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ATX01 0005060

THE BIG STORY

AS BROADCAST

PROGRAM #236

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOAN
WOMAN	KATHLEEN NIDAY
AMY	KATHLEEN NIDAY
AL	LARRY ROBINSON
VERNON	ED BEGLEY
HANK	CARL EMORY
HERTZ	CARL EMORY
RAY	PHIL STERLING
DISPATCHER #1	HARRY DAVIS
DISPATCHER #2	WM. KEENE
GEORGE	JOSHUA SHELLEY

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1951

ATX01 0005061

NEC

THE BIG STORY

#236

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

OCTOBER 3, 1951

WEDNESDAY

(AL SCHOTTELKOTTE, CINCINNATI ENQUIRER)

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

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

(CAR RUNNING: UNDER)

HANK: Like I said, most cab drivers won't pick nobody up  
this late at night, but I figure a buck is a buck.  
Right? ~~(PAUSE)~~

(CAR TURNS)

~~Now you take me... always hustling, see? A couple of  
bucks here... a couple there, it adds up, know what I  
mean? (PAUSE)~~ Besides, these late fares tip better,  
understand I'm not hinting or anything..

(CAR SLOWING)

Well, here you are, a dollar even. ~~Last stop, all out!~~

(CAR STOPS)

Some guys would charge more but I...

(PISTOL SHOT)

HANK: (REACTION GASP)

(PISTOL SHOT)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ SWEEP OVER: UNDER FOR)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY -- Here is America, its sound and its  
fury - its joys and its sorrow -- as faithfully reported  
by the men and women of the great American newspapers.  
(PAUSE) (COLD AND FLAT) Cincinnati Ohio, from the  
pages of the Cincinnati Enquirer the story of two  
brutal murders, two contradictory theories, both  
leading to a desperate killer. (MORE)

ATX01 0005062

CHAPPELL: To night, to Al Schottelkotte of the Cincinnati  
(CONT) Enquirer 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 smcking 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: UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Now the story as it actually happened, Al Schottelkotte's story as he lived it.

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

NARR: You were sixteen years old, Al Schottelkotte, sixteen and a full time member of the Cincinnati Enquirer, newspaper staff. None of this cub stuff...the copy boys said "Mister" to you. You were filling in for the head of the Newport branch office across the river in Kentucky. It was early morning when the phone rang, Labor Day, the day of rest for working men across the country...but not for you.

(SNEAK PHONE RINGING)

(PICKED UP)

AL: (SLEEPY) Yeah?

VERNON: (FILTER) Al..you awake?

AL: I answer the phone in my sleep..all the time.

VERNON: This is Chief Vernon...I've got a story for you?

AL: At the crack of dawn?

VERNON: Listen Kid, you covering the Enquirer office or not?

AL: Sure...sure I am.

VERNON: Then get over here right away. I got a murder for you.

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

NARR: You get over to the corner of Third Street and ~~the~~ State Road in Bellevue. There's a cluster of cars on the gravel shoulder, and a growing crowd of the curious bystanders who seem to come out of the pores in the ground drawn by the smell of spilled blood. Chief Vernon is waiting for you.

VERNON: The bodies in the front of the cab.

AL: The driver?

VERNON: Yeah...don't touch him yet.

AL: Don't worry.

VERNON: Shot in the back of the head, we figure a .32.

AL: Who was he?

VERNON: Hank Miller. Henry I guess....

ALL: I'll fill it in later. Hey..Chief, look at his feet.  
No shoes.

VERNON: They were in the back seat. That's one of the reasons  
we figure robbery. Cab drivers keep the big bills in  
their shoes.

AL: Didn't do him much good...you got the doors covered for  
prints?

VERNON: Yeah....

(CAR DOOR OPEN)

VERNON: What are you doing?

AL: (GETTING IN) Looking around. Nice clean cab.

VERNON: We figure he picked somebody up ....delivered him, and  
got it behind the ear. You can see from his trip sheet,  
it's in the front...

AL: Yeah..(READS) 11:25....call, 236 Martin Street...  
destination...I can't see it for the blood...

VERNON: About a block from here. He checked it off ...so the  
killer must have moved the cab to here.

AL: Yeah...

VERNON: What are you doing in there, Al?

AL: Looking behind the cushion..sometimes change drops  
down there....

VERNON: Anything up to a quarter you can keep.



AL: Thanks..How about this?  
VERNON: What?  
AL: An earring..  
VERNON: Let me see that?  
AL: A womans earring..pretty, huh?  
VERNON: Passenger must have dropped it.  
AL: Yeah...maybe the last passenger.

(MUSIC: - - - UP: UNDER)

NARR: The long car from the Coroner's drives up...and leaves.  
you examine the front seat of the cab..the blood stains  
are brown and crusted..a small pair of baby's shoes  
tied above the windshield, swings back and forth as you  
brush it with your shoulder. You go downtown with  
Chief Vernon to check the Taxicab company. The  
Dispatcher is efficient, his records are clear.

DISPATCHER I: Here it is...call came in about 11:15. Hank was out in  
front cleaning out his cab.

VERNON: Did he clean behind the cushions?

DISPATCHER I: Yup, chief I remember he come in swearing, he only found  
two cents down in the crack.

AL: Behind the seat cushion?

DISPATCHER I: Yup. Most <sup>times</sup> you find at least a nickel or a dime,  
you'd be surprised how careless folks are with...

VERNON: Yeah, I know! Hank's trip sheet shows he picked up that  
passenger. Do you remember the call?

DISPATCHER I: Let me see...I've got the note pad..here. Yup. The  
feller gave this address and...

AL: Fellow...it was a man?

DISPATCHER I: Yeah, a man.

VERNON: Tough. Al here had his heart set on a mysterious woman.

AL: How about that earring?

VERNON: Some woman must have lost it earlier. Now...any reason why somebody would want to kill Miller?

DISPATCHER I: No...no...I can't think of any. No..nice feller, everybody liked him...rest his soul.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ TP: UNDER NARR)

NARR: You go now with Chief Vernon to check the address on the dead mans trip sheet. The house where he picked up the passenger for his final trip. It's a quiet district in Bellevue. The only sound is a faint humming as a light wind plays through the wires strung on telephone poles. The wires run back to glass insulators on every house but one.. the one you're looking for.

WOMAN: No, Officer. We don't have a phone. Always figured the telephone was an intrusion into my privacy, I used to tell Mr. Thompson, that's my husband....

VERNON: You didn't telephone for a taxi last night at 11:15?

WOMAN: Certainly not.

VERNON: No visitors called for a cab?

WOMAN: Didn't have any company.

VERNON: A man called for a cab at this address...how about your husband.

WOMAN: Hardly. Mr. Thompson's been dead four years three months.

AL: Pardon Ma'am..is this your earring?

WOMAN: Certainly not, boy. I don't hold with any jewelry but a plain gold wedding band. If you'll excuse me I've got the sheets to iron...

(DOOR CLOSE)

AL: Well...I guess ~~the killer~~ used this house as a blind.

VERNON: Al, are you still holding out for a woman?

AL: Why not, I like women.

VERNON: When you've been around police work as long as I have...

AL: I've been around long enough to know a clue...the earring.

VERNON: You heard the dispatcher say a man called the cab.

AL: I heard him...can I keep the earring for a while, Chief?

VERNON: Sure Al. I'll let you know if we want it. But you're barking up the wrong tree ...it was a Man!

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

*Intermittent*

NARR: You're only sixteen, Al, but you've been covering the Kentucky side for the Enquirer long enough to know the score. You remember the worried look in the eyes of that cab dispatcher, so you go back to see him..alone!

AL: You didn't want to talk to the cops, did you?

DISPATCHER I: You back, kid?

AL: That time I took a cab out of this office the driver tried to sell me a quart of bootleg whiskey, spec tickets to the fights, and a date with a dancehall girl.

DISPATCHER I: Look...er.. Mister, we don't want any trouble with the police...or the newspaper. We don't own all the cabs, we can't control the independants.

AL: What was Hank's racket, whiskey?

DISPATCHER I: Some. He was always hustling. He was a steerer for those roadhouses out on the highway. He said last night he got paid off ninety bucks from the floating crap game.

AL: That's in Hansons barn now, huh?

DISPATCHER I: How did you know, kid?

AL: Never mind. Ninety bucks--he sure didn't have it this morning.

DISPATCHER I: He kept flashing all that dough. He had a tin-horn roll. All ones in the middle and a twenty on the outside. Had it fixed that way to impress that blonde.

AL: What blonde?

DISPATCHER I: Some gal he hung out with, name Amy.

AL: He was going to see her last night?

DISPATCHER I: Sure...right after his last call.

AL: Does this Amy wear earrings?

DISPATCHER I: How do I know? I never saw her. All dames wear earrings.

AL: Yeah...but I'd like to find out if Amy lost one..... last night.

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

NARR: You file your story, and it hits page one under a banner head. That night you start to look for Amy. The Dispatcher ~~doesn't~~ know her last name, or where she lives, but you know where to look. The roadhouses out on the highway..You check them off methodically, one after the other. One oclock strikes then...two the red neon beer signs black out..at the roadhouses the cars nosed up to the buildings start backing out and weaving home. At four-thirty A.M. you knock at Ray's Bar and Grill.. the side door!

(KNOCKING)

(DOOR OPEN)

RAY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Beat it, it's after hours.

AL: Let me in.

RAY: Who is that, a kid? Go on home..go to sleep.

AL: Let me in Ray, I want to ask you something. You wouldn't want me to come back with a squad car, would you?

RAY: All right, come on..hurry up, you're letting in the cold.

(MUSIC: ~~Q~~ -- IN WITH)

NARR: The room is foul with smoke and you cough, coming in out of the clean air. A circle of men stand around a billiard table, the harsh light lines their faces as they watch the flashing dice.

RAY: What do you want kid?

AL: I'm looking for Amy.

RAY: Amy who?

AL: Hank Miller's friend Amy.

RAY: What makes you think I know where she is?

AL: They said you would at Pete Pastors.

RAY: What do you want with her?

AL: I want to return something that belongs to her. Hank Miller sent me.

RAY: Look, kid. I read the story in the paper. Hank got shot. What kind of a gag you pulling?

AL: You know where she is, don't you, Ray? I'm not leaving here til I find Amy, so you'd better loosen up and tell me.

RAY: Why you fresh little mutt, I ought to...

AMY: (COMING ON) All right Ray, leave him alone.

(SNEAK UNDER CRAP GAME BACKGROUND)  
Ten coming out...ten.  
Wrong coming out...  
Fifty open...fifty..  
forty...five,..faded.'  
Shoot! Come on..come on..seven eleven no craps..hah! Six... six the point..come on ....even money no six. Five bucks no six... Five bucks...faded... Come on six..buck one. Go away seven..come on six...(ETC AD LIB)

RAY: No little squirt can come in here and...

AMY: I said leave him alone. All right kid, what do you want?

AL: You're Hank Miller's friend Amy?

AMY: Yes, Poor Hank. I heard about it on the radio this afternnon. I cried, didn't I Ray?

RAY: Yeah, she cried.

AL: Hank sent me over with this earring. You lost it, didn't you?

AMY: No..no, that's not mine. That's dime store junk!

AL: You sure this isn't your earring?

AMY: I wouldn't wear that color, it would ~~swear~~<sup>swear</sup> with my hair.. look!

AL: If anybody ever saw you wear it the Police will find out.

RAY: Police...

AMY: What are you talking about?

AL: This earring was found in Hank's cab this morning. I think who ever dropped it there killed him...

RAY: Why you little rat...Amy..he ~~was~~ trying to pin a murder on you.

AMY: That ~~wasn't~~ nice..that ~~wasn't~~ nice at all. Ray, he isn't a nice boy.

RAY: Come on kid..out..out!

AL: Wait a minute. You had a date with Hank.

AMY: I didn't keep it.

AL: Can you prove that.

RAY: Don't say anything Amy. What are you, kid, an eagle scout looking for a good deed?

AL: I'm on the Enquirer...here..here's my press card.

RAY: ~~He is~~..darned if he isn't. Listen..(~~READS~~) ~~Albert J. Schetterkotte~~..Amy was here all night with me handling the house end of the dice game. I'll get you ten witnesses for every minute between 10:30 and five in the morning. Now get out of here...I don't allow no minors in my place.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You fall into bed as the grey ~~dawn~~light filters into your window. The trail is cold. Before you fall asleep you stare at the earring..cheap, tinny, the flash of glass..the key to a murder! There is a woman, there must be..but where? The next morning you are in Chief Vernon's office -

CHIEF: Forget it Al..there isn't any woman. That's just a fool kid notion of yours.

AL: What's the lead for my story, Chief?

CHIEF: I don't know...I'm no journalist. Make it the "Police suspect drug addict" story. Promise an arrest soon.

AL: For real?

CHIEF: No. I haven't got anything. For all I know he could have been struck by .32 caliber lightning.

(MUSIC: UP: UNDER)

NARR: The story is cold..it dwindles from column one under a banner to a paragraph under the adds. But eight days later it comes alive..

AL: I got down as fast as I could..what's up Chief?

CHIEF: I got a call from Covington. The police found a cab parked in the business district...the driver was murdered..shot through the head with a .32 caliber bullet!

(MUSIC: TAG TO END ACT)

(MUSIC: (TURNTABLE))

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

NEEDLE 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 Al Schottelkotte as he lived it and wrote it.

~~(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)~~

NARR: When you get to Covington, Al Schottelkotte, you feel as if this is a dream that repeats itself over and over. The Newport cab...the body slumped over the wheel, the blood behind the ear...and the shoes in the back seat. You've seen this all before.

VERNON: It's the same killer, all right, Al.

AL: Robbery?

VERNON: He was picked clean. I'm working together with <sup>Ernie</sup> Ernie Gunderson here in Covington.

AL: Anything turn up?

VERNON: <sup>He</sup> ~~He~~ hit in a poker game yesterday afternoon, he had about four hundred bucks on him.

AL: Gone?

VERNON: Up the flue.

AL: How about his trip sheet?

VERNON: We'll check the dispatcher. We know he dropped his last fare.

AL: Any chance of finding the passenger?

VERNON: Ernie's checking now. Not many people around that late at night...especially down in this part of town.

SL: People would be more apt to notice a woman out that late at night.

VERNON: A woman...you still on that?

AL: I've got that earring on my key chain...look for a woman, Chief.

VERNON: Hey.. Hercule Poirot. ..cherchez-la-femme. (LAUGHS)  
Al you're a great kid. I like you...Cherchez la femme'

(MUSIC: -- UNDER)

DISPATCHER 2: I looked over the call sheets, Chief. ~~I got~~ a call, <sup>same</sup> at 3:21 AM for the corner of Eighth and Cherry Street. The man said he'd wait on the corner.

VERNON: A man, you hear that Al?

AL: Yeah.

DISPATCHER 2: None of the other boys was in, and Floyd stopped by a couple of minutes later. He had a fare in the cab when I give him the call. He said he's pick this man up after he finished the trip. Most times if it's in the same direction passengers will double up...but not that late at night with a lady.

AL: A lady?

DISPATCHER 2: Sure. Floyd had this woman out in his cab.

AL: A woman. .Chief. .

VERNON: Relax, Al. His trip sheet shows he finished that call. He dropped the woman and went for the man

AL: You don't know that. Suppose the woman made him fill out the trip sheet and then shot him. Or maybe there are two of them in it. Chief, there's a woman in this somewhere... I know it.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: It doesn't make sense to you, Al. A woman passenger three thirty in the morning. An address in the heart of the business district, no private houses. The bus and street car dead till 5:30 in the morning. It doesn't add up...not unless ~~she~~ <sup>she</sup> woman had ~~once~~ <sup>lost</sup> ~~an~~ <sup>earring</sup> earring in the back of ~~another~~ <sup>another</sup> cab...not unless the woman had killed twice! You're sure now...but that afternoon Chief Vernon has a surprise for you. An Unpleasant surprise.

VERNON: All right, Mr. Hertz, tell the young man what you told me.

HERTZ: Well, I finished my shift at the H. L. Plant about three-thirty. <sup>At</sup> I was going over to the Depot Diner for oatmeal when I ~~saw~~ <sup>saw</sup> this cab go by.

VERNON: Floyd Whitfield's cab...identified by the special colored lights.

HERTZ: I thought it was sort of funny, the front door was open right while it was moving. It looked as if the ~~driver~~ <sup>driver</sup> couldn't get set behind the wheel, as if something was in the way.

VERNON: What did the driver look like, Mr. Hertz?

HERTZ: Like I told you, thin, a real thin man.

VERNON: A man, Al. The killer driving the cab with Floyd's body wedged behind the wheel.. Driving to an alley where he could ditch it. A man! No woman in the cab.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You're not convinced. The evidence piles up. But a cheap earring, and woman late at night in the business district ... The connection can't be accidental. You check the files of all police agencies in the ~~region~~, looking for a woman killer, but you draw a blank. And then the case breaks wide open.

VERNON: We've got our killer, Al. Both murders.

AL: Who?

VERNON: ~~Three kids~~ ... They escaped from a Kentucky reformatory. They were boasting about the jobs. ~~We got a tip from a friend of theirs~~

AL: ~~Well, that's the breaks. Congratulations, Chief.~~

VERNON: Thanks, kid.

AL: ~~Can I see them?~~

VERNON: I've got ~~the slides~~ downstairs. ~~Ernie Cunderson was questioning him. Come on, it's funny, isn't it, they're about your age.~~

AL: Chief, will you let me alone with him?

VERNON: Why?

AL: Maybe he'll talk to me.

VERNON: He might...I'll give you five minutes, Al.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(CELL DOOR SLAM)

AL: Hi.

GEORGE: (17) Who are you. what are you in for?

AL: Nothing. I came to see you.

GEORGE: Why?

AL: I'm a reporter.

GEORGE: You're kidding, you're young'n I am.

AL: Here's my card. ~~You better give a straight story.~~

GEORGE: ~~Don't I know.~~ Listen ..you help me, will you? I was in reform school but I never killed nobody.

AL: You said you did.

GEORGE: All I ever did was steal bicycles. That's all.

AL: You told somebody you did the jobs.

GEORGE: Yeah. You know how it is, I was at this bar, the guy wouldn't serve me cause I don't look 21. You know how that is, you look like a bum. ~~It's happened to you, hasn't it?~~

AL: Sure, I know how it feels.

GEORGE: This guy starts to kid me. ...the bartender's laughing at me. I couldn't let them laugh at me.. I wanted them to think I was tough.

AL: So you told them you killed Miller.

GEORGE: Sure! Now they won't believe I didn't do it. You believe me, don't you? You know how it is! (HORRIFIED)  
I never killed nobody!  
And they won't believe me!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You believe him, Al! The boy who cried wolf, frightened, caught in his own lie. You understand the humiliation, the terrible hurt of the young when the world laughs at them.. you can believe him.

AL: I think he's telling the truth, Chief. If some bartender made a fool out of me in front of a crowd I might claim I killed them myself.

VERNON: Don't worry about it, Al. We're checking.

(MUSIC: -- HIT: UNDER)

NARR: The police check.... and the story falls apart. The youngsters did their boasting after your story on the killings hit the streets, not before. No fingerprints were found on either cab to correspond with any of ~~the boys.~~ <sup>the boys.</sup> They're returned to the Kentucky reformatory, and the case is wide open again!

VERNON: That was a nice headline you had today, Al. "Police at Sea"

AL: You're not sore, are you Chief?

VERNON: No. It's true. I can't find my man.

AL: ~~And I can't find the woman.~~

VERNON: Well, that makes it tie score going into extra innings

AL: Look Chief, so far I haven't pushed the woman angle in my story. I've checked with you to keep from lousing up your job.

VERNON: ~~Yeah? What are you reaching for, Al?~~

AL: Why can't I open up the woman angle? Run a picture of the earring. A woman highwayman. That's got color.

VERNON: Sure...sure. Look Al, you haven't been in this business long. Police work has rules like anything else. Have you got any idea how much trouble that would cause? You'd ~~lose~~ <sup>lose</sup> the whole thing up so I'd never get the killer.

AL: But if it's a woman. .

VERNON: It isn't..I'm doing you a favor, kid. You get out on a limb with that woman theory and they'll probably bounce you right off the paper.

AL: No soap?

VERNON: Uh uh. No wild theories in the paper.

AL: (DISAPPOINTED) Okay...it would have been a good story though.

VERNON: If that's all you want I can fix you up. The cab drivers out here are boiling. If we don't get something I'll have a platoon of hackies laying for me outside the jail.. you can print that.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You've been covering that...the fear and anger of the taxi drivers of ~~Newport~~ and Covington. You see them answering calls with a lug wrench on the seat beside them ...ready to swing on the killer.

(MUSIC: HIT UNDER)

VERNON: They came to see me, Al, fifteen of them.

AL: What do they want, Chief?

VERNON: Permits.. to carry a gun.

~~(MUSIC: HIT UNDER)~~

AL: ~~What's the idea...I waited on that corner for an hour, five of your cabs went by empty like I had smallpox.~~

DISPATCHER1: Don't you know? The boys won't pick anybody up on the street, not after dark. You call from your house and you better be able to prove you live there. .if you ~~want a cab~~

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

DISPATCHER 2: My men won't answer a call after legal closing hours. .and after eight o'clock at night they're riding double. It cuts their money in half. but they don't care. Not if it keeps them from getting a hole blown through their heads.

(MUSIC: -- HIT: UNDER)

NARR: The terror mounts, fear of an unknown killer who strikes from behind, in the dark. ~~The ~~story of~~ two cabs~~ standing alone in the dawn light, the drivers slumped behind the wheel, ~~is fresh across the river from Cincinnati.~~ The break came later. ... You were back across in the main office ... on rewrite, when the night city editor flipped you a dispatch from the press wire... dateline Miami, Florida. You read it... and telephone Chief Vernon ~~of the Newport Police.~~

AL: I think this may be it, Chief. Miami made their arrest after a series of cab robberies and murders. I've got a call through to Florida -- yeah, come on over I don't want to hold up the line.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

VERNON: (COMING ON) What is it Al? You talked on the phone like a security girl protecting house secrets...

AL: Hold it, Chief... the call is coming through! Hello, Miami... Yes... yes I'll talk to him. Lieutenant Parsons? This is a reporter in the Cincinnati Enquirer. You made an arrest today... yes, the cab murders. The man you picked up was carrying a Cincinnati draft card, right?

VERNON: A man, you hear that, Al... a man

AL: Shhh... Recheck that card. What? ~~(POWER)~~ They've got the killer right there in the squad room!

VERNON: Is it our man... Al, get an identification.



AL: Hello, Lieutenant? I checked the address at this end, that card's been altered...it...no...the number's all right, I checked that ..the card was issued by a Cincinnati Draft Board to Henry Miller...cab driver murdered in ~~Newport~~ Kentucky. No...Miller...M...M...that's right If your man is carrying Miller's card he's the killer all right...what ..what happened....hello...hello..

VERNON: What is it.. what happened?

AL: I don't know...hello...hello.. Miami..what? I'll hang on...

VERNON: What is it?

AL: He said hold on. well, there's your man, Chief.

VERNON: It's too bad it didn't work out your way, Al. You had your heart set on a woman.

AL: I've got her...we were both right, ~~Chief~~. It was a woman

VERNON: But that's a man they've got down there.

AL: Sure...but they picked him up wearing woman's clothes. He pulled all his robberies that way..I knew the killer wore that earring. there's your woman passenger in Floyds cab...peeled ~~him~~ off to make a getaway.

VERNON: Womans clothes...

AL: Wait a minute ..hello. .hello, yes Lieutenant. I'm still here. What.....uh.. all right...all right!

(HANGS UP)

VERNON: What is it...Al, what happened?

AL: He said to call back in half an hour...they're busy.

VERNON: Busy

AL: Yeah... our murderer just shot himself through the head  
with a 32 revolver!

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG ACT)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Al  
Schottelkotte of the Cincinnati Ohio Enquirer 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 Al Schottelkotte of the Cincinnati Ohio Enquirer.

AL: Killer in tonight's Big Story, faced with link to previous murders, shot himself with revolver hidden in woman's clothing. Ballistics tests proved that the gun was the same as that used to kill the Cab drivers in ~~Memphis~~ and Covington. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Schottelkotte...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 Macon, Georgia News byline, Paul M. Conaway. A BIG STORY of a reporter who put mystery and mother love together and proved it added up to...murder.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ STING)

CHAPPELL: And remember -- every week you can see another different Big Story on television -- brought to you by the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

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



AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #237

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOAN
HARRIET	AGNES YOUNG
MRS. MALONEY	MARGARET BURLIN
MRS. MAILISH	BARBARA TOWNSEND
PAUL	ALAN STEVENSON
STEVE	LES DAMON
JED	LARRY HAINES
FRED	JAMES STEVENS
TOM	JAMES STEVENS
JOE	CORT BENSON
CHAPIN	CORT BENSON
ROGER	MICKEY ROY

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1951

ATX01 0005088

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#237

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

OCTOBER 10, 1951

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: CHORD)

HARRIET: Thomas, dear.

TOM: Yes, Mother?

HARRIET: Would you go down to the cellar and get me a jar of  
strawberry preserves?

TOM: All right, Mother.

HARRIET: And Tom, do be careful, of those cellar stairs.

~~It's dark down there, the light doesn't work.~~

TOM: I'll be careful...

~~(WE HEAR STEPS DOWN ONE FLIGHT OF STAIRS, STEPS  
ON LANDING, AND DOWN ANOTHER FLIGHT OF STAIRS.  
STEPS STOP)~~

~~(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES.)~~

(A COUPLE OF CAREFUL STEPS.)

JED: (EERIE CHUCKLE)

TOM: (STARTLED) Who's that? Who's down here in the.....

(SUDDEN SCREAM)

(A BLOW. WE HEAR BODY BOUNCE DOWN STEPS, ~~AND~~

~~CRASH TO BOTTOM.~~

JED: (CHUCKLE UP INTO)

(MUSIC: HIT UP TO CURTAIN)

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) Macon, Georgia. From the pages of the  
Macon News, the story of a reporter who put mystery,  
mother - love and murder together into one of the  
biggest headlines ever to hit the South. Tonight,  
to Paul Conaway for his Big Story, goes the  
PELL MELL AWARD.

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

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)



THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #237

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

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HARRICE: And - they are mild!

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

CHAPPELL:           Macon, Georgia...the story as it actually happened.....  
                      Paul Conaway's story, as he lived it.....

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

NARR:                It can be hot in Georgia. In fact, the hottest  
                      item on the front page is usually the heat. It is  
                      ~~particularly~~ particularly murderous in your town, in the city of  
                      Macon, right smack in the middle of the State.  
                      ~~Anyway, it is this sizzling day in early June.~~ And  
                      you, Paul Conaway of the Macon News, walk into the  
                      office, ~~sweating through your summer suit, and~~  
                      cursing the weather, never suspecting that this day  
                      was going to bring you the biggest story of your life,  
                      ~~and one of the biggest to ever hit the South.~~ You  
                      sit down at the typewriter, and the city editor,  
                      Joe Ellis comes in.....

JOE:                 Anything new, Paul?

PAUL:                Not a thing.

JOE:                 How about the police blotter?

PAUL:                It's clean. Every crook in Macon's trying to find  
                      a shady tree, Joe, it's too hot to steal. ~~In weather~~  
                      ~~like this, nobody's even got the energy to beat~~  
                      ~~his own wife.~~

JOE:                 We've got to have something to fill the first page.  
                      ~~Paul, you've got to dig up something.~~

PAUL:                I may have an item. The trouble is, it may break too  
                      late for this edition.

JOE: Yeah? What's the item?

PAUL: Some fisherman named Burkey went crazy from the heat. Jumped from his boat into the Ocmulgee River, and they think he drowned. ~~They're not sure yet, he might have swam to shore. Anyway, they're starting to grapple the bottom for his body.~~

JOE: (DUBIOUS) Well, it's worth a couple of paragraphs.

PAUL: Yeah. But until they find all that remains of fisherman Burkey, that's all it's worth.

JOE: Tell you what you do, Paul.

JOE: Write a piece on the weather.

PAUL: (GROANS) That old story? Again?

JOE: The weather's always news in Georgia. Meanwhile, we'll leave a hole on Page One for this drowning story. If they find Burkey by press time, we'll fill it in.

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

NARR: So, you peck away at the typewriter, Paul Conaway. But after all, how many different ways can you say it's hot? But relief finally does come, ~~in a way,~~ ~~in a big way.~~ It comes through your phone, in the voice of your old friend, Deputy Sheriff Steve Crandall.

STEVE: (FILTER) Al, we just picked up a body on the grappling irons.

PAUL: Burkey, eh?

STEVE: That's what we thought, till we got the body in the boat.

PAUL: You mean it isn't this fisherman, Burkey?

STEVE: It sure isn't.

PAUL: Then who is it?

STEVE: We don't know. A boy ~~of eighteen~~. Still unidentified.

PAUL: How long ago do you figure he drowned?

STEVE: Drowned? ~~Who said anything about being drowned?~~

It's murder. Somebody bashed in the kid's head!

(MUSIC: ~~UP AND UNDER~~)

~~NARR:~~ You forget the heat, and the humidity. In just about nothing flat, you get down to the East bank of the Ocmulgee. In a lonely spot just off Water Street, you find a group of men looking down at a body. And Sheriff Steve Standall tells you...

STEVE: Coroner says the kid's been dead about two days, Paul.

PAUL: Killed first. And then thrown into the river, ~~ent~~ Steve

STEVE: Yeah. Lungs are free of water.

PAUL: Nice, clean-cut looking boy. Doesn't look like the hoodlum type. (A BEAT) Steve, why would anyone want to murder a kid like this?

STEVE: I dunno, Paul. I just don't know.

PAUL: If this were a grown man or woman, you could understand it, you might figure a motive. Money, maybe, revenge, jealousy, name it and you can have it.

(SHRUGS) But kid like this, where's the motive?

What would the killer have to gain?

STEVE: ~~Search me. I just don't know.~~

PAUL: I wonder who he is? Where he came from, what's his name? And most of all, why? Why did someone cut off his life like this, before it really began?

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

NARR: You stand there and stare down at the body, a little sick at this wanton and horrible crime. The questions run through your head, but the answers are in the future. ~~Later, you came to know the answers, all of them.~~ Later, you were able to trace this strange and blood-curdling story back to its real beginning, on the front porch of a rooming house in Macon run by a landlady named Mrs. Maloney.....

(SCREEN DOOR SLAM)

MRS. MAL: Oh. Evening Roger.

ROGER: ~~Good evening, Mrs. Maloney.~~

MRS. MAL: Sittin' on the front porch as usual, I see.

ROGER: Yes, Ma'am.

MRS. MAL: Roger, what's the matter? Why don't you go out a little, go to a movie maybe, have a date with a girl.

ROGER: I dunno. ~~A movie.~~ I've been to too many movies. And as far as girls go....well, I don't know any.

MRS. MAL: ~~Trouble with you is, you're lonely.~~

ROGER: ~~Yeah. Yeah, I guess that's it.~~

MRS. MAL: I know what you need. A good home. A mother, maybe. Some kind of family life. You never had that in the orphan home, did you. Roger?

ROGER: No. But a home life, livin' in with a family, well, it must be swell. You know, just being part of a home, knowing people care about you...well, I'd sure like something like that.

MRS. MAL: Roger, wait a minute.

ROGER: Yes, Mrs. Maloney?

MRS. MAL: You come right into the house with me. I've got the News in there. And I think I saw just what you wanted in it!

~~(MUSIC: BRIDGE)~~

(CRACKLE OF PAPER)

MRS. MAL: Here it is, Roger. Here....right in the classified ads. Read it.....

ROGER: (READS) Orphan Boy Wanted. Good home and pleasant surroundings in exchange for light chores. Real family life. Boy must be friendless and without relatives. Apply Mrs. Harriet Bowman, Box 385, Macon, Georgia!

~~(MUSIC: BRIDGE)~~

HARRIET: And your name is Roger....Roger Lewis.

ROGER: Yes, Ma'am.

HARRIET: How nice. How very nice. You remind me so much of my son - poor Thomas - he's dead now. And I miss him, ~~so very very much; I've had a very tragic life, Roger.~~ But now that you've come to live with me, I do hope you'll like me.

ROGER: I know I will, ~~Ma'am~~ *Ma'am*

HARRIET: ~~I'm an old woman, Roger, old beyond my years. It's a~~ terrible thing to be old, and alone. I'm so glad you're here, so glad. Tell me, son....

ROGER: Yes?

HARRIET: How did you come to be an orphan? What happened to your father and mother?

ROGER: ~~They were killed in an automobile accident, which I~~  
was about five.

HARRIET: What a tragedy. What a terrible, terrible tragedy.  
(A PAUSE) And you have no relatives whatever?

ROGER: No, Ma'am.

HARRIET: Then you are alone. Completely alone. You and I,  
Roger, we're two of a kind, two lonesome people,  
both of us needing love and someone to love. Promise  
me you'll stay, promise me you won't go away.

ROGER: ~~I won't, Mrs. Bowman.~~

HARRIET: Not Mrs. Bowman. Mother. Oh, I know it sounds strange,  
at least at first. But I'd like to think that I'm  
really your mother, and you're my son, I'd like it  
to be that way, from now on. (WISTFULLY) I...I hope  
you don't mind, Roger.

ROGER: I...no. I'd like that ....(PAUSE) Mother.

HARRIET: (SIGHS) Mother. Oh, how perfectly wonderful just  
to hear it, how perfectly wonderful....  
(KNOCK ON DOOR)

HARRIET: Oh, Come in....  
(DOOR OPENS)

JED: You wanted to see me, Mrs. Bowman?

HARRIET: Oh. Yes, Jed. Roger, this is Jed McCabe, my  
handyman. He's been with me a good many years, I  
almost think of him as my brother. Jed, this is  
Roger ~~Bowman~~<sup>Bowman</sup>, the boy who's come to stay with us.

JED: Oh. Glad you're with us, Roger.

ROGER: Thanks, Mr. McCabe.

JED: Not Mr. McCabe. Jed. I hope. we're gonna be great pals from now on.

HARRIET: Now, that's what I like to see. One big happy family. I'm sure you two men will get along splendidly.

JED: Sure we will, eh, Roger?

ROGER: You bet....Jed.

HARRIET: Now, then, Jed, the boy's had a long trip, and he's tired. perhaps you had better show him to his room!

(MUSIC: - - - - BRIDGE) - -

(DOOR CLOSE.)

JED: This here is your room, kid.

ROGER: Jed, wait a minute.

JED: Yeah?

ROGER: There's some other boy's stuff in here. Clothes, and everything.....

JED: Oh. Sure. This used to be ~~Tom's~~ <sup>Tommy's</sup> room, before he died. Mrs. Bowman wouldn't let me clean it out, wouldn't let me touch a thing. She kind of called it a sanctuary, used to come in here and cry.

ROGER: Jed.

JED: Yeah.

ROGER: What did Tom die from?

JED: Had an accident.

ROGER: What kind of accident?

JED: (A BEAT) Well it's a long story - And if I was you, Roger, I wouldn't mention the subject around here.



ROGER: Why not?

JED: Every time Mrs. Bowman hears about it, she gets hysterical, carries on for days, near cries her heart out. She sure was crazy about that kid!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: All this, you, Paul Conway of the Macon News found out much later. ~~All this went on the record, in print, much later.~~ Up to this point, it seemed harmless enough, innocuous. But the horror was already starting to unfold, ~~the macabre story had already ripened,~~ a few days before the call came through your phone ~~as you worked on the weather report.....~~

(DOOR CLOSE)

JED: Evenin! Mrs. Bowman.

HARRIET: Oh. Good evening, Jed. How are you getting on with Roger?

JED: Fine, fine. He's a nice kid, Mrs. Bowman. We're great pals. Do everything together.

HARRIET: Oh, I'm so glad to hear that. So glad. I've watched you both during the last six months - why you've been inseparable!

JED: Matter of fact, I was thinkin' of taking the boy fishing ~~at night~~, and I wanted to ask your permission.

HARRIET: Fishing ~~at night~~?

JED: (A BEAT) Why yeah. We talked about it before, remember?

HARRIET: Oh. Yes. Of course, I do. Of course.

JED: ~~Then it's all right with you?~~

HARRIET: Why, I think it's an excellent idea, excellent.  
But where do you and Roger plan to go, Jed?

JED: They say the catfish are runnin' in the river nights.  
I know a nice spot where we can set up some lines....

HARRIET: Catfish? How nice, how very nice. It'd be lovely  
to have a mess of fresh-caught fish on the table, for  
a change. And I do love catfish. But Jed.....

JED: ~~Yes, Mrs. Bowman?~~

HARRIET: Isn't it a little dangerous fishing at night? I mean,  
it's dark on the river, and I've heard it's mighty  
slippery along the banks. (A BEAT) You'll watch  
out for Roger, take good care of him?

JED: (A SLIGHT BEAT) Don't you worry, Mrs. Bowman. I'll  
take very good care of Roger!

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

(NIGHT SOUNDS. CRICKETS IN B.G. PERHAPS. WE  
HEAR THE SLIGHT WASH OF WATER AGAINST THE  
PIER OR DOCK)

(STEPS UP AND STOP)

ROGER: This the place, Jed?

JED: (A BEAT) Yeah. This is the place, all right.

ROGER: (UNEASY) Sure is dark around here. And lonesome.

JED: Best place on the whole Ocmulgee River for catfish.

ROGER: Honest?

JED: Honest. (A BEAT) You know how to set a line, Roger?

ROGER: No. What do I do first?

JED: Get down on your hands and knees and tie this line  
to the bottom of the post here.

ROGER: (A PAUSE) Like this?

JED: (A BEAT) Yeah. Like that.

ROGER: And you're sure there are fish down here, ~~here?~~

JED: Would you like to find out for sure, kid?

ROGER: Why, yeah. But how?

JED: (LAUGHS) Go down to the bottom and see for yourself.

ROGER: ~~Huh? Jed, what?~~ (CUTS, AND IN TERROR) Jed, no!

(HEAVY BLOW. GROAN. THUD OF BODY)

(CONTACT SOUNDS. - GRUNTS,)

~~(A PAUSE)~~

(HIGH SPLASH OF HEAVY BODY INTO WATER)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #237

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

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

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

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

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

"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 Paul Conaway, as he lived it, and wrote it.

NARR: You, Paul Conaway of the Macon, <sup>News</sup>, stand there at the riverbank and stare down at the dead boy, and again, the question runs through your head, why would anyone want to kill a boy like this, ~~what's the motive?~~ You go along with Sheriff Steve Crandall when they take the body to the morgue. And the first problem is still identification, who is he? But then, at the morgue, you get a lead. As the attendant strips the clothes from the body, you suddenly notice something....

PAUL: Steve!

STEVE: ~~Yeah~~

PAUL: ~~Look at this shirt.~~

STEVE: ~~What about it, Paul?~~

PAUL: There's a name tape sewn to <sup>this</sup> ~~the~~ shirt-tail. See it? The ink's almost washed away, but you can still make it out.

STEVE: Here...gimme that shirt. <sup>Paul</sup>

PAUL: (A PAUSE) What does it say, ~~Steve?~~

STEVE: Hillside Orphan Home. Hapeville, Georgia.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Hapeville is a suburb of Atlanta. You and the Sheriff ride there, with a photo of the dead boy. The director, a Mr. Chapin, is quick to make identification...

CHAPIN: Why, that's Roger Lewis, <sup>nick name</sup> One of our model boys, a fine clean cut lad. Left the institution about a year ago.

HARRIET: Oh, yes, yes. Jed and Roger, they were such good friends.  
And now, Roger's gone, he's dead. Who could have <sup>kill</sup> shot him,  
who could have done such a terrible thing? (SHE BREAKS)

JED: (LOW) Sheriff.

STEVE: Yes, McCabe?

JED: Mind if I take her to her room? I don't think she can  
talk much more...

STEVE: Go ahead. We'll talk to her some other time.

JED: All right, Mrs. Bowman. You just let me take you to  
your room..(FADING) You'll feel much better after you  
have a chance to lie down and rest....

(DOOR CLOSE OFF)

PAUL: Well, Steve? What do you think?

STEVE: All I can think of is the heat. <sup>Paul</sup> Whew! I feel as though  
I'm standing in a sweatbox.

PAUL: So do I. This room must be at least twenty degrees  
hotter than it is out on..(CUTS) Steve! Wait a minute.  
~~No wonder!~~

STEVE: ~~No wonder what?~~

PAUL: The stove's on.

STEVE: What! On a day like this?

PAUL: ~~Yes. How do you like that?~~

STEVE: The woman must be crazy, Paul. You're sure it's on?

PAUL: Sure.

(OPENING OF STOVE DOOR)

PAUL: Here. Look inside, the fire's going. I..(CUTS) Steve.  
Wait a minute!

STEVE: Yeah? What is it?

PAUL: (A BEAT) Steve there's a reason for a fire on a day like this, after all.

STEVE: What do you mean?

PAUL: Take a look at these charred pieces of paper. (A PAUSE)  
You know what they were?

STEVE: What?

PAUL: Take a good look. (A BEAT) They were insurance policies!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: And that's interesting. Very. Why is this sweet old lady burning insurance policies, all of a sudden? Whose insurance policies? You get back to the office, get in touch with your insurance broker, Fred Westover, ask him to do a routine check for you. ~~And then....~~

(PHONE RING)

(PHONE OFF HOOK)

PAUL Conaway, News.

FRED: (FILTER) Paul, Fred Westover.

PAUL: Yes, Fred?

FRED: On that policy search you asked me to make regarding Mrs. Harriet Bowman.

PAUL: Yes?

FRED: I've located a policy she carries with one company. It's seven thousand dollars, life.

PAUL: And she's the beneficiary?

FRED: Right.

PAUL: (A BEAT) Who's the insured, Fred

FRED: A boy named Roger Lewis.

PAUL: (A BEAT) I see.

STEVE: Paul, I tell you, you're barking up the wrong tree. Mrs. Bowman's got a good reputation around town, the best, everybody's crazy about her. You can't convince me this motherly old lady murdered that boy.

PAUL: I didn't say she did. All I'm saying is it could be.

STEVE: Maybe. But no court of law would buy it.

PAUL: Steve, look. Why did she adopt this orphan, a kid that not only had no father and mother, but not even a relative?

STEVE: ~~Because she loves kids. She's the kind that would mother anything, kids, stray cats, dogs, anything. Everybody knows her for that.~~

PAUL: ~~Could it be for another reason?~~

STEVE: ~~What reason?~~

PAUL: ~~Paul~~ Nobody would miss an orphan. There wouldn't be any relatives around to get suspicious, nobody to sue for a share in the insurance. Don't you get it?

STEVE: I get it. But it's still not evidence.

PAUL: ~~Why not?~~

STEVE: Look. This boy, Roger Lewis, was murdered at night, way over the other side of town, on the banks of the Ocmulgee river. Right?

PAUL: That's right.

STEVE: Do you think the widow Bowman took him all the way over there, slugged him on the head and dropped him into the water, all by herself?

PAUL: No. I don't. But maybe she hired someone to do the job.

STEVE: It's a long maybe. A long, long maybe!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)



NARR: You can't shake off the idea you have. In the beginning you were puzzled by the lack of motive, in this murder. Now you think you have one. But you only think, you have to prove it. And so you start nosing around the neighborhood asking questions, looking for further information. And finally, a neighbor across the street ... a Mrs. Mailish.

MAILISH: Now you take that boy, Roger Lewis. Him and this handy man, ~~this fella~~ McCabe, they were always together, thick as fleas.

PAUL: ~~McCabe, eh?~~

MAILISH: ~~Yes, sir. Used to see 'em workin' together days, goin' out together nights, right from my window. See 'em goin' to the baseball games, fishin', everything.~~

PAUL: ~~They went~~ fishing.<sup>2</sup>

MAILISH: Why, yes. This man McCabe loved to fish. And he sure gets along with boys. He spent just as much time with Tom, before he died.

PAUL: Tom? (SUDDENLY REMEMBERS) Oh, yes. Mrs. Bowman's son.

MAILISH: Who told you he was Mrs. Bowman's son? Sure, she looked on him as though she was his mother. But the boy was named Tom Henshaw. An' he was an orphan.

PAUL: An orphan. And how did he die, Mrs. Mailish.

MAILISH: Why, he had an accident, the way I heard it. The cellar was dark, he tripped on a step, an' broke his neck!

(MUSIC: \_ BRIDGE\_)

(DOOR OPEN...TICKERS UP ... DOOR CLOSE)

PAUL: (COMING IN) Joe ...

JOE: Oh hello, Paul. Still working on that Roger Lewis story, eh?

PAUL: Yeah. How about letting me have a couple of girls to research classified ads back over the last three or four years?

JOE: What are you looking for, Paul?

PAUL: Another orphan boy wanted by Mrs. Harriet Bowman!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: And you find it. You find the ad, in a copy of the News, some two years before. This is the ad Mrs. Bowman must have run for the previous boy, Tom Henshaw. After that, you call your insurance broker. And that turns up pure gold ...

FRED: (FILTER) Paul, Fred. I checked that date you gave me on this boy Tom Henshaw, against Mrs. Bowman's insurance setup.

PAUL: And?

FRED: And she did have a policy on the kid.

PAUL: The same kind of policy?

FRED: Right. Seven thousand, with double indemnity for accident or violent death. And here's another item for you, Paul.

PAUL: Yes?

FRED: Mrs. Bowman sure is insurance minded. She just took out an application for another policy.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You and Sheriff Steve Crandall confront Mrs. Bowman with this evidence but she denies everything. You can't break her down. But there's still Jed McCabe. You sit there and listen to Steve ask him questions, and wait to play your ace in the hole.

STEVE: You killed Roger Lewis and threw him in the river, didn't you, Jed? You murdered Tom Henshaw.

JED: That's a lie. It's a lie, see? I had nothin' to do with it, nothin'.

STEVE: Mrs. Bowman had them both insured. She knew nobody would ask questions, they were orphans, no one would miss them or care. She couldn't have done away with them herself. What did she pay you for killing them, Jed?

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STEVE: Then how does it happen that Mrs. Bowman took in two orphan boys in ~~five~~ years? How does it happen they both died, either by accident or violence.

JED: I don't know. Why ask me, how should I know, I'm just the handy man!

STEVE: I'll say you are. Handy with a blunt instrument. Handy with a push down the cellar steps, for instance?

JED: No! No, I never did anything like that!

STEVE: How much did Mrs. Bowman pay you for each job, Jed?

JED: She didn't pay me a cent! I don't know what you're talking about.

PAUL: (A BEAT) Jed ....

JED: Yeah, Mr. Conaway?

PAUL: Tell you a little secret.

JED: Yeah, what?

PAUL: You were next on Mrs. Bowman's list.

JED: (A BEAT) What do you mean?

PAUL: She must have gotten a little tired of paying you money. So she figured on collecting from you, for a change.

JED: Look. You don't make sense.

PAUL: Don't I? Take a look at this application for a life insurance policy. It's got your name on it, Jed.

JED: (STARES) My name?

PAUL: *It's only an application but you can see the name on it.*  
That's right. Ten thousand on your life. Double-indemnity for accident or violent death, Jed. That's ~~twenty~~ <sup>ten</sup> thousand. And the beneficiary? Mrs. Harriet Bowman.

JED: (HYSTERICALLY) No! No, you're lying! *I never signed any thing, she must have written your name there.*

PAUL: Take a look for yourself. *It's right here, in black and white.* She was pulling a fast one on you, Jed, giving you the doublecross. You were next!

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(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

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(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

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PROGRAM #237

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(MUSIC:     THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR    )

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

CHAPPELL: Friends, last year almost 30,000,000 acres of timberland  
were destroyed by fires ... fires that started because  
someone was careless! Think before you leave a camp  
fire ... think before you toss away a lighted match or  
cigarette. Be sure not a single spark remains to start  
a devastating forest fire that can destroy the timberland  
so urgently needed in our country's defense effort.  
Remember, forest fires can be prevented ... but only you  
can prevent them.

MUSIC: \_ \_ THE \_ \_

CHAPPELL: And remember - every week you can see another different  
Big Story on television -- brought to you by the makers  
of PELL NELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - and don't forget Big  
Story Fans - Stop off at your favorite newsstand and buy  
~~the book~~  
~~a copy~~ of America's newest magazine -- The Big Story  
Magazine.

THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM # 238

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOAN
MARIE	JOYCE GORDON
MRS. CARLSON	LEORA THATCHER
JIM	FRANCIS DE SALES
CHIEF	BILL SMITH
CHARLIE	PHIL STERLING
STAN	BILL LIPTON
HOFF	EARL GEORGE
CARLSON	CARL EMARY
KAPPER	CARL EMARY

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1951

ATX01 0005121

MBC

THE BIG STORY

# 238

( ) ( )  
9:30-10:00 PM

OCTOBER 17, 1951

WEDNESDAY

(JAMES E. FULLER: SALEM (MASS.), NEWS)

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

(MUSIC: \_ \_ FANFARE AND UNDER WITH QUIET, BUT TENSE MOOD...)

(SOUND: \_ \_ PERSPECTIVE ON BEACH AT NIGHT, BREAKERS ROLLING IN, FOG-  
HORN OFF..ESTABLISH. THEN IN FOREGROUND, STEPS ON SAND  
AND...)

MARIE: (ABOUT 22. SHE IS HUMMING A SNATCH FROM TCHIAKOWSKY AS  
SHE WALKS ALONG THE BEACH. SUDDENLY, SHE BREAKS OFF AS:)

(SOUND: \_ \_ CUT STEPS)

MARIE: (EDGE OF FEAR) Who--Who's there? (BEAT) Who's there? I  
can't see you ~~because~~ of the fog. (BEAT, THEN TO HERSELF)  
Oh, I guess I ~~was~~ imagining things again.

(SOUND: \_ \_ STEPS UP AS...)

MARIE: (STARTS HUMMING AGAIN)

CHARLIE: (ABOUT 40, DRUNK, TENSE, FULL ON MIKE:) Stand still.

MARIE: (SLIGHT SCREAM) Who's *there?*

CHARLIE: I need some money. I was watching you walkin' long here  
on the beach -- I need some money --

MARIE: No! Go way from me --

CHARLIE: (HARD) Don't make a sound or I'll kill you. (BOASTFUL)  
And I'm very good at killing people. Don't make a sound  
or I'll kill you.

MARIE: (SCREAMS) ~~HELP~~ *HELP - somebody help*

(SOUND: \_ \_ MARIE IS CHOKED IN THE MIDDLE OF HER SCREAM)

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

ATX01 0005122



CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Here is America, its sound and its fury.  
it's joy and it's sorrow as faithfully reported by  
the men and women of the great American newspapers.  
(PAUSE, FLAT AND COLD) ~~From~~ From the pages of the Salem News,  
the story of a reporter's hunt for a killer who was no  
good at anything --including murder. Tonight, to  
James E. Fuller of the Salem News, for his Big Story,  
goes the PELL MELL Award.

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(~~CONFIDENTIAL~~)

THE BIG STORY  
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OPENING COMMERCIAL:

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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: Salem, Massachusetts. The story as it actually happened  
--James E. Fuller's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: <sup>Violent death</sup> ~~(BEACH AT SALEM MASSACHUSETTS)~~  
In a town like Salem, Massachusetts, where ~~the shadow~~  
~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> the infamous witchcraft trials, ~~still~~ <sup>still</sup> ~~the~~  
~~people~~ <sup>people</sup> ~~still~~ <sup>always</sup> brings back the horror of  
the old days. You too, James E. Fuller, reporter for  
the Salem News, ~~feel it~~ <sup>feel it</sup> as you stand out on the lonely  
beach beside Chief of Polic Matthews. You look down  
at the young girl stretched out at your feet. You  
watch the gentle morning wind blowing her auburn hair  
playfully -- and you shudder slightly at her distorted,  
purple face.

JIM: (ABOUT 30, QUIET, KIND OF CAREFUL THINKER) What did  
the coroner say, Chief?

CHIEF: (ABOUT 50) Choked to death. It was around eleven last  
night.

JIM: Anybody know her?

CHIEF: So far, no.

JIM: What was she doing out here on the beach alone last  
night?

CHIEF: I don't know.

JIM: That band of white around her wrist and her finger --  
she must have been wearing a watch and a ring. Robbery?

CHIEF: I don't know. Look, Fuller, let me be for a while, will  
you? First I got to get her down to the morgue -- start  
checking her fingerprints and so on. Be a good guy,  
will you?

JIM: Sure. Sure, Chief.. See you later.

(MUSIC: SLIGHT ACCENT, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: Was it a secret date she had with somebody on the beach - her last date? Was it just plain robbery? Who was she? You don't even know that --- the necessary beginning for any murder story. And you still don't know who she was, Jim Fuller, when you finish the rounds of the beach-house Nobody knows her. By the time you get back to where she was found, the beach is empty. You kick aimlessly through the sand around where her body was found, hoping -- perhaps -- to turn up her watch, her ring -- you don't know exactly what yourself. Suddenly, you feel someone watching you. You look up.

~~\_\_\_\_\_~~

(BEACH)

STAN: (LATE 30'S, A PUNCH-DRUNK EX-FIGHTER, BUT KIND OF LIKEABLE) Whatta ya say, Mr. Fuller? Whatta ya say? It's a shame, ain't it? It's a shame!

NARR: Stan ~~is~~<sup>isn't</sup> ~~an~~<sup>is</sup> ex-prize fighter -- slightly punch-drunk by now, a town character. You're surprised to see him here, Jim Fuller, and even more surprised at the genuine grief on his battered face.

JIM: What're you doing here, Stan? Aren't you supposed to be working down at the garage?

STAN: Not for a half-hour, Mr. Fuller. See, I got to do my roadwork, so I'm running down to the beach, like every morning, -- then somebody tells me about her. Ain't it a shame?

JIM: You knew her, Stan?

STAN: (BEAT) Not -- exactly. (ALMOST SHYLY) I used to watch her.

JIM: Where?

STAN: Where? The way she walked along the beach <sup>reminded me of</sup> the first time I went in the ring, my first professional match -- See, my manager arranged it -- he saw me working in the lumber yards, the way I was carrying myself---

JIM: (CUTS IN) Stan, we're talking about the girl-- the one they found dead. When did you see her on the beach?

STAN: Oh. Yeah, well -- see, sometimes I used to have a big meal and a couple of beers, that ain't good for a fighter. Know what I mean? That ain't good. So I used to come out here on the beach at night and do my roadwork. That's when I saw her.

JIM: At night?

STAN: Yeah. Usually about ten o'clock. She was kind of romantic. (LAUGHS) Sometimes she'd even run alongside of me. Sometimes --

JIM: (CUTS IN) Stan, listen. We're trying to find out who she was. <sup>Do</sup> you know her name?

STAN: She -- she wouldn't tell me.

JIM: Where did she work? Where did she live?

STAN: I don't know where she lived, but she worked for a photographer.

JIM: Which one?

STAN: Gee, I don't know. You know how it is with me, Mr. Fuller. That time my head hit the ring, it was kind of a awful whack. It's hard for me to remember sometimes. Somewheres downtown.

JIM: Come on along with me, Stan.

STAN: I can't. I got to go to work. Gee, I ain't even had my roadwork.

JIM: Listen, Stan. I'll just drop you at police headquarters. You better tell them what you know.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: When you reach police headquarters, Stan ~~Kalder~~<sup>DIXON</sup> doesn't protest. You've made him realize the importance of reporting to Chief Matthews what he knew about the girl. He doesn't even object when you tell him to go in alone because you've got some work to do. You've got to check the seven photographers in town.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: Philip ~~Grant~~<sup>GRANT</sup>, the ~~fourth~~<sup>fourth</sup> photographer on your list, is a ~~man~~<sup>man</sup>, pasty little man.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER)

~~Grant~~<sup>GRANT</sup>: (ANGRY) I did have ~~an assistant~~<sup>an assistant</sup>, but she never showed up for work today! It's just like her. She didn't even have the decency to phone and tell me she wasn't coming in. And on a day like today! With a wedding tonight --

JIM: (CUTS IN) What did she look like, your assistant?

~~K. FULLER:~~  
GRANT: Auburn hair, long and wavy; straight features; kind of--  
(BREAKS OFF) What's -- what's the matter? Has something happened to her?

JIM: About twenty-two? Did she have a red dress with a white cotton stole?

~~K. FULLER:~~  
GRANT: Yes. What happened to her?

JIM: By any chance, have you a photo of her?

~~K. FULLER:~~  
GRANT: Right -- right behind you on the wall. That second row of portraits.....

(PAUSE)

JIM: (QUIETLY) What was her name?

~~K. FULLER:~~  
GRANT: <sup>now open</sup> Why--why do you say "was?"

JIM: She's dead, Mr. ~~K. FULLER~~.

~~K. FULLER:~~  
GRANT: Oh my God! The poor girl, ~~the poor girl!~~ But I can't believe it -- no!

JIM: She was found strangled on the beach. It must have happened last night.

~~K. FULLER:~~  
GRANT: Oh no, ~~oh no!~~ I -- I -- please, Mr. Fuller -- horrible news like that upsets me -- Please -- give me a minute to pull myself together --

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH)

NARR: For a moment, Jim Fuller, you're afraid the little photographer is going to faint. But after a while, he begins to tell you what he knows about his former assistant, about Marie ~~Fuller~~. About the time she applied for a job with him.

(MUSIC: -- SWIRLING, CUT UNDER:)

MARIE: (WHO HAS BEEN LYING ABOUT HER PAST AS SHE NOW FINISHES HER RECITATIONS OF HER QUALIFICATIONS FOR THE JOB) And after my year in Paris, Mr. ~~Fuller~~, at the Photography institute there, I worked for Life Magazine.

~~K. FULLER:~~  
GRANT: (NOT CONVINCED) You -- did all those things?

MARIE: Why -- why, yes.

~~KAPPER:~~ Then what do you want with me up here in Salem? This is just a neighborhood photography studio. I don't think you'll be happy here with a background like yours.

MARIE: Oh no, you don't understand, Mr. ~~Kapper~~. I -- I'm tired of the big city. I just want to do some simple honest photography -- that's all.

~~KAPPER:~~ Miss ~~Pezen~~, I'm sorry. All I need is an assistant to help me in the dark room, carry things for me, help pose people for their portraits, some sales help too. I'm afraid you're too good for me. I couldn't pay you --

MARIE: (BEAT, THEN) Mr. ~~Kapper~~, I'm -- ~~Mr. Kapper~~, I'm sorry. I was lying to you. Please, Mr. ~~Kapper~~, I need the job badly. I've never -- I -- the truth is I've never even worked for a photographer --

~~KAPPER:~~ (BEAT) You -- were never in Paris? *romantic*

MARIE: No. My father works in a mill in Woonsocket. That's -- where I come from.

~~KAPPER:~~ You never worked for Life Magazine? *Grant*

MARIE: No. (CLOSE TO TEARS NOW) Please, Mr. ~~Kapper~~, I thought that would be the only way to get a job with you. Mr. Kapper, I'll work very hard. I want to be a photographer -- I've always wanted to be a photographer. Please, Mr. ~~Kapper~~, please!

(MUSIC: SWIRLS UP, DOWN UNDER)

~~KAPPER:~~ That's the way she was, Mr. Fuller -- full of romantic ideas. And yet, somehow, you couldn't help liking her.



JIM: What was she doing on the beach at such a late hour?

~~KAPPER:~~ That was part of her too. She used to love to walk the beach alone at night. I warned her -- You can't say I didn't. I warned her -

JIM: I'm sure you did.

~~KAPPER:~~ She never listened to reason. She was always kind of living on dreams, head in the stars. Nothing was real for her. Even when I told her she'd need a stop-watch for the darkroom. I told her, "Marie, get a cheap one, get a cheap one." But not her, she got a real fancy one must have cost her two hundred dollars.

JIM: Was she wearing it last night, Mr. ~~Kapper~~ <sup>Grant</sup>?

~~KAPPER:~~ Always -- always. It was like her badge -- that she was a photographer. I guess it made her feel important. A million times she dropped it and a million times she took it back to have it fixed. And as many times, I told her to get a cheap one. But that's how she was.

JIM: The watch may be very important, Mr. ~~Kapper~~ <sup>Grant</sup>. Where did she have it fixed?

~~KAPPER:~~ Where she bought it -- around the corner. What good will that do you? If she's dead, what good will her watch do you?

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER...)

NARR: The jeweler gives you what you want, Jim Fuller. The number on the works of Marie ~~Rosen's~~ watch. You rush back to Chief of Police Matthews' office, but you walk into a situation you didn't expect.

~~(MUSIC: CUT)~~

STAN: (CRYING OUT) Mr. Fuller, you sent me here! You tell them I didn't do it! They say I did it, Mr. Fuller! You got to help me -- you got to help me!

JIM: Take it easy, Stan. Take it easy. What does he mean, Chief?

CHIEF: We've tried to get a coherent story out of him as to where he was last night, but he's lying.

STAN: I'm not. Don't say that! Mr. Fuller, you got to help me!

CHIEF: Then what were you doing out on the beach last night? Why were you watching her?

STAN: Out on the beach? I do -- I do my roadwork. (TAKE) No! I wasn't on the beach last night! You're making me all mixed up! Mr. Fuller, he's mixing me up! I went down to Boston to see the fights. I got to see the fights. I went down to Boston last night!

CHIEF: You're lying! You're so punchy, you don't know when you're lying and when you're telling the truth. (HARD) Everybody knows you got a temper. You got drunk.. you'd been watching her for sometime and last night, you did her in.

STAN: (FRANTIC) That ain't true! Look at me -- I can't drink! I got to keep in shape! I got to get back in the ring. Everybody tells me -- "Stan, you're better than them bums fighting right now." So I went down to Boston last night to see for myself. So I don't drink! Drinking and fighting don't mix! Mr. Fuller --

JIM: Take it easy, Stan. Take it easy.

CHIEF: Then tell us who can prove you were at the fights last night.

STAN: The guy at the gate. He always gets me in. I'm Stan ~~Krieger~~. I used to fight there. He always lets me in.

CHIEF: But you followed her around...you used to watch her. Why don't you tell us the truth? Last night you made a pass at her. She got scared and --

STAN: No, no! Mr. Fuller, it's like I told you. She used to run alongside me on the beach where I did my roadwork. I even showed her how to lead with her left -- she was a lefty. I even showed her-- (SHOUTS SUDDENLY) She was, never scared of me! Never! It was the fiddler! ~~It was the fiddler!~~

JIM: What fiddler?

STAN: Mr Fuller, you got to help me! She was never scared of me. The fiddler -- the one who was a carpenter. He used to get drunk and come roaring down the beach. The fiddler -- he scared her, but not me!

CHIEF: You're lying. There's no fiddler. You're making it up.

STAN: Don't -- don't say that! Don't mix me up, ~~or I'll kill you!~~ <sup>I won't kill you!</sup>

CHIEF: Riley, take him out.

STAN: No, no!

(SCUFFLING AS STAN IS LEAD OUT AS ..)

STAN: (SLIGHT FADE) I didn't do it! Mr. Fuller, you got to help me! I didn't do it!

(DOOR SHUT)

JIM: What're you going to do with him, Chief?

CHIEF: I'm going to hold him until we can check his alibi. What about you? What're you up to?

-13-

JIM: Me? I'm going out to look for a drunken fiddler.

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

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

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0005134

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #238

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 James E. Fuller as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: In a town the size of Salem, Massachusetts, you get to know the town characters pretty well. You either like them or you don't. You, James E. Fuller, reporter for the Salem News, have known Stan ~~Kreiger~~ (punch-drunk ex-fighter) for sometime now. And when he was picked up by the police for the murder of Marie ~~Rosen~~, you somehow felt that Stan was not capable of murder. You go looking for a fiddle-playing carpenter that the ex-prize-fighter had mentioned. But while your search continues, up in New Hampshire, on a country road, a farmer stops his car to give a lift to a man in overalls -- a man who carries a tool box in one hand and a violin case in the other.

~~(MUSIC: STING, AND CUT TO:)~~

~~(FLIVVER IN MOTION)~~

CARLSON: (FARMER, OVER SOUND OF FLIVVER) ~~The~~ name's Henry Carlson. What's yours?

CHARLIE: Charlie's the name.

CARLSON: Where you headed?

CHARLIE: Just anywhere. Anywhere I can find some work.

CARLSON: Where're you from?

(SLIGHT PAUSE: THEN:)

CHARLIE: Pittsburgh.

CARLSON: Come a long way, eh?

CHARLIE: My -- wife died. I just thought I'd move on.

CARLSON: Sorry to hear it. Say -- you aren't a fiddler by any chance, are you?

CHARLIE: Why?

CARLSON: Play jigs? Ever play at dances?

CHARLIE: Play anything.

CARLSON: Say, got a dance at the Volunteer Firemen's tonight. Feel like playing?

CHARLIE: For pay?

CARLSON: (LAUGHS) Not that kind of pay. But you can drink all you want. Fiddler always drinks free. How about it?

CHARLIE: Okay. Sure.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, TO HAPPY DANCE MUSIC IN WHICH THE FIDDLE COMES UP TO A SOLO, THEN CUT MUSIC SO THAT ONLY FIDDLE PLAYING A FAST JIG...)

~~(RUFFLE OF DANCERS, SHOUTS, MERRIMENT)~~

(MUSIC: FIDDLE UP TO CLIMAX, FULL FLOURISH, AND ENDS)  
(LAUGHTER, APPLAUSE)

CARLSON: (SLIGHTLY HIGH, SHOUTING) Atta boy, Charlie. That's my fiddling boy, Charlie!

CHARLIE: (DRUNK) Somebody give me a drink --

CARLSON: Here, Charlie boy. Take it out of the bottle.

CHARLIE: (DRINKS)

(DIES DOWN TO LOW MURMUR)

CHARLIE: Brr! Wow! Fire-water!

CARLSON: (LAUGHS) Pretty good, huh? Say, Charlie me boy, this here's the missus.

CHARLIE: Pleased to meet you --

MRS CARLSON: (EXCITED) You play wonderfully!

CHARLIE: You call that playing? Why, if I wanted to I could even play - I could even play -- on records like them big money fiddlers --

CARLSON: Say, ain't she a honey? Been married thirty years tonight!

CHARLIE: Is that a fact?

MRS. C: (LAUGHING) Thirty years!

CHARLIE: I just lost my wife.

MRS. C: Oh, I'm sorry.

CHARLIE: That's all right. Say, tell you what I'm going to do. I like you, Mrs. Carlson. I like you fine, see.

CARLSON: What's on your mind, Charlie me boy?

CHARLIE: Here -- I - I -- got a watch, right here. See?

CARLSON: Say, that's a mighty pretty watch with all them do-jiggers on it.

CHARLIE: Used to belong to my wife. Tell you what I'm going to do -- seeing as how you're my friends. How about ~~five~~<sup>4</sup> dollars ~~each~~ for the watch. I'd like Mrs. Carlson to have it.

CARLSON: ~~Five~~<sup>4</sup> dollars, eh? You know, cash is pretty hard to come by around here, Charlie, me boy.

MRS. C: Oh, but it's beautiful! I've never seen a watch like that.

CARLSON: You like it, honey?

CHARLIE: Don't be a cheapskate! Get it for her.

CARLSON: How about ~~four~~<sup>3</sup> dollars, Charlie?

CHARLIE: All right. ~~Four~~<sup>3</sup> dollars. Here, Mrs. Carlson. Wear it.



CARLSON: And here's your ~~four~~ dollars, Charlie me boy!

MRS. C: Oh, it is beautiful .. beautiful!

CARLSON: Charlie, I've been thinking. How would you like to do some carpentering for me? Are you any good at it?

CHARLIE: Good? I'm the best darn carpenter you ever saw! I'll be by tomorrow.

CARLSON: Right. Now play, Charlie!

(MUSIC: FIDDLE UP TO A FAST JIG JOINED BY ENTIRE ORCHESTRA TO PEAK.. CUT SUDDENLY TO:)

JIM: Put me through to Chief Matthews. Tell him it's Jim Fuller of the Salem News. Make it fast, please. (SLIGHT PAUSE, THEN:)

CHIEF: (ON FILTER) Fuller? I'm glad it's you. I was just about to call you.

JIM: What about?

CHIEF: Stan ~~Katigoris~~ <sup>Wagon</sup> alibi -- it checks. We got ahold of the gatekeeper down at the Boston Arena. He verified Stan's story about the night of the murder.

JIM: I'm glad. And now I've got something for you.

CHIEF: What about?

JIM: That fiddle playing carpenter -- I found a man who knew him. As a matter of fact, the man who hired him the day of the murder to do some carpentry. I'm coming over with him.

(MUSIC: STING, QUICK BRIDGE, CUT TO:)

CHIEF: What name did he go by, Mr. Hoff?

HOFF: (IN HIS 60's) Charlie Baker -- the lousiest carpenter I ever had work for me.

JIM: Tell the Chief what you told me, Mr. Hoff. What time did he knock off the day of the murder?

HOFF: Well, I asked him to come around noon. If he'd put in a full eight hours, including ~~lunch~~, he normally would have knocked off around nine o'clock.

CHIEF: But he didn't?

HOFF: He came in at noon all right. But he was drunk. He got drunker at ~~lunch~~ <sup>Supper</sup> time. I tried to make him sleep it off, but he must have had a bottle on him.

JIM: He finally left your place at ten o'clock that night, didn't he?

HOFF: That's right. And good riddance it was. That man was drunk and mean. He kept shouting at me that he was the best carpenter and best fiddler in the world. For my money he wasn't good at anything - except getting himself drunk.

CHIEF: How close is your place to the beach, Mr. Hoff?

HOFF: It's right off the beach.

JIM: You think that's where he went after he left your place?

HOFF: That's where he went twice before when he worked for me and got drunk. He'd go roaring up and down the beach and in the morning we'd find him asleep right out on the sand.

(PHONE PICKED UP)

CHIEF:: (ON PHONE) This is Chief Matthews. Get Riley in here fast. I want to send out a description on that Marie ~~Boson~~ <sup>Boson</sup> murder.

JIM: It's already out, Chief.

(PHONE UP)

CHIEF: What do you mean?

JIM: When my paper hits the street in an hour, it'll carry a full description of Charlie Baker as well as the number of Marie ~~Boson's~~ watch. By the time the press services pick it up, it'll be all over New England.

(STING, BRIDGE, CUT TO)

(NEWSPAPER OFFICE, BG...PHONE RINGS, RECEIVER UP)

JIM: Jim Fuller. What's up? (LISTENS) Where are they now?  
In the waiting room? ... I'll be right out.

(MUSIC: STING, DOWN UNDER...)

CARLSON: (SCARED) Mr. Fuller, me and my wife -- we drove down as soon as we read it in the papers. We didn't mean anything by it, Mr. Fuller. It looked like a bargain. If we'd known --

JIM: Never mind, Mr. Carlson. Never mind. You said you asked him to come to your house the morning after the Fireman's Dance, right?

MRS. C: We asked him to do some carpentering for us. He was supposed to show. That was four days ago.

JIM: He didn't show?

CARLSON: No. We didn't think much of it because we've had dealings with traveling carpenters before. They'd rather travel than carpenter.

JIM: Mr. Carlson, this is important. Do you have any idea where he went or where he was planning to go after leaving your town?

CARLSON: No, no. Firemen let him sleep down at the fire-house that night -- he was too drunk to move, but the next morning, he was gone.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, QUICK BRIDGE, CUT TO)

CHIEF: (ON PHONE, EXCITED) Yes, yes, this is Chief Matthews.  
(TAKE) Where? .... About four miles from the Canadian border....Hyde Park, Vermont. Right.....No, not the train. I'm going to send up a car....Right....(HANGS UP, SHOUTS)  
~~Riley, send Jim Fuller~~

(STEPS HURRYING IN, UNDER)

JIM: I was just calling my office. What's up?

CHIEF: Charlie Baker. They just picked him up four miles from the Canadian border.

(MUSIC: STING, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: In most respects, the man known as Charlie Baker fits the image of him you've formed in your own mind, Jim Fuller. But what you hadn't counted on was Charlie Baker's pitiful, almost childish refusal to admit any of the facts, which have now tied him so firmly to the murder of Marie ~~Pepper~~. *Don't know*

~~(MUSIC: OUT)~~

CHARLIE: I -- I don't know nothing about it. I -- I never ~~say~~ any of these people before.

CHIEF: (LOW, FIRM) Why do you say a thing like that, Charlie?

CHARLIE: I never saw any of these people before.

JIM: Charlie, take a look at Mr. Carlson there. ~~Did~~ you ever ~~see~~ *see* him before?

CHARLIE: No.

CARLSON: That's a down-right lie! I picked him up on the road. He's the one sold me the watch!

CHIEF: Where did you get the watch, Charlie?

CHARLIE: I -- I don't know.

JIM: What about Mr. Hoff here, Charlie? Do you remember working for him?

CHARLIE: No.

CHIEF: What time did you leave Hoff's place the night of the murder?

CHARLIE: I -- I don't remember.

JIM: You were drunk when you left his place, weren't you?

CHARLIE: (CLOSER TO BREAKING) I -- I don't remember.

JIM: (HARD) You'd been drinking all that day. You drank some more on the job. When you left Hoff's place at ten o'clock at night -- the night of the murder -- you were so drunk there was nothing for you to do but to go roaring down the beach like you'd done before. Isn't that true?

CHARLIE: (BREAKS) I don't remember! I was drunk! They can't do anything to a man when he's drunk and doesn't know what he's doing. I don't remember.

JIM: Yes, you do. You remembered enough to steal that girl's watch. You knew enough to leave the scene of the crime as fast as you could. You knew enough to leave the state, didn't you?

CHARLIE: (ALMOST WEEPING) I -- I got drunk. Don't you understand? I got mean drunk. You got to understand me. I'm a carpenter and I'm a fiddler-- but I'm no good at anything-- don't you understand? Because I drink. I was drunk! I didn't know what I was doing.

CHIEF: Yes you did. You knew enough to run away!

CHARLIE: Please -- try to understand me. I was drunk. That's why I'm no good at anything.

JIM: You're wrong, Charlie.

CHARLIE: Wh-what do you mean?

JIM: It's the other way around. You're no good, not because you drink. It's the other way around. You drink because you're no good, Charlie. Even in murder, you're no good.

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG) --

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from James E. Fuller of the Salem, Mass. 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!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ PAQ) \_ \_

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from James E. Fuller of the Salem, Mass. News.

FULLER: In the same Court House that has records of how Salem's witches were ~~hung~~ <sup>murdered</sup>, murderer in tonight's Big Story heard his own sentence of death. He died in the electric chair a short time later. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Fuller ... 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 Natches, Miss., Democrat - byline Ned Smith. A BIG STORY of a reporter who found an old man living alone on a houseboat at Dead Man's Bend.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ SPING) \_ \_

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: \_ \_ \_ TUNE UP 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 Ginnes from an actual story from the pages of the Salem, Mass. News. Your narrator ~~was~~ Bob Sloan ~~and~~ Francis DeSales played the part of James Fuller. 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. Fuller.

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

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES. (PAUSE)  
Tonight, through carelessness -- a fire could start -- a fire that could claim your life and the lives of your children. Don't let it happen! Be on guard constantly against fire. Make sure every match, every cigarette is put out. Always check the ash trays before leaving the house or retiring for the night. Observe all fire regulations. Remember, only you can prevent fires!  
THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #239

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOAN
ESSIE	JAY MEREDITH
NED	BILL SMITH
SHERIFF	SCOTT TENNYSON
TADDEUS	LESZEK PAMLOWICZ
BOLEK	EDDIE RAQUELLO
PETERS	CORE BENSON
ROBERT	BILL LIPTON
GARNES	BILL LIPTON
BARRY	ROSS MARTIN

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1951

ATX01 0005148

THE BIG STORY

(Ted Smith: Matches (Miss.) Democrat)

by

Ernest Kinoy

CHAPPELL: BILL HILL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present ... THE BIG STORY!

MUSIC: FANFARE AND UNDER .....

~~(MUSIC SWAMP EG)~~

BARRY: (LOW: INTENSE) Essie...Essie...

ESSIE: I'm scared, Enoch...I'm scared...

BARRY: Give me your hand...

ESSIE: No, please...

BARRY: You touch the grave stone.

ESSIE: Don't make me, Enoch, please...

BARRY: You're going to swear the oath.

ESSIE: Not a grave yard oath, Enoch. I'm scared...

BARRY: You repeat, hear? If I break my oath...

ESSIE: (CRYING NO...no...

BARRY: You say it... (EFFORT)

ESSIE: Ow...If I break my oath...

BARRY: May the ~~grave open...~~

ESSIE: ~~May the grave open...~~

BARRY: And the spirit come forth...

ESSIE: And the...no, Enoch...please...

BARRY: Essie!

ESSIE: <sup>May</sup>~~And~~ the spirit come forth...

BARRY: And carry me away back to the grave...

ESSIE: (DUMFIFIED) And...carry me away...back to the grave!

BARRY: Now kiss the gravestone...

ESSIE: No...no...

BARRY: You kiss it...hear? Now... (PLEASED) That's better Essie,  
now we can be sure!

(MUSIC: HIT: UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Here is America, it's sound and it's fury,  
it's joy and it's sorrow, as faithfully reported by the  
men and women of the great American newspapers.

CHAPPELL: (PAUSE, FLAT, COLD:) From the pages of the Natchez  
Democrat, the ~~story of death on the banks of the~~  
~~Mississippi~~ -- the story of an old man who lived alone  
on a houseboat at Dead Man's Bend. Tonight, to Ned  
Smith for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL Award.

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE --  
(COMMERCIAL))

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #239

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  
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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!

1-B (Revised)

(MUSIC: -- THEME UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Natchez, Mississippi. The story as it actually happened,  
Ned Smith's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You've covered Natchez for thirty years, Ned Smith, as  
reporter, city editor, and -- finally -- editor. It's a  
city of contrasts. You've covered stories in the great  
mansions faced with white porticos and Grecian pediments,  
the one-time capitals of the ante-bellum cotton empire.  
And you've brought in news from the squat factories with  
the tall stacks -- the buildings of the new industrial  
South. But your Big Story came from up-river, from the  
swampland of Dead Man's Bend. It started early in the  
morning on a houseboat moored to the bank...a clean boat  
with neat curtains and a new coat of paint.

(SNEAK IN WATER LAP: OCCASIONAL BIRD HOOT ETC.)

TADDEUS: (OFF: SINGING IN POLISH:)

BARRY: There he goes again. (SHOUT:) Hey you! Shut up!

TADDEUS: (OFF:) 'Allo. (CONTINUES SINGING)

CARNES: He don't understand you...don't speak English so good.

BARRY: What do you let him hang around for, Carnes?

CARNES: I don't know. He come drifting down the Mississippi a  
month ago in that canoe. I let him live out in the  
houseboat. He don't do no harm...catches squirrels with  
a slingshot.

BARRY: He's a foreigner, ain't he?

CARNES: Polish, close as I can figure.

BARRY: I couldn't let no crazy foreigner live on my boat.

CARNES: It ain't your boat.

ATX01 0005152

ESSIE: Please Enoch...you promised you'd ask.

BARRY: Carnes...we don't want to go on beholding to you for our roof. We want to buy your other houseboat proper.

CARNES: I'm considering it, Enoch.

ESSIE: Please, Mr. Carnes...Enoch promised me a regular home of my own when I come off with him. He can go into business fishing if we get a boat on easy terms.

CARNES: I know Essie...but I kind of like to have a place to put up folks that come drifting down river...folks that need a roof.

BARRY: Like that foreigner? Carnes, you're a fool to trust every swamp rat that comes floating by. You got enough gear on your boat to make it worth that boy's while to cut your throat.

CARNES: I trust him, Enoch. I wouldn't have nobody on my boat I didn't trust...now hush...you'll scare away every catfish clear down to Natches!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ HIT: UNDER NARR)

NARR: In the afternoon the hot sun shines off the water in midstream and filters through the trees on the banks throwing lace shadows on the moored boats. The swamp is quiet...the hoot of a bird cuts through the air... the water of the Mississippi ripples quietly by!

(SHOT-GUN BLAST)

(BIRD SCREAMING)

A gun shot sends the birds screaming into the air... the echo dies... and the swamp is quiet once more!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ HIT: UNDER)

NARR: You're in the city room at Natchez, Ned Smith, when the story comes in. All day you've listened to the

NARR: (CON'T) chatter and ping of the teletypes bringing the outside world to your desk...they're quiet now...but the phone rings.

(PHONE RINGS: PICKED UP)

NED: Smith.

PETERS: (FILTER) Is this the Natchez Democrat?

NED: Yes...

PETERS: This is Gus Peters, I'm a fisherman up at Jackson Point. I want to get word to the law down at Natchez...

NED: What about?

PETERS: Old man Carnes -- ~~lightkeeper at the Point. He don't come.~~

NED: ~~What do you want the law for? He may be sleeping off a bend in town.~~

PETERS: ~~Maybe so...~~but I went out to his houseboat. It's covered with blood like a dooryard at hog-killing time. I think he's been killed!

(MUSIC: -- HIT: UNDER)

NARR: River killings are nothing new in the Swamp country, but the call came to you, so you pick up Sheriff Myron P. Pontneuf and head up river. It's sixty miles as the crow flies to Jackson Point, but the Sheriff's black sedan is no crow, and the road swings wide to circle the jackvines and swampland of Dead Mans Bend. At Jackson Point you find Gus Peters, the fisherman, and he leads you to the houseboat!

(RIVER BG UNDER SCENE)

NED: What do you make of it, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: No sign of a struggle. *uak*

PETERS: That ain't mud on the floor, Sheriff -- bed looks as if



PETERS: (CONT'D) somebody been guttin a chicken.

NED: ~~Blood?~~

SHERIFF: ~~Yeah.~~

PETERS: ~~They told him...~~ everybody told him he'd better be careful.

SHERIFF: What do you mean? ~~...~~

PETERS: Any lazy no-account come drifting down river Carnes would set him up to a meal...like as not a roof.

NED: Anybody living with him now?

PETERS: That foreigner...everybody warned Carnes against him, but he wouldn't listen.

SHERIFF: Nobody here...

NED: There wouldn't be. Not with the Mississippi running past the doorstep. Those bloodstains go right out the door.

SHERIFF: Come on. ~~...~~

(FOOTSTEPS ON PLANK)

NED: How about those marks in the mud over there, Sheriff, looks like somethings been dragged through...

SHERIFF: Peters, you got your fishing rig?

PETERS: Right down there in the gas boat. ~~...~~

SHERIFF: Well, get it out, ~~...~~ going fishing!

(MUSIC:      HIT AND UNDER     )

NED: ~~There wouldn't be -- not with the Mississippi running~~  
past the doorstep. Those blood stains go right out  
the door.

SHERRIF: Come on.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON PLANK)

SHERRIF: Here's one spot on the deck.

NED: How about those marks in the mud over there, Sherrif?  
It looks like something's been dragged through.

SHERRIF: Yeah....

NED: Probably dragged him over there, to shallow water.

SHERRIF: Peters, you got your fishing rig?

PETERS: Right down there in the gasboat.

SHERRIF: Well, get it out. We're going fishing.

(MUSIC: HIT, AND UNDER)

(SOUND: ~~WATER SPLASHING IN BG...~~)

NARR: You watch the fisherman heave his line through the  
muddy waters of the Mississippi. Over and over he casts  
it in. And then, finally he makes his catch.

PETERS: I got something. Feels like maybe a log. <sup>Could mean it's</sup> Better give  
me a hand.

(MUSIC: ~~IN MUSIC...~~)

NARR: ~~But it isn't a log. You don't look too closely when the~~  
~~body is pulled up onto the bank. A large gage shotgun~~  
can do a lot of damage.

PETERS: That's Carnes all right. Rest his soul.

SHERRIF: I got to call the coroner.

PETERS: It's that foreigner. <sup>See III</sup> If I warned him once -- That  
foreigner --

SHERRIF: We don't know that yet. Anybody else living with Carnes?

PETERS: It's hard to say. They came and they went. You get that foreigner, Sheriff--you get him and let us take care of him.

SHERRIF: Now don't get wrought, Gus. We're doing things legal in this County.

PETERS: Maybe. If you can get to him before any of the fishermen. If not, we'll cut him up for bait. Carnes was a real sweet old man --

(MUSIC: HIT, AND UNDER)

NARR: The alarm goes out for Raddeus ~~Wadecaw~~ Brokowski, age 19, Polish: wanted on suspicion of murder. The fishermen of the great swamp gather at Jackson Point, the putting of the one-lung outboard motors echoes across the river.

(SOUND: SNEAK UNDER CROWD MUTTER....)

PETERS: (SHOUT) We got the boys looking up river, Sherrif. He can't get far!

SHERRIF: Carnes' motor-skiff is missing.

PETERS: ~~He'd have to get gas and when he does --~~

SHERRIF: You listen here, Gus Peters -- any of you boys catch that Pole, you hand him over to me. You hear! ?

PETERS: Sure...sure!...

NED: Sherrif, how about the other houseboat tenants?

SHERRIF: Found out about them, Ned. Fellow named Enoch Barry and a woman -- Essie Walters.

NED: They aren't here, are they?

SHERRIF: We're looking for them.

PETERS: Don't you worry 'bout them..The fellow we want is that Pole.

NED: Are you sure?

PETERS: Stands to reason, don't it? Wouldn't talk to nobody, always hiding in the swamp -- acted like he was afraid. He done it!

NED: I wonder....

SHERRIF: Well, when we catch him, we'll ask him. And, Gus, you better make sure he's alive to talk.

(MUSIC: HIT, UNDER)

NARR: The small boats of the fishermen churn up and down the river, nosing into inlets, pulling up at the islands that dot the Mississippi. You head back to Natchez with the Sherrif. The dragnet is out. The police of Mississippi and Louisiana are alerted, but to search the miles of river, the uncharted paths of the swamp, the Sherrif must depend upon the rivermen themselves. You're in his office when the call comes through.

PETERS: (ON FILTER:) Sherrif, we got 'em. *from Gus Peters*

SHERRIF: The Pole?

PETERS: Nope. ~~Berry~~ *Swan* and Essie Walters. We're holding them down at Fort Adams.

SHERRIF: Keep them there. We'll come right away.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER...)

NARR: You find Gus Peters, a shotgun cradled in his elbow, standing guard over a tall, young man dressed in the faded blue denim of the river-folk. A girl sits on the floor, swallowing sobs with difficulty.

SHERRIF: All right, Gus. Untie them.

PETERS: Sure (EFFORT)

SHERRIF: ~~Take the gag out of his mouth.~~

BARRY: ~~(SPITTING:)~~ What's the idea? What call has he got to tie us up like this? (SPITS AGAIN)

PETERS: I just don't want them getting away, that's all, Sherrif. They wouldn't tell me where that foreigner went.

SHERRIF: All right, Gus.

BARRY: ~~You got no call to tie me up like that.~~

SHERRIF: What happened? *Enoch?*

BARRY: I don't have nothing to do with it. He done it--that foreigner.

PETERS: I told you, Sherrif! I told you!

SHERRIF: Gus, you shut up or get out of here!

BARRY: Essie and me didn't have nothing to do with it. That crazy Pole -- he killed him. Then he throws a gun on Essie and me and makes us go off with him.

NED: He--he kidnapped you?

BARRY: Sure. ~~Just make~~ Didn't want us to tell nothing.

NED: Did you see him kill Carnes?

BARRY: No -- but he told us. He said he was going to rob him and sell the boats.

SHERRIF: That right, Essie?

ESSIE: Yes -- yes -- just the way Enoch says --

BARRY: I figured he was going to kill us. He would have only the gasboat ran out of gas on Red River.

PETERS: That's where we picked them up.

BARRY: You didn't pick nobody up! We ran away, *paid a man* paid a man a dollar to put us back across the River! We was on our way to the law when he jumped us ~~and tied me up!~~

PETERS: I'm sorry about that, *Enoch* Barry. You know how it is--you ~~just got to do something.~~ Wait 'til we get ahold of that Pole. We'll tie him up -- high!

SHERRIF: All right -- get out of here, Gus. Come on, get out!

PETERS: Ah---

SHERRIF: Go on, get! All right <sup>Ernie in</sup> Where's that Pole? Where did you see him last?

BARRY: Bull Island -- below the mouth of the Red River. He's hiding out there.

SHERRIF: Bull Island?

BARRY: When you find him, you better shoot first. He's a killer.

NED: Peters said he used to hunt with a slingshot.

BARRY: Maybe <sup>but</sup> he's got a rifle now...Two pistols and a shotgun--He's mad -- crazy mad. He'll shoot you if you don't shoot first.

(MUSIC: HIT, UNDER...)

NARR: You land on Bull Island with Sherrif Pontneuf and the Louisiana police. The Island is overgrown with scrub. The men form a wide semi-circle and sweep across the Island. You walk carefully....~~and~~ you remember the splash of blood on the houseboat floor.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS THROUGH BRUSH...)

SHERRIF: (LOW:) There's some old cabins on the Island -- he's probably there.

NED: You believe he's armed?

SHERRIF: I ain't taking any chances, Ned.

(SOUND: RIFLE CLICK)

SHERRIF: I got a shell in the chamber --

NED: There's a house --

SHERRIF: Come on ....we'll circle around.

NED: ~~Quiet!~~

SHERRIF: ~~Quiet!~~ There he is -- on the porch.

NED: What's he doing?

SHERRIF: Eating -- eating a sweet potato. Come on. (SHOUT:)  
You, hands up!

TADDEUS: (OFF, EXCLAMATION)

SHERRIF: Hands up!

TADDEUS: (COMING ON:) 'Allo --

NED: He doesn't understand you.

SHERRIF: He'll understand <sup>of</sup> Winchester rifle! Up! Up! Your  
hands -- up!

TADDEUS: Oh -- ya, ya -- (AND THEN A PHRASE OF POLISH)

SHERRIF: Search him, Ned.

NED: Me?

SHERRIF: Go ahead. I've got him covered.

NED: Okay.

(SOUND:     PATting OF CLOTHES)

SHERRIF: I don't see no shotgun. What's he got on him?

NED: A slingshot made out of old inner tube. That's all,  
Sherrif.

SHERRIF: Well...we got him anyway. That ought to make Gus Peters  
and the rest of the fishermen happy.

NED: I suppose it will.

(MUSIC:     HIT, AND UNDER.....)

NARR: The boy stands there in the clearing, his hands in the  
air -- a look of surprise and fear on his face. In his  
raised hand, he still holds the half-eaten sweet potato.  
The fishermen will be happy. For them, the case is  
closed -- the murder is solved. You hold the home-made  
slingshot in your hand -- the only weapon the boy  
carried -- and you're not so sure.

(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.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking fine tobaccos.

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

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

~~He says he's eighteen years old.~~  
BOLEK: He says he's eighteen years.

(MUSIC: IN WITH)

NARR: And now the barrier is down. Filtered through the interpreter, you hear the story of a boy who came drifting down the Mississippi in a canoe -- a story that started in horror and ended in death.

BOLEK: His mother and father are dead. ~~He says~~ they died in Oswiecsm Concentration Camp. The Nazis killed them. He was thirteen years old. He hid in the ~~woods~~ -- ate roots. Sometimes he was lucky.... he could steal maybe a potato. He had a sister, ten years old. In the winter, she died. When the War was over, he walked across Germany, to the ocean. Then he came here. He doesn't understand.... he doesn't believe the Nazis are gone. He's afraid they'll still come for him. That's why he lived in the swamp always alone, always afraid. I tell him the War is over, the Nazis are gone.... he doesn't believe me --

TADDEUS: (IN POLISH:) No, no -- I don't believe him!

BOLEK: He doesn't believe me -- he's still afraid.

(MUSIC: UP AND DOWN)

SHERRIF: Well, now we've got two stories. ~~Boley~~ says the boy killed Carnes and kidnapped him, and the boy's got it the other end foremost.

NED: I believe the boy.

SHERRIF: I got to make a case here and I can't flip a coin.

NED: But all he had was his slingshot.

SHERRIF: He could have dumped the gun. Those fishermen would get awful wraught if I let him go now.

NED: I don't believe he could kill anybody -- not after what's happened to him. He's sick...he still doesn't believe he's safe from the Nazis. Sherrif, those fishermen got him pegged for this killing because he's different. He can't talk English, he's afraid, he's strange. That's the <sup>main</sup> evidence against him.

SHERRIF: How about ~~Barry~~ -- and that girl backs him up?

NED: Either one could be guilty. The girl is the key. Sherrif, if we could get her to talk --

SHERRIF: ~~I questioned them separately -- maybe half a dozen times.~~

No soap.

NED: No inconsistencies?

SHERRIF: As far as I can tell, she's scared of something. If you raise your voice she starts hollerin'.

NED: ~~There ought to be some way to get her confidence....~~ <sup>of the woman's</sup> ~~she could trust somebody~~ <sup>she could trust somebody</sup>

SHERRIF: ~~It sure ain't me.~~

NED: ~~Well, maybe something will turn up.~~

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

NARR: ~~Something does turn up, but not at the County Jail. It's~~ <sup>There is</sup> ~~in the slush-pile at the Democrat.....that's where you~~ keep the letters that come in from the readers: the crank letters, the complaints, the ones that start, "It has been called to my attention" -- You go through them once a week. A few you print, most end up in the wastebasket. But you find one letter that leads to the break. It's written on ruled paper with a soft lead-pencil.

~~ROBERT:~~ Natchez Newspaper. I have been reading about those folks  
*Notes:*  
in jail at Natchez for murder. ~~Please give my regards~~  
~~to Essie.~~ I still love ~~her~~ <sup>her</sup>. It may be I can be of some  
~~help because I know Essie has been forced to go places~~  
~~that were~~ against her will. ~~She didn't want to go with~~  
~~Enoch Barry but his threats over ruled her.~~ Very truly  
yours, Robert ~~E~~ Andrews, General Delivery, Greenville,  
Mississippi.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You send a telegram to Greenville urging Robert W.  
Andrews to come to Natchez. If he can convince Essie  
to talk, you're sure it will break ~~Barry's~~ <sup>Enoch's</sup> story. You  
wait. You wait one day.....two, three, and on the fourth  
morning, he walks into your office.

ROBERT: You the Editor of the paper?

NED: Yeah --

ROBERT: I'm Robert W. Andrews.

NED: Where you been? We've been waiting for you -- four days,  
four days!

ROBERT: I'm real sorry. I didn't have no money for the bus. I  
come on my bicycle. It's three hundred miles. I came as  
fast as I could. Can I see Essie now?

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

CELL DOOR GLANKS

SHERRIF: In here.

ROBERT: Thank you, Sherrif.

ESSIE: Who's that?

ESSIE: I swore the graveyard oath, Robert I can't say anything,  
I can't! Don't make me! I'm afraid!

NED: You know what ~~Barry~~ said, don't you, Essie? He said  
Taddens killed the old man. Do you know what will happen  
if you back his story?

ESSIE: I've got to, I've got to.

NED: They'll take an innocent boy and burn him for murder.  
Do you want that to happen?

ESSIE: No -- no, but I'm afraid --

ROBERT: Essie, do you want to come back home with me?

ESSIE: Yes.....yes, I do.

ROBERT: Then you've got to tell the truth because the law won't  
let you go and leave unless you do. Essie, if you love  
me, you got to tell the truth.

(THERE IS A PAUSE, THEN:)

ESSIE: (LOW) All right, all right.

SHERIFF: Ned, could you take this down.

*Handwritten: Ned, could you take this down?*  
ESSIE: He told me if I ever told, he'd kill me -- but I don't  
care. It wasn't the ~~boy~~ <sup>old man</sup>. He was over in Louisiana  
choppin' cotton. I was fixin' a bucket of doughballs  
for fish bait when I heard the gun go off. Snoch come  
over from the old man's boat and he said he killed him,  
he said he shot him in the head and he was going to  
take his boats and sell them. I wanted to run away,  
but he said we got to stay. I couldn't move. I just  
sat there and watched him while he pulled the old man out  
through the mud.

(MORE)

ESSIE: (CONTINUED:) Then the ~~boy~~ <sup>three men</sup> come over from the Louisiana shore in that canoe, and Enoch <sup>snatched up a gun</sup> ~~he threw a gun on him and~~ ~~said we all got to go away together.~~ ~~He said he'd~~ kill him if he ~~didn't~~ and he said he'd kill me if I told. He said he'd shoot me like he shot the old man, but I don't care. Robert, you take me home, won't you? You won't let this stand in the way, will you? You'll take me home.....(SHE IS CRYING UNDER....)

~~SHERIFF:~~ Well Ned, <sup>I want</sup> when we get this typed up, I think it's going to send ~~Randy~~ <sup>the man</sup> up ~~to~~ murder!

(MUSIC: - - UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Ned Smith of the Natchez ~~Miss. Democrat~~ 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: -- STING)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Ned Smith of the Natchez Miss. Democrat.

TELEGRAM: Killer in tonight's Big Story pleaded guilty to murder and was sentenced to life imprisonment at the State Prison Farm at Parchman, Mississippi. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Smith....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 Davenport Iowa Daily times byline Norman Bergsma. A BIG STORY of a reporter who found a way to turn time back to the moment of an actual murder.

(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. 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 Natchez Miss. Democrat. Your narrator was Bob Sloan and Bill Smith played the part of Ned Smith. 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. Smith.

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

*James*  
*James*  
CHAPPELL: Speaking for the makers of PELL MELL CIGARETTES. (PAUSE)

*James*  
*James*  
Tonight Pail Mall salutes the International Association of Chiefs of Police -- now holding their annual conference in Miami, Florida. To the Chiefs of Police -- for your vigilance, courage, and devotion to duty -- we extend our best wishes and warmest congratulations for many jobs, well done!

THIS IS N.B.C.....THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

H.C.

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #240

CAST

NARRATOR:	BOB SLOAN
HELEN	JOAN LAYAR
MAE	AGNES YOUNG
FRED	LARRY ROBINSON
NORMAN:	BILL QUINN
CHIEF	LES DAMON
BARNEY	JOE HELGESON
STEVE	STEVE GETHERS
KOVAL	CARL EMORY

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1951

ATX01 0005172

THE BIG STORY

ABRAM S. GIMNES

(Norman Bergsma, Davenport (Iowa) Daily Times)

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

(MUSIC: PANFARE, UNDER WITH MERRY WHISTLING TUNE...)

~~(AS OF SOMEONE RUNNING UP PORCH STEPS, ACROSS PORCH  
FRONT DOOR HAS SLAMMED BEHIND HIM)~~

FRED: (CALLS OUT:) Hey! Where is everybody? Isn't there anybody home?

HELEN: (ABOUT 14, SCREAMS OFF) Mom! Oh Mom! (KEEPS REPEATING HYSTERICALLY) Mom! Oh Mom!

FRED: Helen, what's the matter? ~~Helen, where are you?~~ What're you doing down in the basement?

(FRED'S STEPS AS HE RUNS DOWN TO BASEMENT)

HELEN: (FADE ON QUICKLY) Mom, Mom! You can't be!

FRED: (TAKE) Mom! (THEN) Helen, what happened? What happened?

HELEN: Freddy get an ambulance! Mom's dead! Get an ambulance! Mom's dead and Pop's dying upstairs!

(MUSIC: UP TO)

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 AND COLD) From the pages of the Davenport, ~~Iowa~~ Daily Times, the story of a reporter who found a way to turn time back to the moment of an actual murder. Tonight, To Norman Bergsma, of the Davenport, ~~Iowa~~ Daily Times, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL Award.

(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

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

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

CHAPPELL: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 17 - by actual measure - PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

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

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- THEME AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Davenport, Iowa. The story as it actually happened --  
Norman Bergsma's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Norman Bergsma, photo reporter for the Daily Times, ~~and~~  
on the night boat. Your territory? The quad-city area  
along the Iowa-Illinois border, taking in Rock Island,  
~~Marquette~~, East Moline, and Silvis. March can be an  
awful rough month up there, especially at night, so no one  
can blame you for dropping in at the fire-station in Rock  
Island this particular night to chow the fat with the  
boys and to drink some of their coffee. As one of the  
boys puts it -- "coffee strong enough to ~~flat~~ <sup>float</sup> a fire-axe."

(LAUGHTER AND MURMUR OF MEN'S VOICES IN CONVERSATION  
SUDDENLY, POLICE CAR HEARD APPROACHING. CAR ZOOMS  
PAST FIRE HOUSE AS:)

NORMAN: (ABOUT 27, KIND OF CHIPPER, HURRIEDLY) Party's over  
for me, boys. There goes the Police Chief's car. I've  
got to cover it. Why don't you guys start a little fire  
-- keep my coffee warm.

(LAUGHTER AS:)

(MUSIC: -- UP, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: You're pretty used to this split-second timing by now,  
Norman Bergsma, and so your car pulls up behind the  
Police Chief's car at the <sup>Marquette</sup> two-story frame house on  
30th Street.

(COLD WIND BG AS CAR DOOR SLAMMED AND STEPS  
HURRIEDLY ACROSS SIDEWALK. STEPS CONTINUE ACROSS  
SIDEWALK UP THE WOODEN STAIRS, ACROSS PORCH UNDER)

NORMAN: What's up, Chief?

CHIEF: (ABOUT 50) Murder.

NORMAN: (LOW WHISTLE)) Man? Woman?

CHIEF: Mrs. Mae Koval -- shot through the heart.

NORMAN: Husband?

CHIEF: Slashed his wrists.

NORMAN: Who did it?

CHIEF: That's what everybody in there is trying to find out.

(MUSIC: SLIGHT ACCENT, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: Inside the house, there's the usual hub-bub common to all murder scenes; police officials, a representative of the State Attorney's office hospital attendants, the coroner -- they're all here.

(SLIGHT HUB-BUB OF VOICES)

CHIEF: Where's the corpse, Barney?

BARNEY: (A COP) Down the basement, Chief. (CALLING OUT) Okay, let's break it up! Let us through! Chief's here - okay let us through.

(CONTINUE SLIGHT HUB-BUB OF VOICES, THEN STEPS DOWN TO BASEMENT AND ACROSS THE CEMENT FLOOR UNDER... AS THEY GO)

NARR: You, Norman Bergsma, know that the quickest way to get all the details is to tag right behind the Chief of Police. You follow him and officer Barney ~~down~~ down into the basement. On the cement floor, with a ring of men standing around her, is the body of Mrs. Mae Koval, age 42, housewife -- and, as you learn very quickly - mother of four children.

CHIEF: Where's the murder weapon?

~~(HUB-BUB BIES OUT)~~

BARNEY: I gave it to the man from the lab, Chief. A .22 calibre automatic pistol. Four shots fired, one right through her heart.

CHIEF: Who does it belong to?

BARNEY: Don't know yet.

CHIEF: Where's her husband?

BARNEY: Upstairs. Coroner is with him. He's ~~unconscious~~ -- loss of blood.

CHIEF: (A BEAT, THEN) Who's that?

NARR: You look in the direction of the Chief's finger. All the others in the basement are city and state officials known to you, as they are to the Chief. But not the man at whom he's pointing.

STEVE: (ABOUT 35, HARD-BOILED) Steve Denker. A neighbor.

CHIEF: Were you here when it happened?

STEVE: No.

CHIEF: Where were you?

STEVE: At work. I'm a short-order cook.

CHIEF: Did you check his story, Barney?

BARNEY: Not yet, Chief.

CHIEF: (TO STEVE:) How long have you lived around here?

STEVE: About a year.

CHIEF: Any idea who could have killed her?

STEVE: (A BEAT, THEN) No.

CHIEF: (HARD) You're not doing anybody a favor, you know, when you hold back information concerning a murder.

STEVE: (FLARING UP) What makes you think I'm holding anything back?

CHIEF: (FLAT TONE AGAIN) Relax. Nobody's pushing you around. How did they get along -- Mr. and Mrs. Koval?

STEVE: (STILL PEEVISH) They got four kids. That's a sign they were getting along all right, isn't it?

CHIEF: They quarrel a lot?

STEVE: Same as anybody else -- except that he was crazy about her and her about him. If you ask me, it's probably why he cut his wrists.

CHIEF: What do you mean?

STEVE: Because any guy as crazy about his wife as Charlie Koval -- if he found his wife like this, he probably wouldn't want to live, that's all.

CHIEF: ( A BEAT, THEN) What did you say your name was?

STEVE: Steve Denker.

CHIEF: Okay, Denker, Just be around if we need you. Where are the kids, Barney?

BARNEY: Upstairs, Chief -- one of the bedrooms.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ ACCENT, DOWN UNDER...)

NARR: The two younger children, seven and ten, have been taken by neighbors. But in <sup>one of</sup> the bedrooms the two older ones: Fred, who is 17, and Helen, who is 14 -- sit huddled together in terror. Perhaps they don't understand fully yet the extent of their tragedy. Perhaps they feel it more deeply than anyone can imagine. You, Norman Bergsma, cannot tell just by looking at them.



HELEN: (KIND OF MOANING TO HERSELF:) Oh, Mom, Mom --

FRED: Please -- please don't ask her any questions, chief.  
She's -- too upset.

CHIEF: (GENTLY) When you came in, Freddy, you say it had already happened?

FRED: Yes. I heard -- Helen screaming -- from the basement.  
When I ran down -- she -- told me.

HELEN: (BUILDING:) She can't be dead! I won't let her be dead!

CHIEF: When did you call the police?

FRED: I -- I ran upstairs. I tried to get into the bathroom but Pop had locked himself in. Then I got the door opened a little -- When I saw what he'd done, that's when I called the police.

CHIEF: Did -- your mother or father have any enemies, Freddy?

FRED: No. Everybody liked her and him -- where he works, the electric company -- only last year the men gave him a dinner. And in the neighborhood here, everybody likes Pop.

CHIEF: Helen, listen to me. ~~Where were you when the shooting took place?~~

HELEN: (WEEPS BITTERLY)

CHIEF: Helen, I know this is hard for you, but we're only trying to help. Where were you when the shooting took place?

HELEN: (HYSTERICALLY:) Leave us alone! (SCREAMING:) Mom's dead! You can't bring her to life! Leave us alone!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ ACCENT, DOWN UNDER. .)

NARR: By now, Norman Bergsma, you decide that you've learned as much about the case as you can just by following on the heels of the Chief of Police. You've shot up all your photo plates. (MORE)

NARR:  
(CONT)

In the living-room, on the piano, you notice some framed family photographs. You figure you'll take them back to the paper with you, have copies made, return them the next day. But as you lift the first picture from the piano, something holds it back. You look closer. Glued neatly to the back of the photograph is ~~scraping~~ metal capsule -- leading away from it, a thin, almost invisible wire.

FRED: (SLIGHTLY OFF:) That's -- a microphone.

NORMAN: Sure. I know Freddy. Used to be a radio operator in the Air Force. What's it for?

FRED: I don't know.

NORMAN: Where does it lead to?

FRED: I -- I don't know. Excuse me. I was just going to the kitchen ~~to~~ get a glass of water for my sister.

NORMAN: Wait a second, Freddy. Your father works for the electric company, doesn't he?

FRED: Yes.

NORMAN: Did he have any wire-recorders around? These microphones usually go with a wire recorder.

FRED: I -- I don't know. Excuse me. (FADING) I -- I don't want to leave my sister alone.

(MUSIC: SLIGHT ACCENT, DOWN UNDER.)

NARR: Now you wander from the living-room into the other bedroom -- the one occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Koval. Maybe it's because your mind is still with the microphone in the living-room -- maybe it's your training as a radio man in the Air Force, but as your eye travels around the bedroom they suddenly rest on another wire running along the baseboard. (MORE)

NARR: You trace it slowly and it leads directly to the  
(CONT) bedstead, you discover the second microphone. It's just  
BARNEY: then that you hear Officer Barney call out.  
BARRNEY: (OFF, CALLING OUT) Chief! Better come up quick! ~~The~~  
~~doctor~~ was Koval conscious!

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER..)

NARR: Charlie Koval, deathly white from loss of blood, is  
lying on a stretcher when you hurry up to him along with  
Police Chief Joe Cameron.

CHIEF: Koval, can you talk?

KOVAL: (TERRIBLY WEAK) I'm -- I'm going to die --

CHIEF: What happened, Koval?

KOVAL: My - My Mae -- is dead. I want to -- die --

CHIEF: Who did it? Can you tell us who did it?

KOVAL: The ghoul did this. The ghoul did it. The ghoul was --  
he was -- walking all over me -- the ghoul -- killed  
Mae. (Passes out)

CHIEF: Koval!

NORMAN: It's no use, Chief. He's out again.

CHIEF: You -- Denker! What was he talking about?

STEVE: I don't know.

CHIEF: What ghoul was he talking about?

STEVE: (FLARING UP) What're you asking me? How should I know?

(PHONE RINGS, SLIGHTLY OFF)

BARNEY: (ANSWERING PHONE, VERY LOW, OFF) Yeah, yeah. I'll get  
him. (RAISING HIS VOICE) Bergsma, It's for you. It's  
your paper.

NORMAN: Right.

(STEPS, RECEIVER PICKED OFF TABLE)

NORMAN: Yeah, sure I know what time it is. I've shot up all my plates, but I'm not coming back yet....(HARD) I said I'm not coming back yet...Why? Because there's a ghoul loose in this house and I've got a feeling that I know where to find him.

(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

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking fine tobaccos.

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

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION & UNDER)

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

NARR: Who shot Mrs. Mae Koval thru the heart and what led her husband to slash his wrists? ~~seriously? Was there really a ghoul behind this whole tragedy as Charlie Koval claimed a few moments ago? With <sup>in</sup> the body of ~~Mae Koval~~ still lying on the basement floor and her husband still unconscious, (and with city police and state officials still tramping thru their home on 30th Street, Rock Island, Illinois), <sup>you - in person -</sup> ~~you~~ Norman Bergsma, (photo reporter for the Davenport Daily Times) ~~are on the trail of a ghoul. Even common sense, let alone your experience as a radio man in the Air Force, tells you that where there are microphones hidden all over a house, there must also be a recording device somewhere. Slowly, painfully, you trace the microphone wires down to the basement.~~~~

(MUSIC: DOWN UNDER)

BARNEY: (OFF, CALLING OUT:) Hey, Bergsma! You down in the basement?

NORMAN: (SLIGHT TAKE:) Hum. Oh. (CALLS OUT IMPATIENTLY:) What do you want, Barney?

BARNEY: (STILL OFF) Listen, you paper's calling again. Now they're getting sore at me. I got nothing to do with your paper! Come on up here and answer it.

NORMAN: Tell them -- oh -- tell them you don't know where I am.

BARNEY: What do you mean I don't know where you are? I'm talking to you, ain't I?

NORMAN: Tell 'em -- tell 'em anything you want: I can't talk to them -- not now.

BARNEY: Okay, brother. It's your job.

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

NARR: The last thing you want now, Norman Bergsma, is an interruption. Because right ahead of you, near the coal bin, is a closet and the microphone wires lead right to it! That's where the recording device must be -- in the closet.

~~(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ DOWN)~~

(CLOSET DOOR OPENS WITH A SLIGHT CREAK)

NORMAN: (TO HIMSELF, SLIGHT TAKE:) That's crazy! Nothing in this closet but some old tools.

(STEPS INTO CLOSET AND METAL TOOLS SHOVED ASIDE WITH A SLIGHT CLANK AS:)

NARR: You step into the closet, push the tools aside and start running your hands over the back wall. And suddenly --

(SLOW CREAK AS OF A HINGED DOOR OPENING AS:)

NARR: -- with a little effort, the back wall of the closet gives ~~away~~ and you find yourself, Norman Bergsma, standing in what must be a secret room in this ordinary, pleasant home. Around the walls there is a work-bench. To one side, a rack with about two dozen wire-recording spools, each one carefully dated. And on the work-bench three wire-recording machines.

(MORE)

NARR:  
(CONT)

As you stand there ~~waiting~~ in this terrifying efficient room, a cold sweat breaks out over your face as one of the machines silently, all by itself, begins recording:

~~(THE SLIGHT WHIR OF WIRE-RECORDER IN OPERATION,  
HOLD, THEN CUT)~~

NARR:

-- and a few seconds later, just as mysteriously, ~~the~~ machine turns itself off. You reach over, Norman Bergsma (not without some fear), and turn the playback knob on the machine.

~~(SLIGHT WHIR OF MACHINE.. (NOTE: ALL RECORDED  
PLAYBACKS ON THE WIRE-RECORDER SHOULD HAVE THE STATIC,  
THE BOOMING NOISES, AND THE FADES AND THE SOMETIMES  
HARD TO MAKE OUT QUALITY OF RECORDED MATERIAL.)~~

BARNEY:

(AS IF RECORDED, LAUGHING) I know this is the third time you're calling - Tell him what? Tell Bergsma - either he gets back to the paper with the pictures or he's out of a job? (LAUGHS:) That's a pleasure! That's the sweetest assignment any cop ever had! (LAUGHS)

(WE HEAR TELEPHONE RECEIVER DOWN AND NOW JUST

~~THE WHIR OF THE MACHINE..~~ BUTTON IS SNAPPED AND  
~~MACHINE IS OFF. THERE ARE A FEW STEPS. THEN)~~

~~NORMAN:~~

BARNEY:

(SLIGHT TAKE) Oh, there you are! Where were you? I was locking all over ~~the basement~~ for you. Got some thing to tell you.

NORMAN:

Yeah, yeah, I know, The paper said if I don't get back with the pictures they'll fire me.

BARNEY:

(MOUTH FALLING OPEN) What -- how did you know? I was just --



(SOUND OF MICROPHONES, CHIEF OFFERS)

NORMAN: Chief!

CHIEF: (BARNEY III) Yeah, what is it, ~~Barney~~ <sup>Barney</sup>?

NORMAN: Chief, how -- how would you like to go back and visit the scene of the crime?

CHIEF: What -- are you talking about? What do you mean the scene of the crime? Where do you think I am right now?

NORMAN: I don't mean in space. I mean in time.

CHIEF: Get him out of here, Barney. He's flipped his lid!

NORMAN: I'm not kidding, Chief. This is on the level. I think I can take you right back to the moment when Mrs. Koval was murdered. I can even -- I think -- let you hear all the events leading up to it!

CHIEF: Don't kid with me, Bergsma, or you'll never get a press card in this town.

NORMAN: I'm not kidding, Chief. Just follow me.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER...)

CHIEF: How -- how did you find this room? <sup>at the sound of the music</sup>

NORMAN: There are microphones scattered all over the house <sup>on the desk</sup>. There's even one right here in the basement -- right over <sup>where</sup> where we found Mrs. Koval's body.

CHIEF: But -- who strung them up?

NORMAN: Must have been Koval himself. That's his job at the electric company too, you know -- wiring.

CHIEF: But -- a happy family like this? Why should he do a thing like that?

NORMAN: I don't know. Where do you want to begin?

(STEPS, CUT TO SWITCHCOOP A BUTTON, THE MACHINE WHIRS AND WE HEAR THE FOLLOWING AS RECORDED:)

HELEN:

(CALLING) Mom! Mom!

MAE:

(OFF:) What is it, Helen?

HELEN:

Mom, I'm making up your bed. Do you want fresh sheets?

MAE:

No. The laundry won't be back for a day or so. Just make it up the way it is.

(AS OF BED BEING MADE UP WITH PILLOWS SLAPPED,, ETC. AS:)

CHIEF:

(LOW:) Move it ahead a little, Barney.

(MACHINE SPEEDED UP SO THAT WE HEAR A GARBLE BARBLE, SLOW DOWN TO: (AS IF RECORDED:) (PIANO BEING PRACTICED. PIANO SUDDENLY STOPS ABRUPTLY)

FRED:

(CALLIN OUT -- AS IF RECORDED:) Aw gee, Ma, why the heck do I have to practice? I don't like piano playing anyway.

MAE:

Just a little more, Freddy. It won't hurt you -- and it makes your father real proud of you. You know how he likes music.

FRED:

Aw gee! Why isn't he proud of me the way I play football?

MAE:

(LAUGH) Oh, he's proud of that too. Now go on-- practice some more, Freddy.

(PIANO PRACTICING STARTS RELUCTANTLY, TAPE RUNS OUT NOW WITH A FLAP. MACHINE SWITCHED OFF)

CHIEF:

Is that all? *[scribble]*

NORMAN:

No. He's got three machines. He's got them rigged so they work automatically, records in every room -- including the telephone.

CHIEF:

Try the next machine.

(PIE OF BARREL BEING SHAKEN OUT OF GUN ONTO TABLE.

THEN. FOOTSTEPS INTO BASEMENT)

MAMIE: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Freddy, ~~where are you~~ <sup>what are you doing</sup> ~~in the closet?~~

FRED: (TO HIMSELF) Oh gee, I better put this gun down!

MAMIE: Freddy, did you find the bicycle -- (BREAKS OFF)

FRED: Ma --

MAMIE: What's -- what's in there? How did you--

FRED: Gee, Ma, I don't know. I stumbled in the closet. It's a -- a secret room.

MAMIE: What are these machines?

FRED: Wire-recorders. The kind Pa's company turns out.

MAMIE: Oh well. I guess maybe Pa's just working on something and didn't want us to know.

FRED: But -- a secret room?

MAMIE: Well Pa's told us a hundred times that they're doing some Army work at his plant. Maybe we shouldn't even be in here, Freddy. Maybe Pa's doing some special work.

FRED: Gee, Yeah. Think it's secret work, Ma?

MAMIE: Come on out, Freddy. Let's close it up just the way it was. Maybe we shouldn't even say anything about it. Because if it is secret -- maybe for the Army -- Freddy, you shouldn't have come in there. You know how Pa is about his work.

FRED: I didn't go looking for it. I just stumbled.

MAMIE: All right -- never mind. Just forget about it.

(THE STEPS, DOOR CREAKS BACK INTO PLACE, STEPS OFF, MACHINE JUST WHIRS.)

CHIEF: Is that the end of that spool?

NORMAN: No. There's a good deal more on there.

CHIEF: Speed it up. I'll tell you the parts I want to hear.

~~(MUSIC)~~ WHIRRING EFFECT AS OF MACHINE, DOWN UNDER...

CHIEF: (FAST) All right -- right about there. ~~Let's see what~~  
~~he's got to say now --~~

KOVAL: (DOWN TO NORMAL PACE) But there's no one in this house  
I can trust -- except this machine. <sup>Somehow someone</sup> Now I know she's <sup>been</sup>  
<sup>working with the</sup> ghouls to get me. When I came down here <sup>about</sup>  
a few minutes ago, right after dinner, I could see ~~that~~  
~~someone was in here.~~ There were two sets of foot<sup>prints</sup>  
in the dust on the floor -- hers and ~~a man's~~. Now I know  
they're working together, ~~And my gun --~~ the two of them  
~~were here and they took the bullets out of my gun. They~~  
~~think my gun is empty, but now it isn't.~~ I'm not even  
going to listen back to what happened this afternoon in  
the house while I was gone because I don't have to. ~~The~~  
~~ghouls are all around me now and there's nothing left for~~  
me to do except what I have to do. Please, dear God, it's  
the only way out. Please, please, dear Lord, forgive me.

(ON MACHINE: CREAKING OF DOOR, STEPS:)

KOVAL: (CALLS) Mae?

MAE: (OFF) What is it, Charlie?

KOVAL: Mae, could you come down here a moment?

(STEPS ON BASEMENT STAIRS)

MAE: (FADING IN) What is it, Charlie?

KOVAL: Mae, I know everything.

MAE: Charlie, I'm sorry. If you mean about your secret room --

KOVAL: (FLARING UP) No more. There's no more time for lies,  
Mae!

MAE: (PUZZLED) Charlie, what's the matter with you? I'm not  
lying. It's just that Freddy came down here looking for  
his bicycle pump and --

KOVAL: (SHOUTS:) Stop! Have you no shame? You and that ghoul -- always walking all over me in this house!

MAE: Charlie, what's the matter with you? Don't you feel well?

KOVAL: (LOW, HARD) You think I don't know? Every time my back was turned, there was another man in the house!

MAE: (SHOCKED) Charlie, no! After -- after all our years of marriage -- the things we've lived through -- the children we've raised -

KOVAL: (SHOUTING) Don't mention our children! You've got no right to mention any decent thing! Now I know! I had microphones all over the house --

MAE: Charlie, you didn't trust me?

KOVAL: No! But now I don't need the microphones any more! You and the ghoul -- always you knew about my secret room and my wire-recording machines and this afternoon, you were in there.

MAE: Freddy was there, Charlie. It was me and Freddy, Charlie. We went in there by mistake.

KOVAL: You're lying! My gun was empty. You and the ghoul emptied my gun!

MAE: Charlie, please -- Charlie, listen back to you machine. If you have microphones all over the house then it must be on the machine. It will tell you, that it was only Freddy! It was Freddy and me!

KOVAL: See this gun?

MAE: What -- what are you going to do with it?

KOVAL: See this gun? You and the ghoul emptied it this afternoon. You thought my gun was empty but it's not! It's loaded right now.

MAE: (HYSTERICALLY:) Charlie -- (BEGINNING TO LAUGH  
HYSTERICALLY) Charlie, don't you see! It's a joke,  
Charlie. All you have to do is listen to your machine,  
Charlie. Listen -- your crazy machine! It was Freddy,  
Charlie. There's nobody else but you! Listen to your  
machines, your own machines, Charlie!

KOVAL: Don't be afraid of the gun, Mae -- I only have it for  
protection. Here -- see --

MAE: (SCREAMS) Charlie! Listen to your own machines!  
(FOUR SHOTS)

MAE: (GROANS)

HELEN: (SCREAMS, OFF:) Mom! Mom!  
KOVAL: Dear God, I didn't want to do it but it was the only way  
out. Without her, the ghoul'll go away. But now it's  
my turn. Now it's my turn to die!

(STEPS RUNNING)

HELEN: Pa, what happened? Pa, what happened?

KOVAL: Stay with your mother, child. Stay with her. She's  
~~dead.~~ Now it's my turn to die.

(STEPS RUNNING. CUT STEPS TO:)

HELEN: Mom, oh mom! Mom! (WEEPING LOW)

(AS AT OPENING OF SHOW, FRONT DOOR SLAMMED AS)

FRED: (COMES IN WHISTLING MERRILY) Hey! Where is everybody?  
Isn't there anybody home?

(MUSIC: UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we'll read you a telegram from  
Norman Bergsma of the Davenport Iowa Daily Times with  
the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratches! Guard against throat-scratches! Guard against throat-scratches! 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 Norman Bergsma of the Davenport Iowa Daily Times.

BERGSMA: Murderer in tonight's Big Story did not die of his own self-inflicted wounds. He recovered, stood trial, and was convicted. Due to his previous threats of suicide was kept under constant vigilance until he was sent to serve a life term in Illinois State Prison. ~~The house on 30th Street in Rock Island is rid of ghouls forever.~~ Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Bergsma ... 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 Kansas City, Missouri Star - byline Bill Moorhead. A BIG STORY of two killers who wiped the smile off another man's face and were sorry for it.

(MUSIC: -- STING) --

CHAPPELL: And remember -- every week you can see another different Big Story on television - brought to you by the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Procter with original music composed and ~~conducted~~ by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Abram S. Glines from an actual story from the pages of the Davenport Iowa Daily Times. Your narrator was Bob Sloan and Bill Quinn played the part of Norman Bergsma. 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. Bergsma.

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

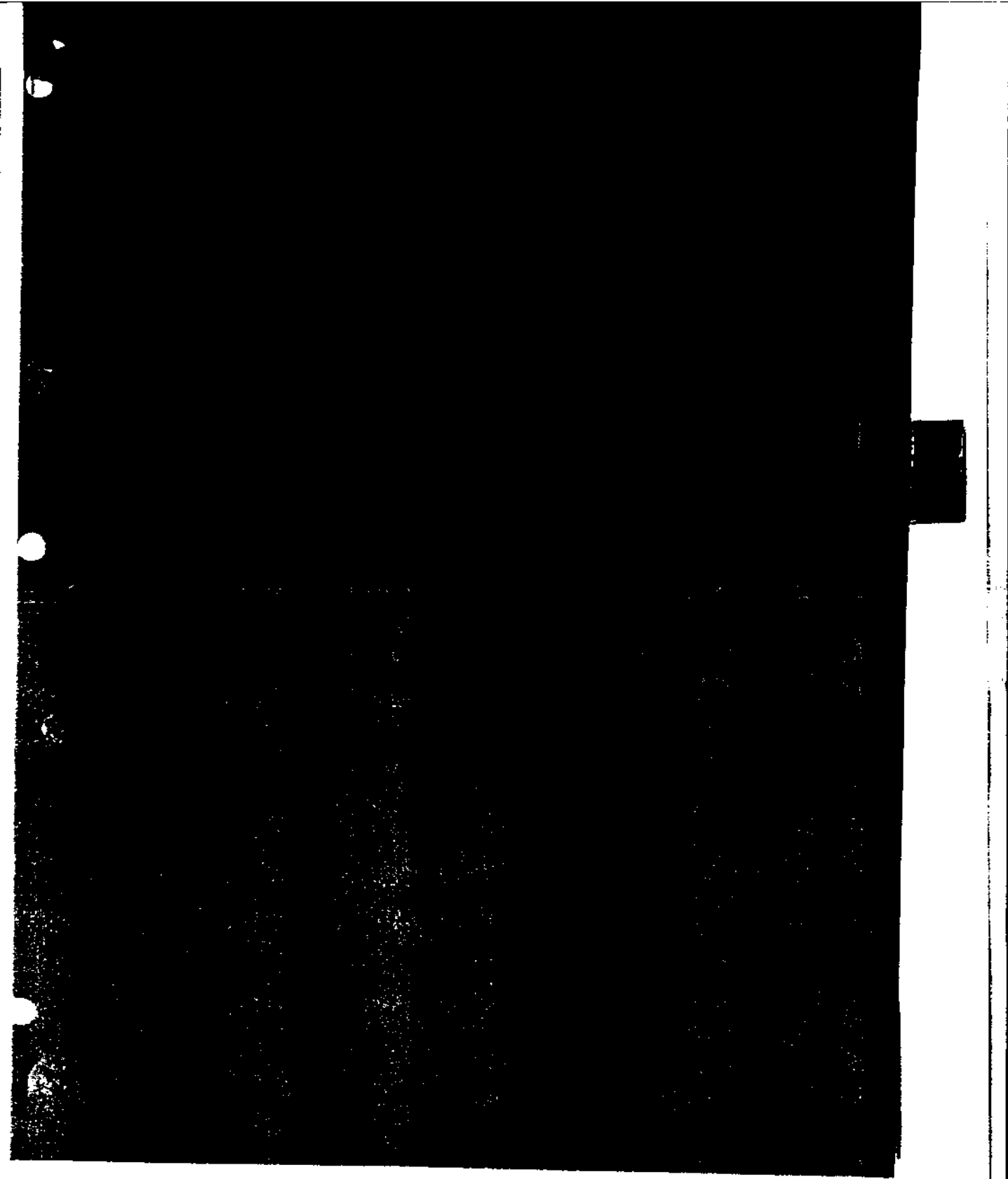
CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of Pell Mell Famous Cigarettes

(PAUSE) Today, perhaps at this very minute, a forest fire is raging because someone tossed away a lighted cigarette...left burning embers in a camp fire .. or was careless with matches. Each year forest fires ravage millions of acres of timberland ... destroy homes.. take lives! And the tragedy is -- ninety per cent of forest fires are caused by carelessness. So be careful, be cautious -- remember only you can prevent forest fires!

This is NBC ... The National Broadcasting Company.

?/RG/JG  
10/15/51 am

ATX01 0005196



ATX01 0005197

# AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #241

## CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOAN
MRS. JOHNSON"	ELEANOR AUDLEY
BILL	JAMES MCCALLION
FITZ	HUMPHREY DAVIS
EDDIE	MICHAEL O DAY
DIXON	MICHAEL O DAY
SMILEY	BILL GRIFFIS
SPENCER	BILL GRIFFIS
BRAD	LARRY HAINES
CARLO	JOSHUA SHELLEY
CARSON	OWEN JORDON

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1951

ATX01 0005198

WNEC

THE BIG STORY

#241

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

NOVEMBER 7, 1951

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(CAR UNDER)

BRAD: (TENSE) Step on it, Carlo.

CARLO: Yeah. But the traffic...

BRAD: (SNARLS) Never mind the traffic. Anybody gets in  
your way, run him down...

CARLO: *Brad!* Look, up ahead! That *trucker* cop, he's pulling a gun  
*gonna* ...he's *gonna* starting to shoot....

(SHOT OFF. ANOTHER)

BRAD: (GRIMLY) I'll fix his wagon.

*Carlo: You got him Boss - he went down -*  
~~CARLO:~~ *How!* (YELLS) Look out, you fool! Look out for that  
telephone pole!

(HIGH SQUEAL OF TIRES UP AND INTO)

(MUSIC: HIT UP AND UNDER)

~~NARR.~~

*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.  
Kansas City, Missouri. The story of two killers who  
wiped the smile off another man's face, and were sorry  
for it. Tonight, to Bill Moorhead, of the Kansas City  
Star for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL Award!

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0005199

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

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

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

CHAPPELL: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 17 - by actual measure - PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

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

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: ----- INTRO AND UNDER)

HARRICE: Kansas City, Missouri...the story as it actually happened...Bill Moorhead's story, as he lived it.

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

NARR: It's a big day in Kansas City. First, there's a political convention going on, the hotels swarming with tourists, the streets gay with flags, the town busting<sup>R</sup> all over with sunflowers. But for you, Bill Moorhead reporter for the Kansas City Star, it's a big day for another reason. This is the birthday of Kansas City's favorite traffic cop, the cop they call "Smiley" Johnson because of the ready smile on his face, a man known and beloved by almost everyone in town. And now, on this bright June day, you drive your car through the heavy traffic on Petticoat Lane, and approach the busy corner of Walnut and Eleventh...

(TRAFFIC OFF. MOTOR IN LOW GEAR)

(CAR BRAKES TO STOP, MOTOR IDLING)

BILL: (PROJECTS A LITTLE) Morning, Smiley!

SMILEY: (COMING IN) (HEARTY SMILE) Well! Bill Moorhead! Morning! Some convention, eh?

BILL: Some traffic. You must be going crazy.

SMILEY: Oh, I dunno. You won't believe it, Bill, but people are pretty patient, I find 'em pretty nice. ~~Yassin,~~  
~~I find 'em pretty nice.~~

BILL: Who do you like this year, Smiley? The Republicans or the Democrats?

SMILEY: (LAUGHS) ~~You know better than to ask an honest cop that question.~~ You want me to lead with my chin? Me I've got a wife and five kids, When they grow up, I'll be able to swing my own vote!...

(HONKS START TO SOUND OFF, HORNS...)

SMILEY: Well, I'd better get back...

BILL: Smiley, wait a minute.

SMILEY: Yeah?

BILL: This is for you. Happy Birthday.

SMILEY: Thanks. Thanks, Bill, you shouldn't have done it. What's in here....

BILL: Gold cufflinks. I hope you like them.

SMILEY: (A PAUSE) Gold cufflinks. You know, Bill, I wouldn't care if they were made of tin, or brass. It's just the idea, how wonderful people are, how swell they've been to me. All morning long people have been bringing me gifts, and saying happy birthday, and it's enough to make a grown man bawl..

(HONK OF HORNS OUP HIGH)

SMILEY: (HINT OF TEARS) Well, what are you <sup>waiting</sup> ~~standing~~ here for, Moorhead? Go on, beat it! You're holding up traffic!

(WHISTLE UP)

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You go back to the Star, and you reflect. Here is a man who has conquered a whole city with nothing but a big heart and a big smile. It's a bright bit of optimism on a bright, June day, and you feel better for it. (MORE)



NARR:  
(CONT'D)

But you had no idea how quickly that optimism would dissipate, how dark and grim that day would be, a little later. You ~~had~~ sat down at your desk, and just as you started to write a lead on the Convention a big black car was moving slowly along Twelfth Street....

(C.R UNDER, SLOW, TRAFFIC SOUNDS OFF)

BRAD: Carlo...  
CARLO: (TENSE) Yeah, Brad?  
BRAD: Get sec. There's the bank up ahead.  
CARLO: (NERVOUS) Boss, look. With this ~~here~~ Convention, the streets are mobbed. Look at the crowds. I don't like it.  
BRAD: I like it.  
CARLO: Yeah, but...  
BRAD: I figured it this way. A getaway's always easier in a mob. A mob panics easier in the clutch, ~~they're less likely to notice anything if there's fireworks.~~  
CARLO: Here's the bank, Boss.  
BRAD: Okay. Pull the car up to the curb, leave the key in the ignition. After that, keep your gun under your coat and follow me in.

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

(LIGHT B.G. BANK, LIDDING MACHINES ETC)

(STEPS COMING IN ON MARBLE FLOOR, AND STOP)

SPENCER: Good morning, sir. What can I do for you?  
BRAD: This the cashier's window?  
SPENCER: Why, yes.

BRAD: I'd like to cash a check.

SPENCER: I'm sorry, sir. I don't know you. If you have some means of identification.....?

BRAD: I do.

SPENCER: Yes?

BRAD: This!

(STARTLED MURMUR UP, BUZZ OF VOICES)

BRAD:( (PROJECTS) Okay, all of you. Get your hands up, an' don't move. Don't move, see? Don't even blink any eye, or I'll blow your brains all over this nice clean floor...

(BUZZ SLOWLY DIES)

BRAD: That's it. Stand just the way you~~r~~ are..

CARLO: Boss, how do we get at the dough?

BRAD: Through that ~~gate~~ into the back. Pick up the folding stuff. Just the ~~big~~ green stuff, an' make it snappy!

(STEPS UNDER)

BRAD: (STEPS COMING IN)

BRAD: (TENSE) Well?

CARLO: ~~A sweet haul.~~ Got a bagful. Must be ~~twenty,~~ twenty-five grand....

BRAD: (SNARLS) There's more in there, Stupid. This is pay day. Try the cash drawers near the vault an' the...

(SUDDEN, STEADY JANGLING OF BANK ALARM LOUD)

CARLO: (YELLS) Boss! Some one set off' the alarm!

BRAD: Come on! Let's get outa here!

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS UP. YELLS UP "STOP!" STOP THIEF! HELP POLICE!)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ QUICK BRIDGE)

(CAR UNDER, GATHERING SPEED. ~~BRAKES SCREECHING~~)

BRAD: Step on it, Carlo!

CARLO: Yeah. But the traffic...

BRAD: (SNARLS) Never mind the traffic! Anybody gets in your way, run him down. ~~We'll head for the north side, hide away until...~~

CARLO: Brad! Look ahead. That traffic ooop!...

(~~WHISTLE OFF...~~)

CARLO: He's pulling his gun.. he's gonna shoot...

(~~SHOT OFF, THEN ANOTHER~~)

BRAD: (GRIMLY) I'll fix his wagon!

(LONG RATTLE OF TOMMY GUN)

CARLO: (YELLS, EXCITED) You got him Boss. He went down..

BRAD: (YELLS) Look out, ~~you~~ fool! Look out for that telephone pole!

(SCREAM OF BRAKES HIGH, CAR CREENS CRAZILY.  
A THUD. CAR UP AGAIN)

BRAD: (SNARLS) You gone crazy, Stupid? Keep your eyes on the road you scraped the side of that pole! What are you tryin' to do, get us killed?

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Bill Moorhead of the Kansas City Star, get down to the bank a few minutes later. ~~The place is badlan in near panic hysteria.~~ And through the confusion, you manage to corral Chief of Police Tom Fitzgerald...

(CROWD HUBBUB IN B.G.)

BILL: What did they get, Fitz?

FITZ: Over nineteen thousand in cash. Then jumped into a car, headed up Walnut, toward the North Side. (GRIMLY) But that isn't the real damage.

BILL: What do you mean?

FITZ: Smiley Johnson tried to stop them at the corner of Walnut and Eleventh. They opened up with a tommy-gun. Wounded three bystanders....

BILL: (A BEAT) And Smiley?

FITZ: They cut him down at close range. (VOICE TREMBLES) He tried to stop them, but he never had a chance. He's hurt bad, on his way to the hospital now!

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

NARR: The shock hits you. It was Smiley Johnson's <sup>birthday</sup> ~~birthday~~ and you remember all the gifts, and now this one... the last one he got...made of hot lead. And you ~~feel~~ a little sick inside. The police move fast, issue a general alarm set up highway roadblocks. And then you and Fitz question the cashier...

FITZ: Now try to think, Spencer. You say there were two of them?

SPENCER: (STILL TOUCH OF HYSTERIA) Two. Yessir, there were two.

BILL: Can you describe them?

SPENCER: I don't know, Mr. Moorhead. I was so frightened, I don't remember.

~~FITZ:~~ Try to remember!

SPENCER: One of them, the leader, he was big, blond hair. The other was short and swarthy, dark curly hair, I think.

FITZ: And that's all you remember?

SPENCER: I told you, Chief, I was upset. All I was looking at was the barrel, waiting for it to go off, wondering when it would. Then someone set off the alarm from the upstairs office, and they started to run...

BILL: What did you do then?

SPENCER: Why, I ran to the window, saw them leave in a car.

FITZ: What kind of car?

SPENCER: A Buick sedan.

FITZ: What color? What year?

SPENCER: Why, it was black. Yessir, I'm sure of that, it was black. I don't know the year...

FITZ: And you didn't get a look at the license plate, or any part of it?

SPENCER: No. The sidewalk was crowded with people. And the car pulled away too fast.

FITZ: (SIGHS) I see. A black car, a blond <sup>guy</sup> and a dark swarthy ~~man~~. I've got all kinds of colors, but not much else to go on. All right, Spencer, you can go...

SPENCER: Yessir...(FADING A LITTLE) Thank you, Chief....  
(~~DEAD END~~)

BILL: Well, Fitz? What are you going to do now?

FITZ: Do? Keep that general alarm hot, hope for the best. Spencer's testimony is the same as all the others, not much to go on. We'll comb the joints and hangouts of course, and contact every stool <sup>we know</sup> we know. What else can we do?

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

NARR: The day passes into evening, and meanwhile, there are no further news on the bankrobbers. You go to the hospital to visit Smiley Johnson who is grimly hanging on. He's allowed no visitors but the nurse tells you that you can wait in a private office on the same floor for any news. Chief Fitzgerald is sitting there when you walk in.

(DOOR CLOSE)

BILL: Evening, Fitz.

FITZ: (DULLY) Oh. Evening Bill.

BILL: What's the latest on Smiley?

FITZ: He's in a coma. They're giving him oxygen.

BILL: I see. (A PAUSE) ~~When~~ when I think of his wife and kids...

FITZ: I was over to see them, ~~Bill~~.

BILL: Oh.

FITZ: They'd laid out a big birthday party for him. Each of his five kids, they had a little gift for him. And a cake with candles...everything. (BREAKS A LITTLE) I thought I was tough, Bill, but this... well, it cut my heart out.

BILL: (A PAUSE) What about that ~~bullet~~, Fitz? Any lead?

FITZ: Not a thing. We threw roadblocks all around Kansas City, but they must have filtered through somewhere. I've got the boys making the rounds of the North Side now, questioning the riff-raff down there. But it's like a graveyard. They've all clammed up, nobody knows anything.

BILL: I see.

FITZ: You know, it's a funny thing, Bill. I told Smiley he could have the day off, seeing as how it was his birthday. But no, he wouldn't have any part of it. Said he was a cop, he'd take his regular duty, that's what he was getting paid for. When I think of it now if I'd only ordered him to take the day off...

(PHONE RING)

FITZ: That's for me - I told them to ring me here if there was any news.

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

FITZ: Hello? Yes, this is Chief Fitzgerald. What? (A PAUSE THEN HEAVILY) I see. I see....

(PHONE ON HOOK)

BILL: Fitz. What is it?

FITZ: (IN A KIND OF DAZE) That was the Doctor.

BILL: Yes?

FITZ: (QUIETLY) You can go back to the Star now, Bill. You can go back now and write an <sup>obituary</sup>~~obituary~~ on one of the finest, sweetest guys who ever lived!

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

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

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #241

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 Bill Moorhead, as he lived it, and wrote it...

HARR: In a hospital, a man lies dead, the beloved cop known as Smiley Johnson. And when the news hits the street people forget everything about politics, and remember the patient cop at Walnut and Eleventh, the cop with the heart-warming smile. And an angry buzz fills the air. Get the killers. And you, Bill Moorhead, of the Kansas City Star, along with Chief of Police Fitzgerald go to pay a condolence all on the widow...

MRS. JOHNSON: (TEARFULLY) Andrew was my husband's real name, Mr. Moorhead. But I guess I was the only one in the world who ever called him that. They all called him Smiley. Yesterday, was his fiftieth birthday.

BILL: (QUIET) I'm sorry, Mrs Johnson.

MRS. JOHNSON: We had plans, so many plans, We didn't have much money, a patrolman never has. But in a few years more, Andrew would have retired, the children would have <sup>all been</sup> grown up, and oh...we had so many plans.

FITZ: Mrs. Johnson, you know how I feel about Smiley... how every man on the Force feels...

MRS. JOHNSON: (SHE RUNS ON UNHEARING) I had the table all set, for our party. Each of the children had made their own favors, ~~Each of them have~~ saved their allowances for weeks, so that they could buy Andrew a birthday present. (SOBS) Why did they have to kill him? He never hurt anyone, everybody loved him. Why?

FITZ: (QUIET, GRIM) Mrs. Johnson, nothing can bring your husband back. But you have my promise, the promise of every ~~one of my men~~. Somewhere, we're going to find those killers. And when we do, they'll hang both of them!

(MUSIC: ----- BRIDGE)

(CAR UNDER)

FITZ: I'll drop you at the Star, Bill.

BILL: Thanks. (A PAUSE) Fitz.

~~BILL~~ Do you think we'll ever find those killers?

FITZ: We've got to.

BILL: How? So far, we've gotten nowhere. They seem to have made a clean getaway.

FITZ: (GRIMLY) I made a promise, and I'm going to keep it. Even if it takes a year, or ten years. They'll never close ~~a~~ file on this one, not while I'm alive.

BILL: You know, Fitz, I was just wondering. That ~~Buick~~ car ran right through a couple of crowded streets. Maybe someone did see the license plate. Just maybe.

FITZ: Maybe. But I doubt it. Otherwise, it would have been reported.

BILL: ~~I don't know. The answer is that getaway car, it's~~ ~~all~~ we've got.

FITZ:Q ~~Sure~~. Sure it is. But do you know how many Buicks there are in Kansas City area? Thousands! And most of them are black!

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

HARR: Fitz is right. The odds are almost impossible. But you, Bill Moorhead, keep telling yourself, maybe someone <sup>will</sup> say something about that car, the men in it, as it raced by. You start up Walnut Street, canvass the stores, one by one. Hour after hour, store after store. But the answer is always 'no', they had ducked out of a sight when the tommy gun started to blaze. They saw nothing - finally, you talk to a Western Union boy...

EDDIE: Yeah, Mister Moorhead. Yeah, sure, I saw that ~~Buick~~ <sup>car</sup>. Almost run into me.

BILL: Tell me about it, Eddie.

EDDIE: Well, I was comin' down the street on my bike, see? All of a sudden I hear this machine gun go off, an' the next thing I know I see this big black car comin' down on me like sixty. Ran me right into the curb, ~~smashed up my bike, I gotta get a whole new front wheel, the spokes are all bent.~~

BILL: I see. And that's the last you saw of it.

EDDIE: Why, yeah. Except I thought those there bankrobbers were gonna have an accident themselves.

BILL: Yes? What do you mean?

EDDIE: Why, a block up the almost ran into a telephone pole. In fact, I heard a noise, I think they hit it a sidewise smack, glanced off it, kind of. Then they skidded toward the center of the road, an' kept right on going.

BILL: I see. Eddie, can you show me the exact spot where they almost smashed into that pole?

EDDIE: I sure can. Follow me, Mr. Moorhead.

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

BILL: Well - can't find anything here that might be a clue, Eddie, so thanks any -- Eddie! Look at this over here.

EDDIE: Hey! It's the handle to a car door.

BILL: That's right. Looks like it was ripped off clean...

EDDIE: See, Mr. Moorhead. You think that when that ~~Buick~~ ~~car~~ scraped that pole, this here handle might have ripped off?

BILL: It might be, Eddie. It could be. Maybe that was the noise you heard.

EDDIE: Yeah. But ~~maybe it's~~ <sup>at least</sup> from some other car. A lot of trucks come through Walnut Street here, carryin' junk and old auto parts. Maybe this here handle fell out..

BILL: ~~Maybe,~~ <sup>but</sup> there's one way to check!

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

(CLINK OF CARDS)

BRAD: Okay, Carlo. I'm seein' you. What have you got?

BRAD: ~~Shit!~~ (SLAP OF CARDS)

BRAD: (CHUCKLES) Pay off, sucker. I'm sittin' here with a full house.

CARLO: At h, I'm getting tired of this.

BRAD: Yeah? Tired of wh t?

CARLO: This whole setup. Hidin' out here, nothin' to do but play cards. Why don't we beat it outa Koysee, ~~Brad~~ <sup>Carlo</sup>?

BRAD: Because the heat's on. They got the highways cased for us. We sit here in Kansas City right under their noses, for as long as it t kes. We're holdin' a lot of dough, what with this job and the other two, an' I wouldn't want anything to....

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

BRAD: Yeah?

CORSON: (FILTER, JITTERY) ~~Send~~, this is Matt..

BRAD: (SNARLS) Are you nuts? I told you never to call me here.

CORSON: But the car, ~~Send~~. You know what happened. What am I gonna do....

BRAD: I told you, keep the jalopy locked in the garage!

CORSON: But suppose the police...

BRAD: The police don't know whether they're comin' or goin'. Just keep the car locked up. One of these nights we'll take it out in the country an' burn it. And don't call me here again, you hear me, Matt?

(SLAM OF RECEIVER ON HOOK)

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

(DOOR CLOSE)

DIXON: Well! Bill Moorhead. Glad to see you!

BILL: Hello, Charlie.

DIXON: What can I do for you? Sell you a new Buick? If you want to trade in your car, I've got some sweet new models.....

BILL: Not today. I dropped in to ask you a question.

DIXON: Shoot.

BILL: Is this broken car handle familiar to you?

DIXON: Are you kidding? It's off a Buick.

BILL: You're sure of that?

DIXON: I ought to know. I've been sellin' ~~Buicks~~ Buicks for twenty years. That's off a new model sedan.

BILL: (A BEAT) I see. Charlie, maybe this is a crazy question. But is there any way of finding out which sedan it came from?

DIXON: That isn't such a crazy question.

BILL: What do you mean?

DIXON: There's a code number inside, behind the lock, ~~and~~ manufacturer's number.

BILL: Charlie, listen. I want ~~you~~ you to do me a favor. Can you find out what sedan it was and who owned it?

DIXON: Well, Bill, that's going to be considerable trouble...

BILL: Look, Charlie. I'm not going to go into a long explanation. But this may have belonged to the ~~car~~ <sup>car</sup> the killers were driving, when they shot down Smiley Johnson.

DIXON: (A BEAT) I see. Smiley Johnson, eh. Okay, Bill, this may take a little time, ~~a couple of hours.~~ You go back to the Star, <sup>but</sup> I'll call you.

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

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

BILL: Moorhead, Star.

DIXON: (FILTER) Bill, Charlie Dixon. I had a locksmith break open that handle, checked the code number, B421. Then I traced it through the manufacturer to the Boulevard Buick Dealers, right here in town.

BILL: And?

DIXON: It was a black sedan. Sold to a man named Matt Corson, Charlestown Apartments, on West Thirteenth Street!

BILL: Thanks, Charlie, Thanks very much!

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

FITZ: (GRIMLY) Matt Corson. Charlestown Apartments, eh?

BILL: That's right, Fitz. You going to send out a pickup order?

FITZ: Not yet. Not quite yet.

BILL: But...

FITZ: We don't know for sure whether this was the bankrobber's car. I want to make sure, Bill, dead sure. First, I want to make a locate on that Buick, find out where Corson garages it, take a good look at it.

BILL: And after that?

FITZ: (GRIMLY) After that, if you're right, Bill...someone's going to talk!

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

HARR: The police locate Corson's garage on West Thirteenth Street. One look at the car is enough. More than enough. After that, <sup>you (Fitz) pick up</sup> Fitz picks up Matt Corson. At first, he refuses to talk. But Fitz keeps at him mercilessly, pounds question after question at him, hour after hour...

FITZ: You drove that murder car, didn't you, Corson?

CORSON: No.

FITZ: You're a liar!

CORSON: I tell you I didn't...

FITZ: Then why was the handle ripped off? ~~Where did that bullet hole in the fender come from?~~

CORSON: I was driving down Walnut <sup>ST</sup> Street in the traffic when the shooting started. ~~A stray bullet hit my fender.~~ I got scared, lost control of the wheel, I guess. Anyone <sup>my</sup> I hit one of those stanchions..

FITZ: You're a liar!

CORSON: Chief, you've got to believe me. I'm telling yo..

~~FITZ:~~ Look, Corson. A policeman was killed. They called him Smiley Johnson, and there wasn't a man, woman, or child in Kansas City who didn't know and love him. You know what they're going to do when they read in the papers that you're a suspected killer?

CORSON: (SCARED) I...no...

~~FITZ:~~ They'll want to tear you apart with their bare hands. ~~Maybe they'll try to lynch you, I don't know.~~ You're in trouble, Corson, you're in trouble up to your neck. You'd better talk now, and I want the truth. The truth understand?

CORSON: I...all right. (MYSTERICALLY) Allright, all right, all right, I'll talk. I didn't do it, ~~Chief~~, I wasn't even in the car, and I'm not going to take the rap for the guys who were. I just owned the car, they rented it from me.

FITZ: What do you mean, rented?

CORSON: They came to me with a proposition. They wanted my car to hold up the bank. They promised me a share of the take...

FITZ: I see. Who were they, Corson?

CORSON: (CHOKES) I...I...

FITZ: (RELENTLESS) Their names, Corson! Who were they, what were their names?

CORSON: Brad Harper and Carlo Leone!

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)



HARR: Brad Harper and Carlo Leone. Both well known to Kansas City, both men with police records. And in an apartment on the North Side...

CARLO: What have you got, Brad?

BRAD: Three bullets.

CARLO: Aaaaah! Two pair. I haven't won a hand since...

(BELL RING)

CARLO: Brad! The door.

BRAD: (A BEAT) Who is it?

CORSON: (MUFFLED) Me, Matt Corson.

BRAD: Corson. I told that punk never to call me here, and never to come here. This time I'm going to tell him good!

(STEPS TO DOOR. DOOR UNLOCKED. DOOR OPENS)

BRAD: Look, Stupid, how many ~~times have I told you...~~(CUTS)

HITZ: (GRIM) Don't move, Harper. You either, Leone. You make one move, and you'll get what you gave..Smiley Johnson!

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

HARR: And so the police, using Matt Corson as a lure, trap the killers of Smiley Johnson. And for you Bill Moonhead of the Kansas City Star, this is a story, as big as they come. But now, you want to add a footnote, a footnote about people. Because the people of Kansas City built Mrs. Johnson and her children a home with their own hands, established a large trust fund with their own voluntary contributions. And you were there, when the widow said...

MRS. JOHNSON: ~~People. They've~~ all been so wonderful. Friends, neighbors, strangers I never heard of, they've all given so much. Little children, even giving their pennies..(BREAK) what else can I say? My husband wasn't a rich man, Mr. Moorhead, all he ever gave them was a smile. But I guess the smile will last longer than any stone monument we could ever put up. Because people knew he meant it, they knew it came from his heart, and they loved him for it!

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

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we'll read you a telegram from Bill Moorhead of the Kansas City, Missouri Star with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

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

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #241

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.

SHAPPELL: 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.

SHAPPELL: 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.

SHAPPELL: 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 Bill Moorhead of the  
Kansas City, Missouri Star.

MOORHEAD: Killers in tonight's story also confessed to two other  
big bank robberies, and were ~~sentenced to~~ murder in the  
first degree. Shortly before execution, I received a  
tip that a crowd would try to lynch them ~~and~~ warned  
police who dispersed crowd. The killers died on the  
gallows in county jail ~~on schedule, while~~ owner of car  
was given a life sentence in state penitentiary. My  
sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Moorhead ... 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~~ another BIG  
STORY -- A Big Story from the front pages of the Salt  
Lake City Tribune byline Cluster M. Nelsson A BIG STORY  
of a reporter who went looking for a killer only to  
~~find a perfect substitute.~~

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

CHAPPELL: And remember -- every week you can see another differen  
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. Procter with original music composed and conducted by Vladimir ~~John~~ Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Max Ehrlich from an actual story from the pages of the Kansas City Missouri Star. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and James McCallion played the part of Bill Moorhead. 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. Moorhead.

(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

Rhg  
10/24/51

# AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #242

## CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOAN
KATHERINE	CHARITA BAIRER
HEALY	MICKEY O'DAY
JIMMY	MICKEY O'DAY
BERGER	BRUCE GORDON
NILSSON	FRANCIS DE SALES
BERT	OWEN GORDON
GENE	ALAN STEVENSON

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1951

ATX01 0005224

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#242

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

NOVEMBER 14, 1951

WEDNESDAY

(Cluster M. Nilsson: Salt Lake City (Utah) Tribune)

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE AND OUT UNDER, WITH QUIET, TENSE MOOD ...)

(HURRIED STEPS, DOOR OPENED, STEPS CONTINUE WITH

SLIGHT ECHO AS NILSSON ENTERS THE MORGUE AND:)

BERGER: (SLIGHT FADE IN:) Miss Carmen, this maybe a little <sup>deliberate</sup> hard  
~~on you~~, but we need you to identify him. When I take <sup>a nut</sup>  
the sheet off, all you have to do is tell me whether <sup>this</sup>  
is your fiancée Jimmy Strand ~~or not~~. All right?

KATHERINE: (ABOUT 20; VERY LOW:) Yes.

(SHEET LIFTED)

(SLIGHT PAUSE, THEN:)

BERGER: Is this your fiancée?

KATHERINE: (A BEAT, THEN:) No ..... This -- this is a corpse --

BERGER: But is this your fiancée?

KATHERINE: (LOW; TENSE:) No. This is a corpse. My Jimmy could never  
be a corpse; I loved him too much for him to be <sup>lead</sup> ~~a corpse~~.

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT)

ATX01 0005225

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Here is America, its sound and its fury,  
its joy and its sorrow, as faithfully reported by the  
men and women of the great American newspapers. (PAUSE:  
COLD, FLAT) Salt Lake City, Utah. From the pages of  
the Salt Lake City Tribune <sup>a big</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>man</sup> story of a reporter  
<sup>wanted what he couldn't have & failed to get it.</sup>  
who ~~went looking for a killer only to find a perfect~~  
~~substitute.~~ Tonight, to Cluster M. Nilsson of the Salt  
Lake City Tribune, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL  
Award.

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)



THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #242

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 UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Salt Lake City, Utah. The story as it actually happened--  
Cluster M. Nilsson 's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: UP & UNDER)

NARR: The refusal to accept death is a normal human instinct.  
You've seen it happen a thousand times, Cluster Nilsson,  
police reporter for the Salt Lake City Tribune. So has  
Police Captain Berger <sup>of Ogden Utah, a part of your last</sup> and he does what he always does  
in such cases. Together, you lead Katherine Carmen out  
of the <sup>Ogden</sup> morgue. You take her into the Captain's office,  
let her cry her sorrow out and wait for her to speak.

KATHERINE: ~~-- I'm -- I'm a little better now. Thanks for letting me~~  
carry on this way.

BERGER: It's the least we can do, Miss Carmen. Death is pretty  
tough no matter how it comes. Murder is even worse.

KATHERINE: Captain over his left eye -- that was -- (BREAKS OFF AS  
SHE'S ABOUT TO CRY AGAIN)

BERGER: That was where he was shot. He was killed with one bullet--  
a .32 calibre slug.

KATHERINE: Where -- where did you find him?

BERGER: In a canal near Coalville. That's about 40 miles from  
Ogden here.

KATHERINE: How long ~~-- how long --~~ has he ~~--~~ been dead? <sup>Captain?</sup>

BERGER: He was found yesterday <sup>near Coalville</sup>. That's when we wired you. The  
Coroner figured he was killed just about two weeks ago.  
Around July 4th. If you feel up to it, Miss Carmen, there  
are some questions we'd like to ask.

KATHERINE: I'll -- ~~I'll~~ try.

BERGER: Actually, we know very little about your fiancée Jimmy Strand. All we found on him was this letter you'd written to him. That's how we knew about you.

KATHERINE: I see.

NILSSON: What was he doing around here, Miss Carmen? He lived in Ohio, didn't he?

KATHERINE: We -- we were to be married, Mr. Nilsson. Jimmy was on his way to California. We were to be married at my parent's house in California.

BERGER: Was he hitch-hiking or driving or what?

KATHERINE: He -- he was driving.

NILSSON: Alone?

KATHERINE: Yes.

~~NILSSON:~~ Did you hear from him while he was on the road.

KATHERINE: Yes. I -- I had a telegram from him. July 3rd.

NILSSON: What about?

KATHERINE: He -- he said he was having car trouble. He asked me to wire him thirty-five dollars.

BERGER: Where?

KATHERINE: To him, in care of Western Union here in Ogden.

NILSSON: And you did?

KATHERINE: Yes.

BERGER: What kind of a car was he driving?

KATHERINE: Why? ~~Hasn't~~ -- hasn't his car been found?

BERGER: No.

KATHERINE: He -- he had a 1941 Dodge. A four-door sedan. It was green -- that kind of a blue-green color.

NILSSON: The kind that still had the curved trunk in back with chrome strips down it like the leather straps on a valise?

KATHERINE: Yes -- how did you know? *m. Nilsson?* *It sounds crazy but*

NILSSON: ~~I guess it's one of those weird coincidences.~~ *and it* It's exactly the car I drive. Same make, same year, same model.

BERGER: Did it have anything else on it that could identify it, Miss Carmen?

KATHERINE: I -- don't -- yes, that's right. Jimmy had been in the Navy. On his back-window he'd pasted the Navy emblem.

BERGER: Thanks, Miss Carmen. You've been very helpful. If you'd like, you're free to go back home to California.

KATHERINE: I -- I'd like that very much, I'd like to go back tomorrow and take Jimmy with me. We'd like to bury him in California.

BERGER: (A BEAT, THEN:) I'm sorry, but we can't let you do that. *yet*

KATHERINE: Why-not?--

BERGER: I'm afraid we'll have to keep his body here for a time. It's part of police regulations. Maybe until the murderer is found.

KATHERINE: (A BEAT, THEN:) Then -- then I'll stay here with Jimmy -- *Jimmy's* until he's ready to go to California with me.

(PAUSE, THEN:)

NILSSON: You got a hotel room, Miss Carmen?

KATHERINE: No. *m. Nilsson*

NILSSON: I'll go downtown with you. I'll help you find one.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, SLIGHT BRIDGE, DOWN UNDER....)

(STREET BG....)

NILSSON: That's where I work, Miss Carmen. That's where my paper is -- in that building across the street.

KATHERINE: (LOST IN HER OWN THOUGHTS:) Oh, I see.

NILSSON: There are a couple of hotels around here I thought might suit you. They're kind of quiet and not too expensive.

KATHERINE: Yes, yes.....thanks.

NILSSON: What do you think of that one across the street? The Pioneer -- How's that look to you?

KATHERINE: ~~I~~ -- (SUDDEN TAKE:) That bicycle!

NILSSON: ~~Ham?~~ What bicycle?

KATHERINE: In the window here -- this bicycle store --

NILSSON: This English bike? What about it?

KATHERINE: I -- it's just like -- (BREAKS OFF:) I'm sorry, Mr. Nilsson. I guess it's the condition I'm in, anything that reminds me of Jimmy upsets me.

NILSSON: ~~This English bike reminds you of Jimmy?~~

KATHERINE: ~~No -- forget it, Mr. Nilsson. I'm sorry.~~

NILSSON: Did Jimmy have a bike like that?

KATHERINE: No, I did. When I went to visit him and his folks in Ohio, I took my bike along. It was just like the one in the window. When I went back home to California, I left the bike with Jimmy. He was bringing it out to me in his car.

NILSSON: Oh.

KATHERINE: That hotel across the street looks nice, Mr. Nilsson.  
And I'm beginning to feel awful tired. I think I  
would like to check in there.

(MUSIC: SLIGHT ACCENT, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: Once Katherine Carmen is settled in her hotel room  
at the Pioneer, you realize very quickly, Cluster  
Nilsson, that she wants to be left alone, <sup>and</sup> but as the  
days go by, your contact with <sup>her</sup> ~~Katherine Carmen~~ dwindles  
down to an occasional phone-call because there's  
nothing to tell her. And by the end of two weeks,  
as you drive along the highway from Ogden to Logan,  
you have your mind on other stories, more timely  
stories.

(CAR IN MOTION, HOLD, THEN HONKING OF HORN AS  
OF CAR BEHIND NILSSON'S, HORN BECOMES MORE  
INSISTENT UNTIL:)

NILSSON: (IRRITATED) For crying out loud, go ahead and pass me  
if you want to! But just quit honking at me all the  
way to Logan!

NARR: So you pull over as far as you can to let the car  
behind you pass ~~you~~, and as he does --

NILSSON: (TO HIMSELF: STILL SORE) Go ahead! ~~Burn-up-the-road~~  
~~if-you-want-to!~~ It's-your-own-funeral! Go ahead --  
~~it's-it's-~~ <sup>with-his!</sup>

(BREAKS OFF IN HARD TAKE) Oh no! It's ~~it's-~~  
(NILSSON'S CAR SUDDENLY ROARS UP IN SPEED,  
DOWN UNDER)

NARR: At first, you don't believe it yourself, but as you drive closer to the green sedan, close enough to see the Navy emblem on the back window, you realize suddenly, ~~Cluster Nilsson~~, that you've stumbled into one of those weird coincidences which make a man wonder about the forces that arrange our lives.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ ACCENT, DOWN UNDER)

NILSSON: (QUITE EXCITED: ON PHONE) Captain Berger?

BERGER: (ON FILTER) What's up, Nilsson? Where are you?

NILSSON: Listen, you won't believe this, but I don't have time to explain it to you. I'm here in Logan calling from the drug store right next door to the Main Street Tavern. I've just found Jimmy Strand's car.

BERGER: (TAKE) What do you mean you found his car? Where? When? Who's driving it?

NILSSON: I didn't get a look at his face. He's inside the tavern now. If he starts to leave, I'll try to stall him - but - Hurry!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ ACCENT, HURRIED BRIDGE, OUT UNDER) \_

(STREET BG, CAR DOOR SLAMMED, HURRIED STEPS AS)

NILSSON: He's still inside, Captain, here's the car.

BERGER: It sure is! Have you looked inside the car?

NILSSON: No. I didn't want to lose <sup>the car</sup> him when he comes --

(BREAKS OFF: TAKE: LOW) ~~There~~ he ~~is~~ now!

BERGER: (LOW) You mean that young kid in workclothes?

NILSSON: (TAKE) Wait a second! I -- I know him. It can't be! That's -- that's Bert Weese! He runs the bicycle store near the paper --

BERT: (EARLY 20'S: A NICE GUY: SLIGHTLY OFF-MIKE: SLIGHT TAKE)  
Mr. Nilsson, hi! (QUICK FADE IN) What're you doing  
here in Logan?

NILSSON: Bert, I -- I --

BERGER: Weese, is this your car here?

BERT: Huh? Oh, you mean this heap? (GRIN) Yeah, sure.  
Haven't had a chance to fix it up yet. Why?

BERGER: You're under arrest, Weese.

BERT: Huh? (GRIN) What does he mean, Mr. Nilsson? What's  
this, a gag?

NILSSON: I'm afraid not, Bert. This is murder.

BERT: Murder? I -- But -- What have I got to do with murder?

BERGER: We don't like to do our work out on the street, Weese.  
You'll have a chance to ask all the questions you want  
back at headquarters.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ ACCENT, DOWN UNDER)

KATHERINE: (ON PHONE: CLOSE TO TEARS) His car? They found  
Jimmy's car?

NILSSON: (ON FILTER) I'm down here at headquarters. *Miss Cowen* The  
police are about to question the man who was driving  
the car. I thought you might like to --

KATHERINE: I'll be right there, Mr. Nilsson.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ ACCENT, QUICK BRIDGE, OUT TO)

BERGER: You run the bicycle store here in Ogden, don't you,  
Weese?

BERT: That's right. Right near Mr. Nilsson's office. He  
knows me. I --

NILSSON: Better answer the questions as they come to you, Bert.



BERT: But I don't know what this is all about. Why should I be picked up like this?

BERGER: Where did you get the car you were driving?

BERT: Where? I bought it.

BERGER: From whom?

BERT: Why -- from a fellow named Jimmy Strand.

BERGER: We found this .32 calibre gun in the car. Where did you get it?

BERT: What about it? I -- traded it. I had a .38 and I traded it for this.

BERGER: What about the blood over the front seat. How did that blood get there?

BERT: (PLEADING) What are you trying to do to me? You're just trying to make everything look bad.

NILSSON: Bert, better answer the Captain's questions. How did that blood get over the front seat?

BERT: But -- but this is crazy. That's my own blood. I had a nose-bleed. Before I could get a handkerchief out, it got over the front seat.

BERGER: Weese, take a good look at that bicycle against the wall there.

BERT: That -- that English bike? What about it?

BERGER: We found that in your bicycle shop. Miss Carmen, take a look at that bike. Do you recognize it?

KATHERINE: (LOW) Yes. That's my bicycle. Jimmy was bringing it out to California with him.

BERT: (PROTESTING LOUDLY NOW) But that's what I'm trying to tell you! He sold me the works! First, he tried to sell me the bike. Then he said he'd sell me the car. And it sounded like a good buy so I bought the car and the bike and everything in the car for <sup>450</sup>~~350~~ bucks. That's what I'm trying to tell you. Jimmy Strand sold me the whole works!

NILSSON: When, Bert? When did Jimmy Strand sell you the car and the bike?

BERT: ~~When?~~ When? It -- sure, it was a week after July 4th. It was July 11th. I remember it. Strand came into the shop July 11th. (PAUSE) (THEN) (UNEASY AT SUDDEN SILENCE) What -- What did I say wrong? Mr. Nilsson, what did I say wrong? Why is everybody so quiet?

NILSSON: Bert, how often do you read the papers?

BERT: The paper's I don't know. I got a shop to run. I -- sometimes a whole week goes by, I don't read the paper.

NILSSON: Bert, listen to me. You say Jimmy Strand sold you the car and the bike on July 11th. But that couldn't be because Jimmy Strand was murdered a week before that.

BERT: (OUT CRY) That's not true! That's a lie! Jimmy Strand was in my shop July 11th! I can prove it! I tell you, I can prove it!

(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.

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 Cluster M. Nilsson, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: In all your career as a police reporter for the Salt Lake, <sup>Tri.</sup> Tribune, you, Cluster Nilsson, have never heard an alibi as strange as the one Bert Weese offered a moment ago. And now, the room in police headquarters is silent with suspicion and disbelief. Weese looks tensely from you to Police Captain Berger and then at Katherine Carmen, the dead man's fiancee. And ~~suddenly---~~

BERT: I don't care what you say about Jimmy Strand having been killed July 4th! He was in my store a week later alive! Alive as I am! And he sold me everything, his car and everything in it.

NILSSON: You said you had proof, Bert.

BERT: Sure I have proof!

BERGER: What're you talking about?

BERT: I'll show you what I'm talking about. <sup>Capt.</sup> Strand told me all about himself. He was driving to California to marry you Miss Carmen isn't that true?

KATHERINE: Yes, yes---

BERT: And he'd served a hitch in the Navy during the last war. Isn't that true? On the Lexington. Isn't that true?

KATHERINE: Yes, Yes--but how----

BERT: (CUTTING IN:)--and he's got two brothers, both of them younger than he is. Isn't that true?

KATHERINE: (BUILDING) <sup>Captain</sup> Mr. Nilsson, it's true! It must have been Jimmy. He knows all about him!

BERGER: But it's crazy. Jimmy Strand is lying in the morgue right now. And according to the Coroner, Strand was dead a week at the time you say he walked into your shop.

BERT: But I tell you everything I say is true! I don't care if it does sound crazy!

BERGER: It doesn't make sense! And what doesn't make sense to me, I can't believe. Maybe he got all that out of his identification papers.

BERT: Why do you keep saying things like that? I tell you I bought that car and everything in it--

*Bert, wait a second this Coroner - Bert that doesn't prove a*  
NILSSON: (CUTS IN:) Wait a second, Bert. You say Strand sold *any body could find that out* you the car? *since Strand was killed, how*

BERT: That's right, that's right.

NILSSON: Did he transfer title to you?

BERT: (EXCITED TAKE:) Why didn't I think of that! That's my proof! I told him we needed a notary to notarize the transfer--

NILSSON: (CUTTING IN:) Who did you go to? Who was the notary?

BERT: Right downstairs! It was the Desk Sergeant.

BERGER: Healy?

BERT: That's right, Healy. Healy! He acted as notary--Healy!

(MUSIC: (TRYING TO RECALL:) Bert Weese?--You mean the fellow who runs the bicycle store?

BERGER: That's right, Healy.

HEALY: ~~Wait a second -- I'm trying to remember. Yeah, yeah..~~  
sure. The reason I remember, the two of them seemed  
kind of like they weren't used to doing business, see?

BERGER: Go on, Healy. Tell us everything you remember.

HEALY: Sure, sure, Captain. So I couldn't make out what they  
wanted and then I said, "Who's buying and who's  
selling?" and then this Bert Weese kid, he said he  
was buying, so I asked the other fellow for his  
documents of transfer. But I had trouble <sup>notarizing it</sup> ~~with it~~

NILSSON: What kind of trouble?

HEALY: Well, see the way they <sup>put</sup> ~~put~~ them documents out in Ohio,  
they got no place for a notary's seal, so I kind of  
had to figure out where to put it to make it legal.  
See?

BERGER: In other words, you're ready to testify that Bert Weese  
didn't come into possession of that car until July  
11th. Right?

HEALY: (A LITTLE SURPRISED:) Well sure. After all, I  
notarized it!

NILSSON: The other fellow---what did he look like?

HEALY: You mean Strand?

BERGER: ~~Quit asking questions, Healy, just answer what I want~~  
~~to know.~~

HEALY: ~~The other fellow?~~ Well, I ain't sure I got a real  
look at him I was so busy with them documents. He  
was kind of young, kind of short.

NILSSON: How short? Shorter than Weese?

HEALY: Well--Well, I'd say so. Maybe a couple inches shorter than Weese. And he was dressed kind of cowboy style with a kind of big hat on and them blue jeans.

NILSSON: You're positive he was shorter than Weese?

HEALY: (IRKED:) ~~What do you keep hammering at that for?~~ *sure* Maybe I don't remember his face so good, but---

NILSSON: (CUTTING IN:) ~~I tell you why I'm hammering at it.~~ ~~Because~~ according to the Coroner's report, the real Jimmy Strand was around five foot ten -- at least two inches, maybe three inches taller than Bert Weese. ~~and~~ the fellow who came to see you, Healy, must have been the real murderer!

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

NARR:

*so you watch Bert Weese comes down the corridor of the Ogden Police Building now a free man you too later Nilsson find you miss Weese at the thought of you is the first to speak. case of destruction all innocent man can come.*  
As Bert Weese comes down the corridor of the Ogden Police Building now a free man, Katherine Carmen Nilsson find you miss Weese at the thought of you is the first to speak. case of destruction all innocent man can come.

KATHERINE: The reason I was waiting for you, Mr. Weese--Now that we know that the man who sold you the car was Jimmy's murderer, all I wanted to ask was--- What sort of a man was he? Of all the people in the world, why should he have picked on Jimmy just when--  
(ALMOST BREAKING:) Mr. Weese, why should he have picked on Jimmy?

BERT: I--I really don't know what to say, Miss Carmen. He looked like a lot of other guys --

KATHERINE: (A BEAT, THEN:) I guess it was foolish of me to ask. There's no other answer you could give me. I--if you don't mind, I think I'll go back to my hotel.

NILSSON: If -- if there's any news, Miss Carmen, I'll call you.

KATHERINE: Thanks.

(HER STEPS FADE OFF, THEN:)

BERT: (QUITE MOVED:) I--I don't know what else I could have said to her, Mr. Nilsson, to make her feel any better.

NILSSON: There's very little anybody could say to her that would help right now, Bert.

BERT: The crazy thing is he did look like a million other guys. He even wore glasses. ~~and~~ when I think of it now, *Mr. Nilsson* I still get the shakes. He could have done the same thing to me he did to Strand.

NILSSON: When he was with you in the store, did he act peculiarly in any way?

BERT: I don't mean in the store, because in the store I could take care of myself. That's not what I'm thinking about. He asked me to drive him---

NILSSON: (SLIGHT TAKE:) He asked you to drive him? Where to?

BERT: After he sold the car to me he said he had a date.

NILSSON: Where?

BERT: In Deweyville.

NILSSON: And what happened? Did you drive him?

BERT: That was probably the luckiest move I ever made in my life. If I hadn't been busy I would have driven him. After all, did I know who he was?

NILSSON: He told you he had a date in Deweyville?

BERT: It's only 40 miles from Ogden. I'd have driven him out--



NILSSON: (CUTTING IN:) Bert, how do you feel about the guy who sold you the car?

BERT: (HARD) How do you expect me to feel? If I could lay my hands on him----

NILSSON: Good. Because I'm going looking for him and I'm going to need help, Bert.

BERT: But where? Where are you going to look for him?

NILSSON: Where he told you he had a date: in Deweyville.

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER...)

NARR: And so your hunt begins, Cluster Nilsson. In Deweyville, in Coalville, and in Ogden itself. A hunt bound to fail as you and Bert Weese soon realize because all you have to go on is the description of a man's appearance and no description at all of his character or his habits. And by the end of a month, when you drop in at Bert Weese's shop on your way home, both of you are ready to call it quits.

NILSSON: You look about as tired as I feel, Bert.

BERT: Yeah. (A-BEAT, THEN-) Look, Mr. Nilsson, I'm-as-eager to lay my hands on this guy as the next man, but without knowing what kind of a guy he is or what he does with himself in his spare time--Gee, I mean it's like looking for a stolen bicycle. You never find them either.)

NILSSON: It's-okay, Bert. You can say it. I'm ready to chuck in the sponge also.

BERT: Yeah. Well, I'm closing up.

NILSSON: Which way you heading?

BERT: Going down near 25th Street. Got to cash a check.  
NILSSON: That's my direction too, Bert. I'll go along with you.

(MUSIC: ~~IN A DEFEATED MOOD, UNDER...~~)

NARR: The psychology of losers is not a very complicated one,--  
Cluster Nilsson, and you tag along now with Bert Weese  
for the simple reason that you hate to part from him  
because after a month, it's pretty hard to face the  
fact that you've run up against a stonewall.--

(STREET BG...)

BERT: (DEFEATED:) Well, I guess this is where I turn,  
Mr. Nilsson.

NILSSON: Yeah. I go the other way.

BERT: Well, see you around, Mr. (BREAKS OFF:)

NILSSON: What's the matter?

(SUDDEN-HURRIED-STEPS-BEGINNING-TO-RECEDE-AS...)

NILSSON: (CALLS:) Hey, Bert -- what's the matter with you?  
Where're you running?

(HURRIED-STEPS-CATCHING-UP-WITH-BERT-AS-STEPS  
CUT)

NILSSON: What's the matter with you, Bert? You look pale  
as a ghost.

BERT: (LOW, TENSE:) Look through the window. Inside <sup>the</sup> that  
tavern!

NILSSON: What? I don't ---

BERT: At the bar--that big hat-- it's him! Mr. Nilsson,  
it's him!

NILSSON: (A BEAT, THEN:) The short one? The man in the  
corduroy jacket and the light pants?

BERT: It's him I tell you!

NILSSON: Bert, you got to be sure! This is hard to believe.

I mean, suddenly like this, just when---

BERT: I swear to you, that's him. I'll prove it to you.

NILSSON: (TAKE:) Hold on! Where are you going!

BERT: ~~I'm going to prove to you that it's him.~~ I'm going  
inside. I'm going to face him.

NILSSON: Don't be crazy! He may be armed. I'll keep an eye  
on him here. Quick! <sup>you go</sup> Get a cop!

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

NARR: If you had any personal feelings of triumph being in  
on the capture of a murderer, ~~Cluster Nilsson~~, nobody  
could blame you. But you have no such feelings right  
now, standing there in Captain! Berger's crowded office  
looking down at Gene Everett, the murderer--the  
young, frightened killer in the large cowboy hat.

GENE: (ABOUT 20; VERY TENSE) I--I ain't going to lie to you.  
Ask me any questions and I ain't going to lie to you.

BERGER: (ALMOST GENTLY:) That's the best way to help yourself,  
Gene. Just answer the questions I put to you.

GENE: Anything -- anything you say.

BERGER: How did you meet Strand?

GENE: I--I--I stole a car in Denver, a Packard. Then out on  
the road it started giving me trouble. I was heading  
West. Near Sinclair, Wyoming, the car died on me  
altogether. So I got a garage to tow her in.

NILSSON: Was the garage where you met Strand?

GENE: (ALMOST PATHETICALLY EAGER TO PLEASE) That's right,  
mister. You got it right. He was having trouble with  
his car too, so I got to talking with him.

(MORE)

GENE:  
(CONT'D)

Then from something the garage attendant said, I got the feeling that maybe the cops were on my trail-- the stolen car, -- you know what I mean.

BERGER:

What did you do?

GENE:

I told the garage I didn't have the money to pay for the car and I was going to leave the car there until I had the money.

NILSSON:

And you asked Strand to give you a lift to Ogden?

GENE:

That's right, mister. You're right. I asked Jimmy to give me a lift to Ogden because he was supposed to go West but with all the trouble his car was having, he asked Miss Carmen here to wire him money in Ogden. Thirty-five dollars I think it was.

BERGER:

What happened on the way?

GENE:

We got near Coalville, see? And Jimmy said he was kind of thirsty-(FADING) So we stopped in this tavern-

(MUSIC: FLASHBACK, DOWN UNDER...)

(CROWDED TAVERN, UNDER..)

JIMMY:

(DRUNK; LOUD:) I want another drink! I'm a man can take a quart and it don't affect me at all! I want another drink!

GENE:

(SOBER:) Hey, Jimmy, it's getting night. Maybe you had enough. We got to drive to Ogden yet.

(JIMMY BANGS TABLE HARD AND CRASH OF GLASSES

AS:)

JIMMY:

(SHOUTING BELLIGERENTLY:) Give us another drink or I'll break up the lousy joint!

GENE: Jimmy, cut it out. The bartender don't like it. You're going to get into trouble, a fight, Jimmy.

JIMMY: I ain't scared of no fight. I'll fight anybody in this lousy joint and I'll start it right now!

(CRASH OF BOTTLE AGAINST MIRROR)

GENE: (SHOUTING) Look out, Jimmy! The bartender's got a Billy on him!

(TUMULT AS OF FIGHT AS:)

JIMMY: (SHOUTING) Go ahead, hit me again and I'll kill you  
Hit me again and I'll kill you!

GENE: (SHOUTING) Jimmy, look out!

(TUMULT TO PEAK...)

(MUSIC: UP, GHIGH, DOWN UNDER...)

(CAR IN MOTION, COMES TO STOP SUDDENLY AND  
BRAKES SQUEAL, NIGHT SOUNDS UNDER..)

GENE: What're you stopping for, Jimmy?

JIMMY: (BRUTAL, STILL DRUNK:) You lousy punk! I give you a lift and you don't even help me when I get into a fight!

GENE: Look, Jimmy, you got a load on. You're wrong. I did my best. I'm sorry you got hurt, Jimmy.

JIMMY: You lousy punk! I'm going to show you what I do to anybody who won't give me a hand, who wouldn't help a friend when he needs it. I'm going to show you--

(CLANK, AS OF METAL)

GENE: (FEAR:) Jimmy, put down that wrench!

JIMMY: I'm going to give you a taste of what I got, you  
yellow punk! I'm going to give you a taste of --

GENE: Jimmy, don't--

(CRASH OF GLASS)

GENE: (SHOUTING:) I warned you--

(TWO SHOTS)

(MUSIC: UP AND OVER, AS MUSIC COMES OUT OF FLASHBACK, WE HEAR:)  
KATHERINE: (CRYING BITTERLY) <sup>wait stand this any more - I won't sit still</sup> That's not true! Everything you said <sup>later</sup>

about Jimmy is a lie. Everything you said is a--

GENE: (SHOUTING IN FEAR:) Don't listen to her! It happened  
just the way I told you. It happened in self-defense.

KATHERINE: Mr. Nilsson, make him stop. Jimmy's dead, he can't  
defend himself but I can. Jimmy never drank in his  
life! Even if he wanted to, he couldn't.

GENE: (SHOUTING:) I told you it was self-defense. He was  
drunk..

NILSSON: (CUTTING IN) What do you mean he couldn't drink?

KATHERINE: (CRYING:) He was sick! Ever since the war, ~~ever since~~  
~~he almost drowned~~, he had ulcers. He couldn't touch  
a drop. ~~He had ulcers so bad he couldn't touch a drop.~~  
~~even if he wanted to.~~ That whole story was a lie.  
Jimmy wasn't that kind of a man.

GENE: Why won't anybody believe me? I'm telling it to you  
the way it happened. Why won't anybody believe me?

KATHERINE: (TO GENE:) Look me in the eye. Jimmy's dead. Why are  
you doing this to him? Why do you talk about a dead  
man who never hurt you in his life, why do you talk  
about him the way you're doing! Why!

BERGER: (HARD:) What was the name of that tavern?

GENE: (FAST) I -- I don't remember.

NILSSON: Was it on the main highway?

GENE: I -I don't remember.

BERGER: Could you take us back there?

GENE: (FAST) Uh - no - I don't --

BERGER: We'll leave right now. Take us to that tavern right now.

GENE: No, no I can't --

KATHERINE: You -- said you were going to tell the truth. Why don't you tell the truth?

GENE: ~~Because --- because I ---~~

NILSSON: Tell us the truth, Gene.

GENE: (A BEAT, THEN LOW) What -- what I told you before -- it didn't happen. It didn't happen that way at all. I -- I just went crazy, and killed him, that's all. Just plain crazy and killed him ( EAGERLY) That's it. That's the truth.

NILSSON: (GENTLY) I don't believe you, Gene.

GENE: Why do you say that, mister? Why do you say that?

NILSSON: Because I don't think you're that crazy.

GENE: (A BEAT, LOW) No, I'm -- I'm not that crazy. I killed him because he -- he had everything and I had nothing.

KATHERINE: (GENTLY) How -- how can you say that? Jimmy wasn't rich. Jimmy didn't even have a job. And on top of it, he didn't even have his health. How can you say he had everything?

NILSSON: (GENTLY) What did you decide to take from him, Gene?

GENE : The money - the thirty-five dollars this lady here was wiring him in Ogden. So I killed him.

KATHERINE: (CRIES OUT) But why? Why? Why didn't you just ask him for the money?

GENE: (CRIES OUT) Because I killed him and I took his identification papers and I walked into that Western Union station and I said I was Jimmy Strand and they gave me the money and for once, I was just like him! Don't you understand? For once, it was like somebody cared about me and was sending me money and was happy and was waiting for me! For once, that's the way I felt! That's why I killed him! *Don't you understand?*

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

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we'll read you a telegram from Cluster M. Nilsson of the Salt Lake City, ~~Utah~~, Tribune with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ TURNTABLE)  
(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)



THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #242

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: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_TAC)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Cluster M. Nilson of the Salt Lake City, Utah, Tribune.

WILLSON: After ~~sentencing~~ to Utah State Prison, murderer in tonight's Big Story fought five years through the State Courts against the death penalty. But in September of this year, the State Board of Pardons rejected his final appeal and shortly after he died before the State firing squad.

Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Nilson...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 in 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 Akron Ohio Beacon Journal -- byline - Clyde Mann. A BIG STORY of a man in prison for murder and a reporter who fought for justice --

(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. Proctor 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 Salt Lake City, Utah Tribune. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Francis de Sales played the part of Cluster M. Nilsson. 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. Nilsson.

(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.

AL/HC/VAK

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #243

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOAN
GLORIA	JAY MEREDITH
MAN	LES DAMON
BASSERMAN	MAURICE FRANKLIN
DOCTOR	BOB DRYDEN
GUSTOV	BOB DRYDEN
BARKER	CLEM FOWLER
JOE	CLEM FOWLER
GOVERNOR	GENE LEONARD
DOYLE	BILL SMITH
WARDEN	BERT COWLAN

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1951

ATX01 0005254

NEC

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

THE BIG STORY

NOVEMBER 21, 1951

#243

WEDNESDAY

(CLYDE MANN: AKRON BEACON JOURNAL)

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE AND UNDER)

BARKER: (BREATHING WITH DIFFICULTY)

DOCTOR: (LOW) He hasn't got long, Warden.

WARDEN: (LOW) I don't suppose it really makes any difference. <sup>Doc</sup>  
he's in for murder... life with no parole.

BARKER: Warden.. Warden..

WARDEN: Take it easy, Barker...don't try to talk.

BARDER: No...no...got to tell you. I'm dying...Doc says so.

WARDEN: Take it easy.

BARDER: Got to tell you before...(STARTS COUGHING)

DOCTOR: (OFF) Adrenalin..

BARDER: Listen..Arthur Doyle..got that...Doyle

WARDEN: I understand..the man who was convicted with you.

BARKER: That's it..he didn't do it. Doyle wasn't in that job.  
I lied..he's innocent...Doyle is innocent. It was  
somebody else..Doyle is...(COUGHS...SUBSIDES WITH A  
RATTLING GASP)

WARDEN: Barker...Barker...(PAUSE) Doctor!

DOCTOR: He's dead!

(MUSIC: UP TO)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Here is America, it's sound and its fury,  
its joy and its sorrow, as faithfully reported by the men  
and women of the Great American newspapers. (PAUSE: FLAT  
COLD) <sup>Akron, Ohio</sup> From the pages of the Akron Beacon-Journal, the  
story of a man in prison for murder, and a reporter who  
fought for justice. Tonight, to Clyde Mann, <sup>of the Akron O. B. Beacon</sup> for his Big <sup>\$500</sup> ~~Journal~~  
Story goes the PELL MELL AWARD.

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(FIRST COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #243

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.

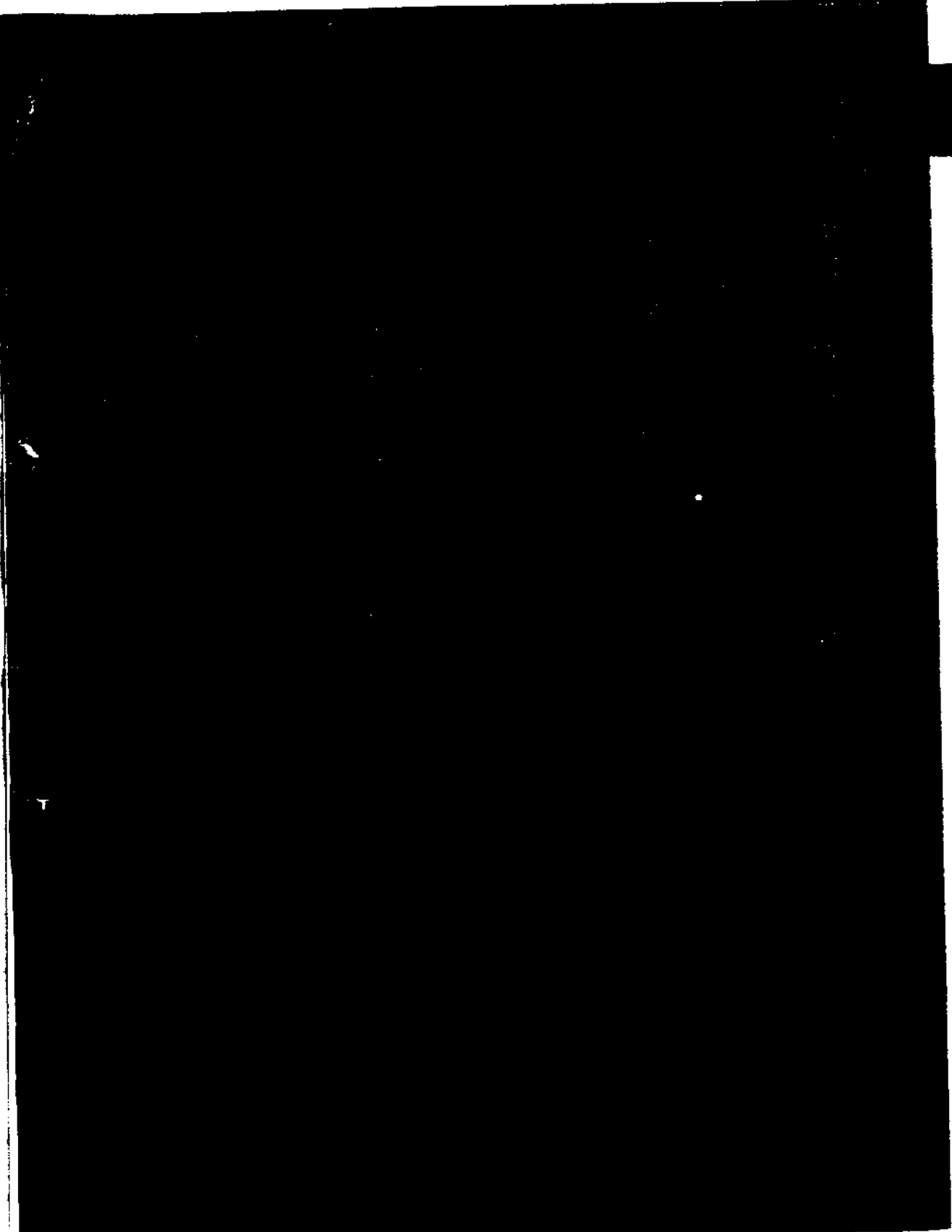
HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes. At <sup>the</sup> first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 17 - by actual measure - PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

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

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

HARRICE: And - they are mild!



ATX01 000525B



(MUSIC: THEME AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Akron, Ohio. The story as it actually happened --  
Clyde Mann's story as he lived it!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: It started as a routine item on the ticker, Clyde Mann.  
"Ohio Parole and Pardon Commission refuses freedom to  
lifer Arthur Doyle despite death ~~bad confession~~ <sup>of Barker</sup> exonerating  
him." It's a nice bit...the murder that sent both men up  
happened in Canton...that's close enough to Akron to be  
worth a box on the front page. You read the item when it  
hits your desk and file it away..you've got a reporters  
mind, a mental card file jammed with stories not quite  
alphabetically in order. Just a routine bit to serve to  
Akron over the orange juice and coffee. But at Columbus  
Ohio on the Prison Honor Farm the news goes over a little  
bigger!

(HAMMER ON STAKES)

DOYLE: (HAMMERING) Joe..where's the Guard?

JOE: (HAMMERING) He went out for coffee.. boy, stir ain't what  
it used to be. The Screw goes out for coffee...hah!  
Honor Farm...it's a country club!

DOYLE: I'm getting out of here.

JOE: You're crazy!

DOYLE: You heard what the Parole Board did..turned me down after  
Barker's death <sup>bed</sup> statement.

JOE: Sure, Doyle, but you don't want to walk away from here.  
It's a great set-up. <sup>work</sup> Eight hours a day ~~work~~...movies..  
no cell block...it's a pipe.

DOYLE: I'm getting out.

JOE: They'll bury you so deep they'll have to pump air down to you.

DOYLE: They didn't believe Barker when he said I didn't kill that man..there's only one way to make 'em believe.....

JOE: If I was you I'd forget it. It ain't so bad here...

DOYLE: I'm innocent. I've got to prove it...

(~~HAMMER SET DOWN~~)

Well...goodby, Joe.

JOE: Have a good time, Doyle...give my regards to the boys in solitary confinement!

DOYLE: (FADES) So long...

(MUSIC: -- HIT UNDER NARR)

NARR: The follow-up story hits your desk, Clyde Mann. "Lifer Arthur Doyle walks away from Columbus Honor Camp." You connect two items...a death bed confession and an escape, and you think you've got a modest little story going. You check with Magistrate Chester Basserman, he was District Attorney when Doyle was sent up!

BASSERMAN: Of course, Mr. Mann...I remember the Doyle case. I...I remember it very well.

MANN: Did you have any doubt when you tried the case?

BASSERMAN: No. Barker and Doyle were two wild young kids. There'd been a series of robberies, and Barker confessed to a whole string of them and implicated Doyle. Of course that was before that grocer died. When the charge was murder Doyle pleaded not-guilty. Nobody believed him...then.

MANN: How about now?

BASSERMAN: Mr. Mann, a District Attorney who isn't just a political hack sometimes has a lot of trouble sleeping ~~at night~~.

MANN: Do you have any idea why the Parole Commission refused to release Doyle after Barker cleared him?

BASSERMAN: Yes, I spoke to the members of the board. They feel that Barker was operating under some kind of underworld code. That as long as he was dying he thought he could get his accomplice out. Of course Doyle's escape backs them up!

MANN: What do you think?

BASSERMAN: I don't know...I wish I did! Doyle was only 17 when I sent him up. He's been in a long time, I wonder...

(PHONE RING)

Excuse me...

(PHONE PICKED UP)

Yes...speaking. Huh...I see....at Loon Lake...the third cottage. All right.. all right...I'll be there!

(HANGS UP)

Well...Mr. Mann, would you be interested in a short trip to Loon Lake?

MANN: What for?

BASSERMAN: That was Arthur Doyle..he wants to give himself up!

(MUSIC: -- HIT: UNDER NARR)

NARR: You drive out in Judge Basserman's convertible with a sedan full of Canton police tagging along. The summer cottages at Loon Lake line the road like childrens blocks along the edge of ~~the~~ carpet. There's a cut out wooden sign in front of the one you're looking for, and a row of cute wooden ducks planted on the lawn. A littl man is waiting outside wearing white trousers and a sweat shirt

BASSERMAN: Hello, Doyle.

DOYLE: Hello, <sup>Judge</sup> ~~Mr.~~ Basserman. I'm glad you could come.

BASSERMAN: Are you ready to go back now?

DOYLE: Soon!

BASSERMAN: Why did you escape, Doyle. You know you'd be caught.

DOYLE: Sure...but I had to find someone. It took a month...  
but I found him. You see the parole board wouldn't  
believe Barker...that's why I escaped. Maybe they'll  
believe him now. Gustav!

(LIGHT DOOR OPEN)

GUSTAV: (COMING ON) This the Judge?

DOYLE: I found him working in a gas station, <sup>Judge</sup> go ahead, Gustav,

GUSTAV: Doyle wasn't anywhere near that holdup Judge. Barker  
told the truth. Doyle wasn't the other man in the murder.

BASSERMAN: How do you know?

GUSTAV: Because I was! I did that job with Barker.

MANN: Why didn't you come out with this before, Gustav?

GUSTAV: I was afraid..I didn't want to go to jail. ~~But I can't~~  
~~sleep.~~ I think it's my conscience....

BASSERMAN: ~~The voice of a higher power.~~

GUSTAV: Yeah...yeah-Judge that's-it. I couldn't sleep. When  
Arthur showed up I thought it was a ghost or something..  
I jumped maybe a foot. Then he brought me up here, he's  
been talking to me for days. I'm glad it's all over.  
I was the other man with Barker. Arthur Doyle is  
innocent.

DOYLE: All right, Judge Basserman...I'm ready to go back with  
you now!

(MUSIC:    HIT:    UNDER)

NARR: Your story is snowballing now. It fits the pattern nicely. Innocent man a victim of circumstances. Escapes jail to find the real killer...then happy ending. You think it's neat...you file your story and wonder about turning an extra buck writing it up for a True Detective magazine. You follow the trial of Charles Gustav, and you get a nice ironical paragraph out of the sentence when you phone in.

MANN: Chief Gustav gets ten to 25 years. Armed robbery and manslaughter. Arthur Doyle is innocent and he got life.... for murder. See if you can keep the item alive till the parole board meets. I'll get a human interest bit out of that. Happy ending...innocence vindicated. I've got it all outlined.

(MUSIC: HIT: UNDER)

NARR: The State Parole and Pardon Commission is meeting now... You put in time waiting <sup>for the show call</sup> at Judge Basserman's office. <sup>and then</sup> ~~It's~~ <sup>of course the judge answers & gives you the news</sup> only a matter of routine now...

MANN: Judge, I've got the lead all sketched out in my head...high walls left behind...clear blue sky of freedom...the works.

BASSERMAN: You're very confident.

MANN: Sure...I'm anxious to hit the typewriter. You don't get much chance for a nice creative bit. I can lay it on thick

...

(PHONE RINGS) PICKED UP)

BASSERMAN: Yes...this is Judge Basserman.

MANN: The Parole Commission?

BASSERMAN: This is Basserman talking! Yes...yes Warden...yes. No, Mr. Mann is right here...thank you.

(PHONE HANGS UP)

MANN: ~~Well...~~

BASSERMAN: They turned him down. The Commission refused a pardon.

MANN: Refused...but why? Barker said Doyle was innocent, Gustav confessed, he's been convicted. How can they keep Doyle in?

BASSERMAN: The Commission feels all three men are guilty. They won't release Doyle. The Warden is sending me a transcript...

MANN: I can't figure it. You were there when Gustav confessed, why should he lie? All he had to do was tell Doyle to fly a kite and he was free. Why should he give himself up if he wasn't telling the truth?

BASSERMAN: All I know is the Commission refused a pardon!

MANN: ~~Mr.~~ Basserman...up to now I've been thinking of Arthur Doyle as a juicy piece of copy. A human interest bit worth a by-line and a couple of columns of crocodile tears. But do you realize that he's been in prison since he was 17 for a crime he didn't commit...and unless the Board reverses itself he'll stay there till he dies?

BASSERMAN: (QUIETLY) I realize that, Mr. Mann...I prosecuted Doyle...I sent him up.

BASSERMAN: Now look here...

(DESK DRAWER SLIDES OPEN)

This is the complete record on the Doyle case...I keep it in my desk. ~~The trial...the deathbed statement... Gustav's confession and trial record! I've been going over this record every day since Gustav confessed.~~  
It's not an easy thing for me to think that I condemned an innocent man to life in Prison.

MANN: Can I go over these records, Judge?

BASSERMAN: Why?

MANN: Arthur Doyle is innocent...I'm convinced of that...so are you. There must be some way to prove it. There must be some way to run a blow torch through the red tape and get Doyle out of there. There's my real story...an honest one. I don't need purple prose and tricky feature gimmicks. If I can get the truth...if I can report the simple fact that justice was done, that's the best copy a reporter can file.

(MUSIC: -- -- HIT: CON'T UNDER)

NARR: You study the records for a week. You puzzle over the close printed trial record..."Q. Were you certain the man you saw was the defendant...Mr. Wilson: I object...counsel is leading the witness...The Court: Objection overruled!" You study the confessions ~~in the ragged hand of youth that has not taken the Palmer method too seriously.~~ You study the prison records... the Trial of Gustav. And then, with a throbbing headache ~~over the left eye...~~ you close the written record and start to check direct from life. The witness that placed Doyle at the murder was an eight year old girl. She isn't eight when you see her, she wears a thin gold wedding ring on hands scarred by the bleach in a hundred tubs of diapers.

GLORIA: I haven't got much time, Mr. Mann. I left the baby with Al's mother.

MANN: Do you remember Arthur's Doyle's trial, Mrs. Lasker?

GLORIA: Sure. I was only a kid, but it was the biggest thing that happened to me. I was in the grocery store when that poor old man was murdered.

MANN: And you saw Doyle hit him?

GLORIA: Oh no! That wasn't it.

MANN: You testified you saw the murder.

GLORIA: Sure...but that other man hit him. Then I ran outside, and there was a man in the car. I thought ~~it~~<sup>he</sup> was Arthur Doyle.

MANN: Outside? You mean you only saw one man in the grocery store?

GLORIA: Uh huh. Maybe I'd better call...the baby had sniffles this morning. Woke up sopping wet, too.

MANN: Just a minute more, Mrs. Lasker. This is very important. You're sure...you didn't see Arthur Doyle in the store?

GLORIA: Of course I'm sure. There was only one man in the store and...that was Barker!

MANN: Thank you, Mrs. Lasker...thank you very much. Oh...and I hope your baby gets over the sniffles!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ QUICK BRIDGE)

MANN: There it is, Judge. The first break for Doyle.

BASSERMAN: Go over it again, Clyde.

MAN: Barker's first confession said he and Doyle were in the store together. The girl's testimony was confused at the time...but now she swears that Barker was alone in the store...and that a man that looked like Doyle was outside in the car. Gustav looks like Doyle...get it. There were only two men in the crime. The State maintained that at the trial...but they've sent three men to prison!



BASSERMAN: It seems conclusive to me.

MANN: Two men commit a crime, three men go to jail. Judge, I'm going to take this case before the Parole and Pardon Commission again. It's clear cut...they can't turn him down now. They've got to let Doyle free!

(MUSIC: ~~---~~ ~~HTT: UNDER NARR~~)

~~NARR~~

(MUSIC: ~~---~~ ~~HTT: UNDER~~)

NARR: The Commission hears you...their faces as impassive as the high walls painted the sickly institutional yellow! You've presented your case...and you wait for their decision! You know he's innocent...they've got to let him out. But somehow within those highwalls topped by pacing guards...freedom seems a long way off!

(MUSIC: ~~---~~ ~~UP TO TAG~~)

MUSIC: ~~---~~ ~~TURNTABLE~~

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

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

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

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

CHAPPELL:At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover,after 5 puffs, or 10, or 17 - by actual measure - PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

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

CHAPPELL:Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

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

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: INTRO. & UNDER 11A)

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

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You ~~sweat it out~~ <sup>at a way</sup>. Clyde Mann, down in the prison chapel. There's a scaffolding on the wall.....and on it Arthur Doyle stands.....a pallette on his arm...and before him on the wall a womans face takes shape ....a face that shines with peace and mercy.....

(SLIGHT OVER-ALL ECHO)

MANN: Where'd you learn to paint, Doyle?

DOYLE: (SLIGHTLY OFF) I didn't ...not really. I got a book out of the prison library...sort of taught myself.

MANN: That's good.....

DOYLE: Thanks.

MANN: They've been in there an hour.

DOYLE: I guess they figure we've got plenty of time.

MANN: They've got to let you out.

DOYLE: That's what I thought the last time. Do you think this is too dark a red, Mr. Mann?

MANN: It's an airtight case. The only reason they could ~~have~~ <sup>keep you here</sup> ~~you~~ <sup>island of</sup> is that identification by an eight year old girl, and she could have mixed you up with Gustav, <sup>as easily</sup> as not.

DOYLE: Why don't you sit down, Mr. Mann.

MANN: I can't.

DOYLE: I've been through this twice before...you get used to it.

MANN: Why else would Gustav confess....he knew what he was getting into.

DOYLE: I saw him yesterday...we had a nice talk.

MANN: You're not sore at him?

DOYLE: Why should I be? He did what he could ... he told the truth.

MANN: It's obvious....two men commit a crime, three men jailed... Barker says you're innocent, Gustav backs it up, they've got to set you free.

DOYLE: Yeah....yeah, I suppose so.

MANN: What's keeping them?

(LARGE DOOR OPEN)

WARDEN: (COMING ON) Good afternoon, Mr. Mann.

MANN: Are they through, Warden?

WARDEN: Yes...That mural's coming along fine, Doyle.

DOYLE: Thank you, Warden.

WARDEN: You've got real talent, Doyle.

MANN: Warden, what did the board rule....

WARDEN: Doyle...I'm afraid you're going to be able to finish your painting.

MANN: What.....

WARDEN: The Board turned down your application, Doyle. You serve your term.

MANN: But that's impossible .... it was clear. He's innocent. Warden, they can't do that.

WARDEN: They can. The Board is the highest resource. Even the Governor is bound to follow it's recommendations. I'm sorry Doyle.

DOYLE: ~~Do you think this cell is too dark, Warden?~~

WARDEN: ~~It looks fine.~~

MANN: But he's innocent. They can't keep him in prison....

WARDEN: I'm sorry, Mr. Mann. You presented your case very well...  
you convinced me. But there isn't anything that we can  
do.....Doyle stays in prison!

(MUSIC: HIT: OUT)

MANN: I don't believe it, Judge....I don't. They can't keep  
him in Prison.

BASSERMAN: I....felt sure that this time.....

MANN: But why...why should they refuse to release him? ~~There's~~  
no sense to it.

BASSERMAN: I called a friend in Columbus....he suggests two  
possibilities. Legally if Doyle were pardoned he might  
sue state officials for damages...also they may have  
held Doyle's escape from the Honor Camp against him.

MANN: But that's crazy. He only escaped to get the real  
killer, then he turned himself in!

BASSERMAN: I don't know, Clyde. Sometimes the workings of official  
bodies are wonderous to behold.

MANN: Judge....up to now I've held myself down covering this,  
I didn't want to prejudice Doyle's chances. ~~But there's~~  
only one thing left... I'm going to start a bonfire under  
the parole board.

BASSERMAN: They operate under the law, Clyde. They're only doing  
their duty as they see it.

MANN: Well...~~I want the people of Ohio to see it too.~~ *But now*  
~~to tell them about Arthur Doyle and the raw deal he's~~  
*the people of Ohio want*  
getting. I'm going to tell them there's an innocent man  
in State Prison for Life...no parole..life and that the only  
thing keeping him there is plain old fashioned red tane!

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

NARR: You spread it out big, Clyde Mann. You write it honest, and strong. The Editorial writers pick it up, and the other papers of Akron, Canton, and Columbus. Your story goes out on the Associated Press wire. It catches the eye...the innocent man, the paintings, and the parole board! Then one day you tucked the records under your arm and head for the state Capitol. You cool your heels for a couple of days.....and then you see the Governor!

GOVERNOR: I've had your brief checked, Mr. Mann.

MANN: It's all sworn, Governor.

GOVERNOR: I know, but I had my own investigation made. It checks. I believe there's a grave doubt of the justice of Doyle's imprisonment.

MANN: Doubt? He's innocent.

GOVERNOR: Mr. Mann, I'm inclined to believe you!

MANN: Then you'll pardon him?

GOVERNOR: It isn't as simple as that, Mr. Mann. My powers of pardon are limited. I can't go against the recommendations of the Parole Board.....

MANN: And they're sitting tight. Governor....I'm proud of Ohio, but if the whole weight of the State government is going to be thrown into keeping one innocent man in Prison for life I'm tempted to pack up and move to the South Seas.

GOVERNOR: Before you buy a ticket, Mr. Mann...there's more than one way to skin a cat...~~police~~~~terms know that~~. Under the original terms of Doyle's sentence he can't be paroled.

MANN: I know, and the Board squashes a pardon.

GOVERNOR: Now...suppose I commute Doyle's sentence to 2nd Degree murder...that makes him eligible for parole.

MANN: But he isn't guilty of murder.

GOVERNOR: I know...but you want to get him out...this is the only way! I'll issue the commutation order immediately!

(MUSIC: -- HIT: UNDER NARR)

NARR: A set up for the happy ending again. You go before the Parole Commission and spread your records on the table. You lay out the proof of Doyle's innocence, and you hammer it home with a new point...the Governor agrees with you. You stare into the same faces and try to read a decision. It isn't long in coming....The warden gives it to you-

WARDEN: I'm sorry, Mr. Mann. They've denied parole. Doyle stays in Prison!

MANN: It's....it's like a <sup>night</sup>nightmare. You run and you run and you don't get anywhere! How can they do that? <sup>an innocent man?</sup> How can ~~they go in the face of the evidence?~~

WARDEN: ~~It isn't as simple as that now, Mr. Mann.~~ Charles Gustav has changed his story. Now he says Arthur Doyle was guilty. The Board ~~had voted~~ <sup>was ready</sup> to free Doyle but when they heard that, they reversed themselves, Doyle stays in.

(MUSIC: -- HIT: UNDER)

NARR: The whole case up in smoke ...the rug yanked out from under you! You had it in your hand and it got away. When you bring the news to Judge Basserman you find him in the hospital.

BASSERMAN: ~~Keep after it, Clyde.~~

MANN: It doesn't make sense, Judge. Why should he change his story now. That's the only thing keeping the Board from freeing Doyle. What good does it do him to keep Doyle in jail?

BASSERMAN: They won't let me talk much, Clyde. I...I want you to go to my office. I'll write a note. Take the records on the Doyle case....

MANN: You'll need them.

BASSERMAN: ~~Not any more.~~ <sup>Clyde</sup> I've had three coronary attacks. ~~The next one will finish me.~~ I want to see Doyle free more than anything else. It's a terrible thing to have sent a man into that! You take my file, Clyde. You keep after the Doyle case...you see that he's free!

(MUSIC:           HIT: UNDER NARR          )

NARR: You read it in the obit column the next day... Judge Chester Basserman, age <sup>66</sup>46. You pick up the Doyle records on the way back from the funeral! The years of work hang on Charles Gustav. You've got to break his story, if he tells the truth the Board will act. You go down to the State Prison and you find Doyle.

DOYLE: Gustav isn't here, Mr. Mann...he was transferred out to the London Prison Farm.

MANN: Doyle....can you think of any reason why he should change his story?



DOYLE: No. We were pretty good friends in here.

MANN: It just doesn't make sense. Two members of the Board told me, they'd vote to release you if Gustav stuck to his first story.

DOYLE: ~~I don't worry about things making sense anymore, Mr. Mann.~~

MANN: ~~I suppose not. How are things?~~

DOYLE: ~~I've got a new job... I'm going to be a chauffeur.~~

MANN: ~~Fine...~~

DOYLE: ~~For the Governor's wife. I'm supposed to paint her picture too.~~

MANN: ~~That's pretty good. At least they believe in you, Doyle.~~

DOYLE: ~~Yeah... Mr. Mann, I've been pretty easy about it all... but it isn't because I don't want to get out. I have to keep saying to myself... take it easy... just forget about tomorrow... lose yourself painting. Because if I started thinking I'd go crazy. I've held out up to now... but I don't know about anymore. (DROP) You think this green is right for the leaves?~~

(MUSIC: UP TO)

(BARNYARD-NOISES)

MANN: Gustav... I want to talk to you.

GUSTAV: Let me alone.... I got work to do.

MANN: You told the truth when you said Doyle was innocent, didn't you?

GUSTAV: I don't have anything more to say.

MANN: Why did you change your story? What good does it do you to keep Doyle in jail?

GUSTAV: Lock, I'm not bothering you. Let me alone.....

MANN: Remember in that cottage on Loon Lake? You said your conscience bothered you. You said you couldn't sleep.... remember that?

GUSTAV: Yeah...I said that.

MANN: Then why did you change your story?

GUSTAV: ~~I'm telling the truth now!~~

MANN: Then why did you confess then?

GUSTAV: He made me. He.....he kidnapped me. He threatened me see....now leave me alone!

MANN: Uh huh he kidnapped you...he threatened you. Doyle who's five inches shorter than you....He made you confess? You expect me to believe that?

GUSTAV: ~~I don't care what you believe....~~

MANN: You want to keep Doyle in? You want him locked up till he dies is that it? You think you're going to enjoy life when you know that Doyle is in prison for your crime? And don't think you'll forget it....you won't!

GUSTAV: I know....I know. You leave me alone. I've got enough troubles...I can't sleep, tired all the time. You leave me alone.

MANN: Then why don't you tell the truth? Gustav...tell the truth! Tell them Doyle's innocent. Why don't you?

GUSTAV: Cause I've got to look out for myself that's why. I haven't got any newspapers looking after me. The Governor don't care if I rot. My folks don't even come down to see me. Why should I stay in here for Doyle.... they make a big deal out of him....an artist....everybody is sorry for him they don't give two cents for me. I want to get out too.

MANN: You think you'll get out quicker by trying to keep Doyle in....

GUSTAV: A guy told me that...he said ~~don't~~ <sup>I should</sup> say anything that ~~it~~ <sup>d</sup> queer me with the Parole board. That's what he said. I've got to look out for myself. I'll go crazy in here.....I don't want Doyle to stay in...but I've got to get out.

MANN: You simple fool. You got a much better chance of getting out if you tell the truth! Don't you think people will find out you're trying to climb out of prison on Doyle's back? The Board reversed itself on your word-- you think they'll be easy on you if they find out you're lying?

GUSTAV: The feller said...I didn't mean no harm. Nobody cares about me.....

MANN: The Governor want's Doyle out.....you trying to buck him? Tell the truth, Gustav...tell the truth.

GUSTAV: I...all right. You tell the Warden I'll tell the truth... Doyle is innocent.

MANN: (RELIEF) All right Gustav...I'll tell him, And I'll tell the Parole Board - that's all they want to hear to let Doyle free!

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

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we'll read you a telegram from Clyde Mann of the Akron Ohio Beacon Journal 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 Clyde Mann of the Akron Ohio Beacon Journal.

MANN: Prisoner in tonight's Big Story was finally paroled after serving twenty years for a crime he did not commit. It was a long uphill fight, but the satisfaction of getting Doyle freed was worth it. My sincere appreciation for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Mann .....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 Atlanta Georgia Journal Constitution -- byline -- Rolfe Edmondson. A BIG STORY of a reporter's hunt for a murderer who had clay feet.

(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 EG ON CUE) \_\_\_

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Proctor with original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky, Tonight's program was adapted by Ernest Kinoy from an actual story from the <sup>front</sup> pages of the Akron Ohio Beacon Journal. Your narrator ~~was~~ Bob Sloan, ~~and~~ Les Damon played the part of Clyde Mann. 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. Mann.

(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.

al/rp/tb  
11/13/51

ATX01 0005280

# AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #244

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOAN
HELEN	EVELYN SIEBOLD
ROLF	LARRY FLETCHER
COP	BILL GRIFFIS
WEST	BILL GRIFFIS
AMES	WM. KEENE
GEORGE	JOE SILVER
HAYES	PHIL STERLING
WAYCROSS	MELVILLE RUICK

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1951

ATX01 0005281

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#244

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

NOVEMBER 28, 1951

WEDNESDAY

(ROLFE EDMONDSON: THE ATLANTA (GA) JOURNAL CONSTITUTION)

CHAPPELL: FELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: FANFARE...MOOD...CUT TO:)

(DOOR OPEN AND SHUT SLIGHTLY OFF)

GEORGE: (IN HL. FORTIES, ~~CULTIVATED~~...CALLS) Helen, is that you? (BEAT...THEN) Is that you, Helen?

HELEN: (HIS WIFE...TERRIBLY SHOCKED) George...I - I -

GEORGE: (TAKE) You look pale as a ghost! What's wrong? What was ~~all that commotion about next door?~~

HELEN: *left door* Bill and Marion's children...~~they - they'd just -~~ come home from Sunday school and - and ..

GEORGE: I can't understand you. ~~What's happened? What about the children?!~~

HELEN: They - found Marion...She - she was lying at the foot of the stairs -

GEORGE: ~~Lying at the -~~

HELEN: Dead...(BREAKS DOWN) She's dead! Marion's dead! George, ~~I felt her! - She's - she's cold!~~ (WEEPING)

GEORGE: *Dead?* We've got to call the police!

HELEN: (SOMETHING SHE'S AFRAID TO SPEAK OUT) George..I-if -if the police...I-

GEORGE: What is it?! Why shouldn't we call the police, Helen?!

HELEN: (BEAT...THEN LOW) ~~it's - it's just...~~ *here mind - near mine* I...Better call the - police, George..

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER:

ATX01 0005282



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 AND COLD:), <sup>Atlanta, Ga</sup> From the pages of the Atlanta  
Journal-Constitution, the story of a reporter's hunt  
for a murderer who had clay feet. Tonight, to Rolfe  
Edmondson, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL <sup>\$500</sup> 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: Atlanta, Georgia. The story as it actually happened --  
Rolfe Edmondson's story as he lived it.

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

NARR: The story, as it came in over the A.P. wires about two  
hours ago, was only two paragraphs long. Boiled down,  
it read, <sup>in</sup> effect: "Columbus, Georgia. This Afternoon,  
Mrs. Marion ~~Wayeross~~ <sup>Beason</sup>, wife of William R. ~~Wayeross~~ <sup>Beason</sup>, was  
found dead in her suburban home on the outskirts of  
Columbus, apparently the victim of a fall down a  
carpeted stairway." That's all. But you, Rolfe  
Edmondson, veteran police reporter for the Atlanta  
Journal-Constitution, had had an immediate reaction.

ROLFE: (EARLY 50's, TO HIMSELF:) People don't die like that.  
(A BEAT:) They don't fall down the heavily carpeted  
stairs of their suburban homes and die like that.

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

NARR: Call it a hunch, call it years of experience, call it  
what you will. But right now, Rolfe Edmondson, you're <sup>on the</sup>  
a hundred miles from your office, walking right up to <sup>outside</sup>  
the ~~Wayeross~~ <sup>Beason</sup>-home and the elderly cop standing guard  
outside.

ROLFE: Where's everybody?

COP: Who's everybody?

ROLFE: Why - the family, the - the police, her husband Mrs.  
~~Wayeross~~ <sup>Beason</sup> died a few hours ago, didn't she?

COP: (PLAT) You're a reporter, ain't you?

ROLFE: Yeah -

COP: You were a kid once, weren't you?

ROLFE: (TAKE) Hm?!

COP: Did you ever go digging for clams, with a knife and a fork all ready to eat them with?

ROLFE: What are you talking about?!

COP: Clam - it's ~~always~~ lying there wide open when you come on it, lookin' like it was just waitin' for you to eat it. And the next minute - poof! It's shut tighter'n the door to Heaven is to a sinner! ~~And you can pry at it with your knife and fork all day and all night and you won't get it open!~~

ROLFE: Look - all I asked you was a simple question. Where's Mrs. <sup>Sanson</sup> Wayercross' husband and where are the police?!

COP: (CUTS IN, FLAT) That's what this <sup>Sanson</sup> Wayercross is like - just like that clam. And then there are some clams - once you pry them open, there's nothing but poison... real poison -

ROLFE: (IRKED) Great. Tell me your theories some other time. Who's in charge of this case?

COP: And you know something else? If you poke too hard into a clam it's liable to squirt right into your eye...~~even if you're a cop or - a reporter...~~(SAME FLAT TONE)  
Lt. Hayes is in charge. You'll find him down at headquarters...

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

HAYES: Oh, him..He's the philospher of the police force. Besides, he doesn't like <sup>Sanson</sup> Wayercross...What made you come all the way over from Atlanta? Rolfe?

ROLFE: Just a hunch Lt.....about staircases with heavy carpets on them and people who fall down dead...

HAYES: You and I are supposed to disagree, aren't we?

ROLFE: I don't get you, Lieutenant.

HAYES: You're a reporter and I'm a cop. According to the movies and the detective stories, right now I should say "Edmondson, your hunch is crazy, the woman died and that's all."

ROLFE: But --

HAYES: But I don't see it that way at all. I think your hunch is right. You don't fall down a short flight of steps and end up dead and with blood all over you.

ROLFE: Blood?

HAYES: Her head, her dress, even her arms.

ROLFE: The Coroner's report in yet?

HAYES: Not for a while ~~yet~~.

ROLFE: Where was her husband?

HAYES: You mean William R. <sup>V. Benson</sup> ~~Waycross~~? He was out at the golf course.

ROLFE: Proof?

HAYES: None.

ROLFE: Have you questioned him?

HAYES: (A BEAT, THEN WITH SUBDUED ANGER:) Were you ever a cop ~~and~~ <sup>did you ever</sup> try to question a man who has the right friends?

(SARCASTIC:) Didn't you know that a guy like that is very delicate? Don't you know that when you find the wife of a guy like that, dead and bloody, that right away he suffers from "shock"? That right away his doctor says he can't see anybody? That right away a ~~man~~ <sup>man</sup> starts holding his hand day and night?

ROLFE: (A BEAT, THEN:) So it's like that.

HAYES: Yeah...it's like that.

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

GEORGE: That's right, Mr. Edmondson. It was my wife here who found Marion - Mrs. ~~Wayeross~~ <sup>Benson</sup>.

ROLFE: You heard the children crying, Mrs. Dalton? Is that what made you go over next door?

HELEN: (VERY TENSE) Y-yes...

ROLFE: Just by way of background, Mr. Dalton..you've known Mr. ~~Wayeross~~ <sup>Benson</sup> for some time, haven't you?

GEORGE: Yes..

ROLFE: What kind of a man would you say he is?

GEORGE: Well...Bill is -...Bill and Marion they're close friends of ours....

ROLFE: I see...By the way -

~~GEORGE:~~ ~~Yes?~~

ROLFE: According to the police, Mr. ~~Wayeross~~ <sup>Benson</sup> says he left the house for the golf course quite early this morning. You - neither of you happen to see when he went out, did you?

GEORGE: No - I didn't -

ROLFE: I see- The time element is important because we know that Mrs. ~~Wayeross~~ <sup>Benson</sup> died around 10:30. How about you Mrs. Dalton - did you see him leave?

HELEN: I - I .....That is - .....

ROLFE: Did you want to tell me something, Mrs. Dalton?

HELEN: (BEAT...THEN) No...

ROLFE: Well....thanks for your time...

GEORGE: It's quite all right, Mr. Edmondson...I'll see you to the door...

ROLFE: Thanks but I'll find my way out...

(PAUSE UNTIL DOOR OPENED AND SHUT SLIGHTLY OFF..  
THEN)

GEORGE: Helen -

HELEN: (MORE TENSE) W-what?

GEORGE: There's - something you're holding back..

(PAUSE FOR NO ANSWER...THEN)

GEORGE: (GENTLY) ~~What is it, Helen? When you first came back~~  
from next door and I said I was going to call the police..  
and now when Edmondson asked if we'd seen Bill leave the  
house..Both times I had the feeling that -

HELEN: (CUTS IN) It - it must have been a mistake! George, I-I  
can't say it unless - I'm - I'm sure. I can't!

GEORGE: ~~What is it you can't say?~~

HELEN: ...(SUDDEN RESOLVE) I-won't even talk about it to-you...  
I - must have made a-mistake.

GEORGE: Helen, this is a serious -

HELEN: (CUTS IN, FINAL) Don't ask me any more. I-I must have  
made a mistake..

(MUSIC: ACCENT...OUT TO:)

(HOTEL LOBBY B.G....PHONE UP)

ROLFE: Will you connect me with Mr. <sup>Weycross</sup>Wayercross<sup>erson</sup> hotel room, please?

....Yes, <sup>erson</sup>Wayercross. He took a room here this afternoon....

(BEAT THEN PHONE RINGS ON FILTER...RECEIVER UP ON  
FILTER)

AMES: (LAWYER IN HIS SIXTIES, HARD, BRILLIANT ON FILTER) Yes?

ROLFE: Is this Mr. ~~Wayeross~~<sup>Sensen</sup> room?

AMES: Who's calling?

ROLFE: My name's Rolfe Edmondson. I'm with the Atlanta Journal-Constitution. I wonder if I can -

AMES: (CUTS IN) Mr. ~~Wayeross~~<sup>Sensen</sup> is seeing nobody. He's -

ROLFE: (CUTS IN) Yeah, yeah, I know. He's suffering from 'shock. Who are you?

AMES: I'm his attorney, (SLAMS RECEIVER DOWN ON FILTER AS:)

(ROLFE PUTS HIS RECEIVER DOWN AS:)

ROLFE: (TO HIMSELF) ~~Yeah~~<sup>hello</sup>...I guess the clam has really shut tight this time. I'd even say it's getting ready to - squirt <sup>wait</sup> in my eye..

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

HAYES: (BITTERLY:) Now you know what I mean, don't you? *Rolfe?*

ROLFE: (CALMLY:) I've been through cases like this one before.

HAYES: (OUTBURST:) Even when I was a kid, ~~Edmondson~~<sup>Rolfe</sup> -- even when I was a kid, people like ~~Wayeross~~<sup>Sensen</sup> and that lawyer of his, Ames -- people like that used to scare me. They look like nothing in the world can shake them. And you know something? Even now they scare me.

ROLFE: That's only because you don't know them Lieutenant.

HAYES: I know them all right!

ROLFE: No you don't. I grew up with people like that. And if you look at them hard enough, you'll find ~~their~~<sup>they have</sup> clay feet.

HAYES: (NOT CONVINCED:) Maybe.

ROLFE: (SLIGHT TAKE) What's this?

(RUSTLE OF PAPER)

HAYES: Coroner's report. It came in while you were out.

(SHEETS BEING TURNED)



ROLFE: What's it got to say?

HAYES: Pretty much what I suspected. The blood came from three deep wounds in her head.

ROLFE: What about the blood on her arms.

HAYES: Coroner things somebody wiped their bloody hands on her arms.

ROLFE: Oh. (A BEAT, THEN:) <sup>Senson</sup> Weyeross doesn't know what's in this report, does he?

HAYES: No.

ROLFE: Then why don't you get him down here for questioning on the basis of this report?

HAYES: What's the use? I've got no motive to hit him with. I haven't even got an idea of the weapon and on top of that, I'll have to face that lawyer of his.

ROLFE: What have you got to lose?

HAYES: (A BEAT, THEN:) Nothing...except my job maybe if I make a wrong step. He's a pretty influential guy.

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

HAYES: (A SLIGHT EDGE OF FEAR:) I'm -- I'm sorry we had to drag you down here, Mr. <sup>Senson</sup> Weyeross. I hope you're feeling a little better.

AMES: (HARD:) Can't you see for yourself that the man is suffering from shock.

ROLFE: Why don't you let <sup>Senson</sup> him answer his own questions, Mr. Ames?

AMES: Who are you? What's your connection with the police department?

ROLFE: (CALMLY:) I'm the reporter who spoke to you at the hotel, Mr. Ames.

AMES: What right have you got here?

ROLFE: <sup>That</sup> It's up to the lieutenant, I think.

HAYES: I -- I -- it's all right with me if he stays. Mr. <sup>Weycross</sup> Wayeross, according to the coroner's report, it don't seem likely that your wife get those wounds in her head from falling down the stairs.

<sup>Weycross</sup> WAYCROSS: (IN HIS 40's, PROPER, CONTROLLED:) Lieutenant, ours was -- ours was an ideal marriage. The death of my wife this morning has upset me terribly. If I could be of help in anyway, I would. ~~But -- what has this to do with me?~~

HAYES: <sup>Weycross</sup> Mr. Waycross, there are certain questions we have to ask in a case like this. This morning, before you left the house, did you and your wife have an argument maybe or a fight about something?

AMES: (CUTTING IN:) Lieutenant, how much do you know about ~~rigormortis?~~ <sup>inclusion?</sup> ~~medicine?~~

HAYES: (FUMBLING:) I -- I don't follow you, Mr. Ames.

AMES: A moment ago, you asked Mr. <sup>Weycross</sup> Wayeross-if he'd has a fight with his wife this <sup>v</sup>morning.

HAYES: Yes, but --

AMES: You're trying to imply that as a result of a fight, Mr. <sup>Weycross</sup> Wayeross might have struck his wife, <sup>then he'd have done this</sup> aren't you?

HAYES: I'm -- I'm not trying to imply anything. I --

ROLFE: ~~What does this have to do with rigormortis, Mr. Ames?~~

AMES: Just this: When Mrs. Waycross' body was found about two and a half hours after the approximate time of her death, only a very slight rigidity had set it, hadn't it?

HAYES: Well, that's what the coroner's report says, but--

AMES: ~~And yet, every medical authority knows that if a person~~  
dies in fright and terror, rigormortis sets in very  
quickly, with full rigidity. In other words, Lieutenant,  
If Mrs. Waycross was the victim of a fight with her  
husband, she would have been afraid when she died,  
wouldn't she? Rigormortis would have been full, and not  
slight, wouldn't it?

HAYES: I'm ~~not~~ I'm not going to argue medical questions with you,  
Mr. Ames. ~~I leave that to the coroner.~~

AMES: For your information, Lieutenant, didn't you know that  
Mrs. <sup>Benson</sup> Waycross was on a very strict reducing diet.

ROLFE: Meaning what, Mr. Ames?

AMES: Meaning that in her weakened condition, <sup>Mr. Edmondson</sup> as a result of  
dieting, she could have fainted very easily, couldn't she,  
at the head of the stairs.

ROLFE: Shouldn't you be saving these arguments for court, Mr. Ames?

AMES: (HARD) People like you, Mr. Edmondson, are all alike,  
aren't they? Just because a man <sup>like Mr. Benson</sup> has a certain position  
of influence in the community, just because he's  
industrious, people like you will seek out every opportunity  
to destroy <sup>men & women</sup> men like Mr. Waycross, won't you? (BEHIND NARR)  
What is it that drives men like you, Mr. Edmondson, and  
policemen like the Lieutenant here, to dedicate themselves  
to the destruction of men like Mr. <sup>Benson</sup> Waycross? After all  
you're apt to find that Mr. <sup>Benson</sup> Waycross also has <sup>many</sup> my loyal  
friends - if you see what I mean -

MARR: At first, Rolfe Edmondson, the lawyer's outburst makes you angrier than you've ever been in your life. And then, suddenly, as you look over at William R. <sup>Benson</sup>Wayeross, calmly lighting a cigarette, you notice the matches in his hand and you forget the lawyer, you forget your anger, you forget everything except these matches.

ROLFE: Could - could I borrow a match, Mr. <sup>Benson?</sup>Wayeross?  
~~WAYEROSS:~~ Why -- certainly..

(MATCH STRUCK AS:)

NARR: You bend low, over the lighted match in <sup>Benson</sup>Wayeross' hand and your heart jumps a beat because the cover on the matches tells you they come from The Red Rooster - from the Red Rooster across the river in Phoenix City...the most evil, the most sinful city in this part of the country...

<sup>Benson</sup>  
~~WAYEROSS:~~ You may keep them --

ROLFE: Thank you..

NARR: And as you straighten up, Rolfe Edmondson, and take a puff on your cigarette, you wonder whether the tight feeling in your chest comes from having tripped over a pair of clay feet....

(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.

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 Rolfe Edmondson as he lived it and wrote it.

HAYES: You know that everyone in the room at police headquarters must be wondering what has suddenly made you so silent. But as far as you're concerned, Rolfe Edmondson, police reporter for the Atlanta, Georgia Journal-Constitution, you've gotten what you want out of the questioning of William R. <sup>Senson</sup>Waycross. You wait impatiently for the questioning to end and when it does, and <sup>Senson</sup>Waycross and his lawyer leave, you're prepared for the question your friend Lt. Hayes hurls at you.

HAYES: What the heck happened to you in the middle of that questioning? You left me high and dry. Didn't you see that lawyer rattled me?

ROLFE: (EXCITED) Forget about the lawyer. For the time being, you can even forget about <sup>Senson</sup>Waycross-himself.

HAYES: What're you talking about? What did you do, read his mind or something?

ROLFE: Almost. Look at this.

HAYES: (A BEAT, THEN) Matches. What about them?

ROLFE: Look at that name on the cover. The Red Rooster, Phoenix City.

HAYES: That ~~hell-hole!~~ <sup>hell</sup> Where did you get these matches?

ROLFE: ~~When Waycross lit his cigarette, I noticed these in his hand. I asked him for a light. He gave me one of them and then gave me the book of matches. If you ask me, I don't think he knew what he was handing over to me. You want to come <sup>alone?</sup> with me?~~

HAYES: I can't. It's out of my jurisdiction. Phoenix City is across the river and that makes it Alabama territory.

ROLFE: What time is it now? Eleven -- Good. Those joints over there don't start jumping 'til midnight.

HAYES: I don't have to tell you, Edmondson. You're a grown man. Phoenix City isn't exactly Paradise. Watch your step.

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND INTO)

(RAUCCUOUS SINFUL BG FOR THE DIN AND HUBBUB AS OF MONTAGE OF GAMBLING JOINTS, UNDER)

~~VOICES: (SHOUTING) Tell them where you got it and how easy it was! Get a hunch, bet a hunch!....It don't mean a thing if it don't cross that string!.....If you don't like Phoenix City, try the river! (LOUD LAUGHTER)~~

~~(DOWN-UNDER-TO-BACK-UP)~~

NARR: Across the muddy Chattahoochee River, forming the State line between Georgia and Alabama, lies Phoenix City, notorious from coast-to-coast. For years, its decent citizens have fought the gambling dens, the honky-tonks, the horse parlors, the so-called cafes. And for years, the evil has grown bigger, more powerful, more raucous. And as you, Ralph Edmondson, make your way into Phoenix City, into the Red Rooster, your mind forms a plan, and with a certain amount of personal fear, you decide to follow it through.

(MUSIC: CUT)

(AS OF LARGE GAMBLING CASINO, VOICES ETC. THEN)

ROLFE: (VERY POLITELY) Excuse me. You're Mr. West, aren't you?

WEST: (OWNER OF THE RED ROOSTER) Yeah.

ROLFE: The girl over at the dice-table told me to see you. I've been playing there for a couple of hours.

WEST: Yeah. I know. Lost a little, didn't you?

ROLFE: (SMILE) I'm afraid so. That's what I want to talk to you about.

WEST: I'm sorry, mister. That's the way it goes. Lose one night, win the next.

ROLFE: No, I -- nothing like that. As a matter of fact, I'm beginning to feel kind of lucky and the only thing is I'm out of cash. I was wondering if you could cash a check.

WEST: How much?

ROLFE: About a hundred.

WEST: Who do you know?

ROLFE: Well -- uh -- Actually, I'm from Atlanta. I could give you some references in Atlanta, but --

WEST: No good. ~~Who do you know-I know?~~

ROLFE: ~~Oh.~~

WEST: Sorry, mister. Only references I take are mutual friends. If you don't have any -- Well --

ROLFE: No, no. Nothing like that. As a matter of fact, the man who sent me here -- I think you know him, only thing is he's in a little trouble now, personal trouble -- I don't know how good --

WEST: Who is he?

ROLFE: Bill <sup>Wason</sup> Waycross.

(PAUSE, THEN:)



WEST: Come in my office a minute, will you, Mr. --

ROLFE: Edmondson is the name.

WEST: Yeah, sure. Step into my office, Mr. Edmondson -- right there.

~~WEST: -- STING, CUT TO~~

~~(NOISE OF JOINT IS NOW OFF AS HEARD THROUGH  
CLOSED-DOOR)-~~

WEST: Yeah, read about it in the evening paper. Too bad.

ROLFE: Yes, it is.

WEST: Think he'll make it?

ROLFE: It all depends, I guess.

WEST: Yeah. Too bad. I'd hate to lose a regular customer like him. Now about that check, Mr. Edmondson --

ROLFE: Yes?

WEST: You said you wanted to make it out for a hundred, didn't you?

ROLFE: Yes.

WEST: You wouldn't want to help a friend and make it out for three hundred, would you?

ROLFE: I don't follow you. *Season's*

WEST: You're a friend of *Season's* ~~Maycross~~, aren't you?

ROLFE: Yes, but --

WEST: He owes me two hundred. Last night he was here. I have had a feeling for some weeks that he was over his head. He kept begging me to lend him two hundred in cash. I wouldn't have done it except she said she'd stand good for it.

ROLFE: She?

WEST: Well, I guess it don't make much difference now. I'm talking about Elaine Ferris -- a little girl worked the black-jack table for me. Kind of a close friend of ~~Person~~ ~~Waycross~~ -- if you get me.

ROLFE: Sure, sure.

WEST: She said she'd stand up for the loan, so I gave him the two hundred in cash. Tonight, she didn't show up. I called her hotel but she checked out this afternoon, right about when the news broke about Waycross' wife.

ROLFE: You don't know where she went?

WEST: ~~IS I did, I'd break her little neck for her.~~

ROLFE: I understand..

WEST: So ~~you see~~, you coming along....being his friend, I figure maybe with all the trouble he's in he wouldn't want any publicity about owing me money. I figure you'd want to help a friend out....You got a blank check on you, Mr. Edmondson -- or else I got one right here?

ROLFE: (BEAT...THEN) Thanks, Mr. West...but -- I've changed my mind.

WEST: What do you mean -- changed your mind? About what?

ROLFE: There's no use hiding it any longer....Here's my press card.. (PAUSE ...THEN)

WEST: (VERY FLAT, VERY COLD) One of these days, reporter -- you'll wake up in the Chattahoochee...with the river for a blanket...

(MUSIC: STING...BRIDGE...CUT TO)

*Rolfe*  
HAYES: (EXCITED) Edmondson, look here! You were right! *Lord!*  
but you were right! Here it is -- the bank statement!

(PAPER RUFFLED AS)

ROLFE: (EXCITED READING) \$300 made out to cash, endorsed by West,  
\$425 made out to cash, endorsed by West --

HAYES: A hundred and seventy five, five fifty, two and a quarter --  
Look at it! Why that guy went thru his money over in  
Phoenix City like an icepick thru water! He hardly  
had any balance at all!

ROLFE: Remember yesterday when I told you I grew up with guys  
like ~~Waycross~~ *Johnson* -- and that if you looked you'd find  
their clay feet!

HAYES: What about it?!

ROLFE: When the paper hits the streets this afternoon, it's going  
to carry the full description of ~~Waycross~~ *Johnson's* other life!  
And I've got a hunch it's gonna stir the mud up around  
~~Waycross~~ *Johnson* to such a degree that we'll be able to count  
every one of his clay toes!

(MUSIC: ACCENT...DOWN UNDER)

HELEN: (ALMOST WEEPING) I - I wouldn't have believed it of him,  
Lt. How -- how could I?! All these years -- all of us so  
close -- we hardly suspected anything at --

HAYES: Until you saw the papers this afternoon? *Mrs. Dalton*

GEORGE: (GENTLY) Tell them just what you know, Helen. You've got  
to. Tell them just what you told me --

ROLFE: You think you saw him leave the house around eleven thirty  
but you're not sure, is that it, ~~Mrs. Dalton~~? --

HELEN: When -- when you were at our house, Mr. Edmondson -- I -- almost told you but I couldn't believe it myself...not of -- of Bill ~~Weyerross~~<sup>Benson</sup>...That's why I -- I (BREAKS OFF)

HAYES: You know of course that the coroner says she must have been dead since around ten-thirty, don't you?

HELEN: Y- yes.....

HAYES: And that Mr. ~~Weyerross~~<sup>Benson</sup> claims he left the house long before then?

HELEN: Y-Yes....(QUICKLY) I'm almost certain it was Mr. ~~Weyerross~~<sup>Benson</sup> I saw leave the house -- but I can't say so under oath.

ROLFE: Well anyway, was - the man you saw carrying anything in his hands when he came out?)

HELEN: It -- it was across...two lawns, ours and theirs...but I -- I think so..

ROLFE: A package of some kind?

HELEN: Y-yes...I -- think so....(WEEPING NOW) Please...please, that's all I know. It's not fair! I'm -- I'm not even sure!

HAYES: O.K. Mrs. Dalton....We appreciate that. We'll take that into consideration --

GEORGE: Will -- that be all, Lt.?

HAYES: Yes...Thanks...

(STEPS OUT TO DOOR OPENED AND SHUT....THEN)

HAYES: Listen...what was that business about a package?

ROLFE: There's no question in <sup>your</sup> mind that that was ~~Weyerross~~<sup>business</sup> coming out of his house an hour after his wife was murdered?

HAYES: ~~None---~~ <sup>no</sup>

ROLFE: Then listen...A couple of days ago you said you could pick up <sup>Benson</sup> ~~Waycross~~ for the murder of his wife -- that you could barely even question him, without having two things <sup>barely</sup>  
~~first~~: a motive -- and some idea of the weapon, right?

HAYES: Right but --

ROLFE: Phoenix City gave you the motive, didn't it? Three motives actually, didn't it? Either he killed his wife because she found out about his gambling -- or else he killed her for that other dame - or else for the insurance, ~~and~~ <sup>or</sup> all three together maybe, isn't that so?

HAYES: Sure, sure.. The motive's clear but --

ROLFE: So now you need the weapon, right?

HAYES: But we looked all over that house of his -- nothing. ~~went over it like I was looking for my glass eye -- nothing!~~

ROLFE: That's right...And you know why?! Mrs. Dalton just answered it for us. He carried the weapon out ....out of his house!

HAYES: We thought of that too! What they usually do is dump it in an ash can maybe, a garbage heap, a well -- something like that. We looked ---- nothing!

ROLFE: ~~Then maybe that's not where he put it!~~ Maybe he -- buried it! The grounds around his place are big enough to hide an entire arsenal!

(RECEIVER UP)

HAYES: (FAST) Sgt?! This is Lt. Hayes. I want six men -- six men with strong backs and big shovels for a digging detail!

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

NARR: It was toward evening -- a lovely June evening, with a red and purple sky when you, Rolfe Edmondson -- and Lt. Hayes and the digging detail reached the flowering fig tree in the far corner of the ~~Waycross~~<sup>Benson</sup> property....the delicate oriental fig tree, in full bloom, cast its ancient perfume over all of you as you dug towards its roots.....and found what you were looking for.....

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT)

(RAP ON DOOR)

AMES: Are you expecting anyone, Bill?

~~WAYCROSS:~~<sup>Benson</sup> ...N-no.....

AMES: Do you want me to let them in?

~~WAYCROSS:~~<sup>Benson</sup> Ever since the story about Phoenix City broke in the papers, nothing seems to matter very much. I guess you might as well.

(STEPS, DOOR OPENED)

AMES: (SLIGHT TAKE) Oh -- it's you, Lieutenant.

HAYES: May we come in? <sup>Mr. Ames</sup>

AMES: All right, Mr. ~~Waycross~~<sup>Benson</sup> will see you.

(DOOR SHUT, STEPS IN)

~~WAYCROSS:~~<sup>Benson</sup> Hello, Lieutenant. How are you, Mr. Edmondson?

ROLFE: Fine, Mr. ~~Waycross~~. I hope there's no hard feelings about my Phoenix City story.

~~WAYCROSS:~~<sup>Benson</sup> No, No. I guess that's your job.

AMES: Lieutenant, Mr. ~~Waycross~~<sup>Benson</sup> is still not up to snuff if you've got any questions you want to put to him.

HAYES: Just a few, Mr. Ames.

*Benson*  
WAYCROSS: What -- are they, Lt.?

HAYES: Mr. *Benson* ~~Waycross~~, last Christmas do you remember buying a gift for your son?

(PAUSE, THEN)

*Benson*  
WAYCROSS: (LOW) Yes, I -- I think I must have.

ROLFE: Do you remember what you bought him?

*Benson*  
WAYCROSS: (A BEAT, THEN) So much has happened since then, I -- I'm afraid I don't recall.

AMES: What is this leading up to, Lt?

HAYES: Mr. *Benson* ~~Waycross~~, you're a golf bug, aren't you?

*Benson*  
WAYCROSS: I -- I guess so.

HAYES: Do you remember buying a golf club for your son last Christmas? A number one iron, kid size?

(NO ANSWER)

(UNWRAPPING OF PAPER)

HAYES: Isn't this the golf club you bought for your son last Christmas, Mr. *Benson* ~~Waycross~~?

*Benson*  
WAYCROSS: Where -- where did you find it?

ROLFE: Under the fig tree. Along with these trousers and these tan shoes.....the same blood on all of them.

AMES: (HARD AND FAST) You've got no right intimidating my client in this manner!

ROLFE: Mr. *Benson* ~~Waycross~~ you were seen leaving your house at 11:30!

*Benson*  
WAYCROSS: Why, that's impossible!

AMES: This is all circumstantial evidence!

HAYES: (FOR THE FIRST TIME AMES' MASTER:) Shut up!

AMES: (TAKEN ABACK) What! What!

HAYES: I said, shut up! I'm doing the questioning! You'll have your day in Court. Mr. <sup>Edmondson</sup>Waycross, I'm arresting you for the murder of your wife.

AMES: You've got no right --

HAYES: (HARDER) Shut up!

<sup>Benson</sup>WAYCROSS: (A BEAT, THEN) Never mind, Ames. Never mind. We'll fight it out in Court.

HAYES: Let's go. I've got my car downstairs.

<sup>Benson</sup>WAYCROSS: I just need a moment to pull myself together. I think I'd like a cigarette.

ROLFE: Have one of mine.

<sup>Benson</sup>WAYCROSS: ~~Thank you. You have you got a match?~~

ROLFE: ~~Sure. Here. These are yours anyway.~~  
*I here's a match - they're*

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we'll read you a telegram from Rolfe Edmondson of the Atlanta, Georgia, Journal Constitution 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 Rolfe Edmondson of the Atlanta, Georgia, Journal Constitution.

EDMONDSON: In a trial which lasted eight days, murderer in tonight's Big Story kept pleading his innocence, but circumstantial evidence proved too great for him. He was sentenced to life imprisonment at the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

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

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY -- A Big Story from the front pages of the New Castle, Pennsylvania News -- byline Bart Richards. A BIG STORY of a killer who was a connoisseur of beauty -- and paid a high price for it.

(MUSIC: -- STING)

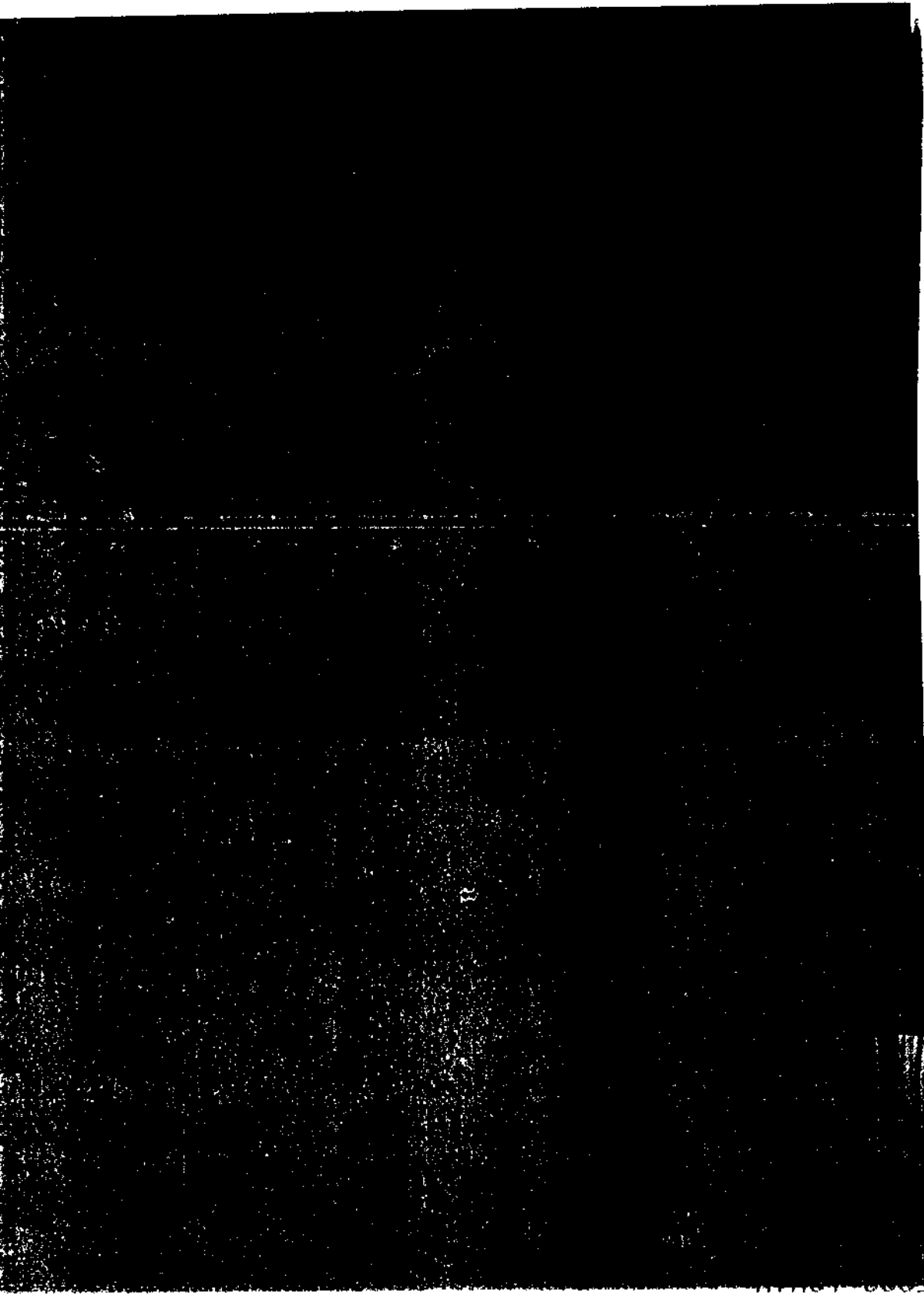
CHAPPELL: And remember -- every week you can see another different Big Story on television -- brought to you by the makers of Pell Mell Famous Cigarettes.

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Abram S. Ginnes from an actual story from the <sup>front</sup> pages of the Atlanta, Georgia Journal Constitution. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and ~~Larry~~ <sup>Lawrence</sup> Fletcher played the part of Rolfe Edmondson. 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. Edmondson.

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

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES...This year do something special for the smokers on your Christmas list. For exceptional smoking pleasure give them PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES in the distinguished red Christmas carton. This is NBC...THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY



AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #245

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOW
MRS. JACKSON	CONNIE LEMBCKE
ETHEL	CONNIE LEMBCKE
LUCILLE	JAY MEREDITH
MARY	PAT HALSEY
JOHN	COURT BENSON
STEVEN'S	COURT BENSON
GEORGE	ARTHUR KOHL
PAPE	VINTON HAYWORTH
CLYDE	CARL EMORY

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1951

ATX01 0005311

MBC

THE BIG STORY

#245

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

DECEMBER 5, 1951

WEDNESDAY

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ PANFARE)

CLYDE: (DREAMY) You're so lovely. I keep looking at you, and I say to myself, it's unbelievable, unbelievable that there could be a girl on this earth so beautiful as you. I can see us together, just you and I, driving down the street, every head turned toward us. Or walking into a nightclub with you on my arm, and everybody looking at us. How proud I would be, how proud. Just to be with you, nothing more. Just so they could see us together.....

(THE DOOR OPENS.)

MRS JACKSON: Clyde!

CLYDE: (SUDDENLY CASUAL) Yes, my dear?

MRS JACKSON: I thought I heard you talking to someone in here.

CLYDE: You must be mistaken. There's nobody here but me. I was just ~~reading a~~ <sup>reading at</sup> magazine. (A BEAT) And ~~darling~~ <sup>my dear</sup>... look at this girl on the cover. Doesn't she look so beautiful - so quiet - and still -

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

ATX01 0005312

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) New Castle, Pennsylvania. From the pages  
of the New Castle News the story of a killer who was  
a connoisseur of beauty...and paid a high price for  
it. Tonight, to Reporter Bart Richards for his Big  
Story goes the PELL MELL \$500 AWARD!

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

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke a PELL MELL and discover how PELL MELL'S greater length of fine tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your throat - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Remember this - the further your cigarette filters the smoke through fine tobaccos, the milder that smoke becomes.

CHAPPELL: At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further through fine tobaccos than that of any other leading cigarette. And what's more after 5 puffs, or 10, or 17 - PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

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

CHAPPELL: So smoke PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!



AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #245

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB GLOAN
MRS. JACKSON	CONNIE LEMBCKE
ETHEL	CONNIE LEMBCKE
LUCILLE	JAY MEREDITH
MARY	PAT HALSEY
JOHN	COURT BENSON
STEVENS	COURT BENSON
GEORGE	ARTHUR KOHL
BARB	VENNON HAYWORTH
CLYDE	CARL EMORY

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1951

ATX01 0005315

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

CHAPPELL: New Castle, Pennsylvania. The story as it actually happened. Bart Richards's story, as he lived it.

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

NARR: You, Bart Richards of the New Castle News, are a friendly kind of a guy in a friendly town. New Castle happens to be the seat of Lawrence County. The town's not too big, and not too small. You've lived and worked there practically all your life, and as a result you know everybody who is anybody in the County by their first names, ~~and a lot of other people who never get into your newspaper.~~ And this has never done you any harm when it comes to getting a story. Take the day it all happened, ~~the big day.~~ You remember, you dropped in at the Turnpike Diner....

(CLATTER OF DISHES)

ETHEL: Well! Hiya, Bart.

BART: Hello, Ethel. How's my favorite waitress?

ETHEL: Busy.

BART: And beautiful.

ETHEL: Thank you, Mr. Richards. We appreciate your flattery.. and your patronage. Coffee?

BART: Coffee....

(COFFEE POURING IN URM.)

ETHEL: Anything else to go with the coffee?

BART: Why, yeah. How about a smile?

ETHEL: Bart, I just couldn't make it this morning.

BART: What's the matter, Ethel? The Turnpike Diner's famous for your smile, it draws the customers for miles around. What's happened?

ETHEL: (DEPRESSED) Oh, nothing.

BART: Aw come on, tell me. You and your boy-friend have a fight or something?

ETHEL: No. It isn't that. It's just something that happened about an hour before you came in.

BART: Well, what?

ETHEL: There was a creep in here, trying to date me up.

BART: (LAUGHS) Is that all?

ETHEL: Look, Bart, I know what you're thinking. But this was different. A guy like you comes in here, a nice guy, I like to kid around, you know the routine, you-tell-me-I'm-beautiful, - I-tell-you-you're-handsome. It helps to pass the time. ~~The truckdrivers who come in here, it's the same way. They all try to date me up, I laugh it off, and everybody has fun.~~

BART: But?

ETHEL: But this one, he was a different, a real creep. Ugly? Well, I'm telling you, ~~he was the ugliest man I ever saw.~~ I don't expect every man to be handsome, but this...well, he was out of this world. ~~Gave me the sweet talk, but~~ the way he looked at me, with that horrible face of his...well, I can't get him out of my mind. I'm still scared to death.

BART: Look, Ethel, forget it.

ETHEL: I'm trying to. But it's going to take a little while. All I hope is ... he never comes back!

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

HARR: Nothing important. Just an incident that happens to someone you know. But sometimes a story begins that way. Sometimes it starts a whole chain of events, leading up to a headline. Because, on the evening of that same day...

(SCREEN DOOR SLAM.)

(STEPS COME IN.)

CLYDE: (OILY) Good evening.

ETHEL: (GASP) Oh. It's you. You're back.

CLYDE: Why, yes. Yes, so I am. Even when you were rude to me this morning, I had to come back. And do you know why?

ETHEL: I...

CLYDE: It's because you're so beautiful, so beautiful. Such blue eyes, and blonde, silky hair, such a pretty face. All day long I drove around, around and around and around, and I couldn't get your face out of my mind. And I knew I had to come back.

ETHEL: (HOSTILE) Look, Mister. This is a diner. We serve food here.

CLYDE: Oh. Yes. Of course, of course. I'll have a hamburger, rare...I like it very rare. And coffee.

ETHEL: Hamburg and coffee.

CLYDE: Thank you. Your name's Ethel, isn't it.

ETHEL: (TIGHT) Yes.

CLYDE: My name's Clyde.

ETHEL: (TIGHT) That's interesting.

CLYDE: How about a date tonight, Ethel?

ETHEL: I told you this morning...

CLYDE: I know. You were rude, positively rude. But then, I'm a persistent beggar, I don't discourage easily. Now, how about it? I swear I won't touch you,--I--~~won't even come near you, I'll be a perfect gentleman.~~ All I want is your company for the evening, it would make me so proud...~~How about it now?~~

ETHEL: Thanks just the same. But no.

CLYDE: Of course, I understand your reluctance. We are virtually strangers, aren't we? But that's why we should go out together, to get better acquainted. You won't find me a bad fellow, not a bad fellow at all.

ETHEL: I said no.

CLYDE: You'll find me generous. I've got plenty of money. We'll go to the theater the best nightclub in town, supper afterward. And who knows, if you're nice to me, I might buy you a pretty thing or two.

ETHEL: (RISING) How many times do I have to tell you, no, ~~no~~! I don't want to go out with you, I can't stand the sight of you!

CLYDE: (A BEAT, THEN SOFTLY) What do you mean by that?

ETHEL: I'd rather not say.

CLYDE: You don't have to. I know what you're thinking, I can see it in the way you look at me. You think I'm ugly, don't you? You find me repulsive. You don't think I can get a pretty girl like you to go out with me, eh? Well, I'll show you, understand? I'll show you that if you won't go out with me, I can find someone just as pretty as you, who will!

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

CAR UNDER. IT BRAKES AND SLOWS TO A STOP. MOTOR  
IDLES, CAR DOOR OPENS.

CLYDE: Good evening, Lucille. Going downtown?

LUCILLE: I ... I'm sorry, I don't <sup>think I</sup> know you.

CLYDE: Well, I know you. You're Albert Young's daughter,  
aren't you?

LUCILLE: Oh. You know Father?

CLYDE: Certainly. I've known him for years. You are  
going downtown, aren't you?

LUCILLE: Why, yes. I've got a late appointment at the beauty  
parlor. (A PAUSE) But ... if you don't mind,  
I'd just as soon wait for the bus.

CLYDE: Oh, come on. Forget the bus, and jump in. I'll have  
you downtown in no time!

LUCILLE: I... all right. Thank you very much.

CAR DOOR SLAM. MOTOR UP AND INTO

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

CAR UNDER STEADY

LUCILLE: Thank you very much for the ride. This is where I  
get off.

CLYDE: Look, why not forget your beauty parlor appointment?

LUCILLE: I ... what do you mean?

CLYDE: You're a very pretty girl, Lucille. I was thinking  
perhaps we might spend the evening together. We  
could stop at the Turnpike diner for a cup of coffee. I  
want you to meet a friend of mine there. After that, maybe  
we could take in a movie ...

LUCILLE: No thanks, I'd rather not.

CLYDE: Why not?

LUCILLE: (UNEASY, AFRAID) Please. I just don't want to go out with you. Now, let me off here.

CLYDE: Now look, you don't have to be afraid of me. Why, I'm perfectly harmless. I'll show you a real good time and get you home early.

LUCILLE: (HYSTERICALLY) Let me <sup>out</sup> off. You let me out of this car, or I'll scream, do you hear? <sup>set up if you don't</sup> ~~Stop the car and~~ <sup>let me out</sup> ~~let me off!~~

~~CAR STARTS TO SLOW DOWN~~ <sup>on car again</sup>

CLYDE: All right, all right. No need to make a fuss. If that's the way you feel about it, I'll let you <sup>out</sup> off. And good riddance! I can pick up another girl!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ BRIDGE)

CAR SLOWS TO STOP. MOTOR IDLES. CAR DOOR OPENS.

CLYDE: Evening. Can I give you a lift?

MARY: Thank you, No.

CLYDE: Wait a minute. Aren't you John Donovan's daughter?

MARY: Why, yes. Yes, I am. You know him?

CLYDE: Of course I do. He's a good friend of mine. He's told me about you. The name's Mary, isn't it?

MARY: That's right.

CLYDE: What bus were you waiting for?

MARY: Well, I was going to Eastbrook.

CLYDE: That's just where I'm going. Hop in, Mary. Hop in.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ BRIDGE)



CAR UNDER

MARY: Just a minute, Mr....

CLYDE: The name's ... er ... Smith. But please don't call me  
Master, it's so formal. Please call me Clyde.

MARY: This isn't the road to Eastbrook.

CLYDE: (CHUCKLES) Well! So it isn't Mary. So it isn't!

MARY: (CREEPING FEAR) I ... I don't understand ...

CLYDE: Now, there's nothing to be alarmed about. Nothing  
at all. I just thought we might go for a little  
ride before I took you to Eastbrook.

MARY: (A BEAT) A ride?

CLYDE: ~~Why, yes, Mary. Why not? Why not, indeed?~~ You're  
a lovely girl, such soft, black hair, such nice  
dark eyes, a face with so much beauty, ~~and yet so~~  
~~much character.~~ I thought it might be nice if ...  
well, we sort of had a date together.

MARY: I ... I don't want a date with you.

CLYDE: But I do. With you. Believe me, my dear, there's  
nothing to be afraid of. You'll find me quite  
harmless, very harmless indeed.

MARY: Please! Let me out of the car.

CLYDE: I've just planned a very pleasant evening. First,  
a cup of coffee at the Turnpike diner, there's  
a friend of mine there I'd like you to meet. After  
that ...

MARY: Let me out of the car! Let me go, do you hear?

CLYDE: (SUDDENLY TIGHTENING) What's the matter with you,  
Mary? (A BEAT) What are you cringing away from  
me like that for?

MARY: (SCARED WHISPER) Please ... don't come near me ...  
don't touch me!

CLYDE: (QUIET) I see. I see it in your eyes now. (RISING)  
Horror and loathing. You're the same as all the  
others, aren't you? You find me ugly, repulsive ...

MARY: Let me go ... please!

CLYDE: ~~I didn't want to harm you.~~ All I wanted to do was  
to be seen with you, I would have been so proud,  
But no, you had to shrink away from me, you had  
to be like all the others!

MARY: (HYSTERICALLY) Let me out! Let me out of the car!

SHE STARTS TO SCREAM.

CLYDE: (HYSTERICAL) Stop it! Stop it, do you hear?

~~CAR SLOWS TO STOP.~~

(MARY CONTINUES TO SCREAM)

CLYDE: (HYSTERICAL) Will you stop that screaming? You  
crazy hussy? Stop it, I said. Stop it before I ...

A BLOW

A SUDDEN SIGH

CLYDE: Why did you make me do it? Why did you look at me like  
that! Why!

(SOBS UP HYSTERICALLY INTO)

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Bart Richards, are in your office at the New Castle News, early next morning, when the phone rings. And it's your very good friend Deputy Sheriff George Andrews ....

GEORGE: (FILTER) Bart, got an item for you.

BART: Yes? George?

GEORGE: A couple of berry pickers found a girl lying in the bushes on the ~~David Greer~~ farm off the Pulaski Road. She was fully clothed. Someone hit her with a blunt instrument, and dragged her from a car.

BART: You mean, she's dead?

GEORGE: No. She was alive when they found her, but unconscious. She hasn't snapped out of it yet. I'm calling you from Shenango Valley Hospital.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~You get down there in nothing flat, join George Andrews in the hospital corridor.~~

BART: How is she, George?

GEORGE: She's in pretty bad shape. A fractured skull. They had to operate.

BART: Any chance??

GEORGE: It's one of those things now, touch-and-go. She's in a coma, and the Doc says it may last for days. There isn't any more they can do.

~~BART: George ...~~

GEORGE: "Yeah?"

BART: Any other marks of assault on the body?

GEORGE: No. Whoever did this, slugged her on the head once, and that was all.

BART: And there's no identification on the girl?

GEORGE: Not yet.

BART: ~~What kind of maniac could have done this?~~

GEORGE: Hard to say. A jealous lover, maybe. A husband. Hard to say. And until we can get identification, or until this girl can talk, we're stuck.

~~BART: Yeah. Well, I'll be seeing you, George. I've got a story to write.~~

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You go back to the News and write your story. You write it with pity, and you write it with anger. And when it hits the streets, it starts a buzzing, like a swarm of angry bees. You go back to the hospital, and the doctor tells you the girl is still in a coma. And then, suddenly, walking down the corridor is a man you know, a man almost everyone in New Castle knows ...

STEPS COMING IN, SLOWLY.

BART: Well! John Donovan.

JOHN: <sup>Brad</sup>  
(DULLY) Oh. Hello, Brad.

BART: What are you doing here?

JOHN: <sup>Brad</sup>  
Brad... I read your story ... about that girl they found.

~~BART: Yes?~~

JOHN: ~~The clothes she was wearing ... you sure they ...~~  
they were what you said.

BART: Why, yes. I'm sure.

JOHN: (QUIETLY) I'd like to see her.

BART: John, wait a minute. You mean ...

JOHN: (DULLY) Where is she? I want to see her.

BART: Right in here...

DOOR OPENS. STEPS ENTER. WE HEAR THE SOUND OF

LABORED BREATHING, A GIRL FIGHTING FOR LIFE.

(A PAUSE)

JOHN: It's her. (SOBS) It's her! She didn't come home,  
I was afraid it was her! It's my daughter ... Mary!

(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.

HARRICE: Yes, smoke a PELL MELL - and discover how PELL MELL'S greater length of fine tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your throat - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette. And, what's more, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 17 - PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

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

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Wherever you go today, notice how many people have changed to PELL MELL - the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: ... THEME UP AND DOWN FOR)

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

NARR: In a hospital room, a girl named Mary Donovan lies in a coma. And you, Bart Richards of the New Castle News, walk into the corridor with her father, Everyone in town knows him, a long-time resident of New Castle, John Donovan. ~~And now, you listen to the-~~  
~~grieving father, as he says, with head bowed ...~~

JOHN: I don't understand it, Bart. I just don't understand it. Who could have done this?

BART: John, listen. Did Mary have any boy friends?

JOHN: She had a lot of them.

BART: Maybe one of them ...

JOHN: (INTERRUPTS) It's out of the question. Mary was very careful of the company she kept. Her ~~mother~~ and ~~myself~~ ... well, <sup>we</sup> ~~she~~ were careful how we brought her up,

BART: But she was dragged from a car. There were tire tracks along the edge of the road. She must have been in a car with someone she knew.

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

BART: Did she have a date last night, anything like that?

JOHN: Not with any boy, no. She had a date to stay overnight with one of her girl friends at Eastbrook. Said she was going to take a bus.

BART: Maybe she hitchhiked

JOHN: ~~NO~~. Mary wouldn't have accepted a ride from any stranger, Bart. Maybe you're right, maybe it was someone she knew. Whoever it is, I wish I could get my hands on him. If I ever find out who he is, and I ever get my hands on him, I'll kill him!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP AND UNDER)



NARR: You call Sheriff Andrews, give him the Mary Donovan identification, go back to the News and write the story. And the girl in Shenango Valley Hospital hangs on, between life and death, still in a coma. A few hours later, after the News hits the streets.....

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

BART: Richards, News.

GEORGE: (FILTER) <sup>sent</sup> Brad, George Andrews.

BART: ----- Yes, George?

GEORGE: You been out in the streets in the last hour or so?

BART: No. Why?

GEORGE: That story of yours did something. The town's in an uproar. Go up and down any street you like...North Jefferson, Wallace, Rural Avenue, Highland. Stand on any corner, go into any barber shop. You know what they're saying?

BART: No.

GEORGE: Lynch. They're talking about lynching the killer when we get him, something I didn't think could happen here in New Castle. The town's like a angry beehive. I'm canceling all leaves, putting every partolman I have on overtime duty.

BART: Any clues, George?

GEORGE: Nothing to speak of. A couple of North Hills boys saw Mary Donovan riding with a man in a green car.

BART: Green, eh? What kind of car?

GEORGE: They don't know. Just a green car. That's all we've got.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: And it's nothing. You reflect on how many green cars there must be in the United States, in Pennsylvania alone, and you tell yourself, it's less than nothing. ~~And then,~~ just as you're ready to leave the office...

(KNOCK-ON DOOR)

BART: ~~-----~~ Come in.

(DOOR OPENS)

LUCILLE: Are you Mr. Richards?

BART: That's right.

LUCILLE: (NERVOUS UPSET) My name's Young...Lucille Young. I'm Albert Young's daughter.

BART: Al Young's daughter, eh?

LUCILLE: You know him?

BART: Sure. Here...sit down. (A PAUSE) Now, what can I do for you?

LUCILLE: (BLURTS) I.. I read your story, Mr. <sup>Richards</sup> Andrews..about Mary Donovan. And I think I know the man who may have been with her last night.

BART: What! You mean, you know his name?

LUCILLE: No. But last night, something happened. I want to tell you all about it, but first, you've got to promise not to tell my father I came here. That's why I didn't want to go to the police. If Dad ever knew a strange man picked me up in his car, why he'd..

BART: What strange man?

LUCILLE: Promise you won't tell my father. Promise.

BART: All right.. I promise. Now what's this all about?  
*Lucille will not say when I was standing on the street*  
(FADE)

(MUSIC: - - - WIPE)

LUCILLE: (FADE) (UPSET) I almost had to scream before he'd let me out of the car, Mr. Richards. He said he'd pick up another girl, and drove off.

BART: (A BEAT) What color was the car?

LUCILLE: Green.

BART: (A BEAT) You're sure?

LUCILLE: Positive.

BART: Do you know what kind of car it was, what make?

LUCILLE: No. I didn't notice. I was too scared, I guess. This man's face, it was horrible, ugly. The eyes, they were cold and grey... like a snake's. He had thick glasses, and a long nose. Everytime I think of him, I... I get goose flesh. - And the way he looked at me. Honest, Mr. Andrews, I'd never gotten into that car if he hadn't said he knew my father.

BART: Lucille, listen. Did you see his license plate when he drove off?

LUCILLE: Why, yes.

BART: Pennsylvania license?

LUCILLE: Yes.

BART: You don't happen to remember it, do you?

LUCILLE: No; I looked at it, and I think I remember the last three numbers, I'm not too sure.

BART: What were they?

LUCILLE: Two-three-eight.

BART: Two-three-eight. Now about this man, Lucille? Did he give you a hint of where he was going?

LUCILLE: Well, no. All he said was that he'd take me to the Turnpike Diner for a cup of coffee. There was a friend of his there, he wanted <sup>me</sup> to meet.

BART: Turnpike diner, eh? Thanks, Lucille. Thanks very much!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE)

(CLATTER OF DISHES, CLANG OF CASH-REGISTER BEHIND, IDENTIFYING SOUNDS OF DINER.)

BART: Listen Ethel, let me describe this man. Maybe you've seen him here before.

ETHEL: Go ahead.

BART: *well this guy was and he had*  
~~Gray eyes, cold, like a snake's.~~ Thick glasses, Long nose. Drives a green car.

ETHEL: That's him. That's him!

BART: Who?

ETHEL: That creep I was telling you about. He was back here yesterday, a little while after you left. Tried to date me up again.

BART: Ethel, listen. Do you know his name?

ETHEL: Only his first name.

BART: What is it?

ETHEL: Clyde.

BART: Clyde. Thanks, Ethel, thanks a million. ~~I've got~~ to beat it now, grab a plane.

ETHEL: (FADING) A plane? For where?

BART: For Harrisburg. I've got to see a man... at the Bureau of Motor Vehicles!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE)

STEVENS: Look, Mr. Richards. We've seen your credentials, and we'd like to oblige, here at the Bureau. But we've got a few million cars in Pennsylvania....

BART: I know. But the last three numbers on that license plate..two-three-eight....

STEVENS: Doesn't mean a thing. We've got thousands of registrations with that combination. And we're short on clerical help.

BART: If you had the first name of the car owner, it would help, wouldn't it?

STEVENS: (SHRUG) It would help considerably. If you knew the first name.

BART: The first name is Clyde. And you've got to find the owner of that car, Mr. Stevens. As I said, this is a possible murder suspect.. .

STEVENS: (SIGHS) All right. But you might as well fly back to New Castle and wait there till you hear from us, Mr. Richards. This is going to take a little time!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE)

(PHONE RING)  
(PHONE OFF HOOK)

BART: Richards, News.

STEVENS: (FILTER) Mr. Richards, this is Stevens at the Bureau in Harrisburg. *inter Vehicle*

BART: (LEAPS) Yes?

STEVENS: *and name with the first name -*  
There's a man named Clyde Jackson. *owns a green*  
*car* Plymouth. registration number 6-3-3, 238. Residence:  
114 Oaklawn Drive, Blacktown, Pennsylvania. *the full name is Clyde Jackson*

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

NARR: Blacktown. That's a little town about fourteen miles north of New Castle. And the name of Clyde Jackson rings a bell. One arrest: Assault and Battery. ~~It's on the record.~~ You get over to <sup>my</sup> George Andrews' office, call Lucille Young in. ~~The Sheriff gets~~ Jackson's picture out of the files.

GEORGE: Take a good look at this photo, Miss Young. (PAUSE)  
Is this the man who picked you up?

LUCILLE: (A BEAT) Yes. Yes, that's the man!

GEORGE: (GRIMLY) Bart. Let's get going..for Blacktown!

~~(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)~~

NARR: ~~You~~ You and the Sheriff drive to Blacktown to a lonely residence at Oaklawn Drive. And there, working in the garden is Clyde Jackson...

GEORGE: (CALLS) Hey you! Jackson!

BART: (A BEAT) George! He's starting to run!

GEORGE: (YELLS) Come back here, Jackson!

BART: He's heading for the woods over there!

GEORGE: Maybe I can <sup>make an</sup> stop him!

(A SHOT. ECHOING. ANOTHER. AND-ANOTHER.)  
BART: ~~He made it!~~ <sup>is still out there</sup> He ~~got~~ away in the woods!

GEORGE: (GRIMLY) Maybe he ~~did~~. For now. But not for long.  
Come on, Bart!

~~(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)~~

NARR: Clyde Jackson's sudden flight is an admission of guilt. After that the search starts, through the woods, in the valleys, along the rivers. Every possible lead is followed and comes only to a dead end. <sup>until</sup> And finally, ~~on a tip~~, the hunt switches to the house of one of Jackson's relatives.

(MORE)

NARR: And, in one of the bedrooms, they smash down the door..  
(CONT'D) ~~and...~~

(DOOR SPLINTERING, CRASHING DOWN.)

(A PAUSE)

GEORGE: All right, Jackson. ~~Come out of there. You're going~~  
~~to headquarters.~~

CLYDE: (SCARED) I'm coming, Sheriff. But don't shoot. Please,  
don't shoot!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ UP)

CLYDE: (A LITTLE SHRILL, BRAVADO) All right. I took her for  
a ride. But believe me, Sheriff, I didn't mean her  
any harm, I swear it. We had a little argument, and  
I got angry, very angry, and hit her with the wrench  
in my car. I know, oh I know, it's assault. I'm  
guilty of assault. I'll go to jail for it, serve my  
time.

BART: (QUIETLY) There's something you ought to know, Jackson.  
We just called the hospital.

CLYDE: What...what do you mean?

BART: (QUIET) Mary Donovan is dead. She died an hour ago.

CLYDE: (GASP) She died...

GEORGE: That's right, Jackson. This isn't assault any more.  
It's murder.

CLYDE: (BLUBBERING) I.. Sheriff, you've got to believe me,  
I didn't mean it, I didn't want to kill her, I never  
wanted to kill anyone. It's just that she started  
screaming, and I guess I got scared, and I hit her, and  
now you tell me, I..(HE BREAKS AND CRIES)

GEORGE: Why did you do it, Jackson? What drove you to it?

CLYDE: (SOBBING) I'm such an ugly man, Sheriff. Such an ugly man. All my life I looked at pretty girls, asked them to go out with me, but they never would. They looked at my face.. and they never would. They either turned away--or laughed at me...

GEORGE: Go on, Jackson.

CLYDE: I just wanted to be seen with a pretty girl. Sheriff, you've got to believe me, I meant them no harm. I wanted to feel like other men feel when they walk into a public place, with a beautiful girl. I wanted to feel proud. Don't you understand, Sheriff, can't you see? I didn't want to kill her, I just wanted her to be with me!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we'll read you a telegram from Bart Richards of the New Castle, Pa. News with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)



CLOSING COMMERCIAL

GRUP: 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 a PELL MELL and discover how PELL MELL'S greater length of fine tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your throat - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

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 - 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: Wherever you go today, notice how many people have changed to PELL MELL - the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package. Smoke PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- TAG) --

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Bart Richards of the New Castle, Pa. News.

RICHARDS: Killer in tonight's Big Story was found guilty of murder and sentenced to the electric chair. He appealed to the State Supreme Court and finally to the State Pardon Board but sentence was upheld. He was electrocuted at Rockview Prison, near Bellefonte, Pennsylvania. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Richards..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 Nampa, Idaho Free Press -- byline -- Marguerite Brown. A BIG STORY of a reporter who went looking for "human interest" and discovered tragedy!

(MUSIC: -- SING) --

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. Proctor with original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Solinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Max Ehrlich from an actual story from the <sup>front</sup> pages of the New Castle Pa. News. Your narrator ~~was~~ Bob Slean ~~and~~ Winton Hayworth played the part of Bart Richards. 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. Richards.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ 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 PILL HELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES...This year is something special for the smokers on your Christmas list. For exceptional smoking pleasure give them PILL HELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES in the distinguished red Christmas carton. THIS IS NBC...THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #246

AS

CAST

NARRATOR	JOAN LAZAR
CARRIE	RUTH YORKE
MARGUERITE	AMGIE STRICKLAND
TIM :	JASON JOHNSON
DRUGGIST	BILL SMITH
SHERIFF	BILL SMITH
DOCTOR	BERT CAWLAN
CHARLIE	BOB DRYDEN
COOPER	JOHN BICKER

WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 12, 1951

ATX01 0005342

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#246

9:30 - 10:00 PM

DECEMBER 12, 1951

WEDNESDAY

(MARGUERITE BROWN: IDAHO FREE PRESS, NAMPA, IDAHO)

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE AND OUT UNDER)

(TRAIN IN MOTION, PERSPECTIVE: INTERIOR OF TRAIN,  
ESTABLISH AND THEN:)

LUCY: (16, ON FILTER:) "Dearest mother: It has been two years now since you left us. We don't know anything about the way you're living or what you're doing in Salt Lake City because all we've got is a postoffice address. But please, dearest mother, please try to do something to help us. I've been crying ever since I got home from school this afternoon. Daddy has been drinking again and it's been that way for three weeks. He chased Margie and Ann out and they are staying with a neighbor. I am so nervous I can hardly write. If things don't change, I'm going to run away or something. Please, please, dearest mother, come home and make a plan for us kid's sake. With my whole heart, Lucy."

(PAPER RUSTLED, AS OF THE LETTER ...)

CARRIE: (MOTHER, CRYING TO HERSELF:) I'm coming, darling. Don't worry. I'm coming home with a plan for all of us.

(UP WITH SHARP TRAIN WHISTLE IN THE NIGHT, COVERED  
BY ...)

(MUSIC: -- STING HIGH)

ATX01 0005343

ANNCR: THE BIG STORY. Here is America, its sound and its fury,  
its joy and its sorrow, as faithfully reported by the men  
and women of the great American newspapers. (PAUSE, COLD,  
FLAT:) Nampa, Idaho. From the pages of the Idaho Free Press,  
the story of a reporter who went looking for 'human  
interest' and discovered tragedy. Tonight, to Marguerite  
Brown of the Idaho Free Press, for her Big Story, goes the  
PELL MELL \$500.00 AWARD.

(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.

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

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

ANNCR: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 17 - by actual measure - PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

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

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

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

NNCR: Nampa, Idaho. The story as it actually happened ..  
Marguerite Brown's story as she lived it.

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

NARR: It takes a little time for even the best of editors to get used to the idea of a woman reporter covering front page news. Your editor is one of the best, but even in his case, you know Marguerite Brown, reporter for the Idaho Free Press, that you've still got to mark a little time. And so, your job at the moment is to shuttle between Nampa, Caldwell and Homedale, covering what, in newspaper tradition, is considered the normal beat for a woman -- births, deaths, and of course, marriages.

TIM: (CLERK, IN HIS 50's, SENSE OF HUMOR:) Sorry, Marguerite. Ain't nothing on the marriage book but some fly specks for the last week or so. Guess folks here in Homedale just ain't each other's type.

(LAUGHS)

MARGUERITE: (LATE 20's, KIDDING HIM ALONG:) How about you, Tim? How about you and that widow you been courting?

TIM: (QUICKLY:) Oh no you don't! You ain't rushing me into wedding just to make a couple of lines of news for that paper of yours. Just you stick around -- somebody'll get married around here.

MARGUERITE: I don't know -- I'm giving up hope.

TIM: Don't you say that! Can't never tell when it'll happen again --

MARGUERITE: When what will happen again?



TIM: Why I remember the time that there circus came through here. Had the wedding right here: in this office -- the Fat Lady and The Midget -- had it right here.

MARGUERITE: When was that?

TIM: When? Let me see now... nineteen of -- nine ....maybe nineteen ~~year~~ <sup>ten</sup>...yeah, that's when it was.

MARGUERITE: (WITH A SMILE:) I don't know if I can wait 40 years, Tim. I'll be back in a day or two.

(MUSIC \_ \_ \_ ACCENT, DOWN UNDER ...)

NARR: On the outskirts of Homedale there is a small bridge across the Snake River. ~~About~~ <sup>Just</sup> a mile past the bridge, you, Marguerite Brown, drive quickly ~~passed~~ <sup>past</sup> an old ranch-house, not very big, badly in need of paint and some work. Had you known at that moment how the people in that ranch-house were going to figure in your life, you would have stopped your car, gotten out, tried to intervene perhaps in some way in the tragedy which was brewing. ~~But there was no way for you to know yet.~~ And so, you drive on and the tragedy in the ranch-house continues to brew .... --

(WATER RUNNING INTO PAIL...)

CARRIE: That's enough water in that pail, Lucy.

(WATER TURNED OFF)

CARRIE: Put it right down on the floor here.-- We'll start with the kitchen. --

LUCY: (LOW:) Mother, I'm so glad you're back?

CARRIE: (CONTROLLED:)-- Hand me the soap right behind you, Lucy.  
(SCRAP OF BOXES THEN SPLASH OF WATER AS CARRIE POURS THE SOAP IN WATER, STIRS IT ...)

LUCY: <sup>Mother</sup> For two weeks now, you haven't said a word about Salt Lake City - What - what were you doing there mother?

(FLOOR BEING SCRUBBED)

CARRIE: (SCRUBBING:) This kitchen is filthy.

LUCY: For a while after you left we tried to keep it clean, but Dad got drunk and -- We --

CARRIE: Hand me the other brush, Lucy. <sup>Lucy</sup>

(BRUSH BEING HANDLED)

LUCY: Mother, you've got to trust me. I understood even two years ago -- I understood why you divorced Dad --

CARRIE: ~~You're stepping on the part I just scrubbed, Lucy. - It's -- --~~  
~~not-dry-yet.~~ -----

LUCY: (CLOSE TO TEARS NOW:) Why won't you tell me, mother? ~~Why~~  
~~did you come back? - what can we do?~~

CARRIE: (A BEAT, THEN:) I -- I came back because I have a plan, Lucy -- a plan for all of us.

CHARLIE: (FATHER, SURLY, MIDDLE 40'S, SHOUTING FROM OFF, IN PAIN:)  
Carrie! Lucy! Carrie!

LUCY: (TAKE:) Mom, he's drunk again!

CARRIE: I'll go up to him. Here -- take the brush.

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT, OUT TO ...)

CHARLIE: (IN PAIN: MEAN) What're you just standing there for?  
Can't you see something's wrong with me?

CARRIE: What is it, Charlie? What hurts you?

CHARLIE: (GROAN:) A lot you care -- a lot you care what happens to me --

CARRIE: Let me help you up. I'll take you to Dr. Wright.

CHARLIE: Why did you come back?

CARRIE: Don't you want me back?

CHARLIE: Two years ago you divorced me. Two years ago you said you wouldn't live with me. Why did you come back?

CARRIE: (A BEAT, THEN:) I've -- I've changed my mind, Charlie... about you and the children.

CHARLIE: You're lying again! (SUDDEN SEVERE PAIN:) Oh! Carrie, my heart! Something's -- wrong with -- my heart ---

CARRIE: (CALLING:) Lucy! Quick! Your father's <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~ ill... Help me get him down to the car!

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

DOCTOR: Just once more, Mr. Bowers... take a deep breath.

CHARLIE: (DEEP PALTERING BREATH)

DOCTOR: (AS HE LISTENS:) Uh huh, uh hum... (THEN:) All right, ~~Mr. Bowers -- You can button your shirt now.~~

CHARLIE: What's -- what's the matter with me, doctor?

DOCTOR: It's your heart ... too fast.

CHARLIE: (SURLY:) That's not telling me much. What's the matter with it?

CARRIE: (GENTLY:) There's no use in being angry with the doctor, Charlie.

DOCTOR: Take these powders, Mr. Bowers. Take one every three hours.

CHARLIE: What if I don't?

DOCTOR: (SLIGHT BEAT, THEN:) Take these powders, <sup>Mr. Bowers</sup> once every three hours. Lay off drinking --

CHARLIE: What if I don't?

DOCTOR: If you don't, then there's no use coming back to me, because your heart won't take it.

CHARLIE: So it's like that?

DOCTOR: Yes....it's like that.

CHARLIE: (FADING:) I'll see you out at the car. Carrie.

(DOOR OPENS SLIGHTLY OFF, THEN...)

DOCTOR: (LOW?) Glad you <sup>in town</sup> came back, Mrs. Bowers. He needs you.

CARRIE: How -- how serious is it, Doctor?

DOCTOR: He'll die unless he takes care of himself.

CARRIE: Oh.

DOCTOR: He's been a mess these last two years, Mrs. Bowers. I guess he's always been that way. It's -- probably no business of mine asking, but you did divorce him two years ago, didn't you?

CARRIE: Yes.

DOCTOR: Are you back for good?

CARRIE: (A BEAT, THEN:) We're planning to get married in a weeks time.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, BRIDGE, MARITAL UNDER...)

TIM: (CONCLUDING:) -- and by virtue of the powers ~~is~~ invested in me by the laws of this State and this here County. I hereby pronounce you man and wife.

(MUSIC: CUT)

TIM: (FLAT:) That'll be two dollars.

(PAUSE, THEN:)

CARRIE: (VERY TENSE:) Charlie, give -- give the man two dollars.

(RUSTLE OF BILLS)

TIM: (FLAT:) Thank you. And may you spend the rest of your natural lives in peace and harmony and wedded bliss.

CARRIE: Thank you. (A BEAT, THEN:) Let's go, Charlie. We've got some shopping to do.

(STEPS FADING SLIGHTLY, DOOR OPENS, SHUTS, THEN:)

TIM: (LOOKING AFTER THEM:) Well, Marguerite, there's a marriage for you!

MARGUERITE: (TO HERSELF:) That's right, Tim....there's a marriage for me ...

TIM: Oh, I know what you're thinking, but on a job like mine there's one thing you learn: Love is like putting a blind trap out in the field.....you ain't never sure what it's going to catch.

MARGUERITE: (HALF TO HERSELF:) Maybe this marriage we've witnessed, Tim, is a lot of things, but I'm afraid love isn't one of them.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ ACCENT, QUICK BRIDGE TO ...)

(STREET BC...)

CHARLIE: I'm going over to the Harvester place, Carrie, to look at a tractor.

CARRIE: That's all right, Charlie. I've got a little shopping to do.

CHARLIE: Get me a bottle of whiskey.

CARRIE: Dr. Wright said --

CHARLIE: (HARD:) This is my wedding day, ain't it? Get me a bottle of whiskey.

CARRIE: (A BEAT, THEN:) All right, dear. All right. If I'm not in the car when you get back, I'll be across the street in the drug store..

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ ACCENT, CUT TO...)

DRUGGIST: That'll be a dollar eighty-nine, ma'am.

CARRIE: Could you let me have some change? I've got a call to make.

DRUGGIST: Why sure, ma'am.

(CASH REGISTER, THEN CLINK OF COINS ON COUNTER...)

DRUGGIST: Here you are. Thank you and come again.

(STEPS, PHONE BOOTH DOOR OPENED, SHUT RECEIVER UP,  
THREE NUMBERS DIALED, THEN:)

CARRIE: Operator, I'm calling Salt Lake City...the New Paris  
Restaurant. .... Yes, I'll hold on. (PAUSE, THEN:)  
Seventy-five cents, operator? All right.

(THREE QUARTERS BEING DROPPED IN THE PHONE SLOT,  
THEN:)

CARRIE: Hello, is this the New Paris Restaurant? .... I -- I'd  
like to speak to the chef, please. ~~I know he's busy right  
now, but please~~ -- This is his wife calling.....Yes, Mrs.  
Cooper.... Thank you. (SLIGHT PAUSE, THEN:)

COOPER: (ON FILTER; PLEASANT, SIMPLE MAN, GENUINELY IN LOVE WITH  
CARRIE:) Honey? Is that you, honey?

CARRIE: (CLOSE TO TEARS:) Sam? How are you, Sam?

COOPER: Fine -- except I miss you something awful, Carrie. How's  
the law suit coming?

CARRIE: The law suit? I -- That's what I'm calling you about.  
It'll take me a couple of days longer than I expected.  
But I'll be home soon, Sam -- very soon.

COOPER: (SLIGHT TAKE:) Honey, ~~are you crying?~~ *is something wrong? You sound*  
~~I can hear you~~  
*in fact.*  
~~anything!~~

CARRIE: Not -- not really, Sam. ~~Just a little~~...it's just that  
I'm so happy to hear your voice again. I'll be home very  
soon, honey.

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

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #246

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.

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

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

ANNCR: 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  
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smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette  
offers you.

ANNCR: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

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

HARRICE: And - they are mild!



(MUSIC: THEME, INTRODUCTION AND UNDER ...)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and the Big Story of Marguerite Brown as she lived it and wrote it.

NARR: You're a grown up girl, Marguerite Brown, reporter for the Idaho Free Press. Not all marriages, you know, are made in heaven -- especially like the one you witnessed between Charlie Bowers and his ex-wife Carrie. But at this moment, your attention is focused at the other end of the scale of life. Over the phone, you're busy taking down the latest news for your papers obituary column.

(MUSIC: ~~DOWN, UNDER ...~~)

MARGUERITE: Take it easy, take it easy -- not so fast. Who's the next one? .... Mrs Herman Klenschmidt -- Is that K-E-I-N-S-C-H-M-I-D-T? .... Right. 84 -- uh huh. Services at the Homedale Baptist Church. Right .... tomorrow afternoon, two -- uh huh. Survived by daughter Katherine and son Homer. Okay. Anything else? ... (CASUALLY) Yeah -- Charles Bowers, 45, spelled B-O- (SUDDEN TAKE:) Did you say Charles Bowers? ... When? .... But - but he only got married two days ago! What of? ... Heart attack. ... Uh huh. Okay, okay. Thanks. .... No, I'll get the dope on him myself.

(MUSIC: STING, CUT TO)

SHERIFF: An inquest? Why?

MARGUERITE: You're <sup>not</sup> ~~not~~ planning an inquest then, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: Got no reason to. Doctor says he died of natural causes -- heart attack.

MARGUERITE: (FUMBLING) But --but he was only 45 -- he just got married two days ago --

SHERIFF: So what? You got any suspicions?

MARGUERITE: (A BEAT, THEN:) No -- none that I could put into words that would make sense.

SHERIFF: Then what do you want with an inquest? You a friend of his?

MARGUERITE: In a manner of speaking, Sheriff -- I -- I was the best man at their wedding.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ ACCENT, DOWN UNDER ...)

NARR: Later that day, Marguerite Brown, when you're notified that the Sheriff has decided to hold an inquest, you live through a moment of sudden panic. If you hadn't suggested the inquest to the Sheriff, would he have arranged for one? And what was the inquest going to reveal about that strange, silent marriage you witnessed <sup>✓</sup>four days ago? Right now, as you sit in the drafty Court House, your attention is all on the face of the widow, Carrie Bowers, as the Sheriff asks his questions.

SHERIFF: -(SLIGHT-ECHO,--AS-OF-LARGE-ROOM:) Now, Mrs. Bowers, we are undertaking this inquest because it has been brought to our attention that there is some question regarding your husband's death. Therefore, would you mind repeating for the <sup>Coroner's Jury</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>for the</sup> ~~Coroner's~~ <sup>the</sup> Jury the actual circumstances of your husband's death?

CARRIE: (VERY CALM:) ~~Yesterday afternoon~~ Charlie and I -- we went into Homedale. He'd been looking at a tractor and he hadn't made up his mind yet. I went with him; After we got through; he made me go into the store and buy him a bottle of whiskey. We were still celebrating our re-marriage.

SHERIFF: Did he drink on the way back?

CARRIE: Yes. By the time we'd crossed the bridge over Snake River and were half-way to our house, he'd had maybe half the bottle. Then, suddenly, this attack come on him. He stopped the car and began to tear at his chest. "I think I'm going to die," he said to me. "I think I'm not going to make it home, Carrie."

SHERIFF: ~~What did you do then?~~

CARRIE: I took the wheel and was going to head back to see Dr. Wright again.

SHERIFF: You mean Dr. Wright here, the Coroner?

CARRIE: Yes. But when I told Charlie what I was going to do, he began to scream some more: "Don't take me there" he said. ~~"Just take me home to die."~~ (A BEAT, THEN - ~~LOW~~) ~~By the time we reached our place, he was dead.~~

(MUSIC:        IN WITH)

NARR: Your interest in Carrie Bowers grows with every moment, Marguerite Brown. So much so that a good deal of the testimony escapes you because your eyes and your mind keep digging into Carrie Bowers' calm, expressionless face. And you can't figure it out. Two days ago, at the marriage license bureau, she was tense and worried. Now she is calm and peaceful. Why? Why this reversal of emotions you think should have been the other way around?

SHERIFF: Why did you decide to re-marry your former husband, Mrs. Bowers?

CARRIE: (VERY SLOWLY, AS IF THINKING IT THROUGH:) ~~It~~ -- it ain't so easy to answer that, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: Was it for his 80 acre ranch? Was it because of the children?

CARRIE: ~~It~~ -- it ain't so easy to answer that.....nothing comes easy in this life, Sheriff -- especially happiness, real happiness.

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

NARR: Once when you were a little girl, Marguerite Brown, in the dead of winter, you came on a starved deer caught in a barbed wire fence. The deer was hungry, and trying to get at the bark of some trees on the other side of the fence. But the more it tried to plunge through the fence, the more it was caught. And something in Carrie Bowers' face -- a sudden hungry look -- reminds you of that deer as the Sheriff asks his next question.

SHERIFF: Mrs. Bowers, what has your life been like these past two years in Salt Lake City?

CARRIE: My life? I -- I worked, had a few friends, tried to send some money to my children. It -- it was a nice life.

SHERIFF: Dr. Wright, about a week before their marriage, you say Charlie Bowers came to you because of a heart attack?

DOCTOR: That's correct, Sheriff. Gave him some powders to slow up his heart action. I told him he'd have to take care of himself and stop drinking. I even took Mrs. Bowers aside to tell her that.

SHERIFF: Then in your capacity both as Bowers' doctor and as the County Coroner you say that he died of natural causes?

DOCTOR: As far as any death can be considered normal, Sheriff, I would say that Charlie Bowers died a perfectly natural death.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ STING, BRIDGE, DOWN UNDER...)

MRS. BROWN: Normally, Marguerite Brown, you give yourself over to sleep the moment you go to bed, but not this night. Something at that inquest keeps torturing you, some contradiction, some clash of testimony that no one else noticed, not even you -- until now. And then, suddenly clearly, you hear it.

DOCTOR: (ON FILTER) I warned Mrs. Bowers he shouldn't drink.

CARRIE: (ON FILTER:) He made me buy him a bottle of whiskey to celebrate our re-marriage.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ STING, DOWN UNDER...)

~~(DIALING, HEARD UNDER...)~~

MARGUERITE: <sup>But</sup> Dr. Wright, ~~please forgive me~~ I know it's late.

~~But~~ what about the whiskey? You said that you warned her to keep him away from whiskey. And yet she said she bought him a bottle to celebrate their wedding.

DOCTOR: ~~(IRKED, TRYING TO CUT IN)~~ The inquest is over

~~Miss Brown~~ I wish you wouldn't jump-

MARGUERITE: (CUTS IN:) The point I'm trying to make, Dr. Wright, is this: knowing his heart condition, could she have ~~purposely fed him whiskey to~~ ---

DOCTOR: (CUTS IN:) Miss ~~Bowers~~, I think maybe you've been reading too many murder stories. It's true that whiskey can simulate <sup>a</sup> heart condition, but not to the point of killing a man, if that's what you're thinking. Poisons could do that, but not whiskey.

MARGUERITE: (TAKE:) Poisons?

DOCTOR: It's four o'clock in the morning, <sup>young woman</sup> What in the world are you thinking of, ~~young woman~~? Just because there's a ranch of 80 acres and a small amount of insurance money, you're letting your mind run riot.

MARGUERITE: (QUIETLY:) You're wrong, Dr. ~~Wright~~. I'm thinking quite the opposite -- I'm thinking that a woman like Mrs. Bowers -- if she were to commit murder, it wouldn't be for money. It would be for -- happiness.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER ...)

NARR: He's said "poisons". In the library the next morning, you compile a list of poisons which can speed the action of the heart, simulate heart trouble, and even kill. Some poisons you discover are rare, hard to find, expensive. But some --

DRUGGIST: Strychnine? Sure, Miss Brown, we carry it.

MARGUERITE: Sell any?

DRUGGIST: Well, not very much. (LAUGH:) After all, it's a poison. But the other day, a lady bought some -- to kill some rats.

MARGUERITE: (TAKE:) Rats? In this part of Idaho! (FAST:) The register -- Where is your poison register? According to the State Law, everybody who buys poison has to sign in the druggists' register. Where is it?

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ STING HIGH, CUT)

DOCTOR: (ON PHONE, EXCITED:) Sheriff, this is Dr. Wright. I've got to see you immediately. I've just gotten the report on Charlie Bowers vital organs from the Boise laboratory. They found three milligrams of strychnine in Bowers' stomach.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ ACCENT, CUT TO)

SHERIFF: (EXCITED) It's all <sup>fit together</sup> ~~of one piece~~. What you discovered at the drug store, Miss Brown, and your report from Boise, Doctor.

MARGUERITE: That first heart attack he had, Doctor, when she brought him to you the first time --

DOCTOR: Strychnine could do that, Miss Brown. Strychnine could create a perfect imitation of a heart attack.

MARGUERITE: That was her trial run -- to set up an alibi, wasn't it, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: I'm afraid so.

MARGUERITE: Where is she now?

SHERIFF: She left town right after the inquest.

MARGUERITE: (TAKE:) Left town?

SHERIFF: She took Bowers' body to Cedar City, Nevada. He had some relatives there. The funeral was this afternoon.

MARGUERITE: But what about her? Is she still in Cedar City?

SHERIFF: No. The minute I heard from Dr. Wright here, I checked with Cedar City.

MARGUERITE: And?

SHERIFF: She took the train to Salt Lake City. She'll be

arriving in Salt Lake City at 5:10 this morning. *and she'll be there to meet her*

*she'll*  
MARGUERITE: I'm going with you.

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

(~~TRAIN WHISTLE FAR OFF~~, TRAIN COMING ON UNDER...)

NARR: The platform at Salt Lake City is dark and windy and deserted as you, and the Sheriff hear the whistle of the 5:10 from Cedar City. In a moment or two, the train will pull in, Carrie Bowers will step down and you shudder a little, Marguerite Brown, ~~because~~ *you think* you know what is going to happen. In one way or another the barbed wire fence will close in tighter and tighter.

(TRAIN TO STOP)

SHERIFF: (LOW:) Do you see her, Miss Brown?

MARGUERITE: (LOW:) Not yet. I--

SHERIFF: (TAKE:) There she is -- up ahead!

MARGUERITE: Wait! That man -- he's taking her in his arms!

CARRIE: (OFF MIKE) Oh, Sam -- Sam darling!

COOPER: (LAUGHING:) Easy, honey, easy! We're back together again!

CARRIE: You'll never know, Sam -- you'll never know how much I missed you!



COOPER: I missed you too, baby. Know something? In the year and a half we've been married, this is the first time we were apart.

CARRIE: Never again, never again --

COOPER: How did the Court case go? They settle it all right?

SHERIFF: (SUDDENLY:) Mrs. Bowers?

CARRIE: (ALMOST A SCREAM:) No!

COOPER: Carrie, what is it?

SHERIFF: Mrs. Bowers, I'd like to --

CARRIE: Sam, don't let them! Don't let them --

CAPPER: I don't know who you are, but you've got the wrong woman. This is my wife, Mrs. Cooper.

SHERIFF: Here's my identification, Mr. Cooper. I know your wife as Mrs. Bowers.

CARRIE: (CRYING:) Sam, don't listen! Sam, don't listen! We'll lose each other forever if you listen!

COOPER: ~~I~~ -- what's <sup>this</sup> all about?

MARGUERITE: This -- this isn't a very good place to talk, Don't you think we ought to go inside, Sheriff?

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ ACCENT, OUT UNDER...)

CARRIE: ... I -- I kept getting letters from the children and as time went by, I became more and more heartsick. I couldn't stand to seem him treat the children the way he treated me in the past.

MARGUERITE: And so you ~~decided on a plan~~ <sup>thought of a way out?</sup>

CARRIE: (A BEAT, THEN:) Yes. I -- told Sam here that there was a Court case that needed me in Idaho. I went there, married Charlie again and gave him the strychnine with his whiskey.

MARGUERITE: Mr. Cooper knew nothing of your previous marriage or your children?

CARRIE: No. I -- I dreamed I would sell the ranch after -- after Charlie was dead. Then I'd come back here. I'd tell Sam I had children and the Court case had left me some money..and then I dreamed Sam would say yes, and for the first time in my life, I'd have real happiness -- -- real happiness.

COOPER: (PAUSE, THEN HEARTBROKEN:) If -- if you'd only told me -- right from the beginning, Carrie --

CARRIE: You -- you would have married me, Sam? With the Children?

COOPER: They were your children, ~~Carrie~~. I loved you, ~~Carrie~~. (PLEADING WITH HER:) Why didn't you tell me, ~~Carrie~~? Why didn't you tell me?

CARRIE: (DESPERATELY:) Don't you understand, Sam? When you're caught in something -- you -- you can't think. When you're caught in something all you can think of is how to break free. I wanted to break free, Sam, don't you understand?

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

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we'll read you a telegram from Marguerite Brown of the Nampa Idaho Free Press with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

GROOP: 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 fine 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 Marguerite Brown of  
the Nampa Idaho Free Press

BROWN: Murderer in tonight's BIG STORY lost her desperate gamble  
for happiness <sup>and was</sup> before a jury which sentenced her to Idaho  
State <sup>Penitentiary</sup> prison for life. Many thanks for tonight's PELL  
MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Miss Brown. The makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS  
CIGARETTES are proud to present you the PELL MELL \$500 a  
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 Lowell,  
Massachusetts Sun -- byline -- Thomas C. Gallagher. A  
BIG STORY of a bank robbery and a reporter's Christmas  
present to an unlucky man.

(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 Solinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Abram S. Ginnis from an actual story from the <sup>front</sup> pages of the Nampa Idaho Free Press. Your narrator was Bob Sloan and Amzie Strickland played the part of Marguerite Brown. In order to protect the names of people actually involved in tonight's authentic BIG STORY, the names of all characters in the dramatization were changed, with the exception of the reporter, Miss Brown.

(MUSIC: - - THEME MP, PILL AND FADE FOR - -

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES...This year do something special for the smokers on your Christmas list. For exceptional smoking pleasure give them PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES in the distinguished red Christmas carton.  
(PAUSE)

Somewhere in the U.S. tonight there is a man, woman or child who is fated to become America's one millionth traffic death! There's just one way this millionth traffic death can be postponed. That's if all of us - drivers and pedestrians alike - know and obey traffic laws. Support the safety movement in your community. Teach your children the rules of safety. Help cut the terrible toll of death on the highways!

THIS IS NBC...THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #247

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOAN
MILLY	PATSY CAMPBELL
EMILY	EVELYN JUSTER
LAURA	CHARLOTTE DENNY
HAROLD	BILL LIPTON
D.A.	BILL GRIFFIS
HARRIS	BILL GRIFFIS
MAN	SANDY BICKART
CHIEF	SANDY BICKART
TOM	BILL QUINN
SANTA CLAUS	MAURICE FRANKLIN
AIELLO	PHIL STERLING

WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 19, 1951

ATX01 0005368

9:30-10:00 PM

THE BIG STORY

#247

NBC

DECEMBER 19, 1951

WEDNESDAY

Thomas G. Gallagher, the Lowell Sun, Lowell, Massachusetts.

ANNCR: PELL MELL famous cigarettes present the BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: FAN FARE, BRIDGE INTO SLIGHT OVER ALL ECHO)  
(BANK LOG)

LAURA: Thank you. Merry Christmas! Next... (PAUSE) You're next Sir..  
(PAUSE) Do you want to make a deposit?

HAROLD: Let me have all the money in that drawer.

LAURA: What?

HAROLD: Let me have the money. I've got a gun.

LAURA: All right, all right.

(RIFFLE OF BILLS)

HAROLD: Now, you stay right here till I get out of here, you understand? Keep quiet.

(QUICK FADE OF FOOTSTEPS ON MARBLE)

LAURA: (EXCITED) Mister Morton, Mr. Morton....that man just held me up.

(MUSIC: UP SHARPLY AND OUT FOR)

ATX01 0005369

ANNCR: THE BIG STORY. Here is America, its rebound and its fury, its joy and its sorrows, as reported by the men and women of the great American newspapers. (PAUSE, FLAT) Lowell, Massachusetts, from the pages of the Lowell Sun comes the story of a bank robbery and a reporter's Christmas present to an unlucky man. ~~And~~ Tonight, to Thomas C. Gallagher of the Lowell Sun for his BIG STORY goes the PELL MELL \$500. award.

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)



THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #247

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 a PELL MELL and discover how PELL MELL's  
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way to your throat - filters the smoke and makes it  
mild.

HARRICE: Remember this - the further your cigarette filters the  
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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: So smoke PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- THEME AND UNDER)

ANNCR: Lowell, Massachusetts. The story as it actually happened.  
Thomas C. Gallagher's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: -- )

NARR: You cover the police beat, Tom Gallagher, reporter for the Lowell, Massachusetts Sun. Your stories usually start with the coroner's report of a "dead on arrival" tag ~~pinned on to a police body bag~~. Your stories usually list previous arrests, confessions. All the sordid waste of an industrial area filters into the clipped journalese of your crime reports. But Christmas...that's for feature men...<sup>and soon</sup> Brynmawr graduates, the modern equivalent of the sob-sister. Emily Horner worked opposite you...that was the kind of assignment she always pulled.

(TYPING STOPS: PAPER PULLED OUT)

TOM: What's the matter, Emmy...tough lead?

EMILY: The day I get to write an honest who what when where and how lead I'll be happy. I haven't written a news story since I came on the paper.

TOM: What's the problem today?

EMILY: Christmas feature...Christmas...Every day another piece. I've been cute about Christmas, reverant, naive, folksy, ...coohh!

TOM: That's your mistake, Emmy. That liberal arts background puts you right into feature. Scratch an Ivy leaguer and you find a feature writer.

EMILY: Right now I'd trade Kriss Kringle for a good axe murder. How about a trade, Tom.. you let me take the Police beat....

TOM: Oh no...I have a great respect for Christmas, I wouldn't want it spoiled by having to spread the good will with a trowel. The police beat is the only place I'm safe.. nothing to write but good healthy assaults and disorderly conducts. I celebrate Christmas on my own time...I like it that way..Let me see..

EMILY: No....no....

(PAPER CRINKLE)

TOM: (READING) "God bless us every one said Tiny Tim.. how these words echo through the streets of Lowell Massachusetts these days"...Oh brother! Keep me from that..praise be to the police beat.

(MUSIC: HIT: UNDER)

NARR: And it was on the police beat that your next story turned up. It didn't start with a teletype report, or a code number to a radio car.. it started in the attic of a small frame house near Lowell. The old furnace in the basement had a hard time shoving the heat past the second floor. The house wasn't insulated and when the door at the head of the attic stairs opened, a cold draft blew through the room.

(DOOR OPEN)

MILLY: Harold, close the door.

(DOOR CLOSE)

HAROLD: No heat?

MILLY: The steam just doesn't come up.

HAROLD: You'd think Buddy'd keep the furnace up.

MILLY: He tries. It just doesn't come up, Harold, there's nothing he can do.

HAROLD: If he wasn't my brother, I'd -- You're supposed to heat an apartment....

MILLY: Harold...

HAROLD: I know, I know, we don't pay him any rent.

(BIG SIGH AS HE SITS DOWN)

MILLY: Anything today?

HAROLD: No.

MILLY: ~~How about that job in Acton?~~

HAROLD: I had a flat. By the time I got there somebody else had it.

MILLY: I don't understand it. You've got a good trade.

HAROLD: Two trades. Landscape gardening -- silversmith helper -- ~~a lot of good that does me.~~

MILLY: Did you try the park department again?

HAROLD: Might as well give up, Milly, there isn't a job up here. What's for supper?

MILLY: Buddy sent up some roast beef they had yesterday.

HAROLD: How's the kid?

MILLY: His nose is <sup>still</sup> running <sup>again</sup>.

HAROLD: Did you call the doctor?

MILLY: We'll wait and see if it's anything serious.

HAROLD: You mean we haven't got any money for it. Milly, I was thinking of Asbury Park. At least I had a job down there.

MILLY: Twenty-two dollars a week?

HAROLD: It was a job.

MILLY: Harold, every night it's the same thing. You go over and over it.

(MORE)

MILLY:  
(CONT'D) We've figured the whole thing out. We couldn't live on that money. You said you wanted to go some place and make a fresh start.

HAROLD: What start? We're living off Buddy.

MILLY: You'll get something.

HAROLD: When? When?

MILLY: Sit back, lean back, here, I'll rub the back of your neck. (SOOTHINGLY) ~~You did the right thing, we couldn't live down there.~~ Soon you'll get a job. ~~Something with a future.~~ We'll save some money. ~~Put a down payment on a house.~~ We'll **pay back everything**. <sup>you'll see</sup> It'll be all right.

HAROLD: (SITTING UP SHARPLY) All right? Have you figured it up? I have all day long while I'm walking around from place to place, I've figured it up. Two hundred and sixty dollars it took to move up here. We owe that. Three hundred and eighty dollars to Buddy and that doesn't count rent. He can't afford that. Two hundred and sixty three dollars to your folks. ~~(And every week a letter that says it so nice, "if you could see your way clear...if you could spare just a little"...and I'm trying to think up excuses for borrowing some more.)~~ Don't kid yourself Milly, it won't be all right. We're not going to save anything. We're not even going to pay back what we owe.

MILLY: Where are you going?

HAROLD: I want a drink of water.

MILLY: ~~con't~~ Eat supper, Harold. Helen sent up some gravy with the roast beef, it's a good supper, tomorrow you'll find something.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER FOR MONTAGE)

MAN: Look, <sup>see</sup> ~~see~~, what would I want with a landscape gardener,  
I run a restaurant.

HAROLD: But I need a job, any job, maybe a dishwasher.

MAN: I don't need no dishwasher, I got a dishwasher. I'm  
sorry, I got nothing for you.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

HARRIS: Who let you in here.

HAROLD: Mr. Harris, they told me you run the arena where the  
fights are every Friday night.

HARRIS: Yeah.

HAROLD: Look, I need money real bad. I thought maybe you could  
use me.

HARRIS: The Arena corporation hires all the ushers, I just promote  
the fight.

HAROLD: I know. I did some fighting.

HARRIS: Where?

HAROLD: In New Jersey. The amateurs....

HARRIS: Amateurs, amateurs, don't give me no amateurs.

HAROLD: But, I've got to get something. I need money real bad.  
I can fight, Mr. Harris. Just give me a chance.

HARRIS: Sorry, Mac, I got nothing for you.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

(TIRED FOOTSTEPS UP STAIRS, DOOR OPEN)

MILEY: (OFF) Harold? Close the door, there's a draft.

HAROLD: I know.

(DOOR CLOSE)

MILLY: (COMING ON) Anything?

HAROLD: I tried to get a job as a prize fighter, he laughed at me, said I didn't look strong enough to lick a stamp.

MILLY: The heat's a little better today.

HAROLD: Yeah. They've got ~~the~~ Christmas decorations ~~up~~ down town. There's a wreath on every lamp post. ~~They've got a streamer across from the post office that says 'Merry Christmas'. Merry Christmas!~~

MILLY: Please, Harold...

HAROLD: ~~You should see the store windows. I saw a coat, one of those windproof ones with the furry lining. You remember you said you wanted one?~~

MILLY: I've got ~~a~~ cloth coat.

HAROLD: ~~Helen's old one from five years ago.~~ And the toys. There's something very cheerful about a window full of toys just before Christmas. Where's ~~Lorna?~~ <sup>Tommy?</sup>

MILLY: Downstairs playing. Harold, you shouldn't talk like this. It's not your fault.

HAROLD: Whose fault is it? Yours? ~~Lorna's?~~ <sup>Tommy's?</sup> How long can ~~we~~ live here in an attic, wearing Buddy's and Helen's old clothes?

MILLY: Buddy's been very good to us.

HAROLD: I don't want him to be good to us. It's a strain on him too-

MILLY: Harold...

HAROLD: I know - I know -- It's just that I got worried I'll never pay back what he's done for us. We would have been out on the street except for Buddy---It's no way to live, it's no way to live.

MILLY: Maybe there'll be something for Christmas . Maybe it will snow.

HAROLD: Sure, that's it. Let's pray for snow, so I can get some work shovelling. That's the future I came up here for, to pray for snow. I'm dreaming of a White Christmas.

MILLY: Don't say that - this isn't like you - Harold, what is this doing to you? I'm worried - worried about you, dear. You've changed - you used to laugh at trouble - remember?

HAROLD: Yes, I remember but what have we got to laugh at now? ~~I told you when we got married I was going to be a big shot - make a lot of dough - bring you and our children a future all of us would have been proud of.~~ Now look - look what we've come to. Everything I've tried to do has turned out wrong. Sometimes I feel so ashamed of myself I can hardly bear to look at you.

MILLY: Stop it! Stop talking that way. You're the same sweet guy you always were. I still love you, darling - that's the important thing - ~~I still love you.~~ We'll find a way - ~~somehow we'll figure it out - why stop worrying so - stop letting it get you down.~~ (PAUSE) Now come on - let's eat.

HAROLD: Somewhere in this town there must be something I can do. I've got to get ahold of something. Maybe tomorrow.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

(STREET BACKGROUND. A SANTA CLAUS' BELL RINGING)

SANTA CLAUS: Help the needy. Bring Christmas cheer to the unfortunate. Drop a nickel in Santa's chimney. You sir, can you spare a little to help those less fortunate than yourself.



HAROLD: Where'll I find one?

SANTA: Hmm?

HAROLD: Never mind. Look, are they hiring any more?

SANTA: Who?

HAROLD: Whoever hires you Santa Clauses. I need a job.

SANTA: It's volunteer work, mister. You see there's this United Christmas Fund drive and...

HAROLD: Never mind. Is this a good corner?

SANTA: Oh, sure, sure. See I'm right outside the bank here. People make a withdrawal for Christmas money; they come outside and I'm standing right here. When you get those new bills out of the bank you always feel rich.

(RINGS THE BELL) Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas!

SANTA: ~~Would you like to contribute, mister? It's a worthy cause.~~ Everybody needs a little something extra at Christmas.

HAROLD: Yeah, yeah, everybody needs something at Christmas.

SANTA: ~~It's the little extras that are important, hah? Toys for the kid. Something special for Christmas dinner.~~ I get a kick out of the collection. I've been doing it for five years. I wouldn't want to see anybody not have something for Christmas. What's the matter, mister, you don't look so good?

HAROLD: I'm all right.

SANTA: You look sick or something. You need any help?

HAROLD: No, no. I've got to help myself. (FADING) I've got to help myself.

SANTA: Hey, wait, maybe I can..well...(STARTS TO CLANG THE BELL).  
Merry Christmas..

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

NARR: Your telephone rings, Tom Gallagher, on your way off. But you're used to that. A reporter has to be. They've been trying to get you since 10 o'clock in the morning. The managing editor bawls into your ear and as you listen you grab your hat because the story is big. Lowell Dime Bank has been held up by an armed bandit. At the bank the tellers are gathered in little knots, buzzing like a swarm of bees. You spot Superintendent of Police Anthony Aiello, behind a glass top vice-president's desk, talking to a woman.

(SLIGHT OVER ALL ECHO, CROWD BUZZ IN BACKGROUND)

TOM: What's the story, Mr. Aiello?

AIELLO: Armed robbery. First one we ever had in Lowell. It's a shame. We had a good record.

TOM: How much was the take?

AIELLO: Twenty-five hundred.

TOM: Clean get away?

AIELLO: Yeah.

TOM: Can you fill me in? What did the bandit look like?  
What happened?

AIELLO: This is Laura McCarthy, the teller. Go ahead, Mrs. McCarthy, tell Mr. Gallagher what happened.

LAURA: Well, I had just finished a withdrawal and the next person in line was this boy, he was sort of tall and kind of good looking, wearing a short blue-grey trench coat.

TOM: Hat?

LAURA: No, he had a newspaper wrapped around his hand and I said next and ~~he pushed~~ <sup>then I saw he had a newspaper</sup> the newspaper ~~at me~~ <sup>and he</sup> and said let me have all the money in the drawer. I gave him the money and then he walked away.

TOM: Had you seen him before?

LAURA: No, ~~no~~.

TOM: No leads, Mr. Aiello?

AIELLO: No,

TOM: What do you think?

AIELLO: It's a stone wall. We haven't got a thing to work on. Who ever pulled this job got himself a nice Christmas present. Twenty-five hundred dollars.

(MUSIC: \_ )

NARR: You go over the descriptions carefully. After six years on the police beat you got a pretty good mental file of the petty criminals in the Lowell area. But you can't pin it down. You file your story and the next morning when you check back in at police headquarters, you run into superintendent Aiello in the hall.

TOM: Anything turn up on the bank robbery?

AIELLO: What did you expect? That boy got away clean. The money was in small bills with no record. <sup>of serial nos.</sup> Chances are we'll never get him.

TOM: The description is so vague. Could be almost any young kid.

HAROLD: (HALF OFF) Excuse me. Are you a detective.

TOM: Nope. A reporter.

HAROLD: I..I think I'd better talk to a detective.

AIELLO: I'm superintendent Aiello, ~~will that do?~~

HAROLD: I guess so. My name is Harold Oberman. Take this please.

AIELLO: What is it?

HAROLD: ~~The money;~~ twenty-five hundred dollars. I want to give myself up. I held up the Lowell Dime Bank.

(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.

HARRICE: Yes, smoke a PELL MELL - and discover how PELL MELL'S  
greater length of fine tobaccos filters the smoke on the  
way to your throat - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further  
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distinguished red package. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -  
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: THEME UP AND DOWN FOR)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and reporter Tom Gallagher's Big Story as he lived it and wrote it.

NARRATOR: You perch on a ~~sink~~ <sup>chair</sup> in the corner of the Detective Bureau, Tom Gallagher, while a police stenographer slips open his book to take down a confession. Harold Oberman looks tired, drawn. On a table in front of him is a stack of bills. Twenty five hundred dollars from the Lowell Dime Bank, and he can't look at it. You've heard confessions before.

HAROLD: I'm Harold Oberman. I'm 21 years old. My wife's name is Mildred. I came here from Asbury Park, New Jersey two months ago to live with my brother Buddy.

(MUSIC: IN WITH)

NARRATOR: You're taking notes, Tom Gallagher, in your own private brand of shorthand. You listen to the <sup>19</sup> confession, the story of a young boy, married at <sup>17</sup>, trying to support his wife, looking somewhere for a future and finding nothing.

HAROLD: I kept adding up the money we owed in my head, three hundred and eighty dollars to my brother Buddy, two hundred and sixty three dollars to my wife's folks; we were living in this one room in the attic, the bathroom was downstairs. I couldn't get no job. I didn't know what to do. And then I saw all the Christmas decorations. That's alright when you're working, see, I mean it's nice, Christmas is nice, but I couldn't stand it.

AIELLO: When did you decide to rob the bank? How long did you plan it?

HAROLD: I didn't know what I was doing. I was standing outside; there was a Santa Claus and I.....I just had to do something.

AIELLO: Where'd you get the gun?

HAROLD: It wasn't a real gun. It was a water pistol. It cost a dime. I was going to bring it home for a present for my kid. It was the last dime I had. It was a Christmas present for my kid.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ IN WITH)

NARRATOR: The confession is typed and you watch Harold Oberman sign it with his own fountain pen. They take him away and you turn to the Superintendent.

TOM: Pretty rough story, isn't it?

AIELLO: Yeah, I guess it is alright.

TOM: What do you think he'll get?

AIELLO: Plenty. Maybe 20 years. Armed bank robbery is a pretty tough rap. Cigarette?

TOM: Thanks.

AIELLO: (BIG SIGH) Well, you've got your story, Tom.

TOM: I don't know, Mr. Aiello. Maybe this one is just beginning. ~~There's~~ something ~~which~~ ought to be done for this kid.

AIELLO: It got you, Tom?

TOM: Yeah, yeah, it got me.

AIELLO: Forget it. Your next story on this case will be when they send him up for ten to 20 years. Don't eat your heart out. File your copy and forget it.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: But you don't file your story, not yet. You take a cab to the address that Harold Oberman gave in his confession. You climb the creaking stairs to the one-room attic apartment and you talk to his wife, Milly.

MILLY: (CRYING) He gave me two hundred dollars when he came home. He said it was a loan.

TOM: Did you believe him, Mrs. Oberman?

MILLY: The Lowell Sun was on the table, the headlines were all about the bank hold-up. I asked him, Harold, did you do that? And he said he didn't. I cried. I kept asking him and finally he was crying and I wanted to go down to the police station with him but he said he had to do it alone. Mr. Gallagher, what are they going to do with him?

TOM: I don't know. Has he ever been in trouble before?

MILLY: No, Harold <sup>had worked</sup> ~~works hard~~. That was it, if he could only have gotten a job. He was going crazy thinking about it. ~~I prayed for snow, I really did. I prayed for snow~~ because if he could get a job shoveling I knew that it ~~wouldn't drive him crazy. Even if it was only for a couple of days.~~ He was so ashamed living here on his brother. You should see him with the baby. He's a good father. Mr. Gallagher, what are they going to do with him?



TOM: Mrs. Oberman, Harold committed a serious crime, but he doesn't belong in prison. I'm going to do everything I can to see that he doesn't go there.

MILLY: Thank you. I....I prayed for snow, but it didn't snow. If only there'd been some snow.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP AND DOWN)

NARRATOR: You made a mistake. You gave the girl hope, and all your years of experience tells you there's no hope. Armed robbery? That means prison. You could kick yourself around the block for opening your big mouth. But you've got a story to write and you go to work. You check his record, a long distance call to the Asbury Park Chief of Police.

CHIEF: (FILTER) No, Mr. Gallagher, I won't have to check the files. I know Harold Oberman. Good kid, Comes from a nice family. Never been in trouble in his life. If there's anything I can do to help him, let me know.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: Now you write your story. You hit the Christmas money angle; you let out all the stops. You wave holly wreaths and tinsel and red decorations all through your story. Maybe it's sentimental, maybe it's maudlin, but you know there's a kid in the County Jail at East Cambridge who needs a break. And you're going to see that he gets it. You spend two days button-holing Superintendent Aiello in between appointments.

AIELLO: You back in again, Tom?

TOM: Look, Mr. Aiello. The judge set bail at twenty-five thousand dollars, that boy couldn't raise twenty-five cents. He can't afford a bond.

AIELLO: Tom, it's tough.

TOM: But this kid is clean. He never got into any trouble. He's a hard worker. I checked it.

AIELLO: What do you want from me?

TOM: You could go to the District Attorney, he listens to you.

AIELLO: It's out of my hands.

TOM: There's a family there that could do something. What happens if he goes up <sup>to prison</sup> ~~for ten years~~,

AIELLO: He robbed a bank.

TOM: But he gave himself up. You admitted you were up against a stone wall. You never would have found him.

AIELLO: Maybe!

TOM: He needs another chance. He needs a break. He's a good kid.

AIELLO: You can't get around it, Tom, he robbed the bank.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You hit the front pages two days in a row, and a wave of sympathy sweeps over Lowell. You take the story to the cops, the tellers at the bank, people you stop in the street. You tell them about Harold Oberman, and you put what they say on the front page. Before the day is over you have 19 jobs waiting for Harold Oberman. You take them with you and throw them on Superintendent Aiello's desk.

TOM: If he'd had any one of those, Mr. Aiello, any one three days ago, he wouldn't be in jail now.

AIELLO: Tom, you're making a lot of trouble for me. Those stories of yours.

TOM: I sent copies to the District Attorney.

AIELLO: I had a talk with Oberman in his cell. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll have lunch with the District Attorney. I'll tell him I think Oberman should get a break.

TOM: Will that do it?

AIELLO: I don't know. The D.A. doesn't like people pushing into his business. But I'll try. That's all I can promise you.

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

NARRATOR: From your desk at the Lowell Sun you can see the Christmas windows across the street and the crowds hurrying home through the cold...Hurrying home... and you think of the boy in the cell at the East Cambridge County Jail. Your phone rings at 8:30 p.m.

(PHONE RINGS, IS PICKED UP)

*Tom*  
AIELLO: (FILTER) Tom, Oberman signed a waiver of indictment. He's on tomorrow's trial list. Be down at the court tomorrow at 10 o'clock.

~~TOM: Does he get a break? Did you speak to the D.A.?~~

AIELLO: ~~I gave him your stuff. He won't commit himself. Be down at the court at ten.~~

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

NARR: You show up at superior court in East Cambridge with a photographer to catch Harold Oberman as he's brought over from the jail. He's very nice to you. He poses manacled to two bailiffs. In the courtroom you catch Superintendent Aiello before the trial.

TOM: What is it, Mr. Aiello? What does it mean? He wasn't supposed to come to trial before a couple of weeks.

AIELLO: *I don't know*  
~~I'm afraid it's bad, Tom.~~ The D.A. didn't tell me anything.

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

NARRATOR: The court convenes. The clerk rips through the ancient ritual in a bored tone. The waiver of indictment is read. Harold Oberman is crying. The details of the crime are read into the record. And then the District Attorney addresses the court.

DISTRICT ATTY: *armed robbery is a serious offense - however,*  
Your honor, I've outlined the financial condition of the defendant, his mental state, and his previous irreproachable reputation. Superintendent Aiello has informed me that the trail was so cold after the hold up that Oberman would undoubtedly never have been arrested if he had not given himself up. I believe he is a worthy subject for probation and I recommend that he be placed on probation for two years.

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

NARRATOR: The judge so orders, Harold Oberman is free. You watch him carefully as the bailiff leads him from the prisoner's cage. At the rail of the court is his wife. You're in the background Tom Gallagher while the flash bulbs pop and Harold Oberman walks out of the court room into a city decorated for Christmas, marked with the signs of the season of good will and mercy. You're in the background but you know you've given your Christmas present....freedom and another chance.

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

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we'll read you a telegram from Thomas C. Gallagher of the Lowell, Mass. Sun with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

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

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

- GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.
- CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke a PELL MELL and discover how PELL MELL'S greater length of fine tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your throat - filters the smoke and makes it mild.
- 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 - 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: Wherever you go today, notice how many people have changed to PELL MELL - the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package. Smoke PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"
- HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read that telegram from Thomas C. Gallagher of Lowell, Mass. Sun.

TELEGRAM: The young man in tonight's Big Story accepted one of the many jobs offered to him before his release. <sup>with a fresh start</sup> He and his family are now living happily in Lowell. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Gallagher. 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 Pottstown Pa. Mercury -- byline - Shandy Hill. A BIG STORY of a man convicted of murder - and of a small town reporter who believed in him.

(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 Ernest Kinoy from an actual story from the <sup>pages</sup> pages of the Lowell Mass. Sun. Your narrator was Bob Sloan and Bill Quinn played the part of Thomas Gallagher. 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. Gallagher.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES...This year do something special for the smokers on your Christmas list. For exceptional smoking pleasure give them PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES in the distinguished red Christmas carton. THIS IS NBC...THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

rp/mtf  
12/8/51pm.



THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #248

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOAN
EDNA	KATHLEEN MIDAY
BERTHA	KATHLEEN MIDAY
GRACE	JERRY ELFIN
MOTHER	IRENE HUBBARD
BRUBAKER	CARL ENDRY
SEANBY	JOHN GIBSON
BERT	COURT BENSON
KING	COURT BENSON
STOPAK	JOE HELGESEN
LONGG	SOMER ALBERG
O'BRIEN	IAN STEVENSON

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1951

ATX01 0005395

NBC

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

THE BIG STORY

DECEMBER 26, 1951

#248

WEDNESDAY

(SHANDY HILL: MERCURY, POTTSTOWN, PENNA.)

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

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

(FOOTSTEPS GOING DOWN STAIRS)

EDNA: Now, Bert, you speak right up to that woman.

BERT: I don't like to make trouble for Mrs. Martin.

EDNA: ~~Bert Wedeman, you listen to me, if you have less~~  
consideration for your own wife than a henna-dyed,  
size twelve divorcee!

BERT: What's wrong with being size 12; you make it sound  
~~immoral or something.~~

EDNA: Never mind...you just tell her off. Our room's been  
so hot for two days you could bake a potato on the  
floor. She ~~has the thermostat in her room....it's her~~  
*controls the heat from*  
responsibility.

(STEPS STOP)

Well...knock!

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

BERT: Maybe she isn't in.

EDNA: Try your house key....it fits all the doors!

(KEY IN LOCK: TURNS)

(DOOR OPENS) (NO STEPS)

EDNA: Let me look....huh, look at her asleep with her shoes  
on the satin spread.

BERT: (LOW) Edna...look at her...she isn't asleep. She's  
dead!

ATX01 0005396

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ PUNCH: 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. (PAUSE: FLAT) Pottstown, Pennsylvania. The story of a man convicted of murder....and of a small town newspaperman who believed him innocent. Tonight, to Shandy Hill of the Pottstown Mercury for his Big Story, goes the Pell Mell \$500.00 Award.

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

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #248

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 a PELL MELL and discover how PELL MELL'S greater length of fine tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your throat - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

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CHAPPELL: So smoke PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

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

CHAPPELL: Pottstown, Pennsylvania, the story as it actually happened. Shandy Hill's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ PUNCTUATE: UNDER)

NARRATOR: You run a small paper, Shandy Hill, in a small town, 35 miles from Philadelphia. The kind of paper that William Allen White called the backbone of American Journalism...and you've tried to show that backbone in the Mercury. You've got a pretty good name through this part of the state for sticking out your neck when a good long stretch of the upper spine is called for. That's how it was in the Erubaker case. It started in a rooming house. Pottstown is a respectable community.. suburban commuters...small business men...and that's why the shades were drawn in the apartment of Mrs. Grace Martin.....

GRACE: Chet...quit fiddling with the shades.

BRUBAKER: I just want to make sure they're down that's all.

GRACE: Afraid one of your <sup>country</sup> golfing buddies is going to be wandering outside?

BRUBAKER: Grace, you understand how it is. Everybody in town knows me....suppose somebody went to my wife.

GRACE: You're breaking out in a cold sweat.

(ICE TINKLE AND GLASS DRINK)

GRACE: Try this on for size.

BRUBAKER: I can't. I'm driving up to Potter County tonight.

GRACE: Another hunting trip?

BRUBAKER: With some ~~business~~ friends.

GRACE: You were supposed to drive me over to my mother's Friday night.

BRUBAKER: I won't be able to.

GRACE: Afraid somebody might see you with the gay divorcee?

BRUBAKER: That isn't funny.

GRACE: Sit down...you make me nervous.

BRUBAKER: ~~You got to remember my position in Pottstown.~~

GRACE: How about mine? My divorce decree is final now. What happens?

BRUBAKER: We've been over this a thousand times.

GRACE: It's very nice for you, Chet....you've got your cake and you're eating it, too. But how about me. Do you love me?

BRUBAKER: (A LITTLE ANNOYED) Of course I do.

GRACE: Um-hummmmmmm. But not quite enough to take chances of anybody in Pottstown seeing us together.

BRUBAKER: You've got to be reasonable, Grace. I should never have gotten into this.

GRACE: You sorry?

BRUBAKER: Yeah...yeah...I'm sorry. Every time I go home to Bertha I'm afraid I'll say something, every time I come here....

GRACE: I've been counting on you, Chet. You wouldn't disappoint me, would you? You wouldn't leave me alone.....

BRUBAKER: I'm not so sure you would be alone. You've been out with other men.

GRACE: Of course I have, darling, if you think I'm going to wait till you're finished looking under beds and around corners before I see somebody else.....

BRUBAKER: It's got to stop; it's too dangerous.

GRACE: For you or me?

BRUBAKER: I've got to do something, Grace, I....can't keep doing this sort of thing, not in a town like Pottstown.

GRACE: Now be careful what you do, Chet, the <sup>hunting</sup> golf club might not like the idea of their secretary seeing somebody like me...~~and the banker's club....~~and then there's always Bertha.

BRUBAKER: Forget about Bertha.

GRACE: I can...can you?

BRUBAKER: I'm late already, I've got to go.

GRACE: Have a good time hunting, darling.

BRUBAKER: ~~I'll bring you back something I've shot.~~

GRACE: ~~Probably a game warden. What's your hurry, Chet, aren't you going to kiss me good-bye?~~

BRUBAKER: Sure, sure.

GRACE: You going to miss me?

BRUBAKER: Sure. Look I'm late. Good-bye, Grace.

(DOOR OPEN)

GRACE: (FADING) Bye, Chet.

(DOOR CLOSE)

~~BRUBAKER: (BIG SIGH) How am I going to get out of this?~~

(MUSIC: --- HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: *Five days later, Monday afternoon*  
That was Wednesday... ~~at 11:59 on Sunday night~~ Chester Brubaker came home <sup>early from work</sup> ~~to his wife Bertha.~~ He stopped at the medicine chest and took out a pill. He picked up a glass but his hand shook.

(GLASS BREAKING)

BERTHA: (OFF) Chester....Chester...what fell?

BRUBAKER:

Nothing, nothing.

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*Bertha*

BERTHA:

(OFF) You didn't cut yourself, did you?

BRUBAKER:

No, no, nothing, ~~everything's alright, go back to~~  
sleep. I was just taking a capsule.

BERTHA:

Stomach acting up again?

BRUBAKER:

Yeah...yeah...that's it, I...I ate something, that's  
all.

BERTHA:

(COMING ON) You will go on those hunting trips, I'll  
bet you never washed that frying pan from one end of  
the trip to the next. No wonder you don't feel well.

~~BRUBAKER: That's all it is indigestion.~~

~~(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)~~

~~(DOOR OPEN)~~

~~BRUBAKER:~~

~~Bertha, Bertha.....~~

~~BERTHA:~~

~~(COMING ON) Oh, my goodness, what are you doing  
coming home in the middle of the afternoon, stomach  
bothering you again?~~

BRUBAKER:

I...I've got to tell you the truth...all day I've  
been sitting at my desk and reading one letter over  
and over again. I've got to tell you, Bertha.

BERTHA:

Well, well, what's the matter, something happen at  
the office? Did you hear from that brother of yours  
again?

BRUBAKER:

No...no...you'd better sit down, Bertha, there's  
a woman named Grace Martin, I've been seeing a lot  
of her

BERTHA:

Well I think I better sit down.

BRUBAKER:

It...it started when I met her in that bar downtown.  
I've been seeing her for three months.



BERTHA: Oh....oh....why are you telling me about it now, Chester?

BRUBAKER: I was going to anyway...I made up my mind when I went up to Potter County....I was going to tell you and that would be the end of it.

BERTHA: Well, if that's the end of it, alright, Chester.  
I don't know what else to say.

BRUBAKER: But...but...it isn't the end. Before I came home last night, <sup>from ~~mountain~~</sup> I went around ~~to Gr.~~....to her house to tell her. I unlocked the door. She was there on the bed. Bertha... she was dead..... <sup>murdered</sup>

BERTHA: ~~Did you call a doctor?~~

BRUBAKER: ~~You don't understand...she was murdered.~~

BERTHA: (CALM) What did you do ~~then~~ Chester?

BRUBAKER: I....I don't know. I was scared. What's the difference?

BERTHA: Did you touch anything? ~~Did you leave fingerprints?~~

BRUBAKER: I was wearing my driving gloves.

BERTHA: ~~You said you unlocked the door, do you still have her key, Chester?~~

BRUBAKER: Yes, yes, yes I guess so. Here.

(JINGLE OF KEYS)

BERTHA: Well, you take this key right out and drive over the ~~Oak Street Bridge and drop it into the Schuylkill River.~~

BRUBAKER: I....I didn't know how to tell you, Bertha.

BERTHA: <sup>now that</sup> We've been married a long time, Chester. You're in trouble now. We'll talk about the rest of it some other time. ~~Now, you get out the car and get rid of that key.~~

(DOOR BELL OFF)

BRUBAKER: Bertha!

BERTHA: I'll answer it.

(TWO STEPS. DOOR OPEN)

BERTHA: Yes?

STOPAK: Mrs. Brubaker is your husband at home?

BERTHA: I...I'm not sure.

STOPAK: That's his car out front, isn't it?

BERTHA: Who...who are you?

STOPAK: ~~3~~ Stopak, Pottstown police. We'd like Mr. Brubaker to come downtown with us. We'd like to talk to him about murder.

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

NARRATOR: You've known Jimmy Stopak for years, Shandy Hill. You wish you had a nickel for every afternoon you killed together in the back room of the Mercury playing pinochle. So, when Jimmy Stopak calls you up and tells you to get over in a hurry, you get.

SHANDY: ~~What is it, Jimmy? You caught me with a fist full of aces...a four hundred hand.~~

STOPAK: ~~Forget about pinochle,~~ Shandy. We've got a murder.

SHANDY: Has it hit Philly yet?

STOPAK: I held it up. I like to see a local boy get it first.

SHANDY: I owe you one, Jimmy.

STOPAK: I'll collect.

SHANDY: Okay. Who, what, when, how?

STOPAK: Victim....Mrs. Grace Martin, divorced, 27, found strangled first floor apartment, found by two tenants from upstairs. The thermostat was in the dead woman's apartment, the window was open, had the furnace pumping heat to the rest of the house.

SHANDY: Got any leads?

STOPAK: I got the guy.

SHANDY: Quick. He confess?

STOPAK: No, she had his picture in her wallet, we looked him up. Chester Brubaker. Want to watch <sup>him</sup> the crack?

SHANDY: Sure.

STOPAK: In here. (SOUND: DOOR OPENS, STEPS) Alright, Brubaker, let's have it again.

BRUBAKER: I've told you the same story, over and over.

STOPAK: Uh...uh, not the same story. First you said you never were there.

BRUBAKER: I'm telling the truth now. I got there at eleven o'clock Sunday night. She was dead alright, I was scared. I ran away, I went home.

STOPAK: But you were in her apartment Sunday night.

BRUBAKER: Yes, I told you that, she was dead. She was lying on the bed.

STOPAK: Are you sure she was dead when you got there?

BRUBAKER: Yes.

STOPAK: ~~You know what I think, Brubaker. I think you're lying.~~

BRUBAKER: No, no, I'm not, I'm telling you the truth....I swear.. bring me a Bible and I'll swear it...bring me a Bible.

STOPAK: You lied to me before. I had to work this story out of you.

BRUBAKER: But I'm telling the truth now.

STOPAK: Then why did you lie before?

BRUBAKER: ~~I was scared.~~

STOPAK: It might interest you to know, Mr. Brubaker, that the time of her death was placed by the coroner's report at approximately eleven o'clock Sunday night. That's the time you admit you were in her room.

BRUBAKER: I didn't kill her; she was dead when I got there.

STOPAK: You had the key to her apartment, didn't you?

BRUBAKER: I.....I didn't kill her.

STOPAK: You were afraid somebody would find out about you and Grace Martin, weren't you? ~~She got her final divorce a week ago. You were afraid she might do something, weren't you?~~ You wanted to get out of the whole mess.

BRUBAKER: Yes....I was going to tell my wife. I had made up my mind to tell my wife.

STOPAK: You made up your mind to get rid of Grace Martin..

BRUBAKER: Yes...no,no, not that way. I didn't kill her.

STOPAK: Alright, Brubaker, that will do for now. <sup>just wait here</sup>

SHANDY: (CLOSE) You think you got a case, Jimmy? It's all circumstantial. You haven't got one direct link.

STOPAK: You know your law, circumstantial evidence is good enough. They'll book him for murder.

SHANDY: Can you hold that up for me, Jimmy. If I could beat Philadelphia it would make the Mercury look pretty good.

STOPAK: I'll get lost in the basement for an hour, it's the best I can do for you.

SHANDY: An hour is plenty. Can I talk to him, Jimmy.

STOPAK: Well.....

SHANDY: I'll let you see anything before I write it.

STOPAK: Okay. Go ahead. I'll be in the Office.

SHANDY: Mr. Brubaker, I'm Shandy Hill of the Mercury. You maintain you didn't kill Grace Martin?

BRUBAKER: Sure, but nobody's going to believe me.

SHANDY: You're right about that. A double life doesn't look very good in court.

BRUBAKER: I've admitted about Grace Martin and me. I'm guilty of that. But not murder. What chance have I got? It isn't fair, Mr. Hill, I didn't kill her. But you'd never find a jury in this town to believe me.

SHANDY: Did you tell your wife about Grace Martin?

BRUBAKER: Bertha forgave me. Bertha said she'd stick by me. Mr. Hill should I be convicted of murder because I was indiscreet. Is that justice, Mr. Hill?

SHANDY: No, not if you didn't kill her.

BRUBAKER: But who's going to believe me? ~~Who's going to find out..~~  
~~who'd dig up evidence to prove I didn't do it?~~

SHANDY: Do you think it is there?

BRUBAKER: ~~It's got to be, Mr. Hill.~~ I swear before God I didn't kill Grace Martin.

SHANDY: *I don't know if you are just or not*  
Mr. Brubaker, I think the Mercury is going to try to *a man deserves a fair trial - if there's evidence*  
find out. ~~Somehow I believe you. I haven't got any~~  
~~reason for it. I haven't got any evidence, but I'm~~  
~~going to see if I can find some.~~ *I'm going to see if I can find some.*

(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.

HARRICE: Yes, smoke a PELL MELL - and discover how PELL MELL'S  
greater length of fine tobaccos filters the smoke on the  
way to your throat - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than  
that of any other leading cigarette. And, what's more,  
after 5 puffs, or 10, or 17 - PELL MELL'S greater length  
of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke  
further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

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

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL  
MELL.

CHAPPELL: Wherever you go today, notice how many people have changed  
to PELL MELL - the longer, finer cigarette in the  
distinguished red package. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -  
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

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

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and the BIG STORY of Shandy Hill as he lived it and wrote it.

NARRATOR: Time is the key to this one Shandy Hill. A tick of the clock spells the difference between life and death for Chester Brubaker. You fish a piece of yellow scrap paper out of your waste basket. ~~On the front is an A.P. story on this year's selection of the All-American football team.~~ But on the back you lay out a timetable for murder.

SHANDY: Wednesday, eight o'clock, Brubaker leaves on a hunting trip. Alibi airtight till ten o'clock Sunday night. Eleven o'clock Sunday night Brubaker admits going to Grace Martin's apartment, claims she was already dead. Monday afternoon body discovered. Coroner's report places time of death late Sunday evening.

NARRATOR: That's the key the time of death. If you could prove that Chester Brubaker stumbled into that room and found a corpse he would be free. If you could prove Grace Martin died before ten o'clock Sunday night....You take your problem to ~~the~~ Chief Jimmy Stopak and find cold comfort.

STOPAK: I can't give you anything Shandy. We're still looking for someone who saw the Martin woman alive before Sunday . but otherwise the case is ~~still ice cold.~~ <sup>open a shut</sup>

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You're managing editor of the Mercury, Shandy Hill, this is a small town paper. The letterhead lists you as secretary and treasurer, too, and on this story the leg man. You start in on ~~Grace Martin.~~ <sup>Edna Wederson. The neighbor</sup> You start in on background.

EDNA: Well, Mr. Hill, I'm not one to speak ill of the dead, but... I kept a sharp eye on my Bert every time he went past that woman's door. That Mr. Brubaker was not the only one, ~~not~~ ~~by a long sight.~~



(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You ~~dig up~~ <sup>visit</sup> Grace Martin's mother, in nearby Mohnton.

MOTHER: Grace was a very good daughter, Mr. Hill. She always came over to see me every weekend, rain or shine.

SHANDY: Did she come over last weekend?

MOTHER: No, I was very worried. I was expecting her. Grace always called me if she wasn't coming.

SHANDY: But she did not call?

MOTHER: No, I was very worried. Grace always called me if she wasn't coming. I can't think what kept her from the telephone.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

BERT: When we finally ~~broke~~ <sup>went</sup> into the room, Mr. Hill, there she was lying on the bed, a camel hair's coat over her clothes and her shoes on.

SHANDY: Any other clothes in the room?

BERT: Yes, she had an outfit laid out. Come to think of it, I saw her wearing the same clothes Thursday...one of them fuzzy sweaters...I noticed it, you understand. There it was laid out Monday afternoon. Same clothes I seen her wear on Thursday.

(MUSIC: HIT)

NARRATOR: You begin to get a picture. Grace Martin due at her mother's over the weekend. The clothes she took off Thursday, laid out where she had left them. You gather your evidence and take it to ~~Chief~~ Jimmy Stopak.

Shandy: you see Jimmy: she wouldn't wear the same clothes 4 days in a row.

Stopak: That isn't legal proof

Shandy: But it figures that woman couldn't have been alive when Buchholz walked in - the clothes wouldn't have been lying there all that time.

STOPAK: It's out of my hands, Shandy, the District Attorney's got the case. Anyway, all of the stuff you got won't stand up in court, you know that. The time of death was placed as Sunday night. It puts Brubaker right in the middle of it. The case goes to court this week.

SHANDY: Brubaker <sup>wasn't</sup> ~~wasn't~~ guilty, Jimmy, not of murder.

STOPAK: That's not for me to decide, nor you. That's for twelve men sitting inside that little wooden rail. Leave it to them.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: It looks bad in court, the state has a good story. And illicit affair, Brubaker's lie, his flight, his final admission he was in Grace Martin's room. It's all circumstantial. <sup>That's</sup> That's enough. The Jury finds Chester Brubaker guilty of murder in the second degree. You decide to go and see him in his cell after the trial. ~~He sits on the cot and looks down at the hardened black gum wads on the concrete floor.~~

SHANDY: <sup>to</sup> Brubaker, that case should never have gone to the jury. ~~The State didn't prove you guilty.~~

BRUBAKER: What's the use.

SHANDY: I'm no lawyer, but I could spot ten places in the trial that were grounds for appeal and a reversal.

BRUBAKER: It's no good, Mr. Hill. You can't get up there in this town and admit what I have to admit and have anybody believe you. I'm <sup>playing</sup> ~~playing~~ heavy, Mr. Hill, heavy.

SHANDY: But you didn't kill her...

BRUBAKER: No, I didn't kill her.

SHANDY: Then we'll keep on fighting.

BRUBAKER: How? I've spent every nickel I have, <sup>including</sup> my wife's savings; ~~my~~  
~~cousin-in-Chic-cashed-in-her-war-bonds-and-sent-them-to-me.~~  
~~I've lost my home, I had to mortgage it.~~ Where can I get  
any more money to fight. I don't even have enough to  
print the record for an appeal. I'm through!

SHANDY: No you're not, Brubaker. As long as you're innocent of that  
murder....as long as I believe you're innocent, the fight  
isn't over. People won't stand for an innocent man going  
to jail.

BRUBAKER: People won't care what happens to me. Not after what  
I've done.

SHANDY: But it wasn't murder. We've got to knock that into their  
heads, Brubaker, whatever you may have been guilty of, it  
wasn't murder.

(MUSIC: HIT)

NARRATOR: You lay it on the line in the Mercury, Shandy Hill, ~~you~~  
~~play the defense big.~~ You hammer away against  
"circumstantial evidence" ~~till your readers can pass the~~  
~~bar exam on the point.~~ And ~~then~~ slowly a snowball of  
sympathy starts rolling. You tell the story of Brubaker  
~~flat broke trying to fight on.~~ And then one day Muriel  
Radigan walks into your office.

MOTHER: Mr. Hill, you remember me. I'm Grace Martin's mother.

SHANDY: Sit down, Mrs. Radigan.

MOTHER: I've been reading your articles in the Mercury about that  
man Brubaker. Was it true about his wife staying with him,  
even after she knew about Grace?

SHANDY: That's right.

MOTHER: Mr. Hill, I don't believe that Mr. Brubaker killed my Grace.

SHANDY: Neither do I.

MOTHER: He needs money, doesn't he, for his appeal, and for new evidence?

SHANDY: That's right.

MOTHER: I have ~~a little~~ <sup>45.00</sup>...I saved it from my job. Will you take it Mr. Hill and give it to him, ~~it's not much, five hundred dollars.~~

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: The appeal goes through to the Pennsylvania Supreme Court. In the preliminary pleading it looks like a sure thing.

~~SHANDY: Brubaker, I think we've got it. The Chief Justice himself said the case should never have gone to the jury. It looks good.~~

(MUSIC: ~~HIT AND UNDER~~)

NARRATOR: ~~But the decision comes out four to three, appeal denied and the Chief Justice is in the minority.~~ There's only one answer now. The Governor's pardon board, You talk it over with <sup>St.</sup> ~~Chief~~ Jimmy Stopak.

STOPAK: You haven't got a chance Shandy. You can't buck a Supreme Court decision.

SHANDY: Jimmy, that woman was murdered before Brubaker got back from that hunting trip, I know it.

STOPAK: Can you prove it to the Governor? Give up, Shandy, you're whipping a dead horse.

SHANDY: The man deserves a fair trial, Stopak...Justice. I don't care if he's a drunk or ~~an adulterer~~ <sup>what he is even</sup>, or if he beats his mother, he deserves justice.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: But Jimmy Stopak is right and you know it. It's the time that's got you licked. The exact moment when a woman was strangled. Again and again you go over this point. The time of death fixed by the coroner's report is around eleven o'clock Sunday night. And then one morning a break comes. A <sup>Mr. Longo</sup> businessman walks into the Mercury office to buy an ad. He stops by your desk and you chew the fat. ~~You pass a few bad jokes about his profession, but he~~ doesn't mind, he's a nice guy, and can take it and dish it out.

LONGO: (CHEERFULLY) You can't tell me any new jokes about ~~undertaking, Mr. Hill, I've heard 'em all.~~

NARRATOR: And then the talk, as it does in Pottstown, turns to the Brubaker case.

LONGO: Sure, I handled the Grace Martin funeral. <sup>in Hill</sup> Funny thing, <sup>the</sup> ~~Mr. Hill~~, paper says she died Sunday night; I've been in <sup>in the business</sup> the business twenty years. I'd swear it was maybe three or four days before that.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: Your ears shoot up like a bunny on a hot stove. Before the dignified Mr. Longo catches his breath you've got him face to face with Dr. Allen King at the county coroner's office.

KING: Mr. Longo may be absolutely right, I based my report on the external evidences of decomposition. That's not as accurate as an internal examination. Many things can effect it, weather, heat, cold.....

SHANDY: Cold, wait a minute. They discovered the body because the thermostat was way up. The window was open in Grace Martin's room and those days were cold.

KING: Nobody told me that. I assumed the body had been indoors in a heated room.

SHANDY: Would that make a difference?

KING: Of course it would. On that basis my original estimate of the time of death would be way off. There would be no way of telling exactly when Grace Martin died.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You've put a big hole in the state's case, Shandy Hill, but the pardon board is tough. It has to be...and you haven't proved that Brubaker was innocent. One more break would nail it down.

(PHONE RINGS OFF)

You're leaving the office Saturday night...the phone rings, and you can't make up your mind...if you let it ring you're through for the day...but to a news man an unanswered phone is like a shout for help in a swimming pool

(PHONE BELL COMING ON)

You give up the struggle and answer it.

(PHONE BELL OUT)

It's an old friend of yours, Charley O'Brian from a big daily in Philadelphia.

O'BRIAN: (FILTER) I'm coming out to Pottstown. Shandy...I want to see you.

SHANDY: Got a story out this way?

O'BRIAN: No... but you have. I've got something on the Erubaker case that's not as a two dollar pistol...only I've got to talk to you, Shandy. I've got a problem.

(MUSIC: HIT: UNDER)

~~NARRATOR: The Problem is simple...and you and Charley O'Brian kick it around over a beer.~~

O'BRIAN: Shandy, I know you've always pitched in strong for the small town paper. But there's something in having a staff in Harrisburg and Washington.

SHANDY: What are you getting at, Charley...I know you're on a big paper.

O'BRIAN: It's this, Shandy. We get to hear the grapevine. Suppose I told you there was a confession...that somebody else said he killed Grace Martin.

SHANDY: Who...what's his name...where can I get a hold of him.

O'BRIAN: There's the catch, Shandy. My paper dug it up. I know this is your baby...that's why I came out here.

SHANDY: You want to break the story.

O'BRIAN: I wouldn't do it unless you said so.

SHANDY: When would you publish?

O'BRIAN: Tomorrow.

SHANDY: Sunday...but the Mercury doesn't come out. Charley, you're asking me to be scooped for twenty-four hours in the biggest break in the case.

O'BRIAN: Well...I could bury it. If you want it, Shandy, that's the way it's going to be.

SHANDY: Hold it. I'm for the small paper, Charley, but I'm still living in this world. ~~You can take our circulation and lose it in your returns from newsstands. The only way we can get Brubaker out is to get the public on his side.~~ Philadelphia reads your paper, Charley...so does the Governor. Go ahead, print the story. Run it hard...

O'BRIAN: ~~It's tough, Shandy. You've done a good job on this.~~

SHANDY: ~~Sure...sure it's tough. Let's get Brubaker out, then I'll worry about exclusives. Write your story...and make it good.~~

(MUSIC: HIT: UNDER NARR)

NARRATOR: The story breaks in the Philadelphia paper...the story you've been working ~~for~~ for months. Harold West, convicted of bank robbery, confesses to the murder of Grace Martin. ~~You sit in the city room and read the headlines...the presses downstairs are quiet.~~ On this day with the case blown wide open the Mercury is silent. ~~You flip paper clips across the desk into your ash tray and swear a little at yourself.~~ Charley O'Brien would have buried it...you could have broken the story Monday. ~~But you know it had to be this way...the big city paper gives it a ride...and every politician in the state sits up and takes notice. It had to be this way.~~ but it's hard for a newsman. ~~But~~ the final story is yours, <sup>Shandy</sup> Shandy Hill, and it takes place in a cell at State Prison.

(CELL DOOR CLANG)

SHANDY: Hello Brubaker...

BRUBAKER: Mr. Hill...what happened. Did the pardon board meet?



SHANDY: Hold it. I'm for the small paper, Charley, but I'm still living in this world. ~~You can't take our circulation and lose it in your returns from newsstands. The only way we can get Brubaker out is to get the public on his side.~~ Philadelphia reads your paper, Charley...so does the Governor. Go ahead, print the story. Run it hard...

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(CELL DOOR CLANG)

SHANDY: Hello Brubaker...

BRUBAKER: Mr. Hill...what happened. Did the pardon board meet?

SHANDY: Yes.

BRUBAKER: What happened? They can't keep me in. Not after you proved she was dead when I got there...and that other man confessed. How long do I have to wait?

SHANDY: The official notification won't go out for a few hours.

BRUBAKER: No...more waiting, Mr. Hill...~~no~~ more waiting!

SHANDY: No more waiting Brubaker...The official decision isn't out...but your pardoned.

BRUBAKER: Are you sure..how do you know?

SHANDY: I'm sure, Brubaker. You're out...free. But this time, I'm not going to be scooped, I want the first interview, exclusive. Now...lets get down to questions...Mr. Brubaker ...how does it feel to be a free man?

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we'll read you a telegram from Shandy Hill of the Pottstown Pa. Mercury with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #248

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 a PELL MELL and discover how PELL MELL'S greater  
length of fine tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your  
throat - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

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 - PELL MELL'S greater length of  
traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further  
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mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Wherever you go today, notice how many people have changed  
to PELL MELL - the longer, finer cigarette in the  
distinguished red package. Smoke PELL MELL FAMOUS  
CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: \_\_ TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read that telegram from Shandy Hill of the Pottstown Pa. Mercury.

HILL: Defendant in tonight's Big Story was officially pardoned. The convict who confessed, later, repudiated the confession, but the pardon board ruled there was sufficient doubt of guilt, and the pardon stood. The Mercury's scoop interview beat the Philadelphia papers by a full day. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

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

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY - A Big Story from the front pages of the Salt Lake City Tribune - Telegram - byline - Clark Lobb the story of a reporter who was promised a "Big Story" and then almost paid for it with his life.

(MUSIC: \_\_ STING)

CHAPPELL: And remember -- every week you can see another different Big Story on television -- brought to you by the makers of Fell Mell Famous Cigarettes.

(MUSIC: \_\_ THEME WIFE 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 Ernest Kincy from an actual story from the ~~pages~~ pages of the Pottstown Pa. Mercury. Your narrator ~~was~~ Bob Sloan ~~and~~ John Gibson played the part of Shandy Hill. In order to protect the names of people actually involved in tonight's authentic BIG STORY, the names of all characters in the dramatization were changed, with the exception of the reporter, Mr. Hill.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.  
THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

eg/rhg  
12/13/51