks I'd give you~~  
~~the first~~

VIRG: What're you so touchy about?

BARMER: Well just come on and you'll see.

(MUSIC: ~~THE BEGINNING OF A FULL BUILD TO THE HORROR OF THE~~  
~~HOUSE, BACK...~~)

NARR: The house stands alone on the outskirts of town--  
black as before, but now that you're close you see  
it is the black of dirt, the black of unpainted  
wood, the decay of decades.

~~(DOOR OPENS)~~

NARR: And the first thing that strikes you is the odor.

(MUSIC: ~~STATES IT, UNDER.~~)

NARR: There are two rooms apart from the small kitchen--  
the first has a deathlike veil over it, a mustiness,  
a moist, musty, untouchable feeling, and only then  
do you discover what it is.

(CATS MEWING AND SCURRYING OUT, FOLLOWED BY  
A QUICK FLAPPING OF WINGS )

BARMER: Cats!

VIRG: (WITH HORROR AT THE GROTESQUENESS) And a canary!

BARMER: Look at the floor.

NARR: Almost unconsciously, you reach down and touch it  
~~because you can't tell what it is by looking and~~  
~~you know you probably never seen off that feeling~~  
~~in your hands.~~

VIRG: (DISTASTEFULLY) Cat fur and canary feathers. Must  
have been laying here for years!

NARR: A carpet, perhaps an inch thick, of fur and feathers--  
blackened now with grime, blanketed the floor, lay  
on the bed, the double unmade bed, the broken dresser  
the ancient pitcher and stand, the ancient chair,  
the ancient clothes laid out as for a birthday. A  
birthday party with an inch layer of feathers and  
fur over all. And in the midst of the room, on a  
chair--

VIRG: (HORRIFIED) A birthday cake. "Happy birthday <sup>Mother dear</sup> on  
your 90th birthday, ~~mother dear~~"

(MUSIC: ----- RISING AND THEN UNDER)

NARR: The second room is almost no room. No window can  
be seen, no walls discerned, no furniture. Merely  
an ~~unassorted~~ accumulation of years of packages,  
arrived and mostly unopened.

(UNDER THE FOLLOWING TEARING OPEN OF PACKAGES  
AND EXAMINING THEM)

VIRG:

What's all this stuff?

BARMER:

(IMPATIENT BECAUSE OF HIS OWN INVOLVEMENT)  
I know? See for yourself.

VIRG:

A dozen house dresses.

BARMER:

There's about 2 dozen bonnets here.

VIRG:

6, 8, 10 pairs of slippers. Never used.

BARMER:

About 40 cans of camomile tea.  
*Raspberry*  
~~Strawberry~~ Jam. Homemade Preserve brand.

VIRG:

(THE FOLLOWING SPEECHES OVERLAP) Slips.

BARMER:

(OVERLAP) Shoes.

VIRG:

Veils --

BARMER:

Canary seed --

VIRG:

Cat food --

BARMER:

Must be half a case of birthday candles. Sheri  
did you notice?

VIRG:

I saw.

BARMER:

They're all addressed to her mother, "Mrs. Lett:  
Herkimer" -- all addressed to the mother.

VIRG:

And all unopened.

BARMER:

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

NARR:

You breath in deeply of the fresh air in the six f  
that separates the house from the shed. But if th  
air in the house was moist and dank, and somehow  
morbid, what can you say about the shed?

(SLOW STEPS, A TRUNK OPENED)

It's just where she said it would be *in the trunk*  
(HIS EYES PO...ING) But my Lord, she must have been  
laying in there --

BARMER:

VIRG:

BARMER: Two and a half years.

VIRG: Is that the whole -- I mean, is everything there?  
I mean --

BARMER: (DISTASTEFULLY) No. She said, "Look around the shed  
near the trunk." She said, "You'll find --"  
(INTERRUPTS HIMSELF) Let's go back. She said,  
"After you've seen it, it'll be easier to talk."  
She says she wants to confess.

VIRG: I should think so. I should think in any kind of a  
decent world she would.

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

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #213

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)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your Narrator and the Big Story of Virgil Hill as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: The temperature outside is 101, but inside the cell, it must be about 110. And she sits, only a part of her face and little wisps of hair visible, she sits under a huge blanket, shivering. It's ~~Mary Shelly and~~ Edgar Allan Poe and all the horror stories you've ever read rolled into one soft-spoken, thin, incredible voice.

ETTA: I killed my Ma and I got to die.

NARR: (IN CLOSE) Five gaudy rings are on her fingers. She twists them with trembling hands as she talks. ~~The index finger of her right hand rises as she emphasizes a point, and shakes violently, but the face is composed.~~

ETTA: I'm 59. Mother was just 30 years older. In her last years she wasn't well. There were times I thought she was losing her mind.

NARR: There's nothing to say, and you and Sheriff Barmer -- the only two in the humid room -- don't realize that you stand there shivering as well, expectant and tense, feeling no matter what is said, it cannot possibly be out of place.

ETTA: (SIMPLY) I bought those things because those were the things she liked -- the camomile tea and the raspberry jam, the Homemade Preserve brand, and the slippers without the heels, and the canary seed -- "Always be sure there's enough to feed the birds, Etta," she said.

NARR: The gold watch ticks on her throat and its tiny sound is enormous against her pauses.

ETTA: And then, after a while, she was on the bed for a long time, I put her in the trunk but she didn't entirely fit. (BREAKING NOW) Why should I talk about it? I told you what I did. I killed my mother, I killed her. I got to die, I got to die! Why do you keep me waiting? Only just promise me one thing -- (SOFTLY, CHILDLIKE) When I go, that I have a grave, please, next to hers.

(MUSIC: SLOW, RISES, THEN BACKS)

NARR: Everything she says is thoroughly and completely believable and yet not really so. She was devoted -- that you know--Then how could she have killed her? This was a smalltown -- smaller even than Hiawatha. How could she have kept hidden for so long the fact of death, of murder, of a body kept two and a half years in a shed, ~~from the town~~ ~~town~~ Wierd, yes. Hideous, yes. But something else. Something more. And that sends you out of the stifling room and into the quiet Kansas town. First, to the postman. The man who brought her daily mail, who first discovered it.

POSTMAN: (AGAIN, CANNOT GET OVER IT EITHER) Queer. Always knew she was queer -- her and her mother. But, <sup>then</sup> I began to get my suspicions ~~about two months ago~~.

VIRG: Why was that?

POSTMAN: ~~Well, I'm coming to it.~~ Well now her mother -- Mrs. Herkimer, that is -- she was a widow from the Civil War. ~~Her husband served under General Sherman.~~ ~~See, I can't remember --~~

VIRG: Does that matter?

POSTMAN: No, come to think of it, it don't. Well anyhow, she ~~was~~ <sup>she was</sup> this monthly pension coming. One of the few in the County as gets the Civil War pension. So I always made a fuss delivering it, you know what I mean.

*Virg: Yeah*  
Well, you got to sign for that pension -- the check, that is. The party getting it, that is -- her, that is. Well, I would bring it and generally, she'd sign it, but starting about ~~two, three months ago~~ <sup>awhile back</sup> -- (IMITATING) "Mama's too sick now, Mr. Hilliard. Mama's laying down now, Mr. Hilliard." "You leave it and when you come back next time I'll have it signed for you." And it would be.

VIRG: You mean she gave out her mother was alive in order to cash the pension check?

POSTMAN: Could be. There's a lot of money in the check.

VIRG: Like how much?

POSTMAN: Twenty-two dollars and seventy-five cents!

(MUSIC: STING . . .)



VIRG: She'd always come and buy her groceries and general merchandise here?

GROCER: That's right. Never went nowhere else. Matter of fact, the nearest other general store is over a mile away.

VIRG: Well what did she buy?

GROCER: Well, she used to buy that camomile tea. She used to say, "You keep a good stock of that camomile tea, because that's the kind my mother likes." And a size 38 house dress. I couldn't keep enough size 38 house dresses for her. ~~She said her Ma's hard on house dresses. She does a lot of cleaning.~~

VIRG: And jam?

GROCER: Nothing but raspberry and strawberry preserves. ~~Homemade preserve brand. Used to have to send away to Topeka for that.~~ Kept saying as how her Ma wouldn't eat no other jam. Imagine! And that poor old lady laying dead there for two and a half years!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ STING AND UNDER)

NARR: Why? Why had she maintained this fantastic, the elaborate pretense? For the 22.75 a month? So wouldn't gossip? It doesn't add up. Why? There something about a fire in the house. Check the -- the fire chief.

FIREMAN: Well, it was going on last January I guess. And a neighbor call me up -- she didn't have no phone there's a fire in the house. Well, I go in there. You ever been in there?

VIRG: Yeah, I've been in there.

FIREMAN: Well, it's a wonder to me the whole place didn't look like that. All those feathers and dust -- ~~what~~ around! Well, there was this trunk and it got six she says to me, "Would you please take it out into shed?" I says "Yes, ma'am." She says, "On account something very precious of mother's is inside."

VIRG: That what she said?

FIREMAN: That's right. What was inside?

VIRG: Don't you know?

FIREMAN: No --

VIRG: Well, just leave it alone. Just tell me one thing. Where was the trunk when you moved it?

FIREMAN: Oh, let me see. (CASUALLY) Oh, laying at the foot the bed. Hey, what was in it?

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE AND UNDER)

NARR: The next is an item in the paper inserted two days before the confession. ~~Two days ago~~ this item ran in the St. paper.

VIRG: (READING) "Next Sunday will be the 90th birthday of Mrs. Letty Herkimer. Her friends are invited to send her a postcard shower. Mrs. Herkimer is unable to walk, but sits up each day in her chair and eats all her meals with her daughter.

NARR: And the next day, the following announcement inserted in the <sup>Gene</sup>~~Gene~~ paper.

VIRG: (READING) "Mrs. Letty Herkimer, who was 90 yesterday, received many postcards and other gifts including a bouquet, two home made cakes, and her favorite brand of strawberry preserves, and muffins. Mrs. Herkimer was greatly pleased and thanks all her friends."

(MUSIC: -- A STING)

VIRG: You were the last person to call at her home, Mrs. Stone.

MRS. S.: Well, when she told me that the poor soul wasn't fit to receive people -- wasn't feeling up to it, she said -- I walked away, but I kind of walked back and looked in and I saw her -- Etta, that is -- standing in the shed and talking, with a cup of tea in her hand -- to the trunk. I said to myself the poor soul's lost her mind entirely.

VIRG: What did you do?

MRS. S.: Well, I ran back quick as I could, you can be sure, and got the Sheriff and we both came back. And not too soon either. Because there she was with the bottle half to her lips already and the Sheriff ran in and took it away from her and it was a half pint of <sup>Cherry wine</sup>~~feeding~~. She was trying to do away with herself. (LOUD) ~~Emmie, I told you to stay away -- get out of this room!~~

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH)

NARR: Why? Why? A woman kills her mother, keeps the body in her house for 2½ years, buys clothing for her, shoes, canary seed, inserts notices in the paper, thanks guests for calling. Not only the lie, but the extent of the lie. Why? And so, you go back to the house to find, if possible, the answer. And there, on the bed, under the pillow, you find scraps of paper, written on with pencil, bound together with a rusty safety pin. A diary. Something not even ~~a Mary Shelley~~ or an Edgar Allan Poe would ever have dreamed up. And then -- back to <sup>the</sup> cell.

VIRG: (~~TRYING DESPERATELY TO REACH HER~~) ~~You killed her, didn't you? You killed her, Miss Henkiner~~

ETTA: Why do <sup>she</sup> you torture me? Why do <sup>she</sup> you keep me waiting? I said I killed her and I've got to die. Why? Why?

VIRG: (QUOTING THE DIARY) <sup>she read your soul thing</sup> "Mother is so sick. Poor mother. Her pain is terrible. Mother is so sick. If only something happens. Please let it happen."

ETTA: (RECOGNIZES HER OWN WORDS, BUT DOESN'T REALIZE WHERE THEY COME FROM, FALLING INTO THE MOOD) Yes, she was. She suffered so. I prayed that it would come quick, but -- it didn't.

VIRG: "Last night I put mother to bed at about 11 o'clock, but she couldn't sleep and she said she was frightened and she said, "Darling, stay with me tonight, I'm frightened."

ETTA: Yes, she was very frightened.

VIRG: "I said, 'Mother, I've not slept in so long, let me go into the other room to sleep.'"

ETTA: Yes, that's right. That's what I said.

VIRG: (CONTINUING) "And then about 12, I looked in to see how she was and she was sleeping on her left side and the doctor said she shouldn't sleep on her left side and I said to myself -- if I don't turn her over, maybe she'll -- maybe the pain will go away. Maybe she won't ever have pain again --"

ETTA: But I didn't go in and turn her over. I let her lay like that and it killed her.

VIRG: But it didn't. It didn't, Miss Herkimer. I spoke to the doctor. I spoke to more than one doctor. They all said it didn't make any difference which side she lay on. She had come to <sup>her mother's</sup> the end. ~~If she had been on her left side or right side, she would have been dead anyhow.~~

ETTA: I killed her. I left her like that and I killed her!

VIRG: And the reason you signed the checks with her name was to get the money for her, things she'd have wanted -- just things your mother would want.

ETTA: Yes, Yes.

VIRG: You never spent any of the money for yourself, but only on things that your mother wanted.

ETTA: That's right. ~~I did.~~ Never a cent.

VIRG: And then when you started it -- pretending that she was still alive, you couldn't stop. ~~You didn't know how to stop. You kept on because no one would understand that it had been an accident. Everyone would think you killed her.~~

ETTA: ~~Yes. No one would understand.~~

VIRG: And at night -- you used to walk out at night because you didn't want to leave your mother alone in the shed.

~~That's why you walked at night, isn't it?~~

ETTA: Yes, yes --

VIRG: And you talked to her. You told her what you were going to get for her. ~~And she talked back to you, didn't she?~~  
~~She told you the things to buy and the things she liked.~~  
And you did it because it was the only way you knew to make up to her because you thought you killed her.

ETTA: As God is my witness, that's the truth.

VIRG: Miss Herkimer, ~~can you hear me!~~ You didn't kill anyone! Your mother died a natural death and all you did was act that way because your conscience bothered you so because you felt you had neglected her. You hadn't. You didn't kill anyone.

ETTA: I didn't?

VIRG: No. You didn't kill anyone. (VERY SOFTLY, ALMOST SO SHE CAN'T HEAR) ~~Except perhaps the life that was inside of you. But no one else.~~

ETTA: (BIG SIGH, TREMENDOUS RELIEF, BEGINS TO BECOME HUMAN)  
What you say is the truth. If only I had been able to say it -- I wouldn't have had to do what I did, would I?

VIRG: No, you wouldn't.

ETTA: Young man, I'm sorry for all the trouble I've caused you and the others. I only hope the people in Seneca won't go on saying what they're saying about me now. That I'm a horror woman.

VIRG: I hope they won't.

ETTA: And if I had known you were going to be so nice, I would have made you a cup of tea and put on my shoes.

NARR: And only then do you notice, looking down, that she's been sitting there with the blanket around her thin, emaciated body and her feet bare as the day she was born.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Virgil Hill of the Hiawatha Kansas Daily World with the final outcome 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 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 Virgil Hill of the Hiawatha Kansas Daily World.

HILL: Etta Herkimer, a broken woman when released, rejected by her townpeople was never able to live down her reputation as a horror woman. She died broken hearted a little less than four years later. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

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

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY ... A Big Story from the front pages of the San Antonio Texas Light by-line Peter Panfeld. A BIG STORY about a reporter who tracked down a murderer with a flashlight and a very small black hat.

(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 Hiawatha, Kansas Daily World. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and James Stevens played the part of Virgil Hill. 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. Hill.

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

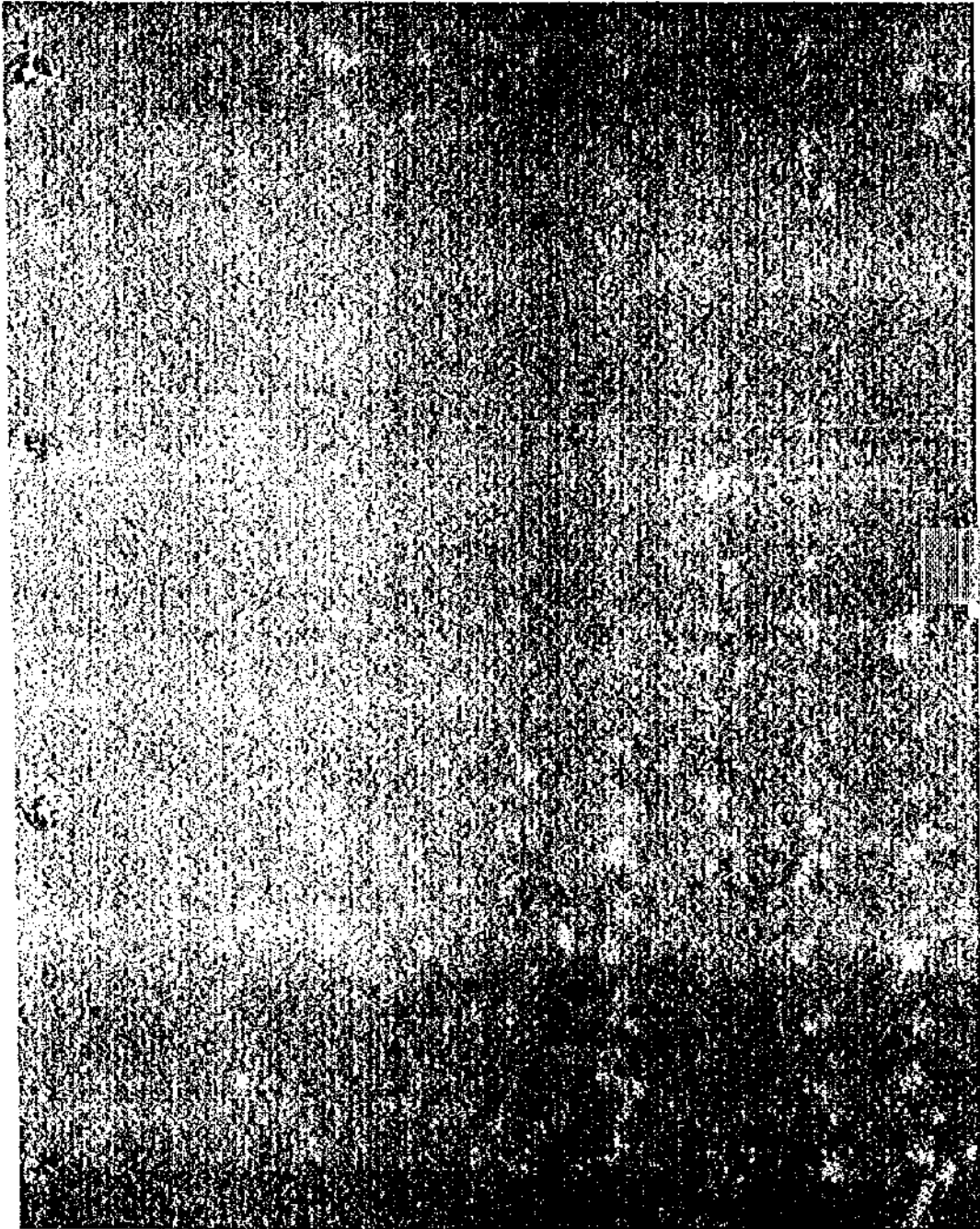
CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappel speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES. (PAUSE)

CHAPPELL: It seems incredible, but it's true -- each year forest fires destroy 30,000,000 acres of timberland -- timberland that is vitally needed to keep our country strong and to raise our production higher than ever before. Most of these fires started because someone was careless. Whenever you are in or around forests, be careful! Don't leave camp fires burning --- never drop lighted matches or cigarettes. Put them out! Remember, only you can prevent forest firest.

THIS IS NBC . . . THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

hr  
4/10/51 pm

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# AS BROADCAST

## THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #214

### CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOAN
ELSA	JEAN ELLYN
PETER	GEORGE PETRIE
BURKEY	VINTON HAYWORTH
JOE	GIL MACK
OWNER	BILL GRIFFIS
FRANK	BILL GRIFFIS
WHEELER	HUMPHREY DAVIS
GRODY	HUMPHREY DAVIS
MORALES	GRANT RICHARDS
LOPEZ	ROSS MARTIN

WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1951

ATX01 0172336

NBC

THE BIG STORY

# 214

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

MAY 2, 1951

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(GENTLE SNORING UNDER)

ELSA: (LOW, FRIGHTENED) Frank! Frank, wake up!

FRANK: (ROUSING) Huh? Oh. What's the matter, Elsa?

ELSA: I just heard someone moving around in the kitchen.

FRANK: (ANNOYED) All you heard was the cat. Go back to sleep, Elsa.

ELSA: But I tell you, someone's in there. I'm sure of it!

FRANK: (IRRITATED) All right, all right. (SLEEPY YAWN) If it'll make you feel any better, I'll put on my slippers and have a look ...

(A SLIGHT PAUSE)

(THEN WE HEAR PADDING OF SLIPPERS ACROSS FLOOR.)

ELSA: (~~CALLING, A LITTLE OFF~~) ~~DEAR, BE CAREFUL...~~

FRANK: (~~ON MIKE, WE'RE WITH HIM~~) ~~Of what? The cat?~~

(DOOR OPENS)

FRANK: (A BEAT) What the devil...?

(WE HEAR A SCUFFLE, GRUNTING, STRUGGLE. SUDDEN CRASH OF FURNITURE. A GROAN, AND BODY THUD. WE HEAR RUNNING STEPS ACROSS FLOOR, SCREEN DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS SHUT.)

ELSA: (OFF A LITTLE) ~~Frank!~~ (COMING IN) Frank, what... NO!

(A HIGH-PITCHED SCREAM AND INTO)

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

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CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Here is America! It's sound and its  
fury, its joy and its sorrow, as faithfully reported by  
the men and women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT)  
San Antonio, Texas. From the pages of the San Antonio  
Light, the story of a reporter who passed around a hat  
.. and collected a killer. Tonight, to Peter Panfeld of  
the San Antonio Light, for his Big Story, goes the PELL  
MELL Award!

(MUSIC: -- TURN TABLE --  
(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!

(MUSIC: -- INTRO AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: San Antonio, Texas .. the story as it actually happened ....  
Peter Panfeld's story, as he lived it ...

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You are Peter Panfeld, once with the Brooklyn Eagle, and  
now a police reporter for the San Antonio Light. It is a  
long way from Brooklyn, ~~to~~ to Texas. But you and your  
blond and beautiful wife, Rose, took a vacation trip to  
San Antonio, liked it, and <sup>stayed</sup> ~~came back~~ for good. This is  
your background. But your Big Story begins ~~at two o'clock~~  
one morning, at the office. ~~It begins with~~ ...

(PHONE RING)

(A PAUSE)

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

PETER: (~~SLEEPY~~) Hello? *Panfeld* -

BURKEY: (FILTER) Pete, Art Burkey. Police Headquarters. Put on  
your hat and get going!

PETER: Why?

BURKEY: This is something big, Pete, and I'm tipping you off first.  
The Phantom ~~just~~ pulled a job over on Aransas Street.

PETER: (ALERT) The Phantom Burglar?

BURKEY: That's right. Only from here in, you can change his name  
for the headlines!

PETER: To what?

BURKEY: To the Phantom Killer!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)



NARR: The Phantom! This is the thief who has set San Antonio into an uproar, and driven the police crazy. This is the thief who has pulled robbery after robbery, and slipped off like a shadow in the night. And now, he has added something else to terrorize the community. Murder. You get to the wooden frame house on Aransas Street. And your close friend, Detective Art Burkey, is standing over a body covered by a white sheet, in the kitchen...

PETER: What's the dead man's name, Art?

BURKEY: Mallon. Frank Mallon. Stabbed to death, artery severed. You can see how he bled.

PETER: How do you know it's the Phantom?

BURKEY: Who else could it be? He's hit this neighborhood ten times before. And he used the same gimmick getting in...

PETER: Cutting a hole in the screen, and unhooking the catch from the inside, eh?

BURKEY: Yeah.

PETER: Any witnesses?

BURKEY: His wife. She's in the next room, too hysterical to talk, we'll get to her later. Meanwhile, take a look at this.

PETER: Hmm. One of those pen-type flashlights.

BURKEY: That's right. Used it to throw a <sup>small</sup> pinpoint beam. He must have dropped it when Mallon jumped him in the kitchen here.

PETER: And no fingerprints.

BURKEY: No. The Phantom wears gloves, Pete, we haven't been able to find a single print on any job he's pulled.

PETER: Well, Art, this time the heat's on. Wait'll San Antonio hears about this!

BURKEY: You don't have to tell me. If we don't wrap up the Phantom soon, ~~if we don't nail him down for good this time~~ you may see a lot of us in uniform again! (SIGHS) Well, let's go in and see what we can get out of Mrs. Mallon!

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

ELSA: (STILL WITH A TRACE OF TEARS AND HYSTERIA) I...I heard this noise in the kitchen, you see. My...my husband thought it was just the cat and .. and...

BURKEY: (GENTLY) Go on, Mrs. Mallon.

ELSA: He went in, and the next thing I knew, they were fighting. Then the man stabbed Frank, and ran out through the screen door, across the garden...

BURKEY: Did you get a look at the killer?

ELSA: I...I, no. It was dark, ~~just as it is now~~, I only saw him as a shadow, ~~he was running toward the high hedge on the other side.~~

BURKEY: If you saw his shadow, Mrs. Mallon, you must have noticed something, something about him.

ELSA: I...I don't know, I don't know. <sup>hat</sup> He was wearing a hat, some-kind-of-hat, and he wasn't very tall. That's all I know, Lieutenant, that's all I remember. ~~except I saw this man~~ ~~and there the hedge.~~

BURKEY: (SIGHS) I see.

ELSA: (RISING) You've got to catch him, you've got to. ~~If you don't, no one in San Antonio will rest easy. He came in here, and he killed Frank in cold blood, and he'll do it again, he'll do it again.~~ (BREAKS DOWN, SOBBING) Why did I make Frank go into the kitchen, if I hadn't made him go in there... (SOBBING, CAN'T GO ON)

BURKEY: (A BEAT, THEN QUIETLY) Pete.

PETE: Yes, Art?

BURKEY: Let's have a look in the garden!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

(B.G. NIGHT SOUNDS, CRICKETS...)

PETER: Art...

BURKEY: Yeah?

PETER: Something's caught here in the hedge...

BURKEY: Wait a minute, ~~till I get this flash.~~ (CUTS AND THEN)

Why, it's a hat!

PETER: Yeah. The killer's hat. The branches on this hedge must have knocked it off his head when he ran through.

BURKEY: Let's take a good look at it. (A PAUSE) Hrrmm. Black... porkpie shape, narrow brim.

PETE: And made out of cheap felt. Any trade mark on the inside?

BURKEY: No.

PETER: No store label?

BURKEY: No.

PETER: Any size tag?

BURKEY: Six and one half.

PETER: Six and one half. (A BEAT) Art, that's as small as they come. You can't buy a hat any smaller than that, in any ordinary store.

BURKEY: How do you know?

PETER: You can take it from me. I had a <sup>friend</sup> ~~cousin~~ who ran a hat store back in Brooklyn. And look, there's even some newspaper stuck in the sweat band, to make it fit tightly.

BURKEY: (SLOWLY) In other words, there's one thing we do know now..

PETER: Yeah. The Phantom's a man with a small head!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Somewhere in a city of half a million people, somewhere in San Antonio, the Phantom's hiding out.. if he's still in town. Art Burkey <sup>briefs his</sup> ~~calls a meeting of~~ patrolmen, and he puts it on the line...

(MURMUR UP AND DOWN)

BURKEY: (PROJECTS A LITTLE) <sup>Now listen men.</sup> We've already alerted the Texas State Highway Patrol and the Rangers, as well as the Border Patrol, just in case he slipped through and hit for the Mexican border. But for all we know, he may still be right here in town.. and if he is we're going to find him, we've got to find him....

(MURMUR UP AND DOWN)

BURKEY: Now, here's the Phantom's hat. Size six and one half. Take a good look at it, it's a small size. I want the owner of this hat. ~~I want him in a week.~~ And I want him, dead or alive!

(CROWD BUZZ UP HIGH AND INTO)

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The manhunt begins. The press and the police have always cooperated closely in San Antonio, and the reporters join in. The order is plain. Find the phantom! And you, Peter Panfeld of the Light, write your first lead.....

(TYPEWRITER, ESTABLISH AND FADE UNDER)

PETER: Today a man named Frank Mallon lies dead, stabbed to death in cold blood. And today, the Phantom Burglar has a new name.. the Phantom Killer. Police are systematically checking hotels and rooming houses, ~~stopping every car on outgoing highways, checking outgoing trucks at the central market for hitchhikers....~~

(MUSIC: -- SWEEPS UP AND UNDER)

NARR: But the big clue is the small black hat. And with others, you, Peter Panfeld, start to check one hat store after another. A day passes. Two. Three. Nothing. But on the fourth day, in a cheap clothing shop on the west side...

OWNER: A black hat? Six and one half? Almost never sell a hat that small, Mister. Don't even carry the size in stock.

PETER: Then you never sold a hat that small to anyone?

OWNER: Why, I can't say that I ... (CUTS) Wait a minute. Wait a minute. I'm wrong about that!

PETER: Yes?

OWNER: Come to think of it, I did have an order for a six and one half!

PETER: When?

OWNER: About a year ago, maybe more.

PETER: Do you remember who bought it?

OWNER: Nope. I wouldn't know his name.

PETER: What'd he look like? Do you remember anything about him?

OWNER: Well, I recollect he was short and swarthy.

PETER: Anything else?

OWNER: Nope. That's all I remember, Mister. Like I told you, it was a year ago.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You notify Art Burkey, then go back to <sup>the paper</sup> ~~your office~~, think it over. A small-size black hat, a pen-type flashlight, short and swarthy. Put them together, and you have the Phantom. But who is he? Who is he?

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

PETER: Come in....

(DOOR OPENS)

WHEELER: (~~WHEELER~~) Mr. Panfeld?

PETERS: Yes?

WHEELER: My name is Wheeler .. Charles Wheeler.

PETER: What can I do for you, Mr. Wheeler.

WHEELER: I...I'm a neighbor of Mr. Mallon's .. the man who the Phantom killed. I...I read your story, and well, I think I may have some information...

PETER: (~~A BEAT~~) ~~I see~~. Sit down, Mr. Wheeler. (PAUSE) ~~Now~~ What's it all about?

WHEELER: I...well, sir, I was drivin' home late from a Lodge Meeting. About ~~two o'clock~~ ~~on Sunday-mornin'~~, I'd just turned the car into Arkansas Street. And then... (NERVOUS) ~~and then...~~

PETER: Go on...

WHEELER: My headlights hit the high hedge around the Mallon garden, I saw a man hurryin' along the hedge, looked like he'd busted through, or somethin', I'm almost sure he did. Anyway, he put his hand over his face, but before he did, I got a look at his face.

PETER: And?

WHEELER: And I recognized him. His name's Morales..Jimmy Morales.

PETER: Morales, eh? Is he short and swarthy?

WHEELER: That's right. ~~He works as a gardener, at a big house down the street.~~ Lives over the other side of town, on Riaz street.

PETER: Why didn't you bring in this information before?

WHEELER: Mr. Panfeld, I'll be frank with you. I'm not a brave man, I've got a family, a wife and two children. This man Morales is ~~mean, he's the kind of man who'd cut your throat,~~ he's been mixed up in one or two scrapes already, in the neighborhood. I didn't want to go to the police, for fear he'd hear I tipped them off.

PETER: And that's why you came to me, eh?

WHEELER: Yes. Please, Mr. Panfeld, don't let it get around that I was an informer....

PETER: It's the duty of every public spirited citizen to be an informer where a killer is concerned, Mr. Wheeler. The fact that you delayed at all may ruin our chances of nailing the Phantom now...

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

PETER: Mary. Get me Detective Art Burkey at police headquarters.. right away!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You and Art Burkey go to Morales house, on Riaz Street.  
You're carrying a package .. and he's carrying a gun. On  
the sidewalk, he <sup>draws</sup> ~~unloads~~ the gun, and turns to you...

BURKEY: Better stay out here on the sidewalk, Pete.

PETER: No. I'm going in with you.

BURKEY: Look. I've gotta figure I'm goin' to run into trouble.  
If this Morales is the Phantom, he may start shooting. I  
don't want a dead reporter on my hands, especially a friend  
of mine.

PETER: (QUIETLY) We're wasting time out here, Art. Let's go ....

BURKEY: Okay....

(WE HEAR STEPS ON SIDEWALK. CHANGE QUALITY AS  
STEPS GO UP WOODEN STAIRS, ONTO WOODEN PORCH,  
THEN STOP,)

BURKEY: Get to one side, Pete.

PETER: But....

BURKEY: (SNAPS) Get to one side, I said!

PETER: All right.

(WE HEAR RING OF DOORBELL WITHIN)

(A PAUSE)

(DOOR OPENS)

MORALES: Yeah. What do you ...

BURKEY: (SHARP) Up with those hands, Morales!

MORALES: Wait a minute! What is this?

BURKEY: Go on .. get inside!



(DOOR CLOSE)

MORALES: Who do you guys think you are?

BURKEY: Police. ~~And we think you're the~~ <sup>Ww</sup> Phantom!

MORALES: Me? Hey, what kind of frameup is this? Who told you that malarkey. You can't pin anything on me. You're both nuts, I don't know a thing about the Phantom!

BURKEY: You were seen coming through the Mallon hedge the night he was murdered, Morales.

MORALES: That's a lie. That's a dirty lie.

BURKEY: Don't give us that. We've got a witness to prove it. A man in a car saw you in his headlights.

MORALES: Okay. Okay. I did come through the hedge. But I didn't kill Mallon or anyone else. I had a date with a maid over on the next street. It was late, I didn't want to walk all the way around, the corner, so I cut through the hedge toward the bus stop and....

BURKEY: You're a liar!

MORALES: I tell ya, this is a straight story. If you think I'm the Phantom, you're crazy with the heat, see? You can't come bustin' in here and ...

BURKEY: Pete!

PETER: Yes, Art?

BURKEY: Take that hat out of the package.

PETER: Right.

(RUSTLING OF PAPER)

BURKEY: Now.. try the hat on his head.. just for size.

MORALES: Hey, what kind of crazy business is this?

PETER: (A LONG BEAT) <sup>Take it easy</sup> Art, ~~take a~~ look. It's three sizes too small for him!

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN INTO)

(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 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: -- INTRO AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: This is ~~Ernest Chappell~~ <sup>Cy Harice</sup> returning you to your narrator, ~~Harice~~ and the Big Story of Peter Panfeld..as he lived it, and wrote it.

NARR: You, Peter Panfeld of the San Antonio Light, and Detective Art Burkey, are stunned when the hat doesn't fit Jimmy Morales. Just to be sure, you check on his story about visiting a maid that night, and it turns out to be true. And so the Phantom is still...the Phantom. Then, a couple of days later, you are in Burkey's office at headquarters.

PETER: Anything new, Art?

BURKEY: Not a thing, Pete. Nothing but phone calls, phony leads, just as Wheeler's was about Morales. People are seeing everything from pixies to the ghosts of their great-grandmothers.

PETER: You can't blame 'em. They're just plain scared.

BURKEY: I know, I know.

PETER: I wonder if there's some kind of lead we can get out of this pen-type ~~lighter~~ <sup>flashlight</sup>.

BURKEY: Not a chance. They sell hundreds of them in town.

PETER: That brings us back to the hat.

BURKEY: Yeah. We always get back to the hat. So where do we go from there?

PETER: ~~You know~~ <sup>Say</sup>, Art, ~~I was just thinking~~ <sup>just got an idea!</sup>. This hat was blocked and cleaned lately. You can still get a whiff of the cleaning fluid.

BURKEY: Well? What of it?

PETER: I was thinking, maybe we ought to check the hat-cleaning places in town. Maybe we could dig up an identification, maybe somebody would remember.

BURKEY: Oh, sure. They'd remember a short, swarthy man. But San Antonio is full of short, dark men, Pete. Thousands of them.

PETER: It's worth a try.

BURKEY: Maybe. But I'm not going to assign any men to it, not now. I've got 'em combing every dive and cheap rooming ~~hotel~~<sup>house</sup> in town, and that's what they're going to keep on doing. My theory is that if we find the Phantom at all, he'll be holed up in one of ~~these~~<sup>these</sup> dives!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The idea you have still needles you, Peter Panfeld. You think about it awhile, and then you decide, there's a chance, just a chance. So, you start checking the hat cleaning establishments in town, one by one...street by street...

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

PETER: Main Plaza, Trevino, Galan Streets.....no lead -

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

PETER: South San Saba, West Commerce...Haymarket Plaza - no lead.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ ACCENT AND UNDER)

NARR: Barber shops, shoe repair shops, anyplace where they might clean hats. And you get nothing but tired feet, Peter Panfeld and an idea that you must have been crazy to start this in the first place. And then, at a little one-man hat cleaning and shoeshine place called Joe's, while you're getting a shine ....

(FLIP OF SHOE-SHINING CLOTH, AS IT SHINES. THEN FINAL CRACK OF CLOTH...)

JOE: There you are, Mister. Good as new, best shoeshine in town.

PETER: Thanks. You own this place?

JOE: Is mine. I am Joe.

PETER: You clean hats, too, eh?

JOE: Best job in San Antonio. Quick service, Number One. You want me to clean your hat?

PETER: No, I ~~guess not.~~ <sup>don't think so -</sup>

JOE: Hat's pretty dirty. I clean fast, ~~and I clean cheap,~~  
~~Mister. She's all out of shape, see?~~

PETER: ~~(A CHUCKLE). Okay, go ahead.~~

JOE: ~~First, we put the hat on this block, see? Nice, tight fit, so. Then we give her some steam...~~  
~~(UP WITH STEAM...)~~

JOE: ~~And brush her around, nice and clean.~~  
~~(BRUSH)~~

PETER: ~~By the way, Joe. Ever clean a really small~~  
~~hat.~~

JOE: How small?

PETER: Small enough so you had a hard time putting it on that block. Say, size six and one half.

JOE: Sure. One feller come in here with hat like that.

PETER: ~~A six and one-half?~~

JOE: ~~Sure thing, Mister. I took myself.~~

PETER: ~~Joe, wait a minute.~~ Was it a black hat?

JOE: Is black, ~~you betcha.~~ <sup>all right</sup>

PETER: Was he short and dark?

JOE: Short and dark, sure. With the squint eyes.

PETER: The eyes had a squint? You're sure?

JOE: Sure I am sure, Mister. This man come into my place once in a while, for the shine. An' he come in a week ago, to clean the hat.

PETER: What's his name?

JOE: Mister, why you ask me all these questions. <sup>Who are you?</sup> ~~What for, eh?~~

PETER: Joe, this is important. Do you know his name?

JOE: His name is not my business, Mister. He come in, he ask me to clean the hat, I clean the hat. He ask me to shine the shoe, I shine the shoe. I don't ask his name!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Short and dark, with a squint to the eyes. You, have covered many a case in San Antonio, you've seen many a criminal go behind bars. And now, a nerve throbs, a picture takes a frame in the back of your head, a memory stirs....

PETER: Steve Lopez! Conviction, burglary. Short, dark, and a squint to the eyes. Maybe! MAYBE!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: That was over five years ago. You check your memory with the cop who arrested Lopez. He's Ed Grady, now driving a prowl car, in the same neighborhood as the shoe shine place...

GRADY: Lopez? Sure, I remember him, Pete. Picked him up myself. Had a record as long as your arm, the judge sent him up for five.

PETER: And he had a squint to his eyes?

GRADY: Yep. He sure did. Did I ever tell you of the flashlight gimmick he used to use?

PETER: No.

GRADY: He liked a small beam when he broke in to do a job. So he took an ordinary flashlight, stuffed the front end with paper, and curled it around till he got a thin beam of light.

PETER: Ed! That's why he was using one of these new pen-type flashlights now! Tell me something else...

GRADY: Yeah?

PETER: When did Lopez get out of jail?

GRADY: Seven weeks ago.

PETER: Seven weeks ago. That's about when this wave of burglaries started.

GRADY: Pete, are you trying to tell me that Lopez is...

PETER: That's right, Ed. The Phantom!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Just to make sure, you go back to your files at the paper, pick up Steve Lopez's picture at the morgue. Then you get back to Joe at the shoeshine and hat cleaning parlor,...

PETER: Is this the man with the small hat, Joe?

JOE: This is the man.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)



BURKEY: Nice work, Peter. Very nice work. So Steve Lopez is the phantom in the flesh, eh?

PETER: That's right, Art.

BURKEY: I'll send out a general alarm right away, and a pickup order.

PETER: Art, wait a minute. I don't want to butt in with police procedure. But I've got a suggestion, if you'll listen.

BURKEY: Go ahead.

PETER: If you send out an alarm, Lopez will hear about it. That means, he'll hole up, deeper than ever. That ~~add up~~ <sup>make sense</sup> to you?

BURKEY: Yes.

PETER: All right. Suppose we keep our information close to our chest. Suppose we sort of let everything die.

BURKEY: ~~I don't get you, Pete.~~ <sup>And then what?</sup>

PETER: If he figures the heat's off, and if he's still in San Antonio, the chances are he'll resume his regular habits again, go about his ordinary routine. ~~And men are funny that way...~~

BURKEY: ~~In what way?~~

PETER: ~~You get used to a barber, you go to the same barber. You get used to restaurants, clothing stores, and taverns, and you patronize 'em week in and week out, don't you?~~

BURKEY: ~~I do.~~ <sup>So</sup> Yes?

PETER: ~~So do I.~~ Okay. I figure that sooner or later, the Phantom, alias Steve Lopez, is going to drop into Joe's for a shine.

BURKEY: Then we'll keep our eyes on Joe's place.

PETER: If you do, Lopez is sure to spot your men. I looked up his record, he's been around a long time, he probably knows every cop on the Force, but he doesn't know me, at least, face to face. Suppose I hang around Joe's, for a few days. If he comes in, then I can tip you off.

BURKEY: I don't know. I don't like it. It's dangerous.

PETER: Don't worry, I'm no hero. After I spot him, I'm turning him over to you. (A BEAT) How about it, Art?

BURKEY: All right, Pete. If you want to be sucker-bait, go to it!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You ring Joe in on the plan, and he's nervous about it, but agrees to cooperate. And so, you sit around and wait, read the paper, get your shoes shined, again and again. A day passes, two, three....and each night, Joe says....

JOE: He is not coming in today, Mister Panfeld. Time to lock up ~~the joint!~~

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The fourth day passes...then the fifth. You begin to regret the whole thing. ~~And then~~ <sup>when</sup>, suddenly a face passes the plate glass window...a dark, swarthy face with a squint ...and then...

(DOOR OPENS)

LOPEZ: Hello, Joe...what'dya know?

(DOOR CLOSES)

JOE: (SUDDENLY NERVOUS) Oh. Hello, hello, Mister.

LOPEZ: I need a shine. This guy ahead of me?

JOE: Him? Oh, no, no. He's waiting for me to clean the hat.....

LOPEZ: Is he? (A BEAT) Then why is he wearing his hat on his head?

PETER: I've got another hat he's cleaning.

LOPEZ: Oh. I get it. Okay, Joe. Shine 'em up!

JOE: (NERVOUS) Sure, Mister, sure.

(WE HEAR FLAPPING OF SHOESHINE RAG)

LOPEZ: What's the matter with you, pal?

JOE: Who, me?

LOPEZ: Yeah. What are you so nervous about?

JOE: Me? (A FALSETTO LAUGH) Me, I am not nervous, Mister.

LOPEZ: You act like this is the first pair of shoes you ever shined. (A BEAT). And why are you lookin' at my face all the time, instead of my shoes?

JOE: Me? I look at the shoes...

LOPEZ: Never mind, pal. Just forget the whole thing.

JOE: But you ask for the shine...

LOPEZ: Yeah. But all of a sudden, I'm changin' my mind. All of a sudden I don't want any shine. Any objections?

JOE: (SWEATING) No, Mister. No, sir!

LOPEZ: All right. Get out of my way. I'm leavin'!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You watch him, Peter Panfeld. You're sweating, so is Joe. You go out, follow him. He looks back once or twice, you duck. Then you see him go into a house on Clark Street. Out of the corner of your eye, you see the police prowl car, driven by Ed Grady, who's been covering you on orders of Art Burkey. You run over to the car...

(MOTOR IDLING UNDER)

PETE: (PANTING) Ed, call Number 61 on your radio.

GRADY: ~~61? That's the homicide division.~~

PETE: ~~I just~~. I've got Lopez spotted.

(SWITCH TURNED OFF. ~~ALWAYS~~ STATIC IN)

GRADY: (DRONES) Twenty-four calling sixty-one...sixty-one...!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: In a few minutes, the homicide squad comes in, headed by Art Burkey. They surround the house. Then Art walks up to the door with a <sup>machine</sup>~~Tommy~~ gun. You watch him, and you can't get over his nerve. Inside, there is a killer.

(POUNDING ON DOOR...)

BURKEY: (YELLS) All right, Lopez! Come on out!

NARR: There's no answer. Art Burkey lowers the gun to the lock and...

(TATTOO OF TOMMY GUN)

(DOOR OPENS WITH A CRASH)

BURKEY: All right, Lopez! Get away from that window! And don't move!

LOPEZ: What is this? What's the idea?

BURKEY: We just wanted you to try on a hat for size. All right, Pete, put it on him...

(A PAUSE)

PETER: Art, ~~take a~~ look. This time...it's a perfect fit!

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Peter Panfeld, of the San Antonio Texas Light with the final outcome 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 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 Peter Panfeld of the San Antonio ~~Times~~ Light.

PANFELD: Killer in tonight's Big Story had bloodstained clothes and murder weapon hidden in his room. He was found guilty of first degree murder in the Criminal District Court in San Antonio and later died in the electric chair. Many thanks for tonight's Pell Mell Award .

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Panfeld...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 Sapulpa Oklahom Herald, by-line Margaret <sup>Gibson</sup> ~~Eskin~~. A BIG STORY that begins with the cry of a child in pain and ends with the cry of a man <sup>in death</sup> - ~~strapped in the electric chair.~~

(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 San Antonio Texas Light. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and George Petrie played the part of Peter Panfeld. 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. Panfeld.

(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.

pb/mtf 4/12/51pm

ATX01 0172363

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #215

CAST

NARRATOR

BOB SLOAN

BLANCHE

MILDRED CLINTON

OPERATOR

MILDRED CLINTON

MOTHER

RUTH YORKE

MAGGIE

CHARITA BAUER

2ND DOCTOR

IAN MARTIN

PA

IAN MARTIN

WALT

EDDIE BRUCE

DR. HAINES

MEL RUICK

JACKSON

BILL QUINN

WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, 1951

ATX01 0172364



NBC

THE BIG STORY

#215

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

MAY 9, 1951

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE, THEN OUT)

(CLICKING OF TELEPHONE)

MOTHER: (SICK, IN PAIN, A WOMAN ABOUT 40) Operator, operator --

(MORE CLICKING)

MOTHER: For heaven's sake, operator!

OPERATOR: (FILTER) Number, please.

MOTHER: (IN A BURST SO THAT SHE IS ALMOST INCOHERENT) Get me a doctor! Who's the nearest doctor? Walt is sick and Larry and Linda and Tina and the baby and Pa and --

OPERATOR: You'll have to speak more distinctly.

MOTHER: We're dying -- all of us. Get me a <sup>Dr. please</sup> -- ~~HELP!~~

(MUSIC: -- HITS, 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. (PAUSE)  
Sapulpa, Oklahoma. The story of a seventeen year old reporter who saw more horror in one day than most people see in a lifetime. ~~And~~ for her work, to Margaret Eakin of the Sapulpa, Oklahoma Herald, for her Big Story, goes the PELL MELL Award.

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATK01 0172365

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #215

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-  
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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, UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Sapulpa, Oklahoma. The story as it actually happened --  
Margaret Eakin's story as she lived it.

(MUSIC: -- THEME)

NARR: You had come back from college and gone for, asked, and  
gotten a job on the Sapulpa Herald (circulation about 10,000)  
And for you, seventeen year old college student Margaret  
Eakin, that first week had been the most exciting week of  
your life.

(PHONE RINGING (IT SHOULD BE LIKE A MINOR EXPLOSION)  
IT IS ANSWERED)

MAGGIE: Yes, this is Margaret Eakin -- Yes, I'm ready, go ahead...  
Three bandits held up a gas station and killed the  
attendant and have been cornered in an old farmhouse by two  
Sapulpa policemen... They're shooting it out now? Wow! Let  
me get over there!

(MUSIC: -- ~~THEME~~; IN WITH)

NARR: You had no idea it would be like this. ~~It's like an operation~~  
~~and~~ You the eye witness reporting it for Sapulpa, for Tulsa,  
for the whole of Oklahoma -- 36 hours without sleep, ~~two~~ <sup>3</sup>  
dead, ~~three captured~~ -- and you (still seventeen) rubbing  
shoulders with the big-shots from Oklahoma City, the wire  
services of St. Louis -- even from as far away as Chicago.  
~~What a week~~ -- what a way to begin your career!

(MUSIC: -- NOW SEGUES TO QUIET, PLACID, AND RESTFUL THEME)

NARR:

You had wrapped up <sup>this</sup> your Big Story, seen it in big, bold type reserved for peace treaties, declarations of war -- and murder. And the sheets of your bed never felt so good. ~~Well, there wouldn't be another like this in months for~~ years. Imagine - you, little Maggie Eakin, just a few years past the chuckling-under-the-chin stage with a bigtime ~~shaky already under~~ ~~it~~. You can sleep now, Maggie-- there won't be another one along for a long, long time -- so you think.

(PHONE, IT RINGS THREE TIMES, IS ANSWERED ON THE THIRD RING)

OPERATOR:

(FILTER) Maggie?

MAGGIE:

(SLEEPY) Huh? Who is this?

OPERATOR:

Maggie, this is Florence, the telephone operator. I hate to call you, but I just heard the most amazing thing in ~~the world and I thought you ought to know about it.~~

MAGGIE:

What is it?

OPERATOR:

Well, a couple of minutes ago some woman got on the phone. She was trying to get a doctor, been trying for a half-hour now and I just finally got shold of old Dr. Haines. He's the only one around -

MAGGIE:

Oh look, Florence, I'm awful sleepy.

OPERATOR:

Well, the way this woman was talking, Maggie, her whole family was sick or dying or something. I couldn't even hear her the way she was talking -- like maybe she was dying too.

MAGGIE:

The whole family?

OPERATOR: That's right. It's the Carols, out on South Division Street. You know that old frame house? I don't know those people very well, Maggie, but they got eight children, and if they're all sick or dying or something --

MAGGIE: Thanks, Florence. Thank you.

(MUSIC: UP, QUIET AT FIRST, AND THEN GRADUALLY SEQUES INTO DEEP TRAGEDY)

NARR: One o'clock in the morning on South Division Street in the old frame house ~~seems quiet~~ <sup>just</sup> ~~seems quiet~~, except ~~that~~ <sup>inside</sup> all the lights are burning. ~~But once inside, beds would become quiet beside it.~~

DR. HAINES: (ELDERLY MAN, SHAKY) I need water -- I need a lot of water. I need these hypo needles boiled up immediately. I need a pump -- a stomach pump.

~~NARR: From somewhere, a boy's voice is calling~~

WALT: Ma, it hurts, Ma. Ma, come quick -- it hurts awful. Ma --  
(KEEP THIS UP AND FADE BACK INTO BG)

~~NARR: The mother of the house, her hand clutched to her stomach, her face twisted in agony, tries to move from room to room~~

MOTHER: Don't move, don't move! Sit still. Just lie there.  
(CALLING) I'll be right there, Walt. I'll be right there. Sally, rub the baby's belly. Linda, don't! I'll be right there!

DR. H: They got to drink some water. Quick, water!

MAGGIE: There aren't any glasses.

DR. H: There's a cup somewhere around -- I saw it before.

MOTHER: There's some bowls under the sink and in the cupboard there.

All right, <sup>Walt</sup> ~~Linda~~, all right!

WALT: Ma, it hurts. (BUILDING) It hurts, Ma, terrible!

*Mother*

*Miss Eaker*

DR. H.:

Stop what you're doing. ~~Stop it now.~~ Go out and phone. Get help somewhere! Get a stomach pump. The whole family's been poisoned.

(MUSIC: UP, SUSTAINED, AND UNDER...)

NARR:

Only now, as you race to the nearest telephone, Maggie Eakins, do the pieces of horror that you've seen begin to register. The father of the family doubled up, ~~paralyzed with shock~~. Two other children, ~~one age five, one age three,~~ lying beside him crying bitterly. The mother so sick she almost can't speak, trying to bring comfort to the other stricken. And the poor old Doc hysterically needing everything: ~~hypo, stomach pump~~ *another*! Finally, you locate ~~a~~ doctor-- ~~the nearest doctor at the Creek County Medical Society, 20 miles away~~

2nd DOCTOR:

(SLOW) My dear girl, of course I'd like to help you. I've got two deliveries tonight though, and an appendectomy.

MAGGIE:

But, doctor, there are ten people here!

2nd DOCTOR:

Try Tulsa. There must be somebody in Tulsa General Hospital.

MAGGIE:

I've tried. It'll take too long.

2nd DOCTOR:

I don't know what to tell you. I'm sorry, young lady, I'm terribly busy. If I can, I'll get you someone else.

~~(PHONE RINGS)~~

(MUSIC: TRACE)

MAGGIE: 927, please.

(F)(A LITTLE RINGING)

JACKSON: (F) Hello.

MAGGIE: This Harry Jackson?

JACKSON: That's right.

MAGGIE: This is Maggie Eakin, Harry. I'm awful sorry to call you. I know this is out of your line, but I'm going out of my mind. There's ten people out at the Carol House on S. Division Street--they're dying, poisoned. What can I do?

JACKSON: Well gee, Maggie, call a doctor or something.

MAGGIE: What do you think I've been doing all night? The only reason I called your office is I thought the County Attorney might have some ideas.

JACKSON: Well gosh, I don't know what <sup>I can</sup> do. I'll get dressed ~~through~~ and come over. I ~~don't know what to do~~.

MAGGIE: Well, hurry up and get over. There's no time to talk.

(AND HANGS UP)

(MUSIC: --- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You get the stomach pump and the promise from the one nurse at the Sepulpa Hospital(it's a small county hospital and no doctors are on duty now) that she'll be over as soon as she can--if she can. You go back with something in your hand at least--~~stomach pump~~

MAGGIE: (PLEASED AND CHATTERING OUT OF NERVOUSNESS) Well, Dr. Haines, I got a stomach pump and I can begin to help you on this and--What's the matter? *Miss Carol?*

*Walk - Ma it hurts  
I'm coming*

*Larry*

MOTHER:

He was going to be nine Sunday. I'm coming, *Linda.*

Don't be frightened--I'll be right there. Tina, you come in and sit with the baby. (IN PAIN) Pa, can you move? Pa--And I got him a baseball bat for his birthday--

MAGGIE:

I never saw anything like it! When did he die?

DOCTOR:

A few minutes after you left. Look, take the pump, *you go into*  
go inside--No, you give me the pump. *In that room*  
~~there, there's a little one--~~ *Linda* You take her and put her in your car and take her to the hospital. She's got to get out of here. Will you do that?

MAGGIE:

Do anything--anything at all--

(MUSIC: ~~-----~~ *Larry*)

NARR:

It doesn't hurt awful anymore for one of the boys *Larry* (the one who's dead). And now you race the six blocks with the little girl who was Larry's twin. You lift her out of the car and half-drag, half-carry her up the stairs into the nearby hospital.

MAGGIE:

You're going to be fine, you're going to be all right. There's nothing to worry about. You're at the hospital. We're going to take away the pain and ~~your mother~~  
~~going to be fine and your Daddy and all your brothers~~  
~~and sisters and~~ --Oh, no, no!

(MUSIC: ~~-----~~ IN WITH...)

NARR:

You walk back from your car that you've parked outside their house. You walk in *Linda* trying to think up ways and words to tell them that ~~Larry~~ is dead. The twins are both dead--And *Harry* Jackson, the County Attorney, who got dressed and over there as fast as he could, is there now and meets you at the door.



MAGGIE: Thank heaven you're here, Harry. Thank heaven somebody's here. That little kid--I just took one of the kids--

MOTHER: (HYSTERICAL) Tina, go into the baby. Go inside to the baby. (SHE STARTS TO CRY) Oh, I'm so stupid! (QUOTING HERSELF) ~~"Linda, go and stay with the baby"~~ -Tina's dead. (SUDDENLY SOBER) How's Linda?

MAGGIE: She--she's over at the hospital--I--

MOTHER: You don't have to say it. Why? Why is my home cursed? ~~Doctor, Miss, Mister, Mr.~~ (RISING) Tell me, what did I do all my life so wrong that I'm punished so? ~~Three children dead and how many more? Who knows how many more?~~ Why? Somebody tell me why!

NARR: And there was no answer. Not the County Attorney, not the doctor, not you, Maggie Eakin, who began this night at seventeen years of age, but have aged in these last hours--there is no answer that you or anyone else on earth can make. This is stark, meaningless tragedy. ~~Tragedy incarnate to one who, the morning in the 1930s~~  
~~town of Sapulpa, Oklahoma?~~

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ RISES TO TAG THE ACT)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM # 215

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: --- THEME AND UNDER...)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your Narrator and the Big Story of Margaret Eakin as she lived it and wrote it.

NARR: It is later--<sup>how</sup> much later you don't know, Margaret Eakin, because time, as well as most of the other realities of life, have lost their meaning. Because you and Harry Jackson, the County Attorney, and Doctor Haines, the only available physician, and the mother and father and the five remaining children are still in the house--this house of unspeakable tragedy. And--

(MUSIC: --- SEGUES TO MORE PLACID THEME...)

NARR: All that remains is a kind of numbness--a lack of belief that what happened happened, ~~and that they~~  
~~can you actually did see.~~

MOTHER: They're sleeping, Pa, they're sleeping. The others are asleep.

PA: Why don't you lie down Ma?

DR. H.: My advice to you is all of you should lie down.

PA: Would any of you have a cigarette?

MAGGIE: Here, help yourself.

DR. H.: And all of you clean out and--It's a stupid thing to say, but let's be thankful that it stopped where it stopped.

PA: Doc, you were wonderful.

DR. H.: (FADING) Now come on, all of you, come with me and go inside to your rooms and--

JACKSON: What're you staying here for, Margaret?

MAGGIE: (PREOCCUPIED) Hm? I don't know.

JACKSON: Why don't you go on home?

MAGGIE: I'm so wide awake <sup>staying</sup> I couldn't sleep and--

JACKSON: I know--you got the story to write, that's what's bothering you. You got to put this whole horrible <sup>story in your</sup> ~~story~~ paper. I bet a couple of weeks ago you didn't think you'd come home on your vacation and be faced with a job of writing something like this.

MAGGIE: That's not it. ~~That's not why I'm sitting here. I~~ <sup>know</sup> I don't what it is.

JACKSON: You're upset, Margaret. You really ought to go home.

DR. H.: (ENTERING) Well, I hope I never live through another night like this. ~~Could I take one of those~~ <sup>Have either of you a</sup> cigarette?

MAGGIE: Sure. Doc--

DR. H.: Hm?

MAGGIE: Is this crazy? They were all sick. The mother, the kids, the father--but did you notice--I mean--Here, let me put it <sup>the</sup> ~~another~~ way. Would a man that had a terrible pain like Mr. Carol had--would he feel like smoking?

JACKSON: Hey, what're you talking about?

MAGGIE: Well you remember, <sup>he</sup> he asked me for a cigarette ~~when I~~ ~~first came in~~ and he must have smoked five or six while I was here. Did you notice that? <sup>Oh</sup>

DR. H.: ~~I didn't want to see anything, but~~ <sup>also seem</sup> now that you mention it, it ~~is~~ funny.

JACKSON: Why?

DR. H.: ~~Well, as near as I can figure out, the poisoning was~~  
likely strychnine -- we'll find out for sure when I get  
the laboratory report. But all the symptoms were strychnine  
~~poisoning, and I never~~ *well* I never met anyone who wanted to  
smoke under those circumstances. But in all probability  
he just had a milder dose than the others. ~~That's~~  
~~probably the explanation~~

MAGGIE: You're probably right.

JACKSON: Where are you going?

MAGGIE: I'M not going home, I can tell you that. *And* ~~But~~ I'm not  
going back to the paper. I'm going to talk to a couple of  
these poor people.

(MUSIC: SLOWLY BUILDING UNDER)

NARR: In one of the bedrooms where three of the children sleep  
together, the oldest boy, Walt, is not asleep.

MAGGIE: You want to tell me what happened, Walt?

WALT: Well, we all sat down to ~~dinner~~ *supper* and -- Well, we didn't  
even get a chance to finish eating -- I think Larry was  
the first one -- ~~Larry was the one who died first, remember?~~

MAGGIE: ~~Yes, I remember.~~

WALT: ~~Well,~~ Larry said it tasted funny -- the milk -- and Ma  
said, "go ahead and drink it, it's good for you" and --

MAGGIE: What did you have for supper?

WALT: Just milk and cornbread with a little butter on it.

MAGGIE: That's all you had for dinner?

WALT: Well, ma'am, we aren't very rich.

MAGGIE: Go ahead.

WALT: <sup>and</sup> Well, so ma said, "You all finish your <sup>Supper</sup> ~~dinner~~" and we did but after <sup>Supper</sup> ~~dinner~~ everybody felt sick to <sup>their</sup> ~~the~~ stomach. I know I had to go to the bathroom and -- you know. And so ma said; "We'll all take a dose of castor oil, it's the best thing in the world for it."

MOTHER: (ENTERING) Oh, it's you, Miss Eakin. I thought I heard somebody talking and I wondered if the children were --

MAGGIE: I was just speaking to Walt about what happened. Is that all right with you?

MOTHER: Sure.

WALT: So, well none of us liked castor oil and we were very glad when Pa said to give us the soothing syrup instead, that's better for an upset stomach. And so we -- (HE STOPS)

MAGGIE: What's the matter?

PA: (WHO HAS JUST ENTERED) It's me, it's me. He blames me-- they all blame me. I'm the one that gave them the poison. I could kill myself --

MOTHER: Don't say that, Pa. It can't be helped -- it could happen to anybody --

PA: I got that bottle with the old label on it and I was sure it was the soothing syrup and I didn't bother to look at the label -- now I know it was that liquid that I got for the rats that time --

MOTHER: Why should you blame yourself, Pa. You -- Look, it was the will of God ~~and it happened and he to be and try to forget about it~~ -- What's the sense of trying to blame anybody?

WALT: Well, I blame him.

MOTHER: You hush! Don't say anything like that ever again. There's nobody to blame, Walt. That's what happened and -- Oh, when will this night be over?

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

NARR: It's senseless to stand around and watch them tear each other apart and blame themselves and cry to heaven for a wrong that no one could possibly explain. And so you find yourself back at the newspaper office --

(TYPEWRITER UNDER)

NARR: -- tapping away at the keys. ~~But not really writing, just, in a sense, passing time, busy-ing your hands while your mind tries to figure out something.~~ And then you read what you've written on the paper.

MAGGIE: "Of the ten stricken people, only one -- Herman Carol, the father of the family -- seems not to have been poisoned.

NARR: This is as far as you go. ~~But that's not the story, that's just your thought.~~ You wonder about this fact of the father not being as sick as the others -- and also the fact that the family felt sick before they took the "soothing syrup" that killed three ~~and caused such horrible pain to the other "lucky" seven.~~ You wonder too about his breast-beating, about taking all the blame on himself. You wonder about the accusation by the boy Walt, whose brother and two sisters are dead. And you find yourself on one end of the telephone (with County Attorney Jackson on the other), and the evil thought now in words on your lips.

MAGGIE: Harry, would you do me a favor, please?

JACKSON: (FILTER) Look, sweetie, you'd be much better off writing your story then forgetting about it and go on home to bed--

MAGGIE: I agree with you. (MEANING SHE DOESN'T) But will you do me a favor anyhow? Why I don't know -- I absolutely don't know why I've this idea -- but one of the lessons I learned in school-- was find out who stands to gain by anybody's death.

JACKSON: Look, you were a nurse all night and you were a reporter. What are you starting -- detective work too?

MAGGIE: Just do me one little favor and see if there was a lot of insurance on that family, will you?

JACKSON: ~~Insurance (SARCASTIC) The explanation for every crime in America~~

MAGGIE: ~~Just do it, will you?~~

(SHE ~~SHAKES UP~~)

NARR: It frightens you that you've said these words, that you've let this thought form into words -- because apart from the breast-beating, the cigarette, the accusation from Walt, you have nothing <sup>concrete</sup> to go on -- ~~absolutely nothing~~

WALT: (INTERRUPTS NARRATION) Could I talk to you, please?

NARR: --- a 12 year old boy named Walt Carol stands next to your desk and his childish face is aged with worry.

WALT: There's something you ought to know, I think, and I'm going to tell it. (HE STOPS)

MAGGIE: What's the matter, Walt?

WALT: ~~I told you that we were poor, you know that. But there's more than just that. Ma and Pa --~~ They -- (BLURTING IT OUT) He was running around with a girl, that's what! He's been running around with her for a long time and I know all about it! There! I said it!



MAGGIE: (GENTLY) What're you trying to tell me, Walt?

WALT: Her name is Blanche Barry. You ask her.

(MUSIC: IN MOVEMENT)

MAGGIE: This is the first you've heard of it, is that it?

BLANCHE: Yes, I can't believe it -- even now. Two of the girls and Larry dead!

MAGGIE: I don't wish anybody in the world to see what I saw -- like flies they dropped off. Before I could get a chance even to tell her that Linda was dead, she told me that the other little girl, Tina --

BLANCHE: And Tina -- such a sweet child -- and --

MAGGIE: What did you and he have in mind for the future?

BLANCHE: Well, everybody knew that he and his wife weren't getting along and we planned to get married and maybe move somewhere else and -- (SUDDENLY, AGHAST) That couldn't be what he meant! It couldn't be!

MAGGIE: ~~What're you talking about?~~

BLANCHE: Oh no, that's impossible! Not Herman Carol!

MAGGIE: What're you talking about, Blanche!

BLANCHE: He said -- he wrote me a letter the other day. He told me -- Oh, it's impossible!

MAGGIE: What're you talking about?

BLANCHE: ~~Oh no, that's impossible! Not Herman Carol!~~

MAGGIE: What're you talking about?

BLANCHE: ~~He said~~ -- he wrote me a letter the other day. He said -- Oh, it's impossible!

MAGGIE: Say it, Blanche -- please!

BLANCHE: Well, here, here -- I'll show it to you. But it's so insane --

(SOME STEPS, A DRAWER OPENS, LETTER OPENED)

BLANCHE: Here -- where is it now? Oh, yes, here. "Soon, my darling, I think I will get some money and --" (this is the sentence) -- "I shall be free on the 20th." What's today?

MAGGIE: The twentieth.

BLANCHE: It's impossible! I've known him a long time. He ~~couldn't~~  
~~possibly mean~~

MAGGIE: Give it to me! Give me the letter -- give it to me!  
Where's your phone?

BLANCHE: It's right over there. ~~Oh, but -- You think he could have~~  
(DURING THE ABOVE, PHONE LIFTED, JIGGLING)

MAGGIE: 927.

(FILTER)(PHONE RINGS, IS ANSWERED)

JACKSON: (FILTER) Hello.

MAGGIE: This is Maggie. What did you find out about the policies?

JACKSON: You can forget about it.

MAGGIE: Just tell me the facts.

JACKSON: ~~Listen, what are you after?~~

MAGGIE: ~~Look, I asked you a question. If you won't tell me, I'll~~  
~~find out from somebody else.~~

JACKSON: Maggie, you aren't getting into anything over your head, are you? (PAUSE) Okay. He took out the usual group insurance on the whole family. One of those great, big policies...paying one hundred dollars for each child and his wife in case of death.

(MUSIC:      HITS AND UNDER)

*Herman Carol*  
19-

NARR: You sit with ~~her~~ in a small vestibule off the bedrooms, and the only sound is an old hall clock.

(CLOCK TICKING)

NARR: ~~And they're all asleep. And you speak, because they are asleep - and because of the nature of the conversation, in hushed tones.~~ And you say exactly what's on your mind-- exactly.

MAGGIE: I said to myself, Mr. Carol, "is it possible for a man to kill his whole family? Is it possible to be so insanely involved with another woman that he would actually take the lives of his entire family: children, wife -- everyone." And with a hundred dollar price on each head! And I said to myself, Mr. Carol, "no, it ~~is~~ <sup>is not</sup> possible." But now that I sit here in this quiet, still house and look at you, and say it and read this letter that you wrote and the other letters that you wrote to her, do you know what I think? I think you did it. I think you did it!

(LONG PAUSE)

(DURING PAUSE, WE HEAR ONLY CLOCK TICKING)

PA: (VERY STILL, SMALL VOICE) It wasn't a very smart thing to do, Miss Eakin -- to come here and say words like this to me. Not a very smart thing at all. Because if I killed my own kids like you said, if I was so determined to get rid of everything, in order to have her, do you think I would stop with that if something stood in my way?

MAGGIE: My Lord, you actually did it!

PA: You think you're going to stop me now? With Linda dead and Larry and Tina and only luck that the others didn't? And you think a little snip of a girl reporter is going to--  
(HE STOPS)

ATX01 0172383

(JUST THE CLOCK TICKING, THEN TWO STEPS)

MOTHER: Say it again, Pa.

(THE CLOCK TICKING)

MOTHER: I don't know what I'm going to do, but you can't stop me, whatever it is. I think if you was to fire bullets into my face, into my chest -- you couldn't stop me now. Herman Carol, you're a murderer! You're the murderer of your own family!

PA: (~~FRIGHTENED~~) ~~I didn't give it to the baby. I only put it~~  
~~in the baby's milk -- but I didn't give it to baby. I~~  
~~didn't give the baby the milk --~~

(MUSIC:      FULL VIOLENCE, UP AND UNDER...)

NARR: There's just one more thing after the county attorney Harry Jackson has come over and <sup>had her</sup> arrested ~~her~~. After the doctor has given her a sedative and put the poor mother and five remaining children to bed. Just one more thing. And she says it -- the mother.

MOTHER: (VERY CALM) We were married 16 years last February. Sixteen years and eight children. That's a long time and a lot of life. And if he had ever told me -- because, you see, the first I heard about this girl was when you were talking to him earlier tonight -- if he had just said to me "This is the way things are" -- we might have been able to settle it. I mean, two people have trouble, all right. We might have been able to solve it. But no. He had to do what he did. But one thing before I go to my grave that I must do! He's got to tell me to my face why. I want to see in his eyes what happened and hear the words on his lips when he tells me face to face why this was the only way to do it. (SHE ENDS IN A PATHETIC WHISPER)

NARR: It's a question that will go down the ages. Why this kind of irrationality -- why must passion distort, corrupt, and ruin and take this inhuman form? And in writing this story, Margaret Eakin, you grow up -- too fast perhaps, ~~too fast perhaps~~ But you have tested and touched the full complexity of human meaning..... one May day during the seventeenth year of your life in a small town in Oklahoma.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP\_TO\_TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Margaret Eakin, of the Sapulpa Okla. Herald with the final outcome 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 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 Margaret Eakin  
of the Sapulpa Okla. Herald.

TELEGRAM: Murderer in tonight's Big Story confessed and the jury  
found him guilty of murder in the first degree. He died in  
the electric chair in the Oklahoma State Penitentiary.  
I didn't go back to college. I stayed on as a reporter.  
My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

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

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when  
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG  
STORY... A Big Story from the front pages of the  
Birmingham, Ala <sup>News</sup> News, by-line Hugh Sparrow. A BIG STORY  
about a reporter who proved to a murderer that 13 was his  
unlucky number.

(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 Sapulpa Okla. Herald. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Charita Bauer played the part of Margaret Eakin. 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 Eakin.

(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.

.....



AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM # 216

CAST

NARRATOR

BOB SLOAN

MAE

JEAN ELLYN

~~MOTHER~~

~~JENNIFER~~

VICKI

CONNIE LEMBCKE

BEN

JOE SILVER

SPARROW

NAT POLEN

SHERIFF

~~LES DAMON~~ *Jason Johnson*

DAN

HARRY DAVIS

DIXON

BILL GRIFFES

WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1951

HAVE YOU GIVEN BLOOD TODAY? JOIN THE PINT PARADE!!!  
CALL JUDSON 6-3000, EXT 143-145 HOTEL ASTOR -- MAY 3-28

ATX01 0172389

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#216

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

MAY 16, 1951

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: FANFARE AND UNDER)

~~(THUNDER AND LIGHTNING AND SOME WIND BUT NO RAIN...)~~

~~ESTABLISH... THEN...)~~

MAE: ~~(LATE FORTIES, DRY, NAGGING...LOW) There it is..(FEAR TAKE)~~

~~Ben! His - his door's open. Why's his door open?!~~

~~BEN: (HER HUSBAND... BORN SOUTHERN) The wind must of done it...~~

~~MAE: (FAST) He weren't home the day before, he weren't home last night and now his cabin's dark and the door's open! Ben, I'm scared!~~

~~BEN: Let's look in before the rain comes down -~~

~~(CREAK OF WOODEN DOOR...STEPS INSIDE CABIN)~~

~~MAE: (CUTS IN) <sup>Ben</sup> His bed! Uncle Claude's bed! It's - it's got blood! Ben -~~

~~BEN: We'd better call in the law -~~

~~MAE: (SUDDEN...LOW) No! Listen, listen to me, Ben! If he's dead, we're the first to know! Ben, his gold - his gold!~~

~~BEN: (SHOCKED) Mae!~~

~~MAE: It's hidden here somewhere! We deserve it, Ben! Ben, listen to me! Before we call in the law, let's look for it! We -~~

~~BEN: (CUTS IN, MISERABLE) I been married to you for <sup>8</sup> ~~twenty-four~~ years, Mae - <sup>8</sup> ~~twenty-four~~ years. You gotten to be real scum, Mae. (HARD) Come on out of here. We'll call the law!~~

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

ATX01 0172390

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)  
Birmingham, Alabama..From the pages of the Birmingham News,  
the story of a reporter who had met many murderers - but none  
so evil as this one. Tonight, to Hugh Sparrow of the  
Birmingham News, 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  
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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: THEME AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Birmingham, Alabama. The story as it actually happened....  
Hugh Sparrow's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: When this night began, Hugh Sparrow, ..reporter for the Birmingham News - your mood was a comfortable one. You sat at your desk working away on a nice, mental-type story... something about city politics. Every once in a while, you stopped and listened to the miserable rain hurling itself against the city-room windows...

(UP WITH HARD-DRIVEN RAIN LASHING WINDOWS...SLIGHT RUMBLE OF THUNDER...UNDER)

NARR: For a quiet, almost shy man in his middle thirties the thought of what it must be like outside makes you shiver a little. And then -

(PHONE RINGS QUIETLY...RECEIVER DOWN)

SPAR: (SOFT SPOKEN, QUIET) Sparrow speaking....

SHERIFF: (FILTER, NOT EXCITED) This is the Sheriff, Sparrow. Thought you might like to know...'Uncle! Claude Vickers has gone and disappeared -

SPAR: (NOT EXCITED) I see...How do you know?

SHER: One of his neighbors out Bluff Creek way phoned -

(ROLL OF THUNDER AND CLAP OF LIGHTNING..THEN)

SPAR: Than's for calling, Sheriff. What time in the morning you going out there?

SHER: I'm going out there now, Sparrow.

(MUSIC: SLIGHT ACCENT..DOWN UNDER)

NARR: The black night rain slides like oil down your window in the Sheriff's car. You're almost there now, at 'Uncle' Claude Vickers cabin in that desolate wooded area along the sloping banks of the Warrior River..The Sheriff breaks the silence -

SHER: ...It was bound to happen -

SPAR: ...I guess so -

SHER: Queer the way some men choose to live, isn't it?

SPAR: ..I - never knew him too well -

SHER: Close to 70, I guess..Been living out here by himself as far back as anyone can remember..A two-room shack, no gas, no electric lights and a pump for water -

SPAR: (BEAT THEN) The story goes 'Uncle' Claude owns some of the most valuable timber lands around here, that he's shrewd, educated and a big power in county politics -?

SHER: ...That's what's so queer ... The story is all true -

(MUSIC: - ACCENT...OUT TO:)

(STORM IN B.G.) *on the floor there -*

SHERIFF That blood's pretty dry <sup>could not have been</sup> Maybe three, four days old -

SPARROW ...He <sup>could</sup> - ~~didn't bleed~~ much, ~~did~~ he?

SHER: No - *I wonder where he is -*

SPAR: Might almost have cut his finger whittling -

SHER: He might -

SPAR: But you don't think so?

SHER: No -

SPAR: Why?

SHER Because that blood trails right to the door. And Uncle Claude's medicine chest is in the other direction...right there near the window -

SPAR: He - might have gone out to put his hand under the pump -

SHER: ..He might. But then - he wouldn't <sup>be missing</sup> ~~disappear~~ for three days..  
(PAUSE..THEN) Besides, I been around evil long enough. And  
I can smell evil in this here room..

(SOUND - STEPS)

SHER: Where you goin', Sparrow?

SPAR: Over to 'Uncle' Claude's neighbors...the ones who called you-

SHER: Bring 'em back with you, Sparrow...I'll be looking around  
here for some time -

(MUSIC: SLIGHT ACCENT...DOWN AND OUT UNDER)

(STORM OUTSIDE)

SPAR: Did <sup>Uncle Claude</sup> he - act worried about anything in the past couple of  
weeks? *Mr. Johnson?*

BEN: (BEAT..THEN) Somebody was trying to rush him into some  
dealings having to do with his timber holdings...Uncle Claude  
didn't like being rushed -

SPAR: He - told you this, ~~Mr. Johnson?~~

BEN: (BITTER) Mae here's the one he told things to -

MAE: (QUICKLY) Ben gets this way when it rains, Mr. Sparrow.  
It's like the miseries.

SPAR: Did Uncle Claude tell you who it was, Mrs. Johnson?

MAE: (BITTER) He didn't have to! It was the man in that car!

SPAR: What car?

MAE: (BUILDING) Coming when Uncle Claude least wanted him!  
Driving up at all hours of the night! Making a clatter we  
could hear all the way over here!

BEN: Neither one of us ever seen him, Mr. Sparrow. We could hear  
his car though.

SPAR: All the way over here?

BEN: You don't see <sup>Cars</sup> them like that any more..It passed me on the road one night - one of them air-cooled Franklins with a rumble seat..But neither one of us got a look at the man himself -

(PAUSE. THEN)

SPAR: Mrs. Johnson -

MAE: (NERVOUS) Yes?

SPAR: In all the times you went over to look in on Uncle Claude, bringing him things to eat and so on - you never got a look at this man who was pestering <sup>him?</sup> Uncle Claude?

MAE: (BEAT..THEN WITH SUDDEN FEAR) Lean and old and - evil-looking! Once I caught a glimpse of him driving up at night-  
(BREAKS OFF)

SPAR: ..What about him, Mrs. Johnson?

MAE: That was no man I saw in that car! I swear it! It was Death coming for Uncle Claude, lean and evil-looking death! That's who I saw!

(MUSIC: - STING...SLIGHT BRIDGE..UNDER)

NARR: Like a dog shakes off water, Hugh Sparrow, your mind now twists and turns to shake off the shock the word 'evil' produces. 'Evil' is an impression, you keep saying to yourself - not a fact! An impression good enough for the Sheriff, maybe, and Mae Johnson but not for you. You're after facts, Hugh Sparrow.

~~(RAIN HAS STOPPED AND D.C. OF FAR OFF THUNDER..LOW NIGHT SOUNDS...)~~

NARR: You begin to resent all of it - the rainstorm, the blood-stained cabin, the hysterical neighbor, the Warrior River rising in front of you - all of it like some cheap movie... cheap, and obvious and unreal...



(STEPS APPROACHING AND OUT TO)

SHER: What you doing here at the river, Sparrow?

SPAR: ..Rain stopped <sup>sherrif</sup> ..I didn't fancy listening to Mae Johnson's story about the mysterious stranger again..You finished with them?

SHER: Sent them on home..(CASUALLY) ~~You didn't cotton to Mae Johnson's story about the stranger?~~

SPAR: ~~For all we know, Uncle Claude may still be alive somewhere-~~

SHER: ~~..We might..and then again - if we look real close into this river, we might see Uncle Claude floating around here somewhere, face down ..~~

SPAR: (BEAT..THEN) You - figure on starting to dredge tonight?

SHER: No. Tomorrow - ... You think maybe Mae Johnson did it?

SPAR: Maybe...

(MUSIC: ACCENT ... SLIGHT BRIDGE .. DOWN UNDER)

NARR: The next morning, ~~the sun is shining and you feel real again.~~ You read your own story in the paper ~~all the way down,~~ including the five-line longshot asking any reader who'd seen a Franklin air-cooled coupe, vintage 1930 to get in touch with you...Then you take your own car and head back to Uncle Claude's cabin. ~~You take some pictures of the inside of the cabin.~~ You look through a few drawers and cupboards - not much <sup>but</sup> Tacked inside his only closet you find a snapshot of Uncle Claude and a young woman. You're just examining her face when you hear something....

(DIGGING SLIGHTLY OFF...HOLD UNDER)

NARR: You look out the back window for a moment...Mae Johnson, shovel in hand, doesn't hear you come up behind her...

(DIGGING UP..HOLD THEN)

SPAR: What do you expect to find, Mrs. Johnson?

(DIGGING STOPS SUDDENLY)

MAE: (BEAT. THEN) Didn't hear you come up, Mr. Sparrow -

SPAR: Just looking around -

MAE: (SUSPICIOUS) What for?

SPAR: Anything I might find -

MAE: Oh -

SPAR: Do you happen to know this woman, Mrs. Johnson ... this one on the picture with Uncle Claude?

MAE: (BEAT. THEN) Her!

SPAR: Was she - related to him?

MAE: Vicki Bloodworth?! (HALF SNORT, HALF KNOWING SMILE) No... Just a friend of his .. But she ain't been around in some time...

SPAR: Thanks...

(A FEW STEPS UNDER AND OUT AS:)

MAE: (SLIGHTLY OFF. SUDDEN) Mr. Sparrow -

SPAR: Yes?

(FEW QUICK STEPS IN)

MAE: (LOW, HARD) I know why you really come back this morning!

SPAR: Why?

MAE: I'll split it with you! I'll make you a deal. Whichever of us finds it, the other gets a half!

SPAR: (BEAT) Finds what, Mrs. Johnson?

MAE: (SORE) You think I don't know, don't you?! Think you can fool me with some old picture of Uncle Claude, don't you?! Well, you ain't so rich that Uncle Claude's gold wouldn't interest you!

(MUSIC: ACCENT DOWN UNDER)

NARR: Back at the office, there's a message on your desk. You read it -

(FAST PHONE DIALING UNDER)

NARR: And you feel like any man does who plays a wild longshot and finds he's picked a winner!

(DIALING OUT...BUZZER ON FILTER.. THEN CLICK AS:)

SHER: (FILTER) Sheriff's office -

SPAR: Sheriff? Hugh Sparrow. I think I got something -

SHER: That's better than we have. Been dredging all morning but no luck-

SPAR: Did you notice the box I put in the paper this morning concerning the car the stranger's supposed to have used?!

SHER: Yes?!

SPAR: Got a message. Man called. Said this morning he saw the remains of a car that fits the description -

SHER: The remains?! Where?!

SPAR: Out in the woods in Irondale. Said it wasn't there yesterday because he uses that path to go to work! Pretty sure it's an old Franklin coupe!

(MUSIC: - ACCENT...OUT\_TO)

(OUTDOORS: OCCASIONAL CROW .. NOW AND THEN STEPS CRUNCHING AROUND UNDER)

SPAR: Still warm!

SHER: What's left of it -

SPAR: It must have been set on fire last night - or early this morning -

~~(SOME PIECES OF TIN AND IRON LIFTED AWAY... THEN)~~

SPAR: (TAKE) Look here, Sheriff!

~~SHER: Where?~~

SPAR: Right under the rumble seat...those stains!

SHER: (BEAT) Looks like blood - but hard to tell!

SPAR: It would be blood all right if there'd been a body in the rumble seat...

SHER: Let's get back to my office. I'll have a towing car sent out here -

SPAR: What about trying to identify this thing?! Without the license plates -

SHER: (CUTS IN) She's stripped all right, but the fire didn't take too well around the engine block. Whoever fired this jalopy forgot to file the engine number off!

(MUSIC: - STING .. DOWN UNDER)

SHER: Here's the address, Sparrow. 2417 English Village!

SPAR: Fancy address!

SHER: R. J. Dixon -

SPAR: (TAKE) R. J. Dixon?! R. J. Dixon?! Why's that name so familiar?

SHER: (BEAT..THEN) You don't recall?

SPAR: Wait a second..R.J. Dixon - it was way back.. I - think I just started on the paper. There was something - (TAKE) R. J. Dixon! Real Estate! The Dr. Morton Case!

SHER: (QUIETLY) That's right. R.J. Dixon. Tried for the murder of Dr. Morton, sentenced to 25 years. He served <sup>6</sup> months in the penitentiary, then got himself transferred to the State Lunatic Asylum -

SPAR: The - State Lunatic Asylum?

SHER: Nobody quite knows how he did it. But why he did it became pretty obvious....He walked out of the Lunatic Asylum in <sup>3</sup> ~~Six~~ months - a free man...

SPAR: (BEAT. THEN) What's he like?

SHER: I was a deputy then...Still remember him, though...Very tall.. very lean - must be in his sixties now. He kind of gave you the feeling he'd stop at - nothing...

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT...UNDER)

NARR: R.J. Dixon was picked up for questioning around eight in the evening. Now, you stand near the door - and you can't take your eyes off that face. ~~As you so often do, Hugh Sparrow, you try to pick the words you'll use later to describe this face. But somehow, you can't.~~ A phrase keeps coming to the surface of your mind - and you keep pushing it away from you, you keep avoiding it...

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

SHER: Mr. Dixon, you knew that Uncle Claude had large timber holdings, didn't you?

DIXON: (OLD AND VERY GENTLE) Everybody knew that, Sheriff...

SHER: Were you involved in some kind of dealings with him?

DIXON: (SMILE) Just friendly visits, Sheriff...one old man to another, sir. That's all...By the way, Sheriff -

SHER: Yes?

DIX: I was told Uncle Claude's vanished...By any chance, you haven't found him yet, have you?

SHER: ...No...

DIX: Um-uh....

SHER: Mr. Dixon -

DIXON: Yes, sir?

SHER: Uncle Claude's neighbors report that he hasn't been seen since the night of the sixteenth -

DIXON: Is that so, Sheriff?

SHER: The neighbors say they heard a car - your car - coming up to his cabin the night he disappeared...

DIXON: Well, now, Sheriff, that might be so -

SHER: (SLIGHT TAKE) You - don't deny it?

DIX: (SMILE) You don't understand, sir. If you check with the proper city authorities, you'll find that they'll bear me out -

SHER: Bear - what out?

DIX: My car, Sheriff...It was stolen from me the day before Uncle Claude vanished. I reported that fact to the City, sir..

(MUSIC: - ACCENT...DOWN\_UNDER)

NARR: You stand there, Hugh Sparrow, and you know that the records will support him. You draw back a step as he walks by you - and you watch Death, with its lean and evil-looking face walk freely out into the night...

(MUSIC: - UP\_TO:)

(MUSIC: - TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #216

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  
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HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

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

NARR: You've always prided yourself on your self discipline, Hugh Sparrow, reporter for the Birmingham News. You know how easy it is to jump to conclusions and how dangerous. But once you'd met R.J. Dixon - elderly real estate dealer, convicted murderer, former inmate of a State Lunatic Asylum at his own request - you no longer had any doubts about what had happened to Uncle Claude Vickers....and so, the call you got from the Sheriff three days later came as no surprise....

SHER: (FILTER) We've got Uncle Claude, Sparrow --

SPAR: Where?

SHER: At the morgue ... don't eat anything before you come --

(MUSIC: ACCENT ... CUT)

(NOTE: ~~SLIGHT ECHO IN ROOM~~)

SPAR: Where - did you find him?

SHER: Near Port Birmingham, in a deep creek,...He must of washed in from the Warrior River....

SPAR: What - are those rocks and that axe-handle doing here?

SHER: They <sup>were tied to</sup> came with Uncle Claude ...

~~SPAR: (ALMOST A SHUDDER) The - the condition of the corpse ...  
did the river do that to him?~~

SHER: No ... The murderer - to make him stay down.

(MUSIC: ACCENT ... DOWN UNDER:)



NARR: The following day, Hugh Sparrow ~~for the first time in your newspaper career you break a habit. You don't reread your story on the front page of the News. You can't. You'd rather forget the sight of that corpse.~~ There's only one desire driving you ~~now~~ - to learn everything you can about R.J. Dixon ... his quirks, his reactions at the time of the Dr. Morton murder, his past life. You're deep in the clipping file on R.J. Dixon when the phone rings...

(PHONE ... RECEIVER DOWN)

SPAR: Hello, Sparrow speaking --

NARR: It's the City Jailer. A petty thief down there is asking to talk with you. You figure it's a crank lead. But you agree to come down and see him.

NARR: His name is Finley Daniels.

DAN: (LOW)(AND TERRIFIED) They ... they really found the - old man?? Mr. Sparrow?

SPAR: You knew him?

DAN: (VOICE LOWER STILL) Not him ... the other one --

SPAR: I can hardly hear you -

DAN: (SUDDEN, PLEADING...JITTERY) I'm - I'm fifty ...but - but my hand don't shake. See?! See?! My hand don't shake! That's from - from training! I'm - I'm all shot inside and I - don't look so good but my hand don't shake!

SPAR: I - I don't get you, Daniels --

DAN: (DROPS HIS VOICE) I - I didn't have to be caught picking pockets -- I - I let myself be caught.

SPAR: Why?

DAN: Because of him! I - I wanted to get out of his way. Then when I read in the papers about the car --

SPAR: Dixon's car?!

DAN: About how he said it'd been stolen from him the day before - before the - the - you know ... I guessed what was on his mind!

SPAR: ~~You're talking about R.J. Dixon?!~~

DAN: ~~That's him! That's him! That night ... when he tried to run me down after after it was all over - I knew he'd try to get me! I had to get out of his way!~~

SPAR: ~~What night? The night of the murder?~~

DAN: He - did it! Not me! I - I was only supposed to be her brother! That's all! "We'll scare him a little." That's what he said. "We'll scare him a little and get him to sign a paper. That's all." ... That's what he said and I believed him! And then - ~~(ALMOST INCOHERENT) the axe. After the axe, I dragged him but he was heavy. It was dark. I was supposed to be her brother. The old man just laughed. I didn't get the fifty dollars. Now I don't want it! It's - it's blood money! That's what it is! You can help me! You!~~

SPAR: (CUTS IN) Daniels, listen to me. I'll help you all I can but you've got to talk so I can understand!

DAN: Anything! Anything you say!

SPAR: You were with Dixon the night of the murder?

DAN: Yeah, yeah -

SPAR: ~~And afterwards he tried to kill you too so you had yourself put away in jail? To get away from him?~~

DAN: That's right. That's right. ~~Talk talk some more. I'll answer. I'll answer anything only promise I'll get help.~~

SPAR: I promise... Whose brother were you supposed to be?

DAN: Vicki Bloodworth's. ~~The old man was fond of her. I didn't know her at all! Just I came around to see Dixon for a handout. I knew him back in the pen when he was in on that other rap --~~

SPAR: ~~The Dr. Morton murder?~~

DAN: ~~That's it! He used to laugh how he got away with it and all that! I came around for a handout and he had this proposition, see? ->~~ <sup>Out</sup> It wasn't my idea! Understand that! Not mine, his!

SPAR: Go on --

DAN: So we went to the old man's cabin. Dixon said, "Uncle Claude, this here is Vicki's brother come in from the country. And he's gonna kill you Uncle Claude because Vicki is with child."

SPAR: What - what did the old man say?

DAN: He - he just laughed.... That made Dixon sore! He waved a paper. "You sign that timberland over to Vicki and brother here, he'll go away!" Then the old man laughed some more! That made Dixon madder! He took an axe and hit him! I - I hollered! ~~The old man begged for his life! It - it makes me sick all over right now.~~ He made me take him out to the car and put him in the rumble seat!

SPAR: Was the old man dead by then?

DAN: Outside the cabin, he moaned. So Dixon let him down and took the axe and - and ... I hollered! I hollered some more. Then Dixon waved the axe at me! We got the old man in the car! I just stood there! All of a sudden I saw the car backing up at me, fast, faster!

SPAR: Dixon was trying to kill you?

DAN: I knew it right then! So I jumped in the river! It was cold! But - but I held on to some bushes until - the car went away! What are you going to do with me! What are you doing to do, mister? He's gonna say I stole that car and did it! What are you going to do, mister?

(MUSIC: STING HIGH ... DOWN UNDER)

NARR: You don't stop to wonder about the breaks a reporter sometimes gets. Without thinking, you rush to the Sheriff's office, tell your story and wait for him to pick up the phone and order the arrest of the man with the face of Death, ...

~~SPAR: (EXCITED) Well, what are you waiting for, Sheriff? By the time your men bring Dixon in you'll have Daniels' deposition signed and sealed!~~

SHER: (QUIETLY) No point in doing that, Sparrow. We'll need more than that to hold a man like Dixon....

SPAR: I - I don't get you, Daniels is an accomplice! He was there! He saw it all and you've got his confession!

SHER: That's right. But there's one thing you've forgotten Sparrow ... Under Alabama law you can't convict a man on the uncorroborated testimony of an accomplice --

(PAUSE ... THEN)

SPAR: (LOW) What - what will it take, Sheriff?

SHER: Some more evidence, Sparrow.. evidence that will prove Dixon was nowhere else but at Uncle Claude's cabin the night he was done in....

SPAR: (BEAT THEN...) You've got him under surveillance, haven't you?

SHER: Night and day .. so far, he's been going from his house to his office and back again, smiling at children and tipping his hat to old ladies....

(MUSIC: ACCENT .. DOWN UNDER)

NARR: You need evidence Hugh Sparrow, so you follow your last lead. Daniels wasn't clear whether Uncle Claude had signed over his property to Dixon or not. If he did, it would be registered in the Probate Court. If you could show that Dixon got the property right after Uncle Claude's death, if - (DISGUSTED) If.. If! Too many 'ifs'....

(MUSIC: ACCENT ... DOWN UNDER)

NARR: The real estate transfer records are large and heavy volumes. Your fingers grow black with the dust of a thousand columns as you keep running down the lists. At one point a book slips out of your hands onto another table. You lift the heavy volume off the table it fell on over to your own.. Your fingers start their journey again and suddenly - Bloodworth, Victoria Bloodworth.. You read and something seems wrong --

SPAR: (PUZZLED) Victoria Bloodworth, licensed to marry R. J. Dixon, married January 17th ....

NARR: Quickly now, you turn to the cover of the book: Marriage Licenses!

(MUSIC: -- STING... UNDER)

NARR: You'd made a mistake. You'd picked up the wrong book from the other table Hugh Sparrow - but it had turned out to be the right book! Victoria Bloodworth, the woman in the snapshot with Uncle Claude! Married the 17th .. one day after the old man's death! Why?! Why the rush? Why did Dixon, a cold, calculating man marry in such a rush?

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT... DOWN UNDER)

NARR: There is no trouble in finding Vicki Bloodworth. You learn that she is living at her mothers house. You take her to the Sheriffs office.

VICKI: (WITH A HOPELESS FEELING) I - knew <sup>Dixon</sup> him about as long as I knew Uncle Claude. But Uncle Claude was nice to me...The night of the 16th, R. J. come by the house and asked me over to his place for some drinking. ~~I like it out there.~~ ~~It is comfortable.~~ We start drinking around eight in the evening, just me and him. Then, I passed out -

SHER: Did he spike your drinks?

VICKI: No ... I'm - in pretty bad shape, I guess... Ten bottles of beer'll do that to me...Around midnight, I wake up. The house feels empty. So I start looking around for him. He wasn't there -

SPAR: You looked in all the rooms?

VICKI: (IRKED) Sure I did! I told you I was scared, didn't I?!  
~~I had another bottle of beer but I couldn't sleep. All night I kept waking up and looking ...~~ Then - around morning, I heard the <sup>of</sup> door. I ran down and there he was ...

SHER: How did he act?

VICKI: Sore about something, but I couldn't figure what. He kept telling me I'd been sleeping all night and he'd just stepped out for a minute and I kept telling him I'd been up all night and he hadn't been home -

SPAR: When - did he propose marriage to you?

VICKI: We had some coffee .. and he changed kind of suddenly. I - was too sleepy and too drunk to ~~remark on it~~ <sup>say anything</sup>. It - just sounded nice to hear a man - asking to marry you so - I said yes.

SHER: Miss Bloodworth, when did you figure out why he had you to his house that night - and why he married you?

VICKI: (BEAT, THEN) ~~The first I knew, I saw the story in the papers about Uncle Claude disappearing the night I was over at R.J.'s. I began to suspect.~~ When Uncle Claude's body was - was found, I - put two and two together ... I - wanted to run right to the police but I - was scared. ~~I don't think I'd be here yet if - you hadn't come and got me....~~

SPAR: You had it all figured out by yourself, even before tonight?

VICKI: ~~Yes. I knew R.J. wanted that timberland and wanted it bad.~~ When - when I read about poor Uncle Claude, I knew....R.J. had me to his house expecting me to pass out with him there and when I woke up, why - there he'd be. Then he'd have an alibi for where he was ~~that~~ <sup>the</sup> night <sup>of the murder</sup> if it came to court...

SHER: And when that didn't work he - ~~married you in order to~~ -

(PHONE RINGS...RECEIVER OFF)

SHER: Excuse me.. INTO PHONE) Yes? .... OK. Bring him in -

(HANGS UP...SLIGHT PAUSE AND DOOR OPENS .... STEPS IN SLOWLY .. OUT TO:)

DIX: (GENTLY) Good morning, Victoria -

NO ANSWER *long pause*

DIX: (SMILE) I'm surprised at you, gentlemen....Surely you all know that a wife can't be forced to testify against her husband?

SPAR: That's right, Dixon...Nobody can force her...But if she wants to testify, nobody can force her to stop, either...

(PAUSE..THEN)

DIXON: (GENTLY) Too bad you're - still alive, Victoria....

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UP TO:)

CHAPPELL In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Hugh Sparrow of the Birmingham, Alabama News with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE) (CLOSING COMMERCIAL)



THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #216

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 Hugh Sparrow of the Birmingham, Alabama News.

SPAR: Murderer in tonight's Big Story fought a fantastic fight against death. In all, he got twelve stays of execution. Each time he did, I fought him through the press - pointing up every bit of evidence and testimony against him. He died in the chair still claiming his innocence. But three weeks later, the Kilby Prison chaplain made public the murderer's confession of guilt. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL award.....

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

HARRICE Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY... A Big Story from the front pages of the Cincinnati, Ohio Times Star. By-Line .. Samuel S. Wilson. A BIG STORY --- about a reporter who felt it wasn't enough to get a story-- he preferred to make it.

(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 Abram S. Ginnes from an actual story from the front pages of the Birmingham, Alabama News. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Nat Polen played the part of Hugh Sparrow. 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. Sparrow.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES. (PAUSE) Today America is building the best-trained, best-equipped, the best technically educated Armed Forces in its history! If you want to enter one of the many specialized fields, learn a professional skill, work with advanced techniques and equipment - go to your nearest recruiting office. Find out about the many opportunities the Armed Forces offer volunteers - today!

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

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #217

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOAN
ELLEN	JOAN SHEA
MRS. D.	JOAN SHEA
MRS. P.	NELLIE BURT
SAM	GEORGE PETRIE
KID	DONNIE HARRIS
HORACE	LARRY HAINES
TAXI	BILL KEENE
CANDY MAN	BILL KEENE
WILL	BERNIE GRANT
DETECTIVE	PHIL STERLING
UNDERTAKER	JOHN GIBSON

WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1951

HAVE YOU GIVEN BLOOD TODAY? JOIN THE PINT PARADE!  
CALL JUDSON 6-3000, EXT 143-145 HOTEL ASTOR -- MAY 3-28

ATX01 0172416

NBC

-1-

THE BIG STORY

#217

10:00 - 10:30 PM

MAY 23, 1941

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE, THEN INTO)

~~(MUSIC: JUKE BOX UNDER)~~

ELLEN: (HIGH) Wotta kill, wotta kill, jus' put it on that  
eighter from Decatur and le' it ride.

HORACE: (HE'S DRUNK TOO) Shhh.

ELLEN: Wha' di' I make? 7 passes, 8 passes? Wotta night.  
Gimme another drink.

HORACE: Cut it out, the taxi's waiting. Le's go home.

ELLEN: Imagine, tha guy wooden gimme roll 'em again. Wha'd  
I make? 9 passes? 10?

HORACE: Come on kiddo, le's get in the taxi or the guy'll  
drive away.

ELLEN: Okay, I'm coming.

(STEPS, DOOR CLOSE, JUKE BOX FADES)

WILL: (VIOLENT) Okay, okay. You asked for it!

(SHOTS. THEY KEEP COMING, THREE, THEN ~~FOUR~~ MORE)  
(STEPS RUN OFF)

HORACE: Wha kinda crazy guy was that firing a cap pistol?  
Hey cabbie--see that?

TAXIE: That was no cap pistol br'ther, that dame layin'  
there at your feet is dead.

(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.

(MORE)

ATX01 0172417

-2-

CHAPPELL:  
(CONT'D)

(PAUSE) Cincinnati, Ohio. The story of a love that was to have lasted forever, but "forever" ended two weeks later in death. And for his work, to Sam Wilson of the Cincinnati Ohio Times Star, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL AWARD.

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

ATX01 017241B

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #217

-2A-

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!

ATX01 0172419

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ THEME, UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Cincinnati, Ohio. The story as it actually happened--  
Sam Wilson's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ THEME)

NARRATOR: Your name is Sam Wilson and there's a tradition in  
your family; a newspaper tradition. Your father was  
one of Cincinnati's outstanding reporters for 20 years  
and later the mayor of the town. And this is the  
tradition (the reporter part of it anyhow) that you  
try to uphold. You get your chance at 5 A.M. in the  
predawn patrol when you learn that a woman has been  
killed outside the Charles Miller Cafe on Central  
Avenue in Newport, Kentucky. Newport, is just a  
few minutes from downtown Cincinnati. It's the taxi  
driver you got to first.

(AD LIBS)

TAXI: (AS IN THE MIDDLE OF A SPEECH) So this guy says, he  
was kind of drunk, what are ya shootin' a pop gun off,  
or maybe a cap pistol, I don't know what he said, but  
I seen her flop to the ground there....7 shots.

SAM: What happened then?

TAXI: Ain't that enough? <sup>5</sup> shots ~~and a dame so good looking~~  
~~I never seen a head of hair like that in my life.~~

SAM: What happened? Did they just stand around?

TAXI: Are you kiddin? The guy with the gun, he run down  
Central Avenue, the guy was with her, her escort or  
somethin', he was off like a streak and <sup>as was I - right</sup> ~~got into~~  
~~by a phone - I called~~ headquarters.

SAM: What did they look like?



TAXI: If I was to bump into them right now and they was to ask me for a light, I wouldn't know them from Adam. But that dame! One a them tiptilted noses, them small ears and a mouth like a flower--honest ~~like a flower~~ like a flower.

SAM: Couldn't take your eyes off her, huh? Right down to the earlobes' you got her, but two guys you didn't see.

TAXI: They were just guys.

DETECTIVE: (ENTERING) Alright, break it up! Break it up. Let's go. Who're you?

SAM: Wilson, Lieutenant, Times-Star, Cincinnati.

DETECTIVE: Alright, you heard me, break it up! Break it up. Come on, cabby, inside.

SAM: What've you got? By the way, what's your name, I mean, for the story?

DET: Look, don't butter me up, brother, Name's Hard.

SAM: Like hard as nails, huh? What've you got, Lt?

DET: (QUICKLY, ROUTINE) I got a dead girl on my hands, age 25, weight 120 pounds.

SAM: (INTERRUPTS) Quite a looker, I know. What's her name?

DET: (HE DOESN'T KNOW, BUT TRIES TO COVER) Red-brown hair, blue eyes...

SAM: No identification, huh?

DET: ~~I love his city, reporter, I've heard it's~~  
~~something~~ something. On the hem of her slip, black lace slip, embroidered in white, the words "I love you Forever".

SAM: Let's not get sentimental, shall we?

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The routine pictures are taken, and the routine questions asked, of the cafe bartender, the cashier, a pleasant drunk still on the scene, and the only thing you learn is what you already know--"Boy, you shoudda seen that dame." And so since there's no identification by 10 in the morning, you amble over to a place your father often told you you could find identifications...

(MUSIC: FUNERAL PARLOR)

NARR: ...the undertakers establishment, and the worried undertaker.

U.T.: Oh, I don't like this at all, not at all. A corpse that been shot layin' right here in my-funeral parlor.  
(HE TALKS IN HUSHED TONES THROUGHOUT)

SAM: Yeah, too bad, too bad. Who's been in to see the body?

U.T.: (WARMING UP TO HIS PROFESSION) Oh, lots of folks.

SAM: Who?

U.T.: Oh, I don't know, just curious, I guess, don't you know people always come in to see who's dead. My wife used to say "Earl if you would charge ten cents to folks who come in to view who's dead, maybe we could build that new wing to the house."

NARR: (IN VERY CLOSE) So you sit and wait for the other free admissions hoping that one of them will be a clue to the beautiful dead girl's identification. And then..

(MUSIC: SPRING)

NARR:  
(CONT'D)

Two men walk in, look at her not casually at all, mumble something to each other that you can't hear, and you know in a moment they know her. You walk over.

SAM: Excuse me, I wonder if I could...

NARR: (INTERRUPTS) The words die on your mouth because the look in their eyes says "stay away brother, just stay far away. We got nothing to say to you or anybody else." and you keep your distance and they leave and there is just you and the body and the undertaker.

U.T.: My, I'm real worried. I mean, this is just going to ruin my reputation I mean, I run a respectable funeral parlor, I mean..

SAM: I saw you talking to those two men. Who are they?

U.T.: My wife always says you can't be too careful in this line of business. One bad funeral and people say, "oh, him, he handles only murders..." then, folks who dies the natural way...you know what I mean?

SAM: (REALIZING HE HAS TO GET OVER THIS PROBLEM BEFORE THE MAN WILL TALK) I think you got the wrong idea, Earl. I think people appreciate what you're doing, ~~handling~~ handling a funeral like this, ~~handling~~ it's like the ambulance that picks up a dead body, or like the street cleaning department that picks up the mess, or something. I think folks appreciate that.

U.T.: Do you really?

SAM: Oh, sure. Who were those two fellows?

U.T.: One of them is her brother-in-law. He gave me a check.  
Name's Olly Davis.

SAM: Where's he from?

U.T. Lives over Dayton, *Kentucky*

SAM: Thanks. You're a real public benefactor. This funeral ought to do you a lot of good. Dayton, Kentucky, you said?

(MUSIC: UP & BACKS)

NARR: Dayton is not too far for a legman to stretch and that is what you are right now, a legman. Olly Davis isn't home right now, but Mrs. Olly Davis is and you show her a photograph of the dead girl.

MRS. D.: (THROUGH TEARS) I always knew it. She was just too beautiful for her own good. Her 25, married three times already, and going around with who knows how many men.

SAM: Her name was?

MRS. D.: My sister, Ellen, kid sister, Ellen. Dead at 25.

SAM: Who could she have been out with that night?

MRS D.: I don't know, probably Ritchie, or Tony, or maybe that Horace.

SAM: ~~What are their other names?~~

MRS D.: ~~I don't know. I can't keep up with the fellows she goes out with. She must have had a 100 fellows on the string.~~

~~(SOBBING) MAYBE THAT'S~~

SAM: Who's the main one right now?

MRS D.: Probably Horace. He's from Mt. Adams.

SAM: What does he look like?

MRS D: I only seen him once. Good lookin' fella, nice dark wavy hair, light blue eyes, big fella - maybe 6 feet... dead at 25 years of age. She was just too beautiful.

(MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ BEHIND)

NARR: You ponder on your way over to Mt. Adams, a suburb of Cincinnati. Why did Horace, if that was the fellow, flee? Why didn't he go to the cops? Was he a finger man for the killer? Part of the deal? And the bigger question... How do you find a fellow when all you know is, he's about 6 feet tall, dark wavy hair, blue eyes, named Horace? Well -- Mt. Adams is not very big... but it's hilly and each house... (You begin with the door bell technique)...

~~(UNDER DOOR BELLS RINGING AND DOOR BELL~~

~~IS UNDER THIS KNOCKER)~~

...each house has four or five occupants and four or five stories and no elevators. Your index finger begins to get tired ringing bells, and your legs begin to get tired walking stairs.

SAM: This'll take till next July. No sense to it.

NARR: So you pick key spots to ask questions. Drug stores, supermarkets, gas stations and now you understand the meaning of leg in legman and you flop into a chair in a candy store in Mt. Adams.

SAM: Gimme a nice cold glass of milk.

KID: (IRATE, AGE ABOUT 9) How d'ya like that? I was here first. When are ya gonna take my order?

CANDYMAN: Yessir. You were first. (TO SAM) You'll excuse me?

SAM: Sure.

KID: Awright, I want two cents worth of jelly beans... ~~now~~  
~~make it a penny's worth of jelly beans and a penny's~~  
~~worth of chocolate drops. That's two cents worth.~~  
Then gimme 3 cents worth of jaw breakers -- the hard  
ones, the real hard ones -- not that jar -- the other  
one.

CANDYMAN: Alright, there you are. That'll be five cents.

SAM: Say, you wouldn't know a fella lives around here maybe  
by the name of Horace... tall fella, about 6 feet,  
heavy set... dark wavy hair?

KID: (HAS A MOUTH FULL) These ain't the hard jawbreakers!  
There're the soft ones... I said the hard ones.

CANDYMAN: (ANNOYED) Alright, give them to me, I'll give you the  
other ones. I'm sorry, I wasn't following you, sir.

SAM: I'm looking for a fella, 6 feet, good looking, sort of..  
by the name of Horace.

KID: Hey, that sounds like my Uncle Herbie. He's a real big,  
good looking fella... taller than you.

SAM: Alright, kid, goodbye... this fella's name is Horace.

KID: That's what I'm tellin' ya -- that's my Uncle Herbie.

SAM: What d'ya mean, your Uncle Herbie?

KID: Well, everybody calls him Herbie on accounta he don't  
like the name of Horace. He thinks it's a sissy name.  
But his name's Horace.

SAM: What's his other name and where does he live?

KID: Uncle Herbie.

SAM: I mean his last name.

KID: What's in it for me?

SAM: Give him a dime's worth of jawbreakers -- the real hard kind.

KID: Come on, I'll show you where he lives.

(MUSIC: SPEEDY INTO:)

HORACE: (LOW) I don't want to talk about it, I just wanna forget about the whole thing. Oh, what a night.

SAM: That's very cute. Woman shot, ~~5~~ bullets get pumped into her, you're standin' there right next to her and you want to forget all about it.

HORACE: The most horrible experience in all my life.

SAM: Brother, you've got a surprise coming. Things are just beginning to get horrible for you. Sees a woman shot and doesn't even call the police. ~~they get nasty names for~~

~~a thing like that, the police~~

HORACE: ~~I don't wanna make no tops of it.~~

SAM: ~~Look, fella, I'm one of these polite callers. You're~~  
~~going to have some more callers and they're not going to~~  
~~be so polite.~~ You know the way you're acting, a guy would think, like I think, that you were in on it, you were the finger man. Can you prove you weren't?

HORACE: (BURSTING) In on it? You must be out of your mind. What d'ya think I run off for? I was scared he'd turn on me and shoot me next.

SAM: That's a little better. Who was he?

HORACE: I don't know. A guy.

SAM: Don't you think maybe we ought to talk about it?

HORACE: Okay, if you say so.

SAM:

Alright, let's <sup>You + I</sup> go to a nice quiet place where you can  
 sit down and tell me all about it. Unburden yourself.  
 And then maybe, maybe I said, you can forget <sup>all</sup> about it.  
 Come on Horace -- ~~Herb~~ <sup>Herbie</sup> Herbie, come on.

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

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)



THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #217

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: THEME & UNDER)

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

NARR: The escort of the beautiful dead girl sits in a chair glaring at you Sam Wilson. Because the nice quiet place you've taken him to to get his full story (the cops don't know about this yet) is the nice quiet city room of the Times-Star.

VOICES: (BG ADLIBS) Get that down to linotype. I want a full face picture of him. Get it in his own handwriting for a nice front page facsimile.

HORACE: (OVER THIS) You said a nice quiet place. You said you'd keep it to yourself.

SAM: Come on, brother, you're news, you're big news. Besides you can't afford to be so choosy, man <sup>all right, all close</sup> ~~at Newport, Rhode Island.~~  
~~low door - novel~~ You'd finished making the rounds of the Newport hotspots... then what?

HORACE: Well, we had had enough to drink. We walked out of the cafe. We were about to get in a cab and then ZINGO the fireworks went off.

SAM: You don't know the guy?

HORACE: No, just he was one of her ex-boyfriends. I could give you a description.

SAM: Alright, do that. Not too fast, I want to take this down.

HORACE: (VERY PROFESSIONALLY) Killer was age 25, perhaps 26, height 5'8½", weight 1-7-0, dark hair parted on the right side.

SAM: (SURPRISED AT THE DESCRIPTION) You must have took a good look at that guy.

HORACE: (CASUALLY) Oh, I do that with everybody. I'm studying up for the detective's examination. I flunked it twice so I'm practicin'.

SAM: That's very nice. OK, we got a description.

(PICKS UP PHONE)

Honey, put me through quick to the Newport police, a Lieutenant Hard. (TO HORACE WHILE HE WAITS) Any scars, distinguishing features?

HORACE: (EASILY) No scars on face. Slight discoloration, birthmark on the right thumb.

SAM: Lt. Hard, Sam Wilson. <sup>Concern with Times Star</sup> Got a fella here in my office I think you'd be interested in. That girl's escort, the dead one. Alright, don't jump down my throat. I said the guy's here. I'll keep him for you. He says the killer was one of her ex-boyfriends. May I make a suggestion, Lieutenant... no, I'm not trying to be sarcastic... helpful. Stop off at Mrs. Ollie Davis in <sup>Kentucky</sup> Dayton, or maybe ask around Newport for pictures of her ex-boyfriends..... Alright, Lt., I said I'd keep him here.

(MUSIC: UP IN MOVEMENT)

DETECTIVE: So your name is Wilson, huh?

SAM: That's right, Lieutenant.

DET: ~~Ain't there some kind of radio program or other kind of~~  
~~them reporters named Wilson, gets in the way of the cops~~  
~~all the time?~~

SAM: ~~Let's skip the amenities, Lt.~~ You got the pictures?

DETECTIVE: I got the pictures. You just step aside. Alright, you, take a look. Which one of these was the guy shot her?

HORACE: I'd like to explain, Lt., why I didn't call you, I mean.

DET: You got plenty of time to explain later. Which one of the guys?

HORACE: (OVER SOUND OF PICTURES BEING SHUFFLED) No, that's not him.... no.... she went out with this fella a long time ago..... There's the guy. There he is. My description was pretty good, right?

DET: Will Pringle. Well, well. So at last he's got a name. Last known address Elmira Road, Princeton, Kentucky.

SAM: Mind if I jot that down?

DET: You can copy it down and set it up in type for all I care, but the next time, I'll call you, Wilson.

(MUSIC: -- UP...)

NARR: Okay, if that's the way ~~they~~<sup>he</sup> wants to play. After all, you were cooperative, you did call ~~him~~<sup>him</sup>. But you can see ~~their~~<sup>his</sup> point of view, and so you ~~can't~~<sup>will</sup> get Mr. Will Pringle on the telephone on Elmira Road, and you learn there's no phone... But there is a phone at the nearby hardware store and the man is kind enough to call Mrs. Pringle to the phone. Not his wife -- his mother.

SAM: Mrs. Pringle, I'm afraid I've got a little bad news...

MRS P: (FILTER, BURSTING) It's Will, isn't it? Tell me what did he do? What did he do?

SAM: I think I'd better come out and tell you.

(MUSIC: -- UP & UNDER)

NARR: Beat-up is not the word for the place, nor even run down at the heels, but seedy, ~~worn~~, gone -- that's more accurate. No phone. A cold-water flat, no plumbing and a tired old lady who sits on a broken-down bed while you sit on the only chair in the room.

MRS PRINGLE: Once upon a time we had a farm, we had a little money, ~~we had... we had some savings after all of our life's work... and now this.~~

SAM: (GENTLY) Where is your son, Mrs. Pringle?

MRS P: A girl -- a girl can do that. A girl got into his bloodstream. He used to work, he was the best worker you could find ~~and there wasn't any other place for~~  
~~him to go from dawn till late at night.~~

SAM: He's not around now?

MRS P: And then to end up my life... I once had a house with flowers growing around it and 60 acres of land... not a thing, not a bed, I don't even own. I got to walk two flights of stairs to take a bath.

SAM: Where would he be, Mrs. Pringle? Have you any idea?

MRS P: Ah, poor boy, he's so mixed up. When he gets in trouble, bad trouble... sometimes he used to go back to the barn. There's a small, little cubby-hole of a room there in the loft and he used to go there when he was in trouble. I don't know, maybe he went there.

SAM: Where is that?

MRS PRINGLE: (REMEMBERING IT FONDLY) You go out past Indianapolis on Route 132, you turn left at the big old mill and the second house on the right, that's it. There's a big field of alfalfa, corn -- you can't miss it. It's got white-washed rocks like for a fence and the number is 1164 -- Ain't that a pretty number? 1164? (FLAT) The barn's at the back.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ IN MOVEMENT INTO SCENE & UNDER)

~~NARR: It's just as she said: A lovely house, beautiful rolling field and a barn and you climb up the ladder into the hayloft and there's the small cubbyhole of a room with a kid's double-decker bunk against the side of the barn and a man sitting in it staring out the barn window. A man, aged 25, height 5'8 - weight 1-7-0, dark hair, parted on one side.~~

WILL: (SPEAKS IN QUIET SORT TONES THROUGHOUT - THE CONFESSION COMES EASILY, HE'S BEEN WANTING TO TALK). I loved that girl like nobody in the world before I ever met. If she said fly, I'd fly, if she said work, I worked, so I took the farm that my old man left to me and my maw and I sold it. Eleven thousand dollars I got for the farm and I spent every cent on her. A coat I give her, a little speedy car, a fancy vacation in the lake region. She liked to gamble - I give her 500 dollars, a thousand and I say go have a good time and then she throws me over.

SAM: That's why, huh?

(MUSIC: ~~IN MOVEMENT INTO SCENE: WARR:~~)

NARR: It's just as she said. A lovely house, beautiful rolling fields and a barn. You climb up the ladder into the hayloft and there's the small cubbyhole of a room with a kid's double-decker bunk against the side of the barn and a man sitting in it, staring out the barn window.

SAM: (SOFTLY. AS HE WALKS) Yourname Pringle? Will Pringle?

NARR: (SAME) The man, age 25, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight one seven oh, dark hair parted on the side, merely leans his heavy head upon his open palm - says nothing.

SAM: I think the police'll be here soon, Will -- any minute as a matter of fact. (PAUSE) Nice here, real nice. Feller could have his own thoughts here, uninterrupted.

(WILL STIRS FROM THE BUNK)

WILL: (TALKS EASILY. HE'S BEEN WANTING TO TALK TO SOMEONE ALL ALONG) Look outa that window there, mister. Ever seen green that green before? A field that soft and giving?

SAM: (WITH HIM) Beautiful.

WILL: Then you seen the house and the barn and the fields -- maybe you can understand. Maybe somebody can understand.

SAM: I don't quite follow you, Will -- I mean all the way.  
(PAUSE)

WILL: I loved that girl like nobody in the world before that I ever met. If she said fly I'd fly. If she said work, I worked. And one day know what she done?

SAM: What?

WILL: (REMEMBERING IT FOREVER) Come up to me. I was out in the north pasture, see there -- come up with the wind blowing behind her and ruffing up her hair, and a kind of a smile on her face and that voice of hers--- (FADING) what a voice.

ELLEN: (SHE'S A HARD BITCH, BUT THIS GUY LOVES HER AND HEARS HER DIFFERENTLY THAN YOU AND I) Got mud all over my pumps.

WILL: I'm awful sorry, Ellen. If I'd of known you was coming over here I'd of carried you.

ELLEN: You like this dump?

WILL: Ellen, it's a farm -- one of the best anywheres. Ask folks, everybody'll tell you Pringle place is---

ELLEN: Pringle place is for pigs. Ask me, I'll tell you. Get up five in the morning, milk the cows, feed the sow, throw it for the chickens, take our of the herd to pasture. Bed at 7. Plumbing in the back yard.

WILL: Don't you like it, Ellen - cause if this ain't what you want.

ELLEN: Sell it.

WILL: Hunh?

ELLEN: Get rid of it, sell it. Get the cash money. Then I'll show you what living is. Real alive living.

(A PAUSE)



WILL: (BACK IN THE LOFT OF THE BARN) My father got the farm from his father, and he give it to me. But if she said fly, I'd fly. (FLAT) I sold it for eleven thousand and every cent I got I spent on her.

ELLEN: Now that's more like it.

WILL: (EXPLAINING) A little speedy red car I got her.

ELLEN: (BIGGER) Now you're talking, Willie boy.

WILL: (SAME) She wanted to take a vacation in that there Lake Placid or something.

ELLEN: Oh, Willie baby, could I kiss you!

WILL: I give her a thousand dollar bill for her birthday so's she could go to one of them gambling houses and enjoy herself. I give her everything I had - and she threw me over.

SAM: That's why you killed her, Will.

WILL: (ANSWERING AND NOT ANSWERING) Finally I didn't have nothing left. Just my car - a beat-up old jalop. I used to go park in front of her house and wait, maybe when she came out she'd say hello to me; maybe when she come home at night she'd smile at me. But no, nothing.

SAM: I see. So that's why.

WILL: I moved my own mother into a dump for her. You wouldn't even put a hound dog in a place like I put my mother and Ellen didn't even look at me. Do you know, mister, I parked my car three days in front of her house, just waiting to see her and have her say hello to me, and finally she did stop at the car and talk.. (FADING)

ELLEN: Well, well, well, Willie the Weeper, how's the boy?

WILL: Don't joke Ellen.

ELLEN: All right, I won't. How do you like my new eyebrows. See they don't curve up no more; they go down. Latest style.

WILL: (DESPERATE) Ellen you know what you're doing to me.

ELLEN: Don't blame me, you're doing it all to yourself. Did I make you sell the farm, move your old lady into---

WILL: (PLACATORY) I don't want to go thru it all again. Honest Ellen. I want things to be what they were. I don't want accusing and feeling bad and ---

ELLEN: (HER TRUMP) Hey, Willie - you want to right things?

WILL: Sure, I do, sure.

ELLEN: Well, how's about lending me your car. I got a date tonight and the feller's calling for me, his car's over the garage getting fixed so---

WILL: You want to borrow my car (the only thing I got left) to go out with another feller---

ELLEN: Yeah, Horace. He's kind of cute.

WILL: (FULL VIOLENCE) No!. No. NO MONO!

ELLEN: (FRIGHTENED BY HIS FURY) Okay. Just a joke. Just a funny idea. Can't you take a joke no more, Will---

WILL: (DEADLY) I never said No to you before, but now it's No. (PAUSE) (IN THE HAYLOFT) So I sold the car that day and I bought a gun. I wanted one with a lot of bullets in it so I could give it to her like she gave it to me and my old lady and my whole family - if you know what I mean.

WILL: Finally, I didn't have nothing left, just my car - a beat-up jalopy. I used to go park the car in front of her house waiting maybe when she came out she'd say hello to me, maybe when she went back at night, she'd smile -- but no, nothing.

SAM: So that's why you did it?

WILL: I moved my own mother into a dump - for her - you wouldn't put a dog in there, and she didn't even look at me. Do you know, mister, I parked my car three days in front of her house then when I seen her going out with that Horace fella, other fellas, I went out of my mind. Eleven thousand dollars, a farm, my job, my old lady, everything. She wouldn't so much as gimme the time of day. So I traded in the car and I bought a gun. I wanted one that had a lotta bullets in it so I could give it to her in spades, if you know what I mean?

SAM: I know what you mean - 7 bullets. Well, we better get goin, huh?

WILL: Sure. Say, fella, I give her a slip once - she was crazy for black slips. You know what I done?

SAM: What?

WILL: That was the most expensive slip you could buy. I took it to an embroiderer and I had them <sup>put</sup> ~~say~~ on it: "I love you forever." Say, you wouldn't know whether she was maybe wearing that slip, I mean at the time, would you?

SAM: (A BEAT) No, fella, I wouldn't know. Come on.

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

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

(MUSIC: . . . . . TURN TABLE)  
(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #217

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 Sam Wilson of the Cincinnati Times-Star...

TELEGRAM: Killer in tonight's Big Story was indicted and convicted of voluntary manslaughter. He said his mind went blank and he was blind with jealousy. He received a 21-year sentence. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Wilson... 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 Minneapolis Star-~~Journal~~ and Tribune, by-line Paul Presbrey. A BIG STORY about human hearts, human passions, human lives - in conflict - and what one reporter did about it.

(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 & 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, Ohio, Times-Star. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and George Petrie played the part of Sam Wilson. 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. Wilson.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL & FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES. (PAUSE) Saturday is Poppy Day. The bright red poppy you'll pin on your lapel was made by a disabled veteran. It's his badge of courage ... a tribute to the war dead from the Argonne to Korea. Wear it proudly. Give generously. This is NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

# AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #218

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOAN
MARGE	MELBA RAE
PAUL	BILL QUINN
INSPECTOR	LES DAMON
SHARKEY	BILL LIPTON
NEAL	BILL LIPTON
LEO	LARRY HAINES
STEVE	BOB READICK
BILL	JIM STEVENS
SARGEANT	GRANT RICHARDS

*Dave*

*James St. John*

WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1951

HAVE YOU GIVEN BLOOD TODAY? JOIN THE PINT PARADE!!!  
CALL JUDSON 6-3000 EXT 143-145 HOTEL ASTOR MAY 3-28

ATX01 0172444



NBC

THE BIG STORY

#218

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

MAY 30, 1951

WEDNESDAY

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

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ FANFARE)

~~(CONTACT SOUNDS, METAL)~~

LEO: All right, Steve - set it off -

STEVE: Right .....

(SCRATCH AND FLARE OF MATCH)

~~(SNIPPER AND SIZZLE OF FUSE)~~

(LOW RUMBLE OF EXPLOSION, DULL, MUFFLED)

STEVE: Bingo! Blew the door right off, Leo.

LEO: Get in there, an' get the dough out. We just want  
the green stuff.

(WE HEAR A DOOR SLIDE OPEN OFF)

STEVE: (LOW) Hey, Leo! Someone's comin'.

LEO: Douse the flashlight you fool.

(WE HEAR STEPS COMING UP. ECHOING, THEN STOP)

BILL: (OFF) Who's there? (BEAT) Come on, answer me...  
who's in there? (BEAT) Okay, I'll have to see for  
myself.

STEVE: Leo, he's turned his flash on us - it's a cop!

(SOUND. SHOT. GRCAN. 2 MORE SHOTS)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ CURTAIN)

ATX01 0172445

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY! Here is America. Its sound and its  
fury, its joy and its sorrow, as faithfully reported  
by the men and women of the great American newspapers.  
(FLAT) Minneapolis, Minnesota. From the pages of  
the Star and Tribune, the story of a reporter who  
parlayed a half-forgotten memory..into a long remembered  
manhunt. Tonight, to Paul Presbrey of the Minneapolis  
Star and Tribune, 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.

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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!

(MUSIC: THEME AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Minneapolis, Minnesota...the story as it actually happened..Paul Presbrey's story, as he lived it...

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: They call it the biggest manhunt in the history of the Upper Midwest. Before it was through, it spread from Minnesota to ~~Nebraska~~ <sup>to Nebraska & on into Kansas.</sup> from North Dakota to ~~from~~ South Dakota. Before it was through, you, Paul Presbrey of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune, had a thrill a minute, and a newspaperman's dream come true. ~~This is your Big Story.~~ <sup>It begins</sup> It begins on a spring day, in a restaurant in Minneapolis. You, ~~Paul Presbrey,~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~were~~ just tearing into a hamburger when you are approached by an old acquaintance, whose whiskey breath <sup>got</sup> gets to you a few feet before he <sup>did</sup> goes...

SHARKEY: (BEERY) (WHINING) Presbrey, look. I wonder if you'd give a guy...

PAUL: No.

SHARKEY: All I want is a buck to...

PAUL: No.

SHARKEY: You mean you wouldn't part with a buck to help a hungry man?

PAUL: Sure I would. But you're not hungry, Sharkey. You're thirsty!

SHARKEY: I tell ya I'm...

PAUL: (INTERRUPTS) I know. You're hungry. Okay. Sit down and I'll buy you dinner.

SHARKEY: (A BEAT) Dinner?

PAUL: That's right. And you'd better eat every crumb of it, or else. Now, let's see. We'll order you up some soup first..then a nice big hamburg steak, onions, french fries..after that, apple pie and....

SHARKEY: Uh...Presbery, wait a minute.

PAUL: Yes?

SHARKEY: I'm not that hungry.

PAUL: I know. I figured you weren't. Look, Sharkey, what's your percentage, hanging around like this, bumming ~~nicks and dimes~~ <sup>dough</sup> from everyone you see? Why don't you lay off the booze and get yourself a job.

SHARKEY: Why? Because I'm an ex-con, see? Nobody'll give a stir-bum like me a break. (HE LAUGHS BEERILY) Work? Are you kiddin'? Whose gonna give me work?

PAUL: I will, if you're serious.

SHARKEY: You will?

PAUL: That's right, Sharkey. If you want to make a few dollars, come around to my house. I've got a back yard that needs digging up and turning and seeding. You say you want work...come around and prove it!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You're sure he won't. Not Pete Sharkey. He's at home with a glass in his hand, but not a shovel. But life is full of little surprises. Because he does show up..not just by himself, but with a couple of other men..a couple of hard looking strangers you've never seen...

SHARKEY: Presbrey, these two guys are friends of mine. They need a fast buck, too, so I figured I'd bring 'em along an' split the job three ways. You don't mind, do ya?

PAUL: (A BEAT, THEN DOUBTFUL) No. I don't mind..

LEO: How much you want to pay for this job, Mister?

PAUL: I figured about \$25 dollars.

LEO: Are you kidding?

STEVE: Get him \$25 bucks. This is a pretty big yard, Mister.

LEO: Yeah. It's worth \$50.

PAUL: It isn't that big.

LEO: Oh, No?

PAUL: No. I had a man come in and quote the job yesterday. He said \$25.--

STEVE: And we're saying \$50. Get me?

PAUL: I get you. And it was nice knowing you.

LEO: So it's no deal, huh?

PAUL: No deal.

LEO: Why you cheap, no-good, tightwad!

STEVE: Yeah. We oughta beat his face in, ~~low~~, the lowdown....

PAUL: (SHARP) Sharkey!

SHARKEY: Yeah?

PAUL: Take your friends and get out of here!

SHARKEY: Look, Presbrey, they only said..

PAUL: I heard what they said. Now get them out of here..quick!

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

NARR: Just an incident, It happens, you're irritated, and you forget it. ~~You never dream that this becomes a thread in your Big Story, later to be intertwined with other threads, to finally weave the finished fabric.~~ You never suspect how closely it becomes tied up with a phone call a few nights later, in the quiet Richfield section of Minneapolis. The phone rings in the home of a young police officer named Carlson..

(PHONE RING)

MARGE: Darling....

BILL: Yes, Marge?

MARGE: Don't answer it.

BILL: I've got to answer it. It may be from Headquarters.

(PHONE RINGS AGAIN)

MARGE: Oh, darn. It's always headquarters. You're off-duty. Bill. Why can't they let you spend one night home with your wife and children...

(PHONE RING)

MARGE: (DISGUSTED) Oh, go ahead! Answer it!

(REVEIVER OFF HOOK)

BILL: Hello? Oh, hello, <sup>Charlie</sup> Jerry. What? Tonight? Well, I don't know, I...(CUTS AND PAUSE) I see. Well, in that case.. okay. I wouldn't want to let you down. All right, be on the beat in half an hour....

(RECEIVER ON HOOK)

BILL: Marge, that was <sup>Charlie</sup> Jerry Malone. He..

MARGE: (WEARILY) I know. He's got night duty, and there's a girl over in Saint Paul he's in love with, and she's getting tired of sitting around alone <sup>at</sup> nights. (MORE)

MARGE: (CONT'D) And he wants you to take over his beat tonight, and he'll return the favor one of these days.

BILL: (STARES) How'd you know all that?

MARGE: Hasn't it happened before?

BILL: Marge, look. He already got permission from the Sargeant, and he's really gone on this girl. He asked me, and well...what could I do?

MARGE: I know what he could do.

BILL: What?

MARGE: Marry the girl.

BILL: Aaah, Marge, I couldn't turn down the kid...

MARGE: (SMILE) I know you couldn't, Darling. I'm sorry I was annoyed. You go ahead, and I'll see you in the morning.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE OR TRANSITION)

(WE HEAR RAPID FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK. THEY STOP  
(WE HEAR A POLICE CALL BOX OPEN, A ~~SMALL CRANK~~  
~~TOWN~~, RECEIVER OFF HOOK, CLICKING IN FILTER)

SERGEANT: (FILTER) Sergeant Adams, Desk.

BILL: (LOW) Sarge, Bill Carlson, Call Box 33.

SERGEANT: Yeah, Carlson?

BILL: There's something funny going on in the <sup>warehouse</sup> ~~Continental~~ ~~Coffee Company~~, across the street..Seventy-sixth and Lyndale Avenue South.

SERGEANT: What d'you mean, funny?

BILL: Just saw a light moving around through the window. I'm going in and investigate.



SERGEANT: Okay, Carlson. But be careful. I'll radio a prowler car over there to cover you as soon as possible.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(~~CONTACT SOUNDS, METAL.~~)

LEO: (LOW) Steve. . .

STEVE: Yeah, Leo?

LEO: What's the matter, what's holdin' you up? Can't you get the fuse set in that crate?

STEVE: I've got it, I've got it. This safe is tough.

LEO: Pete!

SHARKEY: Yeah?

LEO: Throw that wed blanket over this crate. This soup makes a racket when it goes off, an' we want to keep it down...

SHARKEY: Okay. Got it covered.

LEO: All right, Steve. Set it off..

*Steve* *Right.* (SCRATCH AND FLARE OF MATCH)

(~~SIZZLE OF FUSE~~)

(A DULL MUFFLED EXPLOSION)

STEVE: Bingo! Blew the door right off, Leo.

LEO: Get in there an' get the dough out. We just want the green stuff. (HE CUTS AS)

(WE HEAR A DOOR SLIDE OFF)

STEVE: (LOW, ALARMED) Hey, Leo! Someone's coming..

LEO: Douse that <sup>the flash</sup> light, ~~Pete~~, you fool!

PETE: (NERVOUS) ~~Yeh, yeh...~~

STEVE: (LOW) ~~Leo..~~

LEO: (LOW) ~~Quiet...~~

(WE HEAR SLOW STEPS OFF, ECHOING A LITTLE ON  
CONCRETE. THEY STOP)

BILL: (OFF) Who's there?

(NO ANSWER)

(STEPS COME US CLOSE, THEN STOP)

BILL: Come on, answer me, who's in here? (PAUSE)

Okay. I'll have to see for myself.

STEVE: (YELLS SUDDENLY) Leo! He's turned his flash on us.

It's a cop...!

(A SHOT. A GROAN ANOTHER SHOT. ANOTHER.)

(MUSIC: HIT UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Shortly afterward, you, Paul Presbrey of the Minneapolis  
Star-~~Journal~~ and Tribune are on the scene. You stare  
at the <sup>washed</sup> ~~blasted~~ safe, and the white sheet covering the  
body that was once Patrolman Bill Carlson ex-marine,  
father of two children. You watch Inspector Brad  
White's grim face, as he listens to the widow..

MARGE: (CRYING) He wasn't supposed to be on duty, Inspector.

He was home with me, and this phone call came, and  
Bill said, all right, he'd go. He had such a big  
heart, he just couldn't refuse...

INSPECTOR: Mrs. Carlson, I.....

MARGE: If he'd only said 'no.' If only I hadn't let him  
go. He'd be home tonight, he'd be alive, he'd  
be with the children and me. Now..now, he's dead,  
Inspector, dead. He went through four years with the  
Marines, I prayed for him every night, and he came  
back, ~~he came back~~. But now..now, he'll never come  
back...(SHE BREAKS INTO SOBBING)

INSPECTOR: Mrs. Carlson, I know how you must feel. I know there's nothing we can say now that's going to help. But whoever, they are, we'll find them, wherever they are, we'll hound them down. And when we finally get them, I promise you this...they'll wish to the end of their living days that they never killed a police officer!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

~~NARR: ~~Now, things begin to happen. First, a witness. A woman across the street, awakened by the gunfire, saw the getaway car leave. Inspector White goes in and questions her, comes out and tells you . . . .~~~~

~~INSPECTOR: Three men ran out to the car, Paul. But one of them was lagging behind, and the other two were in such a hurry, they drove off without him.~~

~~PAUL: Did this woman see where the third man went, Brad?~~

~~INSPECTOR: She says he took off across the fields, as fast as he could run!~~

~~SERGEANT: (COMING ON) Inspector! Inspector White!~~

~~INSPECTOR: Yes? What is it, Sergeant?~~

~~SERGEANT: We just picked this up on the edge of a field..about a hundred yards from where the getaway car left, Here . Take a look, sir.....~~

~~INSPECTOR: Hmmm. A glove.~~

~~PAUL: Brad, the third man must have dropped it.~~

~~INSPECTOR: Looks like it. And this gives us a chance to track him down in a hurry.~~

~~PAUL: How?~~

NARR: Now things begin to happen. A man comes into Police Headquarters - a man named Devers. He lives across the street from the warehouse, and he's pale, jumpy. And he has information, valuable information...

DEVERS: I was kind of dozin', Inspector...just couldn't get off to sleep, somehow. Then, all of a sudden I heard shots, comin' from the warehouse...three of them...

INSPECTOR: What did you do then?

DEVERS: I...I ran to the window, looked out. I seen this car, standin' at the curb, a big black car. Then some men runnin' out of the warehouse...

INSPECTOR: How many men?

DEVERS: Three.

INSPECTOR: You're sure?

DEVERS: Yessir. Yessir, I'd swear to it. Two of 'em was runnin' ahead of the third. They got into the car, started up the motor, I guess they didn't want to waste the time waitin' for the third. Anyway, they started up fast. The third man made a grab for the car, an' missed.

PAUL: You mean he was left behind?

DEVERS: That's right. Kind of run around on the road like a chicken without a head, not knowin' what to do. Then, suddenly, he took off across the field, over where the culvert is.....

INSPECTOR: Anything else?

DEVERS: No I guess that's about all.

INSPECTOR: Well thank you very much, sir - If we need you we'll call you -

(STEPS - DOOR CLOSE)

PAUL: Well, Brad, that's something. With a man on foot we may have a chance...

BRAD: Yeah. If he doesn't hop a freight or steal a car before we...

SERGEANT: (COMING IN) Inspector! Inspector White!

INSPECTOR: Yeah? What is it, Sergeant?

SERGEANT: We just picked this up at the edge of a field... about a hundred yard from where the getaway car left. Here...take a look, sir...

INSPECTOR: A glove....

PAUL: Brad, the third man must have dropped it.

INSPECTOR: Looks like it. And this gives us a chance to track him down in a hurry.

PAUL: How?

INSPECTOR: With bloodhounds! We'll give 'em a whiff of this glove, and then try to close in on him!

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

NARR: You start out with the others, behind the baying bloodhounds...across field, up and down ravines..... through the woods....

(BLOODHOUNDS UP, DISTANTLY)

NARR: An hour passes...two..and you can hardly take another step..your lungs feel like bursting.... and then.

(BLOODHOUNDS UP IN SWELLING CHORUS)

PAUL: (PANTING) Brad, the dogs have found something. They're milling around that sandy beach near the river.

INSPECTOR: Yeah! Let's go!

(MUSIC: -- -- ACCENT)

NARR: It's a shoe-print...clearly defined in the sand. The fugitive..no doubt about it. And Inspector White says....

(DOGS YAPPING UNDER)

INSPECTOR: Sergeant Adams!

SERGEANT: Yes, sir?

INSPECTOR: I'll want a plaster cast made of that print.

(MUSIC: -- -- ACCENT)

NARR: The bloodhounds still have the scent..the hours pass.. into the early dawn. You're almost dead from exhaustion, soaked to the skin with the dew on the tall grass and bushes.... and then the hounds close in on a clump of bushes..And you know this is the end of the trail..

(DOGS YAPPING OFF)

NARR: The keeper quiets the dogs..the police surround the clump...Inspector White raises his gun...

INSPECTOR: All right, you! Come out of there! Come out of there with your hands up, before we blow your head off!

(WE HEAR RUSTLE OF BUSHES)

SHARKEY: (OFF) Don't shoot! I'm comin' out, I'm comin' out.  
(HYSTERICALLY) What'd you set those bloodhounds on me for? I ain't done nothin', honest I ain't.

PAUL: (STARES) Brad, do you know who that man is?

INSPECTOR: No. who?

PAUL: He's an ex-con by the name of Sharkey..Pete Sharkey!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ HIT UP INTO CURTAIN AND)

(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 PELI 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: -- INTRO AND UNDER)

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

NARR: This is just the beginning. The biggest Manhunt in the Upper Midwest has only started. One man has been caught, but there are two at large. Two desperadoes, ~~two leaders~~, armed to the teeth. The state and local police of Minnesota, Iowa, the Dakotas, have all been alerted by the general alarm. And when you, Paul Presbrey of ~~the Minneapolis Star and Tribune~~ get back to the office, the reports already start to roll in...

(NEWS TICKER UP AND THEN UNDER)...

PAUL: (READING) North Dakota police report that the two desperadoes who murdered a Minneapolis policeman have already abandoned one car, which ran out of gas, and ran another into a ditch. It has just been reported that they stopped a third car near the North Dakota, border and threw its occupants out into the road.

(FADING) All authorities throughout the middle west are warned...

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Meanwhile, Pete Sharkey won't talk. He denies everything even when the plaster cast of his print is a perfect match for the shoe he's wearing. You talk to Inspector White about the other two men, who had come up to your house to dig up the yard....

INSPECTOR: And you don't know their names, Paul?

PAUL: No. But I'd know them anywhere, Brad, if I saw them I'd bet my last dollar they were in on this job, and that they were ex-cons, like Sharkey.

INSPECTOR: What makes you think so?

PAUL: I've seen enough of them to spot them. Something in their eyes and the <sup>paleness</sup> ~~color~~ of their skin. And it's natural that Sharkey would be with them. ~~birds of a feather flock together.~~

INSPECTOR: Could be.

PAUL: Brad, let me go through your police picture files, I'll be able to pick out those two. Then we'll know their names, who they are, we'll have detailed descriptions to broadcast all through the Midwest, We're sure they're moving north by west now, but they may change direction any hour. If we don't know who they are, we may lose 'em for good!

INSPECTOR: Okay, Paul. Go ahead. The files are yours!

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE) --

(CAR UNDER, HIGH SPEED)

STEVE: Leo...

LEO: Yeah?

STEVE: We haven't got much gas left.....only a quarter of a tank.

LEO: Okay. So we'll run this dry, an' get us another jaloph!

STEVE: Look. There's an all-night gas station, just around this curve comin' up. Maybe we can..

LEO: (SNEERS) Oh, sure. Maybe we can top an' then stick our heads right in a nice, tight rope. Figure it out, Stupid. The police have warned every gas station on the road about us, probably covered every one...

STEVE: Leo! Look out for this curve!

(SCREECH AND SQUEAL OF TIRES)

STEVE: Take it easy, willya? You want to get us killed?

LEO: If I take it easy, we will. We gotta get out of this part of the country, and fast. By this time every cop...

STEVE: Leo. What's that up ahead? Those lights, across the highway.

LEO: It's a roadblock...state police.

STEVE: Stop the car. We can't get by..

LEO: Oh, we can't, huh? Hang on, Steve.

STEVE: Leo...

LEO: Hang on, I said!

(CAR ACCELERATES...THEN A CRASH, WOOD BARRIERS  
(SPLINTER..))

(MUSIC: \_ \_ BRIDGE)

PAUL: Brad, these are the men...the ex-cons in these two file pictures..Leo Maguire and Steve Whaley. They were the ones I met with Sharkey.

INSPECTOR: Okay. Your hunch was right, Paul. And this'll help..

(DOOR OPENS)

SERGEANT: Inspector...

INSPECTOR: What is it, Sergeant?

SERGEANT: Radio report just came in. Two men smashed through a police barricade east of Minot, North Dakota, and kept on going, made their getaway.

INSPECTOR: Minot, eh? That's up in the north central part of the state.

PAUL: Well, one thing's sure, Brad. They haven't changed direction yet, they're still moving west.

INSPECTOR: Yeah. Sergeant..

SERGEANT: Yes, sir?

INSPECTOR: Take these two pictures. They're the killers we're after. I wanted them wirephoted everywhere, fugitives from justice, wanted for armed robbery and murder. Got it.

SERGEANT: Got it, sir.

(DOOR CLOSE)

INSPECTOR: Leo Maguire and Steve Whaley. ~~So they killed Bill Carlson, eh?~~ Well, I'm not going to hang around here in Minneapolis while they're chasing these killer all over North Dakota. Bill Carlson was one of my boys, and I'm going to be on the kill, if it's the last thing I do.  
(A PAUSE) Paul...

PAUL: Yes?

INSPECTOR: How would you like to take a ride?

PAUL: Where to, Brad.

INSPECTOR: Minot, North Dakota. By plane. And right away!

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

NARR: You fly with Brad White through a driving rainstorm to Minot. For the time being, the trail has been lost, You wait there, listening to the State Police radio setup. Report after report comes in from the various highway patrols. Nothing. Nothing but routine. And then, out of a clear sky...a call from a State police car....

NEAL: *(Falter)* (SLIGHT BUZZ AND CRACKLE, RADIO STATIC)  
Trooper Harry Neal calling headquarters. Neal  
calling headquarters, Patrol three-two. Location,  
town of Mandan, west of Bismarck. Two men in tan  
sedan speeding south, am giving chase...

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

(CAR UNDER, HIGH SPEED)

STEVE: Leo! There's a State Police car on our tail.

LEO: How many trooper in it?

STEVE: Just one.

LEO: That's great.

STEVE: What do you mean, great?

LEO: Its' a break for us, Stupid.

STEVE: Are you crazy?

LEO: Like a fox.

(CAR SLOWS A LITTLE)

STEVE: Hey! Leo! What are you slowin' down for?

LEO: So this cop can catch us. I wanna make it easy for him.

STEVE: (ALARM) Leo, have you gone nuts?

LEO: Take a look at our gas gauge.

STEVE: The tank's almost empty.

LEO: Yeah. We're gonna need another car.

STEVE: You mean, you're gonna steal that trooper's car?

LEO: Yeah. (HE CHUCKLES) Why not? It's got a hopped  
up engine, just what we want. An' probably plenty  
of gas. Another thing, who's gonna stop a state  
police car?

STEVE: Hey! That's an idea. That's usin' your head, Leo.

LEO: Yeah. You don't use your head in this business, you're dead.....

(POLICE SIREN OFF)

LEO: Steve!

STEVE: Yeah?

LEO: He's pullin' up close now. Get out your gun..

STEVE: Okay...

(CAR SLOWS AND TIRES SCREECH TO STOP. MOTOR IDLES. A MOMENT, ~~THEN WE HEAR ANOTHER SHOT~~ SCREECH TO STOP. WE HEAR A CAR DOOR SLAM OFF. STEPS RUNNING UP ON HIGHWAY )

NEAL: (COMING ON) Wait a minute, you two, Where do you think you're going?

LEO: Just heading south into Sioux County, officer.

NEAL: At seventy miles an hour, eh? Where's your registration?

LEO: (GRIN) Show him our registration, Steve.

STEVE: Yeah. (A BEAT) Take a good look, Trooper! And keep your hand away from that gun, or I'll blow your brains out all over the highway, get me?

(~~IDLING MOTOR OUT~~)

LEO: Okay, Steve. Let's get out of the car. I think Lover Boy here is gonna be good.

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

LEO: Just keep him covered (FADING) A LITTLE WE HEAR--)

(STEPS ON THE HIGHWAY)

NEAL: while I check his gas tank?  
STEVE: *You think you guys can get away with this?*  
(CALLS) How is it, Leo?

LEO: (OFF) Full to the brim.

STEVE: Great. Come on, Trooper, get movin'!  
(STEPS ON HIGHWAY. WE HEAR IDLING OF CAR MOTOR UP)  
(CAR DOOR OPENS)

STEVE: Come on, get into the car.

NEAL: Wait a minute, What do you think you're going to do?

LEO: Why, ain't you heard? We're all going for a ride..  
all three of us ...<sup>in</sup> your car!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: A report has come in from State Trooper Harry Neal, from Mandan, across the Missouri River from Bismarck, For awhile, there is silence. You and the others grouped around the radio receiver start to stare at each other.. then suddenly, you hear strange voices on the wave length....

(IN WITH SLIGHT CRACKLE AND BUZZ OF RADIO)  
LEO: <sup>(fills)</sup> (ROUGH)(OVER RADIO) All right, Trooper, sit there  
Make a move, and we'll plug you..

PAUL: (QUICK) Brad, they're stealing the trooper's car.

INSPECTOR: Yeah. *Yeah, Quit*

LEO: (ON RADIO) Steve!

STEVE: (ON RADIO) Yeah, Leo?

LEO: I'll drive. You watch this copper.

STEVE: Where'll ~~be~~ head for?

LEO: South. Hit down through South Dakota, into Nebraska.  
We've got to get some dough, I know a guy in..(CUTS)  
Hey, Steve!

STEVE: Yeah?

LEO: Turn off that radio transmitter, you fool! You want every cop for miles around to know where we ....

(RADIO OFF SHARP)

INSPECTOR: They've cut off the radio, Paul.

PAUL: Yes. But they left a little something, Brad...that Nebraska lead.

INSPECTOR: What do you mean?

PAUL: Sharkey knew a man named Cassidy, in a place called Laurel, Nebraska. Told me about him when he was drunk, one night. My hunch is they may be headed there now. They said they needed money.

INSPECTOR: But there's a way we may be able to keep tabs on them, Paul.

PAUL: How?

INSPECTOR: <sup>Get a</sup> ~~Charter a private~~ plane when morning comes. Fly low, and follow the highway south. Look for a state trooper's car with North Dakota license plates!

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

~~NARR: In the morning, another report: Trooper Harry Neal has been dumped on the highway, heading south, bruised but safe. You and the Inspector hire a pilot and small plane, fly low, hedgehop south, follow the bright ribbon of highway. Leslie, Manila, Ottuma, south into Nebraska, Valentine, Bassett, Taylor. Nothing. And then, just outside of Atkinson...~~

~~(DRONE OF PLANE, INTERIOR PERSPECTIVE)~~

~~PAUL: Brad! Look! Down there on the road!~~

~~INSPECTOR: That's it, Paul. That's the car! We'll go down low, keep on their tails!~~

~~(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE)~~



NARR: In the morning, another report. Trooper Harry Neal has been dumped on the highway, heading south, bruised but safe. You and the Inspector pick up a pilot and a small plane, fly low, hedgehop south, follow the bright ribbon of highway. Leslie, Manila, south into Nebraska, Valentine, <sup>JS</sup> Barrett, Atkinson, Laurel. Nothing....and then....

(DRONE OF PLANE...INTERIOR PERSPECTIVE)

PAUL: Brad.

INSPECTOR: Yeah?

PAUL: Where are we now?

INSPECTOR: Over the Kansas line. That town we just passed was Washington.

PAUL: Cars, cars...we must have seen a million of 'em. But no police car with North Dakota plates. ~~It's~~ (CUTS) Brad. Wait a minute.

INSPECTOR: Yeah?

PAUL: Do you see what I see? A police car...just ahead on the highway.

INSPECTOR: Yeah. But it's probably a Kansas...

PAUL: Kansas nothing. It's from North Dakota. Take a look *then there's a license* ~~at those license plates~~....

INSPECTOR: Paul, you're right, you're right. That's it! We'll go down low, keep 'em covered, hang right on their tail!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE)

(AUTO UNDER)

STEVE: Leo, that plane's comin' in to buzz us again.

LEO: Yeah.

STEVE: Here it comes...

(ZOOM OF PLANE IN AND AWAY)

STEVE: (JITTERY) Almost scraped the roof of the car that time. Leo, we gotta shake it, somehow. We gotta. It's drivin' me crazy!

LEO: We'll shake it. There's a side road into the woods. We'll get in deep, then get out an' hoof it cross country! Hang on Steve. We're turnin' in!

(SCREECH OF TIRES INTO)

(CAR UP, HIGH)

LEO: Steve, still see that plane?

STEVE: Yeah. Through the trees. It's circlin' around, tryin' to find us.

LEO: Gas tank's almost empty. We'll get in a little deeper, leave the car an' then...

STEVE: Leo! The plane's seen us. It's comin' in again...

LEO: Yeah.

STEVE: Step on it, Leo. Get into those woods up ahead!

(CAR ACCELERATES)

STEVE: Here it comes again....

(PLANE ZOOM IN AND OUT)

STEVE: It'll be back, tryin' to rush us off the road.

LEO: Yeah. But it ain't gonna, Steve. About a mile ahead, we'll....

STEVE: (YELLS) Leo! Look out! Narrow bridge up ahead!

(SCREECH OF BRAKES)

STEVE: (YELLS) Watch it, Leo! Watch....(YELLS UP AND INTO)  
(CRASH, AND SPLINTERING OF METAL AND WOOD AND INTO)

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

NARR: A half hour later, you, Paul Presbrey of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune are on the phone.

MARGE: (FILTER) Hello?

PAUL: Mrs. Carlson?

MARGE: Yes?

PAUL: This is Paul Presbrey, Star and Tribune. I thought you'd like to know that we nailed the two men who killed your husband.

MARGE: You mean ... they're dead?

PAUL: Not quite. They're in a hospital. But when they get out, they'll wish they were dead!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Paul Presbrey, of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune with the final outcome 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 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 Paul Presbrey of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune.

PRESBREY: Killer captured near Minneapolis early in manhunt sentenced to total of <sup>146</sup> 124 years in Stillwater Prison. Others sentenced from twenty-five to thirty years on Federal charge of kidnapping and are today still serving this sentence. *I have just received word that the state charges of murder will not be forced so that criminals can serve out full trial for murder.* My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Presbrey...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.

HARRICEL Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY...A Big Story from the front pages of the Philadelphia, Pennsylvania Inquirer, by-line Theodore MacFarland. A BIG STORY that began with an ad in the personal column and ended with the most personal thing in the world ----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 & FADE TO GG ON CUE)

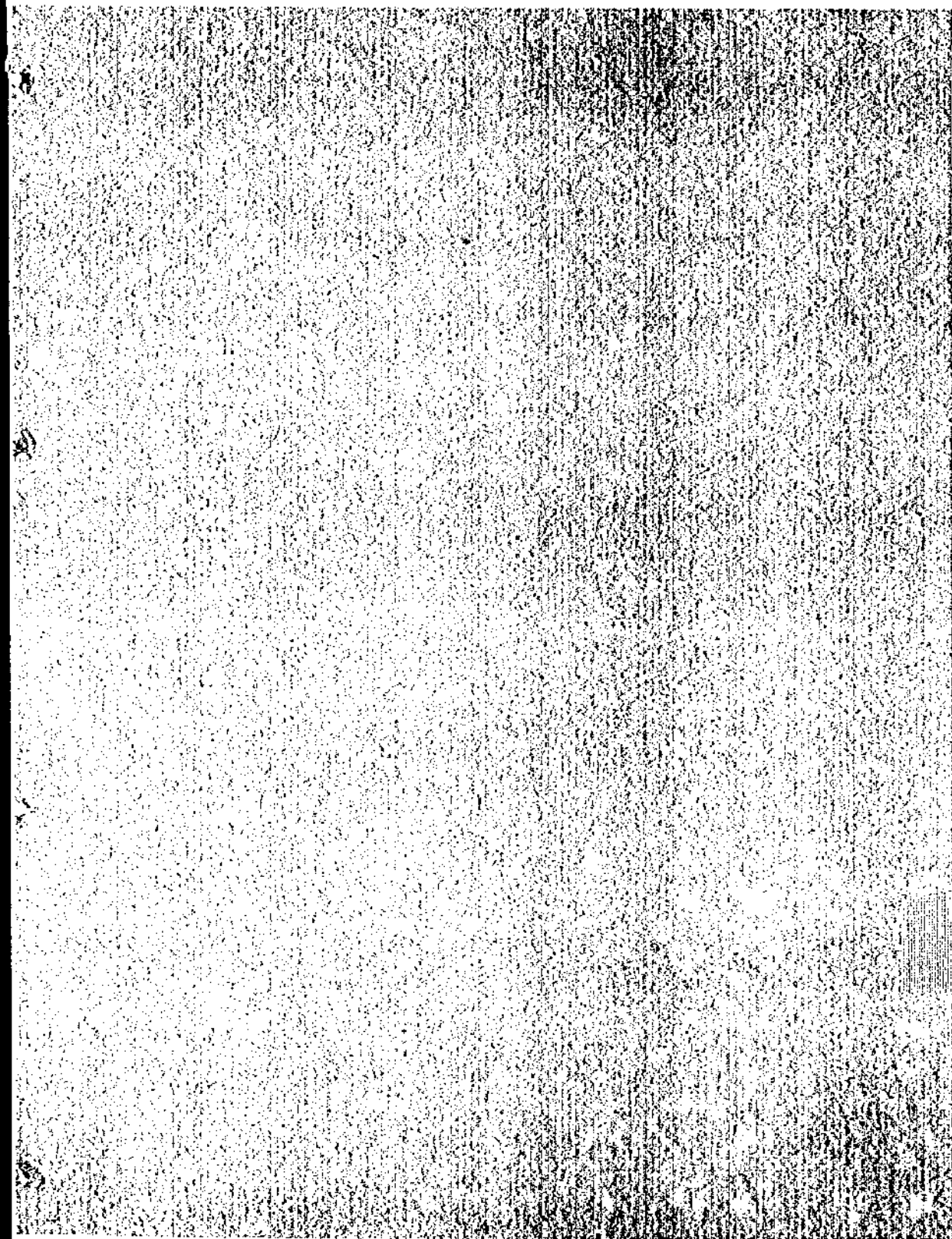
CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Max Ehrlich from an actual story from the front pages of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Bill Quinn played the part of Paul Presbrey. 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. Presbrey.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL & FADE FOR)

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

(This is NBC....THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.)

Chappell: One of the principle jobs of the American Red Cross has always been the relief of disaster victims, because of its time-tested experience at such relief, the Red Cross has been asked to mobilize its chapters for Civil Defense... to furnish trained volunteers... to work home defense to millions of people & in this way save lives & reduce suffering. It is only through your support that the Red Cross can carry on this and its many other important services to you and your community. Contribute to your unity to these goals Red Cross and Comrades.  
(Music)



EX-100

01X01 0172475

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #219

C/ST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOAN
BARMAID	CONNIE LEMBCKE
TED	SYDNEY SMITH
SOL	SCOTT TENNYSON
WILBUR	BILL GRIFFIS
CHEF	BILL GRIFFIS
KERN	VINTON HAYWORTH
MICKEY	OWEN JORDAN
MARK	JAMES VAN DYK

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, 1951

HAVE YOU GIVEN BLOOD TODAY? JOIN THE PINT PARADE!

CALL JUDSON 6-3000 EXT 143-145 HOTEL ASTOR -- MAY 3-28

ATX01 0172476



NBC

THE BIG STORY

#219

(10:00 - 10:30 PM)

JUNE 6, 1951

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE AND UNDER)

NARR: The notice in the Personal Column of the Philadelphia Inquirer read:

MARK: (ELDERLY, ABOUT 50) "Wilbur, imperative we get together. Know we haven't seen each other in 30 years and there is much bad feeling, but please ~~call Joseph Gishner~~ write Box 216. Your brother Mark."

NARR: And the brother in the rundown rooming house -- he had ~~no phone~~ -- sat down to answer.

WILBUR: (AGE 62) "Mark. I don't know what you want to see me about, Mark, but it seems after 30 years --"

(DOOR OPENS)

WILBUR: (REACTING TO THE DOOR) Who's there?

MICKEY: (DULL WITTED ALWAYS, BUT SMILING) It's me, Mr. Graham -- Mickey. You says to come and you'll read to me.

WILBUR: (A LITTLE ANNOYED) Not now, Mickey. I can't -- uh -- come back later.

MICKEY: (UPSET) But you said you would read from the detective story ~~and we was up to the good part where the fellow kills the girl.~~

WILBUR: (AS TO A CHILD) I know, Mickey, and I'll do it -- later. Leave me alone just now. Now you go on and shut the door.

MICKEY: ~~You ain't fooling me?~~

WILBUR: ~~No, just shut the door. I'll call you.~~

ATX01 0172477

MICKEY: I'll shut the door. I'll close it tight -- but I'll be watching you. I'm always watching you -- even with the door closed.

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

CHAPPELL: The Big Story. Here is America, its sound and its fury, its joy and its sorrow as faithfully reported by the men and women of the great American Newspapers. (PAUSE) Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. From the pages of the Philadelphia Inquirer comes the story that began with an ad in the Personal Column and ended with the most impersonal thing in the world -- death. And tonight, to reporter Theodore. T. MacFarland, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL Award.

(MUSIC: -- -- TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #219

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' 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: IN, FADES UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The story as it actually happened -- Ted MacFarland's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: PUNCTUATES AND BACKS)

MARR: It was the weekend of the fourth in the City of Brotherly Love. Temperature at 96. And everybody with a chance to, had left for a cool weekend in the country. But not you, Ted MacFarland, reporter for the Philadelphia Inquirer. You worked the dawn patrol and it was just as well because ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> 3:00 a.m. on that particular hot night you couldn't sleep. And you weren't alone in this. There were two others at least -- two in particular -- in the old Friendship House on South 3rd. Street in historic Philadelphia -- who also couldn't sleep. One was reading to the other.

WILBUR: (HE IS READING FROM A BOOK) "To this, Monsieur Lecocq replied, ~~'Well my friend, you made only one slight error. You told Madame you would be at home at midnight but you neglected to tell the concierge to leave the door open for you. And so, monsieur, You are the murderer!'~~ Ah, I think that's about enough, huh, Mickey.

MICKY: ~~I don't understand it. What's a concierge?~~

WILBUR: (PATIENTLY) Well, he's the fellow who locks up the house. You see, the murderer said he was at home at the time, But the fact was that the janitor locked the door before midnight so he must have been the murderer. You see?

MICKEY: ~~Oh sure. He didn't take care of that, did he?~~ Say that Monsieur Lecoq -- that French cop -- he's a real smart fellow. He finds the crooks out, don't he?

WILBUR: Yeah. I better go to sleep now, Mickey. I'm tired and I think it's cool enough now -- and you better go on home, Mickey. It's ~~after~~ <sup>almost</sup> 3:00.

MICKEY: You know, them stories, them writers -- it frightens me sometimes, don't it? The things it makes you think of --

WILBUR: You go on to bed. ~~Mickey, stay away from my bed please and you go on out and go to bed now too. I said stay away --~~ I said I'd read to you and I did!

MICKEY: I know what you got under the mattress, Mr. Graham.

WILBUR: Sure sure, of course. Now good-night.

MICKEY: ~~I seen it in my special way, Mr. Graham. And one of~~ these days, Mr. Graham, when I can figure out how no smart detective is going to figure out, Mr. Graham -- but I'm not going to tell you anymore --

WILBUR: ~~All right, Mickey. Good night.~~

MICKEY: We're friends, aren't we, Mr. Graham? We're very good friends and I know what's under the mattress. And even when nobody else in the whole world can see what's going on right here on account of the door locked and the shades are down -- I can see, Mr. Graham.

WILBUR: Good night, Mickey.

(MUSIC: UP, IN THE MOOD AND UNDER)

NARR: You couldn't sleep, it was that hot, Ted MacFarland, and you were tucking her to bed -- the paper -- for the morning edition. You, one of the old school newspaperman. ~~Twenty~~<sup>30</sup> years of it behind you -- ~~twenty~~<sup>30</sup> years of "Ask the police and listen, but check the answers yourself" -- ~~twenty~~<sup>30</sup> years of morgues and city hall and police blotters and flash bulbs and twisted faces -- and a certain acceptance of whatever comes along --

SOUND: PHONE RINGS UNDER NARRATION... IT IS ANSWERED ..

TED: (ON PHONE, AD LIBS) Hello ~~yeah, this is MacFarland~~ speaking

NARR: (GOING ON) --- including what's going on right this second. The sharp acrid words from the police clerk. "Dead man over at the old Friendship House on South <sup>found at 7:00 A.M.</sup> 3rd." And you --

~~SOUND: UNDER NARRATION, TO ACCOMPANY THE ACTION...~~

NARR: -- ride slowly thru the deserted streets, stop near the old Friendship House and walk past historical Philadelphia: Carpenter's Hall, Independence Hall, and old Friendship House which goes back to the 17th Century <sup>4</sup> has a 20th Century corpse on its third floor front.

(MUSIC: -- BRIEF PUNCTUATION)

NARR: Even this early in the morning people who work there -- in the bar, in the restaurant -- are instantly alert. <sup>waitress</sup> A ~~barmaid~~ --

BARMAID: (HORRIFIED) Up there, mister. The third floor. Oh, the poor old guy --

NARR: The chef -- absurd in his white hat -- on the second floor, pointing upward.

CHEF: ( A SURLY MAN) He never should have lived up there alone, the old fool. Up them stairs, mister. What're you, with the cops?

NARR: And on the third floor, in the room with the dormer window, <sup>a</sup> silent, note-taking detective from the Homicide Squad named Kern -- a volunteer with information, named Sol, the Bartender -- and a corpse.

SOL: *The dead man's* ~~His~~ name's Graham, Lt. Wilbur Graham. And he's a ~~second cousin of the Governor. Remember Governor Graham about six years back? His cousin.~~

KERN: Okay, fine. Just step out <sup>side, will you?</sup> ~~of the way.~~

SOL: ~~He used to say he was just as good as his cousin.~~ just that his cousin got the breaks, that's all.

KERN: ~~Look, why don't you step outside, huh?~~

TED: Hi, Kern.

KERN: Hello Ted -- quite a thing -- old guy 63 winding up like this.

NARR: ~~"This" is the stretch of Kern's hand -- which takes in the room -- There is a bed, small chest, chair. The scene of a violent struggle. The furniture shattered -- a volume, heavy, lying on the floor near the window. The name "The Adventures of Monsieur LeCocq" by Emile Gobarieaux the only book in the room. And "this" includes the~~

~~fight.~~ *it must have been!*  
KERN: What a fight -- ~~what a fight!~~ He was a little guy but he must have fought like a tiger!

TED: Blood <sup>everywhere</sup> ~~on the walls, the floor, the ceiling, the windows,~~  
~~the bed.~~ -- look what <sup>at</sup> it did to the bedpost. They  
actually split a bedpost.

KERN: Yeah -- the best part of the fight took place right here.  
The mattress is turned.

TED: Bullet kill him?

KERN: I don't think so. He has one in his chest, the other one  
grazed his neck -- it's in the wall somewhere. I <sup>haven't</sup> ~~didn't~~  
~~find~~ <sup>found</sup> it yet. But it didn't kill him. Take a look.

TED: I see what you mean. ~~Look at that -- (CHUCKLES) what?~~

SOL: (CALLS) He was one of them eccentric fellows. ~~He~~  
~~probably done it to himself. Drunk like a fish. Used~~  
to go to bed drunk almost every night. Lived up here  
all by hisself. I'll show you something he --

KERN: (STOPS HIM) Look, Sol, you just stay outside, huh?  
Outside.

SOL: I was only going to show you the rifle in the closet.

KERN: I saw the rifle in the closet. (TO TED) A .22 single  
shot rifle, Ted --disassembled

TED: Robbery?

KERN: Looks like it. Wallet's gone and there was a ring. Looks  
like a big ring -- you can still see the mark on his  
finger.

RED: Kern, I know I'm an amateur at this, but didn't you say  
this guy didn't die of the bullet wounds?

KERN: My guess is the beating he took on the side of his head  
there did it.

TED: Kern, he must have been a lefty -- the killer.



KERN: ~~I had much the same thought~~<sup>SO</sup> myself. A right handed guy couldn't hit a guy on the head, the right side of the head, that hard. Not if he was facing the guy.

TED: ~~Which people do when they fight.~~ And I don't know why, but I don't think all this blood is his. ~~He isn't~~ ~~bleeding much~~ -- I mean, ~~where he's lying.~~

KERN: Yeah <sup>from the</sup> looks <sup>of his uncles</sup> ~~to me~~ like he opened a cut in the <sup>other</sup> ~~guy's~~ face. Maybe his eye and his nose. Somebody's waltzing around with maybe a split face.

TED: A left - handed killer with a split eye or a broken nose. What was this guy by the way?

KERN: When you've sifted down what Sol, the loud mouthed bartender's got to say, seems to have been a printer on his uppers. Can't see why a guy would move in a place like this otherwise.

SOL: (CALLS FROM OFF MIKE) I can tell you anything you want to know about him, Lieutenant.

KERN: Ted, do me a favor. Shut the door -- with him on the outside.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You shut the door with him on the outside -- but with you on the outside too. Because you're a careful reporter of the old school and you listen to the police, but you also check and ask questions.

TED: Well, tell me everything there is to know about him, Sol.

SOL: Well now that Mr. Graham. A real Queer<sup>duck</sup>. I mean, there ain't nobody lived in the old Friendship House for -- well, like 15 years. ~~There is a good bar room downstairs,~~ my department - a good restaurant - you must have ate there, best steak in town -- and they got this third ~~floor up here. Well, nobody lives up here.~~ Who'd want to live up here? Well, so he talks to the boss and he says, "I'll give you ten dollars if you let me live up in the back", and the boss says, "Why not?" So he takes his hootch and the detective stories he's always reading and that's how it was. Hey -- I just forgot!

About - His brother --

TED: What about his brother?

SOL: Oh, that man's going to be upset! Pretty fancy gent -- I seen him once. And he told me they hadn't seen each other in 30 years. Funny thing he ain't over here.

TED: You saw them together?

SOL: Yesterday. Boy, like cats and dogs. Boy, did they ~~hate~~ <sup>hate</sup> each other, ~~if you know what I mean. Listen, I got a~~ ~~brother and I ain't got much use for him. -- But then, two~~ ~~brothers!~~ I says to him one day, "Mr. Graham, if you don't like your brother that much, how come after 30 years you get together at all?"

TED: Do you know where he lives -- his brother?

SOL: Just ask Solly any question you want. One of them regular walking encyclopedias. That's me.

(MUSIC: -- -- UP)

NARR: The first thing that strikes you is the bandage on the brother's forehead.

MARK: Nasty cut, nasty. Slipped on one of those narrow flights of stairs. But what does that matter at a time like this?

NARR: The second thing is the test that you give and he passes with flying colors.

TED: Cigarette?

MARK: Why thank you. I am a little unnerved.

NARR: He reaches out and takes the cigarette with his left hand. "Left handed killer - cut up face", said Lieutenant Kern.

TED: I understand you hadn't seen your brother in 30 years.

MARK: That's the horror of it. Here we are -- two brothers hating each other -- ~~it was a very well-known fact that~~ we didn't like each other. And then the old man -- my father had a farm in Elkton, Maryland. That's my ~~part of the country, Maryland~~ and ~~then~~ my father who didn't have any use for him or me, he goes ahead and dies and leaves the two of us this beautiful 600 acres. And half of it was to have been his. That's what I was going to see him about. If I hadn't a fallen on those stairs and hadn't gone to the doctor this morning, I ~~may~~ <sup>might</sup> have prevented the whole thing and gotten there in time.

TED: Don't blame yourself. Your brother was killed a little after 3:00 o'clock. *in the morning*

MARK: How do they know?

TED: Well, he <sup>wore a wrist watch</sup> ~~had a rather expensive timepiece~~ in his hand,  
~~as a matter of fact~~ -- broken at 3:06.

MARK: Didn't I understand the fellow killed him robbed him?  
~~If that's the watch I think it is, that's worth a lot~~  
~~of money.~~

TED: It was robbery -- only apparently the robber got scared  
and didn't have a chance to collect everything.

MARK: I should have believed him -- I should have believed him.  
But you know, when you haven't seen a man in about 30  
years -- and my brother was always kind of eccentric --  
I should have listened to him.

TED: What about?

MARK: Well he said he was afraid of something -- didn't say  
what -- but he said he was afraid. That's why he kept  
the rifle. Wonder why he didn't use it?

TED: It was disassembled at the time.

MARK: Mighty nice coincidence for the fellow <sup>who</sup> robbed him. Well,  
I can't say I ~~am~~ <sup>am not</sup> sorry -- it's my own flesh and blood --  
but I just thank ~~the Lord~~ <sup>the Lord</sup> that I really didn't know my  
brother too ~~well~~ <sup>well</sup> these past 30 years. Otherwise I'd  
be ~~that~~ <sup>pretty</sup> upset.

(MUSIC: -- -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Not the lefthanded brother with the flesh wound. His  
story <sup>seems to</sup> /ring too true. Time now for you, Careful Ted  
MacFarland, to check the left handed theory with the  
coroner's physician and Lieutenant Kern.

KERN: Well, it looks like we were right. He was killed by the  
blows to the head. Physician thinks the gun butt was used  
and definitely by a lefthanded man.

RED: Well that's something. Tell me, Kern, did you check with Firearms to see if the rifle was his? Did he have a permit or anything?

KERN: Yeah, I checked with Firearms. ~~Apparently he did have a permit to have that rifle at least indoors.~~

RED: ~~Really?~~ It seems he

KERN: ~~Yeah, he went down to Firearms and~~ gave them some big rangle-dangle of a story about how he was being robbed regularly. How he would come home Friday night <sup>drunk</sup> with his pay in his pocket (all of \$40) and how he'd wake up Monday morning after a good sleep (~~he'd get drunk regular Friday night~~) and there would only be \$20 left ~~in his pocket.~~

TED: Anything in it?

KERN: Well the Firearm's guy said he probably spent more on booze than he thought he had and that's where he lost it. You know, nobody <sup>gets</sup> ~~robs~~ ~~every~~ every Friday night. But a good drunk won't let a Friday night go by. He even said something about he used to take it out of his pocket and tuck it in his mattress and it still used to get stolen regularly every Friday night.

TED: So there's nothing in it?

KERN: (BROADLY) Nah.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Ask the police questions, like you've been taught, and then check the answers. This begins to add up to an inside job. What and how and who still unknown --- but the facts are there. (MORE)

-13-

NARR:  
CONT'D

The hour: 3:06 a.m.; the rifle: disassembled in the closet; the money: (if we believe the dead man's story for a moment) in his pocket or under his mattress, because it was a Friday night.

RED:

An inside job -- I'm sure of it.

NARR:

Now how does a quiet, careful reporter, <sup>30</sup>~~42~~ years of experience behind him, go around and prove what is only a conjecture?

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ UP TO TAG: \_TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0172490

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #219

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 Ted MacFarland as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: The answer to your conviction, Ted MacFarland, or at least your suspicion, that it was an inside job lies in the Friendship House itself, in the room itself. And what is needed now is a quiet look for what might have been overlooked the first time.

SOUND: STEPS BEING MOUNTED, UNDER....

MARR: A quiet look now that the body is removed -- and you can take all the time you need, alone.

SOL: Oh, you going in again? I'll go with you.

TED: Thanks, Sol -- but never mind.

SOL: No trouble at all. Glad to oblige. You checked his brother, huh?

TED: Yeah, sure. (HE SAYS THIS TO ALMOST EVERYTHING SOL SAYS FOR THE REST OF THE SCENE, JUST BEING NONCOMMITTAL)

SOL: You know what folks said about him -- Graham? That he was the black sheep of the family. That's what they said. ~~And that, in politics, they were ashamed of him and they were paying him money to keep out of the way -- you know what I mean.~~

TED: Yeah, sure.

~~SOL: Ain't that funny? How he used to read all these scary books up here on the third floor all alone with nobody around? Wouldn't you or I be afraid to be alone here with them books?~~

TED: Yeah, sure.



SOL: No one else up here -- just him. Them other rooms on the sides are just storerooms and there ain't been nobody up here in 25 years. What're you looking for? What're you doing over there?

TED: (NOT LISTENING) Yeah, sure.

SOUND: THERE IS MOVEMENT OF A PICTURE ON THE WALL BEING PUSHED SLIGHTLY...

TED: (TENSELY) That's it!

SOL: Hey, what did you find? No kidding -- what did you find? Bullet hole?

TED: Look, do you remember what the lieutenant told you, Sol? Outside ---

SOL: Come on, What did you find? ~~What did you find?~~ ~~What did you find?~~ What did you move that picture for like that?

TED: Haven't you got some customers downstairs or something?

SOL: They'll keep, they'll keep. Customers is like trolley cars. There's always some others coming along.

RES: ~~(SOL)~~ All right, all right. Now you said there's no one else lived in the next room?

SOL: I told you it's a storeroom . The boss has tables and chairs and things like that there. ~~What's in the next room?~~ I don't think anybody's been in there for years. We don't use them tables no more.

SOUND: DURING THE ABOVE SPEECH, THE TWO MEN WALKED OUT OF THIS ROOM, INTO THE HALL, OPEN A DOOR, AND ENTER THE NEXT ROOM

TED: I don't know about that. Look where this dust was brushed. See What I mean?

SOL: (FOUR MILES AHEAD OF HIM) Hey, I get it. The <sup>killer</sup> fellow used to wait in here, huh? Boy, wait 'til I tell them I was in on it, right? I was right here in on it, huh? And then the guy bounced on him when he seen him, right? Wait 'til I tell them downstairs. ~~And that cher! ---~~  
~~He know -- wuh! He made the --~~

TED: Look, just do me a favor and just don't say anything to anybody, huh?

SOL: Mum's the word. ~~Wild horses couldn't drag it out of old~~  
~~swirly --~~ <sup>But</sup> What was you looking at behind that picture?

TED: Just an old spider web.

NARR: And happily now he leaves and you have a chance to look. Because directly behind the picture in the dead man's room ~~was~~ <sup>is</sup> a hole -- ~~but not a bullet hole.~~ A hole clean thru the wall about a half-inch in size -- <sup>a drilled hole</sup> ~~board.~~ And when you stick a pencil ~~as you are doing now,~~ thru the hole ~~in the other side in the room adjoining,~~ you can push the picture aside and see the closet, the rifle, and the bed. The bed -- which you can't see from the doorway of the room because it is hidden by a dresser. And now you know ~~(no longer surprise) that the guy that~~  
~~looked thru that hole is the guy of the killer.~~ An inside job for sure -- but the who still to be found.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You give it to the police -- ~~the information which you~~  
~~.....~~ (You're a careful man and you found, after ~~3~~ 30  
years, it pays to give because you get when you give.)  
And what you get this time is the agreement in Kern's  
eyes that it is an inside job. And when you tell him  
what you plan to do --

TED: I think <sup>Kern</sup> I'm going to sort of make the Friendship House  
my second home -- sort of live there. At least in the  
bar and the restaurant and --

KERN: Okay. And you'll let me know what happens.

TED: And you'll let me know.

(MUSIC: PLEASANT THEME WHICH QUICKLY SOURS IN KEEPING WITH  
NARRATION)

NARR: You have to ask your questions carefully because if he  
is around you don't want to scare him off and let him  
know. And suddenly, in the most every day talk in the  
world there takes on an ominous quality. A double  
entendre in every statement. The bartender, Sol --

SOL: (CONSPIRATORILY) Let me draw you a short beer. Watch  
that fellow sweeping up back of table 7. Had my  
eye on him --

NARR: The chef.

CHEF: (SURLY AS USUAL) You want your dinner you come down in  
the hours we serve. All the time, special characters!

NARR: The barmaid.

BARMAID: That'll be \$1.25, sir. (SIGNIFICANTLY) Anything else?

(MUSIC: IN WITH...)

NARR: A day gets you nowhere. A week of listening and eating and drinking and sitting late at night leads you to a good quantity of good beer, good steaks, good chops -- but little else. Except they've grown used to you now, they're more relaxed around you -- the waitresses, the cooks, the assistants, the maintenance men -- the 22 people among whom you are sure you'll find the one you're looking for. But none is lefthanded or maybe one is lefthanded but not using his left hand.<sup>?</sup>

TED: So what do you think about pitchers?<sup>Get?</sup> You know what I always say? Give me a good southpaw any day and that's a great pitcher. Take Carl Hubbell, Lefty Gomez, Lefty Grove ---

SOL: Now there's one thing I don't know a thing about is baseball. Now basketball -- there's my game. ~~Even with~~ ~~them~~ ~~fixed~~, I'll tell you that's the best game there is. Ah, baseball -- what's baseball?

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

NARR: You try the Lefty Gomez, Lefty Grove discussions on the waitresses, on the maintenance men -- hoping one of them will stick up for the lefties. But no, nothing -- until Hank, the surly chef, lets you come into the kitchen now and watch him cut meat.

TED: Know what I always say, Hank? Give me a good lefthanded pitcher like Hubbell or Gomez --

CHEF: Ah, get out of here. Lefty pitchers. Southpaws --- what have they got? Name me the three greatest. Walter Johnson, right? Grover Cleveland Alexander, right? And Christy Matthewson. All right handers.

SOUND: HE IS CARVING MEAT UNDER THIS.

TED: Ah, you're only saying it because you're righty --

CHEF: Who says I'm righty?

TED: Well, I mean the way you cut the meat there.

CHEF: ~~I just cut the meat with my right hand when I feel like~~  
it. I can cut it with my right hand, my left hand --it  
don't make no difference.

TED: You really are fast. I never saw a man with 10 fingers  
cut like that.

CHEF: Well, I ain't much. We had a guy here with 9 fingers and  
he wasn't even no butcher -- and I don't mind saying it  
-- he could cut meat two for one.

TED: Really?

CHEF: Fellow name of Mickey. Porter here, used to be. There's  
a guy -- you put a knife in that boy's <sup>left</sup> hand -- (WHISTLES)

TED: Good, huh?

CHEF: The best. ~~Just say to him, "Hey, why don't you stick  
around? You could become a butcher's helper --  
good money in it."~~

TED: Mickey what? What was his last name?

CHEF: Why are you interested in that fellow?

TED: No, no -- nothing like that. Just asking.

~~(MUSIC PLAYING)~~

NARR: ~~(IN CLOSE) -- Careful now, Ted. You're treading on eggs.  
You've found the name of a lefthanded porter who is not  
around -- who left. And if you ask too obviously it  
may get to a friend of his, and the friend may get to him  
and he may not be around when you want him. So --~~

TED: Say, Sol, didn't there used to be a fellow worked around here -- Mickey or something?

SOL: Sure. Mickey <sup>Wagner</sup> -- the porter --- Nice guy too. Yeah, he just sort of all of a sudden left. Wonder what happened to him. ~~Say, you know I was trying to break that guy in the assistant bartender. He could not have been faster than any guy I ever seen.~~

TED: (CASUALLY) You wouldn't remember when he left?

SOL: (SMART) It was three days before.

TED: (BLANDLY) Before what?

SOL: You wouldn't know what I'm talking about, would you? be - fore --- So he's the guy you're looking for!

TED: Solly, keep it to yourself, please!

SOL: Like the champagne I got on ice -- Mum's the word.

(MUSIC: --- PUNCTUATES)

CHEF: Say you know, MacFarland, I kind of miss that guy. Best meat cutter I ever had, but he used to ask the craziest questions -- and bring me books to read -- and asked me to read to him. He couldn't read.

TED: Was he friendly with -- remember the guy who used to live upstairs -- Mr. Graham?

CHEF: Sure. Mickey was one of the nicest guys. Friends with everybody. Ask anybody. What're you asking about Mickey for?

TED: Nothing. Just maybe I got a job for him.

NARR: And then the girl -- the <sup>waitress</sup> ~~barmaid~~. You ask <sup>for about Mickey</sup> ~~a simple~~ question and she bursts into tears.

BARMAID: (SHE'S JUST CRYING OUT OF SELF-PITY, NOT REAL DISTRESS)  
He was going to marry me, that's what. He was going to marry me. He says to me, "I'm saving up my money, honey, and as soon as the time comes, we'll get hitched." You know, I washed that man's socks, I actually washed his socks!

TED: And he just went out and left you?

BARMAID: Just like that -- like I was a nobody or something. Maybe I shouldn't of talked to him that particular day.

~~TED: What was that?~~

BARMAID: ~~Oh, some day last week. I can't exactly remember.~~  
*sure I know*  
~~Saturday I think -- a week ago.~~ *Last week* I went over to his place on account of he was supposed to have a date with me and he didn't come over. And there he was. Maybe I shouldn't have ~~asked~~ *let him* him on account of his nose was hurting. ~~Oh,~~ ~~he had a big thing on.~~ Nose like it was broken or something and he says he was going to go to a doctor. He says, "Get out of here, I bumped into a door, get out of here!" And that's how he treated me -- after two months we were going steady.

TED: You say his nose was broken?

BARMAID: You know something, mister, I don't believe that he hit his nose on a door. Do you?

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

NARR: The address comes in the next sentence. Fitzhugh Street in South Philly. You check there and of course he moved out the day after the murder. And then you give what you have to the police because your facilities are at an end. And in checking, Kern finds.---

KERN: Picked up two years ago. "Mickey <sup>Wagner</sup> ~~Gray~~, 9 fingers, left-handed, height, 5 foot seven ---" etc. etc., "You ~~don't care about that~~. Minor violations. Got his prints. I think we're going to be able to find this boy.

(MUSIC: --- IN WITH)

NARR: Much easier said than done. And time goes by -- a lot of time. Two more scorching fourths of July come and go <sup>to</sup> ~~from~~ the City of Brotherly Love. But Kern doesn't forget and the murderer doesn't forget and you don't forget -- and fingerprints don't change. And they pick up a man with a broken nose and 9 fingers on his two hands.

MICKEY: (BLANDLY, BUT HIS USUAL STUPIDITY) Gee, I don't even remember when I quit ~~of~~ that job. I think it was in April, or something. Maybe February.

KERN: I don't think so, Mickey. The employment record shows July 3rd. --- one day before.

MICKEY: You know, I don't know what you're talking about. I mean, Honestly. I mean the cops are always saying things and trying to set traps and so forth and so on.

*oh* No sir, I quit in February. It was cold.

TED: ~~You've been reading up a lot of smart books -- a lot of smart mystery books -- been getting smart on those mystery books.~~

MICKEY: ~~I like books.~~

TED: You were real good and friendly with Mr. Graham, weren't you?

MICKEY: Why sure, everybody knows that.



TED: Bartender says and the chef says that you told them about how he used to keep his money under the mattress.

MICKEY: Ah, ~~that's a silly thing to say. Maybe I said it but lots of other folks knew it and said it. Everybody knew that.~~

TED: ~~No, the bartender says you said you saw him put it there.~~

MICKEY: Well, ~~what?~~ One day I was walking down the hall and the door was open and I seen it. I seen the old man put the wad under the mattress. ~~Is that such a terrible thing?~~

TED: Say that again.

MICKEY: What do you want me to ~~say?~~ <sup>say</sup> I said I walked past the room and I seen the guy put it under the mattress.

~~That's simple.~~

TED: ~~It's too simple.~~ You see, Mickey, the things you ~~read~~ <sup>find about</sup> in ~~other~~ detective stories and books -- Well, this one ain't in the books. You never were in his room then, huh?

MICKEY: No sir, he never let any one in.

TED: And you looked in the door and saw him slip the money under the mattress. Well, you can't see the bed from the door. ~~You can't even see the bed when the door is three-quarters open.~~ But you can see the bed from the hole in the wall behind the picture. ~~You can see the bed,~~ and the closet with the rifle in it. And so you waited until you saw him put his money under the mattress -- until you saw him clean the rifle and disassemble it and then you went in and asked him to read you a story. And when ~~he read it to you~~ and it was all finished you started to take his money and he tried to stop you and it happened.

MICKEY: I ain't going to say a word. I never looked thru the hole, never. I only stuck my finger thru it once.

KERN: You don't have to say another thing, Mickey. Nobody else in the entire place knew about that hole. Just me and Mr. MacFarland here and the killer, you.

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

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Theodore MacFarland, of the Philadelphia Pa. Inquirer with the final outcome 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 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 Theodore MacFarland of the Philadelphia Inquirer...

MACFARLAND: Killer in tonight's Big Story made full confession, was sentenced to die in the electric chair. But while in the city prison at Holmesburg, pending transfer to the Bellefonte death house, managed to kill himself. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. MacFarland... 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 Record American, by-line Bob Court. A BIG STORY of a reporter and a town where children lived in terror.

(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 & 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 Philadelphia Inquirer. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Sydney Smith played the part of Theodore MacFarland. 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. MacFarland.

(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  
BELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

THIS IS NBC ...THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

# AS BROADCASTS

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #220

## CAST

NARRATOR  
MRS. PORTLAND  
BOB  
SHERIFF  
CASTLE  
LUKE  
OWNER  
CARMINE  
SAM

BOB SLOAN  
BARBARA WEEKS  
JAMES STEVENS  
BILL SMITH  
GEORGE PETRIE  
SCOTT TENNYSON  
BILL LIPTON  
BILL LIPTON  
BERNARD GRANT

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1951

ATX01 0172506

THE BIG STORY

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: PANFARE AND UNDER)

~~(SOUND: TYPEWRITER GOING .. STOPS AND RECEIVER UP)~~

BOB: ~~(REPORTER, YOUNG FAIRLY AGGRESSIVE) Switchboard? This is Bob Court up in Room 406. Is it too late to get a ham-sandwich and a bottle of beer sent up? ....Oh, good.....Oh yeah. Tell the boy to walk right in. I'll be working. Thanks...~~

(SOUND: ~~RECEIVER DOWN.....~~TYPEWRITER STARTS AND DOWN UNDER)

BOB: (OVER TYPEWRITER) It is now 11 o'clock at night. I am writing this story from my hotel room in the town of Fairfield, Maine, population 3500. It is the story of the transformation of a peaceful, slumbering little community into a suspicious, armed camp all in the space of four hours.....Four hours ago a tramping party found the body of 17 year old Jacqueline <sup>with her</sup> Dubois in the woods near town. It was -----

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS CUTTING TYPEWRITER ..... RECEIVER UP,IMPATIENT)

BOB: (IMPATIENT) Bob Court -

SHERIFF: (FILTER) Bob, this is the Sheriff. Thought you'd like to know --the Governor is sending the Attorney-General in here to take over -

BOB: (TAKE) Ernie Castle?

SHERIFF: He'll be here in a half-hour

BOB: Thanks. I'll be right down!

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY...Here is America....its sound and its fury...  
its joy and its sorrow....as faithfully reported by the  
men and women of the great American newspapers...(PAUSE...  
COLD AND FLAT) Fairfield, Maine....From the pages of the  
Boston Record-American, the story of a reporter and a  
town where children lived in terror. Tonight, to Bob  
Court of the Boston Record-American, 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.

CHAPPEL: 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!

(MUSIC: THEME END UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Fairfield, Maine .... The story as it actually happened...  
Bob Court's story as he lived it...

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You're one of New England's top crime reporters, Bob Court. You work for the Boston Record<sup>Advertiser</sup>. You've seen a great deal. But as you sit down in the Sheriff's office <sup>with the 27th case</sup> this midnight you feel strange and uneasy. This is no ordinary murder story...~~It never is when a child is involved~~

SHER: Hello, Bob -

BOB: Hello, Sheriff ..... Good to see you, Ernie -

CASTLE: (SIGHS) Wish it were different circumstances, Bob -

SHER: How were the streets on your way over?

BOB: Not much of a moon out but they're still there, sitting on their porches - or in their cars ... Most of them have guns -

SHER: Know how those folks feel....I've got three kids of my own ~~home right now~~...

CASTLE: In a case like this, we're always working against time and the mood of the community. We'd better get on with the list. What's the next one, Sheriff?

SHER: George Dearborn - Checked him but he's still in the Federal pen -

CASTLE: Frank Krumschmidt?

SHER: Died a week ago ... pneumonia -

CASTLE: Sam Portland?

SHER: Got out of State Prison two weeks ago but left the State -

CASTLE: Luke Ames?

SHER: (HESITANT) Well... I don't know -

CASTLE: (TENSE) Look, Sheriff. I know how you feel. To pick a man up at a time like this is gonna mean trouble for him even if he turns out to be innocent. But we've got to make a move!

SHER: Luke has a brown suit, just like the man who was seen with the <sup>William's</sup> ~~Dubois~~ girl. We also got a call...anonymous..... that he was seen in the area last night. But there are fifty men in town with brown suits! And we've gotten thirty anonymous calls about men who were seen -

CASTLE: (CUTS IN) Except that Luke Ames has a likely record, doesn't he?

SHER: Yes but for the past three years he -

CASTLE: (CUTS IN IRRITABLE) We've got to start somewhere! Have your men pick up Luke Ames - now!

(MUSIC: ACCENT...OUT TO:)

SHER: (WEARY) (LOW) Luke, listen ... listen to me - for the last time. Tell us the truth. Did you know the girl at all?

LUKE: (MIDDLE FORTIES, FRIGHTENED) (BUILDS) For the past three hours.. all night long, you asked me the same question -

CASTLE: (WEARY BUT HARD) Then answer it!

LUKE: I didn't know her. I didn't do it! (RAISING HIS VOICE) Last night I was working on my place! I - I got my own family now! For three years -

CASTLE: (HARD) Criminals like you don't change! You were seen with the <sup>William's</sup> ~~Dubois~~ girl last night! This morning you sent your suit to the cleaner's - brown suit!

LUKE: (SHOUTING IN DESPERATION) I didn't do it! I swear it!  
I didn't do it!

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS SLIGHTLY OFF....RECEIVER UP)

BOB: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Bob Court speaking....Oh-Yes, Governor....  
Yes, sir. He's right here.....(CALLS) Ernie. The  
Governor. For you.

(SOUND: STEPS IN....RECEIVER PICKED UP)

CASTLE: (WEARY) Governor?.....No, no break yet. The town? It's  
----it's not in a ---pleasant mood . . . Ames? We've  
been with him four hours now. No. Nothing yet. But -  
I'm going to have him locked up...

LUKE: (SHOUTS WILDLY) You can't! They - they'll kill me!  
Let me go! It wasn't me! I swear it - I didn't do it!

(MUSIC: STING HIGH...SLIGHT BRIDGE ...OUT TO)

~~(SOUND: COFFEE POURED INTO CUP)~~

~~CASTLE: More coffee, Bob?~~

~~BOB: Thanks, Ernie...NO~~

CASTLE: (BEAT...THEN) Go ahead. Say it. It's written all over  
your face -

BOB: For a poker player like me, that can get to be a bad  
habit -

~~CASTLE: (TENSE) Bob, I had to make a move. I had to~~

BOB: Nobody's saying Ames isn't guilty, Ernie -

CASTLE: Except you...(BEAT) I - I don't know, Bob. Maybe  
you're right -

BOB: I'm not saying he didn't do it, Ernie. Get me straight -  
I just think he sounds innocent and compared to some of  
those other names on that list of hardened criminals,  
well -

CASTLE: (BEAT) (LOW) Tell you what, Bob. Ask the Sheriff to let you into Ames cell.... Talk with him. Then give me your impression -

(MUSIC: SLIGHT ACCENT... DOWN UNDER)

LUKE: (LOW, FEARFUL) It's like I told the others...I - I didn't do it.....

~~BOB: That's not what I asked you, Luke... I asked you - did~~

~~you know the Dubois girl at all?~~

LUKE: (LONG BEAT....THEN) I - I.....Gimme a cigarette, will you?

BOB: Sure.....here.....

LUKE: (NERVUSNESS BUILDING) T-thanks, thanks a million.

BOB: Light?

LUKE: Yeah...Please...

(SOUND: MATCH LIT)

LUKE: (PUFFS GREEDILY) (THEN) W-what are you looking out that window for?

BOB: Just looking down into the square ----Wanna take a look?

~~(SOUND: BEAT...THEN SOME SHUFLING STEPS AND OUT TO)~~

LUKE: T-they know I'm in here, don't they?

BOB: Luke, if you're innocent you'll be released. But if you're released - and one of those people down there knows you were lying...(STOPS)

LUKE: (BEAT) H-how could they know w-wether I was lying or not?

BOB: Since you were picked up, there have been a couple more calls...

LUKE: From - whom?

BOB: People who say they saw you with Jacqueline <sup>Williams</sup> Dubois.

~~LUKE: (BEAT...THEN) S-stepped away from the window, will you?~~

(SOUND: STEPS OUT TO)

LUKE: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Over here, away from the window -

(SOUND: STEPS OUT TO)

BOB: What is it?

LUKE: (LOW, FRIGHTENED TO DEATH) You - you've got to believe me!

BOB: Go on -

LUKE: (ALMOST CRACKING) It - it ain't true what the Attorney General said. Up in prison the - man there... he talked to me! He - he knew I wanted to go straight - quit my old ways.

BOB: What are you trying to tell me, Luke?

~~LUKE: Just this. For three years, now, I've gone straight -~~  
Listen - I knew her. I knew Jacqueline! She was a nice kid - just like one of my own.

BOB: You were lying then?

LUKE: (QUICKLY) Only about that because I was scared! I swear it! I - I knew her. the night she - she was done in, toward evening it was - I saw her walking toward the river. The - the river was flowing fast and full with the melting snow. I - I walked with her a while because - I like to watch the river when it was full like that. Then I left her! (SUDDEN OUTBURST) That's it! That's the whole story! I didn't do it. Can't you see I didn't do it? Can't you see?

(MUSIC: STING HIGH...DOWN UNDER)

(SOUND: ~~CLANG OF PRISON DOOR BEING SHUT...STEPS UNDER WITH SLIGHT~~

~~ECHO...THEN~~)

BOB: Well, Ernie? Now <sup>that I'm</sup> ~~here~~ told you what he told me. What do you think?

CASTLE: (PERPLEXED) I - I don't know..

(SOUND: ~~STEPS OUT TO DOOR OPENING AND SHUT~~..SCRATE OF CHAIR AS CASTLE SITS)

CASTLE: Lord but I'm tired.....The Governor's called twice today already -

BOB: I don't blame him...A town up in arms is something to worry about..

CASTLE: Everywhere I go in this place ...to get a cup of coffee, at the railroad station to buy a paper - there's always somebody, always somebody...."What about it?", they say. "What are you doing drinking coffee - or buying a paper when our children live in terror?"

BOB: I know how they feel.

CASTLE: I do too, Bob. That's what makes it so hard. I'm - I'm the State's Attorney General. If anything goes wrong, I'm reponsible.

BOB: What are you going to do about Ames?

CASTLE: Even if I believed his story the town wouldn't. Once they found out he knew Jacqueline and saw her the night she was murdered.....

BOB: You gonna keep him locked up?

CASTLE: I have to...Maybe he'll break down. After all, he lied once. Maybe he's still lying.

BOB: Think I'll go out and look around.

CASTLE: Where?

BOB: I've been checking that list of criminals. I've got a few more to go..

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT...DOWN UNDER)

NARR: You leave the town hall, Bob Court - and try to avoid the angry eyes of the men and women waiting outside. Slowly, one by one, you go down your list - checking alibis, trying to figure out if you can who is lying and who is not. It's twilight when you find yourself in a small barn a few miles from Fairfield.

(SOUND: BARN SOUNDS OF A FEW ANIMALS...SOUND OF HAY BEING HANDLED AS)

MRS. P. (IN HER SIXTIES BUT VIGOROUS AND PLEASANT) (SLIGHTLY OFF) I'll be with you in a minute. Just have to feed them animals or they'll wake the dead with their bellowing.

NARR: You've seen farm women like Mrs. Portland before.... widows in their sixties, still able to pick up a pitchfork of hay with ease, still able to run a small farm and dodge the bank.

MRS. P: Now, sir - if you're selling, I can't say I'm buying.... no matter what it is -

BOB: (GRIN) I'm a reporter, Mrs. Portland. Bob Court. Just wanted to chat with you about your son, Sam.

MRS. P: Oh.....(CAUTIOUS NOW) What is it you'd like to know?

BOB: Sam got out of prison two weeks ago, didn't he?

MRS. P. He - left the State.

BOB: Do you have any idea where he might be?

MRS. P: No... But Sam'll write to me when he's ready.

BOB: Of course.



MRS. P: (RESERVED NOW BECAUSE SHE'S A PROUD WOMAN AND THIS HURTS)  
Young man, I'll tell you what I told the Sheriff. Folks' around here have always had it in for us. We're Portlands, Sam & me! That's good stock, young man. Stock that goes back a long ways. It's always made the riffraff hate us. Sam gets into trouble but Sam wouldn't murder no one.

BOB: I'm sure you're right, Mrs. Portland.... By the way, how do you know Sam's out of the State?

MRS. P: He can home the day they let him out. He left that night. Sam wasn't happy around here no more. He told me himself he was leaving the State. (DEFIANT) Sam's a Portland. He don't lie!

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT...DOWN UNDER)

MARR: It's dark when you reach the outskirts of Fairfield, Bob Court. The moment you start driving slowly down the main street, you feel something new in the air, something wrong, something terribly wrong. Suddenly, your headlights pick out the Sheriff hurrying across the square to his office, a square strangely full of people for this time-of-night....

(SOUND: CAR TO A STOP)

BDB: (CALLS) Sheriff! It's me! Bob!

SHERIFF: (TENSE, HURRIED) I'll see you inside -

BOB: Sheriff, what's wrong?

SHER: (BRUSQUE) I said I'll see you inside!

(MUSIC: -- STING...DOWN UNDER)

NARR: Inside, you look from the Sheriff's dead-white face to that of Ernest Castle, The Attorney General. The pain and horror you see there keeps the questions sticking in your throat, Bob Court,...

BOB: What - <sup>the hell about?</sup> what's.

SHER: (LOW) A half - hour ago...Near the same spot -

BOB: Oh no -

SHER: Killed the same way. The same stories about a man in a - brown suit. Joey Benton, fifteen -

(SOUND: SUDDEN CRASH OF GLASS WINDOW AS ROCK COMES THROUGH IT)

BOB: (LOW) (AS IF EXPECTED) There goes your window, Sheriff. (SUDDENLY TERRIBLY WEARY) Now it begins in earnest...

(MUSIC: -- 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.

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.

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CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

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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: -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

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

NARR: It's two days now since the second victim of the child-- slayer was discovered in the woods outside Fairfield, Maine. And they've been sleepless, painstaking days for you, Bob Court, reporter for the Boston Record - American. As you hurry now into the Sheriff's office, you stop for a moment - confused by the sight of eight men sitting silently in the waiting room each with a wrapped bundle under his arm.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENED, ~~SHUT-ON-VOICES~~, TYPEWRITERS GOING, AND)

SHER: (ON PHONE .. HARRIED....SLIGHTLY OFF) You what? You've got a brown suit and you're worried? (WEARY) Ok, Ok, come on in and I'll question you.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

SHER: (WEARY) Where have you been?

BOB: Listen ... who - who are those men waiting out there?

SHER: ~~Brothers of the one who just called.~~ They've all got brown suits, they're all scared and they all want to be questioned and cleared - *How that one man let Miller go*

BOB: It's gotten that bad, has it? Where's Ernie Castle?

SHER: The next office. He's got a special direct wire in there to the Governor (IRKED) What about you? You've been gone two days.

BOB: (DROPS HIS VOICE) I've been doing my own checking.

(EXCITED) I've found one alibi that doesn't stand up!

SHER: (SUSPICIOUS) Which one?  
BOB: Sam Portland! His mother said he's been out of the State, right?  
SHER: What are you driving at?  
BOB: Well, he might be out of the State now, but he was in a lodging house right here in Fairfield until two days ago!  
SHER: Show me proof -  
BOB: I've been checking all the cheap lodging houses, asking about men with brown suits -  
SHER: And?  
BOB: Right here in town, the lodging house near the depot - ~~the man couldn't remember at first and then all of a sudden it came to him.~~ He showed me his register -- Sam Portland!  
SHER: (EXCITED) Where is he now?  
BOB: I don't know!  
(SOUND: PHONE PICKED UP FAST)  
SHER: Mary? This is the Sheriff. Make it fast! I want to talk to Cal Henry, postmaster over to Bridgeville!  
BOB: The postmaster? What for? *What can he do? ...*  
SHER: (CUTS IN ON PHONE) Cal, sorry to trouble you but got something important. What? Yes, yes.....listen, Cal---- the past four, five days - think hard.. Did you deliver any mail to Mrs. Aaron Portland?.....You did? When? You recognized the writin'? Thanks, thanks no end, Call  
(SOUND: RECEIVER HURRIEDLY DOWN AS)  
SHER: Let's go, Bob!  
BOB: Where to?

SHER: Sam Portland's mother. She got a letter from him this morning!

(MUSIC: ACCENT...QUICK BRIDGE...OUT UNDER)

MRS. P: (TENSE BUT CONTROLLED) I'm - I'm not hiding anything, Sheriff. My son Sam is - is able to take care of himself, I'm sure he'll be glad to explain everything to you..

SHER: Is that the letter, in your hand?

MRS. P: Yes, yes. I'll read it to you: Dear Ma, I am in Lewiston -

BOB: Lewiston!

MRS. P: (GETTING MORE TENSE AS SHE READS ON) I'm planning to get a steady job here in town. You'll see, Ma. You'll be proud of me yet. Send my clothes to this address here the Main Street Lodging House. With all my love, Sam

SHER: (BEAT .. THEN) Thanks, mam.... Come on , Bob.

BOB: Good night, Mrs. Portland.

(SOUND: RECEDING STEPS AND DOOR OPENED OFF WHEN)

MRS. P: (ON MIKE) (SUDDENLY LOSES CONTROL AND SHOUTS AFTER THEM) Sam's a Portland! Do you know what that means? He couldn't have done murder. Sam was born a Portland!

(MUSIC: SPING...QUICK BRIDGE...DOWN UNDER)

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR .. REPEAT... THEN DOOR OPENED ... NIGHT SOUNDS B.G.)

OWNER: (ELDERLY MAN) Yup?

SHER: Serry to bother you this hour. Here's my badge-

OWNER: Yup? *huh?*

SHER: You run this boarding house?

OWNER: Yup -

SHER: We're looking for a fellow named - Sam Portland -

OWNER: What's he done?

SHER: Does he live here?

OWNER: Feller about <sup>twenty</sup> ~~forty~~-five, glasses, sallow-looking?

SHER: That's him -

OWNER: Don't live here. Moved out this afternoon-

SHER: Where to?

OWNER: Kendel's farm outside of town. Got a job there.

(MUSIC: - ACCENT...OUT TO)

(SOUND: BUSY OFFICE B.G. PHONES RINGING AND VOICES B.G. PHONE RINGS IN FOREGROUND.. RECEIVER GRABBED)

CASTLE: (EXCITED) (FAST) Castle talking -

BOB: (FILTER) Ernie, this is Bob, I'm out in Lewiston with the Sheriff. Thought you-

CASTLE: (CUTS IN) ( TAKE) Lewiston? Better get back here fast, the both of you!

BOB: Ernie, you don't understand! We got a lead on Sam Portland. He hasn't been out of the State after all. He was -

CASTLE: (CUTS IN) Listen, Bob! If you want to miss out on a story, that's your funeral! But we need the Sheriff back here and need him fast. ~~All-termination has broken. Inose!~~

BOB: What are you talking about?

CASTLE: The Boston police picked up a man named Irwin Carmine! He's confessed both murders!

BOB: What?

CASTLE: He's on his way in from Boston now. And the Governor's on his way here too!

BOB: He - confessed? But -

CASTLE: (GOES RIGHT ON) We need the Sheriff here to make sure nothing happens to Carmine when he hits town! Now get back here, both of you, as fast as you can!

~~(MUSIC: STING...HIGH...DOWN-UNDER)~~

NARR: There's hardly room in the Sheriff's office for you, Bob Court, the Governor, the Attorney General, the Deputies guarding the windows and doors - and the strange young man from Boston named Irwin Carmine. You understand the pressures under which the Governor and Ernie Castle are working. You have your own opinion of Carmine - but you say nothing as <sup>Castle</sup> the grilling continues into the night.

CASTLE: (EXCITED) Once more, Carmine. Just to get it clear for the record -

~~CARMINE: (YOUNG, COCKSURE) Sure. Ask me anything.~~

CASTLE: You say you came through here on a hitchhiking trip and decided to camp out in the woods for a couple of days. Right?

CARMINE: Sure. I don't need crowds around me. I like to be by myself - (GRIN) I get a real kick out of myself (SLIGHT LAUGH).

~~CASTLE: You - you met Jacqueline Dubois that evening and-~~

CARMINE: (CUTS IN BORED) Sure. It's like I told you. I met her, killed her. A couple of days later, I thought it over; I was smarter than anybody! Nobody even had an idea who done the job. So I killed that other one Joey - Joey -



CASTLE: Joey Benton-

CARMINE: That's right... Killing is easy, for me, that is -

CASTLE: (BEAT ... THEN ) Carmine, we're going to take you out into the woods now.

CARMINE: (EDGE OF FEAR) The - the woods?

CASTLE: That's right. The woods where it happened. We want you' to show us exactly where and how you - did those - poor kids in.

CARMINE: (LONG PAUSE... THEN BRAVADO) Sure! It's nice out in the woods just before the sun comes out. Sure! What are we waitin' for? Let's go!

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT....DOWN UNDER)

(SOUND: EARLY MORNING WOODS B.G....,TRAMPING OF MANY FEET THROUGH THE GRASS....THEN)

CARMINE: (A LITTLE CONFUSED AND EDGY NOW) It's - er - it's just a - little way ahead, folks... I'll - I'll show you the exact spot.

(SOUND: HOLD FEET FOR A WHILE AND SUDDENLY)

CARMINE: (EAGERLY) Here! That's it! Right about - right about here! I - I recognize it now !

(SOUND: FEET OUT....JUST THE SOUND OF THE WOODS...THEN)

CARMINE: (GROWING MORE EDGY NOW) I'm - I'm right, ain't I? Just-- just about here is where I did the job....

LONG PAUSE.....THEN

CARMINE: (EDGE OF HYSTERIA) What's - whatsamatter? What are you - what are you all looking at me like - that for?  
(PAUSE... THEN ALMOST CRACKING)

(MORE)

CARMINE: What - what are you all looking at me like that for? Why-  
CONT'D why don't you say something? You You wanted a confession  
didn't you? Say something (PAUSE THEN ALMOST WEEPING)  
I - I can't stand it when nobody talks to me! What did  
I do wrong?

CASTLE: (~~HARD AND BATTER~~) *You said, rather publicly, earlier* You're a mile from where the murders  
were committed, ~~you sick, rotten publicity-seeker!~~

(MUSIC: ACCENT...DOWN UNDER)

NARR: Irwin Carmine had read about the killings in the  
newspapers. In his empty, perverted little life an idea  
had been born - a wonderful idea for winning one brief  
moment of fame and glory as a confessed murderer.

(MUSIC: STING...DOWN UNDER)

NARR: On the way back to town, the early morning light seeps  
into the car, washing the faces of the Governor and  
Ernie Castle in a dirty gray light. The Governor turns  
his weary, sleepless eyes first to Castle and then to  
you, Bob Court. You can read the question in his eyes:  
"If - if you were I, what would you do?"

(SOUND: CAR IN MOTION B.G. HOLD.....THEN)

BOB: (LOW AND TENTATIVE) If - if I were you, Governor, I'd  
call out the National Guard. Have them search every  
farm house around here.

SLIGHT PAUSE.....THEN

CASTLE: That's not a bad idea, Governor. Maybe Bob's right. If  
only for the psychological effect it would have.

(MUSIC: ACCENT...DOWN UNDER)

CASTLE: Just got a report from the National Guard commander out  
Lewiston way -

BOB: Any luck?

CASTLE: They searched Kendall's farm....Portland isn't there.

BOB: (BEAT) I - think I'll go over to my hotel, Ernie ....I  
haven't slept in two days now.....I feel <sup>rather</sup> lousy.

(MUSIC: ACCENT.....DOWN UNDER)

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS.....REPEAT.....REPEAT AGAIN THEN)

BOB: (WAKING) Ugh? .....Oh..

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

BOB: (SLEEPY) Court speaking.

MRS. P: (FILTER) Mr. Court?

BOB: (COMING AWAKE) Who - who's this?

MRS. P: Mr. Court, I - I don't want you to .. hurt him..

BOB: Mrs. Portland?

MRS. P: I - don't want you to bring anybody but - the Sheriff..  
Just you and - the Sheriff.. I - I don't want anybody  
to - hurt my boy..

(MUSIC: STING HIGH.....OUT TO:)

MRS. P: (LOW BUT FIRM) He - came home last night, Sam did....  
about three in the morning. I gave him some cold  
milk and a bun.

BOB: Where is he - now, Mrs. Portland?

MRS. P: .. It - it ain't fair for - folks to hate us just  
because we're better'n they are. It ain't fair! They  
did it to Sam. They did!

SHERIFF: ...Where's Sam now, Mrs. Portland?

MRS. P: (BEAT....THEN) Out - in the barn...(SUDDEN) I'll take  
you there myself!

(MUSIC: ACCENT....OUT UNDER:)

(BARN NOISES....ESTABLISH....THEN)

MRS. P: (CALLS) Sam?

NO ANSWER

MRS. P: (FIRM) Sam, your mother's calling you. It's - time to  
come out....

(RUSTLE OF STRAW UNDER)

SAM: (WHIMPERING SLIGHTLY OFF) Oh, Ma...Ma...

BOB: (LOW) There he is, Sheriff...In that stall...

SHERIFF: (LOW) He's got a pitchfork!

SAM: (SLIGHTLY OFF...MIDDLE FORTIES...FRIGHTENED) Ma, tell  
them - not to hurt me....Ma -

MRS. P: (FIRM) Put the pitchfork away and come on out, son -

SAM: (SLIGHTLY OFF) No...They'll - hurt me...I know them,  
Ma. They're like all the rest around here! They  
always hated us --- and that's why I got back at them!

SHERIFF: Sam, you'd better come on out or I might have to hurt you -

MRS. P: No! Sam, you're better'n they are! Show them you're  
a man! Don't fail me, Sam!

(SLIGHT PAUSE...THEN RUSTLE OF STRAW AND SUDDEN  
RUSH AS:)

SAM: (ON MIKE) (WEeping) Oh, Ma, Ma! I - I had to do it.  
I had to! I was getting back at them for both of us.  
They never liked us, did they Ma?

MRS. P: (CONSOLING) There, there Son -

SHERIFF: Why did you kill those children, Sam?

SAM: You wouldn't understand! You don't know what it's like to grow up around here - all your life - all your life they whisper and say things behind your back! Didn't they Ma? Didn't they?

MRS. P: Yes, Sam.

BOB: Did you know those kids Sam? Did you hate them especially?

SAM: (BITTER) I didn't care who I killed. I - I didn't know them and I didn't care who they were but I know who they belonged to! They belonged to Them. To Them, the ones who always hated us! Didn't they Ma? Didn't they?

BOB: You mean - you might have killed just any children coming along.

SAM: As long as they belonged to Them. (WHINES) Leave me alone, can't you. Make them leave me alone Ma! Sure I did it! I'm glad I did it!

MRS. P: Don't mind them at all, Sam, (BITTER). You're better than any of Them. You're a Portland, Son - just remember that, a Portland!

(MUSIC: -- TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Bob Court, of the Boston Record American with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- TURN TABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

SAM: You wouldn't understand! You don't know what it's like to grow up around here - all your life - all your life they whisper and say things behind your back! Didn't they Ma? Didn't they?

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(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 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 Bob Court of the Boston Record American.

COURT: Murderer in tonight's Big Story proved a pathetic defendant. Cries of lynch reached his ears as he awaited trial. Since there is no capital punishment in the State of Maine, he received a life sentence. My reward - aside from a good story - is today my proudest possession: a badge making me a deputy sheriff for life in the State of Maine. My sincere appreciation for tonight's Pell Mell Award..

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Court... 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 Port Dodge Iowa Messenger, by-line Granger P. Mitchell. A BIG STORY about a reporter who used a quotation from Shakespeare.... to trap a killer.

(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 & 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 Abram S. Ginnes from an actual story from the front pages of the Boston Record American. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and James Stevens played the part of Bob Court. 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. Court.

(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.

vak/pm  
5/29/51 pm

ATX01 0172533

THE BIG STORY

AS BROADCAST

PROGRAM #221

CAST

NARRATOR  
MRS. PRENTISS  
LOLA  
AL  
ERNIE  
GRANGER  
HENRY  
WALTERS  
FRED  
ANGELO

BOB SLOAN  
MARGARET BURLIN  
GRACY KEDDY  
ROSS MARTIN  
PHIL STERLING  
CORT BENSON  
HUMPHREY DAVIS  
HUMPHREY DAVIS  
JASON JOHNSON  
JASON JOHNSON

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20, 1951

ATX01 0172534

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

THE BIG STORY  
JUNE 20, 1951

#221  
WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ FANFARE)

(A MAN'S STEPS ECHOING ALONG STREET)

AL: (SHARP) Okay, Buddy! Up with those hands.

(STEPS STOP ABRUPTLY)

AL: (SNAPS) Come on, keep 'em up!

HENRY: ~~So it's you~~ The Tree Bandit, eh?

AL: Yeah. Surprised? Come on, hand over your wallet.

HENRY: But I haven't got any money on me.....

AL: Don't lie to me. I know you just closed that grocery store of yours, <sup>Steiger</sup> and you're loaded with dough, ~~Steiger~~.

HENRY: All right, all right. I guess I can't do anything else...

AL: That's right. There ain't a thing you can do.....(CUTS AND SUDDENLY) No! Don't try it, Steiger!

HENRY: (GRUNTING) You yellow skunk. I'm going to rip that mask from your face an'.....

AL: (STRUGGLING) I.....told you....not.....to....try...it.

(A SHOT. A GROAN. BODY THUD)

AL: (HYSTERICALLY) I told you, didn't I? I told you!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ HIT UP TO CURTAIN AND)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Here is America, its sound and its fury, its joy and its sorrow, as faithfully reported by the men and women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT) Fort Dodge, Iowa. From the pages of the Fort Dodge Messenger, the story of a reporter who used a quotation from Shakespeare...to trap a killer. Tonight, to Granger Mitchell, for his Big Story, goes the Pell Mell Award!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0172535

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #221

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!

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

CHAPPELL: Fort Dodge, Iowa....the story as it actually happened....  
Granger Mitchell's story, as he lived it....

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

NARR: You are Granger Mitchell, reporter for the Fort Dodge  
Messenger. You were born and bred in Fort Dodge, Iowa,  
out where the tall corn grows. You like your town, and  
you happen to be one of those rare birds in the  
newspaper business who never left home. You latched onto  
a job as reporter on the Fort Dodge Messenger years ago,  
and there you are, today. But enough of yourself, and to  
get on with the story, your Big Story, the kind that  
almost never happens in places like Fort Dodge, or to  
reporters like you. It begins late one March night, on  
a quiet suburban street. A man named Fred Harper is just  
turning the corner, when.....

(FOOTSTEPS ECHOING DOWN STREET, SOLITARY, ALONE)

AL: (SNAPS) Hold it, Buddy! Up with those hands!

(STEPS STOP ABRUPTLY)

FRED: Wait a minute. What.....?

AL: (SAVAGELY) Shut up, and do as I say. This is a  
holdup.

FRED: (SCARED) H--holdup?

AL: Yeah. And keep those hands up. Up, I said. Otherwise,  
~~I'll splatter your face all over this sidewalk. Get me?~~

FRED: ~~Yes, sir. Yes, sir!~~

AL: Now, gimme your wallet.

FRED: Look, I.....

AL: Your wallet, Stupid!

FRED: (JITTERY) Wallet, wallet. Yes, yes. Wallet. Here you are....

AL: Thanks. Thanks very much. (A PAUSE) Aaah! A lousy twenty bucks.

FRED: I.....I'm sorry. It's all I got. I.....

AL: Chicken feed. ~~Peanuts~~ Why I oughta let you have it, you cheap punk!

FRED: Mister, please. Don't shoot me. You're not going to....

AL: Go on. Beat it! Walk down the street.....an' keep walkin'. And don't look back, see? You look back once, an' I'll put a slug right into your back. Get me?

FRED: Yessir. YES, SIR.

AL: All right, Get going!

(FOOTSTEPS UP AND START TO FADE INTO)

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

NARR: You, Granger Mitchell, are on the night desk when the report comes in. A holdup. And in a town like Fort Dodge, with a population of only twenty-five thousand, even a holdup is rare. A few minutes later, you're at Headquarters with your very good friend, Chief of Police Ernie Wagner, and you both talk to the victim.....

ERNIE: How does it happen you were out so late, Harper?

FRED: Why, I was playing poker with the boys, Chief.....our usual Wednesday night game. We always break up at one, always. Otherwise.....

GRANGER: Otherwise, you'd get in trouble with your wives.

FRED: (NERVOUS CHUCKLE) Yeah. Yeah, that's right. You got something there, Mr. Mitchell.

ERNIE: When did you first see this holdup man?

FRED: Why, he was hiding behind a tree. *Chief*

ERNIE: A tree, eh?

FRED: That's right. He stepped out with this here gun, an' he was wearin' a mask kind of, a handkerchief over his face. Near scared the daylights out of me. (DISGUSTED) I'm telling you, I had a great night all around. First I lose fifty dollars at poker, and then this guy holds me up for all I have left, twenty bucks.

GRANGER: Could you describe this man, at all?

FRED: Well, couldn't see much, Mr. Mitchell, it bein' dark and with that mask, and all. I'd say he was thirty, thirty-five maybe. *Don't know*...medium height.....dark hat and dark coat.

ERNIE: And that's all?

FRED: Why, yeah. That's all, Chief.

ERNIE: That's great. Fort Dodge is full of men around thirty, of medium height. (WEARY SIGH) All right, Harper. You can go now. We'll call you if we need you.

FRED: Yes, sir.....

(DOOR CLOSE)

GRANGER: Well, Ernie, what do you think?

ERNIE: I don't know, Mitch. This kind of thing has happened before. A man loses heavily at cards, and in order to pacify his wife, he tells the police some vague story about being held up by a masked bandit.

GRANGER: You think that's what happened here?

ERNIE: I don't know. We'll investigate, of course. But if it turns out to be a phony, it won't be the first time!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE)

NARR: You're half inclined to agree with Chief Ernie Wagner. This could be a phony, somehow a masked bandit and a place like Fort Dodge don't go together. But then, as you are going back to the office at about two A.M., even then.....

(A WOMAN'S STEPS DOWN THE STREET)

AL: (SHARP) Don't move, Lady!

MRS. PRENTISS: (A SLIGHT SCREAM)

(STEPS STOP ABRUPTLY)

AL: (SHARP) Gimme that purse, Lady! Come on.....gimme that purse!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ HIT IN BRIDGE)

ERNIE: You said this man stepped out from behind a tree, Mrs. Prentiss?

MRS. PRENT: (HYSTERICAL) Yes. Yes. I was walking along and he stepped out from behind the tree, wearing this horrible mask, and with the gun, and then....then he tore my purse away from me! Oh, Chief, it was horrible, horrible!

GRANGER: This man works fast, Ernie. He held up Harper at one o'clock.....and now Mrs. Prentiss, here, at two.

ERNIE: Yeah. Looks as though we've got something on our hands, here, Mitch. Harper was telling the truth.  
(TO MRS. PRENTISS) Mrs. Prentiss, could you describe this holdup man?



MRS. PRENT: Why, why, he was of average height, dark coat, dark hat....

ERNIE: And about thirty? <sup>Thirty-five?</sup>

MRS. PRENT: ~~Yes! Yes, that would be about right.~~ <sup>I don't know</sup> I was so frightened, I really couldn't tell for sure.....'

GRANGER: Well, Ernie, here we go again.

ERNIE: Yeah.....

(PHONE RING)

ERNIE:

*er...just a minute*

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

ERNIE: Chief Wagner. What? Where? I see. All right, we'll get moving right away!

(RECEIVER ON HOOK)

ERNIE: Mitch, did you say 'here we go again?'

GRANGER: Why, yes.

ERNIE: You must be psychic. This here bandit just found himself another tree.....and pulled off another holdup!

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

NARR: Three holdups in one night. And a new name pours off your typewriter, and hits ~~striking~~ <sup>banner</sup> headlines on the Messenger. The Tree Bandit! And after that, a wave of holdups. The Tree Bandit runs wild. Almost every night, spreading terror through Fort Dodge, emptying the streets after dark.....

(TYPEWRITER, WORKING AWAY. IT FINISHES)  
(PAPER RIPPED FROM TYPEWRITER)

GRANGER: Last night the Tree Bandit struck again....twice.  
And this morning, Fort Dodge is in a panic. This morning,  
the City Council has posted a reward for his arrest, dead  
or alive. Meanwhile, fearful citizens, <sup>have started to</sup> apply~~ing~~ for  
permits to carry guns. Chief of Police Wagner has warned  
all citizens to keep off the streets at night, has  
doubled details on all night duty. And a single  
cry is sweeping through the city today. Catch the Tree  
Bandit!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE\_INTC:)

(MUSIC OFF, ORCHESTRA, NITE-CLUB)

LOLA: You know what, Doll?

AL: What, Baby?

LOLA: You musta robbed a bank.

AL: (A BEAT) Yeah? What makes you say that, Lola?

LOLA: This dump has got class.

AL: Sure it has. Where else would I bring you, Baby?

LOLA: You used to take me to cheap joints. ~~We ate the  
blue-plate special, drank beer, and had ourselves a ball.  
You tipped the waiter a half-a-buck, an' that was a big  
deal.~~ And now.....

AL: Yeah? What about now?

LOLA: Now, I just don't drink champagne, I use it for a hair  
rinse. Now, it's yes sir, from the headwaiter, an' a  
ringside seat, an' five bucks to every busboy who lights  
our cigarettes.....

AL: So?

LOLA: So where does a guy like you get all this dough?

AL: Do you really wanta know?

LOLA: I wouldn't have asked you if I didn't, Doll. You know how it is, a girl gets curious.

AL: Sometimes a girl gets too curious.

LOLA: Aw now, honey, I didn't mean to butt into your private business.....

AL: Let's just say I got investments.

LOLA: You mean, you won it, gambling?

AL: Gambling? Are you kidding, Lola? Gamblin is a sucker's game. The kind of investments I got pay off every time....an' every time, a hundred per cent return.

LOLA: Gee, honey, it sounds terrific. What kind of.....

AL: (INTERRUPTS) Look, Baby. Drink your champagne. I'm ridin' high, and I'm going to keep it that way. You want a mink coat, I'll get you that some day. ~~Rings for your fingers, and bells for your toes, I'll get you those, too. In a month or two, I'll close up my deal and we'll travel anywhere you wanta go, first class.~~ (A SLIGHT BEAT) Only don't ask so many questions, ~~see?~~

LOLA: (IN SMALL VOICE) I'm sorry, Doll. Honest, I am!

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

GRANGER: Nothing on the Tree Bandit today, Ernie?

ERNIE: (WEARILY) No, Mitch. Not a thing. ~~He's really running wild on us now, three or four holdups a week.~~

GRANGER: ~~Ernie, the town's really in an uproar. Something's got to be done.....~~

ERNIE: ~~I know, I know.~~ We've ~~tried everything,~~ <sup>tried</sup> even armed decoys.

GRANGER: And he won't bite, eh?

ERNIE: No. He's smart, Mitch, he's smart that way. We've sent one man after another up the suburban streets, late at night, disguised in different ways, even as women. But he's left 'em alone, strictly alone.

GRANGER: And the witnesses, the people he's held up?

ERNIE: They've told us nothing. All vague. All too scared to remember. ~~And the Tree Bandit always wears a mask, never takes it off.~~ I've tripled the force on night duty, patrolled every street with a tree on it. But we can't cover 'em all at once, and that's when he moves in.

GRANGER: He's got to make a mistake some time, ~~Ernie.~~

ERNIE: Yeah. But meanwhile, I'm not going to wait, ~~Mitch.~~ Take a look at these pictures.....

GRANGER: All men with records.

ERNIE: That's right. All men convicted of carrying a gun, at one time or another. All men who lived, or are living in Fort Dodge right now. Whoever the Tree Bandit is, he knows this town like the back of his hand.

GRANGER: In other words, try to pick the guilty man by deduction, and then work backwards from there.

ERNIE: That's right, Mitch. Maybe they don't use this method anymore in the modern school of crime detection. But I'm a cop of the old school. It's worked for me before, and maybe it will again.

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

NARR: You, Granger Mitchell can testify <sup>to</sup> that. You've worked together with Ernie Wagner on many occasions, you've got a high respect for him and his department. So, you go back to the office, never knowing that on this same ~~day~~ <sup>night</sup>, the most important thread to your Big Story was being woven.

(LONELY STEPS ECHOING DOWN STREET)

AL: (SUDDENLY) Okay, Buddy! Up with those hands!

(STEPS STOP ABRUPTLY)

AL: (SNAPS) Come on, keep 'em up!

HENRY: (QUIETLY) ~~So it's you.~~ The tree bandit.

AL: Yeah. Surprised? Come on, hand over your wallet.

HENRY: I haven't got any money on me, Mister.

AL: Don't lie to me. I know you just closed that grocery store of yours, Steiger. And I know you're loaded with dough.

HENRY: All right. All right. I guess I can't do anything else...

AL: That's right, Steiger. There ain't a thing you can do...

(CUTS AND SUDDENLY) No! Don't try it, Steiger!

STEIGER: (GRUNTING) You dirty yellow, rat, I'm goin' to rip that mask from your face an'.....

AL: (STRUGGLING) I told....you.....not to.....try....it....

(A SHOT. A GROAN.. BODY THUD)

AL: (HYSTERICALLY) I told you, didn't I? I told you!

(MUSIC: --- HIT UP TO CURTAIN AND)

(MUSIC: --- TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #221

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)

*of chance*  
CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell returning you to your narrator,  
*Chance* and the Big Story of Granger Mitchell.....as he lived  
it, and wrote it.

NARR: It is just after midnight, and you, Granger Mitchell of  
the Fort Dodge Messenger, are just finishing another Tree  
Bandit story, mostly odds and ends. The City Council  
has doubled the reward. The Tree Bandit has just  
completed his twentieth holdup within the city limits of  
Fort Dodge. One man had a heart attack when another man  
stopped him on a dark street, and asked him for a match.  
And then....

(TYPEWRITER POUNDING AWAY)(PHONE RING)(PHONE OFF  
HOOK)

GRANGER: Mitchell, Messenger.

ERNIE: Mitch, Ernie Wagner. Better reach into your composing  
room and pull out the biggest type you've got.

GRANGER: What do you mean?

ERNIE: The Tree Bandit just turned killer!

GRANGER: What?

ERNIE: Yeah. Shot down a grocer named Henry Steiger. Steiger  
died on the way to the hospital.

(MUSIC: -- -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Henry Steiger. A long-time citizen of Fort Dodge, a  
man well-liked, the devoted father of five children. And  
Fort Dodge is in an uproar, you can almost cut the anger with  
a knife, it's everywhere, in every home and every store  
and every public place, and it crystallizes into four  
cold, hard words! Get the Tree Bandit. And at police  
headquarters, you talk to Ernie Wagner.....

GRANGER: Ernie, the town's gone crazy. Twenty-five thousand people, and everyone hopping mad every one yelling, Get the Tree <sup>Bandit</sup> Killer.

ERNIE: I know, Mitch. And I don't like it.

GRANGER: What do you mean?

ERNIE: Everybody with a gun permit will be out prowling the streets, trigger happy, all gunning for the Tree Bandit. And first thing you know, they'll be shooting at each other in the dark.

GRANGER: If we could only get an angle on who this Tree Bandit really is.

ERNIE: Mitch, you remember that survey I was doing of the gun-toters in our rogue's gallery?

GRANGER: Yes?

ERNIE: Well, we've investigated all of them. Four of them don't live in Fort Dodge any more. Two of them died. We're a hundred per cent sure that three of them have turned into law-abiding citizens. That leaves one man left.

GRANGER: Yes? Who?

ERNIE: A man named McBride....Al McBride. Works in a local factory. We picked him up twice for carrying a gun, and he was always hard to handle.

GRANGER: I see. Process of elimination, eh?

ERNIE: That's it.

GRANGER: Then why not bring him in, question him?

ERNIE: No good, Mitch. We haven't a thing on him, not a thing.

(MORE)



ERNIE: He'd laugh at us. ~~And we can't say that he's the Tree~~  
(CONT'D) ~~Bandit, not by a long shot. We only think he could be.~~

GRANGER: Ernie, let's work together on this. Let me check on  
McBride, in my own way.

ERNIE: Why you?

GRANGER: If he's your man, he's going to get suspicious if the  
police start investigating, and pull in his horns. But  
I might be able to get away with it. Okay, Ernie?

ERNIE: Okay. Take a crack at it, Mitch, if you want to. But  
one thing.....

GRANGER: Yes?

ERNIE: Be careful. Be very careful.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You start in to find out everything you can about Al  
McBride, keep Ernie Wagner posted every inch of the  
way. First, you reason, the Tree Bandit's got a pocketful  
of money, now, maybe it's burning a hole in his pocket.  
Maybe he's spent some of it. So.....you check around at  
a few places of entertainment. A few days, and nothing.  
But finally, you hit pay dirt. At an expensive night  
club and gambling joint outside of town, the Forty Club,  
talking to a waiter, a friend of yours.....

(SNEAK MUSIC: ORCHESTRA BEHIND)

GRANGER: You say you know this man, this Al McBride, Angelo?

ANGELO: Do I know him, Mr. Mitchell? I'll say I do. Everytime  
he comes in here with that blonde of his, I know I'm good  
for an extra five buck tip.

GRANGER: What's this blonde's name, ~~Angelo~~? And what's she look like?

ANGELO: Lola. That's all I know. Lola. She's a real doll type, you know, baby blue eyes, dumb, a real type clubgirl.

GRANGER: And McBride's a heavy spender, eh?

ANGELO: Terrific. Champagne, squab, the works. An' never adds up the tab.

GRANGER: Maybe he makes his money gambling here.

ANGELO: No. That's for sure. He told me once, gambling's for suckers. Never touched the wheel or a cardboard ever since he came in here.

GRANGER: I see. Well, thanks, Angelo, thanks.

ANGELO: Don't mention it, Mr. Mitchell. Don't mention it at all!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

GRANGER: Well, Ernie, that's it. That's a little something to hang your hat on. Al McBride's only a drill-press worker, in the machine shop of the Apex Tool Company.

ERNIE: Yeah. Where does he get all this money he's flinging around in night clubs?

GRANGER: Exactly. Find this interesting?

ERNIE: Very *do do*.

GRANGER: ~~All right. Now I've got a new idea, Ernie.~~

ERNIE: Yes?

GRANGER: I want to get a good look at this man McBride from a close up.

ERNIE: For any particular reason?

GRANGER: ~~For a very particular reason.~~ That's why I'm calling the foreman at the Apex machine shop, right away!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE)

WALTERS: (FILTER) Foreman. Machine shop.

GRANGER: Mr. Walters?

WALTERS: That's right.

GRANGER: My name is Mitchell.....Granger Mitchell of the Messenger.

WALTERS: Yes?

GRANGER: I'm thinking of doing a series of articles on some of our industries here in Fort Dodge, and the men who produce our products. I wonder if I could sort of browse through the shop, talk to some of your men.....

WALTERS: Why, sure, Mr. Mitchell. Can't see any harm in that. Come on down!

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

NARR: You go down to the shop, look around at one machine, then another. Then you casually drift over to Al McBride's machine, watch him work, drilling holes in narrow strips of steel.....

(MACHINE SHOP B.G. LIGHT HUM OF POWER MACHINE.  
A DRILL, VERY SMALL, CUTS INTO STEEL. AGAIN.....  
THEN IT STOPS)

AL: What do you want, Mister?

GRANGER: Oh, nothing. Just watching.....

AL: Who are you?

GRANGER: My name's Mitchell.....I'm from the Messenger.

AL: (A BEAT) A reporter?

GRANGER: Why yes. That's right. I'm getting up a series of articles on.....

AL: Beat it.

GRANGER: Now, look.....

AL: I said beat it. You make me nervous.....

GRANGER: Why should I make you nervous?

AL: I don't like reporters, see? An' I don't like anyone starin' over my shoulder, it makes me nervous. Now..... beat it!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE)

(DOOR OPENS. WE HEAR HUM OF FACTORY UP. DOOR CLOSES. HUM OUT.)

WALTERS: Oh. Hello, Mitchell. Find the factory interesting?

GRANGER: I did. Very. But tell me one thing, Walters.....

WALTERS: Yes?

GRANGER: This man, McBride, on that drill press, seems to be the jittery type. Saw him break two drills, just while I was watching him.

WALTERS: (A BEAT) Funny your bringing that up, Mitchell.

GRANGER: Yes? Why?

WALTERS: Up to three days ago, McBride never broke a drill, he was one of our best and steadiest workers. Then he got upset about something, and he's been breaking drills like crazy ever since.

GRANGER: And this started three days ago?

WALTERS: That's right. Must be nerves. I wonder what upset him?

GRANGER: I wonder. Well, thanks, Walters. Thanks very much. I learned a lot today!

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

NARR: Three days ago. That happens to be the date that Henry Steiger was murdered. And right after that, Al McBride develops a case of the jitters, goes haywire in his work. You report back to Ernie Wagner, and then ask him.....

GRANGER: Ernie, do you believe in amateur psychology?

ERNIE: Up to a point. Why?

GRANGER: You mind if I go classical on you for a second?

ERNIE: Go ahead.

GRANGER: A guy named Shakespeare once said: "A guilty conscience is its own accuser."

ERNIE: So?

GRANGER: So I've got an idea. McBride's the nervous type. I'll plant a story in the Messenger, saying the police have a lead on the Tree Bandit. I'll point it toward McBride, without mentioning names.

ERNIE: And then?

GRANGER: And then I'll follow up with another story and another... each pointing a little more toward McBride.

ERNIE: I see. A little war of nerves, eh?

GRANGER: That's right. I figure maybe I can gradually break him down, so he'll come in and confess. Remember the Chinese water drop treatment, Ernie? They let a drop of water fall on a prisoner's head, one at a time, <sup>one at a time</sup> After awhile, he went crazy and confessed. I'm going to try printer's <sup>ink</sup> ~~type~~ instead of water. What can we lose?

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

NARR: You go back to the office, start your first story.....

(TYPEWRITER)

GRANGER: Police today believe that the man known as the Tree Bandit, is a factory worker somewhere (FADING) in Fort Dodge.....

(AS TYPEWRITER COMES UP INTO)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE)

LOLA: Al....

AL: Yeah, Lola?

LOLA: You seen today's Messenger?

AL: No. What about it?

LOLA: They got a story, all about the Tree Bandit. They think they've got an idea who he is.

AL: What?

LOLA: Yeah? Listen to this.....

(CRACKLE OF PAPER)

LOLA: (READS) Police today believe that the man known as the Tree Bandit, is a factory worker somewhere in Fort Dodge. The tip came from an unknown source who.....

AL: Gimme that paper!

LOLA: Why, Doll, what's the matter? I haven't finished reading..

AL: Gimme that paper, I said!

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

NARR: You follow up....another story...another drop of water....

(TYPEWRITER UP. THEN STOPS. COPY PAPER ~~TORN FROM~~ TYPEWRITER.....)

GRANGER: Police today are positive the Tree Bandit has red hair, after questioning one of the holdup victims. This information, coupled with the fact that the Tree Bandit is a local factory worker.....(FADE AS)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ UP IN BRIDGE AND OUT)

LOLA: Doll, the Tree Bandit has red hair.

AL: (A BEAT) What did you say, Lola?

LOLA: Why, the Tree Bandit has red hair.

AL: How do you know that?

LOLA: Why, it's right here in the Messenger. This reporter, Granger Mitchell, has a story about it. They're tightening the net, he says, and.....

AL: (JITTERY) He's crazy! Crazy, see? He doesn't know a thing. How could he know?

LOLA: I dunno. But why are you getting so excited, Al?

AL: Lemme see that paper.

LOLA: All right, Doll.....

AL: (SAVAGELY) Come on, give with the paper.....

(RAATTLE OF PAPER. . A PAUSE)

AL: (MUTTERS) What's he up to? What's his angle?

LOLA: (SHE STARTS TO LAUGH)

AL: (SAVAGELY) What's so funny, ~~Lola!~~

LOLA: Oh, Doll, I just thought of the funniest thing!

AL: Yeah? What?

LOLA: Why, you work in a factory! And you've got red hair!

AL: (HYSTERICALLY) Shut up, Lola! You hear me, shut up, shut up!

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

NARR: You keep pounding them out, one after another. Now, the Tree Bandit's been seen with a blonde. He's been seen at the Forty Club. A drop of water, a drop at a time. You know that Al McBride won't leave town now, he doesn't dare. That would be an admission of his guilt. You go even further, station yourself where McBride can see you. Outside the factory gates, at closing time.....

(STEPS, A MAN WALKING IN, ON SIDEWALK)

GRANGER: Hello, McBride.

(STEPS STOP ABRUPTLY)

AL: Mitchell! What are you doing here?

GRANGER: Oh, nothing. Just hanging around. Got a match, McBride?

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

NARR: You keep it up.....a story every day.....pointing the finger closer and closer to McBride. And every day, wherever he goes, you go. The Forty Club.....

(MUSIC: ORCHESTRA B.G.)

GRANGER: Hello, McBride.

AL: Oh, it's you again.

LOLA: Who's your boy friend, Doll?

AL: Shut up, Lola.

LOLA: But honey, I only asked.....

AL: Shut up. (TO GRANGER) Look, Mitchell, what's your racket? (RISING) Why you following me around? What are you doing here?

GRANGER: Just dropped in for a drink, McBride.

AL: (HYSTERICALLY) You're a liar, see? You're tailing me, ~~see?~~ I'm getting tired of seein' you everywhere I go, you're gettin' on my nerves. What d'ya want?

GRANGER: (SMILE) Nothing but a drink, McBride. Will you join me?

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

NARR: You keep it up, a drop at a time, the steady pressure. You watch him get jumpier, every day. And then, one night in Ernie Wagner's office. There's a knock on the door. A man walks in. It's Al McBride. And he says.....



AL: (HYSTERICAL) All right. I'm here, see? I stuck around waiting for you guys to come and get me. But you didn't. So I came myself. (A PAUSE) Well, what are you both setting there for? Why don't you say something. You needle a guy, you drive him crazy, you keep stickin' pins in him, an' then you just sit there. What do you want me to do, jump in your laps? Go ahead, arrest me, I've had enough, I can't take any more. I killed Sterger, I pulled all those holdups, I'm the Tree Bandit. Why didn't you come and get me?

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Granger Mitchell, of the Fort Dodge, Iowa, Messenger, with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #221

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 Granger Mitchell of the Fort Dodge Messenger.

MITCHELL: KILLER IN TONIGHT'S BIG STORY WAS <sup>Convicted of</sup> ~~SENTENCED TO~~ MURDER IN FIRST DEGREE. HIS LAWYERS APPEALED TO BOTH THE IOWA STATE AND UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT TO SPARE HIS LIFE, BUT BOTH APPEALS WERE DENIED, AND KILLER DIED ON THE GALLOWS. MANY THANKS FOR TONIGHT'S PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Mitchell.....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 Ogden, Utah Standard Examiner, by-line Glen Perrins... A BIG STORY of hard luck that ended in violent...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 & 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 Fort Dodge Messenger. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Cort Benson played the part of Granger Mitchell. 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. Mitchell.

(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

Barbara  
5/31/51 pm

ATX01 0172560

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #222

AS BROADCAST

CAST

NARRATOR  
MRS. GEIGER  
GLEN  
YOUNG  
BARTLETT  
LATHAM  
MERKLE

BOB SLOAN  
ABBY LEWIS  
OWEN JORDAN  
BILL SMITH  
BILL SMITH  
LUIS VAN ROOTEN  
JASON JOHNSON

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1951

ATX01 0172561

THE BIG STORY

(ERNEST KINOY)

GLEN PERRINS: OGDEN STANDARD EXAMINER: OGDEN UTAH

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE: BRIDGES INTO)

(CHICKENS, CLUCKING WILDLY)

GEIGER: (FEEDING) ~~Here chick chick chick chick~~ *You've had your breakfast hours ago*  
*& you know it - shoo*  
Now shoo.....shoo...

(BIG FLURRY OF CHICKENS)

(LEAVE IN EXCITED CHICKENS SLIGHTLY OFF)

Tsk tsk...now wouldn't you know. *Yes* Elsie Merkle forgot  
her Plymouth Rocks ~~again Elsie~~...

(GATE LATCH LIFTED: OPENS WITH SLIGHT SQUEAK)

Elsie.

(CHICKENS FLURRY UP)

Go on now...shoo.....this isn't for you. You'll get  
yours from your own...now shoo....shoo..

(CHICKENS FLURRY AGAIN)

Elsie...your hens are raising a fit out here  
Elsie!

(UP WOODEN STEPS)

Now isn't that just like her....expect me to throw good  
feed to her chickens...

(SCREEN DOOR OPEN)

(FEW STEPS IN: DOOR BANGS)

Elsie...where are you....down the cellar?

(FEW STEPS DOWN HOLLOW WOODEN STAIRS)

Elsie, you forgot to feed your..Elsie...(SCREAM)!

(MUSIC: UP SHARPLY AND OUT FOR)

ANNCR: The Big Story. Here is America, its sound and fury,  
its joy and its sorrows as faithfully reported by the  
men and women of the great American Newspapers.  
(PAUSE FLAT) Ogden, Utah. From the pages of the Ogden  
Standard Examiner comes the story of hard luck that ended  
in violent death. ~~And tonight,~~ to Glenn Perrins of the  
Ogden Standard Examiner 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!



(MUSIC: THEME AND UNDER)

ANNCR: Ogden, Utah. The story as it actually happened, Glen Perrins story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: .....)

NARR: Your name is Glen Perrins, but around the Ogden Standard Examiner they call you Sol. Sol ...for old Sol, the pleasant beaming sun that hangs over Ogden on an August ~~day~~ <sup>morning</sup>...Sol for the humorous weather column "Sol's Sunshine and Shadow". But ~~this morning~~ <sup>now she</sup> sunshine and Shadow is wrapped up...the ticker is dead, so you shove the old fashioned green eye shade back on your head and reach for the phone on your desk. You call your old friend Detective J.R. Latham at the Ogden Police Station. He's just leaving on a call.

GLEN: What is it, Lieutenant?

LATHAM: (FILTER) AcciCent. Woman fell down the cellar steps.

GLEN: Anything in it?

LATHAM: She's dead!

GLEN: That's something. Who is it...and where?

(MUSIC: IN WITH NARRATION)

NARR: Folks in Ogden are always leaving baskets of Mason jars and trowels on the cellar steps and tripping over them. You go on over, you need a story and besides. it's a nice drive in the afternoon sun.

(SNEAK IN QUIET CHICKEN CLUCKING)

Detective Lathams black coupe is in front of the gate, the boys from the Competition are standing on the lawn matching pennies. You go up to Latham on the porch.

GLEN: How about it, Lieutenant? Do we get in?

LATHAM: Later...later..Nobody gets in till the City Physician shows up.

GLEN: How long will that be?

LATHAM: He's over examining kids for Boy Scout camp...soon!

(MUSIC: IN WITH NARRATION)

NARR: You start to join the boys on the lawn...when you notice a woman in the yard next door.....she stands there throwing feed in a wide sweeping circle, but the chickens aren't eating. Maybe the story is here, a neighbour throw corn to her chickens long after they've eaten their fill.

(BRING CHICKENS CLOSER)

GEIGER: Here, chick chick chick....

GLEN: You found the body, Mrs. Geiger...

GEIGER: Hmmm?

GLEN: ~~Detective Latham told me you found Mrs. Merkle.~~

GEIGER: I guess I did. Now look at that big red one, will you? Walking right over good feed...here chick chick...

GLEN: Tell me about it, Mrs. Geiger.

GEIGER: ~~Well, I would say one thing for Elsie Merkle, she took real good care of them Plymouth Rocks. Up early every morning to feed 'em rain or shine...Here, chick chick~~

GLEN: What happened this morning?

GEIGER: ~~I was out to feed mine when~~ *well* I noticed Elsie's hens were in the front yard squawking up a fit. You know how hens'll cackle for feed. Wake you better than any old alarm clock I ~~say~~

GLENN: (GENTLE) *Just tell me* What happened this morning?

GEIGER: I saw they hadn't been looked over so I went through the gate and called Elsie, I thought maybe she was sick and I could take care of 'em for her...Here chick... Now what do you suppose I'm doing? I fed these chickens this morning before I ever went over there! And here I'm feeding them again, I'm that upset...

GLEN: Did you go inside?

GEIGER: I opened up the screen door and called Elsie. I thought maybe she was upstairs picking up the house. Then I looked down the basement stairs....I just started to walk down like you would....and I called Elsie....and...and.... Here chick chick chick chick....

GLEN: How about her husband?

GEIGER: It just isn't fair to Barney. You know there are some folks just born to take all the sorrows in the world.... And it always falls on the narrowest shoulders...Poor Barney...Here chick chick chick chick....

(CHICKENS UP A LITTLE)

(MUSIC: CLUCKS UP AND OVER: UNDER)

NARR: Now city physician Abel Bartlett arrives and you follow Detective Latham down the cellar steps.

(DOWN WOODEN STEPS SLIGHT OVERALL ECHO)

LATHAM: There she is, Abel.

BARTLETT: Give me some room...(EFFORT STOOPING)

GLEN: Isn't very pretty, is it?

LATHAM: Violent death never is. *Prime*

GLEN: That blood caked on her hair?

*Latham:*  
BARTLETT: *Yeah - looks like it*  
(A LITTLE OFF) Have to turn her over, Lieutenant.

LATHAM: Go ahead....

GLEN: (REACTION) Ooooh!

LATHAM: Rough concrete'll do that. Finished, Abel?

BARTLETT: (STRAIGHTENING UP) My back...it's worse than pulling weeds!

LATHAM: What do you make it?

BARTLETT: Straight accident. Contusions..cuts, fractured skull did

LATHAM: That's your report?

BARTLETT: Sure. "Dead on arrival. Accidental death caused by falling down cellarstairs." There ...you can see where her head hit the concrete!

(MUSIC: HIT: UNDER)

NARR: Upstairs the Competition leaves to file stories, editorials will be written on home safety, nail down loose treads, pick up the broken glass in your back yard. Never turn on an electrical appliance while standing in the bath tub. Routine...an accidental tragedy. But the story you want is still here, so you stay.

GLAN: How about her husband, Lieutenant?

LATHAM: He was right here in the house and didn't know she was dead. Came home for lunch and left a note in the kitchen.

GLEN: Can I read it?

LATHAM: Sure.

GLEN: "Dear Elsie, I waited till 12:30 for you. Couldn't wait any longer. had some good cake and milk for lunch.... Barney." Does he know?

LATHAM: No. We'd better call him...

(PICKS UP PHONE)

LATHAM: Two three nine J1  
This is the part I Don't like.

YOUNG: (SLIGHT FILTER) Lumber Yard...Joe Young.

LATHAM: This is Lieutenant J.R. Latham, Police.

YOUNG: Police?

LATHAM: Barney Merkle there?

YOUNG: He's out in the yard somewhere. Want me to call him?

LATHAM: Yeah...it's important.

YOUNG: Something wrong?

LATHAM: Tell him his wife had an accident. Fell down the cellar steps. She's dead.

YOUNG: No....Poor guy. ~~A real sweet fellow. Poor Barney.~~

LATHAM: You tell him and have him come right over here.

YOUNG: I can't tell Barney a thing like that. I...listen, he's got trouble enough with his hand, I had to give him two weeks notice yesterday, I can't tell him on top of that.

LATHAM: Listen Young...

YOUNG: I had a hard enough time when I had to lay him off... I'm not going to be the one to tell him a thing like that...you got no right to ask me.

LATHAM: All right all right. Just have him come home...say there's something important. I'll tell him.

(HANGS UP)

Cops get the dirty jobs.

MUSIC:      SOMBERE: UNDER

NARR: You wait on the front porch, Glenn Perrins. Your weather forecast was right for today, Sunshine, moderate breeze, cooler than yesterday! The chickens cluck quietly in the yard as you wait for Barney Merkle to come home to his wife. He opens the picket gate carefully, shuts it again behind him. He is a small man, His overalls are turned up at the cuff, a blue denim shirt is open at the neck, and a small mustache looks out of place on a quiet mild face.

LATHAM: Merkle? I'm Detective Latham.

MERKLE: Joe Young said there was something important at home.

LATHAM. (CLEARS THROAT) Get yourself together, Merkle, there's been an accident.. Your wife.

MERKLE: Elsie? What happened?

LATHAM: She fell down the cellar steps...she's dead!

MERKLE: She was asleep in bed when I left this morning.

LATHAM: She's dead, Merkle.

MERKLE: Didn't give me lunch, I waited for her, but she didn't come. Left her a note in the kitchen.

LATHAM: She was dead then, she never saw your note.

MERKLE: (NERVOUS LITTLE LAUGH) It's funny...she won't get to ride in the new car anymore. Elsie said the wind messed her hair, but it won't get messed no more. Funny!

LATHAM: Take it easy, Merkle.

MERKLE: She said I drive too fast, said I'd have a crash. I guess she had the crash, huh? (LITTLE LAUGH) I guess she really had the crash...would have been easier to straighten out a fender, funny. (LAUGH) You can straighten out a fender...(LAUGHS TRAIL OFF)

LATHAM: (OVER TRAIL OFF) Merkle!

MERKLE: If you folks'll excuse me...I think maybe I'd like to go upstairs and lie down.

(SCREEN DOOR OPEN)

Don't go 'way on my account!

(DOOR CLOSE)

LATHAM: How do you like that Glenn? Jokes...

GLEN: Yeah...

LATHAM: What kind of a guy is that, Glen? You tell him his wife fell downstairs and cracked her skull...and he makes jokes.

GLEN: It isn't exactly jokes, Lieutenant. Sometimes a thing like this is too much to take in one bite. You hear, but you can't let yourself believe it, so you make believe it didn't happen.

LATHAM: She had the crash he says...what kind of a thing is that to say? It don't show respect.

GLEN: People react differently. Some scream...some pass out. Look at that Mrs. Geiger next store. She's been feeding those chickens ever since it happened. When something hits you hard you hold on wherever you can. to what it used to be like. Mrs. Geiger feeds the chickens, Barney Merkle makes ~~some~~ little jokes. Death is too much for a little guy to take, Lieutenant, not all at once. Poor little guy...

(MUSIC: \_\_UP:SYMPATHETIC: UNDER)

NARR: Upstairs with the cracked shades drawn to keep out the soft sunshine, Barney Merkle lies on a bed, bare of sheets and pillow, staring up at the ceiling. You think of him there...and of the woman at the base of the cellar stairs... You remember the nervous little laugh and the jokes... jokes made with his wife fourteen steps down with her head hard against the concrete. You hear yourself giving an easy explanation...

GLEN: People react differently. Death is too much for a little guy to take, not all at once, so Barney Merkle makes jokes. Poor little guy...

(MUSIC: -- HIT SHORT: UNDER)

NARR: In the easy sunshine of the front porch it sounded good... Quick psychology, an understanding of human nature, sympathy for the bereaved. But now...you begin to wonder, you stop and think and begin to wonder --

(MUSIC: -- TAG)

(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 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: INTRO AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator, and *The Big*  
*Story of* ~~Reporter~~ Glen Perrins ~~Big Story~~, as he lived it and wrote  
it.....

NARR: You begin to wonder, Glen Perrins, about this 'accidental'  
death. And so when Detective Lieutenant Latham leaves, you  
stay behind. The house is quiet in the sunshine, and you go  
down into the shadows of the cellar to look around. The  
body is gone, but you walk around the dark stains on the  
clean concrete floor. The cellar is neat as a pin...You  
squat down at your heels to look at the blood stains...  
they're brown, dried, as if a jar of preserves had smashed  
against the concrete floor!

MERKLE: (HALF OFF) You looking for something?

GLEN: (START) Huh? Hello Barney...

(STEPS DOWN WOOD STAIRS COMING ON)

MERKLE: (COMING ON) I know you... I seen you before with the  
policeman.

GLEN: I'm Glen Perrins of the Standard Examiner. I thought you  
were asleep upstairs.

MERKLE: I was. I come down to get my tools.

GLEN: Your tools?

MERKLE: The hook on the clothes pole pulled loose yesterday. I  
promised Elsie I'd fix it so's she could hang out the wash  
this afternnon. I forgot.

GLEN: You don't have to do that now, do you?

MERKLE: I forgot to do it, like I promised. She can't hang up the  
clothes if I don't...that don't make much sense, does it?  
It doesn't matter now,..It's too late, isn't it?

GLEN: You'd better go upstairs and rest, Barney. Come on...

MERKLE: I should have kept my promise to Elsie...but it's too late now!

(MUSIC: UP OVER: UNDER)

NARR: You watch him climb the cellar stairs quietly, You think the poor guy. You were right, Barney Merkle is too small to stand up to death, he can't believe it yet. You drive over to the Ogden police station to wrap it up. At the station Detective Latham has it pinned down.

LATHAM: The hard luck ~~was~~<sup>just</sup> himself. He owes the contractor for a garage, he just bought a new car on time, won't have it long, he's three months behind on the payments.

GLEN: Everything happens at once.

LATHAM: Yeah...when they handed out luck, Merkle must have been out back of the barn. Guess the topper!

GLEN: What?

LATHAM: He doesn't have enough money to bury her. The city'll have to plant her in Potters field. How do you like that for luck?

(MUSIC: HIT OMINOUS: UNDER)

NARR: You want to know more about Barney Merkle, you want to know the story behind a little man alone in a house with death, and somewhere back in your mind is a doubt. You start with Latham

LATHAM: The bank filed a foreclosure notice last week, they're taking up the mortgage. Barney'll lose his house along with his wife...

(MUSIC: LIGHT PUNCTUATION: UNDER)



NARR:  
(CONT'D)

...you climb up and reach up to the joists supporting the floor above. Wedged above the criss cross bridging your hand feels cloth. You pull...

GLEN: (COUGHS)

NARR: A shower of black dust comes down with the crumpled cloth you hold in your hand...you shake it out!

(CLOTH SHAKEN OUT)

Holding it by the corner carefully you see it is a pillowcase, streaked with the dust of the joists, crumpled and torn. But at the bottom you see a dark blot, it feels stiff and caked to your fingers. You hold it up to the cellar window...the spot is dark brown...and you know it is blood!

(MUSIC: ~~---~~ HIT: UNDER NARR WITH HURRY AND TENSION)

NARR: You remember the bed upstairs, the bed stripped of sheets and pillows, and now you know what you're looking for. you start searching the cellar.

(SOUNDS OF BOXES: DRAWERS ETC. AS DESCRIBED IN NARRATION)

You look behind the piles of boxes, behind the canned goods on the shelves, in the drawers of the workbench...and you find nothing!

(MUSIC: ~~NOTE SLIGHTLY HIGHER~~)

NARR: You come upstairs and search the first floor -- nothing --

(MUSIC: ~~NOTE SLIGHTLY HIGHER~~)

NARR: Now you go upstairs *the second floor* the spare room, the bathroom, the closets, the clothes hamper...nothing. Then you go into the bedroom. The afternoon is ending, the sun is slanting down behind trees, and the long shadows fall across the floor. (MORE)

NARR:  
(CONT'D)

The room is almost dark, and you go straight to the closet by the door...

(DOOR OPEN)

There are a few dresses, a suit...work shoes on the floor, and on the shelf....a hat box.

(BOX TAKEN DOWN)

You open it...and your search is over. Two sheets...a pillowcase, mottled with brown, wrapped around a long sharp Railroad coupling pin, oaked at the end with blood!

MERKLE: (QUIET) Looking for something, Mister?

GLEN: You been lying on that bed all the time, Barney?

MERKLE: I was resting...a man's got to rest.

GLEN: I think you better get up, Barney. I think you better get up and come with me!

(MUSIC: HIT: UNDER)

NARR: At the police station they sit Barney Merkle on a kitchen chair in the back room. On the table are the blood stained sheets and the coupling pin that killed her. You <sup>listen</sup> ~~watch~~ while <sup>Merkle answers</sup> ~~Detective Latham asks the~~ questions.

MERKLE: I left her sleeping when I went to work this morning, that's all I know. I didn't know nothing till I come home

LATHAM: Barney...you're through now. What's the use?

MERKLE: I left her sleeping, that's all I know.

LATHAM: I think you better take off your clothes, Go on...start!

MERKLE: You can't do this...

LATHAM: Go on, Barney. Slip off those overalls. Just let the straps drop!

MERKLE: I told you I left her sleeping...

LATHAM: Okay...now the shirt.

MERKLE: It's cold in here.

LATHAM: Go on...unbutton your shirt. Go on!

MERKLE: I told you before I left her sleeping...

LATHAM: Let me see that undershirt...

MERKLE: Let go of me...

LATHAM: (FLAT) There it is, blood on the undershirt. Come on  
Barney, talk. You might as well...talk! Why did you kill  
her, why?  
(BEAT)

GLEN: Maybe I know Lieutenant.

GLEN: Listen to me, Barney...you had hard luck, didn't you? They foreclosed the house. You owed the contractor for a garage. They were going to take away the car, weren't they. ~~That's too much for one man to take isn't it?~~ Then they laid you off, you ~~couldn't work because of your hand~~. It all piled up until you couldn't stand it anymore. ~~You felt it all getting heavier and heavier on top of you.~~ You remembered your two kids...dead. ~~It~~ couldn't take it any more, could you? You had enough, didn't you Barney?....You had too much!

MERKLE: Yeah...yeah..it wasn't fair. Everything happening to me. I couldn't take it.

GLEN: She wouldn't let you alone, would she, Barney?

MERKLE: No... no. Always at me. The car costs too much, why don't you pay off the mortgage....What did you need a garage for? Where are you going to work now..all the time I couldn't stand it no more...(HIGH) I had enough.. enough. (PAUSE: LOW) I woke up at six A.M. She was lying there and she says 'Go on to work...'. I told her my hand hurts and she laughs, she says 'It took a fool like you to hurt his hand so he couldn't work. It's all your fault,' she says everything. The kids dying was your fault...you never do anything right.' So I had enough...up to here. I couldn't take no more. So I thought I might as well do it now. I went down and got <sup>myself</sup> a coupling pin from the yards and come back and hit her.. She rises up and says...'Oh Barney'... so I hit her again....and again ... and again....(CRYING)



LATHAM: All right Merkle...

MERKLE: She said I never did nothing right...I never did. I never even did this right, did I?

LATHAM: All right Barney..come on!

(MUSIC: -- SOMBRE HIT: UNDER)

NARR: You've got your story now.. page one in the right hand column. The little guy you thought couldn't stand up to death. You go back to the office file your story...and then turn to tomorrow's weather column, "Sol's Sunshine and Shadow." Outside night has fallen, you remember the long striped shadows that fell across Barney Merkle as he shuffled down the corridor to his cell and the door clanged behind him. Tomorrow it will be **sunshine** again!

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Glen Perrins, of the Ogden, Utah Standard Examiner, with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(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 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 Glen Perrins of <sup>He</sup> Ogden Utah Standard Examiner.

PERRINS: Murderer in tonight's Big Story pleaded guilty to a charge of Murder in the second degree and was sentenced to life imprisonment at Utah State Penitentiary. He later became seriously ill and was released to die. My Sincere appreciation for tonights PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Perrins.....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 Fayetteville Arkansas times, by-line Floyd Carl, Jr. A BIG STORY of the one moment when even the most stupid of criminals becomes dangerously smart.

(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 & 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 Ernest Kinoy from an actual story from the front pages of the Ogden, Utah Standard Examiner. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Owen Jordan played the part of Glen Perrins. 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. Perrins.

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

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES. (PAUSE)  
This Fourth of July, the 175th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, officially marks the beginning of a year of rededication to those rights and liberties which have kept America free and strong. Safeguard our precious freedom.  
Make your vote count in every Federal, State and local election - to insure honest government!  
Help maintain morale in our Armed Forces.  
Join civil defense preparations.  
Fight inflation and buy Defense Bonds.  
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