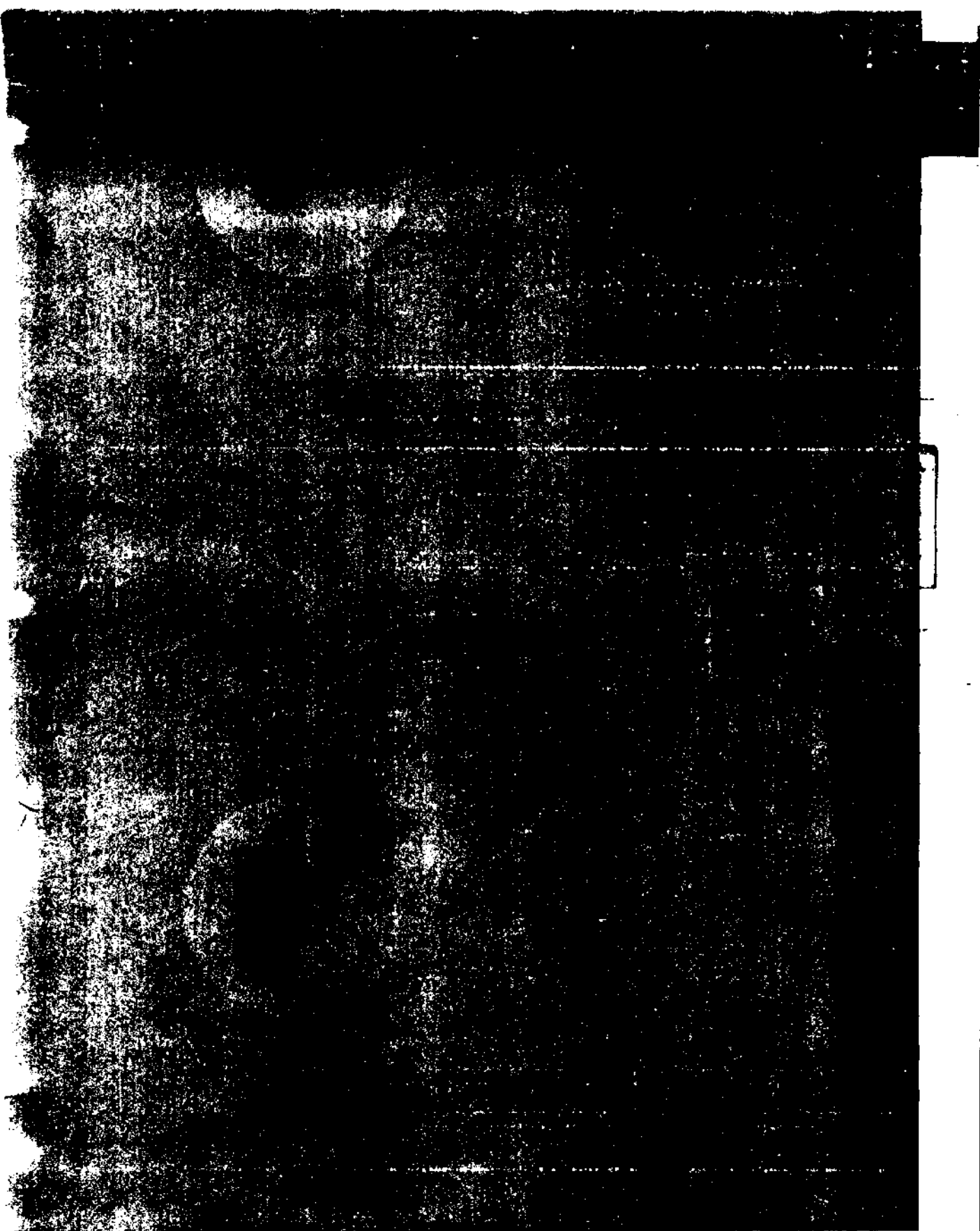


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THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #249

AS BROADCAST

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOAN
MAXINE	EVELYN SIEBOLD
JESSE	BOBBY READICK
CALVIN	LES DAMON
SMITH	LES DAMON
CLARK	FRANCIS de SALES
DeWITT	ARTHUR KOHL
KEELEY	PHIL STERLING
CHUCK	ROSS MARTIN

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1952

ATX01 0005426

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

THE BIG STORY
JANUARY 2, 1952

#249
WEDNESDAY

(CLARK LOBB: THE SALT LAKE (UTAH) TRIBUNE-TELEGRAM)

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

(MUSIC: PANFARE AND CUT TO:)

(AS OF ROOMFUL OF PEOPLE)

JESSE: (ABOUT 22, BRIGHT AND COCKY) Stick up? What stick up?

CALVIN: (A COP) All the way from California -- a dozen highway
stickups. That last one here in Ogden -- that cab
driver you slugged.....

JESSE: Go away, cop. You bother me.

CALVIN: ~~(HARD) We got your partner's name over there... we got
your girl friends name. What's yours?~~

JESSE: Jesse Kendall. Want me to spell it for you.

CALVIN: All right, Jesse.

JESSE: Call me Mr. Kendall. And besides, I'm finished with
you. I don't want no one to think I'd have anything to
do with a cop.

CALVIN: ~~Why you ---~~

JESSE: (TAKE) Hey, who's that guy with the camera just come
in the room? *one of*

CALVIN: Photographer from the papers.

JESSE: Lend me a comb, cop. I always like to look my best for
the press.

(MUSIC: STING, UP TO...)

ATK01 0005427

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.
Salt Lake City, Utah-(~~PAUSE, FLAT AND COLD~~) From the
pages of the Salt Lake Tribune-Telegram, the story of
a reporter who was promised a "big story" and ~~then~~
almost paid for it with his life. Tonight, to Clark
Lobb of the Salt Lake Tribune-Telegram, for his Big
Story, goes the PELL MELL \$500.00 Award.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ TURNTABLE)_

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #249

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 cigaret offers you.

CHAPPELL: So smoke PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And-they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ THEME)_

CHAPPELL: Salt Lake City, Utah. The story as it actually happened
--Clark Lobb's story as he lived it

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ _)_

NARR: When you walked into the Interrogating Room at Police headquarters in Ogden, Clark Lobb, police reporter for the Salt Lake Tribune-Telegram, you were struck immediately by Jesse Kendall's appearance. You'd followed his deadly path from California to Ogden City via the news reports of the beatings, holdups, muggings that he and his two companions had pulled off. And now, you're watching him -- handsome in a way, proud of his wavy black hair, cocky, turning his face first one way, then another, for the benefit of your photographer.

JESSE: Which profile do you want? I don't want to scare your kid readers too much, you know. (LAUGH)

(RELAXED MURMUR OF VOICE B.G.....)

JESSE: Having a good time, Mac?

CLARK: Real name's Clark Lobb. Thanks for the pictures, by the way.

JESSE: Think nothing of it, Clark. Always glad to help you pencil pushers.

CLARK: In that case, how about telling me the straight dope?

JESSE: You important on your paper?

CLARK: Well, I can get a story on the front page if it's a good story.

JESSE: Okay. What do you want to know?

CLARK: What have they got on you? That business about the cabdriver?

JESSE: (SCORNFULLY) Oh him -- that was nothing.

CLARK: And the guy ~~in the hotel~~ in Fallon, Nevada?

JESSE: Oh yeah. ^{Took cereal him too} ~~Him too.~~

CLARK: And the guy they found by the side of the road, his car stolen on the California highway?

JESSE: (IMPATIENTLY) Oh yeah, yeah. Him too. But that's no story. Listen I like you newspaper guys. I don't mind telling you straight -- I like to see my name in the papers. Why I remember one time a couple of years ago, when they picked me up in California, on a little job-- I told this reporter I had committed a murder once. And you know what? (LAUGHS) That kid swallowed it hook line and sinker!

CLARK: Kid? How old was he?

JESSE: Oh---I'd say about 30.

CLARK: How old are you, Jesse?

JESSE: Me? 23 come July 4th. But, Brother, I'm living!

CALVIN: Time to go, Jesse. We're taking you and your pals down to Salt Lake City.

JESSE: Okay, Cop, okay. Don't give me the rush act. (TO CLARK) I like you, Clark. Let's see how you do with the story I just gave you. If you get it on page one, drop around to see me at the city jail tomorrow. Maybe I'll be able to work up another one for you.

(MUSIC: --- STING, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: By the following afternoon, Clark Lobb, as you follow the ~~crowd~~^{word} down the corridor of the Salt Lake City Jail, you realize -- with horror -- that you're ^{actually} looking forward to your second meeting with Jesse Kendall. There's something about the kid, something unreal and terrifying--which answers your interest.

(CELL DOOR OPENED, SHUT WITH A CLANG)

JESSE: Nice job, son -- nice job. Smack bang on page one, including a picture! That's the way I like it.

CLARK: You haven't lost any of your strut, have you, Jesse?

JESSE: What strut? This is me -- Jesse Kendall. This is the way I am. What makes you think anything can change me?

CLARK: You'll be going away for a stretch soon. Doesn't that worry you a little?

JESSE: Never heard the word. Now, let's get down to business.

CLARK: Business?

JESSE: Newspaper business, that's what I'm talking about. I figure, I'm played out on page one. But you could use a good feature on me, couldn't you?

CLARK: What kind of a feature?

JESSE: Like here -- see this cross tattooed between by thumb and first finger and the three little sparklers above it? See this little tattooed dot on my left cheek?

CLARK: Yeah, I see them. What about them?

JESSE: The sign of the Pachuco.

CLARK: You mean the zoot suit gangs in California?

JESSE: Yes, the Pachuco. I ran one of those gangs. And I'm going to tell you all about it because I like you. Some guys like people who give them Cadillac Convertibles. Me--I like guys who put me on page one!

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

NARRATOR: For an hour and a half, Jesse Kendall tells you about his adventures among the Pachucos. Some of it, ~~Clark Lobb~~, you discount as phoney. Most of it, ~~however~~, you know is real -- ~~shockingly~~ real. And what scares you even more is the recognition on your part that this super-confident kid knows exactly what goes to make up a good feature story. Then, when you think he's through ~~and you turn to leave his cell~~, he suddenly puts his hand on your arm and moves very close to you.

JESSE: (CONFIDENTIALLY) So far, Clark, you've done a lot for me -- page one. But so far, I haven't done very much for you.

CLARK: That's not quite so, Jesse. You gave me your confession and now a feature story.

JESSE: Not enough, Clark, not enough. I want to do something for you real big. They're going to send me away, Clark but listen to me. Before long, I'm going to give you a story--just for you alone--and it's going to be one of the biggest stories a reporter ever got for himself. Me---Jesse Kendall -- I'm going to do that for you.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ ACCENT HIGH, BRIDGE, DOWN UNDER)

NARRATOR: That was two years ago, Clark Lobb....a few days before Jesse Kendall and his pal ^{was} were sentenced to a term of five years to life at the Utah State Prison. And his promise to you about a big story for you, and you alone, has become a kind of longstanding gag between you and your wife.

(DOOR OPENED, DOOR SHUT)

WIFE: (CLARK'S WIFE, CHECK NAME...SLIGHTLY OFF) Clark honey,
is that you?

CLARK: (WEARILY) Yes dear. How's Lonnie?

WIFE: He's getting to look more like you every day (LAUGHS)
(SOUND OF A KISS)

WIFE: What happened, Clark? Did you get the raise?

CLARK: (NOT TOO HAPPY) Part of it. Not what I wanted though.

WIFE: Trouble with you is you haven't had a good story. If I
were you, I'd make that Jesse Kendall cough up on his
promise. (LAUGHS)

CLARK: That's not so funny Maxine. As a matter of fact, I'm
going to see him tomorrow.

WIFE: Tomorrow? Oh honey, you can't! Tomorrow is your day off!
don't you remember? You were going to spend it with
Lonnie. I've got some shopping to do.

CLARK: I know, I know, dear. But tomorrow's the day they're
moving all the prisoners from the state Prison to
the new Point of the Mountain Prison the State Built.
I got to cover it.

WIFE: (PROTESTING) Gee whiz, honey -- I got a beauty parlor
appointment. I --

CLARK: Don't you want me to see Kendall again and get my
story and get my big raise? (LAUGHS)

WIFE: (SOUR) Ha ha! That ain't funny anymore, Clark.

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

NARR: Transporting 300 jail-hardened prisoners is a
complicated and ticklish job --

(PERSPECTIVE EXTERIOR, MOTORS OF LARGE BUSES
WARMING UP, SHOUTS LOUD HUBBUB, INDIVIDUAL VOICES
HEARD.....)

CALVIN: (SHOUTING) All right, you guys! Keep in line, keep in line! ~~Don't try anything.~~ Just get in those buses and take your seats.

NARR: You stand beside Warden Frank Tillman surrounded by hundreds of police, highway patrol cars with machine guns mounted on them, and you can barely hear yourself or the Warden. And then suddenly, from one of the open windows of the bus nearest to you, you hear the shout of a familiar voice.

JESSE: (SHOUTING) Hey, Clark! Want to take my picture?

NARR: It's Jesse Kendall, and as you move closer to his open window, your wife's voice rings in your ears and you feel none too kindly to this boastful kid.

CLARK: Oh, it's you, huh? Still blowing hard, aren't you?

JESSE: (HARD) What do you mean, blowing hard?

CLARK: (SARCASTIC) Where's the big story you promised me -- all for me... all for good old Pal Clark?

JESSE: (HARD) And I thought you were a real newspaperman, a real one!

CLARK: What -- what do you mean?

JESSE: What do you think, that a good story can be cooked up over night? Listen, Clark what I got in mind for you is taking a long time, but when I hand it to you, you won't be sorry you waited. You won't be sorry at all.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ STING, DOWN UNDER)

NARR:

NARR: Something about the way Jesse Kendall said that worried you a little. Once when you were a kid, you poked a stick thru the bars of a cage in a circus, just to hear the lion roar. You were sorry afterwards, Clark Lobb, for what you did. That's the way you feel now about your little conversation with Jesse Kendall. And two months later there's still a twinge of regret in you as you finish Sunday dinner at home with your wife.

(PHONE RINGS)

WIFE: Relax, honey. I'll take it.

(RECEIVER UP)

WIFE: Hello (TAKE) Oh -- yes. I'll put him right on. (TO CLARK) It's the desk for you, Clark. ~~There's been a --~~

CLARK: (ON PHONE) Hello (TAKE) What! When did it break out?.. About two hours ago.....Right, I'll get there as fast as I can.

(RECEIVER DOWN)

CLARK: (FAST) Point of the Mountain -- all hell's broken loose. They've rioted. Broke into the hospital, got a hold of alcohol, narcotics-- the whole place is a mess.

WIFE: Clark honey, ^{Jim scared} be careful. If things get out of hand, be-

CLARK: I'll bet this is the story Jesse was talking about.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ ACCENT HIGH, BRIDGE, DOWN UNDER)_

NARR: It's after midnight when you get home. You're weary, you're exhausted from what you've seen up there. but despite everything, there's a strange feeling of relief inside you.

CALVIN: (ON FILTER, EXCITED) Cars 10, 11, 42, 43, 1 and 2:
To the Point of the Mountain Prison ---

CLARK: (TAKE) Baby, listen!

CALVIN: Another riot. Repeat: To the Point of the Mountain
Prison. Pick up riot guns, pick up riot guns.

WIFE: Clark, not again!

CALVIN: (FAST) 22 men have seized complete control of Cellblock
C, a maximum security section. They are believed to be
the most desperate of the inmates. All death-row
prisoners have been freed. The rioting inmates are
holding Warden Frank Tillman and ^{one} ~~two~~ guards as hostages.
~~The men are armed with crudely made knives and bombs
made by filling light bulbs with cigarette-lighter
fluid --~~

CLARK: This is crazy, crazy --

CALVIN: -- They have threatened to kill the guards and the
warden if any attempt is made to storm the Cellblock.
Just a moment, just a moment, please! (ON FILTER, WE
HEAR CALVIN TALKING LOW, AS IF TO SOMEONE OFF MIKE)
What?....Who said so?....Oh. You want me to cut in on
his direct broadcast from Point of the Mountain?....
~~Okay, okay.~~

WIFE: Clark, what's happening?

CALVIN: (INTO MIKE) Stand-by, stand-by. We are going to cut
you in on an ^{special} ~~emergency~~ broadcast from Point of the
Mountain prison. The next voice you hear will be that
of the State Public Safety Commissioner Wayne De Witt.
Go ahead, go ahead.

wife:
clark:

Clark what's going on?
wait a minute, wait a minute - I gotta
hear this -

(CLICK, THEN BEHIND DE WITT'S SPEECH, WE HEAR
~~SHOUTS AND HUBBUB...~~)

DEWITT: (ON FILTER, EXCITED, BREATHLESS) This is Public Safety
Commissioner Wayne DeWitt. I'm talking to you directly
from Point of the Mountain Prison. I'm talking
directly to every police car and to every citizen.
The prisoners in Cellblock C have threatened to kill the
warden and ~~the two~~ ^{the} guards they are holding. They are
being led by a convict named Jesse Kendall.

CLARK: Jess Kendall!

DEWITT: He has informed us that they will make their demands
known to only one man -- they will talk to only one
man -- Clark Lobb, reporter for the Salt Lake Tribune -
Telegram. *Clark: Did you see that honey - me!* If any of you knows the whereabouts of
Clark Lobb, please, ~~please~~ notify him immediately. We
must get him here to Point of the Mountain Prison
immediately. It's a matter of life or death!

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

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #249

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 thorat - 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, INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

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

NARR: It doesn't take you long, Clark Lobb, to reach the Point of the Mountain Prison -- not when you're travelling at an average speed of 80 miles per hour. The front gate is crowded with police officers, ~~highway patrolmen, and deputy sheriffs,~~ heavily armed. And ~~as~~ you shove your way into the Administration Building, crowded with anxious State officials, ~~helpless guards, and clamoring reporters from all over the area,~~ Officer Sam Calvin is the first to spot you.

CALVIN: (SHOUTING OVER HUBBUB) ~~Lobb!~~ ^{Clark!} Clark! ^{Lobb!} Get in there fast! Get in there before they kill the warden and ~~that~~ ^{those} guards!

(MUSIC: -- STING, DOWN UNDER...)

NARR: The way the new prison is laid out, a long corridor leads from the Administration Building to the prison itself. At the end of the long corridor, steel and glass doors lead into Cellblock C. About ~~20~~ ⁴⁰ feet from these doors, Public Safety Commissioner DeWitt is waiting for you.

(NOTE: SLIGHT ECHO FOR THE FOLLOWING...)

DEWITT: (LOW) Thank God you're here!

CLARK: How's the Warden and the guards?

DEWITT: We don't know too much. They've seized control of those electrically operated doors leading into Cellblock C. All we know is that one of those prisoners is almost out of his head with revenge. We don't know what he's liable to do.

CLARK: Which one is that?

DEWITT: Ross Keeley. One of the worst. He got a hold of a bull chain with a steel padlock at the end. He's using it as a whip.

CLARK: (HORRIFIED) A bull chain? ~~with a steel padlock at the end?~~

DEWITT: Lobb, you've got to do your best. Now listen, Jesse Kinda is their spokesman. He says they've got grievances.

CLARK: Like what?

DEWITT: That's what we don't know. They won't talk about a settlement -- except to you.

CLARK: I see. Well, can you call Jesse Kendall out? Will he come out?

DEWITT: Sure he'll come out. He knows nothing can happen to him as long as they've got the hostages in there.

CLARK: Then why don't you call him out? Then he can tell me what their grievances are out here in the corridor.

DEWITT: You don't understand, Lobb. They want you to go inside, into Cellblock C - lock yourself in with them. They all want to be in on it.

CLARK: (BEAT, THEN) Go -- they want me to go inside with them and the hostages?

DEWITT: Lobb, it's crazy, I don't know if I've a right to ask you to do this when that crazy guy in there is loose with that bull chain --

KEELEY: (HARD) (SHOUTING FROM OFF WITH LONG ECHO) Hey, Lobb -- what're you, yellow?

CLARK: (TAKE) Where -- where did that come from?

DEWITT: From behind the door. There's an air-vent. They talk into it. That's Keeley -- that's Ross Keeley.

KEELEY: (SHOUTING) Hey, Lobb! Jesse says you got a wife and a kid. What's the matter -- you think we ain't human? (LAUGHS UPROARIOUSLY)

DEWITT: That's Keeley, that's Keeley --

CLARK: First -- first call out Jesse Kendall. I want to talk to him first before I go in.

DEWITT: (GRATEFULLY) Thank you. Thank you, Lobb. (CALLS OUT) Kendall! Jesse Kendall! Can you hear me?

JESSE: (AFTER A PAUSE, SHOUTING) Hi, Clark! Heard any good storie lately?

DEWITT: Kendall, listen to me. Come on out.

JESSE: You want me to come out, Clark?

DEWITT: Lobb wants to talk to you before he goes in. There's about 40 feet of corridor between where we stand and the door you're behind. ^{Lobb} ~~Clark~~ will meet you half-way. Will you do it?

JESSE: For Clark Lobb? I'll meet him more than half-way, anytime. Open the door, boys.

(WHIRRING OF ELECTRICALLY OPERATED DOORS STARTING TO ROLL BACK AND THEN STOP...BEGIN SOUND OF SLOW FOOTSTEPS IN ECHOING HALL UNDER...)

(MUSIC: _ _ IN WITH)

NARR: As the glass and steel door slides open, you, Clark Lobb, begin the longest walk of your life, down the corridor to meet Jesse Kendall. And as he comes toward you, disdainful, sneering, a cigarette hanging loosely out of one corner of his mouth, ~~it isn't Jesse Kendall at all. It's a~~ ^{he's a composite} ~~confusion~~ of every Hollywood actor who's ever strutted his gangster stuff across the screen -- ~~except that this boy believed everything he saw and heard in the movie was real and worth of imitation.~~

(STEPS COME TO A HALT)

CLARK: (LOW) Hello, Jesse.

JESSE: Hello, Clark. Didn't think you'd see me again, did you? You know, there's a buildingful of reporters out there, would just love to get in here for an exclusive.

CLARK: What's -- what's happening? What's it all about?

JESSE: Those guys in there mean business, Clark. Ross Keeley has been begging to knock off the Warden and the ~~two~~ ^{two} guards with that bull chain of his.

CLARK: And if I go in there with you?

JESSE: You're 'jam up' with us, Clark. You're the guy.

CLARK: I'm -- I'm what?

JESSE: You're jam-up -- in solid, in good with me. We had a little meeting and the ~~boys~~ ^{guy} decided you're the only boy who print our side of the news. If you won't come into the cellblock and listen to our ~~grievances~~ ^{beefs}, it's curtains for the Warden and ~~those two~~ ^{that} bulls.

CLARK: What -- what makes you think some of them won't get the idea I'd make another fine hostage?

JESSE: I give you my word on that.

CLARK: What makes you think they won't pull a knife on me?

JESSE: I give you my word on that.

CLARK: I'd like a little more assurance. I'm a married man, Jesse

JESSE: See that shiv? First guy that comes near you gets that.

CLARK: Maybe he gets your knife, but not until I get his.

JESSE: (IRKED) The reason they want you in is for you to get their story out. Unless they let you out okay, how're they going to have their story delivered? *How is it a deal?*

CLARK: (BEAT, THEN) Okay, Jesse. Let's go.

~~(STEPS UP AS...)~~

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT HIGH)

(ELECTRICALLY OPERATED DOORS BACK INTO PLACE WITH SOFT BANG AS:)

JESSE: Straight ahead, Clark. Up those iron stairs. The boys are waiting for you in the cell corridor up there.

(ECHOING STEPS ACROSS CORRIDOR, THEN STEPS START MOUNTING IRON STAIRS SLOWLY...HOLD FOR SUSPENSE UNTIL SUDDENLY THERE IS LOUD FRIGHTENING CRASH OF BULL CHAIN AS IT STRIKES METAL PLATFORM AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS...PAUSE THEN:)

JESSE: Out of our way, Keeley.

KEELEY: So you're Lobb, eh? Ever see a bull chain, Lobb? They're made just right for a bull's head --

(CRASH OF CHAIN AS:)

KEELEY: (ROARS WITH LAUGHTER)

JESSE: Out of my way, Keeley.

KEELEY: (EVIL) Sure -- why not? Go ahead, ~~Lobb~~ -- have your little fun.

(CHAIN DRAGGED SLOWLY ASIDE AND THEN STEPS ON METAL PLATFORM AS WE HEAR VOICES IN, STEPS OUT TO:)

JESSE: Boys, this is my friend -- Clark Lobb. Clark, this here's Billy Smith, this here's Chuck Barnes, this here's Johnny Dargen. We're the talking committee.

CLARK: I'm -- pleased to meet you, boys.

CHUCK: Got your pencil and paper?

CLARK: Yeah.

CHUCK: I want you to promise you'll write what we tell you.

CLARK: I'll write it. But it's up to my city editor what gets in.

JESSE: He's telling the truth -- that's the way a paper works.

CHUCK: That's good enough for me.

CLARK: What do you want to say?

CHUCK: First, this is what they call a maximum security cellblock. In plain words--the next thing to solitary. So first, we want to be put back in our regular cells.

(PAUSE THEN)

JESSE: You got that?

CLARK: Yeah.

SMITH: Tell them if they try to rush us or use tear gas, we'll kill the warden and ~~those~~ ^{that} bulls. We've got these bombs here --

CLARK: Yes, yes. I see them.

(PAUSE THEN)

JESSE: Got that?

CLARK: Yes.

CHUCK: Also, we want them to pay some attention to us.

CLARK: Attention? What do you mean?

CHUCK: Last night Tommy Vander, over in Cell 4, he felt awful. He got a hold of a belt and tried to hang himself. When we realized what he was doing we had to holler four times to get a guard to come. When they cut him down, he was almost blue. Put it down. When we call, we want a little attention!

SMITH: Also, we don't want the guards to make fun of us. If we got to spend some time in ~~cell~~ ^{here}, we want to spend it our own way. Put it down: We don't want the guards to come and laugh at us and make fun of us.

JESSE: (AFTER A PAUSE) Got that?

CLARK: Yeah. (LONG PAUSE, THEN) Is that all?

JESSE: One more thing: There's to be no extra rap on any of us if we let the Warden and the guard go. And tell them we want all this to be in writing and signed before a Notary Public -- one from downtown, not one out here. Then we want one copy for us, one copy for them. Got that?

CLARK: Yeah. And if they meet your demands?

JESSE: Then we'll let the warden and the guard go.

(QUICK FADE IN OF BULL CHAIN DRAGGING ALONG METAL PLATFORM AS:)

KEELEY: You guys finished with him?

JESSE: None of your business, Keeley, You're not on the talking committee.

DEWITT: (SHOUTING AS THRU AIR FILTER) You men in there! You've hang long enough to tell Lobb your demands! Let him out!

KEELEY: (SHOUTING BACK IN ANGER) Shut up, you lousy screw! We'll let him out when we want to!

CLARK: Jesse, I think it's time for me to go.

KEELEY: You're staying here.

JESSE: He's my friend. When I say he goes, he goes.

(SUDDEN CRASH OF CHAIN AS)

JESSE: (SHOUTS) Stand back, Clark!

CHUCK: Keeley, you're nuts! Put that chain down!

(CRASH OF CHAIN AS:)

JESSE: (SHOUTS) Stand back, Clark!

CLARK: Keeley, I came in here to help you! (SHOUTING) That chain came to close!

KEELEY: (SUDDEN TAKE) What are you guys moving in on me for?

JESSE: Chuck, Billy -- get around him.

(CRASH OF CHAIN)

KEELEY: (SHOUTING) You all got shivs! It's four against one!

(CRASH OF CHAIN)

KEELEY: (SUDDEN PAIN) Ah -- the shiv -- ^(groan) ~~chain drops~~
(CRASH OF CHAIN AS KEELEY GOES DOWN AND ~~+~~)

KEELEY: (GROAN) ~~My chain -- you took my chain away from me --~~

JESSE: (LOW) Okay, Clark -- we better get you out fast. ~~I'll take you to the door myself.~~ And the next time, Clark, I promise you anything, don't kid me about not delivering.

(MUSIC: STING HIGH, DOWN UNDER.)

NARR: ~~You had spent nearly 25 minutes with the men in Cellblock C~~
The moment you get out, Clark Lobb, the Public Safety Commissioner rushes you into a meeting with the State Board of Corrections.

(MORE)

NARR:
(CONT'D)

Quietly, quickly, with a ~~control over yourself you never~~
~~realized you had~~, you state the prisoner's demands. When
you leave the Point of the Mountain Prison, ^{after several concessions,} the Warden ^{compromises}
and ~~two~~ ^{the} guard~~s~~ had been released and some of the prisoner's ^{on} ~~demands~~ ^{both}
demands were met. It isn't until several hours after you ^{side}
get home, ~~it isn't until after several hours of sitting in~~
~~your own parlor~~, quietly, with your wife next to you, that
you allow yourself to shake with the terrible fright that
was in you.

(MUSIC: DOWN UNDER)

WIFE: (LOW) You feel better, honey?

CLARK: I -- I guess so.

WIFE: Just -- just keep thinking how your name is going out over
every press wire in the country right now. That ought to
relax you, Clark.

CLARK: Yeah -- yeah, I guess so.

WIFE: (AFTER A PAUSE) Honey, a crazy thought just struck me.

CLARK: (QUICKLY) Forget it.

WIFE: But you don't even know what I'm thinking.

CLARK: I said forget it.

WIFE: But how can you tell what's in my mind?

CLARK: Because it's in my mind too. It was in my mind all the
way up there and all the time I was in Cellblock C, and
all the way back.

WIFE: (BEAT THEN) ^{really} Do you think that a kid like that -- even
with all those Hollywood ideas in his head -- do you think
kid like that could have started this whole thing just to
keep a promise he --

CLARK: (CUTS IN) I -- I don't know, honey, I really don't know. All I know is none of those men in Cellblock C had ever heard of me except him. And yet, I was the one who got their story, exclusive.

(MUSIC: _ _UP TO TAG...)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we'll read you a telegram from Clark Lobb of the Salt Lake City Tribune-Telegram with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #249

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 you.
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: -- BAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read that telegram from Clark Lobb of the Salt Lake City Tribune-Telegram.

LOBB: Boy in tonight's Big Story, ^{who wanted to be on the front page} is still serving his five year-to-life sentence in Point of the Mountain Prison. ^{By a special} ~~Another~~ ^{permission of the warden, inmates are permitted to tonight's} ~~or not his experience in Cellblock C has changed him in~~ ^{Woodcock. By the way, Jesse Randall is one more in} ~~anyway no one knows.~~ My sincere appreciation for tonight's ~~Big Story confinement.~~ PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Lobb. 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 West Seattle Washington Herald -- byline - Stuart Whitehouse. A BIG STORY of a reporter who went shopping for a clue, and picked up a killer -

(MUSIC: -- SPRING)

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 SEE)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Abram S. Ginnes from an actual story from the ^{pages} of the Salt Lake City Tribune-Telegram. Your Narrator was Bob Sloan and Francis de Sales played the part of Clark Lobb. 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. Lobb.

(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

eg/rhg/ H.C.- 12/14/1951.

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #250

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOAN
MARGARET	MARGARET BURLIN
LORRAINE	HELEN BARRON
STU	NAT POLEN
HOWIE	LARRY HAINES
GEORGE	BILL GRIFFIS
LENNOX	BILL GRIFFIS
JONAS	BURT COWLAN
ALBERT	JOHN BECKER
FRED	STEVE GETHERS
MIKE	MICHAEL O'DAY

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1952

ATX01 0005453

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#250

10:00 - 10:30 PM

JANUARY 9, 1952

WEDNESDAY

PG.#1

CHAPPELL: BELL- TWO FAMOUS CIGARETTES present...THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: _ FANTASY)

MARGARET: George! George! Are you awake?

GEORGE: (SLEEPY) Huh? What's the matter?

MARGARET: The light's still on over at Mrs. Frohmer's.

GEORGE: So what.

MARGARET: So what? I suppose you think it's all right for a lady to entertain a gentleman in her home until 3:00 o'clock in the morning.

GEORGE: ~~I told you before. It's none of your business.~~

MARGARET: That's all very well, but.....

GEORGE: Would you like it better if she entertained with the lights out?

MARGARET: I don't think that's a bit funny.

GEORGE: Neither do I, let's go to sleep, and mind our own business. Shall we?

MARGARET: Nevertheless, I tell you, George, a woman who carries on ~~like that will come to no good end.~~

GEORGE: Oh, for Pete's sake, will you go to bed.

(SOUND OFF: A SUDDEN HIGH-PITCHED SCREAM TRAILING OFF)

ATX01 0005454

HARRICE:- THE BIG STORY. Here is America, its sound and its
Chappell fury, its joy and its sorrow, as faithfully reported
by the men and women of the great American newspapers.
(FLAT) West Seattle,,Washington. From the pages of
The West Seattle Herald, the story of a reporter,
who went shopping for a clue and picked up a killer.
Tonight, to Stuart Whitehouse, for his Big Story, goes
the PELL MELL ^{AWARD} 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!

(MUSIC: INTRO AND UNDER)

HARRICE: Seattle, Washington. The story as it actually happened...
by the way Stuart Whitehouse's story, as he lived it...

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: For you, Stuart Whitehouse of the West Seattle Herald, life can be frustrating. And most of the time it is. The reason? Simple. Your paper is a weekly. So, what happens? Every time you run into a good story, you have to wait days, sometimes a full week, before you can print it. But the big Seattle dailies carry it the next day. And that kills your yarn, and kills you ...inside. So much for the background, and now for the beginning. It is this cold January night, and you stop in at the Boulevard Cafe for two things. First, a ^{beer} ~~beer~~. And second, for some idle talk with Mike Mahaney, the bartender.

(MUSIC: IN BG. SOMETHING SENTIMENTAL, DIANE, THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS, OR WHATEVER, COMING OUT OF THE JUKE BOX)

(~~CLINK OF GLASSES~~)

MIKE: Hiyah, Stu.

STU: Hello, Mike.

MIKE: Beer?

STU: Beer.

(BEER FROM TAP INTO GLASS)

STU: Any action tonight?

MIKE: ~~Nope. Pretty quiet. It'll liven up a little later, though.~~

STU: *Who's the lady* Who's the lady at the other end of the bar?

MIKE: The name's Frohmer...Lorraine Frohmer. (A BEAT, THEN JUST A TOUCH HOSTILE) Why?

STU: She's pretty.

MIKE: Yeah. She's got class. Comes in here almost every night alone, has a few drinks, plays the same number on the jukebox, over and over. You can see she's lonesome.

STU: Yeah?

MIKE: (SIGNIFICANTLY) Yeah.

STU: Well, don't look at me, Mike. All I want is a beer, a kind word, and I'm going right home. I haven't got any ideas on the subject. *what about you?*

MIKE: Well, you're the first guy I've met around here who hasn't. (TOUCH OF BITTERNESS) Every customer who comes into the joint tries to date her.

STU: (GREN) You sound as though you had a personal interest yourself.

MIKE: (~~HE BOTH PROTEST TOO MUCH~~) Me? Are you kidding? I've got a wife an' family at home. Anyway, I'm the bartender. She's a customer....

STU: Sure, sure...I know...
(TINKLE OF DIME UPON THE BAR)

STU: Well, I'll be seeing you, Mike.

MIKE: Yeah. So long, Stu.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

MARR: The impression is zero. An incident that lives a little, and dies. Something to forget, and never file. But a few nights later in the same bar....

LORRAINE: ~~(A LITTLE TIGHT) Mike.."~~

MIKE: Yeah, Mrs. Frohmer.

LORRAINE: Ever been lonely?

MIKE: Plenty of times.

LORRAINE: So lonely you could die?

MIKE: Yeah. Once in a while. (PAUSE) Look, Mrs. Frohmer, maybe if you went back to your husband....

LORRAINE: I'd rot first. I'd rot before I gave that heel the satisfaction. (A PAUSE) Mike...

MIKE: Yeah?

LORRAINE: Play Number Five. It sends me...

MIKE: ~~Sure...~~

(WE HEAR DIME DROP IN SLOT. RECORD START TO TURN.)

(MUSIC: IN WITH MUSIC, SAME NUMBER)

LORRAINE: You know what? *Mike*

MIKE: What?

LORRAINE: I think you're cute.

MIKE: Me?

LORRAINE: A lot cuter than some of the creeps who come in here. *or that husband's*

MIKE: Oh. Speaking of the guys who come in here, Mrs. Frohmer. You ought to be careful who you let buy you a drink. And some of these characters who have been taking you home, are kind of weird.

LORRAINE: (LAUGHS) What's the matter, Mike. Jealous?

MIKE: Me? Jealous? Are you kidding?

LORRAINE: (A NASTY CHUCKLE) I wonder, darling. I wonder...

MIKE: Look, I'm just tryin' to be a nice guy. I'm just warnin' you that some of these barflies are dangerous.

LORRAINE: Forget it, Lochinvar. Give me another drink, and stop playing Daddy. Little Lorraine can take care of herself!

(MUSIC: _ BRIDGE)

LORRAINE: (TIGHTER) Mike....

MIKE: Yeah?

LORRIANE: Gimme 'nother drink.

MIKE: Haven't you had enough?

LORRIANE: I'll let you know, Daddy, when I....(CUTS) Well! Look who's coming! Little Howie DeSalle...the poor man's Houdini...~~Merlin the Magician in a zoot suit.~~

HOWIE: (COMING IN) Hiyah, Mike.

MIKE: Hello, Howie.

HOWIE: Hiyah, Lorraine.

LORRAINE: (NASTY) How's the amateur magician?

HOWIE: Amateur, huh? Don't kid yourself, sweetheart. I'm playin' two benefits next week. An' I'm gonna be great some day, great, get me?

LORRAINE: That's a laugh. Why, you couldn't pull a rabbit out of a rabbit hutch!

HOWIE: No? Well, lemme tell you somethin'. I can do every trick the pros can, see? Coin tricks, handkerchief stuff, vanishing watches, dice an' card gimmicks, I got a barrel of them, Mike, you seen my latest card trick?

MIKE: No.

HOWIE: ~~This one's a dilly. Figured it out myself, a real high-~~
class routine, good enough for Thurston or Cardini.
Here, Lemme show you. Pick a card.

MIKE: Some other time, Howie.

HOWIE: ~~Go on. Take one.~~

MIKE: I'm busy now. (FADING) I got customers to wait on.....

HOWIE: Lorraine.

LORRAINE: Yeah?

HOWIE: Can I take you home tonight.

LORRAINE: (WEARILY) Go away, little man.

HOWIE: Look, Lorraine, I think you're swell. Why do you give me the brushoff every night?

LORRAINE: You bore me. ~~Howie. You and your magic tricks,~~
~~you kill me.~~

HOWIE: You let other guys take you home.

LORRAINE: They're men, Howie. Not a two-bit Casanova like you.
Now, why don't you ~~get on your magic carpet and disappear,~~
screwball?

HOWIE: (RISING) Look, Baby, you can't talk to me like that.
~~I'm not going to take that from any dame, see? Why~~
I oughta...

FRED: (COMING IN) You ought to wnat, Buddy?

HOWIE: Hey, wait a minute. Who are you? What are you shovin'
in here for?

FRED: This guy annoyin' you, lady?

LORRAINE: (A BEAT, INTRIGUED) Why, yeah. As a matter of fact, he is.

FRED: Beat it, punk.

HOWIE: Hey, wait a minute. Take your hands off me?

FRED: Scram before I turn you inside out. (GRUNT) Go on, shove off!

HOWIE: (FADING) Okay, okay....

FRED: Mind if I sit down?

LORRAINE: (SHE LIKES HIM) I don't mind.

FRED: Buy you a drink?

LORRAINE: Thanks.

FRED: What's your name, Baby?

LORRAINE: Lorraine. What's yours?

FRED: Smith. Fred Smith.

LORRAINE: What do you do?

FRED: Me? (LAUGHS) I play beautiful music. (A BEAT) Got any plans for the rest of the evening?

LORRAINE: Nothing in particular.

FRED: Maybe I could take you home.

LORRAINE: Maybe. (A BEAT) Got-a-dime,-Fred?

~~FRED: Sure.~~

~~LORRAINE: Play Number Five.~~

~~(DIME-IN-SLOT.-WHIR-OF-RECORD)-~~

~~(MUSIC: SAME NUMBER UP IN BRIDGE AND OUT)~~

~~(CLINK OF GLASSES)~~

FRED: (CALLS) Hey! Bartender!

MIKE: (COMING IN, SULLEN) Yeah. What do you want?

FRED: We're gettin' outa here. What's the tab.

MIKE: Eight fifty.

FRED: Here. Keep the change.

MIKE: (SULLEN) Thanks. (FADING) Thanks for nothin!...

FRED: What's eatin' him?

LORRAINE: (~~CHUCKLES, DRUNKENLY~~) ~~Poor Mike. Can't you see,~~
Fred? He's jealous. He doesn't like strangers to
take me home.

FRED: Aaaaah, who cares what he likes. Let's go, Baby.
(HE LICKS HIS CHOPS) Let's go!

~~(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)~~

NARR: You, Stuart Whitehouse of the West Seattle Herald,
learned later that the time was about midnight, and in
a house on West Kenyon Street.

GEORGE: Margaret...

MARGARET: (OFF JUST A LITTLE) Yes, George?

GEORGE: What are you peekin' through the curtains for?

MARGARET: (COMING IN) Just saw Mrs. Frohmer come in, next door.

~~GEORGE: Well, what of it?~~

MARGARET: ~~She was~~ with a gentleman.

~~GEORGE: All right. That's her business, isn't it?~~

MARGARET: (STIFFLY) ~~Maybe it is, and maybe it isn't.~~ ^{now} I'm
not one to snoop, George, but..

GEORGE: But you just like to know what all your neighbors
are doing...

MARGARET: Mind your tongue, George. I just don't happen to think
it's right and proper for a woman to entertain a
gentleman in the middle of the night.

GEORGE: (SIGHS) (WEARILY) You women! I don't figure to
understand you as long as I ...

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

GEORGE: Hello?

ALBERT: (FILTER) Mr. Poole, I'm sorry if I've disturbed you.
GEORGE: That's all right. We were still up. Who is this?
ALBERT: My name's Albert Koenig. I'm just a friend of
Mrs. Frohmer's. I've been trying to get her on the phone,
and there hasn't been any answer. I was worried that
maybe something was wrong...
GEORGE: Notthin's wrong. She's been out, that's all. She
just came in with a gentleman.
ALBERT: (A BEAT) A man, eh?
GEORGE: That's right.
ALBERT: I see. Well, thanks very much, Mr. Poole. Sorry
I disturbed you. Good night.
GEORGE: Good night.

(RECEIVER ON HOOK)

MARGARET: Who on earth was that, George?

~~GEORGE: No one, Margaret. No one you'd be interested in.~~
Now, why don't you go to bed!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE)

(PHONE RING)

(A PAUSE)

(PHONE RING)

MARGARET: George! George, wake up!

GEORGE: (WAKES OUT OF SLEEP) Huh? What's the matter?

(PHONE RING AGAIN)

MARGARET: The phone.

GEORGE: At three in the morning? Now, who the devil could
be callin' at this time of...-

GEORGE: No one you'd be interested in. Why don't you go to bed -

~~(START BOARD FADE)~~

I want to get some sleep.

~~(BOARD FADE BACK INTO)~~

MARGARET: ~~Well of all things!~~ George! George! Are you awake?

GEORGE: (SLEEPY) Huh? What's the matter?

MARGARET: The light's still on over at Mrs. Frohmer's.

GEORGE: So what.

MARGARET: So what? I suppose you think it's all right for a lady to entertain a gentleman in her home until 3:00 o'clock in the morning.

GEORGE: ~~I told you before. It's none of your business.~~

MARGARET: That's all very well, but.....

GEORGE: Would you like it better if she entertained with the lights out?

MARGARET: I don't think that's a bit funny.

GEORGE: Neither do I, let's go to sleep, and mind our own business. Shall we?

MARGARET: Nevertheless, I tell you, George, a woman who carries on ~~like that will come to no good end.~~

GEORGE: Oh, for Pete's sake, will you go to bed.

(SCENE OFF: A SUDDEN HIGH-PITCHED SCREAM TRAILING OFF)

MARGARET: George, that came from next door.

GEORGE: It must be Mrs. Frohmer. Margaret, I'm going over.

MARGARET: (TERROR) Don't you dare George Poole. Don't you dare leave me along². You get on that phone and call the police.

(MUSIC UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You're working late in the office, Stu Whitehouse. The deadline for the Herald happens to be the next afternoon, and you clean up all the odds and ends. Finally, shortly after three a.m. you get in your car and head for home, and almost automatically you turn on the police frequency on your special dashboard radio.

~~(CRACKLE OF STATIC)~~

JONAS: (OVER RADIO) Car Three-Two. Car-Three Two. Proceed At Once To 3930 Kenyon Street. 3930 Kenyon Street. Disturbance Reported by Neighbor, Possible Homicide. Lieutenant Cotter Speaking. Will follow.

(MUSIC: STING)

NARR: It's Lieutenant Jonas Cotter of West Seattle Homicide. Apparently he took over the Sargeant's chore at the police radio for a few minutes. But the point is, you happen to be on Kenyon Street, very close to the address mentioned. You step on the gas, get there in one minute flat....

(CAR COMING TO STOP. TIRES SQUEAL AS BRAKES APPLIED)

(MOTOR TURNED OFF)

(CAR DOOR OPENED)

(FEET RUNNING ON PAVEMENT)

GEORGE: (OFF A LITTLE) Hold on, Mister. (COMING IN) Who are you?

STU: My name's Whitehouse. ^{White} Herald. What's going on here?

GEORGE: I dunno. My name's Poole. I live next door, heard a scream, then phoned the police. I was out here waitin' for them when you...

STU: (QUICK) Who lives in there?
GEORGE: A woman named Frohmer.
STU: And you haven't been in the house yet?
GEORGE: No.
STU: Okay. What are we waiting for? Let's go in.
GEORGE: (UNEASY) Look, Mister. There may be a killer in there.
STU: There may be. But there's only one way to find out.
Let's go!

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH)

NARR: You're no hero. But this, for a change, is a story.
A story that you've actually got a chance to score
a beat on. Your deadline's the next afternoon,
maybe you can break it before the big Seattle dailies.
Anyway, you and George Poole climb in through a window.
You stand there for a moment, listening...

(A MOMENT OF SILENCE)

STU: (WHISPERS) Hear anything, Poole?
GEORGE: (SCARED WHISPER) Not a thing.
STU: Okay. Turn on the lights.

(A PAUSE)

GEORGE: Nothing here.
STU: What's that next room?
GEORGE: The parlor.
STU: Let's go.

(A COUPLE OF CAUTIOUS STEPS)

(A DOOR CREAKS OPEN)

STU: (A BEAT) Poole...look...

GEORGE: (IN AWE) It's Mrs. Frohmer. And she's been.....Good
Lord!

(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.

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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 Stuart Whitehouse, as he lived it, and wrote it.

NARR: You, Stuart Whitehouse of the West Seattle Herald, and the neighbor, George Poole, stare down at the body lying on the floor. It's the same auburn-haired beauty you saw in the Boulevard Cafe, the woman Mike the bartender had pointed out as Lorraine. And around her neck is a cord, wound so tight that it is imbedded in the flesh.....a strong, thin, very peculiar looking cord. Lieutenant Jonas Cotter and a squad arrive, and a few minutes later....

STU: Ever see a strangling cord like this, Jonas?

JONAS: No. Can't say that I have, Stu.

STU: Look at it. It's smooth and waxed. And that tight weave, with flecks of red woven into its fibers. There's something about this special cord that bothers me, but

I just can't put my finger on it.

well I don't know about the cord Stu, but
JONAS: I'll tell you this much, ~~Stu~~. This particular killer wore a size nine shoe.

STU: How do you know that?

JONAS: Found his footprint in the mud outside the house, and just did a rough measure.

STU: I see. (A PAUSE) Jonas, listen. If we can find the man whose shoe fits that print by two p.m., I've got a chance to get a beat on every daily in Seattle.

JONAS: Take it easy, Stu. What do you want, miracles?
Come on, let's look up this Albert Koenig...the
man who ~~called Poole~~ at midnight! *This*

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER) *made the call*

~~NARR:~~ Now you start watching the clock, jealously, counting
every hour, every minute. And it's ten o'clock before
~~you and Lieutenant Cotter finally locate Albert Koenig..~~

ALBERT: This is a shock to me, a great shock. You see,
Lieutenant, I've known Lorraine a long time. You might
say I'm a friend of the family.

JONAS: I see. (A BEAT) What about that phone call in the
middle of the night, Koenig. Why did you make it?

ALBERT: Oh. That. Well, you see, ever since her marriage
broke up, Lorraine's been nervous, distraught, and er..
lonely. ~~I knew she was keeping strange company, and I~~
~~got in the habit of phoning every night, just to see if~~
~~she was all right. But now that I think of it, what~~
~~happened last night wasn't so strange, after all.~~

STU: ~~What do you mean?~~ *How that you think of what?*

ALBERT: Well, after Mr. Poole told me Lorraine had come home
with a gentleman friend, I was disturbed. Anyway, on an
impulse, I drove over to her house. I guess it must
have been about twelve-thirty. When I got there, the
lights were on, but the shades drawn. (STARTS TO FADE)
I went up to the door and....

(A PAUSE)

(KNOCK ON DOOR. NO ANSWER. KNOCK AGAIN.)

LORRAINE: (MUFFLED BEHIND DOOR, TAUT) Who is it? Who's there?
KOENIG: It's I...Albert.
LORRAINE: (TENSE) What do you want?
KOENIG: Lorraine, I've been worried about you. Are you all right?
LORRAINE: I'm all right.
KOENIG: Let me in for a moment, ~~Lorraine~~.
LORRAINE: Go away.
KOENIG: Is anyone else in there with you?
LORRAINE: No.
KOENIG: Then why won't you let me in?
LORRAINE: (AGITATED) Go away, Albert. Please let me alone. Don't ask me any more questions. Just go away!

(A PAUSE)

KOENIG: (FADING IN) And that's what happened, gentlemen. That's precisely what happened.
JONAS: ~~Very~~ Very interesting. Very. Tell me something, Koenig.
KOENIG: Yes, Lieutenant?
JONAS: What size shoe do you wear?
KOENIG: (A BEAT) Size Nine. Why?

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Jonas Cotter calls in his experts, to match a cast of Koenig's shoe, against the print found in the mud. But now, the clock shows eleven, and it's three hours to deadline. You, Stu Whitehouse of the West Seattle Herald, can't wait. You have a lead in your own mind, a starting point. You go to the Boulevard Cafe, and see the bartender, Mike Mahaney.....

(CLINK OF GLASSES BEHIND)

MIKE: (SOFTLY) Well, what do you know, what do you know?
(A BEAT) I wonder who did it?

STU: I thought you might have some idea.

MIKE: Yeah? Why should I have any idea?

STU: Mike, listen. Was Lorraine Frohmer in here last night?

MIKE: Yeah. As a matter of fact, she was.

STU: With whom?

MIKE: Some big gorilla.

STU: You know his name?

MIKE: I wouldn't know. But he was a real mean crumb-bun,
if I ever saw one.

STU: (DELIBERATELY) Was there anyone else in here who might
know him?

MIKE: Well, yeah. A screwball named Howie DeSalle, an amateur
magician who hangs around here. This big gorilla tossed
Howie around a little, and maybe Howie could tell you
more.

STU: Where can I find this Howie DeSalle?

MIKE: Stick around for a half-hour. He usually comes in
about then for a pick-me-up!

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

~~HOWIE:~~ Well, I'd been practicin' up all day for a benefit;
you know, feats of magic and legerdemain. The Great
DeSalle, that's my stage name. I got a classy high-hat
and cape setup...

STU: Look, Howie, all I want to know about is..

HOWIE: Yeh, yeh, I'm comin' to that. I come in here last
night to relax, and I start to talk to Lorraine, and
~~all of a sudden this big ape comes in, an' takes over.~~

STU: And he took her home? *you say this gorilla took Lorraine home, Howie?*

HOWIE: Where else? They went out together. And this is what she got, the poor kid. He was a big guy, she couldn't have had a chance...

STU: Did you get his name, ~~Howie?~~

HOWIE: Smith, I heard him say. Fred Smith.

STU: Smith. Sounds like a phony.

HOWIE: Phony? I'll say he was!

STU: Howie, listen. Try to remember. Did he say anything else that might give me a hint as to who he was?

HOWIE: All he said was that he played beautiful music. Now that's a funny thing to say, ain't it?

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: That could mean anything. A wise crack, an idiom. But just on a hunch, you call the Musician's Union. And there is a Fred Smith. A banjo player!

(MUSIC: CORD)

NARR: Banjo player. You don't know much about music, but you suddenly think of that thin cord wound around Lorraine Frohmer's ^{neck} head. And you drop in to see this Fred Smith, at his apartment...

FRED: Sure. Sure I took her home. So what? I don't know a thing about any murder, Whitehouse.

STU: What time did you leave ~~Lorraine Frohmer's house?~~

FRED: About one o'clock.

STU: You're sure?

FRED: I told you, one o'clock.

STU: Where'd you go after that?

FRED: To an after-hours ~~bootleg~~ joint in Tacoma. We had a jam session there. I didn't leave till five ayem, an' I can prove it.

STU: Tell me one thing, Smith.
FRED: Yeah?
STU: What kind of strings do you use on a banjo?
FRED: Why?
STU: Just curious.
FRED: We use steel, naturally.

(~~WE HEAR A FINGER DRAWN ACROSS STEEL STRINGS ONCE~~)

Take a look for yourself!

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You take a look. Every string is steel. You take another look, this time at his feet. They're at least size eleven, maybe twelve. Now, you look at your watch. One hour to deadline, and you see that dream of a big beat on the dailies grow very dim indeed. And so, back to Headquarters...

STU: What about Albert Koenig, Jonas? He said he wore a size nine shoe.

JONAS: Yeah. We took a cast of his foot. Only it doesn't match that footprint in the mud.

STU: ~~And that's that.~~

JONAS: ~~That's that.~~

STU: What about Lorraine Frohmer's husband?

JONAS: I checked on him. He's a foreman at a logging camp up at Three Lakes and he's got an airtight alibi. Yesterday was payday, and he played cards half the night.

STU: Then all we've got is this piece of fancy cord.

JONAS: That's all. And I still don't figure what it would be used for. *The Lab's checking it now.*

STU: Maybe it's a special wrapping cord...you know, the kind they use in department stores.

JONAS: Hmmn. It could be. But I doubt it.

STU: So do I. But I've got an hour to kill before deadline. I might as well try one of the big stores, and check it.

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

STU: Mr. Lennox, you buy all the wrapping supplies, paper, cord and so forth for the store, don't you?

LENNOX: That's right, Mr. Whitehouse.

STU: Ever see any string like this?

LENNOX: Hmmn. No, can't say that I have. One thing's sure, it's not wrapping cord. I...~~(CUTS)~~ Wait a minute! ~~Wa-ait-a-minute!~~ Come to think of it, I have seen a twist like this.

STU: (EAGERLY) Yes? Where?

LENNOX: I recall our novelties buyer showing it to me. He thought I'd be interested in a new kind of cord.

STU: Yes, but what.....

LENNOX: That cord belongs to a special kind of yo-yo.

STU: (STARES) A yo-yo?

LENNOX: That's right. A special kind, rigged up for magicians to do certain tricks.

STU: Magicians, Mr. Lennox, what time is it.

LENNOX: One thirty. Exactly one thirty!

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You race to a phone booth, call Mike Mahaney at the Boulecard Cafe, get Howie DeSalle's address. After that, you call Jonas Cotter at headquarters. And now, you've got twenty minutes before the Herald goes to Press. Ten minutes later, and you're in Howie DeSalle's rooming house...

HOWIE: You found this Fred Smith yet, Whitehouse?

STU: We found him, Howie. Only we're sure he isn't the killer.

HOWIE: (A BEAT) Then if he ain't, who is?

STU: We don't know yet.

HOWIE: (SUSPICIOUSLY) Look, what is this? Why'd you come up to see me, all of a sudden?

STU: Oh, ~~that~~. (HE LAUGHS) Tell you what, Howie. When Mike Mahaney told me you were a magician, I got an idea.

HOWIE: What kind of idea?

STU: Why I figured on running a special feature in the Herald on magicians. I'd get some dope on it, take your picture, and you'd be in for a little publicity...

HOWIE: (BEAMS) Hey! That's a great idea. Me, the Great DeSalle in the Herald. I like that. Look, what do you want to know.

STU: Well, I don't know. The props maybe. What do you use for your routines?

HOWIE: I got 'em all...right here in the closet. Here, I'll show you...

(DOOR OPENS)

HOWIE: Silk effects for knots, ties, and flourishes...ten different kinds of magic card decks..rubber lemmons an' eggs...sponge golf balls, feather flowers, I got 'em all.

STU: Ever do a yo-yo trick?

HOWIE: ~~Yo-yo~~ Are you kidding? Sure, lemme show you. I got one right here ^{in the shelf} ~~in my pocket~~, see? Now we'll just.. (CUTS) Wait a minute. (LAUGHS) Well, what do you know. There's no string on it!

STU: (A BEAT) That's too bad, Howie. Ma be this one will fit.

HOWIE: (A BEAT) Where'd you get that?

STU: It came from around Lorraine Frohmer's neck. Just where you left it, Howie!

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The police come in, and you turn Howie over to Lieutenant Cotter. Then you phone in your story, just make the edition, score your beat. And that's all there is, that's your story. Except for what Howie DeSalle had to say, later...

HOWIE: (SOBBING) She treated me like dirt, see? She made fun of my magic. She was always goin' out with other guys, but never with me. Anyway, after this big gorilla Smith took her home, I had a few drinks, an' I guess I got pretty sore...

JONAS: And so you went to her house.

HOWIE: Yeah. I waited till Smith left, then I pushed my way in. I tried to be real friendly, honest I did, ~~Lieutenant.~~ But she wouldn't have any part of me. Then this other guy came to the door, and I squeezed her arm, and made her send him away...

STU: And after that?

HOWIE: After that I showed her all my ~~routines~~...everything, ~~the card tricks, the coin stuff--all the best bits I have.~~ I wanted to show her that I was going to be big, ~~BIG,~~ bigger than Thurston or Kellar or Cardini some day. I thought maybe she'd be nicer to me...~~maybe even like me.~~ ~~I thought she'd think I was wonderful...~~ let me take her home some time. But she just sat there ~~getting smaller and smaller and her eyes bigger and bigger and~~ kind of scared, like she thought I was crazy or something. Me, one of the best. Then all of a sudden, she tried to make a run for it, and I grabbed her, and she started to fight, and I guess I must have gone wild. ~~I grabbed the Ho-yo from my pocket, and well...~~ (SCBS) what else can I say? You know the rest!

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

CHAPMAN: In just a moment, we'll read you a telegram from Stuart Whitehouse of the West Seattle Washington Herald 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 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 Staurt Whitehouse of the West Seattle Herald.

WHITEHOUSE: KILLER IN TONIGHT'S BIG STORY WENT TO TRIAL FOR MURDER IN SUPERIOR COURT. PROSECUTOR ASKED ONLY FOR A FIRST DEGREE CONVICTION, LEAVING DECISION OF LIFE AND DEATH TO THE JURY. JURY BROUGHT IN VERDICT OF SECOND DEGREE MURDER AND KILLER WAS SENTENCED TO SERVE TWENTY YEARS IN THE STATE PENITENTIARY AT WALLA WALLA. MANY THANKS FOR TONIGHT'S PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Whitehouse. 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 Albuquerque New Mexico Tribune -- byline - Wallace B. McCollum. A BIG STORY of a reporter who solved the mystery of a family's disappearance -- and found the answer beyond belief.

(MUSIC: _ _ STING)

CHAPPELL: And remember -- every week you can see another different Big Story on television -- brought to you by the makers of Pell Mell Famous Cigarettes.

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Max Ehrlich from an actual story from the ^{front} pages of the West Seattle Herald. Your Narrator ~~was~~ Bob Sloan ~~and~~ Nat Polen played the part of Stuart Whitehouse. 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. Whitehouse.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FIVE AND FADE FOR)

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

THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

vk/mtf
12/30/51pm.

AS 100 100

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #251

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOAN
IONA	JOAN LAYAR
SARAH	AGNES YOUNG
MRS. HENDERSON	LEORA FLATCHER
FARMER	EARL GEORGE
AUCTIONEER	EARL GEORGE
CARL	BILL SMITH
BLYTHE	LUIS VAN ROOTEN
LACEY	JASON JOHNSON
RALPH	RONNY LESS
DOG	FRANK MILANO

WEDNESDAY JANUARY 16, 1952.

ATX01 0005483

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#251

9:30 - 10:00 PM

JANUARY 16, 1952

WEDNESDAY

(Wallace B. McCollum: Albuquerque (N. M.) (Tribune)

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

(MUSIC: CHORD)

IONA: Ralph. Ralph, wake up ~~in there~~.

RALPH: (OFF, WAKING UP) Huh?

IONA: It's Iona. Didn't you hear something in Ma's room?

RALPH: (SLEEPY) Oh, Iona, I worked hard all day, go back to sleep. Ma's OK.

IONA: I'm sure I heard something funny.

RALPH: (HEAVY BREATHING OFF)

IONA: Ralph. Ralph. Alright, I'll go see myself.

(SHUFFLE OF GIRL'S HOUSE SLIPPERS....~~(DOOR-OPEN)~~)

IONA: (SOFTLY) Ma? Anything the matter, Ma? (HORRIFIED) Ma?

(MUSIC: STING...THEN TO THEME UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Here is America, its sound and its furv,
its joy and its sorrow, as faithfully reported by the men
and women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT)
Albuquerque, New Mexico. From the pages of the Albuquerque
Tribune, the story of a reporter who solved the mystery of
a family's disappearance - and found the answer beyond
belief. Tonight, to Wallace B. McCollum (McCULLUM)
for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL \$500.00 Award.

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0005484

OPENING COMMERCIAL

GROUT: 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: RURAL WESTERN THEME UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Albuquerque, New Mexico ... the story as it actually happened. Wallace B. McCollum's story as he lived it....

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You're a correspondent for the Albuquerque Tribune, Wallace McCollum, and you send your stuff in from the town of Clovis in the eastern part of the state. A lot of people know you around here - use your middle name of Blythe for a nickname. On this particular day in ~~early~~ December, you're driving around the countryside to get a story. The editor back in Albuquerque wants to build circulation statewide - so you figure a feature farm story will do the trick stuff like this.

FARMER: Well, you know how it is with a tenant farmer, Blythe: Handraise eleven bushels o' winter wheat to the acre - then try an' catch up with your debts.

(MUSIC: PUNCTUATE QUIETLY)

NARR: Country stuff. Workaday stuff. So the last thing you dream of is the story you're actually heading into:
(SOFTLY) The story that's going to rock the Southwest and put your byline across the newspaper map.
But right now, ^{driving along} all you've got on your mind is your next stop: Carl Hartog's farm. Now there's an interesting fellow - an unusual one for this part of the country. You recall the last time you visited with him. That was a couple of weeks ago, (FADE) when you stopped in for a little while and

CARL: Why, Blythe - New Orleans - don't know why I ever did leave that town - except my feet never would stay still.

BLYTHE: Carl, did you ever count up all the occupations you had?

CARL: (LAUGHS) Fisherman, lumberjack, trucker, sailor - no, I stopped countin' a long time ago.

BLYTHE: Carl, I can't figure you.

CARL: (PLEASED) Mystery man, huh?

BLYTHE: Well, here you come along after a life like that - ⁴²~~38~~, but still in the prime - and you marry your brother's widow and take on the burden of a big family ⁵~~4~~ on the uncertain profits of a tenant farm, at that.

CARL: (CARELESSLY) Well, my poor brother, him gettin' killed by that mule, guess it was up to me to help Sarah and the boys bring in the crop. After that, Sarah and me - well, we sort o' felt the kids'd be better off if we got married, sort o' keep 'em together.

BLYTHE: ~~Eight kids, from two up to twenty-one. You sure are a~~ nine-days wonder, Carl.

CARL: Surprise m'self sometimes, Blythe. I ever tell you about the time I was drillin' rock on that big construction job up in Montana? (FADE) I was hangin' right out over ~~the face of a cliff and...~~

(CAR-UNDER)-

(MUSIC: - - IN WITH)

NARR: And now as you drive into the yard of Carl's farm, you remember that conversation, because you're wondering what his special slant will be on your farm story.

(MORE)

MARR:
(CONT'D)

But the only one you see around is one of the ^{his} boys, and he's digging down in the earth in a corner of the yard.

(ANTICIPATE: CAR STOP, CUT ENGINE, OPEN
AND SLAM CAR DOOR)

BLYTHE: (PROJECTING) Hi, Ralph. What's the big excavating project?

(FOOTSTEPS ON GROUND, THEN BRING IN DIGGING)

RALPH: (18) (OFF, APPROACHING, DIGGING) Gonna be a cellar, Mr. McCollum. M' new Dad said he'd like for it to be finished before he gets back from town this afternoon.

(DIGGING BIZ ON BY THIS TIME, BELOW GROUND LEVEL,
AND FOOTSTEPS OUT)

BLYTHE: Oh, I wanted to see him. Getting some dope for a farm story for the Albuquerque Trib.

(A DOG BARKS DOWN IN THE EARTH AND THEN WE
HEAR HIM PANTING AND FROLICKING)

RALPH: (DOWN BELOW) ~~Shep~~, you fool, ^{hand} watch out for the spade.

BLYTHE: Hello, Shep, hello, boy. What're you doing down there, helping Ralph dig?

(DOG BARKS)

RALPH: Never see this ol' collie dog far from me, wherever I am, Mr. McCollum.

BLYTHE: Don't I know it. What's the matter, Ralph? You seem kind of upset.

RALPH: Nothin', Mr. McCollum.

BLYTHE: Sorry. Reporter's habit, asking questions. Rest of the family around?

RALPH: Mom's in the house. Iona too, I guess. Little ones, guess they're some place around. Freddy, he's helpin' me, he'll be right back. Chuck, he's out workin' around with ol' man Keating's thrashin' machine.

BLYTHE: Family life on the farm. Your thrashing done?

RALPH: Yep.

BLYTHE: Guess I'll go ~~up to the~~ ^{in the} house, get the farm wife's point of view from your mother. See you, Ralph.

(FOOTSTEPS ON GROUND UNDER:)

RALPH: (GOING AWAY) See you, Mr. McCollum.

(FOOTSTEPS CROSS YARD, UP COUPLE OF PORCH STEPS, CROSS PORCH, A DOOR OPENS)

SARAH: (40, A GOOD AND PATIENT WOMAN. YOU FEEL SHE'S BEEN CRYING.) Hello, Blythe.

BLYTHE: Oh, hello, Sarah. Just about to knock.

SARAH: I seen you out in the yard.

BLYTHE: Dropped in to have a little visit, but ~~I guess~~ ^{you sound like} you're not feeling well.

SARAH: I'm feelin' kind o' poorly, Blythe.

IONA: (14) (FIERCELY, OTHER SIDE OF ROOM) Yes, because Daddy wants to go away to the oil fields and -

SARAH: (PATIENT) Iona, you be quiet. Go back and see what Billy's doin'.

IONA: (GOING AWAY) Alright, Ma. (AND BURSTS INTO TEARS)

BLYTHE: (UNCOMFORTABLE) ~~Well~~ ^{since you're not feeling well} I guess I'll be going along.

SARAH: Thanks for comin' to visit, Blythe.

(CLOSE DOOR)

(MUSIC: LOW AND DISTURBED UNDER)

HARR: So Carl ^{isn't} feeling footloose again. You're not too surprised at the news. You wonder what the outcome will be, but you don't get any more information on it till about ten days later.

(SMALL PRINT PRESS OFF. TYPEWRITER ON.)

You're in the print shop of Joe Leonard, where you make your headquarters and give Joe a hand when he needs it. You're knocking out a story, when the door opens and in walks Carl.

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE OFF. CUT TYPEWRITER.)

BLYTHE: (BIG GREETING) Oh, hello, Carl. How've you been since the last time I --

CARL: (COMING IN, BRUSQUE) I wrote out some stuff for some hand bills. ^{bill} I want 'em printed up.

BLYTHE: Well, Carl, you don't have to bite my head off.

CARL: I want some handbills printed up. Here's the writin' for it.

(SHEET OF PAPER)

BLYTHE: Farm sale. Well.

CARL: Every stick o' furniture and things in that house. (VEHEMENTLY) Sick' n tired tryin' to make a livin' out o' that rundown farm.

BLYTHE: You and the family moving away?

CARL: I sent' em off to Oklahoma already. The oil fields. I'm joinin' 'em after the sale. (GOING AWAY) Have to go over to the Journal now, put in and ad there too.

(DOOR OPENS OFF)

CARL: You pass the word around for folks to come out to that
(CONT'D) sale.

(CLOSE DOOR ON:)

BLYTHE: (PROJECTING) You can pick up the handbills tomorrow
if you - (THE DOOR HAS CLOSED ALREADY) Now what's eating
him? (PAUSE) Hmm! Think I'll take the handbills out
to the farm myself tomorrow.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

(FOOTSTEPS ON GROUND, UP STEPS AND CROSS PORCH
~~AS WE HEAR THE LOW WHINE OF A DOG WITHIN, WHICH~~
THEN STOPS. DOOR OPENS.)

BLYTHE: Hi, Carl. Just dropped in to bring you the handbills.

(RUSTLE OF PAPER PACKAGE AS:)

CARL: (GRABBING) Alright. I'll bring the money over to the
shop after the sale.

BLYTHE: That's alright. I guess Joe isn't worried about the
bill.

CARL: Alright. So long.

BLYTHE: Thought I heard Shep whining. Didn't he go along with
the boys?

CARL: Ain't no dog around here. Ralph loaded him in the car,
he's in Oklahoma with the family by this time. So long.

BLYTHE: Say, what happened to that cellar the boys were digging?

CARL: We wasn't goin' to stay here long, so I had 'em fill it up
again. Now I got work to do.

(CLOSE DOOR)

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH)

NARR: This isn't the Carl Hartog who used to be so open and cheerful with you, the big fellow who used to pour stories about himself into your ears, adorned with a thousand details. This is a different man - so different that, as you drive away in your car, it's got you talking to yourself:

(CAR UNDER)

BLYTHE: I know I heard that dog whining somewhere. And he never stayed far away from Ralph.

NARR: And then another thought hits you. Something you can check on. You turn off the main road into a farm lane close by, and you drive down to where some trees hide you from view, and you get out and look back at the house.

(CAR STOP AND DOOR BIZ ON ABOVE)

And there it is. Parked in the back.

BLYTHE: The car. The car he says he sent the family in to Oklahoma. What in the world's going on?

NARR: As you stand there wondering, you see Carl open the back door of the house and throw something out - and then, as he closes the door, the dog slips out past him and across the yard.

CARL: (FAR OFF BUT DISTINCT) Shep. Come back here, you fool hound. Shep! (DISGUSTED) Arh!

(DISTANT SLAM OF DOOR)

NARR: And Shep comes slinking along the lane toward you. He doesn't see you at first, and then when he does and recognizes you, he doesn't bark as he used to, he just speeds up until he gets to you.

(DOG IN. HIS BREATHING DOESN'T HAVE THE PROLIGSOME NOTE IT HAD BEFORE.)

BLTYHE: What's the matter, boy? How come you didn't go with Ralph?

(DOG WHINES)

Carl been mistreating you? What's the matter?

(DOG WHINES)

Sure wish you could talk.

NARR: But a dog can see, a dog can hear, and as you crouch there in the farm lane, stroking him and soothing him, if you could have known then what those eyes saw, ^{some days back} ~~(FADE)~~ what those ears heard. . . ~~some days back.~~

~~(FADE IN HAND POUNDING TABLE UNDER:)~~

CARL: (FADE IN A BIT THICK-VOICED) I told you, Sarah, I keep tellin' you, I just wanna go to the oil fields, make some money for the family!

SARAH: ~~(PATIENT, TIRED) The kids, Carl, you'll wade 'em up.~~

CARL: ~~Ain't I thinkin' about the kids? Ain't I?~~

SARAH: You go away by yourself, you'll just leave us for good. I know. Your brother wasn't that way. John was a good -

(POUR LIQUOR)

Don't drink any more, Carl. I asked you once.

(BANG TABLE ON:)

CARL: Kind of a life I got now anyway! (GULPS A DRINK) Got into it without thinkin'! Goodness o' my heart!

IONA: (OFF ON OTHER SIDE OF DOOR) Daddy, don't holler at Ma.

SARAH: (PROJECT) Go, to sleep, Iona, it's alright. Carl, let's go in to sleep.

(SHOVE CHAIR BACK. FOOTSTEPS, CARL'S HEAVY AND UNSTEADY)

CARL: (OVER SOUND) Sleep. ^{you don't} You ~~do~~ know what happens in my head somebody gets me worked up like this.

(DOG WHIMPERS OFF)

You - Shep - get back in the kitchen.

(DOG RETREATS WHIMPERING)

~~Trapped, that's what I am.~~

(WHIMPERING, THEN QUIET) -

Goin' to Oklahoma. That's settled.

SARAH: Then me and the family's goin' with you. I couldn't stand our shame in people's eyes if you was to go off and leave us. You're the head o' this family and -

CARL: Talk, talk, talk, like a drum in my head. My brother ever tell you I run away from home when I was fifteen? After Ma died and Pa got married again. Know what happened? Pa died couple years later, stepmother poisoned him.

SARAH: (SHOCKED) Carl. Don't make up things like that.

CARL: When I heard about it, I got like this drum in my head. I got a gun and I started out there to kill the whole bunch of 'em.

SARAH: You're drunk, makin' up things to scare me, so's you can go away by yourself and -

CARL: Talk talk talk! Got too drunk that time, got too much whiskey in me to do anything with that gun.

(DOG WHIMPERS ON OTHER SIDE OF DOOR)

Get away from that door, Shep!

SARAH: (PATIENTLY, MONOTONOUSLY) You go to sleep now, and tomorrow, when you slept it off, we'll talk over the plans, we'll sell our things, the house things and - (SHARP TERROR) Carl, Carl.

CARL: (VERY CLOSE) Talk talk talk.

SARAH: Carl, get away from me, get aw---(STRANGLES, TRIES TO SCREAM.....)

CARL: (BREATHING HEAVILY, SQUEEZING) Keep quiet, keep quiet!
(.....BODY FALLS ACROSS BED)

CARL: (CLOSE, BREATHING HEAVILY)

IONA: ~~(OFF, APPROACHING OTHER SIDE OF DOOR)~~ Ma? ~~Anything the matter, Ma?~~ ~~(FADE)~~ Ma? ~~You awake, Ma?....~~

(FADE IN DOG WHINING UNDER:)

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH) --

HARR: Yes, if only a dog could talk, Blythe McCollum, as you stroke and soothe him in the lane behind Carl Hartog's farmhouse.

BLYTHE: What's the matter, Shep? What d' you want to say, boy?

(MUSIC: -- TAG.....CURTAIN) --
What do you want to say?

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

Jeb
1/7/52

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #251

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 AND UNDER)

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

NARR: You know there's something wrong, ~~Blythe~~ ^{the} McCollum of the Albuquerque Tribune. You're ^a correspondent for the paper in the eastern part of New Mexico, and you know the people of the farm community well. And when a man becomes a different person overnight, as Carl Hartog has you feel you've got to get the answers. So when the farm sale takes place that Carl has advertised, you become one of the crowd.

CROWD: (ANTICIPATE FADE IN BG)

LACEY: (COMING IN) Hi, Blythe. Writin' up the event for your paper?

BLYTHE: (ATTENTION HALF ELSEWHERE) Could be I'll send in a few words, Sheriff Lacey. Come out to buy something?

LACEY: Not that I figure. Farm sale's just one o' those social occasions I don't miss.

BLYTHE: Seems like a lot of other people feel the same way.

LACEY: Well, you know how it is. ~~The ladies get a chance to catch-~~
up, and the farmers can jaw about crops and politics. Somethin' the matter, Blythe?

BLYTHE: Matter, Sheriff?

LACEY: The way you're lookin' around. Funny look in your eye.

BLYTHE: (LAUGHING - IT OFF) - Must be those mental notes I'm making.)

LACEY: (DRILY) Better write 'em down before they clean upset you, Elythe. Now right here near the front door, this is the house furniture Carl's sellin'. Auctioneer's stand over there. Further yonder, over that filled in place Carl started his cellar, that's boxes filled with kitchen utensils and dishes and things and the farm machinery. Now you gimme credit in your paper.

ELYTHE: (LAUGHS) ~~Alright, Sheriff, thanks~~ ^{By the way} See Carl around?

LACEY: Back in the kitchen a few minutes ago.

ELYTHE: Guess I'll go back, chew the fat with him.

(GAVEL OFF. FOOTSTEPS ON GROUND, THEN UP ON PORCH AS)

AUCTIONEER: (OFF, RECEDING) Alright now, you good folks, if you'll sort o' pay a little attention to a triflin' matter like this here auction, why, I'll try not to take too much o' your time away from the purpose for which you all came here, that is to find out who's been doing what since the last time y' seen each other.

CROWD: (RECEDING WITH AUCTIONEER: LAUGHTER)

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES AND FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE ON FLOOR AS:)

AUCTION &
CROWD: (CONTINUE INDISTINCT AND MUFFLED OFF)

ELYTHE: (ON CLOSING DOOR ABOVE) Carl?

CARL: (OFF, MOUTHFUL OF FOOD) Back ⁱⁿ the kitchen.

ELYTHE: It's Elythe.

CARL: (OFF, APPROACHING, HIS JOVIAL SELF AGAIN) Elythe! Come on in here! Just the fella I was hopin' to see!

(FOOTSTEPS TO HALT ON:)

BLYTHE: (ASTONISHED) Well, you sure are in a lot different temper than the last two times I saw you.

CARL: Blythe, I'm sorry about that, it's been botherin' me. Here, sit down, have some coffee with me, have somethin' to eat, help yourself.

(CHAIR)

BLYTHE: Just some coffee, Carl, thanks. ~~Big dinner for a fella making such a big change.~~

(POUR COFFEE, THEN UTENSILS AND BIZ OF EATING AND DRINKING)

CARL: (CONTINUING WITH MEAL) Well - tell you, Blythe - guess I sort of simmered down by now. I sure was upset the last times I seen you - all the debts to pay, and the plans and changes and things. Say - remember what you said when you were out here last, about you hearin' Shep around?

BLYTHE: Yes.

CARL: Well, Blythe, doggone if you weren't right. Found him under the porch after you left. Don't know how he got away from Ralph. Guess that dog just didn't like leavin' this farm.

BLYTHE: Well - your car - that's out there.

CARL: (SURPRISED THAT BLYTHE MAKES ANY POINT OF IT) Why, sure. Fella we know comin' back this way from Oklahoma, the folks set it with him says I could use it.

BLYTHE: (CARL'S EXPLANATION MAKES SOME SENSE) Oh. I see.

(PUSH CHAIR BACK ON)

CARL: Let's go out, see how that auction's goin', Blythe.

(PUSH BACK SECOND CHAIR)

ELYTHE: Sure.

(FOOTSTEPS)

CARL: Be glad when it's over. All the grief tenant-farmin', it ain't worth it. When I get to Oklahoma, join the family, first thing I'm gonna do is *find a job*

(DOOR HAS OPENED AND:)

Shep: ~~Doggone you!~~ (FADE OFF) Get away from ~~there~~ *That cellar*

Goon- -- get away. ----

AUCTIONEER: (OFF, ON DOOR OPENING) Only fifteen dollars for this-?

(THEN, STILL OFF) Here's Carl himself, mad fit to bust, the way you folks're tryin' to make off with his things for next to nothin'.

(DOG YELPS OFF GOING AWAY)

There now, y' see? Everything clean and squared away, that's Carl. Won't even let the dog dig up the earth he rented. What's that dog tryin' to do, Carl? Dig that cellar again for you after you filled'er up?

CROWD: (LAUGHTER OFF)

MRS.
HENDERSON: (ON MIKE) Blythe.

ELYTHE: Yes, Mrs. Henderson.

MRS.
HENDERSON: Want to show you somethin' in the house.

AUCTIONEER: (OFF) Now let's get some decent bids for this fine set o' garden tools. Let's - (CONTINUE INDISTINCT AND MUFFLED OFF AS:)

(CLOSE DOOR. FOOTSTEPS UNDER:)

BLYTHE: What's the trouble, Mrs. Henderson?

MRS.

HENDERSON: No trouble, Blythe, just curiosity. You know Carl pretty well, thought you could answer this. Here in the bedroom.

(FOOTSTEPS STOP)

Some o' the women were sort o' pokin' around, me with 'em. This suitcase here and these boxes.

BLYTHE: Yes?

MRS. HEND: Well, land's sake, Blythe, baby's clothes in this suitcase, and look in these boxes: children's winter things: coats and suits and heavy underwear. Now why would Sarah leave these behind?

BLYTHE: Well - I guess there wasn't room in the car. I guess that's what the car was sent back for, so Carl could bring 'em.

MRS. HEND: Well, but Mrs. McCann asked Carl if these was for sale, and Carl told her he'd sell anything on the place we wanted put up for auction, and we were wondering--- Why, Blythe. What's the matter?

BLYTHE: Excuse me, Mrs. Henderson. I have to see Sheriff Lacey about something right away.

(MUSIC: QUICK BRIDGE)

AUCTION &
CROWD:

~~see~~

Well, Blythe - makin' accusations - gimme some idea what you think happened.

BLYTHE: I don't know, Sheriff. All I know is something's wrong.

LACEY: (GOODHUMORED) Now, Blythe - you writin' fellas - your imagination's running away with you.

BLYTHE: (A BIT HEATED) No, it isn't, Sheriff. Things just jumped together all of a sudden when Mrs. Henderson told me **about** those baby clothes.

LACEY: Oh, now, Blythe, folks've moved away before and sold all sorts of things. Tryin' to make somethin' out o' baby clothes --

BLYTHE: And why would a farmer start digging a cellar when he intended to leave? And then cover it up again? And why would a dog stay behind when I know, of my own knowledge, that he never left Ralph's side, but never. And why should Carl change his nature overnight, and then right back again today? -Yes - and come to think of it - how come Sarah and the kids just moved away without saying goodbye to anybody? After living around here for years?

LACEY: (PAUSE) Well, Blythe - I can't answer those questions - so let's go see if Carl can.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

~~ATC & CROWD: (OFF-ETC-AS-BEFORE)~~

CARL: You know, Sarah, Sheriff. She just felt ashamed, givin' up the farm my brother worked so many years, so she just up and left with the kids without any goodbyes. Don't know what all the questions're about.

LACEY: Well, you know how it is, Carl. Sometimes things need a little explainin'.

CARL: Fine friend you turned out to be Blythe.

BLYTHE: (A BIT DEFENSIVE) Well, that's what the women said about those kids' clothes, Carl.

CARL: Well, maybe I did say somethin' about auctionin' everything off, I don't know, I got a lot o' things to think about. But those kids' clothes, of course I'm takin' 'em with me when I go to **join the** folks. The rest of it, I explained all that to you before.

BLYTHE: Yes--I know - but that dog not being with Ralph - I don't know, Carl.

CARL: Well, don't ask me to explain a dog, Blythe. I'm sure enough takin' him along to Ralph when I leave.

LACEY: What town was that you said the family's visitin' relatives Carl?

CARL: Town o' Shallow Water out in Oklahoma, Sheriff.

LACEY: Well, best way to settle this whole thing, we can easy telegraph there, and that'll be that.

CARL: (A BIT RAPIDLY) Well, now, they wasn't sure about stoppin' off there, they might o' gone right on to Blair.

LACEY: (PAUSE) Tell you what, Carl. You sort o' stick around the house till I find out. And I guess I'll put a couple o' deputies to kind o' hang around too.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE...UNDER)

BLYTHE: The family didn't show up in either of those towns, Sheriff?

LACEY: That's what these telegrams say, Blythe.

BLYTHE: This whole thing's giving me the shivers.

LACEY: Me too kind o'. Let's go on out to the farm and ask Carl some serious questions this time.

(MUSIC: -- UP...FADE)

(FOOTSTEPS ON GROUND. DOG WHIMPERING)

BLYTHE: Hello, Shep. Hello boy. Seems so quiet in that house,
Sheriff.

LACEY: Depities say he didn't move out of it, Blythe.

BLYTHE: Sheriff, what'd you think?

LACEY: Beats me, Blythe. A woman and her eight kids - the thing
I'm thinkin' in the back o' my head just ain't possible.

BLYTHE: Yes. I know what you mean. I feel the same way.

(FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH, CROSS. OPEN DOOR)

BLYTHE: Sheriff! Lock he stabbed himself!

(MUSIC: -- STING)

CARL: (~~MOANING~~) Lemme alone. I 'm dyin...

LACEY: No you're not, Carl. The doctors tell us none o' your
wounds're serious. Matter o' fact, tomorrow we're movin
you over to the county jail.

CARL: What for? What'd I do?

LACEY: You're mighty keyed up for a big man, Carl. You must be
one o' those psychological things. What'd you stick
yourself for?

CARL: Too much trouble, I couldn't stand it no more.

LACEY: Where's your family? They didn't show up in neither o'
those places you mentioned.

CARL: Well, I don't know, they must o' changed their route or
somethin'. I have to wait to hear from them, so I can join
'em. (~~MOANS~~)

LACEY: Well- guess I'll have to let up on you right now. You did
lose a little blood.

BLYTHE: Sheriff. Talk to you a minute?

LACEY: Sure, Blythe.

(FOOTSTEPS UNDER:)

CARL: (GOING AWAY) Don't you tell him anything more against me, Blythe McCollum, you done me enough damage.

(FOOTSTEPS STOP)

BLYTHE: (LOW) Sheriff- I know this is crazy - it isn't possible - but maybe if we went out to the farm and dug around a little--

LACEY: (PAUSE) (LOW) Yep. Guess I better assemble a diggin' crew first thing in the mornin'.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

(MULTIPLE FOOTSTEPS ON GROUND, DIGGING TOOLS
GLANCING OFF EACH OTHER. DOG PANTING HARD)

BLYTHE: Yes, Shap, yes, boy. Look at th. way he's acting, Sheriff.

LACEY: It's them diggin' tools the men're carryin'. Don't tell me dogs don't understand things. Look where the dog's headin for.

BLYTHE: That cellar Carl filled in.

(FOOTSTEPS...STOP. PANTING OF DOG AND RAPID
CLAWING AT GROUND)

MEN: (AWED MURMUR)

BLYTHE: (TEETH ALMOST CHATTERING) Look at that, Sheriff.
Clawing at the ground. The same as he did the day of the
suction.

(DOG WHINES INTENSELY AND CLAWS FURIOUSLY)

LACEY: (A BIT UNSTEADY) Alright men, ^{sets yet started} I guess this time we understand what that dog wants.

(~~SPADES--SITE--INTO--DIRT.~~ THE CLAWING STOPS. THE DOG
HOWLS--WORFULLY)

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

CARL: (~~SOBBING UNDER:~~) *Carl give us*

LACEY: (SHAKEN) Alright ~~now~~ - the rest of it, Carl. This jail cell's your last home on earth, so help me-and I want the whole truth out of you now.

CARL: (~~SOBBING~~) Oh, Sheriff, I would of given anything then if I hadn't struck the first lick, which if Sarah had let me gone away without talking' and talkin', I wouldn't of done it. But then I **was** caught - I had to go on or I would of been trapped by the rest of 'em, even the little ones, (FADE UNDER) Because if I told everybody Sarah went away...(AD LIB UNDER:)

NARR: (IN OVER TAG ABOVE) You're sick as it is because of what you've seen out at the farm, Blythe McCollum, but now as you listen to the impossible details of a night of horror, you hear how it was done. How it was done to one after another, with whatever weapons came to hand, asleep and awake, and the oldest boy Chuck the last, coming home after midnight from ~~the thrasher on~~ a neighboring farm, to meet his end from the barrels of a shot gun.

CARL: (COMING UP) I was just like a madman or a crazy man, I don't know what, but anyhow I tried my best to make it my own death penalty. I tried to stab myself. Oh, if Sarah had only let me ^{go away}, I would of been gone, and no harm done to anyone!

(MUSIC: _ _ CURTAIN)_

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Wallace McCollum of the Albuquerque, New Mexico, Tribune, with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ TURNTABLE)_

(CLCSING 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 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.

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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 Wallace McCollum of the Albuquerque, New Mexico, Tribune.

MCCOLLUM: Killer in tonight's Big Story faced jury which rendered verdict of guilty within matter of minutes. ^{He was} ~~executed in the electric chain of the prison in~~ ^{Huntsville, Texas.} It's hard for me to think of this tragedy as a story for which I receive credit, but just the same I appreciate tonight's PELL MELL Award because of what it means to me as a newspaperman.

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

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY - A Big Story from the front pages of the Houston, Texas Chronicle --byline -- Oris J. Collins. A BIG STORY of a teen-age gang war that brought terror to the city.

(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 Jack Bentkover from an actual story from the ^{front} pages of the Albuquerque Mexico Tribune. Your Narrator was Bob Sloan and Luis Van Roeten played the part of Wallace McCollum. 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. McCollum.

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

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.
THIS IS NBC . . . THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #252

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOAN
RAY	MICHAEL O'DAY
DISPATCHER	MICHAEL O'DAY
POLICEMAN	JOE HELGESEN
VOICE	JOE HELGESEN
JOEY	EDDIE BRUCE
PETE	BOB READICK
TONY	AL RAMSEN
ORRIE	JAMES McCALLION
MALLARD	PHIL STERLING

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1952

Rev.

ATX01 0005510

THE BIG STORY
BY ERNEST KINOY

9:30 - 10:00 PM EST

JANUARY 23, 1952

WEDNESDAY

(Orrie Collins; Houston, Texas, Chronicle)

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

(MUSIC: ~~___ FANFARE TO SINGLE GUITAR PLAYING MEXICAN SONG~~)

(RESTAURANT BACKGROUND, OCCASIONAL DISH
CLATTER, ETC.)

ROY: Where is he, Tony? Supposed to be here twenty minutes ago.

TONY: Don't worry. He'll get here.

ROY: You sure?

TONY: Listen, I've been tracking that rat down for weeks. There are his buddies over at that table...he'll get here.

ROY: Don't you think maybe we should lay for him outside?

TONY: We'll do it my way. Wait, here he is.

ROY: Not right out here...not out here with all these people.

TONY: He's heading for the washroom.

(CHAIR PUSHED BACK)

I'll see you later.

ROY: Be careful!

(PAUSE. TWO SHOTS ~~CROWD EXCITED, SHOUTS AND
SCREAMS~~)

(MUSIC: ~~___ SWEEP OVER~~)

-2-

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY: Here is America, its sound and its
fury, its joy and its sorrow, as faithfully reported
by the men and women of the great American newspapers.
(PAUSE, FLAT) Houston, Texas. From the pages of the
Houston Texas Chronicle the story of a reporter and a
teen-age gang war that brought a reign of terror to
the city. Tonight to Orrie Collins for his Big Story
goes the Pell Mell \$500. award.
(COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0005512

(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.

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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: So smoke PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: )

ANNCR: Houston, Texas - the story as it actually happened --
Orrie Collins' story, as he lived it --

NARR: You cover the police beat for the Houston Chronicle,
Orrie Collins. You're there, Johnny-on-the-spot, at
the robberies, murders, assaults, the whole run of
crime in a big city. But there's something happening
in Houston these days that doesn't look right on the
police blotter. A kind of crime...a kind of criminal
that's new. You check your figures and talk it over
with Detective ^{Or}~~A. J.~~ Mallard at headquarters.

(TYPEWRITER IN BACKGROUND, ~~BROUING VOICE OF~~
RADIO CAR DISPATCHER TAKING CALLS IN LETTER
SYMBOLS AS "CAR 53 SIGNAL J, 12th AND DIVISION,
OVER. CAR 3, TWO MEN SIGNAL KL, THIRD STREET,
492 SECOND FLOOR, SIGNAL KL, ETC. ETC)

ORRIE: (~~OVER THE BACKGROUND DESCRIBED ABOVE~~) I've been
checking the charge sheet, ^{later,} Al, you know what the
average age of person's booked is?

MALLARD: Search me, Orrie. Twenty-four?

ORRIE: Eighteen. Eighteen years old, and that's just the
average. That means there are as many booked under
eighteen as over.

MALLARD: So?

ORRIE: What are kids like that doing hauled into a precinct?
What were you doing when you were eighteen?

MALLARD: Looking for a football scholarship to college.

ORRIE: I was working. But these kids...look at this list, Assault, possession of deadly weapons, breaking and entering, murder...Everyone of these,...everyone committed by a kid under twenty.

MALLARD: There are some pretty tough neighborhoods in Houston, Orrie, you ought to know that. We've had trouble with teen-age hoodlums before.

ORRIE: But not like this. I've been looking into it, Al. Did you ever hear of the Park Gang and the Chester Street Boys?

MALLARD: Sure.

ORRIE: That's organized teen-age crime, Al. The Park Gang has maybe fifty kids in it. The Chester Street Boys maybe seventy-five. Everyone of them carries a switch blade knife or even a gun. They're wild kids looking for trouble; after they find it, it's going to be right in your lap.

MALLARD: My job is homicide, Orrie, what do you want me to do, social work? Go out and civilize those wild kids in the fifth ward?

ORRIE: Your job is homicide alright, and that's what you're going to get. We're sitting on top of a heap of dynamite. Those kids only need one spark. I know -- I've moved around --

MALLARD: Look -- I'm not borrowing trouble. When they start cutting each other up we'll get them in.

DISPATCHER: (OFF) Lieutenant Mallard.

MALLARD: Yeah.

DISPATCHER: I got one for you. Eighty-third and Junction Road.
Signal JM.

MALLARD: Alright, come on, Orrie.

ORRIE: What is it?

MALLARD: Signal JM. That's murder.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER TO)

NARR: At Eighty-third and Junction Road a crowd has gathered.
You follow Lieutenant Al Mallard's interference through
and reach a cleared space on the sidewalk with a crumpled
heap at the center. It is a boy, about eighteen years
old, his face is fresh, there is a faint fuzz on his
cheeks, he looks as if he hadn't used a razor yet and
it doesn't look as if he is ever going to.

(SNEAK CROWD'S MURMUR UNDER NARRATOR ABOVE)
MALLARD: *They really cut him up*
~~Maybe five or six bullet holes.~~ Anybody know him? *Peters?*

POLICEMAN: No, sir. He came out of the pool room and somebody
knifed him
~~blasted him down.~~

MALLARD: Identification?

POLICEMAN: Nothing. Except this.

(LOUD SNAP)

MALLARD: A five-inch blade. You could shave with it.

POLICEMAN: I called the wagon, Lieutenant.

MALLARD: We'll have to hold him in the ice-box for identification.

ORRIE: I think maybe I can help you on that, Al.

MALLARD: You know this kid? *Orrie?*

ORRIE: I've seen him hanging around down at the Fifth Ward.
His name is Julie Morrell.

MALLARD: That's a help.

ORRIE: This isn't finished, Al. I said I saw him in the Fifth Ward.

MALLARD: Well?

ORRIE: He hangs out with the Park Gang. They'll be looking for whoever killed him.

MALLARD: So will I.

ORRIE: This is the first open break. There's going to be a war, Al. A gang war! The Park Gang and the Chester Street Boys. If I were you I'd round them all up before the trouble begins. Those kids work on an eye for an eye, a life for a life. If I were you, Al, I'd move first.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You know these kids, Orrie Collins. You've seen them swagger on the sidewalks outside the beer halls and the pool rooms. You've seen the switch blade knives the homemade black jacks, the guns. You've seen the arrogant youngsters flare into violent rages. You've seen the makings of a war. And now it's with you. Lieutenant Al Mallard acts quickly. The orders go out to the precincts and every known member of the Park Gang and the Chester Street Boys is hauled in. One by one they parade through the line up.

POLICEMAN: (ON P.A.) Alvin Bartlett, age 17, five arrests, 2 previous convictions.

NARR: One by one the witnesses look them over, looking for the boy who ^{killed} ~~shot down~~ Julie Morrell.

POLICEMAN: (ON P.A.) Joseph Warren, age 19, 7 arrests, 3 convictions,
armed with knife and 38 police special. (FADING)

NARRATOR: (OVER THE LINE-UP) POLICEMAN: Manuel Herba,
You watch the youngsters 16, 2 arrests, 1 conviction,
file by, fifteen, sixteen, John Masterson, 19, 4
seventeen, none of them over arrests, 3 convictions.
twenty. The confiscated Arthur Ashley, 15, 6 arrests
knives and pistols fill 1 conviction. Michael
several crates. The records Alembic, 17, 3 arrests,
stretch before you..every no convictions.
crime in the book. You look
at them and you think they
are just kids. What are they doing
here. What are they doing with
bright light in their eyes and
a bored policeman reading out
name, age, arrests, and convictions.
And then the murderer is spotted.
The witnesses stiffen as he comes
into the light, they whisper
excitedly to Lieutenant Mallard.
This is the one that did the
~~shooting.~~ *kill*

POLICEMAN: Peter Gorton, 19, 4 arrests, 1 conviction.

MALLARD: Alright, take him inside.

(MUSIC: HIT AND OUT.)

MALLARD: Alright, Pete, you've been definitely identified by four witnesses. You'll save yourself a lot of trouble if you'll make a statement.

PETE: Listen, Lieutenant.

MALLARD: I'm warning you, Pete, officially. First: you don't have to make a statement: second, anything you say may be used in evidence against you in your trial, this is a voluntary statement.

PETE: You're going too fast, Lieutenant, I ain't saying nothing.

MALLARD: Don't be crazy, kid, I'm just trying to do you a favor. We could hang you on what we got.

PETE: Maybe.

MALLARD: That's the trouble with you kids, playing tough. Listen, what good is it going to do you playing tough when they try you for the murder of Julie Morrall?

PETE: Morrall had it coming to him. What are you worried about him for? He wasn't no angel. Listen, he took two shots at me in the Park last week. If he wasn't a cross-eyed jerk you'd have him in here and I'd be out in the ice-box. What am I supposed to do, cry for him?

MALLARD: You knifed him, didn't you?

PETE: Sure, sure, I knifed him, I had to. He already shot at me. Like I told you. I seen him come out of that pool room, ^{when} he saw me, he ~~was reaching~~ ^{reached} for his pocket so I knifed him. It was self-defense. If I didn't get him, he would have got me.

MALLARD: What did you have against him?

PETE: I didn't even know him.

(MUSIC: BRIEF BRIDGE)

(FOOTSTEPS ON PAVEMENT)

ORRIE: (COMING ON) Pete, Pete Gorton.

PETE: You're the guy from the Chronicle, aren't you? Listen, you spell my name right. Last time I got arrested they didn't spell my name right. The gang ribbed me about it.

ORRIE: What are you going to do now?

PETE: Nothing. What should I do?

ORRIE: You knifed Julie Morrell. The Park Gang won't like that. They'll be after you.

PETE: I can take care of myself.

ORRIE: That's what Julie Morrell thought. You want to end up like he did, Pete? On a slab before you turn twenty?

PETE: What do you want me to do, join a choir?

ORRIE: I wouldn't be so gay if I were you. The Park Gang knows how to use a knife, too.

PETE: Look, Collins, I know what the score is. I can take care of myself. Only jerks get cut down.

ORRIE: Where's it going to get you, Pete? Where's all this going to get you? What's so great about holding up cigar stores for nickels, getting pushed around by the cops, getting cut up and shot by the other gangs? What do you get out of it?

PETE: What else is there for me to do? You ever try to get a job in my part of town? I see my brother, he got a job. He works till he falls on his face. Not me! Why shouldn't I take what I want? You see those big guys driving the cadillacs stop at the big hotels? They know the score. That's where I'm headin'.

ORRIE: You're heading for a slab, Pete. Right next to
 Julie Morrell.

(MUSIC: -- TAG ACT.)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #252

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!

ANNCR: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and the Big Story of Orrie Collins, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: You start a series of articles, Orrie Collins. You take your special knowledge of Houston's teen age gangs and you spread it all over the paper. It's easy for the good citizens in their little white houses between neatly manicured lawns to forget about the part of town that spawns eighteen year old kids with switch-blade knives in their pockets ready to murder. You start your series while the gang war breaks wide open.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING)

DISPATCHER: Emergency report, Jefferson Davis Hospital, Angelo Carey, seventeen, treated for laceration of the left temporal area of the scalp, contusions left shoulder, ~~bilateral-~~ ~~periorbital hematoma,~~ fracture of the nasal bone, half-inch laceration of the neck of left chest wall anteriorly and left pneumo thorax.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING)

POLICEMAN: (ON P.A.) Tony, Preston, age 18, 5 arrests, 1 conviction, charged attempted assault.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING)

MALLARD: Another stiff, Orrie. Michael Malaga, 16 years old. Beat to death. They found him in the park last night.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING, CONTINUE UNDER NARRATOR)

NARR: You write it all, Orrie Collins. You try to make respectable Houston see these kids knifed, beaten. Human beings...all of them...youngsters...But somehow pushed into violence. Their ambitions, their terrible need for some measure of importance leading them to misery and death! You think of Pete Gorton, a good-looking kid, walking the streets, with murder waiting for him at every alleyway. You meet him on Tuesday.

ORRIE: Hello, Pete. You in any trouble?

PETE: My hands are clean, Mr. Collins.

ORRIE: The Park Gang is still looking for you. Any shots sailing your way?

PETE: Don't worry about me, my eyes are open. Only jerks get cut down.

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

NARR: And then on Wednesday Pete Gorton goes into Millie's Beer Hall.

(~~BEER HALL BACKGROUND. MEXICAN GUITAR PLAYING AS IN VIGNETTE~~)

NARR: He changed a flat tire before he came in and his hands are covered with grease, so Pete Gorton ~~goes~~ ^{is} into the washroom ~~to clean~~ ^{cleaning} up.

(SOUND OF SINK RUNNING. DOOR OPEN)

TONY: (OFF) Hey, Pete.

PETE: What do you want? Who are you?

TONY: You didn't give Julie Morrell a chance, did you? Well I ain't going to give you one.

(TWO QUICK SHOTS)

(MUSIC: STING)

NARR: They lay him out on the slab next to the one that had held Julie Morrell.

(LONG ROLLING RATTLE AS OF A FILE DRAWER.)

ORRIE: He's a nice-looking kid, isn't he?

MALLARD: They didn't mess up his face. Alright, Charlie, put him back.

(RATTLING SLIDE AND CLANG)

(ECHOING FOOTSTEPS)

ORRIE: You got any leads on this? Any suspects?

MALLARD: Sure, anybody in the Park Gang.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Al Mallard picks up Pete Gorton's friend, a frightened fifteen-year old boy.

MALLARD: Listen, Joey, you're not in any trouble. All we want is some help. You were with Pete at the beer hall. Who shot him?

JOEY: I don't know.

MALLARD: You must have seen him. You must have seen the killer come out of that wash room.

JOEY: I didn't recognize anybody.

MALLARD: You're lying. Don't you want to see the guy who killed Pete get what he deserves?

JOEY: He'll get it, don't worry.

ORRIE: Listen, Joey, you know who killed Pete, don't you, but you're holding out on us, you think you'll take the law in your own hands. You'll go after that murderer and kill him yourself.

JOEY: We don't need no cops.

ORRIE: Don't be a fool, Joey. Alright, so suppose you get whoever killed Pete, do you think it stops there. Oh, no. Some crazy kid in the Park Gang will come right back and get you.

JOEY: I'll take care of myself.

ORRIE: That's an echo. That's what Pete said, and Julie Morrell and twenty other boys. It's got to stop, Joey. It's your chance to break it wide open. This is your chance to quit dying and start living. Who killed your friend? Who killed Pete Gorton?

JOEY: I didn't see nothing. Don't worry, Mr. Collins. We'll take care of our own business. We don't need you or the cops.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You're no detective Orrie Collins. You leave the criminology to Lieutenant Al Mallard. Your job is the paper. Your series on the teen-age gang war goes on and you hit hard. The heat is on. The young hoodlums lounging on the corner find themselves in the line-up. Your series is pushing the gangs around and they don't like it.

(TELEPHONE RINGING. PICKED UP)

ORRIE: Hello!

TONY: (ON FILTER) Collins? Listen, Collins, if there's another story in the paper tonight like the one you wrote yesterday you won't live to see tomorrow.

ORRIE: Who are you?

TONY: Never mind. We'll take care of you.

ORRIE: Who is this?

TONY: We'll take care of your wife, too. Don't put anything in tonight's paper, that's my advice.

ORRIE: Why don't you come down here and tell me that?

TONY: Very funny. Just don't write any more, take my advice.

ORRIE: The story will be on the front page, look for it.

(MUSIC: -- HIT)

NARR: You write your story and it hits the front page. They are after you now and you know it. You have a permit to carry a pistol but when you walk down the streets you feel an itch at the back of your collar. You remember those five-inch switch blade knives. When you check in at the paper that night there is a message for you.

VOICE: A guy called in, Orrie, said he wanted to see you.

ORRIE: Leave any name?

VOICE: No, called a couple of times. He said if you'd come down to ~~the~~ Sam's Cantina he'd have some information for you about Pete Gorton.

ORRIE: Sam's Cantina. That's in the Fifth Ward, isn't it?

VOICE: Lovely place for a murder.

ORRIE: Yeah!

(DESK DRAWER OPEN)

ORRIE: Where are those bullets?

VOICE: You going down there?

ORRIE: May be a lead.

VOICE: This is a trap, Orrie. You'd be walking right into the Park Gang.

ORRIE: If I don't call back within two hours get Al Mallard at Police Headquarters. So long, I'll see you around.

~~VOICE: I hope so, Curie, I sincerely hope so.~~

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER TO)

NARR: Sam's Cantina. It is a low level bar with sawdust on the floor, changed once a month. You walk past the door, nobody you know. Three teen age boys are standing outside under a ~~lantern~~ ^{camp}. You see two more at the bar. The gun is heavy in your pocket and you wonder if your draw could beat the flick of a switch blade knife. You walk in. The place is quiet, too quiet. The kids at the bar don't look up. Over your shoulder you see the three hoodlums outside on the sidewalk. You wait over a bottle of beer because you don't trust the draft beer pipes in a place like this. You wait 15 minutes... 20a half-hour, and no one shows. You figure a bum steer - so you settle up and head out to the alley.

(ECHOING FOOTSTEPS)

JOEY: (HALF-OFF) Mr. Collins.

ORRIE: (STARTS) What?

JOEY: Here in the doorway.

ORRIE: Joey.

JOEY: Get out of the light.

ORRIE: ~~What's the idea~~ ^{what happened} -- I waited half an hour.

JOEY: I had to see who was around -- it's OK, now -- nobody followed you out.

ORRIE: What do you want?

JOEY: About Pete Gorton.

ORRIE: You saw who shot him?

JOEY: Yes, we figured we could take care of that.

ORRIE: They'll figure the same thing on the other side.

JOEY: Mr. Collins, I went to Pete's funeral. They had the cover open....II looked in. I ...I didn't see Pete. I saw...it was like in a mirror...I saw me lying there. Look, Mr. Collins, I don't want to go like Pete. I'm only fifteen years old, that isn't much. I'll tell you, I'll tell you who killed Pete Gorton. And then you keep him away from me...you gotta.

ORRIE: Who was it, Joey?

JOEY: His name is Tony, that's all I know. Tony. Now you gotta do something, you gotta keep them from getting me.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT)

NARR: Not much to go on. A boy named Tony. You don't know his last name or where to find him. But you get an idea Orrie Collins. ~~You remember the voice of the clerk at the line-up.~~

ORRIE: Don't you get it Al? Everyone of these kids has been in before. They've all been picked up in the last year. We'll go through the cards, pick out the Tonys, there won't be many of them. You find ^{the} Tony and we've got the killer.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT)

NARR: There are five Tony's. One dead...three in prison... and that leaves one...Tony Preston. You and Detective Mallard pick him up at his door with his suitcase in his hand.

TONY: ~~You're lucky, cop.~~ Five minutes later I would have been out of town.

MALLARD: You'll save yourself a lot of trouble if you talk, Tony.

TONY: How is you figure that?

ORRIE: You shot Pete Gorton. The Lieutenant can pin it right to you.

TONY: Maybe...maybe not.

ORRIE: You're in bad trouble, Tony. Chester Street Boys know who killed Pete Gorton. You got a choice ^{either} ...~~probably only~~ a jail term or a bullet from them. Be smart, Tony, talk. If you don't you're next in a long line of dead kids...Julie Morrell, Pete Gorton, next, Tony.

TONY: What do I get if I talk, Lieutenant? What kind of a deal if I take a plea?

MALLARD: No deal. Make up your own mind.

TONY: Then how do I know what you'll do at the trial?

ORRIE: You don't. But the Chester Street Boys have finished their trial. So them you're guilty...with the death penalty. Make up your mind.

TONY: Yeah, yeah, alright, Lieutenant. You come with me, I'll show you where I hid the gun.

(MUSIC: -- -- BRIDGE)

MALLARD: Well, there you are, Orrie, it's finished.

no it isn't all. -22-

ORRIE: ~~In a pig's eye it is.~~ We've got one killer. One
eighteen-year old kid. It's too late for him, but it
isn't for the others. ~~My~~, my series isn't over^{yet}. For
me this case is open till these kids get something
better to do than assault, and murder. ~~My~~, my series,
is just beginning.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TAG FOR CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Orrie
Collins of the Houston, Texas, Chronicle 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 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)

-24- REV.

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Orrie Collins of
the Houston Texas Chronicle

COLLINS: The young killer in tonight's BIG STORY received a five
year prison term. Series on Houston's teen age gangs
continued until aroused public opinion forced an overall
program of constructive group and youth work. ~~Houston is~~
~~now free of organized teen-age crime. Many thanks for~~
~~tonight's PELL MELL award.~~
It is a privilege to have received

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Collins...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 Pontiac
Michigan Daily Press -- byline -- Albert O. James. A BIG
STORY of a reporter who ~~chased a phantom into a dead~~
~~end...and took his wife along...for the ride.~~
went for a ride with his wife -
and took up a business phantom

(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)

ATX01 0005533

AD BENT

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #253

CAST

NARRATOR

BOB SLOAN

RUTH

BARBARA WEEKS

MRS. WILLIAMS

BARBARA WEEKS

LOVIE

KATHLEEN NIDDA

AL

VINTON HAYWORTH

CARL

CORT BENSON

CARMODY

CORT BENSON

ERNIE

JOE HALGESON

DEVITO

HARRY DAVIS

GUNDERSON

BILL GRILLIS

WEDNESDAY JANUARY 30, 1952

ATX01 0005534

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 ^{front} pages of the Houston Texas Chronicle. Your narrator was Bob Sloan and James McCallion played the part of Orrie Collins. 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. Collins.

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

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

(PAUSE)

Tonight, on a battlefield in Korea, an American boy's life is being saved ... with blood. But...it may not always be so. For the supply of blood donated by Americans here at home is dangerously low. It is so low that the Department of Defense is urging every American to give as much blood as he or she can as long as this emergency exists. Call your Red Cross first thing tomorrow for an appointment and save an American boy's life!

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

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#253

9:30-10:00 PM

JANUARY 30, 1952

WEDNESDAY

(Albert O. James: The Pontiac Daily Press)

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

RUTH: Carl, about this friend of yours, our host.....

CARL: What about him, my dear?

RUTH: He's a strange kind of man.

CARL: Yes? Why?

RUTH: I don't know. The way he lives in this big gloomy house all alone. The way he looks at you. I...(SHUDDER) Well, he gives me the creeps.

CARL: (LAUGHS) Forget it, Ruth. Sure, he is a little peculiar. But when you get to know him...;

Sh-ah (WE HEAR STEPS COMING DOWN CORRIDOR)

RUTH: ~~Ahhh!~~ He's coming back, now.

(STEPS STOP)

(DOOR OPENS)

CARL: Well, old boy, did you get the..(GASP)

RUTH: (SUDDEN SCREAM) No! No, DON'T!

(RIFLE SHOT. ANOTHER. ANOTHER, ANOTHER)

(WILD LAUGHTER UP AND OVER GUNSHOTS AND INTO)

(MUSIC: -- HIT UP AND UNDER)

ATX01 0005536

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)

Pontiac, Michigan. From the pages of the Pontiac Daily Press:
the story of a reporter who ~~chased a phantom into a dead~~ *took his wife for a ride and*
~~ended up chasing a phantom~~ *ended up chasing a phantom*
~~and took his wife along for the ride.~~ Tonight, to
Albert James, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL \$500.

Award!

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #253

OPENING COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a
PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

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!

(MUSIC: INTRO AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Pontiac, Michigan. The story as it actually happened...
Albert James story, as he lived it.....

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: It is this January night, And ordinarily, you, Al James of
the Pontiac Daily Press would be covering your beat in Haze &
Park, bordering Detroit on the South and Macomb County on
the East. But this is no ordinary night. This happens to
be your wedding anniversary. And so you and your beautiful
wife ^{MacLelaine} Lovie ... ~~and that's her real name, believe it or not,~~
are celebrating the occasion in a Detroit night club. But
somehow, you can't get into the spirit of the thing. Maybe
it's because you're an old workhouse with ink in your
veins, you don't know. Anyway, you sit there, wondering
what's happening on the beat tonight.

(MUSIC: NITE CLUB ORCHESTRA OFF, PERHAPS STARTS IN AFTER THE
WORDS "NIGHTCLUB" ABOVE IN NARRATION)

(B.G. CHATTER, CLINK OF DISHES, PERHAPS POP OF
CHAMPAGNE CORK...)

^{MacLelaine}
AL: Lovie??..

LOVIE: Yes, darling?

AL: It's almost one o'clock.

LOVIE: (GAYLY) I know.

AL: I was thinking, maybe we'd better get started back
to Pontiac.

LOVIE: Don't be silly. (LAUGHS) Leave now, Why, we haven't even
eaten up our minimum!

AL: Yeah. I know. But the roads are icy, it may take longer to get home than you think, and....

LOVIE: Al.

AL: Yeah?

LOVIE: You're a faker.

AL: What do you mean?

LOVIE: You know very well what I mean. If we leave here now, you were thinking that maybe you'd stop in at the Sheriff's office, and see if there was any news..

AL: Why, yeah. That did occur to me...

LOVIE: And after that, you'd stop by at the office, just to see if anything was stirring. You can't fool me, Al James. I can see you just sitting there and squirming and wishing you had the harness on, ~~like an old firehorse.~~
woollier

AL: Now ~~Lovie~~, wait a minute..

LOVIE: Here it is, our wedding anniversary. You're supposed to be tender and sentimental, and romantic. You're supposed to be thinking of me.

AL: Aw now, honey....

LOVIE: I'm nothing but a newspaper widow. Here it is, my wedding anniversary, and I have to compete with Sheriff.

AL: Now, look dear, you're making a big fuss about nothing. But if it will make you happy - we'll stay a while longer.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: An hour or so later you leave. It's zero outside the car. You ~~wheel~~^{drive} the car off Woodward Avenue, and wonder about women. You keep wondering as you take a short-cut through the ghost-like State Fair grounds, hit the county line at Eight Mile Road, and swing east to John R. and then, suddenly, you see a red glare in the sky...

(CAR UNDER)

AL: ~~modeling~~ Lovie! There's a house on fire... I've got to take a look. It's a story. ~~You don't mind if I stop for~~^{in a minute} just a minute..

LOVIE: ~~That is your job darling even if it is our wedding anniversary.~~

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The fire's a few blocks away, on Roberts Street. You get there just as the fire department does. The place is a blazing inferno by this time, and you collar a neighbor, a Mrs. Williams. she's hysterical...

(OFF, ROAR OF FIRE.)

(CLAXON OFF, COMING IN..)

MRS. WILLIAMS: They're in there! They're burned to death. I know it, I know it!

AL: Who's in there?

MRS. WILLIAMS: The Carmodys. Ruth and her husband, John. There can't be anything left of 'em but ashes now, Lord save us!

AL: Wait a minute. How do you know they were home?

MRS. WILLIAMS: I ought to know. They've been my neighbors for years. They were always home by ten o'clock.

And that fire went up real sudden, I saw it myself. They couldn't have gotten out of the house!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(WE HEAR MEN OFF. AD LIB: "OKAY, REEL UP THAT HORN. LET'S GO, ETC.")

AL: (COMING IN) Inspector! Inspector, can I have a word with you?

ERNIE: Oh. Hello, James. You got down from Pontiac pretty fast this time.

AL: Uh, yeah. Sure. Tell me, Inspector. Did the boys find the bodies?

ERNIE: What bodies?

AL: You mean no one was in the house?

ERNIE: Not what they could see. ^{no evidence of any} ~~There wasn't any smell of~~ ^{bodies at all} ~~of burning flesh, no bones, no charred flesh,~~ ~~nothing.~~ These Carmody people must have been out when it happened.

AL: That's interesting.

ERNIE: Yeah. And I'll tell you something even more interesting.

ERNIE: (GRIMLY) This fire was no accident. Someone set it
deliberately.

AL: What?

ERNIE: Yeah. And whoever this firebug was, he was a real
amateur. Used oily rags, matches, and gasoline!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You get into your car, where ~~Lovie~~ ^{Waldeman} is waiting, and you figure this is your story for tomorrow. But you don't know the half of it yet. You don't know how crazy this night's going to be before it's really over. You drive about eight blocks, when all of a sudden a man runs from behind a house ~~and~~ right in front of your car. You jam on the brakes, almost skid into a telephone pole ...

(CAR IDLES. DOOR OPENS)

AL: What's the matter, Buddy? You out of your mind, running in front of my car like that?

DEVITO: Mister, you better find a cop and bring him back here right away!

AL: A cop? What for?

DEVITO: Somebody just killed a couple of people in that house.

AL: What!

DEVITO: Yeah. My name's Devito, see, Louie Devito. I live in the neighborhood, over on East Jarvis. I was just walkin' by, and I hear a couple of shots. I go over and look in this window and there's this man and woman sitting in the parlor, each ~~with~~ ^{turn the head} ~~with a headful of bullets.~~

LOVIE: (SCARED) Did ... did you see the killer?

DEVITO: No. But he couldn't have got away very far.

AL: Who lives in that house?

DEVITO: A man named Gunderson ... Pete Gunderson.

LOVIE: Then somebody shot Mr. and Mrs. Gunderson ...

DEVITO: No, lady. Gunderson's a bachelor, see? The man's Carl Hobson, he lives next door ...

AL: And the woman?

DEVITO: Her name's Carmody ... Ruth Carmody.

LOVIE: Al. That's the woman who lives in the house that just burned down ...

AL: Yeah. The whole thing is getting pretty weird.

LOVIE: Weird? It's fantastic.

AL: Devito, look ... (CALLS SUDDENLY) Devito, wait a minute ..

DEVITO: (STARTING TO FADE) Not me. Not with a killer around somewhere. Me, I'm goin' home, an' I'm going to stay there

(A PAUSE, THEN)

AL: ~~Devito~~ ^{Devito} you stay here.

LOVIE: Stay here? (A BELT) Al, where are you going?

AL: Into that house.

LOVIE: Oh no, you're not! You're going to drive around until we find a policeman.

AL: What! And bring the reporters running from every Detroit paper? Oh no, ~~Devito~~ ^{Devito} ~~Devito~~. This is my story. I got it right in the hollow of my hand, and I'm not going to let it slip. Now, look, you just wait here in the car ...

LOVIE: Albert James, if you think I'm going to sit here in the car all alone when a killer may be prowling around the premises, you're crazy.

AL: If you don't do that, then what are you going to do?

LOVIE: I'm going in with you!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER, SINISTER, MYSTERIOUS)

NARR: You and your wife get out of the car, and you take your flashlight with you. Then you head for the house, set well back in a dark and ghostly grove of balsams. It's

freezing cold, but the moon is out, and the house looms up, a grotesque sprawling shadow, an architect's nightmare of Victorian and gingerbread...

(WHINE OF WIND)

(STEPS ON HARD GROUND. SUDDENLY THEY STOP)

LOVIE: Al.

AL: Yeah?

LOVIE: I'm scared.

AL: You want to know something?

LOVIE: What?

AL: So am I.

LOVIE: Then, for heaven's sake, let's go back.

AL: I told you...no.

LOVIE: (SHIVER) You know what that house reminds me of?

AL: What?

LOVIE: A mausoleum.

AL: Look honey, if you'd only go back to the car..

LOVIE: Oh, no. You're not going to leave me alone. Besides, I'm just mad about mausoleums.

AL: Okay. Let's go, ~~and stick close to me.~~

LOVIE: Don't worry, ~~I'll stick so close to you.~~

(SHUTTER SLAMS OFF, SOUNDS LIKE A SHOT)

LOVIE: ~~(SCREAMS) What was that!~~

AL: ~~Take it easy, Lovie.~~

LOVIE: ~~But ... but I heard ... a shot!~~

AL: ~~All you heard was a shutter flapping in the wind.~~

LOVIE: ~~Oh. --~~

AL: ~~Come on --.~~

(FOOTSTEPS ON HARD GROUND, OR MAYBE CRUNCHING ON ICE)

LOVIE: ~~Ugh! -- what a horrible looking house!~~

AL: ~~Yeah. Pete Gunderson lives here, according to our friend Devito.~~

LOVIE: There's a light in one of the rooms on the ground floor.

AL: Uh-huh. That's where we'll find Mrs. Carmody and this man Hobson, no doubt. The question is, who ...

LOVIE: (SUDDEN SCREAM) AL!

AL: What is it?

LOVIE: I just saw a man!

AL: Where?

LOVIE: Browling around the house.

AL: Where did he go?

LOVIE: I don't know. He just disappeared, all of a sudden. (HYSTERICAL) AL, maybe it was the killer ...

AL: Maybe nothing. The killer wouldn't be hanging around the house now, if he had any sense. Look ... you're sure you saw a man?

LOVIE: (JITTERY) I ... I thought I did. I thought I saw this shadow ...

AL: What you saw was probably the shadow of one of those small evergreens. Now get a grip on yourself, ^{Lovie} Lovie, and let's go.

(MUSIC: IN WITH)

NARR: You and your wife look through the window, and what Devito said is true. You try the doors, find they're locked. So, you pry open the window, boost ^{Lovie} Lovie in, and follow after her. Then for a moment, you stand there, and stare at the two corpses, sitting silently, in death....

LOVIE: (HORROR) Al...it's it's horrible.

AL: Yeah.

LOVIE: ~~I don't know. What was Mrs. Carmody doing in a place like this, while someone was setting her house on fire? And this man here, Hobson, what was he doing here? And where's Mr. Carmody and the man who lives here, Gunderson. Who killed these two people, and why? Al, I'm all mixed up.~~

AL: Yeah, but the killer wasn't. He was a simple kind of guy, and he wasn't very subtle. Just moved in with a ^{gun} rifle and ~~shot~~ sprayed them both at short range.

LOVIE: Well, I know one thing. This is one anniversary I'll never forget as long as I live, believe me. Just standing in this old house gives me goose-pimples, let alone these..
(CUTS) Al...

AL: Yeah?

LOVIE: Did you just hear something?

AL: No. Why?

LOVIE: I could have sworn I heard footsteps.

ALL: It's just your imagination. No one's in the house. The place is as dark as a tomb, and(CUTS AS)

(FOOTSTEPS IN, OFF AND ABOVE)

LOVIE: Al, listen!

(FOOTSTEPS UP NOW, VERY DISTINCT, FROM UPSTAIRS.)

LOVIE: (SCARED) Did you say there wasn't anyone else in the house?

(MUSIC: CURTAIN) _ _ _

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE) _ _ _

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #253

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a
PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

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 Albert James, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: You, Albert James of the Pontiac Daily Press, and your wife, ~~Madeline~~ Lovie, are celebrating your wedding anniversary in a very peculiar fashion. At the moment, you are standing in a room in a dark and deserted house, in the Hazel Park section of Detroit. You are standing there, in the parlor, with two corpses for company both sitting upright on the overstuffed sofa. You wonder what this is all about when...suddenly, from upstairs.....

(FOOTSTEPS UP AND ABOVE)

LOVIE: Al! Someone's moving around upstairs.

AL: Yeah.

(STEPS STOP)

LOVIE: The footstepsthey've stopped.

(A PAUSE)

(SUDDEN SLAM OF DOOR OFF AND ABOVE.)

LOVIE: (JUMPS) What was that?

AL: Sounded like a door slamming.

LOVIE: Al....Al, who do you suppose is up there?

AL: (GRIMLY) Who do you think?

LOVIE: You.....you mean the killer?

AL: Uh-huh.

LOVIE: But....but what's he doing in the house?

AL: That's what I'd like to know.

LOVIE: (JITTERY) Al, for heaven's sake, let's get out of here, let's call the police..

AL: And break this story for every paper in Michigan?
Not on your life!

LOVIE: (WAILS) But darling.....

AL: But nothing. Let's go!
- back to the car?

LOVIE: ~~Go?~~ Go where?

AL: *Go* - Upstairs!

(MUSIC: - - - BRIDGE) - - -

(FEET GOING UP CREAKY STAIRS. THEY STOP)

LOVIE: (SCARED) Al.....

AL: Shhhh.....*wait & I open this door -*

(DOOR CREAKS OPEN.)

(A PAUSE)

AL: (WHISPER) Hear anything?

LOVIE: No.

AL: Turn on the flash.

(A PAUSE)

AL: This must be Gunderson's bedroom....I(CUTS) Wait
a minute. That mattress.....it's been moved.

LOVIE: Al.....

AL: Let's take a look. (GRUNT) I*under the* Lovie. Look what
I foundunder the mattress.

LOVIE: Why.....it's a rifle.

AL: Yeah. A pump 22 caliber.....

(RIFLE BROKEN, BOLT SLIPPED)

AL: Been fired recently, too. And one bullet left...

(CLICK AS CLIP SHOVED BACK.)

LOVIE: You think it'sthe killer's rifle?

AL: It must be.

LOVIE: But why? Why would he leave his gun here?

AL: Search me.

LOVIE: I don't know, I don't understand. This whole business is mad, it's crazy.

AL: And it's getting crazier every minute!

LOVIE: One thing I don't understand.

AL: Only one?

LOVIE: The...the killer was just here a minute ago. Where could he have gone?

AL: Maybe he went up into the attic. And if he has

(FOOTSTEPS)

LOVIE: Al, listen!

AL: Yeah. There he goes again.

(FOOTSTEPS UP. THEN STOP. THEN SILENCE.)

LOVIE: Al, he's not in the attic. He's downstairs again.

AL: But how could that be? We just came from downstairs. And he didn't pass us on the stairs. (A BEAT) ^{Who'd he be. Come} ~~Lowie~~ an ~~there's only one thing to do.~~

LOVIE: ~~What's that?~~

AL: Go back downstairs again.

(MUSIC: IN WITH)

NARR: You go back downstairs, look through every room on the first floor. Nothing. And then, just when you figured the killer's left the house.....

(A BEAT)

(CRASH OFF AND BELOW, SOUND OF GARAGE OR ASH CAN)

LOVIE: (SCREAMS) Al! He hasn't left! He's in the cellar now!

AL: (GRIMLY) Yeah. Let's go take a look.

LOVIE: You're not going down there!

AL: I sure am. I've got the killer's own gun now, haven't I?

(MUSIC: ~~UP AND UNDER~~)

NARR: You walk slowly down the cellar steps, your wife staying close. And you reflect that this is a kind of nightmare, that things like this may happen in fiction but not to you, Al James of the Pontiac Daily Press. But this is the fact, and here you are, prowling around this big wooden tomb at four in the morning, a rifle in your hands, looking for a killer. You come to the cellar door, ~~feel for the knob in the pitch darkness,~~ push it open....

(CREAK OF DOOR OPENING)

(A PAUSE)

LOVIE: (WHISPER) Al, it's dark down here. I can't.....

AL: Shhhhh! Stay close to me now.....

(TENTATIVE STEP ON STONE FLOOR, THEN ANOTHER.)

LOVIE: (SCARED) Darling, be careful.

(A CONTACT SOUND OFF)

LOVIE: Al! There's someone near the coal bin!

AL: (SHARP) All right! Come out of there! (A PAUSE)
Come out of there or I'll shoot!

GUNDERSON: (OFF A LITTLE, TERRIFIED) Don't shoot! Don't shoot,
Mister, I'll come out!

(STEPS ADVANCE ON CONCRETE FLOOR AND THEN STOP.)

GUNDERSON: (ABJECTLY) Please ... don't shoot me!

AL: ~~Madeline~~ *Madeline*, turn on the flashlight.

LOVIE: All right.

well - alright - why did you kill them?
GUNDERSON: Honest, I didn't kill Hobson and Mrs. Carmody, I
swear it. Why, they was neighbors of mine, why
should I kill 'em?

AL: Who are you?

GUNDERSON: Gunderson's the name. Pete Gunderson. I live here.
Listen, Mister ...

AL: What were you doing down here?

GUNDERSON: I got scairt. I came down cellar here to hide away
from the killer. Heard footsteps all over the place, and
thought he was still around.

AL: That's interesting. Very interesting. (A BEAT) Ever
see this rifle?

GUNDERSON: Why ... why, yes.

AL: Whose is it?

GUNDERSON: I ... it's mine.

AL: I see. It's yours. ~~Lovie!~~ *Madeline!*

LOVIE: Yes, Al?

AL: Go get the police!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: There isn't any phone in the house. You give your wife the car keys, tell her to get to the Sheriff's branch office in Hazel Park in a hurry. Meanwhile, you nudge Gunderson, a frightened little man, up to the first floor with the rifle. You both sit down with the two bodies to keep you company,

AL: Why'd you do it, Gunderson?

GUNDERSON: I didn't do it. I swear it, I didn't kill them.

AL: Then how did all this happen?

GUNDERSON: Well, Carl...that's Carl Hobson, he was a pretty good friend of mine. He took to seein' Ruth here...that's John Carmody's wife. ~~Well that was Carl's business, and hers, too, and I'm not the kind of man to ask questions.~~

AL: Did John Carmody know anything about this?

GUNDERSON: As far as I know, he didn't. ~~Used to be away from his house a great deal of the time.~~ Anyway, Carl and Mrs. Carmody dropped in for a social visit tonight, like they sometime do. We got to talkin', then the house began to get cold, and I went down to fix the furnace.

AL: What happened then?

GUNDERSON: Next thing I know, I heard a ~~rifle~~^{gun} go off, heard all these shots upstairs. I ran up, took one look at....at them, an' then I thought I heard the killer still prowlin' around.

AL: So you ran back into the cellar to hide.

GUNDERSON: That's right. ~~I was scared, and I don't mind admittin' it.~~

AL: ~~It's a very pretty story, Gunderson.~~

GUNDERSON: ~~I tell you it's true.~~

AL: Lock what are you kidding? This is your gun, a pump 22, and it's been fired recently, the smell of gunpowder's still fresh. ~~I suppose you didn't fire this gun?~~

GUNDERSON: (DESPERATELY) All right, I'll admit it, Mister, I did shoot the gun. But not at...at these two. I used it to kill a stray dog that kept hangin' around on my property.

AL: (SKEPTICALLY) Is that so? Where is this stray dog?

GUNDERSON: I ...why, I buried him in the backyard.

AL: That's fine, Gunderson. That's just fine. When the police come, we'll dig him up ~~again~~, just for the fun of it!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Your wife comes back with the police, led by Chief Inspector Ernie Blaisdell, Gunderson tell him his story, you aid what you know, and you go out to the back yard. Gunderson points out ~~a spot in the frozen ground~~, and a couple of men hack their way through what seems to be fresh earth in the frozen ground.

(PICKAXE, AND SHOVEL CLANK)

ERNIE: Al.....

AL: Yes, Inspector?

ERNIE: Take a look in that hole.

AL: There is a dead dog down there.

ERNIE: Yeah. And it's been freshly killed.

GUNDERSON: I told you, see? I wasn't lying, I told you.....

ERNIE: You haven't proved anything yet, Gunderson. You could have killed that dog, before you shot Mrs. Carmody and Hobson. They were killed by bullets from a pump gun 22, just like yours.

GUNDERSON: But Inspector, I swear...

ERNIE: Never mind now. We'll get to you later, James.

AL: Yeah?

ERNIE: This fellow who ran out and told you about these killings. What was his name?

AL: DeVito. Louis DeVito.

ERNIE: Okay. We'll pick up Mister DeVito, bring him over here, and see what he has to say!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

DEVITO: ~~Look, Inspector, it's just as I told this reporter here.~~
I heard the shots, took a look in the window, and then got outa there.

ERNIE: And that's all, DeVito?

DEVITO: ~~That's all.~~

~~AL: Ernie:~~ DeVito, listen. You live here in the neighborhood.

DEVITO: That's right. *Inspector*

~~AL: Ernie:~~ Carl Hobson and Mrs. Carmody were both shot with a pump gun, 22 caliber. I just wondered if you knew anyone else in the neighborhood beside Gunderson who....

DEVITO: (INTERRUPTS) Wait a minute. Did you say a 22 pump?

~~AL: Ernie:~~ That's right.

DEVITO: That's funny. That sure is funny.

ERNIE: What's funny, DeVito.

DEVITO: I do know somebody else who owns a 22 around here.

AL: ~~Who?~~ Who?

DEVITO: Why, John Carmody...Mrs. Carmody's husband.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Now it adds, ^{it} starts to make sense. Carmody could have found out about his wife and Hobson, followed them to the Gunderson house, shot them both. He could have set his own house on fire, and disappeared, the authorities might have believed he died in the flames. Inspector Ernie Blaisdell immediately sends out deputies; issues a general alarm for Carmody. It's dawn, when you and ~~Lovie~~ ^{Madeline} finally get ready to leave. But before you do, there's one thing that bothers you both.....

AL: Oh, Gunderson.....

GUNDERSON: Yes, Mr. James?

AL: We hear footsteps on the second floor. Then, right after we went up, we heard them downstairs again. How did you get from the second floor to the first without coming by us down the stairs?

LOVIE: Yes. That's what I'd like to know.

GUNDERSON: Wait a minute. You said you heard someone on the second floor?

AL: That's right.

GUNDERSON: ~~Now that's funny. Mighty funny.~~ ^{only} I never went up on the second floor.

LOVIE: But I tell you we heard someone up there!

GUNDERSON: Then it must have been someone else. Like I told you, I took one look on the first floor, and then went down cellar.

AL: ^{Wade} ~~Wait~~, wait a minute.

LOVIE: Yes?

AL: If the man we heard upstairs wasn't Gunderson here....

GUNDERSON: Wait a minute, James. You mean to tell me...

AL: I mean to tell you that the man upstairs was the killer John Carmody. And I've got a hunch that he's still in the house!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You call Inspector Blaisdell, tell him what's happened. He takes out his gun, and the two of you go upstairs, check every room and closet on the second floor. Nothing. Finally, you go up to the attic. And just as Ernie opens the attic door.

(DOOR CREAKS OPEN)

(A PAUSE)

(WE HEAR A CLATTER, AS THOUGH WOODEN BOXES TUMBLING.)

(~~ECHO-CHAMBER EFFECT~~)

ERNIE: All right. Carmody! Come out from behind those boxes! This is the police!

(NO ANSWER)

ERNIE: Come out, or I'll go in after you.

CARMODY: (SUDDENLY) You'll never take me alive, see? She had it coming to her, and so did he. I followed them here and shot them both, the dirty.....

ERNIE: Come out, Carmody! Come out with your hands up!

CARMODY: (WILDLY) I said you'd never take me, and you won't.

(A SHOT GROAN OFF. CLATTER OF BOXES TO FLOOR)

AL: (YELLS) Inspector!

(STEPS RUN ACROSS THE FLOOR)

AL: (A BEAT) He had his rifle set up against one of these boxes. *mine at his own feet*

ERNIE: (HEAVILY) Yeah ~~James~~. He said we'd never take him alive. and he sure meant it!

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN) --

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Albert James of the Pontiac Michigan Daily Press, with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE) --

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #253

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

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 Albert James of the Pontiac, Michigan, Daily Press.

JAMES: KILLER IN TONIGHT'S BIG STORY SCRIBBELED A NOTE WHILE HE LAY HIDDEN IN THE ATTIC. IT READ, IN PART: " I HOPE THE LORD WILL FORGIVE ME FOR WHAT I HAVE DONE AND AM ABOUT TO DO, FOR YOU SOMETIMES ARE DRIVEN TO KILL THE THINGS YOU LOVE. I LOVED MY HOME AND MY WIFE, AND YET I DESTROYED THEM BOTH." *that ended the most terrifying experience* **MANY THANKS FOR TONIGHT'S PELL MELL AWARD.** *my wife & I are here. I am very happy to have received*

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

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY - A Big Story from the front pages of the San Francisco, California, Examiner - by line Rudy Haas Jr. A BIG STORY of a murder, which was almost perfect...

(MUSIC: STING)

CHAPPELL: And remember----every week you can see another different Big Story on television -- brought to you by the makers of Pell Mell Famous Cigarettes.

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Max Ehrlich from an actual story from the front pages of the Pontiac, Michigan, Daily Press. Your Narrator ~~was~~ Bob Sloan ~~and~~ Vinton Hayworth played the part of Albert James. 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. James.

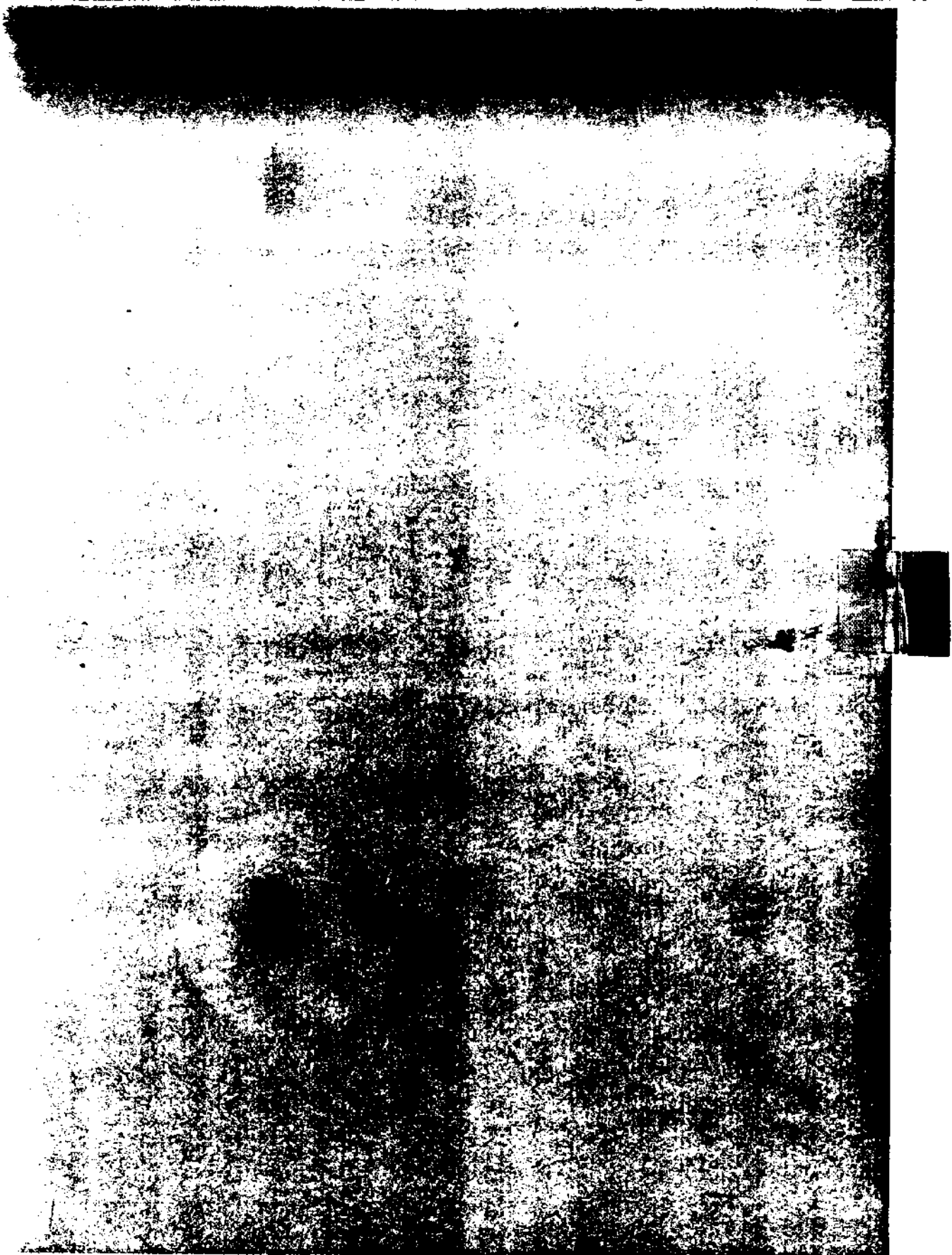
(MUSIC: _ _ THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR) _

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

THIS IS NBC ...THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

RP/AL/JW

ATX01 0005564



ATX01 0005565

AS DIRECTOR

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #254

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOAN
MAXINE	JOAN SHEA
MRS. SINCLAIR	JOAN SHEA
MRS. CORBEAU	BARBARA WEEKS
RUDY	BILL LIPTON
SGT.	JOE DE SANTES
FRANK	ROSS MARTIN
MAURICE	ROSS MARTIN
SINCLAIR	GREGORY MORTON
BARNEY	JIM STEVENS

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1952

ATX01 0005566

NBC

THE BIG STORY

Abram S. Ginnes

#254

9:30-10:00 PM

FEBRUARY 6, 1952

WEDNESDAY

Rudy Haas, Jr.: San Francisco (Cal.) Examiner

CHAPPELL: BELL BELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present ... THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: _ _ EMPIRE, THEN A PLEASANT NIGHT, UNDER ...)

(NIGHT SOUNDS, CAR MOTOR IDLING IN FOREGROUND)

(THIS ENTIRE SCENE HAS A LOW, INTIMATE AIR)

BARNEY: (LATE 30'S) It's been a wonderful evening, Maxine.

MAXINE: (EARLY 30'S, VERY ATTRACTIVE, A LITTLE LAUGH) Hasn't it, though? Now go on home, Barney.

BARNEY: Can't I just come in for a night cap?

MAXINE: No. Now be a good boy and drive on home.

BARNEY: Just up to the front door?

MAXINE: (A LITTLE LAUGH) No, not even up to the front door.

BARNEY: (DISAPPOINTED) Oh.

MAXINE: As a matter of fact, I've lost my front door key so I have to walk around to the back of the house. Good night, Barney. There'll be other nights.

BARNEY: Good night, Maxine.

(CAR DOOR SHUT, MOTOR UP AND AWAY: STEPS ACROSS
SIDEWALK, HOLD AND FADE IN MEOWING OF A LITTLE CAT)

MAXINE: Why you poor little pussy cat! Has someone left you outdoors?

(CAT PURRS CONTENTEDLY)

MAXINE: (LITTLE LAUGH) You're so soft and cute --

(SUDDEN SHOT RIGHT ON MIKE)

MAXINE: DYING GASP

(JUST THE MEOWING OF THE CAT)

(MUSIC: _ _ STING HIGH)

ATX01 0005567

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. (PAUSE, FLAT AND COLD) San Francisco, California. From the pages of the San Francisco Examiner, the story of a murder which was almost perfect. Tonight, to Rudy Haas, Jr. of the San Francisco Examiner, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL \$500.00 Award.

(MUSIC: ... TURNTABLE)
(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #254

OPENING COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a
PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

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!

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

CHAPPELL: San Francisco, California. The story as it actually happened -- Rudy Haas, Jr.'s story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: _ _ BUSILY AND ALMOST SCHOLICALLY ARGUMENTATIVE, UNDER...)

NARR: Why you get into these arguments, Rudy Haas, photographer-reporter for the San Francisco Examiner, you'll never know. But what you do know is that once you're in them, your scalp begins to tingle, the heat rises in you and the words come roaring out.

(MUSIC: _ _ CUT HARD)

RUDY: (ABOUT 30, HOT AND FAST) Yeah, sure! Go ahead and sit there smirking! Go ahead, look as smart as you want! But nothing is going to change what I say -- and I say give me a guy who can control his own imagination for a week, just a week -- give me a guy like that and if he's led a life apart from his victim, give me a guy like that and he can murder his victim, and if he controls his own imagination for a week, if he doesn't panic, you'll have a perfect murder on your hands.

(MUSIC: _ _ STING AND DOWN UNDER WITH SAME THEME...)

NARR: And because Detective Sgt. Paul Wick is a college man, well-read in the literature of crime, and because he, too, has a way with words, he has a powerful argument ready at the tip of his tongue.

SGT: (IN HIS 30'S, IN REAL LOW-DOWN STREET FASHION) Aw! Go sit on a hot stove!

RUDY: ~~Yeah, that's what you say!~~

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

NARR: And after a while, it ends like most arguments end.

SGT: (SORE) Hogwash!

RUDY: (SORE) Hogwash yourself!

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER...)

NARR: And since there's very little to add after a summation like that, you, Rudy Haas, angrily grab your hat and your camera and start for the door. But the phone on Sgt. Paul Wick's desk stops you.

(MUSIC: ~~CUT~~)

(PHONE BEGINS TO RING, RECEIVER PICKED UP ANGRILY AS)

SGT: (ON PHONE) Wick. (SLIGHT TAKE) Yeah? ... When? ... Uh huh, uh huh ... Right. (HANGS UP)

RUDY: (SLIGHTLY CONCILLIATORY) What -- what was that?

SGT: (LIKE A KID) Wouldn't you like to know?

RUDY: Aw, come off it, Paul. If it's a crime, it's my job. This is for real.

SGT: (A BEAT, THEN) Okay. You got me by the one rule I follow -- never fool around with a man's bread and butter.

RUDY: What's up?

SGT: Thirty-fifth and Geary. A woman. Murdered.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, QUICK BRIDGE)

NARR: When you get there, Rudy Haas, she's lying where the cop on the beat found her ... in the shrubbery at the side of her house. Even with a .38 calibre hole in her head, she's still a gorgeous woman, ~~but dead~~. One look at her familiar face and you know you've got a page one story, Rudy Haas.

(MUSIC: ~~CUT~~)

RUDY: Makine Sinclair.

SGT: Yeah. ^{And} that wasn't a tennis ball that hit her in the head.

RUDY: That address book you took out of her purse should be full of a lot of juicy names.

SGT: Every man in San Francisco except for the mayor and the Chief of Police.

RUDY: She was scheduled to play in the Amateur singles tomorrow. She'd probably have met the mayor there.

SGT: (CALLS OUT) Okay, boys! Take her downtown.

(STEPS AND STRAINING OF MEN AS THEY LIFT HER BODY..
UNDER.....)

SGT: With a book full of names and a husband twenty years older than she was, this should be a cinch.

RUDY: They're all cream puffs -- not one with a good set of nerves.

SGT: (SCORE) Don't start that again.

RUDY: What do you want from me? All I'm doing is agreeing with you. This looks like a cinch.

SGT: Get this thru your head -- with good police work, they're all easy.

RUDY: (LOW AND HALF TO HIMSELF) Maybe.

SGT: (REAL SCORE) Just for that you can walk downtown. You don't ride with me.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UMBER)

NARR: And by the end of the following afternoon, as you watch Sgt Paul Wick making his call to the pick-up detail, you, Rudy Hacs, begin to feel the boredom which always comes over you in open and shut cases.

husband

SGT:T: (ON PHONE) First I want her ~~old man~~. He's been out of town.
Then get me Barney Welch....~~Yath, Welch~~ -- the tennis
player. He was the last one to see her alive. Then get
me Frank Sholder. She ditched him for Welch. And last -
get me Sinclair's first wife. He was married before, Right!

(MUSIC: ACCENT...QUICK BRIDGE AND UNDER FOR MONTAGE)

SGT: Look at me, Mr. Sinclair!

SINCLAIR: (IN HIS 50's BROKEN UP) I'm - I'm looking at you, Segoant -

SGT: You have been married twice - haven't you?

SIM: That's right -

SGT: And your first wife left you?

SIM: That's right.

SGT: How much older are you than your second wife?~~was?~~

SIN:Twenty years.....

SGT: You loved her?

SIN: In -- my own way.

SGT: Didn't you know that she was running around with other men?

(NO ANSWER)

SGT: Didn't you?!

SIN: Yes ... I know ... You -- can't hide these things ...

SGT: Then you had every reason to kill her, didn't you?!

SIN: ... Perhaps ... Perhaps you're right --

SGT: What do you mean 'perhaps'?! You mean to sit here and tell
me that her running around with other men night after night
didn't make you bitter, didn't make you want to kill her?!

SING: You -- must allow me my own private emotions, Sgt.

SGT: At a time like this we're not allowing anybody 'private
emotions'! You had every reason to kill her!

SIN: (HARD SUDDENLY) Perhaps I did! But I wasn't the one who killed her!

SGT: Where were you last night at the time of the murder?!

SIN: At the very moment Maxine -- Maxine was killed, I was in Los Angeles dining with some friends ... Any one of them will back up my story ...

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

SGT: What's your name?

BARNEY: Barney Welch --

SGT: You saw a lot of Maxine Sinclair, didn't you?

BARNEY: Yes ... we both -- played tennis.

SGT: But you went out together at night too, didn't you?

BARNEY: Yes ...

SGT: And you were out with her last night, weren't you?

BARNEY: Yes ...

SGT: And you were the last one to see her alive, weren't you?

BARNEY: Except for the murderer --

SGT: (FROM THIS POINT ON HIS FRUSTRATION BUILDS AS HE SEES HIS CASE FLYING OUT THE WINDOW) But when she left your car and started walking ^{to the back} ~~around~~ the house, how can you prove you didn't stick around and kill her?!

BARNEY: Because the cop on the beat heard the shot and found her a minute after she was killed! You know that!

SGT: Don't tell me what I know! Tell me what it's got to do with you!

BARNEY: Because at that moment I was already at a gas station three blocks away having my tank filled! And the gas attendant can prove that!

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

SGT: Your name's Frank Sheldon?

FRANK: That's right --

SGT: Maxine Sinclair ditched you for Barney Welch, didn't she?

FRANK: In a way --

SGT: What do you mean 'in a way'?! Did she or didn't she?!

FRANK: (FLARES UP) It's none of your business! Because at the time she was murdered I was in a plane between Reno and San Francisco, several thousand feet in the air! And you know that!

(MUSIC: ... BEING ... DOWN UNDER)

SGT: (HENRY) You're the first Mrs. Sinclair?

MRS: Yes ...

SGT: Seven years ago your husband decided to leave you for Maxine?

MRS: Yes ...

SGT: He left you with two children ... suddenly ... didn't he?

MRS: That's right --

SGT: How'd you feel about his leaving you for a younger woman?

MRS: People's lives are not as simple as that, Sergeant --

SGT: What do you mean?

MRS: (QUIETLY) I mean -- when -- when a husband and wife separate, it's -- not a matter of one being all bad and the other -- all good ... Sometimes -- people are upset at a separation. But the years roll by -- and they find that it was for the best, after all --

SGT: But she broke up your marriage! Maxine broke up your home! That gave you a reason to hate her, didn't it? Even a reason to kill her, didn't it?!

MRS: (VERY GENTLY) You don't understand, Sergeant ... Last night -- about the time Maxine was being murdered -- I -- was celebrating my fifth wedding anniversary with my new husband ... It was a very happy occasion, for me as well as for my children ... And all evening long I hardly even thought about -- my first husband ... or Maxine ...

(MUSIC: ... RISING HIGH ... BRIDGE OUT TO)

RUDY: Anymore?

SGT: (GROG) No. *Rudy - no more*

RUDY: Well, that's that.

SGT: (BLOWS UP) What do you mean, that's that?

RUDY: You've run out of suspects.

SGT: (PEAK OF OUTBURST) Nobody asked you! Nobody asked you anything! And if you got nothing better to say than that you don't have to come around here at all!

RUDY: ... Okay ...

(STEPS ACROSS FLOOR, SUDDENLY CUT BY:)

SGT: (SLIGHTLY OFF, LOW AND CRESTFALLEN) Rudy, hold it for a second.

(STEPS BACK IN, OUT TO:)

SGT: What am I blowing up for? I got nothing against you.

~~Maybe -- maybe --~~ (BREAKS OFF) Nothing.

RUDY: Yeah -- nothing.

SGT: (A BEAT, THEN) What was that theory of yours again?

RUDY: Come off it, Paul. That was just talk.

SGT: No, no. Tell it to me again.

RUDY: (A BEAT, THEN) I said if a guy kept his life apart from his victim -- if a guy like that could hold onto his imagination and doesn't panic for a week -- (BREAKS OFF)

SGT: (TO HIMSELF) Today's already Tuesday --

RUDY: Cut it out, Paul!

SGT: And if he doesn't panic for a week, what then?

RUDY: (A BEAT, THEN LOW) If he doesn't panic in a week, then we'll have a murderer walking around free and easy forever and a day.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP TO TAG)

(MUSIC: _ _ TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #254

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a
PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

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.

(START E.T.)

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL

(END E.T.)

CHAPPELL: 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 Rudy Haas, Jr. as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: In the land of the blind, the one-eyed man is king, and when the easy suspects in the murder of Maxine Sinclair peter out, and the days roll by, and Sgt. Paul Wick begins to look upon you and your theory as the king and his one eye, you grow a little uneasy, Rudy Haas, ^{of the San Francisco Chronicle} ~~of the~~, because -- after all, it was just a theory.

(MUSIC: _ _ ~~SUT MC~~)

SGT: (HALF TO HIMSELF) Monday night. She was murdered Monday night, wasn't she? *Paul*

RUDY: Of course it was Monday night! Why?

SGT: Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday -- this is Saturday night. You said a week, didn't you?

RUDY: (SLIGHT TAKE) A week? You're thinking about -- Cut it, Paul, will you? Cut it. I was just blowing off.

SGT: You said if a guy could hold out a week --

RUDY: (CUTS IN) Listen, Paul, when a cop gets desperate enough to lean on a reporter's theory, it scares me. I mean it. It scares me. Good night. See you Monday.

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

NARR: But as things work out, you will see your friend the Sergeant long before Monday morning, Rudy Haas ...

(PHONE RINGS ... RECEIVER FUMBLE AND UP)

RUDY: (SLEEPY) Listen ... whoever you are, I -- there's one thing I don't like it's to be disturbed in the middle of the night. Hang up and call me in the -- (TAKE) Sorry.

(MORE)

RUDY: Yeah, I'm just pooped and need my sleep ... ~~there?~~ A
(CONT'D) ^{where} suicide. All the way out in Twin Peaks? (NOT TOO HAPPY
ABOUT THIS) Okay. You're the City Editor ... Yeah ...
I'll get out there ...

(MUSIC: DOWN UNDER)

NARR: You see your friend the Sergeant exactly seven hours after
you leave him, Rudy Haas ... by the light of the bleak dawn
over ~~the~~ Twin Peaks ... The morning chill cuts into both
of you as you move across the wet grass toward the tree
under which the shabby suicide lies. The dew covers his
clothes, his face -- as well as the gun clutched in his
bloodless hand.

(MUSIC: ~~CUT~~)

(THIS ENTIRE SCENE HAS A HUSHED, CHILL QUALITY)

SGT: A dum.

RUDY: Who spent his last dime for that hunk of shooting equipment
in his hand.

SGT: That's the way they do. ^{Rudy} Like the crackpots who starve
themselves while they're alive so they can afford a
fancy funeral.

RUDY: Yeah.

(STRIPS THRU THE GRASSY BRUSH CUT TO:)

RUDY: Funny place to leave a suicide note -- stuck in your hat
band.

SGT: What's it say?

RUDY: Nothing. Just "Please notify my cousin Mrs. Corbeau, 46
Judah Street" signed "Maurice St. Agathe." (BEAT, THEN)
You want to go see her?

SGT: What for? Just a bum who blew his brains out. Without even a wrist watch on his hand to leave his cousin. Just that fancy .38 -- and that belongs to us.

(MUSIC: ACCENT QUIETLY, BUT WITH A LITTLE CONTROLLED EXCITEMENT UNDER ...)

NARR: All the way down the wet hillside, all the way to the Judah Street bus, you manage to control the little spurt of excitement in you, Rudy Haas. Don't be a fool, you keep saying to yourself -- just because your friend, the Sgt., has grabbed hold of your theory, don't be a fool, you keep saying to yourself. And even if the gun which killed Maxine Sinclair was a .38, and the gun in the suicide's hand was also a .38, only a fool would jump to conclusions, you say to yourself.

(MUSIC: CUT)

MRS. CORBEAU: (IN HER 40'S, EDGE OF FEAR) Maurice St. Agathe? He -- He's my nephew. Why?

RUDY: He was found a little while ago in the hills -- a suicide.

CORBEAU: (SUDDEN LITTLE OUTCRY) Maurice! I was afraid -- I was -- (BREAKS OFF SUDDENLY)

RUDY: (AFTER A PAUSE) When was the last time you saw him, Mrs. Corbeau?

CORBEAU: (NOW LOW, VERY TIGHT, VERY CONTROLLED) Some time ago.

RUDY: Would you know why he would want to kill himself?

CORBEAU: (A BEAT, THEN) No.

RUDY: Was he depressed about something?

CORBEAU: I don't know.

RUDY: Was he staying here with you?

CORBEAU: (BEAT, THEN) No.

RUDY: Do you know where he was staying?

CORBEAU: No.

RUDY: (DEAF, THEN) Did -- did your nephew ever mention a Mrs. Maxine Sinclair to you?

CORBEAU: No.

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

RUDY: (ON PHONE) Paul, is that you?

SGT: (ON FILTER) What is it, Rudy?

RUDY: Do me a favor, will you?

SGT: What?

RUDY: The undertaker who's got Maurice St. Agathe's body --

SGT: What about him?

RUDY: I want to try the burial suit routine on his aunt. Will you call him for me?

SGT: Yeah. Why? Anything?

RUDY: I don't know. Maybe you ought to meet me. I'll be waiting inside the funeral parlor this evening.

(MUSIC: _ _ ACCENT, BRIDGE, OUT TO)

(STEPS ECHOING AS IN FUNERAL CHAPEL, OUT TO)

CORBEAU: Here's the suit you asked me to bring down. It's his best suit. He'd -- want to be buried in it.

SGT: If you don't know where he was staying, how did you happen to get this suit?

CORBEAU: I -- aren't you the undertaker?

SGT: I'm sorry, Mrs. Corbeau. I'm from the police department. Your nephew was staying with you, wasn't he?

(NO ANSWER)

(A ~~FEW~~ ECHOING STEPS IN AND OUT TO)

RUDY: We're sorry to do this to you, Mrs. Corbeau. But it seemed to me you weren't telling the truth.

SGT: He was staying with you, wasn't he?

CORBEAU: (TORTURED) Yes. For -- for the last few weeks.

RUDY: Then what made you hold back?

CORBEAU: I -- need a glass of water, please.

(GLASS, WATER JUG CLINKED AGAINST GLASS AND WATER
POURED)

SGT: Here. Drink it.

CORBEAU: (GULPING THE WATER)

(GLASS DOWN)

Rudy:
RUDY: ~~Sept~~ He was staying with you the past few weeks?

CORBEAU: Yes.

SGT: Where was he before?

CORBEAU: In the hills, working on the ranches for the past seven years.

RUDY: Did you say seven years?

CORBEAU: Yes.

RUDY: Seven years ago Maxine Sinclair got married. Did Maurice know her seven years ago?

CORBEAU: (BEAT, THEN VERY BITTER, LOW) Her name then was May Trenet.

RUDY: (GENTLY) Had he seen her in all those seven years?

CORBEAU: No. Maurice -- Maurice was always a boy who took things very hard. For seven years he lived up in the hills, working, working to forget.

RUDY: Did he forget?

~~(MUSIC: SNEAK UNDER FOR FLASHBACK AS)~~

CORBEAU: (CLOSE TO TEARS NOW) When -- when he came to me a few weeks ago, his checks were healthy and the life in the hills had done him good. Even his walk -- there was life even in his walk. When he came into the house he looked so good, and after a while (FADING) he said to me --

MAURICE: It took me seven years but I've done it. And I feel good again.

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

CORBEAU: But a week later, it happened. He had come from the hills with no money, but he was eager for a job and he was downtown. He didn't notice her at all -- or perhaps he did, I don't know -- but he walked right by her and suddenly she grabbed his arm --

~~(MUSIC: DIF FOR)~~

MAXINE: (TEASINGLY) Say, you're not going to pass me up and be so stuck-up about it, are you?

MAURICE: (QUIETLY) I want nothing to do with you.

MAXINE: Just a drink, Maurice? For old time's sake?

MAURICE: (AFTER A BEAT) No.

MAXINE: (LITTLE LAUGH) Think about it. Then meet me tomorrow at four at the French Lounge.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER ...)

CORBEAU: He went. Maurice went -- but she wasn't there. And now the gall rose in him. And he called her and she made another date with him. She broke that one too. Four times she made dates with him and broke them. (~~BEGINNING TO CRY VERY SOFTLY~~) But when he walked in from the hills, there was life even in his walk --

RUDY: What happened then?

CORBEAU: I pleaded with him. "Maurice," I said, "why do you torture yourself?" And finally, he answered me.

MAURICE: (BITTER, HARD) Because she married a man older than me. If -- if she'd married a young man like me, it would have been different. But she married a man twenty years older than I am. And that my manhood can't allow!

(MUSIC: ACCENT HARD, CUT)

(~~PAUSE, THEN~~)

RUDY: Last Monday night -- what happened then?

CORBEAU: He came home late (FADING) and I could see that something had happened ...

(MUSIC: FLASHBACK UNDER)

CORBEAU: Something to -- eat, Maurice?

MAURICE: (ABSTRACTED) (FRENCH) Comment?

CORBEAU: When you speak French again, Maurice -- then I know your mind is troubled. Some people, when they have trouble they cry for their mothers ... I know you, Maurice. You slip back to your old language ... What is it?

MAURICE: I -- I have a great load off me ... Finally, I have a great load off me ...

CORBEAU: (BEAT ... THEN) ^{one} You -- ~~have~~ finished with her?

MAURICE: I ~~have~~ finished with her ... Forever --

CORBEAU: Then -- why are you so sad?

MAURICE: Because -- any parting is sad ... Especially forever ...

(MUSIC: ACCENT ... OUT TO)

RUDY: That was Monday night, Mr. Corbeau?

CORBEAU: Yes ...

RUDY: And the next day -- Tuesday?

CORBEAU: On Tuesday he seemed well again -- the the color was in his cheeks ... I - thought it was because he was rid of her, because he'd found the will to break with her forever ... Until I saw the newspapers that afternoon ...

RUDY: (A BEAT ... THEN) After that?

CORBEAU: After Tuesday, neither of us mentioned what we both knew was in the papers ... we -- just walked around each other in the same room ... And by Wednesday a -- thing happened to him ...

RUDY: What -- sort of a thing?

CORBEAU: It was as if a leech had found it's way inside Maurice -- and it was draining the life out of him ... Soon the color went form his cheeks, and life in his walk -- and by Saturday night -- (BREAKS OFF)

RUDY: The -- night he went up to Twin Peaks?

CORBEAU: (WEEPING SOFTLY) Saturday night he took his hat and coat and --(FADING) as he got ready to leave ...

~~(MUSIC: -- UPBEAT FOR FLASHBACK)~~

CORBEAU: Maurice --

MAURICE: Eh? Quelstque --

CORBEAU: You're -- going out?

MAURICE: I -- thought I'd walk ... I want to walk ... into the hills.

CORBEAU: But it's raining. Stay, Maurice ... Stay --

MAURICE: (HARD) They know ... They know everything! And in the end, she wins!

CORBEAU: Who knows?! Maurice, who knows?!

MAURICE: The police! I read the papers! I feel them behind me in the streets! The police know everything!

(MUSIC: ... STING ... CUT TO)

CORBEAU: (WEEPING SOFTLY) And he walked out into the hills ... And I never saw him again ...

SGT: (BEAT ... THEN) He -- he thought the police knew everything?

CORBEAU: In his mind he was sure of it ... And ~~that was the last I saw of him~~ ...

(MUSIC: ... UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Rudy Hagg of the San Francisco California Examiner with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: ... TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

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

(END E.T.)

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
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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 Rudy Haas of the San Francisco, ~~NY~~. Examiner.

HAAS: Even to this day I shudder every time I think how close to life my crazy theory came. Because had murderer in tonight's Big Story been able to control his own panic, *who knows* he might be walking around a free man today. Sincere thanks for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Haas....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 Orlando Florida Reporter-Star - by line Wilson McGee - a big story of a murder that led a reporter down a tangled path of chance and violence.

(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 PIPE AND FADE TO BG ON CUE) _

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Abram S. Ginnes from an actual story from the ^{front} pages of the San Francisco, Cal. Examiner. Your Narrator was Bob Sloan and Bill Lipton played the part of Rudy Haas. 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. Haas.

(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

JMW
1/23/52

ATX01 0005590

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #255

AS F... AT

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOWE
LILY	PAT HOSLEY
CHESTER	BILL GRIFFIS
GARY	BILL GRIFFIS
HARRY	BOB DRYDEN
DRUGGIST	BOB DRYDEN
AVON	SCOTT TENNYSON
JOHN	HOWARD SMITH
SHERIFF	BILL SMITH
RED	FRANCIS DE S. LES
DETECTIVE	BILL KEMP
SECURITY	SID RAYMOND

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1952

THE BIG STORY #255

WILSON MCGEE -- ORLANDO REPORTER-STAR (FLORIDA)

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES presents THE BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- -- FANFARE)

AVON: Now John, you got to be reasonable.

JOHN: I got no time for mealy-mouths. I got you out of that railroad killing, didn't I?

AVON: I don't care. I ain't going to do this job. It's too dangerous.

JOHN: You talking up to me...?

AVON: John ..please....John....

JOHN: You know what I did to that boy from Georgia when I was Police Captain at Orlando? He was six foot three, but I didn't need any help. You want some of that?

AVON: Now don't get miled, John....leggo...please.

JOHN: Listen close and careful, Arthur boy. You're working for me now. You going to do what I say. And if you don't....you going to be real sorry!

(MUSIC: -- -- HITS: THEN UNDER)

CHAPPELL: 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} A Orlando Florida. From the pages of the Orlando Reporter-Star comes a story of a murder that led a reporter down a tangled path of ~~chance and~~ ^{4 DEATH} violence ^{TONITE} A and to Wilson McGee, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL \$500 Award.

(MUSIC: -- -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- -- TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a
PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

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: This, 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)

CHAPPELL: Orlando, Florida. The story as it actually happened.
Wilson McGee's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Around Orlando, Wilson McGee, they call you Red...
and you've been poling that carrot head of yours
into city crime news for a good many years. Orlando
is a quiet town..runs to citrus and tourists. You
get most of your stories of violence off the newswire...
from someplace else. But you turned up one that was
yours all the way...and it was a twisted tangled way
that turned and doubled like a rabbit running before
a pack of backcountry hound dogs. It started in a
bar...a quiet respectable bar...with a man...a quiet
respectable man.

(QUIET BAR BG)

CHESTER: Another beer please...
LILY: (19 GAY, COMING ON) Hello, Burt...got a drink for me?
CHESTER: You don't belong in a place like this, Lily.
LILY: Go on now...you know better than that.
CHESTER: I promised your folks I'd keep an eye on you.
LILY: Here's your chance...buy me a drink and take a good look.
CHESTER: Now Lily...Harry...a coke for the lady.
LILY: Go on now...I said a drink.
CHESTER: Harry won't serve minors.
L*LY: Aw - come on. What's that little bottle you got?
CHESTER: This?
LILY: What a cute little old bottle. Give it to me...Burt.
CHESTER: Well.....

BIG STORY 2/13/52

-3a-

REVISED

(QUIET BAR BG)

CHESTER: Another beer please....

LILY: (COMING ON) Hello Burt Chester....

CHESTER: Lily!

LILY: You going to take your coat of that stool like a gentleman so I can sit down?

CHESTER: You don't belong in a place like this, Lily.

LILY: (CLIMBING) I always feel so silly with my heels swinging.. like my shoes...they're new.

CHESTER: You stop that. You shouldn't be in here at all.

LILY: Oh go on now. You know better'n that. The hats new too. Cute?

CHESTER: What would your Mama say if she could see you setting up to a bar?

LILY: Mama's in Jacksonville...what she don't know....

CHESTER: But I promised your folks I'd keep an eye on you.

LILY: Well here's your chance. Buy me a drink and take a good look.

CHESTER: Now Lily. Harry...a coke for the lady.

LILY: Go on now...I said a drink.

CHESTER: Harry won't serve minors.

LILY: He would if you told him to. Come on now Chester...

CHESTER: Now don't tease me.....

LILY: You're just stingy....

CHESTER: Harry won't serve minors.

LILY: Then how about that...that cute lil ole bottle you got there.

ATX01 0005595

BIG STORY, 2/12/52

-3b-

REVISED

CHESTER: This?

LILY: What a cute lil bottle, give it to me, Chester....

CHESTER: Now Lily that's whiskey....look out....Lily.

LILY: (GIGGLES) I've got it now...cute...just like a regular
bottle. You open it this way?

CHESTER: ~~I shouldn't let you drink it.~~ ^{SURE} I couldn't face your
Mama.....
DON'T SUPPSE ONE DRINK COULD HURT YOU--- HERE'S MY GLASS!

LILY: (LAUGHS) Nobody can face Mama. Well...here's to my
good friend Burt...(DRINKS CHOKES) Burt.

CHESTER: See....I told you not to....

LILY: Burt, what'd you put in that....

CHESTER: Lily.....

LILY: What'd you put in...(COUGHS AND CHOKES)

CHESTER: Lily...Lily...what's the matter...Lily!

ATX01 0005596

LILY: Come on...I'm just chilled to the bone. Look!

CHESTER: I guess it won't hurt you...here, use my glass...

LILY: That's such a cute little bottle...well here's to my good friend Burt...(DRINKS: CHOKES) Burt....

CHESTER: I told you not to....

LILY: Burt ...what'd you put in that....

CHESTER: Lily ...

LILY: What'd you put in....(COUGHS AND CHOKES)

CHESTER: Lily...Lily...what's the matter...Lily...

(MUSIC: CARRY OVER EXCITED: DROP BEHIND NARRATOR)

NARR: Your managing editor digs you out of bed at 6 AM, Red McGee. You prop your eyes open and head around to the county court house. Your friend Sheriff Ed Nashua is in the basement with his coat off and his shirt sleeves rolled up... He's a big man...he has his pants made to order and his shirt collars could go round a telephone pole.....he speaks soft as a woman, but he moves hard and fast.

SHERIFF: Looks like we got a murder, Red. Little girl went dead in Harry Franklin's bar. Liquor had been poisoned!

RED: Got any leads on the killer?

SHERIFF: I don't need any. I got the man that gave her the drink. Come on along and listen to him tell us about it.

(MUSIC: HIT: UNDER)

NARR: Burt Chester...short...thin haired...middle aged... Sits in the middle of the bare basement room.

CHESTER: I didn't kill her. I told you all that fifty times.
I didn't kill her.

SHERIFF: You were drinking with her....right Burt?

CHESTER: Yes.

SHERIFF: You give her that miniature bottle ...right?

CHESTER: Yes...but...

SHERIFF: And she dropped like bird full of buck shot.

CHESTER: But I didn't kill her....I didn't know what was in that
bottle.

SHERIFF: Is that a fact?

CHESTER: The man gave it to me. That's the one you want...

RED: Let me have it from the beginning...all right Sheriff?

SHERIFF: ^{sure RED} Go head Burt...let's have your tale again.

CHESTER: It's the truth. A man came up to me. He had this little
whiskey bottle. I asked him what it was...friendly, see?
He gave it to me. Said he was drinking beer. I didn't
know what was in it when I gave it to Lily.

RED: Could she have committed suicide?

SHERIFF: It ain't likely, Red. She just bought herself a couple
of fancy outfits. That youngster was having a jim-dandy
time out of life.

CHESTER: You find that man...he's the one you want. The man that
gave me that bottle.

SHERIFF: What do you think, Red?

RED: He could be telling the truth!

SHERIFF: (DUBIOUS) I reckon.

RED: Or else he's the darndest liar I ever heard. I suppose
we'd better check up and find out.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You check the bar where the girl died. The bartender polishes the mahogany and considers the point.

HARRY: Now let me see. There was another feller in here.

RED: Did he speak to Burt Chester?

HARRY: Well...I was pretty busy.

RED: Did he give Chester anything?

HARRY: Let me see...I was mixing a martini. The lady said very dry, so I was just waving the vermouth cork at the shaker.

RED: Did he ^{GIVE} ~~got~~ anything to Burt Chester?

HARRY: I'm getting to it. ^{LETS SEE} Two beers up...and a planters punch. That's a tough one to mix if you ^{YOU'VE TO} do it right...rum.... light and dark...grenadine...

RED: How about Burt Chester and that other man.

HARRY: I'm trying to place it. Right after the punch I turned around...and I saw it on the bar.

RED: What?

HARRY: One of them miniature whiskey bottles..holds one shot.

RED: What happened?

HARRY: It was in front of this other fellow. He gave ^{IT} to Burt Chester...and Chester ordered a round of beer.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You check the bar where the girl died. The bartender polishes the mahogany and considers the point.

HARRY: Now...let me see. There was a feller in here.

RED: Did he give Burt Chester anything?

HARRY: Well now...I was mixing a martini. The lady said very dry so I was just waving the vermouth cork at the shaker.

RED: Did he give anything to Burt Chester?

HARRY: I'm getting to it. I saw him. It was one of those ~~miniature whiskey bottles;..holds one shot.~~

RED: What did this other man look like?

HARRY: Maybe as big as you. Little thin mustache, like it was an eyebrow slid low.

RED: Anything else...anything distinctive?

HARRY: Well..he had a long thin head, like he got it caught in a door. Looked like a flounder...(CHUCKLES) A flounder with a mustache. He's the one give Burt that bottle.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: A flounder with a mustache. You grin..and then you wipe it off...because you remember. Thin faced Arthur Avon. You run his record over...Two years for auto theft. After that...appointed as a plain clothes man on the city police force. Your staries blew him out of that soft touch...and he landed in another. Truck driver for the sanitation department. It took a reform administration to pry Arthur Avon loose from the public pay roll. (MORE)

NARR: A flounder with a mustache...you're sure you're on the
(CONT'D) trail of the man who gave Burt Chester the poisoned
bottle. Sheriff Mashua gives the order to pick him up.

SHERIFF: The boys went after him...Red.

RED: Why did you wait till this morning?

SHERIFF: I didn't...He was out of town...
(KNOCK ON DOOR)

SHERIFF: Eyup.
(DOOR OPEN)

DETECTIVE: We got Avon out here, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: Bring him in ~~ALFIE~~

DETECTIVE: (COMING ON) Come on...come on.

ARTHUR: Don' push. I can walk...whееее.

DETECTIVE: Look out...

RED: What's the matter with him.

SHERIFF: He's ~~stinking~~ ^{DRUNK} Alfie...what's the idea.

DETECTIVE: He said he had neuralgia. Stopped off and took a couple
of pills. Chased 'em with a beer.

ARTHUR: Great for neural...neural...I don't feel so good.

SHERIFF: Listen Avon...you give a whiskey bottle to Burt Chester?

ARTHUR: Wouldn't give my own brother a whiskey bottle.

SHERIFF: Did you give him a bottle?

ARTHUR: Never...No sir...not me. I never give Burt Chester
nothing. You all excuse me...I don't feel so good.

SHERIFF: Grab him.

DETECTIVE: You straighten up...Avon.

ARTHUR: G'night.
(BODY FALL)

SHERIFF: Lock him up, Alfie. We won't get anything out of him till he sleeps it off.

DETECTIVE: I'm sorry Sheriff...I didn't know what kind of pills he was taking.

SHERIFF: Never mind...get him out of here. Well...that holds us up for a while **RED**

RED: Chester could identify him. Or the bartender.

SHERIFF: Stands up better legally if he's conscious. We'll put him on ice.

RED: I've got to get a new lead for the Home edition. I can't use the Avon angle till he's identified.

SHERIFF: Couldn't you kind of write the same story with different words like?

RED: I got a by-line on the break story. If I want to keep it running I need something new. How about the poison?

SHERIFF: Potassium cyanide. I got the Doc's report.

RED: There might be something there. Worth trying anyhow.

(MUSIC: -- IN NEUTRAL: UNDER NARR)

NARR: Main street in Orlando isn't too long...but there are a good many drugstores peppered along it...and you check them all. You walk in the hot sun listening to ^{THE}whirr of the car wheels on the brick streets...you turn into the ^{4th} ~~fast~~ drugstore and perch on the old fashioned wire stool.

(SWISH OF FOUNTAIN)

DRUGGIST: There you are, Red. With a dash of cherry.

RED: Thanks Pop. Sell much poison?

DRUGGIST: If your insinuating my soda syrup isn't...

RED: No...real poison.

DRUGGIST: Lots of medicine's poison. If you don't use it right.

RED: How about Potassium Cyanide?

DRUGGIST: Potassium Cyanide...~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

RED: Want to lock it up in your book?

DRUGGIST: Don't have to.. I sold a can last week.

RED: Who bought it....Arthur Avon?

DRUGGIST: Nope. Doc Gary. You remember him...isn't really a Doctor...he's a kind of masseur or something.

RED: He bought some Potassium Cyanide?

DRUGGIST: Big can. Said he was going kill cockroaches or something. He brought it back.

RED: Unopened?

DRUGGIST: Nope. Half of it gone. Wanted a refund, said it wasn't no good.

RED: Thanks Pop...thanks a lot.

DRUGGIST: Hey...where are you going. You ain't finished your soda!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT: UNDER)

NARR: The more you find out. Red McGee...the less you know. You had a simple case...a murder. Burt Chester gave poison to a girl. And when Avon regained consciousness, Chester and the bartender identified him as the man who gave the poison to Chester. Now you've got a lead to "Doc" Gary. Where's the connection? Where's the pattern that will make sense out of a jumble of facts? ^{You go with} Sheriff Nashua ^{to} pick up Gary....

GARY: That's right. I bought half a pound of Potassium cyanide.

SHERIFF: You told the Druggist you wanted to kill insects.. right?

GARY: I suppose I said something like that.

RED: And when you returned that can there was enough gone to kill half Orlando.

GARY: I don't know what your getting at.

SHERIFF: A nineteen year old girl was poisoned, Gary...with Potassium Cyanide. That's what I'm getting at.

GARY: I didn't have anything to do with that.

SHERIFF: You bought the poison. The only Potassium Cyanide bought in Orlando in quite a while. Why did you do it?

GARY: It wasn't for me. I ... I gave it to somebody **ELSE**

RED: Here's our link....what business did you have with Arthur Avon?

GARY: Avon. I haven't seen him in six weeks.

SHERIFF: But you said you gave the poison...

GARY: I didn't give it to Avon. I gave it to John Brewster.

SHERIFF: Big John Brewster?

GARY: That's right. He said he was going into the insecticide business. He wanted me to get him some poison to experiment withon insects.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT: UNDER)

NARR: Another name...and no clear picture. You know Big John Brewster. Ex-police captain. Now a private detective. Six foot four...250 pounds...Hard...cruel. He ran for Sheriff and Ed Nashua beat him out. He lost his police job for brutality. You're there when they bring him in.

SHERIFF: Name?

JOHN: You know me, Nashua. You wouldn't be ~~planting your~~ ^{SITTING}
~~hard bottom on~~ ^{IN} that swivel chair if you hadn't
cheated me in the election.

SHERIFF: Listen here, Brewster. You're in bad trouble.

JOHN: What for...double parking?

SHERIFF: I've got a lot of complaints on you. Assault. Beating
that bus driver a couple of weeks ago. I've been letting
it slide. I didn't want anybody to think I was pushing
you after that election.

JOHN: You couldn't make anything stick on me with glue.

SHERIFF: Maybe But, I'm holding you.

JOHN: Don't think you're going to try anything funny in that
basement, Nashua. I'll take your collection of
shrinking violets on with one hand.

SHERIFF: I don't run this office that way. Lock him up...Alfie.

DETECTIVE: Come on Brewster....

(DOOR CLOSE)

SHERIFF: I've never seen anything like this, Red. I'll have
standing room only downstairs. Burt Chester.....
Arthur Avon...Doc Gary...and Big John... And I still
don't know what in blazes happened.

RED: There's got to be a straight story in it. Chester
got the bottle from Avon. He's clear. Gary gave the
poison to Big John. But where's the middle link?
Who was the poison meant for? How did it get between
Big John and Avon?

SHERIFF: Well...anyway I've got a murder case. I'll let Burt
Chester go and have the rest of 'em bound over
for trial.

RED: I don't think you've got anything, Sheriff. Except
a whole lot of interesting questions. ~~We've got a
dead bodysome poison...three prisoners, and that's
all.~~ I want to know about the murder that didn't
come off. Who's still alive who ought to be stretched
out on Doc Whitaker's slab? Before we know who was
the killer...we've got to find out who that poison
was for...and why!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP TO TAG ACT)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #255

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a
PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

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.

(START E.T.)

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL
MELL.

(END E.T.)

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0005607

(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

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

NARR: You're in this case up to your ears, Red McGee. Your stories helped boot two of the suspects out of nice soft police jobs. There's a connection there...and you follow it up. Big John Brewster had a private detective agency which in his case was a pretty name for free lance blackmail, transom peeping, and plain and fancy strongarm work. You ~~read~~ ^{FOUND} one of his employees...in the hospital. Big John put him there. From him you heard that Avon worked for Big John. ^{AND YOU TAKE THE NEWS TO THE SHERIFF}

RED: That has to be the link, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: You're kind of guessing it up a little, aren't you, Red?

RED: Sure, but it figures.

SHERIFF: Maybe.

RED: Big John gets mad at Avon. Gives him the poison... for himself.

SHERIFF: What do you figure as the cause of this little tiff?

RED: I don't know. If we can find out we've got the case nailed down. We've got to break them.

SHERIFF: Alfie...off hand what do you figure is the chance of breaking Big John Brewster.

DETECTIVE: (LAUGHS) JUST AS SOON BREAK A CROW BAR WITH MY BARE HANDS.

BIG STORY, 2/13/52

-14a-

REVISED

SHERIFF: He knows all the tricks Red. He's been on this side of the desk himself. He knows his rights...he'll get himself a good lawyer and sit tight.

RED: And he won't crack?

SHERIFF: Not John Brewster.

RED: How about Arthur Avon. He isn't so tough. He tried to weasle out when we had him kicked off the police force.

SHERIFF: I wouldn't call Avon exactly a strong character.

RED: Maybe we could get it out of him.

SHERIFF: Well...we could try. Alfie...bring him up!

e1
2/13/52 pm

ATX01 0005609

SHERIFF: ~~He knows all the tricks, Red. He's been on this side
of the desk himself.~~

RED: ~~How about Arthur Avon? He isn't so tough...we could
get it out of him.~~

SHERIFF: ~~Well...we could try. Albie...bring him up.~~

(MUSIC: --- HET: UNDER)

NARR: You work on Arthur Avon for days...pounding..pounding..
trying to get that middle link between him and Big
John Brewster.

RED: Look Avon...that poison was traced back to you. You've
got a murder hanging over you.

AVON: I don't know anything about any poison.

RED: You gave it to Chester....and that girl died. Now
tell us the truth.

AVON: What truth...I don't know anything. You made enough
trouble for me, McGee, you had me kicked off my job.
What are you trying to do...frame me for murder?

RED: Big John gave you that poison, didn't he? He was
trying to kill you...why?

AVON: I don't know what you're talking about.

RED: He tried to kill you, Avon....what are you covering
him for. Look...you could clear yourself, ..all you
have to do is tell the truth about Big John.

AVON: You crazy? You think I'm going to say anything about
him? He'd ...

RED: He'd what?

SHORTY: I ain't no common stir bug...not me. I'm a trustee. Got the run of the place. Name's Shorty. You be nice to me, buddy, I can be nice to you.

JOHN: ~~Don't bother me.~~

SHORTY: ~~You want extra cigarettes? Maybe even a shot of something? I got a lot of angles...for a price.~~

JOHN: Go on, beat it.

SHORTY: Maybe you got somebody outside you want to tip a line to? I get sent out for errands. I'm practically the Sheriff's right hand man. I got a lot of services I'm offering real cheap.

JOHN: Yeah...like what?

SHORTY: I already told you. I got a going business. I always say you can turn a buck even in jail.

JOHN: Listen...Shorty. You know a guy in the other wing ... Avon..Arthur Avon...

SHORTY: Avon....Avon....

JOHN: Shut up...come here. You know him? Arthur Avon.

SHORTY: Oh yeah...yeah. ~~He's~~ ^{THE SHERIFFS} given him the works.

JOHN: What do you mean.

SHORTY: Got him upstairs in the ballroom most of the time.

JOHN: Questioning?

SHORTY: It ain't a tea party. That ^{DEPUTY} Alfie Peters takes him up and down. Comes back looking like they had him under a shower.

JOHN: Has he talked...has he said anything?

SHORTY: You know what...Sheriff forgot to tell me.

JOHN: You're lucky they got me locked in here...wise guy.

SHORTY: If he's a friend of yours I'd be worried for him. They're giving him a real business. Last night they yanked him out at two in the morning....kept at him more than three hours.

JOHN: But did he talk?

SHORTY: Beats me. He looked awful green when they brought him down.

JOHN: Can you get word to hima note maybe?

SHORTY: (WHINING) Well now that's a pretty hard job...Guard up there don't like me and...

JOHN: There's five in it for you.

SHORTY: Well that'd make it some easier.

JOHN: You give him a note...you make sure he gets it and then flushes it down...here...here...you make sure he gets this note.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

SHORTY: Here's the note...he said to read it and then get rid of it.

SHERIFF: Okay Shorty...

SHORTY: I did just like you said, Sheriff...told him Avon was sweating good.

SHERIFF: Fine. You keep after him. If he sends any more notes you bring 'em right here to me.

SHORTY: Sure...sure Sheriff..

(DOOR CLOSE)

SHERIFF: You figured it, Red. Big John is getting nervous about Avon.

RED: He'd have to be to take a chance like passing a note...
what does it say?

SHERIFF: "I'm okay. I hope you are too. You keep your health."

RED: That doesn't do much good.

SHERIFF: He'll send some more. And when he does Shorty'll
bring 'em right to us. Sooner or later we'll get
enough to break this.

(MUSIC: -- -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You keep it up. A two way play. You let Shorty keep
on telling Big John Brewster they're working on Arthur
Avon. Every day Shorty, the convict Trusty brings a
note up to the Sheriff. At first they're careful.
Worded ambiguously..."Take care of yourself...signed
your old friend." "I'm fine..how are you".. The
meaning is veiled...but you get the point. Then as
the Grand Jury hearing gets closer you grow desperate...
but so does Big John Brewster.

SHORTY: Excuse me Sheriff...I got another note.

SHERIFF: Okay, Shorty...

(DOOR CLOSE)

RED: I thought I had a good idea with this, Sheriff...
But Big John knows too many angles. You could
take all his notes and publish 'em as correspondence
between two campfire girls.

SHERIFF: Not this one, Red... "Don't admit a thing. Remember that railroad job. I got a lot on you too. Don't squeal, it won't do you any good. If you squeal you'll get life. Don't let that...(COUGHS) ...tub of lard Nashua talk you into squealing. Remember, I never gave you that bottle."

RED: Let me see that...Sheriff...this could be it...If we throw all these notes at Avon he might....

SHERIFF: He might! Let's try it!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You get Arthur Avon up again. It's an old story to him now...the bare room. The chairs...the questions...But this time you've got something new. 30 notes...from Big John Brewster. Avon read them...you watch closely as his eyes flick over the words.

SHERIFF: We've got proof now, Avon. Read that last one....
"I've got a lot on you too...Don't squeal...Remember, I never gave you that bottle."

RED: But he did...didn't he, Avon. Big John gave you that bottle with enough poison to kill a horse. It was for you...wasn't it?

SHERIFF: We've got enough now, Avon. You want to go down with Big John? You want to burn with him?

RED: He'd try to sell you out.

SHERIFF: You've got a choice, Avon. You can work with us.. or you can burn with Big John....

AVON: No ... no....

RED: What do you want to cover for...you want to rot in jail to save Big John.

SHERIFF: It's your choice Avon...

AVON: Yeah...why should I take it for him. He tried to kill me. He tried to poison me.

RED: (QUIET: SO AS NOT TO BREAK THE MOOD) Why?

AVON: He wanted me to handle his rackets. He wanted me to do the dirty work...take the risk and hand him the cash. I told him I wasn't going to play sucker for him. I told him I was through working for him. He got mad. Then the next day he said he was sorry. He gave me that bottle. He wanted to kill me...but I stuck it in my pocket. I forgot about it. I gave it to Burt Chester because he bought me a beer..... I didn't know there was poison in it...I didn't know Big John was trying to murder me. I was scared... that's why I didn't talk. But why should I cover for him...he tried to murder me!

RED: (QUIET) Okay Sheriff. Now you've really got your murder case!

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

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Wilson McGee ^{OF} ~~OF~~ the Orlando Florida Reporter-Star with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke
a PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

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 Wilson McGee of the Orlando, Florida, Reporter-Star.

McGEE: ~~MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR MURDER~~ ~~murder~~ in tonight's Big Story was convicted of ~~third~~ ~~degree~~ ^{IN THE 3RD DEGREE} murder and was sentenced to twenty years in Raiford Prison, Florida. The other two defendants.. testified for the state. The killer appealed, ~~received~~ ~~a new trial~~ but the conviction was upheld. ~~Appeal~~ ~~was denied in the second trial.~~

^{A PRIVILEGE} It's ~~an honor~~ to have received tonight's PELL MELL Award.

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

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY - A Big Story from the front pages of the Tulsa, Oklahoma, Tribune, by-line -- Roy Hanna. A Big Story of a reporter who suspected how his story would end and prayed that he was wrong.

(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 Selinski. Tonight's program was adapted by Ernest Kinoy from an actual story from the front pages of the Orlando, Florida Reporter-Star. Your Narrator ~~was~~ Bob Sloan and Francis deSales played the part of Wilson McGee. 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. McGee.

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

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.
THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

VAK/2/1/52

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #256

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
HELEN	PATSY CAMPBELL
BETTY	LYNNE LORING
MOLLY	RUTH YORKE
ROY	LAWSON YORKE
SHERIFF	CORT BENSON
HAYDEN	CORT BENSON
LIEUTENANT	JOE HELGESEN
PAUL	JOE HELGESEN
JIM	BOB READICK

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1952

ATX01 0005619

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#256

3:30 - 10:00 PM

FEB. 20, 1952

WEDNESDAY

(Roy Hanna: Tulsa (Okla.) Tribune)

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

(MUSIC: ~~---~~ FANFARE AND OMINOUS UNDER ...)

HAYDEN: ~~...~~ *... there are some things like gentlemen? - Jim: No - Hayden: K*
(IN HIS 50'S, GROCER, TALKATIVE) If you men want to bring ~~the women~~ *from the car* and kids in here, to stretch their legs a while, it's perfectly okay by me.

JIM: (22, TIGHT-LIPPED) No.

HAYDEN: That's okay. I understand. (LAUGHS) Tomorrow night being New Year's Eve guess you folks are rushing somewhere ~~in that car~~. That'll be a dollar seventy for the cold cuts.

JIM: (CUTS IN) Pay the man, Paul.

PAUL: (IN HIS 30'S TERRIFIED) Yes....yeah....sure....

HAYDEN: A dollar seventy, mister.

PAUL: Yes -- a dollar ²⁰ (SUDDEN, WITH INTENSE FEAR, ALMOST SHOUTING) Mister, for ~~God's~~ *heavens* sake, mister -- help me!

This man is going to kill me and my family! Mister -- ~~What --?~~
JIM: ~~Why you --!~~

(SOUND: ~~SUDDEN SCUERLING AND BOXES TOPPLING AS--~~)

PAUL: ~~(GRIES OUT)~~ Mister, can't you see he's trying to shut my mouth!

~~HAYDEN: Stand still, the both of you! I got my shotgun on you!~~

~~(SOUND: SCUFFLING STOPS)~~
HAYDEN: ~~Nobody's putting a cheap trick like that over on me! Starting a fight just so's you can hold me up! I got my shotgun on you! Now take your package and git!~~ *... I don't want any trouble in my store. You both of you get out of here. Get out*

(MUSIC: __ STING HIGH 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 our great American newspapers. (PAUSE, COLD
AND FLAT) Tulsa, Oklahoma. From the pages of the Tulsa
Tribune, comes the story of a reporter, who suspected
~~the most vilest crime of his hour~~ ^{the horror would never}
~~how his story would end and prayed that he was wrong.~~
Tonight, to Roy Hanna of the Tulsa Tribune for his Big
Story, goes the PELL MELL \$500.00 Award.

(MUSIC: __ THEME UP AND UNDER...)

(MUSIC: __ TURNABLE)

OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #256

OPENING COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a
PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

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
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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: So smoke PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ROY: (FASTER) No, no, honest. But here's the twist. This salesman, he's an ex-convict himself. So he pleads with the kid not to get himself into trouble and he convinces the kid --

HELEN: (ANNOYED) And they lived happily ever after. Now let's go ^{see} Henry.

ROY: No, no -- you don't get it! He thinks he convinces the kid but what happens is the kid locks him in the trunk of the car and starts riding off with him on Route 66. That's when the salesman gets real scared. So he finds a screw-driver in the trunk and pries open the trunk and falls out on the road, and the kid drives off.

HELEN: (GROWING INTEREST) Hey, that is ~~kind of cute~~ ^{an angle}. What about the salesman? Being an ex-con, how did he feel about a kid starting on the road to crime?

ROY: That's just it! The wire-story doesn't mention that at all.

HELEN: Oh, what a shame. That'd really make it interesting.

ROY: Now you're cookin'! That's just what I was going to do. I was going to call the salesman and arrange to go out and see him tomorrow and get a human interest --

HELEN: (CUTS IN, SHARP) No you don't. Tomorrow night's New Year's Eve and Monday is New Year's Day! And from now 'til Tuesday morning, you're mine! And you're not running around after any stories!

ROY: Aw, Helen!

HELEN: No siree! Not 'til Tuesday. Now get your hat and coat and take me to that party.

(MUSIC: _ _ UNDER . . .)

NARR: You love Helen -- you love her very dearly, Roy Hanna. And you understand ~~that~~ because the two of you don't have any children yet, ~~crazy as you both are about kids,~~ ~~you understand~~ that life can sometimes get pretty lonely for her with you away. And so, since you'd promised her New Year's Eve and New Year's Day, ~~you put aside the intriguing story of the ex convict and the new born one.~~ You file ^{the story} it away in your mind for Tuesday morning. ~~Because how were you to know, Roy Hanna, that by Tuesday morning the new-born criminal would present you with one of the most gruesome sights you'd ever seen in your life.~~ ^{But} How were you to know, Roy Hanna, at the very moment you were taking your wife's arm and helping her into the elevator, the new-born criminal was holding an entire family in terror in a speeding car near Wichita Falls, Texas.

(~~MUSIC: STING HIGH, CUT~~)

(SOUND: INTERIOR OF CAR TRAVELLING....)

JIM: (QUIETLY, EVEN) Don't try that again, Paul -- like you did in the grocery store back there. Not again!

(SOUND: HOLD DRIVING FOR A MOMENT AND THEN WE HEAR CRYING OF A LITTLE GIRL OF THREE...)

BETTY: (LITTLE GIRL) Mommy -- Mommy, I'm thirsty --

JIM: (HARD) Shut that kid up!

MOLLY: (PAUL'S WIFE) Go to sleep, Betty honey -- go to sleep. Mommy's with you. Go to sleep.

BETTY: Where are we going, Mommy?

MOLLY: To -- to visit Uncle Steve --

BETTY: I like Uncle Steve.

MOLLY: Now go to sleep, honey. Go to sleep.

(SOUND: HOLD CAR, THEN:)

PAUL: What do you want with us? When we gave you a hitch this afternoon and you pulled a gun, I told you you can have anything we've got. What do you want with us?

JIM: Shut up! Just keep driving! (A BEAT, THEN:) Where'd you say you were headed?

PAUL: Albuquerque, New Mexico....to visit my brother.

JIM: Go by way of Carlsbad Caverns.

PAUL: I've -- I've been driving all day --

JIM: Just keep driving. If you start dozing, I'll keep you awake. (LITTLE LAUGH) I'll talk to you. That'll keep you awake.

BETTY: Mommy, I'm thirsty --

JIM: (HARD) Shut that kid's mouth! Make her go to sleep like the other two!

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

MOLLY: (PLEADING, LOW) Please, please -- we -- we can't stand it anymore. Why can't we stop somewhere?

JIM: Shut up!

MOLLY: Please -- can't you see how tired my husband is? He's liable to fall asleep at the wheel!

JIM: What about it, Paul? You feeling sleepy?

PAUL: I told you -- my eyes are killing me. I can hardly see up ahead.

JIM: Okay.

MOLLY: You mean we can stop?

JIM: No. I mean I'll do like I promised. I'll talk to him and keep him awake. What do you want me to talk to you about, Paul?

PAUL: (A BEAT, THEN BITTERLY) About -- about what made you like you are --

JIM: (VERY MATTER-OF-FACT) Sure. That's a pretty good idea. You want to know? First off, the name's Jim Harris. I'm 23. My mother died when I was five. And my old man, he gave all five kids away to the juvenile court. They put each of us in ^adifferent places. The lady I was with, she used to kick me around, so I ran away. Then they caught me and put me in reform school. So I ran away again. Then I slugged a cab-driver in Joplin. I got eleven cents off him. Then they got me and back to reform school I went. Then I ran away again, stole a car and went to State prison for five years. (NO EMOTION) I hate everybody's guts and everybody hates my guts -- That's all. (SLIGHT PAUSE AND THEN:)

BETTY: (MORE URGENT) Mommy, I'm thirsty, Mommy.

JIM: (TERRIFYING, REPRESSED ANGER) Shut that kid's mouth! What she got to complain about? (A BEAT, THEN SAME CALM TONE HE HAD BEFORE) Pull off the road behind those bushes. We'll all take a nap.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, SLIGHT BRIDGE, CUT TO:)

MOLLY: (WHISPERING) Paul --

PAUL: (WHISPERING) Sh!

MOLLY: Has he -- Is he asleep?

PAUL: I think so.

MOLLY: I'm afraid. His left eye -- it looks like it's open --

PAUL: It -- droops even when he's awake, but I think he's asleep.

MOLLY: Be careful, darling -- be careful.

PAUL: I've got to -- Molly, I've got to free us --

MOLLY: All right, all right -- you -- grab for his gun and I'll try to pin his arms. Just tell me when.

(PAUSE AND THEN:)

PAUL: (LOW) Now!

(SOUND: HARD, LOUD CRACK OF FIST AGAINST THE FACE AS:)

MOLLY: (SCREAMS)

JIM: (OUT LOUD) So you thought I was asleep, did you? Well, next time don't let this droopy eye fool you! And just for trying what you did, turn the car around and head back the other way! Head for Joplin. And so help me, if any of you makes another move, I'll --

BETTY: (CRYING OUT IN TERROR) Mommy, the man's shouting at me! Mommy, I'm scared!

JIM: Head for Joplin, hear me!

(SOUND: ~~CAR UP~~)

(MUSIC: STING, BRIDGE, CUT TO:)

(SOUND: CAR IN MOTION....)

MOLLY: (WEEPING HYSTERICALLY) I can't go on! I can't go on any further! (ALMOST SCREAMING) It's been almost two days! What do you want with us?

JIM: (HARD) Shut up!

PAUL: (ALMOST HYSTERICAL HIMSELF) Harris, have a heart! You've got to have a heart!

BETTY: (CRYING) Mommy -- Mommy --

(NOTE: ALL OF THIS BUILDS TO HYSTERICAL PITCH OF SHOUTING AS:)

MOLLY: Think of the children! I've got to stop somewhere!
Think of the children!

BETTY: Mommy, mommy --

PAUL: Harris -- Jim -- have a heart! This is my family --

JIM: (CUTTING IN, HARD, LOW) Slow down!

PAUL: What? What do you -- ?

JIM: (LOW) I said slow down! There's a police car ^{coming} looking us ~~over~~! And remember, if I hear a peep out of any of you, it'll be the end!

BETTY: Mommy -- mommy --

JIM: Shut that kid's mouth!

MOLLY: (WHISPERING, CRYING) Honey, quiet! Honey, quiet. Please, honey, quiet!

(PAUSE AS:)

(SOUND: MOTOR CAR MOVING IN SLOWLY, SLIGHT OFF...)

JIM: (LOW) Now remember, the first peep out of any of you as they ^{go} ~~drive~~ by us and it'll be curtains!

(LONG PAUSE FOR:)

(SOUND: MOTOR OFF, CAR COMES ON, GOES BY SLOWLY AND STARTS MOVING OFF AS:)

JIM: Okay. (BREATHES WITH RELIEF) Okay. They've gone past.

MOLLY: (SUDDEN SCREAM) Let us out or I'll go crazy! Let us out, please!

JIM: (CUTTING IN, HARD) Okay. I warned you. You ~~can't say~~ ~~I didn't.~~ I warned you. Now drive straight through ~~Joplin~~ -- two miles north of Joplin I'll show you where to stop.

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

NARR: By Tuesday morning, Roy Hanna, you decide that the story of W.K. Finley, the salesman and the young boy who held him up, is pretty stale. So, in the usual quest for a story, you drop in at police radio headquarters --

(SOUND: ~~VOICES, WIRELESS GOING, UNDER...~~)

NARR: -- you thumb lazily thru the radio messages ~~the police have exchanged during the night~~ and finally stop at one which intrigues you a little. It is a report ~~which came in about an hour ago~~ from Sheriff Cal Jones of Osage County. It concerns a ^{blood stained} 1949 sedan he'd found a while ago, ditched about 2 miles north of ^{Ory} Tulsa, the ignition keys still in the car. ~~Sheriff Jones also noted some blood-stains in the car.~~ All in all he concluded that a hunter had gotten stuck in a ditch and had temporarily gone off to seek some help ~~to tow his car out.~~ Not much of a story ~~to begin with,~~ Roy Hanna, but you decide to take a look.

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

NARR: ~~A cab takes you to the spot two miles north of Tulsa.~~ By the time you reach the abandoned car, ~~Roy Hanna,~~ Sheriff Jones has had a chance to go thru ^{it} ~~the car~~ a little more thoroughly.

(MUSIC: ~~OUT~~)

(SOUND: OPEN ROAD, AN OCCASIONAL CAR GOING BY, UNDER ...)

ROY: You still figure it's a hunter's car, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: No. ^{Roy}

ROY: Why not? ^{there are bullet holes & it is spread all over}

SHERIFF: Because ^{the blood in the car covers a lot of things. Some of the stuff in the car.} I've just begun looking thru ~~these things.~~

ROY: What did you find?

SHERIFF: (QUITE MOVED) ~~From the things I found, it's not likely~~
~~to be a hunter's car.~~ Some baby clothes, woman's things,
kids toys, man's clothing, -- (A BEAT, THEN) -- more --
more like a whole family, kids and all, had been :
travelling in this car.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP TO TAG)

(MUSIC: _ _ TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #256

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a
PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

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,
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CHAPPELL: Wherever you go today, notice how many people have changed
to PELL MELL - the longer, finer cigarette in the
distinguished red package.

(START E.T.)

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a
PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

4 (MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

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

NARR: Inside the garage to which the dirty, blood-stained sedan is towed, you, Roy Hanna, and Sheriff Jones begin a heart-breaking, systematic check of the contents of the automobile. You feel like an intruder because a car in which a family has travelled ~~in~~ over a long distance becomes as private as their home. And as the Sheriff hands you item after item from inside the car, you note them down and pile them up carefully in a box. ~~Your very closeness of the personal belongings of this missing family makes your heart shrink, Roy Hanna makes it hard for you to breathe.~~

~~(MUSIC: OUT)~~

SHERIFF: (A LITTLE OFF) A box of lollypops -- blood-stained. Mark it seven, Roy.

ROY: (REPEATING TO HIMSELF) Lollypops, blood-stained, seven...
(AS BOX IS PUT INTO LARGER CARTON WITH OTHER ITEMS)

SHERIFF: Woman's scarf, knotted. Eight.

ROY: ~~Woman's scarf, knotted -- eight.~~

SHERIFF: Little girl's hairbrush -- blonde--blood-stained. Nine.

ROY: Little girl's hairbrush -- blonde-- (VOICE CRACKS)
blood-stained -- nine --
(TO FIT)

SHERIFF: Driver's license made out to Paul Cross, Atwood, Illinois. Ten.

ROY: Paul Cross, driver's license, Atwood, Illinois, ten....

15

SHERIFF: Gun, .32 calibre automatic, empty. Eleven.

ROY: ~~Gun, .32 calibre automatic, empty. Eleven~~

(TO FIT)

SHERIFF: Boy's cap, size seven, blood-stained. Mark it twelve.

ROY: Boy's cap, size ~~seven, blood-stained. Twelve.~~

(STOPS SUDDENLY AND SPEAKS HOARSELY) Sheriff --

SHERIFF: What is it?

ROY: From the trunk compartment -- there's blood

(SHERIFF COMES OUT OF CAR AS:)

SHERIFF: Here are the keys, Roy. Open the trunk.

(KEYS HANDLED, FEW SLOW STEPS, THEN)

(MUSIC: _ _ IN WITH)

NARR: You accept the keys -- automatically. You walk a few steps -- automatically. But when the moment comes to unlock the trunk door, you shudder, Roy Hanna, You feel like running away. You stand there until the Sheriff asks--

SHERIFF: What's the matter, Roy?

ROY: (LOW) You -- open the trunk. I can't do it. There might be--(BREAKS OFF) (THEN) I've seen murdered people before, but not children! You do it, Sheriff.

(KEYS PASSED, KEY IN LOCK, CREAKING OF CAR DOOR

AS IT IS OPENED SLOWLY AND THEN HINGED OPEN)

(LONG PAUSE, THEN:)

SHERIFF: (~~SIGNS~~) Well -- I feel a little better!

ROY: Yeah. Except that I'd feel a lot better if I thought the kids who were in this car were playing around somewhere right now --dirty, happy and alive.

(MUSIC: _ _ ACCENT)

NARR: When the Tulsa Tribune hits the streets, you, ~~Roy Hanna~~, have scored a beat on the other papers. You're even able to print a picture of the missing family -- a picture you'd found in the car of a mother, a father and three small children happily setting forth on a cross-country automobile trip. You've scored a beat, Roy Hanna, but you, and you alone, know what awaits you at home.

~~(MUSIC: OUT, UNDER)~~

HELEN: (NOT BELIEVING IT HERSELF) They -- they could have had an accident, couldn't they, Roy?

ROY: No. ^{Helen} The car didn't look as if it had hit anything.

HELEN: I -- I don't mean that, Roy. I mean maybe one of those children cut themselves accidentally and they just left the car -- to get some help --

ROY: (A BEAT, THEN) That wouldn't explain the bullet holes in the car.

HELEN: (A BEAT, THEN WITH SUDDEN, INTENSE HEART-SICKNESS) Roy, leave the story, Roy. Leave it!

ROY: I can't, darling. I'm expected back at the office right this very minute. I've got to be in to get a long distance uall to Atwood, ^{Illinois} -- where they came from.

HELEN: (ALMOST WEEPING) Roy, the idea of three children -- Please, please ask them to take you off the story!

ROY: I can't, darling. It's my story. I'm ^{not} praying that they're alive!

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

(PHONE RINGING, RECEIVER UP)

ROY: Atwood, Illinois? Yes, yes -- this is Roy Hanna. Put him through.

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: As you begin your long distance interview with the missing family's relatives in Atwood, Illinois, you can see out of the corner of your eye that the City Room is filling up with men and women from the various departments of the paper. Sheriff Jones is right beside you and in that hushed, ~~crowded~~ crowded room you get the strangest feeling, Roy Hanna, that this is more than a story. That you are all like people calling up home, hoping against hope that the news will be good and that the Cross family by some miracle, is safe in Atwood, Illinois.

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: But they aren't. ~~Paul and Molly Cross and their three children~~ ^{They} left for Albuquerque ~~the~~ Friday before New Year's. And you ask a normal question, Roy Hanna, routine.....

ROY: What route were they taking? ... I see. They were planning to take 66 thru Tulsa and then on down. I see. You figure they would have been passing thru Tulsa around Saturday afternoon? ~~... I see.~~ ^{Saturday afternoon} Well, thank you very much ... Yes, as soon as we get news, we'll let you know.

(RECEIVER DOWN)

NARR: You hang up, Roy Hanna, and ~~then suddenly it strikes you full force~~ -- so much so Sheriff Jones notices it.

SHERIFF: What's the matter?

ROY: Did you hear what they just told me!

SHERIFF: What about?

ROY: ~~Saturday~~ -- Saturday afternoon! ^{Sheriff} They were on Route ⁶⁶ ~~66~~ Saturday afternoon they must have been ~~on Route 66~~ just at the spot where that salesman escaped from the trunk of his car!

SHERIFF: I don't know what you're talking about.

ROY: (FULLY EXCITED) Listen, Sheriff, I'll explain it to you on the way, but you've got to drive me there!

SHERIFF: Where? I don't follow you, Roy!

ROY: To the police -- Oklahoma City.

(MUSIC: STING, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: By the time you rush into police headquarters in Oklahoma City you've had a chance to tell your suspicions to Sheriff Jones. But you have to go over them again for the benefit of the lieutenant in Oklahoma City Police Headquarters.

(MUSIC: CUT)

ROY: (EXCITEDLY) Does it check with your story, Lieutenant?

LT: It checks! Because after this kid dropped the salesman Finley he must have looked in the rear-view mirror and seen him out in the road. About a mile down the road he was spotted getting out of the salesman's car and flagging down a ride in another car.

SHERIFF: Illinois plates?

LT: Illinois plates.

ROY: What about Finley, the salesman? How good a description of the kid did you get?

LT: We got more than Finley's description.

(DRAWER BEING SLID OPEN, PAPERS RUSTLED, THEN)

LT: Here. Look at this.

SHERIFF: (BEAT, THEN READING) It's a receipt. Made out to Jim Harris for full payment on a .32 calibre automatic. El Paso, Texas.

ROY: (TAKE) Jim Harris, Joplin, Missouri. Where did you get this, Lieutenant?

LT: We found it on the floor of the salesman's car. But all we've got out of it is a stolen-car alarm.

SHERIFF: If this is the boy we're looking for, Lieutenant, I'm afraid the charge will be more than a stolen car.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, UNDER)

NARR: It's a long ride -- a very long ride -- from Oklahoma City to Joplin, Missouri. But somehow, Roy Hanna, you manage to convince Sheriff Jones to make the trip with you. And in Joplin, where Jim Harris once lived, you get what you want: a photograph of him from the Joplin police. And when you get back to your paper, ~~Roy Hanna~~, weary, sleepless, you have a right to speak as you do.

ROY: Here's a picture. Jim Harris. Slap it on the front page-- and slap it on there big so that every decent human being in the country will know his face.

(MUSIC: STING, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: First in the Tulsa Tribune (your paper, ~~Roy Hanna~~) and then from coast-to-coast and down into Mexico Jim Harris' features spread out: His blonde hair, his youthful, emotionless face, his drooping eye. And the verifications start coming in.

(MUSIC: CUT)

~~SHERIFF:~~ *hey* (HOT, EXCITED, ON PHONE) You what! You saw his picture and you're positive he's the man you saw walking away from that car near ~~Tulsa~~ *Craig* Right. Thank you.

(MUSIC: STING, DOWN UNDER)

ROY: (ON PHONE) You're ^{sure} ~~positive~~ it was Jim Harris who was in your grocery store with Paul Cross that night? ... Right. Thank you, Mr. Hayden. Thank you very much.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

(MUSIC: STING)

HELEN: (ALMOST WEeping) Roy, they've got to do more! They've got to do more! ^{maybe} ~~If~~ those children are alive somewhere -- It's been days! They're not doing enough. They've got to do more to find them!

(MUSIC: STING AND DOWN UNDER...)

(SOUND: ~~ZOOM OF PLANE TO BACK UP~~)

NARR: Over the Osage Hills, throughout the country, squadrons of planes ^{search} ~~hover over every hill, every valley, every stretch of woods~~. It doesn't seem possible to you, Roy Hanna, and to millions of other ~~people throughout the country~~, that Jim Harris and the Cross family, together or separated, can possibly be walking the same earth as the thousands of men who hunt for them, and still not be found. And as the days go by, ^{your} ~~a~~ suspicion ^{grows} ~~hits~~ you, Roy Hanna. The same suspicion you know is making your wife sick with fear. The suspicion that Paul Cross, his wife Molly and their three children were no longer walking this earth.

(MUSIC: CUT)

ROY: (HARD) I'm leaving, Helen. I may be away a day or so.

HELEN: Where are you going?

ROY: Down to Wichita Falls.

HELEN: Why?

ROY: Because -- ~~because~~ -- (BREAKS OFF) I've just got to go, Helen!

HELEN: You've got to tell me, Roy.

ROY: That's where Hayden's grocery store is. That's where Paul Cross asked Hayden to help him. I figure maybe if Cross tried to do that, I figure if Jim Harris ^{filled} ~~did~~ the family ^{while} ~~shooting~~ -- Well, he did it right after that argument. Somewhere around Wichita Falls.

HELEN: (A BEAT, THEN) I'm going with you, Roy.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER...)

(SOUND: HEAVY RAIN, CAR INTERIOR ...)

NARR: The rain had been coming down for almost eight hours before you and your wife set out for Wichita Falls. There have been flood warnings all afternoon, but you're in no mood to pay attention to them, Roy Hanna. It is only when you drive along and the traffic suddenly jams you into a tunnel half-way to Wichita Falls and the water begins to rise in the tunnel and there is no way for you and your wife to move.....because of the trailer trucks ahead of you and behind, also jammed.....that you begin to think that the flood is real.

(MUSIC: ~~CUT~~)

(SOUND: ECHO, RUSHING WATER, VOICES HEARD OFF SHOUTING...)

HELEN: Roy, it's reached the dashboard!

ROY: Try your door, Helen. Can you open it?

HELEN: I can't, Roy, I can't!

ROY: Give me the wrench! It's in the glove compartment.

(SOUND: GLOVE COMPARTMENT OPENED AND WRENCH HANDED TO ROY, WINDOW CRASHED)

ROY: Helen, help me! I can get my side open! Help me!

HELEN
& ROY: (STRAIN)

(SOUND: WHOOSH OF WATER AS THEY GET DOOR OPEN)

ROY: (IN THE WATER, SHOUTING) Swim ahead of me, Helen! I'll stick right behind you! Shout if you need help! Swim!

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

HELEN: (WAKING UP) ^{Roy} Where --- Where am I? *Roy? I was lucky to*

ROY: You're all right, darling. You're all right. ~~We're in a~~ *get this hotel room hospital.*

HELEN: Roy, are you all right?

ROY: Just a little ~~fever.~~ *headache* I'm all right, dear.

HELEN: How -- how long have I been asleep?

ROY: 24 hours.

(SOUND: PHONE RING - RECEIVER UP)

ROY: Hello --- yeah --- yeah --- (HANGS UP)

HELEN: Roy, what's the matter?

ROY: (SILENCE)

HELEN: Roy, there's something wrong! You've heard something. Tell me.

ROY: (A BEAT, THEN) They caught Jim Harris -- ~~in Lower California, the Mexican part.~~ *in Mexico*

HELEN: (A BEAT, THEN) The -- the Cross Family -- what about -- (NO ANSWER) (MORE URGENT:) Roy, The Cross family -- what about them?

ROY: About two miles from Jim Harris' former home in Joplin -- there's -- there's an abandoned mineshaft. At the bottom of the mineshaft they found all five of them.

(PAUSE AND THEN:)

HELEN: (WEEPING SOFTLY) Hold me, Roy! Hold me, darling!

: (NOTE: HOLD HELEN'S SOFT WEEPING, AND THEN:)

HELEN: ~~Why~~, Roy? *Why?* Why should anyone do a thing like that?

ROY: He said he never got a break from anyone and he never gave anyone else a break. He says he hates everybody's guts because everybody hates his guts.

HELEN: (AS HARD AND BITTER AS SHE CAN) ~~I do!~~ I hate him, Roy! I hate him -- and ^{what} whatever made him the way he is!

(MUSIC: _ _ UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Roy Hanna of the Tulsa Okla. Tribune with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: _ _ TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #256

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a
PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

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 - 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: 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 Roy Hanna of the
Tulsa Okla. Tribune.

TELEGRAM: Mass murderer in tonight's Big Story was judged sane by
the courts and sentenced to 300 years in prison. ^{for this crime,} This was
probably the most horrifying story I ever had to cover.
Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Hanna...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 Caldwell,
Idaho News-Tribune, by-line -- Maury Russell. A Big
Story of a reporter who dug up a story in Idaho written
by Shakespeare --- and in it, found a killer --

(MUSIC: -- STING)

CHAPPELL: And remember - every week you can see another different
Big Story on television -- brought to you by the makers
of Pell Mell Famous Cigarettes.

(MUSIC: -- THEME WIPE 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 front pages of the Tulsa Okla. Tribune. Your Narrator ~~was~~ Bob Sloan ~~and~~ Lawson ^{L. Selby} Zerbe played the part of Roy Hanna. 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. Hanna.

(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.

TB/RG
1/7/52

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #257

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
ANNETTE	CONNIE LEMBCKE
PIERCE	WM. SMITH
JOE	WM. SMITH
HARMON	BILL GRIFFIS
ROY	BILL GRIFFIS
MAURY	BOB DONLEY
CLYDE	ROSS MARTIN
BRANCH	ROLAND WINTERS

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1952

ATX01 0005645

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

(CAR UNDER. THEN SLOWS TO STOP)

(MOTOR IDLES)

~~(CAR DOOR OPENS)~~

~~(STEPS UP ON CONCRETE)~~

PIERCE: What's the matter, Mister? Having trouble with your car?
Saw you flag me down with that flashlight, and I figured
if I could be of any help, I....(CUTS) ^{Oh} Wait ~~a~~ minute, it's
you!

PIERCE: Look, what's all this about. I never figured on meeting
you...(CUTS AND GASP) Wait a minute! No! Don't do it!
Don't....

(SHOT)

(MUSIC: HIT UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story! Here is America, its sound and its fury,
its joy and its sorrow, as faithfully reported by the
men and women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT)
Caldwell, Idaho. From the pages of the Caldwell
News-Tribune, ~~the story of~~ a reporter ~~who~~ dug up a story
in Idaho written by Shakespeare... and in it, found ~~a~~ ^{his}
killer. Tonight, to Maury Russell, for his Big Story,
goes the PELL MELL \$500 Award!

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL
MELL. (END E.T.)

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
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: So smoke PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding"!

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- INTRO AND UNDER --)

CHAPPELL: Caldwell, Idaho. The story as it actually happened...
Maury Russell's story, as he lived it.....

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER --)

NARR: The people who live in Caldwell call it God's Country,
and to that, you, Maury Russell of the Caldwell
News-Tribune, say 'amen.' Your town is in Canyon
County, in the heart of the Snake River Valley, the home
of the Idaho Potato. It's a place of a little over
7000 people, a friendly, quiet, tranquil place, where
everybody knows everybody else. And this is the
background against which your story begins. It begins
on a crisp October day, as you run into Doctor Charles
Pierce, the town chiropractor, at the harness store....

(A SLIGHT B.G. STORE. CLANG OF CASH REGISTER OFF)

PIERCE: (A HEARTY, BIG MAN) Well! Howdy, Maury!

MAURY: Morning, Doc. Buying some new gear, eh?

PIERCE: Yep. Reins for that pinto of mine are worn clean through.
Gettin' set for my vacation, an' I want everything to
be right.

MAURY: Going out to get the usual elk this Fall?

PIERCE: Nope. N t this trip. Got so many horns hanging on the
livin' room wall now, that I wouldn't know what to
do with another set. This time I'm goin' to Oregon,
Maury.

MAURY: Oregon? What's in Oregon?

PIERCE: A cattle roundup, over in Jordon Valley. Be gone for over
a month. Gonna use the trailer, an' take my horse with me,
till we hit the rough country. After that, it's just
Rex and me and the roundup.

MAURY: ~~What about your patients?~~

PIERCE: ~~They'll have to wait till I get back. A man can't work
all the time, he's got to have some fun.~~

MAURY: Your wife going with you this trip, Doc?

PIERCE: (LAUGHS) Annette? Nope. You know, Maury, I tried hard
to get her to go. ~~Painted a real purty picture for her,~~
too. You know, the camp fire in the tall timber,
hotcakes and sizzling bacon, the smell of sagebrush,
an' the way the stars look at night, up in the Oregon
sky.

MAURY: (GRIN) And no sale, eh?

PIERCE: No sale. Seems like the great outdoors, as they say
~~in books, doesn't appeal to her a bit.~~ Guess Annette's
no different from most of the women I know. She just
likes the solid comfort of steam-heat an' home!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: A casual conversation on a casual October day, with
Doctor Pierce. And then, a day or two later, at the big
Pierce home.....

PIERCE: ~~Everything packed, Annette?~~

ANNETTE: Yes, Charles. Everything's ready. Clyde's out at the
trailer now, tying Rex in.

PIERCE: That Clyde's a good boy. I'm sure glad I hired him,
~~best handyman we ever had.~~ (A PAUSE) Well, I guess
~~everything's packed~~
~~that's all,~~ Annette. I'll miss you.

ANNETTE: I'll miss you too Charles.

PIERCE: Sure you won't change your mind and come along?

ANNETTE: No.

PIERCE: I kind of hate to think of leaving you all alone,
in a big house like this.....

ANNETTE: Now don't you worry, darling. I'll be all right.
I'll have friends over, neighbors, every night. And
Clyde will be around to do the chores. You just go on
and have a good time.

PIERCE: You know, Annette? I'm a lucky man to have a wife like
you. ~~The biggest day I ever had in my life was the day~~
~~you married me. I'm beginnin' to feel like a skunk~~
~~goin' off an' leavin' you like this.~~ Maybe I ought to
drop the whole trip and stay home.

ANNETTE: You're sweet, Charles. But I wouldn't think of it.
You've worked hard, and you need the rest. Now, you
just go ahead and.....

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

ANNETTE: Oh. Come in....

(DOOR OPENS)

ANNETTE: Oh. Clyde.....

CLYDE: Everything's ready, Doctor Pierce. I got Rex tethered
in the trailer. Pickup truck's all gassed up, and
ready to go.

PIERCE: Good.

CLYDE: You hittin' the road right away?

PIERCE: Not for a couple of hours. Got to go down to the office,
and see a couple of last minute patients before I go.
Oh. Clyde. Before you go.....

CLYDE: Yes, sir?

PIERCE: Mrs. Pierce'll be all alone when I'm away. I'd appreciate it if you'd sort of keep an eye on her while I'm gone.

CLYDE: Sure, Doctor. I'll watch out for her. She'll be fine, don't you worry.....

PIERCE: Thank you, boy....

(DOOR CLOSE)

ANNETTE: Charles, you'll phone me the minute you get to the ranch-house at Jordan?

PIERCE: Sure I will.

ANNETTE: Promise?

PIERCE: The minute I get there. I promise.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

~~(PHONE RING)~~

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

BRANCH: Sheriff Branch talking.

ANNETTE: (FILTER) Sheriff, this is Mrs. Pierce.....Doctor Pierce's wife.

BRANCH: ~~Oh, Yes, Mrs. Pierce?~~

ANNETTE: ~~I...I'm worried about my husband. He took the car, and left for a vacation at Jordan, and he was supposed to phone me when he got there. But that was hours ago, and I still haven't heard from him.~~
Sheriff Branch
he was supposed to reach here
was + phone me.

BRANCH: Wal, Mrs. Pierce, maybe he just forgot.

ANNETTE: No, no. I called the ranch-house at Jordan, Charles....
~~my husband....he~~ never even got there. Sheriff, I'm going out of my mind with worry. It's wild country between here and Jordan, and I keep thinking maybe something happened to him, maybe he had an accident, or or.....

BRANCH: Now don't you worry, Mrs. Pierce. The doctor's the kind of man who can take care of himself. But if it'll make you feel any better, I'll send out a search party right away!

(MUSIC: -- -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: It's about midnight in your office at the News-Tribune, Maury Russell. It's about midnight and you're just writing a few heads for some local stuff when.....

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

MAURY: Russell, New Tribune.

BRANCH: (FILTER) Maury, Sheriff Branch.

MAURY: Oh. Hello, Dan. What's up?

BRANCH: You know that stretch of hayfield between the Devlin ranch on Sucker Creek and the Cow Creek meadows?

MAURY: Yeah. What about it?

BRANCH: Better get down there right away.

MAURY: Why?

BRANCH: They just found Rex, Doc Pierce's pinto. And the saddle's empty!

(MUSIC: -- -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You drive through the soft, purple night, fragrant with the pungent aroma of some distant sagebrush fire, so typical of the Oregon-Idaho-Nevada borderlands. You leave your car on the rough graveled lane, and strike across the meadow toward a group of men with flashlights.....

(LIGHT WHOO OF WIND)

(WHINNY OF HORSE.)

MAURY: Dan, ^{Maury:} what do you think could have happened to Doc Pierce?

BRANCH: Yeah? ^{Maury}

BRANCH: He didn't just wander off and get lost. Why, he knows this country like the back of his hand. It could be he tied his horse to this tree, and set out to do a little hunting. Maybe he's out somewhere in the sagebrush now, with a broken leg.

MAURY: It's no good, Dan.

BRANCH: Why not?

MAURY: Doc Pierce was a hunter, and he trained his horses to stand, as hunters do. He'd never tether Rex to a tree like this. Someone else led the horse here, and tethered him.

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

NARR: An hour later, every rancher in ~~Hawaii~~ ^{+ around} and Canyon County is alerted. This is over the Oregon line, but both Idaho and Oregon state police join the search, beating the sagebrush, foot by foot, looking along the roads and highways. Finally, the next morning, hidden in a ravine about a mile off the Idaho-Oregon-Nevada highway...

BRANCH: This is Doc Pierce's pickup truck and trailer all right, Maury.

MAURY: Yeah. ^{Dan} But there's one thing I'd bet a week's pay on.

BRANCH: What's that?

MAURY: Doc Pierce didn't drive that trailer and truck off the highway and park it here.

BRANCH: How do you know for sure?

MAURY: Because the keys are in the dashboard. That's one thing I know Pierce would never do, he's a very methodical kind of guy.

BRANCH: I don't know, the whole thing gets crazier and crazier. We find his horse in one place, his truck in another.

MAURY: And the big question is still...where's Doc Pierce?

BRANCH: We'll backtrack these tire tracks to the highway, Maury.

(GRIMLY) Maybe we'll find the answer there!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

MAURY: Dan! Here on the road.

(FOOTSTEPS ON CONCRETE.)

BRANCH: A pool of blood, eh?

MAURY: Yeah... ~~(and shot gun wadding all over the place. And~~
look what's lying in the middle of the road.

BRANCH: An empty shot-gun cartridge. Twelve gauge.

MAURY: Dan, we can't say for sure. But I've got a pretty good idea that we'll never see Doc Pierce again...alive. If signs mean anything, he was bushwhacked and murdered right here.

BRANCH: No doubt about it. But why? Why should anyone dry-gulch the Doc? If there ever was a popular man in Canyon County, Doc Pierce was the man. I can't think of a single enemy he ever made.

MAURY: ~~(GRIMLY) He made one, somewhere.)~~ You can see the tire tracks of a car in the sand here ~~beside the road.~~
must have been
Somebody ~~was~~ waiting for him, Dan. And by the looks of that red puddle and the rest of it, Doc Pierce walked right up close before the killer let him have it ~~with that twelve gauge.~~

BRANCH: ^{must}
~~might~~ have been someone he knew. A friend of his ~~maybe~~,
someone he never figured would draw on him.

MAURY: ^{must}
~~might~~ have been. I....(CUTS) Dan, wait a minute.

BRANCH: Yeah?

MAURY: There's a trail of blood leading off into the sage there.
Looks like Doc Pierce staggered a ways before he...^{dropped}

BRANCH: (GRIMLY) Let's go in and take a look, Maury.

(MUSIC: ___ IN WITH ___)

NARR: You and Dan Branch beat your way into the sage, follow
the staggered trail of blood. Twenty feet...thirty
feet...and you stare down at the grass, waiting for
the huddled corpse on the ground to appear. And then,
suddenly, both you and Branch stop, and stare at each
other....

BRANCH: Maury, this is where the trail ends.

MAURY: Yeah. But where's the body, Dan? What happened to ~~the~~
~~corpse~~ of Doc Pierce?

(MUSIC: ___ CURTAIN ___)

(MUSIC: ___ TURNTABLE ___)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a
PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

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 by actual measure -
PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine
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CHAPPELL: Wherever you go today, notice how many people have
changed to PELL MELL - the longer, finer cigarette in
the distinguished red package.

(STARTS E.T.)

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a
PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

CHAPPELL: 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 Maury Russell, as he lived it, and wrote it.

NARR: You, Maury Russell of the Caldwell News Tribune, and Sheriff Dan Branch, stare down at a trail of blood ending abruptly in the sagebrush. But you find no body, and you realize that the killer must have dragged or carried it to his car, and disposed of it elsewhere. And without a body, you can't be sure it ~~was~~ ^{was} actually Doc Pierce who was ambushed and killed. And Dan Branch adds another thought ...

BRANCH: Maury, without a corpse, we couldn't convict the killer, even if we did catch up to him.

MAURY: ~~(And who knows where the body is?)~~

BRANCH: Yeah. This is wild country hereabouts. The killer might have buried Doc Pierce ten feet deep somewhere out in the mountains, or sage, and we'd wait till ~~doomsday to find him.~~

MAURY: Looks as though our only lead is the killer's car, Dan. The first job is to find it.

BRANCH: Yeah. But even before that, we've got a much dirtier job to do, Maury. First, we've got to tell Mrs. Pierce!

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

ANNETTE: (DULLY) I can't believe he's dead, Sheriff. And until ... until his body is found, I ... I'll never believe it. I just won't believe he'll never come home again. Why, only yesterday he held me in his arms and ... and said, good-bye. Only yesterday, he walked out of that door, and ... (BREAKS JUST A LITTLE) and ...

BRANCH: I'm sorry, Mrs. Pierce.

ANNETTE: (QUIET, RESTRAINED) If ever two people were in love, it was Charles and I. (~~Oh, I know, some people marry~~ for convenience, some for companionship, some for money or position. But ours was different, ours was real. I can say this so quietly, gentlemen, in such a matter-of-fact way, because it was so true. I can't cry. I just can't carry on. If Charles were really dead, I know he wouldn't want me to. But I can't believe he's dead, I won't believe it.

MAURY: I hope he isn't, Mrs. Pierce. But we've got to be realistic, we've got to face ...

ANNETTE: Oh, I know, Mr. Russell, I know, how hopeless it looks. But give me my little shred of hope, my little straw of faith. Don't take that away from me, please ...

MAURY: ~~I ... I'm sorry. I didn't mean to~~...

ANNETTE: (RUNNING ON) There never was a sweeter, kinder, more considerate man than my husband. ^{Why, we know that Mrs. Pierce -} Why, do you know when he left, he kept worrying about me, about leaving me alone in this big house. He offered to stay home with me, to forget about his vacation. I thought I was being unselfish, I told him to go. ~~I wish I had been selfish now, I wish I had made him stay.~~

BRANCH: Mrs. Pierce, do you know of any enemy the Doctor might have had? Anybody who might have had a personal grudge against him ... ?

ANNETTE: Enemies? Charles never had an enemy in all his life. Who could have had anything against him, he devoted his life to helping other people. If there ever was a man people loved, it was ... (BREAKS HER, SOBS) Oh, Charles, Charles, darling. ~~I promised you I wouldn't cry, I tried not to, But I can't help it, I can't help it!~~

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Next, the hired man, Clyde Robbins. And he tells you ~~the~~ *Sherriff* the same thing ...

CLYDE: There wasn't a man in Caldwell, or in the whole county, that Doc Pierce didn't call by his first name, Sheriff. Maybe someone bushwhacked him, but it must have been a stranger, it couldn't have been any one who knew what kind of man the Doc was.

BRANCH: How long have you been working for him, Robbins?

CLYDE: Six months. I'm a cowhand by trade, took the job when I was passing through. Never figured I'd stick on it, but here I am.

MAURY: Why did you stick?

CLYDE: Because I never had a boss like Doc Pierce, Mr. Russell. All man and a real friend. The kind of hombre who'd give you the shirt off his back.

MAURY: Are you going to stay on for awhile, Robbins?

CLYDE: Well, it's goin' to be mighty quiet around here, now that he's gone. I figure I'll stick it out till Mrs. Pierce gets over this, and then I'll move on. I've got no reason to stay here any more, no heart for it!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(CAR UNDER)

MAURY: Dan ...

BRANCH: Yep?

MAURY: About Annette Pierce. She's a very attractive redhead.

BRANCH: She sure is.
quite a bit older than the Doctor.

MAURY: And younger. ~~She must have been half Doc Pierce's age.~~

BRANCH: Yeah. ~~Probably.~~

MAURY: Now you take this hired man, Clyde Robbins. He must be about her age. A big, good-looking guy, young and strong ...

BRANCH: Wait a minute, Maury. Hold on. What's all this about, what's in your mind?

MAURY: A quotation by Shakespeare.

BRANCH: What quotation?

MAURY: To paraphrase it, a little ... "Methinks she doth protest too much."

BRANCH: Mrs. Pierce?

MAURY: Mrs. Pierce. How do we know she isn't the Lady Macbeth of Caldwell, Idaho.

BRANCH: ~~Look, Maury, you gone crazy?~~

MAURY: Well, I ...

BRANCH: You don't have a story, so you try to dream up one. Of all the loco ideas I ever heard, this is the worst. ~~You got any evidence, proof?~~

MAURY: ~~No.~~

BRANCH: ~~Then~~ why don't you stick to writin' for the News-Tribune, and leave Shakespeare out of it.

MAURY: Yeah. I guess you're right, Dan. (SIGHS) Too much imagination, no facts at all. I guess it's just the hum in me. But where do we go from here?

BRANCH: The answer's in that car, the killer's car. Maybe someone passed it on the road, while the bushwhacker waited for Doc Pierce to come along. Maybe someone recognized it.

MAURY: Maybe. It's a chance, Dan. Tell you what I'll do.

BRANCH: Yeah?

MAURY: I'll write a piece about it in ~~my~~ ^{the} paper. Give the location on a map, everything. Maybe we'll come up with ~~someone~~ ^{somebody} that way!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You run the story. And the next day, you hit the jackpot ...

MAURY: You saw a car waiting at the exact spot on the map, Mr. Harmon?

HARMON: Yes sir, ^{Mr. Russell} Right there, on that sharp curve. Had to slow down, and saw it pretty plain, round about dusk. Nearest as I could make out, it was a beat-up green Ford.

MAURY: Did you notice the license plate?

HARMON: Seemed to me it was an Idaho plate.

MAURY: And you didn't recognize ~~the man~~ ^{who it was} in the car?

HARMON: Nope. Didn't get a real good look at him, he was hunched down in the seat. The feller waved at me when I went by, though, and I figured he wasn't in any trouble, jest resting a bit.

MAURY: Mr. Harmon, look. It's important that we find that car, the State's full of green Fords. Did you notice anything else about that car?

HARMON: Seemed to me there was some kind of animal's tail tied to the aerial, Mr. Russell. Squirrel, I think, ~~fox~~ maybe. That's all I saw, and that's all I know.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: It's something. It's enough for a start. You and Dan Branch mutually agree not to give this clue any publicity, you don't want to scare the killer away. After that, you start a quiet search for the car. A week passes. ~~Two days.~~ Nothing. And then one afternoon, you run into a friend of yours, Joe ~~Chapman~~ ^{Chapman} a clerk at probate court. And over a coke ...

(DRUG STORE B.G.)

JOE: Anything new on Doc Pierce, Maury?

MAURY: No. They haven't found the body yet, Joe.

JOE: Too bad. He was a nice guy. And I'll tell you one thing. After he's legally declared dead, his widow won't have to take in washing. He sure left her well fixed, I can tell you that.

MAURY: How do you know that?

JOE: I should know. Maybe I'm talking out of school right now, but it'll be public knowledge any day now. Anyway, Doc Pierce ~~probated~~ ^{filed} a will just three weeks before the day he disappeared. Left everything to his wife, cut his other relatives out.

MAURY: Three weeks before he disappeared, eh?

JOE: Yeah. And that's what I call nice timing.

MAURY: (SLOWLY) So do I, Joe. So do I!

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You walk out of the drug store with Joe, and you wonder. And you say to yourself, maybe, just maybe. You think of Lady Macbeth again, and the scene where she tries to wash the blood from her hands, and somehow, Shakespeare doesn't seem so incongruous in Canyon County any more. And then, suddenly you see it. You stop on the sidewalk, and stare ...

(LIGHT TRAFFIC SOUNDS OFF)

MAURY: Joe!

~~JOE:~~ That broken down Ford there ... the blue one with the squirrel tail on the aerial.

JOE: What about it?

MAURY: Is that a fresh paint job ... or isn't it?

JOE: Sure looks like it. ~~But what...~~

MAURY: Joe, would you know who owns that car?

JOE: Why, yes. Matter of fact, I do. A cowhand named Roy Bemis. ~~Lives up Parma way. And he's just coming out of the hardware store now!~~

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

ROY: Lissen, Shariff, you got me all wrong. I never killed anybody in my life. What would I want to do a thing like that for?

BRANCH: What color was your car before you painted it, Bemis?

ROY: I didn't paint it. The hombre who sold it to me did.

MAURY: When did he sell it to you?

ROY: Why, just a week ago!

MAURY: What was his name?

ROY: Robbins. Clyde Robbins. He drove it up to Parma, and we made the deal, then and there!

BRANCH: Clyde Robbins? (A BEAT) Maury ...

MAURY: Yeah?

BRANCH: Remind me to read up on Shakespeare sometime!

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

(DOOR CLOSE)

CLYDE: (FRANTIC) (CALLING) Annette! Annette!

ANNETTE: (COMING IN) What is it, Clyde? What's the matter?

CLYDE: We're in trouble. We're in plenty of trouble.

ANNETTE: What do you mean?

CLYDE: They caught the hombre I sold the car to. They've got him down at Sheriff Branch's office, asking him questions. I saw 'em bring him in. And they'll be coming around to see us next!

ANNETTE: Let them.

CLYDE: But don't you see? They're gonna find out what we did ... what you told me to do. Look, we've got to vamoose, get out of the country fast, make for Canada, before they ...

ANNETTE: You forgot one thing, darling.

CLYDE: What?

ANNETTE: My poor, dear, departed husband left me an estate. It's a lot of money, Clyde, dear. I want to wait around and collect it.

CLYDE: Yeah. But if we don't leave ...

ANNETTE: If we do leave, it'll be an admission of guilt. Now, darling, don't look so worried, try to relax. There isn't a thing to worry about, you're acting like a frightened schoolboy ...

CLYDE: (AGITATED) I dunno, I dunno. This hombre Bemis will tell them I sold the car. I can't figure how they found out it was the same car but ...

ANNETTE: Clyde ...

CLYDE: Yeah?

ANNETTE: (A BEAT, AND SILKY) Come here.

CLYDE: Annette, look ...

ANNETTE: (MAGNETIC) Come here, you ^{Darling} ~~great big~~ beautiful fool.

CLYDE: I ...

ANNETTE: Put your arms around me, honey. That's it. Now ...
kiss me ...

(A PAUSE)

CLYDE: (HOARSELY) Annette ... Annette ...

ANNETTE: You mustn't worry, darling. I've thought of everything, everything. You know what to tell them if they come. I told you what to tell them.

CLYDE: Yeah. Yeah, I know --

ANNETTE: After all, they haven't found Charles's body. We saw to that. And if they don't find the body, they really can't convict anyone of anything, can they?

CLYDE: No. No, they can't.

ANNETTE: Well, then! Clyde, darling, ~~I know what we did was a dreadful thing to do. But in a way, it was only an act of kindness, I didn't love Charles, not really.~~ I was so bored before you came here, so bored. He was a nice man, very nice, but so old, so settled. You and I, we're young. We've got a whole life ahead of us, we belong together. ~~Darling, darling, the minute I saw you, I said there's my man, there's the man I really want!~~

CLYDE: Annette ... baby ...

ANNETTE: Don't say anything more, sweet. Don't say another word, and don't worry another moment.

(MUSIC: _ BRIDGE)

BRANCH: All right, Robbins, where were you on the day Doctor Pierce disappeared?

CLYDE: I told you, Sheriff. I drove Mrs. Pierce to the auction sale in Ontario, over in Oregon.

MAURY: Right after Doctor Pierce left on his vacation?

CLYDE: That's right, Russell.

BRANCH: That your story too, Mrs. Pierce?

ANNETTE: (COOLLY) It's not a story, Sheriff. It happens to be the truth.

MAURY: Mrs. Pierce, your husband disappeared on a Monday. That right?

ANNETTE: That's right.

MAURY: And on that day, you and Clyde Robbins spent the day and part of the evening at the auction sale.

ANNETTE: Yes.

MAURY: (A BEAT) Tell you something funny.

ANNETTE: I'm not in the mood for jokes, Mr. Russell. But go ahead.

MAURY: This isn't any joke, Mrs. Pierce. You see, there isn't any auction sale in Ontario on Monday. *They hold auctions*
~~That's the one~~
~~day it's closed!~~

(MUSIC: _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: They lied. But you still can't prove a thing, not without a corpus delicti, now without a body. You keep after Annette Pierce, you and Dan Branch question her for hours. But she's as tough as steel, admists nothing. Then you both start to concentrate on Clyde Robbins, alone -- try to crack him ...

BRANCH: Why did you lie to us, Robbins?

CLYDE: I didn't lie. We went to the auction. When we got there, we found it closed ...

BRANCH: You went to the highway, waited till Doc Pierce came along, and shot him.

CLYDE: I tell you, I didn't, I didn't, ~~I didn't!~~

MAURY: Look, Robbins, we did a little research on Mrs. Pierce. Maybe you don't know it, but Doc Pierce was her sixth husband. You would have been the seventh. It would be very interesting to find out what happened to the first five men she married ...

CLYDE: (STARES) ^{hesitant?} (Wait a minute. You're trying to tell me ...

MAURY: It's on the record, Robbins.

BRANCH: Robbins, look. If you don't talk, we'll find that body some day, and you'll hang. If you talk, I think we can get you life.

CLYDE: ~~Look, I've been trying to tell you ...~~

MAURY: What'll it be, Robbins. Take your choice. A rope around your neck? Or life?

CLYDE: I ... I ...

BRANCH: Better talk, and now!

CLYDE: All right, all right. (COBS) She made me do it, I swear it, ~~she kept after me and after me, she~~ drove me into doing it. I didn't want to, I never wanted to dry-gulch anybody, but she kept nagging me ...

BRANCH: Go on.

CLYDE: ~~Finally, I gave in.~~ I was crazy about her, and I ~~gave in.~~ *did it for her.*
Doc Pierce had to go to town first to take care of some patients. I went ahead on the highway and waited. I flagged him down, and shot him.

MAURY: And after that?

CLYDE: After that, he ran into the sage and dropped. I guess I lost my head after that, I went crazy, did crazy things. I dragged him back and stuffed him in the trunk of my car. I drove the truck and trailer into a ravin, rode Rex a ways, and then tied him to a tree. After that, I came back to get rid of the body.

BRANCH: Where's the body now, ~~Robbins?~~

CLYDE: I buried it. In the mountains . . . about fifteen miles south of Marsing. But I swear it wasn't my idea, the whole idea was hers. She made me do it, Sheriff, so help me, she made me do it!

(MUSIC: _ _ CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Maury Russell of the Caldwell, Idaho News - Tribune with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: _ _ TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

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 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: 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 Maury Russell of the Caldwell, Idaho News-Tribune.

RUSSELL: KILLER IN TONIGHT'S BIG STORY TESTIFIED AGAINST HIS WOMAN ACCOMPLICE. HE ESCAPED THE DEATH PENALTY AND WAS SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT. AS IT TURNED OUT, THE VICTIM'S WIFE ALSO ESCAPED THE ROPE, AND WAS SENTENCED TO PRISON FOR THE REST OF HER LIFE. WHEN I LAST HEARD OF HER, SHE WAS TEACHING MUSIC IN THE OREGON STATE PRISON AT SALEM. I GREATLY APPRECIATE TONIGHT'S PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Russellthe 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 Memphis, Tennessee, Commercial Appeal by-line ---Roy Jennings. A Big Story of a reporter who followed a sordid case to find out why men 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)

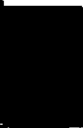
CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Procter with original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Max Ehrlich from an actual story from the front pages of the Caldwell Idaho News Tribune. Your Narrator ~~was~~ Bob Sloan ~~and~~ Bob Donley played the part of Maury Russell. In order to protect the names of people actually involved in tonight's authentic BIG STORY, the names of all characters in the dramatization were changed, with the exception of the reporter, Mr. Russell.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.
THIS IS NBC.....THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

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ATX01 0005671



ATX01 0005672

THE BIG STORY

AS BROADCAST

PROGRAM #258

CAST

NARRATOR

BOB SLOANE

EMMA

RUTH YORKE

BERTHA

KATHLEEN NIDAY

HOBSON

HUMPHREY DAVIS

BARTENDER

HUMPHREY DAVIS

ROY

FRANCIS De SALES

CHARLES

SCOT TENNYSON

GLENCOE

COURT BENSON

DIXON

COURT BENSON

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5, 1952

ATX01 0005673

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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MELL.

(END E.T.)

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(MUSIC: -- INTRO & UNDER)

ANNCR: Memphis, Tennessee. The story as it actually happened.
Roy Jennings's story as he lives it.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR.: You cover the police beat, Roy Jennings, ~~every night of~~
~~the year~~. You sit at your desk at Memphis Police ~~Head-~~
Headquarters and watch. the parade of ~~police men leading~~
drunks and disorderlies, men charged with armed robbery,
assault, disturbing the peace, the legal terminology
~~for the violent outbreaks of human misery. This case was~~ *The Hobson murder was*
no different, you know that. ~~The crime was no more~~
~~horrible than any other~~. The motive was simple and dirty.
~~The people were just people~~. There wasn't any great
deduction in this case, no involved detections. No
romantic chases. The solution came through routine
police and newspaper work. But when it was all over, when
you checked back and dug up the lives involved ~~you knew~~
~~you had a big story. Big, because behind the sordid crime~~
you found unhappy humanity. It started in a hotel room
in downtown Memphis. You were there with Homicide Deputy
Inspector Glencoe.

GLENCOE: Pretty, ain't it, Roy?

ROY: What did he die of?

GLENCOE: Strangulation most likely. Whoever tied him up like that
did his job too good. Look at that, sheets, towels, they
trussed him up like a hog at killing time.

ROY: Who is he?

GLENCOE: Al Hobson. He's a plumber.

ROY: What is it? Why was he killed?

GLENCOE: Take a look over yonder on the table.

ROY: Set ups.

GLENCOE: Looks like Hobson had company. We figure somebody went for his wallet, it was missing.

(GLASS CLINKS)

ROY: (SNIFFS) Southern Comfort and Coca Cola. Lipstick on the glass a woman.

GLENCOE: I reckon. The maid found him. He's been dead around twenty-four hours.

ROY: Any idea who did it?

GLENCOE: Well, whoever it is, he must be cussing now. Hobson got paid on Friday, thirty-five dollars, ^{we checked + I figure he must have} he ~~spent all but~~ ^{spent} ~~about fourteen~~ ^{about} dollars of it at beer joints around.

ROY: You mean, ~~that's~~ ^{was \$14} all he had? [^] He was killed for ~~fourteen~~ ^{fourteen} dollars. ~~Count?~~

GLENCOE: Looks like. Got a wife and kids, too.

ROY: And no leads?

GLENCOE: I could easier track down a cat fish in the Mississippi.

ROY: Who'd do a thing like that. Who'd murder a man for fourteen dollars.

GLENCOE: Come on down to jail, I'll show you two dozen.

ROY: There's a story here, Inspector. Look at it, two people, It has to be two people, a woman in account of the lipstick and a man; a man to tie him up. Who are they? What are they like? What do they think about? Where do they come from?

GLENCOE: I'd rather know where they are now.

ROY: That's just police work, finding them, trying them, sending them to jail. I want to know what's inside of them. There's my story.

(MUSIC: JP AND UNDER)

NARR: You found that story, Roy Jennings. You started with Al Hobson, plumber, strangled in a hotel room. And later you pieced out the rest of the picture. Your story which ended in Hobson's death started months before in a small bar in Memphis. ~~A man and a woman sat together. He slumped down, his feet out in the aisle, and the waitress had to step around them every time she went by. The woman looked back over his shoulder every few minutes at the door, and then ducked back again behind the seat.~~

(BAR BACKGROUND)

CHARLES: What are you looking for? Is there somebody you know?

EMMA: I told you we shouldn't have come here. Why'd you have to come downtown, Charles?

CHARLES: I don't like those crummy joints where we've been meeting. For one thing the beer's no good.

EMMA: Somebody might see us here.

CHARLES: ~~You didn't have to come.~~ *It'll be all right.*

EMMA: Please, please, honey.

CHARLES: You're all the time worrying.

EMMA: I keep thinking of Harry.

CHARLES: What call have you got to think about him? He don't care about you.

EMMA: I know, but.....

CHARLES: You told me yourself. You're all the time washing clothes, cooking, trying to make his twenty-eight lousy dollars go for five people. Worrying!

EMMA: I know, but if somebody sees us.

CHARLES: What's the difference? You think he's going to care, as long as he's got somebody to pound the grease out of his overalls? He don't care who you're with

EMMA: I shouldn't have started this. I shouldn't have started this in the first place.

CHARLES: You said you love me, don't you honey?

EMMA: Sure, sure, but I'm afraid. I'm always afraid. I have to lie to Harry, ~~I have to lie to Harry~~, I have to lie to the kids.

CHARLES: Well, now, I'm right tired of that myself. When do I get to see you? When you're log tired from scrubbing and worrying and all. That ain't no way to have fun now, is it?

EMMA: I get so tired. I sit there in that room at night, just worrying. Worrying about which kid's got a cold and whether the grocery bill will get paid. Harry keeps telling me I ought to keep better account of the money. I can't, the figures just make my headache.

CHARLES: Sure, sure, honey. A woman shouldn't have to worry like that.

EMMA: Harry tried to be good to me.

CHARLES: Why not? Where else can he get that kind of a servant, just for board and keep?

EMMA: I used to have fun. Before I was married I was working up to the mill. At the end of the week I'd just tell Mama I was going to be home late. I'd go out and dance and dance.....

CHARLES: You could do it again, honey.

EMMA: How? How am I ever going to get out with the kids runny noses and Harry on the night shift?

CHARLES: Forget about them. You like being with me, don't you?

EMMA: ~~Sure~~ I do, ~~I do~~, Charles, ~~I surely do~~. It's been the only fun I've had since before I was married.

CHARLES: Then make up your mind, honey, that's all you got to do. Just make up your mind.

(MUSIC: UP AND DOWN)

NARR: Much later you were able to piece together the picture Ray Jennings. Emma Dixon driven by the feeling that somehow she was cheated, somehow she had missed the turn and had been trapped into a world of dirty clothes and worry. You filled the story in... The morning when she packed her bag and walked quietly to the door of ~~there~~^{there} three-room home.

DIXON: (OFF) Emma, that you?

EMMA: What is it, Harry?

DIXON: Will you fix the shade? How can I go to sleep with the sun burning my eyes.

(FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD)

EMMA: The shade's torn.

DIXON: (COMING ON) Well, fix it somehow, will you? I'm ~~all~~ in bed.

(SHADE RATTLING)

EMMA: That better?

DIXON: I reckon it will have to do. You're all dressed up.
Where you going?

EMMA: Down street.

DIXON: You're going into those big stores. You watch out.
I have to buy a new clutch for the car.

EMMA: I won't buy anything.

DIXON: Where are the kids?

EMMA: Tom and Ellie are at school. Pete's next door at the
Collins'.

DIXON: See if you can keep 'em quiet this morning will you?
I ain't had a good rest in a week.

EMMA: Nobody'll bother you any more, Harry.

DIXON: You look real pretty in that dress, Emmy. I don't
believe you've worn that for a year.

EMMA: I.....I gotta go Harry. I'll be late.

DIXON: Well, go along now then.

(FOOTSTEPS ON BOARD)

(DOOR OPEN)

DIXON: (OFF) Good by, Emmy.

EMMA: Good bye, Harry.

(DOOR CLOSE)

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~The stage is set for the impending tragedy as~~ Emma Dixon
in her best dress, the one she'd been saving, walks
down the weed choked path to the road, ^a thin cardboard
imitation leather suitcase in her hand and at the curb,
Charles Minter, waits in a '39 Chevy.

-3-

(CAR DOOR OPEN)

CHARLES: Get in.

(DOOR CLOSE)

What's the matter, you're crying.

EMMA: I'll be alright.

CHARLES: Well, let's get going.

EMMA: Go up fourth Street.

CHARLES: Why should I make a U turn? I'm pointing the other way?

EMMA: I don't want to go past Collins', Pete's playing in the front yard. I don't want ~~he should~~ ^{him to} see me.

CHARLES: (IMPATIENTLY) Okay, okay, well, let's go.

(CAR MOTOR GUNNED)

(MUSIC: SWEEP OVER AND UNDER)

NARR: You get the story when it was all over, Roy Jennings, the story of empty beer cans in the corner of a room, meals on the run...Memphis, Covington, Dicesburg, Fayetteville, Chattanooga. The story of dusty tourist cabins, faded wall paper in hotel rooms, clothes never clean, going to sleep at night in a beer haze, waking up in the morning with the sound of some kid squawling, and voices high pitched in argument. It's the story of a pattern that didn't change, Emma Dixon's life of worry and petty nagging that went on.

(CAR RUNNING)

EMMA: Why didn't you stop back there, Charles? I'm hungry.

CHARLES: I didn't like the way that place looked.

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EMMA: What's the matter with it? Looked as good as that greasy place we had breakfast at. Charles, I'm hungry. Why don't we stop?

CHARLES: If you want to know, we haven't got any money.

EMMA: What do you mean, we haven't got any money? I sold my ~~very~~ own ring, didn't I? The one Harry's mother gave me.

CHARLES: Big deal, big deal! Eighteen dollars ~~and sixty-eight cents~~. That must have been some diamond.

EMMA: That ring had a great deal of sentimental value. I valued it very highly.

CHARLES: Why didn't you tell that to the pawn broker?

EMMA: Anyway, what happened to the money? You kept it.

CHARLES: What do you think happened to it?

EMMA: I want to know where we're going anyway.

CHARLES: What do you care?

EMMA: I'm riding in this car. I got a right to know where we're going. I got a right to know what you did with that eighteen dollars. I'm getting tired of just dragging around from one place to another. (SHE STARTS CRYING) I'm getting tired.

CHARLES: For cryin' out loud, stop that! If I'd have know every time anything went wrong you'd start bawling.....

EMMA: If you'd have known, what would you have done?

CHARLES: Now, honey. Don't start that again.

EMMA: It's alright for you. You didn't have anything to lose.

CHARLES: Neither did you. Not the way you told it to me.

EMMA: I'm lonesome. I want to see my children.

CHARLES: Go ahead, go on back to them, go on crawling back to your Harry.

EMMA: I can't you know I can't. Charles, why did we have to start this way. It's the same, arguing about money, arguments about everything! That's why I went away, I couldn't stand it.

CHARLES: Alright, alright, cut it out, now, it's going to be alright.

EMMA: What do you mean?

CHARLES: I got an idea, we're going to get some money.

EMMA: How?

CHARLES: I told you I know how to get around, didn't I? We're headin' back to Memphis. Don't you worry. You let me take care of everything.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: They met Al Hobson in a bar. He was feeling pretty good. He'd broke his pay check four bars up the street.

(BAR BACKGROUND)

CHARLES: (LOW) Go on, Emma.

EMMA: I don't like this, Charles. I don't like it at all.

CHARLES: Well you shut up and get over there! You see that wallet?

EMMA: But that's stealing

CHARLES: I know what I'm doing.

EMMA: Charles, I'm scared.

CHARLES: You just do like I told you, there's nothing to it. You just ask him up for a friendly drink, that's all. What's the harm to that? Now go on.

(CHAIR SCRAPPED, FOOTSTEPS)

EMMA: Excuse me.

HOBSON: Hello, there!

EMMA: I...I wondered if you all got change for a quarter. I got to make a phone call.

HOBSON: Why sure, sure, honey, I got change, I got lots of change. Here, here, take all you want.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND DOWN) --

NARR: That's the story you found out later, Roy Jennings. But now you stood in that hotel room and you tried not to look at the body on the bed tied up with sheets, the towel gag in the mouth. You look away at the streaked wall paper, and faded rug, the Gideion bible on the bureau. You wonder about the murderers.

ROY: Who are they? What are they like Inspector? What do they think about? What brought a man and a woman to commit murder for fourteen dollars?

GLENCOE: That's be real interesting, Roy, but right now we got a little more pressing problem. We gotta find ourselves a pair of killers, and the trail's as cold as that body over yonder.

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG ACT)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a
PELL MELL,

(END E.T.)

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 - 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. 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.

(START E.T.)

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL
MELL. (MORE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL CONT'D)

(END E.T)

CHAPPELL: FELL WELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- THEME UP AND DOWN)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and ~~the 1958 story of~~ ^{reporter} Roy Jennings' ~~Big Story~~ as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: You walk out of the room, Roy Jennings, tagging along behind Inspector Glencoe like a skiff ~~tying~~ ^{tried} on to a Mississippi stern wheeler. He has the routine of examinations in black and white in his book.

GLENCOE: This here's all we've got, Roy. The room was booked under the name of Mr. and Mrs. Walters with a Chatanooga address. We already checked that, it's a phony.

ROY: Anybody see this Mr. and Mrs Walters?

GLENCOE: A couple of folks, the room clerk, the maid who discovered the body.

ROY: Can't you get an identification off that?

GLENCOE: Son, the way most folks use their eyes, you could walk around with a green nose and half a dozen ears and nobody'd pay ~~it no mind.~~ ^{any attention to it.}

ROY: But if they saw them?

GLENCOE: Oh, I got description alright, only they could fit about two-thirds of the people in Memphis. That's what's holding this up. I can't even get enough of a hook to put an identification on the wire.

ROY: They must have picked Hobson up somewhere. Most likely a bar. Inspector, do you mind if I try?

GLENCOE: Go on along. If you get an identification that doesn't sound like half a dozen people all rolled into one, let me know.

*
(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

HARR: You start out from the hotel and work down the street from bar to bar, beer joint to beer joint. You ask the same questions, anybody see Hobson? One or two bartenders had, alone, and that's no help. You look at the people sitting at the bar, nursing beers, making a dime go as far as possible, and you think it could have been one of those, any one. A man was murdered for fourteen dollars, give or take a dime, and you want to find the killers. You want to ~~dig~~ dig behind it and find out why. Finally at the corner you hit a lead. The Bartender improves the shining hour by rubbing down a section of the bar with an oil rag as he talks to you

BARTENDER: Yeah...yeah....I know Hobson. He was in here a day or two ago.

ROY: Friday?

BARTENDER: Yeah, that's right, Friday.

ROY: Was he with anybody?

BARTENDER: Well, let me see? ~~It was about seven o'clock. He ordered a bottle of beer.~~ No, he was alone, leastwise, he was when he came in.

ROY: What do you mean, did he meet somebody?

BARTENDER: ~~Look, Mr. Jennings, I can't want to get in any trouble. They're pretty tough about licenses.~~

ROY: ~~I'll cover for you. Did Hobson meet somebody?~~

BARTENDER: Well, there was this woman. She came up to him, said she wanted change to make a phone call. Was kind of obvious right there, I had my cash register open, she didn't ask me.

ROY: What did she look like?

BARTENDER: Well, now, I'd say she wasn't used to doing that sort of thing. She looked kinda scared, maybe ashamed.

ROY: What did she look like? A description?

BARTENDER: I don't know, just...just a woman. Nothing to write home about. I guess she looked good to Hobson.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You found a point of contact. At this bar Al Hobson met his murderer. But still no description. Nothing to hang your hat on. But you've got one more chance...the maid who discovered the body. You find her at the hotel changing the linen in the murder room

BERTHA: Some girls wouldn't come in a room like this, but I'm not afraid.

ROY: I'm sure you're not, Miss Enshaw.

BERTHA: I told ~~Mr. Cartwright~~ ^{the manager} Room 904's my regular job and I'm going to do it. If I could stand walking in finding that poor man tied up like a turkey for the oven I can make up the bed where the poor soul died.

ROY: Miss Enshaw, you saw the man and the woman who came up here with Mr. Hobson?

BERTHA: Well, now, I didn't rightly see the man.

ROY: But the woman. Think carefully. The police haven't got a good description yet. What did she look like?

BERTHA: Well, I already told that policeman.

ROY: I've got all you said to Inspector Glencoe. Was there something else? Something that sticks out, something that you'd notice about that woman, if I could get one thing I could write it in the paper.

BERTHA: I don't rightly follow you. ~~Mind the broom.~~

ROY: Take the nose, that's the first thing you notice in a person's face, the nose. What was her nose like? Was it long? Was it short? Was it large? Was it small?

BERTHA: Well, now, that's a funny thing, I looked at that woman and it brought to my mind something my Mama used to say. A pointed nose brings bad luck.

ROY: A pointed nose?

BERTHA: Why, ^{yes sir} ~~sure~~, she had a real sharp pointed nose. ~~My Mama would have said keep away from a woman like that. Yes, --~~
~~sir, a pointed nose brings real bad luck.~~

(MUSIC: UP AND DOWN)

NARR: You've got an angle now, Roy Jennings, a woman with a pointed nose. You sit down at your typewriter and pound out your story and that pointed nose pokes its way into every paragraph. You play it up big. Your paper covers a pretty wide area around Memphis and before you're through that pointed nose gets to be the top of the local news. It's a simple thing and yet later it pays off. You get a phone call at the paper from Carruthersville, Missouri, and you hustle down to Inspector Glencoe's office with the notice.

ROY: We got the lead we've been looking for, Inspector.

GLENCOE: On that Hobson murder? You find your woman with the pointed nose?

ROY: Maybe. The Sheriff in Carruthersville, Missouri, called. He's got an auto theft on his hands, a man and woman and she had a sharp pointed nose.

GLENCOE: Did they pick 'em up?

ROY: No, but they're headed this way.

GLENCOE: Memphis is a pretty big town, Roy, we got all kinds of roads comin' in.

ROY: Carruthersville has an identification. The man is Charles Minter and his Aunt Clara lives in Memphis, about five blocks from here. You could walk it, Inspector, without losing your breath.

(MUSIC: UP AND DOWN)

~~NARR: You weren't fooling yourself, Roy Jennings. You know~~
this was a routine case from the start. If you were hoping for a rousing finish, a rattling good gun battle you would have been very disappointed, because the end came very quietly. Four days later Charles Minter and Emma Dixon walked up the front steps onto the porch to see his Aunt Clara and Inspector Glencoe arrested them for the murder of Al Hobson.

(MUSIC: UP AND DOWN)

NARR: They stick to their story. They haven't been in Memphis for a long time, they never saw Hobson, they'd never been in the hotel room. You sit in the background, perched on the sink while Inspector Glencoe questions them. They stick with their story until the hotel maid makes an identification.

BERTHA: That's her. That's her alright. I can tell by her pointy nose. Just like that man said. She was in the hotel that night and she went into the room with that ~~Mr. Hobson I found dead.~~

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND DOWN)

NARR: You weren't fooling yourself, Roy Jennings. You knew this was a routine case from the start. If you were hoping for a rousing finish, a rattling good gun battle you would have been very disappointed, because the end came very quietly. Four days later Charles Minter and Emma Dixon came into Memphis by bus...and walked twelve blocks in the heat of noon to his Aunt Clara's house.

(FOOTSTEPS ON PAVEMENT)

CHARLES: Come on, will you. It's up the block.

EMMA: I'm tired. I'm hot and I'm tired.

CHARLES: How about me...I'm carrying the suitcase?

EMMA: What's the use, Charlie...nothing we do is right, nothing!

CHARLES: Will you cut it out. (PHEW) I could use a beer.

EMMA: That car. Why'd we have to take that car? What'd we need it for?

CHARLES: We had to. How were we going to get back to Memphis.

EMMA: What good does it do us now...all crumpled up out on the highway.

CHARLES: That was an accident.

EMMA: I told you I ~~heard~~^{felt} a shimmy on the front wheel...

CHARLES: Here we are...come on...

EMMA: I'm tired. Charlie...I wish it was over. I wish it was all over...

(UP WOOD STAIRS)

GLENCOE: (~~COMING~~ ON) Charles Minter?

EMMA: (GASP) A policeman...

GLENCOE: And Emma Dixon. (FLAT ROUTINE) I arrest you for the murder of Albert Hobson...come on. The squad cars out back.

CHARLES: You satisfied? You had to come back to Memphis... now you satisfied?

GLENCOE: Come along.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND DOWN)

NARR: They've got a story made up between them...and they stick to it.

They haven't been in Memphis for a long time, they never saw Hobson, they'd never been in the hotel room. You sit in the background, perched on the sink while Inspector Glencoe questions them. They stick with their story until the hotel maid makes an identification.

BERTHA: That's her. That's her alright. I can tell by her pointy nose. Just like that man said. She was in the hotel that night and she went into the room with that Mr. Hobson I found dead.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: And now the story comes out . The story of an unhappy woman reaching for something, reaching for something she didn't understand and finding only the same unhappiness. Emma Dixon cracks wide open. The police stenographer fills his book, ~~and~~ his pencil stops frequently and he indicates in faultless Gregg "tears, hysterics". Now you have your story.

EMMA: Charles^a asked him if he could breathe. He asked him if he could breathe before he left that room. We didn't want to kill him, we wanted to take his money, that's all. When we left that room he was alive, I swear before my Maker, I didn't kill him, I didn't kill nobody (CRIES). I.....I.....Couldn't stand it no more, ~~not~~ with Harry, not the working or the money, I could stand that, but it wasn't no different, ~~not~~ with Charles. What for? What did I do it for? The same worry...The same quarrel....the same crying at night. Then we stole that care and Charles^a smashed it against the bench post coming into Memphis.. What have I got now? I've lost my children, I lost everything. Why? Why? What did I want? I never knew, I never really knew. If only I knew what I wanted. I kept looking for it, whatever it was, and I didn't even know. Who's going to forgive me for what I've done to my children?...what I've done to that poor man in that hotel room? I swear I could go to my death now if somebody could tell me why, why did I do it?

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

~~HARR:~~ A sordid crime, a dirty motive, murder for fourteen dollars. A simple case from beginning to end, Roy Jennings, but behind this bungled, stupid killing you found an understand of life, of pitifully inadequate people searching in the dark for something they wouldn't know if by chance they should find it. In the lives, ~~in the crime, you found your big story.~~

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Roy Jennings of the Memphis Tenn. Commercial Appeal, with with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL
MELL.

(END E.T.)

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 - 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: 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 Roy Jennings of the Memphis Tenn. Commercial Appeal.

JENNINGS: The two killers in tonights Big Story pleaded guilty, to murder, although the woman maintained to the end that they did not mean to kill their victim, but only to rob him, and that he was alive when they left the Hotel room. They were convicted, the man sentenced to 99 years, the woman 25. Both are now in the Tennessee State Penitentiary. Many thanks for tonights Fell Mell Award

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Jennings....the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to present you the PELL MELL \$500 award for notable servie 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 Detroit Michigan Times by-line----J.Victor ^{Balt} ~~Balt~~. A Big Story of a reporter who discovers the unexpected in an otherwise ordinary crime.

(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 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 Kency from an actual story from the ^{front} pages of the Memphis Tenn. Commercial Appeal. Your narrator ~~was~~ Bob Sloan ~~and~~ Francis de Sales played the part of Roy Jennings. In order to protect the name 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. Jennings.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: This program is heard by member of the Armed Forces overseas, through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service.

~~This is~~ Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of BELL BELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES. (PAUSE)

Every minute of every day someone, somewhere calls on the Red Cross for help...and gets it! This greatest of all humanitarian work must never stop....the Red Cross must ~~be allowed to~~ continue. And it can ~~and~~ will if you and I ~~and~~ all of us answer the call. The 1952 Red Cross Fund Campaign is now under way. Give all you can. This is NEC.....The National Broadcasting Company.

elcyse

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM # 259

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
DORA	AGNES YOUNG
MRS. FOWLER	JEAN ELLEN
IRENE	JEAN ELLEN
HOBSON	BILL GRIFFIS
CARL	BILL GRIFFIS
SERGEANT	BURT COWLEN
VIC	MAT POLEM
TOBY	JASON JOHNSON
ALEX	JIM STEVENS

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12, 1952

ATX01 0005699

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#259

9:30 - 10:00 PM EST

MARCH 12, 1952

WEDNESDAY

(J. Victor Bate: The Detroit Times)

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

(MUSIC: _ _ _ CHORD)

ALEX: (24) (CAREFULLY) What gives you the idea you can make me a proposition like that, Toby?

TOBY: (57) (NERVOUS) Well, I - I found out you've been to prison twice, Alex, and I - I thought you wouldn't mind making a little money.

ALEX: Uh-huh. How much, for instance?

TOBY: Well - give you fifty down right now, Alex - then when I sell the house, give you some of that.

ALEX: That could take time, Toby.

TOBY: Look, there'll be money for you, Alex. I'll be getting the life insurance, right away almost.

ALEX: (SURPRISED) Life insurance? Say - who'd you want me to do this to, Toby?

TOBY: To My -- my wife, Alex. To my wife.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING ... THEN TO THEME UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Here is America, its sound and its fury, its joy and its sorrow, as faithfully reported by the men and women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT) Detroit, Michigan. From the pages of the Detroit Times: the story of a reporter who discovers the unexpected in an otherwise ordinary crime. Tonight, to J. Victor Bate for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL \$500 Award.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0005700

OPENING COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

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 - 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: So smoke PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ CHORD LOW AND AGITATO, SUSTAIN UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Detroit, Michigan ... the story as it actually happened
...J. Victor Bate's story as he lived it....

(MUSIC: _ _ _ DEVELOP CHORD SOFTLY AND OMINOUSLY UNDER)

NARR: You're a special staff correspondent for the Detroit
Times, Vic Bate, and you're responsible for coverage in
and around the city of Ypsilanti, where you live, about
thirty miles west of Detroit. It's almost your own
private news territory, because you're the big newspaper
in town, and you know the people in City Hall, you know
the cops. But even these connections aren't good enough
to get you ^{to} the spot before your Big Story breaks one
night. You're in bed and asleep - while on North Street
on the other side of town, just before midnight, Toby
Wells and his wife drive down the dark street to their
home...

(CAR UNDER TAB ABOVE)

DORA: (54) (WORRYING ABOUT HIM) The movie didn't help you none,
did it, Toby. Don't worry, dear, we'll make out some way.

TOBY: (NERVOUS) No we can't, Dora. Both of us in our middle
fifties - no way to support ourselves any more.

DORA: Don't fret, dear. I'm sure you can get a job - I'll
get one too - and then you won't have anything to worry
about.

TOBY: (BURSTING OUT) Why do you worry just about me all the
time, Dora!

(CAR IS SLOWING DOWN)

DORA: Toby. Who else is there for me in the world? We've got no children, we've --

TOBY: (TAUT) Alright, alright - here we are home.

DORA: Toby - isn't that someone behind that tree?

TOBY: Don't see anybody.

(CAR STOPS)

DORA: (GASPING) Toby - a man - handkerchief over his face --

ALEX: (MUFFLED, IN FAST) Don't make any noise or I'll brain the lady with this iron pipe.

TOBY: Whata you want - whata you want, Mister --

ALEX: It's a stickup. I'm gettin' in the back o' the car. Don't move till I tell you.

(OPEN AND CLOSE CAR DOOR)

O.K. Now drive out toward Prospect Park. Out along East Forest Avenue. Get going.

(START CAR)

(MUSIC: - - - BRIDGE)

(COUNTRY NIGHT NOISES. CAR SLOW)

DORA: Why don't you just take our money and let us go? Why are you bringing us to this dark place?

ALEX: Stop the car.

(CAR STOPS)

Now gimme your money. Both o' you.

DORA: I've got five dollars and some change. I'll give you every penny .

TOBY: Here's mine - little over seven dollars --

ALEX: I'm gettin' out now. Don't move till I tell you.

(OPEN CAR DOOR)

Now you get out, lady.

(OPEN CAR DOOR)

DORA: (TREMBLING) Me? Toby.

ALEX: (GRABBING) Come on out!

DORA: Toby - help - Toby - Toby -

See, quiet you said (SMACK ON HEAD)

TOBY: (ALMOST SHRIEKING) Alright, Alex, hit her again --
hit her again!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UNDER)

NARR: It's shortly after that, Vic Bate - after one o'clock
in the morning - that the phone beside your bed brings
you up out of your sleep...

(ANTICIPATE PHONE ...LIFT)

VIC: Hello. Who's 'is?

PETER: (FILTER) Vic. Peter Dixon.

VIC: (THEN QUICKLY) ^{What?} Something up, Sergeant?

PETER: Just got a call from headquarters, Vic. Looks like a
murder case in the makin'. I'm gettin' dressed right
away. Wanna meet me?

VIC: Be there on the jump, ~~Sarge~~. What happened?

PETER: Got a report from a Mr. Wells that his wife got slugged
out near Prospect Park. You meet me, ^{at the office} you can help me
go out lookin' for her, Vic.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE)

(CAR SLOW UNDER)

VIC: All those cars out combing the area, Sergeant, somebody
ought to find her pretty soon.

PETER: Lots o' weeds and brush around here, Vic.

VIC: Say, what about the husband? He ought to remember where
it happened.

PETER: He ain't along. He got so sick, he went over to his sister's house.

VIC: To his sister's house.

PETER: Well, the holdup guy - six-footer, dark hair, according to Wells - the guy started beatin' up on her with the gas pipe, and then Wells tried to stop him. So the guy forced him back in the car and made him drive away. Wells heard his wife screamin' all the way out of earshot. Had just about all he could do to make it to headquarters.

VIC: (SHUDDERS) Yeah. See what you mean. (QUICKLY) Sarge. Ahead there. Right side of the road.

(JUMP CAR FORWARD ON)

PETER: Looks like a woman.

(JAM CAR TO STOP, OPEN CAR DOORS FAST,

RUN BRIEFLY)

Peter *Let* *take a look*
VIC: Sarge - she alive?

PETER: Yeah - still breathing. Come on - let's get her to the hospital .

(MUSIC: - - - BRIDGE)

PETER: Whata you think, Doc?

HOBSON: Well, Sergeant - her thick hair absorbed some of the force of the blows - but she's in a dangerous condition anyway. Compound fracture of the skull.

PETER: Think she'll come to?

HOBSON: Don't know yet, Sergeant. Excuse me. (GOING AWAY)
I have to get back to her.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES OFF)

VIC: Sergeant, how about if I go fetch her husband? He doesn't know we found her yet.

PETER: Alright, Vic, will you do that? His sister's over on Huron Street. He left the number with the desk at headquarters. A Mrs. Fowler.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

FOWLER: (50) (AGITATED) Oh, I'm so relieved, Mr. Bate. My brother said that man was killing her.

VIC: Where is your brother, Mrs. Fowler?

FOWLER: He's asleep in the back room. He was in such a terrible state.

VIC: Yes, but - asleep?

FOWLER: He's worn out, he's been a sick man for years. Diabetes.

VIC: Oh. But if he felt that bad, why didn't he just lie down at headquarters?

FOWLER: He's very sensitive about his condition. Oh, he's had so much trouble, he and poor Dora. They had a restaurant over on Michigan Avenue - the Superior Cafe - and just last week the creditors foreclosed them.

VIC: Tough.

FOWLER: So with this happening to poor Dora on top of everything, I guess he just had to come to me. He could hardly stand on his feet, I had to help him to the back room. I'm a widow, you see, so I'm all alone.

TOBY: (OFF) Emily. Who's that?

FOWLER: It's Mr. Bate, Toby, he's a newspaper writer, he's been with the police, he says they found Dora, she's at Beyer Memorial!

TOBY: The hospital? She's alive?! (APPROACHING) Alive?!

FOWLER: Yes, Toby, isn't that wonderful news!

TOBY: Is she - what condition - did she --

FOWLER: He's falling!

VIC: (EFFORT) I've got him. Sit down here, Mr. Wells.

TOBY: Tell me - did she - is she conscious?

VIC: She wasn't when I left. I came to take you to the hospital.

FOWLER: I'll go too.

TOBY: No - no, Emily - I don't want Dora disturbed too much.

FOWLER: But I can wait in the reception --

TOBY: No - you'll cry and - I'm upset enough and - I'm ready to go to the hospital with you, Mr. Bate.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE)

TOBY: Did - is she conscious, Sergeant?

PETER: Don't know, Mr. Wells. Doc Hobson's in there now.

(DOOR OPENS OFF)

Here he comes.

(DOOR CLOSES)

TOBY: Doctor - how's my wife?

HOBSON: Mr. Wells? She's regained consciousness. She's asking for you.

TOBY: She wants to talk to me?

PETER: I'd like to go along, Doc. She might give some additional information.

HOBSON: Alright, Sergeant, but don't be insistent with her. I guess you can come along too, Mr. Bate. But you'll have to stand back and be quiet.

VIC: Alright. Thanks, Doctor.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES. FOOTSTEPS BRIEFLY)

HOBSON: Mrs. Wells. Mrs. Wells.

DORA: (WEAK) My husband. Where's my - Toby . Oh, Toby, Toby darling. Oh, Toby, Toby, ~~Toby~~ dear.

TOBY: (SHAKING) Dora - Dora - are you alright?

DORA: Oh, I'm so - who are those men, Toby?

TOBY: They're the ones who found you and brought you here, Dora. That's Sergeant Dixon - the police - and that's - Police? What does he want?

DORA: Mrs. Wells - I don't want to bother you too much - but

PETER: if you could tell me briefly your recollection of what happened --

DORA: Recollection? It was a hold up, wasn't it? The man with the handkerchief over his face - that's right, isn't it, Toby?

TOBY: That's what I told them, Dora honey.

DORA: He took our money - and then - and then - That's all I remember.

PETER: Could you remember anything about the way he looked? Dark or light? Or how tall? Or his voice?

DORA: Voice? Wasn't very clear through handkerchief. Not very tall. Don't remember anything else. ^{Take my hand} Kiss ~~me~~, Toby. Please - ^{take my hand} ~~kiss me~~, darling.

TOBY: Oh, Dora honey, sure I will...

DORA: Toby Toby ~~Toby~~ dear ...

PETER: She passed out, Doc.

HOBSON: You'll all have to leave the room.

TOBY: Doctor, will she live?

HOBSON: I have hope, Mr. Wells - but I don't know yet.

(MUSIC: QUICK CHORDS AND FADE)

TOBY: No - I'll stay in the waiting-room, Sergeant. I want to be close if anything happens.

PETER: Alright, Mr. Wells. I'll be seeing you.

TOBY: (GOING AWAY) Thank you, Sergeant.

PETER: (PAUSE) Something bothering you, Vic?

VIC: Any place we can talk, ~~Peter~~.

PETER: Doc's office, I guess. What's on your mind?

(FOOTSTEPS UNDER)

VIC: Toby Wells said the holdup guy was a six-footer, didn't he?

PETER: And she just said he wasn't very tall.

VIC: Doesn't that bother you, Sergeant?

PETER: Look at the shape she's in. And it was dark. And she was scared stiff.

vic; Now come on, ~~Sarge~~.

PETER: (AGREEING) Couple of things bothering me. Here's the doc's office. I was waitin' around in here before.

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

Nobody in here. Shoot.

VIC: Sarge - did you get the weird impression that Toby Wells was scared when he went in that room to his wife? I mean - scared about something outside her dying?

PETER: Let's have all the questions.

VIC: They've been piling up in my head. What kind of a holdup weapon is a length of pipe? Why not a gun? Why didn't the holdup guy just order 'em to drive away after he got their dough? Why beat up the wife? She wouldn't offer any resistance to a holdup.

PETERS: Maybe the guy was nuts.

VIC: You testing the questions? Alright, another thing:
Didn't Wells tell you he tried to stop the guy after he
started beating her? And then the guy made him get in
the car and drive away?

PETER: The holdup guy would've taken at least one swipe at
him, and there wasn't a mark on wells. Check. Any
more questions, Vic?

VIC: Did your men find the weapon yet, ~~Peter?~~ That length
of pipe?

PETER: They're still combin' the Prospect Park area.

VIC: Alright, meanwhile I'll follow my nose in a different
direction.

PETER: Where to?

VIC: Wells lost a restaurant last week - Superior Cafe on
Michigan Avenue - foreclosed on him, his sister told me.
I'll ask around in the stores or whatever on the block,
see if I can get a lead to any of his former employees.

PETER: Good idea, Vic.

VIC: Because if suspicion means anything at all in this thing,
I've got lots of them.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TAG ... CURTAIN)_

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TURNTABLE)_ _

(COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

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

(END E.T.)

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 - by actual measure
- PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine
tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the
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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.

(START E.T.)

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

Smoke a PELL MELL. (END E.T.)

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME AND UNDER)

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

NARR: There are questions in your mind, Vic Bate, about the deadly assault on Mrs. Dora Wells - questions concerning her husband that you share with Sergeant Peter Dixon of the Ypsilanti police. So the morning after the attack, you start out to find Toby Wells' former employees - the people who used to work for him in his restaurant before his creditors foreclosed on him. A normal amount of legwork does it - a few questions on the block where the restaurant was located - and you manage to track down a man named Carl Newark.

(FRYING AND PANS UNDER)

CARL: Excuse me if I keep workin' the pots and pans, Mr. Bate. A short-order cook don't get much rest.

VIC: Glad you got another job, Mr. Newark. I'll try to make it short order too.

CARL: (LAUGHS) O.K. start cookin'.

VIC: It's about Mr. Wells' money troubles with his restuarant. Do you happen to -

CARL: Aah, he was doin' fair till he started foolin' around with Irene. ^{twenty-five} ~~thirty-five~~ years younger'n him, just about.

VIC: Who's Irene?

CARL: Irene Mays. Used to be waitress in the joint. Good lookin' head.

VIC: You mean he got in financial trouble because he spent a lot of money on her?

CARL: Well, I wouldn't say it was as simple as that, and I didn't actually see him with my own eyes spendin' it on her. But on the other hand, he sure didn't pay enough attention to his business no more. Y' know how it is when a guy his age goes off his rocker about a girl? Just ain't got any sense left.

VIC: I see what you mean.

CARE: (PROJECTING) Boston berries waiting! (NORMAL) Bad thing about it, poor Dora. I feel sorry for her. Sure hope she comes out of it alright.

VIC: Hope so. Any idea where I could find Irene Mays?

CARL: Well - don't know if she got another job yet, but you could find her maybe over on Elm Street - 422, I think. Last I knew, she had a room there.

(MUSIC: - - - BRIDGE)

IRENE: (30) Just what're you trying to prove, Mister?

VIC: Oh - for instance how you come to wear such very nice clothes. ^{Mrs. Mays} And jewelry.

IRENE: (UNEASY) Well - something wrong with it?

VIC: On the money you make as a waitress?

IRENE: Look, would you be so kind and leave, Mr. Bate?

VIC: Did Toby Wells ever say anything to you about his wife being in the way or anything like that?

IRENE: That's a terrible thing for you to be hinting, even though I don't care anything about him.

VIC: You took things from him. Just by what I can see in front of my eyes.

IRENE: How do you know, Sherlock? All you can see is things, not who gave 'em or what.

(OPEN DOOR)

IRENE: So here's the open door, Mr. Bate. Now will you please go look at it from the outside?

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

PETER: Yeah? Nice work, Vic.

VIC: I don't know, Sergeant. We haven't got a thing we could prove.

PETER: We could bring 'em face to face and see what happens.

VIC: We could do that. ~~And~~ ^{it but} there's something we could throw at him to knock him off balance; she claims she doesn't care a nickel about him.

PETER: O.K. and here's another thing. Take a look at what the boys brought in here to headquarters.

(IRON PIPE ON DESK)

VIC: The weapon.

PETER: Two feet of rusty one-inch gas pipe, Vic. ^{it was} Found in the weeds about a hundred yards from where ^{we found} Mrs. Wells ~~was~~.

VIC: Any fingerprints?

PETER: Too messed up. But this is the weapon alright.

VIC: I can see that.

PETER: Alright, now we'll stow it out o' sight. I'll send and get this Irene Mays brought in. You go play buddy some more with Mr. Wells, bring him along. And we'll see what gives.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

IRENE: (A BIT SCARED) But, Sergeant, I didn't do anything.

PETER: Who says you did, Miss Mays?

IRENE: Then why are you -

(DOOR OPENS OFF)

IRENE: Toby.

TOBY: (OFF) Irene. (COMING IN) What's happening? What's the matter here?

IRENE: I don't know, Toby.

TOBY: What's the matter, Sergeant?

PETER: You sure calmed down a lot since last night, Mr. Wells.

You stopped worrying about something since then?

TOBY: I have hopes now my wife will live, Sergeant.

Is that what you mean?

VIC: Mr. Wells - Miss Mays told me a little while ago that she didn't care anything about you - not a thing, she emphasized.

TOBY: I don't understand, Mr. Bate. Why should she care anything about me?

VIC: Aw come on now, isn't that where your money went?

TOBY: I'm sure Irene didn't say anything like that to you.

PETER: Pretty chummy, this first-name stuff.

TOBY: She worked in my restaurant almost a year, Sarge.

I was never standoff with my employees.

(THUD OF IRON PIPE)

PETER: Alright, you know anything about this iron pipe?

IRENE: (HAS LET OUT A MUFFLED SCREAM ON SOUND) Oh, that looks terrible! Look at it!

TOBY: Sergeant - I don't know why you're doing this - but for you to show me that thing - when my poor wife - I don't know what you're doing this for.

PETER: (PAUSE) Sorry, Mr. Wells. Just following up a line of investigation. That's my job.

TOBY: If you don't mind, Sergeant, I'll go back to my wife at the hospital now.

PETER: Mind waiting outside for me? Thanks. You can go now, Miss Mays.

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE OFF)

VIC: You made it sound there like you were giving up on him, Sergeant.

PETER: He can take it any way he likes.

VIC: You going over to the hospital?

PETER: Yeah, I wanna talk to Mrs. Wells a couple o' minutes before he gets back to her. Wanna come along? (PAUSE) Whata you lookin' at that gaspipe for?

VIC: I just remembered something - back of his restaurant - I walked around it this morning, taking a look. I want to go back there, make another check. You go ahead to the hospital, have your talk with Mrs. Wells.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ QUICK BRIDGE AND UNDER)

DORA: (WEAK) Money, Sergeant? We just didn't make enough at the restaurant to pay our bills, that's all.

PETER: Well, now - excuse me for askin' you this, Mrs. Wells - but would you know anything about your husband - uh - spending a lot o' money some place else where he oughtn't?

DORA: What do you mean, Sergeant? No - don't you answer that. I trust my husband - in everything in every way. Please go - go away. (RAISING HER VOICE WEAKLY) Toby. Tooy. Where are you, Toby?

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND DOWN)

PETER: (RUEFUL) I sure didn't get anywhere with her, Vic.

VIC: Well, I think I got some place in back of that restaurant, Sergeant. Let's take that piece of iron pipe out there and see.

PETER: Whata you mean?

VIC: There's a lot of odds and ends of junk back there. And a little while ago I found one place - Come on, let's take the pipe out there and try it.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND OUT)

VIC: See, Sergeant? This depression right here in the dirt - this rusty pipe must've been lying in it a long time - It fits back in exactly.

PETER: (WHISTLE) Nice work, Vic.

VIC: And something else: The cook who used to work right in there in the kitchen - Carl Newark - the one who told me about Irene Mays - he'd have seen this junk out here all the time.

PETER: Well, let's go talk to Mr. Newark.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ QUICK BRIDGE)

CARL: Sure Sergeant - that junk's been there for years - at least ever since I've worked there.

PETER: Did any of you from the restaurant ever go out there?

CARL: Sure, we all used to go out there at one time or another. The garbage pails was out there.

PETER: Who, for instance?

CARL: Well, there was Toby himself. Then there was Alex. And-

PETER: Who's Alex?

CARL: Alex Finly. Used to be general flunky around the

restaurant. How

PETER: Yeah?

CARL: I seen him and Toby puttin' their heads together one night in the Pacific Pool Room. And that ain't all. Alex chalked up two terms - ten months each -- in the jail at Ionia.

PETER: That on the level?

CARL: You can put one o' your men on me till you find out.

PETER: I'll do that. Now where do I find Alex Finly?

CARL: Michigan Avenue. The eight hundred block some place is where he lives.

PETER: Come on, Vic.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE AND UNDER)

ALEX: (STRUGGLING) Leggo! Leggo o' me!

PETER: Hold still, Mr. Finly! You did it, didn't you?

ALEX: You're crazy, Sergeant!

PETER: That right? O.K., what about this shirt and pants we dug out o' your closet? That red paint or what?

ALEX: Well, that's - that's --

PETER: Yeah - that's Come on! You and your ex-boss are havin' a personal get-together in my office - and this time he don't pull any bluff on me!

(MUSIC: --- UP AND OUT)

TOBY: (SHAKY) Take him away. I don't want to be in the same room with him.

ALEX: ^{Yeah}
~~Aw, no,~~ Toby? I was good enough when you wanted to collect insurance on your wife! You were gonna soak up the sunshine out in California with a certain somebody!

PETER: Now the dirt comes out, Vic.

VIC: How could you do it, ~~Mr.~~ Wells? Your wife loved you.
TOBY: (STAMMERING) I - I didn't realize. Irene - I was out
of my mind about her. If you'd only tell my wife - if
you see her, Mr. Bate - tell her I hope she pulls through
alright. Tell her I didn't know what I was doing when
I hired this --
ALEX: Don't push it off on me, you knew alright! Know what
this old geezer did, Sergeant? After I hit her the
first time he kept yelling, hit her again - hit her
again. Maybe she even heard him.
PETER: ~~What?~~ You hear that, Vic? You realize what that means?
VIC: (STUNNED) Yeah. It means - if she heard him - it means
maybe she ^{has} ~~must have known~~ all the time.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from J. Victor
Bate of the Detroit Times, with the final outcome of
tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a
PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

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,
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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 J. Victor Bate of the Detroit Times.

BATE: Victim of assault in tonight's BIG STORY fully recovered from vicious attack. Her assailant and her husband were both sentenced to life imprisonment in Michigan State Prison at Jackson. Wife not only forgave her husband but largely through her efforts after some time he was paroled in her custody. Long in ill health he finally died a natural death. I greatly appreciate tonight's PELL MELL /WARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Bate ... 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 Helena, Montana, Independent Record -- by-line - Allen Cowperthwaite. A Big Story of a reporter who gambled his own life to avenge a 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. Proctor with original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Jack Bentkover from an actual story from the front pages of the Detroit Times. Your Narrator ~~was~~ Bob Sloane ~~and~~ Nat Polen played the part of J. Victor Bate. 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. Bate.

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

CHAPPELL: ~~This is~~ Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.
THIS IS NBC THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

VAK

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #260

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MA	JANE ROBBIN
LENNIE	JOE DE SANTES
ALLEN	BILL LIPTON
CHESTER	PHIL STERLING
BARTENDER	PHIL STERLING
ROY	OWEN JORDON
IKE	OWEN JORDON
SHERIFF	JOE HELGESEN
ALEX	JIM STEVENS

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19, 1952

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#260

9:30 - 10:00 PM

MARCH 19, 1952

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE, ~~UNDER WITH HILL-BILLY JUKEBOX~~.....)

(TOUGH BAR, BG, DOOR OPENED, SHUT)

CHESTER: (ABOUT 30, HARD, COLD, PUSHING HIS WAY TO BAR) Get out of my way, you rummy.

MA: (50's, TOUGH, BUSINESSLIKE) What'll it be, Chester?

CHESTER: Rye straight.

(POURING, CHESTER GULPS DRINK)

MA: (LOW) Looking for someone?

CHESTER: Roy.

MA: Ask Big Lennie there.

CHESTER: (AFTER A PAUSE) Hey, Lennie --

LENNIE: (BIG GUY, REAL TOUGH BUT RESPECTFUL OF CHESTER) Hiya, Ches. Didn't see you come in.

CHESTER: Seen my stupid brother-in-law?

LENNIE: No. What's he done?

CHESTER: (HARD) That rat! I got a lulu for us way down in Butte all ready and ripe and that punk is hiding out on me.

LENNIE: Hiding out?

CHESTER: Yellow punk! One of these days, if he don't do like I say, I'll put a bullet thru his ears myself.

(MUSIC: STING)

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

(PAUSE, FLAT, COLD) Helena, Montana. From the pages of
the Independent Record the story of a reporter who
gambled his own life to avenge a murder. Tonight, to
Allen Cowperthwaite of the Helena, Montana Independent
Record, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL \$500.00
Award.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

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(START E.T.)

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(END E.T.)

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CHAPPELL: So smoke PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

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

CHAPPELL: Helena, Montana. The story as it actually happened --
Allen Cowperthwaite's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: -- UNDER WITH OMINOUS TELETYPE THEME.....)

(FADE IN TELETYPE BUILDING QUICKLY AND THEN TOPPED
BY:)

ALLEN: (LATE 20'S, READING FLAT AND CONTROLLED) ^{Paul Rogers} "~~George Filmore~~,
29 year~~s~~ old Butte service station attendant, was found
missing from his post 4:30 this morning. Sheriff Marc
Duncan of Silver Bow County responded to the alarm of two
men who drove up to the East End Station for gas and found
the place unattended. Approximately Fifty Dollars in cash
is missing from the register."

(HOLD TELETYPE, THEN:)

NARR: (LOW) That's how it began for you, Allen Cowperthwaite,
State Editor of the Independent Record, with this little
story which comes tapping off the associated Press teletype
informing you that your life-long friend ^{Paul Rogers} ~~George Filmore~~
is missing.

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

(~~SPEEDING CAR, INTERIOR~~.....)

NARR: Your job holds you to your desk for an hour after the
receipt of the first message. But immediately afterwards,
you're in your car racing the 66 miles from Helena to your
home-town of Butte. Racing to find out what you can do
to help Sheriff Marc Duncan find your friend.

SHERRIF: We got there maybe 4:45 this morning, Allen.

ALLEN: Any signs of a fight? Sheriff?

SHERRIF: None. There was a half-eaten sandwich and a container of coffee on an up-ended oil drum.

ALLEN: Cash register Keys show any prints?

SHERRIF: Badly smudged.

ALLEN: ~~How's Lucille taking it?~~

SHERRIF: ~~How do you expect? They were engaged only two weeks ago.~~

ALLEN: ~~I know. I was there.~~ What's your next step?

SHERRIF: The police radio is giving out with a description of ^{Paul}~~George~~ and right now there's maybe 30 men in the big room next door I got to talk to.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER...)

NARR: You sit among the solemn men and boys in the big room, waiting for the Sheriff to speak. It would be out of place you know, Allen Cowperthwaite, but if you had the opportunity, you'd like to shake the hand of each one of these people and thank them. Because these are volunteers-- many of them who'd never even met your friend ^{Paul}~~George~~ ~~Coyle~~ ~~Filmore~~ -- who knew nothing of his honesty, his sense of humor, his kindness. And yet, they were all here in the early hours of the morning.

SHERRIF: (SLIGHTLY OFF, FLAT, BUSINESSLIKE) It looks bad. It's almost three hours now since ^{Coyle}~~Filmore~~ disappeared. My deputies will break you up into searching parties. Some of you will take the town, some of you the side roads near town, some of you the abandoned mines. I want every inch of ground gone over.

(MUSIC: -- STING, DOWN UNDER...)

NARR: Within an hour after the men and boys had formed brigades and left the County Building, the work begins.

(~~BOARDS BEING RIPPED~~ WITH SCREECHING SOUND)

NARR: Every abandoned building in and around Butte is opened and searched.

(BUSHES WHACKED WITH HEAVY STICK)

NARR: The bushes along every side road are carefully examined.

(DIRT AND ROCKS BEGIN TO SLIDE, AND THEN:)

SHERRIF: (SHOUTING, SUDDENLY, ON ECHO) Look out, down there!

NARR: And abandoned mines are gone thru -- sometimes at the peril of a volunteer's life.

(~~ALTERNATE THE SOUND EFFECTS ABOVE IN REPEATED PATTERN UNDER... .~~)

NARR: One day, two days, three days, four days -- four days and nights of endless search -- and nothing, absolutely nothing is turned up as to the whereabouts of your friend
Paul Logan
~~George Filmore.~~

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT, CUT TO:)

(INTERIOR OF CAR WITH HEAVY RAIN OUTSIDE, ESTABLISH, THEN:)

SHERRIF: (SNEEZES HEAVILY AND BLOWS HIS NOSE)

ALLEN: (DEPRESSED) You're running a fever, Sheriff. You ought to stick to your office on a night like this.

SHERRIF: (HEAVY COLD) I can't Allen. There's a search going on.

ALLEN: ~~I saw Lucille earlier tonight. (PAUSE)~~

(JUST THE RAIN, THEN:)

SHERRIF: I got the reward up to Eleven Hundred Fifty Dollars now.

ALLEN: You -- think he's dead by now?

SHERRIF: He's been missing four days --

ALLEN: (A BEAT, THEN) What can I do?

SHERRIF: You and I know we're up a blind alley, at a stand still, but whoever took ~~George~~^{Paul} away mustn't know that. Whoever took ~~George~~^{Paul} away mustn't get a minutes rest. That's what you can do.

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

NARR: It doesn't seem like much but that's what you do in the next few days.

(TYPEWRITER, UNDER.....)

ALLEN: (READING) "Police officers today intensified their search into the mysterious disappearance of George Filmore."

(TYPEWRITER UP AND THEN DOWN FOR:)

ALLEN: "Today Sheriff Marc Duncan announced that he had extended the police dragnet to every border of the State.

(TYPEWRITER UP, DOWN FOR:)

ALLEN: "Today authorities announced that they anticipate an early solution to the mysterious disappearance of ~~George~~^{Paul} ~~Filmore~~^{Kooying Filmore}."

(TYPEWRITER UP, THEN DOWN TO BG.....)

NARR: Day after day you pound it out, Allen Cowperthwaite. Stuff you'd written dozens of times as a reporter, stuff you'd read dozens of times as an editor -- and never believed. But you had no way of knowing at this point the effect you were having 234 miles away in the city of Billings on the thin-faced little man named Roy Scovell.

~~(MUSIC, ACCENT, CUT TO:)~~

(BAR BG.....)

ROY: (LATE 20'S, FRIGHTENED, ALMOST PLEADING) Lennie, have a drink with me, Lennie.

LENNIE: What for?

ROY: I -- I want to talk with you before Chester comes in.

LENNIE: Anything you got to say you can say it to me in front of your brother-in-law.

ROY: (LOW) You don't understand, Lennie. I got a proposition for you.

LENNIE: Like what?

ROY: (LOW) You're a gambler: take a chance with me.

LENNIE: On what?

ROY: On Eleven hundred fifty Dollars.

LENNIE: What're you talking about!

ROY: Don't stall me, Lennie. You know. The job me and Chester pulled down in Butte. I didn't want to -- Lennie, I didn't want to -- he made me do it! Just because I married his sister he thinks he owns me.

LENNIE: Quit sniveling! What've you got in that ^{rather} yellow little mind of yours?

ROY: (FAST) I got to get away. I got to get away from here. I need money. They got a reward out -- Eleven hundred fifty Dollars! Turn him in, Lennie -- turn Chester in. Get the money -- just give me enough to get away from Billings. He'll never know who turned him in.

LENNIE: (ENRAGED) You snake! You dirty little snake!

ROY: Let go of me, Lennie -- let go of me!

LENNIE: If I ever told Chester, he'd kill you!

ROY: (ALMOST CRYING) He's going crazy -- you don't understand!

He's making me pull jobs here in Billings with him in
broad day - light! We'll get caught! He's gone crazy!

Lennie, do it -- Do it, Lennie, so I can get away!

LENNIE: I'd sooner see you dead, ^{before} ~~then~~ turn on Chester!

(MUSIC: -- STING, BRIDGE, OUT TO:)

~~(PHONE, RECEIVER UP)~~

ALLEN: Cowperthwaite.

SHERRIF: (ON F) Allen, we need you.

ALLEN: -- what's happened? Sheriff?

SHERRIF: Meet me at the morgue.

(MUSIC: -- STING, CUT TO:)

SHERRIF: (SLIGHT ECHO) We found him in a gravel-pit ten miles out
of town.

ALLEN: (UPSET) How -- how long --

SHERRIF: He must have been killed only a few hours after they
kidnapped him.

ALLEN: They?

SHERRIF: Two bullets in his back and one thru his right eye. They
must have let him out of their car, told him to run for his
life. One of them plugged him in the back. The other
finished him off. The two bullets in his back and the one
thru his eye are different calibre.

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

(MUSIC) -- ACCENT-A-GUT TOLL

(DOOR OPENED OFF AND SHUT)

ROY: (FADING IN) (ALMOST WHINING BECAUSE THAT'S HIS RELATIONSHIP WITH HIS WIFE) Honey, are you home?.....(PO HIMSELF) That's funny. She called me to come home but she ain't here..

CHESTER: Hello, Roy -

ROY: (TAKE) Who - who...what are you doing here?

CHESTER: Your wife's my sister. Or did you forget?

ROY: (TERRIFIED) What - do you want, Chester?

CHESTER: Sit down, brother-in-law.....Your knees are knocking.

ROY: I - I don't like it when you make fun of me like this. I - don't like it. It always means you - you're gonna do something to me.

CHESTER: (SWEETLY) Why should I want to hurt you, Roy?

ROY: I - I don't know. But - I can tell.

CHESTER: (COLD) What have you been up to that I should want to hurt you, Roy?

ROY: I - I didn't say I was up to anything...I didn't say that at all -

CHESTER: (COLD) What kind of a proposition were you making Lennis over at Ma Petersen's?

ROY: Prop - proposition?.....I - I don't know what you're ever talking about -

CHESTER: (GRABS HIM) You rat, you rotten little rat! Don't lie to me! Don't ever lie to me!

ROY: Chester, you're - hurting me...Chester, I -

CHESTER: Ma Petersen said the two of you had your horns locked together earlier tonight at her place! What were you cooking up!

ROY: (TRYING TO BREATHE) Lennie - Lennie is a pal of yours, ain't he?
What - what would I be talking about with Lennie that could hurt
you? Lennie is a friend of yours. Ask him!

CHESTER: (SHOVES HIM AWAY) Okay, you rat...

(ROY LANDS ON CHAIR WITH TEDD)

ROY: (PEELING HIM OUT) What - what did Lennie tell you?

CHESTER: He said you were just complaining as usual...about us -

ROY: I - I told you...That's all it was Chester...Lennie told you
the truth...

CHESTER: But I'm not taking any chances on your blowing your top.
We're leaving town -

ROY: Where - are we going this time?

CHESTER: You'll find out when we get there...

(MUSIC 1 - - ACCENT...)

(PHONE, RECEIVER UP)

ALLEN: Cowperthwaite.

SHERIFF: (ON P) Allen, we need you.

ALLEN: -- what's happened? Sheriff?

SHERIFF: Meet me at the morgue.

(MUSIC 1 - - STING, BUT NO!)

SHERIFF: (SLIGHT ECHO) We found him in a gravel-pit 3 miles out of town.

ALLEN: (UPSET) How -- long --

SHERIFF: He must have been killed only a few hours after they kidnapped him.

ALLEN: They?

SHERIFF: Two bullets in his back and one thru his right eye. They must have let him out of their car, told him to run for his life. One of them plugged him in the back. The other finished him off. The two bullets in his back and the one thru his eye are different calibre.

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

Paul Rogers

NARR: So he was dead. -- your best friend ~~George Filmore~~. His laughter was dead, his honesty was dead, his life with ~~Lucille~~ ^{his girl} was dead -- murdered. And you, Allen Cowperthwaite, as State Editor of your paper, are chained to your desk reading local items about picnics, about church festivals, about poultry shows, about the sale of ranch A to man B. And all the time your mind strains to break free from your desk -- so much so that it takes a little while before the flood of items ^{off the teletype} from Billings, Montana begins to catch your eye.

(SNEAK TELETYPE UNDER.....)

ALLEN: (READING) "Last night two unidentified gunmen robbed a hamburger stand on the south side of Billings.

(TELETYPE UP, DOWN UNDER.....)

ALLEN: (READING) "Late this afternoon two unidentified gunmen stole an automobile owned by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Belson, first locking the couple in the trunk of the car and releasing them three miles south of the city.

(TELETYPE, UP, DOWN UNDER.....)

ALLEN: (READING, MORE EXCITED) "After this morning's holdup of the Main Street Service Station by two masked gunmen, Billings's police announced their belief that the city is in the grip of a two man crime wave."

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

NARR: A two man crime wave! ^{were} ~~was it~~ ^{the two} they? The Sheriff was looking for them in Butte and Helena. Could they actually be 234 miles away in Billings! Why not! Why not!

- 11 -

(RECEIVER UP)

ALLEN: Molly, give me the boss. (PAUSE THEN) Harry? This is Al. I'd like to come in and talk with you about my vacation.....Yes, I know it's not due 'til October, but I'd like to have it now.....Why? I think I've got some friends I'd like to see in Billings.

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG THE ACT.)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0005737

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a
PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

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 - 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. 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.

(START E.T.)

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a
PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

CHAPPELL: 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 Allen Cowperthwaite as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: Now at last you're free, Allen Cowperthwaite -- free from your desk, free to do leg work, free to submerge yourself in the cheap saloons and beer parlors in Billings' Skid Row. If Billings' two man crime wave was being pulled off by the same men who killed your friend ^{Paul Fogel} ~~George Filmore~~, you'd get on their trail soon enough. In a city the size of Billings, with a population of only 30,000, and with an underworld whose population was less than ^{one} thousand, the odds were with you.

(MUSIC: _ BAR MONTAGE UP, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: The Silver ^{Ball} ~~Bar~~, The Pink Lady, The Ranch-house, Eagle's Head, The Dancehall, Paradise -- you go thru them all, night after night. And your eyes and ears and senses are as keen as any hunters ever were. But your time is beginning to run out. You realize that very quickly one night ~~when~~

(BAR BG)

ALLEN: I'll have another beer.

BARTENDER:(LOW AND FLAT) No more for you, mister.

ALLEN: Why not?

BARTENDER:Move on, mister.

ALLEN: What for?

BARTENDER:I said move on. Makes my customers nervous to have a guy sitting around nursing his beer just being quiet. Move on, mister.

(MUSIC: _ ACCENT, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: So you move on wearily, your senses reeling with the strain and effort of watching and waiting and listening. And when you head for the door to leave at Ma ^{Peterson's} ~~Garson's~~ ~~Garson's~~ ^{Bar & Grill} ~~Garson's~~, ready to call it a night, a little incident occurs which means nothing to you at the moment.

(BAR, BG, DOOR OPENED)

ALLEN: (EXCLAIMS AS:)

(LENNIE RUNS INTO HIM)

LENNIE: (SORE) Why don't you look where you're going?

ALLEN: Sorry, mister. I was just going out -- Didn't see you come in.

LENNIE: I ought to break your skinny neck for you!

ALLEN: I said I was sorry.

LENNIE: Go on, beat it.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: Even if you hadn't been so tired, you wouldn't have staked your 135 pounds against the hulk of the bitter, angry man who towered at least a foot over you. So you head away from Ma ^{Peterson's} ~~Garson's~~ ~~Garson's~~ without realizing that the big man who had threatened to break your skinny neck was at that very moment taking a step which before long might mean your life.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, OUT UNDER)

(BAR BG)

MA: (LOW) I'm not lending you any money, Lennie.

LENNIE: (LOW, PLEADING) Ma, you got to! I'm in a fix.

MA: Who fixed you?

LENNIE: Little Ike. I shouldn't have done it, Ma. We shot some craps. I'm six hundred thirty dollars in him.

MA: I can't do nothing for you.

LENNIE: But you got to! Everybody knows you lend money. I'll pay you your regular rate.

MA: Sure I lend money. But you got nothing to put up for it-- so you ain't getting any.

LENNIE: (DESPERATE) Ma, you don't understand! I can't fool around with him. I promised him the money.

MA: (TEASING) Why Little Ike is no more'n half your size. What's a big guy like you scared of, Lennie?

LENNIE: I'm scared because the bigger you are the easier the mark for a bullet. Ma, lend me the money!

MA: (FIRMLY) No.

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: The following night, more desperate now because your face is becoming familiar, you start the routine all over again, Allen Cowperthwaite. (WEARILY) The Silver Dollar, The Pink Lady, The Ranch-house, Eagle's Head, The Dancehall, Paradise. By midnight you're back again at Ma ^{Peterson's} ~~Garson's~~ ^{Bar & Grill} ~~Garson's~~. To your left, at the bar, sits a little man with a face as hard as flint. Despite his size, there's something about him which tells you that he's afraid of nothing. And you get your proof soon enough when the giant of a man who ran into you the night before comes into the bar and walks meekly up to the little man near you. ~~Their conversation is hushed and tight and you~~ ^{you} strain to catch every word of ~~it~~ ^{the conversation.}

(BAR BG, LOW MURMUR OF VOICES)

IKE: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Where's my money?

LENNIE: (SLIGHTLY OFF) I'll -- get it for you, Ike.

IKE: When?

LENNIE: Soon.

IKE: It's not soon enough. When?

LENNIE: T -- tomorrow.

IKE: From ~~whom?~~ ^{who?}

LENNIE: From -- from ~~whom?~~ ^{who?}

IKE: You heard me.

LENNIE: From -- from Ma ~~Carson~~ ^{Peterson} She'll --

IKE: You're lying! She won't lend you a cent!

LENNIE: (DESPERATE) I'll -- get it for you, Ike!

IKE: When?

LENNIE: (GROWING DESPERATION) I -- I said I'd get it for you!

IKE: How?

LENNIE: I told you I'd get it for you!

IKE: How?

LENNIE: That's my business!

IKE: It's mine too. How?

LENNIE: More -- more than a grand -- it's mine for the asking.

IKE: How?

LENNIE: (SORE NOW) I said more'n a grand! It's mine for the asking! Eleven hundred fifty dollars ^{if you wanna know!} ~~to be exact!~~

(SUDDEN CRASHING NOISE OF JUKEBOX TURNED ON LOUD
WITH HILL BILLY BAND AS:)

NARR: The crazy jukebox! Who turned on the jukebox? Now you can't hear a thing! They're just talking: the giant of a man and his little tormentor.

(MORE)

NARR:
-(CONT'D)

You're positive you heard him right. He said Eleven Hundred fifty Dollars. Was it a coincidence or was it the reward money he was talking about? (DESPERATE) Now they've ended their conversation. The big man they call Lennie is getting ready to leave. If he walks out, you may never see him again. How can you make sure, Allen Cowperthwaite, it was the reward money he was talking about? What can you say to him? You've got to say something. You've got to chance it.

ALLEN: (SUDDEN, TENSE) Lennie!

LENNIE: (TAKE) What do you want?

ALLEN: I -- I've been looking for you.

LENNIE:Q (MENACING) What about?

ALLEN: About -- this kidnapping down in Butte.

(JUKEBOX RECORD ENDS SUDDENLY, BAR BG LOW)

LENNIE: (LOW) What -- what do you know about it?

ALLEN: I know plenty.

LENNIE: I knew a fellow once that fell off a cliff. He was top-heavy from having too much in his head. Let's take a little walk, Mister.

ALLEN: Why -- don't we have a drink? I want to--

LENNIE: Let's take a little walk, mister.

ALLEN: (PAIN) That's my arm you got!

LENNIE: I know. Let's take a little walk.

(MUSIC: -- STING, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: Outside it's dark and cold and the street is deserted. Big Lennie has a crushing grip on your arm. You'd made contact with him all right! What now? What were you going to do now?

LENNIE: Talk, mister.

ALLEN: If you know who pulled that job in Butte, I can get you the reward fast and quiet.

LENNIE: You're lying! You're a friend of Chester's.

ALLEN: Who?

LENNIE: You're lying! You'll squeal on me -- you're a friend of Chester's! Now get away from that street light -- move! Get into that alley.

(ALLEN SHOVED AS HE STUMBLES ACROSS SIDEWALK)

(MUSIC: -- STING UNDER)

NARR: The night is cold but the sweat is pouring down Big Lennie's face. If you weren't thinking about your own life at the moment, you'd be fascinated by the strange mixture of fear and murder which is motivating this big man who has you shoved up against a wall in a dark alley.

LENNIE: (BREATHING HARD) Now tell me who put you on to me.

ALLEN: Nobody. You got to believe me! The Sheriff from Butte is a personal friend of mine. I can get you the reward easy and quiet --

LENNIE: How do I know you're on the level?

ALLEN: (TALKING AS FAST AND CONVINCINGLY AS HE CAN) You need the money -- I overheard you talking with that little man at the bar. I think he'll knock you off unless you come up with the money.

LENNIE: (HARD) I don't need any advice! How do I know you're on the level?

ALLEN: Just tell me ^{who} where those two men are, ~~who they are~~ and I'll prove to you I'm on the level.

LENNIE: (ALMOST HOARSE WITH FEAR) How do I know you're not a friend of Chester's?

ALLEN: Walk me to the nearest phone. I'll put thru a call to the Sheriff in Butte. You can talk to him yourself and tell him what you know.

LENNIE: (LONG BEAT, THEN HALF TO HIMSELF) I don't care about ^{that punk} Roy, but Chester's a friend of mine --

ALLEN: (BEAT, THEN) ^{Paul Rogers} ~~George Filmore~~ was a friend of mine.

LENNIE: It -- ain't easy to turn in a friend, but -- I need the money. It's my life or his. I need the money.

NARR: (LOW) Lennie's hand on your arm grows limp and drops away. You watch his miserable, sweating face as he struggles with himself...the struggle of every man who has turned in a friend for money. It's not a pleasant thing to watch. Under other circumstances, it would have sickened you as it would any decent human being. But now you watch every move of his face until you see your opportunity.

ALLEN: You've got no choice, Lennie.

LENNIE: What -- do you mean?

ALLEN: You know who pulled that job in Butte. If you don't tell you can be picked up for obstructing justice -- if the little man inside that bar doesn't get you first.

LENNIE: (BEAT, THEN LOW) Roy Scovell and Chester Pritchard did it. They're back in Butte right now at the Farmer's Hotel.

(MUSIC: -- STING, QUICK BRIDGE OUT UNDER)

(RAP ON DOOR, PAUSE THEN:)

ALLEN: (LOW) They must be in there, Sheriff.

SHERRIF: (LOW) Unless the hotel clerk didn't see them go out.
(LOW COMMAND) You men, don't crowd in like this. Spread out in case they try to make a break. (TO ALLEN) I'll try it again.

(RAP ON DOOR A LITTLE LOUDER, SLIGHT PAUSE THEN:)

ROY: (OFF) Who's there?

SHERRIF: Hotel clerk.

ROY: What do you want?

SHERRIF: Want to talk to you about your bill, sir.

(SLIGHT PAUSE, THEN DOOR OPENED AS:)

ROY: What about --

SHERRIF: (CUTS IN) Up with your hands.

ROY: (TERRIFIED) (SHOUTING) Chester! It's the law!

ALLEN: (FAST) There he is -- asleep!

CHESTER: (OFF) What's happening?

SHERRIF: Get up off that bed. Reach!

CHESTER: What's this about?

SHERRIF: Which one of you is Scovell and which one is Pritchard?

ROY: That's him -- he's Chester Pritchard -- He made me do it!

CHESTER: Shut up!

ROY: No, I won't! I told you! I told you they'd get us!

ALLEN: He made you do what, Scovell?

ROY: The job here in Butte -- all those holdups in Billings--

CHESTER: I'll kill you!

SHERRIF: (HARD) Shut your mouth!

ROY: (ALMOST WEEPING) I'm not afraid of him. Not any more -- I got nothing to be afraid of any more. I married his sister -- that was my mistake. Any time he wanted me to do anything, he'd get her to go to work on me. I knew it would end this way -- I knew it! I'll talk. I'll tell you everything you want to know.

(MUSIC: -- STING HIGH, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: And he does. The frightening story of the power one man can have over another -- power enough to get him to agree to rob and kill ~~for as little as fifty dollars.~~

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: But for you, Allen Cowperthwaite, there was to be a final little irony. It took place in Sheriff Marc Duncan's office the day Big Lennie Watson collected his reward money.

SHERRIF: (COUNTING) Eleven hundred, eleven twenty, eleven forty, eleven fifty. There's your money, Watson -- all of it.

(MONEY PICKED UP, STEPS STARTING OFF AS)

ALLEN: How about a 'thank you', Lennie?

LENNIE: What for? ^{reporter} What did you ever do for me?

(STEPS OFF, DOOR OPENED, SLAMMED SHUT)

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT HIGH, UP TO TAG THE ACT)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Allen Cowperthwaite of the Helena, Mont. Independent Record, with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- RANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #260

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a
PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

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.

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a PELL
MELL.

(END E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- TAG) --

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Allen Cowperthwaite of the Helena, Montana, Independent Record.

COWPERTHWAITTE: Murderers in tonight's Big Story were sentenced to life imprisonment at Montana State Penitentiary at Deer Lodge, *alho I could not bring my friend Paul Ryan back to life, where they are this very day.* Many thanks for tonight's *I feel* PELL MELL Award. *that in some small*

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Cowperthwaite ... the makers of PELL MELL *message* FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to present you the PELL MELL *I was able to* \$500 award for notable service in the field of *procure my* journalism. *excellent friendship for him.*

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 Johnstown, Pa. Democrat -- by-line - Leo W. Sheridan. A Big Story about a reporter who lived up to a life-long promise made to a loyal friend.

(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. Frockter with original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Abram S. Ginnes from an actual story from the front pages of the Helena, Montana Independent Record. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Bill Lipton played the part of Allen Cowperthwaite. 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. Cowperthwaite.

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

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

Sometime between March 13th and April 13th letters enclosing Easter Seals will be sent to Americans in all states and territories. When you receive the letter we urge you to buy Easter Seals for this money serves the needs of crippled children of all ages, races and creeds. Lend a hand ... help crippled children ... buy the Easter Seals you receive.

THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

TAX ANNOUNCEMENT FOR BIG STORY
RADIO

(PAUSE)

HARRICE: Here is an important message from the National Tobacco Tax Research Council. This fact-finding organization calls to your attention the fact that you smokers give nearly two billion dollars a year to your Government in cigarette taxes. Every time you buy cigarettes, you give your Federal Government eight cents a pack ... and ... most of you give three or four cents more to city and State Governments. That adds up to better than a fifty per cent tax ... on every cigarette you smoke. Yes ... in buying cigarettes - over half your packs --- go for tax. (PAUSE)

HARRICE: Tune in again next week same time same station for another authentic Big Story.
THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #261

CAST

NARRATOR

BOB SLOANE

BARBIE

CHARITA BAUER

LEO

ALLEN STEVENSON

JAY

AL RAMSEN

PRINTER

SYDNEY PAUL

WARDLER

BERT COWLAN

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26, 1952.

ATX01 0005752

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#261

9:30 - 10:00 P.M.

BY ESNEST KINCY

WEDNESDAY

LEO SHERIDAN: The Johnstown Democrat.

MARCH 26, 1952

CHAPPELL: BELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES PRESENT....THE BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ WINDY HILL)

(~~LIGHT WIND~~)

LEO: (ABOUT 18) (EFFORT CLIMBING) Here we are Jay.....

JAY: Boy...you can see the whole valley. That's where the big flood was. Pull up a piece of dirt and sit down.

JAY: (~~PUFFING~~) Look at the river....stretching out in front of you like it was your whole life.

LEO: Yeah.

JAY: That'd be something, huh.....if you could see your whole life laid out like that...huh! Leo.

LEO: I don't know. ^{Jay} Take the surprise out of it!

JAY: That's the way my life's going to be, Leo. I can see it like I was sitting on a hill....looking down.

LEO: The river floods sometimes....or dries up!

JAY: Yeah....but it knows where it's going and it gets there!. That's the way it's going to be with me!

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

ATX01 0005753

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
(PAUSE - FLAT) Johnstown, Pennsylvania -- the story
of a reporter who lived up to a life-long promise made
to a loyal friend. And tonight to Leo Sheridan of the
Johnstown Democrat for his Big Story goes the PELL
MELL \$500 award.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ THEME)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a
PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

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 - 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: So smoke PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ _INTRO AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Johnstown, Pa. the story as it actually happened.
 Leo Sheridan's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ _UP AND UNDER)

NARR: When you were a kid in grade school, Leo Sheridan,
 your "best friend" was Jay Nolan. ~~You'd had "Best~~
 ~~friends" before....they lasted anywhere from two days~~
 ~~to a month....and then the friendship dissolved over~~
 ~~a disputed pitch, or an all-american selection for~~
 ~~tackle. But you and Jay stuck. You were the battery~~
 ~~on the neighbourhood ball team....Sheridan and Nolan.~~
 ~~In the fall you held the ball while he kicked the~~
 ~~extra points. And in the evenings you'd bring deposit~~
 ~~bottles down to the store.....swap 'em for soda and~~
 ~~head out for the hillside overlooking the Conemaugh~~
 ~~Valley. UP there you watched the glare of the blast~~
 ~~furnaces, the winking lights of Johnstown.....and you~~
 ~~talked about the future. It ended the night you~~
 ~~graduated highschool! You didn't have a date for~~
 ~~the party at Howie Schlager's.....neither did Jay.~~
 ~~So you climbed up on the hillside, blue serge jackets...~~
 ~~ice cream flannel pants and all!~~

(LIGHT WIND BACKGROUND)

JAY: Better put a newspaper down.....you'll get grass stains.
LEO: What's the difference.....I borrowed the pants
 anyway!

JAY: Well.....

LEO: Well.....

JAY: That's over, huh?

LEO: Yeah, that's over!

JAY: What are you going to do now, Leo?

LEO: I was down at the paper this afternoon talking to Mr. Peters. They like the stuff I've been writing on high school sports.

JAY: They giving you a job?

LEO: Maybe. I find out tomorrow.

JAY: Hey that's great....great. Remember when we used to sneak into the police court? You used to try to look over the reporters shoulders to read their notes..

LEO: And you hung around the lawyers. How about that, Jay? Still going into the law?

JAY: ~~(I don't know. It takes a lot of money to go through school.~~

LEO: You could work your way through.

JAY: That's what I figure....I'll get a job, work one year ~~and save enough for one year of school.~~ I've got it all figured out. You remember Dr. Hartzell at the graduation....."Strive....strive to arrive."

LEO: That's corny.

JAY: No.....no, you can lick this world, Leo. Look out over the valley....you see those lights.....

LEO: Company houses at the mine and the steel mills.
Three rooms and the walls made out of cardboard.

JAY: But they look beautiful from up here. ~~You see what~~
~~I mean, you got to climb up out of that.....and then~~
~~everything looks good.~~ If you get up on top you
don't have to live in that world down there, you
don't even have to see it.

LEO: That's why you want to be a lawyer?

JAY: Sure.....sure. Get out on top!

LEO: I don't know, Jay.

JAY: I tell you what, ~~Leo~~ when I'm a big time lawyer.....
and you're a reporter, I'll give you all my big news.

LEO: (LAUGHS) Thanks.....thanks a lot.

JAY: I'm not kidding. If I ever get a story...a scoop,
I'll give it to you, Leo. That's a promise.

LEO: (CHUCKLE) And I'll give you a break in the article...

JAY: Okay.....okay.....it's a bargain....Lawyers and
reporters have to work together! Boy....look at that
valley.....(BIG SIGH)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP: UNDER NARR)

NARR: You started on the paper the next afternoon. ~~School~~
~~sports....garden parties, the obituary column...and~~
~~very important strangers registered at the local hotels.~~
It isn't long before you're covering the whole run
of news. You're back in the police court, you see
the line up saturday night when they drag in big
puddlers from the mills, drinking away a weeks memories
~~of burning killing heat and straining backs.~~ (MORE)

NARR:
(CONT'D)

You'd made it, Leo Sheridan, you were a reporter, and you found out it was a job like any other one, a trade to learn....a living, but you liked it fine! You didn't see Jay Nolan much that first year. He had a job in the day....and your work kept you tied up almost every evening. You'd meet him now and then for a beer....a ballgame. And then one night you ran into him in the barbershop. ^{and he asked you up to his room} ~~You were having your haircut one month overdue.....and he came out from under a hot towel.~~

~~(SNIP SNIP OF SCISSORS)~~

LEO: ~~How you been, Jay?~~

JAY: ~~Okay.....okay....~~

LEO: ~~I once had a shave in a barbershop....I felt like Nero.~~

JAY: ~~You're really a reporter, huh?~~

LEO: ~~I'm sure not the editor, I can tell when I look at my check! How's your school, coming, Jay?~~

JAY: ~~What school?~~

LEO: ~~Oh....hey, what are you doing tonight, I've got two comps for the wrestling.~~

JAY: ~~That's for coal miners. I've got a date....hey, come on up to my room while I got dressed....we can talk, huh?~~

LEO: ~~Okay.~~

JAY: ~~I'll be through in twenty minutes....Charley, how about a massage, huh? The lemon pack!~~

~~(MUSIC: 6 UP: UNDER TO)~~

~~(DOOR OPEN)~~

JAY: How do you like that.....huh?

LEO: (WHISTLES)

JAY: Feel this....cashmere....and that jacket.

LEO: It must have cost plenty!

JAY: More than I could afford - \$50.00.

LEO: ~~That's a lot of clothes, Jay.~~

JAY: Yeah --

LEO: Pretty fancy shoes too -

JAY: English leather....put your feet in them and you really
~~feel like somebody.~~

LEO: You still working at the ~~steel~~ ^{steel} mill?

JAY: Yeah.....

LEO: You give up wanting to be a lawyer.

JAY: (LAUGH) That was something, huh? You know, I
thought I really could.

LEO: Can't you?

JAY: On pay from the mill? You don't go to college on that.
I forgot about it. I forgot about the whole thing.
I spent the money from the first six months ^{on} of these..
~~mind if I change?~~

LEO: ~~Go on....~~

JAY: You got no chance in the mill.....nobody cares who
you are. How do you like this shirt?

LEO: Great.

JAY: I don't care anymore. If I'm stuck shoveling all day at least I don't have to look like the rest of those guys when I'm through. Take it from me, Leo, you put on a good suit....nothing loud.....good, you know....you walk down the street....you meet a girl....

LEO: You meet a girl?

JAY: Sure....sure, why not, (~~I'm six foot two, and I'm not bad looking. I want to that new dancing school over the five and ten~~)....show me another guy out of the mill who gets invited to the Country Club dance.

LEO: Is that where you're going?

JAY: Yeah. You get to a place like that and all the girls are clean and wearing clothes that look like a million dollars.....they look like they own the place. They aren't worried that somebody's going to throw them out the back door. You stick with that long enough and you feel like you belong to it.

LEO: You ^{really} feel like you belong to it.

JAY: Sure.....when I get out there with those girls from Eryn Mawer...when she dances with me....

LEO: Who's she?

JAY: Barbie Layton.

LEO: J. F. Layton's daughter?

JAY: Sure.....why not?

LEO: You're out of your league, Jay. She lives up on the hill. J. F. is district plant supervisor for Steel.

JAY: You think maybe I shouldn't talk to her because I'm on the gang at number three furnace?

LEO: It isn't that exactly....

JAY: Come on with me, Leo. Meet her....she doesn't care who I am.... she doesn't care if I work in the mill. She thinks I'm somebody.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP: UNDER NARR)

NARR: You go with Jay Nolan to the Country Club dance....
~~you get in on your press card, Jay on his suit brought in from New York. It's the kind of crowd you read about in John O'Hara's novels.....the young college girls....their talk tired, smart, sophisticated, their eyes and shoulders shining new and untouched....the older men, slightly greyed at the temples as if they'd been touched up by an expert make-up man. (It isn't real to you.)~~ ^{you watch}...you've been to Polish weddings in the valley and you find more life in five minutes of the polka than a whole evening of polite music and brittle conversation. ~~But Jay lights up like an open hearth furnace....you think he won't get marks on the soles of those English shoes...he's floating four inches above the dance floor.~~ You meet Barbie.... she's nineteen.....tall, dark hair....you look at her and you decide it isn't fair for a kid her age to look as if she owned six per cent of the world.

(DANCE BACKGROUND: DANCE MUSIC: CROWD MUTTER)

LEO: Look Miss Layton. Jay's a big kid in a lot of ways..
but he gets serious.....you can hurt him when he gets
serious.

JAY: (COMING ON) Here we are.....fresh from the bar....
(GLASSES CLINK)
Well.....how about a toast....to Barbie, and Jay.

BARBIE: Jay!

JAY: ~~It's all right honey.....Leo's all right. Leo's my
best friend. Right?~~

LEO: ~~Yeah....I'm your best friend. Does Mr. Layton know
about Barbie and Jay?~~

BARBIE: Daddy? No....I'm afraid to tell him.

JAY: What do you say, Leo....it sounds great, huh?

LEO: Sure.....it'd be the headline in the paper. Heiress
marries.....er.....

JAY: Millworker!

LEO: You got to admit that'd be news. A big story.

JAY: Well.....I'll see you get it first...a scoop! Remember,
I promised ~~I'd give you a first break on anything big
I got a hold of.~~

BARBIE: Jay.....what time is it?

JAY: Eleven.

BARBIE: You've got to get me home. I promised Daddy I'd be
there to say hello to his company.

JAY: But I've a car....I thought we.....

BARBIE: Now you've got to be reasonable, darling. Daddy has
important people from Harrisburg....I've got to.

~~JAY: Okay....okay. I'll get your coat, money. And Leo....
don't forget, you get the story first!~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You hang on at the dance for a while, but you feel like a mushroom in a field of lilies, so you head out for the country. ~~You sit on the hillside overlooking the Connemagh valley.~~ It would be a big story...~~a~~ wedding of the number three furnace and the plush lined front office. You've got the lead set up behind your closed eyes....you sit blowing smoke into the night ~~air calculating "Heiress Marries Millworker" in Picas and em spaces.~~ You meet Jay Nolan once or twice in the next month... You ask him how it is with Barbie...

JAY: I don't know Leo. I had a date with her tonight, but she broke it. She has to stay home to entertain some junior executives for her father.

LEO: You haven't told the old man yet?

JAY: She's afraid to. LEO.....What chance has a millworker with a girl like that?

LEO: I got no answer for you, Jay.

JAY: I been asking her to marry me now....right now.

LEO: There'd be a lot of trouble. J. P. Layton swings a lot of weight.

JAY: But I love her....she loves me. We've got to do something.

LEO: Remember Jay....you promised me the story when it breaks.

JAY: Don't worry....you'll get it first.....I promised.

(MUSIC: - - - - UP: UNDER NARR)

NARR: You meet him again on the morning of the 22nd of April on the corner of Harrow street in front of the Five and ten. At eleven o'clock.

(OCCASIONAL PASSING CAR)

JAY: (OFF) Hey....Hey Leo!

LEO: Hi Jay.

JAY: (COMING ON) I've been looking all over for you. I was just going up to your office.

LEO: What's up?

JAY: I want to give you this.....

(PAPER RATTLE)

LEO: Hmm...Barbie Layton. That's a beautiful photograph, Jay.

JAY: Hold on to it, Leo. You may want it.

LEO: No kidding....well congratulations. Thanks for the art. When does it come off?

JAY: Just keep it handy, you may have use for it.

LEO: Thanks, Jay....thanks....I appreciate it.

JAY: I promised, remember, on the hill. I promised you'd get the scoop.

(MUSIC: - - - - UP: UNDER)

NARR: Millhand elopes with Heiress.....you've got advance notice on a nice juicy story.....complete with art work, so you make the most of it.

(MORE)

NARR:
(CONT'D)

You put together a three column spread with a few stock cuts of hearts and cupids in the margin. You've got it on the composing stone....a nice flowery piece, about love beating all obstacles. You're admiring the gay stone proof when the compositor hands you the phone.

PRINTER: For you, Leo. Upstairs.....

LEO: Thanks....Hello, what? Yeah....yeah....all right. I'll go out on it!

(PHONE HANGS UP)

PRINTER: That's a real pretty layout, Leo...cupids...pretty.

LEO: Throw it in the hell-box.

PRINTER: What.

LEO: Break it up....throw it away.

PRINTER: You crazy?

LEO: No.....no.....the police just found Barbie Layton in Jay Nolan's room....unconscious....dying. Club on the head with a sofa leg wrapped in the sunday paper!

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

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL: (START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a
PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

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 - 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. 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.

(START E.T.)

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a
PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

CHAPPELL: 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 Leo Sheridan as he lived it and wrote it.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP: UNDER NARR)

NARR: You've been assigned to the story, Leo Sheridan, so you go out with the Johnstown police to find Jay Nolan. The girl lies in the hospital in coma, the doctor says she'll die. And that morning, in Central park....Jay Nolan walks up to a park policeman.

JAY: Excuse me officer....I'm Jay Nolan. I think you're looking for me!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~They take him to the county jail at Ebensburg. The charge.....vagrancy....assault....anything to hold him, in case Barbie Layton dies and the charge will read murder! Albert Wardler is in charge of the county jail, and you go to see him.~~

WARDLER: ^{I run the county jail} Look Sheridan...the boy hasn't even been charged yet, nothing except that blanket booking to hold him. I can't let you see him.

LEO: Mr. Wardler, Jay was my best friend. I told you about that picture he left with me.....

WARDLER: I've got my orders, Sheridan. You're the only reporter up here now.....but the rest of 'em will catch up to you. I'd have myself out on a real limb if I let you in ~~now~~.

LEO: I don't want to get in there as a reporter, Mr. Wardler.
I told you....Jay was my friend....he needs somebody.
He's having a terrible time back there alone. He's
got to have somebody to talk to.

WARDLER: The District Attorney wouldn't like it. Nolan refused
to answer any questions.

LEO: I've known him since we were kids....

WARDLER: ~~I couldn't do it. I couldn't let you in the cell.~~ *Well I should if - kind OK come on Sheridan, I'll let you in.*
block now.....not unless I was to charge you with
something and lock you up.....

LEO: Anything.....

WARDLER: Hmm.....commit any crimes lately....wait. Take
a swing at me, Sheridan....

LEO: Huh.

WARDLER: Go ahead.....swing....hit me.

LEO: Okay.....(SLIGHT EFFORT)

WARDLER: There.....that's a breach of the peace all right.
~~Come on, Sheridan, I'm going to lock you up!~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP: UNDER TO)

(SLIGHT ECHO)

~~WARDLER: All right, Sheridan....you stay in there till I swear
out a complaint!~~

(CELL DOOR RATTLING CLOSED: LOCKED)

NARR: ~~You stand in the corridor of~~ *walk down* the cell block. The
steel cages stretch back away from you! There's
a wet smell of tired plumbing, and the light bulbs
hanging high from the ceiling throw shadows that
are hard and black.

~~(ECHOY STEPS UNDER)~~

NARR:
(CONT'D)

~~You walk down the cell block, looking to the right~~
and left for Jay Nolan. The cells are almost empty...
one of two men lie on the steel spring punks staring
up at the ceiling.....waiting! At the end of the
cell block you stop.....

(STEPS OUT)

He's sitting on the bunk....his hands holding on to
the edge as if he were afraid of flying off at an
angle. His hair isn't combed now....it isn't pulled
~~back at the edges with the wave carefully pushed~~
~~forward.~~ *you stays at Jay Nolan's cell -*
His face is white.....dead white....~~fish~~
~~belly white.~~ He's staring at a point above the sink
in the corner of his cell, just holding on to his
~~back~~
cot and staring.

LEO: Jay....(PAUSE) Jay.....

JAY: (HALF OFF) Huh.....Leo!

LEO: How are you, Jay?

JAY: (COMING ON) All right I guess. Did you use the
picture I gave you.

LEO: Yeah.....I used it.

JAY: It was a nice picture. (ALMOST MATTER OF FACT) How's
Barbie.

LEO: She's dead. She died this morning!

JAY: Dead.....(SLOWLY HE MAKES A LITTLE NOISE: THEN IT
BUILDS INTO A SOB: AND HE'S CRYING)

LEO: Do you want me to go. I thought it would be better if I told you.

JAY: Leo....I want to talk to you....will you listen to me....I've got to talk to somebody...Leo....please.

LEO: Sure, Jay....go ahead. I'll listen to you.

JAY: Dead....she's dead?

LEO: She's dead!

JAY: I loved her, Leo. I loved her more than anything else in ~~the~~^{this} world. Leo...I loved her.

LEO: Sure, Jay.....sure.

JAY: I've got to tell you how it was.....I've got to tell you. When I was with her I forgot that furnace..... I forgot the steel mill. I belonged....Leo, I belonged.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ START TO SNEAK. MUSIC: THIN: SLIGHTLY DISCORDANT: NOT LUSH OR ROMANTIC)

JAY: (WITHOUT PAUSE) I'd get back to my room on Saturday and wash the coal and dirt off.....I'd scrub till it hurt to get it all off me.....and then it would be like I was born again.....somebody else....and I'd get dressed and go and see her. Do you know the way a girl like that laughs, It's clear....clean, it's another world. She laughed a lot when we were together.....that's the way I try to remember her.... laughing.....

BARBIE: (SNEAK ON UNDER LAST PHRASE LAUGHING) Jay....you're a sketch....a real sketch. (GIGGLES)

JAY: I'm serious.....I trying to be serious.

BARBIE: I can't help it....you're funny.

JAY: Barbie.....do you ever worry that you don't belong,
do you ever worry about that?

BARBIE: Belong to what.

JAY: Anything.

BARBIE: You're silly.....

JAY: Am I....

BARBIE: Jay.....Jay....stop it.....(GIGGLE)

JAY: (PAUSE) I love you. I love you, Barbie.

BARBIE: Do you.....really?

JAY: You love me, don't you....you do, don't you?

BARBIE: Sure.....

JAY: When are we going to tell your folks?

BARBIE: Oh.....why'd you have to spoil it, Jay. We were having
such a nice evening.

JAY: Why did I spoil it? What did I say. I want to marry
you.....is that wrong?

BARBIE: I want to marry you, Jay....but I'm so mixed up.
Daddy would just be furious. I don't know what to
do.....

JAY: We could elope....just go off? and then tell them
after. We could do that, Barbie...couldn't we?

BARBIE: I don't know.....(UPSET) Why did you have to spoil
it, Jay. Why couldn't we just be together....why did
you have to spoil it....(SHE IS CRYING)

JAY: Barbie.....Honey....please....please don't cry..please.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ SNEAK OVER: SAME TWISTED THIN THEME: BEHIND JAY)

JAY: I tried to keep away from her.....I told myself
I wasn't the right kind for her....working all day
in the mills....no college education like those other
fellows. She didn't want them.....I know she didn't,
she loved me....But every Saturday and Sunday there
were those fellows up at her house.....I couldn't go
there. She'd break dates with me because she had to
stay home.....

BARBIE: (CROSS FADE ON) You understand how it is, Jay....
Daddy has to have those boys for dinner. They're
in the Executive training program.

JAY: I've got to see you tonight, Barbie.....

BARBIE: Now be reasonable Jay.

JAY: I work all day in the furnace looking into the flames
and I'm going crazy. Barbie.....Barbie.....what are
we going to do?

BARBIE: Don't, Jay....please.....

JAY: I can't keep you, Barbie...how can I? No college
education like those others....I don't make enough
in a week to keep you a day.

BARBIE: Don't, Jay....I love you.

JAY: I'm losing you....

BARBIE: No.....no, I love you.

JAY: I tried not to fall in love with you...

BARBIE: It'll work out some way, Jay. I know it will...I've
got to get home now....

JAY: No....no, stay here with me. Run away with me tonight!

BARBIE: Honestly, Jay.....

JAY: When you're not with me I walk around the streets going crazy. I climb up on the hill like I used to when I was a kid and I think of you with some rich feller..... a college feller....maybe he's kissing you...hugging you....maybe you're liking it.....

BARBIE: No....no. Jay I love you. You keep ~~ing~~ remembering that, I love you. We'll be together somehow...I know we will.....

(MUSIC: _ _ _ SNEAK THEME OVER: BEHIND JAY)

JAY: Every time we talked about eloping Barbie'd cry.... I told her.....I told she'd have to decide, but she couldn't. Then Saturday night I called her up..... I said it was urgent....that I had something terribly important to tell her, so she came over to my room.

BARBIE: (CROSS FADE ON) What is it, Jay? You sounded terrible on the phone? What's wrong?

JAY: I had to see you.....I had to. Let's just sit here....

BARBIE: But....I have to get back to the house. Daddy's having a party and I'm supposed to be there.

JAY: Just sit here with me for a while....please....

BARBIE: Well....

JAY: Just quiet.....just quiet the way we used to...

BARBIE: Jay.....it's getting dark.

JAY: I know.....Barbie....Barbie...I love you!

(MUSIC: ----- SNEAK IN THEME: HIGHER IN INTENSITY)

JAY: We sat there in the dark....with our arms around each other....We kissed....and we didn't say anything for a long time. I could feel her heart beating...her hair was perfumed....she seemed to be kind of sleepy and quiet. I got up...and went down to the basement....I got a leg off the old sofa and wrapped it in newspapers because it was dusty... Barbie was still sitting on the couch when I came back...(beat)

JAY: When I hit her she just looked at me...she didn't scream or anything....she just said "Why, Jay...Why". Why!

(MUSIC: ----- UP TO A CLIMAX)

JAY: When it was all over I couldn't look at her.... I loved her....Leo.....I loved and I killed her. I had to have her....I couldn't lose her....~~(SOBS)~~ I loved her....Barbie....Barbie....help me...help me....Darling.....Barbie.....help me!

~~(MUSIC: ----- UP TO A THIN SHARP CLIMAX AND OUT)~~

JAY: (SOBBING)

LEO: Jay? Jay.....?

JAY: Leo....I want you to write my story in the paper....

LEO: No....

JAY: Just the way I told it to you...all of it.

LEO: I can't do that, Jay. I didn't come here to get a confession...I can't use it.

JAY: You've got to....remember, I promised. If I had
a big story when....when I was a lawyer...a scoop....
I'd give it to you, and you'd give me a break in
the story. Write it the way I told you....I'm
keeping my promise. Let me do that for you...Leo
Let me do something for somebody.....please....please..

LEO: If you want it, Jay.

JAY: Make them understand about me, Leo. Tell them about
how we were when we were kids...Leo...write that
I loved her. I want that....I want everybody to
know that I loved her....Barbie....Barbie...I love
you....you hear that.....it'll be in the newspaper....
everybody will know....I love you.....(BREAKS: CRYING)
~~I love you...~~

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

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Leo
Sheridan of the Johnstown, Pa. Democrat with the
final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ FANFARE) _

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #261

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GRUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a
PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

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.

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GRUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a
PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Leo Sheridan
the Johnstown, Pa. Democrat.

SHERIDAN: The confession made to me by my boyhood friend was used
by both sides at his trial for murder. The defense
used it to claim insanity, but he was found guilty and
sentenced to hang. When I submitted my story on the
confession to the Governor of the state ^{he} ~~who~~ commuted
sentence to life imprisonment. Later my friend was
removed to a State Institution for the Insane! My
sincere appreciation for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Sheridan...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
Bedford, Mass. Standard times.-- by-line. John J.
Flanagan, Jr. A Big Story of a reporter who turned
thumbs down on a medical report and ~~come~~ up with 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)

TAX ANNOUNCEMENT FOR BIG STORY
RADIO

(PAUSE)

HARRICE: Here is an important message from the National Tobacco Tax Research Council. This fact-finding organization calls to your attention the fact that you smokers give nearly two billion dollars a year to your Government in cigarette taxes. Every time you buy cigarettes, you give your Federal Government eight cents a pack ... and ... most of you give three or four cents more to city and State Governments. That adds up to better than a fifty per cent tax ... on every cigarette you smoke. Yes ... in buying cigarettes - over half your packs --- go for tax. (PAUSE)

HARRICE: Tune in again next week same time same station for another authentic Big Story.

THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.