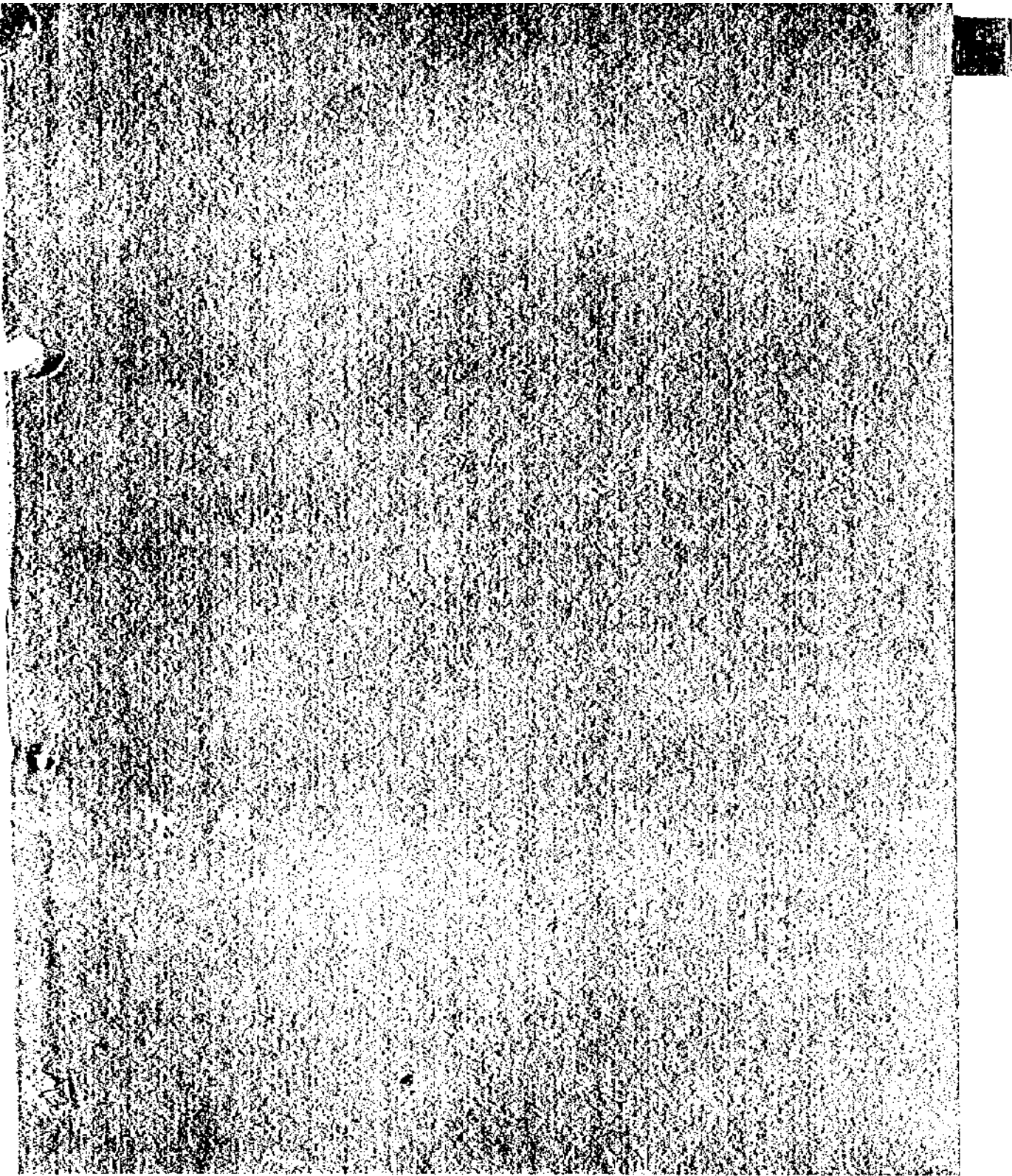


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AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #223

CAST

NARRATOR

BOB SLOAN

MILLY

RUTH YORKE

HENNY

GRACE KEDDY

FLOYD

JAMES STEVENS

SHERIFF

LES DAMON

JUDD

BILL LIPTON

OTIS

BILL LIPTON

CABBIE

SCOTT TENNYSON

LENNY

BERNARD BRANT

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1951

ATX01 0172587

NET

THE BIG STORY

223

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

JULY 4, 1951

WEDNESDAY

ANNOR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: FANFARE AND MIDNIGHT MOOD UNDER:)

~~MILLY: (TOUGH, FORTYISH) Come on, Kitty. Be a nice-kitty. It's
after midnight and Milly has to go to sleep-~~

~~(MEOW SLIGHTLY OFF)~~

~~MILLY: (SOBB) Shut up, you lousy cat!~~

(DOOR KNOCK...)

MILLY: (GRUMBLING) Now who in the heck -

(REPEAT..THEN DOOR OPENED TO:)

MILLY: Henny!

HENNY: (RIGHT NOW SHE'S SCARED BUT HER NORMAL MANNER IS COY
AND KITTENISH) Milly! Honey, please, please take me in for
the night!

MILLY: (HESITANT) Well..Lord but you look a mess! Come in. Who
kicked you around?

(DOOR SHUT UNDER ABOVE)

HENNY: (LOW, FEARFUL) Oh, Milly, I'm in-trouble! I shouldn't
even be in town! But I had to! I forgot all my lotions
and creams and things for my face; Maybe fifty dollars
worth! Milly, I couldn't live without them! I had to
take the chance and come back!

MILLY: Trouble?..What kind of trouble?

HENNY: (CLOSE TO TEARS) Awful! Oh Milly -it's terrible!
(SUDDEN TAKE AND CHANGE TO GIRLISH GLEE) Why, Milly...on
your dresser. You've got a new face cream: "Youth Glow"!
Oh Milly, can I try it? Can I?!

ATX01 0172588

(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) Fayetteville, Arkansas..From the pages of the
^{Yell County Arkansas}
~~Fayetteville~~ Times, the story of the one moment when even
the most stupid of criminals becomes dangerously smart..
Tonight, to Floyd Carl, Jr. ~~of the Fayetteville Times,~~
for his BIG STORY, goes the PELL MELL AWARD.

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #223

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.

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

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

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC: -- THEME AND UNDER:)

CHAPPELL: Fayetteville, Arkansas...The story as it actually happened.
Floyd Carl's story as he lived it..

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER:)

NARR: It's not quite nine the morning after the woman named Henry asked her friend if she could spend the night with her. The sleep is still in your eyes, Floyd Carl, reporter for the ~~Northwest Arkansas~~ Fayetteville Times as you sit and listen to the cab driver tell his story to your friend, Sheriff Will Crator. But as the cabbie's words tumble out, the sleep disappears from your eyes...

CABBIE: (FAST, EXCITED) It -it was about two o'clock Monday morning what's today? Wednesday, that's right. I was parked down there at the foot of the hill near the service station. ~~Business is kind of lousy that time of night. You know- these University kids, they walk home from parties.~~ All of a sudden, I seen this couple come hurrying down the hill from the cemetery -

SHERIFF: Wait a second. Was that two nights ago or three?

CABBIE: Two. I said two -

SHERIFF: That would make it Tuesday morning, the night before last -

CABBIE: That's right, Sheriff. That's right. ~~It's just a shock like I just got before breakfast you know how it is.~~ I drove them to Lowell, that's fifteen miles. This morning, I go in the garage. Wednesday is my day for cleaning the hack. All of a sudden, I find this earring. Here it is.. Cheap -but I got a reputation. So I figure maybe they came down from old man Crouch's place up near the cemetery -

SHER: The caretaker?

CABBIE: That's him. He's 79 but he's got guests lots of times. I figure maybe he knows that couple. So half an hour ago, I drive up. ~~The door's open~~ I knock -but nobody answers. ~~I -I don't like being up there anyway, that's near the cemetery all around and the morning fog rolling over me and the snow like a blanket~~ I -open the door and-there he is! It was like a cyclone hit the place. The ashes from the stove, everything turned inside out-

SHERIFF: (CUTS IN) Was he dead?

CABBIE: (PEEVED) What do you want me to do?! Examine dead bodies before breakfast.

(MUSIC: ACCENT...QUICK BRIDGE...OUT TO:)

SHER: (LOW) For a 79 -year old man, he -sure must have put up a fight -

~~FLOYD: (QUITE YOUNG) How long does he figure he's been dead, Sheriff?~~

SHER: The coroner'll tell more exactly, Floyd -but just looking at him...maybe 30 hours or so...

FLOYD: That'd make it Monday night or Tuesday morning, wouldn't it?

SHER: Why?

FLOYD: Look at over here -

(STEPS PUSHING ASIDE DEBRIS ON FLOOR)

FLOYD: (SLIGHTLY OFF) This evening paper -

(STEPS REPEAT AND OUT TO:)

SHER: (BEAT) Why...it's -last night's paper -

FLOYD: ~~Means somebody was here twenty hours after the old~~
~~man had been in there for 20~~

SHERIFF: This room is really a shambles.

(SHUFFLE OF PAPERS AND DEBRIS AS THEY LOOK THROUGH
STUFF...DRAWERS TURNED OVER.....)

SHER: What's that you got there, Floyd?

FLOYD: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Some letters, came out of this drawer -
(STEPS IN...OUT TO:)

FLOYD: Some of them dated last week. Addressed to a Mrs. Henny
Fields, care of the cemetery...know her?

SHER: Henny Fields? She's been in and out of jail for drunkenness
and petty theivery for years. What's she doing getting
mail here?

FLOYD: That would be an interesting question to ask her -
(CLANGING OF AMBULANCE GONG STARTS FADING IN...)

SHER: That's the coroner -

FLOYD: Think I'll mosey along, Will -

SHER: Where to?

FLOYD: See what the neighbors have to say... I figure it'll take
you a couple of hours to locate Mrs. Henny Fields -

(MUSIC: - ACCENT...QUICK BRIDGE...OUT UNDER:)

MILLY: Go on, Henny. You'd -better tell me the rest of it-

HENNY: (VERGE OF TEARS) Then -last night, I -went back there. ^{my face}
He - was still lying there just the way -(BREAKS OFF..THEN)
Milly, I had to go back ! I had to! ~~My God~~, Millie -my
face would of fallen in without my creams and things!
They were all there!

MILLY: ~~(DISGUST) You're crazy, you're crazy mad!~~

HENNY: ~~(TERROR) Oh, Milly! Don't say that! You you don't understand!~~

MILLY: ~~Stop blubbering!~~

HENNY: ~~If - I'm going to tell you the truth, you're just put
my make-up on. (SHEEPISHLY) I'm afraid!~~

MILLY: What was his name? This feller you picked up at the beer parlour Monday night?

HENNY: (WEEPING STOPS AND DIES OUT INTO SNIFFLING)

MILLY: Don't you even know his name?!

HENNY: ..no-

MILLY: You get drunk together, he kills the old man for a measly thirty bucks, -and you still don't know his name?!

HENNY: ...I -I didn't remember to ask him -

MILLY: You're crazy! One hundred percent, solid crazy!

HENNY: (SUDDEN WEEPING) Milly, don't! Please don't!

MILLY: OK, OK...What -did he look like? You remember that at least, don't you?

HENNY: (BEAT..THEN) He -he was young, Milly...so young. He -he thought I was only 32. (SUDDEN PLEADING) He had blond hair, ~~Milly~~ -with curls. And he was young! And he thought I was only 32!

MILLY: (SUDDEN) He -had curls, blond curls?! Little kinky ones?

HENNY: That's right, that's right!

MILLY: A hard face, big nostrils - he's not even thirty yet?!

HENNY: (SCARED) You -you know him?!

MILLY: Henny, ~~listen to me~~. Try to remember!..He's -short but built like a truck, he wears a lumberjack?!

HENNY: Maybe..I -I don't remember. I -

MILLY: Was his name - Lennie?!. Lennie Oaks?!

HENNY: That's it! oh, Milly -now I remember! Lenny Oaks!

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

(PHONE DIALLED...OUT TO:)

FLOYD: This is Floyd Carl...Let me have the Sheriff, uh?

(SLIGHT PAUSE...THEN:)

SHER: (FILTER) Floyd?!

FLOYD: (HOT) Will?! Listen! This is turning out to be a sleigh ride!

SHER: ~~What do you mean?~~

FLOYD: ~~I mean it looks like a clown. I talked around with the neighbors.~~ In the first place, Henny Fields was the old man's housekeeper.

SHER: Go on -

FLOYD: Last night, one of the neighbors saw her hurrying out of the shack with a box of things! ~~The neighbor didn't. We know the old man was glad last night that think anything of it for obvious reasons! But it~~ means our friend Henny knew the old man was dead! Right?

SHER: What else?

FLOYD: Then I asked if anybody saw anything suspicious Monday night, the night the old man was done in-

SHER: And?

FLOYD: And sure enough, one of the neighbors did! Around seven Monday night, they saw a short ^{blond} guy in a lumberjack ~~drive~~ -drive up to Crouch's place in a Model A Ford pick-up truck! He slouched around the place, disappeared for a while -then drove off!

SHER: Short ^{blond} guys driving Model A ~~pick-up~~ trucks? Why, there are as many of those in town as ~~University, and~~ convertibles -

FLOYD: Wait a second! I told you this was a sleigh ride, didn't I?! Well I got his name! Lenny Oaks!

SHER: Lenny Oaks?! Good! Now you'd better get down here in the next ten minutes. We just picked up Henny Fields!

(MUSIC: STING...QUICK BRIDGE...OUT TO:)

SHER: She's right in there. We haven't talked with her yet...
come on -

(STEPS...THEN DOOR OPENED...STEPS CUT TO:)

FLOYD: (I ~~W~~ GET TAKE) Will you look at that face?! She must have ten pounds of makeup on it.

(DOOR SHUT...FEW STEPS IN AND CUT TO:)

SHER: You know who I am, Henny, don't you?

HENNY: You're -the ~~new~~ Sheriff...

SHERIFF: This is Floyd Carl, of the Times -

HENNY: Do - you take pictures, Mr. Carl?

LOHD: No..I just write the words -

HENNY: (DISAPPOINTED) Oh...

SHERIFF: Just for the record, Henny - when were you born?

HENNY: I'm..thirty-two..

SHERIFF: Oh, come on, Henny. We're the big boys..The jail record says you're close to fifty if you're a day -

HENNY: (CUTS IN HARD) I'm thirty-two!

SHERIFF: OK. OK. Who am I to dispute a lady?.. (NOW SERIOUS)

~~Henny, this is no minor charge we got you on today.~~

~~No public nuisance or petty larceny.~~

~~HENNY: (CLOSE TO TEARS NOW) I know, I know, didn't it a shame!~~

SHERIFF: ~~When my deputy picked you up at your girl friend's, and~~
~~later when the cab driver identified you, you ~~can't~~ deny~~
that you were at the old man's place Monday night,
Tuesday morning, ^{do} did you?

HENNY: No...I - I was there all right..

SHERIFF: You - saw the whole thing?

HENNY: ..Yes..Only I had nothing to do with it! I swear it!
This guy got me real drunk at that beer store. Then he
- ran out of money. He made me go with him to the old
man. He made me!

SHERIFF: When the old man refused to hand over any money, he -
killed him?

HENNY: I - I tried to stop him but he waved the piece of that
chair ^{at} me and I thought he was gonna kill me too!

~~Then he made me get out all the drawers and things! No.~~

~~Somebody's gonna~~ (MORE)

HENNY:
(CONT'D) Then he made me get into that cab with him! And we
drove away. That's the truth! I swear it!

SHERIFF: Why didn't you tell the cabbie you were being taken
by force? Why didn't you scream something to the cabbie?

HENNY: I - I tried but - but I was too scared!

SHERIFF: The cabbie says you didn't seem upset.

HENNY: That's a lie! That's a dirty, lousy lie!

SHERIFF: OK, ok....This man who picked you up at the beer store -

HENNY: (CUTS IN FAST) I told you. He was blonde, with curly
hair, about 28 and - and he wore a lumberjacket..That's
all I know..

SHERIFF: You don't know his name?

HENNY: ..No-no..

SHERIFF: What did you call him? You were with him for a long
time. What did you call him?

HENNY: "Evelyn" --

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

SHERIFF: What do you make of her?

FLOYD: You mean - aside from the fact that she's obviously
holding back her partner's name?

SHERIFF: That's what I mean -

FLOYD: Stupid people in tight spots scare me a little -

SHERIFF: How so?

FLOYD: ~~Just a common personal theory, that's all~~

SHERIFF: ~~about stupid people?~~

FLOYD: Like watching Henny Fields in there just now. She's as
stupid as they make them and yet - I had the feeling that
somewhere inside her a little spark of something was
making her smarter than she'd ever been in her life...

SHER: (GRIN) Your trouble, Floyd - you just can't believe anybody can be as dumb as that dame -

FLOYD: Maybe -

(PHONE ... RECEIVER DOWN)

SHER: Yep? He is? ... I'll be right down -

(RECEIVER HUNG UP AS)

SHER: They just brought in Lenny Oaks -

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT ... CUT TO)

LENNY: What kind of a game are you playing with me?? *sherry*

SHER: No game at all, Lenny. Just answer my questions. You were at old man Crouch's place Monday night, weren't you?

LENNY: Sure I was! He'd said something to me about an old boiler he had! I thought I could sell it for junk! So I drove up there and -

SHER: (CUTS IN) Later that night, where were you?

LENNY: (SLIGHTLY FLUSTERED) Later - that night.. why, I - why, nowhere. I - was home in - bed..

SHER: Who can prove that?

LENNY: I - why... What do you mean who can prove that?! A guy's got a right to go to bed without calling in a crowd of witnesses, ain't he?!

SHER: Stop shouting, Lenny You've got a record of assaults and battery and jail sentences as long as my arm! Don't give me the innocent act! ... You know Henny Fields?

LENNY: That dame? What's she got to do with -

SHER: Come on! I want you two to renew your acquaintance!

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

(STEPS...HOLD..OUT TO DOOR OPENED AS:)

SHER: In there, Lenny -

HENNY: (SLIGHTLY OFF.. SHOUTS) That's him! That's the man killed Crouch!

LENNY: (DESPERATE) What's she saying? She's crazy! Sheriff, don't believe her! She's crazy!

HENNY: That's him! Blonde hair, curls! He picked me up at the beer store, got me drunk! He killed the old man!

LENNY: Shut up, you rotten, liar! I never had nothing to do with you! I wouldn't go near such an old dame.

HENNY: (ALMOST HYSTERICAL) I'm not old! I'm thirty-two! And you're going to pay for what you just said! You did it! You!

LENNY: (STRUGGLING) Let me at her and I'll kill her! Everybody knows she's crazy! Let me at her and I'll kill her!

(MUSIC: STING HIGH...QUICK BRIDGE...OUT TO)

SHER: I can't do it, Floyd. You're asking too much -

FLOYD: I dug him up, Will! I feel responsible! All I'm asking is -

SHER: (IRRITATED) What's the matter with you, Floyd? She identified him, didn't she?! What's she got to gain by lying?! She's in this one way or another!

FLOYD: She identified him before he was even in the room! She would have identified anybody we'd brought in - except maybe the right man!

SHER: But when you get ideas like that you've got to have good reasons for them! She's hooked no matter whom she identifies! Why should she pick the wrong man?!

FLOYD: (DESPERATE) Look, Will - I - don't know. I admit to you I don't know. All I know is - whatever else Lenny Oaks has done in his life, he didn't do this murder! I'm asking you for a little time, ~~Will~~ - just a little time!

(PAUSE .. THEN)

-13-

SHER: Look, Floyd - maybe in the future I - won't let reporters get so deep into a case. Maybe I - made a mistake. But - you're in it.... I'll give you twenty four hours, no more.

FLOYD: Thanks. Will, thanks -

SHER: Don't misunderstand me, Floyd. At the end of twenty-four hours, if you've got nothing to disprove Lenny's guilt - hands off. Understand?

(MUSIC: STING AND UP TO)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0172601

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 ~~Carl~~ ^{Floyd} Carl, as he lived it and wrote it...

NARR: You've been sitting in the back of the parked cab close to an hour now. The excitable cabbie is getting more and more irritated with your questions but you can't afford to stop. A man's life is at stake .. an innocent man, you're convinced - a man at whom you, Floyd Carl, reporter for the ~~Northwest Arkansas~~ ^{Northwest Arkansas} Times helped point the finger of guilt....

(SUDDEN SOUND OF STARTER AND MOTOR RACING INTO ACTION)

FLOYD: (TAKE) Hey! Wait a second! What are you starting the motor for?!

CABBIE: (EXCITED) ~~Listen, you! From now on, the whole damn city~~ ^{For the last time mister will ya get out of my cab} can start murdering each other right in my cab and I ain't going to no Sheriff or anybody! Let them kill each other off! I've shot a whole day almost just because I found a stiff and reported it, like a decent citizen!

FLOYD: Look.. Look - there's a guy's life involved here.

CABBIE: I got five lives involved here, see? I got a wife and three kids!

FLOYD: Look.. Here - here's a five spot -

CABBIE: (INSULTED) Listen, you! I earn my money honest, see?! Whatever I know about that couple who took my cab Monday night I told you! You don't have to slip me no five spots!

FLOYD: ~~Listen, I'm sorry. But I got to know! Can't you understand?~~ Why is it you identified the woman - why is it you told the Sheriff that she was the woman in the cab but you refused to swear about him? About Lenny Oaks?! Why?!

CABBIE: I told you a dozen times! He looks like him but I ain't sure so I ain't gonna swear! (HARD) Look, Mister - out! For the last time, out! I gotta start cruising!

FLOYD: What about the trip to Lowell?! You took them from the cemetery to Lowell! Didn't anything happen on the way?! Didn't they say something or do something which -

CABBIE: (FAST AND HARD-LIPPED) For the last time, I picked them up! They said Lowell! I headed for Lowell! They said stop for a minute, I stopped! They got to Lowell, paid me off and that's the whole -

FLOYD: (CUTS IN) Wait a second! Repeat what you just said!
(DOOR OF CAB OPENED SUDDENLY)

CABBIE: Out!

FLOYD: Listen to me! You just said they asked you to stop! You never told me that before! Stop where?! Which one of them asked you to stop?!

(PAUSE..THEN)

CABBIE: (ALMOST SHEEPISH) You - serious? ... You mean I - never mentioned his asking me to stop at that farmhouse?

FLOYD: What farmhouse?! ~~What~~ What did he want there?!

CABBIE: Ain't that weird? Me forgetting that? It was about three miles this side of Lowell. He - yeah, him - he said: "Stop a minute, driver. Wanna see if a friend of mine is in" ...

FLOYD: What then?! Go on. Did he get out of the cab?!

CABBIE: Yeah... He - got out, was gone for a couple of minutes, then came back. Said his friend wasn't in -

FLOYD: What about her?! Henny Fields?! When she was alone in the cab, did she say anything to you or try to - run away?!

CABBIE: You kiddin?!

FLOYD: Listen! How - how would you like a fare, a paying fare?
Right now -

CABBIE: Where? Who?

FLOYD: Take me to that farmhouse - for a flat five bucks!

(MUSIC: ACCENT UP ... HOLD ... OUT TO)

JUDD: (FARMER, AGED...SLOW) Yup... He was here all right. Woke me up, he did. Got a lot of nerve, that feller -

FLOYD: What did he want, Mr. Judd?!

JUDD: Woke me up just to ask could he and a friend spend the night here... (ANGER) That feller sure has his nerve. ^{Even since the} Always ^{worked} felt he'd get into trouble some day - _{for some 5 years ago}

FLOYD: ~~You - said no?~~

JUDD: ~~Of course - I was~~

FLOYD: Mr. Judd - what did he look like?

JUDD: Like a hundred other farm-hands. Young, blonde, strong -

FLOYD: And you - you hadn't seen him in five years before that night? ~~Not since he worked for you five summers ago~~

JUDD: Nope...

FLOYD: And - you don't remember his name? ^{ald}

JUDD: I don't but I got it written down in my account book, if it's ^s real important -

FLOYD: It is, Mr. Judd. It is!

JUDD: Got it in that desk there -

(STEPS ... OUT TO KEY AND SOUND OF ROLL-TOP DESK ROLLED BACK... THEN SILENCE EXCEPT FOR FLAP OF PAGES...CUT TO)

JUDD: Right here it is.... McAlester.....Otis McAlester -

CABBIE: That's it, Mr. Carl! Otis! She called him Otis!

(MUSIC: STING HIGH...DOWN UNDER)

SHER: Stand right there, Lenny....Now take a good look at him,
Mr. Judd. Is that the man you know as Otis McAlester?

LENNY: I never saw him before! I never used that name! You're
just trying to -

SHER: Shut up, Lenny!.....What about him, Mr. Judd?

JUDD: Funny thing. They look enough alike to be peas in a pod -
but .. that ain't Otis McAlester.

(MUSIC: ACCENT...CUT TO)

SHER: ~~OK, Floyd. I give you credit. You turned up another
reasonable suspect with a few hours to go on your deadline.
Now tell me -~~

FLOYD: ~~I know what you're going to ask, Will -..... What's
Henny Fields percentage? Why should she confess her own
part in the grisly mess - and then finger an innocent man?~~

SHER: ~~Well...why?~~

FLOYD: ~~If she were smart, maybe I could have figured it out by now.
But she's not. She's stupid and she's in a spot.~~

SHER: ~~What's your mess?~~

FLOYD: ~~(BEAT) If - I told you, you'd think I was the corniest guy
outside of Iowa -~~

SHER: ~~Go on -~~

FLOYD: ~~I - this Otis guy, he means something to her....~~

SHER: ~~Means what to her?~~

FLOYD: ~~I don't know~~

(MUSIC: ACCENT...DOWN UNDER)

NARR: ~~While~~^{and} the alarm goes out for Otis McAlester, you - Floyd Carl - go home for a meal and a nap...the first of each in quite a few hours. You dream of cab drivers who'd like to run you down, sheriffs who threaten to jail you unless you answer "Why?",.... When you wake up, it's dark - but the dreams have left a tiny idea in your head....

(DIALING.....OUT TO)

FLOYD: Will?... Floyd.. Any news on McAlester?

SHER: (FILTER) Plenty! The Sheriff over in the next county got the flash! He just called.

FLOYD: They found him?!

SHER: Not quite. Seems your friend Otis is an Army buddy of the Sheriff's. He spent the night in the jail over there as the Sheriff's guest!

FLOYD: How nervy can you get?!

SHER: Or how dumb?! We should have news on him pretty soon.

FLOYD: I'll come by later -

SHER: Where you going to be in case there's a break?

FLOYD: I'm going to have a chat with somebody about Henny's psychological makeup - (GRINS)

SHER: Her - what?!

FLOYD: What makes her tick..

(MUSIC: ACCENT.....SLIGHT BRIDGE.....OUT UNDER)

MILLY: Is Henny crazy?... I don't know, Mister... Anyhow - who's crazy and who ~~isn't~~^{isn't}

FLOYD: Maybe you're right... You've known her for long, Miss - ^{time}

MILLY: (CUTS IN) Just call me Milly.... (A TIRED PLAY)ⁿ

FLOYD: How long ^{have you} ~~isn't~~ known her Milly?

MILLY: Well, we've spent a couple of times together in jail..
Jail brings people closer together than anything -

FLOYD: This - this man who got her into this trouble..when she
told you about him, she must have hated his guts, didn't
she? For making her do all those things, I mean -

MILLY: Lenny Oaks? She didn't mention his name - I did...

FLOYD: (TAKE) You did?!

MILLY: Sure. She just described him but couldn't remember his
name. He sounded like Lenny Oaks to me so I said Lenny
Oaks -

FLOYD: When - she told you about him, how did she talk about him?

MILLY: (HESITANT) Well....Look, mister. I - don't want to get
her into any more trouble than she already is -

FLOYD: You can't, Milly. I swear it to you. She's in as far as
she can go-

MILLY: Well.. that's the part I couldn't figure out -

FLOYD: What part?

MILLY: The way she talked about this guy was more like she was
in love with him -

FLOYD: Exactly what did she say?! Milly, this is important -

MILLY: How - how beautiful he was, how much he liked her, most of
all - how young he was and how young he thought she was -

FLOYD: He thought she was only thirty-two! Is that what she told
you?!

MILLY: That's most of all why she seemed so crazy about him. But
it doesn't make sense, does it? I mean - if she felt that
way about him why did she ^{put the} finger ^{on} him?

FLOYD: Milly.. listen - I'm going to ask you a stupid question. But try to answer it anyway, will you? Was Henny scared of growing old?

MILLY: Well -

FLOYD: I know most women want to stay young, Milly. That's not what I mean. Was Henny queer about wanting to stay young?! Real queer?!

MILLY: (SMILE) You kidding? Look, Mister - figure it for yourself. Did she have to come back to town and get herself caught?! Did she have to go back to that shack with the old man lying there?! But she did! Know why? (LAUGHS) Her face lotions and beauty creams were there!

FLOYD: And - and if a man lied to her, told her she was only thirty-two..... if a man kept lying to her -

MILLY: Honey, if a guy did that know what she'd do? She'd ~~wash~~ ^{scrub} floors for him - ~~even~~ ^{and} worse! When it comes to age, Henny ain't queer... she's crazy!

(MUSIC: STING..... HURRIED BRIDGE..... DOWN UNDER)

(HURRIED STEPS IN MARBLE CORRIDOR...OUT TO DOOR
OPENED AND SHUT:)

CABBIE: Hello, Mr. Carl -

FLOYD: Eh? What are you doing here in the courthouse again?

CABBIE: The sheriff called me in, to take a look at him -

FLOYD: Him! ~~any~~ McAlester?

CABBIE: On this Otis I'll take an oath right in the courtroom but
can you imagine? He says he had nothing to do with it!

(MUSIC: - ACCENT...UNDER:)

SHER: I even brought them face to face - cabbie and all - but still
she says she doesn't recognize McAlester -

FLOYD: (URGENT) Will, you let me in this far - give me a crack at
them!

SHER: What'd you do? (GRIN) Figure out her psychological makeup?

~~What's the name of that book?~~

FLOYD: (SERIOUS) I think I have!

SHER: You - serious?

FLOYD: It'll make it easier for you when you go into court, Will!
If she identifies him, it'll make it much easier for you!
Just a little time with the two of them, Will!

SHER: (BEAT...THEN) Well...what can I lose? You can explain it
all to me afterwards -

FLOYD: If it works, it won't need any explaining!

(MUSIC: - ACCENT...CUT TO:)

FLOYD: McAlester -

OTIS: (HARD, YOUNG) Yeah?

FLOYD: Take a good look at Henny there -

OTIS: (BEAT...THEN) What about her?

FLOYD: How old would you say she is?

OTIS: You crazy or something?

FLOYD: How old would you say she -

HENNY: (PIERCE) Thirty-two! I told you thirty-two! What's it to you?

(A FEW STEPS..THEN OUT TO:)

FLOYD: I'll tell you why I asked him that, Henny...You say Lenny Oaks is the man who got you drunk and then made you do all those things, don't you?

HENNY: That's - that's right ...

FLOYD: Well, it just doesn't stack up, Henny --

HENNY: Why not? What do you know about what stacks up and what doesn't?

FLOYD: It just doesn't stack up, Henny - because you just can't make anybody believe that a young man of twenty-eight ... like Lenny Oaks or even Otis there - that a young guy like that would spend his last cent buying beer for a woman your age -

HENNY: (BITTER RAGE) You cheap dog! I'm only thirty-two, thirty-two!

FLOYD: And if a guy like Lenny - or Otis there - got before a jury - he could make a good case for himself by pointing out that with his last buck he'd more likely go out with a girl his own age ~~than~~ ^{not} a woman whose prison record shows she's close to fifty!

HENNY: No! Take him away from me! He's lying! The records are lying!

FLOYD: And I can prove to you right now that it must have been an older man, at least in his late thirties - an older man than Otis there! I can prove it to you!

HENNY: You're lying! You're a lousy liar! I'm thirty-two if I'm a day!

FLOYD: Let me ask you, Otis. Would you spend your last buck on a dame her age? A guy of 28, like you! Would you?

OTIS: That's what I've been telling the Sheriff! Sheriff, did you hear what he said? I couldn't of done it! What would I be doing spending my last buck on an old bag like that?

HENNY: Otis! (SCREAMS)

OTIS: Don't listen to what she tells you! Look at her! She's old enough to be my mother! What would I want with -

HENNY: You dog! You lied! Otis, you lied to me! Even that morning in Lowell, you told me even when you weren't drunk -

OTIS: Don't listen to her! She lies about her age, she'd lie about me!

HENNY: He did it! He's the one! That dirty rat! I thought he meant it! So I lied for him!

OTIS: Shut up! Shut up!

HENNY: He did it! He killed the old man! ^{I saw him} Take me away! Take me out of here! I want to cry and I don't want nobody to see me! Take me out of here, ~~I want to cry!~~

(MUSIC: -- STING...UP TO TAG...)

-25-

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Floyd
Card, Jr. of the ~~Raybeville Times~~ ^{Northwest Arkansas} with the final outcome
of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: TURN TABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0172613

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!

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Floyd Carl, Jr. of the ~~Walton~~ Fayetteville Times...

FLOYD: Murderer in tonight's Big Story, throughout the three day trial, maintained his innocence but the weight of the evidence was against him. He was sentenced to life imprisonment and upon appeal the Arkansas Supreme Court upheld his life sentence. Because she turned state's evidence his female companion got off with a five-year sentence. Many thanks for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Carl... 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 Lancaster, Penna., New Era, by-line Herb Krone. A BIG STORY about a reporter who refused to give the devil his due -- and found his story in ashes.

(MUSIC: -- STING)

CHAPPELL: And attention please! The makers of Pell Mell Famous Cigarettes bring you another exciting new program on television entitled "The Door With No Name". Consult your local papers for time and station; for "The Door With No Name."

(MUSIC: -- THEME WIFE & FADE TO BQ 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 ~~Forrest~~^{Northeast} Arkansas Times. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and James Stevens played the part of Floyd Carl, Jr. 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. Carl.

(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.

Js/rg/pb 6/14/51pm

ATX01 0172616

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #224

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOAN
MRS. BEAMISH	BARBARA WEEKS
MARY	MARGARET BURLIN
ANNA	KATHLEEN MIDDAY
FRANK	VINTON HAYWORTH
HERB	NAT POLEN
BREWER	BOB DRYDEN
GRINDER	JASON JOHNSON
VAIDELL	JASON JOHNSON
BLEEKER	JACK JASON
GIBBS	JACK JASON

WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1951

ATX01 0172617

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#224

()(
10:00 - 10:30 PM

JULY 11, 1951

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: - - - - FANFARE)

WE HEAR THE SOUND OF A KNIFE GRINDER'S BELL
AND WAGON)

GRINDER: (HAWKING) Knives! Sharpen your knives! ~~Sharpen~~
~~your knives, nice and sharp!~~

(BELL UP)

MRS. BEAMISH: (COMING IN) Oh. Knife-Grinder! Wait a minute!
I've got some knives for you.

(WAGON AND BELL STOP.)

GRINDER: Yes, Ma'am. Yes, Ma'am.

MRS. BEAMISH: Here you are.....

(CLANK OF KNIVES)

MRS. BEAMISH: When will you be through with them?

GRINDER: Oh. 'Bout a half-hour. I...(CUTS) Say, lady....

(SLIGHT CLANK OF KNIVES)

GRINDER: These here are funny knives...all funny kind of
shapes. And what's this, eh, lady? They're all
covered with blood!

~~MRS. BEAMISH: (CURT) Mind your own business....and do your work!~~

(MUSIC: - - - - HIT UP TO CURTAIN AND) -

ATX01 0172618

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) Lancaster, Pennsylvania. From the pages
of the Lancaster New Era, the story of a reporter
who thought he had a lead on a story until he
~~who refused to give the devil HIS due.....and~~ found
his story in ashes. Tonight, to Herb Krone, for
his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL Award!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ _ TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM # 224

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: Lancaster, Pennsylvania...the story as it actually happened...Herb Krone's story, as he lived it...

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

NARR: It is April in Lancaster. It is Spring, and the land is bright with summer promise. ~~It is Spring,~~ and the rolling hills are lush with ~~velvet~~ green, speckled with the yellow flame of forsythia, tinted ~~with early dogwood.~~ This is the country of the Quakers, the Amish, the Mennonites, the Pennsylvania Dutch. This is a good country, a peaceful country, your country, Herb Krone of the Lancaster New Era. And yet, ^{and how} there is a shroud of horror and death over this land, ~~the black earth hints of murder, a dark and macabre shadow stalks these hills, waiting only~~ ~~the night.~~ This is the beginning of your story, ~~Herb Krone.~~ This is where it starts....in a farmhouse in southern Lancaster county. This is Mary Thomas, a farmer's wife, telling her sister.....

MARY: Anna, my back ache's something fearful...

ANNA: Maybe if you'd lie down an' rest awhile....

MARY: No, it's no use. I'm goin' into the village and see the doctor. This pain's near driving me out of my mind.

ANNA: You're going to walk, Mary?

MARY: I've got to. Tom took the car into Lancaster to buy feed.

ANNA: Well, if you've got to go into the village, Mary, walk by the road. Don't take the short cut over the hills by night, do you hear?

~~MARY: Now, Anna.~~

ANNA: ~~Don't you "now Anna" me. That woodroad through the hills is dangerous, especially after dark. There's strange things happenin' out there, the devil's prowling around out there, an' a body isn't safe.~~

MARY: Now, Anna, I don't hold with those grandmother's tales you hear in the village, those ghosts and goblins.

ANNA: Oh, don't you, Mary? Don't you? Well, you listen to your sister, and abide by what I say. What happened to Joanna Vandell when she took the road through the hills two weeks ago? And Elsa Blecker. What happened to her, when she took the woodroad, not three days ago.

MARY: Why, I....I don't know.

ANNA: No, you don't. Nobody knows. Only the devil knows.

~~Go of 'em, Mary. Both mothers, both with children.~~
They went up that road, and they never came back. ~~Where'd they go?~~ What happened to them? Why haven't the police been able to find them?

MARY: Anna, I can't tell you....

ANNA:

Then I'll tell you, Mary Thomas. There's some
murderin' thing out there in those hills, something
lyin' in wait for poor foolish soul like you, and
Joanna and Elsa. ~~Whether it be man or beast or
monster, I do not know.~~ Go to the doctor's if you
must, Mary, but for the love of heaven heed what
I say! Don't take that shortcut over the hills!

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

NARR:

It is this April morning, and you, Herb Krone, ~~reporter for the New Era~~, are in District Attorney Frank Anderson's office, staring out of the window. Spring is in the air, but you are not thinking about Spring now. You are thinking of where you had traveled the day before, when the ~~D.A.~~ ^{District Attorney} asks you....

FRANK:

Dig up anything down-county yesterday, Herb?

HERB:

No. Drove all over the place, Frank....Furniss, Peach Bottom, Quarryville, Holtwood...I must have asked a hundred people a thousand questions.

FRANK:

And found nothing.

HERB:

Nothing but fear, nothing but terror and hysteria. Coming back at night, every town was a ghost town, doors locked, and lights out. And you can't blame 'em. Two women walk out of their homes, and disappear? ~~Where? How? Are they dead? Murdered? Buried in some dank hole in the hills?~~ What's the answer?

FRANK:

I don't know, Herb. I wish I did. I've had men go all over that territory, look under every tree, every blade of grass. Nothing. Not a clue, not even the hint of one.

~~HERB:~~

~~Frank, do you believe in ghosts?~~

~~FRANK:~~

~~Are you kidding?~~

HERB:

~~I don't know, I don't know~~ ^{So I tell you this} I've heard so many stories. ~~People down-county are talking about women snatching ghosts, goblins, pixies, monsters in the light of the moon.~~

(MORE)

HERB:
CONT'D

One old man was positive it was ^{Satan} ~~the Devil~~. Said
~~the Devil~~ ~~old Satan~~ had taken one bride, then another, and
he'd be around for more.

FRANK:

People are nuts, talking superstitious malarkey like
that.

HERB:

Suro, it's malarkey. ~~This hoodoo-oodoo, mumbo-jumbo,~~
~~black magic.~~ But what are you going to do when
you don't have a logical answer? What are you.....?

(PHONE RING)

FRANK:

Oh. Excuse me, Herb.

(PHONE OFF HOOK)

FRANK:

Anderson. Yes, Al. What? What was the name? ~~Thomas~~
~~the~~ Mary Thomas. From New Texas. And the sister's
name? ~~I see.~~ Anna Brause. All right, Al. Suro.
I'll want to see this Anna Brause right away!

(PHONE ON HOOK)

~~FRANK:~~

~~(DAZED) Well, what do you know, what do you know?~~

HERB:

What is it, Frank?

FRANK:

The Devil just took another Bride!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE)

ANNA: (AGITATED) I told her, Mr. Anderson. I begged her, I pleaded with her last night. Mary I said, go by the road, don't take the short cut over the hills.

FRANK: And she never came back.

ANNA: No. I waited up till two, then her husband Tom came home. He got some men and they went over the woodroad, but they never found my sister. They couldn't have found her, if you ask me, the Devil himself took her.

HERB: You don't really believe that, do you, Mrs. Brause?

ANNA: I don't know what to believe, Mr. Krone. I just don't know what to believe any more. I got in touch with all the neighbors, Mary hadn't stayed with them overnight. She probably took the back road comin' home from the Doctor's, and that was the end.

FRANK: ~~You say she went to the Doctor's?~~

ANNA: ~~Why yes. You see Mary wasn't a well woman, all right in her back, the pain was something awful, and she had to go.~~

FRANK: ~~I see.~~ What was this doctor's name, Mrs. Brauso?

ANNA: Why, it's Brewer....Doctor Elijah Brewer. ~~He's the only doctor in New Texas, and a fine old man, too.~~ He's been our family doctor for goin' on to thirty years, mebbe more.

HERB: In other words, Frank this Doctor Brewer was probably the last person to see the missing woman.

FRANK: Yeah. Get your hat, Herb. We're driving down to New Texas...right away.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Now Texas. A sleepy little settlement ~~of fifty~~
~~people~~, seventoon miles south of Lancaster. A
whistle stop you'd miss complotely, whizzing along
the highway. You find Doctor Brower's house, a
big, rambling, unpainted mausoloum, with the roof
half caved in, ~~a broken-down oush, tall wood~~
~~all around the place~~. You and Frank Anderson go up
to the porch, ring the old-fashioned bell....

(OLD FASHIONED JANGLE BELL)

(A PAUSE - DOOR OPENS)

MRS. BEAMISH: (CRONE) Yes?

FRANK: We'd like to see the doctor.

MRS. BEAMISH: Can't see him now. Taint office hours.

HERB: We're not here to see him as patients.

MRS. BEAMISH: Then what are ye here for?

FRANK: We'd like to talk to him. Are you Mrs. Brower?

MRS. BEAMISH: Mrs. Brower? (SHE CACKLES) Now that's one. Mrs.
Brower's been dead these twenty years, Lord rest
her soul. I'm Mrs. Beamish, the doctor's
housokeeper.

FRANK: I see. Well, if you'd tell the doctor we're here,
we'd...

MRS. BEAMISH: Come in. come into the office. I'll wako him
from his nap, an' toll him you're here.

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: It's dark inside, eerie. The place reeks, it's filthy. A tumbled down old desk, crusty medical books thrown around, bottles of mouldy liquid, ~~the furniture sagging, nothing but silt and dust.~~ A shudder runs through you, Herb Krone. ~~you don't know why, but your skin prickles a little with gooseflesh in this strange place, you shiver a little.~~ And then, you turn to see an old, white-haired man come into the room.

BREWER: Well, gentlemen, well! Good morning, good morning.

FRANK: Doctor Brewer?

BREWER: Doctor Elijah Brewer, yes sir. Dedicated to healin' the sick, and bringin' merciful surcease to pain. They say I'm old, they say I'm shaky, but I can still swing a scalpel with the best of 'em, yes, sir! Now...which one of you is ailin'?

HERB: Why neither of us.

BREWER: Then I presume you have a problem, and you want my counsel.

FRANK: Why, yes. That's right.

BREWER: ~~Well, well, out with it. When a patient's sick~~ downstairs, in his stomach or his liver, I give him medicine. When he's sick upstairs, in the head, I give him advice. (CHUCKLES) Charge 'em the same fee, either way. Now then, what is it?

FRANK: My name's Anderson. I'm the district attorney of Lancaster County. This is Mr. Krone, of the New Era.

BREWER: That so? The New Era, oh? Mighty fine paper, mighty fine. Used to read it a lot before my eyes started to fail me. ~~Can't read print any more, but I~~
~~will know an appendix when I see it, I can still~~
~~tie a suture with the best of 'em.~~

FRANK: Doctor Brewer, you have a patient named Mary Thomas, do you not?

BREWER: I do, Mr. Anderson. I do indeed. Brought her into this world as a baby, her and her mother before her. ~~And I expect to usher her out of it when the time~~
~~comes. Why?~~ What do you want to know about Mary?

FRANK: When did you see her last?

BREWER: Why, she was here to consult me only last night. Her back was ailin', an' she was moaning the miseries. I couldn't cure her, not with the rheumatism she's got. So I did the next best thing, an' put her out of her pain.

HERB: You put her out of her pain? What does that mean?

BREWER: (CHUCKLES) Why, I'm a doctor, Mr. Krone, a good country doctor. I gave her a hypo, and a pill, and saw her to the door.

FRANK: I see. And you don't know where she went after that?

BREWER: My dear Mr. Anderson, I have no idea. How would I know. I presume she went home, where else? Why do you ask?

FRANK: For a very good reason, Doctor Brewer. Maybe you don't know it, but Mary Thomas disappeared last night.

BREWER: Ah! Did she! That's unfortunate, sir, very unfortunate. ~~at the devil in the hills - took~~ another bride, eh? First Joanna Vandell. Then Elsa Bleeker. Tsk, tsk, my, my. It's getting ~~so - a body isn't safe in these parts any more.~~

HERB: You wouldn't have an idea of what might have happened to Mary Thomas, would you, Doctor?

BREWER: I? Why no, young man. Should I?

(MUSIC: - - - - BRIDGE:)

(CAR UNDER)

HERB: Frank, what do you think of Doctor Elijah Brewer?

FRANK: I'd say he was peculiar.

HERB: ~~I'd say he was crazy.~~ Did you notice his ^{surgical instruments} ~~eyes?~~ particularly his knives?

FRANK: ~~Not particularly, Herb. Why?~~

HERB: ~~They were well...a little wild. I kept looking~~

at them, and they gave me the shivers. I wonder if he had anything to do with this, Frank?

FRANK: (LAUGHS) Forget it, Herb. I'll admit he's a weird character, but he must be at least seventy...and you could see he was harmless.

HERB: (SIGHS) Yes. Yes, I guess you're right, Frank. This whole story is so weird, I'm starting to get jumpy myself. This Doctor Brewer now, maybe he calls that an office, but I call it a pigsty. Did you notice his surgical instruments, particularly his ~~knives?~~

FRANK: No. What about them?

HERB: They were covered with dried blood. He never even bothered to clean them off!

(MUSIC: - - - - UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, ~~Herb Kremp~~ ^{Herb Kremp} of the Lancaster ~~New Era~~, go back to your office. And somehow you keep thinking of the eccentric doctor, and somehow he haunts you. And purely out of a hunch, purely out of nowhere, you pick up the phone and call John Vandell, husband of one of the missing women, at his home near Now Texas.....

VANDELL: (FILTER) Hello?

HERB: Is this John Vandell?

VANDELL: That's right.

HERB: This is Herb Krone of the Now Era. There's a question I'd like to ask you.

VANDELL: Go ahead.

HERB: Who's your family doctor? *Mr. Vandell*

VANDELL: Doctor Brewer of New Texas. Elijah Brewer. Why?

(MUSIC: - - - - UP IN ACCENT AND UNDER)

NARR: Goose pimples. ~~They break out all over you, over every inch of your skin.~~ Your hand is moist with sweat as you pick up the phono again. This time, you call Henry Blecker, husband of the second woman who disappeared.....

HERB: Mr. Blecker, Herb Krone of the Now Era. I've got a question I'd like you to answer.

BLEEKER: (FILTER) Yes?

HERB: Who's your family doctor?

BLEEKER: Doctor Brewer. Elijah Brewer!

(MUSIC: - - - - ACCENT AND UNDER)

NARR: Ten minutes later you're in Frank Anderson's office, and you're busting out all over.....

HERB: Three women disappeared, Frank. Julia Vandell...Elsa Blecker, Mary Thomas. And all of them, by the strangest coincidence, patients of Doctor Brewer. Don't you get it?

- 15 -

FRANK: (GRIMLY) I get it, Herb. Maybe all three of them
visited Doctor Brower....

HERB: And maybe all three of them never walked out of his
house....alivo!

FRANK: (A BEAT) All right, Herb. Let's go!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP TO CURTAIN) (TURNTABLE)_

(COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0172633

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #224

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: 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 Herb Krone...as he lived it, and wrote it.

NARR: It is close to midnight when you, Herb Krone of the New Era, and the district attorney arrive at Doctor Brewer's ~~house~~. And as you look at the eerie rambling house, ~~etched darkly in the moonlight,~~ the suspicion in your mind grows ~~and mushrooms into~~ ~~a horrible, monstrous thing~~. What lies behind the walls of that dismal, broken down, ~~rambling~~ mausoleum? What ~~evil horror maybe concealed in~~ dark secret lives there? The blood starts to chill in your veins as Frank Anderson slows the car....

(CAR SLOWS TO A STOP. MOTOR IDLES.)

FRANK: Well, here we are, Herb.

HERB: Yeah, Here we are....

(IDLING MOTOR OUT;....CAR DOOR OPENS.

AND SLAMS SHUT.....IN WITH EERIE WHINE OF WIND)

HERB: Frank, I'm going to be honest with you.

FRANK: Yes?

HERB: I'm scared.

FRANK: That makes two of us.

HERB: I.....

(WE HEAR THE FLAP OF A SHUTTER OFF)

HERB: (JITTERY) What's that?

FRANK: Take it easy, Herb. It's just a shutter flapping in the wind.

HERB: Oh. For a second, I thought it was a gunshot .. (CUTS) Frank.

FRANK: Yes?

HERB: A light just went on. See it? In that window, under the tower, there ...

FRANK: I see it. Now somebody's pulling down the shade. The light's gone.

~~HERB: The doctor?~~

~~FRANK: Probably. Let's go to the door...~~

~~(FOOTSTEPS ON STONE OR GRAVEL...)~~

~~HERB: I never figured I'd be the jittery type, Frank. But this place is something special. It seems to be waiting for us. It gives me the creeps, and ... (CUTS AS)~~

(A PIERCING SCREAM OF WOMAN OFF)

HERB: Frank!

FRANK: Yes. Some woman just screamed!

HERB: Seemed to come from the top floor!

(WOMAN'S SCREAM OFF AGAIN.)

HERB: There it is again!

FRANK: Let's go inside!

(FEET BREAK INTO A RUN. UP STEPS OF PORCH, AND ONTO PORCH)

FRANK: Door's locked. ~~Try the bell, Herb!~~

(~~OBSCURE Jangling OF BELL.~~)

~~HERB:~~ ~~No answer!~~

(SCREAM OFF, AGAIN!)

FRANK: Come on! Let's ^{break it} ~~cut~~ in ~~this door!~~ Ready - let's go!

(~~DOOR CRASH - SPLINTERING WOOD.~~)

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

NARR: You crash the door and rush through the empty study. It's pitch black, it smells of blood and death, of some macabre secret. You look for the stairs. Frank Anderson has a flashlight, turns it on. You see the rickety stairs at the end of a long corridor. And then...

(SCREAM UPSTAIRS, HIGH)

MRS. BEAMISH: No! NO! NO!

FRANK: Come on, Herb! Up those stairs!

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ALONG CORRIDOR. UP RICKETY STAIRS...)

~~FRANK:~~ ~~Here to the door....~~

(DOOR CREAKS OPEN)

(MOANS OFF)

HERB: Frank! The woman's in that room -- just ahead! You can see the light under the door ---

FRANK: (GRIMLY) Let's go....

(~~STEPS ALONG CORRIDOR.~~)

(~~STEPS STOP.~~)

HERB: There may be a killer in there.

FRANK: (GRIMLY) There may be. But it's a chance we've got to take...

(DOOR CREAKS OPEN...)

HERB: (GASP) Frank! Look!

(MUSIC: -- STING AND IN WITH)

NARR: You stare. Both of you, your eyes popping in horror. A woman lies ^{slumped down} on a hospital cot, her face ashen in terror, moaning, and writhing. And in the room, the heavy, sickly odor of ether. And on the table, a row of stained surgical instruments. The woman is Mrs. Beamish, the housekeeper. You can see she is half-drugged, ~~and she means...~~

MRS. BEAMISH: Don't let him kill me! Please, please, don't let him kill me.

HERB: Mrs. Beamish, ~~what...~~

MRS. BEAMISH: The knives! The bloody knives! He'll cut me with them, and I'll never wake up. ~~Please, please, for the love of Heaven, don't let him, don't let him...~~

BREWER: (SUDDENLY, STERNLY) What's the meaning of this!

(STERNLY) What do you mean intruding into my house, breaking down my door?

FRANK: We want to know what's going on here, Doctor Brewer. We heard this woman screaming outside. What are you up to?

BREWER: Confound your impertinence, sir. Isn't quite obvious what I'm going to do? I'm going to perform an operation.

HERB: (STARES) An operation? Here?

BREWER: Naturally. I operate on all my patients here. My housekeeper here, is in great pain, as you see. She came down with an attack of appendicitis, not an hour ago. That's why you heard her scream, gentlemen. And that's why I must operate at once. Now, if you will leave, I have work to do...

MRS. BEAMISH: (MOANING) Don't let him! Don't let him! He'll kill me. He'll kill me.

BREWER: Now, now, Mrs. Beamish, don't you worry. They say I'm too old to operate, ~~they say my hands are too steady, they say I've lost my touch. But they're lies, filthy lies.~~ ^{but} I'll prove that I'm as good as I ever was, ~~I'll show 'em with you.~~ I'm going to put you out of your pain now, Mrs. Beamish. And when you wake up, you'll be good as new, and you'll thank old Doctor Brewer. (TO FRANK AND HERB STERNLY) Now then, gentlemen, will you get out and let us alone!

FRANK: No, Doctor Brewer. We're not getting out, and we're not letting you operate.

BREWER: Eh? What do you mean?
FRANK: We're not letting you go to work on this woman...not with those dirty knives.. not with these facilities. We're calling an ambulance, and rushing Mrs. Beamish to the nearest hospital, where she can get proper care.
BREWER: (INDIGNANT) Why, blast your foul insinuations, sir. How dare you talk to me like that. By what legal right do you presume...
FRANK: The law is my business, Doctor Brewer. And we can go into the legal rights later. Herb...
HERB: Yes?
FRANK: Get on the phone. Call an ambulance. Then call my office in Lancaster, tell 'em to send along a couple of men right away!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Mrs. Beamish is taken to the hospital, Anderson's men arrive. After that, you and the ^{District Attorney} ~~D.A.~~ question Doctor Brewer. ~~But he denies knowing anything about the three missing women; keeps no records so that you can check...~~

BREWER: Records? I keep no records, sir. People pay me with potatoes, and tubs of butter, and produce. I need no account books, I know the patients who come to see me, and what ails them. It's all up here, in my head.

FRANK: Doctor Brewer, look. The people around here say it's the devil himself who took those three women. But we know you're behind this, somehow!

BREWER: ~~You have no proof, absolutely no proof.~~ ^{Gentlemen} I've served this community for many years, ministered to the sick, often without pay ~~or recompense.~~ ~~And if you want a testimonial to my character or career, you have only to ask the good citizens of South Lancaster.~~ I resent your accusation, I consider it a slur.

FRANK: (SIGHS) Well, that's that. Herb...

HERB: Yes?

FRANK: I'll assign a man to watch Doctor Brewer here. Then we'll go through the house!

(MUSIC: - - - - UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You and Frank Anderson, and the rest of the men go through every room ~~in the house.~~ You find nothing but dirt and disorder in the crazy, broken-down house, an architect's bad dream. Then, finally in the cellar...

(SLIGHT ECHO EFFECT TO VOICES HERE)

FRANK: Nothing down here but rubbish....

(BOXES BEING DUMPED, CONTACT SOUNDS)

HERB: Find anything under that junkpile?

FRANK: No. Not a thing. Funny place, this cellar. It's dark as a tomb .. and cold. A warm night outside, but here it's damp and cold, like being in a grave...

HERB: Frank!

FRANK: Yes? What is it?

HERB: I just got a whiff of something. A burned smell.
Do you get it, too?

FRANK: Why, yes. Yes, I do. And what's more, I think I
know what it is.

HERB: Yeah. So do I.

FRANK: ~~Right. And I'm getting sick to my stomach.~~

HERB: ~~So am I.~~ Frank, you know, there's still one place
we haven't looked.

FRANK: Where?

HERB: The furnace.

FRANK: (A BEAT) All right. Let's try it.

(A COUPLE OF STEPS ON CONCRETE AND STOP.)

(IRON FURNACE DOOR OPENS)

HERB: See anything?

FRANK: I can't. It's too dark. ~~And can't get at it with a
flashlight.~~

HERB: ~~Here's a poker.~~ *in Herb see what you can find -*
Reach ~~down~~, and stir around.

~~(CLANK OF POKER)~~

(RATTLE OF BONES)

FRANK: (A BEAT) How's your nerve, Herb?

HERB: I...okay, I guess.

FRANK: ~~Reach down in and feel around. Well, no what you find.~~ *anything*

(A SLIGHT RATTLE OF BONES)

HERB: (GASP) Frank! It...it's bones!

(MUSIC: HIT UP AND UNDER)

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: One of Anderson's men rushes the bones to Lancaster for an emergency analysis. You wait. And then, in the small hours before dawn ...

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

FRANK: Hello.

GIBBS: (FILTER) That you, Mr. Anderson?

FRANK: Yes.

GIBBS: This is Gibbs, the technician at the lab. We ran an analysis of those bones.

FRANK: And?

GIBBS: And they're the remains of rabbits and weasels.

FRANK: (A BEAT) You're sure? They aren't human bones?

GIBBS: No, sir. We're positive. No question about it, they're animal bones!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

~~NARR: The District Attorney hangs up, frustrated. He goes to
Brewer. So were you. And now you're both back where
you started from. And then, Doctor Brewer comes in...~~

BREWER: Well, gentlemen, are you through breaking into my household, invading my privacy?

FRANK: (WEARILY) Yes. We're through, Doctor Brewer.

BREWER: I could have told you those were rabbits and weasels. I do a little hunting, for a hobby, for pleasure. I'm along in years, yes, but I still can shoot a gun with the rest of them. Now, if you'll leave my house, I'd like to retire. It's been a hard night, a very difficult night, and I am exhausted.

FRANK: All right, Herb. Let's go. There's nothing more we can do here now!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You and Frank Anderson leave, get into the car. The first faint streak of light is just starting to turn the night sky into dawn. ~~And then,~~ as Frank starts the motor and starts to roll.....

(CAR UNDER, JUST STARTING)

HERB: Frank!

FRANK: Yes? What is it, Herb?

HERB: Look over there, toward the barn! See that shadow moving.....?

(SCREECH OF BRAKES, CAR STOPS)

FRANK: Herb! It's Brewer... Doctor Brewer! I'm sure of it. And he's going into the barn.

HERB: That's right, Frank. And we never even looked into the barn!

(MUSIC: --- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You and the District Attorney move toward the barn. Cautiously, very cautiously, you stand there listening..

(CRICKETS UNDER, NIGHT SOUNDS, SLIGHT WHINE OF WIND.)

NARR: Slowly, very slowly, you open the barn door.....

(SLOW CREAK OF BARN DOOR OPENING)

NARR: You look in. And a pungent, sharp smell reaches your nostrils. Acid. You see a number of big vats.... filled with acid. And a man in a corner, digging furiously at a pile of ashes... ~~and then~~...

FRANK: (SHARP) All right, Brewer!

BREWER: Anderson! Krone! (HYSTERICALLY) I thought you had both gone! I thought you'd gone! Now, you know, now you know, and I can't let you know. I've got to kill you, kill you both, bash in your heads with this shovel because you know.....

HERB: Frank, grab him. (GRUNT)

(SOUND - SCUFFLE)

FRANK: Nice work, Herb. You knocked him out. Now, let's take this shovel and get at those ashes...dig a little deeper.....

HERB: Okay.

(DIGGING INTO ASHES. A COUPLE OF SHOVELFULS.

THEN, WE HEAR RATTLE OF SKELETON.)

HERB: (A BEAT) Frank! ^{look a skeleton} ~~Do you see what I see?~~

FRANK: ~~I'll say I do, Herb. It's a skeleton!~~

(SHOVEL RATTLES BONES AGAIN. AND AGAIN.)

HERB: And here's another ...and another!

FRANK: ^{Julie} ~~Joanna~~ Vandell...Elsa Bleeker...and Mary Thomas!

(MUSIC: - - - UP AND UNDER)

NARR:

They say it's your Big Story. You, Herb Krone of the Lancaster New Era, say it's your nightmare. On many a night, the haunting, morbid horror awakes you from sleep, ~~screaming and sweating~~. Why did Doctor Elijah Brewer commit this fiendish crime? Why did he butcher those helpless women ~~and try to melt their bones with acid?~~ Listen. This is his story.....

BREWER:

(LOW-PITCH, WEARILY) They said I was too old to operate any more. They said my hands shook too much, I couldn't do it any more. I wanted to prove they were wrong, all wrong. I wanted to show 'em old Doctor Brewer was as good as he ever was. But I...I guess they were right. Every time the knife slipped..every time they died. I had to get rid of them, didn't I? I didn't want anyone to know I had lost my touch. ~~You can't blame a man for that.~~ All I am is a simple country doctor. All I tried to do was to help these poor, unfortunate women out of their terrible pain. You can't blame a man for that, now can you?

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP TO CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Herb Krone, of the Lancaster, Penna., New Era, 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:

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Herb Krone of the Lancaster New Era.

KRONE: KILLER IN TONIGHT'S BIG STORY WAS TRIED BY THE STATE AND CONVICTED OF MANSLAUGHTER, SENTENCED TO A LONG TERM IN PRISON, AND DIED THERE. MANY THANKS FOR TONIGHT'S PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Krone...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 Fargo North Dakota Forum, by-line Sidney W. Hooper. A BIG STORY of a reporter and a fire which singed more lives than it was intended to.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING)

CHAPPELL: And remember, every week you can see "The Door With No Name" on television -- brought to you by the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THERE 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 Lancaster Penna., New Era. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Nat Polen played the part of Herb Krone. 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. Krone.

(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.

HE-pb-el
6/19/51 pm

ATX01 0172649

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM # 225

CAST

NARRATOR

MILDRED

SYD

REED

SHERIFF

CLEM

RAY

ANDY

BOB SLOAN

JAY MEREDITH

BRUCE GORDON

BILL GRIFFES

BILL GRIFFES

OWEN JORDAN

BILL SMITH

JOHN GEBSON

AS BROADCAST

WEDNESDAY, JULY 18, 1951

ATX01 0172650

NBC

THE BIG STORY

225

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

JULY 5, 1951

THURSDAY

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: FANFARE, MOOD AND OUT UNDER)

(COLD WHISTLING WIND SHUT OUT BY DOOR CLOSING....
WEARY STEPS OUT TO)

MILDRED: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Dad, is that you?

ROY: (LATE FORTIES, WEARY AND BITTER) It's me, Mildred -

MILDRED: (IN) It's-it's almost one in the morning. Where-were you?

ROY: ..Out -

MILD: (SLIGHT TAKE) Your ears, Dad. They-look frozen.

ROY: It's -eighteen below. I -walked back from the -Mikkelsen's
place..

MILD: Fifteen miles? In-this weather?

ROY: Quit asking questions! I tried to borrow some money. They
wouldn't lend it to me! And where were you when I left the
house? You weren't home!

MILD: I -I was out with -Olem ..

ROY: I thought I told you to stay away from him! He'll never
be worth anything, not him!

MILD: You're a fine one to talk! Without a job yourself, freezing
your ears off, going around begging in the middle of the
night!

(SLAP)

MILDRED: Dad!

ROY: Don't ever tell a man without a job that he's begging!
Least of all, your own father!

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

ATX01 0172651

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..GOLD
AND FLAT) Fargo, North Dakota...From the pages of the
Fargo Forum, the story of a reporter-and a fire which singed
more lives than was intended....Tonight, to Sidney W. Hooper
of the Fargo, No. Dakota Forum, for his BIG STORY, goes
the PELL MELL AWARD.

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #225

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

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

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

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

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

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0172653

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Fargo, North Dakota..The story as it actually happened.
Sidney W. Hooper's story as he lived it...

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: It's one o'clock in the morning and the black winter wind hums bitterly outside the windows of your car. Home and a warm bed for you, Sidney ~~W.~~ Hooper, City Editor of the Fargo Forum, still lies forty miles ahead on this deserted highway number 46.... For some time now, you've been fighting a double battle-against sleep and against the feeling of loneliness and desolation creeping in off the North Dakota plains all around you...

(CAR IN MOTION ...LONELY WIND B.G.)

NARR: You take a turn in the road and suddenly, the sweat breaks out all over you..not from what you actually see but because it's so sudden and unreal: a man is standing alone in the middle of the highway, behind him a fire leaping high and wild and beyond the fire - empty darkness..

(BREAKS SLAMMED ON HARD...CAR DOOR OPENED, MOTOR

RUNNING AS: ROARING FIRE)

ANDY: (FORTIES) Mister, you got to help! Mister, please! You got to help!

SID: (FORTY, NORMALLY CALM AND ALMOST STUDIOUS BUT NOT NOW)
What can I do?! What's happened?!

ANDY: Four miles ahead! Leonard! Get the Volunteers!

SID: What was it?! A service station?!

ANDY: Mister, please! Drive to Leonard! Get the Volunteers!

SID: But -but-people..Were there any people in there?! What about-

ANDY: I've tried to get near them but I can't! The Mikkelson's are in there! And their dog..their dog too! Mister, for God's sake - get the Volunteers!

(MUSIC: -- STING HIGH... HURRIED BRIDGE...)

(FIRE, LOW WIND, HUBBUB OF MALE VOICES IN B.G.)

ANDY: (SHOUTING) Somebody get in there! We can't just stand here!
~~Oh my Lord, somebody get in there!~~

SID: The Volunteers are doing their best! Better step back --

ANDY: Mister, I tried! They -- they were friends of mine! Him and her -- ~~the dog too!~~ Mister, I tried!

SID: Sure you tried! Everybody understands -

ANDY: But -- they're inside there! Both of them!

SID: How do you know?

ANDY: That part there's where they store oil and gas! The other parts where they had the store and slept! Where else would they be on a night like this?

(BUILDING SUDDENLY CREAKS AS FLAMES ROAR UP)

SID: (ALARM) ~~Watch out! Don't get too close!~~ Step back! That building's going to crash!

ANDY: They were friends of mine! Mister, I was their closest neighbor! I was with them only a few hours ago! Me and Roy Dixon was in there, talking to them like I'm talking to you! Mister --

(ROARING CRASH OF BUILDING)

(MUSIC: ACCENTDOWN UNDER)

NARR: It was a little after five when the Sheriff arrived from Fargo. What was once a country ~~service~~ ^{GAS} station, was now a heap of ashes...cooling slowly under the wintery sky.

(LOW WIND...HOLD FOR BEAT THEN)

SID: (LOW) Think it's cool enough to go in, Sheriff?

SHER: (LATE FORTIES, NOT STUPID BUT RESERVED AND SURE OF HIMSELF)
You got rubbers over your shoes?

SID: Yeah -

ANDY: (WEARY) I'm - I'm coming in with you, Sheriff. They
were...friends of mine....

SHERIFF: It's all right,...Come along

(STEPS..THEN CRUNCH OF ASHES..RATTLE OF PIECE OF TIN
REMOVED..THEN)

ANDY: (LOW) Here's the dog...King we called him --

SLIGHT PAUSE....THEN:

SID: What do you want to do with them, Sheriff?

SHER: There's a - tarpaulin in the back of my car...We'll -
take 'em out and cover them.

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

(LOW WIND B.G.)

SHER: I'd better take your name, Mister -

ANDY: Kisch...Andy Kisch...

SHER: You were the first one on the scene of the fire?

ANDY: I -- guess so....

SHER: You heard an explosion?

ANDY: No...The Mikkelsens took good care of everything. It
couldn't of been carelessness --

SID: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Sheriff -

SHER: Yes, *Hooper?*

SID: Mind stepping over here a minute?

(FEW STEPS...OUT TO)

SID: Look down here, right under where the windows were --

(ASHES STIRRED...THEN)

SHER: What is it?

SID: Sludge --

SHER: Sludge?

SID: Glass Sludge. It means the windows didn't break. They just melted down to sludge in the fire -

SHER: So?

SID: If there'd been an explosion, the windows would have shattered. There'd be glass blown clean out to the road.

~~NO ANSWER! THEN:~~ *SHER: What about it?*

SID: Mikkelson usually had some money on him, for cashing checks and so on --

SHER: What about it?

SID: Some of the folks around here think he was robbed, killed and the place set on fire --

SHER: Is that what you think?

SID: I don't know yet

SHER: I go by the facts. Death by accidental burning -- until proved otherwise...

SID: ...I - see...

SHER: Let me warn you of something. You people on the papers got a way of building something out of nothing. You got a way of riling folks up -

SID: Meaning?

SHER: I go by the facts. And this time, it ain't gonna be enough for you reporters to write that what I say is wrong. Not unless you got facts of your own!

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

NARR: Your story appears in the Afternoon paper, Sidney W. Hooper. You've thought it out carefully...very carefully. And you're prepared for what happens next --

~~(MUSIC: -- OUT TO)~~

(DOOR OPENED ON NOISE OF CITY ROOM...DOOR SHUT)

SID: *Oh hello*
~~Sit down~~, Sheriff - *sit down*

SHER: Your story and that diagram of how the bodies were found -- left a lot of questions in people's minds, Hooper --

SID: It was intended to --

SHER: For what purpose?

SID: By ruling out false theories, maybe the right ones'll show up -

SHER: You don't believe with all that gas and oil around, there might have been an explosion?

SID: No. Not with windows melted down to sludge --

SHER: You don't believe, with two coal stoves in their place, they could have been asphyxiated. and then a fire?

SID: If they'd been asleep, maybe so. But they were in the store-part of their place, not in bed. Two people don't pass out at the same time only a few feet from a door and fresh air...

SHER: (BEAT THEN) You're asking for something. What is it?

SID: An autopsy --

SHER: On - what's left of those poor people?

SID: On - what's left of them...

SHER: (BEAT) All right, Hooper. But you're going to print the results of that autopsy!

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

(TICKING OF HEAVY WALL CLOCK....THEN)

NARR: You've been outside the autopsy room for close to an hour now. Autopsies have always struck you as ghoulish affairsparticularly in this instance. you watch the clock- and wait...

(~~CLOSE~~....THEN DOOR OPENS.....A FEW STEPS....)

NARR: The Sheriff's face looks worn and gray as he walks up to you, as gray as the ashes which were once the Mikkelson place -

SHER: Open your hand, Hooper..

NARR: You automatically do as the Sheriff asks - and six tiny metal balls roll into the palm of your hand...

SHER: I - said you could print the results of the autopsy....You can even say it - was your idea..

SID: ...Shotgun pellets...

SHER: Number 6 - for hunting ducks and rabbits..

SID: And for killing people...

(MUSIC: ACCENT....DOWN UNDER)

CLEM: (EARLY TWENTIES, GENTLE) Mildred...honey - he might come home any minute. Maybe I'd - better go -

MILDRED: No! Clem, don't - go yet...

CLEM: Honey, you're - shaking..

MILDRED: Clem, when - when are you goin' to get some money? Clem, why can't you get even a little bit - enough to buy us a ring and pay for a room? Clem, marry me and take me away from him!

CLEM: Honey, I've - I've tried. You know I have. But - it's dead around here in the winter. Folks say - come around in the Spring.. In the Spring, Mildred -

MILD: I won't wait! I - I can't! Not after last night!
CLEM: Honey, he only slapped you because - you were out with me.
He'll -

MILD: You don't understand! It's - it's in all the papers this
afternoon!

CLEM: ...What - is?

MILD: He was at the Mikkelson's last night! They didn't want to
lend him any money and he got mad! Don't you understand?!
They're dead! Clem, don't you understand?!

(FRONT DOOR OPENED...SHUT..)

MILD: What'll I do? It's him!

CLEM: I'll go out the back way!

MILD: No!

ROY: I thought I told you to leave Mildred alone!

CLEM: Mr. Dixon, you ain't got no right to talk to me that way -

ROY: Get out!

MILD: No!

ROY: I said get out!

CLEM: Mildred, I'll - see you -

MILD: Clem, don't go!

CLEM: Millie, I better.....

(DOOR OPENED OFF AND SHUT)

ROY: And I don't want to catch you with him again. Hear me?!

MILD: You- you got no right to tell anyone what to do. You got
no right at all!

ROY: Why not!

MILD: Because.. because after what you did last night, you got no
rights at all!

(MUSIC: STING HIGH.....TO:)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM # 225

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!

ATX01 0172662

(MUSIC: -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and the Big Story of Sydney^W Hooper, as he lived it and wrote it..

NARR: In order to get to Andy Kisch's place you have to travel back over Highway 46....past the little pile to rubble and ashes which marked all that remained of a man and his wife and their place on earth. You, Sydney Hooper, City Editor of the Fargo Forum don't stop. You go by - then head your car down the icy side-road which leads to the farm of the man who discovered the fire...

(KNOCK ON GLASS DOOR...REPEAT...DOOR OPENED)

ANDY: Oh.....It's you, Mr. Hooper....Come in -

(DOOR SHUT AS)

SYD: I just drove down from Fargo. I'd like to chat with you about what happened the other night -

ANDY: ..I - guess I - got upset.....They were friends of mine -

SID: I understand...

ANDY: Better go in the front room..I'll be right in....Cow just caught her leg in some barbed wire. I got to wash the blood off my hands..

(MUSIC: -- SLIGHT BRIDGE...OUT TO)

SID: According to the Sheriff's list of people who were in the store that night, you and Roy Dixon were the last, weren't you?

ANDY: Unless someone came in after us..

SID: Yes.... Did you leave before Dixon did?

ANDY: ..He was there when I come in..I - don't recall who left first-

SID: What was he there for?

ANDY: ~~Yes?~~
SID: ~~Yes~~ -
ANDY: I don't know. Must of done his business before I came in -
SID: Did he - carry a shotgun with him?
ANDY: I didn't see any -
SID: Has there been any bad blood between Dixon and the
Mikkelsons that you know of?
ANDY: You'll have to ask him - They never said anything to me..
SID: What kind of a man do you think could have done such a thing.
Mr. Kisch?
ANDY: Just about any kind.....What kind do you think?
SID: That's what we've been trying to figure out. We've got a
few clues to go on -
ANDY: Like what?
SID: Well, It's been pretty generally agreed that at 18 below,
with no place to hide for miles around - it could hardly
be a stranger -
ANDY: ~~Um-uh...~~ *Hardly.*
SID: Those were number 46 pellets we found in the Mikkelsons...
Shotgun pellets folks use for rabbits - So the man must have
been a hunter -
ANDY: Go on -
SID: And he must have needed money badly -
ANDY: (BEAT..THEN) In other words, you're looking for someone
lives right around here, uses 46 shot for hunting and needs
money real bad...
SID: That's right -
ANDY: Just a minute Mr. Hooper..
(STEPS OFF...CREAK OF CLOSET DOOR...STEPS BACK)

ANDY: See this here shotgun?

SID: Y-yes..

ANDY: It uses ^{number} #6 shot, I hunt rabbits with it. Also I live around here. And what's more I need money bad, real bad... Mr. Hooper, that's true of almost everyone around here except the man who runs the bank -

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

NARR: It was true. What Andy Kisch had just said was true. It could have been any one of several hundred men go the area . . . Except for the man who ran the bank. So you went to see him...

(MUSIC: --- OUT)

REED: (BANKER) That's a hard question to answer, Mr. Hooper... The cash crop most of the folks put in last summer was hit by the drought -

SID: But there must be a - a difference between one family and the next. I mean - some might have savings, some not. What I'm looking for -

REED: (CUTS) Are the folks who were in the Mikkelson place that night who might be really hard up, is that it?

SID: That's it exactly -

REED: I'll tell you a funny thing. The fellow who's most hard up around here - at least he thinks he is - is a fellow who can't wait til Spring. (CHUCKLES) You know how young ones get once they want to get married. Well, Clem he come in here week before last. He wanted a loan-

SID: Clem who?

REED: Clem English. He comes from the East. Maine I think. Well he wants to get married to some girl, wouldn't say who. But he had no assets to put up for a loan. So I said, "Clem, you got to have something to put up against a loan." And he just looked at me - he was sitting right where you are now, right in that chair -Mr. Reed, he says - I brought my assets with me. So I looked around and couldn't see a thing -

SID: (TRYING TO GET OUT) Mr. Reed, thanks very much but -

REED: I know he ain't on your list, Mr. Hooper but just listen to the end of this story. You'll like it.

SID: Mr. Reed, I have to -

REED: (GOES RIGHT ON) Clem, I said - what assets are you talking about? I don't see nothing tangible here except you...But Mr. Reed, he says - that's my assets, the only assets I got. Me! Folks promised me work in the Spring. But I want to get married now. Why won't you lend me some money against myself? (CHUCKLES) Ain't that one of the funniest things you ever heard, Mr. Hooper?!

SIS:Thanks Mr. Reed...Thank you very much....Now I've got to go...

(MUSIC: _ _ ACCENT, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: As you walk out of the bank building you keep thinking about this boy Clem English...about his innocence and about the thoughts in his mind when he left that very same building some weeks ago, wondering why it was wrong to ask for a loan on his strength and his youth and his desire for marriage and a home...You're still thinking about him, Sydney Hooper, when you ring Roy Dixon's bell....

(MUSIC: -- CUT)

(BELL RINGS.....DOOR OPENS)

ROY: I'm just going out. What do you want?

SID: MY name's Hooper, Mr. Dixon. I'm from the Fargo Forum. I wanted to ask you a couple of questions, if you don't mind, about -

ROY: ^(DOOR SHUT)
You can't come in.
I'm in a hurry. I told the Sheriff everything he wanted to know.

SID: What were you doing at the Mikkelson's, Mr. Dixon?

ROY: Went to buy a sack of tobacco -

SID: Fifteen miles away?! You went 15 miles each way just for a sack of tobacco?!

ROY: I don't have to answer your questions or anybody else's!
Understand?!

(HEAVY CLUMP OF STEPS DOWN FRONT STEPS AND CRUNCH
AWAY IN THE SNOW)

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH)

NARR: You've forgotten about the banker's story in the sudden rush of anger which seemed to lie behind Roy Dixon's words ...It takes you a moment or two to realize how cold it is out there on the front porch and you're just about to turn away when you hear the door click open behind you...

(CLICK OF DOOR OPENING)

MILD: (LOW) Mister -

SID: Uh?

MILD: Mister, quick! Step inside! I got something to say to you!

(STEP OR TWO..DOOR SHUT)

SID: You're -

MILD: I'm his daughter! Mister, he was lying to you! He lied to the Sheriff and he was lying to you!

SID: Now wait a second..That's your father you're talking about, you know -

MILD: I know. Mister, you don't understand!

SID: He was lying about what?

MILD: When he said he went to the Mikkelson's for a sack of tobacco. That wasn't it at all! He went to borrow money and they wouldn't lend it to him!

SID: (BEAT..THEN) How- do you know?

MILD: When - when he came home that night, he was upset. He - slapped me in the face! Now he's lying! I-I don't know if -he did it or not but he's lying!

SID: Why are you - telling me this, Miss Dixon?

MILD: (BEAT..THEN) Because - he's got no right to slap - me... He's - got no right to interfere in my life in - other ways..

SID: ...Do you know where he ^{just} went?

MILD: No..He - said he'd be back by - dinner time -

SID: In about two hours, eh?

MILD: Yes -

SID: Miss Dixon, would you mind not saying anything to him about what - you just told me?

MILD: ..No..

SID: I'll - be back around dinner time with - the Sheriff....

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT...DOWN)

(CAR IN MOTION)

SID: That's the Dixon place right there, Sheriff....

SHER. Yeah - I know

(CAR TO STOP...MOTOR OFF...DOOR OPENED AND SHUT....
STEPS ACROSS SNOW...UP THE PORCH STEPS...OUT TO
DOORBELL....RING AGAIN..THEN DOOR OPENED)

MILD: (FEARFUL) (LOW) Come in..He's - he's upstairs..
(FEW STEPS AND DOOR SHUT)

SID: (LOW) Mildred, this is the Sheriff -

MILD: How - how are you, Sheriff?

SHER: You haven't told him we'd be here, did you?

MILD: No..

SID: Who's that sitting there?

MILD: Clem, Clem English. He - I was scared of what - might
happen. I asked him to - come over..

SID: He's - your boy-friend?

MILD: I - yes..Pa -he doesn't like him.

CLEM: (FADING IN) Who is it, Mildred?... (SLIGHT TAKE) Oh..

MILD: This - this is Clem..Clem, this is - Mr. Hooper from the
paper. And - the Sheriff -

SHER: Mildred, I think maybe you'd better call your father down.
We'd like to talk with him -

ROY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) What is it you want to see me about?

MILDRED: (SLIGHTLY TAKE) Pa!

ROY: What's the meaning of this? What are you all doing here?

SHER: A couple of questions we'd like to ask you, Mr. Dixon -

ROY: I've answered all the questions I have to...

SHER: I'm sorry - but we've got some information that some of your
answers don't stack up, Roy. We'd like to give you a
chance to clear a couple things up -

ROY: What information? I don't know what you're driving at. I told you all I knew when you came around here last. I went to the Mikkelson's to get a sack of tobacco. I -

SID: Not according to what your daughter told us, Mr. Dixon. She said you went there to get a loan. They turned you down -

ROY: Mildred..you - talked to them about...family matters?

MILD: You can look at me like that all you want but you can't scare me! Not any more! When you hit me you showed you didn't care about me at all! And the way you've carried on about Clem! You went to the Mikkelson's for a loan! They wouldn't give it to you! You hated them! That's the truth. ~~But~~...

ROY: What if it is the truth!? If a man's without a job and he has to take his pride in his hand and go- scraping for a loan just to live on for a while...is that a crime? Does it mean the whole town has to know about it? Mildred, what are you trying to say? What's the meaning of this?!

SHER: Nobody's accusing you of anything, Roy...not yet...It's... just that Millie's story shows that if - you wanted to kill the Mikkelsons you'd have had good reason, that's all...

ROY: Millie! Is...is that what you think of me?!

MILD: Pa...Pa, I ... I don't know. I ...only told them what I knew!

ROY: Is that how little you know about me? Do you really think I could have done a... a thing like that? Millie!

MILD: Pa, I....I don't know...Pa, why...did you hit me?

SHER: You'd better come along with us, Roy....For the time being.

(SLIGHT PAUSE...THEN)

ROY: All right, Sheriff...

MILD: (LOW WEEPING)

(FEW STEPS...FRONT DOOR OPENED...THEN)

CLEM: (LOW, ALMOST LIFELESS) *A* Better..shut the door....

SHER: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Did you say something, Clem?

CLEM: Better shut the door, Sheriff...Mr. Dixon, he had nothing to do with it...

(SLIGHT PAUSE...THEN)

(DOOR SHUT...STEPS IN SLOWLY AND OUT TO)

SYD: How...do you know, Clem?

CLEM: I...I got no reason to like - him much....He's ... never liked me. But I can't .. keep it in no longer.

MILD: Clem....

CLEM: Don't try to stop me, Millie...It's...better this way... Let me...say it while I can...

SHER: Say...what, Clem?

CLEM: I...killed the Mikkelson's and...burned up the place.

MILD: No. Don't let him say that! He's only saying that to keep the shame off me. Clem..

CLEM: (RISING ANGER AND IRRITATION) Millie, stop interferring. It's...hard enough without your interferring. Sheriff, I confess...I confess...

SID: Why did you do it, Clem? Why?

CLEM: To get some money...to get married on...

MILD: Don't believe him. If it were true, he'd have some money but he hasn't got any. He told me himself. He hasn't got any money.

CLEM: (RISING BITTERNESS) It's true. It's true. I got there around a quarter to twelve. (FAST) Nobody was ~~there~~ *around!* I just went in and shot them. I took the kettle off the stove, filled it with gasoline, poured it over the place and set it on fire! I thought there'd be enough money to get married on but...but.

SID: How much money did you get, Clem?
CLEM: Here...Here's all I got from them..(ALMOST WEEPING) Five..
single dollar bills...Five..single dollar bills...
MILD: (WEEPING) Oh, Pa..pa...Hold me tight, Pa...Tight!
ROY: There, there, Millie...
SID: But...why didn't you just - hold them up, Clem? Why..did
you have to kill them?
CLEM: Because I knew they wouldn't have lent me any money, just
like they didn't lend him any. Because everywhere I'd gone
in this town, everybody told me to wait...till Spring. I
wanted a job and they told me to wait till Spring. I wanted
to get married, I wanted a home of my own and they told me
to wait till Spring! Don't you understand. It...got so I
stopped believing Spring would ever come...for me...It got
so I...just had to go out and get it...And I got it..five
- single - dollar - bills....

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Sydney
Hooper, of the Fargo North Dakota Forum, with the final
outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #225

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 Sydney Hooper of the Fargo North Dakota Forum.

SID: Murderer in tonight's Big Story made no effort to deny his confession at a trial which lasted exactly fifteen minutes. He pleaded guilty and was sentenced to life imprisonment. In another fifteen minutes he was on his way to the North Dakota penitentiary. ~~The boy wept only when it was all over.~~ My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Hooper...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 Cleveland, Ohio Press, by-line Bus Bergen. A BIG STORY of a reporter who had forty minutes to meet a deadline --- and wrap up a murder.

(MUSIC: STING)

CHAPPELL: And remember, every week you can see "The Door With No Name" 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 Fargo North Dakota Forum. Your narrator was Rob Sloan, ~~and~~ Bruce Gordon played the part of Sidney Hooper. 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. Hooper.

(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 #226

CAST

NARRATOR

MENTLE

MRS. LASSITER

DCG

BERGEN

~~BETRIE~~ *Peters*

DOCTOR

WYLIE

SERGEANT

PHILIP

ALLEN

BOB SLOAN

KATHLEEN HIDDAY

KATHLEEN HIDDAY

BRAD BARKER

MAT POLEN

MEL RUICK

MEL RUICK

LES DANCE

PHIL STERLING

LARRY ROBINSON

COURT BENSON

WEDNESDAY JULY 25, 1951

ATX01 0172677

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#226

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

JULY 25, 1951

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE AND UNDER)

MYRTLE: (COMING ON) Edward, what are you doing here? The Judge said....

^{us}
~~PETRIE:~~ I know what the Judge said, but I'm still your husband.

MYRTLE: What ^{do you want here?} ~~are you doing with that picture? You're stealing~~

~~it! Right off the wall!~~
^{ers}
~~PETRIE:~~ ^{I came for my painting.} It's mine, I bought it! ~~I'm taking it with me!~~

MYRTLE: ~~Oh no...no!~~ The Judge said you couldn't come here.

^{ers}
~~PETRIE:~~ Myrtle, I'm warning you...don't make a scene.

MYRTLE: ^{said you touch that painting.} ~~You give me back that picture... (EFFORT) Now...~~

^{ers}
~~PETRIE:~~ ~~Let go...let go of me....~~ ^{Get out of my way.}

MYRTLE: ~~I know you, Edward Petrie.... (TUGGING)~~ ^{Can't you touch that painting.}

^{ers}
~~PETRIE:~~ (TUGGING) Myrtle...

MYRTLE: ~~I know you. And now you're a thief..~~

^{ers}
~~PETRIE:~~ ^{Let go of me I warned you.} ~~I warned you Myrtle... (EFFORT)~~

(THUD AND RATTLE OF PAPER BAG)

MYRTLE: (SCREAMS) My eyes...my eyes....(COUGHS, CHOKING) What did you do to me....Edward...(CHOKING SCREAM)

(MUSIC: ECHO AND UNDER)

ATX01 0172678

- 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) Cleveland, Ohio. From the pages of the
Cleveland Press the story of a reporter who had forty
minutes to meet a deadline...and wrap up a murder!
Tonight, to Bus Bergen of the Cleveland Press, for his
Big Story, goes the PELL MELL AWARD!

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0172679

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM # 225

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!

CHAPPELL: Cleveland, Ohio. The story as it actually happened ---
Bus Bergen's story as he lived it!

(MUSIC: -- THEME)

NARR: You ~~were~~ ^{are} on the Criminal Court beat in July, Bus Bergen,
reporter for the Cleveland Press. It's hot work pounding
the grimy marble floors; sifting the routine violence
and misery back through the phone to the bored rewrite
man at the Press. When the time comes to check back at
the office, you hoist your tired feet on your desk and
kill a half-hour checking the early editions to see if
they spelled the names right in your stories! But today
you only get as far as the box scores on the front page...

(SNEAK IN CITY ROOM BG UNDER ABOVE)

WYLIE: (OFF) Bergen...Bergen!

BERGEN: Yo!

WYLIE: (COMING ON) Hey, Bus...get your heels on the floor.

BERGEN: And have the blood rush ~~back to~~ ^{cut at} my head? Not on your life.

WYLIE: Got a call in from Lakewood. Fight between a husband and
wife.

BERGEN: May tne best man win!

WYLIE: It's a good address, may be a story in it.

BERGEN: Aw, hey, Wylie! I put in a hot day chasing bail bond
runners.

WYLIE: Come on...Come on. Up. We've got forty minutes 'til
the Stox edition. You grab a company car and get out
there!

BERGEN: (EFFORT) Ooooooh, when are they going to get wall-to-wall carpeting at the Courthouse!

WYLIE: Come on, move. This isn't a hand-set weekly, you've got forty minutes to deadline! Got out there and wrap it up!

(MUSIC: _ UP_TO...))

NARR: Forty minutes to the stock edition. Forty minutes and they lock up the forms and the presses roll with the Dow-Jones closing stock averages and the ball scores complete to the top of the third! You grab a company coupe and push it out to the manicured-lawn neighborhood in Lakewood. *Also* There's a squad car parked in the gravel turnaround, and Sergeant Al Gorelik of the Lakewood Police is holding the forehead of a thin kid in a grey sweatshirt and corduroy pants. The kid is sick...good and sick!

BERGEN: How about it, Sergeant. I've got a half-hour to the stock edition!

SERGEANT: That's all I know, Bergen. Easy kid!

PHILIP: I'm all right now....I think!

BERGEN: What happened to the kid?

SERGEANT: He got a lungful...

PHILIP: I won't be able to go to class tonight. There's a test and I won't be able to go. Ooooh!

SERGEANT: All right, son.....I've got you.

BERGEN: You found the ~~wife~~ *Mrs. Peters*

PHILIP: She was lying there...and that awful smell...(STARTS COUGHING) How am I going to study for my test? I go to night school!

BERGEN: Sure...sure. Look, ~~I haven't got time.~~ There was a fight, right?

PHILIP: Mrs. ~~Petrie~~^{as} was shouting at Mr. ~~Petrie~~^{as},...and then she screamed and he came running out. Then I went in and....
(COUGHS) it smelled awful.

BERGEN: What smelled?

PHILIP: The gas....

BERGEN: Gas? What gas?

SERGEANT: Rat poison. It was all over the room. He had it in a paper bag. The crystal ~~broke~~ and gave off poison gas!

BERGEN: Where's Mrs. ~~Petrie~~^{as} now?

SERGEANT: Lakewood Hospital. Hey....where are you going?

BERGEN: To a telephone!

Sergeant: *Said you want to look at the house.*

BERGEN: (FADING SLIGHTLY) No time. I've got twenty-eight minutes to deadline.

(MUSIC: PUNCTUATE, UNDER)

NARR: Twenty-eight minutes to deadline. You haven't got time for color, for background, for explanations. Just the raw story in unshaded black and white poured back over the phone to The Press!

BERGEN: P as in ~~Peter~~^{Paul}. E...T...~~R...I...E~~^{e R S Petrus}. ~~Petrie~~ Manufacturer. You've seen his picture in the business section. Legally separated. ~~She catches him trying to swipe the paintings.~~
Fight...big fight. He tears out the door....A college kid Philip---one L, L...E...V...I...N, finds her out cold. Rat poison all over the room.

WYLIE: (FILTER) Okay...nice touch, rat poison!

BERGEN: I'm going over to the Hospital to check Mrs. Petrie.

WYLLIE: (FILTER) I'll hold the story for upcoming. You've got twenty-three minutes to dead-line!

(MUSIC: -- BRIEF PUNCTUATION)

NARR: Outside the hospital room there's the Sergeant on Guard. You pace as nervously as an expectant father. You can almost hear the seconds ticking away to deadline!

BERGEN: Can't I even get a statement from you, Sergeant?

SERGEANT: What do you want me to tell you...I'm no Doctor!

MRS. LASS: (COMING ON) They won't ^{even} let me see her ~~either~~. My own flesh and blood.

BERGEN: You're related to Mrs. ^{Las} ~~Petrie~~?

MRS. LASS: She's my sister. I'm Emily Lassitor from Painsville.

BERGEN: Two S's in Lassitor?

MRS. LASS: I warned Myrtle, right in her own living room I told her a man that would do the things Edward ^{Las} ~~Petrie~~ did had evil written right on his forehead in letters of fire! I warned her right in her own living room! Myrtle, I said...

BERGEN: What things did ^{Las} ~~Petrie~~ do?

MRS. LASS: Other women! ^{she was always running around}

BERGEN: ~~My husband~~.

(DOOR OPEN OFF)

BERGEN: Excuse me.....Doctor...

DOCTOR: (OFF) Yes?

BERGEN: I'm Bus Bergen of The Press. What's the story on that gas?

DOCTOR: It was a patent rat poison, she had crystals on her neck and face when they brought her in.

BERGEN: That did it, huh?

DOCTOR: I've seen gas cases before as Police Surgeon, in my opinion there must have been enough loose to fumigate the whole house.

BERGEN: Can I talk to her now?

DOCTOR: Talk to her? That was Cyanide gas. She's dead!

(MUSIC: -- PUNCTUATE)

(PHONE BUZZ ON LINE...PICKED UP)

WYLIE: (FILTER) Wylie, rewrite.

BERGEN: Bergen. ^{his Petrie} ~~she~~ died four minutes ago, Cyanide gas. Got that, Wylie?

WYLIE: (FILTER) Right...wrap it up and you're on the front page.

BERGEN: What do you mean, wrap it up? What more do you want?

WYLIE: A lead on the killer. And if you got me Petrie's ^{his} arrest I'll hold deadline.

BERGEN: Listen, he could be halfway out in Lake Erie swimming for Canada by now!

WYLIE: A poor workman blames his tools...

BERGEN: Why you...

WYLIE: Come on, Bus, tie it all up in a pretty pink package. You've got fifteen minutes!

~~(MUSIC: -- PUNCTUATE UNDER)~~

NARR: Fifteen minutes to find a killer in the city of Cleveland.. plus suburbs! They want a miracle in time for the Stox edition, and then you see that miracle walking down the hospital corridor....

~~(SNEAK ON SLOW FOOTSTEPS ON MARBLE)~~

BERGEN: (LOW) Wylie....hold the line.

WYLIE: (FILTER) You kidding? Bus....got moving...
BERGEN: Hold the line, Wylie, and get a photographer out here!
WYLIE: Where?
BERGEN: City Hospital.
WYLIE: You crazy? We can't run pictures of the stiff!
BERGEN: I know, but you can run pictures of her husband... *been coming down the hall now.*
(VERY LOW) Hold the line...

(PHONE BOOTH OPENS)

~~PETRIE: (HALF OFF) Excuse me, can you help me?~~

BERGEN: ~~Sure, sure, I can help you.~~

PETRIE: (COMING ON) *Yes* I'm Edward Petrie *is*

BERGEN: Yeah, I've seen your picture.

PETRIE: Oh? I'm looking for room 304.

BERGEN: 304? Right around the corner. You looking for someone special?

PETRIE: My wife. I...I called the house and they told me she'd had a slight accident.

BERGEN: They told you?

PETRIE: Yes, I thought I'd drop over and...well, thank you very much.

BERGEN: Tell me about that slight accident?

PETRIE: I beg your pardon?

BERGEN: I'm Bus Bergen of The Cleveland Press.

PETRIE: A reporter? I'm sure The Press wouldn't be interested in a minor household accident.

BERGEN: You don't want to make a statement?

PETRIE: I employ a public relations counsel who handles all my contact with the press. If you'll excuse me...

BERGEN: Oh, no, Mr. Petrie...^{his}this is one story that we can't run from a mimeographed handout.

PETRIE: What are you talking about?

BERGEN: Rat poison...cyanide gas!

PETRIE: Are you crazy....get out of my way, young man. I want to see my wife.

BERGEN: She'll wait, Mr. Petrie.^{his}

SERGEANT: (OFF) There he is....Petrie!^{his}
(RUNNING STEPS COMING ON)

PETRIE: What is this....what's going on?

PETRIE: Sergeant, I insist on knowing what....

SERGEANT: You're Edward Petrie?^{his}

PETRIE: Of course I'm Edward Petrie!^{his}

SERGEANT: You want to make a statement about what happened at your house this afternoon?

PETRIE: Oh...oh, of course. There was a...an argument between my wife and myself. I....I hit her with a bag of rat poison and took my paintings!

BERGEN: Let me at that phone, Sergeant...

SERGEANT: (FADE) All right, Petrie...^{his}I'm arresting you for the murder of Myrtle Petrie!^{his}
(PHONE BOOTH SHUTS, CUTTING OFF SERGEANT)

BERGEN: Wylie...you still there?

WYLIE: (FILTER) What's going on?

BERGEN: Shut up and take this. (FAST) Lakewood Police Sergeant Al Gorelik arrested Edward Petrie for the murder of his wife Myrtle, at City Hospital outside the room in which the victim's body lay.

WYLIE: You stringing me?

BERGEN: He came waltzing in here like a cat eating canary pie. It's a lead pipe cinch, Wylie. He's been out playing the field, had a fight with his wife and slugged her with the rat poison, then figured he could beat the rap by hollering accident. This one is cold turkey, open and shut all the way! Wrapped up for the Sox in forty minutes!

(MUSIC: _ _ STAB: UNDER NARRATION...)

NARR: Let the morning paper have the trimmings, you've got the break story and that's what counts. You worked fast, but sometimes it can be too fast. Sometimes you chase a headline down the road so fast you overlook the small tell-tale signs that shout a warning to the reporter... slow up...take a second look...think! With a deadline hanging over you, you wrap up a story in a neat quick package, and when you tear off the pretty ribbon and the party wrapping, the story isn't there at all.

(MUSIC: _ _ TO TAG)

(MUSIC: _ _ TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM # 226

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 now back to*

HARRICE: ~~This is by Harrice returning you to~~ your Narrator and the Big Story of Bus Bergen as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: You nailed the headline down, Bus Bergen. "Charge Industrialist with Poison Slaying of Lakewood Wife." The "who, what, where, when and how" of the lead paragraph is complete, and now you can take your time. This was open and shut, cardboard characters on a black and white setting...and now you want to fill in the greys.

(CELL DOOR OPENS)

(SLIGHT OVER ALL ECHO)

SERGEANT: I can give you five minutes, Mr. Bergen.

BERGEN: Thanks, Sergeant.

(CELL DOOR CLOSES)

BERGEN: Good evening, Mr. Petrie. *his*

PETRIE: Huh...oh, you're the reporter, aren't you?

BERGEN: I thought maybe you might have a statement to make.

PETRIE: I saw your article, Bergen. You've got it all wrong. You're making a terrible mistake.

BERGEN: I quoted the district attorney, the Coroner, and your own confession.

PETRIE: ~~That wasn't a confession...~~ you don't understand.

BERGEN: "I hit her with a bag of rat poison and took my paintings! What do you call it?"

PETRIE: But I meant...never mind.

BERGEN: Look, Mr. Petrie. *his* This is your chance to tell your side of the story.

PETRIE: I'm afraid I'd better tell my side of the story in court, Mr. Bergen.

BERGEN: You want to cooperate, don't you? You want a break in the paper?

PETRIE: Mr. Bergen, this whole affair is a gross misunderstanding. I have a very expensive and competent lawyer on retainer, and I think he is best qualified to look after my interests!

BERGEN: Look, ~~Mr. Petrie~~^{Mr.}, let me give you a friendly tip. This is a big story. The wire services have it already. You'll probably be in jail for several months before the trial is over, and we'll have to keep your case₂ live all that time.

PETRIE: Isn't that your problem?

BERGEN: Sure. Every paper in town will have to have angles on you. You know what angles mean? How did you get along with your wife? Details on your business. There are reporters around who won't stop there.....They'll dig up scandal...other women...gossip. Nobody wants that. This is your chance to give me the straight story!

PETRIE: My lawyers are Delehanty and Cole...they'll issue any statements. That's all, Mr. Bergen. Goodbye!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP TO)

NARR: You've covered a hundred murders. You've seen killers you liked, and some you pitied, and some you were indifferent to, but this one you hate,

BERGEN: I tell you, Wylie, he got my goat. In a cell, a first degree rap on him on three counts. Premeditated... Murder in commission of a burglary...and murder by cyanide gas! And he's cool as peeled cucumber. "I've got expensive lawyers"....,I'll bet he has.

WYLIE: You got a follow-up color piece, Bus?

BERGEN: No yet. I've seen 'em before, Wylie. A murderer who thinks he can buy an acquittal with a blank check!

(MUSIC: -- -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You had forty minutes to wrap up this story, and now you go back to pick up the pieces. Painfully over the next two weeks you reconstruct the life of Edward and Myrtle Petrie. From the flat stereotype of the headlines you see a man emerge in three dimensions!

(MUSIC: -- -- PUNCTUATE)

BERGEN: You heard them fighting, Philip?

PHILIP: Sure, Mr. Bergen. I was waiting for the bus. I go to night school at Western Reserve. I used to work for Mr. Petrie^{er} at the house...trimming the hedge and stuff. You know, it was a funny thing after they were separated I used to see him standing across the street. Didn't go in...sometimes he'd wait 'til it was dark. He didn't look mad at all. Just kind of sad like he wished it hadn't happened.

(MUSIC: -- -- PUNCTUATE)

BERGEN: You warned your sister against her husband, Mrs. Lassiter?

MRS. LASSITER: I never trusted Edward, Mr. Bergen. I told Myrtle she should listen to her sister. But she was dazzled. Blinded by the wealth of evil. Beware of Greeks bearing gifts, I always told her. I never trusted him after he paid for my husband's kidneys...why should he pay for his operation? That's what I told my husband...just trying to make us beholden to him. I just don't trust a man like that!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ PUNCTUATE)_

BERGEN: Sergeant, I promise you it's off the record.

SERGEANT: Look, Bergen, you can't break this 'til it comes out in the trial, but the wife had a private operator tailing ^{his} ~~Petrie~~ for ten years. They were looking for divorce evidence. But you know, it's a funny thing. He had five hundred thousand in Insurance, and even after the separation he kept it in her name.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ PUNCTUATE)

NARR: Slowly the picture fills in. It ~~was~~ open and shut, but now you see the complications fogging your nice clear story. You write the background, you illustrate it

with pictures of ~~his~~ ^{his} country place. You listen as Wylie reads it.

WYLIE: What a lay out. Arabian horses, swimming pool, a shooting gallery, and a concrete bomb shelter.

"Millionaire's bomb shelter won't save him now!" That's an angle.

Bergen: In trial of my las Wylie. How about people?

WYLIE: What's the matter, Bus? Feeling sorry for the guy?

BERGEN: No, you can't feel sorry for him, he's too calm, too cool. He sits in that jail and runs his business from a cell. He won't talk to me or any other reporter, and his lawyer just brushes lint off a two hundred dollar suit and clears his throat!

WYLIE: Then what's eating you? You're writing nice and ~~tasty~~ ^{tasty} but your heart ain't in it.

BERGEN: It's getting mixed up Wylie. I thought I had it clear, but the whole pictures getting foggy.

WYLIE: Cheer up, the trial goes on tomorrow and you can nail Petrie to the wall. That's what you want, isn't it?

BERGEN: Sure..sure..that's what I want! *Wylie is going down to the jail to talk to Peter's lawyer.*

~~(MUSIC: UP, UNDER NARR)~~

NARR: ~~The trial begins, and you take your place at the Press table with the boys from the locals and the wire service men. You watch Edward Petrie across the courtroom. You want to see it clearly, you want to know the answer, but now you're not sure. Day by day the State builds the perfect case.~~

PHILIP: They were fighting, I could ~~hear them out~~ on the front lawn...

SERGEANT: He told me "I hit her with a bag of rat poison and took my paintings." He signed that statement.

BIG STORY 7/25/51

-15A-

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER)

(CELL DOOR OPENS)

SERGEANT: Okay Bergen...usual fivo.

BERGEN: Thanks Sergeant.

(CELL DOOR CLOSE)

BERGEN: Good morning, Mr. Peters. (PAUSE) Okay...okay.
Maybe I've got this coming.

PETERS: My attorney has shown me your articles, Mr. Bergen. He
advises me that unfortunately I have no legal recourse
against them.

BERGEN: Yeah...we've got a good lawyer too. I want to talk to
you, Mr. Peters. I was on this case from the beginning.
They pinned a medal on me down in the city room for
wrapping it all up in forty minutes. But I think maybe
I'd have done better to run out of dimes before I
phoned in the story.

PETERS: I don't know what you mean Mr. Bergen...and I'm not
interested.

BERGEN: Maybe you should be. I've been talking to people about
you. That ^{havin} Phillips kid ^{next door} your sister-in-law.

PETERS: I'm not interested in what ^{She} Myrtle has to say.

BERGEN: Sure...she hates your insides...but she told me you paid
for her husband's operation. He works at your plant,
doesn't he? And the State Employment Service told me
you've hired parolees to give 'em a break.

PETERS: My business practice is my own concern.

BERGEN: Yeah...but it interests me. Mr. Peters...on the outside
you're a stuffed shirt. I would have seen you executed
cheerfully. But maybe that stuffing isn't all hay. Your
wife is dead...

ATX01 0172695

PETERS: Please, Mr. Bergen...

BERGEN: You still loved her, didn't you .. even after the separation. You've still got your insurance under her name. You voluntarily doubled the amount awarded her by the court.

PETERS: I protest, Mr. Bergen, my private life is my own affair.

BERGEN: You're stubborn, aren't you? You're stuffy...and you're stubborn, but you've got something underneath.

PETERS: I'm not interested in your opinions of me.

BERGEN: I don't blame you. But I have to live ^{with} myself. I'll see you in the courtroom, Mr. Peters.

(MUSIC: - - - UP: UNDER NARR)

NARR: The trial begins, and you take your place at the Press table with the boys from the locals and the wire service men. You watch Edward Peters across the courtroom. On the surface he is arrogant, assured, and yet you know he is more than that. You look beneath the surface now to see a man. But day by day the State builds the perfect case.

PHILIP: They were fighting, I could hear them way out on the front lawn..there were some screams and then he came running out.

SERGEANT: At the time of the arrest he told me "I hit her with a bag of rat poison and took my paintings." He signed that statement down at the station house when we booked him.

DOCTOR: In my opinion there must have been enough cyanide gas liberated to fumigate a three story house.

(MUSIC: - - - PUNCTUATION. UNDER)

NARR: In an unused jury room the long table is crowded with temporary phones. The trial is in its closing days when you sneak out to file a story.

BERGEN: Hello, Wylie...

WYLIE: (FILTER) Go ahead, Bus, shoot!

BERGEN: Defense witnesses are claiming the whole rat poison business was an accident. ^{his} Petrie said he was taking it out to his country place. Claims he only bought it to kill some rats in his cellar. They claim Mrs. Petrie^{his} died of a heart attack. If they could prove that she wasn't actually killed by the gas, Petrie^{his} might beat this!

WYLIE: Can they prove it?

BERGEN: They haven't a chance. The jury can practically smell that rat poison in the courtroom. The Police Sergeant's testimony nailed the lid on the coffin.

WYLIE: Good...good. Is there a recess now?

BERGEN: No. That Lassiter woman's on the stand.

WYLIE: Yeah...I see it coming in on the service ticker.

BERGEN: Wylie...I'm going out to Petrie's^{his} house.

WYLIE: Now, are you crazy?

BERGEN: I'm worried. I ran through this story like a knife through butter. It was too fast, Wylie.

WYLIE: What are you worried about? Get back in that courtroom.
We need your eye-witness stuff.

BERGEN: Send another boy, Wylie. I'm going to start all over
and cover this story right.

WYLIE: You're crazy...you're covering the trial!

BERGEN: Use the ticker....That's a man sitting across the
courtroom...I thought he was a headline. ~~Bye, Wylie.~~

WYLIE: Bergen... ~~Bus.~~...you're nuts. Get back in that courtroom,

are you there
Bus... ~~where are you?~~
Wylie Wylie
~~(LINE CLICKED)~~

~~Bus... the B gone crazy... BUS!~~

~~(QUICK CLICKS)~~

(MUSIC: UP OVER... UNDER NARR)

NARR: You push the company coupe out to Lakewood. This may
cost your job, but this time you're going to cover it
right. You're going to get the story of people...not
headlines in black and white. Out at the ~~Pete's~~ ^{his} house
you find Philip Levin on the lawn playing with a brown
and white cocker spaniel.

(DOG BARKING ON)

PHILIP: Go on...get the ball...get the ball...uhhh!

(DOG RUNS OFF YIPPING QUICKLY)

BERGEN: Hello, Philip.

PHILIP: Hi, Mr. Bergen. I saw you at court.

BERGEN: Yeah. I want to talk to you, Philip.

PHILIP: But I already...

BERGEN: I know. But this time I want to take it easy. You said you used to see Mr. Petrie ^{his} standing across the street at night?

PHILIP: Sure. Lots of times.

BERGEN: After the separation?

PHILIP: Yeah. Funny, isn't it?

(DOG COMES BACK ON YIPPING EXCITEDLY)

That's a girl, nice Trudi. Give me the ball..(THROWS)

(DOG FADES QUICKLY)

BERGEN: Did he look mad?

PHILIP: Mr. Petrie ^{his}? Oh no. You know, Mr. Bergen...I don't think Mr. Petrie ^{his} wanted that separation.

BERGEN: No?

PHILIP: I think he still loved her.

(DOG COMES ON YIPPING)

BERGEN: Nice cocker spaniel. Your dog? ^{his}

PHILIP: Trudi? Oh no, she was Mrs. Petrie ^{his}'s. I'm taking care of her. Down girl...

BERGEN: You'd think the dog would know..I mean she's happy...hey get off my pants.

PHILIP: Oh, she knows...you should have seen her the day of the murder. Growling and snapping!

BERGEN: Took it hard, huh?

PHILIP: Sure. The policeman couldn't get her away from Mrs. Petrie ^{his}...Trudi wouldn't let them close enough to even touch her.

BERGEN: The dog was in the house?

PHILIP: Sure. She was in the house all the time. Weren't you, Trudi?

(DOG BARKS)

BERGEN: That dog was in the room all the time? And she's still alive isn't she? You're alive, aren't you, Trudi?

(DOG BARKS HAPPILY)

I ran right over it. I thought I had the story nailed down in forty minutes and I missed it by a mile. *Come out Trudi, you coming with me*
Philip come on.

PHILIP: *What is it, Mr. Bergen?*

BERGEN: ~~You and~~ Trudi and I are going for a ride!

(MUSIC: ... UP TO)

(LIGHT CROWD MUTTER)

WYLIE: Bus, you crazy? You can't smuggle a dog into ~~the~~ *that* courtroom.

BERGEN: I've got him this far, haven't I, Wylie?

(DOG WHIMPERS)

Shhh...quiet Trudi! You want to be held in contempt?

(DOG SMALL YIP)

WYLIE: There's the Defense Attorney, go ahead, Bus, make your pitch!

BERGEN: (PROJECT) Mr. Allen...Mr. Allen...

ALLEN: (OFF) ~~He's...~~ *Oh my Oh my honey*

BERGEN: Mr. Allen...it's *very* important...

ALLEN: (COMING ON) I'm very busy...court reconvenes in five minutes...wait a minute...you're that man from the Press, aren't you?

(MORE)

B ROEN: This'll only take a...sht, Trudi.

(TRUDI HISS KIPPED)

ALLEN: Is that a dog under your coat?

BERGEN: It's your star witness. Trudi was in the room when
Mrs. Petrie ^{was} got her lungful of gas.

ALLEN: You sure about that?

BERGEN: I can get you the witnesses. State claims there was
enough cyanide loose to kill Mrs. Petrie. ^{was} Trudi
only weighs about ten pounds. If the State is right
she should be cold as aackerel...

(TRUDI BARKS)

ALLEN: Then Mrs. Petrie ^{was} couldn't have died from the cyanide!

BERGEN: This is the evidence you need to prove she died of a
heart attack.

ALLEN: Bergen...you keep that dog right here. I'm going in
to rove for an adjournment. This is all we need.

(FADES)

And don't lose that dog!

(TRUDI HIPS)

WYLIE: Is this sure, Bus?

BERGEN: I checked with the state Toxicologist. They can't
convict now.

WYLIE: Why didn't that cop mention the dog on the stand?

BERGEN: I asked him. He said, "Nobody ast me." They would
have convicted an innocent man.

WYLIE: I thought you didn't like Petrie? ^{was}

(NONE)

BERGEN: I didn't, that's what threw me off. I rushed that story through in forty minutes, I let myself be fooled by my own neat black and white headlines. I didn't have time to find out what really happened. But I can sure write this story now, Lylic. The whole story...and Trudi, we'll illustrate it with your picture on page one.

(DOG BARKS EXCITEDLY)

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TIT) --

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Gus Bergen of the Cleveland Press with the final outcome of Tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- SURTABLE) --

(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 Dus Bergen of the Cleveland Press.

BERGEN: When Defense Attorney introduced evidence of small dog that survived the gas, experts testified it would be impossible for gas to have been the cause of death. There was no evidence to prove premeditation. Jury brought in verdict of Not-Guilty. Edward Petrie was released and returned to his manufacturing business. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Bergen...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.

~~HERALD:~~ Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY...A Big Story from the front pages of the Long Island N. Y. Daily Press by-line Jack E. Sutphin. A BIG STORY of a troubled woman's search for ~~excitement~~ *and a reporter's hunt for the man who helped her find the ultimate in excitement & death!*

(MUSIC: STING)

CHAPPELL: And remember, every week you can see "The Door With No Name" 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 pages of the Cleveland Ohio Press. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Nat Polen played the part of Bus Bergen. 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. Bergen.

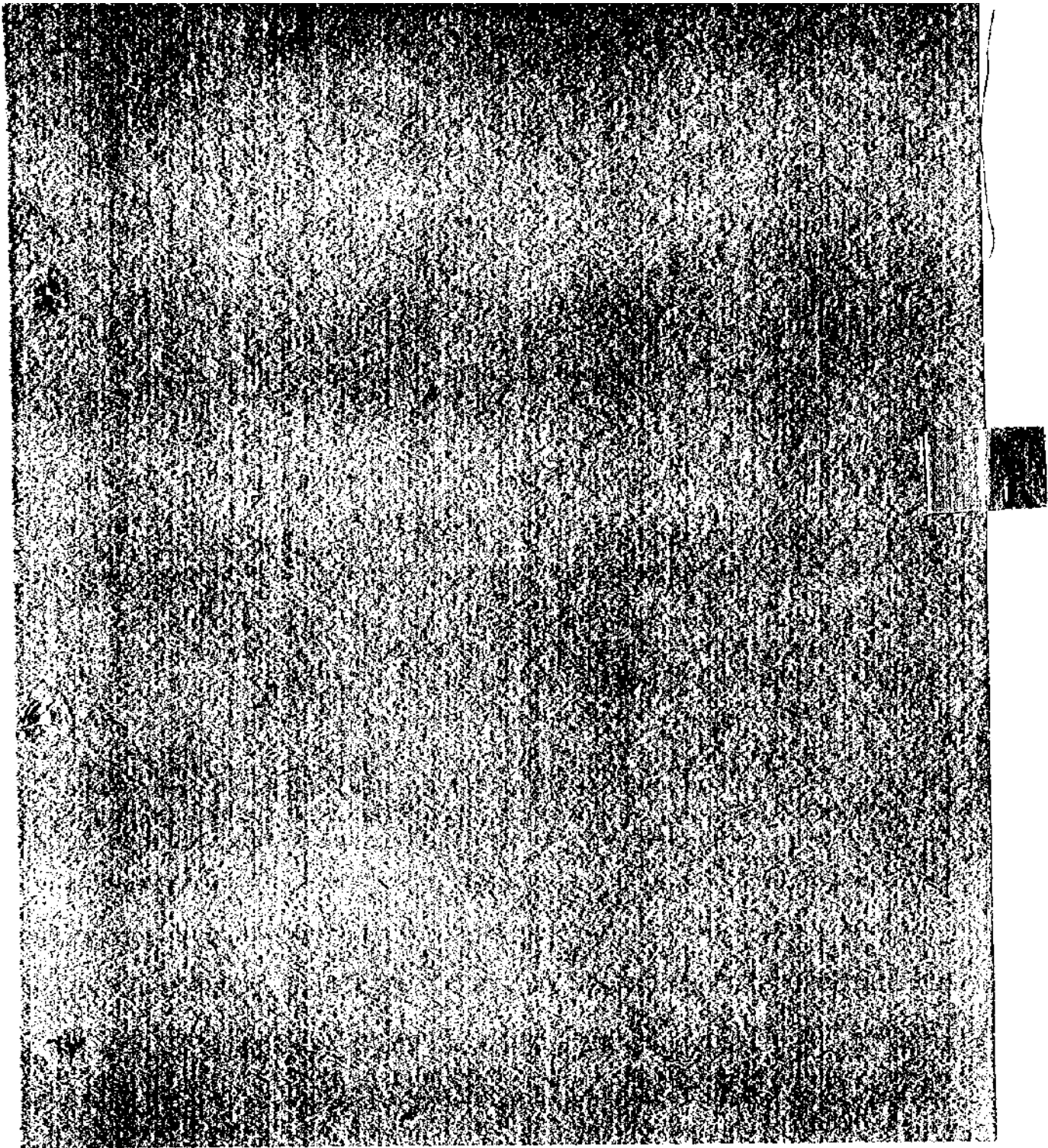
(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

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

(PAUSE)

In Kansas, Illinois and Missouri, flood waters still rage - plunging thousands of Americans into personal disaster. They need your help. Five million dollars are needed - five times the amount of money at hand. Give now to help them - through your local Chapter of the American Red Cross.

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



ATX01 0172706

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #227

CAST

NARRATOR
CATHERINE
FRAN
CARLSON
JACK
TOM
BAR III
ALFRED
BAR I
JIM
BAR II

BOB SLOANE
JOAN ALEXANDER
RUTH YORKE
PHIL STERLING
GEORGE PETRIE
JOE DE SANTIS
~~BOB POLAN~~ *Jack ...*
JIMMY LIPTON
BILL GRIFFIS
BILL GRIFFIS
HARRY DAVIS

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1951

ATX01 0172707

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#227

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

AUGUST 1, 1951

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: FANFARE.....OUT TO:)

(~~RADIO PLAYING OLD FAVORITE LIKE "RAMONA"~~)

FRANCES: (35, PEROXIDED BUT REALLY GENTLE) Honey, I - don't know..

CATH: (35, WOUND UP TO THE BREAKING POINT) Fran, please. Fran,
don't let me go out by myself.

FRAN: ~~But I've still got the dinner dishes to do.~~

CATH: ~~Look at me, Fran! Take a good look..~~

FRAN: ~~You - look good, Catherine... That dress sets you off swell.
But see - Tuesday night -~~

CATH: Just a few beers...(DESPERATE) Fran, it's my birthday -

FRAN: *Oh... I don't think so Cathy.*

CATH: Do you know what it's like living in a furnished room? ~~There is
nothing left of you when you live in a furnished room -
that's all!~~ Furnished rooms swallow people..they swallow
people alive! Fran, I don't want to be swallowed up!

FRAN: But - you've got a husband, Cathy - and a ~~child~~ ^{kid}

CATH: Fran, listen to me. I've got to get out..where there's some
noise and - excitement. Fran, I'm all wound up inside and
ready to go off - like - like a time bomb!

(MUSIC: UP)

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(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) Long Island, New York...From the pages of the Long
Island Daily Press, the story of a troubled woman's search
for ~~excitement~~ ^{the ultimate in excitement} and a reporter's hunt ~~for the man who~~
~~helped her find the ultimate in excitement~~ ^{for} death! Tonight
to Jack Sutphin of the Long Island Daily Press, 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 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)

CHAPPELL: Long Island, New York...The story as it actually happened.
Jack Sutphin's story as he lived it...

(MUSIC: -- -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: It's a Wednesday morning in August, the beginning of the dog days. You, Jack Sutphin - reporter for the Long Island Daily Press - are sitting in the photographer's shack down the street from Queens Police Headquarters... About a quarter to ten, the police radio comes alive. It's a "Signal 32", a routine call...directing all patrol cars in the vicinity of the Aqueduct Race Track to investigate the finding of a "white female". For you, Jack Sutphin, that's about as exciting as kissing a baby. So you go on with your card game...Fifteen minutes later you hear the voice of your friend, Detective Herman Carlson, responding...

CARLSON: (FIFTIES) (FILTER) Carlson, 106th reporting. On that Signal 32 - send an ambulance. Get the Homicide squad out here..(REPEATS) On that Signal 32, get an ambulance. Also the Homicide -

JACK: *All right* (RADIO TURNED OFF)
Game's over. Let's roll on it -

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

NARR: When you and your photographer reach the abandoned farm behind the race track, you realize you're in for something hotter than the weather. The police are as thick as crickets. Under a clump of bushes is a body, covered with a piece of canvas... (MORE)

NARR:
(CONT) Detective Herman Carlson pulls the cover back for you...
slowly...

JACK: (GRUNT) Umh..

CARLSON: Ain't pretty, is she?

JACK: No...But she used to be. Haven't seen red hair like that
in a long time...Too bad whoever killed her found it
necessary to spoil her head...

CARL: She was killed over there, on that dirt road...then
dragged over here, under the bushes. You can still see
the scuff marks of her shoes where she was pulled across
the road -

JACK: ...Who - is she?

CARL: Don't know...Here's her purse...Not much in it..

(MUSIC: --- IN WITH)

NARR: You empty the contents of her purse in your hand, Jack
Sutphin: a couple of bills, some silver, ~~a snapshot of
the woman and a little girl of about ten and finally a
psychiatrist's column written for a local paper. ~~The
heading on the column tells you a little about the red-
haired woman.~~ It reads: "The Frustrations of the Modern
Housewife"...~~

CARL: (DISGUSTED) Look at that article she was carrying around
with her, Jack. Can you figure it?!

JACK: What do you mean?

CARL: Ten to one ~~that kid in the picture is hers. And twenty-~~
~~to one~~ she's got some nice, hard-working Joe for a
husband. Only she don't appreciate a good home. She
starts reading about that mental stuff, decides she's
frustrated, goes looking for trouble - and finds it!
(SLIGHT TAKE) What are you picking at her compact for?
Nothing in there but powder - I looked...

(FINGER NAIL PICKS AT COMPACT...SUDDENLY A LITTLE
'POP' AS COMPARTMENT BEHIND POWDER CAKE OPENS..)

JACK: Look at this. A payroll check -

CARL: Bayside Trucking Company!

JACK: Made out to Tom Skannon...Signed over to Catherine
Shannon -

CARL: Well, for crying out loud! How'd you know there was a
compartment back there?

JACK: I didn't..Not until I ^{dropped it accidentally} ~~dropped~~ my wife's compact ~~by~~
~~mistake~~ and found the receipt for my Christmas present...

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

JACK: (ON PHONE) Shannon's on the night shift? That means he
should be home now, uh?.....3247 Boulevard?....Thanks,
thanks a lot...

(MUSIC: _ _ _ DOWN UNDER)

NARR: You weren't doing anything wrong, Jack Sutphin. Just
getting a head start on your friend Detective Carlson and
the boys. You could have stuck around until the medical
examiner arrived - but that's not the way you get a story.

TOM: (BIG, SHAGGY GUY...SOFT-SPOKEN AND RIGHT NOW, HALF
ASLEEP) Just ~~give me a minute to pull myself together,~~
eh?..(SHY GRIN) My wife always says I sleep like the dead.

JACK: ~~Sure. Take all the time you want..~~

TOM: You're a reporter?

JACK: That's right..Jack Sutphin -

TOM: What happened? A hold-up at the company or something?

JACK: No...I'm afraid it's more serious than that, Mr. Shannon..

TOM: (BEAT) Serious?

JACK: Yes...

TOM:What - who....what's happened?

JACK: ~~(HUMBLING) I - I'm not very good at this, Mr. Shannon..~~

I - where did you think your...wife was now?

TOM: (BEAT...THEN) We...we have a little girl...Peggy...She's ten. Me being on the night-shift, my wife gets a little lonesome sometimes...Yesterday, she said she was going to take Peggy over to her mother's. Catherine, she - wanted to see her friend last night. When I came home this morning, I just figured they were both at her mother's...

JACK: ~~I see.~~

My wife My daughter

TOM:

(BEAT...THEN) Who - was it?...~~Catherine~~ or - ~~Peggy?~~

JACK:

Your...wife...

(PAUSE..THEN)

TOM:

Dead?

JACK:

She...was...murdered.....

(SLIGHT PAUSE...THEN)

TOM:

(LOW, FAR-AWAY) Are - you married, Mr. Sutphin?

JACK:

Yes. I am -

TOM: Once we - had a house...one of those new developments
out on the Island. ...It was - nice. Everything was -
nice. For me, for - Catherine, for the - baby...About
a year ago, Catherine got sick. Everything began to go
for medical bills. I - had to sell the house to get her
an - operation...After that, we moved in here -- one room.
That's when the fights began -

JACK: What about?

TOM: What about?...I - don't know...Last night was the worst..
(FADING) I was just getting ready to leave for work.
Catherine had already taken the baby to her mother's...
(FADE)

CATH: (SULLEN, ALMOST PICKING A FIGHT) ~~I - forgot to wash you~~
clean shirt, Tom -

TOM: (GENTLE) Forget it, honey...This one'll last me another
night.

CATH: Tom -

TOM: What?

CATH: I - bought a new dress...twenty-seven dollars -

TOM: (BEAT...THEN) I'll bet you look beautiful in it...Green?
To go with your red hair?

CATH: How would you know what looks good on me and what don't!

TOM: What do you - mean?

CATH: ~~You don't really know, do you?~~

TOM: Cathy honey - what's eating you?

CATH: Don't honey me! Look at you! In two minutes you'll be gone out of this crummy room! In two minutes, I'll be sitting here like in a tomb, with nothing but these dirty walls! Not a sound, nothing - as if I was never born! As if this weren't my birthday!

TOM: Cathy, I know it's your birthday...I was going to bring a surprise home. But - I've got a job -

CATH: What about me?! I've got to sit home like this, I've got to sit here and die a little every night! Who tells you you've got to work at night?! Why don't you make them put you on the day shift!

TOM: Cathy, look...We talked it over...I get ten bucks more working at night. I - I don't like it either, honey. But we need the dough -

CATH: Go ahead! Throw it up to me! If I hadn't gotten sick we'd still have the house! If I hadn't gotten sick we wouldn't be in this tomb! If I hadn't gotten sick, you wouldn't need the extra ten bucks and -

TOM: (SORE NOW) Oh, cut it out, will you?! I'm doing the best I can! Stop feeling sbrry for yourself!

(DOOR OPENED)

TOM: (SLIGHTLY OFF) I'll see you in the morning!

CATH: (DESPERATE) Tom, wait! (CLOSE TO TEARS) Why - why do you keep taking this from me?! Can't you see I'm trying to hurt you?! Can't you see I feel I've been driven into a hole and I've got to hurt somebody?! ~~Hit me back, Tom! When I hurt you like this, hit me back, hurt me - but don't be nice to me! Tom, when you're nice to me I - I can't take it!~~

TOM: ~~Cathy, I - don't know...~~ Cathy, why - should you want to hurt me? I've done my best. I -

CATHY: (TEARS) Tom, help me! Help me, Tom! I'm going crazy! Who took our house from us, Tom?! ~~Why?!~~

TOM: Honey, I - I don't know. We had bills. I -

CATHY: (GOES RIGHT ON) Who shoved us in here, in one room, in one ratty room?! What did we do wrong?! What -

TOM: Quietly down honey..There's no use beating your head against the wall.

CATHY: ~~It's turning everything sour! My love for you - I love you, Tom. Did you know that?! But it's turning sour! Even my love for Peggy! In one room, she's always in the way!~~ *Everything turns Sour*

TOM: Cathy, don't say that -

CATHY: It's the truth! ~~She's in the way! When we had our house, she wasn't in the way! Not then! Tom, we're - good people! What's doing this to us?! I've got to figure a way out! Tom, if we go on like this I'll explode! Tom, I'm gonna explode!~~

(PAUSE)

JACK: ...That was - last night, Mr. Shannon?

TOM: Yes...last night. This morning I - brought her a birthday present..There it is, over on the bureau... A new brush for her red hair...

JACK: ...You said she was planning on seeing a friend last night?

TOM: The - only one she had around here...Frances Wells... three blocks from here...Mr. Sutphin, you - said you were a married man, didn't you?

JACK: Yes....I did -

TOM: (CLOSE TO BREAKING NOW) Mr. Sutphin, who - did all this
to us? Who?!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP TO CURTAIN.)

(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 AND UNDER~~ *And now back to*)

CHAPPELL: ~~This is Ernest Chappell returning you to your narrator~~
and the Big Story of Jack Sutphin, as he lived it and
wrote it..

NARR: When you walk out of the Shannon's furnished room, Jack
Sutphin, reporter for the Long Island Daily Press,
Catherine Shannon is no longer just a red-haired corpse
~~good for a headline or two.~~ For you, Catherine Shannon
is alive..Tortured, ~~blaming herself for things beyond~~
~~her control,~~ unable to understand the world around her -
~~Catherine Shannon reminds you of thousands of other women~~
~~you know.~~ And so - as you hurry to the home of her best
friend, Frances Wells, you feel an urgency - and an
importance to this case - you hadn't felt just a few
hours ago...

FRAN: Mister, ~~I think I'd better~~ *I gotta this* take a drink or -I'll go
into hysterics..She- was my best friend..

JACK: ~~I understand..Take all the drinks you need, Mrs. Wells..~~

(BOTTLE AGAINST GLASS...BUT THEY BEGIN TO GLINK
TOGETHER HARD...CUT TO:)

FRAN: Maybe - you'd better pour it for me, if you don't
mind...My hands are gone on me -

(POUR A SHOT..BOTTLE DOWN)

JACK: ~~None~~

FRAN: (GULPS...THEN) It - it don't do any good...I'm shaking
because it's - something .. deeper... I'm - shaking
because it - could have been me...

JACK: You were with her last night?

FRAN: She was jumpy. We'd stay in one place a while. Then she'd want to move on. We covered maybe four joints that way -

JACK: Did she drink much?

FRAN: She had a lot of beer and it caught up with her a little. She hadn't been drinking much since she took sick..

JACK: Where did you end up?

FRAN: The Shamrock -

JACK: You left her there?

FRAN: Around two...I wanted to take her home but she wouldn't go. Around two I took a powder. That sounds pretty awful, but it wasn't. Honest. She was able to take care of herself. Just jumpy, that's all. Besides, the bartender knows her there. She and Tom went there a lot on Saturday nights...

JACK: Do you think - she could have gotten herself picked up by somebody?

FRAN: ~~Listen, you! Nobody even looked at us all night and we at them! We just went out for a few beers, to get the jumps out of her..~~

JACK: ~~I didn't mean to insinuate anything. Just..well..~~

FRAN: ...Well...you know how a person gets when they get the -jumps..I don't know..Maybe - she made a date after I left..

(MUSIC: --- DOWN UNDER)

NARR: You know the Shamrock Bar, Jack Sutphin. You've had the jumps yourself at times...You spread the afternoon paper on the bar in front of you and order a beer...as the bartender draws your beer, you tap the headlines...

~~(JUKE BOX WITH SOFT TUNE)~~

JACK: ~~That's a tough one~~ here in the paper.

BAR I: (RESERVED) Yeah.

in the paper

JACK: (LOW) It doesn't say so ~~here~~ but I happen to know the woman was in here just before she was killed. ~~Did you -~~

(CRASH OF GLASS)

JACK: You - dropped a glass..

~~(PIECES PICKED UP SLOWLY, THEN)~~

BAR I: (SUDDEN, LOW AND HARD) What do you want? What are you.. a cop?

JACK: Reporter. ~~I got it from the cops...They'll be along~~ to talk with the night bartender pretty soon...

BAR I: ...That's me -

JACK: You?

BAR I: Business is so lousy I let my day man go. I put in about ~~14 hours in the joint now.~~

JACK: You were on last night?

BAR I: Yeah..And ~~right now, I wish I'd been in the hospital~~ with a broken leg and the joint was shut tight..

JACK: What ^{do you look} ~~are you~~ so worried ^{about?} ~~about?~~

BAR I: You wanna know ~~what?~~ ^{why} I'll tell you. Because the dame was in here all right. But that's all! What I know about the murder would fit into a fly's eye and rattle! But will the cops believe it? No! And tomorrow, the liquor board'll be breathing down my neck!

JACK: Maybe yes - and maybe no...Why get excited before it happens?

BAR I: Because to me it's gonna happen -

JACK: What happened after her friend left her here alone last night

BAR I: Nothing. The dame sat there alone for almost an hour. She put away a lot of beer but they came slower toward the end.

JACK: Was she drunk?

BAR I: (TOUCHY) ~~I said no!~~ ^{no} Just - down in the dumps. About three and a half I decided to close up....She walked out under her own steam. The next thing, I'm reading about her in the papers.

JACK: ...She - was alone when she left?

(BARTENDER HITS BAR WITH FIST)

BAR I: (BITTER) She was alone, I said! ~~If she hadn't been, I'd have something to say about that!~~ You probably don't believe me. The cops won't either. They'll think she picked up some stiff and got herself killed and my license won't be worth the frame it cost!

(MUSIC: ACCENT...DOWN UNDER:)

NARR: When you walk out of the Shamrock Bar, Jack Sutphin, you decide that the 'jumps' must be a national disease these days. ~~Everybody seemed to have them...~~

(MUSIC: ~~SLIGHT ACCENT...DOWN UNDER:~~)

(SOUND: ~~STREET TRAFFIC B G~~)

NARR: You stand out in front of ~~the Shamrock, on Liberty Street...~~ just as Catherine Shannon must have done at three-thirty A.M. last night...Less than two hours later she was attacked and killed about a mile away...How did she get there?

(~~STEPS ON SIDEWALK UNDER:~~)

NARR: You start walking toward the corner. You figure Catherine Shannon must have intended to go home. But there were no busses running at that hour. And she had money ~~in her purse~~. And...two blocks away there was a....(SUDDEN) You head for the taxi line fast.

(MUSIC: SLIGHT ACCENT...DOWN UNDER)

NARR: It turns out that none of the drivers had been working that late...except for Jim King. ~~The other drivers say he nighthawks a good deal because he's bucking for his first million...you laugh at the joke, Jack Sutphin and then you find Jim King.~~

(TRAFFIC B G)

JIM: (NOT TALKING) ~~Okay, so you're a reporter. What's that got to do with me?~~

JACK: All I want to know, King, is - did you pick up a red-haired woman in front of the Shamrock around three-thirty last night, that's all.....

JIM: Why?

JACK: It might help find her murderer -

JIM: (BEAT...THEN) I got a reputation for keeping my mouth shut.

JACK: Look, King - she's got a husband and a kid of ten. The next ~~time around that murderer might pick on someone you know.~~

JIM: ~~(BEAT...THEN)~~ ^{Yeah} I - picked her up. She gave me an address in Jamaica -

JACK: And?

JIM: I rolled maybe two blocks when she began putting up a holler in the back seat. She asks for a beer --

JACK: What'd you do?

JIM: I knew a joint stays open until four - sometimes after. I took her there.

JACK: She went in?

JIM: She asked me to wait. Said she'd be right out. I figured I'd give her five minutes. I gave her - ten. It was four on the nose. I was gonna go in to get my fare when she came out with some Joe -

JACK: (EXCITED NOW) Did you know him?

JIM: No. A guy with a crew cut, a guy like a million others. He threw me a buck and they walked away.

JACK: That's all?!

JIM: That's all.

JACK: The place? What's the name of the place?!

JIM: Benny's After-Hours -

(MUSIC: STING...DOWN UNDER)

NARR: There it was. The pickup. ~~It had to be that way, you say to yourself, Jack~~ ~~suppose~~. There's a formula for those things and it hardly ever varies...For the visit to Benny's After-Hours joint you decide you need a police badge to back you up. So you call Detective Carlson and he goes with you.

CARL: Look. Take a good look at my badge and try to remember -

BAR II: (SCARED) ~~I'm ... I'm trying to ... what - color hair did you say she had?~~

CARL. ~~Red. I told you twice already. Red hair!~~

BAR II: ...Red hair, huh? ..What - what time did you say she was supposed to of come in here?

(MUSIC: IN WITH:)

NARR: You, Jack Sutphin, take a look at the green face on the bartender at Benny's ~~After-Hours Joint~~ and you decide this is going to take a little time. You can recognize the symptoms. ~~But you also know how persuasive your friend Detective Herman Carlson can be sometimes.~~ So to kill a few minutes you walk over to the big, gaudy "Ocean Roll" game in the rear of the joint....

(NICKEL IN SLOT..SLOT PUSHED IN AND AS WOODEN BALLS ROLL DOWN UNDER:)

NARR: There is an "Ocean-Roll" game in every joint in the neighborhood these days.

(PULL LEVER AND SHOOT A BALL...AS IT ROLLS UNDER:)

NARR: A perfect score, all ~~the~~^{ten} balls in their cups, would be 500 points. It would take a lot of skill and practice to hit it.

(ROLL ANOTHER BALL...THEN AS THE NEXT ONE IS ROLLING)

BAR II: (SLIGHTLY OFF) (BREAKING DOWN) Listen...quit - quit picking on me, will you? Okay, Okay! She came in here around - four last night!

CARL: Keep talking -

BAR II: She - she had a glass of beer. Maybe two. There - was a young guy here. Maybe twenty, twenty-one. He went over to her. They talked. Then they - walked out together.

CARL: Who was he? ^{break mister}

BAR II: ~~Stripes~~, gimme a break! How should I know? He was in before she was. There were three other guys with him. They all had dames. He didn't. They left, he stayed. Until - she came in.

JACK: What did he look like?

BAR II: You know...black hair, crew cut, thin face. If you ask me, he looked more like his mother was waiting up for him at home. I don't know -

CARL: Didn't you hear anything he said to her? What did he do before she came in?

BAR II: Played the Ocean Roll over there -

JACK: The Ocean Roll? *Brother*

BAR II: (ADMIRATION) ~~Crap!~~ I've seen guys drop a couple of bucks trying to run a score on that thing. But you should of seen that kid! Three nickels, that's all. But what scores! 450, 480, - 500! Some joints give prizes. We don't. Brother, if we did, that kid could break us!

CARL: Okay...Don't think we're finished with you yet. Better call up a relief man for yourself..you're going down to headquarters ~~later~~.

(MUSIC: ACCENT...DOWN UNDER:)

(~~STREET TRAFFIC B G~~)

CARL: (DISGUSTED) A hot lead that's ice cold before we even get it...A kid with a crew cut who plays the Ocean Roll. Nothing!

JACK: You're wrong, Carlson. You're wrong. That's exactly the way he should be!

CARL: What are you talking about?

JACK: I'm talking about the guy who's writing the American tragedy of today. ~~I'm talking about how perfect this story~~ is...about a dame with a husband and kid who goes looking for cheap excitement. (BITTERLY) It's perfect, Carlson, ~~perfect--~~

CARL: What are you...gone off your mind or something?!

JACK: Don't you get the irony of it, Carlson?...She goes looking for excitement and gets picked up by a kid, a kid who spends his time playing the 'Ocean Roll' for kicks...You heard the bartender. A kid whose mother is probably waiting up for him! That's her excitement!

CARL: Look! I'm going to headquarters. You can write your novel on your own time!

JACK: Carlson, wait. I was just talking to myself. Listen - he just gave us a real lead. Don't you see?

CARL: What kind of lead?! A kid with a crewcut who plays the Ocean Roll?!

JACK: But how?! How does he play the Ocean Roll?! Three nickels-450, 480, 500! That kid must have practiced! If he's that good, he must have played in lots of other bars around here. And if he's played he must have won some prizes - or been in some of these bar tournaments where they keep a record of the players' names!

CARL: (BEAT..THEN) Brother, for a guy who talks to himself - you get some good ideas...Let's take my car. We can do the bars faster that way!

(MUSIC: STING...DOWN UNDER:)

CARL: No, no. The Ocean Roll ain't illegal, mister. Just lookin' for a kid with a crewcut who rolls 'em high -

(MUSIC: ACCENT...DOWN UNDER:)

JACK: He rolled in the 480's but you don't know his name, eh? OK..
Thanks..

(MUSIC: ACCENT...DOWN UNDER:)

CARL: (SORE) (MIMICKING) Look, mister ---all I'm doing is my job, trying to protect creeps like you from getting murdered in your beds. But with memories like you bartenders got you deserve to be murdered!

(MUSIC: ACCENT DOWN UNDER:)

NARR: You, Jack Sutphin, pay no attention to Detective Carlson's increasing anger with bartenders in general. You know you've got a hot lead and sooner or later you'll pick up the kid's tracks...~~But you're way ahead of that point in the case. You, are already speculating on the kid's story of the murder. What would it be like?~~ ^{But} Why did he kill Catherine Shannon? Would it be a letdown - or something just as sordid, just as ironic as her search for excitement?

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

NARR: ~~In this frame of mind,~~ you follow Detective Carlson into your two hundreth bar..or was it the three hundreth?

(MUSIC: OUT TO:)

CARL: (FINISHING HIS RECITAL) Black hair? Crew cut?

BAR III: (NICE GUY) Go on...What about him?

CARL: Rolls for prize money on that Ocean Roll over there?

BAR III: Yeah, so what about him?

CARL: (IRKED) I'm looking for him that's what about him. Know him?

BAR III: (PUZZLED) Sure I know him. Won the bar prize last week. So what?

CARL: So what?! What's his name, man?! His name?!

BAR III: (MORE PUZZLED AT CARLSON'S BEHAVIOUR) His name? Alfred Marvin, lives with his folks around the corner - in that brick house. What's the matter? He owe you money or something?

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

NARR: It's a two-storey brick house, a neat brick house with a lawn... You and Detective Carlson ring a long time... When Alfred Marvin finally opens the door, you realize he'd been asleep... *(DOOR OPEN)*

ALFRED: (EARLY TWENTIES, THIN VOICE, ALMOST BUT NOT QUITE A MOMMA'S BOY) *Some I took so long* ~~Folks are away... Sorry,~~ Must have been asleep. What do you want?

NARR: You study him closely as Detective Carlson asks him to come along to headquarters... You take in the weak, almost girlish face... the blue shirt and jeans intended to make him look rough and manly... Is this what Catherine Shannon threw her tortured life away on? What would his story be?

(MUSIC: ACCENT...SLIGHT BRIDGE...OUT UNDER:)

NARR: At headquarters, Alfred Marvin - his hands shaking - sticks to his alibi -

ALFRED: I - told you... I - don't deny I met her. I - wanted to drive her home. But - she wouldn't let me. I stopped a passing cab and - she went home.

CARL: (BITTER) Just like that, eh? She went home and you went home. And then you slept like a baby until we knocked on your door!

ALFRED: That's what I said.....

CARL: (SHOUTS) You're lying in your teeth. You killed her!

ALFRED: I didn't! Don't say that!

(STEPS ACROSS WOODEN FLOOR...OUT TO:)

CARL: (LOW) I wish I could ring his neck!

JACK: (LOW) That won't do any good...Mind if I ask him a question or two?

CARL: (LOW) No...Go ahead, Jack.

(STEPS OUT TO)

JACK: (GENTLY) Where are your folks, Alfred?

ALFRED: Out west...My father ^{on a trip} ~~got a new car. He took my mother.~~

JACK: You come from a pretty good family, don't you?

ALFRED:Yes...I went to college...That is - I didn't finish..

JACK: Alfred, look...I'm a reporter not a cop...I understand how a guy can get feeling lonesome alone in the house. A guy gets the jumps, goes out for a beer...You were with some friends, weren't you?

ALFRED:Yes...

JACK: Three of them, weren't you?

ALFRED:Yes...

JACK: They all had girls except you, didn't they?

ALFRED:Yes...

JACK: How come?

ALFRED: (BEAT..THEN) I - I don't have anybody regular..

JACK: As a matter of fact, - if you don't mind my saying this -

ALFRED: No..go ahead -

JACK: You look...I mean - your mother was - pretty strict about whom you went out with and whom you didn't, wasn't she?

ALFRED: (BEAT...THEN) Yes...

JACK: When your friends left with their girls, did they go home?

ALFRED: ...No...They - went to somebody's house, to -drink and dance
some more...

JACK: Why didn't you go along?

ALFRED: (BEAT...THEN LOW) I - said I'd join them as soon as - as
soon as...

JACK: You picked up a girl?

ALFRED: Yes...

JACK: (~~SO GENTLY~~) So you picked up Catherine Shannon?

ALFRED: Yes...

JACK: And you took her in your car?

ALFRED: Yes...

JACK: (~~ALMOST LOW~~) And you killed her and dumped her body in
Jamaica Bay?

ALFRED: Jamaica Bay? No, that couldn't be because - (SUDDENLY
REALIZES) What do you mean?

JACK: (HARD) How'd you know she wasn't found in Jamaica Bay?!

ALFRED: (HOOKED) Because...because..

JACK: Because you knew that wasn't where you dumped her!

ALFRED: (HALF SCREAM) No! That's not true! I - I knew because -
because I read it in the papers! That's where! I read it
in the papers!

CARL: You couldn't have! You told us you were asleep until we woke
you!

ALFRED: I...no...I mean - Please...Let me think...Please...

JACK: (GENTLY AGAIN) That's it, Alfred...You'd - better tell us
what happened...

ALFRED: (BEAT...THEN VERY LOW, VERY SOFT CRYING...HOLD)

JACK: What - happened, Alfred?

ALFRED: (QUITE LOW) I - I .. my - mother was - pretty strict about - girls..When she left on the trip, I - went out with the fellows...At the bar, when - when they left I - felt miserable because I - was kind of left out...You know?

JACK: Yes, I know...

ALFRED: So I - kind of boasted. I told the guys I'd pick up a beautiful dame and meet them later...They - laughed. The said - if you meet Greta Garbo, bring her - too...(THIS IS VERY PAINFUL TO HIM) When Catherine walked in, I - I knew if I could bring her they wouldn't laugh...I - picked her up... (FADING) Then we got in my car. I - didn't tell her it was my father's...But when we got ~~near~~ ^{out of the car near} Aqueduct -

(MUSIC: ALONG WITH FADE...DOWN UNDER:)

~~(CAR TO STOP...NIGHT SOUNDS)~~

CATH: (WEARY) Look, Alfred...I - changed my - mind...

ALFRED: (ALMOST PETULANT) Aw gee, Catherine. You can't -

CATH: Kid, I want to go home -

ALFRED: (WILD LAUGH UNDER:)

CATH: What's wrong? What are you laughing about?

ALFRED: You! I - want to go home! That's just like Greta Garbo! You don't know how funny that is!

~~(DOOR OPENED ON CAR AS:)~~

CATH: Look! I don't like anybody laughing at me! I'm going home!

~~(ALFRED SCRAMBLES OUT OF CAR AFTER HER...)~~

ALFRED: (BEGINNING TO BEG) Cathie, please...I'm - I'm sorry...

CATH: ~~I'm going home~~

ALFRED: Cathie, please. You - don't understand!

CATH: Let go of me!

~~(SLAPS AND BLOWS AT ALFRED)~~

ALFRED: (BEING HIT AND ALMOST CRYING AT THIS INDIGNITY) ~~Cathie,~~
~~you're hurting me!~~ Cathie, they're going to laugh at me
if I don't show up ^{with a girl} They'll laugh at me!

(SLAPS AS:)

CATH: (ALMOST CRYING) Take - me home I said! I want to go home -

ALFRED: Cathie, ^{don't slap me} ~~you're hurting me!~~ Let go!

CATH: You're nothing but a -kid... (CRYING) Just a kid....

ALFRED: For the last time, ^{please come with me or they'll} ~~stop hitting me!~~ ^{laugh at me.}

CATH: A lousy little kid scared of the fellers.. (HITTING HARD

AT HIM) That's all I ended up with... a lousy little kid

~~(PUNCTUATES THE LAST WITH BLOWS)~~ ^{scared of the fellers}

(TAKE) What are you doing with that rock?

(ALFRED HITS HER HARD WITH ROCK)

(PAUSE)

ALFRED: (CRYING) Cathie ... ~~Your hair... Cathie!~~ ^{you should come with me}

(MUSIC: STING HIGH ... CUT)

ALFRED: (RADE IN, LOW, CRYING SOFTLY) I - I ... didn't mean to
do it.. Honest... She - was such a nice woman .. such a
nice woman... I - didn't mean to - (CRIES SOFTLY)

CARL: (LOW) Well, that's it .. One of those weird cases -

JACK: (LOW) Yeah....

CARL: Probably won't come just like ~~this one~~ for another ten
years..

JACK: ~~It's~~... But you don't know how lucky you are they're not
popping at you all the time.

CARL: What - do you mean?

JACK: I know a thousand women like Catherine Shannon and a thousand kids like Alfred - all looking for excitement - all with the jumps - (FADES)

CARL: Where you going?

JACK: Anywhere... I - don't know.. Suddenly I got the jumps.... myself.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP TO CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we'll read you a telegram from Jack Sutphin of the Long Island Daily Press with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #227

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 Jack Sutphin from the Long Island Daily Press.

SUTPHIN: Tonight's tragic young murderer was found guilty of manslaughter in the first degree. He was sentenced to serve from 7 and a half to fifteen years in Sing Sing.. They say all reporters plan to write the great American novel. Not me. On this case I feel I've already lived my novel..

CHAPPELL: My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD. Thank you, Mr. Sutphin...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. 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 Helena Montana Independent by line Al Gaskill. A BIG STORY of a reporter who drove a killer to the end of his rope -- in a convertible.

(MUSIC: STING)

CHAPPELL: And remember, every week you can see "The Door With No Name" 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 pages of the Long Island Daily Press. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and George Petrie played the part of Jack Sutphin. 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. Sutphin.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: This program is heard by members of the Armed Forces overseas, through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service.

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

THIS IS NBC...THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #228

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
GEORGE	BOB READICK
HENRY	BILL GRIFFIS
TROOPER	BILL GRIFFIS
ED	JASON JOHNSON
AL	BILL QUINN
WILSON	HUMPHREY DAVIS
DOYLE	HUMPHREY DAVIS
JOHNNY	ROSS MARTIN
CRAIG	BILLY GREENE
BILL	ALAN STEVENSON

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1951

ATX01 0172739

NBC

THE BIG STORY

228

() ()
10:00-10:30 P.M.

AUGUST 8, 1951

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(CAR UNDER)

JOHNNY: George...

GEORGE: Yeah.

JOHNNY: Step on it, will ya. You're only doin' thirty-five.

GEORGE: That's all I'm goin' to do.

JOHNNY: Are you crazy? We gotta get outa here fast, out of the state. Remember? There's a murder rap hangin' over our heads. For all we know, maybe every cop in Montana's lookin' for us right now!

GEORGE: So?

JOHNNY: So give it the gas.

GEORGE: No dice. Thirty-five's the limit, that's as fast as we're gonna go, murder rap or no murder rap.

JOHNNY: But why? Why?

GEORGE: This is a new car, an' I'm just breakin' it in. You want me to spoil a good motor?

(MUSIC: HIT UP AND UNDER)

ATX01 0172740

HARRICE: 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) Helena, Montana. From the pages of the Helena Independent, the story of a reporter who drove a killer in a convertible to the end of his rope. Tonight, to Al Gaskill, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL AWARD!

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM # 228

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, of 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)

HARRICE: Helena, Montana...the story as it actually happened..Al Gaskill's story, as he lived it...

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: It's a long way from Philadelphia to Montana. But you, Al Gaskill of the Helena Independent, made the trip at the ripe old age of four, and there you stayed. Grade school, high school, sports reporter for the old Montana Record Herald, and finally, into the city room of the Independent. But enough of you. This story begins early one morning, in the little town of Renova, on the banks of the Jefferson river just north of the Tobacco Root Mountains. It begins at an all-night gas station, as two men in a flashy convertible drive up to the gas pumps....

Henry (CAR UP TO STOP)

HENRY: ~~Henry~~, gents. Fill 'er up?

GEORGE: Yeah. Fill 'er up, Pop.

HENRY: Regular? Or special?

GEORGE: Are you kiddin'? I got a good car, I want good gas, nothin' but the best. Put in special...

HENRY: Yessir...

(WE HEAR THE CAP OF THE TANK TAKEN OFF...GAS LINE INSERTED. THE PUMP BELL BEGINS TO RING.)

GEORGE: ~~Hey~~, Johnny!

JOHNNY: Yeah?

GEORGE: Watch that cigarette of yours!

JOHNNY: What d'ya mean?

GEORGE: You're gettin' ashes on the floor.

JOHNNY: So what?

GEORGE: So I don't like ashes on the floor of my car. An' I don't like 'em on the upholstery, either.

JOHNNY: George, look. This is just a car, it ain't a baby...

GEORGE: Okay, okay. So I take care of a car. I like it to run right, an' I like it to look right. Either use the ashtray or throw that butt away. Get me?

JOHNNY: (SULLENLY) All right, all right...

GEORGE: Hey, Pop!

HENRY: (COMES IN) Yes, sir?

GEORGE: You wash cars here?

HENRY: In the daytime, sure.

GEORGE: How about washin' mine now?

JOHNNY: George have you gone nuts? It's two o'clock in the morning. Besides, you just got the car....

GEORGE: Shut up, Stupid! (TO HENRY) Well, Pop, how about it?

HENRY: Don't wash cars at night, Mister. Just pump gas. Fact is, you don't need a wash, looks pretty clean to me.

GEORGE: Not to me. I like a car to shine. Now look, Pop how much do you get for a car wash?

HENRY: Two dollars.

GEORGE: You wash this one now...I'll give you five.

HENRY: (HESITATES A MOMENT) I guess I can't say "no" to that.

GEORGE: Okay, Pop, you got yourself a job. Go to work. (TO JOHNNY) Johnny....

JOHNNY: (DISGUSTED) Yeah?

GEORGE: Let's go into the station an' wait..out of the cold!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

HENRY: (COMING IN) Your car's done, Mister.

GEORGE: Yeah. You did a nice job, Pop. Look through the window, Johnny. Look at that convertible shine now.

JOHNNY: (NERVOUS) Yeh, yeh, she looks great. But let's get goin' now, huh?

GEORGE: Okay. How much do I owe you, Pop?

HENRY: Well, that's five for the car wash, an' let's see four thirty-five for the gas....

GEORGE: Can you change a twenty?

HENRY: I think so...

(CLANG OF CASH REGISTER. DRAWER SLIDES OPEN...)

HENRY: Let's see now..nine thirty-five from twenty...

GEORGE: (SUDDENLY COLD) Never mind, Pop.

HENRY: Huh? Never mind what?

GEORGE: Never mind the change. We're takin' everythin' in that register.

HENRY: Wait a minute. You've got a gun. This is...

GEORGE: Yeah, Pop. You're a bright boy. This is a holdup. Get those hands up an' keep you mouth shut. Johnny!

JOHNNY: Yeah?

GOERGE: Clean out that register an' make it fast.

JOHNNY: Right.

HENRY: Listen, Mister. I worked hard for that money. I got bills to pay off..

GEORGE: Shut up, Pop.

HENRY: (RISING INDIGNATION) I work hard, mind my own business, then a couple of derved hoodlums like you come along an'...

GEORGE: You got all the dough, Johnny?

JOHNNY: Yeah, yeah...

GEORGE: Okay, let's get(CUTS SUDDENLY) No, Pop! Don't do it!
(SHOT...GROAN)

GEORGE: Try to pull a gun on me, huh?
(SHOT AGAIN)
(CRASH OF BODY)

(A SHORT PAUSE)

JOHNNY: (SHAKING) George, You..you've killed him.

GEORGE: Yeah....

JOHNNY: (SHAKING) Why'd you do it, why'd you do it?

GEORGE: He pulled a gun on me, didn't he? It was either him or me.

JOHNNY: (SHAKING) George, listen, this is different. This is a murder rap, they'll hang us if they catch us. ~~I didn't figure on this, all I figured was holdin' the guy up, I didn't figure that you'd....~~(CUTS, TERRIFIED) ~~George, what are we gonna do, what are we gonna do?~~

GEORGE: ~~Be? What do you think we're gonna do,~~ ^{Shut up} Stupid? Come on, let's get goin'!

{MUSIC: UP AND UNDER}

NARR: You, Al Gaskill of the Helena INdependent, are at the night desk. And about dawn, a call comes in from a hospital at Boulder, thirty miles south. The owner of an all-night gas station at Renova, an old man named Henry Bennett has been shot down in a holdup, is near death. You get going fast, and a little later, you're standing in the hospital room with Sheriff Ed Fraser of Jefferson County, and watching the dying man...

~~{FAINT GROAN UNDER, HEAVY BREATHING}~~

AL: (LOW) How'd it happen, Ed?

ED: A motorist found him on the floor, two bullets in him, cash register rifled. The holdup man or men left him on the floor, figured he was dead..

(~~FAINT GROAN~~)

AL: Has he... is there a chance...

ED: No. It's just a matter of moments now.

(GROAN UP) ~~LOUDER~~

AL: Ed -- look I think he's conscious now.

ED: (A PAUSE) Mr. Bennett! Mr. Bennett, listen! This is the Sheriff...Sheriff Fraser. Can you hear me, Bennett?
Can you hear me?

HENRY: (LOW, WEAK) I hear...you...

ED: Who did it, Bennett?

HENRY: Two men. Filled tank...washed car...and then ...

ED: What kind of car?

HENRY: Convertible..brand...new. Came from north...on highway. New car...saw mileage gage...only sixty-five miles...

ED: Bennett, listen. What color was the car, what make?

HENRY: It was...it was...(SIGHS AND DIES)

ED: Bennett! Bennett, listen to me...

Al: (QUIETLY) It's no use, ^{Ed} ~~Mr.~~ It's all over. He's gone.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Back to the Sheriff's office, and ~~Ed Fraser~~ ^{he} sends out a general alarm. But he doesn't have much hope for it. As he puts it..

ED: Two men in a convertible, Al. That's all we know, and it's nothing to go on.

AL: Montana's full of convertibles.

ED: Yeah. All colors, all makes. Bennett was held up around two ayem, it's six now. That murder car could well be out of the state by this time, in Idaho, Wyoming, maybe. If Bennett could have given us ^{the make of the car} something definite, ~~something positive~~ before he died.

AL: Yeah. It would have been a big help to know..(CUTS) Ed.. wait a minute!

ED: Yeah?

AL: He did give us something definite.

ED: What do you mean?

AL: Look, he said the car was new, that it had only gone about sixty-five miles. He saw it on the speedometer gauge. Right?

ED: Right.

AL: Okay. The car was coming from the north. He told us that, too.

ED: Yes, he did. But what..

AL: Don't you see it, ^{ed} Al? These two holdup men must have bought a new car. Now, what city is about sixty or sixty-five miles north of Rendova?

ED: Why..why, Helena.

AL: Right. We check the car dealers, find out who sold a brand new convertible yesterday.

ED: You've got it, Al! Grab your hat and let's go!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The police run a fast check of car dealers, not only in Helena, but in Butte, Anaconda, Deer Lodge, and Townsend as well. The dealers have sold a number of convertibles of all makes the day before, and the next job is to trace down the owners. All of them are home, and accounted for. But finally, a Buick dealer named Wilson, in Helena...

WILSON: Yes sir. I sold a new Buick convertible, a black job, to a man named Morgan, Sheriff. George Morgan.

AL: And you say there was another man with him, Wilson?

WILSON: There was, Mr. Gaskill.

AL: But you don't know this other man's name.

WILSON: No. All I know they were so anxious to buy, they wouldn't even wait for delivery today. Sold it to them about ten o'clock last night. Said they wanted it for a trip south.

ED: South, eh?

WILSON: Yes, sir. That's what they said, Sheriff.

AL: Hmmm. Could be, Ed.

ED: Yeah. It could. (TO DEALER) Wilson... You have a copy of the registration on the bill of sale...license number, motor number, so forth.

WILSON: Sure have...

(DRAWER OPENS)

WILSON: Git it right here in the drawer. And funny thing about this man, Morgan, Sheriff....

ED: Yeah. What?

WILSON: He was crazy about that convertible. Couldn't take his eyes off it, couldn't keep from touching it. You'd think it was a new baby, not just an automobile!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Now, the wheels begin to move. The license number of the convertible, make and color are radioed to local and state police throughout the entire Northwest. And the next day, far to the south, on a highway...

(CAR UNDER)

GEORGE: Aaaah! This is the life, eh, Johnny? You can have a coupe or a sedan, gimme a convertible, any time!

JOHNNY: (JUMPY) George.

GEORGE: Yeah?

JOHNNY: ^{George} What are we crawlin' along for, at thirty-five an hour? Why don't you step on it?

GEORGE: You want me to ruin the car?

JOHNNY: (STARES) What?

GEORGE: This job is new, remember? I wanna break her in right.

JOHNNY: Are you nuts? ~~George, don't you get it?~~ We killed a man, maybe they've found out about it, maybe they're after us now. We got a murder rap hangin' over us, and you're nursing a new car. We oughta to be hitting sixty now, heading for Mexico...

GEORGE: Aaaah, pipe down!

JOHNNY: But I'm tellin' you...

GEORGE: (INTERRUPTS) And I'm tellin' you, we've got nothin' to worry about. Nobody saw us pull off this job. ~~Nobody pulled into that gas station while the old guy was washin' the car. I tell ya we're in the clean, we haven't got a thing to worry about.~~

JOHNNY: But you don't know for usre, George. Maybe we slipped up somewhere. Maybe we.....

GEORGE: Aaah, stop beatin' your gums, an' relax. I tell ya we're okay. We're way down in Idaho now, and pretty soon we'll be in...

JOHNNY: George!

GEORGE: Yeah?

JOHNNY: (JITTERY) There's some kind of roadblock on the highway up ahead.

GEORGE: So what?

JOHNNY: It's state troopers. Maybe they're lookin' for us.

GEORGE: You're crazy. They can't be lookin' for us. Why would they be lookin' for us way down here?

JOHNNY: I dunno. I dunno. But George, what are we gonna do?

GEORGE: Do? We're gonna stop, naturally. You don't think I'm gonna try and drive this nice new job through those barriers, do you? Especially when they're not lookin' for us, anyway....

JOHNNY: George, we're gettin' close.

GEORGE: Okay. You just keep your mouth shut, Stupid, an' let me do the talkin'....

(WHISTLE UP AHEAD)

(CAR SHOWS TO STOP. MOTOR IDLES UNDER:)

(STEPS ON HIGHWAY COMING UP)

TROOPER: This your car?

GEORGE: Why, yeah, Officer. That's right. What seems to be the trouble?

TROOPER: Your license plates...and the make of your car.

GEORGE: Huh? I don't get you. What is this, Trooper, some kind of joke?

TROOPER: You may think so, Buddy. I don't.

GEORGE: What do you mean?

TROOPER: The Sheriff up in Jefferson County, Montana, wants to see you.

GEORGE: (A BEAT) Yeah? What about?

TROOPER: Murder, Mister. Murder!

(MUSIC: UP AND INTO CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

CROUP: 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
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mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

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

HARRICE: And -- they are mild!

(MUSIC: - - - INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

NARR: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator, and the Big Story of Al Gaskill, as he lived it, and wrote it.

NARR: The two men, George Morgan and Johnny Kearns, are brought back by train from Idaho to Boulder, ^{Montana} and held on suspicion of murder. But it is one thing to bring up a charge, and another to make it stick. And you, Al Gaskill of the Helena Independent, are with Sheriff Ed Fraser as he grills the two men, hour after hour. * But they deny everything. *First George Morgan*

GEORGE: (LAUGHS) Now look, why don't you two guys stop knockin' yourselves out. You know you haven't got a thing on me, or Johnny, either. It could have been any two guys in any new convertible from anywhere. You come up before a jury on the evidence you're holdin' me on, an' you know what'll happen?

ED: (QUIETLY) What'll happen, Morgan?

GEORGE: Why, they'll pin back your ears, ... an' throw you out. And you know it!

ED: Maybe. And maybe not. What about the money you had on you when they picked you up, Morgan?

GEORGE: Well, What about it?

ED: It was stained with oil and grease.

GEORGE: So?

ED: So we know it was stolen money, Henry Bennett's money. It showed handling by a man who ran a filling station, who did work around cars.

GEORGE: (LAUGHS) You boys are coming in from left field. Sure, I got oil and grease on my money. Y'see, there was something wrong with the ignition, one of those bugs you find in new cars. I stopped on the road and fixed it myself, got my hands dirty, naturally. (A BEAT, AND GRIN) Does that explain everything, now, Sheriff?

ED: (GRIMLY) All it does, Morgan, is convince me more and more that you hold up Bennett and shot him down.

GEORGE: Then why don't you prove it, Sheriff? Find the gun. Got yourself a witness. Go ahead. See how far this evidence gets you in court. And that reminds me. I wanna see my lawyer. You've been holdin' me under suspicion, on some phony murder rap you can't prove. I'm a citizen, an' I know my rights.

ED: You'll get your rights, Morgan. Now, step outside. We'll call you later.

GEORGE: (LAUGHS) Okay, Sheriff. (FADING) Glad to be of help, any time, any time....

(DOOR CLOSE)

ED: (SIGHS) Well, Al. That's that. He's got us over a barrel, and he knows it.

AL: Ed, wait a minute.

ED: Yeah?

AL: Morgan's convertible is still down in Idaho, isn't it?

ED: That's right. We impounded it there, brought both Morgan and Kearns back by train. Why?

AL: (THOUGHTFULLY) It's just a chance, Ed, just a chance. But suppose you wire the authorities down there, ask them to check one thing.

ED: Yes? What?

AL: The amount of gas left in the tank of that convertible!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Ed Fraser sends the wire. And a ~~return~~ wire comes back...with some very interesting information. And this time, Fraser and yourself work on Johnny Koarns...

JOHNNY: (RISING) Why don't you let me alone, Shoriff? Why do you keep houndin' me like this? I toll you, George an' me had nothing' to do with killin' Bennett.

ED: (QUIETLY) You say you never even stopped to fill your tank at Bennett's gas station. That right, Koarns?

JOHNNY: That's right.

ED: You're lying!

JOHNNY: I told ya, see? I don't care what you say, we never stoped there!

ED: Al.

AL: Yeah, Ed?

ED: Show him the wire we got from southern Idaho.

AL: Take a look, Kearns.

(CRACKLE OF PAPER)

JOHNNY: What's this? I don't got it.

AL: The authorities at American Falls, Idaho, checked the amount of gas left in the convertible, Kearns. They subtracted the amount from what a full tank would hold..

JOHNNY: What does that prove?

AL: The difference in gallons added up to almost the exact mileage between Rendova and American Falls. It proves that you must have filled your tank at Rendova. And Henry Bennett had the only all-night gas station there....

ED: (GRIMLY) And this is a fact of evidence, Kearns. This is something we can take into court. And my advice to you now, is talk.

JOHNNY: (SHAKILY) I told you, I got nothin' to say. I don't care about that gas tank stuff, we didn't kill nobody, I got nothin' to say.

AL: Kearns, listen. ~~You're not a kid,~~ and you've got yourself in a pretty bad jam. We can prove who murdered Bennett, but it may take some time. If we prove it, you'll hang. You'll got to the gallows and swing. You want that to happen?

JOHNNY: (HYSTERICALLY) No, no! I don't want to hang....

AL: All right. If you talk, if you turn state's evidence, you may get a break. You may go a long prison sentence, maybe life. But that's a little different than swinging on the end of a rope. Don't be a fool, Kearns, George Morgan was the loader in this, not you. If you're ever going to talk, now's the time!

JOHNNY: (A PAUSE, THEN DULLY) All right. ~~All right.~~ I'll talk. I'll talk see? (BREAKS) ~~But I don't~~ wanna hang, I don't wanna hang!

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

NARR: He talks. And as a result, George Morgan is sentenced to the gallows, while Johnny Kearns escapes the rope, and is sent up for life at Deer Lodge state penitentiary. And then, two weeks before Morgan is scheduled to die, you visit him at the modest stone jail at Boulder....

GEORGE: What do you want, Gaskill? Haven't you done enough already. You got your story, what else do you want?

AL: I just dropped in to see if there was anything I could do, Morgan.

GEORGE: (A BEAT) You came all the way down from Helena just to see if....(HE STOPS)

AL: That's right.

GEORGE: (A PAUSE) Funny. I didn't figure you that way, Gaskill. You tried so hard to get me in here, and now, well, what do you know, ~~what do you know?~~ You're serious about this, huh?

AL: I wouldn't be here, if I wasn't.

GEORGE: Tell you something.

AL: Yes?

GEORGE: You can do me a favor on the outside.

AL: What is it?

GEORGE: I'd appreciate it if you'd sell that convertible of mine, and send the money to me.

AL: All right, Morgan. But I'm curious about one thing.

GEORGE: Yeah?

AL: What good is the money going to do you in here....and where you're going?

MORGAN: (WITH SINCERITY) Well, it's this way. Some of the guys in this crib are gettin' out soon. They'll need a little dough. (HE LAUGHS) Like you said, it ain't gonna do me any good where I'm goin'. But maybe they can use it to get a fresh start. (A BEAT) Well? How about it, Gaskill?

AL: All right, Morgan. I'll take care of it for you.

MORGAN: Thanks...thanks a lot. You know, it's funny what a guy thinks of, sittin' here, waiting to swing. A guy thinks of the best things he ever had in life, the things he enjoyed. Some think of a house they owned, their kids, a woman maybe. But me, all I can think of is a good car.

AL: (STARES) A car?

MORGAN: That's it. Not just any car. Not a sedan, not a coupe. But a convertible, Gaskill. A nice, now, shiny convertible. Gimme a brand-new job like that, with a full tank, and a sweet motor, and the open road, and (BITTERLY) Well, what's the use? What's the use of dreaming?

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Al Gaskill, sell the car, send him the money and write the story. And you think, this is it, this is the end, the end of your Big Story. And you never dream that it isn't the end, that the story is never finished till the last paragraph is written, that you never print an obituary till a man is dead. On the eighth night before the execution...

(PHONE RING) (RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

AL: Gaskill, Independent.
ED: (FILTER) Al, Ed Fraser, down in Boulder.
AL: Yes, Ed?
ED: If you're standing up....sit down!
AL: What do you mean?
ED: George Morgan just broke out of jail!
(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)
NARR: Now you know why George Morgan wanted to sell his car,
why he needed the money. You burn the road to
Boulder. And as you do, on a highway not far from
the jail, a salesman named Craig gets into his car.
(SLAM OF CAR DOOR)
(MOTOR STARTS. AUTO UP, GEARS SHIFT...CAR ROLLS)
GEORGE: (COLD, HARD) All right, Buddy, Look straight ahead,
~~through the windshield~~, don't turn back, see. I got
a knife right between your shoulders. You make one
phony move, an' I'll let you have it!
CRAIG: Wait a minute. How....?
GEORGE: Just hid on the floor here in the back, Stupid.
(LAUGHS) You never even saw me.
CRAIG: Who...who are you?
GEORGE: The name's Morgan...George Morgan. Maybe you read
about me in the papers. Anyway, I'm in a hurry, an'
I'm gonna need your car.
CRAIG: Wait a minute. You can't, ... *get away with this*

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GEORGE: (HARD) Can't I? Turn into that side road. (A PAUSE)
(THEN ANGRILY) Turn into that side road, punk, before
I give you this knife right up to the handle!

(MUSIC: — — — BRIDGE)

ED: Morgan made fools out of us, Al. Carved a key to the
cell door out of a wooden spoon. Ran upstairs, slugged
a guard, punched a hole in the skylight and made his
gotaway.

AL: And no trace of him yet?

ED: No trace. We've got men fanning through the mountains,
we're watching the highways.....

(PHONE RING)

ED: Oh. Hold it a second...

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

ED: Sheriff Frasier. Yes? What! What! I see. Okay,
Tom alert the state police right away, local police in
every town. And get the owner in to see me right away.

(RECEIVER ON HOOK)

AL: What is it, Ed?

ED: Morgan just stole a car on the road to Elk Park. Hid
in the back seat, threw the owner out.

AL: Ed, one question.

ED: Yeah?

AL: Did he steal a convertible?

ED: Naturally.

(MUSIC: — — — UP AND UNDER)

NARR: After that, George Morgan disappears, without a trace. The weeks pass into months, the months into a year. The chase dies down, and Morgan starts to become a memory. But not to you, Al Gaskill. You never give up hope. You've got one thing to go on, one hunch. And you tell Ed Fraser about it.....

AL: Ed, Morgan stole a convertible. As far as we know, he's still got it.

ED: So?

AL: The car's a year old, going on two. And wherever he is, Morgan's ~~going to~~ ^{settle} try and sell it, or trade it in for a new car.

ED: You think so?

AL: I know so. Morgan's like an addict, Ed. The car he stole has a Montana registration. Some day he's going to trade it in, and some day, the application will come through the Bureau of Motor Vehicles ~~in the office of the Secretary of State.~~

ED: Al, you're crazy. Even assuming you've got an angle here, it might be years...

AL: It might. But then, I've got plenty of time. ~~What can I lose?~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: *Yes* You've got plenty of time...and plenty of friends in the office where the motor vehicle registration records are kept. You brief them to be on the lookout, drop in periodically, hoping against hope. The months pass, another year. And then, one of the clerks in the office calls you down.

BILL: Al, here it is...take a look at this car title....

AL: (ALERT) This is it, Bill. Who applied for this new registration?

BILL: A man named Doyle...Pete Doyle. Just released from Missouri State Prison at Jefferson City. I've got his letter, here. He's living in St. Louis at the moment, and here's his address....

AL: (A BEAT) St. Louis, Bill.....

BILL: Yeah?

AL: You wouldn't happen to have a plane schedule here, would you?

(MUSIC: - - - BRIDGE)

DOYLE: Wait a minute, Gaskill. You flew all the way down here from Montana just to tell me I'm buyin' a hot car?

AL: That's right, Doyle. For that, and for other reasons.

DOYLE: Look. Get this straight. If it's hot, I want no part of it. I just did time, I've had enough, I don't wanna get mixed up in any more monkey-business. The guy that sold this car to me gave me a price, he told me it was a legit deal.

AL: Who sold the car to you, Doyle?

DOYLE: A con. My cellmate at Jefferson City. He's still doin' time there, five years, for tryin' to crack a warehouse. Said he had no use for the jalopy he'd sell it off cheap. And now I find the rat was sellin' me a hot job.

AL: What was this con's name, Doyle?

DOYLE: McCann. Leo McCann.

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

NARR: You hire a car, drive west to Jefferson City, up to the Missouri State Penitentiary, talk to the warden. Now the excitement grows upon you, this may be the end of the long trail, the thousands of motor vehicle registrations, the months and years of search...

(ECHOING OF FOOTSTEPS DOWN PRISON CORRIDOR...)

NARR: You walk down the prison corridor, escorted by the warden, until you come to the cell of the man who calls himself Leo McCann...

(FOOTSTEPS STOP)

NARR: And then....

(A BEAT)

AL: (QUIETLY) Hello, Morgan.

GEORGE: (STARTLED) What the....(CUTS) ~~Gaskill~~ Al Gaskill!

AL: That's right, Morgan. If I had known you'd been picked up on another job, I could have saved myself a lot of grief. But now you're going back to Montana to keep a date with a rope. And we won't be going in a convertible.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ CURTAIN _)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we'll read you a telegram from Al Gaskill of the Helena Montana Independent with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM # 228

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 Al Gaskill of the Helena Montana Independent.

GASKILL: KILLER IN TONIGHT'S BIG STORY WAS TAKEN BACK TO BOULDER, AND PLACED UNDER DOUBLE GUARD. THE GOVERNOR OF MONTANA REFUSED TO GRANT REPRIEVE, THE KILLER WENT TO THE CALLOWS, TWO YEARS AFTER HIS CRIME. MANY THANKS FOR TONIGHT'S PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Gaskill.....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. Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY.....A Big Story from the front pages of the Jackson, Mississippi, Daily News by line Edward L. Blake. A BIG STORY of a reporter who set out to reconstruct a family's life and found only death!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING)

CHAPPELL: And remember, every week you can see "The Door With No Name" 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. Procktor with original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Solinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Max Ehrlich from an actual story from the pages of the Helena, Montana, Independence. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Bill Quinn played the part of Al Gaskill. 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. Gaskill.

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

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

Last year, one hundred and seventy thousand forest fires were caused by carelessness - by picnickers, hunters, fisherman. These man-made fires destroyed nearly thirty-million acres of timber - timber vitally needed for defense and housing. Whenever you're in or near a forest, follow these three simple rules: Crush out that cigarette completely. Break matches in two after using. Make sure that camp fire is really out. Remember - only you can prevent forest fires!

THIS IS NBC, THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

1
AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #229

CAST

NARRATOR

BOB SLOANE

DOROTHY

EVELYN SIEBOLD

LUCY

KATHLEEN NIDAY

HEYWARD

BRUCE GORDON

HECKERSON

BILL SMITH

ED

BILL LIPTON

BIGLY

COURT BENSON

JESSUP

COURT BENSON

GALVIN

SCOTT TENNYSON

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1951

2
ATX01 0172768

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#229

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

AUGUST 15, 1951

WEDNESDAY

(Edward L. Blake: The Jackson (Miss.) Daily News)

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE, ESTABLISH SOMBRE MOOD, CUT TO.....)

~~(ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN)~~

~~HEYWARD: (DETECTIVE, IN HIS LATE 40's... TO ELEVATOR OPERATOR:)~~

~~That's all right -- I know where the children's ward is.~~

~~(SLOW FOOTSTEPS IN ECHOING MARBLE CORRIDOR AS~~

~~ELEVATOR DOORS SHUT BEHIND STEPS. HOLD STEPS TO~~

~~OPENING OF DOOR, THEN:)~~

HEYWARD: Are you Mr. Oakley Hickerson?

HICKERSON: (LATE 50's, DEEP, RELIGIOUS VOICE) Yes, doctor. This
is my daughter -- Mrs. Dorothy Allen.

DOROTHY: (A FRIGHTENED, TIMID WOMAN IN HER EARLY 30's) Doctor,
how is Ella Mae? How is she?

HEYWARD: I'm not the doctor. Mrs. Allen, tell me -- you lost
another daughter four months ago of the same thing --
sleeping sickness -- didn't you?

DOROTHY: (HALF CRYING) ^{yes - how you're trying to tell me} Ella Mae's dead! ^{aren't you} Father, Ella Mae's dead!

HEYWARD: She's not dead -- not yet, Mrs. Allen. ^{aren't you} But I'd like you
both to come down to police headquarters.

HICKERSON: Police?

HEYWARD: The hospital just found enough arsenic of lead in her to
almost kill her.

HICKERSON: Oh Lord, Lord...who would do a thing like that?

(MUSIC: HITS, AND UNDER FOR...)

ATX01 0172769

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,
GOLD, FLAT) Jackson, Mississippi. From the pages of the
Jackson Daily News, the story of a reporter who set out to
reconstruct a family's life and found only death. *for his Big Story*
Tonight, to Edward L. Blake of the Jackson Daily News, goes
the PELL MELL Award ~~for his Big Story~~.

(MUSIC: _ _ TURN TABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #229

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

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

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

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

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

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

CHAPPELL: Jackson, Mississippi. The story as it actually happened
-- Edward L. Blake's story as he lived it.

MUSIC: THEME

NARR: The heat shimmers over the sidewalks of Jackson,
Mississippi. As you, Edward L. Blake, reporter for the
Jackson Daily News make your way slowly toward
Gallatin Street. You're six feet, four inches tall
and the heat has slowed all of you down to a casual
pace. And so far, there's nothing in the story you're
on to excite you or make you move any faster. Just
a routine item in the morning's paper to the effect
that the police had been questioning the grandfather
and the mother of a little girl named Ella Mae ^{Allen} because
the hospital had found arsenic of lead in her.
Probably an accidnet...you've decided that an
interview with the mother of the little girl might
make a good human interest story.

~~(MUSIC: OUT TO...)~~

(RAP ON DOOR, HOLD, RAP REPEATED, DOOR OPENED)

ED: You Mrs. Allen?
DOROTHY: (TENSE) Yes. If -- if you'll just step inside -- I'll
be ready -- to go with you.
ED: Go with me? ~~I'm afraid~~ -- Go where?
DOROTHY: To the jail-house -- I'm ready to go to the jail-house.
ED: You've got me wrong, Mrs. Allen. I'm from the paper.
DOROTHY: (BEAT) Not -- not from the -- police?

ED: No, I just came by to talk with you a little about Ella Mae.

DOROTHY: (STARTS TO WEEP, VERY LOW)

ED: Gee, I didn't mean to upset you, Mrs. Allen.

DOROTHY: (DESPERATELY) Why won't they arrest me? Why can't they see that I want to be put in jail?

ED: I -- I don't understand, Mrs. Allen, why should they?

DOROTHY: Because I want them to arrest me -- I want to be in the jail-house!

ED: (HESITANTLY) You're not saying -- you don't mean -- you had something to do with --

DOROTHY: Mister, she's dying! The other one's dead! You're a reporter -- tell them to put me in jail, mister!

(ALMOST HYSTERICAL) Mister, tell them to put me in jail.

ED: I'll do the best I can, Ms. Allen. Where's your father now -- Mr. Hickerson?

DOROTHY: (BEAT) He's with Ella Mae.

ED: At the hospital?

DOROTHY: He's been there all day and all night.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ ACCENT, SLIGHT BRIDGE, OUT TO...)

HICKERSON: I'm a weary man, sir. I've been reading the Bible to that poor child night and day.

ED: Mr. Hickerson, this may sound like a terrible question to you, but was it just an accident that the poison was in Ella Mae's cough syrup or do you think --

HICKERSON: (WEARILY) I'm a troubled man, Mr. Blake. I don't know what to think.

ED: Would you know of anyone who had reason to do a thing like that?

HICKERSON: A fiend, only a fiend would do that to a child! Why would anyone want to do a thing like that?

ED: (BEAT) Sometimes for insurance, Mr. Hickerson. Were the children insured?

HICKERSON: You're a young man for such a terrible thought, Mr. Blake.

ED: I'm afraid in my business we have to ask all sorts of questions.

HICKERSON: Yes, they were both insured. Little amounts for possible funeral expenses. Things like that.

ED: Who were they made out to?

HICKERSON: (BEAT) To my daughter. (SUDDEN AND DESPERATE) Mister, I'm an old man. Why don't they put me in jail instead of scandalizing an old man's name? Why don't they just jail me?

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ ACCENT, DOWN UNDER.)

NARR: You're only 25, Edward L. Blake, and close enough to your Sunday school days so that Oakley Hickerson makes a real impression on you, with his beard, his long hair. And his patriarchal voice. You leave him and your next step is police headquarters to see Chief of Detectives Jim Heyward.

~~(MUSIC: OUT)~~

ED: You don't think it was an accident -- the arsenic of lead in the girl's cough syrup?

HEYWARD: No.

ED: Why not?

HEYWARD: Because there was more than the poison in that poor kid's cough syrup. There was a big dose of sleeping pills in it too.

ED: Sleeping pills? What for?

HEYWARD: Ella Mae's sister, when she died four months ago -- the doctor diagnosed it as encephalitis.

ED: Why that's sleeping sickness.

HEYWARDS: That's right.

ED: Are you going to exhume her body?

HEYWARD: I don't know yet.

ED: ~~I've just spoken to both of them. They both want to be arrested.~~

HEYWARD: ~~I know.~~

Hickerson & his daughter.

ED: You going to arrest ~~them?~~

HEYWARD: No.

ED: Why not?

HEYWARD: Because I don't have anything to go on. ~~It might have been either one of them, it might have been both of them.~~ I won't pick them up until we find the druggist who sold them the sleeping pills and the poison.

ED: You're sure it was on of them then, huh?'

HEYWARD: I'm not sure of anything.

ED: After the item appeared in this morning's paper- ~~it had by by line on it~~ -- there were two anonymous calls at the office.

HEYWARD: (NOT TO INTERESTED) What did they say?

ED: Both of them suggested we look into the past life of Hickerson and his daughter.

HEYWARD: Did they leave their names?

ED: No.

HEYWARD: Cranks. *but*

ED: Maybe so. *but* I've talked it over with the paper.

Hickerson and his daughter come from the southern part of the State around Magee. I'm ~~leaving this~~ *going there this* afternoon ~~for Magee.~~

HEYWARD: ~~What for?~~

ED: ~~For some background. Want me to phone you if I find anything?~~

HEYWARD: (NOT-CARING-MUCH) ~~If you feel like it.~~

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

NARR: It takes you about two hours to prepare for your trip to the home-town of Oakley Hickerson and his daughter Dorothy Allen. And in those two hours, you visit the State Health Department, Division of Vital Statistics. You rummage thru records, digging up the names of relatives, wives, ex-wives, children, and so on. Then, you pick up a car at the U-Driv-It Agency and you're on your way toward an experience which will remain with you the rest of your life -- only you don't know that yet.

(MUSIC: ~~UP, DOWN UNDER.~~)

~~(GAP EG)~~

NARR: Hopewell Cemetery lies right outside of Magee. Ella Mae's little sister was buried there only four months ago. You decide to stop a moment at her grave, just for color.

~~(MUSIC: ~~OUT~~)~~

~~(SLEEPER INSECTS EG....)~~

Birds

BIGLEY: (UNDERTAKER, UNCTUOUS) How do you do, sir. My name is Bigley. I'm the undertaker in Magee. (SMILE) I noticed you admiring these tombstones. I just wanted you to know that we also handle tombstones-- if you're in the market.

ED: You must have known Mr. Hickerson then -- Oakley Hickerson and his daughter Dorothy Allen?

BIGLEY: Know them well, sir. As a matter of fact, we stood by Mr. Hickerson in his many moments of bereavement. As you will notice, that's his mother's grave here. His father's grave is right next to her. Those two stones with the ~~angles~~^{angels} on top -- an original design, I might say -- those are Mr. Hickerson's first two wives -- may they rest in peace.

ED: And those two little stones there?

BIGLEY: Children -- poor dears. Just children, the one at the left -- Mr. Hickerson's youngest daughter. And that grave -- very tragic -- Dorothy Allen's little girl. Would you mind stepping over here?

ED: These two stones with Angels on them?

BIGLEY: Yes. Notice the inscription on both of them -- very touching. Mr. Hickerson loved them both and insisted we put the same inscription on both stones. (READS WITH THE FEELING OF AN UNDERTAKER) "She was a faithful mother and sun^{shine} in her home. No one can take her place. Where has my mother gone?" (BEAT) Amen. (QUICKLY) Isn't that touching? Now, sir, is there any particular stone here in the cemetery that --

ED: I'm afraid you've got me wrong, sir. I'm from a newspaper in Jackson.

BIGLEY: (QUICKLY, CURT) Oh. Well thank you very much. Sorry I have to interrupt your thoughts but I'm afraid I have to get back to town.

ED: Wait a minute. Look, I just want to ask you a question!

BIGLEY: I'm sorry, sir. There's a good deal of work waiting for me.

ED: Look, if your establishment handled all these burials, could you just answer one question for me? Was there any suspicion in connection with the deaths of any of these people?

BIGLEY: Mister, when the doctors say they're dead, we bury them! If you want to know about Hickerson, talk to Miss Lucy.

ED: Miss Lucy?

BIGLEY: (NASTY GRIN) Sure. You'll find her on Canal Street. Just ask anyone. They'll show you to Miss Lucy's house. (CHUCKLES AS HE FADES) Just talk to Miss Lucy, young man!

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND DOWN UNDER.)

NARR: When you walk in on Miss Lucy, you realize immediately that because you weren't in the market for a tombstone, the undertaker had played a joke on you -- an undertaker's joke. Miss Lucy was in her middle 60's and cracked. Obviously and unashamedly cracked.

(MUSIC: OH!)

LUCY: (HALF-CAKYLING) I'll tell you why I'm a miss, young man. I waited for Oakley to marry me, that's why.
~~Heh, heh, heh!~~

ED: You've known Oakley Hickerson a long time?

LUCY: Wal, I'm not sixteen and neither is he! ~~Heh, hah, heh!~~
(SHE RECOVERS AND DROPS HER VOICE) ~~Tell me, what is~~
~~he like these days?~~

ED: ~~I would say he is a rather serious man, Miss Lucy --~~
quite religious.

LUCY: (GACKLING WITH LAUGHTER) Him? Oakley? Oh my, oh my!
Well, ~~he certainly wasn't that way when he promised to~~
~~marry me!~~

ED: Why didn't he marry you, Miss Lucy?

LUCY: Because he married two other wives instead. Oakley
always said he would marry for money and I never had
any, so I just waited for him.

ED: Were his two wives wealthy?

LUCY: Wealthy? (GACKLES WITH LAUGHTER) No siree! Not when
he married them they weren't. ^{they had} Wal, their moment with
him and now they got pretty tombstones. I got out to
read them sometimes. (LAUGHS) That's fun, young man.
You should try it!

ED: What did you mean, Miss Lucy, when you said they
weren't rich when he married them but that he
married them for money?

LUCY: Oh, did I say that? Wal, they weren't rich -- not
when they were alive, they weren't. (THEN GACKLES,
STOPS SUDDENLY, TAKES UP AGAIN, QUITE SERIOUSLY) Look
here, maybe I shouldn't've been talking to you.
What're you asking about Oakley Hickerson for?

ED: He's up in Jackson now living with his daughter Dorothy Allen.

LUCY: Oh, her! They're birds of a feather, they are. But why are you asking questions about them?

ED: Because Dorothy Allen's little girl is in the hospital with poisoning --

LUCY: Oh. I'm not as cracked as they say I am, young man. I'll tell you what you do if you want to know about Oakley Hickerson, and his daughter. Go see Calvin Boxer.

ED: Who is he?

LUCY: You'll find out all right. Go see him. He'll tell you all about how he died.

ED: How who died?

LUCY: He died a horrible death, he did and Calvin'll tell you all about it.

ED: Who died a horrible death, Miss Lucy?

LUCY: Why Calvin's dog. Go see him. He'll tell you all about how his dog died a horrible death.

(MUSIC: --- ACCENT, THEN UNDER...)

NARR: The heat, those ~~seven~~⁶ graves at the Hopewell Cemetery, the echo of Miss Lucy's ~~crazy laughter~~^{voice} all beat at you now as you walk down the streets of Magee on the trail of a dead dog. And over everything, like a deep shadow in broad daylight, hovers the image of Oakley Hickerson and his daughter Dorothy Allen. When you walk in on Calvin Boxer you expect anything except a lucid story of his dead dog.

(MUSIC UNDER)

CALVIN: (HARD AND BITTER) My dog ate poisoned biscuits. That's how he died, mister.

ED: How did that happen?

CALVIN: Because Oakley Hickerson's mother made those biscuits.

ED: Mr. Boxer, I don't understand.

CALVIN: You don't. Go out to Hopewell Cemetery, Mister ----

ED: I was there already today.

CALVIN: Then you saw his father's grave?

ED: What's that got to do with the biscuits your dog ate?

CALVIN: I'll tell you what it had to do with my dog. ~~(When)~~ both died of the same biscuits. That's the Hickerson house right there. Our yards touch. He brought the flour home for those biscuits. He brought the flour home because his father liked biscuits. That's a real son for you, mister!

ED: Mr. Boxer, are you saying that Oakley Hickerson's ~~father died of poison biscuits?~~

CALVIN: He had his mother make those biscuits for his father and when ~~he~~ ^{his father} got sick, they threw those biscuits out in the backyard. That's where my dog found them and in two weeks, they were both dead.

ED: But -- but that's crazy, Mr. Boxer. Didn't anyone question it? Didn't they have an autopsy? After all --

CALVIN: (CUTS IN) There's more, mister. There's lots more. And he's smart -- and so's his daughter. He had the whole town commiserating on his side when his father died. You know why? I'll tell you why. He said the grocer sold him that poison flour and he even got a city lawyer to sue that flour mill. And they settled with him, mister.

ED: But didn't anyone investigate?

CALVIN: Did they investigate my sister's death? She was the
second Mrs. Hickerson. And ^{there's} more, mister -- more!

ED: But if you knew the truth, if you felt that he poisoned
your sister --

CALVIN: Mister, you got to see Dr. Jessup. You got to see
Dr. Jessup, mister, and when you finish talking with
him, come back. And I'll tell you more, *mister more*

(MUSIC: UP TO TAG - MUSIC TURN TABLE)

(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: This, 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 Edward L. Blake as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: You, Edward L. Blake, reporter for the Jackson Daily News, came down here to Magee, Mississippi on a simple background story -- just to get some color on a religious old man whose grand-daughter was lying in the hospital with a stomach full of poison. And suddenly, you're got all the color you want -- too much of it, and all of it the color of death. But before you continue your search among the dead, you stop at the hotel and there's a message for you.

~~(MUSIC: -- OUT)~~

ED: (ON THE PHONE) This is Ed Blake. Let me talk to Chief Heyward.

HEYWARD: (F) Ed, where are you?

ED: Down here in Magee. Oakley Hickerson's home-town. There was a message here from my City Editor. When did you ^{first} pick Hickerson up?

HEYWARD: About an hour ago.

ED: I thought you weren't going to pick him up until you had more evidence on him.

HEYWARD: We got it. We finally cracked the druggist who sold him the poison and the sleeping pills. Him and his daughter both.

ED: She bought poison too?

HEYWARD: No, just sleeping pills.

ED: Has he confessed?

HEYWARD: No. And he doesn't look like he will.

ED: Listen, Jim, I have run into something down here -- I'm not even going to try to tell you about it on the phone because you wouldn't believe me. It's almost too evil to believe. I've got to see one more man in town here -- a Dr. Jessup.

HEYWARD: What about him ?

ED: After I see him, I'll be back in Jackson - tonight. Jim, I may be wrong, but I think I'm going to be able to bring back enough ^{evidence} to crack Hickerson ~~with~~.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, SLIGHT BRIDGE, OUT TO)

JESSUP: (ELDERLY, SOFT SPOKEN, COUNTRY DOCTOR) I felt her pulse and discovered it to be racing. My diagnosis was pericarditis. That is --

ED: Inflammation of the sac around the heart. I understand Doctor.

JESSUP: Yes. Well, I had her taken to the General Hospital. When she got home, she was on the road to recovery. Except that every day when I would visit her, Hickerson would walk out to the gate with me and shake his head and say, "I don't believe you, doctor. She's going to die."

ED: And she did die -- just like the first wife?

JESSUP: Yes...she died.

ED: Doctor, ~~do you mind my being a little frank?~~

JESSUP: ~~No. Be as frank as you want, young man.~~

ED: I don't understand it, Doctor. According to you people down here this man is a mass murderer. How come there weren't any autopsies, examinations, investigations?

JESSUP (BEAT) Because no one asked for any of those things.

ED: But that's impossible! If you were all suspicious of him-

JESSUP: (CUTS IN, HARSHLY) Young man, that's all there's been to date -- suspicions!

ED: But his own father --!

JESSUP: And perhaps his mother. She died of sleeping sickness too.

ED: His mother, his father, two wives, and one of his grand-children -- and the other one dying in a hospital --

JESSUP: And don't forget his youngest daughter Edna.

ED: (SLIGHT TAKE) His youngest daughter? That's right! She's in the Hopewell Cemetery too, isn't she? What happened to her?

JESSUP: Go back to see Calvin Boxer. ^{Young man} He's the one to tell you about her.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, SLIGHT BRIDGE, OUT TO)

GALVIN: So you want to talk with Dr. Jessup, did you? He tell you about my sister? ~~Did he tell you how Dr. Jessup kept saying she was going to get better? And Oakley, he kept saying she was going to die?~~ Did he tell you that?

ED: Yes, he did.

CALVIN: Oakley was right, wasn't he? You know why he was right, mister? Because he knew she was going to die?

ED: Dr. Jessup said that was only a suspicion.

CALVIN: What else is he going to say? Nobody ever did anything about it. Now I'll tell you something that ain't a suspicion. I'll tell you something I seen myself.

ED: Dr. Jessup said you would know about Edna -- the youngest daughter.

CALVIN: It was raining that night, light rain it was. I went out to feed the dog -- ~~the same dog that died~~. And ^{Oakley} he was there behind his house stoking up a brush-fire. Edna was helping him, ~~carrying brush and things to the fire~~. Then he came ^{back to} the house here and said he was going to town. He said he was going to take in a picture in town.

ED: What happened then?

CALVIN: Maybe a half hour later I heard a scream - just one - and that's all. And about an hour later, they found Edna burned so bad she died that night in the hospital.

ED: No! How could you accuse him of doing that to his own daughter?

CALVIN: You know how? Because there weren't no pictures in Magee that night -- because he was lying -- because that scream I heard was Edna's...only he must have hit her with something otherwise she would have kept on screaming ~~or~~ ^{and} crawled out of that fire. That's why!

ED: But -- why didn't you do something about it? Why didn't you say something to somebody about it?

CALVIN: (BEAT) For the same reason nobody ever did anything about those other graves out in Hopewell Cemetery. Because nobody can ever prove anything.

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT)

~~(SPEAKING CAR IN BG)~~

NARR: Because you're sick at heart at what you've heard from the people of Magee and because you're determined that once and for all Oakley Hickerson be made to pay for his fiendish life, you, Edward L. Blake, collect the signed statements of Calvin Boxer and Dr. Jessup and then, as fast as you can, you head back to Jackson. Your first stop is not your paper, but the City Jail *Chief Heyward*

~~(MAYOR SPEAKING IN BG)~~

HEYWARD: Ed, I can't believe it! It makes a man sick to believe all you just told me about Hickerson.

ED: You still haven't gotten the confession, have you?

HEYWARD: No. He won't even open his mouth.

ED: What about his daughter? Do you think she was mixed up in it?

HEYWARD: No. I'm positive she wasn't.

ED: But you said the druggist had sold her sleeping pills also.

HEYWARD: She had a doctor's prescription for them. It was for her own use. That woman's a wreck. That's why she wanted me to put her in jail. Ed, she's frightened of something.

ED: Wouldn't you be -- with a father like Hickerson?

HEYWARD: That's not it. It's something more specific than that. He's got her real scared about something.

ED: Listen, bring them together, put them in one room.

HEYWARD: What for? We've already questioned them six times.

Put now

ED: You've ~~got nothing else!~~ You've got these statements by Dr. Jessup and by Boxer.

HEYWARD: Thanks -- what good are they? Statements like that wouldn't stand up in Court.

ED: I'm not talking about Court. I'm talking about their effect on Hickerson. Flash them around -- reel off all the information from Magee -- maybe we can crack him that way.

HEYWARD: I don't know.

ED: Jim, try it. You haven't been able to crack him any other way. Try it and see what happens. ~~Put Hickerson and his daughter in one room. Let's see what happens.~~

HEYWARD: All right, Ed. With a madman like Hickerson, I'll try anything. Just to make sure he gets what's coming to him.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: (~~LOW, IN-CLOSE~~) It's night outside and the room is hot. Your eyes take in Dorothy Allen, close to hysteria. Chief Heyward's voice works away like a sharp pointed drill. And then, Edward L. Blake, you look at Oakley Hickerson's cold, impassive face and you realize that the drill is striking stone.

~~(MUSIC: OUT)~~

HEYWARD: (~~ACCUSING, HARD~~) ~~You're insane, Hickerson -- you're crazy!~~ ~~Any man who would feed his father poisoned biscuits --~~ ~~his own father!~~ Why did you do it Hickerson? (~~BEAT, THEN~~) You did it for the insurance, didn't you? Just like you killed your grand-daughter four months ago for the insurance, didn't you? (~~BEAT, LOW AND CLOSE NOW~~)
(MORE)

HEYWARD:
(CONT'D)

Listen to me, Hickerson. We know that you borrowed money to pay up the insurance premiums on both your grand-children. We've got the man who loaned you the money. You told him the children were both suffering from bad hearts, didn't you? And that you expected them to die. (~~ALMOST SNOOPING NOW~~) ~~Dorothy Allen, tell the truth!~~ Were your children suffering from heart-trouble ^{Dorothy Allen} or were they pretty healthy kids?

DOROTHY: (CRYING OUT) Don't ask me anything -- Please, don't ask me anything!

HEYWARD: Look at these, Hickerson -- signed statements by Dr. Jessup and your own brother-in-law Calvin Boxer. They're signed statements, Hickerson. Dr. Jessup is ready to come into Court, ~~and tell about the conditions under which your two wives died.~~ We've got the information from the insurance company showing how much you collected on your wives. What about your wives, Hickerson? How did you kill them? (BEAT, THEN MORE VICLENT) I swear to you I'm going to keep you in here as long as I have to! That door is locked and we're not walking out of here until ~~you tell us the truth!~~

ED: (CUTS IN) Mr. Hickerson, you say you're a religious man. How could you keep this on your conscience? Mr. Hickerson, you've committed mass murder! Your own father, your two wives, your grand-children -- There's even suspicion about how your ~~own~~ mother died.

HEYWARD: And Edna - don't forget Edna. Dorothy Allen's sister.
Don't forget Edna.

DOROTHY: (SCREAMS OUT) No! Not Edna! It was an accident. Edna
died -- but it was an -- accident!

ED: (HARD) No, it wasn't. Calvin Boxer saw what happened
that night.

HICKERSON: (ALMOST SHOUTING) Shut up, you! Calvin Boxer saw
nothing!

DOROTHY: Pa -- *explain it to them like you told me*

ED: You killed her, Hickerson. Boxer saw you build that
brush-fire --

DOROTHY: (RISING HYSTERIA) No, that's not true! Edna made that
fire herself -- she was burning brush --

ED: That's a lie. Calvin Boxer saw your father building that
brush-fire. And then your father told him he was going
to go to town to take in a picture. --

HICKERSON: You've got no right to treat an old man this way! (TO
DOROTHY WITH THE VOICE THAT HAS TERRORIZED HER FOR YEARS)

Don't you listen to them!

DOROTHY: Don't let him shout at me! That's the way he scared me
ever since I was a child -- Don't let him shout at me!

ED: Listen, Dorothy, he killed Edna. Boxer's story is true.
Your father said he was going to town to see a picture
that night but there was no picture showing in Magee.
Boxer heard your sister scream once! If she'd fallen into
that fire by accident she would have kept on screaming!
Your father must have hit her and left her in that fire!

HICKERSON: No! No more!

DOROTHY: It's true! I saw it that night but I was little. He ~~also~~ told me I was crazy ^{and} he was my father and I couldn't believe my father would do such a thing! He did it! Just like he poisoned my own children -- He poisoned them --

HICKERSON: (SHOUTS) I should have killed you too!

HEYWARD: ~~That~~? Then you admit it -- you killed the others!

HICKERSON: (BEAT) May the Lord have mercy on my soul.

ED: (DISGUST) How can you even speak the words of the Lord and live the way you have?

HANK: My voice is the voice of Jacob, but my hands are the hands of Cain.

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we'll read you a telegram from Edward L. Blake of the Jackson, Mississippi, Daily News 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!

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Procter 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 Jackson Mississippi, Daily News. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Bill Lipton played the part of Edward L. Blake. 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. Blake.

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

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of *insert neg. plug from p. 26*
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

THIS IS NEC, THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

JS/VAK/8/2/51/PM

ATX01 0172795

(MUSIC: _ _ TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Edward L. Blake of the Jackson, Mississippi, Daily News.

TELEGRAM: Murderer in tonight's Big Story confessed ^{and} to the killings of his two wives, and his grand-daughter. (~~However, he never confessed to the murder of his parents and his daughter.~~) In March of this year, he paid with his life in the State portable electric chair. Never in the history of this State has a murder story so shocked the public. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Blake...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. Listen again next week same time, same station, when PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes will present another BIG STORY.....A Big Story from the front pages of the Boston, Mass., Post, by line William E. Brennan. A BIG STORY about a criminal who was trapped in mid-air....and vanished.

(MUSIC: ~~STING~~)

CHAPPELL: Remember, America's newest action-packed magazine, The BIG STORY will go on sale one week from today. It will contain six thrilling Big Stories. Be wise, ask your dealer to put aside a copy for you.

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

↓
6 pages

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #230

CAST

NARRATOR

KOVACS

MRS HATHAWAY

BRENNAN

CABBIE

WILSON

WHITLOW

MARCO

PILOT

AS BROADCAST

BOB SLOANE

PHIL STERLING

MARGARET BURLIN

LES DAMON

JOE SILVER

JOE SILVER

SCOTT TENNYSON

JOE DE SANTIS

JOHN SHEA

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1951

ATX01 0172797

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#230

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

AUGUST 22, 1951

WEDNESDAY

(WILLIAM E. BRENNAN: BOSTON POST)

BY ERNEST KINOY

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(LIGHT TINKERING HAMMERING)

MARCO: (VERY CLOSE: BREATHING HARD WITH EFFORT)

KOVACS: (OFF: SHARP) Hey...you!

MARCO: (LITTLE GASP REACTION: THE SILENT)

(LIGHT TINKERING STOPS)

(STEPS APPROACHING ON PAVEMENT SLOWLY UNDER KOVACS
LINE)

KOVACS: (COMING ON VERY SLOWY) Keep your hands where I can see them.

What are you doing to that car? Trying to switch plates..

huh? Stand still, I don't want to have to shoot! Wise

guy, trying to lift a car two blocks from the station. *rhane*

MARCO: (SUDDEN EFFORT) *C.K. Capper*

KOVACS: (SIMULTANEOUS WITH ABOVE) Lock out..I'll

(HARD BLOW: BIG SCUFFLE)

MARCO: (GREAT EFFORT) Let go of that gun..cop...(SUDDEN EFFORT)

KOVACS: (SHARP PAIN REACTION)

MARCO: Now you be still, I've got the gun. *lie down.*

KOVACS: (IN PAIN) You can't...

MARCO: I said lie down on the ground!

KOVACS: Okay...okay. (GETTING DOWN) You're crazy. You look out
with that gun.

MARCO: Sure..I'll look out with it!

(TWO QUICK SHOTS CLOSE AND ECHOY)

ATX01 0172798

(MUSIC: HITS: THEN UNDER)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story. Here is America, its sound and its fury, its joy and its sorrow as faithfully reported by the men and women of the great American Newspapers. Boston, Massachusetts. From the pages of the Boston Post comes a story about a criminal who was trapped in mid-air---and vanished. ~~And~~ for his work, to William E. Brennan, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL AWARD.

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(FIRST 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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measure. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: THEME AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Boston, Massachusetts. The story as it actually happened.
William Brennan's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: UP: UNDER)

NARR: You've been a crime reporter, ^{over} thirty years, ^{now} William Brennan, reporter for the Boston Post and you've covered 'em all from pickpockets and vagrants swept into the tank on a Saturday night...to murder! In your desk drawer at the press room in Back Bay Station is a large ~~of~~ loose-leaf note book. You're a careful workman, you've got your ^{many} ~~thirty~~ years experience catalogued on paper, cross-indexed by type of crime, method of operation, correlated with statistical tables...graphed with blue and red ink on cross-hatched paper! You're working out the ratio of local crime to the National average when Detective Lieutenant Kovacs sticks his head in the door.

KOVACS: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Hey. Bill, have a cigar!

BRENNAN: Carry three...and four...Huh?

KOVACS: (COMING ON) I said have a cigar. I'm celebrating.

BRENNAN: I didn't know you were married.

KOVACS: I'm not.

BRENNAN: Then what's the celebration?

KOVACS: Just being alive. Some car snatcher jumped my gun and pumped two shots into the ground an inch from my head!

BRENNAN: I saw that in the bull dog edition. They didn't have your name on it.

KOVACS: A favor to me. That kind of publicity I can do without. He took my gun away like a water pistol from a baby.

BRENNAN: He got away? You couldn't stop him?

KOVACS: I had a face full of gravel at the time.

BRENNAN: Have you identified him?

KOVACS: No. He's a big bruiser...like a tackle. About 6 foot, 200 pounds and all muscle.

BRENNAN: His face?

KOVACS: Straight features. Dark hair...good looking guy.

BRENNAN: Uh huh...and an auto thief...

(PAGES RATTLING)

KOVACS: What are you looking for...Bill?

BRENNAN: My parole cross-index.

KOVACS: For what?

BRENNAN: Statistically it ought to be easy to identify your man.

KOVACS: You mean from those figures of yours?

BRENNAN: Certainly. The chances are a man who successfully disarmed you has a record. Most criminals stick to one line of work..by comparing data...

KOVACS: (LAUGHS) You mean you're going to pull my man out of the multiplication table like a rabbit out of a hat?

BRENNAN: There's nothing magical about it..it's merely criminological statistics.

KOVACS: I've seen a lot of wild boys on the police beat..but never a bookkeeper.

(PAGES RUSTLING)

BRENNAN: That's the way I work, Lieutenant - ah here it is. Clinton Marco.

KOVACS: Who's he?

BRENNAN: (READS) 22 years old. First arrest age 15, Auto theft. One year in Industrial school. Arrested at 17, 18, 20, all auto theft. Last suspected of being contact man for state-wide hot car ring. (MORE)

BRENNAN: Paroled last Spring. Description 6 ft 1. 205 pounds.
(CONTD) Black hair, dark complexion, regular features.
Characteristics, steals only new Fords, Plymouths, or
Chevrolets, files numbers, forges registration and resells.

(BOOK SLAMMED)

How does that sound?

KOVACS: It could be. It fills the specifications. He was working
on a new Chevy when I ran into him. Paroled huh?

BRENNAN: I remember the boy...I was on a Sunday supplement series
on Parole board. He stood up there with his hair slicked
back and his shoulders squared like a movie star. He had
real soft eyes....gentle.

KOVACS: He don't look so gentle standing over you with a gun.

BRENNAN: The warden gave the usual speech..you've been a model
prisoner, an example to the other men

KOVACS: I know the speech.

BRENNAN: Marco nodded every time the Warden looked at him. He
looked real pretty...but I knew he'd be turn up again.
I've seen the figures. You could figure the odds on a boy
like that turning bad again...they'd be around fifteen
to one with no takers.

KOVACS: Bill...you've sold me and I hope it isn't a bale of hay.
Give me that name again.

BRENNAN: Clinton Marco.

(PHONE PICKED UP)

KOVACS: Record room. (TO BRENNAN) You sure about this, Bill?
you sure this was the same guy?

BRENNAN: Of course not, but it's a distinct statistical possibility.

KOVACS: A distinct statist...it is huh? Hello, Marty? Kovacs. Get me the file on Clinton Marco. M.A.R.C.O. and put him on the printer. He's wanted. Why? Statistics! — *of course*

(MUSIC: — HIT: — UNDER)

NARR: You follow the trail, William Brennan, with Lieutenant Kovacs. Clinton Marco, expert auto-thief, parole violater.

KOVACS: He's been operating all right. The Auto squad gave me eight cars that turned up in second hand lots. Numbers filed....registration forged.

BRENNAN: That checks. He always works that way.

KOVACS: His prints were on that car where he almost shot me. It's Marco all right. Bill...remind me to study that note book of yours.

BRENNAN: Any leads on his location?

KOVACS: Plenty of leads. The whole South side of Boston is lousy with leads. He registered in six boarding houses under the names of Sullivan, Kelly, Cromwell, Schwartz, Herman, and Jones. All of these gentlemen have left with no forwarding addresses.

BRENNAN: Hmmmm.....

(PAGES RUSTLE)

He's used Sullivan...Shwartz and Herman before. I'll make a note of the others.

KOVACS: He ordered five expensive custom suits.

BRENNAN: I got that. Gabardine, Harris Tweed, Worsted, Serge....

KOVACS: What is this, tailors inventory?

BRENNAN: Just collating data.

KOVACS: And you write all this junk in that book of yours?

BRENNAN: Every datum is relevant.

KOVACS: What's a datum?

BRENNAN: The singular of data. For example. He might have shifted operations north! The latest New England report of the Used Car Dealers association shows...

KOVACS: Don't give me those decimal points again, ~~Bill~~. I can't put out a five state alarm on a Used Car market report! As far as I'm concerned Clinton Marco crawled back into the woodwork. It's a stone cold trail!

(MUSIC: UP: UNDER)

NARR: The trail stays in the deep freeze for a week. You check in at Back Bay Station, file your stories, and enter new data on the graphs and tables of your loose-leaf notebook! And then on a dull Monday morning the trail thaws. There is a routine request on the Police ticker from Maine. They're holding a man, 6 foot 1, 200 pounds on suspicion of auto theft. They want Boston to check the name and address!

~~KOVACS: George Fletcher, 34-12 Merriday Street.~~

BRENNAN: A phony name, Lieutenant. It must be Marco.

KOVACS: We'll find out soon enough. Naugatuck 'll send to Portland for a fingerprint check!

BRENNAN: You ought to warn them.

KOVACS: What for?

BRENNAN: Marco's a pretty tough boy.

(PAGES RUSTLE)

He resisted arrest at the age of eighteen and fractured a Milton detectives wrist. That's a pretty small town. They've got a tiger by the tail, and they may think it's a pussy cat!

(MUSIC: UP: UNDER NARR)

~~(FOLLOWS NARRATION ON 6) (CUT 6 AFTER NARRATION)~~

KOVACS: George Fletcher, 34-12 Merriday Street.

BRENNAN: Fletcher..Fletcher...he never used that name before.

KOVACS: Bill...there are lots of big bruisers around. Maybe that isn't Marco they've got up in Maine.

BRENNAN: But it all fits the data.

KOVACS: We'll find out soon enough. They'll send to Portland for a fingerprint check.

BRENNAN: That's pretty small town up there.

KOVACS: Sure.

BRENNAN: Maybe you ought to warn them. Send up information.

KOVACS: I've got nothing to go on. It'll wait till Portland checks prints.

BRENNAN: Marco's a pretty rough boy.

(PAGES RUSTLE)

He broke out of Industrial school at 15...cut a Teacher pretty badly. Resisted arrest at the age of eighteen, fractured a detectives wrist. That jail up there won't be an Alcatraz..not in a town that size. They've got a tiger by the tail...and they may think it's a Pussy cat.

(MUSIC: UP: UNDER NARR)

NARR: The jail is at the rear of the red brick town hall which also contains the postoffice, license bureau, office of the selectmen, and a Chataugua auditorium now used by the summer theater, a breeze blows in from the deep blue lake thru the small ~~pane~~^{board} window as Arthur Whitlow the town Constable slides open the door.

(CELL DOOR OPEN)

WHITLOW: Morning young fellow..pass a pleasant night?

MARCO: What have you got in ~~that~~^{this} mattress, Pop, corn cobs?

WHITLOW: Most folks sleeping on it are feeling no pain whatsoever. We don't usually get no car thieves in.

MARCO: I'm no thief. I just wanted to sell my car, that's all.

WHITLOW: You're from down Boston, aren't you?

MARCO: Sure...didn't you check my address? George Fletcher, 34-12 Merriday Street.

WHITLOW: Figured maybe folks are a might simple North of ~~Roxbury~~^{Boston}, heh?

MARCO: Look, I didn't do anything...check my address, you'll see.

WHITLOW: All in good time...It's a little early for Boston Police to be stirring. They'll get back to us.

MARCO: When they do I'm liable to sue you for false arrest.

WHITLOW: I wouldn't. Judge of the District court is a Whitlow on ~~his~~^{my} mother's side, second cousin of mine. Come on now, on your feet.

MARCO: (GETTING UP) Where are we going now? Pop?

WHITLOW: Down the hall a piece..let me have your hands.

MARCO: For what?

WHITLOW: Handcuffs!

(SNAP)

We haven't had a felony case in here since June. Other hand.

(SNAP)

I ain't taking no chances. ~~Come on.~~

~~(START FOOTSTEPS)~~

MARCO: When do I get breakfast?

WHITLOW: Soon as I cook it for you.

MARCO: Never mind Pop, I'll buy my own after I'm out.

WHITLOW: You'll be mighty hungry.

MARCO: What do you mean? Aren't you checking me out this morning?

WHITLOW: Not very likely! *Could an*

MARCO: ~~Then~~ where are we going? *here*

WHITLOW: My office. We haven't got a very big file ~~at Naugabuck~~, so I'm going to take your fingerprints and send 'em down to Portland!

MARCO: Fingerprints? But you're checking my Boston Address...

WHITLOW: Won't hurt to check prints too...right in to the office...

MARCO: Oh, no, Pop...no prints! (BIG EFFORT)

(BIG BLOW WITH METAL CLANK)

WHITLOW: (HALF SHOUT)

(SECOND BLOW AS ABOVE)

WHITLOW: (MOAN)

(BODY FALL)

MARCO: No prints...Pop. Where are those cuff keys...ah!

(METAL RATTLE)

So long, Pop!

(RUNNING STEPS ON WOOD)

(MUSIC: PUNCTUATE: DUCK UNDER)

(CAR RUNNING)

MARCO: Hurry up, will you? Can't you drive faster?
CAB: Taxi won't go but forty, Boss put a governor on the motor.
MARCO: I've got to get to the airport in a hurry.
CAB: Tell it to the governor.
MARCO: My mother's sick in Boston. Will you hurry...
CAB: Mister, my foots to the floor board now. Push any harder
I'll be dragging my heel on the ~~pad~~^{road}. (SIC) Don't worry,
you'll get there in time!

(MUSIC: PUNCTUATE: DUCK UNDER)

32 (PLANE MOTOR IDLING)

PILOT: ~~Forty~~ Dollars to fly to Boston, that's my price.
MARCO: ~~Okay..okay.~~ \$ 32?
PILOT: No use trying to argue me down. Gas costs money, and there's
repairs and...
MARCO: All right...all right. My mother's dying, I've got to get
there in a hurry.
PILOT: Well...I ain't got a jet job, but I can make a little time.
(CALLS) Charley! Check me out to Logan Airport Boston!
Okay Mister..climb in..

(MOTOR GUMMED)

(MUSIC: SWEEP OVER: TO)

(TICKER UNDER NARRATOR)

NARR: You're at Back Bay Station, Boston, William Brennan, when
the Police ticker chatters into action.
BRENNAN: "Fugitive notice...George Fletcher, held on suspicion of
auto-theft. Escaped Township jail. Assaulted Officer Arthur
B. Whitlow. Hired Private plane at Portland airport.
Destination Logan International Airport, Boston! That's
Clinton Marco, Lietenant.

KOVACS: Yeah..sounds like the same guy all right.

BRENNAN: Too bad he got away up there.

KOVACS: Yeah....

(PHONE PICKED UP)

Squad room. (TO BRENNAN) Don't worry Bill. (TO PHONE)
Kovacs. Get me line to Garrett at Logan Airport Station.
(TO BRENNAN) He's a pretty smart boy, your Clinton Marco.
But we've got him boxed now. He's in the air between
Maine and Logan Airport...and when he lands...(TO PHONE)
Hello, Garrett, Kovacs at Back Bay. I've got a hot wanted
coming in by Private plane from Maine. Alert the Airport
tower and have four...no six plainclothesmen on the field.
I'll be right over.

(HANGS UP)

Bill...when Marco steps out of that plane we're going to
have a nice reception committee waiting!

KOVACS: ~~Well, we've got him boxed now. He's in the air between
Maine and Logan Airport, and when he lands we'll have a
reception committee waiting!~~

(MUSIC: -- PUNCTUATE: UNDER NARR)

NARR: You head out to Logan airport behind the screaming police cars. Marco is trapped...the private plane, a small buzzing fly, is heading straight for the sticky web! You have a photographer waiting at the airport to catch the look of surprise on Marco's face when the police close in! The despatcher passes the word, and you see a speck come out of the sun..circle..and then flutter down on the broad concrete runway..

(SMALL PLANE IDLING)

KOVACS: (SHOUT) Come on..spread out ~~~~~~~~~

(RUNNING STEPS ON CONCRETE)

KOVACS: (RUNNING) Where are you going, Bill?

BRENNAN: (RUNNING) Wouldn't miss this.

(BRING ON IDLING MOTOR)

(STEPS STOP)

KOVACS: (SHOUT) Come out of that plane..~~we've got you surrounded!~~
Come on ...out!

(PLANE MOTOR DIES)

Come on out of there quietly, Marco. We don't want any shooting.

BRENNAN: Here comes the pilot..

PILOT: (OFF) What's a matter with you guys? Who are you?

KOVACS: Boston police! Get out of there, Marco.

PILOT: (COMING ON) There's nobody with me.

KOVACS: What? Where's your passenger?

PILOT: Him..he told me he made a mistake. You see his Mother was dying and the poor guy was all rattled. He said Logan airport when he meant Revere field instead!

KOVACS: Revere...

PILOT: Sure, so I dropped him off. I came over here to ~~see up~~. *check in*
Is anything wrong?

(MUSIC: _ PUNCTUATE: UNDER)

NARR: You pile back into the cars and swarm out to Revere Air field. There are a few planes on the runway, pilots and mechanics working, they remember the 6 foot 200 pounder who came in on a private plane. But he's gone..swallowed up in Metropolitan Boston. But somehow you feel sure that in the statistics; in the gathered data of your loose leaf notebook there must be an answer. But now the trail is stone cold! Marco is away..clean!

(MUSIC: _ UP TO TAG 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 AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your Narrator and the Big Story of William E. Brennan, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: You sit at your desk in the ^{Bookman Station} press room, William Brennan, and you read your notes over and over. Somewhere there must be an answer to your question....

BRENNAN: Where is Marco...where would he go?

KOVACS: That's a real good question, Bill? Got an answer in that note book of yours?

BRENNAN: Maybe. If I do I haven't found it yet.

KOVACS: I don't think he's in town.

BRENNAN: We haven't got any evidence to support that.

KOVACS: I know what I'd do.. There's a bus out of Boston every five minutes. The Trains run North and South, and the roads are free. He's probably half way to New York or Chicago. That's where I'd be.

BRENNAN: But we're not looking for you, Lieutenant. You're not Marco, you wouldn't do the same things, for example you don't steal cars.

KOVACS: But common sense....

BRENNAN: The answer is in here somewhere...what would Marco do, where would he go?

KOVACS: Okay...what's the answer?

BRENNAN: I don't know...yet. Lieutenant, we are faced with an insufficiency of data.

KOVACS: That's the understatement of the year. Lets face it, we don't know nothing. Marco got away clean as a whistle.

(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

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Big Story of William E. Brennan, as he lived it and wrote it.
NARR: You sit at your desk in the press room, William Brennan, and
you read your notes over and over. Somewhere there must be
an answer to your question..

BRENNAN: Where is Marco ~~where would he go?~~

KOVACS: There's a bus out of Boston every five minutes, the trains
run North and South, and the roads are free. He's probably
half way to New York, or Chicago.

BRENNAN: Lieutenant, we are faced with insufficient data.

KOVACS: That's the understatement of the year. Let's face it, we
~~don't know nothing. Marco got away clean as a whistle.~~

(MUSIC: UP: UNDER)

NARR: You keep asking yourself questions...why did he come back
to Boston? Where would he go in the city.. where would he go
if he left? You need more information, so you put in a
phone call to Officer Arthur Whitlow ~~of Newburgh~~ Maine.

WHITLOW: (SLIGHT FILTER) He banged me on the head with those
handcuffs...that's the last I saw of him.

BRENNAN: Did he say anything..did he indicate where he might go?

WHITLOW: Nope. Gave that phony name and address. Sat back waiting
for us to let him out, Had a look on his face like a cat been
eating canary pie. Funny thing, didn't seem worried at all
till I mentioned fingerprints..then the roof fell in and
that's all I remember.

(MUSIC: UP: UNDER)

NARR: You check back in your note-book. George Fletcher, 34-12 Merriday Street. The phony name and address. You think of Marco, sitting cheerfully in ^{a name} ~~Newgate~~ jail..expecting to be released when the name and address is checked. Until Whitlow mentioned fingerprints. 34-12 Merriday Street..He expected to be released. that address must check. that would be about six blocks from Back Bay Station! You walk over, pass the row on row of old red brick Boston houses, 34-12 has a sign hanging over the heavy oak-carved door. Furnished rooms..vacancy. You climb the long stairs and ring the bell. Mrs. Hathaway, the landlady, seems to be left over from the days when ~~the~~ polished woodwork and etche glass doors were new.

MRS HATHAWAY: Why yes, we have a Mr. Fletcher here. George Fletcher.

BRENNAN: A big man, about 22..six foot?

MRS HATHAWAY: That's Mr. Fletcher. A very nice young man, a hard worker.

BRENNAN: He's been away?

MRS HATHAWAY: Oh yes. He travels a lot. He's in the automobile business I believe.

(MUSIC: IN WITH)

NARR: You tell the landlady you want to leave something for him. You climb the stairs, stepping around the holes in the carpet. Marco's room is neat--hair tonic on the table, a manicure set. And on the bed, in the original boxes...five custom-made suits. You come downstairs you hear Mrs. Hathaway on the phone..

MRS HATHAWAY: (COMING ON) Yes..this is Copley 3-4542. This is Mrs. Hathaway..oh..Mr. Fletcher, isn't that a coincidence, I..

BRENNAN: (QUICK CLOSE) Don't tell him anything..hold the phone.

MRS HATHAWAY: What..excuse me a minute, Mr. Fletcher..

BRENNAN: He's wanted by the police. Don't say anything to make him suspicious:

MRS HATHAWAY: Oh..

BRENNAN: No, don't hang up..talk to him. Find out what he wants.

MRS HATHAWAY: I don't think I can...(UP) Hello, Mr. Fletcher?^{Who's here? Just the previous boy with my mother}
I see..of course. Yes, they're here. The tailor delivered them yesterday. All right...I'll have everything ready! Good by.

(HANGS UP)

~~BRENNAN: What does he want?~~

~~MRS HATHAWAY: He says he has to leave town in a hurry. He wants me to pack all his clothes and have the bags down stairs.~~

~~BRENNAN: He's coming over here?~~

~~MRS HATHAWAY: Oh yes. Why didn't you ask me? I've been expecting him at any minute~~

~~(MUSIC: HIT: UNDER MARR)~~

~~MARR: You call Back Bay Station and Lieutenant Kovacs has a two men over, two minutes after the reciever hits the hooks.~~

~~KOVACS: O'Neill is across the street, Wilson will take the lobby with me.~~

~~BRENNAN: Only three men?~~

~~KOVACS: What do you think this Marco is, an army?~~

~~BRENNAN: He's a big boy.~~

~~KOVACS: O'Neil threw the hammer for Boston College. You sure Marco is going to show?~~

(~~INSERT AFTER SOUND CUE: "HANGS UP"~~)

BRENNAN: What does he want?

MRS. HATHAWAY: I...I..please, may I sit down for moment.

BRENNAN: Mrs. Hathaway.

MRS. HATHAWAY: He was such a nice looking boy, and all the time the police...(UPSET) I don't feel very well.

BRENNAN: You did fine, Mrs. Hathaway, you were fine. Hold on to yourself. What did Marco want?

MRS. HATHAWAY: I'm not used to this sort of thing....

BRENNAN: (SHARP) Mrs. Hathaway. What did Marco want?

MRS. HATHAWAY: He says he has to leave town in a hurry. He wants me to pack all his clothes and have the bags downstairs.

BRENNAN: He's coming over here...good.

MRS. HATHAWAY: I won't have him in the house. I'll lock the door..

BRENNAN: This is the only chance the Police will have..he may call again. You've got to answer the phone.

MRS. HATHAWAY: I can't...I can't talk to him again.

BRENNAN: You will...now I've got to call the police.

(MUSIC: - - - - HIT: UNDER NARR)

NARR: You call Back Bay Station and Lieutenant Kovacs has a detail of men over, two minutes after the receiver hits the hook.

KOVACS: O'Neil is across the street, Wilson will take the lobby with me.

BRENNAN: Only three men?

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BRENNAN: He's a big boy.

KOVACS: O'Neil threw the hammer for Boston College. You sure Marco is going to show?

BRENNAN: Those are five beautiful suits upstairs.

KOVACS: Well, we'll wait and see.

(MUSIC: _____ UP: TICKING: UNDER NARR)

NARR: You wait. Kovacs, Wilson, and you in the hall, O'Neill across the street sitting on the brownstone steps in his shirt sleeves reading the same page of a newspaper over and over. You wait. The Grandfather clock in the hall ticks off the minutes....

KOVACS: What's keeping him?

BRENNAN: We don't know where he called from.

(PAUSE)

MRS. HATHAWAY: (LOW) Do I have to stay here? I don't feel well at all.

KOVACS: Don't worry, we won't let you get hurt. Wilson...

WILSON: Yes sir?

KOVACS: Remember to snap your safety this time.

WILSON: Aw Lieutenant...

KOVACS: Remember.

(PAUSE)

(CLOCK CHIMES ONCE)

KOVACS: Whats that?

MRS. HATHAWAY: Half hour chime. Clock is seven and a half minutes fast. I asked Mr. Fletcher to fix it but he..oh...

WILSON: How long do we wait?

KOVACS: You got someplace to go?

WILSON: I was only asking...I...

(PHONE RINGS)

(PAUSE)

(PHONE RINGS AGAIN)

KOVACS: Go ahead Mrs. Hathaway answer it.

(PHONE PICKED UP)

MRS. HATHAWAY: Hello? (ASIDE) It's him..(UP) no..no, I've got everything ready. (DOWN) Wants to know if anybody's been asking for him. (UP) No, Mr. Fletcher. I've got your suits all packed. No, nobody...there's nobody here but me. Good by.

(HANGS UP)

MRS. HATHAWAY: He says he'll be right over!

(MUSIC: _____ UP: UNDER SUSPENSEFUL)

NARR: Patrolman Wilson checks the safety on his gun. Kovacs unbuttons his coat and stretches his arms loosening them up. You, Will Brennan, back up against the paneled wall, out of sight of the etched glass front door. You wait...

KOVACS: *Wilson says O'Neill turned a page*
~~O'Neill turned a page~~, there's a car coming. Wilson..

(CLICK CLICK OF SAFETY)

WILSON: Ready....

KOVACS: Mrs. Hathaway....you go into the back room.
Keep back, Wilson, he'll see you through the door.
(SLOWLY SNEAK ON CAR RUNNING)

BRENNAN: There he is..he's going slow.

KOVACS: Checking doorways..he's careful. Come on Marco.. stop
the car..stop now..stop it..
(SUDDEN ROAR: CAR RACES BY: FADES)

KOVACS: Went right by..come on Wilson...

BRENNAN: Hold it Lieutenant..

KOVACS: He'll get clean away.

BRENNAN: He will if you pour out on the street now. He's smart
checking..he wants those suits.

KOVACS: ~~Bill~~ ...you'd better be sure..

BRENNAN: I felt that material..he'll come back.

KOVACS: It's too late now..he's probably half way to Cambridge..

WILSON: (LOW) O'Neill's signaling again, Lieutenant

BRENNAN: He made a U turn.,,
(CAR COMING ON SLOW)

KOVACS: You're right...it's the same car.
(CAR STOPS: DOOR OPEN AND BANGED)

KOVACS: Get ready now...

WILSON: Big boy real big..
(STEPS UP STEPS: COMING UP)
(DOOR LATCH: DOOR OPEN)
(STEPS IN)
(DOOR CLOSE)

MARCO: Mrs. Hathaway...Mrs...

KOVACS: (QUIET) All right Marco ..You're under arrest.

MARCO: (BIG SHOUT) No..

KOVACS: Grab him...

WILSON: (WITH ABOVE) Look out..
(TREMENDOUS GLASS CRASH)

BRENNAN: Right through the door...

KOVACS: Get your fat head down. ~~Bill..~~
(ECHOING PISTOL SHOT: ANOTHER)

MARCO: (OFF: SHOUTS IN PAIN)

KOVACS: (SHOUTS) Get him O'Neill...Grab him Wilson..
(BIG SCUFFLE AND FIGHT UNDER)
(BLOWS)

MARCO: (FIGHTING) You won't get me...

WILSON: (GASPS IN PAIN)

KOVACS: In the head..in the head.oooooh!

WILSON: Look out..his foot...

MARCO: (SHOUT: ALMOST A GROWL)

WILSON: (PAIN) Yoww..he bit me!

KOVACS: ~~Look out..Grab him...~~

MARCO: ~~(BIG EFFORT) Let go!~~

KOVACS: ~~(DOUBLES UP) Ooooooh!~~
(DRAGGING QUICK STEPS OFF)

KOVACS: (IN EXTREME PAIN)Get after him..he's gettin away.

BRENNAN: I'll get him...

KOVACS: ~~Bill...get back...~~
(STEPS RUNNING)

KOVACS: (FADING FAST) ~~Will,..get out of the way (X) Bill, you're~~
crazy..come back here...~~Bill..~~

BRENNAN: (START AT X) (RUNNING) ~~Low..below the waist..hit with~~
~~your shoulder..arms around him..keep low..low..~~
(SHOUT) Marco (BIG EFFORT)

MARCO: (SCREAM)
(BIG BODY IMPACT AND ROLLING FALL)

BRENNAN: (BREATHING HARD)
(APPROACHING STEPS)

KOVACS: (COMING ON) Will..are you all right, Will...
(STEPS STOP)

BRENNAN: A little groggy. Hows Marco?

KOVACS: Out cold. Where'd you get a tackle like that, Bill?

BRENNAN: Thirty-five years ago in ^{high school} ~~Hoxbury High~~! I studied
football statistically...

KOVACS: Look at him..shot through the ^{chest} ~~groin~~. I came near
fracturing his skull with a black jack and yet he almos
got away. You were right, Bill..this was one tough
baby.

MARCO: (GROANS COMING TO)

KOVACS: (CALLS) Wilson..call for the ambulance. Bill, I don't
care if this guy is out cold and bleeding like a stuck
pig..I'm putting cuffs on him....(EFFORT)
(SNAP: SNAP)
just to make sure!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP_FULL_TO_TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from
William E. Brennan of the Boston Post 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 William E. Brennan of the Boston Post.

BRENNAN: Criminal in tonight's Big Story was sentenced to five to seven years for auto-theft. He appeared in court on crutches. And while being transported to ~~State Prison~~ ^{by knocking down 3 guards using crutches on} he attempted to escape ~~from a moving car in Downtown~~ ^{wagon} ~~Boston~~. Was subdued after bitter struggle ~~in which he used crutches for weapons~~. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Brennan...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. 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 Bridgeport Conn. Herald, by line Harry Neigher. A BIG STORY about a reporter, a beautiful young girl, and an ~~aged~~ murderer.

(MUSIC: ~~STING~~ *Theme*)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Procter 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 Boston Post. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Les Damon played the part of William Brennan. 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. Brennan.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: Today, the BIG STORY made its debut as a magazine, The October issue now at your news stands contains six thrilling, true-reporter stories. Stop at your news dealer's tomorrow...and buy a copy of America's newest thrill-packed monthly magazine...the BIG STORY magazine.

(MUSIC: THEME WIPE & FADE TO BG ON CUE)

This is Ernest Chappell speaking to the makers of Fall.

NBC System

*Wall Damon
Ernest*

rhg/pb 8/7/51pm

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #231

CAST

NARRATOR

JENNY

LANDLADY

HARRY

MAXIE

BOB SLOAN

AMGIE STRICKLAND

IRENE HUBBARD

VINTON HAYWORTH

AL RAMSEN

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1951

ATX01 0172827

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#231

AUGUST 29, 1951

WEDNESDAY

(Harry Neigher: The Bridgeport (Conn.) Herald)

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

MUSIC: FANFARE AND UNDER WITH BUSY NEWSPAPER THEME...

SOUND: RUMBLING OF PRESS OFF IN BUILDING SOMEWHERE

HARRY: (ABOUT 40, A PRETTY BRUSQUE AND KIND OF CYNICAL GUY) Come on, Maxie. Quit reading the box scores. Give me the clips on George Loomis.

~~MAXIE: (OFFICE BOY) What's your rush, Harry? I'm just reading about how DiMaggio's supposed to be through again.~~

~~HARRY: Shake it up, shake it up, Maxie. George Loomis.~~

MAXIE: Who?

HARRY: Loomis, you cloth-head -- Loomis! For this murder series I'm running on Sundays.

MAXIE: Loomis? You mean the guy who was sent up 20 years ago for knocking off a cab-driver? What're you writing about him for? He's in jail for life, isn't he? He must be 50 now.

HARRY: Listen, when you're a City Editor, jug-head, I'll answer any questions you got. Until then, get me those clips on Loomis.

MAXIE: (FADING) Okay, okay!

JENNY: (ABOUT 27, LOVELY, INTELLIGENT) Mr. Neigher?

HARRY: (TAKE) Hm? What? Who're you?

ATX01 0172828

JENNY:

Mr. Neigher, you don't know me. ^{But I just heard about you} ~~I just walked into the~~ ^{office.} (DESPERATE) Mr. Neigher, please -- please don't carry a story on George Loomis ~~this coming Sunday the way~~ ^{because the radio has a very exclusive right} ~~you announced in the paper.~~ ^{Mr. Neigher, you mustn't} ~~do that.~~

(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, FLAT, COLD) From the pages of the Bridgeport Herald, one of the strangest human triangles ever told -- the story of a reporter, a beautiful young girl, and an ~~aged~~ ^{Communist} murderer. Tonight, to Harry Neigher, of the Bridgeport, Herald, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL Award.

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM 231

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)

CHAPPELL: Bridgeport, Connecticut. The story as it actually happened
-- Harry Neigher's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Harry Neigher, feature writer for the Bridgeport Herald, have been in the newspaper game for about 20 years now. Your wife used to be in show business (That's how you met her). All in all, you're a guy who doesn't take many wooden nickels. And so when the lovely blonde appears out of nowhere and asks you to cancel a story you've already scheduled, no one could blame you for being a little skeptical and quite curious.

~~(MUSIC: OUT TO)~~

(PRESS GOING SOMEWHERE IN BG)

HARRY: Want a cigarette?

JENNY: Yes, thanks.

(MATCH BEING STRUCK)

HARRY: Okay, ~~honey~~, now tell me why should I cancel the story I'm supposed to write on George Loomis? What's he to you?

JENNY: Everything.

HARRY: Father?

JENNY: No.

HARRY: Brother?

JENNY: No.

HARRY: What?

JENNY: My sweetheart and my future husband.

Miss
HARRY: Look, ~~henny~~ -- What's your name by the way?

JENNY: Jenny -- Jenny Duncan.

HARRY: Look, Jenny, you're talking to a reporter with a lot of experience. Loomis has been in prison over 20 years now. He must be pushing 50. And you -- I'd say you're about 22.

JENNY: 27.

HARRY: (CYNICALLY) ~~Look~~ -- okay, 27. You must have been in rompers when they sent him away. What's he to you?

JENNY: I told you -- I'm in love with him. And someday soon I'm going to marry him.

HARRY: *Oh* You're either crazy or I am! Marry Loomis?

JENNY: ~~That's right. AND THAT'S WHY I DON'T WANT YOU TO PRINT THE STORY ON HIM THIS COMING SUNDAY.~~

HARRY: ~~Why not?~~

JENNY: ~~Because~~ *X* there's a hearing before the State Parole Board in a week. If you write up George's story about the time he spent as a kid in a juvenile detention home and how he murdered that cabby, it will just freshen the details in the minds of the Parole Board. I've been working for this a long time. That's why I don't want you to print the story.

HARRY: (BEAT) Look, Jenny, maybe I'm a sucker, but a sucker with conditions.

JENNY: What do you mean?

HARRY: I'll hold off on the George Loomis story on one condition.

JENNY: What's that?

HARRY: That you give me another story instead. ~~How you, a girl who looks like you, your age -- how you met this guy, what made you fall in love with him and so on. What do you say?~~

JENNY: I'm a writer myself. That's only fair. Can we go somewhere quiet?

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER WITH BAR TYPE MUSIC BG...)

HARRY: Want another drink?

JENNY: No, no -- this'll do me.

HARRY: You said you met him 8 years ago when he began writing stories in jail?

JENNY: That's right. I live in Canada and I'm a free lance writer -- or at least I was until I fell in love with George.

HARRY: Since then?

JENNY: Since then I've been spending most of my time trying to get him free.

HARRY: What about the details? You know what I mean -- ~~you're a writer. How about the first time you met him? What happened?~~

JENNY: It isn't much of a story really, Mr. Neigher. He'd won a contest with a short story he'd written. I thought interviewing him might make a saleable article for some magazine, so I wrote asking him if he'd see me.

HARRY: And?

JENNY: He said he'd see me. I walked into his cell -- I looked at him, he looked at me -- and that's about all there was to it, or had to be --

HARRY: That's putting it without the trimmings, huh?

JENNY: There were no trimmings.

HARRY: After that?

JENNY: After that? Well, after that -- what does a woman do when she loves a man?

HARRY: Even a murderer?

JENNY: He's changed a good deal.

HARRY: I guess so. 20 years in jail will change any man. What next?

JENNY: After a lot of effort..a lot of pull...a lot of pleading, the State Parole Board is going to hear his case next week.

HARRY: That's where I come in, huh?

JENNY: That's where you come in. (BEAT, THEN:) What's the verdict, Mr. Neigher? Will you buy my story?

HARRY: (VERY QUICKLY) Yeah..you know why I said it so fast?

JENNY: No. Why?

HARRY: Because if I thought about it, even for 10 seconds, I would have said no.

JENNY: Thanks.

HARRY: Another condition, ~~honey~~. *Jenny*

JENNY: What's that?

HARRY: You know a newspaper -- if a guy refuses to turn in a story, he's got to have a better one to replace it. From now on, I'm in your life whether you like it or not.

~~JENNY: That's all right.~~

~~HARRY: Where do we begin?~~

JENNY: I'm appearing in George's behalf before the Parole Board next week. You can come with me. -- Harry

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT, DOWN UNDER. 1.)

NARR: It takes a little double-talk with your City Editor to explain your cancellation of the George Loomis story, but you manage it, Harry Neigher. The way you feel now -- with a tremendous human interest story hatching under your hat -- you can manage anything. And so, you even manage to get a day off to be with Jenny Duncan when she appears before the State Parole Board.

~~(MUSIC: -- UNDER TO BACK. 1.)~~

JENNY: (ADDRESSING BOARD, WITH DEEP FEELING) ^{Gentlemen} I'm -- I'm 27, ~~gentlemen.~~ George Loomis is 48. I -- I don't know how to say what I want to say except to be as honest with you as I can. You see, I'm not pleading for George's parole, gentlemen. I'm pleading for ^{his} ~~my own~~ ^{his life & my own} life. When -- when George gets out, if you agree to let him out, we plan to be married. For this I've waited eight years. Maybe you think for a young woman that isn't a very long time -- but it is. Especially when you're like me -- and you know that if it can't be George Loomis, it will never be anybody else...it will never be anything more than just a wasted life.

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT, SLIGHT BRIDGE, OUT TO...)

(STREET BG, SLOW STEPS IN FOREGROUND, HOLD..THEN:)

JENNY: (LOW) I'm -- I'm all right now, Harry. You can talk now.

HARRY: It's funny -- I don't have much to say. You -- did pretty good. well

JENNY: I don't remember a word I said. I just spoke the way I felt.

HARRY: Well, for a minute there I thought even the Governor would start crying.

JENNY: (LITTLE SMILE) Thanks, Harry. ~~You're kind.~~

HARRY: (~~BRISQUE~~) ~~Don't say that! That's the last word I want used about me!~~

JENNY: ~~Sorry, Harry. You going to walk me to the station?~~

HARRY: Going back home to Canada to wait?

JENNY: To wait for the Board's decision..whether it's life or death for me.

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

NARR: As the days pass, and you wait for your contact at the State Parole Board to call you as soon as they hand down the decision on George Loomis -- you, Harry Neigher, find yourself doing some strange and uncommon things for you.

~~HARRY: Maxie --~~

~~MAXIE: What do you want now?~~

~~HARRY: (ALMOST DREAMY) You got a girl, Maxie?~~

~~MAXIE: What kind of tall, short, fat, skinny?~~

~~HARRY: Don't be a jerk, Maxie. I'm talking to you like a father.
You got a girl? You in love with her?~~

MAXIE: ~~Sub?~~

HARRY: Maxie, why don't you get married?

MAXIE: Hey, you crazy or something? What's eating you this last week? Are they switching you to the Lonely Hearts column or something?

(PHONE RINGING ~~OFF~~) ON

MAXIE: (TAKE) Hey, that's your phone!

HARRY: ~~(TAKE) Oh, my God! ^{Jenny} Maybe this is it!~~

(SCRAMBLING AND RUNNING FEET TO PHONE BEING GRABBED UP.)

HARRY: Hello? Yeah, this is Harry Neigher. (TAKE) He what! This morning! Thank you, ~~you lovely man!~~

(SLAMS RECEIVER DOWN AND THEN DIALS AS:)

HARRY: (HUMS A HAPPY TUNE SUCH AS "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN" THEN:) Long distance? Montreal, Canada. Give me Mount Royal 764J2. Hurry. (HUMS FOR A MOMENT, THEN:)

JENNY: (ON FILTER, EXCITED) Hello.

HARRY: Jenny, this is Harry Neigher. Jenny, I'm calling because I just heard from --

JENNY: ~~(CUTS IN, TEARS OF JOY) Oh, Harry, Harry -- isn't it wonderful?~~

HARRY: ~~You know?~~

MAXIE: ~~What kind -- tall, short, fat, skinny?~~

HARRY: ~~Don't be a jerk, Maxie. I'm talking to you like a father.~~

~~You got a girl? You in love with her?~~

MAXIE: ~~How?~~

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(PHONE RINGING ~~OFF~~) ON

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HARRY: (TAKE) ~~Oh, my Lord! Maybe this is it!~~

(SCRAMBLING AND RUNNING FEET TO PHONE BEING GRABBED UP.)

HARRY: Hello? Yeah, this is Harry Neigher. (TAKE) He what! This morning! Thank you, ~~you lovely man!~~

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JENNY: ~~(CUTS IN, TEARS OF JOY) Oh, Harry, Harry -- isn't it wonderful!~~

HARRY: ~~You know!~~

JENNY: Yes. ^{I know} I got a call from him this morning. He must have known it earlier. He said he's been promised a job in one of the defense plants thru a guy he once knew in jail. He took a room in a boarding house on Sage Avenue. He gave me the address.

HARRY: Oh great, great. What are you going to do -- fly down?

JENNY: No -- not yet.

HARRY: Not yet? What do you mean?

JENNY: (PAUSE, AND THEN:) George said...he said he wanted me to wait.

HARRY: (BEAT) Wait? For what?

JENNY: He said he'd feel more like a man if I would give him a little time to make a few pay checks. Then he wouldn't feel dependent on me. And then he'll send for me.

HARRY: (TRYING TO COVER UP WITH CHEER) Yeah -- sure -- sure, ~~honey~~ ^{Jenny}
When he feels like a man. Sure, ~~honey~~ ^{Jenny}

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER.)

NARR: You feel funny when you hang up, Harry Neigher, and you don't like the feeling. Your agreement with Jenny is for you not to go see George Loomis or disturb him until Jenny introduces him to you. And so you feel even funnier about a letter you receive from Jenny two weeks later.

JENNY: (ON F, VERY HESITANT AS IF TRYING TO HOLD BACK TEARS) So for the first time in eight years, Harry, I feel swell... just swell. Harry, by the way, remember the agreement you made with me not to go to see George (because a reporter might scare him) until I brought you to him? Well, why don't you drop in on him one of these days? (QUICKLY) On second thought, don't, Harry. Please, please don't. Leave him alone.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER.)

NARR: It is now four days since you received Jenny's letter. You're sitting at your desk working at your Sunday feature when the phone rings and --

(PHONE PICKED UP)

HARRY: Harry Neigher speaking.

JENNY: (ON F, BARELY CONTROLLING TEARS) Harry? *Harry?*

HARRY: (TAKE) Jenny? Jenny, where are you?

JENNY: Right downstairs in the lobby of your building. (SUDDEN) Harry, please -- please come downstairs. Harry, I've got to see you -- I must!

(MUSIC: STING, QUICK BRIDGE, CUT TO ..)

HARRY: ~~Harry~~ I don't like to see you crying. You're too pretty to cry. Maybe he's sick or something and didn't want you to know and worry.

JENNY: No -- it's not like him. When he didn't write for two weeks I decided to come down.

HARRY: And the landlady at the Sage Avenue address didn't know where he'd moved to?

JENNY: No.

HARRY: You don't know where he's working?

JENNY: No. (SUDDEN TEARS) ~~Harry, I'll kill myself if I don't find~~
~~him.~~ Harry, you know me well enough by now to know that
I don't make idle threats. You've got to help me find
him. Harry, or I'll kill myself.

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG) --

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #231

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.

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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 Harry Neigher as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: When you, Harry Neigher, feature writer for the Bridgeport Herald, bought a miracle from Jenny Duncan, it was the first miracle you'd bought in your life. Jenny, in love with an elderly murderer up for parole, had talked you into canceling a feature story on her sweetheart because it might hurt his chances before the Parole Board. But now as you look into Jenny's tearful face, you can see the great miracle beginning to tarnish a little.

JENNY: You've got to help me, Harry. You've got to help me find him. I've got nobody else to turn to.

HARRY: Does the landlady know where he was working?

JENNY: No.

HARRY: Well, defense plants don't give out their lists of workers very easily.

JENNY: I know.

HARRY: (A SIGH, THEN:) Okay, ^{Jenny} ~~Harry~~. Let's get going.

JENNY: Where?

HARRY: First, we'll try the bars and nightclubs near where he lived.

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

NARR: Twelve bars later, you're standing on the sidewalk with Jenny Duncan. You, Harry Neigher, feel as forlorn as she looks.

(STREET BG...)

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

NARR: Twelve bars later, you're standing on the sidewalk with Jenny Duncan. You, Harry Neigher, feel as forlorn as she looks.

(STREET BG...)

JENNY: Harry, don't leave me -- please, Harry, don't leave me.

HARRY: Okay, okay. I won't.

JENNY: What now?

HARRY: I don't know -- I don't know. (BEAT, THEN SLIGHT TAKE;) Wait!

~~JENNY: What?~~

HARRY: Wait -- it's a long-shot but maybe it'll work. Come on into that drug-store there. I want to use the phone.

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

HARRY: (INTO PHONE) Hello. Is this the Metal works? ... This is Harry Neigher of the Bridgeport Herald. Uh, I'm in charge of the Let Freedom Sing radio show the paper puts on. We're planning to use a man named George Loomis on the show. Does he happen to work at your place by any chance? ...Yes, I'll hold on.

JENNY: (LOW) Harry, you're not making this up?

HARRY: (FAST) No, it's the truth. ~~I just remembered it. The paper runs this show and we use talent from the defense plants.~~ ^{Awful} I figure George, being a writer, maybe he wrote a script for one of the shows. (INTO PHONE) Hello... yes, I'm here. You don't? No George Loomis. Okay, thanks.

(PHONE HUNG UP)

HARRY: (FAST) Empty your purse, ~~money~~ ^{Jenny}. Give me all the ~~nickels~~ ^{change} you've got.

(MUSIC: -- STING, DOWN UNDER...)

HARRY: No George Loomis on your pay-roll? Okay, thanks.

(RECEIVER HUNG UP, COIN INSERTED, AND THEN DIALING)

(MUSIC: UP TO COVER DIALING AND DOWN TO.)

HARRY: The Let Freedom Sing program. That's right. George Loomis.

He is! (EXCITED) Have you got his ~~home~~ address? 422
South Main Street, ^{a branching home} Thank you... thank you very much! ~~How?~~

~~You've got a what? You've got a brother who sings? Look,
just tell him to call me at the paper any time -- any time.~~

(RECEIVER HUNG UP)

~~HARRY: We found him, honey! Let's go!~~

(MUSIC: STING, HOLD HIGH, CUT TO...)

LANDLADY: (ELDERLY, SWEET, TALKATIVE) You're his fiancee? How
wonderful! How nice to meet you! Is this your brother?

JENNY: No. Just a friend.

HARRY: ~~Is~~ this ^{is} his room? ~~is here?~~

LANDLADY: Yes. Now isn't it just too bad he's on the swing shift?
He left for work about fifteen minutes ago. ~~Isn't that too
bad -- and you, his fiancee? My, but you're pretty!~~

JENNY: ~~May we go into his room?~~

LANDLADY: ~~Why certainly! Go right in.~~

(DOOR OPENS)

LANDLADY: You make yourselves to home. If you need me, I'll be in the
kitchen.

HARRY: Thanks. Thanks very much.

(DOOR SHUTS)

JENNY: (PAUSE, THEN:) Poor George! Such a drab room.

HARRY: Well, furnished rooms are usually. What do you want to do now? It'll be eight hours before he knocks off work. Want to wait?

JENNY: Yes.. I -- I think I do, Harry. Not for long - I just want to be in his room with his things for a little while.

HARRY: ~~Gh, look, Jenny, stick around here then for a little while.~~
~~Maybe you want to be alone..~~ I'll go across the street and get myself a beer or something and then I'll be back.

JENNY: Thanks..thanks, Harry.

(MUSIC: UP, DOWN UNDER...)

NARR: You call the office, then you order a beer and nurse it for about twenty minutes. The beer feels good and you think of ordering another...and decide against it. You head across the street, Harry Neigher, to George Loomis' boarding house...but you never get a chance to go back inside, because Jenny Duncan is waiting for you on the steps outside.

(MUSIC: ~~OUT~~)

JENNY: (LOW, TERRIBLY CALM) Harry, have you got any money on you?

HARRY: (SLIGHT TAKE) What?

JENNY: I want to borrow some money from you, Harry.

HARRY: What for?

JENNY: Whatever it costs to buy a gun or a knife -

(MUSIC: ~~SPINGS UNDER~~)

HARRY: ~~A what? Jenny, what's wrong?~~

JENNY: ~~(STILL LOW AND CALM) I'm going to kill him, Harry.~~

HARRY: ~~Now wait a second, honey!~~ ^{Jenny} You're talking crazy!

JENNY: No I'm not. I've lived eight years for the moment when he'd get out and marry me and now I'm going to kill him!

HARRY: But why? You must have a reason..why?

JENNY: These letters, Harry. They're ~~from a~~ ^{from a} woman in New York. ~~He's been seeing her and she's been seeing him.~~ ^{They're from a woman in New York. He's been seeing her and she's been seeing him.} According to the letters, he's going to marry her! (SUDDENLY REALLY HARD) And I'm going to get a gun now or a knife and I'm going to kill him and nothing's going to stop me! Not even you, Harry.

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

NARR: There's no nonsense about the way she said that. You stare into her calm, hard face, Harry Neigher, and you know that unless there's a power in you you're not even aware of, nothing is going to stand in the way of Jenny Duncan's intention to kill her lover. So you do the first thing that pops into your head - you grab her by the arm and shove her into a taxi and lock yourself into a hotel room with her.

(MUSIC: ~~OUT~~)

JENNY: It's no use, Harry.

HARRY: But you can't, Jenny. You can't. For crying out loud, you're a human being.

JENNY: I put in eight years --

HARRY: No one's saying you haven't. But the guy's a rat -- he's a murderer and a rat.

JENNY: I'm going to kill him, Harry. One way or another.

HARRY: (PLEADING HARD) Jenny, kid, look -- you're a writer, you're pretty, you're young. You kill him and you know what happens?

JENNY: I know -- he'll be dead!

HARRY: So will you -- so will you!

JENNY: That's what I want...both of us dead.

(MUSIC: -- STING, DOWN UNDER...)

NARR: At the end of six hours, you think you've calmed her down a little, Harry Neigher. The office is hollering blue murder. They want to know where you are and what you're doing. You decide to take a chance. You bribe a bellhop and rush over to the office for a little while.

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

(PRESS GOING IN NEWSPAPER OFFICE BG, TELEPHONE RINGS, RECEIVER GRABBED UP)

HARRY: Yes, this is Harry Neigher. (TAKE) You what! You lousy little -- I thought I told you it was a matter of life and death for you to keep an eye on that room! What do I care where the hotel manager sent you! You may be responsible for murder! ~~Do you have any idea where she went?~~
.....~~(DEAD... THEN?)~~

~~(PHONE SLAMMED DOWN)~~

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

NARR: Where could she have gone! You think fast, Harry Neigher -- faster than you've thought your entire life. Where could she have gone? (SLIGHT TAKE) To the plant where he works? That's it! *His shift gets out in 20 minutes.*

~~HARRY: (FAST, ON PHONE) His shift gets out when -- in twenty minutes! Thanks... thanks a million.~~

~~(RECEIVER SLAMMED DOWN)~~

(MUSIC: -- STING, QUICK BRIDGE, CUT TO...) --

(SPEEDING CAR TO SQUEALING HALT, CAR DOOR SLAMMED OPEN AND SUT, STREET BKG, RUNNING FEET ON MIKE... THEN, FACTORY WHISTLE SUDDENLY HEARD AND UNDER...)

HARRY: (BREATHING HARD) Oh my Lord! There's the whistle! The shift's coming out!

(INCREASING VOLUME OF CROWD BQ AS HARRY PUSHES THRU IT)

~~HARRY: (BREATHLESS) Excuse me.. Sorry, I didn't mean to step on your toe... Pardon...~~

(HOLD CROWD AND THEN:)

HARRY: (HALF SHOUTING) Jenny!

JENNY: Let me alone! (CLOSE TO BREAKING) Harry, let me alone!

HARRY: What have you got in that purse?

JENNY: Let me alone! Let go of my purse! He'll be along in a minute. Let me kill him, Harry.

HARRY: (WRESTLING WITH HER) Give me that purse!

JENNY: I need the gun! No -- I want to kill him!

HARRY: (AS HE GETS BAG FROM HER) ^{My Jenny} ~~Okay, honey, okay.~~ No more gun. Now let's go.

JENNY: (WEEPING BITTERLY) Let me kill him -- let me kill him, Harry. He deserves to die!

HARRY: Sure he does, ^{Jenny} ~~honey.~~ Now let's go - and this time, ^{I'm taking} ~~you're~~ ^{you} ~~coming~~ to my house.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER.)

NARR: At your house, Harry Neigher, Jenny Duncan weeps bitterly for a long time. You're glad your wife is there to sit with her and hold her in her arms. Finally, out of wearine and exhaustion, Jenny falls asleep on your couch.

HARRY: (VERY LOW) Thanks, baby. Let's just let her sleep for a while. We'll sit over here.

~~(MUSIC: DOWN UNDER.)~~

NARR: Jenny Duncan sleeps only about three hours, but when she wakes up, there's something different about her.

JENNY: (QUITE CALM) I'm - I'm sorry, Harry. (WITHOUT TENSION) Terribly sorry. I guess I made a fool out of myself.

HARRY: It's okay, ^{Jenny} ~~kid.~~ We all do. You had good reason to. You feel better?

JENNY: Fine, fine...much better.

HARRY: Sure?

JENNY: Quite sure.

HARRY: Would you like to live with us for a couple of days?

JENNY: No, no thanks. You and your wife have done enough for me already. I'd like to take the next train home.

HARRY: To Canada?

JENNY: To Canada.

HARRY: I'll take you down to the train, ~~honey~~.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER..)

(TRAIN IN STATION GETTING READY TO PULL OUT, LONG TRAIN WHISTLE)

JENNY: Well, it's time to say goodbye, Harry.

HARRY: Yeah....write me once in a while.

JENNY: I will, Harry. Goodbye.

HARRY: Take care, Jenny.

(STEPS UP A TRAIN PLATFORM, DOOR SLOWLY SHUTS, TRAIN GETS UNDER WAY..)

(MUSIC: COVERS TRAIN, DOWN UNDER..)

HARRY: You're back in your office now, Harry Neigher. For a few hours, you feel peaceful, like a man who's done a job well. And then, suddenly, your mind does a flip-flop. (SLIGHT TAKE) What makes you so sure she stayed on that train? What if she got off at the first stop and doubled back to George Loomis' boarding house! What if -- (BREAKS OFF) You sling your hat on your head and in a minute, you're out of the office.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, CUT TO...)

LANDLADY: Oh, aren't you the ~~young~~ man who was here this afternoon with Mr. Loomis' fiancée?

HARRY: (URGENT) Yes - yes I was. Tell me, has she been around in the last couple of hours?

LANDLADY: ~~The lovely girl with the blonde hair?~~

HARRY: ~~That is her.~~

LANDLADY: Oh, no. Not since she left when you were with her.

HARRY: Where's George Loomis now? Is he in his room?

LANDLADY: (SADLY) Mr. Loomis? No-- he's not here. He won't come back -- I don't think.

HARRY: He won't come back? Why not? Did he move?

LANDLADY: No - it's worse than that. The police came and got him about an hour ago.

HARRY: (SLIGHT TAKE) The police? What for?

LANDLADY: I don't know much about the law, but the officer said it was for a violation of parole.

HARRY: Violation of -- Did he say anything else?

LANDLADY: ~~Not~~...just that Mr. Loomis wasn't supposed to leave this State, according to his parole, but somebody told the police that he had been going down to New York over the weekends -- to see a woman!

HARRY: Oh.

LANDLADY: They even had some letters this woman had written him about the weekends he had spent in New York with her ... Now, who would do a thing like that to a nice man like Mr. Loomis? Have you any idea who would do a thing like that?

HARRY: Well,....maybe....

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG --)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from Harry, ^{with the same} Neigher of the Bridgeport, Connecticut Herald, 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 five
puffs, or ten, or seventeen - 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 Harry Neigher of the Bridgeport, Connecticut, Herald.

NEIGHER: Murderer in tonight's Big Story was returned to the State Penitentiary where he is now spending the rest of his life. *went back to Canada + got married. She never has a sentence. I hear from Jenny Duncan once in a while.* My wonderful sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL Award - *children is living a very happy life.* especially because it comes today, which happens to be my wife's birthday and my own.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Neigher...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 Houston, Texas Chronicle - byline Jack Weeks. A BIG STORY of a reporter who stumbled on one of the most weird murders in his city's history only to find an innocent man at the end of his trail.

(MUSIC: - STING)

CHAPPELL: And now - your attention please! It's back again - the show you've waited for all summer. The Big Story returns to television - brought to you by PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES. Exciting! Thrilling! Authentic stories from the pages of America's great newspapers. Opening the Fall season, you will see and hear how a reporter uncovers corruption in City Hall and smashes a political machine that has been milking the city dry. From the front pages of the Alameda, California Times-Star comes this thrilling Big Story. Be sure and see it over most of the NBC-TV Stations. For time and channel consult your local papers.

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

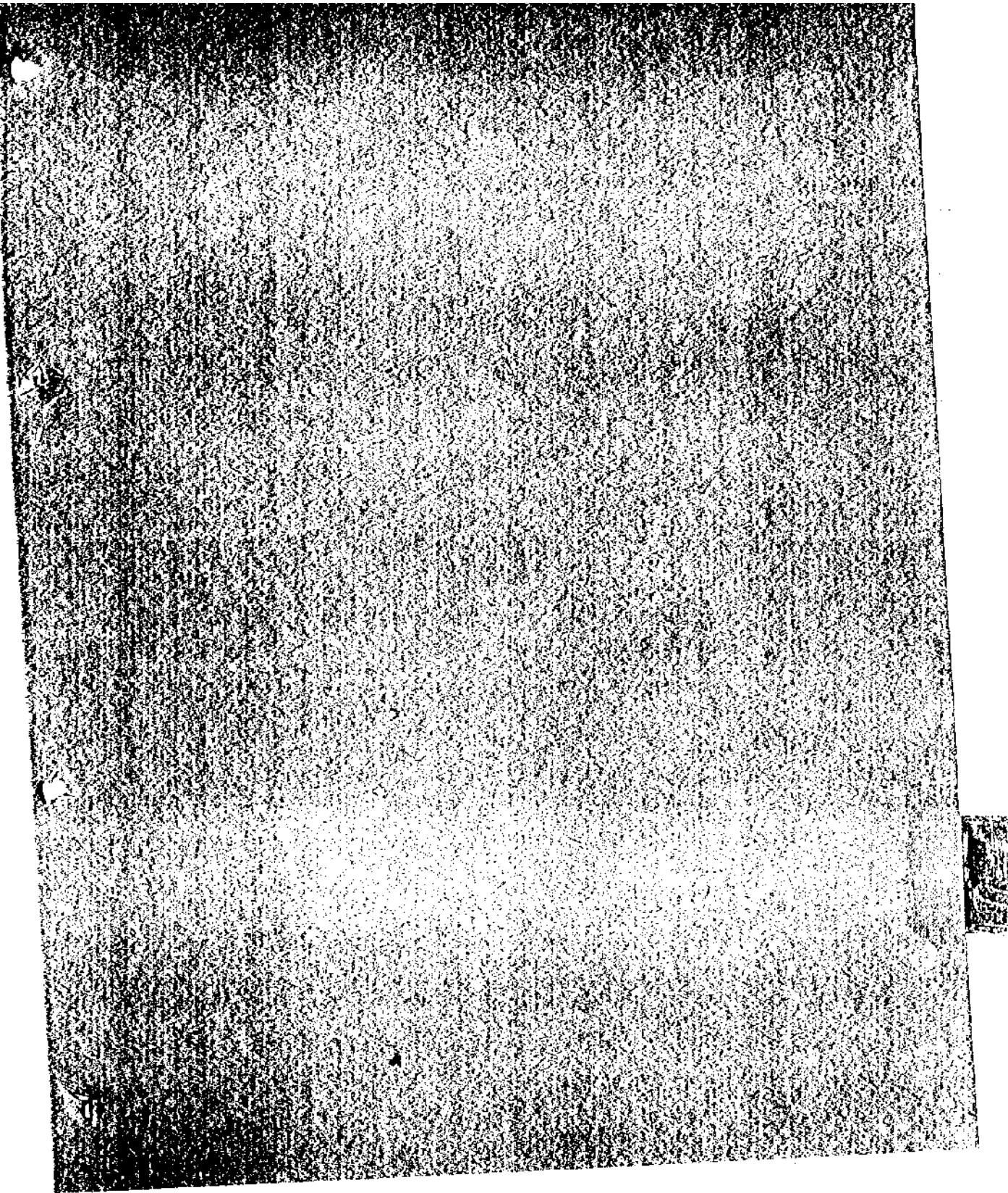
CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Procter with original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Abram S. Ginnes, from an actual story from the ^{front} pages of the Bridgeport, Connecticut Herald. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, ~~and~~ Vinton Hayworth played the part of Harry Neigher, ^{and Angie Stuebel played Samy Beniamin} 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 Neigher.

(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

js/ls/8/15/51

ATX01 0172856



ATX01 0172857

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #232

CAST

NARRATOR
MRS. CAPOTE
JENNINGS
DURKEN
LT. KINEMER
JACK
CLAUDE
WALLACE
HAROLD

BOB SLOAN
JANE ROBBIN
COURT BENSON
COURT BENSON
PHILLIP STERLING
ROSS MARSH
BILL LEPTON
BILL LEPTON
BERNIE GRANE

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1951

ATX01 017285B

THE BIG STORY

Abram S. Ginnes

(Jack Weeks: Houston (Texas Chronicle))

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

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TENSE AND BUILDING FOR MONTAGE, UNDER...)

JENNINGS: (EXCITED, IN HIS 50's) I was alone in the store. He asked me for a penny box of matches -- and the way he spoke -- he spoke kind of slow -- and then he cleaned me out! ~~Oh my God!~~ How am I going to pay the rent for the store!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING, DOWN UNDER)

LT. KINTNER: (COP, ON PHONE, TENSE) He had an ice-pick in his hand and he took all you had?! He asked for a penny box of matches? Stay right there -- ~~we'll be right there!~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING, DOWN UNDER)

JACK: (ON PHONE, LATE 30'S, FAST, TERSE) This is Jack Weeks. Give me Re-write...Hello, Hank. Another robbery in the East End! This is a regular epidemic. The community is up in arms. Same guy -- first he asked for a penny box of matches. Put a head on it -- call him the "Match Box Bandit."

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING, DOWN UNDER)

MRS. CAPOTE: (IN HER 60'S, SCREAMING) Police! Police! The Match Box Bandit -- he just ran into my house! Help! *Keep!*

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING HIGH, AND DOWN UNDER FOR...)

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

(MORE)

-2-

CHAPPELL: (PAUSE, FLAT) Houston, Texas. The story of a reporter
(CONT'D) who helped a killer talk his way to his ~~own~~ doom.
And for his work, to Jack Weeks of the Houston
Chronicle, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL
Award.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TURNTABLE)
(COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0172860

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: Guard against throat-scrath! 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, SWELL, AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Houston, Texas. The story as it actually happened --
Jack Weeks story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME)

NARR: The crowd around the two-story wooden building in the
East End of Houston is thick and in an ugly mood when
you, Jack Weeks, reporter for the Houston Chronicle
and your friend Lieutenant Ward Kintner pull up in the
police car. Word has gotten out that the man you tagged
as the Match Box Bandit is inside that building.

(CROWD NOISES)

KINTNER: (CALLING OUT) Stand back! Everybody, stand back!

JACK: They're in a real temper, Lieutenant.

KINTNER: (CORNER OF HIS MOUTH) You can't blame them, ^{Weeks} ~~Weeks~~.
~~Thirty~~ robberies in three weeks! None of these stores
around here are rich.

JACK: What're you going to do?

KINTNER: Give him a chance to come out. (CALLS OUT) You! Inside
that house! Give yourself up and nothing will happen
to you. (PAUSE, THEN LOW) I thought I saw somebody
move behind one of those curtains.

JACK: (LOW) I don't think so.

KINTNER: (SHOUTING) This is your last chance! Come on out
or we'll use tear gas on you!

(PAUSE)

JACK: (LOW) I'm afraid this is it, Lieutenant.

KINTNER: Yeah -- bad for him, bad for us. (CALLS OUT) Boyle,
Samson, Peters! We're going in! Get the tear gas ready!

(CROWD VOICES RISE SLIGHTLY AS)

JACK (TAKE) Hold it, Lieutenant! That front door --

KINTNER: It's opening!

MRS. CAPOTE: (SLIGHTLY OFF) (SCREAMS IN FEAR) Please! Don't shoot!

It's me -- I called you! Don't shoot!

(CROWD UP, RUNNING FEET)

KINTNER: Where is He?

CAPOTE: I -- he -- he had an ice-pick -- he came at me -- I

fainted -- he --

Boyle, Peters. Search the neighborhood. Don't go in there.
JACK: ~~Is there a backway to your house?~~

CAPOTE: (CRYING) ~~Yes, yes~~ -- he came running out of that store
down the block. Somebody -- must have seen him and --
I won't be able to sleep here tonight! ~~What if he~~
~~comes back?~~

KINTNER: ~~Boyle, Peters -- the backyard~~ (TO CAPOTE). What did
he look like?

CAPOTE: He was young and he spoke real slow -- spoke careful
to me. ~~But he got away! What if he comes back tonight!~~

~~He got away!~~

He got away!
KINTNER: (DISGUSTED) Yeah, yeah I know. He got away! *(He almost had)*

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER)

(CAR IN MOTION)

JACK: He's either clever -- cleverer than any crook this city
has ever seen -- or else he's got luck.

KKNTNER: Which ever it is, we're in for it. *Yeah*

JACK: Headquarters?

KINTNER: (DISGUSTED) Yeah ~~Thirty~~ robberies, a get-away -- everybody in the East End will be cursing us and so will the newspapers. All we need now is for the Match Box Bandit to murder someone.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ MOOD ACCENT, SLIGHT BRIDGE, OUT TO)

(AS OF A MAN STUMBLING THRU A STORE, KNOCKING OVER BOXES HERE AND THERE, TO)

DURKIN: (50'S, DYING, BREATHING HEAVILY AS HE MAKES HIS WAY TO THE PHONE BOOTH, THEN)

(RECEIVER OFF, DIALS ONCE, THEN)

DURKIN: (WITH DIFFICULTY, LOW) Operator -- this is - this -- is Durkins -- Drug Store -- please -- please get me an -- ambulance.

(DURKINS FALLS OVER WITH A CRASH AS)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING HIGH, CUT TO)

(HURRIED ECHOING STEPS IN MARBLE HALL, AS OF HOSPITAL)

JACK (CALLING LOW) Lieutenant!

KINTNER: (QUITE, TIGHT-LIPPED NOW AND ALMST, BUT NOT QUITE, SURLY) How did you track me down here to the hospital?

JACK: When the report about Durkin came into the office, I called the station and they said you were here. How is he?

KINTNER: (A BEAT, THEN) Dead....Died ten minutes after he got here.

JACK: Dead!

KINTNER: Routine heart attack.

JACK: You sure?

KINTNER: (ALMOST AN OUTBURST) I know what's on your mind! You think it was the Match Box Bandit! Well, quit building him up to bigger than he is.

JACK: (PLACATINGLY) Look, Lieutenant, I'm not butting in on your business but -- maybe he had nothing to do with this but the facts are against him.

KINTNER: What facts?

JACK: (PAUSE) I had a chance to read the police report before I got here. In the first place, Durkins Drug Store is in the East End of town. Next, his cash register was open -- empty. Next, Durkin was in his fifties -- that's the average age of the Match Box Bandit's victims. And finally, Durkin was alone in the store. And the others were alone -- he only operates when nobody is around except the owner.

KINTNER: So you think Durkin was murdered?

JACK: Well, all I'm saying is --

KINTNER: (CUTS IN, AND FAST NOW) If he was murdered, then how come the doctor said heart attack? How come his wife and son said he'd had several heart attacks before? If he was murdered, how come there's nothing on him to prove it except for a little scratch on his forehead which he probably got when he fell over?

JACK: Just -- a scratch on his forehead?

KINTNER: That's right. And how does that stack up against your murder theory?

JACK: I -- I don't know.

KINTNER: I'll see you at the station house. *Jack* I've got work to do!

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: You'd been so sure, Jack Weeks, when you rushed to the hospital that the Match Box Bandit ~~and~~ turned to murder. Now, as you stand outside the hospital, you're not so sure. You get in your car and head toward the East end -- toward Durkins Drug Store.

~~(MUSIC: OUT TO)~~

(GLASS DOOR WITH OLD-FASHIONED BELL OPEN AND SHUT...A FEW STEPS, CUT TO)

JACK

(SLIGHT TAKE) ~~What -- what're you doing here?~~

KINTNER:

I was thinking over what you said at the hospital I thought -- maybe I had better come back here and take a look around.

JACK:

That's funny. Same here. I thought over what you said to me....Maybe you are right.

KINTNER:

No I wasn't.

JACK:

What do you mean?

KINTNER:

Look over here on the floor near the counter.

(FEW STEPS, OUT TO)

JACK

(LOW) A penny box of matches!

KINTNER:

Here on the counter as if Durkin had been giving the customer what he asked for when he came in -- when it happened.

JACK:

But -- you said just a slight scratch on his forehead. What could have killed him?

KINTNER:

Durkin's wife agreed to an autopsy. Come by headquarters around eleven tonight. We should have the results then.

(MUSIC: - - - ACCENT, BRIDGE, OUT UNDER)

KINTNER: (ON PHONE) In a few minutes?...All right. Call me back here...No, I'll wait.

(HANGS UP WHEN DOOR OPENS)

KINTNER: Come in, Jack.

(DOOR SHUTS, FEW STEPS IN, AND OUT TO)

JACK: Nothing yet from the coroner?

KINTNER: It's a little after eleven. I guess it took him longer than they expected. They'll call back in a few minutes.

(RUSTLE OF PAPER ENVELOPE AS)

JACK: Look at this. I did some checking in our files.

KINTNER: (SLIGHT PAUSE, THEN) Durkin, eh? What's the date on this clipping?

JACK: Two years ago. The name seemed familiar so I checked back. ^{It seems that some} ~~This~~ guy had tried to hold ~~him~~ ^{himself} up and Durkin had fought him off.

KINTNER: So that's the kind of ^{guy} guy he was, huh?

JACK: ^{So} He must have ~~tried it~~ ^{fought} again with the Match Box Bandit. ~~He~~ ^{who} got scared and ~~he~~ killed him. But the thing I can't figure --

KINTNER: (CUTS IN) Yeah ...I know. How.

(PHONE RINGS, RECEIVER UP)

KINTNER: ^{Kintner speaking} ~~Yes, this is he~~...All right, read it to me. (PAUSE, THEN)

Okay. Thanks.

(RECEIVER: DOWN)

JACK The coroner's office?

KINTNER: (AS IF REPEATING TEXT OF CORONER'S REPORT) Murder.
With a sharp weapon -- such as an ice-pick. An
ice-pick sharpened to such a fine point it could
enter a man's brain and leave only a scratch.

(MUSIC: - - - UP TO TAG) (TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #232

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 a 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 Jack Weeks, as he lived it and wrote it.

(MUSIC: ~~THEME AND UNDER~~)

NARR: Houston, Texas -- your home town, Jack Weeks, crime reporter for the Houston Chronicle, is in the grip of a man-hunt. For almost ten days now around the clock, every available plain-clothesman has been involved in the painstaking, terrifying chase for the murdering Match Box Bandit. And as you sit with your friend now, Lieutenant Ward Kintner, through the wearying routine of the police line-up, you wonder how long this chase can go on.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ OUT) _

(LOW MUMBLE OF A ROOM FILLED WITH MEN)

JACK: (WEARY) You going to try it again, Lieutenant?

KINTNER: (EQUALLY WEARY) Yeah.

CAPOTE: (LOW) How - how long does this go on? I'm tired Lieutenant.

KINTNER: Just once more, Mrs. Capote. (CALLS OUT) Line 'em up. You men up there, stand up straight! Heads against the wall!

(MUMBLING DIES OUT AS WE HEAR THE SHUFFLING OF FEET AND THEN)

KINTNER: (LOW) Take another look at ~~this man~~, Mrs. Capote. Any of them look familiar to you?

CAPOTE: (LOW) I told you -- I told you once before, Lieutenant
-- No. I would remember him all right. The way he
made me lie down on the floor --

JACK: You're sure, Mrs. Capote?

CAPOTE: Please -- please -- I'd like to go home. Besides,
his voice is what I remember most. The slow, careful
way he spoke. That's what I remember most. Please,
can't you see? ~~I'm an old woman~~ -- I'm tired -- I
want to go home.

KINTNER: All right, all right. (CALLS OUT) Take them away
to the lock-up.

CAPOTE: You mean I can go home now?

KINTNER: Yeah ...thanks.

(PHONE RINGS, RECEIVER UP)

JACK: (ON PHONE) Yeah -- Lt. Kintner? Yeah, he's right
here. (THEN) For you.

KINTNER: (ON PHONE) ~~Yeah~~ ^{Thanks Jack} Kintner speaking (BEAT, THEN WITH
SUDDEN EXCITEMENT) When? Where is he now? Up ⁱⁿ my
office? I'll be right up!

(RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: What is it?

KINTNER: It may be him! (FAST) Jennings -- one of the men
he robbed thought he saw him in a bar. A cop on the
beat picked him up. It may be him!

CAPOTE: Good-night, gentlemen .

KINTNER: (TAKE) Wait a second! Not now, Mrs. Capote. I'm
sorry. You've got to come along with us.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ ACCENT, QUICK BRIDGE, OUT TO) _ _

JENNINGS: (TENSE, FRIGHTENED) That's what happened, Lieutenant.
I was walking by this bar and then I saw him. He was
having a beer.

KINTNER: You're positive it's the same man who held you up?

JENNINGS: I -- I think so.

JACK: What do you mean you think so? If he held you up,
you ought to be sure of it.

JENNINGS: I mean -- he -- he looks like him but I wouldn't want
to get an innocent man into -- trouble.

KINTNER: All right, let's go inside.

CAPOTE: Lieutenant, no! I'm afraid --

JACK: Mrs. Capote, you have to. It's the only way. ~~if you
don't help identify him, he might just walk out a free
man and just go on murdering --~~

CAPOTE: But I'm -- I'm afraid of him.

KINTNER: Let's go.

(MUSIC: -- -- QUICK ACCENT, OUT UNDER)

KINTNER: What's your name?

CLAUDE: (BADLY TONGUE-TIED) C- Cl - Claude T-T-Tilman.

KINTNER: The evening the druggist was murdered at six o'clock
--- where were you that evening?

CLAUDE: I-- I -- In -- In a m-movie -- th-theatre. I -- Uh --
w-was -w-watching a -- a -p-picture.

KINTNER: Where's your proof?

CLAUDE: I -- I -- N-none. I -- was -- al-alone. I was alone.

KINTNER: Take a good look at him, Mr. Jennings -- you, Mrs.
Capote. Is this the man? (PAUSE, THEN ALMOST ANGRY)
Look at him! Is this the man held you up, Mr. Jennings?

JENNINGS: (VERY LOW) I -- I think so except --

JACK: Except what?

JENNINGS: Except the way he talks. He looks like him, but the way he talks --

KINTNER: What about you, Mrs. Capote? Is this the man who broke into your house and threatened you with an ice-pick?

CAPOTE: (TERROR-STRICKEN) ~~I~~ -- I told you -- I told you the way he talked -- slow and careful and you could understand every word. This man -- I don't know -- he looks like him but this man's tongue-tied!

KINTNER: (TO CLAUDE, ANGRILY) ^{to the point of becoming} You're putting on an act!

CLAUDE: N-no. I told you -- I -- I'm not. I -- I don't -- I n-never k-killed the druggist -- I tol-told you --

KINTNER: (CUTTING IN, HARD) Ask him for a penny box of matches.

CLAUDE: Wh-what?

KINTNER: I said ask this man for a penny box of matches!

CLAUDE: G-gi-give me a p-penny b-box of -- ma-matches.

JENNINGS: That's not the way he sounded.

KINTNER: Tell her to lie down on the floor or you'll kill her.
(A BEAT) Go on!

CLAUDE: L-lie d-down on -- the-the fl-floor or I-- I'll k-kill you

CAPOTE: (LOW, TERROR-STRICKEN) ~~No~~, no -- that's not the way he sounded!

KINTNER: (BITTER, ALMOST SHOUTING) But just looking at him -- that's the man, isn't it?

JENNINGS: Just looking at him -- yes.

KINTNER: (HARD) Talk straight, ~~damn you!~~ Drop the act! Talk straight! ^{Talk straight}

CLAUDE: I -- I --

JACK: (LOW) Lieutenant, he's tongue-tied all right. You can see it on him. There's another way.

KINTNER: What do you mean?

JACK: The match-box we found in Durkins' Drug Store.

KINTNER: Match box? What about it?

JACK: It must have his prints -- the prints of the man who was in that store.

KINTNER: (TAKE) ~~The prints! His fingerprints, of course!~~

(RECEIVER HURRIEDLY OFF PHONE)

KINTNER: (ON PHONE) Give me the print room fast.

CLAUDE: W-wait! Wait!

JACK: What for?

CLAUDE: You-you'll -- I'll t-tell you the tr-truth! Y-You'll f-find m-my pr-prints on that m-match b-box.

(RECEIVER DOWN FAST)

KINTNER: Then you were lying! You murdered him!

CLAUDE: N-no! I -- was -- th-there - but I -- I d-didn't d-do it. I w-was there -- I or-ordered th-the matches. B-but I d- didn't k-kill him --

JACK: Who did?

CLAUDE: Har-Harold K-Kim-Kimball -- Kimball. H-he d-did it. H-Harold Kimball.

(MUSICK: _ _ _ STING, DOWN UNDER)_ .

MARR: After the ten days hunt for Claude Tilman, the arrest of Harold Kimball seems ridiculously easy. But as you, Jack Weeks, sit in a room at police headquarters and study Kimball's face you realize that something is wrong.

~~(MUSIC: - - - - - OUT TO)~~

KINTNER: Ask this man here for a penny box of matches.

HAROLD: (SPEAKS VERY SLOWLY AND CAREFULLY) Give me a penny box of matches.

KINTNER: Now tell Mrs. Capote to lie down on the floor or you'll kill her.

HAROLD: (ALMOST MONOTONE) Lie down on the floor or I'll kill you.

KINTNER: Is this the man?

(PAUSE, THEN)

JENNINGS: It's -- it sounds like him but -

KINTNER: But what?

JENNINGS: But -- the other one -- Tilman. This one sounds like the man and the other one looks like him.

JACK: What about you, Mrs. Capote?

CAPOTE: It -- it sounds just like him only it's like Mr. Jennings says --

HAROLD: (LOW AND IN CONTROL OF HIS TERROR) I tell you I didn't do it.

KINTNER: (HARD) Then why don't you tell us where you were when the murder occurred?

HAROLD: I -- I can't.

(PHONE RINGS)

JACK: (ON PHONE) Hello...this is Jack Weeks. ...Yes, just a moment. (TO KINTNER:) It's the mayor. For you.

(QUICK STEPS)

KINTNER: (ON PHONE) Yes, mayor. Yes. You can tell the papers we've got them both.

HAROLD: (SCREAMS OUT) No! I didn't do it!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ ACCENT, DOWN UNDER)

JACK: ~~My God~~, Lieutenant! You can't do it.

KINTNER: (ALMOST ANGRY, CURT) I can and I will!

JACK: But there's something about that guy Kimball -- you can see it yourself.

KINTNER: (HARD) Look, Jack, get this. For a month now everybody in town has been down on us. Everybody has been screaming that we're not doing our job. Well, a murder was committed and we've got two witnesses who can identify the voice of one and the face of the other. That's enough for me.

JACK: But didn't you hear them? They're not sure, Lieutenant.

KINTNER: (HARD) There's no use talking, Jack. In three hours from now, as soon as I have everything typed up and ready to go, I'm going downstairs into the Justice Court. In three hours from now, I'll have filed murder charges against Tilman and Kimball.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING, OUT UNDER)

(STEEL DOOR OF A PRISON CAGE OPEN, A FEW STEPS IN, DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Kimball --

HAROLD: (LOW) Yes? *Mr. Weeks*

JACK: Kimball, I want to help you.

HAROLD: I didn't do it.

JACK: I've got that feeling too. But you've got to help me.

HAROLD: How?

JACK : I've got less than three hours now. At the end of three hours, the police will have filed a murder charge against you as well as Tilman. Once that charge is filed, you're going to have a hard time getting out of it.

HAROLD: (BEAT, THEN) What do you want?

JACK: Why wouldn't you tell the Lieutenant where you were at the time of the murder -- six o'clock that evening? (PAUSE, THEN) For crying out loud, man, don't you understand? Whatever it is you're hiding-- whatever it is you don't want to tell -- it can't be as important as the fact that your life is at stake! I think Tilman did it. I don't understand the business about your two voices, but you've got to tell me where you were at six o'clock the night of the murder.

HAROLD: (BEAT, THEN LOW) I was at work. I'm a bookkeeper. You can talk to my employer, Mr. Wallis.

(MUSIC: - - - QUICK BRIDGE OUT TO)

WALLIS: (VERY POMPOUS, THE KIND OF A MAN YOU KNOW IS EXTREMELY STRICT WITH HIS EMPLOYEES) It's just as I told you, Mr. Weeks. He works for me.

JACK: What time did he get to work on that particular day?

WALLIS: What time? Nine o'clock in the morning as usual. Let me tell you this, Mr. Weeks. I'm a very lenient man with my employees, but there's one thing I insist upon -- that is punctuality! I insist that they arrive on time and leave on time and in return for that, I may not offer the best wages in the city, but with me they have security.

JACK: (ALMOST SHOWING IMPATIENCE) Yes, yes, Mr. Wallis. What we're trying to establish is where he was at the time of the murder. How late did he work here that particular day?

WALLIS: (IRATE) How late? He worked no later than usual, Mr. Weeks. I don't allow that.

JACK: What time was that, Mr. Wallis?

WALLIS: He worked until five o'clock and then he left with my other employees.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ ACCENT, OUT TO)

JACK: (ALMOST PLEADING) Listen, Kimball -- listen to me. You've got only forty-five minutes left. In forty-five minutes Lt. Kintner is walking into the Justice Court downstairs and filing a murder charge against you! Tell me where you were at six o'clock! (PAUSE, THEN)
~~Harold, listen to me. What is it between you and~~
~~Tilman? Do you know him?~~

HAROLD: Yes.

JACK: Then why is he trying to pin this on you?

HAROLD: I don't know.

HAROLD: I can't.

JACK: OK, then. I went to see your employer and you lied to me. As far as I am concerned you did it.

HAROLD: No! No!

JACK: Then why don't you tell me the truth?

HAROLD: Please - please. Can't you see, I can't.

JACK: Harold, listen to me. What is it between you and Tilman? Do you know him?

HAROLD: Yes.

JACK: Then why is he trying to pin this on you?

HAROLD: I don't know.

JACK: For ^{God's}~~God's~~ sake, Harold. Look at it now -- look at my watch! You've got a little more than a half-hour. Where were you at six o'clock that night of the murder.

HAROLD: (LOW) I was working.

JACK: But I spoke to your employer and he told me you left at five o'clock.

HAROLD: He doesn't know. It was some place else.

JACK: Speak up! Speak up! Harold! Where were you?

HAROLD: He's strict. I need the job with him badly, but I don't make enough ^{money}. He'd fire me if he knew that I had another job in the evenings. He believes that all his employees have to act a certain way. I don't want him to know. He'd fire me if he knew.

JACK: You're crazy, Harold! What difference if you lose a job? The important thing is to save your life! Where were you working after you left your bookkeeper's job?

HAROLD: As an usher at the Rialto. (SUDDEN FEAR) Don't tell him! Don't tell Mr. Wallis. Please! I need that job -- I need them both!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING, DOWN UNDER)

JACK: (ON PHONE) That was ten days ago? Yes -- Harold Kimball. Are you positive of that? Thanks. Just one more question. Would you be willing to come down to police headquarters and swear ^{that he was not the murderer} to ~~that~~... Thank ^{that} you -- thank ^{very} ~~you~~ ^{very} ~~so~~ much!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING, UP AND DOWN UNDER)

NARR: You make it, Jack Weeks...you catch Lt. Kintner just as he is walking into the Justice Court on the ground-floor of the Houston Jail Building. You don't even try to explain to him what you now understand of the terrifying psychology of a ~~little~~ man like Harold Kimball -- a man who would rather risk his life than offend his employer! All you have time for is to tell Lt. Kintner what the manager of the Rialto Theatre told you. Then, because there's still the mystery of Claude Kimball's way of speaking, you both go back upstairs.

~~(MUSIC:)~~

KINTNER: When did you think up the idea of blaming Kimball for the murder you committed Tilman?

CLAUDE: (A BEAT, THEN WITH A LESS STUTTERING AND CLOSER TO KIMBALL'S SLOW WAY OF SPEAKING) When -- I r-realized the old lady and the g-guy I stuck up -- when they d-didn't recognize my voice.

JACK: You figured you saw a way out?

CLAUDE: That's right.

KINTNER: And when Weeks here remembered the fingerprints on the match box, you were sure you needed a way out, weren't you?

CLAUDE: That's right.

JACK: What made you pick on Kimball ~~though?~~

CLAUDE: I knew him a l-long time ago. He just came into m-my mind.

JACK: But there must have been more of a reason than that. The way Kimball speaks is the way Mrs. Capote and Mr. Jennings described your speech. You must have had a reason for picking on Kimball.

CLAUDE: (BEAT) When -- I was in h-high school ... ~~voice~~
(~~Harold and I~~) Both tongue-tied ---

KINTNER: ~~Go on.~~

CLAUDE: We both went to the s-same speech clinic. When I'm not excited, I talk like Harold -- slow and easy Th-that's the w-way they taught us.

JACK: Almost the way you're beginning to talk now.

CLAUDE: That's right. So -- I -- thought of him. (BITTER) He was always such a soared rabbit I figured he'd louse himself up maybe long enough for me to get out and get away.

JACK: By your own words, Tilman, you've just confessed that when you committed those hold-ups and the murder you must have been calm and deliberate, weren't you?

(PAUSE)

KINTNER: (HARD) You killed Durkins deliberately, didn't you?

CLAUDE: (ALMOST PLEADING) Do something -- do something quick so I won't have to spend three or four months in jail! G-get r-rid of m-me quick!

JACK: (BITTER) If I had my way, Tilman, It wouldn't be quick for you at all. ~~If I had my way, you'd be made to spend a long long time alone with yourself thinking over what you did to two innocent people.~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP_TO TAG)_

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from
Jack Weeks of the Houston, Texas Chronicle outcome of
tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch
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.

GARRICE: 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 Jack Weeks of the Houston, Texas Chronicle.

TELEGRAM: It was hard for me to decide whether I hated murderer in tonight's Big Story more because of what he had done to the druggist or what he had done to a frightened man. In any case, my wish came true in one of the quickest verdicts in Harris County history--murderer was sentenced to ninety-nine years in Texas State Penitentiary....a long time for ^{the} man to be haunted by his victims. Many thanks for tonight's PELL HELL Award.

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

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL HELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY...A Big Story from the front pages of the Black-foot Idaho Daily Bulletin, byline Mike Forbes...A BIG STORY about death in a lonely desert country and a reporter who knew it was cold-blooded murder.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STRING)

CHAPPELL: And remember - every week you can see another different Big Story on television -- brought to you by the makers of Pell Hell Famous Cigarettes.

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

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE TO BG ON CUE)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Proctor with original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Solinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Abram S. Ginnes, from an actual story from ^{Proctor} the pages of the Houston, Texas Chronicle. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Ross Martin played the part of Jack Weeks. 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. Weeks.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: This program is heard by members of the Armed Forces overseas, through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service.

This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES
THIS IS NBC...THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #233

CAST

NARRATOR

ABEL

CHRISTY

MIKE

SHERIFF

JOHN

DOCTOR

BARTON

MECHANIC

BOB SLOAN

BOB DRYDEN

BOB DRYDEN

BELL SMITH

HUMPHREY DAVIS

BILL GRIFFIS

BILL GRIFFIS

ALAN STEVENSON

JOE HELGESON

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1951

ATX01 0172887

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#233

(
10:00 - 10:30 PM)

SEPTEMBER 12, 1951

WEDNESDAY

(MIKE FORBES: BLACKFOOT, IDAHO, DAILY BULLETIN.)

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE AND UNDER)

(WATER SPLASHING)

ABEL: (OLD PROSPECTOR: SINGING) "Oh do you remember sweet
Betsy from Pike. Who crossed o'er the mountains with
her lover Ike ..." (WORKING) Never saw no sense in ...
washing overalls. Just get 'em dirty again. (SINGS)
~~Singing too rai eye too rai eye too rai ay yay!~~ (BREAKS
OFF SHORT) Who's that?

(SPLASHING OUT) (ROCK ROLLING DOWN HILL)

ABEL: Iffn that's you up on the ridge, Buster, you get ~~back to~~ ^{out of}
~~them~~ ^{there} sheep. Can't have no dog messing around with my
clean wash who's up there? Speak up now ...

(RIFLE CRACKS AND ECHOES)

ABEL: (GROANS: REACTION)

~~(TWO RIFLE CRACKS)~~

~~ABEL: (GROANS: REACTION)~~

(MUSIC: SWEEP UP OVER)

ATX01 0172888

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Here is America, its sound and its fury,
its joy and its sorry, as faithfully reported by the men
and women of the great American Newspapers. (PAUSE: COLD
AND FLAT) Blackfoot, Idaho. From the pages of the Daily
Bulletin the story of death in lonely lava desert country,
and of a Reporter who knew it was cold blooded murder.
Tonight, to Mike Forbes of the Daily Bulletin, for his
Big Story, goes the PELL MELL AWARD.

(MUSIC: --- TURNTABLE ---
(FIRST 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!

CHAPPELL: Blackfoot, Idaho. The story as it actually happened.
Mike Forbes' story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: --- THEME) ---

NARR: Your paper, the Daily Bulletin, is published in Blackfoot, Mike Forbes, but the news comes into town with the sheepmen and old time desert rats who ride in on Saturday morning to wash down the taste of dry dust and solitude. Your beat is the badlands, the great lava beds that reach across the Idaho desert to the Craters of the Moon. On this Saturday morning you covered it from Christy Morgan's general store two miles from the center of town. Up-country ranchers clear to the state line know that Christy keeps the beer cold, and the lid off the cracker barrel!

(LIGHT VOICES OFF)

CHRISTY: Beer, Mike?

MIKE: I didn't come in for yard goods, Christy.

(CLINK AND POURING)

Didn't have cold beer in the old days on the desert, huh?

CHRISTY: Nope. There you are, Mike.

(GLASS SET DOWN)

Cold as an iceman's shoulder with a high starched collar.

MIKE: (DRINKS) Hah! Christy, it was worth coming out here.

CHRISTY: Don't they serve no beer downstreet, Mike?

MIKE: Sure...but I wanted to check a story with you. Feller called from over American Falls. Sheriff picked up Alvin Barton driving a truck that didn't belong to him.

CHRISTY: Stolen?

MIKE: Seems to be a difference of opinion. Alvin claims it was loaned to him ... by Abel Gunderson.

CHRISTY: I know Abel.

MIKE: I figured. Thought I'd check up.

CHRISTY: He keeps to himself. Got a sod hut out on the lava beds. Abel isn't one for company ... except sheep.

MIKE: Alvin told the Sheriff Abel went for a vacation and loaned him the truck.

CHRISTY: Doubt it.

MIKE: Why? *don't*

CHRISTY: Abel ~~didn't~~ go on vacation. Furthest Abel Gunderson got from his spread in twenty years was my place once a month for a bender. (QUIET) Something wrong, Mike...real wrong.

MIKE: Will you tell me how to get out to Abel's?

CHRISTY: I'll go with you.

MIKE: I'll drop back when you close and ...

CHRISTY: I'm closing right now. You don't know Abel like I do. Something real wrong!

(MUSIC: UP: UNDER TO)

: (OLD CAR ON BUMPY ROAD)

CHRISTY: It's right over this rise ...

MIKE: I understand they're putting springs in cars these days, Christy ... oooh!

CHRISTY: I like to feel the road ... there! *Mike* That's Abel's place.

MIKE: Not much to it!

CHRISTY: Abel don't live complicated. Eats mutton, sourdough, bread and whiskey.

(SQUEAKY BRAKES: MOTOR SPUTTERING AT IDLE)

MIKE: (GETTING OUT) Don't see anybody.

CHRISTY: (GETTING OUT) Come on inside.

(STEPS UP STAIRS:)

(CREAKY DOOR HINGES)

Abel ...

(STEPS IN ON BOARD FLOOR)

MIKE: Nobody here. (PHEW) Dusty.

CHRISTY: Abel ain't much of a housekeeper ...

MIKE: No sign of any struggle ... ow!

(HOLLOW CLUNK: SPLASH)

Who left a wash tub in the middle of the floor. These
Abel's clothes?

CHRISTY: Yeah, Mike...but he always hung his clothes over the
rocks to dry ... then folded 'em. This stuff was left
in the tub soaking in water.

MIKE: He didn't finish his laundry

(DOOR HINGES SQUEAK)

JOHN: (HALF OFF) What are you doing in there? Come out or
I'll shoot.

MIKE: Look out with that gun ...

JOHN: Come out ... hands up ...

CHRISTY: It's all right, Johnny ... put up the gun.

JOHN: Christy ... I didn't see you.

CHRISTY: Mike ... this is Johnny Ironpipe, he's a Shoshone Indian,
lives a couple miles over. Johnny...Mike Forbes of the
Blackfoot Bulletin.

JOHN: What are you doing in Abel's place?

MIKE: How about you ... and that gun?

JOHN: I come by hunting ... saw a car in the yard.

MIKE: Who did you think we were?

JOHN: Didn't know. Wanted to find out.

MIKE: Have you seen Abel Gunderson?

JOHN: No. He went away I guess.

MIKE: You don't know?

JOHN: Ain't sure. Abel don't leave his place much, but he's been gone a couple of weeks.

MIKE: A couple of weeks?

CHRISTY: (LOW) Mike, ... Abel Gunderson wouldn't lend nobody his truck.

MIKE: And he wouldn't leave for a couple of weeks with the laundry half done. Christy...take me over to the gas station at the State Road. I'm going to call the Sheriff.

(MUSIC: -- UP UNDER) --

NARR: You ride back over the rocky tortured road in silence, Mike Forbes. The badlands stretch in front of you. A thousand ~~folks~~ ^{rolls} and wrinkles in the ground between the eye and horizon. Crevasses in the dried lava so deep that the old timers carried a hundred foot rope to dip water from beneath the earth as they inched across the desert. A hundred thousand places to search for a man...or a body.

SHERIFF: There's only one way to search the badlands, Forbes.... and that's with a mounted posse.

MIKE: How long will it take to get horses and men together, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: Maybe by morning. Shoot ~~son~~ ^{him}..if old Abel's been out on the lava three weeks...he'll wait overnight.

BARTON: (EATING) That's all right by me. Look Mr. Forbes ... they can't hold me here... I bought those sheep fair and square, and Abel loaned me the truck. Now why don't you leave me alone to enjoy my supper.

~~(CLANKS CELL DOOR)~~

~~MIKE: Okay, I'm through with him ... let me out.~~

~~BARTON: Oh, Mr. Forbes...~~

~~MIKE: Yeah?~~

~~BARTON: On your way out tell them I don't want no kidney beans for breakfast!~~

(MUSIC: -- UP: UNDER TO) --

NARR: In the morning the Posse gathers at Abel Gunderson's empty house. You drive up in a 1947 club coupe ... step out in the dooryard, and go back a hundred years. The men sit tall and quiet in the high stock saddles, broad brimmed stetsons pulled low to shield their eyes from the morning sun pouring over the ridge. *The only other sound besides the horses is a cow dog with his tail tucked.*

(SNEAK POSSE NOISES UNDER ABOVE: HORSES STAMPING: *power*)

SNORTING: JINGLES OF HARNESS: LOW CONVERSATION ETC)

(NO PAUSE) Short barreled pump action carbines poke out of rifle boots. The Sheriff has a pearl-handled forty-five riding his hip.

SHERIFF: Whoa...ho up! All right...we split up the ground on the map. We'll head back to Route ~~97~~ ⁹¹ by sundown. Okay boys, let's get moving.

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH:) --

NARR: The mounted men fan out to the horizon. You follow in a jeep with Christy Morgan. Johnny Ironpipe, the Shoshone Indian, lopes easily alongside on a fifteen hand bay mare. *The dog follows Johnny.*

(MUSIC: HIT: UNDER)

NARR: You've got a story to cover now, Mike Forbes. There's a suspect in a cell over at American Falls. You drive through the dying afternoon thinking of that dusty sod hut in the desert, and a tub of half finished laundry. When you get to the jail it's supper time.

(SPOON ON DISH)

BARTON: (EATING) Think they'd give you something different for supper. Kidney beans...I'm so sick of eating Kidney beans.

MIKE: How did you get Abel Gunderson's truck, Alvin?

BARTON: I told the Sheriff he give me the loan of it.

MIKE: Where is he?

BARTON: He told me he was going to Provo Utah. For a vacation.
(MOUTHFUL) Kidney beans!

MIKE: You're in serious trouble, Alvin. They've got you cold selling off Abel's sheep.

BARTON: I had a bill of sale for them sheep. Five thousand two hundred and forty-two dollars I paid. You ask the Sheriff whether that was old Abel's signature, he checked it with the bank.

MIKE: Signatures can be forged, Alvin. Where's Abel now?

BARTON: On vacation. He sent me a postcard from Utah.

MIKE: Where is it?

BARTON: I threw it away. You don't expect me to save a lousy postcard.

MIKE: Maybe you should have, Alvin.. They're going to start searching for him tomorrow.

~~(MOTOR - GUNNED)~~

(MUSIC: UP AND DOWN TO:)

Christy: ~~(HORSES OFF, SNORT, STAMP)~~
MIKE: Don't turn him over. *Christy* wait for the Sheriff to get here.

CHRISTY: Ain't seen one dried out like that for years.

MIKE: What does it? *Christy*

JOHN: Dry heat. I've seen the dead ones from my people like that.

CHRISTY: John's right...they turn up Shoshone Indians in the hills that died before the whiteman came...dried out...buried under stones like this one.

MIKE: Like a mummy...an Egyptian mummy.

CHRISTY: Except this ain't no Mummy. This is Abel Gunderson.

(MUSIC: UP: UNDER NARR)

~~NARR: You stand over the pile of lava stones and look down at the leathery skin of the dehydrated body! You think of Barton, smug, confident, tucking in supper in his cell... while out here under a cairn of lava rock the frail body of Abel Gunderson parched in the desert heat. You have your story now...murder. But you want the finish...the final headline. The Killer brought to justice...and you make up your mind that this is the story you're going to get!~~

(MUSIC: TO TAG)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

~~(JEEP IN LOW LOW GEAR; HORSE HOOF BEATS)~~

NARR: The Badlands stretch into the climbing sun. Ridge after ridge...gullies, canyons, table buttes, the tormented scars of fire and brimstone a million years in the past. The Indian sits straight and easy in the saddle, his eyes wrinkle against the sun as they search out every clump of sage and scrub brush.

CHRISTY: (PROJECT) Driving too fast for you, Johnny?

JOHNNY: (A LITTLE OFF) Not for this horse, ^{Christy} she'll outrun a jeep.

CHRISTY:

whose does is that following you Johnny?
~~Yeah as long as I'm in low low gear.~~

JOHNNY:
MIKE:

I don't know - must be one of the many lions,
What's the chance of our finding him?

CHRISTY: Not good, ^{Mike} even if he's out here. What do you think, Johnny?

JOHN: Can't follow a trail over the rock...

MIKE: If they don't turn up a body that Barton feller'll be turned loose.

CHRISTY: Johnny...you scout up that draw.

JOHN: Hup...hupp...

(HORSE LOPING OFF)

CHRISTY: Maybe I was wrong, Mike. Maybe Abel did loosen up and go on a vacation.

MIKE: No....I was poking around that washtub before we rode out. Abel's town shirt was in there. Johnny told me he only had one. He wouldn't go without it. He's out here somewhere...it adds up.

(THREE ECHOING PISTOL SHOTS OFF)

MIKE: What's that?

CHRISTY: Johnny signaling. He's found something...come on.....

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #233

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!

ATX01 0172897

(MUSIC: -- INTRODUCTION)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your Narrator and the big story of Mike Forbes as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: Your paper is on the street, Mike Forbes, arced onto the front porches of Blackfoot by speeding bicyole riders, poked into mail boxes along the RFD routes stretching deep into the back county. You've spelled it out as close as you can ... Abel Gunderson murdered ... Alvin Barton arrested driving his truck; selling off his sheep! You've planted a seed with this story ... and the next day it bears fruit.

MECHANIC: He come driving up to my gas pump ^{in Dallas}... It was Barton all right; I seen him once or twice before.

MIKE: Go on.

MECHANIC: He says fill 'er up. Regular or Ethyl I says ... Ethyl he says ... so I ...

MIKE: You filled the tank ... go on.

MECHANIC: I tell him three bucks even ... then he hauls out this gun!

MIKE: This one ...

MECHANIC: Yup. Says do I want to buy it. I looked it over, see. It's a good gun, cost maybe forty-five fifty bucks ... he offers it for twenty. I ask him, "How come so cheap".. he says he don't want it around. Acted real nervous... When I read your piece in the paper naturally I come around.

MIKE: Will you leave this with me?

MECHANIC: How about my twenty bucks ... that's a good gun. You don't come across a high powered 22 every day.

MIKE: No, you don't, not like this one. We'll talk to the Sheriff about your money ... because I think he's going to want this gun very badly.

(MUSIC: -- UP: UNDER)

NARR: You bring the rifle to the Sheriff. The parts are clean, lightly oiled, the stock shines with years of the oil rag. The Sheriff reaches into a pigeon hole of the roll top desk and empties a small envelope on the table beside the gun.

(SMALL OBJECTS DROPPED ON TABLE)

SHERIFF: There they are, ^{Mike 2 slugs} ~~see~~ ... ~~three shells~~ the Doc dug out of Abel Gunderson. 22 ^{slugs} ~~shells~~, fired from a high powered rifle.

MIKE: It's the same gun, isn't it?

SHERIFF: Appears to be ... I had me an empty carton around somewhere Got some new mop handles in it.

MIKE: Shipping the gun somewhere?

SHERIFF: Boise. There's an FBI field office there. They'll get us a report on whether the ^{slugs} ~~shells~~ came from this rifle.

MIKE: If they did, there's your murder case.

SHERIFF: Barton's a pretty good lad for explaining.

MIKE: How can he explain selling the dead man's gun ... the one that shot the murder bullets?

SHERIFF: Well, ^{Mike} ~~see~~, suppose we have him over and find out.

(MUSIC: -- UP: UNDER)

NARR: ~~The Deputies bring Alvin Barton in with his face half covered with lather. You and the Sheriff are leaning against the desk concealing the rifle. Barton sinks into the old cracked leather armchair.~~

SHERIFF: Comfortable, Alvin?

BARTON: You could have give me time to finish shaving. The lather'll dry on my face. I got a sensitive skin.

SHERIFF: I'll send out for talcum powder. Alvin...you never went back to Abel's place after you bought those sheep and he loaned you the truck?

BARTON: Why should I?

SHERIFF: Did you?

BARTON: Sure not.

SHERIFF: Abel didn't loan you anything else of his, did he?

BARTON: Not so I can remember.

SHERIFF: ~~Get up Mike ... (EFFORTS)~~ See this rifle?

BARTON: Yeah.

SHERIFF: Recognize it?

BARTON: 22's look alike.

SHERIFF: Feller says you sold to him two weeks ago.
Said it under oath.

MIKE: Got any explanations, Alvin?

BARTON: That's Abel's gun, all right.

MIKE: (QUIET) Where'd you get it, Alvin?

BARTON: (SAME TONE) I took it with me after I shot him.

SHERIFF: Uh huh ... change your story a little, huh, son?

BARTON: Sure ... I might as well tell the truth now. ..

SHERIFF: Write it down for me, Mike ... will you. Go ahead, Alvin, let's have it!

BARTON: We were having an argument, see. About the sheep I bought from him. Suddenly he levels his gun at me. I took the gun away from him. That's how it happened.

SHERIFF: You hid the body, Alvin?

BARTON: I was scared; I didn't want no trouble. I drove out in the truck. I was afraid to leave the rifle behind so I took it.

MIKE: That's a full confession, Sheriff .. congratulations.

SHERIFF: (SOUR) Yeah ...thanks. You'll sign this, Alvin.

BARTON: Sure ... sure. That's just how it was. He come at me and I shot him. I had to defend myself. It was self defense. You would have done the same, ^{Sheriff} ~~Mr. Forbes~~, anybody would.

(MUSIC: - UP: UNDER NARR) -

NARR: You've got the confession now, you witness it when Barton signs. But it was too easy. You listened to Barton reel off his story, and you think it was too easy ... to quick. You can hear the plea...

BARTON: Self Defense. I had to shoot him ... it was self defense..

NARR: It's a nice neat story ... only two witnesses to what really happened, and one of them wouldn't be talking much. Not three weeks dead, his body dried in the oven of the desert. The Sheriff tells you just how bad it is.

SHERIFF: Most of the folks around here carry guns some of the time for hunting or killing pests, one thing or another. You can't get a jury to convict in a case like this. *Mike* When a man is attacked with a gun ... and the feller that ~~jumped~~ *the other feller* gets plugged ... folks figure he had it coming to him. That isn't murder ... not before any jury in this county.

MIKE: Barton'll be acquitted.

SHERIFF: He's a great explainer all right.

MIKE: He's lying.

SHERIFF: I can't prove that.

MIKE: It doesn't add up this way.

SHERIFF: It will to a jury.

MIKE: Sheriff, that was a cold blooded murder. I know it; you know it. That confession came too neat. If it was self defense ... why did he wait to confess till the body was found? Why did he hide it in the first place?

SHERIFF: Says he was scared.

MIKE: He didn't act scared. He's been sure of himself every step of the way. As if he planned it in advance. And that's murder ... in the first degree.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER NARR) _

NARR: You thought you had what you wanted, Mike Forbes, a confession from the killer. But it isn't right ... it doesn't fit. You try to break it down.. find the holes. You go to the medical Examiner and check the wounds.

DOCTOR: Cause of death was gunshot wound through the top of the head.

MIKE: The top?

DOCTOR: The path of the bullet went through the skull downward and lodged in the victim's neck. There ^{was one} ~~were two~~ other holes at the temples, but it was impossible to determine the bullet path.

MIKE: Could it have been self defense, Doctor?

DOCTOR: I can't say. ^{was}

MIKE: But the wounds ~~were~~ from the top.

DOCTOR: Oh, yes .. I'll give an opinion that the gun was fired from a position above the skull pointing down.

(MUSIC: -- UP: UNDER)

NARR: You think maybe this is it...you've poked a hole through that neat story of self-defense. But Barton is covered.

BARTON: He came at me, see. Charge like a bull ... he had his head down ... and I aimed right at it. That's how he got shot on the top of his head...(SMUG) You understand that, don't you, Mr. Forbes?

(MUSIC: -- HIT: UNDER NARR)

~~MIKE:~~

Christy:

It's air tight. You don't believe his story, but you know a jury will. Somewhere there has to be proof. You add up the evidence, but there's something missing. You think about that, and then you know what it is. You drive out to ^{Abel's} ~~the sea~~ hut with Christy Morgan. The dooryard is empty, the wind sweeps dust through the open door.

MIKE: There's something missing, Christy ... don't you see that?

CHRISTY: Exactly what did you have in mind?

MIKE: The money ... the five thousand dollars Alvin paid the old man for the sheep. The bank says Abel's signature on the bill of sale is genuine.

CHRISTY: He wouldn't sign no receipt unless he got paid.

MIKE: But where's the money now? It wasn't on the body. I searched the shack ... it wasn't there, either.

CHRISTY: Barton?

MIKE: Sure ... that's the motive. He got the sheep, and his five thousand.

CHRISTY: You sure it isn't anywhere in the cabin?

MIKE: Absolutely. I even spilled out the wash tub and went through the wet clothes. No money.

CHRISTY: You figure Abel was dry-gulched for the money?

MIKE: Yeah.

CHRISTY: That'd be tricky to prove.

MIKE: If we could break that self-defense story. Alvin says the shooting was out back.

CHRISTY: It don't sound like Abel to charge nobody with his head down.

MIKE: It doesn't add up. Look ... suppose I'm Abel. I meet Barton. I sell him my sheep. Where would that be?

CHRISTY: Abel did his business setting on the front steps ... whittling usually.

(STEPS ON WOOD)

MIKE: (SITTING) Here?

CHRISTY: Other side. He'd want his arm free for the knife.

MIKE: (SHIFTING) Over here ... yep, here's the whittle stick in the dirt. He couldn't be shot here ... the porch is too low, you couldn't even get the rifle up over his head. Now ... Alvin leaves. Maybe doubles back to steal Abel's gun.

CHRISTY: Out back in the shed ... that's where he kept it.

MIKE: Now ... what does Abel do? The laundry ... he couldn't have been killed then, there'd be blood in the house.

CHRISTY: No ... there wouldn't.

MIKE: From those wounds? Bound to be.

CHRISTY: Abel didn't do his wash in the house. Took it down to the well in the gulley -- set his bucket on the flatrock out there.

MIKE: Down by the ^{well} ~~stream~~ ... come on, Christy, let's finish Abel's laundry.

(MUSIC: -- UP: UNDER)

NARR: The gully cuts across the baked earth about a hundred yards from the cabin door. You walk down along the worn path.

(~~SNEAK STREAM BUBBLING~~)

The well water is cold; a spring from a crevasse in the ancient lava flow. You kneel down on the well cap ...

MIKE: Couldn't have got his clothes very clean in that water; too cold.

CHRISTY: Abel didn't care much. Here's where he put his tub down... He washed on this flat rock.

MIKE: Like this ... Christy, where does the top of my head point?

CHRISTY: Up to that ridge.

MIKE: If a shot were fired from up there, it would go right through the part in my hair.

CHRISTY: You're guessing, Mike.

MIKE: The laundry wasn't finished; it was carried back to the house still wet.

CHRISTY: Abel would have hung it out on those rocks ...

MIKE: If he lived. Line it up, Christy...take a sight up there.

CHRISTY: Off the top of your head?

MIKE: We've got to prove that shot was fired from up there ...

CHRISTY: Well, between that ^{sage brush}~~shrub bush~~... and about fifty yards over to that rock.

MIKE: Let's get up there and look around.

(MUSIC: -- UP: UNDER)

NARR: From the top of the ridge you look down at the sod house. The walls blend into the dooryard, only the shadow shows dark against the ground, and the flat rock shines white.

CHRISTY: That's a good target from here, Mike. You could take your time and draw a good bead.

MIKE: How would you do it, Christy?

CHRISTY: Lying down. You can steady the gun better.

MIKE: Where?

CHRISTY: It's a wide angle, Mike. At least fifty yards.

MIKE: Let's start looking ... we've got all day.

(MUSIC: -- UP: UNDER)

NARR: You crawl over the ridge inch by inch. You stare the lizards in the eye before they scuttle off into the dust. The sun bakes hot that close to the ground. Down in the hollow, you can see the white shine of the flat laundry rock ... you inch forward on a radius like the stubby pencil in a school boy's compass, with the point set on the rock.

MIKE: (PROJECT) Find anything, Christy?

CHRISTY: (OFF) Nope.

MIKE: Well...we've got a lot of ground left -- Wait a minute

CHRISTY: (COMING ON) What have you got, Mike?

MIKE: A cloth bag...a little cloth bag.

CHRISTY: That's from makings ... tobacco for rolling your own.

MIKE: If you were lying out waiting to kill a man you'd want a smoke.

CHRISTY: Could be anybody's. I roll my own. So did Abel.

MIKE: (EFFORT) Look ... he must have been laying here .. like this.... he couldn't get any further forward, Abel might see him. He couldn't get farther back or he couldn't aim. This must be it. I can see real nice .. it's an easy shot.

CHRISTY: It's a guess ...

MIKE: Maybe ... Christy, take about four steps forward.

CHRISTY: Why?

MIKE: Go ahead ... now two steps over.

CHRISTY: (MOVING OFF) Okay ... now what.

MIKE: See anything on the ground?

CHRISTY: No ...wait ... yeah. Brass shells...²~~three~~ of 'em. From a 22.

MIKE: There it is, Christy. They can check pin marks to show they were ejected from the murder gun. Barton killed Abel from up here ... Dry-gulched him in cold blood.

CHRISTY: That blows his self-defense higher than a kite.

MIKE: Come on, Christy ... I want to hear Alvin try to explain this. That'll be real interesting explaining!

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Mike Forbes of the Blackfoot Idaho Daily Bulletin 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: _ _ THEME WIPE AND FADE TO BG ON CUE) _

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Procter with original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Ernest Kinoy from an actual story from the pages of the Blackfoot Idaho Daily Bulletin. Your narrator was Bob Sloan and Bill Smith played the part of Mike Forbes. 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. Forbes.

(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.

HE/ mr 8/29/51 am

ATX01 0172910A

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Mike Forbes of the Blackfoot Idaho Daily Bulletin.

FORBES: Killer in tonight's Big Story pleaded guilty to murder in second degree rather than face a trial for his life. He was sentenced to twenty years in Idaho State Penitentiary. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Forbes...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. ^{and I think that's the one} A Big Story from the front pages of the Woonsocket R. I. Call, byline Henry S. Pointon...A BIG STORY about a reporter who tracked down a killer -- with murder in his right hand.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING)

CHAPPELL: ~~Here is an important reminder.~~ Beginning next week, and every week thereafter, "The Big Story" ^{will be} will come to you one half hour earlier. Remember - same station but one half hour earlier, starting next week. If you live on the Pacific Coast, consult your local paper for the change in time.

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

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #234

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOAN
MRS. IVERS	KATHLEEN NIDAY
GRANDMA	KATHLEEN NIDAY
LUCETTA	RUTH YORKE
HENRY	GEORGE PETRIE
MACK	EDWARD BEGLEY
EDDIE	BOB RENDICK
MAYLON	BILL GREY
ANNCR.	BILL GREY
JOE	JOHN GIBSON
DOYLE	BILLY GREEN
RAMEY	JOHN BORUFF

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1951

ATX01 0172911

Charlie:
~~CHAPPELL:~~

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

(MUSIC: - - -

DRAM MUSIC UNDER ENTIRE CIGARETTE)

It was so clear in his mind that

NARR:

That night, in Madison Square Garden, ~~a boy~~ stood
on his mind in the corner of the ring. He stared out ~~into a kind~~
~~of dream world, blinking~~ at the crowd and the lights.
And then, ~~through a kind of misty haze~~, he saw a man
almost as if it were real

ANNCR:

Ladies and gentlemen..... from Woonsocket, Rhode Island ^{Eddie Dubois}
the winnah and new champion of the world ~~Eddie Dubois!~~

(CROWD BEDLAM)

NARR:

~~And a minute later, the hard-muscled boy, still in~~
~~a daze, a dream, spoke into the microphone...~~

EDDIE:

(PANTING) Hello, Mom.....Grandma.....

Packy and Joe and Lefty...all my friends of the Social
District. I made it like I told you, I finally made it.
An' I'm comin' home to Woonsocket..the lightweight
champion of the world!

(MUSIC: - - -

HIT UP TO CURTAIN) - -

~~CHAPPELL:~~

Charlie:

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) Woonsocket, Rhode Island. From the pages of the
Woonsocket Call, the story of a reporter who asked a
big question...and found the answer...in a dream.
Tonight, to Henry Pointon for his Big Story, goes the
PELL MELL AWARD.

(MUSIC: - - -

TURNTABLE) - -

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #234

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!"
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ INTRO AND UNDER)

~~CHARPENTIER~~ Woonsocket, Rhode Island...the story as it actually
happened ...Henry Pointon's story, as he lived it.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: It is this cold and blustery January night when the
phone call from Providence comes in. You,
Henry Pointon of the Woonsocket Call, taking your turn
at the rewrite desk, pick it up. The word is murder,
the details brutal, and this is enough. You bundle
yourself in ^aheavy muffler and overcoat, and go.
Fifteen miles south, skidding along icy roads, ~~and~~
this is Pine Street, Providence. This is a squalid
rooming house, and this is an old lady, a very old
lady, lying on the floor, gaping up at you with the
sightless eyes of death. And you turn to Lieutenant
McCready, an old acquaintance, long with the Providence
Police...

HENRY: Antoinette Dubois, eh?

MAC: Yep. That's her name.

HENRY: (A BEAT, THEN GRIMLY) How old would you say she was?

MAC: When they get this old, Henry, they could be anything.
Seventy at least. Maybe more.

HENRY: (SIGHS) I dunno, Mac. I just don't know. What kind
of world is this, what kind of people in it? Someone
walked into this crummy rooming house, smashed a
helpless old lady over the head with a milk bottle, and
walked out. What kind of moron would do a thing like
this? Why?

MAC: Take a look at the mattress, and you'll know why.

HENRY: (A PAUSE) Ripped apart, eh?

MAC: Yeah. And that's the tipoff to money. ~~Someone must~~
have known she kept her money in there. ~~You know~~
how old folks are sometimes, how scared they get when
it comes to their security. They get so they don't
trust the banks any more, they gotta stash it away
~~where they can see it every night.~~

HENRY: Whoever the killer was, he sure hit her a terrific
wallop with that milkbottle. Any fingerprints on the
broken glass?

MAC: Nope. We checked. It's a cold night outside, the
killer probably wore gloves. He ^{probably} caught her while she
was having a snack, picked up the bottle and let her
have it.

HENRY: She have any relatives? Friends?

MAC: We don't know. We're going to question the other
roomers now.

HENRY: And that's all, eh?

MAC: That's all. Except for this photo we found in her
bureau. Don't know whether there's any relationship,
it's a boy of about eighteen....

HENRY: Mac.

MAC: Yeah?

HENRY: It's funny.

MAC: What's funny?

HENRY: Seems to me I've seen that face somewhere before.

MAC: Yeah? Where?

HENRY: I don't know. You ask me to put my finger on it, I don't know. But somewhere, someplace, I've seen that kid before.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER) _

NARR: A vague memory. The faint ring of a mental bell. Nothing more. You and Lieutenant McCready talk to the other roomers. And only one of them, a Mrs. Ivers, even knew the old lady...

MRS. IVERS: It's a shame and a disgrace, a body ain't safe in her bed any more. Why, Mrs. Dubois was a fine woman, she never hurt a fly. The poor old soul lived all alone, one of them recluses, you might say. Never did see anyone come to visit her.

MAC: But there must have been a family, Mrs. Ivers...friends.

MRS. IVERS: Friends? ^{What?} No, she didn't have none outside of me, far as I know. But there was a family, a daughter-in-law, and a grandson. ~~Weld have tea now and then, and I'd try to draw her out on it, but she never talked about it. I gathered there was some family trouble, there was bitterness of some kind.~~

HENRY: ^{So} You ~~don't~~ know her daughter-in-law's name, or where she lived?

MRS. IVERS: No. Like I said, she never talked much about them.

MAC: Mrs. Ivers, did you ever see the boy in this photo?

MRS. IVERS: No. Never saw him before in my life.

MAC: (SIGHS) I see. All right, Mrs. Ivers. Thanks, and that's all.

MRS. IVERS: (FADING) I'll be right in the next room, if you want me again.....

(DOOR CLOSE)

HENRY: Well, Mac? That's that!

MAC: (DISGUSTED) Yeah. Nobody saw anything, nobody heard anything, nobody even knows the woman.

HENRY: ~~Dubois~~. Dubois. It's a ^{pretty} common name.

MAC: Yeah.

HENRY: You take Woonsocket. We've got a lot of people of French descent there. Dubois is like Smith, a dime a dozen.

MAC: All of which makes it even tougher. It'll take time to find out who she really is, Henry. ~~We'll have~~ to get her picture around, contact the Social Security Office and Old Age Pension, find if she was listed there.

HENRY: And by that time, the killer, whoever he is, may be hard to find.

MAC: ~~He may be impossible to find.~~

HENRY: (MUSING) ~~I wonder, I wonder~~ *That face - that face*

MAC: ~~You wonder what~~ *what face*

HENRY: ~~About~~ the kid in that picture. Where have I seen ~~that~~ face before?

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You drive back to Woonsocket, and the face of the boy in the photo haunts you. If you had remembered where you'd seen it, it might have added a clue to the identity of the old woman, and perhaps, even to her killer. But it wasn't until much later that you learned the whole story, a story which began some weeks before the murder itself.

(MORE)

ATX01 0172917

NARR:
(CONTD)

A story which began in a shabby tenement house,...in
what is called the Social district of Woonsocket...

(DOOR SLAM)

EDDIE: (FADE IN) Say, Mom...

LUCETTE: Yes? What is it, Eddie?

EDDIE: I need some money.

LUCETTE: Money? You always need money. What's it for this
time?

EDDIE: I'll be old enough to fight in the ring as a pro next
week. I gotta have some dough to buy the equipment I
need. Boxin' trunks, an' shoes, a new bathrobe, locker
space in the gym.....

LUCETTE: I have no money. And even if I did, you wouldn't get a
cent from me. Not for this. Not to make an animal
of my son, ~~to fight others~~, to hit others till they
bleed.

EDDIE: Aw, listen, Mom, that's boxin'. ~~I wanna be a fighter,~~
~~I always did...~~

LUCETTE: ~~I know. Fight, fight. That's all you think of. There~~
~~isn't enough in the house to eat, your clothes are in~~
~~rags, we cannot pay the rent. And you want to fight~~
~~like a hoodlum.~~

EDDIE: ~~Okay, okay.~~ What else can I do?

LUCETTE: You can go to work like other decent people. They're
hiring help at the Mill now...

-7- a lousy week's pay

EDDIE:

(LAUGHS) Me? Slave for ~~wages~~ at the Mill? Stand there at a dirty machine an' let some dumb foreman push me around? ~~Get up at six an' punch a time clock at seven?~~ You think I want ~~that~~ you think I wanna be a poor factory ~~gob~~ all my life? Oh, no. Not this kid. Not me!

LUCETTE:

Eddie, you're my son. But the truth is, you're too lazy to work. That's why you got into trouble with the police once, and maybe you will again....

EDDIE:

Okay, okay, so I made a mistake once, I got in a jam with the cops. But that's all over, see, I got different ideas. I'm gonna be a fighter some day, a great fighter, a champ! The champion of the world, ~~Madison Square Garden, you hear me, Mom? With the crowd yellin', an' my picture in the paper, an' my pockets full of hundred dollar bills...~~

LUCETTE:

Eddie, you've got to stop dreaming, you've got to stop this crazy dream.

EDDIE:

I'm tellin' you, Mom. I'm gonna be a champ, an' no one's goin' to stop me.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE) ---

GRANDMA:

So you've got your heart set on being a fighter. Eddie.

EDDIE:

Yeah. That's right, Grandma.

GRANDMA:

Eddie, ~~I'm an old woman, and perhaps I'm old-fashioned.~~ I don't approve of prize-fighting, I think it's savage and brutal. ~~But if this is what you want to be, what you really want to be...~~

ATX01 0172919

EDDIE: ~~That's what I want to be.~~

GRANDMA: All right, Eddie. If you believe it hard enough, and work for it hard enough, you will be. You're a good boy, Eddie, a good boy, and I've always been fond of you. (A PAUSE) How much money will you need for this equipment?

EDDIE: I guess about fifty bucks would do it.

GRANDMA: All right. All right, son. I haven't much to spare, but I'll give you the money.

EDDIE: Thanks, Grandma. Thanks a lot. An' believe me, you'll never regret it!

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE) ---

(FADE IN GYM BACKGROUND, B.G. PUNCHING BAGS, RING GONG)

EDDIE: Packy, listen. I just passed the age limit. I can fight professional now.

MOYLAN: So?

EDDIE: So how about handlin' me bein' my manager?

MOYLAN: (A BEAT) Sorry, kid. No dice. I can't handle you.

EDDIE: But why not. I'm good, I tell ya. You know I got a right hand, ~~you saw me knock 'em cold in the amateurs.~~

MAYLAN: ~~I said no dice.~~

EDDIE: ~~Look, Packy, I'm gonna be a champion some day. I know it. The crowd likes a puncher, I can be a real crowd pleaser. You know all the angles, all the promoters. You get me the fights, I'll split fifty-fifty.~~

MOYLAN: Kid, get wise to yourself. Wise up, see? Even if you had dynamite in both hands, I wouldn't touch you. Neither would any other manager...

EDDIE: But why not?

MOYLAN: Because you got a record with the police, you're still on probation. I like my boys to come in clean, see what I mean? I don't want the cops breathin' down my neck, and I don't want no trouble with the Boxing Commission, either.

EDDIE: But Packy....

MOYLAN: Sorry, kid. You want to turn pro, better get outa Rhode Island, go to New York or somewhere, change your name. Me, I don't want any part of you. Now beat it!

(MUSIC: - - - UP AND UNDER) -

NARR: All this, you Henry Pointon of the Woonsocket Call did not learn till much later. And then, on the night you came into the case, a few hours before that phone call came into the rewrite desk from Providence---- in a rooming house on Pine Street.....

EDDIE: Grandma, listen. I gotta have money to get to New York, get a start in the fight game. You give it to me, and I'll send it right back to you the minute I get a coupla fights, honest I will....

GRANDMA: Don't lie to me, Eddie.

EDDIE: Huh?

GRANDMA: I may be an old woman, but I'm not a fool. Do you expect me to take the word of a thief? A common street thief?

END

EDDIE: (A BEAT) I see. Then you know....

GRANDMA: Yes, I know. I read all about it in the Call, about your suspending ^{etc?} sentence. My own grandson, stealing purses from helpless women in the streets, ~~stealing their money. And I thought you were a good boy!~~

EDDIE: Okay, okay. So it happened, and I'm sorry. But now I'm clearin' out, goin' to New York. All I ask is enough dough to....

GRANDMA: You won't get any more money from me, Eddie, not another cent.

EDDIE: ~~(RISING) You don't get it, Grandma. I gotta have some money, I gotta. You're the only one I can come to. Look, I'm just beginnin', gimme a chance. You've got plenty stuffed in that mattress, I know you have....~~

GRANDMA: Get out. You're a hoodlum and a thief, and I never ~~want to see you again.~~

EDDIE: I told you, I gotta have that money.

GRANDMA: You won't get it. Not from me.

EDDIE: (RISING) Gimme that money.

GRANDMA: No!

EDDIE: Then I'll take it.

GRANDMA: Don't you dare.

EDDIE: Get outa my way! I said, get outa my way!

GRANDMA: Don't you dare go near that mattress. If you touch it, I'll.....(SHE SCREAMS) Help! Help! Thief!

EDDIE: Shut up! Shut up, you hear me? (SOBS) I told you,
shut up!

GRANDMA: (SHE STARTS ANOTHER SCREAM.)

EDDIE: Cut it out, you crazy old fool, cut it out...

(A BLOW, SMASH OF GLASS, GROAN AND BODY THUD.)

(A PAUSE)

EDDIE: (SOBS HYSTERICALLY) I told you, didn't I? *I told you*
~~Why did you~~
~~make me hit you? Why?~~

(MUSIC: --- CUETAIN ---)

(MUSIC: --- TURNTABLE ---)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #234

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 Henry Pointon...as he lived it,
and wrote it.

NARR: You, Henry Pointon of the Woonsocket Call, get back
to the office from Providence, and now the face of the
boy in the picture won't let you rest. It sticks
within the frame of your mind, and along with it,
the ring of a name, the name of the old lady, Dubois,
Dubois. And finally, just on a hunch, you go into
the office morgue, and open the file under D, D for
Dubois. There are at least thirty folders on that
name. And then, all of a sudden, there is only one,
and the picture of a boy stares up at you ~~between~~ *from*
the folders, the same face framed in your mind.
And you read the record.....

HENRY: Eddie Dubois. Age 18. Residence with Mother, Mrs.
Andre Dubois, father deceased, address: Corner of
Cumberland and Kendrick, Social District, Woonsocket.
Picked up by police for purse snatching, in Bernon and
Fairmont Districts....

NARR: But the clincher comes in the last sentence....

HENRY: Deferred sentence in 12th District Court for beating
up a sixty year old woman!

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

NARR: You find that interesting. Very. You visit the boy's home in the Social District, a neighborhood occupied by textile workers. Your old beat, many years ago. You walk up four flights to a drab tenement, and introduce yourself to Mrs. Andre Dubois.

HENRY: Mrs. Dubois....do you by any chance know an old woman called Antoinette Dubois? Address, Pine Street, Providence ?

LUCETTE: ~~(A BEAT) Yes. I know her.~~

HENRY: How?

LUCETTE: She's my mother-in-law.

HENRY: (PAUSE) I see. And you know what happened last night?

LUCETTE: I know. I saw it in the newspapers. I...I was just going to Providence to---to see her when you came in.

HENRY: I'm sorry, Mrs. Dubois.

LUCETTE: She was very old. Life was hard for her. Perhaps it was her time to go.

HENRY: Mrs. Dubois. A question.

LUCETTE: Yes?

HENRY: Do you have any idea who might have killed your mother-in-law?

LUCETTE: (A BEAT) No. The police think it was a thief, some tramp perhaps.....(CUTS) But why ask me? How should I know who did it?

HENRY: (A BEAT) Mrs. Dubois.....is your son Eddie around?

LUCETTE: (A BEAT) Eddie? Why do you want to see him?
HENRY: Just wanted to talk to him, that's all.
LUCETTE: (WITH A KIND OF DESPERATION) Well, you can't talk to him. He left home.
HENRY: Left home? When?
LUCETTE: About...about a week ago.
HENRY: Where did he go?
LUCETTE: I don't know. He didn't say anything, he didn't tell me anything, he just left.
HENRY: And that's all you can tell me.
LUCETTE: (AGITATED) That's all I can tell you. Now please! Get out and let me alone! I don't want to talk about it any more!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, ^{see}~~sense~~ the inner conflict of the woman, see her struggle against something she doesn't dare to believe. And now you know that you have to find Eddie Dubois. You nose around the Socail District, find the school he went to, talk to the Principal, a Mr. Ramey...
RAMEY: ~~So you're looking for Eddie Dubois...~~
HENRY: ~~That's right. (A BEAT) What kind of boy was he?~~
RAMEY: Mr. Pointon, I've been teaching for a good many years. I take the view there's good in most boys, if they're given a chance. But I never found any good in Eddie Dubois.
HENRY: How? In what way?

RAMEY: Well, you know about his police record, of course.

HENRY: Yes.

RAMEY: Well, aside from that, the boy was a street brawler of the worst type. Quick with his fists, and handy with them. Used to bully the other boys around, knock them down just to amuse himself. In fact, he fancied himself an amateur boxer.

HENRY: An amateur boxer, eh?

RAMEY: That's right. With one burning ambition,.....to turn professional. As a matter of fact, he spent all his time down at the Boulevard gym, where the fighters train. Maybe some of his cronies down there might know where he's gone.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The Boulevard gym. A cheap and tawdry dive over a poolroom, a dingy place reeking of sweat and liniment. You talk to a manager, an ex-pug named Packy Moylan.

(SOUND: B.G. WE HEAR RING GONG. ALSO RAT-TAT-TAT PUNCHING BAG ETC.)

Moylan: Eddie Dubois. Yeh, yeh, sure, I know the kid. I know the kid, a lightweight. ~~Only around here we call him One-Punch Dubois, if ya know what I mean.~~

HENRY: One punch?

MOYLAN: Yeh, yeh. The kid's got a right, terrific, a haymaker. Trouble is, that's all he's got. No left, no jab no defense nothin'. He steps in a ring with a good ~~boy, he's dead. And that ain't the only reason I~~ ^{but} wouldn't have no part of him.

HENRY: No? ~~What's the other reason?~~

MOYLAN: I wouldn't handle a boy with a police record. I got enough headaches as it is. I told him to get outa town, he couldn't get any fights in Rhode Island.

HENRY: I see. Mr. Moylan, when did you see Eddie Dubois last?

MOYLAN: He was in here yesterday.

HENRY: (A BEAT) Yesterday? You're sure?

MOYLAN: I said so, didn't I? The kid was in here yesterday!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER --)

MAC: Henry, are you trying to tell me the kid killed his own grandmother for a few dollars?

HENRY: I'm not trying to tell you anything, Mac, not yet.

MAC: I could see some bum off the streets pull the job, some second story man, perhaps, some hopped-up maniac. But not the old lady's own grandson. How low can you get?

HENRY: Mac, listen. I hope you're right, believe me, I do. But something's wrong here, something doesn't add.

MAC: Yeah? What?

HENRY: The kid's mother says he left a week ago. But this fight manager, Packy Moylan, says he was in the Boulevard gym only yesterday.

MAC: So?

HENRY: So the mother lied. She got scared when she read of the killing last night. She was afraid maybe her boy did it, just maybe. That's why she lied, to protect him.

MAC: Henry, I think you're wrong.. I just don't think the kid could do a thing like that, record or no record. Anyway, there isn't any evidence, not a scrap. And unless there is, there's no point in sending out a pickup order.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: And that's McCreedy's point of view. But not yours. Because Eddie Dubois haunts you now, fascinates you, becomes an obsession. And you've made up your mind to find him, somehow. You try the bus stations, railroad station, talk to station agents, bus drivers, show them the picture, nothing. And then after you're ready to give up, after a solid week, a taxi driver you know, Joe Donan....

JOE: Dubois? Eddie Dubois? Sure, I know the kid. ~~Saw~~ him last Thursday night.

HENRY: Thursday night? Joe, are you sure?

JOE: Yeah. Sure I'm sure. Why? Why you so interested, Henry?

HENRY: Because that was the night his grandmother.....

JOE: His grandmother what?

HENRY: Oh, nothing. Nothing. Joe, listen. Where did you see the kid?

JOE: Well, it was kind of funny, Henry, I couldn't quite ~~figured it.~~ ^{figure that night} I saw ~~the kid~~ in Providence, about one o'clock in the morning. *(He was waiting for a bus.)*

HENRY: (A BEAT) In Providence, eh?

JOE: ~~Yeah. At the bus station. I had one of those early~~
morning trips, a couple of Newport sailors got stranded,
missed the last bus outa Woonsocket. So I bring 'em
to the bus station, at Exchange Place, and who do I see
hanging around, but Eddie Dubois.

HENRY: Go on, Joe.

JOE: Well, it's freezing cold, and the kid's shivering, he
ain't even got an overcoat. I figure he's there on a
date, and I offer him a ride home, for free. But he
says no, he's got to take a bus. Seemed kind of
~~all upset and nervous, I couldn't figure him.~~

HENRY: Joe, was he carrying a suitcase, any kind of baggage?

JOE: No. Not a thing.

HENRY: You didn't happen to notice what bus he was taking?

JOE: Yeah. Matter of fact, I did. I was in the coffee shop
having myself some java. And I saw the kid get on a
bus for New York!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Now you've got something. Now you're almost positive
you're right, that the horrible suspicion you've
nurtured has finally come to truth. Now you go back
to Lieutenant McCready, tell him the truth. And this
time, he's impressed....

MAC: New York, eh?

HENRY: That's right. That's where we'll find him.

MAC: Maybe. And maybe not. If he killed his grandmother,
he's a scared kid. He may have poured right through
the city, to Detroit, Philadelphia, anywhere. ~~Name-~~
~~it and you can have it.~~

HENRY: I still say New York. And I'd gamble on it.

MAC: Yeah? Why?

HENRY: Because it's the center of the fight game. And the kid's crazy about boxing.

MAC: Okay. Fair enough. But New York's a big town, Henry, a big, big town. It may take months to find him.

HENRY: ~~Mac, I was thinking?~~

MAC: ~~Yeah?~~

HENRY: *Mac* If the kid's all hopped up about boxing, wouldn't he be likely to haunt the gyms and fight clubs?

MAC: Like the moth attracted to the flame, eh?

HENRY: That's right.

MAC: Hummm. Could be, ~~could be.~~

HENRY: I'd gamble on that, too. Mind if I take a train to New York and follow it through?

MAC: Go ahead. If you can argue an expense voucher out of your boss at the Call, go ahead. Meanwhile, I'll get out a general pickup order!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Henry Pointon, used to work at the House of Refuge on Randall's Island before you came to Woonsocket, you know New York like the back of your hand. You start with Madison Square Garden, then Stillman's gym, St. Nick's arena, and finally the smaller gyms and clubs. And then, after three days of wasted shoelather, you walk into a small gym in Hell's kitchen. The manager of the place takes one look at the picture and then...

(B.G. PUNCHING BAGS ETC.)

DOYLE: Dubois, eh? So that was his name?

HENRY: Then he was here, Mr. Doyle.

DOYLE: Yeah. He came in here looking for a tryout, shivering, hungry looking. The kid didn't even have an overcoat. Looked like a real tough, kid, but pretty young. We get rules in New York State, you gotta be a certain age to be a pro. Anyway, he kept begging and begging, and I said okay, I'd take a look at him.

HENRY: What happened then?

DOYLE: (SHRUG) One look, and that was enough. I gave him a little advice, ten bucks, and an old overcoat.

HENRY: Did he say where he was going?

DOYLE: Why, yeah. He said he was sick and tired of New York, the cold, the fight game, everything. Said he was heading south to Florida, where it was warm.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You put in a long distance call to Lieutenant McCready in Woonsocket. He relays a special pickup order on all highways leading south to Florida. A few hours later, ~~your phone at the hotel rings and...~~ *you get a phone call -*

MAC: (FILTER) Henry, Mac.

HENRY: Yes, Mac?

MAC: We just located Eddie Dubois in Swainsboro, Georgia.

HENRY: Georgia, ~~eh?~~

MAC: Yeah. And the funny part of it is, we didn't pick him up. He just walked in and gave himself up!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR:

The next day, ~~and~~, Henry Pointon ~~of the Woonsocket~~
~~Call~~, are at the Providence station when Eddie
Dubois steps off the train, manacled to a detective.
You watch him, white-faced, scared, blinking at the
popping flashlight bulbs, a new celebrity. And later,
you sit in with Lieutenant McCready, and listen to the
boy.. ^{Broken}

EDDIE:

(~~SCARED~~) Yeah. Yeah. It was me. What's the use
of tryin' to talk my way out of it, you all know I
did it, ~~it was me~~. But I didn't mean to, honest
I didn't mean to...

MAC:

Then why did you do it, Eddie. Why?

EDDIE:

I needed money to go to New York. I couldn't fight
in Rhode Island, they knew about my record. ~~She~~
wouldn't gimme the money, and I wanted to fight.
I wanted to fight moren anything else in the world.
Honest, I didn't mean to, but when she said no,
everything went black, there was this empty milk
bottle standing on the table, and the next thing
I knew she was on the floor and the broken glass was
~~all around and~~....(CUTS AND SOBS) I guess I just
went crazy that's all. And all for twenty bucks. That's
all there was in that mattress....a lousy twenty bucks.

HENRY:

(QUIET) And you did this just because you wanted to get
in the fight game?

EDDIE:

Yeah, Mr. Pointon, yeah. Ever since I was a kid, all
I could remember was bein' poor, bein' broke. An'
a lot of times I remember bein' hungry. But all my life
I wanted to be a fighter. (MORE)

EDDIE: (CONT'D) And many a night, I dreamed of bein' a champ. I'd dream about it nights, me standing in the middle of the ring, and the announcer holding up my hand, and the crowd yellin', and the other guy flat on his face.

MAC: (QUIETLY) Some dream, Eddie.

EDDIE: Yeah, I thought I had the answer here, see? Right here in my right mitt, a solid kayo punch, terrific. And I got to think of all the other champs who had it tough to begin with.....guys like Jack Dempsey and Jimmy Braddock, and a lot of others. And then, I hit this small gym in Hell's kitchen....

HENRY: Go on, Eddie.

EDDIE: I begged 'em for a tryout, and they gave it to me. They put me in with some guy they called Young Sullivan. And the next thing I know, this manager named Doyle was (FADE) bending over me ~~and~~...

DOYLE: Wake up, kid. Wake up.

EDDIE: (SICK, DAZED) What....what happened?

DOYLE: You left yourself wide open, kid. ^{Sullivan} He tagged you with a left hook!

~~(MUSIC: -- ACCENT)~~

~~EDDIE: A little later, I was in Mr. Doyle's office. He was~~

~~a nice guy, but he put it on the line....~~

~~Eddie:~~ ^{He did?}
DOYLE: Kid, you want my advice?

~~EDDIE: Why, yeah?~~

DOYLE: Go home.

EDDIE: Go home?

DOYLE: Yeah. Go home, Drive a truck, work in a shop, do anything else for a living. ~~It's tough, kid, and I hate to tell you this. But~~ ^{because} you've got nothing, no class, nothing. You're just a bum in the ring. Take my advice and go home.

(MUSIC: ACCENT)

EDDIE: I told him I didn't want to go home, ^{Mr. Painter} an' I headed south. Then I read the papers, and knew they were after me. And I figured, what's the use, what's the use, I might as well give up, I'd never be a champ, nothin'. I kept thinkin' of what I did, my grandmother lyin' there dead, and I said what's the use of anythin' any more.

HENRY: And that's the whole story, Eddie.

EDDIE: Yeah, ~~Mr. Pinton~~. That's the story. I did it, and I'm ready to pay for what I did, I don't care about anythin' any more. I got nothin' left to live for. (BREAKS AND SOBS) I'm just a punk, see, a no-good punk. An' I dreamed I was gonna be a champion! Me, Eddie Dubois...the champion of the world!

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

~~SHAPPELL:~~ In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Henry
Harice Pointon of the Woonsocket R I Call, 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 Henry Pointon of the
Harvie: Woonsocket, R. I. Call.

POINTON: KILLER IN TONIGHT'S BIG STORY, AFTER A LONG TRIAL, WAS
committed of murder on the 2nd degree &
SENTENCED TO THIRTY YEARS IN THE RHODE ISLAND STATE PRISON.
later he appealed to the State Supreme Court for a new trial
MANY THANKS FOR TONIGHT'S PELL MELL AWARD. *but finally dropped*

~~CHAPPELL:~~ Thank you, Mr. Pointon...the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS

Harvie: CIGARETTES are proud to present you the PELL MELL \$500
award for notable service in the field of journalism.

~~HARRICE:~~ Listen again next week, same time, same station, when
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY
...A Big Story from the front pages of the Chicago Sun-
Times, byline...Edgar E. Frady. A Big Story of a reporter
who used a technique as old as the hills to trap the
murderer of his best friend.

(MUSIC: STING) - - -

~~CHAPPELL:~~ And remember - every week you can see another different
Harvie: Big Story on television -- brought to you by the makers
of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

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

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

~~CHAPPELL~~: The Big Story is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with
Honice 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 Moonsocket
R.I. Call. Your narrator was Bob Sloan and George Petric
played the part of Henry Pointon. 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. Pointon.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

~~CHAPPELL~~
Honice Big Story fans. Stop off at your favorite newsstand
and buy a copy of America's newest magazine - the
Big Story Magazine..
This is ^{*by Honice*} ~~Ernest Chappell~~ speaking for the makers of PELL
MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.
THIS IS NBC....THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #235

CAST

NARRATOR
MRS. FRANK
ANDY
ERNIE
JOEY
ED
STEVE
MEERS

BOB SLOAN
IRENE HULFARD
AL RAMSEN
MICHAEL O'DAY
MICHAEL O'DAY
BILL GRIFFIS
LARRY HAINIS
LUIS VAN ROOTEN

WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 26, 1951

ATX01 0172941

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#235

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10:00- 10:30 PM

SEPTEMBER 26, 1951

WEDNESDAY

(Edgar E. Frady: Chicago (Ill.) Sun-Times)

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE, OMINOUS MOOD, CUT TO:)

(THREE RAPID SHOTS FROM A REVOLVER)

JOEY: (AROUND 19) Gee, I missed.

ANDY: (SAME AGE, TOUGH) Give me the pistol. Watch.

(THREE RAPID SHOTS)

JOEY: (ALMOST FRIGHTENED) Wow! Three on the nose!

Andy:
ANDY: *lets the way to do it -*
Say, these are pretty good .38's. Where did you get them?

ANDY: What's it to you?

JOEY: Nothing -- nothing. Just asked. What about the cops?

What if the law stopped you with those guns on you?

ANDY: (WE KNOW HE IS NOT BOASTING HERE, THAT HE MEANS IT)

I don't know. Maybe I'd try to talk my way out of it -- maybe I'd even shoot my way out of it.

(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,

FLAT, COLD), *Chicago, Ill.* From the pages of the Chicago Sun-Times, the

story of a crime reporter who used a *simple but effective* ~~technic as old as the~~

~~Cinderella story~~ -- to trap the murderer of his best

friend. Tonight, to Edgar E. Frady, of the Chicago

Sun-Times, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL Award.

ATX01 0172942

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)
(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!

OHAPPELL: Chicago, Illinois. The story as it actually happened -
Edgar E. Frady's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER WITH LIGHT, GAY BAR MUSIC)

NARR: What does a reporter do on his day off? The same as
anybody else: go to see ^{his} ~~your~~ best friend and, if ^{he's} ~~you're~~
in the mood, drop in at a bar somewhere for a couple
of beers. You, Edgar E. Frady, happen to be a crime
reporter, ^{for the Chicago Tribune} and so your best friend is a member of the
police force -- a sweet guy named Ernie Cusak. As
you sit now in the bar out in Stickney (A suburb of
Chicago) with Ernie and his brother Steve, a steel
worker, you don't quite know how you got on the subject
you're on, but it really doesn't matter. The company is
pleasant, the beer is cold, and it all feels good.

~~(MUSIC: DOWN UNDER)~~

ED: (LATE 30's, .A NICE GUY, FAIRLY SERIOUS, LAUGHING NOW:)
Wait, wait -- let me get my two cents ^{worth} in. Just because
you guys are brothers, don't monopolize the conversation!
(LAUGHTER)

ED: (CONTINUING) This was before I even met you, Ernie --
right before the War. I was on the old Herald Examiner and
the paper folded. I needed a job -- I needed a job bad.
Cripes, things were really bad. So guess what I did?

ERNIE: Peddled opium?

ED: I became a night clerk in a hotel. (LAUGHTER)

ERNIE: No -- you? A night clerk in a hotel? Holy mackerel!

STEVE: (ERNIE'S YOUNGER BROTHER, A GUY WHO ALWAYS SEES THE NICE SIDE OF PEOPLE) Wait a second. What's wrong with being a night clerk in a hotel? It's a decent job, ain't it? It's honest work, ain't it?

ERNIE: That's my brother Steve for you -- the fellow of the happy heart. Look at him, Ed. The guy's a steel worker -- look at the muscles on him. But you know what he ought to be?

STEVE: Yeah, yeah, I know. A social worker -- that's what you always say. Just because I think people are good. I like to help them --

ERNIE: Cut it out, you lug. I didn't mean anything. Here -- come on. Let's toast to us: three guys --

ED: Sure. What'll it be?

STEVE: ^{you remember it} ~~Go on,~~ Ernie. Ed's the reporter, but you're the guy with the words.

ERNIE: (GRINS) Okay. Here's to us -- we've been a lot of things and we're going to do a lot of things.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, THE GAY MOOD, AND DOWN UNDER...)

(CAR TO A STOP, MOTOR RUNNING....)

ED: All out, Ernie. Here's your precinct.

ERNIE: Thanks for the lift, Ed.

ED: Heck, it's nothing. I'm on my way downtown anyway. I go to work in a half-hour.

(CAR DOOR OPENED AND THEN:)

ERNIE: Hey, Ed, think Steve was really sore at me?

ED: What about?

ERNIE: Aw , you know the way I kid him about how he really ought to have been a social worker. You know what I mean --

ED: Gee, I don't think he got sore.

ERNIE: That's good. Because I'd sure hate to hurt that guy. Know something, Ed?

ED: What?

ERNIE: I'd give my right arm to feel good about people, believe in them, the way Steve does. I don't know -- it kind of -- well, it kind of lifts a man out of the general run to feel that way about people.

ED: (JOSHING) Go on, you're getting soft. Get to work. Commit a murder so I'll have something to write about.

ERNIE: (LAUGHING) Okay, you hard-hearted dog! See you next Sunday.

ED: Right.

(CAR DOOR SLAMMED..)

(MUSIC: -- UP, DOWN UNDER..)

NARR: Downtown at police headquarters, it turns out to be a slow, uneventful night. You, Ed Frady, sit with one ear turned to the police radio next to you, one eye on a picture magazine and the other eye on the clock. The clock tells you it's one A.M. -- only an hour before knocking off time...when, suddenly, the police radio comes alive.

MEERS: (POLICE LIEUTENANT, ON FILTER) Meers reporting. Shooting at 39th Street and Oak Avenue. Send an ambulance. Shooting at 39th Street and Oak Avenue. Send an ambulance.

(PHONE RINGS. RECEIVER UP)

ED: (ON PHONE) Yes, this is Ed Frady. The desk calling? Put him on...Yeah, I just heard it....Okay, it's on my way home anyhow. I'll take a look at it. If it's routine, I'll just call in and knock off. Okay with you? ...
Check.

(MUSIC: OMINOUS, ACCENT, DOWN UNDER...)

NARR: But when you get to 39th Street and Oak Avenue, Ed Frady, you take one look and your heart stops for a moment. Under a street light, in the dark, January-cold street, a ring of people surround a ^{blue sedan} car, and lying in the gutter beside the car are two men in uniform. One of them is a man you left only a few hours ago -- your best ^{patrolman} friend, Ernie Cusak.

(MUSIC: CUT)

(LOW CROWD, AND WAY OFF IN THE DISTANCE A BUS OR TROLLEY CAR...)

ED: (LOW) What happened, Lieutenant?
MEERS: (ALSO LOW) We don't know yet, ^{Ed} We found ^{the radio-car} their radio-car parked a couple of feet away and both of them lying right here. They must have gotten out, must have gotten suspicious of something to do with this ^{radio-car} ~~car here~~.
ED: How are they?
MEERS: The doctor is working on them now. We're hoping for the best.
ED: Did you call Steve Cusak?
MEERS: He's on the way.

ED: Can I -- can I talk with Ernie?

MEERS: Sorry Ed -He's unconscious -

STEVE: (SLIGHTLY)OFF) Where is he?

ED: Steve! *He's over there --*

STEVE: Ernie, Ernie -- who did this to you?

ED: Easy, kid. He's unconscious.

STEVE: (BITTER AND HARD) (NOT HEARING) Ernie, tell me what he looked like. I'll kill him! I'll kill him with my own hands, Ernie.

MEERS: Sorry, Steve. The ambulance is ready.

STEVE: (CLOSE TO TEARS) Ernie, listen -- listen to me, you're going to be all right. You're going to be okay. You gotta be, Ernie!

MEERS: Okay. Step aside for the stretcher, will you?
(SHUFFLE OF FEET, THEN MEN GRUNT AS IF LIFTING ERNIE, A FEW MORE STEPS, AMBULANCE DOOR SHUT WITHOUT A BANG, AMBULANCE GONG UP AS AMBULANCE FADES AWAY)

STEVE: Ed, Ed, he's got to live! A guy like that has got to live.

ED: He won't die, Steve. He's got too much fight in him --

STEVE: I want to do something! Ed, you've got to help me. I want to get that guy.

MEERS: Steve, the best thing you can do for Ernie is go to the hospital. There 'll be nothing here until the mobile lab arrives. Then we'll go over ^{the car} ~~the car~~.

STEVE: (HARD) No. Ernie's in good hands. I want to help get the guy who did it to him.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER...)

MEERS: Well, that's that.

ED: What did they find? *Et*

MEERS: Nothing. The lab-man -- he went all over the car. Not even a fingerprint.

STEVE: (OUTBURST) That can't be! They've got to find something!

MEERS: We're doing our best, Steve. They can't find anything. The guy was either a professional or else he wore gloves because of the cold.

ED: Listen, Steve, there's nothing for you here. Go to the hospital. Stick with Ernie.

STEVE: What -- what're you going to do? *Ed*

ED: I don't know. Just look around -- that's all.

(MUSIC: SLIGHT ACCENT, DOWN UNDER...)

NARR: It's close to daybreak now as you, Edgar Frady and Lieutenant Meers, circle the dismal area with its empty garbage-strewn lots and its tar-papered shacks. You're almost frozen to death and your eyes are weary and red from going over every inch of the streets near where your best friend fell. And then, suddenly, you notice something

(MUSIC: OUT)

ED: What's over there where that red lantern is? *Et*

MEERS: (WEARY) Where?

ED: Right there. Looks like a hole of some kind with fresh earth around it.

MEERS: Oh that. Used to be a tree there. They tore it out a couple of days ago. Going to build something here.

ED: Give me a flashlight.

(STEPS DOWN AN EMPTY STREET AS:)

MEERS: (IRRITATED) This is a block from where it happened. What do you think you're going to find?

ED: I don't know.

(STEPS ON PAVEMENT IN AND A FEW STEPS ON SOFT EARTH) (SLIGHT PAUSE, THEN:)

MEERS: *See* There's nothing here but the hole where the tree was.

ED: (TAKE) Wait a second. Look at this. The earth looks like it was just stamped down. You said the tree was torn up a few days ago, didn't you?

MEERS: That's right. But --

ED: Look at this. This footprint. Fresh and clean -- look at the marking on it -- and Indian-head with two arrows.

MEERS: (TAKE) Ed, the flashlight. Flash it down that hole on the other side.

ED: What -- ?

MEERS: Looks like the handle of a bag. Give me the flashlight. I'm going down to get it.

ED: (HARD) Wait a minute.

MEERS: (SORE) What do you mean wait? There's a bag hidden down there.

ED: If you go down into the hole you'll destroy the footprint. Make a cast of that footprint first.

MEERS: You're crazy! There must be a million prints like that all over Chicago! The bag is more important. I'm going down there to get it!

ED: (HARD) Hold it - Lieut.! Ernie is my best friend. I said I want a cast made of that print!

(MUSIC: STING, DOWN UNDER...)

NARR: You'd never spoken to a police officer the way you did just now, but Lt. Meers seems to realize the special meaning of this case to you, Edgar Frady. In twenty minutes, he's back with the mobile lab and when you have a cast of the Indian shoeprint firmly in your hand, Meers slides down into the hole and comes back up with a black zipper bag.

(MUSIC: CUT TO:)

(~~ZIPPER SLID OPEN~~)

ED: (SLIGHT TAKE) Guns!

MEERS: It's a regular small arsenal.

(CAR COMING ON HURRIEDLY, CLOSE BY TO A STOP)

MEERS: (TAKE) Who's that?

(CAR DOOR OPENED HURRIEDLY, STEPS HURRY IN AND OUT TO:)

ED: Steve, Steve -- what happened? *How is he?*

STEVE: (LOW AND BITTER) He's dead. (PAUSE, THEN RAISING HIS VOICE NOW IN HIS BITTERNESS:) Ed, he's dead. Ernie's dead! And I'm going to get the guy who did it if it's the last thing I ever do!

(MUSIC: UP TO TAG)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

- GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.
- CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.
- HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.
- CHAPPELL: At the first puff 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.
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- 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 Edgar E. Frady as he lived it and wrote it.

(MUSIC: THEME AND UNDER.)

NARR: Your best friend is dead, Ed Frady. He was a cop -- Ernie Cusak was shot dead by a gunman on the streets of Chicago last night. And now, after a few hours of fitful sleep, you go to see Steve, the brother Ernie loved so much because Steve had an abiding faith in people. As you walk in on Steve, your fingers are gripped tight around the one clue to the murderer -- a plaster-cast of a shoeprint.

ED: Did you catch some sleep, Steve?

STEVE: No. I don't want any sleep.

ED: Look, ~~Steve~~, you got to get a hold of yourself.

STEVE: (HARD) That black zipper bag you and Lt. Meers found in the hole near the footprint --

ED: What about it?

STEVE: The hole is in the middle of an empty lot. Why should the killer have buried that bag full of guns there? Why should he have run from his car after -- after shooting down Ernie -- to that lot?

ED: I don't know, Steve. Maybe because it was a good hiding place -- he thought - or maybe he lives around there.

STEVE: The car -- What about the car? Who owns it?

ED: I spoke with Meers a while ago. They traced both the car and the guns in that zipper bag. The car was stolen.

STEVE: And the guns?

ED: They were stolen too.

STEVE: (HESITANT, AS IF AFRAID OF THE ANSWER HE MIGHT GET TO THIS QUESTION) ^{Ed} When -- when were those guns stolen?

ED: Last week. Why?

STEVE: From where?

ED: From the sporting goods store on 35th street.

STEVE: (ALMOST WITH PAIN) No!

ED: What's the matter, Steve?

STEVE: (A BEAT, THEN LOW:) Nothing -- nothing.....you think the man who robbed the sporting goods store is the murderer?

ED: Why? What're you trying to say, ~~Steve!~~

STEVE: (HARD NOW) I asked you a question, Ed. Do you think the man who robbed the sporting goods store killed my brother?

ED: (CAREFULLY) I don't know, Steve. All we know is we found the footprint and the bag and the earth looked freshly dug.

STEVE: (QUIET AGAIN) You -- think he lives close to that empty lot?

ED: You know the people in that neighborhood quite well, don't you? (SLIGHT BEAT, THEN:) Any ideas?

STEVE: (A BEAT, THEN:) No.

ED: Care to join me.

STEVE: Where are you going?

ED: I've got this plaster print of the guy's heel and sole. The Indian-head on it makes it a little unusual. I'm going to check the shoemakers. Want to go?

STEVE: Yes.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, SLIGHT BRIDGE, DOWN UNDER...)

(DOOR OPEN AND SHUT TO STREET BG....)

ED: Well, that's the last cobbler around here.

STEVE: (ALMOST TO HIMSELF, SOUNDING SICK) It's -- it's -- no use, Ed. It's no use.

ED: What's the matter with you, Steve? You look sick.

STEVE: Nothing. Nothing's the matter with me. Just -- maybe feel a little cold, that's all. Maybe-- this -- snow coming down --

ED: That's not all, Steve?

STEVE: What do you mean?

ED: I've known you too long, ~~Steve~~. You and Ernie and I, we've been close for a long time -

STEVE: I don't know what you're talking about! I told you I'm cold, that's all!

ED: Last night, all day today - something's eating you!

STEVE: My brother's dead!

ED: Something else. Steve - what's ~~eating~~ ^{happening} you? What are you holding back from me?

STEVE: (HARD) Leave me alone! I'm not hiding anything!

ED: (BEAT) OK, OK ~~Steve~~ ... Want me to take you home?

STEVE: Where are you going? What're you going to do?

ED: I'm going back to the neighborhood where it happened. This snow that's coming down now -- it may show fresh prints.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER...)

NARR: You and Steve Cusak trudge wearily around and around through the newly fallen snow. You begin to feel a little desparate, Ed Frady, and a little hopeless. You find footprints in the snow all right -- too many of them. And you're just about ready to give up when you stop ~~once more~~ by the hole ~~once more~~ where the black zipper bag was found. You look down at the fresh snow around the rim and for a moment, you stand there not believing it yourself -- ~~And then~~ --

~~(MUSIC: -- OUT)~~

STEVE: What're you going to do with that plaster cast?

ED: (QUICK) Give me a hand down into the hole.

STEVE: Well why? What -

ED: Right here. On the side. The same footprint in the snow. (STRAINING AS HE IS LOWERED INTO THE HOLE) See, Steve, see. I don't want to smear it.

(SLIGHT SCRAMBLING OUT)

(PAUSE THEN:)

STEVE: Ed, do they match?

ED: (SLIGHTLY OFF) (EXCITED) Give me a hand up, Steve -- quick!

(AS THEY BOTH STRAIN AND SLIGHT SCRAMBLING, THEN:)

STEVE: Ed, do they match?

ED: Better than that, ~~Steve~~. Look. The same footprints -- they're leading away from the hole across the lot in the direction of that ramshackle wooden building.

(MUSIC: -- STING, DOWN UNDER)

ED: (LOW) Steve, they lead right inside! (NO ANSWER, THEN:)
~~Steve~~, you know this neighborhood well. Who lives in
here? (BEAT, THEN ALMOST IRRITATED:) Steve, what's the
matter with you? I asked you who lives in here?

STEVE: (LOW, ALMOST TO HIMSELF) Ed -- Ed, no. No!

ED: What's the matter with you?

STEVE: The -- the Franks live here. Mrs. Frank and her son
Andy. He's -- he was -- he's out on parole. He was in
prison out in Ohio for taking a stolen car across the
State lines. (SLIGHT TAKE) Where are you going?

ED: To call Lt. Meers. I want him with us when we go in
there.

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT, OUT TO...)

ED: (LOW) And they lead right here, Lt.

MEERS: Andy Frank's house, huh? That kid's got a record. Let's
go in.

(STEPS, KNOCK ON DOOR, REPEAT KNOCK, DOOR OPENED)

MRS. FRANK: (A TIRED, MIDDLE AGED WOMAN, BUT LIKABLE) What is it?
(SLIGHT TAKE) Oh, hello, Steve. I was sorry to hear
about Ernie.

STEVE: Thanks.

MEERS: Mrs. Frank, is Andy home?

MRS. F: (SLIGHT FEAR) Yes -- he's taking a bath, why?

ED: May we come in?

MRS. F: ~~Please do~~ *Of course*

(STEPS IN, DOOR SHUT)

MRS. F: What's -- what's this all about?

MEERS: Mrs. Frank, last night around one o'clock, where were you and your family?

MRS. F: Home. Why?

MEERS: Did you hear the shooting?

MRS. F: (A BEAT, THEN:) You mean when Ernie Cusak got shot?

MEERS: That's right.

MRS. F: Yes, we were all home. We heard the guns go off. Later we asked Andy ^{if he saw anything} ~~what he thought it had been.~~

ED: Why later, Mrs. Frank? Was Andy out when the shooting took place?

MRS. R: (A BEAT, THEN:) Yes. ^{Yes} ~~I guess~~ he was.

ED: What did he say?

MRS. F: Andy said he thought it was just some back-firing, but we all went out to take a look. ^{anyhow}

ED: Andy too?

MRS. F: No. He had some work to do.

MEERS: Mrs. Frank, how many pairs of shoes has Andy got?

MRS. F: W-why? Just one pair.

ED: Can we see them?

MRS. F: He -- has them upstairs with him in the ^{bath room} ~~bath~~. (NOT CRACKING BUT WITH AN EDGE OF FEAR) What -- what do you want with Andy's shoes?

ANDY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) What do they all want, Ma?

MRS. F: (VERY FIRM) Andy, come ^{down} ~~to~~ here.

(SLOW STEPS INTO ROOM, THEN:)

ANDY: Hello, Steve. Sorry about -- about your brother.

MEERS: Sit down, Andy. Give me one of your shoes -- the right one.

ANDY: (SURLY) What for? Why should I?

MRS. F: (HARD) Give him one of your shoes!
(SCRAPE OF CHAIR, ANDY SITS, THEN SHOE FALLS TO
FLOOR:)

ANDY: (MUMBLING) ~~Sorry, I dropped it. Here it is.~~
(PLASTER CAST TO SHOE, THEN)

MEERS: Where were you last night at one o'clock, Andy?

ANDY: That's my business!

MRS. F: Tell the man where you were, Andy. Tell the man where
you were!

ANDY: (A LITTLE FRIGHTENED OF HIS MOTHER BUT STILL SURLY)
It's my business.

ED: Andy, your shoe matches the footprint at a hole at the
other end of this lot. We found a bag full of guns
buried there -- stolen guns. One of them is the gun that
was used to kill Ernie Cusak and wound the other cop.
What was your footprint doing there at that hole?

(SLIGHT PAUSE, THEN:)

MRS. F: (HARD AND BITTER) Answer the man's questions.

ANDY: I don't know nothing about it.

ED: You killed Ernie Cusak, didn't you?

ANDY: (HALF SHOUT) I don't know ^{nothing} ~~anything~~ about it!

MEERS: Come on, Andy. We're going downtown.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER...)

NARR: For four hours, Ed Frady, you watch Lt. Meers try everything on the boy, including a lie detector. And for four hours, you see Andy Frank alternately squirm, answer evasively, or just not answer at all. And for four hours, you've been wondering what's wrong with Steve -- why he hasn't opened his mouth since the time you first entered Andy Frank's home. And now, as you stand out in the corridor at police headquarters, Steve suddenly speaks up.

STEVE: Lt. Meers --

MEERS: Yeah?

STEVE: I want to talk with Andy. *about*

MEERS: All right. *he's in that room up there.*

(STEPS, DOOR OPENED, DOOR SHUT, STEPS, CUT:)

STEVE: Andy.

ANDY: Oh, it's you. *... pretty well*

STEVE: You know me, don't you, Andy?

ANDY: Yeah.

STEVE: When your parole officer came to see me, I told him I'd talk to you, didn't I?

ANDY: ~~That's right.~~

STEVE: I told them I had confidence in you and that I would keep an eye on you, didn't I?

ANDY: That's right.

STEVE: I let you join the basketball team I coach, didn't I, down at the Boys Club?

ANDY: That's right.

STEVE: (TERRIBLY QUIET) Last week, Andy, when the sporting goods store was robbed, they put my brother Ernie on the case. He wanted to question you because of your record.

ANDY: (UNEASY AND SURLY) What's that got to do with me?

STEVE: (BEGINNING TO BUILD WITH BITTERNESS) Ernie wanted to question you, Andy. If Ernie had questioned you, he might have broken you down. He might of found out that you robbed that sporting goods store and you would have been sent back for violation of parole. And if that had happened, Ernie might be alive today -- walking around!

ANDY: (ALMOST SHOUTING) I don't know what you're talking about!

STEVE: I talked my brother out of questioning you because I had faith in you! If I hadn't talked him out of questioning you, he might have been alive right now!

ANDY: Let me alone.

STEVE: I spoke up for you because I had confidence in you. I sacrificed my brother's life for you. ^{Do you ever hear me?} ~~You rotten,~~ ~~lousy~~ ~~bastard!~~ I sacrificed my brother's life for you! Now show me that there's a little decency in people! Show me that I wasn't altogether wrong. Show me that even now you can tell the truth! (ALMOST CRACKING AS HE GRABS ANDY) Tell the truth or so help me God, I'll ~~never~~ ~~have faith in another human being!~~

ANDY: (ALMOST WEEPING) It was his fault, it was his fault, he shouldn't have come up to the car. I knew if he caught me with those guns I would go back to prison. It was his fault! He shouldn't have stopped me...he should have understood! I don't want to go back to prison.

~~ED: Steve:~~ So you killed him?

ANDY: ~~Oh my God,~~ I didn't want to, I didn't want to! I was hiding in the bottom of the car when I saw the police-car. I hoped they wouldn't stop. I didn't want to do it, but when they stopped, I had to. I emptied my gun at both of them and ran. ~~Oh my God,~~ ^{Steve} I'm sorry! I'm sorry!
(WEEPING)

(PAUSE)

~~Steve:~~
~~BERG:~~

All right, Andy, let's go.

~~(CHAIR SCRAPPED, STEPS OFF, AND THEN, FROM OFF.)~~

ANDY: (CRYING OUT) Steve, Steve -- I -- (BREAKS OFF)

~~Steve: here ST. -- he's been away.~~

(DOOR SHUT)

~~Steve: we heard something about Steve --~~
STEVE: (ALMOST CRYING, VERY LOW) Ed, Ed -- he was such a sweet guy -- I killed him, Ed, I killed him. ~~Ed: he - don't say that Steve --~~

ED: Listen to me, Steve, listen. Just remember: the one thing Ernie loved most about you was your belief in people. Remember that, Steve. Remember that.

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Edgar Frady of the Chicago Sun-Times with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #235

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 Edgar E. Frady of the Chicago Sun-Times.

FRADY: Murderer in tonight's Big Story, the man who put to death my best friend, was found guilty and sentenced to die in the electric chair. On appeal, he won a second trial and this time was sentenced to ^{Illinois State} prison for 199 years. My sincerest appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Frady...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 Cincinnati Ohio Inquirer byline Albert J. Shottelkotte A BIG STORY of 2 brutal murders and 2 contradictory theories both leading to a desperate 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 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 pages of the Chicago Sun Times. Your narrator was Bob Sloan and Bill Griffis played the part of Edgar E. Prady. 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. Prady.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

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

CHAPPELL: Friends - here's how all of us can back up our men in Korea - and be active partners with Uncle Sam in making our country safe and strong. Buy United States Defense Bonds. Buy them where you work - or where you bank - but buy them. It's your safest investment - and pays back four dollars for every three. And because you can cash them in with interest - any time after 60 days - it's better than a cash reserve. Remember - peace is for the strong! Buy United States Defense Bonds!
THIS IS NBC...THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.